START

OAKLAND REPUBLICAN

JANUARY 3, 1880

TO

DECEMBER 30, 1882

MdBE

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880. NUMBER 45.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4, 1880.

THE INFANT MESSIAH.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The events of this lesson may be dated nearly two years after the opening of the New Testament history in the annunciation to Zacharias of John the Baptist's birth, and to Mary of the Saviour's coming. Almost a year has passed since that night at Bethlehem when the Shepherds listened to the song of the angelic host, and then hastened to look upon the face of the new born Messiah. The wonderful scenes of the manger have been well-nigh forgotten, save by the few who were most interested in them. Joseph, the carpenter, after a brief visit to Nazareth (Luke 2. 39.) has settled in Bethlehem, as the home of his ancestor, as the best place for bringing up the Child of promise, and perhaps as affording good opportunities for his trade. It is a time of peace throughout the world wide domain of the Roman Empire under the scepter of the wise Augustus. Herod, the king of Judea, is nearing the end of a wicked career: when his palace and court are startled by the coming of a company of Persian sages, inquiring for the dwelling-place of one born King of the Jews, whose star has appeared in the sky, and whom they have come to worship. The elders and priests are gathered in council, and from the prophetic scroll it is found that Bethlehem must be the birthplace of the expected Messiah. Thither the travelers turn their footsteps, led by the reappearing star, which pauses over the roof of a lowly dwelling. Within they find a babe in his mother's arms, before whom they fall in adoration, and to whom they present the offerings due to a priest and a king. Then, divinely directed they return to their home in the distant East.

Matt. 2 1-12.

Memory Verses, 7-12.

1 Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

2 Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

3 When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

4 And when he had gathered the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5 And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet,

6 And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda; art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

7 Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8 And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child: and when ye have found him, bring me word again that I may come and worship him also.

9 When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11 And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his Mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh.

12 And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

HOME READINGS.

M. The Infant Messiah. Matt. 2. 1-12.
Tu. The annunciation to Mary. Luke 1. 26-35.
W. The birth of Christ. Luke 2. 1-7.
Th. The visit of the Shepherds. Luke 2. 8-20.
F. The meeting in the temple. Luke 2. 25-38.
S. The star of prophecy. Num. 24. 1-8
S. The wonderful name. Isa. 9. 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. Isa. 9. 6.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE LIGHT OF THE STAR, v. 1, 2; Rev. 22. 16. Where did this star appear? Who were led by it? To what place did they come? Why to that place? Who was then King? What great event had recently taken place at Bethlehem? Luke 2. 4, 7. How did the wise men fulfill Isa. 11. 10? How should we be like these men?

2. THE LIGHT OF THE SCRIPTURES, v. 3-9 Psa. 119. 105. What was the effect of the wise men's question? Why were Herod and his people troubled? How ought they to have felt about Christ's coming? John 20. 20. Whom did Herod call together, and for what purpose? What did they tell him? What prophecy is here quoted? Micah 5. 2. To whom did it refer? Over whom does Christ rule? What did Herod command? What was his purpose? Who are Christ's enemies now?

3. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, v. 9-12; Isa. 60. 3. How were the wise men led to Bethlehem? What did they find there? How is He the light of the world? John 8. 12. How did the wise men honor Christ? What offerings should we render him? Why did the wise men disobey Herod? Whom should we obey above all others?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. Earnestness in seeking Christ? 2. Joy at finding Christ? 3. Willingness in gifts to Christ?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The inspiration of prophecy.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. It was faith in an unexpected quarter, among Gentiles, a thousand miles away from Judea.

2. It was faith which had not the Scriptures to rest upon, but arose from the intuitions of earnest minds.

3. It was faith on the part of men of science who could look up from nature to nature's God. v. 1

Lot M. Morrill Writes a Spicy Letter to Governor Garcelon.

AUGUSTA ME., December 24.—The following letter was sent to Governor Garcelon to-day by Hon. Lot M. Morrill:

To His Excellency Alonzo Garcelon, Governor of Maine:

I cannot be mistaken in thinking that, in common with all good citizens, your excellency must deplore the existing condition of public sentiment in this state to-day. Two great political parties, embracing in their ranks the entire population of the state, are brought into angry relations, producing bitter personal animosities, and possibly leading to scenes of violence. What is the origin of this extraordinary condition of affairs seen for the first time in Maine? I answer promptly for the first time in Maine—a great political party and all the members there of feel dissatisfied with the mode in which the returns of the recent election have been counted and declared. Possibly they may be in error; but 68,000 citizens of Maine, who voted against your excellency at the September election, do not feel that the actual result of that election has been proclaimed. Even granting that all these men are in error, your excellency cannot but see that it is a very serious matter to leave a sense of wrong rankling in the minds of so many good citizens, who have at heart, as sincerely as your excellency can have, the peace, good order and happiness of society. Your excellency cannot fail to perceive moreover, that the counting out of 37 Republican members of the legislature, elected on the face of the returns, is an event sure to provoke irritation, excitement and anger. The Republican party claim to have elected by the official returns, 109 out of 182 members that compose the senate and house. The counting out of one-third of the entire number that the Republicans believe they have elected, is certainly extraordinary, as your excellency will admit. I am not now asserting that your excellency may not have good reasons for following this course. but I respectfully submit that you can do a most valuable and honorable service for the state and for yourself, by adopting a measure that will satisfy every citizen of the state of the reasonableness and justice of your excellency's course. Your excellency is the only individual in the world that, singly and alone, can command the prompt opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court. The Constitution gives you power to require that opinion on "important questions of law," and upon "solemn occasions." There are surely important question of law pending, and certainly this is a "solemn occasion," So that if that great provision of the Constitution were ever needful, it would seem to be at this moment of inestimable value. I beg also to remind your excellency that in questions of like import which have arisen in times past to perplex your predecessors in the executive chair, the habit has been uniform and general to appeal to the court for the true interpretation of the law. At no time, I believe, has it ever been charged that on a question of this character the court has rendered a decision tinged with a partisan feeling. The recent decision of Mr. Justice Virgin is a fresh illustration of how little the political bearings of a question influence the decision of our supreme judicial tribunal. It is in the power of your excellency to restore peace, order, quiet and good feeling to the state and all its inhabitants, by asking the opinion of the judges on each law point involved. On the variation of the count from the face of the official returns there are precedents for recalling the summons to a senator or representative elect when erroneously issued; and in the case of the five disfranchised cities, no summons has yet been sent to any one. Even if there were a question as to strict legal right to recall a certificate of election, it is not doubted that the decision of the courts would at once cause the members not entitled to a seat to retire, and the rightful member to be at once admitted. The judment of the court would then settle by just impiage, as it was designed to settle the embarrassing and dangerous questions under consideration. I addressed your excellency, not simply as an individual anxious for the peace and good order of the state, but as chairman of the committee of the Republican party, all of whom are desirous, above all thing, to avoid every possible disturbance of public tranquility, and to reconcile popular discontent.

The Maine Fraud.

To characterize adequately the performances of the Democratic Governor and Council in Maine in exercising the functions of a Returning Board would require very strong language. The whole defence they make—that the law obliges them to exact rigid conformity to certain rules in examining the election returns—is demolished by two facts. One is that the errors and omissions which they have discovered and used occur only in towns and districts in which the Republicans have a majority, and it passes belief that none should be discovered or discoverable in towns and districts in which the Democrats had a majority. The other is that a law of 1877 permits the Governor and Council, when canvassing the returns, to correct such errors and omissions by comparison with the record; and they refuse to avail themselves of this permission, on the ground that the law is unconstitutional. But it is a well settled and necessary principle of American jurisprudence that every law is to be deemed constitutional until a competent tribunal decides otherwise; and on this point the Governor and Council refuse to take the opinion of the court, thus raising a presumption of bad faith of the strongest kind. They have no more right to declare a law unconstitutional than any other man in the State; and if they can refuse to avail themselves of a permissive action this ground, they can refuse to obey a mandatory one. In short, there is a high degree of probability that they have been guilty of fraud in examining and correcting the returns, and there is an absolute certainty that the gross abuse of discretion in their manner of correcting them. The indignation their performance excites in Maine and throughout the country is not surprising, and it is by no means confined to Republicans. The affair is calling forth, also, hearty denunciation in leading Democratic papers. We do not need to point out the effect it is likely to have on the Democratic fortunes next year.—*N. Y. Nation.*

The Democratic House of Representatives afforded to the country a refreshing example of economy. Mr. A. Hoar Smith, from the Committee on Accounts, reported a resolution providing for the appropriation of $500 to pay the expenses incident to the illness and death of Philip D. Sayre, an under doorkeeper of the House. Mr. Sayre was a thousand dollar messenger, and died peacefully at his home in Montgomery, Ala., during the summer vacation. The resolution also provides that the widow of Sayre shall receive three months' pay, about $250 additional. It is customary to make allowances of this nature when Congressmen die during a term; but until the last session of the Forty-fifth Congress the application of the principle to employes is without precedent. On the 7th of last February a gratuity of about $500 was voted to the family of old Douglass, the custodian of the House water-closet, and on the 14th of the same month an appropriation was voted to the family of one Lennox, a messenger under the Sergeant-at-Arms. If these precedents are followed, the drain upon the Treasury will be something fearful, as out of the large number of persons employed by the government, from the President down to the major who attends to the spittoons, large numbers must in the nature of things die annually. In the meantime the live widow, with a meritorious pension claim, finds her difficulties in no wise lessened by this growing tendency to liberality on the part of Congress toward its own employes.

The Pennsylvania coal miners are said to have become economical, and, notwithstanding their now constant employment at improved prices, are spending less than they used to do when engaged in strikes. Some of the newspapers look upon this as a suspicious circumstance, and are asking whether it indicates trouble in the future. It is suspected that there is another secret labor organization, more certain of punishment to informers, that has prevented the solving of this mystery. The saloon keepers, who usually are the first to reap the advantage of an abundant supply of money among the miners, are now complaining that the times are as bad with them as during the panic. Other people will naturally look upon this as a sign of improving morality and be apt to congratulate the miners that they are saving at least half of their wages instead of squandering all they make in drunken orgies.

SENATOR HAMPTON'S VIEWS.—Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, has expressed himself fully on the financial question to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He is very decided in his approval of the resolution recently introduced by Senator Bayard, and expresses himself strongly in favor of its adoption and support by the Democratic party. "Mr. Bayard," he said, "is one of the comparatively few men in the country who had rather be right than President, and his course in regard to the currency has left no room for doubt. If any man of any party were disposed to doubt, that he is guided in this matter solely by his sincere, and, as I believe, sound convictions of what will conduce to the best interests of the whole country." Continuing, Senator Hampton said the Democracy has always been a dead weight, and now found itself called upon to seize the opportunity now presented of declaring its devotion to its old financial principles, and of placing itself squarely on record, in their support. There is absolutely nothing to be gained by further compromises with the soft-money theory, and none should be made, in his judgment, Senator Hampton thinks the financial question is, in fact, the real ground upon which is based whatever feelings of distrust and dislike the North may entertain towards the South. "The South," continued Senator Hampton, "requires only to be fully understood in order to be fully trusted, but we can prove these fact only by our action upon financial questions as they come up in Congress. A proper occasion for such reassuring action is now presented, as it seems to me, and the South should put itself promptly and emphatically on record in support of a settled financial policy, a settled currency and a settled country. But whether we should succeed or fail, whether it is expedient or not, I would make the fight on this issue and on this line. It is the line of consistency and principle, and we had better be whipped fighting for the right than to win upon any other ground."

C. A. Scott, a mulatto carpenter of North Carolina, now at Washington on his way home after a visit to Indiana, explains some of the grievances complained of by the colored people of his native State. He says there is a law enforced there called "The Farmers' Tenant act," that prohibits the renter from using anything at all from the farm until the rent is paid. If he does, it is a penitentiary crime. They cannot even pick a pea without getting the written consent of the owner of the land. As nothing can be obtained from the crops till Christmas they have to live the whole year on credit at the stores. If one of the family is sick, and a little money is required to get medicines, they cannot pick a mess of peas to pay for it, without running the risk of being thrown in to the penitentiary and the chain gang. The owners of the land have combined and agreed upon a regular rent for the farms, and no better terms can be obtained, no matter where located. He says his brethren have become hopeless of any improvement in their condition at home. The jails are full and the court houses are full, but the colored people never get justice, as it is impossible to get an intelligent colored man on a jury. He says that, although the land owners do not shoot them down, they manage to keep them down. His report of the condition of those who had arrived in Indiana was very encouraging. All that he met had obtained employment, and as they received their wages in cash, they were saving it to buy land, which they could not do in North Carolina. Mr. Scott denies that there have been any white men trying to further the exodus, but says the feeling is widespread, and that the colored people are determined to go if they have to walk the entire distance. They have found out that they can buy land in the West for much less than the rent demanded for a single year in North Carolina, and this is the strong inducement to the movement.

Hendricks is positive that the Republican party is responsible for the negro exodus. So it is, but not in the way Hendricks intimates. The Republican party has always offered the negro the hand of political equality and fellowship; and as the negroes can't get them in the South, they have decided to come North for them.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

Jenny Lind's Lover.

The *Times* correspondent has spent the past half day in a rude hut near the village; and it has been a half-day not ill spent. We have heard a sad story—a veritable romance of real life—a story in which the world-famed songstress, Jenny Lind, figures prominently.

Among the earliest settlers who came over from Holland to make their homes in the Esopus valley were the Van Steenburghs; and of all the old Dutch families who constitute the aristocracy of this section even up to this time none have ranked higher or won fairer fame. More than one of the family connections have figured conspicuously in State and National politics; one has represented his country at a foreign court, another secured lasting glory at Cerro Gordo, while the "family tree" (dearest property of every old Hollander) shows the direct relationship of President Martin Van Buren.

When Sir Henry Clinton's British marauders burned Kingston, in 1777, the only building left unhurt was the old stone manor-house of the Van Steenburgh's. In this house—still standing—was born the man whose history we have learned to-day.

Tobias Van Steenburgh was a likely lad, intelligent, active, wide awake, with much of the Yankee nervousness which had been brought into the family by the Vermont lass whom his father, in early manhood, had taken to wife. Years passed and the youth developed into a strong, energetic, thrifty man. He was of fine physique and excellent manners, and it soon became thoroughly understood that he had won the troth of a handsome girl in the neighboring village of Rhinebeck. His prospects were indeed bright. The lady to whom he was devoted was heiress to a property second to none in all the "four counties;" and to this matter of filthy lucre she of herself brought beauty, intelligence and sterling worth. Her fortunate lover was envied on all sides.

A day was appointed for the marriage, and it was only a few weeks previous to that proposed date when the young people together made a trip down the Hudson to New York for the avowed purpose of attending to certain purchases preparatory to the wedding. They reached New York to find that city wildly enthusiastic over the appearance of Jenny Lind. The young lady expressed a desire to see and hear the singer whose name was first on every lip; Tobias protested; he didn't like professional singers; machine noises bored him; there never was but one person who could sing, anyhow, etc. The young lady blushed acknowledgment of the compliment; but go to hear Jenny Lind she would; and, what was more, her suitor should go too. She went, and so did he.

All know of the manner in which the Swedish nightingale raptured her auditors in those days when she first made America glad with her song. Her triumph over Tobias Van Steenburgh was a complete one. The second song was not at an end when, as though dazed, he arose from his seat, abruptly left his fair companion, and pushed to the front of the hall. His betrothed waited long for his return; but her watch was in vain—she saw him no more that night. The next day she returned alone to her Rhinebeck home, and the village gossips struggled with a nine days' wonder. They never met again as lovers. For weeks he remained in New York, the constant devotee of the singer; he attended her every concert, paying heavily for a prominent seat, and his applause was ever heartiest and longest continued. Each day he sent her a handsome bouquet of the costliest flowers; her abiding place was his; and wherever she went, there, except when it was positively impossible, he followed. He was as her shadow; and there is reason to believe that Jenny Lind did not despise the man who was thus doing her so great obeisance. But at last there came an end to the royal manner in which he was conducting himself; his purse was depleted, nor would those to whom he looked for aid afford him any advances. He retured to Kingston, but he found only the most emphatic condemnation for the manner in which he had treated the pure-souled girl who had loved him to the full. Then it became evident that Tobias Van Steenburgh was a changed man; his wits were not as they had been—he seemed to know of nothing and would talk of nothing save Jenny Lind.

His conduct became village talk, and there were not a few willing to aver that he was indisputably bereft of reason. Going back to New York, he remained there as long as Barnum kept the singer at the front; but his fortune had altered, and he could no longer indulge the extravagance that had previously marked his course. But his passion was not deadened; and on the street, in public halls, in the hotels, wherever he could obtain a listener, he enthusiastically prated of his one subject. He had become insane—there was no doubting it.

He hugged to his breast the delusion that Jenny Lind returned his love and would soon consent to be his wife. He could perceive but one impediment—he indulged the fear that the pianist who accompanied the singer to this country was a rival. Parties willing to profit by a practical joke confidentially added their indorsement to this idea. The consequence was that, while the musical foreigner was pacing up and down his hotel corridor one afternoon, he was approached by Van Steenburgh, and challenged then and there to fisticuffs. Of course he declined; the crowd laughed and Tobias raved.

When Barnum decided to make a tour of the Western and Southern cities, with the songstress, her enamored was at a loss how to follow. He was without funds, and had already found how little is to be gained by publicly importuning strangers for cash. The erst princely-appearing man had degenerated into a poor driveling wretch with not a sixpence of his own, and with his purse had gone also his sanity. By some means, however he secured a hand-organ, and with this he went about the streets of Hudson River towns gathering and hoarding the coins that would enable him to follow the woman he worshiped. He in this wise obtained some few dollars, and then he set out on his chase of the Barnum party. His money gave out, and the railroads refused him free passage, but this did not drive him from his purpose. It became his custom to get on board a train at one station and submit to being removed at the next. This was his plan until the train hands came to know him and his purpose; then he was not allowed to enter a car. All the while he was carrying his organ—and at last he one day tramped into a Southern city and was gladdened to discover that he had finally reached the object of his pursuit. He hunted up the hotel where Jenny Lind was stopping and in front of that he played one livelong afternoon—a serenade, his organ's six tunes following right along, one chasing the other with delightful pertinacity. There is no deciding how much longer he would have continued to discourse his "heaven-born symphonies" had not a burly policeman somewhat energetically forced him to retire. He, however, met his adored face to face after a long watch; she saw and recognized him with a sad smile; that pianist saw him, too, but his smile was a scowl and the muttering of certain words that our pious pen translateth not.

When Van Steenburgh started out to follow up the Barnum exhibition he was made the subject of much rude ridicule. One day he was questioned as to his purpose, and he talked at great length. Finally, however, his interlocutor thought to push him to the wall, and asked:

"Well, now, how are you ever going to be able to catch up with P. T. Barnum? You haven't got any money to pay car fare?"

"No, not much money," replied he, by no means disconcerted—"not much money, but do you see those boots?" pushing forward his feet; "those boots will carry me through." Then he wandered off incoherently in reference to a bright future ahead. From that time he has been known as "Boots" Van Steenburgh, and to-day there is scarcely a person in Dutchess or Ulster County but that knows him by this title rather than by his rightful name of Tobias.

He was never again able to meet his idol, though he by no means gave up his quest. He tramped with his organ through most of the States, but his pilgrimages were in vain. Since Jenny Lind recrossed the ocean "Boots" has lived alone in the hut which we have visited this afternoon, near the little hamlet of Glasco. It is a strange abode, a small, rough structure, scarce nine feet square, and but one story in height. A cedar grove immediately adjoins, and this he has dignified by the title of "Park." It is well worth a long journey to see how the man's insane freaks have cropped out in this matter. He has gathered the stone that abound in the vicinity, and with them has built a foot-high wall about the "park" and dwelling. The inclosure is cut up into squares by rows of oyster and clam shells, while every tree is connected by string with its neighbor, in imitation of telegraph wire. He has a chicken-hawk and a crow and a dog; these comprise his menagerie. Numerous painted signs are placed conspicuously in the grove; among others we note the following: "Keep off the Grass," "Ladies to the Right," "No Loud Talking," "Reserved Seats Free," and "Hands Off."

We expressed wonder that the man had not starved in all these years, but the gentlemen who visited the park with us, and to whom we are indebted for the greater part of poor Van Steenburgh's life-history, said:

"'Boots' is thoroughly known in every town for a circuit of forty miles, and wherever he goes he is made the object of considerable charity. He is nothing more nor less than a beggar in these latter days, and with his meaningless songs and empty talk he creates many a laugh that pays him far better than any other appeal."

When he first came back from his long tramp he employed himself at nights in carrying on a booth in a public street in Kingston. He sold Jenny Lind ballads, printed on small slips of paper.

He played his organ and attracted very general attention by lighting up the fence against which he located with a long row of candles. He did not grow rich in this wise and when he moved into the hut on the Glasco road he adopted other means of livelihood—one of the original ideas executed being the wholsale breeding of cats and the peddling of kittens. It is estimated that he at one time had upward of three hundred of these musical felines of various ages, color, and lung power.

Of late, however, he attempts to obtain funds in no way aside from begging. He will enter a store, a court-room, any place where there is a gathering of people, and will address each and all with, "How much you got for the union?" This phrase he never changes. Occasionally he will sing a song (according to his own ideas), pass off a rambling string of senseless stuff as an oration, but to grant these favors he always demands cash in advance. Two or three years ago he conceived the idea that he was the principal owner of one of the Kingston banks, and he attempted to take possession of the institution by main force. The freak resulted in the demolishing of several large panes of glass and a night in jail for "Boots."

In personal appearance the man is peculiar, rendered so only because of his remarkable manner of dress. Some twelve years ago he developed a mania for trimming out his clothes with buttons. He carried out his idea to the full, and it would have been well nigh impossible to place your finger upon any part of hat, coat, pantaloons or vest and escape touching a button. He was trimmed with white buttons and black buttons, green buttons, and red buttons, and blue buttons, china buttons, brass buttons and glass buttons, big buttons and little buttons—buttons of every kind, style, and shape.

In time, however, his passion for buttons passed away and ribbons took their place. He still holds to this sort of decoration, and streamers of every imaginable hue are tacked promiscuously all over his attire. Thus arrayed, he created a decided sensation by tramping to the centennial exposition at Philadelphia in 1876.

Persons familiar with his life say he spends no money, and it is very generally believed that he has a goodly-sized hoard of cash hidden away somewhere in the vicinity of his "park." The major portion of his food it is known he secures through charity.

A great number of half-wise, half-simple sayings are attributed to him by the people hereabouts; that which has struck our fancy as best and neatest being the assertion that "There are lots of fools in this world; some know it, and some don't know it."

He would not talk to us of Jenny Lind, and, in fact, we could not gather aught of coherence from him, though questioning him at great length.—*Glasco, N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.*

The Bonanza Farms of the West.

The two great facts shown by observations of the Bonanza Farms of the West are, that those who have gone into wheat growing on a large scale, making use of the most improved machinery and cheap labor, are making colossal fortunes at seventy cents per bushel for wheat, limited only by the number of acres cultivated and the skill with which the work is done, and that wheat may be grown at large profits at less than forty cents per bushel; that, on the other hand, the small farmers, depending mainly on their own labor, with limited capital and less machinery, are not making a comfortable subsistence, but are running behindhand, and must go under, and that a further reduction in the market price for food products must hasten their end.

The development of the large farm interests has the direct and immediate effect of impoverishing the sections in which the farms exist, and skinning the lands without any compensating benefits. Not one dollar of the gross amount or net profit received from the products of the soil is returned and placed upon the land from which it is taken, except in the construction of the fewest buildings necessary to shelter and protect the laborers in the working season, and for the care of all the work stock and the tools. On the whole 5,300 cultivated acres of the Grandin farm there was not one family finding a permanent home by virtue of title in the soil, where there should have been at least one to every fifty acres of plow land, or 106 families. This would give 106 houses in place of the five there at present, and 106 barns in place of three, with other buildings in like proportion; and a population of at least 500, where there is not now one fixed inhabitant, with all the accessories of household comforts and home improvements that do not now exist in the smallest degree.

The large development of the tenant system of farming is an evil of the greatest magnitude. The effects of the system have been too apparent in Europe to require any discussion in these pages. But with us it has features worse than any ever known in Europe. The tenants in England hold leases and occupations that practically run for life, and often are kept in families for generations, which give encouragement for great improvements, and the farms are practically homesteads. But with us the leases are uniformly for short terms, with no encouragement for improvements, and the farms are never homes. In England the rent has rarely reached, and never exceeded one quarter the gross product; but in the United States it is commonly one-half. Under the English tenant system the land is thoroughly cultivated and improved; with us it is impoverished. There is not one redeeming feature in the whole system in America, and it is in every way worse than in Europe.—*January Atlantic.*

The Prince Imperial's Uniform.

Colonel Villiers found the Prince Imperial's uniform, or at least an agent sent by him succeeded in doing so for him. Klaas, the agent, was brought up in a Boer family and speaks Dutch fluently. Klaas went to the neighborhood of the kraal where the Prince was killed. Here he discovered by careful inquiry that Xabango, the man who slew him, had been killed at Ulundi. He was of the Bonambi regiment. Klaas had some difficulty in discovering the relatives of Xabango, who had the uniform of the Prince, but by various means succeeded in finding the different parts of the uniform in different kraal's. He brought a patrol jacket, riding-breeches, leather waist-coat, shirt, belt, revolver and ammunition pouch with twenty-one rounds in it, and a small bag with some coins. All the clothes, except the breeches, were pierced in front with numerous assegai holes. The revolver is smashed. It appears he was wounded first by an assegai thrown from a distance of about ten yards. He emptied his revolver at his enemies, who closed too quickly to allow him to reload, so he shied the revolver at his nearest assailant and drew his sword to defend himself. The Prince's watch has not yet been discovered. The Zulus deny ever having seen it. There can be no doubt about the identity of the uniform, except the shirt, which I believe belonged to one of the escort. Klaas interviewed one of the party who attacked the Prince, and it is wonderful how any of the white men escaped at all. The Zulus discovered them approaching long before the reached the kraal. Before they had off-saddled the Prince and his party were hemmed in on two sides and affairs were brought to a climax by the Basuto discovering the Zulus in the long grass. Had it not been for this none would have escaped. The Zulu stated that the Prince's horse bolted and broke away as he was trying to mount. —*Ulundi Cor. Natal Mercury.*

A MINNESOTA man dropped dead immediately after depositing his vote in the ballot-box. Not knowing the ticket he voted, we are unable to point the moral in this case.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

—A nightmare is a sort of cap a pie arrangement, says the *Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

CHRISTMAS.

How did they keep his birthday then,
The little fair Christ, so long ago?
O many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn, they said,
So into the manger the Christ must go.
To lodge with the cattle and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,
They munched and they slumbered, wondering not,
And out in the midnight cold and blue
The shepherds slept and the sheep slept too,
Till the angels' song and the bright star ray
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and praised,
And only the shepherds came to see;
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen's stall,
And we are angry and amazed
That such a dull hard thing should be!

How do we keep his birthday now?
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And hid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we no better, then, than they
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
To them a helpless babe—to us
He shines a Savior glorious,
Our Lord and Friend and all—yet we
Are half asleep this Christmas day.
—*Susan Coolidge, in Christian Union.*

CHRISTMAS AT NUMBER ONE CRAWLIN PLACE.

Most certainly, Number One, Crawlin Place, was a dingy abode at any time, but as Carol came in sight of it, one bright afternoon a few days before Christmas, with his mind full of much pleasanter places, he gave a little sigh of disapproval, and muttered, not gloomily, but honestly, as if he had been called upon suddenly to compare it candidly with brighter places he had seen:

"It looks meaner than ever!"

A ray from the sun as he looked at No. 1, seemed to contradict him, for it fell brightly upon a window in the fourth story and lighted it up wonderfully; or was it the bright, deep-set eyes of old Aunt Kizzy, as she looked down and nodded cheerfully? However that may be, little Carol forgot that Crawlin Place was dingy as he darted up the old stairs. The faded face of Aunt Kizzy, her bright eyes and worn wig, were a part of his home; and when Christmas is near, home is dearer than any other place in the world, if it *is* dingy. Besides, Carol—but let him tell his own secrets.

"Darn up the old stocking I saw dangling on the line, Aunt Kizzy," he cried, as he came breathlessly up to the window where the old lady sat.

"I'll make it strong enough to hold up two cents' worth of snuff," she said, cheerily.

"I feel sure this will be a lucky Christmas," said Carol. "I saw three stars shoot last night—a star apiece for us, Aunt Kizzy. Now quick—before mother comes—count that, please!"

"Massy! massy! Where did you get it, child?" as the coppers and bits of silver fell into her lap. "You aint——"

"All right, Aunt Kizzy. Good, honest money. For mother's present. You go buy it, for I must get more or there can't be any snuff."

She caught him by his worn jacket as he was flying past the door, and sat him down in the old rocking-chair.

"Sit there, sir, and tell me where you got this money! A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing."

"I won't tell."

Aunt Kizzy's back became very stiff and she handed him back the money.

"It's all right," he said, impatiently, waving away her extended hand. "But if you must know," dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, "*I sang for it!*"

"Where, child?"

"In the street."

"Like a beggar?"

"No, not quite. I did not ask for money; they gave it to me."

"What did you sing, you scamp, you?" said Aunt Kizzy, forgetting her point in her curiosity.

"I sang every song I knew—even the one you sang to me the other night."

"Where? Anywhere about here?"

"No; away up-town where the big folks live."

"Don't you do it again."

"I have promised Santa Claus two cents' worth of snuff for an old lady who hangs up black stockings."

"She can't have it."

"She must."

Aunt Kizzy dropped the money slowly, piece by piece, into her lap.

"Seventy cents, Carol!"

"Get anything you feel sure she'll like," he whispered in her ear, and darted away.

"Seventy cents! Well, well, well! may be you're not ashamed of your want o' faith, old Kizzy Hopkins! No good comes o' twitting, so I'll only say, faith's a good thing always. Now step along, and see what you can buy. Seventy cents! And ten away down in your pocket for *him*, that he couldn't see. No, you can't get much for ten cents, but start out and do your best. Straighten your wig, old Kizzy; count up your change and don't go out with envious feelings in your heart because other old women carry heavier purses! Seventy cents and ten is eighty; eighty cents ain't to be sneezed at. Didn't you expect to have to start out with only ten? You know you did! Then why not look a little cheerful?"

This remark was evidently addressed to the faded, patient face that looked out at her from the small looking-glass. But Carol's mother heard.

"Don't dare find fault with that woman in the glass!" said she, coming in and smoothing the rusty black ribbon on the worn-out bonnet.

"She's orful ungrateful, Car'line. Instead of bein' thankful for a bonnet to cover her old wig, she's wishing for a veil to hide her old bonnet."

"The more people have the more they want, Aunt Kizzy. But where are you going?"

"After Christmas presents," said Aunt Kizzy, proudly. "Good-bye!"

"There is a dear, strong heart under that old shawl," said Caroline, as Aunt Kizzy turned the dismal corner.

"Only ten cents for both of 'em," muttered the old woman, as she left the narrow street. "That boy is off trying to get something for me. Aint you ashamed of yourself, Kizzy H?" she continued, falling into her favorite mode of addressing herself, which she called giving a dose to her pride. "Think of the times you might have earned a little, if you hadn't been so proud!"

"I would do any thing now," she forced her pride to say.

"No doubt you would," she returned severely. "Come in at the 'leventh hour and take what you could find."

"I would do anything in the world that I could that was honest," said her pride, humbled now to the very dust of self-reproach.

"Would you sing for money?"

Aunt Kizzy said this abruptly, almost triumphantly, as if she had proved her pride now, and found it nothing but a vain boaster. A little red spot was burning in each faded cheek.

She had left Crawlin Place far behind her. The houses she now saw were beginning to wear a very well-to-do look. On she walked until the streets grew wide and the houses very fine.

What a contrast to Crawlin Place!

"If you get envious, back you'll go, Kizzy H., without a chance for present money!"

This was probably addressed to another weak spot in poor Aunt Kizzy's make-up.

She went on without an idea where to stop. A house with the curtains up attracted her attention.

"Massy!" she exclaimed, as she looked in the window. "They must be made of gold and silver in there!"

She walked up the steps and rang the bell.

"If you please, miss," she began, as the door opened.

"Back gate for beggars," said the servant shortly.

With a choking feeling in her throat Aunt Kizzy stood staring at the closed door.

"You can't stare money enough out of a shut door to fill a stocking, unless a miracle takes place, Kizzy H," she said cheerfully, as she went down the grand steps.

House after house was passed before another struck her fancy.

"Don't look quite so grand as t'other," she said, as she looked in at a window. "There's a pieter o' Christ blessing little children. It makes me feel orful old. Dear little creeters! I don't believe the grand brass images and flumjacks have pushed everything good out of this place."

And she went up the high steps. As her hand touched the bell, a light step was heard behind her, and a pleasant voice said: "Whom did you wish to see?"

"I came,"—Aunt Kizzy's voice was a little unsteady,—"I—I came to ask if any of the ladies here would—would like to hear a little old-fashioned singing."

"I certainly should," said the young lady, pleasantly; "and I'm sure grandmamma would."

"Open your eyes and take in all the style, old Kiz, to tell Car'line," said the old woman to herself, as they walked up the broad handsome stairs, but when she found herself actually standing before a sofa, where lay a proud-looking old lady, she forgot "Car'line," and almost her errand.

"She is going to sing us some old-fashioned music," explained the young lady, as her grandmother stared at them both.

Aunt Kizzy closed her old hands nervously together, but though she pressed them very hard, no song came to her mind. What would they think of her! Her breath came in little gasps, and the red spots brightened in her cheeks.

"Sit down and rest yourself a little while," said the young lady, kindly. "I brought you up too many stairs for you to sing right away."

"There wasn't so many stairs, miss, as there's been years since I sung afore folks," said Aunt Kizzy, then adding mentally, "Don't act like a fool if you've got common sense, Kizzy H.!"

She stood respectfully before them, and in a voice, not by any means to be despised, sang a simple ballad of "ye olden time."

"Can you sing another?" asked the young lady, as the last note died away.

"I don't wish another yet," said her grandmother. "I want the same again."

Aunt Kizzy's heart beat joyfully. She had forgotten money; there was happiness in the thought of being able to give pleasure. She sang until her old voice sounded weary, and they declared she should sing no more. The young lady gave her a dollar.

"Too much," said Aunt Kizzy, firmly. "I sang ten songs, and two cents apiece is high enough to reckon 'em."

"A dollar for a good concert is cheap enough, and I have not enjoyed one so much in many a day, madam."

"If you insist on it, I can't help it," said Aunt Kizzy, with shining eyes, as she thought of Carol's stocking.

"I do not consider that I half pay for my pleasure," said the young lady's grandmother, as with old-school dignity she placed five dollars in Aunt Kizzy's hand.

"I couldn't sleep to-night if I took that!" she cried. "Don't make me think I'm dreaming now, and 'll wake up without a cent for Carol's stockin'."

She held out the money to the young lady, who took it, saying:

"You shall not be overpaid, but let me give you a muff; your hands will be cold going home. This is an old one, but it is warm, and here are some pieces of silk for a new lining."

"Tell me all about it!" cried Carol, on Christmas morning as he stood with a full stocking by the fire-place in the little sitting room on the fourth story of Number One, Crawlin Place.

"I won't."

"Sit right there Aunt Kizzy, till you tell me where you got so much money. 'A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing!'"

"Well," in a whisper, "if you must know, boy, *I sang for it.*"

"Sang for it!" Carol's surprise was as genuine as Aunt Kizzy's had been, but he recovered himself and said: "Like a beggar?"

"No," said Aunt Kizzy demurely. "I didn't ask for money; they gave it to me without."

"Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call this a lucky Christmas?" said Carol, as he pulled on new boots, while Aunt Kizzy, with a new bonnet on, took snuff extravagantly, and his mother stood with her hands in the muff.

"Nothin' to do with luck," said Aunt Kizzy. "We worked for something and 't aint sense to expect when you work for something that you'll get n-othin'." With a merry jerk she pulled out a pair of warm gloves from the long black stocking. "Cast your bread upon the waters, old Kizzy H. Give Car'line an old muff, and get new gloves from Santa Claus!"

"I shall not allow you to give me this muff," said Car'line. "It is just what you have wanted for so long; and a new lining will make it just as good as ever."

"Massy, Car'line! the silk for it is in my pocket. Plenty of it you see." As she unrolled it, she gasped; "Carol, hand me the campfire bottle!" for carefully folded in the little bundle of pieces, lay the rejected five-dollar bill.

"It must be a mistake," said Carol's mother.

"Of course I shall take it back, Car'line."

"If it makes you feel so sick Aunt Kizzy H., I will take it, and you shall never see it again," said Carol, kindly.

"It wasn't a mistake, though, Car'line."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I tell you how it was; I did something for—for two ladies away up town, and they offered me that bill, and I wouldn't lay a finger to it, and that pretty creeter put it in the silk; but I'll take it back, I'll take it back!"

"Come now, Aunt Kizzy," said Carol, laughing, "bet you can't tell what street it was."

"Hey?" said the old woman with a blank expression on her pale face. "Massy, if I know any more than a old woman led by a dog!"

Carol's mother touched Aunt Kizzy's arm.

"Tell me, Aunt, how you earned the money."

"I did what Carol did."

"What did he do?"

"There's your stockin' just burstin to see you, Car'line. Why don't you go 'tend to it?"

"You care more for the stocking than for me, Aunt Kizzy, for I am in almost as sad a state."

"Would you tell, Carol?"

He grinned and said:

"Make her tell first how she got hers."

"I'd just as soon tell," said his mother. "I wish I had a chance every day. *I sang for it.*"

For a full minute, Aunt Kizzy and Carol stared at each other, and then exclaimed as if they had but one mind between them: "Like a beggar?"

"O no," said Caroline, laughing. "I didn't ask for anything, but they gave me something. I sang last Sunday in church."

"Carol," whispered Aunt Kizzy, "is my head on?"

"Looks to be. Is mine?"

"You have something on that looks like a head. Is my wig straight?"

"Straight as usual, Miss Hopkins. How's mine?"

"'Pears to have the right pitch, boy, so let's tune up. Here's faith for the future forever!" and three grateful voices rang out clearly with a song of praise to Him, who, in sending His Christmas blessings down, forget not even so humble a spot as Number One, Crawlin Place.—*Sargent Flint, in St. Nicholas for December.*

Why She Dried Her Tears.

As the train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road reached Plymouth the other day, going west, a couple on the Depot platform were seen to embrace, kiss, hug again and separate, and the woman got aboard the train with her handkerchief to her eyes. She seated herself in front of a man with an open face and any amount of sympathy around the corners of his eyes, and he presently leaned forward and said:

"It is, indeed, hard to part from those we love."

"Y-yes, 'tis," she sobbed.

"I suppose that man was your husband?"

"Y-yes."

"You are to leave his happy home for a visit to some friends I presume?"

"Yes, I'm going to Lansing to see ma!"

"Just so," continued the benevolent man, "and yet how hard it is to tear yourself from the side of your dear partner! You no doubt believe him the dearest man on earth?"

"Y-yes."

"I saw him press something into your hand as he left, and he seemed to say, 'Here, my darling, is a gift from your husband.' How lover-like—how like a good husband."

The woman had one hand tightly shut. She now opened it, brushed her tears away, and all at once called out:

"The miserable, contemptible old thing—I'll stay all winter and not write him a single word! I just wish I could see him for about a minute!"

"Madam, why this agitation?" asked the man.

"That's why!" she snapped as she hurled a quarter against the front door. "That's what he pressed into my hand at parting, and that's the pin-money he expected to last me three weeks and pay fare home on a dog! If I ever get back I'll broomstick him out of his boots!"

"How lover-like—how wife-like!" sighed the old man, as he fell back, while the woman raised the window and poked her head out and made up faces at the last house in Plymouth.—*Free Press.*

FIVE of New York's millionaires, estimated to have been worth $308,000,000, dropped off close together. "Seymour," writing to the Hartford *Times*, says: John Jacob Astor went first, and then in quick succession Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart and William C. Rhinelander, and now the money worshiper Goelet. Astor's wealth was estimated at $50,000,000, Vanderbilt's at $100,000,000 and Stewart's about the same. Rhinelander's property represented, it is supposed, $10,000,000 and Goelet's is estimated at $20,000,000.

NEW cider, buckwheat cakes and mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press.* Hurry us on to the Sweet Pye and Pye.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The words are blithe and full of cheer;
They never pall on any hearer,
But, borne along from year to year,
From year to year sound ever dearer.

And yet we know the words are vain;
We know the season *must* be merry,
When those long severed meet again
Below the white and scarlet berry;

When small but mirth-compelling jokes
Are heard from every nook and corner;
When on the board Plum-Pudding smokes,
Attended by the Pie of Horner;

When kissing shall by favor go,
And Age declare it only folly
That Youth resorts to mistletoe,
And lovely Woman stoops to holly;

When old and young and middle-aged—
Three generations—all commingle;
The widowed, wedded, fresh-engaged,
And, last and least, the many single.

"Merry?"—When all around is bright?
"Merry?"—Ay, merry, now or never.
The churl that cannot laugh to-night
May give the habit up forever.

One week in all the fifty-two
Is little time to give to laughter;
Come, join the revel, cynic, *do!*
Although a cynic ever after.

Come, choose a seasonable strain
To fit the jolly days before us;
And shout we all, with might and main—
"A Merry Christmas!" is the chorus.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

Draw close the curtains, gather round
The yule log's crackling blaze,
Let care in merry song be drown'd,
Mirth throned in every heart be found,
Whilst lusty voices raise
The glee that makes the hall resound
With old King Christmas' praise—
Who comes apace with berries crown'd,
His hoary brow with holly bound.

In foaming wassail hail him king
Of hearts brimful of mirth—
Monarch of merry reveling,
Who, in his jovial train, doth bring
A pleasure-tide to earth.
'Mid winter's piercing, icy sting
And drear December's dearth.
Fill high, and let the rafters ring
With praises of our Christmas King!

"A merry Christmas" be the song
In many a merry-making,
Where joy inspires the jovial throng,
When mortals would Old Time prolong,
For 'tis the year's leave-taking,
Who joins the laughter, loud and strong,
Though his old heart is aching,
Old Year! thy moments are not long—
The New Year soon shall tune our song.

THE WIDOW WINTERPIPPIN'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

A Christmas Story.

This is just how affairs stood in the house in which we lived—brother Nathaniel and I—it was a tenement house, not what they call a "first-class" one, but a very nice one—on the Christmas Eve before *that* Christmas night.

In the basement the three little children of Mrs. Rose, the janitor's wife, were quietly playing with their dolls for the first time in several weeks, having been sick nigh unto death, and their poor, tired mother was hovering about them, her thin, pale face lighted up with thankfulness and joy, albeit a cloud *did* flit across it, every now and then, as she thought of the debts contracted during their sickness—debts which at the present moment—Mr. Rose having been out of work for three long months—she had but the faintest hope of ever being able to pay.

On the first floor Mrs. McChilly—old, obstinate and—well, to speak plainly—*stingy* Mrs. McChilly—spectacles on nose and head held close to the lamp, was looking over for the fiftieth time the bonds, willed her by her brother, who had lately died in San Francisco, and received by her a few days before, making her already in comfortable, *very* comfortable circumstances—what in our sphere of life would be considered rich. Her girlish-looking granddaughter, by marriage, was darning the old lady's stockings, and thinking of the dear, merry, young brother-in-law, banished from his home half a year ago—a home which had never been so sunshiny since—because he had dared to fall in love without his grandmother's consent, and the boyish-looking husband of the granddaughter, by marriage, was writing a cheerful, affectionate letter to the banished one, under cover of the daily account-book.

On the second floor pretty, gray-eyed, brown-haired Mrs. Summer was hushing the baby to sleep, and dropping tears on its little, golden head whenever, which was very often, she glanced at her husband, who lay snoring on the lounge, having left a convivial party late that afternoon to stagger home, as he had done many times during the last unhappy year, with aching head and empty pockets.

On the third floor jolly, plump, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, generous (out of her income of a thousand a year she gave away at least one-eighth) Widow Winterpippin was calmly sleeping in her bed, thoroughly tired out by a hard day's work, and Nannie, her little maid, with the cat in her lap, was dozing in a spasmodic manner in a rocking chair by the kitchen fire.

And on the fourth floor brother Nathaniel and I were taking a late supper because I had been obliged to remain longer than usual at the store where I was clerk, it being the custom of our employer to exact extra service all holiday week (without, however, thinking it necessary to requite such service with extra pay), and dear Nat—than whom there never could be a kinder brother—would not, though he might be ever so hungry, eat supper until I was there to make and pour out the tea. "It tastes so much better from your hand, Sis," he used to say.

Nathaniel was a printer, and had been a fine, stalwart, singing, whistling fellow until that dreadful day in September when he met with the terrible accident which resulted in the loss of his right arm.

Since then he had been on the invalid list, and sang and whistled and joked no more. We had, fortunately, some money saved when this misfortune came upon us, but it was now almost exhausted. And Nat began to worry about that, among other things; but I never lost heart. Why should I? I had youth, health and strength and twelve dollars a week. And we could manage not to starve or freeze on twelve dollars a week, and Nat's overcoat and my cloak could both be turned, and—somebody was coming home soon.

Widow Winterpippin—God bless her!—proved an angel of goodness during our trouble, coming to sit with Nat herself when the arm was at the worst—I had to go to the store after the first few days, or the salary would have ceased, though they did, for a wonder, give me an extra half-hour at noon when I went home to lunch—sending Nannie to wait on him when he was getting better, and making all sorts of nice dishes to tempt his appetite, and lending him all the nicest books and keeping the room bright with beautiful flowers. But it wasn't this kindness that made Nat fall in love with her. O, no! for he had fallen in love with her long before, and was on the point of telling her so when that cruel machinery grasped his arm.

"But I must give her up now, Susie," he said to me—we had no secrets from each other—"though I love her more than ever. 'Twould have been no match, in a worldly sense, for her, before—a printer with only what he earned from week to week, and a pretty young widow, owning houses and lands sufficient to give her an income of a thousand a year. But now it is simply impossible. Disabled for life, I must make up my mind to be a burden on you, and see her marry——"

"You'll do no such thing, Nathaniel," cried I. "What has come over you? It seems to me that the people who are the jolliest when they are jolly are the bluest when they are blue. One would think you'd lost both arms and legs to hear you talk. Do you forget your favorite motto, 'Nil desperandum,' to say nothing of 'Up guards, and at 'em!'"

But Nat continued very low in his spirits, all I could do or say. And this is how affairs stood at our house the Christmas Eve before *that* Christmas day.

The kettle had just began to boil next morning, and I had just called out "Merry Christmas" to Nat, hearing him stir in his own room, when Widow Winterpippin's blue-eyed little maid knocked at the door, with a "Merry Christmas," a giggle, and a note from her mistress. The note read:

"Winifred Winterpippin sends her love to Susie and Nathaniel Bracket, and begs that they will, as a great favor, give her their company in her rooms this evening at seven o'clock."

"And I've got a note for everybody in the house, and there's to be a supper, miss," said the little maid, laughing outright. (This little maid was almost always laughing, in which respect she much resembled her black-eyed mistress.) "Say we'll come with pleasure, Nannie," said I. "Yes, miss," and away she flew.

And at seven precisely, the invited guests were assembled in the widow's pretty parlor. Dear me! How pretty it was. Christmas greens were festooned all around the walls, and anchors, and wreaths, and hearts, and crosses, were hung wherever they could be hung, and above the mantle, "Merry Christmas," in large dark green letters, brightened by crimson berries greeted us as we entered the door. And there were stands filled with lovely geraniums and begonias, and lilies in each window, and a splendid fire in the grate and most charming of all there was the widow herself in a pearl-gray silk with scarlet ribbons at her throat and scarlet flowers in her hair.

When Nathaniel—poor fellow, how his empty sleeve annoyed him—and I arrived, Mrs. McChilly and her grandchildren were already there—the old lady in the easiest chair in the room, nearest the fire, with a glass of lemonade, of which she was very fond (how *did* Widow Winterpippin manage to find out everybody's little weaknesses in this way of eating and drinking?) on a small round table by her side, and the grandson and his wife looking over the photograph album in a cosy corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose and the three rosebuds, as we called the children, wee, darling, auburn-haired girls, came in at the same time we did, and Mr. and Mrs. Summer, he looking worn and haggard and she with traces of tears around her beautiful eyes—and the baby—made their appearance a few moments later.

"And now that we are almost all here," said Widow Winterpippin—we wondered who else was to come—"we'll have a dance to begin with. You will play, Mrs. Summer? Nannie can hold the baby."

But Mrs. Summer blushed and said she "never played, now."

"But you can," insisted the widow in her genial way. "You surely have not forgotten. I used to hear you playing so much and so well when you first moved here, and Mr. Summer sang then, too. Many a happy hour have I passed listening to you both." And Mr. Summer, with a conscious contrite look in his face, put his arm around his wife and led her to the piano.

Then Nathaniel took the widow, and Mr. Summer Mrs. McChilly's granddaughter by marriage, and Mrs. McChilly's grandson Mrs. Rose, and Mr. Rose me, and we had an old-fashioned quadrille dance in the old-fashioned way—and a jig to end with. And Mrs. McChilly declared it made her feel like dancing herself, and she would have danced, too, I believe, if it hadn't been for her rheumatic foot. As it was, she beat time to the jig tune with her cane until her arm was so tired she couldn't beat any longer, and Nannie and the baby took it and beat away, utterly regardless of time, until all the ladies had made their final courtseys to their partners.

After the dance we had a lovely ballad from Mr. Summer, who had a fine tenor voice, and a comic song from Mr. Rose, who had a voice suited to it. The comic song had a silly, rollicking chorus in which the company all joined with as much earnestness as though their lives depended upon their doing so.

"Tra-la-la-tra-la-la-lu
Tra-la-li—and that will do."

And then supper. Such a supper! Roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, crisp celery, home-made bread, pickles, tongue, stewed oysters, candies and wax dolls (the dolls beside the children's plates.) And when we were all through and back to the parlor again, sitting in a half-circle around the grate fire, a cup of fragrant tea or coffee in every hand, Widow Winterpippin, who sat in the center of the half-circle, said: "And now, if no one has any objection, I would like to tell you a wonderful dream I had last night."

"Any objection!" "No indeed!" "Delighted to hear it!" from all sides. And, while the Summer baby crowed itself to sleep in its mother's arms, and the rosebuds, on the floor at their father's feet—each with her new doll clasped to her breast—drooped their shining heads until they sank upon the pillows Nannie had thoughtfully placed near them, the chairs in the half circle were drawn closer and all eyes were fastened on the Widow Winterpippin's sunny face.

"I went to bed last night," began the widow, in a low voice, "very tired."

"I should think so," said every woman listener.

"And I began to dream directly. And everybody in this house was in that dream," the widow went on. "Yes, children and all. I thought it was Christmas night, just as it is now, and Nannie and I were waiting, just as we did to-night, for the company to arrive. And they began to arrive as the clock struck seven. First came Mr. and Mrs. Rose and the rosebuds, looking so smiling and happy that I said at once: 'You have good news to tell me.'

"'Mrs. McChilly—dear, kind Mrs. McChilly—(Mrs. McChilly sat bolt upright in her chair and closed her lips firmly as her name was mentioned), has paid the doctor's bill.' Mrs. Rose began. 'And promised, she having so many business acquaintances, to look out for a situation for me,' said Mr. Rose. 'And she says to-day is the birthday of the Savior and He dearly loved little children, and she is going to love us for his sake and be our friend always as long as we are good,' said the children, beginning to sing the Sweet By-and-By so loudly that we did not hear Mr. Aubrey come in; but there he was, his face glowing and his eyes sparkling (Mr. Aubrey was the grandson with whom Mrs. McChilly had quarreled); and *he* cried out: 'God bless her! my mother's mother, I knew she couldn't stay mad long. She's forgiven me and kissed Alice!' (Alice was the young girl with whom he had fallen in love without the old lady's permission).

"And all of a sudden there was Mrs. McChilly among them, being welcomed with loving words, and hugs and smiles—the eldest rosebud had a glass of lemonade ready for her—and saying, 'Dear, dear, what is a little money to gratitude and affection like this?'

"'Nothing,' answered Mr. Summer, who was there all of a sudden, too, with his wife and the baby, looking as handsome as he did when I first saw him nearly two years ago, and as for Mrs. Summer, her eyes were like stars and her cheeks like roses, and she stole softly to my side, while he was tossing the baby and singing a merry song to it, and whispered: 'A promise has been *my* Christmas gift, a promise worth all the gold and jewels in the world.' And then Susie Bracket danced in and slyly held up a letter from somebody far away, that I might see and rejoice with her. And Nathaniel—what a ridiculous part of the dream that about Nathaniel Bracket was. Really, I don't think I can tell it."

"O, but you must," I cried.

"Indeed you must," they all cried.

"Well, if I must, I must," said the widow with a sweet, little nervous laugh. "I thought Nathaniel followed me into the dining-room, where I had gone to take a last look at the supper table—oh, it's too ridiculous."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Summer. "I don't believe it. 'I've no doubt it was the most sensible thing Nathaniel ever did—in a dream."

"And *please* go on," begged his wife.

"And he took my hand," the widow went on, "and said—oh! I can't tell you *all* I dreamed he said, but he ended by saying: 'And so, of course, I must think of you no longer—a poor, crippled fellow like me.' And I said——"

"*What* did you say?" cried Nathaniel, springing to his feet and looking eagerly toward her, totally forgetful of the rest of the company.

"Nathaniel Bracket, you're an idiot!"

"Just as I expected," murmured poor Nat, sinking into his chair again.

"'If you *have* lost your arm—your *right* arm,'" the widow calmly proceeded, "'you haven't lost your head, and that head, as I happen to know, contained the usual, perhaps a little more than the usual, amount of brains, and if, as I hear, a thousand or two will give you an interest in Tom Allen's business, why what is to prevent me, having a little money at my command and no one to take care of but myself, lending it to you—for the sake of your sister, of whom I am very fond? Or, if you won't look at it in that way, why can't *I* become a partner, a *very* silent one, and you manage for me, taking a fair equivalent for your services?' And that's the end——"

"Never!" shouted Nat, springing from his chair once more and taking a few steps toward her, "the dream never ended in that way. Nathaniel made some further remark, I'm sure he did."

"I believe he did," said the widow, knitting her pretty brows, though in thought, while a rosy blush overspread her face, "but dreams grow shadowy at the last, and this became so *very* indistinct after I had spoken of going into the printing business myself that I can scarcely remember——"

"That Nat Bracket said," prompted Nathaniel, "'God bless you for a darling! and I'll accept the offered loan on condition that you'll add to it a Christmas *gift*—a gift above all price—your precious self.'"

"Well, well, how did you ever know?" exclaimed the widow in pretended surprise.

"Can't imagine," said Nat, his eyes sparkling with fun for a moment, and then, as she rose from her seat, he came and stood before her and said entreatingly, "But I *don't* know what answer you dreamed you made."

"Nor I," laughed the widow.

"But *I* do," said Mrs. McChilly, with an emphatic rap of her cane; "I do—Mrs. Nathaniel Bracket."

And we all shouted and clapped our hands like a parcel of children, and then we all (not one of us, I'm sure, could have told why) cried a little and were quietly feeling for our handkerchiefs to wipe away the tears, when the old lady spoke again, looking down on the rosebuds, who were still sleeping. "I *will* be a friend to these little ones and their parents," she said, "a good friend. That part of the dream shall come true. As for my grandson ——"

"Here he is," screamed Nannie, with a hysterical laugh, as she flung open the door that led into the dining-room.

And there he was, to be sure, with his sweetheart on his arm, and in an instant they were both kneeling before their grandmother, with one of her wrinkled hands in blessing on each bowed, young head.

Mr. Summer turned from the pretty tableau and bent and kissed his wife, and softly whispered something to her that made her "eyes like stars" indeed, as she exclaimed in a voice trembling with joy, "My part of the wonderful dream has already come true."

"And mine came true this morning," said I, as I took the letter from my pocket.

"And mine," stammered Nat, as his only arm stole around the widow's waist, "can it come true?"

"It *can*," said Widow Winterpippin.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fate of Arctic Explorers.

Behring Strait derives its name from Vitus Behring, a Russian naval Captain in the service of Peter the Great, who died from exposure on the Arctic coast nearly a century and a half ago. Baffin, whose name is borne by the bay which he discovered, met accident death. James Hall, under whom he had previously served, met a similar fate. Still earlier in date Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed to discover a northern passage, was with his whole crew, frozen to death. Sir Hendrick Hudson became famous as a discoverer, and his voyage to the mouth of the river which bears his name was simply because his crew would not bear the severity of the northern climate. He afterward discovered Hudson bay, and on his return voyage was the victim of a mutinous crew. Gosnold, who, discovered Massachusetts, and gave Cape Cod its name, died miserably on the James river. Captain Cook was slain and eaten by cannibals. Sir John Ross, who many years ago undertook an exploring voyage, was imprisoned in the ice for four winters and was only rescued by a Russian ship which happened to hear of his condition. The mysterous fate of Sir John Franklin hardly needs more than a mere reference here, but it may be added that Dr. Lane, who commanded the Grinnell expedition, was a martyr to his enthusiasm. The disease he contracted while in search of Sir John Franklin carried him to his grave soon after his return. What will be the fate of the Jeannette and its crew?

History of the Old Red Cent.

As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent instead of the head of Washington the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty—with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse side was displaced by the olive wreath of peace; but the French Liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure that succeeded this—the staid classic dame with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely-chiseled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

American Butter Abroad.

American butter is growing in demand every day among our English cousins and the trade promises to assume large proportions. Butter dealers in the export trade claim that a greater number of packages of butter have changed hands in the market this season than ever before. American shippers of the article in one week receiving $500,000. This butter is consumed in England and on the continent and comprises spring, summer and fall productions. Much of that exported this fall was June butter kept over by New York dealers in enormous ice-houses erected for the purpose and so constructed as to insure a circulation of air, with the temperature kept at a uniform and desirable degree.

Fijian Hair Dressing.

The Fijians give a great deal of time and attention to their hair. Most of the chiefs have a special hair dresser to whom they sometimes devote several hours of the day. Their heads of hair are often more than three feet in circumference and frequently nearly five feet round. This forces them to sleep on narrow wooden pillows, or neck-rests, which must be very uncomfortable. Black is the natural and favorite color; but some prefer white, flaxen, or bright red.

This style of hair dressing, however, is not peculiar to the Fijians, but prevails extensively in Africa. The young men among the wild Kaffir tribes in South Africa draw their hair out to its full extent, and stiffen it with grease and shining powders until their heads assume the appearance which those of the English Bishops used to present when they wore wigs.

The Damaras of the same region divide the hair into a great number of strands, which are fixed by imbuing them with a mixture of grease and red ochre, and which are allowed to hang round the head like so many red cards. The men are very fastidious about their hair, and as rain would destroy the elaborately-dressed locks, they use in rainy weather a piece of soft hide to cover their heads.

—"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate strap down from its accustomed nail.—*Hawk-Eye.*

Christmas Keeping in the Olden Time.

Perhaps the children who are preparing to enjoy their Christmas holidays won't like to know something of the way children used to keep Christmas two hundred years ago, before people had learned so many ways of pleasing the little ones as they have now, and the celebration of Christmas was very different. There were many customs which would amuse and interest my little readers quite as much as the Christmas tree. In England, in the olden time, a few days before Christmas, when the bustle of preparation was at its height in the houses of the rich, some of the serving-men would be sent out into the woods to cut an enormous log for the back of the Christmas fire. The fireplace was so large sometimes that the log, which took several men to lift could be placed in it. When it was selected, it was drawn to the kitchen door with songs and much merriment, and on Christmas Eve it was placed at the back of the wide chimney and a great roaring fire made in front of it. This was called the "Yule Log," and as long as it burned, the men and maids were entitled to keep holiday. Sometimes they were cunning enough to wet it well in the brook, so that it might last the longer.

When it was well a-burning, the merry-making of the evening began by a very curious procession, such as I venture to say, our little readers never saw. First came a man dressed in a long white robe, made queerally by pinning a sheet around him, with white hair and beard, and a crown of holly and mistletoe, representing Father Christmas; then followed a great many singular-looking figures, each personating some Christmas dish, such as mince-pie, boar's head, or plum-pudding; then followed one dressed in priest's robes, he was called the Abbot of Unreason, and after him came a mixed company, dressed in the most fantastic way they could devise, and all with some Christmas decoration. The actors in this "mumming" show, as it was called, were generally servants, farm-hands, or poor people who lived in the neighborhood. The "mummers" would go about from house to house, and everywhere they were made welcome, and after acting out their parts they were entertained with all manner of good cheer, in the great hall, where fires were kept blazing, and where finally the evening ended with a dance, which was joined in by all the company in the house. The walls were hung with holly and mistletoe, and the scarlet berries of the one and the pure white of the other made gay garlands that reflected the light of the fire cheerily. A branch of mistletoe hung in the center of the hall, and if by any accident a lady happened to stand beneath—of course it never happened except by accident—any gentleman who caught her there was entitled to a kiss, and somehow, I do not pretend to explain how, there were a good many kisses generally stolen on Christmas Eve, probably because in dancing the ladies forgot to look for the mistletoe, and their partners did not. Many games were played at Christmas time then that are now happily almost forgotten. One was that of "Snap-dragon," which occasioned a great deal of sport. In a darkened room a bowl of blazing spirits of wine were placed upon the table, and the party gathered around it. This bowl was filled with plums, which were to be snatched from beneath the flame without burning the fingers, and those accustomed to the sport became very adroit in winning the plums without gaining any scars. I think we may be glad that we have plays less rude for our holidays.

In Holland, where I think they know about as well how to please children as anywhere in the world—for you know it is there that so many toys are made—they had a great many pretty customs. In the small towns and villages a man dressed as Santa Claus, and loaded with presents, would go about the town on Christmas Eve, and knocking at the door of a house would inquire whether any good children lived there, and the parents would call the children and tell him how they had behaved, and whether they deserved any presents. The little ones were often very much frightened when they saw his tall cap, and the large bundle of switches which he always carries with him; for some reason, I fancy that the number of these did not diminish much as he went along, for I think you will agree with me in wondering how people manage to give children such remarkably good characters about Christmas, and that the number of good children is greater than at any other time of year. At any rate, the good old Santa Claus always seems to hope they will be good in the future, if they have not been in the past. When this old man had gone his rounds, and distributed his gifts, mostly among the younger children, the families would assemble round the Christmas tree, the tapers were lighted, and the presents of the parents to the children were taken from the tree, and afterwards the children presented theirs to their parents.

Did you ever think why gifts are made more at Christmas than at any other time? You know it is because it was on Christmas day that God gave his great gift to the world, the gift of his son Jesus, the Savior; and I am sure that every child must delight to think of Him as having been once a little child, and will not forget that he was a poor child, born in a manger, and for his sake remember those little children who have no pleasant home like you, but who like pretty things, and nice cakes and plum pudding just as well, and when your hands are full find some children whose hands are empty, and cold and thin, and share with them your riches, and so be sure of a happy Christmas for yourselves by making others happy.

In England poor children used to go to the doors of their neighbors and sing carols, something like those you now hear sung in the churches, and people would bring them out fruit and cake, and sometimes money, but always something to make their eyes dance, and their hearts beat gladly. It is good to be glad and to make others glad at Christmas; it is the most joyful day in all the year, and I hope that every one of you will find some one for whom you can make a Merry Christmas. I think you will be sure of mamma's help, and then I am quite certain I shall not need to wish you a Happy New Year, for you will have found out a precious secret that all big people do not know, even that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Christmas Stocking Filled by the Paragraphers.

As the children grow older they take less stockin' Santa Claus.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The crusty old bachelor now figures up how many nephews and nieces he has and sits down on his pocketbook with a weary sigh.—*Easton Free Press.*

The average editor won't hang up his stocking; but will indulge in profitless regrets that he was so imprudent as to hang up his overcoat.—*Worcester Press.*

The Christmas slipper is now getting soled—and, come to think of it, so will be the happy recipient when the shoemaker presents his bill.—*Catskill Recorder.*

When a boy examines his stocking just before Christmas, and finds a big hole in the heel, he "darns" it, and then hands it to his mother to darn.—*Norristown Herald.*

With many people Christmas gifts will only come through the imagination. This, however, will enable them to exhibit great presents of mind.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A new Christmas present has been invented. It is to slipper ten dollar gold piece in the hand of a deserving person on Christmas. N. B.—We are always at home on that day.—*Whitehall Times.*

With the approaching Christmastide we encounter whole bushelfuls of fancy yarns about the house, and the tip-toe of an unfinished pair of slippers peops out from some obscure corner—*Rhinebec Gazette.*

It strikes us that "in the bright hereafter when the angels sing," there will be a front orchestra chair reserved for the man who shall have devised "a noiseless drum," as a Christmas present for boys here below.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

There is no time, perhaps, when the indulgent parent of a family of girls more fully realizes the changes which the years produce than when on a Christmas eve he notes the yearly increase in the capacity of a suspended row of stockings.

The *World* says the phrase, "A Merry Christmas," is only a corruption of "A Myrrhy Christmas," alluding to the offerings of Myrrh. Very likely. And probably "A Happy New Year" is only a corruption of "A Hoppy New Year," alluding to the offerings of Beer.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

This is the week when the cat kindly refrains from breaking any crockery; when the most supercilious domestic will carry a hod of coal up to the fifth story without a murmur; when Millicent Aurelia's pianofore is guiltless of candy-smirches and when John refrains from tearing his trousers, and brings home a clean report book from school. Next week will be different in style.—*Puck.*

Every home is as full of mystery now as market mince meat, but on Christmas morning, when the head of the family finds a pair of slippers two sizes too small for him, wedged into his shoes, and a blue-nosed dog modeled into a pen-wiper tumbles out of his hat, he will understand then that the significant looks between his wife and daughter all this while only indicated that they were skirmishing around to promote his happiness.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Arkansas Etiquette.

Last night two men from Philadelphia engaged in a quarrel at a hotel in this city. After using all kinds of epithets, one of the men thrust his hand behind him as though about to draw a pistol and then took it away. The quarrel terminated without damage to either party. An old man from South Arkansas shook back his long hair and, advancing to the man who had made the hip pocket motion, remarked:

"Both of you men are strangers here, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Not much acquainted with our little rules of politeness?"

"How?"

"Why, you put your hand behind you just now."

"Yes."

"You didn't pull a gun."

"I haven't got a gun."

"Now, young man, let me give you a piece of advice. While you are in this country don't put your hand behind you unless you intend to shoot. Don't even run your hand into your pocket for a chaw of tobacker. Don't spit. Don't wink, for if you do your partner, if he's an Arkansaw man, will jolt you. You must learn these little rules of politeness. You may know how to conduct yourself at church, but you've got a good many rules of etiquette to learn."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

The New Secretary of War.

Alexander Ramsey, the new Secretary of War is a native of Penusylvania, and is sixty-four years old. He held the office of Register of his county when only thirteen years old. In 1840 he was Secretary of the Electoral College of Pennsylvania; and the next year Clerk of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. In 1843 he was elected a Representative in Congress, and was re elected to a second term. He was appointed by President Taylor, in 1849, to be Territorial Governor of Minnesota, holding that office until 1853, and assisting in negotiating several treaties with Indian tribes for the extinction of the Indian titles. In 1855 he was elected Mayor of St. Paul, and three years later was made Governor of Minnesota, continuing in the latter office until 1862. He was elected United States Senator in 1863, and served two terms, retiring in 1875. He was a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the body of President Lincoln to Illinois.

—The Anglican Church costs England $58,000,000 a year.

—The God of lawyers—More-fee-us.
—*N. Y. People.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1880.

E. C. Tillson, President of the late Board of County Commissioners, desires us to say that he is in no way responsible for the loss sustained by the county in the erection of the Castleman's river bridge; that the work was in charge of the other two members of the Board, whilst he had the superintendence of the Sang Run bridge.

Of the Maine iniquity the Boston *Post* says: "The wrong practised in in 1876 does not justify imitation, however severe the provocation or tempting the occasion. Our friends in Maine must be a ware that the entire country is now watching the course of events there. The popular will can never be thwarted with impunity."

The Solid South is sending up earnest remonstrances to Vorrhees to keep his hands off the negro exodus. He is cautioned not to reopn sectional questions. This will be a surprise to Voorhees, who has started out with the avowed purpose of spiking a Republican sectional gun. The South knows what the prime cause of the exodus is, and knows that to have it revealed through Democratic agencies will be to furnish the Republican party with a better issue than any it has now. If Voorhees doesn't believe it, let him go ahead.

John Quincy Adams, a Democratic leader in Massachusetts, and several times the candidate of his party for governor, says of the Maine affair: "The governor was bound to execute the spirit of the law rather than the letter. Had he done that he would have satisfied the people of his state, without distinction of party, and his own conscience. As it is, he has made a fatal mistake, a sad blunder, one that will have an injurious effect upon the political party to which he belongs. I am surprised that Gov. Garcelon should have allowed himself to be influenced into such action. He must have had very bad counsel for it."

It is seldom that the Philadelphia *Ledger* discusses politics, but this Maine business is too much for its patience. It says: "Cheating at elections, and disregard of law and honorable dealing are such manifest dangers ahead in this country that all thoughtful men must see them. If they would only give full force to the warnings thus sounded in advance and shape their thoughts into action, this would be the best safeguard for the future. There can be no doubt the deep feeling of the American people is against all fraud, all cheating, all small trickery, all repudiating doctrine, all dishonesty and dishonor, and it is for them to lead their wretched self-appointed leaders."

It is reported that the Republican managers in New York have determined to put through, at the coming session of the legislature, a law restoring the metropolitan police system. New York city, Brookiyn, Staten Island and Yonkers will constitute one police district, and the control of the force will be in the hands of Republicans, appointed by the governor. Under the New York law the police count the ballots cast at elections, and the control of the force will, it is claimed, be of great use to the Republicans. Under the present system the local Democratic authorities have control of the police.

A New Jersey Republican has set the counted-in members of the Maine Legislature an example that if followed would put a speedy end to the troubles in that State. He was declared elected to the Assembly by the canvassing board of the district, on the ground that the returns for the Democratic candidate, who had an apparent majority of only six votes, were partially defective; but, although he held the certificate of election he announced publicly in a card that he should refuse to take his seat unless investigation showed that he had received an actual majority of the votes polled. If the Fusionists in Maine had as much manliness, honesty and pluck, they would also spurn the fraud of the Governor and the Council.

We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the Baltimore *Sun*, published in this issue: The *Sun* is a live paper, always up to the times, is a valuable addition to the household, and is read by thousands of people.

In time of peace prepare for war, is a wise maxim, though not always practicable. This Governor Gorcelon discovered on Thursday when he sent to Bangor for arms and ammunition, stored there in the State arsenal. The citizens entered a forcible remonstrance against the removal of these munitions of war and compelled the officer commissioned by the Governor to ensure their conveyance to Augusta to surrender at discretion two trucks loaded with war materials from the arsenal. The mission designed with such prudent forethought was not accomplished, and the special envoy returned discomfited.

The census of 1880, which is to be made under the competent direction of Gen. Francis A. Walker, promises to be very elaborate and complete. Gen. Walker, who is an expert in the collection of statistical information and whose supervision of the census of 1870 gave universal satisfaction, is hard at work in Washington with a force of nearly forty clerks conducting the preliminary work of correspondence, perfecting details, testing the qualifications of applicants for positions, etc. The collection of industrial, commercial and other kinds of statistiat information bearing upon special subjests has been intrusted to men carefully selected as the most competent in their particular branches, and will probably be done in such a manner as to afford a correct idea of the resources of the country.

Immigration to this country from Great Britain during the past year shows heavy gains. The New York Commissioners of Emigration report that the increase of immigration at New York alone was 54,000 as compared with the preceding year, and much larger than during any year since 1873. Hard times in Great Britain and the returning prosperity of this country have combined to attract a constantly increasing tide of immigration, chiefly from England and Scotland, where the distress among the artisans and mechanics is greater even than among the same classes in Ireland—the distress in Ireland being confined chiefly to the agricultural classes who are not emigrating yet in considerable numbers. The immigrants who arrived at New York during the year are described as being generally of a superior class, who have come to the New World without visionary ideas of suddenly acquiring wealth, but with the knowledge that their success will depend solely upon steady and earnest work.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The bill heretofore referred to as probably to be filed by General Bradley T. Johnson, John P. Poe, Archibald Stirling, Jr., and other solicitors for D. K. Howard and other holders of about $1,700,000 preferred construction bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal company, for the appointment of a receiver for the canal, on the ground of the illegality of the issue of the repair bonds authorized by the act of 1878, has been prepared, and Messrs. Poe and Stirling yesterday sought Judge Bond of the United States Circuit Court to have a day fixed for hearing of argument on the motion for a receiver, &c. The printed bill was even taken to the clerk's office of the court late in the afternoon, but at the last moment the counsel resolved that they would not proceed at that time. It may be fixed to-day, or it may be deferred. What the hitch in the matter was the counsel did not disclose. It is understood the principal position taken by the bondholders in the bill is objection to the fact that the repair bonds issued under the act of 1878 are a lien not only on the revenues tolls of the canal but on its property, land, water rights and franchises, while the bonds of complainants, and also the first repair bonds issued under the act of 1844, were only liens on the revenue and tolls on the canal. They contend in the bill that the powers conferred by this act and the effect given to the repair bonds issued under it, making them a lien not only on the tolls and revenues, but on the land, water and franchises of the canal, transcends the power exercised in the act of 1844, under the construction given to it by the court of appeals, and to the same extent impairs the value of the bonds of complainants. The repair bonds of the act of 1844 were decided by the court of appeals in 1879 to be valid and to have the priority, because they were necessary to raise the means to put the canal in repair to enable it to earn tolls, &c., out of which only can the other bonds be paid. The court says these repair bonds were like bottomry bonds in their priority and legality. No interest on the preferred construction bonds, issued under the act of 1844, has been paid since 1864, so that the bonded debt and interest is over $3,000,000.—*Baltimore Sun, Saturday.*

Battle of the Giants.

[From the Sunday American.]

As the time for the meeting of the legislature draws near, the interests in the contest for the United States senatorship increases. The supporters of Senator Whyte and of Mr. Gorman are earnestly at work discussing the chances of their chosen leaders, and bets are freely offered on both sides to demonstrate the confidence which each side entertains as to the success of its favorite in the senatorial race. Senator Whyte was at his law office, on Lexington street, yesterday, and received the visits of a very large number of his political friends. The Senator seemed to be in the best of humor, and in answer to inquires stated that he was in the enjoyment of excellent health. Among those who called were a number of the Baltimore members of the next House of Delegates, and the Senator informed all that he was a candidate for the senatorship. To a reporter of *The American* Senator Whyte said: "As *The American* has already announced, I am a candidate for the senatorship, and the article in last Sunday's issue stater my position exactly. In deference to the wishes and earnest entreaties of a large number of my friends in the city and also in the counties, I feel it my duty to enter the struggle for the position. I am constantly in receipt of letters from the leading men in the state calling upon me to become a contestant for the senatorial prize. Here is a letter I have just received this morning, requesting that, though it may not be agreeable for me personally to go into a contest, I should take the step for the sake of those who think I ought to be re-elected. These communications are couched in terms so flattering that it is rather difficult to resist their appeals, though I am not egotistic enough to think that I deserve such encomiums as those with which the writers are kind enough to honor me. However, after considering the matter, I have come to the conclusion that I owe it to my friends as well as to my dear old state to run for the senatorship, though, as you have already, stated, I do it more as a matter of duty than of choice. It would, of course, be much more pleasant for me to look on as a disinterested spectator, and much more agreeable to attend to my law practice than to enter the struggle, but I feel called upon to become a participant. I go into the fight on my individual merits, without regard to others considerations or faction fights that may be waged in the General Assembly. During my senatorial term I have probably fallen far short of what may have been expected of me by the people of the state, and, perhaps, have not been as worthy a representative as Maryland should have had in the United States Senate; but whatever may have been my faults and my shortcomings, it was always my ambition to represent the wishes and desires of the state and promote its interests, and it is for the people to deliver judgment upon me. I certainly tried to do my duty, and I can leave it safely to the people to determine whether I have succeeded or failed. I am satisfied to leave the question to the decision of the legislature. If the majority of those who will sit in the General Assembly was composed of men easily controlled by outside influences, I would be free to admit that my chances depended on a very slender thread, and that I might as well abandon all hope of a successful contest. But I know that the majority of the members are men of character and integrity, who cannot be persuaded by promises or otherwise from the course which they had marked out for themselves before taking a seat in the legislative body. Those in whom I repose confidence are men of this character, and I am willing to leave the issue with them. Though others may think different, I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of the professions of my friends in the counties; and I am assured that my Baltimore friends are as firm now as they were six months ago. I do not go into the contest as an enemy of Mr. Gorman, or from any wish or desire of defeating him. There is nothing personal in the contest on my part; but, as I have already stated, I feel it my duty to enter the struggle at the urgent requests of my friends, who think I owe it to the people and to the state to take such action. Whether I shall myself be successful or whether some one else—or perhaps one who has not yet been mentioned—shall be my successor time will tell."

While Senator Whyte was receiving his friends at his law office Mr. A. P. Gorman was at Barnum's, in consultation with his friends, laying his plans for the operations at the approaching session of the legislature. The opinion of this coterie of politicians was that the recent election settled the question of the senatorship in favor of Mr. Gorman. There seem to be both anxiety and confidence on the part of the friends of the contestants. The supporters of each contend that their man would win the race; but yet there seems to be some concern as to the result. Mr. Gorman's friends, indeed, say that it will be a "walk-over" for him, but yet they are not so sure of that. Senator Whyte's friends think that the latter will have a stronger following than is generally supposed. Some contend that if in the course of events it shall be made manifest that the Senator cannot win, he will be able to aid in the election of some first-class man not yet spoken of for the office. Mr. Whyte's opponents, however, claim that the Senator is stronger than anyone who can be placed in opposition to Mr. Gorman's election will be assured by a larger majority than if Mr. Whyte were in the race.

These, however, are mere conjectures. In the Third legislative district are a number of members of the next House who are classed by the friends of each candidate as doubtful in regard to their votes for senator. Among these is Mr. W. H. Boyd, the tobacco merchant. A reporter of *The American* met Mr. Boyd on the street yesterday, and inquired of him who was his choice for United States senator.

"I occupy a rather peculiar position," replied Mr. Boyd. "I did not want to be a candidate for the House of Delegates, but was requested to enter the field, and am, therefore, under no obligations to any one. I am free to act in the matter of the election of a senator, as well as on other questions, as my conscience prompts me."

"How are you on the senatorship."

"I feel sufficient pride as a Democrat and Marylander to think that we should be represented in the United States Senate by the best men in the state—men, for instance, who would be equal to Senator Edmunds or others on the floor of the Senate—men who are fluent speakers, of experience, good parliamentarians, ready to take advantage of all the errors of their opponents. Such is the senator whom I have in view.

"Well, who of the contestants approaches nearest this ideal picture."

"My first choice is Mr. S. Teackle Wallis. If he can be induced to serve, I think we ought to elect him. He is a man who is known throughout this state, and also outside of it, and would soon make his mark as a senator, and be equal to any of those who occupy a seat in that august assemblage."

"After Mr. Wallis, who then?"

"Well, I do not think that we should send to the senate a man of inexperience or one who will not exercise a certain degree of influence. I do not think that it is sufficient that a man is a good politician to insure his election to the United States Senate. We want a man of ability, eloquence and influence, and a high degree of intelligence is our next senator, and no step backward."

"Are you in favor of Mr. Whyte?"

"I did not say that I was, and I did not say that I wasn't," were the last words that the reporter could hear as Mr. Boyd hastened away.

For the other two positions to be given away by election by the next legislature, viz: the State Treasurer and police commissionership, the contest does not appear to be very spirited. There seems, as yet, to be no opposition to Mr. Barnes Compton for treasurer. For police commissioner, Mr. George Colton's friends are sanguine that he will win; but the friends of Mr. W. H. B. Fusselhaugh, while admitting Mr. Colton's strength as a candidate and his ability to poll a large vote, says that he will not be a candidate.

The leaders of the party are preparing legislation for the session. Governor-elect Hamilton, who was in this city for several days last week, reiterated his statements that no one has the right to make any promises of patronage under his disposal, and that he has not yet decided upon whom he will appoint.

TELEGRAPHIC.

MAINE'S DANGER.

AUGUSTA, ME., Dec. 29.—Governor Garcelon went to Belfast to-day to attend the meeting called to sustain the course of the Governor and council. A similar meeting was held at Rockland. The Governor sent for the Mayor this afternoon to consult with him in regard to a proper police force for preserving order on the reassembling of the legislature. The mayor had just finished writing a communication to his Excellency on the subject and conveyed it in person. Mayor Nash was courteously received and assured the Governor that all needed preparations had been made for keeping the peace. Two hundred extra policemen had been appointed and this number would be increased if the exigencies of the case demanded it. He said we were able to keep order and begged the Governor not to bring troops to the capital or make preparations for arming them. He thought the citizens of Augusta would bear him out in these assurances.

The Governor talked quite freely, and informed the Major that he had a great dislike of the idea of bringing troops here, and should not do it if peace could be maintained in any other way. It would be his duty to preserve order and prevent interference with the members of the legislature. The interview closed here, and the Mayor passed the Governor the following communication:

Sir—The exciting condition of the public mind concerning the legislature that is soon to assemble induces me to address your Excellency upon an matter of grave public moment. The people of Augusta are loyal to the legally constituted authorities of the state in the exercise of every lawful act and duty, and would feel great pain and mortification at any lawless act or lack of decorum on the part of an excited populace in connection with the organization of the legislature; and I am warranted in hereby tendering to the state the service of hundreds of sworn policemen, should a force unhappily be needed for the keeping of the peace in the Capitol, district, or elsewhere in the city. Our city has increased its police to two hundred good men of different political parties, and these and any necessary number additional are at the state's disposal to carry out requests which the state authorities will communicate to me touching the maintenance of order and the complete preservation of the public peace. I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that your Excellency will feel justified in relying upon the services of our citizens thus freely tendered, and by so doing will see no necessity for calling out troops to perform the same duty. Your Excellency will pardon me for suggesting that the occupation of the State House with armed men, or placing war material therein, will tend to disturb the public mind. The approaching legislature is the fiftieth that has assembled in that building in as many consecutive years, and never before, even in the excitement of civil war, with thousands of troops encamped near by, has it required the services of a single policeman to preserve order in its halls. Its doors have always been opened to the ingress and egress of all well-behaved citizens, and I trust your Excellency will see the character of the building in that regard will be sacredly maintained. The great aversion of the people to any other course is suggestively witnessed by the recent resistance in Bangor, through the movement of war material, supposed to be destined for the State House. That incident, in connection with the many suggestions in the public prints, has induced me to direct this letter to your Excellency. Your Excellency will perceive that if one party to a controversy shall arms, the other will do the same, and with both parties armed a conflict might ensue, which all would deeply deplore. I feel confident that if no troops are called out by the states authorities, no bodies of armed men will come to the Capitol on the assembling of the legislature, and the civil police of our city will be amply competent to deal with all cases in any individual riot or disorder that may arise.

It is learned on good authority that the Governor has decided not to submit to the Supreme Court the question propounded by Mr. Morrill.

BANGOR, December 29.—The report from Augusta that the Governor would probable decline to refer the questions proposed by Mr. Morrill to the court caused much disapprobation here, especially among the prominent Democrats who signed the petition for that action. Large and enthusiastic meetings to express indignation at the action of the Governor and Council were held Saturday evening at Corinth, Bucksport, Manson and elsewhere. The Governor continues to receive numerous petitions from all parts of the country, praying that the law points involved may be referred to the Supreme Court

WILL DEFEND THE STATE HOUSE.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 30.—It is reported here that the Republicans will attempt to capture the State House tomorrow night. Gen. Leavitt has arrived with arms and ammunition from Bangor. The Governor has summoned Major Folsom and Lieut. White, commander of the First Regiment, to appear at the State House in the morning for consultation.

Governor Garcelon denies the Associated Press dispatch, published today, that he has declined Governor Morrill's proposition to submit the questions at issue to the Court of Appeals. On the other hand, he is preparing the case for the court, based on the points raised.

THE COLORED COLONIZATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 26.—Two of the men who are wanted by the Voorhees committee to investigate the political significance of the exodus are now in Washington. They are Samuel Perry and Taylor Evans, who have had charge of the exodus from North Carolina. They say that the movement of the negroes to the West is conducted according to a regular system; that they have found homes in Indiana for 675 people so far, and are promised homes for 200 more. Perry has just returned from Indiana, and says that the farmers about Terre Haute want sixty families, and in Rockville fifty families will be given work at good wages. They have made an arrangement by which the through fare has been reduced to sixteen dollars from Goldsborough to Indianapolis, and in order to prevent the scheme from getting into bad order they will not hereafter admit to their colonies any persons who are not able to pay their fare. Perry says that the party that was here recently in such an impecunious condition was not under their care. He claims to allow none but intelligent and industrious negroes of good habits to join colonies, and will not find places for any men he cannot recommend.

Both Evans and Perry are school teachers and preachers, and they claim that their object is to remove at least a part of their race to a country where they can improve in their moral and social condition. They intend to canvass the State of Indiana for places, and hope to take five thousand colored people out there during the next six months. They assert they will take out none who are not provided for with labor in advance, and do not expect any opposition from the people of Indiana. The greatest demand is for house servants, and Perry says he could find places for five thousand women if they were educated up to the Northern system of domestic economy, but he does not think a North Carolina plantation cook would suit an Indiana mistress. This idea of a demand for negro labor in Indiana is quite opposite to the view taken by Senator Vorhees, as given last night. It is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Voorhees knows more about it than strangers.

FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, Dec. 29.—Last night (Sonday) a very heavy storm prevailed at Dundee, which destroyed the centre portion of the new bridge across the river Tay. The train from Edinburgh, which was on the bridge at the moment that it fell was ingulfed, and at least two hundred lives were lost. The most fearful scenes took place among those who were precipitated into the water, as well as among those who escaped instant death.

A LOSING GAME.

WASHINGTON, December 28.—The phase of the Maine difficulty developed at Bangor is the staple of conversation in political circles here to-night. A Western Republican senator of conservative tendencies, said to-night that he regarded the act of Garcelon and his advisers as little less than an act of madness. He does not think it could have had the sanction of Tilden, as has been charged in some quarters. Tilden is too sharp and far-seeing to make so hideous a blunder. But, whatever the outrage, there should be no appeal to arms. Public opinion, he thought, would not only sweep Maine for the Republicans at the next election, but the whole North as well. "The attempt to carry Maine by fraud," said the senator, "is a continuation of the scheme to carry the South for Tilden in 1876. The Northern people never can realize the extent to which violence and fraud were resorted to in that memorable campaign by Democrats, and now they are continuing the game. They dare not try violence, but they will play their fraud trumps for all they are worth. But they will make a terrible blunder. The people of the North will feel themselves outraged as they never were before, and they will take their revenge in their own way and at the proper time." He thinks the excitement occasioned by this daring attempt to steal a state government is a healthy indication that the spirit of liberty is not yet dead; but believes that the national conservatism of the people of Maine, which they have inherited with their Saxon blood, will prevent any resort to revolutionary methods as a redress of grievances. The danger to our republican institutions, he admits, is very great, but much should be borne before an appeal to arms is taken. The wanton exercise of power by Governor Garcelon and his coadjutors he thought to be without parallel in the history of the country. In the case of Louisiana and other Southern states in 1876, there was in the minds of many honest people a genuine doubt as to who had been really elected. The result in that case was obscured by an indefinite amount of bulldozing and intimidation; but in the case of Maine the spirit of the law and every consideration of justice and equity have been ruthlessly trampled upon. "Never," said the senator, "has the Democratic party entered upon so desperate a game as that which they are playing in Maine. I should not be surprised to see the same tactics employed in every Northern state next fall. The outrage in Maine is but a part, therefore, of a comprehensive scheme to carry a majority of the states for the Democratic candidate for the presidency."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Don't write it "1879."

—The Catholic fair closed Monday night.

—Miss Rida Jamesson has returned from a visit to Piedmont.

—Mr. A. B. Gonder spent the holidays at Cumberland.

—The County Commissioners will meet Monday next.

—A little child of Mr. Charles Nethkin died Wednesday night.

—The weather lately has been anything but agreeable.

—We understand that the members of the Band will soon be uniformed.

—The band was out New Year's eve, and at midnight played a few pieces.

—Social parties among the young people of Oakland have been numerous during the holidays.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

--The members of the Garrett Guards were measured for their uniforms Christmas. They are to be completed by the 11th inst. Their overcoats have also been received.

—Married—December 25th, 1879, at Nathan Casteel's, Garrett county, Md., by Rev. J. S. Laughlin, assisted by Judge Hamill, Naaman L. Shank and Miss Sarah E. Fredtock, both of Garrett county, Md.

—A ball was held at the Glades Hotel Wednesday evening, about 18 couples participating. The falling of a couple of lamps created some little alarm, but fortunately no damage was done.

—The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *Bulletin* says "the inauguration of Governor Hamilton, on the 14th instant, is likely to be a great 'boom' among our citizens. The militia throughout the State will be represented and be the guests of the Governor's Guard of this place, who are making arrangements to give the visitors a welcome reception."

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church. — Administration of the Lord's Supper at 10½ A. M. Service at Deer Park at 3 P. M.

Severely Injured.

Mr. Lou A. Johnson, while working at the shook shop of Bush & Heckard, last Tuesday evening was caught by a belt and severely injured about the head and shoulders. Dr. McComas dressed his wounds, and thinks he will recover.

New Firm.

The undersigned having purchased the Drug Store owned by George W. Merrill & Co., in Oakland, hope to continue the patronage of the public.

2 E. E. CHISHOLM & Co.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending December 31:

Jeremiah McKinzie and others to Andrew Blocher and Annie Blocher, wife of Christian Blocher, Lot No. 5 of a tract called "Bear Camp," 45 acres; $600,

Henry Beckman and wife to Emily J. Lee, parts of Military Lots 418, 419, 415, Military Lot 417 and part of Lot contiguous to Lot 419, 159 acres; $1,000.

John Matthews and wife to Elizabeth J. Matthews, one acre of an undivided half of 12 acres of Military Lot No. 852; Love and affection and one cent.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of December;

Oliver M. Durst and Rebecca M. Strawn.

Thos. F. Shay and Mary O. Whitney.

Fred'k Rudolph and Kate Read.

Hiram Coleman and Martha J. Broadwater.

Jas. W. Wilson and Ida M. Tice.

Marcellus S. Wolf and Naomi Fike.

Joseph C. Robeson and Mary R. Garlits.

Naaman L. Shank and Sarah E. Fredlock.

Peter McCarmick and Jennie Werning.

Jonas Teats and Catharine Slagle.

Joseph O. Carr and Rachel J. Davis.

Franklin Winetrainer and Emma Wilson.

One requested not to publish.

Garrett Literary Society.

The Garrett Literary Society held its regular meeting on Dec. 27th, 1879, with a good attendance. Exercises rendered as follows: Reading of the Society paper by the editor; selections read by Miss Ella Ison and Mr. C. H. Loar; declamation, "The Raven," by A. B. Wttodcock. Others that were to take part in the performances were not present.

In the course of the business transactions the amended constitution and by-laws were adopted, which necessitated the election of officers for the ensuing term of six months, resulting as follows: President, F. P. Arnold; vice president, Titus Delawder; recording secretary, C. H. Loar; financial secretary, T. A. Bosley; treasurer, A. B. Woodcock; librarian, F. A. Thayer; critic, Miss Lou A. Thayer; editor, W. P. Townshend.

Exercises for Jan. 3: Reading Society paper; selection, F. A. Thayer; declamation, T. A. Bosley; essay, F. P. Arnold.

The Masonic Entertainment.

The Masonic order of this place, Lodge No. 133, A. F & A. M., had a very pleasing and enjoyable demonstration of a quiet character, on last Tuesday evening, in the reunion of its adherents and their families and the social intercourse consequent to such occasions. Between six and seven o'clock the members of the order assembled in their lodge room, from where, having formed in procession, they paraded through the streets, preceded by the Oakland cornet band, to the M. E. Church, where the exercises of the evening took place. After singing by the choir in attendance, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Smith of Piedmont, Col. James M. Schley, of Cumberland, delivered a very able and entertaining address on Masonry, in the course of which he answered the objections usually raised and most strongly urged against the fraternity, and set forth in a happy and interesting manner, in beautiful and eloquent language and glowing terms the beauty, character and attributes of the order. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Smith, who also made a good and strong address on the same subject, advocating and defending the Order in matters not broached by Col. Schley. After the audience had been dismissed the Masons again formed in procession and accompanied by their wives or other ladies, with the band in the lead, proceeded to the Glades Hotel, where they partook of an elegant repast prepared for the occasion by the proprietor, Mr. John Dailey, the band discoursing some good music in the meantime. Everything connected with the affair was very pleasant and gave general satisfaction, receiving the favorable comment of all present especially was it the case with the address of Col. Schley, and the singing by the choir, which is said by some to have excelled anything had in the town for some time past. Miss Mattie Kepner's singing in particular making a very favorable impression upon, and being highly complimented by those present.

OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 30th, 1879.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Feeling an interest in the future success of the Garrett Literary Society, I seek for space in your paper to call the attention of the citizens of Oakland and vicinity to it. Five years ago this month it was organized by Miss Lillie A. Brown. Since that time its existence and the history of its career have been rather of an eventful and varied character; at times having numerous and enthusiastic adherents, very interesting and attractive exercises, a large and intelligent attendance of members, citizens and strangers; and then again its membership would decrease, few would attend and it would be with difficulty often that a quorum could be procured; the exercises, if any, were very short, devoid of interest or attractiveness, its progress anything but satisfactory and but for the efforts of a few earnest supporters would not now exist. Notwithstanding that its career has been thus, first up and then down, now moving onward, then retrograding, the Society has been kept up; a library of three or four hundred volumes, including many good and valuable works, has been accumulated and it has been of advantage and a benefit to a few and of interest to many. Now it has again arrived at one of its deteriorating periods; it is again in the midst of one of its retarding experiences and requires more than ordinary caution and exertion to foster and care for its continuance as an organization. In this condition this appeal in its behalf is made to those members of the same who fail to attend its meetings and give it the support and aid it ought to receive from them, and to the good people of this community. No organization, of whatever character, can be of duration if the members neglect it, if no new acquisitions are made to its numbers, if no assistance and encouragement are received by or offered to it. This being the case, we request all to take into consideration the nature, object, advantage and importance of having in our midst a first-class literary society, and urge you to unite with us and assist us to make it such; assist us in procuring the allegiance, influence and support of others; assist us to augment our library and improve the mental powers of all concerned. If you cannot do this, then try to be present at our meetings, give us your attendance and your attention to our exercises. If nothing more, this would encourage us and induce our members to attend in greater numbers and with more regularity. If we see that the citizens feel an interest in us we will take a deeper interest in it ourselves, make more strenuous efforts to have pleasing, interesting and useful exercises. Will you do this? give us your aid in making it what it ought and what it was designed and intended to be, or do you intend that the Garrett Literary Society, which has been one of the features of Oakland for so long, shall become extinct, have the membership disintegrated, the library scattered far and wide—lost—and at no distant time be remembered as one of the things of the past, and through your neglect; or become part and parcel of the organization, to attend its meetings, assist in its maintenance and help it in an onward and upward movement?

W.

NEW GERMANY, MD., Dec. 27th.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Your request some time ago for some items, has not been forgotten. Perhaps some news from this place would be acceptable to your many readers. A word as to the place: New Germany is neither town, village nor post office, but simply a settlement among the Allegheny mountains in Garrett county, which received its name from the fact that the first settlers were mainly foreign Germans. There are two churches and two schools. M. E. and Reformed church; a union Sunday School, which closed for the winter term on Sunday, Dec. 21st, to meet again to reorganize at as early a day in the spring as winter will permit. A few words in regard to this school. This neighborhood is not very thickly settled, the children are gathered from three to four miles from the church; hence it is almost impossible to continue it during the winter season. It has enrolled 115 children, who attended well all summer, but teachers failed to be punctual. Christmas services were held in the Trinity Reformed Church on Christmas morning, at 10 o'clock. The church was handsomely trimmed with evergreens; also a Christmas tree for the Sunday School loaded with 145 cornucopias, one for each child. How their eyes shone! their hearts were filled with joy.

The services were of an interesting character, consisting of questions and responses, addresses, singing, &c. At the commencement of the exercises the marriage of Mr. Oliver M. Durst and Rebecca M. Strawn, took place, Rev. C. U. Heilman performing the ceremony. After the Christmas services were concluded the happy couple received the congratulations of their many friends, and then returned home, where they were serenaded at night. May angels strew flowers upon their pathway,

Hoping you had a merry Christmas and wishing you a happy New Year, will close.

A SPECTATOR.

The Custer Family.

GRANTSVILLE, DEC. 29th, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—It is proposed to supplement the communication of the 10th inst., from this place, with another giving some account of an old family now historic in its character. We refer to the Custer family, of which the late Gen. George A. Custer was a member. John Custer and Emanuel Custer left their native county, Frederick, Va., and went westward, the former stopping at Cresaptown and the latter going into Somerset county Pa., and afterwards settling down upon a beautiful piece of land called Mount Nebo, about 2 miles south of this place, where he died in 1829. John Custer was at one time a hotel keeper and black smith at Cresaptown, and died in 1830, leaving among other sons, Emanuel Custer, who learned the same trade from his father, an honorable vocation which sent from the anvil Gen. Greene, of revolutionary fame. About 1824, Emanuel, at the age of 19, left his smithery at Clarysville, in Allegany county, with his whole possessions bound up in a cheap handkerchief, for the west. His objective point was Harrison county, ——, to which some relations had preceded him. About eight years after he returned to the scenes of his early home on a short visit, and again last winter, spending about a month in Cumberland. These were the only two visits he ever made to his old home. After remaining for a number of years in Harrison county, he removed to Wood county, in the same State, and thence to Monroe, in Michigan, where he now resides. This is the father of General Custer, by his second marriage, who with a number of brave officers and men were so cruelly butchered at the Little Big Horn, in 1876, by Sitting Bull and his savage warriors. In this national disaster the good old man lost two sons, a grand son and son-in-law. The whole county knows all this is history, but the ancestors of Gen. Custer, and their locality, are not so well known. We had the pleasure several times to meet the old gentleman last winter and had considerable conversation with him; found him to be a man of intelligence, character and sound principles in every respect, to all of which he added the full traits of a professing Christian. He is very modest in his demeanor and never mentions the name of his distinguished son except when questioned. Of course he has a just pride in his sacrificed children, but it is a sore subject for him to converse about. The glory attached to their name does not compensate him for the agony he endures on account of their tragic death. Though a man of retired manners he has much influence. The great war Secretary, Stanton, was a devoted friend to him. More than once during the late war when a wayward soldier would get into trouble, Emanuel Custer would help him out by appealing to the Secretary of War; who would say familiarly, "Well, 'Manuel, what must I do now?" But Emanuel was too good and logical to ask for anything improper. All the Custer's have long since disappeared from the Cresaptown region.

Emanuel Custer, uncle to the father of General Custer, died as already stated, fifty years ago, leaving eight sons, Adam, Jacob, Daniel, John, David, Samuel, Peter and Jeremiah, all good Bible names; and Catherine, an only daughter, long since dead. None of this large number of sons now survive but Samuel—now sixty-three years of age, living on the beautiful old homestead, leading a farmer's life, amiable and gentle in his disposition, a good citizen, well liked and respected, (deservedly so) by all who know him. One of these brothers (Daniel) when yet a young man came to a violent death by having his brains dashed out, by being thrown from a sleigh against a tree, sleighing in those days being a very common amusement in the long snowy winter. Another brother dropped dead in a harvest field in Washington county, from a sun-stroke. David, who died some four years ago, was perhaps the strongest and most energetic. All were married except three, some of them leaving very large families, so this branch of the Custer family will not soon fade away from Garrett county as the other has done in Allegany. Jere, the youngest of the family, died a long while ago, in the very first years of his manhood. He was bright, quick and susceptible, but eccentric. The Custer family were well disposed people and good citizens—not strong in constitution nor long lived. General Custer certainly did not trace his high military and chivalric traits from this amiable source, and it would be difficult to discover them in his sedate and unobtrusive father; perhaps it radiates from the Ohio mother.

Only last summer we passed by the little palisade enclosure where are the remains of "Mancy" Custer. He followed in the death-wake of the good father of the writer only about four months. They were friends and neighbors. I respect the memory of the one, and reverence that of the other.

GRANTSVILLE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec, 30, 1879

General Grant is spending a few days here quietly, having at the advice of his best friends refused to have a public reception such as he had in other places. A good deal of disagreeable talk was occasioned by the affair in Philadelphia, and those who have the General's personal welfare rather than his political promotion at heart have advised him to avoid those who lay claim to him as their Presidential Candidate.

The Maine business looks very ugly for the Democrats, since it is understood that Garcelon will refuse to submit the points at issue to the Supreme Court. Several Democratic Senators here, including Eaton and Cockrell, have requested him to take such action, fearing that otherwise the Democratic party in the North will suffer. The men who made up their mind to steal the State will be slow to back out of that Job until they are forced out.

The Colored exodus is increasing everyday, many persons passing through here, on their way to Indiana and Ohio Accounts from their friends who have settled in the North are very favorable, and increases the desire of those who remain to follow them.

General Garfield has gone home for a few days. He feels pretty confident of his election as United States Senator from Ohio.

The efforts to settle the Indian difficulties peacefully are likely to fail. Secretary Schurz is losing confidence in his plan, and is almost ready to join General Sherman, who says the Ute tribe ought to be exterminated unless they at once surrender those who murdered the whites at their agency. Prompt action will be taken, and it is probable that before many weeks they will be forced to leave Colorado.

When Congress re-assembles the Republicans will endeavor to have a deficiency bill passed for the payment of the United States Marshals for services already rendered, the confed rates having refused to pay them at the extra session. Doubtless they intend to continue the starving out policy if they can find a pretense for it.

The Greenbackers are said to be prepairing a number of bills for introduction as soon as Congress assembles, with the purpose of creating agitation, and force others to divide upon their line of policy. They will not, however, accomplish much, the majority being against such agitation.

A financial genius proposes a compromise between Honorable Fernando Wood, who wants a three and a half per cent. Government bond, and Secretary Sherman, who wants a four per cent.

The new proposition is for one of three and sixty four hundreds per cent. just one half the interest the Government paid in 1863.

LOGAN.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, wenkly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of three writs of fieri facias, two issued by Alexander L. Osborn and one by Richard H. Jamison, Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, two at the suit of George W. Legge, and one at the suit of J. B. Brant, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Alex. C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 258, 373, 477, 1286, 1521, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536, 998.

being the same lots obtained from John Swan and wife by deed dated December 7th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. F., folio 621, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. Said Military Lots are situated in Garrett county Md.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, January 17th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said judgments and costs thereon,

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
12 27 td Constable.

Estate of Daniel Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of DANIEL SMITH, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, on or before the 23rd day of June, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 23d day of December, 1879.

ELIZABETH SMITH,
DANIEL R. SMITH,
12 27 3 Executors.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle on or before the 1st day of January, 1880, otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday of January, 1880,

for the transaction of such business as may come before the Board.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
12 20 3 Clerk.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my property, or upon the lands for which I am agent, and especially the lands of Ernest Fruitberg, near Altamont, Garrett county, either for the purpose of fishing or hunting, or any other purpose. The extreme penalties of the law will be visited upon those disregarding this notice.

12 6 3 SAMUEL W. FRIEND.

CODDINGTON'S HOTEL,
W. M. CODDINGTON, Prop'tor,
Main St., Opposite Jamison's Billiard Saloon

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Address, A. S. ABELL & CO., Pubs.,
SUN IRON BUILDING,
1 3 4 BALTIMORE, MD.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Pedderd and Gonder against the lands, tenements, goods, chattels, rights and credits of John Fox, I have seized and taken in execution all the lands, tenements, goods, chattles, rights and credits, both at law and in equity of the said John Fox, in and to a lot, piece or parcel of land in the town of McHenry, Md., known as the

WOLF LOT,

containing one-half acre, on which is erected a two-story frame dwelling house.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, January 10th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said claim and costs thereon.

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
12 20 td Constable.

ORDER NISI,

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 171. Equity.

JOHN S. COMBS, Assignee of William E. Henshaw, vs. JOHN TIGHE and LENA M. TIGHE, his wife.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 23d day of December, 1879, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by John S. Combs, Assignee of William E. Henshaw, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of February; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 22d day of January, 1880.

The report states the amount of sale to be $175.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test—
12 27 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of John Frantz, of Jos. dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of JOHN FRANTZ, of Jos, late of said county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 23d day of June, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 23d day of December, 1879.

THOS. H. FRANTZ,
HENRY FRAZEE,
12 27 3 Executors.

The Boy and His Education.

Hardly any creature on earth is so ambitious as a growing boy. Realizing that he is rapidly on his way to manhood, he aims at doing manly things and things that seem to him to be manly. Between these two classes of things there are differences as wide as those which exist in the character and the training of boys. One boy's ambition leads him to do some brave and noble deed, such as he may have seen men do or may have read in books or newspapers of their having done. Another copies manhood only in the undesirable things which men do. With some boys the summit of ambition is to swagger and strut, to smoke and drink, just as they have seen men do. It is not a very lofty ambition, yet the boys whom it animates spend fully as much time and effort on it as other boys spend in trying to reach nobler aims and more practically useful ends.

One of the noblest ambitions that can stir a boy's heart is the desire to be a man in earning his living. Since his infancy he has been a charge on the parents or other good people who have brought him up. Perhaps they are toilers who need all the profits of their own labor. They have treated him well, and he feels that the obligation under which he rests to them is one which he would like to liquidate. So, with an ambition which has in it many excellent features, he suggests that he shall leave school and set himself to work to earn something. Perhaps he may make enough to support the good old people who have cared for him. Perhaps his efforts may be attended with only a sufficient measure of success to enable him to pay his own way. Small or great as the result may be, he wants to try his hand at business. He is willing to take the risk. He knows to some extent what business involves, for other boys of his acquaintance have engaged in it. There will be no Saturday holidays, nor any afternoon off, nor any privileged days when the slight excuse of an ailing stomach or an aching head will serve as a valid reason for staying at home. Business involves harder work and closer application than have been the boy's portion at school or college. But it means the earning of something, and that is what the boy's ambition leads him to desire.

Just here let the ambitious boy beware. To do as he wants to do is praiseworthy. But perhaps he can do better. If he goes with an incomplete education, it will be at a great disadvantage. He may begin to earn a few dollars a week, the handling of which result of honest toil will delight him. But let him remember that every month which he robs himself of the education he might obtain, is a month of loss for which his paltry earnings are no recompense whatsoever. A half-educated boy who leaves school at fifteen and enters a store may receive from two to four dollars a week with numerous kicks and cuffs thrown in by the people who are "teaching him the business." This kind of teaching a boy the business too frequently means getting a man's work out of the poor fellow for boy's wages. If the boy is driven to such a situation by the emergencies of straitened means at home let him rush in cheerfully and do his work manfully; but if the family exchequer will stand it let him stay two or three years longer at school. Let him go through college, provided there is a college for him to enter where his time will not be entirely spent in rowing boats and kicking foot-balls. Let him enter on manhood well fitted for manhood's duties, including as thorough a knowledge as can be had of the keeping of accounts and of all other commercial duties. Let him, if possible, also be master of some handiwork when he is ready to enter on the work of earning, rather than depend on the luck of being picked up as a clerk. There are too many young men whose only knowledge is how to be very poor clerks. Advertise to-day for a clerk and to-morrow there will be two hundred applicants. A firm advertised last week for skilled engravers, inserting the advertisement in leading papers of three principal cities. Although steady work and good wages were promised, not one skilled engraver has yet applied. The boy who knows how to do something which the world wants done, and something which will help on with the world's work, is the one whose ambition will lead him to solid and substantial achievements.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Horse Hygiene.

All horses must not be fed in the same proportion, without regard to their ages, constitution or their work—the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard his food should be chiefly oats—if not worked hard his food should be chiefly hay, because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other food—hay not so much.

Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

For a saddle or coach horse half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient. If the hay is not good add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works less should have less.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger, because the feed is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and is more easily digested. A tablespoonful of salt in a bucket of water.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with saliva and turned into wholesome nutriment.

There are sundry condition powders and tonics which are often fed to horses and produce an increase of flesh, but they must be kept up or the horse will run down, and in the end they will do an injury. Regular feeding, faithful grooming, change of diet; salt always accessible, exercise even if it be hard work, with sufficient rest, pure water, pure air in the stable, and comfort with quiet, will cause almost any horse properly fed to lay on flesh, if not to become fat. A writer upon this subject, who appears to be well posted, says: "Many good horses devour large quantities of grain and hay, and still continue thin and poor. The food eaten is not properly assimilated. If the usual food has been unground grain and hay, nothing but a change will effect a desirable alteration in the appearance of the animal. In case oil meal cannot be obtained readily, mingle a bushel of flaxseed with a bushel of barley one of oats and another bushel of Indian corn, and let it be ground into fine meal. This will be a fair proportion for all his feed. Or, the meal of barley, oats, and corn, in equal quantities, may be first procured and one-fourth part of the oil cake mingled with it when the meal is sprinkled on cut feed. Feed two or three times daily, mingled with a peck of cut hay and straw. If the horse will eat that amount greedily, let the quantity be gradually increased until he will eat four to six quarts at every feeding three times a day. So long as the animal will eat this allowance, the quantity may be increased a little every day. But avoid the practice of allowing a horse to stand at a rack well filled with hay. In order to fatten a horse that has run down in flesh, the groom should be very particular to feed the animal no more than he will eat up clean and lick the manger for more."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Cod.

Besides being the most prolific of food fishes, he is large, easily taken and quickly prepared for market, while his different parts are utilized as generally as those of his land rival, the hog. Professor Beard says that besides the muscular parts, the sounds and roes are used as food, the oil is valuable for medical and mechanical purposes, the offal is converted into a valuable manure, the bones make good fuel, while the skins serve many nations for leather and clothing. This fish, like the more prominent of his relatives, is at home only in cold water, the latitude of Cape May being his extreme southern boundary, while he lives as close to the pole as he can without risk of being frozen in. He probably exists farther south than the line indicated above, but if so, it is in cool depths too retired to admit of successful interviewing. At certain points off the Massachusetts coast he finds a sufficiently low temperature in shallow water, and at these places he is frequently seen and caught of fishermen, but his favorite American haunts are the semi-inclosed waters of the coast of Canada and adjacent islands. Fond, however, as he is of very cold water, there are temperatures which he will under no circumstances endure, even though they be but two or three degrees removed from the normal. Among these is the water that comes from melting salt ice, and slowly sinks to the level to which its specific gravity entitles it. In such water the cod will not remain; he will not go through it, even though his dinner be on the opposite side, the distance very short and the cod very hungry. He prefers to circumnavigate such an inhospitable region if he has business on the other side, as fishermen have learned to their own exceeding profit.

There are different varieties of the cod, and the entire lack of evidence of mixed blood, and the rarity with which more than one variety is found in any given locality, prove either that the cod is a non-migratory fish, or that he regards the preservation of east as a paramount duty. Like aristocrats everywhere, he is an omnivorous feeder. The "dredge" is considered by naturalists to be the best implement with which to obtain information upon deep-sea life; but Professor Baird says that the stomach of the cod is the best of all dredges, for it generally contains morsels of every sort of marine resident within reach. With a high-born contempt of the requirements of trade, the cod feeds largely upon herring and mackerel, but he is partial to crabs, lobsters, and most other shell-fish. As his digestion is not equal to the task of assimilating these last-named items of the ocean *menu*, he stews them away in the side of his stomach, and when the quantity becomes burdensome, he disposes of them according to the method to which Jonah owed his escape from submarine lodgings. While not migratory by inclination, any failure or deterioration of his habitual larder will cause him to remove to the nearest resort of good livers. Years ago cod-fish were quite plentiful off Newburyport, Massachusetts, but disappeared as the Merrimac River was depleted of fish; since the restocking of the river, however, with shad and alewives, the cod has reappeared at his old dining-place, gladdening the hearts of the fishermen, and gracing the Sunday breakfast table of the descendants of the Puritans.

The cod resorts to the shore for feeding purposes; but who that is not a cook or a scullion cares always to be in the vicinity of the dining-room? Naturally he is an off-shore, deep-water fish, for at a distance from the land he is always sure of finding those strata of cold water in which he delights. There are times when he will not leave these, even for food; but the seasons in which fresh-water fish revisit the scenes of their childhood are also the seasons when the water is cool inshore. While hot weather remains, with sea-water warm enough to lure human beings into the surf, the cod abhors the beach, and takes what food is nearest at hand, preferring, like summer lodgers elsewhere, to endure the plainest fare for the sake of cool quarters. When, however, the temperature of the water allows him to follow the shad and other fish to the shore, he never travels alone; if he is not accompanied by a family, he takes so much company with him that those who extend hospitable seines to receive him take sometimes as many as thirty thousand fish at a single haul.

The cod is wonderfully prolific, depositing from three to seven millions of eggs at a time. It not only prefers to spawn in the winter months, but in the coldest water it can find, and yet avoid an icy coverlet; a temperature of thirty-two degs. is the favorite, while nothing above forty degs. is tolerated. The largest spawning grounds of the cod are in the vicinity of the Loffoden Islands, though the American members of the family put up with such accommodations as they can find near home. The domestic arrangements of this fish are so informal that the eggs have no special abiding-place, nor any protection whatever. Of the millions of eggs that are deposited by a single female, not more than a hundred thousand, probably not more than ten thousand, result in full-grown fish. Like the small boy who, if he could not whip a larger boy, could at least make faces at his sister, the smaller fish upon which the cod preys find delicious revenge in eating the eggs of the latter, while the mass of "low-down" inhabitants of the ocean are true to the instinct of low-downers everywhere to prey upon aristocracy, particularly upon the younger scions thereof. It is probable, too, that many of the eggs which escape the keen eyes of searchers after delicacies do not become fertilized.—*John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

How the Women Voted.

This is the first year in the history of Massachusetts that women have been allowed to exercise the right of franchise on the selection of municipal or State officers, and, though the privilege in the present instance is restricted to a voice in the election of School Committeemen, it is obviously the "entering wedge" to still greater and broader innovations in behalf of women's political rights. This is the first day in the annals of Boston on which her women have actually cast ballots in a city election, though they have recently voted in the caucuses called for the purpose of nominating the candidates chosen yesterday.

The predominant number of female voters were ladies who appeared to have arrived at the meridian of life, and not many young faces were observed. While not strictly coming within the category of "woman's rights" females, and not bearing the masculine appearance common to such beings, a look of invincible determination to die, if need be, in the defense of their heaven-born and law-given privilege was impressed upon the countenances of each and every lady. Intelligence was indelibly stamped upon the low, broad brows of maid and matron; earnestness beamed in their eyes, and the demure demeanor of most of the recipients of the boon for which they had craved convinced one at once that they were school teachers and the friends of education.

The ladies, as they entered the polling-places, formed a deeply interesting and pleasant study. A pale, intellectual-looking and nervous lady would approach the door, hesitate, take one backward step as the odors of stale smoke assailed her nostrils, and then, resolving not to be debarred by any such circumstances from exercising her right, would resolutely glide up to the ballot-box, announce her name, deposit her vote and depart, all the while daintily keeping her skirts from contact with the slimy floor, and wearing an expression denoting the deepest disgust at the gentlemen's stationary smoking-car. Some of the females did not seem to be incommoded in the least by their surroundings, and chatted in the most pleasant manner with some of their male acquaintances, who almost invariably asked them how they liked it, and the reply almost as invariably was, "O, first-rate." Many of the ladies seemed to have taken lessons in the art of voting, for they went through the routine with all the nonchalance of the man who cast his first vote for George Washington and his last for General Grant. In some precincts little groups of ladies would tarry for several minutes, compare their ballots, predict the success or defeat of certain candidates for School Committee—the only municipal officers for whom they were allowed to vote—scrutinize in a feminine way the attire of their companions, say "Good-bye; call and see me," and then retire from the scene. Here, as in other cases, that characteristic trait of all womankind, curiosity, was exhibited in a marked degree, and as they filed behind the rail to deposit their votes they could not resist the impulse to peep into the ballot-box to see how many ballots it contained; and when the warden, as is usual under all circumstances, shut the cover of the box immediately upon the deposit of the printed forms, the ladies exhibited the utmost chagrin and disappointment.—*Boston Globe.*

A Practical Russian Philanthropist.

Two notices, framed, glazed and suspended upon the walls of a dram-shop on the new canal at St. Petersburg, close to Mme. Sassetzki's "Refuge for the Homeless," run as follows: "I exhort the gentlemen who honor my establishment with their patronage to forego robbery and theft while within its precincts, not to thrash one another, and, on the whole, not to make unpleasant noises. Those who act in contravention to this warning will receive punishment in my dram-shop, of a sort that they will experience no difficulty in feeling." The second notice affords a quaint contrast to the first, which enwraps a hideous threat in exquisitely courteous phrase, while the native benevolence of the eccentric dram-seller shines out genially in the following kindly advertisement: "As soon as the cold and rainy weather shall set in, five copecks will be here advanced to each needy and weary man, that he may pay for a bed whereon to rest his body." It appears that the author of these remarkable notices faithfully adheres to the text of both. If his customers misconduct themselves he lays into them with a cudgel, but any poor wretch presenting himself after eight in the evening for assistance receives the promised five copecks, after he has exhibited his legitimation papers and listened to a short exhortation read aloud to him from a religious book.—*London Telegraph.*

Story of a Pet Monkey.

A remarkable instance of intelligence and attachment in a pet monkey, may interest lovers of "our poor relations" and of animals in general. My hero, a very large and extremely powerful specimen of his class, belonged to a late officer in the British army, and he having been a member of my own immediate family, the veracity of the following anecdote can be vouched for. Peter was a universal favorite with—one individual only excepted—all the inmates of and frequenters of the barracks, where his unusual sagacity and many varied accomplishments were a source of endless amusement; although it must be confessed that some of his tricks had a rather mischievous tendency. His gentleness of disposition and genuine love of fun, nevertheless, procured ready forgiveness.

Peter unfortunately possessed an enemy in the person of a diminutive and generally unpopular subaltern, to whom he appears in some mysterious way to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious. Or perhaps this regrettable state of affairs may have arisen from one of those curious cases of instinctive and mutual aversion at first sight which, like other and more agreeable impressions of a totally opposite character, are difficult to account for, in man as well as in the lower animals.

During a temporary absence of his master on leave, Peter was intrusted to the care of a brother officer and most intimate friend, who, on undertaking the responsibility, conscientiously kept him chained to a chest of drawers in his own barrack-room, being anxious that no harm should happen to the monkey while under his charge. This kindly and well-meant arrangement did not, however, at all coincide with Peter's elastic views on the subject. The loss of general society, and hitherto undisturbed liberty of action, the unwonted confinement and restriction, appear to have greatly depressed him. Thus left in a great measure to his own narrow resources, the interesting captive still rose equal to the occasion, though his field of action was certainly limited. To while the tedious hours away, upon a certain day during which he was left alone longer than usual—there being an inspection by the General commanding the district—he seems, in despair, to have hit upon the following occupation. Having, with an amount of patience and perseverence worthy of a better cause, forced open the locks of all the drawers—a feat requiring a very considerable degree of strength—he strewed the miscellaneous contents upon the floor, and seated himself in the center, monarch of all he surveyed; and doubtless contemplated with tranquil satisfaction the chaos he had produced. Having presumably tired of this, comparatively speaking, harmless recreation, he had evidently begun to look about for further relaxation of mind, combined with healthful exercise of body. Unfortunately, he soon espied a very large inkstand, placed, it must be allowed in extenuation, within easy reach. Immediately availing himself of the contents, and as a little pleasing variety of excitement, he deliberately and with an unsparing hand dedaubed every article of his hospitable entertainer's property with ink. The *tableau vivant* on the entrance of the unsuspecting host may be possibly better imagined than described. Either Peter was a most consummate actor, or else he really honestly considered the effect of his striking performance to be highly artistic and ornamental; for he appeared to be totally unconscious that he had been guilty of the slightest wrong doing in this somewhat sensational scene. He was mercifully spared from punishment, but summarily dismissed from his comfortable quarters, and left to wander about the barracks, "in monkey meditation, fancy free."

Delighted to regain his liberty on any terms, all for a time went well. During his rambles, like Richard III. encountering Richmond on Bosworth Field, Peter unluckily met, not the object of his affections, but of his intense dislike; and springing on to the shoulders of the irate and alarmed subaltern, in the presence of a large number of officers and men—whose sympathies were of course all with Peter—he very nearly succeeded, to the great amusement of the audience, in drawing the sword of his enraged victim, who, if report did not cruelly belie him, was not at all likely to draw it readily himself! The ludicrous position in which the latter was thus placed, and the loud laughter of those assembled, of course vastly increased the subaltern's former hatred of the popular and now victorious monkey. They parted with omnious signs, at any rate on one side, of anticipated revenge, to be carried out sooner or later to the bitter end.

Shortly after this assault in arms, poor Peter was found in a woful condition; it being discovered, amidst general indignation, that he had been fired at, and seriously injured by gun-shot wounds. Notwithstanding the impossibility of proving who was guilty of this unmanly and cowardly action, it was openly attributed to the only person who was capable of committing it—the now most cordially detested subaltern, who had, it was well known, never forgiven the indignity publicly inflicted on him; the annoyance of which was immensely aggravated by the story having become the standing joke of the entire garrison. Peter's numerous sympathizing friends did their utmost to save his life, which was in imminent danger. He had the best medical advice; the slugs were all extracted; and with surgical skill and affectionate care, he was happily soon restored to health. His master returned at the time of Peter's convalescence, and the rapturous joy of the poor monkey at seeing him once more will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He clung to him, and fondly embraced him over and over again; repeatedly kissing, or rather licking his face and hands, with every possible demonstration of the most devoted attachment.

When the first paroxysm of delight had subsided, Peter, sitting on the table, the better to gaze upon his newly recovered friend and able champion, looked earnestly at him, and clasping his arm, to bespeak special attention, pointed with his own forefinger to each of the wounds whence the slugs had been taken; trying at the same time, in the nearest approach to speech, that he could accomplish, to tell the piteous story of his narrow escape from a violent death, at the hands of his ruthless assailant; who never, by the way, had the courage to further molest the subject of this brief memoir. It is questionable if the most intellectual of human beings, not gifted with the power of speech, could have acted more pathetically, or indicated more vividly what had occurred to them during the absence of their natural protector and dearest friend.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Unmailable Matter Detained During One Month.

In spite of official warnings and notices almost without number, people will continue to send to the Post-office articles which cannot be handled or delivered. In the New York office, within the past month, the Searcher Department has found in the mail-bags and held as unmailable matter the following:

Received alive—Rattle snakes, black snakes, copperhead snakes, moccasin snakes, cats, grasshoppers, bees, hornets, wasps, alligators, canary bird, potato bugs, horned frogs, tortoise, turtles.

Received dead—Mice, butterflies, humming birds, rats, insects, squirrels, quail, bugs, pheasant.

Cooked articles—Plum pudding, boiled quail, ham, sandwiches, bread and butter, cake, crackers, bread, pudding, jelly, custard, cheese, sausages.

Miscellaneous—Pistols, loaded cartridges, torpedoes, medicines, glassware, clothing, soiled undergarments, baby clothes, hosiery, hair brushes, combs, carpenter tools, pieces of machinery, fence wire, gold and silver watches, jewelry, novelties and notions of all kinds, shrubs, roots, scions, herbs, fresh and dried; fruits and flowers, six cases of dynamite, which were thrown into East River to prevent serious disaster.

But it is not only in posting matter which cannot be mailed that the public is careless to a degree almost beyond belief. Hardly a day passes that letters unsealed, unaddressed, and containing sums of money, checks and other valuables, are not dropped into the boxes. During the past six months 1,153 unsealed registered letters were received at the New York office. They contained in cash $6,449.21, and in checks, drafts, etc., $204,415.56, making a total of $211,464.77 posted in unsealed envelopes. Not long ago a well known city bank posted $1,500,000 worth of United States bonds, which were unregistered and easily negotiable, in an envelope so flimsy that it broke open before it left the stamper's table. Similar instances of carelessness could be repeated almost without number. Indeed, it is hardly to be wondered at that the officer who related these circumstances felt called upon to exclaim in conclusion: "The Post-office has to deal with a great many curious people."—*N. Y. Times.*

A Singular Habit of the Woodcock.

Among several curious habits of the woodcock, described by the editor of the *Zoologist*, its practice of carrying its young is perhaps the most interesting. The testimony of many competent witnesses is cited to corroborate the statement. The late L. Loyd, in his "Scandinavian Adventures," wrote; "If, in shooting, you meet with a brood of woodcocks, and the young ones cannot fly, the old bird takes them separately between her feet, and flies from the dogs with a moaning cry."

The same author makes a similar statement in another work, this habit of the woodcock having been observed by a friend.

One of the brothers Stuart gives, in "Lays of the Deer Forest," a graphic account of the performance. He says: "As the nests are laid on dry ground, and often at a distance from moisture, in the latter case, as soon as the young are hatched, the old bird will sometimes carry them in her claws to the nearest spring or green stripe. In the same manner, when in danger, she will rescue these which she can lift; of this we have frequent opportunities for observation in Tarnaway. Various times when the hounds, in beating the ground have come upon a brood, we have seen the old bird rise with the young one in her claws and carry it fifty or a hundred yards away, and if followed to the place where she pitched, she has repeated the transportation until too much harassed. In any sudden alarm she will act in the same way." Another method of transportation has been observed by Mr. Charles St. John, and described in his "Natural History and Sport in Moray." He says: "I found out that the old woodcock carries her young even when larger than a snipe, not in her claws, which seem quite incapable of holding up any weight, but by clasping the little bird tightly between her thighs, and so holding it tightly against her own body."

THE Chinese in California have begun to go. The steamer that sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong on Oct. 15, took 901 of them to their native land. The port statistics of San Francisco show that the arrivals of Chinese during the year ending November 1, were 6,128, and departures 8,746—of whom 6,229 went to China and 2,517 to Honolulu—the excess of departures over arrivals being 2,618. It is estimated there are 62,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast, which shows that this population is decreasing instead of increasing, for when the anti-Chinese agitation was begun a few years ago, the estimate was 100,000. The total number of Chinese arrivals for the twenty years ending December, 1878, was 230,430, and the departures and deaths 133,491. At this rate the Chinese will soon cease to trouble California workingmen.

J. CRIME lives in Ithaca. They call his wife Retribution, because she follows Crime.—*Oswego Record.*

VARIETIES.

—American dentists are pulling the teeth of all civilized nations.

—The best thing out is a bad cigar. Isn't it?—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

—To the sluggard, every year is sleep year.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—The dollar is always in good quarters, summer or winter, but hang the twenty-cent pieces.—*Free Press.*

—"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence is the best yet discovered."

—There are 13,000,000 milch cows in the United States, while Germany and Great Britain together count only 12,000,000.

—It is the easiest thing in the world to discover all the grease spots on a man's coat when you don't like him.—*Free Press.*

—It has been determined by trigonometrical survey that Niagara Falls have receded more than one hundred feet since 1842.

—It has been demonstrated in Paris that when a man pounds his thumb with a hammer he is twice as mad as when he strikes his elbow on the door-frame.

—Young writer—You have chosen an excellent *nom de plume* for your first effusion, "Euripides," for you rip ideas all to pieces.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—Bells were first set up in churches as a defense against thunder and lightning. The first bell hung in England was in 945. Chimes were invented in Belgium in 1487.

—When you deprive a boy of the privilege of taking off his coat and vest together at one pull and leaving his boots in the middle of the floor, what do you expect he has to live for?

—Painting pictures on old teacups is very nice employment for a woman, but the girl who can fix up a last winter's bonnet is the one who will make her mark in the world.—*N. Y. Express.*

—You Shan is the name of a Chinese giant who is coming to this country to exhibit himself. If his hind end ended one letter higher up in the alphabet, we would think he belonged over here.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—"What is statesmanship?" asks the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Statesmanship, we believe, is the peculiar gift some men have of robbing the Government without being caught.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—According to the old law for calculating tonnage, Noah's ark measured 21,761 tons, to the Great Eastern's 21,092. The ark is said to have been 547 feet long, while the great steamship is 680 feet in length.

—Why an advance in lard should enhance the price of butter is about as difficult a problem as the true inwardness of the connection between the price of milk and a water famine.—*Boston Transcript.*

—About 15,000 varieties of colors are employed by the mosaic workers of Rome, and each of these varieties has about fifty shades; so that in all 750,000 tints are afforded, which the artist can distinguish with the greatest facility. Even with this variety the workers find a lack of tints.

—"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then, and I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

—Did you ever notice that if you go into an office where the man is on the street talking politics all the time he isn't in bed, you will always see a framed chromo motto hanging up over the desk, "Time is Money?"—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Soft as silk with golden hair.
Bright as stars were her eyes of blue,
Truly I loved my lady fair,
Truly my lady loved me, too.
Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
Why, bless your soul, she didn't die,
Time wrought a change as it onward sped;
She loves another—so do I.
—*New York World.*

—"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

—A clothes-line is a harmless thing,
When stretched from pole to pole;
Until you start across the yard
And step into a hole.
Then as you make a forward lunge,
It stops you, so to speak,
And throws you down and jerks you to
The middle of neck's tweak.
—*Keokuk Gate City.*

—The Rochester *Democrat* of last Monday says: "There was a go-as-you-please walking match at the conclusion of the services at one of the churches last night. It was a young lady who went as she pleased, and the youth waltzed off toward home alone, with a large-sized mitten in his pocket. From present indications there will be no match."

—A little more than a century ago letter writing was supposed to be the limit of woman's brain power. Few even of the Puritan women could read or write, and though boys' schools were established, girls were not allowed to enter for over 150 years, and then only in the summer time, when the boys' seats were vacant. The general belief seemed to be like Voltaire's, that "Ideas are like beards—woman and young men have none."

—Here are two of the meanest men on record: The owners of a clothing making firm in Boston employ thirty-five girls, who, from their poor earnings, contributed $22 on Thanksgiving day and gave each of the two members of the firm a pretty album, occupying a half hour in getting ready and making the presentation. The two mean fellows took the gifts with ready smiles and on pay-day deducted from the wages of the girls time money for the half hour they had occupied in giving the albums.—*N. Y. Herald.*

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown. But yesterday Prince Alexandria ascended the Bulgarian throne. To-day he informs the Czar that he is desirous of abdicating. A quarrel with his parliament is the occasion. He should marry.

RELIGIOUS AND EDU

—The Free-Will Bap
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—The first translation
into English was made
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—A dispatch from R
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—An Indian named
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for females.

—The Sandwich Isl
has 12 letters; the Bur
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Syriac, Chaldee, each 2
Greek, 24; Latin, 25; G
and English, each 26;
Sclavonic, 27 each; Arab
and Coptic, 32; Georgi
nian, 38; Russian, 41;
Sanscrit and Japanese, 5
Tartarian, 202 each.

—Complaints are ma
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—A few days before
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Among the articles wer
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—The *Methodist Year*
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Conferences, 960; itiner
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churches, 16,721; pars
value of church edifice
Sunday-schools, 19,925;
day-school, 1,543,386; Pr
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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Free-Will Baptists will celebrate in 1880 the centenary of the existence of that denomination. Their first church was organized at New Durham, N. H.

—The first translation of the Bible into English was made by John Wicklilfe, about 1384. It was never printed, but manuscript copies of it exist. The first English printed Bible was that of William Tyndall, of which the New Testament was published in 1526.

—A dispatch from Rome says the Propaganda has approved the proposal of Cardinal McCloskey for the establishment of three bishopries in America, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York. The Propaganda will instruct Cardinal McCloskey as to the most suitable location of the sees.

—An Indian named Archie B. Lawyer, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Oregon, recently made a visit from his home in Idaho to Chief Joseph's band of captive Nez Perees, and reports as the result of his preaching, that over 100 persons have become Christians and are anxious to connect themselves with the Presbyterian Church.

—Professor Harner, the famous European oculist, has lately published an opinion that the use of slate and slate-peneil is peculiarly injurious to the eyesight of the young, and that the hygiene of the eye demands the removal of these implements from the schools, and the universal substitution of pen and ink.

—Among 3,050 colored children in the schools of the District of Columbia, of whom 1,350 were males aud 1,691 females, Dr. Swan M. Burnett found twenty-four individuals affected with color-blindness, viz., twenty-two boys (1.6 per cent.) and two girls (0.11 per cent.) This proportion of color-blindness is very low; among white it is three per cent among males, and 0.26 for females.

—The Sandwich Islands alphabet has 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; the Italian, 20; tho Bengalese, 21; Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, each 22; French, 23; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; German, Dutch and English, each 26; Spanish and Sclavonic, 27 each; Arabic, 28; Persian and Coptic, 32; Georgian, 35; Armenian, 38; Russian, 41; Muscovite, 43; Sanscrit and Japanese, 50; Ethiopic and Tartarian, 202 each.

—Complaints are made by the Jews that there exists at Jerusalem no school at which instructions in modern departments of knowledgo can be had. Charities there are, it is said, in abundance, but of teaching in practical things there is none. Meanwhilo ecclesiasticism prevails in tho synagogues, and hospitals and alms-houses are provided for, but the active man who has to do with the busy world is left in his ignorance.

—A few days before Thanksgiving Mr. Moody suggested in Chicago that the gifts to be made for the poor on that holiday in his district be first taken to the Chicago Avenue Church. As the result, six wagon-loads were carried in and placed before the pulpit. Among the articles were flour, bread, crackers, cakes, pies, apples, lemons, dried beef, hams, mutton, chickens, turkeys, ducks, brushes, soap, oranges, grapes, pears and canned fruits and meats.

—The Presbyterians have very encouraging reports from their mission work in Mexico. More than 500 converts recently sat down together at the communion table in the city of Zitacnaro, situated southwest of the capital; and two native preachers say they have a list of nearly 3,000 converts in the State of Michoacan. The people of Zitacnaro have sent for a teacher whom they will support, and a little congregation at Tuzpan, though very poor, has raised $100 for a cabinet organ.

—The *Methodist Year-Book* for 1880 gives the following statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church: Annual Conferences, 960; itinerant preachers, 11,453; local preachers, 12,402; members and probationers, 1,690,837; churches, 16,721; parsonages. 5,599; value of church edifices, $66,639,990; Sunday-schools, 19,925; scholars in Sunday-school, 1,543,386; Presiding Elders, 444; nearly 1,400 pastoral charges are "supplied" and 1,318 local preachers are stationed as pastors.

The Power of Memory.

At one time when William H. Seward was in the practico of the law he had a perplexing legal question, arising out of the settlement of an estato. Taking the papers with him to New York, he consulted Chancellor Kent, asking his opinion about it. The Chancellor listened, sat a few minutes in thought, and then gave his opiuion in the matter. "But Chancellor," said Seward, "your 'Commentaries,' which I have carefully looked into, take the other ground. They say the contrary view is the correct one." "Do they?" said the Chancellor; "let's get down the book and see." The book was taken down, the passage read, and the Chancellor emphatically gave his decision. "The book is right. I may guess wrong now, but when I wrote the book I *knew*. Always go by the book in preference to me."

This anecdote goes to show that the memory of a great man, which every one will admit Chancellor Kent to have been, does not retain all that it had learned. It is frequently said that there are men who never forgot anything that they have once known. But the probability is that no such man ever existed. There have been men of very remarkable memories. Ben Jonson tells us that he could repeat all that he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names tho 20,000 citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the namo of every soldier of his army. And it was said of Dr. Johnson that he never forgot anything that he had seen, heard or read. Whother this was so or not no one of course could ever know, and he himself would have been unable to tell. The truth is, probably, that while somo men may have remarkable memories in certain directions, and be able to retain at will what other men cannot, all men drop out of their memories much moro than they retain. There is an old adage which says that "great wits have short memories," indicating that a very different idea than the one indicated by the instances given above was at one time prevalent. The case would seem to be this, that men of genius forget things of common concern, which make a strong impression in every-day minds, and are therefore retained by them, while the common understanding will forget the very things which impress the men of genius, and are therefore remembered by them. Memory can undoubtedly be cultivated, and by reading continually with great attention, and never passing a passago without understanding and considering it well, the memory will be stored with knowledge, which we can call upon when we want it.—*Rochester Herald.*

Management of Young Heifers.

"W. J. F.," a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, makes the following very correct statements in reference to the milking and management of young cows: "A young heifer with her first calf should be milked as long as possible, for it will be difficult to make her give milk later at any subsequent calving. To secure a longer flow of milk she may go farrow the following year, and meanwhile be fed bran and roots rather than meal, so as to discourage secretion of fat. If heifers calve at two years old, as they should, the year after should be devoted largely to increasing the size of the animal. It is important while this is being done that the growth of the milk glands should also be encouraged. In this way the cow will be as large as needful, and also be developed to her best capacity. I am strongly inclined to think that the fall is the best time for a young heifer to have her first calf. This, of course, is only where warm basement stables are provided, with plenty of rich, succulent food the first winter. The first flow of milk may not be quite as large as it would be if she calved in spring; but coming to grass feed after being milked all winter, a continued largeness will be insured until midsummer. Then, with a little extra feed in August and later, she may be easily kept in milk until cold weather comes or a full year after calving. If a young heifer calves in the spring this is much more difficult. There is always a good demand for new milch cows in the fall, and those which the farmer wishes to sell should be timed so as to calve then. The succulent food which cows get in summer is better for both cow and calf than the dry hay, straw and grain which are their usual winter rations.

Curing Sardines.

Another interesting product of France, not of its soil, but of its waters, is the sardine, which is borne to every clime, and considered a delicacy by all nations. It is said to belong to the herring family, but never attains to a large size. The uniformity of their size as seen in the boxes, which are just adapted to packing them, as they are fonnd to correspond in length. These little finny creatures are caught in nets, and, after being well washed, the heads are cut off and the fish are sprinkled lightly with fine salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on grids in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boiling olive oil. This oil is changed as often as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process. As soon as the fish are considered sufficiently cooked they are withdrawn from the pans of oil and the grids placed on tables covered with zinc, the surface of the tables inclining towards a groove in the center. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it. Around these tables stand women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes. The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil, and tho lids of the boxes are then soldered down. Thus hermetically sealed, they are placed in a wire basket and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for about an hour and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to tho size of the box. The fish are then ready for the market, and being packed in eases, are sent to the ends of the earth.

The Petroleum Industry.

THE production of crude petroleum in the Pennsylvania oil fields has been a very progressive business from a very insignificant beginning. In 1859, when Colonel Drake sank the first oil well and obtained a few barrels of oil per day, he probably had no idea, says *Stowell's Petroleum Reporter*, of the growth and magnitude of the business as it is to be seen to-day with its 12,000 producing wells; with its daily production of 60,000 barrels of crude oil; with its 500 iron tanks with storage capacity for 10,000,000 barrels; with 8,000,000 barrels of stock in the tanks; with its refining capacity of 60,000 barrels per day; with its 3,000 miles of pipe lines for carrying the product to the iron tanks and refineries; with its 3,000 tank cars with capacity to transport 250,000 barrels of oil; with its 2,000 miles of iron tubing and casing used in and around the wells; with its 12,000 engines and 10,000 boilers used at the wells; with its 200 miles of rope cable, and its 500 tons of iron and steel used in drilling the wells; with its export trade with all the countries of the world of 40,000 barrels per day, and its home consumption of 10,000 barrels per day.

The outlook for better prices for the future are somewhat encouraging, as the great prolific Northern oil field apparently has its limits well defined, and its producing area circumscribed. Tho haste now manifested in drilling the best territory is so apparent that wo may look for a speedy exhaustion of the field.

In Pennsylvania the number of producing wells at tho close of October was 11,860, and the oil production for the samo month was 1,863,378 barrels of 41 gallons each.

Grocers and Storekeepers

pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It increases the production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

VEGETINE is now acknowledged by our best physicians to be the only sure and safe remedy for all diseases arising from impure blood, such as scrofula and scrofulous humors.

CALENDAR FOR 1880.

1880	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednes.	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan....	..	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Feb...	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29						
Mar...	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	..	..	..
April.	..	..	..	..	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	..
May..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31	..	..	..	..	..
June..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	..	..	..

1880	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednes.	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
July..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Aug...	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	..	..	..	..
Sept..	..	..	..	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	..	..
Oct....	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nov....	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	..	..	..	..
Dec....	..	..	..	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	..

An Old Man Rejuvenated.

Peter Showerman, of Batavia, N. Y., certified Sept. 15, 1879, as follows: "For forty years I have suffered with kidney and liver difficulty, being obliged to void urine as often as once in 30 minutes, and have also been a great sufferer from palpitation of the heart. I am now using your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and can truly say, at 70 years of age, that it makes me feel like a new man."

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

VEGETINE

Liver Complaint.

This disease may be said to proceed almost invariably from the stomach being out of order in the first place. By the stomach being out of order the blood also gets out of order; and why? All the blood in the human body passes through the liver every few minutes to have the bilious matter separated from it. If there be any sanguinous taint or other impurity in the blood, it will surely be deposited in the liver along with the bile. By and by, however, these impurities increasing, will render the blood watery, and render its motion torpid; then it will cease to perform its duty of straining out the bile. Only poison will be left in the liver; and the result will be an obstructed, inflamed and swollen liver, ending in disease. Such is the theory, and such the fact, as proven by facts. The symptoms crowd rapidly upon one another—a continued pain or tenderness in the right side, including emaciation and weakness; cough, with expectoration; dyspepsia, high-colored urine, yellowness of the eyes, fever and a quick pulse. It is impossible to mistake the disease by these symptoms. There is only one way of curing Liver Complaint; and that is, to strike at the root. To do this, you must act on the stomach, the blood, the liver and the general health at the same time. VEGETINE alone will do this, and will effect a speedy cure. See testimonials.

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Dear Sir—Having used but three bottles of your VEGETINE in a very bad case of Liver Complaint, I find myself improving rapidly. Am weighing eight pounds more at present than I did when I began taking it, and believe, with a continuance of a small quantity more, I shall be entirely cured. Before I began taking the VEGETINE I was under the doctor's care. Was sick a long time. Mr. Smith, who had received great benefit from taking the VEGETINE, advised me to try it. I can cheerfully recommend it to every one as a good medicine, as the VEGETINE has done more for me than the doctors could do.

Yours truly,
JAMES A. JOHNSON,
Police Officer, No. 323 Brown St., Rochester, N. Y.

SOUTH POLAND, ME., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the Liver Complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

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Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a **Torpid Liver**, and cure **Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague**, and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all **Malarial Poison.** Price, **25 cents** a Box.

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Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50 cts.** and **$1.**

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H. H. Warner & Co.
Proprietors,
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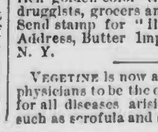

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Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.**

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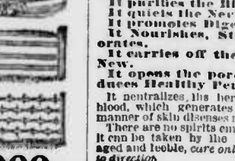

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AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE. No such chance for making money among F. & A. M. has been offered for the past ten years. Send for New Illustrated Catalogue and particulars. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers, 731 Broadway, New York.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

GUNS Revolvers. Illustrated Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh.

OD 749—L K

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.*

CURES DYSPEPSIA — DR. CLARK — CURES LIVER DISEASE

JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup.

LABORATORY,
77 W. 3d St., New York City.
LATE OF JERSEY CITY.

The Best Remedy Known to Man!

Dr. Clark Johnson having associated himself with Mr. Edwin Eastman, an escaped captive, long a slave to Wakametkla, the medicine man of the Comanches, is now prepared to lend his aid in the introduction of the wonderful remedy of that tribe.

The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that of Mrs. Chas. Jones and son, of Washington County, Iowa, on account of whose sufferings were thrillingly narrated in the *New York Herald* of Dec. 15th, 1878, the facts of which are so widely known, and so nearly parallel, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be given here. They are, however, published in a neat volume of 300 pages, entitled "Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches," of which mention will be made hereafter. Suffice it to say that for several years Mr. Eastman, while a captive, was compelled to gather the roots, gums, barks, herbs and berries of which Wakametkla's medicine was made, and is still prepared to provide the same materials for the successful introduction of the medicine to the world; and assures the public that the remedy is the same as when Wakametkla compelled Miss E. to make it.

Wakametkla, the Medicine Man.

Nothing has been added to the medicine and nothing has been taken away. It is without doubt the best REMEDY of the BLOOD and RENEWER of the SYSTEM ever known to man.

This Syrup possesses varied properties.
It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It regulates the Bowels.
It purifies the Blood.
It quiets the Nervous System.
It promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the old blood and makes New.
It opens the pores of the skin, and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and aged and feeble, *cure only being required in attention to direction.*

Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume.

SEVEN AND NINE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES. A neat volume of 300 pages, being a simple statement of the captive facts connected with the sad massacre of a helpless family, and the captivity, tortures and ultimate escape of its two surviving members. For sale by our agents generally. Price, $1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, briefly narrated, are distributed by agents, FREE of charge.

Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the West, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and this remedy has been called, and is known as

Dr. Clark Johnson's
INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER.
Price of Large Bottles - - - - $1.00
Price of Small Bottles - - - - .50

Read the voluntary testimonials of persons who have been cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup in your own vicinity.

TESTIMONIALS OF CURES.

Cures Fever.

POPE'S STATION, Panola County, Miss.

Dear Sir—My mother was down sick with a Fever, some time ago, and commenced taking your **Indian Blood Syrup,** which had the desired effect. She says there is nothing to equal it.
WM. E. ROBERSON.

Fever and Ague.

STONY POINT, East Baton Rouge County, La. } Sept. 16, 1878. }

Dear Sir—At the suggestion of a friend I bought some of your **Indian Blood Syrup,** which has cured myself, wife and child of Fever and Ague, which we were troubled with.
J. L. FLANNIKEN.

Kidney Complaint.

COLD WATER, Cleburne County, Ala., Feb. 7, 1879.

Dear Sir—I used your **Indian Blood Syrup** for

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

When You Buy

YOUR FALL OR WINTER

GROCERIES,

Get them from the long established house of

THOS. L. REESE.

(In operation since 1855),

207 and 209 W. Pratt Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Where the best goods obtainable can be had at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Dec. 6-St*

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in me by the Last Will and Testament of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county, deceased, and also by an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, I will, as Administrator with the Will annexed, (of said Archibald Chisholm, dec'd,) offer at public sale in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, January 3d, 1880,

at 11 o'clock, all the following described real estate of Archibald Chisholm, dec'd, situate about six miles south of Oakland, Garrett county, adjoining the Yutzy farm, and known by the name of

"DALREACH,"

containing in all about 253¼ acres more or less. About fifty acres are cleared and under fence, and improved by a comfortable

DWELLING HOUSE & BARN,

and other necessary outbuildings. The land is well watered and adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring to buy a home will do well to examine said land before purchasing elsewhere.

TERMS OF SALE—will be one-third cash on day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments of one and two years, the notes of purchaser to be secured by security to be approved by the administrator, C. T. A., with interest from date of sale.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
12 6 ts Administrator C. T. A.

Private Sale

OF

VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1818, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold precauptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid by the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

THE BALTIMORE GAZETTE

FOR 1880.

It would hardly be fair to repeat again the alarming information that a Crisis is approaching in Political affairs but we honestly believe that the next Presidential contest in this country will determine the question of Popular Government. It is to be, pure and simple, a struggle between Centralization on one side and constitutional Government on the other.

The Republican party has started out with the assumption that this is a Nation of Imperial forces and that the war determined that States are merely geographical conveniences. On this platform they threatened to nominate a candidate for President whose tendencies are un-democratic and whose instincts are not on the side of simple, Republican rule.

The GAZETTE believes that the war settled the question that a majority of the people are opposed to any dissolution of the Union; that the right to local self-government is as distinct and as clearly defined as it was before the war; that the Union created by the Father's was not changed by the war, and that our system should remain unchanged. THE GAZETTE proposes to take an active part in the next Presidential Campaign. It will battle for Democratic principles and for the candidates who may be nominated on a sound Democratic platform.

THE GAZETTE is a plain-speaking newspaper, always marked by the courage of its convictions. Its views on public questions and public men are always understood by those who have a fair knowledge of the English language.

THE DAILY GAZETTE is a daily epitome of passing events. All news of a local and general character is gathered from far and near and given place according to its value and the interest which attaches. Condensation and *multum in parvo* is the motto in the make-up of THE DAILY GAZETTE. In the matter of telegraphic news and correspondence THE GAZETTE is always fresh, alert and comprehensive. During the year improvements and changes will be made which will give us greater facilities for serving our patrons.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE is a folio paper, in size and make-up similar to the daily, but containing a large amount of reading matter especially written and prepared for it. As in the case of the daily the weekly will be largely devoted during 1880 to the discussion of the question so vitally interesting to the people.

It is the duty of every intelligent citizen to keep himself in the line of events through the medium of the press and it is the duty of every good Democrat to support the newspapers which maintain sound Democratic principles—newspapers which have a mercantain voice and no lack of earnest, honest purpose.

Terms of subscription for THE DAILY GAZETTE: 50 cents per month; $1 for two months; $3 for six months; $6 for twelve months, postage prepaid. For THE WEEKLY GAZETTE; 50 cents for six months; $1 for twelve months, postage prepaid. Address

THE GAZETTE,
12 6 1 112 West Baltimore street.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
Also Agent for Improved Hand Scot Mower
jal1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—OF—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—Thomas Coddington.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Joseph DeWitt.
Associates—A. J. Michaels and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Facenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

Wolf, Thayer & Co.,

Are now paying the highest CASH prices for

Furs, Sheep Skins, Game of all kinds and Produce Generally.

Ware-room in Offutt's Old Building, Main Street, Oakland, Md. 10 25tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEDICAL.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,

General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,

Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

A Furnished Cottage and Fifty Acres of land

on time, near Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Apply on the premises to
E. A. KILBOURN,
Or JOHN B. LARNER,
1,300 F. Street
Washington, D. C. 15 26-3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-v1

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"THE REPUBLCN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1 50

PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY

OF

JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
Statements, &c.,
Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 In.; Depth, 24 In.; Length, 60 In. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an Instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights on my Instruments. Since my recent return from a extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unprovided by my celebrated Instruments. Illustrated Catalogue free

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to Hundreds of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. 67 NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information, also lowest prices of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

H. WHEELER COMBS,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

No charge for advertising property placed in my hands.

The following properties have been placed in my hands

FOR SALE.

NO. 3.

One of the best little farms in Garrett county, 2¼ miles west of Oakland, the county seat. This farm contains 96 ACRES, 70 acres in cultivation, and all susceptible of easy and profitable cultivation. Improved by a

New 2 Story House,

containing 8 rooms and good cellar. GOOD BARN and stabling. There is a good young orchard of 70 trees. The whole farm is under good fence. This farm will be offered for a SHORT TIME at a very low price and on easy terms. Title perfect. Limestone and coal within two miles.

NO. 4.

Fichtner's Mill Property.

This property, containing 250 acres, situated on Muddy Creek, in Sang Run district, Garrett county, Md., will be sold at a VERY LOW PRICE and upon the easiest of terms. It lies 9 miles north-west of Oakland, 8 miles from Hutton's Switch and 7 miles from Cranberry Summit. Is one of the best mill seats in the county, and is surrounded by the best timbered land of the section. It is improved by an excellent

FRAME HOUSE,

containing 10 rooms; good stabling attached. The wheels and irons for a Saw Mill are upon the property, and will be sold with the property at a LESS PRICE FOR THE WHOLE than the land is assessed for.

This is an opportunity for a bargain seldom offered.

No. 5.

A Desirable Property in Oakland

FOR SALE.

Lot 100x100, improved by an

Excellent Frame Dwelling House,

containing 7 rooms; with good cellar. This is one of the most pleasant homes in Oakland. Is almost immediately opposite the Oakland Hotel, and in front of Bailey's new hotel and commands one of the finest views of the town. The buildings are all new and well-constructed. There is an excellent well of water on the lot. For any one desiring a PLEASANT HOME an opportunity is here offered to secure it at a price LESS than the cost of the buildings. TERMS.—One-third down, balance in three equal annual payments.

Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Real Estate Agent, Oakland, Md.

Notice to Wool Growers.

I have now on hand five Cotswold Bucks six months old, weighing respectively 151 165, 163, 162, 160. Any one wishing to purchase one of these fine Bucks can do so by calling on me at my home, one mile from Grantsville.

nov1-3m JONAS E GNAGEY.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,

SURVEYOR,

Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A. M. Jarrett, D.D.S.,

will be at Oakland every six months.

Nitrous oxide gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.

Artificial teeth warranted to be neat and substantial.

Fine artistic gold filling a specialty.

Address, Gratton, W. Va. oct25-y

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

CHEAP CHEAP.

A Valuable Farm Near Oakland, Md.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm, about four miles from Oakland, on the West Union road. This farm contains 399 acres, 200 of which is under fence and 150 improved. The improvements consist of a

New Frame House,

Barn and other out buildings. There is also on the farm a

Good Young Orchard.

The crops usually taken from this farm are wheat, rye, oats, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, etc.

This property is especially adapted to stock raising, there being a good outlet to a free range.

COAL and LIMESTONE within three miles.

For terms, &c., address,

DAVID SLABAUGH,
Oakland, Md.,

Or call at this office. aug2-6m.

$1500 To $200 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money here. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je11y

---

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.51 A. M.
No. 8		3.09 A. M
No. 10		4.46 P. M.
Way		10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		12.59 A. M.
No. 3		10.50 P. M.
No. 5		11.31 P. M.
No. 7		5.29 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

---

550 ACRES

—OF—

Good Land

For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small lots. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply to this office or to the postoffice, Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice.

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880. NUMBER 46.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

L. BUSH & SON. GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Third & Oak sts.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

C. C. MICHAEL, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Notions, Clocks, Confectionery, etc., Next to Caddington's Hotel.

RICHARDSON BROS., GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Canned Goods Fruit etc.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

HOTELS.

CODDINGTON'S HOTEL, W. M. CODDINGTON, Prop'tor, Main St., Opposite Jamison's Billiard Saloon

LIVERY STABLE.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. P. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

PAINTING & PAPER HANGING.

E. J. FRINGER, House and Sign Painter. And Paper Hanger. Leave orders at Bush's Store.

S. V. B. WARD, HOUSE and SIGN PAINTER Shop near Davis House.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JAN. 11, 1880.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The same providential hand which has led the magi to the Saviour's cradle, is now stretched forth to protect the wondrous Babe. The Church once more dwells a season in Egypt, in the person of its Head. The sword of persecution is unsheathed, and a company of unconscious sufferers for the Gospel are early sent heaven ward, the advance-guard of the noble army of martyrs, while He for whose sake they have given up their lives is dwelling in safety under the shadow of the pyramid, and playing amid the rushes of the Nile. Soon a mightier King than Herod enters his place unbidden, and smites the crown from his guilty gray head; the land rejoices when the tyrant's scepter is broken; and the holy family, directed by a divine message, return to their own country. Afraid to dwell in the village of the Saviour's birth, over which the cruel son of Herod reigns, they pass beyond the Jordan, and journey northward to Galilee. Nazareth, the home of Joseph and Mary before their marriage, becomes the dwelling place of the child of promise during his youthful years.

Matt. 2. 13-23.

Memory Verses, 16-20.

13 And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt and be thou there until I shall bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

14 When he arose he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt.

15 And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my Son.

16 Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.

18 Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,

18 In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

19 But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

20 Saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21 And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

22 But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee:

23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

HOME READINGS.

M. The king hated. Matt. 2. 13-23.
Tu. The kings against Christ. Psa. 2. 1 12.
W. The disciples' song. Acts 4. 23-34.
Th. The Lord's comfort. Isa. 40. 1-11.
F. The angel of deliverance. Acts 12. 1-17.
S. The psalm of deliverance. Psa. 115. 1-19.
S. The triumph of God's people. Rom. 8. 31-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word. Matt. 2. 13.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE DEFEATED KING, v. 13-15; Psa. 2. 10 11.
Who was defeated, and how?
By whom was he defeated?
What is the sure result of opposing God?
How may we escape defeat?
What did Joseph do?
What was Joseph's character? Matt. 1. 19.
How did he show faith in God?

2. THE DEFIANT KING, v. 16-18; Psa. 10. 8.
Who tried to defy God, and for what reason?
To what does anger lead?
What was his purpose? Did he succeed?
What voice was heard?
Why was Rachel mentioned? See Explanations.
What becomes of little children who die?
How do we know that children may be saved? Matt. 18. 6.

3. THE DEAD KING, v. 19; Psa. 73. 18, 19.
How long after this did Herod live? See explanations.
Where was Jesus at this time?
What was the end of Herod? [ANS.: He died with great suffering.]
How had he lived?
What is the fate of all who die in sin?

4. THE LIVING KING, v. 0-23, Psa. 145. 13.
Which king was still living?
What word came to Joseph?
What did he do?
What cause of fear did he have?
What did he do?
How was prophecy fulfilled?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That Christ has enemies? 2. That Christ's enemies are cruel? 3. That Christ's enemies cannot destroy him?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS. Divine Providence.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. The divine counsels take cognizance of human counsels, and include them in their scope. v. 13.
2. The divine counsels for the world are often opposed to the plans of men for themselves. v. 13.

The election of Gen. Garfield to the United States Senate seems a foregone conclusion.

"A Sort of Mildew."

Dr. Alonzo Garcelon is the present Governor of Maine by virtue of having been third on the list of candidates voted for at the election in 1878, and having been selected by a Republican State Senate as a choice of evils between himself and Mr. Smith, the Greenback candidate. One cannot help wondering what sort of a man Smith must be, that Garcelon should have been preferred to him. Doubtless Garcelon has developed his capacity since the choice was made. Holding an office for which only a pitiful minority of the voters of Maine supported him, it is not strange perhaps that he should hold entities in something like contempt. Being Governor in spite of them, why, he reasons, should he not continue so? Or if not he, some other representative of a beaten minority? And if the people of Maine have submitted for a year to the rule of a minority Governor, why should they not submit to the counting in of a minority Legislature, the election of minority State officers and a minority United States Senator? So Garcelon and his co-conspirators have counted out the Republican majority in the Legislature and made their arrangements to steal the State. All within the forms of law, of course, and upon technicalities which, with rolling eyes and hands upon their hearts, they solemnly vow they cannot conscientiously disregard. That a Republican Legislature was elected they do not deny, but there are *i's* not dotted and *t's* not crossed in the returns, which they say makes them by the Constitution "fatally defective." We could "not trample on the Constitution, you know," say they with a leer. And when their attention is called to a statute law which meets the case and empowers them to amend the technical defects, they answer at once, "Oh, that is unconstitutional."

It is an old habit of these people to use the letter of the Constitution to stab the State. They tried it on a large scale in 1861, when they clamored that the Federal Constitution not only did not contain the principle of self-preservation, but that it actually offered a shield and defence to its assailants. But even under this claim of a constitutional right to defeat the will of the majority, it is not believed that they can sustain themselves. The whole business has been characterized by such indubitable signs of a rascally plot on the part of the Governor and Council to steal the State; they all point so clearly to a premeditated purpose and prepared plan; and the coincidences are so striking and significant, that even upon their technical defence they feel that the weight of public opinion is overwhelmingly against them. They have been especially called upon to explain the remarkable fact that the returns have been found fatally defective only in such cases as would result in the defeat of Republican candidates. The latest effort in this direction is a letter from Governor Garcelon, published lately, in which he says: "Every year there have been defective returns rejected—that is, not counted—for non-compliance with constitutional or legal provisions." He neglects to state the fact that this is the first time in the history of the State that a legally and fairly elected majority in the Legislature has been reversed upon such technicalities; perhaps because it is so well known. "But this year," he adds, "in addition to the usual occurrences in this direction, a sort of mildew or epidemic seems to have infected several of our larger cities." "A sort of mildew!" Well, we should say so. And he might have added that it was "a sort of mildew" that was engendered in the filth of the office of Eben F. Pillsbury, the chief functionary of the Maine Democracy, and its expectant candidate for United States Senator. It was sent out from there like the yellow fever germs which another Democrat, now Governor of a State, undertook to distribute throughout the North during the war. It went in the form of blanks for returns, printed under Pillsbury's directions, in a manner purposely intended to mislead returning officers, so that there should be just these technical defects upon which this gang of conspirators could defeat the will of the majority and steal the State.

It was Garcelon and Pillsbury and the rest of the gang who used the opportunities of their official positions, who set these traps and put on them the seal of the State. And now that they think they have sprung them and caught their victims, when anybody comments upon the singular circumstances that all these defects turn to the advantage of the fellows who discovered them, and asks an explanation, this man Garcelon looks up a moment from the grand larceny he is trying to consummate, and says: "Oh, it's a sort of mildew!" Maybe it is; but it is "a sort of mildew" that is much more likely to rot the party that invented it than to damage those whom it was intended to infect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Kansas Exodus.

A staff correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who has been making an investigation of the exodus in Kansas during four weeks' travel through the state, writes a letter from here giving his conclusions. He estimates the number of refugees in the state at 15,000. Of these, he thinks that probably one-fifth were able to buy a little land, and are making good progress in farming. Most of the balance have found, through the Freemen's Relief Association, places as laborers, and are giving good satisfaction. In no county did he find them burdens upon corporate charities; but the demand for these laborers has been stretched to its fullest capacity, as the accumulation of refugees at the barracks—now nearly 700, for whom no places can be found—clearly indicates. Judging from what he has learned from refugees themselves, and from the increasing numbers—now from 25 to 50—arriving every day, he predicts that the movement to Kansas will soon assume such proportions again as to astonish the country, and unless the tide can be turned, or the charity of the North be more readily bestowed, that suffering—which the relief committee, although laboring faithfully with the means at their command, has not been entirely able to relieve during the recent cold weather—will soon be turned to general destitution and great suffering among the pauper refugees.

Prof. R. T. Greener, Secretary of the National Emigration Aid Society, has just returned from an extended tour through Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. He has made careful inquiries as to the condition and prospects of the refugees who have gone West. The Professor visited the most important settlements in Kansas and conversed with hundreds of emigrants en route for Kansas. He reports all as contended, anxious to get work and remain, and none disposed to return. The exodus, so far from stopping for the winter, he says, is on the increase. Five hundred recently passed through St. Louis, most of them able-bodied, thrifty and intelligent men and women. At Topeka, Kansas, he saw nearly two hundred in barracks provided by the State committee, of which Gov. St. John is chairman and Col. John M. Brown is superintendent. The Society of Friends have two agents, a lady and gentleman, at this point to superintend the distribution of supplies to needy emigrants, and only really meritorious cases are considered. Prof. Greener speaks highly of Gov. St. John's efforts in behalf of the colored people and the philanthropy of the people of Kansas in sustaining him. Col. Brown, the colored superintendent, recently visited every colored settlement in the State, and reports them in a satisfactory condition. Many of the refugees are pushing on beyond Kansas, to Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota. The people of the Northwest say they need servants and farm hands, and look to the negroes for a supply. Prof. Greener says he saw only two refugees who were going back. One was going to Mississippi to organize a colony to start in the spring, and the other had bought a tract near Emporia, Kas., and was returning for his family. Out of the number collected at Topeka no one expressed a willingness to return. There was absolutely no prejudice against these people, so far as the Professor saw, except where the less enterprising and intelligent were disposed to hang about the large cities. In and about Topeka, Emporia, Junction City, the colored people who desired land at cheap rates and hard work found no difficulty in obtaining both. The Professor, who has always been an active exodus advocate, says he is more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the present movement of the blacks. He has no apology to offer for his advocacy, but on the contray considers it wise in every way. It is looked at—good for the whites, good for the negroes, and good as a peaceable solution of the Southern problem. Even in Southern Missouri inducements are being held out for the refugees to come, but such is their prejudice against a former slave State that many pass good land there for poorer beyond. Prof. Greener is hopeful that the tide now pouring into Indiana may change into Delaware and Missouri, where their numerical strength, he perhaps vainly hopes, might offset Democratic majorities.

The Mormon Predicament.

A Salt Lake dispatch of Dec. 31 says: Delegate Cannon's hasty visit from Washington is commented on here as having been dictated by the anxiety of the Mormon leaders on the proposed measures to be taken by Congress for the extinction of polygamy. There is no apprehension among Mormons of any violent measures being adopted or enforced against them on account of the polygamy of the past, but it is fully expected by the intelligent men among them that after Congress shall have adopted the new measures the Saints must no longer take more than one wife each, and shall henceforward live civilized people. Mr. Cannon admitted to your correspondent that unless there was some special Divine interposition to protect it polygamy was doomed as an institution. He very consistently looks for that interposition, but up to the present time the signs do not foreshadow its coming at an early day. He returns to Washington on Wednesday to court Democratic assistance in staving off new legislation.

The recent quiet departure of an apostle to the city of Mexico is looked upon as an effort to get a foothold beyond the Southern boundary of the United States, where it would be very convenient for the leading men to take shelter if at any time this country should become unpleasantly warm. Reliable informants tell me that the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, in communicating with the Mormon authorities, said that while there was plenty of land in the northern States of Mexico which the Mormons could occupy, the government would, under no circumstances permit the practice of polygamy on Mexican soil, but would punish with the utmost rigor any attempt to introduce it there.

Governor Emery has left for Washington, taking a number of letters addressed to President Hayes by leading business men, lawyers, bankers and merchants, commending him as a faithful and efficient executive officer. To the petitions he has also the signatures of nearly all the leading Gentiles of this and other places asking his re-appointment.

Ex-Congressman Rainey, of South Carolina, who is now in the internal revenue service has recently returned from a visit to Virginia, during which he devoted some attention to the political situation in that state. He maintains that the alliance between the Readjusters and the Republicans was the only means available to secure the political rights denied the latter by the Conservatives. General Mahone, he intimates, will act with the Republicans in the United States Senate, or, at least, independently of the Democrats; and as the Readjusters have pledged themselves to secure fair elections hereafter, there is a good prospect that the Republicans will elect two, and perhaps three, Congressmen at the next election. If the Republican members of the legislature had united with the Funders they would simply have enabled them to remain in office the men who, as Mr. Rainey says, "twice counted in Congressman Goode when he was not elected."

IMMIGRANTS FOR TEXAS.—Almost every English and German steamer which has arrived at the wharves of the city within the past two months has brought a greater or less number of immigrants. From the last day of September up to yesterday between 1,600 and 1,700 of these seekers of new homes have landed in our city. Particularly noticeable is the number of English immigrants, more than half the total being brought by English vessels plying between this port and Liverpool. The immigrants have, as a whole, been a healthy, thrifty-looking lot of people, and they brought with them large quantities of household goods and effects. Fully 90 per cent. of them were bound for and went to Texas, with the intention of farming. The rest scattered in other States, but few, indeed, remaining in Louisiana.—*New Orleans Democrat, Dec. 19th.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

What the Ancients Knew of the Frozen North.

FROM the earliest days of the Arian race the march of enterprise has been most largely and steadily to the West and the North. The westward line of activity and discovery has now become a circle, belting the earth. All mundane questions are answered or in hand for solution along the three central zones. The poles alone now reserve their mysteries for the greatest of all physical endeavor to reach and reveal. Every high quality in man's constitution is demanded in the work that shall complete our knowledge of the world we live on. The Polar regions are now, as for ages past, the field of unfinished research and adventure. Will the indomitable energy and efforts of our age conquer the terrible difficulties and break through the obstacles barring a complete knowledge of the North lands and the Antarctic regions of the world? A glance at some of the ancient voyages and later discoveries toward the North Pole, such as may not be generally well known, will doubtless be of interest. The sea does not begin where we, standing upon the shore, seem first to behold a ship's faint and partial appearance at the distant horizon. The filmy and almost indistinguishable trace of the far-away sails and then the blur of the rising hull are to the eye as the myths and traditions of the world's prehistoric period to the observer's mind.

There is a period with undefined beginning crowned by the Homeric age, when the people about the easterly parts of the Mediterranean Sea possessed a considerable knowledge of the northern seas and lands of Europe. That age is semi-historic, and is immediately succeeded by one affording clearer statements. We have, from the days of Homer, recorded expressions of geographical knowledge. Some recorded by the poet relates especially to the northerly part of the world. Fragments of the early accounts are clearly authentic. Those and later statements by other writers will be noticed. In the Hebrew Scriptures (Isaiah xiv.) the idea is expressed that heaven, or the mount of the Lord, is situated in the North. The Greeks believed the infernal regions were located in the remotest North. Men have thought they found both there--heaven in the sublime scenery and the glory and beauty of the Arctic summer, and the very gates of the pit in the darkness and storm and bitterness of the polar winter. The Phœnicians, who founded Tyre and Sidon on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean were the boldest known navigators of ancient times. They were the founders of Carthage, where many remarkable maritime enterprises were projected. Cadiz, in Spain, was the seat of one of their colonies about a thousand years before the Christian era. At that time the Phœnicians had attained vast opulence by their commercial enterprise. They overran much of the world, by land and sea for trade (and in piracy), as the Northmen in later ages overran Europe for the plundering of cities. Phœnicians were the pilots of all Egyptian ships, and taught the Greeks the act of extended navigation. That the Phœnician sailors were semi-pirates may be inferred from Homer's declaration of their "doing all manner of iniquity to men." These explorers were probably the first discoverers of Great Britain. Their policy was generally one of secrecy as to the locality of the most profitable islands and countries. Homer, both poet and geographer, gives some very marked points of knowledge of the condition of the Arctic seas and lands. This knowledge was probably derived in great part from the Phœnicians. He considered the ocean a river, and it is not unlikely, from a report of the great currents that sweep through parts then known to the Phœnicians and, it may be, the Greeks. Homer's relation of the ends of the Arctic Ocean, where the Cimmerians lived in gloom, where the sun was not seen to set or risk (the sun during the Arctic summer appears to sweep around above the horizon), indicates the possession of a knowledge of the long nights of very high latitudes. The *planctæ* or wandering rocks of the sea that he mentions were simply icebergs. That Homer should rate the polar as the infernal regions must seem excusable to many a Northern explorer. Superficial critics of the Homeric voyages should remember the length of the Arctic day. The old bard understood something of the geographical truths told in his story of Ulysses, though the facts were clothed in such poetic garments as to be unrecognizable by most people in later times.

The ancient tale of the Argonauts, of a possibly later date than the age of Homer, and bearing the name of Orpheus, affords some striking evidence of the possession by the writer of a considerable knowledge of the northern seas and lands. Few scholars doubt the reality of the Argonautic expedition. Many of the statements made in the relation are geographical facts. These were not purely accidental hits of imagination—they are too peculiar to be truths reached by guessing. The Argonauts (who probably used boats of hides and carried their light and portable craft across interrupting land spaces) are said to have reached a gulf (the Baltic), extending to the Cronian Ocean. They passed forth by rowing nine days and nights to the Cronian Sea (the sea at the west of Norway), which stretched along beyond the Riphean Mountains. (These were probably the great range between Norway and Sweden.) They visited the Macrobians, a people noted for longevity. The inhabitants of Central Norway are famous for longevity in the present age, and have been so from time immemorial, according to Gothic history. The expedition next reached the "People of Dreams." Many of the Laplanders have from the earliest times been vision seers. Some singular instances are recorded by travelers there in the sixteenth century. The Cimmerians lived beyond the dreamers, and the approach to the infernal regions was near at hand. The polar ice, snow and darkness were naturally supposed to be pretty near the point where extremes meet. Turning away from this awful country, the Argonauts, with favoring winds, sailed into the ocean of the west, passing Ierne (Hibernia) on their way to the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar). The strange darkness of the far North was believed to be caused somehow by the peculiar shadows of great mountains. The darkness of the Arctic night, hovering over the North, led the voyagers of ancient times to believe that all the farthest parts of the ocean were shrouded in gloom; hence the old notion that the Atlantic at the west of the pillars of Hercules was far away a sea of darkness. Even into the latter part of the Middle Ages this idea of the western Sea of Darkness prevailed among geographers and navigaters. Herodotus, called the "Father of History," hearing at least four hundred and forty-five years before the Christian era of the long nights at the Pole, could not believe that the people there could sleep for six months.

Pytheas, a distinguished Greek navigator, who lived at Marseilles, in France, when it was the seat of a flourishing Greek colony, about 300 B. C., was perhaps the earliest known navigator of the North Seas whose voyage is now generally accepted as mainly genuine. Pytheas sailed to Al-fionn (Albion, the White Land, from its chalk cliffs,) and six days' sail beyond the farthest part thereof he reached Thule, in the Northern Sea. There he found fogs and wild coasts, and saw that the light of day did not altogether disappear for twenty-four hours. This Thule was Iceland, at the most northerly part of which the summer nights are very light. The most northerly point of the island is usually laid down within the Arctic Circle. Some distance beyond Thule Pytheas found himself unable to proceed on account of a peculiar condition of the sea. It presented a barrier that was unknown to him; it was neither air, sea nor earth, but seemed a mixture of all three. The substance had a viscid appearance, and his ship could not penetrate it. These statements of Pytheas about the sea threw discredit upon his voyage for ages. "How palpably absurd," said the critics, "is the story of a mixture of earth, sea and air that stops ships in the midst of the ocean?" Pytheas was puzzled, no doubt, for he had never seen ice before, and had no name for it or knowledge of its nature. But it appears incredible that distinguished men who have written learned treatises upon geography and voyages have been so blinded by prejudice as not to recollect that ice existed in the Arctic Seas in the days of Pytheas as in the nineteenth century. As specimens of the theories of learned men regarding the marvelous obstructions met by Pytheas in the sea beyond Iceland the following are quoted from works published in England and America in 1833:

"The calmness and sluggish heaviness of the Northern seas, which the ship's prow could hardly cleave, were remarked by Pytheas. * * * Perhaps the strength and complexity of our tides, which oppose serious difficulties to navigation along an indented coast, may have lent some countenance to prejudices founded in fable."

The supposition that the tides were the obstruction met by Pytheas in his navigation beyond Thule seems singularly absurd when it is remembered that Pytheas was the first man known who understood the tides so well as to ascribe their cause to the influence of the moon. His theory of tides is essentially that generally accepted at the present day.

Another learned author supposed fog was the translucent, solid substance stopping the ship of Pytheas. He wrote:

"The thick and gloomy mists with which the Northern Sea is often loaded might make a peculiar impression on one who had ventured into this unknown ocean so far beyond the limit of former navigation. They might make him prone to believe that he had arrived at the farthest boundaries of nature."

Could greater nonsense be uttered? How men, who had so frequently read about the ice in the Northern Ocean, should forget, as they did, that in ancient times it sometimes rendered navigation difficult and dangerous as it now does, is simply astonishing. Geographers have disagreed as to the location of Thule. Disregarding the positive statement by Pytheas that he sailed six days (into the depth of the ocean, as some express it) some commentators have maintained that Thule was Jutland, where a region is called Thy-land. Others have believed that part of Norway, called Thele-Mark or Tile-Mark, was the Thule of Pytheas. Men have seemed ready to believe anything rather than the simple fact that the great navigator saw Iceland. His description so clearly and unequivocally points to Iceland that argument seems unnecessary. No one appears to question the fact that Gardner, Flokko, Nadodd and others successfully visited Iceland in later ages, before its settlement by the Norsemen. But Pytheas could not reach Iceland because he was not a Northman.

Aristotle (born 384 B. C.) possessed a large fund of geographical knowledge. He knew of the existence of the Riphæan Mountains at the North, and had information of Ierne and Albion (Ireland and England). He was the first to call them, together, Britannicæ. Pliny (born A. D. 23) was acquainted with the situation of the Hebrides, at the west from Scotland, as well as the Thule, and he was the first to mention Scandinavia by name. He considered it an island of great extent. Several mediæval maps lay down Scandinavia according to Pliny's limited view. In ancient times the Gothic or Scandinavian people considered their region a distinct part of the world, an island of immense size. Some of the Norse sages represent the great Scandanavian peninsula as the northern half of the world. Norway was called by Pliny "Nerigon," and he asserted that the people sailed as far as Thule. If that was the case, and there is no reason to doubt the ability of the ancient Norsemen to reach Iceland quite as well in the first as in the ninth century, the earliest monks of Iona or the Irish were not, perhaps, the first fishers or even forgotten colonists at that strange island. According to Tacitus an expedition sent by Agricola conquered the inhabitants of the Orkneys and proceeded so far into the Northern Ocean as even to see Thule (Iceland), a place of snow and wintry aspect. This author states that beyond the land of the Sviones (Scandinavians) is a sea strangely languid and motionless, and that the light of the night is far greater than the luster of the stars. The noise of the sun's light, when that body was below the horizon, could be heard, and the gods could almost be seen as they moved about crowned with glorious light. Here we have a poetical account of the aurora borealis, of the peculiar rustling sound often heard during the most brilliant exhibitions of the phenomenon of "northern lights," a suggestion of the remarkable brightness of the greater part of the Arctic night, and the remarkable calmness of the northern seas when sprinkled with floating ice.

Ptolemy (born at Pelesium, in Egypt, A. D., 70) in his great geography mentions Scania (Scandinavia). After Ptolemy, in the second century, prepared his geography little was reported in regard to the northern regions of the world for more than six hundred years. King Alfred of England, who reigned from 871 to 901, translated the geography of the Spanish monk Orosius into the Anglo-Saxon language. Orosius prepared his famous work in the fifth century. Alfred added to his translation of Orosius the narrative of a Norwegian noble named Other, who had made a voyage for discovery and walrus hunting to the North Cape of Norway, and so along the coast eastward to the White Sea. Other was a man of wealth and enterprising spirit, and held the North Finns under tribute. His home in Norway was in the province of Halgoland, or Helgoland, on the shores of what the northmen called (to distinguish it from the Baltic and the great Gulf of Bothnia, at the east of Sweden) the Western Sea. Other's voyage extended past an uninhabited region at the mouth of Halgoland to a place then frequented by whale fishers, thence by the locality of the present town of Hammerfest and around the North Cape, which he doubled at the end of six days. From the region of the present Vardal or Wardhouse he sailed easterly for four days, when he came to a sea extending toward the south. Thither he continued his voyage until he reached the country of the Beormians or Bjarmians. In the White Sea Other and his crew of fishermen captured about sixty horse whales, now called walrus. By the trustworthy relation of Other it appears that the whale fishery was prosecuted along the coast of Norway a thousand years ago.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Czar Nicholas.

In the year 1844, when a piece bearing the title "The Emperor Paul" was announced for performance in Paris, Nicholas wrote to the King, "If you do not forbid the representation I will send a million of spectators to hiss it from the stage."

As the Emperor was once taking a walk he heard a man and a woman talking loudly in the German language. Hearing the man declare that he would not quit the spot until he had seen the Emperor, the latter went towards him and demanded who he was and what he wished. The German, who did not know the Czar, answered that he was an artisan from Hamburg and desired to submit a paper describing a new and cheap method of making shoe soles for the army. "Why do you apply direct to the Emperor?" inquired the Czar; "why have you not first addressed yourself to some one about him?" "I wished to do so and called on the Chief of Police for the purpose," returned the man, "but his clerk asked me to pay 300 roubles, which is impossible, as I have no money." "Then you might have communicated with the Governor-General," suggested the Czar. "Has he, then, no Secretary!" inquired the man. "If so, 500 instead of 300 roubles would probably have been demanded of me." The Emperor, smiling, said, "Then you should have gone with your petition direct to the Grand Duke Michael Pawlowitsch." "To him! Go to that scourge of soldiers, the Grand Duke? Not for the world!" replied the man. "Well, my fine fellow," said the Czar, "if you will only transact your business with the Emperor in person speak up, for I am he." At this unexpected revelation the honest Hamburger was so terrified that, trembling from head to foot, he fell on his knees. In doing so his hat dropped from his hand. The Emperor's dog, his almost constant companion, seizing the hat began playing with it. The Emperor contemplated the scene with characteristic pride, hugely relishing the fright of the poor artisan. At last he pulled the hat from between the dog's teeth, and handing it, smiling, to the still kneeling Hamburger, said: "Do not be alarmed, my friend; give me your paper; I will have it examined. Meanwhile, come to the palace, where you shall have a pecuniary indemnity for the fright you have suffered." On the day following the Emperor invited the Grand Duke Michael Pawlowitsch, the Governor-General, Count Essen and the Chief of Police, Kokeschkin, to dine with him. He related to them the adventure he had had and enjoyed immensely their embarrassment and confusion. What came of the proposal does not appear, but the Hamburger himself went mad. At this termination of the affair the Emperor was moved with compassion and allowed the family of the victim a regular pension.—*Boguslawski's Memoirs.*

THE Ute reservation in Colorado is about the size of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont and Delaware combined, the finest land in the State, and enough to give every Ute man, woman and child 4,000 acres apiece.

A STATISTICIAN computes that 2,590,000 watches and 4,000,000 clocks are annually turned out in different parts of the world.

THE monotony of a man's life is generally due to the fact that he has no change.

MORE than $700,000 is realized in France in parasol making.

Shakespeare at School.

From various sources, contemporary and quasi-contemporary, we may form a trustworthy general estimate of Shakespeare's course of instruction during his school days. At that time, as we have seen, boys usually went to the grammar school about six, or at the latest seven, years of age, and entered at once upon the Accidence. In his first year, therefore, Shakespeare would be occupied with the Accidence. In his second year, with the elements of grammar, he would read some manual of short phrases and familiar dialogues, and these, committed to memory, would be colloquially employed in the work of the school. In his third year, if not before, he would take up Cato's "Maxims" and Æsop's "Fables." In his fourth, while continuing the "Fables," he would read the "Eclogues of Mantuanus," parts of Ovid, some of Cicero's "Epistles," and probably one of his shorter treatises; in his fifth year he would continue the reading of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," with parts of Vergil and Terrence; and in the sixth, Horace, Plautus and probably part of Juvenal and Persus, with some of Cicero's "Orations" and Seneca's "Tragedies." In going through such a course, unless the teaching at Stratford was exceptionally inefficient, the boy must have made some progress in several of these authors, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to read fairly well at sight the more popular poets and prose writers, such as Ovid and Cicero. The masters of the school during the time Shakespeare attended it would seem, however, to have been at least of average attainments and ability, as they rapidly gained promotion. No fewer than three held the post during the decade from 1570 to 1580. In the first two years Walter Roche, for the next five, the most important in Shakespeare's school history, Thomas Hunt, and during the last three years Thomas Jenkins, were head masters in the school. About the time that Shakespeare's parents would be thinking of sending their eldest boy to school there seems, moreover, to have been a good deal of local activity in relation to the building, the old school house having been put into thorough repair, and changes made in the internal arrangement for the purpose of rendering it more airy and healthful. In the Chamberlain's accounts for the year 1568, mention is made of sums expended for "repairing the old scole," "dressing and sweeping the scole house," "ground sellynge the old scole, and taking down the sollar over the scole," expressions which warrant the conclusion that there was not only a school house existing in the early years of our poet, but that it had even then considerable pretensions to antiquity. We may reasonably infer that, as it had been put into repair in the year 1568, it continued in a state available for use until it was repaired again about the year 1594 or 1595, when the chapel of the guild was temporarily used, as it probably had been more than once before, instead of the school house. The "sollar" referred to in this extract was a small story, in many cases a loft or garret, and taking the sollar over the school house would, I suppose, indicate that it was heightened and, possibly, newly roofed, as well as partially refloored. Shakespeare's father had been chosen town bailiff during the year in which these improvements were made, and it would be part of his official duty to inspect them during their progress, and see that the work was well done. As a prosperous burgess and magistrate, he would be proud of the resuscitated foundation connected with the Ancient Guild of the Holy Cross and now known as the "King's New School," and would naturally regard with special interest the renovated buildings where his son was soon to feel the magical touch of that lettered awakening which, in a thousand diversified forms, was everywhere quickening the latent seeds of genius into fruitful life.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Physiological Philanthropy.

There is no part of the human frame which is more unsatisfactory than the liver. No boy ever had any fun with his liver, and no man ever found his liver a source of pleasure or a means of improvement. The Turks, it is true, belive that the liver is the seat of the affections, and in their poetry and love-letters express their ardent desire to win the livers of desirable persons of the opposite sex. This, however, is one of the errors of the Mohammedan faith. We know that to speak of two livers that beat as one is a gross anatomical error.

The chief function of the liver, according to the best medical authorities, is to test the presence of malarial poison in the air, and to protest against all sorts of palatable food. If there is malarial poison within half a mile of a man, his liver will promptly notify him of the fact, and if he eats anything except oat-meal and other repulsive varieties of edible saw-dust, his liver will soon strike work and throw his whole interior into disorder. The result of this reprehensible conduct is that the liver is a constant source of misery. It is an unfeeling tyrant, and embitters our lives with its impertinence and arrogance. Without a liver a man could live on Harlem flats without even suspecting the existence of malaria, and could eat mince-pie or sausages without punishment. Freedom and happiness cannot exist in company with a liver, and nearly all the ill-temper and half of the heresies that have vexed the world are due to the malign action of this tyrannical organ.

The liver is also enormously expensive. It requires more medicine and employs more doctors than all the other organs of the body. Hippocrates once remarked, "Let me prescribe for the livers of men, and I care not who is called in to attend to the rest of the human system." It has been estimated that the annual cost of maintaining a liver in this country is eleven dollars per capita for every man, woman, and child mentioned in the census. When an organ thus taxes us, and in return gives us nothing but suffering, it is time to make a determined effort to be rid of it.

A leading physiological philanthropist, Mr. Catheart Edmonds, F. R. S., of London, has recently proposed a plan for the abolition of the liver. It is a well-known principle of the development theory that an organ or limb which is not used gradually disappears. Thus, the ancestral tail of the human species disappeared after primeval man ceased to use it in climbing trees, and the horse laid aside his five toes when the practice of cramping them together with iron shoes came in fashion. If we accustom ourselves to living without giving any employment to the liver, we shall soon find that organ shrinking and disappearing. This being true, it only remains to find some method of dispensing with the liver, and we shall then be able to cast off its obnoxious yoke.

Anatomists inform us that we have an organ called the spleen which is at present purely ornamental. The Frenchman believes that the spleen causes the average Englishman to use strong language every day in the year, and to commit suicide every November, but this is a mistake. The spleen is a modest and unassuming organ, which passes an existance of elegant leisure but there is every reason to suppose that were it assigned any active duty it would perform it faithfully and well.

As Mr. Edmonds points out, the liver is situated on the direct line of communication through which the food from the stomach passes on its way to nourish the body. The liver seizes upon this food, and by its means keeps itself in a state of aggressive vigor. Over the same line pass the various medicines of which the liver is insatiable, and which are a source of such constant and unsatisfactory expense. Were this line of communication to be cut, the liver would be isolated, and could neither receive food nor medicine. In these circumstances, it would soon lose its size and strength, and, in the course of a few generations, would become a merely rudimentary and entirely harmless organ.

Mr. Edmonds' plan for bringing about this result is to place a tourniquet between the liver and the stomach, and at the same time to place a powerful poultice between the stomach and the spleen, and to arouse the attention of the latter with blisters. He maintains that after a brief period a new line of communication would be opened through the spleen, and the liver would become isolated. This is analogous to what Grant attempted to do at Vicksburg, when he tried to turn the Mississippi through a new channel and leave Vicksburg without water communication. Whether the plan is feasible or not remains to be seen. Mr. Edmonds bases his estimates for the work upon the principles of the development theory and the facts of anatomy, and he assures us that the thing can be done safely and with very little inconvenience. At all events, it is worth trying, and a society for the abolition of the liver and the improvement and utilization of the spleen should be organized without delay.

Even if Mr. Edmond's plan does not prove feasible, some other scheme of carrying out the same beneficent purpose may be devised. If men will only put in an earnest effort to get rid of their livers, the means to that end will not long be wanting. These are trifling matters compared with the oppression and crime of which the liver is guilty. Let us rid ourselves of this tyrant, and the malarious places of the earth shall blossom with tenants, and peace and comfort shall be the possession of all men.—*N. Y. Times.*

From Country to City.

The following article by Dr. Holland in the January *Scribner* was suggested by a letter inquiring about the chance for a young man in New York. It will perhaps answer the questions of many others who are turning their thoughts, if not their faces, cityward:

It is presumable and probable that there arrives in New York City every day a considerable number of letters from the country, making inquiry concerning what it is possible for a country man to do here in the way of business, and asking advice upon the question of his removal to the city. Every citizen of New York, with country associations, is applied to for information and counsel with regard to such a "change of base," and the matter seems worth the few words a careful and candid observer may have to say about it.

It is well, at the beginning to look at the reasons which move people to a desire to make the change. The first, perhaps, are pecuniary reasons. A man living in a country town looks about him, and can discover no means for making money in a large way. everything seems petty. The business of the place is small, and its possibilities of development seem very limited. A few rich men hold everything in their hands, and a young man with nothing for capital but his youth and health and hope and ability, feels cramped—feels, in fact, that he has no chance. His savings must be small and slow, and a life-time is necessary to lift him to a point where money will give him power. It seems to him that if he could get into the midst of the great business of the world he could find his chance for a quicker and broader development of wealth; and in this connection, or with this fancy, he writes a letter to his city acquaintance, asking for his advice upon the matter.

Another is smitten by a sense of the dryness and pettiness of the social life he is surrounded by in the country, and the small opportunities he has for personal satisfaction and development. To be able to live among picture galleries and in the vicinity of great, open libraries; to have the finest theaters and the most attractive concert halls at one's door; to be where the best minds reveal themselves in pulpit and on platform in public speech; where competent masters stand ready to teach every science and every art; to live among those whose knowledge of the world is a source of constant satisfaction and culture; to be at every fountain-head of the intellectual, social and politico-economical influences that sweep over the country; to feel the stimulus of competition and example, and to live in an atmosphere charged with vital activity—all this seems such a contrast to the pettiness and thinness and insignificance of village life, that the young man, realizing it, sits down and writes to his city friend, inquiring what chance there would be in the city for him. The country seems small to him; the city large. He feels the gossip that flutters about his ears to be disgusting and degrading; and chafes under the bondage imposed by his neighbors through their surveillance of and criticism upon, all his actions. He wants more liberty, and for some reasons would really like to be where he is less known and less cared for.

There is still another class of country people who long for a city life, and whose aspirations and dispositions are very much less definite and reasonable than those to whom we have alluded. They are not so particular about business or about wealth, nor do they care definitely about superior social privileges, or about the culture more readily secured in the city than in the country. They are simply gregarious. They like a crowd, even if they have to live in a "mess." They are so fond of living in a multitude that they are willing to sacrifice many comforts to do it. Once in the city no poverty will induce them to leave it. They have no interest in life outside of the city. These usually get to the city in some way without writing letters of inquiry.

Now, it has probably surprised most inquirers to receive uniformly discouraging answers to their questions. For, indeed, no man knows the trials of city life but those who have left quiet homes in the country and tried it. The great trial that every man from the country experiences on coming to the city, even supposing he has found employment, or gone into business, relates to his home. His thousand dollars a year, which in the country would give him a snug little house and comfortable provision, would get him in a city only a small room in a boarding-house. The two thousand dollars that would give him something more than a comfortable home in the country, would give him in the city only a better boarding-house. The three thousand that would give him in the country a fair establishment, with horses for his convenience and amusement, would in the city only give him a small "flat" in a crowded apartment-house, and the five thousand in the country that would give him the surroundings of a nabob, would only pay the rent of a house on Fifth avenue. The country rich man can live splendidly on from five to ten thousand dollars a year, while the city rich man spends from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. City incomes look large, but relatively to city expenses they are no larger than the country incomes. The man who lives in the city has experienced the remediless drain upon his purse of the life which he lives, and feels that the risk which a business man runs of coming into unknown circumstances is very great. He feels that unless his country friend knows just how to meet that draiu, he will be safer where he is. City life is naturally merciless. It has to take care of itself, and has all it can do to meet its own wants. If a man from the country comes into it, and fails, he must go to the wall. Friends cannot save him. A city looks coolly upon a catastrophe of this kind, for it is an every-day affair, and the victim knows perfectly well that he can neither help himself nor get anybody else to help him. So the city friend, knowing the risks and the needs of city life, dreads to see any country friend undertake them. Then, too, the faithful records of city life show that the chances are largely against financial success in it.

The man of society who is attracted from the country to the city usually fails to calculate his own insignificance when he encounters numbers. The man of social consideration in the country needs only to go to the city to find so many heads above his own that he is counted of no value whatever. "Who is he?" "What is he?" and "What has he done?" are questions that need to be satisfactorily answered before he will be accepted, and even then he will need to become a positive force of some sort in society to maintain his position. City society is full of bright and positive men and women, and the man and woman from the country bring none of their old neighborhood prestige with them to help them through.

To sum up what the city man really feels in regard to the coming of his country acquaintances to the city, it would not be far from this, viz.:

1st. The chances for wealth are as great, practically, in the country as in the city, and the expenses of living and the risks of disaster much less.

2d. The competitions of city life and the struggles to get hold of business and salaried work are fearful. No man should come to the city unless he knows what he is going to do, or has money enough in his hands to take care of himself until he gets a living position or becomes satisfied that he cannot get one. Even to-day, with the evidences of renewed prosperity all around us, there are probably ten applications on file for every desirable place, and no man living here could help a friend to a place unless he could create one.

3d. That the social privileges of the city may be greater, while the opportunities of social distinction and the probabilities of social consideration are much less than they are in the country.

4th. That in many respects there is nothing in the city that can compensate for the pure pleasures of country scenery and country life and neighborhood associations.

5th. That a city man's dream of the future, particularly if he ever lived in the country, is always of the country and the soil. He longs to leave the noise and fight all behind him, and go back to his country home to enjoy the money he may have won.

PARIS has now 1,500 metres of tubing laid down under the main thoroughfares, for the purpose of unifying the time of all the public clocks and setting them all by Observatory time. These pneumatic clocks will also be placed in private houses, and in future the time of day will be laid on just as is done with gas and water.

THE following sentence of only forty-eight letters contains all the letters of the alphabet: "*John P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quite a small size.*"

ILLINOIS, as a State, expects to be free from debt January 1st, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE OLD YEAR—GOOD-DAY TO THE NEW.

Farewell, Old Year!—thy journey's nearly done—
To thee a long farewell!,
No more, Old Year, we'll hear thy busy hum—
Alas! 'tis now thy knell

That falls upon our ears. Thy work is o'er—
Thy day draws to a close,
Lay now thy burden down forevermore—
Sleep thou in sweet repose.

Yes, rest thee—calmly rest—within thy bed,
Between thy sheets of snow;
No more we'll see thy white and hoary head,
Farewell before you go!

'Tis sad to part, for thou hast been a friend,
Firm, trustworthy and true;
One hand-clasp now before thou'rt gone to wend
Thy way, and bid adieu.

Trials have seen their day within the time
Allotted to thine age;
Bitter and sweet were mingled in the rhyme
On thine historic page.

Sad hearts and merry, mourning hearts and gay,
Have beat in thee, Old Year;
Canst thou not feel vibrations, e'en to-day,
Of pulses beating near

To thy cold heart, which soon must be entombed?
Do they not send to it
Some feeble glow of life, e'en though thou'rt doomed
To sink within the pit

Of man's forgetfulness, to be recalled
When Memory wakes the strain,
Or Fancy, looking back, see'st thee installed
A skeleton in the brain?

Must go, Old Year? Then we will part with thee
On one condition, friend;
Promise that we a bright New Year may see.
Some comfort our hearts to lend.

Good-night, Old Year—to thee a long good-night!
New Year, a bright good-day!
Our lives began again, O may the light
Of Heaven shine on our way.
Old Year, a long good-night!
New-Year, a bright good-day!

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

A great, cheerful kitchen, with the snow piled up in ermine drifts against the outside of the windows, and a view of gray woods wrestling against a leaden sky—a kitchen where the shoots of the carmine flame wove themselves in and out of the moss-fringed logs, like so many fiery serpents at play, and the great oleander tree in the corner was putting out its clusters of pink buds in reckless defiance of the season—that was where Aunt Pandora was at work frying crullers when Uncle David Doty came in from the postoffice, bringing a breath of the Aretic regions with him.

"Any letters?" said Aunt Pandora, fishing a particularly brown and savory twist out of a sea of boiliug lard.

"Yes," said Uncle David, "a letter from Evelyn. And they're in trouble again. Want more money."

Aunt Pandora shook her head.

"After that thousand dollars you sent 'em last July?" said she. "I'm afraid Evelyn's husband isn't a good manager."

"Business difficulties you see," said Uncle David. "Evelyn tells me they are living with the utmost economy, and denying themselves every luxury."

"Poor dear," said Aunt Pandora, benignantly.

"I really think we must spare 'em another thousand," said Uncle David, who had a soft spot in his heart for his niece and adopted child, Evelyn Elgin.

"A thousand dollars is a good deal of money," said Aunt Pandora, solemnly.

"Yes, I know it," admitted her husband. "But the Lord has blessed us with plenty of worldly goods, and how can we better use it than by helping our little Evelyn along? We were poor folks ourselves once, Pandora, beginning the world."

"So we were," acquieseed the old lady, as she set off the pot of lard, carried her pan of fragrant crullers into the pantry and took off her striped calico cooking apron.

"And I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do," said Mr. Doty, putting both hands on his knees, and staring hard at the blazing logs.

"What?"

"I'll go to New York myself and see the child," said Uncle David. "It may be they're actually suffering. Anyhow, I'll take my bank-book along, and do what I can for 'em."

"Well," said Aunt Pandora, "I think it would be a good plan. And you can take along some of these fresh crullers and a pair of dressed fowls, and some of the red Baldwin apples in your carpet-bag. If it wasn't for my rheumatism, I'd be glad of the chance to go along myself. Only to think that we haven't either of us seen Evelyn since she married that store-clerk and went to the city to live."

And so Uncle David Doty started off in the orange glow of the first day of all the New Year, and walked to the railway station while the sunrise was yet turning the snowy landscape to a sheet of diamonds.

It was a long and tedious ride, but what eared the old gentleman as he sat there, with the well filled carpet-bag beside him and a basket of apples beyond—such apples as little Evelyn had been wont to love as a child, when she had climbed the orchard wall and nestled in the high grass under the trees. And when he finally reached the great depot, it seemed as if he were actually stepping into pandemonium.

"Never was in such a noisy place before in my life," thought Uncle David, as he made his way through the crowd. "And how the New Yorkers do stare."

For, in truth and in fact, Uncle David Doty presented a sufficiently strong contrast to those around him to induce people to turn and look the second time. Six feet high, with a complexion rosy as a fall pear, a long white beard reaching nearly to the waist, and a shaggy fur overcoat, he strode along with the basket in one hand and the bag in the other, inquiring his way with a persisteney which would have done credit to a second Christopher Columbus in search of a new Western continent. And it was just noon when Uncle David at last found himself in East Barron street.

"My man," said he to a policeman who was trying to keep himself warm by vigorously slapping his arms across his chest "which is No. 99?"

"Ninety-nine?" said the policeman "half-way down the block—that big house with the blinds all closed."

"Can't be," said Uncle David.

"But it is," retorted the policeman.

"Look-a-here, my man," argued the old gentleman. "I'm looking for my niece, married to a store clerk, Mrs. Elgin by name. Now, is it likely they'd be livin' in a palace like that?"

"Don't know anything about that," said the policeman. "But it's No. 99."

And he went on slapping himself more vindictively than ever.

Uncle David stood staring at the tall house a few moments more, and then he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"It can't do no harm to inquire, anyhow," said he to himself.

A maid in a fluted muslin cap, trimmed with myrtle green ribbons, and a flounced merino dress, answered the far-off tinkle of the bell.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" said Mr. Doty.

"Guess you've mistook the door, mister," said the damsel, superciliously, glancing at the basket and bag.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" repeated Mr. Doty.

"Yes, she lives here, but she's receiving."

"Doing what?" said Uncle David.

"Ain't it New Year's day?" said the girl, with a pert toss of the myrtle ribbons. "Receiving calls, stupid!"

"Very well," said Uncle David, staring past the girl's head at a vista of gas-lighted hall, paneled in pink and gold, and decorated with stands of flowers. "Then I'll call."

"She's receiving her gentlemen friends," remonstrated the maid.

"Very well—I'm a gentleman friend of hers."

And he pushed unceremoniously past.

"Your card, sir, if you please," said the maid, holding out her hand in some consternation.

"I haven't any card," said Uncle David.

And he walked, basket, bag, shaggy great-coat and all, into an elegant suite of parlors, where the velvet carpets, mirrored walls, gilded furniture, and great, glittering chandeliers, all seemed to glisten and sparkle together. In a bay window at the end a refreshment table was set out, with a goodly show of cut glass decanters, silver coffee urn, and piled-up tropical fruit, while near by, chatting gaily to a group of gentlemen, stood a lady in a trailing pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, and jewels sparkling at her throat. Uncle David Doty could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Niece Evelyn," said he slowly, "is it possible that this is—you?"

Mrs. Elgin uttered a little terrified scream, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Uncle David!" she gasped.

The old man looked dryly around him.

"Poor!" commented he. "Very poor—utmost economy—denying yourselves every luxury. Yes, I see! I see!"

"But, Uncle David——"

"Don't trouble yourself to explain, Niece Evelyn," he interposed. "It isn't worth while. Do you see this?" holding up a narrow slip of paper. "It's a check for a thousand dollars which I was bringing you. But as I see you have no need for it, I may as well destroy it."

And he tore it into strips, which he scattered on the low sea-coal fire, and then walked out of the room.

When Mr. Septimus Elgin came home at night, not much the better for the champagne which he had contrived to absorb during the day, his wife met him with a pale, seared face, which sobered him at once.

"Uncle David has been here," said she.

"How much did he give you, my dear?" quickly demanded her lord and master.

"Nothing; and he is estranged forever."

"Then," said Mr. Septimus Elgin, slapping one hand vehemently upon his knee "we're ruined!"

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin sat looking at each other, with the faded flowers exhaling a sickly perfume around them, and the gaslights flickering overhead. Nor is it asserting too much to say that they were not happy.

It was scarcely a month afterward that Uncle David and Aunt Pandora were sitting by their blazing fire of pine logs, with its resinous "drip, drip," bubbling down into the ashes below, when there was a low click to the latch, and a slight, veiled figure came hurrying in.

"Why!" cried Uncle David, rising to his feet in breathless amazement, "it aint never—our Evelyn!"

She threw herself, sobbing, into Aunt Pandora's kindly arms.

"O, take me back, take me back," she sobbed, "for I have no other home left."

And then she explained to them that the brilliant Septimus having forged his employer's name to a check, had been compelled to flee the country, and that Sheriff's officers were even then in possession of the handsome house in East Barron street.

"My dear, let bygones be bygones," said Uncle David, kindly. "We'll blot out the past, now and forever. You are our little Evelyn again—and now let's say no more about it."

And so the good old farmer forgot and forgave it all; but if Evelyn lives to the age of a feminine Methuselah, she never can forget that New Year's day.
—*Amy Randolph.*

How to Go to a Church Festival.

When you go to the church festival, my son, wear your old clothes. You will not attract much attention, but then the wise man never goes to the festival to be seen of men; or, that is to say, to be sought of women.

Be pleasant and smiling and cheerful. When they offer you the seductive bowl of oyster soup, bend over it, affect to examine it critically, smell it, then rise up, shake your head sadly, and with a sweet, suggestive smile, say: "No, thank you, I guess not." This adds greatly to the happiness of the silver haired, motherly old lady who made the soup.

Lie boldly to the first girl who wants you to take a chance in the parsonage cake. Tell her you have already taken two chances. This will make it easier for the next lie. Then when she looks over her list and says she can't find your name tell her you bought your chances of the other young lady. Then when she says she is the only person selling chances in this cake tell her then it must have been in the other cake. Then when she says this is the only cake they are raffling on, brace up, look her right in the eye, and tell her, "O yes, you remember now, it must have been in the cake last year." She can't deny this, and you can look triumphant. But remember, my son, if you start a thing of this kind you will have to keep it up.

If you pick up any pretty little article on the fancy tables, ask the price of the same, and when you are told, drop it from your nerveless fingers, and as it falls upon the floor, exclaim in tones of amazement: "Well, I am ——" and leave the audience to imagine what you are. This never fails to please the young lady who has charge of that table. She will mention you to her friends.

Should you meet the pastor during the evening, say to him, if he asks whether you are having a good time: "O, yes, I feel like the man who went down to Jericho and—" and here look very archly at the young ladies behind the embroidery table, and proceed—"fell among thieves."

Affect a pleasant, but natural and undisguised horror of the tidies, and designate the worsted work as "stuff." Wonder what the lambrequins are for, and laugh, a short, explosive, sardonic laugh, when the ladies tell you. Ask some girl has sent a water color or oil painting of her own to the fair, affect to mistake the road for a river, and wonder why people are driving along the top of the water in a wagon. Also try to spell out the name of a hotel on the elm tree in the foreground, affecting to mistake it for an old-fashioned swinging country inn sign.

If possible, coax the prettiest girl away from the refreshment table and keep her promenading the room all evening with you, while a tired old woman does her work. Talk a great deal to all the girls at all the tables, and spend just as little as you talk much. Your conversation is considered vastly more valuable at a church fair than your money.

By closely observing these rules, my son, and carrying out the line of conduct they vaguely suggest, you will not be much annoyed by the begging committees, for they will soon learn to know you, and you will be set down as a man about town, and a young man who knows what's what.

You will also be set down as an ass; an empty headed, conceited, stingy, shallow-brained ass.

If you want to pay the price, my son, sail in; the article is yours.—*Hawk-Eye.*

Miseries in Russia.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following summary of the article which caused the suspension of the *Golos:* "The diarist devotes his first entry on Sunday last to an outburst of complaint regarding the enormous rise in the prices of all the necessaries of life. He especially refers to the enhanced price of grain in the south of Russia and to the dearness also of wood. The masses have now to consume straw in their stoves, and even this fuel has risen in price from thirty kopeks to one ruble and twenty kopeks per poud. The North fares no better than the South, for there, too, the cost of bread has risen in less than two years seventy-five per cent., and salt fifty per cent. The Russian moujik eats no more meat now than he did formerly; the cattle plague is no new thing in Russia; meat can be transported at much cheaper rates than before, and yet this article of consumption continues to rise in value. Life has become dearer, and still people do not value their lives any more. Nothing but suicides by drowning, shooting, or the knife, are reported from every side. Even the tallow candle has become dearer. Everything develops and grows, why should not prices grow? Monday's entry constitutes a sarcastic protest against the threatened abolition of the system of election of University Professors, and the substitution of that of appointment by the Government. A short time ago a Hellene, named Menagios, applied to a Russian university for the Greek Professorship, alleging that he had obtained a degree at the University of Gottenburg in 1871. He was, however, found out to be an impostor, and his application was dismissed. The author of the diary counsels Menagios to wait until the principal of election shall be abolished, when men detected in fraud and imposture will be able to occupy the various university chairs and instruct their pupils in forgery and deceit. On Tuesday, agriculture is the butt of the diarist's well-aimed sarcasm. More than a year ago new statutes were established for the lower agriculture schools, but, as usual, they never emerged from the region of project and theory. Materials enough were amassed by the commission to convince a blind man of the necessity of educating the agricultural classes of Russia. But this necessity was no novel idea. The commission also believes that it is possible to teach agriculture in our national schools; but a teacher of a St. Petersburg school, who once took it into his head to instruct his scholars in natural history, brought down upon his head the wrath of the press and the Territorial Assembly. It is also proposed to teach trades in national schools. A population, for example, is engaged in the iron industry, and carpentering is made compulsory in the schools, although there is probably not a tree or a bush within miles of the settlement. It is easy to talk about the introduction of scientific agriculture among the Russian rural populations and of technical knowledge into the national schools, but by whom it is to be done? By the Zemstvos? These institutions a year ago spent vast sums of money for the purpose without any result. Of course, it cannot be done all at once. By degrees we shall succeed in teaching in our schools those trades and industries by which the local inhabitants exist; in the course of another ten years we may begin on agricultural instruction, and then not all at once. For the sake of conformity, we can commence educating the population in agriculture in those districts where there is not an acre of land to plow. The *Golos* next refers to the dishonesty practiced in the pecuniary concerns of the commune authorities. The press almost entirely ignores the malpractices and embezzlements which are so common in the rural commune. If all the deficits disclosed by the occasional revision of communal funds were reckoned up, they would amount to millions. Threats of torture have been used in certain districts as arguments for the conversion of Stundists to orthodoxy. Refractory members were flogged. One woman, named Praskowia Shimenko, was flogged to within a short chance of her life, as testified by medical evidence. No feeling was stirred in the breast of any of the 1,000 witnesses of this barbarous scene, not even when the poor woman cried out in pain, 'Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do.' This castigation was evidently premeditated, for many of the spectators were persons who had purposely come from long distances. Nineteen years will soon have passed since the emancipation of the serfs, and during all this time the whip and stick have not disappeared from the self-administration of the peasant. Such barbarism does not harmonize with the respect due to the individual man. What do we see? The flagellation of Stundists, the burning of witches, the murder of a dumb man suspected of spreading rinderpest, the drowning of a drunkard, who in his cups threatened to burn down a village. This is the way in which the commune exercises its authority over the individual. An elder directed the *auto da fe* of the witch, and an elder ordered the cruel treatment of the Stundists. Who bold the whip more tenaciously in their hands than the elders of the village communes? The first step in peasant reform is to destroy this arbitrary power over individuals. Saturday's entry is a narrative respecting the suspension of a Jewish newspaper, called *Hamelitz*, which, however, is hardly to the point, and of little interest."

Education in China.

The education which qualifies a Chinaman of to-day is in all its greater bearings precisely that of, say 1,000 years ago. There are the twenty short chapters, containing almost all that is authentically known of the life and teachings of Confucius; there are the works of Mencius in seven sections, compiled in much the same manner as the preceding, with a view to set before the world the sententious utterances of these great ethical teachers of antiquity; and, further, there are two abstruse philosophical treatises which, with the above-mentioned longer works, go to make up that portion of Chinese literature known as the Four Books. When these have been learned by heart the student proceeds to commit to memory, in like manner, as much as possible of what we vulgarly call the Five Classics, consisting of the Book of History, which deals with a period extending from something like B. C. 2300 to B. C. 600; of the Book of Changes, in which a system of philosophy is based upon the permutations of a given number of unmeaning symbols; of the Book of Poetry, which may be said to correspond in many ways with our Psalms of David; of the Book of Rites, in which official etiquette and court ceremonial are treated with an impracticable minuteness; and, lastly, of Spring and Autumn, an historical work from the pen of Confucius himself, recording the chief events of the sage's native States or about three centuries previous to his own time. These are the works which candidates at public examinations are supposed to have at their finger's ends, though sometimes they only have them up their sleeves in the more tangible form of a diamond edition. At any rate the success or failure of a candidate is made to depend upon the ability he displays in elucidating themes taken from these volumes, and the skill with which he can throw off a copy of verses, correctly rhymed and accented and teeming with elegant appropriate allusions to the past. And it will readily be conceived that in view of the nature of the test before him, the candidate does not confine himself to a mere parrot knowledge of the classical texts upon which he will be examined. He pores over tome after tome of commentary and other exegetical aid, comparing the conclusions of the scholars who flourished at various literary epochs, and interpreted the difficult passages each more or less in accordance with the spirit of the age in which he lived. He reads volume after volume of the ponderous histories of Sze-Ma-Twang and Sze-Ma-Tsien, and lingers over favorite poets and essay-writers in the hope of attracting to himself something of the inspiration which secured them success and carried them on to fame. The curriculum of the Chinese student is, in fact, precisely that of the Oxford undergraduate of old who should propose to himself the envied distinctions of the class list. The latter would know possibly, Horace and Virgil very nearly by heart, besides being able to repeat a Greek play or two and a few books of the "Iliad." He would be able, it is unnecessary to say, to construe anything that could be set before him, either Latin or Greek, taken from the regulation authors. He would know infinitely more of Grecian and Roman history, philology, and antiquities of his native land. He would be quite competent to produce at a moment's notice, and after a short interval, a copy of verse in either language, always technically correct, and sometimes of a really graceful order. His education, so far, would further bear comparison with that of a Chinese literate in one important characteristic. Both forms, if indeed they are sufficiently divergent to be separately classed, are eminently stationary. Beyond a certain point there is no progress. There is culture of the human mind, it is true, to its extremest limit; but there is no result, no fruit borne, nothing which tends to bring about a practical advance in the affairs of this sublunary life. The old elements are combined and recombined over and over again; the process is one productive of immense pleasure to those who have successfully pushed their way to the front; but that is all that can be said.—*Celestial Empire.*

—How to drown a cat? In the water pitch her.—*Boston Transcript.*

VARIETIES.

—Courtship is a draw game—marriage is a tie.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The French law does not recognize promises to marry.

—"I like your impudence!" as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

—Whenever the Indians and soldiers have a brush the soldiers are very apt to furnish the hair.

—Rich Chinamen go to Tartary for their wives, their wealth enabling them to secure the very cream of Tartary.

—The hard fighting in India continues, but the fighting isn't half so hard as the names they are fighting about.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

—It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlord a razor, neatly enclosed in a handsome silk-lined case, labelled "Butter knife."—*Hawk-Eye.*

—A young man was taken out and hanged here yesterday for playing a fiddle under his inamorata's window.—*Leadville Herald.* "Hang up the fiddle and the beau!"

—"How do you like my boots, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "O, they're immense," replied the partner of her joy; and she had the first matrimonial fainting away at the result.

—If you want to be in fashion begin your letters abruptly, write with blue ink, and sign only your last name. The shorter your letters are when writing for a loan the more time you will save.—*Free Press.*

—A Garrard County (Ky.) farmer, not knowing what might be the result of the predicted meteoric shower, employed a lot of hands and had an immense amount of water in readiness in case his house should catch fire.

—Ask the average husband to run down cellar for a pan of potatoes for breakfast and his enthusiasm over the growth of the prosperity of America decreases one-half before he reaches the middle step—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Do editors ever get angry?" asks a lady correspondent. No, never. But if you happen in about the time when one puts the paste on the wrong side of the clipping you will discover that they become agitated sometimes.

—Did you ever notice the fact—of course you have—that a tramp who claims he has a trade, but can get no work at it, in the winter is a brickmaker and in the summer a lumberman or ice sawyer?—*Lockport Union.*

—When a young man has his office connected with his girl's home by telephone, it is a mean rival who will cast suspicion on the lady by stealing into the young man's office and putting onion juice on the instrument.—*Boston Post.*

—An Irishman was accused of stealing a handkerchief of a fellow traveler, but the owner, on finding it, apologized to Pat and said that it was a mistake. "Arrah, my jewel," retorted Pat, "it was a two sided mistake—you took me for a thief and I took you for a gentleman."

—National debts were of little importance until the French revolution. They now amount to about $28,000,000,000, mostly owed by European States for war incurred by dynasties, and in which common people had no voice. These debts and standing armies are now the cause of poverty.

—"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen how many will remain. I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?" "Cos, sir, he would forget how many are left."

—A Hartford man's excuse for stealing a pair of chickens was that while at work he hung his coat near the coop and on going for it he found the chickens roosting on the same. He hadn't the heart to wake them up he said, so he wound his coat around them without waking them and carried them off. His defense was ingenious, but he was sent up for three months all the same.

—A boy caught in the act of stealing raisins in a shop, was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Sir, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the raisins and lick me beside!" This appeal was too much for the grocer.

—O, that Monday could be postponed to the middle of the week. Everything goes wrong side up Monday morning. People get out of bed in a huff, eat breakfast because they are obliged to and come down town in a fit of the sulks. The fact is, Sunday just gives rest enough to make a man feel the need of more and Monday finds him mad because he can't get it.—*N. Y. World.*

—A schoolboy got up to read a composition on "The Tree." He got as far as "This subject has many branches," when the teacher said "Stop! you have not made your bough yet." "If you interrupt me again," said the boy "I'll leave." "You give me any more of your impudence and I'll take the sap out of you." said the teacher. "I twig," said the boy, and then the regular order of business proceeded.—*Baltimore Herald.*

—"I wonder what makes it look so dark and gloomy outdoors?" said Mrs. Hickenlooper to the next-door neighbor who had just run in a minute to borrow a couple of fresh-laid eggs. "I guess it's because your windows need washing," gently remarked the next-door neighbor, critically running her forefinger up and down the glass. And then there was a sort of coolness fell like a wet sheet on the assembled multitude, and the next-door neighbor's cake wasn't as rich by two eggs as it might have been.—*New Haven Register.*

—There is one good thing about the National debt; we owe it, we've got to pay it sometime, that's all right; but all the same, a man can't come chasing you down the street with a bill of it in his hand, and collar you just as you go into a crowd and say: "See here, now, I want to know what you are going to do about this, and when you are going to let me have something on it." As a debt, if we must have debts, the National denomination possesses qualities eminently superior to all its cheaper brethern.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—General Reuben was seated on a mackerel barrel, with his feet on a couple of sugar hogsheads, and had just given an account of how he froze them sliding down hill in the winter of '76. There was silence for a few minutes, interrupted by an interrogation from Mozart Daffodil. "Do you mean, General, to have our understanding comprehend dat you froze both of dem feet in one winter?" "Both," replied the General, cutting off a piece of tobacco about the size of a toy harmonica. After another reign of silence the General demanded. "Do you doubt that statement, sah?" "No," replied Mozart, "I was only thinking what a long, hard winter it must have been."

—A very rich old man had married a young wife, and died suddenly, on which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor, who stood by the bedside of the deceased, "O, I'll not believe that my poor partner is dead; he could not die, and leave me! No, no! he's alive—I'm sure he's alive! Tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that it is possible that he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." O, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiment against the law of Nature; let him rest in peace."

A Woman's Opinion of a Lawyer.

It was a sad thing for Lettie Davis (colored) when she put out her washing on the clothes-lines of her South Fifth Avenue abode yesterday. Peterson Knapp, of kindred tint, was there on the watch, and he came, it is alleged, as a thief in the night and carried off the raiment, part and parcel. At all events an astute policeman arrested him for the offense, and he went to the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday prepared to maintain his innocence by counsel. Lettie was there, too, and in spite of numerous trying interruptions from counsel she got down to the point in her narrative where she discovered Peterson longingly eyeing the clothes as she hung them out.

"Dat brack niggar," she said, urgently apostrophizing the prisoner, "he stood dah wif an ole clay pipe shoved whar it 'ud do the moas good, and he a puffin' as if he'd like to split. But de way he looked at dem clothes was quite 'nuff to show any reasonable oomans dat dey wa'nt safe."

"Come witness," quoth counsel sarcastically, "tell us just what kind of a look that is."

"O, you git out," was the snappish rejoinder.

"I insist on the question: How did the prisoner look to convey the impression the clothes were in danger?"

Witness was ready with another tart reply, but His Honor said:

"Come, you must answer; how did he look?"

The witness seemed puzzled.

"Did he look," asked His Honor, glancing around for a smile, "did he look like—like counsel, for instance?"

"O, 'deed, no, sah," replied the witness. "If he looked de least bit like dat gemman, dere wouldn't been no robbery at all."

"Ah," said the flattered counsellor, "how's that?"

"I'd made odder arrangements."

"Indeed," he continued, smiling, "what might they have been?"

"Why, if he looked at all like you does, I wouldn't have dar'd to hang dem clothes out at all."

There were no interruptions from that time on.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Interesting Story.

About two centuries ago, a French navigator named Begon brought from Asia a new plant which is still called after him, Begonia. Few readers would suspect the part this plant plays in the production of the handsomest shawls so prized by ladies. The best by far of these are made in Cashmere, a beautiful district at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. The material used in their manufacture is the finest down from the Thibet goat. Every one has probably remarked the singularly graceful patterns with which they are ornamented, and perhaps wondered whether they were studies from nature or the production of the artists brain. They are the former. Nature in the east supplies admirably graceful leaves on which the sun designs delicate ornaments, and the workmen of Cashmere imitate them, as the Grecian sculptors copied the curves of the acanthus in the Corinthian capitals. These leaves are those of the Begonia. When the French arrived in Egypt at the end of the last century they were surprised to see the Orientals wearing costumes, shawls, turbans, sashes, etc., of beautiful Cashmere work. They greatly admired these dresses, which falls so gracefully on the human form. When the conquerors of the Pyramids returned to France they displayed their rich booty, which immediately came into fashion among ladies. From that period they have constantly remained in high favor. Their prices vary from 1,000f. to 7,000f. Under the Empire no lady with any pretension to fashion went out without a Cashmere shawl. The taste for these articles, although not so great as formerly, has not entirely ceased. However, it is very rarely now that a person wears a real cashmere; the articles in general use are the product or French manufacture.

A WATER spaniel recently followed his master into a machine shop in Pulaski, N. Y., and while wagging his tail briskly got too close to an oily shaft which was making 150 revolutions per minute. The hairs were long and were wrapped once around the shaft before the dog got ready to wag his tail the other way. The shaft made thirty-seven and one-half revolutions in fifteen seconds, and the dog likewise, before his master discovered his predicament and released him. After his adventure the spaniel was very much out of breath but was not seriously hurt.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Edltor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1880.

Which is the Law and Order party now in Maine?

Nothing is so unsuccessful as failure. The Democrats should remember this before they again embark in the fraud business.

Gov. Garcelon, of Maine, didn't know that the Supreme Court was loaded, or he wouldn't have shot it off right into his own face.

The Republicans a few days ago carried the municipal election at Pensacola, Florida, which is considered a big "boom" for the party down there.

The Supreme Court even refused to recognize the use of ditto marks as an incomprehensible mystery in the election returns, and it hints pretty broadly to Governor Garcelon that he ought to have understood their meaning.

Delaware Republicans believe that if they are allowed a fair registration and an honest count they can carry that pocket borough of the Democrats. The courts have been appealed to to appoint supervisors to defeat the scheme of the Democrats to prevent the full registration of the Republican vote.

Every Democratic senator was present at the caucus meeting in Annapolis Tuesday night. Herman Stump was nominated for President; Eugene Higgins, of Baltimore, for Reading Clerk; Thomas H. Travers, of Dorchester, Committee Clerk, and Frisby H. Bouldin, of Kent, Sergeant-at-arms. The House caucus elected Hiram McCullough, Speaker; M. Y. Kidd, Chief Clerk, and Wm. H. Cole, Reading Clerk. John G. Chapman, of Charles county, was elected Chairman of the caucus, and J. C. Campbell, of Baltimore, Secretary.

The Richmond (Va.) *State* says: "Our Board of State Canvassers, all but one of whom have been turned out of office, might easily have found enough technicalities in the returns to have counted out the Republican and Readjusters Fusionists, and that, too, without at all stretching any of the points of law, and the state would have been kept in the hands of the Conservatives; and, even though it had caused violence and tumult, they could have rightly maintained themselves in this great wrong, and much better than Garcelon in Maine. But they never once thought of perpetrating a crime of this enormity."

The Democratic leaders of Maine seem bent upon doing their party as great damage as possible. Notwithstanding the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the State, they are reported to be determined to carry out their scheme of organizing the legislature by means of their illegally obtained majority, and filling the State offices with persons of their selection. After having accomplished their purposes, they will allow the representatives elected by the people to take their seats. We do not believe that there is as much indignation over the injustice done the Republican party as simple amazement at the folly of the Democrats. Considered from the point of view of a politician looking at events with regard to their effect upon party prospects, the loss of a few State offices in an off year would be a small cost to the Republicans for the gain of a great deal of political capital, which can be effectually used in every State during the presidential campaign. It would, therefore, be an imitation of Democratic folly for the Maine Republicans to resort to violence to prevent the consummation of the frauds arranged by the Democratic leaders. Nothing should be done that might distract public attention from the shameful spectacle that they intend to present.

The clear-headed Democrats who have all along opposed Garcelon's larcenious scheme can remind him now that he had better have taken their advice.

Fraud in the Pillory.

The Supreme Court of Maine is an impartial and dignified tribunal, whose members are not partisans, and whose action is disinterested. The only one of its members who has been known as a politician is Justice Libby, who has always been a Democrat. The chief justice has been on the bench for thirty years, and all the judges have been distinguished for conservatism and independence. The unanimous opinion of such a bench must carry with it conviction, and their answers to the questions submitted by Governor Garcelon leaves the Maine Returning Board without a rag to hide its shame. Although Governor Garcelon had rejected the searching interrogatories proposed by Ex-Senator Morrill and submitted others so worded as to limit the action of the court to points where the Returning Board believed itself strongest, the court shows that the action of the board has been wholly illegal and arbitrary, and that the award of certificates of election to defeated candidates and the disfranchisement of large cities is without excuse.

There is a crustic severity in the language of the opinion that bites the brand of fraud deep into Garcelon's brow. What could be more cutting than this comment upon the Returning Board's plea that the act of 1877, providing for the correction of errors from the record, even if constitutional, is merely permissive, and not mandatory: "A command clothed in the language of courtesy is so clothed because it could not be doubted that high and honorable officials would unhesitatingly avail themselves of all legal means to declare the result of an election according to the actual fact, in obedience to the fundamental principles of popular government." There is as close an approach to sarcasm as is possible in judicial language in the gravity with which the court informs Governor Garcelon, in answer, to his ingenious question as to whether "dots under figures" opposite a candidate's name is to be considered as the return of a number of votes for that candidate, that such dots "stand for the word ditto, one of common use, and have a perfectly well defined meaning know to persons generally."

Not only does the opinion show the course of the Governor and Council to have been illegal, but it contains an unmistakable reprobation of their secret search for technicalities with which to defeat the plain intent and will of the people. The Governor is admonished that "the official returns required from the municipal officers of several plantations, towns and cities are, and will be, made by plain people, and made, too, in the hurry and bustle and excitement of an election. They are not required to be written with the scrupulous nicety of a writting master, or with the technical accuracy of a plea in abatement. Sentences may have been ungrammatical; the spelling may deviate from the recognized standards, but the returns are not to be set to naught because the permanship may be poor, language ungrammatical or spelling erroneous. It is enough if the returns can be understood; and if understood full well, effect should be given to their natural and obvious meaning. They are not to be strangled by idle technicalities, nor is their meaning to be distorted by carpings and captious criticism. When that meaning is ascertained, there should be no hesitancy in giving its full effect."

The opinion is, in short, a strong condemnation of the conduct of the Governor and Council from first to last, and if they have left any sense of shame or decency they will promptly recall the certificates of election issued to defeated candidates and issue certificates to those elected by the people. The disfranchised cities of Portland, Lewiston, Rockland, Saco and Bath should have an immediate recognition of their rights and the representatives elected by them receive their certificates. The Supreme Court indeed plainly declares that the failure of the Governor and Council to do their duty cannot exclude the representatives of the people from their seats. They say: "If it appears to the House of Representatives that there was an election of representatives in fact, they should admit them to their seats, though no returns thereof were made to the secretary of the state. A representative is not to be deprived of his rights because the municipal officers have neglected their duty." After this declaration from the highest judicial tribunal of the state it is clear that if the representatives of these cities take their places in the House when it meets, they will be there of right, and the law breakers and rebels will be those who attempt to exclude them. The Democratic capacity for blundering as exhaustless has become a trite remark. Governor Garcelon and his associates may carry their plots to a point where they will become actual treason.—*Baltimore American.*

A Receiver Asked.

Balto. American, Jan. 2.

Counsel for the holders of preferred construction bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, filed yesterday in the United States District Court a bill in equity against the canal company, praying the court for an injunction against the present management of the canal, and for the appointment of a receiver to take possession of the canal property franchises, books, accounts, &c., with authority to manage the canal until the debts claimed to be due the complainants are fully satisfied. The suit is brought in the name of Daniel K. Stewart, and the counsel for the complainants are Messrs. Marshall & Fisher, Johnson & Poe, Archibald Stirling, Jr., and Joseph Bryan. The parties named as respondents are Arthur P. Gorman, president of the company; J. Bayard H. Smith, A. Bowie Davis, Geo. S. Brown, Jas. Sloan, Jr., and Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., trustees under the mortgages of 1848 and 1878. The bill recites in detail the history of the canal and the acts of the legislature bearing upon it, the failure of the company to pay interest on the issue under the act of 1841, of which bonds, with interest coupons, complainant holds $150,000, the whole issue having been $1,699,500. The amounts due the holders on these coupons from June 1, 1865, are put down at over $1,600,000. The bill then charges that the company is largely insolvent, wholly unable to pay its debts, and that by no proceedings at law or equity can the bondholders obtain payment of their claims out of the property of the company. Further, that by an act of the legislature of 1878, authorizing an issue of $500,000 of bonds, secured by a mortgage upon the canal itself, its tolls and revenues, the State waived its priority of lien upon the canal, and that the effect of that act is to expose holders of the preferred construction bondholders to the total loss of their security, and cause the company to default in the payment of the semi-annual coupons on the last issue, and that the acceptance of the act of 1878, and the execution of the mortgage under it, was a wanton sacrifice of the true interests of the company and of the property rights of the preferred bondholders. Also, that the act of 1878, chapter 58, and the mortgage and bonds issued under it, are null and void as against him, and the other holders of the preferred bonds, as taking from such bondholders the security acquired under the act of 1841.

So complainant urges that it is unlawful for the company to assume to exercise such power as it seeks to do under the act of 1878 in order to provide for anticipated necessities that the tolls and revenues may be sufficient to meet; and avers that the alleged deficiency of means to meet these charges did not in fact exist when the company executed this mortgage except through the unlawful and improper squandering and diversion of the means of the company by its officers; and he charges that this deficiency of means, so created, was not greater than could have been readily met from the current tolls and revenues, and was far less than the large sum which the company has assumed to borrow.

A POLITICAL MACHINE.

The bill then charges that the duty of the corporation was to manage its affairs honestly, wisely and economically, so that it could exercise the franchise conferred upon it for the benefit of all the public, and for the security and payment of the debt due the complainant and other creditors like him. But instead of the corporation performing its legitimate duties—for the purpose of which it was created—it has for several years past been used for the accomplishment of objects entirely destructive of the interests and rights of complainant and other creditors; that it has been used, and is now being used, to a great extent, as a political machine for partisan purposes, without regard to the rights of creditors.

It then recites that "the president of the company, Arthur P. Gorman, Esq., is now, and has been for some years past, the chairman and head of the State Central Committee of a political party in the State of Maryland, and a member of the Senate of that State; and the whole power and patronage of the canal company have been for several years past, and are now, applied and devoted mainly to partisan purposes by him and those who, with him, exert a controlling influence in the management of the canal company, to the great injury of the rights of complainant and its other bondholders."

Complainant then charges that "the said Gorman and those who with him control the company, have during the last three years, under pretence of employing persons to perform services for the company, kept their own political and partisan agents in its pay, well knowing that these persons were not in fact in the service of the company, and not entitled to receive pay from it; and that they have employed, and paid out of the funds of the company, large numbers of unnecessary employes, for the same improper purpose of promoting and furthering their own political schemes; and that this gross abuse and misapplication of the tolls and revenues of the company has been conducted secretely, and that the losses to the company thereby occasioned have been such as greatly to injure its creditors, and help to create the pretended necessity for the creation of the last mortgage.

He further charges that the managers have interfered in elections in the counties through which the canal passes, using its patronage and money to elect those who were put up as their candidates and to defeat their opponents; and by such a course of maladministration and mismanagement have reduced the revenues of the canal and disabled it from performing its contract with its creditors.

A FINANCIAL EXHIBIT.

The bill exhibits the following statement of the business of the canal company, with its receipts and expenditures for several years past, as shown by the annual reports of the President and directors to the stockholders of the company:

Years.	Receipts.	Expend.	Net Inc.
1874.....	$509,660	$277,075	$249,615
1874.....	517,112	264,274	253,137
1875.....	473,218	258,717	214,500
1876.....	301,121	236,976	67,144
1877.....	291,308	279,481	.....

"From this statement it is manifest that under the present wasteful and extravagant administration of the canal company, while the tonnage of the company has not decreased twenty-five per cent., the receipts have diminished more than 60 per cent., and the net income has been reduced from $250,000 to nothing."

With these figures are compared those of the preceding administration of President Clarke, as follows:

Years.	Receipts.	Expen.	Net. Inc.
1871.....	$417,441	$220,121	$197,322
1872.....	476,161	222,859	253,301

Further, the bill recites that while the example of President Clark's administration was fresh in the public mind, the management of President Gorman, to some extent, followed the example of his predecessor; but he and his administration have gradually departed from those sound principles, and have become so entirely partisan that the property pledged to creditors has been for years past, and is now being, used primarily and mainly in the interest of partisan politician objects, without regard to the rights of creditors. He then charges "that this exhibit of the management of the affairs of the canal company, taken from its official reports, proves that the failure to pay interests on the preferred bonds has not been caused by failure of business of the company, but by extravagance, mismanagement and maladministration by the said Gorman and his associates."

FURTHER SPECIFICATIONS.

Complainant further alleges that the President and directors have persistently refused to publish monthly statements of expenses, notwithstanding orders passed by the stockholders to that effect, and that the mystery in which its affairs have been purposely surrounded is one of the most efficient means by which the management of canal and the misapplication of its funds have been concealed from its creditors.

The bill continues: In 1872 the salary of president was fixed at $1,000. The company then had a net income of $261,200. In February, 1874, the salary was increased by allowing the president $1,000 per annum for travelling expenses; and subsequently the salary was raised to $5,000, thus making a total salary of $6,000 for the president of a bankrupt corporation, which, by its last printed report shows an excess of expenses over receipts, of $78,000.

Complainant charges, "that by reason of the gross mismanagement and maladministration of the affairs of the canal by President Gorman and his associates, by the perversion of it from a business corporation to a partisan machine, used to promote the political fortunes of those who control it; by the abuse of its corporate powers in procuring from the legislature of Maryland the passage of the act of 1878, and the issue of bonds thereunder, which the act declares shall be prior lines to all bonds hereafter issued, on tolls, revenues, property, rights and franchises of the canal; by the acceptance of this act by the corporation, by the deliberate refusal of the President and directors to obey the order of the stockholders, and to publish detailed periodical statements of their receipts and expenses, so that a check and supervision could be exercised over extravagant and illegal expenses, and by the failure of the stockholders to enforce their said orders, great frauds have been perpetrated on complainant and other bondholders, and that their rights are in imminent danger of irreparable injury if this court does not promptly interyene and deprive the said corporation and its managers of all control or power over the property, rights and franchises of the corporation. If they are allowed to continue in the abuse and perversion, of its corporate powers, to issue bonds under the act of 1878, to expend the revenues in extravagant salaries and partisan and illegal enterprises, there is imminent danger than the whole work, property, franchises and rights will be sold for non-payment of interest on bonds issued under the act of 1878, and thus irreparable damage be done to the rights of complainant and other creditors; and they can never be safe while the property, rights and franchises of the company are allowed to remain in its present hands, the company being utterly insolvent, and its property and assets entirely inadequate and insufficient to pay its debts."

A NEW INTERROGATORIES.

Appended to the bill and forming a part of it are thirty interrogatories, the first four relating to the amount of bonds under the act of 1878 that have been sold, the method of their negotiation, whether any of them have been pledged as collateral security for payment of loans, whether the money from their sale was mingled with the other funds of the company or kept in an account by itself in the bank; also, whether any of the bonds were used or offered to be used in payment for Wharf property purchased in Cumberland from Messrs. Thomas J. McKaig and William Walsh. Among the other interrogatories are the following:

Has the company constructed a telegraph line along the canal? What has it cost? Was J. Frank Morrison appointed superintendent of telegraph? When, and at what salary?

To what directors are salaries or compensation paid, and what are the amounts?

Was not a large force of laborers employed in Montgomery county in the fall of 1878, during the canvass of Peter and Prettyman for Congress, and were they not taken off the work in that county, or discharged, or sent elsewhere soon after the primary election, or the regular election?

Was Alfred Spates appointed general shipping agent for the canal company at Cumberland within the last five years? What were his salary and his duties? Did he keep an office for the transaction of the business of the company, or any books or accounts of his or the company's business? Had not Spates before that published articles attacking the administration of President Gorman? Was he not a candidate for state senator from Allegany county in 1877, and did not all the agents, officers and employes of the canal vote against him?

Was John Kehoe—a saloon-keeper in Cumberland—put on the pay-rolls of the company, not long, or at any time, prior to the municipal election there in 1879? How long was he on the pay-rolls? How much pay did he receive, and when? What work was he employed to do? What work did he do?

Did a person named Mercer act as janitor, or clerk, or secretary, or in any other capacity about the Democratic State Central Committee room in the city of Baltimore? Was he that time in the pay of the canal company? What pay did he receive, what were his duties, and how long was he in the service and pay of the company? Did any person while in the employment of and receiving pay from the canal company since January 1, 1876, act in any capacity in said State Central Committee room as assistant or otherwise? If so, state his name and address.

Was a person named Harding appointed deputy collector of the canal at Georgetown, D. C., in the year 1879, or in any other capacity anywhere? Was he engaged in the performance of his duties in August, September and October, 1879? What was his salary?

Is Edward Mulvany general shipping agent at Cumberland now, or has he been during the last twelve months? What are his salary and his duties? Has he an office for the transaction of business? Where is it?

What employment has William Bernard in the business of the canal company? What are his duties and his salary?

Judge Bond ordered that the application for an injunction and receivor be set for a hearing on the first Monday in February, provided a copy of the order be served upon defendants on or before the 10th of the present month.

Dr. G. W. Bagley (Mozis Addums) is out in a long, interesting and well written letter (to the Charleston *News and Courier*) in which he advocates the nomination of Gen. Grant by the South, or rather, we suppose we should say, he recommends that she shall, for polite reasons, regard his election as predestined, and make all the capital she can by aiding to render his election as nearly unanimous as possible. The Doctor has no fears that a term will lead to a permanent occupancy of the White House.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

The South Carolina Legislature has adjourned without passing the law submitted to it requiring an educational qualification for voters. The reasons for this inaction are plain enough. The requirement of ability to read and write before being allowed to vote would shut away from the polls a vast number of ignorant negroes, but it would also shut away a large number of "poor whites," who now vote the Democratic ticket. It was proposed to avoid this misfortune by declaring that the requirement applied only to those persons who had not exercised the right of voting for twenty-five years. There was a still more serious obstacle. The cutting down of the number of voters would reduce the State's delegation in Congress, and that could not be thought of for a moment. So the bill was dropped, and the party will continue the work of "redemption" on the old plan of tissue-ballots and bulldozing.

TELEGRAPHIC.

GARFIELD NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION.

COLUMBUS, O., January 6.—The Republican senatorial caucus was held to-night, and General James A. Garfield was nominated for United States Senator by acclamation. Major Townshend, of Athens, presented Garfield's name, which was seconed by Peter Stryker, of Cincinnati, who withdrew the name of Stanley Matthews in favor of Garfield. Benjamin Eggleston, of Cincinnati, withdrew the name of Alphonso Taft, and ex-Governor Dennison sent a note to the caucus withdrawing his own name.

POPULAR FEELING AT AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 4.—The decision of the Supreme Court has been discussed to day by crowds upon the streets, at hotels and elsewhere. The Republicans are greatly excited and jubilant, and regard it as a good summate triumph for their cause. The opinion is freely expressed in the best informed circles that the opposition cannot stand up and defy the court. Many Democrats think the Governor made a mistake in referring any question to the court, and some claim that the decision will have no effect, the certificates having been really issued. The Republicans say the Governor should recall these. It is believed that quite a number of the counted in will refuse to accept the certificates.

WHAT DOES GARCELON THINK NOW?

WATERVILLE, ME., January 3.—Governor Garcelon addressed a large Democratic mass meeting here to-night. In concluding his speech he said:

"I ask you to consider what would become of our Republican form of government if the men you choose to office should violate the laws and the Constitution to suit their own partisan feelings. So great has been the excitement I have called upon the Supreme Court to decide questions which have been decided for fifteen years, and when that decision is rendered I hope the people will be satisfied.

CALIFORNIA'S LEGISLATURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 5.—The legislature assembled to-day. A fosion was talked of between the Democrats, Workingmen and New Constitution assemblymen, to organize the House, but it fell through, and on the first ballot the Republicans elected J. F. Cowdery, of San Francisco, Speaker. The Republican senatorial caucus to day resolved to send a despatch to Senator Blaine and ex-Senator Morrill, congratulating them on the decision of the Supreme Court of Maine, and adjuring them to stand firm and maintain their rights.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 2.—A bill was filed in the United States Circuit Court, Judge Bond, to-day, against the Chesapeake and Ohio canal company, praying the appointment of a receiver and an injunction against the present management of the canal. The suit is brought in the name of Daniel K. Stewart, a preferred bondholder, and sets forth that the act of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1878, chapter 58, was invalid, and the mortgage and bonds issued under that act are null and void as against him and other holders of preferred bonds, because the act of 1878 takes from the said preferred bondholders the security of the bonds acquired under previous acts of the assembly. The bill also charges mismanagement by the president and directors of the canal company in the application of its funds, and asks that they be enjoined from exercising any of the powers, functions and franchises of the corporation, and from issuing any bonds under the act of 1878. Judge Bond appointed the first Monday in February for the hearing. The counsel representing the complainant are Messrs. Marshall & Fisher, Johnson & Poe, and Archibald Stirling, Jr., of this city, and Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, Virginia. The State of Maryland is interested more largely in the canal than in any other party, having more than $20,000,000 in it.

LOCAL NEWS.

—There is much sickness in this neighborhood at present.

—The material for the Sang Run bridge still remains at Oakland.

—Rain has fallen here almost every day for more than a month.

—The Garrett Literary Society will meet this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock. All are invited.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Mr. J. A. Enlow has placed a new sign in front of his store room in THE REPUBLICAN building.

—The roads in Garrett county are said to he in a worse condition now than for years, owing to the long continued rains.

—A. B. Gonder, Esq., who has been spending the holidays among friends in Cumberland, returned to Oakland Wednesday.

—The Garrett Guards have removed their headquarters from Offutt's Hall to Dailey's Hotel, he having kindly tendered them a room.

—Married—On Tuesday, Jan. 6th, at the residence of the bridegoom, by Rev. Wm. E. George, Josephus Harvey and Mary E. Peck, both of Garrett county.

—Married—On New Year's Day, 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Oakland, Md., by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. John S. White, of Preston county, W. Va., and Miss Jennie B. White, of Oakland, Md.

—The Garrett Guards have completed their arrangements for being present at the inauguration of Gov. Hamilton next Wednesday. They will leave here Tuesday night. Their uniforms will arrive to-day.

—Prof. Igon, Messrs. W. C. Davis and Ed. H. Sincell and Miss Laura Stalnaker, who were at home during the holidays, have returned to their respective schools. Mr. Arthur Townshend is prevented by sickness from returning at present.

—Dr. McComas' fine horse "Maximilian," while being taken to water, Saturday evening last, slipped and broke one of his fore legs and sprained the other, besides being otherwise injured. Notwithstanding efforts made to restore him, he died Tuesday evening.

—The Garrett Guards will have a dress parade and inspection, in full uniform, on Saturday evening. Owing to the smallness of the room, none but those having passes will he admitted. These can be obtained by application to officers or members of the company.

—We acknowledge the receipt from Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Massachusetts, of copies of Ayer's well-known Almanac for 1880 in English, French, German, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Spanish and Portuguese, the whole forming a collection well worth preservation. The publication of these carefully prepared and really valuable books, at the rate of ten million copies per annum, all for gratuitous circulation in all quarters of the globe, is one of the marvels of this marvelous age. It takes eight months to print them, at the rate of fifty thousand copies per day, and the production of them consumes nearly five hundred tons of paper.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

New Law Firm.

On January 1st, 1889, a law copartnership was formed between T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, under the style of Peddicord & Combs. Their office is in the court house, and persons having business before the courts would do well to put it into their hands. The members of the firm are so well known throughout the county that it is needless for us to say anything further in their behalf.

Allegany School Matters.

The furore in the County School Board came to a climax Tuesday morning by the removal of J. W. S. Cochrane, as School Examiner, and the election of J. W. Shober in his place. Dr. G. B. Fundenberg was removed as President and Dr. Chas. H. Gerzendanner elected in his place. It will be recollected that Judges Motter and Pearre failed to agree upon the appointment of the school board, and that the old board, composed of Dr. G. B. Fundenberg, Dr. Chas. H. Getzendanner, L. T. Dickerson, consequently hold over. Getzendanner and Dickerson are Democrats, and Fundenberg a Republican. Cochrance was a Democrat, and came from Dorchester county two years ago. Shober is a Republican, and lives in Cumberland, having been examiner a few years ago, previous to the election of G. G. McKay.

County Commissioners Meeting.

The Board of County Commissioners met at 10 o'clock Monday, present a full Board.

The following road accounts were approved: Wm. Coddington, Wm. Inglehart, John A. Junkins, John Tice, Asa Savage, E. D. Kepner, Amos W. Savage, Solomon Turney, Alex. Fresh, S. J. Beachy, J. W. Frantz, Hiram Duckworth, Henry M. Broadwater, Henry Blocher, Andrew Blocher, Lewis Poppe, Thos. B. Wiley, Lewis Vansickle, Jefferson Frazee, Eli Brown, Wm. R. Barnthouse, Aaron Wilhelm, Louis Beitzel, Wm. Boyer, Henry Schlossnagle, Geo. W. Wilson, Jacob Mosser, John Paugh, Peter Stark, S. W. Friend, James Paul, Silas Walter, M. G. Harvey, Jonas Wass, Hugh Cooper, R. J. Head, John Riley, Abram Turney, Bernard Stilding, Samuel Specht, Daniel Wilson, W. M. Coddington, D. J. Beyer, Ewd. Barnard, A. S. Sell, Geo. L. Michael, Joseph Martin, Henry Shank, Gillead Miller, Jos. E. Lint, Michael Durst, Philip Durst, Jos. Irons.

The Board entered into a contract with W. H. Riley, for the building of a bridge over Yough river near Guard's, in District No. 2.

The Petition of P. Hamill and others for the re-location of Meadow Mountain Run road, was set down for a hearing at the next meeting of the Board.

The petition of Francis McCrabie and others, for a change of road levy from Warnick to Beavers, was dismissed.

The following Constables were appointed,

District No. 1.—Scott Pew.
No. 2.—Laid over.
No. 3.—David Durst.
No. 4.—Samual Harshbarger.
No. 5.—Frederick Kolb.
No. 6.—Jacob Fleegle.
No. 7.—Jas. S. Johnson & W. S. Wolf.
No. 8.—George Moon.
No. 9.—Isaac Learue.

Ordered, By the County Commissioners, this 7th day of Jan. 1880. That F. A. Thayer, Clerk, be and he is hereby instructed to render accounts to all road supervisors, appointed prior to the year 1879, who are in arrears to the county and request immediate payment of the balances due by them.

The following preamble and order was passed:

WHEREAS, the County Commissioners did on the 6th day of October, in the year 1879, award to Wm. D. Burton the contract to build a bridge over Yough river, at Ashby's ford; and whereas the said Wm. D. Burton did on the 11th day of November, 1879, enter into a written agreement with said County Commissioners, binding himself in the penalty of $560 to build said bridge according to plan and specifications furnished, and to have the same completed on or before the 1st day of January, 1880: and, whereas the time for completing said bridge has passed and the said Burton not having commenced said bridge. It is therefore ordered by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, this 8th day of January, 1880, that in their opinion the said Wm. D. Burton has forfeited said contract, and all rights and privileges which he had under the same, and said contract to build said bridge is hereby declared null and void and of no more effect than if it had never been made. And it is further ordered, that the Clerk be and he is hereby instructed, to deliver in person to the said Wm. D. Burton, a copy of this preamble and order certified by him, under the seal of the office.

Our Grantsville Letter.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., Jan. 6th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—The communications already published in your excellent journal on the subject of old Grantsville families having proven somewhat satisfactory to your intelligent readers, I have thought another upon the same theme might be accepted in the same manner.

About a hundred years ago a young man by the name of Jesse Tomlinson, removed from Will's Creek, to the Little Meadows, where he commenced opening up a farm and carrying on a tavern. He was prosperous, considering the times. but was a bachelor and needed a helpmeet in his business. The tide of emigration, then as now, was westward. On a lucky day, a genteel family from the east came along Braddock's road, bound for "old Kentuck," and halted at the modest inn for shelter. Among them was a tall slender daughtor of quiet demeanor. Mine host was at once caprivated and the young lady never got any farther west than Little Meadows. They lived as a happy and prosperous pair, and both died in the same year—1840—each beyond four score years. Jesse Tomlinson in his day was the most luportant and influential man in the upner end of Allegany county. He was foremost in every enterprise and in the course of his long life held many public positions and had acquired much property for his time. He was a considerable slaveholder, one of whom—Reeson Sweet—still survives, an aged man, living in Baltimore, respected by all who know him. He is the only living being that was attached to this once powerful family. Tomlinson had five sons, to all of whom he gave a generous education, but none had the thrift of the father. Henry, the youngest, and favorite son, graduated at Washington college, Pa. In 1825 became a member of the Cumberland bar. Married in Washington, Pa., but lived on his father's ample estate most of his married life, but died while on a visit to his old college home in 1838, aged 38 years, the last of the five brothers. His education was brilliant and talents splendid, yet the fruit was not excellent. Nearly all this powerful family have for long years rested at the foot slope of Meadow Mountain, at a spot indicated by a beautiful marble shaft, in full view of the "Stone House," and quite near the site of a small fort built by Washington in one of his campaigns to Fort Pitt. We have more than once stood upon the site, as shown by the old people, but the previous 75 or 80 years had completely effaced the whole structure; and so it is with the Tomlinson family, whose memory I respect for their friendship to my own. The name of Tomlinson in Garrett county exists only in memory and that in but a few. All the sons but one died childless, and he lived in Kentucky and left only one or two children.

George Bruce was for many years a resident of this district, living on the fine property now owned by our excellent friend, Isaiah Boucher, but upon his second marriage, about the year 1846, removed to Frostburg, where he died in 1853. He too, was a leading man in his day and community, possessing intelligence, sound judgment and great rectitude. He was emphatically a true man, always to be depended upon. Hence the great respect that was shown to him, and he had a just title to it all. He had by his first wife five children, William, Elizabeth, George R. Henry B. and John Jesse. The first died in Ohio long since. George R., one of the most splendid young men of the county, died in 1853, in his first thirties. Elizabeth, formerly the wife of the late Norman Bruce, now the wife of —— Dickinson, lives in Baltimore and Henry Basil in Pittsburgh; John J., the Joseph of the family, is a resident of Cumberland, long a prominent man in many of the relations of life, recently elected to the Legislature from Allegany county and prominently named by his party for Speaker. He has also been for several years a contractor on the great Gunpowder Water Works extension in Baltimore.

It is a real pleasure in this connection to render a small but just tribute to this old friend. Besides being a gentleman of education and culture, he is by nature solid, decided and immoveable from the right and just, and a friend that never wavers where friendship is needed and at all deserved. Born within three miles of each other, at times still nearer in years than miles apart, school associations beginning in the year 1841, in the little log building, at the Stone House, under Chas. Slemaker and continuing together at other schools until time for business came. Always friends, without a single break in the long run of a generation and more.

The Bruce influence was potent in this county when they were here, but they have all gone from our midst, but their memory is held in high respect by all who are old enough to reach back.

No one now knows just when Caspar Durst came to this part of the country, but certainly a very long time ago; at any rate he is the progenitor of all the Durst name who so numerously populate Garrett and Allegany counties, to say nothing of the legions that are now scattered over neighboring and the Western States. Little is known of old Caspar. Tradition says he was a man of remarkable agility. It is said of him that he could spring a wolf trap with his feet and jump out without being caught. This is a pretty tough story and is not vouched for; but another more reasonable, and no doubt true, is told of his son, Lightfoot John, who was considerable of a hunter. Finding himself short of ammunition and there being none nearer than Cumberland, 27 miles distant, he donned his blue hunting shirt and deer skin moccasins and off he went afoot (he would travel no other way) to the city and returned home before sundown with replenished horn and pouch, and a buck was made to feel the quality of the new powder and lead the same evening. If John Durst was now here, a young man, he would soon win the Astley belt as a walker.

Henry Durst, grandson of Caspar, is now the patriarch of the Durst family at almost four score, but hale, hearty and capable of doing a good day's work. Just here we recall an amusing incident. We were once in the woods gunning together; game was not very abundant, but while standing under a large tree a fine coon was discovered perched in the top boughs; a missive in the shape of a piece of lead was sent up to his abode to invite him to come down; a speedy response came, but the animal was rude enough to throw himself upon the shoulder of our fellow huntsman. Result, a lame member for many days, and some "powerful" swearing of the old pattern, openly aimed at the dead varmint, but really at the young man with an empty gun in his hand.

The Durst family are by far the most numerous in this part of the county, and are noted for their amiable and clever dispositions, good, law abiding citizens. Maj. Philip and Michael Durst are perhaps better known to the public than the rest. They are worthy, respectable and useful men. The family never was ambitious for public places, but still some of them filled important and responsible offices.

GRANTSVILLE.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Jan. 7:

John Barnes and wife to Christopher Miller, part of a tract of land called "Hampstead," 6 acres, 2 roods and 38 perches; $2,000.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Christian Mosser, 8 acres of land and Lots Nos. 12, 13 and 14 in Swanton; $76.

G. S. Hamill and wife to Mary A. Kelley, tract of land called "Melancholy," 100 acres; $500.

Thos. Coddington, late Sheriff, to John F. Nixon, part of Milliary Lot No. 121, and Lots Nos. 127 and 128; $75.

Aaron Boyer and wife to Henry Kolb, part of Military Lot No. 3606; $8.

Elizabeth Daniels and others to John Daniels, Military Lot No. 2660; $300.

Mary Ann Fike and husband to Wm. M. and Joseph Gutherie, mineral right of one acre of land; $10.

Election and Installation.

At a regular meeting of Shealtiel Lodge, No. 122, I. O. O. F., Monday night the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing term:

N. G.—Thos. J. Peddicord.
V. G.—Rolla G. White.
R. S.—Jas. A. Hayden.
P. S.—W. H. Tower.
Treasurer—J. W. Smith.
Chaplain—J. Lee McComas.
Conductor—M. R. Hamill.
R. S. to N. G.—Jas. S. Johnson.
L. S. to N. G.—E. D. Kepner.
Warden—M. L. Scott.
O. G.—D. H. Loar.
I. G.—G. W. Merrill.
R. S. S.—E. M. Snedden.
L. S. S.—A. C. Wotring.
R. S. to V. G.—David Little.
L. S. to V. G.—M. C. Best.
Representative to Grand Lodge.—J. Lee McComas.
Alternate—Thos. J. Peddicord.
Trustees—G. W. Legge, D. H. Loar, Jas. S. Johnson, David Little.

Comments of the Press.

Commenting on the decision of the Supreme Court of Maine on the questions submitted by Gov. Garcelon, the New York *Tribune* says:

"The decision brushes away every pettifogging trick which has been divised to defeat the will of the people, and, though in every line and word strictly judicial and non-partisan in tone, it breathes throughout a spirit of intense indignatin at the attempted perversion of law and prostitution of official power to dishonest ends. It stings like the sentence of a great criminal by a justly indignant judge."

New York *Sun*: "The decision will impress the whole country as sound in law and eminently just. We concur entirely in the views taken by the learned judges. We ask not who loses or who gains by the decision. It is a matter of infinitely small moment whether one party or another shall be temporarily in power when compared with the importance of preserving in absolute integrity the principle of real popular government."

New York *Herald*: "The decision has delighted the Republicans and set the Democratic jaw at a sharper angle."

New York *Times*: "The opinion of the court, which is completely against Gov. Garcelon, is so comprehensive, clear and direct, that it must deprive him of the sympathy of all decent men who may have been inclined to support him. Under the circumstances, the more promptly he accepts the situation and undoes the wrong that he has done the better it will be for him."

Philadelphia *Times*: "The decision practically leaves the Governor and council without a single technical point to stand upon, and they must now insolently defy the highest judicial authority of the State, as the Florida returning board did, or undo their work and certify the rightfully chosen legislators to their seats."

Philadelphia Evening *Telegraph*: "It has been demonstrated in the clearest possible manner that returning boards cannot well be trusted in any instance, and that they are especially untrustworthy when composed of officials who, in the nature of things, are certain to be ardent and unscrupulous partisans who have educated themselves into the immoral belief that in politics, as in love and war, all things are fair."

Philadelphia *Record*: "The decision will be generally taken as an authentic and final demonstration of the fallacy of Gov. Garcelon's theory of the legal situation, and of the consequent error and justice of his action."

Philadelphia *Press*: "The decision settles beyond controversy the principles which underlie this dispute, and it leaves the usurpers without a single ground of justification."

That revolution would be the result of Peru's defeats by sea and land was to be expected, and the upheaval has turned down Prado and brought up Pierola, who has twice had to flee the country after a failure to overcome the government. Don Nicolas Pierola is forty years of age, and, as Minister of Finance under President Balta, he was a supporter of the railway schemes of Henry Meiggs, the carrying out of which accumulated a heavy debt upon Peru, but was not unprofitable to the Finance Minister. He was impeached for his conduct, but escaped conviction, and a year or so later appeared at the head of a revolution which soon collapsed, Pierola taking refuge in Chili. In 1877 he headed another revolution and got possession of the iron clad Huascar, his cruise on which was summarily brought to a close by the English Admiral Hornby, who, after a short combat, compelled the Huascar to surrender, and handed it over to the Prado government. Pierola had influence enough to save his neck, and was allowed to retire to Chili. Now Prado takes his turn as a fugitive, and Pierola is dictator of Peru. Such is political life in the republic whose presidents are limited to one term, and which does not allow troops at the polls, or policemen either, in order to prevent the slightest official control over the conduct of voters.

RETURNED HIS CERTIFICATE.

FAIRMONT, ME., Jan. 5.—Louis Voter, a Democrat, who was counted in by the Fusionists as a representative, has returned his certificate to the Governor, believing that the reason given for the issuance of a certificate to him is not sufficient to justify his acceptance of the position.

Garcelon should sit down and think if there isn't some way in which he can count out the Supreme Court.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1880.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Maine, is received with intense satisfaction by Republicans here. They look upon it as the judgment of justice visited upon the rascally gang who aimed to subvert the ends. The Democrats regard it as the death knell to their burglarious hopes, and on all sides they blame Gov. Garcelon severely for his shortsightedness in giving the Supreme Court a chance to show the matter up from a legal standpoint. The regular Democrats, or more hardened rascals, who stood behind Garcelon and keep him propped up in the work, were bitterly opposed to his submitting any questions whatever to the Court, knowing that a legal decision would be against them. We expect the men whom the people selected to legislate will now do so. This is another splendid Republican victory over Democratic fraud and knavery, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Senator Blaine and other prominent Republicans for the part they have taken in preventing the consummation of the Democratic usurpation.

People have almost forgotten that such a party exists as the National-Greenback-Labor party, but we wish to inform your readers that it has not entirely passed away. Its latest device to draw votes, and so life, from the other parties, is a scheme to pay the Pensioners the difference between greenbacks and gold at the time they received their payments. This is a cunning little dodge calculated to excite the cupidity of soldier voters, and induce them to clamor for more legislation. Such a measure, if adopted, would bankrupt the Government and no soldier who loves his country would ask of it such a sacrifice. It is hoped the Democrats will not take the matter up. Republicans assuredly will not.

Hon. Fernando Wood has nearly completed his bill providing for 3½ per cent. refunding bonds, and will introduce it shortly. As proof of its success he calls attention to the theories and assertions disproved by the success of specie resumption in 1879, and says that in the same manner will the prejudice of Secretary Sherman against a 3½ per cent. bond be disproved.

The House wil take up for discussion and adoption the new rules prepared during the recess. The old rules were 166 in number. 45 is the number made by the committee.

LOGAN.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 230¾ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my property, or upon the lands for which I am agent, and especially the lands of Ernest Cruitberg, near Altamont, Garrett county, either for the purpose of fishing or hunting, or any other purpose. The extreme penalties of the law will be visited upon those disregarding this notice.

12 6 3 SAMUEL W. FRIEND.

Estate of Daniel Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of DANIEL SMITH, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscriber, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, on or before the 23rd day of June, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 23d day of December, 1879.

ELIZABETH SMITH,
DANIEL R. SMITH,
12 27 3 Executors.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of three writs of fieri facias, two issued by Alexander L. Osbourn and one by Richard B. Jamison, Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, two at the suit of George W. Legge, and one at the suit of J. B. Brant, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Alex. C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 258, 373, 477, 1286, 1521, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1910, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1238, 2586, 998.

being the same lots obtained from John Swan and wife by deed dated December 7th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., folio 621, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. Said Military Lots are situated in Garrett county Md.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, January 17th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said judgments and costs thereon,

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
12 27 td Constable.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osbourn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Peddicord and Gonder against the lands, tenements, goods, chattels, rights and credits of John Fox, I have seized and taken in execution all the lands, tenements, goods, chattles, rights and credits, both at law and in equity of the said John Fox, in and to a lot, piece or parcel of land in the town of McHenry, Md., known as the

WOLF LOT,

containing one-half acre, on which is erected a two-story frame dwelling house.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, January 10th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said claim and costs thereon.

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
12 20 td Constable.

ORDER NISI,

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 171. Equity.

JOHN S. COMBS, Assignee of William E. Henshaw, vs JOHN TIGHE and LENA M. TIGHE, his wife.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of December, 1879, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by John S. Combs, Assignee of William E. Henshaw, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of February; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 22d day of January, 1880.

The report states the amount of sale to be $175.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test—
12 27 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of John Frantz, of Jos. dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of JOHN FRANTZ, of Jos. late of said county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 23d day of June, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 23d day of December, 1879.

THOS. B. FRANTZ,
HENRY FRAZEE,
12 27 3 Executors.

The Criminal Code of the Jews.

The rabbins were the first among ancient legists to render the infliction of the death penalty as painless as possible. The manner in which the sentence of the law in capital cases were carried into effect was regulated by a series of enactments. Every detail was preordained. The place of execution was always beyond the limits of the town; generally at some distance from the hall where judgment had been pronounced. There were two reasons for this—first, that a certain interval of time should elapse between sentence and execution, so as to permit the court to examine any evidence that might yet be forthcoming; and, secondly, that the Synhedrin should not witness the execution. As soon as the punishment of death was decreed, the criminal was conducted from the court. Two elders, the witnesses and the officers of the tribunal accompanied him. In advance of the cortege walked an attendant, proclaiming aloud, "So-and-so is to be executed for such-and-such an offense; so-and-so are the witnesses; the crime was committed at such a place, on such a day, at such an hour. If any person can urge anything against the infliction of the punishment, let him go to the Synhedrin now sitting and state his arguments." Thus the party proceeded through the town. Arrived within six yards of the place of execution the sages who were with the culprit pressed him to confess his crime. They told him that whosoever makes confession is priviliged to share in the *olam haba*—future existence, since death was an expiation of all iniquities. If he refused to acknowledge his guilt he was asked to say, "May my death prove an atonement for all my transgressions." He was then conducted to within four yards of the place where the sentence was to be carried into effect. The death draught was here administered. This beverage was composed of myrrh and frankincense (*lebana*), in a cup of vinegar or light wine. It produced in the convict a kind of stupefaction, a semi-conscious condition of mind and body, rendering him indifferent to his fate and scarcely sensible to pain. The drink was—in Jerusalem—provided by the women, who considered this one of the greatest *mitzvoth*—meritorious deeds. In provincial towns the local communal authorities were required to furnish the criminal with the draught. As soon as the culprit had drunk of the stupefying draught the execution took place. In accordance with the Mosaic code four kinds of death were inflicted, each appropriate to a distinct series of crimes: stoning, strangling, burning and decapitation.

Nothing can be more absurd than the notions generally current respecting the manner in which these punishments were carried out among the Jews. The stoning of the Bible and of the Talmud was not, as vulgarly supposed, a pell-mell casting of stones at a criminal; the burning had nothing whatever in common with the process of consuming by fire a living person as practised by the churchmen of the Middle Ages; nor did the strangling bear any resemblance to our English mode of putting criminals to death. The stoning to death of the Talmud was performed as follows: The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet; the higher; within certain limits, the better. It was not, however, to be so high as to smash or greatly disfigure the body. This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to desecrate the temple shaped by Heaven's own hand. The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner, in accordance with Deut. xvii. 7. If the convict fell face downward he was turned on his back. If he was not quite dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of an eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall upon the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary; the semi-stupefied condition of the convict and the height from which he was cast ensuring instant death. The bodies of those condemned for blasphemy or idolatry were subsequently hung upon a gallows until dusk; in other cases immediately after execution the corpse was interred. Outside every town there were two cemeteries for criminals—one for those sentenced to be stoned or burned, one for those decapitated or hanged. As soon as the flesh had disappeared the skeleton could be removed to the family burying-place. A few days after an execution the friends and relatives of the dead man—he was no longer regarded as an offender—called upon the judges who had tried him. This was a tacit acknowledgment that the punishment had been justly awarded; and that those charged with the administration of the law were regarded with no revengeful feelings by the family and connections of the unfortunate man. A criminal senteneed to death by burning was executed in the following manner: A shallow pit some two feet deep was dug in the ground. In this the culprit was placed standing upright. Around his legs earth was shoveled and battened firmly down until he was fixed up to his knees in the soil. A strong cord was now brought, and a very soft cloth wrapped around it. This was passed once around the offender's neck. Then two men came forward, each grasped an end of the rope and pulled hard. Suffocation was immediate. As the condemned man felt the strain of the cord, and insensibility supervened, the lower jaw dropped. Into the mouth thus opened a lighted wick was quickly thrown. This constituted the burning.

Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assassination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who willfully and wantonly slew a fellow-man with a stone or an implement of stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons guilty of paganism and living in a town.

Strangulation was a form of death by suffocation. It was affected as in burning. The culprit stood up to his knees in loose earth. A soft cloth containing a cord was wound once round the neck. The ends being tightly pulled in opposite directions, life was soon extinct.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Healthy and Unhealthy Occupations.

There is said to be dust everywhere, but what constitutes dust is variable material. Many occupations, the working of fibers no less than the working of metals, develop dust and seriously affect the lungs. Iron often settles there. A workman, who had polished iron, died, and his lungs were found to be hardened and actually one per cent. of iron in their substance. Grinding, particularly needle grinding, is very fatal. These grinders die at the average of thirty-one. The grinding of other metal products is unhealthy, but to a less terrible degree, and grinders are proverbially neglectful of proper precautions. Making ground glass is a hard life, and hardly any of the workmen at it are sound. Thirty-five per cent. die of consumption, and many lose their teeth and suffer virtual lead poisoning. Diamond cutters are generally sick men. Vegetable dust is unhealthy, too. The men who prepare molds for castings sprinkle them with powdered charcoal. They have finally a catarrh with black expectorations, and die of the disease. Millers do not suffer from inhaling dust, but they have a singular skin disease, oftenest affecting the left shoulder, where they carry meal bags. It itches at night only, and, according to some authorities, is not a vegetable matter but an insect. Making brushes is very bad for the health, as the bits of bristle get into the lungs. In button making, bone dust is not injurious, but mother of pearl is, very. Feather handling is exceedingly bad for the lungs and throat, and for the eyes, and artificial flower-making brings poisoning with it.

Working in copper actually makes the hair green and the teeth, and it is said the bones, but it is not injurious. Copper is seldom worked alone, and what is called copper poisoning is probably lead poisoning. Seamstresses suffer from poisoning from the stuffs they work. They also hurt their eyes, but the sewing machine, it is now held, is rather a benefit than an injury if used only a few hours a day. It is the all-day work at it in bad air that has given it its bad name. Tobacco-working involves a week or two of sickness at first, but this is overcome, and after it the workmen are said to be particularly free from epidemic diseases. However, its effects upon women are said to be permanently bad. There is a great lack of children with them. Bleaching is a cause of serious trouble from eczema, which comes from the hot water and lye, which also gives washerwomen cracked hands and eczema. Ninety per cent. of the people employed in preparing sulphate of quinine are taken down with severe eczematous troubles and often high fever. This is a disease that overcomes new workmen and which they have only once. Gasmen also have skin troubles from the violent sweating brought on by the heat, and changes of temperature also develop rheumatism. There is no bronchitis or lung troubles among them.

The only way in which mirrors can be made without the horrors of mercurial poisoning is by using silver and letting quicksilver alone, but considerable can be done to improve the condition of mercury workers if they can be made to keep clean, and not to eat in their workshops. Match-makers (not matrimonial, but material) have their intellects dulled by the fumes they inhale, and suffer dreadful necrosis of the jaw. No one with perfect teeth can make matches and not lose his jawbone and teeth. Working in rubber produces "rubber poisoning," which is accompanied by catarrah and eczema, and is marked by a singular development of despondency, that leads to despair and the abandonment of the work, after which recovery comes naturally in. It is a singular fact that offensive odors are not unhealthy. Tanners are proverbially well. In cholera plagues tanners are exempt. Butchers hardly ever know what consumption is. Even scavengers of the lowest order are very well, and stable boys are notoriously healthy.

The Dakota Blizzard.

Carl Belau, a German, with his family, were living in a shanty belonging to another man on Section 10, township 143, range 50, something less than a mile from the place they were preparing for a home. The man had completed a stable, and his house was ready to move into. They commenced to move Saturday, and were drawing their goods on a hand-sleigh, leaving their stove behind to be taken over the next trip. When within about one hundred steps of the house the woman was taken ill, and the two youngest boys, aged eighteen months, and three and one-half years, were left wrapped in a blanket, and put in a dry-goods box, while the man helped his wife and two other children to the house. They got the woman in bed when the girl and boy were beginning to freeze, and they were put in bed with their mother. By this time it began to get dark, and when the man started out for the children left behind, his wife begged him not to go, as the children were lost, and he would freeze. He could not think of leaving them without making an effort, so he started and had reached the box when he was frozen, and died on the spot. The woman gave birth to a child that night, and on Sunday night it died. She laid in bed without any fire, or food to eat, until Monday noon, when she got up and managed by some means to reach the house of Mr. Gage, about one and one-half miles distant. Search was then made, and the man was found lying on his back, near the box which contained the bodies of his two boys. It is reported that Mr. Belau had loaned about $65 to some man, and was unable to get it, or he would have had everything made comfortable before the cold weather came on. Sheriff Haggart, with his usual true generosity and kindness, sent some flour and provisions to the woman, who still remains at the house of Mr. Gage. Deputy Sheriff Hammes returned last night with the boy and girl, who were badly frozen, but will probably recover.

Among reports of accidents during the late blizzard, the *Argus* is pained to learn of the sad death of Georgie Owens, aged nineteen, and Evans Owens, aged eleven, children of Wm. Owens, Sheriff of our neighboring county of Richland. Last Saturday they were visiting a neighbor, in company with their grandfather, and when they were ready to go home, the old gentleman told them to remain where they were overnight. They insisted upon starting, however, and were allowed to do so. They were found next day, half way home, frozen to death.—*Fargo Argus, Dec. 17.*

The Joys of Life in Guiana.

We reached the village of Menaparuti late at night, after a very long day's walk, and once more slung our hammocks in the fine open shed. Here we rested a day, in order to obtain a supply of cassava, which the villagers prepared for us in abundance. They had no fresh meat, so a hunting party went off to the woods in search of game. All they brought back was a small manna, and a large striped coatamundi, whose flesh was so pungent that it completely spoilt the bird which was cooking in the same pot. We were much amused by a number of village children who used continually to pass our house on the way to the river. Slowly, in single file, they marched past, the tallest leading, and the sizes diminishing until the last was not the height of his bow. They never smiled, and were so grave that they impressed one with the idea that they were little old men starting on some dangerous expedition. Once we followed them, and directly the small troop was out of sight of the houses, its members changed immediately into children. They shouted and laughed, pushed each other into the river, jumped into their tiny canoes and raced one against the other, swam about, and were as happy as schoolboys on a half holiday. After their fun had lasted some time they all crossed the river, resumed their solemn air, and disappeared in single file up a forest path on a shooting foray. About an hour afterward they returned triumphantly, dragging another coatamundi, which the little imps had managed to kill, probably with a poisoned arrow. From childhood to old age male Indians are seldom without a bow or a blowpipe in their hands, peccaries, pumas, and panis falling as easy a prey to the man as toucans, pigeons, and small birds to the boy. To get food is their principal object in life. They have few pastimes, but enjoy a dance, or the "ha-ha" game. In some tribes, when a youth wishes to show his courage and powers of endurance of pain, he is shaken up by his friends, in a bag filled with Monouri ants, which are the most dangerous of their kind, the sting of one being sufficient to cause fever. This is almost their only amusement.—"*Roraima and British Guiana.*"

His Sentiments.

On a Grand River car the other day, a lady suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse. The other passengers consisted of an old man and six women. Three of the women chuckled at the loss, two whispered to each other that they didn't believe it and the sixth looked around on the floor with eager eyes. The old man's sympathies were aroused from the first, and he asked:

"Did your wallet contain any money?"

"Of course it did!" she sharply replied.

"Did it also contain a photograph of your deceased husband and other relics of no value to any one but the owner?"

"No, sir! My husband is not dead! I had over eight dollars in the purse."

"Over eight dollars and winter right at our doors," he mused. "Were you carrying this wallet in your—in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you stop in any tobacco store down town?"

She gave him a blast with her eyes and refused to answer.

"Because," he went on, "I allus lose my wallet in a tobacco store, if anywhere. I don't think you will ever see your lost wealth again. Have I your permission to take up a collection on this car for your benefit?"

"No, sir; you will please attend to your own business!"

"Very well—I will! My sentiments, however, force me to say: I sympathize with the bereaved in her loss. That's all!"

Then he sat down.—*Free Press.*

Burning the World.

That the conflagration that is to consume the world has begun is believed by many residents of Reading, Pa. while some gentlemen were shooting on the farm of Henry Miller, near that city, one of the party killed a partridge which fell in an adjacent field. To the surprise of the gentleman his dog refused to fetch the bird, and he went for it himself; but at the spot where the bird had fallen he suddenly sank several feet in a bed of fire and ashes. The burning track is a square in length and half a square in width. Miller says the fire began burning about three weeks ago, and travels several feet a day. It emits no smoke excepting now and then when a turf of grass is being consumed, or when trees are burning, but the heat is intense. The fire has extended into a green wheat field, which is gradually being destroyed. The roots of oak trees burn off, and some trees two feet and a half in diameter have fallen over.

THE Norristown *Herald* regards approvingly the maintenance of the old custom of flinging an old slipper after a bride, but holds the practice of flinging after a would-be son-in-law a heavy boot containing the foot of a girl's father as despicable.

THE wicked small boy cannot be made to believe that skating ice will break any quicker on Sunday than any other day.

Our Young Folks.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays,
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures,
Divide the long, sad year, that labors by
Into short measures.

Yea, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish:
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered bows, where still the old leaf clings
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor.

MRS. NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

Mrs. New Year and I were going to have a party. At first we meant it to be a general reunion of the Time family, but the Months had all grown up and had gone away from home. They seemed to belong to the whole world quite as much as to us; and then they do put on such elder-brotherly and elder-sisterly airs that we were afraid the children would not have a good time. We were especially anxious that *they* should enjoy themselves, and so our grand reunion resolved itself into a children's party. We did not think of inviting the Weeks, but we knew that Carnival Week was the only one of them all that would be satisfied with the simple amusements that delighted the children and so we decided to ask only the little Days.

"The dear little things," said Mrs. New Year, "What a good time they will have! You can hardly guess how queer it seemed to me at first when my sister, Mrs. Old Year, went West and left me such a houseful of children. I felt quite overwhelming, but—it is very strange—but they had not been with me long before I began to wonder whether I had ever really lived before they came; though sometimes it makes me feel very old and responsible, almost as if I must have lived a long while ago and gone West, and then come back again, for everything seems so strangely familiar, even when I know I have never seen it before. I suppose all people have such feelings sometimes."

"Yes, but I think you have better reason for them than almost anyone else," said I.

"It does no harm," said Mrs. New Year, "and it pleases the children when I tell them stories about what I remember or imagine that I remember."

We had to think very hard to find a place where the Days had never been; but at last we remembered Hirgendsvo, which they had all been told that they might visit sometime. It is the most wonderful place in the world. It is an island, but the water around it is not the kind in which children are drowned, but that which is good for sailing boats. The trees are loaded with the nicest fruit, all the kinds that we like best and a great many others that never grow anywhere else. There are ponies to ride, and wherever they stop a flight of steps spring up out of the ground, so it is easy to climb upon their backs. Some of these children liked to go fishing, and for them there were long, light fishing rods covered with beautiful pictures that they could look at when the fish were unwilling to be caught. This did not often happen, for their lines had no hooks but only little silver openwork baskets full of sea mosses and coral, and when the fish saw them they would scramble in as fast as they could and be drawn up to the surface of the water, not quite out, for they do not like the air, and there they would lie in the bright-colored mosses and tell the children stories about the wonderful things away down in the Underworld. There were swings that swung themselves, and if you shut your eyes it would seem as if the sweetest music were floating about in the treetops all around. If you would rather keep your eyes open, then you would see such lovely little fairies standing on the branches, and they would toss to you great handfuls of the nicest candy you ever ate. There was everything that anyone could think of to make children have a good time, for it was the pleasantest place in all the world for a children's party.

Mrs. New Year and I went there early, and in a little while the children began to come. It was almost like a masquerade, for the children had been told that they might dress as they liked, and some of them liked to wear very funny things.

Mrs. New Year had one little girl of her own, whom the others called New Year's Day. She came with her mother very early, for she was such a sleepy little puss that Mrs. New Year did not like to have her up late. The dear little thing had come in a dainty dress of pure white, but when she saw that the others were wearing all sorts of strange and unusual things she managed to fasten on some kind of a trail loaded with heavy ornaments which few older people know how to manage very well. They were sadly in her way, for she was not strong enough to carry them alone, and she was too proud to ask any one to help her, and so they dragged around her feet, and more than once she tripped and fell. At last I saw her lying under a tree fast asleep. As I came up she awoke and began to cry to find herself in a strange place, but before I could get to her, Christmas, one of the oldest of the children, was at hand, as she almost always is when little New Year's Day needs her help, and in two minutes the poor little woman was kissed and comforted so that she ran away happier than ever.

Valentine was one of the merriest of the children. What capers he did cut! He tossed candy hearts and funny pictures around among them all and then he would sing comical verses and make them laugh. But I was very glad to see that he was never rude in all his fun. I could not say as much for April First, for he was continually doing or saying something that would hurt somebody's feelings, and, what was worse, he did not always seem to care even when he knew how bad they felt.

June Seventeenth was there in a plain gray suit. He stood up very straight and wore eyeglasses. April First shouted just behind him, "See that old monument!" June Seventeenth drew himself up and, turning, said, "That remark shows that you are utterly wanting in culture." He said nothing more, but he was very angry, and I do not know what would have happened if Valentine had not chanced to see what the matter was, and made so many jokes and sung so many funny songs about them that they merely looked angrily at each other and separated. June Seventeenth walked away with his head higher than ever, while April First went into a dark corner, muttering, "He does look like an old graystone monument anyhow!" And so June Seventeenth was indignant and April First was sulky.

But little Mayday, who had watched the quarrel but had been far too timid to interfere, at last clasped her hands tightly together and ran over to tell her friend Tuesday, who has a great talent for making things smooth, from the wrinkles in people's dresses to those in their tempers. Then the two little girls went to the boys, and although I could not hear what they were saying I saw in a few minutes that June Seventeenth held out his hand to April First, and as I came nearer I heard him say, "I had no business to be so high and mighty, as if I was better than everybody else;" and April first said bluntly, "I made a fool of myself that time. You are a great deal better than I, if you are a little stuck up sometimes."

When I saw them again they were fishing together and seemed to be very good friends. As usual April First would not be content without playing some of his tricks, and he was calling to the fishes, "Come up! come up! here is a fine gold basket for you." The fishes came, but they were so angry at April First for saying that his basket was gold when it was not that they would not tell him any stories about the underworld, but only made up ugly faces at him. Then June Seventeenth instead of walking away in disgust, let April First hear the stories that his fish were telling, and it was not long before I heard April first say that he was sorry that he had plagued the fishes, and that he did not mean to be so bad as to say what was not true; he did not think but that they would know he was not in earnest.

I noticed that Christmas, who was a great favorite with them all, seemed to enjoy being with February Twenty-ninth, and spent nearly all her time with her. I wondered why, for none of the others seemed fond of her. She was not at all pretty, and even looked rather cross; she wore a very homely dress, and acted awkardly and queerly, as if she felt herself out of place. When I had a good opportunity I asked Christmas if she were very fond of February Twenty-ninth.

"Why, no," said she, her face flushing, "but she doesn't seem to know the rest very well. She lives with grandpa Century, and somehow she doesn't get out very often. She has to tie up the bundles of time to send to people, and they are always complaining that they haven't time enough, so she is kept pretty busy. I do so hope she will enjoy herself to-day."

I kissed the dear child, and she looked up with the most loving smile I ever saw.

When I saw her next she was helping Monday, who was feeling very cross. It was her own fault, poor child. She said she was always so busy at home that she had never time to put on her nice dresses; and so she had piled them on, one above another. She could hardly move, and of course they dragged and were stepped on and torn. Christmas and Mayday at last persuaded her to take off her finery, and when she appeared in her usual dress of pale blue, with white, foam-like trimmings, and had smoothed the wrinkles out of her face, she looked very pretty.

Evidently March Fourth thought so, for they walked away together, and he looked as happy as if he had just been chosen President.

Christmas and Sunday were sitting together under a tree. They are twins, and have always been very fond of each other. As I stepped up behind them I heard Sunday say:

"Dear Christmas, what should I do without you?"

"And I could not live without you, Sunday; I dreamed once that they took me to France without you, and I was so unhappy that they had to let you come, too."

There was one funny little round-faced fellow called Saturday. He had always lived in New England, and had cried when he heard of this party, because he wanted to go so much, and yet he could not make up his mind to come when he learned there would be no baked beans on the table. He felt so bad that Mrs. New Year told him he might bring some with him if he would not insist upon other people's eating them. He was so happy and good-natured that I am sure she did not regret indulging him.

I was sorry for the Schooldays. They did not seem to enjoy themselves very well, and almost all the children tried to avoid them as much as possible. For a long time I did not see why, for they looked very pleasant to me. They had sweet faces, and their dresses were covered with the most beautiful pictures. But when I stooped to help one of the children in some little difficulty, I found that, seen from their level, these pictures were nothing but ugly angles and straight or zigzag marks. It was only when I stood up straight and looked at them from above that they seemed so beautiful.

I noticed one little boy in a queer suit of gray and blue clothes. "That is Decoration Day," said Mrs. New Year. "There was a sad mistake made in his training. He was allowed to read history when he was far too young to understand it, and it seems to have affected his mind. It is a very mild form of mania, however; he insists upon always carrying a basket of flowers with him, so he can scatter them wherever he goes. He wears that odd dress because the physician recommended it; and I really think it has done him good. I hope in a little while he will be entirely cured."

Perhaps the queerest pair of friends that I saw was February Twenty-second, a grave, dignified youth who wore his hair in a comical little queue, and July Fourth, the most rollicking youngster in the world. It seemed impossible for him to keep quiet for one minute. His pockets were full of tin horns, popguns, pinwheels, torpedoes, and firecrackers; but still the children did not seem at all afraid of him. I wondered why this madcap and February Twenty-Second were so fond of each other, and I asked them how it came about.

"O just in the course of human events," said the merry July Fourth, with a twinkle in his eye.

Before I had time to say any more, the children had begun to form for a final dance before the party should break up. The music began and they sang as they danced, at first softly and slowly:

Slowly move the Days along,
Slowly sing the parting song,
The old year dieth slowly.

"What a nice time they have had," I turned to say to Mrs. New Year, but she was not close beside me as I had thought, and I imagined for a moment that I saw her moving away in the direction of the sunset. I suppose the blaze of light must have dazzled my eyes, for pretty soon I saw her coming from the opposite direction, while the music quickened and the children sang:

Merrily comes the glad New Year,
Look to the East! her steps are near,
With a kiss and a greeting and smile of good cheer,
Merrily comes the glad New Year.

—*Mrs. Eva March Tappan, in Christian Union.*

A Consignment of Silk-Worms.

A consignment of silk-worm's eggs, believed to be one of the largest that has ever passed through this city, arrived by the way of the Pennsylvania Railroad on Friday night from Yokohama, Japan, *via* San Francisco, and will be transferred to the out-going steamer for Havre, the Amerique, in time for shipment at two p. m. on Wednesday. The cargo filled six cars, and its value is stated by the agent who received it as about $850,000. The eggs are all products of Japanese nurseries situated in the vicinity of Yokohama, and have been collected and consigned to silk-growers in France and Italy by agents of theirs stationed at that point. The use of the route *via* San Francisco and New York, in preference to that by way of the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean Sea, is comparatively so experimental that the agent opened several of the cases yesterday after the unloading and handling had commenced, and inspected their contents with some curiosity. The larvæ were in excellent condition in every instance, and silk men who inspected them pronounced the experiment a success and the route practicable, notwithstanding the necessity for unloading and handling at San Francisco and New York.

The mode of packing these delicate objects is so simple as to be worth describing. The cases employed are about three feet long by little more than one foot in width and rather less than one foot in height, leaving a cubical capacity of about a dozen feet. One of these cases is capable of containing 600,000 eggs. Parallelograms of card-board are cut so as to fit the cases, and coated with gum to render the eggs adherent. They are minute bodies just visible to the unaided eye, and bearing a vague resemblance to specks of dust. When thus coated with adherent eggs, the strips of card-board are carefully packed, with layers of tissue paper between them, to prevent injury to their precious contents, by obviating the pressure and jar which may prove fatal to the life of the embryo insect. From twenty to twenty-five strips are placed in each case, each strip containing from 30,000 to 35,000 eggs. With this simple packing, and with due precautions against moisture and high temperature, these delicate structures are transported three-fourths of the distance round the earth in perfect safety, provided always that a moderately cold fresh air is given free access to the quarters in which they are stored. Heat, it is stated, produces an immediate effect upon the development of the larvæ, thus rendering it impossible to deliver them in good condition for growing, unless all the scientific requisites are observed. The difficulty of securing these conditions, as respects temperature particularly, by the Indian Ocean and Suez Canal route, has led shippers to test the route by way of San Francisco and New York with good results thus far. Necessity for low temperature also prevents shipping during the summer months. Silk men say the partial failure of the crop in France and Italy during the season just ended has given an impulse to shipment from Japan and other producing tracts in Eastern Asia, which will cause an immense and unprecedented movement of eggs *via* San Francisco and New York to Havre this winter. Great care has always been necessary by the Indian Ocean route, and, even when that was exercised, consignments were often spoiled by the high temperature in doubling the southern points of Hindustan. The increased number of transfers slightly injures the eggs, but the aggregate damage is considerably less by way of New York than by way of the Suez Canal. Another immense shipment is expected from San Francisco this week in time for the France, which sails Jan. 7.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE *Nature* reports the discovery, by laborers, of an ancient burial place, while they were making a road near Colberg, in Pomerania. Twenty urns were found. Most of them had been shattered by the penetration of roots of trees and by other causes. Three large and two smaller urns were found to be intact. Among the contents of the urns were one iron needle and two iron rings, besides a quantity of glass beads and rings and needles of bronze.

NEAR Sebastopol the pedestal of a bronze statue has been dug up. It is covered with Hellenic inscriptions belonging to the second century before the Christian era.

THERE are two classes who cannot bear prosperity, one of them being those who cannot get a chance to bear it.—*Boston Transcript.*

VASSAR has three Japanese ladies among its students.

RELIGIOUS AND E

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—It costs $30,000 a year to keep St. Peter's at Rome in repair.

—The Catholic churches which belong to the city of Paris are estimated to be worth in round numbers $40,000,000.

—Four of the seven Bishops of the Methodist Church South have been in the ministry from fifty to sixty years, and possibly this is true of five of the seven.

—The Chicago *Standard* has a list of thirty Baptist churches in Iowa (nearly every one in a place of importance) that are now pastorless. And yet there are plenty of ministers without churches.

—The American Sunday School Union has organized an average of 1,226 Sunday schools a year, or over three per day, for every day of the last fifty-five years, and has reached and aided nearly 6,900,000 of Sabbath school scholars.

—A warm discussion on corporal punishment was concluded without action in the Cincinnati School Board the other day. Statistics were offered showing that the newest teacher whipped most and the best teacher whipped least.

—The decrease of candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church is causing serious apprehension. Last year the Presbyterian Church did not produce ministers enough out of its ranks to replace the wants made by death and removal.

—Several of the Belgian Communes have set the example not only of making primary instruction gratuitous, but of granting also to the children of the poor frequenting the public schools, the necessary clothing. Deposits in the savings banks are also granted to the pupils to such an amount that when attaining their majority they may dispose of 700 francs each.

—It has seemed almost impossible in the past to introduce Sunday Schools into Russia, but it is reported that at last a foothold has been obtained. It is not, however, in the Greek church—for there the opposition still resists all attempts—but among the Germans, is what is known as the "inner mission." A school which was started last year in St. Petersburg has constantly increased its membership, and every Saturday night holds a teachers' meeting. Another, located in Osbron Grosser, numbers a round hundred pupils, and a third also in St. Petersburg is held in the house of a lady living far from the center of the city. Still another has been opened more recently in Revel, Esthland, and has fourteen teachers and a hundred pupils.

—Statistics have been prepared to show the receipts of the Foreign Missionary Union (Baptist) during the sixty-six years since it was organized. Beginning with 1815, it appears that in the succeeding thirty-four years the largest sum received in any one year was $100,150.62—an extraordinarily large sum, and due in a great part to a special effort made in that year (1846) to remove an accumulated debt. The smallest sum in the same period was $3,615.27; which was received in 1822. During four years the amount was over $80,000, during five over $70,000, and during six over $60,000. Since 1850 the annual receipts have fallen below $100,000 only three times. In 1870 they reached $200,000, and have never since been lower than that sum. The highest point reached was in 1878, when the total amounted to $278,723.14.

—The General Synod of the Protestant State Church of Prussia was opened at Berlin by a sermon from the General Superintendent of Berlin, who claimed that it "is the largest synodal body that Christianity can show," "representing 16,000,000 Evangelicals." The General Synod is composed of 194 members, and meets every six years. Of the delegates, 149 are elected by the eight provincial synods, thirty are nominated by the King, six representatives of the theological faculties in the universities are sent up, and the nine general superintendents close the list. In the recent Synod there were 106 laymen and 88 clergymen. Business is transacted in parliamentary style and there are parliamentary divisions of parties. Each delegate takes oath as follows, on taking his seat: "I promise before God that I will diligently and truly fulfill my duties as member of this Synod, according to the Word of God and the ordinances of the National Evangelical Church, and that I will so act as that the Church may grow up in all things into Him who is the Head, even Christ." Among the enactments of the Synod was one declaring that the religious should always follow the civil ceremony of marriage. Another authorized biennial collection in Prussia for missions in Berlin, where there are church accommodations for only 40,000 out of 80,000 Protestants. Resolutions in favor of a stricter observance of Sunday as a day of rest were passed.

Some Men's Hobbies.

A banker well-known in the financial world died lately in one of the Atlantic cities, at the age of eighty, leaving a property valued at millions. After his death a collection of toys was sold for over $100,000, which he had been accumulating for twenty years. Scarcely any valuable scientific or mechanical toy had been made in Europe of which he had not a specimen, but his assortment included, also, the most trivial of children's playthings. Another, a citizen of Philadelphia, one of the foremost jurists of his day, had a fancy for collecting fairy tales. His shelves contained thousands of these volumes in every language. Manias for china, old brasses, and rare editions are so common among scholarly men, that the incongruity of the pursuit does not strike us. The peculiarity of a hobby indeed is, that it is usually at odds with the general character of the person who exhibits it. It is a bit of childhood left by careless Nature among the sterner stuff of which manhood is made. James Fisk, the most hardened and dishonest of swindlers, had a passionate love for canaries, and was surrounded by them at home. Our genial poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, delights in grave-yards, boasts that he knows every one within forty miles of Boston, "and when the Spring opens," he says, smiling, "I go out to see how my dead men do." The Doctor also is fond of working with tools. The portable stereoscopic-glass is his invention. One of the most eminent surgeons in the country delights in writing poems, and very bad poems they are. There can be no doubt that an innocent hobby (and hobbies generally are innocent) is a safety-valve for the escape of nervous excitement in men who use their brains to an exceptional degree. For this reason they usually do much toward softening and humanizing the character. Whatever is to be a boy's trade or profession, encourage in him a taste for music, or art, fishing, gunning; some hobby, in short. Before you fill the boiler and build the fire, provide the safety-valve.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Butter is Sometimes Tainted.

Winter and spring butter is often very much injured in flavor by allowing cows to eat the litter from horse stables. Cows are not unfrequently very fond of this litter, though it is impregnated with liquid manure from the horses, and if allowed, they eat it greedily; but the effect is that their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste of this kind of food, in the same way that the flavor is injured by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If litter is allowed to be eaten it should be given to cattle not in milk, and on no account should milch cows be allowed to consume other than the sweetest and purest food. Very nice butter makers are sometimes at a loss to account for stable taints in butter, especially when extraordinary precautions have been taken to have the milking done in the most perfect manner, and so on in all the processes of handling the milk until the butter is packed for market. Still the butter has a disagreeable taint and the cause often comes from allowing the cows when turned out to water and exercise, to feed about the horse stable, where they consume all the litter which, on account of its being soaked with liquid manure, is cast out of the stable.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Silesian Famine.

The distress in Upper Silesia is described by the latest German papers as growing more and more terrible. The past rainy summer and numerous inundations have destroyed the crops and the actual necessities of life in numerous districts of the afflicted province. A correspondent of the Berlin *National Zeitung* says that in the district of Ratibor, which has a cultivated area of 250,000 Prussian morgen, 80,000 morgen have produced but little, while from 15,000 morgen sown with cereals and 7,000 morgen of meadow nothing has been harvested at all. Many communities, especially those of Leng, Zowoda, Schichourtz, Nenza, Thurze and Beneschau, have harvested little or no potatoes, at best scarcely a hundred pounds per acre. The correspondent visited many villages in the districts of Hammer and Thurze, and found in thirty families of the villages of Hammer, Solarnia, Thurze and Ruda that the entire amount of the actual necessities of life consisted of a basinful of potatoes, only sufficient for a single day. Potatoes have already been distributed to the people in several districts, but only in quantities sufficient for a few weeks. The districts of Hammer and Thurze have, for example, 5,554 inhabitants. Of these 412 are poor, while 1,445 have been reduced to extremities by the inundation, bad harvest and lack of work. Thus, of 5,554 persons, 1,857 are now needing the means of existence. And this ratio exists in numerous other districts. Assistance will have to be given through January, February and March. Many districts have nosed potatoes for planting next year. Typhoid fever has broken out in many villages, though the authorities are doing all they can to furnish medical attention.—*N. Y. Herald, Dec. 20.*

A Pocket Whistle.

A Jewish peddler recently traveling on foot through the Grodno district, Poland, was attacked in a wood by a footpad, who robbed him of all the money he had about him, and then let him go. Proceeding on his way, the plundered peddler met a mounted gendarme, to whom he related his mishap, and who proceeded at once to search for the robber, accompanied by the plundered man. They soon came up with the object of their quest, upon whose person the stolen money was found, as well as two clasp-knives and a pocket-whistle of which "unconsidered trifles" the gendarme took possession. Having bound the culprit's hands behind him, and attached him to the gendarme's saddle by a cord, they started for the nearest village, the peddler on foot the police officer on horseback. Presently it occurred to the latter that he might as well ascertain what sort of a tone could be produced by the confiscated whistle, which he accordingly put to his lips and blew with untimely vigor. Straight way there appeared upon the scene a horde of armed brigands, who surrounded the party, and after freeing their comrade from his bonds, attacked his captors. The gendarme put spurs to his horse, broke through the circle of his assailants, and got away with a bullet in his shoulder. But the unfortunate peddler, unable to escape, fell a victim to the brutality of the bandits, who hacked his body to pieces, and left his mutilated remains on the high road.

—Six boys at Hennepin, Ia., organized as bandits, on a plan suggested by a thrilling novel which they had read. They could not find a natural cave, and therefore dug one in the side of a hill. Their first exploit was to rob all the clothes lines of the neighborhood on a wash-day night. Great excitement ensued, and several innocent tramps were arrested; but the mystery was explained when, on the following night, the young amateur thieves stole a horse and wagon, and were caught taking a load of the clothes to the nearest city.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S house at Marshfield, which was burned down, is to be replaced by a structure as nearly like it as possible.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—A little dry sand covered over potatoes when they are first put into a cellar, will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry air-slacked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

—To Remove Finger Marks.—Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene from oiled furniture. Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other goods, and will not hurt the most delicate color or fabric.

—Oyster Forcemeat.—Strain a dozen oysters, mince, add a quarter pound finely grated bread crumbs, ounce and a half butter broken small, dessert spoon parsley, grated rind half lemon; season little with mace, cayenne and salt; mix well; bind together with the yelk of an egg unbeaten, and a little of the oyster liquor. Let the oyster flavor predominate.

—A Bucks County farmer indorses the following receipo for the foot disease in cattle: Take one pint of fish oil (lard oil will answer); add two ounces of oil of vitriol; let it stand until the vitriol and oil are one liquid; then add a half pint of turpentine. Be careful to pour in a little of this at a time or it may explode the bottle; had better set in a bucket of cold water when this is added.

—Chocolate Caramels.—Boil one quart of good New Orleans molasses until it hardens when tested by cooling a little of it in water. Just before removal from the fire, add four ounces of chocolate finely and uniformly grated. Pour a thin layer into tin trays slightly greased, and when the surface of the candy has become hardened a little, mark with a knife into squares. They may be flavored, but the natural flavor of the chocolate and molasses is generally preferred without addition.

—Wood Ashes for Onions.—Farmers who are so fortunate as to have an open fireplace should place as an offset to the cost of the wood the value of the ashes produced. For onions there is no fertilizer equal to wood ashes, as they require a great deal of potash. Market gardeners and others who make a specialty of growing onions well understand that to succeed with the crop they need larger supplies of potash than they will ordinarily receive from barnyard manure.

—Salt for the Canada Thistles.—The New York *Herald* says: We know of no better way to get rid of the Canada thistle than by the use of salt. The mistake made in regard to this troublesome weed is in allowing it to ripen seed. Cut the plants in the spring and apply a gill of salt to each root, or if they are too numerous to be treated in this way, cut the plants as before, and sow two barrels of salt to the acre. If any sprout a second time apply salt again.

—Tea Cakes.—Dry before the fire a quart of fine flour, and run into it a quarter of a pound of butter; then, beating up a couple of eggs with two teaspoonfuls of moist or powdered loaf sugar, and a tablespoonful of yeast, pour the whole into the centre of the flour, and keep mixing it well with a pint of warm new milk. Beat it up with the hand till it comes off without sticking, and set it, covered with a cloth, to rise before the fire. After it has remained about half an hour, make it up in round cakes about an inch thick; put them on a tin plate, set them before the fire to rise a little for ten minutes, and, having baked them in a slow oven, butter them, and eat them hot.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Our Progress.

As stages and stage routes are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts, and are warranted to cure all irregularities of stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

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This disease may be said to proceed almost invariably from the stomach being out of order in the first place. By the stomach being out of order the blood also gets out of order; and why? All the blood in the human body passes through the liver every few minutes to have the bilious matter separated from it. If the blood, it will surely be deposited in the liver along with the bile. By and by, however, these impurities increasing, will render the blood watery, and render its motion torpid; then it will cease to perform its duty of straining out the bile. Only poison will be left in the liver; and the result will be an obstructed, inflamed and swollen liver, ending in disease. Such is the theory, and such the climax, as proven by facts. The symptoms crowd rapidly upon one another—a continued pain or tenderness in the right side, inducing emaciation and weakness; cough, with expectoration; dyspepsia, high-colored urine, yellowness of the eyes, fever and a quick pulse. It is impossible to mistake the disease by these symptoms. There is only one way of curing Liver Complaint: and that is, to strike at the root. To do this, you must act on the stomach, the blood, the liver and the general health at the same time. VEGETINE alone will do this, and will effect a speedy cure. See testimonials.

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Yours truly,
JAMES A. JOHNSON,
Police Officer, No. 823 Brown St., Rochester, N. Y.

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Yours respectfully,
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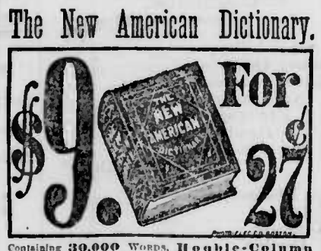

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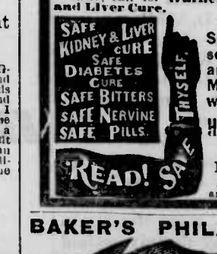

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Kidney and Liver Disease.

RINGGOLD, Bienville Co., La., April 27, 1879.
Dear Sir—I was afflicted for a number of years with Kidney Disease, and my wife was troubled with Liver Complaint. We took some of your **Indian Blood Syrup**, which effected a perfect cure.
J. B. BRYAN.

A Wonderful Cure.

LAWRENCE COUNTY, Miss., March 22, 1879.
Dear Sir—I assume the privilege of stating to you the condition of a little boy in my immediate neighborhood and the effects of your **Indian Blood Syrup** on him. While in Hinds Co. he contracted Chills and Fever. His father had paid $100 for medicine, but to no purpose. He had lost all energy and looked as if there was no blood in his veins. I persuaded him to try one bottle of **Indian Blood Syrup** and it cured him. When he came back I did not recognize him, he looked so changed; his cheeks were so rosy.
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POPE VALLEY, Napa Co., Cal., April 10, 1879.
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Remedy for Rheumatism.

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Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have been for many years troubled with Rheumatism, Piles and a severe Cough. I tried the best physician to be found here, and not being relieved, I had almost given up in despair when I chanced to see one of your pamphlets, and concluded to try your great **Indian Blood Syrup**. I procured some from your Agent, and had only used it about two weeks when I was so much improved that I was able to attend to my work, and it was not long before I was entirely well.
A. R. PRIVITT.

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FREDERICK, Frederick County, Md.
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COLD WATER, Cleburne County, Ala., Feb. 7, 1879.
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BRICK MEETING HOUSE, Cecil County, Md.
Dear Sir—This is to certify that I was troubled with Dizziness in the Head, and also Neuralgia. But hearing of your **Indian Blood Syrup**, I tried it, and it has effectually cured me.
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E. P. CRUISE.

Never Fails to Cure.

VISALIA, Tulare County, Cal.
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Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
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Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
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President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

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2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Welmer.

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3 Isaiah Fuller.
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GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 P. M.
No. 10	4.44 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880. NUMBER 47.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18, 1880.

JESUS BAPTIZED BY JOHN.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Nearly thirty years have passed by since the carpenter and his wife, bringing with them, the wondrous Babe, appeared among their townspeople at Nazareth. The child has blossomed into a youth, and the youth has grown up to manhood. Joseph has died, and the Son, with the support of a widowed mother resting upon him, and with younger brother and sisters growing up around him, toils at his trade as a carpenter. The memory of the strange events of his infancy, and of the one recorded incident of his youth—the visit to the temple, (Luke 2, 42-50,)—has faded away from every mind save his mother's, and to his brothers and the villagers he appears only as a humble, godly citizen. Suddenly the silence of prophecy, which has lasted for four centuries, is broken by a voice in the wilderness. A weird, rough form leaps up by Jordan, and a call rings through the land, arousing scribe and Pharisee, priests and people, from their lethargy, and bidding them prepare for the coming Messiah. The cities are emptied, and the deserts are thronged by the listening multitudes, who bow reverently before the messenger of God, and receive from his hand the seal of baptism. The hour has come, and now the carpenter of Nazareth lays aside his plane, and presents himself for the baptismal rite. John beholds in him the expected King, and hesitates, but Christ bids him fulfill his office. Over the head of the newly-baptized Saviour the heavens are rent, the glory streams, the Dove descends, and the voice of the Father is heard attesting him as the Son of God.

Matt. 3. 1-17.

Memory Verses, 13-17.

1 In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

2 And saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

3 For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4 And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan,

6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7 But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.

9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

10 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the tree; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:

12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him;

17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus and John the Baptist. Matt. 3. 1-17.
Tu. The Baptist foretold. Mal. 4. 1-6.
W. The Baptist announced. Luke 1. 5-23.
Th. The Baptist named. Luke 1. 59-80.
F. The Baptist's preaching. Luke 3. 1-18.
S. The Baptist's testimony. John 1 15-36.
S. The Baptist's death. Matt. 14. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And lo a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Matt. 3. 17.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE BOLD MINISTER, v. 1-10; Eph. 6. 19-20.
Who is here referred to, and what is his history?
What was his message?
For whom was he preparing the way?
What were his dress and habits?
What service did he perform?
What did he require of those who were baptized?
Whom did he rebuke, and for what?
What warning did he give?
How does it apply to all men?

2. THE BETTER MINISTRY, v. 11, 12; John 1. 15.
To whom did John refer?
How did he feel toward Jesus?
Wherein was Christ greater than John?
When did Christ baptize with the Holy Ghost? Acts 2. 1-4.
What warning did he give?
Who are the "wheat," and who the "chaff?"

3. THE BAPTIZED SAVIOUR, v. 13-15; Jno. 1. 29.
For what purpose did Jesus come?
Why did John object to baptize Jesus?
Why did he yield to Christ's request?
How is John our example in submitting to Jesus?

4. THE BELOVED SON, v. 16, 17; John 3. 35.
What took place at the baptism of Jesus?
What words were heard? Repeat Golden Text.
Whose voice was it? What did it mean?
How should we receive His words? Luke 9. 35.

What did Governor Garcelon Mean?

On the 24th of December the Hon. Lot. M. Morrill addressed a letter to Governor Garcelon begging him to require the opinion of the State Supreme Court "on each law point involved in the variation of the count from the face of the official returns." His reason for making this request was explained to be that a very large proportion of the people of Maine believed that they had been grossly wronged by the acts of the canvassers, and that an authoritative declaration by the Court would "restore peace, order, quiet and good feeling." Mr. Morrill moreover showed how a practical effect could be given to the opinion of the Judges if it chanced to be adverse to the action of the Governor and Council. He reminded Governor Garcelon, first, that there were precedents for recalling a summons erroneously issued; and, second, that in the case of the five disfranchised cities no summons had yet been sent to anybody. He added: "Even if there was a question as to the strict legal right to recall a certificate of election, it is not doubted that the decision of the Court would at once cause the member not entitled to the seat to retire, and the rightful member to be at once admitted." To this the Governor replied: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than an authoritative decision upon points involved in the present condition of affairs, and also upon such as might be likely to arise. Please to indicate the points that occur to you which have not already been adjudicated upon, and I doubt not that we may be able to obtain a satisfactory solution of doubtful complications; or, if not satisfactory, at least such may be deemed authoritative." Rightly interpreting the Governor's reply as an "acquiescence in the property of settling all disputed points in this orderly, just and constitutional manner," Mr. Morrill indicated fourteen questions to be submitted to the Court. Governor Garcelon substituted for them twelve other questions, framed, as he presumably supposed, in the Democratic interest, and then called the Court together.

What did the Governor mean? Mr. Morrill proposed an arbitration; the Governor accepted it. According to all rules of honor both parties, having agreed to an arbitration, are bound by the decision. Governor Garcelon in this case is under a particularly stringent obligation to abide by the result, because he demanded and obtained the exclusive privilege of determining what points should be laid before the arbitrators. The Republicans might have reason for resisting the judgment, on the ground that the matter passed upon was not that which they offered to submit; but the Governor has no such excuse; they are his own questions to which the Court, by unanimous voice, has made these clear and positive replies; and if Dr. Garcelon is an honest man, he ought to stand by his implied pledges. He cannot plead that the opinions of the Judges apply only to future controversies and that the past is irrevocable. The pertinency of an "authoritative decision" of the Court to "the present condition of affairs" (we are quoting the Governor's own words) was carefully considered in the preliminary correspondence; and the arbitration was proposed and accepted for the sole purpose, unequivocally stated by both parties, of settling the existing dispute about the proper complexion of the Legislature. Governor Garcelon perfectly understood what he was doing, and, if we assume that he is blessed with ordinary common sense, we must take it for granted that when he asked for the opinion of the Court he intended to be ruled by it. He might have refused to go before the Court; that would have been a much simpler course than accepting arbitration and then repudiating the decision.

Probably he imagined that his twelve questions were so artfully devised that the answers must be favorable to his side. He supposed that the technical strength of his case was much greater than it turned out to be. Mr. Morrill's questions, it will be remembered, were framed with a view of ascertaining whether the Governor and Council had authority to permit the correction of defective returns so as to give effect to the known will of the voters, the morally being that it was their moral duty to do this if they had the power. Governor Garcelon refused to put the inquiries in this form. He asked instead whether the canvassers had a strict legal right to throw out defective returns; and to this he supposed that the Court must necessarily answer Yes, whatever discretionary authority there might be for another and more equitable course. He overlooked two principles of law, clearly stated by the Court: (1) That when public rights are concerned permissive authority shall be construed as mandatory; and (2) that constitutional requirements as to the form and manner of making returns are intended to protect the suffrage, and must not be so interpreted as to destroy it. In harmony with these principles the Supreme Court pronounced an opinion which utterly overthrew the Governor. When that headstrong gentleman read it he was probably more astonished than ever before in his life; and we have little doubt that the catastrophe left him without a plan. What he had bound himself to do under these circumstances by his acceptance of the arbitration is plain enough; but the man who was bold enough to defy the public opinion of the United States by counting out a legally elected Legislature was not bold enough to do his duty when it had been pointed out to him by advisers of his own choice. Courage sometimes is a capricious quality. Dr. Garcelon retires to private life with a singular reputation, as the Governor who was not afraid to do wrong, but was afraid to acknowledge that he had made a mistake.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PACIFIC STATES AND THE CHINESE.—The Pacific States can withhold twelve electoral votes from any ticket which is not solemnly and specifically pledged to restrict Chinese immigration, as demanded by the only people in the Union who have had practical experience of the effect of Chinese competition on our laboring class, and on business generally. On this point the people on this coast should present a united front. There is no other question that compares with this in the magnitude of the interests involved. It makes comparatively little difference to us how the currency question is settled—whether we have $700,000,000 of government notes in circulation, or the same amount of national bank notes. But a limit must be placed on Chinese immigration or we shall have trouble in the near future. The people of this coast are neither going to submit to competition with Chinese coolies, nor are we going to give up this magnificent State to that race. We shall make a way out of the trouble, and before long we shall have the working classes of the East with us. Our present policy is to protect ourselves as far as possible by local legislation, and encourage the transit of our unwelcome visitors to Eastern cities. We know how public sentiment changed in this State when the Chinese appeared in numbers, and we can count on a like result in the East. Meantime, if there is no national party blessed with sufficient foresight to make Chinese immigration an issue, this coast can give twelve votes to some party that will.—*San Francisco Call.*

Judge Anderson, of the Virginia Court of Appeals, has given a decision in a divorce case brought by a wife against her husband, the only complaint being that he joined the Republican party. The Judge declared that the shock and mortification of the wife to find that her husband had deserted his friends and had gone over to the enemy, and had joined in waging upon them a war more cruel than a war of arms. The act is termed perfidy, the moral taunt of which she felt attached to him and which would likely exclude him from the best society of the state. For these reasons the Judge decided the bonds of matrimony must be dissolved.

The news comes from Vermont that Senator Edmunds has written to a personal friend in Burlington that he will not resign his seat in the Senate for one on the Supreme bench, the pressure upon him having been so great to remain where he is. The rumor may or may not be true, but the whole Republican party will hope it is. In view of the threatening attitude of the Democratic party, men like Mr. Edmunds cannot be spared from the Senate.

The *Rural Notes* gets off the following: "Postmaster General Key is about to issue an order prohibiting the placing of stamps upside down on letters. Several postmaster have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

If the German press represent truly the state of sentiment among the German-American voters, the Grant movement arouses nothing but hostility among them. The German press of Ohio is unanimously and decidedly opposed to General Grant's renomination. The St. Louis *Westliche Post*, the leading German Republican paper of the West, declares that Grant could not possibly receive the German vote. At the same time the New York *Republicaner* a leading German Republican paper of the East, says:

"There is a very general opposition among the 800,000 German-American voters of the North to the proposition of again making the ex-President a candidate, which manifests itself among German-Americans of both parties. In fact, they are almost united on that subject, and very many German Republican journals go so far in their disapproval of that effort as to be willing to support any Democratic candidate, provided he is no rebel or public enemy, in the event of General Grant's candidacy. Since the German-American element holds the 'key' to the situation in seven Northern states, viz: New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, common caution and prudence should prompt the leaders, who have the machinery in hand, to take this circumstance into the most serious consideration."

It would be useless to inquire the reasons for this opposition to General Grant's nomination. If it really exists, the fact is entitled to very serious consideration.

The conviction of Felix Munshower by the Frederick County Court of murder in the first degree for the killing of his cousin, James L. Wetzell, in the woods near Emmitsburg, last summer, was the result of a chain of circumstantial evidence which could not be broken. As the State's Attorney was led to say at the opening of the trial, the evidence which could be adduced was purely of a circumstantial nature; but it turned out to be of so cumulative a character that it approximated the force of direct evidence, and left the jury no room to doubt the guilt of the accused. It is a rare thing in court annals to find such a well connected chain of circumstantial proof of guilt as has marked this trial; but the sentiment of the community will, undoubtedly, endorse the finding of the jury. Munshower, it was shown, was a profligate and spendrift, who had wasted a patrimony on fast horses, fancy dogs and liquor, and who found himself at the end of his rope. The only cause that can be given for the crime was robbery, and one of the first evidences of guilt was that Munshower was found a few days after the crime to be flush with money which he had undoubtedly taken from the dead body of his cousin. As the case went on, link after link was formed in the chain of circumstantial evidence until at last the guilt of the accused was as clearly proven as if a reliable witness had come forward and sworn that he had seen the crime committed.

The friends of Mr. Moody (and they are legion in this city) will regret to learn that he is discouraged at his want of success in St. Louis, where he has been laboring for more than a month. The *Republican* of that city says the meetings have been crowded, but emotion has been scarce and conversions few. The local newspapers have printed full reports and the clergy have generally commenanced and approved the movement; but the results are unsatisfactory. All admire Mr. Sankey's singing and express their admiration for Mr. Mood's abilities as an exhorter; yet his most impassioned words fall upon their ears without producing the slightest emotion. Their thoughts seem to be centred in the man, in watching the play of his features and his vehement gesticulations, rather than weighing the words as they fall from his lips. They seem to think that there is nothing personal in his allusions, each person handing them over to his neighbor. Mr. Moody, in a recent meeting, declared that he was "sick and tired of this carelessness as to salvation."—*Balto. American.*

Pillsbury, the Mephistopheles of the Maine conspiracy, remarks that the Democrats have possession of the State Government and both branches of the Legislature for the "first time in twenty-four years." He might have added with entire safety, "and for the last time in twenty-four more."

It behooves the President to fill those vacant foreign missions as soon as possible. Garcelon will be out of a job presently, and if they are "flying around loose" he will steal them.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

The Law of Divorce in Different Countries.

Australians—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia. Jews—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives. Javans—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum. Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterwards remarry. Moors—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again. Abyssinians—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper. Siberians—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce. Corean—The husband can divorce his wife, or treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful he can put her to death. Siamese—The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband. Aretic Region—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves. Druse and Turkomen—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "Go" without adding, "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it they cannot live together without being remarried. Cochin Chinese—If the parties choose to separate, they break a pair of chopsticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage. American Indians—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons. Tartars—The husband may put away his partner, and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce. Chinese—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by action of the law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents. Circassians—Two kinds of divorce are granted in Circassia—one total, the other provisional. When the first is allowed the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists the couple agree to separate for a year, and if at the expiration of that time, the husband does not send for his wife, her relations may command to him a total divorce. Grecians—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces scarcely ever occur in Modern Greece. Hindoos—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. Where both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe, the "Gores," if the wife be unfaithful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he gives her all the property and children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another man, and convey to him the entire property of her former husband. Romans—In olden times a man might divorce his wife if she were unfaithful, if she counterfeited his private keys, or drank wine without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this 521 years elapsed without one divorce. Afterward a law was passed allowing either sex to make the application. Divorces then became frequent on the slightest pretexts. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the years by the consols, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who had buried twenty wives, and a woman who had buried twenty-two husbands. The Emperor Augustus endeavored to restrain the license by penalties.—*Bench and Bar.*

The Wages of Sin.

Few Ohioans whose memory can cover the past twenty years have not heard the marvelous stories which tradition has connected with Shep Tinker. Fifteen years ago the name of Shep Tinker was the bugaboo that sent thrills of terror through the breasts of refractory children. Yet though his fame and name have been for years a common houseword from the Eastern Ohio to beyond the Mississippi, the real biography of this noted horse-thief has never been written. He is perhaps the only notable horse-thief who ever retired from his nefarious calling into the shades of private life and settled quietly down in the neighborhood of his childhood's home, where his misdeeds were the common property of the country gossips.

In the year 1808 old John Tinker, the worthy sire of the illustrious Shep, whose stock of worldly gear was not as unlimited as his physical energy, took it into his Yankee head to leave the New Hampshire hills and "either find or make his way" West. Unincumbered as he was, he found comparatively no trouble in pushing forward into Central Ohio. He settled at Putnam, and his honest face, broad shoulders and brawny arms proved such a recommendation that before many days he found a wife in one of Putnam's belles. From this marriage, in the year 1810, Sheppard was born. In the year 1813, when Shep was three years old, his father once more set out out on his travels, and finally settled on a farm in Perry County, about four miles from the present town of Chapel Hill, and midway between Athens and Zanesville. The distance between these two places is fifty miles. Here John erected and opened a tavern for wayfarers which has been known ever since as "Tinker's Tavern," but which long since lost its hospitable character. "Tinker's Tavern" was at that time the only building between Athens and Zanesville. It occupied the summit of one of the innumerable hills that abound in Perry County, from which "you could see," as Shep says, "as far as the sky would let you." Of the heyday of Shep's youth the village tradition does not preserve any record. It is only known that he was accounted a bright young blade, intelligent but uncommonly wild. Certain it is, however, that he soon became the acknowledged leader of a set of young rascals who inhabited the neighboring hills. This was the nucleus around which Shep formed the celebrated Tinker gang of horse thieves. When Tinker was twenty years old a horse was stolen from a man named Flowers, at New Lexington, and Shep was supposed to be the thief. No evidence, however, could be obtained against him until one day while drunk he boasted of having stolen the horse. Upon this admission he was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for six years. It afterwards transpired that on the night the horse was stolen Shep had been some twenty-five miles away and had in reality invented the story of the theft. The joke, if joke it was, became a serious matter before the end. When released from the penitentiary he immediately set to work in earnest to steal horses. He organized a band of professional horse thieves, and was so successful that in the year 1840 his name was a terror to the farmers of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Members of his gang were located in almost every county in this State and in a large portion of Indiana. The horses to be stolen were always carefully selected. Dark nights were chosen for the raids, and the horses were carried by nightly stages into the wilderness of Perry County, near "Shep's" home, where they were secreted. This country was admirably adapted to the purpose, being very thinly settled and covered for the most part with a heavy growth of timber. The principal "hold" of the band, however, was a patch of woods situated on the county line between Athens and Perry Counties, called Beech Woods, and which to this day contains four square miles of forest interspersed with ravines and rocky places. Sooner or later it occurred to Shep that counterfeiting might also be profitable, and he turned his attention to that branch of rascality. But before long the eye of suspicion was on him, and one day, having come to Zanesville with a saddle-bag full of spurious coin, the Sheriff arrested him and threw him into jail. Shep was accounted a very handsome man, and succeeded in making an impression on the Sheriff's servant-girl, who, having stolen the keys of the jail, released him. Shep fled, and the Sheriff with a *posse* of ten men followed him for two weeks without success. Leaving his Lieutenant, Henry Raynor (who by the way, afterwards signalized himself in the annals of New York crime by stealing a whole herd of cattle in Orange County), in charge of the gang, Tinker set off through the West. The news of his travels from time to time reached Zanesville. He was heard of as a Methodist minister, as a political stump-speaker, and later as a resident of the Iowa penitentiary. Still later it was heard that he had become rich, and was the owner of a palatial residence on the Iowa River, which far exceeded anything in the State in point of richness of appointment. At last he returned, and freely admitting that he had served terms in the penitentiaries of Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, called upon the people to elect him as Justice of the Peace, saying naively: "I know all about crime, so you couldn't do better."

His proposition was not accepted, although he had distinctly announced that he would either be a Justice of the Peace or a highwayman, and told them to take their choice. As good as his word, he waylaid a County Judge and a clergyman and robbed them of their horses. For this exploit he was sent to the Ohio penitentiary for ten years, but was soon pardoned out. He at once recommenced his struggle for such fame as is to be found in the office of a Justice of the Peace, and in 1862 was absolutely elected to that office in Monroe County by his appreciative neighbors, defeating one of the wealthiest men in the county, who was his political opponent. It was, however, proved that he was incapacitated for filling office by civil disabilities. The blow seemed to break Shep's iron heart. He became penitent for his sins and reformed. He resides now near the old tavern on the worst forty acres in Perry County, or, as it was aptly called, "the most God-forsaken spot in Ohio." He has been in the habit of voting here, but at the last election the judges took it into their heads to challenge his vote, alleging that he had never received a reprieve from the Wisconsin penitentiary. Old Shep was not at all abashed, and reaching into an inner pocket he produced a bundle of papers, which he threw upon the table, saying: "There are eight reprieves; you can take your choice." It is needless to say his vote was admitted. He is quite polished in manners and is well educated. It is related that a certain candidate, who was likewise a note-shaver, treated him for a speech. Shep rose and made a speech that completely destroyed the local candidate's chances of election. He has memorized Milton, Shakespeare and Homer and large portions of Byron. He delights much in the fame he has made for himself. He claims that his gang made way with 400 horses. On the whole he is as remarkable a man, probably, as can be found in Central Ohio.—*Zanesville, Ohio, Cor. N. Y. World.*

A FIRST class English railway carriage will hold but eight persons.

Our Wool Interests.

The census of 1810 reported twenty-four woolen factories in this country that spun yarn, and 9,258,269 yards of woolen cloth woven in families, valued at $4,413,000. In 1850 there were 1,820 woolen establishments that employed 35,000 persons, and annually produced goods of various textures valued at $43,000,000. In 1860 the woolen establishments had increased to 2,020, employing 46,000 males and females, and producing goods to the value of $67,300,000 annually. Owing to the great demand of woolen goods to supply the army with blankets, clothing, etc., in the rebellion, the woolen factories in the United States increased nearly one-half in ten years, and the census of 1870 counted 97,000 persons as employed in woolen factories, who annually produced goods to the value of $177,000,000.

With the increase of population the demand for woolen fabrics continues about the same, and there are at the present time about the same number of mills doing about the same amount of business as in 1872, just before the financial panic commenced. But with the natural facilities for the raising of sheep and the manufacture of woolen goods, the demand for wool and woolen goods in this country is far ahead of the supply. In the past forty-six years, or since 1833, the United States have imported wool, either manufactured or unmanufactured, to the value of $1,210,000,000. For the past four years this country has imported wool and woolen goods to the value (in the aggregate) of $170,000,000, while the export is a trifle. In 1875 the total duties on wool and woolen textures amounted to $30,914,036, and with the exception of four years prior to 1848, was a larger revenue than ever was produced in any one year in this country, or within $9,000,000 of what was expended in the eight years of Washington's administration.

A Contest for a Woman's Hat.

The following episode of the recent Seventh Regiment Fair in New York is reported: I heard of one man who spent $2,500 on raffles alone. The spirit of rivalry runs high when there is a prize offered for the table or the lady who takes in the most money. On the last night of the fair an illustration of this feeling occurred. A hatter sent up a case of hats as a present to the fair, and two order-books. The idea of the order-books was that any one could buy an order on the hatter for a hat, redeemable at any time. The fair sold them for the regular price, and the maker allowed the trade discount. To make the game more exciting, he offered a prize of a handsome lady's hat to the lady who should get the most orders. Two were found to take hold at once. One backed out after she had taken two orders, and handed her book over to another young lady, transferring the two she had taken with it. This made the other lady very angry, and she called the proceeding "cheating," and told her husband all about it. Like a good husband he sided with his wife, and vowed that she should not be euchred in that way, so he bought two orders of her himself. This incensed the young man of the young lady who held the other book, and he immediately bought four orders. Then the husband flew into a passion, and swore that his wife should win that hat, come what may, and he bought more orders. The young man, who could ill afford it, did the same. The husband lost his head at this, and, jumping upon the counter of his wife's booth, began to denounce the other side. His friends dragged him down. Then he seized a pen and ink and wrote off a check for $184, and handed it to the cashier, which, being a rich man, he could well afford. The young man was almost in despair. His young lady begged him to stop; said that she didn't want that hat; but his blood was up. He rushed into the supper room, and found fifteen men whom he knew eating and drinking, particularly the latter. He dragged them all out, and they gave their orders to the young lady. The husband became livid. "You might as well give up the game at once," said he, "for I am determined to have that hat if it takes my entire fortune." The young man didn't want to give up the fight, and the fifteen men from the supper room cheered him on. By this time it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, and the authorities interfered and locked the books up in the safe.

The Proverbs of Russia.

RUSSIA is a country whose name is now constantly in the mouths of Englishmen. Few, however, know much about it, owing to the difficulties connected with learning its language. Not many foreigners have the opportunities of knowing these people, and mere tourists are very apt to come away with wrong impressions. We shall endeavor in a short article to glance at the peasantry as they are described in their own proverbs, which hold the picture up to life.

One peculiarity of Russian peasant life is the joint family system, according to which the members of a family share a common heritance and live together. This system prevailed in parts of England in Anglo-Saxon times, but it is not favorable to individual exertion, and it leads to family quarrels. They find that "two bears can not live in one den." The wife particularly suffered from it.

The father-in-law grumbles at her,
The mother-in-law abuses her,
The brother-in-law mocks her,
The sister-in-law does her mischief,
The husband is jealous.
Sisters-in-law are nettles.

While some Russian ladies belong to the class of strong-minded women and are advocates of woman's rights, the peasantry in their proverbs recognize the distinct sphere of women.

If you be a cock, crow;
If a hen, lay eggs.

Do not trust the wind in the fields,
Nor a woman with too much liberty.

The proverbs of Russia, like those of India, though treating women with contempt, yet recognize their power in the domestic circle. "She stoops to conquer."

The wife, without beating the husband, rules him by her temper.
The husband is the head, the wife the soul of the house.

Bachelors are not in high repute.

A bachelor is a goose without water.
A man without a wife is like a man in winter without a fur bonnet.

A man under petticoat government, or, as the Germans say, "under the slipper," is thus painted:

A crab is not a fish among fishes,
A bat is not a bird among birds,
So a hen-pecked husband is not a man among men.

The cheapness of brandy has done immense mischief among the peasantry. In a collection of twenty thousand Russian proverbs which I have, five hundred relate to drunkenness and its effects. The soldiers, who are recruited from the ranks of the peasantry, carry the village drinking habits with them, and this trait appears in various strongly phrased proverbs. The peasants have suffered not only from drink, but bad landlords, who have spent their money in the dissipation of great cities, leaving the peasantry in the hands of grinding agents, who were generally Germans.

The landlord's court has a wide entrance, but a narrow exit:

i. e., it is easy to get into his debt, but difficult to get out of it.

Praise not the crop until it is stacked.
Praise not the landlord until he is dead.

The usurer in Russia, as in India, is a scourge to the peasant. "In the other world," says the proverb, "usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands."

But the worst plague to the peasant is the Tchinovik, or official, as the Russian bureaucracy are noted for their gross oppression and bribe-taking propensities.

The Tchinovnik only takes up his pen,
The peasants pray and birds tremble.

To defend yourself against a thief take a stick,
To defend yourself against a Tchinovnik take a rouble.

Fear not the law but the judge;
A judge is like a carpenter, what he wants he carves.

Go before God with justice,
Before the judge with money.

The Raskolniks, or Dissenters, of Russia, amount probably to 15,000,000, and are an interesting class. Some express their detestation of the Greek church thus:

He who fears God does not go to church;
The church is not in beams but in ribs;

i. e., not in the building, but in living members. They agree with the old Tartar saying:

Songs and dances are Satan's daughters.

And they go further than the tetotalers denouncing tobacco, tea and coffee:

The smoker is brother to a dog.
Tea, the Chinese arrow, has pierced the Russian heart.
Thunder slays the coffee-drinker.

—*London Leisure Hours.*

"Something Warming."

THE blear-eyed Stiff crept into Gumber's saloon this morning on his heelless shoes, and he rubbed his trembling hands together and smiled with an effort.

"Good morning, William," eringed the Stiff.

Studiously cold, the barkeeper grunted and polished the bar with a towel.

"Very cold weather, William," urged the Stiff with a ghastly assumption of ignoring the icy manner of the barkeeper.

"So I'm told," growled William, still rubbing.

"Cold (ugh!) could you give me something warming, William? I'll step in and pay you during the day—I will, without fail."

"Certainly," responded the barkeeper, with a cheery readiness that electrified the Stiff.

"What shall I give you Mr. Rigid?"

"Anything, anything, William," said the Stiff in his thirsty eagerness clutching the edge of the bar with both hands, and moistening his fevered lips with his tongue.

"Well le've me see—hum—suppose I fix you up a Boston float Mr. Rigid?"

"Yes, yes, William—anything."

Whistling busily and gravely, William sets a glass of water on the bar, drops a cork into it with the silver tongs, and calmly pushes it toward the Stiff. A sickly grin overspreads the mottled countenance; he makes an effort to laugh—but he gives it up and fairly blubbers instead.

Whereupon the contrite William utters an apologetic "O, darn it," and hastily puts forth a beer glass and the whisky bottle.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A Female Moonshiner.

A STRANGE and picturesque story comes to us from the mountains of Towns County.

The authority that we have at present is the official report of the deputy in charge of the squad which was interested. It appears that a few nights ago a deputy marshal of Marshal Fitzsimon's force, with seven assistant deputies and eight guards, organized for a raid into Towns County. One of the objects of the raid was to capture a man by the name of Berrony, who was reported to be a "moonshiner," and the leader of a band of men organized for the purpose of defying the revenue officers and protecting the hidden stills of the mountain branches.

The raiding party moved along quietly, and by nightfall was in the neighborhood of Berrony's house. They waited until the party had gone to sleep, and then surrounded the house and closed in on the unsuspecting family. Berrony, though surprised while asleep, sprang from his bed and fled, clad only in his night clothes. Despite this light weight, he was overtaken by the deputies and overpowered and tied.

In the meantime his family had awakened and come to the door in more or less confusion, and making a good deal of fuss. While the deputies were engaged with the prisoner and the people at the door, a daughter of the prisoner, about eighteen years of age, slipped out of the back door, dressed only in the garment in which she had been sleeping, and made for the mountain side with the fleetness of a young antelope. She carried in her right hand a fox-horn, and fled through the night like an apparition.

A deputy put out in pursuit of the fleeing maiden, but his boots and clothes encumbered him, and she tripping over the sleeping flowers with bare feet soon reached the top of the hill. Once there she turned, and like a new Roderick Dhu, she gave one blast upon her bugle horn. It was "well nigh worth 1,000 men," for as the echoes of the horn died away in the valleys of the night, armed men gathered silently but swiftly to the call of the lightly-clad but stout-hearted bugler.

As rapidly as possible the deputy had his prisoner dressed, and forming his men into close order moved off toward his wagons. He and his men were followed by the family of the prisoner, which was constantly reinforced by the arrival of mountaineers, aroused and angry. By the time the deputies had gone a mile the threatening force behind had grown to twenty or twenty-five men, and things looked squally. When they had reached a long narrow defile the deputy in charge found that there was a large force of men in front of him, and that each side of the defile was held by sharp shooting mountaineers, who were hidden in the woods. The force in his rear was pressed closer on him, and he called a halt and began to look into things. He found his situation desperate. He could turn no way without encountering an armed squad and he felt that a fight in the dark could promise nothing but bloodshed and death. He therefore began to parley. The mountaineers demanded the release of Berrony, who is said to have been their leader. The deputy at first protested and refused, but he soon found that there were fifty men opposed to him with the advantages of position. The men agreed that certain discovered stills should be given up, but they would not listen to Berrony being taken away. At length the deputy surrendered him, and he joined his friends in the woods.

The deputies had two other prisoners and attempted to get away with them. As they were marching along through the dark, some one whispered to one of the deputies: "Come this way." He supposed that it was one of his fellow deputies and moved in the direction indicated. Suddenly he was knocked down and bundled up and pitched into a fence corner. The deputies discovering his capture, halted again and held a little council of war. They were afraid to fire on the "moonshiners," because they supposed the missing deputy was in their power. And the "moonshiners" were afraid to fire on them for fear of hitting the prisoners. The two squads confronted each other quietly in the dark woods for awhile, when the deputies silently but in good order withdrew and hurried out of Towns County. They carried off their two prisoners, but left Berrony behind.

This is the report in substance as made by the deputy to Marshal Fitzsimons, The Marshal is not in the city at present, but we presume when he returns he will take steps to have the arrest of the defiant mountaineer made over again, and made so that it will stick.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

A Reporter's Luck.

DURING an excursion from this city to Niagara Falls, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard of it. The Kennard House, in that city, was crowded with guests, when an eccentric and witty druggist of Smithfield street appeared late at night at the hotel office and demanded a bed. The clerk replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house—one wherein was quartered a Pittsburg morning-newspaper man, and the other room wherein was a Pittsburg evening-newspaper man, who were with the excursion. "To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk; so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in." The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chances with the evening-newspaper journalist, as he would doubtless be so drunk that he would lie dormantly quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about twelve o'clock, and, thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself, unconsciously, in the druggist's clothes, and sallied out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered, as he treated all present, "Funniest thing I ever heard of! When I went to bed last night I only had twenty-five cents to my name, and now I've got over a hundred dollars [showing a corpulent roll of bills]; and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.—*Pittsburg Paper.*

The Over-Neat Woman.

CLEANLINESS is an excellent acquirement. It is so great an acquirement that one does not wonder that the sentence "Cleanliness is next to godliness" was popularly supposed, for an indefinite period to be a quotation from the Bible. Cleanliness is the chief distinction between the tramp and many millionaires, albeit there have been many millionaires who could not claim even this advantage over the tramp.

But the sentence, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," can not be found in the Bible, nevertheless. You can not have too much godliness, too much temperance, too much discretion, too much wisdom, but you can have too much neatness.

There have been over-neat men. We have met one or two in our time. They always get up in the night to eat, and are enemies of sleep as they are of dirt. But they are not so numerous nor so pestiferous as the over-neat woman.

Who has not met the over-neat woman? We do not need to describe her. But we will. Revenge is sweet.

She makes her husband exchange his boots for slippers on the door-step. No matter how low the thermometer or barometer, the poor fellow must doff his boots on the porch. Is he wet? He must stay on the stoop until he is done dripping. Consumption? What is that compared with a soiled carpet? The small boy, what a life he leads with such a mother! Followed about with a dust pan and brush and a scolding voice (the hyper-neat woman is always cross) all of childhood's days, he early runs to a club-room or a beer saloon where he can see a little rubbish and find the luxury of dirt. We once knew a lady of this character who, when lightning providentially struck her house and killed a servant, swept up the evidencing dirt the shock dislodged before the coroner could be called.

The "pizen clean" woman always hates to have company. "Guests are so dirty, you know." The parlor is kept dark and unused from year to year. The carpets would fade and dust would gather. We once knew a woman who refused to open her parlor door for the wedding of her daughter. "The streets are too dusty," she said. She is dust now. They opened the parlor for her funeral, and one almost wonders that she did not turn over in her coffin.

Over-neat women delight to make people uncomfortable. She is thin, dyspeptic, has nerves, is troubled with dirt on the brain. Dirt on the brain is very wearing to the constitution, and the hyper-neat woman nearly always dies young. If she did not, nearly all her household would. Her husband always has another chance. This is a dispensation of Providence.

We write with some feeling on this subject, although, thank God, we have only seen the over-neat woman far off. But we have seen the lives of good men embittered, we have seen boys driven to ruin and girls imbued with such hatred of cleanliness that they became very slatterns by over-neat wives and mothers.

Ah, mother, do not mind a cluttered floor, a little gravel or sand on the carpet, a finger-mark on wall paper or mirror. The day may come when a little dirt spread by baby feet, or laid on by busy baby fingers, would be the gladdest sight in the world.

"Now wandered sadly round the room,
No relic could we find;
No toys of hers to soothe our gloom—
She left not one behind.
"But look there is a misty trace,
Faint, undefined and broken,
Of fingers on the mirror's face—
A dear, though simple token."

Ah, friends how clean such dirt is!—*Chicago Alliance.*

Romance in Real Life.

A ROMANCE in real life, the parallel of which I have serious doubt of existing anywhere in all the curious annals of our complex social life, has just had its sequel consummated in a little town not a thousand miles from here. The whole story, told in a short and unromantic way, leaving all the finer and more delicate touches for the novelist who will doubtless take it up in due time, is as follows:

Seventeen years ago last spring Dr. R., then a young fledgling from an Eastern Medical College, settled in the village of G. He was then just twenty-four years old, and with a considerable addition to the dull hum-drum life of the new Western village. Among his earliest and most pleasant acquaintances in the village were Mr. and Mrs. P., who were but recently married, and had removed from a place in the East near where the doctor had formerly resided. In the course of time a daughter was born to Mrs. P., the doctor attended her in her sickness. It was the first case of the kind he had ever had, and he naturally felt very much interested—not only on account of the friendship which he cherished for the family, but because a very plump and beautiful child had been born.

In that early day comparatively few marriageble young ladies, such as an educated young physician would desire to take unto himself, were in the vicinity of G.; and the doctor, being very devoted to the work of his profession, apparently took little thought of himself in regard to the matter of matrimony.

Meanwhile the years rolled away, and the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. grew into a bright little girl. During his frequent visits to the house the doctor and she became very fond of each other, just as man and child will. She was a sort of daughter to him, and he a second father to her. Thus the years went on until Alice became a maiden, and then a young lady; and though she was as sweet as a bright girl could be, and handsome as a picture, no one thought of "keeping her company." "It was sort of understood," said the gentleman who related the story to me, "that the doctor and Alice were intended for each other, and that no one else should have any thing to say in the premises."

Last Saturday the doctor, now a pleasant gentleman of forty-one, with occasionally a silver hair in his raven locks, "fixed up" in his very best style and came quietly to Mr. P.'s, where, in the presence of a few of the friends of the family, Alice was made his bride. Strange as it may seem, both parties were as happy as happy could be, and received the congratulations of all present with due grace. The doctor says that it now seems to him that his life is just begun; and, although he has always been happy, he is now doubly so. Long may the happy couple live and love, is the wish of all their friends. —*Hannibal (Mo.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—"How it does remind me of my courting days!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, remarking the blush that the delicately-turned compliment of Araminta's young man had brought to the girl's cheek. "In those halliard days, when I was young and perceptible, how frustrated I used to feel when Daniel paid me a condiment, as he always was adoing! Yes," she continued, stopping to brush off the tear that trembled at the tip of her attenuated nose, "yes, Daniel was one of a thousand. And he never changed during all our years of patrimony."

—An address to the President of the United States has been prepared and extensively signed by the Roman Catholics, which represents that provision is made for thirty-four chaplains in the army and twenty-four in the navy, and that there is only one Roman Catholic chaplain in the army, and none at all in the navy.

OF the 3,577,304 inhabitants of London it is estimated that there is an average of only about 746,518 who attend public worship, while fifty-eight per cent. are able to attend.

—How is it, in fashionable weddings, that we always have a catalogue of the bride's wearing apparel, while we never hear of the groom having so much as a new pair of socks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates. To have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

"THE SAXON GRIT."

REV. ROBERT COLLYER'S STIRRING REPLY TO A TOAST.

"The Saxon Grit—Which, in New England as in Old England, has made a race of men to be honored, feared and respected. It is as positive as the earth is firm."

SAXON GRIT.

Worn with the battle, by Stamford town,
Fighting the Norman, by Hastings Bay,
Harold, the Saxon's, sun went down.
While the acorns were falling, one autumn day,
Then the Norman said: "I am lord of the land;
By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by the stroke of the pen,
Ate up the corn, and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow,
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way,
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valor or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
This merry old rogue, with the Saxon grit.

And Kent, the tanner, whipt out his knife,
And Watt, the smith, his hammer brought down,
For Ruth, the maid he loved better than life,
And hy breaking a head, made a hole in the crown;
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
"Our life shall not be by the king's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more,"
Then the Norman found the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
To a nobler stature grew alway,
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing; never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

* * * * *

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and the free,
Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God, your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame,
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen
Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end to machines;
Great with the rifle and great with the ax—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that old dim day,
So this new manhood, in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow away;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit;
Now and then failing, but never once quailing—
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

OBED'S SUBSCRIPTION.

"'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' That was the parson's text this morning, and it recalled a circumstance in our early married life about which I sat thinking all through the service, and which, had I been moved by the spirit to arise and relate, would have been a novel illustration for the text."

"Relate it to me," I urged. "It will do for a supplementary discourse."

My friend, at whose house I was staying, led the way out on the back piazza, and after placing me in a shaker rocker, seated herself in another, and began:

"Obed and I have been married ten years, you know. He, at the time of our marriage, had been at the bar but a year, and in a great city like B—— it is no easy matter for a young man to make his way among the best lawyers in the country. It has been only within the last year or two that the receipts of his practice have allowed a deposit in the bank over and above our living expenses. But I had a little income, with which and my Yankee 'capacity' I managed to make both ends of the year meet. Obed had plenty of money in prospect, but none in pocket; so, upon the whole, we were extremely poor, pinched for money at every turn, but nobody suspected it. I had a handsome outfit when I was married, and it lasted me for five years without the actual purchase of a new article. I was my own child's nurse, seamstress, chamber-maid and house-maid, as we could only afford one domestic. It tires me now when I look back and live over those years of self-sacrifice, of a most tiresome economy, in order that we might keep out of debt. But we were young and hopeful, and we often had a little laugh at our own expense, as when dressed for church or a visit, Obed would say, 'Nell, you're dressed like a Princess, and I haven't a dollar in the world; one would think to see you that we rolled in wealth,' while I would gayly remind him that 'all that glitters is not gold.' I remember I had one costume of unusual beauty and richness which he never liked me to wear because it seemed to him like making a false impression, and so it lay folded in my trunk until half ruined, in order, as Obed said, to avoid the *appearance* of 'evil.' He is always quoting St. Paul, you know.

"One secret of my cheerfulness during those trying years was that my faith in Obed was as deep as the sea and firm as the everlasting hills. I no more believed it possible for him to do what he thought to be wrong than it was for him to fly. He is not a brilliant fellow, as you know, but for solid qualities, as honesty, integrity, pureness of heart, earnestness, charitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never known his equal. I never thought of his yielding to temptation, or abandoning any good cause because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I suppose that I endowed him, in a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in regard to anything about which my convictions were clear.

"The greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban town where we now live is much wealthier now than then, but even then is was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own church, and there were always fairs and festivals and subscriptions for this and for that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserly income, it was utterly impossible for us to buy tickets for everything, subscribe toward the preacher's salary, or contribute generously toward the church expenses in any way. The very best that we could do was to east in our 'widow's mite,' and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that. But when it came to money, mind you, we could go no further. We held it to be a crime to let our honest debts go unpaid for the sake of feeding the contribution box. We knew men who did that way, but they were always in financial trouble, and I don't think they enjoyed their religion much, especially when they were sold out by the Sheriff, their families reduced to penury, and various other families suffering loss because of their liberality in various ways. Now, don't misapprehend me! Nobody in the world loves to give better than I do; but I had rather be branded a monster of penuriousness than to be guilty of being liberal with money that properly belongs to somebody else. No doubt but that we were criticised, but we had the courage of our convictions. We knew better than anybody else what we could afford to do, although, as you know, there are persons in every neighborhood who think they know more about your ability to give than you do yourself.

"Well in the second or third year of our marriage the church-building mania seized upon the ambitious part of the congregation of the church of which Obed is a member. The old church was old-fashioned, it is true, ivy-grown, but in most ways very comfortable, and so capacious as to hold a congregation three or four times as large as that which worship in it. But the town, it was argued, was growing rapidly in another direction, and in order for 'our church' to hold its own, and to gather within its precincts the saints in costly array, there must be a new fold with all modern improvements for the accommodation of these fine-wooled sheep to pasture in; so subscriptions for the new church began. We had no sympathy with the movement, which was entirely for the aggraudizement of the denomination, and not at all for the salvation of sinuers. The church was in no sense needed, and Obed declared that if he were a millionaire he would not donate a sou toward its erection, for it would be but a useless and heavy burden upon the people—a sort of ecclesiastical 'white elephant.'

"But the aggrandizers carried the day, and the building of the church began, with half of the required money pledged. Obed was elected one of the trustees, for the *eclat* of his name, I suppose. He attended one or two of the business meetings, when he lifted up his voice in opposition to the scheme, and that was all of his participation in the matter.

"Finally dedication day came. It was appointed for a Sunday in September, and everybody, far and near, who was at all likely to donate anything toward the lifting of the debt on the enterprise, which amounted to six thousand dollars, was especially invited to attend the dedicatory services. The 'bishop' was to officiate, and other noted men in the church were to be present. The Sunday morning came, and I awoke with a headache which quite unfitted me for service. Obed announced his intention of going to hear the 'bishop,' and added, laughingly, 'to see the fun.'

"'What fun?' I asked, in surprise.

"'The fun of seeing $6,000 squeezed out of the people. If they are all as dry an orange as I am they'll raise about ten cents,' and he thrust his hands into his trousers' empty pockets. Then, kissing me, he walked away. I watched him as far as the gate, taking pride in his tall, manly figure and distinguished air, that asserted itself in spite of his somewhat seedy church suit.

"Dinner hour came, but Obed had not returned. I remember I was sitting on the back porch of our cottage waiting for him, when, like a flash, came the thought in my mind '*What if Obed should be induced to subscribe!*' The thought actually made me faint for a moment, but I quickly dismissed it as being unworthy of him. He knew our struggle with poverty, and especially appreciated the sacrifices that I was constantly called upon to make, and, as you know, I had been reared in affluence. No, Obed was not of that class of men who send money to the 'heathen' while wife and children actually suffer for the necessaries of existence.

"That ignoble thought quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard Obed's step on the walk, a little less eager than usual, it seemed to me, and the moment he reached the porch I knew something was wrong, for I can always tell from Obed's face the state of his feelings.

"'Well, back again, are you Obed?' I said, by way of greeting, as he threw his hat down with a boyish fling.

"'Yes; and what do you think I've done, Nell?' he asked, vehemently.

"'I couldn't say, Obed,' I replied, quietly.

"'Subscribed a hundred dollars to that pesky church! I'm ashamed of myself! I despise myself! I never felt so mean in all my life! a hundred dollars!—and you here slaving your fingers' ends off! I deserve to be shot for my ignominy!"

"'A hundred dollars,' I echoed, faintly, feeling the blood rushing to my heart. It may seem silly to you that for that paltry sum of money we should have been made so miserable; but to us, at that time, it was like a million.

"'Obed!' I cried, after some moments of silence, 'not for ten thousand one hundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right.'

"'O, Nell, 'tis just that which cuts me to the quick,' he quickly retorted. 'Nobody could have made me believe that I would do such a thing. I am as surprised and pained as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such a streak of weakness within me! St. Paul must have foreseen me, for sure, when he warned men to take heed lest they fall, while thinking that they stand.'

"Poor Obed! I had never seen him so mortified and humiliated, and all on account of what he so fitly termed that 'pesky church.'

"Then I asked him to tell me how it happened and he described the method employed by the 'bishop' and his officials to raise the six thousand dollars. The officials each went among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from occupants, of each pew; then, as the amount subscribed failed to reach the desired sum, a new appeal was made, and persons who had refused to subscribe at the first round were again besieged. There was much joking by the various persons brought there to 'talk' money out of the people, and one of them, in speaking of certain pews, said the 'swaths had not been mowed clean.' So the 'mowing' was done over and over, and it was in the last 'mowing,' when the last thousand dollars was being raised, that Obed, after repeatedly saying he could not subscribe, was overcome by the combined persuasions of two parsons to allow his name to be put down for a hundred dollars—surprised, the moment he yielded, and regretting it as you have heard.

"'But we can't pay it, so what was the use?' I argued, in woman fashion.

"'O, *I shall pay it*, Nell' he cried, desperately, 'if for no better reason than as punishment for my weakness. But you shan't suffer from it,' he added, stoutly.

"'Don't be too sure,' I said, quietly.

"He winced and replied:

"'True, Nell, I can never again feel sure of anything.'

"As a comforting rejoinder I quoted 'All things work together for good to them who love the Lord and keep His commandments.'

"We concluded the talk by Obed's asking me to promise never to allude to the matter again until the subscription was paid, which I did, and then freeing himself of a final anathema against his own weakness and that 'pesky church,' we dropped the subject and went to the dinner table, which we had for the time being forgotten.

"Well, within the following two years Obed paid that dreadful subscription. I remember well the night when he came home, and, catching me up in his arms as if he had gone daft, explained his behavior by saying that the 'unmentionable horror' was at last canceled, the hundred-dollar subscription was paid, and that if we only had a 'fatted calf' we would kill it in honor of the occasion.

"Although neither Obed nor I during these two years had mentioned the matter, it was like a skeleton behind the door. My keen eyes detected his new economies; the retrenching screw had received another turn, and it made my heart ache. Unknown to him I, too, made my new economies, in behalf of the same cause, until I felt mean and scrimped to the furthest degree. I can't tell you how much we endured because of that hundred dollars, which went toward paying for carpets and cushions and other luxuries that the worshipers in the old church had always done without.

"Of coure that 'pesky church' still stands, but from that day to this we have never entered it. The effort to make it aristocratic failed, and its entire history has been a series of struggles to pay the preacher and 'keep up style.'

"Two years ago Obed, almost entirely at his own expense, for he had come into possession of his patrimony then, refitted the old church, which, after all, has come to be fashionable as well as useful. When the suggestion was made to have the old church repaired Obed made a little speech, in which he said that rather than have a single man or woman subscribe a farthing beyond what he or she was abundantly able to give, he much preferred to bear the entire expense himself; and that all subscriptions to the fund *must be voluntary*. He afterwards said to me that rather than have any person subjected to the pain and humiliation that we had undergone because of that 'dreadful subscription,' he would worship in a barn to the end of his days. I often think if people who solicit subscriptions with a persistence that amounts to insolence would but consider the possible harm they commit that they would ply their business with more consideration, remembering that overcoming a good man's sense of right and duty is leading him into the temptation from which he daily prays to be delivered. And now I'm through," concluded my friend, with a bright laugh, "only that I wish to suggest to you that, if ever you have an 'Obed' bound for a church dedication, you had better go with him, unless you happily more abound in filthy lucre than we did ten years ago; for Obed said afterward that if I only had been with him we should have been spared the history of that 'dreadful subscription.'"—*Mary Wager Fisher, in Good Company.*

Her New Shoes.

She was a woman. If you ever ran a shoe store you will know what followed as she entered the store. She looked all around, picked up a pair of shoes off the counter, rubbed her thumb along the soles, and timidly asked of the smiling clerk:

"Do you keep ladies shoes here?"

"We do," he promptly answered.

"What style shall I show you?"

For more than three weeks she had had her mind made up for a pair which laced on the inside, and all her friends had encouraged her idea, but it wouldn't have been like a woman to ask the clerk for that particular style.

"Let's see? Let's see?" she mused. "I suppose you have the French heels?"

"O, yes," he answered, and he soon had twenty pairs before her. She closely inspected each pair, from 2's up to 6s, asked the grade of material in each, and twice during the fifteen minutes she seemed on the point of trying on a pair.

"Are you sure these are the French heels?" she finally asked.

"O, yes; you can be sure of that."

"Well, I guess I won't buy any today. I did think some of looking at some button shoes."

"Certainly. Here is a large variety. Do you wish kid?"

"I presume," she answered, as she wet her finger and rubbed the heel of a shoe, "that kid will wear longer than morocco?"

"Of course. These are patent buttons, you see."

"Yes, I see. If I ever buy a pair of button shoes I shall insist on the patent button."

"Didn't you want a pair of these?"

"Let's see!" she mused again, fastening her eyes on the top shelf. She was buried in the deepest thought for a long minute, and the clerk hardly dared draw his breath. Then her eyes gradually dropped from shelf to shelf until they rested on his garnet necktie, and she said:

"Not to-day. Have you shoes which lace?"

"O, yes."

"Those which lace in front?"

"Yes'm. Here is something fine. I can sell you a pair of these for twenty shillings."

"Can you? Why shoes must have either gone up or down! Shoes which lace in front are stylish, aren't they?"

"O, yes."

"And they wear as good as any?"

"Just as good. I can recommend the material in these shoes, as they were made for us here in Detroit. Will you try on a pair?"

She seemed about to do so. She looked over at the lounge, seized a pair of 3's, and was then halted by a new idea. She put the shoes down, let her eyes drop to the floor, and after a mental calculation of seveuty seconds she suddenly inquired:

"Did you say you had shoes that laced on the side?"

"Yes, we have. Would you like to see them?"

She hesitated, looked up and down the shelves as if perplexed, and finally said she would. He emptied two boxes, praised the style and material, and advised her by all means to get those shoes if she wanted to be in style and have a good fit.

"I can wear threes," she observed, as she partly turned away, "but owing——"

"Yes'm. You do not want a glove-fitting shoe. You are very sensible on that point. Fives are much too large, of course, but they are better for the feet in winter. These are fives, but very small ones. In some stores they would be marked threes."

"I guess I'll try them on," she faintly remarked, as she sat down.

"Yes'm. I'm sure——"

No he wasn't. She had suddenly paused again. What if there was a hole in the heel of her stocking! Suppose her big toe had worked through, as big toes sometimes will!

"I can try them on alone," she finally said, and while the clerk was busy on the other side of the counter she ripped the buttons off her right shoe, pulled it off and got her foot into the new one. It was a pinch. Her toes felt cramped and her heel complained.

"Do they fit?" asked the clerk, as he leaned over the counter.

She didn't say.

"Perhaps you had better try sixes, with a broad sole and low instep," he suggested.

"What!" she exclaimed, as her face reddened; "why, I can't hardly find my foot in these! I'll take them on account of my chilblains, but I'll only wear them around the house!"

"Very well—I'll wrap them up." She paid for the shoes, took them in her hand and went out with a sweet smile on her face, but she was the woman who was heard saying to herself on the street car:

"Gone and made a dunce of myself again by getting tight shoes! I wish I'd thrown the money into the fire!"—*Free Press.*

A Stored Piano Restored.

Some of the peculiar phases of New York life, its rascalities, its vicissitudes, may be demonstrated by the history of a piano. A lady, born to fortune, had given her on her marriage, as a wedding present, a piano. It was a favorite instrument, and was in times of wealth transported to and fro when the family went into the country or returned to the city. One summer, five years ago, the expenses of transportation being heavy, it was agreed that music should be dispensed with, and the piano was stored in New York. On the lady's return to the city that fall, the storage receipt was presented, but the piano was not to be found. There were grand pianos and cottage pianos, but not the particular instrument. Had the piano flown? Diligent inquiry was made, but without success. Then the lady commenced a series of inquiries on her own account. The actions of a discharged clerk in the storage business were followed up. It seems he had levanted the piano, which he had hired out to a music teacher. This music-teacher, none too honest, had had money advanced on an instrument which did not belong to her, and, of course, not being able to pay the money, the piano had been seized and sold. Now it came into the hands of a third party, who sold it to a fourth. Then the piano figured regularly at bogus auction sales, where "the entire furniture of a gentleman going to Europe" was to be disposed of. To give it an outside appearance of freshness, the thirty-year-old piano was nicely varnished. This piano had the honor of appearing in a mock-auction trial. Its insides must have been solidly built, for it withstood all the banging and abuse which were heaped upon its poor keys. But after the mock-auction trial all traces had been lost. At last, some four months ago, a son of the lady, gifted with memory and a fine ear, went to a Sunday-school concert in one of the suburbs of the metropolis. The first chords of a piano, as it chimed in as an accompaniment to "Kiss him for his mother's sake," struck his ear. He was not bored to death with the music, but stood it out to the end. After the performance he went to the piano, tried it, and recognized it as the instrument over which, as a boy, he had passed many an hour. With this clue, aided by his mother, who proved herself a detective of the first class, they harked back, and, after tracing the piano through all its tribulations, they had such absolute proof of the identity of the instrument that the proprietors of the storage establishment bought the piano, returned it to the original owners, paying the expenses incurred in the search. It must be stated that the storage people were quite willing to pay the value of the piano at the outset, but with a singular love for the instrument, the owner of it insisted that she would have none other than her own piano.—*N. Y. Times.*

Swindling by Wholesale.

The various frauds unearthed by the Postoffice Department recently, give new emphasis to the fact that if, as some claim, immortality is denied to other people, the fools do not die. The Texas Gift Concert Enterprise received $100,000 and distributed $3,000 or $4,000, the first prize of $50,000 going to a confederate who was paid $500 for personating the lucky man.

One Henry P. Jones, in New York, sends autograph letters over the country to his "cousin," who left the army after the war, and whose name, the same as the correspondents to whom he is writing, "Jones" has seen in the directory. "Jones" says he is agent for a lottery, and will arrange it so that his "cousin" shall draw the prize on an inclosed ticket because it will be a good advertisement if he goes around among his friends and neighbors proclaiming his good luck. In a few days "Burnett" writes to "Jones'" "cousin;" that is to say, he sends a letter to the same parties in different parts of the country whom "Jones" addressed, saying that the correspondent thus addressed has drawn a watch worth $300, on which, for packing, registering, etc., he is allowed a commission of $3. The dupe sends his $3, and "Burnett" sends another letter announcing that "Jones" had no authority to send him a lottery ticket free. He thereupon demands $5 more—the price of the ticket—which the dupe sends him, and the correspondence closes.

Another letter flooding the country announces that the receiver of it, having remitted the proper amount due, has secured title to certain shares in the "Silver Mountain Mining Company." The dupe chuckles at the mistake that has been made, orders the certificates forwarded and receives them. Then follow sundry assessments upon the stock as long as the innocent will stand it.

The "American Book Company," Weymouth, Mass., requests postmasters to forward sixty-seven cents and the names of the clergymen in his town, in return for which they will send him a handsome Bible. "I was silly enough to comply," writes one victim, "and have not received either the Word of God or a word from the swindlers."

Worse than this, one wretch in Massachusetts sent out 300,000 vile circulars last winter and fall, to children of both sexes, and received 3,000 or 4,000 registered letters, containing money.—*Free Press.*

The Old Maid's Beverage.

The districts of China which supply the greater portion of the teas exported to Europe and America lie between the twenty-fifth and thirty-first degree of north latitude, and the best districts are those between twenty-seven and thirty-one degrees (Fortune.) The plants are raised from seed, kept over winter in moist earth and planted in March three or four feet apart and look like a garden of gooseberry bushes, and they bear from the fourth to the twelfth year, both inclusive. The leaves are plucked by hand, chiefly by women; and the season is from the earliest spring to the end of June. The first gathering is the best, afterward the leaves become tougher. The mode of drying and roasting the leaves generally and the specific processes by which the green and black teas are severally prepared, have been minutely described by Mr. Fortune, and from his description, somewhat condensed we learn: First, that in the process of drying, the leaves are roasted, in such a way as necessarily to bring about many chemical changes within the substance of the leaves themselves, producing the various flavors, odors and tastes which distinguish the different teas. Secondly, that the mode of handling, by which the leaves are converted respectively into green and black teas, is the cause of the different colors of these two main varieties. Thus for the green teas: 1. The leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered. 2. They are dried off quickly after the rolling process. The whole operation is speedy and simple. Black teas: 1. They are spread out for some time after they are gathered, in the air. 2. They are then further tossed about until they become soft and flaccid. 3. They are now roasted for a few minutes and rolled; after which they are exposed to the air for a few hours in a soft and moist site. 4. Lastly, they are dried slowly over charcoal fires. It is by lengthened exposure to the air, therefore, in the process of drying, accompanied by, perhaps, a slight heating and fermentation, that the dark color and distinguishing flavor are imparted to black teas of commerce. The produce of different districts varies in quality and flavor with the climate, the soil and the variety of the plant cultivated, as well as with the period at which the leaves are gathered and with the mode of drying them. It may be fresh information for our readers to be told that though tea is used only as an illusion, it has been long known that the spent leaves contain the elements of one of the most nutritive of vegetable substances; and are only not used on account of the almost universal toughness of the leaves of the China teas supplied to foreign countries. But this toughness does not obtain in the case of Japanese teas, whose leaves may be advantageously eaten either with salt or sugar.

For imparting a nice, uniform color, or skin, to green teas, the Chinese use a mixture of Prussian blue and plaster of Paris (sulphate of lime), the quantity varying slightly with the amount of color required. This they do to please the purchasers, but never use colored tea themselves. How far this small quantity may prejudice health is not quite clear, but there is less doubt about the pernicious qualities of an adulterated tea largely manufactured by the Chinese, under the name of lie-tea. This consists of the sweepings and dust of the tea warehouses, cemented together with rice-water and then rolled into grains. It is made to resemble either black to imitate caper, or green to resemble gun-powder, and is manufactured professedly for the purpose of adulterating the better sorts of tea. The cleverness exhibited in the manufacture of the different kinds of lie-tea is something really surprising, and so close is the imitation in many cases that much practice and skill are required for its detection. Our investigations hitherto disclose the fact that the better brands of lie-tea consist of the dust of tea only, made up into little masses, or of this dust mixed with that of foreign leaves, but the great bulk of the lie-tea met with is compounded of tea-dust; with sometimes the dust of leaves other than tea, and large quantities of mineral matter, of which silex and magnetic oxide of iron form a considerable proportion, the masses of pellets being colored with the substances already mentioned, and some others.—*San Francisco News.*

The Civilized Cetewayo.

Nothing has yet transpired as to the final arrangements to be made with regard to the ex-Zulu King Cetewayo. He is still an involuntary occupant of Cape Town Castle. The other day he thought himself too old to learn, and declined an offer to be taught; but he has since altered his mind, and taken some writing lessons, and now manages with pencil and slate to make tolerable copy lines of the words "Queen Victoria." Recent portraits of him show a marked change in his external appearance. When his likeness was first taken, after his arrival by the transport Natal, he was presented in all the nakedness of primitive Zulu costume; but in the latest photographs he appears metamorphosed into a very pleasant-looking colored gentleman, dressed after European fashion in a tweed suit, with white handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket, and gloves and cane in hand. The transition from barbarism to civilization is so sudden and decided as almost to suggest a doubt whether this can be the person who perpetrated the acts of savagery ascribed to the late Monarch of Zululand. The ex-King himself, however, soon satisfied the curious upon this point. He makes little or no reservation as to the sacrifice of human life, which was part of the system of his government, and which he justifies on the plea that there was no other way of enforcing his authority among his people.

Most of the reported facts as to the massacre of the Zulu girls who would not conform to the national marriage laws are confirmed by him. At the feast of the first fruits, it appears, he had given his sanction to one or two of his regiments to put on head-rings, indicating that they had attained to independent manhood, and at the same time issued a command that the young women at the various kraals were to marry these soldiers. The women showed no inclination to comply with this command, and, when called to account, gave as a reason that the regiments permitted to marry were not good enough for them. Cetewayo then promoted another regiment to the dignity of "head-rings," and again declared that the girls of marriageable age were to marry at once. Still they refused to comply, and various devices were again resorted to to evade the order, some young women even washing off the red dust on their hair which marked them as marriageable. The King's anger was then aroused, and in a fury he directed the Umeityn regiment, 8,000 strong, to march to the several kraals throughout the country, and kill every person who had disobeyed him. Numbers of girls and others connected with them were slaughtered. The bodies of some were placed at the cross-roads as an example of the King's displeasure, and when the parents of the individuals so killed went to bury the bodies, they brought Cetewayo's wrath upon themselves, and they and the whole of their families in some instances were destroyed. Several women, however, saved themselves by seeking shelter and hiding with friends; and those who survived lost no time in complying with the King's orders and marrying into the regiments appointed to them. Mr. Longcast, the interpreter now with Cetewayo, was in Zululand at the time, and was himself instrumental in saving the lives of five young persons whom he hid away.

This was not the only occasion, however, when the King sanctioned such a slaughter of his people. Shortly before, some of his soldiers who were summoned to assemble at Nodwengo made the excuse that sickness prevented them from attending. He remarked that he would save the doctors the trouble of looking after the sick, and "impis" of his favorite regiment, the Umcityu, were promptly sent in every direction to kill the offenders against his royal command. In some instances the delinquents escaped from the fury of these impis; and, by the law and custom of the country, such as thus escaped were exempted from being again punished in any way. But for that law, says Cetewayo, there would have been much more killing in Zululand.—*London Times.*

—A Quaker shopkeeper once met a Quaker customer going home with her bundles. He had been absent from his place, and had a notion in his wise head that she had been trading with a rival whom he did not much love. "How much did thee give a yard for this, Mary?" "One dollar." "Why, I am surprised at thee! I could let thee have it for seventy-five cents." "And how much for this?" "Two dollars?" "Why, that was unreasonable. I could have let thee have it for $1.50. Why will thee go away trading with strangers and world's people, Mary?" "I don't know what thee is talking about, friend John," she said, "but I did buy all these things at thy store, and if thee says the truth thee must owe me considerable money."—*Troy Times.*

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1880.

Even Jeff Davis disapproves the Maine frauds.

A telegram from Jackson, Miss., states that Senator Lamar has been stricken with paralysis, but that his physicians pronouce his case hopeful.

The fact is recalled that Governor "Blue Jeans" Williams, of Indiana, might have been counted out by the Republican legislature of 1877, as the returns from six Democratic counties were lacking or insufficient. The Speaker of the House, John Overmyer, against the advice of some technicallst partisans, procured corrected returns, and gave the office to the man elected to it; but Garcelon isn't that kind of a man.

Bayard's home organ, the Wilmington *Every Evening*, in a recent issue, said: "We cannot see how Gov. Garcelon, in the force of his claim that he desires to act simply in accordance with law and equity, can refuse to heed the court's decision, unless, indeed, he presumes to set himself up as superior to the Supreme Court as an interpreter of the Constitution and statutes of the state. This would be a blunder almost equal to that of reversing the result of the election."

Gen. Garfield was in Cleveland when he was nominated for the Senate, having refused to go to Columbus to conduct the canvass in person. When the news reached him he expressed deep gratification, but said he was not surprised. He is reported to have said:

"I believe in lifting political canvasses of this kind to a higher standard. Of course, there are cases when it becomes necessary for a candidate to appear in a fight. If I had been personally assailed it would have been my duty to go, and I held myself in readiness to go if it became necessary in that way; but to make myself a solicitor for votes, I could not do it. I would rather have lost the place than secure it in that way. Besides, I wished to keep myself from becoming entangled with pledges and promises, so that I might go into the Senate with my whole freedom and act with independence on all questions."

It is an appropriate time to reflect upon the character of the Democratic party as it stands revealed by the theft of Maine. While it is a fact that many of the Democratic journals have protested against the crime, it is also a fact that an equal number of Democratic journals have defended it. Furthermore, not an eminent man in the party has expressed any dissent, and the rank and file of the party are equally silent. The general sentiment of the party may be said, therefore, to be in favor of condoning the crime. Suppose now that this party gains control of the Government at this year's election, and the South comes forward with a grand scheme to empty the Treasury, does anybody suppose that a party which stands in silence and allows some of its own members to steal a State will interfere when others of its members seek to rob the Treasury?

It is boldly predicted that, before many years, the Chinese question will become as urgent in Europe as it now is in America. The isolation of China is a thing of the past, and, in a century, if not sooner, we are told the Chinese will become the principal workmen element not only in America, but in Europe. The European race is aristocratic; generally disliking manual labor, it aspires to everything except the obscure life of the workingman. Moreover, the future generation will find itself face to face with the question of how to procure hands for handiwork. It is here that the Chinese race will come admirably in to fill up the gap. In fifty years steam navigation will transport the Chinese at fabulously low prices to all parts of the world. We shall see arise in all the cities of Europe Chinese quarters which will cause discontent among our working classes, with whom they will have seriously to reckon, and the Chinese element will end by fixing itself among us like the Jews. This Chinese emigration is no Utopia, and we shall see the Chinese workmen in Europe sooner than we think.

Prospects of a Row

There is a general impression among well informed persons, and which is based upon certain events already transpired, that the state combination feels itself strong enough not to allow Mr. Hamilton the choice of his own appointments, without first consulting the leaders of the ring. All who know Mr. Hamilton are aware that he has sufficient moral courage and backbone to decline to be dictated to by others. His friends say that he will never submit to anything of the kind, and that he proposes to consult his own wishes and desires in the making of appointments. When Mr. Hamilton was nominated it was understood that he would have the naming of Mr. Gorman's successor as President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and that the other members of the Board of Public Works would make no opposition to whomever he would name. But the last few days dispelled this illusion. It is well understood that Mr. Hamilton desires Mr. John Ritche to be Mr. Gorman's successor, and it is equally well known that the two other members of the Board of Public Works do not propose to vote for Mr. Ritchie, as he is understood to be opposed by Mr. Gorman. It is said that they may consent to Mr. Mealy or Mr. Horsey, but the other members of the Board of Public Works propose to have a say in regard to the appointment. There was a rumor on the streets of Annapolis during the past week that Mr. Hamilton had a private interview with Mr. Barnes Compton, the State Treasurer, and who is one of the members of the Board of Public Works, in regard to the presidency of the canal, when some of these facts were brought out. Mr. Compton was approached by an *American* reporter, who made inquires in regard to the interview. Mr. Compton stated that the interview was entirely of a private nature, and that it would be a breach of confidence for him to say anything about it. One of the leaders who was spoken to in regard to the matter, said that it was well known that Mr. Hamilton would like to see Mr. Ritchie president of the canal, but smilingly said that this would scarcely be done. But, said he, there may be a reconciliation, and some matters turn up by which either Messrs. Ritchie, Horsey or Mealy may be elected to that position. It looks very probable that there will soon be a rupture between the new Executive and the present party managers, if the latter interfere with his appointments. The Governor-elect will insist upon the exercise of his prerogative, and if there is any disposition shown to thwart his wishes, there will be trouble in the camp. It is said by those in sympathy with the leaders that the latter will promise to carry out Governor Hamilton's reform measures, and in return expect him to conform to their wishes in regard to appointments; but Mr. Hamilton's friends say that Mr. Hamilton proposes to be governor, and will not permit himself to be used as a tool in the hands of any combination, however influential.—*Balto. American.*

Some of the papers are inclined to blame Mr. Eugene Hale for participating in the organization of the Maine Assembly, as otherwise that body would have been without a quorum. It must be remembered, however, that it was absolutely essential that some Republican should be present to make a formal protest against the illegal procedure of the Fusionists, and that by refusing to vote Mr. Hale could at any time break the quorum. This, as a matter of fact, was the course he persued. Not one of the officers of the house was elected by a quorum of the members; and they occupy a position which we do not suppose the most bitter partisan would endorse as tenable by any construction of parliamentary law. Indeed, where the Democratic press is not out-spoken in its condemnation of the tactics pursued by the party in Maine; it is significantly silent; and it may be said that outside of that state the conspirators are almost totally without apologists, as they certainly are without defenders.

AN EMPEROR'S MUSINGS.—When the Emperor William received the news of the attempt on the life of the Czar he became, it is said, very serious, and, after remaining silent for some minutes, he said in a tone at once melancholy and energetic: "If we do not change the direction of our policy; if we do not think seriously of giving sound instruction to youth; if we do not give the first place to religion; if we only pretend to govern by expedients from day to day, our thrones will be overturned, and society will become a prey to the most terrible events. We have no more time to lose, and it will be a great misfortune if all the governments do not come to an accord in this salutary work of repression."

The Democratic editors who are so aghast at the partisan character of the answer of the Maine Supreme Court to Garcelon's points should endeavor to calm themselves with the information that one of the Judges, Libbey, is a straight-out Democrat. He signed the "partisan" findings without a protest.

TELEGRAPHIC.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. HAMILTON.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 14.—Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton was inaugurated governor at noon to-day in the Senate chamber, in the presence of both Houses of the legislature, the judges of the court of appeals, and other State officials. The governor-elect was escorted from the Executive Manison by the Fifth Maryland regiment from Baltimore, the Bond Guards and Governor's Guards of Anne Arundel county, and the Garrett Guards of Oakland. Mr. Hamilton delivered a brief inaugural, announcing his readiness to cooperate earnestly with other departments of the State government in the most rigid economy in State expenditures.

COMPROMISE TALK IN AUGUSTA.

BOSTON, Jan. 22.—The *Journal's* Augusta special of last night says: But very few of the Republican members or claimants left the city to-day, and to-night it is said that every man except one or two is on hand. Various rumors are afloat as to the movements of each party to-morrow. The question whether the committee on on gubernatorial votes will report and whether both branches will attempt to elect a governor to-morrow is freely discussed. The general opinion is that they will not presume to elect a governor as the House is at present constituted. It is rumored that leading Fusionists to-day made overtures for a compromise, when they were told that the admission of members elect of the disfranchised cities and the towns of Farmington and Skowhegan would ensure the full attendance of the Republicans. This would add 14 to the 62 Republican members. The committee find that six persons received votes for governor—Davis, Smith, Garcelon, Bradbury, Chamberlain and Greenleaf. The first four would be the names from which two would have to be chosen to send to the senate. Thus, if the House should be Republican and the Senate Fusion, a Fusion governor would be elected. A quorum of certified members would give the Republicans a majority of one. The Fusionists will hesitate sometime before accepting these terms.

The Republicans feel greatly relieved that the arms that had been in the State House are returned to the State arsenal in Bangor, and consider it a great move toward a peaceful solution of the difficulty. It is reported and believed by a large number of persons, that the reason the galleries were not allowed to be occupied on Friday last was that orders had been given to allow certain armed men, concealed in the State library, in case of an attempt on the part of Republicans to capture the hall (as the Fusionists feared), to come down by a short cut and enter the south gallery with loaded muskets, and command the representative hall. The finding of muskets loaded and cartridge boxes filled shows that bloody work was contemplated. Both parties keep their movements very cloudy to all except the members and claimants, and especially do they avoid making any disclosures to newspaper correspondents.

A GRAIN BLOCKADE.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—A grain blockade of prodigious proportions is the feature of the grain trade in this market at present. The elevators of the city, which contain an aggregate of 16,000,000 bushels, are very nearly filled to their utmost capacity, and several roads are refusing to receive grain for this market because, when it arrives, there are no accommodations for it. In this condition of affairs the directors of the Board of Trade are considering the propriety of accepting as regular the receipts in the elevators and storehouses along the line of the various railroads. It is also in contemplation to provide temporary storage outside elevators, and to build new elevators in various quarters of the city. Large numbers of cars are lying along the tracks in the city loaded with grain which they are unable to deposit. There are in storage 8,000,000 bushels wheat, 1,000,000 corn, and enough of oats and other grain to make the total 11,250,000 bushels, against a total of 10,000,000 bushels at this time last year. There are also about 1,000,000 bushels afloat in the harbor. The elevator outside the city and tributaries to it are generally well filled; some of them overcrowded. For this condition of affairs the only explanation is that the grain syndicate, of which James R. Keene is the representative, have, by constant purchases, forced the market price of wheat in this city to a point where it is a dead loss to ship it to New York, and to a point where it cannot be shipped from New York to Liverpool, even at the prevailing low rate of freights, with any prospect of a return for the money invested. Unless prices in Liverpool advances very materially or declines here something like twenty cents per bushel there will be no shipping margin, and the grain blockade will continue. Meantime the farmers are unable to find a market for their grain, although the prices are to their liking. The outcome of this unprecedented situation will be watched with much interest.

FUNDS FORWARDED.

NEW YORK, January 10.—The Irish relief committee at San Francisco Friday telegraphed $2,000 to Dublin for relief of the sufferers in Ireland.

The treasurer of the Parnell meeting at the Madison Square Garden, forwarded yesterday, through Drexel, Morgan & Co., $2,500 to this Irish Land League for the relief of the distressed. A mass meeting will be held in New York next week.

A special cable despatch from Dublin says: The Catholic bishop of the diocese of Achonry, Ireland, in acknowledging a French subscription for the relief of the distress in Ireland, dwells on the pitiful condition of his flock, and declares that it is painful to have to stretch out the hand towards America and France rather than to flourishing England, which yearly receives millions from Ireland as taxes.

THE MAIN MIXTURE.

AUGUSTA, ME., Jan. 11.—Lewis Barker, on behalf of his client, Ebenezer Sproul, of Venzie, has attached the property of E. F. Pillsbury, of the *Maine Standard*, for libel based upon an article in that paper charging Mr. Sproul with bribery. Personal service will be made on Mr. Pillsbury to-morrow. The case will be tried in Penobscot county. It is hinted that the programme of the Fusionists will be to send the Sergeant-at-Arms from the House to arrest either Eugene Hale or Prof. Young or both, and bring them into the House to form a quorum. It is now utterly impossible to secure a quorum unless the presence of Republicans is secured, and that seems hardly possible, as the failure to secure a quorum thus far has more strongly entrenched the Redubbicans in their position. The Fusionists will exhaust every possible means to legally elect the Governor and Council, which will be the signal for proceeding to business, which has been suspended entirely. How such an election can be held, and how it would be regarded by General Chamberlain, now acting as Governor, is not known; but that it is contemplated is gathered from consultation with leading Fusionists and their remarks in the Senate. The feeling is quite general that members from the cities will be allowed soon to take seats. Major Smith, the Greenback candidate, left for home on Saturday, but expects to return the first of the week. D. F. Davis remains on the ground. On Saturday prominent Fusionists applied to Gen. Chamberlain for the discharge of the Augusta police in charge of the State House, expressing the belief that public property was not endangered. General Chamberlain informed them that if the request was granted, he would order two companies of militia to take their place. An order was written for two companies to come by the 8 o'clock train; but the gentlemen making the request changed their minds, and the order was cancelled.

AUGUSTA, ME, January 10.—The Agent of the Associated Press sends the following in explanation of the circumstances which drew from Mr. Blaine his telegram denouncing the charges connecting him with the alleged attempts at bribery:

The special report concerning Mr. Blaine, to which you referred in your despatch to me yesterday, has come to hand. It consists simply in a statement that the alleged briber of Swan was seen to go to and from Mr. Blaine's residence about the time the alleged bribe was delivered. The entire absence of significance in this fact will be appreciated when I assure you from my presence and personal knowledge that Mr. Blaine's residence, from early breakfast hour to midnight of that day, and indeed every other day during the week, has been constantly filled by a very large crowd, averaging from fifty to a hundred and fifty persons, including a large portion of the Republican senators and representatives and their friends from all parts of the state. The large drawing rooms, conservatory, reception room, dining room, billard room and halls have been given up to the crowd of interested Republicans, without limit or restraint. Mr. Blaine himself spent most of the day in his private library with the Advisory Committee, and Mr. White says that he never saw him during the entire day—except while he was passing hurriedly from one room to another. Had I known, the character of the report about which you telegraphed to me, I should never have shown your despatch to Mr. Blaine, and thus given the charge so serious a character as to require any notice from him. The matter had never even been intimated in Augusta, and the universal feeling here is that the bribery case was one of the most despicable and transparent of 'put-up jobs.' You will not be surprised at any absurb or wicked rumor concerning Mr. Blaine from the baffled and dissolving conspirators for whose exposure and overthrow he has been incessantly at work for the past eight weeks. One day they telegraph that he has had an appoplectic stroke, when they know he is in perfect health, and another day they invent a bribery charge, and send lying despatches to different cities connecting his name therewith. Mr. Wallace White, the person accused of paying the bribe, is a young man under thirty years of age, a lawer, resident in Winthrop, of irreproachable character and stainless reputation. The character of his accusers will be exhibited to the satisfaction of the public when the formal investigation is made. They stand to-day as self-confessed criminals, punishable with heavy penalities under the statutes of Maine. But the chief criminals lie behind them in the persons of those who concocted the wicked scheme, and they are the men whom public justice is mostly anxious to overtake, expose and punish. The motive of the Democratic conspirators in putting up the job is very aparent. They had already lost three of their members against whom they had in vain hurled the charge of being bribed. They were in a positive panic lest other members should turn back from the crime of stealing a state government, for which purpose they had been fraudulently counted in. To counteract this strong tendency among their followers, who had some decency or some conscience left, this game of bribery was put up in order to warn every Democrat who dared to be honest that he would be branded as a bribe-taker and destroyed in repudiation, if possible. When the whole of this conspiracy, in which the bribery case is a mere incident, shall be brought to light and exposed, as it soon will be, the country will stand aghast at the audacity and infamy with which the Democrats and Greenbackers of Maine have sought to deprive a whole people of the right of self-government. Outside of Maine the crime, with all its revolting details, has not yet been comprehended or appreciated.

(Signed)
CHARLES A. BOUTELLE.
Editor Bangor *Whig and Courier*.

A REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE.

AUGUSTA, January 12. At 5:10 this evening the Republican members of the Senate and House of Representives proceeded to the State House for the purpose of organizing the legislature. The movement was entirely unknown to the Fusionists, and but few of the Republicans outside of the immediate members were aware of the position of affairs. The news that the Republicans had taken possession of the State House spread rapidly and caused great rejoicing among the Republicans, who have been impatient to have just this result brought about.

Mr. Lamson, president of the Senate, when he saw the people assembling, proceeded to Gen. Chamberlain's headquarters, and excitedly said: "I protest against these men coming in." The General informed Mr. Limson that he should permit the men to come in and stay as long as they pleased. There was no forcible resistance whatever. The halls were lighted, several officers of the previous legislature, familiar with the premises, taking hold and lending their assistance.

In the Senate, Hon. Jeremiah Dingley, Jr., called the meeting to order, and Hustin Harris was called to the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Butler, a member of the House. Charles W. Turner, Esq., assistant secretary of the late Senate, called the roll, and 18 senators responded to the call. A quorum was announced present, all being Republicans, who proceeded to qualify, the oath being administered by Hon. William M. Stratton, Andrew R. S. Smith was declared senator from Lincoln county on the face of the returns. Joseph C. Locke was chosen president, receiving all the votes cast; Charles W. Tilden was chosen secretary, and Charles E. Brackett, of Belfast, assistant secretary; Chas. J. Livejoy was chosen messenger, and A. B. T. Chadburn assistant messenger,

The following order was passed: "*Ordered*, That a committee, consisting of three members of the Senate, to be appointed by the President, to report to the Senate for its action whether the Senate shall call upon the justices of the Supreme Court for their opinion touching the legal organization of the Senate for the fifty-ninth legislature, and to report for the action of the Senate such questions as the law and the facts require in the premises.

The members of the House were called to order by Mr. Hale. Mr. Wentworth, of Kittery, was made temporary chairman, and Oramandel Smith, clerk, the latter calling the roll of members elect. All the Republicans responded, but the Fusionists did not. Eighty-five members of the House responded to the call, and were qualified by Wm. Stratton, clerk of the court of Kennebec county, and Didimus Potastatem. Subsequently six members who were not by the face of the returns elected on account of defects, amended under the law of 1876, were admitted by a resolution submitted by Mr. Strout. George E. Weeks, of Augusta, was elected Speaker. After organization, Mr. Hale offered a similar resolution to that passed by the Senate, calling for the appointment of a committee to request the opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court as to the legality of the organization of the House. In offering the resolution Mr. Hale spoke of the extraordinary circumstances under which they met. He said the object of the organization was to settle the vital question affecting the organization of the legislature and state government. The House will obey the decision of the court.

Mr. Hale's resolution was adopted unanimously, and A. A. Strout of Portland, L. Hutchison of Lewiston and Silas O. Hatch of Bangor were appointed as the committee.

The following is the resolution seating the six members who had been counted out:

Resolved, That Isaac Hanscom of Lebanon, Edward K. Hall of Noblesboro, George S. Hill of Exeter, Oliver Bragdon of Sullivar, Franklin C. Nickerson of Lemniers and Robert M. Loring of Perry, all in this state, be admitted to seats as members prima facie of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-ninth Legislature of Maine, in the places of Stephen D. Lord of Lebanon, Jas. W. Clerk of Noblesboro, F. W. Hill of Exeter, James W. Flye of Sullivan, John H. Brown, of Haynesville and James M. Leighton of Perry, in the State of Maine.

BOSTON, January 12.—Despatches from Augusta received here to-night contain interesting details of the situation in that city. The organization of the legislature is declared to have been a well considered project on the part of the Republicans, and was decided upon as the most practical and feasible way of getting an opinion from the Supreme Court upon subjects embodied in the orders passed in the Republican House and Senate to-night. There has been a strong pressure brought to bear upon Republicans of Maine from their party friends throughout the country. The leaders declare that they waited awhile in hopes that the Fusionists would take some action in relation to admitting Republicans from the disfranchised cities and towns, but waited in vain. It is hoped the Supreme Judicial Court will convene Wednesday, in which event an answer is looked for by Friday or Saturday of this week.

Augusta is crowded with politicians to-night from all parts of the state and elsewhere. The Fusionists are not despondent, and they assert that Gen. Chamberlain has promised that they shall not be prevented from entering the respective chambers in the State House to-morrow. The Republicans are holding the situation to night, and many of them are sleeping upon the desks in the Senate and House chambers, ready to begin work to-morrow. They confidently express the belief that the legal opinion that has been asked for will be in their favor.

Rumors of various kinds are in circulation, not among the least interesting of which is a report that Acting Governor Lamson will to-morrow endeavor to have General Chamberlain arrested by the militia forces for his action in disregarding the protest of the former previous to the assembling of the Republican legislature this morning.

BEFORE THE SUPREME COUT.

AUGUSTA, ME., January 13.—At 1:15 o'clock this morning the committee of the Republican House to report questions to submit to the Supreme Court submitted a series, which it was voted to submit to the court. The questions are lengthy, and as yet incomplte, and will not go to the public until to-morrow, when they will be sent to Bangor by special messenger. Both branches then adjourned at 2:15 until Saturday, January 17th, at 2 P. M. Forty Republicans came to the city last night by the Pullman train.

Mr. Hale, in his remarks relative to the order submitting questions to the Supreme Court, said the representatives assembled there did not desire a control which the law did not give them, and did not desire to ride rough-shod over anyone, as they might have done days ago, but for the main purpose and great purpose indicated in the order; and when the court shall decide the question, the people of Maine will take the decision as a final exposition of the law upon the question of organization, and it will be expected that everybody in the hall will accept it as laid down by the court.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The beautiful snow visited us on Monday.

—Remember the meeting of the Garrett Literary Society to-night at 7 o'clock.

—Miss Mary Good left Oakland on Tuesday for a visit to Wheeling, W. Va.

—Mr. A. B. Gonder occupies the office formerly used by H. Wheeler Combs, near Sturgiss' drug store.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. n26-tf.

—Owing to the press of new advertising upon our time and space, our local department is somewhat limited this week.

—Miss Anna Spedden returned to Oakland Friday evening, after an extended visit to relatives in Barbour county, W. Va.

—The Garrett Guards left Oakland for Annapolis Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. They were escorted to the train by the Oakland Cornet Band. There were over fifty in ranks, and they presented a fine appearance.

--Died—Near the Red House, this county, Jan, 6th, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Hauser, aged 87 years and 19 days. Her remains were interred at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, of which she was a member.

—Died—At Readsville, W. Va., January 7th, 1880, David Wheeler, in the 56th year of his age. Deceased had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for many years, and was much respected by those who knew him.

—Married—On January 7th, 1880, in Centenary M. E. Church, Westminster, Md., by Rev. J. D. Stitt, Mr. Andrew R. Thompson, Directory Compiler of Orange county, N. Y., to Miss Lizzie J. Matthews, of Westminster.

—The terminal change of the second division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Keyser has gone into operation. For the present only the freight engines will be run to Keyser; the passenger engines will coal at Keyser. Some of the repairing will be done at that point, and the shops have been put in order for the purpose. The coal dumps erected at Keyser are not quite so large as those formerly located there, but are capable of coaling from fifteen to twenty cars at a time. The exact number of additional men to be employed at Keyser by reason of the change is not known, but it will not be very large.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock by the Pastor.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock by the Pastor.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Jan. 14:

J. D. Schroyer and wife to G. V. Dixon part of "Adam Schroyer Farm," containing 116 acres; $40.

Sarah A. Mason to Mary J. Martin lot No. 5 in the town of Oakland; $300.

Catharine Schroyer to G. V. Dixon part of "Adam Schroyers Farm;" $30.

Catharine Meyers and others to Andrew J. and Jonas Frazee, a tract of land known as John J. Frazee's farm, and the Hiteman farm, 300 acres; $500.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Otto Fazenbaker part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing 100 acres; $650.

Frances T. Mail and wife to Wm. H. Moore, lot No. 4030, containing 25 acres; $1.

R. T. Wilburn and wife to Noah Pysell, lots Nos. 3083 and 3084, containing 100 acres; $75

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 13d inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Petition of Sally Smearmond, Josiah Smearmond and George W. Lohr, to dispose of personal estate of John Smearmond, deceased, filed, and order passed for sale of said property.

Upon application of Elizabeth Smith and Daniel R. Smith, for sale of personal property of Daniel Smith, deceased, Court passed order for sale of same.

The report of Daniel Beachy, Exeter of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, of the sale of the real estate of said deceased, filed.

Aaron Wilhelm, administrator of George Meese, deceased settled his first account.

Death of a Good Man.

Jonathan Friend died at his residence in Garrett county, October 31, 1879, aged 93 years and 30 days. He had been a member of the M. E. Church 69 years, and an exorter 57 years. This aged Christian brother was more than a mere member of the visible church. He was a member of the mystic body of Christ—a living branch in the life-giving vine. He was well qualified to be an exhorter or leader in the church, for he was a man of sound judgment, steady habits and exemplary christian life. He was well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, and with the doctrines and discipline of the church of his choice. His death was a fitting sequel to the long and useful life he lived. His end was calm, his exit peace. "Night dews fall not more gently to the ground, nor weary, worn out winds expire so soft. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I.

A Young Woman Burned to Death.

Sunday evening Mrs. Maggie Schiller, wife of James Schitler, a shoemaker living at Frostburg, was burned to death under very distressing circumstances. She was going down stairs at her residence, with a lighted kerosene lamp in her hand, when she fell down, breaking the lamp and igniting the oil, which was scattered over her clothing, burning her terribly. The unfortunate young woman rushed into the open air and into the house again, fanning the flames. Her father, who lived in the adjoining house, ran to her assistance, but not in season to render her any aid, and she expired from the effects of her burns in about ten minutes. Her husband, who was at church when the accident occurred, returned to find her dying. Mrs. Schiller has not been married two years, and leaves a six-months old infant.—*Cumb. News.*

Poisoned with Lye.

An unfortunate and dreadful accident occurred at Midlothian, near Frostburg, on Saturday afternoon last. It seems there was some concentrated lye in a vessel standing where the water is usually kept, when a daughter of Mr. Jacob Walbot, aged about ten years, picked up the vessel and drinking its contents, thinking it was water. She soon discovered her mistake, however, and a messenger was sent to Frostburg for a pysician, but on his arrival the lye had done its work and no antidote could save her. At latest accounts she still lingered in great agony and her death was looked for at any hour. —*Cumb. Times.*

The Decision of the Caucus.

The senatorial contest was abruptly terminated Thursday night of last week by the election of Mr. Gorman as the nominee of the Democratic caucus, by a vote of 54, against 22 for Senator Whyte and 3 for Wallis. The holding of the caucus so much in advance of the time for the election is very unusual, and shows that the Gorman party did not feel so secure in their arrangements that they were willing to allow the public sentiment of Baltimore city to have a chance to operate upon the members. The new senator is a young man, whose reputation as a party leader is of recent growth, and whose present success is due to the shrewdness with which he connected Gov. Hamilton's popularity with his own interests in arranging the legislative primaries throughout the State and in conducting the campaign. In the defeat of Senator Whyte Baltimore loses a faithful and able guardian of her interests in Congress. His successor is credited with great business ability, but his reputation as a statesman has still to be made. The caucus also elected Mr. George Colton as the party nominee for Police Commissioner by 62 votes, against 17 for Mr. Fusselbaugh, the present incumbent. Mr. Fusselbaugh was a member of the board whom the events of the the election of 1875 disgraced in the opinion of the people of Baltimore, and he and his colleagues ought to have been removed at the next meeting of the legislature. Mr. Colton, who succeeds him, is, however, no less a partisan; and the change is a change of persons, and not of tone or policy.—*Balto. American.*

The Governor's Message.

Governor Carroll's message is a highly important document, presenting much statistical information on the State finances, disbursements and revenues, showing the satisfactory exhibit of $6,739 72 surplus in the treasury. He recommends to the Legislature early action on the question of the Susquehanna and Tide water canal, and considers the sale of the present unproductive assetts of the State would be sufficient to cancel its indebtedness. He favors a more equitable distribution of taxation, a remodeling of the Appeal Tax Court, and a provision to be made, by collectors and Comptroller for the prompt payment of interest on the public debt, the cost of the public school system, and the necessary expenses of the civil list, which reforms can only be effected by prompt collections and returns to the treasury. Since his last message the court of appeals has decided that certain railroad interests in the State are subject to taxation, and as one company has determined to appeal from that decision to the Supreme Court of the United States, he thinks the appeal can be obviated by an amicable adjustment within the power of the Legislature.

The Attorney General has informed the Governor that little or no modification of the revenue laws is required. In reference to the tobacco trade the present system of inspection is stated to affect seriously its material interests, and that the warehouses ought to be leased to parties who will inspect on their own responsibility, and not as Government officials. The office of weigher general and weigher of grain is recommended to be abolished as a needless expense, and sundry other economical reforms advised. The public school system is endorsed, but is considered susceptible of amendment, as regards the auditing of accounts by the State board or county commissioners. The agricultural college is deservedly lauded, and the several eleemosynary and reformatory institutions passed in satisfactory review. The oyster law is examined, and reductions urged in the salaries of the oyster police force. The militia force, aggregating 1,800, is maintained at an annual cost of fifteen thousand dollars, which is considered a small outlay, as contrasted with that of other States. An additional appropriation of ten thousand is recommended for completion of repairs to the State House, and a new registration law is considered essentially important by the Governor. Since the introduction of Pisciculture, six years since in Maryland waters, the results are stated to be satisfactory, and that the commission should be entrusted solely to one official, subject to the control of the Governor. We have given a succinct *resume* of the most prominent features of the message, and can safely add that it is a valuable addition to the State records, and evinces a liberal comprehensive policy.

It is clear enough that the Democrats are bound to have a majority by States in Congress if they have to steal it. Their plan to steal a seat from Minnesota and put that notorious demagogue, Ignatius Donnelly, into it, is easily understood. It is much worse than the proposed theft of Congressman Orth's seat in the Indiana delegation, but it is a safer theft to make. Minnesota is a sure Republican State, and an outrage like this upon it will only increase the Republican majority; but Indiana is a doubtful State, and the theft of a seat from there might convert it into a sure Republican one. The calculation is a shrewd one, but it will have the effect of rousing the country to the peril which is before it. There is absolutely no safety save in the election of a Republican President by a vote so overwhelming that even a fraudulent Democratic Congress will not dare to set the will of the people aside.

OUR ANNAPOLIS LETTER.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 8th, 1880.

There was a crowd at the State House yesterday in attendance at the organization of the Legislature. The House was called to order by Milton Y. Kidd, clerk of the last House of Delegates. An election for Speaker was then held, which resulted in the election of Hon. Hiram McCullough by 62 against 18 votes cast by the Republicans for Hon. J. M. Scott, of Washington county. The Speaker was conducted to the chair and appeared very much at sea, as he failed to entertain several motions and to act on others.

It is too early as yet to speak of the comparative ability of this and preceding Legislatures, the members not having had an opportunity to exhibit their capacity as legislators, but we miss all the more prominent and able members of the session of 1878.

On the Democratic side are missing Messrs. Blair, ex-governor and ex-senator Thomas, Williams, of Baltimore county and Rayner of the city. On the Republican side we lose Merrick, Hincks, Brace, Lawrence and Perkins—all the most prominent members and most effective speakers on both sides of the House. Whatever of talent and statesmanship the new members may develop we can't at this writing forecast.

There was but one measure introduced yesterday calculated to test the sincerity of Democratic professions of economy and reform, and that was a vote on an order to let the public printing out to the lowest responsible bidder, but was defeated by a party vote.

There will be a great deal of business before the present Legislature, and from present appearances business will go slow.

SPHINX.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan, 13, 1880.

The Republicans are rejoicing today over the action of their Maine brethurn in taking the bull by the horns, and organizing the Legislature there with a large majority of those who were elected. The fact that the went to the State House after they fusionists had adjourned, and quietly set about presenting their claims to the Supreme Court goes far in their behalf as a party of peace and law. All who know the facts in the case believe that the Supreme Court will confirm their action and thus let them out of the very bad position into which they were forced by the Democratic thieves.

The Democratic caucus last night agreed upon a programme of action which is a good deal more moderate than last year. They will pass all the appropriation bills substantially as the President signed them before, with the exception of the bill to pay the United States marshals. On that they propose to make a fight, and say that they never shall be paid for services at the polls. In reality it means also that they shall not be paid for services in enforcing the revenue laws against the law breakers in the South. The Republicans will welcome this contest, and are willing to go to the country on it.

LOGAN.

A very intelligent New York merchant, who has just returned from a three weeks' business tour of observation through this State, Western Pennsylvania, Southern Ohio and West Virginia, gives a glowing account of the revival of industry in all that region. The leather manufacturers, he says, are refusing to take further orders, and have as much business on hand just now as they can take care of until midsummer. The furniture manufactures are all working full time, and likewise have orders far ahead. As for the iron and steel establishments, he says many of them are at work night and day, and some of them experience more or less difficulty in obtaining a supply of the right kind of labor. The farmers, too, are jubilant, and are expecting to increase their hog crops and grain acreage this year under the stimulus of good prices, and their improved financial condition, resulting from last year's harvest. Saw few or no tramps; in fact, almost everybody was at work.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

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v3n47-1yr Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI,

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor,

vs.

Daniel Yutzy.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the sale made and reported by Daniel Beachy, Executor, for the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February next; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be two thousand dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—
Test: W. H. Hagans,
1 17 3 Register of Wills.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, will on

TUESDAY,

10th day of February, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, offer for sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known as

"The Resurvey on Beatty's Plains,"

situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Beginning for the out lines of the whole at the original beginning, it being also the beginning of Lots Nos. 3726 and 3761, lying westward of Fort Cumberland, and running thence reversing the given line and the six following lines of "Mount Pisgah:"

S 82° W 71 perches, to a stone marked M W A,
S 25° W 60 " " " " "
S 41° E 16 " " " " "
S 49° W 51 " " " " "
S 82° W 51 " " " " "
S 10° W 160 " " " " "
S 59½° W 92 " " " " "

it being also the end of the 4th line of the tract of land called "Mount Pisgah," aforesaid; then leaving the lines of said tract and running N 64½° W 94 perches, to the end of the 6th line of "Lovett's Addition," and reversing it and the three following courses and distances, to-wit: N 62° W 98 perches, N 15° E 18 perches, N 35° W 29 perches to the end of the 3d line of part of "Lovett's Addition," then N 27 perches, then with the given lines of Lots 3860 and 3861, N 82° W 167 perches to beginning of Lot No. 3869, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof, S 25° W 72 perches, S 70° E 157 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3861; then S 7° W 60 perches to the end of 1st line of Lovett's Addition, S 74° W 124 phs. to the beginning of Lot No. 3864, a stone marked J L; then S 21° E 78 perches to a stone standing marked J L, S 21° E 72 perches to a ston standing marked J L, S 7½° E 20 perches to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Daniel's Addition, and with the 5th line thereof N 21° W 165 perches to the end thereof, then N 27½° W 19 perches to the end of the 3d line of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the 3d and other lines reversed, the three following courses and distances: N 42° W 54 perches, S 86° W 98 perches, S 7° W 25 perches, to an ancient[ly] bounded chestnut oak, it being also the beginning of Come by Chance, S 61½° E 30 perches to the end of the 5th line of a tract of land called Disappointment, and with the 6th line of it N 65° W 36 perches, S 60° W 25 perches to the end of the 70th line of a tract of land called Homestead Park, then with the given line of Lot 3883 N 27° E 95 perches, to the end of the 35th line of Homestead Park, then reversing the 35th and other lines of said tract the seventeen following courses and distances: S 58° E 27 perches, N 31° E 74 perches, N 78° E 50 perches, N 18° E 54 perches, S 88° W 40 perches, N 22° W 14 phs, N 78 W 20 perches, N 19° W 66 perches, N 75° W 76 perches, N 49° W 56 perches, N 15° W 81 perches, S 81° W 52 perches, S 42½° W 63 phs, S 65° W 52 perchs, S 88° W 20 perches, S 44° W 119 perches, S 75° E 71 perches to the 4th line of Lot No. 3881, and with the 4th line of said Lot S 32° W 186 perches to the line end thereof; then N 87° W 24 perches, S 18° W 180 perches, S 72½° E 70 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3869; then S 45 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3870, and with it reversed N 86° W 73 perches to the beginning of said Lot, and reversing the given line thereof S 27° W 98 phs, to the end of the 17th line of the Resurvey on Lot No. 3870, then reversing said 17th line and other lines of the aforesaid Resurvey, the four following courses and distances: N 86° E 132 perches to an anciently bounded white oak tree, N 3° E 67 perches, S 85° E 31 perches, N 20° E 151 perches, N 70½° W 41 perches to the beginning of Lot No. 3881, and with the 1st line thereof N 32° E 81 perches; then with lines of Homestead Park the four following courses and distances: N 86° E 27 perches, N 2° E 88 perches, N 62½° E 59 perches, S 22° E 62 perches, to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Davin's Luck, and with the lines thereof the six following courses and distances: S 52° W 0 perches, S 16° W 26 perches, S 45° W 49 perches, S 35° E 7 perches, S 5° W 61 perches, S 67° E 31 perches; then reversing the 8th and preceding lines of Homestead Park, the three following courses and distances: S 16° W 19 perches, S 65° E 26 perches, S 89½° E 62½ perches, to the end of the 50th line of the tract of land aforesaid, N 69° E 25 perches, to the beginning of the 7th line of a tract of land called Disappointed, and with it S 101 perches to the end thereof; then W 62 perches, S 2° W 16 perches, N 21½° W 9 perches, N 46½° W 20 perches, N 83½° W 22 perches, N 51° W 27 phs, N 25° W 12 perches, N 15½° E 13 perches, N 40½° W 15 perches, S 58° W 22 perches, S 81½° W 12 perches, S 37° W 22 perches, S 8° E 15 perches, S 17° E 11 perches, N 58½° W 26 phs, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3909, S 7° W 101 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3888, and reversing the lines of said Lot S 49° E 15 perches, S 75° E 40 perches, S 51° E 115 perches, S 20° W 34 perches to the end of the 1st line of Lot No. 3885, and with it reversed N 49° W 109 perches, S 50° W 80 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 10° W 115 phs, S 31° W 25 perches, to the beginning of the 2d line of Lot No. 3888, and with it S 75° W 100 perches, S 45° W 108 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 68½° W 15 perches, to the 2d line of Lot No 3910, and with said line N 66 perches to the end thereof, then N 69° W 141 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3916, then N 145 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3871, and with the lines of said Lot N 75° E 47 perches, N 15° W 110 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said Lot, and with the 3d line thereof S 47° W 45 perches to the end of the 1st line of a tract of land called Now or Never, and with the 2d line thereof N 58° W 106 phs, N 79½° W 61 perches, S 28° W 67 perches, to the end of the 4th line of a tract of land called New Ireland, and reversing the lines of said tract N 22° W 100 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 28° W 115 perches, N 61° W 11 perches to the end of the 3d line of a tract of land called Beckner's Purchase, and with it reversed S 25° W 216 perches, to the end of the 2d line thereof, S 67° E 35 perches, to the end of the 1st line of said tract, S 31° W 107 perches, S 42° W 55 perches, to the beginning of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the lines thereof W 20 perches, S 19° W 22 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said tract, and with the 3d line thereof S 19° E 77 perches, S 17½° W 302 perches to the 10th line of a tract of land called Republic, and with said line N 50° W 331 perches, N 224 perches, to the end of the given line of J. E. Howard's part of the whole tract called Beatty's Plains Resurveyed, then reversing the given line and others of said tract E 362 perches, N 48° E 286 perches, N 50° W 234 perches, N 48° E 291 perches, N 37½° E 221 perches, N 54° E 38 perches, N 51° W 80 perches, N 48° E 82 phs, N 69° E 26 perches, N 35° E 180 perches, N 40° E 32 perches, N 7° E 122 perches, N 19° E 88 perches, N 71½° E 845 perches, S 9° E 74 phs, S 74° W 172 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3766, and with the given line thereof S 3° W 151 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3763, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof S 39° E 91 perches, N 36° E 20 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3769, then with the lines of said Lots 3769, 3768 and 3767 S 58½° E 131 perches, to the beginning of the 3d line of Jacob Miller's Resurvey, and with the lines of it the seven following courses and distances: N 60½° E 38 perches, S 61° E 91 perches, N 44° E 60 perches, N 17° E 30 perches N 10° E 21 perches, N 35° W 40 perches, N 50 W 50 phs, to the 1st line of Lot No. 4008, then with the lines of said Lot N 66 perches, N 41° W 110 perches, to the end of the 6th line of a tract of land called Yellow Spring, then with the lines of said tract S 32° E 152 perches, N 81° E 66 perches, N 38° W 128 perches, to the end of the 9th line of the said tract, and with the 10th line thereof N 71½° W 81 perches, S 31½° E 220 perches, to the 2d line of Lot No. 3768, and with the line of said Lot S 81° W 40 perches, S 10° E 129 perches, to the 1st line of this present Resurvey, then by a straight line to the beginning,

Containing 8,026 Acres of Land More or Less.

Said land having been seized and taken in execution by me to satisfy the sum of sixty-nine dollars and twenty cents taxes due for the year 1878, by the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company. The said land is located in the George's Creek coal region, is underlaid with coal and is very valuable, and will be sold to satisfy said taxes and the costs of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
1 17 3 Col. for 1st Col. Dist. Garrett Co.

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Notions, Clocks, Confectionery, etc.,
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CHAS. C. FULTON,
AMERICAN OFFICE,
1 17 6t Baltimore, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Peter P. Lohr, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Jesse J. Ashby and Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse J. Ashby, and to me the undersigned Sheriff directed, said writ of fieri facias being No. 2, Judicials to September Term of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, both at law and equity, of the said Jesse J. Ashby, and of the said Hannah Ashby, wife as aforesaid, in and to all of the following real estate, tracts and parcels of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Md., about four miles southwest of the town of Oakland, and which are described as follows: One tract of land called and known by the name of

PINEY BOTTOM,

lying on the west side of the Youghlogheny river in said county of Garrett, and adjoining a tract of land known by the name of "Small Meadows," the tract called "Piney Bottom" containing the quantity of two hundred and seventy-two acres of land, more or less, as a whole, and being the same tract of land which was surveyed for Samuel Chase the 13th day of April, A. D. 1774, the one undivided one-half of said tract having been conveyed to the said Jesse J. Ashby by Jesse Ashby and Frances Ashby, his wife, by deed dated the 21st day of March, A. D. 1865, and which is duly recorded in Liber H. R., No. 2., folio 278, one of the land records of Allegany county, Md. The other undivided one-half part of said tract called "Piney Bottom," being more particularly described in a deed to the aforesaid Hannah Ashby by John Everett, a late Sheriff of Allegany county, Md., which said deed is dated the 21st day of October, A. D. 1859, and which is recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 41, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, Md.; especial reference to which said deeds is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said tracts of land so owned as aforesaid. Also all that tract of land called and known by the name of "BUCK'S DALE," lying on the east side of the Youghlogheny River in said county of Garrett, and also adjoining the said tract of land called "Bucks' Dale" the quantity of one hundred and ninty-four and one-half acres of land, which is more particularly described in Patent from the State of Maryland to the said Jesse J. Ashby, bearing date the 21st day of March, A. D. 1865, and which is duly recorded in Liber W. S. W. S., No. 2, folio 271 and 272 in the land office of Maryland, at Annapolis, to which said Patent reference is hereby particularly made for a more full and particular description of said tract. The tract of said real estate is improved and in a fair state of cultivation; also, by a dwelling house and other out-buildings; also, there is a good orchard on the same. Any one wishing to purchase a good stock farm would do well to examine the property before the day of sale. Said lands will be sold separately or as a whole, which ever will bring the most money.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, February 7th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the properly aforesaid, to satisfy said writ of fieri facias and costs.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
1 17 td Late Sheriff.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 2 3/4 acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of three writs of fieri facias, two issued by Alexander L. Osborn and one by Richard B. Jamison, Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, two at the suit of George W. Legge, and one at the suit of J. B. Brant, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Alex. C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 258, 373, 377, 1286 1521, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2160, 1489, 1288, 2536, 998.

being the same lots obtained from John Swan and wife by deed dated December 7th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., folio 621, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. Said Military Lots are situated in Garrett county Md.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, January 17th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said judgments and costs thereon,

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
12 27 td Constable.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Mr. McComas' office.

VARIETIES.

—A Coolie can live on $2 a month.

—"When the tied comes in"—When man and wife arrive at home.—*N. Y. Express.*

—The South raised 12,000,000 pounds more of tobacco the present season than ever before.

—A man can borrow all the trouble he wants on his own persoual seeurity. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A Pennsylvania man has a hog fifty years old. The Oil City *Derrick* thinks "this must be ancient grease."

—The Sisters of Charity in the United States numbered recently 1,179, in charge of 106 establishments.

—The Swedish army has a corps of skaters. It must be a beautiful sight to see an entire company strike an air hole.

—A man hates to own up that he isn't as smart as a hen, but he's got to allow that a hen can sit on an egg and not get mad.

—Old bachelors are credited with having a miss-shun in the world, but it is very rarely you find an old maid who has a man-shun.

—Anacreon was killed by a grape-seed. There may be many men nowadays who have gotten away with the seed, but the juice has floored them.

—"Can a man marry his widow's sister?" He can—provided he is a "California widower," and his wife's sister is willing.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Money," says Mr. Talmage, "is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak." Yes; and it's a kind of poultry that most men are particularly fond of. —*Chicago Times.*

—The Washington *Capital* says: "Some of our slow subscribers who may not find our paper in their mail can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

—A long housewife article has been written on "How to Make a Rag Rug." It is a long process. The quickest way to make a rag rug, is to knock "a" letter out of the rag and put "u" in the middle.

—Never eat raw eggs, as the little distoma ovatums therein contained must be cooked.—*N. Y. Express.* Or, in other words, the chicken feathers may stick across your throat.—*Exchange.*

—A New York girl having received a dozen of the most exquisite handkerchiefs as a present, the Boston *Post* is mean enough to believe that she is anxious enough to acquire a cold that will last all winter.

—Arabella (on her toes in a chair, clutching convulsively at her skirts): "O Bridget! A mouse, a mouse. Come and catch it, quick!" Bridget: "Sure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can catch plenty more for yer, mum."

—One-third of the gold that is mined goes to wear and tear, one-third goes into circulation, and one-third into the arts and manufactures. All the gold, in the world would make only a pile twenty-five feet wide, forty-five feet long and twenty-five feet high.

—Another evidence of the advancement of our country is proudly alluded to by the Detroit *Free Press*, which says "now American jumping-jacks and wooden horses are sold in every country where the children don't have to play with their big toes to have fun."

—Paper as a substitute for wood in the manufacture of lead pencils is being attempted in Germany. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid and rolled around the core of the lead to the required thickness, and is colored after drying, when it resembles an ordinary cedar pencil.

—A distinguished and long-winded Paris lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the Judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in his sentence."

—A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and to and fro. In vain—Love holds me so." Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window. Paste this in your hat.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

—A rich snob, who married a lady of brilliant genius, said at a dinner party: "When we were married my wife declared, 'with all my worldly gifts I thee endow,' when she hadn't a penny in the world." "But then there were her splendid talents!" said a lady. "O!" exclaimed a wit, "but she didn't endow him with them!"

—A tenant has been dancing all night over the head of his landlord. At six in the morning the latter comes up stairs and complains bitterly of the annoyance. "What annoyance?" asks the tenant. "Why, I haven't slept a wink all night." "Neither have I," says the tenant, "and yet I don't make any fuss about it."

—Mark Twain's sketch about Aurelia's lover, who went gradually to pieces by meeting various accidents, is here rivaled: A man in Madison County, Ky., went through the terrible ordeal of having a bombshell burst in his hands just after the war. He was dreadfully mangled by the explosion, but recovered from his wounds. Some time after that he was shot through the body with a navy revolver. Recently he was driving a wagon with a heavy saw-log on it. The wagon upset and the saw-log passed over his body, crushing him in a frightful manner. Again he is recovering.

—He came up a little late, stepped in without ringing, and striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace a young man who is accustomed to the programme. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity on the sofa. "By Jove, I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house, now-a-days, does she, Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa, "Minnie's away so much of the time now, I have to stay in." In the old hickory at the end of the house, the moping owl complained to the moon much in its usual style, the katydids never sang more clearly, and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will filled the night with poetry, but he didn't hear any of it, all the same. "And, by George," he said to a friend fifteen minutes later, "if I didn't leave my hat on the piano, and my cane in the hall, I'm a goat. Think of 'em? Forget 'em? Strike me blind if I knew I had any clothes on at all. What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it, and mighty quick, too. —*Hawk-Eye.*

The Illustrious Dead of 1879.

January 2—Caleb Cushing, American statesman.

6—Morton McMichael, journalist.

8—Congressman Hartridge of Georgia.

9—Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, Spanish statesman.

10—Congressman Sehleicher of Texas.

12—Commodore John Guest, U. S. N.

20—John Blair Scribner, publisher; Geo. S. Hillard, author.

27—Dr. Henry Lindermann, ex-Director U. S. Mint.

About 30—Cardinal Antouicei.

February 2—Commodore E. R. Thompson, U. S. N.; Richard H. Dana, Sr., author.

19—Bishop Foley of Chicago, Roman Catholic.

21—The Ameer Shere Ali.

March 7—Elihu Burritt, philologist and philanthropist.

9—Rev. John Weiss, essayist.

14—Dr. J. M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon-General U. S. Marine Hospital Service.

19—Dr. James DeKovan, Episcopal clergyman.

21—Adolph Anderssen, chess player.

29—Prof. George B. Wood, Philadelphia, medical author, etc.

About 30—Cardinal Guidi.

April 4—Ab del Kader, ex-Emir of Museara; Madam Jerome Patterson Bonaparte.

5—Heinrich William Dove, German archæologist.

12—Gen. Richard Taylor, ex-Confederate, and son of President Taylor; Villemessant, French journalist.

21—Gen. John A. Dix, American statesman.

25—Bishop Ames of the M. E. Church.

27—Gen. Alfred Sully, U. S. A.

30—Thomas Couture, French painter; Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, for fifty years editor of *Godey's Lady's Book.*

May 5—Isaac Butt, M. P., leader of the Irish Home-Rulers.

10—Rear Admiral E. G. Parrott, U. S. N.

15—Jacob Staempfli, ex-President of Switzerland.

17—Judge Asa Packer of Pennsylvania. Rear Admiral S. W. Gordon, U. S. N.

24—William Lloyd Garrison.

26—James Grant, English journalist.

June 1—Gen. James Shields, U. S. Senator.

3—Baron Lionel de Rothsebild, banker.

10—Commodore F. A. Parker, Commandant U. S. Naval Academy.

24—Commander William C. West, U. S. N.,

25—Albert Weber, piano manufacturer.

27—Sir John Lawrence, ex-Viceroy of India.

28—Keith Johnston, African explorer.

30—Sir William F. Cooke, constructor of the first English telegraph line.

July 11—Ex-Governor William Allen, of Ohio.

19—H. D. Palmer, theatrical manager.

August 5—Charles Fechter, actor.

14—Bishop Odenheimer, Episcopal.

27—Sir Rowland Hill, English postal reformer.

31—General J. B. Hood, ex-Confederate.

September 7—William Hunt, artist.

13—Rear-Admiral Charles Boarman, U. S. N.

18—Daniel Drew, stock operator, etc.; Viollet le Due, French architect.

30—Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, Congregational clergyman and author.

October 6—William H. Powell, artist.

13—Henry C. Carey, political economist.

17—Bishop Whittingham, Episcopal.

20—Ernst von Bulow, German Minister of Foreign Affairs.

30.—J. B. Buckstone, actor.

31—General Joseph Hooker, U. S. A.; Jacob Abbott, author.

November 1—Zachariah Chandler, U. S. Senator.

6—Rear-Admiral Wm. Reynolds, U. S. N.

10—Rear-Admiral A. H. Kilty, U. S. N., Richard Schell, New York politician.

22—Mrs. Charles Dickens.

24—J. T. Delane, editor London *Times.*

29—Michel Chevalier, political economist.

30—General Jefferson C. Davis, U. S. A.

December 8—Congressman Lay, of Missouri.

20—William McKee, journalist, chief owner of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

26—J. H. Hackett, Recorder of New York City since 1866.

27—William Hepworth Dixon, author. —*Cleveland Leader.*

Superstitions Connected With Precious Stones.

The amethyst was in some nations given as a voucher for continued love and confidence, and while worn it was supposed that no power was able to shake the trust thus sealed; but if lost or defaced all the sorrows and evils that are incident to broken faith and estranged affections might be hourly looked for.

The Persians made drinking-cups of amethyst, under the impression that no beverage drank from those cups could intoxicate. After a time amethyst in any shape, whether as a cup, necklace, bracelet, or ring, was a sure protection from intemperance. Many of the Jewish rabbis and mediæval writers asserted that when worn the amethyst subjected its wearer to wild and bewildering dreams, and yet this was one of the twelve stones which adorned the high priest's breast-plate. The amethyst, with its royal purple or new wine color, was from the dawn of Christianity named as the emblem of the blood of Christ, and from that superstition it became the fixed law of the Roman Catholic Church, that no Bishop should perform official duties unless wearing an amethyst ring.

The amethyst was also supposed to drive away bad dreams, sharpen the intellect, and act as an antidote against poison. It is, according to the language of gems, the "natal gem" of all born in the month of November, and in ancient times was worn as an amulet to propitiate good and repel bad spirits.

The turquoise was believed by the people of the East to preserve all who wore it from contagion, and even now, not in the East alone, but in Christianized countries, it is still worn with full belief in the superstition. It was considered of priceless value, and many strange and contradictory stories were told of it. An ancient writer says:

"One of my relatives possessed a ring in which a very fine turquoise was set, and wore it as a superior ornament. While he remained in perfect health this stone was noted for its remarkable beauty and clearness. At last the owner was seized with a malady, of which he died. Scarcely was he dead when the turquoise lost its luster, and appeared faded and withered in appearance, as if mourning for its master.

"I had originally designed to purchase it, and could have done so for a very trifling sum. But this loss of beauty and luster in the precious stone took from me all desire to possess it, and so the turquoise passed into other hands. But as soon as it obtained a new master it regained all of its original brilliancy, and all defects vanished."

The turquoise was thought both by the Romans and Greeks to bring good health and kind fortune to the wearer. The Shah of Persia never allowed any of the best and most brilliant of these stones to be taken from his kingdom.

The cornelian, worn in a ring on the finger, was thought by the Arabs and Hebrews to shield its owner from the plague, and is still used by many of the Hebrews to stop profuse hemorrhage.

The topaz was believed to discover poison, by becoming instantly dimmed or blurred when brought near to any poisonous substances; that it would subdue the heat of boiling water, calm the passions, prevent bad dreams; but that its powers were governed by the moon, increasing or decreasing with that luminary.

The old legends, particularly those of the East, assure us that an immense carbuncle was suspended in the ark, to give light to Noah and his family. It was called "the flashing stone," and by some "the thunder stone," and that it and the diamond drop from the clouds in the flashes of lightning during a thunder-storm.

In ancient times the ruby and carbuncle were the names indiscriminately used for all red stones. The Brahmins still believe that the dwelling place of the gods is illuminated by rubies, carbuncles and emerald. The ruby and carbuncle were believed to be amulets against plague, poison, sadness, evil thoughts and wicked spirits.

Among the Hebrews the sapphire was a transparent stone as blue as the vault of heaven, but among the Romans it was supposed to be mixed with gold. It was asserted in ancient times among the Hebrews that the Ten Commandments were engraved on tablets of sapphire. To it were ascribed the magical power of preserving the sight, and strengthening both soul and body; of warding off wicked and impure thoughts; it is a sure antidote against poison; and if put into a vessel with any poisonous creature would kill it. St. Jerome says "the sapphire procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, overcomes enchantment, and releases its owner from captivity." On account of its purity it was worn by the high priest.

The onyx was said to cause strife and melancholy and to cure epileptic fits.

The jasper if hung about the neck was supposed to be a cure for indigestion—a wonderful strengthener of the stomach.

The bloodstone, or heliotrope, is credited with the same curative power as the jasper. There is a legend that during the crucifixion the blood that flowed from the wound caused by the spear fell upon a dark green jasper lying at the foot of the cross and transformed it into a bloodstone.

The opal, one of the most beautiful of all the precious stones, has had any amount of superstition attached to it. By some the ill luck attributed to its use is said to have arisen from Sir Walter Scott's mention of it in "Anne of Geierstein." He ascribed it to supernatural agency; and long after that novel was published the belief in its evil influence was so strong that no one was willing to wear an opal. That may have been the first conception of evil from wearing opals, but we think it sprang from Eastern superstition, or at least that there were many and various legends connected with it. Some believed that it often changed from a brilliant luster to a smoky, dull color, and that any such change foreshadowed misfortune and trouble, but did not bring it. We knew of an instance where a lady brought an elegant opal necklace to a jeweler's, desiring to sell it. They attempted to dissuade her from such folly, saying that the setting being old-fashioned they could give her very little for what was really valuable. To this she replied that the necklace was given her as a bridal gift forty years before, and she had never had an hour's luck since they came into her possession, and she would never carry them home with her. No matter how little they were willing to give her she would leave them. She did so, but we have never heard if by disposing of her opals for a mere trifle she escaped subsequent misfortune.

In Eastern nations the opal has always been highly prized and with all the superstition associated with it "ill luck" or evil influence has never been attributed to it.

"Gray years ago a man lived in the East
Who did possess a ring of worth immense
From a beloved hand. Opal the stone,
Which flashed a hundred bright and beautious hues
And had the secret power to make beloved,
Of God and man, the one
Who wore it in this faith and confidence."

The pearl in China is supposed to have many medicinal properties. The moonstone is known by the "Ceylon opal" and in earlier days much value was set upon it. Amber was, and still is, used to protect from witchery and sorcery, and many of the present time believe it has singular properties for curing all catarrhal troubles. The Greeks believed that Phaeton's sisters, lamenting his loss after his death, turned into poplar trees and their tears, which flowed continually into the river where they stood, were congealed into amber.

The Greeks thought coral was formed from the blood which dropped from the head of Medusa, which Perseus hung on the branches of a tree near by the seashore. These drops becoming hard were planted by the sea nymphs in the sea, where they grew up in branches, which, slowly uniting, became the coral reefs.

In the early ages coral was used medicinally as an astringent and given also to new-born infants. And many valued it for its power to vanquish the devil and overcome his snares if worn as an amulet.

There has also been much of superstition connected with the way in which certain rings should be worn, and good or evil fortune prophesied as one conformed or refused compliance to the "sign." Each finger had some sign attached to it which was used as a reason for caution. But as each finger has its individual functions there is nothing but what can be explained in the simplest and most common-sense manner, without resorting to magic, witchcraft or signs and wonders. The third finger is now usually the ring-finger—that is, the wedding-ring finger. The ancients supposed that a nerve in that finger was intimately connected with the heart, and it was therefore set apart for this especial honor. On the contrary, it has less independent arteries than either of the others. It cannot be bent or straightened very much without some motion or actions of the fingers on either side; and as if in compensation for this deficiency is chosen as the ring finger.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Christian Union.*

A Fight With the Ghilzais.

A correspondent of the Calcutta *Pioneer*, after describing an expedition against a body of Afghans under Sahib Jan, where some twenty fugitives clambered to the top of a conical hillock one hundred feet high in the middle of the plain where the action was fought, says: "This cavalry engagement was no light matter for the Second Punjab Cavalry. One man was killed on the spot, and no less than twenty-seven sowars were wounded—four dangerously and ten severely—while twelve horses were lost or disabled. Of the enemy fifteen bodies were found on the ground, including that of Sahib Jan, who, when hotly pursued, begged for quarter, declaring who he was as a reason why mercy should be extended to him. The jemadar engaged with him did not spare him, and I saw his body afterward with frightful marks of the saber upon it. This was not the end of the day's work. The two standards were still flying on the top of the cone, and a part of a head could be seen now and again. A Sergeant of the Fifty-ninth took two shots at the head of one of the men, and at the second shot hit him at 600 yards' range. But there were several men there, some twenty it is believed, and several methods were tried to induce them to come down. The head man of the village was asked if he thought they would surrender if their lives were promised them; but he replied that they would not believe in our promises. The battery tried firing 'double shell' at high elevation, and one of these was well pitched. It was finally determined to take the place by assault; and for this purpose Captain Sartorius, with eight of his company (Fifty-ninth Regiment), advanced slowly up the hill, their progress being covered by others, who kept firing at the top to prevent the enemy from showing himself till the last moment. To onlookers this was an anxious time, as indeed it must have been to the little storming party. We saw Captain Sartorius a couple of yards in advance and to the right of his men, sword in hand, nearing the top of the cone. Directly the Ghazis saw him, they darted out from their place of concealment—a sort of basin dug out from the apex of the cone—and sprang down on the soldiers like fiends. Captain Sartorius guarded the first *talwar* cut with his revolver, which he had in his left hand, receiving a nasty cut in so doing. He and one of his assailants closed and tumbled together to the bottom of the hill. He received another wound on the right hand, losing his sword. Neither of the antagonists was disabled; luckily Sartorius was up first, and seizing a rifle with fixed bayonet, which he found on the ground near him, he managed to transfix the Ghazi, who, however, in spite of this, stooped down and, with his dying effort, picked up a stone, which he flung in Sartorius' face. When the Afghans rushed over the top, the Fifty-ninth men, who behaved admirably, met them first with a volley and then with the bayonet, and in this manner dispatched most of them, one soldier losing his life, however; he received a terrific tulwar wound through the skull. Some two or three of the enemy ran down the back of the hill, but in so doing were wounded by the fire of the soldiers on the adjacent slope; fourteen dead bodies were found at the foot of the hill. To the onlookers at about five hundred yards, there appeared to be a sudden collision on the brow of the hill, followed by a simultaneous rolling down of assailed and assailing, for it was so steep that the slightest impetus from above prevented ascent."

—You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff, says an exchange, by applying dry buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.—*Rome Sentinel.* We are going into the oil business immediately. When one can get a barrel of oil at the small outlay of a little buckwheat and an old piece of carpeting you may count us in.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

In winter, clean carpets with dry snow; have the room cool; sprinkle on the snow; scrub first with a broom, and then sweep clean.

A woman's rite—The marriage ceremony.

Our Young Folks.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

"We must carry our beautiful baby to town,
Some day, when the weather is fair," we said
"We must dress him up in his prettiest gown,
And wave his hair on the top of his head;
For all his cousins, and all his aunts,
And both his grandmothers proud and dear,
Declare it is shameful and every way blameful,
To have had no picture of him this year."

He was three months old when we took him before,
And he lay like a lamb on his mamma's lap,
And the darling now has a twelvemonth more
Of bewildering graces from sock to cap.
Just look at his dear little laughing face,
At the rosebud mouth, at the violet eyes—
Why the photograph-taker, that vanity shaker,
Will think, this time, we have brought him a prize!

We carried our child to the town one day,
The skies were soft, and the air was cool,
We robed him richly in fine array—
Ribbons and laces, and Swiss, and tulle.
He looked like a prince in the artist's chair,
Sitting erect, and brave, and grand,
With a big, red apple, he scarce could grapple,
Held close in the palm of one dimpled hand.

"He is taking it now!" We held our breath!
We furtively peeped from behind the screen!
"What a pose!" we whispered; then, still as death,
Waited—and baby was all serene
Till the critical moment, when, behold,
The sun was catching that lovely look,
Such a terrible roar it shook the floor!
And that was the picture the swift sun took:

A wrinkled face, and close-shut eyes,
And a mouth that's opened so very wide,
That our dear little sister, sibyl-wise,
Declares she can see the cry inside.
Aunts and cousins and grandmothers dear
Haven't got over their anger yet;
But we thought it was funny, and paid our money
For that strange phase of our precious pet.

Ah! children older than baby, think,
Dear little children, blithe and sweet,
With your curls of gold, and your cheeks of pink,
And your naughty tempers sudden and fleet,
What an awful thing it would be for you
If an artist should happen along some day,
And observing the pouting, the frown, or the flouting,
Should take a picture of you that way!
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Wide Awake.*

TOMMY.

Mr. Pritchard lifted him out of the wagon and sat him down on the doorstep. What a little fellow he was, and what a wondering, pleased look there was in his eyes! He had on coarse shoes, a blue check apron, and his pretty brown hair was cropped close under the shabby cap. It was almost too cold a day for such a little boy to be out without a coat. Mrs. Pritchard took him by the hand to lead him in, and the little hand clung confidingly to hers.

"What's your name, dear?" she asked pleasantly.

"Tommy Bobbitt," he answered, readily. "Am I going to stay here?"

"Folks all dead," said Mr. Pritchard. "Mother went a month or so back. I told them over to the county-house we'd take him and try him; and if he suited, we'd keep him, and do well by him. We don't know what kind of stock he is yet; and if I find any mean, dishonest tricks in him, back he goes. We don't want to adopt a boy, and set by him, and have him sting us like a serpent in our old age.

"O! I know Tommy will be a nice little boy," said the wife kindly.

The Pritchards were farming people, and well-to-do. They had never had a child of their own, and, after much consideration, had decided to adopt a boy when a suitable one could be found. Word reached them that a child four years old had recently been left upon the town; and Mr. Pritchard, on driving over to see about it, had brought the little fellow home on trial.

Nobody knew how dreary and forlorn it had been in the county-house for a little four-year-old boy, suddenly left friendless. He had wandered, shivering, in the yard, sometimes picking up a red leaf here and there to play with. He had hung around in the big, cheerless room, where a few, decrepit old woman sat, because in the men's room there was a loutish, half-witted fellow who frightened him. Nights he slept with a dreadful boy, three times as old as himself, who said things to scare him, and who pulled all the bedclothes away, and kicked in his sleep. And nobody knew how his little heart had ached for the dead mother, who though very poor and unfortunate, had sheltered him to the last.

But now in his warm, new home, he brightened into a rosy, pretty boy. He had new shoes and stockings, and Mrs. Pritchard made him a little coat, with a motherly instinct growing in her heart with every stitch. He learned the different rooms, and ran about fearlessly, he made funny little speeches, he jumped and laughed like other happy boys, and climbed boldly on Farmer Pritchard's knee, when that good man sat down to take his ease after supper.

"He's got meat in him," said the farmer nodding approvingly; "but I don't know whether he's honest yet. That's the thing to my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—had one week of sunshine—when this black cloud came down upon him.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough which was apt to trouble him at night, and on the bureau, near the head of his bed, he kept a few gumdrops, which he could reach out and get to soothe his throat when the coughing came on. One forenoon, chancing to go into the bed-room, his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a single gumdrop left.

"That rogue, Tommy, has been here," he said to himself. "I know there were five or six when I went to bed last night; and, for a wonder, I did not have to take a single one. Tommy! Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gumdrops?"

Tommy, who was playing in the door, looked up brightly, and said: "No; I did not get any."

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so; for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," he said, "you need not be afraid to tell the truth. Didn't you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," replied Tommy, readily.

"O! yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't."

"This is bad, very bad, indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

"O Tommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard. "If you took them, do say so."

"If he took them!" repeated her husband. "Why, it is clear as daylight." He had been running in and out of the room all morning.

But Tommy still denied the deed, though the farmer commanded, and his wife implored. Mr. Pritchard's face grew ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he said; "and then, if you don't confess—why, I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor-house this very afternoon."

"O Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry. "He is so little! Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a youngster can tell a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell them by the dozen. I tell you, it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies. Perhaps the fear of going back will bring him to his senses."

He went out to his work; and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy, and talked with him a long while, very kindly and persuasively, but all to no effect. He replied as often as she asked him, that he had not touched the gumdrops. At last she gave it up, and with sad misgivings resumed her occupations; while Tommy went to playing with the cat on the floor

At noon Farmer Pritchard came into the house, and they had dinner. After dinner he called Tommy to him.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer; "my horse is harnessed. Lucy, put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poor-house, because he will not tell me the truth."

"Why, I don't want to go back," said Tommy, very soberly.

But still he denied taking the gumdrops. Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She cried as she brought out his little warm coat and cap and put them on him. But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done to him, and he knit his baby brow and held his little lips tight. The horse was brought round. Mr. Pritchard came in for the boy. I think he believed up to the last moment that Tommy would confess; but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon. Such a little boy he looked, as they drove away. The wind blew cold, and he had to hold on to his cap. Nothing was said, as they drove along, though Farmer Pritchard really felt a little sorry that he had gone so far.

But Tommy had no hope to bear him up. He only knew that the happy life of the past few days was over; snatched from him suddenly. He thought of the cold, forlorn house to which he was returning, and shuddered. The helpless old women, the jeering boys, the nights of terror—all these he thought of, when, with pale face and blue lips he was taken down from the wagon and sent up to the house. Farmer Pritchard watched him as he went up the steps, a slow, forlorn little boy. He went in. The matron came out for an explanation. It was given and the farmer drove away.

He drove home. It was no a pleasant ride. He missed his little companion; but he reasoned obdurately within himself that he had done all for the best. His wife met him tearfully at the door. The kitchen looked lonely, as they went into it together. A top lay in one corner, a primer was on the footstool. Mrs. Pritchard put them out of sight.

The farmer laid a fresh stock of gumdrops on his bureau at night, and thought grimly that these were safe. He retired early not knowing what else to do; but his sleep was broken.

Mrs. Pritchard could not sleep at all. The tears stole through her eyelids long after the candle was put out, and the house was still. She was thinking of the poor little boy, even then, perhaps, cowering in his cold bed with terror.

Suddenly a curious, small sound attracted her attention. It was repeated again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened intently, and her heart beat loud with excitement. She knew the sound well.

"Joseph!" she whispered. "Joseph!"

"What, Ducy," said her husband, in a voice that sounded as if he, too, had been lying awake.

"Do you hear that noise, Joseph? It's mice!"

"I know it. What of it?"

"It's mice, Joseph, and they're after your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned Farmer Pritchard upon his pillow. It flashed upon him instantly. He, and not Tommy was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little depredators were frightened, but soon began again. And a rare feast they made of it.

It seemed as if that night would never end. The farmer heard every hour the clock struck, and at five he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get breakfast.

"I won't wait for breakfast," he said. "You can have it hot and ready when we get back. I'll harness up and start now, so as to get over there by dawn."

In a few moments the wheels rolled noisily over the frozen ground out on the road, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the top and the primer again, and made the kitchen look its very cheerfulest. Then she got breakfast. She baked potatoes, and broiled a chicken, and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jelly tarts. She laid Tommy's plate and knife and fork in their place, and set up his chair. The sun had risen, and the bright beams fell across the table. She went to the door and looked up the road.

Yes, they were coming! They drove into the yard; they stopped at the door; and the wondering, smiling little Tommy was lifted down in Mrs. Prichard's eager arms. She held him very tight.

"O! my lamb! my blessing!" she murmured, womanlike.

"Lucy, come let's have breakfast now," said the farmer, cheerfully. "This little chap's hungry. He's our own little boy now, Lucy. He's never going away from us again."—*Independent.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Harvard Scientific School is reported to have twenty-live instructors and only sixteen students.

—The Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, the oldest foreign missionary of the Freowill Baptist Church, is dead. He labored many years in India, and died in this country at an advanced age.

—The Samoan Islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000 some 35,000 or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493, the Wesleyans 4,794, the Catholics, 2,853, and the Mormons 126.

—The Lutheran almanacs, of which there are many, differ greatly in the statistics they give of the Lutheran Church in this country. Thus the "Church Almanac" reports 3,015 ministers, 5,224 congregations and 824,825 members; the "Lutheran Almanac" reports 3,092 ministers, 5,388 churches and 694,426 communicants; the "Lutherische Kaleadar" reports 3,087 ministers, 5,376 congregations and 689,195 communicants. Other almanacs are yet to be heard from.

—The average salary of the regular teachers in Boston is $975. Their average length of service is between eleven and twelve years, but there are many instances of very long terms. A lady teacher has recently resigned, after a service in the city of over forty-one years. Thirteen teachers are now employed who have taught over thirty years; 101 have taught between twenty and thirty years, and 268 between ten and twenty years. For such faithful teachers as these the proposed pension is certainly a deserved benefit.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—There are fresh reports of intolerance in Bohemia. An American physician learns that the persecution of Protestant is even worse in Prague than in Vienna. In one of the rooms of the American Consul at Prague an English service has been started, and was finally given in German to benefit some Austrians who attended; but when the police heard of it they ordered the place to be closed. At Vienna a service in German has been begun in the Scotch Presbyterian Chapel but admission can only be obtained by means of tickets with the names of the bearers written on them.

—Methodism is now represented in Burmah. For many years the Baptists were the only occupants of this great field. Some time ago the Metbodist Society for the Propagation of the Gospel joined the Baptists there. The Rev. R. E. Carter is the Methodist missionary, and has established himself in Rangoou. The Baptists placed their chapel at his disposal, and a series of meetings were held, at which several conversions took place. Dr. Thoburn and Mr. Goodwin, from India, assisted, and at the end of their visit of two weeks a church of fifty members and probationers was organized and ground for a church building secured.

Odd Dinner Customs In Sweden.

The Swedes have a queer way of locomotion at their meals. They often flit about like flies, from one table to another, and sometimes seem to turn the menu topsy-turvy when they order a repast. It is no rare thing to see them begin with cheese and biscuit, next proceed to ham and salad, with a slice of meat to follow, and then suddenly start up in the middle of their dinner to swallow, while they walk about, a plateful of pea soup. A habit which they have of beginning each repast with what they call a "smorgos," not merely leads to much untidiness at meal-time, but makes them seem contented to live on bits and scraps. The smorgos consists of little dishes, such as slices of smoked reindeer, and caviar, and sardines, with pickles, cheese, and other whets provocative of thirst. These are fished out with a fork of general utility, and laid on thumb pieces of rye cake, thickly smeared with butter, which serve by way of plate. Then they are bitten into, regardless of the fragments which may fall on other dainties (for your true smorgos eater seldom sits to his repast), and they are finally washed down with a glass or two of spirits which stand handy by their side. Such a prelude to a meal is not merely uncleanly, but must vitiate the palate, and injure the digestion. Indeed, I feel convinced that were the smorgosbord abolished, not merely would the cookery in Sweden soon improve, but very many of the people would bo gradually weaned from their weakness for strong drink.—*All the Year Round.*

Rules of Hospitality.

Render your guest as comfortable as possible, and his stay pleasant. To this end—

As soon after his arrival as possible saddle him with every one of your hobbies and ride him to exhaustion.

If you are a public speaker, rehearse to him half a dozen of your longest and driest speeches. It will give you good practice. Friends sbould be utilized.

If you are addicted to writing, read to him everything of yours that you can lay your hands on.

Tell him about your business troubles and when he would speak of his pleasant trip to the mountains cut him off with a diagnosis of your internal ailments.

Of course you will show him through your library; but do not allow his mind to become absorbed in any one volume to the neglect of the others. That would be eminently unjust to those others. He might be pleased to find a favorite, perhaps; but if you give way to his wishes, he may go away unimpressed by the magnitudo and versatility of your literary wealth.

But by all means have passages ready to turn to in the more pretentious works, to read to your guest. Not only will you surprise him by your intimacy with literaturo, but you will also give him a taste of your elocutionary attainments.

Be sure to explain everything you read. It isn't to be supposed that many people have your powers of intuition. It were idle to expect it.

Make him feel at home by following your own usual course at home. Rehearse all the harassments of the day at your place of business. It must act upon him in one of two ways. Either it will remind him of himself in his home, and therefore make him feel at home indeed, or it will call up thoughts of his own serene business life, made all the more pleasant when thus favorably contrasted with your own.

If the children crawl into his lap and bedaub him with their molasses-covered fingers, show yourself an indulgent parent by non-interference.

Should they attempt the same thing with you, another phase of fatherly duty may be illustrated. Show that with all your indulgent love you can be firm on occasion. Box their ears warmly.

It is good manners to yawn occasionally, especially if by some mischance your guest fall into the reprehensiblo practice (for a guest) of talking about something interesting to himself. It shows him the large amount of self denial you are exercising, that he may be entertained.

Never forget that he who goes to Greece is expected to do as the Greeks do, so the guest who enters your house should accommodate himself to his surroundings. He wouldn't expect the Greeks to un-Greek themselves because he happened to be in their midst, would he?

Follow theso rules religiously, and we assure you that none others will be needed. They will serve for all the guests you will ever bave.—*Boston Transcript.*

Wonders of Plants and Flowers.

Most of the flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at live or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening, tbe daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The ivy-leaved lettuee opens at eight in the morning and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes forever at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf is open until after sunrise. There are some plants that may be used as weather prophets. The pimpernel spreads its leaves at the end of wet weather, while the differeut species of clover contract theirs. If the chickweed droops and its flowers are not open, there is rain in prospect. The crowfoot anemone foretells the coming of rain by closing its blossoms; the anemone mentaisa carries its flowers erect when the weather is fine, and drooping when overcast. It will rain if the whitlow grass lets it leaves hang drooping, if the gallium verum swells and exhales strongly, also if the birch scents the air.

The sensitiveness of plants to light, heat and moisture was made by Linnæus, the great botanist, the basis of many experiments and observations, resulting in the arrangement called his "floral clock." It is a curious fact that there are twenty-four varieties of plants whose blossoms open successively at the different hours of the day and night. The flowers of the water lily close and sink into the water precisely at sunset, rise again to the surface and expand with sunrise. Pliny described the lotus of the Euphrates, which followed the same order; and the reverence which was paid to the lotus by the Egyptians is supposed by some to be from this association with the sacred sun. Flowers and fruits of the lotus are engraved on Eastern tombs and monuments, and adorn the heads of their sculptured deities. Besides the "floral clock," there is a floral calendar, in which each month is marked by its own loyal flower.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at an untimely hour by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours, exposing it to a bright light at night, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up, from force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and accepted the night for the day without any apparent ill effects.

We notice that an Italian chemist has recently made some experiments which have resulted in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence upon the atmosphere by converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influences. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of the cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot; those that give smaller quantities are anise, nutmeg and thyme. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop ozone, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the Professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy distriets and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxidizing influences of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers. Thero is a mystery about perfume. It eludes the most subtle analysis. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded our most delicato measures and our strongest lenses. If we could come to the essence of each odor we would make an enormous stride in hygiene and in chemistry, and no profession would profit so much by it as the medical profession if it could be conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeded from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphuratehydrogen, ammonia, and the like.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

In a boarding house you don't knock the stuffing out of the turkey; you knock tbe turkey out of the stuffing.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—To Scour Zinc.—The *Rural New Yorker* is authority for the following: "Housekeepers will find that zincs may be scoured with great economy of time and strength by using either glycerino or creosote mixed with a little diluted sulphuric acid."

—Salt for Milch Cows.—Care should be taken that milch cows have salt twice a week and that they have access to water soon after taking the salt; because salt in its crude state is poisonous and will create a high fever in the stomach unless diluted by water which relieves tho animal from burning thirst.

—Immersing the Feet in Hot Water.—Remember never to have tho foot-bath so hot as to occasion a disagreeable sensation; this would drive the blood to the head, instead of drawing it from it. If possible, when bathing the feet, have a warm bath for the hands also; the object being to bring the heat to the extremities.

—A balky driver makes a balky horse. In breaking in colts, tho trainer should never lose his temper. A firm hand and gentle manner will bring any colt, however spirited it may be, into subservience to the driver. The animal must be made to rely entirely upon its master. It cannot be made to do so by bruto force. The same means should bo used as with a child.

—Cutting a Hedge.—A young hedge of osago orange or honey locust should not be cut until it is two or three years old, not, indeed, until the shoots aro one or two inches tbick, when they should be cut even with the earth in tho winter time, and the following year they will throw up a luxurious mass of sprouts, which may be trimmed into shape the next June, and before fall we have a complete, impenetrable fence.

—Cranberries.—Wash and pick over a quart of cranberries. Put them in a porcelain lined saucepan or an earthenware crock, witb a cup and a half of sugar and half a cup of water. Put them on the back of the range and let them stew very slowly for two hours without stirring. When turned out to cool every cranberry will be found plump and whole, and imbedded in a firm, ruby colored jelly.

—Professor McBride, at an English farmers' club, said: "When you want to dose a pig halter him as you would for execution, and tie the ropo end to a stake. He will pull back until the rope is tightly strained. When he has ceased his uproar and began to reflect, approach him, and between the back part of his jaws insert an old shoe from which the toe-leather has been cut. This he will at once begin to suck and chew. Through it pour medicine and he will swallow any quantity you please."

—Cure for Felon.—When a finger pricks as though there were a tborn in it, and throbs intolerably when held downward, and yet there is no external sign of mischief, the probabilities are that a felon is in prospect, says an exchange. Go at once to the butcher's and procure some of the spinal marrow of a beef creature. Take a piece, say about two inches in length, and, having cut it open lengthwise, wrap it around the affected linger, covering, of course, witb cloth. In a few hours change the piece of marrow for a fresh one, and continue to keep the linger so encased until all pain has ceased, and there is no discomfort when the marrow is removed. The finger will look strangely white and porous, but the cure is complete. This remedy ought to become professional. It is vastly better than the surgeon's knife, and more effectual.

—Baked Mackerel.—Wash and clean three or four mackerel, divide them down the back and once aeross, making four pieces of each fish. Arrange these pieces compactly in a pie dish in layers, witb three or four bay leaves, six shallots sliced, a dessertspoonful of peppercorns, half that quantity of pimento berries, eight cloves and a little white pepper. Make a sauce with half a pint of good stock, a wineglass of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, and the same of anchovy and Harvey sauce, with a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce and soy. Bake in a moderate oven with a cover on the dish until the fish is quite done; take it from the sauce, and place it on the dish you intend serving it on; strain tbe sauce and pour it over the lish. Serve it cold, garnished witb sprigs of parsley or fennel. Fish cooked in this way will keep good for two or three days if left in the sauee and eovered over.

How Myths Originate.

No doubt many legends of the ancient world, though not really history, are myths which have arisen by reasoning on actual events, as definite as that which, some four years ago, was terrifying the peasant-mind in North Germany, and especially in Posen. The report had spread far and wide that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country, some said to Russia, while others declared that it was the King of Prussia who had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey, and had staked and lost 40,000 fair-haired, blue-eyed children; and tbere were Moors traveling about in covered carts to collect them; and the school-masters were helping, for they were to have five dollars for every child they handed over. For a time the popular excitement was quite serious; the parents kept the children away from school and hid them, and, when tbey appeared in the streets of the market-town, the little ones clung to them with terrified looks. Dr. Schwartze, the well-known mythologist, took the palns to trace the rumor to its sources. One thing was quite plain, that its prime cause was that grave and learned body, the Anthropological Society of Berlin, who, without a thought of the commotion they were stirring up, had, in order to class the population as to race, induced the authorities to have a census made throughout the local schools, to ascertain the color of the children's skin, hair and eyes. Had it been only the boys, to the Government inspection of whom for military conscription the German peasant are only too well accustomed, nothing would have been thought of it; but why should the officials want to know about the little girls' hair and eyes? The whole group of stories which suddenly sprang up were myths created to answer this question; and even the details which became embodied with them could all be traced to their sources, such as the memories of German Princes selling regiments of their people to pay their debts, the late political negotiations between Germany and Russia, etc. The fact that a caravan of Moors had been traveling about as a show accounted for the covered carts with which they were to fetch the children; while the schoolmasters were naturally implicated, as having drawn up the census. One schoolmaster, who evidently knew his people, assured the terrified parents that it was only the children with blue hair and green eyes that were wanted, —an explanation which sent them home quite comforted.—*Professor Taylor, in Nature.*

—While a large class of people eat too much, there is another large group who go to the other extreme and eat too little. A little common sense, salt, pepper and Worcestershire have their value at the family board.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for January.*

"I FELL in here four days ago, when the Indians were running me. I am starving. If Bill don't find me to-morrow I will run this knife through my heart. I can't stand it to starve to death. John Roan, Nov. 1, 1850," was found recently in a cavern at Point Rock, Lampasas, Texas. Tho message was carved in capital letters on the face of the smooth limestone rock. Near the rock was the skeleton of a man and near the skeleton the rusty blade of a bowie-knife, the handle of which was rotten with age. The cavern walls cannot be scaled without the aid of a rope twenty-five feet in length, and the aperture is exceedingly small. Roan's efforts to save his own life would have been unavailing.

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Very respectfully, MRS. G. R. THATCHER.

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County Surveyor—John Harned.

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President—Wm. A. Brydon.
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ELECTED MAYOR

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.59 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880. NUMBER 48

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25, 1880.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The Saviour, newly baptized and anointed, stands on the threshold of his work, when an impulse from on high drives him from the presence of men into the wilderness, there to meditate on his mission, to commune with his Father and to wrestle with the world's great adversary. The temptation was inevitable, from the possession of his high endowments, and was needed to equip him for the work of succoring souls; for none can lose the bonds of others unless he has shown his own mastery over the conqueror. So intense is the concentration of his thoughts and so close the communion of his soul, that for forty days he is upborne above the necessities of the body and tastes no food. The reaction comes, the flesh asserts itself, and the Son of man lies starving on the stones of the desert. Suddenly, and with crafty malignity, the whisper of Satan is at his ear, bidding him supply his bodily wants through his own miraculous power. He refuses thus to abuse the trust left in his hands for the good of men, or to doubt his Father's care over himself. Then Satan would turn his trust into presumption, and urges him to tempt God by risking his own life. Again he refuses, and meets Satan with a sentence from the word. Now the adversary plies his last arrow, by bidding him cast aside his high purpose, employ his powers for worldly ends, and found a world-wide empire with himself on its throne. In an instant the proposal is met with scorn, Satan is foiled, and as his dark shadow is lifted from the scene, angels draw nigh with succor for the victorious Son.

Matt. 4. 1-11.

Memory Verses, 1-4.

1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2 And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3 And when the tempter came to him he said, If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

5 But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Jesus said unto him, It is is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8 Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9 And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10 Then saith Jesus unto him Get thee hence Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11 The the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

HOME READINGS.

M. The temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4. 1-11.
Tu. The first temptation. Gen. 3. 1-15.
W. The temptation of Job. Job 1. 1-22.
T. The endurance of temptation. James. 1. 1-15.
F. The benefits of temptation. 1, Pet. 1. 1 11.
S. Succor for the tempted. Heb. 2. 1-18,
S. Sympathy for the tempted. Heb. 4. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. Heb. 2. 18.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace.
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean.
For he hath felt the same.

Then let our humble faith address.
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE TEMPTER, v. 1-11; 1 Pet. 5. 8.
Who was the tempter?
When did he come to Christ?
What was Christ's condition of body when he came?
Why did he come when Jesus was hungry?
Why did he wish to tempt Christ?
How does the tempter come to us?
How may we escape him? Heb. 2. 18.

2. THE TEMPTATION, v. 1-11; James 1. 14.
How many times was Jesus tempted?
What was the first temptation?
How would such an act show want of faith in God?
Where did the second temptation take place? What was it?
Why did Satan quote a text of scripture?
Why would it have been wrong to do as Satan asked of Jesus?
What was the last temptation?

3. THE TRIUMPH, v. 1-11; Psa. 91. 11.
What was the answer of Jesus to the first temptation?
How did he show his faith in God?
What did he say to the second temptation?
How would the act which he was asked to do tempt God?
How did he answer the last temptation?
From what book did Jesus quote in every answer?
Need we ever be overcome by it?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the holiest may be tempted? 2. That the hardest temptation may be overcome? 3. That God's word has an answer to every temptation?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. We must expect special temptation after seasons of special exaltation. v. 1.

2. We must expect temptations at the moment when we are weakest and reduced to the lowest ebb of physical nature. v. 2.

3. We must expect temptations to assail us just at that side of our nature which lies most open to attack, for our foe never sleeps. v. 3.

4. We must expect temptations to present themselves in the guise of friendly, innocent suggestions. v. 3.

Is Winter over, or only not begun?

Treasury Cramps.

Comptroller Keating, in his last annual report, devotes a good deal of space to showing how necessary the treasury relief loan was to the treasury—a topic to which he also devoted great space in his repert for 1878—but the figures he submits do not quite make out his case. The truth of the matter is that the relief loan was devised to cover up the extravagances of Governor Carroll's administration in the unauthorized expenditures on the State House and House of Correction, and for the foolish [illegible] in [illegible] the sum $90,000, without discoverable return. The extraordinary demands upon the state treasury, created by the unauthorized acts of the Executive Department, could have been covered by a loan of $275,000, but the party managers would not allow such a monument to be raised to mark these violations of law, and the device of a large indefinite relief loan was resorted to cover up the matter. The total receipts of the treasury in 1878 were $2,693,244.92, the disbursements $2,489,079.14, leaving a balance of $204,165.78. The receipts for 1879 were $2,330,492.25, the disbursements $1,774,283.26, leaving a balance of $556,208.99. In the face of such balances it will be difficult for the state's financial officers to show a good reason for the addition of the entire amount of $500,000 to the public debt during that time to provide for the current expenses of government. Indeed, when it is recollected that the state has had since July 1, 1878, $366,000 in bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, worth considerable above par, received in payment of dues on account of the old capitation tax on the Washington Branch, and which the treasury department had the right to sell at any time, it is difficult to see the necessity for any fresh loan, great or small. The situation of the treasury was not so bad that judicious management and some little financial tact could not have maintained its solvency without any increase of the funded debt. The Comptroller attaches great importance to the fact that the treasury has to make large payments at the time of the year when receipts are small: but so common a feature of all public budgets ought to occasion no trouble. So large a depositor as the state can have no trouble in obtaining temporary accommodations from any bank. —*Baltimore American.*

The Exodus Committee has been organized and will soon commence taking testimony. No definite plan has been determined, although Senator Voorhees, chairman of the committee, has a list of names of prominent Republicans and others who are to be summoned as witnesses. The Democratic purpose is understood to be to endeavor to prove that the wicked Republicans organized the movement with the intention of colonizing Democratic or doubtful states with colored Republicans, whose votes could be relied upon. There may have been some talk among political managers that it would be a shrewd move to take such an advantage of the exodus, but it is quite certain that the idea itself did not originate with Republicans, and that it is entirely spontaneous. Republican members of the committee seem to think that the committee will be compelled to inquire of the negroes themselves, who have emigrated, in order to ascertain the cause of the exodus; and that Voorhees, if he is anxious to know why some of these negroes selected Indiana, will be obliged to ask them, and not inquire of white Democrats in North Carolina. The Republicans will insist that the negroes, who know most about the matter, shall be summoned. The story has already been published. The testimony for the present will be mostly taken in Washington.

LIQUOR AND CRIME.—The Society in New York, for the prevention of crime propose to reduce the number of retail liquor dealers in that city from ten thousand to two thousand. This would doubtless effect some degree of good, for there can hardly be a doubt that the more numerous the sources of temptation and the greater the facilities for indulgence the more and more will we have the effects in the commission of crime of one sort or other, following upon intoxication and general dissipation. But, after all, in dealing with the matter of limiting the use or abuse of liquor, is it not obvious that the better and more effective mode would be the restricting of its manufacture or to regulate its distribution from first sources?

The Inauguration Address.

Previous to being sworn into office on Wednesday of last week at Annapolis, Gov. Hamilton delivered the following brief address:

Mr. Chief Justice and Gentlemen: This is not to be regarded, perhaps, as an appropriate occasion to refer in detail to specific measures of public policy.

Probably I may find it proper during the session, to communicate with the Legislature upon subjects of general interest.

The able and elaborate message of the retiring executive, together with the comprehensive and lucid report of the comptroller, give full and precise information in respect to the financial affairs of the State, beside calling the attention of the General Assembly to the consideration of matters of great public concern.

But in presenting myself to take the oath of office as prescribed by the constitution, I shall indulge the liberty of saying that I fully recognize the impressive significance of the late expression of the popular will.

In becoming the chief magistrate of the State, and in the exercise of the powers, and in the discharge of the duties incident to this most honorable and responsible position, it will be with the determination that everything shall be directed, and directed solely, in the interests of good government.

There will be upon the part of the executive a most cordial co-operation with other departments of the government in promoting wise and unselfish legislation; in assuring fair, pure and peaceful elections; in enforcing a rigid economy in all branches of the public service; in reducing taxation to the lowest point compatible with economical administration; in correcting all abuses, whether great or small and wherever existing; in limiting official employment to the absolute necessities of the State, and in maintaining an elevated standard of official probity, capacity and application—to the end that we and our children after us may continue to enjoy the blessings of free government; and still further that the just and well-founded expectations of the people may be realized.

The governor, the senator, the delegate, divested of the pomp and circumstance of place and stripped of his official robes, is, at best, but a plain, simple and unadorned agent, entrusted by the people with duties to be performed in their interests, and for the faithful and fearless performance of which his honor and all that he should hold dear in life are pledged to the people.

Allow me now the privilege of admonishing all, in language as impressive as it is in my power to use, that it is not with specious promises, or gilded words, or glittering generalities, but with living deeds and actions that the people will be or ought to be content.

Called by the people to the office of Governor of Maryland, I am deeply sensible of the responsibilities I am about to incur. My highest ambition will be gratified if, when I come to lay down this great authority and once more return to the walks of private life, I shall bear with me the consciousness of having fairly, honestly and faithfully discharged the important and imposing obligations I here now assume.

DEATH OF FRANK LESLIE.—Mr. Frank Leslie, the well-known publisher, died in New York Saturday evening, in the 59th year of his age. He attended to business at his residence during the respites of his illness, up to Friday last, and was dressed and moving about the house Saturday morning. His sufferings had been caused by the pressure of a tumor in his throat on the windpipe and œsophagus, which prevented free breathing and at last suffocation ensued. Mr. Leslie's name was originally Henry Carter. He was a native of Ipswich, England, and the son of Joseph Carter, a glove manufaturer, which trade he also learned. He early displayed a talent for drawing and engraving, and, making his home in London, became a sketcher on the London *Illustrated News and Pictorial Times*. He came to this country in 1848, and became a publisher on his own account in 1853, and finally became the head of a very large publishing establishment in New York. He failed in 1877, while publishing thirteen illustrated journals. His debts were $410,000, and his assets, real and prospective, $500,000. Despite the appointment of assignee, Mr. Leslie up to the day of his death, remained practical manager of the business.

A Letter from Hon. Chas. O'Conor.

The New York *World*, publishes a characteristic letter from Hon. Charles O'Conor, the distinguished New York lawyer, three columns in length, and written in answer to an invitation to attend a Democratic banquet at Newark, N. J., on the 8th of January. In this letter Mr. O'Conor says he is constrained to regard it as absolutely impossible that any one called a Democrat should prevail in the next presidential contest, and he declares that the thirty-five votes of the Great State of New York have been delivered by the Tammany bolt into the hands of the Republican party, and are now held by it as a secure possession. He regards the attempt of the Democrats to seize the vote of Maine as reprehensible, and suggests that this will furnish the Republicans of the New York Legislature a pretext for changing the law and choosing presidential electors, a course which, in his judgment "they had all along really meant to pursue." He regards Mr. John Kelly as a petty "local factionist," and alludes to certain New York leaders, of whom Mr. Tilden was one, who in 1848, "from being exceedingly servile to Southern domination, suddenly wheeled around because of a merely personal disappointment, and under the free-soil cry raised the sectional banner of abolitionism and thereby rendered it politically fashionable." Mr. O'Conor, says though no Democratic candidate can obtain a majority in the electoral colleges, yet as none of Gen. Grant's republican rivals can desire to see the coveted eminence practically in his possession for life, some of them might be successfully intrigued with, but he urges that such an enterprise should never prosper, and urges that patriots choosing between "force" and "fraud" should favor the election of Grant.

The terms of twenty-five United State Senators expire on the 4th of March, 1881, and the Washington *Star* figures it out that of the eleven Republican senators who will retire, ten are certain to be succeeded by Republicans, while of the fourteen Democrats, only seven are equally certain of being succeeded by Democrats. The latter will gain one in Mississippi, however, which will give them a total strength beyond question, of thirty-six; and if Republican legislatures are elected in Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, as from the political complexion of those States now seems probable, they will also have a total strength of thirty-six. This estimate leaves four senators to be accounted for; namely, senator-elect Mahone, of Virginia, whose position is at present undefined; Senator Davis, of Illinois, who inclines to the Democracy, and the senators to be elected in California and Indiana. It will be seen that this will be an interesting year in politics, aside from the presidential campaign.

It seems that license to sell intoxicating liquors over at Morgantown has failed, as an experiment, to demonstrate the correctness of the position assumed by the advocates of license. For a number of years previous to 1879, the town was without license to sell intoxicating drinks, although that question was made the issue at each election. Last Spring however, by the force of the argument that there was just as much whisky sold without license as with the license ticket was elected. Several saloons were granted license, and at the late term of the Grand jury such a list of indictments was piled up against the saloon keepers for selling whiskey to minors and to other parties unlawfully, that they came into court, confessed indgement on a part of the indictments and agreed to throw up their licenses, if the rest of the indictments were dismissed. This is probably the last of the license business in Morgantown.—*Grafton Sentinel.*

These be troublous times for the Democratic editor. In his efforts to be on the wining side in the Malae contest he is having a terrible struggle, and already begins to exhibit an air of weariness. And no wonder. Any man who attempts to prove in the same paragraph that Garcelon was right, that the decision of the Supreme Court is sound Democratic doctrine and that the Court was packed with Republican judges, has a right to feel tired. That literary bureau should be put in operation again, so as to relieve the perplexed editor, and enable the Democratic organs to grind out more harmonious tunes.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TIME'S TRIUMPH.

THE Year is young, and bold, and strong,
And blithely singeth he his song:
"For I am young and life is long!"
So doth he cry;
And twineth gay a garland fair
Of violets for his golden hair,
And holdeth in his hands with care
A little bird that, nestling there,
Doth happy lie.

Time smileth mockingly, and saith,
"Be merry while you may, for death
Comes all too soon, with icy breath,
Thy song to end,"
The Year he laugheth merrily:
"O, many an hour there yet shall be
Of joy and gladness unto me
Ere I shall tremble before thee,
And humbly bend!"

The Year hath feasted royally,
And, crowned with poppies, drowsily
Among his riches lieth he
To take his rest,
His mantle is of gleaming green—
A hundred shades might there be seen—
Thick silvered with the daisies' sheen,
With golden buttercups between
Adown his breast.

Old Time doth grimly smile, and say,
"So dreamest thou thy life away;
A little longer shalt thou stay,
Then cometh death."
The Year upon his mossy bed,
Half hearing what old Time hath said,
Turneth in lazy scorn his head;
"I pray thee wait till I be dead,"
He answereth.

The Year hath risen up in might;
A king is he in his own right;
And clad in royal vesture bright
Doth proudly stand.
His mantle o'er the blackened mold
Lieth in many a purple fold,
Heavy with crimson and with gold;
A kingly scepter doth he hold
In his right hand,

Time unto him no word doth say,
But pointeth where a lock doth stray
Across his forehead iron gray,
And laugheth low.
The Year upon his head a crown
Of oak-leaves placeth, glossy brown,
And, with a scornful glance and frown,
At Time a bunch of thistle-down
Doth lightly throw.

The Year is worn, and bent, and old,
And shivers in the bitter cold;
His hair, that once was shining gold,
Is hoary white.
Grasping his staff with footstep slow
He staggers through the drifting snow;
But 'neath his shaggy eyebrows low
Still his dark eyes with ardor glow,
Add glitter bright.

Time with his grim smile draweth near:
"Hast thou yet learned my face to fear?
Dost thou remember now, Old Year,
What Time hath said?"
The Year with trembling lips doth cry,
"Thee and thy power I defy!
I yet am strong; why should I die?"
Time toucheth him, and with a sigh,
He falleth dead.

The New Year cometh in apace,
With rosy cheeks and merry face;
In his fresh youth there is no trace
Of him the dead.
But Time he smileth mockingly;
And to the living Year saith he:
"As he is now so shalt thou be,
And low as his I yet shall see
Thy golden head."

—*Averic S. Francis, in Christian Union.*

A "PERSONAL," AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I wonder why so much money is wasted by people on matrimonial advertisements," said Will Fowler to me one day.

This was apropos of nothing in particular, for not a word had been said for ten minutes; but then he was always popping absurd questions at you.

"I can understand a man's going to the theater," he continued, "or subscribing to a soup-kitchen, or even being fool enough to send a bouquet to some pretty girl, but why on earth he should tumble any more coin into the hungry pockets of these newspaper men is more than I *can* understand. Where does the fun come in? Of course the chaps who advertise haven't an idea of marrying on such an introduction, and equally of conrse, no woman nowadays is goose enough to answer such an 'ad.'—that is, no woman with whom it would be any pleasure to correspond."

It was a gloomy March day, and Will and I were toasting our feet before the fire in his Chicago office. He was a married man, with a pretty wife and several children, a very clever writer, and possessed of a private income more than equal to his needs; I, a younger class college friend of his, and a pinfeather lawyer with certain heart engagements which precluded all idea of other love affairs. The topic broached by him was argued pro and con, and the result was that I bet him a dinner that a carefully-worded matrimonial advertisement would bring in at least fifty answers, the loser to pay for the publication. After long consideration, in which he good-naturedly took part, the following card was written and subsequently published in the Sunday paper most noted for its personals:

HAVING BEEN A WIDOWER FOR TWO years, I wish to marry again. I am thirty-five years old, five feet ten inches in height, thirty-nine inches around the chest, and have excellent health, mental and physical. Being of a somewhat phlegmatic temperament, I neither ask nor proffer ardent love, but simply desire that there shall be a mutual respect, as my chief reason for marrying is that during my frequent business absences from home my little six-year-old girl may be left in charge of one who will guard her with a mother's care. I am commercial traveler for a large Eastern house, own a suburban cottage, which is comfortably furnished, and have over $4,000 in U. S. bonds. Perfect respect will be felt for any lady who may answer this advertisement, and absolute secresy will be observed, whether the application be favorably received or not. Only those need apply who will fairly answer to the following description: Age, between twenty and thirty; education, good; disposition, not given to bickering or fault-finding; health, good, and especially must be free from any pulmonary complaint; appearance, rather pleasant than handsome; reputation that will bear the closest scrutiny. In return for these excellent qualities a modest home and gentle treatment are offered. Address EDWARD CLARKE, —— Office.

Monday morning's mail settled the wager, for by that delivery more than the requisite number of letters came to hand. By Monday evening the city correspondence was about exhausted, but for days afterward notes came dropping in from the country districts, the last one coming all the way from Salt Lake City, until the total number received amounted to one hundred and twenty-six. Of these a large moiety had been sent on speculation by women of the lowest class. The next largest assortment came from the servant-girl class, and a nice collection of pencil-marks, bad English and dirt they were. Some had come from sewing-women, telling-pitiful stories, many of which bore evidence of their truth in their incoherence. Others, again—and there were a good many of these—had been sent in joke, as we could easily see, while a half dozen, perhaps, were startling revelations of life and sorrow among educated women, whose want struggled with the feeling of shame. The last-mentioned letters made us feel very uncomfortable, and blackguardish, for their genuine grief, mortification and self-abasement were a rebuke to our thoughtless joke, the only excuse for which was the fact that no such realistic results had been expected. Will, being a good-natured, generous fellow, salved his conscience by giving pecuniary aid in several instances where investigation proved that aid was needed.

While glancing over the second batch of letters Will suddenly cried out:

"By George! here's a prize, and a jolly one, too, after this alternate mass of slush and sorrow; just listen to it, will you, and bear in mind it's my booty, as I made the find."

He then read as follows:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 18.

MR. EDWARD CLARKE ? ? ? ?—I believe you're a real humbug, Ned, and that you're not Ned at all, nor a widower, nor anything else stated in that personal. After carefully studying your little romance, I have made up my mind that you are one of two evils; either a designing wretch of a man, who wishes to laugh at and expose the follies of silly womanhood, or else, and that's a great deal worse, a scandal-loving female who would tickle her gossipy palate with the discovered weaknesses of her own sex. If you are the latter, I despise you, for I can't get any fun out of a flirtation with a woman; but if you are the former, I'll excuse your enormities if you'll only make yourself amusing. What you are time may discover; what I am you shall now hear. In the first place—you men always take that into first consideration—I'm a decided brunette and better looking than the average woman, at least, so my friends and my glass tell me. I am in my nineteenth year; to be exact, was eighteen last January, and am not the least bit sentimental, but full of mischief as any poor cooped-up girl you ever saw. Now isn't it a shame!—I'm not out of boarding-school yet—and that's the reason you get this letter; for I'm older than most of the other girls, and feel like doing something that isn't real bad, you know, but that's just a little reckless, and they'll think it's awfully wicked when they find out that I'm corresponding with a man I don't know.

If you are a woman—but I don't think any woman could have published such a thing, so we'll pretend you are not a woman—if you are a man, then, and put that piece in the paper just for a *lark*—isn't that an awful word for me to use?—why I will promise to answer your letters so long as they are pleasant and polite; for you must not think I am not a lady because I have written *this* letter. Of course, I have no idea of marrying anybody, and especially not you, for I am rather fond of somebody else and he likes me, at least he sends me boxes of candy and the *sweetest* flowers; but I'm tired of this poky life and need some sort of a tonic. If you wish you can write to

Yours suspiciously,
JOSIE MASON.

BOX —— Milwaukee, Wis.

P. S.—This isn't my real name, you see, any more than yours is Edward Clarke; but it is the only name you must know me by. And if by any chance your advertisement should be in earnest, I should be dreadfully sorry to have written to you in this way, but I'm sure that in that case you'll forgive a harmless joke from a young girl who has scarcely any amusements.

"That girl's a little trump," said Will, when he had finished reading the letter, "and I'm just the boy to help her drive the blues away. You can have all the rest of the letters, but this one drops to my ink."

It struck me that there might be more fun in this correspondence than in any of the others that offered, so I mildly suggested the impropriety and possible risk of epistolary ventures on the part of a married man. My friend detected the motive, however, and laughingly remarked that a man engaged would run more danger than a man married; so he stuck to his prize, and then and there answered it in a bright and sparkling letter, which overflowed with fun and yet bore marks of prudence and of respect for the young lady. In it he acknowledged the falsity of that personal, and declared that his object was gained in securing so jovial and probably so pretty a correspondent, vowed that he would write to none of the other damsels who had answered the matrimonial card, and promised, on all the honor an unknown man could possess, that he would make no attempt to discover the identity of "Josie Mason." He took precious good pains, the scamp, not to say anything about his incumbrances, and carefully avoided touching upon his personal affairs.

A voluminous correspondence ensued between these two lunatics, to which I was a party, in so far that Will always read me the letters from both sides. After some months of this sort of thing had passed, I noticed, and remarked the fact to him, that Josie's style had greatly changed since her first letter; she was less flippant, and evidently strove to appear more womanly. It could also be seen that she regretted her mention of the young man of flowers and candy boxes, for several times she hinted that she invented that sweet-gifted youth as a convincing argument to the unknown correspondent that she was in search of amusement, not of a husband. Her photograph, sent about this time, showed a very pretty and rather intellectual face, and in return Fowler inclosed the likeness of a good-looking Eastern friend of his. About this time I again urged upon him the propriety of stopping a correspondence which could afford him but little more pleasure, and which might lead to disagreeable results, hinting at the same time, my belief that the girl was becoming too much interested in him. He treated this advice cavalierly, and spoke in so caustic a manner about the virtue of non-interference that I neither asked to see, nor did he offer to show me, any more of the letters; and although we remained as good friends as ever, that matrimonial card was, by tacit consent, dropped from our list of conversational subjects. My correspondence with three of the unknown fair had ceased long since.

Some six weeks after our "Josie Mason" tiff, Will suddenly said to me:

"It was very considerate of you, old fellow, not to flare up when I got so huffy the other day about your advice in that corresponding matter. The fact is, I was beginning to feel uncomfortable about it myself, and didn't find my temper improve at recalling of your forebodings, which have been flying around me like evil omens ever since I began this affair. It is coming too close home now, however, and I must acknowledge the fear that you are right, and that I have been wrong since the first."

"What's up now?" I asked.

"Well, nothing, in particular, but just a sort of feeling that I've been making an ass of myself. I like that little girl first-rate, but, confound it all, she's coming it a wee bit too strong. Not that she has written anything very pointed, you know, but there's a simmering air of spoons and danger about her letters of late. At all events, I'm resolved to pull out of it, so I have written this letter to her on the subject."

"The letter" proved to be a half-and-half sort of epistle, full of regrets for what had been and of regrets for what must no longer be, full of apologies and praises, full of hopes that they might never meet for fear of the possible result, yet hinting at a desire to see her, if only for once. In fact, it was a bundle of incoherent nonsense from beginning to end, the only sensible thing in it being the statement that he returned her letters by that day's mail, and hoped she would do as much with his.

"Well," said I, after reading this precious document, "you have probably shown me this with the idea that I will advise you about it, but all I can say is that it sounds more like a love-letter than any that I have yet seen of yours."

"Yes, I know it does; but what would you have? I can't throw her overboard, like an old handkerchief. If the poor little thing is in love with me, all I can do is to let her down as easily as possible, and to accomplish that I can't reciprocate her affection, after a fashion."

Two days later I found Will gloomily pondering over the answer. He did not hand me the letter to read, but said, as he folded it up:

"By Jove! I feel like a thief. Not one word of recrimination, not an expression that is unladylike, and still a mixture of semi-pleading and semi-contempt that makes me feel like a cur. Well, the affair is ended now, thank heaven!"

"So much the better," I replied. "But how about your letters?"

"She says she will send them back after reading them over. By the way, I forgot to inclose her photograph, and she didn't mention it, so I'll keep it as a souvenir."

Saying this, he took the picture from his pocket-book, and after looking at it for a while in a dreamy sort of way, carefully replaced it, and then walked out of the room without a word of parting; but the fag end of a sigh reached me through the closing door.

About a week later Fowler came into my room, saying:

"Here's a nice piece of business. Just read that, will you?"—handing me a letter.

It was this:

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 6th.

SIR: I am a brother of the young lady whom you know as Josie Mason. She has not been well for some time, poor child, and has had to keep her bed during the past week. This morning in finding your correspondence, I also found the cause of her ill spirits. I will not waste time at present in discussing your blackguardly conduct; that can wait. A few letters, passed between you by way of joke, would have mattered little; but when your words grew warmer in each successive letter, is it strange that an inexperienced child fell into your snare? Now, sir, my business is to find who you are for the purpose of getting satisfaction; and if I can't get into one way, why I am a Southerner, and I'll get it in another. I write this that you may feel uncomfortable while I am looking for you, as you certainly will when I have found you.

ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"Phew! This is a nice scrape. What are you going to do about it, Will?"

"What can I do about it except await developments? I really wish it would turn out to be a blackmailing scheme; for then, although I would perhaps feel more like a fool, there'd be less of the knave in it."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more than I could help, old fellow," said I, "for this may be only a first explosion on the part of the brother, which will amount to nothing. It sounds to me like a genuine letter; there's the true ring of indignation in it, and, therefore there is the less to be feared. If the parties meant blackmailing it would pay them to employ detectives, but if it is a true bill, why, family pride ought to act as a check upon publicity."

After thinking a bit, Fowler said:

"I'm going to write to him and explain that no harm was intended, and that I am extremely sorry if any harm has come of it. That's the way I feel, and it will do no hurt to send the letter, you know."

"How will it reach him?"

"Hum-m-m, didn't think of that. Yes! I'll send it to her address and write 'for her brother' on it."

The letter was forwarded that evening, and a cleverer bit of composition I have rarely seen. The writer expressed regret for what had happened, and apologized for his share in it; at the same time he delicately insinuated that it would be mortifying to expose a family secret, especially when no benefit could possibly accrue to any member or members of the family most interested. Five or six days later came the following reply:

SIR: Curse your regrets and a fig for your apologies. Those matters should have been thought of earlier in your correspondence with my family. I also decline your advice as to what are the best interests of that family, considering myself fully competent to judge upon that question. My detective thinks he has spotted you, and if you are the man he points out, you are a worse scoundrel than even I had given you credit for being. It is possible that you have a wife and children, that you are a man of respectable position in the community, and yet that, merely for the sake of a laugh, you can trifle with the innocent affections of a child, who knows nothing of the world? You will hear again soon from

ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"What the deuce shall I do?" asked Will, after he had read this cheerful effusion. "Had I better leave town until it has blown over, if there is going to be a scandal?"

"Certainly not," I advised; "there's no clear proof that he has found you, and if he has, what can you gain by leaving? The best way to get out of a row is to face the music, and if you do it now it may prove, after all, that there is a bluff game being played. I am partially to blame in this matter, and I will certainly stand by you to the best of my ability."

It was so decided. Fowler bought a revolver and a savage-looking club, and spent most of his time with me; this was the more easily done as our offices adjoined each other, and his family were still absent at a watering place. We did not talk much about the affair, as he evidently shrank from any mention I made of it; but it never left his mind, as could be seen by his inattention to business, and his furtive shoulder-watching when he was in the street. At last, after a week of prolonged suspense, the bolt fell.

We were sitting in Fowler's office one day, when the door opened and a voice said:

"This is Mr. Fowler, I believe."

"That is my name," said Will, as his hand slid to his revolver, and he eyed the speaker, a tall, well-built and rather handsome-looking man, apparently under thirty.

"I should like to speak with you a few moments in private," continued the new-comer, with a bland, ambassadorial air, at the same time giving me a get-out-of-the-room look.

"This gentleman is connected with me," replied Fowler, "and anything you may have to say may be said in his presence."

"I am not here on a business errand, Mr. Fowler, but to speak with you about a purely personal matter. I refer to certain letters which you have lately written. You understand what I mean. Would it not be better under the circumstances to be by ourselves?"

"Whatever question you have to discuss with me, sir," answered Will, "will be none the worse for ventilation before a witness."

"If that is your decision, I must, of course, comply with it. To come to the point then, sir, I am here to represent my friend George Travers, of Milwaukee, who claims that you have grossly insulted him by sending objectionable letters to a member of his family. Do you admit the fact that you wrote these letters? and will you grant Mr. Travers the satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another in such cases?"

"I admit nothing and deny nothing, but if by 'satisfaction' you mean will I give some unknown, or for that matter well-known, man an opportunity to murder me, I shall unquestionably answer, "No!"

"Mr. Fowler, my friend and I were officers in the same Confederate regiment, and from long acquaintance with him I can assure you that he is a man of his word. His directions and my inclinations were to treat you as courteously as possible, and only employ positive action if it became positively necessary. Your reply forces that alternative; so I must inform you that he has absolute proof that you are the man whom he has been seeking, that he is determined to treat you as he believes you deserve, and that no evasion or quibble will turn him from his purpose—which purpose is explained in this letter."

Will blanched a little as he read the document, but he handed it to me and quietly said to the stranger:

"If you'll return in half an hour I will give you an answer, or, if you prefer it, I will send you one through a friend."

The man of war accepted the first article and retired. The letter read as follows:

SIR: Feeling sure that, although you hold the position of a gentleman, you do not possess the spirit of one, and will not be willing, therefore, to offer the redress naturally expected from one, I send you the following hint in writing, that my friend may be relieved from the disagreeable task of delivering it personally. If you have a spark of manhood you will accept the proposition which he has delivered to you verbally, and I will treat you as though I believed you to be a man of courage; but if you refuse I solemnly swear that I will horse-whip you in the public streets, and brand you as a coward.

(The Man Whom You Know)
GEORGE TRAVERS.

We looked blankly at each other for a few moments, and then Will said:

"Great heavens! This is the devil's own. What am I to do? The fellow seems to be in earnest, and his deputy certainly doesn't look like a blackmailer, and it's a nice pickle, anyhow. If I accept the challenge I'm sure to be disgraced, for of course the whole muddle will get out in the papers, and by the law in this State I will forfeit all chance of promotion, officially or professionally. If, on the other hand, I refuse to have anything to do with this absurd business, I run the chance of being attacked on the street, in which case, as I have no great physical strength, I shall certainly shoot the man, and either be shot myself or be hauled into court dripping with scandal."

The situation certainly was not encouraging, and I felt quite sorry for Will as he raved along in an incoherent jumble of "ifs" and "ands," until finally I said:

"Brace up, old fellow! This sort of thing won't do. The chief need now is time for consideration; so why don't you put a bold front on the matter and accept his challenge, referring him to me for the arrangements? If there is anything fishy in the business this will stop their little game, and if it proves to be what it seems, a real case, why a compromise may be effected, and if that should fail, you'll be no worse off than you are now, and can fight or decline, as you see fit."

Fowler adopted my suggestion, and when Powder-and-Balls returned, Will said to him, in a quietly fierce manner:

"You will be kind enough to inform Mr. Travers that it will give me great satisfaction to ledge a bullet in his impudent body. My friend, Mr. ——, has kindly undertaken the management of the affair, so for further particulars I must refer you to him."

The ambassador looked at me rather curiously, and asked if I could call on him at the Sherman House in an hour. Receiving an affirmative reply, he departed.

I did not find him at the Sherman House, nor did we ever hear again from either him or his principal, nor could we find their names in the Milwaukee directory. It was a decidedly curious affair, and Will puzzled over it immensely, even going so far as to write another letter to "Josie Mason," asking for an explanation; but none came.

A month later I went to Iowa on a long chicken hunt. From the first station I sent back a package by express to Fowler. Among its contents was this letter.

DEAR WILL:

You have played many a severe practical joke on me, for which I have long been your debtor; now I think we can cry quits. Herewith I inclose the entire correspondence between yourself and "Josie Mason" and her fiery brother. Her letters and his were the joint composition of Miss —— and myself, and much trouble it has given us to please your critical literary taste. It was good practice, however, and not such bad fun, so we did not grudge the labor. The challenge was brought by a cousin of hers. Allow me to repeat the advice which you so curtly rejected at the beginning of this little experience, viz.: the impropriety and possible risk of epistolary ventures on the part of a married man.

If you'll take the joke kindly we'll promise not to peach.

Your sincere friend and old chum.

Our handsomest wedding present came from Will. It was a large secretary, beautifully inlaid, and fitted with a gorgeous array of writing material.

—*B. T. Lathrop, in Scribner's Monthly.*

Our Grandmothers.

The accomplishments of the dames of colonial times were many, so many that when we write of our great grandmothers we can scarcely fail to dwell on the grace with which they presided in their homes. It was a common thing for a mother to help her boys in their studies, while with careful ear, she watched over her daughter at the harpsichord. If illustrations were wanted many could be offered. Of a successful merchant it may be said: "He early formed, from the literary habits of his family, a taste for intellectual pursuits, and all his leisure hours in his youth were devoted to the improvement of his mind; the feeling being kept alive and strengthened by the eloquent letters of his mother and sisters."

Housewifely accomplishments were as essential as grace and ease in society, and the girl who could not spin as well as embroider and paint on velvet was thought to be wanting. To spin well was as important as to dress well, and delightful must have been the spinning bees, when the girls industriously twirled the wheel all the afternoon, and the young men came in the evening to see the counting of the skeins and do their part of the dancing. Can we not picture ourselves a scene like this, which dates from 1767?

Last Wednesday thirty-seven young ladies of this town made the Rev. Dr. Stiles' lady a visit. They sent their wheels and carried flax enough for a moderate day's spinning, having agreed to have no trial who should spin most, but to spin good yarn, and as much as they could without fatiguing themselves; and accordingly they spent the day in a very agreeable and industrious manner, and at sunset made Mrs. Stiles a present of about one hundred fifteen-knotted skeins of yarn, fine enough for shirts for the best gentleman in America.

So well are these qualities known to have been in high repute that I need not pause to speak of them. But there was one talent that our great-grandmothers possessed which has rarely been noticed—the ability to manage their own affairs successfully when it became necessary for them to do so. For this they were trained, almost insensibly—not in the counting-room nor at the desk, but at the fireside, where they heard all matters of business discussed with friends and neighbors, and there they gained some knowledge of trade, as carried on in other countries—the Windward Islands, Amsterdam, the South of France, or the lands beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The information acquired was solid, and the possession of it in many instances saved a widow suddenly left alone from destitution. The girls as well as the boys were encouraged to send out adventures—"ventures" they are called—whenever a vessel put to sea, and all the pin-money that could be spared was laid out in goods marketable in some distant port. Months sometimes elapsed before there was any return; but at length, when the vessel arrived, there was a trunk on board, filled with Irish linen, which the Captain said belonged to Polly Hopkins, the proceeds of her invoice of spermaceti candles. Children, catching the spirit, asked leave to cast their bread upon the water, and the better class of household servants expressed the same desire. One wrote to her master in 1759:

"Inclos'd is a pair of Earrings Pleas ask Captin Oliver to carry them a venter for me if he Thinks they will fetch anything to the Valy of them tell him he may Bring the effects in anything he thinks will answer best."

The time often came when the knowledge thus acquired was of the greatest value—when a husband or father died, leaving no male relative to manage his affairs. To close up the business at once would be disastrous, for there were adventures on every sea, and until the vessels returned there was no way of settling an estate without serious loss. And so the widow, to protect her own and her children's interest, resolutely carried on the business, taking it up at a point where her husband laid it down. Many illustrations of this aptitude might be given.

In the autumn of 1744 a gunpowder accident killed or mortally wounded nine persons in Newport, all of whom were in business here, and three of them were prominent merchants. They had gone into a store on a wharf to examine the outfit of a privateer, and there the explosion took place. Some of the wounded lived eight or nine days, but not one of them ever spoke again, and to this day it is not known how the accident occurred. One of the wounded was Sultan Grant, of the Scoteh house of Grant of Grant, who had come to America in 1725 and settled in Newport. He married in this country, and at the time of his death a family was growing up around him.

Mrs. Grant, hearing of the accident, went directly to the dock without waiting to put on shawl or hat. When she reached the scene she saw all at a glance, and taking off her Holland apron (every matron wore one when attending to her household duties), she cut it into strips with the scissors that hung from her side and bound up the wounds of her dying husband.

At the time of his death Mr. Grant was actively engaged in business; he was interested in a number of privateers, had ventures on many seas, and in England and on the Continent he had business relations. Mrs. Grant took all upon herself and carried it to a successful issue; her oldest son helping her when he had grown a little older, and had acquired knowledge enough under her training to be of assistance to her. At the same time she looked carefully after the education of her daughters. How well this was done could be shown by many of their letters.

But perhaps no better illustration of Mrs. Grant's force of character could be shown than her success in a court of law. With large interests at stake, and having at times unscrupulous debtors to deal with, it is not surprising that occasionally she was drawn into litigation. In this instance at the last moment she discovered the duplicity of her counsel, and at once went to the court-room. Her lawyer, seeing her there, urged her to retire, but without effect; and when the Judge, disturbed by the interruption, called for an explanation, she stepped forward, told why she was there, held forth the evidence of her counsel's treachery, and asked permission to argue her own case. The dignity of the woman, and her clear, business-like address to the court, moved the Judge, who allowed her to lay her case before the jury. This she did in a manner that left no doubt as to the truth of her statement and the jury, after a short deliberation, gave her a verdict.

The same energy carried Mrs. Grant through the British line in 1777, when intercourse with the enemy was rarely granted. Her sentiments were well known, but her leaning to the rebel side did not stand in her way. One of her sons-in-law had large sums of money in the hands of George Hayley, in London, at the breaking out of the war, and this money was looked upon as lost. But one day a letter arrived, under cover to a loyalist, conveying the pleasing intelligence that the money was safe, and had been put out at interest for the owner's benefit. Means were found to send this letter to her son-in-law in Narragansett, but Mrs. Grant's anxiety to know if it had reached its destination was so great as to induce her to apply to General Pigot for a pass to the mainland. This was a favor that few would have dared to ask, so rigid were the lines drawn. The pass that General Pigot gave her, written with his own hand, has been preserved.

I have mentioned the name of George Hayley; his widow was another illustration of the successful manner in which a woman, trained as girls were then trained, could carry on an extended business. She was a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. A well-informed woman, and admitted into good society, she delighted to surround herself with men of culture. Hayley, her husband, had been a clerk to her first husband, and although he attained to the position of Member of Parliament, and was at one time an Alderman in London, he took no interest in anything but his dayboook and ledger. This left his wife to her own resources. She became a great traveler, but traveled to improve herself; was fond of the drama, and carried this taste to such lengths that she had a box in every theater; and it was also said that she attended all the remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where a place was always reserved for her. Her town house was in Great Ayliffe street, London, and her country seat, after Hayley's death, was at Bromley, ten miles away. Her carriage, built after the best fashion and elegantly furnished, was drawn by four coal-black horses, and on stepping into it she took her watch in her hand and allowed her coachman exactly one hour between the two places.

Hayley who had large interests in America when the Revolution broke out, died before the war was over, leaving a handsome fortune. In 1784 Madam Hayley—she was always so addressed—came to America in the ship Mary, Captain John Scott, a vessel which she had chartered. She landed in Boston, and when she reached Newport her arrival was announced in the local newspaper of July 31, 1784. A woman so cultivated as was Madam Hayley was at once well received, and while in America she visited many places; but her time was chiefly taken up in trying to collect what was due to her husband's estate. Before her return she married Patrick Jeffrey, a connection of Francis Jeffrey, who had been sent to this country as the agent of a number of London merchants who had claims in America.

Madam Hayley's troubles were not confined to the collection of money due her. The crew of the ship she had chartered were wholly British seamen; some of them deserted, and their places were filled in the United States, chiefly with Nantucket men. The ship, still in the employ of Madam Hayley, went south and made a good whaling voyage; then returned to London, where her cargo was offered for entry as "train oil, from fish taken by the crew of the Mary, a British-built ship, one-third of her crew being British born, therefore free of duty." The entry was not allowed, and the cargo, valued at £4,000 sterling, was seized by the authorities. Madam Hayley brought a suit, recovered her property, and with it damages to the amount of £500 sterling.

If Madam Hayley's second marriage was ill-assorted, her third marriage was anything but fortunate. She was then seventy years of age, and the man she married was less than thirty. It was not long before they separated. Her daughter by Hayley married Robert Baker, whose son became Admiral Sir Henry Lorraine Baker, and was with Admiral Cockburn, in 1814, when the British fleet tried to push its way up the Potomac. At that time he was in command of the sloop-of-war Fairy, and during the engagement was wounded in the cheek by a musket ball. In 1816 he again came to this country; this time to see if he could be more successful than his grandmother had been in collecting outstanding claims. The following year he sat to Stuart for his portrait, and in the picture the evidence of the wound received in 1814 is visible. The portrait is now owned by Dr. A. L. Elwyn, of Philadelphia, who inherited it from his mother, to whom it was presented by Admiral Baker.

I have insensibly been led from the dames of Rhode Island to one of English origin. In one respect they were not unlike, but in others they were entirely dissimilar. They had at least in common that knowledge of business which I have endeavored to show was accorded to many of the well-informed women of the last century.—*Newport (R. I.) Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

BY a regulation of the French army Generals who are not specially wanted must retire at 65; consequently Louis Philippe's son, the Duke de Nemoure, has to step down and out.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

IN HOPE.

A child in a meadow one summer day
Laughingly gathered the flowers in play,
And tossed them into the rippling tide
That to his prattle in murmur replied,
"Give me something, brook!" he said,
In trustful innocence, nodding his head.
The years roll on, the years roll by;
The tears of a child are quickly dry.

The child, to manhood's stature grown,
Stood by the stream of the world alone;
He flung to it the work of his heart,
He said: "In thy life I shall have a part;
Thou wilt bring me friends and fame—who knows?"
And the hurrying stream in music rose.
The years roll on, the years roll by;
In the heart of the man lies a hidden sigh.

An aged man leaned silently
O'er the stream that glides to eternity;
He thought of the honest work of years,
Of vanished dreams, of unshed tears;
"Bear me on, O stream!" said he,
"There's a world where rich reward I see."
The solemn flood moved slowly on;
The flower, the work, the life was gone.
The years roll on, the years roll by,
In hope we live, and in hope we die.
—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

THE TWO MR. SMITHS.

"It is not either her money or her position that dashes me; Carrol; it is my own name. Think of asking Eleanor Bethune to become Mrs. William Smith! If it had been Alexander Smith——"

"Or Hyacinth Smith."

"Yes, Hyacinth Smith would have done; but plain William Smith!"

"Well, as far as I can see, you are not to blame. Apologize to the lady for the blunder of your godfathers and godmothers. Stupid old parties! They ought to have thought of Hyacinth;" and Carrol threw his cigar into the fire and began to buckle on his spurs.

"Come with me, Carrol."

"No, thank you. It is against my principles to like any one better than myself, and Alice Fontaine is a temptation to do so."

"*I* don't like Alice's style at all."

"Of course not. Alice's beauty, as compared with Mrs. Bethune's settled income, is skin-deep."

If sarcasm was intended, Smith did not perceive it. He took the criticism at its face value, and answered. "Yes, Eleanor's income is satisfactory; and besides that, she has all kinds of good qualities, and several accomplishments. If I only could offer her, with myself, a suitable name for them!"

"Could you not, in taking Mrs. Bethune and her money, take her name also?"

"N-n-no. A man does not like to lose all his individuality in his wife's, Carrol."

"Well, then, I have no other suggestion, and I am going to ride."

So Carrol went to the Park, and Smith went to his mirror. The occupation gave him the courage he wanted. He was undoubtedly a very handsome man, and he had, also, very fine manners; indeed, he would have been a very great man if the world had only been a drawing-room, for, polished and fastidious, he dreaded nothing so much as an indecorum, and had the air of being uncomfortable unless his hands were in kid gloves.

Smith had a standing invitation to Mrs. Bethune's five-o'clock teas, and he was always considered an acquisition. He was also very fond of going to them; for under no circumstances was Mrs. Bethune so charming. To see her in this hour of perfect relaxation was to understand how great and beautiful is the art of idleness. Her ease and grace, her charming aimlessness, her indescribable air of inaction, were all so many proofs of her having been born in the purple of wealth and fashion; no parvenu could ever hope to imitate them.

Alice Fontaine had never tried. She had been taken from a life of polite shifts and struggles by her cousin, Mrs. Bethune, two years before; and the circumstances that were to the one the mere accidents of her position were to the other a real holiday-making.

Alice met Mr. Smith with *empressement*, fluttered about the tea-tray like a butterfly, wasted her bonmots and the sugar recklessly, and was as full of pretty animation, as her cousin Bethune was of elegant repose.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Bethune. "Alice has been trying to spur me into a fight. I don't want to throw a lance in. Now you can be my substitute."

"Mr. Smith," said Alice, impetuously, "don't you think that women ought to have the same rights as men?"

"Really, Miss Alice, I—I don't know. When women have got what they call their 'rights,' do they expect to keep what they call their 'privileges' also?"

"Certainly they do. When they have driven the men to emigrate, to scrub floors, and to jump into the East River, they will still expect the corner seat, the clean side of the road, the front place, and the pick of everything."

"Ah, indeed! And when all the public and private business of the country is in their hands, will they still expect to find time for five-o'clock teas?"

"Yes, sir. They will conduct the affairs of this regenerated country, and not neglect either their music or their pets, their dress or their drawing-room. They will be perfectly able to do the one, and not leave the other undone."

"Glorious creatures! Then they will accomplish what men have been trying to do ever since the world began. They will get two days' work out of one day."

"Of course they will."

"But how?"

"O, machines and management. It will be done."

"But your answer is illogical, Miss Alice."

"Of course. Men always take refuge in their logic; and yet, with all their boasted skill, they have never mastered the useful and elementary proposition, 'It will be, because it will be.'"

Mr. Smith was very much annoyed at the tone Alice was giving to the conversation. She was treating him as a joke, and he felt how impossible it was going to be to get Mrs. Bethune to treat him seriously. Indeed, before he could restore the usual placid, tender tone of their *tete-a-tete* tea, two or three ladies joined the party, and the hour was up, and the opportunity lost.

However, he was not without consolation; Eleanor's hand had rested a moment very tenderly in his; he had seen her white cheek flush and her eyelids droop and he felt almost sure that he was beloved. And as he had determined that night to test his fortune, he was not inclined to let himself be disappointed. Consequently he decided on writing to her, for he was rather proud of his letters; and indeed it must be confessed that he had an elegant and eloquent way of putting any case in which he was personally interested.

Eleanor Bethune thought so. She received his proposal on her return from a very stupid party, and as soon as she saw his writing she began to consider how much more delightful the evening would have been if Mr. Smith had been present. His glowing eulogies on her beauty, and his passionate descriptions of his own affection, his hopes, and his despairs, chimed in with her mood exactly. Already his fine person and manners had made a great impression on her; she had been very near loving him; nothing, indeed, had been needed but the touch of electricity conveyed in the knowledge that she was beloved.

Such proposals seldom or never take women unawares. Eleanor had been expecting it, and had already decided on her answer. So, after a short, happy reflection, she opened her desk and wrote Mr. Smith a few lines which she believed would make him supremely happy.

Then she went to Alice's room, and woke her out of her first sleep. "O, you lazy girl; why did you not crimp your hair? Get up again, Alice dear; I have a secret to tell you. I am—going—to—marry—Mr.—Smith."

"I knew some catastrophe was impending, Eleanor; I have felt it all day. Poor Eleanor!"

"Now, Alice, be reasonable. What do you think of him—honestly, you know?"

"The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a perfect taste in cravats, and an irreproachable propriety. Nobody ever saw him in any position out of the proper center of gravity. Now there is Carrol, always sitting round on tables or easels, or if on a chair, on the back or arms, or any way but as other Christians sit. Then Mr. Smith is handsome; very much so."

"O! you do admit that?"

"Yes; but I don't myself like men of the hair-dresser style of beauty."

"Alice, what makes you dislike him so much?"

"Indeed, I don't, Eleanor. I think he is very 'nice,' and very respectable. Every one will say: 'What a suitable match!' and I dare say you will be very happy. He will do every thing you tell him to do, Eleanor; and—oh dear me! —how I should hate a husband of that kind!"

"You little hypocrite—with your talk of woman's 'rights' and woman's 'supremacy.'"

"No, Eleanor love, don't call it hypocrisy, please; say *many-sidedness*—it is a more womanly definition. But if it is really to be so, then I wish you joy, cousin. And what are you going to wear?"

This subject proved sufficiently attractive to keep Alice awake a couple of hours. She even crimped her hair in honor of the bridal shopping; and before matters had been satisfactorily arranged she was so full of anticipated pleasures that she felt really grateful to the author of them, and permitted herself to speak with enthusiasm of the bridegroom.

"He'll be a sight to see, Eleanor, on his marriage day. There won't be a handsomer man nor a better-dressed man in America, and his clothes will all come from Paris, I dare say."

"I think we will go to Paris first." Then Eleanor went into a graphic description of the glories and pleasures of Paris, as she had experienced them during her first bridal tour. "It is the most fascinating city in the world, Alice."

"I dare say, but it is a ridiculous shame having it in such an out-of-the-way place. What is the use of having a Paris, when one has to sail three thousand miles to get at it? Eleanor, I feel that I shall have to go."

"So you shall, dear; I won't go without you."

"O, no, darling; not with Mr. Smith; I really could not. I shall have to try and manage matters with Mr. Carrol. We shall quarrel all the way across, of course, but then——"

"Why don't you adopt his opinions, Alice?"

"I intend to—for a little while; but it is impossible to go on with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how dull conversation would become!"

"Well, dear, you may go to sleep now, for mind, I shall want you down to breakfast before eleven. I have given 'Somebody' permission to call at five o'clock to-morrow—or rather to-day—and we shall have a *tete-a-tete* tea."

Alice determined that it should be strictly *tete-a-tete*. She went to spend the afternoon with Carrol's sisters, and staid until she thought the lovers had had ample time to make their vows and arrange their wedding.

There was a little pout on her lips as she left Carrol outside the door, and slowly bent her steps to Eleanor's private parlor. She was trying to make up her mind to be civil to her cousin's new husband elect, and the temptation to be any thing else was very strong.

"I shall be dreadfully in the way—*his way*, I mean—and he will want to send me out of the room, and I shall not go—no, not if I fall asleep on a chair looking at him."

With this decision, the most amiable she could reach, Alice entered the parlor. Eleanor was alone, and there was a pale, angry look on her face Alice could not understand.

"Shut the door, dear."

"Alone?"

"I have been so all evening."

"Have you quarrelled with Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. Smith did not call."

"Not come!"

"Nor yet sent any apology."

The two women sat looking into each other's faces a few moments, both white and silent.

"What will you do, Eleanor?"

"Nothing."

"But he may be sick, or he may not have got your letter. Such queer mistakes do happen."

"Parker took it to his hotel; the clerk said he was still in his room; it was sent to him in Parker's sight and hearing. There is not any doubt but that he received it."

"Well, suppose he did not. Still, if he really cares for you, he is hardly likely to take your supposed silence for an absolute refusal. I have said 'No' to Carrol a dozen times, and he won't stay 'noed.' Mr. Smith will be sure to ask for a personal interview."

Eleanor answered drearily: "I suppose he will pay me that respect;" but through this little effort at assertion it was easy to detect the white feather of mistrust. She half suspected the touchy self-esteem of Mr. Smith. If she had merely been guilty of a breach of good manners toward him, she knew that he would deeply resent it; how, then, when she had—however innocently—given him the keenest personal slight?

Still she wished to accept Alice's cheerful view of the affair, and what is heartily wished is half accomplished. Ere she fell asleep she had quite decided that her lover would call the following day, and her thoughts were busy with the pleasant amends she would make him for any anxiety he might have suffered.

But Mr. Smith did not call the following day, nor on many following ones, and a casual lady visitor destroyed Eleanor's last hope that he would ever call again, for, after a little desultory gossip, she said, "You will miss Mr. Smith very much at your receptions, and brother Sam says he is to be away two years."

"So long?" asked Eleanor, with perfect calmness.

"I believe so. I thought the move very sudden, but Sam says he has been talking about the trip for six months."

"Really!—Alice dear, won't you bring that piece of Burslam pottery for Mrs. Hollis to look at?"

So the wonderful cup and saucer were brought, and they caused a diversion so complete that Mr. Smith and his eccentric move were not named again during the visit. Nor, indeed, much after it. "What is the use of discussing a hopelessly disagreeable subject?" said Eleanor to Alice's first offer of sympathy. To tell the truth, the mere mention of the subject made her cross, for young women of the finest fortunes do not necessarily possess the finest tempers.

Carrol's next visit was looked for with a good deal of interest. Naturally it was thought that he would know all about his friend's singular conduct. But he professed to be as much puzzled as Alice. "He supposed it was something about Mrs. Bethune; he had always told Smith not to take a pretty, rich woman like her into his calculations. For his part, if he had been desirous of marrying an heiress, and felt that he had a gift that way, he should have looked out a rich German girl; they had less nonsense about them," etc.

That was how the affair ended as far as Eleanor was concerned. Of course she suffered, but she was not of that generation of women who parade their suffering. Beautiful and self-respecting, she was, above all, endowed with physical self-control. Even Alice was spared the hysterical sobbings and faintings and other signs of pathological distress common to weak women.

Perhaps she was more silent and more irritable than usual, but Eleanor Bethune's heart-ache for love never led her to the smallest social impropriety. Whatever she suffered she did not refuse the proper mixture of colors in her hat, or neglect her tithe of the mint, anise, and cumin due to her position.

Eleanor's reticence, however, had this good effect—it compelled Alice to talk Smith's singular behavior over with Carrol; and somehow, in discussing Smith, they got to understand each other; so that, after all, it was Alice's and not Eleanor's bridal shopping that was to do. And there is something very assuaging to grief in this occupation. Before it was completed, Eleanor had quite recovered her placid, sunshiny temper.

"Consolation, thy name is satin and lace!" said Alice, thankfully, to herself, as she saw Eleanor so tired and happy about the wedding finery.

At first Alice had been quite sure that she would go to Paris, and nowhere else; but Eleanor noticed that in less than a week Carrol's influence was paramount. "We have got a better idea, Eleanor—quite a novel one," she said, one morning. "We are going to make our bridal trip in Carrol's yacht!"

"Whose idea is that?"

"Carrol's, and *mine too*, of course. Carrol says it is the jolliest life. You leave all your cares and your hills on shore behind you. You issue your own sailing orders, and sail away into space with an easy conscience."

"But I thought you were bent on a European trip?"

"The yacht will be ever so much nicer. Think of the nuisance of ticket-offices, and waiting-rooms, and second-class hotels, and troublesome letters waiting you at your banker's, and disagreeable paragraphs in the newspapers. I think Carrol's idea is splendid."

So the marriage took place at the end of the season, and Alice and Carrol sailed happily away into the unknown. Eleanor was at a loss what to do with herself. She wanted to go to Europe; but Mr. Smith had gone there, and she felt sure that some unlucky accident would throw them together. It was not her nature to court embarrassments; so Europe was out of the question.

While she was hesitating she called one day on Celeste Reid—a beautiful girl who had been a great belle, but was now a confirmed invalid. "I am going to try the air of Colorado, Mrs. Bethune," she said. "Papa has heard wonderful stories about it. Come with our party. We shall have a special car, and the trip will at least have the charm of novelty."

"And I love the mountains, Celeste. I will join you with pleasure. I was dreading the old routine in the old places; but this will be delightful."

Thus it happened that one evening in the following August Mrs. Bethune found herself slowly strolling down the principal street in Denver. It was a splendid sunset, and in its glory the Rocky Mountains rose like Titania palaces built of amethyst, gold, and silver. Suddenly the look of intense pleasure on her face was changed for one of wonder and annoyance. It had become her duty in a moment to do a very disagreeable thing; but duty was a kind of religion to Eleanor Bethune; she never thought of shirking it.

So she immediately inquired her way to the telegraph office, and even quickened her steps into as fast a walk as she ever permitted herself. The message she had to send was a peculiar and not a pleasant one. At first she thought it would hardly be possible for her to frame it in such words as she would care to dictate to strangers; but she finally settled on the following form.

Messrs. Locke & Lord:

Tell brother Edward that Bloom is in Denver. No delay. The matter is of the greatest importance."

When she had dictated the message, the clerk said, "Two dollars, madam." But greatly to Eleanor's annoyance, her purse was not in her pocket, and she could not remember whether she had put it there or not. The man stood looking at her in an expectant way; she felt that any delay about the message might be fatal to its worth; perplexity and uncertainty ruled her absolutely. She was about to explain her dilemma, and return to her hotel for money, when a gentleman, who had heard and watched the whole proceeding said:

"Madam, I perceive that time is of great importance to you, and that you have lost your purse; allow me to pay for the message. You can return the money if you wish. My name is William Smith. I am staying at the 'American.'"

"Thank you, sir. The message is of the gravest importance to my brother. I gratefully accept your offer."

Further knowledge proved Mr. William Smith to be a New York capitalist who was slightly known to three of the gentlemen in Eleanor's party; so that the acquaintance began so informally was very speedily afterward inaugurated with all the forms and ceremonies good society demands. It was soon possible, too, for Eleanor to explain the circumstances which, even in her code of strict etiquette, made a stranger's offer of money for the hour a thing to be gratefully accepted. She had seen in the door of the post-office a runaway cashier of her brother's, and his speedy arrest involved a matter of at least forty thousand dollars.

This Mr. William Smith was a totally different man to Eleanor's last lover—a bright, energetic, alert business man, decidedly handsome and gentlemanly. Though his name was greatly against him in Eleanor's prejudices, she found herself quite unable to resist the cheery, pleasant influence he carried with him. And it was evident from the very first day of their acquaintance that Mr. William Smith had but one thought—the winning of Eleanor Bethune.

When she returned to New York in the autumn she ventured to cast up accounts with life, and she was rather amazed at the result. For she was quite aware that she was in love with this William Smith in a way that she had never been with the other. The first had been a sentimental ideal; the second was a genuine case of sincere and passionate affection. She felt that the desertion of this lover would be a grief far beyond the power of satin and lace to cure.

But her new lover had never a disloyal thought to his mistress, and his love, transplanted to the pleasant places of New York life, seemed to find its native air. It enveloped Eleanor now like a glad and heavenly atmosphere; she was so happy that she dreaded any change; it seemed to her that no change could make her happier.

But if good is good, still better carries the day, and Mr. Smith thought marriage would be a great deal better than love-making. Eleanor and he were sitting in the fire-lit parlor, very still and very happy, when he whispered this opinion to her.

"It is only four months since we met, dear."

"Only four months, darling; but I had been dreaming about you four months before that. Let me hold your hands, sweet, while I tell you. On the 20th of last April I was on the point of leaving for Colorado to look after the Silver Cliff Mine. My carriage was ordered, and I was waiting at my hotel for it. A servant brought me a letter—the dearest, sweetest little letter—see, here it is!" and this William Smith absolutely laid before Eleanor her own pretty, loving reply to the first William Smith's offer.

Eleanor looked queerly at it, and smiled. "What did you think, dear?"

"That it was just the pleasantest thing that had ever happened to me. It was directed to Mr. W. Smith, and had been given into my hands. I was not going back to seek up any other W. Smith."

"But you must have been sure that it was not intended for you, and you did not know 'Eleanor Bethune.'"

"O, I beg your pardon, sweetheart; it *was intended* for me. I can imagine destiny standing sarcastically by your side, and watching you send the letter to one W. Smith when she intended it for another W. Smith. Eleanor Bethune I meant to know just as soon as possible. I was coming back to New York to look for you."

"And, instead, she went to you in Colorado."

"Only think of that! Why, love when that blessed telegraph clerk said: 'Who sends this message?' and you said: 'Mrs. Eleanor Bethune,' I wanted to fling my hat to the sky. I did not lose my head as badly when they found that new lead in the Silver Cliff."

"Won't you give me that letter, and let me destroy it, William? It was written to the wrong Smith, and delivered to the wrong Smith."

"It was written to the wrong Smith, but it was given to the right Smith. Still, Eleanor, if you will say one little word to me, you may do what you like with the letter."

Then Eleanor whispered the word, and the blaze of the burning letter made a little illumination in honor of their betrothal kiss.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LONDON has a Beefsteak Club, but Philadelphia women generally pound it with a rolling-pin.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

VARIETIES.

—A vessel carried to London lately 18,000 cases of canned salmon.

—A mince pie at bed time is the shortest way to the menagerie.

—Man expects everybody to be true to him but himself.—*Whitehall News.*

—Over one thousand cheese factories are operated in the State of New York.

—There is a tea plantation in Georgetown, S. C., which is paying its owner a profit.

—Please remember that the figures 1879 at the head of a letter don't stand for 1880.

—The Boston *Transcript* has found out that a match is light-headed when it comes to the scratch.

—An ounce of your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.—*Free Press.*

—An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

—The editor of the Atchison *Champion* has a black eye. He explains it by saying: "A fellow came in and settled today."

—The great problem with rats and mice is how to get rid of human beings and have cheese making go ahead all the same.

—"Pills are called 'pigulki przeeezyszczajace' in Poland," says the Syracuse *Herald*. That is very hard to swallow.

—Many a writer of note languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.—*Marathon Independent.*

—A sip of *Punch:* Customer—"I—aw—want my moustache dyed." Artist—"Yessir—certainly, sir—brought 'em with you, sir?"

—Between 400 and 500 Indians have taken the pledge. They got the idea that the pledge was something about whisky, and that was enough.

—The young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket, stated that she had no hand in it.—*Boston Post.*

—The candle says: "I'll be blowed if I go out."—*New Orleans Picayune.* And the fire on the hearth says: "I'll go out if I'm not blowed."—*Boston Advertiser.*

—The *Saturday Review* believes that certain animals are pious at certain times, and are then ready to forgive and forget. Always meet the tiger when he has his pious fit on.

—Some American almanacs are printed in eight different languages, and yet the average house-wife never grabs anything else when she wants to lift a stove-cover.—*Free Press.*

—It's only after a young man has courted a girl long enough to be permitted to hug her with impunity that he begins to appreciate the freedom of the press.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—The second highest bridge in the country is about being built across the Mississippi at Minneapolis. It will be 1,150 feet long, with two spans of 325 feet each, the whole to cost $3,000,000.

—Seventeen lawyers are engaged in a suit over the will of an Indianian, who boasted, shortly before his death, that he had got his affairs into such a shape that when he died the lawyers couldn't make a penny out of his estate.

—Dress goods are one-half cheaper than in 1873, and yet it costs a husband just as much to dress his wife. It is a very innocent female who can't make six yards of trimming cost more than sixteen yards of dress goods.—*Free Press.*

—A negro boy in Memphis, when asking for a ration, the other day, told the following story: "I'se got a hrudder, and he's got free ribs broke an' de spine and his leg, and 'less he gits something to eat he's bound to die." He got it.

—Land steward to tenant farmer—"Well, Giles, what are you going to sow in hers?" Farmer—"Ain't 'zactly made up my mind, sir; but if we could put in a few stewards and land agonts—they seem to thrive best on the land nowadays!"

—A lady from the country went into a store on Pearl street the other day and inquired of one of the clerks if they had any of that new shade—"gol darned blue"—the folks talk so much about. It is presumed she wanted "gendarme."—*Albany Journal.*

—The United States is making more than one-third of all the paper in the world. The product is about 1,800 tons daily, or 610,500 tons a year. There are 927 mills, representing a capital of $100,000,000, employing 22,000 persons, who receive in salaries about $9,500,000.

—"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—The senior Greek professor, in his lecture to the juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked "that the handsomest women generally marry the homeliest men," adding, grimly, "there's encouragement for a good many of you."—*Amherst Student.*

—A little boy starved to death, at Pittsburg, in consequence of a throat disease that prevented his swallowing anything. He lived four weeks without eating or drinking. His pleadings for food were pitiful, and he frequently dreamed of enjoying sumptuous repasts, only to awake to dreadful hunger and thirst. Just before he died he asked his mother if they would have a good dinner for him in heaven.

—One damp afternoon the turtle came waddling into the big room to borrow a little sand to lay his egg in. "My friend," the elephant said, "yours is a very hard case." "Yes," the turtle said, "but while there's life there's soup." The elephant was greatly astonished, for he didn't know the turtle was given to that sort of thing at all, and all the other animals grinned, because, you see, it wasn't often the elephant met anybody in the menagerie that dare talk to him that way.—*New York World.*

—A teamster at Carson, Nev., was told that somebody in Paris had offered a prize of $4,000 to anybody who traced a figure like the following, without lifting the pencil, going over a line twice, or making any erasures:

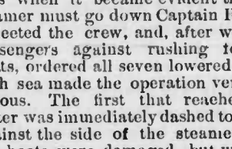

Although he was informed that the thing was impossible, he persistently worked at it night and day until he became a lunatic. In an asylum he still spends most of his time at the problem.

—"Alphonso," said Christine, thoughtfully, as she let down her back hair that evening, "is this simply a sporadic case; or do you expect *all* your wives to take naturally to being shot at? Because, dear, I don't want to be disagreeable; but, you know, I shall really have to go back to mamma before I'm quite perforated like a colander, if you don't engage a better style of assassin. Why aren't you able to afford a dynamite explosion like the Czar? This is not at all what I had been led to expect."

—Two of those ornaments made of plaster of Paris flavored with sugar, were bestowed upon an urchin, with the usual warning, "don't eat them, whatever you do; they will poison you." For some time they were regarded by him and his younger brother with mingled awe and admiration; but at no distant day their mother missed one. "Tom," said she to the owner, who was just setting forth for school, "what have 'ee done with that figure?" "Give'd it to Dick," was the reply, "and if he's living when I come home I mean to eat the other one myself, I can tell 'ee."

Picked Up at Sea.

The story of the loss of the Borussia, as related by six members of the crew and five passengers, is thrilling in the extreme. Gerrity, the boatswain's mate, says when it became evident that the steamer must go down Captain Roberts collected the crew, and, after warning passengers against rushing for the boats, ordered all seven lowered. The high sea made the operation very hazardous. The first that reached the water was immediately dashed to pieces against the side of the steamer. All the boats were damaged, but were repaired with canvas. Mr. Gerrity and Quartermaster Lorsen were ordered to take charge of boat No. 3, a metallic life-boat capable of holding eleven people. After stocking her with crackers, canned meats, and water, they went aboard. Members of the crew also dropped over the ship's side, and he pushed off to keep her from being swamped by overloading. The Captain ordered him to again come alongside, which was done, and a Frenchman named Daniot Fanee jumped into the water and was pulled into the boat. Others jumped in, and Gerrity, standing up in the boat, grasped one of the French female passengers and endeavored to pull her off the steamer, to which she was clinging fairly frantic with fear. The woman's husband urged her to let go the rail and go into the boat, but amid her wailings and ravings she apparently remembered her three children who were on the steamer, and shrieking out that she would not be separated from them she fought the boatswain off and climbed over the rail back to the steamer's deck. As the boat was full, Gerrity pulled off and was soon some distance away. When he last saw the steamer her deck appeared to be covered with water and fast sinking. The passengers were crowded together amidship, and the rigging appeared black with specks of human life. High above the roar of the storm the despairing shrieks of the twenty-five women and children on the steamer could be distinctly heard. From the unmanageable panic that existed before the boats pulled off Gerrity is certain that the scenes of woe and agonizing despair among the 160 passengers on the doomed steamer as she went down must have been heartrending. The scenes at the loading of the other small boats was the same as with boat No. 3—an intense struggle on the part of the Captain to maintain order, and on the part of the crew and passengers to secure the last chance of life, while many of them had near ties, as did the French woman, to keep them on the steamer to die with those they loved. The storm in which the Borussia was wrecked was the severest the crew ever experienced. It began when two days out of Corunna, increased in violence, and Dec. 1 the fireman discovered a leak in the compartment between the midship bulkheads in which the boiler and engines were located. Upon investigation it was found that the water was already up to within three feet of the lower fires, and rising rapidly. Shortly after noon the stokers were compelled to leave the boiler-room, and a few minutes later a column of steam came up through the stoke-holes, and it became known that the fires had been put out. The vessel cut her steerage way and swung around into the trough of the sea. The passengers were at once pressed into service at the pumps and at bailing, while the crew endeavored to get sufficient sail on the vessel to put her about for the nearest port, Corunna, 450 miles. On account of the topsails having blown away, and the impossibility of bending new ones to the masts, all efforts were unsuccessful, and the vessel refused to mind her helm. All hands then took turns at the pumps, which were kept steadily in operation for thirty-six hours, when the Captain ordered the boats lowered, as he saw there was no hope.—*Baltimore Telegram, Jan. 3.*

WHEN a life insurance agent comes in and tells us that only last week a man insured with him for $20,000 and paid one premium, and to-day he is dead and his family has the money, it doesn't make us any more anxious to insure, though it may be a convincing argument in favor of the beauties of the system.—*Boston Post.*

A PEORIA woman sneezed her jaw out of place lately, and the married men of the place have been buying snuff ever since.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

DOOR-BELLS are not favored in Leadville. If a man is too proud to kick the door and holler he's too high-toned for that locality.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1880.

The Democrats viewed with demonstrations of delight General Chamberlain's position at the head of the Maine militia until he declined to use his power to sustain their bogus Legislature, then their old horror of "troops" returned in perfect spasms. They're a "rum lot."

The mode of appointing county school commissioners by circuit judges has been a subject of discontent for a long while, but no better mode, it seems, could be devised. Some judges have refused to exercise the power as it is considered extra judicial. The same principle is involved in the cases before the United States Supreme Court contesting the right of United States judges to appoint election supervisors, &c. The committees on education of the General Assembly will have the matter again before them, as it was at the last session, and it is believed that the Montgomery and Allegany county troubles will do very much towards changing the mode of appointing these boards.

Conversation with New York politicians of both parties reveals the fact that they have no notion that the proposition now before the New York legislature providing for the choice of presidential electors by the congressional districts generally will ever be enacted. They say neither party can afford to permit it to become a law, because it would greatly weaken the influence of the politicians in national conventions. So long as they can claim that a given nomination will secure or lose the whole 33 votes of the state, they have a power which almost amounts to dictatorship in the convention of either party. If a state's vote is to be divided, and cannot be estimated as a unit, machine politicians will lose one of the chief sources of their influence, and it is argued that they will never consent to this.

The Republicans propose to begin at once the preparation for the next campaign. The Republican National Convention to nominate a candidate for President of the United States will be held in Chicago on June 3d, and it is designed to begin the campaign for the election of delegates to the convention as early as practicable. The Republican State Executive Committee will meet on Thursday evening at the Carrollton Hotel for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps. It is intended to hold the State Convention, which elects delegates to the National Convention early in May, and the legislative districts will be held earlier. The colored Republicans will insist upon a proper representation of their race in the delegation.

It takes a good deal of official help to organize a legislature. When the constitutional date for opening the sessions of the legislature brings the members to Annapolis, thither repair also all the clerks, pages, folders, sergeants, deputies, spittoon-cleaners and floor sweepers of the previous legislatures, and are allowed ten days' pay for their valuable services in standing by. We notice that the House of Delegates has just passed an order to pay these active servants of the State. The order will draw between $1,500 and $2,000 from the treasury, but it is chiefly interesting as a specimen bit of the reforms and economies. There is no pretence that anybody authorized these gentlemen to flock together about the State House in this style, or that they have any legal claim to compensation for their contemplation of the organization of the two houses; but it is a party custom.

So far the Legislature has submissively carried out the programme marked out for them by the Canal Ring, scoring, in every case, a triumph for Mr. Gorman and his friends. The election of Hon. A. P. Gorman to be the successor of Mr. Whyte in the U. S. Senate, after the 4th of March 1881, and the election of Mr. Colton as Police Commissioner of Baltimore, and the selection of Barnes Compton for State Treasurer, is all of the same piece, and all the result of dictation by the Ring that has ruled Maryland so long in their own interests. As yet Governor-elect Hamilton has been a mere spectator in the act of dividing the spoils. It clearly shows that he is only Governor and no more, and that by the grace of the Canal Ring. At this rate Gov. Hamilton will be powerless to effect the reforms he confidently promised the people on the stump last fall. He will have a few hundred appointments to make, prepare his message once in two years, draw his salary, and watch the Ring "directing the affairs of State." That is the way the matter stands at present. —*Boonsboro Odd-Fellow.*

School Commissioners in Montgomery County.

In a late number of the Montgomery *Advocate*, is a letter from Judge Boule, in reference to his course in the appointment of the present School Board of his county.

The Judge states that in 1873, 1875 and 1877, he concurred in the appointment of the same gentlemen as School Commissioners, but in 1879, "they had received the full benefit of the time-honored Democratic rule of rotation in office, and I was left entirely free to follow my own judgment in appointing such other gentlemen as I believed to be *Democrats*, worthy, and competent to discharge the duties of the office, so as to promote the public interest *and unite and strengthen the Democratic party.*"

Surely the strengthening of a political party is hardly an object worth a moment's consideration, in the appointment of those who are to superintend the education of the rising generation.

Liability of Mortgages.

A decision rendered by Judge Garey, of the City Court of Baltimore, on Friday last, affirms the principle that a mortgagee is responsible for the payment of all ground rents and taxes that may accrue on mortgaged property, not only during the existence of the mortgage, but also for whatever amount may be in default at the time the mortgage was released. In the two cases before the court the mortgagor sold the property and the mortgagee released the mortgage to the purchasers. As neither the ground rent nor taxes falling due between the date of the mortgage and the day of sale had been paid, the owner of the ground rent, to protect himself against a sale of the property for taxes in default, paid the tax bills and then sued the mortgagee for the amount of back ground-rent and of the taxes so paid. The court held that the mortgagee was bound for both, and judgment was rendered accordingly. It necessarily follows that the same rule is applicable to fee-simple property also, so far as taxes are concerned, and that even where a clause in the mortgage obligates the mortgagor to pay the taxes, it does not release the mortgagor from seeing that the taxes are paid, or from liability if the mortgagor violates his contract. Taken in connection with the movement now on foot to tax mortgages, mortgages may become a very undesirable species of investment. Careful persons in taking mortgages doubtless generally see to it that they cover property of such character or as held by such persons as make it a moral surety that the taxes and other prior liens thereon will be kept duly paid up; but under Judge Garey's decision all parties are now plainly admonished in the premises. Not only will the mortgagee have to exercise a constant supervision over the payment of ground rent and taxes by the mortgagor, but in the next place, if the mortgagee is to be made subject to tax to the extent of the mortgagee's claim on the property mortgaged, (apart from the fact of the double taxation it might involve,) the mortgagee would find the interest on his investment so reduced that it would lead him to put his money out to other and more profitable uses. The consequences would be that a multitude of mortgages, now outstanding and overdue, would be called in or foreclosed, and if money were put into mortgages hereafter, it would probably be by purchase in open market for what they would bring. —*Balto. Sun.*

OUR ANNAPOLIS LETTER.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 16th, 1880.

Governor Hamilton's inauguration has been the event of the week, and, in fact, of the season. They say in Annapolis that no such popular demonstration has attended the inauguration of a Governor heretofore in Maryland.

Your correspondent had a stand-up ride from Annapolis Junction down to Annapolis, in the car with the Governor and his family. On the way down a little snow bird, frightened and bewildered by the roar of the train and attracted by the light, fluttered against one of the glass doors of the car, where it was caught by one of the train hands and brought into the car. Escaping from its captor it flew round in the car and finally perched on a lamp bracket near the Governor. This was regarded by some as an omen of good or evil, and I presume it will serve for either.

THE INAUGURATION.

Wednesday the 14th dawned bright and glorious. The only thing which tended in any degree to mar the anticipated pleasures was the snow, which lay on the streets making it somewhat uncomfortable for the military. The inauguration ceremonies took place in the Senate Chamber, which is too small to admit a large concourse of people.

The House had been formally invited to the Senate Chamber to witness the inauguration ceremonies, and the chairs had been carried over ostensibly for the accommodation of members. We met in the hall of the House at 11 o'clock, and held a stand-up session of three-quarters of an hour, when we adjourned to the Senate Chamber to witness the inauguration. Judge of our astonishment on arriving there to find that, not "the Assyrian" but the ladies, had "come down like the wolf on the fold," and their ralments "were gleaming in purple and gold," and every seat in the chamber was occupied, and we were compelled to find standing room in every niche of unoccupied space, and a recompense in contemplating the feast of beauty which had somehow got where we ought to be.

From my position I could not witness the pageant without, but got an occasional glimpse of the gleaming bayonet, the flaunt banner and the flashing blue and gold of the everywhere-present staff and line and field officers. Gov. Hamilton came in fifteen minutes late, delivered his address, took the oath of office and —the State lives. The crowd dispersed to the melting strains of "Maryland, my Maryland." The members returned to the House and passed a bill for Frederick county, but soon adjourned as was meet, for who could settle down to the sober work of legislation when the temptation was so great to "go out and take something."

The military presented a fine appearance, and it was as gratifying as it was surprising to note the soldierly bearing, the efficiency in drill and discipline, the sobriety and gentlemanly deportment of the Garrett Guards. Capt. Wardwell must have been untiring in his efforts to bring his company up to so high a standard of excellence in so short a time, and the Guards must have been born soldiers to begin with.

SPHINX.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20, 1880.

The tribulations of the Democrats will never end. The failure of their plot to steal the State Government in Maine appears more and more disastrous and depressing to them the longer they contemplate it, and the longer the public study its monstrosity. The coming campaign will bristle with the bad features of this Maine case, and the Democrats begin fully to realize the fact and to deplore it. Some of the Maine fellows threaten to appear to Congress to restore their stolen rights, but it is likely they will be advised to do no such thing. This would be the biggest blunder of their long and fatal series. It would be just what the Republicans desire, for then the mean points, the criminal designs of the conspirators would be made so plain that nobody could hesitate to denounce the whole plot.

But other troubles come upon them. They propose to steal the seat of Senator Kellogg of Louisiana, in order to secure a majority in the Senate in 1881, but there is assurance that even this will not serve them. They are doubtful how the new Virginia Senator will act. General Mahorn was elected by Republican votes, and they really think he will act with the Republicans. In such a case the Republicans are pretty sure to tie the Senate next year, when the vote of the Vice President would carry all Republican measures. The conviction that the Republicans will gain the next House, and also elect the President, adds buoyancy to their grief, and it seems probable that nothing can be done to please the ex-confederates.

In this condition of mind it is reported that they have about determined, in pure desperation, to put through the appropriation bills and go home after a short session. Their wise heads conclude that if they can't do any thing to elevate themselves, at least they had better avoid their usual errors, and the only way to do this is to send the fire eaters away from Washington.

The President has made some admirable appointments to fill important missions. The promotion of James Russell Lowell from the mission to Spain to that of Great Britain is justly popular. Gov. Fairchild of Wisconsin succeeds Mr. Lowell at Madrid, and John W. Foster, is transfered from Mexico to Russia.

Nearly all the appointments of census officials will be completed this week. The President did a good thing when he said the Southern Republicans should have their share of the supervisors in that section. It will foil the Democrats in their effort to swell their population, and thus fasten themselves in political power.

LOGAN.

A Writer in the New York *Sun* puts forth a pitiful plea in behalf of the Maine Fusionists. He contends that if the people stupidly vote for James T. Bennett instead of James G. Bennett, and thereby fail to elect the man for whom they intended to cast their votes, they ought to suffer the consequences. "If I draw my check," says this hair-splitter, "in favor of Joe Smith, when I intended to write John Smith, I am the person who deserves to lose the money, and by my stupidity I get no sympathy from business men either." At the same time, if Joe Smith, who has no claim to the check, and knows perfectly well that it is not intended for him, nevertheless draws the money and appropriates it to his own use, we do not suppose even our hair-splitting friend would maintain that he was an honest man. Yet that is just what the Fusionists who hold their seats on the fraudulent certificates issued by Governor Garcelon and his Council have done. On his own showing, therefore, his friends in Maine have been guilty of dishonesty. Were this not the case, however, his argument still would not stand, for the record of facts shows that the people of Maine did cast their votes intelligently, and that it was the blundering of the election officers that gave an unscrupulous Governor the opportunity to throw them out on technicalities. As the Supreme Court said in its recent decision: "It is enough if the returns can be understood; and if understood full well, effect should be given to their natural and obvious meaning. They are not to be strangled by idle technicalities, nor is their meaning to be distorted by carping and captious criticism."—*Baltimore American.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

FIXING THE STATE TAX RATE.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 18.—One of the most important acts to be transacted during the sessions of a legislature is the fixing of a tax rate for the current and subsequent year. The Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Delegates reports the tax rate with the appropriation bills towards the close of a session, and it will be two weeks or more before it will devote itself to this task. The general impression is that the tax rate of 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, being the rate of the last two years, will be maintained. Comptroller Keating thinks that there will be no necessity for increasing or possibility of reducing the tax rate for the years 1880 and 1881. A large amount of money has been paid to the State by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in settlement of its claims since the last session of the legislature, but notwithstanding that and the fact that a loan for the relief of the treasury was issued under the sanction of the last legislature, the taxes will not be lower than they were before. The interest to be provided for on loans amounts to the same sum as two years ago, and the appropriation for school purposes will reach the same amount. The total taxable basis of the State is $510,000,000, and a tax of 18¾ cents yields $950,000. The entire amount is not collectable in any one year, and generally the estimate is that seven-tenths of the levy is collected, but the taxes in arrears bring up the amount to the sum named. For the last fiscal year the receipts from taxes amounted to $916,000, and the total receipts from all sources $2,128,326.37 the bulk of the State's income outside of taxes, being from licenses, $473,000; Baltimore and Ohio railroad dividends and interest, $135,000; Northern Central railroad company annuity, $90,000, &c. The tax bills before the legislature contemplate the enlargement of the taxable basis by the taxation of mortgages, stock held by residents and issued as exempt by other States and cities, and public cemeteries. Gov. Hamilton, it is understood, will do his best to reduce the tax rate by lopping off unnecessary expenditures. The Comptroller estimates the disbursements for 1880 at $1,915,153, and the gross receipts, including taxes, at $1,903,779.91. There is now in the treasury a balance of $200,000.

GORMAN ELECTED SENATOR.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—The two Houses of the legislature, in accordance with the act of Congress prescribing the time and manner of electing Senators in Congress, proceeded at noon to-day to vote for a Senator to succeed Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, whose term expires on March 4, 1881. In the Senate, Arthur P. Gorman, Democrat, received 18 votes, and James A. Gary, Republican, 5—two Senators were absent. In the House, Mr. Gary 19—two members of the House were absent. Mr. Gorman's vote is a majority in both Houses.

INCENDIARY FIRE IN WHEELING, W. VA.

WHEELING, W. VA., January 20.—There is great excitement here to-night over the operations of the fire bugs, who are trying to fire the city. Two more fires were discovered this evening. This makes fifteen fires in the last twenty-four hours. Several suspicious characters are now in custody, and the mayor has sworn in one hundred extra policemen. All property owners have private watchmen employed. The streets are thronged with men, women and children, expecting to hear the alarm of fire any moment.

DECISION OF THE SUPREME JUDGES.

BANGOR, ME. Jan. 16.—The Supreme Judicial Court will send to the Republican legislature to-morrow its reply to the questions submitted to it by that body touching the legality of the organization of the fusion legislature. The decision generally sustains the Republican position. They say:

"An election has been had by the electors of this State. The rights of the several persons voted for depends upon the votes cast in accordance with the constitution and laws of the State. It was the duty of the Governor and State thus to declare it. Any declaration of the vote not thus ascertained and declared is unauthorized and void. The Governor and council examined the returns and undertook to declare the result as appeared by the returns. Various questions involving the true construction of the constitution and statutes relative thereto arose, and the Governor, by virtue of his constitutional prerogative, called upon this court for its opinion upon the questions propounded. By the provisions of the constitution the court was required to expound and construe the provisions of the constitution and statutes involved. It gave full answers to these questions. The opinion of the court was thus obtained in one of the modes provided in the constitution for an authoritative determination of important questions of law. The law thus determined is the conclusive guide of the Governor and council in the performance of their ministerial duties. Any action on their part in determining the vote as it appears by the returns is in violation of the provisions of the constitution and law, and thus declared is a usurpation of authority, and must be held void. It only remains to apply those principles to the subjects embraced in the questions propounded." On this basis the court answers favorably to the Republicans the various questions.

MEETING OF THE REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE.

AUGUSTA, January 17.—At 11:30 A. M. the Republicans in caucus in Granite Hall made the following nominations for state officers: Secretary of State, Sumner J. Chadbourn, of Dixmont; State Treasurer, J. W. Foglar, of Hope; Attorney General H. P. Cleaves, of Portland; Adjutant General, S. J. Gallagher, of Augusta; Councillors. R. S. Browns, of Saco: Lewis Barker, of Bangor; John P. Hinckler, of Blue Hill.

The Republican House was called to order at 2:20 by Speaker Weeks, and prayer was offered by Rev. M. E. Cobb, of Augusta. The representatives' hall was packed with men—every inch of space surrounding the seats being occupied by standing men—while the galleries were a solid mass of human beings. The taking up of passes at the outer door was abandoned at this time, the police being removed to the foot of the staircases and to the doors of the two houses. Just as the prayer was ended, Mr. Blaine came upon the floor of the House, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm, men getting upon the chairs and desks, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, while they rent the air with cheers and shouts. Business was entirely suspended for a few minutes, and it was some time before anything like order could be restored. Hon. Lot Morrill and Eugene Hale followed Mr. Blaine, and receiving a greeting scarcely less cordial, though not so loud. The Republican members were all present, with few exceptions. Messrs. Knowles of Bradford and Temple of Eddington, Fusion members, came in and took the seats they had occupied in the Fusion House, and were greeted with applause.

The reading of the House journal was concluded at 2:30. On motion of Mr. Goss, of Bath, the Speaker appointed Messrs. Goss of Bath, Brooks of Belfast, Nash of Addison, Nason of Limerick, Goss of Auburn, Farrell of Van Buren, Verrill of Portland, Simonton of Rockland, Goulding of West Waterville, Davis of Woodstock, Knowles of Bradford, Jewett of Saugerville, Perkins of Machias, Oliver of Freeman, and Refton of Damariscotta, with such of the Senate as may join, as a committee on the gubernatorial votes. Mr. Knowles, Bradford, wished to be excused, and Cutter, of Bangor, was appointed in his place. Orders were then adopted adopting the rules of last year, and providing that the House hold one session daily, beginning at 10 A. M.

The Committee on the Gubernatorial vote reported as follows: whole number of votes cast, 138,806; necessary to a choice, 69,404. Daniel F. Davis received 68,967, Joseph L. Smith received 47,673, Alonzo Garcelon received 21,851, Blon Bradbury received 263. The rest were scattering votes for several candidates. There was no choice. The House then proceeded to the selection of two names to be sent to the Senate. The whole roll being called, each member, as his name was called, came forward and deposited his ballot. As Sproule, of Veazie, who had deserted the fusionists, came forward, there was tremendous applause. He voted for Daniel F. Davis.

The result of the balloting was as follows: Whole number of votes, 88. Daniel F. Davis received 88, Blon Bradbury received 87, Alonzo Garcelon received 1. The names of Daniel F. Davis and Blon Bradbury were sent to the Senate.

The Senate was crowded as it has not been yet during the controversy. When the vote was taken for Governor, 19 votes were thrown, all of them for Davis, who was declared by the President to be legally chosen Governor of the state. Several fusion members were present, but none of them in their seats, and none participating. The announcement was followed by applause. The joint convention was then held for the purpose of electing the seven executive councillors, which resulted in the election of the following gentlemen by a vote of 102: First district, Roscoe L. Bowers; Second, Frederick Robie; Third, Joseph T. Hinkley; Fourth, Wm. Wilson; Fifth, James G. Pendleton; Sixth, Lewis Barker; Seventh, Samuel N. Campbell. Hon. Samuel S. Chadburne was chosen Secretary of State, receiving 105 votes. Afterward Mr. Chadbourne, together with Messrs. Barker, Bowers, Pendleton and Wilson, of the Council, were qualified.

At 6:15 P. M. another convention was formed—this time for the most interesting event of this season of intense excitement. The people had waited for this, not a man moving from the densely-packed hall. The committee, representing both branches, waited upon Governor-elect Davis, and soon reported that he would forthwith attend the convention to take the oath of office. As he entered the hall, attended by the Council and several distinguished gentlemen, the audience rose to a man, and the air was rent with defending applause, steadily increasing in volume until the Capitol building fairly rocked. Men jumped up on the seats and upon each other's shoulders, pounded with canes and manifested their joy in ways indescribable. As the Governor Davis stood at the right of the President and faced toward the audience, the applause broke out again, and three cheers followed for Davis, for Blaine, for Bontteile, for Chamberlain, for Nash and for Sproul. After quiet had been restored, Governor Davis, in all impressive manner, took the oath of office and proceeded to deliver the following address:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

For nearly sixty years you and your fathers have assembled to deliberate upon the wants of the commonwealth and enact its laws. In all these years the safeguards thrown around representative government have proved strong enough to carry our good state safely through every danger. Annually the persons elected by the people have been summoned by the proper authorities to meet and organize the legislature, and those defeated by the people have quietly submitted to the will of the majority. For the first time in our history this rule has in part been reversed; hence the unparalleled excitement and popular indignation. The organization of the legislature has for that reason been delayed. Under such circumstances you have shown great forbearance. You have kept strictly within the law. Coming from law-abiding communities, you have waited until you could obtain the opinion of the court. That opinion has been rendered, and today you completed the organization of the fifty-ninth legislature. Believing this solution of the difficult problem is a striking illustration of the strength of republican government, where only a majority can rule, and that all good citizens will joyfully hail it as such, I will only add that I shall take an early opportunity to express to you my views upon state affairs."

Cheering followed the address, and did not subside until the gubernatorial party took their departure.

The Governor took possession of the Executive chamber without any interference. The only obstacle placed in the way by the Fusionists during the day was the refusal of the Deputy Secretary of State to give up the gubernatorial returns, but certified copies of the clerks' returns were substituted.

At 7:45 P. M. both branches of the legislature adjourned until Monday, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Governor Davis will issue an order this evening, continuing the care of the public property in the hands of General Chamberlain.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Edward Spedden is visiting in Baltimore.

—The Guards are ready for another "campaign."

—Mr. Arthur Townshend returned to Morgantown Wednesday.

—Mr. Newman Miller, of Garrett county, left for Kansas Saturday night last. Success to him.

—At a meeting of the Garrett Guards Monday night, two of the members were expelled for unbecoming conduct during the visit to Annapolis.

—Mr. Malcolm Sinclair, of Cumberland, for some years past general superintendent of the New Central Company, has been elected president of that company.

—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature to sanction the bequest of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county, to the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church of America.

—The materials for the Sang Run bridge have been taken to the location, and will be at once erected under the superintendence of Mr. Wilcox, agent of the King Iron Bridge Company.

—We understand that a couple of gentlemen from New York will visit the Garrett county silver region this week, for the purpose of making a thorough and complete examination of the strata and rock.

—Read the professional card of Dr. Townshend. He has had several years' experience, and we take pleasure in recommending our readers to to give him a call if they need his professional services.

—The prospectus of a Sunday paper, the *Independent*, the publication of which is to be commenced at Chamberland about March 1, is issued. Thompson Wickard and U. S. Lowdermilk are announced as publishers.

—Died—January 8th, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Stephen, aged 60 years, 8 months and 25 days. Funeral services will be held in Trinity Reformed church, New Germany, Jan. 25th, by Rev. C. U. Heilman.

—Died—At his residence near Bloomington, this county, Jan. 11th, 1880, Henry P. Lohr, aged about 66 years. Deceased had been a member of the United Brethren church for many years, and was a worthy citizen and exemplary christian.

—Mr. Arthur Love and wife gave one of their inimitable entertainments at the Glades Hotel Wednesday evening, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, character sketches, &c., all of which were well received by the audience present. We would "love" for them to come back, and hope they may soon do so. They certainly give good entertainments.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. J. M. Davis.

Memorial Church.--Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Destructive Fire.

About 1 o'clock Thursday morning the merchant tailoring store of A. Loewenstein, on Alder Street, was discovered to be on fire. A large crowd was soon collected, but the fire had gained such headway that nothing could be done to arrest the flames, neither could any of the contents be saved. The loss, near two thousand dollars, is fully covered by insurance. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Run over by the Cars.

Sunday evening last about half past four o'clock William Faherty, about 22 years of age a resident of Hutton's Switch, six miles South of Oakland, while attempting to get on a freight train in Oakland, fell along side the track, and the cars passed over one of his legs, between the knee and ankle. He was carried to Mrs. Schmittman's boarding house and the leg was amputated by Dr. McComas, assisted by Drs. Bartlett and Parsons. He is now doing well.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Jan. 21:

Mary E. F. Good and A. C. Good to John Moon, Military Lot No. 1509; $30.

Mariah S. Bolden and Charles W. Bolden to Zelpah Jarboe, Lot No. 45 in Wilson's First Addition to the town of Oakland; $140.

Samuel S. Durst and wife to Mary A. E. Hummel, part of "Walnut Hill," containing 8 acres and 10 perches; $67.55.

William Hoover to Henry Winterberg, part of "Shylock War," containing 3¼ acres; $20.

Josiah Gordon and Robert H. Gordon, trustees, to Geo. E. Bishoff, part of the "Gleanings," containing 250 acres; $1,700.

Band of Hope.

This organization held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday evening, 15th inst., in the M. E. Church, Rev. H. C. Sanford presiding.

The attendance was very good, the exercises very interesting and well rendered, the declamation being particularly worthy of mention. The programme was as follows: Selection, Miss Laura Lang; declamation, A. B. Woodcock, Esq.; essay, John A. Grant. After the exercises the following resolutions were introduced and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Oakland Band of Hope has been organized with a view to promote the temperance cause by the use of all legitimate and proper means, and has, in endeavoring to carry out the object for which it was instituted, been instrumental in accomplishing much good; and,

WHEREAS, The members of said Band of Hope are desirous of further advancing the interests of temperance and of saving themselves and neighbors from the numerous ills which are the inevitable results of intemperance, and believing as they do that it is entirely meet and proper that the qualified voters of Garrett county should have an opportunity to determine by their votes at the polls whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said county; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Senator and Delegates from Garrett county in the Maryland Legislature be, and they are hereby respectfully requested, to use all proper means to secure the passage of a local option law for Garrett county.

Resolved, That we cordially invite the co-operation of all temperance organizations and temperance advocates in Garrett county and elsewhere in our effort to secure the passage of a local option law for our county.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our Senator and delegates at Annapolis,

After the adoption of the resolutions petitions to the Legislature for local option for Garrett county were presented and numerous signers obtained, both male and female.

If the above course was pursued, resolutions similar to these adopted, &c., by the various churches, Sunday Schools and temperance organizations and the same forwarded to our representatives at Annapolis, it would aid materially in procuring a law of this kind for this county. Let all attend to it.

The Garrett Guards' Trip.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday night of last week the Garrett Guards boarded the train east in a special car for the capital of the State, to attend the inauguration of Gov. Hamilton. They reached Annapolis Junction about 7 o'clock, where they found awaiting them the handsome banner presented to them by John W. Garrett. They are said by Hon. H. Kyd Douglass to be the handsomest colors in the State. Annapolis was reached about 9 o'clock, and at the depot were the Governor's Guards, waiting to receive them. After marching to their armory and waiting a short time, the two companys returned to the depot to receive the Maryland 5th Regiment, which numbered 300 men. At the proper time the procession, escorting the Governor, marched through the streets of Annapolis. The mud was dreadful, but the Guards bore it like old soldiers, and acquitted themselves well during their march. About 1 o'clock they were dismissed from the ranks, and in company with all the militia present, partook of a dinner provided at the Armory of the Governor's Guards. After dinner they were free to visit the city, which they did, visiting all the objects of interest, and everywhere being treated courteously.

At 8.30 Thursday morning they left Annapolis for Washington, where they arrived between 11 and 12. After some delay the company was marched to the Capitol, and after stacking arms were dismissed to visit the building and surroundings, and at 2 o'clock were re-assembled. At that hour the Maryland Congressional Delegation, and Senator Davis, of West Virginia, appeared on the steps and made short addresses to the company, all speaking in terms of kindness and praise. After this review they proceeded to "do" the city. Small squads could be seen all around, as the members of the company were viewing the place. At 5 o'clock they met at a restaurant (one of the finest in the city) to partake of a supper provided for them, after which they again dispersed until 9 o'clock when all assembled at their headquarters at the Baltimore & Ohio depot; at 9.50 they left for home, where they arrived at 5.30 Friday morning, and after partaking of a lunch at the Glades Hotel, sought their homes.

Thus ended the first campaign of the Guards, and all enjoyed themselves excellently. Much credit is due Captain Wardwell; and the boys will not soon forget the kindness and generosity of Commissary John Dalley.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

A gloom was cast over our quiet village by the sudden death of Mrs. Almira, wife of Theodore Bush, which occurred last Monday morning. Mrs. Bush was a daughter of the late John Davis, Esq., of Harnedsville, Pa., and neice of Jos. B. Davis, Esq., of this county. She was 31 years of age, and had been married but a little over a year. Deceased came to our town a little over two years ago, and engaged in teaching in our public school, where she endeared herself to the children of the town and vicinity, many of whom feel that they have lost a dear friend in her death. She was a modest christian woman, and though a great sufferer, died without a murmur. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Oliver C. Miller, of the Evangelical Lutheran church, assisted by Revs. B. Ison and H. C. Sanford, of the M. E. Church. Her remains were followed to their last resting place in the Odd-Fellows' Cemetery, by a very large concourse of citizens and relatives of this town and vicinity, and by two brothers and three sisters from Pennsylvania. Her husband and friends have the sympathy of this community.

Presbyterian Mutual Assurance Fund.

Attention is directed to the advertisement in another column, of the Presbyterian Mutual Assurance Fund, of Louisville, Ky. This company was chartered in February, 1878, and organized in March of the same year. It now pays the maximum insurance of $2,000. The first division is already full and the second is filling up rapidly. The Association in twenty-three months has had only one death. The Board of Directors is composed of some of the best and most influential business men. The management has been careful, cautious and prudent. No mutual association can boast of any better success. A "reserve fund" is a special consideration in this company and the system in this respect, devised by it, has been largely adopted by others. A weekly benefit of $5 is paid to each member who by sickness or accident is disabled from attending to his business. Ample provision for this is made by the payment of $1 per quarter by each member of the association. To those who desire a perfectly safe and cheap mutual insurance this company recommends itself. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to W. A. Daily, Oakland, Md., who is a regular commissioned agent, with full power and authority to solicit applications for membership, collect initiation fees, dues and assessments, and to appoint sub agents.

A Visiting Body of Maryland Militia.

The Garrett Guards, a military organization belonging in Oakland, Md., visited Washington yesterday on their return from Annapolis where they had been in attendance at the inauguration of Governor Hamilton. They left Annapolis yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, arriving here four hours later at the Baltimore & Ohio depot. The line of march was then taken up for the east front of the Capitol, where a dress parade was given after which the Guards were reviewed by the Maryland Congressional Delegation. They were a fine-looking body of men, fifty-two being in line, and wore a dark-blue uniform, with light blue facings and fatigue cap. The officers of the company are: Captain, E. H. Wardwell; first Lieutenant, A. L. Osborn, and second lieutenant, D. M. Mason. After the review at the Capitol, the remainder of the day was devoted to sight-seeing, and at 10 o'clock last night they returned home in good spirits.—*Washington (D. C.) Republican, Jan. 16th.*

For THE REPUBLICAN.

Local Option.

OAKLAND, MD., JAN. 20th, 1880.

Just now the question of local option is being agitated to a considerable degree in this county. The adoption of such a law has many supporters and many opposers. It seems a little strange that any should be opposed to the taking of a vote on the question. The petitions being circulated for signers are not to pass such a law, but to give the people of Garrett county an opportunity to express themselves as for or against the measure. Let us consider the matter a little.

The majority ought to rule, say some. Then clearly the proper way to get at this is for the people to vote upon it. If a majority of the citizens of this county are in favor of the bill, then surely it ought to be passed. If a vote should be taken and that vote is in favor of local option, should not all submit? It would seem that, after the long time there has been no such law in this part of the State, we should give it a trial. The liquor dealers have had things in their own hands for a long time and certainly ought to be willing to give this a trial, if not for their own sakes to oblige others. All pay taxes, and all ought to have a say in it. It can do no harm to take the vote, and would satisfy many.

As an act of justice to those who wish such a law, none ought to oppose it. Surely those who are law-abiding; those who pay as much taxes as the others; those who have submitted to liquor being sold in the county, ought to have their way for awhile. Is it right that they should not have a law passed in accordance with their wishes? Does it not strike all as being unfair for them not to have a show in this matter?

No one, we think, should refuse to sign these petitions. Some may object to signing them on the ground that by having such a law it would curtail their liberty of taking a drink when they wished. They have had a chance, for a long time to do as they wished, and now temperance people ought to have a chance. It might be that a majority of the citizens would be opposed to the passage of such a measure. Local Optionists claim that they have a majority, and those opposed claim that they can carry it; but for some reason the anti-option people seem not willing to have the contest, thus tacitly admitting their weakness. It seems to us, then, that the way to get at this is to have a vote on the question and then both parties, while they might not be satisfied with the result, would be convinced as to the relative strength of each.

One great reason for the passage of such a law is the fact that if whiskey was out of the reach of a number, they would not drink. Numbers, if whiskey was not sold in the county, would not indulge; but as it is present in our midst all the time the temptation is too great. We think that all should sign the petitions. No one wants to die a drunkard, and if he has any of the attributes of a man about him, does not want any one else to die one.

Then sign these petitions by all means. For the sake of your wives and children; for the sake of those you love; for the sake of your neighbors; for the sake of law and order; for the sake of peace and quiet; for the sake of everything good; but most and highest of all, sign it for your own sake, for you know not how soon you may have cause to regret it if you do not.

TEMPERANCE.

The Sheep and Wool Crop of 1880.

OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 19th, 1880.

It has been a question among our farmers as to whether they should stock up this winter with sheep or cattle. I think it safe to say that the open wool sheep pays farmers in Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Western Maryland better than any other stock they can handle, with wool at 17 to 18 cts. for unwashed and one-third more for washed. This is about the average price farmers got last season, and it is hardly possible that wool will bring any more this season. Some farmers may hold until late in the season and do worse. As goods have not advanced in proportion to wool, there are but few dealers and manufacturers that made anything on wool last season. The bulk of the wool passed into the hands of manufacturers and was worked up on orders for goods that had been contracted for at extremely low prices, which resulted in the farmers getting a good price for wool and buying the goods back at extremely low prices; and the dealers and manufacturers having all of the labor and capital invested made nothing, and in some cases lost money. This will tend to make them very careful this season. When farmers can sell their wool at home at the above prices and get the cash, and, counting the increase in their flocks, and the old flocks left, it is easy to see that sheep pay better than cattle, with less than half the capital invested.

WOOL GROWER.

Testimony in the Canal Case.

Mayor Read has been chosen to take the testimony in the canal receivership case and will begin the work of examining witnesses about February 5. Messrs. Johnson & Poe are expected to be present to represent the bond-holders. There are over twenty-five witnesses to be examined and the work of taking testimony will occupy several days. The attorneys in the case are expected to go from here to Hancock, where the testimony of persons in that section will be taken.

Several days ago parties in the interest of the canal management were taking testimony before Notary Humbird in denial of the charges alleged against Mr. Gorman in the application for the appointment of a receiver. Mr. W. M. Price was the attorney. A number of affidavits were made, and it is supposed will be presented to the United States court when the case is called.—*Cumb. News.*

Carp as a Farm Crop.

Professor Baird has for a long time attached considerable importance to the carp, especially to supply the want of a fish for the South representing the trout of the Northern States. To this end an effort was made in 1877 to bring the carp from Germany, resulting first in failure, but finally in the successful introduction of 345 specimens of three varieties. To give some idea of the value of carp as a fish for the farm, German writers maintain that a far greater amount of animal food can be obtained from a given number of carp ponds, than the same ground will furnish from the cultivation of crops fed to domestic animals. The fish are kept in China, it is stated, in wash-tubs, and fed with animal refuse as we would fatten some of our domestic animals and from this small kind of fish culture the propagation is carried on in varying scales until we find an Austrian Prince devoting no less than 20,000 acres to the growing of the carp. According to Professor Baird's report it is a custom in Germany to alternate on the same ground from carp culture to the cultivation of the cereals; after a certain number of years the ponds are drawn off, and after drying, are seeded down; one or two crops are obtained, the water is returned, and the carp reinstated. This is "rotation of crops" pure and simple, and certainly pertains as much to agriculture as the fatting of hogs for market or the raising of chickens.

In form the carp is very like the common gold fish of our aquaria. The color is olivaceous, and there are four barbels about the mouth, which are entirely wanting in the gold fish. In ponds the fish is much more sluggish than in running water and the body becomes stout and the flesh tender and delicate; running water, on the contrary, gives it a more slender body, a sharp back, and tougher flesh. As before stated the carp is a vegetable feeder, which is a great advantage in its cultivation over many other fish, the aquatic plants, roots and vegetable matter in the water furnishing abundant food, or, if artificial feeding is required, this may be accomplished by means of such cheap substances as pieces of cabbage, lettuce, leaves, and seeds; crumbs of bread, boiled corn or potatoes can also be fed. Carp grow rapidly, and a weight of two or three pounds is not uncommon by the end of the second year. Its growth is more rapid in a warm than a cold climate, as in the latter the fish must hibernate through the Winter in the mud at the bottom of the pond, for the time ceasing to grow. When the fish become abundant—and the United States fish Commission having introduced them will further propagate and disseminate them—our farmers may add to the capabilities of the farm by preparing a good carp pond that will not only furnish a very delicate food, but perhaps prove a source of profit, and "there is no ditch or pond, or any muddy, boggy spot capable of being converted into a pond of more or less size that will not answer for the fish." There are two principal varieties of carp cultivated, the mirror and the leather carp. In the first named the scales have very nearly disappeared, while the latter variety is often scaleless. The scale carp, a third variety, is the best known but is inferior to the others. —*Charles R. Dodge.*

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 15, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Third Day of February, 1880,

for the purpose of approving Constables's bonds, and for the transaction of such business as may come before the Board.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

1 21 3

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, will on

TUESDAY,

10th day of February, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, offer for sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known as

"The Resurvey on Beatty's Plains,"

situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Beginning for the out lines of the whole at the original beginning, it being also the beginning of Lots Nos. 3726 and 3761, lying westward of Fort Cumberland, and running thence reversing the given line and the six following lines of "Mount Pisgah:"

S 82° W 71 perches, to a stone marked M W A,
S 25° W 60 " " " " "
S 41° E 40 " " " " "
S 49° W 54 " " " " "
S 32° W 54 " " " " "
S 16° W 100 " " " " "
S 39½° W 32 " " " " "

it being also the end of the 4th line of the tract of land called "Mount Pisgah," aforesaid; then leaving the lines of said tract and running N 69½° W 91 perches, to the end of the 6th line of "Lovett's Addition," and reversing it and the three following courses and distances, to-wit: N 62° W 38 perches, N 15° E 18 perches, N 55° W 29 perches to the end of the 3d line of part of "Lovett's Addition," then N 27 perches, then with the given lines of Lots 3860 and 3861, N 82° W 167 perches to beginning of Lot No. 3860, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof, S 23° W 72 perches, S 70° E 187 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3861; then S 7° W 60 perches to the end of 1st line of Lovett's Addition, S 74° W 121 pbs, to the beginning of Lot No. 3861, a stone marked J L; then N 23° E 78 perches to a stone standing marked J L, S 21° E 72 perches to a stone standing marked J L, S 7½° E 20 perches to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Daniel's Addition, and with the 5th line thereof N 24° W 105 perches to the end thereof, then N 27½° W 19 perches to the end of the 3d line of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the 3d and other lines reversed, the three following courses and distances: N 12° W 53 perches, S 35° W 98 perches, S 76° W 25 perches, to an anciently bounded chestnut oak, it being also the beginning of Come by Chance, S 63½° E 39 perches to the end of the 5th line of a tract of land called Disappointment, and with the 6th line of it N 65° W 46 perches, S 60° W 25 perches to the end of the 50th line of a tract of land called Homestead Park, then with the given line of Lot 3881 N 27° E 95 perches, to the end of the 35th line of Homestead Park, then reversing the 35th and other lines of said tract the seventeen following courses and distances: S 58° E 27 perches, N 31° E 74 perches, N 78° E 50 perches, N 18° E 54 perches, N 68° W 40 perches, N 28° W 14 pbs, N 78 W 29 perches, N 19° W 66 perches, N 75° W 76 perches, N 49° W 56 perches, N 15° W 81 perches, S 61° W 52 perches, S 42½° W 60 pebs, S 69° W 52 perches, S 88° W 20 perches, S 11° W 119 perches, S 75° E 74 perches to the 4th line of Lot No. 3881, and with the 4th line of said Lot S 32° W 106 perches to the the end thereof; then N 80° W 21 perches, S 18° W 100 perches, S 72½° E 76 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3880; then S 45 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3870, and with it reversed N 86° W 79 perches to the beginning of said Lot, and reversing the given line thereof S 27° W 98 pbs, to the end of the 17th line of the Resurvey on Lot No. 3879, then reversing said 17th line and other lines of the aforesaid Resurvey, the four following courses and distances: S 86° E 132 perches to an anciently bounded white oak tree, N 5° E 47 perches, S 87° E 31 perches, N 2° E 154 perches, N 70½° W 42 perches to the beginning of Lot No. 3881, and with the 1st line thereof N 32° E 84 perches; then with lines of Homestead Park the four following courses and distances: N 88° E 27 perches, N 29° E 88 perches, N 69½° E 50 perches, S 22° E 92 perches, to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Bayly's Luck, and with the lines thereof the six following courses and distances: S 52° W 70 perches, S 16° W 26 perches, S 45° W 40 perches, S 35° E 7 perches, S 5° W 61 perches, S 67° E 34 perches; then reversing the 5th and preceding lines of Homestead Park, the three following courses and distances: S 16° W 40 perches, S 65° E 20 perches, S 83½° E 82½ perches, to the end of the 50th line of the tract of land aforesaid, N 68° E 25 perches, to the beginning of the 7th line of a tract of land called Disappointed, and with it S 101 perches to the end thereof; then W 62 perches, S 28° W 40 perches, S 24½° W 9 perches, N 80° W 26 perches, S 49½° W 22 perches, N 55° W 27 pbs, N 62° W 12 perches, N 18½° E 13 perches, N 69½° W 13 perches, S 56° W 22 perches, S 81½° W 12 perches, S 37° W 22 perches, S 8° E 16 perches, S 17° E 11 perches, N 58½° W 20 pebs, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3880, S 7° W 101 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3858, and reversing the lines of said Lot S 10° E 146 perches, S 75° E 10 perches, S 54° E 115 perches, S 29° W 31 perches to the end of the 1st line of Lot No. 3855, and with it reversed N 10° W 100 perches, S 76° W 80 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 16° W 115 pbs, S 31° W 28 perches, to the beginning of the 2d line of Lot No. 3858, and with it S 75° W 100 perches, S 38° W 108 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 68½° W 15 perches, to the 2d line of Lot No 3910, and with said line N 66 perches to the end thereof, then N 80° W 144 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3910, then N 15 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3871, and with the lines of said Lot N 76° E 47 perches, N 45° W 140 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said Lot, and with the 3d line thereof S 47° W 45 perches to the end of the 1st line of a tract of land called Now or Never, and with the 2d line thereof N 38° W 106 pebs, N 79½° W 61 perches, S 28° W 67 perches, to the end of the 4th line of a tract of land called New Ireland, and reversing the lines of said tract N 22° W 100 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 28° W 115 perches, N 81° W 11 perches to the end of the 3d line of a tract of land called Reckner's Purchase, and with it reversed S 28° W 236 perches, to the end of the 2d line thereof, S 67° E 43 perches, to the end of the 1st line of said tract, S 31° W 107 perches, S 42° W 55 perches, to the beginning of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the lines thereof W 20 perches, S 18° W 22 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said tract, and with the 3d line thereof S 18° E 77 perches, S 47½° W 302 perches to the 10th line of a tract of land called Republic, and with said line N 56° W 53½ perches, N 221 perches, to the end of the given line of J. E. Howard's part of the whole tract called Beatty's Plains Resurveyed, then reversing the given line and others of said tract E 162 perches, N 48° E 236 perches, N 50° W 231 perches, N 48° E 201 perches, N 37½° E 223 perches, N 54° E 80 perches, N 54° W 80 perches, N 48° E 82 pbs, N 68° E 26 perches, N 35° E 180 perches, N 44° E 92 perches, N 71° E 122 perches, N 19° E 88 perches, N 71½° E 845 perches, S 9° E 71 prchs, S 74° W 172 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3760, and with the given line thereof S 9° W 154 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3761, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof S 38° E 94 perches, N 36° E 20 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3760, then with the lines of said Lots 3759, 3758 and 3757 S 28½° E 134 perches, to the beginning of the 3d line of Jacob Miller's Resurvey, and with the lines of it the seven following courses and distances: N 60½° E 78 perches, S 65° E 44 perches, S 42° E 60 perches, N 47° E 39 perches N 10° E 21 perches, N 35° W 48 perches, N 55 W 30 pbs, to the 1st line of Lot No. 4008, then with the lines of said Lot N 66 perches, N 44° W 110 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said Lot S 29° W 29 perches, S 9° W 74 perches, S 69° E 104 perches, to the end of the 6th line of a tract of land called Yellow spring, then with the lines of said tract S 52° E 152 perches, N 81° E 60 perches, N 39° W 128 perches, to the end of the 9th line of the said tract, and with the 10th line thereof N 71½° W 84 perches, S 24½° E 220 perches, to the 3d line of Lot No. 3966, and with the lines of said Lot S 81° W 40 perches, S 10° E 120 perches, to the 1st line of this present Resurvey, then by a straight line to the beginning,

Containing 8,026 Acres of Land More or Less.

Said land having been seized and taken in execution by me to satisfy the sum of sixty-nine dollars and twenty cents taxes due for the year 1878, by the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company. The said land is located in the George's Creek coal region, is underlaid with coal and is very valuable, and will be sold to satisfy said taxes and the costs of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
Col for 1st Col. Dist. Garrett Co.

1 17 3

RICHARDSON BROS.,
GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Canned Goods Fruit etc.

JAS. A. ENLOW,
Dealer in
General Merchandise and Country Produce
REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

Cannibals in San Francisco.

The French gunboat Lamothe Piquet was towed alongside the Spear street wharf a few days ago, and will go into Cozzens' dry dock for repairs. Among the crew of the Lamothe Piquet are three men who, from their peculiar facial appearance, attract the attention of all observers. They are finely-formed, of large stature, with regular features and full, soft, expressive eyes; but their faces are, according to civilized taste, disfigured by tattooing. They are natives of the Marquesas Islands, and, learning that their history might prove of interest to the public, a *Call* reporter went on board the Lamothe Piquet, and, through the courtesy of the commander, Captain Bienaime, gathered some particulars of their antecedents. These men, who are so tractable and obedient to their duties on shipboard, are veritable cannibals, and only a few months ago were in the habit of dining upon the flesh of their own species. In pursuance of an order from their commander, the three man-eaters were summoned upon the quarter-deck, for the purpose of being inspected by the reporter.

The eldest is called Manowa, the next in age Hoa, and the younger Puato, which signifies in the Marquesan tongue son of a man who was killed by three shots. Puato appeared to be most volubly inclined, and to him were the reportorial inquiries mostly directed. They have acquired quite a smattering of the French language, so that they can reply to the most simple questions propounded in that tongue. "Are you not cold, Puato?" was the first inquiry, as in obedience to the Captain, he opened his shirt and displayed a hieroglyphical mass of tattooing on his muscular chest. "Ugh, yes, me very cold," chattered the poor fellow. "Puato, do you like to eat men?" The large eyes dropped to the deck, almost a blush started to the surface of the swarthy cheek, not covered by tattoo, as he rejoined: "Captain say bad eat man." Any one but a newspaper reporter would have hesitated to pursue a subject further which evidently was distasteful to the savage in his present position, but the desire to learn more was too strong to be resisted. "Puato, did you ever eat a baby?" The great eyes dropped again, and then looking up into the reporter's face with a half-scared, half-quizzical expression, he replied: "Me no eat baby. Manowa he like baby." Manowa only replied to the assertion by a genuine savage glance at Puato, and the sententious answer, in tolerably good French, "Sacre enfant." This untimely attack upon the humanitarian instincts of Manowa had the effect of making that individual decidedly shy of reportorial advances, and the interview was soon afterward brought to a close. While seated in the cabin of the Lamothe Piquet, some interesting particulars were obtained in the course of a conversation with Captain Bienaime of the natives or the Marquesas, and the causes which led to the presence on board of the natives just referred to. In July last intelligence was received at Tahiti, where the Lamothe Piquet was then, that a Swede had been killed on the Island of La Dominica, one of the Marquesas group, by the natives. The vessel immediately got under way, and on the 10th of August came in sight of the island. On the morning of the 11th a landing was effected and the French force took up a position in the Valley of Hanalapa, where they were soon after attacked by a large body of natives. The natives were armed with muskets and fought desperately; but after a while retreated, leaving several of their number dead upon the field. They were pursued, and among those captured were the three men now on board the Lamothe Piquet.

"Do these people, then, really practice cannibalism at the present day?" asked the reporter.

"O, yes," was his reply; "it is still very common among them. We even saw remains of one of their horrible banquets in the Valley of Hanalapa. I think the custom was falling into disuse a half a century ago, but during the past twenty-five or thirty years the frequent visits of whalers and traders upon the islands have had a demoralizing effect upon the natives. The women have been debauched and the men let into the secret of distilling a kind of rum from the cocoa tree. When intoxicated they commit the most revolting barbarities, and become embroiled in conflicts between themselves. While in this condition they become worse than beasts; the hereditary man-eating instinct appears to be revived, and breaks out stronger than ever. Any of their number who are killed in these drunken broils are sure to be eaten. They also eat the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, and if a man has a deadly spite against another he does not feel that his revenge has been satisfied until he has eaten a piece of his heart stewed in its own blood. Infractious of any of the social laws are punishable with death, and the body of the culprit, after having been cut into sections, is distributed in the Market-place, that all may eat and be warned of the terrible punishment that awaits the law-breaker. In fact," continued Captain Bienaime, "the worst punishment that can befall a man in the Marquesas is to be killed and eaten by his fellow islanders."

Santa Dominica is situated in latitude nine degrees thirty minutes south and longitude 138 degrees 40 minutes east, and, together with the other islands of the Marquesas group, has nominally been under French dominion since 1841. The natives are brave, and when they have reason to believe their rights are being tampered with are very vindicative. A number of sailors and officers of whaling and merchant ships have been killed by them at different times since the islands were discovered. A year ago a convoy of provisions, while en route between two settlements of the French colony, on the island of New Caledonia, was captured, and the men who were accompanying it, twelve in number, were taken prisoners. Fearing for their fate, the Lamothe Piquet, being in the neighborhood, was dispatched along the coast to obtain tidings of them. They effected a landing at the point where the train had been captured, and surprised the savages while about to feast upon the bodies of the captured Frenchmen. The would-be banqueters fled at their approach, but were pursued and fifteen of them killed. The scene upon the beach, Captain Bienamie says, where they landed was sickening in the extreme. Several large blocks, similar to those used by butchers, were standing a short distance back from the shore. These were reeking with blood, and near them were massed the trunks of their countrymen, denuded of their heads, and limbs, and their bowels torn down to get at the heart, which is esteemed a delicacy. Piled up near by were the skulls and bones of the arms and legs, scraped clean of the flesh. The flesh from the limbs was cut into steaks or roasts, and broiling and sizzling over the coals of huge fires kindled for the purpose, sending forth a smell that was fairly sickening. The flesh of the head, together with the brains, they had placed in a large kettle taken from the stove in the train, which was boiling over the fire. The provisions, wines, etc., were scattered about in the greatest confusion. One of the men who accompanied the French crew recognized among the bodies, by portions of the clothing still left upon them, those of two of his sons. The father fainted at the sight, and such was the impression made upon his mind that he had never fully recovered from the shock. In the course of the conversation with Captain Bienamie yesterday a fact concerning cannibal habits of the South Sea Islanders was adduced which goes to disprove the theory generally advanced by archæologists that prehistoric man was not a cannibal. They generally claim that, had the men of the quarternary period been cannibals, we should find the bones generally cracked for the marrow, like those of the beasts, which is not the case; also, that had the mound-builders eaten their own species they would have thrown the human bones into heaps with those of beasts and fishes. Captain Bienamie says that the bones of the victims in the Marquesas and New Caledonia were never broken, but always scraped, and after the feast was over placed in piles near some large palm trees. The condition of the natives in New Caledonia, he states, is very deplorable, and he recognizes it as a very promising missionary field. Outside of the convicts there are probably not more than 1,000 white persons on the island.—*San Francisco Call.*

You must write as you talk, in a natural manner, said a schoolmaster to a pupil the other day. The next day she brought a composition to school which read somewhat as follows: "Lady Washington was a widow (humph) when George Washington married her. (O, dear there's a blot.) Her name was Martha (I always did hate that name) Curtis. They had no children (achew), but they had plenty of slaves (tra la la), and they lived at Mount Vernon (there goes the dinner bell), and Washington's tomb is there (the soup will be cold), and there he lies to be wept over by a grateful people who have had a good square hot meal."

What Kept Running in the Housekeeper's Mind at Church on Christmas.

Housekeeper—I wonder now if Bridget hasn't thrown away that stale bread I saved for stuffing over two weeks ago! There, I declare, I forgot the cooking sherry!

Minister—For the cares of this world——

H.—The new cook will boil the potatoes too long. We're out of mustard.

Min.—Martha was cumbered with too much serving.

H.—There'll be fourteen at dinner and not enough dessert plates to go round. I must see that Mary washes that celery clean. The last had a worm in it on the table. I wonder if James thought to buy one of those tools to take the skewers out of the sirloin. Skewers are an awful bother in carving. Why don't our butchers tie the joints with string instead of plugging them with cord wood?

Bits of the sermon:

"The old year so rapidly passing away"—"the shortness of life"—"this is especially a time to remember the poor."

Thought by the Housekeeper—This is just the day for some colored burglar to hide himself in the coal cellar and murder the cook and steal the silver to-morrow morning. So many people running to all the doors, day and night, they manage to slip in and——

Remark by Minister—Think charitably of all our brethren, irrespective of color or condition.

By the Housekeeper—How did she say those Maryland biscuit were made—was the milk warm or cold, soda or yeast powder?

By the Minister—At least one day in which we may forego all these little cares and vexations of daily life.

By the Housekeeper—Lemons, sugar, malt vinegar, nutmegs, mace, parmelan cheese, celery, salt, boneless sardines, orange peel—Order nut coal——

By the Minister—To a world from whence all the little troubles and necessities shall be banished.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Gallows in 1879.

The hangman's record for the past year shows that 101 men expiated their crimes on the gallows, an increase of five over that for the preceding year. Not a woman was hanged, the only one sentenced to death having been commuted. Two men suffered the death penalty by shooting, one in Utah and the other in Texas, the laws giving them the choice of death either on the scaffold or by the bullet. Eight were hanged for wife-murder, 7 for outrage, 4 for burglary, 1 for fratricide, 1 for infanticide, 1 for killing his step-daughter, and another for murdering his son. There were 8 double and 1 triple hangings. Four persons cheated the gallows by committing suicide before the day set for their execution. In the list of States in which the executions took place North Carolina and Texas lead off with 12 each; Pennsylvania, 10; Oregon, 7; Virginia, 6; Georgia, 6; Arkansas, 6; California, 5; Missouri, 5; Indiana, 4; Vermont, 3; New York, 3; Alabama, 2; New Hampshire, 2; Tennessee, 2; Nebraska, 2; Louisiana, 2; Mississippi, 2; South Carolina, 2; and New Jersey, Ohio, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Colorado, Utah, West Virginia, and Maryland each 1.

It will thus be seen that 64 men were hanged in the Southern States, a majority of them being negroes. Fifty-five whites were hanged, 37 negroes, 8 Indians, and 1 Chinaman. Friday still maintains its reputation as Hangman's Day, having 72 executions; Thursday comes next with 13; Wednesday, 5; Tuesday 5; Saturday, 4; and Monday, 2.

In addition to the above 74 men were lynched by mobs in the following States and Territories: Kentucky, 8; Colorado, 9; California, 6; Louisiana, 5; Texas, 5; Tennessee, 5; Georgia, 4; Mississippi, 4; Dakota, 3; Nebraska, 2; Wyoming, 2; Illinois, 2; New Mexico, 2; West Virginia, 2; Arizona, 2; Missouri, 2; Minnesota, 2; Alabama, 2; Iowa, 1; Ohio, 1; Maryland, 1; Indiana, 1; Kansas, 1; South Carolina, 1; Montana, 1.—*N. Y. Herald.*

How an Owl's Head Revolves.

A contributor to the *American Naturalist*, who had read a funny story about an owl's wringing his own neck by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a fine specimen and placed him on top of a post. "It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post, a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed on him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half way round his head was exactly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed, and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare followed me. One circle, and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I failed to notice before. When I reached half way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time. I repeated the experiment many times afterward on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the readjustment of his gaze."

A Mother-in-Law's Paradise.

It is all the more remarkable that marriage should be so universal an institution amongst barbarous races, when it is considered how seriously in some cases the husband pledges his fortune not only to his wife but her relatives as well. There are, of course, other cases, notably that of the North American Indian, who has no objection to half a dozen wives if he can obtain them. With him, if it is not "the more the merrier," every addition is a source of profit, since it is another laboring hand on his estate. On the contrary, in parts of Southern Africa—amongst the Makalolo, for instance—the young fellow who takes a wife is almost a bond-slave to his mother-in-law, and until he has children of his own is hers to command, to dig and delve, and cut wood, and fetch water. In her presence he must remain with his knees in a bent position, so as to avoid giving the old woman offense by sitting with his feet toward her.

The young New Zealander, seeking matrimonial bliss, is in a worse case still. With his bride he espouses the good or bad fortune of her family, and is bound to fight even against his own kin should trouble arise. The New-Zealander's courtship is of a peculiar kind. Having fixed his affections on an eligible party, and announced to his friends that she is the object of his choice, he is bound in honor to make her his, or suffer the penalty for making the attempt. It is no use trying to negotiate for the damsel with her people upon peaceful terms; under any circumstances, if a man wants a wife he must run away with her. The pair may understand each other properly, but certain commercial considerations must be recognized, and the "snatching," as it is called, must take place. The man lies in wait, attended by a few trusty friends, and availing himself of a favorable opportunity seizes on the young woman and carries her toward his abode. If he is not an eligible suitor her cries soon bring neighbors about her, and the ambitious lover either drops his prize and runs for it, or his friends rally round him and there is a fight royal.—*London Globe.*

Honesty the Best Policy.

Honesty is always—that is to say, almost always—the best policy. For instance, the other day as a keen-looking business-man, with his hat worn on the nape of his neck, was standing on Clark street, a simple, gawky-looking country lad of nineteen with a big envelope in his hand, and his mouth and eyes wide open, came sauntering along, looking anxiously at all the signs, which he was apparently spelling out. The business man, being naturally kind-hearted and desiring to do a friendly turn to a stranger, said to the boy: "Hi, senny, what are you looking for? Let me see that letter."

"Now, I can't let you have that letter, there's bonds in it," said the boy; "but p'raps you can tell me where Mister Smith lives round here. The boss told me the number, but I've forgotten it, and the letter has got bonds in it, and so I ain't to give it to anybody but him."

"Why, I've been waiting for you this half hour," said the keen business man, as his face brightened up; "waiting for you to bring me those bonds which I bought of What's-his-name?"

"Be you Mister Smith?" said the boy; "well, now, I'm right glad I met you, because I'd clean forgot what was the number where the boss said you lived, and I wouldn't have liked to go back to him without finding you; it would have looked as if I was careless."

With these remarks the lad took out a big envelope marked "J. Smith, Esq., Present," in the upper corner "$2,500 U. S. 5-20s," and in the lower corner "Commission due, $5. Please remit by bearer."

"That's all right, sonny," said the keen-looking business man, as he hauled out a scantily-furnished purse, gave the boy a five-dollar bill and a quarter and said: "There, sonny, that quarter is to reward you for your cleverness and fidelity;" and, putting the envelope in his breast pocket, he walked leisurely round the corner, ran to Dearborn street with the speed of a deer, skipped lightly round to Madison, and, hailing a car, was whirled away at a comparatively lightning speed. Not till he had reached Union Park did he draw the precious envelope from his pocket, and, with the remark: "Pray Heaven they are not registered!" tear it open. He then found that the envelope contained a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*, which he could have purchased at the office for five cents. Meanwhile the simple country lad, entering a beer saloon in the vicinity of the Sherman House, had absorbed a beer, salted away the five-dollar bill with seven others in his pocket-book, and with the remark: "The fish is biting very numerously today," taken another big envelope from his pocket, and once more sallied forth in search of a keen-looking business man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

American Ingenuity.

1736—The first steam engine built, after the Newcomen type, for the Schuyler copper mines.

1772—Another similar engine, made for a factory in Philadelphia.

1785—Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, introduced steam power to drive a flour mill and a brickyard.

1785—James Rumsey propelled a vessel on the Potomac River by the reaction of the water.

1787—Perkins invented a nail cutting machine which could make 200,000 nails per day.

1788—John Fitch navigated the Delaware River with the first steamboat.

1794—Whitney's cotton gin invented.

1796—Benjamin Thompson, otherwise Count Rumford, discovered that there is no such thing as a caloric fluid, but that heat is a peculiar mode of motion of the material particles of bodies, and thus laid the foundation of the modern theory of the conservation of forces.

1797—Benjamin Thompson invented a brush-making machine.

1797—Amos Whittemore introduced a machine for making the cards used in cotton and woolen manufacture.

1798—Robert McKean patented the first steam saw mill.

1799—Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, made the first high-pressure steam engine, and built a steam carriage, which, however, was not a success.

1804—Col. John Cox Stevens invented the screw propeller, the model of which is still at the Hoboken (N. J.) Instituto for Engineers.

1804—Oliver Evans built a paddle-wheel steamer, to ply on the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, driven by a double-acting high-pressure engine; also adapted for land conveyance.

1806—Thomas Blanchard, of Massachusetts, invented a tack-making machine, which made 30,000 tacks per hour.

1807—Thomas Blanchard made an apparatus adapted for rifling gun barrels.

1807—Robert Fulton traveled with his first steamboat from New York to Albany.

1807—Oil cloth for floor carpeting first made in Philadelphia.

1807—John Redford invented and manufactured metal-bound boots and shoes.

1811—John H. Hall, of Massachusetts, invented breech-loading muskets.

1812—George Shoemaker sold in Philadelphia several truck-loads of anthracite coal for fuel, and was imprisoned as an imposter for selling stones for coal.

1813—Francis C. Lowell made important improvements in the power loom.

1817—George Clymer produced the first American made printing press.

1818—Jacob Perkins introduced steel engravings as a substitute for copper.

1819—The Savannah made the first passage across the Atlantic Ocean by steam power driving paddlewheels.

1820—Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., invented the cultivator.

1821—The same inventor improved rolling mills.

1821—Jordan L. Mott invented utilization of small coal for furnaces.

1822—James McDonald, of New York, invented machinery for cleaning flax and hemp.

1823—Jos. Saxon invented a wheel-cutting engine, producing epicycloidal teeth.

1824—Ladoc Pratt established his celebrated tanneries in the Catskills, New York State.

1824—Completion of the Erie Canal, connecting the large lakes with the Hudson River.

1826—Harrison A. Dyer established the first telegraph line on Long Island, making signals with fractional electricity.

1827—John McClinter, of Pennsylvania, invented the slotting and shaping machine.

1828—First American patent for improvements in locomotives granted.

1828—First locomotive journey made on the Honesdale and Carbondale Railway, Pennsylvania.

1828—Hay and straw used for the first time to make paper.

1828—James Bogardus invented the ring flyer for spinning cotton.

1829—The same invented mills with concentric grinding surfaces.

1832—James Bogardus invented a dry gas meter.

1834—Henry Burden invented his nail making machines.

1836—James Bogardus invented a pantograph.

1840—The same invented the molds to press glass in while blowing.

1841—The same made improvements in drilling machinery.

Since then inventions and patents have succeeded another at a most astonishing rate.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

—The colored Senator, Bruce, is the youngest member of the United States Senate.

Our Young Folks.

"PATCHIE."

The bell had rung, the school was out,
And from the hall with busy feet
The boys rushed forth with laugh and shout,
And crowded through the village street,
Like prisoners from their cells broke loose,
Escaping from the calaboose.

Across the street, and all alone,
A small boy walked with rapid gait,
Like one unknowing and unknown,
With head erect and form so straight;
He heeded not the crowd that cried,
"See 'Patchie' on the other side."

I wondered much why this should be,
But when I looked I knew too well:
The noblest of them all was he,
But sad to think, more sad to tell,
He from the crowd had been detached
Because his pantaloons were patched.

No answering word escaped him there;
I watched him as he climbed the hill,
Then thought, "Each other's burden's bear,
And thus the law of Christ fulfill;"
And so I joined him on the road,
Hoping to lighten his sad load.

I spoke in loving words and kind;
He, smiling, looked up in my face—
He had a true and noble mind—
And answered with a manly grace:
"My father, sir, has long been dead,
And mother earns our daily bread.

"To school she sends me every day;
I do the best there that I can;
And mother says she'll get her pay
When I grow up to be a man;
And, sir, I hope that I shall be
All that my mother wishes me.

"They call me 'Patchie;' I don't care,"
Said he while passing through the gate;
"It's what we are, not what we wear.
That makes us good and makes us great."
He touched his cap and said, "Good-night;"
I whispered, "Noble, brave and right!"

I started on my homeward way:
Not only boys, but men, I thought,
Pass by the poor ones every day;
Only the rich and the grand are sought;
This world, so full of foolish pride,
Puts "Patchie" on the other side.

—*Mrs. S. T. Perry, in S. S. Visitor.*

DOCKS.

As for me, I wanted Robinson Crusoe; that large, fine edition down at Hemmens' book store, with the colored pictures. I wanted it for my own—not to return to somebody else when I had read it through. What was one reading for such a book as that?

Dick didn't want Robinson Crusoe. Not a bit; nor any other book. The less he saw of a book the better he liked it.

He was my brother; my twin brother, too; but we weren't any more alike than—well, than two honey-suckle blossoms, one yellow and the other red, on the same stalk.

What Dick *did* want was one of black Tony's pug puppies. Tony was Mr. Lesseps' hostler, and he was raising the dogs to sell. Mr. Lesseps was our next neighbor, and his little Alice was the sweetest blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty that ever ran with her arms reached out to meet two admiring young playfellows like us. Dick thought all the world of Alice, but I do believe he saw even more loveliness in the tawny velvet hide, the pug muzzle, the turbid blue eyes of either one of the little fat trio cuddled asleep a greater part of the time on the straw in Mr. Lesseps' stable.

Robinson Crusoe was two dollars and a half. The best puppy was two dollars and a half. They might as well have been a million. How were we two youngsters to have five dollars pocket money all at once? and how long would it take us to save it?

Our father had only the year before bought our summer home in the country. He was a busy merchant in New York, and knew very little about farming. Mr. Lesseps' place was beautiful and elaborate, for he had owned it a long time, but ours was still in the rough, and there remained a great deal to be done in every part of it, plowing, grading, planting and what not. Father used to come out and spend a day or two in the week with us, and how he did enjoy getting on his farm clothes and going around watching the work and supervising his men here and there, seeing things come more and more into shape.

But I was telling you how much Dick and I wanted five dollars. We wanted it so much that one morning when father had gotten on his duster and was waiting for the carriage to come round to take him to the station, we went to him; and Dick, who was generally the spokesman for the two, acquainted him with our desires. I said nothing, but the petition in my eyes seconded the motion.

You ought to have seen father's face. "Five dollars! Well, well! that's a tall want for little shavers like you! What do you want to do with five dollars?"

We told him. He listened to us, looking from one to the other as we severally expatiated upon the merits of our considerati.

"Well, now, let's see," said he. "I have to work for my five dollars; and it needs a great many to take care of you two little chaps, and all the rest of it, don't you see?"

Yes, we saw.

And would we "be willing to work for our five dollars?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, what do you want to do most?" he asked, his merry eyes twinkling. "Will you pull weeds?"

"Yes, sir," we eagerly responded.

"Come along then," he said; and taking us each by the hand he led us into the lawn yet to be, now merely a grass-grown pasture-field, and up to a tall plant with great leaves, and a plumy head of green seed-vessels stirring softly in the summer air.

"There!" says father. "Now there are about ten thousand of these things on the place, and for every one you'll pull up I'll give you a penny; so you can be rich, boys, if you like, both of you. You can buy all Tony's pups, Dick and Hal here, he can get books enough to start a library. Hey? How's that?"

Well, we thought that was delightful. We thought we could have our hearts' desires—say next morning; and father left us, looking back and laughing from the carriage to see us pulling with all our might at the big dock.

We might as well have pulled at one of the stone pillars of the carriage-porch. We looked at each other in disappointment; and we also looked at our hands; they smarted already.

"This one is so big," says Dick, "let's find little ones that will come up easy."

It wasn't a hard matter to find them—all we wanted; but, alas! the little ones held on harder than we could.

Jim Holt, our farmer's son, was passing by, with a rake over his shoulder. He looked at us, smiling dryly.

"What you doin'?" he asked. We tugged away, flushed and determined.

"Don't you know you can't pull docks?" said he. "Why, them things has iron bars for roots, and they go through to the other side of the yarth, and then they're clinched in!"

"Poh!" we said, "no such thing."

"Fact!" says Jim, looking back at us soberly as he walked away; "that's where the iron comes from; that's they way they raise it."

"Father was making fun of us," said I. "He knew we couldn't do it."

Dick was looking at the insides of his hands and rubbing them against his trousers' legs. "Let's go to Tony's and see the puppies," said he.

Tony's white teeth grinned as he saw us. He was polishing a set of harness; and in an empty stall near by, in the corner, on a pile of straw and old horse-blankets lay three little buff roly-polys snuggled together in warm, panting slumber. They lifted their sleepy heads as we smoothed them, and looked at us drowsily out of their dark-blue clouded eyes, and then down they heavily dropped again into slumber.

We told Tony our experience of the morning. But what was our surprise before we had proceeded far to see him suddenly pause in his work and listen to us with attention, and when we had finished throw his head back and burst out laughing, and then keep slapping his knees and laugh on, rolling his head from side to side! We couldn't help laughing heartily in sympathy, though what in the world it meant we didn't see. "Oh ho!" he chuckled at last. "Now dat ar's curus. Ha! ha! Mas'r King he do' 'no' no great 'bout farmin'! Now Mas' Dick, yo' got yo' dog, sho'. Yo' tell yo' fader he kin fotch 'long his ten t'ousan' out o' de bank, 'cos yo' go'n' to git it now, no mistake 'bout dat ar." And then he proceeded to tell us in his own fashion, which I will translate for brevity's sake, that if we possessed our souls in patience till there came a good drenching rain to wet the soil down to a great depth, the dock roots would pull nearly as easily as turnips, and we could pile them, so to speak, Pelion upon Ossa.

There is no need to say how often, after this, our gaze was directed toward the heavens, nor how suddenly we became interested in the weather article in father's paper. Father would sometimes ask, "Well, boys, how about those weeds? When shall I bring out the five dollars?" And we would merely look at each other with a smile which we understood well enough, but which to him meant our enlightenment as to the staying power of the common dock.

At last there appeared ominous lines in Prof. Probabilities' diagram. Came a day when winds and gusts and gathering gloom darkened and deepened; and then a storm broke over the earth such as people tremble to see. We were not selfish enough to be glad, either, when we heard of all the ruin and death the tempest was bringing on sea and land. The rain fell in sheets; the streets ran torrents; the winds roared and raged. When at last the storm ceased and the sun appeared once more nature scarcely seemed rejoicing, but exhausted, drooping, broken, as if its strength were gone and it had no heart left.

But although we had been half frightened at the fury of the tempest, and wholly sorry at its violence, there had been space enough for us to remember our own especial enterprise. We had gone out the first few hours after the rain set in, and essayed a sturdy dock. It seemed just as firm as the first one which had defied all our efforts. We went to Tony to ask an explanation. He answered us by letting a hose pipe discharge itself for ten minutes or so on a stalwart root growing near, and then showing us how easily our united strength could dislodge it. "Groun' got to be soakin'—jes like sponge," he said; "den yo' do it—jes 's I tell yo'."

The morning of the day it cleared we went to him. He grinned when he saw us afar off, and began a pantomime of stooping and pulling which we well understood. "Ebbery ting reddy now," he said, "yo' kin git yo' ten t'ousan', if yo' wan' to. Tell ye, chil'en," he continued, "keep um all in a heap, out o' sight, som' 'er, till yo' git all yo' want. 'n 'en pile um up, de white roots inside, nice—so yo' fader can count 'um easy."

We pulled docks two hours, and by that time we had emptied four hand-cart loads under the woodshed, and piled them neatly, one hundred and fifty strong. But we could do no more—at least that day. Our backs ached; our fingers were blistered—to say nothing of hoots and clothes stiffened with the mud of the soaked soil, and drenched from the dripping weeds.

When father came home on the third afternoon, we took each one of his hands, and led him out—silently, in reply to his questions, but with giggles and capers he was at a loss to understand—till we walked him in front of the white bristling piles in the woodshed.

"There they are," said one of us.

"Five piles—a hundred in each," added the other.

"A penny a piece, father."

"I'm going to start a library."

"I'm going to have the best puppy."

Father looked from one to the other as we spoke. "How did you get them?" he asked.

"We pulled 'em."

"Pulled 'em! *You* pulled 'em?"

"*We* pulled 'em."

When we had sufficiently enjoyed our triumph we explained. He regarded us with wide-opened eyes of comic astonishment meanwhile, and then he gravely drew his port-monnaie from his pocket and counted us out each two dollars and a half. "Well, boys," says he, "I don't know but I've got my five dollars' worth as well as you. Jim! Here!" he called. "Tell your father to set all you fellows to work on dock-roots all over the place; don't leave a single one, if it takes all day," and before he had finished talking we were already on our way to Tony, and Dick gathered up his own especial favorite into his arms, looking at it as if it were a package of candy and he were hungry. The next day father brought me out my Robinson Crusoe.—*Mrs. E. C. Gibson, in Christian Union.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A hundred years ago the Moravians baptized the first negro convert in Dutch Guiana. Now the mission has 23,301 members.

—It is stated that no less than 2,534 preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are pursuing the regular courses of Conference study. The number of preachers in classes for admission on trial to Conference is 568.

—The Unitarian year-book for 1880 reports 336 societies in the United States and 405 ministers. Of the latter, 218 are settled and 187 unsettled. There has been a decrease of twenty the past year in the list of societies and of six in the number of settled ministers.

—The place known as the "Tombs of the Kings," a short distance to the north of Jerusalem, has recently been purchased by a French lady, and by her orders excavations have been undertaken there. Capitals and other architectural remains have been found.

—Agents of the Vermont Bible Society in a recent visit to ninety-nine towns of that State found that in every town except four there was at least one family which did not possess a copy of any portion of the Bible. Visits were made to 25,394 families, of which number 2,323 were without the scriptures, 524 of them being American families.

—At a meeting, recently, of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association Mr. H. B. Sprague, Master of the Girls' High School of Boston, declared that the school system should be one to fit for citizenship whatever else may be omitted in the studies. He added that the ignorance which is dangerous is not ignorance of Latin roots, Parisian accent, binomial theorems or polly-wogs, but the ignorance of the knowledge which leads to a proper citizenship, and he closed with a strong plea for more practical methods in the education of children.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—At the town farm in Hartford, Conn., a returned missionary is sawing wood at fifty cents a day, his object being thus to restore his health. Overwork has affected his mind, and he hopes to regain his former health by systematic physical labor. When dinner was offered him at the town-house he declined it on the ground that in his case a fish diet was needed. He has arranged at a restaurant for two meals of fish a day, and is said to be very much pleased with his success and prospects. Efforts have been made to place him in better circumstances, but he prefers to remain where he is.

—The New Testament Company of the American Bible Revision Committee held their last meeting on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26 and 27, and finished the second revision of the Book of Revelation. In their next meetings they will consider the final action of the British Company on their work. It is expected that the revised New Testament will be finished and published by the English University presses during the year 1880, which is the fifth semi-centennial of the publication of Wickliffe's Bible, the first complete translation of the Old and New Testaments into the English language. The Old Testament Company have at their last session revised for the first time the translation of the Book of Job as far as chapter xi., 14.

A Victim to Opium Smoking.

On Christmas eve—when Canal street was one jam of laughing, pushing, happy humanity, rushing this way, crowding and clustering about the shop windows, tumbling over the old black beggars on the corners, buying confections and dry goods and toys for "the stockings"—Sue and I slipped quietly away from grandma and the babies, and turned our footsteps down South Rampart street. A minute's walk and we were beyond sight and sound of the crowds out in their holiday attire, and our feet were leading us down into one of the shyest neighborhoods in New Orleans. We had no need to ask our way, we knew the place was on Franklin street, one of the Five Points of our town, and there was to be a sign on the door post, by which we should know our destination. Soon we came to it, the bit of pinked out white tarletan tacked against the solid green painted wooden shutter—and passing through the little knot of darkey children and their loud-mouthed, brazen mothers, we entered the tiny, neatly kept front room, and stooped to place flowers over the stilled heart of Irwin Russell. A faded out little woman, worn by toil and the never ending tussle with poverty, sat on the side of the bed, holding a bundle of letters in her work worn hands. The long, narrow casket filled up the little room; at its head, and looking down upon the dead face within, stood an officer of the law. Two children, a boy and girl, were playing over the foot of the coffin. Yes, there lay all that was mortal of a man whose brain has furnished pastime and pleasure to half the reading people of America; whose name is known in every household where *Scribner's Magazine* has a welcome; a man who deliberately took his own brilliant future into his hands, and weekly, and bit by bit, but sure as death, put out the promise of his life with the fumes of alcohol and opium. Poor Irwin Russell, as deserving of pity as ever was Poe, he might have been so much, he allowed himself to become before his time a little heap of senseless clay.

The telegraph told his death in many towns on Christmas eve. From Boston to San Francisco the familiar name was flashed, and so little is known of the life of the poor boy that you cannot but be interested in the few pages of it that I have stored in my memory.

On the night of the 18th of August a soiled and tattered man, walking in the uncertain way of one that sees not clearly, entered the office of one of the editors of the *Times*. He brought a little reportorial matter, as he said, from a man down on the steamship Knickerboeker, which had but then arrived from New York. This man, the messenger said, sent his card, and on the card was written Irwin Russell. The editor immediately told him go tell Mr. Russell to come to the office. The next day there came instead a note from Mr. Russell in which he said that when he arrived off the steamer—having worked his way South as a stowaway—he was so unpresentable, so ashamed of himself, and in such dire want, that he was ashamed to come to the *Times* office, but had appeared there as his own messenger. The letter he wrote to the editor was most pathetic, telling how ill he had been of a fever in New York, how he had been cared for by Johnson, of *Scribner*, and Bunner, of *Puck*, and how his head being seriously affected, he had wandered onto the Knickerbocker, and begged permission to work his way to New Orleans. "What a time I had in that den of a fireman's forecastle, living on tainted meat and genuine Mark Twain 'slumgullion' I won't try to tell you," he writes in this letter to the editor, and then adds, in explanation of this bit of his history, "I tell you all this to make you understand why I did not let you know that I was my own messenger last night. I never was in such a state before in all my life, and I was ashamed to make myself known. However, 'needs must when the devil drives.' I suppose I am not the only sufferer from Panurge's disease, 'lack 'o money,' but it is hard to smoke the pipe of contentment when you can't get tobacco!"—*Cor. New Orleans Times.*

Up a Tree.

"I haven't hunted any in several years," said Billy Muir, who has been shot three times, has had three ribs broken in a railroad smash-up, has had three toes amputated, and has been run over three times by locomotives; "but I remember some peculiar circumstances that occurred between myself and a bear, almost the first time I went hunting. I had an old four-chambered revolver that carried a cartridge like a small sweet potato. It took an awful pull to set her off, but when the trigger went down she never stopped going until the whole four barrels had emptied themselves, sometimes all at once, and sometimes in succession. It wasn't a very safe piece of ordnance to use with all the chambers charged, so I never loaded more than one, except when I wanted to exhibit the capacity of the pistol. On the occasion I am referring to I had heard there was a bear hanging round over on the Paupack ridge, four or five miles from where I lived. I thought there might be such a thing as my distinguishing myself at the start by fetching down that bear, so one day I took my rifle and my pistol and tramped over to the ridge. I don't think I had got into the woods more than a quarter of a mile when I saw a thundering big bear about fifty yards ahead of me, eating wild honey from a hollow tree which had blown down during some hard wind. I had never seen a wild bear before, and was consequently very nervous, but I pulled up my rifle and whanged away at the big brute. I never touched him, and he didn't seem to mind my shooting. I fired three times, and every time aimed at a spot just back of his fore shoulder. The third shot cut the bear's tail clean off, and it fell to the ground. This apparently astonished bruin. He turned round, picked up the tail, gazed at it curiously for a moment, as if he couldn't believe the evidence of his eyesight, and then rolled himself up in a ball, looked between his legs at the spot where his tail used to be, and actually fitted the severed appendage to it. This inspection apparently satisfied him that his worst fears were only too well founded. He unrolled himself, and with a growl that meant business, started hot foot for me. I dropped my gun and made for the nearest tree, and shinned up it in less time than it takes me to tell it. I had my pistol in my belt, and every barrel was loaded. I paused on a limb about ten feet from the ground. The bear was at the foot of the tree ready to ascend. He was looking right up at me, and his mouth was open at least eight inches. I was fearfully scared, and my hands trembled so that in taking my pistol out of my belt and cocking it, it slipped from me and fell per plunk into the bear's mouth. He made one gulp and swallowed it. It didn't seem to discommode him in the least. He closed his jaws, and it looked to me as if a thoughtful expression came over his face. A new idea seemed to strike him, as it were. At any rate he hurried back to the spot where I had shot his tail off, stopped a moment, and then disappeared in the woods at the top of his speed. I lost no time in getting down out of that tree, securing my gun, and making my best time for home. For months the hunters tried to get a sight of that bear, but it was no use. He couldn't be found. Everybody thought he had crawled off and died. A year afterward I was standing on a runway for deer on Paupack ridge, when along came a big bear, taking it easy through the woods. A funny thing about him was his tail, which turned upward like a deer's, while a bear's lays flat down. It gave him a very ridiculous appearance, and I could scarcely take aim at him, I had to laugh so. The bear was close to me and hadn't seen me. I sent a ball into him. Simultaneously with the report of my gun I heard a dull, rumbling report, and saw a big piece of the bear fly upward. Then came another report followed by two more, and the bear was scattered about the woods like autumn leaves. At first I was frightened, but it wasn't ten seconds before I understood the whole thing. The bear was the one that had swallowed my pistol a year before. My rifle-ball had penetrated the bear's stomach at the spot where the pistol still lay, and had hit the hammer with force enough to knock it down. That, of course, discharged one chamber, and, as usual, the others followed. This explanation was satisfactory to me until I happened to think that my bear of the year before was minus a tail, while this one had a tail, although a funny one. I hunted around among the remains of the late bear, and finally found the piece that had the tail on. It was a bear's tail but was upside down. Closer inspection revealed the fact that it had not originally been in that position. It was all plain to me then. When the bear that swallowed my pistol had seemed to be struck with a new idea at the foot of the tree, he thought of sticking his tail back in its place before it got cold, with the hope that it would grow fast again. To carry out this happy thought he had hurried away picked up his tail, and then flew to the solitude of his den to perform the operation. In his hurry and excitement he stuck the tail on upside down. To give it time to unite firmly with the parent flesh again, the bear remained quiet in his den. This was why the hunters could never find him. By the proud and dignified way the bear was marching along when I shot him with such disastrous results, I candidly believe it was his first appearance in public with his grafted tail."

This one was more than the old settler could stand. He swung his cane and made the bar-room howl.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

A Clock That Runs a Year on One Winding.

On Chatham street there lives an old, hoary-headed man named Cloff Pilquest, who is the inventor of a curious and somewhat wonderful piece of mechanism in the shape of a clock which faithfully ticks and tells the time for an entire year with only one winding.

A *Leader* man found the aged artisan busily applying himself in his workshop yesterday afternoon, when the old gentleman, in broken English related a short history of his life, of the curiosity in question, and explained the peculiarities of the time-piece.

"I was born in 1802, in a place called Broley, in Sweden. I learned my trade with a workman named Persson, and during my apprenticeship, in the year 1820, I began to make drawings of my clock, and of these I made fully a dozen up to the time when I began its construction. In 1846 I came to this country and settled down in Pittsburg, where I have lived and toiled ever since."

Here the old man took down a well-worn book, which proved to be nothing more nor less than a diary, containing the number of hours and sections of hours and their exact position in the day, which he lavished on the 365 day time piece. After carefully examining his records, the hero resumed: "On the 18th of August of '75 I began building the clock, and devoted all my spare moments to its construction until the work was completed on the 28th of December of '77, and there it is running just as it started on the 28th of December of last year."

Here the old man removed an oval-shaped glass case from the little object, and explained that the only advantages it possessed was simplicity and the faculty of pointing out the time of day through an entire year with but one winding up, and it accomplishes this feat in this way: Arranged in a semi-circle are eight powerful springs, each on being wound up capable of keeping the internals in motion for precisely six weeks. These are encased in eight brazen bands, and through their center runs a shaft at each end of which revolves a wheel, and there is a communication between the wheel on the eight shafts. When one of these springs has become exhausted, the apparatus is so constructed that the next nearest spring intrusts its force to the one just weakened, and so on for all the eight. A glance through its works revealed that the construction was strikingly simple. The ticking is hardly anywhere audible in the room, and the inventor bragged about the exactness with which his clock pointed out the hour of the day.

Considering his time and the value of the material used in making the apparatus, he claims that this marvelous piece of mechanism has cost him, at the least calculation, $632.35.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader.*

The Manufacture of Slate-Pencils.

The process of making slate-pencils is thus described by the *American Stationer:* Broken slate from the slate-quarries is put in a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. These it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs into a "bolting-machine," where it is "bolted," the finer almost impalpable, flour that results being taken to a mixing tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, similarly manufactured, is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough. This dough is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers. Then it is conveyed to a table, where it is made into "charges"—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing some eight or twelve pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber, or "retort," with a changeable nozzle so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord, like a sleuder snake sliding out of a hole, and passes over a sloping table, slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zine, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the article exposed to its influence. From the kiln the articles go to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and are drawn neatly and smoothly pointed ready for use.

One of the witnesses in the Hayden trial was a kind-hearted old deacon. He testified that Hayden and himself had a talk about poison for rats, and he also informed the minister that he had sprinkled Paris green on his peas. "My wife," he said, in innocent simplicity, "wouldn't let me bring the peas in the house because she was afraid that they were poisoned. I told her that we wouldn't waste them—we'd give them to some of the brethren and sisters." Here's where the court laughed, and also where the wonder ceases that people are poisoned in Connecticut.

In the district of Waldai, in Russia, wolves are making great ravages this year, and it is feared that the losses of the peasants will surpass those of 1878. The bill of slaughter for this year alone in the above district includes 276 horses, 854 colts, 1,653 sheep, 237 cows, 749 calves and 295 goats and pigs.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Chopped onions, with a little ginger mixed in, is said to be a sure cure for chicken cholera.

—Transparent Pie.—Beat eight eggs well, put into a pan with one-half pound of loaf sugar, one-half pound of butter, and nutmeg to flavor; set it on the stove and stir till it thickens; then add one ounce of candied peel, chopped; when cool make your pie.

—Scotch Cake.—Stir to a cream a pound of sugar; three-quarters of a pound of butter, add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; separate the whites and yelks of nine eggs, and beat each to a froth; stir into the cake and add a pound of sifted flour; stir fifteen minutes, and just before putting into cake pans, which must be lined with buttered paper, add a pound of seeded raisins; spice to suit the taste. Bake one hour.

—Pudding.—One quart milk, four eggs, one cup bread-crumbs, one-half cup jam, one-half cup sugar. Butter a pudding dish; sprinkle the bottom with bread-crumbs; pour over these one-half cup jam; cover this with the rest of the crumbs. Heat the milk till near boiling, take it from the fire and add gradually the beaten yelks, whites and sugar; heat this until it begins to thicken; put it spoonful by spoonful upon the layer of crumbs. Bake until well set and brown. Eat cold with cream.

—Corn loses one-fifth by drying, and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five cents than at one dollar a bushel in the following summer, and that wheat at one dollar and twenty-five cents in December is equal to one dollar and fifty cents in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost, together with the shrinkage—there is but little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

—Some one wrote to the *Rural New Yorker* to know if kerosene would not do to prevent bark lice. This brought a reply from a Mr. Charles Downing, who says: "I have not had an experience with kerosene, and would not like to risk it. I have found potash dissolved in water a good remedy—one pound of potash and one and a half gallons of water—put on with a paint brush; and now is a good time, when the leaves are off, or any time before the buds begin to swell in the spring. The trees should be washed up as far as there are any insects, even to the ends of the branches."

—Planting Potatoes.—A correspondent asks which is best hills or drills, and how far apart the rows should be in planting potatoes. In our opinion it is advisable to plant potatoes in hills, as much labor is saved in keeping down weeds if the potatoes can be cultivated both ways. We planted some potatoes last spring, with the drills three feet apart one year and a little over two feet the other, but as sufficient care was not taken to get the hills true, many were cut down in cultivating. The distance both of hills and drills must depend on the strength of the soil and the size of the tops. Three feet each way is the usual distance.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Plain Plum Cake.—Four pounds of flour, one pound of dripping, the same of good moist sugar, three pounds of sultana raisins, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, two small teaspoonfuls of hicarbonate of soda, one quart of sour milk or buttermilk and a small pinch of salt; rub the dripping well but lightly into the flour, then throw in the sugar, raisins, peel and spices and mix all well together; dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of water and add it to the buttermilk just before wetting the cake with it, which must not be until you are quite ready to put it in the oven; have your tins well greased with good butter and half fill them with your cake mixture; bake as usual. Cakes made after this recipe will be found very light and wholesome. Carraway seeds or currants may be substituted for the raisins.

—Seven machines in Pittsburg produced last year 1,063,345 kegs of nails.

The Ladies' Favorite.

Among the many thousands of ladies who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and pronounced it their favorite remedy, because so efficient in the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, are many who are well and favorably known in the world of letters, as well as artists, musicians, and a whole host of names from the brilliant ranks of wealth and fashion. It is pre-eminently the ladies' Favorite Prescription, its use, while being far more safe and efficient, exempting them from those painful, caustic operations, and the wearing of those mechanical contrivances made like Peter Pindar's razor—seller's razors—to SELL rather than to cure.

KILLMORE, Ind., March 20th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health.

Yours truly, GRACE CHOATE.

422 Eutaw Street, BALTIMORE, Md., June 10th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly twenty years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her.

Thankfully yours, R. T. MCCAY.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Sensible Canadian.

Mr. Gadbois, of Brockville, Canada, after being cured of a prostrating malarial disease contracted in Texas, by means of Warner's Safe Pills and Safe Bitters, writes to us: "I shall never travel in that climate without your Safe Pills and Safe Bitters as a part of my outfit."

CONUNDRUM—Why is good advice like Piso's Cure for Consumption? Because everybody ought to take it.

ALL Grocers keep C. Gilbert's Starches.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening; purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action.

Vegetine.

THOUGH SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Had all the Symptoms.

Vegetine Cured Her

TORONTO, Sept. 27, 1879.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:

Sir—Three bottles of Vegetine have given me complete relief from pain and anxiety as to my future, and I desire to add my testimonial to its merits as proven in my experience. For more than a year previous to June of the present year, I was afflicted with sharp pains through the chest and shoulders; I understood these to be symptoms of Consumption, and the anxiety resulting from this idea weighed down upon me. I rapidly lost flesh, color, spirits, memory and strength; I became exceedingly sensitive to exposure and was constantly taking cold, which resulted in acute catarrh and cough. A friend recommended your Vegetine, then just being advertised, and after using three bottles I was free from all pain, and to-day I am well and hopeful of long life. If this may be the means of inducing any suffering like distress to get like relief, I shall not regret having told my story. I am, sir, yours gratefully,

MRS. WM. CHURCHILL,
338 Wilton avenue.

Vegetine.

Was at Last Relieved of Pain.

NOT BY DEATH.

BUT CURED BY VEGETINE.

TORONTO, ONT., Oct. 2, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have suffered from a pain in the small of my back for the last fifteen years, and people called it LUMBAGO. I found out that my KIDNEYS were affected, and used medicines prescribed by doctors, all of which did me little good.

A friend advised me to try VEGETINE. I did, and after using three bottles I found myself quite relieved of pain, all through taking your valuable medicine.

Yours truly,
M. J. SMITH,
23 Dorset street.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS.

American Anthem Book,

with 100 *easy* and good Anthems ($12 per doz.) By J. H. TENNEY and A. J. ABBEY. Edited by A. N. JOHNSON. The anthems are exceptionally good, and sufficiently numerous to provide two for every Sunday in the year.

Dow's Sacred Quartets

FOR MALE VOICES. By Howard M. Dow.

Price $2.00. Per Dozen, $18.00.

This is a fine collection, which furnishes excellent material for bringing out the talent of the Male Quartets that can now be formed in almost every choir.

The Deluge.

NEW CANTATA. By St. Saens.

Price in Boards, $1 00. Paper 80 cts.

This is just the time to adopt a Cantata for Chorus practice, and the *Deluge* has the advantage of good and striking music, and impressive words. Not difficult.

Parlor Organ Instruction Book,

By A. N. Johnson. Price $1.50.

A complete easy instructor for Reed Organs, adapted exactly to the wants of those who wish to learn both easy light music and easy sacred music.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, N. Y. J. E. Ditson & Co., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West

Iowa Farms

For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co.

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ITS FAME LIMITED TO NO COUNTRY, SECT OR RACE.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER!

Sold by all Druggists.

As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for external and internal uses, especially as a Regulator of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED!

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP.

Mailed Free for 35 Cts.

Four for $1.

$10,000 will be paid to any person who can *explode a Lamp* fitted with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT.

Boy may use any lamp or burner. Prevents dipping and heating. Send for sample, with size of collar and depth of your lamp.

AGENTS WANTED.

S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 12 West Broadway, New York

Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED!

Every dealer, Artist and Canvasser in the country to send me their address. I will send by return mail my New Reduced Price List for Artists' Materials, Chromos, Rustic, Walnut and Velvet Frames, Mouldings, Mirrors and Mirror Plates, Mottos, Perforated Card Board, Pantographs, Stereoscopes, Views, Photographic Stock, Apparatus, etc. Dealers, Artists and Canvassers can all make money on these goods at the prices I sell them. When writing, please state where you saw this advertisement and what your present business is. W. H. HAVILAND, dealer in all kinds of Fine Art Goods, 352 and 354 (new number) Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a **Torpid Liver**, and cure **Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague**, and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all **Malarial Poison.** Price, **25 cents** a Box.

Warner's Safe Nervine quickly gives **Rest and Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache** and **Neuralgia, Prevents Epileptic Fits**, and is the best remedy for **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drinking, over-work, mental shocks, and other causes. It relieves the pains of all diseases and is never injurious to the system. The best of all **Nervines.** Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50 cts.** and **$1.**

SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE. SAFE DIABETES CURE. SAFE BITTERS. SAFE NERVINE. SAFE PILLS. READ! SAVE THYSELF.

H. H. Warner & Co. Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

BAKER'S PHILADELPHIA

THE ONLY REMEDY

For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, *and Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.*

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *recommended by the highest medical authority* to be "both food and medicine."

Begin the use promptly, *and thus save life and establish health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.

For sale by all druggists. Send for Pamphlet to

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of HALEY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

LIGHTNING

Hay Knives!

WEYMOUTH'S PATENT.

THIS knife is the best in use for cutting down hay and straw in mow and stack, cutting fine feed from bale, cutting corn-stalks for feed, cutting peat and ditching meadows.

The blade is best cast steel, spring temper, easily sharpened, and giving *unequaled* satisfaction. A few moments' trial will show its merits, and parties once using it are unwilling to do without it. Its sales are fast increasing for export, as well as home trade, and it *seems destined* to take the place of all other Hay Knives.

Manufactured only by MIRAM HOLT & CO., East Wilton, Franklin County, Maine.

For sale by the Hardware Trade Generally.

TRADE MARK.

THE HOLMAN AGUE AND LIVER PAD cures WITHOUT MEDICINE all Stomach and Liver diseases and removes the cause of seven-eighths of all ills. Worn as seen in the cut, the pad will effect more cures than all other remedies combined; thousands testify to this fact. More than 2,000,000 pads sold the last year. Regular pad sent by mail free on receipt of $2. Special pad for chronic cases $5. Dr. Holman's celebrated lecture sent free to any address. W. GUNN & CO., 326 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

Sold by Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED for the RICHLY ILLUSTRATED and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of

GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

It Describes Regal Entertainments, Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. 65th A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. Over 9000 pages. Price only $3.5. Send for Circulars containing a full description of the work and our extra terms to Agents. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

BROWN'S GRADED HAND-BOOK to the Pianoforte is the teacher's best assistant, and the young pupil's best guide. Mothers can instruct their children properly, as every position of the hand and fingers is fully illustrated by numerous engravings. Price, postage-paid, $2. Published by WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union Square, N. Y.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *Wemean what we say.* Samples free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

PLAYERS OF VIOLIN, CELLO, GUITAR OR BANJO, (professional or amateur) send address, and hear of a great invention. PROF. JOSEPH SINGER, Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS A new article with which you can coin money. Address Geo. Van Sands, Middletown, Conn.

GUNS Revolvers. Illustrated Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

MONEY in it for Agents. Address Harris & Smith, Manufacturers Safety Lamps, Janesville, Wis.

BIG work. $800 made in one township. Trial outfit $1, worth $10. A. T. MORRIS, Ilion, O.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

FARM for SALE. 200 acres. Price $1,200. Title perfect. T. Courcier, Mt. Pleasant, Ind.

OD 752—L K

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It Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it; or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

USE ONLY THIS THE FIRST AND THE BEST

GILT-EDGE **BUTTER MAKER**

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ¼ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs. [Trade-mark "Butter-Maker" Registered.] BUFFALO, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Peter P. Lohr, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Jesse J. Ashby and Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse J Ashby, and to me the undersigned Sheriff directed, said writ of fieri facias being No. 2, Judicials to September Term of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, both at law and equity, of the said Jesse J. Ashby, and of the said Hannah Ashby, wife as aforesaid, in and to all of the following real estate, Tracts and parcels of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Md., about four miles southwest of the town of Oakland, and which are described as follows: One tract of land called and known by the name of

PINEY BOTTOM,

lying on the west side of the Youghlogheny river in said county of Garrett, and adjoining a tract of land known by the name of "Small Meadows," the tract called "Piney Bottom" containing the quantity of two hundred and seventy-two acres of land, more or less, as a whole, and being the same tract of land which was surveyed for Samuel Chase the 13th day of April, A. D. 1771, the one undivided one-half of said tract having been conveyed to the said Jesse J. Ashby by Jesse Ashby and Frances Ashby, his wife, by deed dated the 31st day of March, A. D. 1865, and which is duly recorded in Liber H. R., No. 2., folio 278, one of the land records of Allegany county, Md. The other undivided one-half part of said tract called "Piney Bottom," being more particularly described in a deed to the aforesaid Hannah Ashby by John Everett, a late Sheriff of Allegany county, Md., which said deed is dated the 21st day of October, A. D. 1859, and which is recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 411, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, Md.; especial reference to which said deeds is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said tracts of land so owned as aforesaid. Also all that tract of land called and known by the name of "BUCK'S DALE," lying on the east side of the Youghlogheny River in said county of Garrett, and also adjoining the said tract of land called "Bucks' Dale" the quantity of one hundred and ninty-four and one-half acres of land, which is more particularly described in Patent from the State of Maryland to the said Jesse J. Ashby, bearing date the 21st day of March, A. D. 1867, and which is duly recorded in Liber W. S. W. S., No. 2, folio 271 and 272 in the land office of Maryland, at Annapolis, to which said Patent reference is hereby particularly made for a more full and particular description of said tract. All of said real estate is improved and in a fair state of cultivation; also, by a dwelling house and other out-buildings; also, there is a good orchard on the same. Any one wishing to purchase a good stock farm would do well to examine the property before the day of sale. Said lands will be sold separately or as a whole, which ever will bring the most money.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, February 7th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property aforesaid, to satisfy said writ of fieri facias and costs.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
1 17 td Late Sheriff.

ORDER NISI,

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beechy, Executor,

vs.

Daniel Yutzy.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the sale made and reported by Daniel Beechy, Executor, for the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February next; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be two thousand dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—
Test: W. H. HAGANS,
1 17 3 Register of Wills.

When You Buy

YOUR FALL OR WINTER

GROCERIES,

Get them from the long established house of

THOS. L. REESE.

(In operation since 1855),
207 and 209 W. Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Where the best goods obtainable can be had at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Dec. 6-8t*

H. WHEELER COMBS,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ No charge for advertising property placed in my hands.

The following properties have been placed in my hands

FOR SALE.

NO. 3.

One of the best little farms in Garrett county, 2½ miles west of Oakland, the county seat. This farm contains 98 ACRES, 70 acres in cultivation, and all susceptible of easy and profitable cultivation. Improved by a

New 2 Story House,

containing 8 rooms and good cellar, GOOD BARN and stabling. There is a good young orchard of 70 trees. The whole farm is under good fence. This farm will be offered for a SUBSTANTIAL at a very low price and on easy terms. Title perfect. Limestone and coal within two miles.

NO. 4.

Fichtner's Mill Property.

This property, containing 250 acres, situated on Muddy Creek, in Swan Run district, Garrett county, Md., will be sold at a VERY LOW PRICE and upon the easiest of terms. It lies 9 miles north west of Oakland, 8 miles from Hutton's switch and 7 miles from Cranberry summit. It is one of the best mill seats in the county, and is surrounded by the best timbered land of the section. It is improved by an excellent

FRAME HOUSE,

containing 12 rooms; good stabling attached. The water used from a Saw Mill are upon the property, and will be sold with the property. Any one wishing a bargain will find it to their interest to call and examine for themselves, as I am anxious to sell, particularly for a bargain seldom offered.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Facenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

Wolf, Thayer & Co.,

Are now paying the highest CASH prices for

Furs, Sheep Skins, Game of all kinds and Produce Generally.

Ware-room in Glatt's Old Building, Main Street, Oakland, Md. 10 20f.

MEDICAL.

H. T.

HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253½ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and to any one wishing to make an examination. Mr. Yutzy will show the property.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. jc21-y1

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GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M.
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880. NUMBER 49.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1, 1880.

TRUE DISCIPLES.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

From the opening of the Saviour's public life we are led at a step across the events of a year into the period of his highest popularity. He who stood alone in the wilderness is now the centre of interest for the whole nation. He has traversed all the villages of Galilee, (Matt. 4. 23-25) everywhere attracting the attention of multitudes by his living utterances, so different from the dry formulas of the scribes, and by his wonderful works of healing. He has twice visited Jerusalem, asserted his authority by driving the traders from his Father's house, (John 2. 13-17.) and revealed his power by the miracle at Bethesda, (John 5. 1-13.) He is now once more in his own Galilee, among warmer hearts and more willing minds than those of the unfriendly Pharisees of the capital. Over all the land has been borne the news that Messiah has come, and the masses, weary with the burdens of both Church and State, and eager for the new kingdom of God, throng around him, expecting to be led at once to liberty. The Saviour, after a night of prayer upon the mountain's summit, has just chosen from the company of his professed disciples twelve men to listen to his teachings, and then to go forth and proclaim them through the land. Sitting upon a level plain on the mountain's brow, with the blue of an Oriental sky overhead, and the gleaming waters of the Lake below, the twelve seated at his feet, and the multitude circling in waves around, every eye fixed and every ear attent, he opens his lips to declare the foundation-principles of the new gospel, the *Magna Charta* of the kingdom which is to endure when the thrones of earth shall have crumbled.

Matt. 5. 1-16.

Memory Verses, 3-10.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

HOME READINGS.

M. The miracle at Cana. John 2. 1-11.

Tu. Conversation with Nicodemus. John 3. 1-16.

W. The woman of Samaria. John 4. 1-26.

Th. The rejection at Nazareth. Luke 4. 16-37.

F. The miracle at Bethesda. John 5. 1-19.

S. The draught of fishes. Luke 5. 1-11.

S. The twelve apostles. Luke 6. 1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye are the light of the world. Matt. 5. 14.

LESSON HYMN. 8s & 6s.

Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire,
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around
With purest luster shine;
That all around our works may see
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE SPIRIT OF HUMILITY, v. 1-6. Isa. 57. 15. Where and to whom was this address of Christ given? Who are the poor in spirit? [ANS. Those who know their own need of God's grace.] What mourners receive comfort? Isa. 61. 3. Who are the meek? How may we show meekness? What is righteousness? What is it to hunger and thirst after it? How can we become righteous? Gal. 3. 6.

2. THE SPIRIT OF PURITY, v. 7-8; Psa. 24. 3, 4. What is it to be pure in heart? When shall such see God? 1 John 3. 2, 3. What is a peacemaker? How may we be peacemakers? Why are they like God? Why should we want to be God's children?

3. THE SPIRIT OF PATIENCE, v. 10-12; 1 Pet. 3. 13, 14. What is it to be persecuted? Name some good people who were persecuted? Why do the wicked persecute the good? How are we rewarded for our endurance of persecution? 2 Cor. 4. 17. How should we feel and act toward those who do us wrong? Matt. 5. 44.

4. THE SPIRIT OF USEFULNESS, v. 13-16; Phil. 2. 15. What does Christ call disciples? Why is salt an emblem of the Christian? [ANS. Because it has a power to preserve from decay.] What danger does Jesus mention? How may we escape it? Why are Christians compared to lights? How may we let our lights shine?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1 That Christ honors the humble? Comforts the troubled? 3. Rewards the faithful?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian influence.

The next time the Democrats decide to snatch a State they will pick out one which does not lie so closely under Mr. Blaine's nose.

Mr. Nasby Delighted.

AUGUSTA, (Which is in State of Maine,) January 6, 1880.

We hev got 'em.

Ther ain't no doubt uv it.

For neetins uv idee and facility uv execcoshen, the Maine plan lays all over the Noo York repeeting notion, and is ez much sooperior to the Mississippi idee ez daylite is to darknis.

Maine is to Mississippi ez a piano is to a jewsharp.

Between the Main plan and the Noo York plan uv repeeting there ain't no more comparison than there is between the Noo York Central railroad and a Kentucky corduroy.

The trouble about the Mississippi plan uv carryin the State for the Democrasy is yoo hev to waste a good deal uv money in powder and shot, and there is suthin not altogether pleasant in shootin a Radikel. His wife and dawters allnz make a fuss that is onpleasant, onless the bystanders are sufficiently full to be entirely oblivious, which in the very nacher uv things, can't be for a man full enuff uv sodcorn whisky not to feel sum sort uv pity for a weepin woman, cooden't hev the nerve to shoot her husband at all. A slobbering woman isn't a greeable object, even to a citizen of Yazoo.

The Noo York plan uv carryin a eleckshun is open to the objeckshun uv expense. The average voter will hev so much likker and so much money for every time he repeets, and his leader hes got to be seen and he must hev his whack with the rest to keery a Dimekratik majority in the City uv Noo York sufficient to drown out the rest of the State is a expensive and troublesome thing.

But the kerryin uv Maine for the Dimocrisy agin a Republikin majority wuz no trouble at all, and no expense or bother. All Governor Garcelon did wuz to let the people vote, he did not shoot Republikins ez we do in Mississippi, or buy votes ez we do in Noo York. There wuz no interference with the freedom of the poles—every man voted wich hed a right to. Nuthin could be fairer, and the eleckshun, ez everybody will admit. The Republikins went to bed the nite uv the eleckshun feelin that they had carried the state, and the average Dimocrat conceeded it.

None uv 'em knode the skeem that wuz revolvin in the mind uv Garcelon, the Napoleon of the Northeast. The Republikin electid to the Legislacher found in a few days that he wuzn't elected at all. In the returns was found t's that hedn't been crossed and i's that hedn't been dottid, and he was throwd out becoz the returns wuz defective. There wuz no errors in the Demekratic deestriks. It hed been fixed that the t's shood all be crossed and the i's all dottid; but wo to the Republikin deestriks wher this important matter hed been keerlisly attended to. We hev the Legislacher and the next Senator, and the control uv the State.

Dimekrats of Noo York, stop buyin votes—there's a shorter way to victry.

Dimekrats uv Mississippi, throw away your shot-guns, and stop buyin powder and slugs. A Yankee Dimekrat hez showd yoo a better way of beeting a mejority. Violence and bribery is played out—Garcelon hez pinted out a better way and cheaper.

Will he stand firm? The man wich kin conceive such a thing ought to hev the stamina to kerry it out. I know he will. I hev been with him for some days, and of he don't I am no judge of human nacher,—uv his kind.

Hallelocjy! I see a lite. It breaks in the East. I hev an addishnel proof uv the trooth uv the Scriptures, for is it not written that the wise men cum from the East? It should hev addid also, that a great many uv the recklis ones come from the same seckshun.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Jubilant.

A thorough canvass of the newspapers of Pennsylvania on the Presidential question shows that Blaine is largely the favorite of Republican editors, and Tilden slightly the favorite of Democratic editors. Thus there are 65 Republican journals openly for Blaine, 32 for Grant, and 10 for Sherman. Of the Democratic journals 23 are for Tilden, 20 for Bayard, 21 for Hancock, 10 for Seymour, and 2 for Hendricks. Even that hysterical allegiance to Garcelon's backbone does not seem to have done Hendricks any good. If he will come out boldly on his old ground of unflinching opposition to hog cholera he may save himself, but not otherwise.

Lessons from Maine.

The insurrection in Maine is over. It has ended, as every sane man knew from the beginning it must end, in disgrace and defeat. It matters not what pretence of resistance may be made. It matters not how loudly the Democrats and Greenbackers, now literally "as thick as two thieves," may scold and threaten. The law prevails. It is supported by all the moral force of an intelligent and order-loving community and by armed force enough to crush any forcible resistance. Now let us see what the Democratic party has gained by this extraordinary performance.

I. It has made an end of the cry of fraud, as a possible weapon in the next campaign. The cipher despatches, and the attempts to buy electoral votes in 1876, some people said, were only the unauthorized acts of individuals. But this impudent theft in Maine was the work of an entire party in the State, aided, counselled, abetted and constantly encouraged by a large proportion of the Democrats in other States. For weeks it has been plain that the main object was to steal the electoral vote of a Northern State for the Democratic candidate this fall, and many Democratic journals have publicly chuckled over the pretended "*prima facie* validity" of the organization of the Fusionists in Maine, as a basis for Democratic electoral votes of *prima facie* validity. Beaten rogues usually fall out. Soon we shall have Democratic journals showing up the part of Mr. Tilden and of other Democratic leaders in the pecuniary and legal arrangements for this shameless robbery. In future when a Democrat shouts "Fraud" people will stop his mouth with the cry of "Maine."

II. The utterly reckless, desperate and revolutionary character of the Democratic party, by this event, has been brought home to the appreciation of conservative and law-abiding men more strongly than was possible in any other way. There have been [illegible] without number, it is true, perpetrated in the interest of the Democratic party. But most of them have been at the South. There it was possible to howl down every statement of truth as "a Radical lie," to hire newspaper and press agents to send falsehoods all over the land, to get eminent ministers of the gospel to sign cards solemnly declaring that white was black, and to hire red-headed and other perjurers to prove it. In Maine, the theft was perpetrated in the broad daylight of a civilized, intelligent and self-respecting Northern community. Arms were gathered. Desperate men were enlisted to sustain the insurrection by bloodshed. For weeks the peace of the State has been preserved only by the patience of the Republicans, and their firm reliance upon the law.

III. It has been shown how basely Democratic partisanship will wrest the law from its true meaning and purpose in order to shelter a crime. In every controversy at the South the result turned upon legal claims quite as impudent, and tricks quite as knavish, as those which the Supreme Court of Maine brushed away with contempt. Yet it is stoutly insisted by Democrats, to this day, that Republicans were guilty of fraud in Southern States because they did not submit to the infamous tricks or accept the insolent assumptions of Democratic partisans as to the construction and effect of the laws. Even now there are Democratic journals showing up the part of Mr. Tilden and of other Democratic leaders in the pecuniary and legal arrangements for this shameless robbery. In future when a Democrat shouts "Fraud" people will stop his mouth with the cry of "Maine."

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IV. The Democratic party has shown once more that its brains have nothing to do with its management. Every sensible man in the party knew that the trick of the political pickpockets would end in disgrace. But the sort of people who think this trick a smart thing are running the Democratic party, thank heaven! Its hinder parts have usurped the functions of its head—if it has a head.—*New York Tribune.*

New School Law for the State.

A bill is in preparation, and will be introduced in the Senate, to revise the school law of the state. The proposed bill is based on the measure proposed at the last session of the legislature by Mr. Stump. It retains the provision for a free public school system throughout the state, and provides that the State Board of Education shall consist of seven members, to be elected by the first seven judicial circuits of the state, the people of each judicial circuit to elect one member of the board. The state board shall have the appointment of the county school commissioners. The appointment of the latter is to be regulated in the same manner as the First Branch members of the Baltimore City Council now name the members of the School Board of Baltimore. The member of the state board for the judicial district is to submit the names of the school commissioners for the counties in his respective circuits, and the state board shall confirm, or if the names are objectionable, it may reject them. The state board shall also contract for books, stationery, &c., for the public schools in the various counties of the state; and the county school commissioners shall purchase any quanity of books, &c., that may be required from such firms or persons with whom such contract has been made by the state board. The members of the state board shall be ex-officio trustees of the State Normal School, and the faculty of that institution shall consist of one principal, two male and two female teachers. The sum of $10,000 is to be annually appropriated to pay the salaries and also the salary of the State Superintendent, who, as at present, shall be the principal of the State Normal School. The county school commissioners shall have the appointment of the district school trustees, and shall have charge of the school buildings, &c. A tax of 10 cents on $100 of property shall be levied by the state for school purposes; but, if the state appropriation is not sufficient, the county school commissioners may levy an additional county tax for the purpose. High schools may be established in the various counties, on the condition that the county commissioners present buildings to the school commissioners with that object in view. One-half of the expense is to be paid out of the school fund, and the other half by the pulpits visiting the high school. The members of the state board are to serve without pay; but they may employ clerical service, and their expenses for traveling, &c., shall not exceed $1,000. Their office is to be at the State Normal School, where they shall hold quarterly meetings. No books of a partisan or sectarian character are to be used in any of the schools. The other features of the bill are similar to the law now in existence.

What has become of Montgomery Blair? It is a full month since the sound of his voice, uplifted for fraud and Tilden, has been heard. Is anything the matter with that busy jaw? A story used to be told of a venerable grandam of New-Jersey, whose lower jaw had a curious habit of slipping out of joint while she was in full conversation. As she was deaf, she never discovered the disarrangement, but went on with the motions of talking, though no sound issued forth. The other members of the family, during their movements back and farth in the room where the old lady sat, used to put forth a helping hand as they passed by, and litt the jaw back to its place, when the conversation would once more become audible. This performance, repeated at intervals a dozen times a day, used to be witnessed with mingled emotions by the casual visitor, but it had become such a habit in the household that it was always gone through with in the most matter-of-fact way. Perhaps Mr. Blair has been visited with a similar infirmity, and no one dares take the responsibility of "slamming up" his jaw.—*N. Y Tribune*

Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, has such a horrible fear of bloodshed that he has besought Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum to cease his forays against moonshiners. He has evidently not yet learned that federal laws are to be obeyed, whether state laws are or not.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

ONLY a glimpse of mountain road
That followed where a river flowed;
Only a glimpse—then on we passed,
Skirting the forest dim and vast.

I closed my eyes. On rushed the train
Into the dark, then out again.
Startling the song-birds as it flew
The wild ravines and gorges through,

But, heeding not the dangerous way
O'erhung by sheer cliffs, rough and gray,
I only saw, as in a dream,
The road beside the mountain stream.

No smoke curled upward in the air,
No meadow lands, stretched broad and fair;
But towering peaks rose far and high,
Piercing the clear, untroubled sky.

Yet down the yellow, winding road
That followed where the river flowed,
I saw a long procession pass,
As shadows over bending grass.

The young, the old, the sad, the gay,
Whose feet had worn that narrow way,
Since first within the dusky glade
Some Indian lover woed his maid;

Or silent crept from tree to tree—
Spirit of stealthy vengeance he!
Or breathless crouched while through the brake
The wild deer stole his thirst to slake.

The barefoot school boys rushing out
An eager, crowding, roistorous rout;
The sturdy lads, the lassies gay
As bobolinks in merry May;

The farmer whistling to his team
When first the dawn begins to gleam;
The loaded wains that, one by one,
Drag slowly home at set of sun;

Young lovers straying hand in hand
Within a fair enchanted land;
And many a bride with lingering feet:
And many a matron calm and sweet;

And many an old man bent with pain,
And many a solemn funeral train;
And sometimes red against the sky
An army's banners waving high.

All mysteries of life and death
To which the spirit answereth,
Are thine, O lovely mountain road,
That followed where the river flowed.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in College Hearth.*

THE BRAVE FRAULEIN MALCHEN.

"SO YOU won't go to church this evening, Malchen?" said Otto von Polheim to his eldest daughter, one Sunday in December, as he and the rest of his family were setting out for the market-town to hear Pastor Knopps preach an Advent sermon.

"No, father, Dorothea can go in my stead, and I will keep the house."

"Keep the house alone? No; I will leave Hans to protect thee and the manse too."

"I would rather not have Hans," said Malchen with a little pout, as she glanced at an ugly gawk, who was her father's head servant.

"Then thou shalt not have Karl," grumbled old Polheim, speaking rather to himself than to the girl, and wrapping his ancient blue cloak tightly round him, he struck his iron-tipped staff two or three times on the flags of the hall, to intimate to the members of his household that it was time to be off.

They came clattering down stairs and trudging out of different doors—a large and rather noisy troop. Otto von Polheim was a landowner on a small scale—what would be called in England a ——— of ten sons and daughters, without counting two servant-wenches and a couple of laborers whom he treated as his children. The eldest of these two laborers, a tall, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow named Karl, had shown signs of late of being "a bit soft" about Fraulein Malchen, and this displeased her father; for though he was a kind master he had a 'Squire's pride, and would have kicked Karl straightway out of his house if he had suspected Malchen of cherishing any regard for him. At least this is what he had once said to Karl with more bluntness than prudence, for worldly wisdom would, perhaps, have suggested that he should begin by turning off Karl before Malchen's sentiments toward him had ripened into affection.

"Now, come, come, let's be off," repeated old Polheim, impatiently; "come, wife, and you, Bertha, Frida and Gretchen; you, Hans, take one of the lanterns, and you, Karl, lead the way with the other."

Karl slunk out, looking rather sheepish, but scarcely had he got into the open air than the candle in his lantern was blown out and he ran back to get another. Malchen was standing in the hall and struck a match for him. She struck a second and a third, for somehow the phosphorus would not act, and the operation of lighting was delayed a little. When Karl took the lantern his hand touched Malchen's, and the girl blushed. "It's a cruelly cold night to go out in," faltered she.

"And I don't like leaving you alone," whispered Karl. "I think I shall steal out of church and come back to see if you are safe."

"O, no, the door will be barred," exclaimed Malchen in a flutter.

"Then I'll climb over the orchard wall," answered Karl, nothing daunted, and he executed a wink as he went forth into the cold.

"How very audacious he is becoming," muttered Malchen to herself; but she apparently thought that it was of no use to bar the door if Karl meant to get over the garden wall, so she simply shut it and turned back to spend her evening in the kitchen.

Herr von Polheim's farm stood in a lonely part of the country, about two miles from R——, in Bavaria. It had once been a castle, and all the rooms on the ground floor were large, windy apartments, with wainscotted walls and old oaken furniture. The kitchen, which served as the ordinary sitting-room to the family of an evening, was made comfortable by some screens, which shut out the draughts, and by the large fires which roared in the immense chimney all day long. There were two arm-chairs under the bulging mantel of this chimney on either side of the and-irons, and in one of these Malchen took her seat. She began to knit, but soon her work subsided into her lap and she began to stare at the fire in a soft reverie.

There were faces, of course, in the red embers of the crumbling pine logs, and Karl's was chief among them. Malchen, who was a pretty, sentimental young lady of eighteen, but somewhat cautious, as beseems the daughter of a gentleman who can prefix a von to his name, asked herself if she liked Karl? Did she truly feel for him more than she did for any other man? Would she grieve for him if he met with an accident? if he left her father's service? if he were taken away for military service, and forced to risk his life in the wars? After feneing a little with her conscience the damsel decided that she did not quite know what she ought to think about Karl; but that he was a very bold and not-to-be-easily-put-down young man, she admitted to herself frankly enough in her quaint German phraseology.

Malchen, from being romantic, was a bold girl, and felt no fear at being alone in the big house on a winter's evening. The soughing of the wind through the bare trees outside, the noise of draughts shaking doors that were loose on their hinges, the monotonous tick-tack of the kitchen clock did not disturb her composure. She sat listening for footsteps, and conned over in her mind what sharp thing she should say to dismiss Karl if he had the impertinence to present himself before her. The worst of it was that Karl was just such a young man as might be indifferent to sharp things. His boldness really exceeded belief. Why, that very evening in touching her fingers he had actually squeezed——but here Malchen gave a slight start, for she heard footsteps and fancied that it was the never-to-be-sufficiently-blamed Karl, who had played truant from church, faithful to his impudent promise.

She rose and stood coyly in the middle of the kitchen, her cheeks pink, and her bosom heaving. She thought she would take to flight as soon as Karl's heavy tread should resound in the passage; but she waited two ort three minutes without hearing the door open, yet there were steps outside, and, now that her ears were strained, she heard voices. Her relatives had been gone an hour; so it was not likely they could have returned so soon. Whose, then, could these steps and voices be?

The kitchen had a high window seven feet above the floor, and it was closed with shutters. But in the shutters lozenge apertures were cut. Malchen climbed on to the dresser under the window and looked out. What she saw would have made most timid girls jump down squealing and ran away half dead with terror.

Nine men—not one less—with black masks on their faces and house-breaking implements in hand, had entered the farm-yard and were evidently holding a council as to how they should commence their attack on the house. They stood in a group, and some of them pointed to the apertures in the kitchen shutters, where light was visible, as if they were taking note of the fact that the farm was not quite abandoned.

Malchen remembered having heard that the brigands had been infesting some of the districts in an adjoining province, and she saw that if she hesitated to act she would be lost. There hung over the mantel-shelf two double-barreled fowling-pieces and a horse-pistol, which were always kept loaded for the protection of the farm against wolves in winter and for the intimidation of poachers and tramps at other seasons of the year. Malchen had the girls; but at this moment her blood revolted at the idea of leaving the farm to be plundered without striking a blow for it. Herr Von Polheim owned a good deal of silver-plate, and was accustomed to keep pretty large sums of money within the oaken chest in his bedroom. Among other reflections which rushed through Malchen's mind was this, that, if her father were robbed of all his cash he would get into a vile humor, which would make its effects felt at the farm for weeks, and render the place uninhabitable. Now, Malchen stood in great terror of her father when he was angry.

She ran to the chimney and unhooked the arms, then swiftly climbed on to the table again. The little lattices outside the apertures in the shutters were open, so Malchen could thrust out the barrels of her weapons and fire at the malefactors. Before doing so, however, she put a coin into her mouth to alter the ring in her voice, and making a horn of both hands, shouted in a tone which sounded like a man's: "Who goes there?"

No answer. The burglars stared at one another in astonishment, and were fairly dismayed when they heard the next exclamation, which conveyed the idea that the person who had first spoken was not alone but had several men under his orders. "Now then, my men, when I give the word, fire sharp and aim straight. Fire!"

Two reports instantly followed this command and then came two others. When the smoke had cleared away, Malchen, who looked out with haggard eyes, her heart thumping awfully the while, she saw four men stretched on the snow, and nothing else. The other five members of the band had taken to flight. "The guns were loaded with slugs; perhaps I have killed them all," ejaculated Malchen in terror; for her combative ardor abated of a sudden now that so easy a victory had been won. "O, dear, what shall I do?"

She had taken up the horse pistol, and glanced out to see if there was another shot to be fired. There was a choking sensation at her throat, and she began to whimper. It was all too dreadful; she could not bear the sight of those dead men, all killed by her hand. But one of them suddenly moved and tried to rise to his knees. Immediately the sentimental Malchen aimed her pistol to give him quietus; but, luckily for himself, the man roared out: "O, Malchen, Malchen! help! 'Tis I—Karl."

"Karl!" exclaimed the girl, as her voice seemed to expire in her throat, whilst her heart turned to lee. "Karl, is it thou?"

"Yes, and I am wounded. I am dying," sobbed the luckless fellow. "And it's all for thee."

Malchen tottered and might have fallen off the table had there been any one present to catch her in his arms. As it was she scrambled down somehow and made for the door, still holding her pistol. One moment's hesitation as she touched the door-handle; but she surmounted it and went out. In another moment she could judge with her own eyes of the murderous effects of her volley. Three men lay on the snow stone dead; as for Karl, a slug had clean sliced off a part of his right ear and cheek, so that he bled like a pig, but he was otherwise unhurt.

"O, Karl, Karl, how earnest thou hither in such company?" exclaimed Malchen, as she tore off her apron to stanch his wound.

"Mein Gott, it was for thee!" snivveled the unhappy Karl. "These men are my friends; we had all come for a lark and meant to carry thee off; for I hoped thy too-obstinate father would consent of necessity to our marriage. Oh, oh, my ear!"

"Peace, Karl; but oh, how foolish of thee," sighed Malchen. "How couldst thou think that nine men were required to carry me off?"

"Mein Gott, I thought thou wast romantic," was all that Karl could say between two squeaks, caused by the anguish in his ear.

* * * * * * * *

One is sorry to say that the tribunals of Bavaria took a one-eyed view of the affair, and wanted to sentence Karl for burglary; but the attitude of poor Malchen had been so heroical that King Louis II. sent for her to Munich, and having decorated her with the Cross of Civil Merit, asked her what he could do to please her.

"Pardon my Karl, and give him a dower to marry me," prayed the faithful maiden; sobbing.

His Majesty pulled a slightly wry face at the mention of dower, but courtiers were present, so he gave his royal promise. "Thou wouldst marry a man with one ear, then?" added he, laughing.

"Sire, he lost his other for me," responded Malchen, drying her eyes.

"Well, this is a queer story," said the King, amused. "We will have it made into a libretto, and my friend Wagner here shall set it to music."

The composer of the future hent his head as if this happy thought had already occurred to him.—*London Truth.*

The Torture of a King.

King Ferdinand II. of Naples was a warm admirer and close imitator of Nicholas the Czar, as well as his personal friend. In bulk and dignity of port the Sicilian King was second only to the Czar. His face bore a very strong likeness to the portraits of the Emperor Nero. His rule was personal. His labor was immense, commencing, in summer at all events, at four a. m., and so complete and jealous was his supervision of a kingdom which was regarded as a personal estate, that it used to be said that not a pump could be fixed by a municipality without the express permission of the King. In his rule King Ferdinand was aided, to an extent difficult for English people to realize, by the clergy, both regular and secular. Obedience to the Church was the first requisite to obtain the favor of the King. In return, the police of the Church was more subtle and universal than even that of the mouchards.

On the 8th of December, 1856, I was present at a grand military mass on the Campo di Marzo, near Naples. At the head of a brilliant staff King Ferdinand held a review on that day of some 40,000 of his troops. As the third specially formed by General Nunziante to replace the Swiss troops as a body-guard for the King—was marching past the Royal station, a private in the fourth file from the King calling out: "One, two, three, four!" rushed across the rank, and charged His Majesty with the bayonet. In my opinion it was the heavy and lumbering character of the saber-bayonet alone that saved the King. He was just grazed, he afterward told me, on the left of his abdomen. An officer pushed his horse against the assassin, who was knocked down and secured. For the moment the conduct of the King was admirable. He drove at once through Naples in a small phaeton, with no escort—a thing which he had not done for many months. He threw open his palace to receive all who came to congratulate him on his escape. His apartments were crowded, and the King moved through the throng, speaking to every one. Addresses rained on the palace from all the provinces of both the Sicilies.

Then came reaction. In the February following the attack I had another audience of the King, who was then in his great palace at Caserta. I went by command. Two miles from the palace my carriage was surrounded by a patrol of mounted cavalry. When they learned who I was they did not search the vehicle, but detached a couple of soldiers to accompany it. Before the great west front of the palace stood a line of infantry. Everything betokened a siege. The aspect of the King himself was that of a hunted animal. We all know what followed. In 1856 the King had said to me, "I do not know why we should not both live for forty years." On the 22d of May, 1859, he was dead. Dead, no doubt, of a disease not unknown to physicians; but killed, in real truth, by the charge of the Chasseur Milano, from the shock of which the nervous system never recovered.

Now, I can't help thinking that what I saw at Naples in 1856-'59 must be taking place in Russia at this hour. Any long continuance of such a state of tension is, I think there can be no doubt, impossible.—*Letter in Pall Mall Gazette.*

Andrew Jackson's Wife.

The following letter, just printed for the first time, appears in the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

FEBRUARY 8, 1813.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your letter of the 18th January from the mouth of the Cumberland River came safe to hand. It was everything to me. I rejoiced. I was happy to hear you were in health. It was my nightly prayer to the Almighty God. My thoughts are forever on thee. Where'er I go, where'er I turn, my thoughts, my fears, my douhts distress me. Then a little my hope revives again, & that keeps me alive. Were it not for that, I must sink; I should die in my present situation. But my blessed Redeemer is making intercession with the Father for us to meet again, to restore you to my bosom, where every vein, every pulse beats high for your health, your safety, & all your wishes crowned. Do not, my beloved husband, let the love of country, fame & honor make you forget you have one. Without you, I would think them all empty shadows.

You will say this is not the language of a patriot, hut it's the language of a faithful wife, one I know you esteem & love sincerely, but oh! how many pangs, how many heart-rending sighs has your absence cost me. My time passes heavily, & I am not in good health, but I hope to see you once more on this globe, & after this frail life ends, be with you in happier climes, where I shall experience no more painful separation, & then I shall be at rest. I feel a foretaste of the joys that are to the virtuous souls. Gracious God, help me to pray for your happiness. I was delighted to learn you were pleased with Mr. Blackman & the other two clergymen, & the society in general.

Our little Andrew is well, the most affectionate little darling on earth. Often does he ask me in bed not to cry, sweet papa will come home to you again, and I feel my cheeks to know if I am shedding tears. One of the extreme cold nights he got a little vext, and said he wondered his papa did not come home and sleep with him in his big bed. On Thursday last, mamma, said he, let's go to Nashville & see if he is there. I told him where you were gone. He said, don't cry, sweet mamma; you can't think how that has supported me in my trials. I wish I was with you—vain wish.

Pray, my dear, write to me often. It's a cordial, it's balm to my mind in lonesome hours. I treasure them up as a miser does his gold. I could write more to your satisfaction could I refrain from tears, but you know how to make allowance for me. Catherine Caffery returned in a few days after you set out. The stock want's their master's eye, all your household regrets your absence, all wishing and praying your return. I paid Fields every cent that I did not send you in my letter. He was not satisfied. I then borrowed thirty dollars & paid him. He was going about trying to sell your note. I have made nearly enough to pay him off.

Sister Hayes, Mrs. McKeane, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Small & Catharine sends their best wishes to you. Please to present mine to Mr. Blackman and Mr. Hines Carroll, & may the Almighty God of Heaven shower down His blessings, His mercy on you, assist you in the ways of life, in the ways of righteousness, be your shield in the time of danger, support you in all things, & keep you in the paths of wisdom—the ways thereof in peace afar. Well, think on me, your dearest friend on earth. RACHEL JACKSON.

MR. A. JACKSON.

A Chapter for Dyspeptics.

A Spanish proverb pronounces the man blessed who does not know that he has a stomach. For those unfortunate enough to possess that knowledge, no absolute rules can be given. The safest that I know is to eat what the appetite relishes, and what experience has proven satisfactory. On no account let any one be tempted to eat what he does not relish. Taste is one of the most important aids to digestion. Now I can prove from the books that butter and all fats are as nearly indigestible as anything used as foods can be. But not one man in a hundred will digest a dry crust as quickly as he will one that is well covered with good rich flavored butter. All that the argument against the digestibility of butter is good for, is against the use of poor butter—that against which the potato revolts.

The popular tables, showing the comparative digestibility of different foods, have just this use. The dyspeptic may look over the list, and select therefrom of the most nutritious and easily digested foods those which his appetite most craves. If he is not hungry, let him wait until he is. There is no use in hurrying to eat before the appetite has come. Better wait, and let the appetite do the hurrying, as it surely will.

Some regard must be had to other considerations. If the stomach is weak the food should be more concentrated, and if somewhat stimulating all the better. A great deal has been written about the excellence of fruits as aids to digestion, and as a result of this nonsense we have thousands of dyspeptic men and women solemnly munching apples from a sense of duty. My idea is that nothing eaten from a sense of duty ever did a man much good. He had much better have a sense of appetite. Fruit is especially injurious to many dyspeptics. It is not a concentrated food—not nutritious enough. If a man is so unfortunate as to be excessively costive, apples will doubtless purge him, but that is very different from being easy of digestion. In place of eating apples for that purpose let him drink sweet cider, which will not at least load his stomach with a hard and for him almost indigestible substance containing little nutritive value.

Most dyspepties are physically weak. As their food does not properly digest they get too little nutrition, and thus their digestive organs constantly grow weaker. It is not true that they generally eat to much. Whatever they eat more than their stomachs will digest is of course too much; but generally indigestion results from improper selection of foods, rather than from excessive quantity. Dyspeptics who starve themselves make a great mistake. Their disease is itself a slow process of starvation, from the non-use of the food which they eat. Give such men the kinds of food which their stomachs crave, rather cautiously at first, and increase the amount as their digestive organs will bear it, and they will soon begin to improve. Good, easily-digested food, eaten with a relish, is the best possible prescription for a dyspeptic.

Meats are better, because more stimulating, than bread and potatoes. Eschewing fat meats as pernicious, the lean of meats, and especially poultry or game, will give a better appetite to most dyspepties than any other kind of food. Of course as soon as possible bread, potatoes and other foods should be added, to give variety; hut if only a few mouthfuls can be taken, it is best to have it both concentrated and stimulating. Cakes should be avoided; so should pies and pastry.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARD-WEAR—Tight boots.

Exhausting the Soil.

There are no soils, however rich, that with continuous cropping will not, in time wear out. With some soils it is true great liberties may be taken in the cultivation of crops without regard to a judicious rotation, and even growing the same crop several years in succession on them; but this cannot be kept up continually. A day will surely come when the richest soil under such treatment will be despoiled of its fertility and fail to respond to the drafts made upon it. It is the inexorable penalty that follows an abused law of nature. It is a lesson which science long since taught, but which has to be learned by dear bought experience again and again as one generation follows another. Death and taxes are not more certain than that whatever elements are removed from the soil by cropping must be replaced in some way, if fertility is maintained. Twenty-five years ago the virgin soils of some portions of the Northwestern States produced an average of from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, now the average yield of the same land, save in exceptionally favorable seasons, is not above twelve bushels per acre. In like manner the cotton lands in the Gulf States produced double the quantity of cotton that they do now. Fifty years ago wheat was the principal crop of Western New York and Northern Ohio; after a time it was wheat and corn, then other grains with it, until a better system of farming became a necessity to render the land more fruitful by restoring principles of which it had been robbed. Going back still further, the worn-out lands of Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and other States, impoverished by continuous crops of tobacco, furnish the same lesson of unskillful farming. Thousands of acres were left untilled until nature, through chemical changes, kindly wrought in her grand alembic, partially restored their original fertility. The ability of a soil to produce well depends upon the chemical constituents that are present in it, provided its mechanical condition is such as to render these matters available to plants. These matters or constituents are the food upon which plants live, and a knowledge of them, combined with an acquaintance with the chemical composition of the ashes of different plants, suggest a rational system of agriculture.

The importance of a judicious succession of crops in order to maintain fertility, in the light of these facts, is at once apparent. There are many things to be considered in connection with this subject which cannot be properly elucidated within the compass of a single article of reasonable length. Some crops remove a larger proportion of particular elements than others, while some derive nutriment from near the surface, and some send their roots to greater depth to gather sustenance; hence the importance of following the former with the latter, and of supplying in the way of manures the substances necessary to surface-growing plants. Science affords invaluable assistance in this behalf. With its aid, and the exercise of practical common sense, wonted fruitfulness may be restored to impoverished soils, and instead of becoming less and less productive from year to year, their productive capacity may be increased until the maximum of fertility is reached.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Most Brutal Exhibition.

THE fight between "Patsy Brennan," the prize-fighter, and a Siberian bloodhound, at St. Louis, one night recently, was one of the most degrading spectacles ever witnessed. The dog was of the very largest breed, resembling more a calf in size than a dog, and its muscles were as hard as iron. It seemed to be nothing but muscle. Its head and face were the most repulsive that were ever carried by a dog. The fight took place in an old stable, and among the spectators were an ex-Police Commissioner, ex-Judge, three members of the House of Delegates, a very prominent physician and several business men. Brennan stripped to the waist. The owner of the dog had much difficulty in holding the dog until time was called, and then with a vicious "Sick him, Tige," the bloodhound was released and leaped straight for the throat of the prize-fighter, who sprang to one side and caught the dog a terrible body blow as he went by, turning him completely in the air and making Tige come down heavily upon his back. The next second he was in his trainer's hands, and the betting became furious. One gentleman, a member of the House, within three minutes had put up over $700 on the dog, even, and odds either way were eagerly snatched up. The referee again called time, and in this round Brennan lost his luck. Tiger, made more cautious by his first rude rebuff, circled round and round his human antagonist, snarling horribly and apparently gulping down his rage. He made several feints, but Brennan was watching him too closely to be thrown off his guard. All this time the crowd in the barn were almost frantic with excitement, yelling at their favorites and encouraging hound and man by every expedient they could think of. At last the dog got within three feet of Patsy and made his spring. He was met by a terrible blow straight from the shoulder, which made the blood fly from his nose and mouth, but he was too close to be evaded, and in the same instant his teeth ground into the shoulder of his human antagonist, and, borne backward by the weight, Brennan sank slowly to the floor, his face drawn and white with pain, but with a scowl on his brow that meant mischief. The blood gushed from his mangled shoulder, and almost as soon as he was fairly on the ground he got both his hands into Tiger's mouth and tugged at the closing jaws. He had to take a second grip, choosing the long lips of his enemy this time and tearing them badly before the hound released his hold, and both the fighters were taken from each other by their friends. The man was badly injured.

The collar-bone was already bare and the laceration of the shoulder was simply horrible. The dog was comparatively as badly injured. One of his long lips was so badly torn that it hung down several inches, and three of his teeth had been broken by the blow he got in the face. He was just as plucky as the man, however, and when he was loosed again came forward readily. This time Brennan was successful. He caught the dog by the neck and kicked the life out of him. As soon as he was declared victor Brennan fainted from the pain in his shoulder and side, which he had held down by his unconquerable pluck, and medical assistance was at once got for him. The fight began a little after 10 o'clock, and at 11 the party began to disperse.

Wooing and Winning in Greenland.

WHEN the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries writing in his journal describes the present style of courtship as follows: The suitor coming to the missionary, said: "I should like to have a wife." "Whom?" asked the missionary. The man names the woman. "Hast thou spoken to her?" Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes! she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind." More frequently the answer is, "No." "Why not?" "It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her." The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says, "I think it is time to have thee married." "I won't marry!" "What a pity! I had a suitor for thee." "Whom?" The missionary names the man who has sought his aid. "He is good for nothing! I won't have him!" "But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill, and he loves thee." Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure the girl answers, "I won't have him!" "Well, I won't force thee. I shall find a wife for such a clever fellow." The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "No" to have ended the matter. At last, with a sigh, she whispers, "Just as thou wilt have it." "No," replies the clergyman; "as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee." Then with a deep groan comes "Yes," and the matter is settled.

A New Swindle.

RECENTLY a well-known gentleman called at this office and gave us the particulars of the most ingenious and well-devised scheme to defraud people that it has ever been our lot to record. The thieves, for they cannot be called by any other name, have successfully victimized a number of farmers of this county. Their scheme is as follows: A well-dressed man calls at the residence of some farmer, and after introducing himself, states that he is in the employ of the State Board of Agriculture, and is sent by the Board to gather the statistics regarding the crop of the past year, the same to be printed in book form for distribution throughout the State. He therefore produces a blank printed like the following:

INDIANA STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.
Statistical Department.
FOR 1879.

No. bushels of wheat raised.....——
No. bushels of corn raised.....——
No. bushels of flax-seed raised.....——
No. bushels of oats raised.....——
No. bushels of rye raised.....——
sign here ———.

This blank, as will be seen from the above form, has a blank space at the bottom, which the swindlers state is left to fill up with any other article which the farmer might produce in quantity. After the printed blank is filled they usually write number tons of hay raised, and then request the farmer to sign it on the blank line so that it may be placed among the files of the Board after being printed. After the signature is obtained, a little talk is indulged in about the farmers in the locality, and the swindler departs. He then fills up the blank space at the foot of the blank with a note, payable in bank, in any sum he desires, and disposes of it. In several of the cases wherein some of our farmers were victimized, the amount called for is one hundred and twenty-six dollars, and the same purports to pay for a wind-mill pump. The swindlers were in this city the other day with a number of notes which they tried to dispose of at the banks, but were unsuccessful, and it is presumed they left on the afternoon train. The scheme is such a plausible one that it is easy to understand how a person can be taken in. We urge upon our readers to give as much publicity as possible to this, and warn all against the swindlers. *Do not sign any paper presented by a stranger* and you will save time and lots of trouble.—*Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

A New Hampshire Yankee a Russian Admiral.

HOW a Meredith (N. H.) boy became a Russian Admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of the Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman, called to Meredith in 1790, ran away from a Laconia employer, because the latter thrashed him for spending his evenings with the girls. He took, also, $300 belonging to his chastiser, who pursued him to Portland, reaching there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian hark. The vessel was attacked by pirates, but the boy of seventeen, with the assistance of two sailors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps, and sank two boat-loads of the buccaneers, thus saving his ship. For this the Czar trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head, his title being Count Zincherschoff. He subsequently visited this country and paid the Laconia man his $300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man.

IT has been estimated that in England and Wales one person in every 118 is arrested for drunkenness; in Scotland one in every 134; in Ireland one in every forty-seven.

—An English groom, who favors steaming food for horses, mentions as one of its advantages that any disagreeable smell in the grain or hay is likely to be removed by the process.

SOMEBODY has counted 104 hangings by Sheriffs in this country during 1879, and seventy-two by mobs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE TRYST.

Impelled by memory in a wayward mood,
Reluctant, yearning, with a faithless mind,
I sought once more a long neglected spot,
A wooded upland bordered by the sea,
Whose tides were swirling up the reedy sands,
Or floating noiseless in the yellow marsh.
My way was wild. The winds, awaking, smote
My face, but as I passed a ruined wall
Brambles and vines and waving blossoms dashed
A frolic welcome, like a summer rain,
Shouldering the hills against the murky east
Stood stalwart oaks, and in the mossy sod
Below, the trembling birches whispered me,
"Not here!" I reached the silence-loving pines,
And lingered. The mists swept from wooded hills,
And, rolling seaward, hid the anchored ships.
So, happy, dreaming an old dream again,
Of keeping tryst in secret on the knoll,
I wandered on, listening in dreamy maze
To sounds I thought familiar,—the approach
Of well-known footsteps in the leafy path,—
A murmuring voice calling me by name!
Through the pine shafts the sunless light of dawn
Stole. Day was come. My dream would be fulfilled!
Above the hills the sky began to blaze,
And ushering morn the west flushed rosy-red;
Then, the Sun leaping from his bed of gold,
Scattered cloud-banners, crimson, gray, and white.
There was my shadow in the leafy path
Alone,—none was to keep the tryst with me!
No voice, no step among the hills I heard.
The joyous swallows from their nestlings flew,
Mad in the light with song. Far out at sea
The white sails fluttered in the eager breeze,
But Day was silent holding tryst with me,—
My pilgrimage rewarded—faith restored.
—*Elizabeth Stoddard, in Scribner's Magazine.*

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

My employment is that of a carver in stone. Many years ago, soon after I had learned my business, the firm in whose employ I was undertook the erection of a gentleman's mansion, and I was sent to execute the ornamental work. The village near to which the mansion was built was on the shore of an estuary of the bay of Morecambe, not far from a market-town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home several weeks, a good lodging was a most desirable thing; but although I tried to get accommodation in a private house, I failed, and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the Lord Admiral.

Amongst those who were in the habit of frequenting the aforesaid hostelry was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the homestead. Somehow it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling-house, and as such it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground-floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill temper and loose habits, and for some time had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they could not give a satisfactory reply. "He lives," they would say, "without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad." As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper; was morose, sour, and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and, like all such, led a loose, uneven life, oftener loitering about than an work. So I did not wonder that well-meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the Lord Admiral. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had, indeed, a good collection, and, as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird-stuffing amusements.

But I was most taken up with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *lusus naturæ*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristic which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

I had been in the village about six weeks, when the neighborhood was aroused and alarmed one morning by the report of the robbery of a jeweler's in the market town already referred to, that had been effected during the preceding night. Much valuable property had been taken. This robbery had been effected in such a way as led to the belief that a gang of practical thieves had done it. The prevailing question was: "Do the robbers live among us, or have they come from a distance?" This query was still going from mouth to mouth when we were startled, astounded indeed, by the report of a second robbery of the same premises, and on the night following by the breaking into and purloining of a provision warehouse in our own village. Were I writing fiction, I would not have made the robbers pay so soon a second visit to the jeweler's, as such an act would have been deemed preposterous; but I am relating what really occurred, and so am forced to say what I have said.

The jeweler had been so taken up by efforts to find out the thieves and regain his first loss that he had not placed additional guard over what was left; besides, he was sure, he said, that thieves would not think of revisiting him for a long time. As for the provision dealer, he said in my hearing that he had no fear of his place being entered, as he believed robbers would not care to touch property so bulky and of such inferior value as his. But he had reckoned without his host; for he had lost a fine ham, a large lot of tea, a deal of spices, a few boxes of cigars, and indeed a portion of most of what he dealt in. The excitement and alarm occasioned by these robberies were great and wide-spread.

Two batches of detectives, one from Lancaster and the other from Kendal, came to our village to see what they could find out. They were not short of questions, I mind; but they took care what sort of questions they answered. It was easy to see that one of their aims was to make it appear that they believed the robbers came from a distance, in order to put the thieves off their guard, for their own opinion was the opposite of this.

No event, however serious, can keep hold of people's minds beyond a certain time; and these robberies were beginning to give place to some other subject, when the next act in the drama began to be played. It was on a Friday afternoon, about a month after the robberies. The day was wet and wild; and as my work was the out-door carving of stones which had been placed in position in the rough, I was unable to go on with it, and so had to return to my quarters. I had got my dinner, and had just called for a pint of ale with my pipe, when an elderly ill-dressed man came in, and sitting down on a bench beside me, said, in a broad Lancashire accent, "I'll sup wi' tha lad, if tha doesn't care;" on which he lifted my mug to his lips, and drank freely. I had not got over my surprise when he, wiping his mouth with his hand, gave me a history of the past day or two. The account was this: he had been a gentleman's gardener, near Lancaster, over twenty years; had a capital place, but had not had sense enough to keep it, for he had gone on the loose for a fortnight, which was more than his master would put up with; so he was discharged. "This wor day afore yesterday," he said; "an' I've drank for vary vexation ever sin', trampin' as I drank; an' so here I am, wi' a dry math an' wi'out a 'openny i' my pocket. Doesta think," he concluded, "aw con raise a penny or tippence amang th' company?"

I gave him a trifle; others did the same; so having thus "raised the wind," he called for bread, cheese and ale and made a good meal.

During the time the gardener had been talking to me, the landlord had been within hearing. So accosting the old man while he was eating his dinner, he said: "You are a gardener, I understand?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said the landlord, "I've a garden which needs fettling. I have not time to attend to it myself; and as it is time the seed was in, I'll employ you if you are willing. I'll find you plenty to eat and drink; you can have a bed as well; and if you please me, I'll not see you leave without a few shillings in your pocket. What say you?"

"I say agreed," replied the gardener, rising to his feet and grasping the landlord's hand. "I'll not begin to-morn, howiver; but I'll look rand an' get riddy for Monday morn."

This proposal was satisfactory, wherefore the gardener was made happy.

Shortly afterward we had an addition to our company by the incoming of the old bird-stuffer, whom I shall henceforth call the naturalist (as this designation was the one which pleased him), his son the butterfly-breeder, and two other men whom I had not yet seen. These—the strangers—first looked hard at the company; but the naturalist, giving them a significant nod, which seemed to say: "All right," they settled down and called for a glass of rum apiece.

By this time the gardener had finished his dinner, when, putting his arms on the table and his head on his arms, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. The rain, which continued to come down, compelled me still to abide under cover; so, placing my chair in a corner, and putting my head against the wall, I tried to get a nap also. The naturalist and his companions were now the only persons in the room besides the gardener and me.

I can not tell half nor quarter of what was said by first one and then another of the four persons; nor did I understand some of the phrases which they used. "Bruce" and "Wonder," "flax" and "stuffing," were words often employed by them. I recollected that "Bruce" was the name of the dog, and "Wonder" that of the lamb, in the museum before spoken of; and the other terms, I judged, referred to the materials with which they were stuffed; but I could not see why they should speak in so low a tone as they did when they spoke of them. Once or twice they referred to a bird by some slang phrase. But after-events made this clear enough.

By-and-by the weather took up, when the men, draining their glasses, got up and went away. The moment they were gone the gardener roused up, took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began to write therein. He then asked me if I knew who the men were, and what was their occupation, and if I understood any of the words they had uttered in the lower tone of voice. I gave him what information I could. "But," I said, "both they and I believed you were asleep."

"It is well to go into dream-land at times," he said; and then added: "Did you say that the old man keeps a museum? Have you seen it? Do you think I could get a look at it?"

The questions were put one after the other in quick succession, as though he were eager and anxious about something. I said "Yes" to each; but I was surprised at the good English in which he now spoke, and at the refinement which marked his manners. Still I could make nothing of it.

I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to get on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper one night I took the gardener to the barn-like habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb. "For," said he, "I was struck with the questions one of the men put as to whether 'Bruce' and 'Wonder' could take in more 'cotton' or 'flax.' And it is just possible," he continued, "that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard; a thing worth knowing, I should think."

When we got to the house the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying, "I'll ask my son," he went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said, "It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents re-arranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it."

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatience for his return. But when he came back he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying. "I'm in no humor to talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said to-morrow."

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots, had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan, and that therefore he would be at his father's house the next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off, and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the back yard. He said: "I'm on the track of the thieves, I believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house, and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money, but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter I might sell them at a profit, or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son. I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now I am not without cash, but it would not be wise to show so; hence I agreed to ask you for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly, but on Monday you may look for my return." Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all impatience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving, when I heard a well-known voice hail me from below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, smiling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform! The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping my hand, he said, "The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot."

I was about to witness a *denouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum, and was first to enter.

"Good-morning, old friend," he said, on encountering the naturalist. "I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions."

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker, and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who were on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless, and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair, he cried out, "I'm not the thief; the thieves are *there*," pointing to the door, and meaning, I could see, his son and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of "Bruce," while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of "Wonder." On moving them, a noise of loose metal was heard. A moment's examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with a little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a throstle's nest. This was filled with jewelry—watches, guards, ear-rings, and finger-rings. A further examination of the museum revealed other and as singular hiding-places: for example, a game-cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard; on lifting up the feathers over the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when the bird was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweler were recovered, one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision dealer was also found stowed in the breeding-box, though most of it had been used or sold. I scarcely need say that the parcel sold to the gardener was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighborhood, a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the landlord's garden; and believing that he would readily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening, he had hit upon the scheme which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public-house, and might come there now and again, and so, could he lodge there without being known or suspected, he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men—who came from a distant town, and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, for some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair the jeweler gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.

Habits of the Pig.

"When the pig wallows in mire," says Dr. Ballard, "he merely follows an instinct implanted in him, in common with some other pachydermatous creatures, the object of which is cutaneous cleansing. The mud stands to him in relation of soap to a human being, but instead of washing it off with water, he allows it to cake and dry upon the skin, and then rubs it all off, mud and cutaneous *debris* together, upon some sufficiently rough surface. Loose hair and cutaneous scurf irritates him, and he takes his own way of cleansing his skin of them. Cleanse his skin for him, and he will rest in contentment, without offending the eyes of his supercilious betters, often less scrupulous in this matter than he is, by his wallowings, scratchings and scrubbings. It has long been known that a pig thus cleansed with soap and water, not only becomes less objectionable, but grows fat more speedily than if left to cleanse himself in his own way. Similarly as regards his food. Garbage is not the food that the pig selects by preference. In fact, a pig which has been fed for any time upon sweet food will turn away from sour and disgusting food. If left to pick up his own living where he can find it, he will eat anything he can find eatable, but even then will eat acorns, fallen fruit or roots in preference to garbage; and human beings in similar straits will act precisely in the same way." It may be economical, and perhaps even desirable, to convert into pork matters which can in no other way, or in no way more convenient, be made subservient to the sustenance of mankind, and the pig is possibly properly utilized in this manner. Our only desire is to vindicate his character as a cleanly feeder, if only he has the chance of cleanly feeding vouchsafed him.

A Monster Ship.

A new steamship, which when completed will be the largest and finest merchant vessel in the world, is now being built at Barrow, England, for the Inman line. She will be ready for use in the spring of 1881, and will then begin making regular trips between this port and Liverpool. The City of Rome was regarded as the most appropriate name which could be given to this addition to the Inman fleet. Her dimensions are to be as follows: Length of keel, 546 feet; length over all, 590 feet; breadth of beam, 52 feet; depth of hold, 38 feet 9 inches, and depth from top of deck-houses to keel, 52 feet. Her measurement will be 8,300 tons, or over 2,000 tons larger than either the City of Berlin or the Arizona, and 800 tons larger than the Servia, the new Cunard steamship which will be completed this fall. She will be over four-fifths of the size of the Great Eastern. The engines of the City of Rome will be of 8,500-horse power, with six cylinders, three of which are high pressure and three are low pressure. There will be eight boilers, heated by 48 furnaces, and the vessel can be propelled at the rate of 18½ knots an hour. She will carry four large masts and three smoke funnels. A large spread of canvas can be set, which will enable the steamship to make good time, if necessary without the aid of the engines. The saloon and state-rooms will be placed amidships, and will contain every facility for comfort and luxury. All the latest improvements are to be added, and the entire cabin will be splendidly furnished and upholstered. There will be 275 revolving chairs at the saloon tables, and the ante-rooms will easily accommodate 300 first-class passengers. A drawing-room, which can be occupied by 100 ladies at once, will be placed on the deck immediately over the saloon. The smoking-room will be above the drawing room, and will accommodate 100 smokers at once. The saloon will contain six bath-rooms. There will be room on board for almost any number of steerage passengers, and space for an enormous quantity of freight in the hold. The City of Rome is to be built of steel, with a double bottom, and 11 bulkheads. Two longitudinal bulkheads are to be run through the engines' and boilers' space. These will greatly decrease the danger of the vessel sinking in case of a collision. The top decks are to be of the best teak. No expense is to be spared in making this magnificent steamship perfect in every respect. She will have the highest classification of any vessel in the Liverpool Red-book and in the British Lloyds. The Inman people expect that, so far as the transportation of passengers and freight goes, the City of Rome will prove the monarch of the seas. Work was begun on the new vessel as soon as the contract with the Barrow Steamship Building Company had been closed.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The Baptists were the pioneer missionaries in Liberia, Africa, being in the field eleven years before the Methodists. They organized their first church in 1821. Now their association has twenty-two churches, with 1,600 communicants.

VARIETIES.

—The iron horse has but one ear The engineer.

—This year Arkansas ranks next to Texas as a cotton State, producing 650,000 bales.

—When a man is in a brown study does he give color to his thoughts?—*Rome Sentinel.*

—Chief Ouray wears store clothes, a huge-brimmed felt hat, a handsome watch and massive silver chain.

—Twenty-eight States in this country have regularly appointed Fish Commissioners to execute the fish laws.

—A Connecticut cat has got the mumps, and hogs, *en route* to Liverpool, have recently died of typhoid fever.

—A Hartford druggist draws beer from a soda fountain and sells it under the name of German tonic. It has become a very popular beverage.

—I don't take foolish chances. If I waz called upon to mourn over a dead mule I should stand in front ov him and do mi weeping.—*Josh Billings.*

—A man who was enabled to come from India to Hudson, N. Y., through the loan of $200 by a brother, has eloped with that brother's daughter.

—The Piutes about the Comstock range do not dig graves. They shove corpses into old mining shafts and now and then miners come on a ghastly find.

—They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Many oaks in England are eight hundred to one thousand years old. The Newland Oak is forty-seven feet six inches in girth. The Cowthorp, now more than one hundred years in process of decay, still has a girth of sixty feet.

—Artemus Ward once said, softly and sadly, to Mark Twain, "Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live." Said Twain, "Well, what, for instance?" Ward sadly replied, "A lie."

—An Indiana man lately placed a brick in a pillow for the ostensible purpose of playing a joke on his wife, and the next morning, in a playful mood, flung the affair at his mother-in-law and laid her out. He declared to the coroner that he had forgotten all about that brick.

—Leadville boasts of aristocratic waiters. At the Grand Hotel is an ex-member of the New Jersey Legislature, whose letters bear the prefix of "Hon." At the Clarendon the guests are served at table by an ex-Confederate General, a doctor of medicine, a lawyer, and an ex-Judge from Freeborn County, Minn.

—At the last meeting of the Chicago Dental Society the rare and successful operation of transplanting a tooth from the mouth of one person to that of another was reported by a prominent dentist of that city. The grinder was transferred from the mouth of a young lady to the jaw of a middle-aged man.

Water? The Norristown *Herald* answers: Water is used for drinking purposes in some places, but we don't suppose the fashion has yet reached New York. When we were in that city some time ago we were invited to take several drinks, but none of them were water.

—The London *Truth* says that men elope from vanity, wishing to prove that they are their own masters; from deficient courage when they "hate rows;" from shame when they have got entangled with girls who are much their inferior in social station, and from cunning greed when they wish to secure heiresses.

—Considerate—Elder sister (to young lady inquiring for a situation:) "I think you have been in my employ before?" Young Lady—"Yes, ma'am; but when Miss Helen was going to be married, I thought, as one of the family, I could best express my annoyance by leaving my situation for a short time."—*Judy.*

—The tar got cold and hard while the mob was getting ready to punish James Gayton at Warren, R. I. They were out of doors on a cold night, and nobody had a match to light a fresh fire under the kettle. So they rolled the naked man in the snow until he was chilled almost to death, and let the outrage go at that.

—"I wish you would keep your mouth shut!" exclaimed Hollemout, the dentist, suddenly losing patience with his patient's predilection to talking. "All right," said the latter, suiting the action to the word. And then Hollemout asked him if he would be so kind as to open it again long enough for him (Hollemout) to get his finger out. You never do know how to please some men.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"You ought to curb that son," said a city minister to a parishoner not long since. "I know he's 'nawful bad boy,' replied the man. "Yes, he is," continued the minister, "and you should curb him, and that severely." The man seemed inclined to follow his pastor's advice, and at the first opportunity took his recreant son out upon the sidewalk and flailed him around over the ground until the neighbors interfered, when the father said: "Ain't I doin' my duty? Ain't I doin' just as the preacher told me ter? Ain't I curhin' the hrat—curhin him over the curb stone?" The people said he might be right, but they didn't want the street all torn up, and the man was compelled to desist.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The wrong man was kissed again at a Rochester railroad station. He was an old and unsuspecting traveler, and the girl was a fashionable and respected resident of the city. It was dark, and she mistook him for her father. What ensued is described by the *Democrat*: "With more than the usual demonstrations displayed on such occasions, she threw both arms about his neck and imprinted several sounding kisses upon his face. The startled old gentleman pushed her gently and said in a smothered tone, 'Some mistake, some mistake.' She sprang back like a frightened fawn, 'O, I thought you were father. You'll excuse me, won't you?' 'Certainly,' said the old boy, smiling, 'but you—you nearly smothered me.' She afterward found her papa, but the previous effort had exhausted her, and she merely gave him a cold sort of meeting-house kiss.'

BESIDE THE SEA.

—"A little blossom by the sea,
All tempest-torn looked up to me,
And shook its bright head sullingly,
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'
"The stone was cold, the sea waves beat
In endless surge about her feet;
But still I heard the wind repeat
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'
"Beside the sea, the barren sea,
Tho' beats my heart rebelliously,
I breathe, O life a song to thee:
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'"

Artificial Flowers.

French flowers are always made in France. Sometimes they are fashioned by the taper fingers of young girls, sometimes by the trembling hands of lonely old women, and sometimes whole families unite to manufacture them, everybody from the father to the tiniest child, taking part in the work. Mr. Champney tells a pretty story of an ugly old maid who assiduously studied botany, and practiced the imitation of mosses, ferns and berries until she could deceive milliners, and even naturalists, and they both believed that she had discovered the secret of making a varnish in which she dipped the products of the fields and hedges, thus preserving their color and shape. She lived in France, of course. Then there was the pretty girl who remained at home, and only worked for special customers, filling orders for garnitures to match costumes, and using materials too costly and rare to be employed in flowers to be sold to the general public. She lived in France too. So general is the impression that all flower-makers also live in the same country, that the American maker of artificial blossoms is almost unknown to fame, except through the exertions of that genial romancer, the New York reporter, who occasionally speaks of her as dying of arsenic poisoning, and recants his statement the next day. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the "French" artificial flowers used in the United States are made here, and most of them are made by Americans.

The number of flower-makers in and around Boston is between three and four hundred, and nearly all of them are Americans. About twenty-five French girls, pupils of the best Parisian manufacturers, have taught their fellow-workmen their business, and have taught them so well that three out of five of their pupils can equal the work of the teachers. A very large number of flower-makers live in New York, and in that city the work is subdivided almost as minutely as it is in France, a few men and women monopolizing the production of certain parts of the flower. For instance, all the stameus and pistils, which are known to the trade as "peeps," are made by an old Frenchman in New York, and the rubber calyxes and stems are the work of boys just newly arrived from mechanical than one would suppose possible until one had seen it done. The petals are stamped out of the fine, smooth nainsook called flower muslin, and then go to the dyer, who gives them their color, artfully contriving to shade it so as to imitate nature and leaving very little for the pencil of the artist who manipulates the leaves of variegated blossoms. The exquisitely-shaded rose petals owe their gradations of color to the dyer, with whom it rests to give them that fiery red which is said to make them a good substitute for rouge, or to leave them almost as pale in hue as when they come to him. After they leave his hands they are separated and given to the makers, who arrange them properly, the new beginners constantly referring to natural flowers placed before them as models, and the old hands trusting to their trained memories, except when filling special orders.

The work of the "brancher" is quite as important as that of the dyer, for it is she who arranges the completed blossoms so as to set off the beauties of each one, and gives them that natural look which ordinary fingers cannot imitate. Her task is purely artistic, and is so difficult that many who have mastered every other part of the business fail when they undertake her work. The best milliners employ branchers of their own, and many a spray of French flowers contains blossoms culled from half a dozen wreaths by American fingers, and put together to suit some special bonnet. The wearer never knows the difference; wonders why it is that sprays of flowers, manufactured in Paris, should exactly match the bonnet that she planned in Boston, and thinks herself specially favored by fortune.—*Boston Transcript.*

A REPORT has been published by the committee who got up the race of thirty-one and one-fourth miles, which was ridden on the 24th of July last by officers of the Italian cavalry. The course was from Treviso to Padua, and six competitors appeared at the starting point. The flag was dropped at 3:45 a. m., and in one hour and forty-six minutes afterward the leading horse passed the winning post. The second horse was only a minute behind, the third accomplished the distance in one hour fifty minutes, the fourth in one hour fifty-five minutes, the fifth in one hour fifty-five and one-half minutes, while the sixth fell lame and had to be stopped on the road. The horses were at once examined by the committee and found to be in excellent condition, considering the nature of the task they had just performed. Two hours afterward they were visited in their stables, when any way distressed that at the request of the committee, the riders mounted again in the afternoon, and rode them at a trot and gallop round the race-course of the town.

IN one of the towns of Normandy is a sign over a shop, "English and American spoken," and over another is the sign, "Dentistry, dancing, fencing, shaving and hairdressing taught in one lesson."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1880.

Senator Welfley has introduced a bill in the legislature to give Garrett equal educational privileges with other counties.

Owing to the recent heavy advance in the price of printing paper Western newspapers are putting up their prices. This advance has been general all over the country.

It is the Washington *Republican* which remarks: "There never were three other Americans so grossly abused as Washington, Lincoln and Grant, and there never were three Americans who could better afford it."

Hon. Milton G. Urner has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill for a monument to Francis S. Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Key was a native of Frederick county, Maryland.

The prohibitory liquor law of Maine is said to be largely responsible for the fact that there has been no rioting so far. If the passions of the people had been further inflamed by whiskey, blood would probably have been shed before now.

Ex-Councillor Fogg, of Maine, is authority for the statement that there are 1,000 armed Socialists in New York ready to go up and help the Fusionist cause. He seems to know the kind of company they ought to keep.

Leave has been granted in the House to Mr. Wilson to introduce bills to amend the act of 1868 and make it a criminal offence to cut down timber maliciously or without [illegible] rett county, and also to amend the act of 1878 so as to limit the jurisdiction of justices of the peace in Garrett county; also to amend the same act so as to extend the time for killing deer in Garrett county; also to amend the same act and limit the expenditures for county printing.

The Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee met in Baltimore Thursday night of last week, when it was resolved that the State Convention, to send delegates to the National convention which meets in Chicago, June 2d, will be held at Frederick on the 6th of May. The Executive Committees of the several counties will fix the time for holding the primary meetings and county conventions.

W. O. McGowin, Esq., represented Garrett county.

Mr. Blaine met with a grand reception from the Massachusetts Club at Boston on Friday. In concluding his speech he gave this sentiment in regard to the Republican victory in Maine, which he said was assured: "It was not a triumph of men, it was not a triumph of party, it was not a triumph of the men of Maine; but it was a triumph of that character which has been forming on these shores and under the institutions of a New England State for two and a quarter centuries, and which, without a resort to force, can win a peaceful victory under the forms of law."

If there is anything which will justify the demand for a strong government, it is the course of the Fusionists in Maine. Twice the Supreme Court of the State has decided against them, and they have trampled the decisions under foot. They have outraged the general reverence for law as it has never before been outraged in this country. There was nothing in the temper of the people or in the teachings of their statesmen to encourage an act of such unexampled political scoundrelism. No bank burglary was ever more calmly or warily plotted than this scheme to overturn the very foundations of intelligent freedom, and break in to steal the rights and privileges of a people.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

The Maine Fusionists are getting ready to lift themselves out of Augusta by the breeches. Lacking in spirit and force of character, it's a pity the Republicans can't help them along.—*Cumb. Times, Democrat.*

Maine Mischief Makers.

One week ago the clouds that had obscured the political horizon of Maine seemed to have finally cleared away, and the bow of promise shone brightly over the state capital. The Republicans, acting under the decision of the Supreme Court, had organized a legal legislature and elected a governor and other state officers. They had gained possession of the state house without resort to arms, the commanding general of the militia had formally recognized the authority of Governor Davis, and all danger of bloodshed had apparently passed away forever. The Fusionists, who up to that time had been bold and defiant, showed a disposition to withdraw from the contest, and their governor expressed himself as anxious only to retire from the hopeless struggle with as good grace as possible. It was even doubtful whether the Fusionists legislature would reassemble at all, and if it did, only to adjourn sine die. So general was the conviction that these troubles were at an end, that the ministers offered up thankful prayers in the churches, and the members of both political parties did not hesitate to express their satisfaction that a peaceful settlement had been reached. How different is the situation to-day! The Fusionists are more belligerent than ever their organs breathe breathenings and slaughter, and the Republican Governor has been forced to call out the military to protect the state house from assault. The Fusionist treasurer has stolen the great seal of the state and used it to give the appearance of legality to the acts of the mock government; the Fusionist governor has exerted himself to raise an armed force to resist the lawful militia of the state, and the Fusionist legislature is contemplating the establishment of a new state capital, under the protection of the Democratic municipality of Biddeford. The facts which have been set forth in the press despatches do not fully account for this singular change of front. It is true that the intemperate counsels of such men as Pillsbury, the editor of the Fusionists organ, and Gould, the legal adviser of the Fusionists, have had much to do with keeping alive the spirit of resistance; but we cannot believe that in the absence of more substantial reasons for persistence they would have overcome the scruples of men who but one week ago admitted that their position was untenable, and avowed their intention of submitting to the decision of this court, there is but slender reason for believing that they will bow to it now, and a time may come when forbearance on the part of the Republicans will cease to be a virtue.—*Balto. American.*

The Temperance Cause.

The Baltimore *American* of Thursday says that a large and very interesting meeting of members of the executive committee of the State Temperance Alliance was held in that city on Wednesday evening at the Christian Association hall, on Charles street. Hon. Wm. Daniel presiding, and Mr. C. S. Mosher and Mr. R. T. Smith secretaries. Over forty members were present from different parts of the State. Reports were presented in relation to the number of signatures secured petitioning the legislature for a general local option law to apply to Baltimore city in common with other parts of the State. It was shown by call of wards upwards of five thousand signatures had been secured in Baltimore city. Mr. Wm. Daniel spoke encouragingly of the outlook for a general local option law in this State. Remarks were also made by others present. Considerable criticism was expressed in regard to the committee on temperance appointed in the House of Representatives on Tuesday. It is intended to be a joint committee of the House and Senate, and ordinarily any petitions or matters relating to this subject would be referred to them. Hence the necessity of having a committee of men impartial views on this particular subject. Mr. William Daniel says that he is convinced the Speaker of the House acted innocently in the matter. He had to recognize the motion for a committee and appoint the committee according to precedent. It was determined to visit Annapolis on Wednesday, February 4th, to present the petitions for local option from all over the State. It is expected that a steamboat will be chartered for the occasion. A very large and influential delegation will go down. Possibly Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, will present the appeal. It was also determined to hold the State convention of the Alliance in Baltimore on the 15th and 16th of April. Dr. Knowles, in the course of the meeting, spoke of the danger to the Sabbath growing out of the possibility of modification of existing laws, and urged all christian men and women to take a decided stand against such a step.

Local Option.

Next month will witness some animated scenes in the State House. Local option people will come down in great numbers, and will ask to be accorded the privilege of being heard on behalf of their cause on the floor of the House. If it is refused, then they will appear before the special committee having local option legislation in charge. The manner in which the House committee is constituted is rather a disappointment to the members of the State Temperance Alliance. Mr. Campbell Hamilton, an avowed opponent of local option, is its chairman. The members of the committee state that when county delegations will not object to local option for their respective counties, the committee will report in favor of local option for such counties. The Cecil county delegation favors local option, and they report that the sentiment is largely in its favor in the county. Other delgations express similar sentiments. The delegation from Calvert county states that prohibition has worked admirably in their county, and political death would be the result to any one who would vote for its repeal. No general local option law for the State will pass the legislature this session. The advocates of Sunday law modification will also make an invasion of Annapolis, and intend to charter a number of boats for that purpose. They do not propose to be heard on the floor of the House, but propose to do quite as effective work quietly among the members and in committee.

The effort to have the State board of Education appoint the county boards is such an outrage upon the local rights of the people as only the Democratic party, and especially the Democratic party in Maryland is capable of. It was bad enough to compel the judges to make the appointments, but this would be much worse, saturating the whole system with the worst political influences. There is no way of choosing school commissioners at all comparable to electing them by the people.—*Cumb. News.*

During the last five years the Democrats have lost half a dozen Northern states, and they have won the reputation that Grover has given them in Oregon, Garcelon in Maine, and Tilden in New York. Verily, there is little to which they can "point with pride" this year.

Mr. Farrow, the Republican Senator from Washington county, defined the position of the Republican members of the Senate and the House in matters of reform and economy by offering a resolution pledging the members of the General Assembly to support Governor Hamilton in all measures of economy, reform and retrenchment he may suggest. The preamble to the resolution recites that the cities and counties of the state are oppressed with taxation, and that the time for reform has arrived. The Democrats were rather taken by surprise at this flank movement on the part of the Republican members of the House, but of course, they could do nothing but submit. The Republican members have thus placed themselves on record to support the Governor in any contest, if any should arise, between him and the ruling powers in other branches of the government when the welfare of the state is at stake. Governor Hamilton has had interviews with a number of Republican members of the legislature, and they have all promised to give him their aid and encouragement in any measure of reform and economy.

It now looks as if the Maine Fusionists are awaiting for the decision of the Supreme Judicial Court and that if that tribunal decides against them, as it undoubtedly will do, they will make the best of it and go over to the Republican Legislature. Warlike rumors have suddenly ceased and it is now unlikely that there will be any disturbance of the public peace.—*Balto. Gazette, Democrat.*

When Gen. Grant arrived in Cuba the other day the island was shaken from one end to the other by an earthquake. When Grant felt the jolting he took off his hat, bowed politely and remarked to one of the attendants that this was the neatest personal compliment that had been paid to him outside of Philadelphia.—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

The Fusionists are evidently at death's door, and will probably give up the political ghost in a very few hours. The length of time which they have managed to hold together under the circumstances is a strong illustration of the immense tenacity with which the average politician clings to office even under the most discouraging circumstances.—*Balto. Bulletin, Dem.*

After the third shot from the State Supreme Court in Maine, it will be impossible to find a Fusionists within forty miles of the capital. Those that don't like the idea of being fired out have departed already.

TELEGRAPHIC.

FUSIONIST SENATE DWINDLING.

BOSTON, Jan. 26.—The *Herald* Augusta special says: "The Supreme Court will assemble at Bangor and decide upon the advisability of considering the Fusionist statement. The Fusionist Senate met with but seven members this morning, transacted no business and took a recess until 4 p. m."

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 26.—The Republican programme, as outlined this morning, is, after hearing what the Supreme Court has to say regarding the Fusionist statement, to have the governor issue a proclamation commanding the dispersion of the Fusionist government, and if any one persists in exercising administrative or legislative functions arrest him immediately. Probably the governor will give the Fusionists not over 24 hours' warning. The Fusionists appear to have entirely lost heart, and now only talk of appeal to the popular judgment at the polls next autumn. It is expected that Wednesday will see the last of the dual government in Maine. It is reported that the Fusionists employed the great seal to authenticate their documents sent to the court at Bangor.

MAINE SAFE.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 57.—There is not a ripple of excitement here at this A. M. The fusionists have no inkling yet as to the probable action of the court, and are waiting patiently for the next move of the Republicans.

AUGUSTA, ME., Jan. 27.—The Republican committee on Judiciary today drew up a bill to punish any person or persons wrongfully pretending to assume and exercise duties of any State office, and will report the same in the Legislature to-morrow. The penalty for the offense, is fixed at imprisonment for not less than one year, and fine not exceeding $5,000.

This bill is aimed at the fusion State officers, and either Governor Smith, Secretary Sawyer or Treasurer White may be arrested and tried under it. Word has been received from Bangor that the court refuses to recognize the fusion body as a legal legislature and will not answer questions submitted, but goes into a long detailed statement of reasons why the Republican Legislature is legal. The news is received with evident satisfaction by Republicans, and they are inclined to be more gracious to the fusionists than at any time during the last fortnight.

BANGOR, ME., Jan 27.—The reply of the Supreme Court to the questions submitted by the Fusionist Legislature refuses to accept them as questions legally placed before them by an authorized body, but proceeds to give reasons why such questions should not be entertained. It reiterates the assertion that Gov. Garcelon violated the obligations of his office by refusing to accept the decisions of the court on the questions submitted by him, and not revoking the certificates issued according to his view of the requirements of election laws states that the fusion legislature unlawfully admitted men who had been illegally certified and refused an appeal from the decision. There was no quorum in the first Legislature, as men were counted who were not legally entitled to seats.

The court then proceeds to consider whether there is a legal legislature in existence, and concludes that the Republican members were such as they formed the majority and had a *prima facie* right to seats. In regard to the point that the Republican legislature is illegal because no notice was given to some of its members of its organization, the Court says that the want of such notice does not invalidate its organization. All such departure from ordinary usage was compulsory in such a circumstance, and the will of the people could not be thwarted. The rest of the answer is couched in the same strain, and colored in all points in favor of the Davis legislature.

AUGUSTA, ME., Jan. 28.—The general impression among the people this morning is that the Fusionists having submitted their questions regarding the legality of their organization to the Supreme Judicial Court, must abide by the result, at least to the extent of breaking up their Union Hall legislature and returning to their homes.

The Capitol Guards of this city, and the Richard Light Infantry, from Gardiner, marched down town from the capitol shortly before 9 o'clock, the former dispersing at their armory and the latter taking the railway train home.

The Auburn Light Infantry and Androscoggin Light Artillery with the Gatling gun, will remain at the capitol to-day, but Gov. Davis says he thinks they will not be needed any longer.

The Fusionists assembled in their hall at ten o'clock. The House, after sitting in mute silence for five or ten minutes, took a recess until four o'clock this afternoon, with the provision that reporters and the public should be excluded. It was stated that many members now out of town would be back at that hour and would take part in the secret session.

The Fusion Senate, after dismissing the reporters, followed the example of the House and took a recess till 4 P. M., when the session will be strictly private. Fusion Governor Smith will leave the city for home on one of the afternoon trains. He is reticent regarding his future return, but stated this morning that decision was final for the present.

To-day Messrs. Hill, of Corinth, and Millikin, of Burnham, took seats in the Republican legislature with the intention of remaining as permanent members of that body.

Both branches of the legislature adjourned shortly after eleven o'clock.

Governor Smith is of the opinion that all the trouble is over. The troops remaining in the State House will, it is generally believed, be sent home to-night. They certainly will if the Fusionists evince a disposition to break up, otherwise the militia may remain here for the rest of the week.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—At Saturday's meeting of the Dublin Mansion House relief committee, 80 applications for relief were made, amounting to £2,685. The total amount so far granted £3,340. Five hundred pounds were received from Washington and £1,500 from New York.

The lord mayor of Dublin has issued an appeal through the London press in behalf of the Mansion House relief committee, stating that that committee is not connected with any other organization, and that it consists of representatives of all creeds and all shades of politics. The appeal states that evidence accumulates that there is scarcely a county in Ireland in which terrible privation does not exist in some portion, though it is more severe in the western counties and in the northwest and southwest seaboards. The lord mayor fears the public of London does not realize the gravity of the crisis, or that unless prompt assistance be given tens of thousands of people must die of starvation. He cannot think that if they did they who gave hundreds of thousands to avert a famine in India would have given less to the Dublin Mansion House fund than had Sydney or Melbourne.

The lord mayor states that £8,000 have already been distributed out of the £20,000 received, but that this is a drop in the ocean of need. He fears a recurrence of the disaster of 1847, when abundant assistance was forthcoming, but too late to save life.

REGISTRATION IN DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, Jan. 21.—In the United States Circuit Court to day Judge Bradford rendered a decision in the matter of appointing supervisors of registration, which was argued on Tuesday last. He decided that the assessment laws of Delaware are in effect, a registration of voters as contemplated by the act of Congress, and the appointments will therefore be made. The decision is to the effect that a liberal construction must be placed upon the law in its application to the different States, and that the law was intended to include all systems of registration. Unless there be a registration the law was inapplicable, but all the modes, tho' they vary widely, must come within its scope. One thing that was very true was that a person could not vote unless he was on the assessment list and had paid his taxes; but, having fulfilled that obligation and being qualified in other respects, he had a perfect right to vote. The principal qualification was the payment of a tax, and unless the person's name appeared on the list by which that tax was assessed, he could not vote. This constitutes a strong *prima facie* right to vote, and the assessment system was certainly in fact and substance a registration.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—The *Times*, in a leading editorial article to day commenting on the proposed increase in the German army, says: "What is disturbing in the matter is the vivid revelation it affords of the terrible condition of the armed truce in which Europe exists from day to day. By wisdom and firmness statesmen may prevent a collision of these armed forces, but such an achievement will need incessant vigilance and patience. At such a time England ought to hold herself as free as possible from all unnecessary entanglements, in order to be able, if necessary, to make her voice heard at some critical moment when the whole course of European history might be hanging in the balance. Far greater issues to the world are now at stake in Europe than in any other quarter of the globe, and in deciding them, England may have a still more beneficent part to play than ever she has yet fulfilled. To play it effectively she must be strong and she should be at peace."

THE ALLEGANY SQUABBLE.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 23.—The State board of education met to-day and decided the Allegany county contest in favor of J. W. S. Cochrane, secretary, treasurer and examiner of the county school board, against Jas. M. Shober. A great hubbub has been raised in Cumberland over the case, the court having failed to appoint new commissioners this year, and the old ones holding over appointing Mr. Shober, to whom Mr. Cochrane had transferred the office before he realized his rights or claims under the school law. Gov. Hamilton, M. A. Newell, P. A. Witmer and Dr. E. Hall Richardson, constituting a quorum of the State board were present and also Messrs. Cochrane and Shober, the contestants, Drs. G. B. Fundenberg and Chas. N. Getzendanner, of the county board. Senator G. H. Williams appeared as counsel for the county school board, and Sen. Clement Sullivane for the memorialist, Cochrane. It will be remembered that Attorney-General Gwinn had already furnished an opinion to the school board in favor of Mr. Cochrane's claim. This opinion was given in response to a question sent the Attorney-General, as the legal adviser of the school board, by Mr. Newell, as follows: "Had the board of county school commissioners of Allegany county a legal right to elect a secretary, treasurer and examiner at their meeting in January, 1880, or did the former secretary, &c., hold over with the board?"

The county board produced the minutes in which it had been recorded in the memorialist's own hand that "J. W. S. Cochrane was on Jan. 1, 1878, duly elected secretary, treasurer and examiner, to serve two years, until January 1, 1880." Mr. Williams took the ground that he was the employe of the board, which had limited his term, and by so doing had reserved the power to select any one else. Mr. Sullivane contended, on the other hand, that the secretary, treasurer and examiner was part of the board, and not a servant, and that if the board held over the officer also held over, and so the State board decided after a full hearing, viz: That "J. W. S. Cochrane is of right the legal secretary, treasurer and examiner of the board of county school commissioners of Allegany county." Attorney General Gwinn's opinion took the ground "that the Allegany county board, having made the appointment of a person to act as secretary, examiner and treasurer in 1878, could not make a new appointment to this office in 1880, the prior incumbent not having been removed by the State board of education, because the office in question, being a part of the organization of the board of commissioners appointed in 1878, must remain in office, unless removed by the State board of education, until a new organization of a county board is effected by appointments made by the judges of the Circuit Court for Allegany."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Grand military parade and ball at the Glades Hotel Thursday evening.

—The County Commissioners will meet for the transaction of business next Monday.

—The Orphans' Court was in session Tuesday, but no business of general interest was transacted.

—M. J. Miller's distillery at Accident, this county, was partially destroyed by fire Saturday last. Loss about $500.

—Mr. Leowenstein will re-build at once, and in the meantime will occupy his old shop in his residence on Fourth street.

—The Garrett Guards of Oakland will give a grand ball at Dailey's hotel on the 5th of February, and have invited the Voltigeurs to attend. At the meeting Friday evening of the Volties a committee composed of privates W. S. Bridendolph, Charles E. Rhind and Walter Powell was appointed to work up the matter.—*Cumb. News.*

—Firms advertising to forward on receipt of fifty or sixty cents a bound volume of Webster's Unabridged dictionary are pronounced by post-office agents impostors. The agents are unquestionably right, and the wonder is that everybody needed to be warned of that fact. Offers to furnish goods worth from $6 to $12 for half a dollor are evidence in themselves of swindling purposes. The post office department is making a noble effort to protect people who are prone to let their cupidity run away with their judgment, and the innocent, who believe every flaming promise held out to them, from the traps of pestiferous sharpers of all classes who abuse the mails.

Church Services--Sunday.

—Memoral church.—Preaching at 7 o'clock, P. M., by the Pastor.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock by Rev. O. C. Miller. Congregational meeting immediately after the services, to which all members are urged to be present. Also preaching at Deer Park at 3 o'clock, by Rev. O. C. Miller.

Attention Garrett Guards.

Every member of the company will report for duty at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon the 31st inst. Knapsacks will be given out.

By order of the Captain.

P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergant.

Notice.

All persons having Tickets on sale for the Garrett Guards Parade and Ball will please turn the same in to the committee on Saturday evening next.

By order of committee of arrangements.

Flag Presentation.

The stand of colors given by Mr. John W. Garrett to the Garrett Guards, will be formally presented to the company on Thursday evening February 5th, just before the Dress Parade. Honorary member, J. W. Veitch, will make the address, Capt. Wardwell will receive the colors and place them in the hands of the Color Sergeant and Surgeon Bartlett will respond to the address on behalf of the company.

Eye Badly Injured.

Last week Mr. G. E. Jenkins, who resides on Humbird's farm, three miles below the city, met with quite a serious accident. He was plowing in a field, when a thorn struck him in the eye. He came to the city and was attended by our oculist, Dr. W. F. Fundenberg, who placed him under chloroform, and with difficulty removed the thorn. Though the eye was torn almost from the socket and the thorn was in the ball, the Doctor is of the opinion that eventually he will recover his sight.—*Cumb. Times.*

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Jan. 28:

Dawson V. Hammond to Andrew Kalbfleish, military lot No. 2656; $297.08.

James Hardin and wife to George M. Menhorn, part of a tract of land in Accident; $98.

James Harden and wife to Leonard Shatzer, part of a tract of land in Accident containing 10 acres; $250.

Althea M. Devecmon to John Dailey, Patrick Hamill and J. R. Bishop, part of a tract of land called "San Marino," and "Veronica the Nun;" $1,500.

Julia A. Armstrong and James D. Armstrong to Althea M. Devecmon, part of tract called "San Marino," and "Veronica the Nun;" $50.

Grand Dress Ball.

DEER PARK, Jan. 27th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Had you by any fortunate chance been in Deer Park on Friday, the 23d of January, I think your attention would have been attracted to Wing and Wing, the home of E. C. Tillson, Esq., by the undefinable air of excitement which pervaded the very face of the residence. Doors opening and shutting constantly, shadowy figures flitting across the white drawn blinds, rays of light streaming from every window invitingly beckoning one to come in and see; at least I imagined them to do so and accepted the unspoken invitation without much demur, as my inclinations were all in unison with it. Entering the hall I find the doors again in a state of constant motion, opening and shutting, emitting streams of light, sounds of smothered laughter and whispered words—an air of mystery about it all; and what wonder. From one door suddenly walks the dignified Martha Washington with Little Red Ridinghood, a Fairy Queen, two dainty, old time Village Lasses, Little Eva and an Italian Street Dancer following in her wake. There is an animated buzz overhead, and the winding staircase is suddenly filled with tromping figures. Sumner and Winter hand in hand, with the bright hued Butterfly flitting just behind, the Rainbow, Morning and Night, a Sister of Charity, the Goddess of Liberty, the Coquette of Arlon and the Fashion Editress following in quick succession. Then the Two Orphans, Henrette dutifully leading the blind Louise by the hand, and both looking as dainty in their pink and blue dresses, black peasant waists, white shoulder handkerchiefs and Normandy caps, as it they had just stepped out upon the stage to look at and hear of Notre Dame. The front door opens once more to admit an Italian Brigand, apparently on the best of terms with his rather impertinent follower, Sambo, neither of whom seem in the least awed by the entrance of Oliver Cromwell and George Washington, while Sambo is evidently on terms of familiar intimacy with the jovial monarch Charles II of England, that unfortunate ruler, Montezuma, the elegantly attired Black Prince and the exquisite Romeo. The entrance of the Ghost from Hamlet created some consternation and excitement, but an efficient Police Officer, backed by several representatives of the Regular Army arrived upon the scene just at this moment and were perfectly successful in their endeavors to maintain order. Lady Rosamond, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh, arrived in time to follow the mixed throng which seemed to be irresistibly drawn toward the dining room, attracted no doubt, by the lively strains of music issuing therefrom. The genial host stepped in and announced a leap year dance; pardners were soon secured for a quadrille and the fun began. Of course it was a masquerade; who did not know that? Why its coming has been more than a nine day's talk among the young folks of Deer Park. Dance followed dance in quick succession, the floor being constantly filled with the bright, grotesque and elegant figures of the masquers. Masques were dropped a little before twelve o'clock and in the denoument I recognized the following list of familiar faces:

Miss Rida Jamesson as Butterfly; Miss Addie Tower as Goddess of Liberty; Miss Joe Hoye as Night; Miss Nelie Friend as Morning; Miss Mary Garrett as Coquette of Arlon; Miss Kate Davis as Fairy Queen; Misses Mona Tillson and Mollie Head as Two Orphans; Miss Orpha Head as Summer; Miss Ida Head as Winter; Miss Fannie Hamill as Sister of Charity; Mrs. Eva F. Riggs as Italian Street Dancer; Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield as Martha Washington; Miss Susie Thrasher as Fashion Editress; Miss Sallie Helfasty as Rainbow; Misses Effie Mellor and Mattie Davis as Peasant Girls. Dr. Hocking as Oliver Cromwell; L. Friend as Romeo; D. F. Graham as Charles II; F. Thrasher as Black Prince; L. Thrasher as Base Ball Champion; W. Thrasher as Sambo; C. H. Tillson as Italian Brigand; L. H. Schoolfield as Ghost in Hamlet; R. Cropp as Montezuma; W. Garrett as Policeman; J. B. Bantz as Lady Rosamond; W. Grimm as Sir Walter Raleigh; Z. Tower as George Washington; T. West as Lieutenant U. S. A.; E. West as Surgeon U. S. A.; R. S. Jamison, Captain U. S. A.; W. Wolf as Lieutenant U. S. A.; King Delawder as Postillion; E. M. Spedden as What is It; Master W. R. Davis as Red Ridinghood; Master Frank Schoolfield as Little Eva. Beside the above quite a number of ladies and gentlemen *without character* were present from Oakland.

Supper was announced at twelve, and the guests were conducted into the room arranged as a temporary dining room, where the green wreathed walls, sumptuously loaded and tastefully decorated tables were enough to gladden the eyes of any hungry and tired throng or satisfy the fancy of the most supercilious of the royal guests. All did ample justice to the delicacies so unsparingly provided by the hospitable entertainers. After supper dancing was resumed and continued with untiring zeal and unclouded pleasure until the Oakland guests were compelled to leave in order to catch the half past five train. One little exciting incident I forgot to mention. Soon after supper the company were thrown into quite a state of excitement by the appearance of a Brazilian Ape, which skipped about from room to room in the most lively manner to the extreme amusement of the gentlemen and the consternation of the ladies. His Apeship only deigned to participate in one set, however, retiring as suddenly as he had appeared, no doubt in search of a warmer clime.

I hope I have not consumed more space than is allowable in reports of this kind, but in case I have, beg your patience and plead my inexperience as an excuse.

Yours, respectfully,

R.

Canal Officers.

The Board of Public Works of Maryland are in entire harmony in everything that pertains to their office, and that body is now earnestly engaged in assisting the president of the canal in the preparation of his answer to the bill for a receivership. Any report that there are differences in the board in regard to appointments of officers on our public works is without a scintilla of truth. In fact, there has never been any interference whatever with the prerogatives of the Governor, even by intimation, and the Democratic leaders in the State were never more harmoniously disposed than they are today.

In preparing the reply to the bill for the appointment of a receiver, Hon. Patrick Hamill has been of great service to the Board of Public Works and President Gorman, in getting up papers and collecting data, thus making himself familar with every branch of the canal business, and will be well fitted for the position of President, in case Senator Gorman shall determine to dissolve his present relations with the canal company prior to next January.

Hon. Patrick Hamill is a Western Maryland man all over, and all his interests lie in this section. He is a warm personal friend of Gov. Hamilton, as well as of most of the Democratic leaders in the State. He is at present a member of the Canal Directory, and is well qualified for the presidency, if the mantle shall fall upon him. We believe the canal would be more prosperous under his management, in the event of a new president coming in, than any one whose name at present comes to our mind, and the people of Allegany and Garrett would be pleased to see him in that position.

Mr. Hamill has been at home for some days but returned to Annapolis yesterday morning, where he will continue to assist in preparing papers and answers for presentation to the court on Monday next.—*Cumberland Times.*

Railroad earnings make a very strong exhibit, and have probably been greater for the last four months than ever before. Of course the general prosperity of the country, the revival in all industries, the vast amount of produce shipped to the seaboard, have caused this increase, and it cannot be kept up unless the general prosperity continues. The new railroads west of the Mississippi can hardly hope that the country they are opening up will develop rapidly enough to pay their outlay for a good many years. It is this railroad business that is doing much to stimulate traffic in stocks, and if it continues, as the signs of the times now strongly portend it will, another strong, speculative movement may very certainly be calculated upon.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The New Orleans *Times* expresses the belief that the exodus of the negroes from the South will be much greater this year than the last. The preparations for departure are apparent in portions of all the Southern states. There is a general refusal to enter into new contracts, but the planters are advised not to be despondent, as white laborers will come into supply the places left vacant, as has been the case in Mississippi, where more than one-half the cotton crop last year was the product of white labor. While admitting the prospect of losing a portion of the Southern population, the *Times* desires the merchants to send the idle young men of the city into Mexico and Central America as drummers, to build up the trade of New Orleans, which has been destroyed by the great railroad systems of the North. One might suppose that the idle young men under the circumstances might find work nearer home.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 31, 1880.

Some of our party friends have been unnecessarily agitated lately over the very animated but good-natured controversy in Pennsylvania on the Presidential question. The facts are in brief, these: Sen. Cameron got elected chairman of the National committee for the avowed purpose of helping the Grant boom. He immediately had the convention of his State called early in order to promote that object. But the result was different from what he anticipated and desired. It is reported even that Senator Blaine, instead of General Grant has a majority in that convention which is to meet next week and choose delegates to Chicago. Senator Cameron is disappointed. A meeting was held at his house last night to induce him to abandon his purpose to have the State convention instructed. It is said he is stubborn and threatens to smash things if he can't have his way; but we don't credit this. The majority must rule, whether for Blaine or Grant, and the Republican party must win the next battle without regard to the preferences for standard bearers.

A case of civil service reform comes from South Carolina. Secretary Schurz allowed allowed Senators Butler and Hampton of that State to designate the Supervisors of the Census. One of them turns out to be a man under indictment for taking part in the election riots and killing negroes. The President at once withdrew his nomination, and the bloodthirsty Senators declare it is a Republican party scheme. It is manifest that the President has become very stalwart, and is determined that the ex-rebels shall not have everything their own way.

The Democrats are still holding back the United States Marshals bill in the hope that by postponing it until late in the session they may cut off debate. But they will not succeed. The Republicans will resist any and all the "starving out" measures of the Democrats, now and all the time. Meanwhile the real business of the session has to await the mission of men who are trying to kill time in order to save their party from fatal blunders.

Complaints are very general against the Indian and the Pension offices, and Secretary Schurz is much criticised for retaining Commissioners Hayt and Bentley, notwithstanding Republicans and Democrats alike complain of their inefficiency. The soldiers are bitter in their complaints about delays in Pension matters, and the excuse of Bentley that he hasn't help enough is too transparent. Our party can't afford to keep up that expensive system much longer. The late failures in Indian management are no less inefficient, and Secretary Schurz ought to see it.

Anticipating the large emigration to the West, Senator Paddock of Nebraska, is engaged in worthy efforts to perfect the laws governing the public lands and the entering of settlers thereon. He has introduced several bills with this object in view, and will demand prompt action upon them.

LOOAN.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 15, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Third Day of February, 1880,

for the purpose of approving Constables's bonds, and for the transaction of such business as may come before the Board.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
1 21 3 Clerk.

Order of Publication.

Thomas Johnson vs. Lake Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, and Samuel Wood.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 176. In Equity.

The object of this Bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from Lake Wood to Jane Wood, his wife, also a mortgage from the said Lake Wood to Samuel Wood; also a deed from Lake Wood, and Jane Wood, his wife, to Samuel Wood, and to subject the real estate mentioned in said conveyances to the payment of the complainant's claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 25th day of April, 1870, and prior to that time, Lake Wood owned two Military Lots, to-wit: Nos. 3110 and 3112, lying in Garrett county. That on the 25th day of April, 1876, the complainant sold and delivered to Lake Wood a lot of personal property and took his single bill for $117.00 at twelve months therefor. That after contracting this debt Lake Wood executed a mortgage for $75.00 to his son Samuel Wood. That on the same day, to-wit: the 11th of September, 1876, the said Lake Wood executed a second mortgage, for $796.00, to his wife, Jane Wood. That both mortgages were made upon the real estate aforesaid; and at the time they were executed all the defendants lived in Garrett county, but that they, subsequent to the last mentioned date, removed to Pennsylvania, where they now reside. The Bill further states that on the 25th day of April, 1877, the said Lake Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, executed a deed in fee simple to their said son Samuel Wood, conveying the said land to him, and at the time the said Johnson sold the said Wood the personal property aforesaid and took said single bill therefor, he did so upon the faith of said Wood's ownership of said land. That at the time of making said conveyances said Wood was largely indebted and insolvent and had not the means of paying his debts apart from the property so conveyed. The Bill further states that said conveyances were fraudulently made, not for bona fide considerations, but for pretended and simulated considerations; and that they were made with a view to cheat, hinder, delay and defraud the complainant and the other creditors of the said Lake Wood, and that the same are therefore void and of no effect. The Bill then prays that said conveyances may be vacated and annulled, said real estate sold and such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 24th day of January, 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 24th day of February, 1880, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this court by person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of July 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
Jan31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

24th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m., at the front door of the court house, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county which is known and described as

"BRANT'S DISCOVERY,"

and is contained in the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at two bounded white oak trees, standing north fifty-one° east seven perches, from a spring which descends into Bear Pen run, a branch of Savage river, and on the west side of said river, and running thence north six degrees east twenty-eight perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with three notches; west one hundred and fifty-four and three-quarter perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south thirty degrees west eighty-one perches, south seventy and one-half degrees west fifty-five perches, to a white oak tree marked wit. five notches; north forty-nine and one-half degrees west forty-one perches; south eleven degrees west fifty six perches; south forty-three degrees east thirty-six perches; south three degrees east sixty-two perches, to a white oak tree marked with six notches; south twenty-seven degrees east one hundred and ten and one-half perches to a red oak tree marked with seven notches; south forty-four degrees west twenty-six and one-half perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south twenty-nine degrees east fifty-two perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with five notches; north sixty-two degrees, east twenty-eight perches south seventy-nine degrees east one hundred and ten perches, and then by a straight line to the beginning, containing four hundred and fifty-eight acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of seventeen dollars and seventy-two cents, taxes due by John B. Brant for the year 1878.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
j31-ts Collector of Taxes.

Order of Publication

Thomas Johnson vs. George Hill, Sr., and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 177. In Equity.

The object of this bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from George Hill, Sr., to Eliza Hill, his wife, also a mortgage from the said George Hill, Sr., to Henry Hill, and also a deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., and subject the real estate mentioned in said Bill to the payment of the Complainants' claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, and prior to that time George Hill, Sr., owned valuable real estate in Garrett county known and described as Military Lot No. eleven hundred and twenty-seven. (1127). That on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, the complainant obtained a judgment against the said George Hill, Sr., for forty-two dollars and fifty-three cents. That said judgment was rendered upon a note bearing date the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, which was executed and delivered by the said George Hill, Sr., to the said Thos. Johnson for goods and chattels sold by the said Johnson to the said Hill. That the said Geo. Hill, Sr., on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1870, executed a mortgage for the payment as he alleges, of two hundred dollars to Eliza Hill, his wife. That on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1877, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, executed another mortgage upon said real estate to secure, as they allege, the payment of two hundred dollars to their son Henry Hill. That on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1878, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, conveyed to their son George Hill, Jr., in fee simple, all the real estate aforesaid and also all their personal property upon the pretended consideration of two hundred dollars. That the complainant credited the said Hill upon the faith of his ownership of said real estate. That at the time of making said conveyances, the said George Hill, Sr., was largely indebted and insolvent; and that he had not the means of paying your Orator's claim and his other debts apart from said property so conveyed by him. That notwithstanding the execution of said Mortgages and said deed the said George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, continue to live upon said property and use it as their own. The Bill further states and charges that said mortgages and said deed were made for the purpose of cheating, hindering, deaying and defrauding your Orator and the other creditors of the said George Hill, Sr. That such doings are contrary to Equity and good conscience, and are fraudulent and void. The prayer of the bill is that the said mortgages and the said deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., may be declared to be void, vacated and annulled. That a decree may be passed for sale of said real estate and for such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is therefore ordered, by the Court, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendants, Geo. Hill, Jr., and Henry Hill, in said Bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, A. D. 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
Jan, 31-1w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, will on

TUESDAY,

10th day of February, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, offer for sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known as

"The Resurvey on Beatty's Plains,"

situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Beginning for the out lines of the whole at the original beginning, it being also the beginning of Lots Nos. 3726 and 3761, lying westward of Fort Cumberland, and running thence reversing the given line and the six following lines of "Mount Pisgah:"

S 82° W 71 perches, to a stone marked M W A,
S 25° W 60 " " " " "
S 41° E 16 " " " " "
S 49° W 51 " " " " "
S 32° W 51 " " " " "
S 16° W 100 " " " " "
S 33½° W 32 " " " " "

(it being also the end of the 4th line of the tract of land called "Mount Pisgah," aforesaid; then leaving the lines of said tract and running N 60½° W 91 perches, to the end of the 8th line of "Lovett's Addition," and reversing it and the three following courses and distances, to-wit: N 62° W 38 perches, N 15° E 18 perches, N 55° W 20 perches to the end of the 3d line of part of "Lovett's Addition," then N 27 perches, then with the given lines of Lots 3840 and 3861, N 82° W 167 perches to beginning of Lot No. 3860, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof, S 28° W 72 perches, S 76° E 187 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3861; then S 7° W 60 perches to the end of 1st line of Lovett's Addition, S 74° W 121 phs. to the beginning of Lot No. 3861, a stone marked J L; then S 21° E 78 perches to a stone standing marked J L, S 74½° E 20 perches to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Daniel's Addition, and with the 5th line thereof N 24° W 105 perches to the end thereof, then N 27½° W 19 perches to the end of the 3d line of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the 3d and other lines reversed, the three following courses and distances: N 42° W 53 perches, S 35° W 98 perches, S 76° W 25 perches, to an ancient ly bounded chestnut oak, it being also the beginning of Come by Chance, S 6½° E 39 perches to the end of the 5th line of a tract of land called Disappointment, and with the 6th line of it N 65° W 46 perches, S 66° W 54 perches to the end of the 20th line of a tract of land called Homestead Park, then with the given line of Lot 3893 N 27° E 95 perches, to the end of the 35th line of Homestead Park, then reversing the 35th and other lines of said tract the seventeen following courses and distances: S 58° E 27 perches, N 31° E 74 perches, N 78° E 50 perches, N 18° E 51 perches, N 66° W 40 perches, N 28° W 11 phs, N 78 W 20 perches, N 10° W 60 perches, N 75° W 76 perches, N 49° W 50 perches, N 15° W 81 perches, S 61° W 52 perches, S 42½° W 63 phs, S 6° W 52 perches, S 88° W 20 perches, S 1° W 119 perches, S 75° E 74 perches to the 4th line of Lot No. 3881, and with the 4th line of said Lot S 32° W 106 perches to the end thereof, then N 89° W 24 perches, S 18° W 100 perches, S 72½° E 76 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3880; then S 45 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3870, and with it reversed N 86° W 79 perches to the beginning of said Lot, and reversing the given line thereof S 27° W 38 phs, to the end of the 17th line of the Resurvey on Lot No. 3870, then reversing said 17th line and other lines of the aforesaid Resurvey, the four following courses and distances: N 86° E 132 perches to an ancient ly bounded white oak tree, N 5° E 47 perches, S 85° E 31 perches, N 20° E 51 perches, N 70½° W 12 perches to the beginning of Lot No. 3881, and with the 1st line thereof N 32° E 81 perches; then with lines of Homestead Park the four following courses and distances: N 89° E 27 perches, N 29° E 88 perches, N 6½° E 50 perches, S 22° E 92 perches, to the end of the 2d line of a tract of land called Davis's Luck, and with the lines thereof the six following courses and distances: S 52° W 70 perches, S 16° W 26 perches, S 45° W 49 perches, S 35° E 7 perches, S 5° W 61 perches, S 67° E 34 perches; then reversing the 8th and preceding lines of Homestead Park, the three following courses and distances: S 16° W 40 perches, S 65° E 26 perches, S 83½° E 82½ perches, to the end of the 50th line of the tract of land aforesaid, N 69° E 25 perches, to the beginning of the 7th line of a tract of land called Disappointed, and with it S 101 perches to the end thereof; then W 62 perches, S 82° W 16 perches, N 24½° W 11 perches, N 46½° W 20 perches, N 43½° W 22 perches, N 51° W 27 phs, S 42° W 12 perches, N 18½° E 13 perches, N 40½° W 15 perches S 58° W 22 perches, S 81½° W 12 perches, S 37° W 22 perches, S 8° E 16 perches, S 47° E 11 perches, N 58° W 20 pchs, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3868, S 75° W 101 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3885, and reversing the lines of said Lot S 10° E 146 perches, S 75° E 40 perches, S 51° E 115 perches, S 20° W 31 perches to the end of the 1st line of Lot No. 3885, and with it reversed N 40° W 100 perches, S 50° W 80 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 10° W 115 phs, S 31° W 28 perches, to the beginning of the 2d line of Lot No. 3858, and with it S 75° W 100 perches, S 3° W 108 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 68½° W 16 perches, to the 2d line of Lot No 3916, and with said line N 66 perches to the end thereof, then N 62° W 144 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3916, then N 145 perches to the 1st line of Lot No. 3871, and with the lines of said Lot N 78° E 47 perches, N 15° W 140 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said Lot, and with the 3d line thereof S 47° W 45 perches to the end of the 1st line of a tract of land called Now or Never, and with the 2d line thereof N 58° W 106 perches, N 79½° W 64 perches, S 28° W 67 perches, to the end of the 4th line of a tract of land called New Ireland, and reversing the lines of said tract N 22° W 100 perches, to the end of the 3d line thereof, S 28° W 115 perches, N 61° W 11 perches to the end of the 5d line of a tract of land called Reckner's Purchase, and with it reversed S 25° W 216 perches, to the end of the 2d line thereof, S 47° E 43 perches, to the end of the 1st line of said tract, S 31° W 107 perches, S 12° W 55 perches, to the beginning of a tract of land called Come by Chance, and with the lines thereof W 20 perches, S 19° W 22 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said tract, and with the 3d line thereof S 19° E 77 perches, S 47½° W 382 perches to the 10th line of a tract of land called Republic, and with said line N 50° W 53 perches, N 221 perches, to the end of the given line of J. E. Howard's part of the whole tract called Beatty's Plains Resurveyed, then reversing the given line and others of said tract E 162 perches, N 48° E 296 perches, N 50° W 251 perches, N 18° E 291 perches, N 57½° E 223 perches, N 51° E 80 perches, N 51° W 80 perches, N 48° E 82 phs, N 69° E 26 perches, N 35° E 180 perches, N 44° E 32 perches, N 77° E 122 perches, N 19° E 88 perches, N 71½° E 85 perches, S 1° E 71 prchs, S 74° W 172 perches, to the end of the 3d line of Lot No. 3766, and with the given line thereof S 3° W 151 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 3765, and with the 1st and 2d lines thereof S 38° E 94 perches, N 36° E 20 perches, to the end of the 2d line of Lot No. 3760, then with the lines of said Lots 3769, 3768 and 3767 S 68½° E 131 perches, to the beginning of the 3d line of Jacob Miller's Resurvey, and with the lines of it the seven following courses and distances: N 60½° E 38 perches, S 61° E 41 perches, N 44° E 60 perches, N 17° E 30 perches N 10° E 24 perches, N 38° W 30 perches, N 59 W 30 phs, to the 1st line of Lot No. 4008, then with the lines of said Lot N 66 perches, N 44° W 110 perches, to the end of the 2d line of said Lot, N 20° W 20 perches, N 9° W 74 perches, S 65° E 101 perches, to the end of the 6th line of a tract of land called Yellow Spring, then with the lines of said tract S 32° E 152 perches, N 81° E 60 perches, N 38° W 128 perches, to the end of the 9th line of the said tract, and with the 10th line thereof N 71½° W 81 perches, S 31½° E 220 perches, to the 2d line of Lot No. 3761, and with the line of said Lot S 81° W 40 perches, S 10° E 120 perches, to the 1st line of this present Resurvey, then by a straight line to the beginning,

Containing 8,026 Acres of Land More or Less.

Said land having been seized and taken in execution by me to satisfy the sum of sixty-nine dollars and twenty cents taxes due for the year 1878, by the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company. The said land is located in the George's Creek coal region, is underlaid with coal and is very valuable, and will be sold to satisfy said taxes and the costs of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
1 17 3 Col. for 1st Col. Dist, Garrett Co.

RICHARDSON BROS.,
GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
Canned Goods Fruit etc.

JAS. A. ENLOW,
Dealer in
General Merchandise and Country Produce
REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

Her Tea-Store Chromo.

A dame well along in years yesterday got into a Michigan avenue car with a pound of tea under one arm and a chromo under the other, and she was hardly seated before a man leaned forward and asked:

"I beg pardon, but have you any objections to my inspecting that work of art?"

She handed it over and he looked at it closely for a long time and then said:

"How beautiful and life-like? if I ever get rich I shall have at least three of these beautiful oil paintings. I don't want to seem impertinent, but may I ask if you purchased that beautiful masterpiece for less than $5,000?"

"Y—yes," she admitted.

"Ah! perhaps they made a discount in order to secure your patronage. Perhaps you got it for forty-five hundred. Cheap enough. I wish I had a million dollars. How I do revel in these delicious landscapes!"

The woman looked from her tea to the picture, then at the man, and her eyes began to bulge out in astonishment.

"Yes, this is indeed a masterpiece," he sighed as he held it up. "No one but a lady of refinement and culture could have selected it. Pray, madam, let me ask if you recognized the handiwork of Gonzia de Moria in it as soon as you saw it?"

"O, yes," she replied, while her eyes grew larger than ever.

"If I had $5,000 to spare I should try and purchase it of you, but as it is, I can only wish you much joy over its possession. Had you noticed that tree in the back-ground?"

"Y-yes," she answered, as she leaned forward.

"How wonderfully true to nature! That knot-hole there was never excelled by the hand of man. I always identify the works of Gonzia de Moria by the knot-holes in the trees. Will you bear that in mind in your future selections?"

"Yes, sir, and I am very much obliged."

"And in the foreground you observe a cow standing under a tree. This is a tree without any knot-hole, but what foliage! Ah! if I only had money—money to enable me to indulge my taste for such exquisite things! See what a cow! See that expression of contentment in her face! Observe the majestic curves of those horns! Here is the figure I was looking for. Ah! it is a 4! This cow gives four quarts of milk per day. Gonzia de Moria always marks the quantity of milk on every cow, customers then know what they are buying. If I should send a friend to you to buy this picture for $3,000 ——. But no! You are able to hold it. You cannot be tempted."

"I'd sell it for ——"

"For five thousand," he interrupted; "but alas! I cannot raise that sum! Here in the foreground is an opening in the rocks. Do you know what is in there?"

"No."

"A jug!" he hoarsely whispered—"a jug containing a remedy warranted to take off moles and freckles. Try it once and be convinced!"

He sank back and shut his eyes. She sat up very straight and seemed to reflect. She had moles and freckles, but it was none of his business. Presently she stood up, rang the bell, mashed the chromo over his head and walked out without a word. Everybody laughed but the man with his eyes shut. He opened them after the car started, looked down at the ruined chromo, and sadly sighed:

"Ah! masterpiece of Gonzia de Moria, alas! that such a fate should come upon thee—who's got any chewing tobacco in this car?"—*Free Press.*

On the Plains.

"Do those of our citizens who, during this bleak and cold Christmas tide, are comfortably and warmly housed, clothed and fed over bestow a single thought on those soldiers and scouts who are camped and barracked far out on the plains, where an extra glass of toddy is the extent of the Christmas festivities?" The above question was asked of an *Alta* reporter by Mr. J. Howard Paget, a scout who has been attached to General Miles' command, and who was an eye-witness to Miles' fight with the Nez Perces on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1877. Mr. Paget, or "Howard," the name by which he is known on the plains, is a fine-looking, well-built young man of thirty or thereabout, whose hardened sinews and bronze features bear witness to the life of exposure he has followed for the past seven years. He is a native of Iowa, and has been in California nineteen years. His first visit to the prairies was in 1873, when he took a St. Louis party to the Black Hills; in 1875 he was driven out of the Hills by General Crook, since which time he has been a Government scout.

Mr. Paget is a quiet, unassuming gentleman, who, although covered with honorable scars and wounds gained in the service of his country, is somewhat reticent of talking of his life on the plains, and it required some little pressing to induce him to converse in such a manner that the following story might be told. He differs also from several of the noted scouts in that he wears his hair short, and not in the poetically artistic style of flowing locks drooping over the shoulders.

"Well, yes," said Paget. "I think I know a thing or two about roughing it, and I can just tell you a scout's daily life is not the pleasant thing you would take it to be from the yellow-covered, ten-cent novels. At five minutes' notice we frequently undertake a journey of a hundred miles, on horseback, during which we have to ride from fifty to seventy-five miles a day, and don't see a human face, a fence or a house for weeks. When we are sent with dispatches, we don't bother much about luggage; usually it consists of what a fellow has on, a blanket for a saddle-cloth buckskin pants, a woolen shirt, and a pair of Government boots. Weapons? Well, yes, I guess we take them along, too; a brace of good revolvers, a needle-gun, and an Arkansas toothpick, or pocket-knife with a seven-inch blade, is my usual outfit in that direction. Of course, I never travel without my compass, as that is frequently my only guide. Rations? Well, yes, I take some of them, of course, though not enough to bother my mount; some hard-tack, sowbelly, or salt pork, and black coffee is the extent of my larder. In case the grub runs out, I don't hesitate to kill my animal for sustenance. For water and fuel we usually trust to luck, which don't always pan out well. I have more than once ridden one hundred and fifty miles without seeing a creek of running water, or finding a stick as big as a match. Sometimes we are sent out with dispatches for a command a week ahead of us. Do we find them? Yes, generally, but we have to trail the command. Sometimes it is easy enough; other times it isn't easy at all. In ordinary weather I can generally tell, by trailing within two hours how long it is since they passed, or how old the tracks are. Well, yes, I guess we are pretty well paid for our services, as a general thing. Sometimes the service is a particularly dangerous one, and the commanding officer offers a reward for a volunteer to carry the dispatches, but even the reward don't always secure a volunteer.

Right after the Custer massacre a reward of $5,000 was offered to anyone who who would carry sealed letters to the nearest command and bring answers; three soldiers volunteered and got through safely, but they could not be induced to return with the answers. Indians? Well, yes, I think I have seen a few of them during the past six years; I have seen them and felt them closer than I ever want to again. Treaties don't amount to anything; the Indians are nasty and treacherous, and you just mark my words, they kill a white man whenever they get a chance. It's in their nature, and they can't help it. The Piutes in and around Nevada and Utah are quiet and peaceable enough, but that's because they are not strong enough to be fighting. Well, I don't want to blow my own horn, but I should remark I have had a few narrow escapes. If you think you would like to hear a couple of them, I will just as leave tell them as not. No, thank you, I don't drink; in our business a man must keep a stout heart, a steady eye, and a cool head, and liquor won't help to give him any of them.

"In June, 1877, I think it was about the 21st, I started to take a train of prospectors from Deadwood to the Big Horn country. In the party were several tender-feet—pretty green ones. A man named John Snyder, of Cheyenne, and myself thought we would scare them a little; so we sneaked off about two miles from camp and lit a fire. Coming back into camp, we woke the boys up with the remark, 'There's Indians around; see the fire;' and to carry out the joke, we put them to work digging rifle-pits. There's many a true word spoken in jest, you know, and so it was in our case. At dawn in the neighborhood of our fire, which had, doubtless, been seen by them, were about eighty Indians, in war paint, and excellently mounted. I think they were of Lame Deer's band. I knew they wouldn't attack us till daylight, because Indians are superstitious of the dead and killing at night-time, so we got ready to fight, and awaited movements on their part. You bet, we didn't have long to wait. In about ten minutes after daylight they were upon us, and shooting commenced in good earnest. In the first round three of our men, tender-feet, got killed; they seemed to be crazed with excitement and completely lost their wits; they jumped out of the rifle-pits and ran toward the Indians; they had not got twenty feet from us when they were 'goners.' The scrimmage lasted nearly all day, four more of our party being killed in the afternoon. Toward evening the Indians fell back out of sight, and, thinking it safer for us to be on the move, we abandoned lots of good grub, and, under cover of the darkness, made tracks for the Big Horn country. I guess the Indians got about as good as they gave us.

"Soon after this, I think it was in August. I was in company with an Indian called Longtoe. I was carrying dispatches from General Miles, at Fort Kehoe, along the line to Fort Welsh. About dark, on the fourth day, I told Longtoe to get supper ready—hard-tack and coffee—while I sauntered around for about a mile or so to look for fresh signs. When I came back I found the fool had built a fire on high ground, and, my mad getting up, I kicked everything over and rebuilt the fire in the bottom of a little hollow. The first fire must, however, have been seen by the Indians, for next morning when I had left Longtoe to pack the mules, and had traveled less than a mile, I looked back and saw him, about a quarter of a mile behind me, and ten Indians about a half mile behind him, and I waited for him to come up to me. Our horses were too tired to run, having been ridden about one hundred miles the day before, so we waited for the Indians to come up to us, which they did in just about as long as it has taken me to tell you this. Not expecting them to fire—Indians being always anxious to parley—we did not shoot, but let them come within a hundred yards of us, when, without a moment's warning, they fired on us, killing Longtoe and both the horses, and hitting me in the shoulder. Before he was killed, Longtoe had cooked one of the savages, and I another. I dropped behind my dead animal and waited for a second charge. They soon came. I drew a bead on the first one and killed him, and, running out, caught his pony by the lariat, jumped on the animal's back, and was off before they realized what I was up to. They chased me hotly for about ten miles, and I think the riding I did would considerably lower the record. I didn't stop much to look if they were behind me, but the dust told me they were not far distant. After a couple of hour's hard riding the pony gave out, and to my relief, I found the Indians had given out, too—anyhow, they were gone. Perhaps they thought with the old saying, 'the game is not worth the chase.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A YOUNG lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor and obey this man as your husband, and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised me financially."—*Gold Hill News.*

—Boston's two hundred and fiftieth birthday occurs on September 17.

Beggars And Their Tricks.

A very curious tribe of beggars is that whose members torture themselves, not out of view and to excite sympathy when the deed is done by exhibiting the results, but in the sight of everybody who chooses to look on, and just to draw contributions by the oddity of the performance. This is one of the oldest and most widespread of mendicant tricks, only in other days and in distant lands the beggar tried and still tries to dignify the practice by attaching to it high religious motive and meaning. Anybody walking along the towing-path of the Isis, between Folly Bridge and Iffley, on any of the summer days which idle Oxford devotes to rowing matches during the university vacation, will notice in all directions young mendicants flinging themselves headlong into the water, clothes and all, for the sake of a few coppers. Going round the public houses of the same city he will observe abundance of torture of stomach and nerve by extraordinary feats of drinking. A fellow will walk into one of these taverns, when it is full, and make an offer, which is seldom refused, to gulp down at a single draught a pot of ale every ten minutes, for an hour or even longer—the pay being a shilling or two and the ale—often for the ale alone; and a second, who does not care for ale, will undertake to deposit a pint of strong spirits in his stomach, at the rate of a glass every five minutes, at a similar price. Moreover, all these swillers are prepared to repeat the performance after sleeping a couple of hours in a hayloft. There used to be Oxford taverns each of which retained one of these extraordinary beer and spirit bibbers as a special attraction. Such people come to a premature end, and often in form to attract public attention, as when some unaccustomed performance in their special line slays them on the spot. Akin to the drinking beggars are those who gorge enormous quantities of food—often raw and occasionally of strange sort—at a moment's notice and for a stipulated sum. Not long ago a fellow of this kind was maintained by the landlord of a way side tavern in Bucks sheerly on account of his inordinate voracity, which drew customers from all sides to witness it in action. This devourer would make nothing of eating a dozen dinners in succession, and as fast as they could be prepared and only for the sake of the food, which was paid for by the sight-seer. I have met with fellows who made a point of eating a portion of every meal taken in public raw, and one in particular in the outskirts of Birmingham—an abominable scoundrel—who used to delight the low-lived brutes of his neighborhood by capping every gorging performance with what he called "chawing up" a live fowl or rabbit.

The strangest of all these people, however, are those who haunt the water-side taverns of large seaports in order to astonish Jack by swallowing such "unconsidered trifles" as the shanks of clasp-pipes, horn buttons and even small nails properly blunted. I have known a swallower of this kind who, in seeking to outdo himself, actually "bolted" a clasp-knife and lived to boast of the achievement. Other mendicants make a living by showing how much pain they can inflict on themselves, or undergo at the hands of others, without wincing. And a great amount of cruelty is perpetrated on these wretches by the fellows whom they seek to interest. One of this class of beggars that I saw had the tips of his ears seared away by frequent touches of the tap-room poker heated red hot; another would bare his calves and run half a dozen pins into them to the heads; a third would strike his knuckles with all his force against the wall; a fourth would give to suspending himself in a halter by the chin for a minute at a time, and there were those who would bear to be half roasted, doubled up into excruciating positions, or to have nauseous drugs poured down their throats. And all this was done and suffered, and with an appearance of jollity too, for the sake of the drinks and the coppers that were to follow. I have even met with a fellow in Lancashire who was always ready to lay his head face downwards on the road, and let the wheel of a light cart run over it for a small consideration. There was a spice of trickery in the act, indeed, but still it was perilous enough. He used to lay his skull between two loose bricks or paving stones, and thus escape the first shock of the wheel and a good deal of the pressure; and the head being an uncommonly thick one, the rest mattered little. Still I have seen that same head strapped up in all directions in consequence of wounds received in the performance of its owner's special feat.

By far the most exceptional beggar I ever encountered—the only one, indeed claiming to be really wonderful—is to be seen—as for eight or nine years past, about eleven miles from where I write. I have heard of several such during the last thirty-five years as the Irish fasting man, Bernard Cavanagh, and the Welsh fasting girl, but never had the fortune to meet any but her. Still I ought to be satisfied, for much more is claimed for her than was claimed for either of the two just mentioned. It is asserted that not only has she spent a great portion of her life in one long unbroken trance, but that not a single morsel of solid food has passed her lips during the whole of that time. In addition, the imposture has remained undetected for a good many years longer. Between nine and ten years ago a farm laborer, of no repute, lost the woman who passed as his wife. He was left with two daughters, one about twelve and the other a little older, and both so alike that they were hardly to be distinguished. Shortly afterwards he made a "broomstick marriage," as irregular connections are called in that quarter, with a kindred being, a short, stout, resolute-looking woman, with a wicked countenance, unpleasant antecedents, and mighty capacity for beer-bibbing. She came of a family that had already played off a case of trance with a good deal of profit to all concerned, until it came to a premature end by the party exhibited becoming dissatisfied with her part and still more with her share of the proceeds, and so refusing to perform any longer. This affair suggested the trance at present in progress. Directly after the "broomstick" marriage it was proclaimed that the younger of the laborer's daughters had fallen into the lethargy in which she still remains. A great noise was made about the affair and much attention was drawn to it, especially as it was announced that the disease "ran in the blood" and that some day or other, nobody could tell when, the girl would recover her senses, speak a few words, wonderful of course, and incontinently give up the ghost, all after the fashion of her ancestors, who had been similarly "taken." People came from all quarters to behold, and not a few of the comers, entertained and still entertain the desire and hope of being present at the promised revival.—*London Standard.*

The Train on the Tay.

The London *Telegraph* of the 30th ult., contains this description by an eye-witness of the Tay catastrophe:

"Enjoying the cosy comforts of my own parlor fireside on Sunday night, I listened to the fierce clamor of the storm without, and felt a deep sense of gratitude for the security I possessed, mingled with a feeling of compassion for the poor sailors on the sea battling with the storm. The children had gathered around me for their usual Bible stories, and with an instinctive sense of fear they nestled close to my side as they heard the wild efforts of the blast to batter in the casements of the window. I chose the story of St. Paul's shipwreck on the Island of Melita, thinking the storm without might help me to impress upon their young minds the terrible nature of the dangers to which the Apostle was exposed as the ship lay riding helplessly upon the waves with four anchors between it and certain destruction. While thus engaged a blast of wind more furious than before had caught the chimney tops of a house almost opposite my parlor windows, and brought them down to the ground with a thundering crash that startled every one of us to our feet. Stepping over to the casement I gazed out upon the street, and just then a blaze of moonlight lighted up the broad expanse of the Tay down below, and the long white sinuous line of the Tay bridge came into view. I looked at my watch and saw that it was exactly seven o'clock. 'The Edinburgh train will be due immediately,' I exclaimed to my wife; 'come and let us watch to see if it will attempt to cross on such a night.' So saying we turned down the gas in the parlor and prepared to await the appearance of the train. The light by this time had become most fitful. Great masses of clouds were sweeping across the expanse of the heavens, at times totally obscuring the light of the full moon. 'There she comes,' cried one of the children, and, at that moment, the slowly moving lights of the Edinburgh train could be distinctly seen rounding the curve at Wormit, and passing the signal-box at the south side, entering upon the long straight line of that portion of the bridge. The train once on the bridge seemed to move along with greater swiftness, and when the engine entered the tunnel like cloisters of the great girders my little girl exactly described the effect of the lights as seen through the lattice work when she exclaimed 'Look, papa, isn't that like lightning?' All this takes some time to write down, but to the eye it seemed as if almost simultaneous with the entrance of the train upon the bridge. A comet-like burst of fiery sparks sprang out as if forcibly ejected into the darkness from the engine. In a long visible train the streak of fire was seen till quenched in the water below. Then there was absolute darkness from the bridge. A silence fell upon our eager group at the window. Then, with stunning force, the idea broke upon my mind. 'Heavens!' I cried, 'I fear the train is over the bridge!' With a growing horror I watched the curve at the north side to try if I could see the train pass that point, but as several minutes passed and no moving object broke the continuity of the bridge at that point I snatched up my hat and hurried down and across the Magdalen green, to meet several individuals all bent upon the same errand as myself.

"The terrific nature of the gale at this time may be inferred from the fact that descending the slope of the green, I had to crouch down upon the grass to prevent my being blown bodily away, it seemed as if the wind had become a solid compelling power. One gentleman was blown against another on the green, and both tumbled together. The massive signal-post beside the signal-box on the north end of the bridge was bent by the wind like a willow wand, and on entering upon the esplanade, the sand and pebbles were dashing about with such force that the hands and face were sore with the violence of the impact. My hands held behind my back for a minute were completely filled with the drifting sand and pebbles. Looking toward the river nothing clearly could be made out. The water from the broken Newport water-pipe on the bridge was pouring into the river and, being caught in its descent by the wind, was lashed into a misty spray that helped to veil the gap that had by this time been made in the iron highway.

"A number of gentlemen having now collected below the bridge on the esplanade, one of them climbed up into the signal-box above and there learned from the man stationed less than a mile from the scene of the great catastrophe that he knew nothing more of what had happened than that the train signaled to him as having entered upon the bridge fully fifteen minutes before had never reached his station, and that all telegraphic communication with the other side had ceased. What had in reality happened the public know now as well as they will ever be likely to know. An entire train with its living freight had been swept into the bosom of the Tay. The rest was left to the imagination. In the clear sunlight of this morning I have again visited the spot, but so calmly was the river then rolling onward toward the sea that, save for the incontestable evidence of the great gap in mid-river, it was difficult to think that the significant scene of last night was other than a horrid nightmare."

Our Young Folks.

SHOOTING STARS.

"Thou sayest, Shepherd, that a star
Shines in the skies my fate to guide."
"Yes, child, but in your darkness far
Thick vails of night its glimmering hide."
"Shepherd, canst thou indeed divine
The secrets of the far-off spheres?
Then tell me what yon brilliant line
Means as it shoots and disappears."

"Know, child, whene'er a mortal dies
With him his star that moment falls—
This amid young and laughing eyes
While music echoed to the walls,
Fell, stricken lifeless o'er the wine
Whose praises fired his dying ears."
"See yet another star, whose line
One instant gleams, then disappears."

"Child, 'twas a star serene and bright,
The star of one as pure and fair;
—A maiden hithe, a spirit light,
The wedding festival prepare;
Her virgin brow with orange twine;
Ring, wedding-bells; fall, happy tears."
"See, see, another shooting line
That gleams and shines and disappears."

"Weep, weep, my child, such stars are rare;
He gave his wealth to feed the poor,
They glean from other's store, but there
They reaped a harvest great and sure.
When o'er the waste those home-lights shine
The wanderer forgets his fears."
"See, see, another gleaming line
That shoots across and disappears."

"Yes, 'tis the star of some great king.
Go, child, thy early virtue keep.
Let not thy star its glories fling
To wake men's envy from its sleep.
With steady light burn clear and far;
So at the end look not to hear,
'Tis but another shooting star
They shoot and gleam and disappear."
—*Jean-Pierre de Beranger.*

HOW SUNKEN SHIPS ARE RAISED.

When a ship sinks some distance from the shore in several fathoms of water, and the waves conceal her, it may seem impossible to some of our readers that she can never be floated again, but if she rests upon a firm sandy bottom, without rocks, and the weather is fair enough for a time to give the wreckers an opportunity, it is even probable that she can be brought into port.

In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans large firms are established whose special business it is to send assistance to distressed vessels and to save the cargo if the vessels themselves can not be prevented from becoming total wrecks; and these firms are known as wreckers—a name which in the olden time was given to a class of heartless men dwelling on the coast who lured ships ashore by false lights for the sake of the spoils which the disaster brought them.

When a vessel is announced to be ashore or sunk the owners usually apply to the wreckers, and make a bargain with them that they shall receive a certain proportion of her value if they save her, and the wreckers then proceed to the scene of the accident, taking with them powerful tug-boats, large pontoons, immense iron cables, and a massive derrick.

Perhaps only the topmasts of the wreck are visible when they reach it; but even though she is quite out of sight, she is not given up, if the sea is calm and the wind favorable. One of the men puts a diving dress over his suit of heavy flannels. The trousers and jacket are made of India rubber cloth, fitting close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest, which is further protected by a breastplate. A copper helmet with a glass face is used for covering the head, and is screwed on to the breast-plate. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is attached to the back of the helmet, to the outside of which a running cord is also attached, and continued down the side of the dress to the diver's right hand, where he can use it for signaling his assistants when he is beneath the surface. His boots have leaden soles weighing about twenty-eight pounds; and as this, with the helmet, is insufficient to allow his descent, four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are slung over his shoulders; and a water-proof bag containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife is fastened over his breast.

He is transferred from the steamer that has brought him from the city to a small boat, which is rowed to a spot over the wreck, and a short iron ladder is put over the side, down which he steps; and when the last rung is reached, he lets go, and the water bubbles and sparkles over his head as he sinks deeper and deeper.

The immersion of the diver is more thrilling to a spectator than it is to him. The rubber coil attached to his helmet at one end is attached at the other to an air-pump, which sends him all the breath he needs, and if the supply is irregular, a pull at the cord by his right hand secures its adjustment. He is not timid, and he knows that the only thing he has to guard against is nervousness, by which he might lose his presence of mind. The fish dart away from him at a motion of his hand, and even a shark is terrified by the apparition of his strange globular helmet. He is careful not to approach the wreck too suddenly, as the tangled rigging and splinters might twist, or break the air-pipe and signal line; when his feet touch the bottom, he looks behind, before and above him before he advances an inch.

Looming up before him like a phantom in the foggy light is the ship; and now, perhaps, if any of the crew have gone down with her, the diver feels a momentary horror; but if no one has been lost, he sets about his work, and hums a cheerful tune.

It may be that the vessel has settled low in the sand, that she is broken in two, or that the hole in her bottom can not be repaired. But we will suppose that the circumstances are favorable, that the sand is firm, and the hull in an easy position.

The diver signals to be hauled up, makes his report, and in his next descent he is accompanied by several others, who help him to drag massive chains of iron underneath the ship, at the bow, at the stern, and in the middle. This is a tedious and exhausting operation, which sometimes takes many days; and when it is completed the pontoons are towed into position at each side of the ship.

The pontoons, simply described, are hollow floats. They are oblong, built of wood, and possess great buoyancy. Some of them are over a hundred feet long, eighteen feet wide and fourteen feet deep; but their size, and the number of them used, depend on the length of the vessel that is to be raised. Circular tubes, or wells, extend through them; and when the chains are secured underneath the ship, the ends inserted in these walls by the divers, and drawn up through them by hydraulic power. The chains thus form a series of loops like the common swing of the playground, in which the ship rests; and as they are shortened in being drawn up through the wells, the ship lifts. The ship lifts if all be well—if the chains do not part, or some other accident occur; but the wreckers need great patience, and sometimes they see the labor of weeks undone in a minute.

We are presupposing success, however, and instead of sinking or capsizing the ship appears above the bubbling water, and between the pontoons, which groan and tremble with her weight.

As soon as her decks are above water, so much of the cargo is removed as is necessary to enable the divers to reach the broken part of the hull, which they patch with boards and canvas if she is built of wood, or with iron plates if she is of iron. This is the most perilous part of the diver's work, as there are so many projections upon which his air-tube may catch; but he finds it almost as easy to ply his hammer and drill in making repairs under water as on shore.

The ship is next pumped out, and borne between the pontoons by powerful tugs to the nearest dry-dock, where all the damages are finally repaired, and in a month or two she is once more afloat, with nothing to indicate her narrow escape.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

The Sequel to a Kentucky Lynching.

A dispatch from La Grange, Ky., Jan. 7, says: The writer of this lived in Lockport, Ky., during the years from 1865 to 1874, and it was during that time that this country was infested by the Ku-Klux. One morning in April, 1873, John James, a farmer living a few miles from town, came to my store and informed me that his son Bealy, a lad seventeen years of age, had run off from home, and at his dictation I wrote not less than fifty letters to relatives and acquaintances, making inquiry for him.

In July, 1877, Richard Shuck murdered his father-in-law, near Gratz, Ky. He was indicted in the Owen Circuit Court, tried, convicted and sentenced to be executed at Owentown in July, 1878. Before Shuck's execution he made a confession in which he said that he had belonged to an organized band of thieves, and gave the names of a portion of them, and also the names of the persons they had robbed and murdered. Sam Goodrich, Joe Goodrich, James Simmons and John James had murdered the son of the latter because he knew too much. This boy is the same boy whom James had me write the letters making the inquiry about. Upon the statement of Shuck three of the above-named parties were arrested, confined in the New Castle (Henry County) jail, and in due course had an examination trial. In that trial a fellow by the name of David Carter turned State's evidence, he being accused of being an accessory to the crime. Carter told of the killing of Bealy James; that he had heard of it at the time; had visited the sink-hole in which the body had been hastily buried, and that the band to which he belonged had done the work. James, the father of Bealy James, fled the country and was never arrested, and is now, I learn, in Mexico. On a memorable night in 1878, Bob Coodrich, Sam Goodrich, Joe Goodrich and James Simmons were taken from the jail in Castle and hung by a mob, and an excited populace pronounced the judgment of Judge Lynch as just. The affair had dropped out of the minds of those living near, although there were some people who could not excuse the action of the mob.

This morning I was standing on the platform of the depot at this place, when an acquaintance stepped from the train and informed me that Bealy James, the boy for whose supposed murder the Goodriches and Jim Simmons were hung by the mob, was on the train. About this time Bealy stepped out of the door, and I immediately recognized him. Bealy was an overgrown, ignorant boy, and time had not improved him to any extent. He stated to me that he had left home on account of ill-treatment by his step-mother, who, by the way, is a daughter of the James Simmons who was hung by the mob, and had made his way to Indiana, sought and found employment as a farm-hand. He had been in the State of Illinois, and had gone from there to Arkansas. He said he had not heard until last night in Louisville of the trouble in Henry County, the hanging of the unfortunate men, or that his father was a refugee and wanderer to escape an indictment against him in the courts for his murder. Thus it will be seen that Shuck died with a lie in his mouth; that David Carter swore to a lie against these unfortunate men, and that the action of Judge Lynch was unjust, unwarranted, and should be a lesson to mob spirits.

What Tobacco Is Made Of.

We have heard the tobacco-user claim that the weed was food and drink to him, but never thoroughly believed him until a British Parliamentary report on adulteration set forth the following schedule: "Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpeter, fuller's earth, starch, malt, combings, chromate of lead, peat, moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red and licoriee, scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves and straw brown paper." This is convincing. Not only is it food and drink, but it is also house and land, paint shop and literature, with drugs, condiments and chemicals thrown in *ad lib.* Verily, tobacco is potent, but a little diffusive. —*Boston Transcript.*

"HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."—Country practitioner (surprised at the visit of a notorious quack and pill-vender): "Well! What brings you here?" Quack (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action): "Well, sir, the fact is, I feel rather queer, and ——" Country practitioner: "Then why don't you take one of your 'Pearls of Health?'" Quack: "That's just it, sir! I think I've swallowed one—by mistake!"—*Punch.*

Kilauea---The Largest Active Volcano in the World.

On the Island of Hawaii, one of the group known to English ears as the Sandwich Islands, is the largest active volcano in the world. Since the discovery of the islands it has been visited by various exploring expeditions, and by notable men from America and Europe.

Leaving Hilo—a picturesque little town at the foot of Mauna Kea, facing a beautiful bay that curves gracefully into the very streets—we soon reach a belt of woods, through which a pathway leads for three or four miles. This is the most pleasing part of the trip. The grateful shade, the cool air, the tropical growth, all conspire to make it such. On either side are ugly holes, nearly screened by the bushes and trees so that their real ugliness is never known except by some hapless creature that steps off the trail.

But on we speed, making the best time during the trip; and it is not long before we wheel into full view of Lua Pele, an immense basin, charred and black, with columns of dense smoke rising at the further end. A little gust of wind drives the vapor from a steam-crack on our right, directly in our faces; and we realize that we have entered the realm of Pele, the fabled goddess of Kilauea.

These steam-cracks multiply on both sides to the very gate, where we turn in with a shout to the inmates of Volcano House. Three or four native men take our horses, and we go to our rooms to doff our clothes—for it has rained nearly all the way from Hilo, and we are wet, and hungry, and tired. A roaring fire in a New-England fire-place brightens the large room; and we each take a rocking-chair, and laugh merrily over the exploits of the day. Our host tells us we have made good time, 4,500 feet up from the sea-shore, thirty miles away, in eight hours.

Supper over, we reach the door looking off on the crater just in time to see a column of lava thrown up—probably 100 feet, our host tells us; and, at this distance from the fires, three miles, we can distinctly see great balls of fire, like molten iron, falling into the burning furnace. Occasionally the thick clouds obscure the strange fireworks; but the driving winds soon sweep them away, and again we see fountains playing all over what is called Lake Halemauman. The damp, cold wind chills us to the bone, and we gather round our log-fire to get well toasted before going to bed. Forty-five hundred feet difference in altitude in a tropical land makes itself felt, and our reverence for Nature is quite overcome by our love for personal comfort.

In the morning we got an early start. The brink of the pit is only a couple of hundred feet from the house; and the pathway down has evidently been the work of earthquakes, as the immense bowlders and other evidences of great land-slides would indicate. Here are perpendicular walls 1,000 feet to the floor of the crater. The shape of the pit is oblong, and from the top the floor seems to be level, on the whole, with a slight inclination towards Lake Halemauman, the present seat of activity. Making the descent, we find our alpenstocks in play. It is easy enough going down; the hard work is in trying to hold back. Here one meets with the same difficulties in judging of distances that is the case on water. But, before we reach the house to-night, we shall readily admit that the pit is ten miles in circumference, and a fifth of a mile deep—large enough certain to entomb several boasted American cities.

On nearer approach the floor reminds one of a rolling prairie blackened by the fire that has recently swept over it; and, in places, we are struck with the resemblance to an immense ice-floe, the great cakes being piled up in endless confusion. At one point, a high ledge of rock, somewhat like granite, looks like an iron-clad at anchor in this black sea. It is said that this ledge has successively sunken and risen in great eruptions, though no one has seen it in motion. Possibly the rising and subsidence of the floor of the crater has conveyed the impression that the ledge moved, whereas it may have been stationary. It is true, however, that immense masses of rock and lava are thus borne up by the molten lava below, and that they rise and fall with the ebb and flow of the fiery tide, in much the same way that buoys do along the sea-coast.

I take my first step on the floor of the largest known of active volcanoes, and it crackles under foot like the icy surface on snow. When the lava, in flowing over a given place, cools, it forms a thin crust of the consistency of glass, hard and sharp, but exceedingly brittle. Underneath this crust the lava congeals more slowly, and is dense and heavy, whereas the crust is as light as charcoal.

How this thin layer glistens on its upper side! In the sunlight it gives back all the colors of the precious jewels. On its surface it is comparatively smooth; but here the light penetrates millions of miniature cells, and makes each one beautiful with a beauty all its own. Our guide, who has come with us to carry our basket of goods and canteen of water, and to show us the way, pretends—with how much truth I am not able to say—that this wafer-like crust in some places is only a treacherous covering to concealed caves and fissures, into which it might be fatal to fall. And so we follow his lead after this, rather than risk it on our own responsibility. And don't we keep close at his heels?—several times literally stepping on them, so concerned are we lest we fail to do the thing just right. Mentally, I don't believe a word about the caves; practically, I shall avoid them if I can.

So crunch, crunch, we go in Indian file, on our weary three-mile walk. Here is a place where the lava, when flowing, spread out its long fingers like the tentacles of a devil-fish. Here we are reminded of the great hawsers of an ocean-steamship, so literally are the twistings of rope imitated. I break off a small cone, a few inches high, and find that it is a nest of sulphur crystals. I put my hand over a crack, and it is uncomfortable warm. I step on one end of a large sheet of lava, and it breaks like ice, giving me a fall of six inches or more,—a thing which somewhat startles me, but which I shall get used to in an hour. And so we plod on,—the lake, whose banks alone we see, seeming nearer all the time. But how slowly we get away from these tall cliffs behind us! Stepping down from one cake to another, a piece of "aa," flat and sharp as a knife, goes through my shoe as though it were paper, and lodges fast in my foot. It is the work of more than a moment to get it out, and it leaves a pain after it.

The lake, on nearer approach,—at least the spot where the smoke is rising,—seems to be on an elevation; and, as we go up, we wonder what our sensations will be when at last we reach a point from which we can view the whole thing. A mile back, our guide had kindled our excitement by running like a madman to a hillock that was unusually black and glistening, and which, on inspection, proved to be decidedly warmer than anything else we had seen.

"This was last night," he said, with face beaming. Now he leads across fissures that are multiplying about us, and from which steam and hot air pour forth. This place looks as though it might vomit liquid lava any moment. Here we teeter on a broad cake, that, so far as we know, may in a second's time sink with us into an abyss whose tossings and splashings we imagine we hear below us. I hear what sounds like the sea madly booming in a deep cavern. I hear a sizzing noise prolonged and multiplied. The swash of breakers, and the spattering of a cloud of spray, and the grinding and cracking of a river breaking up in spring, are sounds which become more distinct at each step. The heat becomes intense. All the way the sun has shone with steady glare, and its rays have been sent back from the glass-like floor into our faces. But now the heat is of that dry, parched nature which almost burns to one's bones. Hotter and still hotter it comes in great waves. Louder and louder are the sounds so strangely mixed. A report deep as of a cannon is followed by the rattle of musketry. Just then we jump, run a few steps to the left, and Lake Halemauman, "the house everlasting," comes into full view.

The first sensation is one of disappointment. The sounds continue in all their variety; at the farther end is a red-hot cave, into which the lava booms and splashes, and from whose roof hang numberless orange-colored stalactites, just in process of formation,—the ends of the larger ones anon bathed in the ebbing and flowing lava, and dripping like melted icicles. To the right is an island whose sides are marked by a livid line at the point of contact with the surface of the lake. Behind this island there seems to be unusual activity; and the surface, all molten, heaves like billows, and, dashing against the walls which inclose the lake, spatters them with drops. The surface of the lake is as immobile as a rocky plain. The clouds of smoke and gas drive ceaselessly toward the south. But where is the turbulent sea of fire that I promised myself I should see? I am about commiserating myself on having chosen an inauspicious time for a visit to the crater, when—crack! and a seam opens clear across the lake, out of which oozes a yellowish-red liquid that has much the consistency of boiling molasses. This cools rapidly, leaving a ridge of a dark hue, which in a few moments becomes black. This rapidity with which liquid lava congeals is a constant surprise. Only a few moments after flowing by a given point it can be safely walked on, the stream continuing to flow a few inches underneath, the only drawback being the heat, which is not so great, however, as one would expect. Our guide assures us that the lake never remains long the same; and so we are not surprised to see the activity increase. Over toward the cave, into which the lava is fiercely throwing itself, fountains begin playing, hobbing around like seals in water. The whole surface begins to move, the cracks multiply, and, like an iron-tide, the current sets in behind the island—fountains playing now at many points over the rapidly-changing surface. This motion sends the lava of South Lake in through a narrow strait which connects the two, and Halemauman begins to rise. The current sets with great volume and force toward the island, crowds the narrow channel, halts a moment, and tips one-third of the island into the lake. It is like the launching of an iron-clad. Liquid tongues of lava leap over it as it goes under, and the mighty current moves on.

At these times of special commotion we notice thousands of thread-like objects glistening like filaments of glass as they float in the air. Our guide stolidly remarks, "Pele's hair." We secure some in a crevice near by, and do not wonder that the natives gave it the name it bears, deeming it, as they once did, the hair of their fabled goddess. It has been torn out by the roots, so to speak, as at the end of each hair there is a small jet bulb. This product of the fires is sometimes carried a score or more of miles in the air before being deposited. We have to handle it very carefully, as it penetrates the skin like a needle, and breaks off in the flesh like a small splinter of wood.

We work our way half-way round the lake, getting a new view with every change of position, until we get tolerably familiar with the location, shape, and size of the objects around us. The fires, we judge, are a hundred feet below. The lake is from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in diameter, being oblong in shape, though not perfectly so. The walls are perpendicular, and occasionally beetling. Below, and running all around the lake, is a ledge perhaps fifty feet wide in places, dropping sheer into the pit. When the lava that is sometimes thrown on to this ledge congeals, it looks like great clots of tar.

One sight was peculiarly fine. When the seams cut off a large cake, it would slide out of sight in much the same way that sheets of ice do when something obstructs their progress in a time of freshet. I didn't see any "clots of blood," as travelers are fond of relating. I was continually reminded of smelting-furnaces and sugar-houses. I saw no molten iron and boiling molasses, and cold tar. I heard old Ocean in all her contortions; I saw the moving ice at Oldtown, on the Penobscot; I remember the kettle of molasses that boiled over when the children were making candy.

Having watched the varying changes for several hours, and having in the meantime eaten our lunch and increased our stock of specimens, we take up the line of march homeward, giving a last look at the points of interest. An uneventful walk brings us to the foot of the hill, up which we toil, arriving at the house a full ten minutes before our guide, who made several stops to get his wind.—*Hilo, Hawaii, Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A Colored Man Who Gave Advice About the War in Maine.

When old Jerry, the skiffman, met Gabe, the lawyer, an animated conversation ensued.

"I say, Jedge," said Jerry, "da tells me dat da've got a wah up in Maine?"

"Yas, yer see, Jerry, de politicioners hab turned demselves leese ginerally."

"Tell me 'bout bit, Jedge. Yer knows I stays down beah on de ribber all de time, an' hain't got no time ter stan' 'roun' de street an' eypher de bulikin boards."

"Well, Jerry, some time, if you will come round to my office and let me 'sult my papers, I'll gin yer some bright pints. But I neber toats my business on de street. It ain't 'fessional."

"I'll go 'round dar now," said Jerry, and the two men of extreme color repaired to the law office. The room had been formerly used for a cobbler's shop, and the dirt-floor was inlaid with scraps of sole leather, decorated here and there by half-buried shoe-pegs. On rude shelves around the wall were several cart-loads of books, old agricultural reports that had been taken from the State-House on general cleaning-up day before the meeting of the Legislature. There were innumerable seed catalogues, and on a pine box, which served as a desk, lay a tattered volume of "Benton's Thirty Years in the American Senate."

"Have a cheer," said the Judge, waving his hand toward a nail-keg. "Jes' wait till I get my speckticles, an' we'll go ter business. Wonder whar dat fool white boy put dem speeks. I'se got a white boy studyin' de law under me, an' I has a sight ob trouble wid him. Here da is. Well, what is it yer wanter know."

"I wants ter know dis fack," said Jerry, rubbing his oar-callousad hands together, "Is dat a secesh war up dar in Maine?"

"O, no, de politicians hab mislead yer. It is a regular Brooks-Baxter scrimmage. Duz yer want my advice as ter how de thing cum up?"

"Yas."

"Well, now, we's cumin' down to bizness, ain't we?"

"Yas."

"Yer see, up dar in Maine, a man named Garcelon run for Guberner. Well—wait till I 'sult dis book," and the Judge took down a seed catalogue, "Garcelon, he wanted to be Guberner," continued the Judge, "but a powerful substratum pressure was feeh again him."

"Cum ober that word slow, Jedge. Cum ober hit slow, fur new yer's talkin' law, shuah."

"Der was a powerful substratum pressure——"

"Dat's law ef eber I heard hit," mused Jerry.

"An' dis heah pressure created a powerful alination from de ranks ob de standard-bearers ob de archives ob de anthropomorphose heterocumbus——"

"Fore de Lord," exclaimed Jerry—"technicalities; an' de people marched ter de frunt an' elim up de reclivities ob de sanctuary."

"Jedge, dat's mighty fine, but can yer gin de ole man some Latin like de boys what I used ter take ter school talked about."

"Course I kin. Ain't it my business? Does yer want my advice 'bout de Latin?"

"Yes."

"Lex minix leb tempes jo con lebuxo buekto."

"I'se a thousan' times obleeged ter yer," said Jerry, rising.

"Say, hole on, ole man," said the Judge, "you ain't paid me yit."

"'Fore de Lord, does I owe you anythin'? Is yer gwine to charge me?"

"Course I is. Let's see. Advice 'bout de wah in Maine, ten dollars. Advice 'bout de Latin, ten dollars an' fifty cents. Dat's de bill, but as you is a hard-workin' black man I'll let yer off fer five dollars. Ef hit was a white man.' 'fore de Lord I'd charge him fifty dollars."

"Here's yer money," said Jerry, and he counted out five dollars in nickels. He stood outside near the door some time, and remarked to a boy as he moved off: "Dis is de biggest institute ob larnin' I ever seed, an' I'll be practicin' law an' Latin afore a montb."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

—Rice Pudding.—One heaping teacupful of rice, one pint of water. Boil the rice and water until the water is evaporated; then add one pint of milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg. Take five eggs; use the yelks, which beat up with the grated rinds of two lemons; add this to the rice, with two teacupfuls of white sugar. Butter the dish and bake slowly. With the whites beat up light two tablespoonfuls of the powdered sugar and the juice of the two lemons. When the pudding is baked put on this frosting, and let the rice pudding just warm.

An old lady near Banger, Ia., raised two hundred chickens to pay for a set of new teeth. She had her teeth extracted preparatory to the new set, but during the time intervening all her chickens died with cholera, and she found herself in the same predicament with the milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched.

"Yes," he said, as he mixed gin and sugar, "life is a conundrum. In youth we believe in much that is false, and in old age we doubt much that is true. As a golden medium, young man, you may charge that drink to me. My name is August! ——." He didn't finish it. The clerk pensively pitched an ice pick at the spot where he had stood, but he had folded himself like an umbrella and scooted.—*Albany Argus.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Blanc Mange.—Wet one slice of isinglass in cold water, boil one quart of milk with a stick of cinnamon in it, drain the isinglass out of the water and stir it into the milk; when dissolved strain it through a flannel bag, sweeten it, and when cold pour it into molds.

—A Nebraska correspondent of the *Western Rural* has become convinced by observation and experience that corn need not necessarily contain smut in order to be injurious to cattle; old, indigestible stalks cause impaction of the stomach, and if given without green food, like fall rye, he says, or roots, say we, losses may be looked for.

—Warm Slaw.—Slice a head of cabbage fine; put it in a stew-pan, with a little water, and scald well; sprinkle salt, pepper and sugar over it; then take two-thirds of a teacup of vinegar, one-third of a teacup of water, one egg, one-half teaspoon of flour, well mixed together; pour it over the cabbage, and let it come to a boil, when it is ready for the table.

—Floating Island.—Sweeten a pint of thick cream with white sugar, grate in the peel of one lemon; whip it to a froth; pour a pint of thick cream into a china dish, lay sponge cake in thin slices over it lightly, then a layer of some kind of jelly, then pour the whipped cream on top and pour what remains into the bottom of the dish. Garnish the rim with sweetmeats.

—When an animal is suffering from the heaves care must be taken to improve its condition in every possible way. Give all the feed in small bulk, feeding no rough hay; and, indeed, giving as little hay as possible. Give a five grain dose of arsenic every twenty-four hours for two weeks; then, after stopping the arsenic for a week, repeat the treatment for another two weeks. When there is only a slight attack this will often effect a permanent cure.

—The value of unleached ashes depends largely on the amount of potash naturally found in the soil. Some soils, especially clays, contain apparently enough potash, and the addition of more benefits the soil and crops only by setting loose a larger quantity of other mineral elements locked up in the soil. Sandy, gravelly loams are more apt to be benefitted by more potash. There is enough value in leached ashes to pay for drawing on sandy loams.—*Country Gentleman.*

—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says he had to suffer a great deal from chilblains, and tried a great many things for them without any permanent relief, until his folks were coloring and had some copperas (sulphate of iron) about. He washed the parts of his feet affected with a strong solution of it, which cured them, and he has had no trouble for five years. He has had three attacks within the last twenty years, but a single application each time has cured them, and all who have used it have been cured. But like tar it will color or stain the bedclothes if put on in the evening and you go to bed with bare feet.

Sudden Deaths---Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed—the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs, death is instantaneous. *Angina pectoris* not unfrequently terminates in this way, for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive pleasure.

There may be what is called a fatty degeneracy of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement.

Sometimes the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to mere violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickeniug of that action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat-racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called *aneurisms*, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the walls of the vessel. Hence, it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the brain.

Every one even in health knows how quick and strong any emotion whatever acts upon the heart—knows from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self-control, at all times, is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Dry rot in wood is caused by a peculiar kind of vegetable, a fungus similar to that which prevails in fermentation.

Entirely Recovered.

New York City, June 16, 1879.

H. H. Warren & Co.: Gentlemen—I hereby certify that my wife has been using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for Bright's Disease, and she is now entirely recovered. When all physicians' remedies failed, she was induced to try your remedy, and received beneficial results from the first bottle. After taking four bottles she was entirely cured. Yours truly,

ROBERT B. FITZGERALD.

Hints to Butter-Makers

is the title of a valuable little pamphlet, sent free to any address for one stamp. Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y. It tells you how to increase amount of butter from given amount of cream six per cent., improve quality of butter twenty per cent., make "glit-edge" or golden colored butter the year round. Every farmer and dairyman should send stamp for it.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Are you suffering from indigestion, sour stomach, etc? If so, live on RIDGE'S FOOD for a time. It makes a sustaining diet and suitable for both infant and adult.

OPIUM. Morphia Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

Vegetine

For Skin Diseases.

Toronto, July 25, 1879.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Having been troubled with a bad skin disease, breaking out into little sores over my face, etc., I was recommended to take Vegetine. I am happy to inform you that it has completely cured me after taking three bottles. I can highly recommend it to any one who is troubled with skin diseases.

Yours faithfully, Charles E. Butt.

We hereby certify that the above testimonial is true, the man being in our employ at the time he was sick.

Westman & Baker,
119 Bay Street, Toronto.

FIVE DOCTORS DID NOT CURE.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1879.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I hereby certify that I have been sick for three years, unable to get any relief whatever. I have been under the care of five of the best physicians, each one giving my illness a different name. The first said *General Debility*; the second, *Female Debility* and impoverished blood; the third, *Liver Complaint* and *Dyspepsia*; the fourth said I was in *Consumption*; the fifth said *Neuralgia* on the lungs, and was certain I would never enjoy good health, so I concluded to give up doctors and commenced taking *Patent Medicines*. At this time I was very weak. I had pain in my side, back and chest, slept very little and the food I ate caused me pain. I was a burden to myself and friends. I was persuaded to try *Vegetine*; a friend gave me a bottle to try, not thinking it would do me any good, as I had no hope of ever getting any better. After using the first bottle my head was better and I could sleep better. The next two my appetite came, and I was able to enjoy my food. I have now taken five bottles. I have a good appetite and sleep well, have no pain, and am able to do most of my own work. I pronounce your *Medicine* far ahead of any other, and can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. E. Allen.

Vegetine.
Rheumatism Cured.

Toronto, March 29, 1879.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I was troubled with *Rheumatism* in my knee and hip joints for nearly a year.

I tried a number of medicines to effect a cure, but none gave me any relief. A friend recommended me to try your *Vegetine*, which I did, and after taking two bottles of it I found relief. I took four more bottles and the pains completely left me. I feel satisfied it is a cure for *Rheumatism*.

Yours respectfully, M. Allen.
6 Rossin House Block, Toronto, Ont.

Vegetine.

Prepared by
H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

An Unfailing Remedy for Piles & Hemorrhoids.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a **great** boon, and we claim that this has resulted *in every trial* of the **Barlett Suppository**, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "The Old Doctor's Legacy," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail,

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

John C. Baker & Co.,
812 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by **Baker's Cod Liver Oil.** Sold by all druggists.

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION
Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Dose small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.
Warranted to first buyers

AGENTS WANTED for the RICHLY ILLUSTRATED and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of **GRANT AROUND THE WORLD**

It Describes Regal Entertainments, Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. 🖐 A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. Over 900 pages. Price only $3. Send for Circulars containing a full description of the work and our extra terms to Agents. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION CURED BY
COUGHS, COLDS, ROUP, THE BEST EXPECTORANT REMEDY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
ALL ON YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Blind, Itching, or Ulcerated Piles that DeBing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Gives immediate relief, cures cases of long standing in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 2 days. CAUTION None genuine unless yellow wrapper has printed on it in black a Pile of Stones and Dr. J. P. Miller's signature, Phila. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail by J. P. Miller, M. D., Propr., S W cor. Tenth and Arch Sts., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address Shekman & Co., Marshall, Mich.

COMPOUND OXYGEN "Health and Life," No. 1, a record of remarkable cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, and other Chronic Diseases by the new Oxygen Treatment, now ready and sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

BIG work. $800 made in one township. Trial outfit $1, worth $10. A. T. Morris, Tiffin, O.

BOOKS old or new; write for ANY WANTED. T. D. Townsend, 807 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY in it for Agents. Address Harris & Smith, Manufacturers Safety Lamps, Janesville, Wis.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)

A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

☞ For the cure of **Diabetes**, call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

☞ For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**

☞ WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

☞ Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS.

American Anthem Book,

with 100 *easy* and good Anthems ($12 per doz.) By J. H. Tenney and A. J. Abbey. Edited by A. N. Johnson. The anthems are exceptionally good, and sufficiently numerous to provide two for every Sunday in the year.

Dow's Sacred Quartets
FOR MALE VOICES. By Howard M. Dow.
Price $2.00. Per Dozen, $18.00.
This is a fine collection, which furnishes excellent material for bringing out the talent of the Male Quartets that can now be formed in almost every choir.

The Deluge.
NEW CANTATA. By St. Saens.
Price in Boards, $1.00. Paper 80 cts.
This is just the time to adopt a Cantata for Chorus practice, and the *Deluge* has the advantage of good and striking music, and impressive words. Not difficult.

Parlor Organ Instruction Book,
By A. N. Johnson. Price $1.50.
A complete easy instructor for Reed Organs, adapted exactly to the wants of those who wish to learn both easy light music and easy sacred music.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, N. Y. J. E. Ditson & Co., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Remedy
THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE
BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Billions pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use KIDNEY WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six qts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.
(Will send post paid.)

LIGHTNING
Hay Knives!
WEYMOUTH'S PATENT.

This knife is the best in use for cutting down hay and straw in mow and stack, cutting fine feed from bale, cutting corn-stalks for feed, cutting peat and ditching marshes.

The blade is best cast steel, spring temper, easily sharpened, and giving universal satisfaction. A few moments' trial will show its merits, and parties once using it are unwilling to do without it. Its sales are fast increasing for export, as well as home trade, and it seems destined to take the place of all other Hay Knives.

Manufactured only by HIRAM HOLT & CO., East Wilton, Franklin County, Maine.

☞ For sale by the Hardware Trade Generally.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

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When writing to advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all **Humors**, from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple**, or **Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver**, or "**Biliousness.**" As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are **scarcely larger than mustard seeds.**

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Peter P. Lohr, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Jesse J. Ashby and Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse J. Ashby, and to me the undersigned Sheriff directed, said writ of fieri facias being No. 2, Judicials to September Term of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, both at law and equity, of the said Jesse J. Ashby, and of the said Hannah Ashby, wife aforesaid, in and to all of the following real estate, tracts and parcels of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Md., about four miles southwest of the town of Oakland, and which are described as follows: One tract of land called and known by the name of

PINEY BOTTOM,

lying on the west side of the Youghiogheny river in said county of Garrett, and adjoining a tract of land known by the name of "Small Meadows," the tract called "Piney Bottom" containing the quantity of two hundred and seventy-two acres of land, more or less, as a whole, and being the same tract of land which was surveyed for Samuel Chase the 13th day of April, A. D. 1774, the one undivided one-half of said tract having been conveyed to the said Jesse J. Ashby by Jesse Ashby and Frances Ashby, his wife, by deed dated the 31st day of March, A. D. 1865, and which is duly recorded in Liber H. R., No. 2, folio 275, one of the land records of Allegany county, Md. The other undivided one-half part of said tract called "Piney Bottom," being more particularly described in a deed to the aforesaid Hannah Ashby by John Everett, a late Sheriff of Allegany county, Md., which said deed is dated the 21st day of October, A. D. 1859, and which is recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 411, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, Md.; especial reference to which said deeds is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said tracts of land so owned as aforesaid. Also all that tract of land called and known by the name of "BUCK'S DALE," lying on the east side of the Youghiogheny River in said county of Garrett, and also adjoining the said tract of land called "Bucks' Dale" the quantity of one hundred and ninty-four and one-half acres of land, which is more particularly described in Patent from the State of Maryland to the said Jesse J. Ashby, bearing date the 21st day of March, A. D. 1867, and which is duly recorded in Liber W. S. W. S., No. 2, folio 271 and 272 in the land office of Maryland, at Annapolis, to which said Patent reference is hereby particularly made for a more full and particular description of said tract. Part of said real estate is improved and in a fair state of cultivation; also, by a dwelling house and other out-buildings; also, there is a good orchard on the same. Any one wishing to purchase a good stock farm would do well to examine the property before the day of sale. Said lands will be sold separately or as a whole, which ever will bring the most money.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, February 7th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property aforesaid, to satisfy said writ of fieri facias and costs.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
1 17 td Late Sheriff.

ORDER NISI,

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor,

vs.

Daniel Beachy.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the sale made and reported by Daniel Beachy, Executor, for the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February next; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be two thousand dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—
Test: W. H. HAGANS,
1 17 3 Register of Wills.

When You Buy

YOUR FALL OR WINTER

GROCERIES,

Get them from the long established house of

THOS. L. REESE.

(In operation since 1855),
207 and 209 W. Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Where the best goods obtainable can be had at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Dec. 6-6t*

H. WHEELER COMBS,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ No charge for advertising property placed in my hands.

The following properties have been placed in my hands

FOR SALE.

NO. 3.

One of the best little farms in Garrett county, 2½ miles west of Oakland, the county seat. This farm contains 96 ACRES, 70 acres in cultivation, and all susceptible of easy and profitable cultivation. Improved by a

New 2 Story House,

containing 8 rooms and good cellar. GOOD BARN and stabling. There is a good young orchard of 70 trees. The whole farm is under good fence. This farm will be offered for a short time at a very low price and on easy terms. Title perfect. Limestone and coal within two miles.

NO. 4.

Fichtner's Mill Property.

This property, containing 250 acres, situated on Muddy Creek, in Sang Run district, Garrett county, Md., will be sold at a VERY LOW price and upon the easiest of terms. It lies 9 miles north-west of Oakland, 8 miles from Hutton's Switch and 7 miles from Cranberry Summit. Is one of the best mill seats in the county, and is surrounded by the best timbered land of the section. It is improved by an excellent

FRAME HOUSE,

containing 16 rooms; good stabling attached. The wheels and irons for a Saw Mill are upon the property, and will be sold with the property at a reasonable price FOR THE WHOLE than the land is assessed for.

This is an opportunity for a bargain seldom offered.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Faenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

Wolf, Thayer & Co.,

Are now paying the highest CASH prices for

Furs, Sheep Skins,
Game of all kinds
and Produce Generally

Ware-room in Offutt's Old Building, Main Street, Oakland, Md. 10 25tf.

MEDICAL.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.51 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10:1q A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

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VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880. NUMBER 50.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8, 1880.

THE TRULY RIGHTEOUS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The great bulwark of Judaism was *the Law* which had been given by God through Moses in the wilderness, but to which the rabbis of the later time had made many unwarrantable additions and refinements, all of which they deemed of equal importance with the sacred text. There was great interest among the people concerning the position which Jesus would take in relation to this Law, both written and traditional. Revolutionary spirits were clamoring for the abolition or all the Mosaic restrictions, and for the introduction of the usages current among the surrounding nations, while conservative minds clung to every syllable of the law, as the only hope of Judaism. There were those who feared, and those who hoped, that Jesus would proclaim the entire abrogation of the ancient system. In the innumerable multitude that listened to his words upon the mountain summit every shade of political and religious opinion was represented. Jesus therefore proceeded to show the relations of his new kingdom to the old theocracy. He declared that the spirit of the Law was divine and unchangeable, and that the Gospel aimed only to perpetuate in higher and nobler forms its essence; but that the letter of many of its regulations was transient, and, having fulfilled its purpose, should give place to more permanent principles. With one breath he swept away the whole superstructure of rabbinical traditions, and with an authoritative "*I say unto you*" established the foundation of the New Covenant in love to God and man.

Matt. 5. 17-26.

Memory Verses. 17-19.

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca! shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool! shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee;

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

HOME READINGS.

M. The truly righteous. Matt. 5. 17-26.
Tu. The ten commandments. Exod. 20. 1-17.
W. The keeping of the law. Deut. 6. 1-12.
Th. The perfection of the law. Psa. 19. 1-14.
F The greatest commandment. Mark 12. 28-34.
S. The new commandment. 1 John 2. 1-14.
S. The fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13. 8-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts. Psa. 51. 6.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Up into thee our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. JESUS AND THE LAW, v. 17-19; Psa. 40. 6-8.
For what did some think Jesus had come?
What "law and prophets" are here meant? [ANS. The old Testament.]
What did Christ come to do?
How did he fulfil the law? [ANS. By obeying all its commands.]
How did he fulfill the prophets?
How did he show his respect for the commandments?
What two duties are here given in relation to the commandments?
How may we teach them?
What will enable us to keep them?
Can we obey God's commandments without his help?

2 THE OLD LAW, v. 20, 21; Phil. 3. 9.
Who were the scribes? [ANS. Men who copied and explained the Old Testament.]
Who were the Pharisees? [ANS. Men who were careful of the forms of worship, but often unjust in their conduct.]
Wherein should we be better than they? See Golden Text.
Where should we have God's law written? Psa. 40. 8.
What should we enjoy more than bodily food? John 4. 31.
What was the old law concerning murder?

3. THE NEW LAW, v. 22-26; Psa. 51. 6.
What does Christ say concerning anger?
How is anger the cause of murder?
How should we avoid unkind words?
Who is here considered as our brother? [ANS. Any person.]
How should we act when worshiping God?
What does 1 John 3. 10, 11, say about love to others?
How may we obtain true love for others?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. The evil of little sins?
2. The wickedness of angry words?
3. The duty of making peace?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The authority of Scripture.

The next lesson is Matt. 5. 33-48.

A NEW NATIONAL BANKRUPT LAW.—Suggestions for a new national bankrupt law, drawn up by the mercantile and trade associations of Boston, have been forwarded to the various commercial bodies of New York for consideration. The principal points are the clothing of registers with judicial functions, and giving them and the clerks fixed salaries and no fees. In determining the majority of creditors, in an indebtness of less than $10,000, creditors for less than $50 are not to be reckoned; nor creditors for less than $150 where the indebtedness exceeds that sum. Committees of inspection are to be creditors three tenths in number and value of the debts six-tenths in value. One supervisor is to be appointed at a fixed salary in each judicial circuit, to examine quarterly the accounts of the district register, and to meet once a year with the others as a national board of bankruptcy supervisors. Trustees are to take the place of assignees, but preferred creditors are to have no choice in their selection. A debtor is to be adjudicated a bankrupt on the petition of three creditors, whose provable debts amount to $250. Compositions are to be encouraged. The bankrupt offering composition is to be examined by the register in the presence of creditors holding three-fourths in value of the debts. These creditors are to decide whether to accept or reject. Settlements are to be made on the basis of net cash within sixty days, and deferred payments to be secured by properly or satisfactory indorsers. Minority creditors who do not join in the proceedings are not to be bound by the terms. Discharge of debtor by composition is to have the same effect as in bankruptcy. Blameless debtors are to be discharged in thirty days from the first meeting; others when the estate has paid fifty per cent., or on consent of four-tenths of the creditors in number and value. The plan seems cumbrous; but it would certainly expedite the settlement of bankrupt estates if the minority accept the decisions of the majority.

In his speech calling for a committee to investigate the negro exodus to Indiana, Senator Voorhees waxed quite eloquent over this alleged attempt of the Republicans to colonize the good old Democratic state of Indiana with colored voters; but the facts as brought out in the evidence taken by the committee do not justify his charges. It appears from the testimony of the witnesses before the committee on Saturday that the movement was due quiet as much to the zeal of a railroad passenger agent as anything else, and that the sum total of all voters thus "colonized" in Indiana was only two hundred, a number so ridiculously small that Mr. Voorhees, when twitted about it by a fellow-committee man, made haste to change the subject. The truth about the matter, as we have frequently pointed out, is that politics have had much less to do with directing the current of colored immigration than with stimulating it; and in many cases, as in this, it is solely the work of agents, who make it "pay," either by getting a commission on railroad fares or on the land sales. We have not the slightest doubt that as a rule the emigrants are not profited by the change, and that those who remain in the South will be more prosperous in the long run than those who abandon it for new fields of labor; but that is a matter for them to decide, and if they choose to go to Indiana they should at least be treated with as much consideration as immigrants from Ireland or Germany. We suggest to Mr. Voorhees that possibly the latter outnumber the former, and that the Democrats have been quite as guilty of colonization as the Republicans.—*Balto. American.*

Gen. Grant's adminsitration is frequently spoke of by ignorant or designing people as one of profligacy. What are the facts? Besides the payments on the national debt, taxes were reduced nearly $200,000,000 yearly; and the figures regarding the collection of the revenue show a vigilance and honesty unknown in the prior history of the government. The losses in making these collections on each $1,000 are officially reported as follows: During the administration of Jackson, $10.55; Van Buren, $21.15; Harrison, $10.37; Polk, $8.34; Taylor and Filmore, $7.64; Pierce, $5.86; Buchanan $6.98; Lincoln, $1.41; Grant, first four years, 40 cents; second four years, 26 cents. Is not this a record of which the party and the country can well be proud?

James G. Blaine.

We feel much gratification in furnishing the following complimentary notice of this gentleman, from a recent number of *The New York Times*. Always a great favorite of Maryland Republicans, they will read with great satisfaction how wisely he directed the contest in Maine for the maintenance of popular rights against usurpers:

"The affectionate enthusiasm with which the Maine Republicans greeted Senator Blaine on Saturday, when he made his first public appearance in a considerable time, was a type of the admiration with which his recent course must be regarded by the whole country. It is a fact worthy of public attention that in this whole Maine business Mr. Blaine has exhibited the very qualities which his enemies have always declared he did not possess. The country has been repeatedly assured that he was a brilliant debater, but a poor counsellor; that he was a good man to stir up the masses on the stump, but lacked the moderation necessary to a statesman; that he was too radical, that he was reckless, that he lacked conservatism and caution. It will do no harm to direct attention to the fact that moderation, caution, conservatism, have been the most conspicuous features of the whole Republican campaign in Maine, as carried thro' under Mr. Blaine's leadership. He has kept cool in a place where almost any other man would have lost his wits. He has not taken one false step, and his campaign for popular rights has moved steadily forward with the precision of machinery, impressing the country at every advance with the justice of the Republican cause, and forcing his opponents steadily backward. It is not an exaggeration to say that his leadership has combined the highest political skill with the soundest judgment in statesmanship. This has been done too when public feeling was at a white heat. A very little spark would have kindled war in Maine, and the fact that there has been no war is probably due more to Mr. Blaine than to any other man.

THE CUBAN EARTHQUAKE.—Further details of the earthquake with which Cuba was visited on the night of the 25th instant show that the damage occasioned was trifling in Havana compared with other localities. San Cristobal, a small town seventy-five miles from Havana on the South coast, was the apparent centre of the disturbance. It contained about one hundred houses, most of which were wrecked. The church had its portico dismantled, its cupola awry, the windows shattered, and its altar displaced. The priest escaped from his house while the walls were trembling. The telegraph office, government and municipal buildings are untenable. A drug-store contains empty shelves, and the floor is covered with scattered drugs. The jail was dismantled, the prisoners made a dash for liberty, and the guards interfered. One convict was shot dead while crawling through a crevice opened by the shock. Three guards were wounded in the melee, while fourteen persons are in the hospital from injuries by the falling jail. An American from Portland, Maine, was nearly crushed by the falling chimney of his house. The railroad bridge has its foundations damaged, and numerous cracks can be seen in the ground near the stream. The negro preachers denounce the gas company's newly-dug trenches as having caused the calamity, and prophesy a speedy apocalypse, preceded by a swallowing up of the earth. All the damaged buildings are to be taken down and rebuilt, and many of the people are leaving a spot that is now deemed accursed.

THE COLORED REFUGEES IN KANSAS.—Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, a philanthropic member of the Society of Friends, who, though 63 years old, left her comfortable home in Michigan to aid the sick and starving refugees in Kansas, gives a shocking description of their sufferings. She is accompanied by her daughter, who aids her in the labor of love. The treasury of the Emigrant Society is empty, and the colored refugees are still arriving in increasing numbers. At Topeka, where the barracks are overflowing, more than fifty have had their feet frozen for the want of shoes, and coffins are in demand for the infants and others who have died from exposure. A large contribution of shoes, overcoats and blankets were sent from England by the Society of Friends there, but they are detained in New York for payment of duty. A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives for their admission free of duty, but it was met with an objection from Fernando Wood, and it is now pigeon-holed in the committee room, while the distressed creatures in Kansas are perishing for the want of the supplies donated.

THE LAW OF FINDING.—The law of find is this: The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner. The proprietor of a railroad car or of a shop has no right to demand the property which may be found on their premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench one hundred years ago, in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above stated, that against all the world but the owner the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the finder. They have no power in the absence of a special statute to keep the article against the finder any more than the finder has to retain the article against the owner.

The efforts at establishing saloons, billiardrooms and other places of resort at Oberlin, Ohio, the seat of Oberlin College, have uniformly failed. A few years since a drinking saloon was opened, and one dark night was bodily removed and sat outside of the town. "Praying bands" invaded a billiard parlor and sentinels took the names of all who entered until it was closed. And now, upon the circulation of a report that a tobacco store is to be set up there, a mass meeting has been called, stirring speeches made and a hand bill in startling type circulated, announcing that 130,000 cigars and six tons of tobacco are already sold a year in Oberlin. "A school of loafers opposite the public schools, where little children are drawn into the loathsome habit," is to be opened, wherefore a mass meeting, the Mayor presiding, will be held, where an alarming statement of facts will be made and addresses delivered; music by the Glee Club and cornet band. Upon this follow fifteen reasons why tobacco should not be used. Judging from the number of former victories tobacco will have to go from Oberlin. In that town they are not allowed, in the words of the old song, to "think, and smoke tobacco."

THE COMING CENSUS.—The penalties for obstructing the census takers, who begin their labors on the first Monday in June, are severe. The law says:

All persons above the age of 21 years who shall refuse to furnish the information required by the supervisor or enumerator shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding $100, to be recovered in an action of debt. Presidents, directors, or other officials of private corporations who refuse to furnish information required of them are made liable to a penalty not to exceed $10,000.

Only two weeks are allowed in the cities and four weeks in the country for the completion of the census. The compensation to the enumerators is as follows: Two cents for each living inhabitant; two cents for each death reported; ten cents for each farm; fifteen cents for each manufactory, which is to be in full for all services, and no milage or traveling expenses. The subdivision assigned to each enumerator must not exceed 4,000 inhabitants.

Why the Fusionists fixed upon the month of August as the date for the reassembling of their dishonorable body does not appear from any of the accounts which have been given of their dying struggles; but if there is any season of the year in which legislators are not likely to flock to the city and perspire in the interest of their constituents, that season is midsummer. Practically it of course makes no difference what month they choose to thus distinguish, but for the sake of consistency they should have adjourned to April 1st—a day specially set apart for fools and their follies.

The Altoona (Pa.) *Tribune* reports that one night last week people in the neighboring town of Williamsburg observed that clouds in the heavens formed the name of U. S. Grant. That settles it.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A ROSARY OF RHYME.

COMMONPLACE.

"A commonplace life," we say, and sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,
Makes up the commonplace day:
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lilly bids, "Be pure,"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost,
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord.

THE WORLD IS VAST.

The world is vast and we are small,
We are so weak and it so strong,
Onward it goes, nor cares at all
For us; our silence or our song,
Our fast-days or our festival.

We tremble as we feel it sway
Beneath our feet, as on we fare,
But like a ball which children play
God spins it through the far blue air,
We are his own, why should we care?

IN THE DARK.

Brave heart like a sail,
Stout will like rudder strong,
Ride out the heavy gale
The angry waves among;
And still, though dark the tempest be,
The faithful stars are there to see.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day is mine. I hold it fast,
Hold it and use it as I may,
Unmindful of the shadow cast
By that dim thing called Yesterday.

To-morrow hovers just before,
A bright-winged shape, and lures me on,
Till in my zeal to grasp and know her,
I drop To-day—and she is gone.

The bright wings captured lose their light:
To-morrow weeps, and seems to say,
I am To-day—ah, hold me tight;
Ere long I shall be Yesterday."

—*Susan Coolidge, in Christian Union.*

MRS. PEPPERTON'S GHOST.

"BELIEVE in ghosts? I hope I am not such a fool as that!" said Mr. Pepperton, scornfully, and he looked with an air of supreme contempt at his questioner. "When I can put my hand upon a sensible sort of a fellow who has seen one in broad daylight, when he was wide awake, and quite sober, then I'll give the matter my attention, but until then I shall keep to my opinion that there were never such things, and it's only idiots who believe in anything of the sort."

"Thank you, Mr. Pepperton," returned the young farmer, laughing. "But seeing is believing, and if I didn't see my mother three days after she was buried my name isn't Timothy Lane."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Pepperton; "when people are nervous and out of sorts they can fancy anything."

"Only it's odd. I never imagined anything of the sort before or since, Mr. Pepperton."

"No, it isn't odd," replied the other, dogmatically. "Those things depend upon a person's state of mind, and you were naturally excited and upset at such a time. You had been thinking of Mrs. Lane all day, and therefore it was not surprising that you saw her at night——"

"It wasn't at night at all; it was in the afternoon. I was going down the path in front of our house when I saw her standing at the gate, just as plain as I see you now. As I drew near she gave me one earnest look, and then faded out, and though she has never since visibly appeared to me, I often think she is nearer me than I know."

Mr. Pepperton started and glanced round the bar-parlor of the George with an uneasy air.

"I don't believe anything of the sort," he said, sharply; "it's all humbug! Besides, it stands to reason it wouldn't always be convenient for dead people to come back to their old haunts. The first Mrs. Pepperton, for instance, wouldn't just care to see some one else in her place, and, of course, if she came back she would have to——"

"Unless she gave you notice of her visits beforehand, and you hid the second Mrs. Pepperton in the cupboard," observed the landlord, laughing.

Mr. Pepperton laughed, too, but not exactly as if he enjoyed the joke. It was all very well just now, but he had a feeling that it wouldn't be so pleasant to look back upon an hour later, when he had to make his way home through the church-yard by himself.

And then if there were ghosts, by any chance, they might be very much inclined to take revenge on him for his scepticism, and convince him against his will, so that altogether he thought he would not join in any unseemly jests. But as it would not have done to appear to retract after having so loudly asserted his disbelief, Mr. Pepperton effected a compromise by remarking:

"There's a great many mysterious things in this world we are not expected to inquire into, and what you don't understand it is best not to talk about, it seems to me. I'll have one more glass of grog, Mr. Hobday, if you please, and then I'll take myself off. I promised Mrs. Pepperton I'd be home in good time to-night, as she isn't well."

Mr. Pepperton's boon companions exchanged glances; it was such a surprising thing for him to show any consideration of this sort toward Mrs. Pepperton, they could hardly believe their ears. However, nobody ventured to joke him on the subject, and as it was not understood that he disliked talking of ghosts, and the question had a peculiar fascination for some of those present, each had a tale to tell of something that had happened to his grandmother, or aunt, or his wife's cousin, until if you only believed half that you heard there seemed overwhelming evidence in favor of Timothy Lane's theory, and Mr. Pepperton was in a shuddering minority.

And yet for the life of him he could not help listening. If he might only have expressed a doubt it would have been a great relief to him, but of course this would have been a gross insult to his narrators as discrediting their relations' veracity, and consequently Mr. Pepperton had to deny himself this comfort.

"Come, come," he said, nervously, at last, "this is too bad! A man comes out to be cheerful, you know; besides, you fellows live in the village, and you won't have time to get up any fancies going home."

"But as you don't believe in ghosts it doesn't matter," said Timothy Lane; "I do, though, and I am glad I haven't got your walk to-night, for the church-yard is an uncommon lonely place to walk through after dark."

"There's no more the matter with that than with other places," he answered, with confidence he did not feel; "it's just the idea. But I'm thankful to say I am not superstitious like you, Timothy."

He drank off his last drop of grog, and rose to his feet, adding just to reassure himself."

"Besides, I've been through it often enough without seeing anything, and I can't see that there's any difference between to-night and other nights."

"None whatever," replied Timothy Lane, with a significant glance at one of his companions, as if to draw attention to Mr. Pepperton's discomposure; "why should there be?"

"That's just what I say—why should there be? Still, I can't say but what it is more cheerfuller to have a companion these dark nights."

"Of course it's more cheerfuller to have a companion," returned Timothy, "not only dark nights, but at all times. I am sociable myself, and quite understand what you mean. It's a pity you don't live in the village, Mr. Pepperton, and then you'd have plenty of company."

"So I should, I daresay, and very little money," answered Mr. Pepperton, laughing, as he tugged on his great coat, and set his face determinedly toward the door.

"You don't mean we should rob you going home, do you?" inquired Timothy, who seemed vastly amused about something.

"Well, not exactly; but you'd take up my time, I expect, and time's money. Whew! what a dark night!" he added, as he opened the door, and looked down the village street. "I don't believe I shall be able to see my way."

"Your eyes will get accustomed to it after you have been out a few minutes," observed the landlord, encouragingly "Good night, Mr. Pepperton, good night, and a pleasant walk."

This sounded like sarcasm to the old farmer, as he went shivering along the path, keeping his eye fearfully on the tall shadow of the old church. Hitherto he had never had any feeling of this sort, for after three editions of grog a man is generally very valiant, but to-night, somehow, the stimulant had not taken its usual effect, and he felt nervous and unstrung.

"However, since it had to be done, it were better done quickly," he said to himself, and quickened his pace.

The wind whistled drearily in the tree-tops, and there was not so much as a light in the rectory windows to give a feeling of company.

But he could see his way perfectly now, and he could also see the grave-stones gleaming palely against the sombre background of sky and yew.

He made a few timid steps forward, and then stepped short, shuddering. It had suddenly occurred to him that this was the anniversary of the first Mrs. Pepperton's death, and he should have presently to pass her grave.

If she were disposed to "walk," as it was called in the village, what an opportunity! Now, he had had a great regard for the first Mrs. Pepperton, and from some points of view, he thought her superior to the second, but, under the circumstances, he did not wish to see her again, and devoutly hoped that if it had occurred to her to "walk," to think better of it.

At this moment the clock struck eleven, driving the blood to his heart, and making him shudder in his shoes. And then he remembered again that this was the very hour the first Mrs. Pepperton had left this sorrowful world or a better, and his legs began to knock together with fright.

"Come, Josiah Pepperton," he said to himself at last, in a disparaging tone, "I never saw a man make such a fool of himself as you are doing at this present moment. Where are your principles, I should like to know, and what motive could the first Mrs. Pepperton have for molesting you, considering that you treated her well when she was alive, and buried her comfortable after her her death? Get along home with you for a miserable coward, and don't let me hear anything of this sort again in a hurry, or——or——"

He was searching for a threat that he would impose on himself when he turned round the church, and came full in sight of his first wife's grave. He had decided in his own mind that he would pass on, and not look that way, but some magnetic attraction drew his glance in that quarter, and there, crouching down close to the headstone, was a snow-white figure, with awful eyes that turned on him with stony intentness, and seemed to defy him to advance.

Mr. Pepperton stood like one stunned for a minute, and then he went down on his knees, and murmured, hoarsely, through his chattering teeth:

"My dear Marla, I am sure you mean this kindly, you were always such a good-hearted woman when you were alive. But I can't bear it—I can't indeed. I am very grieved if I have hurt your feelings by giving yon a successor—but on my honor as a man, I never cared fer poor Mary Ann as I cared fer you; and you know I planted some flowers on your grave myself last summer, which shows that you are always in my thoughts. But my poor nerves can't stand this sort of thing, and if you are going to take to walking, the sooner I lay beside you the better—for there will be nothing to live for."

A hollow groan answered him, and poer Pepperton went on, frantically:

"Pray don't take my representations in this spirit—I mean, don't take this tone about them," he substituted quickly, feeling that any reference to the spirits in such company might be considered personal and rude. "I don't mean any harm, and, of course, I should be delighted to see you again in any way if it weren't for my nerves being so upset. Is there anything I could do to make you rest more quiet? Don't hesitate to speak. Even if it took all my savings to make you lie comfortable, I wouldn't hesitate, Maria—I wouldn't, indeed."

Another groan, a little fainter, but still more harrowing, was the only response, and poor Pepperton felt as if his brain were giving away. Seen from that distance the ghost was terrible enough, and quite as much as his reason could stand, but when she began to raise herself slowly from the ground, still keeping her pale, dim eyes upon him, and showed a disposition to advance, the horror of the situation generally, and the fear lest she should take him into her cold embrace and claim him for her own, overcame him utterly, and he fell on his face in a dead swoon.

When he returned to consciousness, Timothy Lane and another young man were leaning over him, and poor Pepperton said, with a gasp, as he piled himself together:

"I've had a terrible experience—a terrible experience, Timothy; the first Mrs. Pepperton—eh?—hulloa!" and he showed a disposition to collapse again, as he pointed toward the grave, only that they held him fast, and burst out laughing in a most reassuring manner.

"That is what you took for a ghost is it?" said Timothy, when he could command his voice. "Why, it is Barnaby's white cow; it is always getting through the hedge and straying into the church-yard."

Pepperton sat upright, and now that he had companions, and found courage to examine the thing more carefully, it certainly lost a good deal of its ghostly appearance.

But he did not seem entirely convinced, and Timothy saw that his little joke—he had been the author of the hollow groans, hidden behind a tombstone—had gone far enough, he said to his younger companion, who happened to be Barnaby's son, and therefore, in a sense, the owner of the cow:

"Go and stir the brute up, Tom; she's no business here."

To see Barnaby go willingly, approach the apparition, and give it a kick in the ribs, dispersed the last remnant of Pepperton's fear and he said in a querulously apologetic way, as he stumbled on his feet:

"You'd do me a kindness, Timothy, and so would Barnaby, if you wouldn't talk of this little affair to the other fellows. I should be jeered and joked out of my life, and it isn't pleasant to be made a butt of when you come to my age. The fact is, I was a little out of sorts, and my nerves wern't so strong as usual; and then, being the anniversary of the first Mrs. Pepperton's death, and your story put together, finished me off—although, as you know, I've been through this very churchyard night after night, and never had any fancies of this sort before."

"We won't mention the matter, old fellow," answered Timothy, whose conscience pricked him a little when he saw how white and shaken the old farmer looked. "It's lucky we happened to be here, though, for if you hadn't had anybody with you when you came to yourself, you would have dashed off home, maybe, without knowing that was Barnaby's cow yonder, and then you would have believed you had seen the first Mrs. Pepperton for the rest of your life."

Timothy had to turn away here, he was seized with such a terrible inclination to laugh, but as he did not want to look unfeeling, and poor Pepperton had really suffered, he suppressed the impulse, and offered, with proper gravity, to see the old farmer home—an offer which was thankfully accepted.

But, somehow, Pepperton never quite got over the adventure in Durby churchyard, and is often heard to say that he thinks a man is best off at his own fireside, after all, on winter nights, and Mrs. Pepperton finds it rather lonely when he is out.

Nobody knows what brought him into this becoming frame of mind excepting Timothy Lane and his friend. They have kept their promise faithfully, but when Timothy sees the white cow he gives Barnaby a poke in the ribs, and says:

"The first Mrs. Pepperton, eh, Tom?"

And they have a good laugh all to themselves, as young men will.

Old Names the Best.

In a recent meeting of the Detroit Lime Kiln Club Sir Isaac Walpole handed President Gardner an epistle from a colored mother in Detroit who wanted advice as to what name to give her daughter. She had worried over the subject for six weeks, and now trusted that the club would suggest something which her romantic mind could accept.

"In de fust place," slowly began the old man, "dis club don't sot here at an expense of nineteen shillins a week fur de purpose of namin' chill'ens. In de nex' place, I fur one, hev bin pained to obsarve a growin' desire on de part o' cull'd folkses to knock deir chill'en down wid silver-plated front names. Up in my block ebery cabin hez a Hortense, or a Maud, or a Genevieve, who will grow up to go bar'fut in summer an' bend ober de washtub in winter. I believe dat half what ails de niggers now-days am deir fancy names. I tell ye, dey am a powerful burden for a chile to carry. No young gal wid a big foot an a mouf like a sasser am gwine to look any purtier for bein' called Cleopatra Viva Clarabell. No, sah. Ize a believer in de good ole-fashun names, sich as Polly, Dinah, Chloe, Sam, Tom an' Jim. Dar's sunthin' squar' an' honest in 'em, an' dey weigh sixteen ounces to de pound. Dis kentry am tryin' to get rid of em', an' banks am bustin', men stealin', towns burnin' up an' tornadoes sweepin' over de land. I tell ye, an honest, straightforward name is half to'rds keepin a chile honest, and if I kept a grocery store I'd trust Moses all day long an' keep boaf eyes on Adolphus!" There being no further business, the Glee Club sang "Pinafore" and the meeting adjourned. —*Free Press.*

FIG trees bear fruit in California the second year after being planted.

Strange Food.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the ham and heart of a lion, killed by Constant Cheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close-grained, like that of a horse, but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a *succes d'estime*, while the heart, skillfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible. In fact, the French journalists were not much better pleased with their fare than was Bruce, the traveler, when the guest of the Arab tribe of Welled Sidi Boojanim, "the sons of the fathers of the flocks," bound by vow to eat lion's flesh once every day; for the traveler found male lion meat lean, tough and musky in flavor, lioness meat a trifle fatter and more palatable, and whelp flesh the nastiest of the three.

Mindful that an unlooked for pleasure is thrice welcome, Frank Buckland did not advise his guests on a certain occasion that they were about to enlarge their gastronomic experiences, but when the soup had been disposed of asked a famous gormand sitting near him how he liked it. "Very well indeed," was the answer. "Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I did not find any green fat." Buckland shook his head. "I fancied it had a somewhat musky taste—peculiar but not at all unpleasant," remarked his neighbor. "All alligators have," replied the host, "the cayman, especially—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been discussing." Half a dozen of the suddenly-enlightened diners suddenly started to their feet, two or three slunk from the room and the rest of the meal was enjoyed by only a portion of the original company. "See what imagination is," said Buckland. "Had I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. I tell them that it is alligator soup and their gourges riso at as good a dish as ever a man need have!" Forewarned, and, therefore, forearmed, were the gentlemen who lunched on octopus at the Brighton Aquarium, trying it in turn boiled, broiled and cold. They found it excellent eating, resembling skate, but not so tender as might be. The verdict would probably have been still more favorable had the octopus been boiled first and then roasted, as is the way in Corsica, where the monster is esteemed a great delicacy. —*Chambers' Journal.*

Washington as a Fireman.

In 1774 the Friendship Fire Company, which still exists, was organized. It at first consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg or wider linnen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774, at Philadelphia, he examined the fire-engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress, in 1775, he bought from one Gibbs a small fourth-class engine for £80 10s, and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander-in-chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship Company. When in Alexandria, during his younger days, he always attended at fires and assisted to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King street, followed by his servant, also on horseback, and he saw the Friendship engine poorly manned. Riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen near by, he called out: "Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters,"—and, throwing the bridle of his horse to his servant, he leaped off and seized the brakes, followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a "shaking up" as it never knew afterward.—*William F. Carne, in Harper's Magazine.*

How a Prince is Educated in China.

The Hong Kong *Daily Press* gives the following account of the education of the sons of the Chinese Emperors, and of some of the domestic arrangements of the royal family:

The sons of the Manchu Emperors (hwangtsq) undergo from their tenderest youth a system of the strictest education. Rising at about three o'clock in the morning, they first take their lesson in Chinese literature, under the superintendence of the only tutor who has the title of shih-fu or 'master.' The tutor rises from his chair as soon as the Imperial pupils enter and receives from the latter a courtesy (ta-ch'ien) which is then returned in the same form. The tutor takes the seat of honor, and when the lessen is learned the pupil brings up his book, deposits it before his teacher, and returns to his seat to repeat the task by heart. If the lesson is not learned, the tutor requests a eunuch in attendance to bring the ferrule (ch'ing-pan) and makes a show of administering correction. But each Imperial pupil is accompanied by eight fellow-students (pwan-tub), known in the Manchu language as ha-he-chu, who study the same books as their young master. When it becomes necessary to admonish the latter more seriously, the ha-he-chu are beaten with the ferule vigorously; but when the Imperial pupil acquits himself well they are, on the other hand, commended or rewarded. A recalcitrant and obstinate prince is as the last resort actually himself flogged, though probably only nominally, by the teacher, or taken before the Emperor, who directs a eunuch to pinch his cheeks (ch'ih pa jou). The late Emperor T'ung chih was frequently tweaked in this way by order of the Empress. The Chinese lesson occupies two hours; after this come the Manchu and Mongol lessons in composition, given by the teachers who enjoy the less honorable title of se-fu, and who are obliged to meet their pupil at the door and make the first obeisance. Then come lessons in various spoken languages, Manchu, Mongol, T'angat and in local Chinese dialects. After these come courses of instruction in foot and horse archery (ma-pu chien), athletics, fencing, putting the stone, etc., (kung-tau-shih), under the guidance of a class of instructors called anta. The whole of the young princes' day is taken up with mental or physical exercises, and they retire to rest at a very early hour. At suitable intervals their meals are weighed out for them, and on no account are they allowed to indulge in the pleasures of the table. At the age of fifteen they must marry.

How the Earth was First Mapped Out.

Chief Justice Daly in an article on "Maps and Map-making before Mercator," in the February number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: "What these early maps were we do not know, but can form a reasonable conjecture. The earth at that time was supposed to be a flat circular plain, or disk, the broadest part being from east to west, which was entirely surrounded by an ocean, or great river, that washed it upon all sides. In about the center of this plain Greece was supposed to be situated. The great central sea of the inhabited region was the Mediterranean. The farthest point known at the west was the Straits of Gibraltar, then called the pillars of Hercules. The southern part comprised the north of Africa as far as the deserts; while the region north embraced the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, and an unknown hyperborean land further to the north, with the Euxine and Caspian Seas at the northeast. The farthest eastern point known was about the western limit of India. This was what would then be contained in a map as a representation of the earth. The sun was supposed to pass under and around this flat plain, which was then the mode of accounting for the changes of day and night. The space beneath was supposed to be a great vault, called Tartarus, the abode of the spirits of the wicked among men, as the region corresponding to it, above the plain, was the heaven, or abode of the gods. The unknown region beyond the Pillars of Hercules was filled up with creations of the fertile imagination of the Greeks. To the northwest and north were the Cimmerians, a people living in perpetual darkness; and the hyperboreans, a race supposed to be exempt from toil, disease or wars, who enjoyed life for a thousand years in a state of undisturbed serenity. To the west of Sicily were the enchanted islands of Circe and Calypso, and the floating islands of Eolus. A little to the north of the Pillars of Hercules was the entrance to the infernal regions; and far out in the Western Ocean, beyond the limits of the known earth, was the happy region called Elysium, a land of perpetual summer, where a gentle zephyr constantly blew, where tempests were unknown, and where the spirits of those whose lives had been approved by the gods dwelt in perpetual felicity. Here, also, were the gardens of the Hesperides, with their golden apples guarded by the singing nymphs, who dwelt on the river Oceanus, which was in the extreme west, and the position of which was constantly shifted as geographical knowledge increased."

My Stock Speculation.

THE newspapers all over the country outside of New York contained advertisements inviting anybody who possessed a three-cent postage stamp to write for a book and circular, to be forwarded free of expense, and which among much other delectable information, was to contain "unerring rules for success" for operating the stock market. Many of the prominent publications belonging to the religious press, I find, indorsed the system, and had many a good word to say for the proprietors thereof. With such highly respectable advocates to advise in favor of this mode I boldly enclosed twenty-five dollars in a registered letter, requesting the firm to include it in any combination that in their judgment seemed most promising, and then went to sleep to dream of the riches I was soon to acquire. Promptly came an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, with a certificate of ownership to the extent of twenty-five shares of a "combination formed to operate in stocks or other securities. Statements of transactions will be mailed all shareholders weekly, and, at the expiration of one month from date, this combination will be closed, and profits divided pro rata among the shareholders. No part of profits or capital to be withdrawn until close of combination. All operations to be carried on at the discretion of the undersigned," etc. Accompanying the certificate was an eight-page pamphlet giving copies of letters received from grateful correspondents, some of whom had been saved from financial ruin by the investment of $100 through the house to whom I had intrusted my money. There was also the affidavit of a joyous creature who had put twenty-five dollars in the combination-mill and had the unspeakable felicity of seeing it converted into nine hundred and I don't know how many dollars and cents in the incredibly short space of two weeks. A merchant on the eve of failure averted the catastrophe by using a thousand dollars of his creditors' money, having employed it so profitable through the infallible combination system that he not only paid his debts but made a fortune besides The "unerring rules," also received, were gems of the first water. "Never buy stocks when they are up," "never sell stocks when they are down," "always take your profits," &c. I have quoted these specimens simply to show that the proprietors of these places do know what to do and to communicate the valuable information to the world at large, as no man has the right to monopolize the talismanic rules, the possession of which will enable any one to avoid the shoals and quicksands with which Wall Street abounds. At the expiration of ten days a printed account came to hand with a record of the transactions in which I was interested, and showing a profit over all expenses of $6.25. This was encouraging. It was twenty-five per cent. gain on the capital invested, and I began to calculate what it would amount to at the end of the year. As the profits would increase the sum to be used in the venture of the thing would grow, you see, like the well-known snow-ball that we used to roll in the garden after the storm. I won't entangle you in my web of figures, but simply state the result, so that you can see at a glance what a good thing I had. Well, then, by making twenty-five per cent. per week and adding profits to principal, at the expiration of twelve months I expected to become owner of $51,200. Surely, "great oaks from little acorns grow." Another week passed, and another statement came with precisely the same result, and this fortified me in the belief that I had struck the right road at last. A letter was also received the next day soliciting me to forward $100 in order to participate in the benefits of a combination then forming, an operation they contemplated, based upon inside information and which promised a success so brilliant that ever afterward I would be not only a customer but a firm friend of their house. I didn't have $100, and couldn't in any way raise so large a sum, and the disappointment I suffered at the prospect of losing such an opportunity made me gloomy and miserable, and I at once wrote my correspondents what a heart-break it was that I could not accept their liberal offer. I ought to mention that I was constantly receiving quotations of stocks and an occasional sheet of half a dozen pages, printed with large, clear type, on the best of paper, posting me regarding the wonderful luck of some of their unnamed customers and filled with appeals to take advantage of the present exceptionally propitious time to embark in operations in the stock market. Now came another notice with an account current for the third week of the operation. This time, to my horror, I found all my profit and half the original capital swept away, and this was accompanied by the consolatory information that the "unprecedented haste that had marked the efforts of a large number of small speculators to get rid of their holdings had completely bewildered the large operators (!), precipitating a decline that obliged us to make a great personal sacrifice in order to protect our patrons, and, although we have lived through the storm, we were obliged, most reluctantly to witness the destruction of many a well-conceived and judiciously executed combination." This gave a rude shock to my rose-colored anticipations, and not wishing to pass the rest of the winter with nothing more substantial than a straw hat and linen coat, I wrote a letter instructing them to close my account and remit the balance. Two or three days after a few lines were received, calling my attention to the contract they forwarded when the money was sent, wherein it was stated: "No part of profits of original capital to be withdrawn until the close of the combination." So I had no control over the investment after the money had passed into their hands, and I must therefore wait and be a silent spectator of the financial gymnastics that spirited away my capital and my hopes.

I did not have much longer to wait. A few hours brought me the news of the doom of the remaining dollars. A melancholy preface began this dismal story, referring to a dastardly conspiracy, headed by the awful Jay Gould, which had knocked the market into smithereens, caught an army of keen, shrewd speculators, and wrecked them all so completely that they didn't own money enough to pay car fare home that night. "Trusting to appearances well calculated to deceive the most experienced veterans on 'Change, we unfortunately, were caught in the same dreadful storm that has proved so fatal to many of the best known men on the street." My money disappeared in a series of dissolving views, intensely interesting while they lasted, but now gone, never to return.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

How Spiders Live Under Water.

THAT spiders should live under water is the more remarkable because they breathe atmospheric air, and might reasonably be expected to die after a long submersion. So they would but for a curious provision of Nature, which permits them to store below the surface a sufficient amount of air for respiration. The creature goes to the surface of the water and moves all its legs busily, just as if it were trying to crawl out of the water. Suddenly it gives a sharp jerk or kick, and dives below the surface. It then looks exactly as if it were surrounded by a case of polished silver, owing to a bubble of air which it has enclosed between its long hind legs. Besides this there are a number of smaller bubbles which cling to the other legs, and which can be added to the principal bubble when needed. This supply of air is sufficient to last the spider for a considerable time.—*Sunday Magazine.*

The Hair.

THIS fashion of crimping and curling the hair of children is positively iniquitous. Wee creatures of three or four years, and even younger, are arrayed in curl papers, by affectionate and admiring mothers, who are bent upon making the children charming, and who do not stop to consider how far they may be defeating their own ends by the action, or how much pain they may be inflicting on the objects of their fond solicitude. An authority on that subject says: "Up to the age of six or seven children retain what is called their 'baby hair,' which is injured, not improved, by cutting. It is quite different from the harsher hair which succeeds it. If the hair curls naturally it looks charming dressed in that fashion, but putting it in papers is sure to injure it and pull it out by the roots. The use of curling irons is still more objectionable; anything which tangles and cuts the hair is bad in the extreme, and it is to be regretted that mothers draw so heavily upon the capital of their children's hair, instead of using the yearly increasing interest of its beauty and value." By keeping the scalp of the head clean, and the hair brushed into silky softness, its beauty can be preserved until late in life.

OVER 30,000 men in the Lehigh Valley are employed at the furnaces, of which there are fifty-four, with an annual capacity of 624,000 tons. These furnaces produce one-fifth of the pig-iron made in the United States, and consume 1,400,000 tons of iron ore annually.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A QUIET HOUSE.

My house is quiet now, so still!
All day I hear the ticking clock,
The hours are numbered clear and shrill,
Outside the robins sing and trill,
The sunshine sleeps upon the sill,
My house is quiet now, so still.

But silence breaks my heart! I wait,
And waiting yearn for call or knock,
To hear the creaking of the gate,
And footsteps coming soon or late
To greet me sitting desolate,
The silence breaks my heart, I wait.

As through the lonely house I go,
From hall to hall, from room to room
What shall I seek to find or know?
The brooding shadows spread and grow,
The startling echoes mock me so,
As through the lonely house I go.

Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear
Sweet noises in the tranquil gloom,
Soft broken songs and laughter clear,
The joyous tumult, glad and near,
That vexed me many a happy year—
Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear.

Ah! blessed Heaven, if once, once more
My longing eyes might see the stain
Of little footprints on the floor,
And grouped like roses at the door
The sweet child-faces gone before,
Ah! blessed Heaven, but once, once more.

My house and home are very still!
I watch the sun, I watch the rain,
The winter days come white and chill,
And years go on.... Perhaps death will
Life's broken promises fulfill
My house, my home, my heart are broken still!

—*Mary Ainge Devers.*

NINA.

Victor Blumenthal was sauntering through the public garden, thinking about the picture he was painting, thinking how the light among the trees suggested certain strains of music to him, when his eye fell upon a young girl feeding the swans, and lingered there. "If I could only carry that face home in my mind's eye, and reflect it upon my canvas!" he thought. "She is the very image of Undine herself." Just then the child beside her reached across the brim of the basin to toss a crumb into the water and lost her balance. Quick as thought Victor sprang to the rescue, brought the child up dripping, and confronted Undine, out of whose face all the rose had faded, all the sunshine had fled. "O, how shall I thank you! what shall I do for you?" she cried. "If you had not saved her how could I have lived? She is my little neighbor, and I promised to be so careful of her. O, though you are a stranger, I feel as if you were my best friend!"

"Then oblige me by meeting me here again, and telling me how our little friend bears her 'drenching,'" he returned, as he put them into a carriage. Then he went to his studio and tried to limn the face of Undine, and threw down his brush in despair. And the next day, happening into the public garden again, there she was before him, smiling and blushing, with the child beside her.

"I thought perhaps we should meet you here," she confessed. "Jenny brings her mother's thanks. How *can* we repay you but with our prayers?"

"If you could sit to me——"

"I? You mean Jenny?"

"I mean yourself. If you could come to my studio and let me paint you——"

"O, you are laughing at me!"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"Let us go, then," she said.

"Your picture is long in finishing," she remarked one day, after innumerable sittings; for Victor had every night wiped out what he had laboriously painted in during the day, so difficult was it to imprison the shadow of his model within the canvas, to lend to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to endow her with the spirit that informed the face, flushed in the oval cheek, or trembled about the mobile mouth.

"You are tired of coming to me. I tax you too long."

"No," she replied; "I was only thinking that if I made my flowers so slowly, I should starve."

Victor laughed softly. "Fame is better than money."

"And life is better than fame."

And then Victor threw down his brush. "The sun is setting," he said; "let us go out upon the bay for inspiration."

And Nina followed, nothing loath. How cool and sweet the hour was out there, with sails blowing out like wings of white gulls in the offing, and pleasure-boats loitering or speeding by! How gayly the sun smote the city's spires, and changed the windows of dingy warehouses on the wharves into precious stones like those of Aladdin's palace! How much pleasanter all this was than sitting at home, in a dark alley, over her artificial flowers, trying to embody her fancies in satin and velvet!

Victor walked to the dark alley in the dusk with Nina, and thought of the white lilies that grew into perfect beauty and sweetness, though rooted in mould and slime.

So the friendship grew between Victor and Nina—Nina, the poor little flower-maker, the last of her race, and Victor Blumenthal, the artist and millionaire—and the picture grew apace. Somehow he dared not finish it, lest Nina should feel her debt paid, and escape him.

"O, what *is* that beautiful thing?" she asked one day, as he trilled a familiar air while spreading his palette. "Did you make it up yourself?"—her face all aglow.

"It is an air from an opera," laughed Victor—"from *Trovatore*. The honor of 'making it up' belongs to one Verdi. Have you never heard an opera?"

"Never."

"Then you shall hear one to-night. Hold! *Trovatore* is on the bill for this blessed night. What a coincidence!" And so, when the city lamps were trying to outdo the stars, Victor drew Nina's trembling hand within his arm, and they became a part of the gay and fashionable world inside the theater. And what a world it was, with all the glitter of lights and beautiful faces, the shimmer of silk and jewels, the odor of musk and sandal wood, and the kind, handsome face of Victor Blumenthal shining upon her! How the tenor sang out, sweet as syllables of love! how the soprano soared! what depths the bass explored! what pathos, what sorrow, what delight swelled and ebbed with the chords! Did people really love and suffer and despair and triumph like this? Had she lived through it all herself, somewhere, somehow, that it seemed an echo of her own experience; or was it but a shadow of things to come? When the curtain fell, Victor discovered tears in her eyes. Other people were laughing around her; one tall gentleman almost stooped to look under her hat as he passed, bowed to her companion, and would have joined them had Blumenthal been less frigid.

"I have seen that gentleman before," said Nina; "he came with a lady who was in a hurry for some flowers I had promised. He called her Stella."

"It was his cousin, Stella Grandelaw," said Victor.

One day Victor, who could no longer find a pretext to continue the sittings, put his picture on exhibition. All the town was talking of it before night. "Such flesh tints! such expression! such beauty!"

"Yet it does not equal the original," said Grandelaw.

"No," returned Victor; "pigment is a poor make-shift for fire and spirit."

At about this time he received news that his only sister was seriously ill in London. He was obliged to drop his pencil and fly to her without so much as bidding Nina good-bye; but he would write and explain, he promised himself. In the meantime Grandelaw found occasion to make friends with Nina. She had happened into a shop to purchase materials for her work; she had laid her pocket-book down for an instant, and not till she had nearly reached the door did she discover that she had taken up, not her own, but another's plethoric purse. At the same moment a strange hand detained her, and she was accused of theft. "This lady is a friend of mine," said Grandelaw, stepping forward to her rescue, having followed her into the shop—"she is a friend of mine," and the accuser begged a thousand pardons, and obsequiously bowed himself out of sight.

After this what could Nina do but accept him at his own valuation? How could she avoid meeting him in her walks, and allowing him to accompany her? how refuse admittance to one who had befriended her? And he knocked often, and watched her at her pretty toil, and the intimacy progressed. Sometimes she opened her door, and showed a beaming face, but the smile would fade soon. At other times he observed that she started when a footstep paused outside; she expected someone, answered absently, listened to his flatteries with a far-away look in her soft eyes. One day Grandelaw determined to probe the wound.

"Did you not sit to Victor Blumenthal for his Undine?" he asked. "It was a picture worth painting; he must have had a thousand sittings."

"Not nearly so many," sighed Nina.

"I should have been jealous, if I had been Mrs. Blumenthal."

"Jealous!" repeated Nina—"Mrs. Blumenthal! His mother?"

"His wife—Victor's wife."

"His wife!—Victor Blumenthal's wife!"

"O, then, perhaps you did not know he was married?"

"He never spoke of it."

"Because everybody knew it. Come, Miss Nina, don't look at me as if I was to blame. Victor Blumenthal was married more than two years ago to his cousin Theodora. If you doubt it, I will find you the notice of his marriage among my file of papers. But of course you have no interest in it. What is it to you, or me?"

"Nothing, nothing," she answered. "I do not doubt it." But she had grown very white, and her eyes shone like wandering stars, and the needle trembled in her hand. "Of course he is married," she added, in a lighter tone, "only the idea never occurred to me before—it took me unawares."

What had Victor Blumenthal meant, she asked herself, "by those words a thought too tender," by glances that made love plainer than speech? Why had he held her hand till she blushed, and kissed the pink finger-tips? Why had he sought her out, only to break her heart? Did he not love his cousin Theodora? And then she hid her face in her pillow, remembering how her heart had gone out to a married man. Another woman's lover, and she had mistaken him for her own! Doubtless this was why she had neither seen nor heard from him for so long; he had divined her heart, and conscience had made a coward of him. But it should never be said of her that she wore her heart on her sleeve. And when Victor returned with the sister whom he had just succeeded in snatching from the valley of shadows, having written to Nina, but in his anxiety mailed the letter without an address, she had been engaged to Mr. Grandelaw for a month already, and had gone to visit his mother in a neighboring town till the wedding should take place, without leaving any trace behind her. Grandelaw had, in fact, persecuted her into consent. A thousand things had conspired in his favor. She had fallen ill and into debt, and work had failed, and Grandelaw had sent his own physician to her, with fruits and flowers and wines, had taken her out in his carriage when air was prescribed, and had ended by proposing to take care of her all her life, by winning a reluctant consent to endow her with all his worldly goods. Victor had deceived her, or rather she had taken too much for granted, and had deceived herself, and what better could she do than reward the devotion of Grandelaw, who assured her that he had love enough for them both?

Everybody was very kind at Laurel Lodge; everything was fine enough to win a mercenary heart, if Nina had owned one. Nobody hinted that Grandelaw was making an unequal marriage. One day when Nina returned from a gallop across the hills with Grandelaw, there was a tall, gracious woman waiting for them on the veranda, who allowed Grandelaw to kiss her hand, and made Nina a stately bow.

"Have the skies fallen, that we catch larks?" asked Nina's lover.

"I see that you have already caught one," laughed his cousin Stella.

"Stella has come to look at her rival," said Mrs. Grandelaw, when Nina bade her good night. "We feared that my son would marry Stella some day. She thought so herself, but I disapprove of cousins marrying."

"Did she love him?" gasped Nina.

"I dare say she loved him well enough; but one survives these things."

"O, how she must hate me!" cried Nina.

But if Cousin Stella hated or loved, she knew how to disguise her feelings; nobody could be gayer or sunnier than she during those days. She sparkled with repartee and anecdote, and shook her listeners with gales of laughter. Perhaps she was showing Grandelaw what a mistake he had made to choose this sad, shadowy woman instead of herself.

"I have been sitting for my portrait," she said one evening. Nina's heart gave a little stir; had *she* not sat for her picture once? The moon was shining in through the long windows of the drawing-room; there was no other light in the room, except the fitful blaze behind the fender. Grandelaw had been called out of town on business for a night or two.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grandelaw. "Is it not a tedious affair?"

"It would be, perhaps, if any one but Victor Blumenthal were painting it."

Nina started and dropped her fan. Had she come to Laurel Lodge to hear of Victor?

"And who is Victor Blumenthal?" asked Stella's aunt—"another flame of yours?"

"I have seen no symptoms of that kind," laughed Stella. "I wish I might. He would make an ideal lover."

"But he is married," spoke Nina out of the shadow, and there was the sound of tears in her voice, if any one had had ears to hear. "He is married, Stella."

"Then Grandelaw has told you about him? Yes; it was so romantic—and sad."

"Didn't the marriage turn out well?" asked Mrs. Graadelaw, to whom romance meant nonsense.

"That depends," returned Stella. "He married his cousin Theodora—"

"I have no patience with cousins marrying."

"No? There was no great need of patience in this case. Blumenthal's grandfather had left all the money to Theodora and her mother. Victor was as poor as became an artist to be. I suppose Theodora had always loved him, but she insisted upon being married to him on her death-bed, that he might inherit her portion of the fortune. She died an hour afterward."

Nina sat like one stunned by an earthquake shock; all Grandelaw's perfidy stood out like the handwriting on the wall. Victor had loved her after all! His kiss had not been treachery. She would go to him. She would leave this prison for ever and ever. How had she ever dreamed of loving Grandelaw some day?

"You have been very kind to me," Nina said, when she kissed Mrs. Grandelaw good night. "I shall always bless you for it; but—Stella would make Grandelaw a better wife, and you a wiser daughter."

"My son and I think differently," replied the mother; but she remembered afterward that Nina had lingered and hesitated—"just as if she wished to ask pardon for something," Mrs. Grandelaw explained; and when Grandelaw himself returned to Laurel Lodge there was a little three-cornered note on his library table, in Nina's hand, which read:

"If I should marry you, Mr. Anson Grandelaw, some day, in looking over your file of papers, I should happen upon one containing the marriage of Victor Blumenthal to his cousin Theodora, and the notice of her death on the same day, and your deceit would kill whatever love I had learned to bear you.

"So good-bye, and make Stella happy.

NINA."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Pictures of Misery in Ireland.

The first cabin into which I went was a place that an Englishman would think too bad for his pig. Its floor of earth and stones, reeked with damp, and water even stood in the hollows; the only furniture was a few cups and saucers, a stool or two, and as many tubs and pots; in one corner a mass of dirty straw had evidently been used as a bed, and on the wretched hearth smoked rather than burnt an apology for a fire. The man of the house—shoeless and coatless, pale and haggard—sat idle upon a bag of Indian meal, beyond which his food resources did not go, and through the gloom around the hearth—there was no window to speak of—could be dimly made out one or two crouching female figures. I never saw anything in the way of a home in a civilized country—and I have seen a good deal—more appalling than this. Yet here was the case of a man renting three acres of land, and usually getting what he would be content to call a living out of them. Now, alas! he and the thousands of others like him, have reached the end of their miserable last season's crop, and beyond them but a little way lies starvation. The half bag of Indian meal was all the family had, nothing more remaining upon which, by sale or mortgage, money could be raised, and to the question "What will you do when the meal gives out?" came the despairing answer, "The good Lord only knows."

Not far from this, I was shown by my melancholy attendants into an equally wretched hovel, where a widow with seven young children was fighting the bitter battle of life, and rapidly getting worsted in the struggle. She herself had gone out gathering what she could of stuff to make a fire wherewith to cook the family dinner, consisting of a single cabbage! But the poor little children, half clothed, thin and hollow-eyed, were there to plead with heart-rending eloquence for aid. Once more I heard the old story. The land had yielded nothing; no turf could be obtained for fuel short of a journey of eight miles, and the family had touched absolute destitution. Over the way, in another apology for a dwelling-place, I found three poor women trying to kindle a fire with damp beanstalks, their only crop, in order to cook a dish of Indian meal, their only food.—*London Telegraph.*

VARIETIES.

—When a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.

—A cold snap—An icy answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

—To the poor all thanks are poor.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—It's meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—The skins and cores of a bushel of apples amount to almost a peck. Gnaw 'em close.—*Free Press.*

—The Chicago *Journal* thinks that 1880 must be a girl. It has so far been such a mild and tender sort of a year.

—"Keep away! Death! Beware!" are some of the signs on an Ohio powder magazine which has been empty for tweaty years.

—The voice of a political speaker could be heard a mile in the Arctic regions, and why they don't go there is an awful mystery.—*Free Press.*

—A man at Bridgeport, Conn., kicked at a hog, got a bite in the leg and the doctors had to saw it off to save his life. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

—The profit on wine is not so very great—only about sixty per cent. Compare this with the twenty-two cents profit made on a box of twenty-five-cent pills.

—The wife who kisses her husband good-bye with his coat collar covered with dandruff married him for love and is not afraid to trust him anywhere.—*Free Press.*

—The New Orleans *Picayune* has observed that Latin inscriptions on tombstones give the most general satisfaction. What can't be translated is taken for granted.

—This is the odd way in which the New York *Commercial Advertiser* men compliments his wife: "You will always notice that the ugly fellows get the prettiest wives."

—I think of thee, dear William,
And I long to hear from you;
Send me a missive, won't you, please,
O, come now, *billet doux.*
—*Keokuk Gate City.*

—"There are too many women in the world—60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival' of the fittest," my dear," replied the wife.

—A Chicago man has a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—William Watkins, of Madison, remained a bachelor until he was fifty-seven years old, when he married the other day. The local papers whooped out the head-line. "Another old landmark gone!"—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Cole went to Wofford's house, at Franklin, La., pistol in hand, and said: "I have come to kill you—I mean business." "If you mean business," Wofford replied, "here it is," and he shot Cole dead.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* is charitable enough to believe that there are hundreds of men engaged in politics who are not bad at heart and who would be willing to get an honest living if they could get it without work.

—Why is it that when you meet a man "ker chuck" on the sidewalk he always turns to his right while you turn to your left, and not satisfied with that he immediately turns to his left and you are just fool enough to turn to your right?—*New Haven Register.*

—You never heard an Onondaga County Indian wrestle with the beauties of the English? Comes along a gentle squaw looking for her wandering lord. "You seen my old man along here, bye and bye?" "Yes, I saw him." "How long ago, first?"—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Calcraft, the late English hangman, was always sorry that he couldn't hang a newspaper reporter before he went out of the business. Providence is always on the side of the man of the Faber. We never knew a reporter yet who didn't outlive the man who hated him.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—A strange, sad case of mental aberration has been brought before the physicians of New York. An editor has suddenly fallen the helpless prey to the wild hallucination that he has a bank account. The medicine men say there is no hope for him, and he will probably be shot by the chief of police.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Prices move all articles. In winter when there is no sale for ice a man can slip and sprain his ankle on it at every corner, but when summer comes it goes up so high that two small lumps in a glass cost twenty cents, though to be sure the bar-keeper throws in a liquid chromo.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Professor—"The passive action of muscles is particularly marked in the cases of birds, who clutch their perch merely in consequence of their bodily weight. In removing a fowl from a hen-roost, you have, doubtless, found it necessary to lift it, and ——" (class see the point.)—*Acta Columbiana.*

—A bridal party in a St. Louis Justice's office lacked the bridegroom. He had quarreled with the bride, and, after waiting an hour beyond the appointed time, she told her friends that he probably did not mean to come at all. Thereupon an old admirer offered to take the missing man's place. The woman hesitated, but fifteen minutes of vigorous courtship won her consent, and the ceremony was performed.

—Mrs. Ouray wants a fur-lined cloak. It only needed one glance at this article of luxury to inspire the ebon-tressed daughter of the forest with the determination to have it immediately. It might be worth while to supply her with a gorgeous wardrobe and then distribute photographs of the gowns to the wives of the chieftains of other tribes. During the war that would be caused by the natural efforts of the ladies to obtain a fair division of the spoils the army might take a vacation.

—Look at their Corpuscles.—Somebody, on reading that the physiologists say that smoking rounds off the edges of the blood corpuscles, advised fathers who wanted to catch their boys in that bad habit to take a handful of their blood corpuscles and examine them. A Wisconsin farmer coming into town the other day recognized and captured a fine setter, which, while a pup, had been stolen from him. He was arrested, but in presence of the justice pinched up the skin of the chest below the foreleg, inserted his knife and took out a birdshot with three crosses marked upon it. On calling two witnesses who saw him insert the shot three years before he was allowed to take the dog.—*Free Press.*

An Arctic Visitor in Southern Waters.

The animal lately captured in this harbor is a small whale about half grown, and known among the fishermen of Nantucket as a "staunt;" that is, neither a baby whale nor a calf, a mammy nor a bull. It is a young male of the Greenland species, the right whale, the whalebone-bearing whale, and is about half grown. It was named by the great naturalist, Linnæus, "Balcena mysticetus" because instead of teeth it has a series of laminated horny plates or baleen in each upper jaw placed transversely, and which hang pendant therefrom; there are neither teeth nor baleen in the lower jaw.

Whales have no scales like fish, but are covered with a smooth skin. Frequently you hear the remark from visitors, "What a big fish!" and a friend who had lately seen the restored jaws of the mammoth shark and its 500 teeth, which were found in the marl beds of Carolina, and which were exhibited at the late Industrial Exhibition, said to me that he had greatly admired it, but after seeing this whale he could not believe it possible for the shark to have been the largest of the two fish. My reply was that the whale was not a fish. Although the whale is entirely an inhabitant of the sea, it is by no means strictly scientific to call it a fish. The shark is a true fish, and the fossil species being 150 feet long, with a capacious mouth, throat and stomach, could easily have swallowed two such pigmies as this "hobble-de-hoy" whale, which is only forty-four feet and four inches in length.

Now, a word or two about the characteristics of whales and fish. Whales belong to the Linnæan class of mammalia. They produce their young alive, and nurse them with milk as a cow does its calf. The female whale, like all other mammalia, watch over and protect their young with great care. The mother whale is often seen followed by twin baby whales, which the sailors call cubs, and these cubs generally swim one on each side of the mother. It is not so with fish, which on the other hand, are covered with scales. Their young are hatched from eggs (spawn) and the young fish takes care of itself, as it derives no nourishment from the mother. Another marked difference is seen in the organs of respiration—the breathing apparatus. Fish are provided with gills for breathing the air in water, but whales have lungs like all mammalia, and breathe atmospheric air; they are compelled, therefore, to come to the surface of the water to obtain it; hence their nostrils—or as the sailors call them, blow-holes—are found on the top of their heads. And just here again it is well to remark that, when a whale is seen to spout the water high into the air, the water is not, as many persons suppose, thrown from the lungs, but is forced upwards by the air that has been breathed, that is, expired from the lungs of the whale, which at the very moment that we see the spout may be twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the sea. Such is the immense power of the whale's lungs that this jet of water is thrown forty or fifty feet above the surface. The sound thus occasioned is the whale's substitute for a voice, and, in the case of a violent respiration, it resembles the discharge of a cannon.

There are two different kinds of whales most sought after by fishermen. The Greenland or right-whale, and the cachelot or sperm-whale. The former is the common or whalebone bearer, and is more easily captured than the sperm-whale, which has numerous formidable teeth of ivory in the lower jaw, but is without whalebone or baleen in either. Three other marked characteristics distinguish these monsters of the deep. The right-whale has no fin on its back, but the sperm whale has one. Oil is obtained from the blubber in the skin of the right-whale, but only from the head of the sperm. They spout the water differently, one throws up two jets and the other only one. The nostrils in the one are divided—like those of man—whereas in the other it is a single blow-hole; thus the fishermen know as soon as they see the jet if it be a sperm or a right-whale. In the head of the sperm whale is found that valuable substance known as spermaceti, of which our fine candles are made; and strange to say, it is from the diseased stomach or entrails of this species of whale ambergris is obtained, which is used in fine chemical perfumes, and it is exceedingly valuable. A full grown "right-whale" attains the length of from sixty-five to eighty feet, the baleen or whalebone of the largest individuals being sometimes ten or twelve feet long, nearly one foot wide and about one-half inch thick. Old whalemen say the number of plates of baleen in the mouth of the right-whale is exactly 365, one for every day in the year; but this is a fabulous story—a myth. The Charleston specimen has 372 plates of baleen or whalebone in its mouth, as well as I could count them—perhaps there are a few more. Another story is that the vertebral column of backbone numbers exactly fifty-two pieces, corresponding to the number of weeks in the year, but of this I know nothing positively.

The infant whale is called a calf, but when the longest plate of baleen attains the length of three feet, the young whale is called a "staunt." The full grown female is a mammy and the male a bull; the Charleston specimen is, therefore, a "staunt," a male with baleen three feet long. The entire length of this young whale is forty feet and four inches. From its snout to the base of the fins is ten feet two inches. Under the abdomen, between the fins, is six feet five inches, the length of each fin is six feet seven inches, and the girth of the body in front of the fins is twenty-two feet four inches. As the body of this young whale, captured in Charleston harbor only a few days ago and hauled upon an incline way in the yard of a ship carpenter, lay almost upon its back, it gave visitors an erroneous impression of its form, its mouth and its baleen. The top of the head lay upon the floor, and the upper jaws therefore under the lower jaws; the right fin stood erect and looked as though the animal had a dorsal or back fin, which is not so, this species having no back fin, although the sperm whale has a small back or dorsal fin. Enjoying means of progression so extensive, living in a medium but little affected by variations of climate, these animals are not generally bounded by strict geographical limits which confine the terrestrial mammalia. Whales, it is said, do not attain their full growth under twenty-five years. I have been frequently asked why this species is called the right whale, and I will now reply: On board the vessel engaged in the whale fishery a man is sent aloft to watch for whales, and one is kept there all the day. As soon as he sees a spout he calls to the officer on deck and sings out "right" or "sperm," as it may be, and this he knows from the single or double jet, which he sees; the call is then made for the boats, and if it be the whale that the sailors most desire the word will be "right! right!" but should it be a sperm whale the word "sperm!" will pass through the ship. There is not so much risk in capturing the right whale, but the sperm whale having a formidable set of teeth, will sometimes turn upon its pursuers and crush the boat, and often many of the sailors are killed.—*Prof. Holmes, in Charleston (S. C.) News.*

Velocity of a Rifle-Bullet.

The New York *Tribune* contains an account of a lecture recently given by Prof. Robert Spice of the Cooper Institute, in which he accomplished the task of determining the actual velocity of a rifle-bullet fired across the stage. The distance measured on the platform was thirty-three feet. To carry this performance out he had secured the co-operation of Lieut. E. L. Merriam, who has gained some reputation at the Creedmoor Range. In the first place, Professor Spice called the attention of the audience to a mahogany base, twelve inches by fifteen inches, on which were placed two levers which carried bent wires to make marks on a piece of smoked glass underneath the points. One of these wires was connected with a pendulum attached to an Attwood machine, vibrating seconds. By means of electric currents the lever connected with the pendulum came down on the glass precisely at the beginning of each second, making a series of lines separated by spaces somewhat similar to the old Morse alphabet. Consequently the distance from the beginning of one line to the beginning of the next represented a second of time.

The second lever, exactly opposite, had a spring attached to one end, which kept the point off the glass. It also had two electric magnets, one at each end, which had electric currents passed through of different strength—the weaker current tending to pull the lever down on the glass, the stronger current tending to keep it elevated. In addition to this, the current from the stronger magnet passed through a loose wire resting on two globules of mercury, and immediately in front of this wire was to rest the muzzle of the rifle. The weaker current passed through a precisely similar loose wire, also on two globules of mercury, which wire was placed thirty-three feet distant from the first wire.

Lieutenant Merriam now came forward and loaded his rifle. It was a regular Creedmoor, 45-calibre, 34-inch barrel, and placed in it a cartridge containing a 450-grain ball and forty-five grains of powder; explaining that this was not a full charge. He then took his position. The object was to shoot away the wires on the mercury. A box of sand was placed to receive the ball.

The pendulum above described was then set in motion. On its striking the fifth second the plate of smoked glass was drawn along by the descent of a weight on the top of a column of sand which ran out of a tube. On the sixth second, Lieutenant Merriam pulled the trigger and both wires vanished. On the first wire being broken the point of the corresponding lever descended on the glass, but immediately rose again by the action of a spring, when the bullet broke the second wire. The consequence of this was that the point connected with this lever scraped a very short line on the smoked glass; while the other point, being kept down, during the swing of the pendulum, scraped a longer space.

Then the glass was withdrawn and placed in the stereopticon, projecting a magnified image of the lines on the screen. The relative lengths of these lines were ascertained, thus obviating any source of error in measuring the minute lines on the smoked glass. This method of measuring the lengths was claimed to be original by the Professor.

On this measurement it was found that the shorter line was five inches long, and the other line nine feet and two inches. These numbers were brought down to the common fraction of inches, the result giving 110 inches for the longer space. It was then ascertained how many times the former was contained in the latter, and the fraction thus obtained was clearly the fraction of a second that the bullet took to pass from one wire to the other,—that is, 1-22 of a second. Multiplying the distance between the wires (thirty-three feet), as above, by the denominator of the above fraction, the velocity of the bullet in feet was obtained, 726 feet in a second.

THE flail is a contrivance fearfully and wonderfully made. A Cape Cod man made a great effort to hit a rat with one, and somehow it got over his shoulder and came up between his legs and hit him between the eyes and knocked him senseless. The rat escaped.

TURN over a new leaf and spike it down so it will stay turned. Nothing is as detrimental to morality as a leaf that has to be turned several times during a year.—*Marathon Independent.*

SWEET potatoes are raised in Los Angelos County, Cal., weighing twenty-six pounds each.

—An old march—The march of time.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1880.

Stephen A. Douglas, the son of the famous senator, bonsts that he is a stalwart Republican, and says, besides, that he was converted from the Democratic faith by his personal experience while he was United States marshal in North Carolina.

One of the most disastrous storms of this century raged on the Northeastern coast Monday night. Telegraph lines were blown down, houses unroofed, piers destroyed, vessels wrecked and numerous casualties occurred.

Legislative Proceedings.

A memorial was presented by Mr. Welfley from Oakland Lodge, I. O. G. T., for the passage of a local option law for Garrett county.

Mr. Speicher presented the petition of Christian Klotz, and other citizens of Garrett county, for a change in the dividing line between Election Districts 3 and 5, in said county, which was read, and referred to Messrs. Speicher, Wilson and Bruce.

On motion of Mr. Speicher, leave was granted to the Garrett delegation, and Mr. Turner, to introduce a bill entitled an Act to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, leave was granted to the Committee on Claims, to introduce a bill entitled An act to authorize the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to refund to Emil F. Droege, ninety-two dollars and sixteen cents, for taxes paid in error in the years 1876, 1877 and 1878.

Mr. Wilson, Chairman of a Select Committee, reported a bill entitled An act to repeal section 40, of chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session of 1878, entitled An act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," and re-enact the same with amendments, making it a criminal offence to cut down timber maliciously, or without the permission of the owner, which was read a first time.

Also, a bill entitled An act to amend chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of 1878, entitled An act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," by adding thereto a section, to be known as "Section 20 B," providing for the appointment of Road Supervisors by the County Commissioners, which was read a first time.

Also a bill entitled an Act to amend chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session of 1878, entitled An act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," by adding thereto a section, to be known as "Section 20 A," limiting the expenditures for county printing, which was read a first time.

Also, a bill entitled An act to repeal section 23, of chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session of 1878, entitled An act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," and re-enact the same with amendments, extending the time for killing deer in said county, and giving permission to run wounded deer with dogs, which was read a first time.

Also, a bill entitled An act to repeal section 49, of chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session of 1878, entitled An act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett County," and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, which was read a first time.

Political Promises.

[From the Sunday American.]

If any one was unsophisticated enough to believe that the Democratic managers were in earnest in their pledges of reform legislation during the late campaign, he must have been undeceived by the course so far pursued by the majority in the General Assembly. During the late canvass the most profuse promises were made that as soon as the legislature assembled an investigation would be ordered into the number and salaries of the employes holding their offices under the State, with a view to the reduction of large salaries and the reduction of sinecures; that action would be taken for reform in the inspection laws; that new registration and election laws would be enacted, and the like. The legislature has been in session four weeks, yet not only have none of these promises been redeemed, but no initiative steps have been taken by the political leaders looking to the accomplishment of the results held up to the voters during the campaign. If there is any possible escape from reform legislation during the session, the managers, who are masters of the situation, will surely take advantage of it. On the very first day of the session an attempt was made to effect a reform in the printing for the two houses. Yet the majority declined to wait until an inquiry could be made into a change of the existing system, and rushed to the election of a State printer on the second day of the session. An effort of the Republican members to prevent the payment of the per diem and mileage of the horde of officers of the last session who came to the present legislature, but who performed no work to entitle them to compensation, was successfully resisted by the Democratic majority. Another inquiry from the Republican side, calling on the chairman of the Committee on Claims to report to the House the number of employes, their salaries and the manner of work they perform was met with a determined opposition from those of the majority who are in sympathy with the managers, but they did not prove themselves sufficiently strong to prevent the adoption of the order. A favorable report from the Judiciary Committee for the abolition of the office of tax commissioner was too much of a reform for the majority, and that matter was laid over until the latter part of the session. It will thus be seen that step by step every matter tending to reform is being contested by those loudest in their professions during the campaign, and it is, therefore too much to expect that the managers will consent to any abolition of offices or reductions of high salaries, unless they are bulldozed into it by the Governor. There is a lurking suspicion, too, that the leaders do not intend to take any steps looking to the adoption of Gov. Hamilton's measures until they ascertain whether he proposes to consult their wishes in regard to his appointments. They have made promises during the campaign which they would not like to see fulfilled, and, unless the Executive yields, his cherished plans will meet with decided opposition from them. There is no question but that the Governor is in earnest in his desire to correct existing abuses, and his solicitude is made manifest by the numerous interviews he has had with members, in which he has urged them to vote for reform measures pending in the legislature. But the managers are at present stronger than the Governor, and it is evident that both houses of the General Assembly are under their control. Only the greatest firmness and determination on the part of the Executive not to yield an inch will avail to consummate the reforms which Governor Hamilton has fixed his heart upon. There is considerable speculation whether the managers will precipitate a conflict by opposing such of the Governor's appointments as do not strike them as likely to subserve their purposes. There are numerous candidates for the various offices, and the Governor has an abundance of material from which to make his selections. But the leaders have their favorites, who, they think, should be rewarded, and a disposition not to regard their recommendations may lead to unpleasantness. The leaders, however, think that no cause exists to apprehend trouble from this source.

Rhode Island is not the largest State in the world, but it is making preparations to bring what little weight it has down heavily on the tramp. A bill is now before the Legislature to have every person convicted of being a tramp sent to the House of Correction for not less than six months or more than a year. Any tramp who carries unlawful weapons, makes threats, kindles fires, or attempts to enter a dwelling, will be sent to State Prison for two years with hard labor. The tramp who injures persons or property will find himself in prison for five years.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* satisfies itself by saying that it was "evident from the first that Garcelon was an old humbug; that his party was a lot of political dead-beats, and that, bad as Jim Blaine and his buccaneers are, honest men could not afford to go in with the riff-raff of fools and knaves who made up the opposition."

In a few months we shall plunge once more in the excitement of a Presidential canvass, and this time the excitement promises to be unusually great, owing to the prevailing belief that the contest will be very close, and that neither candidate will be willing to acknowledge his defeat.

* * * * * * * *

The circumstances under which the coming Presidential election is to take place are not ordinary any more than those under which the last took place. The seriousness of the blow given to the Federal machinery of government by the Southern rebellion was not made manifest until the election of 1876, and that blow struck in its weakest point—the one election in which the whole Union participates, and the choice of the one officer who represents the whole Union.

* * * * * * * *

The election brought forcibly to mind—more forcibly even than the secession of the South—the truth of the old saying, that the greatest danger to the Government lay in the manner of choosing its chief officer. We say the election of 1876 brought this to mind more forcibly than the secession of 1861, because it is much easier to deal with a movement for setting up a rival republic than with a dispute about officers. In the one case, the malcontents openly and avowedly commit treason, and expose themselves thereby to its pains and penalties. In the other, each side maintains that it is itself the government, and the minds of the best men may be confused as to "which is king, which pretender."

* * * * * * * *

Civil war was avoided by a device which, though it put an end to strife, did not satisfy the defeated party, therefore did not establish a useful precedent. The worst of it was that it left both sides in what may be called a revolutionary state of mind.

By a revolutionary state of mind, we mean a state of mind in which the voters or party managers are so eager to get possession of power, that they do not care what their opponents think of the means which they employ for that purpose, as distinguished from the constitutional state of mind, which prevents a party from taking power by any process which its opponents do not consider fair play. This revolutionary state, which has undoubtedly shown itself in both parties since 1876, is something which no thinking man can contemplate without uneasiness, or can fail to see the necessity of extirpating at almost any cost. As long as it lasts, free government is in constant danger.

* * * * * * * *

The Democrats seek the Presidency with the eagerness of men who seek a revolution, and the Republicans resist in the spirit of men who dread a revolution. The Democrats seek the enjoyments of an amount of patronage, and the handling of an amount of money (the expenditure of $400,000,000 per annum, and the distribution of nearly 80,000 offices), which in other constitutional countries nothing but a revolution could give, and the Republicans hold on to an amount of money, which in other constitutional counties nothing but a revolution could take away. No state in our time, with the population and revenue of the United States would dare to throw all the administrative offices of the Government into the arena to be struggled for at every election, for no political machinery as yet invented, besides our own, is considered able to bear such a strain. —*Extracts from "Political Outlook" from Scribner for February.*

A bill has been prepared, and is understood to have the sanction of the Governor, for a change in the judiciary, and is in some respects similar to that to offer which leave was some weeks ago granted to a member of the city delegation. The new bill provides for an independent Court of appeals, with seven members, who shall perform no other functions. Three counties shall comprise one circuit, with one judge to preside over the Orphans' Court of the county, and who in addition to attending to the Orphan's Court, shall be empowered to have jurisdiction in cases of chancery. The adoption of such a bill will involve a change in the organic law of the state, and a three-fifths vote will be necessary to pass it in the two houses. It is stated, however, by those conversant with the Governor's views on the subject, that the matter has been discussed with quite a large number of members, and that there is a good prospect for the passage of a bill of this nature.

Stephen A. Douglass, Jr., recently lectured at Mattoon, Illinois, and all the rock-rooted Democrats of the town assembled to hear "the son of his noble father talk." His first sentence was: "I am a stalwart Republican;" and then they all said it wasn't good to talk politics in a lecture.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3, 1880.

The result of Republican administration of affairs is the best proof that the Republican party is the party to be intrusted with power in the future. The financial exhibit to-day will go far to give our party a stronger hold upon the country than ever. It is said to have been the boast of Secretary Sherman that he would reduce the public debt below $2,000,000,000 during his term. To-day in his debt statement he comes within $784,000 of it, and this amount he expects to wipe out this month. The reduction of over $11,000,000 for January is the largest monthly reduction since 1872. The revenues of the government have been constantly increasing, especially from customs. The Internal revenue receipts for the last six months of the last year were $3,000,000 in excess of those for the corresponding period of 1878, and the customs receipts in the same time increased $16,000,000. It will be hard work for Democrats to fight against this practical demonstration of Republican efficiency and honesty.

The Confederate Brigadiers in the Senate object to many of the Census supervisors appointed to control the Census in the South. This is natural, and it is not surprising that the objectionable men are Republicans. They are determined to dictate terms in everything if possible, but their desperate game is to doctor the Census returns so as to inflate their population and consequently their political power will be defeated in some way I am sure.

Mr. Merryman, the President of the National Agricultural society lately formed here, has sent a memorial to Congress setting forth the object of the organization, and asking to be incorporated. The Committee on Agriculture have agreed upon a bill accordingly. It incorporates the American Agricultural Association, provides that the value of its property shall not exceed $250,000; that the annual meeting of the society shall be held in Washington on the second Wednesday in January; that the secretary of the society shall have his business office in this city, and that the society shall have power to hold agricultural fairs, exhibitions and meetings, to offer premiums, issue certificates, medals, diplomas or other marks of merit, and distribute the proceedings of said society, and perform other services for the advancement of the interests of agriculture.

Mr. Parnell, the Irish agitator, spoke in this city last night in advocacy of the fund to relieve his friends at home. The fund has been liberally suscribed to here.

Many of Mr. Blain'esfriends wanted to give him a serenade or reception in honor of his services in the late Maine contest and to give him a boom for the Presidency, but he declined to accept it. He does no desire to parade his deeds in that way, and is willing to let the country judge them as they stand.

LOGAN.

Among the retrenchment and reform measures which have been mentioned heretofore none is believed to occupy a more prominent place in the Governor's thoughts than what he has called the subsidy to the press of Maryland, provided by the law of 1865, amended in 1863, for publishing the laws in the newspapers of the State. Mr. T. Herbert Shriver, of Carroll county, has introduced a bill to repeal this law, which requires the publication of all acts of Assembly taking effect from the date of passage, in contradistinction to those taking effect June 1. The laws taking effect th June are not published in newspapers, and those that are so published do not come out until the laws are very nearly printed in regular form. It is considered wholly unnecessary to advertise the acts of Assembly in part only, except it is desirable to create party patronage. Indeed, it is claimed by the advocates of the reform that the law requiring publication was originally a device to encourage and sustain a party press in the State. At any rate the cost is upwards of $30,000, in addition to the cost of regular legislative printing of $38,000.

The question of permitting communicants to dance or not to dance has been agitating the ministers of the Baptist Church of New York. Some thought it encouraged lusts of the flesh while others could see no especial harm in it. One minister took a rather business-like view of the matter. A young lady, he said, dances once or twice, and knowing that she will be hauled over the coals for it stays away from church and finally joins some denomination which doesn't care particularly about dancing. In this way, he asserted, more than ten thousand people had been driven away from the Baptist churches in New York.

The grand jury in New York Saturday found twenty-five indictments against Rev. Edward Cowley, manager of the Sheperd's Fold, charging him with starving, beating and cruelly treating children placed there under his care. Cowley was arrested on a warrant and brought down to the district attorney's office, where he was informed of the nature of his offenses. Bail was fixed at $500 on each indictment, in default of which he was locked up in the Tombs. His case will be called in court to-day. When Cowley got to the Tombs in giving his pedigree he said he was a native of England, 52 years old, and a Protestant clergyman by profession.

The House Elections Committee finds itself incompetent to settle the contest between Curtin and Yocum, in the Twenieth Pennsylvania district, and has decided to send the case back to the people.

TELEGRAPHIC.

NOVEL SCENE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

WASHINGTON, February 3.—On Monday afternoon a motion was made in the United States Supreme Court room for the admission of Hon. Joel Parker, of New Jersey, to the bar of the court. It will be remembered that Mr. Parker was at one time a Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted to practice before that court by special act of the last Congress, rose immediately, and in a shrill, piping voice, moved the admission of a lawyer from South Carolina, who, she testified upon honor, possessed the necessary qualifications for practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawyer, whose admission she moved, rose and proved to be a negro. Joel Parker, the Democratic candidate for President, and the negro stepped forward to the clerk's desk, placed their hands upon the same Bible and were sworn in together, standing very near to the niche where the bust of Chief Justice Tanny, the author of the Dred Scott decision, is placed. The most visionary prophets of the last decade would scarcely have ventured to predict that a negro, upon motion of a woman who is a qualified counsellor before that court, and a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, would have been enrolled among the counsellors of the court together.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN TO BE MARRIED.

SCRANTON, February 3.—The marriage of Hon. Samuel J. Tilden and Miss Fanny Ranck, of Lewisburg, is announced to take place some time this week. Miss Ranck is the youngest sister of Attorney Ranck, of this city, and her acquaintance with the hero of Gramercy Park dates from the Centennial summer in Philadelphia. The affair will be conducted very quietly, and the ceremony will take place at Lewisburg.

REGISTRATION IN DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, DEL., January 30.—Judge Bradford, of the United States Circuit Court, has denied the application of the Greenbackers of Sussex county, praying that supervisors registration be appointed for them instead of for the Republicans, the latter having had no ticket in the field at the last election. The judge has now confirmed Democratic and Republican supervisors for the whole state.

THE LAST OF THE FUSIONISTS YIELDS.

AUGUSTA, ME., Jan. 31.—P. A. Sawyer, Secretary of State, who established an office and retained possession of valuable State papers, has at last yielded, and, under protest, given up all State property in his possession. At 5 o'clock this afternoon Mr. Sawyer delivered to the Republican Secretary of State the State seal and the return of votes for governor, county officers, senators and Representatives, the council records and all reports of the executive council of 1879 relating to the election returns. Mr. Sawyer was unable to find the key of the safe. He holds himself entirely responsible for his actions in the premises, and says he received legal advice yesterday to hold out in his position, but as he was satisfied the sheriff had a warrant for his arrest, he did not choose to make a martyr of himself, and has therefore given up his claim to the office, and will not attempt to exercise its functions further.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Bishop W. H. Hare, recently from Spotted Tail's camp, among the Sioux, in Western Dakota, addressed a large congregation at the Church of the Transfiguration last night on the work of the government and the missionaries among the Indians in his jurisdiction. He said the work was slow, the opposition strong and persistent, but steady progress was nevertheless being made, and he would answer the question of, What is the use of trying to reclaim these tribes to civilization? by saying that it was the Indian's only salvation. His views of the best method of solving the Indian problem are summed up in three propositions as follow: First, extension of law over the Indian as well as the white man; holding him individually responsible for crime committed, protecting him in property rights, and giving him an opportunity to work his way in the world on equal terms with his white brother. Second. Let each Indian own his own farm in fee simple. He saw no reason why an Indian or a number of Indians should not have the same right to hold thousands and thousands of acres of land, and to keep it in their hands until its natural rise in value made them men of wealth, that was exercised by speculators or railway corporations. But he would have no tribal property. Give each man a farm of a desirable average, and make the title inalienable for twenty-five years either for debt or for taxes, so that he could not be cheated out of it while he was learning the ways of civilization. Third. Give him schools and means of education, and through all these, and in all, let the missionaries carry on their work of redeeming from paganism the scattered remnants of a race with many noble traits.

THE GOVERNOR INDIGNANT—LOCAL OPTION.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 2.—Governor Hamilton arrived here to-day from Hagerstown. In Baltimore quite a number of friends met him. The Governor appears to be rather indignant at the action of the majority in recommitting the report of the Judiciary Committee in regard to the abolition of the office of Tax Commissioner to the Committee on Ways and Means. The friends of the Gov. say that the issue will soon be made, and that every member will be compelled to show his hand. The impression is daily gaining ground that Colonel Harry Gilmor will be appointed Adjutant General. The Governor has not communicated his intentions to anyone, but the opinion is general that Colonel Gilmore will receive the appointment. Baltimore county is making a determined fight to secure the position of weigher of hye stock, and the delegation has hopes that if it unites on one man she may receive the appointment. At present the candidates from Baltimore county are innumerable.

This will be quite a busy month in Annapolis. True, there will be no delegations to wait on the Governor to recommend seekers after office, but there will be a legion of delegations to secure legislation, favorable or otherwise, from the General Assembly. The Local Option people will be here in the course of the next two weeks, and will demand to be heard before the Select Committee on Temperance. The delegation will be quite large and influential, and those of the members of the two houses in favor of the passage of a local option bill for their respective counties will be invited to be present. The committee will have no objection to grant local option to those counties whose delegations are in favor of it.

The committee on inspections will on Tuesday evening hear arguments for and against the present tobacco warehouse system from merchants and planters. A large delegation of merchants is expected from Baltimore. It is stated by those who advocate a change from the present system that the total indebtedness of the tobacco fund to the State at the close of the fiscal year of 1879 was $103,340.91. The effort to secure a change will be the strongest ever made, and is backed by the wishes of the present State Executive as well as the late Governor. It is thought that the politicians cannot hold the fort much longer.

Attorney-General Gwinn has prepared about ten bills, which are pretty well advanced on the calendar. These include two revisory revenue, bills, a tramp law, bill to punish public drunkenness, disturbances of the public peace, regulating habeas corpus, providing for enforcing fines and costs, regulating fines and forfeitures, providing one police justice for each county, and the new registration law, which latter, however, has not yet been introduced. For each county it is proposed to designate one justice of the peace to have the powers of a police justice in Baltimore city, and also to give him the same jurisdiction which the Saturday court possesses in Baltimore city in respect to petty cases. To protect the right to jury trial the State's attorney, as well as the accused, are given the right to ask it before trial by the police justices. The House of Delegates has shown a very decided inclination to pass the bills pending to reduce the pay of jurors to $1 a day, and to require deposits to secure payments of costs in the courts of the State. These two latter bills did not find favor with the judiciary committee, though the House, in recommitting them, seemed to differ from the chairman, Mr. Bannon. The costs bill is considered a blow at shysters; indeed, very much of the legislation regulating practice and process of this session has been devised to checkmate this class of unscrupulous practitioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Potatoes are selling in Oakland at 40 cents per bushel.

—Eggs are very plentiful in town; price 12½ cents per dozen.

—Scarlet fever is prevailing at Portland, W. Va.

—Hon. Austin Speicher was in town Monday. He left for Annapolis at midnight.

—Thursday morning was the coldest of the winter, the thermometer registering 24° below zero.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Mr. John A. Grant has recently purchased a lot on Oak street, and proposes erecting a dwelling house at once.

—Shook, shingles, hoopoles and other varieties of lumber are being shipped from this station in large quantities.

—Capt. W. R. Jarboe, recently purchased a lot on Pennington street, on which he will erect a residence in the spring.

—Valuable real and personal property is offered for sale by Thomas J. Peddicord, Esq., trustee. Read the advertisement in this issue.

—Our farmers are taking advantage of the present sledding snow to bring their produce to market, making business more brisk in Oakland than for months.

—John Costello, a peddler of linens, oil cloths, &c., died in Oakland Wednesday, after a short illness, of pneumonia. He has relatives in New York city.

—The Garrett Guards received their knapsacks last week, and on Saturday wore them on parade, presenting a soldierly appearance. They are new and of the box pattern.

—The case of D. B. Layman and others vs. Samuel Johnson and others, removed from Garrett county, was decided in the Allegany Circuit Court Tuesday last, after a trial lasting about a week, by a verdict for the plaintiffs for $500.

—An exchange says if it thunders in January it will frost in June, is an old sign, which, it is said, never fails. If such be the case, you might as well prepare to cover up your vegetables next June, for it certainly thundered here January 22d.

—The $1,609,000 which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company agreed to accept in full for its claims against Allegheny county on account of the riot losses has been paid over to the company, and the county is now engaged in settling the other claims, which, it is expected, will be compromised for a total of about $210,000.

—The tunnel No. 3, on the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad has been completed. It is sixteen feet wide, with an average height of 18 feet, and is 488 yards in length. It was commenced July 1, 1879, and the average force was ninety men, day and night gangs being employed. Much of the work was thro' solid rock, and several thousand pounds of dynamite were used in blasting without the occurrence of an accident. The tunnel is now ready for use, with the exception of timbers for supporting the roof.

—February, like some of the rest of us, is always short. This particular February will be very remarkable in some respects. It will be so strange in fact, that neither the children nor the grandchildren of those who see this month will ever see one as odd as this one is. It will begin, and end on Sunday. Although it is so short a month it will contain five Sundays. Its five Sundays will correspond in date with the five Sundays in the following August, 1; 8; 15; 22; 29. This is somewhat odd when we recollect, that February was robbed of a day to allow August to spot one day extra. The Roman Senate decreed that the eight month should be called after the Emperor Augustus and that one day should be taken from February so that August would have as many days as July which was called after Julius Cesar. February this year has an odd number of days and an odd number of Sundays and one of the Sundays will be Washington's birthday.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

M. E. Church.—Preaching and administration of the Lord's Supper at 10½ A. M. Lovefeast at 9 A. M.

Weather Predictions.

The snow storm which commenced Monday night would seem to begin the fulfilment of the prediction of Mr. Henry G. Vernon, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who thinks we will have severe weather yet. He says: "One of the heavest snow falls of the winter is likely to come upon us on the 2d or 3d of February, and occasion deep drifts and railroad blockades. Following this immediately, a cold snap will set in of considerable severity, lasting some four or more days. Next will come a period of mildness, even warmth, with rain and slush up to about the 15th or 16th. The 16th will give us the second heavy snow fall of the month, with drifts again, and another railroad blockade. Between the 20th and 25th the second cold term will probably set in, and this bids fair to be very severe, and occasion some very low thermometer readings. Thus, with the exception of one considerable thaw in this month, February will be an exceedingly wintry month. The 17th and 21st of March will again give heavy snow falls, and it is probable that in this month we will have more snow than at any time previous during the winter.

Revenue Statistics.

Col. D. C. Bruce, Internal Revenue Collector for the Fourth District of Maryland, has made up the record for 1879, from which we take the following in regard to the cigar trade: Allegany, cigars, 1,096,450, revenue, $6,579.70; Carroll, cigars, 2,199,700, revenue, $13,198.20; Frederick, cigars, 1,894,925, revenue, $11,369.55; Washington, cigars, 1,209,750, revenue, $7,258.50. There were no cigars manufactured in Garrett county. The number of cigar manufacturers in each county is as follows:—Allegany 8, Carroll 15, Frederick 25 and Washington 15. The largest number of cigars manufactured by a single individual (Charles V. Wantz, of Westminster, Carroll county,) was 965,600; the next largest number 571,725, was sold by Lewis Spindler, of Cumberland.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of January:

James A. Hoffman and Elizabeth Harvey.

John S. White and Jennie B. White.

Josephus Harvey and Mary C. Peck.

Hiram Humberson and Catharine Umbel.

E. B. Nestor and Alice Hudkins.

David S. Coburn and Victoria Summers.

George C. Williams and Mollie S. Ford.

J. T. Swaun and Mary T. Jones.

Thos. Saucer and Mary Cassidy.

John Kearney and Bridget Flaherty.

Youngest bride 16; youngest groom 19; eldest bride 29; eldest groom 42; united ages of the grooms 270; average age 27; united ages of brides, 206; average age 20½; age of the bride of the eldest groom 18; age of the bride of the youngest groom 17; age of the groom of the eldest bride 40; age of the groom of the youngest bride 26.

Fire at Lonaconing.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock Monday morning a fire was discovered in the second story of a frame dwelling at Lonaconing, owned and occupied by Charles Bradwell. The alarm was given, but the flames spread with such rapidity that the building and a similar one adjoining it, owned by Mr. Bradwell, were both entirely destroyed. A bed in the house occupied by Mr. Bradwell caught fire while two of his children were lying upon it, but they were rescued without injury. All the clothing and furniture belonging to Mr. Bradwell's family were destroyed. The loss on both buildings was fully covered by $1,900 insurance.

Surgical Operation.

Yesterday Dr. W. F. Fundenberg, the oculist, assisted by Dr. Carr, removed the left eye of John Rumpf, of Mt. Savage, the sight of which was totally destroyed about ten days ago by a chip of iron flying into it while at work in the machine shops at Mt. Savage. The chip of iron could not be taken out without the removal of the entire eyeball. The operation was entirely successful. The patient returns home to-day and in a day or two will be able to resume work, and in a few weeks will have an artificial eye inserted.—*Cumb. Daily Times.*

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Feb. 6:

Thos. J. Peddicord, trustee, to Ira E. Friend and Alfred Kelley, part of Military Lot No. 3141, and part of "Youghlogheny Hills;" $136.

Henry Bosley and wife to Virginia Enlow, lot No. 10 of the subdivision of Military Lot No. 846; $75.

Daniel Hinebaugh to Henry Yinkon, the north end of Military Lot No. 3844, containing 4 acres and 28 perches; $75.

The Necessity of Advertising.

Judicious advertising in the secret of success. We often meet men who say, "I never advertise, yet I sell my stock." So they do, and so could you empty a hogshead of water by dipping it out with a spoon, but in either case it is very slow work. No one cares to go from place to place inquiring for what is wanted when a glance at a family paper will tell just where to get it. Competition is the life of any business, and if you wish that business to move on successfully, you must apply the great lever—advertising.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Feb. 7th, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

John G. Arthur, Wibert Bishop, Rev. J. Barnhart, 2, Thos. Fryer, Peter Fogle, S. F. Linville, Monroe Jones, Mrs. Mary Jones, Fannie Morris, Lucy Miller, J. M. Pace, John Rollins, Capt. W. H. Stowie, Thos. J. Shafer, S. W. Storen, John Slaubaugh, Mr. Twigg, J. W. Tippett, Chas. Vickers, T. W, Wyman.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Commissioners Meeting.

Board met at 2 o'clock Tuesday, all present.

The following Constables' Bonds were approved: David Durst, of District No. 3, Jacob Fleegle, of No. 6, W. S. Wolf and Jas. S. Johnson, of No. 7.

Account of B. Steiding, for repairing bridge in Dist. No. 1, approved.

The Meadow Mountain run road case between H. O. Hamill and Jno. O'Brien was then taken up and considered; each party being represented by counsel and quite a number of witnesses to examine, the case occupied the entire day.

The petition was granted and viewers appointed.

REFORMS SUGGESTED BY THE STATE TAXPAYERS' ASSOCIATION.—The committee of the State Taxpayers' Association, of which Hon. Wm. M. Merrick is chairman, appeared before the legislature on the 22d inst., and presented a lenghty memorial, in which a number of needed reforms are suggested.

The committee suggests to the General Assembly the paramount duty of providing by more exact legislation for the rigid enforcement of the constitutional requirement that the taxes laid for the interest and for the gradual extinction of the principal of the State debt be applied to those purposes and none other. Extravagant or useless expenditures of public moneys were deprecated and in order to prevent deficiencies it was suggested that the treasurer apportion the direct taxes at short intervals (quarterly or half-yearly) as received, to the credit of the several funds for which they were levied.

The office of tax commissioner, State tobacco inspection, live stock inspection, hay and straw scales, were all recommended to be abolished as useless and expensive and an oppressive burden on the taxpayer. The committee also recommended the passage of a law submitted by them, providing for the trial of petit larceny cases before Justices of the Peace, with right of appeal to the circuit courts of the county, and city courts of Baltimore. The address also urges the sale of the unproductive stock held by the State in the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and the Susquehanna and Tidewater canal, and closes with an earnest request for general reform and economy in the administration of State affairs.

WHAT "JUSTICE COSTS.—One of the heaviest burdens to be borne by the taxpayers is the heavy costs in the cases of persons charged with petty crime, and the Legislature now in session should endeavor to remedy this useless waste of the people's money. The Baltimore *Telegram* of last week has something to say on this subject, and whilst its figures may be somewhat too large, yet it conveys the proper idea of how the expense is run up. It says:

"In the counties when a fellow is charged with a petty crime as stealing a chicken worth thirty-seven and a-half cents, he is taken before a Justice of the Peace, who issues processes and summonses and piles up an expense of $5, but holds the thief to bail to await a grand jury investigation. The fellow is unable to give bail, and is kept in jail for two months at an expense of 40 cents a day. This amounts to $24. If there are five witnesses there will be five recognizances, and, though illegal, there is a fee of $5 in each or $25 altogether. The fellow is indicted and in due season tried, and the State's Attorney gets a fee of $20. The costs of the Clerk and Sheriff and the witness fees amount altogether to $30 more, and the thief is sentenced to one month's confinement in jail, and this costs $12 more. Making a total cost in a majority of cases of $116 for the punishment of a thief who steals a chicken worth 37½ cents. A great reform would be in giving Justices of the Peace the authority to try petty crimes, and on conviction to sentence the offenders to imprisonment. The right of the accused to appeal for a jury trial need not be infringed. The entire cost of a case of petty larceny, tried before a Justice of the Peace, need not amount to more than $15."

The proposition for a new registration of voters in this State meets with much opposition from county members of the Legislature, chiefly on account of the considerable expense it will necessarily entail. They admit the necessity of such new registration in Baltimore, but claim that it is not needed in the counties. And as the one cannot constitutionally be had without the other our Legislature is sadly puzzled in the premises. A correspondent of the Denton Journal proposes a cheap plan, so far as the counties are concerned, to meet the difficulty. He wants a law passed empowering county commissioners to appoint two men from each election district—one from each party—who, in conjunction with the regularly appointed Register, shall serve one day, at moderate compensation, and revise the existing registration lists, striking off the names of all persons known to be dead, removed from the district, or in any way incapacitated, and to add thereto the names of properly qualified new voters. And he adds: "I think such a course would purify the lists everywhere except in Baltimore, and it is well-known that it is a very difficult matter to prevent dishonest voting in all large cities. In such cases evils that cannot be cured must be endured with as much patience as possible after throwing all the safeguards in our power around the franchise."

That meeting of the New York Democratic State Committee at Albany last week, which it was supposed would have such an important influence on the party, particularly with reference to pacifying John Kelly or stripping him of power, turns out to have been entirely uneventful. The committee is thoroughly in the hands of Tilden, and did nothing more than elect men devoted to him as members to fill the places of the seven Tammanyites who had seceded. Kelly's partisans claim that this action was illegal, but they had no means of preventing it. There were a considerable number of politicians of both factions present, the Tilden contingent bragging that he would carry the state delegation to the national convention, and the Kelly clique as aggressively defiant as ever. The result of the meeting is all the more unsatisfactory because for weeks past the Democratic organs have been urging the committee to do something to close up the party ranks, and virtually admitting that with it rested perhaps the final hope of placing matters in shape for the party to gain the New York electoral vote next November. But Tilden's ways appear too deep for their solving, and he has wofully disappointed them this time.

Now that the Fusion cause in Maine has received its final stroke in the shape of the third decision of the Supreme Judicial Court, the people are realizing how very closely they came to having a sanguinary conflict. General Chamberlain said last week that there had been very much more danger than most men were aware of, but he modestly refrained from mentioning his share in preventing the flowing of blood. That during the interregnum, when the chief authority of the state was vested in his hands, he exercised it with great caution and determination is not questionable; but on the whole, both parties in Maine deserve praise for keeping their tempers under circumstances of extraordinary provocation to violence. The firing of a single shot in Augusta—perhaps even a knock-down encounter—might have precipitated open war; yet there was no greater disorder than the hustling and shouting around the State House and in the galleries while the rival legislatures were organizing. The men of Maine may not be quite so excitable as their brethren of states further south, but in this instance they had all the temptations and opportunities for a fight, and they proved themselves all the better citizens for restraining their passions. One thing that helped them was the absence of liquor. The law of Maine entirely forbids drinking saloons; but while the crisis lasted the Mayor of Augusta kept a particularly keen lookout for the surreptitious attempts to sell liquor, and nabbed several enterprising individuals who had thought to drive a profitable trade in the contraband article among the throngs. If he had been less vigilant, there might have been a very different story than that of unbroken good order to tell.

There will be an attempt made at this session of the Legislature to have the vicious feature engrafted in the proposed new school law of having the State Board of Education appoint the county boards of commissioners. This is too silly for discussion, and it shows that while the Democratic party has ever been ready to "damn with faint praise" the public school system, it is really hostile to it and is always on the look-out to give it a sly stab. There is not a State in the Union where the public schools have been a conspicuous success that it has not been due to the direct government and influence of the people. By all means let the people say who shall be their school commissioners. —*Cumb. News.*

Assessed Value of Property in the State.

The subjoined table shows the assessed value of property in Maryland for 1879, as compared with that of 1877. It will be seen that the decrease in the two years was $11,988,033.

	1877.	1879.
Allegany	$ 10,899,342	$ 10,090,273
Anne Arundle	9,670,117	9,859,311
Baltimore city	240,172,007	238,313,895
Baltimore county	50,501,160	48,550,857
Calvert	2,113,559	2,061,687
Caroline	5,757,157	2,765,519
Carroll	16,107,511	15,515,146
Cecil	13,194,535	12,837,731
Charles	3,452,501	3,109,108
Dorchester	9,028,790	8,601,159
Frederick	25,462,710	24,111,160
Garrett	3,336,359	3,322,033
Harford	11,506,902	11,290,410
Howard	7,526,408	7,283,286
Kent	7,448,301	7,240,815
Montgomery	8,272,571	7,986,098
Prince George's	9,073,303	8,887,317
Queen Anne's	6,585,503	6,624,765
St. Mary's	2,918,698	2,840,450
Somerset	3,938,349	3,888,755
Talbot	9,107,149	8,282,718
Washington	16,999,731	16,267,089
Wicomico	4,479,301	3,589,062
Worcester	4,180,118	4,069,491
Totals	478,468,028	466,470,995

A test of the sense of the House of Delegates on the subject of looking into abuses was made by Mr. Turner, of Allegany, who offered an order directing Mr. Vandiver, chairman of the committee on claims, to ascertain and report at an early day the number of employes in and about the State House, by whom appointed and what compensation they receive. There was some squirming over this order, but it was finally adopted. It is believed that similar measures will from time to time be introduced until the whole field of complaint is covered. A second matter of this kind was introduced by Mr. Crouse to do away with one of the fish commissioners. Among other things which have been proposed, besides reducing the pay of Baltimore city policemen, is to reduce the pay of officers of the oyster navy.

Excuses for Dissipation.

"If," says Rev. L. W. Reeves, of Baltimore, in a recent sermon in that city, "we turn our attention to those whose circumstances are rather favorable to virtue and goodness than otherwise, we will find among others, the following reasons given for different forms of dissipation.

A desire for the so-called world's pleasures. There is a prevalent notion among young men that a portion of life should be spent in what is popularly called enjoying the world, "sowing wild oats," etc. This is the fatal mistake of thousands. The world is not enjoyed when it has the controlling influence. It can never satisfy when made the end of one's effort. Therefore, no young man loses, but everyone rather gains in true pleasure, who starts at once for life's true end, and knows only a virtuous and pure life. Then it is said that others dissipate, and popular sentiment in lively society demands it. Some will even claim that business success in their line and among the class with whom they have to deal is against a careful, sober life. Granting this all to be true, the following would to such be good advice. "Neither in little things nor in great ones suffer your dread of singularity to turn you from the path of integrity. Aim yourself to do what is right though you can find no companion or follower." Then some claim to be turned aside by the disgust they have for the insincerity and falseness of men with whom they have been thrown in contact. And others use as an excuse failure of their undertakings and the harsh treatment of their friends and the world. Recreation is also made the plea of many. However, the fallacy of all these reasons for wrong doing is obvious. Let no young man be deceived. Each one must finally bear the consequences of his own course. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth of the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Peter P. Lohr, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Jesse J. Ashby, and Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse J. Ashby, and to me the undersigned Sheriff directed, said writ of fieri facias being No. 2, Judicials to September Term of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title claim and interest, both at law and in equity of the said Jesse J. Ashby, and of the said Hannah Ashby, wife aforesaid, in and to all of the following real estate, tracts and parcels of land, situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Md., about four miles southwest of the town of Oakland and which are described as follows; One tract of land called and known by the name of

PINEY BOTTOM,

lying on the west side of the Youghlogheny river in said county of Garrett, and adjoining a tract of land known by the name of Small Meadows, the tract called "Piney Bottom" containing the quantity of two hundred and seventy-two acres of land, more or less as a whole and being the same tract of land which was surveyed for Samuel Chase the 13th day of April, A. D. 1771, the one undivided one-half of said tract having been conveyed to the said Jesse J. Ashby by Jesse Ashby and Frances Ashby, his wife, by deed dated the 31st day of March, A. D. 1865, and which is duly recorded in Liber H. R., No. 2, folio 278, one of the land records of Allegany county, Md. The other undivided one-half part of said tract called "Piney Bottom" being more particularly described in a deed to the aforesaid Hannah Ashby by John Everett, a late Sheriff of Allegany county, Md., which said deed is dated the 21st day of October, A. D. 1859, and which is recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 411, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, Md.; especial reference to which said deeds is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said tracts of land so owned as aforesaid. Also all that piece of land called and known by the name of "BUCK'S DALE," lying on the east side of the Youghlogheny river in said county of Garrett, and also adjoining the said tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing for said tract called "Buck's Dale," the quantity of one hundred and ninety-four and one - half acres of land, which is more particularly described in Patent from the State of Maryland to the said Jesse J. Ashby, bearing date the 21st day of March, A. D. 1867, and which is duly recorded in Liber W. S. W. S., No. 2, folio, 271 and 272 in the land office of Maryland, at Annapolis, to which said Patent reference is hereby particularly made for a more full and particular description of said tract. Part of said real estate is improved and in a fair state of cultivation; also, by a dwelling house and other out-buildings; also, there is a good orchard on the same. Any one wishing to purchase a good stock farm would do well to examine the property before the day of sale. Said lands will be sold separately or as a whole, which ever will bring the most money.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, February 7th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property aforesaid, to satisfy said writ of fieri facias and costs.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
Late Sheriff.

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust executed by Richard T. Browning and Hattie C. Browning, his wife, to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Richard T. Browning, I will on the

25th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the residence of Richard T. Browning, at Sang Run, in Garrett county, offer for sale the following described

PERSONAL PROPERTY,

to-wit: All the household and kitchen furniture in the house where said Browning now resides, consisting in part of 3 bedsteads and bedding, 1 cooking stove, chairs, tables, queensware, &c., &c. Also 3 cows, 4 sheep, 2 hogs, 1 spring wagon, 1 bar-shear plow and numerous other articles of personal property.

I will also on the

26th Day of February,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Browning House in Oakland, offer for sale a one-third undivided interest in that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"*SKIPNISH*,"

containing 88¾ acres of land, more or less. This is a valuable tract of land and is some of the best timber land now in Garrett county.

I will also at the same time and place offer for sale the

The Entire Stock of Hotel Furniture,

in the "Browning House," consisting of Parlor set, cottage sets, mattrasses, chairs, tables, carpets, mirrors, pictures, dining room and kitchen furniture, stoves, queensware &c., &c. The above property, real and personal, will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE for personal property:—On all sums over ten dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser giving his single bill with security to be approved by the trustee; all sums under ten dollars, cash. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with. Terms for the real estate will be easy and will be made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICOBD,
Trustee.

I will also on the 26TH DAY of FEBRUARY, at the time and place aforesaid, offer for sale all that valuable real estate in Oakland known as the

BROWNING HOUSE.

This is a very valuable property, is eligibly located and has a fine custom. The buildings are commodious and are nearly new, with large livery stable on the premises. For any one desiring to engage in the hotel business a rare opportunity is offered. Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Attorney and Agent for Mrs. Hattie C. Browning. feb7-tds.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

24th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m., at the front door of the court house, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county which is known and described as

"*BRANT'S DISCOVERY*,"

and is contained in the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at two bounded white oak trees, standing north fifty-one° east seven perches, from a spring which descends into Bear Pen run, a branch of Savage river, and on the west side of said river, and running thence north six degrees east twenty-eight perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with three notches; west one hundred and fifty-four and three-quarter perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south thirty degrees west eighty-one perches, south seventy and one-half degrees west fifty-five perches, to a white oak tree marked with five notches; north forty-nine and one-half degrees west forty-one perches; south eleven degrees west fifty six perches; south forty-three degrees east thirty-six perches; south three degrees east sixty-two perches, to a white oak tree marked with six notches; south twenty seven degrees east one hundred and ten and one-half perches to a red oak tree marked with seven notches; south forty-four degrees west twenty-six and one-half perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south twenty-nine degrees east fifty-two perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with five notches; north sixty-two degrees, east twenty-eight perches south seventy-nine degrees east one hundred and ten perches, and then by a straight line to the beginning, containing four hundred and fifty-eight acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of seventeen dollars and seventy-two cents, taxes due by John B. Brant for the year 1878.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
j31-ts Collector of Taxes.

An Old Story Retold.

In November, 1842, occurred one of the most noted mutinies in the history of the American Navy. While in mid ocean the officers of the United States brig-of-war Somers discovered that a conspiracy existed on board the vessel to murder themselves and turn the vessel into a privateer for the purpose of piracy; but the ringleaders were discovered and executed and the crime frustrated. The leader in the affair was Phillip Spencer, son of Hon. John C. Spencer, the distinguished statesman from New York, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Tyler. On account of the prominence thus given the event, the mutiny was everywhere a topic of discussion, and reviews of the case were written by a number of noted men, including J. Fennimore Cooper. The Cleveland *Leader* thus tells the story from the lips of one of the crew:

Captain Wm. Buffington, well known along the lakes and who last season sailed the schooner Pelican, was one of the crew of the Somers. He was visited at his residence on the Detroit road, yesterday afternoon, by a *Leader* reporter, and related the story, though modestly preferring not to have anything published as coming from him. At the time of the mutiny Captain Buffington was eighteen or nineteen years of age, and many of the facts have escaped his memory. The Somers sailed from New York for Liberia, Africa, with dispatches but was obliged to put back on account of insufficiency of crew, and other seamen were obtained from the receiving ship North Carolina, Mr. Buffington being a member of the second crew. On the return from Liberia, before reaching St. Thomas, where it was the intention to stop and take on coal and provisions, word was brought to Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the commander of the Somers, that a conspiracy existed to capture the vessel and take her to the Isle of Pines, where she would be joined by a Mexican privateer, and the two would commence on a career of piracy.

In those days comparatively few steamers sailed the ocean, and of course the security of the pirates was much better than it would be at present. Mr. Wales, the steward of the brig, first brought the affair to notice. On the night of Nov. 25 Mr. Wales was asked by Spencer, who was a midshipman, to go aloft in the rigging, where he wanted to converse with him confidentially. When alone the midshipman accosted Wales with the question, "Do you fear death; do you fear a dead man; are you afraid to kill a man?" Somewhat surprised, though still cool and collected, the steward listened to what followed, taking the oath of secrecy imposed upon him by Spencer. The latter then unfolded the plan for the mutiny, stating that it was written out on paper and then under his collar, back of his cravat, and he would show it in the morning when it was light so as to read it. Twenty of the crew, he claimed, were leagued with him, and the murder of the Captain and the officers of the vessel would be an easy matter.

When fully apprised of what had taken place, Captain Mackenzie ordered a strict watch kept of the movements of Spencer. In a day or two the Captain encountered Spencer on deck and asked him what he meant by such talk to Wales, but the young man explained that it was all a joke, and no harm was intended. The written plot was demanded, but Spencer denied its existence, and a careful search of his person failed to disclose it. It was found, however, secreted in Spencer's razor-case, written in the Greek language, but one of the officers understood the characters and translated them into English. The names of a number of the crew were written who would be given a chance to "walk the plank," that is be dropped overboard, and others were to be given their choice between compulsory service as pirates or a watery grave. F. Cromwell, the boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, a seaman from Boston, were also arrested, they being discovered frequently in conversation with Spencer. The three were double-ironed and taken below. They were speedily tried by court-martial and found guilty, the sentence being that the prisoners be executed from the yardarm. They were brought up on the morning of November 30 for execution. Small was unmoved, and asked his mates to give him a good jerk, so as to make sure, but Spencer was quite broken down. He was exhorted by Captain Mackenzie to set his companions a good example by dying bravely, the remark having the desired effect. Captain Mackenzie briefly addressed the condemned upon the enormity of their crime. Spencer read from the Bible and prayer book, begged forgiveness of all, and then said he was ready to die.

Black caps were made from black handkerchiefs. The colors were to be hoisted at the moment to give solemnity to the occasion, and then the gun was to be fired as a signal for the men at the ropes to pull. Spencer wanted to give the signal, but afterward he requested Captain Mackenzie to do it for him. When all was ready, the condemned men sitting in their hammocks, awaiting the dreadful summons to another world, the gun beleched forth its thunder, the men at the three ropes drew in, and the three unfortunates shot aloft, the sudden contact with the blocks above breaking their necks, and hurrying them into the presence of the great White Throne. Two of the men were hung to one of the main yards, and the third to the other. The bodies were sewn up in sailcloth, the feet weighted with shot, and the earthly remains of the reckless youths were slid on a plank through portholes, and disappeared in the depths of the ocean.

When New York was reached a Court of Inquiry, composed of Commodores Stuart, Jacob, Jones and Dallas examined the case, and approved the course of Captain Mackenzie. A court-martial was also held, Commodore Downes being its President, and the action of Captain Mackenzie was indorsed. Captain Buffington says that after reaching New York the ship physician shot himself, though it did not appear that he had been concerned in the mutiny. Captain Buffington knew of no other survivors of the crew. A colored man employed at the Union Depot, who died last summer, was on board the Somers at the time. It is probable that there are some living, as the crew, which consisted of eighty persons, was composed of only eight able-bodied seamen, the remainder being boys of the first and second class. The excitement over the affair in the United States was intense, and opinions were given for and against Captain Mackenzie's course.

The Records of a Famine.

The Shanghai Relief Committee have lately issued their report on the recent famine in the north of China. The record of misery which it contains is appalling, and is only lightened by the accounts given of patient endurance on the part of the sufferers, and the charitable endeavors made by both natives and foreigners to mitigate the horrors of the calamity. When year after year the crop failed, the people began by supplementing the meager harvests gathered from the blighted fields with herbs and leaves; but, as throughout the country districts the scarcity pressed upon all classes with equal incidence, even these means of subsistence were soon exhausted. Next the bark of trees, the stalks of millet taken from the roofs of houses, and even a kind of white clay, were greedily eaten by the starving people. Upon the old and young and weakly the effect of want of food soon began to tell. One by one they died off, until the whole districts were depopulated of all but the stronger men and women, and on the faces of these there came the black, haggard look of starvation.

In one enclosure, (says Mr. Hillier in his report on the famine districts), at one time full of substantial buildings, which had been pulled down for the sake of the timber and sold for a few dollars in cash, I found a solitary man sitting dejectedly in the midst of his deserted enclosure. His face was almost black, and he had such a wild and haggered look that I thought he was out of his mind. He looked up when I spoke to him, however, and, in answer to my question of how many members his family consisted, he told me with sobs it was painful to hear that he alone was left out of sixteen. I never saw such a picture of utter misery and despair. In another house was a little boy some thirteen years of age, who was the sole survivor of a large family. Father, mother, brothers and sisters had all gone, one by one, and left the little lad to fight it out alone.

So completely did the moral stamina of the people become destroyed by want that the stronger fell upon the weaker and devoured them, and bands of starving wretches, in whom the only instinct remaining was that of self-preservation, scoured the country to satisfy their inhuman appetites. In vain the authorities tried by almost as revolting punishments to put a stop to the practice. They buried women alive for eating their own children, with no other effect but to add to the general mortality. The extreme weakness to which even the strongest were reduced was piteous to a degree. Mr. Richard states that in Shanse he met a man staggering along the road as though he were drunk. Recognizing the real condition of the sufferer, he was in the act of sending his servant to give him **money, when a passing puff of wind** blew the emaciated creature down, and the money was returned to the bag.

Another traveler, speaking of a village street in Honan, says: "I saw people dead; I saw people dying; I saw crowds partly of dead and partly of living people, and the living people had not the energy to move away." Whole villages were still and silent, and if not, were too often disturbed by sights and sounds which were worse than silence. Fortunately last year rain fell upon the parched lands, and, for the first time in four or five years, the people in the more fortunate districts reaped fairly good harvests.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Boy and the Policeman.

A dignified policeman was going up Macomb street yesterday when a boy crossed the street to meet him and said:

"Mebbe you haven't got anything to do with it, but there's a woman dyeing back of that house there."

"I should rather think I had something to with it!" replied the officer, and he made haste across the street and disappeared around the corner of the house. There he came upon a woman who was hanging up skeins of yarn fresh from the dye kettle.

"Is the party dead yet?" he eagerly inquired.

"Party? Who's a party, sir?"

"Isn't there a sick woman here?"

"No, sir! I'm the sickest woman in this neighborhood, and I weighed 166 pounds last night."

"I was told that a woman was dying back here."

"I don't believe it! You are spying around to see if we throw dead cats in the alley, and it's mean and contemptible in you! Take yourself out of this, or I'll go down to the Chief!"

He went out, vexed and annoyed. The boy was leaning against the fence across the street, and he called out:

"Did I tell you a yarn?"

"Boy!" replied the officer, "don't ever trifle with me again! There was no dying woman in there!"

"Was there knot? You thought I was stocking the cards on you, eh? See?"

The officer scratched his head, began to smile, and finally laughed as he said:

"Ah! I see! There was a knot in the clothes-line and the woman had on blue stockings! Purty good pun, that; but you shouldn't have lied to me about her dying. Death's a very solemn thing, and I can't stand any jokes about it. Run along, now."—*Free Press.*

WITHIN the last ten years thirty-four steamships have sailed which have foundered, or been abandoned, or are missing with all on board. This does not include the steamships lost by collision or fire, or by wreck on the coast.

PETER GOELET, the millionaire bachelor, always gave as a reason for not marrying that he was too poor. He left $25,000,000.

The Skin Game Bankers.

Now that the business of the bogus brokers is so thoroughly exposed to public view, it is hard to tell which predominates, the iniquitous feature or the ridiculous. It is in some respects sad to contemplate the grief of the poor dupes who have lost their money by yielding to the inducements of the swindlers who promised fortunes in return for ten-dollar investments. And yet the very simplicity of these unfortunate people, as indicated in their letters, has a vein of the comical in it which irresistibly appeals to the mirthful side of human nature. The correspondence of the swindlers has been confiscated, and presents various features of interest. By the courtesy of Mr. Anthony Comstock a large quantity of it has been placed at my disposal for examination and study. From several wagon loads of letters I select a few which may serve to show how the business was done.

As usual with "skin" games, the patrons of the bogus bankers were principally from the smaller and rural post-offices from Canada to Texas. Some, however, hail from the larger cities. The President of a savings bank in a Southern city sends $100, following it a few days later by $150 more. This was a comparatively large sum to invest. The general amount of a first investment was ten dollars, which was in some instances followed by a second investment of ten dollars or twenty dollars more. On receiving a new patron's first ten-dollar investment the rascals who received it would write him to the effect that, although a moderate sum might be made from this beginning, a much ampler fortune would follow on the investment of twice or three times as much. The answers of the dupes to this request for more money form a museum of curiosities. Take, for instance, the case of a victim who begins on a ten-dollar bill. His first letter is a mixture of confidence and caution:

"I have been reading a little pamphlet you send me a short time ago, giving a history of the way to operate on Wall st! in stocs. You almost garanty to mak a profit, no mattr how smal the investment is. Do you secur the stoc at the markt price, or at frm 1 to 2 per cent what is called a distance?"

This poor fellow went on to say that his means were limited. So the swindlers, knowing their man, wrote to him for ten dollars more. He seems to have sent this second ten after some delay and considerable difficulty in raising so much money. The letters of patrons who send their first remittance with which to commence operations are generally hopeful and indicative of an intention to engage in larger transactions in case the trial speculation should prove remunerative. To people who held out this idea so strongly as to amount almost to a promise, the "bankers" would send word that the opening "spec" had resulted in a profit. In rare instances they were bold enough to remit a few dollars to the victim. Generally, however, they took the liberty of reinvesting the suppositious profits and writing to the victim that they had done so.

Here is a letter from a Kentucky speculator, who had received information of a "reinvestment" and with it a request to send $10 more:

"Your proposition is a very liberal one, much more than I could ask of you. But as I set out to invest only this $10 this time I await the cash result of it before I make any further move. If results are reasonably good I expect to hang on to you to the last day."

Well, the "last day" has come, and the luckless Kentuckian is probably "hanging on" yet, for his investment is permanently "hung up."

An Ohio man in sending his first ten dollars writes:

"This is a very small beginning, but 'tis said tall oaks from little acorns grow. Trusting to your long experience and good judgment, I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a hercules in your hands. I made an investment a short time since and lost all. But exercise your own judgment and I will be satisfied."

This is the sort of customer most highly prized. The above was written on the 21st of last November. Allen, Jordan & Co., seeing his great faith and complete prospective satisfaction, at once wrote to him for more money. On the 28th of November he wrote again, inclosing $20, and saying:

"Manipulate it as you suggest, and it will be satisfactory. I desire staying in your combination or syndicate as long as there is anything to be made by doing so."

Exactly. He is there yet, beyond a doubt. His "widow's mite" took root, but it has never "spread its branches" very widely, nor is there any probability that it will ever become a "bercules."

A sanguine investor from Western New York says: "Please remit my profits every thirty days." Another from Ohio directs: "Use this in your mutual syndicate until it has multiplied." A Pennsylvania dupe writes: "I would like to hear more from that $10 I sent you before I send you another dollar." A Milton man says: "I leave it all to you, to do with it what in your judgment may be for my best interests." A Reading man, on being asked for $100 more, sends $25, which he says is all he can spare. He adds: "If you will accept this I will consider it a special favor." The thieves accepted it, always having a relish for such "special favors." An Ohio doctor says:

"I have $100 in my hands for investment with you as soon as I can know that you are a reliable house. I sent you $10 some weeks ago, and have not heard from you since, save the returned registered letter receipt."

No other letters from this man are found. The plan of the "bankers" in such a case was to assure the doctor of their respectability by sending him a check for $10 or $15 "profits." This would in nine cases out of ten bring the $100 which he had in hand, and which they would gobble as soon as placed in their hands.

A letter from a Virginia clergyman tells a solemn tale of woe. This godly man invested some money of his own and some which belonged to his friends. To strengthen the faith of such a man, Lawrence & Co. had written him that they knew of a decided move which would show a large profit, and that they were sure of success in the special combination in which they were about to put his money. The swindled doctor of divinity writes more in sorrow than in anger:

"I am glad, however, that I lose my money in place of my reputation among my friends. I would like "more light," if possible, as I shall now have to return the money I received for your combination and stop receiving any more, as I expected to run over $1,000 for the next combination."

A Manheim, Pa., investor writes, in response to a demand for more money:

"We are but poor cigar makers and thought by letting our poor funds stand in your hands we might increase our luck."

The "poor" fellows then proceed to ask the bankers to add to the funds first sent enough to make the operation suggested, and kindly credit them with their share of the proceeds!

Here is a sample of a letter, of which there are hundreds and hundreds in Mr. Comstock's possession, so similar in style of complaint that they might almost be supposed to be written by the same bowling victim:

"You fail to answer the most important questions I ask you. You fail to tell what you sold Lake Shore at or when you sold it. Now if you bought at some price you sold at some price, but you simply say that Lake Shore went down so rapidly that you lost the whole of my money. You seem to think I don't understand the stock trade. Well, I understand it well enough not to go any further into it. I think it is carried on so as to swindle people out of all their money. You say my letter smells of blackmail, but I tell you it is smelling after some money."

This unhappy victim continues at considerable length, saying that he knows an attorney in New York and that he will set him on the swindlers.

A North Carolina investor writes a letter nearly a yard long, in which he reveals the fact that he had made unlucky ventures with several of the swindling houses. He says:

"I do not like to doubt your honesty, but what of the judgment and sagacious foresight you wrote so much about? I haven't the money to invest, not a dollar, and I will have to borrow to pay back the money I borrowed to send you and which you lost every dollar of."

Then he appeals to their pity and charity, and asks the scoundrels who had robbed him to engage in a speculation with their own funds for his benefit. He closes his piteous letter thus: "If you'll thus help me, I and God will help you." He does not explain what authority he had thus to promise the aid of the Almighty, but possibly thinks he has as much right to do so as the stock dealers had to steal his money.

One more case. Here is a long letter from a Chicago letter-carrier. He writes on the official paper of the Chicago post-office. As the date is eighteen months old the mention of this letter can work no mischief to anybody now in the service, for this particular rascal has probably long ago been turned out. He wants to rope in some of his friends. He writes to Lawrence & Co. that for a few days after receiving their monthly pay they are rich. He wants Lawrence & Co., to write him that they have conducted certain operations for him with great profit. To put this in such a way as successfully to impose on his victims he asks the firm to send him a check which he can exhibit as money actually made in stock speculations. He admits that this proposition is a novel one, especially as he is a stranger. But he says that he offers it "in good faith." Alas for the "faith" of such a fellow. Alas for his works. Probably this letter-carrier has before this time come to New York and set up a swindle shop of his own. He evidently has the talent for it. The fools are not all dead nor are the swindlers. Both are long lived and tough.
—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

A Jolly Wedding.

In Central America is a country called Towka, and without doubt the Towkans, whatever else they may be, are the jolliest people in the world at a wedding. They appear to be such an ignorant race as to be unable to keep record of the age of their children, except in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted by Robinson Crusoe with his notched post for an almanac. The Towkans, however, do not notch their children. They hang round their necks at birth a string with one bead on, and at the expiration of a year they add another bead, and so on. The main object being seemingly that there may be no mistake when the young people arrive at a marriageable age. When a girl numbers fifteen beads she is marriageable, but the young man must possess a necklace of twenty before he is reckoned capable of taking on himself so serious a responsibility. But the wedding feast is the thing.

The invited guests assemble on what answers to our village green, and set in their midst is a canoe, the property of the bridegroom, brimming with palm wine, sweetened with honey, and thickened with crushed plantains. The drinking cups are calabashes, which are set floating in the fragrant liquor, and seated round it, the company fall to—a mark of politeness being to drink out of as many calabashes that have been drank out of by somebody else as possible. It should be mentioned, however, to the Towkan's credit that his bride is not present at this tremendous drinking bout, or rather, boat. She remains in her parents' hut, and when her intended has finished with the calabashes he takes his whistle of bamboo and his "tom-tom," which is a hollow little log, tied over at each end with bits of leather, and seating himself at the door of the dwelling of his parents-in-law in prospective, he commences to bang and tootle sweet music, until the heart of the tender creature within is softened and they let him in.—*London Guide.*

EVERY paper can easily get its snooze now, for this is sleep year.

Our Young Folks.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The school-house stood beside the way,
A shabby building, old and gray,
With rattling sash, and loose-hung door,
And rough, uneven walls and floor;
And why the little homespun crew
It gathered were some ways more blest
Than others, you would scarce have guessed;
It is a secret known to few.

I'll tell it you. The high-road lay
Stretched all along the township hill,
Whence the broad lands sloped either way,
And smiling up did strive to fill
At every window, every door,
The school-house, with that gracious lore
That God's fair world would fain instill.

So softly, quietly it came,
The children never knew its name;
Its various, unobtrusive looks
They counted not as study-books;
And yet they could not lift an eye
From play or labor, dreamily,
And not find writ in sweetest speech,
The tender lesson it would teach:
"Be gentle, children, brave and true,
And know the great God loveth you."

Only the teacher, wise of heart,
Divined the landscape's blessed art;
And when she felt the lag and stir
Of her young idlers fretting her,
Out-glancing o'er the meadows wide,
The rustling woods, the far hill-side,
She drew fresh breath of God's free grace,
A gentler look came in her face,
Her kindly voice caught in its own
An echo of that pleasant tone
In which the great world sang its song—
"Be cheerful, patient, still and strong."
—*M. E. Bennett, in St. Nicholas.*

OLD DAN.

Farmer Henderson came in from the barn one morning with his hands and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red and his eyes flashing.

"Ned!" he shouted, as he entered the kitchen. "Where's Ned?"

"Here I am!" came a cheery voice in reply; and an instant after a bright, strong boy of some sixteen years entered the old-fashioned country kitchen from the adjoining woodshed, where he had been cutting potatoes for the day's planting. "Do you want anything?"

"I want to tell you this," said Mr. Henderson, as he washed himself at the sink, and rubbed his weatherbeaten face with the coarse towel until it was even more red than before. "Old Dan must be killed! Just see the state I am in, and all from that worthless old rascal! I won't have him about the house another day. He's good for nothing but to make trouble, and he must be shot before night!" added the farmer, wrathfully.

Ned was about to plead for his pet, when his little sister came into the room.

"Why, papa, what is the matter?" she cried, running to him in astonishment. "Did you fall into the creek?"

"I might as well," he replied, half-laughing. "Old Dan butted me into the watering-trough!"

There was a shout of laughter from both children, in which their mother joined.

"Well, Jedediah," said Mrs. Henderson, coming into the kitchen, and still shaking with mirth, "what could you have been thinking about to let an old ram, 'most twenty years old, knock you into the watering-trough?"

"But," explained her husband, "he took me unawares. I had just filled one pail to carry to the barn, and was stooping to dip the other, when the old rascal came at me like the wind, and knocked me completely into the water! He scampered, I tell you, before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. Anyhow, he's got to be killed to-day, sure. He's only a nuisance, and I'll shoot him to-night, when we come back from town, if he's on the farm!"

Two hours later Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away to be absent from home until night. As they rattled out of the yard, Old Dan suddenly appeared close to the gate, and, wagging his tail as in derision, gave utterance to a hoarse "Ba-a-a!"

The farmer turned, shook his whip at the fellow, and cried, "This is your last day, my boy, make the most of it!"

Ned and Carrie were the only children. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered for a while whether there was any way of averting old Dan's sad fate, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, planting potatoes with Bronson, the hired man, in the "back lot."

But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get, all before twelve o'clock.

Time fled. The dishes stood in shining rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a faint knock at the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, the little girl did not rise, but called—

"Come in!"

The door was slowly opened and a man stepped within.

He wore a long black coat, buttoned to his chin, and very threadbare. His trousers, too, were black and shiny, and much too short for him. On one foot was a boot, while the other was graced by a ragged shoe. He carried a battered silk hat in his hand. His face was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and, altogether, he was a queer looking visitor.

"Is your ma at home, Miss?" said he, in a half whine, as he glanced sharply about the room.

"No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering why he asked; "she has gone to Underhill. Did you wish to see her."

"O, no," the man replied. "I only asked out of politeness, you know," and he smiled solemnly at the little girl, and winked one eye. "No, I came on business with your pa—particular, urgent business. S'pose he's round, is he not?"

"No, sir; he went to town with mother," said Carrie.

"Now, that's too bad!" exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself; "and I've come so far to see him! But perhaps your brother or sister would do as well."

"I haven't any sister," said the little hostess, laughing, "and my brother's over in the back lot. He'll be in by and by, though, if he'll do."

"Well, I don't hardly believe he will, after all," said the man, shaking his head thoughtfully; "and I can't wait to-day anyway; I hain't the time. But I'm terribly hungry. If I could, I'd stay to dinner, miss. However, under the circumstances, perhaps you had better give me a light lunch before I go; a piece of pie, and a cup of tea, and a little cold meat, or something of that sort."

"O, certainly; only I can't give you the meat, for we haven't it in the house," said Carrie, rising; "but I will find something." And she brought from the pantry a whole apple pie, which she placed before him, with a knife and fork.

"If you will help yourself, I'll have the tea ready in three minutes."

"All right, my dear!" said the man, seizing the knife, and drawing the pie toward him. "I will act upon your advice. The last time I took dinner with General Grant," he continued, as he cut a great piece and began to eat, he said to me, 'Governor, Governor,' said he, 'never disregard a lady's advice;' and I have always remembered what he said;" and he chuckled merrily, and nodded his head at the delicious looking pastry before him.

Carrie wondered a little at the table-manners of the man who had dined with Grant, but she steeped his tea, flavored it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him.

"I am not much of a hand for tea," said the man, as he drained the cup, "but my doctor says that I must drink it for my digestion. Ruined my digestion while I was in the army, you see;" and he winked solemly. "By the way," he continued, picking up the silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as neat a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too. I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them."

"Mother has only eleven," said Carrie, in her innocence, "and she is very proud of them; but I will show them to you."

Then she brought the little box with the precious table-silver—eleven teaspoons, four tablespoons and an ancient cream-jug—all pure silver, and shining brightly—and placed them before her inquisitive visitor to admire.

He had finished his "light lunch." That is, the pie was demolished, and the teapot empty. As the little girl handed him the treasures, he arose, took the box to the window, examined its contents with a critical eye for a moment, and then, as if in joyful surprise, cried:

"I am right! They are the very spoons! The very same identical spoons that my friend lost when he was a boy! How lucky it is that I have found them at last!"

With these words, and a very low bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and a silver cream-pitcher down the path toward the gate.

For an instant Carrie stood motionless; then, rushing after him, she shrieked:

"Give me those spoons! They are my mother's spoons, and you are trying to steal them! You are a thief, a thief. Bring them back! bring them back!"

The man, however, paid no attention to the child's cries, but ran rapidly down the path, carrying the box in his arms; and the spoons and pitcher would have been lost forever if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

Old Dan was quietly nibbling the grass near the gateway. Hearing his little mistress' voice he looked up at the very instant that the tramp passed. What he saw about the man that disturbed him I don't know; but, erecting his head with a hoarse "Baa-a-a!" he shot after him like a cannon-ball.

The man turned to receive him and defend himself, but the ram struck him fairly in front and knocked him, half-senseless, flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions.

For an instant the fellow remained sprawling in the dust, then he slowly arose, limping and groaning, and without a glance at his enemy, began to gather up his stolen spoils.

He had partly completed his task when Old Dan, who all this time had been watching the proceedings from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, shook his long beard, and with another tremendous "Baa-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his treasures flying from his hands.

And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man recovered his feet and turned upon the ram, kicking and striking at him furiously, while Dan, accustomed to such warfare from years of experience with the boys of the country-side, easily eluded him, and in return butted him to the earth again and again.

The spoons and cream-pitcher were knocked hither and thither, as the combatants struggled, the road was trampled into something like a race-course, the air was filled with very bad language, very angry baas and a great cloud of dust.

But after some five minutes, victory declared itself upon the side of the quadruped; and, bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, minus hat and shoe, the vanquished man suddenly turned away and ran limping down the road, leaving his antagonist in full possession of the field and the stolen silver.

Old Dan remained motionless, gazing after his enemy until he disappeared around a distant turn in the road; then, shaking the dust from his coarse wool, he gave utterance to a low grumble of satisfaction, and, wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in front of the house.

Half an hour later, as Carrie washed the coveted spoons and the bright little pitcher and laid them carefully away once more, she told her brother the story, and how the robber was foiled; and Ned, full of enthusiasm, cried:

"We will not kill Old Dan at all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for a hundred dollars!"

And the boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp and conquered him. He won his master's regard, and a free, happy life for the remainder of his days.—*F. E. Hamilton, in Youth's Companion.*

IT is estimated that more miles of railroad will be built during 1880 in this country than during any year before. About 9,000 miles of new road are already under contract.

"YOUR daughter fell from a boat, while drunk, and was drowned," was the sad but true dispatch telegraphed to a clergyman at Omaha.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The income of Plymouth Church from its pews for the present year will be $40,280.

—A hundred years ago a Moravian missionary baptised the first negro convert in Dutch Guiana, and now the mission numbers 22,301.

—The Bible used by Washington is offered for sale by the officers of Christ Church, Alexandria, Va. They are anxious to pay a church debt.

—In the New York Union Theological Seminary there are now 144 students, a greater number, we are told, than in any other seminary in the country.

—The British Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund, up to December 1st, had reached $1,112,000. Manchester and Bolton Districts give about $100,000 each.

—There are connected with Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and conducted by his people, nineteen Sunday schools in which are 500 teachers and nearly 6,000 scholars.

—The Rev. Charles Scott gives the following statistics of ministers in Great Britain: Protestant Episcopal, 25,163; Congregational, 5,266; Presbyterian, 4,951; Methodist, 3,969; total, 39,349.

—The celebration of the Robert Raikes centenary, in commemoration of the one hundredth year of the establishment of Sunday schools, is to be held in the week June 28 to July 4, inclusive, of 1880. A Sunday school fund is to be raised in connection with it.

—The Methodist Freedmen's Aid Society reports receipts of $75,000 the past year, with which six chartered institutions, three theological schools, one medical college, and nine seminaries, academies, etc., were supported. The total number of scholars in these was 2,410.

—On the 16th of December, in a small city in Eastern Bohemia, thirty-one persons were fined two dollars and fifty cents each for attending a Bible service not connected with the State Church. The leader of the meeting was fined twelve dollars and fifty cents. On the 14th of December the attempt of the few believers in Stupitz, near Prague, to hold a Bible service in one of their homes was frustrated by the police. On the 1st of November the Austrian Cabinet decided that the Stupitzers might hold house Bible services with invited guests, but the needed document has not reached these persecuted people. All this in Austria, whose Constitution grants religious liberty to all citizens.—*Christian Union.*

—Eight years ago there were twelve Bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Three have died since—Edward Ames, Edmund S. Janes, and Gilbert Haven. Of the nine left Levi Scott was seventy-seven years old Oct. 11, 1879; Matthew Simpson sixty-nine June 21, 1879; Jess. T. Peck sixty-eight April 4, 1879; Thomas Bondman sixty-two, William T. Harris sixty-two, Randolph Foster fifty-nine, Isaac W. Wiley fifty-four, Stephen M. Merrill fifty-four, and Edward G. Andrew fifty-four. At the meeting of the General Conference in May there will certainly be three or four Bishops elected. Dr. J. M. Walden will in all probability be one of the number. In that case it is likely that a layman will be selected as one of the agents of the Western Book Concern. This is among the most important officers of the General Conference. Charles W. Rowland, a member of Wesley Chapel, who was a lay delegate to the General Conference at Baltimore four years ago, is named for that position.

Perils of African Travel.

In a recent number of the *Tribune* was described the journey of the German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, and his companion the Austrian zoologist, Dr. Stecker, across the Sahara Desert from Tripoli to the oasis-group of Kusara. The information was taken from a letter from the pen of Dr. Schweinfurth, who is also a distinguished Afrlean traveler. Two other letters from the same source have since appeared, which narrate the mishaps which befell the exploring expedition in Kusara, the narrow escape of its two chiefs from death at the hands of a band of robbers and their return to the coast. On the 2d of last August Rohlfs' caravan reached Taiserbo, the northernmost oasis of the Kusara group, after a severe march across the desert. On the 9th it journeyed 120 kilometres further in a southeasterly direction to the oasis of Buseima. Here a brackish lake was found, with a rim of palm trees around it. The vivid blue of the water, the dark green foliage of the date palms and the glaring yellow color of the desert sand hills seen through the tree-stems made a landscape of strikingly brilliant hues. Everywhere in the oasis excellent water was found by digging a fow feet. Rohlfs concluded that there were underground water-courses drawing their supplies from the mountains of Tibeste, 600 kilometres to the southwest, which, according to Dr. Nachtigal lie within the great rain belt of Central Africa. The nomadic Arabs, gathered at Buseima for the date harvest, were friendly toward the expedition. Ruins of houses were found, the walls constructed of limestone blocks cemented with mortar. Rohlfs supposed these to be the dwellings of the ancient inhabitants of Central Africa known to the Romans by the name of Garamenten. More recent ruins were also observed of the dwellings of the heathen tribe of Tibbres, who were dispossessed by the Arabs.

After traveling three days across the sandy sea which envelopes the oases, the caravan reached Kebabo, the largest of the Kusara group, and stopped at a place called Howewiri. Here the troubles of the adventurous explorers began in earnest. A threatening mob assembled in the vicinity of Rohlfs' camp, and demanded of the Arab guides and camel-drivers that they should kill the Europeans and divide the plunder of the caravan. Rohlfs' people stood by him faithfully and the mob dispersed. It had been incited, so the travelers learned subsequently, by the fanatical Mahometan brotherhood of the Snuffi, which had a mosque and school upon the neighboring oasis of Sawya. To get away from this hostile neighborhood the caravan pushed on next day to Boema, where Rohlfs hoped to make preparations for the further journey to Wadai, the objective point of the expedition. He found, however, that he had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, for he marched straight into the camp of a rascally sheik named Ba-Bekr-Bu-Guetru, who ruled a tribe of fifty warriors.

Kebabo is shaped like a half-moon, and has a breadth of 200 kilometres. Its elevation is 500 feet above the sea. In the center of the oasis are extensive palm groves surrounding little lakes and salt marshes. Thereare no cultivated fields, but there are gardens around the houses inhabited by the permanent population, and a deceptive appearanee of cultivation is given to the country by large level expanses covered with a growth of green rushes. Tho largest wild animals inhabiting the oasis are tho gazelle and the little desert fox called the fennek. The flora could not be studied owing to the summer heals—few plants growing through the hot season. Rohlfs soon found that he was a prisoner in his own camp. His Arab servants were ill-treated when they went out to buy provisions, and on the second day Ba-Bekr appeared before his tent with thirty armed followers and demanded 1,000 thalers as toll for passing through the country. This demand was not acceded to. Unfortunately a messenger arrived from Benghasi with the news of the detention of the three Suya sheiks whom the Pacha had held as hostages for the safe conduct of the expedition. The Arabs were greatly enraged at this news, and Ba-Bekr and his people came daily before Rohlfs tent and eried out that while the Christians were eating meat their brothers in Benghasi had nothing but bread and water. Rohlfs hired a messenger to go to Benghasi with letters and scientific specimens, but the messenger was detained and the papers and specimens destroyed. Two other messengers took money for making the journey but did not go. Rohlfs heard of a sheik of high character aud great influence, named Dschib-el-Lah, who was in the neighborhood with his band, but Ba-Bekr would not allow any communication to reach him.

For nearly a month Rohlfs and his compaaions were a prey to constant fears. They could neither advance nor retreat. The robber tribe held them fast, and every night they apprehended an attack. Among the most hostilc of the Arabs was a member of the Snuffi Order, named Aglul, whose brother was one of the three shieks held as hostages at Benghasi. This man forced Rohlfs to sign an Arabic letter demanding the release of the hostages, and to pay 700 thalers, which he pretended to send as baksheesh to the Pacha. One day Ba-Bekr came to Rohlfs' tent and coolly told him that he believed the expedition possessed 7,000 thalers, and that he intended to take the money and go with his band to Wadai, beyond the reach of Turkish authority.

At last assistanee came to the beleaguered expedition in the person of Krim-Bu-Abd-el-Rba, a sheik whose dwelling-place was at Surk, ten miles west of Rohlfs' camp. On the 13th of September Krim eame to Rohlfs' tent and said that Ba-Bekr had proposed to join in an attack on the Christians that night, murder them and divide the spoils. The only way their lives could be saved, he said, was for them to quietly leave their tents as soon as it became dark and make their way to Surk. In their extremity the travelers resolved to trust this man, of whom they knew nothing; so just after nightfall Rohlfs, Stecker and their two German servants left the tents one by one, each carrying as many of the silver thalers, which comprised the cash capital of the expedition, as he could. After a painful journey on foot through swamps and sand they reached Krim's camp in safety. They learned afterward from the Arabs that only a few minutes after their flight Ba-Bekr entered Rohlfs' tent with a band of armed followers. So great was the robber chief's anger at the escape of the Christians and at his failure to find the 7,000 thalers he believed they possessed, that he broke up all the scientific instruments, destroyed the medicine chest, and tore in pieces tho records and papers of the expedition. Sheik Krim proved faithful to the unfortunato travelers, but as his band was small and Ba-Bekr threatened to attack it, they took refugo with the more powerful old Sheik Dschibel-Lah, with whom they had tried in vain to communicate before their flight. He treated the refugees with great kindness, and after a whilo succeeded in forcing the robbers to restore such of the goods plundered from the caravan as they had not destroyed. There was now no more thought of pushing on to Wadai, and the travelers, deprived of their scientifie instruments and other equipments necessary for their researches, only desired to get safely back to the Mediterranean coast. The good sheik, their protector, furnished them with a strong escort, and they started on the 20th of September, reaching Dschalo on the 14th of October and Benghasi a week later. Only when with the walls of Benghasi, the ancient Berenice, did they feel entirely safe. The appropriateness of the Arabic name for the city, which means "the blessed," struck them forcibly as they entered its gates. The scientific results of the expedition were very meagre, and consisted only in the knowledge gained of the remarkable oasis-group of Kusara and of the desert lying between it and Dschalo.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Woman's Softening Influence.

"It's astonishin'," remarked the old forty-niner this morning as he nodded over his glass, to our reporter, "It's astonishin' what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've traveled a good bit and held up my end in most of the camps on the coast sence '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot an' been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't A1 when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman has fried. D'ye think I roar out and cuss when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins an' keepin' back the tears I'm likewise sweating for fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. "When we was first hitched I thought I was the superintendent, but after a year or two of argyin' the pint I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I can lick any man o' my age an' size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, knife, stand up or rough and tumble for coin, but when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A Public Benefactor.

"Down at Hornellsville," the tall, thin passenger remarked, "some of the boys were telling me about a young fellow who lost his wife. They took her remains to some remote point, her old home, I believe, for interment. On their way back home, the bereaved husband, accompanied by the physician, stepped off the train at a dining station for a little refreshment. When they went in they saw a man at the lunch counter, his elbows squared, and his jaws working like an electric machine. When they went in, he was standing about midway between the ends of the counter. The physician and the mourner couldn't help noticing that everything on the counter below the man was gone; cleaned out, devoured; and everything above him was untouched. Steadily the man worked his devastating way toward the bountiful end of the counter, and the other passengers stood back to see fair play and give the counter a chance. In time the man worked his way clear and clean up to the wall; he surrounded the last sawdust sandwich, he wrestled down the last piece of waterproof mince pic, he choked a little on the last plaster-paris cast of a doughnut, but he got it down. Then, with profound sigh, gazing along the wreck-strewn counter, he walked away with the air of a man who had just sacrificed himself for the good of his fellow-men, saying in tones of triumphant satisfaction:

"There, by gaul! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!"—*Burdette.*

An Affectionate Old Cockatoo.

According to the Philadelphia *Record*, the Zoological Garden in that city possesses a remarkable bird in the shape of a rose-crested cockatoo, now in the sixtieth year of his age. The average age of the cockatoo is from eighteen to twenty years, but this venerable specimen, although so long past the usual limit of her race, is still as vigorous in all her faculties as ever. Furthermore she is endowed with mental faculties which make her a wonder. She was formerly owned by Mr. J. J. Springer of Lancaster, in whose possession she had been for many years. From her youth she has been a precocious bird, and improved her mental faculties rapidly under the instruction of her patient master. In 1876 Mr. Springer decided to go abroad, and as he could not take his pet along with him, he concluded to place her in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, feeling that the bird would be well cared for there.

The entry in the book read thus: "April 23, 1876, rose-crested cockatoo, presented by J. J. Springer, Lancaster, Penn., known to be 56 years of age." After an absence of more than three years, Mr. Springer last week visited the garden, confident that his old pet had not forgotten and would recognize him. On entering the bird-house he took a station where the bird could not see him and exclaimed: "Where is my Polly?" Immediately the bird recognized the voice of her former master, became excited, walked back and forth on its perch and replied by inquiring: "Where's my pap?" Then Mr. Springer went to his pet, and the scene is described as the reunion of parent and a lost child. The affectionate creature ran her bill through her old master's mustache, as she had been taught to do, in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed her head against his cheek, then "kissed" him agaiu and nestled close to her old friend, as if she feared she might again lose him.

Then Mr. Springer tested her memory regarding the tricks he had taught her, which she performed with as much readiness as she did in other days. She whistled and danced and imitated the mewing of a kitten, the barking of a dog, the chirping of a chicken, and whistled "Sweet Home." On Mr. Springer taking leave of her sho was almost frantic with grief, and it was only with difficulty that her keeper prevented her from following the master she loves so affectionately. One of the favorite tricks of Polly is to reach down with her beak and relieve some small boy of his cap, throw it away and then laugh at him. She shows no signs of decay and may become a centenarian.

A Non-Poisonous Green Color.

It is found that from the grains of raw coffee there may be extracted, by a simple process, a beautiful green coloring matter adapted to all the purposes of the cook and confectioner, and which will undoubtedly come into extensive use, inasmuch as the number of green colors suitablo for such uses, and which are not poisonous, is very limited. This coloring matter, according to the account given of the process of extraction, is obtained in the following manner: The coffee-grains are crushed and the oil is extracted by means of ether; they are then dried and agitated with the white of eggs, so as to form a sort of paste, and the latter is exposed for several days to the air. The presence of the white of eggs then determines the appearance of an emerald green. A simpler process is to merely moisten the erushed aud dried coffee-berries with water, expose them three or four days to the air, and extract the coloring matter by means of alcohol.

THE Astors own 3,400 dwelling-houses in New York City.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—If hens have plenty of meat scraps, burned and pounded oyster shells and cracked bones, they will seldom attempt to eat the eggs. Never throw the shells of eggs used at the house where the fowls can find them. If it is desirable to utilize them crush them very finely and mix them with other food.

—Chocolate Cake.—One and one-fourth cups of butter, one coffee-cup of sugar, three eggs (whites of three reserved), one-half cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. To the whites of three eggs add one and one-half cups ot pulverized sugar. Take out four teaspoonfuls for frosting, and to the remainder add six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate.

—Nursery Powder.—Take one ounce of pulverized hemlock-bark, one ouuce of magnesia, and one ounce of laundry starch, pulverize finely by laying upon a platter and grinding with a knife. Sift through a hair-sieve and put into a tight box, and you have the same article which eosts you, if prepared by chemists, a dollar and a quarter per box. Any one can make a puff of swan's down or scraped linen lint, if they think it better than a pineh sifted from between tho thumb and finger.

—Cream Candy.—Put two pounds of powdered sugar in a kettle or saucepan with enough water to dissolve it. Boil without stirring. It will soon begin to thicken, when a little cream of tartar must be added, say a small half teaspoonful. Try the candy often by dropping a little in cold water. As soon as it breaks short and crisp flavor according to taste with vanilla or lemon extract. Pour out on shallow platters that have been previously buttered. When cool enough to handle pull until white and light; cut in flat sticks. As soon as hard place in a covered vessel—a glass jar is best—and keep closely covered for ono week, when the eandy will be in good condition for use.

—A correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* says: "To keep oil-cloths and painted floors looking like new never wash or mop them much, but dust them with a dry mop. If it becomes necessary to use water on them use a clean suds with a little ammonia; rub until dry. For the oil-cloth polish with linseed oil. I have used my floor since last May, which was then newly painted, and it has never been mopped with a wet mop but three times since, and only in the middle at that, around the sides being only dusted, and it is as highly polished as a piece of oiled furniture. My oil-cloths were new eight years ago, when we first moved in this house, and they are as bright and free from grim as when they were first laid."

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, Freneh, or Eoglieh, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent hy mail hy addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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PHYSICIANS SAY IT.—VEGETINE gives an equal circulation of the blood. All physicians will agree that there is scarcely a disease but that could almost instantly be disposed of if pure blood could be circulated generously through the parts affected. Now, this is the way in which VEGETINE performs its wonderful cures. VEGETINE is exclusively a vegetable compound, made from roots, herbs and barks.

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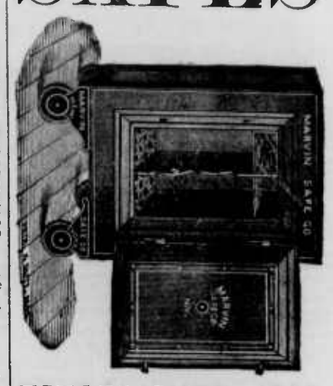

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The blade is best cast steel, spring temper, easily sharpened, and giving *universal* satisfaction. A few moments' trial will show its merits, and parties once using it are unwilling to do without it. Its sales are fast increasing for export, as well as home trade, and it *seems destined* to take the place of all other Hay Knives.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Order of Publication.

Thomas Johnson vs. Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, and Samuel Wood.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 176. In Equity.

The object of this Bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from Luke Wood to Jane Wood, his wife, also a mortgage from the said Luke Wood to Samuel Wood; also a deed from Luke Wood, and Jane Wood, his wife, to Samuel Wood, and to subject the real estate mentioned in said conveyances to the payment of the complainant's claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 25th day of April, 1876, and prior to that time, Luke Wood owned two Military Lots, to-wit: Nos. 3110 and 3112, lying in Garrett county. That on the 25th day of April, 1876, the complainant sold and delivered to Luke Wood a lot of personal property and took his single bill for $147.00 at twelve months therefor. That after contracting this debt Luke Wood executed a mortgage for $375.00 to his son Samuel Wood. That on the same day, to-wit: the 14th of September, 1876, the said Luke Wood executed a second mortgage, for $750.00, to his wife, Jane Wood. That both mortgages were made upon the real estate aforesaid; and at the time they were executed all the defendants lived in Garrett county, but that they, subsequent to the last mentioned date, removed to Pennsylvania, where they now reside. The Bill further states that on the 25th day of April, 1877, the said Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, executed a deed in fee simple to their said son Samuel Wood, conveying the said land to him, and at the time the said Johnson sold the said Wood the personal property aforesaid and took said single bill therefor, he did so upon the faith of said Wood's ownership of said land. That at the time of making said conveyances said Wood was largely indebted and insolvent and had not the means of paying his debts apart from the property so conveyed. The Bill further states that said conveyances were fraudulently made, not for bona fide considerations, but for pretended and simulated considerations; and that they were made with a view to cheat, hinder, delay and defraud the complainant and the other creditors of the said Luke Wood, and that the same are therefore void and of no effect. The Bill then prays that said conveyances may be vacated and annulled, said real estate sold and such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 24th day of January, 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, 1880, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this court by person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of July, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
Jan31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Order of Publication

Thomas Johnson vs. George Hill, Sr., and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 177. In Equity.

The object of this bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from George Hill, Sr., to Eliza Hill, his wife, also a mortgage from the said George Hill, Sr., to Henry Hill, and also a deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., and subject the real estate mentioned in said Hill to the payment of the Complainants' claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, and prior to that time George Hill, Sr., owned valuable real estate in Garrett county known and described as Military Lot No. eleven hundred and twenty-seven. (1127). That on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, the complainant obtained a judgment against the said George Hill, Sr., for forty-two dollars and fifty-three cents. That said judgment was rendered upon a note bearing date the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, which was executed and delivered by the said George Hill, Sr., to the said Thos. Johnson for goods and chattels sold by the said Johnson to the said Hill. That the said Geo. Hill, Sr., on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1876, executed a mortgage for the payment as he alleges, of two hundred dollars to Eliza Hill, his wife. That on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1877, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, executed another mortgage upon said real estate to secure, as they allege, the payment of two hundred dollars to their son Henry Hill. That on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1878, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, conveyed to their son George Hill, Jr., in fee simple, all the real estate aforesaid and also all their personal property upon the pretended consideration of two hundred dollars. That the complainant credited the said Hill upon the faith of his ownership of said real estate. That at the time of making said conveyances, the said George Hill, Sr., was largely indebted and insolvent; and that he had not the means of paying your Orator's claim and his other debts apart from said property so conveyed by him. That notwithstanding the execution of said Mortgages and said deed the said George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, continue to live upon said property and use it as their own. The Bill further states and charges that said mortgages and said deed were made for the purpose of cheating, hindering, delaying and defrauding your Orator and the other creditors of the said George Hill, Sr. That such doings are contrary to Equity and good conscience, and are fraudulent and void. The prayer of the bill is that the said mortgages and the said deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., may be declared to be void, vacated and annulled. That a decree may be passed for sale of said real estate and for such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is therefore ordered, by the Court, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendants, Geo. Hill, Jr., and Henry Hill, in said Bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, A. D. 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
Jan, 31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor,

vs.

Daniel Beachy.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the sale made and reported by Daniel Beachy, Executor, for the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February next; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be two thousand dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, } J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, } J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, } J. O. C.

True Copy—
Test: W. H. HAGANS,
1 17 3 Register of Wills.

Dr. Singleton Townshend

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veltch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Towshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Snouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

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President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

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2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

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District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Facenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

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1 19 2m Administrator.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.50 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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OF

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The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1321, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880. NUMBER 51.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15, 1880.

THE TONGUE AND THE TEMPER.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The Saviour has already shown that his disciples are expected to fulfill the law, not with the outward precision of the Pharisees, but with a hearty devotedness to its spirit, with which the most scrupulous Pharisee was a stranger. This principle he has illustrated by a new interpretation of the law against murder and against adultery. He now proceeds to interpret the law concerning oaths, concerning retaliation, and concerning conduct toward enemies. The Jew sheltered his falsehood under the plea that no oath was binding unless taken directly in God's name. Christ lifts every assertion to the high plane of an affirmation, and makes the Christian's "Yea" or "Nay" as solemn as an oath. The Jew found in the law a precept designed to check passion and revenge, but perverted it into a sanction for cruelty; Christ inculcates the true interpretation of the law in—a spirit of forgiveness, seeking to conquer enemies by submission to evil. The Jew misread the law warning against intercourse with the heathen, and made it a ground for narrowness and enmity; Christ proclaims that while we are to hate all sin, we are to love all men, and to shed abroad the mellow rays of Christian influence, as God sends the sunlight alike on saint and sinner.

Matt. 5. 33-48.

Memory Verses, 34-37.

33 Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

34 But I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:

35 Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great King.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

39 But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy:

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;

45 That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

48 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

HOME READINGS.

M. The tongue and the temper. Matt. 5. 33-48.
Tu. The evils of the tongue. James 3. 1-18.
W. The law of kindness. Rom. 12. 9-21.
Th. The law of meekness. 1 Pet. 2. 11-25.
F. Love to one another. 1 John 3. 11-24.
S. The citizen of Zion. Psa. 15. 1-5.
S. The apostolic aim. Phil. 3. 12-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which in heaven is perfect. Matt. 5. 48.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

O who like thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou light of light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly one,
And like thee, all my journey run.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. "SWEAR NOT AT ALL," v. 33-37; James 5. 12.
Whose command is this?
Why should we not swear "by heaven" or "by earth?"
Why is it wicked to swear?
What harm is done by swearing?
How should we speak?

2. "RESIST NOT EVIL," v. 38-42: Rom. 12. 17-18.
What old saying does Christ here mention?
On what principle was this said? [Ans. Because it was considered to be just and right.]
What does Christ say about resisting evil?
How should we treat those that injure us?
What example did Jesus give of suffering evil? Mark 15. 3.
How should we deal with those who are severe in their dealings with us?
Should we always give to those that ask us? [Ans. Not when it will do them no good.]
What principle should guide our conduct toward others? 1 John 3. 11.

3. "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, v. 43-48; Rom. 12. 20.
Who are our enemies?
How should we treat them?
How will such conduct affect our enemies?
In such conduct whom shall we resemble?
How does God show his love to men?
What should be our aim? See Golden Text.
How can we obtain God's help in so doing?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. A warning against swearing? 2. An exhortation to meekness? 3. A command to generosity?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The goodness of God.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. The perfect man will so revere God as never to use his name lightly or profanely.
2. The perfect man needs no oath to garnish his speech or make his word believed.
3. The perfect man may meet with evil and suffer wrong at the hands of wicked men.
4. The perfect man will sooner bear than redress his own wrongs.

Since Christ died for me let me seek to live for him.

Political Distrust.

A thoughtful writer has observed that disregard of the popular will, as expressed through the ballot-box, has become the main accusation of each party against the other. Each party believed, by its opponents, to be willing to submit loyally to the verdict of the people, and to be ready to thwart or defeat that verdict by fraud or force. In turn, each party is tempted to resort to unfair means, from the belief that, if it does not, its opponents will. There is no doubt that this distrust of political opponents is very general. No one can doubt that it is a serious menace to our institutions. Elections become not truly expressions of the popular will. The feeling that their opponents will not submit, if defeated, leads to prepare each party for resisting a decision at the ballot-box. As long as we tread this path we are moving, step by step, toward Mexicanization.

Who is responsible for this state of things, and how can it be changed for the better? The Republicans point to the fraud in Maine. The Democrats retort that a President was counted in wrongfully in 1877. To them it is replied that force and fraud had debauched elections and destroyed their virtue in the disputed States. The Democrats reply that carpet-bag frauds had prepared the way for resort to extreme measures. But in turn it is said that Ku-Klux massacres and White League resistance to colored suffrage produced the dangerous legislation under which frauds sprang up at the South. The Democrats answer that colored suffrage was bad in itself, was imposed upon the people by unfair means, and so led to resistance. But back of colored suffrage there was the disloyal spirit which made it needful, and back of that was the rebellion—an armed and organized resistance of Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

The truth is that the spirit of rebellion, which struck the first blow when the flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter, in 1861, has been the fruitful parent of all sorts of frauds and revolutionary steps to this day. That spirit was the spirit of the Democratic party. It was a determination to rule or ruin; to destroy the Union as soon as the control of it through forms of law and through free elections had passed into Democratic hands. It matters not how many pretexts or excuses are given for this first great act of resistance to the will of the people. It was the greatest of all conceivable crimes against free government. It was a greater crime because of its tendency to Mexicanize our institutions, and to undermine all respect for law and the popular decision lawfully expressed, than because of the terrible expenditure of treasure, of blood and of life which it immediately caused. It justified that profound relief, which the Democratic party has never yet done anything to remove, namely, that the Democratic party as a whole was ready to resort to force just as far as it dared, and to fraud just as far as it could, in order to defeat its political opponents and retain or regain the power.

No sooner had the war ceased than Democrats, overflowing with professions of revived loyalty, began to tear down by massacre or fraud the loyal governments set up in Southern States. Southern Democrats murdered; Northern Democrats excused or justified them. But this was only another form of rebellion against law and the popular will. Colored men were enfranchised in order to secure support for loyal governments, and Democrats then resorted to masked lengues and systematic assassinations. Then laws were framed giving to loyal governments extraordinary power to prevent defeat of free elections by terrorism and violence, and it was under these laws that Republican electors were declared elected in Louisiana. The Democratic party resorted to wholesale fraud, attempted to buy electors, and, having failed, raised the cry that the Presidency had been seized by fraud. Without doubt it has strongly impressed a belief of this upon many of its adherents. The result is that they, who know that they have been ready to see laws defied and elections defeated in their own interest, really believe that Republicans have been not less guilty, but only more skilled and brave.

The prevalence of this belief is a serious peril to free institutions. It causes, among the more reckless members of the Democratic party, a disposition to resort to any fraud however infamous, or to any act of lawlessness however high-handed, in order to defeat a party which is thought to have gained an election by fraud. For all the sad and serious consequences, which have resulted or may result, those are responsible who have nursed the spirit of revolution with persistent lies about the election of 1876. Had the truth been honestly stated, had Democrats been taught that a Republican President was declared elected through a strict enforcement of laws expressly designed to prevent the violence and fraud to which Southern Democrats had resorted, their would have been infinitely less danger in future for free institutions.

There is but one remedy. It is to crush out, at every election, and by overwhelming and irresistible majorities, that spirit of resistance to the law and the will of the people which makes the Democratic party what it is. The party of rebellion and revolution must be not merely beaten, but stamped out of existence before there can be safety for free institutions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE ADVANCE IN PRICES.—The manufactures of the country should carefully consider whether they are not in a fair way to kill the goose which lays their golden egg. Advancing prices with a view to re-establish an industry upon a profitable basis is a fair, legitimate and indeed necessary enterprise; but every advance which is so considerable as to reduce consumption would seem to be short-sighted and impolitic. The advance in the prices of steel rails, and of iron manufactures generally, has been literally enormous. It is of course predicted upon the excessive demand for articles of this sort, caused by the fact that a sudden revival of industry has taken place, in conjunction with unusually short supplies. But the demands must necessarily cease if prices continue to be inflated as rapidly as has been the case within the past few months. Bessemer steel rails, which were quoted on January 1, 1879, at $42 per ton had advanced one year later 67 per cent., to $70. It is said that such rails were purchased in England during 1878 or 1879 at $22. The price is still advancing, and it means practically that railroad construction and equipment must be reduced, or that they must be continued at a large increase in cost. The Pittsburgh *Post*, speaking on this subject, says: "Another rise in iron, then ore and metal, wages follow, coal keeps company, and miners follow suit; strikes follow, and everybody must follow suit. If iron men will continue this nonsense a little longer there will be a general demoralization in all kinds of business, if it has not already set in. The present condition is unhealthy, and it is only a question how long it will last." Such is a view of the case in Pittsburgh, the centre of the iron industry. There has been at least an equal increase in prices of paper with those of iron. At the last meeting of the Chicago Division of the American Papermakers' Association prices for number one news paper, extra news (all rag,) number two book, and sized and calendered book papers were all heavily advanced. It is estimated that the advance since September for all these lines of paper by the combination has been over 40 per cent. These are facts which speak for themselves. The danger of undue forcing upward of prices, if persisted in, is that it may end in the languishment and final collapse of our leading industries.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch of Saturday says: "The most extraordinary case of sclerema, or petrifying of the skin, known in medical history was made the subject of a medical clinic in this city to-day. The case was that of a child brought here from New Philadelphia, and it is becoming literally a petrified child. The flesh is as cold and hard almost as marble; and while the child, which is nearly three years old, continues to live it can only freely move its lips and eyes. It has none of the warmth and pliability of human flesh, and sleeps with its eyes open, presenting a most ghastly spectacle. Until six months ago it was in perfect health. The disease is one of the connective tissues between the skin and flesh, whose origin is unknown, but is supposed to be caused by perverted nutrition. This is the thirty-fifth case discovered and is an important one, inasmuch as no instance as heretofore been known where the entire body was affected. The child must die, as complete petrification will ensue."

The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week. The convention, by a vote of 133 to 113, instructed delegates to the Chicago Convention to vote for General Grant.

The Irish Famine.

Last week the New York *Herald* made the announcement that it contributes one hundred thousand dollars to an Irish relief fund, the distribution of which shall be confided to such agencies as it may select, and to which fund it invites further contributions. It is not worth while to expend words in praise of this magnificent gift of Mr. Bennett's to a starving people, for it speaks strongly enough for itself. But the timeliness of the largess would be less apparent if it were not accompanied by a showing of the extent of the distress in Ireland, as compiled from the authoritative sources at Dublin. In the counties of Mayo, Galway, Sligo, Kerry, Donegal, Roscommon, Cork, Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, Leitrim, Wicklow, Monaghan, Westmeath, Longford and Kilkenny, there are reported to be 312,370 people so much wanting food that actual starvation is at their doors. Among the local returns we read such statements as that in one district there will be "death from starvation in less than a month;" in another that "seed potatoes are being eaten by the starving;" in another that "two hundred families are on the verge of starvation;" in another that "children remain at home from school, crying with hunger;" in another that "hundreds will be dead and buried before help can arrive," and that a landlord in Mayo county, writes, "I am a prisoner in my own house because I cannot bear the stories of the hundreds who surround it, and I am powerless to give." These are not fanciful exhibitions of the extremities of the Irish peasantry; they are vouched for by Catholic and Protestant clergy, by county officials and by agents of the various relief funds. The picture is shocking. In this country of ours, where, happily, no man who is sober and industrious need never know what it is to feel the pangs of approaching death resulting from absolute deprivation of food, it is hard to realize the fearful impoverishment of these Irish laborers and farmers. The gaunt figure of death in this shape strides across but few American doors but it is none the less a terrible figure to those men and women in the island across the sea. The tyranny of landlordism has crowded them to the seeking of a livelihood upon almost barren acres, and when the little land that they are permitted to occupy fails to yield its fruits, no more helpless and stricken people inhabits the face of the world. There is no use at this moment of wasting upon the landed proprietors invective of their sins that have conduced to the misery of Irishmen. They must be utterly callous if they do not regret the past and seek amendment in the future. But the political side of the matter at present sinks into insignificance in comparison with that of putting bread and meat into the mouths of the sufferers to save their lives. The United States has commenced to contribute nobly; but its generosity is yet far from reaching its limit. There will yet be much money and many ship loads of provisions and breadstuffs sent from our shores to Ireland, probably far exceeding the outpour of English liberality; but, after the task of relieving the famine of 1880 is finished, it should not be forgotten that the causes to which it is attributable will remain until Irishmen are rid of the burden of a system that renders their country what John Stuart Mill said of it—that: "The Irish tenant is the only human being in existence who has nothing to gain by increased industry, and nothing to lose by increased idleness."

CRITICISING NEWSPAPERS.—It is a very easy matter to criticise a newspaper, but to publish one, so as to interest, amuse and instruct the public, is no small undertaking. Those who are so prone to find fault with every little item which does not suit their critical and exalted ideas, should buy type, ink and paper, and publish an organ of their own. Let them try it for three months only, and if it don't give them some new ideas of the newspaper business, then we are no judge of human nature. The conceit would be taken out of such individuals so quickly that they would hardly know what was the matter with them, or whether they stood on their hands or feet. We would, however, suggest a trial.

Congressman Springer thinks that the defeats in New York and Ohio are only incentives to the Democratic party to wake up and exert its strength. But no incentive is of much use to party when its breath is knocked out of it by such well planted blows.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"A FACE IN THE SNOW."

A SNOWFLAKE fell like a single feather
Out of a heart of the soft gray cloud;
She and the snowflake passed together
Into the midst of a passing crowd;
And I, alone in the winter weather,
Paused and faltered and cried aloud:

"O, sweet fair face, that will haunt me ever
Where have you gone that I may not go?
As a stream that flows to a far-off river,
So now my heart to your own will flow;
And a tender thought that is yours forever
Follows your footsteps to and fro.

You know not—would you be glad for knowing?
You with the face of my lost dead love,
Sweet as a blossom in Eden growing,
Fit for the garden of God above;
And lit with a heavenly love-light, glowing
In eyes as tender as eyes of dove!"

The cloud grows darker, the flakes are falling,
The gray dusk settles on street and lane;
And still I hear but a faint voice calling,
"Follow, O, follow me once again!"
And my heart, its bitterest past recalling,
Faints and shudders with passionate pain.

The white world gleams, and the dead leaves quiver
On bare brown branches, on wintry trees;
The cold wind flutters with sigh and shiver—
Ah me! was it ever a summer breeze
That kissed the breast of a golden river,
And stole the scents of a hundred leas?

O face, sweet face, were you winged with sorrow,
To bring such memories back to me,
To make me long for a gladder morrow
Than ever my sad "to-day" can be?
O face with the fine that snowflakes borrow,
As now they flutter o'er roof and tree!

Once more, once more, could we stand together
As stood we then in the gay bright spring,
With never a thought of winter weather
Whispered in touch of wind or wing,
While breezes flutter and swallows hover
And hearts hold music too sweet to sing!

I half forgot that the snow is falling,
My own soul passes to where you are;
No hand of doom, with a touch appalling,
Can sever our love in a land afar.
I feel your heart to my own heart calling
Through silver spaces of moon and star!

* * * * * * *

O, love, my words are but thoughts unspoken!
O, part the cloudrifts and look below;
And give me a word or sign in token
You love me still, who have loved you so,
As I stand alone with a heart half broken,
For the sake of the face I saw in the snow!

MRS. DAVENPORT'S DILEMMA.

MR. DAVENPORT hated society, but Mrs. Davenport adored it, and so like amiable married people they agreed to differ, and to each go their own way, quite cordially enjoying, after the battle was over, narrating to each other what had happened, and counting up the dead and wounded. When Mrs. Davenport was very young, Mr. Davenport had carefully accompanied her to her carriage, had sent her maid to take care of her, and had himself sat up to receive her when she returned. But as she grew older, this sensitive care relaxed, and he found that she was quite content to go alone; he allowed her to do so, with the family coachman on the box. She in her turn was entirely determined that he should not be deprived of his natural rest, but should allow some lesser and more youthful satellite to sit up and watch for her as she came home from opera or ball.

There had been talk of a night key, but Mrs. Davenport thought that was too masculine, and she also had a suspicion that she should never learn how to use it. It is a secret difficult of solution to the feminine mind, that of the latch key So Mrs. Davenport, strong in the confidence of her husband's love, serene of conscience, and enjoying the devotion of a large family of servants who loved her, went off to Mrs. Appleby's ball, on the evening of November 12, looking lovely.

The ball was a large and fine one, and Mrs. Davenport enjoyed it. She is a popular woman, and both men and women like her. She would have left at one o'clock, her usual hour, but that Herr von Bergmans, the German philologist, was presented to her, and talked so well, and was so evidently inspired by her bright eyes, that she stayed on; and then the hostess had the great singer, *Laremburinani*, who must be spoken to in Italian, and Mrs. Davenport speaks Italian with the true Tuscan purity.

So she left the ball very late. Sticknell, her coachman, was sleepy and cross, and after depositing her at her number (which is 39, by the way), he drove off very quickly. It was a fine night—moon brilliant, Mars splendid, Jupiter magnificent. Mrs. Davenport likes to look at the stars, and she gazed upward admiringly, almost regretting to leave a scene which decidedly paled the ornamentation of the ball-room ceiling which she had just left.

She was destined to see a good deal more of these same stars than she had bargained for on that particular night, poor woman!

She rang sharply.

Nobody came.

She rang again, and again, and again.

Nobody came.

Mrs. Davenport began to feel chilly about the feet, which were delicately clad in white satin slippers and silk stockings.

She wrapped her cloak about her and looked up at No. 39, her own familiar brown stone, four story, comfortable house.

Not a sign of movement, although the gas burned in the hall.

She rang, and rang, and rang. No response.

And then she realized that she was locked out, that everybody was asleep, and that there she might stay all the rest of the night. She remembered, alas! too late, that she had trusted to her waiter, a gentleman of African descent, who had been known to go to sleep on these night watches, to let her in. Now he seemed to be sunk in the deepest oblivion. But then, if Orlando slept, some one else had generally waked, and either roused him or let her in, individually. Mrs. Davenport shuddered. A night on her own front steps!

She kept on ringing desperately, and pounded the door with a delicate fist. Presently a policeman came along, and to him she appealed.

"O! got a key!" said he. "Let me help unlock the door!"

"But I have not got a key!" said the miserable woman. "I never had a key!"

"Bad, bad," said the guardian of the public peace. "I never knew them to wake up. However, I will rap for you!"

So he pounded the blinds with his club, and made a terrible noise.

Two or three heads looked out of the opposite windows. One invalid at 41 raised a window and begged piteously that her rest might not be thus ruthlessly ruined.

"Lady locked out!" sang the policeman.

"Well! is that any reason why you should try to wake the dead?" said the irate clergyman opposite.

The policeman walked on, leaving Mrs. Davenport in despair.

"Haven't you any friends in this neighborhood?" he asked as he prepared to move on.

"I should think not," said she, feebly. She drew her fur cloak about her, and sat down on the door mat. She had not regarded that useful article in the light of a divan before; now she was glad of even that medium between herself and the cold doorstep. To weep would not mend matters; to ring and pound and rattle the blinds was useless. Everybody in thirty-nine was hopelessly asleep. She had been forgotten. She, the core of the whole thing, the mainsprings of that vast establishment! The husband and her children, and her servants had, each, trusting to somebody else, gone to bed and forgotten her.

She looked up at the moon and stars, at Jupiter and several other illustrious denizens of the sky, and found them cold and unsympathetic. She began to think of her sins, and feared that she had not been sufficiently kind to homeless outcasts. Even the cats, who were the only people abroad in her quiet street, came in for her sympathy.

"They have a hard time, poor things," said she; "always locked out."

It was a cat, however, who gave her an idea.

Evidently a predatory Arab of a cat, who thought he owned her front steps, for after stealthily creeping up and finding her in possession, he leaped on to a neighboring balcony.

She looked after him.

"Dr. Montgomery's and a speaking tube!" said she. "Why did I not remember that before?"

Mrs. Davenport drew up her long, yellow satin train, laid her fan and handkerchief on the doorstep, and as fast as high heels and satin slippers would allow, went down her own steps and up these of her neighbor, who lived at 37.

"He is a doctor, accustomed to be awakened at all hours," said she.

She rang, heard a sleepy voice come down: "What do you want?"

"Help! Help!" said she.

"What help? who? what number?" said the doctor.

"39; great trouble! immediate!" said Mrs. Davenport.

The doctor seemed to be hours in coming down. She was nearly in despair again, but at length he opened the door in his heavy overcoat and hat.

"O! doctor! doctor! let me in!" said the lady, now quite hysterical. "Your house is warm; do let me in."

The doctor was of course astonished to see his fashionable neighbor, but hospitable and helpful.

"Will you go up and knock at the partition wall in your front room, doctor, and try to *wake* Mr. Davenport?" said Mrs. D., now in tears.

"Yes, madam, if you say so. But had you not better spend the night here, quietly?"

"What, next door to 39? O, no! I couldn't, I must go home. Please, doctor, if it will not disturb Mrs. Montgomery, do go up and make a dreadful noise at the head of Mr. Davenport's bed; it leans up against your parlor, for he always hears your piano."

The doctor obeyed and knocked loudly on the wall.

Mr. Davenport heard a distant thunder in his dreams, turned over, with his deaf ear up, and slept again.

After a half hour's fruitless knocking Mrs. Davenport consented to allow the sleepy doctor to retire to his well-earned repose, whilst she declared that she would rest as well as she could in an easy chair down in his consulting-room.

Nos. 37, 39 and 41 were at peace at last, and Mrs. Davenport, wrapped in her cloak, and in a warm room, in the house of a neighbor and friend, grew composed, and finally laughed at her adventure. It would be a good joke next morning, but as for Orlando, her colored waiter, there was a look out for him, of the blackest!

Then poor Mr. Davenport, how alarmed he would be! but she would watch and see the servants begin to open the house, and steal in before he waked up.

So saying, she fell sound asleep in her chair. At length, Mr. Davenport, like all heavy sleepers, woke up suddenly and entirely. He did not know why, but it seemed to him that he had had a disturbed night. As he lay, trying to collect his faculties, he heard the clock strike four.

"How quiet Coralie is!" said Mr. Davenport; "tired after her ball, I suppose!"

Mr. Davenport listened to hear, through the opened door and curtained recess, the quiet breathing of his wife in the next room.

She was strangely still, and Mr. Davenport arose softly and crept in to see what could be the matter.

"Heavens!" said he, "nobody in that bed! Coralie not home at four o'clock!"

Mr. Davenport paused a moment. Could the horses have run away? Could the coachman have been drunk? That had happened before. Could his poor wife have been thrown, dragged—no, the idea was too horrible.

Could she have been locked out?

Mr. Davenport felt the cold perspiration start on his brow. He rang every bell in the house. He proceeded to dress himself. He danced, in his agony and agitation.

Then, as his sleepy servants began to appear, and one after the other disclaimed any knowledge of their mistress, he descended to the front door.

There lay Mrs. Davenport's fan, handkerchief and gloves!

Then Mr. Davenport tore his hair. She had been there, to her own home; she had failed to gain admittance; she had either been ruthlessly carried off, or she had committed suicide.

Mr. Davenport lost his head.

"She may have gone to her sister's, or to some hotel," suggested her maid.

"What, at three in the morning, you wretched sleepy head!" said Mr. Davenport, wildly. To discharge Orlando, to go for the police, to rouse the world, these were Mr. Davenport's first ideas. He rang up every signal officer in town. The whole machinery of the public service was set to work to find the missing lady.

Mr. Davenport went after his coachman, who, though fully testifying to the fact that he had been very drunk, could swear that he left the lady at her own door, at about half-past two in the morning.

To take a carriage, to drive to Mrs. Davenport's sister's, to all the nearest hotels, these were the duties which the wretched man took upon himself.

In the meantime Mrs. Davenport slept sweetly in the doctor's arm chair until the housemaid coming in, uttered a loud shriek, and called "Robbers!"

To pacify her, to rouse herself, to step calmly out of the doctor's front door and into her own house was the work of a moment.

Mrs. Davenport found all of her people at home and thoroughly awake, but where was Mr. Davenport?

He had left no tidings of himself. He was wildly searching for her! Knowing his temperament, Mrs. Davenport felt sure that he would not return until he had dragged the East River. She was at home all right, and proceeded like a calm woman to get off her ball dress, and satin shoes, and silken hose, and to put on dressing gown and lamb's wool, and to take a cup of tea, to get warm, and then to reflect upon what should be done with Mr. Davenport's case!

"It will all be in the papers," said her prescient soul, "this evening, at farthest!"

"I will telegraph everywhere!" said she, ringing for a messenger boy.

"Hullo!" said a man at the signal station, "this is queer! Here is a man trying to find his wife, and now there comes along a woman who is trying to find her husband, and they are both named—Davenport!"

"I dare say—nothing to—each other—common name—coincidence"—said the telegraph operator, who had learned to talk in jerks.

"Let me see the number," said the signalman.

"39. Yes, it is the same queer case!"

"Wonder what it all means!"

It was late in the day before a baggard man was found standing on the brink of the East River hugging a fan, a pair of gloves and a handkerchief.

Mr. Davenport had evidently taken these for purposes of identification.

When he was finally rescued and taken home, after the usual expressions of mingled affection and disgust, anger, joy, reproach, and great contentment, which all married pairs will remember and furnish for themselves, Mrs. Davenport remarked plaintively:

"*Why* did you not think of Dr. Montgomery and the speaking tube, dear?"

"I don't know, *I never thought of it*, how did *you* happen to, Coralie?"

"*It was the cat!*" said Mrs. Davenport, gratefully.

Mr. Davenport, unwilling to trust to this somewhat uncertain benefactor, had a bell put in, which new rings in the garret, and a speaking tube, which communicates with his own room; and Mrs. D. carries to all the balls now a large and inconvenient latch-key.—*Boston Traveler.*

Annual Review of the Petroleum Business.

The petroleum business during the year just closed has been marked by many results never before attained. Stowell's *Petroleum Reporter* says: The enormous production of crude (nearly 20,000,000 barrels,) exceeded the production of any previous year by about 5,000,000 barrels. The average price of crude at the wells for the year was 94⅛ cents per barrel, being 39⅝ less than for the year 1874, which has been considered heretofore the cheap oil year. The number of wells drilled during the year was 3,038, which number was not greatly in excess of former years; only about 6¼ per cent. of the wells completed proved to be dry or worthless against 11⅛ per cent. of dry holes developed in 1878. The shipments out of the producing regions have been larger than in any previous year, amounting to 16,000,000 barrels, which exceeded the shipment in 1878 nearly two and a quarter million barrels. The accumulation of stock in the producing regions of Pennsylvania during the year has been without a parallel in the history of the trade; the amount of stock Jan. 1, 1879, was 4,615,299 barrels, and on Jan. 1, 1880, 8,470,490 barrels, being an increase of 3,855,191 barrels in 1879. The great Northern, or Bradford district, has contributed largely to these results; in fact, for the last two years this field has been the chief point of interest in the oil country, where most of the operators have congregated and most of the developments have taken place.

In the last five years there have been about 6,000 wells drilled, 5,100 of which are now producing oil at the rate of about 45,000 barrels per day. The total production in the district from August, 1875, to December 31, 1879, has been 21,991,544 barrels, and the shipments out have been 25,771,214 barrels, leaving a stock in the tanks of about six and a quarter millions of barrels. The exports of petroleum for the year have been unprecedently large, exceeding all former years by many million gallons. The stocks held in European ports are also quite large, exceeding the amount held at the same time in 1878 some 500,000 barrels.

The maximum production of crude petroleum in the Pennsylvania oil fields was reached in August, 1879. Since that time the production has undoubtedly been steadily on the decline, and from present indications we may look for a continued decline, slowly but surely, until some new and unknown field shall be found which shall yield the precious fluid bountifully.

There was a steady increase of stock at the wells during the first eight months of the year which was not reported and did not go into the account in making up productions and stocks. The pipe lines prior to September did not take from the wells their production, which was evident from the overflowing tanks everywhere to be seen in the Bradford district. Since the months of August the wells have not only been relieved, but the lines have been taking all the production and steadily drawing on all stocks. The month of December shows that the stock at the wells has been depleted about 182,250 barrels, which we have credited to productions and stock by distributing 7,750 a day through the first eight months of the year.

Queer Excuses.

Some curious things have been written in response to invitations or conveying the invitations themselves. A man of letters, traveling in the United States, responded to a literary lady's invitation "to meet some minds at tea" at her house by expressing his sorrow at being prevented from doing so through having already promised to meet some stomachs at dinner. Whether his excuse shocked American modesty, we do not know. He would have been set down as a very rude man by the English farmer's daughter who, in acknowledging a feminine friend's invitation to go with her to the races, wrote on behalf of herself and her sister: "The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr. T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. We girls cannot go for reasons. The attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening." An impecunious nobleman once declined an invitation to dinner for very pressing reasons. His note was concluded in the following terms: "I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear I am in bed. A rascally creditor has had everything I possess taken from me. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you." An all-sufficient one, we should judge.—*London Globe.*

Taking Down Cleopatra's Needle.

The *Herald's* correspondent at Alexandria, Egypt, writing Dec. 12, reports the safe removal of Cleopatra's Needle from the pedestal which had supported it for nearly 1,900 years. This pedestal is of the same kind of granite as the obelisk itself, and must have been brought from the quarry at Syene, near the first cataract of the Nile. It is remarkable that the existence of this pedestal, measuring nine feet high and six feet square, and weighing forty-three tons, was unknown previous to the present excavations. The obelisk was formally ceded to Commander Gorringe and Lieutenant Schweder by the Governor of Alexandria, on Oct. 22. By the 10th of November the earth was removed to some twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and the base of the obelisk and the large pedestal resting on three marble slabs were made visible. The base of the needle is rounded by age. It originally rested upon four bronze crabs, each about three feet long by one wide. One of these crabs was under each corner, firmly fixed to both obelisk and pedestal by two bronze bars an inch in diameter and over a foot in length. One of these bars, projecting perpendicularly from the back of the crab, is fitted into a hole in the base of the obelisk. The other bar, descending perpendicularly from the crab's belly, is fitted into a similar hole in the pedestal. Both of these bars are firmly soldered with lead.

Owing to the jamming of one of the claws with a projecting piece of the base of the pedestal much difficulty was experienced in lowering the shaft, but on the 6th the work was successfully accomplished. When overturned the obelisk rested on sections of a float, whence in due time the Needle would be shoved into the steamer intending to bring it to New York. The steamer purchased for this purpose was the Dessouk, of 1,600 tons register. The Dessouk was built in England and bought by the Egyptian Government while on the stocks. She is not fast, but is very strongly built.

Mediæval Superstitions.

Among these last was the mandragora, which was supposed to reveal to its possessor hidden things and future events, and to secure the friendship of all men. The root of the mandragora, or mandrake, often divides into two parts, and thus presents a rude resemblance to a human figure. It was believed that this plant could not be found except below the gallows where a pure youth had been hanged. When torn from the soil it was said to sigh, shriek, and moan so piteously that it caused whoever heard it to die. To find this plant it must be sought before sunrise Friday morning. The person seeking it should carefully fill his ears with cotton, wax, or pitch, and take with him a black dog without a single white hair. The sign of the cross was to be made three times over the mandragora, then the soil was to be carefully removed, so that it was attached only by its fine rootlets. It was then tied by a string to the tail of a dog, who was attracted forward by a piece of bread. The dog pulled the plant from the earth, but fell dead, struck by the shriek of the mandragora. The plant was then taken home, washed in red wine, and wrapped in red and white silk, laid in a shrine, washed on successive Fridays, and dressed in a white frock. If the mandragora is bought it remains with the person who thus secures it, regardless of where it is thrown, until sold again. If kept until death, the person must depart to hell with it.

In the demoniacal fauna of the middle ages were wolves played an important part. They were supposed to be men who changed themselves for a time into wolves, and roved about hunting for children. Augustine, one of the most prominent fathers and authors of his time, taught that it was the devil who wrapped a wolf's hide around a witch. Melanethon also believed in this doctrine, and the Emperor Sigismund had the question investigated "scientifically" in the presence of theologians, and they came to the general agreement that the were-wolf is a "positive and constant fact;" for, the existence of the devil being accepted, there is no reason to deny that of the were-wolf, supported as it is by the authority of the fathers of the church, and by general experience.

Another ghastly superstition of those times was that of belief in vampires. These were disembodied souls, which had re-clothed themselves in their buried bodies. In this garb they stole at night into houses and sucked from the nipples of the sleeping their blood. The person thus bereft of his vital fluid was in turn changed into a vampire. The corpse of a person suspected of vampirism, if dug up, was found well preserved, and an abundance of fresh blood would flow from its mouth on pressing the stomach. To this horrible belief is ascribed a kind of psychical pestilence, which spread terror in the Austrian provinces even down into the eighteenth century.—*Magic of the Middle Ages.*

Noble Conduct of a Woman.

Intelligence has been received at Lloyd's that the German brigantine Moorburg, Captain H. Boldt, from China to Melbourne with a cargo of tea, put into Brisbane, Queensland, on Oct. 14, in distress, four of her crew having died on the voyage. She left Foochow on July 11, the crew consisting of Captain Boldt, the mate, four sailors and a Chinese cook. The Captain's wife and a little child were also on board. South of the Solomon group a ship came in sight, but was too far off to signal, and this was the only vessel seen during the whole voyage. On Aug. 1 an island of the Caroline group was sighted, and on the 26th Nunes Island of the Solomon group. At this time the whole crew were sick, and only the Captain was able to move, so that landing was out of the question, as the natives are reported to be cannibals. On Sept. 13 one man of the crew died, on the 20th another, and on Oct. 1st and 9th a third and fourth, so that only the mate and Captain were left to manage the vessel. The heat was intolerable, and the Captain determined to steer for Brisbane. On Oct. 3 it blew a heavy east-southeast gale; the mate could scarcely crawl, and the Chinese cook was unable to go aloft, and being no sailor was of little use even on deck. The Captain tried to save the sails, while his wife, a small and by no means robust woman, took the helm. Besides this the vessel had been leaking since the 1st of October, but on the 5th the leak was found, and the Captain, although suffering from swollen legs, let himself down overboard into the water and stopped the leak. The water already on board could, however, not be got rid of, as there was nobody to pump. At length, on the 13th of October, Cape Moriton Light was sighted, and on the 14th the pilot came on board, and the vessel was brought to anchor. On the vessel's arrival the only person in tolerably good health was the Captain's wife. She had rendered extraordinary services, for she not only tended the crew while they were sick, but also regularly took her watch at the helm, thus rendering it possible for the ship to be navigated. The mate was reduced to a skeleton. The Captain's legs were swollen and his hands were covered with sores. The survivors were recovering.

Brown's Wedding Day---A Texas Tale Founded on Facts.

ONE beautiful spring morning of a certain year, between daylight and sunrise, Mr. Samuel Brown, bachelor, well mounted and well dressed, left his ranch in a certain portion of Western Texas to ride a journey of forty miles. The road was firm and the scenery beautiful, with its hazy outlines of distant hills and mountains, and vast stretches of table-land, covered with bright, green grass and decked here and there by the live oak, with its darker green. Mr. Brown was blessed with health and a clear conscience. The pure air of the early day and the springy tread of his excellent horse stirred his blood like old wine. The breath of the May morning touched his bronze cheek lightly and sweetly as a maiden's kisses, and with admirable impartiality proceeded to bestow its dainty caresses on the tender foliage and luxuriant grass. The little birds tried to burst their throats in their mad joy, and the air was filled with the gladness of the young year. Mr. Brown, though only a pioneer and devoid of æsthetic culture, was always susceptible to the beauties of nature; but on this particular morning there might have been seen a repressed gladness in his eyes—a bottled-up hilarity about his manner generally which could not have proceeded from the influence of his surroundings. The fact is this was Mr. Brown's wedding day, and at the end of forty miles his imagination pictured a lovely bride, a beautiful supper and the cordial congratulations of many friends. He gave vent to his joy in snatches of song, and with that peculiar perverseness of man, indulging in melancholy ballads when he feels good and glad, he sang scraps of a sad love song.

"Let us sing of the days that are go-o-ne, Maggie," musically observed Mr. Brown, with a lugubrious prolongation of the word "gone," and spurred his horse into a gallop. For many miles the echoes sent back gloomy observations concerning "Maggie" and "Nettie Moore," and the hard roads rang beneath the feet of Mr. Brown's mettlesome steed. He neared his journey's end—only three or four miles intervened between him and anticipated ecstacy—when something unexpected, something which ought to have been narrow and shallow and musically rippling, suddenly arose before him, wide, deep and seemingly impassable. It was the Llano River, swollen by tremendous rains on its headwaters. Samuel Brown reined in his horse, rode slowly up to the water's edges and stopped. In the eager pursuit of happiness it is hard for us to realize some sudden and stupendous difficulty that arises in our way. Mr. Brown pinched himself—perhaps he was dreaming, for had he not often slept on his horse? He covered his eyes with his hands and listened. It was all of no avail—he could not cheat himself another moment into believing that it was a phantasm. There it was, a rushing, roaring reality. He could doubt no longer; there was born unto his mind a firm faith in the reality of a great obstacle between him and happiness. He rested one leg on his horse's neck and viewed the situation. Softly and meditatively he whistled a bar or two of "Nettie Moore," and, to his everlasting honor he it said, only made this one reprehensible remark:

"Well, if this ain't——!"

Brown was a man of action, and did not hesitate long. He dismounted, and, in a few moments, was on his horse again, with his hat crushed firmly on his head and his other clothes neatly bundled and firmly tied on the horn of his saddle. He rushed his unwilling horse into the stream, but the horse would not swim with his weight. He slipped off behind, and, holding the horse's tail with one hand, steered for the opposite shore by splashing water into the horse's face whenever he attempted to turn back. Blinded, stampeded, foiled in his efforts to turn back, the animal swam with a mad velocity for the other bank. "This is bully," quoth Mr. Brown, "if he'll only stop when he gets to land." But the horse had no idea of doing this. As soon as he attained the shallow water of the other side he commenced pitching in a manner that threatened Mr. Brown with loss of hold, and when he had gained *terra firma* began kicking and pitching with such violence that the desperate and determined Brown could retain his grip no longer. He was compelled to release his hold, though death seemed a pleasant alternative. The horse was off like a shot, and despair was about to claim the miserable man as its own, when a ray of hope told him that life was worth a struggle yet. The mad plunges of the horse had displaced the red Mexican saddle-blanket, and it fell to the ground after he had run a short distance. Brown's eye lighted with joy as he gathered it up, and, attiring himself after the manner of the noble red man, he rushed majestically up the hill and was rewarded with a glimpse of his horse as he flashed around a point of timber several hundred yards distant. He took the horse's track at a brisk walk and started at every sound, fearing an attack of the paleface, man or maiden. On through the open woods for miles, with no sign of a grazing horse to reward his strained vision. The last rays of the setting sun tipped the tree tops, and Brown thought of a drama that was to be enacted at early candle-light, in which he was cast for a leading and indispensable part. He ground his teeth in impotent rage, drew his mantle closer about his stalwart form and quickened his pace. Hist! Sounds of voices and laughter from men and women on a road hard by. Brown dropped behind some friendly rocks and recognized acquaintances on their way to attend his nuptials. He called to a friend in the crowd, who came to him; all was explained, his horse was followed and caught, and in the happiness that ensued Brown was proof against the jokes that were leveled at him.—*C. C. Tatum, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Singular Case.

THE Oshkosh *Northwestern* of Jan. 14 contained the following item of news that will prove of great interest to the medical and surgical fraternity of the country:

"Amelia Grumall died at her home in this city on Monday, the 12th inst. She was the victim of one of the most singular accidents on record, and her case will be read with interest by all students of physiology and anatomy for all time to come. On the 6th of September, 1873, while at work in the shingle-mill of Buckstaff Bros. & Chase, as a shingle packer, she passed under a shaft, when her hair caught upon a joint of a machine, and in an instant her whole scalp was taken from her head. The wound extended from the nose in front to the first dorsal vertebræ behind, and also took one of her eyebrows, her left ear, and a part of the right ear. The scalp was left at the place of the accident, and could not be replaced as it was cold, stiff, and full of sawdust and dirt when medical assistance arrived. Dr. C. Linde took charge of the case, and, although the unfortunate sufferer was expected to die, everything possible was done for her. She was 19 years of age, and up to the time of the accident in good health. Under careful medical treatment she rallied, and an attempt was made to graft new skin upon the wound, but the surface exposed was so great that nature was unable to cover it with new flesh. Particles of skin were taken from the arms of several persons in this city and attached to the wound, in the hope that a graft might be sprouted and the wound healed up, but the attempt was not a success. The skull was laid so completely bare that there was not sufficient life left to start a new growth.

After treatment by Dr. Linde the patient went to Milwaukee, where she entered a hospital for a course of treatment; but although she improved somewhat, the wound did not heal except around the edges. Up to the time of her death there was a large circular spot on her skull which was raw and unhealed, and required constant daily dressing by her attendants. Her general health soon returned to a certain extent, and for the past four years she has been able to do light housework and to walk out. Within the time stated, she has had a severe attack of typhoid fever, through which she passed successfully.

About ten days ago, on taking a severe cold, she was attacked with inflamation of the brain, superinduced, no doubt, by the peculiar condition of her head, and after an illness of about a week death put an end to her sufferings, which must have been horrible even to contemplate."

"GRANDPA," says Minnie, reflectively, with some assurance of being able to impart useful information; "grandpa, do you know where this snow comes from? Let me tell you. The angels are up in the sky cutting up ice with scissors."

A STRANGER dropped a wallet containing $5,000 on the streets of Fair Play, Col., and the citizens let it lie there until he came back for it. They thought it was some new feature introduced into the string game.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE POLYPHONE.

Professor Jones was very wise,
And wore green goggles on his eyes—
Or 'twould be better, I suppose,
To say he wore 'em on his nose—
And was so very tall and slim
The street boys made a jest of him,
And to his garments would attach
The label: "Here's a walking match."
Yet this ungainly friend of ours
Made daily gain in mental powers,
To him each coming moment brought
Something of moment—fact or thought—
And he could bid the boys defiance
When rambling in the paths of Science.

For many weeks, Professor Jones
Made study of the laws of tones.
Of phonographs, and telephones,
And megaphones, he had a store
That filled up half his study floor—
The number of his tools, indeed,
Would make a work too long to read
With any sort of satisfaction;
But magnets were the chief attraction.
With these he labored, much intent
On making a new instrument
Which should, by means of sound-vibrations,
Make both "transmissions" and translations.
Said he: "For speech we must have tone,
And every language has its own—
(Our high-toned English such-and-such,
And so-and-so the lowest Dutch)—
Its given rules to guide inflection
In some particular direction.
There's philologic evidence
That all our languages commence
In some lost parent tongue—each root
Each nation modifies to suit—
And languages, 'tis clearly found,
In no way differ but in sound.
Now, diaphragms may well be trusted,
If once they're properly adjusted
For language A and language B,
According to the phonic key,
(And then connected in a circuit
By persons competent to work it)
To transpose these root-derivations
Which differ with the tones of nations—
So if one 'sends' an English sermon
'Twill sound a sound discourse in German,
And our Italian learned at home
Can be well understood at Rome."

So saying, the Professor toiled,
And hammered, polished, filed and oiled,
Until, adjusted and connected,
Behold the polyphones perfected!
One stood upon the study table,
And one was down stairs in the stable,
Where curious neighbors might not spy it,
And naught remained to do but try it.
A boy placed at the sending station,
To speak (for a consideration)
The noble language of our nation,
Professor Jones hied up the stair
To listen to the sounds, up there,
Which would at once, no doubt, determine
If English could be changed to German.

That boy below, sad to relate,
Was not in a regenerate state;
His language did not smack of schools,
Or go by proper laws and rules—
His speech was very shrill, but oh!
Its tone was most exceeding low!
So then and there the table rang
With slang, and nothing else but slang,
Which, having no equivalent
In German, clogged the instrument—
And while the disappointed Jones
Stood quaking at the horrid tones
That came from the receiving-plate,
Discordant, inarticulate,
The boy began the last new song—
There was a clang as from a gong—
And shattered were the polyphones,
And ebe the intellect of Jones!

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

STACY'S GAL.

The Simple Innocence of Nature's Child--A Story of the San Juan Mines.

The Colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the oratorical style for which he was noted in the camp and was promptly refused, much to his own and the boys' astonishment. I believe the Judge was the next, but as he had fortified his courage with a large quantity of whisky his breath was strong enough and his words thick enough to ensure speedy rejection. He was considerably mortified at it and was never able to explain the cause of his defeat, but when a Mexican woman drifted into the camp shortly afterwards and engaged in washing for the men the Judge tried his hand again and was accepted. It took him a month to get loose from the bonds and he swore he would "never give any female critter a chance to hook him again." After the Judge a dozen or more of the boys offered their hands and fortunes to "Stacy's gal" and fared in precisely the same manner, while old Stacy himself quietly chuckled and "bet on his gal every trip," as he afterwards explained.

She had come into camp a week or two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father. Old Stacy, a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place she had made a little heaven for him. So he placed his daughter—his only child—in the fashionable female seminary of the State, provided her with everything that was necessary for her comfort or happiness and then struck out for the San Juan silver mines to forget his recent loss among the excitements and privations of the frontier. Stacy was one of the fortunate few out of the unlucky many that enter a mining country, and in a few years he was possessed of properties yielding him an excellent income from their hard, white quartz. He regularly corresponded with his daughter and kept her supplied with pocket-money far in excess of her needs or requirements, but he never went back on a visit, and when that young lady was duly graduated with high honors she determined to seek out her long absent paternal progenitor. With an independence and courage, the wonderment of the boys, she traveled across the plains, took passage on the stages and finally rode into Mineral City on horseback, the first white woman in camp and the object of the shy adoration of the men.

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of scampering away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case; but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not over ten days after her arrival that the Colonel immolated himself on the altar of his affections. Encouraged by his example and unterrified by his unceremonious defeat, the boys one after another tried their luck though, as I have before mentioned, with no better success.

Stacy was a partner of mine in the Ajax mine, in which there were three of us interested, and as we were doing considerable development on the vein I was of necessity much in his company and consequently in that of his daughter. She was a very pretty girl, with dainty, delicate ways far more befitting a house on Walnut street than a rough mining camp; but she loved her father with an earnest, clinging affection that would not listen to her leaving him, and so she continued to reign Queen of Mineral City all through the summer of 1876.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted towards Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly, and so tenderly alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth and education, and such a kind friend to her, it would be ever so much nicer for me to say Nellie, instead of Miss Stacy, which sounded so formal, that I came very nearly adding other words to the name that our short acquaintance would not justify. After that I spent most of my evenings with Nellie, and sometimes of an afternoon we took delicious little rambles together on the mountain sides and into the heavy timber lining the valley or canon of the Uncompahgre. One evening as we were returning home, we stopped to rest on the rock-crested summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its log cabins looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming. The blue smoke was curling from a dozen chimneys as the men prepared their evening meals; and here and there, over the various trails, a blue-shirted miner, with pick and drills across his shoulder, came striding home. The sun sinking behind the Wasatch Mountains, one hundred and sixty-five miles distant, cast great long shadows across the surrounding peaks, and veiled the ravines and gulches in deepening darkness.

Nellie sat on the croppings of a vein of quartz and I lay stretched out at her feet, watching her pretty, tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and grandeur of the scene. She had some light, fleecy arrangement—a nubia, I believe it is called—wrapped loosely about her head and shoulders, and her hair, in whose meshes the sunbeams seemed to have caught, peeped from beneath, helping to frame a face stamped with innocence and purity. Young people always get sentimental in the evening, when surrounded by quiet, and I was no exception to the rule, and almost before I knew it I was toying with the little hand, so white and soft, lying carelessly on the flinty quartz.

"Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough place and go back to the East?"

"Not now," she said, slowly, "though I might under some circumstances."

"Why not now?"

"O, because—because—I don't want to leave papa."

"Is that the real reason?" I asked, her shyness and evident avoidance of my eyes giving me hopes that set my heart beating with quicker pulsations.

"Let us go down," she said, quickly, as she arose.

"No, not until you answer me," and I caught again the little hand.

She drew it from my grasp, and, with a saucy "Come," started down the trail, and I hastened to follow. I made several attempts to renew the conversation on the way, but Nellie always turned it off from the subject nearest my heart; and yet when I left her at her father's door she shyly extended her hand, and I thought I detected a soft pressure as I took it in mine. A moment, and she had vanished, and I noticed a rosy flush on her pretty cheeks and an unusual light in the tender eyes. I went back to my little cabin with a strange admixture of certainty and doubt in my feelings, and a quickening of my pulses that made me oblivious to my rough surroundings.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn door step. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax. I turned my head and saw the lights in the shaft-house of the Big Giant mine on Red Mountain gleaming away in the distance; I heard the clanging blows of the blacksmith at his forge, as he sharpened the tools for the morning's work, and the deep boom of the blast in the Little Emily mine came floating through the still night air. Then my eyes wandered back to the cabin which held Nellie. Bob was still there, his tall figure and broad shoulders contrasting greatly with the little old man in the doorway. What was he doing there so long I thought, and I puffed my pipe viciously as I saw Nellie a moment later join the two. The night settled down, and the cabins faded from view, their presence only revealed by the lights shining through the little square windows, or the sparks streaming out of the stone and mud chimneys. It was getting cool, too, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and re-entered my little home and stirred up the smouldering embers on the hearth. An hour went by and the moon sent its beams across my little table, with its tin plates and cups; across my earthen and rocky floor, touching lightly my books on a shelf at the head of my bed and resting softly on the rolled-up coat that served me for a pillow. I turned on my stool and glanced out of the window. The tops of the surrounding timber were silvered by the moonlight, and the cabins stood out against the dark background of the tall spruces. The sound of singing came up from the saloon and the wind sighed fitfully now and then. And so I fell into a sombre reverie, and Nellie was the center about which all my thoughts revolved. Presently there was a knocking at my door, and at my invitation Mineral Bob entered.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in."

"Why?" I asked, rather sorry of the interruption, though Bob was good company, and no one could look into his merry blue eyes and pleasant face, covered all over with a luxuriant, rich brown beard, without feeling better and less out of spirits.

"O, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, eh?"

"Come, come, Bob, and stop your nonsense. Here, fill your pipe and sit down."

Bob laughed good-humoredly, and, pulling up a stool, sat down near the fire, and, as he filled his pipe, said:

"I've dropped in on a little business—about the Sunshine, you know," alluding to a mine of his and one of the best in the camp. "You knew, I'm obliged to sink—ain't got no chance to tunnel, and the surface water is getting the best of me. Must have a pump if I want to do anything—this bailing water out by the bucketful when she's coming in nearly as fast is of no account. You know that?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, Philadelphia," as he lighted his pipe and gave two or three vigorous puffs, "I want to see what kind of a dicker I can make with you about running the mine. I ain't got the money to get an engine and pump, though I guess I could borrow it, and besides I've got to go East on business inside of a week, and I don't want to leave the Sunshine idle—I can't afford it."

"Why don't you sell her to old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash."

"But he's going out shortly and wants to sell his own mines."

"Going out—Stacy?" I demanded, wondering why Nellie had never alluded to it.

"Yes, going to take that gal of his back to the States. This ain't no fit place for a pretty little thing like she is, you know."

Nellie going to leave camp! By Jove, that wouldn't do. No, if she left I would too. I shouldn't lose her, now that I had all but won her, so I said.

"I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay much longer myself. Perhaps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me attend to your business in the East, if I can; I would be very glad to."

"No; much obliged, partner; but no one can do what I'm going out for, except myself. Same time, I might be able to handle my own property better if I had the Ajax, too, seeing as how the two claims joined each other on the same vein. I wonder if old Stacy would sell out cheap enough?"

"O, I guess so," I said, "especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for you."

"He said the other day," continued Bob, as though he were carefully weighing the proposition, "that he'd sell to me on time if I could get a good man to go my security."

"Would he take me, do you think?"

"Take you? A great sight sooner than any other man in camp."

"Well, then, Bob, you give me a mortgage on the mine, and if his figures are not too high I'll indorse your note and turn you over my interest beside. The mine is solid yet, I guess, though I haven't been to it for a week."

"That's the gal's fault," grinned Bob; "but if she wasn't good I wouldn't want to buy. I believe I'll go down and see the old man—it won't take long," and Bob buttoned up his coat and started out.

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for $8,000, payable within thirty days. I indorsed Bob's note for the amount, he assuring me if the mine continued to pay, as it had in the past, he could easily take it up when due, besides which, I reasoned to myself, that I would soon be Stacy's son-in-law, and, in case of Bob's failure to meet the note, the old man would not be hard on me. I also transferred my third interest to Bob for a like amount, and secured myself for both sums by a mortgage on the property, and so I went to bed that night and dreamed of the little wife I soon expected to have.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next morning there was no opportunity for a quiet little conversation. I told Stacy I was going out, and he laughed and said Nellie had spoken of it, and he "didn't know but what it was a good scheme for his gal, 'cause it could hardly be expected that me and Bob would be good company;" and so the matter was settled and I collected my traps together, and those I didn't care to take with me I distributed among the boys. They all knew what I was going out for, and good-natured witticisms were freely indulged in at my expense. But I liked it, and rather enjoyed my triumph over the Colonel and the Judge and the others who had tried to win the little treasure that I had carried off, but had miserably failed.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart. I couldn't shake off my low spirits, and so I went down to see my little one and from her sweet face and pretty eyes draw the consolation I felt I needed. I found her looking tired from her arranging and packing efforts, but she seemed most glad to see me, and we sat on the doorstep and were soon chatting in a warm, confidential way. As I was about to go I took her little hand in my big palm and said:

"Are you really glad that I am going out with you?"

"You know I am," she said, earnestly, her eyes dropping and her soft little fingers involuntarily pressing mine, and somehow before I fully realized what I was doing I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss on her pretty lips, and with a little exclamation expressive of surprise and not of anger she turned and vanished. I was a happy fellow that night.

Our trip was begun next morning, and in due course of time we all of us came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it, and how considerate Stacy and Bob were. They never intruded their presence, but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had no connection whatever with us. I felt grateful to them and meditated often upon what I could do to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness and good feeling. Nellie was a little paradox, however—an enigma I couldn't solve. I had proposed to her half a dozen times on our way East, but though she plainly showed that her heart was mine and permitted me to squeeze her hand, whisper soft nothings and kiss her good-night when she retired, she would give me no answer to my pleadings, but kept me off with a coquetry in itself most attractive. And so the days spun around and I seemed to be no nearer than when we left the old mining camp, and I got irritable and out of sorts, and one day Nellie suggested that I had better run on and see my family and get sweetened up a little, and I savagely replied that I would, and I should not return until she sent for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a terrible temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked the clerk to send up my card, and he said it would be useless, as the lady, with her father and the other gentleman, had left the night before for the South, he thought. They had left a letter for me however, and—I snatched the letter and tore it open. There were several enclosures, reading as follows:

THURSDAY.

MY DEAR CHARLEY—You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I ever should have and you are the dearest of fellows to finish up on. I dare say you will feel a little vexed, but you'll get over it, Charley, and when Bob and myself get settled down to housekeeping—which I trust will be a long time yet—you must come and see us and be a good friend to your penitent NELLIE.

The next was:

DEAR PHILADELPHIA—You've had a good time with my intended wife and I haven't interfered; you indorsed my note for $8,000 and I won't cheat you out of it. I trusted you and you came to "time;" you trusted me and here I am smiling. I enclose you this my note that you endorsed and deeds conveying to you the whole of the Ajax. She's pinched, Philadelphia, and ain't worth a cuss. You *sabe* now the business that called me East, eh? Ta, ta. MINERAL BOB.

I have never seen them since. I don't want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys don't tease me now, but I thrashed two of them and got thrashed by three before this silence on the subject was observed.—*Grayson P. MacArthur, in Philadelphia Times.*

What Is a Cold?

On a less authority than the London *Lancet* would the theory be credited that the resolve of a person not to take cold is ample protection against having one. "It is startling to discover," says the *Lancet*, "how little we know about the commoner forms of disease. For example, a 'cold;' what is it? How is it produced, and in what does it consist? It is easy to say a cold is a chill. A chill of what part of the organism? We know by daily experience that the body as a whole or any of its parts may be reduced to a considerably lower temperature than will suffice to give a man a cold if the so-called chill be inflicted upon the surface suddenly. Is it, then, the suddenness of a reduction of temperature that causes the cold? It would be strange if it were so, because few of the most susceptible of mortals would take cold from simply handling a piece of cold metal or accidental contact with ice. The truth would seem to be that what we call cold taking is the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve centers presiding over the functions in special organs. If this be the fact, it is easy to see why nature has provided the stimulus of a strong fit of sneezing to rouse the dormant centers, and enable them at once to resume work and avoid evil consequences. This explains why the worst effects of cold do not, as a rule, follow upon a 'chill' which excites much sneezing. Shivering is a less effective convulsion to restore the paralyzed nervous energy, but in a lower degree it may answer the same purpose. The shivering that results from the effect of a poison on the nervous centers is a totally different matter. We speak only of the quick muscular agitation and teeth-chattering which occur whenever the body is exposed to cold and evil results do not ensue. It follows from what we have said that the natural indication to ward off the effects of a chill is to restore the vital energy of the nerve centers, and there is no more potent influence by which to attain this object than a strong and sustained effort of the will. The man who resolves not to take cold seldom does."

Leibnitz's Calculating Machine.

To the objects presented to the sight-seer in the Hanoverian capital a most interesting addition has just been made, in a calculating apparatus, invented by the illustrious Leibnitz. It was, indeed, at some remote period the property of the Royal Library of Hanover, but it had been long lost, and no one knew what had become of it. There was evidence that it had once been intrusted to a certain skilled mechanician in Gottingen to repair, but it had not been looked up, and was supposed to have met with some unworthy fate, as neglected things generally do. Hanover is, however, fortunate in the possession of an ideal librarian, Herr Counselor Bodemann. Not content with merely taking care of what is given into his hands, he seeks diligently for what has been lost. A short time ago he hunted up some valuable ancient oriental manuscripts from the rubbish beneath which they were buried, and the present recovery is entirely due to him. A patient search was rewarded by the missing curiosity being found in some obscure corner of the Gottingen Library, and after a little negotiation its transfer to the old home was accomplished. The instrument in its time excited the astonishment and admiration of all Europe, the merit of the invention being formally recognized by the Academies of Paris and London. It can readily perform the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. The great mathematician hit upon the idea of it during a stay in Paris in 1672. —*Berlin Cor. London Times.*

THE Leicester (English) *Journal* says that "Pinafore" is being played and sung in New York by a troupe of Sioux Indians, and that a great tobacconist of our city had offered a box of the finest Havanas to any one who had never heard or sang "Little Buttercup."

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. Yes, and our neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

VARIETIES.

—Although it is leap year don't 'lope.

—Pinaphorism—Better late than hardly ever.

—Acids and pickles are usually the contents of the family jar.

—The difference between a sea and a saw is in tense.—*Boston Transcript.*

—If wishes were fishes what a whaling time we would have.—*McGregor News.*

—"A movement in wool"—A "colored brother" scratching his head.—*Puck.*

—Smith is Governor of Maine. We knew that man would come to something some day.—*Puck.*

—The serpent bracelet is the latest. It is a kind of beau-a constructor.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

—No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.—*Whitehall Times.*

—It makes a boy mad to observe that many people who write books are so ignorant they spell bumble bee with an h.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—There is another scion of royalty getting himself ready for the pistol of the assassin. The second son of Queen Victoria plays the fiddle.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Gerty Hosmer, a fifteen-years-old girl of Leadville, secretly got married to two fellows, and then killed herself with poison because her parents criticised her.

—A man stabbed another with a scissors yesterday in Brooklyn. It is always dangerous to interrupt a person who is writing editorials.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—"There," said a charming lady, with a naive expression, that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of chinaware, "that is my *brick-bat* cabinet."

—The present Governor of Colorado was once a respectable carpenter.—*New Orleans Picayune.* That's right—kick a man when he is down.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A witness in court was asked if a party to a suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered, "he'd rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."—*Kingston Freeman.*

—A bright little five-years-old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and, after looking at them for a moment, she exclaimed: "O! Auntie, see! The sheep all wear their hair banged."

—The consumption of writing paper in the United States is one and three-quarter tons per day for 1,000,000 inhabitants, which would make the aggregate daily consumption about eighty-six tons.

—Said a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion, "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy, "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."

—The question is continually being asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" The people knew what to do with their boys, but the trouble appears to be that the boys won't let them do it. —*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

—A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspapers rode fourteen miles through a fierce snowstorm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."—*Boston Post.*

—"Kind words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever saw in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Says the New Haven *Register:* "A woman with a red petticoat was mistaken for a danger signal by the engineer of a railroad train; but hold, perhaps he wasn't mistaken after all." No, it might have been his wife.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Of 4,430 miles of new railroad built last year no less than 3,187 miles—more than the total completed in the country in 1878—was west of the Mississippi. Only one State (Ohio) east of the Mississippi built as much as 200 miles of road.

—The *Congregationalist* tells of a washerwoman who, being commended by her pastor for her regular attendance, and close attention at church, said: "Yes, after my hard week's work is done I git so rested to come to church and sit and think about nothin'."

—A Detroit damsel was offered sixty dollars if she would wear an apron made of bed-ticking when she stood up to be married, and she went right off and selected a husband and won the money. The young man that won that girl is going to be rich.—*Elmira Free Press.*

—"Ma, does pa kiss you because he loves you so?" inquired a little boy of his mother. "To be sure my son; but why do you ask that question?" "Well, I guess he loves the kitchen girl, too, for I seen him kiss her more'n forty times, last Sunday, when you were to church."

—"Papa," said he, as he was shown some pictures in a book Santa Claus had left him, "papa, why does camels have such big hunches on their backs?" The information received not being very satisfactory, he at length solved the difficulty himself. "Why, I know, papa," said he, "it's so's they'll be camels." Which must be the reason. —*Elmira Advertiser.*

—An unsuitable present for a rich man: a razor, because then he is tempted to get rid of his heirs. A valuable present for an unmarried carpenter: a saw, because with it he can reduce his board. A nice gift for a lamplighter: a ladder, because he is thereby enabled to enjoy different climes. A suitable present for a married carpenter: a rule, for with it he can appreciate his wife's sighs.

—The Fat Contributor recalls this joke of the late Artemus Ward: He was in Louisville just at the close of the war, and one day at the Louisville hotel was introduced to a loud-talking Confederate Colonel. "Let's see, Colonel," said Ward as they shook hands, "What Michigan regiment did you command?" "Michigan!" cried the Colonel, fairly dancing with rage, "I was on the other side!" "Beg pardon," said Ward, looking annoyed himself, "but I have got this war all mixed up, somehow."

—A scientist asserts that "the aggregation of bioplastic germs evidence an irresistible tendency to correllate the molecules in inverse ratio to the capillary processes of differentiation." This will not effect those young men who swore off on the first of January and intend to keep their pledge, but to those persons who are wasting their substance in beer, draw poker, hot toddies, pool and other intoxicating beverages, it is a terrible warning. It must be a dreadful thing to have one's molecules correllated, etc.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Annetta" wants to know if there is "a healing cure, a tender balm for a love stricken heart?" Annetta, child of the usual destiny, there is; you just bet your etherial language there is a cure, there is a tender balm. Get sea sick. Annetta, go to sea for a week; and if the blue Atlantic serves you as it served us, you will spread it on the record that it is just a little the balm balmedest balm you ever plastered on your love stricken heart since you were old enough to write poetry. Try it, Annetta; and don't be afraid of it; spread it on thick.—*Hawk-Eye.*

How Russian Wolves Capture Wild Horses.

Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is not less curious than amusing to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting. The former is a mere decoy; the latter is the real assailant and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flanks of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous. Both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one at the throat, the other to the flank—and, if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking, to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defense. The wolf before then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time I have been describing it the horse is on its side. His struggles are fruitless. The victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

Courtship In the Transvaal.

Whenever the son of a Boer goes a courting, he proceeds in the following somewhat singular manner: He attires himself in his gayest apparel, puts his best pipe in his mouth (without his pipe the Boer is neither here nor there), mounts the most spirited horse he can lay his hands on to make a chivalrous impression on the object of his affection, and finally provides himself with some present to win the heart of the fair one. After having shaken hands with all the family, he takes a seat and tries to appear quite at his ease, but only succeeds in looking rather foolish. At last, after the solemn silence, which on one's paying a visit to the Boer always precedes conversation, he inquires after the health of every one present. The aunt replies, "Why, what shall I say, nephew? Thank God, I think we are all middling." The uncle is ever of opinion "that all is uphill work with him." The rest of the family merely say: "Thank you cousin;" and the young lady whom all this stir is about preserves a most stubborn silence. Meanwhile the present, generally consisting of a dress or some article of wearing apparel, is produced, and with some short speech, the last words of which are but faintly heard, handed by the bashful and awkward suitor to the lady, after which he feels more at his ease. The future father-in-law, fully conscious of his greater wisdom and moral superiority over the beardless suitor, avails himself of the awkward pause which ensues to overwhelm him with incoherent speculations on the present Government.

After a short interval the young lady appears in the robe that has been presented to her, which her suitor looks on as a token of encouragement. On the table is placed a candle, which plays no mean part in the negotiations about to begin. Till this candle has burnt out no decisive answer can be given; for while it is burning, an opportunity is afforded to the young man to open his heart to the young lady, and acquaint her with his prospects; say, 4,000 acres of land, twenty oxen, a hundred sheep, a robust constitution, a mother who bids fair to be a blessing to her daughter-in-law, a good house of his own, etc., etc. Sometimes the young lady brings a very short bit (for the candle always appears with her), and then the scene is rather distressing, as it may be a sign that she is either in a hurry to reject his suit, or eager to accept it. In the same way a long candle denotes hesitation. It also happens, I am told, that in the course of conversation the girl slyly cuts off a bit of the candle; or, making light of all tedious formalities, suddenly snuffs out "the lingering taper," and replies to the suit of the anxious youth by throwing her arms about his neck, making him a happy man for evermore.—*Recollections of South Africa.*

—There is something saddening about a pair of scissors—alas! they only meet to sever.—*Cleveland Voice.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1880.

We are under obligations to Senator Welfley for valuable public documents.

Legislative.

All of the bills reported last week as having been offered for Garrett county, have passed the third reading in the House, except the one to change the district line between No. 3 and No. 5.

We would suggest to our Senator and Representatives the propriety of having a bill passed empowering the County Commissioners to change the present district lines and erect new districts in their discretion. There are several changes that should he made in order to better accommodate the voters of our county.

Our Friends Should Help Us.

New subscribers and the renewal of old ones are pouring in upon us at a most gratifying rate. Still there are many people in our county who ought to have our paper, and who would if their attention were called to it. Our friends who know THE REPUBLICAN'S merits as a news and family paper can do this kind of work better than any one else, and we take the liberty of asking them to do it just now. The coming year will bring with it many exciting events and from a political stand point will be one of the greatest significance. To all who wish a live newspaper for the next year, and one that contains more news and miscellaneous reading matter than any other paper published in the county, we recommend THE REPUBLICAN. Subscribe *now*.

"The Brooklyn Eagle, a Democratic paper thus speaks of the Maine Republicans: The Republicans of Maine are entitled to the thanks of the entire Union for the courage with which they have acted in this emergency. It is not possible that had their adversaries been more bellicose they would have maintained a more peaceful tone, but the fact remains that they have from the first maintained the front of men determined not to submit to fraud. The Maine Republicans have set all other majorities the needed example of dealing with usurpers as householders deal with burglars. It is useless to talk peace when all the conditions on which peace is worth having are being violated. There will be no attempt in any State to count out the majority if the knaves understand that the count is to be followed by a shooting contest."

Four Democrats were convicted and each sentenced to pay a fine at New Castle, Delaware, Tuesday, for illegal voting at the Wilmington city election, held September 2. These cases make about fifteen that have been disposed of so far. At the election the Republicans charged that at least three hundred fraudulent Democratic votes were cast. Great interest is felt in the cases, and Attorney General Gray, though a steadfast Democrat, is winning much popularity for his prosecution of the offenders.

The Charleston *News and Courier*, under the caption of "The Negro Vote in South Carolina—Kill or Cure," says: "*It is the settled purpose in South Carolina that the intelligent and responsible citizens shall rule, whether they are nominally the majority or not.*" To do this it is proposed to enact a law requiring every voter to write his own name on the registry list. This will result in disfranchising 70,830 colored voters and 12,490 white voters, being a majority of the present voting population.

The people of Kingwood have held a public meeting and appointed a committee to investigate the ore fields of Preston county, with a view to having the proposed transversal railway pass through that county on its way South. The ore beds of Preston county are said to be very rich.

In North Carolina there are six papers edited by negroes; in Louisiana, three; in Tennessee and Texas, two each, and in Virginia, Alabama and Mississippi, one each. Some of them are pretty good papers, too.

Possible Combination Which the Managers Dread.

[From the Sunday American.]

A spirit of distrust and uneasiness has taken possession of the political managers who believe themselves charged with the control of the affairs of State, lest that troublesome minority composing the opposition wing of the Democratic party should form a combination with the Republicans in the General Assembly, and in this manner carry to a successful issue some of the reform measures which during the campaign were promised by the Democratic leaders, but which now they have not the slightest idea of fulfilling. The events of the past month showed what the opposition, if properly organized, can accomplish by earnest work and a proper regard for the wants of the people; for, whatever the managers may pretend in their public utterances, the action in the legislature of those whom they control leaves no room for doubt that they are bent on carrying out only such reforms as by which they will not be affected. Gov. Hamilton's position in not consulting the leaders in regard to some of his leading appointments has given the latter an excellent opportunity to become reformers to the extent of abolishing such offices to which they are unable to have appointed those of their favorites to whom these offices were promised during the campaign. They will go thus far, but no farther. Quite a number of them think that, inasmuch as the loaves and fishes will not be distributed among their adherents, it would be best to reduce the number of appointments and limit Gov. Hamilton in the dispensing of his patronage. Had the Governor advised with the managers these reform sentiments would never have found a place within their breasts. An effort is being made, however, to establish cordial relations between the Governor and the managers, but much depends upon the price which the latter place upon the value of maintaining such relations. The friends of the Governor say that he has made no bargains, and does not propose to make any, and that he will follow his own judgment in the matter of appointments. This appears to be the universal sentiment at present. It is amusing to notice the flurry and excitement created by the introduction of every measure tending to the exposure of old abuses and a desire to remedy them. Those in sympathy with the leaders have been loud in their opposition to every measure of this kind, but they have not always been successful in their opposition. They did succeed twice, when the question of sustaining the decision of the Speaker was involved; but they were signally defeated in their opposition to a resolution calling on the Comptroller for an itemized account of expenditures for the publication of laws in newspapers since 1874, and also in an order for a statement as to the number of officers employed in the House. The opposition, therefore, is not at discouraged, and proposes, if not checked by gag law, to keep on, and the Republicans, who have already introduced measures for the abolition of the offices of State tax commissioner and superintendent of telegraph, are aiding them in their efforts.

The important measures so far introduced, to change existing laws in public matters, consist of the bill to abolish the offices of tax commissioner and State superintendent of telegraphs, to put a stop to the custom of publishing laws in newspapers favored by the powers that be, to repeal the law for the compulsory inspection of tobacco, and to reduce the number of fish commissioners from two to one. Not a word has yet been said in regard to a reduction of salaries of State officials, though the managers, before the election, stated that immediately after the meeting of the legislature steps would be taken for an investigation into the number and salaries of officials in the various State institutions, and that steps would be taken for a reduction in their number and salaries. Nothing has as yet been heard from the leaders on this subject. The reform measures so far introduced have not emenated from the managers, but have met with opposition from their supporters. It is understood that bills will be introduced in a short time for the abolition of the cattle scales and the leasing of tobacco warehouses. The discussion on the taxation of mortgages has occupied the Senate for over two weeks, and a similar discussion will be begun in the House this week, which will also debate on the abolition of the office of tax commissioner, offered as an amendment by Mr. Bannon to Mr. Gorman's bill, taxing corporations. It is expected that the investigation of the management of the Chesapeak and Ohio canal will be begun this week, by the joint committee of the two houses.

Democrats in the Legislature are not so much in favor of reform now as they were during the last canvass.

Let the People Elect the School Commissioners.

The subject of electing School Commissioners by a vote of the people is again up for discussion, and there seem to be a growing feeling in favor of the plan. A correspondent of the Belair *Aegis* very sensibly says:

"Annually there is held in the city of Baltimore a State Convention of School Commissioners and Examiners, and annually this convention passes resolutions that the present school law should not be changed, *particularly* the part relating to the appointment of the County Boards by the Judges of the courts. Now this is tolerably cheeky even for office holders. It is altogether likely that if the law remains unchanged that the present corps of school officers will continue to "hold the fort" during their natural lifetime. There is nothing in which the mass of the people have more interest than the public schools, and yet in this State they have about as much to say about the public schools as the subjects of the Emperor William have in Germany.

"From conversation with persons in every part of this county, I am satisfied that the nine-tenths of the people are in favor of electing the School Commissioners through the ballot box.

"That the present mode of appointment is unconstitutional, I think it does not require a lawyer to decide. [See article 8 and 33, Declaration of Rights.] Some of the ablest Judges of the State have refused to violate the Constitution by making these appointments. The Constitutions of all free States guard with jealous care the honor and integrity of the courts of justice, and they have ever endeavored to keep the Judges untrammelled with duties other than those in their legitimate sphere. The almost life-tenure conferred on the school Commissioners by the present mode of appointment might lead to dangerous temptation. Man is at all times frail, and experience, in this country has proven that men in office are no more virtuous than private citizens. When a man who is in office, is not responsible to the people, and the venture of his position is unlimited, there is great temptation for him to do little things, out of the way, which he fancies he can cover up in the future. The present school law very properly provides that no teacher shall be a member of the county boards, but at the same time the law makes the Principal of the State Normal School a member of the State Board; and, for years past, this officer has exercised the chief executive authority over the schools of the State. The people of this State are almost unanimously in favor of public schools, and it is the duty of the Legislature to see that the school law works to the best advantage. A public school system, at the best, is a costly institution, and the people, who pay the taxes for the support of the schools, have a right to require that their money be expended to the best advantage. They also have the right to say, by their ballots, what manner of men shall be intrusted with the duty of spending their money and superintending their schools."

Pennsylvania Convention.

Philadelphia *Press*: "Could a vote have been obtained free from all personal influence and entanglement the Grant vote would have scarcely exceeded thirty. If a convention can prove anything, this one proves the entire absence of real strength in the third term movement. Its failure is utter."

Washington *Republican*: "It is an avalanche which overwhelms and crushes the sooth-sayers, croakers, grumblers, scratchers and hypocrites who have been for months prophesying evil to the nation's favorite when Pennsylvania will give utterance to the sentiment of its people. It is evident that the third term spook has no terrors for the stalwart Republicans of the Keystone State."

Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "All things considered, it would have been wiser upon his part to have retired from a position which he must have seen on Tuesday that he could no more than hold, for a majority of twenty in such a contest is, at the best, just better than a defeat, and at the worst, possibly not so desirable as a defeat."

New York *Tribune*: "This result must be a severe disappointment to the friends of General Grant, and a hard blow to the movement for his nomination. This narrow majority of 20 was obtained only by strenuous exertions and the use of powerful influence. No one can doubt that if the convention had been left to its own spontaneous choice the Pennsylvania delegation would stand at this moment for James G. Blaine."

New York *Times*: "It may be an open question whether the action of the convention is in perfect harmony with the preponderating Republican sentiment of the State, but strong as may be the popular feeling in favor of Blaine, it is certain that a good deal of his support in the convention came from men who espoused his cause quite as much from opposition to the rule of the Camerons as from any special attachment to his claims on the presidential nomination."

Two negroes have been fined $100 each in Morgan county, Ga., for enticing colored men to emigrate to Mississippi, which is a queer proceeding in a State that is now soliciting immigration.

Gov. Hamilton's Message.

Gov. Hamilton's message on the necessity of amending the election laws in order to purify elections is a strong, earnest appeal, which sets up a standard of political morality which, doubtless, most of his hearers in the legislature considered more ideal than practical. It is the evident desire of the leaders of the party in the legislature to maintain the strictly partisan direction and control of elections that has been so productive of fraud and corruption. The mere amendment of the registration act and the imposition of penalties upon the register for violations of law will not be efficacious unless accompanied by provisions to secure publicity to all their acts. There are already in existence on the statute books severe penalties upon fraud or violence at elections, and yet they have been ineffectual for the protection of the ballot box. In addition to providing penalties for offenses against the law, it is essential to provide means for the discovery of offenses if they shall be committed. As Governor Hamilton says: "Elections should not only be fair in fact, but in their conduct and regulation they should be put above suspicion." It is, therefore, important that candidates shall have the right secured to them by law to have challengers present during both the registration and the vote. The registers and judges of election ought not to do anything that cannot bear scrutiny, and there can be no good objection to the presence of challengers. We think that Gov. Hamilton might well have gone further and recommended some of the safeguards against ballot box stuffing which have been found valuable elsewhere—such as the public exhibition of the interior of the box before receiving any ballots, and the requirement that the number of ballots shall correspond with the number of votes recorded. If we could secure such protections we should have very little fear of the influence of such means of corruption as bribery and the solicitation of campaign contributions, of which Gov. Hamilton so strongly disapproves. All sorts of corrupt inducements are used upon voters at election times; but if voters had the power of fairly declaring their will at elections we would rest easy in the belief that the virtue of the community would always prevail over its vice.—*Balto. American.*

Marshal Doughlas, in his recent speech before the colored people at the Presbyterian Church on Madison street, Baltimore, alluded to the exodus, and, in an eloquent manner, urged that it was foolish for the colored people of the South to leave a country where they were so largely in the majority, and where they controlled the labor which produced the wealth of the country. He stated that the colored people had by their labor made the South the rich and beautiful land which it is, and quoted the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said that "the men who made Rome worth seeing were the men who stayed there." He wanted the gate to the North and West left open if it became necessary for the people to leave the South; but he wanted them to stay there if it was possible to do so, and he believed that the States would be reclaimed and grant to the black man, his rights, as other States had been in the past, for, he said, "he remembered when Massachusetts was Mississippi, and New York was South Carolina." The question to be considered was, what effect the exodus would have on the colored people—not what it would do for the South, and he concluded by saying that they could wait for the truth to triumph; it is patient, but God reigneth in the heavens, and will surely bring the people who bides His time out of their adversity.

The Republican National Convention will consist of 756 delegates, and a majority only is required to nominate. Two delegates are allowed for each Representative and Senator, in Congress and two from each Territory and the District of Columbia. There are 293 Representatives, 76 Senators, 8 Territories and the District, and that number doubled makes 756. The Democratic National Convention consists of only 738 delegates who are entitled to vote. The District of Columbia delegates and those from Territories are merely honorary; they are not permitted to vote. The rule now in force in holding Democratic conventions requires a two-thirds vote to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, but it will be within the power of the coming convention to abolish it and substitute the majority rule if it sees fit. In the Republican convention it will require 379 to nominate, while in the Democratic—unless the rule shall be changed—it will require 492.

The Augusta *Chronicle* declares that the Independents in Georgia are conspiring with the Republicans to destroy the Democratic organization.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10, 1880.

It seems to be now generally admitted by the friends of Senator Cameron that although that gentleman gained a personal victory in the Pennsylvania Convention, it was not a victory for General Grant, but rather a disappointment. Some of the General's best friends assert that were he present now he would disavow his candidacy on the ground that there does not appear to be that demand for him which was the condition upon which he would allow his name to be used. It is not fair to say, however, that many of his friends say that he will be a contestant in the Convention even should there be other candidates equally strong or stronger there, as now seem to be probable.

A good deal of opposition is developed to the bill for restoring General Fitz John Porter to his rank and pay. Many Republicans have been looking into the subject carefully of late, and say it ought to be beaten.

Secretary Schurz is trying to deny responsibility for the appointment of Hayt, now that that gentleman has been dismissed for misconduct. But it will not do. He gave him a place with his eyes open, and has continually defended him, as a pattern reformer. There are others in the Department that may need looking after, and it is worthy of consideration that all of them are of that political nature who are "above politics" or what they delight to call themselves, "Independent."

Secretary Sherman is a good deal annoyed at the newspaper charges that he is making appointments in the Treasury so as to secure delegates to the Chicago convention, and has had prepared a list of appointments made since last August, which he claims will disprove the statements.

Voorhees is still laboring with his Committee to get information about the exodus from people who know nothing about it. That is the usual style of Bourbon Democrats, but when he gives the Republicans a chance they will show him the side of the question that he will not like. Meanwhile the exodus goes on and is preparing for a larger movement in the spring.

The hope of a short session seems to be about dispelled. But if the Democrats think to turn out the Republicans before they bring up their political measures, thus to escape our excoriation they are mistaken. The Republicans will be ready to meet them and to beat them at any time.

LOGAN.

An Old Relic.

[Correspondence of Cleveland Herald.]

A late number of *Harper's Magazine* contained an article on pioneer times, and among other things referred to a monumental stone erected by some individual in Braddock's army near the present site of Frostburg, Md., on the line of what is yet known as "Braddock's Road," the principal portion as which was adopted as the line of the "National Road" from Washington and Baltimore to St. Louis, via Wheeling and Columbus. Accompanying the article is a small cut representing the old landmark. Yesterday our friend H. M. Addison showed us a large photograph of that stone which he obtained in 1873, with a brief account of the circumstances under which he obtained it, which shows that *Harper's Magazine* and the country at large are indebted to him for its preservation to this time. On a visit to the editor of the Frostburg *Journal*, while talking about pioneer matters, Mr. Addison was informed of the existence of that old "monument stone," and of course he resolved to see it. The editor kindly agreed to accompany him and help him find it, as a dense growth of small trees surrounded it and hid it from view to passers-by on the old road, from which it stood a few rods distant. On arriving at the spot they were surprised at finding some vandals had dug up the old relic and split it from end to end in two about equal parts. Mr. Addison at once resolved to do what was yet possible to preserve it and obtain a photograph for his own satisfaction, and in the plan was cordially seconded by the editor of the *Journal* (he regrets that he cannot think of his name. They at once returned to the village, and engaged a photographer and a brother of the editor to accompany them.) On their return they borrowed of a hardware merchant a hatchet and a pair of stay chains, a shovel, which he willingly lent on learning their purpose; and with some difficulty got the two portions in proper shape together, wrapped tightly as possible with the chain, which was still farther tightened by driving wedges on one side or edge of the stone, and then raised it erect in its old position—no easy task, as it was about four feet long, nearly two feet wide, and one foot thick.

The pieces broken off in splitting the stone was supplied by moist clay so as to hide as much as possible the marks of vandalism. The lettering, though distinctly cut in rude letters, was so dimmed by time and moss that it would not show in a photograph, and to obviate that difficulty Mr. Addison had provided himself with a white chalk crayon, with which he carefully traced inscriptions on both sides of the stone. On one side they were as follows, and in precisely the original style—no punctuation:

11 Miles
To Ft Cumberland
29 Ms To
Capt. Smyths
Inn & Bridge Big
Crossing The Best
Road to Redstone
Old Fort
64 M,

On the reverse side is the following:

Our
Countrys Rights
We Will Defend.

With the assistance of a boy to uncover and cover the instrument after it was properly focused by the artist, Mr. Addison and his three companions took their position by the stone, as shown last, and had themselves and implements taken in a third picture. On knocking out the wedges and removing the chains, the two parts of the stone spread apart slightly, and, as the cut in *Harper's Magazine* shows, have continued to spread till there is now a large space between them. There should be enterprise enough in that vicinity to repair the damage to that old relic as far as possible, and preserve it for all future time from vandalism.

Col. E. S. Keitt again urges a Grant and Bayard ticket on a "Solid Union" platform. The promise that "the Democratic partisan does not live who can be elected next November" so correct enough, but his conclusion is decidedly mixed.

TELEGRAPHIC.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

BRADFORD, PA., February 9.—This morning at 9 o'clock Howard Hackett and James Feeney started from this city for Coleville, in a two horse sleigh, carrying with them a hundred pounds of nitroglycerine. At a point on the road four miles from Bradford the sleigh upset, which caused the explosion of the compound. Feeney jumped from the sleigh just as it was going over. Hackett was thrown fifty feet from the scene, and instantly killed, his body being horribly mangled. His right leg was shattered into a mass of shapeless flesh, and his side and shoulder were shockingly torn. A hole was torn in the frozen road-bed twenty feet in length and fifteen in width. In this excavation Feeney was found covered with the debris, but still alive. His escape from instant death is regarded as almost a miracle. At present the exact nature of his injuries cannot be ascertained. He was removed to a house near by, where physicians are now attending him. The sleigh was blown to atoms, and both horses were killed. The house of Charles Seeley, a one-story-and-a-half frame building, fifty feet distant, was shaken to pieces by the concussion. Mrs. Seeley was sitting in the house at the time, but escaped serious injury. A large frame dwelling, occupied by Henry Dolloff, five rods away, was also completely wrecked, but did not fall. Mrs. Dolloff and six children were in the building at the time, but suffered no further injury than a terrible shock. The windows, mirrors and wall ornaments were smashed to atoms. A barn was also wrecked by the concussion. Hackett, the man killed, was 27 years of age and married. His home is at some point in Erie, Pa.

WAR PROSPECTS ABROAD.

WASHINGTON, February 8.—There is a feeling of general anxiety among the different foreign legations here, over the threatening aspect of affairs in Europe. The despatches printed this morning from London are regarded as exceedingly significant, since they would not have been made public, except to excite a feeling against Russia and in support of England. The belief among the legations is that Russia is looking to a cordial understanding with France, and that as to the latter, the question of war with Germany is one now receiving very serious attention at the hands of those directing the affairs of that republic. They have completed the fortifications of Paris, and it is regarded as impregnable. Their army is ample in numbers, their war material abundant, and their finances in excellent condition. The chief question about which they are hesitating is their ability to carry on war and at the same time preserve the republic. As an indication of the near approach of trouble in Europe, all the legations have information of large sums being sent here for investment by men of prominence in the affairs of the continent, and by leaders in commercial circles. Inquiries have also been received as to the probable producing capacity of our manufactories of firearms, and as to the surplus of our provisions.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Mr. A. A. Perry was in town Friday of last week.

—Judge Hamill, who has been ill for about a week, is now able to be out.

—Regular meeting of the Garrett Literary Society this (Saturday) evening at 7 o'clock.

—Any of our readers desiring the services of a good dentist, should call upon Dr. S. Townshend.

—John L. Browning, Esq., killed a hog last week which weighed, dressed, 512 pounds.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Read the Administrator's sale notice of the personal property of Daniel Smith, deceased, in another column.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., has purchased the large Pennington house in Oakland. Mr. Everstine will occupy it as a boarding house.

—Married—On the 8th inst., at the bride's residence, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. W. B. Hutson, of Doddridge county, W. Va., to Miss Kate Yutzy, of this county.

—The scheme for the contemplated lease by Messrs. John Dailey and M. W. Lambert, of Bedford Springs, has fallen through, on account of objections of one of the heirs.

—Mr. H. H. Hobrock, a magistrate and well known citizen of Cumberland was found dead in his bed at the boarding house of C. Lear, in that city, Monday morning.

—The Band of Hope will hold its regular meeting Thursday evening of next week, in the M. E. Church. A good orogramme has been prepared. All are invited to attend.

—David L. Willison, a farmer living near Flinstone, Allegany county, committed suicide Monday morning by shooting himself thro' the head. The cause is supposed to be mental aberration caused by sickness. Deceased was about 50 years of age, and was highly respected.

—A party of emlers from Newark, N. J., with their families, in all fifteen persons, have arrived in Cumberland for the purpose of establishing a cutlery factory. They have settled upon a location, and will commence operations as soon as the machinery arrives. Other skilled workmen in the trade will join the party.

—The miners in the Langolin mine, at Bloomington, struck two weeks ago for an increase of wages. The proprietors refused to give this and hired outsiders at the old rate. Thursday night the new men and the old got into a great row, pistols were fired and some heads were broken. The outsiders took refuge in the store of William Moody, but were driven thence. A trial of the parties took place before 'Squire Warnick.—*Cumb. News.*

—The latest swindling dodge on the farmers is "census-taking." The plan of operation is as follows: A gentlemanly fellow drives up with blanks for statistics of farm; bushels of wheat, number of cattle raised, &c. After getting the information, he asks the former to sign his name. In a month or so the farmer is astonished by receiving notice that his note for $150 is due at the bank. Investigation shows that the alleged census-taker has filled out the blank with a promise to pay, and as it is in the hands of an innocent party, must be paid.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock. Sunday School at 9½ o'clock. Service at Deer Park at 3 o'clock P. M.

New Store in Selbysport.

Mr. Charles F. Frazee has established himself in the mercantile business in Selbysport, where he proposes to sell goods as cheap for cash as they can be sold anywhere in the county. See his card in this issue.

Commissioners Meeting.

The following are the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners not published last week:

It was decided to accept the Castleman's river bridge, and take it off the hands of T. M. Nelson, contractor.

The Board decided to give Mr. Nelson order on levy of 1880, according to the terms of his contract, but declined to allow interest on said order; and the Commissioners further declined to allow said Nelson any extra charge on said bridge, and further, to deduct from the face of said contract the sum of $52.66 in favor of Charles Durst, for materials furnished said Nelson for said bridge.

It is, by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, this fourth day of February, 1880, ordered, that Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Attorneys for this Board, be and they are hereby instructed to proceed at once to examine the books, and papers in the Commissioners office and the several bank accounts heretofore kept on account of the county, and make a detailed report in writing to this Board at its next meeting, showing what delinquents have been returned and whether the same can be collected; also what sums are due by collectors of taxes, and all else which may be necessary to enable said counsel to show the financial condition of Garrett county, so that the Commissioners may have the funds due the county to meet the obligations of the county, and to secure to the creditors of the county the prompt payment of their claims.

Flag Presentation and Ball.

The flag presentation, dress parade and ball given by the Garrett Guards Thursday night of last week, was a grand success. A squad from the Valtigeors of Cumberland arrived on the 4:43 train, and were received by the Guards and escorted to Offutt's Hall, after which they dispersed until the hour of commencing the exercises of the evening. At 8 o'clock took place the formal presentation of the colors, presented to the Company by President Garrett, of the B. & O. R. R. Co. The presentation speech was made by J. W. Veitch, Esq., and was responded to by Surgeon E. H. Bartlett, of the Guards. Then followed the dress parade, which was witnessed by a large crowd of our citizens, who were proud of the proficiency in drill and soldierly bearing of the company. At 9 o'clock the grand promenade, which opened the ball for the evening took place at the Glades Hotel. There were present near one hundred persons in uniform and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the company. A most excellent supper was partaken of about midnight. After supper the dancing was resumed and continued until near daylight.

The Ice Harvest.

Notwithstanding the fears that the ice crop would prove a failure this winter, the late cold spell has given us a fair supply, and most of the ice houses in Oakland are now full. The B. & O. R. R. Co. has had a large force of hands at work gathering ice for the hotels belonging to the company, and their houses at Oakland and Deer Park are now full. They also propose to procure their supplies from here for Wheeling, Parkersburg, Grafton and Cumberland.

The Mines Commission.

At the last session of the General Assembly of Maryland an act was passed authorizing the appointment of three competent persons to examine and report upon the mines of Allegany and Garrett counties. Messrs. W. H. Smith, Chas. H. Hamill and John Ryan were the commissioners appointed to make the investigation under the act in question. The duties of the commission involved the making of recommendations for such legislation as they deemed advisable. They now report that they found the mines in good working order and well ventilated, but in respect to the weight of the coal mined, which was one of the points on which they were directed to report, they had a difficulty in getting at the facts. "All information," they say, "of the actual amount of coal shipped was refused, so that no correct or satisfactory conclusion could be reached." The custom of the companies, according to their report, is to manifest the coal according to the capacity marked on each car; but every car is made to contain considerably more than the real carrying capacity. It is by the registered capacity of the cars that the miners are paid, while the actual amount of coal put on them is included in a private manifest sent to the company or its agents. As the Cumberland and Pennsylvania roads are now weighing all the coal they transport—making out two bills, one for the open manifest and one for overweight—the commissioners suggest that the General Assembly require all the companies to weigh and manifest correctly all the coal shipped, and to furnish for publication such correct lists of coal shipments. A second suggestion is that an act be passed to incorporate a miners' association, to be composed of working miners, giving them power to arrange and settle all questions between them and the coal operators, and requiring the latter and the transportation companies to furnish the association with correct lists of the quantities of coal shipped, thus getting rid of the disaffection existing among the miners in regard to this matter. A third suggestion is that a fixed minimum price for mining be established, with a sliding scale of fixed percentage on any advance of coal at Georgetown beyond the cost of delivery, including profit on royalty, taxes, &c. Finally, the commissioners recommend the repeal of that part of the existing law relating to an Inspector of mines, an appointment from which the commissioners "fail to see any good effects, either to the miner or to the true interests of the State."

All these recommendations appear to be worthy of the consideration of the General Assembly, and especially those that are designed to bring about a more harmonious cooperation between the miners and the coal companies.

Lodge Election.

At a recent meeting of the Oakland Lodge of Good Templars, the following officers were elected:

C. T.—Frank Arnold.
V. T.—Miss Lou Thayer.
R. S.—Zealous Tower.
A. R. S.—Miss Katie Townshend.
F. S.—Chas. Davis.
Treas.—David Little.
Chap.—A. Loewenstein.
M.—Ell. Townshend.
D. M.—Miss Maggie Peddicord.
I. G.—George Little.
O. G.—W. H. Tower.
R. S.—Miss Addie Tower.
L. S.—Claggett Peddicord.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Feb. 11:

John DeWitt and wife to Archibald C. DeWitt, Lot No. 1683; $375.

John Swann and wife to John Barnes, Military Lot No. 1065; $250.

John Markley and wife to David B. Davis, Lot No. 2991, containing 50 acres, and part of Lot No. 2927; $565.

Jackson Umbel to John Markley, part of Lot No. 2927, containing 144 acres and 32 perches; $42.

Isaac T. Frazee and wife to John Markley, Lot No. 2991, containing 50 acres; $300.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 10th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters of Administration granted to Wm. H. Barnard on the estate of Henry P. Lohr, late of Garrett Co., deceased.

The fourth account of Isaac Myers, Administrator of Zechariah Vansickle, deceased, which was passed February 10th, ratified.

The sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, which was made by Daniel Beachy, executor of said deceased, ratified and confirmed.

Letters of Administration granted to Chas. F. Frazee on the estate of John J. Frazee, late of Garrett county, deceased.

Subscribe for The Republican.

MR. EDITOR:—The above sentence has time and again appeared in your paper, but always with such brevity that I have often felt a strong desire to give some of the reasons why it should be admitted into at least every Republican household. Here are some of the reasons which present themselves to my mind:

In size it is the largest paper in the county. It contains all the important news of the county and State, and much other valuable information. Not only does it give political and secular news, but the student of the Bible finds it a valuable aid in the Sunday School work, by giving the International Lessons for each Sunday in the year.

That it was a great factor in the last campaign, and aided very materially in bringing about the much desired result, no one can truthfully deny. But a work of greater importance is just before it, and to this the mind of every Republican should be vigilantly turned; that is, to the Presidential election next November. I know of no other medium through which the general reader can obtain, for the same amount of money, more correct and reliable information than through its columns. Therefore I believe, and insist upon it, that every subscriber should use his personal influence to place it in the hands of his neighbor, and thus aid in the circulation of facts that will be of great value to the render.

E.

OAKLAND, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Our Annapolis Letter.

ANNAPOLIS, February 10 1880.

Almost three weeks have intervened since my last communication to THE REPUBLICAN. In that time the fact has been more fully developed, that the wirepullers of dominant party have no intention of reforming existing abuses in the conduct of public affairs, unless driven to it by the Executive, and the Republican members. Several questions have been introduced since my last to test the sincerity of Democratic pledges but they have invariably encountered the opposition of the leaders of the majority. A great pressure is brought to bear upon them. They are fresh from the canvass where such sweeping reforms were promised, and they know that a quickened public sentiment is scrutinizing their every action. They have also against them the iron will of a determined Executive, and the solid Republican vote.

Among the measures calculated to test the sincerity of pledges made on the stump I note first, the proposition to give out the publict printing to the lowest responsible bidder. This was promtly voted down by the majority and on the following day they hastened to elect a printer of their own selection, at a salary of $38,000, the same as paid for the work at the last session, and as the public printing was one of the subjects to be reformed we see no disposition to correct this crying abuse.

A few days ago Mr. Turner of Allegeny, offered an order directing the chairman of the committee on claims to report to this House the number of officers employed, their duties, compensation, and by whom appointed. Mr. Vandiver the chairman of that committee made an effort to table the order, but did not succeed in suppressing the information. This report shows that the House has 23 officers appointed by the committee on organization, five by the Speaker and four jointly by the House and Senate, making thirty in all for the House; they receive $5 per day each, except two, and they receive $10 per day. Some of their duties are very light, as I will presently show.

All the more important committees have clerks. I will notice more especially the election committee, of which I have positive knowledge. That committee has held four meetings, of about two hours duration each, and they will hold perhaps, two or three additional meetings. The clerk sits by during the sessions of the committee and, I believe, has charge of papers of the parties contesting the seat. He will be employed in the way indicated perhaps 10 hours during the session of the Legislature and will draw 90 days pay at $5 per day, besides mileage and postage stamps, and there is no earthly use for his appointment at all, as the work could be done just as well without him. This is but one of many evidences of reform, as there a dozen other employes of the House just as useless as the case mentioned.

To-day an order will probably be passed giving all these useless officers $15 worth of postage stamps.

Yesterday there was an amusing debate by the members of Talbot county on the question of taking the gates off the public road. They both insisted that they were a nuisance, and would be voted so by the people, but one of them opposed the taking off of the gates, because he was a Democrat and he claimed that the other was not the simon-pure article, and left it to be inferred that it was undemocratic to abate a nuisance. Mr. Roberts, of Prince George's county, took part in the debate; he declared that gates on the highway were a relic of barbarism, that Prince George's county was cursed with them until she was represented here by Republicans, and as they had no chance of getting back to the legislature again they had taken the responsibility of abolishing the gates. Certainly a very flattering, tho' perhaps unintentional commentary on the wisdom of Republican legislation.

SPHINX.

From numerous experiments made in the great hospital at Posen, Prussia, it appears that ice is a most effectual remedy against small-pox. One of the patients, in a fit of delirium, escaped to the garden, where the snow lay two feet deep. There he remained the whole night, with no covering but his shirt. On the following morning the fever had subsided and the pustules had dried. This strange circumstance attracted the physicians' attention, and, after consultation, they determined to keep the temperature of the small-pox wards very low, and apply small quantities of ice to the patients. The results surpassed their expectations, and at the end of a week all the patients had recovered.

If all men were equally rich, all would be equally poor. If every man could keep his carriage, who would drive them? If every man could live in a palace, who would carry a hod? If every man could wear purple and fine linen, who would weave them. Universal wealth would be universal poverty and tend to universal barbarism. It is better as it is.

A bill has been introduced in the House to repeal the law for publishing the laws in the newspapers of the State, but there is no likelihood that it will pass. It is too big a plum to snatch from the rural oracle of the Ring.

At a reunion of the Alumni of Bowdoin College, in New York, Thursday night, Gen. Chamberlain, president of the institution, in the course of an admirable speech on the recent struggle in Maine, eulogized the action of the Supreme Court, and said that they should take its now famous opinions into the senior class of the college for intelligent study. The circumstance is calculated to suggest the reflection that if the youth of our colleges were generally as carefully instructed in the history of the republic and its institutions as they are in the dead languages and mathematics, there would be less opportunity for politicians in the future to play upon party passion and public ignorance. Our colleges ought to turn out good citizens as well as good scholars.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of average legislators. So it is not worth while to make any conjecture as to the intellectual process by which the Mississippi legislature is endeavoring to effectually check the exodus of negroes from that State. But the plain facts are that it is proposed to inflict a penalty of twenty dollars upon any person discovered in decoying emigrants from that State. It is also provided that any resident who announces his intention to migrate shall be fined and imprisoned. There may be some little difficulties in the way of enforcing such legislation, but if it can be accomplished the good old State will become a very close corporation.

The minority report of the Military Committee on the Fitz John Porter case, presented by Senator Logan, opposes the passage of the bill recommended by the majority to set aside the findings of the general court martial. It asserts that the President has no power to revoke and annul the sentence, nor can Congress confer such power. The President may pardon, but this is all he can legally do. Authorities are cited to sustain this opinion from the Supreme Court and state courts.

The Democratic Vicksburg *Herald* states that in Monroe county, Miss., applicants for positions as school teachers are required to sign certificates that they have supported and will support Democratic candidates for office. The *Herald's* comments are as follows: "Some of the dog tail papers have frequently asked us to define Bourbonism. Those guilty of criminal errors like this are Bourbons."

The Boston *Herald* says the present season, though so far unfavorable for the collection of ice in the States south of Maine, has proved unusually fine in the latter, and a great crop has been harvested. A section of less than twenty miles of the Kennebec river, in Maine, constitutes now the principal ice farms of the country, and this season there will be harvested in that neighborhood upward of one million tons of the crop.

Governor Holliday, of Virginia, has declined, for reasons satisfactory to himself, to commission the recently elected judges. The constitution of the State not distinctly specifying when the county judges elected by the Legislature, since January 1st, are entitled to take their seats, immediately, or wait until the first of next year, takes advantage of the laws incertitude by giving his party the benefit of the doubt.

It would be difficult to enact a law, dictating how a man shall gratify his own appetite, but in a christian community, there should be no difficulty in preventing by law, the sale of an article which produces more crime than all things else combined.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assyer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, D. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
Examiners.

feb. 14-5w

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, the undersigned, Administrators of Daniel Smith deceased, will offer at public sale, at Johnstown, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, March 2d, 1880,

at 10 A. M., all the following personal property belonging to the estate of the said Daniel Smith deceased, viz:

96 Head of Sheep,
6 Milch Cows,
2 Horses,
1 Colt.

Also a large lot of farming implements, household and kitchen furniture; also, the stock of goods contained in the store of the late Daniel Smith, at Johnstown, consisting of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, &c.,

and such things as are usually found in a well-stocked country store.

TERMS OF SALE:—On all sums of five dollars or under, cash. On all sums over five dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser to give note with security to be approved by the Administrators.

ELIZABETH SMITH,
DANIEL R. SMITH,
Feb. 14-tds Administrators.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticted, on or before the 14th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 14-tw Administrator.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Carey & Corson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. H. LEWIS,
2 14 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust executed by Richard T. Browning and Hattie C. Browning, his wife, to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Richard T. Browning, I will on the

25th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the residence of Richard T. Browning, at Snag Run, in Garrett county, offer for sale the following described

PERSONAL PROPERTY,

to-wit: All the household and kitchen furniture in the house where said Browning now resides, consisting in part of 8 bedsteads and bedding, 1 cooking stove, chairs, tables, queensware, &c., &c. Also 3 cows, 4 sheep, 2 hogs, 1 spring wagon, 1 bar-shear plow and numerous other articles of personal property.

I will also on the

26th Day of February,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Browning House in Oakland, offer for sale a one-third undivided interest in that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"*SKIPNISH,*"

containing 88½ acres of land, more or less. This is a valuable tract of land and is some of the best timber land now in Garrett county.

I will also at the same time and place offer for sale

The Entire Stock of Hotel Furniture,

in the "Browning House," consisting of Parlor set, cottage sets, mattrasses, chairs, tables, carpets, mirrors, pictures, dining room and kitchen furniture, stoves, queensware &c., &c. The above property, real and personal, will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE for personal property:—On all sums over ten dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser giving his single bill with security to be approved by the trustee; all sums under ten dollars, cash. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with. Terms for the real estate will be easy and will be made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Trustee.

I will also on the 26TH DAY of FEBRUARY, at the time and place aforesaid, offer for sale all that valuable real estate in Oakland known as the

BROWNING HOUSE.

This is a very valuable property, is eligibly located and has a fine custom. The buildings are commodious and are nearly new, with large livery stable on the premises. For any one desiring to engage in the hotel business a rare opportunity is offered. Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Attorney and Agent for Mrs. Hattie C. Browning. feb7-tds.

Contagion.

Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighborhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vapory emanation it would be equally diffused through the sick room, and all who entered it would, if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case, for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances and exposed in exactly the same degree to a given contagion, one may suffer and the other escape. The explanation of this is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere, so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubic space. Suppose that a hundred germs are floating about in a room containing two thousand cubic feet of air. There is one germ for every twenty cubic feet. Naturally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighborhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room; or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling or near the floor. In a given twenty cubic feet there may be a dozen germs or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain there an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size of the room by one-half and you do the same. Keep the windows shut and you keep the germs in; open them and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large, airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants.—*Nineteenth Century.*

French Politeness With the Gilt Off.

A correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser*, writing from Paris, says: You would not think very highly of their average politeness if you could study intimately, as I have done, their manners at table, especially in hotels and at restaurants and cafes. Mind, I do not assert that French ladies and gentlemen eat in the following manner at their own private tables. But at nearly every French cafe and restaurant I have ever been in, there is no spoon furnished for the salt and pepper, and every one plunges his or her knife or spoon into the common receptacle and thus helps himself or herself. When a Frenchman or Frenchwoman, of no matter how high social station, desires to use his or her pocket handkerchief at table, they do so in a mauner so offensive, so noisy, so filthy as to seriously disturb the stomachs of all Americans who may be seated near them. They seem to think nothing of blowing their noses loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers, and that, too, right opposite you, while you are eating. They have also another perfectly disgusting habit—that of spitting in their handkerchiefs in a peculiarly sickening way while at table, which doesn't tend to enbance the pleasures of degustation to yourself. Nine out of every ten Frenchmen at a restaurant or *cremerie* (which is a sort of second-class restaurant, cheap but very respectable in its management and *cliertele* will), when the rolls and *croissants* are passed to him in a sort of basket, pick over and handle nearly every one in the basket before making his selections. Imagine the pleasure of having to eat these *croissants* after a dozen of dirty fingered *clients* have tossed them over and over!

There are many other table habits which will not bear repeating, but when seen they tend to alter one's preconceived opinion of French politeness and native elegance. I firmly believe that the Americans are the most highly civilized and truly polite people in the world.

As To Tombstones.

Tombstones have, from the earliest times, created more interest in the breasts of those *to* whom thay lie than *on* whom they lie; and if they were stricken from history and literature it would leave a chasm like a toothless mouth. They have probably far outnumbered the houses in which men have dwelt, and in the case of the pyramids, have rivaled them in size. The virtues which they display ou their broad countenances are more constant and enduring than those of the mortals for whose benefit they parade these merits. Though they are the artificial products of man's ingenuity they are a happy imitation of nature, covering up with pleasing adjectives, as she does with grass and flowers, the disagreeable defects of the person beneath.

Virtuous and repelling as they are, tombstones offer temptations to sin not always resisted. A woman in Paris was recently arrested charged with stealing a tombstone. It was proved that she had gone to a benevolent gentleman with the story that some of her husband's creditors had levied upon the tombstone which she had just had made and sculptured, so that she could not pay a fitting tribute to his memory, nor in this way find vent for her terrible grief. She begged him, therefore, to lend her the sum sufficient to release it, he himself taking the lien upon it. Conducting him to the stonecutter's yard, she promptly pointed it out to him. Touched to the heart by such devotion, he handed over the sum required, only to find subsequently that the handsome monument was sacred to the memory of another man, and that she had selected it as the one most likely to impress the philanthropist with the safety of loaning her the money.

In Nevada, not long since, one Boggs was arrested while staggering under a tombstone on his back, on which was the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of W. Boggstone. Died January 3, 1856. A kind father, an indulgent husband, and a true man." Boggs, on being arrested, declared that he was not guilty of theft; that the inscription showed that it belonged to him. It was Bogg's stone. The description, too, fitted him exactly. He was a kind father, an indulgent husband, and a true man. No one could possibly put in a better claim to the tombstone than that. When the date was pointed out to him, he replied that that, of course, was a lie. Unless there was some kind of a misstatement upon it no one would take it—he certainly would not have done so—for a tombstone, and that this was the least harmful possible form of misrepresentation. Some one testified that they knew Boggstone, and that he died at the date mentioned, and the tombstone was subsequently erected over his grave. To which Boggs answered that if that man had had the use of the stone twenty years, it was all he could reasonably ask, and that neither be nor his friends had any right to object to its standing guard over somebody else, to whom the epitaph applied with much more accuracy than to any other man in the community. In fact, Boggs pleaded his case so eloquently and astutely that the court was forced to aequit bim, and he carried off his tombstone in triuuph, like Sampson with the gates of Gaza.—*Free Press.*

About Country Roads.

Although we are a boastful people, we never brag about the common wagon roads of the country. If they were capable of being transported, we should not be tempted to exhibit them at any international fair. Our highest authority on the subject declares that the common roads of the United States are inferior to those of any other civilized country. All our citizens who have been abroad agree in the above opinion. Even the "barbarous Turk" construct better roads than the civilized American. We "beat the world" in the matter of wheeled vehicles of every kind, but we pay very little attention to the roads over which they are run. We have neglected the science and art of road-making almost entirely. Few treatises on the construction of such roads have ever been published in the country, and they have had a very limited sale. With a road on nearly every section line, one may travel a hundred miles without finding an expert at road-making.

There are various things that serve to account for the badness of our roads. The country is new, and the construction of fine roads is usually the result of considerable time. Our population is scattered, and to supply all portions of the country with good roads would involve a heavier tax on the community than is required in countries that are densely peopled. In the West, where the roads are generally worse than in any section of the country, farmers are commonly engaged in improving their property, and they find it hard to make public improvements at the same time. As a rule, the roads are more numerous than the wants of the general public actually require. Every farmer, even if he owns but forty acres of land, wants a road on one side of his premises, and he expects that it will be laid out, constructed and kept in repair at public cost. The great number of roads serves to make them all very miserable.

Our numerous railroads have operated against the construction of earth roads of the excellence of those found in foreign countries. The fine roads seen abroad were generally made before railroads were thought of, and the present generation is only taxed to keep them in repairs. Many portions of the West were supplied with railroads before any earth roads were constructed. This being the case, settlers only concerned themselves about roads leading from their farms to the nearest station. In some sections so many railroads were projected that farmers waited to see if one would not pass their doors before they thought to construct a common road to a station on some existing railway line at considerable distance from their places. As a rule they were heavily taxed in some way for the railroads, and they accordingly thought themselves too poor to spend much on common roads.

In many portions of the prairie region of the West materials for the construction of public road-beds are scarce, and the ordinary soil is as bad for making roads as it is good for producing crops. It is soft, porous, retentive of moisture, and easily washed. On the low and flat prairies there are few facilities for proper drainage. The ditches made at the sides of roads for the purpose of carrying off water are easily filled with earth, owing to insufficient fall. In many cases the ditches become simply reservoirs for holding water. The porous character of the earth of which the road is constructed causes it to absorb the water and to keep it saturated for days and weeks after a rain. Such is the action of the water in ditches on the roads they are intended to drain that the public highway affords a much poorer passage for teams than the adjoining private fields or open prairies.

Another thing that has operated against the construction and maintenance of good roads is the general lack of local pride concerning them. Towns emulate each other in the construction of school houses and other public buildings. There is great rivalry among different denominations about the building of elegant churches. But there seems to be no pride, emulation or spirit of rivalry on the subject of fine roads. It is often difficult to find a hall in a village of sufficient capacity to accommodate the people that will assemble at a meeting called in the interest of some projected railroad. But a meeting held for the purpose of arousing public sentiment on the subject of better earth roads, on which anyone can travel without cost, would not be attended by a dozen people, and most of them would be opponents of the measure. Still the wagon track will be used fifty times where the car track is employed only once.

Farmers and other people living in the country often complain of the expense attending the construction of good roads. They do not like to pay for them. They seem to forget that they are obliged to pay for poor roads and that they generally pay very dearly for them. Poor roads wear out horseflesh, break harnesses and destroy wagons and carriages. They prevent making quick trips and hauling large loads. They often operate against the interest of farmers in various ways. The condition of earth roads generally depends on the state of the weather. During and soon after heavy rains they are almost impassable. As a consequence farmers are generally obliged to market their crops and stock when the roads happen to be in good condition. It often occurs that at these times produce is low, while freights are high, and that the reverse is the case when the roads, owing to want of proper construction, are in very bad condition.

Neither town nor village people seem to properly appreciate the value of good public roads. The former are indebted to them for the principal portion of their trade and the patronage given to mechanics. The latter owe much of their financial prosperity, as well as most of their social pleasures, religious advantages, and the means of intellectual culture, to the condition of the roads leading from their homes to the large towns in the vicinity. At the present time there is nothing by way of public improvements that is so much entitled to attention as the common roads throughout the West. As a rule, there is no lack of sufficient railroads and other means of public conveyance and transportation. In nearly every considerable town there are commodious school-houses and spacious halls and churches. But the roads are abominable. They are little less than a disgrace to our civilization.—*Chicago Times.*

Origin of the Lobby in Washington.

Old habitues of the Capitol have somehow or other got the idea that what is known as the Washington lobby was established some time between 1830 and 1836, when Jackson was making his attack upon the United States Bank. It may be true that what is properly understood under the term of the lobby, that is to say, a body of men regularly organized for the purpose of carrying or defeating a certain measure pending before Congress, was, indeed, established at the time mentioned. No matter how this may be, it is a matter of record that ever since the foundation of the Government, even during the Administration of the Father of his Country, undue influences of one kind or another were brought to bear upon members of Congress and upon members of the Administration. Shortly after the commencement of the present century, a Senator from Ohio was expelled because of corrupt practices which seemed to have been proved against him, and at more or less frequent intervals ever since, Congress, the capital, and the country have been startled by allegations of corruption made against prominent officers. Many of the most widely-known men of the time, if tradition speaks truly, were in the pay of the English tariff lobby of 1824 and the succeeding years, and during the administration of President Taylor one of his Cabinet was, upon very good ground, reported to have been too intimately connected with the notorious Galpin claim. Shortly after this came the expose of the great frauds committed by Dr. Gardner, in connection with claims growing out of the Mexican war and the seemingly well-substantiated statements that the then Secretary of the Treasury had benefited by the swindle. Gardner seems to have been one of the most remarkable men of his class who ever appeared in Washington. He was thoroughly a gentleman, a man of large information, a brilliant conversationalist, and a generous whole-souled companion. Endowed with these qualifications, he became very popular in the Capital, married one of the belles of her time, and was known to be on terms of the closest intimacy with the then Secretary of the Treasury. Aided by these powerful influences, when he demanded, on his own behalf and on the behalf of others, a large sum of money from the Mexican Government for losses to himself and them, caused by depredations of Mexican soldiers, no one doubted that the claim was in every way a just one; at all events it received the warm support of many influential people in Washington, among them the Secretary of the Treasury, and in due time it was paid. Subsequently however, it was discovered that the brilliant and versatile Gardner was a swindler, and his so-called claim a gigantic fraud. He was arrested, thrown into a Washington jail, and there died miserably by his own hands. What he did with the large sum of money obtained by the means described was never ascertained. It is only known that after his death his family was reduced almost to poverty.

In connection with the same general subject of Mexican claims it is interesting to recall the then famous, though now almost forgotten, dispute which arose in regard to the claim for $10,000,000 which the Government of Mexico had against the United States. By the terms of the agreement made it was stipulated that the money was to be paid to the then existing Administration of Mexico. By an arrangement with that Administration, which was sadly in need of money, Hargouse & Co. had for themselves and other bankers bought the claim at forty cents on the dollar. Subsequently, and before the money was paid by our Government, the Mexican Administration existing at the time of the agreement was overthrown by revolution. The representatives of the United States held that because of this the agreement was null and void, and Hargouse & Co., with their friends, saw themselves on the verge of ruin. In this emergency, the services of a most powerful social lobby was called in play. It is not charged that money was used—there are numerous ways of corrupting public officers—but by dinner-giving, by lavish wine suppers, and entertainments of all sorts, the bankers tried to curry favor with the Government and secure the payment of the claim. In addition to this, distinguished counsel was employed, the Attorney General gave an opinion in favor of payment, and ultimately the bankers won.—*N. Y. Times.*

A DELICATE parsel—A young lady wrapped in herself.

Our Young Folks.

PROFESSOR MILTIADES OBSERVES THE CONSTELLATION "CANCER."

Professor Miltiades Peterkin Paul
F. R. S., L. L. D., X. Y. Z. and all,
With his grandfather's spectacles set on his nose,
And a long piece of stove-pipe (that blackened his clothes
In the most shocking manner) with left arm hugged tight,
While an old wooden saw-horse was clasped in his right—
In fact in complete scientific array,
Might have been seen one afternoon making his way
With all possible speed toward a small knoll that stood
In the South Meadow Lot near the edge of the wood.

At length, with his traps having climbed to the summit
Of the knoll (and the view was most excellent from it)
He planted his saw-horse with scrupulous care,
And, laying the steve-pipe across it, cried
"There!
There's a *telescope*, fine as you ever set eyes on!
I can just sit here with it and sweep the horizon.
Let me see. Yes; I guess now in points about right.
We will ascertain what constellation's in sight."

So, the telescope pointing straight up at the sky,
He seated himself on the ground, with his eye
Applied to the opening. Then, all in a minute,
E'er he really had gotten a good look within it,
He leaped to his feet with a cry of dismay.
"Whew!" he murmured with awe, "*that* was one, I should say!
Why, it seemed to be *all legs* so far 's I could see,
And a terrible *monster*, too. What *could* it be?"

In a moment, recovering his courage a bit,
Our hero with caution took another look at It.
Yes, there it was still in the sky there—a thing
So monstrous it filled up completely the ring
That bounded his vision—so horrid and vast
That Professor Miltiades stood quite aghast,
Though still he gazed on in a strange fascination,
Never taking his eyes from the queer constellation.

Just then his big brother came into the lot,
So Miltiades called him at once to the spot.
"I wish, John Henry Jack, you would come here," cried he,
"And tell me what this constellation can be.
I am sure 'tis a most unaccountable sight
With its gray ugly legs and its skin black as night.
That it's *Cancer, the Crab*, I have scarcely a doubt,
Though I do not quite see what the creature's about."

So John Henry Jack, wondering what it could be
That his brother had found in the sky, came to see;
But the moment the object encountered his gaze
he
Jumped up and stood laughing as if he were crazy.
"Well!" cried he, "Herr Professor, I really must say
You spear to be very *far-sighted* to-day.
Why, your cluster of stars of such unwonted stripe
Is a *big spider spinning its web in the pipe!*"
—*Wide-Awake.*

HOW TO ENTERTAIN A GUEST.

St. Nicholas had something to say, not very long ago, to those who wished to be agreeable guests. It seems hardly fair that these should have all the advice, since there are some people whom you enjoy receiving in your own house who do not know exactly how to manage matters when they have company at their own homes.

Now we will have a little talk on the other side of this question of entertainment, and will speak of those frequent occasions when, as Dr. Holmes says,

The visitor becomes the visitee.

There are some people who seem to consider that the obligation is all over when the guest has arrived, but, in reality, it has just begun. You are responsible in some degree for the happiness of your visitors from the time they enter your house until they leave it.

Young girls who have no household cares should feel this obligation especially, but some who do feel it do not know how to make their visitors happy and at ease, and so are uncomfortable all the time they stay, and because they feel that they do not succeed, become discouraged, and at last stop trying. Indeed, there is nothing more discouraging than to feel that you ought to do a thing, and not know exactly how or where to begin; but a few words of help, carefully remembered, may give one a wonderful start in the right direction, so here they are, for those of you who are looking forward to receiving visits from your young friends, with a sort of dread, lest they may not have what they call "a good time."

It is not in the finest houses, or in the gayest places, that guests always enjoy themselves the most. You must have something better than elegant rooms, or all the sights and sounds of a big city, to make your home attractive and pleasant. It is a very low grade of hospitality which trusts in good dinners and fine houses alone. It must be a more subtle charm than either of these which will make your house a home to your friends.

All who have ever made visits themselves know this to be true. A cordial welcome, a readiness to oblige, a kind thoughtfulness of the pleasure of others instead of your own, are three golden rules for a hostess to remember.

Let us look at some of the smaller details.

In the first place, have the guest's room in readiness beforehand, so as not to be constantly supplying deficiencies after she comes. Put a few interesting books on the table, and writing materials, if it be only a common pencil, pen and ink-bottle, with a few sheets of paper.

Try and make the room show your guest that she was expected, and that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure.

A few flowers on the bureau, an easy chair by the pleasantest window—these are some of the little touches which make the pleasantest room seem homelike.

If your visitors are strangers, or unaccustomed to traveling, try to meet them at the station, or to send some one for them. The sight of a familiar face among the crowd takes away that first home-sick feeling which comes to young people as, tired and travel-worn, they step from the boat or cars into the sights and sounds of a strange place. When your friend is once established in the guest-chamber, remember that it becomes her castle, and is as much her own as if she was at home; so do not be ruuning in and out too familliarly without an invitation. Let her feel that when you go there the order of things is reversed, and that then you are the guest and she is the hostess.

Let the pleasures which you choose for her entertainment be of a kind which you are sure she will enjoy. It is no kindness to insist on taking a nervous, timid girl on a fast drive, or out rowing if she is afraid of the water, under the impression that visitors must be taken somewhere, when all the time she is wishing she was on solid ground.

Do not invite people unaccustomed to walking to go on long tramps in the woods, and imagine that because it is easy and pleasant for you it must be so for them, nor take those who are longing for music to see pictures instead, while you are boring the picture-lovers, who may care nothing for music, with concerts. A little ingenuity and observation will give you enough knowledge of your friend's real taste to prevent you from making these mistakes; and, indeed, there will be little danger of your doing this, if you keep in mind that the kindest thing you can do is to let guests enjoy themselves in their own way, instead of insisting that they shall enjoy themselves in yours. If they are fond of books, let them read in peace. I once heard a lady, who thinks herself hospitable, say to a young friend, who was looking over a book which lay on the table, "If you want to read that book I will lend it to you to take home, but while you are here I want you to visit with me."

Let your friends alone, now and then, and do not make them feel that you are constantly watching over them. Some people, in trying to be polite, keep their guests in continual unrest. The moment one is comfortably seated they insist that she shall get up and take a chair which they consider more easy. If she sits in the center of the room they are sure she cannot see, and if she happens to be by a window they are afraid the light will hurt her eyes.

There is no place where this is more uncomfortable than at the table. An entire visit is sometimes spoiled for a sensitive guest by having her friends say, from a mistaken kindness, "I am sorry you do not like what we have. Cannot we get you something that you will like better?" or, "How does it happen that you have no appetite?" in this way calling the attention of the whole family to her, and making her feel that they consider her difficult to please. You can get something different for her the next time, if you choose, but do not let her feel that you are too carefully watching her plate.

Do not make visitors feel obliged to account to you for all their comings and goings, or tire them by constant and obvious efforts to entertain them. Unless they are very stupid people they will prefer to entertain themselves for a part of the time, even although you make them feel that your time is at their disposal whenever they want it. I heard two friends talking not long ago of a place where they were both in the habit of visiting.

"How pleasant it is at Mrs. Chauncey's," said one. "If you want her to go anywhere with you, she always makes you feel that it is just the place where she wishes to go herself."

"Yes," replied the other, "she never makes a fuss over you, but acts as if you did not cause an extra step to be taken, so that you don't worry all the time for fear you are making trouble; and if you want her advice about anything you are doing, she is always ready to stop her own work and show you just what you want to know, and makes you feel as if she was doing it for her own pleasure instead of yours—so much nicer than the way some people have of acting as though you were a constant interruption."

If any excursion is planned, and for any reason you find that your friend will be really happier to stay at home, do not insist upon her going, or allow the party to be broken up on her account. If she would really enjoy more to have you go without her, do not insist upon remaining with her. A friend of mine suffered much by being obliged to go on a steamboat excursion with a cinder in her eye, because she found that her friends would not do as she wished, and leave her quietly at home, and so, finding that the pleasure of a whole party would be broken up, she endured the pain of going with them, when she might have passed the afternoon in comparative comfort at home.

In the same way, some people will insist upon going about on business with a guest, who would much prefer to go alone.

In regard to conversation, remember sweet George Herbert's rule:

Entice all neatly to what they know best,
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure.

Talk of the people and things which are most likely to interest those whom you wish to please. You would think it very rude to speak in a language which your visitors did not understand, and it is about the same thing to talk of matters in which they have no interest and which they know nothing about. Every family has its sayings and jokes, which sound very funny to them, but unless they are explained they mean nothing to a stranger.

Do not ask many questions about your guests' personal affairs, since you are taking them at a great disadvantage when they are in your own house, as they will not like to refuse to answer. Be careful not to be too ready with advice about a visitor's dress. If she asks you what is most suitable to wear on any occasion, tell her frankly; but above all things do not say or do any thing which shall indicate that you do think her clothes are not as pretty and fashionable as they ought to be. Sometimes a remark, made with kindest intentions, will hurt a sensitive girl's feelings. Those of you who have read "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevellyan,' will remember how the little country cousin felt when she saw Evelyn smile at the dress which had been made with so much care. I once heard a lady speaking of her girlhood, when she made her first visit away from the farm where she had always lived. She said, as she looked back upon it, she always wondered at the kindness of the friends who received her cordially, and took her about with them cheerfully, when her dress was such as to make her laugh heartily at the mere recollection of it.

Before your guest comes, tell your young friends of her expected visit, and ask them to come and see her, and if you invite company to meet her, do it as soon as convenient after she comes, that she may not feel that she is among strangers during the most of her visit. Western people coming East often think they do not receive a very cordial reception, because they meet so few people. A lady remarked to me quite recently, that she did not know whether the friends she had been visiting were ashamed of her appearance, or of the appearance of their own neighbors. She concluded it must have been one or the other, as no pains had been taken to have them meet each other.

Do not ask visitors what you shall do to entertain them. That is your business, and you should not be so indolent as to shift it from your own shoulders to theirs. There may be many things which they would enjoy that they will hardly venture to suggest. Try and have a pleasant plan for every day. It will require thought and care on your part, but it is worth while. I do not mean that you must be constantly taking them to some great entertainment. This is only possible to a few of you. In the most quiet country village some little visit or excursion may be easily found, if it is nothing more than a game of croquet with some pleasant girls, or an interesting story read aloud. Do not make the mistake of thinking because things are old and dull to you, they are so to every one else. To the city girl, who goes weary and worn-out from the dust and heat of brick walls and pavements, the pleasant stroll in the woods, which is too familiar to please you, may be a fresh delight. So to the one who has passed all her life among green fields, the sights and sounds of a city may be a great pleasure, even though it may not seem possible to those who are tired of them.

It is surprising how many things there are to see, in any locality, if one will take the trouble to find them; and the hope of making a visit pleasant to a friend is a good incentive to help one in the search.

If you cannot give your young visitor any elaborate and expensive pleasures, do not be discouraged. The sight of a brilliant sunset from some neighboring hill; a walk down Broadway; the inside of a great factory where the throbbing looms are full of interest to stranger eyes—if you have no more wonderful sights than these to show, these are enough.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly. Angels can no more.

Do not think it necessary to insist upon riding with your friends, if there is not room enough for you without crowding the others. I knew a lady who turned to her sister, who was visiting her, when but one seat in the carriage was left, and said: "Shall you stay at home, or I?" The guest replied that she was willing to give up, if necessary; whereupon the hostess handed her the baby and drove off, although she knew that her sister had particular reasons for wishing to go with the rest. This is almost too bad to tell of, even though it is true; but it exactly illustrates how selfishness in trifles may grow upon one unconsciously, until it becomes a controlling power. This fault has been rightly called "the taproot of all other sins," and is the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in acquiring habits of uniform courtesy and consideration for others.

Do not urge your guests to extend their visits, after they have clearly explained to you that the time has come for them to go, and that it is inconvenient for them to stay longer. Let the subject drop, merely letting them know that you are sorry to part with them. Do not convey the impression that you think you can judge better than they can of their own affairs, by constantly teasing them to stay, and saying that you are sure they could do so if they pleased;

"For still we hold old Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

—*Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas for February.*

In the Australian Forest.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at midday. In the former the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums numberless parrakeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoes, butcher-birds, love-birds, etc., are screaming and darting to and fro. But by and by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r," drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-boles, and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with those of the returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy "mo-poke" (or "more-pork") of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.—*Chambers' Journal.*

New Save the Rags.

The most noticeable, perhaps, of all the advances during the late "boom" has been in the price of rags, which have more than doubled in value, and are now worth three cents and a half per pound. At this price, and even at much less, it will pay to save them and sell them. The same is true of old paper of nearly every kind, as by cleansing they are reconverted into white paper by the manufacturers.

In consequence of the scarcity of rags and old paper, the price of "print," or paper for news purposes, has gone up from six and a half to ten cents at wholesale. If this price keeps up, there will be a general rise in the subscription price, as has indeed in many instances already occurred.

Almost any family can make enough in a year by selling rags and old paper to pay for all their reading matter.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Wesleyan Methodist connection in England has just sustained a great loss in the death of the Rev. John Rattenbury, onoof its most distinguished and successful ministers, and President of the conference in 1861.

—The Bishops of the Southern Methodist Church aro growing old. Bishop Paine eighty; Kavanaugh, seventy-eight; Pierce, sixty-nine; Weightman, seventy-two; Doggett, sixty-nine; Keener, fifty-nine, and McTyeire, fifty-six.

—The oldest Non-conformist place of worship in England is to be seen in the village of Horningsham, Wilts. It hears the date of 1566, and was built for some Presbyterian workmen who were engaged upon the erection of a palace in the neighborhood.

—There are about 60,000 Mennonites in America. They have 500 meeting houses, one-eighth of that number being in Canada. They abstain from taking the oath, do not inflict punishment, do not accept public offices and never go to law. They are nearly all farmers.

—Between 6,000 and 7,000 seamens' libraries are kept on the water by the American Seamans' Friend Society, the numher of volumes being over 300,000. Many thousand vessels are, however, still in need of books, and gifts are solicited. It is stated that with twenty dollars a very good start for a library can be obtained.

—According to Dr. Dollinger, the Mohammedan religion is making good headway. There have heen great numhers of conversions in China, a single Moslem college at Sierra Leone is about to send out 1,000 teachers among the African trihes, and among the Malays the converts are literally reckoned hy millions.

—The Congregational denomination has in Massachusetts 528 churches, of which 282 have pastors, 180 aeting pastors, and sixty-six aro vacant. There arc 655 ministers, of whom 195 are not in pastoral service. The numher of memhers is 91,787. The additions the past year numbered 4,200. Of these 2,421 were by profession.

—The New York Baptist Annual for 1880 reports the whole number of Baptist churches in New York State at 872, with 113,744 memhers, showing a decrease of seven churches and an increase of 377 memhers. Four of the churches have more than 800 members. The Ahyssinian, New York, with 1,400 memhers; Strong Place, Brooklyn, 898; the church in Binghampton, with 857, and Calvary Church, New York City, with 817.

—The *Methodist* is of the opinion that the Methodist General Conference which meets in May will elect five Bishops. It says: "There will he an effort to stop at two, hut the distrihution of choices among several candidates tends to increase the numher." Among the more prominent candidates mentioned are Chancellor Haven, of Syracuse University; President Foss, of Wesleyan University; President Hurst, of Drew Theological Seminary, and Dr. Charles H. Fewler.

—The following tabular statement, prepared by Sharon Turner with great research and labor, will present a proximate idea of the growth of Christianity through all the centuries. The number of believers at the close of each century was as follows:

Century.	*About.*	*Century.*	*About.*
Firat	500,0'0	Tenth	50,000,000
Second	2,000,000	Eleventh	70,000,000
Third	5,000,00'	Twelfth	80,0'0,000
Fourth	10,000,0'0	Thirteenth	75,0'0,000
Fifth	15,000,'00	Fourteenth	80,000,000
Sixth	20,000,000	Fifteenth	100,000,0'0
Seventh	24,'00,000	Sixteenth	125,000,000
Eighth	30,000,000	Seventeenth	155,000,000
Ninth	40,000,000	Eighteenth	200,000,000

—It having heen stated that the revised edition of the New Testament, seen to appear, will be sold at advanced rates to cever the expenses of review, the reply is made on authority that the entire expenses of the English revisers havo heen assumed hy the University presses, in return for the exclusive right of printing the revision. The expenses of the American revisers are paid hy voluntary subscriptions, and none of the revisers expect any compensation. Therefore, it will be unnecessary to raise tho price of the revised editiou for the reimbursement of the revisers. There will be no copyright of the hook in this country.

Grass in Orchards.

For the past quarter of a century the question of "grass or no grass" has been vigorously discussed by orchardists, seemingly without much progress toward a decision. That many orchards havo remained healthy and productive in land that has been kept seeded down as meadows and pastures no one will pretend to deny; but whether it would be hest to adopt this system generally would he, to say the least, very doubtful. A system of cultivation and noncultivation of trees which works well in one climate and soil, hringing as good results as the orchardists could wish, may not answer at all under different circumstances. Consequently, there must be a variation in management to meet varying conditions. Every farmer knows that the soil gets dry much sooner under sod than where the land is kept under cultivation and is stirred often during the summer months. For this roasen, if for no other, some kind of hoed or cultivated crop is generally recommended as most suitahle for young orchards, and in some soils and localities it is not advisable to seed down land among fruit trees at any time; for when this is done growth both of tree and fruit ceases.

If the soil is naturally too moist to insure a healthy, vigorous growth of tho trees, underdraining would certainly be the best way to remedy the evil; but seeding down to grass might answer, and we may say does answer in many good fruit-growing regions, for there are very few farmers who have ever attempted to underdrain land previous to planting it with trees. After the apple trees have become well established —that is five to ten years planted— the general practice is to seed the land down and use it as a meadow, and this plan has worked woll in most of the Northern States, where the soil is a deep, rich and moist clay; but in light soils this system will seldom answer, as the trees do not get sufficient moisture in summer to keep up a vigerous growth, the grass over their roots taking the greater part of that which falls during the spring and summer rains. If the land has an uneven surface, so much the worse, for it requires a very heavy and long-continued shower to soak through a tough sward, the greater part of the water passing off on the surface to the lowor lands adjacent. Keeping a space about the stems of the trees dug up and clear of grass and weeds may in part remedy the evil; still, there is nothing like keeping the entiro surface under the plow, if there is any danger of a scarcity of moisture at the roots during the growing seasen.

Another point which we fear some orchardists have overlooked is that insects are far mere troubleseme to orchards kept in grass than those constantly cultivated. This is especially true with the eemmon apple-tree borer, which is naturally very shy and seems to have a liking for trees the stems of which are surrounded with grass or weods. Of course, it is not advisable to plow deep enough in orchards to disturb or break many roots; but where the land is kept constantly under cultivation the roots do not usually grow as near the surfaco as when the soil is not disturbed, so that there is little danger of injury if the plowman is mederately careful in his work.

To sum up this matter of cultivation or no cultivation of orchards, we would say that in heavy, moist soils seeding the land down is admissible, and often advisable, as it saves the farmer much trouble and expense; but in light soils and where droughts are likely to oecur it is not, and the man who attempts to keep his trees in sed will sooner or later find that he has made a mistake.—*Weekly Sun.*

Beef Tea.

The reason why beef tea is net so frequently ordered hy physicians is that its peculiar qualities are hetter understoed. A more careful analysis of it has been made, and both the doctor and the nurse have learned when beef tea is usefui and when it is not. There is, however, so much ignorance ahout such matters that a somewhat brief explanation of what is beef tea may be advisahle. In a former article tho non-nutritive character of gelatine was explained. If men or animals were fed alonc on the gelatine they would perish of inanition. Gelatine is a substance which is not assimilated; it gives nothing of itself which can alone huild up the human economy. As a vehicle of nutriment it has, however, great usefulness. Nitrogenous substances, the albuminoids and those necessary salts can he given in gelatine in an admirahle way. New, heef tea, unless properly prepared, is, in fact, nothing more than a selution of gelatine, containing the salts of the meat, hut with little, if any, nutritive qualities. Give heef tea alone to a sick persen, and, theugh it may act for a time as "nervous foed," just as would tea or coffee as a stimulant, it never could build up bone or muscle, and consequently that strength which the patient must aequire to drive away disease would never come. When soup or beef tea is made, tho fluid itself contains mostly the gelatine, certain extractive matters, the salts and some of tho fats. The albumineids, which existed at first in solution, when tho fluid arrives at the boiling point coagulate and become almost insoluble. It is the flesh which remains over, which may still contain the major portion of the nourishment; though not in a digestible condition. Now, under certain circumstances, when the meat is taken away from the fluid, in every 1,000 parts of soup there are rarely mere than ten parts of solid matter. New Liebig himself never asserted that heef tea and extract of meat centained substances necessary for the formation of albumen in tho blood and muscular tissues, and even more, in one of his latest articles he stated, "that these constituents of the meat which are soluble in heiling water take no part in the formation and renovation of muscular tissues, but by their effects on the nerves they exercise a mest decided influence on the muscular work, wherein meat differs from all other animal and vegetahle foed." Now the upshot of all this, without eeufusing the reader with the names of all the soluble compeunds to he found in a solution derived from heef, is that this fluid has its sphere of usefulness, though it may he a limited one. Such preparations, then, of beef tea which may be procured are employed only as mild stimulants. To make them nutritive the task is not a difficult one. A good method is to take a reputable beef tea, such as is sold almost anywhere, and, having dissolved it, to put in it some very finely chopped lean meat. When the meat is added, hoil in a water bath until the meat is cooked, and then you have not only the stimulating, but the nutritive, qualities imparted. What is most desirahle to he understood ahout this is, that beef tea alone, or beef extract, has a minimum of nutrition. Some ten years ago there is no doubt that the wild use of beef tea had mest disastrous effects on infant life. As it contains a rather abnormal quantity of salts, with little of any nutritive qualities, differing as far as possible from milk, children fed with heef tea, if they did net die of diarrhœa, perished of absolute starvation.—*New York Times.*

Preservation of Wood.

The improved French method of preserving wood by the application of lime is found to work well. The plan is to pile the planks in a tank and to put over all a layer of quicklime, which is gradually slacked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated and other wood mere or less time, according to its thickness. The material acquires remarkable consistence and hardness, it is stated, on being suhjected to this simple process, and the assertion is made that it will never rot. Beech wood prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for ironwork is found to acquire the hardness of oak without parting with any of its well known elasticity or toughness, and it also lasts longer.—*American Building News.*

"FOREGOES" was the werd given out at a written spelling exercise, recently; and one little boy handed in "Go, go, go, go."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—It is essontial that leather should have light. In the care of harness do not inclose in a dark closet or room. Of course harness should be oiled three or four times a year, first washing with soap and water.

—Hickory-Nut Macaroons.—Make frosting as fer cake, stir in enough pounded hickery-nut meat, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands and form the mixture into little balls. Place on buttered tins, allowing room to spread, and bako in a quick oven.

—Apple Trifle.—Peel, core and boil till tender a dozen tart apples, with the rind of a lemon grated; strain through a sieve, add sugar to taste and put into a deep fruit dish. Make a custard of a pint of cream and the yelks of two eggs with a little sugar. When cold lay it over the apples with a spoon and over the whole place whipped cream.

—Boston Jumbles.—Four ounces of butter, the same quantity of sugar and of sifted fleur. Cream the butter and sugar, and the yelk of one egg beaten white, and fleur; rose water to taste; drop on tins covered with paper and buttered; bake in a quick oven about eight minutes; ice them when cold. Dust with flour before icing; rub off all that will not stick. The flour makes the icing adhere to the cakes.

—Maccaroni Pudding.—Put four ounces of small maccaroni with a small stick of cinnamon into a pint and a quarter of boiling milk, sweetened to taste. Do not let it burn; let the whole heil until the maccareni has absorbed all the milk; remove the cinnamon and put the maccaroni into a howl to get cold. Stir in the yelks of four eggs and the whites of two whisked to a froth. Butter and hreadcrumb a plain mold, using very fine hreaderumhs; put the mixture into it, and bake shout twenty minutes; then turn out, and serve the pudding with jam sauce.

—Henry Stewart, in the *Rural New Yorker*, concludes an interesting article on the best hreed of hens for eggs, as follows: For eggs alone, one should eheose white Leghorns, if that color is desired; for hlack fowls, the black Spanish, and for handsome plumage and eggs, the brown Leghorns; for eggs and flesh, the light Brahma first and the Plymouth Rock next. For hrood fowls as foster-mothers for non-sitting hreeds, the Cochins or games are admirable. For a small yard, where heauty is the first consideration and a few but sufficient numher of eggs are desired for family use, the Hamhurgs of the different varieties, or the French or Polish fowls and games, will be found suitahle, while for ornament alone, and for young folks' pets, the silky, white-crested Sultans, er one oi the many varieties of the Bantams may he procured. As to the common, old-fashioned, mixed-up, mongrel, "barn-door fowl," they ought to be consigned to ohlivion as an unprofitable nuisance.

—A Safe Tie for the Stahles.—There are few cattle ties that are ahsolutely safe to use. The chief danger in the chain tics is that they hecome loosened, and in the rope ties that tho animals may entangle their feet and be thrown in the stall. The consequences of either accident may be disastrous. The following tie, which is much used in English stables, heth for horses and cattle will be found a safe and simple arrangement: It is made of rope net less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter to the end of which is fastened a weight, sufficiently heavy to keep it always drawn tightly through a ring, fixed to the side of the stall, except when the animal lies down or moves hackward when the weight is drawn up. This weight slides up and down on an iron rod. There is thus never any slack left in the tie, over which the animal can put its feet and get east or fast. With this tie there should always be used a steut headstall, to which the upper end of the halter should be safely and permanently fastened. A blunt or a peg hook should he placed at the upper end of the stall, upon which to hang the headstall when not in use. If this is not carefully done the headstall will lie in the filth and become disagreeable to handle; yet this happens very frequently in stables.

Fumigation in Asthma.

Great benefit has lately been found to attend a proper process of fumigation in asthma. For this purpose the powder to ho burned is composed of two and one-half parts of nitrate of potassium, one-half part of belladonna, and five parts of powdered stramonium leaves, intimately mixed with a small proportion—say one-half part—of pulverized white sugar, the latter heing added to prevent the compeund from burning too freely. The saltpetre may be dissolved in just enough water to form a saturated solution, which is mixed with the leaves, and subsequently the mass dried into a coarse powder, sugar being then added. A small quantity is placed on a brick or tin plate and ignited, when it burns, giving off a cloud of smoke. Good results follow also from spreading sheets over a clothes-horse, to confine the fumes.

—Our view is that no one who values his life has a right to eat raw pork, that the law should presume that "ham, to be edible, must be cooked." It is a fact beyond dispute that a person cannot use pork as an article of diet without consuming a considerable number of trichinæ, every new and then—say, about once out of every eight times that he sits down to eat of it. Inasmuch as a pork-eater must periodically strike a nest of trichinæ, he ought certainly to exercise the precaution of cooking them till they are dead.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for February.*

—It was "Please pass the hutter, darling;" "Does my lovey want some more potatoes?" "Do you think it will rain, pet?" "What theater are we going to this evening, sweetie?" etc., until one of the boys calmly remarked in a loud voice to a fellow desperado at the other end of the table, "Bahy dear, will you give your 'ittlo precious a piece of the cheesey weesey?" "Gimme a hig hunk, Bill," he continued, "for this is the first time I've felt like eating for three days." Since then it is "Charley" and "Mary" with the hride and groom.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MISS ANDREWS, of Appleton, Wis., received from her father a check for $8. She raised the figures to $85, spent the money for finery, and said when arrested, "I didn't think there was any harm in doing as I pleased with my father's check."

THE Troy *Times* strikes out after this style: "A little snow, a little breeze, a little thaw, a little freeze, a little draft and then—ker-eh-tch-c-o-u—a great hig sneeze."

An Important Personal Item.

CHARLES S. PRENTICE, of Toledo, O., went to Paris and thence to England to be treated for Bright's disease, and after the best physicians of both countries had done what they could for him, gave up in despair and returned to America to die. Here he received further treatment from other skillful physicians without benefit, and while "listlessly lingering in pain and anguish," as he says, heard of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, took it and was completely cured in a few weeks. He gives circumstantial details of his painful experience and astonishing cure in a long letter to H. H. Warner & Co., which will be forwarded on application.

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Yours respectfully, T. L. BUNTING.

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About nine and a half years ago I had a fever; the doctor gave me some poisonous medicine, drove the disease into my leg, and it broke out, and has been from two to ten running sores ever since. I could not sleep a fourth of a night once in six months, and a great many nights was compelled to get up and take opium—a piece as large as a pea—to deaden the pain. I have tried everything I could hear of, in fact, I have paid out hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I commenced taking Vegetine, and now I can go to bed at eight o'clock at night and sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, and no occasion to waken from pain. I was used up, perfectly dead inwardly, and frequently when I would get up would be dizzy, and have to put my hand on something to keep from falling; but since I commenced taking Vegetine it has all disappeared, and I feel like a new man. My honest conviction is that it will cure my leg entirely, from the present looks and feelings. I shall continue taking Vegetine, and recommend it to all whom I come across; and I hope the man who introduced Vegetine into the United States will have a home in the Celestial City. Yours most sincerely,

W. S. LEACH.

Mr Leach is a gentleman well known here, and is the owner of the *celebrated Turbine Water Wheel.*

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Order of Publication.

Thomas Johnson vs. Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, and Samuel Wood.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 176. In Equity.

The object of this Bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from Luke Wood to Jane Wood, his wife, also a mortgage from the said Luke Wood to Samuel Wood; also a deed from Luke Wood, and Jane Wood, his wife, to Samuel Wood, and to subject the real estate mentioned in said conveyances to the payment of the complainant's claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 25th day of April, 1876, and prior to that time, Luke Wood owned two Military Lots, to wit: Nos. 3110 and 3112, lying in Garrett county. That on the 25th day of April, 1876, the complainant sold and delivered to Luke Wood a lot of personal property and took his single bill for $147.00 at twelve months therefor. That after contracting this debt Luke Wood executed a mortgage for $375.00 to his son Samuel Wood. That on the same day, to-wit: the 11th of September, 1876, the said Luke Wood executed a second mortgage, for $736.00, to his wife, Jane Wood. That both mortgages were made upon the real estate aforesaid; and at the time they were executed all the defendants lived in Garrett county, but that they, subsequent to the last mentioned date, removed to Pennsylvania, where they now reside. The Bill further states that on the 25th day of April, 1877, the said Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, executed a deed in fee simple to their said son Samuel Wood, conveying the said land to him, and at the time the said Johnson sold the said Wood the personal property aforesaid and took said single bill therefor, he did so upon the faith of said Wood's ownership of said land. That at the time of making said conveyances said Wood was largely indebted and insolvent and had not the means of paying his debts apart from the property so conveyed. The Bill further states that said conveyances were fraudulently made, not for bona fide considerations, but for pretended and simulated considerations; and that they were made with a view to cheat, hinder, delay and defraud the complainant and the other creditors of the said Luke Wood, and that the same are therefore void and of no effect. The Bill then prays that said conveyances may be vacated and annulled, said real estate sold and such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 24th day of January, 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Harreti county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, 1880, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this court by person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of July 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—test—
jan31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Order of Publication

Thomas Johnson vs. George Hill, Sr., and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 177. In Equity.

The object of this bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from George Hill, Sr., to Eliza Hill, his wife, also a mortgage from the said George Hill, Sr., to Henry Hill, and also a deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife to George Hill, Jr., and subject the real estate mentioned in said Bill to the payment of the Complainants' claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, and prior to that time George Hill, Sr., owned valuable real estate in Garrett county known and described as Military Lot No. eleven hundred and twenty-seven, (1127). That on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, the complainant obtained a judgment against the said George Hill, Sr., for forty-two dollars and fifty-three cents. That said judgment was rendered upon a note bearing date the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, which was executed and delivered by the said George Hill, Sr., to the said Thos. Johnson for goods and chattels sold by the said Johnson to the said Hill. That the said Geo. Hill, Sr., on the 8th day of December, A. D. 1876, executed a mortgage for the payment as he alleges, of two hundred dollars to Eliza Hill, his wife. That on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1877, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, executed another mortgage upon said real estate to secure, as they allege, the payment of two hundred dollars to their son Henry Hill. That on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1878, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, conveyed to their son George Hill, Jr., in fee simple, all the real estate aforesaid and also all their personal property upon the pretended consideration of two hundred dollars. That the complainant credited the said Hill upon the faith of his ownership of said real estate. That at the time of making said conveyances, the said George Hill, Sr., was largely indebted and insolvent; and that he had not the means of paying your Orator's claim and his other debts apart from said property so conveyed by him. That notwithstanding the execution of said Mortgages and said deed the said George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, continue to live upon said property and use it as their own. The Bill further states and charges that said mortgages and said deed were made for the purpose of cheating, hindering, delaying and defrauding your Orator and the other creditors of the said George Hill, Sr. That such doings are contrary to Equity and good conscience, and are fraudulent and void. The prayer of the bill is that the said mortgages and the said deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., may be declared to be void, vacated and annulled. That a decree may be passed for sale of said real estate and for such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is therefore ordered, by the Court, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendants, Geo. Hill, Jr., and Henry Hill, in said Bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, A. D. 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—test—
jan. 31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

24th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m., at the front door of the court house, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county which is known and described as

"BRANT'S DISCOVERY,"

and is contained in the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at two bounded white oak trees, standing north fifty-one° east seven perches, from a spring which descends into Bear Pen run, a branch of Savage river, and on the west side of said river, and running thence north six degrees east twenty-eight perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with three notches; west one hundred and fifty-four and three-quarter perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south thirty degrees west eighty-one perches, south seventy and one-half degrees west fifty-five perches, to a white oak tree marked with five notches; north forty-nine and one-half degrees west forty-one perches; south eleven degrees west fifty six perches; south forty-three degrees east thirty-six perches; south three degrees east sixty-two perches, to a white oak tree marked with six notches; south twenty seven degrees east one hundred and ten and one-half perches to a red oak tree marked with seven notches; south forty-four degrees west twenty-six and one-half perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south twenty-nine degrees east fifty-two perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with five notches; north sixty-two degrees, east twenty-eight perches south seventy-nine degrees east one hundred and ten perches, and then by a straight line to the beginning, containing four hundred and fifty-eight acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of seventeen dollars and seventy-two cents, taxes due by John B. Brant for the year 187[illegible].

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
Collector of Taxes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Faccnbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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Furs, Sheep Skins, Game of all kinds and Produce Generally.

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If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

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Head Troubles,
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Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
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Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

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See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

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The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1021-y1

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$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.59 A. M.
No. 3	10.50 P. M
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	7:29 P. M
Way	10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale
OF
VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

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Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 3. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880. NUMBER 52.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

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JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22, 1880.

GIVING AND PRAYING.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Our Lord now enters upon the third general division of his incomparable discourse. He has shown who are the subjects of his kingdom in its relation to the Old Testament law; now he proceeds to name specific duties, and to warn against hypocritical display in the performance of them. In the first verse the general precept is announced. [See note below on its correct reading.] Then follow three duties, and the motives which should govern our conduct in relation to them, namely, *almsgiving*, (ver. 2-4,) *prayer*, (ver. 5-15,) and *fasting* (ver. 16-18.) Two of these three duties are presented in our lesson. The ostentatious almsgiving of the Pharisee is exhibited as a warning to the Christian, who is bidden to render his gifts quietly, seen only by the omniscient eye of his heavenly Father. The prayer for the ears of men, and seeking only earthly honor, is contrasted with secret supplication which ascends to the presence-chamber of the King. And as a form for our guidance, "The Lord's Prayer" is given, that model of simplicity, directness, and breath, which alike meets the needs of each soul, and of the general Church in all ages.

Matt. 6. 1-15.

Memory Verses, 31-37.

1 Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

2 Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

3 But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;

4 That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

5 And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

6 But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

7 But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.

8 Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

9 After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

10 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

11 Give us this day our daily bread.

12 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

13 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen

HOME READINGS.

M. Giving and praying. Matt. 6. 1-15.
Tu. The prayer of Elijah. 1 Kings. 18, 30-40.
W. The prayer of Elisha. 2 Kings 4. 18-37.
Th. The prayer of the psalmist. Psa. 63. 1-11.
F. The prayer of the apostles. Acts 4. 23-37
S. The prayer of Paul. Eph. 3. 13-21.
S. The prayer of Christ. John 17. 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. Matt. 6. 6.

LESSON HYMN. 7.

Never further than thy cross:
Never higher than thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross:
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing, self deny:
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Till amid the hosts of light
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. TRUE GIVING, v. 1-4; 2 Cor. 8. 5.
What are alms? [Acts. Gifts to the poor.]
What motive leads some people to give?
What does such giving show? [Acts. Pride.]
What is said about pride in James 4. 6?
How should we give to those who need?
Who will see and reward us? [Golden Text.]
How does Paul tell us to give? 2 Cor. 9. 7.
What gift should we always remember? 2 Cor. 9. 15.
To what should God's gift lead us?

2. TRUE PRAYING, v. 5-13; Luke 18. 1.
To whom should we talk when we pray?
To whom did some men talk in prayer, and for what purpose?
What instance of this is given in Luke 18. 10-14?
How does Christ tell us to pray?
Why should we pray in secret?
Who will see us in secret prayer?
What reward of such prayer shall we receive?
What heathen custom in prayer does Christ warn us against?
For what are we heard in prayer?
In whose name will our prayers avail? John 16. 23.
What is the model of prayer given by Christ?
For how many objects does it ask?
Whose glory does it seek?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That our good deeds should not be published?
2. That our prayers should be in secret?
3. That our worship should be sincere?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The omniscience of God.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer.

1. It recognizes man as a child of God and an heir of heaven. v. 9.
2. It recognizes the infinite holiness of the divine nature. v. 9.
3. It recognizes the spiritual kingdom of Christ as destined to overspread the world. v. 10.
4. It recognizes the divine will as the law of men. v. 10.
5. It recognizes the continual dependence of man upon God for every blessing. v. 11.
6. It recognizes human guilt and need of forgiveness. v. 12.
7. It recognizes human danger and need of protection. v. 13.

Hiding Behind the Majority.

The devil came as an individual when he tempted Eve, but nowadays he usually attacks men as a corporation. Take the average business man for instance; it is safe to assume that he is an honest, conscientious fellow; he would not wrong his grocer or bootblack of a penny. But give him the smallest share in a partnership, and he will calmly consent that "the Works" should put China clay in their drillings or sand in their sugar to the cheating of thousand of poorer purchasers, or should even obliterate their drug to the destruction of human life. Individually, he will go to church Sunday and drop his money in the box for foreign missions with the sincere prayer that it may be blessed to the conversion and civilization of some poor heathen; on Monday, as one of the firm, he will issue orders to his salesmen to get rid of certain unsalable stock to unwary country customers at maximum prices; or he will instruct his new shipping-clerk how to cheat the customs of the usual per centage of the duties. He knows well enough that such teaching to lads and young men beginning a business life infects their souls with the dry-rot of corruption; but it is not he, it is "the trade" that does it.

Or, take another man, who is in temperament tender-hearted and sensitive as a woman, who would not look on to see a worm needlessly hurt; yet he belongs to a little sect that triumphantly consigns all the rest of mankind to eternal and inexorable torture because it does not submit to its dictation in certain dogmas; and the idea of this wholesale cruelty does not revolt him at all. If he had lived, too, in the time of the world when his sect had the power, he would have approved its use of thumbscrew, fagot and rack to do to death its helpless victims. Remember how many merciful men and gentle women consented to these things in the old time simply because their hideous creed came to them sanctioned by a great majority, a host of their congeners and forefathers. Or take others of our readers of a still higher class, refined and honorable Christians; as commercial men, scholars or clergymen, whatever their domestic life or business relations may be, they are scrupulously careful to fulfil every duty. Yet gigantic frauds, and cruel injustice may be carried on by the political party of which they are nominal members or by the government which they help to form, and they do not stretch out a finger to reform either. The good man sitting by his chimney corner shakes his head sadly when he reads of the corruption in his own party, and thanks God that he knows nothing of rings and long since ceased to take any part in politics. He read two years ago of the cold-blooded murder by order of one department of the government of seventy-five helpless men, women and babies; he reads now of the robbery, the banishment and slow starvation of whole tribes, and it sounds to him like a disagreeable but far off song. "He has nothing to do with it." Has he nothing to do with it? The decent, honorable citizen who refuses to take part in politics, who passively hands over the control of his city or State to rings or men whom he knows to be knaves and swindlers is just as responsible for its management as they are. The voter, who knows of a blot upon the National honor and a crime like that of slavery, or the slow slaughter of the Indians now going on, and does not protest against it, is personally guilty of it. It is against him, not an impersonal "country," that the voice of his brother's blood cries aloud from the ground. It is not in a garden that the Cain of to-day hides from God; it is in majorities. "If," sings Hosea Biglow, "you take a sword and draw it, Go and run a fellow through, Government ain't to answer for it, God 'll send the bill to you."

The habit of throwing responsibility off of our own shoulders on to a party, sect or corporation has increased in modern times. There are very few men who are not guilty of it. We suspect that one reason why women are considered more conscientious and religious than men is because they seldom work in association or corporate bodies. The routine of their lives makes them personally accountable to God. That the tendency is in them is shown by the fact that they are just as ready to be dishonest provided the victim is a corporation. What woman thinks it wrong to smuggle or cheat the Government? In old times the individual man stood face to face with God; the terrible Presence forever held perpetual reckoning with his soul, though he fled to hide in the uttermost parts of the morning, or made his bed in hell. Now, he is a part of a sect, of society—he is so much a church member, a Republican, an American, that he forgets he is a man with a soul for which no man can answer but himself.

Of one thing he may be certain, that there will come a time when neither his firm nor his church nor his country will be present for him to hide under. Out in that solitude his soul will stand alone with God in judgment, and answer for its own shortcomings.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It has been the favorite argument of the Northern Democrats that the South has been made solid by the conversion of negroes to Democratic doctrines. They admit that there is occasionally a case of bulldozing, but that the Democratic majorities which have suddenly appeared in States where the negroes outnumber the whites have been produced largely by negroes voting the Democratic ticket. In a plea for the adoption of a registration law with educational qualification, the Charleston *News and Courier* upsets this excuse completely. It says it is the "settled purpose in South Carolina that the intelligent and responsible citizens shall rule, whether they are nominally the majority or not," and it is time for the Democrats to adopt some plan which will "avoid the horrible strain of such elections as the last, with their uncertainties and manifold unpleasantnesses." There are it adds, three ways to maintain a white majority: first, to convert a sufficient number of negroes to the Democratic faith; second, to suppress a part of the negro vote; and third, to restrict the suffrage with an educational qualification. It admits frankly that the negro cannot be converted; that he may be forced to vote the Democratic ticket at one election, but he will have to be forced over again at the next one. This admits the whole Republican case. The *News and Courier* is evidently tired of rifle clubs and tissue ballots, and the evidence it gives of disgust with these methods is the most hopeful sign that has come from the South for a long time.

A London barrister, who has written much upon the subject of law reforms, gives a good illustration of the useless prolixity which is a feature of deed language. "If," says the writer, "one would legally give another an orange, instead of saying 'I give you this orange,' he would say 'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim, demand of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therin, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the said orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of writing of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'"

GREAT PURCHASE OF LANDS.—A company of New York and Pennsylvania capitalists recently purchased 8,000 acres of coal lands in Fayette county, Pa., for which nearly a million dollars was paid. It is represented to be the very cream of the vast deposit of Connellsville cooking coal, and is located between Uniontown and Connellsville, along the lines of the Pittsburgh Division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Southwest branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. This is said to be one of the largest sales of coal property ever effected in Pennsylvania, and it is announced that the sinking of shafts and the construction of coke works of extensive capacity will soon be commenced by the company for the purpose of getting their product into market. The railroads will be greatly benefitted, doubtless, in furnishing transportation for the product of these vast coalfields.

The Republican party has lived too long, and has studied the causes of chronic Democratic disaster too closely, to march with its eyes open into the commission of a capital blunder. It will nominate for President in June a candidate whom it can elect. The man who bets on any other outcome of the Chicago Convention will lose his money.

During eight weeks ended February 4, the quantity of wheat exported from the seven Atlantic ports was only 8,420,583 bushels, against 11,766,589 bushels for the corresponging weeks last year, a decrease of 3,345,956 bushels, or nearly 30 per cent. Not only has the "visible supply" swelled to 30,089,871 bushels, against 30,440,452 bushels at this time last year, by the enormous accumulation of wheat at the chief markets, but the receipts at Western ports have declined, and in January were only 4,883,406 bushels, against 6,755,729 in January, 1879. The receipts at Atlantic ports have decreased in still larger proportion. The decline in price has caused a considerable increase in exports, however, both at New York and Baltimore. *The Market Lane Express* states, however, that Great Britain and France will require to import during the remaining part of the crop season 96,000,000 bushels of foreign wheat, but more probably 110,000,000 to 112,000,000 bushels, while Belgium and Holland will also require about 12,000,000 bushels more, and other countries in Europe except Russia, will need supplies from without. On these estimates is based the belief in continued high prices here until the new crop comes forward. The exports from the four chief ports of this country and from Montreal, from September 1 to January 31, were 2,889,291 barrels of flour and 60,766,395 bushels of wheat, against 2,097,629 barrels of flour and 48,565,250 bushels during the corresponding months of the previous year, equivalent to 58,004,540 bushels of wheat. Thus the surplus for export has already been exhausted to the extent of 15,763,665 bushels more than it had been at the corresponding date last year, and after that date to the end of August last year the exports of flour and wheat from the same ports were equivalent to 80,764,352 bushels of wheat. If our surplus for the whole crop year is 160,000,000 bushels, as the Produce Exchange estimates, nearly one half of that quantity has already gone forward, and there remains but little more than was actually taken by foreign countries from this date to the end of the last crop year, although their estimated requirements this season are from 23,000,000 to 25,000,000 bushels larger.

There is a rather ludicrous contest at every session of the legislature over the bastardy act. The law at present incapacitates a colored woman from testifying to the paternity of a bastard child born to her, so that the father cannot be required to give bond for its support. At every session bills are introduced to strike the word "white" out of the act, but the Democratic majority guards that restriction as if it were the palladium of their liberties. There can hardly be any question that the color line drawn by the law is contrary to the supreme and paramount law of the land—the Constitution of the United States, which provides that no State "shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Yesterday the Judiciary Committees of the Houses of the General Assembly both made unfavorable reports upon bills striking the word "white" out of the bastardy act, and it is apparent that the Democratic members propose to retain for themselves and their constituents all the privileges and exemptions that they now enjoy.—*Balto. American*, 13th.

WONDERS OF PETROLEUM.—Stowell's "Rrporter" gives some statistics of the petroleum business and production last year. The amount of crude petroleum produced was nearly 20,000,000 barrels, being 5,000,000 barrels in excess of any previous years. The shipment from the oil fields was nearly 16,000,000 barrels, leaving as stock on hand at the close of the year nearly 8,500,000 barrels, as against about 4,000,000 at the close of 1878. Three thousand and thirty-eight new wells were drilled in 1879.

ANOTHER WARNING TO SQUATTERS.—In view of the fact that preparations have been set on foot for another organized attempt at forcible settlement upon the lands of the Indian Territory, the President has issued a proclamation warning all such settlers and squatters against any such movement, and stating that the treaty stipulations with the Indians will be preserved, and that any attempt to seize the lands of the Indians in the Territory will be stopped by the armed forces of the United States.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

THE guests are come, all silently they have waited,
Entering the noiseless hush with silent bows;
They linger for her coming, sore belated—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She is not wont to leave her friends so lonely
That come too seldom, as she gaily vows;
Yet they are here, and wait her pleasure only;
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She cannot be far off—perhaps but sleeping;
Doubtless at their low call she would arouse;
Why do they summon her alone with weeping?
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The portraits stare behind their veiling covers;
The dust is in the melancholy room;
Upon the air a ghastly silence hovers;
Within the threshold loneliness and gloom.

Cold, dark and desolate the place without her,
Wanting her gentle smile, as each allows;
She bears a sunbeam light and warmth about her
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The curtains fall, undraped by her slight fingers;
Behind the wainscot gnaws the secret mouse;
Her treasures need her care, but still she lingers—
Where is the little mistress of the house?

Alas! there was a rumor and a whisper
Threading the busy town these many days;
The youngest baby here, a tiny lisper,
Can falter forth the reason why she stays.

Why care and love the tenderest and sincerest
Have failed to shield and guard her fair young head;
Why she has fled from all she loved the dearest;
For there has been a rumor she is dead.

Throw wide the door! Within the gloomy portal
Where her small feet fell light as falling snow,
They bear her in, the mortal made immortal!
She comes again, but heavily and slow!

O empty shell! O beautiful frail prison!
Cold, white and vacant, tenantless and dumb,
From such poor clay as this has Christ arisen;
For such as this He shall in glory come!

But in the calm indifference to our sorrow,
In the sharp anguish of her parting breath,
In the dark gulf that hides her form to-morrow,
Thou hast thy victory, Grave! thy sting, O Death!

Yet shall she walk so fair that we who knew her
Would pale before the glory of her brows,
Nor in the radiant beauty dare to woo her
To be again the mistress of the house.

—*Leslie Walter.*

A NIGAT IN AN AVALANCHE.

IT was curious enough how I came to see an avalanche. We don't have many of them in our country, I believe; at least, they never fall near to the highways and country villages, seemingly for the accommodation of sight-seers, as they do at the Wengern Alp, and in a hundred other places of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Contrary to all arrangements and expectations of the dear old uncle who had reared me, I had not got further along in life than to a third-class clerkship in the State Department at Washington, and this only because I could write a fine hand, and make fancy capitals, said my disappointed uncle.

I believe uncle was thoroughly ashamed of my getting into the department at all. He would a hundred times over have preferred that I had been a common farmer. But when the hard times came, and when the hard times got harder, and the old farm, going under a mortgage, was only rescued by my savings as a third-class clerk, uncle sank his shame in his gratitude, and my fancy writing was ridiculed no longer. A little good penmanship had kept my uncle out of the poor-house. It did something for me, too, later.

Still, it was weary enough for me at last, reading and copying endless dispatches of the Chief Clerk to our Consuls in Europe, and all that without any apparent hope of ever becoming Chief Clerk myself. One day I was copying a dispatch of the Secretary to the Consul at Z——. It was to the effect that from that day on he would, in accordance with his request, be allowed $1,000 a year for clerk hire. "He will want a clerk, then, of course," I said to myself, "and if I could secure the situation, I might be happy still." I whistled meditatively. I would see Europe at least, and that would be a change; anyway, I would be no longer liable to become a fixture as a third-class clerk in the department. I didn't want promotion so much as I wanted a change. I got the latter as the sequel will show. That evening the dispatch of the department, copied in my best hand, left for Europe, accompanied by a private note of my own to the Consul. As a specimen of my writing, I referred to the inclosed dispatch, and informed the Consul that I could speak the German language, having learned it, evenings, during my stay in Washington. Perhaps the last remark, and not my fine writing, settled the business. Clerks who can speak foreign languages are in demand with our Consuls.

In six weeks from that day I had peeped into the great cities of London, Paris, and Brussels, and was now standing at the clerk's desk of the American Consulate at Z——.

The business was not burdensome. With the office open but five hours a day, we were happy. I had beautiful times—so did the Consul.

What wonderfully various duties Consuls have to perform in these five hours, though! What a combination of *pater* and *mater familias* the Consul is! Though never severe, his work is as multifarious as are the characters of a thousand tourists. His office is the grand depot of all strange things. The consulate at Z—— was no exception to the rule. It was the receptacle of everything, from a dainty love letter with a lock of hair, to wills of invalids and Saratoga trunks. Everybody called there, many "loafed" there, and one poor melancholy tramp claimed the immortal privilege of hanging himself in the Consul's wood house—just to be under the flag, as it were.

Tourists and tramps, however, are not alone in furnishing the Consul with the spiced variety of life. Uncle Sam contributes his mite occasionally.

Among the Washington letters last winter was one from our worthy Commissioner of Pensions, asking the Consul to investigate, and furnish evidence that certain widows and minor daughters of United States pensioners living in his district had not married, and thus forfeited their claim to further aid from the Government. It was easy enough to secure this evidence in most cases. Those living near the city were invited to call at the consulate, and it was sometimes a matter of sly pleasure to the Consul and myself to listen to the embarrassed confessions of pretty widows that Cupid had never cast his net a second time for them. But there was one pensioner from whom repeated official notes, written in good German, and with my finest flourish of capitals, brought no message, pro or con.

Pensioner No. 1004 seemed to feel that Uncle Sam had no right to ask so indelicate a question.

All the certificates, except 1004, were indorsed and ready to be returned. "This pensioner," said the Consul to his chief clerk one morning, "is probably either dead or married, and I am determined to find out which. It is not so wonderfully far from here to the village of Bleiberg, and if you have an inclination, you may take the next train and go there. Come back by Saturday, and, of course, make the expenses as trifling as you can."

I had long wished for a stroll of some sort into the magnificent valleys of the Carinthian Alps, and here seemed my opportunity.

I can't say that the cars whizzed me very suddenly away to the pretty town of Bleiberg, for in fact the trains whiz dreadfully slowly in the Tyrol. I was twenty-five miles still from Bleiberg when I transferred my hand valise and myself from a second-class railway car into a first-class mountain diligence.

It was a wonderfully beautiful valley I was to ascend to Bleiberg. There are no finer mountain prospects anywhere. It seems to me sometimes that all the ornamental work of the creation has been expended on Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Usually, when in the mountains, I pay the diligence conductor a franc *pourboire*, and ride outside with the driver, or up in the imperial, perched like a leather bonnet on the top of the vehicle. I determined fully to do so this time.

How capricious is the mind of man, I reflected, on entering the little station, and seeing a young lady in a velvet jacket and gray kids buy inside coupe No. 1 for Bleiberg. In a minute and a half I had changed my mind, and was the owner of coupe ticket No. 2; and yet the weather had not changed, the sun shone as warmly as ever, and the mountains, right and left, were as magnificent as five minutes before, when I had told the conductor I would share his outside perch with him.

The velvet jacket, though fitting closely to a neat form, I didn't mind so much; but gray kids on a pair of pretty hands inside a diligence coupe, slowly ascending a romantic mountain valley on a charming spring day, were simply irresistible.

I helped my traveling companion to her seat, fixed my own precious baggage into the big box behind, and then proceeded, naturally enough, to occupy inside seat No. 2. There was but one passenger beside myself. I was never in this world accused of being a flirt or a gallant; but I submit to my bachelor readers if there is anything extraordinary in this fact that in twenty minutes the two occupants of that mountain diligence were tolerably acquainted.

We spoke, of course, in German. We noted the green fields at the edge of snowbanks, the singular costumes of the men passing us, and who hailed us with a "God greet you!" as they tipped their broad-brimmed hats. We thought, too, how chilly they must be, even on a day like this, with their open red jackets, breeches only to the knee, and stockings only to the ankle. Still more interesting to us were the women, trudging along in their short black petticoats and dove-gray stockings, though the muddy roads sometimes interfered with any exact discrimination in the shades. What struck us both as *very* singular, however, was the great similarity of our German accent. Miss Shelton—Miss Margot Shelton, to be more explicit—for I had seen her name on the ticket as I passed it to the conductor—was perfectly certain I was not a Swiss, much less an Austrian, and I was equally confident my fair companion was not a native to the Alps. Her German bore too strong an accent for that. I afterward learned she had thought my own a little curious. Once, just for the sport of the thing, I shouted something to the driver in English. How astonished I was to hear Miss Shelton add to it a phrase as English as my own! We held breath to explain, and in almost no time at all discovered that we were both Americans. Stranger discoveries followed—they always do. Miss Shelton's father had been a volunteer Captain in our army, and I myself had been within a rifle-shot of him when he fell at Vicksburg.

Her mother, a native of Bleiberg, took this only daughter and returned to her old home, stopping at the solicitations of friends, first for months, and now it had been years. In a moment I recalled what had been puzzling me for an hour. I had seen the name Shelton before somewhere.

Who was pensioner 1004 but Elsie Shelton—why had not thought of that?—wife of Captain Shelton, killed at Vicksburg in June, 1863. How extremely singular! we both exclaimed. Mrs. Elsie Shelton, I was soon informed, was not remarried.

The object of my journey was accomplished. I might return home at once. I did not, however. Besides, Miss Shelton insisted that I should go on and visit pretty Bleiberg, her mother and *herself*. I was easily persuaded.

Why had the Consul's letters not been answered? I asked, as we made a turn in the road. "O," said Miss Shelton, "mother and I were both coming next week to Z——, to visit a relative there, and so she proposed answering in person. Besides, she is not so poor that she cares dreadfully whether Uncle Sam stops the ten dollars or so a month or not. She always gives half of it to the postmaster's children and the rest to me for pin-money. Why, do you know, I bought these very gloves with some of that money at Innsbruck only two days ago;" and here the pretty hands and the gray kid gloves nestled coquettishly on her lap. By noon the church steeple of Bleiberg was in sight and in an hour the driver blew a shrill note or so on his horn, the villagers hastened to the windows of the houses as our four panting ponies passed on a gallop, and the little old postmaster lifted his blue cap and gave us a salute all round. Mrs. Shelton was living with a friend, then absent, in a substantial two-story stone house not far from the post.

"This is Mr. ——," said Miss Shelton, laughing, as she presented me to her mother, "a real American; and, just think, he has come to ask, mamma, if you are married." The good-looking, embarrassed little widow soon unravelled the nonsense with which Miss Margot was seeking to overwhelm us, and I was welcomed not only as an American, but as one of the "boys in blue" who had been with Grant at Vicksburg.

When the dinner was over I strolled out through one of the loveliest situated villages of the Alps. The view down the valley we had just ascended was enchanting. Behind the pretty town, and edged by a green meadow sloping upward, was a forest of tall, dark firs, and above this an alp, angling up the side of a steep mountain, known to all tourists as the "Rigi" of the Kernthal.

It was only the 25th of February, but the sun seemed as warm as in midsummer. The grass, so wonderfully green, was high enough for pasture, and violets and daisies peeped out everywhere.

It was "*dangerously* warm, in fact," muttered the little postmaster in the blue cap, as I handed him a letter to post to the Consul at Z——, saying everything was well, but I couldn't possibly be back on Saturday—"dangerously warm, because there had not been so much snow on the mountains in fifty years as now, and already people began to hear of avalanches falling out of season."

Bleiburg, however, is safe enough I thought to myself, as I glanced up the sides of the old peak, where, sure enough, there were oceans of snow and ice glistening in the sunshine. But it was a mile away, and between pretty Bleiberg and it swept, like a dark veil, the forest of tall fir-trees. Besides, how could a village that had slept a hundred years be waked up now to an adventure just to gratify a young American?

"I don't like it—it's too warm—and there's no telling," continued my would-be pessimist of a postmaster. "I haven't lived in these regions well-nigh to fifty years for nothing. Snowing all winter, and hot sun and daises in February, aren't natural. It means avalanches to somebody somewhere."

I had almost forgotten that, as I left the house of my fair entertainers, I was informed that it was carnival-day in the village, and that at three o'clock I must be on hand to see the procession. It was already after three, and I hurried back to be offered a good place to see from, at the upper chamber window of Miss Margot, where, joined by her mother, we awaited the boys in striped trousers and masks, and the men with music and flags. It was a novel sight, as the long procession filed up the road and approached the house where we were waiting. A parade in a mountain valley always is novel. The contrast of the bright colors of the costumes and flags with the green foliage and the greener grass at the road-sides; the comparative silence, disturbed only by the echoing of the notes of music from the lofty rocks; the seeming diminutiveness of everything—of the men, of the thread-like roads, of even the houses and trees, as seen under the shadow of the towering mountains—all added impressiveness to the thing.

There were possibly a hundred persons in the procession, with a score of boys following at the sides, and all the villagers looking on. I don't know why it was, but somehow they seemed less joyous than I had seen the peasants at other village carnivals. Was it the unusual heat, or was there in their minds some flitting presentiment of evil? Some of these old men had had experiences—sad enough, doubtless—of the unexpected dangers to life in these high valleys. I recall now a sort of uneasiness I noticed on the faces of those nearest us, and, as I thought, an occasional glancing over our house at the great mountain behind. In some mysterious way this uneasy feeling was communicating itself to us also. Avalanches, however, give no signs of approaching, no warning. They are unexpected, as sudden, as earthquakes, and sometimes lightning is not much more rapid in its work. When a million tons of ice and snow slip from the side of a mountain, they are not long in reaching the bottom.

The gay procession moved on. The music and the laughter grew merrier. Even the little postmaster in the blue cap was engaged in a loud guffaw at a clown marching on stilts. I had filled my pockets with bonbons at the post, and we were throwing them to the boys nearest us in the procession.

Suddenly the music ceased; there was an awful whizzing in the air; a cry of "Avalanche!" "Avalanche!" and in an instant roaring and cracking, as of falling forests. In ten short seconds an awful flood of snow, mangled trees, ice and stones passed the house, like the swell of a mighty sea. Everything shook. The procession disappeared as if ingulfed by an earthquake. Houses, right and left, tumbled over and were buried in one single instant. The air, cooled for a moment, and again hot, was rent with the screams of the mangled. An awful catastrophe had befallen us; the wrath of the mountain was upon the village! For a moment we stood paralyzed—speechless. We had been saved.

My first impulse was to rush to the street, and to drag my companions with me; but there was no street. Even the garden had disappeared in a foam of snow and ice. We thought of the back window at the embankment, but as we tore it open a single glance toward the mountain told us the horror was but begun. "The forest!" we all shouted in a breath. It was gone, all gone, as if mown by a mighty reaper, and masses of other snow seemed ready to slide. The white brow of the mountain still gleamed in the sunshine and seemed to laugh at the desolation. Another whizzing, a roar, and with our own eyes we saw the side of the mountain start. Instantly and together we sprang down the steps into the lower room. There was a roll of thunder, a mighty crash, and then all was darkness. We were buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am unable to recall. I only remember our fearful cries for help; how we shouted separately, and then united on one word, crying together again and again, our only answer the silence of the grave.

Every soul in the village, probably, had been killed, or, like ourselves, had been buried beneath the snow and ice of the mountain. It was only after we had exhausted ourselves with vain cries for help that we meditated on helping ourselves. We had not been injured. We remembered that we were in the little sitting-room down-stairs, the windows only of which seemed broken in, and filled with snow, ice and stones. The stairway was also filled with snow and the debris of the crushed walls. Above us all was desolation.

How deep the avalanche lay across us we feared even to conjecture. As is my custom when in the Alps, I had a flask in my pocket of the best brandy. I persuaded my companions to drink, and drank myself until the last drop disappeared. Possibly it gave us courage.

The furniture in the room seemed all in its proper place. We could move about, but it was becoming terribly cold, and we felt the sleepy chill, that dreadful precursor of death by freezing, overcoming us. Once we were certain we heard voices above us, and again we shouted to try to tell them we were still alive. We listened; the voices were gone—we were abandoned to our fate.

For hours we had alternately shouted and listened, until we sank down in despair. It must have been midnight when, in our gropings about the little chamber, our hands came on a wax candle. In a few moments we had light—*light to die by.*

It would have been a strange sight for an artist—that buried room, with the dim light, the windows filled with snow, and the three inmates there waiting death. Once I attempted to encourage my companions, though myself hopeless, by telling of people who had been dug out of avalanches safe and well; but my words brought only groans. Hours went by. I don't know whether we were sleeping or freezing, when I started at hearing a voice cry, "A light! a light!" I sprang to my feet, and again the voice cried, "A light!" In ten minutes three half-frozen, half-insane human beings were tenderly lifted from the grave into the gray light of the morning. A hundred noble souls had labored the long night through, seeking the buried.

Every man and woman, from every village in the whole valley, had hurried to the scene, and was straining every nerve to rescue those to whom life might still be clinging. We were among the last taken from the snow and rocks, which had lain upon us thirty feet in depth. Did those brave rescuers wonder that we knelt to them, and kissed the hems of their ragged garments?

Beautiful Bleiberg is no more. Half of those whom we saw dancing along in the procession of the carnival, in the bright sunshine, sleep among the violets on the hill-side. The snow, and the ice, and the black bowlders from the mountain, and the dark fir-trees, still lie, in this early summer of 1879, in one mass in the valley. We all left as soon as we could travel. I went home to Z——.

My chief has resigned, and I am now acting Consul in his place. Should the Senate confirm all the new appointments, I expect to remain as Consul. Miss Shelton thinks also of remaining, and when Americans wander to Z—— they will find the latch-string of our home at the Consulate on the outside of the door.

One word and I am done. Mrs. Shelton has lost a part of her pension—so much of it as was allowed for a minor daughter. I have so reported it to the Commissioner at Washington.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

The United States the Great Newspaper Country.

OUR great progress in journalism is shown by the fact that in 1775 there were in the United States less than forty newspapers and periodicals, whose aggregate issue for that year comprised 1,200,000 copies; now the united press publishes over 500 daily newspapers, more than 4,000 weeklies, and about 600 monthly publications; of the dailies that existed in 1870, about 800,000,000 copies were struck off that year; of the weeklies, about 600,000,000; and of other serial publications, about 100,000,000, amounting in all to 1,500,000,000 copies. And to sum the matter up yet more forcibly, it must be stated that the United States publishes more newspapers, with greater combined circulation, than all the other countries of the world can together boast of having. The oldest paper of uninterrupted publication in this country is the Hartford *Courant*, which has already attained the hoary age of 116 years. In regard to its last birth-day it plaintively says: "We believe that, with the already announced death of a New Hampshire paper, recently, at the age of 116, we are left in a condition of absolute isolation. The last of our early contemporaries is gone."

Cave Man in England.

Prof. Boyd Hawkins, a prominent English geologist, gave recently a lecture in London on "The Man of the Caverns," in the course of which he drew a vivid picture of Southern England in prehistoric times. While the river-drift men and the cave men were living in Britain, the hills and valleys in the South of England, he said, presented the same outlines as they did now. Could we take our stand in those times on Shooter's Hill or on the Essex Heights, and look over the Thames Valley in the direction of London, we should see a dense forest of oak, ash and Scotch fir, and the course of the Thames marked by lines of willows and alders. A few thin columns of smoke rising over the tops of the trees would mark the camping-places of primeval man. In the forests wild boars, mammoths, and rhinoceroses, wild horses, stags, and Irish elks would meet our eyes, and in the summer time countless herds of bisons, like those now ranging over the plains of northwestern America. In the winter were vast numbers of reindeer, and a few musk sheep, the most Arctic of the mammalia in its habits. In the rivers were otters and beavers, and the explorer would be startled by the snort of the hippopotamus in the reaches of the Thames near Brentford. Beasts of prey also abounded, lions, leopards, hyenas, grizzly bears, wolves and foxes. If we penetrated to one of the camp-fires we should have seen the river-drift hunter chipping or using some of those rude flint implements which lie buried in the London gravels along with the remains of the animals which he hunted.

The river-drift man, in the long course of ages, was succeeded by the man of the caverns, like him a hunter, living on the same animals, and more highly equipped for the battle of life. In the course of time the cave man disappeared, the climate and geography of England became almost what it was now, the hunter stage of civilization was superseded by that of the herdsman and the tiller of the ground and the manufacturer of the neolithic age. From the neolithic age down to the present time the progress of man had been unbroken in Britain and in Europe, and the present condition of the European peoples was to be looked upon as the result of a gradual series of changes by which civilization succeeded civilization, and race succeeded race, "the old order yielding place unto the new," because the new order was higher and nobler.

When the Borrower Is Happy.

Your true borrower is never happy unless he is allowed to bind himself legally to repay the money, and will joyfully sign any number of promissory notes or give you a bill of sale on the rubbish he calls his furniture. "You have my I O U," he urges solemnly and conclusively. Once upon a time a French Deputy was returned to the Chambers on the strength of a promise to procure for his native town a bridge, a park, and a grant of public money wherewith to keep it up. But time passed, the Assembly was dissolved and the Deputy had to seek re-election; but neither bridge nor park nor grant had been conceded. He knew not what to say on the subject when he had to face the electors; but, in a moment of happy inspiration, he spoke thus: "Messieurs and fellow-citizens, with regard to our bridge and park, what I said to you two years ago I now repeat in the most solemn and public manner. A promise with me is a sacred thing; and what I promised you before I promise you still." And the peasants said to each other: "See, he is an honest man; we shall do well to vote for him; what he says he sticks to; he does not back out of his promises."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chris. Dean's Heroic Act.

One day last week, owing to the mistake of a telegraph operator, two freight trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad came into collision near Cameron Mills. Chris. Dean was the engineer of one of the trains. Both he and his fireman were fastened beneath the wreck of their locomotive. Dean was held by one of his legs, which was caught by the fire-box of the engine. His fireman was nearly buried under pieces of the wreck. When the men were discovered, Dean had managed to reach his tool-box, and he was making every endeavor to extricate the fireman. When he saw the men who had come to their aid, Dean shouted:

"Help poor Jim! Never mind me!"

The fireman was extricated as soon as possible, in an unconscious condition. Dean was then taken out. It was then ascertained that during all the time he had been working to relieve his fireman, the fire-box had been burning his leg to a crisp. It was literally roasted from his knee down, and had to be amputated. The fireman died, but it is thought the bravo engineer will recover.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Chinese Theater.

In the north of China every town and every large village boasts its permanent theater, while the inhabitants of other villages, too small to be fortunate, find little difficulty in extemporizing theaters of mat and bamboo on any chance arrival of an itinerant troop of actors. As long as the visit of these wandering players lasts the people of the district give themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. Early each morning the roads from all the country round may be seen crowded with people, the poorer ones on foot, and, if in the north of China, the wealthier classes on mules or carts, all tending to the one point of attraction; the women gay in blue, red or green silks, and the men in their best and brightest attire. If we follow this pleasure seeking crowd, we enter a theater built in the form of a parallelogram, at one end of which is a platform, generally, though not always, as wide as the building. This platform is divided breathwise by a wooden partition with two entrances, the front part forming the stage, and the rear portion serving the purposes of green-room, property-room, and abode of the troupe. The body of the theater, answering to our pit and stalls, is without seats or partitions; while above and encircling the whole are the boxes in which the women and principal subscribers have their places. If the district should be a very poor one the probability is that we find ourselves opposite a covered stage on an open piece of ground, in front of which the carts of the visitors, full of their occupants, are ranged in a semi-circle, thus forming the walls of a truly Thespian theater. Within this inclosure stands a densely-packed, good-natured, eager crowd, whose power of standing is only equalled by their power of unflagging enjoyment. No money is taken at the doors. The troupe is generally hired either by a private individual or by a public subscription for a certain number of days, and free admission is granted to every one. The performances last from the early morning until late in the evening, with short intervals between each of the four or five pieces. The acting, generally speaking, is good for the Chinese are naturally quick of observation, and are thus able in every-day life to catch easily the tone of those with whom they associate, and on the stage to assume the characters they wish to represent. The possession of these faculties is the more important as the actors get very little guidance from the play-books, which almost entirely confine their directions to "enter," "exit" and "aside," or, as the Chinese literally translated means, "ascend," "descend" and "turn the back and say."—*Contemporary Review.*

Sugar, Tea and Coffee.

COMMISSIONER LE DUC in his report for the year 1879 says that the success attending the efforts of the Department at Washington in the direction of the manufacture of cane sugar from sorghum and maize will mark the year just past as an important epoch in the agricultural progress of the people. During the past summer and fall sugar of good quality has been profitably made from Texas to Northern Minnesota from Minnesota early amber. Syrup weighing twelve pounds to the gallon, at least one-half of which was crystallizable cane sugar, was made and can again be made in nearly every State in the Union by farmers with ordinary and inexpensive machinery at the cost of sixteen and two-third cents per gallon, and by means of larger and better appointed mills that need not cost to exceed $10,000 sugar and syrup have been made the past season from sorghum by the car-load which commanded the highest market price. A knowledge of these and other facts pertaining to the subject warrants the assertion, Commissioner Le Duc believes, that sugar can be manufactured in quantities sufficient to meet any demand likely to occur, at a remunerative rate, even if the price should fall one-third below what it now is, and that the smallest farmer as well as the largest planter can profitably engage in its production, and this in no limited area of country, but in whatever place maize can be grown successfully.

The efforts of the department to introduce the culture and manufacture of tea, according to this same report, have been steadily continued and with a fair prospect of ultimate success. Of the 69,000 plants distributed last year, the report indicates a loss of about one-half, owing to failure, it is thought, to protect them from the hot sun, but the applications of the farmers are numerous, and the distributions of the Department will be continued during the spring to come.

A solution of the question whether coffee can be cultivated in any part of the United States has at length been solved by Mrs. Julia Atzeroth, of Braidentown, Manatee County, Fla., who has sent to the department at Washington a branch of coffee grown in the open air in her garden. It is something to know that a lodgment has been effected on the coast of Florida. But though four trees are known to have been successfully grown and fruited, whether the coffee will ripen thoroughly and prove as profitable here as it has in other countries has yet to be determined.—*N. Y. World.*

A Brilliant Diamond Robber.

ONE of the cleverest diamond robberies of modern times is reported in a tone of odd complacency by the leading journals of St. Petersburg. About a fortnight ago a handsome equipage drew up at the door of the first jeweler in the Russian capital. Alighting from the carriage, an elegantly dressed and remarkably pretty young lady entered the shop and requested that some parures of brilliants might be shown to her. Several costly sets were forthwith submitted for inspection, and after some hesitation she selected a riviere and pendants valued at 10,000 rubles, and, stating that she was the wife of an eminent mad doctor, whose name is a household word in St. Petersburg, requested the proprietor of the establishment to accompany her home with the jewels, in order to settle finally with her husband about their price. The jeweler packed up his diamonds and got into the carriage with his fair customer. Presently they arrived at a large house and were received at the *porte cochere* by a Suisse in splendid livery, who conducted them up a brilliantly lighted staircase into a richly furnished drawing-room, in which the lady begged her companion to take a seat, and, jewel case in hand, proceeded to summon "her husband." Entering the doctor's consultation room in an apparent state of uncontrollable agitation, she informed the latter that she had brought her unfortunate spouse to visit him, in the hope that he would undertake to cure him of the strange monomania under which he had labored for some time past. "My afflicted husband," she said, "is a wealthy landed proprietor from A——, in the Government of Minsk; he is quiet and harmless, but has diamonds on the brain. He will talk of nothing else, poor fellow! Will you see him? I have left him in your drawing-room and am much too nervous to be present while you diagnose his case. Might I, therefore, ask you to accompany me to my carriage before you go to him! It will be such a relief to me to leave him in your care." Her ingenious device was crowned with complete success. She drove off with the diamonds; an interview between the Doctor and the jeweler fully confirmed her statement with respect to the latter's alleged monomania, and resulted in his being placed under bodily restraint, from which he was only rescued three days later by one of his partners, who succeeded, with the assistance of the police, in tracking him to Dr. V——f's renowned private lunatic-asylum. No trace has yet been discovered of the gifted lady who accomplished this, in every sense of the word, "brilliant" coup.—*London Telegraph.*

AN Australian paper of recent date contains an extraordinary advertisement in which Eliza Wehbrook, of Ravenswood, gives her husband notice that if she does not hear from him within three months from date she intends to marry again.

NO ONE ever yet knew a young and handsome girl to go to the depot too late for the train if left to herself. She is more likely to be half an hour ahead, especially if the telegraph operator is a young man.—*Free Press.*

THE Chicago *News* has looked the field over, and come to the conclusion that: "The meanest little thing that the human eye can behold, even with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, is the American snob."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE PESSIMIST PRIG.

Since to manhood I've grown
Many prigs I have known;
rigs youthful, prigs senile, prigs little and big;
But the prigs I detest
Far beyond all the rest
Is the languid, dissatisfied Pessimist Prig.

If the glories of night
His attention invite,
For the "stars in their course" he don't care a fig.
Looking up at the sky
With his glass at his eye
They're too many by half," says th ePessimist Prig.

If you mention the spoil
You may get from the soil,
He replies, "But to get it, you know, you must dig!"
If you show him the sea,
Blue, bounding, and free,
"Ah! it makes me so sick!" says the Pessimist Prig.

If he happens to sit,
At a farce, in the pit,
With each neighbor as merry as "sand boy" or "grig;"
With his sneer, and his frown,
He soon pulls them all down;
"They are frivolous fools," says the Pessimist Prig.

If you point ont the charms
Of a woman's white arms,
He strokes his false whiskers and settles his wig;
"She's not my ideal;
She's vastly too real;
Give me soul! Give me soul!" says the Pessimist Prig.

"Life and death are the same,"
He will often exclaim;
"And life's not worth having, and man is a pig!"
"Then why don't you die?"
Is my frequent reply.
"Why! Because they're the same," says the Pessimist Prig.

Then I shriek, and I tear
What remains of my hair,
And I send for a cnrricle, buggy, or gig,
And I cry, "Let me fly
To the wilds, ere I die
Of this languid, dissatisfied Pessimist Prig!"

—*Whitehall Review.*

THE NEW REFORMATION.

"Dr. Strong's a master preacher, Desire."

"Yes."

"Tbat was a powerful sermon today, aud no mistake. I'd like to see the man that could gainsay them argyments, but——"

With this word Deacon Wiseman's lips closed firmly, his brow knit closely, his hands grasped tightly the arms of his chair, he leaned slightly forward and seemed lost in thought. Meanwhile, silence reigned unbroken, save by the slow ticking of the clock in tbe corner, solemnly counting off for the good Deacon and his Desire, the passing moments of the waning Lord's-day.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty; the Deacon's clenched fist deseended upon the table with such force as to nearly upset the tumbler of roses and young-man's-love which graced it, and caused the patent-office reports to tremble in their places. "I tell you, Desire, there's going to be a new reformation," he cried.

Placid Mrs. Wiseman, roused from peaceful meditations on the propheey of that happy era when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, spears into pruning-hooks and tho nations of the earth learn war no more, to remembrance of the troublous times of the sixteenth century, gazing at her worthy spouse with her mild blue eyes horror-dilated behind their gold-rimmed glasses, could only falter out in a questioning, mystified tremolo, "Why, Deacon Wiseman?"

"Yes, Desire, a new reformation; but don't you be frightened; it won't be like the old one, I'll tell you. I've been thinking of Dr. Strong and his heavy shots—not meaning any disrespect to our minister or his discourses. He's a mighty man in the books, Desire; forgotten more things, I venture to say, than you and I, put together, ever knew. He knows how to present the doctrines. Doctrines ain't to be despised, for we ought to be able to give a reason for the faith that's in us. But I don't believe in all reason and no faith, and I don't believe in all doctrines and nothing to help a man along ev'ry day. I tell you, Desire, we're having a great deal of religion that's good to talk about, and precious little of the kind that's good to live by. Not that I'm blaming the Doctor. Bless him, no. His head's full of fine theories, and it's in nature for him to talk them when he talks anything. He's so took up with them, though, that he can't see common needs as I can. Now I was reading the other day that the ancient moralists reckoned four virtues essential—justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude. Cardinal virtues they called them, because they was the basis of all virtue. Justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude," repeated the deacon, slowly naming the virtues on the fingers of his left hand, "yes, Desire, these're what I want to see practiced, and I'm agoing to persuade men and women to practice them. I've got to do it. I'm going to do it."

Thus was the new reformation determined upon. Thus did its leader, with something of the spirit and earnestness of Luther at Worms, declaring, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me," utter his vow of committal to the promptings of conscience.

One evening, several days later, as Deacon Wiseman and his wife comfortably settled themselves in their easy chairs for a twilight chat, tho Deacon began relating some of his experience in the work which he had so zealously undertaken.

"This morning, Desire," said he, "I felt moved to labor with Ben Halsey. You see Ben bought the Widow Thatcher's wood-lot. She's a slick kind of body, and couldn't tell how many acres there was in it; but left the surveying to Ben, which, I must say, wasn't very cunning in her, considering that she was to be paid by the acre, and considering what kind of a fellow Ben is. His brothers helped him on the job, so they had it all among themselves—carried the chains, did tbe reckoning, and managed everything. Thirty-five acres they said it was, and Ben paid the widow accordingly. Nobody would have disputed or made any fuss, if Tom Anderson hadn't happened around just at that time, and mentioned to one and another that his father sold that wood-lot to John Thatcher, and sold him forty acres, too. Then folks began to talk and speculate and think over about it pretty lively. Mis' Thatcher said there never had been a rod of the lot sold, and if there was forty acres when John bought it, there was forty acres then. 'Push it, Mis' Thatcher, push it,' Squire Parton told her. 'A hundred dollars isn't to be shook off ev'ry bush. Push it, and I'll back you.' But Mis' Thatcher only answered, 'If Ben Halsey's cheated me he knows it, and ought to make restitution; and when it come to vengeance, that rests in stronger hands than nine.'

"Well, now, that was the Christian way of looking at it, Desire. I wouldn't have taken vengeance into my own hands, still I can't bear to see a woman misused; besides, I thought there might come a time, Desire"—the Deacon's voice dropped to a tender cadence, while he reached out his hand and gently touched the gay chintz covering of—the chair in which Desire was sitting—"there might come a time, Desire, when you'd be left alone and need somebody to stand between you and the extortioners of the world. So, as I remarked before, I felt moved to labor with Ben. I think I had freedom in speaking, and I'm certain I told him the truth. Of course, though, he fired up the first thing, and had over something about folks minding their own business. 'And look here Deacon Wiseman,' he cried, 'you talk about people's rights; don't it strike you that I have rights, and that you're rather interfering with them?'

"'No, Ben,' replied I, 'for no man has a right to do what is wrong, and no other man has a right to stand by consenting while he does it. In this I can say as I have read, that Lord Bacon once said, in concluding one of his great speeches in the House of Commons: "I have told you my opinion. I know it had been more safe to have been silent, but it is more honest and loving to speak. When man speaketh he may be wounded by others. But as he holds his peace from good things he wounded eth himself."'

"'Lord Bacon he hanged,' said Ben, and started off in a huff.

"'Take it kindly, Ben,' I called after him. 'Remember I'm an old man, and your dead father and I was boys together.' But he didn't look around, only muttered a word or two that I couldn't quite catch, and walked on the faster

"Whether what I'd done would amount to anything or not I didn't know; but just now, when I was coming up the hill, somebody jumped over the fence from the eastside lot and said, as pleasant as you please: 'Halloa, Deacon!' It was Ben, and then he went on: 'Can't you speak to a fellow that don't devour widows' houses? We've been over that lot again, and I guess there was a mistake (he looked kinder shame-faced over the word, yet couldn't exactly own up, you see, to its having been a mistake made a-purpose) and I guess there was a mistake,' said he, 'in the first measuring. for we've got it forty acres this time, and I'm on my way home from paying a hundred dollars more to Mistress Harriet Thatcher.'

"'God bless you, Ben!' said I, 'and surely he will.'

"I'm glad I had the courage to speak, Desire. Justice has been exalted, and, oh! I'm glad, so glad of that."

But Deacon Wiseman shall not be canonized on his own testimony alone. Let us establish his right to such high honor at the mouth of two or three witnesses.

A couple of Deacon Wiseman's townsmen chancing to meet, some time after the event recorded, and talking of this and that, one observed to the other, "Well, Deacon Wiseman did a nice thing the other day."

"How so?" queried his companion.

"Haven't you heard? Why, Parker and Stevens disagreed over something pertaining to the new library building. It wasn't anything to speak of in the beginning, only a slight difference of opinion; but you know Parker is rather hot-headed, and he made some pretty aggravating remarks. Stevens don't lack for spirit, either, and showed proper resentment, you may he sure. So the thing kept growing; they both getting madder and talking sharper every moment. What made it worse was there were a good many by to see and hear, the most of them the kind that wouldn't make allowances. Parker was belittling and really disgracing himself, when up steps Deacon Wiseman, who had been a spectator of the whole, touches Parker on the shoulder and says, 'This way a moment, if you please, Mr. Parker.' They went out together, returning presently. I don't know what the Deacon said to him during their absence, but as they were entering the building again, I overheard him softly repeating, 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity,'" earnestly adding, 'Remember, Mr. Parker, that you are a professor of religion, or remember, at least, that you're a gentleman.' Any way Parker was quite softened down, and immediately acknowledged himself to blame, and begged pardon of Stevens in presence of us all. 'My good friend, the Deacon,' said he, turning toward Deacon Wiseman, 'has shown me the truth of this matter, and I thank him for it. Another time I trust I shall not be so foolish as to let my quick temper run away with my prudence or temperance—they are about the same thing, for there is intemperance otherwise than in drink.' And at this the Deacon looked as happy as if told that he had fallen heir to an estate."

Yet again.

Into a home where "hard times" in the train of a ruinous business failure had entered, and where discouragement and despair had become inmates, there came one night its head and founder. Not as usual, however, came he. The patient wife, laying her table for the frugal evening meal, looked up to greet him with a brave word of cheer, and saw something in his face that sent a thrill of hope and gladness through her aching heart.

"What is it, James," she tenderly asked.

"I've touched bottom at last," was the reply. "The waves and the billows are going over me, but I've got a footing. No, not that," he hastily added, reading in her upturned eyes the question his words had suggested. "The financial prospect is no more encouraging to-night than formerly, yet I've got a little of that without which I should be poor indeed, though able to count my millions. O, Mary Gordon"—throwing his arms around the woman's slender waist, and drawing her down to a seat beside him on the lounge—"your husband has been a fool and a coward! True, my losses overwhelmed, and disheartened me as much for your sake and our children's as for my own, still I'm not worthy to be called a man, that I didn't bear up under them any better. This afternoon I was talking with Deacon Wiseman, making over again the same old childish, fretful complaints. 'My dear fellow,' said he; 'it's a great trouble, I know; but have you tried standing up against it—just standing up against it, one day at a time?' Now folks have condoled with me and pitied me in my trial, gabbled about taking things as they come and submitting to the dispensations of Providence till I have thought I should go crazy, while the Deacon's simple proposition to stand up against it has, as it were, brought me back to myself. I'm weak enough yet. I can't get the mastery of this; I can't fight it much; but I will have the fortitude to stand up against it. I will show myself possessed of some manliness and courage. Bless the old Deacon for his good word; it was fitly spoken!"

"And 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver,'" falteringly responded Mrs. Gordon, through a rush of happy tears; and then she rose and stepped lightly about the room, completing her preparations for supper and humming low to herself: "The Lord will provide."

The new reformation was beginning to be felt. A little leaven leaveneth finally the whole lump, we know. Therefore it will not be accounted strange—the love and zeal whereof we have taken knowledge never failing, moreover—that the community in which Deacon Wiseman lived and labored came to be pre-eminently distinguished for its practice of the things that are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

A Parvenu Empress.

The Empress Josephine was allowed by Napoleon $120,000 a year for her personal expenses, and $24,000 for alms giving. Her successor, the Archduches, received only $72,000 for these purposes. The pretext of this difference was that Josephine had a great many calls upon her purse from her poor relations. There is no doubt, we are told, that she gave a great deal away, but as her presents were never taken from her own effects, but always freshly purchased, the practical outcome of her beneficence was a vast accumulation of debts. These Napoleon would pay once a year, never in full, however, as he desired to keep his wife in continual dependence. Josephine, it seems, would never tolerate anything like order or etiquette in her private apartments. After she became Empress, Napoleon insisted that she should have no personal dealings with shopkeepers, but he was forced to yield upon this point. Her private rooms were always full of shawl merchants, silk mercers, mantua makers, haberdashers, jewelers and portrait painters. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and gave the pictures to anybody who wanted them, relatives, friends, chambermaids, even shopkeepers. The latter were always bringing her diamonds, trinkets, shawls, stuffs and gew-gaws of every kind; she bought everything, never asking the price, and half the time forgetting what she had purchased. From the outset she gave her ladies in waiting to understand that they need not meddle with her wardrobe; everything connected with that department was transacted in private by her, and her maids, of whom there were six or eight. She rose at nine o'clock, her toilet was a very prolonged performance, one part of it being somewhat mysterious and involving divers operations for the preservation and improvement of her complexion. When this work of art was finished, she had her hair dressed and her person wrapped in a long wrapper, lavishly trimmed with lace. We are informed that her chemises and petticoats were also elaborately trimmed. Mme. de Remusat deems it pertinent to add the further detail that Josephine changed her chemises and all her linen thrice a day, and wore none but new stockings. After her hair was done, they brought her huge baskets containing quantities of gowns, bonnets and shawls. Of India she had as many as three or four hundred—she made gowns of them, or bed coverings, or cushions for her dog. She always wore one in the morning, draping it about her shoulders with a grace peculiar to herself. Bonaparte, who thought shawls hid her figure too much, would now and then tear them off and fling them into the fire. She bought, we are told, every Cashmere shawl the tradesmen brought her, at any price they chose to ask—$1,000, or $2,000, or $2,400. Cashmere shawls were the fashion at the court, and the oldest lady connected with the imperial household would not condescend to wear one which cost less than $200.

Josephine's mode of life seems to have been sufficiently monotonous, yet, although she never opened a book or took up a pen she showed no signs of ennui. She had no taste for the theater, and the Emperor did not like her to go without him, lest her appearance should provoke applause and give her a sort of personal popularity. She never walked for exercise except when at Malmasion, an abode she was forever embellishing, and on which she squandered immense sums. Her principal employment was looking over the huge accumulations of gowns, frippery, and ornaments in her wardrobes, for which really colossal magazines had to be assigned in each of their palaces. She could never prevail on herself to part with a single article of clothing, and up to her last hour derived unquenchable delight from examining, assorting, and trying on her finery. On the day of her death she had her maids array her in a dressing gown of extreme elegance, because she fancied the Emperor of Russia would, perhaps, call to see her. She expired in rose-colored satin.

VARIETIES.

—The Boston *Transcript* says that a woman's hang is worse than her bite.

—A hypocrite is a man who tries to be pious and can't, with a preponderance of cant.

—A Yankee railroad man has gone to England to show 'em how we check baggage.

—It would be easy to learn a foreign language if, as the Irishman said, "it could only be spoke in English."

—Smiths is a new phase of the name. Charles E. Smiths appears in Baltimore. Come, young man; one at a time, if you please.

—A gentleman refusing an offer of marriage during leap year is expected to present the young lady who proposes with a new dress.

—According to the *Standard* the Bridgeport wind has got its coat off. What's that coat made of? Zephyr worsted?—*Danbury News.*

—Neither man nor a woman is entirely safe, until he or she can endure blame and receive praise without excitement.—*Modern Argo.*

—What an American girl wants is a "Will" of her own, but a young man of any other name is often just as acceptable.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—The *Dental Cosmos* says that the wooden toothpicks now so generally used are an injury to the teeth and should not be allowed a place in market.

—A boy recently hung himself because "somebody found fault with him." That boy was certainly not born to be a country editor.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

—A lady pointing to a load of three bales of cotton on her wagon yesterday, remarked: "My Sal and another mule made three bales this season."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—French *savants* are at last agreed that the world is at least 350,000,000 years old, and it's no wonder that it hurts a boy to fall from the top rail of a fence.—*Free Press.*

—A poet in an exchange writes over the loss of a kiss. He needn't mourn a great while with such a plentiful supply of the raw material in the country.—*St. Albans Advertiser.*

—The Hottentots have no regular doctors. When a man falls sick they make him drink all the cold water he can, followed by all the hot water he can swallow, and the rest is left to Providence.

—A boy who won't take as big a bite as he can from another boy's apple is disguising his real feelings and should be narrowly watched, lest he make a sudden grab and run off with the whole.—*Free Press.*

—Somebody has started the story that when a young boarding school miss was informed there were no gooseberries for sauce, she wanted to know what had happened to the goose.—*Rochester Express.*

—An Idaho fellow can invite a girl to take a 350-mile sleigh ride.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.* He can, or he can invite her to turn a hand-spring over a wheelbarrow. There's no law limiting invitations.—*Boston Post.*

—A South End man kicked so hard at a dog that his overshoe flew off and knocked two teeth out of a ragman who was looking on, and it cost the kicker $10 to settle the matter. The dog escaped.—*Boston Post.*

—Robert Collyer, in a late lecture, declared that a woman "who is not fit for a poor man's wife, as a rule, is not fit to be any man's wife, especially in a land like ours, where no man knows how soon he may be poor."

—An exchange says that Queen Victoria receives $5,000 a day. She's got nearly as good a sinecure as a paragrapher. If we are ever induced to change our business, we'll be a Queen certain.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—In various parts of Turkey in Europe people are dying of hunger and cold. The Bulgarians refuse to contribute to the relief of the needy Moslems, claiming that the stories of their suffering are mere inventions.

—"Professor Perry has devised a dispersion photometer." If it can disperse a crowd quicker than a man going around with a hat taking up a collection, his photometer may be regarded as an overwhelming success.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A man's character may be so high that his unsupported testimony would send a fellow-being to the gallows, and yet he can't find more than one man in 290 who will believe his statement as to the weight of a pickerel he caught.—*Boston Post.*

—Telegraphic instructions have been sent to the Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces in the Pacific, to dispatch a man-of-war to Lapez, Lower California, in consequence of the late disturbances there, which are regarded as liable to endanger British subjects.

—A sick woman at Westford, Wis., believed she was bewitched by an old hag who lived near by, and a number of superstitious women were of the same mind. They took the supposed witch to the invalid's house, read the Bible to her and pounded her cruelly, one of them using a club. They are to be tried for their assault.

—The historic island of Jamestown, in the James River, where the first settlers of Virginia made a home, is reported to have been purchased by Mrs. Malania Brown, of New York. It comprises 1,400 acres, chiefly covered with orchards. The only buildings said to be on the island are a dwelling house and a paper mill.

—Physician—"Yes, you are evidently suffering. What are you?" Patient—"A worm-eater, sir." Physician—"What! Why, wherever did you acquire that disgusting practice?" Patient—"In Wardour Street, sir." (And he proceeded to explain that he is employed to give the worm-eaten effect in sham-antique furniture.)—*Funny Folks.*

—The barkeeper had made ready for him, and when the man came in who never paid for his drinks and called for a cocktail, the b. k. gently placed a rooster's feather in a glass of water and smiled a piratical smile that made his face look like a dried prune.—*Wheeling Leader.*

—Young Hoopendike says Mr. Plug is a good sort of a man, and has some fine daughters, but he's awfully illiterate. "Why, the other day he told about a person being 100 years old and he called him a centurion," said Hoopendike, "when everybody ought to know that a centurion was a fabulous creature, half man and half horse."—*St. Albans Advertiser.*

—It never pays to be impolite. A man dining in a St. Albans hotel hit his neighbor with his elbow and didn't apologize, and pretty soon the neighbor jabbed his elbow into the offender's ribs, and the latter said: "You think you're durn smart, don't yer?" and pretending to cut his meat drove a dig into the other, and then they clinched, and it took four waiters and the clerk to get 'em apart, and they had to pay twenty-seven dollars apiece for broken crockery and furniture.

—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* asked, "Why are white cats deaf?" and a learned M. D. replies: "Because the splenetic lymph that in black cats permeates the encephalic region and exercises its normal functions in those secretions which absorb the adipose liquefactions in their transfusion through the minute ramifications in which they are conveyed to the cephalic protuberances has no primordial condition of existence in the white cat. This defect destroys the sanitary condition of the nerves, thus rendering the auricular organs impervious to sound." It strikes us this is the correct answer.

Victorio, the Apache Chief.

An ex-volunteer writes to the *Chronicle* some reminiscences of Victorio, the Apache warrior who is now giving the United States troops so much trouble in New Mexico, as follows: I have noticed in the papers accounts of Chief Victorio of the Mescalero Apaches, and something of his history may prove interesting. I was in his country fourteen months, and saw him frequently. When General Joseph R. West, of the California Volunteers, in 1863 captured Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeves) at the Pino Alto Mines, and failed to make a treaty of peace, he turned him over to the guard at the camp, and the Chief was killed the same night when trying to escape. Victorio then became head chief, and Salvador, son of Mangus, second chief. These Indians are also called the Miembres, or Lost River Apaches, their rancherias being on the headwaters of the Rio Miembres, or Lost River, Southern New Mexico. Their summer rendezvous is at a small valley, with a small stream of water called Mangus Spring, where they cultivate corn and beans, near the Pino Alto range of mountains. The only treaty of peace that was made with them was at the copper mines, after the death of Mangus. After receiving blankets, flour, beans and other presents, they broke their treaty of peace the next day—they never would consent to go on a reservation. Victorio killed four men of Company G, of the Fifth Regiment, California Volunteers, and stole 300 head of sheep from us at Fort Cummings. At Cook's Canyon Victorio's band also ran off all the horses of Company C of the First Veteran Calvary, California Volunteers, and killed five or six of the cavalrymen. We scouted for the savages and crossed into Chihuahua, Mexico, after the latter occurrence, but were not able to overtake them.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Strange Relic.

Laurence Sterne moves our hearts with his picture of the "Captive," and his pile of little sticks on which he had notched the count of his dismal days in prison, with a rusty nail. Here follows the story of a stranger and sadder memorial of sorrow:

A striking instance of the arbitrary state in which Scotland was held in former times, both in public and private affairs, is exhibited in the sad fate of a wife of a Lord of Session, whose title was Lord Grange.

It was suspected that the lady, by some means or other, had got at the knowledge of some State papers of infinite consequence, and as poor women are set down in the minds of all arbitrary men to be incapable of keeping a secret, Grange and his son were determined to secure the one contained in the paper in question by putting it out of the lady's power to divulge anything she knew of the matter.

To accomplish their design, the husband and son privately conveyed her to the island of St. Kilda, there put her on shore, and left her to shift for herself, and sailed back again, without a living being having missed them, or suspected what they had executed; nor could the lady's place of concealment be discovered by her friends, although they made every effort in their power to find out whither they had conveyed her, but to no purpose.

The island of St. Kilda afforded no implements for writing, and the lady's history would never have been known had she not *worked it on her muslin apron with her hair.*

Her family by some means or other, after her death (which happened at St. Kilda near thirty years after her banishment), got possession of this curious piece of work, and preserved it with great care, as a memorial of her sufferings and of the tyranny of the times in which she lived.

Stamp Mysteries.

The late Sir Rowland Hill, in devising and successfully advocating cheap postage in Great Britain, whence it has spread all over the world, was unquestionably a great benefactor. But every public blessing and every great reform has eventually some attendant nuisance or is followed by some great abuse. The postage stamp blessing has its full share of these. The system begun by Sir Rowland Hill had scarcely been adopted by one-half the civilized Nations of the earth, when some brilliant genius broke out with the idea of making collections of stamps, and this was eagerly taken up by all the little boys and girls, who began by covering with them the pages of cheap blank books. This created a demand for something more elegant, and the publishers and binders have been supplying this demand, until now there are splendid and costly stamp albums with a postage stamp literature and history full of a kind of learning that is curious if not valuable. The rage for the study and collection of postage stamps lasts only two or three years with each individual. The boys leave it off long before the base-ball age, and the girls before the age of dancing school. But there is a never-ending succession of new students and collectors, and, as there are new varieties of stamps continually appearing, the size of the new albums has to be increased and their manufacturers do a business of increasing profit. The business of supplying the albums and the stamps to the little ones costs a loving parent sometimes as much in a year as their clothes or their schooling; some of the parents may truthfully and lamentably say that it would have been money in their pockets if Sir Rowland Hill never had been born.

Within half a dozen years another business in connection with postage stamps has grown up, causing at times a very aggravated amount of worriment and labor. Some one informs a child or a benevolent adult that the sum of $100 will be given for 1,000,000 stamps that have been already used on letters. The use to which they are put is not generally explained. Sometimes it is said they are for the manufacture of papier-mache. At other times it is solemnly stated that they can be sold to persons whose lives are devoted to the endowment of hospital beds at one hundred dollars apiece. Again it is said there is an extraordinary demand for canceled old stamps in a part of China where they are used to paper walls of houses, the style of decoration having some mysterious effect in averting calamity, and especially in saving the lives of little children who would be devoured by their hungry parents or friends but for the saving charm of the old stamps on the walls. There is probably scarcely one of our readers who has not assisted in the collection of old stamps to make the million that some friend has undertaken to gather; but no one that we ever heard of has been able to ascertain that it has yielded $100 which have been applied to a real or pretended benevolent object. A strong presumption exists in reasoning minds that there is a fraud in the business. Every one knows that many stamps go though the mails uncanceled, or with the canceling marks so indistinct that they can easily be removed. Probably at least ten per cent. of the whole number used could be made serviceable a second time. In 1,000,000 old three-cent stamps, costing $100, 100,000 could be used over again and these would be worth $3,000 to the parties buying the million stamps for $100. The profit from the business is thus seen to be enormous.

The British Post-office Department has for some years found that the amount of stamps upon the letters it carries exceeds the amount issued to the public, and of course the excess must consist of old stamps from which the cancellation has been obliterated. A new penny stamp has been devised, printed with inks that are intended to set at defiance the various devices by which an old stamp is made to look as good as new. Whether the plan will succeed is unknown. But the fact that more stamps are used on letters in Great Britain than are issued by the department shows that fraud is extensively practiced, and leads to the inference that a considerable number of each million of old stamps collected and sold are used again on letters, instead of helping to endow hospital beds and save Chinese from cannibalism.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Level-Headed Advice.

Our farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, then rises at five or six, because of the teaching of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All the stuff written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put on such small allowance occasionally and prospered; but no man has ever yet kept healthy in mind and body for a number of years with less than seven hours sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early; if you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to at five. Let the bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motions to the pulses. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising.—*Troy Times.*

How to Get Rid of Gossips.

A poor woman, much given to gossip but anxious to soar to higher things, is explaining to Miss Hopkins her means for ridding her house of the gossips of the neighborhood. In answer to a remark of Miss Hopkins, that "the Bible tells us to be courteous, and that to turn folks out of our house, however much in the way they may be, is apt to look rude," she replies: "The first thing I did was to get the brush and dust-pan, and lay them handy 'gainst any neighbor comed in. Soon in pops Mrs. Smith. 'Mrs. Smith,' says I, 'you won't mind my doing a bit of dustin', will you, while you're talkin'? Of course she couldn't but be agreeable to that. So down on my knees I goes, and begins to dust with all my might. But somehow, it was a very curious thing, and the dust allus would gather just under the chair my neighbor was a-sittin' on. She'd shift and shift, but I'd allus be arter her with my old dust-pan; and the dust 'ud get up her nose, and she'd begin to sneeze ever so—ketcher! ketcher!—and soon she'd say, 'Well, I think—ketcher—I'll call in another day, Mrs. Simpson, as I see you are—ketcher!—busy.' And so, in less than a week, I had dusted all my neighbors out of my house.—*London Spectator.*

How to raise the wind—Try and light a cigar out-of-doors of a calm still night with you last match.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1880.

The Baltimore County Circuit Court has decided that a mortgagee is not entitled to commissions for foreclosing his mortgage.

Mr. Holmes has introduced in the House of Delegates a bill to prevent any one from being elected as school examiner who has not had considerable experience as a teacher.

The Newark, N. J., *Advertiser*, commenting on Gov. Hamilton's recent message, observes that "it is refreshing in these times to see a successful candidate who remembers his campaign promises."

So far as we have observed the *Baltimorean* is the only Democratic paper which endorses Gov. Hamilton's reform message. The *Baltimorean* figures up a saving to the State of $212,000 through the adoption of the governor's recommendations.

We have received the first number of *The Independent*, the new Sunday paper published in Cumberland by Messrs. Lowdermilk & Wickard. It is the same size and style as THE REPUBLICAN, is well filled with local and general news, and presents a neat and business like appearance. We wish the publishers success.

A bill will be introduced in the legislature fixing the salary of the State's Attorney for Baltimore city at $3,000, and that of the State's Attorneys for the counties at $1,200, with the exception of the State's Attorney for Baltimore county, who is to receive $1,500. The State's Attorneys from some of the larger counties are opposing the bill, and say that the holders of these positions in the smaller counties may well favor the measure because the fees of the latter do not amount to more than $400 to $600. At present these officers depend upon their fees.

The Democrats on the sub-committee of elections have agreed to report in favor of unseating Washburne, of Minnesota, and admitting Donnelly, who is contesting his seat. This is acknowledged by all fair Democrats to be one of the weakest cases with which they have to deal. Donnelly was defeated by at least 3,000 votes. The only claim Donnelly has lies in the fact that his admission to a seat will give the Democrats one majority in the Minnesota delegation, and thus give the vote of the State to the Democracy in case it is needed in the joint convention to count the electoral vote.

The sensation of the day is the announcement of a *Democratic* newspaper for Cumberland. The opposition to the would-be leaders of the party in Allegany has chrystalized sufficiently to take this form of expression. We wonder that it was not long ago adopted. The Democratic party in the county is sadly in need of a newspaper, and we shall be glad of the day when they will have one that will be at least decent in the trade at the same time that it is creditable to the community.

It would seem that the opportunity for the new paper is the Hamilton new departure. The Governor has launched his boat on the waters of reform, and his gallant boys are rallying around him. Allegany county is the home and seat of the opposition to that power in the Democratic party which has engrafted on our political system a score or two of high-salaried sinecures and quartered partisan hacks thereon Gov. Hamilton, in the step taken in his message, breaks with these people. The question is, who will win? Are there enough Independent Democrats in the legislature to unite with the Republicans and enact wholesome legislation, lop off the dead limbs, save the people's money, and redeem the party's pledges? We shall see.

The new paper—the *Leader*—will be the reform Democratic organ in Allegany county. For the present it will be issued semi weekly, but the management propose to shortly make a daily. It is in competent hands, and we understand well equipped financially, and has good prospects of success in view of the fact that it has almost a clear field in its party.—*Cumb. News.*

Governor Hamilton's Message.

That the machine politicians of the Democratic party should feel disgusted with Governor Hamilton's message is quite natural, for it specifies practical reforms, and confronts the legislature with issues that cannot be evaded, but must be met. The promises of reform contained in the party platform were intended for campaign use; and as the campaign was controlled and directed by the very men who had nursed all the abuses, committed the extravagances, and established the superfluities complained of by the people—and as it was upon the use of these means of controlling party primaries that these men depended for their prominence and power—no observant person could be deluded into the belief that those pledges were sincere. It does not hurt to urge reform in the abstract, and Governor Hamilton could have used up all the legal cap-paper in the State Library in the preparation of messages patronizing the virtues without occasioning the slightest annoyance. The legislature could have gone on the beaten track, dividing the spoils and enlarging the accommodations for party-hacks in the public service, and the party would have come before the people in the next campaign with fresh protestations of zeal for economy and reform. Mr. P. T. Barnum—who certainly ought to know—has laid it down as a principle of action that "the people like to be humbugged," and the success of the Democratic party of this state is a strong proof of the justice of the assertion. Managing politicians have a good deal of contempt for the intelligence of the people; but they know that, while the people may be easily humbugged, it is necessary to throw a decent concealment over the process, and they are now enraged with Governor Hamilton because he has made this impossible. His message is a catalogue of the reforms which the legislature ought to carry through. He has reduced to specifications the generalizations of the platform, and has thus spoiled the game of the politicians, who never intended to proceed from the abstract to the concrete. The tone and spirit of the message cannot be too strongly commended. It is full of robust intelligence and honesty, and displays Governor Hamilton as a man of the purest type of civic virtue—worthy of the greatest esteem, attachment and honor from his fellow-citizens.

In considering Gov. Hamilton's recommendations, we find ourselves unable to go with him everywhere, agreeing with him in the majority of cases. Nothing could be better than his exposure of the folly of the necessity of the state inspection laws in order to establish an impartial umpirage between buyer and seller. People can take better care of their own interests than any state officer can for them; and the idea that tobacco planters are such a helpless, imbecile class of the population, that the state must at considerable expense support warehouses for their accommodation and inspect their tobacco for them, in order that wicked and designing men may not take advantage of them, is simply preposterous. Against the Governor's recommendation that the number of fish commissioners be reduced to one, there can be no honest objection. Everybody knows that the Eastern Shore commissioner is a sinecurist. Eastern Shore is a part of Maryland, and one commissioner for the whole state is enough; the perpetual mendicancy which demands that useless offices shall be created, so that the Eastern Shore shall be represented, is a disgrace to that section, and all vestiges of the old idea of duality in the state government should be obliterated from the laws. In the Governor's condemnation of the collection and tabulation of vital statistics we do not agree, in our opinion the principal objection to the act of 66 is not its existence on the statute book, but the fact that it is a dead letter, and no service is performed by the Secretary of State for the salary of $1,000 per annum drawn by him under its provisions in addition to his other pay. The matter is one that ought to be transferred to the care of the State Board of Health. We are not able to agree with the Governor as to the uselessness of the office of tax commissioner. Its expense is a small consideration if its operations are useful, as they apparently have been, in preventing evasions of the tax laws. The constitutional objections of the Governor to the office are very forcible, and he is certainly right in holding that there is no necessity of creating a department distinct from the Comptroller's Department, while we think it would be valuable to have an office in the Comptroller's Department distinctly charged with such duties as now developed upon the State Tax Commissioner. We must also take some exceptions to the Governor's condemnation of the Insurance Department. It is productive of a revenue to the state, and at least affords some protection to the public against fraudulent enterprises, by keeping the companies up to the requirements of the law. That outrageous fraud, the Oyster Navy, has frequently been exposed by the *American*; it is utterly useless and does not discharge a single function of value to the state. Its officers are extravagantly paid for services covering only the oyster season, and the navy fails altogether in keeping the dredgers off the prohibited grounds. Legislation regulating the size and weight of the dredge, the attachment of money penalties to the boat in which the offence is committed and the maintenance of a steamer to guard the oyster grounds from piratical invasions, but which should be put in commission only in the oyster season, would be quite sufficient for the protection of the oyster interests. In regard to the Land Office, Governor Hamilton shows that the legislature has endeavored to make business for it by transferring to it some business from the office of the clerk of the Court of Appeals, but the fact remains that the office is obsolete and useless and ought to be abolished. The cost of printing and legislative expenses are made the subjects of judicious recommendations, the granting of gratuities to agricultural societies is condemned, and it is shown that by proper energy in tax collections and economy in expenditures a third of the defence loan maturing in 1883 can be redeemed. The recommendations that the municipal divisions of the state be required to make regular reports of their indebtedness to the Comptroller, and that the Constitution be so amended as to give the Governor power to veto items of bills, are both good suggestions that ought to be adopted. The Governor has pointed out to the legislature its duty; it remains to be seen whether the legislature will do it.—*Balto. American.*

Gov. Hamilton's Reform Suggestions --Comments of the Press.

The Cumberland *Times*, democrat, expresses surprise at what it terms the "wild suggestions and proposed radical changes in the State government" contained in Gov. Hamilton's last message to the Legislature, and adds:

"We are charitable enough to believe the Governor is in earnest in his efforts for retrenchment, but he should have known that his message at this time, after the appointment of a committee to confer with him, was a defiance of that committee, as was the caucus that appointed it. That caucus declared for economy, and was pledged to aid the Governor in all commendable points of retrenchment; and however honest his motives, they will be impugned because he did not withhold his message until the committee had an opportunity for conference. Many of the recommendations made by the Governor are practically impossible to carry out without overturning the party in power; and this accomplished, it would be found that what was considered economy proved but a waste—that to save a penny we lost a pound. The message, taken in connection with concurrent incidents, looks to us very much like a defiance thrown into the teeth of the Legislature. We trust we may be mistaken. We desire to see Gov. Hamilton honored by the party; we have been proud of his political past and hope to take pride in his future. It is for himself to decide what that future shall be. He cannot force his own future."

The Cumberland *News*, Republican, pronounces the message to be "a strong and able state paper," and continues:

"The sending in of the message is one of the boldest and best things Governor Hamilton has done in his political career. It shows that he apparently means to carry out the reforms pledged by his party in the last campaign. He will compel his party to put itself upon the record, and the true inwardness of its professions must now be laid bare. In the work of retrenchment the Governor can reckon on considerable Democratic and all of the Republican support, and he has thrown the gage of battle to the 'ring.'"

The Annapolis *Republican* Democrat, edited by Mr. George Colton, recently elected a police commissioner for Baltimore city, has a leading editorial against the proposition to abolish the office of State tax commissioner. It says it is very evident that "the class of persons who have heretofore successfully evaded the payment of their just proportion of the public taxes are very zealous in their hostility to the office of tax commissioners," and assigns as a reason for this hostility the fear that the "continuance of the office may lead to the development of the hidden wealth of the State, and by that means tend to equalize taxation."

The Salisbury *Times*, Republican, says:

"The struggle between the Governor of Maryland and the ring Democracy has begun in real earnest. The Governor recommends regulation of primary meetings by law, the abolition of various useless officers, such as cattle weighers, tobacco inspectors and fish commissioners. The ring cannot throw away their resources in this way, and reform promises to end where it has begun—in the Governor's messages. Just how Mr. Hamilton's influence will extend nothing but results can determine."

The following wail goes up from the Frederick *Citizen*, Democratic:

It is somewhat singular that Gov. Hamilton, who has always claimed much credit for what he has termed devotion to the people, should be the first one to strike at the press which has been and is still the great public educator of the day. Through a member of the House, Mr. Hamilton has caused a bill to be introduced, preventing in future, the publication of the laws which are passed by the Legislature. Recognizing, as the Governor must, that ignorance is no excuse for not knowing the law, we should like him or his would-be earnest supporters to inform the people how they are to be made familiar with the laws of Maryland, if they are not published through the press, in pamphlet form or in book form. It is claimed by some who are now clamoring about reform, that the printing of the laws costs the State about thirty thousand dollars. The laws cost the State of Maryland so much a square for publication just in the same proportion as it costs a farmer to advertise his farm or his stock, or a lawyer or merchant their advertisements. It is no subsidy, and the men that dares to insinuate that the conservative press of Maryland can be bought up for the paltry sum of a few hundred dollars, deserves to have the base insinuation hurled back upon him, as it will most surely be. No man in Maryland, has reason to be more thankful to the conservative press of the State, than the present Governor.

TELEGRAPHIC.

GREAT EXCITEMENT OVER THE LAST MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 13.—The excitement caused by Gov. Hamilton's message has not subsided. The managers and their friends cannot reconcile themselves to its suggestions, and say that the Governor should have waited until the caucus committee conferred with him as to the necessary legislation to be passed upon by the General Assembly. The Republicans and opposition Democrats eulogize the message in the highest terms, and think it is one of the finest State papers produced for many years. The people generally approve of the message, and speak highly of its recommendations, the opinion being that Governor Hamilton, as far as he is personally concerned, has redeemed the pledges made on the stump in the last campaign. Not so with the majority wing of the Democratic party. One cannot pass a street corner in this town without hearing from members of that side of the Democratic party words of condemnation of the message. They characterize it as foolish, ridiculous and impracticable, and are emphatic in their assertions that the majority of the party will never consent to adopt many of the suggestions contained in the message. The feeling is quite bitter, and that the majority were determined to hold their own was shown in the debate which followed the reading of the document. Mr. Browning, to whom Mr. Gorman in caucus Tuesday night referred as "a young and inexperienced man, who, if he intended to become a successful politician, must always submit to the dictates of the majority of his party," made a motion that the portions of the message relating to tax and insurance commissioners, weigher of live stock and inspector of hay, straw, &c., be referred to the Judiciary Committee. This brought out Mr. Roberts, Mr. McClure, and others, who urged that the Judiciary Committee had too much work on hand, and could not devote to these matters the attention they deserve. Mr. Bannon, however, quited the fears of these gentlemen by informing them that the Judiciary Committee kept abreast with its work, and that anything the House might refer to it would meet with prompt and careful consideration. Indeed, he could not see how the House could, with any regard for the health and welfare of the Ways and Means Committee, refer this important matter to them, as they must be tremendously overloaded with business, judging from the fact that they did not take action on the bill for the abolition of the office of tax commissioner referred to that committee more than two weeks ago; whereas, the Judiciary Committee reports every bill within a few days after it is referred to it. He had great apprehensions that the Committee on Ways and Means would not be able to report the bill before the last day of the session, and he, on the part of the Judiciary Committee, volunteered to take charge of the matters in the Governor's message and report promptly upon them. The majority of the Democratic members, however, did not care to entrust these matters to the Judiciary Committee, and it was decided to refer the message to a special committee. The Governor will have the support of the united Republican strength in the execution of his plans of economy, reform and retrenchment.

THE COMING CONSULTATION.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 15. — Interest centres just now in the conference to be held during the week between the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer, and Attorney General and the committee appointed by the Democratic caucus to consult as to the reform measures to be laid before the caucus, and then submitted for action to the two houses of the legislature. Of the four officers named, the Governor will be the "lone star" in desiring the abolition of the offices of tax and insurance commissioners, and he will have only two or three votes with him in the caucus committee, with five always against him, as regards the abolition of these offices. The Governor and Comptroller Keating are, however, fully agreed in regard to the uselessness of the oyster navy, as at present organized. The Comptroller, at the last meeting of the State Board of Fisheries, as heretofore stated, recommended that the oyster police be reduced to two steamers to keep guard that none but licensed vessels dredge in the waters of the State. The tidewater counties have no representation on the caucus committee, but it is not believed that the members are willing to go so far for the present. The special Committee on Oyster Legislation has prepared the draft of a bill for a general reorganization of the oyster navy. The bill provides that the appointment of the members of the police force shall be vested in the governor, and not in the State Board of Fisheries; that the use of the steamer Leila be dispensed with, thus saving with one stroke at least $8,000 annually to the State; reducing the pay of the captain of each sloop from $1,200 to $900, and the wages of the other hands from $900 to $600. Another change in the law is that the owner of the vessel, and not the hands on the boat, shall be responsible for violations of the oyster law. It is likely that, as a compromise, the plan of the special committee will be adopted, though it is known that there is opposition to the project of taking the appointments of the members from the Board of Fisheries.

In regard to the tobacco inspections a compromise will also be effected by the repeal of compulsory inspections and the leasing of one or two of the warehouses, and allowing the Governor to appoint one inspector for each warehouse. The bill already prepared makes the Board of Public Works—consisting of the governor, comptroller and treasurer as a supervisory board—take charge of these buildings, lease them by bids or otherwise, as it may deem fit, and exact such bond from the lessees as they may think necessary, to ensure a faithful performance of the work on the part of the lessee. If no objection is made to the latter clause, giving the whole matter in regard to the disposition of the warehouse property over to the Board of Public Works, the managers will make no opposition to this plan of leasing the warehouses. To do away with the land office would necessitate a constitutional amendment and an election, and there is therefore, some doubt whether there will be an agreement on the question.

In regard to the cattle and hay scales it is understood that the Governor's wishes will be gratified, and these institutions abolished. A delegation of cattle dealers is expected at Annapolis to urge the retention of the present system.

The Registration law will undergo some immaterial changes. Governor Hamilton, as is well known, desires a complete change, with officers of registration for each 500 voters; but it is doubtful whether the temper of the Democratic members is such that a measure of this nature can be forced through the caucus. The country members oppose a new registration on account of the expense involved and will strenuously oppose anything of this kind. The Governor favors a constitutional amendment so that the Registration law may apply only to Baltimore, and it is thought that the managers, yielding to the Governor, may concede to him this point.

GOVERNOR VS. COMMITTEE.

ANNAPOLIS, February 16.—The conference between the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer and Attorney General was held to-night. All the members of the caucus committee were present, and it lasted four hours, adjourning at midnight. The conference discussed only bills for new registration of voters and legalizing primary elections, other matters being only incidentaliy referred to. Members promised to do the best they could. The Governor thought that the legislature should pass the new registration law, and it was developed that the sentiment of the committee was against a large increase of registers of voters, as contemplated by the new bill, the impression being that it was necessary to appoint only a register of voters for each ward, but that there should be a new registration of voters at least for the city. It was decided that the new primary election law be reported favorably. The Governor is in favor of the abolition of the offices of tax and insurance commissioner, but a majority of the committee is not so favorably disposed towards it, though this matter was not discussed. Another conference will be held to-night to decide matters regarding the abolition of offices. The Governor is considerably exercised over the conference result, being not at all satisfactory to him. They conceded to him only one point, being to pass a bill for the free inspection of tobacco. Everything else is unchanged, the proposed modification in the Registration bill not meeting with his wishes. It looks now as if no action would be taken in regard to tax and insurance commissioners, though the cattle and hay scales will be abolished. It seems very probable that this will be the extent to which the committee will go. The proceedings in conference were kept very quiet, but it has been developed that the Governor's recommendations did not meet with approbation from a majority of the committee. The latter opposed the abolition of offices of tax, insurance and land commissioners, and only conceded the measures of free inspection of tobacco and the abolition of the cattle and hay scales and the passage of the primary election law.

The action of the conference this evening between the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer and Attorney General and the committee appointed at the last Democratic caucus will have considerable influence on the caucus to be held Wednesday. Governor Hamilton, it is understood, will be satisfied with no half measures, and desires that all the recommendations he makes be submitted for consideration before the two houses and not be stifled in a party caucus. He expressed the opinion to-day that so far from asking too much he has not asked enough; and that, though he could not predict what course legislation will take, he is earnestly in favor that all the suggestions he has made be embodied into laws.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 17.—The conference between the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer and Attorney General and the caucus committee is the principal topic discussed. The conference adjourned at midnight, the result being again unsatisfactory to the Governor, who showed no disposition to yield. The majority of the caucus committee conceded to the Governor nearly all offices he designs to abolish, with the exception of tax, insurance and land commissioners; but the Governor thinks the legislature should abolish these offices, in common with the others. The committee concede the abolition of the offices of fish commissioner, State superintendent of telegraph, repeal of the law under which the Secretary of the Senate draws a salary for the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, leasing the tobacco warehouses on the condition that the inspectors for each warehouse be appointed, and the abolition of the hay and cattle scales. In regard to the oyster laws, it was agreed there should be a reduction of salaries, and a new registration and primary election law was promised. The majority of the committee opposed, however, the abolition of the tax, insurance and land commissioners, while the Gov. insisted that these offices should be abolished. Neither side appeared to yield on this point, and the conference adjourned without a conclusion on this matter. The Democratic caucus meets to-morrow night, when the result will be laid before it; but in view of the result it may adjourn without definite action. After the caucus the conference may again be called. It will be seen that the differences between the Executive and the party leaders on the last point at least are irreconcilable.

KANSAS ELECTION METHODS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Senate Committee on Elections this afternoon took a final vote in the Ingalls case, and it is said, as usual, it has determined to keep their decision secret. It is learned, however, that there will be two reports, and that the report of the Democratic majority is not likely to be satisfactory to either party in the Senate. The finding, it is said, of the resolution will be that no act has been discovered which warrants the unseating of Ingalls, but the majority will criticise Kansas election methods very sharply and intimate that, in their opinion some corruption was used to secure Ingalls' seat, but that he (Ingalls) knew nothing of it.

THE TISSUE BALLOT TOO THIN TO WEAR.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—A report from Columbia, S. C., shows that in the Democratic caucus the men who were notorious for their connection with the tissue ballot frauds of the last Congressional election are the most pronounced advocates of the proposed registry law, by which it is intended to shut out the bulk of the colored vote. This purpose was openly boomed and advocated on the ground that the tissue ballot fraud would not work this time, and something new must be devised. The proposition was, however, defeated, as a majority seemed to be disgusted with the political rascality thus revealed.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Senator Welfley was in Cumberland Monday last.

—Mrs. J. M. Davis is visiting in Pennsylvania.

—Remember the sale at the Browning House next Thursday.

—Garrett Literary Society meets Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

—Mr. Everstine moved into the Pennington cottage last week.

—Davis & Townshend are agents for the celebrated South Bend Plow.

—Miss Marie Adair, of Parkersburg, W. Va., was visiting Miss Jennie Delawder this week.

—Mr. L. C. Stalnaker shipped a car load of white pine lumber to Martinsburg Thursday.

—Hon. Geo. W. Wilson came to Oakland Saturday morning and returned to Annapolis Monday night.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Chean Cash Store, Oakland, Md. u26-tf.

—A little child of Rev. Thatcher, of Roaring Creek, Randolph county, W. Va., was burned to death a few days since.

—Miss Nanie Good, who has been visiting at Wheeling, W. Va., for some months, returned to Oakland Wednesday last.

—The past week was an unlucky one for trainmen at Oakland, three cars having been thrown from the track near the depot.

—The second quarterly meeting for the Oakland Circuit, M. E. Church, will be held at Portland, W. Va., Saturday and Sunday, February 21st and 22d.

—A bill increasing the rate of license and making the law on the subject more stringent for the sale of liquors in Garrett county, will be presented to the Legislature shortly, and every effort will be made to secure its passage. The provisions of this bill are satisfactory to the temperance people of Garrett county.

—Wednesday night of last week some person or persons effected an entrance to the Pleasant Valley school house, near Oakland, by breaking one of the front windows with a stick of wood. After gaining admittance other acts of vandalism were committed, and the room left in a sorry plight.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. John S. Lefevre.

Building Association Meeting.

All persons in favor of the formation of a building association, will meet in Offutt's old building Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Feb. 18:

Asa Savage and wife to Salathiel Savage, parts of Military Lots 2947 and 2945 11 acres; $67.

Joseph Bowser to Ellen Bowser, Military Lot No. 2663, 50 acres; $500.

Important Decision.

The Court of Appeals, Judge Irving delivering the opinion, has affirmed the decision of Judge Brown, in the Court of Common Pleas, in the suit of the mayor and city council of Baltimore against Julian Alexander and others. The suit was to recover $316.75, being the municipal taxes for the year 1877 levied on 181 shares of stock of the Georges Creek Coal and Iron Company, par value $100, owned by Mr. Alexander, who resides in Baltimore city. The company conducts its business in Allegany county. Under the local code for that county, section 160, the taxes were paid by the company for the stockholders. The city of Baltimore contended that this local law was repealed by the general assessment law of 1866. The Circuit Court for Allegany county decided, as late as 1877, that the local law was not repealed, but the Court of Appeals, affirming the decision of the Court of Common Pleas, decides that the local law was repealed, and that all residents of the city or the several counties must pay the taxes levied in the city or county where they reside on stock owned by them in companies located in Allegany county, as well as in other parts of the State. Mr. Alexander is, therefore, held bound to pay the taxes on his Georges Creek stock in Baltimore city. The decision applies to all other stockholders in the same company, and other companies in Allegany county residing in Baltimore city. No taxes had been paid to the city by the stockholders of the Georges Creek Company since 1866. Under this decision it is thought that three if not four years' back taxes can now be collected.

A Sensation in Cumberland.

During the hearing in Cumberland, Md., of the crossing injuction case of the Pennsylvania railroad in Maryland against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on Saturday, an episode occurred that led to a postponement. Gen. McKaig, one of the council for the plaintiff, alluded to the fact that Judge Pearre had said on a recent occasion that there was an absence of propriety in his sitting upon a case he had prejudged in another form; and the General added there was still another reason why Judge Pearre could not sit in the case, as he was a holder of Baltimore and Ohio stock. Judge Pearre denied this, but after an examination of papers in his private room, corrected his former statement and said that he had found that he did own $2,000 of preferred stock. It had been his impression that what he owned was bonds and not stock. Judge Motter refused to remain longer on the bench, stating that his health was so bad that he was physically incapable of going on with the case. The hearing was then postponed. It will come up between the 10th and 15th of March, when Judge Alvey is expected to be present. This fact of Judge Pearre's ownership of Baltimore and Ohio may reopen a great many cases tried before him, including some of the condemnation cases.

Mayor W. J. Read presided at a meeting of six hundred citizens on Monday evening called to consider the subject of canal improvement. Resolutions were adopted recommending legislation to secure the lengthening of the canal locks and the connection of the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad with the canal. Speeches were made by the Hon. H. W. Hoffman, Gen. T. J. McKaig and Hon. Wm. Walsh, favoring the improvements. After this, Mayor Read presented a series of resolutions offered by Mr. J. Galloway Lynn. The preamble refers to the proceedings in court on Saturday and concludes as follows:

Whereas, This community have ample evidence that Judge Pearre has habitually sat in and decided in favor of his own company many cases in which he was constitutionally prohibited from sitting by reason of his personal interest in the same; therefore,

Resolved, by this meeting of citizens of Allegany county, That the conduct of George A. Pearre as Judge of the Circuit Court of this county has scandalized and disgraced the administration of justice in this state; and

Whereas, The security of the people in their property and liberty demands the purity and integrity of the judiciary;

Resolved, That George A. Pearre be, and is hereby, requested and required to immediately resign his office as judge, and that if he fail to do so, the representatives of this people in the legislature of the state are hereby instructed to demand in their name the impeachment and removal of Judge Pearre for malfeasance in his high office.

The resolutions were a surprise to the meeting, but they were received with applause, and after being read a second time, were adopted with but a single dissenting voice. There are many surmises as to the probable effect of the action, and it is expected that the Judge's combative disposition will induce him to take some steps in his own defence.

The *Times*, in commenting upon the above action, says:

It lacked manliness on the part of those who inaugurated the movement to introduce the resolutions against Judge Pearre. If it was desired to bring charges against him in a public meeting, that purpose should have been stated and a meeting held. Mayor Reed should have declared the resolutions out of order and not entertained them last night. The action was a disgrace to the city.

The *News* of the 18th says editorially that the sentiment Tuesday was almost unanimously to the effect that the canal meeting was misused in making it an engine of an assault on the Judge.

The gentlemen who were instrumental in calling the mass meeting at the Academy of Music on Monday are indignant at the course pursued by those parties who secretly brought forth on that evening the resolution calling for an impeachment of Judge Pearre, and disclaim all knowledge of the resolutions previous to their presentation at the meeting, and declare their ignorance of any intention on the part of any one to present the resolutions at that meeting called for another and entirely different purpose.

The Fitz John Porter case will in all probability not be acted upon this session. The general sentiment among the Democrats is adverse to take it up, because it will involve them in a long and partisan discussion of the war and the issues growing out of it. They realize that the effect of such a debate upon the country will not enhance their political prospects; but will, on the contrary, inure largely to the benefit of the Republicans. Hence their unwillingness to consider the case until after the presidential election.

The Printing of State Laws.

Comptroller Keating has transmitted to the House of Delegates a statement of the amount paid for publishing the laws of the State since 1874. The statement shows that in 1874 the amount of $47,924 was paid; in 1876, $81,791.70; in 1878, $32,962. In 1874 each of the county papers in which the laws were published drew from $1,162 to $1,650 in counties where there is only one Democratic paper, and $600 where there are two, and the Baltimore Gazette and German Correspondent respectively $5,442 and $5,542. In 1876 the amounts were reduced to $1,200 for the county papers and $2,102 and $2,200 respectively for the Gazette and Correspondent. In 1878 the same amounts were drawn by the county journals and $3,000 by the Gazette and $2,485 by the German Correspondent. The papers receiving the bounty in 1878 are the Alleganian and Times, Cumberland; Maryland Republican, Annapolis; Baltimore Gazette and German Correspondent, Baltimore; Maryland Journal and Baltimore county Herald, of Towsontown; Calvert Journal, Denton Journal, Democratic (Westminster) Advocate, Cecil Democrat, Port Tobacco Times, Cambridge Chronicle, Democrat and News, of Cambridge; Republican Citizen, of Frederick; Garrett county Herald, and Democrat, Oakland; Ægis and Intelligencer, Belair; Ellicott City Times, Kent News, Montgomery Sentinel and Advocate, Prince Georgian and Marlboro' Gazette, Centreville Observer and Record, Saint Mary's Beacon, True Marylander, Easton Star, Easton Ledger, Hagerstown Mail, Salisbury Advertiser, Eastern Shoreman, Messenger.

School Commissioners.

It is beginning to be seen by the Democrats that the present mode of appointing School Commissioners is unsatisfactory, if not unconstitutional. They are willing to make a change, if such a change will not involve the election in counties, where the majorities are Republican, of a Republican Commissioner. This end, they claim, must be prevented as of first importance. They have three projects before the Senate Committee, all involving the appointment by a State Board of County Commissioners. One constitutes this Board by a State election, another by Gubernatorial appointment, and a third partly by the Governor and partly by the Legislature. The transferenee of their choice directly to the people, so that they may elect Commissioners in the different counties, does not chime with the modes of management popular with the Ring. This trifling with so sacred a thing as popular education, so as to make it inure to partizan benefit is scandalous, but is a piece with other measures devised, not for the benefit of the people but for the advancement of party interests. The time is not far distant, when all this must cease, and power will pass from those who thus shamefully abuse it to other hands who may more safely be entrusted with it.—*Frederick Examiner*.

Gov. Hamilton's reform message to the Legislature contains many remarkably straightout hits from the shoulder; but no one of them is so singularly ungrateful as his stab at the agricultural societies in the counties of Maryland. He advises that the State give them no more subsidies of money, because they do not deserve "appropriations in the nature of bounties and subsidies or gratuities any more than the other great branches of industries." Perhaps. And yet while Gov. Hamilton was making use of them during his campaign last fall as affording convenient opportunities for ventilation of his aspirations to a seat in the gubernatorial chair, he did not speak of the societies as being elymosynary institutions. Far otherwise. He then subsidized them with much "taffy," much eulogy of large squashes, and much commendation of the home-made wine and fat capons exhibited by buxom housewives. But this was ages ago—almost six months; and a Governor is not much of a governor, in a mental sort of a way, who can not change his mind at least once in six months. Perhaps this Hamiltonian strain is the correct music; we do not critically object to it. But it wears a rather dense air of ingratitude.—*Baltimore Bulletin, Democratic*.

Victoria, Queen of Great Britian and Ireland and Empress of India, gives $2,500 to the relief of her starving subjects, and one American citizen (Bennett, of the N. Y. *Herald*,) gives $100,000. This is one of the cases where comparisons are a trifle odious.

Governor Hamilton has had a fit of impatience. He is determined to hold the State up by the tail, let the consequences be what they may. We wouldn't give a "continental"—we believe that's the word—for a Governor who could not hold a State up by the tail.—*Balto. Bulletin*.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1880.

The Democrats are moving slowly in their purpose of unseating Republican Senators and members honestly elected, but nevertheless they are approaching their object. Whether they will dare to unseat Senator Logan, and Representatives Washburn and Orth before the next election is doubtful. If they get the two Republican seats they get control of two States in the House, and a majority of all the State delegations, for use in case the election of President should go into the House. The unseating of Washburn would be an outrage as great as that which the fusion party tried in Maine.

Speaking of Maine reminds me that there are private despatches from that State showing evidence is forthcoming which will convict the Democratic thieves of having forged and changed returns and ballots to give them a chance to form their contemplated theft a plausible one. Those knowing the facts think that the penitentiary will hold some of the Fusionists before long.

A National Blaine Club was formed here the other day, officered and composed in large part of members of Congress and other well known public men. The President is Hon. Hiram Price, member of Congress from Iowa, its Executive Committee is composed of such men as William E. Chandler, John H. Rice and John R. French, who was Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate before the Brigadiers came into power. Mr. Blaine's friends say they "propose to keep open rooms until his nomination in June."

The great dinner given to United States Senators in New York the other day, is said to have been for the purpose of reconciling the difference between the friends of Senator Blaine and Conkling, and bring these two able leaders together in amicable relations. It is now well known that many of the friends of Mr. Conkling are in favor of Mr. Blaine for President, and that if General Grant were not in the field he would have their solid support.

The Senate Committee on elections are forced to report that they can find no case against Senator Ingalls. They are not entitled to credit for this. If Kansas could be expected to send a Democratic Senator in his place, he would be unseated at once. Democratic honesty is guaged by Democratic interests.

The House rules have not yet been completed, and we cannot guess when the House will be ready to go on with the business of the session. When they do they will immediately run against snags, and that is what ails them.

LOGAN.

Only a Drunkard.

Yes, but what was he? A noble man once! A wife was glad when she heard his footfall; she knew he was good and true; the children, too, were happy, and their voices rang out with gleeful joy as father came home. Only a drunkard! Too true; and how now? Sorrow is at the house; sorrow is in the wife's heart; the children do not meet father at the gate now with laughter.

That man went in the best society once; he was sought after; his custom was wanted; he had money and credit; he has neither now. He is not seen in the society that freely admitted him once; he is scarcely recognized on the street by his old associates. Why? He is only a drunkard now! Is he happy? Can he be? Poor man! what brought him to this? What power is it that holds him with a grasp tighter than self respect—so strong that the happiness of wife and children cannot break? Is it money? Is it pleasure? Is it love for power or fame? Is it of his own choice? No! no! Strong drink has set his whole being on fire; it controls him. It is the serpent whose charm he cannot resist, although he knows the poison from its fang is death, yet he is drawn to it and receives its stroke. He tasted; he drank, he fell. He's only a drunkard now.

All is gone. Happiness at home, and happiness for home, is as strange to him as stars in broad, uncloudeel light. He has no companions now. Even the beings who take advantage of his weakness, and sell him that which keeps up the fire of death, sorrow to sorrow, they will not associate with him; their families will not notice him; he is alone! Only one now in his long list of acquaintances receives him, and that one is a poor heart-broken drunkard's wife.

The Richmond *Dispatch* thinks that there can no longer be any doubt that Senator-elect Mahone is in favor of forming in Virginia an electoral ticket pledged to no party and to no particular candidate for the presidency. It argues that this counts him and the other readjusters out of the national Democratic party, and that consequently there can be but one set of delegates sent from Virginia to the Democratic National Convention.

The Steubensville *Herald* has this to say about those who complain that their county paper costs too much: "Subscribers ask us, every now and then, to let them have the paper a little cheaper, not because they really want it so, we think; but because it looks like business to get things at the very bottom rates, and because, as they say, New York papers can be had for less money than the local paper containing all their home news. For the benefit of this class of subscribers we submit the following from the *Modern Argo*, a handsome paper from Quincy, Ill., "An advance of thirty-five per cent. in the price of printing paper is having its effect upon publishers. The St. Louis dailies have advanced the price from 25 to thirty cents per. week. The maddest and saddest men in the country over the rise in paper, are the men publishing big weeklies at $1 a year. Their profits have 'right-about faced' and stepped over on the other side of the journal."

The Hon. Milton G. Urner, member of Congress from the Sixth District, has been confined to his bed at Frederick for nearly a week from indisposition superinduced by recent vaccination.

The attitude of the Democratic managers at Annapolis to Governor Hamilton's proposed reforms is like that of the man who believed in the Maine liquor law, but was opposed to the enforcement of it.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Wm. J. Crump vs. Benj. Kirby, et. ux.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 161. Equity.

ORDERED, this 19th day of February, 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Brace, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, 1880; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of March, 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be $204.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
Feb. 21-4w

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Jacob L. Hauser and others,
vs.
Harriet Lantz and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. In Equity.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have the real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed sold, and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the heirs at law of the said Ezra Hauser, according to their respective interests.

The Bill states that the said Ezra Hauser was in his lifetime seized and possessed of three several tracts of land lying in Garrett county, containing in the aggregate two hundred and eighteen acres of land. That being so seized and possessed of said land he departed this life intestate, about the month of January, 1873, leaving his widow Elizabeth Hauser, and the following heirs at law surviving him, to-wit: Jacob Hauser, Harriet Lantz, wife of John Lantz, Adam Hauser, David E. Hauser, Georgina L. Hauser, Agnes Hauser, Ann S. Hauser, Clara E. Hauser, Rueben W. Hauser and Marian E. Hauser.

The Bill further states that after the death of the said Ezra Hauser, to-wit: on the sixth day of January, 1880, the said Elizabeth Hauser, widow as aforesaid, departed this life. That Harriet Lantz and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser are non-residents. That David E., Georgina L., Agnes, Ann S., Clara E., Reuben W. and Marian E. Hauser are under twenty-one years of age.

The prayer of the bill is for a sale of the real estate therein described, and for a distribution of the proceeds of the sale amongst the said heirs at law, according to their respective interests.

The Bill further states that the real estate aforesaid is not susceptible of a division, and that it would be greatly to the advantage and benefit of the parties aforesaid to have the same sold; and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 16th day of February, 1880, that *the complainants* cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 20th day of March, 1880, giving notice to the said Harriet Lantz, and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
Feb. 21-4w

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Waller is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HAUSER,
ELI McMILLEN,
Examiners.
feb. 14-5w

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, the undersigned, Administrators of Daniel Smith deceased, will offer at public sale, at Johnstown, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, March 2d, 1880,

at 10 A. M., all the following personal property belonging to the estate of the said Daniel Smith deceased, viz:

96 Head of Sheep,
6 Milch Cows,
2 Horses,
1 Colt.

Also a large lot of farming implements, household and kitchen furniture; also, the stock of goods contained in the store of the late Daniel Smith, at Johnstown, consisting of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, &c.,

and such things as are usually found in a well-stocked country store.

TERMS OF SALE:—On all sums of five dollars or under, cash. On all sums over five dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser to give note with security to be approved by the Administrators.

ELIZABETH SMITH,
DANIEL R. SMITH,
Feb. 14-tds Administrators.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 14th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 14-4w Administrator.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. H. LEWIS,
2 14 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust executed by Richard T. Browning and Hattie C. Browning, his wife, to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Richard T. Browning, I will on the

25th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the residence of Richard T. Browning, at Sang Run, in Garrett county, offer for sale the following described

PERSONAL PROPERTY,

to-wit: All the household and kitchen furniture in the house where said Browning now resides, consisting in part of 3 bedsteads and bedding, 1 cooking stove, chairs, tables, queensware, &c., &c. Also 3 cows, 4 sheep, 2 hogs, 1 spring wagon, 1 bar-shear plow and numerous other articles of personal property.

I will also on the

26th Day of February,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Browning House in Oakland, offer for sale a one-third undivided interest in that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"SKIPNISH,"

containing 88¾ acres of land, more or less. This is a valuable tract of land and is some of the best timber land now in Garrett county.

I will also at the same time and place offer for sale

The Entire Stock of Hotel Furniture,

in the "Browning House," consisting of Parlor set, cottage sets, mainasses, chairs, tables, carpets, mirrors, pictures, dining room and kitchen furniture, stoves, queensware &c. &c. The above property, real and personal, will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE for personal property:—On all sums over ten dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser giving his single bill with security to be approved by the trustee: all sums under ten dollars, cash. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with. Terms for the real estate will be easy and will be made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Trustee.

I will also on the 26TH DAY of FEBRUARY, at the time and place aforesaid, offer for sale all that valuable real estate in Oakland known as the

BROWNING HOUSE.

This is a very valuable property, is eligibly located and has a fine custom. The buildings are commodious and are nearly new, with large livery stable on the premises. For any one desiring to engage in the hotel business a rare opportunity is offered. Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Attorney and Agent for Mrs. Hattie C. Browning. feb7-tds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—They are beginning to import into England fresh meat by the cargo from Australia *via* Suez.

—A dye called cauline is extracted from red cabbage, and used in the manufacture of colored leathers and woolen goods.

—From a yield of $100,000 in bullion in 1865, the Georgia gold fields have advanced to $1,000,000 per annum, with a promise of larger returns next year.

—The total quantity of goods carried on the canals of New York during the past season was 5,362,430 tons, and tolls amounting to $941,541.92 were paid.

—It seems that our importation of iron ore in 1880 will be larger than in 1879, large contracts having already been made. Probably 500,000 tons will be imported.

—The glucose manufacturers in Buffalo make from $30,000 to $40,000 per week. The stock in one concern, originally valued at $100 each share, is now worth $20,000.

—A Chicago chemist found poison in twelve samples of sugar, in syrup, in vinegar, in pickles, in baking powder and in the coloring matter of fourteen samples of cloth.

—Brevet Brigadier General H. L. Abbott, in a paper read at a recent meeting of the United States Military Service, declared that dynamite consisting of seventy-five per cent. of glycerine and twenty-five per cent. of Kerselguhr was the best explosive for submarine warfare.

—The croton bug *(Blatta Germanica)* does, on the authority of Mr. Weston Flint, of the Boston American Library Association, great injury to books by attacking the starchy matter used in binding and gilding. Pyretbrum powder sprinkled on the shelves is the most effective preventive.

—A species of dwarf cactus abundant in Lower California is rich in fibre, said to be excellent for mattresses. It is reported that an experimental machine, costing only $400, converts the raw material into white, elastic fibre with great rapidity, and promises to reduce the cost and improve the quality of such goods very materially.

—Patent Office Work.—Last year the work of the Patent Office showed a falling off, the applications being 357 less than in the previous year, and the receipts were reduced by $31,741.19. This decline is attributed by the *Scientific American* to the attempt in Congress last winter to change the law to the injury of inventors, and the determination expressed by inventors at the time to withhold applications until assured that their rights would not be open to invasion.

—Contradicting a work of some authority, M. Andre says it is not correct that no species of frog known possesses any poison organs, and states that while engaged in scientific inquiries in South America in 1875 and 1876 he discovered a frog in the northwest part of that continent beneath whose skin lies one of the most virulent poisons. The Indians of the region between the Bay of Buonaventura and the Isthmus of Darien extract this poison, which they call neaera, by roasting the live frog, and use it for poisoning arrows. The effects of the administration of the poison resemble those following the use of curare.

—Cheapening Telegraphy.—Attention has been of late years constantly directed to the discovery of modes and means by which labor and cost may be reduced in the working of the telegraph system, and with gratifying results. In 1873 the Western Union Telegraph Company sent 14,456,832 messages at a cost of $6,575,055; in 1879 the cost of transmitting 23,070,106 messages was only $6,190,200. The same company have after seven tests agreed to adopt dynamo electric machines in their work, by which their floors will be relieved of a weight of sixty tons, the difference between the weight of the batteries and the new plan.

—The California Courts have at last decided in favor of the trustees of the Lick estate, and with the $700,000 bequeathed for the purpose they will at once proceed to carry out the Observatory project, and push it forward as rapidly as possible. The directions with regard to the purchase of a telescope have been made quite difficult of fulfillment by the recent order of a thirty-inch refractor for the Pulkowa Observatory. This will require that the instrument shall be the largest in the world. Unless the trustees await the success of the attempt, still doubtful, to make a thirty-inch disk, they will have to order one still larger, at the risk of considerably impairing the bequest.

The Life of a Congressman.

It is a common thing to hear men envy the "easy life" of a Congressman. To persons who never or rarely visit Washington and are, therefore, unacquainted with the duties of a Congressman and the labors that are imposed upon him, the belief is universal that a member dwells upon "flowery beds of ease," and that he has nothing to do but make a speech occasionally and draw $5,000 per year.

A more erroneous idea never prevailed. A member of Congress who attends properly to the needs of his district and the calls of his constituents has but little time for pleasure or recreation. He is one of the hardest-worked men in this country. Years ago, when the population was smaller, when mail facilities were of the stage-coach order, and when but few citizens had any business with the public departments at Washington, Congressmen had not a great deal to do. Their constituents seldom came to the Capital, because the trip was tedious and expensive. Letters were few and far between, and there were but few pensions and claims to look after. Then the M. C.'s gave themselves up very largely to pleasure. In those days cards, horse racing and cock fighting were popular amusements with the National legislators. Ever since the war the demands of constituents upon their members have been growing until now a Congressman is expected to attend promptly to all business that every man in his district may have in Washington. If he neglects these calls upon him he jeopardizes his hold upon his seat.

The man who has a claim against the Government for services during the war, for property taken, or for anything else, rarely ever thinks of putting it in the hands of any of the numerous law firms or claim agents in this city. He encloses the papers relating to the matter to the member from his district or one of the Senators from his State, and urges that his business be hurried through. Should the Congressmen fail to establish the claim and get the money, he frequently because of his failure, makes an enemy of the claimant, who forthwith declares and works for some other aspirant for Congressional honors. The last time General Rice, late Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio was in Washington he said. "A Congressman who tries to meet all the demands upon him has the work of three men to perform. In the first place there's his duty upon the floor. If he keeps trace of all the bills and public measures, and labors for the success of his own, he has as much as any one man ought to do. Then there's his Committee work. Not only the work of the Committees to which he may belong, but there are matters referred to nearly all the Committees which he ought to look after. Then there's his Department work. There is not a Department of the Government, aye, scarcely a division of any Department, in which some of his constituents haven't something of interest to them. Applications for appointments to positions, claims, pensions and the many stages through which all these matters have to go." General Rice did not say this complainingly, for no member ever attended more faithfully to his duties than he. He was simply showing that a Congressman's life is not one of ease.

Besides the demands of the nature described there are a thousand and one pecuniary calls upon members. They are called upon by mail to contribute to all charitable movements in their respective districts, and Senators must meet such requests from the entire State. Then if a constituent, even though he may have been "out on a lark," finds himself in Washington without money, he expects the Congressman who represents him to replenish his purse and "no questions asked." In many cases men who have indulged in pleasure in New York, Boston and other Eastern cities until their funds were exhausted have frequently telegraphed or come in person to their member or Senators for money to "take them home." Of course many of these appeals can be refused, but very many of them can not. Mr. Barnum, of Connecticut, while in the United States Senate, said he would be glad to make over his entire salary to any responsible person who would agree to meet the calls for charity and for assistance upon him from his constituents. Mr. Barnum added that he simply referred to the demands that he felt forced to respond to; that calls of this character more than consumed his salary every year. There is now in the Senate a gentleman who gives every dollar of his salary to his wife and daughter to be used in responding to the calls upon him for help, and in addition to this he gives, every year, a great deal out of his income from other sources than Congress. He got the idea of turning over his salary to the ladies of his family from the remark of Senator Barnum quoted above. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, since his return to Congress, has given away thousands of dollars beyond his salary. Senator Conkling, it is said, in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, annually dispenses more than his salary in aiding others. There are very many others who do the same, and therefore find themselves at the end of the year without a dollar to reward them for the arduous duties they have performed.

Besides the money that is voluntarily given away Congressmen are frequently made victims by pretended constituents. Not long ago a very good-looking man called upon a member from a distant State and wanted to borrow $250. The applicant for the loan represented himself as a brother of a leading merchant in one of the principal towns of the member's district. "Then," said the Congressman, "your brother will certainly have no objection to becoming security for you. I'm willing to advance any amount upon his security." "But I'm so far away," pleaded the stranger. "You can telegraph to him," answered the member. "Bring me a line from him by telegraph, saying it's all right, and you can get the money." "O, certainly, I can do that," said the stranger, and he immediately departed. In a few hours he returned to the Capitol, calling out the member, and showed him a telegram purporting to have come from the brother, who had been mentioned, and pledging himself to be responsible for the loan. The member led his pretended constituent to the Sergeant-at-Arms' office, and there gave him the $250, for which due thanks for the favor were returned, with the promise that the money should be refunded. The member thought nothing of the the affair until, some days afterward, he was writing to the merchant. In his letter he mentioned the loan to "your brother," and directed the merchant to put the amount in a certain bank, to the writer's credit, whenever it was "convenient." Imagine the surprise of the M. C. when he received a telegram, followed in due time by letter from the merchant, saying he had no brother, and had not sent any telegram about the $250. The member related the affair recently, saying he could not explain how the swindler had so cleverly prepared the forged telegram; that he must have got hold of a telegraphic blank; "but," added the duped Congressman, "I must confess I did not examine the telegram very closely. I simply read the words it contained, and, for ought I know now to the contrary, it may have been written upon one of the sending instead of the receiving blanks of the Telegraph Company." This was told in a group of Congressmen, and brought out several similar accounts of tricks that had recently been resorted to—always by pretending constituents—to dupe members out of money. One member had been caught for $100 by a forged check, another by a letter purporting to come from a friend in the city, who wanted $25 "immediately," and so on. The correspondence of a member of Congress, too, entails a great deal of labor. Letters from constituents must be answered promptly, and in order to do this there is scarcely a member who is not compelled to employ a secretary or an amanuensis. Upon an average, it takes three hours each day at least for a member to read and reply to the letters he receives. The impression that Congressmen have nothing to do but enjoy themselves is altogether wrong. They have their troubles and annoyances as well as other people, and, upon the whole, do not deserve half the censure they get.—*Washington Star.*

One Too Many.

JERRY R. GEORGE, a New Jersey Central Railroad conductor, was married in Newark a few days ago to Miss Addie S. Ellis. Both are residents of Dover, N. J., and the marriage was performed in the house of George's brother. Miss Ellis was expected to marry Mark Roy, of Hunt's Mills, Sussex County. She had lived at Andover, near by, and the acquaintance between her and Roy was formed there. When she moved to Dover last spring he became acquainted with George; he sang in a church choir, of which she became a member. Miss Ellis' mother, it is said, favored a union between her daughter and the conductor, but Miss Ellis remained loyal to her Sussex County swain. Just before the holidays she wrote to him that she would spend Christmas week with her aunt, and they could then get married. On the morning of the 2d inst., Mrs. Ellis received information from her absent daughter containing the information that she was to be married that evening to Roy. Mrs. Ellis was equal to the emergency. She ordered her coachman to hitch the horses to the family carriage, and sprang into it as soon as the team made its appearance at the cottage gate. Then she drove rapidly to the house of the aunt whom her daughter was visiting. She called Addie out, and when Addie had appeared in response to her call, invited her to get into the carriage for a brief consultation. The young lady had no sooner been seated than the door was slammed shut, and the whip was applied to the horses. Miss Addie screamed and Roy gave chase. His sweetheart put her hand out of the carriage-door, and Roy seized it, refusing obedience to the mother's demand to let go. The fear that her daughter might be hurt led Mrs. Ellis to consent to a halt, and all went into the house. Mrs. Ellis was surprised to learn that all arrangements had been made for the immediate performance of the wedding ceremony. The minister was in the parlor, and friends had gathered to witness it. The plighted pair consented to a postponement of the nuptials, and Miss Addie, promising to write on the following Sunday, fixing the time and place for the marriage, returned to her home in Dover. Monday came, but the expected letter did not reach Roy. He went to Dover to see his affianced, but was refused admittance. Then he went to George and tried to persuade him to recognize his claim to Miss Addie's hand and heart. George would not read the letter which he produced in corroboration of his story. He would not even listen to the story itself. The next morning Miss Ellis left Dover, and the next feature of the case which became public was the published notice of her marriage to her railroad suitor at Newark.—*N. Y. Times.*

Tall Soldiers Needed to Take Holland.

"A good story is current," says Galignani, "of Prince Alexander, of Holland. The Prince, a young man of rather staid and literary tastes, paid a visit to Berlin last summer, and a review was given in his honor by the Imperial Court. Military pageants, as our readers are aware, form an integral part of every grand reception in the Prussian capital, but Prince Alexander, with little inclination for soldiery, sat in silent contemplation while the troops were defiling before him. All at once the Crown Prince drew his guest's attention to a Uhlan regiment, with the remark that they were 'a fine body of men.' 'Yes,' replied Prince Alexander, 'but they are not tall enough.' This reply, delivered with the traditional Dutch phlegm, a little surprised his interlocutor, who, however, merely observed, 'Very well; then you must see my cuirassiers.' The cuirassiers, erect in their saddles like men-at-arms of the Middle Ages, went by in broast-plates and plumes. 'Well, what do you think of them?' asked Prince Fritz. 'Splendid men, but not tall enough.' Still more piqued than astonished at this unexpected response the heir to the Crown of Germany exclaimed, 'Indeed; then wait till you see the regiments of the Guard.' In due time these magnificent six-footers made their appearance, and the same query fell from the lips of the Crown Prince. 'They are not tall enough,' very quietly returned Prince Alexander, adding gently, but meaningly, 'we can flood our country when we choose twelve feet deep.'"

Child Traffic in Hong Kong.

On the most recent occasion of his passing sentence on a prisoner convicted of kidnapping, the Chief Justice of Hong Kong evidently saw no reason to imagine that the traffic in children is less than was estimated, or that the institution of slavery is less extended than it has been stated to be. There being from 10,000 to 20,000 slaves on the island, it is not surprising to find that a pretty well understood salable value for the chattels has been determined. In the case last before the court, the market price of a stolen child, "warranted sound like a horse," was fixed by a "competent judge" at $100. As His Honor suggested, it can hardly be wondered at that poor wretches who go to the colony should readily snatch at any chance of obtaining $100 so easily, especially, as is added with fine irony, in view of "the morality prevailing in that part of the world."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE mother of vinegar is a very sharp old lady.

Our Young Folks.

HALVING THE PEACH.

She lifted her great blue eyes to mine—
Eyes clear as the tender morning dawn,
Before the glistening, crystal shine
It has caught from the night has gone.

I asked her the question often asked,
What happiness is, in idle vein,
Scarce looking for answer; and it tasked
And puzzled her childish brain.

She stood with her hands close clasped behind,
As though she was gravely turning o'er
Her budget of baby-thoughts to find
An answer among their store.

Her brow was knit with a thoughtful frown,
And her crimson lip had a pretty pout,
While her eyes looked up and her eyes looked down,
Determined to find it out.

When suddenly over her radiant face
There flowered a flashing smile, whose glow
Like a rosebud burst to a rose's grace,
And she eagerly cried, "I know!"

"It's halving the peach. You gave me one,
As yesterday out on the grass we sat;
And I shared it with Bess, for Bess had none;
And I'm certain it must be that."

"Dear child! you have taught as I could not teach
What happiness is; and, darling, so,
If you always are ready to halve your peach,
You always can say, 'I know!'"

—*The Children's Friend.*

"A FLAT."

Arthur Hoyt looked at himself in the glass seriously, and without self-love or self-prejudice. He saw there a frank, good-natured face, a pair of blue eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair. As far as he could judge, there was nothing particularly out of the way with his countenance.

"Say, Dick," he began, to his roommate, who was puzzling over a page of Xenophon, "I've been taking account of stock, and I don't see anything unpardonably wrong about my features. They are not angular enough to be called sharp, nor level enough to be justly styled flat; so I can't exactly see the suitableness of the expression which has somehow come to be my college cognomen."

"Don't be a fool!" growled Dick, without looking up from his book.

"I have always been a great stickler for the fitness of things, eternal and temporal," continued Arthur; "and if to be 'A flat' is really applicable as a correct description of the impression my personal appearance makes on my companions, all right! I'd as soon respond to that name as any other; but if it's not mine, then, old fellow, it's got to be stopped!"

"If you'd rob hen-roosts, and steal the housekeeper's preserves, and lay traps to trip up old men and women, and raise Cain generally, you'd be the most popular fellow in college," said Dick, with a disdainful grimace, still with his eyes fixed on his book. "They let me alone, you see, because I don't care a hang for 'em, and because they know I'm as poor as poverty, and as dull as a hard-shell clam. You get ahead of 'em in class. I'm always in the rear. You have money to subscribe to everything there is going, and you refuse to spend it in riotous living. I haven't any money, and therefore I'm of no consequence. Whoever says that there isn't compensation for everything don't know what they are talking about."

"You're a patient old soldier," said Artbur, with a merry laugh, "and I wish I had some of your philosophy! But, the fact is, every time I'm called 'A flat,' I feel the fight tingling all over me. I am afraid that some time my fists will become unmanageable."

"I guess not!" Dick replied. "You'd only get yourself in a worse muss, besides having something to be sorry for all the days of your life, perhaps! But there's the bell, and I'm all out of the holt-ropes, as usual."

"There's a row in camp!" said Arthur's right-hand neighbor, as the young men took their seats in class. "Some of the boys seared old Mrs. Allen into a fit last night, and they say it's a 'liner.' Nobody thinks she'll pull through. One of the fellows dressed up in white, and rode the old woman's cow clear into the kitchen. They let out the pig, and stoned the house, and broke her windows, and goodness knows what they didn't do. There won't be any show for the boys that out up those capers."

"Well, there oughtn't to be!" said Arthur, indignantly.

Just then the Greek Professor entered the class-room, and, after surveying the students a moment, said, with great seriousness:

"I am requested by the President to say to Arthur Hoyt and Richard Denham that they are to repair at once to the library, where the Faculty of this college wait to see them."

"All right, sir," responded Arthur, pleasantly. Conscious integrity made him bold. Dick arose slowly, and walked out in his usual dogged manner.

"Say, 'A flat,' you're in for it!" said one of the class, in a low tone, as the young man passed him. "Your turn has come now, 'A flat!'" said another. "Mebbe you won't be so high and mighty now you're found out at last!"

"What do you suppose it is?" Dick inquired, as he came up with Arthur.

"Some contemptible trick of the boys," said Arthur; "but we shall soon know. Brace up, old fellow, for here we are."

A few words sufficed to put the visitors in possession of all they wanted to know. After a few preliminary remarks, such as having been led to expect better things from the young men before him, the President produced a large silk handkerchief, with "Arthur Hoyt" plainly marked in one corner.

"Does this belong to you, Hoyt?" the President inquired.

"It does, sir," replied Arthur, pleasantly.

"And is this yours?" the gentlemen asked of Dick, presenting a crooked stick, or cane, which the young man was accustomed to carry on long walks.

"That's mine, sir," said Dick.

"And here is a cuff with 'A. Hoyt' marked on it," the President continued, "torn from the wrist probably in the pleasant excitement of frightening an innocent old woman into a fit. I shall be compelled to hold your property, sirs, until such time as the law of the college, or the law of the State, shall be passed upon you. Mrs. Allen is not expected to live."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Arthur, respectfully; "and I am sure Dick is, too; but what sort of justice is this that takes our guilt so entirely for granted? Your evidence is simply circumstantial, sir, and I wish to say here that I was never on Mrs. Allen's premises in my life, and I am sure Denham never was."

"I never was," said Dick, with characteristic doggedness, "and I never expect to be."

"What would you say, Hoyt, if I were to tell you that one of the Professors saw you there last night?" inquired the President.

"I should say, sir," Arthur responded, quickly, "that the Professor was greatly mistaken; but if you were to tell me that one of the students saw me there, I should say that student lied."

There was a straightforwardness in the attitude of these suspected young men that was irresistible, still everything was against them. The old woman had testified that morning that she had heard the names of Hoyt and Denham pronounced more than once the night before. The conspiracy was well arranged, nothing, so far as known, having been left out in its calculation. Arthur was in his room alone all the previous evening, but, as he thought it over, there was absolutely no one to testify to this fact. Dick had taken one of his long walks into the country, returning at ten o'clock. There was no way of proving this, either, for Dick had not spoken to a soul, and there was literally no way by which he could prove an alibi. Nothing more could be said at present, and Arthur and his chum withdrew and passed slowly along to their room, as the President had ordered. On their way they met several students, who, it was plain to be seen, were waiting for them to leave the library.

"You can't most always tell a flat from a sharp," said one of the number, a young man who had been particularly offensive in his manner to Arthur. "We have all been mistaken in your character, my boy. I take notice when these goody-goody fellows do take it into their soft pates to cut up, they generally beat the rest of us all hollow in the meanness of their efforts."

Arthur's face was scarlet, and his hands worked nervously. He was full of desire to knock this fellow down, and, under the exasperating circumstances, it was hardly to be wondered at; but the young man had been trained in a different school, so he valiantly turned on his heel and left his enemy without a word. "Valiantly" is the proper term to describe Arthur Hoyt's behavior in this crisis. It would have taken physical strength only—and Arthur had plenty of that—to have flogged Steve Cary, the young man who had just publicly insulted him, but it required real valor to turn away without either word or blow. That afternoon the tidings of the death of Mrs. Allen threw the college into terrible excitement. Officers were promptly on hand, and Arthur and Dick were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. The Coroner's jury would convene the next morning, and until then, at any rate, the two young men were prisoners. The detective who had charge of them was a good-natured fellow, and after asking all sorts of questions, relevant and irrelevant, as it seemed to his companions, he finally said, with a chuckle:

"They may be pretty smart up here in this college, but they've got the wrong pigs by the ears *this* time. Say boys, come out for a walk! I can keep an eye on you just as well outdoors as in the house, and mebbe it 'ill chirp you up a bit."

So they went out, the detective asking all sorts of questions, it seemed to his companions for no other purpose than to make conversation. As they drew near the lake, a large and very deep sheet of water, Arthur saw that Cary was out in his—Arthur's—tiny, shallow shell of a boat.

"He'll have to be more careful, or he'll upset, as sure as fate!" said Arthur, more to himself than to those about him.

"T'would be a pity to have him drown now!" growled Dick. "Great heavens! there he goes!"

Arthur, who had been watching the boat and its occupant, threw off his coat and his boots, and, before the detective could lay a hand on him, he had plunged into the water, and was making with all his might for the drowning man. Cary could not swim, and when Arthur reached him he had come to the surface the second time. It required almost superhuman strength to bring him in, but the brave swimmer succeeded, and for a moment Arthur lay panting and exhausted beside the inanimate form he had snatched from the water. A half an hour later the still unconscious young man was borne to the college. Arthur, forgetting that he was a prisoner, did all in his power toward his enemy's restoration. As they removed his coat, a large Russia-leather pocketbook dropped to the floor, and this Arthur took into his own possession.

"You had better change your clothes at once, Hoyt!" a kind voice said, after all had been done. Arthur turned and saw the President.

"All right, sir," said the young man, presenting Cary's pocketbook. "I was afraid this might fall into improper hands, sir. It seems very full of papers."

"I hope I haven't wronged you," said the President, with considerable feeling.

"Rather hope that you have sir," said Arthur, with a smile; "if you have wronged us then we are innocent, you know; but, whatever the result, I shall always feel that you have acted according to your best judgment."

That evening, as Arthur, Dick and detective sat in their room, waiting for they knew not what, a knock on the door was followed by the entrance of the President.

"Officer," he said, with trembling voice, "you can go to the parlor if you please. These young men are not guilty, therefore they require no guard."

"I knew that afore," said the detective, as he hastily left the room.

"The pocketbook you gave me, Arthur," the President began, "has solved the mystery. There was but one student engaged in the miserable affair, and he has passed to his account," he continued, reverently. "He was joined by some young men from the city—what young men we shall probably never find out. I should have been more careful, boys," and now the tears rolled down the good man's face. "I have cleared your name before the whole college, and that is all I can do. Even with poor Cary dead up-stairs, your friends and your enemies joined in a hearty cheer of good-will when I told them what I thought necessary."

Somehow it came to pass from that day till the day Arthur Hoyt left college he was never again called "A flat."—*Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.*

An Old Man Searches Twenty-Five Years for His Lost Love.

The author of the little book known as "The Ute War" relates a very interesting story, which is given as an incident brought to light during the march of Merritt's command from the fortifications at Milk River to White River Agency:

Signs of the work of the savages met the command at every turn after they left the scene of the siege. They left behind them the dead bodies of comrades in arms to find the corpses of the unfortunate men who had attempted to serve the Government in a different capacity. The road was literally strewn with the nude and decaying remains of white men whom chance had thrown in the way of the savages.

The soldiers had marched but a few miles when the advance guard came upon a body, the remains of a white man, when, as the story was told to a correspondent of the *Tribune*, who was on the ground, a conversation, of which the following is a report, occurred:

"What have we here?" asked one soldier of a comrade.

"It looks like the body of a man; and it is"

"It's a white man, too."

"To be sure it is, and terribly mangled and mutilated. The red fiends have got in their work on some unfortunate fellow."

Investigation revealed the fact that the body was that of Isaac Goldstein, an Israelite, who was called "The Jew," and whose proper name was known to but very few. Fortunately, there was one soldier in the command to whom the old man had confided the secrets of his heart, and among others his great secret, the history of his own life, which, though containing material for a volume, may be related here in a few words, and without marring this narrative, indeed as properly a part of it. Old Isaac was between fifty and sixty years, but he looked to be seventy. He was ever sad and uncommunicative, seeming to bear about him a burden which, while it weighed him down, he did not care to share with others. But becoming friendly with this soldier, a private in General Merritt's ranks, he gradually confided the story of his romantic career to him. In his early manhood Isaac Goldstein had loved a fair daughter of Israel as he loved not his own life. They lived in an eastern city, and a few months promised to see them united as man and wife. This young lady had a brother who had gone to California among the first who were attracted to the gold coast. At first he prospered, and was cheerful and hopeful in his letters. At last he lost his health, and was low spirited and despondent. His sister, whose name was Rebecca, determined at once to go to her brother to comfort, and, if possible, to cure him. She had an opportunity to and did join the unfortunate party in its overland trip which perished at Mountain Meadow at the hands of the Mormons and the Indians combined. Isaac waited a long, long time for tidings of his love. At last the sad news of the massacre came. He at once went west to investigate the matter, and has remained since. He was never convinced that his Rebecca had been killed, but believed her to have been made a captive by the Indians. He determined to seek her out, and for many, very many, long years he had been searching and searching in vain for her, going from tribe to tribe, and gaining the confidence of the Indians that he might the more successfully prosecute the search. That the Utes, now of Colorado, took part in the Mountain Meadow affair, is established almost beyond dispute. And thus, according to the story related by the soldier over the remains of the long gray bearded old man as they lay upon the hard sand-stones of the bottom of Milk River canon, came "the Jew" to he trading with Douglass' Indians.

The few auditors who gathered around the surviving friend of the old Jew listened with interest and attention to the narrative. It was received with a sigh by all, and derision by none. A few moments more and the remains of "the Wandering Jew" were hidden away in a trench dug for the purpose, and covered with earth, and the following legend appears on the simple stone grave mark:

ISAAC GOLDSTEIN,
Killed by Indians.
Sept. 29, 1879.

—*Denver Tribune.*

Tit for Tat.

When a certain English nobleman was Embassador at Constantinople one of the Secretaries had an audience with the Sheikh ul Islam, who, at the moment of his visitor's entrance, was engaged in the performance of his devotions. The Secretary sat down while the devotee finished prayers, which were ended by an invocation to Allah to forgive a suppliant true believer the sin of holding direct intercourse with a Giaour. His conscience thus relieved, the old mufti rose from his knees and smilingly welcomed his guest. But his guest, who was a bit of a wag, in his turn, begged permission to perform his devotions. He gravely went through an Arabic formula, and ended by begging Allah to forgive a good Christian the crime of visiting a faithless dog of an Infidel. The astonished old mufti was nettled, but with true Oriental imperturbability he bore the insult without a word.

—In this country a mean man has only to die to have everybody praise him and neglect the good that live on.—*Free Press.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The largest University in the world is that of Berlin, with 3,608 students.

—The Methodist Missionary Society has received $10,013,265 in the last twenty years.

—The Greek Government has made the New Testament in the ancient Greek a text book in the highest classes of the common schools.

—The Bible House at Constantinople keeps on sale 1,082 different books in eighteen Oriental languages, and an unprecedented inquiry prevails for all.

—The Italian Government sequestrated and sold, between 1861 and September, 1879, 130,514 lots of church property, for which it received 546,472,481 lire.

—One of the churches in Norwich, Conn., fills the position of janitor or sexton by auction, at which the person naming the smallest sum secures the situation. Forty dollars was the annual sum recently bid.

—The American Board has expended more than $1,200,000 on missions among the Indians, and gathered fifty churches with 4,000 members. The mission among the Dakotas returns eight churches and 600 members.

—Wisconsin has now four State Normal Schools, and it is proposed to establish another in Milwaukee. The four already in operation have an average annual attendance of 1,600 students, the demand for admission being greater than the accommodations can satisfy.

—About one-fifteenth of the Catholic population of this country is taught in Catholic schools, or upward of 405,000. Of this number of scholars 33,495 are in eighty-three schools in New York, and 23,085 in 153 schools in Newark. There are 140 Catholic schools in Cincinnati, with 25,406 scholars, but only sixteen schools in Boston.

—Ohio has now a school population of 1,043,320. The number of pupils enrolled in the public schools is 734,657; the average daily attendance is only 459,990. There are 10,874 school houses, and 23,487 teachers. The school receipts for the past year amounted to $11,243,210.38; the expenditures to $7,711,325.24. The average monthly wages of male teachers in country districts were $35; of female teachers, $24. In cities male teachers received $69; female teachers, $42. The average levy for school purposes in the country districts was 3.10 mills; in towns, 6.30.

—Persecution in Austria.—A recent letter from Austria, referring to the visit of the deputation of the Evangelical Alliance to the Emperor, says: "Two months have nearly now elapsed, and matters remain much as before. Bureaucratic hindrances and theological jealousies have probably hindered that speedy remedy which the Emperor's words and manners seemed to indicate. The facts of an intolerable persecution being undeniable, we feel the time has now come when enlightened public opinion may call upon the Government of Austria, in the name of right and liberty, to give effect in its own dominions to that great principle of religious freedom which with its own hand it has so lately inscribed upon the international law of Europe."

Neatness of the Barn.

The *Country Gentleman* gives the following excellent and much needed advice: "It is not necessary for the farmer to build a highly ornamental edifice in order to have a neat and attractive appearance in his barn and about his barnyard. Specimens of neatness and purity are sometimes seen where the owner could afford only cheap and imperfect structures. The management depends on the man—not so much on the character of his buildings. Nevertheless, when the owner takes the pains and incurs the expense of finished erections, he will be more likely to feel an interest in keeping everything in and about them in good condition. It must be confessed that there is great room for improvement in the majority of farmers in this country, although much progress has been made, and a number—happily a very large number—are models in this respect. We have seen barns and stables kept as neat as a parlor. Some men think this is attended with too much trouble and labor—like the boy who combed his hair once a month, and, finding it difficult and painful, was unable to comprehend how any one could endure to do it every day. It is not the process of cleaning that we recommend, but keeping clean. A nurseryman was asked how he killed the weeds in his thirty-five acre grounds. "I do not kill them," was his answer. "I allow none to enter or grow." We mention a few examples of deficient care in this particular. Among good managers the common recommendation and use of manure cellars is a frequent cause of foul air, which more or less pervades the building, injures the sweetness of the hay and compels cattle and horses to breathe noxious odors. Manure should never be kept in a barn basement without the constant use of enough absorbent, in the shape of straw, chopped stalks, sand or dry peat to hold all the effluvia. The difficulty will be much lessened as farmers learn the advantages of drawing and spreading manure in winter, as we have frequently recommended. But care is necessary, even for the small daily accumulations. No animal is so badly abused as the pig, in being thrust into apartments which are permitted to become polluted from neglect. The hired man, to whom we gave the pigs in charge, thought it a great hardship that we required him to clean their floor thoroughly twice a day. But he ultimately found it much the easiest on the long run, as each daily cleaning was a mere nothing. Pigs are naturally cleanly, if they are only permitted to be so, and when comfortably provided for thrive better and fatten faster; and one would think the farmer would prefer to eat such pork to that taken out of a manure hole. Sweep the barn floor often, sweep out the horse stalls at least twice a day, provide clean and dry litter for all animals, give them pure water, let their food be sweet and nourishing, avoid all fetid accumulations, shelter your barnyard from cold winds by evergreens and keep every square foot of ground about your buildings free from offensive rubbish, and you will not only preserve more self-respect for this care, but will enjoy the pleasure of giving comfort to the living creatures under your control, and what is not least in the eyes of money making managers you will derive a greater profit, preserve your buildings from decay and have a place that will sell at a higher price if you should wish to dispose of it.

Fashion Notes.

Silver jewelry is fashionable.

Soft crowns are very much used on close cottage bonnets.

Handsome jetted bonnets are worn with carriago, reception, church, and full dress promenade toilets.

Tho half-high silk hats, worn for driving, are now being used in the street with both carriage and walking costume.

The soft-crown turban bonnet with a band of feathers or of fur remains the most popular of all with very young ladies.

Thick, heavy paper in English styles is fashionable stationery for ladies, in preference to the thin, flimsy French paper once in vogue.

The latest boots for ladies have broad, projecting soles, and button on the outside of the foot instead of over the instep, as formerly.

A novelty in artificial flowers is that of making the petals of satin antique—a kind of smooth plush, which makes a rose most natural and soft-looking.

What is called white jet, and is really very glistening white beads, is used on white bonnets, and is particularly effective when sowed on white-Spanish lace.

Clusters of dahlias of variegated colors from pink to deep red and yellow are shown in the shops, to be worn on bonnets or in the corsage, or for trimming evening dresses.

Handsome table-covers are now made at home of crimson, olive or deep-blue felt cloth, trimmed with a wide band of a contrasting color, embroidered with gold-colored floss.

Invitations to entertainments are as plain and simple as it is possible to make them. They are worded in the simplest formula, and are engraved on small note sheets, or else on the square cards.

Colored cotton flannel is used for tidies and sofa-pillows. An inner square of a light shade, with a darker shade, is a pretty style. In the tidies, corner-pieces of a contrasting shade may be introduced into the border.

Powder is used in a way so frank and straightforward nowadays that one wonders at any precaution for concealing it, but one of the pretty sets of scent-bottles has a powder-box hidden under a swinging bottle.

A new fancy for trimming fichus of muslin and lace is that of having a vine of leaves and buds extend up the left side to the back of the neck, while a large bunch of larger half-blown buds is placed lower on the front.

Very young ladies are wearing during the midwinter season beaver round hats, with the crown smooth like the beaver of gentlemen's silk hats, while the broad flaring brim is of long-napped furry beaver, which is found to be very becoming.

Long scarfs of black Spanish lace are now most coquettishly arranged over the bonnet, with the front edge falling over the brim, the other gathered into the crown behind, and the end knotted under the chin. This is worn in white lace on dress bonnets, and in black for the street.

Spiders that Kill Birds.

Everybody knows that spiders catch flies and other insects; but that some of them kill little birds may not be so generally known. A traveler in Brazil tells us that he caught one of them in the very act, while going through a forest in the Amazons. The spider was a hairy fellow, with a body two inches long, and eight legs measuring seven inches each, from end to end. The writer describing the incident, says: "I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. One of them was quite dead, and the other nearly so. I drove away the monster, and took the birds, but the second one soon died. The fact of species of Mygale, to which genus this spider belongs, sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madam Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but, in the absence of any confirmation, it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related it would appear that it had been merely derived from the report of natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. The Mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them Aranhas caranguejeiras, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some Mygales are of immense size. One day I saw the children belonging to an Indian family with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog."

NEW YORK CITY pays out about $2,500,000 annually for charitable purposes, partly through municipal officials, and a large share through private organizations which receive grants. It is estimated that the private contributions to charitable societies in the city amount to much more.

THE woman who does fancy work very often don't fancy work at other times.—*Iowa State Register.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Paint splashes upon window glass can be easily removed by a strong solution of soda.

—Spruce and ash are recommended as the best woods for butter tubs, the former being the easier to work.

—If potting soil is placed for a day or two in the henyard, every particle of it is dug over, and all grubs and eggs of insects picked out.

—To Preserve Soap-Grease.—Fill a cask half full of good strong lye and drop all your refuse grease therein; stir up the mixture once a week.

—Sour apple sauce is greatly improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of sauce, and, moreover, there is much less sugar needed. A little lemon peel makes a fine flavor.

—Made into a mash, bran has a cooling and laxative effect as a food for horses; but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony secretions in the bowels. Stones produced from the excessive use of bran have been taken out of horses after death, weighing many pounds.

—The application of manure to the orchard is too often neglected. Use well-rotted stable manure. It may be drawn on at any time during the winter, most easily when the ground is frozen. When spread, it should cover the whole ground, and not be heaped just about the trunks of the trees, where there are no small roots.

—Sauer-Kraut.—Take a nice piece of pork, two pounds to one quart of sauer-kraut; wash the pork and cover with boiling water, and boil one honr; then take your sauer-kraut, press all the water from it, and place it around the pork and boil another hour. When done serve the pork and the cabbage in separate dishes, with mashed potatoes.

—Tapioca Custard.—Soak three large tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in a pint of cold water; the next morning add one quart of milk, a little salt, and boil; four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar; flavor with lemon or vanilla; a meringue can be made from the whites of the eggs by adding a little powdered sugar, and browning it in the oven.

—A horse that is to be used for work, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, should be exercised at regular intervals, for at least half an hour on every day on which he is not required for work. Many sudden deaths in winter and spring result from the neglect of this salutary precaution. Certain diseases of the feet, too, may be warded off by daily use.

—Ham Pie.—Slice one pound of raw ham very thin, place in the boiling vessel, add one pint of water and one teaspoonful of butter; cook ten minutes. Boil five eggs hard; make crust as for chicken pie; line the sides of the dish with pastry; alternate layers of ham, sliced egg and thin pieces of pastry; add salt to the taste; also tho broth the ham was boiled in; cover the whole and bake. This will not make a large pie. For a veal and ham pie put a pound of lean veal, cut in thin slices, with the same quantity of ham, and proceed as above.

—Sowing Rye in Corn.—If farmers will sow one-half bushel of winter rye to the acre in their corn, and plow it in the last time, it will not only have a teudency to choke out the weeds that start up afterward, but there will be no danger of dry murrain among cattle from eating too freely of dry stalks, as the rye will remain green through the winter and will be eaten by stock in preference to the corn fodder. It makes a desirable food for all kinds of stock and aids materially in the quality and quantity of milk produced, besides proving a saving of from one to two tons of hay for every acre sown; and last, but not least, it affords a green crop to plow under in the spring which will renew and enrich the land.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

The Party He Represented.

One of the "old style" of commercial travelers was Jack Hazzard, of New York. Jack was passionately fond of the "pasteboards," and would occasionally even indulge in a little game with the boys in the basement of the store, when not upon the "road." One morning when thus engaged tho "old man" was heard approaching, and Jack stuffed his last trick in his pocket, chucked the rest of his pack into an empty case, and the company broke up. The cause of the intrusion was soon explained by Jack receiving an order to start for Philadelphia at once with samples of a new line of goods. Jack flung the samples into a valise, put on a clean paper collar, bought ten cigars for a quarter, and started at once. Arrived in Philadelphia, his first call was on an old Quaker house on Broad street. Pulling himself together, Jack marched in, and, laying a card before the senior partner, who was busily engaged at his desk, said in his most sanctimonious manner, "That is the party I have the honor to represent." The old follower of Penn looked carefully at the card, and then, fixing his steely blue eyes on Jack, handed it back, saying: "If that is the party thee represents thee will find Philadelphia well stocked with his goods." Jack cast one horrified look at the card. It was the "little joker," on which a fellow-clerk had strongly sketched the head and horns of his Satanic Majesty, and the bold salesman, for once discomfited, beat a hasty retreat to his hotel.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A Novel Way to Fish.

THE winter fishing on Chautauqua Lake is quite a business. Being an inland lake, it freezes over quicker than Lake Erie and when the latter body is open Chautauqua Lake has ice enough to hold up an army of fishermen. There are now about twenty "coops," as they are called, out on the ice. A "coop" is a box about three feet square with a hole in the bottom. A hole is cut in the ice and the box placed over it so that the two holes match. A man crawls into this box and it being perfectly dark in there he can see the bottom as plain as day if the water is clear. If it is not clear, a newspaper is sunk to the bottom under the coop and fish passing over it are easily seen. Through this hole in the ice a wooden fish, properly weighted, is sunk to the proper depth and with the cord attached to it, the begus fish is made to fly around lively and thereby attracts other fish to its locality. The man in the coop keeping watch, seeing a fish in good position, lets drop his heavy spear, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, fastening him to the bottom. Some large fish are caught in that way. The Monday before New Year's there were caught three pickerel, weighing respectively twenty-seven, thirty and forty pounds. It is quite a business when the lake is frozen over and those who follow it make money.—*Silver Creek Local.*

A BAT that flies without wings—A brickbat.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

FLEMINGTON, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets, and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly,

JAMES O. BELLIS.

Montreal Heard From.

R. L. MOSELY, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My appetite is good, and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

Good to take—certain to cure—bottle large—dose small—25c or $1. Characteristics of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

IF you want a good watch, *cheap*, write for a catalogue to the Standard American Watch Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

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Apply to the author, 88 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 15 cents. No extra charge for mailing.

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passes through the belt of country growing all products of the temperate zone, **near good markets.** Big profits are made with little labor. **CHEAP LANDS at EASY TERMS.** Soils, Climate, Timber, Mines, Grains, Grasses, Fruits, Water and Health are unsurpassed. Schools, Churches, Mails and Papers. People from all countries now in Arkansas and East Missouri are peaceable and getting rich. For information, address W. A. KENDALL, Assistant Land Commissioner, Room 12, No 501 Market Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

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For all Ladies

WHO ARE SUFFERERS.

CINCINNATI, O., March 28, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine for *Female Weakness*, and, in justice to the medicine, and to all ladies who are sufferers from such complaints, I will recommend the Vegetine. I must say it has helped me very much; indeed, it is invaluable for such complaints. MARY E. MEREDITH.

160 Eastern Avenue.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.—VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cleanses and cures ulceration, cures constipation, regulates the bowels, headache and pains in the back cease; in fact, there is no disease or complaint where the VEGETINE gives so quick relief, and is so effective in its cure, as in what is termed Female Weakness. It has never failed in one instance.

Vegetine.

It is What is Needed--Female Weakness.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir—For a long time I have been troubled with *Female Weakness* and a weak, sinking feeling at the *Stomach*, and through the advice of a friend I tried your VEGETINE, and find it just what is needed. I can recommend it to all suffering from these complaints.

Yours, respectfully,

MRS. ANNABELLA HARWOOD,

312 Fourth Street.

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness*, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and I have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist.

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

IMPROVED SAP SPILE,

to which the bucket is attached by means of wire staple B, which passes through the stave (of wooden pails) from the inside, and clinched on the outside; projecting about ⅝ of an inch above the top of the pail, thus permitting the pail to be emptied by adjusting or rocking on the hook. This spile is especially adapted to keeping the buckets from getting stale, so essential to sugar making. The result is effected by drying the pail, which is quickly done at night or any time when the sap is not running, as the pail is suspended so as to allow a free circulation of air through it, as shown in figure D.

Sample spile sent to any address for one 3-cent stamp. Agents wanted in every State. Spile and Staple manufactured and for sale wholesale by

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Invented by R. S. RHODES, of Chicago, (firm Rhodes & McClure). Enables the DEAF TO HEAR WITH EASE, through the medium of the teeth. It is of fan shape, plain or ornamental, and its upper edge is applied to the edge of the upper teeth. No difficulty in hearing or conversing. A large number already sold and giving entire satisfaction. Orders increasing daily.

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Editor of this paper knows Mr. Kellogg.

Send stamp for 60-page pamphlet, containing full history of the Audiphone, personal testimony and tests in Deaf and Dumb Institute. Address RHODES & McCLURE, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as wound of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, rupture, through bad flight, disease of lungs, chronic rheumatism, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows, children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and all can be so proven are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pensions, application must be made very soon, as the time is limited by law. If aged soldiers get in a few days after applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances getting thousands of dollars at the first payment. On this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send two stamps for synopsis of Pension and Bounty law. By permission we refer to the following parties in Indianapolis as to our standing:

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1861!

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Arrears of Pension allowed only in claims presented before

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A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

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☞ WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.

Proprietors,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

☞ Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

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By L. O. EMERSON. Price $1.25, or $12.00 per doz.

It is a pleasure to look through this fine book, and Choir Leaders will all be pleased with the general beauty of the music and the great variety. There are more than 80 Anthems, Motets, Sentences, etc., including an Anthem Decalogy, and some fine new Hymn Anthems. Also 18 Responses and Chants. Music for Christmas, Easter, and all other special occasions is provided.

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Only published two months ago, it "takes" so well that the publishers are forced to issue edition after edition to keep pace with the demand. To state it tersely,

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has gone straight into the hearts of all lovers of Sabbath School Music, and the fact is due to its purity, freshness and originality.

Send 30 cts. in stamps for a sample copy. $3 per doz.

Temperance Jewels, (35 cts.), by J. H. TENNEY, should be used by all Temperance and Reform Clubs.

Any book mailed, post-free, for the retail price.

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For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, and Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *pronounced by the highest medical authority* to be "both food and medicine."

Begin its use promptly, *and thus save life and establish health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
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JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

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FUN SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN COMPANY. Boys, Girls, Ladies and Gents, just think, it contains no mercurials or iron that any other instrument of its size. A score of tunes may be played on it. A child of 10 years can play it. GOLD PLATED SAMPLE free for only 75c, alone or in song. The handy pays cost of packing and postage. We first do this to introduce them. Agents wanted everywhere. $1.00 FOR 25 CTS. Address SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN CO., Pittsboro, Ill.

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HAIR and Whiskers a C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free*. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STAHL, 157 Wabash Av., Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the DR. A. W. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) 1878.

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OD 756—L K

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This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 2 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ½ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs.

[Trade-mark "Butter-Maker" Registered.] BUFFALO, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Thomas Johnson vs. Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, and Samuel Wood.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 176. In Equity.

The object of this Bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from Luke Wood to Jane Wood, his wife, also a mortgage from the said Luke Wood to Samuel Wood; also a deed from Luke Wood, and Jane Wood, his wife, to Samuel Wood, and to subject the real estate mentioned in said conveyances to the payment of the complainant's claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 25th day of April, 1876, and prior to that time, Luke Wood owned two Military Lots, to wit: Nos. 3110 and 3112, lying in Garrett county. That on the 25th day of April, 1876, the complainant sold and delivered to Luke Wood a lot of personal property and took his single Bill for $147.00 at twelve months therefor. That after contracting this debt Luke Wood executed a mortgage for $375.00 to his son Samuel Wood. That on the same day, to-wit: the 14th of September, 1876, the said Luke Wood executed a second mortgage, for $736.00, to his wife, Jane Wood. That both mortgages were made upon the real estate aforesaid; and at the time they were executed all the defendants lived in Garrett county, but that they, subsequent to the last mentioned date, removed to Pennsylvania, where they now reside. The Bill further states that on the 25th day of April, 1877, the said Luke Wood and Jane Wood, his wife, executed a deed in fee simple to their said son Samuel Wood, conveying the said land to him, and at the time the said Johnson sold the said Wood the personal property aforesaid and took said single bill therefor, he did so upon the faith of said Wood's ownership of said land. That at the time of making said conveyances said Wood was largely indebted and insolvent and had not the means of paying his debts apart from the property so conveyed. The Bill further states that said conveyances were fraudulently made, not for bona fide considerations, but for pretended and simulated considerations; and that they were made with a view to cheat, hinder, delay and defraud the complainant and the other creditors of the said Luke Wood, and that the same are therefore void and of no effect. The Bill then prays that said conveyances may be vacated and annulled, said real estate sold and such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 24th day of January, 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of February, 1880, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this court by person or by Solicitor on or before the 5th day of July 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
Jan31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Order of Publication

Thomas Johnson vs. George Hill, Sr., and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.—No. 177. In Equity.

The object of this bill is to vacate and annul a mortgage from George Hill, Sr., to Eliza Hill, his wife, also a mortgage from the said George Hill, Sr., to Henry Hill, and also a deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife to George Hill, Jr., and subject the real estate mentioned in said Bill to the payment of the Complainants' claim.

The Bill alleges that on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, and prior to that time George Hill, Sr., owned valuable real estate in Garrett county known and described as Military Lot No. eleven hundred and twenty-seven. (1127). That on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, the complainant obtained a judgment against the said George Hill, Sr., for forty-two dollars and fifty-three cents. That said judgment was rendered upon a note bearing date the 9th day of November, A. D. 1875, which was executed and delivered by the said George Hill, Sr., to the said Thos. Johnson for goods and chattels sold by the said Johnson to the said Hill. That the said Geo. Hill, Sr., on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1876, executed a mortgage for the payment as he alleges, of two hundred dollars to Eliza Hill, his wife. That on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1877, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, executed another mortgage upon said real estate to secure, as they allege, the payment of two hundred dollars to their son Henry Hill. That on the 14th day of October, A. D. 1878, George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, conveyed to their son George Hill, Jr., in fee simple, all the real estate aforesaid and also all their personal property upon the pretended consideration of two hundred dollars. That the complainant credited the said Hill upon the faith of his ownership of said real estate. That at the time of making said conveyances, the said George Hill, Sr., was largely indebted and insolvent; and that he had not the means of paying your Orator's claim and his other debts apart from said property so conveyed by him. That notwithstanding the execution of said Mortgages and said deed the said George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, continue to live upon said property and use it as their own. The Bill further states and charges that said mortgages and said deed were made for the purpose of cheating, hindering, delaying and defrauding your Orator and the other creditors of the said George Hill, Sr. That such doings are contrary to Equity and good conscience, and are fraudulent and void. The prayer of the bill is that the said mortgages and the said deed from George Hill, Sr., and Eliza Hill, his wife, to George Hill, Jr., may be declared to be void, vacated and annulled. That a decree may be passed for sale of said real estate and for such other relief as the complainant's case may require; and concludes with the usual prayer for process.

It is therefore ordered, by the Court, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 28th day of Febrary, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendants, Geo. Hill, Jr., and Henry Hill, in said Bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, A. D. 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—test—
jan. 31-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

24th day of February, 1880,

at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m., at the front door of the court house, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county which is known and described as

"BRANT'S DISCOVERY,"

and is contained in the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at two bounded white oak trees, standing north fifty-one° east seven perches, from a spring which descends into Bear Pen ron, a branch of Savage river, and on the west side of said river, and running thence north six degrees east twenty-eight perches, to a chestnut oak tree marked with three notches; west one hundred and fifty-four and three-quarter perches, to a chestnut oak tree mark ed with four notches; south thirty degrees west eighty-one perches, south seventy and one-half degrees west fifty-five perches, to a white oak tree marked with five notches; north forty-nine and one-half degrees west forty-one perches; south eleven degrees west fifty six perches; south forty-three degrees east thirty-six perches; south three degrees east sixty-two perches, to a white oak tree marked with six notches; south twenty seven degrees east one hundred and ten and one-half perches to a red oak tree marked with seven notches; south forty-four degrees west twenty-six and one-half perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with four notches; south twenty-nine degrees east fifty-two perches to a chestnut oak tree marked with five notches; north sixty-two degrees, east twenty eight perches south seventy-nine degrees east one hundred and ten perches, and then by a straight line to the beginning, containing four hundred and fifty-eight acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of seventeen dollars and seventy-two cents, taxes due by John B. Brant for the year 1878.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
j31-4s Collector of Taxes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
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GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.00 A. M
No. 10	4.41 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.50 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M
Way	10.10 A. M

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And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880. NUMBER 1.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 29, 1880.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Christ has been speaking concerning riches, "treasures upon earth," which many seek as the great aim of life. He warns his disciples that earthly gold is perishing, and not to be weighed in the scale with the eternal treasures of salvation. "Nor think to divide your energies, and to devote a part to God's service, and a part to the accumulation of wealth. This you cannot do. You must choose your master, and serve him with single devotion (v.24.). Having chosen God, do not allow your life to be distracted by the ambition for wealth, or by fears respecting [illegible] (v. 25.) This is folly, for your life is worthy of your care. (v. 25.) [illegible] for your heavenly Father, who feeds [illegible] will care for you. (v. 26.) It will not avail you to add [illegible] with all your worry you cannot [illegible] life. (v. 27.) It is wasted energy to be spent for display, and its highest [illegible] leaves you inferior to the wild flowers of the field. (v. 28-30.) It is unchristian, for he who is guilty of it is no better off than the heathen, who know of no heavenly Father on whom they can cast their cares. God, your Father, knows what is necessary for you and will provide. (v.3 -32. You have only to do day by day your daily duty, making the sole object of your life to promote in your own heart, and in the hearts of others, allegiance to him, (v. 33), and attending faithfully to each day's cares and duties, sure that the *present* duty is all that God means you to perform, and that with to-morrow's problems will come grace and wisdom for their solution.—*Paraphrase by Lyman Abbott.*

Matt. 6. 24-34.

Memory Verses, 31-34.

24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

HOME READINGS.

M. The Christian's trust. Matt. 6. 24-34.
Tu. Abraham's trust. Heb. 11. 8-19.
W. David's trust. 1 Sam. 17. 1-15.
Th. Elijah's trust. 1 Kings 17. 1-15.
F. Jehoshaphat's trust. 2 Chron. 20. 14-30.
S. The young Hebrew's trust. Dan. 3. 1.-30.
S. The apostle's trust. 2 Tim. 1. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. 1 Pet. 5. 7.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants and knows
What best for each will prove.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. OUR ANXIOUS CARE, v. 21-29; Psa. 55. 22.
What is it to serve two masters?
How many people are trying to do this?
Why can not they succeed?
What is "mammon?" [ANS. Worldly riches.]
What are some things for which many are anxious?
What is of more importance than these things?
How may we be kept from anxious cares? Phil. 4. 6, 7.
How may we learn from the birds?
Why are our cares useless and needless?
What will give us freedom from cares? [Golden Text.]

2. GOD'S GRACIOUS CARE, v. 30-34; Psa. 84. 11.
How does God care for the grass?
How do we know that he will care for us?
How does God clothe us?
What kind of thoughts should we try not to have? [ANS. Anxious thoughts.]
How can we avoid them? Psa. 37. 5.
What should be the first and greatest object of our lives?
Why should we seek it first?
What is God's promise concerning his service? 1 Tim. 4. 8.
Why should we not be worried about the future?
How will trust in God be rewarded? Isa. 26. 3.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That we should serve God only. 2. Trust God fully? 3. Seek God early?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The Fatherhood of God.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on Worldly Cares.

1. They are inconsistent with whole-hearted consecration to God. v. 24.
2. They are of trivial consequence as compared with the interests of the soul. v. 25.
3. They are unnecessary, for our heavenly Father will care for us. v. 26.
4. They are useless, for all our anxiety cannot lengthen our life. v. 27.
5. They are unworthy, for they arise from vanity and desire for display. v. 28, 29.

Southern Electoral Votes.

Every now and then some newspaper or politician expresses the belief that the Republican nominee for the Presidency this year will carry two or three Southern States. Some times the States are specified, and when the prophets come down to particulars they usually include North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana in their list, and generally express hopes of Virginia and South Carolina. Such predictions may show a praiseworthy hopefulness, but they also show a profound ignorance of the Southern situation. No matter who may be nominated in Chicago [illegible] have no chance of getting a single electoral vote from [illegible] worth taking into account for a moment in planning the campaign or estimating the probable result. There are undoubtedly enough Republicans in more than one of the Southern States to carry it next Fall. Perhaps they will be allowed to vote. It is possible that the shot-gun policy will be abandoned as expensive, disturbing to labor, and unnecessary. But this will signify nothing. The entire machinery of elections is in the hands of the Democrats, and no matter how many Republican votes may go into the boxes, a round Democratic majority will be sure to come out when the count takes place. It ought to be understood by this time in the North that public sentiment in the South not only excuses false counting and false returns, made for the purpose of defeating the Republicans, but actually demands the commission of such frauds. The election officers regard themselves as charged with the duty of seeing that the supremacy of the white race suffers no detriment. They are not criminals in their own estimation or in that of their neighbors, when they take a cipher off the end of one column in a return and add it to another, or shift the figures about so that the majority given for a Republican candidate appears to have been thrown for his Democratic opponent; they are only preventing the restoration of "nigger rule." They do what they are expected to do, and they know that the courts will not punish them and that they will have the moral support of the community where they live.

When such frauds are committed at every local election how absurd it is to suppose that they will not be repeated when the stake is the possession of the National Government. The South has been held together for the past four years by her ruling politicians for the sole purpose of carrying the Presidential election of 1880 by throwing her solid electoral vote into the scale. Is it likely that this bold and cunning scheme for justifying the rebellion and grasping power at one stroke is going to be abandoned by its authors when they have full ability to carry it out, so far as the action of their own States is concerned? Are the Brigadiers going to send around word to their followers that there must be honest elections this year for the first time since the Democrats got power in the South in order that the Republicans may carry South Carolina and three or four other Southern States? The notion is preposterous. The Democrats can count upon the electoral vote of every one of the old Slave States with as much confidence as they can upon that of Kentucky.

It is true, all Republicans understood this fact and appreciated its practical bearings. The lesson it conveys is that the Chicago nomination should be made with a view to carrying the close States of the North, and not with a view to pleasing the Republicans of the South, who will be able to do no more toward carrying the election than they would if they lived on the other side of the moon. And further, it shows that the Southern Republicans would do well to keep aloof from any proposed alliance which contemplates the control of the Convention by the aid of their votes. If they are wise they will encourage the antagonism of no Republican element sufficiently large to imperil his success by its opposition or indifference.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Douglass to the Front.

Stephen A. Douglass, son of the great Democratic leader of 1860, who lived in the South ten years, during which he was transformed from an ardent Democrat into a stalwart Republican, lectured recently on the political and social condition of the South. He explained how he came to leave the Democratic and unite with the Republican party, and as he was born in the South, educated a Democrat, and went to North Carolina with no prejudices against the South or its people, his testimony is of peculiar interest. He shows that the Southern Democrats began early to plot against Senator Douglass, and that in 1858 Buchanan's administration, under the influence of Southern leaders, strained every nerve to defeat him for Senator. Douglass interfered with Southern supremacy, and the Democratic leaders took that section de[illegible] [illegible] by the Democratic rallying round the standard of nationality, the Southern leaders concluded to secede. They went out flying the flag of State supremacy, but turned in a few months to repudiate the doctrine and assert the power and infallibility of the government.

Mr. Douglass, in tracing the history of reconstruction, calls attention to the fact that at the close of the war the people of the South were utterly and completely whipped. They were prepared then to accept any terms offered them, and there was no loud talk of the tyranny of the North in not giving them their political rights. But when the old leaders came again to the front, all propositions coming from the General Government were rejected—not because they were not just, but simply because they came from the North. In 1865 the South asked nothing; in 1868 it wanted to control the government it had sought to destroy, and since that date it has labored to restore the supremacy of the ante-bellum days.

Describing some of the methods resorted to by the Democrats to regain control in the South, Mr. Douglass confines himself to the operations of the Ku klux that came under his own observation in North Carolina, and to the system of intimidation and fraud that gave the State to the Democrats. In this connection he states that Governor Holden, who first inaugurated measures to supress the Ku Klux Klan, is the only man in North Carolina under a political disability to hold a State office. The Democratic Legislature that passed a bill giving general and complete amnesty and pardon to the Ku klux, refused to pass a bill extending the same amnesty to Holden.

The story of how the Republican majorities in North Carolina and other Southern States were destroyed has been told again and again. Mr. Douglass gives it more picturesqueness of detail, and leaves on the mind a more vivid impression. After telling the story, he says:

I put it strongly because I feel it strongly. Remember that for ten long years I was a Southern Republican. I lived through and among the scenes I have described. I have seen the whip, the knife, and the shot-gun, and the halter in the hands of the Ku klux, and then, turning, I have seen the smile of contemptuous incredulity upon the faces of the people of the North. So when I first heard that Tilden was elected, I confess a savage joy stole over me, tho' I had fought for Hayes upon many a heated stump; for I felt now God is dealing out to the North a portion of what the North has permitted to be dealt out to us.

Mr. Douglass believes that the Democracy have but one end in view, and that is to rule. They do not look to the moral aspect of a question; they only ask, will it bring success? They will dare do anything to bring success. "There is but one thing left for them to take—the Presidency, and with it the entire control of the government."

The Press as an Educator.

Dr. W. T. Harris, of St. Louis, lectured at the Maryland Institute Baltimore, Monday night in the regular course, on "The Press and the School as Educators." After speaking at some length of the home, the school, society and the church as factors in education, Mr. Harris went on to say of the press that only by taking away the printed page could we realize its value. Through this means the influences for education of the home, the school, of society, of the state and of the church are brought simultaneously to bear. Each individual man is brought into accord with the rest of mankind. Personal rule and will are adjusted to the universal rule and will. The experience of each man is communicated so that each may have the experience of all. A single idea may have stored up in it wide experience given form. Through the press people develop sympathy and interest beyond their neighborhood and locality. Social life is benefited. The newspaper realizes the mythical wishing-cap and seven-leagued boots. Through it the life of the individual becomes mixed up with that of corporations and societies and institutions. The elements of local peculiarities are fast being eliminated in the general tendency towards a common ideal standard of humanity.

[illegible] moral story is the [illegible] been the deed and its consequences [illegible] set forth. It is the portrayal of [illegible] While history gives fragments, literary art as in poetry gives complete views. The growth of modern fiction is only to be explained as owing to the spread of the newspaper. A novel like "Middlemarch," or the "Vicar of Wakefield," deals with real life; a romance, such as "The Arabian Nights," deals with the marvelous, the extraordinary, the fantastical. The press has been a great developer of them both. The newspaper not only portrays character but the growth of character. Even the manners and modes of society are affected by it, and the portrayal of the habits of good society puts a polish on the boor. Even stories of great criminals are far less dangerous than contact with the criminals themselves. The newspaper punishes crime by giving that publicity and arousing that social ostracism which is the most terrible of retributions. It holds up motives aright to the gaze of mankind. In it the humblest man has access to the best society, becomes familiar with the walks and talks of the wisest men, and becomes in time wise himself.

THE MOONSHINERS OF NORTH GEORGIA.—A correspondent with the officers of the revenue service engaged in raiding the moonshiners of Northern Georgia, says the life is fraught with as much danger as that of a frontiersman among hostile Indians. In Rabun county the moonshiners have raised a purse of $500 for the Deputy Collector's head, and innumerable attempts have been made upon the lives of the entire force. This state of affairs has grown out of the suspensions of sentence and nolle prosequis granted on promises of obeying the laws. Yet, the very men are now engaged in illicit distilling. The officers, during their passage through the mountains, are continually fired upon by the distillers, who, better acquainted with the country, occupy positions they cannot be driven from. A party of moonshiners ten miles north of Clayton sent the collector a defiant message, stating that they are now running ten stills, and requesting him to send a force after them, as they desired to kill his men and keep their horses. There are four parties of officials engaged in the pursuit of the distillers in Georgia. From three of them no news has been received, and grave fears are entertained that they have been overpowered.

It has been noted as somewhat remarkable that not a peep has been heard from Garcelon since he returned to "practice." Several theories have been advanced to explain this sudden transition from garrulous notoriety to speechless obscurity. One is that the whole Democratic party being very sick, he has had more practice than he could well attend to. A more satisfactory explanation has been made by a wit of Augusta to this effect: Garcelon had been told times enough that he was a blank fool, but he never would believe it till he got a certificate from the Supreme Court." That covers the case.

According to the report of the Clerk of the House, funerals of deceased congressmen cost the country from $1,000 to $5,000 each; but the expense of liquor for the honorable escort figures so conspicuously as to suggest that hereafter the Speaker should appoint only total abstinence members for such duty—if there are enough of them in the House. And yet there are some members of Congress whose funerals the taxpayers would be proud to pay for.

A bright little five-years-old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and after looking at them for a moment, she exclaimed: "Oh! Auntie, see! The sheep all wear their hair banged."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SNOW-CLAD.

YON templed pile, in calm repose,
Is robed as though for endless rest—
As though a saint at vesper's close
Should fold his hands divinely blest;

Or, fain to serve his master yet,
Should silent make a pictured prayer
Of ivied stone in frost-work set,
Illumined by minutest care;

And fairer that each broidered tree,
O'er burdened, like a tear-filled eye,
Is mantled with the mystery
Of starry drops that sanctify.

Swift, flake on flake, new load is laid
Of crowning pressure on the stems,
And still the woven film is made
To shadow forth reflecting gems.

The whole gray world, whose differing grays
Shade tenderly from brown to white,
Transfigured is within the maze
Of snows that yield supernal light.

Yet nothing seems so full of grace,
So holy in its hoary screen,
As yonder quiet, cloistered place
Clothed yesterday with living green;

And vocal with the twitterings
Of myriad sparrows—songs or sighs,
Responsive to impatient wings,
All mute to-day in hushed surprise.

The pictured windows, too, that then
In color chanted to the sun,
Are neutral-tinted now as when
The twilight melts their hues in one.

Such breathless, hallowed ministry
Attends the tranquil, wintry hour,
Scarce was marvelous to see
The pile upborne by mystic power.

And viewless spirits—such as thrall
Life drifted close to heaven's shore—
Upon our raptured senses call:
Behold the pure who rest or soar!

—*Mary B. Dodge, in Christian Union.*

TOM'S SISTER.

SHE was fifteen when the mother died, and Tom was seventeen and the baby barely five hours old.

She never went to school after that. The housekeeping fell upon her, and she had to be little mother to the motherless baby.

Her father, who was a bookkeeper, had never earned over a thousand a year. Ivah's rearing, therefore, had been on a basis of simplicity and frugality.

People said the new duties would prove too heavy for her, for there was a hint of the fragile in her slight little body, though there was nothing sickly-looking about her.

There was a fresh though delicate color in her cheek, life in her blue eye, and in all her movements a freeness which asserted an elastic nature.

When she was eighteen, her father was found dead at his desk. At once, all the family income was cut off.

Tom, at the time, was studying bookkeeping, and, in assisting his father, had some practice in the work.

"You must ask for father's place, Tom," Ivah said.

It was the day after the burial. Tom had his face in his hands, the picture of *abandon*. He raised his head. His eyes were swollen and red with weeping.

"I don't see how you can bear to think of such things in our great sorrow," said Tom. "I want nothing but to lie down and die."

Ivah's face was white and pinched, but her eyes seemed looking away to the guiding star of duty.

"But, dear," she said, "we have got to go on living. It would be selfish and cowardly for either of us to die and leave the other, and then, too, there is our baby. There is just one way, Tom, we must find where our duty lies, and go to meet it. Our duty is to live for each other and for baby. To do this we must work. We can't afford to lose a day from work. We owe for the coffin in which our dear father is buried. I have been making plans. I have discharged Mrs. McGill. I can take care of baby and do our housework, and I can keep our table expenses to three dollars a week. But we haven't even that to spend, unless you can get work. You ought to go right away and ask for papa's place. If you prefer, I will go and ask for you."

"Harris Brothers would not pay me a thousand dollars," said Tom.

"Of course not," said Ivah. "You're a new hand. Perhaps they would not pay you anything at the start; but it would be much if you could even secure the place."

"They need an experienced bookkeeper. I could not do their work," Tom said, dejectedly.

"I could help you, Tom," said Ivah, cheering. "You could bring the books home, and we could work together at night after I get baby to sleep."

"I've no idea that they would give me a trial."

"May I go ask them to?"

Tom's silence gave consent, and Ivah went.

Her father had been in the employ of Harris Brothers for twenty-three years. They were kindly disposed toward her and Tom; they would like it if he could take the father's place; they hardly thought he could fill it. Yes, they were willing he should try.

Tom was a beginner; his brain was clouded with sorrow; his heart ached. He felt such a dread of the future, with its sudden responsibilities, that he must have failed but for Ivah's words of courage and hand of help.

In the most desponding mood, when he was ready to let go, to let fate come on, there was the sister, patient and brave, to bring forward reserved forces and save the day.

Never a word had she about her own heart ache, never a word of the hard day passed at washing or ironing or baking, with baby's hindering little hands to be kept away from the scalding water or the hot irons or the swelling dough.

Never a word heard Tom of the sweeping day, when she went into every corner of the desolate house, discovering reminders of the dear father, which brought sudden spasms of pain, to be borne alone. Not a word did he hear of the backaches and armaches in soothing fretting baby to her afternoon nap; nothing of the lonely time when she sat in the silent, silent house, wearily patching and darning; nothing of the drudgery over the hot stove, of the dish washing, of the mopping.

She planned her work and hurried it along to keep the unpleasant out of Tom's sight and hearing.

Returning at night, he would find baby in bed, having had her bread-and-milk supper.

The little round table would be set, looking cheery and inviting, with clean linen, clear glass and polished silver, while, perchance, flowers on the mantel brightened and sweetened the room.

And when the supper-table was cleared, Ivah would sit by Tom, to do the multiplying and dividing, and adding and verifying—the drudgery of the book-keeping.

At length the anxiously-expected day came when Tom was to hear the judgment as to his trial.

When he returned at night, Ivah scrutinized his face, her heart full at perceiving that it was not very cheerful. She refrained from asking questions, leaving him to choose his time and manner of communicating the result:

"Harris Brothers offer me the place at forty dollars a month," he said, after supper.

"O Tom, how glad we ought to be! how thankful! I've felt all the time that God meant to take care of us," Ivah said, and then she broke down and cried.

"But if I can do the work of the place," said Tom, grumbling, "I don't see why I shouldn't have the wages which belong to it. I've about decided to tell Harris Brothers that I will not work for half-pay."

"O, don't, Tom, don't!" cried Ivah, taking alarm. "Think how much it is worth to have secured the place. Take what you can get till you have gained skill, and demonstrated your value. When you are sure of your skill, and they are sure, you may ask for a higher salary. We can manage well with forty dollars. I find now ways of economizing every day."

On and on she went, till Tom was persuaded to close with Harris Brothers' offer.

He would not have been able to deserve this, but for his sister's watchful help.

Even after he had gained skill in the work, he still brought his books home for her aid. Often she was left bending over the figures, while he went out to refresh himself at some place of amusement or by a call.

Before the year was out, Tom's salary had been raised to seventy dollars a month, and a few months later, he announced that, at last, he was to have one thousand dollars.

"Isn't it good, dear Tom?" Ivah said, cuddling close up to him. "We can begin to lay by something for baby's education."

"I can't spare much money," said Tom, with his eyes downcast. There was silence for a moment, and then he went on with some words that made his sister's heart beat in a dreadful way.

"The fact is, I've been waiting for a raise in my salary to—to—make an important change in my life."

Ivah's heart stood still in terror.

Again Tom paused.

"What is it, Tom? What change? You are not going away?"

"No. I suppose I ought to have told you before. I'm—I'm engaged to get married."

She gasped, "O Tom!" and then broke into tears.

Tom was vexed at her emotion.

"I don't see why you need take on at this rate," he said, with petulence. "I should think you'd rejoice at any happiness that comes into my life of drudgery."

"Yes," sobbed Ivah; "but it was so unexpected! Dear, dear Tom. I am glad of anything that will make you happier. Of course, it has been very dreary for you since father died, and you have had to work hard."

She did not add, as many another would have done, "And I have worked hard; and your work, Tom, has taken you out into the light and life and sunshine; mine has tied me to the lonely house. You have had time and heart to make love and to win love."

She said nothing of this, but asked the name of the woman who was to take her place.

When Tom gave it, she said "That sounds like a French name."

"She is of French parentage," Tom admitted.

"When do you expect to be married?"

"Next Wednesday."

"And this is Saturday. I fear I can't get things ready for you. Your room ought to be repapered."

"No matter about my room," said Tom, with nervous haste, for he saw a chance to say, in a natural connection, what he dreaded to say. "I think we had better go to Mrs. Hill's for a few months, at least. I want Mario's honeymoon, at least, to be pleasant. Baby's getting to be such a bother. It would make you so much more work, too," he hastened to add, glad of so good an excuse.

"What would the house be without Tom?" cried Ivah's poor heart. Then, too, the prudent little soul trembled at the extravagance of Tom's plan.

"I don't see, Tom, how you can afford to take rooms at Mrs. Hill's. If we divide, we double the expense; I don't see how we can manage on a thousand dollars."

Tom rose from one chair and flung himself into another.

"I don't suppose we shall stay there a year," he said, impatiently. "Of course, I can't keep up two establishments; that isn't to be expected of a man. Other young men marry, and set up for themselves. You can't expect that I can stay tied up to you always, Ivah. I should think you might do something to earn a living. You can't expect to go through life without work. Why can't you teach?"

Ivah replied with low, pathetic voice, "You ought to know why, Tom. I have been doing housework since I was fifteen. I have no preparation for teaching."

"Well," said Tom, in his easy way, "You have a good head for planning. You'll have to think it over and determine what you'll do."

He went out, and left his sister sitting with white face and wide eyes.

It was not dismay that she must go out single-handed to the combat that kept her sitting there like a statue; it was that Tom was willing she should fight alone.

With a deserted feeling, she went in to where baby was sleeping; she dropped beside the bed; she kissed baby's hand, thrown out.

Then she put her eyes against the counterpane and made a vow never to desert—baby. She would as soon have thought of promising never to desert her own heart. She promised never, never to desert Tom. She had a vague fear that evil was advancing upon Tom. She knelt there till she had persuaded herself that she had no right to censure Tom. All young men fall in love, and all wanted to marry. She could not expect Tom to be a sacrifice to her and baby.

When she had thus decided, she sat up and began to plan her future.

There seemed only one thing for Ivah to do; to take some boarders.

Before going to bed she went to the *Tribune* office, with an advertisement for the morning paper.

By the time that Tom had vacated his room and gone to Mrs. Hill's an elderly man and wife were ready to move into it. Table-boarders also came. That first day Ivah cooked for seven boarders. She had a young girl to look after baby, wash dishes, run errands, etc.

Ivah's rule was to have a few dishes, well prepared, and having a home flavor. As she had reckoned, this pleased. The seven boarders brought in others. Before the month was out, there were more applicants than her table would accommodate.

At the month's end, with a throbbing heart, Ivah carefully cast up her accounts. When this was done, she [illegible] the little book, caught baby to her knee, kissing and hugging the child. The little landlady had come out ahead. There was a balance of thirteen dollars in her favor.

She knew that her boarders were so well pleased that she could venture a small advance on her prices. Very small it was, only seventy-five cents a head, on the week, but it told on the returns.

Before five months had passed, Ivah decided to take a larger and better house, more conveniently situated for business people, and to put up her prices. The house was nearer Tom's quarters, and before Ivah was settled, Tom came around with his books.

"It will be so pleasant to have you near," he said.

Ivah discerned the sadness in his smile. She had remarked before that Tom was looking thinner and more worn.

"Whenever you are belated in your work, you must come and let me help you, Tom," she said, beginning to cast up a column of figures.

When they had finished the work, she inquired about Marie.

"She's at the theater," said Tom, with a dash of bitterness in his voice and in his face.

"Why didn't you go with her?" Ivah asked.

"I couldn't afford it," said Tom; "besides, I have to work. You know I keep Mrs. Webber's books beside Harris Brothers' books."

"I suppose you're laying by something, but you mustn't overwork. Couldn't Marie help you some?"

"Marie!" Tom cried, with a derisive laugh.

Ivah was greatly pained that Tom could use such a tone toward his wife.

"There is nothing Marie can do except to spend money. I am not laying up anything. She keeps me in debt every hour of my life. I am owing ninety-six dollars board now."

"Why, Tom!" cried Ivah, shocked. "Why don't you go to a cheaper boarding-house?"

"I can't get away from Mrs. Hill's till I have settled arrears, unless I leave my trunks. Think of that humiliation!"

"O Tom, I would do anything. I would live on parched corn, before I would live in debt."

"But you could not help the debt if you were bound to such a person as my wife."

That night she lay awake, planning for Tom, remembering her vow to stand by him—to desert him never. He needed her now.

The next day she called at Mrs. Hill's, and by becoming surety for the payment of Tom's arrears, she had his belongings moved to her boarding-house. As this was now a stylish establishment Marie made no objection to the move, especially as some of the ladies at Mrs. Hill's had begun to cut her.

Ivah believed with Tom that the secret of Marie's extravagance and discontent and dissipation was the want of useful employment. Ivah set herself to meet this want.

"The Frenchwomen have such a knack at making things look their best, and you have such taste, Marie, that it would be a real favor to me if you would see to the setting of the table," Ivah said, with her prettiest manner, which was very pretty indeed.

So Marie, her skill and self-esteem flattered, went to the dining-room, and did her best at spreading the table, and Ivah praised the result. By some similar *finesse* Marie was induced to take charge of the ladies' parlors.

Then Ivah beguiled Marie, who was really good-natured, to learn cake-baking. Marie became positively infatuated with the work, and every morning, right after breakfast, she would go the kitchen and make the cakes for the following day.

Time which belonged to her own affairs and to baby Ivah gave to attending Marie to lectures and concerts and other amusements less dissipating than the theatre.

To tell how Ivah's work for Marie was done, would be to tell a long and wonderful story of patient, persistent, watchful, adroit devotion, under many trying circumstances.

In the midst of the training, Ivah was asked to become the wife of a man whom she much esteemed, and toward whom her heart had long been tending.

He was a talented young lawyer, well-started upon a promising practice. It was very enticing to the girl—for Ivah was not yet twenty-one—the thought of a quiet home where she could get away from people and have a rest, cherished and cared for—she who had been always caring for others.

But she dared not let go of Marie and Tom, and there might be such a thing as baby being unwelcome.

Years passed, and Ivah, well, when she saw clearly that Tom could do without his sister, she went to help a certain young lawyer, who declared that he could not do without her. And "Baby" is Ivah's baby yet, for her two strong boys, who came to her in her happiness and prosperity, can never displace her mother's baby, with whom Ivah learned to bear the cross, whose pathetic cry called her into the sacred path of Duty, which leadeth toward the sun-rising.—*Sarah W. Kellegg, in Youth's Companion.*

How to Keep Teeth Clean and Healthful.

As I AM not aware of anything practically new in the way of dentifrices, I can only allude to them as auxiliaries or assistants in promoting cleanliness, and in neutralizing the abnormal acidity so commonly present in the oral cavity. No one has yet discovered the magic prophylactic, notwithstanding the absurd claims of the venders of various nostrums, such as "Sozodont." Of this article I will testify to what is also well known by most dentists, namely, that it destroys the color of the teeth, turning them to a decidedly dark yellow.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and the lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the third molars, and the lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth. I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones most neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud-shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of. The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the *quill* toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients.

The value of a decided polished surface of the teeth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest. I do not think many dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which are now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face. We know that the general idea among the people is, that interfering with the surfaces of the teeth destroys the enamel, but we also know that this is a popular error. —*G. A. Mills, in Dental Cosmos.*

Antique Butter.

BUTTER, in the literal, not the metaphorical, acceptation of the word, is known to be a very ancient invention. Fancy, left to itself, may devise various way in which the not very obvious transformation of a white and speedily decomposing fluid into a yellow and tolerably lasting solid may have been hit upon. Perhaps the original butter-maker put some milk into a bag when he went for a ride, and after an exciting chase of the casual wild animal, discovered that his bag contained butter. Such a process is said to be gone through intentionally at present by that favorite of travelers and novelists, the wild horseman of the pampas. At any rate, most ancient languages have words for butter, and butter itself of very respectable antiquity has been recently discovered. At a recent meeting of the Society of Public Anylists, Professor Church read a paper on two such discoveries. One was Irish butter found in a peat bog and supposed to be one thousand years old. It is not said that the sample was submitted to or tested by those important persons, the managers of the Cork butter market. But it was decided to be unquestionably butter, though altered and turned into something like cheese and rather like tallow by the vegetable matter surrounding it.

The other was much more venerable, and was, as may be guessed, Egyptian. It was found carefully potted and judged to be at least twenty-five hundred years old, was only a little turned, and still tasted and smelt like butter. There are very few food products which have been known to attain anything like this age, even wine, the very idea of which is usually associated with the idea of keeping, being apt to disappear or lose its characteristics.

Washington's Bible.

OLD CHRIST CHURCH, Alexandria, is in possession of the family Bible of General Washington. His name is written therein by himself: "George Washington, Mount Vernon, 1794." On the same leaf appears: "Presented to the Vestry of Christ Church, Fairfax Parish, by George Washington Parke Custis, April 6, 1804.' And then follows, in Mr. Custis' handwriting: "The Family Bible of George Washington, used at Mount Vernon." Application was made to the vestry, on behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, to purchase this Bible, to be kept at Mount Vernon. The church being in debt, and this valuable and interesting relic not being very safe in the church building, the vestry were disposed to listen to the proposition. This led to some discussion in the Alexandria *Gazette*. "In their financial needs, caused by the repair of the building, which even now is suffering through lack of funds, the proposition to buy the Bible for the Mount Vernon Association was presented to the vestry by request. Necessity, and no desire to remove the ancient landmark, caused the favorable consideration of the proposition." The facts are, that during the past five years the small and by no means wealthy congregation of the church has expended in necessary improvements and repairs a sum amounting to nearly $10,000, all of which has been paid except the present debt of about $1,000. After such a heavy expenditure the payment of this debt bears heavily upon the congregation, and they are very anxious it should be discharged, and speedily. The church has been already taxed to the extent of their ability. The current revenues are barely sufficient for current expenses. Christ Church is considerably over a century old; it is the church in which Washington and his family worshiped—in which as a vestryman he occasionally read the service to the congregation, and in which his pew still remains of the same size and form as when occupied by him. It is unlike any other church in the State or country, and is, so to speak, the property of the whole country, and should be so looked upon, and should be sustained by all as the link more nearly binding the past and present than any other building in the country, and it should be kept in repair and good preservation.—*Washington Post.*

A Physician's Condemnation of the Custom of Prematurely Placing Corpses on Ice.

THE telegram in the *Herald* on Friday from Ottawa, Ont., saying that a small-pox patient in one of the hospitals of that city had to all appearances died and was about being buried at the cemetery when he groaned and came to life again, created much comment among the physicians of this city. Dr. E. Vandorpoel, who lives at No. 43 West Twenty-sixth street, said he was particularly struck with the case because it reminded him of experiences in his own professional life which had made so deep an impression on him that he had publicly and privately protested against the modern custom introduced by the undertakers of putting bodies on ice before there was official proof of death. He considered it a scandal to the undertaking profession, an outrage to society and an insult to the patient's family that for the sake of collecting an exorbitant fee of $40, the undertaker did not await the arrival of a doctor's certificate of death before he froze the remains. "Suppose," said Mr. Vanderpoel, "that the Canada man who was supposed to have died of small-pox had lived and been taken ill in this city, his life would never have returned at the cemetery, for it would have been frozen out of him long before he reached the grave. In reading about this case I thought of a certain Brooklyn patient of mine who died in 1872. She was forty-five years old and the widow of a well-known reverend Doctor of Divinity. She had an attack of dysentary and had been lying ill for four or five days with a low fever, but her condition was not dangerous, although it was assuming a typhoid form. I called in to see her one day at one o'clock and returned again at five o'clock on the same day, when to my profound surprise and indignation, she was lying in an ice-box down-stairs partially frozen. The undertaker had committed this atrocity without any medical certificate of her death, and he had no official knowledge that she had died at all. I found that after I had left she arose from her bed and fainted while walking across the floor from sheer weakness, and because she lay there motionless the children thought she was dead; so, instead of sending for me to come and make an examination, they ran for the undertaker. He responded with like promptitude, bringing in his mortuary box full of pounded ice, and in a short time she was frozen stiff. Every part of her body, except her face, was covered with the ice. I believed then, and always shall believe, that she might have revived had proper means been employed for her resuscitation.

"I attended," said the same gentleman, "another patient in Thirty-fourth street in 1874. She was a wealthy lady, about fifty years old, and her house was but five doors from my own. She was perfectly well at six o'clock in the evening. She went to bed as usual. In the night she was taken ill and I was called over to the house by another doctor, for consultation, at six o'clock in the morning. After doing what we could I left at seven to finish my toilet and to get some breakfast. The other doctor also retired soon afterward, as he found he could not be of any immediate service. I returned at half-past nine o'clock and found her, not in bed, but in the back parlor, enclosed in an undertaker's ice chest. From what I knew of the character of her case it was one in which returning consciousness would be almost certain to follow a period of apparent sinking away of life. If there ever was a case of restoration after suspended animation that should have been one. The undertaker's excuse was that mortification might set in, when he ought to have known that it takes twelve hours for animal life to leave the body after death and before decomposition can set in. On November 10 of this year I was called to attend Mrs. DeForest, who lived in Twenty-fourth street, near Seventh avenue. She was forty-five years old and had been sinking for two days from a cancerous affection which had troubled her for a long time. I left her at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon to go home for lunch. When I returned at half-past four o'clock she was down stairs in an ice-box, and as usual the undertaker had put his victim away to freeze before there was any proof that she was dead. I told him that he ought to be sent to State prison. These cases were of so grave an aspect that I wrote the Board of Health on the subject and sent them a detailed statement of the cases. They called a special meeting, and Dr. Smith, of Forty-second street, said that something ought to be done. But that was the last I ever heard of it, and to this day these outrages are permitted to continue. The undertaker's plea that bodies cannot be preserved unless they are immediately put away in ice is a mistake. It is a device for making exhorbitant fees out of poor people as well as rich.

"After death there are three stages in the processes of decomposition," continued Dr. Vanderpoel. "On the first day the features and the flesh are sunken in and the pallid shade of death is very ghastly. On the second day is an improved look in every respect and the remains lose a part of the pallor of the first day. On the third day the flesh becomes full again, the skin clears up and the natural hue of life returns to a degree that in some cases is almost startling. At the end of this period discoloration sets in and decomposition does its work with great rapidity if the weather be warm. But these changes can be postponed without difficulty by the proper use of a very little ice on the stomach and some diluted carbolic acid sprayed into the nostrils. In 1848, when the modern ice-boxes were unknown, I kept the body of my mother four days in the hottest summer weather of July. My son dropped dead in the street from kidney disease. He was in full health, and I kept the remains in fine condition for five days with a simple pan of ice. I was attending on a poor little girl in Thompson street. Her mother was so poor that I did not charge her anything. When the little sufferer passed away I told the mother that an undertaker would come and order the remains to be put on ice, but I would show her how to keep the body until time for burial. It would keep without trouble, for there was no flesh to decay. I left the mother to go to my office for a certificate of death. When I returned the body was on ice as usual, and the mother told me that the undertaker had come and told her that she must have the remains put into an ice-box without delay. She thought it must be some kind of an official utterance, so she borrowed $10 and gave it to the undertaker before I could return. In cases of poverty like this the undertaker's charge is $10. From other people they take $40, and such prices are outrageous. Why, you can get a whole funeral nowadays, with two carriages, for $25, and without the carriages the charge is only $15. I went to look at some of the coffins for these economical funerals the other day, and they were quite respectable.

In closing the conversation Dr. Vanderpoel said that his patient might possibly have died a natural death; that was not for him to determine. What he complained of was the general and growing practice of undertakers, without proper medical education, putting people into ice and freezing them beyond all possible recovery before the bodies had time to cool naturally. He thought that physicians, the Board of Health and the law should take measures to put a stop to such indecencies. There was no necessity, he said, for the practice, no excuse for it, except the sordid anxiety of the undertaker to make an exorbitant fee. He strongly favored the Neurological Society, which, he understood, was making efforts to have a medical expert especially detailed to investigate each case of reported death and to make a scientific examination as to whether the doctors themselves might not have erred and issued certificates before the vital spark of life had really fled.—*N. Y. Herald, Feb. 3.*

Women Gamblers.

A great many circulars are being sent out to women known to command funds of their own, inviting them to become members of the Women's Stock Exchange in New York, and to operate there. Women, when once launched upon a gambling career, are far more desperate than men. They form, or used to, by far the most tragical as well as the most conspicuous figures at the Great German gambling watering places before Bismarck extinguished them. Thackeray's picture of "Becky Sharp" at a German gambling town is one of the most vivid of his wonderful books. The readers of "Daniel Deronda" will recall the return by him of Glendowin's necklace which she had lost at a gambling table. The sensible men of New York are protesting against the new project. It will prove, they say, the ruin of women. They will pawn their jewels and compromise their characters and their happiness. The very inducement held out to them of "privacy and seclusion" is enough of itself to condemn it.

"COMPOSITORS," Mr. Proctor observes, "make strange work of scientific statements. I sometimes fancy they are not altogether so innocent in this matter as they would have us believe, and that they compose sometimes 'with their tongue' very much 'in their cheek.' They are fond, so far as my own individual experience is concerned, of substituting 'comic' for 'cosmic,' 'plants' for 'planets,' 'human' for 'known,' and in other ways making hash generally of more serious and solemn statements. The most remarkable change they ever arranged for me was one of which I still retain 'documentary evidence' in a proof of the little book on Spectroscopic Analysis, which I wrote for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Here the words which in the work itself appear—as they were certainly written—'lines, bands and stria in the violet part of spectra,' were positively printed 'links, bonds and stripes for the violent kinds of spectres.'"

THE troops of "friendly Zulus" in London have been making more trouble in proportion to their number than their countrymen in South Africa. They persist in refusing to give public performances according to their contract, and cannot be persuaded to return home.

—"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young Snobson, plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse car. "Because we are better bred than you are," said one of the damsels sweetly, and Snobson mustard courage to squeeze out to the platform.

—Chicago packed last year 5,100,000 000 hogs, being an increase of 10 per cent. over 1877, and 75 per cent. over 1878. Over 10,000 men are employed.

—This world without woman—lovely woman—would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.—*Judy.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A POETICAL ALPHABET.

The A B C's of More Than a Score of Poets.

Ah! well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes.
—*J. G. Whittier.*

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O, sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
—*Tennyson.*

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy;
If so he you ask me where
They grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle.
—*Herrick.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
—*Ben Jonson.*

E'en such is time: which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pass us but with earth and dust.
—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night.
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill.
Strong the earthly odor grows,
I smell the mold above the rose.
—*T. Hood.*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby;
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
—*Thomas Dekker.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—*Coleridge.*

I cannot make him dead:
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!
—*John Pierpont.*

Jennie kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jennie kiss'd me.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hands so yellow
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for coal-black wine!
—*Barry Cornwall.*

Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceived the change;
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice;
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow.
—*Young.*

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.
—*Byron.*

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty: but alone,
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own,
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above.
—*A. Proctor.*

O! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast fluting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
—*William Knox.*

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
—*Thomas Gray.*

Quoth I, "Here's Christmas once again,
And I no farthing richer!"
Time answered, "Ah, the old, old strain!
I prithee pass the pitcher;
Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker,
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold;
Come, lad, fill up your beaker."
—*Mark Lemon.*

Remorseless Time! Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe, what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity?
—*G. D. Prentice.*

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet.
—*Aubrey De Vere.*

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers around thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreating reign.
—*W. C. Bryant.*

Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all;
And in brief, I've never had a brief.
—*Saxe.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame.
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
—*Pope.*

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.
—*Bret Harte.*

Xcellent wretch! perdition catch my soul.
But I do love thee.
—*Shakespeare.*

Yet who plucks me? No one mourns—
I have lived my season out—
And now die of my own thorns
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry! how the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.
—*E. B. Browning.*

Zeal and obedience be still your grace.
—*Shakespeare.*

CONNOR.

A Pathetic Irish Story.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen."

These words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.

In his shabby frieze-jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an:

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his eyes from his account-book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie; Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, masther, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will givo me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them." He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up-stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose wild Irish ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and shouted: "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to Bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo!! I've got it at last!!!" All felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations; and one proposed to treat all round and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting place was a lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and, now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases, which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers: "The radin', that's one, the writin', that's two, and, moreover, she knows all that woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked, "Do you wondher the time seems long between me and her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement flung up his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the ould counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants camo thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters and all manner of employes were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on hoard for her husband; he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him: patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by and by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I hado her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the Captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the Captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they're hid, you know," said the Captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but may be she was left behind. May be she didn't come, I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the Captain started. In a moment he asked: "What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The Captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at the Captain. Then he said, huskily: "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the Captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The Captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the Captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the Captain; "we have had illness on board—the cholera! You know that."

"I didn't, I can't read; they kept it from me," said Connor.

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one, in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, Captain?"

"Many died—many children," went on the Captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy?" gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the Captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of, said she, 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up, if you can, my man," said the Captain. "I wish any one else had to tell it rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, also, very suddenly; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself, looking at the Captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends.

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor, "it's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamesy, over the river; don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.—*Exchange.*

The Owner of the Cape of Good Hope and His Ostrich Farm.

Mr. McKellar, who was most kindly hospitable, has an ostrich farm, but his flock of birds was not very large at the time of our visit, he having had bad luck at first in breeding.

He owns the actual Cape of Good Hope and a long stretch of the moorland adjoining, and has thrown a wire fence right across the peninsula, so as to give his ostriches the run of a large tract, stretching right down to the Cape itself. One old hen ostrich was a pet about the house, but used to do sad damage in the farm yard eating the young goslings, swallowing them like oysters.

It was amusing to go with Mr. McKellar into one of his breeding paddocks; here a pair of ostriches were brooding on a nest of eggs, dividing, as usual, the labor between them.

The cock was very savage and attacked all intruders, so his master had a long pole with a fork at the end of it, and when the ostrich ran at the party he caught its neck in the fork. The ostrich was excessively enraged, but soon had to give in.

A kick from an ostrich is well known as very dangerous. The only thing to do when attacked without means of defense, Mr. McKellar said, is to lie flat down and let the bird walk on you till he is tired. I was astonished at the brightness of the red coloring developed on the front of the legs of the cock bird during the breeding season. The ornamental appearance of the bird is greatly enhanced by it.

A narrow but strong and high pen is provided for plucking the birds in. They are driven into it and held fast. It is found better to pluck the feathers out than to cut them off. The stumps, if left in, are apt to cause trouble.

Young ostriches, when first from the egg, have curious horny plates at the tips of their feathers, like those in the feathers of one of the Indian jungle fowl, and some other birds not in the least related to one another.

The cape peninsula becomes very narrow toward its termination, and ends in two capes, Cape Point, on which is the lighthouse, and the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Good Hope itself is a mass of rock, terminating in perpendicular cliffs toward the sea, but with ledges here and there, on which numbers of cormorants nest.—*H. N. Moseley, Challenger Notes.*

Tramps and Their Signs.

Jim Ward, who signs himself "Chief," writes to the Troy *Times:* I have just returned to your city, after a tour of exploration down South lasting several months, and reading in your paper of January 21 an article on tramps and their marks, I desire to be allowed, as an old veteran of that "honorable" body known as "the tramp organization," to correct a few mistakes. I claim that the tramps were the originators of the mystic marks which have so frequently adorned fences, gate posts and doors, although it is possible that soap agents—members of another branch of the tramp organization—have since adopted these marks for business purposes. When tramping was good—and that was some years ago—it was understood by us that all houses where the inmates were good for food, clothing or money were to be marked in order to give us little trouble when we wanted anything. Where only a meal could be obtained this fact was indicated by a small square, where a fellow would get the grand bounce an X expressed it, and for clothing he was directed by XX. Money houses were marked $; a house where the inmates were friendly but the dog unfriendly, was marked by a great big D. But at the present day tramps are not guided by these marks, as there are few houses where tramps are regularly fed. The tramp hore is now played out; but whatever may be said against the tramp, it cannot be denied that he has made his mark in this world.

THE arrangement that has been made with the Central Pacific Railroad Company completes Mr. Jay Gould's transcontinental system. Until this was brought about there was a link in the line, from Ogden, Utah, to San Francisco, that was wanting; but now the owners of the needed road have made common cause with the syndicate of which Mr. Gould is the head and heart, and a through line of track from the Atlantic to the Pacific is practically under one management.

ABOUT oleomargarine opinions differ. A large dealer in butter in this city said recently that it is cleanly and nutritious, and is destined to be a great article of export. Another dealer said that the proprietor of an abattoir told him that if the public could only see the stuff he sells to the manufacturers of oleomargarine, they would have done with it.—*N. Y. Chronicle and Examiner.*

—A member of a school board, not a thousand miles from Boston, visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spells well and reads well, but you hain't got still."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—We sent last year to Europe 1,500,000 hides.

—A toy-maker of Montrose, Pa., uses 600,000 feet of bass wood every year.

—Seven machines in Pittsburgh, Pa., produced, last year, over 1,063,345 kegs of nails.

—Steam and horse railroads in this country require 100,000 men to labor on Sunday.

—The combined length of the new railroads projected for 1880 will be 9,000 miles.

—The West is not able to supply coke fast enough for consumption in Eastern iron furnaces.

—Fine sharp furnace sand mixed with hydraulic cement makes a good cement for sharpening knives.

—The fifteen car manufacturing establishments in this country turned out 37,350 cars in eleven months.

—A silver mine has recently been discovered in Garrett County, Md. The ore yields $113 to the ton.

—Arizona has produced a quality of cotton equal to the Sea Island cotton from seed brought from China.

—Several cases are reported in which scarlet fever, measles and other infectious diseases have been spread by cats and dogs.

—To prevent glue from cracking when dry, add about one tablespoonful of glycerine to a pint of the solution while it is hot.

—A dangerous and infections disease among bees is reported from Italy. It is caused by a microscopic fungus and spreads very rapidly.

—Illinois farm products amounted to $200,000,000 last year, which is double the product of all the gold and silver mines in the United States.

—It is estimated that 50,000 men and women are employed in Philadelphia in the manufacture of clothing, making 20,000,000 suits a year.

—Manufacturing clothing in Chicago gives employment to 30,000 people, and the value of the goods made is $15,000,000. This industry has doubled in four years.

—Less than fifty years ago one man could not make over fourteen pins a minute; now he can make more than 1,400. Then one girl could stick on papers about 10,000 pins a day; now a fair day's work is from 800,000 to 1,000,000.

—A puzzle to scientists is the remarkable persistence of certain odors. More than 1,000 years ago the mortar used in the construction of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was charged with musk, the perfume of which permeates the building to this day.

—The first minor planet, or asteroid, was discovered January 1, 1801, the first day of the nineteenth century. Over 200 of these minute worlds—probably varying from ten to 300 miles in diameter—are now known, and, as everybody is well aware, the number is being rapidly increased.

—Mr. C. A. Ashourner is the authority for the statement that since the discovery of petroleum by Colonel Drake, in 1859, Pennsylvania had produced up to the end of 1879 not less than 133,262,639 barrels of crude oil, valued at $340,709,672. His theory of the origin of the oil is that the oil sands are the mere reservoirs which contain the product of the decomposition of vegetable and animal life of the Devonian epoch.

—A new foot-warmer has been introduced for public comfort in cabs and other vehicles in France. A sheet-iron box is used with a sliding drawer, over which the air, which is admitted at one end, may pass before it escapes at holes in the other end. Into this drawer a briquette of pure compressed carbon raised to a red heat is placed, and it continues to burn there, without giving forth any disagreeable odor, for about fourteen hours.

—The pain caused by the sting of a plant or insect is the result of a certain amount of acid poison injected into the blood. The poison being acid, common sense points to the alkalies as the proper means of cure. Among the most easily procured may be mentioned soft soap, liquor of ammonia, smelling salts, washing soda, quick-lime made into a paste with water, the juice of an onion, tobacco juice, chewed tobacco, bruised dock leaves and carbon of soda.

—In order to perform an amount of mechanical work equal to lifting 140 pounds 10,000 feet high, Professor Graham calculates that a man must eat five pounds of potatoes, one and a third pounds flour, two and a third pounds bread, one and a quarter pounds oatmeal, one and a third pounds rice, three and a half pounds lean beef, half a pound beef fat or one and a fifth pounds Cheshire cheese. He says that the peasants of all countries have been right, in spite of many scientific assertions that they were wrong, in their instinctive habit of adding fat rather than nitrogenous food to their diet when undergoing hard work.

—The east coast of Hudson's Bay is reported to be undergoing very considerable changes in its level. Since the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company were established at the mouths of the various rivers there has been an increasing difficulty in approaching them with large craft, and this elevation is estimated to amount to between five feet and ten feet within the last 100 years. The same changes have been observed on the west coast of the Bay, at the mouth of the Nelson and Hayes Rivers, near which is an island called Mile Lands, now several feet above high water, which, within the memory of man, was always submerged at flood tide.

—The *Scientific American* gives the following directions for making court plaster: Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little dilute alcohol, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cold. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarsenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack thread. Melt the jelly, and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of balsam of Peru. Plaster thus made is very pliable and never breaks.

—A preventive of those accidents which so frequently occur in the administration of chloroform to produce anæsthesia, has been suggested by Dr. Wachsmuth, of Berlin; the method consisting simply in the addition of one part of rectified oil of turpentine to five parts of chloroform. The oil of turpentine in vapor appears to exert a stimulating or life-giving effect on the lungs, and protects those organs from passing into that paralyzed state which seems to be produced by chloroform narcosis. It appears that Dr. Wachsmuth, while lying on a sick bed, accidentally breathed the vapor of turpentine, and he experienced from this a strongly refreshing feeling—a fact which induced him to try the plan of adding oil of turpentine to chloroform when using the latter for anæsthetic purposes.

—An article of glue which will stand damp atmosphere, says the *American Journal of Industry*, is a desideratum among mechanics, especially pattern-makers. Few know how to judge of quality, except by the price they pay for it. But price is no criterion; niether is color on which so many depend. Its adhesive and lasting properties depend more upon the material from which it is made, and the method of securing purity in the raw material, for if that is inferior and not well cleansed, the product will have to be unduly charged with alum or some other antiseptic, to make it keep during the drying process. Withered glue is that which has experienced unfavorable weather while drying, at which time it is rather a delicate substance. To resist damp atmosphere well, it should contain as little saline matter as possible. When buying the article, apply your tongue to it, and if it tastes salt or acid, reject it for anything but the commonest purpose. The same operation will also bring out any bad smell the glue may have. These are simple and ready tests, and are the ones usually adopted by dealers and large consumers. Another good test is to soak a weighty portion of dry glue in cold water for twenty-four hours, then dry again, and weigh. The nearer it approaches to its original weight the better glue it is, thereby showing its degree of insoluhility.

Napoleon's American Dream.

The following deeply interesting account, never before given to the public, of the escape of King Joseph from France, and his voyage to America, was communicated to the author by Adolph Mailliard, of San Rafael, Cal., the son of Louis Mailliard, the devoted secretary and most confidential friend of the ex-King:

"A few hours before embarking on the French brig which was to take him to the United States, Joseph sent Mailliard to the Emperor, with a letter urging again his brother to exchange places, and make his escape from France in Joseph's vessel. But Napoleon replied verbally to the messenger: 'Tell my brother that I have well considered his offer, and that I cannot accept it. It would seem like flying away from danger; besides, I could not leave behind me so many brave officers, who have sacrificed everything for me. Tell my brother that I hope he will escape the cruisers of England and arrive safely.'

"Joseph on receiving this last answer sailed immediately for America. Had Napoleon accepted, he would probably have reached New York safely, as every precaution had been taken to avoid detection. The vessel selected was a small, common looking brig, the 'Commerce,' of two hundred tons, loaded with a cargo of Bordeaux wines for a market. She was a fast sailer and was strongly built and was commanded by a skillful Captain, Messervey, a Swede by birth. Although three times on the high seas the brig was stopped and searched by English frigates which were on the lookout for Napoleon, the passports and papers of the passengers on board had been so carefully prepared under fictitious names that they were not discovered. The Captain of the brig did not even know who they were until a few days after they landed in New York.

"The newspapers having published an account of his successful escape, and given the name of the vessel, the poor Captain could hardly contain himself, and called at once upon Louis Mailliard who assured him that it was true, and presented him in all formality to King Joseph. 'But why did you not tell me?' said he, 'I never would have betrayed him.' Mailliard had to explain to him that it was thought best to conceal the real names and positions of his passengers, for fear that he might have shown some hesitation or less assurance when boarded by the English officers. 'I think you were right,' said the Captain; 'I would have sunk my vessel rather than let them come on board; you were right!' Joseph was much amused by his demonstration of Bonapartism, and sent him a very handsome present to show that he had appreciated his treatment on board."

It is well known that some years prior to the final abdication of Napoleon the contingency of his being forced to abandon France and seek refuge in America sometimes presented itself to his mind. The late Esquire Edward Robbins stated to the author that Louis Mailliard related to him once, when the Emperor was speaking upon this subject in presence of Joseph and some of his officers, he unrolled a map of the United States, and placing his finger on a spot in New Jersey, said, in substance: "If I am ever forced to fly to America, I shall settle somewhere between Philadelphia and New York, where I can receive the earliest intelligence from France by ships arriving at either port." This idea probably governed the Count in his location.—*Woodward's Bonaparte's Park.*

OLD SCOTCH LADY—"I dinna ken what alls folk that folk canna like folk as folk should like folk; for an folk liked folk as folk should like folk, folk would like folk as well as folk ever liked folk sin' folk war folk."

THE girl who leads her class in the Portland, Me., High School is blind.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
" six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1880.

VOLUME 4.

With this issue commences volume 4. We do not think it necessary to make any promises for the future, except that we shall make as good a paper as possible under the circumstances. This we have done in the past and we are glad that our efforts to please our readers have been appreciated. We feel that THE REPUBLICAN fills a place in the family circle which no other paper published in the county can, and hence we make bold to invite the patronage of the public. We have always been and shall always be ready to labor for the public good, and we invite the co-operation of every good citizen of Garrett county.

The Republican members of the General Assembly are keeping faith with the promises they made during the campaign. They are voting all the time they way they promised.

The Legislature has passed a law to punish by fine and imprisonment in jail, at the discretion of the court, any person who shall profanely curse and swear or use obscene language in any street, lane or alley, within the hearing of any person passing.

New York *Commercial:* "The country might as well make up its mind to one of two things—that is, if General Grant is, not the next President, James G. Blaine will be. This is just as certain as the coming of Fourth of July or Christmas."

Whether Grant or Sherman or Blaine or Washburne, or any other man is the candidate, the success of the Republican party, and the success of principles which we all believe to be in the line at once of wise conservatism and safe progress, depend upon a cordial union of effort to secure his election.—*Boston Advertiser, Rep.*

Two of those blunders which, as Grant says, the Democrats can always be relied upon to commit in time to ruin their prospects, they are now about perpetrating. One is the unseating of Representative Washburne to make room for Ignatius Blatherskite Donnelly, and one is the affirmation of the practice of bulldozing the President with riders upon appropriation bills.

The members of the Legislature favorable to the taxation of mortgages are jubilant, and say that the bill reported by Mr. Gorman, of which Senator Sullvane is the author; will pass the Senate without a doubt. It provides for the taxation of mortgages and debts, secured by mortgage on property in the State, as all other personal securities, except mortgages representing unpaid purchase money for property. The bill also revulres the clerks of the courts to furnish the county commissioners and the Appeal Tax Court of Baltimore city respectively a list and consideration of all mortgages filed on record, who are to make proper assessment of the same.

Judge Pearre's defense, published in the Cumberland *Times* Wednesday morning, occupies over seven columns, and we are therefore unable for want of space, to lay it before our readers. He handles his detractors without gloves, and shows some of them up in rather a bad light. Judge Pearre denies that he sat corruptly in cases where the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was a party, and says:

"I do not believe that there is a decent man in this community who knows me and has observed my judicial conduct that will for one moment believe such an allegation. I have to say that in whatever causes I have sat, I have decided according to the law and the facts of the cases, and I meet the insinuation of having corruptly decided any case with a flat denial. I challenge my villifiers to point to any case decided by me in favor of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company or other corporation or individual which bears any evidence of either corruption or bias. As Judge, I have endeavored faithfully to discharge my duty for the protection and safety of the people, which is well known; and now charges of corruption are made against me for no other reason than that I have decided a case in a way which militates against the interests of my traducers."

Speech of Robert G. Ingersoll, of Illinois, in the Republican Convention of 1876.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest, the broadest, and the best sense of that word. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people, with the requirements of the hour not only, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relation of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this Goverament. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as soon as they can. The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, raked and grasped by the hands of the countless sons of toil. This money must be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention. The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home or abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and will not protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is as spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by the Confederate congress. The man who has, in full, complete, and rounded measure, all of these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned by the vast and marvellous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who has the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain the world ever saw. That man is James G. Blaine. For the Republican hosts, led by this intrepid man, there can be no such thing as defeat. This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm—a year in which the people call for the man who has preserved in Congress what their soldiers won upon the field—a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of the Rebellion; the man who, like the intellectual athlete, hath stood in the arena of debate challenging all comers, and who up to the present moment is a total stranger to defeat. Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country and every maligner of his fair reputation. For the Republican party to desert that gallant man now is as tho' an army should desert their general upon the field of battle. James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemn of the Convention: In the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon the face of the earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers that died upon the field of battle, and in the name of those that perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

The Attack on Judge Pearre.

At a public meeting held in the city of Cumberland on the 17th instant, called ostensibly for the purpose of influencing legislative action in the matter of enlarging the locks of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a decided sensation, as it is reported, was produced by the unexpected introduction and clamorous passage of resolutions declaring that Judge Pearre, being a stockholder in the Baltimore and Ohio Road, "had scandalized and disgraced the administration of justice in this state by habitually sitting in and deciding in favor of his company (so-called) many cases in which it was a party, and menacing him with impeachment unless he should immediately resign his office." The motive of this extraordinary demonstration appears to have been this. The Pennsylvania Railroad in Maryland was authorized by a special act, passed for its benefit in 1878, to select between two defined routes into the city of Cumberland, the one on the west and the other on the east side of Will's Creek, the choice of either when made to be final. For the purpose of either route, when adopted, it was invested with express authority to cross at grades at one point only the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, and also at one point the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A controversy has for some time been pending in the Circuit Court for Allegany county, in which it was contended on the part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad that the Pennsylvania Railroad had made a final election to take the route prescribed to it by the law, on the west side of the creek; and that being engaged in an attempt to force a crossing of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the east side, the Pennsylvania Railroad was acting beyond its corporate powers and in violation of the provisions of the enabling act of 1878. The condemnation of a grade crossing on that side having been procured from a jury, the question of its confirmation by the court came up a short time ago for trial. Public feeling in the city of Cumberland have become much excited and very strongly manifested on the subject, the case was deemed of sufficient importance to be heard by a full bench, consisting of Alvey, Chief Justice, and Pearre and Motter, associates. They were unanimous in their judgment, that the condemnation was void, for want of corporate power in the Pennsylvania Railroad to make it in the way proposed. A second effort was made by the Pennsylvania Railroad to reach the desired result. A condemnation of a different crossing of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but on the same side of the creek, was made by a jury, and the question of its confirmation again comes up before Judges Pearre and Motter alone. The former judge having already, in an equity suit pending between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, decided certain points upon the construction of the act of 1878, publicly expressed his disinclination to sit in the case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, on the ground that the same points would probably arise in that case, and that his previously formed and expressed opinions would naturally control his judgment. He himself suggested to counsels the propriety of some arrangement being made under which he could retire, and leave the case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and two other like cases against the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, to be heard and determined by Judges Alvey and Motter. The engagements of Chief Justice Alvey, however prevented the making of that arrangement; and the cases, therefore, came on to be heard, against the expressed wishes of Judge Pearre, before him and Judge Motter alone. When the case against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was reached a motion was made to postpone it for hearing before a full bench. During the pendency of that motion it was suggested that Judge Pearre was incompetent to sit by reason of his being a stockholder in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. When the point was made Judge Pearre replied that he was not a stockholder in that company; but almost immediately, in order to assure himself on the subject, he retired, to his private room, and having ascertained, on examination of his books, that he was a holder to the extent of $2,000 of first preferred stock, and not of bonds of the road, as he had supposed, he at once returned to his seat, and publicly announcing his mistake, declined to sit in the case, or even to take part in the question then pending as to its postponement. Judge Motter then positively refused to accede to the demands of the counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad that he should sit alone, and postponed the case until Judge Alvey should be able to take part in it.

These appear to have been all the facts upon which the public proceeding to which we have referred was founded. And if it be added that the only judgment of Judge Pearre upon the matter in controversy, in any case in which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was a party, was one in which he concurred with the other two judges, and that notoriously in a number of other cases in his court, in which that company was a party, his rulings have been adverse instead of favorable to it, we have all the materials for forming a judgment as to the truthfulness and justice of the charges preferred against Judge Pearre, and of the motives and propriety of the disgraceful public attack which has been made upon him. The matter has nothing to do with the merits of the controversy between the two roads. The subject it presents for consideration is the efforts made and the methods attempted for menacing and coercing a court to subordinate its judgment to popular sympathies and prejudices. No fair and honest-minded man in the state supposes for a moment that Judge Pearre knowingly stated what was untrue when he said that he was not a stockholder in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

It is quite well understood that the holders of the first preferred stock of that road claim to be creditors of the road to the extent of their right to receive 6 per cent. per annum upon their investments in preference to the claims of the bondholders. It is quite natural, therefore, that without reflection and special examination of the nature of his securities, Judge Pearre should have considered himself to be a creditor, not a stockholder, of the company. That his interest in the road, whatever it may be, has not been allowed to warp his opinions as a judge, is manifest from the fact that his pronounced judgments have been almost uniformly against and not in favor of the company. And in the only case, so far as the present controversy is concerned, in which the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was a party, Chief Judge Alvey delivered the opinion in favor of that company, and Judge Pearre and Judge Motter both concurred.

There is no associate judge in the state of more distinguished reputation for sound learning and judgment, and for clearness and force in the expression of his judicial opinions, than Judge Pearre; and certainly no important judgment has ever been pronounced by him, whether reversed or otherwise, which has failed to be supported by learned and cogent reasoning. The people of this state will, therefore, not be willing to believe that he has prostituted these high qualities and attainments in any effort to make the worse appear the better reason, under the influence of such mean and ignoble motives as are attributable to him in the resolutions of this Cumberland meeting. The proceedings can produce only one impression upon public opinion; and that is, that they were intended to menace and intimidate the whole court in the exercise of its future judicial functions in the matter of that controversy. If they could have that result they would corrupt the integrity and purity which they assume to guard. They would degrade—not elevate—the tribunal they seek to influence. Whenever the voice of public clamor, and the loud and threatening demands of alleged public interests, shall reach the judges of our courts, and swerve them from the line of duty in passing judgment according to the law and right of every case, we shall have lost the only safeguard which our institutions have provided for the protection of the rights of the citizen. Any attempt in this direction, no matter how strong may be the public feeling or interest which stimulates it, should meet with prompt and decided reprobation. This is not the first time that an effort has been made in the city of Cumberland to influence and control the action of its court by violent and indecent appeals to consider, in determining upon merely private rights, what alleged public interests demand. In the first case against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad—above referred to—when the rights secured to it by law were at stake, such an appeal was loudly made. Judge Alvey is reported on that occasion to have used this language: "Where the law itself is plain no judge may overlook it. What we find to be required by the law we are bound to obey. No outside pressure, no clamor of the populace, or of a whole community, will ever induce a judge who is mindful of his duty to depart from the lines of the law. That has been our rule."

It is to be regretted that this just and well merited rebuke, proceeding from such high authority, should have failed to restrain further attempts on the part of citizens of Cumberland to influence the independence and integrity of its judiciary. One of its local papers is entitled to the merit of having characterized this recent demonstration as a disgrace to the city. It is certainly an opprobium which justly rests, at this time, upon all persons present at the meeting which passed the resolutions, who did not manfully raise their voices in condemnation of the indecency of the proceedings. And it will be a standing disgrace to the whole city if the better class of its citizens—whatever may be their private opinions as to the merits of the controversy now pending in their court—shall fail in some emphatic manner to express their condemnation of the methods which have been attempted to control its decision.—*Balto. American.*

From the New York Times.

The Maryland Democracy.

The Bourbon managers of Maryland are in an awkward predicament. A representative of the Independent movement got into the gubernatorial chair in spite of the efforts to keep him out; and, not satisfied with defying them and their caucuses, he is exposing some of their more flagrant results of their long-continued possession of governing power. There have been other signs of the discontent produced by Democratic jobbery and corruption in the administration of State affairs. The tax payers have remonstrated, and in more than one locality a determination to disregard party dictation, and to drive out the Bourbon thieves, has been manifested. Promises of reform, however, kept the movement in check, and the regular Democratic leaders went on their way, insolent and unmindful as ever. It was under these circumstances that the present Governor, Hamilton, so adroitly used his personal popularity as to compel his nomination as the Democratic candidate. The Bourbons did not like him: his restiveness under party discipline taught them that in accepting him they might catch a Tartar. But they had to choose between compliance with his demands and open war with an Independent leader whose personal strength would have enabled him to destroy the Democratic machine and the supremacy consequent upon its use. Passing events show that in coming to a decision the Bourbons and their creatures assumed that by yielding to Mr. Hamilton in the matter of a nomination they might acquire control over him after the election. Their supposition evidently was that, once in office, he would submit to the dictation of the caucus. On this basis they built their plans. The party machine, as they imagined, would remain undisturbed. All the picking and stealing of which the tax payers complain would go on as though no promise of reform had been made. The alliance between Independent Democrats and Republicans, which made Mr. Hamilton's candidature inevitable, would in short, end in in smoke; the Bourbons being still absolute masters of the situation.

These pleasant expectations have all been rudely demolished by the bold action of Gov. Hamilton. Without consulting the Bourbons, or waiting for the suggestions of their caucus—mumindful, indeed, of the Bourbon request for delay until the caucus, under the pretense of enlightening him, could fasten its fetters upon the legislature—he has addressed to the House of Delegates a message which creates consternation in the Bourbon ranks, and will open the eyes of the Maryland tax payers to some of the effects of Bourbon rule. His purpose apparently is to demonstrate the feasibility of cutting down State expenses, and this he does by unveiling extravagances and abuses from which Maryland, in common with other Southern States, has suffered under Democratic administration. By a brief recital of facts, he proves that offices have been created in all directions for the benefit of partisan hangers on; that in the legislature and in all departments of the State government extravagance has prevailed; that large and increasing expenditures have been incurred without warrant of law; that, as a general result, only a small proportion of the products of the taxation which has cursed the State has inured to the advantage of its people. The story of tobacco inspections illustrates the ratio in which revenue is absorbed by the officers employed to collect it. While the gross income from this source is $101,018, the net income is but $10,734—all else being eaten up by partisan agents of the Democracy. In other branches of the State service, there is the same disposition to multiply offices and deal loosely with expenditures, in order that the Bourbons may provide for favorites and dependents. According to the Governor, the number of unnecessary offices is legion, and the only explanation of their creation and continuance is that supplied by the greed or the exigencies of the Bourbon party. In keeping with this system are the incidental expenses of the legislature, which are out of all proportion to the legitimate outlay of that body. Startling as are many of the items brought together by Gov. Hamilton's exhibit, we suspect that they inadequately indicate the extent to which the Maryland tax payers are robbed. Considerably more than a million of dollars is reported by the comptroller to be in the hands of tax collectors; and looking at the fact in the light afforded by other features of the Governor's exposure, it is not possible to believe that much of this large sum will ever find its way into the State Treasury. It is clear that the Bourbons against whom Independent Democrats are in revolt have managed the affairs of Maryland in consonance with the doctrine which makes partisan aggrandizement everything and ignores economy and honesty in the disbursement of the tax payers' money.

Maryland's experience is not exceptional. The conditions under which its affairs have been thus extravagantly conducted are found in nearly all of the slave holding states and in nearly all similar elements of disturbance are found, having their origin in similar results of Bourbon ascendency. The fact is not wonderful. In the nature of things, the practical tendency of absolute power is toward extravagance and corruption. A party unrestrained by the criticism and action of an opposing organization soon becomes indifferent to restraints which in other circumstances are powerful. So it has been with the Bourbon Democrats in all parts of the South. Whether exposure come from Maryland or Georgia, from South Carolina or Louisiana, the general characteristics are the same. Abuses pervade every branch of the State government. Offices are created for the convenience of the party. Public money is expended in the interest of party. And the men who manipulate the machine and profit by its operation grow so arrogant and overbearing, so insolent to the people they plunder, and so regardless of the duties they are paid to discharge, that the overthrow of Bourbon rule is only a question of time. It suits the defenders of this system to ascribe to Republican influence the discontent they would conceal. The truth is, that Independent movements, wherever they appear, derive their strength, primarily and principally, from the disintegrating forces that are at work in the ranks of the Southern Democracy.

A correspondent of the Baltimore county *Union* proposes a new mode of registration, as follows:

Let every man's name and residence be pricked in India ink on some easily accessible portion of his body for exhibition if required when offering to vote.

Like all other great inventions it is simple and capable of divers uses and applications. In addition to identifying escaped convicts and suicides it would settle forever the woman suffrage question. Women would object to the exposure even if they were willing to undergo the pricking.

Owing to migratory proclivities of our people we should all soon be monumentally punctured from frequent change of residence. But as the average human cuticle measures 1,800 square inches there would be room for 1,200 addresses at one end a half square inches each. It will be a question for the framers of the law to decide whether a man, after the 1,200th punctuation, shall quit voting altogether or vote wherever he darned pleaseth.

It would require a new department and new officers in the State administration, but by the time Governor Hamilton lays aside his broom the State will be in a condition to stand it. I should suggest Mike Bannon for Tatooer General. He has been industriously employed for some time in an effort to make his mark. This would give him an opportunity to make several marks, though they mightn't be all his'n, and when the State should dispense with him his occupation would not be altogether gone. He could travel around with Barnum and lecture as an expert on the parti colored fellow whom the great showman carts about with him dressed, (the fellow, not Bannon) in the hieroglyphic configurations of the South Sea Islanders.

GENERAL BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.—Braddock's grave is protected by American hands. On November 29th, 1871, Josiah King, of the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, and J. R. Murdock, carried into execution a plan for inclosing the grave with a fence and setting out trees around it. They planted an English elm, two English larches, two Norway spruces, a willow descended from one imported by the late B. A. Fahnestock from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, and several varieties of American shrubbery. The grave is in a field belonging to the estate of the late James Dickson, on the north side of the old National turnpike, 9 miles east of Uniontown, Pa., and Mr. Wm. A. Gaither, who lives on the adjoining farm, has promised Mr. King to interest himself in the preservation of the trees, and the fence is to be repainted this spring.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Miss Jennie Delawder is visiting her sister near Fairmont, W. Va.

—Mrs. Chrystal has erected a neat fence around her property on Third street.

—Remember the meeting of the Garrett Literary Society to-night, (Saturday) at 7 o'clock.

—A Dunkard meeting is in progress at the South Point School House, near Oakland.

—The Band was out Monday afternoon and played a few pieces in honor of Washington's Birthday.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—The Garrett Guards will assemble for field and skirmish drill at 2½ o'clock, sharp, Saturday afternoon, weather permitting. By order.

—Died — In Oakland, Saturday evening, after a long illness, Henrietta Clark, colored, better known as "Aunt Hennie," aged between 50 and 60 years.

—Died—Thursday morning, Feb. 19th, Cecelia A. F., daughter of Mr. Thomas Browning, aged 20 years, 7 months and 18 days. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery, Oakland, on Sunday.

—Married—On the 22d inst., near Horseshoe Run P. O., in the public road, (all parties on horseback,) by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. John F. Mosser, of this county, to Miss Caroline A. Root, of Preston county, W. Va.

—Mr. Wilson Procter, of Oakland, was prostrated by paralysis, Friday morning of last week. The right arm and leg and portions of the right side are affected. Dr. McComas, his attending physician, has hopes of his recovery.

—At their meeting Tuesday evening of last week, the Cumberland Voltigeurs unanimously adopted resolutions of thanks to the Garrett Guards for their hospitable treatment of the detachment of the Voltigeurs who attended the Garrett Guard ball on the 5th inst.

—Any person selling a sewing machine and representing it to be a "Singer," or buying bogus machines and leading the public to believe they are "Singers," are infringing on the right of the Singer Manufacturing Company's Trade Mark, and shall, "if convicted," be dealt with according to law. I. W. Slonaker, Agent.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching the morning at 10½, by Rev. O. C. Miller.

Band of Hope.

The Band of Hope held its regular meeting on Thursday night of last week, in the Methodist Church. The audience was large and attentive. The performances consisted of essays by W. P. Townshend and Geo. Mason and a selection by Miss Ella Ison. Rev. J. M. Davis made a short address, after which the audience was dismissed.

Get the Genuine.

The public is hereby notified that I. W. Slonaker is the only agent for the Genuine Singer Sewing Machine for Garrett county, Md., and adjoining counties of W. Va. Any other machine represented to be a Singer, is a bogus institution and a fraud selling on the merits of the leading machine of the world. During the year 1879 the Singer Manufacturing Company sold 431,167 Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, being an increase of 74,735 over the sales of 1878. The great popularity of this machine is abundant evidence of its merits.

I. W. SLONAKER, Agt.
Oakland, Md.

P. S.—Levi Echard is salesman for the lower end of Garrett county.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Feb. 25:

Mary F. Nash to John R. Male, military lot No. 4035; $200.

John Swan and wife to James Warren, military lot No. 1238; $300.

Emily L. Herbly by Emil F. Droge, to William S. Lantz, lot in Deer Park; $100.

John A. Grant and wife to Christiana Wotring, lot of land in Oakland containing 8 acres; $850.

Christopher Kitling to Charles Hauft, military lot No. 2488; $5 and other considerations.

John McLaughlin and others by Ernest W. Cecil, attorney to Mary F. Nash, military lot No. 878, $50 and other considerations.

Philip Goer to Melchoir Weller, military lots 2709 and 2710; 85 acres; $5 and other valuable considerations.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

During the past week we have sent out bills for subscription to a large number of subscribers who are much farther in arrears than they should be. These bills should be paid at once. We have been over indulgent, but that is not a sufficient reason that our indulgence should be presumed upon. If you cannot send in the amounts at once, do so at the earliest possible time. We need money in order to meet promptly our obligations, which are many.

Appointments for Garrett County.

The following appointments were made by Gov. Hamilton for Garrett county last week:

Notary Public, Andrew B. Gonder. Justices of the Peace: First district, Wm. Sharpless, Emil F. Droege; second, J. M. Kessler, L. C. Fike; third, Henry Winterberg, S. Butler; fourth, A. J. Warnick, A. J. Michaels; fifth, Wm. Hinebaugh, Joseph H. Davis; sixth, R. T. Browning, Frances Seabold; seventh, A. L. Osbourn, R. B. Jamison; eighth, Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson; ninth, Perry Weimer and J. Fazenbaker.

The Miners Win.

We last week published the notice of the miners demanding an increase in the price paid for mining coal. It was thought this would cause a strike, but Sunday afternoon notice was given by all the mines to their miners to go to work at the price demanded by them. It was thought the operators would hold firm until Saturday night, when four of them agreed to the demand, which caused all the other operators to comply or lose their trade. There is a great deal of rejoicing among the miners over their success. This is an advance of 15 cents per ton.—*Keyser Echo.*

Found Dead.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week the body of Charles Kight, whose age was about 23 years, was found upon the railroad near Westernport with life extinct. Kight had been missing since Saturday night, and it is supposed that while under the influence of liquor he attempted to cross the county bridge, which is not safe for vehicles or pedestrians consequently boarded up, and in so doing fell into the stream and was drowned. The finding of the body was the first intimation his friends received as to his whereabouts.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 10th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Report of Rebecca Swalp and Wm. Hinebaugh, executors of the sale of the real estate of Lewis Swalp, dec'd.

Wm. H. Bernard, adm'r of Henry P. Lohr, dec'd, filed inventory of personal estate of said deceased.

Chas. F. Frazee, adm'r of John J. Frazee, deceased, filed inventory of personal estate of said deceased.

Order passed for Aaron Wilhelm, adm'r of Geo. Meese, dec'd, to give notice of a distribution.

Order passed for Daniel Beachy, executor of Jacob Yutzy, to give notice of a distribution.

Order passed for Anthony Shaffer, senior guardian to Anna and Mary Lohmyer, to return $25.61 for support of said infants.

Anthony Shaffer, guardian to Anna and Mary Lohmyer, passed his first account.

Order passed for Wm. H. Bernard, adm'r of Henry H. Lohr, dec'd, to sell personal property of said dec'd.

Petition of Mary E. Hilton, and order of court for appointment of appraisers to appraise the real estate of Wm. M. Owens, deceased.

Auditor's first and final report in No. 15, Equity, ratified and confirmed.

Considerable other business was transacted by the Court, after which it adjourned to meet Tuesday, Mch. 9th.

How the Census Will be Taken.

The various District Superintendents will appoint an enumerator for each magisterial district. The work is to commence on the first of June. The following is a part of the laws with reference thereto.

All persons above the age of 21 years who shall refuse to furnish the information required by the supervisor or enumerator shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding $100, to be recovered as all actions for debt. Presidents, directors or other officials of private corporations who refuse to furnish the information required of them are made liable to a penalty not to exceed $10,000.

Only thirty days are allowed for the completion of the census. The compensation to the enumerator is as follows:

Two cents for each living inhabitant; two cents for each death reported; ten cents for each farm; fifteen cents for each manufactory, which is to be in full for all services, and no mileage or traveling expenses. The subdivision assigned to each enumerator must not exceed 4,000 inhabitants.

RYAN'S GLADE, MD., Feb. 24, '80.

Yesterday morning, while Mr. James F. Sehold was squaring a piece of timber, about three feet "over the stump," he was surprised to find a complete mortise about three or four inches under the bark, which, when the tree was standing, was about four feet from the ground. The mortise shows plainly the tools used, which were a two inch auger and a three-quarter chisel. The mortise is two by six inches, and about eight inches deep, and had closed over solid to the thickness of four inches. The log was cut from a white oak tree on a glade ridge near Chisholm's mill. M.

Democratic Leaders and Reform.

It looks as if the Governor's reform budget was likely to go overboard. Mr. Hamilton set his caulter too deep. His team is too weak to pull it through. The "interests" involved threaten to pool their issues and defeat the whole batch of reforms. *Balto. Bulletin, Dem.*

Things are rapidly drawing to a focus. There is a dawning sense that there has been too much reform talk to result in great reform deeds. Too many conflicting interests have been assailed ever to hope to unite them for their own destruction. It is rather to be expected that they would unite for self preservation. Possibly this is the design. Who can tell? It is certain that the oyster counties do not relish the proposal to invade their oyster, and the tobacco counties do not like trespassing on their preserves, and if they pool their issues nothing can be done to change them. Others may pool also, and fight off reform until the end of the session. Some of the interests assailed are already maneuvring for position, and they are glad to see so much proposed, as it affords the best chance for little being done.—*Balto. Sun, Dem.*

Wherever elections are free and the people make their own nominations, James G. Blaine is the favorite candidate for President. Wherever the Republican majorities at the polls are largest and steadiest, there the popularity of James G. Blaine is greatest, and the desire for his nomination the most prominent.

The grand uprising for him in the strong Republican counties of New York and Pennsylvania during the current preliminary canvass is the best testimony that he is the representative of stalwart and hearty Republicanism.

But, next to the firm attachment of his own constituents in Maine, the very strongest proof of Mr. Blaine's hold upon the Republican heart comes from the great, generous, and progressive West, where political opinions are as free as the winds that sweep the prairies, and the machinery of intrigue cannot stifle the popular voice. In Iowa, and Wisconsin, and Illinois, and Indiana, and Kansas,—from the Allegany Mountains to the Pacific Coast, and from the Ohio river to the lakes,—the Republican masses have remained true to their choice of 1876, and are now marching forward to set up at Chicago the standard of James G. Blaine.

There is an inspiration in the attachment of the new and expanding population of the great, free West for the leader who hails from the extreme East. The magnetism of the great political leader, the faithfulness of the Senator, the eloquence of the popular orator, the wisdom of the statesman, all so completely harmonize in the Maine Senator that the people everywhere, left to their own free will, rally about him as about no other living man. His presence in the West calls out the biggest crowds of auditors, and his name calls forth the loudest applause. And now that the Republicans are once more looking for a chieftain who can lead them to assured victory, spontaneously they turn to the strongest, the most resolute, the most capable of all their honored public men, and the name of James G. Blaine is already inspiring them with anticipations of a campaign unsurpassed for enthusiasm and force, and with the hope of overwhelming majorities everywhere.

Assassination has been a method of revolutionists in all ages of the world; but in frequency of attempts at the assassination of royal persons the last few years are unprecedented in history. The would-be assassins have, however, such bad nerves or are so clumsy in their plans that they have met with no success; but it is not to be presumed that their ill-luck will last forever, and, as their persistence shows no signs of abatement, the probability is that sooner or later the world will be shocked to hear of the murder of a sovereign. There is probably no more unhappy man in all his vast dominions than the Czar of the Russias. The explosive force of Nihilism would probably be removed if it were allowed free ebullition; but, as the free expression of political opinion is not tolerated in Russia, malcontent spirits are confined to such forcible protests against the existing regime as attempts on the life of the Czar.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24, 1880.

Senator Conkling and his friends hasten to deny the widely circulated report that in case Senator Blaine was nominated for the Presidency he would receive no support from the Republicans of New York. Senator Conkling and his friends do right in clearing their skirts of all blemish of supposed disloyalty to the Republican party. But if all reports are true, there will be something else for them to deny or explain before long. There was a meeting held here the other night in which the friends of him, Cameron and Logan, made loud talk in favor of holding together as a combination, not so much for the purpose of nominating Grant as of holding power for themselves and "make the next President." If this is what they or any other combination are for, the Republicans had better look sharp. We cannot afford to let any combination countervail the wishes of the majority.

The tedious discussion of the new House rules still continues, and so slowly that it looks more and more as though they were invented merely as hindrances to business. And all this time the business of the country is suffering from the inaction of Congress on the appropriation bills, or rather the doubt engendered by that course.

The developments of fraud, forgery and other crimes unearthed by the Maine Republicans from the documents hidden by the Fusion usurpers there will be interesting reading for the Democratic party during the coming campaign. The full iniquity of that great crime has not been half told.

The other day Senator Morrill asked for the consideration of a House bill which provides for the admission, free of duty, of all clothing and all other charitable contributions imported for the relief of colored persons who have emigrated from their homes to other States. A quantity of clothing has been sent from England for the negroes who have gone to Kansas, so that it can benefit them during the present winter. A contemptible spirit was displayed by the Senate Democrats. The bill had been passed by the House and it contained certain provisions against its abuse, but Senator Voorhees, who has just now the exodus on the brain objected. Senator Bruce, the colored Senator from Mississippi, made an impressive little speech, in which he alluded to what is being done for Ireland, and expressed his thanks to the liberal English people who have sent clothing to the destitute emigrants in Kansas. The Senate finally adjourned without action on the bill.

Secretary and Mrs. Sherman are giving a series of evening receptions to each of which they invite a select number of friends.

LOGAN.

Democracy at a Discount.

The Chicago *Times* sits down in a very heavy manner on the Democratic party and declares that there is not a man among the managers of that "woe-begone concern" who has the slightest idea of what his party will propose if it could, in opposition to the position occupied by the government party. It says there has never been a time in the history of American partisanism "where a political party of any name was so utterly unable to discover a reason for its existence" as is the Democratic party now. It further remarks that "its leaders, if it can be said to have any are leading in as many different directions as it is possible to find. Its steering apparatus is unshipped and destroyed. Without compass, or rudder, or sail, or chart, or guide, or purpose, or aim, or mission, it is comparable only to the fragment of a wreck, tossing hither and thither by shifting winds, a thing for which there is no further use in this world, on sea or on land! The *Times* continues: "It is simply as a prop to feeble men, conscious of their inability to stand up without a prop, that the ancient and malodorous old party corpse without a reason to be, is still kept unburied." The *Times* should be pretty good authority on this subject as it has lived in it and all through it and certainly should by this time be pretty well acquainted with it and its objects and aims.

WOMEN FOR CENSUS ENUMERATORS.—Mr. George R. Latham, census superintendent for the Wheeling (W. Va.) district, says he proposes to act on Gen. Walker's suggestion that there is nothing inappropriate in the appointment of women as enumerators, where the surroundings are such that they can do the work properly, and he intends to give places to such ladies as he knows are competent and will do their work faithfully.

From the report just issued of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, A. F. and A. Masons, it is learned that the receipts for last year were $39,095.55, and the expenditures $37,512.82, Seventy Lodges were represented. There are 51 American Grand Lodges and altogether 582,556 members, a decrease last year of 9,887.

A press dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., states that about a month ago James Worrell, aged 21, undertook to destroy his father and sister by burning them up, so that he could obtain possession of their property and marry his sweetheart. Before setting fire to the house he locked his sister in one room and tied his father in another. Fortunately a servant released them in time. The house was destroyed.

The labor troubles at St. Louis are said to be assuming alarming proportions. Already the wagonmakers, cabinetmakers, brass finishers, moldiers and wood carvers are on strike, and the teamsters, painters, tanners, tobacco rollers, pressmen, varnishers and journeymen tailors are all organizing preparatory to striking. The coal miners in the Bellville district are also uneasy.

Hon. Alex. H. Stephens abominates Tilden, and does not think the Democracy can carry New York with or without him.

TELEGRAPHIC.

UNUSUAL DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF GRANT.

NEW ORLEANS, February 24.—A despatch from the City of Mexico dated the 23d inst., in reference to the reception of General Grant on the night of the 21st, says that the depot was illuminated with Chinese lanterns and decorated with the American flag. The moment the carriages started a magnificent arch was visible, illuminated by Bengal lights, in which appeared the word "Welcome." A column of the battalion, known as the Zavaderes, with a band playing appropriate military airs, and 500 rural dragoons with lighted torches, illuminated the line of the procession to Mineral College. After the passage of General Grant an immense procession was formed and marched past the General's apartments, paying him honors. At the house assigned to General Grant he was received by the Governor of the state and the City Council, who welcomed him as the guest of the city. The General's residence to day was besieged by the aristocracy of the city anxious to do him honor. He called on President Diaz, who returned the visit two hours later. Gen. Grant's reception at the presidential place was magnificent. It being the Lenten season some of the festivities proposed will not take place or be postposed.

SENTENCE OF REV. COWLEY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 29.—Rev. Edward Cowley, late manager of the Shepherd's Fold, who was convicted in the General Sessions Court on Wednesday last for cruelly treating and starving children under his care in that institution, was arraigned again this morning for sentence. Recorder Smyth passed fitting remarks in justness of the sentence and its being warranted by evidence, and gave the extreme penalty of the law, one year, in State prison and $250 fine, to stand committed to jail at the expiration of his sentence until his fine was paid, one day for each dollar. The prisoner was then taken to the Tombs. He took his sentence very quietly, keeping his eyes on the ground all the time. There are twenty-four other indictments against him, but it is believed that none of them will ever be brought to trial, and that this was taken into consideration by the Recorder when he meted out full punishment to the prisoner. Application was made to Judge Lawrence, in the Supreme Court, this afternoon, by counsel of Rev. Mr. Cowley, for a stay of proceedings in his case. The court refused to grant the stay, on the ground that no writ of error had been applied for or allowed.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Relative to the inter-oceanic canal question, the *Post* of this city, which appears to be well informed in the premises, says editorially:

"An executive communication favoring an immediate declaration by Congress of the Monroe doctrine in its relation to the Isthmian canal question may be shortly expected. On receipt of this the special committee of the House having the matter in charge will report a resolution containing a distinct and unequivocal statement of the national policy in the matter, and will ask its immediate passage. It is not expected that this will excite any special opposition. It is a matter upon which Democrats and Republicans will heartily unite. The passage of the resolution through the Senate will follow, as a matter of course. Upon the heel, as it may be termed of this congressional action will come another executive message, announcing the completion of negotiations for the purchase of the Chiriqui tract on the Costa Rica and Columbian boundary, upon which the canal may be constructed, and the two harbors at the extremity of which may be utilized as American naval stations, with the request for an appropriation sufficient to confirm the sale. The administration and the House committee are working in the matter with commendable energy. If the course they have resolved upon is properly endorsed, American control of the canal, and American supremacy on the Isthmus will be assured in advance."

CINCINNATI WINS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The Democratic National Committee to-day decided to hold the National Convention of their party on Tuesday, June 22. Despite the declaration of the Tildenites that their chief was indifferent to the choice of locality as between Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, there is no doubt his agents worked hard for St. Louis, and only relinquished the contest when they became convinced that they could not win. They then attempted to secure Chicago, but were unsuccessful. It was only when they realized that Cincinnati was bound to carry the day that the Tilden men put forward the pretence that they had no objection to that city and would vote for it. The defeat of Tilden is the more significant because his was the only organized effort made here on behalf of any presidential candidate. Coupled with the fact that up to a recent period Mr. Tilden controlled a large majority of the National Committee, his loss of that majority at this juncture indicates that his prospects for the nomination are not as flattering as some of his friends would have us believe. Certain it is that the anti-Tildenites regard the action of the committee as an emphatic victory over Tilden. The Tammany men, who have taken the most active part against Tilden in this fight, left for home to-night saying that they considered their great enemy virtually beaten for the nomination. It must be admitted that the determined stand taken by Tammanyites against Tilden, and their ultimatum that if he should be nominated they would not support him, but would spare nothing to accomplish his defeat, has weakened Tilden materially. The Democrats generally consider New York as lost to them unless the party there should be united and harmonious in the next campaign. And so long as the Tammany faction maintains its present position against Mr. Tilden, the almost unanimous opinion among the Democrats is that to nominate him would be equivalent to throwing away the State in advance. On the other hand, Mr. Tilden is himself a power no less formidable than Tammany, and his friends assert that no candidate objectionable to him shall carry New York. The selection of Cincinnati means that the Democracy have determined to wage a vigorous campaign in Ohio next fall, and there is not the slightest doubt that the second place on the ticket will be given to that State, whether Tilden is nominated or not. This, of course, disposes of Hendricks, since Tilden has declared that he will not consent to his nomination for the first place.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road. Beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb. 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that distribution will be made on the estate of George Meise, late of Garrett county, deceased, by the undersigned, Administrator, on Tuesday, March 9th, 1880, at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county.

AARON WILHELM,
Feb. 28-2 Adm'r of Geo. Meese, dec'd.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 10th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 14-4w Administrator.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Carey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheehan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. B. WHETSELL,
H. B. LEWIS,
2 11 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

VARIETIES.

—The next February with five Sundays in it will he in 1920.

—Upward of 1,442 persons in the British empire enjoy hereditary titles.

—Flattery is like cologne water, te be sniffed at, not swallowed.—*Boston Traveller.*

—A Utah paragrapb speaks of a man who "narrowly escaped being cartridgized."

—The Duke of Argyll thinks our sky higher than British skies. It comes high, but we must have it.—*Free Press.*

—Two huudred faunilies ef Philadelphia Quakers will form a eolony in Minnesota, on the Northern Pacifie Railroad, next spring.

—Better is a bowl of charity seup with pewers of assimilation than wearisome days filled with rhubarb and magnesia.—*Providence Journal.*

—There are no eats in Greenland. But they have a native dog that can howl a hole in the side of an iceberg, so the natives don't miss tbe cats.

—A lady of the penniless Hungarian nobility will go out te work at sewing for less than thirty eents a day, but the parcels must be carried by a servant.

—The Yonkers *Statesman* says that notwithstanding the mildness of the winter, the fishes find it exceedingly hard work te keep their heads above water.

—John—"The philosophy of a dog's running when a can is tied to his tail, instead of biting the string off, is not very clearly understood."—*Syracuse Times.*

—When a standing army of nearly 500,000 men is not sufficient, it looks as if Germany was determined to have peace if she had to fight for it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Voting a ring to tbe handsomest girl in town is always an enjoyable affair, without the least ill-feeling or jealousy, and the homely girls never say a word.—*Free Press.*

—"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to he the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—Doctors now say that boiled eew's milk is not geed for babies, it is better raw.—*Exchange.* The docters are right; a raw eow gives better milk than a boiled one.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Herbert Spencer, says the New York *Herald*, has never married, and has thus carried out the fundamental idea of his philosophy, that man, free and equal, should seek universal peace.

—A girl down in Massachusetts who painted pottery has become insane and in the horrid dreams and hideous fancies that glare upon her darkened mind she imagines she sees all the things she has painted.

—"Adviee," says an old man of mueb experienee, "why, I never had any one come to me for that artiele who, before he got through, was not willing to give me twiee as mueh as he asked for."—*Boston Budget.*

—Jones says his wife is the most thrifty woman he ever knew. "Why, sir," he says, "she bas made ten bedspreads during the last two years; made them herself, sir, out of the patterns she collected in her shopping tours during that time."

—The Joneses had just left the house. "Ma," asked little Miss Smith, "does Mrs. Jones buy things of papa?" "I don't know, dear," replied her mother; "why do you ask?" "'Cause he was so polite, you know, ma."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A peculiar velocipede is used en railroad tracks in Kansas by telegraph repairers. It has two wheels, like a bicyele, whicb run en one track, and over which the rider sits, while a smaller wheel, for steadying, rests on the other truck. Twenty miles an hour is practicable with it.

—The oldest paper in the world, the Pekin (China) *Gazette*, is delivered every two days to subscribers, who are of two classes. The first retain the pamphlet and pay about twenty eents a month; the second pay about half that sum and return the *Gazette* to the distributor the next time he eemes around.

—Young men get so much gratuitous advice that it is no wonder they do not value it. Nobody values anything that is very cheap. But there is one thing that all the rising generation should remember, and that is, that a sure way to ineur an old man's enmity is to join issue with him upon the prebable state of the weather to-morrew.—*Baltimore News.*

—The young ladies of Chattanooga, Tennessee, organized a leap-year party, hired a hall, ordered a supper and went around in carriages to hunt up the young men to compel them to come in. Everything was lovely until the committee went to settle the bills, when they learned that the young men had already paid them. The young ladies say now that it was "real mean" in the boys.

—A man and woman of Phœnix, Ulster County, N. Y., decidedly on the down-hill of life—he was sixty and she was sixty-five—could wait no lenger to be married, and started for the clergyman's house in a sleigh. On the road they met another clergyman, and, with a rare and beautiful enthusiasm, requested him to perform the ceremony on the spot. They stood up in their sleigh, the minister stood up in his, they were pronounced to be man and wife, and a pair of frisky horses with their sleigh bells furnished the wedding music.

—The leap-year privileges of ladies choosing their husbands is explained in a work entitled: "Love, Courtship and Matrimonie," London, 1606: "Albeit it has nowe becomo a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life, that, as often as every bissextile year dothe return, the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unte the men, which they doe, either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doeth in any way treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

—An orphaned heiress at Searsport, Me., had a scapegrace for a lover and two watchful uncles for guardians. She desired to marry, but the uncles would not give their consent, and she would lose her fortune by disregarding them. A message arrived by telegraph from London for the lover one day, saying that he had fallen heir to great wealth. The news soon reached the uncles, and they did not learn until the wedding had taken place, with their consent, that the young folks had deceived them with a false report.

—Queen Victoria has just presented $250 to Private George Dodd, of the British army, in recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from death under the wheels of a tram-car in Dublin. The car was going down a steep incline, and could not be stopped. Dodd sprang forward to snatch the child, and would have paid for his bravery with his life had not the pole struck him and knocked him, with the little one in his arms, clear of the rail.

Love at First Sight.

Last Wednesday a well-to-do farmer named John Gorman, the proprietor of broad and cultivated acres a few miles from St. Cloud, visited this city to take in the sights and transact some personal business. On the day named he encountered an old acquaintance named Garrh, who did the agreeable by extending the stranger his services while in the city. In the course of conversation a revival of reminiscences took place between the friends, during which the subject of matrimony came to the front, both men expressing regrets that in the course of mutable concerns their lives and usefulness were still eclipsed by the lines of single blessedness. As the conversation proceeded reference was made to a sister of Garrb's, who for several years past has been leading an honorable but secluded life in the House of the Good Shepherd under the protecting eare of the good sisters. Mr. Gorman expressed a desire to call on the young lady, and, with this object in view, both men started for tbe institution. The young lady, Miss Maria Garrh, was highly pleased witb the call, and Mr. Gorman's admiratien fer the young woman was unbounded. Before leaving the institution he took the brother aside and expressed himself completely smitten, at the same time requesting the liberty to propose. Mr. Gorman explained that he was the proprietor of a large farm under perfect cultivation, with a good house, fourteen eews and as many herses, and unlimited poultry, everything in short but the presence of a loving wife and helpmate. He proposed and was accepted instantly. It was explained that urgent business required his presenee at home the next morning and that if convenient, he should be pleased to have the ceremony take plaee that very afternoon. It was so agreed and the young lady started down town for her trosseau, meeting her intended on the street, as was afterwards explained, without recognition. About sundown the parties repaired to the German Catholic Church, where a modest ceremony took place, immediately after which the newly-wedded and happy couple left this city for their home, where, should regret bo necessary, they will repent at leisure.—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Singular Story of a Dwarf.

When Christina of Spain was in Rome, about twenty years ago, a dwarf named Giergia Lelli was presented to her. He was full of wit and intelligenee, aud pleased the Queen se much that she attached him to her service. Thanks to her liberality, the dwarf was able to accumulate a small fortune, which he left when he died, recently, to two sisters married and living in Aquila. The heirs sent two persons to Paris to receive tho gold pieces and bank bills which this liliputian relative had left them, and these innocent countrymen on their return to Rome were fellow-travelers with three persons who beeame very friendly with tnem. The feigned travelers were going, they said, to Alexandria, for business of the greatest importanee, and were delighted to have found sueh agreeable eompanions. When the men ef Aquila told them that they carried the heritage ef $10,000 in a small valise, ene of them said they also had a large sum of money with them, and proposed putting it all together. The countrymen agreed to this nevel arrangement, and one of the three travelers took charge of their united treasure until arriving at Turin. There the pretended friends left the train, giving the precious valise into the hands of the Aquilinesi, and promising soon to return. But they never did, and the deluded countrymen found, on examining their valise, that the treasure had been replaced by some lumps of lead. When they related their adventure to the police in Rome, it seemed so improbable that they themselves were held in custody until the truth of their story was proved, and some trace of tbe real eulprits discovered.

Small Dividends on Crime.

The ineome of a thieving life is so small and precarious compared with the pains taken to secure it, that one wonders thieves do net abandon the occupation in discouragement. One ef them recently arrested in New York, deserihed in minute detail to a reporter the whole proeess of his stealing $4,000 worth of diamonds from a Fifth avenue boarding house, and the balanee which it left him. He was stepping at a disreputable down-town hotel when he saw the rooms advertised, and made up his mind to ge and see what stroke of business he could accomplish there. Witb a piece of thin wire he arched his nose and widened his nostrils; he hulged out his cheeks; deepened the sockets of his eyes with burnt cork; reddened his complexion with vermillion; painted wrinkles on his forehead, and added a full, tight-fitting beard and a wig with a bald crown. When his toilet was complete he looked like a Wall street broker, or an American statesman. Putting on a handsome, well-made suit of clothes, and buying a pair of kid gloves and a walking cane, he hired a cab for "the reund trip," at three dollars, and drove to the house. Being left alone in the parlor he sat down and strummed the "Anvil Chorus" on the piano, apologizing te the landlady on entering for doing it. He told her he was a wealthy Englishman, just over, who would require four rooms, and finally agreed with her for a suit at $35 a week. The lunch bell rang and she asked him to stay to lunch, which he aeeepted, saying that he would first wash in his new room. After a visit from a pretty housemaid, who was sent to shew him the way to the dining room, but whom he dismissed, saying he was not ready, and when everything was quiet again, he proceeded to business.

Locking the outside deer ef his room he rolled the bed away frem another deor leading into the adjoining room. The door was fastened with a hook only, which was easily broken. Opening the door he found himself in another bed reom, hut saw nothing but a sealskin saeque which he could carry away. Then going to the hureau drawers and opeuing them be feund two moroeee eases, frem which he took the diamonds, putting the jewels into his pocket, went back into his bed room, from which he emerged and made his way down stairs, informing the hutler that he had decided net to stay to luneh. Reaching his hotel, he at once threw off his disguise and went out to negotiate his plunder.

He offered them te a man in Chatham street for $500, but was obliged te take $450, about one-tenth their value. But for the necessity ef getting rid of them he could have done much better than this. Half of the money he gave to "a young lady friend," who soon afterward deserted him and ran away te Chicago; the other half was lost at a gambling house. A few bours after the theft, therefore, be had absolutely nothing left to shew for all his ingenuity, labor and pains, hut goes to State Prison fer a term of years instead.

He was formerly a London physician, and a man of pleasing address and marked intelligence. But none of these served to command very large dividends on the capital he invested in crime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Paradise of Insects.

Nene but those who have traveled en the Upper Amazons can have any idea of the number and veroeity of the insect torments which work their wicked will on the bodies of the unfortunates exposed te their attaeks. The "sancudos," er small sand-flies, ferm by far the most important section. In the villages, round which the forest is cleared away fer seme distanee, the saneudos are generally pretty quiet during the day, except where darkness prevails; there they are ever busy, and are a perfect plague. The triumphant note of a sancudo which has made his way under your curtains is more annoying than even his bite; and should you have been careless in getting into bed, and been accompanied by two or three of these blood-suekers, we will defy you to sleep until you have exterminated them.

In the forest and on the river the saneudos are always busy. Men sometimes get into the vessel's tops, and there cover themselves with sacks, netwithstanding the heat, rather than remain below exposed to their attaeks. Fortunately they cannot stand a current of air, aud so when uuder way the vessel is comparatively free from them, but when at anchor these pests are something awful. To get rid of them is next to impossible. Creesote will keep them off, but the remedy is as bad as the disease. Whitewash will drive them away, hut when dry its power ceases; and the only thing to do is either to cover all exposed parts of the body with black pigment *a la mode Indienne*, or else to "grin and bear it."

Scarcely less troubleseme than the sancudos are the mosquitoes, although they have the negative merit of biting only by day. They are minute creatures, not much larger than a pin's head; they prefer the backs of the hands to any other spot for their attaeks. But, unlike the saneudo, whieb, when undisturbed, gorges himself until unable to fly, and beeomes an easy prey to your avenging finger, the mosquito never seems to take too mueh to prevent his easy eseape on the slightest appearance of danger, being evidently just as wide-awake when full as when empty.

Everywhere in long grass lurks the "moquim," a little red inseet se small as to be almost imperceptible, but whieh fastens on the legs, causing the most intolerable itching.

There is a fly which burrows in the skin and deposits an egg, both in human beings and animals. This produces a magget, similar in shape to that of the eommon blew-fly, hut mueb larger, prebably analogous to the Guinea-worm.

Then there are "chigos," which hurrow mostly in the soles of the feet. You feel an intense itching, and en examination find a little thing like a pea just under tbe epidermis; this is the bag eontaining the young chigos, which must be carefully picked out with the point of a knife, and tbe cavity left filled with tobacco ash.

Huge spiders abeund, whose very appearance inspires a wholesome dread of a nearer aequaintanee, but which are harmless enough if let alone. In fact, en board the steamers, almost every cabin is tenanted by ono large spider, whose presence is tolerated en account of his being a deadly foe to cockroaches, which aheminable creatures swarm en board. Sometimes he is not visible fer a fortnight or more at a time; but he leaves tokens of "having been there," in the shape of the empty husks of cockroaches, from which he has carefully abstracted the interior. These spiders have the power of springing upon their prey from a distanee, and some of them are so large and powerful as te kill and deveur small birds.

In passing through the narrow forest paths it is necessary to be on the lookout for the wood-ticks, which are very difficult to get rid of if once firmly attached; also for the huge black ants, an inch and a half in length, with stings like a hornet's; and the sauba ant, without sting, but armed with nippers like a pair of surgical hene-fereeps, which are running about everywhere. One may sometimes chance upon a column of the dreaded "fire-ants," marching in regular military order; and if he does, the only thing is to bolt at once, for neither man ner beast may withstand the fire-ant and live. When at length the traveler steps to rest, he must take eare to examine the camping ground to see that neither centipede ner scorpion is there.

Frequently both centipedes and scorpions are found on the steamers, introdueed, no doubt, in the wood used for fuel. One day, while the writer was watching the hands taking wood from canoes alongside, from one of the logs pitched on board was disledged a scorpion, whieb fell on the naked left arm of a man keeping tally at the gangway. Astonished by his sudden flight through the air, the animal remained perfeetly still. The man never moved a musele, and quietly raising his right hand, flipped it away with his fingers and thumb. It was very neatly and coolly done; and he thus escaped a sting, whieb he no deuht would have received had he tried to brush it hastily away.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

The Ringing Rocks.

A few days age a representative of the *Times and Dispatch* paid a visit to the geological wonder known as the Ringing Rocks, in Montgomery County. Ringing Hill, as the people there call the eminence on which the celebrated rocks are found, is on the farm of Abraham Meneh, in Pottsgrove Township, three miles northeast of Pottstown. The ringing rocks cover a space of aheut three-quarters of an acre. In this tract howlders are piled upon bewlders of all shapes and forms, and so promiscuously arranged that conciderable agility is requirod te walk over them without falling. As one steps from rock to rock, a ringing sound, produced by the nails in the boot-heels, is plainly heard. On rapping the stones with a hammer, quite remarkable acoustie properties are revealed. Some of them give forth a rich, full tone which would probably vie with the best bell metal if the stones were fashioned into bells. One of them in particular, from its deptb of tone, is known as the State-House bell. This was at one time among the largest of the rocks. It has been broken off, however, but still has preserved its streng, full tone. The general sound produced by striking the smaller stones resembles that of a blacksmith's anvil, some having a little clearer ring than others, and no two sounding just alike. In passing from one to another of the larger rocks one is reminded of the tapping of car-wheels by the train-inspectors. Theusands of people visit this natural phenomenon every summer. The rocks themselves bear evidenee of this, the edges being battered off by hammer-strokes, and the sides of many having names carved upon them, some parties who were unwilling to take the time or trouble to ehisel their names upon the rocks, having resorted to paint, and considerable daubing has been done in various colors. The advertising fiend has not failed to put in his appearanee; and we are made aware of the merits of patent medieines, of the plaee to buy carpet and the like upon every hand. We have not heard any satisfactory explanation of the cause of the ringing or bell-like sounds of these rocks. Some say it is owing to there being a cavern under them. This, however, can have nothing to do with it, as when tbe rocks are removed they still have the same sound. One large and sonorous bowlder was taken to the Centennial and attracted a great deal of attention there. Another was sent to England a year or two ago. There is probably a metallic substance in this group of bowlders to which the ringing sound may be attributed. We have not heard, however, of any geological analysis being made. Half a mile east of the Ringing Rocks, and in the same range of hills, there is another group of bowlders which are much visited. Here a lofty pile of rocks surmounts a cavity of considerable depth, the whole being known as the "Stone House." Near by the stone house is a huge bowlder, some fifteen or twenty feet high, which, from its peculiar contour, is ealled the "Hay Stack." Besides their acoustie qualities there is another singular eireumstanee about the Ringing Reeks which visitors rarely fail to notiee. Many of them have very strange marks, or indentations. At some points these resemble the tracks of a horse's hoof. Others are like the traek of a wagon. Some of the larger indentations are said to resemble an elephant's foot, and fae-similes of the human foot are claimed to be found among the smaller ones.—*Reading (Pa.) Times and Dispatch.*

The War-Ship of the Future.

The acute German mind has already perceived the folly of building impregnable ships. The learned Professor Loewenthal has beceme convinced that instead of building ships which eannot be piereed by the guns now in use, we should build ships which would offer the least possible resistanee to cannonballs. He claims that the frigate of the future will be so eonstrueted that the balls of the enemy will pass directly threugh her without inflicting any damage, and that she will attaek her enemy, not with guns, hut with torpedoes.

Herr Loewenthal selects for the material of his newly-invented war vessel India rubher of one foot in thickness. The whole hull to he be made of India rubber, strengthened below the waterline with a light steel frame. The vessel will he driven by an ordinary steam engine, and will have no masts. At the bow will be a projecting spar, to which the torpede will be affixed, and the entire crew, including the helmsman, will be on the lower deck out of the range of shot. When a eannon ball strikes the India rubber ship, it will pass directly threugh it above the heads of the crew, and the hole made hy it will instantly close. Paying no attentien to sueb futile attaeks, the india-rubber vessel will steam toward her adversary and explede her torpedo. The doomed vessel will instantly sink, while her elastie destroyer will be driven hundreds of yards backward by the recoil following the explosion. Such a vessel, says the inventor, could easily destroy all the navies of the world, and after her work was done she could be made as strong as ever with the aid of two or three bottles ef eement.—*New York Times.*

A BEAUTIFUL young Virginia girl has been arrested fer stealing a horse.

Our Young Folks.

LIVING.

Not all of living lies
In the swift ebb and flow that men call breath!
Some lives grow mightier from the touch of death,
And scale immortal skies.

Most truly do those live
Whose deeds above the clinging mists of time,
Shine like a star from cloudless heights sublime,
And such deep yearnings give.

That the pulse throbs and thrills,
To gain the summits whence the radiance streams,
A nobler strain has echoed through our dreams,
And all our being fills.

We list with eager ears,
We trace the path which scales the mountain steep,
We know they lingered not for rest or sleep,
Those men whose hopes and fears

Still pointed upward, where
Truth's mountain stream gleams white beneath the sky;
They could not slake their thirst in founts that lie
Beneath that upper air.

For them there is no death:
Immortal grew they in immortal quest,
And to *their* goal, a noble band abreast,
Strive on with bated breath.

Nay, living is not Life;
You cannot win it in a selfish dream,
In sheltered vales beside a lotus stream;
But in a ceaseless strife—

A strife like his of yore
Who to save others dared the dragon's fold!
And still the ravening wrong, though strong and hold,
Men conquer as before.
—*M. D. Williams, in Youth's Companion.*

JAPANESE TOP-SPINNING.

At certain seasons of the year top-spinning engages a great part of the leisure time of Amerieau and English boys, and some of them beeome very skillful. But Japanese jugglers are the people to spin tops, and I will try to deserihe seme of their more difficult feats, as I saw them.

I was at a Japanese Juggling entertainment, and when the first part of the performanee was over the men whe had been acting cleared the stage, set on it a small table, a number of swords and a little house, like the doll houses set in toy shops, bowed low and left. Immediately afterward a richly-dressed Japanese made his appearance, carrying in his arms about a dozen tops, somewhat resembling common humming-tops, each with a long thin stem run through the bulb-shaped part and pretruding at the top and bottom—the top stem being cased in a loose sheath. Bowing to the spectators, tbe Japanese took one ef the tops and twirled it briskly hetween his palms for a seeond or two; he then dropped it upon the table, where it spun around in that swiftly revolving but apparently motionless state that boy tep-spinners call "sleeping." The Japanese indicated hy signs that it would stop when he told it to, and turning toward the table he lifted his hand as a eommand. No seoner had he done tbis than the top stopped as if it really had seen and understood the signal.

The Japanese picked up tbe top again, and, twirling it as before, placed it upon the table, where it spun itself to sleep. He then selected from the swords on the floor one with a long, keen blade, and, lifting the top from the table by the sheath of the upper stem, placed the point of the lower stem carefully upon the edge of the blade, near the hilt. The top spun for some moments in this position, and then began to run slowly toward the point of the sword. When it had reached the point it leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued to revolve for several moments in that difficult position until it was caught in the juggler's hand just as it was about to stop spinning.

Throwing the sword to one side the performer again made the top spin upon the table, and picking up five others started them, also. He then stretched a thin wire across the stage, and, taking the tops from the table, placed them one after another upon the wire, as he had previously placed the first one upon the edge of the sword. They spun around for a few seconds without moving; but suddenly, as if by one impulse, they all started on an excursion aleng the wire, balaneing themselves as they went, with all the nieety of expert tight-rope walkers. Reaching the end of their trip, they dropped one hy one into tbe hands of an assistant, wbo stood ready to catch them.

This trick was succeeded hy a mere mysterious one. The Japanese top-spinner walked to the side of tbe stage and untied a string, which as soon as it was loosed swung quiekly to the middle of the stage, and then hung perpendieularly. After untying this string, the Japanese took a top from his assistant, and, twirling it in his hand until it revolved quickly enough, he took hold of the end of the string, and, placing the stem of the top at right angles to it, left things to take care of themselves.

The top spun a shert time at the end of the string, but soen it began to move slowly upward, still spinning at right angles with the string. It continued in this way to move steadily upward until at length it had traversed the entire distance, and was lost te view behind the "flies" over the stage.

When the applause that greeted this trick had subsided, the Japanese moved the doll-house to the center of the stage and placed it beside the table. He then set six tops, exactly aliko in size and appearance, spinning upon the table, and, taking a seventh in bis hand, indicated to the spectators, hy signs, that he would send it on a journey through the doll-heuse. He then sat dewn on the floor, and curling up his legs, Turk fashion, started the seventh top spinning. It ran along the floor until it reached a sort of inclined drawhridge leading to the entrance of the little house, and then went up slowly to, and through the open door. The juggler waited a moment, as if expecting some signal from the now invisible top. His suspense was relieved an instant later by the tinkling of a silver hell, which indicated that the top had entered ono of the tiny rooms. The Japanese held up one finger and waited, in a listening attitude, fer a second signal. It eame, as before, in the tinkle of a bell, upon hearing which the man held up two fingers. Finally, when ten rooms had been visited, and ten bells, rung in this way, had been counted on the performer's fingers, he arose and pointed toward the heuse, and toward the table, upen which the six tops were yet spinning. After a few moments, during which we silently watched the door of the house, the top that had been ringing the bells eame quiekly out of the entranee, ran down the draw-bridge and dropped motionless at the feet of the Japanese. That same moment the tops on the table stopped and dropped over on their sides.

You may fancy how we applauded, and what a puzzle this wonderful top-spinning was to me. I only hope that you may be more successful than I was in trying to unravel the mystery of it.
—*J. Reed Sever, in St. Nicholas.*

Children Under the Snow.

Far away up in the nerth, on the shores of that great frozen ocean lying beyond Europe and Asia, you may sometimes catch sigbt (as I did onee) of a huge, gray, peinted thing, standing all alone in the midst of the snowy plain, just like an immense pear with the stalk upward. I should have been puzzled had I net seen a thin curl ereeping from the top of it; but that let me into the secret. This queer-looking thing was a Samoiede tent.

The tent of a Samoiede is almost as simple an affair as that of an Arab. All yeu have to do is to plant a dezen long poles in the ground, slanted so as to let their tops meet; cover this framework with reindeer skins, leaving a hole at the top, to let out the smoke; pile the snow up high around the lower part to keep off the wind—the "house" is complete.

But, outlandish as it looks, this little burrow is worth something in a real Russian frost, wbich freezes the very breath on one's mustaehe; so I go right up te the doer (which is simply a thick skin hanging over a hele in the side), lift it up and step in.

The inside is certainly warm enough—rather too warm, in fact, being almost as hot and choky as a bake-house. There is a fire burning in the middle, the smoke going anywhere to everywhere; and beside it sat three things (oue can hardly eall them buman figures) one a deal larger than the other two.

There being no light but tbe glare of the fire, it is not easy for me to see where I am going; and the first thing I de is to stumble over something which seems like a skin hag, unusually full. But it is not—it is a child, wrapped or rather tied up in a huge cloak of deer skin, and rolling about the fleor like a leg.

In these out-of-the-way places, where a man may go for days without seeing a human face except his own, people call upon eacb other without waiting to be introdueed; and my sudden entranee does not seem to disturb my new friends in the least. They greet me eordially enough, and bid me welcome in Russian, which most of the Samoiedes speak a little; and, seating myself on a chest, I look about me.

As my eyes get used to the half-light, I see that the group by the fire consists of a woman and two little girls, muffled in skins from head to foot. Papa is away somewhere with his sledge and his reindeer, leaving mamma to mind the house and take care ef the children. Funny little things they are, with great round heads, and dark-brown skins, and small, restless, black eyes, and faces as if somebody had sat down upon them; but, queer as they look, they have learned to make themselves useful already, for they are hard at work stitching their own clothes. They are not a bit shy, and in another minute I have them scrambling up into my lap, and wondering at the ticking of my watch, which I take out to show them, while they clap their hands and shout "*Pai, pai!*" which is their word fer "good."

The tent is not a very large one, but every inch of its space has certainly been made the most of. The floor is carpeted with thick sheets of gray felt, and littered with chests, sacks, baskets, bark shoes and bits of harness; while hanging from the tent poles, or thrust into the folds of the skins that eover them, are a perfect museum of things of every sort—caps, pouches, fish-spears, knives, hatchets, whips—and last, but certainly not least, the face of a baby, which has been thrust into a kind of pocket in the skin, like a knife into the sheath. I stoop to stroke the little brown face, while the round eyes stare wonderingly at me out of the folds of the skin.

Meanwhile the lady of the house (er rather tent) hospitable, like all Samoiedes, hastens to set before me some black bread mixed with bark, and a lump of terrifically strong cheese, made ef reindeer milk.

The reindeer supplies the Samoiedes with pleuty of other things besides cheese; iudeed, almost everything that they have got comes from it in some form or other. They eat reindeer meat, they drink reindeer milk; their fish-spears are tipped with reindeer horn; their clothes, and the very tents in which they live, are made of reindeer skin; the needles wherewith they stitch them are of reindeer bone, and the thread of reindeer sinew; and whea they wish to move from place to place, it is the reindeer that draws them along—the Samoiede would ho as badly off without his reindeer as the Arab with out his camel.—*David Ker, in Wide Awake.*

Why He Wouldn't Trust Him.

A PRINTER recently walked into a certain business house on his rounds te learn who desired anything in the way of advertisements, and noticed that a drummer stood by the counter with his sample valises ready to open. "Anything you want te say in the paper this week?" queried the printer of the man behind the counter. "No," said the business (?) man, "I don't believe in advertising; I wouldn't give a cent for all the advertising!" The drummer waited until the printer was half way to the door, and then slowly taking up his sample valises, remarked: "Well, that lets me out. I do not eare to sell on time to any man who in this age does net believe in advertising. I prefer to deal with live men. When I want to strike up a trade with a dead man, I will go to the graveyard and swap tombstones. Good day, sir."—*Schenectady Star.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Chicago Board of Education have ordered that when a teacher marries her marriage shall be considered a resignation from the school service.

—The Southern Baptist Mission in Rome has been recognized by the Italian Government, and it will now have the right to acquire and hold property.

—The decrease in the number of pupils studying German in the St. Louis schools is since last year nearly 700. Nevertheless 20,128 pupils out of 38,485 are still taking the language.

—Two years and a half ago there was only one Presbyterian church and not one Presbyterian minister in active work in Dakota Territory (not counting Indian churches). Now there are some fifteen churches, and nearly, if not quite, as many ministers.

—The American Board has spent more than $1,200,000 on its missions among the Indian tribes; has gathered over fifty churches among them, in which not far from 4,000 members have been enrolled, most of whom have done honor to the Christian name.

—In the Madras Presidency the Arcot Mission of the Reformed (Dutch) Church has during this year extended the hand of welcome to over 5,000, who have abandoned the worship of idols and professed themselves adherents of Jesus. On one Sunday the Rev. Jared Scudder baptized 307, and on the next 227 converted Hindoos.

—A technical school with shops under the charge of experienced workmen as instructors is soon to be established in Philadelphia. The course of thirty lessons, thirty lectures and sixty hours practice, divided into three terms of ten weeks each, costs altogether fifteen dollars—five dollars per term. This fee will include the use of materials and tools.

—A committee of Illinois ladies have begun a movement for presenting to the voters of that State the question of a change in their Constitution giving women the right to vote for school officers. Petitions asking for the presentation of such an amendment will be introduced in the next Legislature. The State already permits women to hold school offices.

—The Congregationalists have in England and Wales 2,907 churches, besides 1,250 branches and preaching stations. During the past year fifteen new churches have been formed and forty-five chapels have been built anew or reconstructed. In Scotland the same denomination has 106 churches, in Ireland, thirty, in Canada 121, and in India 172. Their strength in England and Wales is further shown in the fact that they have thirteen colleges there with 469 students.

—Nevada has been able to sell only about 100,000 acres of her school lands, owing to their mountainous situation or desert character—consequently the school fund has not been much benefited by the grant. The State proposes to relinquish these lands to the Government on condition of a grant of 2,000,000 acres of non-mineral lands, which can be sold to advantage. The Nevada Legislature passed a bill authorizing this exchange, and Representative Daggett is preparing another bill to the same effect to be introduced in Congress.

—The corner-stone of Clark University, an institution founded for the education of negroes, was laid at Atlanta, Ga., recently. The University began its work in 1860 in a small building, to the annoyance of the citizens, who offered $100,000 to have it located elsewhere. It was a pet scheme of the late Bishop Havens to have the University enlarged and strengthened so as to become the leading educational institution in the South. It has now on the roll 120 students. The new building is to be 125 by 40 feet, and has 450 acres of land connected with it. When completed it will be free from debt.

—The want of Christian courtesy in some of our churches, especially in the city, is astonishing. In some cases even cultivated families may attend for years and not obtain the slightest recognition. Now, there may be excellent preaching, and everything, so far as the worship is concerned, entirely congenial, but what does it signify when you are no better than a Samaritan among the Jews? When a family has attended a church six or eight years and never received so much as a word of welcome, it comes to be a little tedious. People naturally want to know by certain external signs whether the communion of saints means anything, and whether, if it mean nothing here, it may mean anything hereafter.—*New York Churchman (Protestant Episcopal.)*

Bible Work.

Earliest in the field was the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which began its honored career as far back as 1698. Next to it was the Canstein Institution, founded at Halle in 1712, which has acted as feeder to the German Bible Societies of more recent date. The Naval and Military Bible Society has carried on operations in its special sphere since 1780. The British and Foreign Bible Society was established, as is well known, in the year 1804; and the example thus set was followed by the formation of numerous offshoots which have since become independent. Of these the chief were the Basle Bible Society, founded in the same year, and the Prussian a few months later; the Swedish and Russian Societies in 1809 and 1812 respectively; and the American Bible Society, which combined several smaller institutions, in 1816. The parent tree, for all it has lost, can still boast of 6,000 branches at home and in the Colonies, and has expended £8,383,489 in the spread of the Divine Work; the American Bible Society comes second, with 2,000 branches, and an expenditure of £3,632,547; the National Bible Society of Scotland third, with 227 branches, and an outlay since 1862 of £138,438.

At the beginning of the present century there existed a number of versions which formed a stock for the newly-established societies to commence upon. There were translations into nearly all the languages of Europe, into a few spoken in the adjacent parts of Asia and Africa, and into four only of countries lying beyond. Some of these old versions were not adopted; others were printed for use until something better could be provided—for it is better to give a starving man stale bread than to keep him while you are baking; others again have been employed without material change up to the present time. In some countries a single version has been accepted, as in England; elsewhere, as in France and Germany, use has been made of more than one; and in cases where important sections of the people have refused one version, it has been the practice of most Bible Societies to permit them to purchase a version they would receive, provided always it was substantially faithful, and revealed clearly the way of salvation. The Apocrypha has never been included by the British and Foreign Bible Society in its English editions, and since the year 1827 it has been disused in its foreign issues. The Bible Societies of Germany and Scandinavia still cling, however, to part of the Scriptures which Luther considered "useful and proper to be read."

New translations have been made since 1804 in about two hundred and twenty-six languages. To state how many have been due to the labors of any particular body of missionaries would not be easy, inasmuch as, in many cases, various missions have been engaged. The same difficulty applies, in a measure, to the work of the Bible Societies, two or more having often published in the same language. Still the following may be taken as an approximate statement, though the correctness of the figures is not guaranteed. The British and Foreign Bible Society has published, or assisted to publish, new versions in 187 languages, the American Bible Society in forty-one, the National Bible Society of Scotland in five, the Bible Translation Society in fourteen, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in seventeen or more, the Trinitarian Bible Society in three, the Netherland's Bible Society in eleven, the three societies of Germany in nine, of Switzerland in nine, and of Denmark, Sweden and Norway in six.

Many of the above translations extend only to part of the Scriptures. The entire Bible has been rendered during the present century in about fifty-five languages, the New Testament in eighty-four, and parts only in eighty-seven. It may surprise some to learn that the work should, in so large a proportion of cases, be incomplete; but none will wonder who realizes the prodigious labor involved in making a translation of the whole Bible. The version of Judson occupied nineteen years, the Bengali of Dr. Carey at least fifteen years, the Tabitian twenty years, the Arabic sixteen years. How could it be otherwise? Think only of the labor it would cost simply to transcribe the book from Genesis to Revelation; try turning a single Gospel into a familiar language like French, due regard being paid to accuracy and idiom; and then imagine the position of men like Eliot or Moffat, who had to note down phonetically the words used by the natives, mold them by degrees into a written language, and then cast into that rough mold the elevated spiritual conceptions of the Bible. How difficult to find equivalents for "sin," "atonement," "righteousness" in languages possessing, perhaps, a dozen words for "to murder," according as mother, child or other relative is dispatched, but none for "gratitude" or "forgiveness," because such affections are unknown!

No, the marvel is that so much has been translated so well. Considering the varied difficulties of the work, I think we have evidence of the special aid of the spirit of God given to these men, and should thank Him who has enabled them so nobly to discharge a task of unexampled responsibility and importance. No wonder, however, that there should be need of revision, a subject on which a few remarks may follow.

If we may interpret the feelings of a devout and able translater, he will be the first to desire the improvement of his version, knowing how, during the first twenty or thirty years of a mission, the language is continually becoming better known. His colleagues, too, will press on him suggestions, and other societies, it may be, laboring in the same field, will wish to have a share in the revision, so that one Bible may be produced for the converts, and the evil of varying versions be avoided.

Hence it happens that, in many cases, revision committees have been formed. The best example is that of the Board now sitting in Madagascar, on which the four missionary societies laboring in the island are represented, the ablest Malagasy scholar being engaged as chief editor. May the result of their labor be as happy as was that of the Tamil Committee, whose members at the close of ten years said: "Our daily work brought us so directly in contact with the great things and deep things of God that it was a source of continual refreshment to us, * * * and the brotherhood of feeling with which we were united turned our toil into a pleasure." Painful as it is to see no prospect of speedy agreement among missionaries as to the best words to be used for "God" and "Spirit," the very strength of the controversy is an indication of the importance attached by all parties to the choice, and it may be hoped that gradually the best terms will emerge and assert themselves.

In a paper on Bible work it would be wrong to pass by the labors of the English revision companies. So learned and pains-taking a revision has never in any language been made. The result, at least as regards the New Testament, will be before us very shortly, to bear the test of time, not to be imposed by law.

The special interest in this work at the present conference lies in the possibility that, if the revisors prove to have adopted a text decidedly superior to that from which the version of 1611 was made, their work may supply a satisfactory basis for foreign translators. The position of many eminent missionaries is one of conscientious reluctance to reproduce and perpetuate words, however slight and unimportant they may be, which they know form no part of the original Scriptures. On the other hand, the Bible Societies, though well aware of the results of Biblical criticism, obviously cannot permit each translator to wander at will among the manuscripts. Some standard is essential; and hitherto the only safe one has been held to be the Textus Receptus. No one slips his moorings, until he sees his way to a better berth, and it must not be wondered at if the Bible Societies decline to give up the received text until another is accredited as superior. Meanwhile it may be wise to allow translators, in a few passages about which there is no reasonable doubt, to append the better reading in brackets. —*From a Paper by the Rev. E. B. Reed.*

Mrs. Davis' Mistake.

Mrs. Davis was, as usual, sitting in her bed-room, says the New York *Times*, and waiting for her wretched husband. It was nearly eleven o'clock. The night was cold, and the candle was almost burned out. In the corner stood the base-ball club ready to be used in case of necessity, and on the mantel-piece the eight day clock drowsily ticked away the waning hours. Tired Mrs. Davis herself, grew drowsy, and when a loud ring at the front-door bell aroused her, she found that she had fallen asleep and that the candle was out.

Without waiting to light another candle, the faithful wife felt her way down stairs, opened the door, and admitted the drunkard. He was even more drunk than usual, for he could not articulate a single word. Mrs. Davis had immense difficulty in assisting him up stairs for he insisted upon sitting down on every separate step and falling asleep. There were twenty-two steps in all, and it took three-quarters of an hour to get him up to the top of the stairs, down which he promptly fell again. Nothing, however, can exhaust the patience of a good woman, and about 12:30 Mrs. Davis succeeded in bringing her charge into the bedroom and placing him on the sofa, where he instantly and permanently went to sleep.

In the circumstances, she resolved to let him lie there, and thus avoid the trouble of lighting a candle. So she loosed his collar, drew off his boots, placed a stick of wood under his head, and inserted a piece of soap in his mouth as a hint to him to stop snoring. Having thus made him comfortable for the night, she was about to prepare herself for bed, when the front door was opened with a latch-key, and a man sprang hastily up stairs and rushed into the room. Mrs. Davis, being a woman of much presence of mind, screamed "fire!" and hastily lit the candle, so that she could see how to begin operations with the club on the supposed burglar. To her unspeakable horror the new-comer was her husband, in a state of complete sobriety. He had not been so hopelessly and aggressively sober in ten years, and as he looked at the drunkard on the sofa, recognized him as a certain dissolute neighbor, and then in sepulchral tones said: "Mary, is this my reward for signing the pledge?" Mrs. Davis felt that her cup was full. In the darkness of the night, and trusting implicitly to the habitual drunkenness of her husband, she had innocently taken the wrong drunkard to her room, and now her cruel husband had betrayed her confidence by actually venturing to come home sober at the most inopportune moment possible.

The probability is that the poor woman will be sent home in disgrace to her mother. Mr. Davis assumes to regard himself in the light of a betrayed and wronged husband, and refuses to accept Mrs. Davis' explanation. She now feels that the crowning cruelty of his life was his unexpected sobriety. That after all the years of his constant drunkenness he should suddenly, and without any warning, come home sober, was indeed a refinement of cruelty of which only the most hardened of men could be guilty.

The African Honey Bird.

The honey bird is about as large as a gray mocking bird and similar in color. It endeavors to attract the attention of travelers and to induce them to follow it. When it succeeds thus far, it almost invariably leads the person who follows to a nest of wild bees. While on the route it keeps up an incessant twittering, as if to assure its follower of success, and often alights on the ground or a bush and looks back to see if the person is still in pursuit. The native Africans, when conducted by the bird, frequently answers its twittering with a whistle as they proceed, for the purpose of signifying their conductor that they are still following. When the bird arrives at the hollow tree or other place where the honey is deposited, it hovers over the spot, points to the deposit with its bill and perches on a neighboring bush or tree to await its share of the plunder. This is the usual termination of the adventure. But sometimes the honey bird seems to be actuated by a love of mischief, and then instead of leading the traveler to a bee's nest it conducts him to the lair of some wild beast, and then flies away with a twittering which sounds a good deal like laughter. Gordon Cumming, "the lion killer," once followed a honey bird which conducted him to the retreat of a huge crocodile, and having introduced the traveler to his august presence, the little feathered joker took a hasty leave, evidently much delighted with the success of his trick.

—Andaman Island widows wear the skulls of their deceased husbands on their shoulders. At a recent lecture on ethnology at the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Professor Flower showed the skull of an Andamanese, to which was attached an elegant webbed slinged by which it had been suspended to the widow's neck.

THE Shah is said to be writing a play—and nobody will dare to condemn it. For His Majesty once painted a picture in which a camel in the background was higher than a tree in the foreground, and an unlucky critic, who hinted that the work lacked feeling, in a few hours lacked a head.—*London (Eng.) Sporting Times.*

THE mother of vinegar is a very sharp old lady.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Corn and Tomatoes.—A pleasing variety for the table may be made by taking of corn and tomatoes each one can, place together in a saucepan, season, and allow to stew just long enough to be well cooked—do not add water.

—To Cure Ring-Worm in Cattle.—By means of a sponge, moisten the affected parts, once daily, with a solution of five ounces of bisulphite of soda to each gallon of soft water. Attend to cleanliness and general comfort of the animals, and feed liberally.

—To Clean Brass.—Finely powdered sal ammoniac, water, to moisten, roche alum, one part; water, sixteen parts; mix. The articles to be cleaned must be warmed, then rubbed with either of the above mixtures and finished with fine tripoli. This process will give them the brilliancy of gold.

—Cauliflower. — Cauliflower seeds should be sown in hot beds early in February. Transfer the young plants to a cold frame as soon as they are large enough. They should be ready for planting in the open air by the 1st of April, but must be protected at night if there comes a cold snap.

—To Prevent Iron from Rusting.—Warm the iron until you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean white wax. Put it again to the fire till it has soaked in the wax. When done rub it over with a piece of serge. This prevents the iron from rusting afterward.

—The *Fruit Recorder* says: "Save your cabbages from grubs by winding a little strip of paper loosely around the stem from roots to leaves when set out. We set a large number of cabbages last year, and not one that we wound the paper around did we loose by grubs. To destroy cabbage worms sprinkle them with hot water."

—Delicious Risetto, as made in Russia.—Take one-half pound of rice, wash and pick it; put it in a stew pan with three ounces of butter; when melted add a half pint of good gravy or stock; simmer gently until the rice is tender; then stir in three ounces cheese (grated) and one ounce of butter; serve either alone as an entree or with chicken or other white meat. Half the quantity makes a good-sized dish.

—Cracked and Sore Teats.—The application, once daily, of a portion of an ointment made of one part of white lead and eight parts of hog's lard, or, the application, morning and evening, of a portion of veterinary cosmoline, generally answers the purpose. Of course, the teats and bag should be washed with soap and water before each milking; and the milking should be effected as gently as possible, as friction and pulling on the teats retard, if they do not prevent, healing.

—Mucilage.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water; when cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a dime; also, six cloves; put in another vessel a teacupful of boiling water; set over the fire; pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time; it will soon be like mush; when cool lay a cover on it; keep it cool. For use, soften it with warm water. It will keep twelve months, and will not color the paper

From a Distinguished Physician.

PROF. GREEN, a distinguished allopathic physician, wrote to the *Medical Record*, of Atlanta, Ga., to the effect that after all other means had failed, he sent for the Kidney Cure, (Safe Kidney and Liver Cure), and to his astonishment cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering it, and afterwards found it equally beneficial in other cases. He advised his brother physicians to use it in preference to anything else for Kidney disorders.

Distance all Competitors.

THE dairyman who uses Gilt-Edge Butter Maker will increase his product 6 per cent., improve its quality 20 per cent. and distance all competitors who do not use it. 25 cents' worth of the powder will increase product and market value of same $3.00. Can you make a better investment? Sold by grocers, druggists and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25c.

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In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions & Diseases** including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other sores. It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an Appetizer and Regular Tonic. It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save payment of many doctors' bills.

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WHO ARE SUFFERERS.

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MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine for *Female Weakness*, and, in justice to the medicine, and to all ladies who are sufferers from such complaints, I will recommend the Vegetine. I must say it has helped me very much; indeed, it is invaluable for such complaints.

MARY E. MEREDITH, 160 Eastern Avenue.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.—VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cleanses and cures ulceration, cures constipation, regulates the bowels; headache and pains in the back cease; in fact, there is no disease or complaint where the VEGETINE gives so quick relief, and is so effective in its cure, as in what is termed Female Weakness. It has never failed in one instance.

Vegetine.

It is What is Needed—Female Weakness.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 6, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir—For a long time I have been troubled with *Female Weakness* and a weak, sinking feeling at the *Stomach*, and through the advice of a friend I tried your VEGETINE, and find it just what is needed. I can recommend it to all suffering from these complaints.

Yours, respectfully, MRS. ANNABELLA HARWOOD, 812 Fourth Street.

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness*, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and I have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

DR. W. ROSS, Druggist, Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

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PREPARED BY

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Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted *in every trial* of the **Barlett Suppository**, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

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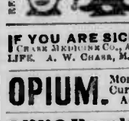

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This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*

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4 (Will send post paid.)

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BY L. O. EMERSON. Price $1.25, or $12.00 per doz.

It is a pleasure to look through this fine book, and Choir Leaders will all be pleased with the general beauty of the music and the great variety. There are more than 90 Anthems, Motets, Sentences, etc., including an Anthem Doxology, and some fine new Hymn Anthems. Also 18 Responses and Chants. Music for Christmas, Easter, and all other special occasions is provided.

THE SLEEPING QUEEN. (80 cts). Fine Operetta. by Balfe.

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"WHITE ROBES,"

The new Sabbath School Book? It is a grand good Book, and is meeting with an unexampled success.

Only published two months ago, it "takes" so well that the publishers are forced to issue edition after edition to keep pace with the demand. To state it tersely,

WHITE ROBES

has gone straight into the hearts of all lovers of Sabbath School Music, and the fact is due to its purity, freshness and originality.

Send 30 cts. in stamps for a sample copy. $3 per doz.

Temperance Jewels, (35 cts.), by J. H. TENNEY, should be used by all Temperance and Reform Clubs.

Any book mailed, post-free, for the retail price.

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C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, N. Y. J. E. Ditson & Co., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Blind, Itching, or Ulcerated Rectum that DeBing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Gives immediate relief, cures cases of long standing in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 2 days. CAUTION *None genuine unless yellow wrapper has printed on it in black a Pile of Stones and Dr. J. P. Miller's signature, Phila.* $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail by J. P. MILLER, M. D., Prop'r., S. W. cor. Tenth and Arch Sts., Philada., Pa.

CONSUMPTION CURED BY ALLENS LUNG BALSAM

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, THE BEST EXPECTORANT REMEDY ALL ON YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

AGENTS WANTED for the richly illustrated, and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch-penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Is put up in sizes to suit all classes, and sold by Druggists everywhere; full directions on each can and has the signature of WOOLRICH & CO.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

CD 757-L K

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

Any one sending **two** subscribers (not the1, own) to **Farm and Fireside, Springfield, O., at Fifty Cents a year,** will receive a copy of the **Farm and Fireside Cook Book,** which is the

Best Cook Book IN THE WORLD Free

By mail postpaid, as a premium. This Cook Book is published by FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, which is the largest paper for the price in the world, and has more circulation than any other agricultural or home paper. It is a large eight page forty-eight column journal, issued twice a month, at fifty cents a year, and gives as much valuable and entertaining reading matter as any eight column journal, issued twice a month, at fifty cents a year, and gives as much valuable and entertaining reading matter as any $2 journal or magazine. Each number contains something of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, therefore it is a welcome visitor in every household where known.

There being a demand for a reliable yet cheap Cook Book, the Publishers requested their readers to contribute their best recipes, those which they had tried and knew to be good for publication in a book. **OVER 20,000 RECIPES** were received, and about 1,000 of the choicest selected. They come from nearly every State and Territory in the Union and Canada, and the names and post office addresses of the contributors are given in the book. It contains double as many recipes as Cook Books costing $1.50 to $3 each. It tells how to make all kinds of Bread, Biscuit, Rolls, Waffles, Fritters, Puddings, Pastry, Pies, Dumplings, Tarts, Sauces, Salads, Soups, Preserves, Jellies, Desserts, Creams, Pickles, Beverages, Soda Water, Lemonade, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea, Candies, Butter, Soap, etc., also how to cook all kinds of Meats, Fish, Oysters, Eggs, Game, and Vegetables. It also gives many Health Hints and Household Recipes for Dyeing and Washing Compounds, besides much practical information on a great variety of subjects that every house-keeper should have. Remember it contains Double the number of Recipes contained in many books costing $3, every house-keeper should have. Remember it contains Double the number of Recipes contained in many books costing $3, every house-keeper should have. Remember it contains Double the number of Recipes contained in many books costing $3, every house-keeper should have.

HOW TO OBTAIN IT.—It is given FREE as a premium to any one sending **two** subscribers (not their own) to FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, at **50 cents a year.** Send three cent stamp for sample copies of FARM AND FIRESIDE and illustrated Premium List, containing descriptions of 100 new, useful, and attractive articles, which we offer for sale and as premiums. You can certainly find something to suit your wants. Two subscribers (not their own) to FARM AND FIRESIDE, at 50 cents each, will secure the Cook Book. Any one who has subscribed in our Premium List. Address Publishers FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all **Humors,** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple,** or **Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck,** and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs,** and early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are **scarcely larger than mustard seeds.**

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head,** take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.
Feb. 14-3m

ORDER NISI.

Wm. J. Crump vs. Benj. Kirby, et. ux.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 161. Equity.

ORDERED, this 19th day of February, 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Bruce, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, 1880; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of March, 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be $260.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Jacob L. Hauser and others,
vs.
Harriet Lantz and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. In Equity.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have the real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed sold, and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the heirs at law of the said Ezra Hauser, according to their respective interests.

The Bill states that the said Ezra Hauser was in his lifetime seized and possessed of three several tracts of land lying in Garrett county, containing in the aggregate two hundred and eighteen acres of land. That being so seized and possessed of said land he departed this life intestate, about the month of January, 1873, leaving his widow Elizabeth Hauser, and the following heirs at law surviving him, to-wit: Jacob Hauser, Harriet Lantz, wife of John Lantz, Adam Hauser, David E. Hauser, Georgina L. Hauser, Agnes Hauser, Ann S. Hauser, Clara E. Hauser, Rueben W. Hauser and Marian E. Hauser.

The Bill further states that after the death of the said Ezra Hauser, to-wit: on the sixth day of January, 1880, the said Elizabeth Hauser, widow as aforesaid, departed this life. That Harriet Lantz and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser are non-residents. That David E., Georgina L., Agnes, Ann S., Clara E., Reuben W. and Marian E. Hauser are under twenty-one years of age.

The prayer of the bill is for a sale of the real estate therein described, and for a distribution of the proceeds of the sale amongst the said heirs at law, according to their respective interests.

The Bill further states that the real estate aforesaid is not susceptible of a division, and that it would be greatly to the advantage and benefit of the parties aforesaid to have the same sold; and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 16th day of February, 1880, that the complainants' cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 20th day of March, 1880, giving notice to the said Harriet Lantz, and John Laatz, her husband, and Adam Hauser, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, the undersigned, Administrators of Daniel Smith deceased, will offer at public sale, at Johnstown, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, March 2d, 1880,

at 10 A. M., all the following personal property belonging to the estate of the said Daniel Smith deceased, viz:

96 Head of Sheep,
6 Milch Cows,
2 Horses,
1 Colt.

Also a large lot of farming implements, household and kitchen furniture; also, the stock of goods contained in the store of the late Daniel Smith, at Johnstown, consisting of

DRY GOODS GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, &c.,

and such things as are usually found in a well-stocked country store,

TERMS OF SALE:—On all sums of five dollars or under, cash. On all sums over five dollars, a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser to give note with security to be approved by the Administrators.

ELIZABETH SMITH,
DANIEL R. SMITH,
Feb. 14-tds Administrators.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Walker is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
Feb. 14-3w Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Oshourn.
9—Perry Welmer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebangh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Facenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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and Produce Generally.

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Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

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A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

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For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
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By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
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Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

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Delivered to any address free from observation.

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DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 230½ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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RESIDENT DENTIST

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

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Posters,
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Pamphlets,
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Dodgers, &c., &c.

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BEATTY ORGAN

Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three** (3) **Sets Reeds, Thirteen** (13) **Stops, Five** (5) **Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Case, highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. More testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated Instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. 19 STYLE PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

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v3n47-1yr Oakland, Md.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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CHEAP CHEAP.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm, about four miles from Oakland, on the West Union road. This farm contains 300 acres, 200 of which is under fence and 150 improved. The improvements consist of a

New Frame House,

Barn and other out buildings. There is also on the farm a

Good Young Orchard.

The crops usually taken from this farm are wheat, rye, oats, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, etc.

This property is especially adapted to stock raising, there being a good outlet to a free range.

COAL and LIMESTONE within three miles.

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DAVID SLABAUGH,
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Or call at this office. aug2-6m.

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$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.51 A. M.
No. 8		3.09 A. M
No. 10		4.46 P. M.
Way		10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		12.50 A. M.
No. 3		10.59 P. M.
No. 5		11.31 P. M.
No. 7		5.29 P. M
Way		10.10 A. M

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880. NUMBER 2.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1880.

THE SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The great Teacher now gives precepts concerning our relations to our fellow-men, our heavenly Father, and our eternal salvation. Concerning men around us he bids us cherish kindly, generous sentiments, remembering that high standards of judgment concerning others will only render us the more accountable before God, (v. 1, 2,) and those who undertake the delicate task of correcting the faults of others themselves need to be free from blame. (v. 4, 5.) Yet this liberality of opinion must not weaken into laxity; since we need to know who are worthy and who unworthy to receive the truth, else both the word may be wasted and the worker suffer wrong. (v. 6.) And, if we lack wisdom, or any other endowment or need, there is One of whom we have but to ask and to receive. (vv. 7, 8.) For, if men love their little ones, and will grant their requests without deceiving them, all the more will God bestow blessings upon his children, who have cast themselves upon his bounty, and grant them whatever is good. (v. 11.) And, since God deals with us in love, so should we, his followers, deal with our fellow-men, measuring our actions, not by what we receive from others, but by what we would desire of them. (v. 12.) This conduct may, indeed, be self-denying, and not according to worldly usage, but it is the narrow way by which alone we can enter the kingdom of eternal life. (v. 13, 14.)

Matt. 7: 1-14.

Memory Verses, 1-5.

1 Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12 Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.

13 Enter ye in at the straight gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14 Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

HOME READINGS.

M. The law of love. Matt. 7. 1-14.
Tu. Judging others. Rom. 2. 1-16.
W. Judged by the Lord. Rom. 14. 1-12.
Th. The judgment of man. I Cor. 4. 1-16.
F. The law of liberty. James 2. 1-13.
S. The privilege of prayer. John 16. 23-33.
S. The way of salvation. Isa. 36. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them. Matt. 7. 11.

LESSON HYMN. 78.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE WAY OF CHARITY, v. 1-6; I Cor. 13. 7.
What should we not judge? [ANS. The actions of others.]
To whom should we leave the judgment of others? Rom. 14. 10.
How are people treated who judge others?
What is meant by "the mote" in another's eye? [ANS. The wrong-doings of others.]
What is "the beam" in our own eye. [ANS. Our own greater sins.]
What is our duty before judging others?
How is this stated in Psa. 51. 10, 13?

2. THE WAY OF PRAYER, v. 7-11; Rom. 8. 26-27.
What are the three promises in v. 7?
What do they require of us?
For what should we seek? Psa. 27. 8.
What does Christ promise in Matt. 21. 22.
To what is God compared in v. 9-11?
How does he show a father's love?
What good thing will he give us? Luke 11. 13.

3. THE WAY OF LIFE, v. 12-14; Gal. 5. 14.
What rule of life is given in the GOLDEN TEXT?
How is this stated in Matt. 22. 39?
What is a strait gate? [ANS. One that is close and narrow.]
Why is the way of life called "strait?"
What is the road that many travel?
What is the end of that road?
How may we escape its end? Matt. 16. 24.
What is said of the way of life in Isa. 35. 8.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. To be careful in judging others? 2. To expect answers to our prayers? 3. To seek the ways leading to God?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION — The power of prayer.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on Duties to Others

1. We are required to judge others with the same kindness and leniency that we judge ourselves.

2. We are required to purify our lives, that we may clarify our judgment of others.

3. We are required to be careful and discriminating in our use of truth, suiting our message to men's capacity of comprehending and appreciating it.

The Utica Convention.

The New York *Herald*, Independent, in a leading editorial on the proceedings of the New York republican convention, expresses the opinion that the opponents of the third term in the country at large have great reason to be encouraged. It concludes that the prospect looks hopeful for a rapid subsidence of the third term boom, and the withdrawal of the ex-President before the national convention meets.

The New York *Times*, a Grant organ, says the convention "did its work without making any serious blunders," and expresses the opinion that the moral effect of the instructions given the delegates will not be lost on the Republicans of the country by any pretense that the convention was the mere instrument of recording the will of Senator Conkling. It contends that Grant is stronger in New York than Conkling, and the latter "merely floated with a current he could not stem if he would."

The New York *World*, Democrat, thinks the "machinists" of the convention are justly chargeable with mismanagement, and that Grant will be injured by the impression, which will be industriously disseminated by his opponents, that a very small majority of the convention was in his favor.

The New York *Sun*, which is an earnest opponent of the third-term proposition, is violent in its denunciation of Mr. Conkling. It pronounces him the "worst man ever born in the State; the deadliest foe to liberty; the enemy of all the traditions and principles of the founders of the republic; ready alike to betray his friend or his State, to gratify his own selfish passions," and concludes with the invocation that "when next November comes let Roscoe Conkling be made to feel that the day of his glory is over, but not his years of shame."

The Philadelphia *Times* (independent) says: "Mr. Conkling's almost matchless eloquence was drawn upon at a critical moment, and even then he won, as Cameron had won in this State, because it was the purpose of the all-powerful machine, and not because the people are overwhelmingly anxious for a third term of anybody. Notwithstanding all this is so distinctly a defeat of Gen. Grant's hope of a unanimous and hearty renomination, the fact can no longer be disguised, if there were any such desire, that the intention is to nominate him whether he shall have a bare majority or all of the delegates to the Chicago convention."

The Philadelphia *North American*, Republican, says: "It is time to be done with the tomfoolery about demands of the people and universal acclaim. It may be a sad breaking of idols, but none the less must it be admitted that Gen. Grant has thus far failed to develop a particle of political strength in the present canvass that has not been manufactured for him at large cost and considerable risk."

The Philadelphia *Press*, Republican, says: "In Pennsylvania everybody knows that the movement for Gen. Grant's nomination is hollowness itself. In New York, this is also now demonstrated. The intelligence of both States is against it. The sober judgment of the party revolts at it, and the common sense of the country presents an inflexible hostility to it."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Republican, argues that there can be no "moral force" in Mr. Conkling's victory—that it cannot arouse enthusiasm for the third term, or inspire the wavering with confidence. The *Inquirer* concludes: "In fact, it conclusively proves that if Gen. Grant is to be nominated at Chicago it can only be done after a desperate struggle, continued up to the very hour of balloting, and one which leave behind it rankling bitterness and popular discontent within the Republican party, will bode no good to its future, immediate or remote."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says of the New York convention that it has shown that all that the friends of Grant claimed for New York was well claimed, and that the resolutions assure the support of the great State to Grant as surely as though the delegates were personally pledged. It says it is not easy to see how the nomination of Grant can now be prevented, though Blaine is a splendid second.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, says that the work is like that of Pennsylvania, a species of tyranny by the Grant power to which the Republican party will not submit, and that the reaction will more than counterbalance what to day has done.

Unveiling the Maine Conspiracy.

If Garcelon is wise he will follow Pillsbury's example and leave Maine. The first glance at those recently discovered election returns reveals one case of fraud sufficient to ruin what little reputation the baffled conspirators have left. The Legislative Investigating Committee, with Eugene Hale at its head, began work Tuesday, and proved a case of forgery at its first meeting. The Republican candidate for senator in Lincoln county, Andrew R. G. Smith, was counted out on the familiar ground of defective ballots. He had a clear majority of 163. Garcelon threw out the entire vote of the town of Noblehoro, 140, because the ballots were printed Andrew R. C. Smith. But this left 23 majority to be got rid of, and to accomplish this fraud the vote of another town had to be wiped out. The Town Clerk of Somerville testified that he sent a certificate, made up in open town meeting, giving Smith 72 votes, legally cast for him; that he received from Augusta, about the middle of December, a letter written on the official paper of the Secretary of State's office, inclosing a blank certificate instructing him to fill it out, giving the 72 votes to Andrew A. R. Smith instead of to Andrew R. G. Smith, as in the first certificate. He confessed that he made out this false certificate and signed the names of all the selectmen to it, tho' none of them were present or knew of the transaction. On this false certificate Smith was deprived of his seat, and a Fusion senator put in it. The forging clerk says he has "mislaid" the letter of instruction, but the forged certificate is among the papers, and in the tabulated returns the 72 votes of Somerville were first put down to Smith, and afterward erased.

This is revelation No. 1. More are to follow, and by the time the committee is through with its labors the country will have an edifying list of the things Garcelon was so proud of when he retired from office. There is no possible defence for him and his council to make. They cannot plead ignorance, for they tabulated the returns and they made the erasure which they bear to-day. They made up the tabulation first, giving the vote of Somerville to Smith, and they were the guilty persons who, carrying out the conspiracy, altered them on the strength of the forged certificate which they alone could inspire, since no one else knew the number of votes necessary to defeat Smith. They held the forged certificate and destroyed the original one, of whose existence there are several witnesses. It is announced in Augusta that this is only a beginning of the disclosures which are to come. If this is a sample of their enormity it is impossible to feel even a partisan satisfaction in having them made. They are a disgrace to the American name, and a libel upon us as a people capable of self government. Yet if the making of them shall serve to call the attention of the people once more to the desperate energy with which the Democratic party is seeking to obtain by foul means that power which it cannot obtain by the ballot, we shall not be humiliated in vain.

How the Next President Shall be Elected.

WASHINGTON, February 25.—Mr. Ricknell, from the Committee on the Election Commission, to-day submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, together with a long report. The proposed amendment provides that the President of the United States shall be elected by the people of the several states. The machinery of an election under the proposed amendment is to be the same as now in all general features. A wide departure is that which prescribes that "the electoral votes and fractions thereof of each person voted for as President in any state shall be ascertained by multiplying his entire popular vote therein by the number of the state's electoral vote, and dividing the product by the sum of all the votes cast in the state, and the quotient will be the required number." When the returns have been sent to the President of the Senate, they shall be counted by that officer in the presence of both houses, sitting in the Hall of Representatives, and it shall require the concurrence of both houses to reject. The report is very long, and goes into the history of the different presidential elections in some detail. The present system was adopted at the birth of the republic, and was far from being popular then. It has never been considered safe by thinking men, and the events of the last electoral count amply demonstrted this danger. This system, the report says, was based on distrust of the people. It has shown that the electoral vote does not necessarily represent the people's will, and when honestly cast, is but partially an expression of the popular vote. "The electoral system," continues the report, "is not merely useless; it is full of danger and difficulty. It is peculiarly open to treachery and fraud, and has brought the nation to the verge of anarchy and ruin. The effect has been to increase the relative power of the large states. It has happened that the vote of New York, cast solid by a general ticket, has decided the entire presidential election by a few thousand majority. In the election of 1876, eleven contiguous states might have decided the election with an aggregate majority of not more than 1,000 votes, against an aggregate majority of half a million votes in twenty-seven other states. Where the parties in a state are nearly equal a successful fraud may carry the entire state, and settle the question for all the states." This system has become "peculiarly odious to the American people," and five times in the last sixty years propositions looking to a direct election of the President by the people, have passed the Senate. Andrew Jackson urged a reform in this direction in his eight annual messages. General Jackson said: "The evils which can be clearly traced to the organic defect in the Constitution of the United States ought not to be overlooked, through a too scrupulous veneration of the work of our ancestors." The report advocates an election by a plurality vote, rather than a majority one, for the reason that by this system an election would rarely be sent to the House. As the law now stands, an election by the House might result in the choice of the candidate who had the least number of votes. This committee have had this subject under consideration for a long time, and the amendment proposed seems on the face of it to be a very fair one. It is by no means certain, however, that it will be considered by the House at this session.

For some years after the war it used to be a favorite trick of organ grinders and professional beggars to get themselves up in old uniforms of Union soldiers in order to appeal to the charitable feelings of patriotic citizens. This old trick has been revived in Congress, and demagogues are doing their best to present the veterans of the Union army in the light of beggars, always hat in hand to receive alms from the nation. There is no time when Congress shows such weakness and cowardice in its action when it comes to deal with something as affecting as "the soldier vote." Congress once passed by a large majority in each house a bill for the equalization of bounties, which General Grant promptly defeated by his veto. The Democratic Congress passed the Pension Arrearages bill; but the opprobrium of that job must be also borne by the Republican party, as the majority of both parties supported it, and President Hayes was weak enough to sign it. The demagogues and the army of claim agents are now at work pushing a bill appropriating $500,000,000 to pay all the privates, non-commissioned officers, teamsters, sailors and musicians who served during the war the difference in value between greenbackers and gold, with Interest at six per cent. on the amount of this difference. The bill is as sound in principle as the Equalization of Bounties bill and the Penson Arrearages bill; but congressmen begin to realize that the nation is sick of this sort of demagoguery, and that it makes honorable veterans indignant that they are set down as importunate beggars, always whining for alms; and so they are trying their best to suppress the latest soldier bill. We hope that Mr. Weaver will never relax his efforts until he puts all the members on the *Record*, so that the nation may be able to see whether the demagogues and claim agents have more weight with Congress than the interests of the taxpayers.

The Democrats in Congress are kept so busy dodging the questions they raised at the extra session last summer, and fighting shy of all other important issues, that they have not yet found time to pass an appropriation bill to pay the United States Marshals, who have had no salary for eight months, and have been defraying the expenses of their offices out of their own pockets. No doubt the Representatives of moonshining districts in the South take special pleasure in annoying the Marshals in this unmanly way.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1880.

THE SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The great Teacher now gives precepts concerning our relations to our fellow-men, our heavenly Father, and our eternal salvation. Concerning men around us he bids us cherish kindly, generous sentiments, remembering that high standards of judgment concerning others will only render us the more accountable before God, (v. 1, 2.) and those who undertake the delicate task of correcting the faults of others themselves need to be free from blame. (v. 4, 5.) Yet this liberality of opinion must not weaken into laxity; since we need to know who are worthy and who unworthy to receive the truth, else both the word may be wasted and the worker suffer wrong. (v. 6.) And, if we lack wisdom, or any other endowment or need, there is One of whom we have but to ask and to receive. (v. 7, 8.) For, if men love their little ones, and will grant their requests without deceiving them, all the more will God bestow blessings upon his children, who have cast themselves upon his bounty, and grant them whatever is good. (v. 11.) And, since God deals with us in love, so should we, his followers, deal with our fellow-men, measuring our actions, not by what we receive from others, but by what we would desire of them. (v. 12.) This conduct may, indeed, be self-denying, and not according to worldly usage, but it is the narrow way by which alone we can enter the kingdom of eternal life. (v. 13, 14.)

Matt. 7: 1-14.

Memory Verses, 1-5.

1 Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12 Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.

13 Enter ye in at the straight gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14 Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

HOME READINGS.

M. The law of love. Matt. 7. 1-11.
Tu. Judging others. Rom. 2. 1-16.
W. Judged by the Lord. Rom. 14. 1-12.
Th. The judgment of man. 1 Cor. 4. 1-16.
F. The law of liberty. James 2. 1-13.
S. The privilege of prayer. John 16. 23-33.
S. The way of salvation. Isa. 36. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them. Matt. 7. 11.

LESSON HYMN. 78.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE WAY OF CHARITY, v. 1-6; 1 Cor. 13. 7. What should we not judge? [ANS. The actions of others.]
To whom should we leave the judgment of others? Rom. 14. 10.
How are people treated who judge others?
What is meant by "the mote" in another's eye? [ANS. The wrong-doings of others.]
What is "the beam" in our own eye. [ANS. Our own greater sins.]
What is our duty before judging others?
How is this stated in Psa. 51. 10, 13?

2. THE WAY OF PRAYER, v. 7-11; Rom. 8. 26-27. What are the three promises in v. 7?
What do they require of us?
For what should we seek? Psa. 27. 8.
What does Christ promise in Matt. 21. 22.
To what is God compared in v. 9-11?
How does he show a father's love?
What good thing will he give us? Luke 11. 13.

3. THE WAY OF LIFE, v. 12-14; Gal. 5. 14. What rule of life is given in the GOLDEN TEXT?
How is this stated in Matt. 22. 39?
What is a strait gate? [ANS. One that is close and narrow.]
Why is the way of life called "strait?"
What is the road that many travel?
What is the end of that road?
How may we escape its end? Matt. 16. 24.
What is said of the way of life in Isa. 35. 8.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. To be careful in judging others? 2. To expect answers to our prayers? 3. To seek the ways leading to God?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION — The power of prayer.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on Duties to Others

1. We are required to judge others with the same kindness and leniency that we judge ourselves.

2. We are required to purify our lives, that we may clarify our judgment of others.

3. We are required to be careful and discriminating in our use of truth, suiting our message to men's capacity of comprehending and appreciating it.

The Utica Convention.

The New York *Herald*, Independent, in a leading editorial on the proceedings of the New York republican convention, expresses the opinion that the opponents of the third term in the country at large have great reason to be encouraged. It concludes that the prospect looks hopeful for a rapid subsidence of the third term boom, and the withdrawal of the ex-President before the national convention meets.

The New York *Times*, a Grant organ, says the convention "did its work without making any serious blunders," and expresses the opinion that the moral effect of the instructions given the delegates will not be lost on the Republicans of the country by any pretense that the convention was the mere instrument of recording the will of Senator Conkling. It contends that Grant is stronger in New York than Conkling, and the latter "merely floated with a current he could not stem if he would."

The New York *World*, Democrat, thinks the "machinists" of the convention are justly chargeable with mismanagement, and that Grant will be injured by the impression, which will be industriously disseminated by his opponents, that a very small majority of the convention was in his favor.

The New York *Sun*, which is an earnest opponent of the third-term proposition, is violent in its denunciation of Mr. Conkling. It pronounces him the "worst man ever born in the State; the deadiest foe to liberty; the enemy of all the traditions and principles of the founders of the republic; ready alike to betray his friend or his State, to gratify his own selfish passions," and concludes with the invocation that "when next November comes let Roscoe Conkling be made to feel that the day of his glory is over, but not his years of shame."

The Philadelphia *Times* (independent) says: "Mr. Conkling's almost matchless eloquence was drawn upon at a critical moment, and even then he won, as Cameron had won in this State, because it was the purpose of the all-powerful machine, and not because the people are overwhelmingly anxious for a third term of anybody. Notwithstanding all this is so distinctly a defeat of Gen. Grant's hope of a unanimous and hearty renomination, the fact can no longer be disguised, if there were any such desire, that the intention is to nominate him whether he shall have a bare majority or all of the delegates to the Chicago convention."

The Philadelphia *North American*, Republican, says: "It is time to be done with the tomfoolery about demands of the people and universal acclaim. It may be a sad breaking of idols, but none the less must it be admitted that Gen. Grant has thus far failed to develop a particle of political strength in the present canvass that has not been manufactured for him at large cost and considerable risk."

The Philadelphia *Press*, Republican, says: "In Pennsylvania everybody knows that the movement for Gen. Grant's nomination is hollowness itself. In New York, this is also now demonstrated. The intelligence of both States is against it. The sober judgment of the party revolts at it, and the common sense of the country presents an inflexible hostility to it."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Republican, argues that there can be no "moral force" in Mr. Conkling's victory—that it cannot arouse enthusiasm for the third term or inspire the wavering with confidence. The *Inquirer* concludes: "In fact, it conclusively proves that if Gen. Grant is to be nominated at Chicago it can only be done after a desperate struggle, continued up to the very hour of balloting, and one which leave behind it rankling bitterness and popular discontent within the Republican party, will bode no good to its future, immediate or remote."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says of the New York convention that it has shown that all that the friends of Grant claimed for New York was well claimed, and that the resolutions assure the support of the great State to Grant as surely as though the delegates were personally pledged. It says it is not easy to see how the nomination of Grant can now be prevented, though Blaine is a splendid second.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, says that the work is like that of Pennsylvania, a species of tyranny by the Grant power to which the Republican party will not submit, and that the reaction will more than counterbalance what to day has done.

Unveiling the Maine Conspiracy.

If Garcelon is wise he will follow Pillsbury's example and leave Maine. The first glance at those recently discovered election returns reveals one case of fraud sufficient to ruin what little reputation the baffled conspirators have left. The Legislative Investigating Committee, with Eugene Hale at its head, began work Tuesday, and proved a case of forgery at its first meeting. The Republican candidate for senator in Lincoln county, Andrew R. G. Smith, was counted out on the familiar ground of defective ballots. He had a clear majority of 163. Garcelon threw out the entire vote of the town of Nobleboro, 140, because the ballots were printed Andrew R. C. Smith. But this left 23 majority to be got rid of, and to accomplish this fraud the vote of another town had to be wiped out. The Town Clerk of Somerville testified that he sent a certificate, made up in open town meeting, giving Smith 72 votes, legally cast for him; that he received from Augusta, about the middle of December, a letter written on the official paper of the Secretary of State's office, inclosing a blank certificate instructing him to fill it out, giving the 72 votes to Andrew A. R. Smith instead of to Andrew R. G. Smith, as in the first certificate. He confessed that he made out this false certificate and signed the names of all the selectmen to it, tho' none of them were present or knew of the transaction. On this false certificate Smith was deprived of his seat, and a Fusion senator put in it. The forging clerk says he has "mislaid" the letter of instruction, but the forged certificate is among the papers, and in the tabulated returns the 72 votes of Somerville were first put down to Smith, and afterward erased.

This is revelation No. 1. More are to follow, and by the time the committee is through with its labors the country will have an edifying list of the things Garcelon was so proud of when he retired from office. There is no possible defence for him and his council to make. They cannot plead ignorance, for they tabulated the returns and they made the erasure which they bear to-day. They made up the tabulation first, giving the vote of Somerville to Smith, and they were the guilty persons who, carrying out the conspiracy, altered them on the strength of the forged certificate which they alone could inspire, since no one else knew the number of votes necessary to defeat Smith. They held the forged certificate and destroyed the original one, of whose existence there are several witnesses. It is announced in Augusta that this is only a beginning of the disclosures which are to come. If this is a sample of their enormity it is impossible to feel even a partisan satisfaction in having them made. They are a disgrace to the American name, and a libel upon us as a people capable of self government. Yet if the making of them shall serve to call the attention of the people once more to the desperate energy with which the Democratic party is seeking to obtain by foul means that power which it cannot obtain by the ballot, we shall not be humiliated in vain.

How the Next President Shall be Elected.

WASHINGTON, February 25.—Mr. Ricknell, from the Committee on the Election Commission, to-day submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, together with a long report. The proposed amendment provides that the President of the United States shall be elected by the people of the several states. The machinery of an election under the proposed amendment is to be the same as now in all general features. A wide departure is that which prescribes that "the electoral votes and fractions thereof of each person voted for as President in any state shall be ascertained by multiplying his entire popular vote therein by the number of the state's electoral vote, and divide the product by the sum of all the votes, cast in the state, and the quotient will be the required number." When the returns have been sent to the President of the Senate, they shall be counted by that officer in the presence of both houses, sitting in the Hall of Representatives, and it shall require the concurrence of both houses to reject. The report is very long, and goes into the history of the different presidential elections in some detail. The present system was adopted at the birth of the republic, and was far from being popular then. It has never been considered safe by thinking men, and the events of the last electoral count amply demonstrted this danger. This system, the report says, was based on distrust of the people. It has shown that the electoral vote does not necessarily represent the people's will, and when honestly cast, is but partially an expression of the popular vote. "The electoral system," continues the report, "is not merely useless; it is full of danger and difficulty. It is peculiarly open to treachery and fraud, and has brought the nation to the verge of anarchy and ruin. The effect has been to increase the relative power of the large states. It has happened that the vote of New York, cast solid by a general ticket, has decided the entire presidential election by a few thousand majority. In the election of 1876, eleven contiguous states might have decided the election with an aggregate majority of not more than 1,000 votes, against an aggregate majority of half a million votes in twenty-seven other states. Where the parties in a state are nearly equal a successfull fraud may carry the entire state, and settle the question for all the states." This system has become "peculiarly odious to the American people," and five times in the last sixty years propositions looking to a direct election of the President by the people, have passed the Senate. Andrew Jackson urged a reform in this direction in his eight annual messages. General Jackson said: "The evils which can be clearly traced to the organic defect in the Constitution of the United States ought not to be overlooked, through a too scrupulous veneration of the work of our ancestors." The report advocates an election by a plurality vote, rather than a majority one, for the reason that by this system an election would rarely be sent to the House. As the law now stands, an election by the House might result in the choice of the candidate who had the least number of votes. This committee have had this subject under consideration for a long time, and the amendment proposed seems on the face of it to be a very fair one. It is by no means certain, however, that it will be considered by the House at this session.

For some years after the war it used to be a favorite trick of organ grinders and professional beggars to get themselves up in old uniforms of Union soldiers in order to appeal to the charitable feelings of patriotic citizens. This old trick has been revived in Congress, and demagogues are doing their best to present the veterans of the Union army in the light of beggars, always hat in hand to receive alms from the nation. There is no time when Congress shows such weakness and cowardice in its action when it comes to deal with something as affecting as "the soldier vote." Congress once passed by a large majority in each house a bill for the equalization of bounties, which General Grant promptly defeated by his veto. The Democratic Congress passed the Pension Arrearages bill; but the opprobrium of that job must be also borne by the Republican party, as the majority of both parties supported it, and President Hayes was weak enough to sign it. The demagogues and the army of claim agents are now at work pushing a bill appropriating $500,000,000 to pay all the privates, non-commissioned officers, teamsters, sailors and musicians who served during the war the difference in value between greenbackers and gold, with interest at six per cent. on the amount of this difference. The bill is as sound in principle as the Equalization of Bounties bill and the Pension Arrearages bill; but congressmen begin to realize that the nation is sick of this sort of demagoguery, and that it makes honorable veterans indignant that they are set down as importunate beggars, always whining for alms; and so they are trying their best to suppress the latest soldier bill. We hope that Mr. Weaver will never relax his efforts until he puts all the members on the *Record*, so that the nation may be able to see whether the demagogues and claim agents have more weight with Congress than the interests of the taxpayers.

The Democrats in Congress are kept so busy dodging the questions they raised at the extra session last summer, and fighting shy of all other important issues, that they have not yet found time to pass an appropriation bill to pay the United States Marshals, who have had no salary for eight months, and have been defraying the expenses of their offices out of their own pockets. No doubt the Representatives of moonshining districts in the South take special pleasure in annoying the Marshals in this manly way.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

COME, wife, sit here, and we'll rest awhile
Till the merry dance is o'er;
Our silver wedding has made me feel
As if youth were mine once more.
I've quite forgotten my fifty years:
Dear wife, can it be true
That twenty-five years have come and gone
Since I loved and wedded you?

Our daughter there—God bless the child;
For she carries her mother's face:
Just so you looked when you won my heart
With your innocent girlish grace.
How fair she is!—What? bless my soul!
Wife, what is that you say?
"Our little girl has given her heart
To that rascal"—young John Grey?

Coaxed mother to tell me, did she, eh?
Well, wife, it never can be;
I'll never consent—you hear me, wife?—
Just tell her that from me.
What is it you ask?—"If long ago
Your father had answered nay,
What would I have done?" Ill'm well, I think
I'd have—married you anyway!

'Judge John by myself," you say? Ah, well,
The boy's a good fellow enough;
But I don't encourage this falling in love,
And this courting, and all such stuff.
What is it you ask me?—"Have I enjoyed
This silver wedding?" There, there!
When a woman attacks the weak side of a man
The game—is hardly fair.

Well, because of our silver wedding, wife
(Dear, dear, how fast time flies!)
I can't say no to the child we love,
The girl with her mother's eyes.
So here's a kiss for the bride you were,
And for the wife you are,
And another to crown this happy night,
Of which you are the brightest star.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

FASHIONABLE GIFT-GIVING.

WELL, what was to be done about it? Mrs. Waters looked ruefully at the five-dollar bill reposing in solitary state in the inner compartment of her pocket-book and pondered. In the first place, there were the muffs for the girls. It would take the whole of the five for them alone, to say nothing of the other things. Clearly, they must be given up, and she had been promising for so long a time to get them, too. It was too bad!

Then, there was the scarf for Clara, and the fur gauntlets for herself, and Mrs. Weeks' bill, and the balance on Kitty's birthday gift, and a dozen other things, all to be paid for out of that paltry five dollars. No wonder Mrs. Waters groaned as she contemplated these impossibilities!

"Why, I could use fifty dollars this very day, and then not get half we need," said she, despairingly, tapping her foot nervously on the fender. "But I can't get any more from John, for he said when he gave me this bill, this morning, that I must make it bold out as far as possible; he positively couldn't spare any more for a month to come; his bills were falling due, and he would be dunned to death, for he could not collect anything that was coming to him. O, dear! it's a dreadful thing to be so stinted," and the little rocking chair on which she sat rocked back and forth excitedly.

Mrs. Waters was by no means an extravagant woman, and her complaints and wishes on the morning in question should not be so construed. In fact, her husband proudly declared her to be the best wife in town. She was economical and industrious, as the neatly-mended garments of her children often testified, while her worn-out dresses were transformed into stylish frocks for the little ones by her own deft fingers. A wasteful woman; or one less skilled in household management, never would have been able to "keep up" so respectably in every particular as did Mrs. Waters. Perhaps pride and ambition had something to do with it, but if so, it was certainly a pardonable pride, and an ambition not wholly unworthy, which made this mother so careless of her own ease, and so cheerfully endure many sacrifices, that the family might always, as she expressed it, "put the best foot foremost."

But she could not sit longer, thinking over the best disposition of her finances. Time meant something in that busy household, and here it was almost ten o'clock, and the dusting to be done yet, and at any rate, thinking the matter over forever did not make the problem more clear, she argued.

"I'll pay Mrs. Weeks what I owe, and the balance due Mr. Todd, and with what is left I'll try to get the scarf, and the gloves too, if they are not too dear. I'll have Kitty to go at once and pay those two little bills, and then they'll be off my mind."

"Here, dear," she said to her little daughter, "put on your cloak and tippet, and go down to Mr. Todd's book-store, and give him $1.50 I owe him. He will give you the change out of this bill, and from there you can go around to Mrs. Weeks and pay her $1.75 out of it, and bring back to me $1.75; or, stay—it is such a long walk for you to both places in the rain, you may pay Mr. Todd and then come directly home. I will send Clara to pay Mrs. Weeks, or will perhaps go myself this afternoon. Now, be careful and don't get in the mud, the walking is so bad on this side of the street, perhaps you had better go past Dr. Gross'—it's nice and dry down that way. And oh, goodness! that reminds me that I promised to send my dollar for the missionary society to Mrs. Gross early this week. It was due last month, but I couldn't possibly pay it, and it wont do to let it run on any longer. So Kitty, you'll have to stop there and give her a dollar. I don't see that there's any other way," and with a sigh at the remembrance of this unexpected debt, Mrs. Waters took her dusting cloth and went to work, soliloquizing: "That ends the chance of buying Clara the scarf; but it would never have done to let that missionary money go unpaid. Mrs. Gross is President now, and they say she has made a rule that if any are in arrears she will read out their names before the whole society. I don't believe in anybody being so fierce, for my part!"

She went on vigorously with her work, and had just completed her dusting when Kitty returned with the change, and a somewhat ambiguous message of thanks from Mrs. Gross "that she was much obliged for the dollar, as it was better late than never," which only elicited from Mrs. Waters a dry "ahem!"

"Well, Kitty," she said, after a pause, "you may run and play now. This afternoon you can go with Clara to pay Mrs. Weeks. I feel really ashamed to think how long I have kept that poor woman waiting for that trifling amount. She told me she needed it to pay on her winter's coal, and her rent would soon be due, too, and she scarcely knew how she was going to get along. If we could afford to hire our sewing done, I would always employ her, for she seems so conscientious and anxious to please. I've been trying to interest some of the ladies in our set in her behalf and secure work for her."

And just here I must reveal to the reader that this fact of being regarded as a member of this same "set" to which she had just referred, was a source of infinite satisfaction to Mrs. Waters. It was a sort of panacea for the inconvenience of having a limited purse—a soothing balm for all life's annoyances. This coterie consisted of the wives of nearly all the well-to-do men of the village, as well as a few others of more slender means, whose geniality and general respectability, like that of our friend Mrs. Waters, gave them a footing.

Counting over the money that Kitty had placed in her hand, she was in the act of dropping it into her purse, when a peal from the door-bell announced an arrival.

"Who can it be this drizzly day?" she ejaculated. "I wonder what brings people out so early in the morning! I do hope it is no one to call on me, for I'd almost as soon see a sewing machine man or a book agent coming, as a lady caller this time of day."

The visitor proved to be Mrs. Judge Jones, the acknowledged leader of the *ton* of Millville, who, after the usual exchange of compliments, apologized for her unseasonable call. "Of course you have heard that we are going to lose Mrs. Wilcox," she began, "and I told some of our ladies that it wouldn't do to let her go away without making her a present. We have been talking of a nice water-set. What do you think of it?"

Mrs. Waters was aghast. She was expected to contribute toward a silver water pitcher, goblets and salver! How could she confess to her fashionable friend that she had not a cent to give—that the little, pitiful sum in her purse belonged to another, because she *owed* it to another? Fortunately for her, Mrs. Jones did not wait for a reply, but rattled glibly on. "I have headed the list with five dollars; Mrs. Gross and Mrs. Richards each gave me three dollars, and Mrs. Martin two dollars; but what do you think? Mrs. Elgin would only contribute a dollar! I declare I wouldn't act as small and as mean as that for anything. I didn't dream she was so stingy, although I did hear once that she wouldn't allow her hired help to eat butter. Well," glancing over the list which she held in her hand, "I've done pretty well for a stormy morning. I have fourteen dollars already, and if you have five dollars to give it will help matters along nicely," and she beamed a gracious smile on Mrs. Waters.

Poor Mrs. Waters! To have turned away an importunate book agent or troublesome peddler, with the confession that she had no money or "couldn't afford it," was an easy task, but to acknowledge to Mrs. Judge Jones, above all persons, that she was too poor to aid in making this present, required an amount of moral courage of which she was not capable. Confused thoughts of Clara's shabby tippet, contrasted with visions of the bright new scarf she had been promised; the now gloves she herself needed; the child's magazine to which, for weeks past, Kitty had been begging her to subscribe; the recollection of the twenty-five cents she had reluctantly furnished last week for little Ralph to give to the fund gotten up to make his Sabbath-school teacher a Christmas gift; the dime given to Clara the week before for the same purpose; the remembrance of her own remark at the time, that it was nothing but "give, give all you had," and the consciousness that here sat Mrs. Jones, who never had known in all her life what it was to want for money, asking as sweetly for five dollars as though it were the merest trifle—all these thoughts, and a host more, flitted rapidly through her brain in a jumbled-up mass as she sat gazing at her visitor.

"We are all to meet at Colonel Wilcox's to present the gift the night before they leave for Florida," pursued the lady, adjusting her damp ruffles as she spoke, "and as we will have to get the water set from the city, we must order it as soon as I am sure of all the money, and I believe you haven't yet told me what you will give; only, *please*, dear Mrs. Waters, don't follow Mrs. Elgin's example," and she laughed heartily.

Mrs. Waters' hand nervously went into her dress pocket. "She will go away and say uglier things about me than she has about Mrs. Elgin if I refuse," was her mental comment. "It would look mean, too, I dare say, when I've always professed such friendship for Mrs. Wilcox—though, the dear knows! Mrs. Wilcox could make me a present of a fifty-dollar gift better than I can afford to give fifty cents toward getting *her* one." Then mustering up a smile, she said aloud: "I'm somewhat short of money to-day. Where there are children there are so many calls on one's purse, you know," and she smiled again as if to make her visitor fully understand that her contribution was a matter of course. "But here are two dollars—all that I happen to have just now—if you choose to accept so small an amount!"

"Accept it? Certainly, with thanks," responded Mrs Jones gaily, taking the proffered silver and dropping it into her own plethoric pocket-book. "And now I must be off."

Mrs. Waters bowed adieu to the Judge's wife with a smile on her lips, but a feeling at her heart akin to guilt.

"What a coward I am," she said, sinking into the nearest chair and covering her face with her hands. "How can I ever face poor Mrs. Weeks and tell her again she must wait?" And then, in a more energetic tone: "It seems to me that the Millville people are running the 'giving' business entirely into the ground lately. If a man moves out of town his entire circle of acquaintances feel bound forthwith to buy him a gold-beaded cane, with all the donors' names inscribed on it, and have a big presentation speech and have it reported in all the newspapers; or if a school ma'am gets married, or a Sabbath school teacher happens to have a birthday, or a married couple celebrate a wedding anniversary, Heaven and earth must be moved to raise money to get them a silver-plated gimcrack of some sort! Even the children are infected with the mania; Clara and Kitty each must have a quarter at the end of every school term to help buy the teacher a brass napkin ring or cheap pickle castor. And to think of Mrs. Jones asking me for five dollars! I wonder if that woman thinks I'm made of gold? I ought just to have been independent and told her frankly that I couldn't give her anything, and let her think what she pleased; and if the facts were known, I'll warrant that, with the exception of Mrs. Richards, not one of those ladies on that list but gave her money reluctantly. I'm ashamed to tell John about it. Men have just such trials, however, as well as women, for I've heard John say a score of times that he is often forced to contribute to objects that he knows he really cannot without defrauding himself or his creditors, and that he has to do it or be considered mean-spirited. Dear me, if the secret history of many of the gold watch and silver tea set presentations that sound so imposing in the papers were written up too, I'm thinking that the background of how the money was raised would tarnish a good deal of their lustre."

"Mother's eyes are as red as if she'd been crying," whispered Kitty to Clara that evening at supper, while little Ralph in childish pity, feeling that something was wrong, slipped his hand caressingly into that of Mrs. Waters' and said:

"I won't make a speck of noise to-night, mamma, if your head aches."

"Dear child!" thought she; "headache is easier to endure than heartache."

The night appointed for the giving of the water-set duly arrived. The residence of the Wilcox's was surrounded, surprised and taken possession of by a laughing party of ladies and gentlemen; cake and creams were ordered from a neighboring restaurant by the gallant Colonel; the presentation speech was made in his most happy style by Judge Jones, and the whole affair pronounced "a perfect success." One person alone seemed sad and *distraite*. Between herself and all the gaiety and laughter, the shallow jokes and real witticisms, there came to Mrs. Waters the constantly recurring vision of a patient, pale-faced needle-woman, whose outstretched hand seemed to ask, *not* charity, but for that which was rightfully hers, and whose white lips seemed to say, "You have sinned."—*Country Gentleman.*

The Weaker Sex---Isn't It Man, Instead of Woman?

"If you expect me to bundle up my throat because it is a little sore, or to put on woolen stockings to help you cure this cough, you are greatly mistaken!"

Thus said a Detroit lady to her family doctor, the other day, when he had been called to prescribe for her, and she felt quite indignant at the idea. Her throat was protected by a wisp of lace weighing the sixth of an ounce, while her husband wore a chest protector, two shirts, an overcoat, a scarf, and then pulled his cap down over his ears. She had been out nearly every day this winter thus "protected," and made no complaints, while he, a man in the prime of life, had often complained of the cold. He had cork soles, long-legged boots and thick socks, and had felt the cold. She had kid shoes and cotton hose, and had been warm enough. He had cloth gloves, and she kids. He had a sealskin cap, and she a fashionable hat. She was out more hours per day, on an average, than he was, and yet she suffered less. He had been ailing twice as often, though twice as careful.

Get into a street-car and you will see men shiver and shake in their overcoats, comforters and mittens. In the midst of them is a fashionably clad woman who seems as comfortable as a cat on the hearth. Half the men sit with their overcoats on in church or theater, while nine-tenths of the women remove all outside wraps. Men are hungry three times a day and must eat. Half the women who go out go without reference to meals, and lose dinner and get home late to supper.

No one ever hears a female passenger on the street cars say that she is tired. A man who has walked a mile will fall back into a seat with a great sigh of relief. A woman who has walked three will sit down as if to accommodate some one. Business men go home tired and hungry. Their wives come down town, tramp around for hours, and then go home ready for a trip to the opera or an all night hop at some neighbors. While men believe they need coffee, meat, potatoes and other hearty things to make blood and flesh, women will mince and pick and sip and wish they could feel hungry.

Send a bill collector out to call on fifteen different men on Griswold street and he will return with both legs aching. Give a woman any sort of walking and she will make fifteen calls over a widely scattered territory and declare that she had a splendid time. Stand a man at a dry-goods counter and after ten minutes he begins to shift his weight and look for a seat. Put down enough goods, and the average woman will stand there two hours though a stool is close beside her. Let three inches of snow fall and men will wait for a car, fearing to get their feet damp. Six inches of snow would be nothing to a woman in kid shoes and cotton hose if she wanted to go anywhere. During a rainy day the number of women on the street is as great as the number of men, and storms which will stop street-cars will not stop women from coming and going.

At some time in the dim past someone called women the weaker sex. Was it in sarcasm? If not, then there has been a great change. A woman may not lift, pull, push or carry as much weight as a man, but they stand cold better, complain less of heat, walk more, sleep less, eat less, rest less and endure pain with silent contempt where a man would upset everybody around him. A headache which would send a man to bed would not keep a woman in doors. A toothache which would make a man half crazy would not prevent a woman going down town. A bunion which would make a man limp would be danced on all night by a woman. Married men know that these statements are true, and doctors prove them so every day. This being so, let us place our sympathy and gallantry where it belongs—with our fellow-men; women can more than take care of themselves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Comets and Meteors.

Prof. Proctor delivered a lecture in Hershey Music Hall yesterday afternoon upon "Comets and Meteors"—a subject which, he remarked in opening, was one of very great difficulty, not less to the astronomic students of to-day than to those of ancient times. It was true that science had discovered many interesting facts regarding these bodies, but this had increased the difficulties connected with their study as it had added to the mysteries which surround them.

The lecturer, whose remarks were illustrated by a number of large paintings, opened his allusions to cometary peculiarities by describing the successful efforts made by Herschel to define the course of the comet of 1680 as that which Newton had laid down for it. Newton predicted that this comet on its reappearance would pass very near the sun, and the result showed him to be very correct, the body passing within one hundred and sixty thousand miles of the sun, the repulsive power of the latter overcoming its power of gravity. The comet of the year 1682 provided Newton's pupil, Halley, with an opportunity to deal more thoroughly with the question of gravity as affecting the movements of comets, and, after considering it thoroughly, he predicted that the comet would reappear in the year 1829, a date long after his death. In the meantime other astronomical mathematicians had to deal with the subject, and they, realizing that the force of the distributing influences of the planets Jupiter and Saturn would delay the comet's reappearance, placed the date of its return in 1835. Three separate calculations were made, and the comet reappeared within the time covered by them. The question of what formed the tail of the comet was treated at considerable length by the lecturer, who indorsed Herschel's theory that it consisted of clouds of vaporous matter which the power of the sun drove from the head of the comet. Other theories have been formed, and one by Professor Tyndall, which the lecturer explained fully with familiar illustrations, that the tail was a negative shadow of the head of the comet, had attracted a great deal of attention, though it had not been received by astronomers as correct. Considerable interest attached to the recent discovery that there is a connection between comets and meteors—bodies so small that the astronomer Kepler was indignant at the suggestion that they were fit subjects for astronomical scrutiny. The text-book from which the lecturer studied when a boy disposed of the question of meteors in short order, but, while the information it conveyed was given in a confident manner, the only comment to be made regarding it was that it was all wrong. The periodicity of the showers of meteors was referred to, the great displays recurring at an interval of from thirty-three to thirty-four years, thus showing that the meteors take about one-third of a century to go round the sun. Astronomers declined to believe this at first, because this period implied that the meteors had an orbit which carried them twenty times more distant from the sun than is the earth, but the discovery that the showers of meteors are coincident with the tracks of the comets showed them to be the repelled particles of those bodies whose orbits they followed. The lecturer stated a number of further interesting facts and discoveries connected with what Humboldt described as "pocket planets," and in his conclusion again stated that, while a large quantity of work had been accomplished in this peculiar branch of astronomical research, the field of study was, and would probably remain, practically inexhaustible.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Artificial Diamonds.

It is not of the experiments of scientific chemists that the public need beware in the matter of artificial gems, but of the cunning workmen of Paris, Brussels and the purlieus of Soho, London. It is not pretended that any serious frauds are perpetrated by the aid of the well-known "strass" or "pasto" diamonds, a recognized article of commerce in this as in the last century, and worn, even by day, by many vain persons in apparent unconsciousness that their harmless deception is easily detected in sunlight by the naked eye. Sham rubies and emeralds made of "strass," colored with purple of cassius or oxide of copper, and sapphires owing their hue to oxide of cobalt, are also not apt to deceive any but the most unpracticed eye; so the lapidary who works "with intent to deceive" makes him a "doublet" or a "triplet," the latter being considered the highest form of his peculiar art. The "triplet" is, in fact, a sandwich stone, of which the outer slices are made of rock crystal and the middle piece of colored glass or composition. The emerald or sapphire thus constructed is of fine color, and, when mounted, likely to impose on all but experts. In mounting his sham sapphire, which may be worth from thirty to fifty shillings, the workman conceals the double joint at the "girdle" of the stone, and thus presents two surfaces, both of which resist the file—the common test of precious stones among those least acquainted with them. When the sapphire is set in the middle of a ring the too cunning operator sets a real diamond worth four or five pounds sterling on either side of it. Having now laid out twelve or fourteen pounds sterling upon his venture, he betakes himself to the seaside, if it be summer time, or to a country town in winter, and, finding himself suddenly short of money, essays to dispose of his ring, which, it is unnecessary to say, was given him by his mother. He undergoes great grief at being compelled to part with such a precious relic, but has no choice, and therefore confides it to a newly-made friend—who thinks it a bargain to get a ring worth eighty pounds sterling for forty pounds sterling—or else tries his hand on the more difficult personage, the country pawnbroker, who, seeing the diamonds to be real, and, having tested the sapphire, is now and then taken in by the reduced foreign gentleman, the exile in temporary straits, or by his more flashy English confederate. Tricks of this kind have made timorous people shy of all precious stones but diamonds, which not many years ago were frequently bought as a safe and profitable investment. But since the influx of African diamonds, some of which are of such fine size and quality as to sell for three thousand or four thousand pounds sterling apiece, the confidence of investors has received a rude shock, and purchases are not likely to be accelerated until the fear of the last chemical discovery has passed away. Yet, should even the particles made by Mr. McTear prove as good as he thinks them, the value of fine gems is not likely to be affected, unless, indeed, he should succeed in excelling the experiments of Wohler and Deville, not only as to quality, but as to size.—*London Daily News.*

The Fire Laws of Japan.

The severity with which persons in Japan are punished who have the misfortune to be burned out is stated as follows: If the house is unoccupied and is accidentally set on fire, the person through whose carelessness the fire is started receives ten days' imprisonment with hard labor; if it is inhabited and the fire be produced by the proprietor, then he is punished with twenty days; if the fire spreads to other houses the sentence is forty days, and when anybody is killed thereby, one degree heavier; but if the person killed is a relative of the first degree, the punishment is one hundred days; if the house belongs to the Government, one hundred days; if a temple, from sixty days to one year, but ten years are inflicted if it happens to be one of the great temples of Isle, or in the precincts of the Imperial Palace. If a robber sets fire unintentionally to a house, he is punished with, at least, three years' imprisonment with hard labor. Decapitation awaits incendiaries, ten years' penal servitude an attempt at arson; the punishment being mitigated if the would-be incendiary is a servant who has just received a sharp rebuke, or if the attempt be made on an uninhabited dwelling. If a man sets fire to his own house, ninety days, but if the fire spreads to houses in the neighborhood, two years and a half; and penal servitude for life is inflicted if the offender profits by the opportunity of the fire to purloin goods or property.—*Scientific American.*

The Chinch Bug.

DR. CYRUS THOMAS, President of the Illinois University, at Carbondale, and member of the United States Entomological Commission, has just completed a valuable paper on the chinch bug, its history, characteristics and habits, and the means of destroying it or counteracting its injuries. He says the chinch bug is unquestionably the most formidable insect pest with which the farmers within the wheat-producing area of the United States have to contend.

The locusts of the West are the only creatures of this class whose multiplications causes more sweeping destruction than that of this diminutive and seemingly insignificant insect. The loss from this insect in Illinois alone in 1850 was estimated at $4,000,000, an average of $4.70 to every man, woman and child then living in the State. It attained the maximum of development in the summer of 1864, in the extensive wheat and corn fields of the Valley of the Mississippi, and in that single year three-fourths of the wheat and one-half of the corn crops were destroyed throughout many extensive districts, comprising almost the entire Northwest, with an estimated loss of more than $100,000,000 in currency.

The center of their severest ravages is in a belt in Illinois about on a line with the junction of Iowa and Missouri, and taking in a corresponding part of Southern Iowa and Nebraska, and of Northern Missouri and Kansas. The loss by chinch bugs in the State of Illinois in 1871 was upwards of $10,500,000, and taking an equal amount in Iowa and Missouri, and again an equal amount in Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska and Wisconsin, the loss in these States alone from this one species of insect was upwards of $30,000,000.

As the species appears to have a maximum of development about every five years, the foregoing estimates, Dr. Thomas thinks, render it probable that the annual loss to the Nation by its operations averages $20,000,000. The insect first appeared in Illinois in 1840; in 1847 in Iowa, in 1847 in Indiana, in Wisconsin in 1854, and in 1871 over the entire Northwest. Of the natural agencies which assist in their destruction, Dr. Thomas says that the chinch-bug has no such relentless enemies as those that pursue the army-worm, plant-lice, etc. There are a few insects that prey upon them, but not sufficiently numerous to make any material impression on the vast hordes of these invaders of our grain fields. The most efficient of these aids mentioned are the Harpactor Cinctus, or banded bug, and the frog. Professor Ross expresses the belief that the destruction of the frog by draining their natural haunts, is one reason why the chinch-bug multiplies as rapidly as it does in some seasons, and Dr. Fitch is mentioned as suggesting the idea of sprinkling. The artificial remedies given by Dr. Le Baron, State Entomologist of Illinois, and quoted by Dr. Thomas, are:

1. The plan of sowing grain so early in the spring as to get in advance of their depredations.

2. The attempt to save a part of the crop by preventing the migration of the bugs from one field to another by furrows of kerosene oil.

3. The method of destroying the insects by burning corn-stalks and other rubbish in which they are supposed to hibernate.

4 The prevention of their breeding to any serious extent by abstaining from the cultivation of those grains upon which they chiefly subsist.

Dr. Thomas suggests burning over the infested fields in the winter as the best means of destroying them. Rolling he also suggests.

Dr. Thomas concludes by saying that clean farming is the best under all circumstances, and if adopted as a rule will tend largely toward preventing the increase, not only of chinch-bugs, but of all other injurious insects. He also believes in diversified farming. Massing crops in immense bodies and cultivating the same thing year after year tend to increase the insects that feed on these crops.

Brother Gardner's Lime-Kiln Club.

"Las' night I was toastin' my heels an' gwine to sleep by de cook-stove," began the old man as the notes of the triangle died away, "de ole woman axed me if I didn't fink dis world was growin' awful wicked. Dat put me in miud of de fack dat almos' ebery day I hear people sayin' dat dey can't believe nobody any more, an' dat it am harder to find an honest man dan it is to diskiver water runnin' up hill. Gem'len, Ize been pokin' 'round dis world about sixty y'ars, an' it am my experience:

"1. Dat de man who groans ober de general wickedness of de world will steal a wheelbarrow ebery time he gits a chance.

"2. Dat de man who goes 'round lamentin' dat he can't trust nobody is the wery chap who'll gin you away ebery time.

"3. Dat de pusson who links de world am full o' cheats an' liars will trade you a blind hoss an' den sneak into de barn at midnight an' steal all de shoes off his feet.

"Dar's wicked folks on y'artb, of course, but de man who does de squar' thing will nebber run amiss of squar' people. Ize got along so fur as well as could be 'speeted, an' de look ahead am all serene. De only man I shell look out fur am de man who was bo'n fur an angel, but growed up to w'ar pants an' butes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

From Kitchen to Throne.

We read of peculiar things happening in life, and a wise man should be surprised at nothing. In like manner a comely and modest woman has often a fortune in her face if she knows how beauty should become her. To wit: During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place as servant maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a while, she behaving with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; he died when she was yet a young woman and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the law to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.—*Land and Water.*

American Goods in China.

Mr. Shepard, United States Consul at Hankow, China, in a dispatch to the Department of State, transmits the annual report of the trade of his district. A notable feature is the increase in the importation of American sheetings—43,901 pieces in 1879 against 18,915 in 1878, or more than 132 per cent. increase. Other cotton fabrics have increased, but not in so large a ratio. One great cause of increase is the integrity of the quality of the American goods. Excepting cotton goods and kerosene, the Consul gives no encouragement to the introduction of other wares. Provisions, machinery, tools, etc., stand no chance. The present China will foster no foreign industry, and countenance the introduction of no foreign product that she can in any way prevent.

Congratulating the Aged in Japan.

IN Japan, it would seem, they honor the aged with the same congratulations as we offer on their attaining a remarkable number of years, though in a somewhat different way. Mrs. Iwa Kura, mother of one of the dignitaries of the Empire, has just arrived at the sum of four-score years. In order that she might understand how great was the joy of her friends, eighty of them came to an understanding each to write her a short poem. Among the authors were included some of the greatest personages of state, and from what a Japanese paper says on the subject it may be inferred that the lines were of a highly figurative and ornate character. The verses, for instance, written by Her Majesty the Queen delicately treated of the great age to which the stork attains, and contrasting Mrs. Iwa Kura with this favored bird, drew inferences of the most flattering character. It is not said that the old lady read all the poems, but it is noted that she took pains to conserve them by having every one pasted on a pair of screens and relegated to a distinguished place in her dwelling. Whether the authors will take this as a compliment or not the writer who records the fact seems as yet unable to decide.—*London Telegraph.*

SOME one has discovered that white cats are generally deaf, and that black cats are not. But black cats might just as well be. When they are holding a conversazione on the back fence at night and using awful language in I very loud voice, you talk to them with tears in your eyes and they will not mind a word you say. A cat might as well be deaf as headless.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious as food for horses, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases. Stagnant and impure water which cows drink while at pasturage is one of the most prominent causes of bad odor in milk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

She was waiting at the lattice,
Where the snowy-plumed clematis
Translated for her gratis
What the breezes sung and sighed:

And the dainty tendernesses
Of the sunbeams on her tresses
Left her traced in the caresses
Of the golden morning tide.

The linnets were a cooing,
And the dapper bees a-wooing,
And the dews were interviewing
All the flower-covered fays;

While lightly from the dingle,
The zephyr, lone and single,
Came up to intermingle
In the leaf-entangled maze.

She waits another coming,
Her heart its riches summing,
Till suddenly a drumming
From the gravel walk arose,

A hope triumphant filled her,
And clear the words that thrilled her:
"Look here, you, Jane Matilder—
Come and knuckle them ar clothes!"
—*N. Y. World.*

A COLORADO EXPERIENCE.

One tempest-tossed night, weather-bound at a small hotel on the stage-route from Santa Fe, we met a fellow-traveler in whom we became greatly interested. The howling gale and elemental uproar intensified the cozy cheer of our snug little parlor, while the glowing coals in the grate and the spicy exhalations steaming from an earthen mug brewing in front, out of which from time to time we replenished our glasses, stimulated conversation, and we were soon launched upon a stream of startling adventure.

Among others, my companion, a finely-built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which he said "made every hair stand on tiptoe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"

"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fe the last of June, I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guarantee of honor described on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was the horse-shoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver.

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interesting and full of life that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble.

"You'd like a personal description?

"Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair it was, too—but I have not come to that yet.

"I'm sure you're aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. Marvelous tales are told of the robbers. I suspect the mountain passes of the Apenines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of stages has become so much of a fact that the express company will take no more risks, and specie and treasures have to be taken East by private parties.

"As a Government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fe. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom improvised in my valise by gumming strong wrapping paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag.

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities, and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us 'she expected to return a madame, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her fiancee was a lieutenant, stationed now in the Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear of wedding bells.'

"'I would like to be a little richer,' she added, with a sigh, 'but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be not in gold!'

"'How much of a dot have you?' said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily. 'Are you a bandit in disguise?' then added, 'the fruits of my industry amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold!'

"'You haven't it with you?' he inquired so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"'Come, you are accounted shrewd; just try and find out. I will answer all relevant questioning.'

"He blushed and stammered an apology, and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and under rocks, and was fastening them to her hat mantie. A scarlet creeper ran round the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"'O, that suits me; I must have it,' she said, rising to her feet and dropping hat and flowers in the excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"'How, now, what will you do?' I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks—even her lips were ashy pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with airy grace of blooms.

"'O, my friend, can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you to my dying day!'

"No mother appealing for a lost child could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of the hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horse-shoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"'Don't fear, miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something an' get yer hat.'

"The driver, stretched at full length, with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught on the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who, with exhilerating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box and telling us to 'pile in.'

"Once inside, she said:

"'As you are all my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—quilted in—and no man, not even a highwayman, would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now would they?'

"We, of course, praised her ingenuity.

"'A good thousand, is it?' said the merchant.

"'The very sum,' she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the most formidable passes, driving briskly toward the Canadian fork. The full moon lighted our way; making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horse-shoer. Inside they were dozing; but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the dreary hour by story telling. Suddenly I saw something moving in the shadow of the road on beyond us.

"'What is that?' I said.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon.

"'Nothing but a burro,' referring to the pack-mules that frequently strayed down the mountain side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouch sombreros and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the bridle of the leaders, the other, covering us with his rifle, shouted:

"'Don't stir, or you are a dead man!'

"Advancing closer, and keeping us within the range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"'Pitch out the treasure-box, quick! We are in a hurry!'

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague stroke, but I hushed him with a whisper:

"'Stop, stop! let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard tonight.' I said this coolly, at the same time swaying my body to and fro, backward and forward, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous, as well as very near.

"As I intended he should, he took me for an express messenger, and as neither the driver nor messenger are supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested.

"'None of your nonsense!' replied the bandit. 'Hand out the treasure, or you'll see trouble.'

"The man at the reins evidently enjoyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squeaked in a high falsetto voice:

"'Do them barl's look big?'

"'Yes,' I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners. 'Yes, I can read all the advertisements on the wadding.'

"He chuckled a rough chuckle.

"'Come, come, heave out the specie-box,' shouted the man holding the rifle.

"I insisted there was none.

"'Here, look at the way-bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items,' and I made a move to get down, holding it in my hand.

"'Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you on the spot!'

"I threw him the way-bill. He dropped his rifle and picked it up, perusing the items in the moonlight. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portemonnaie into my boot, and moved my hands round to get at the pocket. The driver, misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"'Have you got one?' The man at the reins noticed the conferring and halloed at us. The other instantly raised his gun.

"'None of that! Hands up.'

"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way-bill. I did manage, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot.

"'You see there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can get up and look in the box and satisfy yourself.'

"He hesitated but a moment, and then jumped up and looked in the box; in doing so he kicked my valise.

"'Open this!' he said. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside; the wrapping paper deceived him.

"'No,' he cried, 'there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the baggage—who's inside?'

"'Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is the horse-shoer, going to Denver to shoe the company's horses.'

"'We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens don't stir, on your peril. We may find the money on them, or in the baggage.'

"I felt terribly for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body.

"It was evident they were sleeping. The man rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun he ordered them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row. 'Hands up,' he said. 'Now for your pockets!' The horse-shoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portemonnaie showed but a five, and the young lady nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was sure, looked as if she would swoon.

"'You're a mean crowd, to have so little with you,' said he, 'and I've a mind to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have, so we'll go for your baggage.' This was uttered with infinite disgust.

"The merchant then spoke. 'You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you will ask this young lady for her hat, and carefully rip out the lining, you will find something worth your pains.'

"The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes, and uttered but the one word:

"'Traitor.'

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks.

"'In luck, in luck!' said the highwayman. 'Jump in all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on!'

"'I want the way-bill!' I said, excitedly, for the scene we had just witnessed had increased my indignation to a fever-heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up, mounted the wheel, and handed it to me. Then touching his hat to the lady, said:

"'But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board. Come this way next time without it, and we'll finish your accounts. Drive on!'

"We gladly followed his advice, but could not find language vigorous enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his cool equanimity of temper.

"Arriving at Denver, he begged very earnestly of the young lady, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments of explanation, in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young girl yielded a reluctant consent. He closed the door and bolted it, which looked strangely.

"'Don't fear,' he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair he pulled off his boot, and, from the toe, pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said he: 'A few days before leaving I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make restitution. Here are two thousand in hills for the one thousand secured by the robbers'—handing her that amount—'your lining was a Godsend to me; if they had searched me further they would have secured twenty instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and stones, which, if they had secured, would have beggared me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest-lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but "walls have ears," and why should I trust the others with my secrets?'

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of specie I, too, had assumed.

"I need not tell you that the lady's tears were transmuted into rare smiles, and she was sent to her home rejoicing."—*Practical Farmer.*

Death of the One Man Who Could Readily Decipher Horace Greeley's Chirography.

Mr. John C. Robinson, known as the Lightning Proof-Reader, was found dead in bed at his residence in Williamsburg yesterday morning. Mr. Robinson was born in this city forty years ago. He attended school in the Seventh Ward, and entered John A. Gray's printing establishment in Cliff street as a "copy-boy" when thirteen years old. In 1854 he entered the *Tribune* proof-room. In deciphering manuscripts he was a marvel. He read Richard Hildreth's, Horace Greeley's, Count Pulaski's, Gerrit Smith's, and other crabbed manuscripts almost at a glance. When Mr. Greeley himself was unable to decipher one of his own written sentences, he referred it to Mr. Robinson, who looked at it steadily for a minute or more, and made out its meaning. In the municipal canvass of 1866 a letter from Mr. Greeley, written under the Spingler House heading, was sent to the night editor of the *Tribune*. It inclosed an editorial article in the same handwriting, favoring the election of a well-known Republican politician, who was running on an independent ticket. It was the night before election. The article was put in type. In assorting the copy before reading the proof the manuscript fell under the eyes of Mr. Robinson. Something about it attracted his attention. He examined it as a paying teller would examine a doubtful bill. "That's not the old man's handwriting," he said. He was so confident that it was a forgery that he called the editor's attention to it, and the article was suppressed. So skillful was the forgery that on the following day Mr. Greeley said that had he not known different, he would have taken it to be his own handwriting.

Mr. Robinson's rapidity in reading proof-sheet aloud was unparalleled, and his enunciation was perfect. Timed by the writer, he has pronounced 696 words in a minute. This is at the rate of 41,760 per hour. The words were pronounced in a monotonous tone of voice without accent, and came from his lips as though sent from the wheels of a machine. Long before the death of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Robinson was given charge of the *Tribune* proof-room. He left that journal in 1875, and accepted a similar position on the *Sun*.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE sea serpent was seen sixteen times in 1879 against nine times in 1878. This proves that the whisky manufactured last year was almost twice as demoralizing as that made in 1878.—*Norristown Herald.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—American silk is very popular in South America, and is rapidly displacing other makes.

—A few drops of nitre of amyl have a powerful influence in restoring the functions of the heart in cases of drowning, hanging, or fainting.

—The packages of tomatoes put up last year in the United States reached the total of 19,968,000, of which New Jersey put up 5,592,000 cans.

—The grape islands of Lake Erie have 4,000 acres of vines, and the yield in 1879 was 16,000,000 pounds. The wine production was 1,526,400 gallons.

—The largest sugar-mill in the world will soon be erected in St. Charles Parish, La. The weight of the mill, including engine, will be 300,000 pounds.

—The woolen trade in France has been making rapid progress. In 1851 there were only 850,000 woolen spindles in that country, but now they number 2,270,000.

—The Hudson Highlands and Catskill Mountains contributed 200,000 evergreen trees and 100,000 yards of evergreen roping, which was sold in New York City during the holiday season.

—Experience has shown at the Petroleum Iron Works, Titusville, Pa., that a barrel of petroleum will generate heat sufficient for making a ton of iron, while a ton and a quarter of coal would be required for the same result.

—At Kolomna, Russia, they have just celebrated the completion, in the machine shops of that place, of their five hundredth locomotive and ten thousandth railroad car. The first engine was built there in 1868, and is still in active use.

—Oshkosh, Wis., has the largest match factory in the world. It cut up 2,000,000 feet of logs into matches, and used $300,000 worth of revenue stamps during 1879. Besides, it manufactured one-fourth of all the merchant work sash, blinds and doors made in the United States.

—The *Nature* says that the ascent of Mount Hecla was made last summer by Miss Th. Petursson, daughter of the Bishop of Reykjavik, for the purpose of geological investigation. Her report of the condition of the larger craters indicated that an eruption on a grand scale was impending.

—The skull of a large cave bear, differing from that of the hitherto known species, but resembling somewhat that of a bear of the pampas of Buenos Ayres, has been discovered in a cave in Shasta County, near the McCloud River, California, by James D. Richardson. It was buried beneath several inches of cave-earth and stalagmite.

—Two Germans say they can convert agate into onyx, and have patented the process. They place the cut and polished agate for a week in a solution of iron in nitric acid, only one millemeter deep, and then treat those portions of the stone which are to be white with a solution of equal parts of carbonate and hydrate of potash, dried and burned in an earthen pot, until the desired color is obtained.

—A paint, which is rendered self-luminous by mixing with it a sulphide of lime or some such phosphorescent substance, is attracting public notice in London. The painted surface of an object which has been subjected to the light of burning magnesium of the electric arc, or of the sun, will remain luminous for a long time in the dark. The paint is considered suitable for buoys at sea, signs, and a number of other applications.

—Mr. William Morris, of Greenock, Scotland, is reported to have discovered a process of photographing under water, even at the depth of ten fathoms. He has, says the Glasgow *News*, secured two negatives that are remarkably distinct, showing a sandy bottom with a number of large boulders covered with seaweed, and an old anchor. There are many ways in which such an apparatus could be made useful, and an aid to science.

—The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 was felt over a surface of 15,566,000 square miles, or over a twelfth part of the earth's surface. Such extensive shocks are generally attributed to volcanic action. Observers at the center of the area perceive a vertical oscillation; the movements become more oblique on going from the center, the waves being propagated with a regularity which is not observable in the ordinary earthquakes of non-volcanic countries.

—A correspondent tells the *Evening Post* how to climb stairs without fatigue. Always go up, he says, while inspiring or drawing in the air, never while respiring. At the first step begin to inspire, at the fourth or fifth step stop long enough to respire and to begin inspiring before starting again. By this means the fatigue is greatly lessened—indeed, reduced to a minimum. Elderly or delicate persons should never hurry up stairs. By taking it leisurely and in the manner described, they will save both breath and strength.

—Dr. J. H. Prevost has found that rain removes much more matter from an uncropped than from a cropped soil. He placed three inches of soil in two glazed earthenware pans seventeen inches in diameter. Four grammes of white clover seed were sown in one of the pans, and the other was left without any stimulus to vegetation. Both pans were exposed from July 21st to October 4th, and then the drainage-water was collected and analyzed with results which warranted the above conclusion.

—The *Journal of the Society of Arts* reports that the destruction of vines by the phylloxera has turned the attention of French producers to the manufacture of beer, but the expense of hops has proved a serious obstacle. A substitute has, however, been found in the shrubby trefoil or three-leaved *Ptelea*. A beer made by means of it was found to be identical in flavor with that of the best beer made with hops. The plant is a hardy North American shrub, which can be grown with success in France in almost any situation or soil. The fruit or seed resembles that of the elm, and emits an aromatic odor when pressed or rubbed. The seed, which has a strong, bitter, aromatic taste, has heretofore been used as a substitute for hops in the manufacture of beer.

—A writer in *Nature* gives an account of a large spider of a genus common in Polynesia, which produces a very strong, thick web. The imported Pacific Islanders often amuse themselves on Sundays, when no work is in progress on the plantations, by wandering about the bush armed with a framework of cane in the shape of an elongated cone, fastened to a long stick. This they twist around and around in the spiders' webs till it is coated sometimes half an inch thick with the viscous fabric. They then untie the fastenings and draw out the strips of cane, when the collected webs appear in the form of an old-fashioned night-cap. These curious caps are sometimes a yard long, and of a yellow color, and at that length, even when quite thick, will not weigh an ounce.

—If you wish to make an off-hand estimate of the number of shingles required for a roof at one-quarter pitch, multiply the ground surface of the house in square feet by ten. Example, a house 20x20 on the ground has 400 square feet, multiplied by 10, gives 4,000 shingles; if it is one-half pitch, add one-tenth more. For a close estimate it is better to obtain the square feet of roof surface (after allowing four inches on each side for lap of gables, and ten inches on each eave for lap over the molding), then multiply by six, the product will give the number of shingles laid five and one-half inches to the weather. If sixteen-inch shingles are to be used, laid five and one-half inches to the weather, divide the square feet by nine and multiply the product by eleven. To estimate lath, allow fourteen pieces to the square yard. In estimating allow twelve inches for the base board, but include doors and windows.—*Northwestern Lumberman.*

A Strange Dream-Story.

There is an inexplicable story—which I believe has never been published—among the traditions of the fat, fertile hill country of Western Pennsylvania, the most unlikely quarter in the world to serve as a breeding place of mystery. It was settled almost wholly by well-to-do farmers from the north of Ireland, economical, hard-working folk—God-fearing too, after the exact manner described by John Knox, and having little patience with any other manner. Not a likely people, assuredly, to give credence to any fanciful superstitions, and still less to originate them. The story indeed has a bold, matter-of-fact character in every detail which quite sets it apart from relations of the supernatural. I have never heard it explained, and it is the best authenticated mystery in my knowledge.

Here it is in brief. Among the Scotch-Irish settlers in Washington County in 1812 was a family named Plymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer of the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief, and carried her shoes and stockings in the other hand, meaning to walk in her bare feet and to put them on when she came in sight of her destination, after the canny Scotch fashion. She left home about seven o'clock in order to have the cool evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented. The girl did not return home on Monday, but no alarm was felt, as the family thought her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days; and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found that she had never been at her sister's. The country was scoured but in vain; the alarm spread, and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable, domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper has brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in those lonely hamlets and hill-farms murder was a far off, unreal horror.

The girl had left home on Saturday at seven o'clock. That night long before ten o'clock (farmers go to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Green County, about forty miles from the Plymire farm, awoke her husband in great terror, declaring that she had just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before—a hill country with a wagon-road running through it, and a girl with a bundle tied in a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other hand, walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from their manner the meeting was by appointment; they sat down on a log and talked for some time.

The man at last rose, stepped behind her, and drawing out a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell backward on the wet, rotten leaves dead. Presently the man was joined by another, also young, who asked, "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of her sight. After a while they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery and the shoes and stockings, all of which were stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road; they went into it, lifted a loose board in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes, etc., with the hatchet, underneath, and replaced the board. Then they separated and went through the woods in different directions. The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday), going to a little country church, she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to church, gathered, according to their homely habit, in the churchyard to eat their lunch and exchange the news. Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been reality. After the afternoon service the congregation separated, going to their widely-scattered homes. There were thus many witnesses ready to certify to the fact that the woman had told the dream the morning after the murder was committed at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways in those days—not even mail-carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it. Nowadays the matter would only serve as good material for the reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might not this be a hint from him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well known in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present Senator from Maine, and as popular a man in his narrower circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose, they took her and her husband, on pretense of business, to the Plymire farm. It was the first time in her life that she had left her own county, and she was greatly amused and interested. They drove over the whole of the road down which Rachel Plymire had gone.

"Have you ever seen this neighborhood?" one of them asked.

"Never," she replied.

That ended the matter, and they turned back, taking a little-used cross road to save time. Presently the woman started up in great agitation, crying, "This is the place I dreamed of!" They assured her that Rachel Plymire had not been upon that road at all. "I know nothing about her," she said, "but that girl I saw in my dream came along here; there is the path through which the man came, and beyond that turning you will find the log on which he killed her." They did find the log, and on the ground the stains of blood. The woman, walking swiftly, led them to the old mill and to the board under which lay the stained clothes and the hatchet. The girl's body was found afterward, buried by a creek near at hand. Rachel's lover had already been arrested on suspicion. It was hinted that he had grown tired of the girl, and for many reasons found her hard to shake off. The woman recognized him in a crowd of other men, and startled her companions still more by pointing out another young fellow from the West as his companion in her dream. The young man was tried in the town of Washington for murder. The dreamer was brought into court, and an effort was actually made to put her on the witness-stand; but even then men could not be hung on the evidence of a dream. Without it there was not enough proof for conviction; and the jury unwillingly enough, we may be sure, allowed the prisoner to escape. It was held as positive proof of his guilt that he immediately married the sister of the other accused man and removed to Ohio, then the wilderness of the West.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Excited His Curiosity.

"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk; "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead-broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man 'll often need out there worse 'n a meel's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie knife. I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood mor'n a week—I was sittin' in a s'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller came in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. He'd a revolver on each side of his belt an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tender-foot to drink I expect him to prance right up an' no monkeyin'! You h-e-a-r me!'

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicker'n lire 'ud scorch a feather an' swiped him one right acrost the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, and the s'loon lillin' up with hummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'You the man as ke-arved Bill Feathergill? Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't want ev'ry man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' for you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idea, so I waltzed back and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was had medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Purty soon I saw a man headin' for me. His face had been patched up until it looked like the closing out display of a retail dry goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-aimin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar and grabbed my file.

"'Hold on there, there; hold on,' sez he, 'gimme y'r hand. I'm friendly, I've got nothin' agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a weepon was that, stranger?'"—*Hartford Courant.*

AN Albany woman brings suit against a telephone company for trespass in putting its wires on the roof of her building. It isn't the trespass, however, that troubled her so much as the fact that there is gossip going on over her head that she cannot get hold of.—*Boston Post.*

"DEAR LOUISE, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "O, no, dear ma, when Charles is here we always have one chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

C. H. Vandiver, Esq., editor of the Keyser *Tribune*, paid us a visit Wednesday.

Our subscribers at Johnstown will please inform us to what postoffice we shall send their papers. For the present we will send them to McHenry.

The Hagerstown correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* says: "There is much dissatisfaction expressed here at Gov. Hamilton's State appointments, owing to his failure to name a single Western Maryland man.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday settled forever the haggling by which in certain States colored men are excluded from serving on a jury. Hereafter no trial of a colored man is legal by juries from which his own race is excluded by law.

The *Herald* of last week, speaking of the Pearre matter said:

"We have canvassed public opinion in all sections of Garrett county, and it is almost the unanimous verdict of our people that he should be impeached at once."

We have found the prevailing sentiment of the people of this county strongly in favor of Judge Pearre, and cannot conceive what motive the editor of the *Herald* had in making the above slanderous statement.

The following is from the Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette*, written under last Saturday's date:

During the coming week the special committee, of which Mr. McClure is chairman, to investigate the charges against Judge Pearre, will take up the matter. There are but two courses to be pursued. One is for the House committee to prefer articles of impeachment, which will be sent to the Senate, and that body will try the judge, and if they feel justified, order his impeachment. The other is for both Houses, by concurrent action, to order the governor to remove the accused, in which case the governor is compelled to obey.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Garrett, leave was granted to the Committee on the Judiciary, to introduce a bill entitled an Act to make valid and effectual, and legalize the official acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District of Garrett county.

It appears that Mr. Patterson did not qualify two years ago, yet he has been acting as a Justice of the Peace during all that time, and now, in order to legalize his official acts, it is necessary to pass the above bill.

Leave was granted to Mr. Gorman to introduce a bill providing for a geological and topographical survey of the coal fields of Maryland; also, to amend chapter 157, acts of 1878, regulating the working and ventilation of mines in Allegany and Garrett counties.

Says the *Baltimorean*, a Democratic paper in fact as well as in name: "While there may be room for honest difference of opinion with reference to two or three of the offices which Mr. Hamilton desires to abolish, there is no manner of doubt that the opposition which has been called forth by the message is due solely to political considerations. Were Gov. Hamilton's recommendations adopted, a great many very active political agencies would be destroyed, which at present are made to do good service to party leaders. This is the cause and the only cause of the opposition which has been manifested to the admirable suggestions of the Governor, and while it is quite probable that the reforms advised will not be obtained at the present session of the Legislature, the people will not forget the man who has had the courage to urge them upon his own party, anymore than they will the men who may be responsible for their defeat."

Geo. C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, seems to be the favorite for Governor on the Republican ticket. It is doubtful if a stronger man could be named. Sturgiss is able, honest, a forcible speaker, and a manly man.—

The following is the charges in full against Judge Pearre, presented to the Legislature last week:

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Maryland:

Your memorialists, citizens of the State of Maryland, residing in Allegany county, most respectfully pray the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Maryland to consider well and truly the following charges and allegations of wrongful, unjust and immoral conduct, brought by your memorialists against one George A. Pearre, one of the associate judges of the sixth judicial district of the State of Maryland.

Your Memoralists truly charge the said George A. Pearre with offending against all the proprieties that should be observed by him who sits in judgment upon the controversies and disputes of men; with conduct upon the bech disgraceful to the judiciary; with a willful inclination to prevent justice, and a moral delinquency in his deportment as an individual, which makes him a shame and a scandal to the bench and the judiciary, in manner following, to wit, that is to say:

1st. That he, the said George A. Pearre, while acting as associate judge of the sixth judicial district aforesaid, received and accepted upon divers and frequent occasion, pecuniary fees in consideration of legal advice and services rendered.

2nd. That he, the said George A. Pearre, while associate judge as aforesaid, has sat in judgment upon cases in which he was personally interested, in defiance of the prohibitions of the constitution of this State.

3rd. That he, the said George A. Pearre, while associate judge as aforesaid, accepted a portion of a fee growing out of certain litigation in the court over which he presided.

4th. That he, the said George A. Pearre, associate judge as aforesaid, has been heard to use vile, profane and indecent language upon the bench, and has personally assailed and threatened members of the bar, who for some trivial matter incurred his displeasure.

5th. That he, the said George A. Pearre, associate judge as aforesaid, so used his influence upon the bench in the matter of dictating county appointments as to elicit the following remark from the President of the Board of Commissioners: That he, the said President, "had too much litigation in court to displease Judge Pearre."

6th. That he, the said George A. Pearre, associate judge as aforesaid, required and obtained pledges that Messrs. Getzendanner and Fundenberg would make certain appointments agreeable to him before he appointed them school commissioners of Allegany county.

7th. That he, the said George A. Pearre, associate judge, as aforesaid, has frequently transformed the consulting room of the court house into a place of assignation, where he habitually and clandestinely meets women of low character for purpose grossly immoral and illicit.

8th. That he, the said George A. Pearre, associate judge as aforesaid secretly associated with lewd and dissolute women, and upon one occasion, entertained in his own room at the Washington House, Hagerstown, a certain common women of ill fame, while he, the said George A. Pearre was in attendance upon the Circuit Court for Washington county.

Your memorialists further pray your Honorable Body to appoint a special committee, to whom this memorial, together with the names of the witnesses in each of the several specifications, may be referred for investigation, to the end that, if ascertained to be true, as your memorialists verily believe they will, Articles of Impeachment may be preferred and the said George A. Pearre brought before the bar of the Senate to answer.

The memorial has been referred to a special committee of the Legislature, composed as follows: Messrs. J. A. L. McClure, of Baltimore; W. G. Scott, of Harford county; A. G. Chapman, of Charles county; Jos. K. Roberts, of Prince George's county; and Thos. G. Hayes, of Baltimore, Dr. J. McP. Scott, of Washington county, and B. L. Turner, of Allegany county, who are men of good judgment and fully capable to act in this matter. If they find anything in the charges upon which to base recommendations for further action on the part of the House, they will doubtless hasten the business; if not, they will ask to be discharged. The Legislature adjourns by limitation April 1, but may be prolonged to meet the emergencies of the case.

Mr. A. E. Hitchins, the president of the present board of county commissioners, has published a card denying in toto that he had ever given expression to the words accredited to the president of the board in charge 5 of the memoral, and that the whole charge is without foundation. Mr. Wm. Y. McCulloh, president of the late board, also published a card to the same effect and in which he says: "There is not a word of truth in the statement so far as I am concerned. I never made such a remark, and had no cause to."

Charge 6 is said to be groundless, the claim being that Messrs. Fundenberg and Getzendanner would have stated publicly there is not a word of truth in it.

Charge 1 is explained in this way: The chacge grows out of the receipt of money by him on behalf of the administratrix of the late A. Hooten Blakiston, for services rendered by him during his life-time, and received by his colleagues since his death, and turned over to his administratrix, she being the daughter of the Judge.

Charges 7 and 8 are of a nature always hard to be proved and often susceptible of easy explanation.

The *Times* says the Judge accepts the issue made by the charges, and will insist upon a full and thorough investigation of each and every one and be brought face to face with his accusers. "Satisfied," he says, "that he will show their utter want of foundation."

The Democratic Caucus on Reform.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Legislature Caucus of the Democratic party met in the Hall of the House of Delegates. Two reports were presented by the committee appointed to confer with the Governor, one by the majority, and the other by the minority, supposed to be in the fullest harmony with the Executive. The former did not think favorably of the abolition of the newly created offices of Tax, and Insurance commissioners, which the latter stoutly insisted should be abolished. The reforms proposed by the majority, by which they say as much as $200,000 can be saved annually to the State, show how terrible have been the burdens imposed by the Democratic party upon the people since it has been in power. These may be summarily stated as follows:

1. An accurate registration.
2. The leasing of the Tobacco warehouses and the abolition of the present compulsory features of the inspection law, except as to tobacco raised in this State and to be sold in Baltimore.
3. The abolition of the Fish Commissioners.
4 The repeal of the law in reference to Registration of births, marriages and deaths.
5. The abolition of State Superintendent of Telegraphs.
6. The reduction of the salary of the Mine Inspector.
7. The reduction of the Oyster *Navee*.
8. To lease the cattle yards.
9. To lease the hay scales.
10. To limit the number of employes of the Senate and House of Delegates.
11. To repeal the Bounty laws.
12. To refund the Defence Loan at five per cent.
13. To provide for the prompt payment of back taxes.
14. To discontinue appropriations to educational institutions, and to reimburse the free school fund for the moneys lost by the settlement with the B. & O. R. R.
15. To reduce appropriations to charitable institutions, but *not* to penal reformatory institutions.
16. To reduce the Adjutant General's salary to $1,000.
17. To require the stationary needed by the State government to be contracted for by the Governor, Comptroller and Treasurer, as well as all printing done when the Legislature is not in session.
18. To regulate the publication of the laws so as to prevent needless expenditure.
19. The creation of a tax-commission to consider changes in the taxing system.
20. To abolish all appropriations to Agricultural Societies.
21. To leave all contracts for such printing as is required by the General Assembly to the Comptroller and Treasurer.
22. To provide for the abolition of the Land Office.
23. To change the judiciary system.
24. To amend the constitution in regard to compensation of State's Attorneys.
25. To require all towns and cities to make a biennial report of their debts and obligations.
26. To regulate the number and compensation of bailiffs in the Baltimore Courts.
27. To reduce the pay of jurors in Baltimore to one dollar a day.
28. To suppress gambling.
29. To alter the law in reference to Grand and Petit Juries in Baltimore.

If the Legislature, during the days yet left between this and the end of the session, *shall do what is right* in regard to these subjects, which the Democracy admit demand reform, it will accomplish something in the way of atonement for the gross evils and heavy expenses entailed upon the State by the Democratic party. We are glad to recognize evidence of their penitence for past misdeeds. We look forward anxiously to the exhibition of fruits meet for repentance. And yet we are not very hopeful as regards the $200,000 per annum, which they assert they can save to the State.

Late advices show that while the poor are suffering in Ireland for want of food, two Irish bishops have just sent over $1,000 to Rome as Peter's pence. This seems like a case of feeding the shepherd and leaving the sheep to starve.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE FISH COMMISSION—OTHER INTERESTING TOPICS.

ANNAPOLIS, March 1.—Opposition is being developed among members who heretofore have followed the lead of the party managers to some of the measures recommended by the caucus. The abolition of both fish commissioners is considered by many not to be strictly a measure of economy, as the commission, as is generally admitted, has done excellent work in the few years of its existence, and its abolition would be an unmixed evil. It is known here, as everywhere else in the State, that there is no necessity for the Eastern Shore commissioner, and that the latter appendage of the commission could be dispensed with without injury to the welfare of the state; but such is the feeling of the members from the Eastern Shore that, rather than lose their share in the offices, they will vote for the abolition of the commission. For this reason many who otherwise would favor the reduction in the number of fish commissioners, and who believe in the efficacy of the commission, advocate the retention of both commissioners. Quite a number of friends of Major Ferguson, who is the working member of the commission, apprehend that, if the bill is passed for the reduction of the Fish Commissioners to one, an inexperienced man from Western Maryland will be selected to fill the position, and Mr. Ferguson's experience would be lost to the state. For these reasons the project of either abolishing the commission or retaining both commissioners finds favor among members. It is generally understood that Gov. Hamilton sent to the Senate the names of the old fish commissioners because he did not desire to be taxed with the consideration of other applications pending the proposed changes, and it is believed that, if a law is passed to reduce the number to one, a new man will be selected.

A cry of opposition comes from Western Maryland against the proposed reduction of the salary of mine inspector from $1,500 to $900. The miners look upon this officer as virtually the custodian of their lives, his duty being to inspect mines, look to their safety as regards the miners, &c., and consider him a very useful officer. They say it will be impossible to secure the best man to be had for the position by paying him such a small salary. Mr. J. V. Parks, ex-member of the House of Delegates, was here last week with a petition signed by 1,840 miners against the abolition of this office, and most of them are understood to be opposed to a reduction of the salary for the reasons given. The abolition of the Land office will also meet with opposition, and the conflicting tobacco and oyster interests have already declared war against the bills to be submitted by the committees.

A bill will be introduced in the Senate, providing that in cases where one party has a life-interest in a piece of property, and another party a money-interest, the court may, upon application from either party, order the sale of the property, whether it is leasehold or freehold, and distribute the funds among the parties in interest.

It is proposed to make Good Friday, the Twelfth of September and the day of the November general election legal holidays. The Senate Judiciary Committee has decided to report favorably Senator Fisher's bill upon the subject.

RESULT OF THE FUSIONISTS TRICKS.

PORTLAND, March 1.—The municipal election to day resulted in the election of William Senter, Republican, by 1,231 majority, on a total vote of 5,870. Last year there was a Fusion majority of 40 in a total vote of 5,814. At Farmington the Republicans elected all their officers by an average of 100 majority. The town meeting at Skowhegan was the largest ever held there. Hiram Stewart, the counted-out representative, was elected First Selectman by a vote of 401 to 136. The full Republican board was elected. The board was composed of Fusionists last year. Rockland, Gardiner Bath, Saco, Deering, Cape, Elizabeth, Bridgeton, Falmouth, Gorman, Kennebunk, Kennebunkport, Carmel, Fryeburg and Hiram, all give Republican majorities.

At Ellsworth, Roscoe Holmes, Democrat, was elected mayor by 20 majority, the Republicans carrying three out of five wards, against the combined forces of the Greenbackers and Democrats. Auburn elected a Republican mayor and council. At Lewiston, Me., for mayor, Day, Republican secured a majority of 230 votes. The Republicans have elected four aldermen and thirteen councilmen.

HARTFORD, Ct., March 1.—At a special election to day, Charles C. Strong (Republican) was elected by a majority of 791.

TYPE AND PAPER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—A petition has been received by Congress from the Wisconsin Editors and Publishers' Association, praying for the removal of duties on chemicals and such other dutiable articles as enter into the manufacture of paper. Anticipating for it the usual fate of such documents, Mr. Geo. W. Peck, president of the association, appended over his own signature a postscript, the evident purpose of which is to get satisfaction out of Congress in advance. The postscript accompanies the formal memorial, and is as follows:

"Now that you have read the resolutions it is a supposable case that you will feel that your next duty is to throw them into the waste basket. In the name of 40,000,000 of people, be the same more or less, I ask you not to lose your cud, but ruminate, as it were, and think over the highway robbery that is being practiced upon your unsophisticated constituents by the type-founders, who are foundering the newspapers. As it is now they stand in the entrance of the editorial sanctum and take the money that comes in on subscription, and only allow the publisher the cord wood and farm produce. By the protection your alleged honorable body affords them in the way of tariff, they grapple the throat of every newspaper in America and say "Keno," while the newspaper publisher can only return his chips to the dealer and say "Oh, h—l!" Every article that is used by a newspaper man, except second-hand ulster overcoats and liver pads, is protected by a tariff that makes the cold chills run up his spine.

"Another thing that the association did not pass any resolutions about, but which they probably will at the next meeting, if there are enough of them left outside the poor house to meet, before they meet on that beautiful shore, is the recent action of the manufacturers of paper, who are endeavoring to screw down the lid of the newspaper coffin which the type founders are preparing for the grave. In the last three months, by their own sweet will, they have run the price of paper up almost 100 per cent. There is nothing to prevent them from doing it, as foreign manufactured paper is kept out of the country by the tariff. Every article that goes into the construction of rag paper, except basswood and water, has a tariff on it. What the newspapers want, and they believe it is not an unreasonable demand, is the removal of the tariff on type, on rags, on paper, and all chemicals used in the manufacture of paper. In a tariff on rags [if there is no tariff on rags, you had better put one on, unless you remove the tariff on the rest of the stuff; if a tariff is a good thing you can't have too much of it] for instance, whom do you protect? Nobody but gutlersnipe rag pickers and old maids who save up rags to buy snuff, and tin pedlers who trade tin dippers and skimmers occasionally for a flour sack full of bad smelling rags. Are the rag pickers and old maids your principal constituents?

"The newspapers of the country believe that they are entitled to some consideration at your hands. They are, in many instances, the instruments through which many of you have attained the positions you now hold, and they have never got much of anything from you except Patent Office reports and agricultural documents. They have set up nights for you and done dirty work that may bar them out of all participation in the chariot races in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and now they demand that you protect them from the ravages of the type-founding and paper-making grasshoppers before it is everlastingly too late.

"Not being one of the 'd—d literary fellers' so touchingly alluded to by the great senator Simon Cameron, this epistle to you Corinthians may be a little raw and not so polished as it should be; but it tries to represent the feelings of the newspaper men of Wisconsin in language that the wayfaring man, though a diabolical idiot, can understand, and it means business. The newspapers are desperate and while they don't want to go on the war path, they feel that they have been ravished about enough by the different tribes of beneficiaries of the government. If you great men will pass a bill to give us relief you will strike it rich, and don't you forget it."

FLEEING FROM FAMINE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—There is always a very marked increase in the steerage passenger list from England and Ireland after what is called "a bad season," when the harvests have been poor and the crops have failed, and the peasants and laborers have consequently suffered the unusual privations of the winter following a bad season. The exodus toward the bright shores of American generally sets in in the spring, and the Commissioners of Emigration, knowing, after the terrible famine which has ravaged certain districts of Hungary and which is now causing such distress all over Ireland, that the emigration from there would be large, began making preparations to receive their wards.

But the influx of the fugitives from the evils of poverty and oppression has begun sooner than was expected, apparently. The advance guard of the coming hosts made their appearance at Castle Garden yesterday, when no less than seven European steamers landed immigrant passengers at the Emigrant depot, to the number altogether of over 1,800. The scene was one of confusion and bustle, as the monthly throng moved about the crowded rotunda, seeking families and friends, gathering their luggage together and lodging

[illegible]

tain that the majority of the immigrants were from famine-stricken Ireland. In the confusion of tongues the racy brogue of the Emerald Isle had the best of it by a large majority. Nearly all those who came on the English ships were from Ireland. The remainder were English and Scotch. The German and French vessels brought mainly Germans.

The steamers had all made long voyages, and the passengers showed it in their travel-stained appearance. Otherwise they looked comfortable and well fed. The Irish passengers, who were objects of especial interest to the few observers present at the depot, were not to be distinguished from their fellow voyagers as far as health and strength could be guaged by exteriors. They were evidently not from the very poorest classes in Ireland, and most of them had capacious "chists" of clothing and bedding. There was a large proportion of women and children among them, rosy cheeked and fresh looking. They were of the class whose earnings at home were sufficient to enable them to put aside the money to buy passage tickets.

ONSLAUGHT ON CAPITAL.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 29.—Thro' the influence of the Knights of Labor and other powerful trade organizations, the various classes of workingmen in this State have been prevailed upon to take the initiatory steps for the inauguration of a great and general labor demonstration. Nothing definite or positive has been decided upon, as yet, as to the exact date of the strike, but that the uprising will take place sometime in March is pretty generally acknowledged by prominent officials of the several unions that are directly engineering the movement.

The miners' inter-State Convention will be held in Pittsburg on Wednesday, March 17, 1880, and as a general conference will be had between the miners representing all the coal producing districts of the country and delegates from other trades unions at that time, it is anticipated that the day and date for starting the aggressive movement will be determined upon then.

The chiefs of the Miners' National Association, whose membership and influence reached, previous to the coal and railroad troubles of 1877, to all parts of the country, but which fell to pieces during the year just mentioned, are endeavoring to revive the organization. Sharp and eloquent agitators, in conjunction with the remainder of the Knights of Labor, are assiduously reviving the rush of discord and discontent among the colliery operatives of regions where the black diamonds are exhumed.

Westmoreland, Clearfield, Cambria, Allegheny, Somerset and other counties where bituminous coal is produced, also are affording fruitful fields for the labors of the loud-mouthed demagogues, and new names are being added to the roll daily. Emmissaries from the leading iron-workers' unions are likewise laboring amongst the mechanics that find employment in iron manufacturing and similar establishments. In fact, active, shrewd and intelligent agents are visiting every section where large numbers of men are employed, to persuade them to join in what promises to be a grand national labor strike for an increase of compensation and a reduction of the working hours.

It is estimated that fully 500,000 names have been added to the rolls of the various secret trades' unions within the past few weeks. The increase in membership has been particularly heavy in the coal and iron regions. There is not a town along the Pennsylvania railroad from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and from Pittsburg to Chicago and and Saint Louis, that has not been organized.

It has already been agreed and decided that the coal and iron regions of Western Pennsylvania shall be made one of the battle fields of the strikers. The Knights of Labor have already sent able and trusted representatives to various places to map out the campaign and to take charge of the affair after being fairly inaugurated.

Where employers have conceded the demands of operators who have struck for increased wages, no strike will be ordered, unless the workmen themselves desire to join in the grand and general resolution to bring entire and full success to the gigantic undertaking throughout the United States.

Pittsburg will, in all probability, be made the general headquarters for the managers of the national enterprise, and correspondence is passing between the chiefs to bring about such a decision.

When it is stated that there are nearly one million coal and iron workers interested in this movement and independent of the hundreds of thousands of Knights of Labor and other labor organizations, it will be seen of what great magnitude the workingmen's upheaval is threatening to be.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—The 15 puzzle is distracting the young people of Oakland at present.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder went to Annapolis on Tuesday night last.

—Mr. Peddicord was in Kingwood during the first part of the week, attending to legal business.

—The Band serenaded Mr. Saml. T. Davis and wife Friday night of last week.

—Mr. E. M. Spedden has gone to Deer Park, where he has obtained work for the summer.

—Capt. E. H. Wardwell started for Annapolis Tuesday, to look after the interests of the Garrett Guards.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Mrs. Springer will sell her personal property, at her farm on Deen Creek, Wednesday next, 10th inst.

—Mr. Anthony Shaffer left Oakland Monday night for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he has obtained work.

—Robins and blue birds have made their appearance, indicating the near approach of an unusually early spring.

—We are under obligations to C. W. Chancellor, M. D., for the third biennial report of the State Board of Health, of which he is Secretary.

—A large cave, rivaling in extent the famous Luray cave in Virginia, is said to have been discovered near Woodsboro, Frederick county, this State.

—The Cumberland *News* says that the project for the establishment of glass works in that city is in good shape and that the prospect is very encouraging.

—A. B. Gonder, Esq., left for Cumberland Tuesday, being at the time quite unwell; but he would have it understood that the 15 puzzle had nothing to do with his indisposition.

—The repair hands employed on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad have struck for an advance of from $1 to $1.50 per day for the men and from $1.50 to $2 for the bosses.

—At the 24th annual meeting of the Maryland Sunday School Union, held at Baltimore on the 17th ult., Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland, was unanimously re-elected Vice President for this county.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., trustee, sold the Browning House, Thursday last, to Mr. William Casteel, who proposes to occupy it in the spring as a hotel and boarding house. The people of Oakland are pleased to have such men come to our town.

—The body of William Star, aged about forty-two, a blacksmith, of Cumberland, who has been missing since last Sunday, was found in the canal Monday. There were no marks of violence. It is thought he may have fallen in while intoxicated. He leaves a wife and two children.

—Persons selling sewing machines and representing them to be genuine "Singers," or buying bogus machines and leading the public to believe they are "Singers," are infringing on the right of the Singer Manufacturing Company's Trade Mark, and shall, "if convicted," be dealt with according to law. I. W. Slonaker, Agent.

Attention, Garrett Guards.

The members of this company will assemble for parade and drill on Saturday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, in full uniform. In case of rain, you will assemble in the Armory.

By order of the Captain.
P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 3:

Mary F. Nash, by E. W. Cecil, attorney in fact, to Wm. T. Jamesson, Military Lots Nos. 945, 946, 885 and 886; $50.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife, to Melchoir J. Miller, part of a tract called "Gleanings," containing 42 rods; $25.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife to Samuel Ferguson, part of "The Gleanings," containing ⅛ of an acre; $10.

Get the Genuine.

The public is hereby notified that I. W. Slonaker is the only agent for the Genuine Singer Sewing Machine for Garrett county, Md., and adjoining counties of W. Va. Any other machine represented to be a Singer, is a bogus institution and a fraud selling on the merits of the leading machine of the world. During the year 1879 the Singer Manufacturing Company sold 431,167 Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, being an increase of 74,735 over the sales of 1878. The great popularity of this machine is abundant evidence of its merits.

I. W. SLONAKER, Agt.
Oakland, Md.

P. S.—Levi Eckard is salesman for the lower end of Garrett county.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of February:

W. B. Hutson and Kate Yutzy.

Philip Davis, (colored) and Missouri Lucas, (colored.)

John J. Schroyer and Sarah Kelly.

And one with request not to publish.

The Garrett Silver Excitement.

LONACONING, MD., March 2d.

MR. EDITOR:—The silver fever is on the increase in this neighborhood. Parties who did not believe that silver could be found in paying quantities some time ago, are now ready and anxious to take stock. Hackett & Company's and A. J. Michaels' mines are rapidly progressing. New assays have been made, and the yield has surprised the most sanguine. We invite capitalists to call and see for themselves. The mines are situated within seven miles of this place, and ten miles west from Frostburg. M.

A Belligerent Councilman.

Quite an unusual and exciting scene was witnessed in the city council of Cumberland Monday night. While B. F. M. Harley was making reflections upon members and asserting that Thomas F. McCardell, the City Clerk, was receiving fifteen dollars per month more than the salary agreed upon by the Council, interrupting the call of the yeas and nays and advancing in a threatening manner to the clerk's desk, McCardell struck him a violent blow with his fist between the eyes, which caused Harley to retreat in good order to his seat. Considerable confusion existed, and President Winslow found it impossible to preserve order. Every member and all the reporters were upon their feet. A large audience was present. The janitor went for the chief of police who soon arrived upon the scene, but made no arrests. The affair is quite another sensation in that city.

The result of the local elections in Maine on Monday was as complete a vindication of the course of the Republicans and condemnation of the Fusionists conspiracy as any one could wish. Bath, Portland, Lewiston, Saco, Rockland, Skowhegan, Ellsworth, Auburn, and in fact every town of any importance in the state elected Republicans officials, and everywhere the vote of the Democrats and Fusionists shows a heavy falling off. Nothing could be more gratifying to the friends of pure elections and an honest count than this prompt and decisive verdict of the people on the issue involved in the recent legislative struggle. It proves conclusively that the American public are far from indifferent to the importance of preserving the integrity of the ballot, and that defeat prompt and certain awaits any party that is foolish enough to resort to fraud to secure temporary power. The Fusionists, after the failure of their conspiracy, boldly proclaimed that they would appeal their case to the people; that appeal has been taken, and the people have reaffirmed the decision of the Supreme Court. It will be a long while before such a fraud is attempted again in Maine.

OHIO POLITICS.—The Cincinnati *Enquirier*, in a double-loaded article on its editorial page, states that a Democratic politician of national reputation has been all over the State, having met three-fourths of the party leaders, and says Tilden's supporters number nine to one over those of any other Democrat. The *Enquirer*, however, in a leading editorial in the same issue, says:

"Unless Mr. Tilden can soothe the differences in his own State, it is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that he would be an exceedingly dangerous candidate to his party in his State. But Mr. Tilden can name the Democratic candidate that can be elected and inaugurated. Can he rise to the height of giving away a nomination for the presidency?"

The *Enquirer*, also publishes an interview with Mr. Hausereck, the eminent German editor who controls the *Volksblatt*. Mr. Hausereck is just from Washington, and announces his belief that Grant will be nominated by the Republicans and elected. Hausereck was a leader in the Greeley movement, and has always been a bitter opponent of Grant.

The friends of Senator Bayard declare that the republication of the speech delivered by him in 1861, and recently unearthed by the Tildenites, will not have effect of killing him off as an available candidate, which was the sole object contemplated. They assert that all doubt relative to Mr. Bayard's loyalty to the Union will be removed in a few days by the production of incontrovertible evidence. This attack on Mr. Bayard has improved, rather than diminished, his prospects for the nomination. Among other things it is contemplating sending him there [illegible] opposed to Tilden, but hitherto as determined upon a candidate.

How the Spoils were Distributed.

There appear to be various opinions in regard to the Governor's appointments. Western Maryland, or rather that portion of it which is included in the Sixth Congressional district, received no appointment, except that of inspector of mines, which must under the law, go to Allegany, so that the Governor self sacrificingly neglected his section in the distribution of patronage. But the Eastern Shore counties are not satisfied. They have received the bond commission and a fish commission, and nothing else, and complain that the Governor has failed to reward them in proportion to the Democratic majority of the counties, and the devotion with which they were attached to him whenever he was a candidate for public office. But then it must be remembered that the Eastern Shore has the Comptroller of the Treasury, the Tax and Insurance Commissioners. The people of the Eastern Shore think, however, that the Governor should have shown his gratitude to them by giving them a number of good appointments. The leading office were distributed between Baltimore, Carroll and Harford counties and Southern Maryland, the latter section having the secretary of state, state librarian and the tobacco inspectors. The Governor remembered his friends, and did not care to consult the leaders as to their appointment No two men urged by the managers have received appointments, and it is stated on good authority that the managers are mistaken if they expect that, in case of a rejection of one of the nominees, the Governor would yield and appoint any of those they favored, but to whom he was opposed. Governor Hamilton has certainly acted with unusual independence, and has bid defiance to the managers. His friends say that it is now very probable that the next state election will witness arrayed against each other the administration and anti-administration men of the party, and that the result will be that a Hamilton legislature will be elected.

In the meantime, the leaders will assist in such reform measures as will assist to curtail the powers of the Executive, and at the same time increase the authority of the Board of Public Works. The reforms do not go as far as the promises of the last campaign, and the most important of all subjects—the Registration law—is languishing for want of support. The Governor will, however, sign all the reform measures presented to him, and is not concerned about the reduction of his patronage. The managers think that they have given the Governor more than he anticipated; but he says he will gladly assist in all the reforms, no matter where they originate.—*Sunday American.*

The New York Republican Platform.

The Republicans of the State of New York, assembled to appoint delegates to represent them in the National convention, reaffirm the principles and patriotic purposes of the Republican party heretofore declared and faithfully acted upon; and equally impressed with the responsibility now developed upon them, declare that the safety of the nation is again imperilled by vigilant and unlawful efforts of the Democratic party to overawe and subvert State governments, as represented by the conduct of its leaders in Maine, and in several Southern States, thereby intending to secure control of the general government by deeds of violence and fraud and in defiance of carefully constituted judicial authorities.

In the presence of these grave and threatening dangers it is the duty of the Republican party of the Union in its united strength to meet and prevent them, and to this end mindful of their great responsibility in the coming Presidential contest, and of the fact that it must be determined by the electors of their State we hereby solemnly pledge to the Republicans of other States their ability to cast it for U. S. Grant. We declare that in him we repose absolute trust for his honesty, his fidelity to duty, his serene judgment and solid intelligence, his varied experiences and for the uniform success that has ever attended his efforts in securing integrity, perpetuity, grandeur and prosperity of our common country, for these reasons and because we are satisfied that in him the Nation North and South decidedly greet a candidate deserving of its confidence, we present him as entitled to the suffrages of every patriotic citizen.

We also declare that the objection to a third Presidential term applies only to a third consecutive term, and is utterly inapplicable to the re-election of General Grant, who is and has been a private citizen, absent from the country, destitute of all Presidential or official influence, or patronage, and whose election must be by the free choice of the people, unaided by those influences which alone give force. If any there is to be that objection. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Republicans of New York believe the re-nomination of U. S. Grant as a Presidential candidate of urgent importance and the delegates this day assembled are [illegible] upon and instructed to use their best exertions to secure his nomination.

Republican Conventions.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee, held in the city of Baltimore on the 22d of January, 1880, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a State Convention be held in Frederick city, on the 6th day of May next, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of selecting four delegates at large and from each Congressional District to represent Maryland in the National Republican Convention, to be held in Chicago, on June 2, to nominate a candidate for President and Vice President of the United States.

At a subsequent meeting of the said Executive Committee, held in the city of Baltimore on the 28th day of February, 1880, the following resolution, among others, was adopted:

Resolved, That, "with a view to insure complete uniformity of action and a thorough representation from all portions of the State," the Republican primaries throughout the counties be held on Saturday, April 24th, and the County Convention be held at such places as the county committees may designate on Saturday, May 1st, and that the primaries in the city of Baltimore be held on Tuesday, April 27th, and the Legislative District Conventions on Tuesday, May 4th.

The following challenge has been sent by General Bradley T. Johnson to Senator Hepburn, chairman of the joint committee appointed to investigate the Chesapeake and Ohio canal management:

BALTIMORE, March 1, 1880.

Gentlemen:—I have waited a month to be summoned before your committee (according to general public announcement), and a week for an answer to my offer to attend and testify whenever you desire it. Having received neither summons nor answer, I now respectfully request the committee to appoint an early day when I may be heard before you, to prove that the statements made by Arthur P. Gorman, Esq., in his place in the Senate concerning the subject matter of your inquiry *are not true*. I will notify Mr. Gorman to be present.

My friend will call on you Wednesday for an answer, or earlier if you wish.

Your obedient Servant,
Bradley T. Johnson.

TRAMPS.—There is some action proposed in the Maryland Legislature at this session in regard to tramps, which, if it be reasonable and practicable, will be of advantage to the people of the State. As States adjoining us have adopted tramp laws which may drive confirmed and dangerous vagabonds and roving thieves from the borders, such characters may seek refuge in Maryland if we do not have proper laws for the protection of our own people. Connecticut having adopted a tramp law last year similar to that enacted in Pennsylvania by its last Legislature, the Hartford Courant has undertaken the work of collecting information regarding the effect of the law. The inquiries had two objects in view; one to ascertain whether the law had had the good effects anticipated, and second, where any one had suffered unjustly by the enforcement of its provisions. Selectmen in all parts of the State agree in their answers to these questions, and say that the effect of the law has been to rid their neighborhoods of the tramp nuisance, while, so far as their observation shows, no honest man in search of work has suffered by its enforcement. Of course there should be such discrimination always as will prevent injury to the real seeker after work, and it is stated that the laws of the States above named are so framed that there is not much reason to fear that they will ever be made an instrument for the oppression of honest workmen in search of employment; but any law that we may have ought to be of service in protecting society from the vagabonds and criminals who; pretending to be in search of work, are simply professional marauders and thieves.

The Maine Brigands emptied the State Treasury before the Supreme Court routed them. Every dollar which they could reach was taken, and when the Republicans came into power they found a bankrupt Treasury. In a recent speech in the Assembly, advocating the payment of the $18,000 which the Garcelon raid cost, the Hon. Eugene Hale specified some of the grabbing which took place. Every appropriation, he said, remaining over with a dollar, was siezed by the Governor and Council. He had occasion the other day to look at an appropriation for the female visitors to the Insane hospital, and only about a third had been drawn for its legitimate purpose, but every dollar of the other two-thirds had been taken by the Governor and Council for other purposes. One man had drawn $2,000 from the high school fund for advance work which he had never done. Every appropriation which had any money had been [illegible] and no vouchers were [illegible] clear case, and the more the people of the State contemplate it the more thankful they are that the state House [illegible]

There is a vast deal of generosity which is of the kind illustrated in the following story. Indeed, it seems to be a peculiarity of human nature to be very generous with other people's property and very niggardly with one's own. No one ever yet saw why his next door neighbor couldn't just as well as not give largely to certain charities, while very few ever see why they should themselves give anything. But to the story: A gentleman was driving a fine double team along a country road, when a farmer who was trudging on toward home, hoping to get a "lift," accosted him with "Will you let me ride with you to the next town, sir?" All the world would have seen that the request was a reasonable one and that it was perfectly easy to accord with it; but not so the owner of the prancing horses. Still, not to be wholly unaccommodating, he answered, "Well, my friend, ahem! I don't really see how I am going to do it, for my horses are pretty tired; but there's a man coming up on horseback, and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will be yco get on behind him. Good morning."

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS EXPLAINS.—In a letter to Gov. Stone, of Mississippi, Mr. Jefferson Davis writes as follows:

"The late Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, a few days before her decease, instructed me to present to her native state, Mississippi, the crayon portrait which accompanies this letter. It was made after a photographic likeness of myself, which was taken in the identical clothes worn when I was captured. Every article I then had on appears in the portraiture, except a pair of large spurs, which were stolen from me after my capture. I had a waterproof 'raglan' and a shawl about my head and shoulders when I left the tent, but on being hailed by a cavalryman, who rode a considerable distance before his comrades, I dropped both the raglan and shawl while advancing on my challenger, and thus appeared before my captors in the exact costumes represented in the portrait."

The heads of the tunnel through Mount St. Gothard met at nine o'clock Monday morning. The tunnel is nine and a quarter miles long—the longest tunnel in the world—and has been completed several months ahead of the contract time. Comparison of the three largest tunnels shows that the Mont Cenis—length eight miles, less a few yards, cost $15,000,000—was constructed in the thirteen years from 1857 to 1870; the Hoosac tunnel-length four and three-quarter miles, cost $13,000,000—was finished in eleven years from the time the work was properly begun, and the St. Gothard tunnel, length nine a quarter miles, has been bored in less than seven years and a half. The contract prices of the latter sum up to a total estimated cost of $9,700,000.

The charges recently made in the newspapers that Senator Vest has been speculating heavily in the stock of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad will probably lead to an investigation. Vest has had ample opportunities for "nursing" the stock of that road, he being chairman of the Senate Sub Committee on Territories, having the bill to open Indian Territory in charge, and upon whose action in reporting the bill adverse to the Indians the late rise in that stock was due. The fact that Vest has been a constant visitor to a prominent stock broker's office throughout this session tends to influence the belief that perhaps there may be some foundation for this report.

THE TAY BRIDGE.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—An inquiry into the disaster to the railroad bridge over the Frith of Tay on the night of December 28th, by which many lives were lost, is now proceeding at Dundee, Scotland, before the Board of Trade. Several painters who painted the bridge last summer have testified that they saw numerous bolt-holes empty; that they found bolts in holes where there should have been rivets, and rivets without heads and bars loosened and nuts unscrewed; that one of the supporting columns of the high girders, which was cracked from top to bottom, was held together with four hoop bands; that sometimes the oscillation of the bridge was so great they feared that it would fall. The evidence has created considerable sensation, but its value cannot be estimated until the railway inspectors are heard on the subject.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 2, 1880.

The Star route contractors are in high feather over the prospect that the Senate will increase the deficiency appropriations so as to make them whole. Doubtless it would be a great hardship to many of them [illegible] the House [illegible] since all their arrangements [illegible] with reference to the bill [illegible] Transaction of the Post Master [illegible]

eral in exemoting the Louisiana Lottery Company from the operations of its prohibitory order, is condemned by all, and has caused comment far from complimentary. It is stated that the evidence was not sufficient to show that this company is engaged in a scheme to obtain money by means of false and fraudulent representations. This excuse will strike the public as being rather thin, and and the question naturally asked is, Why didn't Mr. Key satisfy himself in reference to this matter before prohibiting the use of the mails to this company. The Louisiana Company is the largest, richest and consequently, the boldest of the lot, and has kept a corps of agents and lobbyists here ever since the war commenced, working up a sentiment in their favor among Congressmen, and as has been seen, they have won over to their side their heaviest opponent. But how they did this, sustained as Mr. Key was by decisions of the Courts and a public approval, is a mystery and is likely to remain so.

The Democrats are not booming any one of their numerous candidates at present. But there is one very enthusiastic conditional boom in the party. I mean the Hancock boom. They say that if Gen. Grant is the Republican nominee, General Hancock will be pitted against him, and also, that Ohio and Pennsylvania will then be theirs. This is probably an idle boast, as Democrats make, but still there is no doubt that it has had a depressing effect on the Grant boom, especially in the West. This boast, backed up as it is by a third term prejudice, in both these states, should have influence with certain gentlemen in the Republican party who are using questionable measures to secure the nomination of General Grant. The success of the Republican party is vastly more important than the forcing upon it of a candidate the objections to whom would make victory doubtful if not impossible.

Something must be done to improve the government of Washington City. Some of the most revolting crimes known to the calender have been committed here within the last few months, and the police and magistrates seem utterly incompetent to deal with the cases. Congress ought not to let a beautiful city, like the National Capital, suffer from a disgrace so black.

LOGAN.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Distribution.

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor.

In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, this 2lth day of February, 1880, that Daniel Beachy, Executor of Jacob Youtz, late of Garrett county, deceased, give notice that distribution will be made in said estate at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county, on the 23d day of March next.

ISAAC KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, A. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, A. J. O. C.

True Copy—Test—
m6-td W. H. HAGANS, Register of Wills.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

ORDER NISI.

Wm. J. Crump vs. Benj. Kirby, et. ux.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 164. Equity.

ORDERED, this 19th day of February, 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Bruce, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, 1880; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of March, 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be $250.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland:

We, the citizens of District No. 6, in said county, do petition your Honors, that you will order a change in the Grantsville road, in said district, beginning at the gate of Mahlon Glotfelty's, and following the lines of Jesse Glotfelty, D. McLean and others to intersect the [illegible] road from Mellon [illegible]

VARIETIES.

—Brightest when it's bluest—The sky.

—Jack Frost is a contraetor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Persons with a strong "turn" for musie—Organ-grinders.

—Did you ever see a dog bark his shius?—*Philadelphia Item.*

—Money is the mean man's conundrum and he never gives it up.

—An eagle on a ten dollar gold-piece is wortb five hundred in the air.

—If law was justiee everybody could be his own lawyer.—*Free Press.*

—A poor relation—The crude effort of a story-writer.—*American Punch.*

—A Congressman's letter is ever frank, and a postal-card is always open.

—Yes, pic is the great destroyer. Whenever we are confronted by it, we at once cry for quarter.

—Tbe best remedy for cold feet is to call at a house where they keep a big dog and don't feed bim very high.—*Free Press.*

—Scientific meu tell us that the earth is but a crust, and every live man wants to belong to the upper crust.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Tbe New Haven *Register* says there is no such thing as love's young dream. There is no dream about it, but a great deal of foolishness.

—There being 42,000 kinds of weeds in the United States, the editor of the Syracuse *Herald* gives fair notice that he shall do his gardening bereafter solely by substitute.

—Twenty-one new planets were discovered last year, but yet the world must go right on putting up tbe same sort of stove-pipe invented fifty years ago. Our wise men look too bigb.

—A man working for ninety cents a day feels just as elated to know tbat the country is safe as the millionaire who lives on his interest, and as a rule he will do more to save it.—*Free Press.*

—A boy who wont take as big a bite as he can from another boy's apple is disguising his real feelings and sbould be narrowly watched, lest he make a sudden grab and run off witb the whole.

—Did you ever consider the despotism of kissing? Tbe men kiss tbe women without caring whether it is agreeable or otherwise, and the women kiss the defenseless babies remorselessly.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The LaCrosse *Democrat* remarks that there are several successful cases of nose-grafting, but if surgical science will discover some way to graft a man's nose on to his own business exclusively, it will call it a good scheme.

—The young man who proposes to go West and grow up with tbe country has a fine chance to buy a farm in Kansas fifty-one miles long by tbirty-eight wide, which is to be sold at auction to satisfy a mortgage of $1,000,000.

—"What's in a name?" Ah, William, you didn't know everything, that's certain. Salt can be bought for a few cents a quart, but call it chloride of sodium, and tbe apothecary will mulct you to the tune of half a dollar for one poor scruple.

—Krupp has invented a needle-gun warranted to kill 200 men per minute. In case the American Association of Amateur Poets carries out its expressed intention of holding a convention in Chicago next summer, Mr. Krupp's invention will receive a boom.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Looking up into the heavens on a still, clear night," says Prof. Proetor, "we are struck with a sense of quiet and harmony." This is an indication, then, that tbe cat whose duty it is always to disturb that pleasant order of things, has been previously struck with the sense of a brick.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Some people have a hard time of it. We know a young man who bears the highly elegant name of Lawrence S. St. Clair, and yet he's made quite unhappy by it. He wants to adopt the English fashion of writing one's name, and L. Snodgrass St. Clair, doesn't sound quite so well as he desires.—*Boston Post.*

—Dr. Pruden walked into a prayer meeting at Benton, Minn., with an open Bible in one hand and a coeked pistol in tbe other. He said there had been altogetber too much controversy over the meaning of a certain Scriptural passage, and that he meant to kill anybody who differed from him on the subject. He was burried off to an insane asylum.

—A lady in Lewndes County, Alabama, who had been wealthy, but is now poor, clipped her magnificent hair and gave it to the yellow-fever sufferers. It realized a large sum, and the winner, a Northern lady, sent the bair back to the donor. Since then the lady has given the hair to the Hood fund, and it was raffled in Montgomery for eigbty dollars.

—Mexican revolutions eome along with astronomieal regularity. An army of a hundred or so of vagabonds is enlisted under a self-styled General, and war declared in a sonorous pronunciamento. The usual ending is a fite of soldiers, witb leveled guns, a bedraggled General, witb his eyes bandaged, a two-dollar coffin and a little motber earth.—*Exchange.*

—The largest furniture manufactory in St. Louis is a co-operative concern, eaeb of the 110 skilled workmen being a holder of at least one share, and not more than twenty at $25 each. They are chiefly German Socialists. Only ten per cent. of the capital was paid ln at first, credit being obtained for about $20,000 of woodworking machinery, and the dividends have since been sufficient to meet the assessments as they fell due. The men receive ordinary wages for their work, and thus far there has been no serious dispute in the management, wbich is vested ln a committee.

—Chemists have found ln the smoke of a cigar acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic aeids, prussic acid, creosote and carbonie acid, ammonia, sulpburetted hydrogen, pyridine, verldino, picoline, collodine parvoline, corodine and rubideno. And yet a New York woman was fined ten dollars and costs for assaulting a man who blew cigar smoke in her face. If she had known that it eontained all that dreadful stuff, she would no doubt have slabbed him to death with ber parasol, and an unbiased jury would bave acquitted her on tbe ground of self-defense.—*Norristown Herald.*

—When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, His Majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English Commodore lying in the bay. Wbile the Commodore was receiving his royal visitor on the quarter-deck a member of the Neapolitan suite eruising about amidships tuistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and, leaning againsl it, suddenly went below head foremost. The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and, baving saluted, said: "I beg pardon, Commodore, but one of tbem ere kings bas fell down tbe batchway."

—The Agricultural Department has published a comparative table of the erops of 1878 and 1879, togetber witb the prices obtained by the producers, wbich shows an increase of about $415,000,000 during tbis one year. But there is also a gain in other values besides those of tbe erops. The statistician of the department, who is reported to be gathering material upon wbich to base a careful estimate of the total increase of eertain otber values during the last year, to include the increased price of real estate and mining property, expresses the opinion, based upon material already gathered, tbat it will not fall below $1,000,000,000.

The Terror of the Jungle.

At the close of a fine breezy day in June, a party of three Englishmen, with Hottentot attendants, an ox team, borses and dogs, were bivouacked, after an exciting day of bunting, on a small plain near the banks of the Sunday, a tributary of the Buffalo River, situated between Fort Lucas and Quagga Kraal, in tbat part of British Caffraria known as Natal, which, as most readers are aware, forms an important portion of South Africa.

The day had been replete with adventure, and tbe spoils of the chase were varied; but although the prime object of the sportsmen was to bring down a tawny lion or two, they did not disdain to bave a crack at any wild animal unlucky enough to come within range of their breechloading "Mantons," consequently their "bag" comprised springboks, gnus, wild sheep, Cape rabbits, a few birds, etc. With tbe monarch of tbe forest, however, they were not so successful. They had sighted a number—single and in pairs—but in every case their majesties kept a respectful distance, and any attempt at close acquaintance was frustrated by their immediately turning tail and sneaking off in the most unroyal manner, thus refuting the long cherished idea that the lion is the most courageous of beasts. Tbere are many opinions on this subject, for and against, but altbough lions are known at times to display wonderful audacity and bravery, our hunters this day were certainly disgusted, and voted Leo to be both a roaring braggart and coward.

It was not with the most satisfied air, therefore, that tbey returned to the bivouac which they bad quitted in the morning, and, after securing the stock and picketing the horses, sat down to partake of the evening meal prepared by the Hottentot cook. But, after six or seven hours of sharp riding, the savory odor of springbok (a species of antelope) steaks, stewed rabbit, flapjacks and aromatic oolong, had a wonderfully soothing effect on the hunters; and, when these good tbings had been done ample justiee to, and pipes charged and lighted, the wearied Nimrods cast themselves with perfect abandon around the fire for a quiet chat before turning in, tbeir black attendants meanwhile applying themselves witb mueh address to the disposal of the remains of the feast.

Although the day was fast declining, the sun had not yet gone down, but was, as it were, amusing itself with tho tree tops and mountains, and lighting up valleys and plains with occasional bursts of golden glory before taking its final dip. The cattle were munching tbeir grain and juicy grass, and, with the exeeption of the low bum of tbe little eucampment and tbe occasional chirp of tbe field cricket, all nature was hushed, wben, suddenly, the echoes were awakened by a sharp, roar, reverberating through the valley below, and bringing the bunters to their feet at a bound. The roar was repeated, followed by yells of men and screams of women, and it did not take our friends long to ascertain tbe direction from whence tbe sudden alarm came.

They bad remarked, wben selecting their eamping ground, a couple of Caffre huts—probably Fingoes or Gelakas—about a quarter of a mile distant, on tbe verge of tbe first mentioned stream, and coneluded tbat tbe noise came from tbat quarter, and without more ado three white men saddled up, took tbeir arms and departed for tbe scene.

On arriving they found that the occupants of the little kraal had fled with tbe exception of a youth of about seventeen, who was engaged in desperately hurling assegais at a large lion standing over a prostrate body, and a short distance beyond they pereeived a lioness bolding down a second human form, while other lions and cubs were leisurely devouring a couple of Caffre cows.

Taking in this situation at a glanee, our friends did not hesitate as to their course; so, riding boldly forward, they in turn delivered their fire at the first lion as they dashed past, and wheeling in cirele, gave the lioness a simlar dose. Both beasts being wounded and becoming furious, the hunters had to observe great eaution, for the animals left their prey, and, roaring and lashing their flanks with their tails, prepared to attack their assailants; accordingly Hardy, the leader, dismounted, supported closely by his friends Ferguson and Overton, and, approaching to within thirty yards of the lion, knelt, took aim, fired straight at the breast, stretching it dead witb a bullet through his heart.

They tben quickly turned their attention to its mate, and none to soon, for she had crept forward to within springing distance; and it was lucky that Hardy's weapon was double-barreled, as he had just time to eock his piece and take aim when she, too bounded upward. He fired the same as before, but with the advantage that his two mounted friends fired also; consequently she, like her lord, was placed beyond all further harm doing. The other lions and cubs made off.

They now turned their attention to the human victims of tbe raid, and found the prey of tbe lioness to be a male Caffre, badly mangled and quite dead; that of the lion proved to be a woman, stunned and bruised, but otherwise unburt. The Caffre youth, now coming up, threw himself prostrate beside the woman, evincing tbe most intense grief mingled with the deepest affeetion as be patted her, and, in language untintelligible to bis deliverers, attempted to arouse her. Overton soon changed his grief to joy by placing his brandy flask to ber lips, with almost magieal result; and the youth seeing her restored, hurried off to the other body, but, finding life extinet, was enee more in despair.

However, savage as he was, he was a philosopher in his way; his father was dead beyond doubt, but his mother was alive; therefore he east aside his grief for bis male parent and indulged in joy at the safety of his mother, alternating bis caresses of her with grateful demonstration toward our friends, particularly Hardy.

One of the Hottentots now eoming up, he acted as interpreter, and seen the hunters were in possession of the facts attending this evening's adventure. It appeared that the lions had raided their herd of eattle, and on their flying to their rescue, the savage animals bad turned on them with the above result; their Caffre friends, instead of ading them, incontinently fled, and had not since returned. Such being the case, and seeing now their utter destitution, the hunters offered them the shelter of tbeir bivouac, wbieh they gladly accepted, first burying the husband and father under a large pile of stones; and, wbile tbey were thus engaged tbe hunters secured the skins of tbe lions, and then they all returned to the bivouac. On the way baek they learned that the woman's name was Sozemi, and that of tbe youth Kallula; that they were of the Griqua tribe, and that the dead warrior bad been a distinguished chief.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Hoarding An Imaginary Fortune.

Within about two miles of this town lies a tract of marshy, low land, whicb, on account of its situation, is called the "swamp." The few people wbo can stand tbe constant risk of malaria, and dwell within the confines, are termed "swampers." Tbese people are of the poorest elasses, and subsist mostly off the benefactions of their neighbors in the town. Several of the inhabitants have established a reputation for eccentricities of character, but none equals a man familiarly known as "Luny Jake." Tbat he is crazy, and has been for years, is not a particularly noticeable matter, but the manifestations of bis lunacy assume such an odd and unusual form that he bas always attracted marked attention. Before he lost his reason he was a miner, and it is generally believed that the theft of part of his acquired treasures by some of his swamp neigbbors was the immediate cause of his mental ruin. The natural effect of all this was that his craziness embodied tbe old desire for gold. He is gold-blind. To him everything wears a golden hue, and, like the Arabian of the fable, all things were converted into gold at his touch. He has a meek, quiet look that does not betoken much insanity; but the shape of his face is exceedingly repulsive. It is long, coming almost to a peint at the chin, and the cheek bones project to an unusual extent. He wears a costume which be made himself out of canvas and old meal-bags. A shirt of canvas somewhat like those worn by the college boys in foot-ball games covers the upper portion of bis body, while a pair of trowsers formed out of meal-bags keep the winds off his limbs. The bags proved too short for the purpose, evidently, for they only reach a short distance below the knees. A bat, full of holes, and ragged around the rim, eovers his head. A coat, given him probably by some sympathizing stranger, and much too large for bis shrunken form, completes his dress.

This is the figure with which every resident here has become familiar. Tbe boys still follow him tbrough the streets, and laugh at him as be gathers pebbles and bits of wood, believing tbey are coin of great value, but tbe older people are so accustomed to the sigbt tbat they scarcely give him a seeond glance. He walks along tbe streets and stops to place in a basket, or sometimes a small sack, every stone of medium size. He calls tbese gold oagles, and chatters to bimself about his enormous wealth stored up in his little hut in the swamp. He calls at the stores and asks for advertising cards. These he imagines are bank bills of various denominations. There is one of the leading drug stores of the town wbich Jake frequents more than any other, because the brlgbt-colored cards of patent medicines there offered for distribution seem to enchant and captivate him. He is permitted to take a reasonable quantity of these, and be goes away, always muttering about the increase of his registered Government bonds. He is perfectly harmless, never attempting to assail anyone and even declining to resent the insults given him by the urchins along tbe streets. It is this fact of his peaceable disposition wbich bas kept him out of tbe asylum. His home is a small broken-down shanty ln the swamps, ln which are secreted with the utmost care thousands of stones, cards and sticks. He cries and wrings his hands when anyone tries to enter the house. It is said that he spends balf of the night ln counting and recounting his lmaginary fortune. None of his relatives, if he has any, ever offers him any assistance, and his condition is really pitiable. It is not probable that he will live long, as he is reduced almost to a skeleton.—*Flemington (N. J.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE mysteries of a baby's toilet were altogether new to little four-years' old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dressing of his little cousin. When the little powder box was open, and the fluffy brush was about to be used under the baby's chin, he exclalmed, "O, aunty, let mo see you salt her."—*New Haven Register.*

Our Young Folks.

BESIDE A LITTLE GRAVE.

"Call no one happy till he dies," the old
Athenian saying, has the stamp of truth;
And oh! how many a bright and glowing youth,
Lit with the morning's sunshine and its gold,
As years swept on has darkened with the mold
Of vice and bitterness and sin-brought care!
How many a foud and tearful mother's prayer,
Had been unuttered if she could have told
His future life whom she sought God to spare!
Nay, rather she had prayed he should lie cold
In all the purity of childhood drest;
And standing o'er my first-born's little grave
I can but humbly murmur God knew best.
Stainless He took the precious flower He gave.
—*Good Words.*

THE LORD AND THE SWEEP.

Long years ago, before the cbildren I am addressing were born—or tbeir mothers, either, for that matter—there lived on Merrion Square in the city of Dublin, a certain nobleman, named Lord Fitzpatrick Ponsonby. Aside from his birtb, his importanee was greatly increased by some higb office which he held under the Government, the nature of which I have forgotten, altbough nurse Evans, who told me, times without number, wben I was a cbild, the anecdote I am about to relate, used to give great emphasis to said office, as being something that added wonderfully to his dignity.

But even though he was a Lord, and a high and mighty something else, be possessed many of the weaknesses of common bumanity; his most obvious one being excessive vanity. Now, we are apt to attribute this quality exclusively to our female relatives—"to our sisters and our cousins and our aunts"—but if you keep your eyes wide open, and are of an observing turn of mind, you will not be long in discovering that the other side of the family are quite as mucb given to undue appreciation of their own fine points. However, I am forgetting my story, and no doubt you are growing impatient, and wishing I could stop my prosing, just as I used to do myself, when nurse Evans paused by the way to moralize.

Well, tben, to proceed, Lord Ponsonby was very vain, not of his title, or wealtb, or dignity of office, but of his own person. He was a handsome man with a finely developed figure, which be was never tired of showing off to advantage; especially proud was he of his fine calves. Now, cbildren, I see interrogation points in every one of your eyes. And when I say that I mean tbe calves of bis legs, I imagine that I see the interrogation points rapidly change to exclamation points of the very biggest kind; but I was about to add, by way of explanation when the expression in your eyes interrupted me, that in the days to which I am referring, not only little boys but grown up men wore knee breeches, very similar to those worn by little boys nowadays; and every man who could draw his silk stockings on over a well-formed limb, was just as proud of its well-developed shape as ever his wife or daughter was of her pretty foot or face.

And now, after so long a preface, I am going to relate to you how Lord Fitzpatrick Ponsonby's fine calves brought him to grief, or ratber, how his vanity concerning tbem did. One day tbe fashionable club of which my lord was a member, gave a great dinner, to wbich all the noble "big bugs" were invited. At tbis dinner my lord determined to appear in bis court dress, which was a very gay and rieb affair. Accordingly, calling bis valet, he had himself arrayed in what we would now tbink a very queerly fasbioned coat, underneath which he wore a gaily broeaded waistcoat of very rich texture, and odd sbape, reaching nearly to bis knees. On the front of his shirt bosom were wide frills of the cboicest lace; also about his wrists, and falling over his white, shapely hands. On his feet he wore low shoes, fastened with large silver buckles, set with precious jewels, wbile his much adored legs were covered witb a pair of knee breeches, also fastened at the knee with silver buckles similar to tbose on his shoes. He wore also a pair of silken hose that nurse Evans declared, "were the most illigant tbings, intirely, yiz iver laid eyes an!"

As, thus festively attired, he entered his wife's sitting room to say "Good-bye" before starting out, sbe inquired if be had yet ordered the carriage.

"Carriage, my lady! No, indeed. I shall walk to the club," be replied. "The day is fine, and I prefer to go on foot."

Now Lord Ponsonby's wife being as plain and unassuming in her manners as he was vain and pompous in his, thought that so much elegance of dress would accord better with the privacy of the family coach than the publicity of tbe dusty thoroughfare; therefore she remonstrated, saying that his dress would make him conspicuous at such an hour. But tbat was just what my lord desired, abovo all things; besides, he was what nurse Evans called a "cranky man," and did not like to be interfered witb in his whims. The more his wife said the more set he became in his determination.

"Show me the man," said he, "who can boast of a handsomer pair of legs tban these, with wbieb to take himself over Cork Hill, and then I will consent to hide these in a stuffy coach. Was there ever a stocking a neater fit," he continued, as he turned and twisted his bead about, in his effort to look over his shoulder, and thus catch a sight in his wife's mirror of tbe beautiful silken coverings. "Pardon me, my lady, for not humoring your wishes; but 'Marrow Bone stage' suits my mood best;" saying which Lord Fitzpatriek departed, stepping off finely, his jeweled buckles twinkling in the sunlight.

Many a little street urchin, playing by the roadside, made round eyes at him, as all this splendor and pride flashed upon his sight.

"Begorra, Teddy, whin did yiz iver see the likes av that now!" said one ragged little fellow who, with his companion, was playing in the mud, as children of all elimes and centuries have done, and will do whenever the chance offers, to the end of time. Then the two set off on a chase after him, wheeling around and about him to take in all his magnificence, until one of them, suddenly darting in front of him, nearly tipped up Lord Fitzpatrick's heels, causing him to stumble, and to come very near measuring his length in the ditch beside tbe way; whereupon he grew very angry, and shook his eane so vigorously, and scolded so fiercely at them, that they quickly dropped to the rear and contented themselves with gazing after him and commenting on him as follows:

"Troth, Mickey, did yis iver see sich an illigant bird? The shine of his diamint shoes wor like to put out tbe light av my eyes with their blinking. And did yis mind, Mickey, tbe rale goold head on bis cane, wid a tlaming big jewel atop av it, when be shook it at yiz?"

"Arrah, I did, Teddy, but I wor minding sharper to get my bead out from undher it. Belike, Teddy, it wor King George himself aeross the say beyant. Will yis look at the bowld way be has of stepping out?"

Tbough seemingly unconscious of all around him save his own high-mightiness, Lord Fitzpatrick Ponsonby did not lose a single admiring glance cast upon him by the passers-by. Now it was a long way from Merrion Square to the club; but lifting his hat graecfully to my Lady This, and bowing eondescendingly to plain Mrs. That, my lord strode briskly up Cork Hill, and onward. The jeweled shoes flashed in and out of many a street, and twinkled around many a corner, until, at last, my lord, beginning to weary of his long walk, and thinking to lesson tbe distance by a short cut, turned iuto a less fashionable, and somowhat unfrequented street. The first object that greeted his eye was a young chimney sweep, lying on the path before him, lazily sunning himself, with all the sooty implements of bis trade scattered about bim. Beside him lay a dirty, soot-begrimed bag, filled with the sweepings of soot and ashes from tbe last cbimney he had eleaned. He lay perfectly quiet, watching my lord witb a balf-sleepy, half-admiring look, as he sparkled along toward him, but made no motion to taking himself and his traps out of the way; evidently expecting my lord to turn aside, and pass around him, so little reverenee was tbere in his soul for nobility and fine clothes. Though humble in his calling, he was by no means in spirit. He decided witbin himself that the road was his by rigbt of possession; that he was comfortably fixed iu it, and he meant to keep it—beside, wbat right had sucb a "big swell" as that in Tipperary street? True, he run the risk of getting a kick, but what would one kick more or less signify to one wbo got little else from his master from morning till night; indeed, often both dined and supped off them?

But my lord had no thought of stepping aside, and coming to a full halt, he gazed for a moment at the dingy little creature, speechless at his audacity; then, lifting bis cane and shaking it tbreateningly at bim, he exclaimed:

"Get up and begone, you dirty little ragamuffin! How darc you stop the way of a gentleman?"

The sleepy look on the smutty face of young Paddy changed suddenly to a wicked, impish one; yet he made no effort toward moving away.

"Out of my road, you insolent little baggage!" cried the now thoroughly incensed lord, as he brougbt his cane down with a vigorous whack on Paddy's head and shoulders, following up the first blow with a dozen more equally well laid on. Reaching out his hand and taking a firm hold of bis bag of soot, Paddy sprang to his feet, and whirling it rapidly two or three times above his head, he brought it swooping down against my lord's fine calves and "illigant stockings" with sucb force as to nearly knock him off his feet, at the same time contriving to empty its contents all over and about bim, raising a cloud of dust and soot so dense as to completely envelope his lordship, and render him for a time nearly undiscernible. Then, with the rapidity of a shooting star, Paddy darted off, crying out:

"Sure, white stockings wor niver my taste, at all, for a gintleman! Faitb, black beeomes ye bether, an' kindly welkim ye are to tbink I am aftber giving ye."

Long before my lord could either see or speak, so full were his eyes and mouth of soot, wicked little Paddy was safely hidden away from pursuit. Why didn't Lord Fitzpatrick call a policeman, you will ask just here, as I also did of nurse Evans, who answered me, that in tbose days there were no policе in Irelend—only nigbt-watchmen. Tbe "Peelers," as the peasantry eall them, eame at a later day, and were so-called, beeause Sir Robert Peel was the means of their being introduced thero.

Perhaps you can imagine in what a pligbt my lord was when the soot and dust cleared away sufficiently for him to get a glimpse of himself. Tbough an bour before he had so scorned to hide himself in the family eoach, he was now only too glad to get out of sight witbin the first eab, or whatever public eonveyance was to be obtained in those days, that he could find. Wheu he alighted at his own door, his wife, who chanced to be standing at a window, saw, at a glance, the plight he was in; and so keen was her relish for the ludicrous, that, in spite of her wifely devotions, she could not refrain from greeting her lord with a merry peel of laughter; and, pointing to the driver, who stood cracking his whip before the door while waiting for the extra fee which was to soal his tongue, she slily exclaimed:

"And so it is Patriek O'Dempsy who drives tbe 'Marrow Bone stage,' is it?"

Lady Ponsonby was a dutiful wife, and loved her husband truly, but, for all that, she was not blind to his inordinate vanity; and, even years after, she would burst out into a hearty fit of laughing whenever she heard the expression "Marrow Bone stage," or when memory recalled the above narrated occurrence.

Though O'Dempsy was paid an amount nearly equal to his whole year's earnings, to induce him to keep the matter quiet, it was not three days before it was on the tongue of nearly every member of the club. Many and sharp, and often malicious, were the jokes my lord was compelled to listen to in consequence; but not one whit did his vanity diminish; on tbe contrary, as he advaneed in years, it increased to such an extent that he was noted for being the vainest man ln tbe united kingdom.

As nurse Evans used to point this story with a different moral every time she told it, I will not attempt to apply one, but leave you to study out and choose for yourselves one which, to your young minds, seems obvious and appropriate.—*Exchange.*

How This Solid Earth Keeps Changing.

Tbe student of history reads of the great sea-fight which King Edward III. fought with the Freneb off Sluys; how in tbose days tbo merchant vessels came up to the walls of that flourishing sea-port by every tide; and how a century later, a Portuguese fleet conveyed Isabella from Lisbon, and an English fleet brought Margaret of York from the Tbames, to marry successive Dukes of Burgundy at the port of Sluys. In our time, if a modern traveler drives twelve miles out of Bruges, across the Dutch frontier, he will find a small agricultural town, surrounded by cornfields and meadows and clumps of trees, whence the sea is not in sight from the top of the town-hall steeple. This is Sluys.

Onee more. We turn to the great Baie du Mont Saint Michel, between Normandy and Brittany. In Roman authors we read of the vast forest called "Setiaeum Nemus," in the center of which an isolated rock arose, surmounted by a temple of Jupiter, once a college of Druidesses. Now the same rock, with its glorious pile dedieated to St. Michel, is surrounded by the sea at high tides. The story of this transformation is even more striking than that of Sluys, and its adequate narration justly earned for M. Manet the gold medal of the Frenеb Geographical Society in 1828.

Onee again. Let us turn for a moment to the Mediterranean shores of Spain, and the mountains of Mureia. Those rocky heights, wbose peaks stand out against the deep blue sky, scarcely support a blade of vegetation. The algarobas and olives at their bases are artificially supplied with soil. It is scarcely eredible tbat these are the same mountains which, according to tbe forest-book of King Alfonso el Sabio, were once clotbed to their summits witb pines and otber forest trees, wbile soft clouds and mist hung over a rounded, shaggy outline of wood where now the naked rocks make a hard line against the burnished sky. But Arab and Spanish chroniclers alike record the facts, and geographical science explains the cause. Tbere is scarcely a district in tbe whole range of the civilized world where some equally interesting geographical story has not been recorded, and where the same valuable lessous may not be taught. This is comparative geography.

The Old Barn.

Was ever perfume sweeter than that all-pervading fragranee of the sweet-scented hay? and was ever an interior so truly pieturesque, so full of quiet harmony?

The lofty haymows piled nearly to the roof, tbe jagged ax-notched beams overbung with cobwebs flecked witb dust of hayseed, with perhaps a downy feather here and there. The rude, quaint hen boxes, witb tbe lone nest-egg in little nooks and corners. How vividly, how lovingly I recall each one!

In those snow-bound days wben tbe white flakes shut in the earth down deep beneatb, and the drifts obstructed the bighways, and we heard the noisy teamsters, with snap of whip and exciting shouts, urge their straining oxen tbrough tbe solid barricade; when all the fences and stone walls were almost lost to sight in the universal avalanche; and, best of all, when the little district school-house upon the hill stood in an impassable sea of snow—then we assembled in the old barn to play, sought out every bidden corner in our game of hide-and-seek, or jumped and frolicked in the hay, now stopping quietly to listen to tbe tiny squeak of some rustling mouse near by, or it may be creeping cautiously to the little hole up near the eaves in seareh of tbe big-eyed owl we once caught napping there. In a buudred ways we passed the fleeting hours.

The general features of New England barns are all alike. The barn that we remember is a garner full of treasure sweet as new-mown hay. You remember the great broad double doors, which made tbeir sweeping circuit in the snow; tbe ruddy pumpkins, piled up in the corner near the bins, and the wistful whinny of the old farm-horse as with pricked-up ears and eager pull of cbain he urged your prompt attention to your chores; tbe cows, too, in the manger stalls—how sweet their perfumed breath! Outside the corn crib stands, its golden stores gleaming througb the open laths, and the oxen, reaching with lapping, upturned tongues, yearn for tbe tempting feast, "so near and yet so far." The party-colored hens group themselves in rieb eontrast against the sunny boards of the weather-beaten shed, and the ducks and geese, with rattliug croak and husky hiss and quick vibrating tails (that strange contagion), waddle across the slushy snow, and sail out upon the barn-yard pond. Here is the pile of husks from whose bleached and rustling sheaths you picked the little ravelings of browu for your corn-silk cigarettes. Did ever "pure Havana" taste as sweet?

Near by we see the barracks stored with yellow sheaves of wheat. Soon we shall hear the intermittent music of the beating flail on the old barn floor, now chinking soft on the broken sheaf, now loud and clear on the sounding boards. Upon the roof above we see the cooing doves, with nodding heads and necks gleaming with iridescent sheen. Turning, in another corner we look upon a miscellaneous group of plows and rakes and all the farm utensils, and harness hanging on the wooden pegs. There, too, is the little sleigh we love so well. Could it but speak, how sweet a story it could tell of lovely drives through romantie glens and moonlit woods, of tender squeezes of the little hand beneath the covering robe, of whispered vows, and of the encircling arm—a shelter from the cold and cruel wind! But no—I'll say no more; these are memories too sacred for the common ear.—*W. H. Gibson, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS is the oldest living American authoress, and is said to be almost destitute.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—There will he upward of thirty colored delegates in the Methodist General Conference. Possibly one of them may he elected Bishop.

—The total preaching power of the English Methodist churches amounts to 38,000 preachers, the great majority of whom are laymen.

—The Baptist Missionary Union has received thus far in the present financial year $78,358. It needs $150,000 between now and April 1, to meet its liabilities.

—Among the private audiences recently given by the Pope was one for Monsignor Hostlot, who was the hearer of 60,000 francs in gold from Cardinal McCloskey.

—The number of clergy in the Episcopal Church of Ireland is decreasing greatly. At disestablishment there were 2,380, now there are but 1,679, a clear loss of 701.

—The South Carolina Methodist Conference (Northern) reports 27,044 members and 6,299 probationers, 243 churches and 347 local preachers, showing that it has grown rapidly. The collections, however, are extremely small, indicating poverty.

—According to one of the Lutheran almanacs, the Lutheran communion in this country gained last year fifty-two ministers, eighty-seven congregations, and 17,917 members. According to another, the gain of ministers was thirty-nine, and of congregations forty-eight, while there was a loss of 13,603 members.

—Japan is rapidly improving in the matter of education. There are seventeen public schools at Hakodadi; there are also a number of private schools there. In other parts of the island there are thirty Government schools. During the past year industrial schools have been established, wherein girls are taught spinning, weaving, sewing and washing, besides writing, reading and arithmetic.

—It has been resolved to melt the old church bells in St. Peter's, at Zurich, and to cast new ones from the old metal. One of the set, however, known as "Schlaggeocke" was cast in 1294, and is, therefore, fifty-seven years older than the union of Zurich with the Swiss Republic, which took place in 1351. Efforts have been made by the Antiquarian Society to save the bell from destruction.

—The Church of England Sunday-school Institute has made arrangements for the centenary of Sunday-schools. The programme comprises simultaneous services and meetings to he held during the centenary week, from June 27 to July 4, throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies. Special services will he held in Westminister Abhey and St. Paul's Cathedral. There will he a conferecue at Lambeth Palace, where also a gathering of children will take place.

—A correspondent notices great activity among the Preshyterians in church huilding. In Edinhurgh the United Presbyterian Church has no fewer than six churches in course of erection in the city and neighhorhood, all of an ornate kind. The Free Church, *having come into possession of most of* its edifices so recently as 1843, does not stand in the same need of new accommodation, hut it displays great activity in meeting the wants of rising districts. In some places, too, the congregations have outgrown the provisions made for them thirty years ago, and to this many fine modern churches are due. The establishment is no less active in this matter, and church extension has come to he recognized as a duty of the first importance hy all the great religious bodies in the land.

—Says the *Ledger-Standard:* "At the recent meeting of the California teachers Mr. Slade, of the Quincy School Committee, said that in that town they don't believe in setting inexperienced teachers to teaching the youngest children; they promote teachers to the primary department. They do not allow any teacher to experiment on that which is most tender and most easily injured. It takes, he said, double the capacity, ingenuity, patience and experience to teach a child of five years that it does one of ten. These statements are commended to those persons who persist in saying that the Quincy system has ahout it nothiug which has not previously heen in use elsewhere in this country. Everywhere else the beginners in the profession are put into the Primaries, and it is a manifest absurdity. Inexperienced High School graduates, mere girls, have the preference over trained professional teachers, and the schools are suffering therehy."

—In this country there are 1,136 Congregational ministers without a charge, and the serious question what to do with them, and why are things thus, are forcing themselves into earnest discussions. It is estimated that about 250 of theso ministers are not in positions to accept any chargo, and that some of them, perhaps, do not desire one; but after all such allowance is made there remain 900 ministers still unemployed. Statistics indicate, as an offset, that there are 662 churches which have no pastors, about sixty of which are unable, It is supposed, to support one—showing 600 pastorless churches able to support a pastor if they would, and 900 churchless pastors willing to take charge of a church If they only had a chance. Evidently there is fault somewhere. The *Congregationalist* has published letters from several of the pastors without charges, some of whom have not only failed to get a church, but are unable to support themselves in another way. One says he would saw wood or do anything to earn a living, while the income of another is given as three dollars a week—all this after years of study in colleges and seminaries to fit them for ministerial work.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE SIFTING OF PETER—A FOLK-SONG.

"*Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat.*"—St. Luke, xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its center.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—*H. W. Longfellow, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Warm Sleeping Rooms.

The foolishness of tho old fashioned prejudice against warm sleeping roous is very sensibly shown by a correspondent of the *Queen.* Says the writer: "It surely requires very little common sense to see that it must bo thoroughly bad for nino peoplo out of ten to spend their evenings in warm, comfortahle rooms, with the thermometer at sixty degrees, and then to take their departure for chilly bedrooms, along cold passages, and to undress in a temperature of thirty degrees or thirty-five degrees. Even the strongest constitution must suffer more or less by such an insane proceeding. As well might one expect to escape injury to health hy standing for half an hour in the street with no extra clothing than what we have just been wearing in the heated room. Any man or woman deserving to he credited with common sense would hefore doing anything so rash as to expose themselves to the cold of the street take the precaution of putting on a hat and cloak. In proceeding, however, to chilly bedrooms, with the thermometer twenty degrees lower than that of the room we have just emerged from, we actually stand about for ten or twenty minutes, leisurely divesting ourselves even of the garments that were deemed necessary as a covering in our warm sitting room. What is the consequence? Obviously the immediate effect is that the heat of the body flies off and leaves us with so much less vitality. It is true we are expected to jump into bed with chattering teeth, and get warm between the cold sheets; but this is a mockery, and only one more evidence of the utterly unscientific way in which we arrange everything in our households. It is but another instance of the ahsurd force of habit and custom. What may be a very good thing in summer, when the cool contact of clean linen sheets helps to cool the heated body, is the reverse of pleasant or sensible in winter, for linen heing a better conductor of heat than woolen coverings of course rapidly abstracts more heat from the already half-chilled body, and leaves the poor victim of custom actually colder than before. Now, the immediate effect of going to bed in mldwinter in bedrooms which are not warmed is in tho highest degree dangerous to the weakly and the old, and even to the strong, for such experiments as the sudden ahstraction of vital power or warmth, which this rapid lowering of the whole temperature of the body must cause, cannot he endured without helping, however slightly, to impair the constitution. Our hardiest soldiers succumh to diseases that find their way into their systems through such chills as are caught in exposure of this kind; and even in our houses, safe and comfortable as we may imagine ourselves, it is quite possihle—nay, it is quite certain—that many children, delicate women and old people are actually killed through the ignorance and thoughtlessness of those who have charge of them. It should be a maxim with all who value their health, that they can never loso bodily warmth without at the same time losing vitality. Whenever they feel that they have lost heat, their first duty should be to restore warmth to the body. This brings us to an illustration which, perhaps, more than anything else, will couvince the housewife of the truth of the foregoing remarks. Whenever a child or other inmato of a house is suffering from cold the first indulgence the patient is allowed is a fire in his or her bedroom. The fact that this is looked upon as the first essential to a cure by the medical man sulliciently proves that warmth is essential to a cure, and surely, if warmth is a good thing as a cure, it would be much wiser to use it as a preventive, if there be any truth in the old saying that "prevention is hetter than cure." The favorite argumont against warm hedrooms is that it is weakening! But, like all other half truths, it is only true in extremes. Sleeping in hadly ventilated hot rooms may be weakening; but sleeping in a temperature of fifty degress, or even sixty degrees cannot possihly he so. If it were, then healthy sleep in tho summer would he impossible. The usual prejudice assumes that warm air eannot be fresh—another absurd notion which one would think it hardly worth while to rehut. It is, of course, essential that tho heating apparatus—be it a stove, a fireplace, hot-water pipes, hot air ducts, or gas stoves—should not consume the oxygen from tho room without at the same time provision heing made for tho admission of fresh air from without. This fresh air from without need not, however, come into the room in a cold state. It may be first warmed by passing near to the fire or heating apparatus. Providing the above precautions be taken, there is no fear of warm rooms being injurious to health, while there is not the least doubt that cold rooms and cold passages, into which delicate women and children are constantly passing out of warm rooms, are fatal to health and are everywhere causing deadly havoc in our midst.

THERE are living in Idaho Territory a small colony of polygamists; and the Chief Justice of Idaho, backed hy Governor Brayman, has instructed the Grand Jury to indict every one found in that Territory.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Saturating ashes with kerosene and applying a handful in a hill, will keep the striped hugs from cucumbers. It is not the hugs that recommend the recipe, but the people who have tried it.

—To Clean Jewelry.—Wash in soap suds; rinse in diluted alcohol, and lay in a hox of dry sawdust to dry. As simple as this seems, it is the very nicest way possible to clean gold chains or ornaments of any kind.

—Cream Puffs.—Melt one-half cup of hutter in a cup of hot water, and while boiling beat in one cup of flour. Take it from the fire, and when cool stir in threo eggs, one at a time, without heating them. Drop the mixture on tins in small spoonfuls and hake in a moderate oven.

—Milk Biscuit.—Two pounds flour, one-fourth pound of lard or hutter, one teacup of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of milk; make a soft dough and set at ten o'clock; stir at three and mold into hiscuits, adding more flour if necessary. Let them rise until nearly tea time and hake twenty minutes.

—A few hours and sometimes days might, at this season of the year, he profitahly spent in looking over the tools and machines, and putting them in repair. A holt will be found wanting in one place, and a nut in another. These can be attended to now, saving much trouble when work presses.

—There is much refuse fat from the kitchen that can he turned to good account by feeding to the hens. Of course where soap is made it will all be used in that way, hut it is a question whether it is not much easier and more profitable to buy the soap and make the hens lay hy feeding them the fat. Everything that is not wanted for dripping for cooking purposes, should be hoiled up with the vegetahles for the fowls.

—Washing Fluid.—Dissolve in a gallon of hot water one pound of concentrated lye, one half ounce salts tartar, one-half ounce liquid ammonia; when cool, hottle for use. Soak the clothes over night; wring out and add a cup of the fluid to a hoiler of water; put in the clothes and hoil one hour; rub them as much as is necessary, and rinse well in two waters, with a little bluing in the last. But little ruhbing is necessary, and this method will certainly save clothes, time and lahor. Lace curtains may he washed in the same way. Starch them and press out all that is possible in a towel; pin sheets on the carpet; spread out the curtains carefully, shaping every scallop on the sheets; pin them in place and leave them until dry.

—To Cure Bacon.—In cutting up pork for hacon it is usual to have some lean meat in the strips, and if these were salted as thoroughly as is clear fat pork this lean meat would become intolerably hard and stringy. Bacon is, therefore, better if dry salted, as it is called—that is, not put into brine, hut ruhbed with fine salt and sugar or molasses mixed together. If the rubbing is thoroughly done, using six pounds of salt and a pound of sugar or a pint of molasses to 100 pounds of pork, sufficient salt will he absorhed to keep these strips of bacon sweet for an indefinite time. If, however, the strips aro unusually thick tho rubbing must be repeated after ten days or a fortnight.—*American Cultivator.*

—Wash for the Hair.—In a pint hottle put a spoonful of olivo oil and add two ounces of hest spirits of ammonia or hartshorn; shake; then mix with three ounces of alcohol, and when thoroughly mixed fill the bottle with soft water. Remember to put in the order named or you will have "stuff," and no chemical union at all. To apply, take a spoonful or two of this, with a little warm water; dip a sponge or rag in and wet the scalp thoroughly; now rinse off in plenty of warm water, and you will be surprised at the amount of dirt, though you may have thought your head perfectly clean. For the heads of young infants it is just the thing, as it instantly removes the dirty scurf without pain or trouhle. It should he rather weaker for a babe than for an adult.

Big Rat-Killing.

Rats seem to be man's worst enemy in the Dharwar districts. When it is asked what England has done for India we may reply, she has killed 412,024 rats in the week ending 27th September, 1879. There is something grandiose in these figures. In an English county where invitations are worded thus: "Mrs. Smith at home, ratting," the thought of the slaughter of 400,000 rats must cause a thrill of envy. A young gentleman in one of Mr. Payn's stories once had a strange adventure. Ile and his hull-terrier were accidentally locked up in a barn to cope with 600 rats. Tho rats nearly had the best of the day; but when the hero was rescued they were "not the 600." But what are 600 rats to 400,000 slaughtered in a week? Already rewards have heen paid for the destruction of several million.—*London News.*

—A gang of sharpers in Philadelphia have for more than a year been swindling visitors from the country in a novel way. They have a stahle ostensihly for the purchaso and sale of horses. When a countryman enters to look at the stock, a practically valueless horse is offered to him for $150. A bystander offers $200, hut the dealer angrily says that he will not sell to this man at any price, having had a previous quarrel with him. The bystander draws the countryman aside and says: "Buy the horse for $150, and I'll take him off your hands at $200." This seems to offer a chance to make fifty dollars without risk; but the victim, after paying the $150 for the beast, does not see any more of the promlsed purchaser with the $200.

Beware of Malaria.

The prevalence of malarial diseases in country and town indicates a danger to which we are all exposed. These diseases are easy to contract and hard to eradicate. But Warner's Safe Pills neutralize the poison and cure them. And they are equally effective against all bilious troubles.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost hites, etc.

JOHN M. KILEY is now in Europe selling the Frazer Axle Grease.

C. GILBERT'S Laundry, Pat. Gloss & Corn Starch.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Advice to Consumptives.

No man, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they hathe. The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night air is fresh air without daylight. In close, crowded rooms, the patient suffering from lung complaints breathes consumptively. By taking these precautions and using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, fully one-half of the cases of lung complaints would be cured in six months. For cough and irritation of the lungs do not always indicate the presence of consumption although it may result in that disease, and if consumption has already become deeply seated in the system, this is the most efficient course of treatment that can he pursued outside of any institution that provides special facilities for the treatment of this disease. Dr. Pierce's celebrated Invalid's Hotel is such an institution. Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet containing also a complete treatise upon consumption, explaining its causes, nature, and the best methods of treating it, together with valuable hints concerning diet, clothing, exercise, etc., for consumptives. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier.* The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

For sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure, mixed with a little water. Relief is instant.

ST. LOUIS, IRON MOUNTAIN & SO. R'Y passes through the belt of country growing all products of the temperate zone, **near good markets.** Big profits are made with little labor. **CHEAP LANDS at EASY TERMS.** Soils, Climate, Timber, Mines, Grains, Grasses, Fruits, Water and Health are unsurpassed. Schools, Churches, Mails and Papers. People from all countries now in Arkansas and East Missouri are peaceable and getting rich. For information, address W. A. KENDALL, Assistant Land Commissioner, Room 12, No 501 Market Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Iowa Farms Over **1,000,000 Acres** of Choice Farming Lands in the **Near West**

For sale by the **Iowa R.R. Land Co.** Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Branch Office 32 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

The White House

A weekly political newspaper opposed to secret societies. $2.00 a year in advance. By the National Anti-Masonic Law League, 621 E St., Washington, D. C. Every subscriber given as premium $1.25 worth of Books.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me

NATURE'S REMEDY. **VEGETINE** THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

WILL CURE

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humor in the Face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with PERFECT SAFETY, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood, it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon the complaints named are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can well be called

The Great Blood Purifier.

DR. W. ROSS WRITES.

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:
I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness,* and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist.
Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP. AGENTS WANTED

Mailed Free for 35 Cts. Four for $1. $10,000 will be paid to any person who can explode a Lamp filled with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT. May use any lamp or burner. Prevents dripping and leaking. Send for samples, with size of collar and depth of your lamp. S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 13 West Broadway, New York. Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Beside doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we **Buy and Sell Grain** in 1,000-bu. lots and upward; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and shipments solicited. **LAWSON BROS.,** 121 La Salle St., Chicago.

AUDIPHONES FOR THE DEAF.

Hear through the teeth. Send stamp for 50-page pamphlet, giving full particulars and testimonials. RHODES & McCLURE, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.

Every Lady Her Own Physician!

With my *New Treatment* Ladies CURE THEMSELVES of Female Weaknesses. For pamphlet and trial package of *medicine free,* address Dr. H. T. Chamberlin, Rochester, N. Y.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the Latest Improvements. Trenton, N. J. Send for Pamphlet. **MOVABLE-TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS.**

HAIR and *Wigs* sent C. O. D. anywhere, Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Ann Arbor, Mich., IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) Supt.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me

ASK FOR Wells, Richardson & Co's **PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR**

It Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it; or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

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BUIST'S SEEDS PRIZE-MEDAL FOR ALL COUNTRIES

ESTABLISHED 1828.

BUIST'S Seeds are celebrated in all the markets of the world for their Purity and Superior Quality.

Being exclusively of our own growth, from the Choicest selected Stocks, we can therefore warrant them as represented.

Plant them once you will plant them always.

Buist's Almanac and Garden Manual for 1880, containing 136 pages of useful information on gardening operations, free to all.

Buist's Wholesale Prices mailed to Merchants and Seed Dealers on application. Address,

ROBT. BUIST, JR., SEED GROWER PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Any one sending **Two** subscribers (not their own) to **Farm and Fireside, Springfield, O., at Fifty Cents a year,** will receive a copy of the **Farm and Fireside Cook Book,** which is the

Best Cook Book IN THE WORLD Free

By mail postpaid, as a premium. This Cook Book is published by FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, which is the largest paper for the price in the world, and has more circulation than any other agricultural or home paper. It is a large eight page forty-eight column journal, issued twice a month, at fifty cents a year, and gives as much valuable and entertaining reading matter as any $2 journal or magazine. Each number contains something of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the aged, therefore it is a welcome visitor in every household where known.

There being a demand for a reliable yet cheap Cook Book, the Publishers requested their readers to contribute their best recipes, those which they had tried and knew to be good for publication in a book. **OVER 50,000 RECIPES** were received, and about 1,000 of the choicest selected for the work. Ladies from nearly every State and Territory in the Union and Canada, and the Queens and post office addresses of the contributors are given in the book. It contains double as many recipes as Cook Books costing $1.00 to $2 each. It tells how to make all kinds of Bread, Biscuit, Rolls, Waffles, Fritters, Pastry, Pies, Dumplings, Puddings, Teas, Sauces, Salads, Soups, Preserves, Jellies, Desserts, Creams, Pickles, Beverages, Soda Water, Lemonade, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea, Candies, Butter, Soap, etc.; also how to cook all kinds of Meats, Fish, Oysters, Eggs, Grains, and Vegetables. It also gives many Health Hints and Helps, and recipes for Dyeing and Washing Compounds, besides much practical information on a great variety of subjects that every household-keeper ought to know. In short, it is just the complete and practical Cook Book that every household-keeper should have. ☞ Remember it Contains Double the number of Recipes contained in many books selling $2.

HOW TO OBTAIN IT.—It is given FREE as a premium to any one sending TWO subscribers (not their own) to FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio, at 50 cents a year. Price of Cook Book, including one year's subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE, 75 cents. Send three cent stamp for sample copies of FARM AND FIRESIDE and Illustrated Premium List, containing descriptions of 100 new, useful, and attractive articles, which we offer for sale and as premiums. You are certain to want something described in our Premium List. Address Publishers FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

GILT-EDGE **BUTTER MAKER**

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ½ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs, [Proprietors "Gilt-Edge" Butter.] BUFFALO, N. Y.

PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR

1861!

MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,

of Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois, give their entire attention to the business of prosecuting

WAR CLAIMS.

Arrears of Pension allowed only in claims presented before

JULY 1, 1880.

Address with stamp,

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Cleveland, Ohio, or Chicago, Illinois.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a **Torpid Liver,** and cure **Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague,** and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all **Malarial Poison.** Price, **25 cents** a Box.

Warner's Safe Nervine quickly gives **Rest** and **Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache** and **Neuralgia, Prevents Epileptic Fits,** and is the best remedy for **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drinking, over-work, mental shocks, and other causes. It relieves the pains of all diseases and is never injurious to the system. The best of all **Nervines.**

A Bottle of two sizes; prices, 75cts. and $1.

☞ WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co. Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

☞ Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

For the Piano.

Richardson's New Method for the Pianoforte.

($3.25), sustains its reputation as the most perfect of Instruction Books, having been many times revised, improved and enlarged. Hundreds of thousands have been sold, and it still in constant and large demand. *Be sure to get the right book.* Notice the exact title, and accept no other.

Now get your EASTER MUSIC. Send for list.

For Reed Organ.

The Emerson Method, ($2.50), by EMERSON and MATTHEWS, has a capital "method" and an abundance of fine pieces, instrumental and vocal, that please while they instruct the learner.

Do not forget

WHITE ROBES! (30 cts.) New Sunday-School Song Book. A great success. By ABBEY and MUNDELL. Everybody should possess it.

TEMPERANCE JEWELS (35 cts.) By J. H. TENNEY. New Temperance Songs, all choice and wide awake.

EMERSON'S ANTHEM BOOK ($1.25). By L. O. EMERSON. Unexcelled in quality. Very choice and large collection.

AMERICAN ANTHEM BOOK ($1.25). 100 *easy* Anthems, for common choirs. By JOHNSON, TENNEY and ABBEY.

Any book mailed, post-free, for the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, N. Y. J. E. Ditson & Co., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

BAKER'S PHILADELPHIA PURE COD LIVER OIL

THE ONLY REMEDY

For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, and Diseases arising from a Vitiated condition of the blood.

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *pronounced by the highest medical authority* to be "**bulk food and medicine.**"

Begin its use promptly, *and thus save life and establish health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.

For sale by all druggists. ☞ Send for Pamphlet to

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

☞ Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of BAKER'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

ENGLISH BREECH-LOADING DOUBLE GUN, $25

$25 Complete With 100 Shells and Loading Implements. Sent by express to C. O. D. Send stamp for 80-page Illust'd Price-list of Guns, Rifles, etc. HOMER FISHER, 289 Broadway, New York.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as wounds of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, rupture, though not slight, disease of lungs, chronic diarrhœa, chronic affections, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows, children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and it can be so proved, are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pensions, application must be made very soon, as the time is limited by the law. If applications are in time the soldier applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances getting thousands of dollars at the first payment. In this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send 10c stamps for summary of Pension and Bounty acts. By permission we refer to the following parties in Indianapolis as to our standing:

S. F. Denny, Pres't Central Bank. | Pano Bond, U. S. Col. Ist. Rev. W. R. Holloway, Postmaster. | Hon. J. C. Denny, Ex-Atty Gen'l. Hon. J. R. Jones, Ex-Judge Cir. Court. | Indiana Banking Co.

☞ We have no offices. Address

P. H. FITZGERALD & CO., Either Box C, Washington City, D. C., or Indianapolis, Ind.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted Friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and *safe to use* internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED for the richly illustrated, and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of

GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch-penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FUN SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN

Sells, Turns, Ladies see Terms, you Cheap, a complete music reproducer of less than any other instrument of its size. A score of tunes may be played on it. A child of 6 years can work it. Instructions given. For 60 days will send a GOLD PLATED HARMLESS Pen for only 25c., silver or stamps. This handy pen out of pocket and postage. Be first to introduce here. Agents wanted everywhere. $1.00 FOR 25 CTS. Address SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN CO., Palatine, Ill.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

CD 758—L K

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that distribution will be made on the estate of George Meese, late of Garrett county, deceased, by the undersigned, Administrator, on Tuesday, March 9th, 18 0, at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county.

AARON WILHELM,
Feb. 28-2 Adm'r of Geo. Meese, dec'd.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. B. LEWIS,
2 14 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Jacob L. Hauser and others,
vs.
Harriet Lantz and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. In Equity.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have the real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed sold, and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the heirs at law of the said Ezra Hauser, according to their respective interests.

The Bill states that the said Ezra Hauser was in his lifetime seized and possessed of three several tracts of land lying in Garrett county, containing in the aggregate two hundred and eighteen acres of land. That being so seized and possessed of said land he departed this life intestate, about the month of January, 1873, leaving his widow Elizabeth Hauser, and the following heirs at law surviving him, to-wit: Jacob Hauser, Harriet Lantz, wife of John Lantz, Adam Hauser, David E. Hauser, Georgina L. Hauser, Agnes Hauser, Ann S. Hauser, Clara E. Hauser, Rueben W. Hauser and Marian E. Hauser.

The Bill further states that after the death of the said Ezra Hauser, to-wit: on the sixth day of January, 1880, the said Elizabeth Hauser, widow as aforesaid, departed this life. That Harriet Lantz and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser are non-residents. That David E., Georgina L., Agnes, Ann S., Clara E., Reuben W. and Marian E. Hauser are under twenty-one years of age.

The prayer of the bill is for a sale of the real estate therein described, and for a distribution of the proceeds of the sale amongst the said heirs at law, according to their respective interests.

The Bill farther states that the real estate aforesaid is not susceptible of a division, and that it would be greatly to the advantage and benefit of the parties aforesaid to have the same sold; and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 16th day of February, 1880, that the complainants' cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 20th day of March, 1880, giving notice to the said Harriet Lantz, and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-1w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Waller is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
feb. 14-5w Examiners.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road. Beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Youghiogheny river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb. 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 14th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Simonse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
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GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.30 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	3.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1880.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

We now approach the close of this matchless discourse, the summary of all Christian teaching. In these final sentences we read warnings. First comes that which places the Church on its guard against *false teachers* themselves misled and misleading others. (v. 15.) The sure test, which will reveal the true and unmask the deceivers, is that of the fruit of their teaching in the conduct of themselves and their followers. v. 16-20.) Next comes the warning against *false professors*, those who utter loyal words, and, perhaps, perform distinguishing services, but in heart are strangers to Christ, and in life disobedient to his will. (v. 21, 22.) In the light of the last day they shall be cast out from the goodly fellowship, and condemned to destroying fire. (v. 23.) Last of all, the warning against *false hearers*, those who listen to Christ's words with pleasure, but heed them not in practice, who build their characters on the shifting sands of worldly purpose. In the surge of temptation they shall fall, while the life founded on faith in Christ shall stand the storms of time, and receive its reward in eternity. With this impressive picture ends the discourse, while the listeners wonder at its bold declarations, and at the spirit of the new Teacher, so different from the rabbins of the schools.

Matt. 7. 15-29.

Memory Verses, 24-27.

15 Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

16 Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?

17 Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18 A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19 Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

20 Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he which doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23 Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

24 Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

28 And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

29 For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

HOME READINGS.

M. The false and the true. Matt. 7. 15-29.
Tu. The vine and the branches. John 15. 1-11.
W. The corner-stone. 1 Peter 2. 1-10.
Th. The true foundation. Eph. 2. 11-22.
F. The only foundation. Acts 4. 1-13.
S. The building tested. 1 Cor. 3. 1-15.
S. The building of God. 2 Cor. 5. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. James 1. 22.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fitt'd for the skies.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. FRUITS, v. 15-23; James 3. 17, 18.
Who are false prophets. [ANS. Those who teach evil in the church.]
How can they be known?
What is here meant by "fruits?" [ANS. The actions and life.]
What will be the fruits of a good character?
What are some of these fruits? Gal. 5. 22,23.
What are evil fruits?
From what do they come? [ANS. From an evil heart.]
What is the end of the evil? v. 19.
When will this take place?
Who only can enter into the kingdom of heaven?
To whom does Christ say, "I never knew you?"

2. FOUNDATION, v. 24-29; I Cor. 3. 12, 13.
Whom does Christ liken to a wise man?
How is he wise?
Who is the true foundation? 1 Cor. 3. 11.
How may we build upon Him? See Golden Text.
How was the house tested?
How is our character tested? [ANS. By temptation.]
What is the result of a strong foundation?
What is a hearer, not a doer, like?
To what does James compare such? James 1. 23, 24.
What is the fate of such?
What was the result of Christ's teaching?
How was it unlike that of the scribes?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That deeds are more important than words? 2. That the mere profession of religion will not save? 3. That true wisdom is shown by obedience?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Christ the foundation.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

The evil character is often disguised under a good profession and a guileless appearance.

The real character of men is revealed by its fruits in conduct and moral influence.

Congressional Sloth.

Last December Speaker Randall promised the country that Congress would certainly complete its work and adjourn in March. March is here, and it is difficult to see that Congress is any nearer an adjournment than it was the day the session began. Not a single one of the leading appropriation bills have yet been even reported to the House, and no action has been taken on the Marshals appropriation bill, which failed to pass the extra session. The special excuse which is offered this session for this delay has been the necessity of revising the House rules. Their consideration has certainly taken considerable time, and if the new rules, as adopted, result in expediting business, the time will perhaps have been well spent. But Congress has now been in session three months, and not only has no legislation been had upon any of the many important general measures before it, but very little progress has been made in committee. Never before has March found congressional business so woefully behind-hand as now. The policy of do-nothingism has been adopted by both houses and by both parties, and the question now is, when will that policy be changed? The Democrats have a working majority in both houses, and are alone responsible. They probably expect to gain some political advantage by keeping Congress in session until after the national nominating convention are held, and perhaps intend to let the Marshals Appropriation bill, and probably some others, go by default in case the Republican platform and candidate are such as to make such a course politic. If such is the intention—and no other explanation of the unprecedented delay is more plausible—the Democratic leaders have ticketed themselves for another glorious extra session t lunder. Every conservative, levelheaded Democrat in and out of Congress last December said sound partisan policy demanded a short session, devoted strictly to business. But the Bourbons and filibusters have again dictated the course of congressional non-legislation, and a long session, and a fruitless one, is likely to be the result. This is the case of this long drawn-out session; but it is becoming more and more evident every year that it is impossible for Congress to accomplish anything within a reasonable time. There are several reasons for this. Large bodies move slowly. The House is an extremely unwieldy body, and will become much more so after the next congressional appointment. Over 4,000 bills have been introduced during the past year, and about 1,500 during this session. The bulk of these are bills of a private nature, and half a dozen constituents a day, on an average, are buzzing about each congressman's ears in the interest of some private claim. Then, there is the committee work, the daily sessions, the debates, the day's news, politics, dinners, teas, receptions, and numberless other things to take a congressman's attention. Under such circumstances, it is idle to expect too much of congressmen. The average congressman is over fifty years old; ought to be a grandfather, if he isn't, and would be much more nearly in his proper sphere in a snug library at home calmly enjoying his declining years instead of being jostled about in the political hurly-burly at the capital. Again, most of them are lawyers, who have spent years in postponing and delaying cases, and have finally reached the opinion that the only way of accomplishing anything is by putting it off. Congressmen are not congressmen simply. They are individuals, with individual interests; and, however valuable their time may be to the country as congressmen, it often happens that it is more valuable to themselves as individuals, and they decline to sacrifice themselves pro bono publico. Indeed, it is a well advertised fact that many congressmen are such simply because Congress is the best place they can find to sell goods, secure attorneys' fees or otherwise help along their private interests. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, it is evidently too much to expect Congress to convene, accomplish its business in a prompt and business-like manner and go home. The average congressman is not made of that kind of stuff. He has too many axes to grind and is too self-indulgent. Hence it is that the winter passes with nothing accomplished, the spring spurs them to spasms of alleged activity, and when the heat of summer warns them they can no longer stand stand the drain upon their enervated systems, they pass a score or two of ill-digested and extravagant bills and hie themselves to the seaside or the mountain, with the idea that they have been immolating themselves upon their country's altar for nine months, when in reality all they have done in the way of purely congressional work could have been done in less than six weeks. If things keep on in this way—and the indications are that they will—it will not be many years before the sessions of Congress will be continuous, with the exception of a summer and a Christmas holiday; and then all legislation, except exceedingly bad legislation, will virtually be an end.—*Buffo. American.*

Branded.

The Democratic Senators in Washington have now recorded themselves frankly in favor of repealing the statute which disqualifies all persons who belonged to the military, naval, of civil service of the Confederacy from appointment in the United States Army. The ordinary way to a commission in the Army lies thro' West Point, and as nobody who is young enough to enter that school can be old enough to have served in the rebellion, there is now no obstacle to the admission of Southern cadets, on precisely the same terms as others. But this does not satisfy the Democratic party. They will not be content until all the barriers have been removed to the reappointment of the officers who deserted their flag in 1861, fought against it as long as they could, and now find themselves out of employment in consequence of the failure of their treason. Mr. Thurman complains that the disqualification of these persons fixes a "brand" upon them, and he thinks it is a manifestation of "hatred" to insist upon leaving it there.

We are well content that the case should be summitted to the people upon just this statement of the facts. There is no animosity whatever in the North against the ex-Confederate soldiers. On the contrary, they are regarded with a kindness which is apt to be somewhat effusive. But with all our good will, and even respect, for these gentlemen personally, we cannot reappoint them to commands in our Army without a gross wrong to the loyal soldiers who have a prior claim, and still greater wrong to the Nation which has once already been brought to the brink of destruction by their delinquency at a critical moment. There cannot be during this generation a vacant place in the United States Army to which some loyal veteran will not have earned a right by faithful service. There are thousands of good men who sacrificed fair prospects to enter the Union Army, and have never recovered the ground they lost in business while they were fighting for their country. Whenever there are commissions to give away, these are the first persons to be considered. The appointments that can justly be made from civil life are in any case but few, for promotion in our service is slow, and the faithful officers who have grown gray awaiting for a vacancy are entitled to the advance when the chance comes. When we do step outside the service for a candidate, let him be one who has fought for the Union, not against it.

But apart from all personal considerations, it would be criminal to forget that in 1861, when the Nation wanted the services of these gentlemen whom it is now proposed to intrust with the National defence, they turned their swords against it. Admitting all that is urged in their behalf—the sense of obligation to their States, the pressure of public opinion, etc., etc.—the fact remains that they entertained a view of their duty quite inconsistent with the fidelity of a soldier to his flag, and there is no reason for supposing that under similar circumstances they would not follow the same course again. The South assures us, indeed, that the experiment of secession will not be repeated; but the doctrine of State sovereignty, in which secession began, survives in all its original strength, and the old Confederates hold the same principles to-day upon which Twiggs justified his treachery and Lee his desertion. There are many at the South who confess that secession was a mistake and slavery a curse, but you will not find a Confederate soldier in all the land who does not honor the Lost Cause, and believe that he did his duty in fighting for it.

Mr. Thurman is right in saying that the Northern people wish "to bury the hatred of the war." But they do not wish to forget the lessons of the war or to undo all that the war accomplished. They cherish no animosity toward the men who, from a mistaken idea of State allegiance, turned against them in the hour of their need; but if they should now select these very men, "branded" as they are by their own principles, to command the Federal armies, they would deserve to be the laughing-stock of the universe.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sheep for Men of Small Means.

Perhaps there is no department of husbandry that offers as many inducements to men of small means as the raising of sheep, whether the object be to produce wool or mutton. A flock of young ewes, if properly cared for, will ordinarily double every year. If the stock is poor at the start, it may be brought to a high degree of excellence in three or four years by the use of choice bucks. Nothing can be derived from horses or cattle until they are three or four years old, but sheep begin to pay when they have reached the second summer from their birth. To raise horses, mules or cattle, one must have considerable capital or he must wait several years before he has a sufficient number of animals to give him any support. If one can obtain fifty sheep, however, he may in 3 or 4 years have a flock that will produce a good income. To start a grain farm requires still larger capital. Lands must be bought, fences built, buildings erected, plows, harrows, seeders and reapers purchased and seed obtained. At least one first-class team must also be bought. To procure all these things requires more capital than most young men possess. To compete with others in raising corn and small grain it is now necessary to own somewhat costly tools and machinery, and to have good lands on which to raise the crops.

Sheep may be raised on very poor land—that is, on land that is not adapted to raising corn and grain. There are tens of thousands of acres of land in this and adjoining States that are well adapted to raising sheep which is now too hilly or rocky to plow to good advantage. There are large tracts of this land on which one could pasture sheep for years without being molested. Most speculators would like to have sheep kept on land of this sort, as it would be improved by their presence. They would prevent the growth of weeds and bushes, and would return to the soil more than an equivalent for what they consume.

A new terror must be added to the lives of those who sit at the dispensation of official patronage, if Mr. Gumbleton should succeed in the suit which he has brought against ex-Gov. Robinson, of New York. Mr. Gumbleton can fairly claim to amount personally to the dignity of an issue in politics; for it was upon his removal by Gov. Robinson from the place of clerk of the city and county of New York that the Tammany revolt of last year occurred, which then defeated Robinson for re-election, and still threatens to sacrifice the State to the Republicans next November, in case Tilden shall be the Democratic presidential candidate. Now Gumbleton sues Robinson for $50,000 damages, claiming that sum as a recompense for his loss of prospective official income, and the injury done to his professional and personal reputation by the removal. This matter opens a wide field of speculation. There is no doubt that the plaintiff is $50,000 out for his position is what the printers know as a "fat take," and Tammany incumbents usually understand the art of raking in every possible dollar. True, it may be urged by ex-Gov. Robinson that civil-service reform demanded the deposal of this clerk, but he may reply that such reform is a thing which the Democratic party is fond of talking about but opposed to enforcing, except upon the office holders of the opposition party. Moreover, if this precedent is to be followed, not only may a removed officer go into court for damages, but the man who applies for appointment and fails to get it may claim to recover from the man who disappoints him an amount equal to the salary and pickings he anticipated; and he may also assert that to lower him in the estimation of his fellow-citizens by preferring another is somewhat in the nature of a libel requiring pecuniary satisfaction. Should such proceedings become general there would be chaos impending in our politics, and therefore, it is manifestly the duty of the New York court to sit down emphatically upon Gumbleton in the interest of the public peace and safety.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NEIGHBOR JONES.

I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones, the man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
When men are all around us with hearts and hands a-sore,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.

He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play aronnd the door, their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in the oats;
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milking maid.

Within the field on Saturday he leaves no cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for 'fear of coming rain;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are his days;
He keeps the Sabbath holy, his children learn his ways.

He never had a lawsnit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason there are no fences down;
The bar-room in the village for him has not a charm;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so few that he plows them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and everything in place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment on his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not sigh for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs and groans?
The rich aren't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
But blest are those who live content, though small may be their farms.

—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

AN ARCADIAN REVENGE.

A Sketch of English Society in 1879.

"DEPEND upon it, my dear sir, there is a system of compensation; I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition of life."

This amazing speech was addressed to me confidentially in the smoking room of our common club one night by Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, after we had dined together for the first time. It was late in August; the club was empty, and I had invited him to join tables, though I knew him to be a dolt, rather than to dine alone. The bad man may take a solitary meal without moral damage, and even to the public advantage, since the custom is unwholesome, and tends to shorten life; but to the good man it is harmful. His thoughts, constant as the needle to the pole to what is pure and good, are naturally attracted to himself, and his benevolent actions, his excellent motives, his whole blameless career, pass in review before his eyes, and he becomes self-conscious and self-complacent. Rather than run the risk of this, having ordered my own modest repast, I looked up at Dornoway-Dicke, who, with his glass painfully fixed in his eye, was scanning the same "limited carte" for the day, in doubt (as I guessed) about the French dishes, and observed, "Shall we dine together?" and he had replied courteously, "Charmed, I am sure."

As a matter of fact Mr. Dornoway-Dicke was a man not easy to charm; it was not in Genius (though up to that date I don't think it had ever tried it) to do so; and I believe even Beauty herself would have failed in the attempt, unless she had had a title to back her.

Mr. Dicke's weakness was for a lord; a very common one, of course, but in his case unusually pronounced. His conversation was studded with titles as the firmament is with stars; and he was in respect to them what Mr. Carlyle, in relation to spiritual things, calls "terribly at ease in Zion;" that is, he was shockingly familiar with Earls and Viscounts, while as to Baronets, he would refer to them by their Christian names. To say that his views upon all matters were common-place would have been flattering to his intelligence; they were conventional to sublimity.

"Ghost stories are absurd," argues Coleridge, "because, though men tell us they have had such an experience, if a man did really ever see what he actually believed to be a ghost, idiocy would at once supervene;" but I firmly believe that Dornoway-Dicke would have seen a ghost without the least injury to his intellectual powers; not because he was already an idiot, but (independently of that) because so unconventional a subject as the supernatural had never entered his mind. If the ghost had a title, then, indeed, an impression might have been made, but it would have been produced by his temporal not his spiritual lordship. In all matters which exercise the human mind, from theology to American bowls, he took not the faintest interest; but I had been informed—and warned—that upon the subject of the dignity and position of the Dornoway-Dicke family he could, and would, be very diffuse if you were not careful. He was a man in short to nod to, but not to speak with, unless the means of escape were handy. Still, late in August at a London Club one cannot afford to be particular, and having such strong moral reasons for not dining alone, I had to dine with Dornoway-Dicke.

There was one circumstance, however, which really did attract me toward this gentleman, and made me wish for a closer acquaintance. It was a much debated question in the club whether he wore a wig or not, and I wanted to solve it. If he did so (for even after dining with him I was not sure) they were the best wigs that ever were. I say wigs, because he must have had lots of them, for his hair was sometimes short and sometimes long, and sometimes just as it ought to be in the case of a fashionable young gentleman of fifty-four. For there was this disadvantage about the distinguished position of the Dornoway-Dicke family, that, being in the peerage—though it must be confessed in a very remote and "presumptive" fashion—the man's age was known to a nicety. There was then this point (as to his wig) to be cleared up, which promised me some little excitement, and I was also curious to know whether he talked of "the Land" as though it were alive, which I was assured he did. My information upon this point, as it turned out, was correct. The one supreme effort of originality which Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made was to personify the landed interest in this peculiar fashion.

"What the Land wants, sir," he would observe very slowly and majestically (so that you had plenty of time to suggest to yourself "top-dressing," "coprolites," and what not), "what the Land wants, sir," he always repeated this charming phrase, "is fair play."

"The Land" wanted so many things in the course of our conversation at dinner, that I had begun to think it somewhat exacting, and indeed to get a little impatient of Mr. Dornoway-Dicke himself. But I am never, or at least hardly ever, discourteous, and though bored to extremity, like a wooden ship exposed to the action of the *teredo navalis*, I endured it as though I had been made of iron. I had asked the man to dinner, and in one sense had certainly paid for it, so felt constrained by the duties of hospitality to be civil till the meal was over. When it was finished and we repaired to the smoking-room I had no such scruple. "The Vine," says the classic author, "is the Evoker of Truth," and this is even still more the case with the Cigar. Imagine then my indignation at that amazing remark of my companion, "I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents; while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition in life."

"Pray," said I, "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, confine your observations to yourself, as you generally do. As to your talents, I have no reason to doubt your own modest estimation of them, but as to your position in the country I was not aware that you had any."

I hope this was not rude. I spoke in the gentlest tones of which the human voice—or at all events my voice—is capable, and in a manner that was certainly winning, for I felt that I had scored. To my astonishment Mr. Dornoway-Dicke remained quite unruffled; he carefully removed the ash from the end of his cigar with his signet ring, and answered quietly, almost humbly, "You quite mistake me. I said my position in the country, of which, as you tell me, you know nothing. You are not then familiar with Mangelwurzelshire?"

I was certainly not. I had heard of it of course, but I felt myself fortunate in not having to spell it.

"Ah, I thought so," he continued, blandly. "You should come down to Dornoway Court and see me at home. Then you would understand why I don't oftener visit London. In town I am, comparatively speaking, nobody, but in Mangelwurzelshire—what do you say now to running down to us for the first week in September?"

Five minutes before I should have said "No" without the slightest hesitation; but the outrageous vanity of the man's manner tickled me to the core. I felt curious to see those natives of Mangelwurzelshire to whom Mr. Dornoway-Dicke appeared to be a person of importance, and moreover I had not yet discovered whether he wore a wig or not. "The worst part of wig," says the old riddle, "as of love, is of parting;" but Mr. Dornoway-Dicke's parting was perfect, and so delicate that one would have almost said it had been effected by a female hand. Among the simpler inhabitants of Arcadia he might take less extreme precautions to deceive the public; and he certainly would not get his hair cut, if cut it ever was, so often. "I will come to Dornoway Court with pleasure," I said; and on the appointed day I went.

Important as my host's position in the country may be, it is not my intention to describe "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke at home," as though he were a public character. Suffice it to say, that he was better at home than abroad (or at least in London); and as his family were pleasant people and his house full of cheerful company, I did not regret my visit. The "Court," as he loved to call it, was however so peculiar that I must say a few words about it. It was the only edifice with which I am acquainted which gratified one's sense of humor. It was quite spick-and-span as respects newness, but built and furnished in the mediæval style. A gravel drive, rolled to perfection, led up to a frowning entrance, with a huge oaken portal in which was inserted a little hole barred with iron for purposes of espial. Through this the porter was supposed (though he never did it) to take cognizance of the approaching visitor, and if peaceful, to unbar the massive bolts of the great door to let him in. Everything in the house was apparently of the same epoch, but in reality about three years old. In the dining-room was a fire-place as big as an ordinary parlor, and before which one would not have been surprised to see a pair of trunk hose airing, as a couple of jack boots. The sideboard, to the modern and inartistic eye, resembled a kitchen dresser; while in the morning room was a spinning wheel with the flax in it, as though the thrifty housewife had just been called away from that occupation to superintend the construction of a venison pasty, or to issue orders for the entertainment of the company invited to the morrow's tournament.

These ridiculous objects, as I soon discovered, were designed to persuade the public that the Dornoway-Dickes themselves were mediæval, and had resided at the "Court" for the last six hundred years. Whereas, as a matter of fact they were newcomers. In the country, even though you are distantly connected with the peerage, this is a serious obstacle to "position," and the whole of my host's gigantic intellect was concentrated on attaining it. He had been "called upon" at once by every one in the county within a circuit of twenty-five miles, except One. I write it reverentially with a capital O, for it was "The Duke." I am not of course speaking of the late Duke of Wellington; in Mangelwurzelshire, as in every other county, the duke was the duke who lived there; his Grace of Turniptops. This divinity was still a young man, unmarried, and not much given to call on anybody; and for three long years all the efforts of the Dornoway-Dickes had been unavailing to induce him to honor the "Court" with his august presence. Two months ago, however, he had sent his card by a mounted messenger, and one month ago, oh, joy of joys! he had accepted an invitation to a garden party at the house for one of the very days on which I was to remain its guest.

It was just after this gracious promise had been given that Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made his appearance at the club, to make arrangements with Gunter; and now that I knew the circumstances, I was not only not surprised at the magnificence of his deportment on that occasion, but astonished that he should have been so affable as he was. My private impression is, that he asked me down to Dornoway Court not so much from personal affection, as to secure an additional witness to his social triumph; but that is neither here nor there. The Duke was coming, and the family were in a state of excitement rare, I should hope, in Hanwell, and not habitually exhibited even at Broadmoor.

The great subject of discussion among them for weeks had been, who was to be invited to meet the Duke, and it was not exhausted yet. Everybody—who was anybody—had been asked except the Titbats; and the knotty point that could not be settled was, whether these people should be asked or not. Captain and Mrs. Tithat were their immediate neighbors; their lawn-tennis grounds were in fact contiguous, and the two families, though not absolutely on a friendly footing, were well-known to one another. Young Tithat, when a player was wanting, had sometimes even been invited to make up the party at their favorite amusement; and when the halls went over the wire fence that separated the two domains the juvenile Titbats did not pretend (as some young people would) that they were lost, but would honestly chuck them back again. Still the Titbats were not among the County Families, nor anything like it. Their efforts—far more desperate than those of the Dornoway-Dickes—had miserably and utterly failed in that direction. It was not so much that their mansion was too small to be reckoned as a country house; that their paddock could not by any strain of courtesy be called a park; or that their ornamental lake was an undeniable pond. There was something amiss—I never could find out what—about Mrs. Tithat.

She was a woman—I once beheld her, and under circumstances I can never forget—of large proportions and hirsute aspect (indeed, she had a very respectable beard;) her complexion was ruhicund, and to the uncharitable might seem to indicate that she indulged in liquor, though I never heard that she did so.

However that might have been, Mrs. Tithat was not "visited," nor would the Dornoway-Dickes have dreamt of asking her to their garden-party except for that contiguity, to which I have referred, of their lawn-tennis grounds. The Duke, it was known, was devoted to the game; and if the two grounds could be thrown into one, it was felt by all the family that it would have been an immense improvement. This could scarcely be done, however, without asking Mrs. Tithat's permission, and also the pleasure of her company; and upon the whole it was judged best to leave matters as they were. The wire fencing between the two lawns was so very slight that they really looked to be one and the same, and as there was plenty of ground for the Duke to play upon, he would probably never discover that both the lawns did not belong to Dornoway Court.

In the course of the intimacy that existed between the junior members of the two families, the young Dornoway-Dickes, with a frankness characteristic of their age, had told the young Tithats that the Duke was coming on Friday to play lawn-tennis, but that nobody but tip-top (not Titbat) people were to be asked to meet him; nor was even this the worst, for it had certainly been hinted by elder members of the family, in view of the suggested amalgamation of the tennis-grounds, that such good neighbors as Captain and Mrs. Titbat would certainly be included in the invitation list. To explain what follows I must add that Mrs. Titbat herself was firmly persuaded that she would be among the guests, and was transported with the idea of it; for the being asked "to meet the Duke of Turniptops" (as was stated on the cards) was in Mangelwurzelshire like being presented at Court, and at once both whitewashed and gilded the invitee. Mrs. Titbat had actually ordered a dress from London in which to appear before his Grace of Turniptops, and the sight of it, as it hung useless in her wardrobe, envenomed her whole being, as though she had worn it, and it had been the garment of Nessus.

She clutched the skirts of Hope to the very last, but when Friday morning arrived and no invitation had come it fled from her soul, and was replaced by the desire for vengeance. If the Dornoway-Dickes could but have known what was passing in that injured lady's mind they might have been reminded of those warning lines—

Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare;

or even if that quotation had not occurred to them I am quite sure they would have asked her to their garden party even at that eleventh hour.

The guests arrived, and in due course—that is to say, exceedingly late—the Duke. The meeting of His Grace and my host and hostess was positively affecting. I thought Mr. Dornoway-Dicke would never leave off shaking his hand, and that his wife would have kissed it. However, he got away at last to luncheon. About two hundred people sat down to it; a select twenty on mediæval chairs, and the rest on much more comfortable but common ones. A dozen of the last had been borrowed, days ago, by the housekeeper without her mistress' knowledge, from the Titbats. The host enjoyed himself as most people do under similar circumstances, that is to say, he was intensely miserable and anxious, but buoyed up by the thought that it would all be over presently, and he would have "his friend, the Duke of Turniptops," to talk about for the rest of his natural life. After luncheon we all repaired to the lawn-tennis ground.

"What a capital lawn you have," observed the Duke; "and what a good plan that is of dividing your ground."

He was referring of course to the iron fencing.

"It was a plan of my wife's," observed Mr. Dornoway-Dicke; for as the other lawn was vacant there was really no need to intimate that it belonged to somebody else.

A gilt youth of the county with one of its gilt young ladies was selected for one side, and His Grace and Miss Dornoway-Dicke for the other. The rest of the company stood round in attitudes of respectful admiration. They were just about to begin when the Duke observed, "Hullo, what the deuce is this?"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of Mrs. Tithat, splendidly attired, and followed by all her maid-servants; some of them carried baskets of linen, and others lines and clothes props. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the Tithat family linen was hanging on the line; some of the articles were very pronounced in shape, and became much more so when inflated by the breeze, which also (as they were purposely hung close to the wire fencing) carried their graceful folds right over the Duke's head.

The game was begun, but presently an immense petticoat broke loose, and after eddying doubtfully for a few moments settled upon the Duke himself, who emerged from it with difficulty and with a frightful execration. He threw down his racket and said something I could not catch; indeed, I fled into a neighboring arbor and gave myself up to such paroxysms of mirth as almost threatened me with dissolution.

I was conscious of great excitement among the company without, and heard what sounded like the hurried departure of some of them, but I was positively incapable of ascertaining what was going on. The vision of all Mangelwurzelshire's noblest as they stood around that fatal place, and pretended to ignore the fact that the very firmament was darkened above them by the Tithat family linen; and then the spectacle of that petticoat descending upon his Grace's brow, and of himself emerging from it, was always too much for me. I sat in the arbor and fairly wept. Presently, after several severe relapses, I became conscious of a companion. Beside me sat a little man, bald as a knob on the center of a front door, and swearing, and, as it were thoughtfully, to himself. It was only by his voice that I recognized Mr. Dornoway-Dicke.

"My Dear Dicke," I murmured, for I felt it necessary to say something, "why are you here? why are you not entertaining (I did not venture to mention the Duke) your guests?"

"He's gone," he said. It was plain he was only thinking of one of them. "It was all on account of that infernal Mrs. Tithat. It's her own petticoat; it's marked with an M and a T."

I nodded, and held out my hand as though to entreat him to spare himself the recital of the catastrophe. I felt ready to explode. "But are all the rest of the people gone?" I murmured.

"What do I care! Yes. No. What a terrible day!"

"But, my dear Dicke," I said, beginning sincerely to pity him, "it will never do for you to stop here; you must not desert your friends."

"No, that's true," he answered, rising feebly and moving toward the house.

"But you have forgotten something."

"Have I? What? O, yes, my wig." It lay on the floor of the arbor where he had flung it in his frenzy. He stooped and put it on mechanically and hind before. This I ventured to remedy, and he thanked me in feeling tones. "Do you think he will ever come again?" he whispered, eagerly. "He was very angry. He thought they were our own clothes hanging out to dry. I showed him the M. and the T. But he would pay no attention. It is a dreadful blow."

And it really hurt poor Dornoway-Dicke exceedingly. He had not risen the next morning when I came up to town, and all the family were very much depressed, as though there had been a death in the house. He has been to the club once since, in a more beautiful wig than ever, but of course it can never deceive *me*. I asked, "How are all at home?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," he said; "that is, as well as can be expected. He has never been near the place since."

Of course I knew that by the personal pronoun he meant "the Duke."—*James Payn, in the Cornhill Magazine.*

Sulphur in Diphtheria.

THE use of common sulphur as a remedy for diphtheria has been tried with success in this city, and this paper has repeatedly published the fact, Diphtheria being unusually prevalent in Rochester, N. Y., just now, Dr. G. L. Beach, of that city, addresses the following letter to the *Union and Advertiser:*

That sulphur is of great value in the treatment of diphtheria I think I have reason to feel convinced, but how far it is entitled to rank as a specific I leave for the test of extensive experience. A great deal has been printed in medical journals about sulphur, sulphurous acid, etc., etc., as a specific in diphtheria, as quinine is said to be in malaria. In my opinion it is not a specific. Many medicines of great virtue in the treatment of disease possess no claims as specifics.

I do not write for the purpose of enlightening the profession, nor for the purpose of giving to the public a cure for diphtheria, but simply as a performance of a duty which I think is too much ignored by physicians. Diphtheria of a malignant type is prevailing extensively at the present time, and it is the duty of all to give one another the benefit of experience, with such remedies as are given out from time to time as useful in the treatment of this disease, and more especially as it is a prominent fact that as yet there is no very satisfactory method of cure for malignant diphtheria.

I hope that I may be excused for giving my experience during the past month with sulphur in the treatment of diphtheria of an unquestionably malignant type. I had treated quite a number of patients, dangerously ill, successfully; but a case occurring in an infant, where the membrane had extended into the larnyx and produced membranous croup, with impending asphyxia, I was induced to make trial of sulphur, and the child was saved, in my opinion, by burning sulphur in the room so as to produce a strong and slightly suffocating smell, and continuing it so as to maintain an odor of sulphur constantly in the room. Further, in a certain locality, where have occurred fifteen cases, ten of which were attended by other physicians, and seven out of the ten dying, I took charge of five cases, of which every one got well. In the treatment of these five cases I did not omit any of my usual remedies, but used the sulphur as an adjunct. I gave small doses of it frequently, and also had a little burned in the room every two or three hours, so as to maintain a smell of sulphur constantly in the room. I think the sulphur aided in saving the lives of my five patients. Some may claim that my patients were not so sick as the others. I claim that they were, and that they had all the characteristics of very malignant diphtheria, one of them being in a family where another child had just died. In fact, it was said by the friends of the families, who were constantly visiting back and forth, that the five I attended were attacked the most severely. Certainly the disease was of a malignant type, or seven out of fifteen would not have died.

The object of the administration of sulphur is that it may, by being absorbed into the blood via the stomach and lungs, destroy the confervoid growth, and not only induce removals of exudations already existing but prevent new deposits.

I hope that others may be induced to make trials of it judiciously, but not to the exclusion of other tried remedies. —*Brooklyn Argus.*

What Is a "Householder" or "Head of a Family?"

IN Calhoun against Williams, Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, it was held that a single man, who keeps house and has no other person living with him than servants or employes, is not the "head of a family" or "householder" within the meaning of the statutes creating exemptions. The relation of master and servant does not constitute a family. The court said:

"The term [householder or head of a family] was evidently employed by the framers of the Constitution in the sense in which it is commonly used. The term 'household' literally means the inmates of the house, the family, those whom the house holds. The term is frequently used in the sacred Scriptures, especially in the epistles of the New Testament, which, in the English version, is the best standard of the meaning of our language in common use. And the term 'household' is so used in common parlance, and in friendly correspondence by letter. What is more usual than to send messages of regard or affection by the writer to the household? Such messages are universally meant for the family—the inmates of the house. And if they constitute the household, who can be meant by the 'householder' but the 'head of a family?' But while we hold that by the 'householder' is meant the head of a family, we do not mean to say that every head of a family must be necessarily a householder. The family may consist of a wife and children, or of other persons who may stand in a state of dependance in the family relation. Or it may consist of persons standing in either of these relations to the head of the family, whether the father, or mother, or a brother, or a sister, or other relation, is the head; but they must be persons who are dependant, in some measure, on the head for support, and who have an interest in his holding his property.—*Albany Law Journal.*

The Last Young Man from the Country.

THE young man from the country who traded off his watch and chain for a horse yesterday, got a lesson that may be of service hereafter to himself, however doubtful it may be that it will help any one else. Even old men from the town rarely profit by the experience of others, and why then should we expect such wisdom in young men from the country?

This particular young man was accosted, strange to say, by a plausible stranger. There was going to be a horse sale of an extraordinary character, and there was going to be sold a certain marvelous horse. The plausible stranger was a dealer, he said. Were he to bid for this choice bit of horseflesh, the auctioneer would surely "run up the price on him." A happy expedient had suggested itself. The young man from the country should go in and bid for the horse. Unsuspected, he might buy it for a song. Hence would accrue much profit and joy to both parties concerned. The young man listened with an ear of desire; but although his spirit was willing his pocket was weak. In brief, he had no money at all except enough to buy an oyster stew and to take him home to Sullivan County. But, as was pointed out by his ingenious companion, he had a good watch and chain. He could easily explain to the auctioneer that he had to go down town to get his money and could hand in his watch and chain meanwhile as security. As soon as he got the horse, for which he was to bid to the extent of $150, he was to lead him round the corner—a little way from Lexington avenue and Twenty-second street—where his friend would meet and give him $200. To return and get his watch and chain and clear $50 by the operation would be but the work of a moment, and yet a very nice morning's operation.

Much charmed at entering a line of business so easy and so profitable, the young man from the country promptly agreed. All went swimmingly. The auctioneer was affability itself. In due time the coveted steed was brought into the arena, like the wild horse of Mazeppa, struggling with the grooms and displaying a noble fire and agility. Ginger and other persuasions, artfully exhibited, had done their work. The bidding for this ornament of the turf was more spirited than the young man from the country expected, but presently to his delight he found himself named as the animal's purchaser. Eagerly he repaired to the rendezvous near Lexington avenue and Twenty-second street. But need we tell the sequel? Is it requisite even to hint that the too persuasive horse-dealer had "vanished like a vapor wreath that dims the summer morn?" Does the symmetry of our tale call for the revelation that the creature the young man from the country was leading, more like Rosinante than Bucephalus, would be dear for a ten-dollar greenback? We trust not, and therefore crave permission to leave these painful details to the sympathizing reader's imagination, and to the, we fear, non-sympathizing hearers who will grin over the story next week in Sullivan County around a winter's fire.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Last Attempt to Assassinate the Imperial Family.

SINCE the news of the explosion at the Winter Palace has been made public, the wildest excitement has prevailed in this city, and indeed throughout the Empire. The more fully the details of the disaster are ascertained, the more remarkable appears the escape of the entire Imperial family from instant destruction. To the merest accident is His Imperial Majesty indebted for his life. He was delayed from the dining-room near a half-hour later than usual, awaiting a report of the condition of the Czarina's health, and in this interval the mine was exploded. Had the Imperial family been in their accustomed places at the time, there is scarcely a doubt that every member of it would have been instantly killed.

The press dispatches concerning the affair which were sent from here yesterday belittled the effects in every way. The terrific force of the explosion made almost a complete wreck of the dining-hall, scattering the debris and fragments of the timbers in every direction, and tearing a hole in the floor not less than fifteen feet in length by twelve feet in width. The guard on duty in the palace at the time was composed of members of a Finland regiment, of whom eight were instantly killed and forty-five seriously injured by the flying fragments. Of the wounded from fifteen to twenty are so badly hurt that they will probably die. They were conveyed to the hospital as quickly as possible after the calamity, and the guards around the Palace were at once doubled, no one else being permitted to enter or leave the grounds.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was the first to seek the presence of the Czar after the explosion. Finding him unharmed, she at once sent a dispatch to Queen Victoria. The wildest excitement and alarm prevailed among the officials of the palace. The mangled bodies of the dead soldiers, the groans and cries of the wounded, and the dreadful apprehension that other mines might momentarily explode, lent strong elements of horror to the scene of devastation in the spacious dining-hall. The Empress was not informed of the terrible affair lest the shock might prove fatal to her already enfeebled system. She still remains happily ignorant of it, and to-day her condition is reported as improving. The explosives went off with a smothered thud, and the noise was unheard in the center of the city.

There are numerous theories of the explosion, and of the manner in which the vigilance of the guard at the Palace could have been so successfully eluded. It is well known that ever since the Czar took refuge here after the attempt upon his life at Moscow on the 5th of December, the most extraordinary precautions have been constantly observed. The grounds have been brilliantly illuminated by electric lights, numerous guards have been posted day and night and changed daily, and the adjacent streets have been patroled by a picked force of the guard. Still the Palace was mined, and the mine fired, and to this hour there is not the slightest clue to the daring assassins. The fuse has been traced from a culvert in the garden to the stone basement of the guard-room, immediately beneath the dining-hall—and this ends the developments so far made. As the *Enquirer* has heretofore announced, there are Nihilists in the Palace itself; and the apparently absolute impossibility of such a plan being carried out successfully, without assistance from inside the Palace walls, drives one irresistibly to the conclusion that persons high in authority and very near the person of the Czar were privy to the deadly plot.

The effect of this last dastardly attempt upon the already enfeebled, half-crazed and thoroughly frightened Emperor, it is feared, will be most deplorable. Even if the assassins do not finally succeed in the accomplishment of their designs, it is doubtful if he will ever leave the Winter Palace alive. Rumors of his early abdication are already whispered, and the disagreeable stories of his unhappy relations with the Czarowitch are unpleasantly revived. Telegrams of sympathy and congratulation upon his escape are being received hourly from all parts of the Empire and from other European Governments, while special thanksgiving services have been held to-day in all the churches. Vigilance committees are being organized, patrols of police are scouring the city and suburbs in all directions, and the indignant populace are muttering maledictions upon the heads of the cowardly assassins. If captured, they will scarcely be sent to Siberia. The talk of the St. Petersburg clubs now is that the Emperor's anniversary, on the 2d of March, will witness an enormous popular jubilee.—*St. Petersburg Telegram to Cincinnati Enquirer, Feb. 18.*

A CHICAGOAN has announced that he has discovered a process by which illuminating gas can be made from water. The Chicago people are ready to believe in it, as they have an idea that water must have been made for something or other.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THERE isn't so much on a due bill as there is on a show bill, but a man will look at it longer and think about it oftener.—*Hawk-Eye.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE MARKED GRAVE.

Bowie's rangers, out on the trail,
Had galloped from early dawn;
But the prairie road was cool and sweet,
And green as a garden lawn,
And the strong air stirred the blood like wine—
The strong air, scented with flowers and pine.

Silent and stern and ready to fight,
They followed the Indian foe,
Till Bowie cried: "Let the bridles fall,
For the sun is sinking low.
We must feed and rest or we shall fail,
Though fifty miles on the Lipan trail."

They had reached a grove of mighty oaks,
Into the shadows they went;
The saddles were loosened, and beasts and men
Were glad of their leafy tent.
Said Bowie: "Just take your rifle, Hays,
And see how the land around us lays."

The youth went forward with up head step;
Came back with a quicker tread.
"Captain, I found beneath yon oak
A man that is—" "Dead?" "Quite dead.
His saddle and whip beside him lay,
I reckon his horse has strayed away."

Yes, dead he lay in the blowing grass,
Lay sleeping like any child.
One arm was under his curly head,
His lips still faintly smiled.
Booted and spurred he had gone to rest.
But looked like a man that Death had blessed.

There was not a wound, or mark, or stain;
There was not a line to tell
From whence he came, or what was his name,
Nor where he was wont to dwell.
"Well, no matter," said Bowie, "because
Where we know nothing at all *God knows.*"

They dug him a grave beneath the oak,
And Bowie, with hunting-knife,
Cut deep in its living bark the date
When the stranger stepped from life.
Then, glancing down, with a solemn pause,
Cut under the date two words: *God knows!*

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

"Ministers' sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I, to the gentleman who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train, bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance.

He stopped me with his hand on my arm and with an earnest look which I shall never forget.

I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had stopped to listen, too.

"Let me tell you a story," he said. "I know it is a common belief that ministers' sons are wild, but that is because people talk about the bad ones, while those who turn out well are taken as a matter of course. I gathered statistics about them, once, and found that out of a thousand sons of ministers, there were very few who did not grow up useful and industrious men."

"But what is your story?" I asked, settling back in my seat.

"Well," said he, "it begins with a class supper in Boston, a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant, J. E. Williston—perhaps you have heard of him—and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in Western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and the dozen or so elderly men who were left felt more tender than ever towards each other, as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how soon no one would be left on earth who shared in that happy time.

"The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brilliantly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the tender feeling I have spoken of would come uppermost, now and then; and in one of these musing moments Williston's eye was attracted by something glistening about the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on.

"He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which the coat was made had been worn so thin and smooth that it was very shiny.

"'Well, Blake,' said he, suddenly, taking hold of his friend's arm cordially (which he somehow hadn't thought of doing before), 'how has the world gone with you, lately?'

"Blake had a naturally sad and thoughtful face; but he looked around quickly, with a warm smile.

"'No need to ask,' he said, laughingly. 'You can read the whole story on my back. This old coat is a sort of balance sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T.'

"Then he spoke more seriously, adding: 'It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country parson. I don't complain of my lot, though sometimes I'm distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat I've got on is hardly fit for a man of my profession to appear in; but I'm going to send my boy Sam to Harvard this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful, though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacrifices of personal appearance and convenience.'

"'Don't you give a thought to your coat, old fellow, roturned Williston. 'Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may look.'

"Blake was pleased with this kindly expression; and both men, after that exchange of confidence, felt happier. But, among the various incidents of the evening, this one almost passed out of the minister's mind by the next day, when he started for Elmbank.

"Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up he broke open the envelope, and found inside a few words from Williston, with a check for $500 to defray the first year's college expenses of his old classmate's son.

"'You are a stranger to me, sir,' said my traveling-companion, at this point, 'but I think you will appreciate the feeling with which poor Mr. Blake stood in his bare and dingy study in the old farm parsonage, holding that letter in his hand, and lifting his faithful eyes in thankfulness to God.'

"'Yes,' I replied. 'Williston did just the right thing, too. And how was it? Did the son show that he deserved the help?'

My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said:

"'Sam Blake was a good-natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken off his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. The Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and there matters stopped for a while.

"'A freshman has a great deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term, was the great difference there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time.

"'Here he had society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honor of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind and ground batting.'

"'He could not refuse to go to the theater occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had to give up some time to its cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable, to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college course was not very extensive.

"'This didn't seem to have any bad effect till well along in the winter, when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong, without his noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation room. Gymnasium, theater, billiards, smoking—and I am afraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time.

"'One horribly snowy, sleety morning when he had got up too late for prayers, the postman brought him a note from the Faculty—an 'admonition.'

"'He dropped the pipe he was just lighting, and bolted off to recitation. But he 'deaded' immediately, and that discouraged him.

"'He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down towards the foot of his class.

"'He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home, he recovered his usual spirits.

"'When he walked up the village towards the parsonage farm, he was thinking that—since he was a sophomore now—he would buy the knottiest and biggest-headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first sight that met him at home?

"'It was his father out in the field, digging for new potatoes, his coat off and his spectacled face perspiring!

"'The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up with hardly a pause for greeting, cried:

"'O father, let me do that! I don't like to see you at such work.'

"'Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.

"'Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a "How-do-you-do?" as you could have offered me. There's something right about you, after all.'

"'It hadn't occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:

"'Where's the hired man?"

"'I've discharged him, I can't afford one at present, my son,' was the answer.

"'Sam was rather puzzled and began to reflect.

"'They went into the house, and there, when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old shabby, shiny coat. At this he was more than ever astonished.

"'The supper, also, notwithstanding that it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meagre. Not a single extra luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad. Suddenly he laid down his knife, and exclaimed to his sister Katy:

"'Sis, what does all this mean—this going without the hired man, and starving yourselves?"

"'His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, made no answer.

"'I thought,' said Sam, petulantly, that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here the pinching is going on five times worse than ever."

"'I don't own my friend Williston's money,' said the minister, quietly.

"'Of course not. But the five hundred dol——' Sam stopped abruptly on an entreating gesture from his sister.

"'The subject was not resumed. But before he went to bed, Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt, secretly, that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household, but that only made him speak more impetuously. 'Now, sis,' he began, 'can I get two words of sense out of you?'

"'Not until you ask politely,' he replied.

"'Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is.'

"'It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed.'

"'I don't see why he should commit suicide, if he is,' Sam retorted. 'I haven't cost him much this year.'

"'O yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold the new coat?'

"'Why?' Sam frowned.

"'Because he's been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time.'

"'What for?' asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

"'Well, he—how should I know?—Don't you see? He's ashamed to have had that money from his old classmate, and he's nearly saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret, and now I've told you!' And his sister burst into tears. 'You've nearly broken his heart, Sam—poor papa!'

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon.

"Coming back, he overtook his father returning from the post-office.

"'I know all about it!' he exclaimed, in his excitement. 'Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat awhile.'

"'Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.

"'Because,' said Sam, 'I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off to-day and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgeburton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?'

"'You are too late,' was the minister's answer. 'I've just mailed the letter to him.'

"In fact, next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"'DEAR WILLISTON—My boy—it almost breaks my heart to say so—has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum which you sent me for him last year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount. BLAKE.'"

Here I interrupted the narrator.

"Doesn't this story prove what I said at the beginning?" I asked.

"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.

"He told him:

"'I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself worthy.'

"Williston gave him a position, and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it, and you may believe he sent his father, next Christmas, the finest coat that concern could produce.

"'I am a well-to-do man now, sir,' continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, 'and when we get to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment, I will show you my father, the minister's, old shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the beginning of my fortune, and made a man of me.'

"'Then,' I exclaimed, taking him by the hand, 'it is yourself you have been talking about all this time! You are——'

"'Sam,' concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling.—*Youth's Companion.*

Found.

In October, 1876, Mrs. Jeffreys, with he son George, fifteen months old, was visiting a friend in New York City. On the 16th day of that month the little fellow slipped out doors and was lost. Detectives were hired, money spent, and everything that could be thought of was done to find the child, but without avail. It made a sensation for a day as "Another Charley Ross Case" in the papers and was then forgotten by every one but the distracted parents. Harrison Merrill is a printer, a brother of Mrs Jeffreys, and he worked in the *Advocate* office in Waverly. About a month ago as he was standing at his case a child four or five years of age came and stood for an instant in the doorway of the room where he was working. The little face haunted him, and he at length went out and tried to talk with the boy who owned it. He could get no replies except in a broken unintelligible German dialect. He couldn't drive from his mind the likeness that the little one bore to his sister. He followed him and found he belonged to a strolling German basket maker who on being threatened with imprisonment acknowledged that he found the child in the streets of New York in October, 1876, in the same locality that Mrs. Jeffreys was residing and with the same clothes as described by the parents. The mother recognized her child before a word was spoken about its recovery.—*Free Press.*

Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington has been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few Senators or Representatives sought their wives to cheer their Congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at head-quarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue, or green, or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings and pumps.—*March Atlantic.*

—Burdette has overheard a poor but earnest Iowa tramp say: "Build low roosts and put out the moon, and I'll never beg for another morsel of food as long as I live."

THE silver and copper mines of Maine have opened up a new source of industry in that State, which is likely amply to reward her people.

VARIETIES.

—Dead locks: false hair.—*Chicago Journal.*

—To stop a man from talking—Cut his said off.

—The women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

—A compositor makes money hand over fist.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

—A fellow can't dig clams without moving a mussel.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—"Neither married nor single," is the way they class widowers in Maine.—*Free Press.*

—Ill habits gather by unseen degrees. As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—*Dryden.*

—And now a Boston physician says that long walks before breakfast bring on dyspepsia.

—The person who retires with the sun must have a warm bed-fellow.—*Rochester Express.*

—Anybody can give advice. Taking it is the difficult part of the job.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—You can telegraph all the way to Cape Town, South Africa, now, but it costs $2.37½ a word.

—The ague tackles a man with a hearty "Shake, old boy; glad to see you."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Idiot fringe will be the favorite style of hair dressing among our most advanced swells this summer.

—When you make a note of hand, write only on one side of the paper. Leave the other side for the indorser.—*Free Press.*

—An invisible hair-net is not invisible by a long shot when carried along the sleet on a young man's coat-button.—*Free Press.*

—"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a hystander, "no man vants it more."

—Dryden wrote that half the good feeling in giving was in the keeping still about it, but there were only a few newspapers in those days.

—A young man at Canton, Ohio, has sued his own mother for $10,000 for slander. She circulated a report that he was drunken and thievish.

—In former times offenders against the law were put into the stocks; nowadays it is first stocks and then law-breaking.—*Boston Transcript.*

—There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.—*Seneca.*

—It is said titles can be bought abroad for from one hundred to five hundred dollars. The Norristown *Herald* says this doesn't include the title of a gentleman.

—"What a woman can do," is the title of an article in an exchange, but what we want to know is, what a woman can't do when she makes up her mind.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Forney's *Progress* copies the following epitaph from a tomb near Versailles: "Except in 1859, during which for several days she took lessons on the piano, her life was without stain."

—According to statistics lately published by the Health Department of New York City, it appears that Burlington, Ia., is the healthiest city in the United States; Stockton, Cal., stands next.

—To have the bride stand under a floral horse shoe, and each usher wear a tiny one on the lappel of his coat, instead of the old fashioned *boutonniere*, is the newest development in the horse-shoe mania.

—The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature.—*Marcus Antonius.*

—On a flat in Chincoteague Bay there is now a goose-roost upon which a half-million wild geese pass the night. They seek the island shortly after dusk and remain until daylight, cackling so shrilly and continually that the fishermen on the shore find it difficult to sleep.

—A New York inventor claims to have discovered a process for making all fabrics waterproof; but what is more needed is an invention to make milk cans waterproof. Or the cow. We believe it has never been definitely settled whether the water leaks through the cow or the can.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Famine and diphtheria are destroying Russians in the interior of the Empire, but the fate of millions of the poor and obscure does not enlist the sympathies of the world. It takes the sorrows of an Imperial household to move the eloquence of historians and draw tears by telegraph.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—As Mr. James Russell Lowell now holds our most important foreign mission the following lines from the "Biglow Papers" are quoted to show his earlier views on the subject:

"I du believe 'tis wis an' good
Tu send out furrin missions,
That is on sartin understood
An' orthodox conditions—
I mean nine thousand dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousand more for outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place would just about fit."

—The Deadwood *Pioneer*, a copy of which is before us, says: "In the Black Hills two hundred young women could find remunerative employment as servants. The trouble, though, has been that in a population such as ours, where there are ten men to one woman, it is a rare thing that they remain single after they arrive here." The last proposition is thrown in as if likely to prove a drawback to female immigration. It may be so.—*Exchange.*

—The Supreme Court of Indiana decides that the legal name of a person consists of one Christian name and a surname. Any one may have as many middle names or initials as are given to him or as he chooses to take. They do not affect his legal name, and may be inserted or not in a deed or contract without affecting its validity. Nor does a mistake in the middle initial of a name in a deed in any way affect its validity.

—Recently a pretty toy was offered for sale in Paris, consisting of a tin cart on four wheels, with a horse between the shafts. It was well got up, and people were astonished to find it offered for ten centimes. It was afterward found that the maker of the little cart passed a year in collecting sardine cases, and, having amassed a large quantity, commenced making these carts, the raw material of which cost him so little. This toy sold in immense numbers.

—The method adopted in Germany for preventing the slipping and falling of horses on the public road is as unique as it is simple. The smith when finishing the shoe punches a hole in two ends; as soon as the shoe is made he taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud an inch in length. With shoes thus fitted the horse can travel securely over the worst possible road. When the horse comes to the stable the pointed stud is unscrewed and a button screwed in; no damage can then happen to the horse, and the screw holes are thus prevented from filling up.

—At a paper mill at Coltsville, Mass., large quantities of bank note paper are made for the Government. The strictest attention as to quality is observed, a spot or speck no larger than a pin-head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employes arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds day and night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the Treasury Department as counters and examiners, and are each able to count 30,000 sheets daily. The precaution is necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

—An extensive Nevada lake has mysteriously disappeared. Where at one time, says the Eureka *Leader*, was Ruby Lake, there is at present not a drop of water. This sheet of water seven or eight years ago was from eighteen to twenty miles in length, and varied in depth from half a mile to two or three miles, and was in a number of places very deep. It was fed by springs along the base of Ruby Mountain, and was the largest body of water in Eastern Nevada. For a number of years it has been gradually drying up, until at last it has entirely disappeared. What has been the cause of this is a mystery. The Ruby range, besides being well wooded, has been the best watered chain of mountains in Nevada.

A Confederate Hero.

A Camden, S. C., correspondent of the New York *Times* relates the following:

Richard Kirkland was the son of John Kirkland, an estimable citizen of Kershaw County, a plain, substantial farmer of the olden time. In 1861 he entered, as a private, in Captain J. D. Kennedy's company (E) of the second South Carolina volunteers, in which company he was a sergeant in December, 1862. The day after the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's hill and the grounds about Marye's house, the scene of their desperate defense of the day before. One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone facing of which constituted the famous stone wall, lay Syke's division of regulars, United States army, between whom and our troops a murderous skirmish occupied the whole day, fatal to many who heedlessly exposed themselves, even for a moment. The ground between the line was bridged with the wounded, dead and dying federals, victims of the many desperately-gallant assaults of that column of thirty thousand brave men hurled vainly against that impregnable position.

All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans and their agonizing cries of "Water! water!" In the afternoon the General sat in the north room up stairs of Mrs. Stevens' house in front of the road surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignation pervading his person, his manner and tones of his voice, he said: "General, I can't stand this." "What is the matter, Sergeant?" asked the General. He replied: "All night and all day I have heard these poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water."

The General regarded him for a moment with feelings of admiration, and said: "Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?" "Yes, sir," he said, "I know that; but if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

After a pause the General said: "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run such a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God may protect you. You may go."

The Sergeant's eyes lighted up with pleasure. He said: "Thank you, sir," and ran rapidly down stairs. The General heard him pause for a moment and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the Sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The Sergeant stopped at the door and said: "General, can I show a white handkerchief?" The General slowly shook his head, saying emphatically, "No, Kirkland, you can't do that." "All right, sir," he said, "I'll take the chances," and ran down with a bright smile on his handsome countenance.

With profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on his errand of mercy—Christ-like mercy. Unharmed he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious, life-giving fluid down the fever-scorched throat. This done he laid him tenderly down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and the danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "Water, water; for God's sake, water!" More piteous still the mute appeal of some who could only feebly lift a hand to say, here, too, is life and suffering. For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, nor ceased to go and return until he relieved all the wounded on that part of the field. He returned to his post wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars?

Little remains to be told. Sergeant Kirkland distinguished himself in battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted lieutenant. At Chickamauga he fell on the field of battle, in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away and had never formed those ties from which might have resulted a posterity to enjoy his fame and bless his country; but he has bequeathed to the American youth—yea, to the world—an example which dignifies our common humanity.

Storms in the United States.

Professor Loomis has recently published some results of an elaborate critical study and comparison of Signal Service observations and weather maps, carried on for long periods to discover the movements and progressive velocities of United States storms. Some of his deductions are of great interest. He finds that United States storm-centers after crossing the Rocky Mountains move towards the southeast until reaching the Mississippi basin, when they incline towards the Lake region with accelerated speed. The average velocity of American storms after crossing the Mississippi, about twenty-five miles per hour, is sixty per cent greater than that of European storms. This appears paradoxical when we remember that in Europe the westerly winds, unobstructed by any coast range like the Rocky Mountains running north and south, attain a more rapid movement over the Continent than the same winds can acquire in the United States. But it appears from Professor Loomis' examination that our storms when nearing the lakes, and subsequently, are subjected to a powerful propulsion from the waves of high pressure which close in behind them while in transit, and the rapid torrential precipitation of rain in their front quadrants by which the air is greatly rarefied and a barometric channel cleared for the free onward movement.

In Europe it is very rarely that a storm advances over a thousand miles in a day. But in this country such an occurrence is much more frequent. The storm-center of January 7, 1877, traveled 1,872 miles in twenty-four hours, and that of the following week (January 14-17) traveled 1,270 miles in twenty-four hours. The storms which have been found to make their way at these terrific speeds across the United States occur on an average about once in forty days.

But one of the most remarkable features of these great hurricanes is their shallowness. The tremendous cyclone of the last-named date passed Mount Washington without disturbing its summit, where the Signal Service observer's wind-vane recorded a steady wind from one quarter during the progress of the depression at its base. During one of the fiercest "cold waves" of high barometric pressure, the thermometer on the summit (6,000 feet high) showed a higher temperature than that prevailing at the base, clearly indicating that the Arctic wave was not deep enough to cover the mountain. These and similar illustrations of the vertical proportions of both polar waves and barometric depressions go to prove that the chief agitation of the aerial ocean is limited to its bottom strata, leaving the loftier region of the atmosphere in undisturbed repose, save when the great upper current from the equatorial belt is in the ascendency.

As many of the great storms which sweep over the United States are under the control of barometric pressures lying outside of our national territory, Professor Loomis points out the necessity of extending the Signal Service observations to extra-territorial stations, not only with a view to their complete elucidation, but also to the practical purposes of weather-telegraphy.

Nihilists at the Billiard Table.

During the few past weeks only a comparatively small Nihilist incident has occurred in the Capital. Some five or six officers of the Guard were engaged in playing billiards at a fashionable restaurant, when a man in civil dress came up and rudely jostled past Baron Rosen, an officer of a Uhlan regiment of the Guard. Baron Rosen thereupon turned toward the intruder and remarked that it was customary to apologize when one happened to jostle anybody in passing. The offender sharply rejoined that he would willingly apologize did not the offended person wear the slavish uniform of Alexander II. The Baron, with one in hand, and transported with rage, struck the man such a heavy blow with it on the head that he fell dead on the spot. The officers who were present hastened for the commander of the regiment to which Baron Rosen belonged. That gentleman came without delay, drew up a circumstantial record of the unfortunate, though wholly unpremeditated occurrence, adding thereto the deposition of many witnesses, and personally presented it to General Gourko, the temporary Dictator of the Capital. The latter's answer came immediately. It was very concise. Gourko drew his pen through the report presented to him by the commander of the regiment, and added to it the following verdict:

"Let Baron Rosen be pardoned, and the dead man be forgotten."

In this unexpected manner the matter was dismissed and the papers were forbidden to mention the affair further. Nevertheless, Baron Rosen deemed it impolitic to retain his commission in the Russian army, and tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Emperor.—*St. Petersburg Letter to N. Y. Herald.*

THE authorities of Gotha have made their report for the year 1879 on the subject of cremation. The first body was treated on the 10th of December, 1878, since when fifteen others have been similarly disposed of. The average time required for the complete incineration of the bodies was about two hours, and it is regarded as most satisfactory that not only has no complaint as to the result been made at Gotha, but that a number of other German towns are preparing to follow its example and build crematories.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered its decision in the Maryland and Cincinnati election cases, declaring the federal election laws constitutional. Judges Field and Clifford dissented.

At no time since the American Government was organized has its financial credit been as good as it is just now. If any nation ever had cause to be grateful for government and great wisdom and discretion in the management of its financial affairs, the American people have. No government on the face of the earth ever manifested higher qualities in this respect than ours during the past few years.

At a recent term of the quarter sessions court of Potter county, Pa., the district attorney informed the court that he had no indictments or bills to present to the grand jury; the sheriff also stated that he had no criminals in prison; the directors of the poor reported that they had no one to keep at the county's charge or expense. Potter county has had no taverns licensed for ten years, and this is given as the reason for the lack of court business.

The ranks of the Republican party were never more complete and powerful than at the present time. The work to be accomplished lies wide open before us and the issues are so well established as to form a platform which shall unite all elements and command the full strength of the party in all sections of the Union. All that will be required is that a standard bearer shall be selected against whom no breath of scandal can be hurled. Fortunately we have many men who can fill the bill and before the convention shall meet public opinion will have so crystalized that the work of that body will be simply to ratify the sentiment and preference of the people in their choice. We want a leader who shall be selected as the uprising thought of this mighty host of patriots who love their country, and have sworn that its liberties shall be preserved.

The scholarship to which Garrett county is fairly entitled in one or more of the Female Colleges, is not available except by the courtesy of the Presidents of these Colleges, there never having been any appropriation made by the Legislature. We understand a bill is before the Legislature to remedy this neglect to our county, and that it is delayed by the fact that the Democratic caucus has determined to "reform" the appropriation for these scholarships out of existence. This may or may not be done, and our scholarship may again fail for lack of the necessary attention. Pass the bill, gentlemen, giving us equal educational privileges, and if the wisdom of the caucus prevails they will all go together. If not, Garrett county, by the proposed act will only be on an equality with every other county in the State. We, of course, do not question the wisdom of these measures of reform, but is it not a small business to take away these petty scholarships from the poor girls of the counties, and leave your Commissioners of Insurance, Taxes, tobacco warehouses, and other large and useless expenditures practically untouched?

Hon. Milton G. Urner, member of Congress from the 6th District, and a lay delegate of the Methodist Church, of Frederick city, to the annual conference now in session in Baltimore, was on Friday of last week, elected as the representative of that body to the General conference of the church to be held in Ohio during the next year. Mr. Urner thanked the convention for the honor conferred in electing him a delegate. He was proud, he said, of his Methodist history, and had a strong attachment to the Methodist Church. He would rather not have been introduced as a member of Congress, but as Brother M. G. Urner. He felt that it was an honor to be given a seat in Congress, but he held it more honor to have a seat in the General Conference of the M. E. Church. His election as a delegate was the crowning honor of his life. He would try to represent the interest of those who sent him, as well as promote the interests of Methodism.

Colored Men as Jurors--Supreme Court Decisions.

Decisions were rendered on Monday of last week, in the Supreme Court of the United States, establishing the rights of colored citizens as jurors. In a case from the State of West Virginia, on a writ of error to the Court of Appeals of that State, the majority of the Supreme Court decide that the statute of West Virginia which excludes the colored men from juries is in conflict with that clause of the fourteenth amendment which prohibits any State from denying to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, and that a colored man, tried and convicted of murder in the court of that State, was entitled to have his case removed for trial into the Circuit Court of the United States, under section 641 of the revised Statutes, by reason of such denial of equal protection. The contrary judgment of the Court of Appeals of West Virginia is reversed and the case remanded, with instructions to reverse the judgment of the lower court in which the plaintiff in error was refused the right of removal and was tried and convicted. This decision, it may be observed, may apply to all classes of colored men convicted in the courts of any of the counties of this State, under the present jury law, which confines the selection of jurors to the "*white* male taxable inhabitants or residents" of said counties. The jury law applicable to Baltimore city simply says "taxable male inhabitants," omitting the word "white," and is not open to the same objection. It is to be presumed that the Legislature will lose no time in striking the word "white" out of the general jury law.

In the case of Judge Coles, of Virginia, an original case, heard upon petition for habeas corpus and certiorari filed by a judge of a Virginia State court, who had been indicted, by direction of Judge Rives, in the United States District Court, for excluding all colored citizens from service upon juries by reason of their race, color, &c., and in violation of the act of Congress of March 4, 1875, the majority refuse the petition and uphold the jurisdiction of the Federal court. In the construction put upon the constitutional amendments the opinion of the court, which, as also in the preceding case, was delivered by Justice Strong, goes beyond previous decisions. It holds that the prohibition against discrimination by the State by reason of race, color, &c., extends to and includes all branches of the State government, and all agencies of that government, executive, legislative and judicial. The case of a State judge excluding colored men from jury service is held, therefore, to be within the provision of the act of Congress punishing such an offense, which act is declared to be constitutional. In this case there is no law of the State excluding colored men from jury service, but *the fact* of their exclusion by a judge, to whom by law the preparation of the jury lists is committed, is held to be none the less an offense, punishable under United States law, on that account. Of course the effect of the decision is simply to sustain the indictment and jurisdiction of the Federal court. It does not touch the question of Judge Cole's guilt or innocence of the offense for which he is indicted. This decision, it may be observed, will reach and include the case of the judges of the Supreme Bench, charged under the present law with the preparation of the jury lists in Baltimore city, as well as that of the judges of the circuit courts in the counties.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Case.

In the United States Circuit Court, Friday, an opinion and order were filed by Judge Bond overruling the objections which had been made and argued some days since to the jurisdiction of the court. The objections raised were three: The pendency of another suit in the State court, to which the complainant in the present suit is a party, and in which he could obtain all the relief sought by the present proceeding; the fact that Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington city, one of the trustees for the preferred bondholders, is a necessary party and is not made one; and that the State of Maryland, also holding a mortgage upon the canal and its tolls and revenues, is a necessary party, and is not and without its consent cannot be made a party. The State, it may be observed, is a party to the suit in the State court. With respect to the first point, Judge Bond decides that the suit in the Circuit Court of Baltimore City is entirely distinct in its nature from the proceeding in the United States Circuit Court. It was brought for the specific purpose of having the priorities of the several classes of mortgagees, lienors and creditors of the canal adjusted between themselves. Moreover, it has been practically settled by the decision of the Court of Appeals, to which court the case was carried in 1870, (see case of Commonwealth of Virginia vs. State of Maryland, Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company et al., 32 Md., 501,) and since that decision it has been virtually abandoned, and no further proceedings taken in it. The present suit is a bill filed by a bondholder, alleging fraud and mismanagement of the affairs and the canal, and praying for a receiver to take charge of the tolls and revenues pledged and mortgaged for the payment of the bonds. Mr. Corcoran is one of the five trustees to whom the mortgage is made. The court decides that, inasmuch as four of the trustees are within the jurisdiction of the court, have been summoned and appeared, it is not necessary that Mr. Corcoran, who resides in the District of Columbia, should be made a party. The State of Maryland, having by the act of 1844, under which the preferred bonds were issued, expressly waived, deferred and postponed its prior lien upon the tolls and revenues of the canal in favor of the bondholders, is also, for that reason, not a necessary party. The State is not a party to the contract with the bondholder. It has agreed to stand aside and leave the company and the bondholders to make their own contract, and they having done so, the company, says the court, cannot be permitted to deny the bondholder the benefit of his contract or his remedies under it, by pleading that the State of Maryland, which cannot be sued in this court, or in any court without its consent, is a necessary party to the suit. These jurisdictional questions disposed of, the case remains to be tried upon its merits, in regard to which, of course, the court intimates no opinion. The burden of establishing by proof the allegations of the bill charging fraud and political corruption and such a case of mismanagement of the canal and waste of its property and revenues as would justify the court in appointing a receiver, of course rests upon the complainant. The court say that no rights of the State of Maryland can be concluded by any decree passed in this case. It is very easy to see, however, how important interests of the State of Maryland may be very seriously involved and affected

Amendments to the School Law.

It is understood that the joint committee on education of both Houses will report a Bill making several important changes in the School Law, in reference to the County School Commissioners. The bill provides that these officers should be hereafter appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and should enter upon their duties on the first of May after their appointment. In case the Bill passes at a sufficiently early date, it is expected to go into effect *immediately*, and the Governor will be required to appoint before the end of the present session. The new School Commissioners are obliged to elect their Examiner and Secretary, at their first meeting in May. They are also required to make a report annually, on the thirtieth day of April, to the Board of County Commissioners, setting forth the different sources of their income and the disbursements, duly itemized, made during the year together with the proper vouchers therefor.

The removal of the appointment of the Commissioners from the Judges is a good thing, but it would have been better to have made those officers directly elective by the people. The provision, that they shall be obliged to report an account of their receipts and disbursements to the County Commissioners, will command the appropriation of every taxpayer.

One thousand dependent people thrown out of employment is by no means a pleasant feature in any community. The Democrats forced upon the country an extra session of Congress last year which entailed an expense of $450,000 for printing alone, which they feared to make an appropriation for at the time, and the bills having to be met and paid, the regular appropriation is exhausted. An appeal has been made to the present Congress to pass a deficiency bill, to make good the amount, but economy, and a fear to face the music, with a Presidential Campaign just in front of them, has prevented the majority in Congress from providing for the payment of these bills which now stand as monuments of Democratic folly.

"Their own chickens are now coming home to roost." They provided that the Government Printer should be sent to the penitentiary if he contracted a debt without the money in hand to pay it to the last cent, and now one thousand families are turned into the streets, through the action of the Democratic members and Senators in Congress.

Democratic papers are just now very silent about the fraud developments in Maine. The polls have been heard from.

The bill for the removal of the disabilities of an ex-Confederate soldier, that he might secure a position in United States army, Wednesday of last week, provoked a debate in the Senate which will not pass unheeded by the country. The principle of the bill was promptly pointed out by Senator Edmunds, who challenged the presentation by a bill repealing the statute imposing disabilities altogether, instead of the offering of measures discriminating in favor of particular individuals. The challenge was accepted, Garland, of Arkansas, offering a substitute repealing the statute in question, and that substitute was adopted by a strict party vote, every Democratic Senator voting in the affirmative. The issue was thus made directly, whether that great guaranty of peace which excluded those who fought against the Union from commands in the army of the Union should be broken down; whether men who deserted the flag to destroy the nation should be rewarded with commissions in the military service. The Democrats will next want to reinstate those who deserted the flag of the Union and grant them back pay for time spent in rebellion against the "old flag."

It is probable that the school bill to be reported by the committee on education will rapidly pass the General Assembly and be signed by the Governor. Vesting the appointment of county school commissioners in the Governor instead of the judges, it will legislate out of office all the present county school commissioners. The bill is to take effect May 1, the Governor to appoint the commissioners as soon as practicable after the passage of the bill. The school commissioners are to meet on the 1st Monday in May to appoint examiners, and they shall make an annual report to the county commissioners in regard to their receipts, expenses, etc. In the smaller counties the number of county school commissioners is to be limited to three, and in the larger counties to five, according to the number of schools.

Senator Logan's speech on the Fitz John Porter case was notable for the appeal he made to the ex-Confederate soldiers in the Senate. He told them that "it is in very bad taste for you to ask us to restore to the army the men who failed us. You ought not to allow yourselves to be placed in such a position. You dealt with your disobedient officers; let us deal with ours. It is not because of any feeling or of any desire to call up the past that I say to you that you are the last men in the world to aid in the restoration to the army of the men whom we have kicked out. If they are to be restored, let them be restored by us. It does not come with very good grace for the majority in the Senate to begin now to put back the men whom we kicked out for misconduct."

There seems to be danger that workingmen in various branches of business will seize the present time as a favorable opportunity for strikes, knowing that trade at almost every kind is good, and thinking that they can therefore compel employers to yield to their demands. The strike is a poor method of redress, and should only be adopted when there is just cause for complaint and all other means of getting at a right decision have failed. Where there is an increase in the general prosperity it is proper that the employed should share the good fortune of the employers; and if the former would adopt a moderate and conciliatory policy they might be surprised to find that the latter were ready to meet them half-way.

The New York *Graphic* speculates thus: "Mr. Tilden is rich. The Democratic party is poor. A presidential campaign costs money. Rich Democrats are not liberal. Mr. Tilden will spend money if he is a candidate. He will not spend a cent if he is not. And besides all this there is a shrewd suspicion that if Mr. Tilden is not the Cincinnati nominee, his friends in New York will 'knife' the person that is. Mr. Tilden's position is a peculiar one. He may be beaten in the Democratic National Convention, but his opponents should not ignore his strength.

CHINAMEN IN NEW YORK.—30 Chinamen from San Francisco arrived in New York Wednesday over the Erie road. All were scrupulously neat and clean, and the officers of the Erie road say that the car in which they rode came into Jersey City a model of cleanliness, as compared with those occupied by white emigrants. They came from the middle class, between the Chinese merchant and the degraded coolie, and decided to leave San Francisco to make sure of their lives and little accumulations from the attacks of Kearney and his gang of hoodlums.

Archimedes' Levers.

N. Y. Graphic.

The great mechanician of antiquity is said to have declared that if he could only find a fulcrum big enough to rest his lever on, he could lift the world. But as bad luck would have it, there wasn't a suitable fulcrum to be found anywhere in the solar system within easy reach of Sicily, and so the inventor had to give up the idea. It was asserted, we believe, in some of the Syracuse (not New York) papers, that Archimedes was an old fraud and wanted to get credit for doing what he knew would always remain a mere theory, on account of the lack of a fulcrum.

They said it was by no means a fair shake to praise the old steam-winder for an invention before he had made an actual and successful experiment with it. Bets were offered by prominent sporting men that if he did get one end of his lever under the earth, with the moon for a fulcrum, and the entire Board of Aldermen on the other end, somewhere in the neighborhood of the North Star, he couldn't raise the earth one-fiftieth of an inch, carpenter's measurement. This ridicule excited and disgusted Archimedes so much that he offered to burn the whole crowd—editors, reporters, gamblers, and all—bald-headed in about five minutes by the City Hall clock, with a set of double convex glasses, if they would only come out of the sample room of the "Syracuse Shades" long enough to give him a show. But these bold, bad men only laughed over their lager and said: "Go to, old Greek! go to your laboratory and perfect the machine, and when you get it done we'll help you to give a free exhibition under the beams of Edison's electric light!"

Archimedes was so bully-ragged by these men that he went and invented the "Game of Fifteen," as a dire revenge, and then got himself killed by a roman soldier, who had come to Sicily in search of Greece for the "boot" of Italy. In this sad fashion perished the only man who ever proposed to elevate the human race on purely mechanical principles.

The canal investigation reverses the usual order of things. The witnesses for the defence are heard first; but there is no hurry about hearing General Johnson, who declares himself desirous of furnishing the committee with information on the subject. By postponing until the end of the session, failure to follow up any developments made by him may be excused on the ground of lack of time.

Governor Hamilton Tuesday signed the bill punishing, with a fine of not less than $1, profanity, swearing and the use of obscene language on the public highways within the hearing of any person. He also plased his approval on the bill by which drunkenness is punished by fine, and the bill protecting garnishees in cases of attachment.

Mr. McClure, in the House, and Senator Sullivane, in the Senate, Tuesday offered bills to strike out the word "white" wherever it occurs in the jury laws of this State. The object of the bill is to make these laws conform to the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which declared all such laws unconstitutional.

TELEGRAPHIC.

REPUBLICAN VICTORIES IN MAINE.

BANGOR, ME., March 8.—Augusta, Brewer, Hampden, Newport, Pittsfield, Freeport, Belfast, Biddeford, Bangor and Milford all elected Republican town officers to day. In Piscataquis county, Dover, Foxcraft and Milo went Republican. Sangerville, always heretofore Democratic, elects a full Republican and anti-counting out ticket. Atkinson, before Democratic, elects a full Republican ticket. Greenback officers were elected in North Berwick.

THE ATTACK UPON JUDGE PEARRE.

[Special to the American.]

CUMBERLAND, March 7.—The interest in the case against Judge Pearre has not abated in the least, but is increasing at every step made into the investigation. The friends of the Judge earnestly seek for the case to go on, knowing that he will come out of the fire of persecution without even the smell of fire on his garments. Many of the men whose names have been sent down as witnesses have called upon Judge Pearre to say that they know nothing of the charges and do not desire to be classed among those who are endeavoring to push him off the bench. They say: "We not only know nothing against your judicial integrity, but are not in sympathy with this disgraceful attempt to drag the judiciary down simply upon the evidence of bought witnesses." The general public have begun to see the animus of the whole thing, as charge after charge has fallen by the statements of those who were to sustain them. As the falsity of the accusations are becoming apparent, the indignation of the people is turning against those who have made them.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles H. Pope, of the House of Delegates, arrived in this city at a late hour on Friday night, and begun his work of summoning witnesses for the prosecution in the case against Judge Pearre, at an early hour yesterday morning. He was accompanied on his visit by Chas. H. Shuck, who furnished him information as to places and persons. He had a long interview with Judge Pearre, and succeeded in serving summonses upon some thirty-six witnesses. There are one or two to summon who live out of the city, who will be summoned during the forenoon on Monday, after which witnesses for Judge Pearre will be taken up. Three of the female witnesses are *non est*, but they will probable be present at Annapolis. Mrs. Rent was summoned yesterday. There will be about forty witnesses on each side. The Sergeant-at-Arms last night said that he had been instructed not to furnish for publication the names of witnesses already summoned, and expressed his regrets that he could not give the desired information. A large number of witnesses will leave here for Annapolis Tuesday and Tuesday night.

There was a consultation held here last night between Judge Pearre and his friends in regard to the number of witnesses to be summoned for the defence, and other matters which have not been made public. It is understood that the Hons. Henry W. Hoffman, William Walsh and Wm. Bruce are the counsel on the side of the impeachers, and that William Price, Esq., of the *Daily Times*, will be among the counsel on behalf of Judge Pearre. It is not thought that the Hon. S. Teakle Wallis will be engaged in the case on either side, as has been reported.

FUN IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—There was an intensely funny scene in the House this evening just prior to adjournment. The afternoon had been devoted to the private calender, and not a ripple of interest had broken over the dead, monotonous level of the reading of interminable reports accompanying bills for pensions. A dozen members were clamoring for recognition to introduce bills, when Mr. Hazelton, of Wisconsin, rose to a personal explanation. He said that at the session of the House last night, held to *consider pension bills only*, Gen. Warner, of Ohio, had used certain language which had called forth a reply from him (Hazleton). In the *Record* this morning Mr. Warner's speech was garbled and mutilated by the cutting out of all that part which called out his (Mr. Hazelton's) remarks, so that as they stand they are seemingly without provocation and uncalled for. The words used were "hospital pimps," applied to a certain class of pensioners. This trick of expunging portions of a speech was an old one with the gentleman from Ohio, and ever since his entry into Congress his trail might be followed by these mutilated speeches. He asked to have read from the reporter's notes the language of Mr. Warner and then his own reply, and added that now he hoped the exact provocation for his speech would go forth to the country, and his constituents would know what they were reading. There was a good deal of laughter at Mr. Warner's expense, whereupon that gentleman arose and attempted to defend himself by the statement that the objectionable words were used in the heat of debate and without premeditation. They were not applied to bona fide pensioners, but to a class of shams who were to be found in any command in the army. He certainly did not apply it to the gentleman from Wisconsin, who if his information was correct, had stayed too near the Canada border to be in danger from rebel bullets. This thrust was hugely enjoyed by Mr. Warner's friends, and for the moment the battle seemed to be turning against Hazleton; but with a remarkable readiness he retorted that Gen. Warner had gone into the war early and had retired early on a pension, and then, raising his voice, he shouted that the wound for which this pension is paid the gallant general carries in his back. Warner turned livid with rage, while the House and galleries were convulsed with a roar of applause which lasted several moments. Warner attempted to reply, but he was too angry. He said the gentleman's statements as to his motives were false, emphasizing the expression by striking his cane on the floor. Hazleton said he should hold Gen. Warner personally responsible, and then paused a moment. There was a sensation, and members crowded to the front to witness the finale of this remarkable dissension, when Hazleton, with a sly smile, concluded his sentence, "but not with daggers or pistols and coffee." Warner concluded the debate by making a feeling allusion to his honorable service, his wound and his suffering; but the House was in no humor for pathos, and a call for the regular order terminated one of the spiciest scenes the House has witnessed for many a day.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Papers and periodicals for sale at E. E. Chisholm's.

—A full line of Pure Drugs at E. E. Chisholm's drug store.

—Patent medicines of all kinds at E. E. Chisholm's drug store.

—Mrs. Haskell is visiting relatives and friends in Wheeling, W. Va.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss has "reorganized" the interior of his drug store.

—Hon. Geo. W. Wilson shipped 600 shook from this station to Baltimore this week.

—A large stock of writing paper, pens and ink, &c., at E. E. Chisholm's drug store.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—The Literary Society meets tonight. The programme is varied. All are invited.

—Our fishermen are beginning to oil up, clean and fix up generally their fishing apparatus for the spring.

—Wm. Moody, Esq., of the Baltimore Custom House, was in town Tuesday.

—Mr. Procter's condition is improving, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

—Mrs. E. E. Ison left Oakland for a visit to friends in Clarksburg, W. Va., Tuesday morning.

—Major W. O. Ison, of the Morgantown University, made a short visit home this week.

—Hon. Geo. W. Wilson was in town last Saturday. He returned to Annapolis the same night.

—Mr. Henry Coddington moved to town this week. He occupies one of W. H. Hall's houses on Fourth Street.

—The regular Band of Hope meeting will be held at the M. E. church Thursday evening next.

—The county commissioners of Montgomery county have entered into a contract with the *Sentinel* and *Advocate* to do the county printing for two years at $1,600 per annum.

—Married—In the Oakland, M. E. church, March 4th 1880, by Rev. John M. Davis, Rev. S. W. Roberts, of Doddridge county, W. Va., and Miss Hattie Ashby, of this county.

—Prof. J. W. Wilson, colored, working in the interest of the colored people, lectured in Oakland Friday evening of last week and Tuesday evening of this week. His audiences were not large.

—We were in error last week in stating that Mr. Casteel would occupy the Browning House next spring. Mr. Carr, the present proprietor, will remain in possession until the first of November next.

—A local law will be presented to the Legislature empowering the clerk to the county commissioners of Garrett county, to administer an oath or affirmation to any person presenting a claim against the county.

—Persons selling sewing machines and representing them to be genuine "Singers," or buying bogus machines and leading the public to believe they are "Singers," are infringing on the right of the Singer Manufacturing Company's Trade Mark, and shall, "if convicted," be dealt with according to law. I. W. Slonaker, Agent.

—Mr. J. A. Wise, from near Frederick city, Md., has removed with his family to the John Barnes farm near Oakland. He has leased the farm for the present, but if satisfied with our county, will in the near future make a purchase. We hope Mr. Wise will remain in our county, for we believe him to be a first-class farmer, and the county is sadly in need of such men.

—Harry Metcalf, a man reputed to be implicated in many murders, has been arrested and lodged in jail at Keyser, West Va., to be tried for the murder of a man on Patterson's Creek in 1865. He quarrelled with a man named H. Smith about a horse, which the latter had in charge and refused to deliver it to Metcalf. The latter procured a gun and shot Smith through the body, in the presence of four men, yet living in the county, who happened to be on the spot when the quarrel occurred. Metcalf disappeared immediately after the tragedy, and all trace of him was lost up to the time when he suddenly reappeared in his old haunts. Shortly before the affray which resulted in Smith's death, four other murders occurred in the county, and the prisoner is believed to have been a party in all of them. The evidence against him is of the strongest character, and he is jealously guarded.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. O. C. Miller.

Bloomington and Elk Garden.

The project to build a railroad from Bloomington, Garrett county, Maryland, to Elk Garden, West Virginia, a distance of about twelve miles, has within the past few days assumed such tangible shape as to warrant the prediction that the construction of the road is now an assured fact, and that it will be constructed with as much despatch as possible. At Bloomington the Baltimore & Ohio railroad crosses the north branch of the Potomac into West Virginia, and the plan is to build a narrow guage road from the West Virginia side of the river to Elk Garden, at which place there are large deposits of bituminous coal, which have as yet never been worked, on account of the lack of transportation facilities. The new road will be known as the Bloomington and Elk Garden railroad. It has been duly organized under the general railroad laws, and sufficient capital has been subscribed to build and equip the line. The prime movers in the enterprise are Mr. Alexander Shaw, of Shaw Bros., coal dealers, Baltimore, and United States Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. The route for the new road has been surveyed; the right of way has nearly all been acquired, and negotiations are now in progress for the same at the points where it has not yet been obtained. The coal deposit which it is intended to open up consists of a vein 14 feet thick, and covering 1,000 acres of bituminous coal very similar in quality to the celebrated George's Creek coal. The plan at present in most favor with the projectors of the new road is to run the small mining cars direct from the mine to a trestle work, which will be built alongside the track of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at either Bloomington or the West Virginia bank of the Potomac. The coal will then be dumped into the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio road, and shipped into Baltimore and other markets along the line of that road. Estimates of the cost of building the road are placed at from $4,500 to $5,000 per mile, the total cost, with engines and cars, not being expected to exceed $100,000. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad, while not taking any money interest in the project, recognizes the value which the connection would be to them, and have given the scheme their moral support, and will enter into a contract with the new road for the transportation of the products of the mine. There is abundant capital enlisted in the enterprise to ensure its successful carrying out, and it is stated that ground will be broken just as soon as the weather is sufficiently settled to guarantee that operations will not have to be suspended after having once been commenced.

Talk up your County.

Talk up your county; and speak a good word about your neighbors and neighborhood—not only when you are abroad, but when you are at home. Tell the stranger visitor that your people are good and hospitable, and prove to him by introducing him among your friends. Let every man speak well of his neighborhood and his county and try and induce strangers to settle there. When a stranger locates near you, make him think well of you and your neighbors. If there is a bargain in a piece of vacant land or farm near you help to get the bargain disposed of. When it is in stronger hands, and out of the market, it will stiffen prices on all the lands surrounding it. Get all your farms into the hands of men out of debt and able to hold them, and you will see a boom in the real estate market; but as long as there is a farm for sale under pressure of debts, the prices of other lands will be influenced thereby. A vacant store in a row of business houses injures the rental value of all the others; a demand for one more store than can be had has the contrary effect. Prices of lands are affected in the same way.

The Lutheran Conference.

The district conference of the Ev. Lutheran church, comprising Allegany and Garrett counties, Md., and Mineral, Preston and Taylor counties, West Virginia, met in Christ (English Lutheran) church Cumberland, Tuesday morning last. There were present Revs. McAtee and Conradi, of Cumberland; Harrison and Humrighouse, of Frostburg; Miller, of Oakland, Young, of Grantsville, and Somers and Cline, of Preston county, W. Va.

Officers of the Conference were elected as follows: President, J. Q. McAtee, of Cumberland; secretary, Rev. Miller, of Oakland; treasurer, Rev. Young, of Grantsville. After devotional exercises, the various ministers gave verbal reports of the condition of the churches under their charge. The spiritual condition of all the charges was stated to be good and the accounts of their financial condition encouraging so far as given.

Garrett Guards, Attention.

All members of this command will assemble for parade and drill on Saturday, promptly at 3 o'clock. In case of rain, assemble at the armory.

By order of the Captain.

P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will visit Oakland on Monday, March 29th, and remain one week or ten days. Persons wanting work done will please call early. Rooms at the New Glade Hotel. Mh6-td.

Silver Near Oakland.

Chauncey Kimmell, Esq., has found what is generally supposed to be silver quartz, about six miles from Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river. It has the same appearance as the quartz found in the Savage region, and is apparently as rich.

Registration Officers.

The following is the list of newly appointed officers of registration for this county:

District No. 1, Henry O. Hamill; No. 2, Benjamin H. Green; No. 3, Isaiah Fuller; No. 4, Wm. H. Barnard; No. 5, Daniel Hinebaugh, Jr.; No. 6, Thomas Browning; No. 7, Wm. H. Hall; No. 8, William F. Deaklns; No. 9, Daniel Carey.

Judge Pearre's Case.

Mr. Pope, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Delegates, arrived in Oakland Tuesday evening, and summoned Messrs. Thos. J. Peddicord, W. H. Tower, J. W. Veitch and G. W. Delawder, all for the defence. They left for Annapolis Thursday at noon.

The following named are the witnesses summoned for the defence in Cumberland:

Asahel Willison, B. F. Garlitz, De Warner, H. Reynolds, Dr. G. B. Fundenberg, J. C. Lynn, Thomas J. Blocher, F. Mertens, Sr., F. Mertens, Jr., Andrew Spier, Dr. W. W. Wiley, J. G. Lynn, Sr., J. D. George, Thos. W. Gunning, Alexander King, J. H. Gordon, B. R. Edwards, Daniel Blocher, Mrs. Ellen McLane, C. F. McCully, Mrs. Ann Lilley.

Following is a complete list of the witnesses summoned thus far for the prosecution:

R. L. Gross, Dr. S. C. Thrall, H. W. Williamson, R. T. Semmes, Dr. O. M. Schindell, H. J. Johnson, John Weir, Hon. William Wash, J. J. McHenry, J. A. McHenry, B. A Richmond, William Brace, A. H. Boyd, Joseph Metz, Percival Rowland, J. W. Thomas, Jacob Brown, W. J. Read, F. Williams, J. E. Elsegood, D. J. Blackiston, T. E. Gonder, S. A. Cox, T. F. McCardell, Alfred Spates, J. W. S. Cochrane, Richard Ryan, David Lynn, Mrs. Anna Rent, James Birmingham, S. H. Shuck, Sallie Trimble, (colored.)

The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says that the House committee on the Pearre case will prosecute the work in hand vigorously and will be in session morning, afternoon and night in the hope of completing the investigation, which began Wednesday, in six or seven days.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 9th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

The fifth account of G. S. Hamill, Guardian to Mary C. Fike and others, which was settled on February 24th, ratified and confirmed.

Letters of Administration granted to Jacob R. Harshbarger on the estate of Elijah Harshbarger, dec'd.

The first account of Anthony Shaffer, guardian to Anna and Mary Lohmyer, which was settled on Feb. 24th, ratified and confirmed.

List of sales of personal property of Daniel Smith, deceased, filed.

Jonas Wass, adm'r of Zechariah Humbertson, settled his second and final account.

On the petition of Messrs. Peddicord & Combs, the following attorneys were appointed a committee to draft rules for the Orphans' Court as a Court of Equity, viz: John W. Veitch, W. A. Daily, G. S. Hamill, H. Wheeler Combs and Thomas J. Peddicord.

Order passed for John M. Davis, executor of Lucinda Davis, deceased, to sell personal property of said deceased, at public or private sale.

Court then adjourned to meet Tuesday, March 23d.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 10:

Wm. Smouse to Norman Barnard, part of a tract call "Rabbit Pasture," 6 acres; $100.

George E. Bishoff and wife, to Emanuel Custer, part of a tract of land known as the "Casteel Farm," 42 roods; $25.

W. C. Pennington, trustee to Amerilla Robinson Lot No. 21 in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland Enlarged; $2,400.

Emily L. Herblay, by Emil F. Droege, attorney in fact 22½ acres of land near Deer Park; $157.50.

GLADE VALLEY, Mch. 9th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—A lecture was announced to be delivered at the Glade Valley church yesterday evening at 7½ o'clock, by Prof. J. W. Wilson, the discourse being in behalf of the educational and industrial interests of the colored people of West Virginia. As a matter of course the announcement that a colored man would deliver a lecture created quite a commotion in our quiet community, and the news spread far and wide, and at an early hour about one hundred persons had congregated at the church. The people amused themselves in various ways until 8 o'clock, but no colored Professor made an appearance, when the congregation abandoned the church for their respective homes, much weaker but none the wiser for their trouble. We think that if the Prof. intentionally disappointed the people here and at the Glades White church he had better go where the people are more lenient, or the cause for which he claims to labor would be better promoted by some other and more punctual advocate.

OBSERVER.

The Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, a body which represents the opinions of a very large element in this community, Tuesday entered its protest against the city and State appropriations to St. Mary's Industrial School. The Baltimore Presbytery has heretofore put itself on record to the same effect, and other Protestant religious bodies have taken similar action. The sectarian appropriation injunction laid on the city some four years ago settled a very vexed question of this character. Special contracts have been since made by the city with St. Mary's Industrial School and other institutions, by which the city pays these institutions so much per annum for the care of boys committed to them by magistrates or by the courts. The objectionable feature to Protestant bodies is that St. Mary's Industrial School is under Catholic management. Its education and training may be of a non sectarian character, but Protestants look at it as purely a Roman Catholic School, knowing that Archbishop Gibbons is its president, Father Lee its vice president, Brother Alexius its superintendent, Father McColgan, Father Chapelle, Father McManus, Father Gaitley, Father Didier, Father McCoy and others its board of trustees. The city and state have representation in the board, but no Protestant can be convinced that Saint Mary's Industrial school is anything but a purely sectarian institution. The result is constant and repeated protests, such as we have referred to, against public grants for its benefit on any consideration. The religious papers of the city carry on an almost constant warfare on the subject, and rarely does a Protestant religious body assemble in this city, at which reference is not made to the matter. It evidently rests with our legislators to solve this problem, by removing all possible ground for religious objections; but to do this it would be necessary to place all institutions of a reformatory character wholly under control and authority of the city and state.—*Balto. American.*

THE SUFFERING IN IRELAND.—A correspondent on one of her Majesty's gunboats, which is distributing meal among the western islands, writes from Innishark, off Galway, as follows:

"It is a terrible state of affairs. 50 families here eke out a miserable existence. Their houses are small heaps of dirty stones. Their land is rock and soft bog. Hunger and want are everywhere visible. The people go naked and without food. Many are slowly starving to death. Such scenes of appalling destitution I never before witnessed. Every step we took brought before our view new and more fearful pictures of destitution and suffering. The more we saw the more certain did death from starvation appear the inevitable fate of nearly every man, woman and child on the island. In many cabins children crouched shivering and almost naked around the fire. When I entered they sprang behind their mother, whose single garment—a thin dress—was but the slightest protection against the wind, which blew through the broken roof. On the fire was the dinner—a pot of brown green seaweed. It is certain that unless they are well cared for dozens will die of starvation."

On Friday of last week the attorney for the Pittsburg & Connellsville Railroad Company confessed judgment in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburg in favor of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company for $1,351,748.86. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company took possession of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, the former guaranteed the bonds of the latter in a large amount. The Baltimore and Ohio Company of course had to pay them. Now the Connellsville Company confessed judgment in order that execution may be issued and the road go to sale, when it will be purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 9, 1880.

The Supreme Court has given an important decision, which hits the Democrats in a tender spot. They affirm the constitutionality of the Federal election law, and go further by deciding that local officers are punishable by Federal Courts for refusing or neglecting to enforce the laws when the election of members of Congress or other Federal officers is concerned. This is the sorest rebuke the Democrats have had, and ought to have the effect to discourage them in their purpose to obstruct the United State officers in the preformance of their duties. They cannot now refuse to give supplies to the United State Marshals without flying in the face of the highest tribunal in the land, and thus weaken their already feeble hold on the country.

The agreement between Secretary Schurz and the Utes will be sent to Congress in a few days. Congress will probably authorize it by a bill, and then the agreement will be finally ratified. This agreement does not seem to satisfy all parties concerned, as fears are expressed that it will not meet with favor by the Indians at home, and the white people of Colorado say that the Indians have all the advantage, and in fact, have dictated their terms. Secretary Schurz seems to have poor luck in treating the Indian question.

The House Committee on Coinage, weights and measures, at their meeting to-day agreed to report favorably to the House Mr. Forts bill "to provide for the exchange of trade dollars for legal tender dollars." A proviso was added, and the bill as agreed upon provides "that the Secretary of the Treasury shall cause to be exchanged at the Treasury and at all sub-treasuries of the United States legal tender silver dollars for trade dollars at par, and shall recoin the said trade dollars into legal tender dollars, as now provided by law, and shall stop the further coming of trade dollars."

It begins to look as if the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to use a Naval Vessel for the transportation of supplies to Ireland, or to charter a vessel for that purpose, will, in the abscence of a cargo be only ornamented as it were. Nobody has communicated with the Navy Department as to supplies for the supposed ship. Several parties have, however, written offering to hire ships for the transportation of supplies.

The Public Printer dosen't seem to understand the methods used in the House to delay appropriations. He seems to think his deficiancy bill will be passed speedily. He has been obliged to furlough his force, because of no funds. He will get no appropriation within, at least, six weeks.

LOGAN.

Henry G. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, has predicted much cold weather for both March and April, within the boundaries of the Dominion. He fixes cold weather and snow for the 15th, 16th and 17th (St. Patrick's Day.) This storm period will, in all probability, extend to Boston and New York; but should cold rain replace snow in those cities he would not be surprised. Snowfalls are also likely on the 21st, 22d, and 27th; one of these to be very heavy. The stormiest part of March will be after the 15th. April is to enter cold and stormy, with snow up to the 4th or 5th, after which cold rains may continue up to about the 10th.

M. E. Hutchinson, United States Revenue Commissioner in South Carolina, has made a statement of his experience, as controverting the assertion of the Charleston *News and Courier*, that there is no discrimination in that State regarding cases pertaining to federal officers in the State courts. Mr. Hutchinson states that he was sent to Georgetown in October, 1878, to investigate a complaint against certain white men accused of breaking up a Republican meeting. The uncontradicted testimony showed that Farris, another white man and a negro bully, whom the Georgetown paper styled "The Democratic Heenan," provoked a disturbance, which gave the "Red-Shirt Cavalry" an excuse for charging upon the crowd, breaking down the speakers' stand and cutting up the United States flag with their sabres. The flag had been borrowed from the collector of customs for the occasion, and was United States property. Farris, among others, was bound over to appear before the United States Court. While at Georgetown Farris made an unprovoked assault upon Mr. Hutchinson. A warrant was issued in December, 1878, for the arrest of Farris for the assault. No effort was made to arrest him until January, when, at Hutchinson's solicitation, he was taken before a trial justice. That official neglected to place the witnesses under bond, and the prisoner was bound over to appear at Charleston February 22d, by which time the court had adjourned. At the June term the witnesses did not appear, and in November the trial was postponed on the plea that Farris was sick. At the last term, in February, the case was not called up till the last day, then a member of the legislature was named as counsel for the defence, and his absence was the excuse for another postponment, completing the series of discriminations against government officers.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT ON THE SOUTH.—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* publishes the following letter, addressed by Mr. John Bright to a gentleman of that city, and dated London, England, February 19th:

"I thank you for sending me your little book. I have not yet seen it, as it is doubtless at my home in Lancashire. I did not omit notice of the South, for I said a good deal about Texas. As for your old slave south, you will have few Englishem settling there so long as the old temper of your people continues to exist. We hear of the ill treatment of the negro, and of the hostile disposition of many of your white population toward families who come from the North. I know not how much of this is true, but so long as the belief in its truth exists your Southern States will make small progress in comparison with the north and west. You have soil and climate, but you will not easily or speedily shake off the old curse, and men from Europe will prefer a country where slavery has not prevailed, and where the negro is not a considerable portion of your population. They will think the North and West offer a better field for them, with more real freedom and less of the elements of disorder. I wish all your States a growing prosperity."

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Mch. 9, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday of April, 1880,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers and hearing appeals.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

3 13 td.

Estate of Elijah Harsbarger, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIJAH HARSHBARGER,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of March, 1880.

JACOB HARSHBERGER, Administrator.

3 13 4

Notice of Distribution.

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor.

In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, this 24th day of February, 1880, that Daniel Beachy, Executor of Jacob Yontz, late of Garrett county, deceased, give notice that distribution will be made in said estate at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county, on the 23d day of March next.

ISAAC KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, A. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, A. J. O. C.

True Copy—Test—
W. H. HAGANS, Register of Wills.

m6-td

ORDER NISI

Wm. J. Crump vs. Benj. Kirby, et. ux.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 164. Equity.

ORDERED, this 10th day of February, 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Brace, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, 1880; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of March, 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be $291.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-13 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland:

We, the citizens of District No. 6, in said county, do petition your Honors, that you will order a change in the Grantsville road, in said district, beginning at the gate of Mahlon Glotfelty's, and following the lines of Jesse Glotfelty, D. McLean and others, to intersect the pike leading from McHenry to Accident, and disannul the Grantsville road from Wm. Casteel's to the above named gate. It will be a better location and near a mile shorter; and we will pray, &c.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
WM. CASTEEL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
And 16 others.

Mh. 6-tem

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—"Ecarlate" is the name of a new red color derived from coal. It is prophesied that cochineal has had its day, and that the new color will take its place.

—Four parts of copper sulphate and one part of borax, triturated together, are said to form a mass that can be rolled into sticks at pleasure for cauterizing purposes.

—Recently in Holland a competition was held for tarred and untarred rope. It was shown that tar diminishes the tenacity of ropes against pulling force, but maintained the tenacity longer by protecting the rope against atmospheric and other influences. The degree of tarring most suitable for ropes is about fifteen per cent.

—A writer in the Bismarck (D. T.) *Tribune* argues that railroads and their operations are among the greatest sources of increased rainfall in countries reported arid; and expresses the opinion that they have already changed the climate along the Northern Pacific Railroad, and that the same effect will follow railroad construction everywhere in the Northwest.

—In a paper on the detection of organic matter in water, Tieman and Preusse consider it very probablo that disease-ferments are present in polluted water, but deprecate inference that all impure water must necessarily prove pernicious to health. When water becomes pernicious, neither the physician nor the chemist can decide, though both may point ont when the water shonld be avoided as suspicious.

—The returns of vessels launched in the Clyde in 1879 show a falling off of 49,150 tons as compared with 1878, but an increase of 3,493 tons as compared with 1877. Altogether last year 170 vessels of an aggregato tonnage of 173,438, were launched, as compared with 236 vessels and 222,359 tons in 1878. A feature of last year's work was a fleet of steel vessels aggregating 18,808 tons.

—The "damposcope" is the name given by its inventor, Professor Forbes, of Anderson's College, Glasgow, to an instrument designed to detect the presence of fire-damp in mines. The principal embodied in it is that when a tuning-fork is sonnded and brought near a tube of a certain length, full of air, the tube will résound to the note produced by the fork. By this machine the fire-damp in a mine can be estimated to the amount of five per cent. It has already been adopted in some of the mines in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

—Professor A. J. Cook, of the Agricultnral College of Michigan, well known as an apiarian of experience, says that within the hives honey bee workers in killing the drones tear them to pieces with their mandibles rather than sting them, and he has thus seen them kill a bumble bee that had entered the hive; it thus appears, what we may judge will be quite new to entomologists, that the honey bee uses its mandibles, at least on somo occasions, as weapons of attack, quite as much as the sting.

—The latest and most wonderful phonographic discovery is that of M. Lambrigot, who substitutes stearine for tin foil and electrotypes the impressed surface. It has been suggested, says *Nature*, that these electrotypes, which can be made very cheaply, may render great service in the study of foreign languages, for they preserve indefinitely and repeat as often as may be desired words that are most difficult to pronounce correctly, thus providing a "pronouncing dictionary" of the most satisfactory kind.

—To Remove Old Paint.—A writer to the *English Mechanic* says: "The cheapest and best solution that I know of I accidentally discovered, and it may be worth while to tell how, though very likely some may know of it. In trying experiments for press copying some old letters, among others I used successfully a solution of ono tablespoonful of vinegar and one ounce of washing soda to a half pint of water. A little of this was spilt on the painted window sill, and in wiping it up the paint came entirely off, leaving the bare board entirely clean. Try it; a gallon will not cost fifty cents."

—Lightning and Tin.—A building roofed with tin is not less liable to be struck by lightning than a shingled roofed building. If neither house were provided with a lightning rod the tin roofed building, if struck, would be the safer, because the lightning would be likely to divide and spread over the metal, and find its way to the earth by several different paths on the exterior of the building, water leaders, gutters, etc. The wooden roof offers no such facility as metal for the spread or division of the electric charge, but is apt to tear its way through the building to the ground in one path.—*Scientific American.*

—Wood Carving.—Wood carving is an industry which is carried to considerable perfection among the Germans. It is fostered by the establishment of schools for carving particularly in districts where the wood used for the work—the Spanish walnut the finest and best walnut the Germans have—is plentiful. Eighty of these carving schools exist at the present time in Germany, and eighty in Wurtemburg, but so much importance is attached to the results which have flowed or are expected to flow from these institutions that the number of the schools in Germany is to be increased to 200.

A Bachelor's League.

Many highly respectable men in London about thirty years ago, as the *Punch* files tell us, had become thoroughly impressed with the idea that something ought to be done to relieve themselves from certain social duties which had been gradually growing more and more onerous. After some canvassing among the interested persons it was finally decided to form a League of Bachelors, and as the members of that league were endeavoring to escape from responsibilities which are notoriously shirked by the young men of to-day, we shall, perhaps interest our feminine readers by transcribing a few of the rules which were laid down for a London society almost a generation ago, and which are likely to be revived before long on this side of the water:

1. Every bachelor joining the League is to cancel all previous engagements.

2. Every bachelor having subscribed for five years to the League, and who, by misfortune, shall have incurred a matrimonial engagement, shall be defended against any action for breach of promise, and thus saved from the shame and misory of going through the Court of Hymen, which is too frequently another name for the Insolvent Court.

3. Connected with the League it is intended to establish a Bachelors' Insurance Office, to insure single men against marriage and flirtation, on the same principles as are usually applied to death and fire. Any member having visited willfully a house with more than two marriageablo daughters, will, in the event of the calamity of marriage befalling him, bo recorded in the same light as *felo de se*, and his policy will be vitiated on account of the very bad policy that will have guided him. Any bachelor falling—into matrimony—by his own hand, as in the case of a written promise to wed, will be deprived of all the benefits of his insurance, and every applicant proposing to be insured must answer the following questions, among others that will bo proposed to him: What is your age next birthday? At what age had your father tho misfortune to marry your mother? Have you been afflicted with the German or other mania? Are you subjected to sentimental fits? Have you been addicted to the writing of sonnets? Or have you ever suffered from the cacoethes scribendi in any shape, or at any time whatever? Have you at any time in your life been a victim to the flute, or any other deadly-lively instrumeut? Have any of your near relations fallen in love at any time, and if so, have they recovered, or have their cases ended fatally?

If these questions are all answered in a satisfactory manner, any member of the Bachelor's League may insure any amount under $5,000, to be paid within three months of the melancholy termination of his single career, on proof of wedlock having actually overtaken him. The insurance against flirtation or fire can be effected where the applicant is more than ordinarily inflammable, and watering-places in the season, balls and picnic parties must be considered as doubly or trebly hazardous, and charged accordingly.—*Boston Times.*

Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid fever is, of all diseases, preeminently a filth disease, traceable with as much certainty as fire from smoke. Wherever it exists it points unequivocally to unremoved filth, and is a disease, therefore, altogether and wholly preventable by proper sanitary measures. Notwithstanding, during the census year of 1870 there were, in the United States, twenty-two thousand one hundred and eighty-seven preventable deaths from typhoid fever. But had there been the same ratio to the total population of the United States as in Philadelphia during Centennial year, the mortality from this cause would have been over thirty-seven thousand. And this was far from being all, as regards Philadelphia. All over the country fatal cases of typhoid fever, and other diseases nearly allied to it, were attributable to the Centennial visitation—the neglected drainage, criminal insufficiency of water-closets and bad plumbing. These conditions, so prominently manifest at the Centennial, and apparently to an extraordinary degree in Philadelphia even yet, as judged by the prevalence of typhoid fever, are, of all causes of mortality, the most criminal, because the most easily preventable. Universal experience attests that water closets inadequately provided with means for speedy and complete cleansing and aeration are prolific sources of typhoid fever and kindred affections in all temperate latitudes, and, with prevailing high temperature and moisture, of the still more deadly disease, yellow fever. And all the more dangerous are these conditions because they are not infrequently the means of spreading that disease to distant places. The existence of typhoid fever or allied diseases in any place is prima-facie evidence of filthy surroundings.—*Sanitarian.*

Fashions in Faces.

The subject of beauty and of external attraction has been discussed so perpetually in every age and in every country that it is amusing to find how eagerly each generation takes up the topic, and how, like love, it is always young. In general society the attractive qualities of a woman, apart from beauty, lose or gain in importance according to the fashion. At one period learning, at another wit, at another blunt frankness of speech, at another graceful reticence and lady-like bearing may hold sway; but the power of beauty is greater than any of these qualities, and when it is added to one or the other of them the owner remains paramount. In speaking of beauty in this way it is no ordinary type that is implied, but beauty of that rare kind that has been immortalized in history, the loveliness that is capable of ruining a nation and upsetting kingdoms. Our ideas of what constitutes beauty vary so much that no hard and fast line can be laid down regarding it. Such a face as that of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the best portraits of her, is not to be compared with that of many a lovely portrait of our own time or of a century back. But there is no doubt that her charm of manner, her accomplishments, and last, but really not least, the arts of the "toilet" acquired by her in France, made up so fascinating a presence that men gladly sacrificed their hopes in this world and in the world to come for her sake. It is fortunate that there should be more variety in taste in ordinary life and that we do not all think alike, otherwise the effect of beauty might be terrific. If Helen's charms had been more doubtful Troy might have been saved. That it is possible, though, for a whole community to worship, as beauty, positive ugliness, is a well substantiated fact. We read of an Alpine village, where goitres were universal, being visited many years ago by a very handsome Englishman. He fell ill of fever, and on his convalescence attended the church to return thanks for his recovery. His figure and dress attracted great attention, and as he went out the people flocked around him to admire, exclaiming, "Ah! would he not be perfect if he had but a goitre!" Keats tells us that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," but then he was not an Alpine villager with an eye as well as a throat for goitres, or otherwise his "joy" might not have been wholly unmixed.—*Exchange.*

The New Departure in the Public Schools.

At length the old system which has endured so long seems crumbling, and new methods and new ideas appear on every side. That old system, the system beloved by the true pedagogue, is only too well known. It is the system of routine and of cram, and there are few people under forty who have not at some time suffered under it.

To excite interest or arouse enthusiasm has not been considered the task of a master in the common schools. On the contrary, an interested school room would probably be rather noisy, and hence objectionable. Scholarship has been held to consist in learning textbooks by heart, and in answering by rote such questions as were printed for the master's use; that school has been the best where the routine was most iron bound, where children were drilled in their exercises like soldiers in the manual, and where excellence, in the one case as in the other, depended on turning human beings into machines.

Now, apart from the fact that such discipline is pernicious, because it enfeebles the mind by overloading it with undigested matter, and crushes out originality by discouraging all independent thought, it is equally objectionable on other grounds. Long experience has proved that it is a doubtful blessing to teach a man to read, and then turn him upon the world to pick up such further education as the cheap literature of great cities affords. The immense sale of sensational newspapers of the worst class proves the truth of this fact, and is admitted to be one of the most threatening signs of the times. There is no use in attacking the publishers of criminal literature by indictment, and by fine and imprisonment. Where there is a demand there will be a supply, all the laws in the statute book to the contrary notwithstanding. The true way to suppress such publications is by lessening the demand, and this can be done only by educating the children in the common schools to read something better. That much can be done in this direction the believers in the new departure are thoroughly convinced, and that without any great expense or radical change, except in bringing common sense to bear upon the educational problem.—*March Atlantic.*

A Fight With a Catamount.

The lumbermen on the Little Pine Creek, in Lycoming County, have had evidence for some time that some wild animal was prowling around their camp. A few nights ago Robert Carson set a heavy steel trap on the bank of the creek, believing the animal to be a panther. Day before yesterday he went to examine the trap. He reached the spot, but although he had chained the trap fast, no sign of it could be found. He at first thought some one had stolen it; and was about to return home, when he discovered bunches of hair lying around on the ground and evidences of a struggle in the bushes. He was looking around for some trace of the missing trap, when he was startled by a fearful howl that proceeded from a tree near by. He looked up and saw an immense catamount crouching on a limb. The next instant the animal sprang at Carson and lighted on the ground within two feet of him. Carson saw that he was saved from the claws of the ferocious beast by the fact that his heavy steel trap was fastened on one of its hind feet. The catamount instantly gathered itself up for another spring. Carson had an ax in his hand, and before the animal could jump he threw the ax at it and struck it with such force that the catamount was knocked several feet down the hill.

Carson is a cripple and knew that it would be impossible to get away from the catamount, notwithstanding it was hampered by the trap. He prepared to fight the infuriated animal as best he could. The catamount did not give him a moment's time to make up his mind as to his mode of defense, but rushed at once back up the hill to the attack. Carson picked up a large stone, and when the animal was almost near enough to him to seize him with its claws, he knocked it down again with the stone. Carson says the shrieks of the catamount made his blood run cold, and as it seemed to understand that the trap was preventing it from springing upon its enemy, it snapped and bit furiously at the iron that held its leg. It hurried to the attack the third time, when Carson dealt it a blow on the head with a stone forcible enough to stun it, and then pounded it to death. The catamount was the largest one ever killed in this region, and Carson firmly believes that he owes his life to the fact that the animal was incumbered by the trap.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Cor. New York Times.*

The Discovery of Gold in California.

Albert N. Hatch, of Edgemont, Pa., writes the following to the Philadelphia *Press:*

"In looking over my note book the other day, I came across something relating to the discovery of gold in California which I thought might interest your readers, and therefore send it for your consideration. I was upon the ground shortly after the discovery, and was acquainted with the principal actors. The discovery took place exactly thirty-two years before the date of this paper, and occurred in the following manner: Captain Suter was building a saw-mill, and had employed two or three white men as well as a number of Indians. They had dug a race to the river and built the framework of the mill. In the evening they had turned the water into the race so as to sluice out the tail-race. In the morning one of the white men by the name of Jim Marshall went down into the tail-race in order to find out how much dirt had been washed out. His attention was attracted by some shining lumps. Not knowing what they were he gathered up several of them and took them to his fellow-workmen for their inspection. One of these men had some knowledge of metals, and at once proceeded to test the nuggets. He procured some aquafortis, and after applying it pronounced it gold and no mistake. It was agreed to keep the discovery a secret, but Marshall was to inform Captain Suter, who was then at his fort, some twenty miles distant. Marshall took several of the nuggets in a bag and started on foot to the fort. Of the interview Captain Suter gives the following account: 'Marshall reached my place about three o'clock in the afternoon. He seemed greatly agitated. He asked me to go into a private room, as he had something to communicate. After we were in the room he asked me to lock the door. I felt uneasy, for the man looked wild. After I had locked the door he desired me to place something over the keyhole. "Now, Captain," says he, "do you think anyone can hear us?" He then pulled out his bag of precious metal, and, emptying it upon the table, desired me to examine it, which I did, and pronounced it gold. Marshall immediately prepared to return. I told him to remain all night, and that I would go up with him. I could not persuade him to remain. The next morning I started on horseback, and several miles on my way I met Marshall coming out of the bushes, all wet, it having rained hard in the night. We traveled along together until we reached the saw-mill, where we found all hands had quit work and gone to gold hunting.'

"It is a singular fact that the same man who discovered gold in California was the cause of its being found in Australia, in which country it was discovered by James Hargrave. England, for the benefit derived therefrom, by act of Parliament gave to Hargrave the sum of $75,000, while Marshall has never received a cent from the United States, not even a pension, showing the difference between the two Governments. Hargrave and Marshall were old acquaintances, and Hargrave had just returned from Australia when Marshall met him and induced him to return to Australia and seek for gold. This he did, and the result was the finding of richer deposits than in California."

The Youth Who Wanted to Raise the Black Flag.

He was only a small boy, with a freckled face and hayseed in his hair, but he carried a two-dollar pistol in his clothes, and he had come on from Lynn, Mass., to be a pirate. He was picked up at Pier 44, looking longingly out to sea. Evidently the gentle child wanted to know the nearest way to the Spanish Main, and was figuring on his chances of sending a few galleons to the bottom when Policeman O'Neil came along. He was a frank boy, though, and when he was questioned he plumply told what brought him here and how badly he wanted to go into the buccaneering business. That made his captor still more curious about him, but he never for a moment thought of concealing the rides he had stolen on baggage-cars or the strategic ruse by which he had given the slip to the old folks at home. Aspirations as high as those the run-away thirteen-year-older professed could not be allowed to languish while a police-court atmosphere was so close at hand, so yesterday they introduced the embryo scourge of the seas as Francis Sherlock to His Honor at the Jefferson Market bar.

"You have come all the way to this town to be a pirate?" said the magistrate.

The prisoner said he had, and tried to raise himself a couple of additional inches by standing on tiptoe. His Honor looked over him critically, and said "Hum!" with considerable emphasis, but the other did not shirk his scrutiny a bit.

"I don't think you'll do for me," His Honor went on, after a reflective pause. "You haven't killed anyone outright yet, and I question whether you've even set a house on fire. Besides, you don't swear loud enough; and I doubt if you drink hot blood with any relish."

The "terror" from Lynn looked abashed. Clearly he was painfully sensitive of the defects in his education. "I might be the cabin boy," he ventured, after a while.

"No you mightn't," the court promptly returned. "You can't take a back somersault down the hatchway without breaking your neck; you don't know how to rip things up properly in the cook's galley, and you couldn't crack a joke at an old sea-dog without getting thrashed. You won't do, nohow."

The young marauder looked quite pensive. "Well, couldn't I be the fellow that lays around and says the funny things?" he asked.

"I'm afraid that berth's engaged, my boy. In fact, the only job you might come in for is to take the fellow's place that get's chopped up and buried with the plunder to keep it snug and safe. Would that suit?" This time there was no hesitation on the prisoner's part in saying that it wouldn't.

"O, it won't, eh?" said His Honor. "Then I'm afraid we can't do anything for you. Young men like you are a drug in the market just now. We had a troop on last week looking for Indians to shoot; there's more than a dozen around wanting to go on the highway, but it's only occasionally we come across gentlemen of your age with such modesty and innocent aspirations as your own. We've a place up-town where you can take a hand in. There's not much burning or blood-shedding going on, but they've an uncommonly lively shoe factory, and they cane a chair quicker'n you could heave a marlin-spike. You had better stop there till we hear what they have to say about your vocation in Lynn."—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Oregon schoolmarm, who has fenced a land-claim and raised 612 bushels of grain, says she will not marry till she can support a husband!

Our Young Folks.

CROCUS.

O the dear, delightful sound
Of the drops that to the ground
From the eaves rejoicing run
In the February sun!
Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip
From the icicle's bright tip,
Till they melt the sullen snow
On the garden bed below.
"Bless me! what is all this drumming?"
Cries the crocus, "I am coming!
Pray don't knock so long and loud,
For I'm neither cross nor proud,
But a little sleepy still
With the winter's lingering chill.
Never mind! 'Tis time to wake,
Through the dream at last to break!"
'Tis as quickly done as said,
Up she thrusts her golden head,
Looks about with radiant eyes
In a kind of shy surprise,
Tries to say in accents surly,
"Well! you called me very early!"
But she lights with such a smile
All the darksome place the while,
Every heart begins to stir
Joyfully at sight of her;
Every creature grows more gay
Looking in her face to-day.
She is greeted, "Welcome, dear!
Fresh smile of the hopeful year!
First bright print of Spring's light feet,
Golden crocus, welcome, Sweet!"
And she whispers, looking up
From her richly glowing cup,
At the sunny eaves so high
Overhead against the sky,
"Now, I've come, O sparkling drops,
All your clattering pattering stops,
And I'm very glad I came,
And you're not the least to blame
That you hammered at the snow
Till you wakened me below
With your one incessant tune.
I'm not here a bit too soon!"
—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas for March.*

THE TWO CLERKS.

In Market Square, in the pleasant city of Merryport, was a crockeryware store, over the door of which was a black sign bearing in gilt letters the name of Benjamin Hudson. For many years this crockery store had been there, with the great pitcher hanging in front for a sign; indeed, when Mr. Hudson first opened the store, some forty years previous, he was quite a young man, and the sign over his door was bright and handsome; but now his eyes had grown dim, and the owner was called "Old Hudson" by all the boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown rich in his business, for he had conducted it all himself, and taken care that nothing should be wasted or lost by neglect. He had made mistakes, to be sure, as every man will make some blunders during a lifetime but by skillful management he quickly recovered from them. Sixty-five years had begun to bend over Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the brightness of his eye, and he found business more irksome than it formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he one day to himself as he sat before a cheerful fire. "I must have some one interested in the business who is young and active, and will take tho weight off my shoulders, for I do not care to do as I used to."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ were two young men—Herbert Bond and Charles Sehmour. They had been with him an equal length of time, and had performed their duties faithfully and well. Charles did his work quickly, and had a smart way about him that made people think he was greatly superior to Herbert, who had a more quiet demeanor and accomplished quite as much without making a great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hudson; "on which can I decide? They both do very well in the store, but I ought to know something of them out of the store, and I am sorry to say that is a point I have never paid proper attention to. My clerks come here in the morning and go away at night; what becomes of them over night, I know not, and yet I ought to know. Neither of them have parents in the city; they live in some of the numerous boarding-houses and I hope are steady and well-behaved. I must see them in their homes, and then decide which shall be my partner."

The next day Mr. Hudson ascertained the boarding-places of his clerks, without letting them know for what purpose, and after supper that evening his wife and daughters were somewhat astonished to see him go to the hall and put on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa?" asked Lily, the youngest daughter, who could hardly remember the evening when her father had not remained at home.

"I am going to make a call, Lily, on two young men of my acquaintance; I shall not be long gone," replied Mr. Hudson, and bidding them good-bye immediately started out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the nearer of the two, and here Mr. Hudson stopped first.

It was a neat-looking house, in a very pleasant street. Mrs. Buntin, the landlady, opened the door when Mr. Hudson rang.

"Does a young man named Herbert Bend board here?"

"He does. Walk in, sir, and I will call him," replied the woman.

"I will go to his room, if you will show me where it is," answered Mr. Hudson; "I presume he is in it?"

"I think so; he is seldom out in the evening. You can step up there if you like, sir; go up two flights, and the first door to the right is one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed up the stairs and knocked with his cane at the designated door. It was opened by Herbert, who looked very much amazed when he saw his employer, and said:

"Why, Mr. Hudson, is anything the matter in the store? Nothing happened out of the way, I hope?"

"No—nothing—nothing at all," said Mr. Hudson, walking in and taking a chair. "I took a notion to call around and see how you were this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad to see his employer, and while he took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson glanced around the room. It was an attic room, with dormer windows; a good fire was burning in an open grate; a book-rack filled with books adorned one side of the room, and the center of the floor was occupied by a table on which were writing material.

"You took very cosy here, Herbert; but why do you have an attic room? Are there none you can have below stairs?"

"O, yes, sir; but this is a dollar a week cheaper, and I have all the more money to send to my father," replied Herbert.

"Isn't your father well off?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"Not very, sir; he used to be pretty rich, but his business was disastrous, and he lost a good deal of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do evenings? Does not time hang very heavy?"

"O, no, sir! I have books to read and letters to write. To-night I am writing home; they want me to make them a visit, but I write that it is a pretty busy time just now, but when it is over I shall ask you for a few days of absence," answered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said Mr. Hudson, and then he added: "Does Charles ever call upon you?"

"No, sir. I have asked him to several times, but he has never called."

"Are you contented here in this boarding-house?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"It is a very good boarding-house, and Mrs. Buntin is very kind; but I have often wished that I could live at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you? How far is it from here?" asked his employer.

"Twenty-five miles, sir; rather far to travel every day, and then I can't afford the expense," was Herbert's reply.

"What time could you reach the store in the morning?"

"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at what hour in the afternoon?"

"At about half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the business. Perhaps it can be arranged so that you can live at home, Herbert."

"O, I should like it so much if I could. I am so homesick here in the city!" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the matter, Herbert. It seems a pity that one who is so fond of his home can't live there, in these times of railways and fast traveling," said Mr. Hudson, as he arose to depart. Herbert thanked him for his visit, and said it would please him to have Mr. Hudson call again.

The old gentleman descended the stairs well satisfied with the call, and said to himself:

"Now for Charles Sehmour. I hope I shall find him as well occupied as Herbert Bond."

The boarding-house was reached, the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was admitted. The servant said Sehmour was in, and ushered him to the chamber door. Mr. Hudson knocked, and the door immediately swung wide open, and a voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, got along at last, have you? We're all ready for you; have got the——" Charles Sehmour stopped here, and his face turned suddenly pale at seeing, instead of one of his boon companions, his venerable employer. It was several seconds before he could recover his speech. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson, you must excuse me; I expected a friend this evening, and in the dim light of the entry I thought you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room, and was somewhat surprised to see the identical three young men who had insulted him on the street; they were smoking cigars, and had their feet elevated on the bureau, mantelpiece and bedstead. Mr. Hudson saw at once that he was in confusion, and Sehmour's actions were painful and awkward. Nevertheless his employer started a conversation, and had been there but a few minutes when a footstep was heard on the stairs; the door opened a little, and a bottle of champagne came rolling across the floor, followed by a round Dutch cheese, a bunch of cigars and two more bottles. Sehmour looked dreadfully distressed, but could do nothing. It was a fourth friend, who had been out after refreshments, and took this facetious mode of introducing them into the chamber. Mr. Hudson thought it was time for him to go, so he took his leave and returned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long making up his mind as to which one of his clerks would make the most faithful and efficient partner, and in less than a week it was announced in the papers that Herbert Bond was a member of the firm of Benjamin Hudson & Co. It was a happy day for Herbert, and it was not many years before he managed the whole business himself; and he became a wealthy man.

Charles Sehmour knew very well the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice, and he always had to regret having formed such unprofitable acquaintances as were assembled in his room that unlucky night.—*William L. Williams.*

Musn't Do It Again.

An accident occurred in Thomaston some years ago in connection with the Naugatuck Railroad Company, that has probably never appeared in print. A man by the name of Darrow owned a number of cows, and one day they escaped the confines of their pasture and strayed on to the car-track. The engine of a passing train ran over and killed two of the animals. Next day Mr. Darrow went to Mr. Waterbury, then Superintendent of the road, and, after explaining the matter of his loss to him, asked him what he would do about it. Said Mr. Waterbury: "Was any damage done to the road, as you saw?" "Why, no, not as I know of," said Darrow. "Was the engine or any of the cars injured in any way? "No, of course, not," said Darrow. "Well, then," said Waterbury, "if no damage was done to the company, I won't do anything about it; but you must be careful not to allow such a thing to occur again."—*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

—A company has been formed in Glasgow, Scotland, to operate in the forest lands of Oregon and Washington Territory, for the purpose of clearing forests by steam. A traction engine of twelve horse power is stationed some distance from the wood, and a wire chain is fastened to a tree. Steam is then put on, and the tree is pulled forcibly out by the roots. Upward of nine hundred trees per day of ten hours can be pulled out by this process.

An instance of precocity is the case of the little boy who asked his mother if crows were hatched from roosters' eggs.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

Consolation for the Czar.—What is Nihilism? Nothing, when you are used to it.—*Punch.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Greek Church has about 250 adherents and a chapel in San Francisco.

—Hazing still goes on at the colleges despite the efforts made to stop the foolishness.

—College papers are discouraged by presidents because they take the mind of students from their studies.

—The Baptist theological seminaries in the United States have 450 young men studying for the ministry.

—The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union have recently opened headquarters at Room 53, Bible House, New York City.

—The Roman Catholic Church has in this country no less than 687 seminaries, colleges and academies, besides 2,246 parochial schools. Its charitable institutions number 373.

—The Rev. Alexander Keith, D. D., a Scottish divine of advanced age and much celebrity, died recently. He was author of "Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion," which was published in 1823, and which for many years was a text book. Dr. Keith was born in 1792.

—The Presbyterians in Texas have recently added to their list of ministers the first colored man of that denomination who was ever ordained in the State. At the ordination ceremonies the first white man ever ordained in the State by Presbyterians was present and took part in them.

—The New York Methodist Book Concern has a net capital of $1,080,568. The net profits for the year were $71,155. The sales of publications amounted to $825,634, against $912,726 the previous year. The Western Book Concern, at Cincinnati, has a net capital of $474,178, the profits for the year being $27,807. The sales fell off $85,873 from the previous year.

—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." True, but also out of the emptiness of the heart the mouth can speak oven more volubly. He who can always find the word which is appropriate and adequate to his emotions is not the man whose emotions are deepest; warmth of feeling is one thing; permanence is another.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is more lack of heart than of brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul. We agree with the Indian who, when talked to about having too much zeal, said: "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."—*Congregationalist.*

—The Protestant Episcopal Church in England within thirty-seven years has erected 2,581 new parishes, and within thirty years has expended in church buildings $200,000,000. The net increase in accommodation in her day schools in the last seven years is more than 800,000. The voluntary contributions to these schools rose from $1,600,000 in 1870 to $30,000,000 in 1877.

—The Baptists report 12,407 Sunday-schools, with 922,602 scholars. In the list by States, North Carolina leads, with 1,200 schools; New York follows, with 852, and leads with 112,345 scholars; Illinois has only 500 schools and 56,377 scholars; Indiana, 550 schools, 55,000 scholars; Michigan 338 schools, 32,000 scholars; Iowa 224 schools, 17,445 scholars; Wisconsin 150 schools, 12,150 scholars; Minnesota 65 schools, 5,500 scholars.

—The Archdiocese of New York leads, as usual, this year in the column of Catholic population, the number being 600,000. The next largest See is the Archdiocese of Boston, with 310,000. The Archdiocese of Philadelphia is third, with 275,000; the Archdiocese of New Orleans fourth, with 250,000; the Diocese of Chicago fifth, with 230,000; the Archdioceses of Baltimoro and Cincinnati and the Diocese of Brooklyn each has 200,000. In the number of priests New York likewise leads, with 383, and Baltimore is second, with 261.

—At Beaver City, Nebraska, 250 miles west of the Missouri, a Presbyterian Church costing $2,000 has been dedicated. It stands in the forefront of civilization, being thirty miles further west than any other Protestant church, and is the only church in the county. On the day of dedication the $340 which remained to be raised was promptly subscribed in full with $100 additional to purchase carpets, lamps, etc. A large part of the members of the church live in sod houses and "dug-outs."

—When adversity threatens and friends turn away,
All neglecting the wreath they are twining;
The darkest time ever is just before day,
Then remember the cloud's "silver lining."
Though rough and uneven life's journey below,
With the goal ever distant and shining;
'Tis never all lost—some time we will know—
Why the clouds should conceal their bright lining. —*Vermont Chronicle.*

Winter Dresses for Children.

For some years past it has been the fashion to leave portions of children's limbs uncovered. Mothers give as an excuse for this sacrifice to appearances that it hardens the children against changes of temperature. Without denying this happy influence in some cases, it is certain that in many others that it is most fatal, and compromises the health and life of the children. Common sense suffices to show how dangerous is this practice, for, as Mme. de Sevigno said in a letter to her daughter: "If your son is strong, a rough education is very good; but if he is delicate, I have heard that in wishing to make children robust we kill them." The recent researches of Onimus and Brown-Sequard on the diseases of nerve-centres arising from surface impressions, have given new force and a clearer explanation to facts which have long been observed by physicians and which amply confirm the saying of Mme. de Sevigne. Moreover, it is an error to believe that children are less susceptible to cold than adults; the contrary is the truth, and we very much doubt whether adults could thus go about with naked limbs without experiencing serious consequences. We repeat that the exposure of the lower extremities to all atmospheric influences is a means of catching cold, which frequently brings on rheumatismal congestions of the nerve centers, and we are persuaded that even the affections *a frigore* of the respiratory organs are often due to this mode of dressing, for it is known that the exposure of the arms and shoulders, though perhaps less frequently than the wetting or chilling of the feet, give rise to colds. "Keep the feet warm" is a very old hygienic maxim, notwithstanding which children's necks are better covered than their legs and feet. The influence of cold upon the lower extremities certainly reacts upon the spinal circulation, and we know how frequently children are exposed to that almost incurable affection—strophio paralysis. Every time (says Dr. Onimus) that we have been able to trace exactly the history of such cases we have found a chill as the cause of this affection. The vessels of the spinal cord, and particularly those of the gray substance, which are the most numerous, are congested by reflex action, and thus bring on the various symptoms of paralysis.—*Sanitary Record.*

Commencing With New Crops.

It is wise and well to occasionally substitute new crops for those that have long been grown on farms. A change of crops is favorable to keeping up the fertility of soils. Farmers who are poor, especially those who occupy new farms, are obliged to raise those crops that can be produced without a large expenditure of money. They have not the means to plant vineyards or hop vines, or to engage in the culture of those plants that require expensive machinery to raise or costly buildings to protect after they are harvested. They must generally be content to produce corn, potatoes and small grains for several years after they open up new farms. These produce crops the same year after they are planted or sown, so that immediate return is realized from them. They may also be produced most advantageously and generally the most abundantly from new land.

After land has been in standard crops several years, the yield of them becomes smaller unless extra pains are taken to supply manures. A change of crops, therefore, becomes necessary, as the soil is robbed of certain elements of fertility. As farmers become forehanded, they naturally wish to produce crops that will yield a larger return than corn, grain, and potatoes. They know that a field planted to grapevines or hops will produce a succession of crops with comparatively little labor. With capital to purchase machinery, they may find the raising of hroom-corn very profitable. With means to erect curing-houses, they can make money by engaging in the culture of tobacco. Observation shows that the production of certain crops is confined almost entirely to the older sections of the country, where the soil has been long cultivated, and the farmers are generally wealthy.

Many farmers err in commencing to raise a new crop with very little knowledge on the subject. They read a glowing account of the success of one farmer and hasten to make a small fortune in the way he did. Perhaps the only information they have on the subject was derived from a short newspaper article. They find at the end of the season that they planted the crop at the wrong time, in the wrong kind of soil, and in the wrong way, and that the cultivation and harvesting were alike wrong. They spent the season in acquiring information that they might have gained had they purchased a hook, consulted a person who had experience, or hired a man who was familiar with raising the crop. Another cause of failure in producing new crops is attempting to do too much the first season. As a rule, it is best to commence on a small scale and to increase as one acquires information by experience.

Coloring Recipes.

Brown on Cotton or Woolen.—For ten pounds of cloth or yarn, take two pounds cutch, put into cold water sufficient to cover the goods, heat until dissolved; then add one-fourth pound blue vitriol, previously dissolved. Put in the goods and scald one hour or more, wring from the dye. Dissolve six ounces bichromate of potash in hot water, put in the goods, let simmer fifteen minutes and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Dissolve the cutch in iron and the bichromate in brass. Rinse thoroughly in clear water or in suds.

Yellow on Cotton.—Dissolve one-half pound sugar of lead in hot water and one-fourth pound bichromato of potash in cold water—both in wooden vessels. Dip first in lead water, wring, then dip in potash and wring out. Repeat until the desired shade is obtained. This is for five pounds of goods.

Orange on Cotton.—Take a lump of limo as large as your fist, pour on to it a pail of boiling water, let it settle, pour off the water and while boiling, dip in cloth colored yellow as above, and you will have a beautiful orango.

Blue on Cotton.—Take two ounces oxalic acid; two ounces Prussian blue and dissolve in separate pails of hot water. Dip the goods first in the acid, then in the blue. Wring dry and repeat until the color suits.

For Green.—Dip blue into a yellow dye as above, and it will produce green.

To Dye Scarlet.—To every pound of yarn take one gallon soft water, one ounce of pulverized cochineal; two ounces cream-of-tartar; one ounce solution of tin. When the water boils put in the cream-of-tartar, then the cochineal. When dissolved, add solution of tin; put the yarn in, stirring it all the time, let it boil fifteen minutes, air it once or twice, rinse in soft water, and you will have a splendid color.

Salmon on Cotton.—One pound copperas; one-half pound saleratus, dissolve in hot water. Dip first in copperas and air five minutes, then in saleratus, and dry in the hot sun.—*Mrs. E. M. Dutton, in Country Gentleman.*

THE cable informs us that "Tekke-Turcomans at Dashberdi menace the line betwixt Chatte and Tchikislar." We have been tremblingly anticipating this news for months. War is a terrible thing. It develops hard feelings and harder names.—*Norristown Herald.*

Victoria on Her Throne.

Her Majesty acknowledges the grave greeting of her lieges by scarcely more than a glance of the eye. The head bent slightly, perhaps, but I am not sure. She, too, walks slowly; there is no vulgar hurry about any part of the business. As she rounds the corner of the dais her face is turned full toward our gallery. It is the business of courtiers to say that the Queen looks always well. For my part, I thought she had grown gray since last I saw her, and that the lines of the temples and about the mouth were cut deeper than ever. It can never have been more than a comely face, and there is nothing, strictly speaking, in its contour, and nothing in the figure which can be called beautiful or noble. What strikes you, nevertheless, is the air of authority and the air of stern sincerity which sits upon this royal brow and marks the least gesture of the Queen. The sadness of the face is profoundly touching; the dignity with which the burden—the all but intolerable burden of her life—is borne, appeals to your respect. She is here, they say, to mark once more her sympathy with the First Minister of the Crown; and with the party which, under his guidance, has been leading this country so strange a dance these three years past. But politics are forgotten in such a presence; and any criticism one has to offer is put decently aside so long as the woman and the Queen is here.

When she had seated herself upon the royal robes spread over the throne—which she might have worn one would think—there is again a pause, almost solemn, and there is time to observe the gown which the Majesty of England has on. The Majesty and Beauty of England are face to face, for the Princess sits nearly opposite; and as the Princess is perhaps the best dressed woman in the room, so is the Queen almost the worst. Her gown is of velvet, with broad, longitudinal streaks of miniver or ermine running down the skirt and horizontal trimmings to match about the body. But you need not stop to look at it; the Koh-i-noor glows in her corsage, and a miniature crown of diamonds shines above the stony head. The Princess Beatrice, in blue velvet, stands by her mother's side, with traces of the womanly attractiveness which belongs to her sister Louise, now reigning over the hearts of our Canadian friends. There was some maneuvering with footstools and arrangement of trains, and the Queen's veil had to be extricated from the netted work of the throne. Then the Queen said "Pray, be seated," and once more came silence.—*G. W. Smalley, in New York Tribune.*

Overwerk---The Breakdown.

I met a man some time ago who used to travel in business, and almost passed his life upon the rail. He came home one evening, and walking across his dining-room, he staggered like a drunken man. Uncharitable people who did not know his habits might have thought him intoxicated. He sank on his chair all the rest of his life. He was completely paralyzed in his lower limbs. The incessant traveling on the rail had at last proved too much for his nervous system. Hence the collapse; and I have a strong impression that other collapses might be traced to a similar source. I knew of a lawyer who was in a great rush of business. He liked his fees; but like all men who succeed, he liked business thoroughly for its own sake. He was unable to refuse business; and indeed to refuse business is the hardest trial which can happen to any professional man. His mistake was, that he did not provide himself with adequate assistance. The ill-treated brain took to softening, and then all business came to an end.

I knew of a man who was enormously wealthy. In addition to the constant employment which his own vest property gave him, he was trustee for ever so many widows and orphans and charities. He worked hard at accounts till the small hours in the morning. A hoy clerk at fifteen shillings a week might have done it all for him. But he preferred "doing his own work himself," and accordingly he had to quit this inferior existence, where such a condition of things is not always possible. One of the best known men in the country once told me that he was going to take a six weeks' holiday at the seaside. I was rejoiced to hear it. No man better deserved or more required such a holiday. Then he told me that he was going to take his new hook with him to the seaside, and hoped to have it ready for publication by the time his holiday was over. I expostulated with him. I explained that he was only exchanging one kind of hard work for a still harder kind of hard work. But he took the advice of what is often a man's worst counsellor—himself. His book was successful, but he never knew of the success.—*London Society.*

Wedded Love---A True Incident.

"Make the bed easy, Mr. B.," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker, who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead; that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years had she walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it in this age of divorce. Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she has left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feebler of the two. "Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—King Alphonso wears a necklace of beans as a charm.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—To Cure a Felon.—As soon as the parts begin to swell, wrap the part affected with a cloth thoroughly saturated with tincture of lobelia, and the felon is dead.

—Hiccough in children is immediately stopped by giving them a lump of sugar saturated with table vinegar. The same remedy was tried on adults with similar instantaneous success.

—If salt is added to meat in large quantities, it prevents the appearance of the red color, but if it is applied a little at a time, and the meat is afterwards smoked, a good red is obtained.

—To cure the scab or scurvy legs in poultry take lard and kerosene oil, equal parts, to which add sulphur sufficient to make a paste; rub the legs with this mixture till the scabs come away, then smear with a little olive oil.

—The mutton breeds are the Southdowns, Leicesters, Shropshiredowns and Cotswelds. As to wool, the larger breeds produce the long and middle-wools and the Merinos the fine wool. The Merino is the most hardy.—*Western Rural.*

—Dr. Nichols suggests in Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* for March that the reason fruits do not digest well when eaten after flesh is because the gastric juice secreted to act on the meat will not act well on the fruit. Perhaps on this account the better way is to eat fruit before meals rather than as a dessert.

—To drive or use a lame horse is not likely to improve the case. Remove the shoe and keep the foot enveloped in a poultice made of equal parts of flax seed meal and bran. When, after four or five days, the horse should still be lame, a fly blister may be applied between the fetlock joint and the hoof.—*Western Rural.*

—Jackey Cakes.—Six tablespoonfuls of white Indian meal, pinch of salt, half teacupful of milk; thoroughly scald with boiling water, add milk, and drop from tablespoon into boiling hot lard or drippings in frying-pan or spider; fry a dark brown on both sides. When done open and insert a bit of hutter and then eat.

—Succotash.—Put one pound of salt pork in with three pints of Lima beans, and cook them together when almost done put in one and a half dozen ears sugar corn grated. A very few minutes will suffice to cook the corn, as it is almost the consistency of thick cream. This, with a generous allowance of butter, pepper and salt is a dish fit for the gods.

—Potato Salad.—Take you potatoes, not too large ones and boil them; potatoes that are mealy are not good; when cold, cut in slices and pour the oil on them, and let them stand awhile; slice a third of an onion as fine as possible, and mix with the potatoes; add vinegar to taste; salt and pepper; the addition of a Dutch herring makes a herring salad.

—Wagons or carts with broad tires may be drawn over newly plowed land without cutting in, and on muddy roads they are pulled with greater ease than narrow tires, because the soil is packed down and not cut up. The popular prejudice in favor of narrow tires is a strange one, as it is impossible to keep roads in repair where they are used. They are also very hard on horses. If you are about to purchase a cart think of this and have it built with broad tires.

—Cold Slaugh.—Half pint cream or rich milk, half pint good vinegar, pepper, one small teacup sugar, three eggs beaten very light, heaping teaspoonful ground mustard. English, one large slice butter melted, a little pepper and salt; stir all these things into the well beaten eggs; put on the fire and stir constantly until the cream thickens; will be thicker than rich custard and as smooth; put into cool place and pour over the shreds or cut cabbage. This is the only slaugh dressing that is fit to eat. Sometimes a little cold turkey or chicken cut up in it improves it.

—L. G. Heaps, an experienced hog breeder, gives the *American Stockman* the following practical suggestions for successful hog raising: "Do not quit raising and feeding hogs; take better care of them; feed a greater variety of food; have better pastures; keep your yards all cleaned up; tear down or clean clear out and thoroughly disinfect your old hog houses and sheds, for here is where the hog cholera lurks. Keep all places where your hogs steep well disinfected and give them plenty of good, pure, fresh water. Have a good, clean place in which to feed. Do not feed in the mud. Feed regularly. Do not feed too much at a time, but feed often, and make them eat it up clean. Salt your hogs often. Do not rely on any patented hog cholera nostrums to save your hogs, for if you do you are gone. But keep everything about your yards and sleeping house clean."

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Reliable. Produces a heavy beard in from 30 to 60 days. Has been used by thousands with perfect success. It is free from all poisons and acts like magic. It starts the beard after the first application, and will force a heavy growth on the smoothest face in from 30 to 60 days. It will force a heavy beard on the youth of 18 as well as on the man of 60. It is the only preparation known to chemists that will force a beard on a bald head. It will force a heavy beard on a face that has been shaved for years. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a eunuch. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a woman. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a child. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a baby. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a dog. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a cat. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a horse. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a cow. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a sheep. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a goat. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a pig. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a rabbit. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a mouse. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a rat. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a bird. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a fish. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a snake. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a lizard. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a frog. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a toad. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a turtle. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a crab. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a lobster. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a shrimp. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a clam. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a oyster. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a mussel. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a scallop. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a snail. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a slug. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a worm. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a caterpillar. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a butterfly. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a moth. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a fly. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a mosquito. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a flea. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a louse. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a tick. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a bedbug. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a cockroach. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a ant. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a bee. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a wasp. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a yellow jacket. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a scorpion. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a centipede. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a millipede. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a tarantula. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a black widow. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a brown recluse. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a hobo spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a wolf spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a jumping spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a crab spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a orb weaver. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a cobweb spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a funnel web spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a trapdoor spider. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a tarantula hawk. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a velvet ant. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a cicada killer. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a sphex wasp. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a mud dauber. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a potter wasp. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a paper wasp. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a yellow jacket. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a bald faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a white faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a red faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a blue faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a green faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a purple faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a orange faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a yellow faced hornet. It will force a heavy beard on the face of a black

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. R. LEWIS,
2 11 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Jacob L. Hauser and others,
vs.
Harriet Lantz and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. In Equity.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have the real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed sold, and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the heirs at law of the said Ezra Hauser, according to their respective interests.

The Bill states that the said Ezra Hauser was in his lifetime seized and possessed of three several tracts of land lying in Garrett county, containing in the aggregate two hundred and eighteen acres of land. That being so seized and possessed of said land he departed this life intestate, about the month of January, 1873, leaving his widow Elizabeth Hauser, and the following heirs at law surviving him, to-wit: Jacob Hauser, Harriet Lantz, wife of John Lantz, Adam Hauser, David E. Hauser, Georgina L. Hauser, Agnes Hauser, Ann S. Hauser, Clara E. Hauser, Rueben W. Hauser and Marian E. Hauser.

The Bill further states that after the death of the said Ezra Hauser, to-wit: on the sixth day of January, 1880, the said Elizabeth Hauser, widow as aforesaid, departed this life. That Harriet Lantz and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser are non-residents. That David E., Georgina L., Agnes, Ann S., Clara E., Reuben W. and Marian E. Hauser are under twenty-one years of age.

The prayer of the bill is for a sale of the real estate therein described, and for a distribution of the proceeds of the sale amongst the said heirs at law, according to their respective interests.

The Bill further states that the real estate aforesaid is not susceptible of a division, and that it would be greatly to the advantage and benefit of the parties aforesaid to have the same sold; and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 16th day of February, 1880, that the complainants' cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 20th day of March, 1880, giving notice to the said Harriet Lantz, and John Lantz, her husband, and Adam Hauser, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 5th day of July, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-1w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs Hrobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
feb. 14-5w Examiners.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road. Beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb. 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 11th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 14-4w Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veltch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—J. H. Wilson and Henry Rasche.
2—Benj. Griffith.
3—John T. Patterson & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
9—Perry Weimer.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 James H. Rush.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hitchbaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 R. T. Browning.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 J. Facenbaker.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lode. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

Wolf, Thayer & Co.,

Are now paying the highest CASH prices for

Furs, Sheep Skins,
Game of all kinds
and Produce Generally.

Ware-room in Offutt's Old Building, Main Street, Oakland, Md. 10 25tf.

MEDICAL.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Elepsy Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

tly any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 2 3/4 acres, about 30 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. fe21-y1

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1 50

PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY

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JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
Statements, &c.,
Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ONLY $96 Warranted 6 Years

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves, French Veneered Panelled Cases, highly finished, and beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. My offer, Only $96.25.

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where but it lights my Instruments. Being my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be represented by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its $60Ms amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ New Plan $68 for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Plano and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

Only $1.50 a Year.

THE BALTIMORE

WEEKLY AMERICAN.

THE LARGEST BEST AND CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, $1.00 PER COPY.

AN EXTRA COPY SIX MONTHS FREE, FOR A CLUB OF FIVE, and ONE YEAR FOR A CLUB OF TEN.

A varied lot of Valuable Premiums given for Clubs of from 5 to 300 copies, a list of which is published in THE WEEKLY AMERICAN. Specimen copies sent free.

Address
CHAS. C. FULTON,
AMERICAN OFFICE,
1 17 6t Baltimore, Md.

PRESBYTERIAN MUTUAL

ASSURANCE FUND,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

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R. S. Veech, W. N. Haldeman.

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An Assurance Association designed to secure a safe and cheap Mutual Insurance for the ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church and others—Separated into divisions, each Division contains 2,000 names; amount of Insurance with full Division, $2,000. No premiums. Assessments only upon death of members. Dues, one dollar a quarter. Five dollars per week paid to every member incapacitated by sickness from attending to business. This corporation cannot break. Its funds cannot be wasted.—You do not pay large premiums to amass a surplus to tempt the cupidity of officers. Only one salaried officer. Send for a pamphlet containing full information.—Responsible agents wanted in every town and district in Garrett county. Liberal terms offered. The surest and most popular insurance ever offered. For full information and for terms to agents address,

W. A. DAILY, Agent,
v3n47-1yr Oakland, Md.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,

SURVEYOR,

Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A. M. Jarrett, D.D.S.,

will be at Oakland every six months.

Nitrous oxide gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.

Artificial teeth warranted to be neat and substantial.

Fine artistic gold filling a specialty.

Address, Grafton, W. Va. oct23-y

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS

GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.

☞ Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.

jul1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

CHEAP CHEAP.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm, about four miles from Oakland, on the West Union road. This farm contains 36[illegible] acres, 200 of which is under fence and 150 improved. The improvements consist of a

New Frame House,

Barn and other out buildings. There is also on the farm a

Good Young Orchard.

The crops usually taken from this farm are wheat, rye, oats, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, etc.

This property is especially adapted to stock raising, there being a good outlet to a free range.

☞ COAL and LIMESTONE within three miles.

For terms, &c., address,

DAVID SLAUGHT,
Oakland, Md.,
Or call at this office. aug2-6m.

$1500 To $600 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je 14 y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.51 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.15 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale OF VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1818, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 26-tf.

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880. NUMBER 4.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

L. BUSH & SON. GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Third & Oak sts.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1880.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 2, 1-23. *Tu.* Matt. 3, 1-17. *W.* Matt. 4, 1-11. *Th.* Matt. 5, 1-26. *F.* Matt. 5, 33-6, 13. *S.* Matt. 6, 24-7, 14. *S.* Matt. 7, 15-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Psa. 116, 13.

LESSON HYMN C. M.

Immanuel, we worship thee;
We bless thee, and are blest;
For, veiled in holy humanity,
Upon thy mother's breast

We mark the miracle that garnishes
With oars the life of God,
And trace the glory of the path
Thy human nature trod.

"Peace, peace on earth" our needy
Our hearts have cried for ever;
"Peace, peace on earth" for ever
When thou shalt come again.

Light of thy later church the cross
That veil our hearts gave dim;
We sought thee from the skies, and
Thy kingdom is within.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. State the Topical Title, Golden Text, Outline, and Doctrinal Suggestion.

II. Review the questions and answers of the Lesson Catechism for the quarter.

III. State a fact contained in these lessons about each of the following Persons:—
Herod.
The Wise Men.
John the Baptist.
Jesus in Temptation.
Jesus on the Mountain.

IV. The teachings of the lessons concerning DUTY:—
Lesson 1.—How should we honor Christ?
Lesson 2.—How should we show our trust in God?
Lesson 3.—How should we prepare to meet Christ?
Lesson 4.—How should we meet temptation?
Lesson 5.—How should we let our light shine?
Lesson 6.—How should we treat our brethren?
Lesson 7.—How should we feel toward our enemies?
Lesson 8.—How should we pray to God?
Lesson 9.—How should we trust God?
Lesson 10.—How should we judge others?
Lesson 11.—How should we hear Christ's words?

Congress and the Deputy-Marshals.

The Supreme Court has virtually decided that the Democratic attempt to nullify the Election law, by refusal to make the appropriations which that law requires, was inexcusable and revolutionary. For no one has attempted to justify that refusal, except upon the ground that the Election law was unconstitutional. The Court decides that Congress had full power to pass the Election law; that the provision which requires the deputy-marshals to keep the peace at the polls is constitutional and valid; that Congress had power by the Constitution to vest in the Circuit Courts the appointment of supervisors of elections; and, as a consequence, it virtually decides that it is the duty of Congress, as of every citizen, to obey and respect this valid and constitutional enactment until it has been repealed. But the Democrats in Congress refused to obey the law. To this day they have persisted in refusing to make the appropriations required by the law, and necessary for its enforcement. They conspired together to nullify the act, when they found that it could not be repealed, and it remains to be seen whether even now they will retreat from this revolutionary position.

Public opinion has not yet fully appreciated the magnitude of the offence thus committed. Because the power to make needful appropriations is intrusted to Congress, many conclude that Congress has full right in every case to make or to refuse appropriations, as it pleases. But this is a government of law, and neither house of Congress has any more right than the humblest citizen to disobey, to disregard, or to conspire to defeat any valid enactment. A general commanding forces in the field has the power to march his forces over to the enemy, or into a position in which they can all be captured or cut to pieces, but it would be treason to do so. A judge on the bench, clothed with large discretionary power for the execution of the laws, has the physical power to render any statute important, as respects proceedings in his court, by rulings and sentences contrary to its purpose, but such an abuse of power would deserve the severest punishment. When the Congress of the United States refuses to obey and enforce laws of the United States, and conspires to defeat them, the crime is not the less grave, though there may be no remedy except by an appeal to public opinion.

Two Justices, Field and Clifford, dissent from the decision of the Court, and set forth at great length the old State Rights notions as to the powers of Congress. They urge that the act of Congress "asserts a power destructive of the independence of the States in matters over which their authority has never been surrendered." The punishment of State officers, for violation of the laws of a State, or unlawful neglect in performing a duty required by State laws, Justice Field thinks is not within the power of the Federal Government. But the offence for which the Judges of election of Baltimore were tried was in omitting supervisors of election, and deputy marshals of the United States while the latter were engaged in the performance of their duties at the election." In so doing, the Supreme Court official went beyond any official duty conferred upon him by the State. The State has no power to authorize any person to resist or disobey the laws of the United States. In matters of private citizens only, I have no power to punish or act as any other citizen. No commission from the State can clothe them with any power whatever for such purpose. No trust upon the State however great, can shelter any person from punishment if he violates laws of the United States. The assertion that the States have never surrendered their independence, in respect to regulations governing the election of members of Congress, is a most extraordinary one for any Justice of the Supreme Court to make, and the fact that it is virtually made by Justices Field and Clifford is not creditable to them.

The law stands, and it is the plain duty of Congress to obey and enforce it immediately. If any members have excused themselves thus far, in their refusal of appropriations for the payment of officials, by the plea that they considered the law unconstitutional, they now must bow to the decision of the court of last resort. It has been a disgraceful thing that officials appointed by law, and by law guaranteed certain sums for their services and expenses, have been left for eight months without the stipulated supplies. Had this occurred by sheer neglect, most indignant public censure would have been justified. But this thing has come to pass, not because Congress was neglectful, but because it was rebellious. The offence is the greater, and deserves the sharper censure, because it has been committed in deliberate and persistent resistance to a law which Congress was unable to repeal, and which it therefore tried to nullify.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Great Disturber.

One of the most interesting theories advanced by modern science is that which holds the planet Jupiter and one or two other prominent members of the solar system responsible for Kearneyism, Nihilism, Parnellism, and the performances of a Democratic Congress. At one point in his orbit Jupiter is about 46,000,000 miles nearer the Sun than he is when swinging along on the backstretch. As he wheels in out of the cold and approaches the judges' stand, it has been observed that the spots on the Sun's face begin to increase in number and magnitude, and that after he passes under the wire and sets out for more remote astronomical spaces the spots gradually diminish and disappear until the Sun's face is comparatively clean once more. As Jupiter manages to get around to his perihelion pretty regularly, this Sun-spot wave can be depended on to reach its maximum in periods of rather more than eleven years. It has been observed, further, that there are secular variations in the volume of the wave, something like a spring tide in spots recurring about once in fifty-six years, at which time Saturn and some smaller planets have been detected bunching up with Jupiter in a suspicious manner around the Sun. Altogether the big planet appears to be clearly implicated in the spots, and there is good reason to believe that Saturn and the rest are inclined to give him occasional aid and comfort.

Now the spots are the hottest portions of the solar disc, or at all events the more spotted the disc the hotter the Sun. It follows, therefore, that in every cycle of eleven years we experience a series of colder years and warmer years. As the solar heat diminishes there is less evaporation and a consequent dearth of rain; crops fail, distress follows, and then come popular discontent, revolutionary uprisings, and periods of demoralization during which California Conventions frame crazy Constitutions, Democratic Legislatures plot to steal the State of Maine, and advanced thinkers in Russia blow up the Winter Palace of the Czar. There is not much encouragement in reflecting that these troubles will recur so long as Jupiter persists in revolving in an elliptical orbit. But there is some immediate comfort in the fact, that we have now passed through the coldest years of the cycle and the Sun-spot wave has fairly begun to rise. The stars in their courses have given over fighting against us for a few years at least. Jupiter will help to insure a Republican victory this Fall; our world is swinging into more prosperous years; everybody except Professor Grimmer will be richer and happier; and even Semi-Solomon will probably be warmed up by the thickening spots into taking a more cheerful view of the condition and prospects of his fellow-creatures.

Publication of Laws.

Mr. Fisher has prepared the bill in regard to newspaper publication of the laws. The bill repeals all the sections of the code under the title "Publication of the laws," which were introduced into the code by the several acts of Assembly, which are specifically set forth in the repeal bill. The new bill provides, Section 1. That every law authorizing the contraction of any debt or obligation by any county of this State, for any of the purposes stated in the 54th section, article 3, of the constitution, and every public general law which is made to take effect before the 1st day of June next after the session at which it was passed, and which shall have been designated by the governor and the attorney general as requiring immediate publication, shall, as soon as possible after its passage and designation, be published at least twice in at least one newspaper of the county or counties in which it may operate, and if there be no newspaper, then in such manner as the county commissioners may direct; and if any such law will operate in Baltimore city, the same shall be published twice a week in such daily papers of that city, not exceeding three, as the mayor thereof may direct; and the mayor and city council of Baltimore and the county commissioners of the several counties shall provide respectively for the payment of such publications.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the governor and attorney general, at the time each act shall be approved by the governor, and within ten days thereof, to designate which of such acts require immediate publication, and enter into such determination in writing at the bottom of or on the back of the enrolled bill, and to sign their names to such writing.

Sec. 4. A certified copy of every public general law made to take effect as aforesaid, and designated for immediate publication in section 1 of this article, and under the constitution, shall be transmitted by mail by the secretary of the Senate or chief clerk of the House, according to the body in which the act originated, to such two daily newspapers in Baltimore and one newspaper in each county.

Sec. 5. The State treasurer shall pay for publications under section 1 of this article, within six months, and the total expenditure shall not exceed $10,000 for any one session of the General assembly.

The lunatic who sits at the helm of the Okolona (Miss.) *States*, has been interviewed by a correspondent, and upon being told that the Democracy of the North repudiated his utterances, he replied:

"Repudiates me? Bah! How can it repudiate me without repudiating its history, without repudiating its principles as well? Why do they sympathize with us, vote with us and sustain us in the face of the fact that we nullify your accursed amendments, and thereby make Mississippi Democratic, notwithstanding the Republicans have 30,000 majority in our State, if the nigger is a legal voter?"

The voters of Kansas will pass upon a constitutional amendment next November, forbidding the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors within the State. Governor St. John and the churches are laboring for its adoption, but the liquor dealers have voted to raise $100,000 to defeat it.

Virginia Conservatives.

RICHMOND, VA., March 10.—The Conservative State central committee met here to-night for the purpose of calling a State convention to select delegates to the Democratic National Convention. In the discussion upon the position of the members of the committee who had acted with the Readjusters party, and who had been, as they claimed, read out of the Conservative party for their opposition to the McCulloch debt bill, Dr. Wise, of Williamsburg, twice refused to say whether he would or would not pledge himself to support the Democratic or any other nominee for president, but finally said, as between Grant and Tilden, he was in favor of the former; but as between Hancock and Grant, he was in favor of Hancock. He was followed by Messrs. Groner, of Norfolk, and Stovall, of Henry county, who distinctly agreed with Dr. Wise in opposing any call for a State convention, which call should include all who desire the election of a Democratic President. The proposed call is so wide as to include everybody who desires to be a Democrat in national politics, no matter of what disposition, color or condition, present or past. Mr. Stovall said, in a prolonged appeal, that it was time for Virginia to lead the great progress of the South. He said there is on one side, the dead carcass of Democracy; on the other hand the living force of a great party, and it became Virginia to be a part of the living and not of the dead. The upshot of it is that the Readjusters who are members of the committee were entirely unwilling to take any part in any Democratic - Conservative movement, and they were holding aloof for future developments.

The committee finally decided on the 19th of May as the time, and Richmond as the place for holding the convention. A committee of three was appointed to invite the Readjusters to participate. Messrs. Wise, Groner and Stovall entered a protest against the action of the committee.

RICHMOND, VA., March 11,—It is said in the best informed readjusters' circles to-night that the action of the three members of that party in the State conservative committee, in refusing to join with the remaining twelve members in the call for a State convention to send delegates to the national Democratic convention, has irreparably disrupted that party in this State. The leading readjusters, it is claimed, anticipated this action several weeks ago, and determined to call a State convention of their party, the call for which is to be issued soon. Leading readjusters assert, with a show of confidence, that their party will carry the State for their so-called Independent electoral ticket. Those in position to know say that the readjusters' electoral ticket will be composed, according to the present programme, of six conservative readjusters and five Republican readjusters who can be relied on to cast the vote of the State as it may seem best for its interests. The nine congressional districts are to be apportioned so as to give the Republican readjusters' candidates the districts which they can safely carry, and the conservative readjusters those where their supporters are strong. The division made according to this programme gives the Republicans the first, second and fourth districts. These questions, however, may have to be decided by district conventions. Readjusters say that the Republicans are just as much split as the Democrats. They say that the negroes will not be led off by Republican pledges. The Democratic debt payers, on the other hand, intend to make every effort in their power to prevent the readjusters from retaining the ascendency.

The experience which the Maine Democrats have just had in appealing to the people for a verdict on their conduct will be repeated by the National Democracy in November. The country is unmistakably disgusted with a party which persistently prates about reform, and just as persistently follows fraud as a policy. The only thing which can avert this merited disaster is the commission of a Republican blunder at Chicago. At present the Democrats are without an issue of any kind. They are loaded down with blunders and crimes which they will be forced to explain from the beginning of the campaign to its close. Their only hope is in the Republicans blundering into the creation of a new issue so important as to overshadow everything else.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A LOVER'S ANSWER.

WHAT is she like—my own, my queen of pearls?
Like every thing that God has made for love:
Like birds, and flowers, and songs, and sweet June days.
A summer rose whose leaves have fallen apart,
Blush after blush down to its perfect heart,
Is full of her and all her tender ways.
The cooing of a silver-throated dove
Echoes her tones, the brooklet's babbling whirls
Mimic her laughter; showers from an April sky
Her glistening tears. Her smiles!—ah, evermore
On the cool bosom of the sea they lie,
And ripple, ripple, ripple to the shore.

What is she like? Like to no human thing.
The fragrant balmy breath of opening Spring
Is like her sigh; the heavy odorous air
Seems thrilling with her presence everywhere;
All the sweet luscious fruits that summer brings
Are like her words; the butterfly's bright wings,
Quivering in light, are radiant as her thought;
That tangled beam of yellow sunlight, caught
In dainty meshes of thin spider-lace,
Is like her warmth of hospitable grace;
The spreading branches of the tall palm-tree
Are like her all embracing charity.

What is she like? Would I had power to tell!
Like to a sunset in its after-glow.
When all the world is dusk and dark below,
And wooded hills are clothed in misty shrouds,
When quietly and still the waters flow,
Then the long lines of light beneath the clouds
Seem like a dream of sky beyond the skies:
In that deep hush I feel the mysteries
That hide within the shadows of her eyes,
And deeper, deeper, deeper grows the spell
As silent night above the dark earth broods—
That heavenly night wherein her soul doth dwell—
Calm night the mirror of her solemn moods.

—Ella Dietz, in Scribner for March.

HELEN CHURCHILL'S LOVER.

THE silver gray of a summer dawn was spreading itself over the landscape, rendering soft and indistinct all familiar objects; yet, even seen by its dim, uncertain light, he looked more like one grown prematurely old by reason of hard work or withering care, than as if he had merely passed from youth to age by the ordinary gentle gradations.

His brow was lined, his hair silvered, and there was a stoop in his shoulders which told of hard and continuous toil; yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there were the remains of youthful beauty in the well-shaped head and clear gray eyes.

He had arrived at the neighboring town too late the evening before to catch the last train to this little out-of-the way hamlet, too late to do aught but seek a bed there; but after three or four hours, the restless craving to complete his journey so overpowered him that he rose and pursued his way on foot. And now with the delicate light of early morn silvering the birches, and dimpling the waters of the stream, he stood at length where his feet had not rested for fifteen years. But these fifteen years, awful as they had been at the time, seemed but as a dream now, scarcely to be recalled on waking, as he stood thus looking at each well-remembered spot.

There was the quaint, old-fashioned church, where he could remember kneeling, a tiny boy by his mother's side, and listening half-consciously, as he stared about him, to the soft voice repeating the responses. He could see himself, older still, gazing bashfully from the high-curtained pew across to where, beneath marble slabs that spoke of the virtues of those who slept beneath, a golden-haired maiden knelt, inside the church, only the narrow aisle between them; outside, all the wide dividing space that lies between the village doctor's son and the eldest daughter of 'Squire Churchill.

With a sigh, the wayfarer brought back his straying thoughts from past to present, and became aware that the sun had risen, the birds were chirping forth an early song, and the dewdrops were glittering all around—on the rose-crowned hedge by which he stood, on the sprays of eglantine, and on the far away green meadows that lay between the village of Bythorpe and Bythorpe Manor, half-way up the wooded slopes opposite.

"At length I am home again," then he muttered; "at length," throwing his head back with a certain joyful gesture, and stretching out a rough, toil-worn hand, as if in token of greeting—"at length the years are over—the work is accomplished—the punishment wrought out—and I am back to claim my prize! Ah!"—starting slightly, as a voice addressed him with a brief "Good-morning."

"Good-morning—sir." Something in the stranger's appearance apparently brought forth that "sir," which had not formed part of the original sentence, but was hastily added on as he turned his head to see who had addressed him.

"You are about betimes," the newcomer went on. "It is not many of the gentry as troubles themselves with the sight of a summer sunrise."

"They miss much," said the stranger, briefly. "Though perhaps to us, who possibly have seen it nearly every morning of our lives it is a common affair enough!"

The farmer looked at the speaker in some surprise, and he added immediately. "I have not seen it myself for many years in England. You belong to Bythorpe," he went on, as if anxious to divert the conversation from any personal channels.

"Man and boy, I have lived here these fifty years. That is my farm," pointing with a proud, possessive air in the direction whence he had come: "Manor Farm."

"Then you are——" half escaped the lips of the other; but the words passed unnoted by his companion.

"Dick Stisted, of the Manor Farm," he repeated. "Mine now, as it was my father's before me, and will, please God, be my son's by-and-by."

"A perfect life, Mr. Stisted. A home, a wife and little ones. What could a man require more?"

"You do not possess them?" questioned the farmer, looking up, surprised at the energy in the stranger's voice.

"I am not married," he replied, briefly. "But," he hastened to add, fearing his reply might have been abrupt, "you know the place, you say; then perhaps you can tell me to whom belongs yonder house," pointing toward the distant towers of Bythorpe Manor. "But it may be I am detaining you?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Stisted courteously, "I am not pressed for time. Yonder house belongs to 'Squire Churchill. The young Squire we calls him mostly about here, seeing that his father is dead not so long since."

"He is dead?"

"Ay, surely; and young Mr. Edward has come into the place, and married a bonny wife, he has."

"The old 'Squire had a daughter, had he not?"

"Two. You knew them?"

"I knew them," the stranger replied, evasively. And then pointing to a small white house that was visible through the trees—"And to whom does that belong?"

"That? Why, to Mrs. Sutton, poor body."

"And why do you pity her?"

"You must be a stranger indeed sir, to ask why!"

"Then, enlighten me. Tell me the story."

They had reached the stile now, through which the farmer had first appeared upon the scene, and he paused at the stranger's words, and rested his arms upon it.

"Story! It is a queer story. Almost too sad to call by such a name!—*She* was the doctor's wife, a sweet pretty woman as ever I saw, fifteen years ago, with a fair, handsome boy, that she was that proud on, that it would have done you good but to see the two together. He, the doctor himself, was a bit cross-grained—leastways, so I've heard say—and all the more reason why the mother and son should think so much of one another.

"The father did not over-like it; still, he was open-handed with the young man, educated him finely; sending him to school and college, until it was easy seeing that the boy, who was fine-looking enough, was beginning to think no small things of himself. 'Tis said he even lifted his eyes to one of 'Squire Churchill's daughters—leastways, at the last. But I am not telling it you straight on! You should come and see my wife, if you wish to hear the story well told."

"But was there such presumption?" inquired the listener. "You say this young man was well educated and good-looking, and perhaps"—after a second's hesitation—"the lady liked him."

"He should have known his place better," said Mr. Stisted, sturdily; "leastways, he should have learnt it. What is a young lady's fancy worth? She was but sixteen. 'Squire Churchill's daughters were not for such as he. However, this love-making, or whatever they chose to call it, was only discovered afterward, when everything was brought to light. And in the mean time the tragedy came."

"Well?" asked the stranger, leaning forward with interest on his face.

"A murder was committed here. Yes, you may start. In this quiet village, where nothing was heard out of the common from one year's end to another; in this village—in that lane where it joins 'Squire Churchill's grounds—'Squire Churchill's second son was found dead."

"And——?"

"And then, as I said before, it all came out about this poor young Sutton keeping company with Miss Churchill; for it seems the foolish young thing, not being able to see him elsewhere, had agreed to meet him in that lane on that very night; for one of the farm laborers saw them part, and her run up through the meadows home, only a few minutes before he heard a cry, and ran forward to find poor Master Harry lying there dead."

"Of course Mr. Sutton was taken up?"

"Of course, sir. But now comes the queer part of the story. For though he was tried, and it was proved most beautifully that he had killed Mr. Harry for telling him what he thought of his conduct, and was condemned to be hung, and was afterwards only let off with transportation for fifteen years—yet now it seems——"

"That it was not he, after all?"

"How did you guess that? The other day there comes the news as another man has confessed to the crime on his deathbed, so that after all, young Sutton has suffered all these years for what was no fault of his. Leastways, so the young 'Squire told us t'other day. His mother always believed in him," he went on after a moment's pause. "It will come right some day," she often said to me: 'Mr. Stisted, it will come right some day. It is a miscarrying of justice.' His father died—could not lift up his head again; but his mother has aye waited."

Something like a sob burst from his companion, and Farmer Stisted looked up in surprise.

"I have heard something of this," he said, in a stammering fashion, in answer to the look. "I knew this man—that is, I have met him."

"Is that so, sir?" said the farmer, with fresh interest. "Ay, I remember you said you had been long out of England. Well, I shall be glad to see him back, and shake him by the hand, and bid him forget the past. If there is little else, there is still his mother to come back to. What was he doing when you saw him, sir?"

"He had heard he was free."

"And what was he like? and was he minded to forget the past, and return to England?"

"He was a saddened, sobered man when I knew him, with only one hope left, out of the many life had once offered; and he was going home."

"And what was the hope, if I may make so bold as to ask? Perhaps he knew his mother had never believed the evil, and was waiting for him?"

"Maybe; but he did not speak of her, perhaps because he was so sure of her. He told me that the last night before he left England—you know——?"—the farmer nodded—"that he had an interview with ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Stisted, sagely; "we heard all about it, though it was kept so dark. It was Miss Helen, bless you, the little yellow-haired Miss Churchill. Sixteen years ago nearly, so no harm in speaking of it now—and all so changed since! Well, she saw him to say 'Good-bye.'"

"Yes, so this man told me; and that they parted, she saying that, let her people say or do what they might, she would await his return in perfect trust and patience."

"A pity he did not give his love to the other sister," remarked Mr. Stisted, "if all stories are to be believed."

"Why?"

"Because *she* was in love with him always; and plain though she was, Miss Jane was a good, true woman, and has never lifted *her* head or looked at another man since those sad days."

"Is that really true?"

"No call to misdoubt it, sir; anyone in the village will tell you the same story, and, as I said before, 'twas a pity, seeing as everything has worked round right, that it was not on Miss Jane as he set his affections; for being so plain, as you might say, mayhap there would not have been such a great objection to his having her."

The stranger made no reply, apparently being lost in thought over Farmer Stisted's last words. And he continued:

"He would not have been such a bad match in those days for *her*, at least; for he was a fine, gallant-looking young chap, with a pleasant word for everyone."

"You remember him?"

"Yes, well. I never thought very ill of him, myself. A hasty word, a blow, these come over-quickly when the blood is young."

"Do you think I am like him?" The speaker drew himself up, and stood looking with something almost like anxiety into Farmer Stisted's red, comely face. "When I knew him," he added, "we used to be often thought to resemble one another."

"I cannot see it myself, sir," said Mr. Stisted, slowly; "but then, sir, begging your pardon, it is not easy to draw comparisons between the young and the old."

The man addressed unfolded his arms, and leant once more against the style, heaving a quick impatient sigh as he did so. "It is fortunate, is it not, Mr. Stisted, that hearts do not alter as quickly as faces do?"

"Nay, sir, I cannot see as you're right there. Hearts grow older along with the faces they belong to, else husbands and wives would not get along as well as they do. As we grow older ourselves, we do not miss the youth in the face opposite; leastways, I don't in Maggie's," said the farmer, simply.

"Perhaps that is because you see the youth still there; you remember it, you see. But if you had grown old far apart, it would perhaps have been different."

"May be," replied Mr. Stisted, doubtfully, apparently a little out of his depths. "But come, it is time I was back at the farm. Perhaps you would like a bit of breakfast with us, sir? There'll be but little doing in the village yet awhile, and my wife will be glad to see you."

The stranger accepted the proffered hospitality, and he and the farmer turned away together.

Maggie proved quite as hospitable as her husband had predicted, and when breakfast had been partaken of, and Mr. Stisted had gone out to his work, the stranger found himself lingering on still, talking to sweet, placid-faced Margaret Stisted.

He had half a mind to ask her about this village tragedy that was occupying his mind this morning; but "better not," he decided, "better wait now." And he had waited so long, that a little longer could not make much difference.

So he just dawdled on about the farm and the pleasant farm garden long enough for the day's work to be well in hand, and then he wished his hostess "Good-bye," and with quick impatient steps took his way to the village.

Once there, he walked straight to the footpath across the meadows that led up from Bythorpe Village to Bythorpe Manor; but at the entrance-gate he paused, and gazed with tender eyes at the little house on the opposite side of the road, that exactly faced him—the little creeper-covered cottage where the Doctor's widow lived.

He even made one half-step toward it; but "No," he murmured, "*she* comes first. We will go there together." But still he lingered, as if longing to pierce the mystery of those drawn blinds; and even as he thus paused there was the sound of horses' feet, and there came in view, down the narrow street, a carriage drawn by two fine chestnuts.

Before it, the village children fell hastily back, and, standing on one side, gazed with mingled awe and admiration. And assuredly it was a sight to call forth admiration, for everything seemed so perfect; the carriage itself, the prancing horses, the fair-haired girl, so like the young, lovely mother by whose side she sat, the two little golden-headed children opposite. There was surely no fault to be found anywhere.

Only, to a wayfarer standing by the roadside gazing at them, the sun seemed of a sudden to be darkened in heaven, the earth to have lost the beauty of a summer's morn.

"Helen!" he cried, in tones of anguish wrung from a breaking heart, but she did not hear.

She saw him, of course, for she was looking at him, wondering, maybe, who this stranger was in familiar little Bythorpe. But that was all.

The dust from the carriage wheels made thick the air for a moment, and when it cleared away the vision had vanished.

"Who is it?" he questioned, when he could command his voice, turning to a villager standing by his side.

"Yon lady? Lady Edmeade. She's goin' to Lunnon. She was daughter of the old 'Squire's," he added, "and married Sir Wilfred Edmeade."

"Has she been married long?"

"Let us see now. 'Twill be fourteen years come August, for it was the same day, I mind well, as my youngest was born. Eh, but she has bonnie children," he murmured as he turned away.

And Robert Sutton found himself alone in the bright early sun, scarcely four hours since he saw it rise for what was to have been the happiest day of his life, and already the end had come.

He waited thus, reviewing this ending to his romance, for a few seconds; thinking of the sunny-haired, broken-hearted girl, who had clung to him those long, long years ago, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I believe in you, Robert. Whatever the world may say, I believe in you. Only swear to me that you will credit nothing against me that you may hear, for I *will* be true to you. And oh, Robert, directly you are free, come straight to me. I will wait, though it be for years!"

And he had kissed her and sworn it.

Now the oath was fulfilled—his part of it, at least; he had come back.

Then those few brief seconds over, he crossed the little dusty road, passed the village school, whence issued the sound of many children's voices singing the morning hymn, and entered the low cottage opposite, and knelt with a great tearless sob at the feet of an old blind woman, who, putting out a withered hand, and stroking softly the curls so thickly strewn with gray, murmured, "My son, my son! Have you come, then, at last? Ah! it has been weary waiting; but I lived on, for I knew the truth must be known some day, and that then you would come home."—*Leisure Hours.*

A Business Education for Ladies.

Why should not our girls, as they grow up to be women, go into some regular occupation, just as the boys do? is a question that is often asked.

There is no good reason why they should not at least have the preparation for doing something as well as the boys.

And what preparation can a young lady have, to bring her in harmony with, and make her as self-reliant as her brothers or young men, unless it be the same daily training that they receive, the familiarizing of herself with the principles and usages of business life? In other words, if a parent wishes to give a daughter something, as a part of her education, that would initiate her into the real economies of every day affairs—the actualities of business life—that something would be a business education.

An indulgent father will furnish the means freely for a musical education, fine art display, and for gaining a familiarity with foreign languages, but this more important discipline, the ability to assist in setting in motion the wheels of commerce, and properly recording the changes that occur in the interchange of commodities, the production of our income is overlooked.

If the widow, with her other sorrows, has added thereto the consciousness that she has no knowledge of business, she is indeed at the mercy of others. To her a thorough knowledge of business matters, and ability to keep accounts correctly, is of vital importance.

Could each of our young ladies take a business course, then spend a few months in an office, in charge of a set of books, long enough to fix the principles of trade well in her mind, and become proficient in the mechanical part of the book-work, she would ever be the better and stronger for it.

And if a continuance at the desk should be decided upon, the position would be honorable, and more retired than that of saleswoman.

Fathers, mothers, as you value the happiness of your daughters, give this matter careful consideration; a thorough business course will ever be a blessing to your girls.

Don't Trim Them.

It seems that there is a large increase in the quantity of mutilated coin now in circulation in this country. It is thought that fully one-third of the silver now in circulation is defaced more or less. It is thought that people are in the habit of cutting pieces from silver coins for the purpose of selling the bits to jewelers. Before the practice had grown to its present proportions it was noticed that those engaged in it seemed to confine their operations to boring small holes in the quarters and fifty cent pieces; but of late they have grown more bold, and now an immense number of coins of those denominations are in circulation from which silver has been removed in the form of a "V" or triangle, the cutting having evidently been performed by a punch or machine. The Government officers have had great difficulty in trying to find out the depredators, and thus far have been unsuccessful. Meanwhile the despoiling of the currency shows no signs of decrease. The law on the subject is to be found in section 5459 of the revised statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

"Every person who fraudulently, by any art, way or means, defaces, mutilates, impairs, diminishes, falsifies, scales or lightens the gold and silver coins which have been or which may hereafter be coined at the mints of the United States, or any foreign gold and silver coins which are by law made current or are in actual use and circulation as money within the United States, shall be imprisoned not more than two years and fined not more than $2,000."—*Free Press.*

How the Government Pays Bills.

A great part of the work in the Department is necessarily in the line of keeping accounts, and possesses little interest to people who are not exceptionally fond of figuring. The general principle which governs the whole system of auditing and settling accounts against the Government is to provide every safeguard against fraud, and this is so successfully accomplished that a dollar could not be got out of the Treasury illegitimately without the collusion of so many persons that it may be set down as a practical impossibility. Suppose a man has a bill against the Government. The head of the Department or Bureau to which the matter properly belongs makes a requisition for the amount upon the Secretary of the Treasury, using a prepared blank which asks him to cause a warrant for the amount in question to be issued in favor of the party, the same to be charged to the particular appropriation by Congress out of which the sum ought to come. But before this requisition reaches the Secretary it must pass under the eye of the proper Auditor and Comptroller and receive their countersign, the Auditor at the same time charging the amount to the account of the disbursing officer in whose favor it is issued. If all goes well so far, the Secretary issues a warrant to the Treasurer, directing him to pay over the money, which he does by issuing a draft for the amount in favor of the Government's creditor, but not until after the warrant has been countersigned by the proper Comptroller and registered by the Register. Indeed, the draft itself must go the Register for comparison and registry before it is finally passed over. There seems to be a good deal of red tape in all this process, but it is a sort of red tape that saves the country money in the long run.—*David Copperfield, in Good Company.*

Attend to Your Stock.

Every stock-raiser, rich or poor, should personally look after the interests of his stock daily. There may be instances where a careful, kind and attentive hired hand may be had. But as a general rule this is not the case. Too frequently the care of stock is intrusted to howling, wild, vicious fellows, who beat and kick any animal which stands in their way, or which does not act exactly as they think is right. From our experience on this subject, we can scarcely write composedly on the matter. There is not a greater scarcity in any employment in life than kind, gentle and careful stock-feeders. And this is especially the case in the storms and bleak winds of winter, when stock need all the possible care and attention which can be bestowed on them. Hence we say that owners must attend to their own stock. The hired hands can do the straight work in the barn, fields or on the road. But when considerate care and kind attention is needed, this is the owner's place, instead of entrusting it to men who have no interest, and who only put in their time to get their wages. In many cases from this cause alone frequently the best results are not obtained by investment in various kinds of stock. Kindness to dumb brutes is a cheap article, yet it yields rich rewards. But even many owners upon whom the exercise of such a virtue is so important have frequently but a limited stock on hand. But they may be assured that the animal which looks kindly for your coming, and shows it feels a pleasure from your touch, will be more contented, and will assimilate its food more to your advantage. The kind breath of the owner is a balmy breeze to all domestic animals.—*Iowa State Register.*

Strange Devices of Philadelphia Society Women.

Society women in Philadelphia are accused of strange devices by the shopkeepers. One storekeeper in the artificial-flower business says it is quite a common occurrence to have ladies call on the morning before a ball and have handsome flowers sent to their residence for approbation, which are faithfully returned the next day, with perhaps the purchase of a fifty-cent rose, and occasionally without making any purchase at all, having thus obtained the required adornments for one evening's wear at the merchant's expense. Some time ago a carriage customer, it is said, ordered to be sent to her fashionable residence, for selection, braid, puffs and curls of a color to match her hair. As it was on the eve of a grand reception, the messenger was told not to return without the money or the goods. The lady played sick, the articles were sent to her room for examination, and the messenger politely dismissed. Determined not to be humbugged, the storekeeper sent a peremptory message, demanding the return of the articles immediately, which was reluctantly complied with.

Patriotism of the Lime-Kiln Club.

The President donned his robe of state, the triangle called to order, and as soon as Samuel Shin could be drawn away from the water pail, Brother Gardner began:

"I war axed de odder day whar dis Lime Kiln Club would be found in case dis kentry bad to fight Yurup to uphold the Monroe doctrine. My answer was dat it would cheerfully furnish 200 colonels, 150 majors, 300 captains, an' all de quartermasters needed for a divisbun. I now ask if de club guarantees my statement?"

"She does—you bet she does!" was shouted all over the hall, and Elder Toots, who had just begun to doze off, started up and tried to rush out doors, thinking the place on fire.

"Ah! I knew I could not be mistaken!" continued the President. "Patriotism hides in ebery co'ner of dis hall; self-sacrifice skulks under de benches an' stools; enthusiasm whoops up an' down de aisles, an' devoshen to kentry has a firm grip on ebery coat-tail. War am to be deplored, an' hein' killed on de field of battle am migbty inconvenient, but if Yurup lays a hand on dat Monroe doctrine we will lock the doahs of Paradise Hall, kiss our old women good-bye an' go marchin' to de front!"

Yell after yell rent the air, and Waydown Beebe broke a window and Whetstone Smith smashed a stool, and for two or three minutes there was such an outburst of popular sympathy and public approval that the old building shook from roof to cellar. When order had been restored the Glee Club sang, "Yankee Doodle," with a chorus running:

"We doan' want to fight,
But we nebber run away;
An' whar' we plant the Yankee flag
We plant it fur to stay."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Crusade Against Bird-Wearing.

THE ladies who wear birds on their hats and bonnets must prepare for a vigorous onslaught upon that practice by a vast army or indignant men. In our own country there has, so far, been no organized movement in this direction that can be considered important, but in Europe the opponents of bird-wearing have become very numerous and active, and their united efforts are assuming the proportions of a real crusade. They have been denouncing the custom bitterly in the public journals, and are doing everything in their power to bring it into bad odor. The various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are especially active in this work, and it is not unlikely that they will soon take measures for interfering with the supply of the birds through some legal enactment. Among the English and French newspapers which have expressed themselves most earnestly on this subject are *Land and Water* and the *Country*, of London, and *L'Acclimatation*, of Paris. But it is in Germany that the anti-bird-wearers are most numerous and energetic, and many of the leaders among those who are engaged in the movement are influential public men.

The principal reasons given by the enemies of the custom for their hostility to it are—the destruction of countless hosts of birds, with the serious results which must follow its continuance, and the dreadful cruelty which they assert to be practiced in killing the birds. They allege that the unfortunate little victims of fashion, after being captured alive, are usually allowed to die of hunger and thirst, as that is considered the easiest way to kill them without injuring their plumage or altering their shape. Where this is done, the almost equally cruel alternative of poisoning their food and water or of piercing their brain with a fine needle is the means resorted to.

As for the number of birds sacrificed to this demand for natural ornaments, investigation has shown it to be enormous. Within a few years the current price of bright-hued birds has increased five-fold. Dr. Rey, a prominent German scientist, states that one mercantile house at Leipsic received in a single consignment thirty-two thousand humming-birds, eight hundred thousand water-birds and three hundred thousand pairs of snipe-wings. The fashion of wearing birds seems to have reached every quarter of the globe, and a London sporting paper states that in South America vast numbers of birds are constantly sacrificed to it, being not only exported largely, but used very extensively at home by ladies of all the different colors. It is claimed by those who are at the head of the movement against this practice that if such wholesale butchery be permitted to continue and increase "the feathered songsters of the grove" will soon be as thoroughly extinct as the dodo and the dinornis, and the triumphant insects will have every advantage offered them in their vigorous efforts to create a general famine.

What success these bird-defenders will have in carrying out their object it would be hard to foretell. No doubt many kind-hearted and sensible women will be influenced by the reasons they have given for discouraging the habit in question, and will give it up voluntarily. It is not very improbable, too, that the persistent efforts of those who are striving to do away with the obnoxious custom may result in making it unfashionable, and then, of course, its doom will be sealed.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Fashion Notes.

TEA-GREEN shades are among new colors.

Light tan is the newest shade in kid gloves.

New neckties are of Persian silk edged with lace.

Oriental designs prevail in the new spring goods.

Iridescent or rainbow beads entirely cover the crowns of some bonnets.

Canton stripes, resembling those used for awnings, are a novelty for skirts.

Gloves are worn very long, and bracelets are placed over them upon the wrists.

Turquoises set in red gold are favorite stones for rings, bracelets, pendants and the like.

Pretty new breakfast caps are made of pieces of Oriental silk, with white Breton lace ruffles edging them.

Two buttons are considered a sufficient number for kid gloves when they have tops of the new kid lace.

White silk and wool fabrics are seen in new designs and unique patterns for ball and evening dress purposes.

The butterfly bow is shown, made of black China crape, edged with the black, hand-painted lace which is new this season.

Deep, round collars, formed of wide embroidery or bands of inserting and finished with lace, are the latest style for children.

Yeddo crape is one of the new cotton stuffs for spring wear. It is crinkled like crape, as thick as calico and soft and pliable as silk.

French crape cloth, abounding in charming landscapes and groups of figures in brilliant French colorings, is a very attractive material for screens.

The Spanish veil is much in favor, and is shown by modistes in both black and white Spanish lace. Red and yellow ostrich plumes also trim black satin or lace bonnets.

The hair is dressed very simply and quite low, but not drooping in the neck. Tortoise-shell-headed pins, black jet, and also gold or silver filigree ornaments, are very fashionable with modern coiffures.

Dark shades still continue to be more fashionable than light ones, even for spring dresses, in the daytime. Dark marine blues, brownish reds, dark dull greens, and reddish purples are the more fashionable tints. Sometimes a soupcon of old gold or redish-orange color lightens them up.

The new hosiery this season is indescribably pretty. Among the many choice novelties in this line are black silk, with instep and front exquisitely embroidered with bunches of roses and forget-me-nots in the natural colors; white silk, woven in alternate plain and lace stripes, the plain stripes decorated with colored silk embroidery, while fine new thread balbriggans, almost as soft as silk, are elaborately embroidered in floral designs in white and in colors to match the fashionable evening shades.

Pelerine collars of lace are among the novelties imported for spring. They are large round collars, reaching far down on the shoulders and finished around the neck with a very full ruff. Four rows of lace, two or three inches wide, are laid in fine knife-pleatings around the collar, and are divided in sections on the shoulders and back by lengthwise rows of insertion. A dog-collar of satin ribbon is tied around the fraise to hold it in place and a bow fastens the front. Point d'esprit, Languedoc and Breton laces are most used for these pelerines. Ivory satin ribbon is liked for bows, as it may be used with every dress.

WHY are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch *soft* water when it rains *hard*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

"*ACCEPTED AND WILL APPEAR.*"

One evening, while reclining
In my easy-chair, repining
Over the lack of true religion and the dearth
of common sense,
A solemn-visaged lady,
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty, entered proudly and to crush
me did commence:

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady growing fiercer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember, sir, was 'Spring.'
But although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry
And her temper sure was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to—fib like fun;
So I told her that her verses,
Which were great, had come too—bless us!
We'd received just sixty-one ou "Spring," of which we'd printed one.

And I added: "We've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding spring;
So your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE ROBBER OF ST. GERVAIS.

One cold, blustering morning, late in the fall, a man who walked with a crutch and a short staff was on the road from Lodove to St. Gervais, in the department of Herault, away in the southern part of France. The traveler was an old man, perhaps five and fifty, with a face very dark from long and constant exposure, and with a stone-gray beard and mustache. An old gray overcoat completely enveloped his person, but it was plainly to be seen that he had only one leg. The road was very muddy and a cold, drizzling mist was falling, and though it was well into the evening yet there was light enough to distinguish the way, for away beyond the clouds and the mist a bright moon was shining, and though even its whereabouts could not be made out, yet it served to make visible what must otherwise have been enveloped in utter darkness.

The old man hobbles on, planting his crutch and staff carefully on the treacherous ground, and thus he passed out slowly on his way. It was near nine o'clock when he reached the little copse of swamp-wood that lay at the edge of the village of St. Gervais. Here it was somewhat darker, and he made his way more carefully. He had just reached the edge of the copse when his attention was attracted by a noise close by him, and in a moment more a human being stood in the road before him. The new comer was a slight-built person, as the old man could distinctly see, and most probably a youth. He had surely come from the wood.

"Ha!" uttered the traveler, "what now, eh?"

"Your money, or your life!" was the reply, given abruptly but somewhat tremulously.

"You don't mean it?"

"I do," the youth said more firmly. "And be quick, too, for I've no time to waste. You see this pistol. It contains two balls. Give me money or they both go through your head!"

"Ten thousand thunders, boy! you wouldn't kill me just for the sake of a little money—perhaps only the few sous that are necessary to pay for my night's lodgings?"

"And why not kill you for that as well as die myself for the want of it? Ay, and worse, too. Come—quick!"

There was a resoluteness in the youth's tones which proved him to be in earnest, but yet they had a cast of eagerness and pathos which proved him to be a new beginner at this kind of work.

"Die, did you say?" returned the old man, more in pity than in anger. "A boy like you talk of dying, and with such pluck, too? You are crazy?"

"Will you give me money, or must I shoot you?"

No sooner were these words out of the boy's mouth than up came the old man's staff, and the pistol went flying across the road into the mud.

"There—you've got rid of a very dangerous weapon; and don't you never use it again in such a fashion. Now, who are ye?"

The youth stood for a few moments as if undecided how to act.

"Hold on," continued the old man, as the young stranger started as though he would turn away. "Don't be afraid, for I may give you that of my own free will which I would never give to any living man upon compulsion. But tell me—I have faced death a thousand times, and have killed many men, but I have done it for France—for my country. But why should you face death thus? In the night—on the highway—in your own home—and at the expense of a countryman? Why is it?"

"Nothing—never mind. You said you would give me money. Give it to me, In Heaven's name."

"Hold!" answered the traveler. "Your home is not far from here."

"Home! O, what is home to the starving?"

The old man was moved, for there was a depth of agony in the tones of the youth's voice which was not to be withstood by any one possessing ordinary feelings.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Never mind."

"But I won't expose you."

"Truly?"

"I will not."

"But why should I tell you? You have disarmed me, and I am at your mercy. Yet, as God is my judge, had I known you were an old soldier I would not have stopped you. I would have lain in the woods and starved first. Give me money—a few sous."

"Tell me your name."

The youth hesitated, but finally he replied: "If you are a true soldier I should take your word. My name is Pierre Chollet."

"And have you no parents?"

"A mother."

"And she lives not far from here?"

"Not far."

"And she is starving?"

"Ay."

"Then let us hasten and find her. I may help her, and, moreover, get lodgings for myself and my crutch. Come, it is cold here. Lead the way."

"You will help my mother if you go?"

"To be sure I will."

"And you won't lisp a word of this?"

"Not without your consent."

"Then follow me."

Thus speaking the youth turned and started on.

"Are you acquainted with this road?" the old man asked.

"Every inch of it," was the reply.

"Then go ahead and pick out the best path, and I can get along faster."

At the end of about twenty minutes they topped a little hill, and the lights could be seen in the village of St. Gervais; but before they reached the village the guide turned off to the right into a narrow lane, and finally came to a small hut which the youth said was his home. He opened the door and went in, and the old man followed him. There was only one room, and that had a floor of clay. In the fire place burned a few faggots, while close by were heaped a lot more—boughs, twigs and stuff such as might be dragged out of the swamp close by. In an old arm chair sat an elderly female with her hands folded in her lap, and close by her was a cat. The woman's face could be seen by the glimmer of the fire, and it was thin haggard and pale. She looked up as her boy entered and in a feeble tone asked:

"Did yo find it, Pierre?"

"I hope so mother. A kind soldier has come home with me and he will help us."

The old lady started up and gazed around. She saw the stranger and a look of hope rested upon her features.

"Haven't yo a light?" asked the stranger.

"No—only the fire," answered the boy.

"Then we'll have a better one," the soldier said. "I've a candle in my haversack, and a bit of food, too."

As he spoke he sat down in a chair, the only other one in the room, and having unslung his haversack he overhauled the contents until he came to the candle. This he gave to Pierre and bade him light it. An old wooden candlestick was found and the candle was soon burning. The soldier could now see the faces of his hostess and her son more plainly. The former was a mild looking, full-browed woman, with a prayerful cast of countenance, and must have once been extremely beautiful. She was certainly fifty years of age, for her hair was very gray and time had been busy with its indelible touches. Her son was not over nineteen, and was a handsome youth. He was pale and wan now; but his brow was full, his eyes large, dark and brilliant.

"You suffer much?" said the soldier, addressing the hostess.

"Very much," she returned. "I have been very sick, but I am getting better now. Yet my sickness has eaten up everything we had, and my noble boy has sacrificed all his earnings; and, worse than all else, he can't find work now to do. The crops are all garnered and the barns closed. Yesterday he went to the house of a rich man to beg, and he was kicked——"

"No, no, mother—not kicked!" exclaimed the youth, quickly. "He did not dare to do that. He said he would kick me if I came there again."

"But are there not others who would help you?" asked the old man.

"They might," returned Pierre; "but the sou-prefect of police swore that he would send me off if he caught me begging again. What could I do, sir?"

"But the sou-prefect is a villain! What does he mean?"

"He is angry with me. He wanted me in the harvest time to work for him for five sous a day, and I wouldn't, because a better man gave me fifteen sous."

"He is a perfect villain. But come—we'll eat something. My old haversack has something else in it besides candles. I don't travel without something to guard against the danger of being benighted in the wood."

As he spoke he pulled a loaf of bread and a piece of cold boiled beef from his old provision bag, and then made the mother and son eat. He assured them that he had eaten a hearty supper, and that he had money to buy more, so without further ceremony they began the meal—the first they had eaten since the morning of the day before, save the little milk which they were able to get from one old goat which they yet retained.

Tears stood in the old soldier's eyes as he sat and saw the boy and his mother eat, and when they were done they turned and blessed him. The woman seemed much revived, and as her son put some more faggots upon the fire, she turned and spoke to her guest. Her voice trembled as she spoke, and tears were in her eyes.

"You are a soldier?" she said.

"Yes," the old man replied, turning his gaze upon the fire instead of upon his questioner.

"Have you been long in the army?"

"Eighteen years."

"Perhaps you have been in Africa?"

"I have."

"Whom did you serve under?"

"Colonel Pelissier."

"Then you may have known Francois Chollet?"

And as the woman said this she wiped her eyes with her apron.

"Corporal Chollet? To be sure I know him. Aye—and a fine fellow he was too. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, sir. He—he" and here a passionate flood of tears interrupted her; but finally she concluded—"he was my husband."

"Ah—was he? Poor Francois! His was a sad fate!"

The woman started and laid one of her hands on the soldier's arm. The tears ceased flowing and her lips were closed.

"Then he is dead?" she whispered.

"No—I guess not."

"Not dead! Francois alive! Do you know this?" she cried.

"I am sure of it. He was sadly wounded, and lost a leg—as I have done. He was taken prisoner and kept a long while too, and that is the reason why he did not come home with his regiment. But how long since you have seen him?"

"Fifteen years, sir. He sailed from Marseilles with the first that went to Algiers. But where is he now? Where did you see him last?"

"He lauded at Toulon with me."

"O, God bless you sir! And he will come to me soon. Did you leave him there?"

"No. He started on with me."

"Started on? But where—where did you leave him!"

"The last I saw of him was in a small hut where he had called to pass the night. But, you see, I have come off with his crutch and staff, so I shouldn't wonder if he had to stop where he is for some time."

"O—how could you, sir? But you didn't know that he had a waiting, weeping wife to whom he would go."

"Yes, I did."

"And you left him thus!"

"But the crutch was mine."

"Ah—you lent it to him. But no—if you had only one crutch between you both, how did you come so far?"

"Simply because we were both one and the same persons."

"One—both—you—"

"I am Francois Chollett."

The woman started to her feet, and having gazed one moment into the soldier's face, she sank on his bosom and wept. Pierre was upon his legs in an instant, and at the next was by his father's side. He forgot for the [illegible] his expedition upon the highw[illegible] only realized that his father [illegible] turned. He remembered wo[illegible] the father took him upon h[illegible] fifteen years before, and kis[illegible] and he remembered, too, how [illegible] tears had rolled down that [illegible] cheeks.

But the husband and father was at home once more, and if he had returned with his body maimed, he had brought back an untarnished name. In addition to a goodly bulk of gold which he carried stitched up in his vest, he had a pension settled upon him, and the future looked bright and clear. The son of Corporal Chollett became an important personage among the good peasants, and the sou-prefect was among the first to solicit the friendship of the battle-scarred old soldier. The little cot smiled once more, and Pierre had never occasion to go upon the highway again with any foul intent. The old soldier often refers to meeting with the young robber of St. Gervais, and under all the circumstances it rather pleases him, and he thinks he can see in it the proof of Pierre's courage, and also of his true affection for his mother.

Rule of the Romanoffs.

Michael Feodorovitch, who founded the line in 1612, mounted the throne when a Polish King was the virtual lord of Russia, and when the ashes of Moscow was still wet with the blood of 100,000 men. The very first year of his reign was marked by a hair-breadth escape from assassination, and its subsequent troubles were neither few nor slight. The thirty years' rule of his son and successor, Alexey, was one long war. Feodor died exhausted by the vain effort to civilize a State whose nobles were beasts of prey, and whose peasants beasts of burden. Peter the Great—for his blind and imbecile half-brother, Ivan, is hardly worth mentioning—as the strongest of the Romanoffs, was also the one who suffered most. Twice all but murdered in his childhood by the emissaries of his own sister, his early youth was disturbed by a formidable rebellion, and his mature life spent in the thankless and heart-breaking toil of raising, in spite of itself, a Nation sunk in groveling ignorance and brutal degredation, while the son in whom he had hoped to find an efficient colleague grew up a weak and worthless profligate, whom his stern father deliberately put to death, "to save Russia from a tyrant." His widow, Catharine I., survived her possession of the imperial crown barely eighteen months. Peter II., having disgraced, during his short life, both himself and his country, saved the latter by the untimely death which was the sole good deed of his reign. Anna Ivanovna having sacrificed the interests of Russia to those of a few worthless favorites, was herself sacrificed by the latter the moment her power began to wane. Her infant successor, Ivan was cruelly murdered. Elizabeth, who plunged Russia into a bloody and disastrous war to avenge a hasty word of Frederick the Great, was simply a vulgar, quarrelsome, drunken old virago, with the manners of a fish-woman and the morals of a *danseuse*, whose life fully bore out the tremendous sarcasm of Tacitus, "to commit every crime with impunity, this is to be a monarch." Her nephew, Peter III., who might have become a great villain had he not been an utter idiot, was murdered after six months of misrule, by three of the countless lovers of his wife, Catherine II. Catharine herself surpassing Cæsar in her ambition, and Messalinn in her debauchery, lived a life unmarked by a single virtue, and died a death whose horrors might have tasked the pen of Dante. Her son Paul was strangled in his own palace by four of his most trusted officers. Alexander I., having seen the burning of Moscow and the flooding of St. Petersburg, the failure of his most cherished schemes, and the growth of a formidable plot against himself, died broken-hearted. Nicholas, snatching a crown still wet with the blood of civil war, checked Russia's progress for half a century, destroyed by his mad ambition both her and himself, lived like a tiger, and died like a dog. The present Czar, called to the throne when Russia was still bleeding at every pore from the most disastrous of her countless wars, has seen his favorite son die before him, his wife perishing by inches of a mortal disease, his country wasted by pestilence and famine, his armies thrice routed under his very eyes before their final triumph, and his own life darkened by the ever-present shadow of secret murder.—*N. Y. Times.*

A VICTIM of domestic infelicity, who is in the habit of dreaming, should never go to sleep in church. A congregation near Quincy was somewhat startled last Sabbath when a venerable member excitedly yelled: "Here, now! drop that skillet, old woman!"—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

JONES calls hash, grammatically speaking, an indefinite article.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.

An Outline of Its History and Methods of Working---An Artist's Brain the Germ---Morse's Early Struggles and Disappointments---The Method of Cable Transmission.

In the autumn of 1832 Mr. S. F. B. Morse, an American artist, embarked from England in the packet ship Sully. The list of passengers was a small but unusually intellectual one. There was a long voyage before them, and each amiably undertook to relieve the tedium of the journey by the pleasant devices known to intelligent travelers. At an early period of the voyage the conversation around the evening table turned upon electricity and magnetism. The subject at once excited very general interest, into which Mr. Morse, who had hitherto felt no further interest in electrical matters than a lively and excited curiosity, now entered with awakened enthusiasm. The question was asked if the velocity of electricity was retarded by the length of the wire. A pregnant thought lay in that inquiry, and the conversation became earnest and practical. Dr. Jackson, one of the *coterie*, replied that electricity passed instantaneously over any known length of wire. At this point Mr. Morse remarked: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any party of the [illegible] instantaneously [illegible] Somewhere [illegible] matter-[illegible] of its [illegible] pre-[illegible] been done.

Day by day he burdened his mind with this thought, which now, by a strange fascination, engrossed his whole being. Gradually the conception took shape and system until at last it had assumed such form that, at the breakfast table one morning he communicated the processes by which he believed a recording telegraph could be made serviceable to mankind. Arriving in America, he bent all his energies to the accomplishment in practice of what was, as yet, but an obscurely defined theory. His struggles and disappointments and final success belongs no less to the history of America than to the mighty force with which his name will be associated.

In the year 1843 Congress voted the sum of $30,000 " to be used in a series of experiments to test the expediency of the telegraph projects of Professor Morse." The first wire erected was between Baltimore and Washington, in the following year. To Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, was given the honor of sending the first telegram. Its language, which has long since become historic, was in consonance with the inventor's own oft expressed thoughts respecting the origin of his invention. Indeed, the inventor may have suggested the language, "What hath God wrought?" The message was at once passed successfully over the wires, and the strip of paper on which it was imprinted was claimed by Governor Seymeur, of Connecticut in honor of the lady, who was a native of his State, and of the inventor, who received therein his collegiate education.

The first stock company organized for the purpose of a general telegraph business, was incorporated under the title of the "Magnetic Telegraph Company," and extended from New York to Philadelphia. The gross receipts of the first three months amounted to $516. Other companies rapidly followed until the very extremes of the United States were brought into intimate relations by the wires of the electric telegraph. In 1866, the Western Union, which was the most powerful of all the competing companies succeeded in consolidating, under their management, the American, United States, California States and Southwestern Companies, giving it at once an absolute monopoly of the telegraphic interests of the entire country. In this connection it is interesting to compare the annual report of the President of the Western Union Company for the fiscal year ending June, 1866, with that of 1879. In 1866 the gross receipts were, in round numbers, $6,500,000. They had 2,500 offices, 85,000 miles of wire, and handled 6,000,000 messages. In thirteen years the gross receipts had multiplied to $11,000,000. The number of miles had increased to 212,000; almost 9,000 offices had been opened for the convenience of the public, and 25,000,000 was the number of messages transmitted during the year.

The salaries paid by the Western Union Company to its operators in the large Eastern cities range from $40 to $110 per month, the latter being paid to the more skilful operators who worked the heavy circuits. In the West the margin of salary is not so extended, but the labor is unusually severe. The average salary in the Cincinnati office for the best men is eighty dollars per month.

How many who read this article, even those who are most accustomed to telegraphing, have the remotest idea of the manner in which their message is handled from the time it leaves their possession until it reaches their correspondent. Entering the office at the corner of Fourth and Vine, you write your message and hand it to the good-looking young man sitting at the receiver's window, whom we will call Mr. Farmer—not that that is his name, but because in appearance he is so totally unlike the genus Granger. Mr. McGuire (beg pardon, we mean Mr. Farmer) takes your message and checks it. That is to say, he counts the words in the body, places the number on the margin of the blank, and adds the words "paid," or "collect," with the amount. It is next whirled into the operating department through the pneumatic tubes, when it is taken from the box by one of a number of boys, called distributing clerks, and placed on the wire leading to its destination. Here it is filed in the regular order of receipt, and takes its turn in the course of transmission. If not of unusual length it is sent in less than a minute. Every operator has a private signal which they are required to place on each message they send or receive, with the exact time. Your telegram, we will say, was intended for New York, and has been sent direct. It is copied in ink by the receiver, and by one of the swift-footed Mercuries is taken from the hook and sent to the delivery department, usually in the basement, where the messengers are congregated. Here it is copied in a letter press, placed in an envelope and sent by the "Uniformed Brigade" for delivery.

The method of transmitting intelligence by electricity may be briefly stated as follows:

The wire is electrically charged by being connected at both ends with a galvanic battery. When this connection is broken, chemical action in the battery ceases, and the wire is again in its natural condition. The instruments used are of three kinds, viz.: single-line instruments, which permit the sending of only one message at a time; the duplex, by which two messages (one each way) can be sent at the same time; and the quadruplex, by which arrangement four messages can be sent and received at the same time—two each way. The single line instrument is very simple in its construction. It consists of soft iron cones in the shape of a horseshoe magnet wound with fine wire. This fine wire is connected with the line wire, and is a part of the circuit. Therefore, when the circuit is complete the current passes through the line wire around the soft iron cones and magnetizes them. Included in the circuit is what is technically called a key for the purpose of opening and closing the circuit, or, in other words, making and breaking the contact. The cones lose their magnetism the instant the circuit is broken. An armature, also of soft iron, is suspended near the exposed ends of the cones to which a spring is attached to pull it away from the cone when not under the influence of the magnetic effect. Thus the armature is caused to vibrate correspondingly as the key is worked to open or close the circuit. The effect on a similar instrument at the distant end is precisely the same; also, all intermediate instruments in the circuit. In this manner the dots and dashes are transmitted from any part of the line to all other instruments.

The cable system of telegraphing differs, necessarily, very much from that of the land wires. It will be remembered that the first cable, laid in 1859, was a complete failure, owing to a lack of experience. Battery power, supposed to be sufficient, was employed without satisfactory results. More battery was added without success, until it was discovered that the battery was so powerful that the conducting wire in the cable was burned up, and the consequence was a complete failure—a result as costly in a pecuniary sense as it was mortifying and discouraging to the projector. Repeated experiments at length demonstrated that less battery and more sensitive instruments must be employed. The reflecting galvanometer is the only instrument at present with which long cables can be successfully worked with a battery of low tension. It consists of a needle formed of a piece of watch spring, three-eighths of an inch in length, the needle suspended by a thread of cocoon silk without tension. The needle lies in the center of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer coil. A circular mirror of silvered glass is attached to the needle, and reflects, at right angles to it, in the plane of its motion. It is so curved that when the light of a lamp is thrown through a fine slit in it, the image of the slit is reflected on a scale, about three feet distant, placed a little above the front of the flame.

Deflections to the extent of half an inch, along any part of the scale, are sufficient for one signal. This instrument is necessarily used in a darkened room. Condensers are used at both ends of the Atlantic cable. The term condenser has long been used among electricians to denote an arrangement equal to a Leyden jar of enormous capacity. The condenser is charged from a small battery and discharged into the cable. The transmitting keys are conveniently arranged to discharge from these condensers into the cable a current of either polarity, and the needle at the distant end of the cable responds, but in opposite directions, as the currents of different polarities are discharged through it. The reflection thrown on the scale moves to the right and left, from which the reading is taken. The eye can easily distinguish at any point on the scale, to which the spot of light may be deflected, the beginning and end of a signal.

The signals in this way follow each other with wonderful rapidity. The usual speed for messages is from twelve to fifteen words per minute, but when the operators are conversing with each other twenty to twenty-five words per minute are usually attained. As to the velocity of electricity, it takes about three seconds in a cable across the Atlantic for the current to reach its full strength. The current does not arrive all at once, but grows gradually from a minimum to a maximum. For the data which forms the subject matter of this article the writer is indebted to Mr. O. K. Newton, the electrician of the Western Union Company. It is an astonishing fact that so keen are the perceptions of some telegraphers that they can detect the "sending" of men they have worked with even after a lapse of years, with the same facility that an expert tells the authorship of handwriting by the formation of certain letters. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Why We Butter Our Bread.

The layers of the wheat berry, as we proceed toward the center, become more and more completely starchy, and at the center but little else is found, and this portion makes our finest flour. The finer the flour the less fit it is for nutrition. In its natural state, the wheat, with all its components present, is not fitted for perfect human development. There is a deficiency in the potential heat-producing materials, especially for cooler climates, there being only two per centum of fat in wheat. We instinctively supply this deficiency by the addition of fatty bodies. We spread butter upon bread, we mingle lard or butter with our biscuit or cake, and the fat meat and bread are taken alternately or coincidentally. The starch, being a carbon hydrate, can afford, comparatively, but little heat in consumption, and the fats are demanded by the wants of the system.—*United States Miller.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—It is fifty years since missionaries first landed in New Zealand, but out of a population estimated at 100,000 there are now only about 1,000 who do not make a profession of Christianity. It is said that one-tenth of their income is readily contributed by this people to the support of the Christian religion.

—Ben Adhem had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year awaiting him it lay
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four; so on till people said,
"How rich Ben Adhem is," and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin one day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

—The Ultramontane party in the German Parliament object to the ringing of church bells by the local civil authorities. They are offended by the ringing of the bells on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. Of course they do not regret that the Germans won that battle, but complain that Protestants boast of it as a triumph over the Roman Church. A bill has passed the Lower House, providing that it shall not be lawful for the civil authorities to use the bells except to give alarm in cases of fire, flood and the other public calamities.

—The *Baptist Year-Book* exhibits the strength of that denomination by the following figures: In the United States and Territories there are 1,095 associations, 24,794 churches, 15,401 ministers and 2,133,044 members; baptisms reported for the past year, 78,924—22,812 less than the number for 1878. There was a gain of twenty associations, 295 churches, 447 ministers and 30,010 members. Three hundred and fifteen associations failed to send in their statistical reports. The number of Baptists in the Northern States and Territories, as reported, is 595,427; in the Southern States, 1,537,614. Of those in the South 890,739 are white and 646,974 are colored.

—The symmetry of the grounds of Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., is somewhat marred by a small white house standing next to the college. It is owned by a surly individual, who has refused all offers of purchase, and has expressed his firm determination to remain where he is. The college gymnasium has accordingly been built as near as possible to the parlor windows, and the side adjoining them has been divided up into six small rooms. In these have been placed the pianos, on which all the practicing of the two hundred or so students is done. It is confidently expected that the enemy will surrender next summer, when the windows will be open and the six pianos assiduously wrestled with "from morn till dewy eve."—*Northampton (Mass.) Letter to the Yale Record.*

—American Protestants have furnished the Turkish Empire four excellent colleges—Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian College at Beirut, the Central Turkey College at Aintab and the American College at Harput—two of which are independent of missionary control, but all of which co-operate with the missions and receive missionary co-operation. During ten years fifty-nine students have been graduated from the college at Beirut, of whom four are engaged at the college, ten are practicing medicine where good doctors are needed, two are druggists, eleven are studying medicine and eighteen are missionary teachers, preachers, translators, etc. Forty-six have been graduated from the medical department and five from the pharmaceutical department, and are helping to build up the reputation of the college in distant parts of the empire.

—The "salvation army," queer as it is in its make-up and methods, is now recognized in England as an evangelical agency of considerable power. Its leader is named Booth. He has been at work for fourteen years, although in a comparatively obscure way until two or three years ago. He is nervous, earnest and bold. He has none of the gifts or graces of the stylo of oratory which is admired in refined circles; but is a powerful speaker in his rough way when he has an audience of working people in sympathy with him. His followers are managed in military fashion. There are one hundred and twenty-five corps, with a station for each, and one hundred and eighty officers. They endeavored to preach the Christianity of the Bible, and to be in harmony with all Gospel Christians, while they make no organic union with any. Booth respects all the sects. He issues his orders to his officers, and expects implicit obedience, which he generally gets. His book of orders and regulations is a volume of more than one hundred pages, going into detail as to everything the officers and members of the salvation army are expected to do. The "Hallelujah Lasses" are considered fully the equal of any of the male forces in efficiency. Among the factory people and the colliers in the coal mining districts the lahors of the "Army" have been most successfully put forth. An official gazette called the *War Cry* is issued more or less regularly. It bristles with martial expressions, and is full of the notion of marching on the devil and annihilating his forces. With all that is queer and odd in Booth and his co-workers, he seems to be honest and practical, as well as desperately in earnest in regard to the conversion of the poor, for whose good he labors.—*Exchange.*

—An appetizing dish for dinner may be made as follows: To a quart of finely chopped cabbage take a teacupful of sharp vinegar, a tablespoonful of ground mustard, half a tablespoonful of black pepper, a spoonful of salt, a lump of butter or pork gravy the size of a hen's egg and a half-teacupful of water. Mix all the ingredients except the cabbage in a porcelain kettle and bring to a boil; then turn in the cabbage and stir thoroughly; cover up tight and boil slowly until the cabbage is well cooked. Served as a relish for meats this is one of the nicest dishes of the season.

—When a soldier is ill he becomes a six-shooter.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

The Pearre case has not yet been decided.

Congress is idle and incompetent for perfectly obvious reasons. It does not dare to do the wrong it wishes to accomplish, and it is constitutionally unable to do right; hence it does nothing.

Mr. Williams, the Republican supervisor, addressed the levy court at New Castle, Delaware, thanking its fairness to the Republicans in its assessment work. About 1,500 names have been added to the list by the court.

If Congress intends to continue its policy of doing nothing and drawing pay for it, why doesn't it go home? The country would be willing for it, since the cost is the same in both cases. So long as it remains in session there is a constant risk that it may break away from its tail-holders, yield to temptation, and steal whatever it can reach.

The term of Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, does not end until March, 1885, and it is now intimated that he may resign his seat at the close of the present Congress. The Washington correspondent of the Wheeling *Intelligencer* says that he has accumulated great wealth, and is probably the richest man in West Virginia. Mr. Davis is one of those self-made men who have worked their way upward, and are not ashamed of the position they started from.

The Allegany mountains are looming up in a new and interesting attitude. Silver ore has been found along the great chain from Vermont to Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia; and it is the opinion of experts that the ore exists in quantities that will pay for the digging. We think this is a matter to be regretted for it will have a tendency to divert attention from the far more valuable coal and iron beds and granite quarries that abound in the region named, and which will pay better than all the silver nuggets that can be picked out of the everlasting hills. We can forego the silver. There is plenty of it beyond the Rocky Mountains. But we cannot do without the coal and iron and granite.

Some Plain Talk.

[Special to the American.]

ANNAPOLIS, Mch. 13.—The events in the Legislature this week did not contribute to solidify the two factions of the Maryland Democracy. If anything, the bitterness is on the increase, and will so continue until the end of the session, and the indications are that the contest will be carried into the next campaign for party supremacy. The Governor does not hesitate to avow that the fight for reform and economy is his fight, and that he makes common cause with those who are aiding him in the lower house of the General Assembly to carry out his policy. In order to ascertain his sentiments on the struggle on the tax commissionership on Friday last in the House of Delegates and his opinions in kindred matters, your correspondent, who was compelled to remain over in Annapolis the greater part of Saturday, called on the Governor at the executive mansion, and discovered that the present occupant of the gubernatorial office is far from being gratified at the action of the majority of his party in the House of Delegates yesterday. Did I say the majority? Let me correct. The Governor does not think that those who carried the day on Friday represented the majority of the party; neither does he believe that they compose the majority of the popular branch of the Maryland legislature. He thinks that their victory was a mere accident, and that the feeling of the House is with him.

"Why, sir," said the Governor today, "a full House would have carried the bill for the abolition of the office. The House is solid with me and for my measures, and had not some of the members been absent the result would have been different." The final vote which decided the fate of the bill, it will be remembered, was 37 to 36. One vote would have changed the result, and four members who would certainly have voted with the Governor were absent. Of course this accounts for the anxiety of those favoring the retention of the office to seal the fate of the measure by the motion to lay on the table the proposition for a reconsideration of the vote by which the bill was made the special order for April 6, the day after the final adjournment of the two houses.

"Sir," said the Governor to-day, "It was a convenient way of avoiding action on the bill. It would not have been well for the opponents of the measure to have risked a direct vote on the bill itself. Why, sir, the bill would have been passed. Recent events demonstrate this. The vote on the bill for the abolition of the office of superintendent of telegraph shows it. That bill was reported unfavorably by the committee, and there was opposition to the substitution of the bill for the unfavorable report; but the bill was passed by a large majority. Yes, sir, the House is in favor of measures of retrenchment. Let a measure come up on its merits and it will prevail. My opposition is not to the individual occupying the office, but to the office itself. I think that if the question were divested of personalities, there would be no trouble in passing a bill for the abolition of the office of tax commissioner. I am in favor of no half measures, sir. Being conscientiously opposed to the office I cannot approve of any bill to make the office elective." This, it will be remembered, is proposed by the majority of the caucus committee.

"Now," continued the Governor, "why am I opposed to the office? I think, in the first place, that the office is unconstitutional. I believe that the duty should be vested in the Comptroller, and if he needs additional clerical assistance, that is another matter. The Comptroller is an officer elected by the people every two years, responsible to them for his action, and the Governor, under the Constitution, has the right to go into his office and examine his books twice a year or oftener. But how is it with your Tax Commissioner? He is elected by the Board of Public Works for a term twice as long as the Comptroller, but is not accountable either to the Governor or to the Board which elects him. It is a severance and a division of duties. Does not the Secretary of the Treasury attend to, and has he not the control of, all the financial transactions of the general government? Why, then, should there be a division of these duties in our State government? I have seen it stated by opponents of the abolition of the office that corporations favor its abolition. So far as I am aware, the very reverse is the fact. Heads of corporations are in favor of its retention. Would not large corporations who have matters to 'fix up,' rather treat with an officer not accountable to any one and elected by such a body as the board of Public Works than with an officer elected biennially by the people? Why, of course they would."

"Governor," inquired your correspondent, "you differ from the Attorney General as to the constitutionality of the office."

"Why, sir," replied the Governor, rising from his chair and walking up and down his room with apparent indignation. "Why, sir, of course I do. I believe the office is unconstitutional. I said so in my message, and I think I am right."

"What is your opinion of the registration bill?"

"I have not read it," replied the Governor, but I propose to do so soon. My recommendations were for registration by precincts, and until that is adopted the object for which I contend will not be accomplished. What we want is fair registrations and fair elections. We must also have free inspections and a removal of all restrictions from trade."

"What are the prospects for a bill for free inspection of tobacco? Cannot an amendment to the present bill to that effect be carried?"

"I am in favor of free inspections, and therefore do not approve the compulsory feature of the present bill. There ought to be a sufficient number of representative men in the House to carry through a bill for free inspection of tobacco. The caucus recommendations were not binding, and members can act as they please. Senator Fisher, who was on the caucus committee, is opposed to compulsory inspection and will advocate free inspections. There ought to be a sufficient number of other members of the city delegation to favor free inspection and assure the success of the measure. And after we carry that thro', I hope we will be equally successful in removing the compulsory features of the cattle and hay scale law."

"Governor," again interrupted the interlocutor, "the present bills regarding tobacco and cattle inspections empower the Board of Public Works to make the necessary leases and arrangements, and, as you are a member of that body, you will have the direction of affairs in common with the other members."

At this the Governor looked up to the ceiling, drew his lips together, glanced around and said nothing, but his looks spoke volumes.

"Governor," again queried the reporter, "the powers of the Board of Public Works will be considerably enlarged by the passage of the pending inspection bills."

"Oh, no," replied Gov. Hamilton, "oh, no; oh, no. Their powers will not be enlarged. I don't think they will be enlarged. The bills have not passed in their present shape as yet, and we will see what we will see."

The conversation somehow then drifted into a discussion on the canal. The Governor has not yet forgotten the strong majority against the Washington county Democratic ticket in what are known as the canal districts. "That was terrible, sir, terrible. The boatmen on the canal voted, almost without exception, the Republican ticket. Some of them recollected that they were punished during the riots on the line of the canal; and the canal management being Democratic, that may have induced them to vote that way. But things will not change until the canal is taken out of politics."

"Do you favor the sale of the canal by the State?"

"Oh, no," replied the Governor. "But I want it to be conducted on business principles. I want it to be managed as a business affair and not as a political affair. We must do that sir, or the people will not believe we were in earnest when we made our promises and pledges in the last campaign."

The Coming Political Campaign.

The Democrats in Congress seem afraid to move at present in any direction, lest they may show their usual skill in making a record for inefficiency and unsoundness on every national subject. The incubus on the party, S. J. Tilden, clings to them with a tenacity, that bids defiance to all efforts to shake him off. Bayard would suit the South, but they fear the effect of his State Right views upon the North. Thurman has been effectually shelved. They will be compelled to take up either Tilden, or some man named by Uncle Sammy. Meanwhile the Republican party is quietly unifying itself, and preparing to give a united support to the nominee of the Chicago convention. There are some differences of opinion as to who this shall be, but whoever he is will receive the vote of the whole party. The Blaine sentiment is increasing, and, wherever it makes an appearance, seems to command the enthusiastic endorsement of the live men, who believe in stalwart Republicanism as the safest support the country can have in the present juncture.

The campaign will be a lively one in which those who believe in a government, that shall protect its citizens in all their rights, will be on one side, while those, who are chronic grumblers at everything done to advance the nation and its interests, will be arrayed under the opposition banner. If there is a fair field and an honest count, there can be no doubt as to the triumph of the Republican ticket.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Helping the Iron Interest.

A dispatch from Johnstown, Pa., to the New York *Times* has the following in relation to an important railroad improvement: "The great Cambria Iron Company annually pays to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company $1,500,000 in freight bills, and has for years been wanting some other way to get its goods to market and receive supplies. Several years ago a railroad nine miles in length was constructed from Somerset, Pa., to a place now known as Rockwood. Somerset is on the Connellsville branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and a few months ago the latter company, having an eye to the great carrying business of Johnstown, purchased that nine miles of road and formed a company known as the Somerset and Johnstown Railroad Company. The Cambria iron works at once subscribed about $300,000 in aid of extending the railroad to Johnstown. The distance from Somerset to Johnstown is 36 miles, and the cost to complete the road to the latter place is estimated at $750,000. The right of way has all been secured and the company has advertised for proposals to build the road. The work is to be commenced early in April and completed in October. The connection given the Baltimore and Ohio by the building of this road will be a most valuable one. Johnstown is one of the most important manufacturing towns in the State being the centre of the great iron interest of Pennsylvania. The iron interest will be especially benefitted by the road, as by it the markets of Va. and West Va. will be opened to it, and direct communication by way of the Parkersburg Branch and the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad, will be opened with Cincinnati and the Southwest. The new route will bring Johnstown 50 miles nearer Baltimore than Pittsburg is, which will give its manufactures a great advantage over those of Pittsburg in transactions with that important market. The newly-discovered ore mines in Hardy county, W. Va., which are reported of remarkable quality and great extent, will be by the Somerset and Johnstown link and Baltimore and Ohio connections sixty miles nearer Johnstown than Cleveland, whence the Lake Superior ore now used in the iron works is transported to this place. The Cambria Iron Company will bring all of its coke, coal, firebrick and sandstone, which is used in enormous quantities, from Virginia when the new road is built. The road is to be laid with steel rails, and will be equipped and operated by the Baltimore and Ohio, which will own a controlling interest. The road will eventually be connected with the oil regions by a pipe line, the distance being short to the nearest oil connection."

Washington dispatches give an excellent illustration of the careless injustice which all legislative bodies are prone to be guilty of, but which seems to have reached its highest development in the Democratic Congress. With the very opening of the session the Pension Office called the attention of Congress to the necessity of an immediate appropriation to enable the Bureau to cope with the vast accumultalon of work resulting from the new pension law. There was need of prompt action because many poor persons whose cases could otherwise have been disposed of promptly were forced to await their turn which was a long time in coming. But a whole month was allowed to pass before a bill was even reported and three months have now been allowed to pass and the bill is still not a law. Probably not less than 100,000 persons are anxiously looking for action in the matter. Meanwhile the House, as if to emphasize its indifference to the pressing wants of these ex-soldiers and the widows and orphans of soldiers, finds time to pass doubtful individual pension claims in large numbers. Fifteen went thro' in one evening not long since. It will be strange if every man who has been subjected to hardship and vexation by this cruel delay does not vote next Fall to reverse the political complexion of the House of Representatives, and put it into the hands of those who think that Union veterans and their families are entitled to decent treatment from the Government which they preserved.

The first Presidential ticket in the field is not impressive, either in itself or because of the influences which were instrumental in bringing it into being. If there is any individual whose name is less familiar to the mass of Americans than that of Stephen A. Dillaye, the St. Louis candidate for President, it is B. J. Chamber, the St. Louis candidate for Vice President. The whole affair is unimportant in the extreme. The proceedings gave proof at every stage of the approaching dissolution of the Greenback party. There were bolts, and the proposition to make nominations excited a fierce controversy. Finally the Convention adjourned to meet in Chicago in June, when the other Greenback Convention is held. No doubt there will be some attempt at a union of these two ragged and dwindling armies.

The *World* newspaper, to the extent of its ability, is getting the Democracy into a first rate position to be blown out of sight in November. It admits that Bayard sympathized with secession five months after it had taken place, but argues elaborately that the whole of the Northern Democracy did the same. He was in thorough accord with Tilden and all the rest. More than this, it argues that there is nothing to apologize for in this fact, and that if the party will brace up and declare that it, like Bayard, stands in the same position to-day, all will be well. The Republican party is solid in the opinion that this is a first class idea. It yearns to see the Democracy accept and act upon it.

Iowa, as our readers are generally aware—for we have before published the fact—has had no State debt for several years past. Now comes the statement that Michigan is, or very soon will be, in the same happy condition. Her debt is now below a million, with more money in her sinking fund than will be required to meet it. It is scarcely necessary to say that both these States are strongly Republican.

The bill for leasing the cattle scales now before the Legislature, will no doubt become a law. It places all the business of the scales in the hands of the lessee, who is to pay the weighmaster and all clerks, &c. The salary of weighmaster, who is appointed by the Governor, is reduced to $1,500 per year.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 16, 1880.

Mr. McMahon, of the House, has clearly stated the position and intentions of the Democratic party in relation to the decision of the Supreme Court on the federal election laws. He declares the decision as partisan, and asserts that his party will take the responsibility of defying it and of refusing to appropriate money to pay the Special Deputy Marshals, as long as the law remains as it is. The Supreme Court decision, he says, will make no difference to the Democratic party. So it is now certain upon what issue his party will go before the people next fall. Payment is to be refused those officials authorized to enforce the election laws; appropriations necessary for the Departments are to be denied, and the public service will be badly crippled, if not stopped, unless the president will assent to the repeal of a law decided constitutional by the highest judicial tribunal in the land, and last, but not least, a "holy crusade" against fraud headed by the "great reformer," Tilden. Such a course as this is absolute suicide, and the Democratic party will meet with the overwhelming defeat it deserves at the hands of the loyal voters at the north.

One effect of the present wise and efficient Democratic management is the stoppage to-day of all public printing by the Government Printer. This deficiency was brought to the attention of Congress months ago. But the Democratic leaders were so engrossed in manufacturing campaign material for the Republicans that they considered this an unimportant matter.

General John B. Hawly, assistant Secretary the Treasury has resigned. This resignation is a surprise to all, and many reasons are assigned for it, the most probable are being, that as he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Illinois, he felt it his duty to give more time to the canvass than he could while connected with the Treasury.

The Democrats cannot resist the temptation to tamper the laws directing the counting of the electoral vote. They can enact no legislation on the subject at this session. But are endeavoring to agree upon a joint rule to govern the count. While the Democrats are anxious to make changes the Republicans are satisfied to let things remain as they are knowing well that any changes will be made with an eye only to partisan advantage, and not the general welfare. It is safe to predict that no alterations will be made.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

DENNIS KEARNEY SENTENCED.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 16.—The police judge this morning sentenced Dennis Kearney to six months' imprisonment in the House of Correction and to pay a fine of $1,000. The magnitude of the sentence was a surprise to Kearney, who had expected to get off with a nominal punishment. It is probable that he will take the case to the supreme court on a habeas corpus.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

ANNAPOLIS, March 15.—Any one entertaining a doubt as to the bitterness existing between the two factions of the Democratic party in the state must have had his doubts dispelled to-day. The leading men of manager's wing do not conceal their ill-feeling towards the Governor, and so express themselves in strong terms; while the administration members of the legislature say that they have put on their war paint, and are ready to continue the fight begun last Friday, no matter whether victory or defeat awaits them. The feeling against the Governor by the anti-administration men does not confine itself to words. When the members of the House of Delegates entered the hall to day they found on a number of desks cartoons caricaturing the Governor and the members acting with him, and placing him in as unfavorable a light as possible. One of the groups represents the Governor lying on his back, pressed down by the newspaper press for his recommendations for a repeal of the law for the publication of the laws. Another represents what is given in the cartoon as "Bannon and his pups," the latter being the members of the legislature acting with Governor Hamilton, and Mr. Bannon holding the reins and spurring them on with his whip. Another represents the late conferences of the caucus committee as "Sitting Bull and the Peace Conference," and under each group are what the Governor's opponents claim to be his sentiments. The feeling between the factions has certainly reached a point not anticipated before the meeting of the legislature by either wing of the party. The division line is now strongly marked, on the one side being the Governor, a minority of the Democratic members and the solid Republican membership of the House, and on the other the party leaders and a majority of the Democratic members. The managers claim that the Governor has completely ignored and snubbed them, and there is a disposition to retaliate. It is stated to-day that whenever Mr. Gorman and Mr. Colton recommend some person to an important office the Governor is determined to turn him down. Mr. Gorman, it is said, desired of all things to see Gen. Bond retained as adjutant general, and Col. Scharf appointed as state librarian, and in some of his interviews with the Governor expressed himself to that effect. But the Governor disregarded these recommendations, and in each instance made another appointment. The leaders also desired to secure an appointment for Joseph Thompson, but in that matter they were also disappointed. The party leaders are, therefore, greatly indignant and vow vengeance, and there is every prospect from henceforth of a wrangling between the two factions. The Hamilton men were aroused by the cartoons representing them as "Bannon's pups," and there was much indignation manifested. There were various conjectures as to its authorship.

THE STRIKE IN THE CUMBERLAND COAL REGION.

CUMBERLAND, March 16.—All was in readiness on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal yesterday for the shipment of coal, but no boats were loaded. The Consolidation Coal Company had intended to ship two boat-loads of coal to Steffy & Findley, of Williamsport. The sum offered was 50 cents a ton, which would be at the rate of $1 to Georgetown. A despatch was sent early in the morning to the mines to have the coal forwarded to Cumberland. A little later a delegation of boatmen waited upon the captains of the boats, and told them that they would not be allowed to go out for less than the rate demanded—namely, 62½ cents. A despatch was then sent to Steffy & Findley, and they refused to pay the additional 12½ cents. There upon the order was countermanded, and no attempt was made to load the boats. The captains, not knowing how long the strike of the traiomen on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad would last, left for home with empty boats.

The strike of the traiomen for higher wages on the second division of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, extending from Frostburg to Lonaconing to Piedmont; and the third division, from Lonaconing to Piedmont, still continues, and is a serious matter, as but little coal can be shipped from the mines to this city. From what can be gathered it is evident that the men are very determined in their demands, and, if necessary, will go to extreme measures. The strike does not extend to the employees on the passenger trains which are running regularly between Cumberland and Piedmont. A postal card received yesterday from Mt. Savage, says: "The strike is very near general among the repair hands, the brakesmen and also conductors. Some two or three from Mt. Savage this morning ventured out, but were frightened and returned home. Only a few remain, and are now on the last run. No coal at Frostburg unless T. Malloy succeeds in getting the Creek hands to work."

FREDERICK CITY OFFICERS

FREDERICK, MD., March 16.—The newly elected Board of Aldermen for this city, consisting of Messrs. John H. Brunner, Lewis Doll and David O. Thomas, Democrats, and Messrs. Winchester and Phoebus, Republicans, organized to day by electing John H. Brunner, Esq., President, and Joseph F. Eisenhauer, Secretary. They made the following appointments of city officers: City Register, Chas. C. Smith; chief of police and market master, Luther C. Derr; superintendent of water works, Samuel B. Ebbert; tax commissioners, Geo. Lambert, W. L. Duvall and James Carlin; police George T. Miller, C. A. Porter, J. Emery Harger and Josiah Young; city attorney, C. V. S. Levy; clock winder, W. A. Simmons. They reduced the Mayor's salary to $600 per annum, a reduction of $400, abolishing the offices of collector of city taxes and collector of water rents, and imposed the duty of collecting city taxes upon the city register, whose salary they fixed at $1,200 per year, and made it the duty of the superintendent of water works to collect the water rents, and fix his salary at $500 per annum. The city register has been receiving $700 salary, and the collector of city taxes a percentage amounting to about $1,200 per year, so that the consolidation of these offices makes a saving of about $700. The superintendent of water works heretofore received $350, and the water rent collector $400; the consolidation of these offices at a salary of $500 effect a further saving of $250. There have been heretofore five policemen at $400 each, making $2,000; there are now only four at $360 each, or $1,440 in all. The reduction made by the present board will result in an annual saving to the city of between $2,000 and $3,000 annually, and by no means impair the efficiency of the service.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Several wild ducks were killed this week in Oakland.

—The canal was opened for navigation Monday, but no boats started.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. n26-tf.

—Considerable building is going on at Deer Park, and there is a bright prospect for a busy summer there.

—Miss Kate C. Spedden left Oakland Saturday for a visit to relatives in Philippi, West Va.

—Messrs. Peddicord, Veitch, Tower and Delawder, witnesses in the Pearre case, returned from Annapolis Thursday morning.

—The quarterly meeting for the Aurora Mission will be held at the Ashby Church, near Oakland, Saturday and Sunday, March 20th and 21st.

—The strike on the Cumberland & Pennsylvania rail road still continues, with the exception of the first division men. They are at work.

—Mr. William L. Rawlings, of this place, recently Register of Wills for Garrett county, has purchased the general merchandise and business of Wm. Mooly, at Bloomington and contemplates moving there in a few days. Although differing with us politically, we can commend Mr. Rawlings to our friends in Bloomington and vicinity as a gentleman of strict integrity, and wish him success in his new vocation.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Passion Week services will be held in the Oakland Lutheran Church, beginning Monday evening at 7½ o'clock, and continuing through the week. Service on Good Friday at 10½ o'clock. Service preparatory to Easter Communion Saturday evening at 7½ o'clock.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Military Order.

All members of the Garrett Guards are hereby notified to assemble for drill on Saturday afternoon promptly at 2½ o'clock.

By order of the Captain.

P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will visit Oakland on Monday, March 29th, and remain one week or ten days. Persons wanting work done will please call early. Rooms at the New Glade Hotel. Mb6-td.

Escape and Capture.

Tuesday afternoon while Deputy Sheriff White was attending to work in the jail, the little darkey who was confined there on a charge of stealing Mr. Rasche's horse, as noted by us at the time, managed to slip out unobserved and made his escape. His departure was not noticed for a little while, but as soon as known pursuit was made. He had used his time to the best advantage, being captured about half a mile from Nathan Casteel's, on the Deer Park road. He was brought back and re-incarcerated in his old quarters.

Get the Genuine.

The public is hereby notified that I. W. Slonaker is the only agent for the Genuine Singer Sewing Machine for Garrett county, Md., and adjoining counties of W. Va. Any other machine represented to be a Singer, is a bogus institution and a fraud selling on the merits of the leading machine of the world. During the year 1879 the Singer Manufacturing Company sold 431,167 Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, being an increase of 74,735 over the sales of 1878. The great popularity of this machine is abundant evidence of its merits.

I. W. SLONAKER, Agt.
Oakland, Md.

P. S.—Levi Echard is salesman for the lower end of Garrett county.

Laws to be Enforced.

The various police captains of Baltimore city have received instructions to enforce the laws in regard to disorderly conduct and drunkenness, but are to deal leniently with offenders for the present. The provisions of the bills are as follows:

"Chapter 22.—An act to amend article 30, of the code of public general laws of this State, title 'Crimes and Punishments,' by adding thereto certain additional sections, under the sub-title of 'Disturbance of the Public Peace.' The article as amended in substance says: 'Any person or persons who shall willfully hinder or obstruct the free passage of persons passing by or along any public street or highway in any city or town of this State, or who shall willfully disturb any neighborhood in such city or town by loud and unseemly noises, or shall profanely curse and swear or use obscene language upon or near to any such street or highway within the hearing of persons passing by or along such highway, shall upon conviction thereof be sentenced to a fine of not less than $1 and to the costs of his or their prosecution, or to such fine and costs and to imprisonment in jail, in the discretion of the court.' [Justices of the peace have jurisdiction in such cases also.]

"Chapter 24.—An act to amend section 42, sub-title 'Drunkards,' of article 30 of the code of public general laws of this State, title 'Crimes and Punishments,' and to re-enact the same under the sub-title of "Drunkenness.' The re-enacted section as amended says: 'Every person who shall be found drunk or acting in a disorderly manner to the disturbance of the public peace, upon any public street or highway in any city or county of this State, or at any place of public worship or public resort or amusement in any city or county of this State, shall be deemed to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be subject to a fine of $1 and costs and shall be committed until such fine and costs are paid, or until such offender is discharged by due course of law. The justices of the peace for the respective counties of this State shall have concurrent jurisdiction over such offense with the circuit courts for their respective counties, and the justices of the peace selected to sit at the respective station houses in the city of Baltimore shall have concurrent jurisdiction over such offense with the Criminal Court of Baltimore. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this are repealed."

An Episode at Bloomington.

Thursday night three drunken and disorderly men broke windows in several houses. They finally raided upon the house of a widow woman who beat them off with a poker and had them arraigned the next day before 'Squire Warnick, who held one of them in the sum of $500 for court. The constable stood at the depot Friday waiting for the Oakland train. In the meanwhile a freight train was going east. The prisoner escaped from the constable and sprang on board of this train, leaving the officer in the lurch.—*Cumb. News.*

The bill to make valid and effectual the official acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District of Garrett county, was read a third time, and passed.

Mr. Wilson was granted leave to introduce a bill to amend section 28 of our Local code, allowing mileage to return judges.

Also, secured an amendment to a bill introduced for Montgomery Co., giving additional jurisdiction to Justices of the Peace over cases of assault and battery, and cases of petty larceny where the amount does not exceed five dollars.

There are 900,000,000 acres of land in the arid region of this country, all of which belong to the government, and it is proposed to make a part of this vast area fertile by means of artesian wells. Not more than three per cent. of it can be utilized practically. In Colorado alone are 40,000,000 acres capable of producing from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat per acre if irrigated. The people of the West desire Congress to appropriate $50,000 for boring artesian wells, the land being the property of the government. Private enterprise will not undertake the experiment, but let the practicability of irrigation by artesian wells once be established and private purchasers will be found who will carry on the work of boring at their own expense. Some of the ablest geologists in the country have expressed the opinion that flowing wells can be obtained in many localities on the plains east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and the Commissioner of Agriculture, under whose auspices special attention has been given to the subject, has recommended that artesian wells be sunk.

Ex Governor Garcelon's testimony before a committee of the Maine legislature is not calculated to enhance that gentleman's reputation for honesty and integrity of character. Giving him the full benefit of his statement, that he was ignorant of the infamous frauds of his council, he is, nevertheless, convicted of criminal neglect of his official duties. The Governor's action was of the most radical character, such as no upright officer would take, unless he was thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of his course, yet he now admits that he relied entirely on the statements of his council, and made no examination into the facts himself. In other words, he aided and abetted a gang of thieves without troubling himself about their character. Either he was a weak fool or an accomplished villain.

The number of rooms which Tilden has secured at Cincinnati is now said to be over 500, and his agents are still looking for more. He probably wishes to pay the expenses of all the delegates, and it is only the square thing for him to do so. They go there to do his work and he ought to pay them for their trouble, as well as to pay their board. If the nomination is worth anything it is worth that.

Religion at the Capital.

Rev. David Wills, D. D., a chaplain of the United States army and a well-known Presbyterian clergyman in Washington, preached Sunday night in the Twelfth Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, on "Religion at the Capital." His text was the 1st chapter and 26th verse of First Corinthians. One reason, he said, why so much wickedness was seemingly apparent in Washington, was because the eyes of the rest of a nation of fifty millions of people were turned upon it. Nevertheless, it has more intelligence than London, in proportion, to population, and equal refinement with Paris. Ten years hence the American Capital will be a shining mark on the face of nations. There is no notion more erroneous than that of the extravagance of government officers. Outside of the President and members of the Cabinet, their incomes rarely meet their necessary expenses.

There are 293 members in the House of Representatives, and it is estimated that one-half of these are avowed professors of the Christian religion, and some of them are active workers in the Church. Speaker Randall is a stated worshipper in a Presbyterian Church. Mr. Stephen Thomas, perhaps the oldest and ablest representative in Congress, has been for more than forty years, a consistent and exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church. He is the Solitaire diamond in the moral jewelry of the capital. Messrs. Tucker of Virginia, Bright of Tennessee, Scales of North Carolina, Aiken and Evans of South Carolina, and Davidson and Hull of Florida are ruling elders in the church. There are at least twenty or thirty more prominent Presbyterians in the House whose names would scintilate to mention. In the same branch of Congress the Methodists have a host of gifted and godly men. The Hon. Wm. A. Felton, the independent Democrat, of Georgia, and the Hon. Gilbert De La Martyr, the prominent Greenbacker of Indiana, are both earnest and eloquent preachers of the Methodist denomination. They are as bold and skilful in wielding spiritual as carnal weapons. Then follow on the same line Vance of North Carolina, Hammond and Speer of Georgia, Samford of Alabama, Singleton of Mississippi, House of Tennessee, Mills of Texas, and ex Governor Clafin, of Massachusetts, who are as able representatives of the church as of the states to which they belong. We believe that there is not a single state south of the Potomac, and but few states north of it, which are not represented by members of the Methodist Church well accredited for piety and good works. General Garfield, who wields the club of Hercules entwined with roses, is a great light in the Christian (Campbellite) Church, and was once a popular preacher in that body. Representative Ferry from Maine, one of the best debaters on the floor, is a Congregationalist by education and choice. There are other representatives of this grand old Church which might be enrolled among the distinguished names. The Vice President of the United States is a leading Presbyterian layman, and was recently appointed a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council to assemble in Philadelphia next summer.

On both sides of the brilliant Senate-chamber we behold an imposing array of Presbyterian senators, in the persons of Bailey, Cameron, Cockrell, Ferry, Gordon, Kirwood, McMillan, Randolph and Vance. Your own honorable senator, Mr. Groome, is identified with a Presbyterian family. Then the trumpet-tongued Blaine, with his devoted admirers, Senators Kellogg and Windom, are called Congregationalists in the North, but are veritable Presbyterians in the South. And last, but not least, Senator, Bruce, of Mississippi, is an habitual worshipper in the Presbyterian Church; and though he differs from his associates in color, he is the peer of any of them in industry, patriotism and honor. The Protestant Episcopal Church has a grand representation in the Senate. There sits Bayard and Butler, Conkling and Edmunds, Hampton and Thurman, Voorhees and Whyte—names, immortal names, which were not born to die.

The President of the United States, though not a public professor of religion, is a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and a regular attendant on the services of the sanctuary. The model queen of the mansion is not only a devout Methodist in allegiance, but also a devoted Christian in fact. We will venture the remark that there is no Christian family in the land where there is furnished a more beautiful exhibition of whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report. The cabinet is composed of men of high intellectual and moral excellence. The Secretary of State is a Corinthian column in Episcopal edifice; the Secretary of the Treasury is a doric pillar in the same splendid temple; the Secretary of War is as orthodox a Presbyterian as John Calvin, and the Secretary of the Navy as ardent a Methodist as John Wesley; the Secretary of the Interior is a thorough German in his mental training and religious ideas; the Postmaster General and the Attorney General are both true gentlemen of the old school of manners, and in French, phrase are *sans peur, sans reproache.* The grave and learned Judges of the Supreme Court wear the dignity of the ermine, with the humility of the cross. The foreign delegations, with one or two exceptions, are the honored representatives of the liturgical beauty of the Church of England, and the magnificent rubrics of Rome. No city or community in the land can furnish 500 men of equal talent and influence, a moiety of whom can boast of a purer Christian record, and the remainder of whom are more devoted to the principle and duties of morality.

The Supreme Court.

The decisions of the Supreme Court upon the negro [illegible] and election law [illegible] of the Constitutional Convention [illegible] that [illegible] of the bench have [illegible] upon that instrument adumbrate the [illegible] of a centralized oligarchy [illegible] eventful despotism. It may, perhaps, reassure persons who have been frightened by these sinister forecasts of the future to remind them that ever since the foundation of the government the political party whose theories were contradicted by the court's decisions has given utterance to similar forebodings. Thomas Jefferson, with others of the extreme radicals of his day, denounced the court altogether as a contrivance of men whose ideas tended in the direction of an American monarchy. To come down to later days, people not past middle age will recall the indignation of the anti slavery party when Chief Justice Taney promulgated the Dred Scott decision. Afterwards the Court was visited by the harsh criticism of many patriotic Northerners because it held, in the Milligan and McArdle cases, that citizens could not be tried by court-martial; and the two opinions in which it first denied the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act and subsequently affirmed the authority of the government to issue the greenbacks as a part of the war power, led to much agitation and caustic comment. Many Republicans were wofully disappointed when Judge Bradley upset the Force bill and was sustained by his colleagues. In fact, instances could be multiplied in which the defeated party to a cause has aspersed the motives and judgment of the highest tribunal in the land. Whether the public think of these things or not, the judges are familiar with the history of the past and know that they are only passing through the same ordeal as their predecessors. Nor need they be afflicted by the imputation of partisanism. The opposing political parties represent antagonistic schools with regard to the construing of certain provisions of the Constitution. The judges selected from each party are, of course, tinctured with its view of the disputed sections of the fundamental law, and they naturally give play to their prepossessions from the bench. This is not partisanship in the offensive sense of the word; it is merely an enforcement of the constitutional theories in which a man has been indoctrinated. It is open to all citizens to question the soundness of the judgment; and a political organization may attempt the repeal, with the consent of a majority of voters, of legislation whose propriety the court sustains. But it is absurd to write or talk of the court as an enemy of free institutions because it has seen fit in its wisdom to differ from any class of theorists. It is apparent that the court speaks for the mass of intelligent Americans in bearing heavily down upon the notions of states'-rights extremists, and if the latter doubt it, they have their right of appeal at the polls.—*Balto. American.*

The "Salvation Army."

The advance guard of the Army of Salvation arrived in New York on Wednesday of last week. The party consists of Gen. G. S. Railton, who is styled the "commissioner for America," and Sisters Capt. Westrook and Lieuts. Coleman, Graus, Morris, Pearson, Shaw and Price. The ladies are all very plain in features and are rising thirty years each. Their costume consists of a loose patrol cloak, trimmed with red, bearing on the collar the letter "S," worked in gold on the collar of the captain and in red on those of the lieutenants. About their hats are red bands, on which the words "The Salvation Army," are inscribed in gilt letters. They carry a banner, having a red ground and blue border in one corner of which is a small American flag, while in the centre is a sun bearing the words, "Blood and Fire."

According to the New York papers the American wing of the Salvation Army has come to this country for the professed purpose of routing Satan and his followers, who are supposed to have many strongholds here. The present organization is the outgrowth of the efforts of Rev. Wm. Booth, a Methodist minister, begun fourteen years ago in the streets of London. He was appalled by "Heathen England" and determined to do something for the regeneration of the lower classes, whom the efforts of the laborers for Christ in the churches did not seem to reach. He was aided by his wife, and their earnest efforts soon gathered about them a little band of workers, who went steadily ahead in the course marked out by their leader. The name of the organization was selected in the following manner: There was much talk at the time of a general armament. One of the workers said, "We are a volunteer army." "No," replied the leader, "We are a salvation army." And from that the name grew. They organized themselves as an army, Mr. Booth taking the rank of general, and being assisted by sub-commanders, lieutenants, &c. They went forth to conquer, and were victorious in nearly all their campaigns.

Their work progressed steadily, their ranks were filled up with volunteers, and at the close of last year they had enlisted 122 corps, which were commanded by 195 officers. In their weekly service they used 148 theatres, music halls and other buildings. Last year they held 45,900 open air services, and 60,000 in-door services. The active members employed as officers, ministers, missionaries, Bible women, etc., amounted to 257, and over 3,000 others were ready at any time to enter the service. The work, it is claimed, is in no way sectarian, although, as to devotion and principles, it conforms nearly to those of the early Methodists. The services consist of a relation of experience. There are no preachers, but each convert is called upon to tell his own experience. Their songs consist of new words arranged for some of the most stirring of the popular tunes, ancient and modern. Some of the Moody and Sankey tunes are pressed into service, and in fact, any good melody that seems to suit their purposes.

Last year the army made successful campaigns in England and Wales, particularly in South Wales, Cornwall, Lancashire, and among the collieries of Dipton, Wellington, Kingswood, and Wednesbury. After these victories at home it was determined to send a portion of the army across the sea to conquer the heathen lands of America, and an order was issued from the headquarters at Whitechapel, London, directing Gen. Railton, with an efficient force of seven women, to move upon the United States. He accordingly embarked with his little band, and after a prosperous voyage effected a landing at Castle Garden, where religious services were held immediately upon landing.

There is still no sign of an abatement of the Irish famine, and the latest mail advices indicate that the distress is steadily increasing. Whole communities are entirely dependent upon the relief committees for support, with no prospect that they will be able to earn a living for themselves before harvest time. In a single parish of the county Sligo there are three thousand persons who have eaten the last pound of food that cash or credit could bring them, and have no other source of support than that afforded by charitable organizations. It is significant that every landlord in this parish, with a single exception, refused to contribute anything to the relief fund; and it is little wonder when this is the case that popular indignation should be so hot against the land system. Dr. Magee, a well-informed Catholic priest of Stradbally, Queen's county, sums up the condition of Ireland at the present moment in the following terse paragraph:

"This land system pays over from the sweat and toil of our inhabitants sixteen millions of our money yearly to six or seven thousand landlords, who do nothing but hunt a fox or hunt the tenantry. The government that upholds this cruel system abstracts seven millions more from the land in imperial taxation, whilst there is left for the food, clothing and sustainment of five millions of people not more than ten millions besides, or about £2 per head yearly. If the harvest be good, landlordism luxuriates and abstracts all; if bad or scanty, it seizes on the food and cattle for the back-rent. This is the system which produces our periodical famines; which shames and degrades us before Europe; which exhibits us as mendicants and beggars before the world, exciting, no doubt, the compassion of all in our favor; and will anyone blame us, cost what it may, if we are resolved to get rid of a system that has too long enslaved and impoverished our nation?"

It is plain that American charity cannot open her purse too wide or dispense its wealth with too liberal a hand; and we hope there will be no cessation of subscriptions to the relief funds for many weeks to come.

CHINAMEN FROM CALIFORNIA.—A Mrs. Timothy Sargent, a California lady, is in New York for the purpose, so she gives out, of encouraging the exodus of Chinamen from California and their settlement in eastern cities. She recommends them highly as servants and tradesmen, and thinks that they will do well if they can be induced to establish large laundries at the different watering places. Mrs. Sargent also says that she proposes shortly to deliver a series of anti Kearney lectures in New York, in which she will show up the Chinese problem in its true colors. She thinks that it will not be long before there is a large emigration of Chinamen to New York from California. Lum Bing, an educated Californian Chinaman, now in that city, however, does not seem to fancy there will be much of an exodus after all, and he has a very poor opinion of Kearney and his vaporing followers. He says all the excitement in San Francisco is due to nothing but talk. "The men who support Kearney," he says, "are not fit for anything but talking. They are either too stupid or too lazy to work, so they talk. It don't cost them anything to do it, or they would never utter a word." Their threats have made some Chinaman leave San Francisco, but it is evidently Lum Bing's opinion that the threats will not soon take the shape of action. Lum Bing would certainly be mistaken were not the authorities and the conservative elements of the community standing in the way. It is probable that if the Chinaman become too thick in any part of the country they will be objected to, whereas a few will not excite dissatisfaction.

The *Sun's* Annapolis correspondent says that as it may be many months before the suit for a receiver can be brought to a final hearing and decision, Judge Boud, on the application of the counsel for complainants, Stewart and others, last week passed an order for the defendant to show cause why a temporary receiver should not be appointed for the canal. The order requires the canal company, its president and directors, etc., to show cause by about April 5 why the temporary receiver should not be appointed. The first testimony to be taken, in a few days, will be applicable to the petition for a temporary receiver, and will be used in the hearing on the order to show cause early in April. Whether the application be granted or refused the taking of testimony in the suit will go on.

The commissioners for the taking of testimony will begin work at Baltimore and then go to Annapolis and from there to Cumberland.

THE CZAR AND KEARNEY.—The Czar might learn a thing or two from Denis Kearney. Denis proclaims that he is about to be assassinated, and leaves a list of bloated aristocrats who are to be assassinated in return. This spoils the whole job. If the Czar only had the brains of Denis things would be different in Russia. And if Denis only had the brains of the Czar, there would not be so much noise in San Francisco. Both parties would make by the exchange. The Czar would be fortunate if, like Denis, he didn't have any brains, and there would be one less blatherskite in San Francisco, if Denis had the Czar's brains. The world is very much agitated over the danger to Denis and the Czar. All the world but Denis is troubled about the Czar, and the rest of it is troubled about Denis.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND

FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

ORDER NISI.

Wm. J. Crump vs. Benj. Kirby, et. ux.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 104. Equity.

ORDERED, this 19th day of February, 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Bruce, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, 1880; *provided*, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks, before the 15th day of March, 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be $294.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
Feb. 21-3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

VARIETIES.

—All shopkeepers believe in signs.

—It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

—It is not difficult to take the part of an absent one, especially at a feast.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—The United States Government pays salaries to 98,000 persons, of whom only 236 come from Georgia.

—A Boston paper calls a wood-chopper an old hack. Such chips are flying around all the time.—*Free Press.*

—The least bit of acid tells the story of bogus gold if you can only get the drop on it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—The election expenses of Lord Ramsay at Liverpool were $65,000—with nothing whatever to show for them.

—If we could see others as we see onrselves, there would be more good looking people in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—The Rochester *Express* says that criminals may be divided into two classes—those who are punished and those who lecture.

—Laugh at a boy for doing some funny thing, and he will immediately do it over again a half-dozen times. But mirth ends with the first occasion.

—A new book is entitled "A Woman After All." That's it. The same old story. She never would be contented with a square divide.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A Pittsburg man recently made two unsuccessful attempts to hang himself. The Oil City *Derrick* thinks he must have been a Sheriff in his life time.

—The Sioux City (Ia.) *Journal* refers to the funeral of Jim Somers, who lately died with his boots on at Brulo, D. T., as filling a long-felt want in the community.

—Thus far this year 305 miles of new railroad have been constructed, being nearly four times as much as was built for the same time last year. This business is decidedly on the boom.

—So many societies for the promotion of things are established, that Johnnie wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.

—There is a woman in Wisconsin who has been married fifty-eight years, and who has never missed building the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire escape on record.—*Waterloo Observer.*

—The late Mr. Buckle determined never to marry until he had an income of $15,000 a year. He never reached the figure, and the consequence was that no one ever buckled to him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mrs. Marie Louisa Ellis, for eighteen years inspectress in the employ of the United States Government, and detailed for duty on the Hamburg and German Lloyd line of steamers, has died in New York. She was remarkable for her shrewdness, and through her efforts the Government ferreted out many notorious female diamond smugglers.

—Another piece, weighing ninety-two and a-half pounds, of the big meteor of May 10, 1879, has been found in Emmet County, Iowa. This piece fell in a slough which at the time was full of water, but is now dried up. It was found about three miles north-west of the 170-pound piece, and about four miles north of west of the main body, which weighed 437 pounds.

—We have it from no less authority than the *Rural New Yorker* that black pepper will kill the cabbage-worm. You get the worm to eat enough of the pepper to set his throat on fire, and then when he howls for a drink to put himself out, you want to give him water in which are dissolved a few drops of strychnine. By following these directions black pepper is sure death.—*Rockland Courier.*

—During the past five years $353,018,255 worth of property has been destroyed in this country by fire. In 1875 the loss was $78,102,285; in 1876, $64,630,600; in 1877, $68,265,800; in 1878, $64,315,900, and in 1879, $76,803,700. Of the States, New York leads in big figures. Her loss in 1876 was $14,090,000; in 1877, $11,456,400; in 1878, $9,397,000, and in 1879, $15,793,200. Pennsylvania comes next with a total loss of $28,123,500.

—At a crowded French country theater, a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am, I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

—"What are 'sealed proposals,' Tom?"
Archly asked a bright-eyed Miss,
Whose mouth up-turned, like a rose-bud sweet,
Seemed asking for a kiss.
"Why, Fanny dear, I'll illustrate;
'Tis plain as a, b, c;
Give me your hand—you have my heart—
And now * * 'tis sealed—you see!"
—*Philadelphia Item.*

—Mr. C—— was pastor of a church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State Prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words: "I go to prepare a place for you * * * that where I am, there ye may be also."

—There is a wide difference of opinion as to the number of apples eaten by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Some say Eve 8 (ate), and Adam 2 (too), total 10; others, Eve 8 and Adam 8, total 16; others say, if Eve 8, and Adam 8 2, the total is 90; but, if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2, the total is 163; if Eve 8 1, and Adam 8 1 2, the total is 893; if Eve 8 1 1st (ate one first), and Adam 8 1 2, the total is 1,623; if Eve 8 1 4 Adam, and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve, the total is 8,938; if Evo 8 1 4 Adam, and Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve, the total is 82,056. Still wrong. Evo when she 8 1 8 1 2 many, and probably felt sorry for it; so Adam, in order to relieve her grief 8 1 2. Therefore, if Adam 8 1 8 1 4 2 40fy Evo's depressed spirits, they both ate 81,896,864 apples.

Music in Church.

Music, as a part of divine service, may be said to have two objects; the one is to *express* religious emotion; the other is to *excite* religious emotion. Speaking loosely, we can say that, in general, choir-singing (which ineludes both solos and the various forms of concerted music for voiecs) serves the second of these ends; while congregational singing serves the first. It seems to us that church music cannot work all the good in its power unless it appears under both these forms. To banish from our churches the quartette or chorus choir would be to banish the most exalted inspirations of the great masters of sacred composition. The ecstatic mysticism of Palestrina, the beautiful, humble, loving piety of Sebastian Bach, the strong, contagious religious joyfulness of Handel, and whatever of the spirit of praise and prayer has been poured forth in quickening tones by other inspired masters, are too potent stimulants to religious fervor to be dispensed with. Yet such music can he rendered only hy trained singers; the choir is necessary. But when theso tones of rapt devotion have fallen like a chrism upon the worshiper's heart, when his whole emotional religious nature has been called forth, then let him also be able to actively express the feelings that have been aroused within him, that he, too, may feel that he is a man before his Maker, and that his spirit may joyfully "dance before the Lord." As our congregations partake of the sacrament in both parts, so let them also participate in both parts of the ideal communion with the All Holy. As they unite with the minister in prayer, let them also unite with the choir in choral song of praise.

If the more elaborate forms of sacred music are to be approached only by the trained choir, the noble simplicity of the chorale and hymn-tune in unison is open to all the people. It has often been objected that congregational singing is generally bad, and that the Lord is but ill praised in uncouth dissonances. This is an objection, but not an insurmountable one. It has been noticed by musicians that no such perfect unison is to be obtained as that of a large mass of voices singing the same melody. Trueness of pitch becomes contagious in large bodies of singers, and the proper intonation asserts itself in spite of the very probable lack of accurate musical ear in many of the individual members. Two things only are needful; absolute simplicity in the music, and the will to sing on the part of the congregation.—*Musical Herald.*

Melikoff, the New Military Dictator of Russia.

Gen. Loris Melikoff, who is now the Military Dictator of Russia, is the son of an Armenian merchant, and began his military career as an officer in a hussar regiment in St. Petersburg. His talents were recognized by Mouravieff, the Governor-General of the Caucasus; but, until the opening of the campaign of 1877, he had never had an opportunity to handle a large body of troops, or to learn the science of war in the open field. He was selected, however, as the commander of the principal column which invaded Armenia from the line of the Caucasus, and in the end justified the sagacity of the Russian War Office. The plan of campaign which had been adopted by the headquarters staff was exceedingly brilliant, but it was based upon the nominal rather than the available strength of the army. If the 170,000 men called for by the estimates had been ready for active operations, the concentric movement of three columns upon Erzerum would have resulted in a speedy and overwhelming triumph. But the nominal strength of the army was scarcely 100,000 men, and neither Melikoff's patience nor Tergukassoff's courage could compensate for the default in the original estimates. Ardahan was carried by storm, Kars was invested, Mukhtar was forced back to the mountains, and the appearance of the Bayazid column on the flank was anxiously awaited. The Turkish commander, at the critical moment, took advantage of shorter lines of communication, and, by weakening his centre, massed his forces against the Russian left wing. Melikoff attacked the enemy in front, and, after a severe repulse, retreated toward Kars. The left wing, after winning a victory at Zaidikhan, was forced to retire and re-establish its communications with Erivan. The investment of Kars and Batum was abandoned and Melikoff's campaign seemed to have ended midway in disaster.

Although it was reported that Melikoff had been removed from command in disgrace, the Grand-Duke Michael was willing to give him a chance to retrieve his reputation. He resumed operations about the middle of August two months after the retreat from the mountains, and lost one of his advanced positions. The Russian forces were then concentrated and heavily reinforced, and hy hrilliant generalship Mukhtar's army was cut in two. The battle of Aladja was an overwhelming victory for the Russians, and the victorious commander lost no time in following up his success. He pursued Mukhtar to Kars, and again defeated him at Deve-Boyun. The storming of Kars on Nov. 18 was the most brilliant achievement of the war. Although a night attack upon Erzerum was repulsed, the town was closely invested and by this series of successes the Russians were virtually masters of Armenia.

Melikoff is a handsome soldier, with black curly hair, large, dark sparkling eyes, a handsome bronzed complexion, and features which, without being quite regular, are comely and refined. He is of middle stature, of a slight, nervous structure, and spare person. His manners are polished and extremely affable, while his conversation is lively and easy. He has been one of the most successful of the Military Governors who have been invested with supreme power in their districts during the last year. He is a man of great and varied accomplishments. In addition to his native, language, Armenian he is familiar with and speaks Russian, Turkish, Persian and French, but is ignorant of German and English. He was a great favorite with his soldiers. He visited them in their bivouacs, tasted the soup, and inquired after their comfort. He took especial care of the sick, frequently inspecting the field hospitals and ambulances. At the same time, he was a strict disciplinarian, and required from all, and particularly from the non-commissioned officers of his army, a punctual performance of their duty. His age is fifty-seven.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Old Clocks.

Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," tells us that on the belfry of the Kauthaus in Cohlentz is a huge head, with a brazen helmet and a beard, and whenever the clock strikes, at each stroke of the hammer this giant's head opens its great jaws and smites its teeth together as if it would say, "Time was—Time is—Time is past!" This figure is known in all the country round as "The man in the Custom House," and when a friend from the country meets a friend from Cohlentz, instead of saying, "How are all the good people in Cohlentz?" he says, "How is the man in the Custom House?"

Another very remarkable clock is found at Prague, built probably by some of the old Nuremberg artists. It stands near the old Hussite Church. The clock itself forms part of the original tower, while the face or dial is exposed to the street. The dial is six or eight feet in diameter, and has a great number of hands, recording hours, minutes, days, months, years and even centuries. The dial is set in an elaborate frame-work, about eight feet high and fifteen long, and this metal frame-work is ornamented with many curious and quaint devices. One of these is connected with the striking of the hours.

In Venice may be found another wonderful clock. On the dial-plate of this, in St. Mark's Cathedral, the twenty-four hours are marked with the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Above this is the Madonna sitting in state upon a platform between two doors. On grand religious festivals the door on the right of the Virgin opens, and out walks an angel with a big trumpet, which he blows, and then bowing to the Madonna passes on. He is then followed by three men, representing the Three Wise Men of the East, one of whom is as black as night. These all pause and how before the Virgin, and then pass through the door on her left, which closes after them. On the platform is a huge bell, beside which stand two giant figures, who strike the hours with sledge hammers, while above all is the Lion of St. Mark, with outstretched wings.

In an old record is found the following account of a remarkable Japanese time-keeper: "This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along encircling in its widenings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly-creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting on a plum-tree branch, by its wings, proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from the grotto near by, and, running over the hill, hastily disappeared.

But it is said that Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in its marvelousness. On it were seated a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The King of Spain came to see this wonderful invention, and was delighted beyond measure. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit; if your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The King took an apple, upon which the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly and so naturally that another dog which had come into the room began to bark also. The courtiers became terrified, thinking this must be an affair of witchcraft, and crossing themselves hastily departed. Only one ventured to remain, and Droz requested him to ask the negro what time it was. He did so in Spanish, but received no reply. Droz remarked that the negro had not learned Spanish, and the question was repeated in French, when the negro immediately replied. This frightened the questioner also quite out of his wits, and he, too, beat a hasty retreat, sure that the whole thing must be of the devil.—*Church and People.*

A CHICAGO clergyman began a recent sermon with the following story of a man who was noted for his ugliness: Being at a party he had taken no part in the dance, as his hostess had some difficulty in providing him with a partner. At last she led up to him a prim and aged spinster, at the same time whispering a few words of apology in his ear. "O, you needn't make any apology," said he, jumping up with alacrity; "any old thing is good enough for me."

A GERMAN editor remarks that in America thieves are so scarce that rewards are offered for them. He does not seem to know that it's not until the rewards are offered that they make themselves scarce.

—Charles Reade says that all children should be taught to have presence of mind, but haven't they got it. Catch a boy in the sugar-box and isn't he looking for flies.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT MILTIADES HEARD THROUGH THE CRACK OF A DOOR.

Professor Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Sat perched on a fence, on the top rail of all
(Which was not very high though—the poor fence could claim
At that place only *two* feeble rails to its name);
The blue sky was spread like a canopy o'er him;
The meadow brook quietly flowed just before him;
"Ah!" said he with a sigh of content truly comical,
"Now if this isn't what I should call *astronomical!*"

Being thus firmly seated, the next thing he did
Was to open his spy-glass—('twas one Captain Kid,
The Pirate, had loaned him). It took all his strength
To pull out the barrel to just the right length.
Then, resting one end in the crotch of a tree
In order to steady it—"Now, then!" cried he,
"I don't know in exactly what quarter it is,
But I fancy I'll very soon find it with *this!*"

From which it will be seen he had come out to look
For a new constellation he'd found in his book;
'Twas the one that's in plain English known as the *Goat*,
Though no doubt all astronomers worthy of note
(Like Professor Miltiades) greatly would scorn us
Unless we should give it the name *Capricornus;*
At any rate, this 'twas he had in his mind
And which he expected so shortly to find.

Now it chanced, as Miltiades sat on the fence,
There appeared through a bar-way a short distance hence.
An *actual* goat, (that belonged—unless I
Am mistaken—to old Uncle Solomon Sly,)
And which, seeing our hero, at once stopped his feeding
And with no little interest watched the proceeding,
Almost dying with wonder and wishing he knew
What it was this strange person was trying to do.

But the stranger not moving nor looking behind,
His Goat-ship at length seemed to make up his mind
To investigate matters. So—down went his head,
And away o'er the meadows he noiselessly sped
Toward our unconscious hero—a fierce heund, then *whack!*
And he struck the Astronomer full in the back,
And with such irresistible force that the latter,
E'er he quite was aware *anything* was the matter,
Landed right in the brook with a *splash* and a *spud*,
Almost wet to the skin and all covered with mud.
Poor Miltiades! Quickly, as well as he could,
He picked himself up, looked back, and there stood
His assailant defiantly shaking his head
In a manner that (plainly as words could do) said:
"The *next* time you look for the *Goat*, be sure, too,
That the goat, my dear sir, is not looking for *you!*"

A STORY OF MISTAKES.

This will be a hard story to follow, and, unless you pay close attention, you will forget which is Evelyn and which is the other girl, and why it was that Mrs. Stimpcett thought her boy Moses had broken his leg. I mean, of course, Mrs. Stimpcett, of the village of Gilead.

Mrs. Stimpcett's summer boarder, Mr. St. Clair, was forgetful. He liked well to gaze at a brook, a pond, the clouds, the blue sky, the flowery fields, and often he forgot to stop doing so, and kept on gazing when it was mealtime, or bed-time, or some other time.

Mrs. Stimpcett took also another summer boarder, a rich lady of the name of Odell. Mrs. Odell was tall, and slim, and pale, and in her cap, just above her forehead, was set in a row three pink muslin roses. Mrs. Odell was silly enough to be proud of being rich, and stingy enough to like to save her own money at other people's expense.

Mrs. Odell had a six-year-old niece named Evelyn, a pale, delicate little girl, who lived in the city, and this Evelyn was coming to Gilead to visit her Aunt Odell. She was coming in the cars to Mill Village in care of the conductor, and her Aunt Odell was to send a carriage to the station to fetch her to Gilead. If the carriage was not there when the cars arrived, she was to stay with the station-man till it should arrive. I trust my story is plain thus far.

It happened that Mr. Stimpcett was going to Mill Village that same day, to get some corn ground, and Mrs. Odell, though it would not take him very far out of his way, asked him to go round by the station and get Evelyn. This would save hiring a carriage.

Now Mr. St. Clair thought it would be a pleasant thing to go to mill, and asked if he might go in the place of Mr. Stimpcett. Mr. Stimpcett said: "O yes, if you will bo sure to bring back the meal." So Mr. St. Clair went to mill, and Moses Stimpcett, a boy about nine years old, went with him, for the sake of the ride, and to see his Aunt Debby, who lived not far from the mill.

They set off soon after the hour of noon. Moses wore his Zouave cap and his second-best summer clothes, and Mr. St. Clair wore a black alpaca coat, a blue neck-tie tied in a bow, a broad-brimmed straw hat, a white vest and white trousers. Moses drove the horse and they reached the mill without accident. While the miller was taking in the corn Moses bought a roll of lozenges at a store near by, and as he came out with them a man passed that way, leading a small but valuable dog. Said this man to Moses: "I wish you would hold my dog while I step into the mill;" and Moses took the string.

Mr. St. Clair hitched his horse a little way from the mill, and then said to Moses: "When the man takes his dog you can go to your Aunt Debby's. I will call for you there after I have been to the station and got the little girl." Mr. St. Clair then walked up the bank of the stream to see the waters flow.

Moses led the dog along to the mill and leaned against the building awhile; then sat down on a barrel. Soon the barrel began to move. The reason of this was that it stood on an elevator. Moses had not noticed that the barrel stood on an elevator. First he wondered what the matter was, and second, he thought he would jump; but by that time the barrel was quite a way off the ground, and, besides, he was troubled hy holding the string of the dog and the lozenges. The barrel rose higher and higher, and when the little dog found himself swinging in the air he kicked and yelped, and jerked the string so that Moses was obliged to let it go, and also to drop the lozenges, for he had to grasp the barrel with both hands. The dog fell and broke one of his legs. [Please remember that it was the *dog*, and not Moses.] Moses and the barrel were taken in at the third story. A traveler passing through the place heard of this elevator accident, and told of it that afternoon at a house in Gilead. But this person understood that it was the *boy* who broke his leg—"a Stimpcett boy," he said, in telling the news. Mrs. Stimpcett heard of it soon after milking-time; but this will be spoken of farther on in the story.

Mr. St. Clair walked far up the bank of the stream, and when he came back, the miller told him that his bag of meal had been put into his cart. He went out, and seeing a cart with a bag of meal lying at the bottom, he stepped in and drove around to the station.

Now this cart which Mr. St. Clair took belonged to a man who came from Cherry Valley. Here, you see, was a mistake. But Mr. St. Clair not only took the wrong cart, he took the wrong little girl, as will now be told. He drove in haste to the station, knowing he had staid too long walking up the bank of the stream. On the platform of the station sat a rolly-poly, chubby-cheeked little girl, with a carpet-bag and a heavy bundle. He asked her, "Are you waiting for some one to come for you?" "Yes, sir," she answered. "All right," said Mr. St. Clair; and he helped her into the cart. I hope you understand that this very fleshy child was not Evelyn Odell. She was Maggie Brien. Maggie Brien lived with her grandmother, not far from the station. Her mother did the cooking in a family two miles away, and she had promised to send that day for Maggie to come and make her a visit, and Maggie was sitting on the platform waiting for the man to take her.

Mr. St. Clair took her, and drove from the station, thinking to go to Aunt Debby's and get Moses, and set off for Gilead; but while he was gazing up at the sky, the horse—which you will remember was not Mr. Stimpcett's horse—turned into a road which led to his own master's house at Cherry Valley. Mr. St. Clair had now the wrong horse and cart, the wrong meal, the wrong girl and the wrong road. Presently the horse trotted up to the door of a farm-house and stopped. Three heads of three young maidens popped out of three chamber windows, and a bare-armed woman, wiping her hands on her apron, rushed to the door. "Where is my husband?" she cried. "Is he hurt? Is he killed? Tell me the truth at once!"

"I assure you, madam," answered Mr. St. Clair, mildly, "that I have not seen your husband."

"Why, then, have you come with his horse and cart?" she asked.

"This horse and cart, madam," said Mr. St. Clair, still mildly, "belongs to Mr. Stimpcett, of Gilead."

"Do you think I don't know our horse and cart?" cried the woman, in an angry tone. "Besides, here's my husband's name on the bag—I. Ellison."

"I must have taken the wrong horse and cart," said Mr. St. Clair. "I will go back at once and find Mr. Ellison."

"The quicker the better," said the woman, as he turned the horse.

Just after Mr. St. Clair had passed from the Cherry Valley road into the mill road, a man came out of a wood path and sprang at the horse, crying, "Stop thief!"

"Where is the thief?" asked Mr. St. Clair, looking all around.

"You are the thief!" cried the man. "You have stolen my horse and cart."

Maggie Brien began to cry.

"Are you Mr. I. Ellison?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"Yes, I am," said the man, angrily.

Mr. St. Clair explained his mistake, and gave up the horse and cart to Mr. I. Ellison. He then took Maggie's carpet-bag and heavy bundle, and walked all the way to Aunt Debby's.

By the time they reached Aunt Debby's it was nearly dark, and as for Moses, he was already traveling home in his father's cart. It happened in this way: Aunt Debby heard that Mr. St. Clair had been seen driving off, and knew he must have taken the wrong horse and cart, for Mr. Stimpcett's was still standing near the mill. Therefore, as Moses had already waited until after supper, she let him take his father's horse and cart and drive home behind a man with an ox team who was going by a roundabout way to Gilead.

Now as soon as Moses had driven off, Aunt Debby locked her doors and went to an evening meeting, so that when Mr. St. Clair came there on foot, with Maggy Brien and her bag and bundle, to find Moses, he found no one. He questioned some boys standing by a fence, and they told him that Moses had gone home in his father's cart behind an ox team. Maggie Brien began to cry again. "Don't cry, dear," said Mr. St. Clair. "I'll hire a buggy."

He hired from the stable a buggy, a fast horse and a driver, away they started for Gilead, and reached Mr. Stimpcett's house at about half past eight o'clock in the evening. Moses had not arrived.

Mr. St. Clair found Mrs. Stimpcett, with her bonnet and shawl on, walking the floor, sobbing and sighing and wringing her hands. Grandma, also crying, was wrapping a bottle of the Sudden Remedy in a piece of newspaper.

"O, how *is* Moses?" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "*Will* it have to be taken off?"

"Is not Moses here?" asked Mr. St. Clair, in a mild voice.

"Here!" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "How can he be here, when he has broken his leg? I am going to him as soon as Mr. Stimpcett can borrow a horse."

Mr. St. Clair thought that Moses must have fallen from the cart on his way home; but before he had time to speak, Mrs. Odell came in.

"Where is my niece?" she asked. "Where is Evelyn?"

"Here she is," said Mr. St. Clair, presenting Maggie Brien.

"What do you mean?" shrieked Mrs. Odell. "That my niece? No! no! no! O, Evelyn! Evelyn! Evelyn! Dear child, where are you?"

Maggie Brien began to cry bitterly.

"Alas! what a wretch I am, to have made this mistake!" cried Mr. St. Clair. "But I'll find your Evelyn. I'll go for a horse. I'll take this child back. Don't cry, little girl. I won't rest till I find your Evelyn;" and he rushed from the house, almost knocking down several children in the passage-way—the Stimpcett children; for Obadiah, Debby and little Cordelia had been awakened by the noise, and had come down in their night-gowns.

But the lost Evelyn was near, and coming nearer every moment. You will remember that Maggie's mother, Mrs. Brien, was to send for Maggie to come and visit her. The man whom she sent went back and told her that he could not find Maggie, and that her grandmother was afraid she had been stolen from the station. Mrs. Brien hired a horse and wagon, drove to the station and inquired of the station-master. A stable-boy who stood near told her he saw a little girl who looked like Maggie riding off in a buggy with a man, and that the man hired the buggy to go to Gilead.

"The wretch!" cried Mrs. Brien; "to be stealing away my child! I will keep on to Gilead. I will follow him up."

"I wish you would let this little girl ride with you to Gilead," said the station-master. "She has been waiting a long time for some one to call and take her to Mr. Stimpcett's, and Mr. Stimpcett will help you find your Maggie." He then brought out a slender, flaxen-haired little girl and placed her in Mrs. Brien's wagon. This child was Evelyn Odell, and Mrs. Brien took her to Gilead.

It happened that they reached Mr. Stimpcett's just as Moses was driving into the yard with his father's horse and cart, and they three, Mrs. Brien, Moses and Evelyn, went into the house together.

Scarcely had they entered before Mr. Stimpcett, and then Mr. St. Clair, arrived in haste, each with a horse and wagon. Mr. Stimpcett rushed in to get his wife, and Mr. St. Clair to get Maggie. There they found Mrs. Stimpcett with her arms around Moses, Mrs. Odell with hers around Evelyn, and Mrs. Brien with hers around Maggie; and there were huggings, and kissings, and laughings, and cryings, and it was: "O, you dear!" and, "O, you darling!" and, "O, my child!" and, oh, other things! Grandma held the Sudden-Remedy bottle, looking at Moses' legs as if not quite sure yet that they did not need some of it rubbed on, while Obadiah, and Deborah, and little Cordelia stood staring, and sniffling, and smiling, now and then wiping their eyes with their night-gown sleeves.

"Will nobody hug me?" cried Mr. Stimpcett. Upon this little Cordelia climbed into his arms, and they two hugged each other.

Mr. St. Clair told his part of the story, Moses his part, and Mrs. Brien her part.

"After all," said Mr. Stimpcett, "Mr. St. Clair did not bring back the meal!"—*Harper's Young People.*

Jefferson's Manners.

When Jefferson became President he carried his simple manners and taste into official life. He determined that his inauguration as the chief officer of the republic should be as free from display as possible. Dressed in plain black clothes, he rode on horseback to the old Capitol, without guard or servant, dismounted without assistance, and hitched his horse to the fence. On the steps he was met by a number of friends, who accompanied him to the Senate chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. During the administration of General Washington and John Adams the sessions of Congress had been opened in a style similar to that by which the English sovereign opens Parliament. The President, accompanied by a large escort on horseback, drove in state to the Capitol. Taking his seat in the Senate chamber, and the House of Representatives being summoned, he read his address. Mr. Jefferson, to whom such ceremonies were distasteful, swept them all away by one act. He sent a written message to Congress, which was read to both houses by their respective clerks, and that practice has been observed ever since. Against one of his reforms, however, the ladies of Washington rose up en masse. Mr. Jefferson, disliking the levees which had been held at the White House, abolished them. He established two public days for the reception of company—the first of January and the Fourth of July. On other days he was at home to all others who came on business or out of courtesy. Many of the Washington ladies, indignant at their social pleasures being thus curtailed, determined to force the President to hold the customary levees. On the usual levee day they resorted in full dress to the White House. The President was out taking a ride on horseback. On his return he saw that the public rooms were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies. At once divining the plot, he appeared before his fair guests booted and spurred and covered with dust. So courteous was his reception of them, and so graceful his manners, that the ladies went away delighted with the President, but chagrined with themselves. They felt that they had been guilty of a rudeness in visiting a guest who did not expect them. It was their last attempt to break through the rules of Jefferson's household.—*Youth's Companion.*

Moscow's Great Church.

THE magnificent Church of the Savior, intended as a memorial and a thank offering for the deliverance of Russia from the French invasion under Napoleon I., is to be consecrated on the next anniversary of the Czar's consecration, August 26 to September 7. Its construction was commenced in 1833. The height of its dome is 369 feet six inches. If the celebrated tower of Ivan Veliki were placed under this dome its cross would come fourteen feet short of reaching its inner surface. The Uspensky Cathedral might stand within this church. Nearly 2,000 tons of iron or other metal were used in the cupolas and roof. In the gilding about 925 pounds of gold have been employed. The crosses have been cast in bronze and are fire-gilt. Within the church are several columns of jasper, each of which cost $13,000. There are in the dome sixteen windows, each twenty-six feet high, whose bronze frames weigh each three tons. The double doors are also of bronze, each half weighing about two and a half tons. The entire cost of this magnificent church has been about $15,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Boots and shoes for dolls are produced at the rate of 1,000 pairs a week.

—An iron-foundry man recommends as "a never-failing, speedy remedy" for burns and scalds powdered pine-wood charcoal.

—Of fifty-four furnaces in the Lehigh Valley in Pennsylvania, fifty-one are now in blast. They have a capacity of about 600,000 tons of pig iron a year.

—The total crop of tobacco of the United States in 1879, is estimated at 384,059,659 pounds, according to the Department of Agriculture; last year it was 392,546,700 pounds.

—The average life of a paper wheel under trucks of locomative engines ranges from 300,000 to 1,641,880 miles, and under dining and palace cars from 794,000 to 878,336 miles.

—The superiority of American work is attested in the fact that an American engineer, resident in Japan, has recently sailed for this country with full authority to purchase complete stocks and materials for an American railway in that country.

—Although glycerine was discovered hy Scheele in 1779, it is only within the last few years that it has been manufactured commercially. Its value became known simultaneously with easy and cheap manufacture. France is now pre-eminent in its production.

—Oleomargarine has received another blow, thirty dealers in Philadelphia having recently had warrants issued against them for selling it under false pretences. These numerous prosecutions give oleomargarine a had name, by connecting it with constant violations of the law.

—From some recent experiments it is considered desirahle to make telegraph wire of an alloy of aluminum and iron. While the wire can he made much smaller than the present gauge, it will he stronger, of less susceptibility to atmospheric changes, and of much greater conductivity than the ordinary wire.

—In Holyoke, Mass., paper is made directly from logs of wood. A powerful machine takes in a poplar log at one end and turns out paper at the other. The monster's diet consists of seven and a half cords of wood per day yielding from three to four tons of pulp. The paper is used for books and newspapers.

—The three nareotics most often used for the purpose of securing sleep are opium, landanum and chloral. They are a dangerous dependenee and should never be resorted to except in the extremest cases, and only for the briefest possible period; and they should not he taken at all except on the direct prescription of a competent physician.

—Sheemaker's wax has been used with success in Glasgow to illustrate to the students of natural philosophy, in a model, the flow of glaciers. It is wonderful how closely the flow of this wax resembles that of ice. Sir W. Thomson has also employed this sort of wax to show the motion of lighter bodies like cork, and heavier bodies like hullets, through a viscous substanee.

—One of the silk-manufacturing firms of Lyons is introducing the production of photographie impressions on stuffs. They sent to a recent meeting of the Photographie Society several pieces of silk with a variety of photographic pictures printed thereon, including, among others, a numher of large medallions representing pictures of the old masters. The length of the specimens thus exhihited is stated as being no less than 134 feet. The process hy which they are produced is not given, but it is believed that the prints are made with salts of silver.

—"Tanite" is a material made from waste leather scraps, and is a hard, fine-grained, jet hlack substance, which may he moulded under a high heat and pressure, and will receive a polish equal to that of the best Whitby jet. It was invented as a substitute for vulcanite, and is used in the manufacture of all artieles for which the latter substance is suitahle. A new applieation is its employment in making emery wheels, to which it is found to be peculiarly adapted.

—Novel Mode of Bird-Catching.—A new application of the Ruhmkorff coil, says *Les Nondes*, has been made in the neighborhood of Marseilles. Instead of using hird lime on the trees which are frequented hy birds of passage, a eepper wire is wound around the trunk and a decoy attached to a neighhering staff. When the flock has been attracted hy the decoy a shock is sent hy the commutator, and the birds are more surely stunned than by a rifle. Experiments of a similar kind have also been made hy M. Daimas upon the vines of his country seat. The powerful electric shocks are reported to have destroyed the parasites and their eggs.

—The improved French method of preserving wood by the application of lime is found to work well. The plan is to pile the planks in a tank, and to put over all a layer of quick-lime, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time, according to its thickness. The material acquires remarkable consistenee and hardness, it is stated, on being subjected to this simple process, and the assertion is made that it will never rot. Beechwood prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for ironwork is found to acquire the hardness of oak, without parting with any of its well-known elasticity or toughness, and it also lasts longer.—*American Building News.*

—The *Nature* says: With regard to distinguishing artificial from natural butter, M. Donny remarks in a recent note to the Belgian Academy that the two behave very differently when heated between 150 and 160 degrees in a capsule or test tube. At this temperature artificial butter produces very little froth, but the mass undergoes a sort of irregular boiling, accompanied hy violent jerks, which tend to project some of the butter out of the vessel. The mass grows brown, but this is by reason of the gaseous matter separating out in clots on the walls; the fatty portion of the sample sensibly retains its natural color. Natural butter, on the other hand, heated to 150 or 160 degrees, produces ahundant froth, the jerks are much less pronounced, and the mass grows hrown, hut in a different way. A good part of the brown coloring matter remains in suspension in the butter, so that the whole mass has a characteristic brown aspect, similar to that of the sauce called *au beurre noir*. All natural butters behave thus, and it is strange. M. Donny says, that this simple method of distinguishing natural from artificial hutter has not heen indicated before. The importance of the above observation is, of course, apparent in the present olemargarine controversy.

He Couldn't Miss the Chance.

The other night, when a certain Detroit club had gathered in its hall, a member announced the serious illness of one of the officials. A second member at onee moved to the platform and said:

"Gentlemen, no one can regret this sad news more than I do. It seems to me that the occasion calls for a few remarks expressive of sympathy and condolenco. I do not wish to occupy your valuable time, hut I feel it a duty to say of the ailing hrother——"

Here a member came up stairs and announced that the person was dead. He had just heard the news on the street.

"Very well, then," continued the speaker, "remarks eulogistic of his many virtues are certainly in order after this announcement, and I can go ahead without fear of transgressing upon the time of the eluh. We all knew the deceased. We were all familiar with his many nohle traits of character. A hrother has died and a king has fallen. It will be long ere we——"

Here another dilatory member put in an appearance and announced that the person referred to was not dead or even ill, but was in perfect health. Without the least change of countenance the speaker continued:

"That being the case, I deem it my duty to indulge in a few remarks on the happiness we all must feel at knowing that our dear hrother still lives. Life is but a span, and man cometh up like a flower and is cut down. The familiar faces beside us to-day may rest in the grave to-morrow. Death comes so silently and swiftly that——"

Here the person himself entered the hall, having been detained heyond his usual time hy some occurrence on the street. The speaker didn't seem in the least put out, hut waved his hand around the hall and said:

"I certainly am not trespassing upon the valuahle time of the club when I say that we all rejoice to see our brother here. I am now more than ever convinced that I should indulge in a few remarks. I will go back to the beginning and——"

But the elub rose up as one man and choked him off, and the meeting opened for the dispatch of business.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Scheming for a Balloon Voyage to the Poles.

Commander John P. Cheyne, R. N., responded on Saturday, the 24th of January, to an invitation from the members of the Royal Artillery institution, at Woolwich, to explain his scheme for the scientific exploration and discovery of the north pole hy means of a steamer, sledges and halloons. He stated that Lord Derhy and six members of Parliament had joined the central committee—namely, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. J. H. Puleston, Mr. William T. Charley, Mr. William Gordon, Dr. Cameron and Colonel Alexander. It is proposed to hold a meeting at the Mansion House, to be presided over hy the Lord Mayor, to finally decide on the expedition. The plan sketched is as follows: If the estimated cost, £30,000, is forthcoming the expedition will start in June. Her Majesty's Government will be asked to lend the steam store-ship Discovery for the purpose. It is also in contemplation that a shooting party will accompany the steamer to some of the Arctie hays, where there is some splendid shooting —wild ducks flying ahout there in flocks of sixty at a time, four or five flocks often passing every minute. Commander Cheyne purposes wintering the first year in as high a latitude as possible. The sledges will start ahout Mareh 30, 1881. When the sledges are hafled hy ohstacles recourse will be had to balloons. These are expected to start ahout June, next year, which at time the sun will be shining in the Arctic regious "day and night." The balloons will be inflated at starting by passing steam through iron filings, and will be afterward manipulated by means of a supply of pure condensed hydrogen. Three balloons will be employed, each having a lifting power of one to one and one-half tons. The balloon party will consist of seven persons, with water and provisions for fifty-one days, hut it is expected that they will reach the North Pole in from thirty to forty hours after leaving the sledges. The exploring party will remain at the North Pole ahout a week for scientific observation, and will dispatch a balloon to Russia for the purpose of telegraphing the news to England. The intelligenee, It is thought, can be conveyed from the North Pole, *via* St. Petersburg, to London within three days. The Arctic Regions will be photographed from the halloon every hour, the distance to he traversed hy the halloon heing estimated at five hundred miles. Mr. Coxwell is to explain the halloon arrangements at the Mansion House meeting. The proposal to pay out a small telegraphie wire from the balloon in transitu, so as to join the ship with the North Pole, has heen ahandoned. It was stated that the Duke of Cambridge had consented to allow military officers to act on Arctie committees, and, at the conclusion of the address, it was arranged that a committee—forming the sixtieth of the local committees throughout the country—should be formed.

—When a girl is twenty she feels very easy on that score. It's only when she scores another that she begins to wonder who invented wrinkles.

ENGLISH and Scotch farmers and capitalists are making large purchases of late in Minnesota.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Pear hlight in several instances has heen arrested in affecting trees hy syringing them with a weak solution of potash, and it has proven a preventive when applied to the healthy trees.

—Cement for Mending Stoves.—Mix finely pulverized iron with liquid waterglass into a thick paste and fill the cracks with it. Then make a hot fire in the stove. Any first-class drug-store will furnish the iron and water-glass.

—An excellent grafting wax is composed of heeswax, resin and tallow. The proportions are—four parts of resin, one part of heeswax, and one part of beef tallow. Melt them together in a skillet or tin eup and stir well. It should remain in the vessel and use as needed.

—Do not remove the coverings from plants that have been protected during the winter when the first warm days come. The most dangerous time is during the alternate freezing and thawing of early spring. Let the coverings remain on until all danger from cold nights is past.

—Neatness is the first virtue in the kitchen. The dishes of a careless cook have all a mixed flavor, as if cooked in one pot. The general rule is to cook long and slowly, with an even heat so as to reach every part. Frying ought to he the last method for cooking meats. Broil, boil, roast, stew or bake in preference.

—Black Thread Lace.—To renovate black thread lace, wash it carefully in alcohol, or pure spirit, which is diluted alcohol. Lay a towel on a hoard or table, and smooth out the veil, carefully stretching it, and pinning it to the hoard round the edge of the lace with pins. When dry, it will look like new, if carefully done.

—The German or golden millet is perhaps in greatest favor as an annual hay crop, though it requires a longer season than Hungarian millet. It yields well, makes a coarse, harsh hay which is greedily eaten hy all kinds of stock. Sow in the spring as soon as the ground is warm, one bushel of seed per acre. Cut for hay when the seed is in a milky state.

—Poultry of all sorts will fatten readily upon sunflower seeds. The same may be said of sheep, pigs and eattle. Four to five pounds are required to the acre. They are drilled in rows about eighteen inches apart, the plants to he thinned out to twenty-five or thirty inches from plant to plant. The plants require a sufficient space between them for exposure to the sun. They should be kept free from weeds.

—Potatoes a la Duchesse.—Take eight large potatoes, boiled and mashed fine, one tablespoonful of hutter, the yelks of two raw eggs, a little salt; stir all together over the fire, then set it away to cool. When quite eold roll it on a hoard with flour to keep it from sticking. Make it in cake or any form you wish. Take the whole of the egg, beat with a little water, dip in the potato and roll in bread or eracker erumbs. Fry in hot lard.

—French Gingerhread.—Six pounds of rich clear brown treacle; pour into a large pan; add a pound of sweet butter (softened by heat, not melted,) two ounces of ground ginger, a quarter of a pound of caraway seeds, half a pound of candied peel chopped very small, some angelica, half a dozen heaten up eggs, and just as little flour as will make a stiff paste; make into round eakes, or cut into oblong hrown bricks and stiek with half almonds, then hake. These will keep forever if locked up, but if not rapidly disappear in a large family.

Potatoes for Animals.

A writer upon this subject has said that "potatoes in the raw state ought never to he given to any animal, with the exception of sheep and geese." It is said "a goose will thrive better, and the flesh will he more gratefully flavored upon raw potatoes, sliced, than upon any other article; while sheep will more speedily thrive on raw potatoes than on turnips; but, and especially in the beginning, raw potatoes will scour cattle and horses, and not unfrequently cause death, while there is no danger of either from hoiled or steamed potatoes." It may be true that they are excellent for geese, and that they are excellent for sheep is well known; of all animals the sheep like a change from dry to green food in the shape of roots; and that they should thrive upon them hetter than the turnip, for the reason that, according to tahles, the potato contains a larger fat substance and flesh-producing element than the turnip. Thus a fair product is 200 bushels, or 12,000 pounds of potatoes, from an acre, are estimated to contain 2,640 pounds of material for the animal system, while the average yield of rutahagas of 20,000 pounds contain only 1,400 pounds; and a simllar yield of turnips is hut 1,400 pounds; so that relatively they stand to each other as, potatoes 2,640, rutabagas 1,440, and the turnip 840, a little better than a third the relative feeding value.

The chief advantage is obtained in feeding to mature animals; if bony structure is to he formed the turnip is fully equal to the potato. That an excess of potatoes fed to cattle and horses produce ill results cannot be douhted, if the diet was exclusively potatoes; but that a small quantity, fed with dry hay, produces injurious results, is unsupposahle. The boiling or steaming, which generally means an addition of more or less mild feed, would be much more satisfactory. The same writer also says, "Pigs will not always eat, and never can he fattened upon raw potatoes, while if they are boiled, next to hoiled peas, perhaps, will hring them to the greatest weight they are capable of attaining, and to greater perfection than anything else that may be continuously used with safety, admitting that three to four week's feeding upon corn, oats or barley is necessary to make the pork firm and impart flavor."

This is directly contrary to the experience of a successful pork raiser that always estimated the value of potatoes as four hushels to one of corn, and always fed them raw for the reason that he obtained much more satisfactory results.

Boil several bushels of potatoes, and at the same time mix a bushel of corn meal, makes a very satisfactory feed for pork.

THE daughter of Spotted Tail, a tall, ungainly young woman of eighteen, is studying in the Government School for Indians at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. She has lately married the half-breed interpreter employed at the harracks, and when sent to do some scrubbing the other day her lordly hushand interfered. His wife was of royal blood, he remarked—the daughter of a chief —and he wanted her to learn only what the white ladies do.

AN Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterward with having drank. "'Twas me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an' a hahit I have talkin' to meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an' have a dhrink.' 'No, zer,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll wait for ye outside,' sez I. An' whin meself eum out, faith and he was dhrunk."

—The great building for the exhibitions at Dusseldorf, which is to be opened this year, is nearly finished. Every hranch of German art and industry, manufactures and commeree, will be represented in the exhihits.

After Three Hundred Years.

Practical newspaper men who have witnessed the great improvements in all hranches of their business during the last few years have often wondered that the inventive spirit has not seen in the old type case, in which but slight changes have been made since 1535, something worthy of improvement; but inventors [illegible] never thought it worth their attention, or, if they did, that improvement was beyond the line of possibility. Recently, however, a very successful effort has heen made in that direction by Messrs. Stalter and Hare, of Sandusky, Ohio, who have patented a case called "The Miller patent movable concave type case," which is now being used in the Chicago *Tribune*, A. N. Kellogg's Auxiliary Publishing House at Cleveland, and other large establishments, and has received the unqualified approval of the workmen in the various offices. The case is composed of fifty-four *separate* hoxes, which are placed together upon a common hottom like so many hlocks. The arrangement may he that in general use, or as the boxes are interchangeable, it is but the work of a moment to change the position and bring such hoxes into any convenient position desired. In tabular work this is a great advantage over the old style. The most important distinguishing feature, and one which will commend it to all newspaper publishers, is the economy of type. Being carved out of solid blocks of cherry wood, the hoxes have an even coucavity of hottom, accurately proportioned to their several sizes. In the old cases it is estimated that fully one-sixth of a full case is left in the corners of the boxes, as the compositor finding it is slow and disagreeable work to pick type from the sharp angles, fills up the inaccessihle space with type. The sides and hottoms of the "Miller case" being concave in shape the type continually drops to the center, and the compositor can go on picking from the center of the box until it is emptied. The printer is not obliged to stop to shake his case or to scratch the type out of the angular corners, often injuring it by hreaking off the fine lines of the face. The boxes can also be kept perfectly clean from dust and dirt. There are many other advantages which will readily be observed upon a trial of the cases.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

GENERAL DEBILITY.—In this complaint the good effects of the Vegetine are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and Vegetine acts directly upon the blood. There is no remedy that will restore the health from debility like the Vegetine. It is nourishing and strengthening, purifies the blood, regulates the bowels, quiets the nervous system, acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to actiou. It has never failed in this complaint.

Voice of the People.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, eonghing very severely. I commenced taking your Medical Discovery, which helped me greatly. I have taken several hottles, and am restored to good health. Yours respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT.

Good Evidence.

WHEN such men as the Rev. Dr. Rankin, Rev. Dr. Harvey, Esther Fitz Gerald, Prof. Green, Dr. Bartine, Col. John K. McChesney, E. W. Neff, and a host of others equally trustworthy, certify over their own signatures to the marvelous efficacy of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in the diseases for which it is recommended, it is time to dismiss doubts on the subject.

TWO-THIRDS of all the Axle Grease used in the United States is made by the Frazer Lubricator Company. Buy the genuine.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house, and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stahle.

FOR sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure, mixed with a little water. Relief is instant.

C. GILBERT'S Pat. Gloss Starch for fine fabrics.

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER For Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, Workingmen, Property Owners, Tenants, everybody, every business. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 866 in one town, another 153 in 36 days, another 70 in 13 days, another 11 in one day, another ten in a few hours. Everybody wants it. Pays ten times its cost. No other like it. **AGENTS WANTED.** Send for circulars and terms. F. W. ZIEGLER & Co., 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Beside doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we **Buy and Sell Grain** in 1,000-bu. lots and upward; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and shipments solicited. **LAMSON BROS.**, 121 La Salle St., Chicago.

25 CENTS. **The Horse and His Diseases.** Sixty engravings. Complete explanations of causes, symptoms and treatment, tables of doses, etc., all in plain language; saves many times its cost. AGENTS WANTED. Price 25 cts. Address **W. E. HYDE & CO.**, 91 Washington St., Chicago.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. Trenton, N. J. Send for Pamphlet. **MOVABLE-TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS.**

MAKE MONEY! I WILL Send to any address for $1, 50 valuable Recipes, any one of which is worth the price. Send money order or registered letter. Address LEWIS LEVI, 378 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD. Sample free. Address BOX 3084, New York, N. Y.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

HAIR and *Wigs* sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free*. Goods guaranteed. H. C. STAHL, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

BOYS AND GIRLS. Send silver dime for "SHORTY'S JOKES," the finest book out. W. E. HAY, Paris, Ill.

VEGETINE

In Powder Form,

SOLD FOR

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

DR. W. ROSS WRITES:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness*, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

Sept. 18, 1878. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist, Wilton, Iowa.

VEGETINE.

One Package in Powder Form Cured Scrofula.

How to Reduce Your Doctors' Bills.

86 BREMEN ST., EAST BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 30, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—My little daughter Stella has been afflicted a long time with *Scrofula*, suffering everything. I employed different physicians in East Boston, but they helped her none. I bought some of your *Powder-Form Vegetine*, and my wife steeped it and gave it to the child according to the directions, and we were surprised in a fortnight's time to see how the child had gained in flesh and strength. She is now gaining every day, and I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to be the best we have ever tried.

Respectfully yours, J. T. WEBB.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR

1861!

MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,

of Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois, give their entire attention to the business of prosecuting

WAR CLAIMS.

Arrears of Pension allowed only in claims presented before

JULY 1, 1880.

Address with stamp,

MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio, or Chicago, Illinois.

BAKER'S PHILADELPHIA

PURE COD LIVER OIL

THE ONLY REMEDY

For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, and *Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.*

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *pronounced by the highest medical authority* to be "both food and medicine."

Begin it's use promptly, *and thus save life and establish health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.

For sale by all druggists. ☞ Send for Pamphlet to

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

☞ Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

Iowa Farms

Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West

For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Branch Office, 92 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is *unquestionably* the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and *sure to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.* Sold by all Druggists.

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP.

Mailed Free for 35 Cts. Four for $1.

$10,000 will be paid to any person who can explode a Lamp fitted with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT.

May use any lamp or burner. Prevents tilting and heating. Send for samples, with size of collar

AGENTS WANTED. and depth of your lamps.

S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 58 West Broadway, New York.

Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the DR. A. W. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) Supt.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS

In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions & Diseases** including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other sores.

It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an Appetizer and Regular Tonic.

It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save payment of many doctors' bills.

Bottles of two sizes; prices **50 cents** and **$1.**

SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE. SAFE DIABETES CURE. SAFE BITTERS. SAFE NERVINE. SAFE PILLS. READ! SAVE THYSELF

☞ WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

☞ Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as a wound of any kind, loss of limb, loss of eye, rupture, though but slight, disease of lungs, chronic rheumatism, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows, children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and it can be so proved, are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pension, application must be made very soon, as the time is limited by the law. If applications rejected in time the soldier applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances costing thousands of dollars at the first payment. On this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send two stamps for summary of Pension and Bounty acts. By permission we refer to the following parties in Indianapolis as to our standing:

R. F. Kenney, Pres't Central Bank. | Fred Bacon, U. S. Col. Int. Rev. W. R. Holloway, Postmaster. | Hon. J. C. Denny, Ex-Atty Gen'l. Hon. J. D. Julian, Ex Judge Ct. Court. | Indiana Banking Co.

☞ We have two offices. Address

P. H. FITZGERALD & CO.,

Either Box C, Washington City, D. C., or Indianapolis, Ind.

Red River Valley.

2,000,000 ACRES

of the best

Wheat Lands

In the World for sale by the

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY,

Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

ENGLISH BREECH-LOADING DOUBLE GUN, $25

$25 Complete With 100 Shells and Loading Implements. Sent by express to C. O. D. Send stamp for 80-page Illust'd Price-list of Guns, Rifles, etc. ROMER FISHER, 609 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the richly Illustrated, and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of

GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catch-penny" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted for the Best and Only low-priced History of **GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.**

Containing the correspondence of **John Russell Young,** to which is added a full account of his receptions from San Francisco to Philadelphia. 800 pages, 200 illustrations only $2.50, printed in both English and German. Outsells all other editions, because it is the edition the people want. Send for illustrated circular and proof of what we say. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, 190 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FUN SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN

Plays, Sacred Lessons and Tunes, just touch it, continuous or staccato, by mere motion of knee there are other instruments of its size. A mere child of 12 years can play it. No knowledge of music required. Any one can learn a few tunes the first day. Any one who can play a Melodeon can play it. A child of 12 years can play it. No knowledge of music required. Any one can learn a few tunes the first day. Any one who can play a Melodeon can play it. Any one who can play a Melodeon can play it. Any one who can play a Melodeon can play it

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Mch. 9, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday of April, 1880,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers and hearing appeals.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
3 13 td. Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland:

We, the citizens of District No. 6, in said county, do petition your Honors, that you will order a change in the Grantsville road, in said district, beginning at the gate of Mahlon Glotfelty's, and following the lines of Jesse Glotfelty, D McLean and others, to intersect the pike leading from McHenry to Accident, and disannul the Grantsville road from Wm. Casteel's to the above named gate. It will be a better location and near a mile shorter; and we will pray, &c.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
WM. CASTEEL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
Mh. 6-1cm And 16 others.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. B. LEWIS,
2 14 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

Estate of Elijah Harsbarger, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIJAH HARSHBARGER,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of March, 1880.

JACOB HARSHBERGER,
3 13 4 Administrator.

Notice of Distribution.

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor.

In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, this 24th day of February, 1880, that Daniel Beachy, Executor of Jacob Youty, late of Garrett county, deceased, give notice that distribution will be made in said estate at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county, on the 23d day of March next.

ISAAC KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, A. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, A. J. O. C.

True Copy—Test—
m6-td W. H. HAGANS, Register of Wills.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs Drobat's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
feb. 14-5w Examiners.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road. Beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, to Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb, 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

Estate of John J. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 11th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 11-4w Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veltch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osborn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fuzenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas' Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
7 15 2m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-y1

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1.50

PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY

OF

JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
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GOING WEST

No. 2	4.54 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.41 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.57 A.M.
No. 3	6.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1880.

CHRIST'S WARNING AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

Matt. 24. 45-51.

Memory Verses, 45-46.

45 Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season?

46 Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

47 Verily I say unto you, that he shall make him ruler over all his goods.

48 But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming;

49 And shall begin to smite his fellow servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken;

50 The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of,

51 And shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

How does he fulfill it?
What blessing is pronounced upon him?
What reward is promised him?
May we enjoy that honor?
What does our Lord require of us? v. 42.

2. THE EVIL SERVANT, v. 48 51. See GOLDEN TEXT.
What is the thought of the evil servant?
What does he begin to do to his fellow-servants?
What other sins does he commit?
What says the Golden Text?
What is surfeiting?
What is drunkenness?
What leads to drunkenness?
What is the result of it. v. 21.
Are young people in danger of becoming drunkards? How?
What is the best safeguard against drunkenness?
When is the best time to watch against this habit?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That drunkenness is a sin?
2. That drunkenness comes from disregarding God?
3. That drunkenness will be punished?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Personal responsibility to God.

The next lesson is Matt. 8. 18-31.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Mr. Nasby and His Friends Meet and Resolve on "Booms."

CONFEDERIT X ROADS (Wich is in the State of Kentucky,) February 28, 1880,

The Corners is serusly alarmed. I read sich uv the Northern papers ez are sent to citizens uv the Corners ez specimen copies, (them bein all that the white citizens uv this stanch Dimekratic stronghold ever git,) and we are actilly alarmed. Wat troubles us is booms. There is the Grant boom, the Blaine boom, the Sherman boom, and several other varieties, and they all appear to be genooine. A boom in the abstrack wouldn't bother us much, but so many booms, and all uv em bein of one kind, is simply friteful. Espeshly is it alarmin when we consider that there ain't no booms for anybody but the most pronounst Radikels, and the bigger the Radiket the bigger the boom. The Sherman boomers base their boom on the assershun that he is the most entense Radikel livin, and Grant and Blaine's boomers show that each lays all over the others in this direckshun. The alarmin feecher is that the Republiken candidates wich ain't Radikel don't boom at all; on the contrary, the menshun uv their names is received with jeers and sich.

In view uv this condishun uv things I called a meetin uv the Dimocrisy uv the Corners, I taken the chair, ez yoosual, and appinten myself Committee on Resolooshens, I reported ez follows:

WAREAS, The citizens of Kentucky wich sympathized with the patriotic south in its efforts to bust up a oppressive government, but was subdood, not conkered, by the sooperior, brutle force uv hordes uv hirelins, are sincerely desirous uv restorin amicable relashens with their subdooers, and

WAREAS, The citizens aforesaid are disposed now, ez they alluz hev ben, to meet any tender uv consilliashun wich may be offered, it is hereby

Resolved, That the way to tetch the southern heart and bring it back to a consoomin love for the yoonyun ant by boomin them ez waz prominent in hoomiliatin her.

Resolved, That the Confederacy wants to know how the Confederacy is to be won back to a love for the Yoonyun when no body but solgers and statesmen wich opposed the Confederacy is held up in the north ez candidates, especially ez it is evident that the more they opposed the Confederacy the more they is thot uv.

Resolved, That ef the north wants to consiliate us they should nominate men wich hez sympathy with us, and not them by their own way of thinkin. Wat kind uv sacrifis do they ask for peace, ef they hev things their own way?

Resolved, That the South is willin to give up its conscomin desire for a Confederacy to run the Federal government precisely as it pleases, the only way the South kin rool.

Resolved, That the South is generously forgivin, and would not make war as a northern man's havin men in the federal army a positive proof of his slockishness to the Presidency, provided allso, that he did his duty from a Dimocratic stand point, and hez acted consistently with the Dimocrisy since the unholy war.

Resolved, That ef the Republiken party would go a great ways toward allaying the growing feeling uv seckshunism.

Resolved, That to strangle seckshunalism the South perposes to take entire posseshun uv the government.

Resolved, That it is highly time that the North forgets all the ishoos uv the late war incloodin the payment uv the Southern war debt, penshonin Southern solgers, the reenslavement uv the niggers and sich, and perceed immejilty to split up on the money question, tariffs and the like.

Resolved, That we uv the South hev just one dooty, which is to forgit all monor ishoos and stand sholder to sholder ez one man tilt we agin hev that control uv the kentry wich woz wrested from us in 1861.

These resolooshens wuz yoonanimously adoptid, after which we adjourned to Bascom's and spent the remainder uv the evenin in innocent hilarity. Bascom hed jest reseeved a barl of noo likker, and Deekin Pogram hed drawd a $50 prize in a lotterly and he hed rescood $20 uv it from the rapasity uv his wife and dawters wich wanted to squander it on close and sich. When Bascom saw that $20, he relaxed his hibitual osterity and jined the revellers, goin so fur ez to treet wunst hisself, and givin me and Issaker Gavitt credit fur two rounds eech. It wuz really a refreshin seezon.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (Encurridged.)

Governor Garcelon's Case.

We trust that the significance of the confessions and excuses made by ex-Governor Garcelon before the Maine Investigating Committee will not be overlooked. The fraudulent conspiracy of which Dr. Garcelon was the dupe or the instrument, or perhaps both, has indeed been defeated; but indications are plenty that the plot in Maine was only part of an extended series of operations looking toward the capture of the next Presidency; and that the conspirators, although batlled in one quarter, are still active and hopeful elsewhere. The Minnesota rascality was probably postponed only on account of its exposure by the newspapers; it has not been abandoned, and its authors seem to be now preparing the public mind for the finale by a course of misrepresentations exactly like the falsehoods put forth as a preliminary to the rape of Maine.

Gov. Garcelon, confronted with the documents found hidden on the top of a bookcase in his private office, is obliged to confess that the original returns, or the tabulations, do appear to have been tampered with, but he declares that he had nothing to do with the work. Like another celebrated Democratic statesman, he was deceived and put upon by his Council. He remained shut up in the back room, while the trusted coparceners received and answered telegrams on his behalf in another apartment, manipulated figures, changed names, forged signatures, scratched out majorities, and in general played the Old Harry with the results of the election. He could not attend personally to mere matters of detail, such as ascertaining who were entitled to the certificates; for these trifles he was obliged to rely upon his Council, and the Council was a very fine body. "They that have done this deed are honorable men." The Governor could no more suspect them of cheating than another Governor we wot of could mistrust the integrity of his nephew. He signed everything that the Council laid before him; and he was inexpressibly astonished when he discovered, after it was all over, that in some unexplained way the political complexion of the Legislature had undergone a complete change. Dr. Garcelon was frank enough to acknowledge that he was [pleasantly surprised" by the document. He could not have been prepared for it, because as he himself, "nothing was said [by the Council] in his presence about cooperating in a quorum of Fusionists." He heard it, indeed, "referred to incidentally in the "streets"; but of course Governor does not pay attention to things that he hears referred to incidentally in the streets.

With regard to the opinion of the Supreme Court, Dr. Garcelon admits that he never had the least idea of paying respect to it. He submitted the questions only to "allay public excitement" [illegible]

The Exodus Investigation.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—R. V. Avery, of Bay St. Louis, Miss., and formerly editor of the *Louisiana Coast Republican*, testified before the Exodus Committee to-day that he thought the exodus was caused by a general feeling of insecurity for life and property among the colored people, and because of the insecurity of colored women from immoral importunities by white men. This was complained of by the husbands and fathers, and created a strong desire on the part of the colored race to emigrate. Give them the means to get away, and even if they know they will suffer for the necessaries of life where they go, the exodus of the Jews out of Egypt will not begin to compare with the exodus of the colored people from the South. The white Republicans generally advised them to stay, believing that the condition of affairs will improve. The witness explained that when the negroes attempted to retaliate for any individual grievance, they have not only the white men of one neighborhood, but from other neighborhoods, to contend with. Armed white men hasten from all directions to suppress the effort. He contended that the condition of the negroes in the southern part of Georgia was much worse than before the war, when they were slaves. Mr. Avery read extracts from the New Orleans *Times* and other Southern Democratic papers which, while condemning outlawry, admitted that it was impossible to punish the outlaws. The grand juries could not obtain evidence sufficient to convict; the witnesses summoned did not care to testify. One extract he read condemned outlawry in general terms, and stated that there was no necessity for it now, as there might have been in former years, when it was necessary to rid the State of Republican rule. In cross examining the witness Senator Voorhees brought out the fact that Mr. Avery before the war was a Democrat, and had acted with the Democratic party in Mississippi from 1865 to 1869 in opposing negro suffrage. He stated that he now believed in suffrage for both whites and blacks, limited by an educational qualification. His examination is to be continued.

This testimony agrees with that given Monday by John H. Burch, a colored ex-senator from Louisiana, and one of the presidential electors of [illegible] testimony by [illegible] at one time [illegible] somewhat, but [illegible] in Louisiana [illegible] largely increased. He said the effort made last winter by the Democrats in the legislature to pass what was called the "chain-gang law," the agitation of this subject, and the uncertainty of the status of the colored people under Democratic rule, prevented many from making the usual labor contracts in January and February of this year, and that the result of this is already observable in the large number of colored people who have moved from the planting districts to [illegible] industrial rights, the negroes, he said, believed were designed to, and would eventually place them under a system of espionage, and hence the controlling idea with them is to get away from the State before this is accomplished. He grouped the causes of the exodus under five different heads: fear of class legislation; fear of interference with their educational privileges; uncertainty of obtaining homes and insecurity in retaining them; interference with their religious and personal rights; fear of disfranchisement.

Democratic supremacy, was accomplished by Democratic county returning boards. From five to seven police jurors were formerly elected in each parish as supervisors of election; subsequently the Democrats passed a law authorizing Gov. Nichols to appoint five additional police jurors in each parish. Those appointed were all Democrats, and this gave them a majority of police jurors, or county returning boards, as he called them in every parish in the State, with one exception, and in this exceptional parish the Republican majority was driven away by armed Democrats.

Mr. Garfield is one of the most effective speakers in Congress, and his powers have rarely been exerted to greater advantage than on Wednesday of last week, when he likened the attitude of the Democratic party on the question of the constitutionality of the Federal election law to that of Denis Kearney on the Chinese question. Representative McMahon frankly admitted on Tuesday that his party would not respect the decision of the Supreme Court, and would still refuse to make appropriations for the pay of special deputy marshals; and Mr. Garfield forcibly demonstrated the true significance of this attitude in the simple query: "What dare Congress say to Denis Kearney and his associates if it announces itself as the leader of the lawbreakers of America?" If the Democratic leaders in the House believe the country will sustain them in this defiance of the Supreme Court, they are likely to be rudely awakened from their dream at the next election.

John E. Massey, the Auditor of Public Accounts of Virginia, has written a letter to the *Jeffersonian Republican*, published at Charlottesville, Va., containing many suggestions in relation to sheep culture, the result of his experience. He considers the use of bells on his sheep as a complete protection from the ravages of dogs. He says he has had none killed since he adopted the bells. They serve a double purpose—frighten off the dogs and attract the attention of persons within hearing, as the sheep become frightened and start to run as soon as they are conscious of the approach of a strange dog. On a flock of about 150 sheep he keeps thirty bells, but smaller flocks should have one bell to every third sheep. The bells cost but little, and are so effectual that they pay well.

Garcelon says he first heard of the "counting out" scheme from the newspapers, and admits that he was "pleasantly surprised" at the results of that marvellous fabulation by his Council which cheated the people of Maine out of their will as expressed through the ballot-box. He isn't so shrewd as the accomplished Innocent he so palpably imitates. Tilden also heard first of the cipher frauds of his wicked partners through the newspapers, but he didn't make the mistake of saying he was "pleasantly surprised." He was indignant and "rebuked" the ciphers warmly in public, and set them at work again, with an admonition to be more careful about leaving tracks in future.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BY THE STREAM.

Sweet tangled banks, where ox-eyed daisies grow
And scarlet poppies gleam;
Sweet changing lights, that ever come and go
Upon the quiet stream!

Once more I see the flash of splendid wings,
As dragon-flies flit by;
Once more for me the small sedge-warbler sings
Beneath a sapphire sky.

Once more I feel the simple, fresh content
I found in stream and soil
When golden summer slowly came and went
And mine was all their spoil.

I find amid the honeysuckle flowers
And shy forget-me-not
Old boyish memories of lonely hours
Passed in this silent spot.

O, God of Nature, how thy kindness keeps
Some changeless things on earth!
And he who roams far off, and toils and weeps,
Comes home to learn their worth.

Gay visions vanish, worldly schemes may fail,
Hope prove an idle dream,
But still the blossoms flourish, red and pale,
Beside my native stream.

—*Sarah Doudney, in Sunday Magazine.*

TAKING BOARDERS.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and Heaven knows boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him. It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger, when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who never were worth a row of pins to Delia; and there was her Great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the Continent, a-gambling at Baden-Baden and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdems, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that her own folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property. Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow had become a sort of gilded creation, always young and always beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the highroad to the poor-house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

"Good board in the country, by the river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station. Address, Delia Rogerson, Croftsborough, Maine.

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady, with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown, and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisp of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty stricken old creature." But, in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there should be no sudden changes, to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and the antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. "What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I daresay?"

"Yes; a long, long time ago."

"Tell me about him—it!"

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave mother and father, you know, (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That was all."

"And you—you—"

"'Now all men besides are to me like shadows.'"

"And have you never heard of him since?"

"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter."

"And, supposing he should return some day would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh over so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and common-place. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at fourscore as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never, never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away, like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.

"I believe I'll stay on," she said, "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low——"

"Yes. I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one mouth the more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went hungry to bed, that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend. "It can't be meant for me," she cried.

"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We're not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt's dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

"She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she, if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," said Delia.

The winter wore away, as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement staid on and on. Just now she had been for some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attentions of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia. I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You're welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you're such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since anyone kissed me."

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply, Mr. Wills wrote: "The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who, having an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia: but read, nevertheless:

"Being of sound mind this 16th day of June, 18--, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining Company, fifty thousand in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Flannel Mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson.

"Delia Rogerson,
of Croftsborough, Maine."

"'For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and he ministered unto me.'"

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course, Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said: "I told you so!"

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia; but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Della.

"Indeed? Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes? Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now, see here, Della. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was, growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came——"

"I'm glad you did."

"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones."

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact—I've refused him—because——"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"

In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.—*Mary N. Prescott, in N. Y. Independent.*

The Art of Writing.

We wonder sometimes, as we wade through a mass of correspeadence, whether it is possible to teach good writing. The doubt may seem absurd, considering that the majority of civilized mankind can write, that every qualified teacher among 100,000 or 200,000 in Western Europe thinks himself or herself competent to teach the art, and that there must be some hundreds of men in England, or possibly some thousands, who make a living of some sort by practicing this specialty. Everybody, we shall be told, is taught, and some few people write well, and consequently to teach people to write well must be possible. Still, we have this little bit of evidence in favor of hesitation. Nobody ever saw anybody who wrote a thoroughly good hand, and who had been regularly taught to do so. Good handwritings exist, undoubtedly, and are, we should say, rapidly on the increase; but the possessors of the art never admit that they acquired it through teaching, and in the majority of cases never were taught. When cross-examined they always affirm that some man or woman taught them to write, and that then a certain inclination or compulsion of circumstance, or desire to do everything well, or, in frequent instances, a caste-feeling, provoked them to teach themselves to write well. They were not taught, except in the most rudimentary sense of the word, and we don't know how they should be. Tutors and governesses have all caught up a system from the professional writing masters, and the professional writing masters are all dominated by two ideas, which are radically false. We always glance over the books they publish, and have read through a new one this week, which we do not intend to advertise in this article, as they are all alike. They all think that "copper-plate writing," the special hand of writing masters and bank clerks, is good writing, which it is not, being devoid of character, far too regular in form and, from the multiplicity of fine upstrokes, not easy to read; and they all believe that certain mechanical motions, if carefully taught, will produce clear writing. They will not and they do not. There never were two people yet in this world of ours who wrote exactly alike or who have the same control of their fingers or who ought, in order to produce good writing, to have held their pens alike, and the effort to make them do it only spoils their natural capabilities. No doubt those capabilities are often naturally very small. The number of persons who are by nature not deft with their fingers is very large, and so is the number of those who cannot fix their attention; while the number of those who can do nothing well which they must do rapidly probably exceeds both. The difficulty of teaching a grown man to write decently is almost inconceivable—he seems never to see what is wanted—and something of that difficulty attaches to a vast proportion of children. Still, all persons not deformed or crippled in the hand, or deficient in eyesight, can be taught to write, and the reason why they are not taught properly must be some inherent defect in the system. We believe it to be the one we mentioned, the effort to enforce a certain method, instead of trying to secure a certain result. The unhappy child, who is almost always, we admit necessarily, taught too early, is instructed to hold himself or herself in a particular attitude, which is sure to be the wrong one for five sights in ten, the proper attitude depending on the length of the child's vision; to hold the pen at a particular angle, which is also wrong, the fitting angle depending on the character of the pen and holder, and to grasp the pen at a certain distance from the nib, which is arbitrarily fixed, whereas the distance must be governed by the formation and strength of the child's fingers, and would be infinitely better left to his or her own instinct. Above all, there is a perpetual worry about the "resting" of the hand, though the easiest position varies with every child, and though no two men with much writing to do rest the fingers quite alike. The pupil is then taught to make lines in a certain direction, and to copy characters so large that they have no resemblance to writing at all, and to care particularly about up strokes and down strokes, and all manner of minutiæ, which, if they are of any value at all, will soon come of themselves. So strong, in spite of centuries of experience, is the belief in this method, that machines for controlling the fingers while writing have repeatedly been invented; and the author of a book before us, a professional, is inclined to tie them up in some fashion with ribbon.

We believe that the whole of this method is a mistake, that there is no single system of *mecanique* for writing, and that a child belonging to the educated classes would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once able to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chidden, not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes, and make his strokes as he likes, and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strenuously and persistently that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him—namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing-master ever did or will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a passable imitation of his copy, and ultimately develope a characteristic and strong hand, which may be good or bad, but will not be either meaningless, undecided or illegible. This hand will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows older. It may alter at eleven, because it is at that age that the range of the eyes is fixed, and the short-sight betrays itself; and it will alter at seventeen, because then the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarily spoiled the writing; but the character will form itself again, and will be never be deficient in clearness or decision. The idea that it is to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude, angle and slope, which the very irritation of the pupils ought to convince the teachers are, from some personal peculiarities, inapplicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can and with a certain efficiency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on his illegibility will be attended to, like any other caution given in the curriculum. As it is, he simply thinks that he does not write well, instead of thinking that not to write well is to fall short in a very useful accomplishment and to be *pro tanto* a failure.

We are not quite sure that another process ought not to be gone through before writing is taught at all. Suppose our boys and girls were taught to read manuscript a little? They are taught to read print, but manuscript is not print, or very like it, and they are left to pick up the power of reading that the best way they can; they never devote half an hour a day for six months to manuscript reading. If they did, it would be easier to them all their lives, and they would learn to believe in legibility as the greatest, or, at any rate, the most useful, quality that writing can display—an immense improvement, if our experience can be trusted in the usual youthful ideal on the subject. The business of life, no doubt, soon teaches children to read manuscript; but many of them never read it easily, and retain through life an unconquerable aversion to the work, from the fatigue and vexation which it causes them. We have known men so conscious of this defect that they always have important letters read aloud to them, and others who would refuse any work, however anxious on other grounds to accept it, if it involved the frequent perusal of long manuscripts in varied handwritings. No doubt the tendency to a broad and coarse but beautifully legible handwriting, which has conquered the upper class and is slowly filtering downwards, is diminishing this reluctance, but it would be more rapidly removed if a little trouble were taken to teach children to read handwriting. They hardly see any till they begin to receive correspondence, and are never compelled to read any, and consequently learn to write what they cannot read, without intelligence and without pleasure.—*London Spectator.*

Among the Cow Boys.

At this season and later begin the great cattle-drives from the South. Look out over the plains in the morning from any little station along the trail and the observer may see in the distance a long wide line of seething life, winding over the prairie, turning, twisting, undulating, but always keeping the general objective point in view—that little worn-out, old, and withered town they call Ogalalla, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Although desolate at other times of the year, everything is now bustle and confusion. The town is flooded with sharpers, gamblers and saloons, each bent on filching from the unoffending but too confiding cow-boy his hard-earned ducats.

No one but the buffalo-hunter can imagine what a herd of Texas cattle look like when being driven northward, and I venture to say that many of your dainty, peculiar eastern people would hesitate to feed on steaks, could they see the raw material in its untamed state. The usual color of Texas cattle vary from a dirty white to a brindle brown, with a thick sprinkling of faded yellow; and their weight is about 800 pounds. The horns is the only thing, except their diminutive size, that will attract attention. They stretch up and out in beautiful curves, reaching the enormous breadth of six or seven feet. A herd of 20,000 of these little Texas beeves is handled by about a dozen well-trained herders and a foreman. They seem always to know just where and how to ride so that the herd will not get scattered or turned. About twelve miles a day is generally made with these cattle when coursing north, and in fine weather that time may be depended on, but when those sudden wind and rain storms arise, lasting ever so short a time; a furious stampede always results, and the cattle plunge away in radiates following the wind, and mindless of any restraint. The constant work of the riders can only result in a knowledge of the general direction which the cattle have taken. Many cattle are lost during these storms, and maybe cannot be found until the time of the grand "round up" in the fall.

The simple way by which every cattle man recognizes his stock is by a process called branding. Upon entering the stock business, the first precaution must be to obtain a brand-book from the Drovers' Association. Then comes the work of selecting a brand foreign to any which has hitherto been used. This brand has then to be recorded, when it becomes personal property, and all stock carrying it belong to the owner. The methods of branding are necessarily barbarous, but this, like everything else, has been reduced to a science. Formerly the cattle were lassoed, thrown, and fastened to a stake while the operation was performed. Now a chute just wide enough to permit one steer at a time to elbow his way along is attached to every corral. Into this narrow passage the frightened animals are crowded so thick that it is impossible to move! The red-hot iron is applied, and the mark is fixed, while the quivering and bellowing animals are suffering all the agonies of death. The stench of cooking hide and hair are sickening in the extreme, and the observer, if he is averse to the practice of cruelty on animals, will be furnished with sufficient food for thought.

Texas cattle, when in good order, possess great endurance. They are often driven three or even four, days without being permitted to graze in order to reach water, and I have seen a thousand cattle hived in a corral not big enough for half that number, and retained as many as five days, without being able to eat, drink or lie down.

The passage of cattle through the little trading posts along the route is a gala day to the inhabitants. They consist almost entirely of ranchmen, with a healthy sprinkling of "pisen slingers and faro shufflers." The ranchmen make a handsome living by buying sore-footed animals that cannot be kept with the herd, and have to be left at any price. Cattle of this kind are bought for $2 and $3 a head, and the next season are worth from $12 to $14.

The boys on leaving one of these stations are in a state of chronic penury, and are apparently just as happy as though they owned the herd. Nothing worries the average cow-boy more than to be the possessor of ducats, and they are never happier than when "busted."

I cannot close this article without referring to facts and figures regarding the driving and shipping of Texas cattle. Herders are paid an average price of $35 per month and board. Board consists of bread, bacon and coffee. Every herd is controlled by a foreman, who receives as high as $100 per month. From four to six weeks is consumed in driving from Texas to Ogalalla, and often much longer, owing to the weather. The average loss from sore feet, runaways and deaths is four to ten in every hundred.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

The Aged Greenback Destroyer.

Every afternoon at four o'clock seventy-five female scrubbers and sweepers are let loose on the halls and rooms of the Treasury building. Prior to this charge of the broom brigade, they are massed in one of the lower halls with their brooms, buckets, brushes, squillgees and swabs. They are of many colors and nationalities. Their pay is fifteen dollars per month, and occasionally among them may be found women who once came to Washington in quest of positions more lucrative. But bread is as pressing a necessity in Washington as elsewhere, and scrubbing is better than starvation.

In company with the matron, Mrs. Scidmore, I reviewed the broom brigade the other day in the basement after the hours allotted to Treasury visitors. Seventy-five dusters and sweepers seem an imposing number, but when scattered about the halls of the vast building at their work they are few and far between. The waste paper collected is sorted and placed in three bins, for there are grades even in waste paper. Going to the top floor I found myself in lanes, passages, highways and byways of Treasury accounts, ledgers, records, big books, little books and millions of packages in millions of pigeon holes, all red taped and tagged. It's frightful to contemplate this avalanche of financial reckoning from all the States, embracing Custom-House, Army and Navy affairs, and all other business since our Government saw the light. There isn't room for it. Piles of accounts and well-worn ledgers encumber the landings and hallways. From the Treasury garret I was taken once more to the Treasury cellar. Here are the carpenters' and blacksmiths shops, for the Treasury makes all its own desks and pigeon holes and paints and varnishes them. But the chief anxiety was to show me the "macerator." The macerator was at work. The macerator is the mill wherein is ground to a soft, nasty pulp the called-in and condemned greenbacks. It grinds to utter paste and impossibility of recognition from $100,000 to $500,000 daily. It has a ten-horse power engine all to itself, and grinds about two hours daily. The money goes into a huge round cauldron-like hopper into which open three small dials secured by three separate locks. The obsequies of the condemned greenbacks are daily observed with a rigid and precise formality. Three separate United States Treasury officials, men of known trust, probity and honor, "highly respected by all who know them," carry the condemned bills to the sacrificial hopper, unlock the sacred doors, chuck them in, lock them up and carefully watch each other to see that none of this Government paper sticks to their clothing or to the tar on their heels. Then hot water is let on, and the cogs of the Government coffee mill rend the tens, hundreds and thousand dollar notes to atoms. You may look through a little window in the top of the hopper and see this process of liquidation going on. The engineer scooped up a handful of the ground up currency from a mass and put it near my nose and eyes for inspection. It is a nasty muck. Yet, since it has been money, one gazes at it with grief, curiosity and even respect. The Washington people get hold of this financial filth developed from rags, which after a circulation of years in greasy pockets and pocket-books, passing from dirty hands to dirtier, from den to dive, from disease infected clothing, hospitals and dead men's clothes, until it returns to its birthplace, whence once it started so crisp and clean, laden with every variety of infection, disease, small-pox, yellow fever, the plague, the itch, scrofula, consumption, battle, murder, sudden and slow death; they take this ground up filth, mold it into statutes, heads of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, or into the semblance of bird and animal, and keep these as household deities, to be reverenced, since they are made of money.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Graphic.*

Watering Horses.

There is, says the Michigan *Farmer*, a great diversity of opinion as to how often horses should be watered during a day, whether in summer or in winter. We have an article now before us, of a writer of some distinction as an agriculturist, who advocates frequent watering of work horses, as a renewer of the vigor of the animals. We cannot agree with him. We think both man and beast are generally watered too much. Men and horses at hard work in warm weather perspire just in proportion to the quantity of fluids taken into the stomach. Frequent drinking in hot weather, according to our experience, emasculates instead of refreshes. Some years ago, being at Cape May, in driving out in one of the stand-coaches of the place, on a very hot day, we asked the driver how it was that his horses perspired so little, while the horses of private carriages, going at a slower speed, were covered with foam. He replied that he watered his horses three times a day only, though he sponged their mouths frequently; while the private drivers watered their horses whenever they stopped. He said, and it seemed to us very sensible, that the frequent watering of horses effected no good purpose, while it made them very uncomfortable and lethargic. Horses, no matter what their work was, did not need watering oftener than three times a day. Our own experience with horses all our life is to the same effect.

The Transmission of Scarlet Fever by Milk.

A report has been issued by the Local Government Board on a sudden outbreak of scarlet fever at Fallowfield, near Manchester, England. The outbreak included thirty-five persons, belonging to eighteen families, and of the individuals who suffered not less than twenty-four were attacked within thirty-six hours, between Sunday morning and Monday evening. Dr. Airy was directed by the Local Government Board to investigate this outbreak, and the results of his investigation are, says the *Lancet*, given in the report now before us. The outbreak was quite local, and the different details elicited tended to the general result that the infection had been distributed to the families through the agency of a particular milk supply. The facts bearing on this point do not well admit of any other interpretation. The question of the mode in which the milk could have become infected was not so fully cleared up, but it is shown that one of the milkers on the dairy farm lodged in a farmhouse where scarlet fever was present at the time when the milk presumably became infected, and it is suggested that the infection was communicated to the milk, in some way undetermined but not inconceivable, through his agency. The report throughout is of very considerable interest, and forms an important contribution to our knowledge of the *mechanism*, if we may so write, of certain of the observed phenomena marking the progress of infectious diseases.

Big and Strange Teeth.

R. Miller, of Rapid City, Dakota, who is a professional fossil-hunter, was in Deadwood last week with four enormous teeth. The theatre of his search is in that section of the bad lands lying east of and between the Sidney and Fort Pierre crossings of the Cheyenne River. The jaw bone from which the teeth referred to were taken was about four feet in length, and from the character of the molars and incisors it is thought the animal was of the carnivorous species. The teeth diminish in size as they approach the front extremity of the mouth. There were two tusks between six and seven inches in length protruding from each jaw. Its short teeth were in every respect similar to a dog's, but on a grander scale. The head sported two large horns, located below the eyes. The entire petrified remains were there intact, but, the larger portion of them being imbedded in rock, no effort was made to exhume them. During a recent visit to that section he found a petrified turtle, natural as life, that weighed over 100 pounds, but owing to its weight he was unable to bring it in. This section, he says, is alive with petrified specimens of pre-historic reptiles and animals.—*Black Hills Times.*

Monster Vampire from Asia.

In a store in Summit street may be seen an animal the like of which but few people in Toledo have ever seen. It is a monster South Asian vampire, the much-dreaded "blood-sucker" of that country. This rare creature, perhaps the only living specimen of the kind in this country, is about one and a half feet long, has a pair of piercing black eyes which shine like diamonds, a double row of sharp teeth, similar to those of the weasel, and its powerful wings when stretched its full length measure two and a half feet from point to point. The vampire hangs suspended from a bar in the center of its cage by a pair of formidable claws, and when in repose resembles a closed umbrella. Its body is covered with a comfortable coat of brown fur, while its beautifully proportioned head, which has a remarkable similarity to that of a diminutive black-and-tan terrier dog, is surmounted by a pair of large shell-shaped ears. This strange creature is almost totally blind during the day, but at night its little eyes twinkle with astonishing brilliancy. The vampire is kept in a temperature of about seventy degrees, in order to conform as nearly as possible with the climate of his native home.—*Toledo (Ohio) Commercial.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

PERSEVERE.

The world thou seek'st to know
Is often dark and drear;
Shadows around may fall,
But persevere!

The hill thou climb'st is high,
The prize is great and near;
Write "duty" on thy heart,
And persevere!

The road is smooth to all
Who have a conscience clear;
Walk wisely on thy path
And persevere!

Be firm! If fortune fails
Life's burdens do not fear;
Go forth with manly pride,
And persevere!

Few fail who seek to win,
None stray who rightly steer.
Thine is the prize if thou
Wilt persevere!

Around the darkest storm
The sun's bright beams appear.
With light and hope for all
Who persevere!

The world's temptations scorn;
Let others wealth revere.
Be strong in right, detest the wrong,
And persevere!

Then, when life's twilight fades,
The thought will give the cheer
That thou in trials passed
Did'st persevere!

—*Evening Post.*

THE 'SQUIRE'S WOOING.

'Squire Kimhall the widower, was in his strawberry-bed pulling up weeds, when Lucy Keene came down the road, that beautiful June morning; and he was just throwing an armful over the fence, when he caught sight of her, as she turned the corner. The sun-bonnet she wore was exactly like the one he remembered to have seen her mother wear five-and-twenty years ago; and he remembered, too, as he looked at this one, and the fresh, rosy face under it, how that one made his heart flutter, the first time he saw it, and how he was so bewitched by it or the face under it—he hardly knew which, for sunbonnet and wearer were equally bewitching, it seemed to him—that he had walked home with Hester Mason, and had hard work to keep from proposing to her.

He wondered now, and he had wondered many times in the five-and-twenty years gone by, why he had never proposed to her. He had meant to marry her, and he was sure she liked him in the old days, but—and he always thought of it with a sigh—something had come between them, and she had married Robert Keene, and he had married his cousin Mary. Fate must have had something to do with it he concluded. As he looked at Hester's daughter, the old fire stirred under the dust and ashes of the dead years and he felt a little flame springing up in his heart.

"Good-morning," Lucy, he said, leaning across the fence.

"O!" exclaimed Lucy, with a little start. "I didn't think any one was near, and you almost scared me. Isn't it pleasant? I told mother it was so nice out of doors that I couldn't stay in the house."

"Yes, it is pleasant," answered the 'Squire, looking straight into her pretty face. "How is your mother, Lucy?"

"O, she's well," answered Lucy. "What splendid strawberries you are going to have! The meddlesome hens got into our garden, and mother says she don't think we'll have a pailful of berries."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the 'Squire. "Now you just tell your mother she's welcome to all she wants out of my patch. She can have 'em just as well as not. There's goin' to be a sight more'n we want, and I don't like to have 'em wasted."

"I'll tell her, and I know she'll be delighted with the chance," answered Lucy. "You know she's such a hand to make strawberry preserves!"

"Yes, I do," said the 'Squire, thinking of old times. "And I remember that she used to beat all the old housekeepers, too. They used to say she had a knack of making strawberry jam, that they couldn't get hold of."

"She hasn't lost it yet," laughed Lucy. "She'll be glad to have you come to tea, sometime, and try some she made last year."

"I will," said the 'Squire. "Le'mme see! To-day's Wednesday. Tell her I'll come over Saturday, if it's agreeable; and I guess the berries'll be ripe, so I can pick a pailful by that time. If they are, I'll bring over some."

"Thank you," said Lucy. "We'll expect you to tea, Saturday, then."

"Yes," answered the 'Squire, feeling very much as he used to when her mother smiled at him. "I had a letter from Charley, yesterday. He's coming home in a day or two, to stay."

"That'll be pleasant—for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick a daisy. How could he see the blush behind the sun-bonnet? If he had, it might have set him thinking.

"Yes, it will," responded the 'Squire. "Charley's a good boy, and I get pretty lonesome without him. I wish he'd take it into his head to settle down."

"I must be going," said Lucy. "Don't disappoint us, now."

"I won't," answered the 'Squire, and then she went on, and he went back to pulling weeds.

"I suppose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, by and by, "but folks do such foolish things as that would be. I don't know as it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy, and she's willin', I'm going to do it;" and the 'Squire looked about defiantly, as if he half expected somebody to object to it.

Charley came home that afternoon.

"I suppose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking about," thought the 'Squire. "I declare, I hate to! I'd sooner take a horse-whipping, but there is no use of dreading it and putting it off, as I know of. The sooner it's done with, the better."

Accordingly when they were sitting on the piazza, after tea, he began to break the news:

"I—I've been thinking some lately, of getting a housekeeper," he stammered, growing very red in the face.

"Doesn't aunt Sarah want to stay," asked Charley, unsuspectingly.

"I—I meant—ahem!—a housekeeper of—of *another kind!*" explained the 'Squire, explosively, wiping his face very energetically, after the completion of the difficult sentence.

"I think I begin to understand," said Charley, in great surprise. "May I ask who it is?"

"It's—it's—down the road!" answered the 'Squire, choking considerably over the words, and jerking his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction of the widow Keene's.

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better if you hunted the world over."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said his father, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—as a member of the family."

"I haven't the least objection to such an arrangement," answered Charley, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Thank the Lord that's over with," said the 'Squire, drawing a long breath, as Charley strolled off down the path in the twilight. "That's a sensible boy. I wonder, now, that he never took a fancy to Lucy. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, but I don't care. She aint the first one that's married a man old enough to be her father."

While he sat there and thought the matter over, Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, and seemed to understand perfectly well how matters stood between them. What he told her after that, is none of your business, nor mine, though I am quite sure it had something to do with Lucy's being "one of the family."

About four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 'Squire, in his best coat, and with a pail of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening the door to her visitor. He could not help thinking that her face was almost as fair as it had been twenty-five years ago, as she welcomed him in.

"Here's some strawberries," he said, presenting his gatherings. "Lucy said the hens played mischief with yours."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you," said the widow. "If I have anything that you'd like, I hope you'll say so."

The 'Squire wanted to say he'd like her daughter, but concluded he wouldn't just then. By that time he was in the sitting-room. Who should he see there, but Charley, holding worsted for Lucy to wind, and seeming very much at home.

"I—I didn't expect to see you here," he stammered.

"I was fortunate enough to get an invitation to tea, too," answered Charley. "You kept it pretty sly; but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of the strawberry preserves."

Then Lucy and Charley tried hard to look very demure, and failed, and finally got to laughing. The 'Squire felt his face growing uncomfortably warm.

"Just see what he brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll hull some, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember you used to be rather fond of shortcake, a good many years ago," she said to the 'Squire, and smiling till a dimple showed itself in each check.

"I know what you're thinkin' of," responded he. "That was a little the best shortcake I ever came across, Hester;" and they both laughed over the recollection of some pleasant event in by-gone years. Then Lucy and her mother went to the kitchen, and the 'Squire and his son were left together.

"I—I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley, with a little blush.

"What!" The 'Squire felt hot and cold by turns. "I—I don't understand!"

"You know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," explained Charley. "I suppose from that, that you understood Lucy and I intended to be married, sometime. We've talked it over and it's all settled."

The 'Squire was speechless, for the space of a minute. What he thought in that length of time could not be condensed into a page of this paper. "I hope you'll be happy," he managed to say, very faintly, at last.

Just then the widow came in. "I've got the cake baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd hull the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play lady. So I came."

Charley concluded he could hull strawberries, too, and slipped out into the kitchen. The 'Squire had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy he'd have her mother. Come to think it all over, it was a great deal better that way. He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of marrying a girl of twenty, and he fifty. Ridiculous! The widow talked about this and that; but his mind seemed to be wandering—so much so, that his replies were hardly appropriate at times. "What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time." A happy thought came to him, as he cast about for words to express his desire. "Hester," cried he, very suddenly, and with the energy of desperation, "you said if you had anything I'd like I was welcome to it. I want you!"

"Why, 'Squire Kimball!" cried the widow, blushing so rosily, that he felt sure she was prettier than her daughter.

"Yes, I want you," he said waxing bolder. And then he told her the most outrageous fib: "I came over on purpose to tell you so. I hope you haven't any objections."

When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to tell them supper was ready, 'Squire Kimball rose up, blushing like a girl, and said: "This is your mother, Lucy," pointing to the widow.

"Yes, I knew that a long time ago," answered Lucy, laughing.

"Goodness, what a blunder!" cried the 'Squire. "I meant this is Mrs. Kimhall, or goin' to be."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and kissed the delighted 'Squire plump on the mouth.

"And you may give me another, for your father-'n-law, while you're about it," he laughed.

"One'll answer for both," said Lucy archly.

And then the 'Squire gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry five-and-twenty years before, and led her out to tea, perfectly satisfied with the way things had turned out. And so were all the others. And, being in a happy frame of mind, the strawberry preserves and shortcake were properly appreciated, I am confident.—*Eben E. Rexford.*

A Droll Dilemma.

If a man's actual existence should not be accepted as evidence of his having been born, it would be very difficult for him to prove it otherwise. But in Germany, if an American could not establish his birth in some other way than by his existence, he would be in a very absurd or even in a very pitiful condition. The American infant usually announces his own birth in an unmistakable manner. But still Austria is not satisfied without an official certificate of the self-evident fact. An American gentleman and his wife, living in Vienna with their young family, were compelled to send home for certificates of the birth of their children, that they might be admitted to school.

An American mother in Leipsic, whose daughter was about to be married in that city, learned to her amazement that the Government would not permit the marriage to take place until the mother could prove by a properly attested certificate that her daughter had been born. Nor was this all. Her only son and support, a youth of twenty, was ordered into the army, and he pleaded in vain that he was an American citizen, born in New York. The authorities demanded the birth record, and the despairing mother wrote to New York and a certificate was sent to her. But another American mother in an Austriau village could not procure documentary evidence that her daughter had been legally born, and the girl was refused admittance to the school.

It is estimated that there are a hundred such cases every year. They occur chiefly, of course, among families of German descent, and they make the Bureau of Vital Statistics a very important office for that class of American citizens. The German laws upon the subject are very stringent, and they are essential to a perfect census. Our own system has been less exact, but we see with pleasure that Mr. Fiske, of Richmond County, has introduced a bill in the New York Legislature, which has been favorably reported, which provides that a registry of marriages, births and deaths shall be made at the clerk's office in every town and village, the expense to be a county charge. Under such a law, it will be every American's fault, wherever he may be, if he cannot prove by the most satisfactory evidence that he was born.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Postage Stamps.

The question of a correspondent who wishes to know when postage stamps first came into use in the United States, recalls recollections of one of the most hotly contested battles for public welfare and convenience ever fought in the United States. In Great Britain the entire change in the rates of postage, and the improved facilities for the prompt transmission and delivery of letters, proposed by Rowland Hill, went into operation in 1840. Penny postage across the Atlantic stood at once in strong contrast with the rates charged in the United States, where it cost six and a quarter cents to send a single letter not over thirty miles, between thirty to eighty miles, ten cents; between eighty and one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and a half cents; over one hundred and fifty and less than four hundred miles, eighteen and three-quarter cents; four to five hundred miles, twenty cents, and over five hundred miles, twenty-five cents. These rates were for a single piece of paper. Each additional piece added one rate, and a letter that weighed one ounce was made to pay four rates.

Every year when Congress met its table was loaded with petitions for cheap postage. State Legislatures were induced to pass resolution after resolution in favor of a reduction, and a partial reform was effected in 1845, against the earnest opposition of many who held that as the Post-office Department was not self-sustaining at these high rates, a reduction would result in its becoming a heavy charge upon the Government.

The partial measures of 1845 only whetted the desire of the people for a wholesale reduction, and the agitation continued until March, 1851, when a law was passed by Congress reducing the rates to three cents on letters weighing not more than half an ounce, and carried not more than 3,000 miles, if the postage was prepaid. If not prepaid the rate was five cents for a half ounce; and these rates were to be increased according to the weight, as at present.

To facilitate the prepayment of this postage, the Postmaster-General was directed to prepare and furnish Deputy Postmasters for sale to the public, "suitable stamps of the denomination of three cents." It was left optional to use a stamp, or to pay the three cents at the Post-office, and, as a further facility for such prepayment, the same bill provided for the coinage of a three cent piece—the forerunner of a long series of "fish-scale" money. The three-cent piece came into favor at first, however, being voted "decidedly neat and tasty," which, perhaps, it was compared with the broad and cumbrous copper cents, for which in a measure it furnished a convenient substitute.

The three cent pieces and the three cent stamps were ready for delivery by the time the new law took effect on July 1st, 1851.

When the first reduction was passed in 1845, the pieces of mail matter annually handled in the United States numbered about twenty-nine millions; the beneficial effect of the many reforms of which it was the harbinger may be imagined from the fact that thirty years afterwards the number of letters and pieces of transient matter handled in Boston alone was thirty-nine millions, or one-third more than the whole postal business of the country a generation earlier.

Now, in the free-delivery cities alone, eighty-eight in number, more than eight hundred and ten millions of pieces of mail matter are handled annually, while the postal-car clerks handle nearly three billions of pieces of mail matter in the course of a year. In New York City, in a single week, 7,193,290 pieces passed through the hands of the post-office people, and the Government in 1879 paid for the carriage of more than thirty millions of *pounds* of mail matter by railroad. These figures give some idea, but by no means a full one, of the results which have flowed from the revolution begun when postage stamps came into existence in this country.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A Stirring Appeal.

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF WISCONSIN EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
MILWAUKEE, Feb. 20.

To Senators and Members of Congress:

It becomes my painful duty to address you a few lines, and if you will pay attention and allow the ideas herein advanced to gently enter your several systems without the aid of a surgical operation or a shotgun, it will be a cussed sight more than we have a right to expect. At the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Editors and Publishers' Association held last June at Oshkosh, after the members had been formally admitted to the Insane Asylum, they passed the following whereases and resolutions, between free lunches and picnics, and made me the humble instrument of torture to bring the aforesaid whereases and resolutions to your attention:

WHEREAS, The type foundries of the United States have formed a combination for the purpose of imposing such terms and regulations as they choose upon trade; and

WHEREAS, They have been and are using their organizations to the great disadvantage and injury of their patrons, the printers and publishers of the country; and

WHEREAS, The ordinary and permanent difficulties in the way of obtaining type from foreign countries are such as to afford ample protection to American type foundries without the addition of the safeguard of a tariff; therefore,

Resolved, That the just interests of the printers and publishers of the United States require that the tariff on type metal and type be removed.

Resolved, That the representatives of Wisconsin in Congress are urgently requested to use their influence and efforts to secure a speedy abolition of such tariff.

Now that you have read the resolutions, it is a supposable case that you will feel that your next duty is to throw them into the waste-basket. In the name of forty million people, be the same mere or less, I ask you not to lose your cud, but ruminate, as it were, and think over the highway robbery that is being practiced upon your unsophisticated constituents by the type founders, who are foundering the newspapers. As it is now they stand in the entrance of the editorial sanctum and take the money that comes in on subscriptions, and only allow the publisher the cordwood and farm produce. By the protection your alleged honorable body affords them in the way of tariff, they grapple the throat of every newspaper in America, and say, "Keno," while the newspaper publisher can only return his chips to the dealer and say "O, dash it!" Every article that is used by a newspaper man, except second-hand ulster overcoats and liver, is protected by a tariff that makes the cold chills run up his spine.

Another thing that the Association did not pass any resolutions about, but which they probably will at the next meeting, if there are enough of them left outside of the poor-house to meet before they meet on that beautiful shore, is the recent action of the manufacturers of paper, who are endeavoring to screw down the lid of the newspaper coffin which the type-founders are preparing for the grave. In the last three months, by their own sweet will, they have run the price of paper up almost one hundred per cent. There is nothing to prevent them from doing it, as foreign-manufactured paper is kept out of the country by the tariff. Every article that goes into the construction of rag-paper, except basswood, sweat and water, has a tariff on it. The soda, asafœtida and blue-mass, or whatever is used to deodorize undershirts and cast-off drawers so that they will smell good in a newspaper, has a corn on it in the shape of a tariff, so that the paper-manufacturing, three-card monte chaps have an excuse to bleed newspapers to the last drop. What the newspapers want, and they believe it is not an unreasonable demand, is the removal of the tariff on type, on rags, on paper, and on all chemicals used in the manufacture of paper. In a tariff on rags (if there is no tariff on rags you had better put one on, unless you remove the tariff on the rest of the stuff; if a tariff is a good thing you can't have too much of it), for instance, whom do you protect? Nobody but gutter-snipe rag-pickers and old maids who save up rags to buy snuff, and tin peddlers who trade tin dippers and skimmers occasionally for a flour sack full of bad-smelling rags. Are the rag-pickers and old maids your principal constituents?

The newspapers of the country believe that they are entitled to some consideration at your hands. They are in many instances the instruments through which many of you have attained the positions you now hold, and they never have got much of anything from you except Patent Office reports and agricultural documents. They have sat up nights for you, and done dirty work that may bar them out of all participation in the chariot races in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and now they demand that you protect them from the ravages of the type-founding and paper-making grasshoppers, before it is everlastingly too late.

Not being one of the "dashed literary fellers" so touchingly alluded to by the great Senator Simon Cameron, this epistle to you Corinthians may be a little raw, and not as polished as it should be, but it tries to represent the feelings of the newspaper men of Wisconsin in language that the wayfaring man, though a diabolical idiot, can understand, and it means business. The newspapers are desperate, and, while they don't want to go on the war-path, they feel that they have been burdened about enough by the different tribes of beneficiaries of the Government. If you great men will pass a bill to give us relief you will strike it rich, and don't you forget it. Yours, about mad enough,

GEORGE W. PECK,
President Wisconsin Editors and Publishers' Association.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—To neutralize the sting of a gnat or mosquito rub the part affected with a little cerumen; that is, the wax of the ear.

—An effort is making to secure telegraphic communication between Paris and the principal cities of France by a system of underground wires.

—We hear sound furthest just before a storm, when the atmosphere is lightest. Two reasons are given for this phenomenon: one is, that the air being moist, has more than its normal conducting power; the other is that the low lying strata of clouds confine the sounds to the earth.

—The *Illustrirte Zeitung* gives the following statistics concerning the telegraphic wires of the world: Those of Europe measured at the close of 1878, 768,786 English miles; those of America, 114,157; Asia, 24,521; Astralia, 23,582, and Africa, 8,148. The telegraphic net that embraces the world comprises, therefore, 980,170 English miles, or 1,513,683 kilometres.

—The vaunted superiority of English over American steel rails does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Of the American rails laid on the Pennsylvania Railroad and used from 1868 to 1878, but 6.26 per cent. were removed in that period. Of the English rails laid from 1864 to 1876, when their purchase ceased, 16-27 per cent. were renewed. On the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Line, American and foreign rails seem to wear about equally well.

—A few days ago a man was digging in the earth near Norwalk, Conn., when he came upon what he supposed from its worn, corrugated appearance, to be an old six-pound cannon-ball. On taking it to town, it was decided by a gentleman familiar with such matters to be a genuine ærolite, composed largely of magnetic iron, and probably of recent origin. At the suggestion of a bystander, the operator at a telegraph office attached the wires of his battery to it so as to form a circuit, when it instantly threw out a shower of sparks and gave forth a loud humming sound, similar to that heard in a planing-mill. The specimen is to be sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

—It is a great convenience to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Shellbark hickory is regarded as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel for house purposes as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 92; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; appletree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 54; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. It is worth bearing in mind that in wood of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil on which they grow. A tree that grows on a wet, low, rich ground will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and, therefore, of a less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on a dry poor soil. To the ordinary purchaser oak is oak, and pine is pine, but for house use the tree grown on dry upland, and standing apart from all others, is worth a great deal more.

—The vast cavities in the sun which we call "spots" are not solid things, but rather rents in that bright cloud surface of the sun which we call photosphere, and through which we can look down to lower regions. Their shape may be rudely likened to a funnel with sides at first slowly sloping and then suddenly going down into the central darkness. This central darkness has itself gradations of shade, and cloud forms may be seen there obscurely glowing with a reddish tinge far down its depths, but we never see any solid bottom, and the hypothesis of a habitable sun far within the hot surface is not utterly abandoned. It has been observed that portions of the bright general surface of the sun have been drawn into a spot, much as any floating thing would be drawn into a whirlpool, and then, though the surface portion may occupy by measurement over 3,000,000 miles in area, completely break up and change so as to be unrecognizable in less than twenty minutes. These observations show that the actual motion must be rapid almost beyond conception, a speed of from twenty to fifty miles a second being of a common occurrence and very often exceeded.

Food-Adulteration in Congress.

A bill has been introduced in Congress by the Committee on Manufactures which should receive the immediate, cordial and unanimous support of all members who are opposed to fraud, and who have any regard for the sanitary condition of the American people. Its purpose is to prevent the sale of adulterated food in the District of Columbia and the Territories, the importation thereof from foreign countries, and its transportation from one State to another. These terms seem to cover the jurisdiction of the General Government, and, if strictly enforced, they would go far toward suppressing general traffic in impure and poisonous articles. At all events, the successful operation of a general law of this kind would reduce the manufacture and sale of adulterated food in every case to a contracted territory, and thus enable the State and local Government to suppress it.

The report made by the Committee which proposed the bill contained startling evidence of the utter indifference to life and health which is shown by the manufacturers and dealers. Out of six packages of coffee bought up haphazard in Baltimore, it was discovered that more than half of the beans were artificially colored with poisonous dye. A large proportion of Prussian blue found in a microscopic examination tea, and in some of it but a faint suspicion of tea-dust to give it the requisite odor. Chloride of tin is a common poison used in the adulteration of sugars and sirups. It is estimated that 90,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine were made in this country in 1878, which almost invariably contained living organisms and the germs of disease. Nearly all liquors are "doctored" with strong and poisonous acids. In almost all articles of commerce the practice of adulteration has become general and public. Manufacturers and dealers who would prefer to be honest are either deceived or claim that they are forced to make and sell adulterated articles for the same reason that the distillers claimed they were compelled to defraud the Government of its tax during the existence of the Whisky Ring—viz: In order to compete with the trade.

It is lamentable that people should have become so habituated and hardened to the practice of adulteration. It is now considered no more vicious or reprehensible than it is to cheat the Government. Yet it is an individual menace to life and health every time the sale of a poisonous article is made, as well as a gross fraud upon the purchaser. Every man guilty of deliberately swindling in weight, measure, or quality—selling as genuine an article which he knows to be spurious—ought to be made to suffer in pocket and in person for the offense. A heavy fine and imprisonment, gauged by the possible damage of the poison distributed, should be attached to the manufacture and sale of adulterated food for man or beast. The General Government can undoubtedly control the traffic to a considerable extent by some such measure as is now proposed, and it is responsible to the people to the extent of its powers. The very essence of Government is to protect the masses from imposition, frauds and outrages against person and property.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Secret of a Wall.

The old Nicholson mansion in West Baltimore street is in process of demolition, to make room for the new German Savings Bank. The workmen were yesterday tearing down a thick wall between an old fireplace and a stairway leading from the first to the second story. This brickwork had the appearance of being a portion of the main wall, but the workmen discovered that it was entirely unconnected with the wall of the building. It was six feet high and nearly square. The men began at the top, loosening the bricks with pickaxes. Suddenly one of the pickaxes penetrated a vault in the brickwork, the bricks fell in, and a rush of foul air filled the room. The vault was in form like the section of a sewer, two feet high, four and a half feet long, and closed at both ends. In the vault were several human bones. The work of tearing down the brickwork was continued, and another vault was opened—a counterpart of the first—in which were other bones. The wall above the vaults was built in the most substantial manner. Flint cement instead of mortar was used, and apparently every precaution was taken to prevent the presence of the vaults being betrayed by any hollow sound.

The bones were examined by a physician, and he pronounced them the skeletons of a woman and a babe. They were in a position that indicated that they were lying where they fell when the flesh dropped off from them. The air coming to them caused them to soon crumble to dust.

The mansion was built in 1802, by a man named Phillips, and expert builders are of the opinion that the vaults were constructed shortly afterward. It was in possession of a family named McCoy for several years prior to 1841, when it was sold to the late J. J. Nicholson, the well-known banker. He lived in it many years, several of his children having been born there. It was subsequently occupied by a slave-dealer named Grimes, and the room in which the vaults were built was used as a slave prison. Several of the negroes died of suffocation and exhaustion, and the remonstrances of neighbors caused Grimes to move away. The vaults were in the house before the slave-dealer occupied it, for a son of Mr. Nicholson says that the heavy wall was there when his father took possession of the mansion. It is believed that some early tenent caused the vaults to be built for the purpose of burying evidences of a double murder.—*Baltimore Letter.*

Where the Witness Was.

A perplexing answer was given by a witness during the trial of the case of the State against Barrett, in the Superior Court. Colonel Lester, of counsel for defendant, asked the witness if he was present at the shooting (which, as is known, occurred on the pavement in front of the Screven House, the day after the Jasper Centennial), who replied that he was. Colonel Lester, proceeding with his questions, asked if he was in the hotel at the time, and again the witness answered, "No, he was not." Then came the question, "Were you outside of the hotel at the time?" and again the witness answered, "No, he was not." At this stage of the proceedings the venerable Judge Fleming, adjusting his spectacles, addressed the witness thus: "How is it possible that you were neither inside nor outside of the hotel, and yet you say that you were present at the shooting? You surely must have been either inside or outside of it—that is certain." The witness, with a twinkle in his eye and a knowing smile about the corners of his mouth, quietly replied: "You see, Judge, I was seated on a four-legged stool, two legs of which were inside the door and two legs were resting on the pavement, so that I was neither inside of the house nor outside of it." The Judge, with a sigh of relief, settling himself back in his chair, said: "I see how it was possible now, but I was greatly puzzled until you explained. Proceed with your questions, Colonel Lester."—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

—The enormous consumption of timber for railway ties gives to any method for preventing decay a special interest. It was stated, in a paper lately read before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, that ties permeated with creosote which had been in use in England for twenty-two years were still in as good condition as when first laid down. Creosoted piles driven at Portsmouth, England, forty-two years ago, were now as good above as below the waterline, and have outlasted sixteen sets of unprepared wood cut from the same timber and used in the same work. These facts would seem to establish the economy of creosoting railway ties beyond all question.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

Legislative Proceedings.

Mr. Wilson, of Garrett was appointed an additional member to the Select Committee on Fish Ways on the Potomac.

The bill entitled an Act to repeal section 28, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session of 1878, entitled an Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," and to re-enact the same with amendments, providing for the payment of mileage to Return Judges of Elections, was read a third time and passed.

The bill entitled an Act to repeal and re-enact, with amendments, sec. 19, of chapter 108, of the acts of 1878, entitled an Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oath in certain cases, was read a third time, and passed.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Garrett, leave was granted to the Committee on Ways and Means to introduce a bill entitled an Act to appropriate to the use of the Public Schools of Garrett county, $4,600, amount withheld from said county in the years 1877, 1878, 1879 and 1880, on account of the inability of said county to comply with the provisions of law requiring the schools to be kept open seven and a half months in each year.

The bills to regulate the sale of liquors in Garrett county, and to give Garrett county equal educational privileges with other counties, were passed finally.

An Act to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Garrett county to refund to Emil F. Droege, ninety-two dollars and sixteen cents, county taxes paid in error by him in the years 1876, 1877 and 1878, was approved by the Governor Friday of last week.

An Act to repeal section 23, chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly, at January Session, 1878, entitled an Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," and re-enact the same with amendments, extending the time for killing deer in said county, and giving permission to run wounded deer with dogs, was read the third time, and passed.

An Act to amend chapter 108, of the Acts of 1878, entitled an Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett County," by adding thereto a section, to be known as "Section 20 B," providing for the appointment of Road Supervisors by the County Commissioners, was read the third time, and passed.

An Act to make valid and effectual the official acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District of Garrett county, Maryland, was read the third time, and passed.

The Chicago *Times* has published the results of an inquiry into the present condition of the winter wheat section of Illinois, the acreage devoted to the crop, and other particulars of interest. It is shown that the acreage planted has been increased from 2,131,336, to 2,657,227, more than 500,000 acres. The condition of the crop is promising, and should it escape uninjured from the wintry weather yet to come, the yield will be fully 50 per cent. greater than last year. The advices from Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, are all favorable. In Nebraska a dearth of snow leads to an apprehension that there will be a short crop. The wheat-growing sections of Wisconsin have been visited by a series of storms that causes much anxiety. Taken altogether, the increase in yield in the eleven states named will be about 60 per cent.

The Democrats are receiving some interesting news from Maine. Besides the elections there, which have been discouragingly against them, the investigation of their action by the Legislative Committee exposes some of the most disgraceful proceedings ever deliberately entered upon by any organization of men.

Monday the Senate in executive session confirmed the nomination of Edward A. Gittinger to be supervisor of census for the Third district of Maryland.

The State Judiciary.

The question has been raised whether there is a causus ommissus in the constitution to warrant the passage of the pending bill providing for the election of judges in place of those whose terms will expire in 1882. On the one hand it is contended that there is no omission in the constitution, but that, on the contrary, it provides for appointment of judges for two years until the succeeding general election. The present judges were elected in November, 1867. They hold their offices under section 3 of article 4 of the constitution, for the term of fifteen years from the time of their election, *and until their respective successors are elected and qualified*, or until they shall respectively attain the age of seventy years, whichever may first happen. It is plain, then, that under this provision the Governor can never appoint a successor to a judge whose term has expired, because by the very terms of the section referred to the judges whose terms have expired hold over until their successor are elected and qualified. What is meant, then, by the fifth section of the same article, which provides that upon the expiration of the term of a judge elected in 1867 the Governor shall appoint a person qualified to fill the office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when his successor shall be elected? It is considered to be clearly necessary to construe these two provisions so that they shall both be operative. If this is so, is it not clear, therefore, that the power of the Governor to appoint upon the expiration of a term refers only to those cases in which the term of the judge has ended because of his attaining the age of seventy years within the fifteen years of his term, or by his death, resignation, removal or disqualification within such term?

The case of the election of a judge to succeed one whose term has actually expired is not provided for in the constitution, and it is certainly in the power of the General Assembly to prove methods for maintaining the due succession of judges which the constitution contemplates. It would be a grave error to omit this precaution unless the General Assembly desires to prepare the way for a conflict between claimants to judicial offices.

While one constitutional amendment in regard to the judiciary has been laid in the tomb another is in prospective. The Senate has indefinitely postponed the bill to make the Court of Appeals migratory. Senator Brattan is preparing another Amendment to return to the constitutional provision of 1851, giving one judge for each circuit except Baltimore city where the courts will be the same, and providing for six Court of Appeals judges, divested of circuit duty, five of the members of the court to be taken from the counties and one from Baltimore city, the Governor by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to designate the chief judge. The bill will necessitate change of the circuits. It is believed that there is a strong desire to simplify the judiciary system of the State, but as there are six or seven other constitutional amendments pending, and the time of the Legislature, is so short now, it is very doubtful if there will be any tinkering of the constitution.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Compliments to the Press.

In an Irish relief meeting at Utica, N. Y., on Tuesday night, Rev. Edward Terry, in the course of an eloquent appeal for the distressed country "whose rags could not be touched without disclosing the wounds they barely hid," paid a high compliment to the press for its distinguished and disinterested services in this humane cause. The press, he said, the fearless, fetterless, impartial press, the child of freedom, the hope of every State, which by its enterprise and enlightment had done so much to promote the progress of society, was foremost in its endeavors to urge on this great work of national benevolence. Its charity and energy had accomplished more than had been done by any other agencies. These praises are deserved, though the press does not need them to keep it at work in such a cause; but it is undoubtedly the case that the newspapers, by giving immediate and accurate information in regard to public and private distress, and by intelligently guiding and directing the measures for relief, have been able to accomplish more in the way of practical charity than has been effected of late years through any other sort of ministry. The power of the press in this direction involves high obligations, which it is truly to be hoped it will never lose sight of. In the United States Senate, on Monday last, Judge David Davis, of Illinois, likewise took occasion to pay some very handsome compliments to the press, and as Senators are, as a rule, rather chary of such things, (unless they get praise in exchange at the rate of about sixteen to the dozen,) what Mr. Davis said was quite noticeable. He presented a memorial from the leading newspapers of Chicago asking for the repeal of the present duty of 20 per cent. upon the valuation of foreign unsized paper, and a remission of the duties on type, soda-ash, and wood, straw, and other pulp used in the manufacture of paper. The propositions contained in the memoral seemed to the Senator to be both plain and just. The mass of incongruities and huge monopolies called the tariff could not, perhaps, be revised, as it ought to be, at the present session of Congress, but in exceptional cases amendments could and ought to be made, and the matters presented in the publishers petition constituted an exceptional case. These tariff exactions yielded the government no revenue, but they benefited the paper-makers combination and served as a pretext for unreasonable prices. The great city papers could stand this, perhaps, and take care of themselves under almost any condition of things, but the country papers felt the burden very severely, and they had a struggle to carry such an undeserved load. It was not wise nor proper for Congress to do anything to hamper the press, for, said Judge Davis, "it is one of the wonders attending the growth of our institutions. To make the press wholly independent and to widen its influence every restriction of unjust or unwise laws ought to be removed. In this history of the human race there is nothing comparable to this development of the press," the Senator said. "It is not only the bulwark of liberty, but it is the mighty popular instructor, more beneficent and wide-reaching than any other agency but the Christian religion, of which it is one of the main props. Complaint is made that this power is sometimes abused, and that we in public life are too often censoriously criticised. It will be a sad day for the republic when criticism upon the acts and speeches of Senators and Representatives shall be curbed, and a still sadder day when those acts and that speech cannot invite the sternest criticism. What food is to the body the press is to the mind. It has become a daily necessity and nourishment, from the home of the rich to the cabin of the pioneer on the plains." The point made by Judge Davis that only those flinch from censure who are conscious that they deserve it is true, and is the strongest testimony not only to the power of the press, but to the disinterested nature of its services to the public. No newspaper of any character criticises for the mere sake of abusing, but in order to point out evils which ought to be corrected. It chastises like a father, knowing that to spare the rod will spoil the child, and it has consequently acquired an authority and influence which are well-nigh paternal. Legislatures sometimes affect to despise this authority, but, like the prodigal son they soon come back again.

At the recent session of the Ohio Democratic Committee there was a good deal of lively talk, and at least one outbreak of virgin truth. A motion had been made that reporters be excluded, in order that there might be an unfettered exchange of views on the condition and needs of the party. One member remarked with considerable warmth that the Democracy had no secrets it would be ashamed to see in the newspapers. This excited the disgust of a Cleveland member, who sprang to the front with counterblast: "That will do very well to talk about, but I have come here to talk business. We can talk and blow about reforms and all sorts of good things, but the attempts at reform by the Democratic party for the past fifteen or sixteen years have been d——d flat failures. I don't believe in mincing matters, and I don't propose to have everything I may have to say given out by these newspaper reporters." The Committee, as soon as it could recover from this shock, voted to let the reporters remain, probably for the reason that they couldn't take away anything worse than they had already received.

The two biggest blunders of the Democrats at this session of Congress are the negro exodus investigation and the scheme to capture the public printing in the interest of the party. It is sharply remarked by the Boston *Herald* that "when a leader like Senator Bayard brings up a question of great public importance, upon which the party might make a determined stand, his suggestions are ignored; while Voorhees and men of his stamp can carry with them a majority in the support of almost any crack-brained scheme they may advance."

The Ways and Means committee in the Legislature has decided that the old State tax rate of eighteen and three-quarter cents cannot be lowered. Comptroller Keating was before the committee.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Special Correspondence to The Republican.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 23, 1880.

The majority and minority reports of the Kellogg Spofford case were presented to the Senate yesterday. As was expected, the majority report was simply a mass of carefully selected evidence from the file taken by Senator Hill's sub-Committee, during the last summer. Charges are made that are false, upon their face, and evidence is reported that has been broken down, and proved false time and again. The minority report is a good one, and presents the case in its true light. It shows up to the satisfaction of all the real cause of this prosecution of Senator Kellogg, and calls attention to the resolution of the Senate by which Senator Kellogg took his seat, passed by Democratic votes, that Kellogg was legally elected, and by a legal body, and stated in emphatic language that Spofford was not entitled to the seat. It is not only an example of Democratic inconsistency, but proves that no stone will be left unturned to make Congress so completely Democratic, that Republicans will not be able to prevent their scheme to capture the Presidency next fall.

It is rather amusing to hear the Democrats talk of an early adjournment at this late day. The chances are growing beautifully less and less. It is now almost the first of April, and as yet none of the more important appropriation bills have been considered, and the larger, such as the legislation and Sundry Civil bills, have not even been considered by the appropriation committee. It would puzzle a student of the proceedings of legislation bodies to tell just what the Forty-Sixth Congress has been doing the four months it has been in session. We all know what the Democrats have been trying to do, and we know to how little of success they have had. Mr. McMahon of the appropriations Committee says the Committee will be able to report bills as fast as the House is ready for them, but if this is so, why don't the Committee present the bills and urge immediate action upon them. That would, at least show a disposition on the part of the Committee to get to work, and would inspire the House to pass upon them. The Senate, which has the reputation of being the laziest of the two bodies, is, this session, ahead of the House, and is ready to go on with the bills as fast as the House sends them over. Discussion will be had this week upon the General award bill, and after that and the immediate deficiency bill are disposed of, the Senate will have to fall back upon its private calender. At best, viewed in any light, it is hard to see how Congress can get through its work before July or August. They might get through sooner, if the Democrats would behave, and stop trying to make political capital.

LOGAN.

A large meeting of Catholics was held in St. Paul, Minn., Monday, in answer to a letter from Father Nugent, of Liverpool, asking assistance in removing families from Ireland to some Catholic colony of Monville, Big Stone county, Minn. A collection of $606 was made, to be devoted to paying the expenses of twenty-five families to the colony named.

TELEGRAPHIC.

YOU KILL MY DOG, I KILL YOUR CAT

ANNAPOLIS, March 20.—Governor Hamilton will not be very hasty in sending to the Senate the appointment for State librarian. He evidently thinks he can afford to take as much time in appointing Mr. Magruder's successor as the Senate in confirming his nominee for adjutant general. It seems to be generally conceded that the Governor is not inclined to appoint to office any of those who were his enemies four years ago, though they may have been his friends in the last campaign. The leaders admit that he will do nothing to gratify or satisfy them. It is known that a short time before the appointments were made, and when the governor was considering whom to appoint, Mr. Gorman had an interview with him, and stated that he would not interfere in any minor appointment, but as a personal request asked that General Bond be retained as adjutant general and that Col. Scharf be appointed State librarian. Gov. Hamilton did not see proper to accede to either request. Mr. Colton would liked to have seen Joseph Thompson appointed to the office of police magistrate, but Mr. Thompson was given no office. The managers are of the opinion that, inasmuch as they had a share in Mr. Hamilton's nomination, he should have considered their wishes and consulted with them in regard to the appointments. They say that, tho' they opposed him four years ago, they were instrumental in his unanimous nomination last August, and think they have not been fairly treated by him. At present there is a continual conflict between the Governor and the leaders, and the bitter feeling manifested is frequently displayed. The various measures of legislation proposed by the managers are being opposed by the administration members, the leaders making all efforts to vest patronage in the hands of the Board of Public Works while the administration members are opposed to the curtailment of the powers of the executive. The publications in newspapers favored by the leaders and the cartoons exhibit the spirit existing between the two factions. The administration forces have been augmented in the tobacco inspection contests, in which the Hamilton men, with Republican reinforcements, have succeeded in all their efforts, and they expect to keep up the same majority during the remainder of the session. Charges are being made by one side against the other that the intention is to kill the bill, and to retain the present system in vogue. In this connection the question has arisen whether the tobacco inspectors now holding over on account of the failure of the Senate to confirm those appointed by Gov. Hamilton can be replaced. Those favoring the present tobacco inspectors claim that as they were not replaced March 1st, they will continue to serve for two years longer. But a large number of lawyers entertain a different opinion, and claim that the present incumbents hold over only until the appointment of their successors.

FIGHT OF FACTIONS.

ANNAPOLIS, March 20.—The fight of factions in the ranks of the Democracy of the State, which has heretofore been described in this correspondence, has culminated in open hostilities in the streets of the State Capital among the workers and adherents of the respective leaders. This was only the natural sequence of the battle planned and waged in secret among the leaders who are preparing to test their strength for the coming City Convention fight in Baltimore, and who, of course, are availing themselves of every agency from which they are likely to derive any benefit. The meeting of the legislature furnishes a good opportunity to those who have on their side the powers controlling legislation to thwart the plans of their opponents in future political contests, either by the distribution of patronage or the passage of legislative measures most likely to have a damaging effect on the other side. The contest for the supremacy in Baltimore city has been transferred from the shores of the Patapsco to the city on the Severn, and party feeling has been aroused. The fight for the Baltimore court clerkships divided those who formerly stood together shoulder to shoulder, and appropriated to themselves all the offices within the city; and the senatorial contest has separated those who worked in unity for the control of the State. One of the shrewdest politicians in the State has said that "political revenge is the sweetest revenge," and to this may probably be attributed the vindictive feeling of politicians against those with whom they formerly fought, to whom they owe their political existence, but against whom they are now arrayed for no other reason than that they opposed their elevation the last time, or disagreed with them in regard to the spoils of office. Mr. Gorman's election to the United States Senate has changed the political division lines of this State. Its influence can be noticed on every important measure of legislation. Those who worked for his elevation, either openly or in secret, may be seen around the halls and the lobbies of the State House, honored by legislators and sought by those who ask for favors. The friends of him who once sat in the gubernatorial chair, and held the political destinies of the State, are not so numerous as they were then—indeed, those who were his most ardent friends, and swore undying fealty to him, these are now his most bitter and vindictive foes. But politicians do not merely look to the present, but they know that there will be another day, and they are not slow to learn wisdom from experience. They know that those who are down to-day may be up to-morrow. Therefore, it is their policy to crush their opponents so that they will not be able to renew the fight against them. They are sometimes frightened at the dead body of Cæsar, and acting on the maxim that all is fair in politics as in love and war, they use the machinery within their control with the power of the car of Juggernaut to crush those who stand in their way and offer opposition to their future aspirations. The sceptre has departed from Senator Whyte and has gone into the hands of others, who will reward their friends and punish their enemies. The City Convention fight is at hand, and the members of the Convention, to be elected six weeks hence, will exercise some control over the election of their successors, who in turn will have influence in the contest for the nomination of members of the next legislature. There is apprehension that Governor Hamilton and Senator Whyte and those acting with them may strive for mastery in the next legislature, and build up a new party at the expense of those who are now in control, and therefore action must be taken to prevent it. It would not do to openly strike at the leaders, especially when the necessity of it is avoided by the character and business of some of their friends. Matters have changed within the last two years.

THE LEGISLATURE

ANNAPOLIS, March 22.—It may be authoritatively announced that an extra session of the legislature is not among the possible contingencies, unless, as heretofore stated in *The American*, the House decides to file articles of impeachment against Judge Pearre, in which event the Senate would sit as a high court of impeachment, and not as a legislative body. But in no event will the Governor call an extra session of the legislature for legislative business; and this, of course, settle all rumors regarding an extra session. It is understood that it is the opinion of the Governor that the sooner the two houses adjourn the better; that they have had plenty of time to mature and dispose of the various bills before them, and nothing would be gained by imposing upon the people the expenses which an extra session of the legislature would involve. There is no earnest desire to pass any reform measures to relieve the people, and the bills submitted at caucus dictation are in no respect an improvement on the old laws. The people of the state will agree with the Governor that the sooner the legislature adjourns the better it will be for the state. Time has been wasted in the beginning and the middle of the session which might have been profitably employed in the consideration of important acts of legislation. Plenty of reform bills were introduced in the first two weeks of the session, but action on these was delayed in committee until the last month, the caucus contributing its share in retarding legislation of this nature. The session expires by limitation two weeks from to-night, and unless there is a change of heart among the legislators in the next fortnight, the promises made in the high-sounding platform of the Democratic party will remain unfulfilled. Governor Hamilton, who was in Hagerstown Saturday and Sunday, returned to-day.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

LONDON, March 20.—The *Times* this morning, in an article on the Panama ship canal, says: "The Monroe doctrine, even in its most restricted shape, has never been admitted into the laws of nations. Certainly no such extreme interpretation has yet been attempted to be fastened upon it by Americans as it is made to bear in President Hayes' message to Congress and the resolution of the select committee of the House of Representatives. According to these two statements, had the Colombian confederation itself taken charge of the property the United States would have been justified in prohibiting the works. That the United States by furnishing the money should obtain a special right to watch over the safety and peaceful use of the new channel is what Europe, and particularly Great Britian, would most of all desire; but the world is entitled to ask the United States to make up their mind either to let M. de Lesseps do the thing himself with the resources at his command, or to charge themselves with the task."

CHINA DETERMINED ON WAR.

NEW YORK, March 19.—A special from St. Petersburg says: "I am in a position to state that Russia will decline to hold communications with the new Chinese Ambassador until his government has ratified the Livadia treaty, and I am also informed that the Chinese are already making inroads into Russian territory. The imbroglio grows daily more complicated. The Saint Petersburg press stands aghast at the sudden energy of a nation whose territory had come to be considered the natural prey of Russia. It is chagrined by the unusual civilities that are now being exchanged between the Hong Kong and Canton governments, by the unexpected change of front on the part of the English settlers in China with respect to Governor Hennesey's pro-Chinese policy, and by the friendly sentiments constantly expressed by Li Hung Chang toward the administration of Lord Beaconsfield. It finds significance in the attention which is now directed to the defences of Shanghai, where Gatling guns are being introduced and volunteers drilled, and the scattered residences of foreigners collected into a well armed centre. There is, indeed, no part of China from which grave news is not daily brought to trouble the ministry of the Czar, and to induce the belief that the course of Russian encroachment in Central Asia is at last to suffer a serious check."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Fresh Beef at J. A. Enlow's.

—Rev. B. Ison preached in the Methodist church Sunday night.

—If you want a good smoke, call at J. A. Enlow's.

—Miss Jennie Delawder was visiting at Portland this week.

—Splendid cakes and crackers at J. A. Enlow's.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—I am just opening a beautiful line of new spring goods; call and see them. J. A. ENLOW.

—The personal property of W. M. Coddington will be sold next Tuesday, at the Coddington Hotel.

—Rev. B. Ison has purchased the fine brick residence near the court house. The consideration was $2,500.

—Mr. John Shatzer is building an addition to his furniture establishment on Second street.

—The wages of the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad will be advanced April 1st to the rates paid in 1877.

—W. L. Rawlings, Esq., left Oakland Tuesday to take charge of the store recently purchased by him in Bloomington.

—W. P. Pritchard and Jno. Barnes will sell a lot of personal property to day, on the Barnes farm near Oakland, on the Hooppole road.

—Memoral day has been fixed. The 31st of May has been named for the decoration of Federal graves in all portions of the State.

—Drs. J. Lee McComas and E. H. Bartlett left for Frederick Tuesday to attend the session of the Grand Lodge Knights of Honor. They will return to-day.

—The canal tolls for coal on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal have been fixed for the season at 51 cents per ton, with 4 cents wharfage, making 55 cents in all—an increase of 15 cents over the tolls last year.

—A quantity of tomato plants, kept under shelter in a house in Cumberland, have been completely eaten up by grasshoppers. It is feared from this that the grasshoppers will be plenty during the coming summer.

—Business is beginning to look up again in the Bloomington region. The Empire mines, it is said, will soon start up, and coal will be run from their six foot vein. It is also rumored the Virginia mines, which have been idle several years, will be started up this spring.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Easter Communion service at 10½ o'clock. Preparatory service at 7½ o'clock Saturday evening. Also Communion service Easter Sabbath at Deer Park at 3½ o'clock P. M.

M. E. Church.—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. John M. Davis.

Stone Church.—Preaching Sunday night at 7½ o'clock by the pastor.

Oyster Supper.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church will have an Oyster and Ice Cream Supper in the dining room of the Glades Hotel, on Friday and Saturday evenings, April the 2d and 3rd.

Fire in Deer Park.

The large brick residence of Mr. Emil F. Droege, in Deer Park, this county, was burned, together with a portion of his furniture Monday last. The walls of the building, being 18 inches thick, were but slightly injured. The fire was caused by a defective flue. The loss is covered by insurance.

Band of Hope.

The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week, Rev. John M. Davis, presiding. The following programme was well rendered: Essay, H. Allen Ison; declamation, Miss Stella Jarboe; selections, Misses Emma Brooke and Sarah Lawton. Addresses were delivered by Revs. B. Ison and Jno. M. Davis.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 25:

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Mrs. Susan Walker, lots Nos. 6 and 7 in the town of Swanton; $75.

W. C. Pennington, trustee, to Henry Kamp, part of a tract of land called the "Rights of Man," 172 acres; $507.50.

Jacob Becket and others to Henry Delhi, Military Lot No. 2596 and part of Lots Nos. 2703 and 2704, containing 75 acres; also Lot No. 2593 and part of Lot No. 2591; $5,000.

Mary F. Nash to John Swauerhoff, Lots Nos. 341, 1101, 993, and 483; $5.

"Come Over and Help Us."

The meeting of the County Commissioners, for the purpose of making transfers, April 5th next, will afford those indebted to us an opportunity to call and settle. If any persons owing us have no business calling them to town during that week, they can send remittances by their neighbors. Gentlemen, we need the money to carry on our business, and hope you will come forward without further notice.

The Canal Case.

Tuesday morning the work of taking testimony in the canal receivership case was commenced in Cumberland, before Mr. Albert Small, United States Commissioner. Mess. J. P. Poe and T. F. McCardell appeared for the complainants, and Messrs. Richard Carter, of Baltimore, and J. H. Gordon and J. N. Willison, of Cumberland, for the canal company.

Rifle Team Match.

A match for a prize of twenty dollars, between the rival teams of the Garrett Guards, took place Saturday last, in the Hotel grounds, distance 100 yards off hand, or 125 yards with rest. The targets were 4 inch bulls eye, and ten rings of one inch each, numbering from the bulls eye out; the bulls eye to count 10, thus making a possible 50. Following are the teams and scores:

JAMISON'S TEAM.

Jamison,	7	0	0	0	6	—13
Capt. Wardwell,	8	7	8	2	3	—28
A. Mason,	2	3	10	9	8	—32
Jno. Delawder,	6	9	10	6	5	—36
Wilburn,	5½	5	2	3	5	—20½
Total,						129½

COMBS' TEAM.

Combs,	9	1	5	6	0	—21
Chisholm,	3	6½	0	3	3	—15½
L. Mason,	0	0	5	4	6	—12
Catlett,	2	10	10	10	10	—42
Lt. Osbourn,	4	7	8	10	3	—32
Total,						122½

This gives the match to Sergeant Jamison's side by 7 shots. Corporal Catlett made 42 out of a possible 50.

Death of an Old Railroad Official.

Mr. John L. Wilson, superintendent of terminals, Baltimore and Ohio railroad, died in Baltimore on Friday evening, the 19th inst. For two months past Mr. Wilson had been suffering from cancer of the chest, but occasionally visited his office at Camden Station, and two weeks ago last Thursday made a trip to Annapolis Junction and returned to his hotel, since which time he has not left the house. He was born in New York city, March, 25th, 1820, and on reaching manhood became a civil engineer. About thirty-three years ago he accepted a position as assistant road master with the Baltimore and Ohio Company, and during that time he has filled the offices of master of road, master of transportation and superintendent of terminal.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 23d inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters of Administration, C. T. A., granted to Jackson W. Umbel, on the estate of Elisha Umbel, dec'd.

Mrs. Elizabeth Philips appointed guardian to Arthur and Catharine Jordan.

Letters of Administration granted to Wm. H. Swauger on the estate of John Swauger, deceased.

Daniel Beachy, executor of Jacob Yntzy deceased, passed his third account.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, April 13th.

Instructions to Census Supervisors.

Commissioner Walker has prepared for the guidance of supervisors the following directions:

First. In no case will a part of one county be joined in an enumeration district with another county or any part thereof.

Second. In general, every town, township, militia district or other permanent civil division of the county should be constituted an enumeration district, if the estimated population exceeds seven or eight hundred inhabitants.

Third. The enumeration districts must be made small enough to secure the completion of the canvass within the limit set by the census law, viz: during the month of June. Compliance with the law in this matter will be rigidly insisted on.

Supervisors are warned to rid themselves of the notion that it is important that every enumerator should be kept employed during the whole of the period allowed by law for the enumeration, and are informed that where two equally good enumerators can be appointed who will complete the canvass in two weeks it is better than to have one enumerator carrying on the work for a month.

The rate of compensation to enumerators in the several sections it is stated will be announced as soon as practicable.

In commenting upon the appointment of enumerators, the following considerations are mentioned as those which should be observed in the choice thereof. The appointments must be non-partisan. The letter quoting the act of March 3, 1879, points out that "enumerators shall be selected solely with reference to their fitness, and without reference to their political or party affiliations according to the appointment approved by the Superintendent of Census," etc. The Supervisors' oath, covering the same ground, is quoted, and it is stated that in general, young men are to be preferred for the service.

What a Farm Deed Conveys.

In an able address before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture upon those legal questions which the farmer ought to understand, Judge Bennett gave the following as the law in relation to things conveyed with the realty, and personal property which the person who sells has the right to remove. This law applies to Maine as well to Massachusetts:

A farm deed conveys all the fences standing on the farm, but all might not think it so including the fencing stuff, rails, posts, etc., which had once been used on the fence, but which had been taken down and piled up for future use again in the same place. But new fencing material just brought and never attached to the rail would not pass.

So of the piles of hoop-poles stored away, if once used on the land, have been considered a part of it, but loose boards or scaffold poles laid loosely across the beams of a barn, and never fastened to them, would not be, and the seller of the farm might take them away.

Standing trees, of course, also pass as part of the land; so do trees blown or cut down, and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut or corded up for sale; the wood has then become personal property.

If there be any manure in the barnyard, or in a compost heap on the field, ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes that also as belonging to the farm; though it might not be so if the owner had previously sold it to some other party, and collected it together in a heap by itself. Grown crops, also pass, by a deed of a farm, unless they are expressly reserved. When it is not intended to convey those it should be so stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement to that effect would not be valid in law. Another mode is to stipulate that possession is not to be given until some future day, in which the manure may be removed previous to that time. As to the buildings on the farm, though generally mentioned in the deed, it is not absolutely necessary that they should be specified. A deed of land ordinarily carries all the buildings to the grantee, whether mentioned or not, and this rule includes the lumber and timber of any old building which has been packed away for future use on the farm.

But if there be any buildings on the farm built by a third person, with the farmer's leave, the deed would not convey these, since such buildings are personal property, and do not belong to the land owner to convey. The real owner thereof might move them off, although the purchaser of the farm supposed he were buying and paying for all the buildings on it. His only remedy in such a case would be against the party selling the premises. As a part of the buildings conveyed, of course the window-blinds are included, even if they be at the time carried off to a painter's shop to be painted. It would be otherwise if they had been newly purchased and brought into the house, but not yet attached or fitted to it. Lightning rods also go with the house, if the farmer is foolish enough to have any on his house. A furnace in the cellar, brick or portable, is considered part of the house, but an ordinary stove, with a loose pipe running into the chimney, is not.

War Claims.

The Southern claims now pending in Congress will not in all probability be acted upon this session, but a Democratic paper published in Augusta, Ga., says. "After the Presidential election the chances may be improved for all claimants. However disagreeable the necessity, we apprehend that they must possess their souls "with patience another year." We commend this to the attention of all Northern men—be they Democrats or Republicans. This is only one of the many conspiracies now being contemplated by the leaders of the Democracy. They are, with the most unblushing effrontery, at present endeavoring to steal the vote of a State if the Presidential election should be thrown into the House of Representatives. They will enact the counting-out process wherever it can be done. A Solid South must cast its vote for the Democratic nominee, no matter who the man. They are endeavoring to destroy the purity of the ballot by removing the safeguards for its protection and an honest count. They are desperate, and every device in politics, corrupt or otherwise, will be resorted to by them to achieve success.

"It is a settled principle, your honor," said an eminent lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for lawyers," responded the judge; "but I have sometimes known a cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

A New Description.

Prentiss gives the following picture of the young drinker in the *Champion*: "Men have been told many times that if they took to drink they might commit arson, or robbery, or murder or some such trivial offence, but no speaker whom we have ever heard has properly set forth another danger more appalling than these, which besets the incipient inebriate, viz: That he will inevitable become a chronic bore and an infernal nuisance. If a young man who is cultivating a voice for the "juice," could see himself depicted as hanging on the third button of a friend's coat and swinging to and fro; or bedewing a listener with maudlin tears about nothing; or spitting tobacco juice on the shirt bosom or boots of a man who never injured him, he certainly would pause in his mad career. If the tempted will try to realize how he will fall asleep in the day time in the most inconvenient places, and how hard it will be to wake him up; or if he will think what an aggravation it will be for two sober men to take him home when he insists on trying to walk on the back of his neck, and what a job it will be for them to pull his boots off, he will certainly pause before subjecting friendship to such a test. If he will consider the interminable stories he will commence and forget in the middle; the owlish, drunken dignity he will assume at some times, and the childish readiness to take offence and tempt somebody to knock his head off, which will characterize him at others, he will surely dress himself in a complete suit of red or blue ribbons before he will risk such a danger. The danger of being a bore is a real and startling one."

A Temperance Letter to the State Senate.

The following letter was sent to the State Senate on the 18th instant, by Mrs. R. M. Thomas, representing a Committee of the Society of Friends, (Lombard Street Meeting,) Baltimore:

GENTLEMEN:—Our visit to your Honorable Body yesterday, in the cause of Temperance, was not as fully accomplished as we hoped.

We did not leave our comfortable fireside, and go to you through the inclemency of the weather for our personal gratification or notoriety. We have heard the wail of children for bread, and seen them, for want of sufficient clothing, deprived of the benefit of pure open air, confined in the loathsome garret, breathing the same fœtid air over and over again, until their faces were blanched like plants grown in a cellar, and continually fearing the return of a drunken father or mother to abuse them, who had pawned nearly their last vestige of covering for intoxicating drink! Most harrowing sight to the tender mercies of a christian!

And we believe the much greater proportion of all human suffering, degradation, crime, and of the culprits filling our prisons, is the result of intemperance; and knowing the mighty power invested in our Legislature, and believing the members now composing it to be a feeling people, we would ask, as delegates from our Religious Society of Friends, that you will use your utmost influence in removing the manufacture and direful traffic in intoxicating beverages from our borders.

On behalf of the Committee,
Very respectfully,
REBECCA M. THOMAS.

Blaine's Universal Knowledge.

Assistant Secretary-of-State John Hay is quoted by the *The Leader* of Cleveland as saying that at a dinner not long ago with Senator Blaine he felt more than ever that he had never seen a man with such universal and exact knowledge. Blaine was at home on every subject of conversation, whether it were of a general or special interest. With a learned naturalist he could discourse minutely and intelligently on the most abstract theories of evolution. With physicians he could discuss the latest theories of disease, while his knowledge of mechanics and chemistry was such that he could explain the newest discoveries in electricity and the application of steam. Of wit he was overflowing. In literature he was copious with criticisms and memories of the authors. As a story-teller nobody at the table could approach the perfection of Blaine. In Col. Hay's estimation not only was the Senator the prince of politicians, but he was the king of good fellows.

Mr. Bayard's standing as a presidential candidate should be improved by his action of Monday of last week. He reported favorably from the committee on the judiciary the bill which is designed to make it impossible for Federal election officers to check frauds on the part of State officers. The bill provides that no marshal, deputy-marshal or supervisor shall have power to arrest or imprison on election day any election officer acting under an appointment derived from a State law; but it is stated that an arrest may be made at any time after the close of election day, that is to say, after the counting is over. This is a noble bill, and ought to silence the traditional Democratic complaint that Mr. Bayard is really a Republican at heart.

Mr. Eugene Hale gives a very interesting account of the results of the Maine legislative investigation into the counting-out frauds of last winter. Among the most common devices used by the Fusionists in manipulating the election returns was that of rejecting votes for Republicans on the ground of irregularity in the writing of names or initials. Then they laid down a rule that when an initial was used instead of the first name of a candidate the vote should be counted as if cast for another man, but they took precious good care to apply the rule only to Republican candidates. Similarly, in cases where trifling errors were detected in the spelling of the last names of candidates, as for instance the substitution of Redlon for Redlond, the Fusionists rejected the vote for Redlon; but in another case, where the Fusion candidate was a Mr. Quinby and a part of the vote was cast for Mr. Quinby, they ignored their own rule and counted the entire vote for the former. A still more flagrant outrage was perpetrated through a ruling that the returns must be signed by each of the town officers individually. They threw out the vote for a Republican representative on the ground that the signatures attached to the return seemed to have been written by the same person, and, in spite of affidavits from the several officers that such was not the case, refused to alter their decision. Nevertheless, they did not hesitate to receive the vote for a Fusionist where not only were the signatures apparently in the same handwriting, but where the town clerk actually admitted that he had signed all the names himself. Nor did they even stop at this, for in several instances they themselves were found to have altered the names or initials of Republican candidates in order to secure a pretext for throwing out their votes. Mr. Hale says that when the committee had unearthed these frauds and supposed they had fathomed all the crookedness of the governor's council, they discovered at the last moment that it had the daring to count out another Republican representative by making a false footing of the tabulated returns. This exposure, it is needless to say has completely cut away the ground from under the feet of the Fusionists; and as the constitutional amendment requiring only a plurality, instead of a majority, to elect a governor, will be adopted and become operative upon the returns of the September election, a repetition of the frauds perpetrated last winter is not likely to occur again.

The truth about the negotiations between the United States and China for a revision of the Burlidgame treaty is that our government is trying to get the better of the heathen, and does not exactly see how to do it. Under the Burlingame stipulations commerce and emigration are free, and the citizens of either nation are guaranteed full protection in the other. Under the pressure of the anti-Chinese sentiment in this country we want to restrict emigration without imperilling the valuable trade we now transact with the empire across the Pacific. But since the Burlingame treaty was executed a reaction has taken place in China from the liberal policy which prompted that instrument, and now if any change is to be made the Chinese government desires not only to stop its own subjects from leaving for America, but also to close its ports against our commerce; in short, to restore and enforce its ancient exclusiveness. We cannot obtain the concession with regard to emigration without opening up the treaty question in all its entirety; and there is where they have us at a disadvantage, for China is a profitable market for some American products and manufactures. A man with half an eye open can see that the pagan diplomatists are no fools.

During a school entertainment in the public hall at Lincoln, Pa., Saturday night, at which 500 persons were present, the floor gave way, precipitating 150 people to the floor below. Many others jumped from the windows, which are twelve feet from the ground. Thirty persons were injured, including Mrs. Jacob Keenigmacher, Misses Alice Bowman, Ada Springer, Ada Miller, Laura Erb and Christie Benjamin seriously. During the confusion the scholars rushed on the stage, overturning two lamps; setting fire to the carpet, but the fire was extinguished before serious damage was done.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* says: "Whether the Democrats have not lost the art of governing is a question which is asked somewhat frequently of late, and not always by Republicans. They certainly lack tact and discretion to a wonderful degree and manage to play into the hands of the Republicans in a way which would almost persuade lookers on that the Republican leaders were managing both parties."

An exchange, under the head of "Does Advertising Pay?" remarks: The Chicago *Tribune* for a column a year receives $26,000. The N. Y. *Herald* receives, for the lowest priced column, $39,723, and for its highest $218,000. The New York daily *Tribune*, for its lowest, $27,549, and for its highest $85,648, and these papers are never at a loss for an advertisement to fill their columns. The patronage comes, not from any desire to assist their respective papers, but from business men who find it profitable to advertise.

A board of ward presidents of the working-men's party in San Francisco has passed resolutions denouncing the sentences of Kearney and Gannon as outrageous, and charging the police judge with permitting himself to be used by the enemies of the workingmen. At the sand lots yesterday Kearney went back on his conservatism of a week ago, and fiercely denounced the police judge, the prosecuting attorney, and a number of prominent citizens. He was careful, however, not to use any more incendiary language.

The truth about Mr. Alexander H. Stephens' position is that he neglects no opportunity to defy the Democratic managers in Congress and Georgia. They would be very glad to have him resign, but he persists in sticking to his post. There is a wonderful amount of vitality in the little and venerable man who wheels his chair around in front of the Speaker's desk of the House of Representatives, and proffers lessons of wisdom that the Democratic party ought to heed.

It is believed that the murrain has appeared among cattle in Baltimore, Cecil, Harford, Carroll and Frederick counties of this State, and that it is entirely controllable if taken in hand promptly. No accounts of any unusual diseases among horned stock come from the Eastern Shore or from Southern Maryland, but the territory where it has appeared constitutes the finest grazing and dairy district of the State.

Just as the Democratic Congress proposes to upset the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Kearney law forbiding the employment of Chinese by corporations is decided unconstitutional by the California Supreme Court. Here is a common ground for Kearney and the Democracy to meet upon and exchange tearful condolences.

To expel Kellogg from the Senate would be a terrible blunder on the part of the Democratic majority, and that is just the reason why there is danger of their doing it.

The town elections in New York show heavy Republican gains, indicating the result to be expected next fall.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Wood-Choppers Wanted.

Good men can get steady work and prompt pay by calling at Muddy Creek Furnace, Preston county, W. Va.

Also wanted at same place, a good yoke of oxen. Mh. 27-3w.

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 4 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND

FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered, for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash. For information apply at this office. ins

VARIETIES.

—Thieves work on abstract principles.

—Head-dress for a gossip—A falsehood.

—The belle of the kitchen—The dinner-bell.

—What hath ears but hears not? A crib of corn?

—Parlor matches—Courting in the drawing room.

—A man without enemies is like bread without yeast—He never rises.

—Editors and hens must scratch for a living.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

—A woman cries most when she's sweeping.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

—A Utah wedding paragraph says "the bride was togged out in white gauze."

—The Legislature of Mississippi has imposed a tax of three dollars upon bachelors over twenty-five years of age.

—Russia must be a great country for hard colds. Almost everyone's name ends with a "koff."—*Free Press.*

—What is home without children?—*Yonkers Gazette.* It's an awful lonesome place for a molasses jug.—*Oswego Record.*

—If the Nihilists really mean business they should get his wife to playfully point an unloaded gun at the Czar. This is a dead sure thing.

—A railway company in Italy lately advertised for 1,000 servants at 1.80 francs (thirty-six cents) a day, and 28,000 applications were received.

—Every man who has become President of the United States has been elected during a leap year. This is something for the girls to wonder over.

—The New Haven *Register* says: Men who do not know how to "run a newspaper as it ought to be," are as scarce as men born with wooden legs.

—A lover, unworthy of the name, threatened to publish a lady's letters. "You can if you choose," she answered; "it is only the address that makes me blush."

—It is now asserted by a Boston dentist that the only true way to clean teeth is to bite into a raw potato three or four times per day. Sandpaper won't take the black off.

—Get a cow with a dreamy eye if you want a gook milker.—*Free Press.* For "dreamy," read "creamy." A nightmare is the only animal that has a dreamy eye.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Lots of young men will present a girl with a five-dollar bouquet when her shoes are all run over and she is in sad need of a new pair. The young have no judgment.—*Free Press.*

—A new man in the country newspaper business publishes under his editorial heading: "This paper published for $1.50 per year, if paid in advance; $2 if paid at the end of the year, and $2.50 if not paid at all."

—Put away his crack-brain puzzle,
He has climbed the asylum stair;
Numbers 13, 15, 14,
Turned his head and sent him there.
—*Utica Observer.*

"Why do you make promises," exclaimed an irate creditor, "if you don't expect to keep them?" "O, cheek!" shouted the debtor; "why do you make goods when you don't want to keep them?"

—Lady—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor? I don't see any of your little ones here! I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" Dr. Littletums (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, my dear madam! On the contrary—I like them!"

—"A place for everything, and everything in its place." A man at Yale nails his slippers on the wall four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them and pull out his mersehaum.

—Two boys will scrape away three inches of snow and play marbles on the frozen ground without a word of complaint, while their fathers will look over the back yard for the ax and jaw like bluzes if they can't find it in a minate.—*Free Press.*

—A Boston man has invented a process of making paper boxes directly from the pulp. It is said that by the use of one set of his machines thirty thousand boxes can be produced in a day, at less than one-third of the lowest market price of hand-made goods.

—The Boston newspapers tell of a stage-struck woman who got a divorce from her husband in order to become an actress, failed dismally behind the footlights, returned to her home, and begged to be made a wife again, which was done by a remarriage.

—"I shall know better next time," said Mrs. Keepupwiththestyle. "That hateful milliner told me the hat was something new, and there were four hats just like it in church; but I might have known better. I saw the new moon over my left shoulder. Of course I'd be unlucky."—*New Haven Register.*

—It is now discovered agriculturally that the surest way to get rid of the weeds is to marry the widow. "This is a very agreeable kind of husbandry," says an exchange. It is, but the "old man Weller" tried that and "the venture" was a bad one.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Ex-Empress Carlotta, who has for so long taken no interest in anything, has of late taken to insisting on wearing the very latest style of bonnet, and will have shoes just as small as she can get on. They think her reason is returning.—*Boston Post.*

—In the matter of spring bonnets, it is confidently asserted that colored straws are to enjoy a greater vogue than ever, trimmed with tufts of feathers or galloon of broche pattern. But greater novelties will doubtless appear before the summer declares itself.

—"Where is your mother?" said a worthy man to a little street miserable. She answered diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir; but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Why don't he cut it off then?" "Please, sir, he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

—A literary curiosity has just been published at Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of them only one vowel is employed, in the first *a*, in the second *e* and in the third *o*, according to which the stories are entitled "A-Saga," "E-Legende," "O-Sprook." In the Dutch language only would such a feat be possible.

—A remarkable proof of the great penetrating power of the electric light is furnished by the experiments of the officers of the French-Algerian Triangulation Service, who recently saw the electric light from the Spanish station of Zetica, from a distance of more than 164 miles. This observation clearly shows the great value of the light for maritime purposes, when it is exhibited from a sufficiently elevated position.

—The political language of the Orient differs vastly from the plain, common sense brusqueness of our own land. For instance, when a Persian meets a friend, he says; "Thy visits are as rare as fine days;" but when an American woman sees a caller coming up the front walk, she remarks: "There! if there ain't that everlasting Smith woman again." It is a big difference.—*Rockland Courier.*

—There is a venerable and benevolent Judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consults his assessors on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the assessor on the right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left. "I should give him about four years." The Judge, with benevolence: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers and shall take their advice. Seven years."—*N. Y. Post.*

SEVEN.

The Mystical and Symbolical Significance of the Word.

The fact that the *Graphic* on Wednesday last completed its seventh year of existence calls to mind the curious importance with which the number seven has been invested in ancient mythologies and systems of philosophy, in the books of the Old and New Testaments, in ecclesiastical traditions and in legendary stories and folk lore; and the frequency with which it is referred to in the literature of all nations and made the numerical basis of stories, poems and allegories. A few of these are mentioned below, but the number might be increased sevenfold.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and then, when he was cheated by his father-in-law and given Leah instead, he served seven other years for her.

Pharaoh, in his prophetic dream, saw seven fat-fleshed and well-favored kine and seven ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine, and seven ears of corn, full and good, and seven ears withered, thin and blasted with the East wind.

In the Book of Numbers it is ordained that whoever touched one that was slain with a sword in the open fields, or a dead body or a bone of a man or a grave, should be unclean seven days.

In the Book of Leviticus the priest is directed to sprinkle the blood of the bullock offered in sacrifice seven times before the Lord, and a leper was to be sprinkled seven times by the priest with the blood of a bird sacrificed for his cleansing.

The women friends of Naomi praised her daughter-in-law Ruth, saying that she was better than seven sons.

In the first chapter of the Book of Esther it is recorded that on the seventh day of the great feast which the King Ahasuerus made in the third year of his reign, he sent his seven chamberlains to bring Vashti, the Queen, before him to show the people her beauty. When the Queen refused to come the King was wroth and consulted "the seven Princes of Persia and Media which saw the King's face and which sat first in the kingdom," as to what should be done to the Queen for her disobedience.

The first verse of the ninth chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon reads: "Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven chambers," and the twenty-fifth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter is: "When he speaketh fair believe him not; for there are seven abominations in his heart."

In several books of the Old Testament it is directed that seven bullocks and seven rams should be offered in sacrifice.

There were seven sons born unto Job.

Jacob bowed seven times before his brother Esau.

In the Gospel, according to Matthew, we are commanded to forgive him who has wronged us, not seven times, but seventy times seven.

The Lord's prayer contains seven petitions.

Seven devils were cast out of Mary Magdalene.

In the twelfth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel is recorded the questions put by the Sadducees concerning the woman who had seven husbands.

In St. Matthew we are told that the unclean spirit which goeth out of a man returneth with seven other spirits more wicked than himself.

Bilhah, the handmaid of Rachel, bore seven sons to Jacob.

The priest of Midian, into which land Moses fled from the face of Pharoah, had seven daughters, who drew water and filled the troughs to water their father's flocks. Moses helped them against the shepherds who would drive them away, and afterwards dwelt with the priest and married his daughter Zipporah.

At the demand of Balaam, Balak built seven altars and prepared seven oxen and seven rams to offer as sacrifices thereon.

Seven nations possessed the land of Palestine—the Hittites, the Girgashites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jezusites.

When the children of Israel besieged Jericho it was commanded that seven priests should bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns, and that on the seventh day they should compass the city seven times.

One of the most remarkable and most affecting stories of the Old Testament is that which records the hanging of the seven sons of Saul. In the days when David was king over Israel there was a famine of three years, year after year. David inquired of the Lord and the Lord answered, "it is for Saul and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." David called the Gibeonites and asked what he should do for them to make atonement, and the Gibeonites demanded seven of the sons of Saul that they might hang them. Whereupon David took the two sons of Rizpah, one of the daughters of Saul, and five sons of Michal, another of Saul's daughters, and delivered them to the Gibeonites, who hanged them in the beginning of the harvest. "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her on the rock from the beginning of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night."

In the last book of the Bible the revelation made to St. John is addressed "to the seven churches which are in Asia." The first vision was of the Son of Man in the midst of seven golden candlesticks; the mighty angel who came down from heaven clothed with a cloud," cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth, and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices." One of the visions seen by the apostle was a red dragon having seven heads and seven crowns upon his head. Another was of a beast which rose out of the sea, having seven heads. Another was of the woman who sat upon the scarlet-colored beast with the seven heads. And another was of seven angels having the seven last plagues and seven golden vials filled with the wrath of God.

It is perhaps with too venturesome a pen that we allude in an article like this to so sacred a subject as the crucifixion of Christ, but we are tempted to do so for the sake of transcribing the following fine stanza from Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Son:"

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy Mother, consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate.
Mark
Whose sons, not being Christ's, die with their eyes turned away,
And no last word to say.

In the early days of the Church, when there arose a murmuring of the Greeks against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily administration, seven men "of honest repute, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom," were appointed over the business.

The festival of the Seven Dolors of the Virgin Mary is on the Friday next preceding Palm Sunday. The celebration was fixed by Benedict XIII., in 1725. The Seven Dolors were: The prophecy of St. Simon; the journey to Egypt; the losing of Jesus at Jerusalem; the sight of the Lord bearing the cross; the Lord upon the cross; the piercing of his side with the holy lance, and the burial.

The seven sleepers, according to an old tradition, were seven christian brothers of Ephesus who, in 251 A. D., during the persecution of Decius, took refuge in a cave, the entrance of which was walled up by the heathens in order to starve them. They slept for 200 years, when they awoke. They were brought to Ephesus to the great edification of the faithful. The Roman Catholic Church celebrates them on July 10.

The seven sages or wise men of Greece were, according to most authorities, Bias, Chilod, Cleobulus, Periander, Pittacus, Solon and Thales. Many aphorisms in prose and verse, chiefly practical observations for the regulation of life, have come down to us as the work of these worthies.

The seven wonders of the world are generally given as the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids, the Pharos at Alexandria, Hanging Gardens at Babylon and the Olympian Zens.

The Seven Years' war lasted from 1756 to 1763, and was one of the most protracted and obstinately contested conflicts known in modern history. The nations engaged in it were Austria, France, Sweden, Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Spain and Russia. A million of human beings perished in this war.

Jacques's division of human life into seven acts in "As You Like It" is familiar to every student of Shakespeare—the mewling infant, the whining schoolboy, the sighing lover, the quarrelsome soldier, the round bellied Justice, the lean and slippered old man then last—the last scene of all—second childishness, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste sans everything.

There are in the Roman Catholic Church seven Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Order and Matrimony.

There are in Roman Catholic theology seven gifts of the Holy Ghost—Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety and the Fear of the Lord.

There are seven spiritual works of mercy—to counsel the doubtful, to instruct the ignorant, to admonish sinners, to comfort the afflicted, to forgive offences, to bear wrongs patiently, to pray for the living and the dead.

There are seven corporal works of mercy—to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to cloth the naked, to harbor the harborless, to visit the sick, to visit the imprisoned, to bury the dead.

There are seven deadly sins—Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth.

There are seven cardinal virtues—Humility, Liberality, Chastity, Meekness, Temperance, Brotherly Love, Diligence.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Diaphote.

Dr. H. E. Licks, of old South Bethlehem, after three years labor, claims that he has perfected an instrument by which forms and colors can be sent by wire the same as words are sent. He calls the instrument a diaphote. The word diaphote, from the Greek, *dia*, signifying through, and *photos*, signifying light, has been selected as its name, implying that the light traveled through or along a wire. He read a paper on his invention before a scientific society here.

The diaphote consists of four essential parts, the receiving mirror, the transmitting wire, a common galvanic battery and the reproducing speculum. Dr. Licks gave a detailed account of the many experiments undertaken to determine the proper composition and arrangement of the mirror and speculum. For the former he had finally selected an amalgam of selenium and iodide of silver, and for the latter a compound of selenium and chromium. The peculiar sensitiveness of iodide of silver and chromium to light has long been known, and their practical use in photography suggested their application in the diaphote. It was found, however, after many experiments that their action must be so modified that each ray of light should influence the electric current proportionally to its position in the solar spectrum, and selenium was ascertained to be best adapted to this purpose. At first a small mirror was employed with only a single wire, but the images reproduced in the speculum were indistinct and confused, so that it became necessary to make the mirror of a number of small pieces, each about one-third of a square inch in area, and having a small wire attached. In the diaphote exhibited by Dr. Licks to the Club the mirror was six inches by four and had seventy-two fine wires, which are gathered together into one about a foot back of the frame, the whole then being finely wrapped with an insulating covering, and on reaching the receiving speculum, each little wire was connected to a division similarly placed as in the mirror. From a common galvanic battery wires also ran to each diaphotic plate, and thus a circuit was formed which could be closed or not at pleasure. The theoretical action of the instrument appears now to be in the following: The waves of light from an object are conducted through an ordinary camera, so that they fall on certain of the divisions of the mirror when the electric current is closed. The light and accompanying heat produce momentary chemical changes in the amalgam of the mirror, which modify the electric current and cause similar changes in the corresponding partitions of the remote speculum, thus reproducing a similar image, which by a second camera may be readily seen by the eye or thrown on a screen. Dr. Licks explained how the proportions of selenium in the mirror and speculum should be scientifically adjusted to the size of the divisions and the resistance of the electric circuit, so as to avoid any blending of the proportions of the reproduced image. This, he said, had been the problem which had caused him the most difficulty, and which at one time had seemed almost insurmountable.

At the close of the paper an illustration was given of the powers of the instrument. The mirror of the diaphote, in charge of a committee of three, was taken to a room in the lower part of the building and the connecting wires laid through the halls and stairways to the speculum on the lecturer's platform. Before the mirror the committee held in succession various objects, illuminating each by the light of a burning magnesium wire, since the rays from gas are deficient in actinic power, and simultaneously on the speculum appeared the secondary images, which, for exhibition to the audience, were thrown on a screen considerably magnified. An apple, a pen-knife and a trade-dollar were the first objects shown; on the latter the outlines of the goddess of liberty were recognized, and the date 1878 was plainly legible. A watch was held five minutes before the mirror, and the audience could plainly perceive the motion of the minute hand on the screen, but the movement of the second hand was not satisfactorily seen, although Professor Kaunich, by looking into the camera, thought that it was there quite perceptible. An ink bottle, a flower and a part of a theater handbill were also shown, and when the head of a little kitten appeared on the screen the club testified its satisfaction by the most hearty applause. After the close of the experiments the scientists extended their congratulations to Dr. Licks, and the president made a few remarks on the probable scientific and industrial applications of the diaphote in the future. With the telephone and the diaphote it might yet be possible for friends, separated by the wide Atlantic, to hear and see each other at the same time, to talk, as it were, face to face. In connection with the interlocking switch system it might be used to enable signal-men of the central office to see hundreds of miles of railroad track at once, thus lessening the liability to accident. In connection with photolithography it might be so employed that the great English dailies could be printed in New York a few hours after their appearance in London.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

The Floating Houses of Siam.

A TRAVELER in Siam describes the floating house: "We hugged the shore closely, and passed within a few yards of scores of floating houses, whose owners looked at us with the calm nonchalance of the Orient. Perhaps you may not understand a floating house; it is built on a raft of bamboo poles; and securely moored to strong posts in the mud or on the bank. It is a perfect house, rooms, roof and all, and its floor is about twelve inches above water. There are thousands of these houses in Bangkok, and they are not to be despised, as they have a never-failing supply of water, are excellently drained, and very easy of access. One of their drawbacks is the facility with which the numerous water snakes of the Meinam gain an entrance. The floating houses had their origin, at a time when the land bordering the river was very unhealthy, and the King gave the order to build upon the river itself, and not along its banks.

THE most recently published figures show that suicide is on the increase in France. Before the Franco-German war the average number of suicides only slightly exceeded 5,000 a year, and now they exceed 6,000. In Paris there are three times as many suicides committed as in the country. Most of the men who destroy themselves are bachelors. The spring is the time of year when suicide is most frequent, and death by hanging is more usually resorted to than any other mode of self-destruction, being considered more expeditious.

—Always in haste—The letter h.

Our Young Folks.

ALMOST TIME!

Almost time for the pretty white blaisies
Out of their sleep to awaken at last,
And over the meadows, with grasses and clover,
To bud and to blossom, and grow so fast.
Almost time for the buttercups yellow,
The ferns and the flowers, the roses and all,
To waken from slumber, and merrily hasten
To gladden our hearts at the spring's first call.

Almost time for the skies to grow bluer,
And breezes to soften, and days to grow long;
For eyes to grow brighter, and hearts to grow gladder,
And Earth to rejoice in her jubilant song.
Almost time for the sweetest of seasons:
Nearer it comes with each new-born day,
And soon the smile of the beautiful spring-time
Winter's cold shadows will chase away!
—*Harper's Young Folks.*

LONGITUDE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

Among seamen in general there are two meridians of special interest. One is the line of longitude which passes through Greenwich; and this is called Longitude Naught. The other of these two meridians might be termed Longitude Naughty; because it often confuses the ideas of the passengers who now cross the Pacific Ocean from California to China, Japan and Australia.

Now, if any young readers have not studied the subject of longitude, they will find it profitable and interesting to do so, and find out about this thing. Longitude is defined by imaginary lines, called meridians, drawn lengthwise over the earth's surface and meeting at its poles, thus dividing the surface of the globe into three hundred and sixty parts, or degrees, of longitude.

Of course, any of these meridians might have been taken as the point to start from in calculating longitudes; but, since the English, as a people, held the highest position in astronomy, navigation and chart-making, they naturally chose to represent the first meridian as drawn through their royal observatory at Greenwich, and it is now generally recognized as the first meridian; so that, as was implied in the beginning of this article, all longitude is practically reckoned east or west from Greenwich. Now, as longitude is reckoned from the meridian of Greenwich, so the hours of time may be said to *begin again* at the meridian of 180 degrees, which is exactly opposite, on the other side of the globe.

Longitude is calculated by time, and in this way: When a navigator wishes to know the longitude his ship is in, he finds (by observation of the sun or other heavenly bodies) the true time of day at the ship. He then compares this with the time at Greenwich, shown by his chronometer, and thus he gets his longitude in time, that is, in hours, minutes and seconds, which he turns into degrees of longitude by multiplying by fifteen; for, as each of the earth's 360 meridians of longitude is rolled directly under the sun once in every twenty-four hours, then 360 degrees of longitude must be equal to twenty-four hours of time, or fifteen degrees of longitude to one hour of time.

There is no such thing as twenty-four o'clock, for we reckon twelve hours before noon and twelve hours after noon; and so, also, there is no 360th degree of longitude, but 180 degrees east and 180 degrees west, making *together* 360 degrees.

Now, the apparent noon, or twelve o'clock apparent time at any given place, is the time when the earth, by her rotary motion from west to east, rolls the meridian of that given place directly under the sun, and therefore the meridian of Greenwich comes under the sun one hour sooner than the meridian of fifteen degrees west. So, when it is twelve o'clock, or noon, at Greenwich or any other place on the meridian of longitude naught (for all places in the same longitude have the same time, no matter what their latitude may be), it will be eleven o'clock forenoon at all places in longitude fifteen degrees west, consequently, only ten o'clock forenoon in longitude thirty degrees west, nine o'clock forenoon longitude forty-five degrees west, and so on, counting back one hour of time for every fifteen degrees of longitude. Thus we find that, when we get across the Western Hemisphere to longitude 180 degrees, we are twelve hours behind the time at Greenwich; or, when it is noon on January 1st at Greenwich it is midnight, or just the commencement of January 1st, at the longitude of 180 degrees. But for the same reason, by the rotation of the earth from west to east, any place in fifteen degrees *east* longitude will come under the sun one hour *before* Greenwich; or, it will be one o'clock in the *afternoon* at those places when it is only noon at Greenwich, and so, counting across the Eastern Hemisphere, one hour ahead of Greenwich for every fifteen degrees of longitude, we come to the longitde of 180 degrees, twelve hours *ahead* of Greenwich time.

Now, on January 1st, it is midnight, or the end of January 1st, say, for instance, one inch on the *west* side of meridian 180 degrees. But we have just seen that, at that very same time (that is, noon, January 1st, at Greenwich), it is only the beginning of January 1st at, say, one inch on the *east* side of meridian 180 degrees; so that there is twenty-four hours, or one whole day, difference in time between two persons supposed to be standing, one immediately on the east side, the other immediately on the west side of 180 degrees; and so, while it is noon of January 1st with the one at the east, it would be within a few minutes of noon, January 2d, with the one at the west. Therefore, by stepping across the meridian, the day of the week and the date would be changed. The one who stepped from east to west would lose a day, and the other, stepping from west to east, would have two successive days of the same name and date, and so would gain a day.

But we have here used the words east and west as you use them every day, that is, as directions according to the points of the compass, and you must remember that if we reckon in that way at the meridian itself, then the *Western Hemisphere* lies to the *east* of the line, and the *Eastern Hemisphere* to the *west* of it. For, as the geographies tell us, the Eastern Hemisphere extends east *from Greenwich* over Europe, Asia, etc., to meridian 180 degrees, and the Western Hemisphere west from Greenwich over the Atlantic Ocean, the American Continents, and the Pacific Ocean, to the same meridian. So, suppose a passenger on a steamship from San Francisco to China goes below, and "turns in" or goes to bed, at nine o'clock on the evening of February 21st, the ship being then in west longitude, and say, thirty nautical miles this side of the meridian of 180 degrees, and steaming at the rate of ten miles an hour; then, at three minutes before midnight, she will have sailed twenty-nine and a half miles, placing her half a mile on the *east* side of 180 degrees, according to the compass, but, of course, still in *west* longitude. As we have seen, the time at Greenwich is then twelve hours *ahead* of the time in the vicinity of 180 degrees, *western* hemisphere; therefore, as it is February 21st near midnight at the ship, it will be February 22d near noon at Greenwich.

Now, suppose at this same moment a sailing ship is lying becalmed a mile from the steamer, to the *west* according to the compass, but of course in the *Eastern* Hemisphere. The time on board that sailing ship will be twelve hours *ahead of Greenwich*, or near midnight February the twenty-second, the whole of February the twenty-second having passed with them; while on board the steamship, February the twenty-second is just about to commence. Now the steamship steams across the meridian of 180 degrees, and in a few minutes is alongside the sailing ship, both being in the Eastern Hemisphere. The steamship's time will now be the same as the ship's (for the latter has not moved from her position, being becalmed), and that time is the beginning of February the twenty-third, so that February the twenty-second is dropped from the calendar of the people on the steamer. In the morning, our passenger comes on deck, salutes the officer of the deck, and, being a patriotic American, asks:

"Do you make any celebration of Washington's birthday at sea?"

"Yes," replies the officer; "when it occurs, we load and fire the guns, and run the flag up."

"Then I suppose you will celebrate it to-day?"

"No, I think not," says the officer, as Washington's birthday comes on the twenty-second, and this happens to be the twenty-third.

"Beg pardon," says the passenger, "but this is the twenty-second."

"It should have been, in the ordinary course of events, but we crossed the line of 180 degrees during the night, and it is now the twenty-third," says the officer.

Our passenger, not having thought on this subject before, concludes to keep his diary by his own date, and, consequently, when he arrives at Yokohama, he finds he has got the wrong day of the week and the wrong date. He proceeds to Hong Kong and finds there, also, that he is a day behind, and, of course, he has to change his date, which he should have done when he crossed 180 degrees. And should he return to the United States by the way of the Pacific Ocean, when he crosses 180 degrees he must call two successive days by the same name and date. Therefore, it is said, we gain a day coming from China, and lose a day going there.

If this is not sufficiently clear to any boys or girls, let them place themselves on the west side of a table, put a globe on the table in front of them, and light a candle to represent the sun, placing it east of the globe. Now, let them suppose that time has not yet begun, and that they are going to mark the very first day, which may be called January the first, year one. We are told in the Bible that the evening and the morning were the first day. So if the evening was the first half of the day, time must begin at noon.

Now, let some one place the meridian of 180 degrees on the globe directly opposite the candle, or sun, having the North Pole depressed toward the North, and with his right hand on the globe, revolve it from him, which is the way the earth revolves. It then will be seen that the Eastern Hemisphere comes under the sun first, and as each meridian rolls under the sun, all places on that meridian will have their first noon, or noon of January the 1st, year one. Likewise, when the globe has rolled half way round, the meridian of Greenwich will be under the sun, making it midnight where we started from, so that a person in, say, longitude 179 deg. 59 min. east, will have spent half of his first day.

Now, as the Western Hemisphere is rolled under the sun, giving all places there their first noon, it will be found that when longitude 179 deg. 59 min. west comes under the sun, a person living there will have *his* first noon, or noon of January the first, year one; but it now will be seen that the earth has only to roll two miles more of longitude, which occupies about eight seconds of time, to bring our first personage under the sun again, or to give him noon for the second time, which must be January the second, at noon; so that two persons, although within a mile of each other, if on different sides of the meridian of 180 degrees, will always have a different date and a different day of the week. But all this, of couse, is so only at the meridian of 180 degrees and nowhere else.—*John Keiler, in St. Nicholas.*

Diseases Among English Sheep.

The ravages of what is commonly known as "rot" or "bane" are assuming most appalling proportions in the midland and western counties of England, in consequence, it is generally supposed, of the excessive and long-continued wet weather last year. Tens of thousands of sheep, principally ewes, are dead and dying. In some parishes, in Gloucester, Oxon and Warwick there are, comparatively speaking, very few sheep left, and in Somerset there are only 5,000 left in one district, which usually winters 50,000. Hundreds, if not thousands, of sheep have been sold off in the Bristol district at from 3s 6d to 10s a head.

—The suggestion has been made that in some quarters, and especially in large cities, women could be advantageously and properly employed as aids to the superintendent of the census, in securing an enumeration of the inhabitants and obtaining information relating to industrial statistics.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, confirmed 120 Indians last year.

—The Methodists are increasing rapidly in Sweden. During the past few months revival meetings have been held generally with large results. In one place sixty new members have been received.

—Nearly five hundred shopkeepers in Zurich, Switzerland, have asked the city council officially to suspend all trade on Sunday. They have been led to take the step by the increasing number of open shops. The practice was begun by a few, but others have since felt compelled by business interests to follow their example.

—It is proposed to build in certain districts on the Western frontier of Kansas churches made of sods. A few such already exist. The walls are of sods, the roofs are covered with sods, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about 26x36, for an outlay in money of only ten dollars, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sods, if properly built and protected, will last 100 years.

—The observatory for which James Lick left a fund is to be built soon, a site having been selected on Mount Hamilton, fifty miles from San Francisco, and 5,000 feet above the sea level. The principal instrument, if the testator's directions are carried out, will be "the best telescope in the world;" but its size, character, and maker have not yet been decided upon, and some preliminary experiments will be made.

—The shifts to which teachers may be driven to find punishments for children, when the use of the rod is forbidden, was curiously exemplified at Harrow, England. A complaint was there made, at a meeting of the School Board, that a girl who had been caught copying, had been forced to stand for two hours in the middle of the school, with a card tied to her forehead on which was written the word "sneak."

—Intelligence has been received at the Rooms of the American Board of the success of the appeal of the Rev. Edwin Adams to the Government of Austria for liberty of worship. He is permitted to have worship in his own house, in the presence of invited guests, after giving due notice and paying for the service of a policeman. Children between the ages of six and fourteen belonging to any of the religions recognized by the State are not permitted to attend. The cost in legal fees of every service is $1.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church had, at the close of the year 1879, 1,524,006 members and 176,296 probationers. The gain in members for the year was 21,608, and the loss in probationers 15,467; so that, taking the total of members and probationers—1,700,302—the net gain for the year was only 6,146. The number of churches was 16,955, which shows an increase of 395. The value of the churches is estimated at $62,520,417, being a decrease of $6,228,721 from the previous year.

—For the first time in sixteen years the American Missionary Association is free of debt. During the past year it paid off an indebtedness of $37,389. Among the colored people of the South an important work has been accomplished by this association. It has at present in the Southern States eight chartered institutions, twelve high schools and twenty-four common schools, with a total of 163 teachers and 7,207 pupils, in all of which Christian knowledge and character are a feature of the instruction. In addition there are about 5,200 Sunday-school scholars under its charge.

—In a recent debate in the Prussian Diet on the Catholic question the minister of public worship, Herr Von Puttkammer, who has been thought to favor a much milder policy than his predecessor, Dr. Falk, said the State, although it had been obliged to defend its rights, had never lost hope of seeing the end of hostilities. A compromise, however, could only be effected on the basis of existing legislation. There should be an end of dispute over principles, and more attention be given to facts. Herr Windthorst, the Catholic leader, boped the negotiations between Bismarck and the Vatican would be brought to a successful conclusion. Unless they were, the Church was prepared to take up the cudgels again.

Finding Fault.

Does it pay to find fault? You who are the wise keepers of houses, and the dear keepers of hearts, does it pay? There are heavy burdens to hear all day—manifold cares from the rising to the setting of the sun—blunders made by those who should have known better, many a thing to annoy; but don't make cold and cheerless the home-atmosphere by finding fault. There is no blight more deadly in its tendency—nothing that can more surely disturb the harmony of home, nothing that will recoil more quickly upon yourself—than the habit of fault-finding. Not that errors should go unrebuked, or mistakes uncorrected; but note such down in your memory, and when the work, and care, and tumult of the days are all over, then call the little ones and the larger ones around you, and then tell them soberly but kindly of the wrong-doings, and see if you are not amply repaid for your forbearance by the smile and the tear, and the little word of contrition and promise of amendment. You will be a thousand times happier when you lie down to sleep, and a sweet forgetfulness has settled over your little flock, than you would have been had the blue eyes now closed been filled with bitter tears that overflowed at unkind censure, or had the little golden head drooped under the shadow of your constant frown. How fair, and sweet, and satisfying life might be to us all if we could forget to fret, and find fault and complain. Don't save your words of praise and appreciation until it is too late. You love the little children—the dear little children! And if they do speak loud, and leave doors open that should be shut, and disturb the order of the house, don't find fault. It won't pay.

—Ought a woman to kiss a tobacco chewer? Yes, if she chews.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Ginger Crackers.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, half a pound of lard, two ounces of ground ginger, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Knead them a long time, and roll very thin. Bake over a steady strong fire.

—Lemon Paste.—Two lemons, juice and pulp, two eggs, two cups sugar, one tablespoonful butter; beat eggs and sugar together; stir in lemon; put in a vessel and let water boil around it till it is as thick as rich custard; set away to cool; then spread between layers of sponge cake instead.

—Corn Meal Waffles.—The yelks of two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of butter, one of wheat flour, one teaspoonful salt, one pint sweet milk or water, one pint of corn meal (or corn flour, if you have it, is nicer), and lastly the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Bake in waffle irons.

—A Connecticut dairyman, who has been experimenting with turnips as food for cows, thinks they are worth twenty-five cents a bushel. There is no saving in the amount of hay consumed, but they increased the flow of milk, and were an aid to the digestion of hay and other dry fodder. European experimenters have come to the same conclusion.

—Potato Salad.—Never make it of cold potatoes. Boil six large potatoes, peel them while still hot, and slice them thin, no matter if they break; make your dressing of the best sweet oil, pepper and salt to taste, an onion chopped very fine, a large spoonful of caper; vinegar enough to have it moist all through; mix this well through your potatoes, and you will have a very plain but palatable dish.

—Audubon says a woodcock will eat its own weight of insects in a single night. Dr. Bradley says a pair of sparrows will destroy 3,360 caterpillars in a week. Woodpeckers are constantly employed in ridding the orchards of insects and their eggs, which they skillfully discover under the pieces of dead bark. Robins through the spring and summer are continually hunting for worms and grubs.

—A Light Pudding.—Boil a little nutmeg and cinnamon in a piut of new milk, take out the spice; beat eight yelks and four whites of eggs, a glass of sweet cider, a little salt and sugar; mix a spoonful of flour, very smooth in a little of the milk, then put all together with the crumb of a small roll grated; tie this in a thick cloth, boil it an hour; serve it with butter melted and cider and sugar poured over it.

—A rigid law should be enforced against any neglect to remove or hury any stock dying of disease, as the most careful sanitary measures in stock-raising will not prevent contagion from spreading so long as diseased stock is exposed to contact or proximity with healthy stock. And any person guilty of such neglect should be held just as culpable as if he removed bedding from a pest-house and threw it in the public highway.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Breakfast Cake.—Equal parts fine oatmeal and water, mix, pour into a pan about one-third of an inch deep; bake half an hour, or until crisp and slightly brown; or make half an inch thick and bake like johnny cake. If the oven is not hot enough, pour it into the frying pan, cover tight, bake on top of stove, dishing when well browned on the bottom. It is a splendid dish for an early breakfast, late supper, or when you are in a hurry. It is not good cold; if any is left, warm it over. Eaten with sweet cream, fresh butter, or stewed fruit, it is excellent.

—A very good preparation of glycerine to have always on hand can be readily prepared by any apothecary or druggist: In two ounces of sweet oil of almonds melt by a slow heat half an ounce of spermaceti and one dram of white wax. Then add one ounce of good glycerine, stirring in a *little* oil of rose. Keep in small jars or small wide-necked bottles. In hot weather keep closely exposed to warmth. Half or a fourth of the above quantity may be used. Every drug store should keep a jar of it, and recommend its use. It is excellent for softening the skin, for most injured skin surfaces that are not open sores; for chafed places, for moistening corns or calloused feet or toes, and especially for chapped face, lips or hands. When the hands are chapped or cracked, or roughened by cold, wash them clean with soap, and rub them well with this glycerine ointment, wiping it off to prevent soiling clothing. If this is done at night the hands will be soft and in good condition in the morning, except when deeply cracked. It is very good to apply to the hands after "washing day."—*American Agriculturist.*

Persia's Dreadful Famine.

Mrs. Cochran of Oroomiah, Persia, who has been a missionary there for thirty years, has written Rev. A. H. Plumb, of Bostou, giving details of the fearful famine in Persia, and appealing for aid. She says that the Christian communities are suffering far less than the Mohammedan, and that the Nestorians are helping the sufferers to the extent of their means. Nothing at all is done by the Government, and hundreds throng the missionaries' doors daily. The starving also go to the slaughter-houses and catch and drink the blood. Many have sold all they have for bread, parting with valuables for a mere song. A bushel of coarse wheat meal sold for twenty dollars January 7, while in the former famine it never went above eight dollars. "Bare-footed multitudes tread the frozen streets, having parted with all but a few rags, which offer an apology for clothing. Parents are selling their children for slaves; many men have fled, no one knows whither, to avoid seeing the death of those dear to them. Would that I could take you out among the haggard crowd that will come to-morrow, which comes daily to receive a little. O! those sunken eyes! those bony fingers! Trembling, fainting women and children trodden under foot by the stronger ones as they rush forward to receive the precious piece of bread! If I could take you to some of the houses in the villages, where whole families are groveling on the ground floor, some apparently near death—all in the deepest dejection, praying for death, merciful death! Men in this city have poisoned the last food they could procure for their dear ones, and all have gone together. One man with a family of eight a few days ago put arsenic into the flour which was to make their last little cake, and they all died together." Immediate contributions are solicited.

A Few Mysteries Unveiled.

She was to meet her adored one on the nine o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this, she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lily-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of bloude must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of black court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign-board on a thinly frozen pond. Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling-tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Luhin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the hay.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Why Teeth Decay.

Upon a careful review of the opinion and experiments of our best investigators, says Dr. S. M. Prothro in a paper read before the Tennessee Dental Association, it is conclusive that there are but two active agents in the process of dental caries, namely the action of acids and the development of a vegetable parasite, the *Leptothrix buccalis.* By actual experiments it is demonstrated that it does not require strong acids to separate the phosphoric and carbonic acids from the lime contained in the tooth substances. Even water that contains carbonic acid will dissolve the calcareous salts. And it seems from a circumstance that transpired under the eye of Mr. Spence Bate, that water alone can dissolve the teeth. A lady having two sets of artificial human teeth, placed one set in water to preserve it till she had worn out the other. At the expiration of seven years, the set that she had kept in water was as much corroded as the one she had worn in the mouth. This case corroborates a statement made by Wedl and Heider, that at the end of ten days fungi had attacked the enamel and dentine of the teeth that had been kept in pure water, and that in a few weeks the tissues were pierced with holes like a sieve.

All mineral, as well as vegetable acids, act promptly on the teeth. "In forty-eight hours acetic, citric, and malic acids will corrode the enamel so that you may scrape a great portion of it away with the finger nail." Acid tartrate of lime, having a greater affinity for the lime of the tooth than for its own base, will rapidly destroy the enamel.

Grapes, in forty-eight hours, will render the enamel of a chalky consistence. Vegetable substances are inert till fermentation takes place and acetic acid is formed. Sugar has no deleterious effect, only in the state of acetous fermentation. Animal substances exert no injurious effect until putrefaction is far advanced.—*Scientific American.*

England's Falling Revenue.

The *Statist* points out that the revenue for the current financial year received up to date is £65,497,000 against £67,597,000 in the corresponding period of last year—a diminution of £2,100,000. A falling off like this suggests that there is something materially wrong in the condition of the country, but such a conclusion would be a mistake. The genuineness and strength of the present revival of trade are beyond question. But if there is nothing wrong in the condition of the country the effect on the National finances must be serious. Unless there is a great recovery in the next few weeks, the addition of the current financial year to the accumulated deficit—even assuming no addition to the cost of the Zulu war, and that the Afghan war expenditure is wholly kept out—may be between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000. The Government may plead that in strictness there is no deficit, as the Chancelor of the Exchequer pointed out at Leeds, the charge for the debt including a large sum for repayment; but the facts will certainly be awkward for them in popular estimation, unless there is a great turn for the better in the next few weeks.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—"Do fish hear?" is another of those distressing conundrums men of science are eternally springing on a long suffering world. Of course, fish hear. We went fishing one day, and the strongest words we said were "By hokey," and we never caught a fish, and when we looked into the water we saw every old and decrepit fish in the party holding an ear trumpet in its right fin.—*New Haven Register.*

During the late great storm the men of the life-saving stations on the New Jersey coast saved the lives of more than fifty ship-wrecked sailors, who, but for their aid, would have perished.

—The horseshoe doesn't bring good luck when the horse applies it.—*Boston Courier.*

There is little nourishment in sawdust. Applied to many soils it is beneficial owing to the mechanical effect in rendering them friable and porous. It is thought that the free use of pine sawdust on some land is injurious. Maine farmers, who in some sections have applied it liberally, entertain this opinion. The approved plan for utilizing sawdust as a fertilizer is to first employ it as a bedding for stock. It serves to keep the cows and horses clean and the stable eders down to a tolerable degree. This bedding breaks up the tenacity of cow manure, rendering it easy to pulverize and manage. Manure so formed, if left in a large pile, will quickly ferment and burn like horse manure. Leaves also furnish a useful litter for animals and are worth the trouble of handling to lands deficient in potash. Leaves constitute a good fermenting material to mix with horse manure in making a hot-bed. For this purpose they require moisture.

The Duke of Wellington was once refused admission into the Commander-in-Chief's office by a soldier new to London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William the Fourth, was kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity. "You can't pass, old un," said he, "nobody's allowed to pass here after dark except the King and the lamplighter."

An Old Man Restored to Health.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1879.

H. H. WARNER & Co., Rochester, N. Y.—GENTLEMEN: "For forty years I have suffered with Diabetes, being obliged to void urine as often as once in 30 minutes, and have also been a great sufferer from palpitation of the heart. I am now using your Diabetes Cure, and can truly say, at 70 years of age, that it makes me feel like a new man."

PETER SHOWEMEAN.

Gilt-Edge Butter Maker.

Makes July, August and Winter butter equal to best June product. Grocers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with this powder. Guaranteed harmless. Increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the VEGETINE will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

VEGETINE.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back, and thence shooting downward; numbness of the thigh, vomiting, usually at first a deep red color of the urine, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease increases, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; costiveness and sometimes colic. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and limbs, dryness of the skin, frequent urinations (especially at night), general dropsy, headache, dizziness of sight, indigestion, and palpitation of the heart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the face, cough and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the *Vegetine* gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretions, cleansing and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities. A great many can testify to cases of long standing having been perfectly cured by the *Vegetine*, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for this disease.

Kidney Complaints.

CINCINNATI, O., March 19, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have used your *Vegetine* for some time, and can truthfully say it has been a great benefit to me; and to those suffering from diseases of the Kidneys I cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully, O. H. SMITH.

Attested to by K. B. Ashfield, Druggist, Corner Eighth and Central Avenue.

CINCINNATI, O., April 19, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

I have suffered several years with the *Kidney Complaint*, and was induced to try *Vegetine*. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and I am convinced it is a valuable remedy. It has done me more good than any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from *Kidney Complaints*.

Yours respectfully, J. S. McMULLEN.

First Book-keeper for Newhall, Gale & Co., Flour Merchants, No. 86 West Front Street, Cincinnati, O.

Vegetine has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

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The Only Remedy

THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use **KIDNEY-WORT** *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr'ss True & Co., Augusta, Me.

My Annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1880, rich in engravings from photographs of the originals, will be sent FREE to all who apply. My old customers need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. *Full directions for cultivation on each package.* All seed *warranted to be both fresh and true to name*; so far, that should it prove otherwise, *I will refill the order gratis.* The original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Fulmer's Melon, Marblehead Cabbages, Mexican Corn, and scores of other vegetables, I invite the patronage of *all who are anxious to have their seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain.*

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Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Dose small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.

Warranted to first buyers.

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An Unfailing Remedy for Piles & Hemorrhoids.

BARLEE'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted *in every trial* of the **Barlee's Suppository**, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured.* It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., 812 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by **Baker's Cod Liver Oil.** Sold by all druggists.

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By M. RHODES, D. D., Pastor of St. Mark's English Evangelical Lutheran Church, St. Louis, Mo. CONTENTS: Chapter I.—Our Young Men; Chap. II.—Evils to be Shunned; Chap. III.—Evil and its Resistance; Chap. IV.—Peril of Making Haste to be Rich; Chap. V.—Causes of Failure in Life; Chap. VI.—Elements of Success in Life; Chap. VII.—Character; Chap. VIII.—Duty; Chap. IX.—The Model Young Man; Chap. X.—The Young Man and the Bible; Chap. XI.—Infidelity or Christianity—Which? Chap. XII.—Memories of Rome. A book of 340 pages, printed on fine calendered paper and handsomely bound. *"The greatest good to the greatest number."* Forwarded, post-paid, for $1.50, by addressing the author, No. 2002 Gamble Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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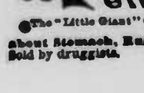

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Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a **Torpid Liver**, and cure **Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague**, and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all **Malarial Poison.** Price, **25 cents a Box.**

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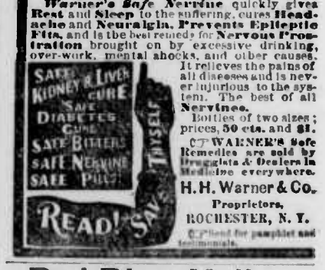

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Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver**, or **"Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

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No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated Feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Mch. 9, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday of April, 1880,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers and hearing appeals.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
3 13 td. Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland:

We, the citizens of District No. 6, in said county, do petition your Honors, that you will order a change in the Grantsville road, in said district, beginning at the gate of Mahlon Glotfelty's, and following the lines of Jesse Glotfelty, D McLean and others, to intersect the pike leading from McHenry to Accident, and disannul the Grantsville road from Wm. Casteel's to the above named gate. It will be a better location and near a mile shorter; and we will pray, &c.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
WM. CASTEEL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
Mh. 6-tcm And 16 others.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fitch, Solomon Browning, Joshua and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Shoaham property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. H. WHETSELL,
H. B. LEWIS,
2 14 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

Estate of Elijah Harsbarger, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIJAH HARSHBARGER,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of March, 1880.

JACOB HARSHBERGER,
3 13 4 Administrator.

Notice of Distribution.

In the matter of the sale of the real estate of Jacob Yutzy, deceased, by Daniel Beachy, Executor.

In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, this 24th day of February, 1880, that Daniel Beachy, Executor of Jacob Yonty, late of Garrett county, deceased, give notice that distribution will be made in said estate at the office of the Register of Wills for Garrett county, on the 23d day of March next.

ISAAC KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, A. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, A. J. O. C.

True Copy—Test—
m6-td W. H. HAGANS, Register of Wills.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, R. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, March 16th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
feb. 14-5w Examiners.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road. Beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Hann, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. F. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb. 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

Estate of John A. Frazee, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN J. FRAZEE, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same to the subscribers, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 14th day of August, 1880. They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 10th day of February, 1880.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE,
Feb. 14-1w Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fitzwhaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

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Delivered to any address free from observation.

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DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 250½ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m. Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

le21-y1

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JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

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"THE REPUBLICAN,"
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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

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Circulars,
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Envelopes,
Tags,
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Pamphlets,
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Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

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At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

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BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 In.; Depth, 24 In.; Length, 50 In. Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves. French Veneered Panneled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Try for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have exceeded my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated instruments. Leaving recently Loo

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. 14 NEW PIANOS for $175, $195, $215 and upwards. Beware of Imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs. Free

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Washington, New Jersey.

Only $1.50 a Year.

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W. A. DAILY, Agent,
v3n47-1yr Oakland, Md.

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SURVEYOR,

Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A. M. Jarrett, D.D.S.,

will be at Oakland every six months.

Nitrous oxide gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.

Artificial teeth warranted to be neat and substantial.

Fine artistic gold filling a specialty.

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WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

CHEAP CHEAP.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm, about four miles from Oakland, on the West Union road. This farm contains 36e acres, 200 of which is under fence and 150 improved. The improvements consist of a

New Frame House,

Barn and other out buildings. There is also on the farm a

Good Young Orchard.

The crops usually taken from this farm are wheat, rye, oats, corn, buckwheat, potatoes, etc.

This property is especially adapted to stock raising, there being a good outlet to a free range.

COAL and LIMESTONE within three miles.

For terms, &c., address,

DAVID SLABAUGH,
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Or call at this office. aug2-6m.

$1500 To $600 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Je14 y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M
Way	10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale

OF

VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1221, 1235, 1324, 1331, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

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WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880. NUMBER 6.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

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L. BUSH & SON. GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Third & Oak sts.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

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JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

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FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GOODS FRESH & NEW

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Suits Made to Order

in the most fashionable manner. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Also Agent for the Celebrated

"Pearl Shirt."

A Large Assortment of

BOYS' CLOTHING

Kept always on hand.

☞ All work WARRANTED to give entire satisfaction.

A. LOEWENSTEIN, Oakland, Md.

a6-1y

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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n2 H. B. WOLFE.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING, (Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. W. VEITCH, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Jan. 30-tf.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG

Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1880.

THE POWER OF CHRIST.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Nearly six months had now intervened since the Sermon on the Mount. From his dwelling-place at Capernaum, the Saviour had gone forth many times on errands of mercy; had raised to life the widow's son at Nain, (Luke 7. 11-17;) had restored to health the centurion's servant, (Luke 7. 1-10,) and had again passed through the villages of Galilee, teaching and healing. Though the leaders of the nation had assumed an attitude of hostility, the masses of the people were still friendly, and throngs followed him at every step. So closely did the multitude press upon him, that he was compelled to take refuge in Peter's fishing-boat, moored by the shore of the lake, and as it rocked on the waters, he sat upon the prow and spoke his parables all day to the listening crowd upon the strand. The evening came and he was weary; so at his command the disciples entered the little vessel with him, and they rowed toward the eastern shore, while he slept upon the rude cushion in the stern. Suddenly a storm came sweeping down from the northern highlands, until the waves threatened to engulf the little craft. In dismay the disciples awake their Master, who gently rebukes their "little faith," and by a word calms the sea. At the eastern shore they behold new wonders in the restored demoniacs, the Satan-driven swine and the Gergesne people, who, with ignorant dread, beseech the mighty worker to leave their coasts. So, sadly, he turns away, and turns the prow of his vessel toward the Galilean shores.

Matt. 8. 18-34.

Memory Verses, 23-27.

18 Now when Jesus saw great multitudes about him, he gave commandment to depart unto the other side,

19 And a certain scribe came, and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

20 And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

21 And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

22 But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead.

23 And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him.

24 And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep.

25 And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish.

26 And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.

27 But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the seas obey him!

28 And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way.

29 And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?

30 And there was a good way off from them an herd of many swine feeding.

31 So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine.

32 And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters.

33 And they that kept them fled, and went their ways into the city, and told everything, and what was befallen to the possessed of the devils.

34 And, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus: and when they saw him, they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts.

HOME READINGS.

M. The power of Christ. Matt. 8. 18-34.
Tu. Power over men Matt. 4. 18-25.
W. Power over nature. Matt. 14. 22-33.
Th. Power over spirit. Matt. 17. 14-21.
F. Power to heal. Luke 7. 1-10.
S. Power to restore life. John 11. 32-45.
S. Power to forgive sin. Luke 5. 17-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey him. Matt. 8. 27.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. COMMANDING MEN, v. 18-22; John 15. 14: Where was Jesus intending to go? What was said to him by a scribe? Was this a good resolution? Wherein? How did Jesus answer him? How does this illustrate 2 Cor. 8. 9? What request was made by another disciple? What was Christ's reply? How is it given in Luke 9. 60? Why is the preaching of the Gospel so important? Who are here meant by the dead? Eph. 2. 1.

2. COMMANDING NATURE, v. 23-27; Psa. 89. 8, 9. What arose on the sea? What was Jesus doing at the time? How does this show that he was a man? How did the disciples' cry show little faith? What should we do when troubled? What did he say to the sea? What power was here shown? What was said by those with him? Golden Text. How may we obtain benefit from his power?

3. COMMANDING SPIRITS, v. 28-34; Eph. 6. 12. What took place when they landed? What does Satan do to men who let him into their hearts? What happened to the evil spirits? What was the feeling of the people in the city? Why did they desire Christ to leave them? Who are like them at the present time? What did Jesus say to one of the men whom he had healed? Luke 8. 39. Why should we tell others what Christ has done for us?

We believe that God's power is without limit: why should we not believe the same of his mercy?

The Attitude of Parties.

If error were truth, if nonsense were logic if pretense were sincerity, then there might be a modicum of truth, sense and justice, perhaps, in the following, which appears in the Democratic organ, as to the intents of the Republican party in the ensuing election:

It goes into the campaign of 1880 with the announcement that it intends to substitute Federal for local authority and central in so much of the sphere of the latter as has not already been absorbed by the former. It aims to eradicate local self government and to give us all of monarchy but the name. It is well that its purposes have been so clearly indicated.

This piece of flippant nonsense hinges upon the late decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which it is declared in essence that National supremacy is sovereign as against conflicting State laws. To this end does the Supreme Court of the United States give its opinion, which must stand as the final determination of the question, and there the Republican party stands also, and there it will firmly stand until the Constitution and laws of the United States are reversed by an exercise of the popular will under due form. This issue presents the two great parties in their true attitudes, and they are not materially changed from what they were during the rebellion. As then, the Republican party now stands by the integrity of the Union, the Constitution and the laws of the General Government. It holds that in all matters of Federal concernment the power of the General Government rises superior to the municipal powers and regulations of the several States. If there is a conflict between the States and the Federal power the former must subordinate themselves to National sovereignty; otherwise there is no future for the Republic. The Republican party stands now precisely where it did when the right of secession was asserted by a part of the States, and that assumed right was decided by an appeal to arms. It stands by National supremacy, and hence may be regarded as the conserving hope and power of National unity, harmony and perpetuity.

On the other hand, the Democratic party stands now as it did during the war—on the side of State sovereignty, secession and rebellion. It interposes a resisting spirit constantly to the terms upon which that bloody struggle was settled. It opposes the amendments of the Constitution, and the laws of Congress based thereupon, and seeks to render them nugatory whenever and wherever they interpose barriers to its own selfish purposes and ends. The Constitutional amendments which declared freedom for the slave, and the laws which clothe the freeman with the rights of citizenship, are contemned, despised and resisted by the Democratic party, under the same spirit that led it to sympatize with the rebellion and to declare the war for its suppression "a miserable failure." The Democratic party, under an irrepressible spirit of resistance to the results of the war has since the return of peace plotted against the rights of citizenship as reposed in the colored man, and has resorted to methods of barbarism, which combine lawlessness, violence, outrage, and even murder, to prevent the colored citizen from a peaceful exercise of his rights of citizenship. And this spirit of hostility to the constitutional rights of the citizen has not been confined to the freemen alone, but has arrayed itself against the white man in the South, who arrogated to himself the right of opposing the dogmas and methods of that party, and he has been slaughtered upon the altar of Democratic lawlessness and hate. Thus the Democratic party since 1861 has traced its record on the page of history with every variety of misdeeds known to crime. It has resorted to secession, rebellion, disloyalty to the Constitution and laws of the Nation, outrage, violence, lawlessness, ballot-dozing, ballot-box stuffing, false counting of votes, and all other corrupt methods in managing elections and in administering State laws, all of which have been crowned with the crime of murder, for nearly twenty years.

Now we find that party true to its instincts, and at this late day raising its puny voice against the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, under the lingering spirit of resistance to the Federal law, for the reason that those laws and decisions conflict with its dishonest methods for the accomplishment of its nefarious purposes against the National welfare. The Democratic party furnishes daily proof in its history that it is not the party of the Union, the Constitution and the laws in this period, but is still clinging to the issues that were settled by the war, and has no higher purpose than to keep them alive, in the hope that State sovereignty may yet rise superior to National sovereignty.—*Wash. Republican.*

The Show for Reform.

The Democratic State Convention last fall put forth a platform resplendent in promises and magnificent in grammattical construction. No exception could be taken to the general way in which useful measures of reform in the State government were treated, nor could any fault be found with the sentiments formulated in behalf of an economical administration of local affairs. On the stump the Democratic standard bearer, Hon. William T. Hamilton, pledged an earnest and sincere effort in behalf of every local reform promised. With him the platform meant something more than mere political legerdemain. It meant that his administration would devote itself to the duty of lessening the burden of taxation; that so far as the executive department was concerned, there should be introduced the most rigid economy in the administration of State affairs. In all this he has kept his word and has done his best to bring the Democratic majority in the General Assembly to a fulfilment of promises made in the progress of the campaign. Has he been successful? No. Will he be successful in the end? It is doubtful. The same baneful influences that did so much to nullify Democratic promises of reform in 1876 are still sufficiently powerful to obstruct Gov. Hamilton's labors in 1880. These influences only thrive during a prodigal expenditure of public money; they can only survive in a reign of reckless extravagance. When useless appropriations are cut off and needless offices abolished the means by which these influences are kept alive and active are exhausted and the power exerted thereby is lost. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Hamilton has encountered violent, emphatic and demonstrative opposition in his efforts to reform chronic abuses. His policy of retrenchment has been antagonized by a powerful element in both branches of the legislature, and the probabilities are that an issue will be made and the question whether the Democratic party was honest and sincere in its professions during the last campaign, be recommitted, as it were, to a committee of the whole people, for determination in the next local campaign. When that issue is squarely made and the line sharply drawn the people will have it in their power to decide between economy, frugal government and low taxes as represented by Mr. Hamilton's policy, and wild, reckless expenditure, the support of a swarm of useless officers, and high taxes as symbolized in the policy of the "managers," so called.—*Cumb. Leader, Democrat.*

VOLUMINOUS PRINTING.—In the course of the investigation into the conduct of the government printing office, and the discussions which have taken place since the report was made, it has come out that the amount of printing done by order of Congress is prodigious. It was stated in the House of Representatives that in a single day, March 9, the House ordered the printing of 150,000 copies of the two reports of Dr. Hough on forestry, large, substantial volumes, both of them; 20,000 copies of the report on beet sugar and its manufacture, 300,000 copies of the report of the commissioner of agriculture and 100,000 copies of the report on the diseases of swine—570,000 octavo volumes in a single day. The printing of the "usual number" of documents at the present session will number 1,916,675 copies, some of the documents running to the size of large volumes. The printing of the last session of the Forty-fifth and the extra session of the 46th Congress made, exclusive of the *Record*, 44,118 octavo pages, and 2,699,625 octavo volumes or copies, 25,862 quarto pages and 270,374 copies, or 69,000 volumes, and 2,969,950 copies in all. Many of these books are illustrated with costly engravings. These books would fill a space eight times as large as that occupied by the Congressional Library. It might be considered that this was rather overdoing the printing business, if it were not to be considered that it is all in behalf of the dear people, who need to be enlightened on all the important subjects referred to, and certainly it is highly creditable to their disinterested representatives that they display so much solicitude in securing and embalming in print all this information. It is doubtless much better to spend public money in this way than in many others that the people get no benefit from. It is not corrupting, to say the least, and as long as so much printing has to be done, Mr. Defrees is likely to superintend it as efficiently and honestly as "any other man."

A STRANGE CASE.—Jas. E. Williams, of New York, engineer, was arrested in that city on Saturday, on a charge of perjury preferred by his aunt, Mrs. Delia Little. If Mrs. Little's accusations are well founded, she has been most infamously treated. She is seventy years old, and lived for twenty years, up to 1878, in San Francisco, California, on property worth $15,000, bequeathed to her by her husband. That year she was badly paralyzed, and, being told she would die, Mrs. Little's nurse sent for Williams, as her nearest relative. He came on to California, and under pretence of looking after his aunt's affairs, got a general power of attorney from her, armed with which he converted her property into cash. Then he took his aunt to New York to get better medical advice, and after a few weeks procured her commitment to the Tombs and to Blackwell's Island for six months as a habitual drunkard. Mrs. Little has since been released, found a friend in a poor colored woman, a servant in her nephew's family, produced evidence that the charge on which she was committed was a false one, and on this has had her nephew arrested for perjury. It is also alleged that some of the police court records in Mrs. Little's case are fictitious.

Another tremendous plot for the revolutionary regeneration of Ireland is reported to have been set afoot—not in Ireland itself, but in Philadelphia. There is said to have been there held a secret meeting, which unanimously resolved to pursue an aggressive policy toward England, and one thousand circulars were sent out to one thousand representative Irishmen asking them "to engage in earnest revolutionary work." Two hundred and fifty-six responses have been received, all favoring "a restless, aggressive, patriotic spirit." Consequently, the next thing to do is to hold a convention; and there is to be one, unless the whole plan should previously be given up—an aggressive convention in Philadelphia, beginning June 27, 1880, and ending in a blaze of glory on the Fourth of July following. The circular says that there is Irish blood enough in the United States to "beat England to her knees," but nothing is said of the impropriety and illegality of belligerent action on the part of American citizens, albeit of Irish birth. As most of the thousand gentlemen to whom the circular was sent have sworn to respect the Constitution and laws of the United States, they are respectfully commended to a careful study of both.

There are encouraging signs of a falling out among the Maine thieves. Garcelon's attempt to throw all the blame for the attempt to steal the State upon his Council has enraged one of its members, Mr. Fogg, so much that he has relieved his mind publicly in an interview in *The Lewiston Journal*. He charges that Garcelon is deficient in backbone, or he would not have gone before Mr. Hale's committee, and says he can only account for the ex-Governor's testimony on the ground that he has "softening of the brain," or has been incorrectly reported. If the report is correct, he thinks "they must have got him drunk." He then admits that "there was a ring in the Council," but declares that he wasn't in it. "Garcelon's advisers were outside the Council; the Council could take no action without the Governor's sanction." Fogg sums up Garcelon's career in three blunders: First, in asking the opinion of the Supreme Court; second, in appointing Chamberlain; and third, in going before Hale's committee. There was one previous to these, and that was in ceasing to be an honest man.

The seat stealing is to go on. The House Committee on Elections voted to give Mr. McCabe, who claims Mr. Orth's seat, the standing as a contestant he would have had if his claim had been presented eighteen months ago. Now the case will be in such shape that it can be taken up whenever it becomes necessary to steal Mr. Orth's seat.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CAB AND TENDER.

Some Curious Facts About Locomotives —As Near Human as Machinery Can be Made.

"He's in the dumps because his locomotive has been 'off' for three or four days," said a railroad man at the Union depot the other day, as he pointed to an engineer who looked as sour as any dyspeptic.

"How off?"

"Go and ask him."

It took a quarter of an hour and a cigar to clear the cloud from the engineer's face, and then in reply to the query he said:

"It is a queer thing. There's my engine, one of the best on the road, in perfect order, only two years old, and able to run or pull with the best of them. A month ago I hadn't the least bit of trouble in making time, no matter how the track was or the weight of the train. She was ready at the word, held her steam beautifully, and she seemed to understand every word I said. To-day she is down in the roundhouse, growling and sputtering and acting as if she wanted to pick a fuss with a gravel-pit."

"Anything out of gear?"

"Not a thing. She's been looked over twice, and we can't find the least excuse for her conduct. She'll get over it in a day or two, perhaps. If she don't we'll punish her."

"How?"

"Put her before a freight or stock train. I've seen it tried a dozen times, and it most always works well. Here she is now, bright as a new dollar and handsome as a picture, and I'll bet fifty dollars that there isn't the least thing out of order. She's simply sulking, the same as a child or a woman, and I know what started it. Three weeks ago, while on my run in with the night express, she just wanted to light right out for all she was worth. She took the bit like a running horse, and if I hadn't choked her off she'd have beaten schedule time by twenty minutes. She acted mad right away, and in running twenty miles she gave me more trouble than I had ever had with her in a run of 300. She lost steam, tried to foam over, choked her pumps, and when I wanted more steam she'd slide on her drivers. She went right back on me that night, and has been sulking around ever since."

"Do all engines do this?"

"Not all, but many of them. Some of 'em begin to cut up and git on their high heels the first day out of the shop, as if determined to be master; while others will be as obedient as you please for two or three years and then all at once play some rusty trick. People say that a horse is next to a man in point of intelligence, but I sometimes think the locomotive ought to have that place. We engineers do not look upon them as machines, but almost as companions, and I've known drivers to talk to them by the hour. I feel awfully down in the mouth about my pet."

"Is this your first experience with a sulking engine?"

"No; it's my third. Six years ago, when I was running out of Chicago, west, I had ten years added to my age in about two minutes. I had a fine passenger engine, and we were the best of friends for over a year. One day, when we were booming over the country at forty miles an hour, I saw a farmer's team stalled at a highway crossing. He had a big load of wood on his wagon, and the team was a pair of young horses. When I first caught sight of them they were dancing up and down and not trying to pull a pound, and the old farmer was on top the load and putting on the whip good and strong. Now I honestly believe that engine wanted to mash things. She suddenly increased her speed, and when I reversed and put on the air brakes she plunged and kicked and almost jumped the rails. When I started up again she was sulking, and I had all I could do to make time. She was 'off' all next trip, but I wouldn't give in. On the next trip she showed her teeth, and they had the gleam of a lantern of death.

"You see, I had orders to side-track at a certain station for the Atlantic express to pass me, and my engine sulked and growled and threw me several minutes behind time. There was little time to spare when we reached the station. I had drawn the train about half way off the main track when my engine stopped dead still. Yes, sir—stopped dead still, and that without being reversed or a brake applied, and with steam enough to blow off! I was dazed for a minute, and the firemen opened his eyes like one seeing a terrible picture. Just then the Atlantic whistled. I jumped down and ran to the pilot, expecting to see a barricade, but the track was clear. I leaped into the cab and gave her more steam, but not a wheel moved. More yet, but she stood there like a rock! Conductor, brakemen and passengers were shouting at me, and the switchman howled like a panther. On came the Atlantic, and I pulled the throttle open wide. Bless you, sir, I'm in a shiver now at the recollection!

"The Atlantic always passed us on the fly, but that night she had a party of stockholders aboard who wanted to get off at this station, and she came to a stop and saved such a railroad slaughter as would put the Ashtabula disaster nowhere. She'd have gone through two sleeping cars slick as a bullet. There we stood, my engine growling and threatening and I half-crazed. The fireman suddenly lit out as if he had seen a ghost, a mob of the passengers swarmed down on me, and I believe I should have taken to the woods if a change hadn't come. All at once No. 40 seemed to rear right up, she made a plunge or two, and away she went like a bolt of lightning, and I had the hardest kind of work to stop her on the siding.

"They didn't say I was drunk and they knew I wasn't asleep, but they suspended me until they looked the engine over. She was in perfect order, and they sent her out on the accommodation with a new driver. What did she do but bang right into a train at a station, and that with all steam shut off and the bar thrown over! Some folks laugh at us and call it superstition, but they never lived in an engine cab. Ask any barber if his razor doesn't get 'off' now and then and refuse to shave until laid aside for a rest. Ask any horse-trainer if his horse will make the same time two mornings alike, even if the care and feed and track are the same. Running in and out of Detroit are hundreds of locomotives, all built on the same plan, and yet no two are handled just alike. Out of twenty built in the same shop, by the same gang of men, no two will work the same. One can be bulldozed, another must be petted, a third will be faithful, a fourth treacherous, and each one will have her peculiar traits and tricks. I'd no more take out one of these engines without knowing her peculiarities than you'd try to jump across that pit. I'd be all in a tremble for fear she'd ditch the whole train. No, sir. They are as near human as machinery can be made, and the more human you treat 'em the better it is for both. Some can be coaxed, some must be punished, some need watching, and once in a while you find one which will dodge danger, keep her time and run herself while you dream of the curly-heads tucked up in bed at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Hannay's Diamonds.

The announcement that Mr. Ballantine Hannay, of Glasgow, would describe his process of producing diamonds artificially attracted an unusually large gathering to the weekly meeting of the Royal Society last night. Mr. Hannay, was not, however, present, and the papers were read by one of the secretaries. The second paper, which occupied only a few minutes in reading, was a "Preliminary Note on the Artificial Formation of Diamonds," by Mr. Hannay. The author mentioned that he had conceived that as gases under great pressure and at high temperature dissolved solids, which afterward crystalized out on the heat and pressure being removed, possibly water-gas—or gas passing from the liquid into the gaseous condition—might act thus on carbon, which might subsequently crystalize in the form of diamonds. In this expectation he was disappointed. All forms of carbon, charcoal, lampblack, graphite, etc., refused to dissolve under the condition presented to them. After many failures he was recommended by Prof. Stokes to take advantage of the observations of Messrs. Lieving and Dewar on the affinity of hydrogen for certain metals, and by this agency to dissociate the hydrogen from the carbons. He claimed to have eventually succeeded by submitting "a hydro-carbon" in the presence of "a nitrogenous compound" to immense pressure and heat, with the result that on breaking open the iron tubes in which the experiments were performed minute crystals of diamonds, or in other words crystalized carbon, were found to have been deposited as the residuum. The paper was criticised by several fellows. No doubt was expressed as to the perfect good faith of Mr. Hannay. At the same time the attitude of the meeting was one of scientific skepticism—taking the term in a perfectly inoffensive meaning—un[illegible] was afforded it. This Mr. Hannay promised to supply at an early date [illegible] form the experiments if need be before the society or a committee appointed by it. Meantime, the great trouble he had was to find vessels in which to make the experiment, strong enough to bear the prodigious pressure they were subjected to. It also transpired that Mr. Hannay held out no hopes of his experiments ever being commercially valuable; at present the cost of making about five shillings' worth of the meanest stones exhibited being something like £5. It is, therefore, only rich people who can afford the pastime of diamond-making. Professor Story-Maskelyne expressed his firm belief in the good faith of his correspondent. The stones satisfied every test applicable to the native diamond and, these tests having been repeated by Professor Roscoe, of Manchester, that gentleman expressed an equally confident opinion to their being genuine diamonds. The main doubt as to their being genuine which still lingered about Professor Maskelyne's mind was the fact that the stones sent him were exceedingly minute—none over the one hundred and twenty-eighth of a carat in weight, and therefore all but microscopical. He could not see a single entire crystal. All the fragments seemed as if they were broken bits of larger diamonds, and one of the largest fragments more especially bore this character. The fact of their being broken Mr. Hannay attributed to the mechanical violence which they underwent on the heavy iron tubes in which they were crystalized being broken to get them out. Finally, Professor Maskelyne, though at present considering the discovery at best merely of scientific interest, was not altogether certain that, now that the principle has been struck on, larger stones might not eventually be produced. The stones exhibited filled a glass tube not much bigger than a quill, and were so small that, as Professor Maskelyne remarked, it would take about a thousand of them to make up the bulk of the smallest marketable diamond.—*London Standard.*

French Courtship.

It is the women who marry the men here, not the men who marry the women. A bachelor is a possession of value, and he will not let himself go for a centime under his worth. He need not have fortune, but he ought to have a name or position. Names are very plentiful in France, and positions too, for a place under the Government, however poorly paid, is held to give a man a certain consideration. At thirty, Jules, who has run his little career of follies, begins seriously to think it time to settle. He first comes to terms with himself and lays down the conditions on which he will barter away his liberty, with great precision. His wife must have so much fortune. There is no sense of shame about it, and no concealment; in fact the widest publicity of a certain kind is the very essence of the business. As soon as he has made up his mind as to the dot, or marriage portion, he seeks the aid of some of his feminine acquaintances, takes them into his confidence, and asks them to report to him on all marriageable girls with fortunes in their circle. No good-natured married woman can refuse an appeal of this kind. She was married in that way, and she is disinterestedly anxious to give her unmarried sisters the benefit of the custom. She passes her acquaintances in mental review, and selects two or three she thinks likely to suit her friend Jules. The confidential report is made, the girl named and described, and the swain is asked if he would like to see her. He probably says he would. A meeting at the house of the amiable negotiator is accordingly arranged, and all the resources of French tact are employed to prevent it from compromising one side or the other. The young lady is not to know anything of the matter, she is simply to appear by chance simultaneously with her possible adorer on a visiting day. She drops in with her mother; Jules drops in by himself. The mother is in the secret and looks at Jules; Jules is in the secret and looks at the young lady, and if neither cares to go any further there is no possible opening for gossip, and the affair is brought directly to an end. The self-possessed adorer is supposed to judge of the girl's capacity to insure his everlasting happiness from her manner of answering his few spirited observations about the weather. It would be absolutely against all *convenance* for him to say much more to her. The French girl cannot flirt; she has no opportunity for it, she is never by any chance left alone during the whole period of courtship, if courtship it can be called. She is under the eye of her mother or some relative who consents to play the part of watch-dog. All the exquisite play of passion is unknown to her at this period of her experience; so in common justice to herself she is driven to acquire that knowledge at a later stage.

Celebs in search of a wife is thus a familiar figure of French society. He looks in on his friends, and asks them in a confidential whisper if they have heard of anything in their line. Passion, or even affection, is quite out of the question as a preliminary consideration. The first thing thought of is the union of two fortunes, or, more often, one fortune and two names; the rest, it is supposed, will follow as a matter of course. If the *garcon* is *gentil* the girl is supposed to be ready to love him at a word of command from her mother If the young girl has sufficient dowry, he is quite prepared to give her all the affection it would be good breeding, on her part, to demand. The theory seems to be that any two people are capable of liking each other where the conditions of their living together in comfort are known to exist. The French, like every other people, have a very rigid code of honor of their own. It would be considered extremely base in a man to attempt to win a girl's heart without having first consulted her father and mother for their approval of the enterprise. The usual course after these [illegible] to convene the representatives of each party to business meeting. The money question is discussed with extreme minuteness [illegible] understanding the dowry [illegible] sioned one is permitted to [illegible] This operation, which gives room for a Directors' palace-coach, the tallest of railroad vehicles.

A visitor to the edge of the great brick well sees what looks like a large boiler protruding from the well on the river side, and extending sixteen feet toward the centre. There is a platform of boards around it, and there are many tubes and pipes, heaps of bricks, and one steam-pump upon the platform. Beneath the platform, which appears to be at the bottom of the well, which is really only half-way down, there is a sheet of muddy water covering the silt that has been thrown from the tunnel. The protruding boiler is what is known as the air-lock, by which the egress and entrance of the workmen to the tunnel is accomplished without destroying the even pressure of air in the shaft. The *Sun* reporter saw six men enter the tunnel yesterday to go to work in it, and presently he saw four leave it. The six men were lowered into a wooden bucket, which was swung over the pit from the arm of a derrick. The door of the boiler-like air-lock was opened; but there is an inner door that was shut, and beyond it, in the tunnel, the pressure of twenty pounds of air to the square inch was maintained. The men entered the air-lock, and closed the outer door. The engines equalized the air-pressure in the lock with that in the tunnel, and then the inner door was opened and the workmen passed into the tunnel. It took ten minutes to do this. Men with heart or lung diseases could not work under these conditions, but healthy young men are said to experience no harm from them. When the work progresses farther this pressure will have to be doubled. The four men who desired to come out stepped into the air-lock, closed the door behind them, and signaled the engineer. The compressed air was allowed to escape with a deafening roar, like the escape of steam from a thousand locomotive safety-valves, and presently the door opened. A dense cloud of brown smoke rolled out from the lock, and as it thinned out the forms of the workmen passing through were distinguishable. The reporter was informed that this was the smoke of the candles, by the light of which the men work in the shaft. Fifteen or eighteen pounds of candles are consumed by them in a day, and the smoke they create is a great hindrance to the work, although only the very best adamantine coach lights are used. The electric lights, which emit neither smoke nor heat, will soon be used in the place of candles. One light over the well and one in the shaft will supply all the illumination that is needed. Work in the tunnel never ceases. It is prosecuted by three gangs, each gang working eight hours. Sometimes the men eat their meals in the shaft, but as often they come out and spend half an hour on the earth's surface. Theirs is not dainty work. The earth that they dig out is mixed with water in the bottom of the shaft, and when it has reached a certain depth and consistency it is blown out into the great brick well by the air-pressure in the shaft through pipes that lie at the bottom of the excavation, and that are built out to follow the workmen as they extend the shaft. Whenever it is necessary, this mud is bailed out of the bottom of the well to make way for more. As the tunnel is now it has the shape of a gigantic bottle, the air-lock taking the place of a cork in the bottle's neck. The neck of the bottle is formed by the narrow bore that was gradually widened until the permanent diameter of twenty-one feet was reached. As the excavators work they are closely followed by men who line the shaft with plates of riveted iron, and these in turn are followed by masons who construct the arched brickwork that forms the tunnel. Nearly 100 feet of the permanent tunnel has been completed. No date is set for the beginning of the work on the New York side of the river.—*N. Y. Sun, March 10.*

She Knew All About It.

Just about midnight the other night, four men in a Detroit saloon sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, some men get drunk twice as fast as others.

"It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four, after a long silence.

"No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second.

"But we can't leave him here, and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed the third.

"I have been thinking," mused the fourth. "He has a telephone in his house. Here is one here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to-night."

He went to the telephone, got her call, and began:

"Mrs. Blank, I desire to communicate with you regarding your husband."

"Well, go ahead."

"He is down town here."

"I know that much."

"In descending the stairs leading from the lodge room he fell and sprained his ankle."

"Are you sure it wasn't his neck?" she asked.

"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it better to let him lie on the sofa in the ante-room until morning. Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing ev——"

"Say!" broke in a sharp voice, "you bundle him into a wagon and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunk goes off! He won't be sober before to-morrow night!"

"My dear mad——"

"Get out! If he's sleepy drunk put water on his head! That's the way I always do."

"Will you let me inform you that——?"

"No, sir, I won't! Throw water on his head, get him into some vehicle and rattle him up here, for it's most midnight now, and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and push him up stairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell 'fire' in his ear!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tunnel Under the Hudson.

All that can be seen of the North River Tunnel thus far is a tremendous well, smoothly lined with brick, sixty feet deep, and wide enough to admit an ordinary dwelling-house. This well is covered with a clumsy wooden shanty, high enough to admit a derrick, and big enough to hold the two engines and three boilers, the coal heap, brick pile, clothes-closets, and office for the workmen and the Company's officers. This shanty is at the foot of Fifteenth street, three quarters of the way from the Pennsylvania Ferry to the Hoboken line. It is close to the river's edge, two city blocks distant from Provost street, the thoroughfare nearest the river bank. The river originally flowed where the shanty is, and underneath the filling is the original silt. The great well beneath the shanty is not to be the terminus of the tunnel. It is simply a starting point which the tunnel shaft is to pierce, and it was sunk because that was deemed the better way to begin the great work. The tunnel will be worked back beneath the city more than half a mile, breaking through the surface beyond Erie Street, and having its absolute terminus and depot in Jersey Avenue. Eventually this well may or may not be closed up, but in either event the tunnel will pass along through it as it passes any other point in its course. The tunnel when completed will be two miles long, and three-quarters of a mile of its length will be directly beneath the bed of the river. As the river channel is nearest the New York bank and there is a wide stretch of shoal water on the Jersey side, there will be a continuous slant from the Jersey shore nearly across the river, when a short incline upward will bring the tunnel to the surface in this city. At its lowest point the top of the tunnel will be 102 feet below the surface of the river, and about twenty feet beneath the river bed. The New York terminus will be in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and work in this city will be begun near the foot of Leroy Street, which is almost exactly opposite Fifteenth Street in Jersey City.

By ordinary means it would have been next to impossible to excavate a tunnel through the silt that was encountered at the outset, and must be fought the greater part of the way. President Haskins devised the plan of sustaining the earth above the excavation by a pressure of air. A powerful pumping engine supplies this force. For safety's sake there is a duplicate engine, and there are three boilers, because an accident that removed the pressure of air in the shaft would bring about certain disaster and possible loss of life. The original plan was to bore one shaft sufficiently wide for a double railroad track, and high enough to admit of the passage of railroad cars. It was found [illegible] however, to [illegible] this, and now the tunnel is composed of two shafts, [illegible] side, like the barrels of a fowling [illegible] ce, and strengthened [illegible] rated by a central [illegible] tunnels will each contain a railroad track, and will [illegible] one foot in diameter, which

The Great Fire in Tokio.

Hundreds of carpenters were at work erecting temporary places of shelter, and repairing bridges; men engaged at clearing away the ashes on the sites where their recent dwellings had stood; women walked about listlessly with children on their backs; groups of half a dozen or more old men, women and children gathered around little wood fires trying to keep warmth in their bodies; streets rendered almost impassable by immense heaps of ashes, broken tiles, and other debris; ferry-boats driving a thriving trade where the bridges had been burned, the remains of large pottery factories—such were some of the sights to be seen yesterday. So rapidly did the flames travel that it was with difficulty the streets were cleared of people before the houses ignited, and in so many places was the fire raging that they knew not which way to run. Anxious to save *futons* and wearing apparel, the poor creatures sallied forth from their homes with bundles on their shoulders to fly they knew not whither. The streets became blocked with the surging masses. Women and children were trampled under foot, and many who fell in the crowd never rose again; little children were seen looking for their parents, parents looking for their children, while the air was rent with cries of rage, anguish and despair. Still they clung tenaciously to the few worldly possessions they had succeeded in bringing from their burning homes, thereby almost completely blocking up the narrow streets through which the masses were slowly threading their way. At length the police interfered and caused numbers to throw their bundles into the rivers, or anywhere else out of the way so as to facilitate the escape of the people from the frightful death which threatened them, and which was gaining on them fast. Sixty-eight streets, containing 11,464 houses, were burned, rendering over 40,000 people homeless. It is estimated that thirty people were trampled to death in the streets, and one hundred wounded were conveyed to the hospital. Long before the fire reached [illegible] edge settlement the residents felt anxious and began to pack up. But this appears to have been [illegible] almost needless task, for when the fire did reach them there [illegible] to be found to convey their goods and chattels away: this was particularly the case when the residence of the missionary ladies at No. 11 ignited. Everything had been got ready for flight, but had to be left in the house, as no coolies were to be found willing to undertake the task of removing the boxes of clothing. The American legation was in imminent danger for some time, and Mr. Clataud's hotel ignited seven different times, but each time the flames were successfully suppressed. The residence of Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal mission, was burned.—*Japan Gazette.*

Sharpening the Little Ones.

A man never gets an idea of how fast the world moves until he gets out of his own sphere into some other. In order to see how great progress has been made in teaching he must get into a modern school-room where the teacher has kept progress with the age of improvements in the methods of imparting instruction. In the Gold Hill schools every faculty of the pupil is awakened and sharpened. Even tables of weights and measures in the primary classes are taught as object lessons. They have the scales and the weights and the measures right there, and the scholars see that it takes sixteen ounces to make one pound, and four gills to make a pint, etc., up to the gallon. The result is that little children from seven to nine years old will foot up pounds and ounces, and even fractions of ounces, and give the correct total with a facility which is surprising. The same is true of measures, including quarts, pints, gills, etc. But this is not all. They are taught to form correct estimates of the weights of objects. They are handed a book, or something of the kind and then estimates of its weight are taken. One of the scholars then weighs the object and announces the result. The importance of this kind of practice in estimating the properties of things will become apparent one of these days when success in life may depend on accuracies of judgment. The above is cited only as one of many ways of sharpening the perceptive faculties of the children. It teaches them to think, and that is, after all, as good a definition as can be given of real education. And then, to teach the little ones geography they are set to world-building, on a small scale. They are furnished with a suitable measure of loam in a fitting receptacle, furnished with implements and construct ranges of mountains and hills and valleys and plains and canyons and ravines, and to form all the phases presented by the solid part of the earth. Then they go to work and run mines. Their shafts never get very deep nor their tunnels long before a cave occurs; but the theory is exemplified and thoroughly understood.—*Gold Hill (Nev.) News.*

Scrape the Feet.

Every careful housekeeper, with an eye to first causes, is much interested in the way feet—or rather feet-coverings—come in from out of doors. If boys did not have muddy boots—the cares of the house would be lessened. But boys are not the only ones that "bring in the dirt." Men-folk are often very forgetful of the amount of work they may make by not attending to the simple matter of cleaning their boots and shoes. Every door-step should be provided with a foot-scraper and a brush or broom, and every one, as he comes in, should take the time to use them before appearing on the carpet, or clean floor. If a regular scraper—one made for the purpose—is not at hand, one can make one from a bit of hoop-iron, which is to be placed on a step or edge of the porch in a convenient place. It is well to provide a "mud-mat," which is simply strips an inch or so square—fence pickets will answer—screwed to three or four cross-pieces, an inch apart; or a more elaborate one can be made by stringing the slats upon fence wires. One, with muddy boots, is very apt to stamp and rub them on the steps or floor of the porch; a mud-mat will clean them more effectively, and save the porch hard wear. A very excellent mat may be made by boring holes in a board, and drawing corn-husks through the holes. Careful persons change their foot-gear when they enter the house to remain any length of time, a custom conducive not only to neatness, but so greatly to comfort, that it is to be commended.—*American Agriculturist.*

How Big Is Man?

Somehow, when a man's mind becomes really enlarged—say, like that of Baron Humboldt, and he is able to place in focus more and more of the *cosmos* of which he forms a part, the things he at the outset of his life regards as the largest get smaller and smaller, till at last that first immense and overwhelmingly important thing, himself, becomes so insignificant that it is only through a process of mental microscopy he can discern his little identity among the animalcule that float, swim, or wriggle across the field of view. How big is a man, anyway? Well, he is smaller than an elephant, and an elephant is smaller than a mountain, and a mountain is smaller than the world, and the world is a mustard seed compared with the sun, and the sun itself is a mere mote in the dust cloud of spheres that stretches out through the universe beyond the reach of thought. Suppose we could make an exact model of the earth eighty feet in diameter. Eighty feet in diameter would be a pretty large ball as balls go on the face of this planet. Assume, for the sake of easy calculation, the diameter of the earth to be exactly 8,000 miles, and let us proceed to build our model to scale. A mountain five miles high should represent on our model 5-80,000th of 80 feet or 6-10ths of an inch. An elephant built in proportion should be 1-4,400th of an inch in height, and an average man 7-52,800th of an inch tall. An army of 26,400 such men standing shoulder to shoulder in single straight rank would require their general to gallop over the space of one inch to pass them all under review. With a smart horse of proportionate size, ridden at a brisk gallop, he could accomplish this distance in about an hour.—*Scientific News.*

Packing Apples For Shipment.

At the recent horticultural meeting at Rochester, N. Y., Mr. Barry opened the question: "Have there been any recent improvements in the methods of packing and shipping fruit?" by asking "What is the best method of packing fruit for foreign shipment?" He used paper for wrapping the fruit in, but knew of others using chaff in addition. Mr. Vick had tried several ways, but preferred using strong manilla paper in which to wrap the fruit. In packing in the barrel he placed a layer of buckwheat chaff between each layer of apples, and in the ends put a deeper layer of chaff. He had shipped several kinds with success in this manner. Mr. Hooker objected to the use of the chaff, as it would be liable to impart a flavor to the fruit. He thought that good fruit, packed solidly, would stand shipment to a foreign market. He would advise picking the fruit as soon as matured. Mr. Moody thought well of the plan of having fruit houses, where the fruit would pass through the sweating process before being barreled. Mr. Hoag had a ventilated fruit house in which he allowed his fruit to cool, and and where he kept it till November. Mr. Moody thought the thorough assorting of apples a necessity; they should be handled quickly and very carefully, and be left in the sun no longer than necessary. Mr. W. C. Barry left his apples in the orchard till they had passed the sweating process. He thought they should not be placed in barrels till after that—nor should they be shipped abroad till cool weather commenced. Mr. Woodward said apples should be picked early and handled but little. When they snapped easily from the stem it was time to pick them. They should not be barreled till ready for sale. Mr. Clark picked some apples the last week in October, and had but just opened them. He found them to be in good condition.

COLLETTE and Jeanine, Alexander Dumas' daughters, respectively fifteen and twelve years of age, were talking with a lady visitor about marriage. "Whom do you wish to marry?" asked the lady of the elder of the girls. "I wish to marry an idiot," she replied; "and the trouble is, I am sure some day or other to meet a greater idiot than he, and perceive that I have been too hasty in my choice." "Don't be alarmed, sister," rejoined Jeanine; "you will never meet a greater imbecile than the man who will marry you."

A LITTLE girl in Oil City is just recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, and during her illness the parents have been very indulgent in providing for her toys and everything that would serve to render her enforced confinement pleasant. As she was convalescing yesterday she said, "Mamma, I believe I'll ask papa to buy me a baby carriage for my doll." The brother, a precocious little youngster of only six years of age, spoke up at once and said, "I would advise you to strike him for it right away, then; you won't get it when you get well!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

BY-AND-BY.

"By-and-by," the maiden said—"by-and-by
He will claim me for his bride.
Hope is strong, and time is fleet;
Youth is fair, and love is sweet.
Clouds will pass that fleck my sky,
He will come back by-and-by—by-and-by."

"By-and-by," the soldier said—"by-and-by—
Often I have fought and bled—
I shall go home from the wars,
Crowned with glory, seamed with scars.
Joy will flash from some one's eye
When she greets me by-and-by—by-and-by."

"By-and-by," the mother cried—"by-and-by—
Strong and sturdy at my side,
Like a staff supporting me,
Will my bonnie baby be.
Break my rest, then—wail and cry—
Thou'lt repay me by-and-by—by-and-by."

Fleeting years of time have sped—hurried by—
Still the maiden is unwed;
All unknown the soldier lies,
Buried under alien skies;
And the son, with blood-shot eye,
Saw his mother starve and die.
God in Heaven! dost Thou on High
Keep the promised by-and-by—by-and-by?
—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.*

A MOTHER'S VISION.

As they were dressing the wee new baby for her waiting arms the mother passed into a sleep. It was a brief sleep. When she woke her husband came to her side. Perceiving a strangeness in her face, he bent over her with a look of surprise. "What's the matter? You look like a materialized angel," he said.

"Where is the baby?" she asked.

"The little thing isn't quite rigged yet," he answered, trying to speak lightly; he did not like the weirdness in her face.

"Yes, she's all ready," the nurse amended, and the baby was brought and laid in it's mother's bosom.

"Lucy!" she said, with indescribable tenderness, cuddling her baby close.

"Lucy?" repeated the husband: "you have said all along that if a girl it was to have your name."

"I know I did, but her name is Lucy."

"Why, what put Lucy into your head? There's not a Lucy in your family or mine. Do you like it better than Mabel?"

"Mabel is prettier, but—I'll tell you about it some time," she said, in a tone which dismissed the subject.

The next morning, after she had taken her breakfast, she told her husband this:

"When I fell away last night—it was not into a sleep—I had a vision. There was one instant of darkness, and then I was in a sunny cemetery. It was in the spring-time, for over the fence beyond the grass-plats I saw fruit trees in bloom and the red-bud. It was our cemetery, Mount Hope Cemetery. I knew the gentle slopes and the winding roads and the memorial-stones with their familiar inscriptions. And there was one, a marble headpiece, standing under a small Norway pine, and on this I read, 'Lucy, second child of Marcus B. Golden and his wife Mabel,' and then the two dates, 'February 14, 1876,' and 'five o'clock p. m., April 29, 1879.' The first is the day of baby's birth; we shall keep her three years, two months and fifteen days; she will die at five o'clock."

"O, nonsense!" said the husband, laughing. "I couldn't have believed you to be such a goose as to be frightened by a dream."

"But, Marc," she said, in solemn remonstrance, "it was no dream; it was all as vivid as the day. There was no indistinctness; everything was as defined as your face is this morning. It was a vision, Marc—a revelation of the future. I know I shall see it again; I shall some day see my shadow on the grass lying beside the shadow of the Norway pine and of the marble headpiece, just as I saw them in the vision, and I shall read those two inscriptions, and I shall feel the agony of a mother bereft of her child. O, Marc! this agony is something indescribable; it has gone from me now, but the memory stays. When it comes to me in reality it will not be strange; I shall recognize it."

Again the husband smiled.

She got hold of his hand. "Marc! Marc!" she cried, "you must not treat this with incredulity. In three years, two months and fifteen days we shall lose our Lucy; I know it. Now, if God had appeared visibly to us and warned us of this, what would be our course? What would you do? You would begin at once to get all the enjoyment possible out of the loan; you would make it your study that the little life should be happy. And this is what we are to do, Marc. We must see to it that she never has a pain if we can help it, and we must get all the good we can from her stay. Now, Marc, you must not look that way," she continued, in earnest entreaty: "I cannot have you slight the warning."

"Why, Mabel, in the insecurity of our hold upon any earthly good we have a constant warning to make the most of it."

"Yes," she said, "but we do not make the insecurity real; it is vague to us; it is doubtful; there are more chances for us than against us. But now we are warned; in three years two and a half months God will take our baby; I know it. Be persuaded, Marc, and let us do with the child as we shall wish we had done when we stand beside the little grave. Now, bring her to me; I must keep her always with me."

With a grasping, tender awe, as though the little life was already slipping from hers, the mother received the child. She studied the face with a long, steadfast gaze, such as we give to a face we may never see again. "I want," she said, "to stamp it upon my memory, the face with which she came to me."

"Here's Tommy, come to see his 'itty sister," said the father, in a cheerful tone; he hoped to exercise the ghostly fancies from Mabel's mind.

Tommy was a burly fellow, with the judgment usual to boys of three and thereabouts. With a laughing shout he pulled himself up by the clothes on to the bed, and in purely animal delight threw himself on the baby and squeezed her hard. The feeble little being responded by a cry of pain. It hurt the mother's heart to the quick; so soon had she failed to shield the devoted child! With swift, unmeaning resentment she ordered Tommy to be taken from the room, heedless of his pleadings, while she brooded the baby, laying it against her face and in her bosom. But when the baby cries were hushed she had Tommy brought back, bethinking her that he must not be set against the baby; he must be trained to love her; to get all the good possible from their loan, to lay by sweet memories of her to which the spirit could turn through life for refreshment. She kissed his tear-stained face, and had him kiss baby's fists, and told him that he must love the little sister better than all the world besides.

Only in necessity would she suffer her baby to be taken from her side, but hung over it with a reverent kind of love, as for one already heaven-bespoken. At every waking her thoughts flew first to baby, and her hand went out with loving touch, and then the little one's face was laid against hers.

And when the mother on the third morning felt an unmistakable closing of the warm lips, and heard the low, soft swallowing, she lay back with closed lids, and under them came great thankful tears. And in Marc's eyes were answering tears.

When the baby was a week old the mother insisted on having its picture taken. The same day she entered on the first page of "Lucy's Diary," "A week of precious time is gone; one hundred and sixty-six weeks and one day are left. Every day since she came has been a joy to me. She does not notice any yet, but there is such sweetness in ministering to her helplessness! When Marc holds her feet to the fire she works her toes as if in satisfaction; it must be that she enjoys the warmth. I know she enjoys the nursing. Dear Lord, I thank Thee that I may get thus near to her that she may build her life from mine."

From this time on, day by day to the last week, was recorded the story of the child's unfolding. Perhaps such another story was never written. It noted every perceptible change—the clearing of the skin; the opening of the fists; the first watching of the light; the first notice of the dancing shadows on the wall, and of the bright colors; the first smile; the growth of the hair; the first goo-goo; the first laugh; the first tooth, and each after one; every infant sickness, every frolic; the behavior with each new toy. Then there was the story of the sitting alone, of the creeping, of the standing alone, of the walking by the chair, of the first unaided walking. Every pain that came to the little Lucy the mother noted with remorseful tears—every sign of new pleasure in the wee face was recorded with thankful words.

Through the whole minute record there ran an evident solicitude to put some mark upon each day—to so individualize it that it might be identified in a review. And with each day's record were entered the pitiless figures which told what of the little life remained.

On February 14, 1877, the mother wrote: "One year old to-day; nearly one-third of the precious time is spent. She is sleeping beside me. I have shut Tommy out, that he may not disturb her; I hear him crying for me. It gives me something of a heartache to lock the door against him, but I must give myself to her now. When she has gone I will make it up to Tommy. We had her tenth picture taken to-day. She sat on my lap, with the dear head leaning against my palm, and the sweet, wondering eyes watching the violin which the operator played. The picture is excellent, but I miss the exquisite coloring—the pale-rose complexion, the blue eyes, and the hair unlike in color any other I ever saw—like the yellow of threshed wheat. Nothing could be more beautiful than her sleeping face at this moment. I begrudge the time that my eyes must be drawn from its beauty to this writing."

"*March 2, 1877.*—I have such terrible times with Marc! He has never accepted the vision, and has been all along trying to get my mind away from it. He has proposed a trip to California and a Southern tour, and now he is bent on going abroad for three years; but I will never, never consent to scatter the precious time in strange towns and foreign hotels and along meaningless lines of travel. My home, the familiar objects with which my life is to be passed—with these I must associate her; these must help me to reproduce her life."

"*April 8, 1877.*—Lucy spoke her first word to-day, and, O dear God! I thank Thee that it was 'mamma.' It was perfectly spoken, and three times repeated. I try to withdraw myself from everything else and give all my thoughts to baby; but Marc is so unreasonable as to complain of this—that his comfort is neglected, and Tommy's. So I live in a perpetual conflict. I want them to get the good of her, to get sweet memories of her to keep through life, but Tommy is so strong and rough that I dare not trust him near her. Marc frets that she comes between me and Tommy, and so he neglects Lucy, and indulges Tommy until the boy is almost ruined."

"*April 29, 1878.*—Just one year left! It frightens me to think how her life is rooted in mine. If hers is torn away mine must perish. I had thought that, being warned, I should get my mind familiarized with the idea of losing her, and that my heart would become acquiescent; but every day I hold her closer, every day the thought of parting seems deeper agony."

"*May 3, 1878.*—Yesterday I went with Marc and baby to the cemetery; Tommy was left with the sewing-girl. He teases Lucy, and crosses her and frets her; he is a constant interruption of my enjoyment in her. We rode miles along the road before I found the spot; but I recognized it the moment I came to it. The Norway pine, the peculiar slope, the neighboring enclosures, were all familiar. It is too terrible to write here the agony—to feel the clinging warmth of the little hand, to look into her bright face, to hear her innocent prattle, and then to see the very spot where all her sweetness must in one year be buried away. O, it seemed that my poor heart must break. I cried till I thought I could never stop. I had argued that the vision was sent in mercy, in order that I might fill every hour of her life with pleasure, and might take all the sweetness a baby may give to its mother; but my devotion to her, the ever-present thought of her, the laying away, the hoarding in my heart, of all her words and ways—ah me! ah me! it is like absorbing her being into mine, like making her life my life. Once I was thankful for the warning; now it shadows my whole life. I would that I had been dealt with after the usual plan—that God had hid the future from me!

"*June 8, 1878.*—This is Tommy's birthday. I have not selected any present for him; I could not take Lucy out yesterday, and would not leave her. Marc is to get something for him; he is easily pleased. Patience, poor Tommy! In eight months and three weeks it will be your turn.

"I had a pang to-day. Baby was sleeping beside me, when I heard a cry from Tommy. I hurried out to him, but found there was nothing the matter except that he had climbed to the gate-post and could not get down. When I returned to Lucy the poor dear was sitting up crying for me, and much frightened. For the first time in her life she had waked without finding me. Her cry smote me like a cry from the grave."

"*October 2, 1878.*—I come from a terrible hour. I must try to forgive Marc, for he has never accepted the vision as a revelation—has never believed that it was anything but a dream. He has always opposed my course with baby, and he pains me by using her as he does Tommy, making no difference except for her ago. She is now sobbing in her sleep from her father's discipline.

This is the story of that painful hour: The children had each an orange, Lucy ate hers, and then snatched at Tommy's, and cried for it. The baby-cries smote upon the mother's heart and unnerved her. In an excited way, eagerly intent on soothing Lucy, she began coaxing Tommy to give his orange to his sister. Tommy refused, and the mother was about to force it from him when Marc interposed, speaking quietly and firmly. "Mabel, you must not do that," he said. "You would injure both children; you would cultivate baby's selfishness, and you would confuse Tommy's ideas of justice and weaken his faith in you."

"O," cried the mother with pathetic beseechment, "how can you speak about her in this cold-blooded way, when in six months we are to see her dead?"

"I do not believe this," said Marc; "but even if I did know that she was to die in six months I should want the child rightly disciplined. I think her fate in the next world will be influenced by her training in this."

"I'm glad she's going to be deaded," said Tommy, who vividly realized that the baby was a discomfort in his life—"And you'll be covered up in a big hole," he added, turning to his sister.

"I won't! I won't!" cried Lucy in passionate protest. "I won't be covered in a bid hole; will me mamma?"

Tears were running down the mother's face. "I would die for you, my heart, my life!" cried the poor soul, "but I can not help you."

Meanwhile, the little Luey in childish rage spit in Tommy's face and threw a china doll into it. Marc picked up the little passion-swollen girl, went into the next room and locked himself in with her.

"He is going to punish her," thought the alarmed mother, "It is sacrilege! Her's is sacred flesh—it is angel's flesh! He will punish her, and then when she is gone he will break his heart over it."

She went swiftly to the door, as one would fly to avert disaster. She begged to be let in; she ordered the door opened. He made no reply. "I warn you, Marc," she said, "that if you strike her I will never forgive it."

She heard the little Luey passionately crying: "Mamma! mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants her so hard! Papa, Lucy loves mamma so bad! I loves my mamma so bad!"

And then she heard with burning heart Marc's reply: "You must stay in here, away from mamma, because you spit in Tommy's face and struck Tommy. You must stay in here, away from mamma, till you stop crying—stay in here till you are good. When you stop crying you may go to mamma. There, now be good—stop crying."

In spite of his tender tone Mabel's heart was resentful. Tommy had followed her to the door, and was now pulling at her skirts and hand. Almost roughly she put him away.

"I wants Tommy's orange; Lucy likes um so bad," pleaded the sobbing baby.

"No, you can't have Tommy's orange; you had one," said the father.

"Yes, she may have it, papa," Tommy called through the keyhole. He had been habituated to giving up to her, and had begun to learn a little of the sweetness of self-denial.

Mabel felt a sudden heart-warming toward her boy; she reached out for the little sun-browned hand and drew him nearer.

Soon after the sobbing on the other side was hushed; there were some soothing words from Marc, and then he came out with the baby. The mother's arms were opened; Lucy fell into them, and laid the wet face on its old resting-place.

"Baby may have it," said the little brother, holding out the orange.

Lucy reached both hands for it, and a bright smile broke over the liquid face.

Then Mabel, pressing the child close, went away with her. A hundred times she kissed the dimpled face, the angel flesh, in a passion of tenderness, in a rapture of pain.

While resenting Marc's action with the child, it was a serious suggestion to her: Would ungoverned, childish passion, unchecked selfishness, show their traces on the spirit in the hereafter? Would discipline of the child here better fit her for the coming life? Would it be a gain for the spirit there to take lessons in self-control here? For days these questions tore at the mother's heart, breaking its devotion, so sad, so sweet, to the child. At length she decided. "I will not inflict certain pain on my baby for a probable good. I will go on living, if I may, her brief days with happiness."

It was with this feeling that she began the preparations for baby's Christmas. The child was now at that age so enchanting to its watchful lovers, when all its walk is among wonders, and it is seeking the keys and asking them of all about it.

"It will be her last Christmas!" the mother said as the festival drew near.

Marc rose up at these words with a gesture of impatient remonstrance.

"Now don't, please," she hurried to add. "I know what I say, Marc; it will be her last Christmas, and we must bring together all the Christmas delights. She must hang up her stocking on Christmas Eve; on Christmas Day we will have a Santa Claus, and at night a tree, the handsomest possible. We must crowd the Christmas with joy for her—must make it so delightful to her that even amid the bliss of heaven she will remember her last Christmas with gladness. The mother's jealous heart thrilled at the thought of making it rival heaven in happiness.

Marc was always impatient with Mabel's talk of her vision, and impatient of any plans bearing on its realization. He would always put in his protest, laughingly or vehemently, hoping thus to give a salutary jolt to the morbid fancy, and also because he was determined to keep his heart set against her fancy.

But, on the other hand, he had never felt satisfied as to the best way of meeting Mabel's halucination. To oppose it to a practical final issue might be to intensify the idea; and besides, in the face of his resolve not to heed the warning, the fear was for ever dogging him that Mabel might be right. So set were her convictions that the only alternative from this fear was a conclusion hardly more tolerable to Marc—that her mind was diseased. So on the present occasion, after making his protest, he proceeded to fall in with her plans for Christmas—her plans for making it a great joy for baby, to seem light.

"I will keep her in my sight all day," he thought; "if watchfulness can save her, she shall not die. It would be almost miraculous for her to die to-day," he said as the hours wore on. "She is in perfect health; every instant she is in your arms or on your knee, right here in our sight."

"Don't, Marc, waste the precious moments in speculating as to how it is to come about. Get all the sweetness out of them that is possible."

The sad minutes melted away, and when but seven remained the restless little feet were yet pattering, the blue eyes were laughing, the little mouth was prattling. Baby sat on the mother's knee; Tommy, weary of the somber atmosphere, had slipped from the room, and was unmissed; Marc sat by in the silence of a dread he could not shake off; the mother's soul was strained in agony, yet hearing the great clock in the next room slowly ticking.

Marc took out his watch and held it open in his palm. "Three minutes to five," he said.

"Lemme hear it tick, papa," said Lucy, making an effort to get off the mother's knee.

"Sit with mamma, sweet blessing," the mother said, with such beseeching tenderness that Marc's eyes filled with tears, adding grief to her heart. "She must be in my arms when Death comes; I must help her meet the terror."

"I want to hear it talk," the child persisted, struggling to get down and beginning to cry.

"Mamma will show you her watch," said the poor mother, in a terror at having the child crossed in its last minute, while yet all her soul was pressing close to help and sustain the little one in the supreme moment.

In that instant Marc spoke: "There! it is five o'clock! The time is up; let her come to me."

The child stopped crying. Mabel felt at her heart a cool, indefinable something; it was as though all weight had been dropped out of her being and she was about to soar.

Lucy slipped away from her, and then footsteps were heard in the hall advancing, and voices repressed, but with passion in them. There was some dread meaning in it all; perchance Marc's watch was fast—that her baby had not escaped, that this meant the oncoming fate.

In the doorway stood a man, her neighbor. He bore in his arms a limp body, a little boy's. The clothes were wet, the head was dripping. "It is your boy, Marc—little Tommy; he is drowned. I picked him up in the creek back of my yard."

No sound passed Mabel's lips, pallid as wax, but the mother's soul was shrieking: "O, I could have given her up! For three years I have been getting ready to let her go; my hold was almost loosed. I could have let her go. But Tommy, my boy! my poor little slighted Tommy! my first baby! O, not him! not him!" She stretched out her arms toward her drowned boy. "It has killed me!" she cried, and then she fell senseless on the floor. Neighbors came pouring in; two, three, four, doctors were brought. Again and again was she brought back to face the terrible reality, but they could not hold her consciousness. Swoon followed swoon; life seemed bent on getting away from all their efforts.

"Her spirit is trying to get to Tommy's," the mothers said, weeping.

Then from the group about the boy there came words that thrilled all the hearts: "There! did you see that?" was the cry. "He gasped! he's alive! he's coming to!"

The workers by Mabel's side repeated the electrical words. "He's alive! he's alive! Tell her! quick! Bring her back once more and tell her that Tommy's coming to—that her boy's alive!"

And with the strength which comes of hope they worked, the two bands of faithful souls.

And when that poor sinking spirit again was above the flood the rope was thrown to it: "Tommy's alive! Tommy is saved! Mabel, do you hear? Tommy lives!" And it was from Marc, kneeling, weeping by her side. "Tommy is living!" that her sinking spirit caught this, held to it, and drew itself up from the waves of death.—*Sarah Winter Kellogg, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

VARIETIES.

—Does a belle have a striking appearance?

—Society is the hardest baked on its upper-crust.

—Hens will soon be laying out their work for spring.

—Time out of mind—Forgetting to wind up your watch.

—Never strike a balance, unless it is quite small.—*Picayune.*

—The spring whitewash business is brushing up a little.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Jug not, that ye be not jugged, as the judge remarked to the bibulous vagrant.

—On a New York sign: "Instructions given here on according and guitarres."

—A precocious youth says that school teachers are like dogs, "because they lick your hand."

—American girls are not mercenary. All are anxious to give themselves away.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—When a woman cries for anything she wants she is getting at the sighence of the thing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

—If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!

—When does a budding young damsel burst into fruit? When she becomes the apple of somebody's eye.

—That is an Indian nearing feet that I don't like, as the man said who was pursued by the redskins.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man's word is the main-spring of his character. Once break the main-spring, and, like a watch, the man runs down.

—In use of sounding words men are quite rash,
They talk of mystery, and mean but hash.
—*Puck.*

—According to the spelling reform, ocean should be spelled "oshun," but it won't help sea-sickness a cent's worth.—*Free Press.*

—Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

—When you can hardly say enough for a man, say he is one of a thousand. It will be true as long as there are 999 other men in the world.

—Bus-tling—Old gentleman, (watching crowd around omnibus): "What a bustle!" Stout old lady: "'Old your tongue, impertinence!"—*Fun.*

—Whoever heard A bull sigh? Whoever saw A horse fly?
Whoever drank A ship's ale? Whoever heard A fence rail?

—More than one rough customer has never known how good he was until he killed somebody, and heard the lawyer in charge of crimes and juries sum up his virtues.

—Some people can never be to poor to marry. A young couple commenced to keep house recently whose only crockery consisted of an ink bottle and an imperfect chart of China.

—The man who can "under no circumstances be a candidate" for office simply tells the public that he has looked the ground over and found no chances to be one.—*Free Press.*

—Suggestion by the Danbury *News:* "When you have got through using your puzzles, give them to the poor. We might get rid of the poor some way."

—The Boston *Post* seems to think that no Vermont man ever trades horses unless he cheats the other man. Course not. What's the object in trading?—*Free Press.*

—There iz lots of pholks in this world whose only importance konsists in their being exklusive—it is just so with a hole in the ground, when the bag cums out ov it the mistery is solved.—*Josh Billings.*

—A Connecticut widow, worth $4,000,000, is ready to marry, provided she can "find a man who knows enough." Almost any man knows enough—to marry such a woman.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A lady in Louisiana demonstrates to her satisfaction that spring chickens can not be hatched from alligator eggs. The venerable hen was as much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—Old Schoolfellow: "Yes, it's me, sir. Getting on pretty middling, thank you. Undertaking line, sir. Hope you'll give me a turn some day, sir. If you'd stick my card up over your mantel-piece, sir, so your friends might have it handy if anything happened, sir; thank you.

—The latest and most refined style of novel writing is to avoid mention of the scenes of bloodshed and violence: "Like a flash of lightning from a cloud, with the velocity of a rifle bullet and the resistless sweep of the avalanche, the insulted youth skipped around the corner and hunted up a policeman."

—A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that——" Here the lecturer saw a smile on the faces of his audience, and abruptly stopped.

—A gentleman walked into a grocery store yesterday morning and meeting a friend made the usual inquiry: "What's the latest news this morning?" "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Ah, just like you; whom have you made happy by your charity this morning?" "My wife."—*Bangor Whig.*

—A young man may know that his girl is in need of a toothbrush, and yet if he gives her one she'll take it as an insult; but let him give her a bouquet that will wither in a few hours, and she'll think he's just too nice for anything. But that fellow will marry that girl, because he wants a practical wife.

—A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

An ancient tomcat on the summer kitchen;
A bootjack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then a wasted bootjack—that is all.
—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—A strange, sad case of mental aberration has been brought before the physicians of New York. An editor has suddenly fallen the helpless prey to the wild hallucination that he has a bank account. The medicine men say there is no hope for him, and he will probably be shot by the chief of police.

—A painter from Tyneside, while busy putting the finishing touch on the stern of a vessel lying at the shipyard where he was employed, was whistling at his work as merry as a plowman. The manager, being on deck, heard the painter, but failed to find out his whereabouts for some time. At length looking over the stern, he descried the man of paint, whose tune was merry and loud. He looked savagely at the man, who took no notice of his appearance, but continued his work until accosted by his superior with the following inquiry: "Do we pay you for whistling?" "No," replied the man; "we gie ye tnot into tho bargain!"

—Sonny's Wisdom.—"There were two men got into a fight in front of the bank to-day," said a stockbroker at the family supper-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart-stake and drew it back. I felt that he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them." The family had listened with rapt attention, and, as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasureable, proudly remarked, "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?" The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a dawning humorist; but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his tart, he gasped, and resumed his supper.

—Tit for tat is something which very few people relish. We can easily excuse ourselves for cheating a neighbor, but for him to do the same thing to us is an act not to be extenuated or condoned. To have the measure out of which we sell taken as the measure out of which to sell to us is very hard to bear. "I have weighed the two pounds of butter you sent me this morning," said an irate customer to a dealer in the above mentioned article, "and am surprised to find that it is short weight just three ounces. If that is your way of dealing I must buy my butter somewhere else." The butter merchant looked up surprised, but, without declaring his innocence, replied, "Well, that is very strange, because I put the two pounds of sugar I bought of you in the scales, and gave you the full weight in butter." To do as you are done by and to do as you would like to be done by seem to be very different things.

A Prophecy.

In the year 1598 our English poet, Samuel Daniel, wrote these lines:

"And who knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory may be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May 'come refined with th' accents that are ours?"

Now, those lines were written at a time when there was not a single Englishman settled in America. Every effort to establish an English colony there had been a disastrous failure. Sir Walter Raleigh had lifted out no less than seven expeditions, and spent £40,000, an enormous sum in those days, in endeavoring to colonize Virginia; but the result was a miserable fiasco. Those of the early settlers who did not leave their bones whitening among the forests and savannahs came back in wretched plight to tell a pitiful tale of famine and pestilence and massacre. All hope of ever founding an American settlement died out; the idea was recognized as too chimerical to be ever realized. The most far-sighted men shrugged their shoulders, and pronounced the thing impossible, and England with a sigh relinquished all hope of colonizing America. Seven years later, on the 19th of December, 1606, three small vessels—the largest only 100 tons burden—set sail from Blackwall. Among the adventurers who manned them was the famous Captain John Smith. The poet was down on the quay at Blackwall, and saw that little band of pioneers set out upon their quest. Little did he think, doubtless, that in them he saw the germ from which was to spring the fulfillment of his own prophecy. But it was so, for the colony established by Captain John Smith in Virginia gave England her first firm foothold in the New World. It is interesting to think of that unconscious prophet watching with his own eyes the departure of the expedition that was to found an English-speaking community "in the yet unformed Occident," which should far eclipse in splendor and wealth and power the wildest dreams of his own imagination.—*London Society.*

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is a person not merely acquainted with certain forms of etiquette of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of every christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he comes in contact that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation on any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from allusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation in the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages, such as is implied in habits or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offensive to others.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880.

The committee in the Pearre case had not reported at the time of going to press, Thursday afternoon, but the general opinion was that the report would be against impeachment.

The New Orleans *Democrat* estimates at more than $100,000 the loss of mules and other stock in the Ouachita Valley section of Louisiana from a disease produced by the bite of gnats that invaded that part of the State lately.

The Democratic party in Tennessee is said to be very much divided on the debt and other questions—so much so that Tennessee Republicans aver they have hope of running in a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Bailey.

The legislative body at Annapolis will ever be remembered by the good people of Maryland as away ahead of all previous Legislatures in the number of reform and retrenchment measures it introduced and away behind all others in the number it passed.

The proceedings of the rival Democratic committees in New York on Friday look very much as if Mr. Tilden proposes to buck against Tammany once more. Republicans take some interest in this combat of the gladiators, but they are not caring a great deal who wins, as the result is sure to be favorable to them in any event.

The State Senate committee on Finance Monday reported the bill for the survey of the coal fields in Allegany and Garrett counties, the work to be done under charge of the board of Public Works, by a commission of three persons and an engineer who shall receive $1,500 a year. The sum of $5,000 a year is appropriated for the purpose.

Senator Logan spoke for four days on the Fitz John Porter case. It has just been published, and fills forty-six pages of the *Congressional Record*. Three-fifths of the speech is composed of quotations from the first court-martial, the Sheffield Board and records of the War Department bearing upon the subject. It is, as regards the quantity of type consumed in its composition, by far the biggest speech ever delivered in Congress. A large map of the battle field accompanies the speech.

That the most serious breach in the Democratic party of the State since it came into power in 1867, is in progress no one conversant with affairs can doubt. From this time forth the Hamilton and Gorman wings will contend for the mastery until one or the other succeeds, or until the people are convinced that abuses cannot be corrected in a party in which they have grown up, and conclude to hand the State over into the hands of the Republicans.

Congress has been in session nearly four months, but has transacted no business of the least general importance. The Senate has waited on the House, the House on the Senate. Both bodies have waited for committees, and the committees of both bodies have waited for sub-committees—and the people have waited impatiently for Congress to adjourn, lest evil come out of such palpable imbecility. More than half the session has been wasted in the apparently simple task of revising rules of order, and since the revision was completed the sessions have been chiefly occupied in stupid wrangling over the meaning of the rules as revised. And the people are asking each other what is the use of Congress. It is incredible that such a great and intelligent people as we are can regularly elect representatives whose acts are not as prompt nor any more useful than those of a rural debating society. Really representative men could readily discharge the proper functions of Congress in as many days as now clumsily require months. Certainly there is a screw loose somewhere in our government machinery—though the machinery has cost enough to assure us a first-class article.—*Balto. Bulletin, Democratic.*

The End of the Legislative Term.

On Monday next at midnight, the limit fixed by the Constitution for the regular session of the Legislature, it is expected that the present Legislature will adjourn. It began with great declarations of its intention to effect a retrenchment in the expenses of the State Government, and a reform of notorious abuses. Governor Hamilton sent in messages that had a ring of the right kind, and the Democrats seemed to endeavor to emphasize much that he said, while they added still more of the same sort. Thus far, we fail to find any realization of the promises, thus practically made to the people of the State, and we have reason to fear that the last hour of the session will find no great reforms accomplished and no retrenchment of unnecessary expenses. This is not the first time that the people have been deceived by promises made during a campaign which have been forgotten or untulfilled afterwards.

No great reforms in our State affairs can be expected until a change shall be secured in the political complexion of the State. This conclusion must force itself upon the people, and when they shall determine to end the dynasty that has governed the State for these late years, then we may expect some changes, which will add to its welfare and prosperity.—*Frederick Examiner.*

When the Speaker's gavel comes down like an extinguisher at the close of the ninetieth day to snuff out the legislature it will leave a stink about it as it goes out. Its extensive schemes of reform have miscarried, and it is not at present likely that anything will be done to reform the administration of the tobacco warehouses, or to secure fair elections, or to reduce taxation. That $200,000 per annum which the scheme of reform submitted by the caucus committee was to save the treasury is still floating in the air, without the slightest probability of reaching the taxpayers. The House of Delegates has become a mob without control, method or leadership. There is no hope of securing judicious legislation from the body now in session, and the sooner it adjourns and goes home the better.—*Balto. American.*

It seems a matter of surprise that the press of the country are not demanding of Congress the reduction of the present rates of postage on newspapers and repeal of the tariff on paper material. The press of the country should bring their influence to bear upon Congress to secure themselves against the paper monopoly that threatens to destroy all possibility of successfully publishing a newspaper. The present tariff and the postage is nothing more than a tax on intelligence and should be abolished. Common justice demands that there should be no duty on paper material and that all newspapers should pass from the publishers to the subscribers free of postage. If the potent power of the press of the country should be put in motion the lawmakers would heed their just demand.

General Ewing has profited somewhat from the defeat he experienced in Ohio, but he has not turned from the error of his beliefs. He has merely been convinced that the only way for the Democracy to get into power is to assume a decency which it does not possess. So he says: "Let us make the best terms we can, and when we get the power wipe these laws—which have just been declared constitutional—from the statute book." That is the accepted Democratic doctrine on laws, claims and jobs of all kinds. "Lie low until the people are foolish enough to trust, us then we will clean out everything and have a high old time." Perhaps the country is simple enough to snap at that bait, but it doesn't look so now.

THE MAINE ICE CROP.—The rise in the price of ice in the Atlantic cities has caused great excitement in Maine, and vast quantities of ice are cutting there. At Bangor work has been going on nights, days and Sundays without cessation, each crew being divided into a night and day squad. The demand for lumber has been so great that hemlock boards have more than doubled in price within a week, until finally the supply has been almost entirely exhausted. Sawdust, in which the ice is packed, was two weeks ago in the way at the mills. Now it readily brings $3 a cord, and the supply near Bangor is exhausted, so that ice-men are hunting up the sites of burned sawmills, miles away, and digging out sawdust many years old. Several persons are stacking the ice without any packing.

The only Democratic defence offered of Garcelon is that the Republican party has had plenty of just as bad scalawags. That must be a great comfort to Garcelon.

Geological Surveys.

A bill is before the Legislature to provide for a geological and topographical survey of the coal fields of Western Maryland, with a view to determine the extent of these regions, the depth of the veins and their probable yield; to collect a cabinet of minerals for Annapolis, prepare a map and do other work in furtherances of these special purposes. The survey is proposed to be conducted under the direction of the board of public works, who are also to have the appointment of the surveyors and geologists, and $10,000 a year for three years is the sum to be appropriated to carry out the objects of the bill. The people of Maryland, as regards experiences with geological surveys and State agricultural chemistry, are somewhat in the condition of the burnt child who dreads the fire. Still, they could well afford, and certainly would not begrudge the expense of a general geological and economic survey of the State, properly and thoroughly made, for there are many of the counties which are rich in a great variety of minerals and of other substances valuable in the arts and in manufactures. As for special surveys of limited regions, they should properly be made by the particulars interests to be benefited. The capitalists who have such large mining properties in Garrett and Allegany counties ought to be very well able to pay for having their own estates surveyed and accurate measurements made of the depth of their coal seams. A bill authorizing such a well-known organization as the Maryland Academy of Sciences to complete the geological survey of the State, and appropriating a limited sum to be used by it, under proper restrictions, for that purpose, ought to be generally acceptable to the people of the State, and might be the means of accomplishing much good at a trifling cost. It would enable the Academy to fill its cabinets and complete its collections of our minerals, so as to exhibit all the geological peculiarities and phenomena of the State, in their scientific and economic order. It would enable the manufacturing interests of the State to understand more about its resources and the people of the various sections to know what treasures underlie their soils. All this work could be well and thoroughly done, and so cheaply, withal, as to surprise every one. Such a survey would be emphatically a State survey, and it could probably be made in the way suggested for the sum proposed to be appropriated for the coal fields surveys, the printing and distribution of the reports of course requiring a further appropriation. The State geologist of New Jersey, Prof. Geo. H. Cook, of New Brunswick, whose report for the year 1879 is now before us, has, with the aid of an assistant geologist and a small staff, been making a very thorough survey of that State at a moderate cost. His work is well done, and has proved to be directly servicable to the people in the way of practical suggestions, and of numerous discoveries of resources not before guessed. His directions in regard to how to search for iron ores and determine their value for development; his analyses of soils, and his practical and interesting observations upon the State water supply, and how to increase and utalize it, are of importance to the whole community.—*Balto. Sun.*

The Alexandria *Gazette* finds it is as difficult to keep in harmony and sympathy with the Democratic party with which it claims membership, as it is for a sick man to retain food on a nauseated stomach. It remarked quite recently:

"There is no duty so disagreeable to us that of finding fault, as we are now compelled to do, with Democratic men and Democratic measures. But, as it is a duty, we shall, in the future as in the past, continue to perform it, regardless of the injury it works us. Nine-tenths of the evils of the world are occasioned by foolishness rather than by malice, and the silliness of the Democrats is responsible for, at least, that proportion of the evil that has befallen their party."

However sneeringly one may be tempted to refer to the Democratic law-tinkers at Annapolis when reform is the subject of conversation, let us never forget that, though they have most egregriously failed as reform legislators, they still claim to be first-class reformers on the stump. It is of the highest importance that we never, even for a moment, lose sight of this claim, otherwise we might not be fully prepared to listen to them with due deference when they mount the hustings during the next State campaign.—*Cambridge Era.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

DENOUNCING ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The first public demonstration of the new sect known as the "American Independent Catholic church" took place last night, Rev. E. N. Fishblatt presiding. There were over 1,000 persons present. Letters were read from priests in other States who want to secede from Rome if "bread and butter and a bed" can be found. Rev. Father Quinn, in a brief address pointed out what he believed to be the danger to America from Romanism, and said that Rome to-day held America by the throat. Rev. Dr. Fulton, (Baptist) of Brooklyn, said that this meeting meant that Rome must unloose her grasp on the growth and freedom of the American church. The Pope had more power in New York than in the city of Rome, but the shackles must be taken from the human brain for the mighty power of public opinion was destined to level Romanism, impregnable as it has always been deemed. Fathers Broderice and Mulling followed and the meeting dispersed after the singing of "Old Hundred," and the benediction.

A MINE HORROR.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., March 28.—This picturesque little mountain city, situated about twenty-eight miles west of Grafton, West Va., on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was thrown into the most intense excitement yesterday afternoon by news of a fearful mine explosion at the Gaston Company's coal mines, two miles away. It was known that there were about thirty-five miners constantly engaged at the works and the first news received was to the effect that all but six of them had perished. The town of Fairmont is located on the south bank of the Monongahela, and immediately opposite, on the other bank of the river, is the town of Palatine, the two towns being connected by a suspension bridge. The startling news spread with lightning rapidity, and the families of the miners, nearly all of whom live in Palatine, rushed into the streets, and groups of terrified women and children ran frantically down the railroad, scarce stopping to draw breath until the mines were reached. Within half an hour several hundreds of excited people had gathered, and a scene of wild excitement ensued. Captain Reed, Marshal of Palatine, and Mr. Tom B. Staggers, a well known lawyer, formed a relief party, and Drs. Reger and Bromfield hastened with them to render medical assistance. The scene at the mine upon the arrival of your correspondent beggars all description. At the base of a great, rugged mountain, covered with stunted timber, were gathered a group of men, women and children, pressing forward to a huge black opening in the hill, from which was pouring forth a stream of smoke, steam and foul air. Among the crowd were many experienced old miners, who had gathered from other mines in the neighborhood—of which there are eight or nine—and who kept back the crowd of shrieking and wailing women, who were crying aloud for their loved ones, fathers, husbands or sons.

After the first great volume of smoke and flame, ashes, coal and huge timbers, had been belched from the mouth of the pit, the air caused the cloud to ascend somewhat, and at brief intervals the poor unfortunates who were within the mine came staggering forth, many cut, burned and bruised, clothing torn, hair singed from their heads, and faces begrimed and blackened beyond recognition. As each one came out—for it was as yet impossible for any human being to enter the pit—they were received with shouts of joy, and were soon in the embrace of loving arms, receiving all possible attention; but the number who emerged fell far short of the total force at work, and an hour of awful suspense passed by before a full roll call could be made.

The mine is a "drift" mine, running in from the mountain's base nearly a mile. About half way in a side "drift" meets the main heading to admit air, but the main drift had been cut several hundred feet beyond this—nearly far enough to intersect a "shaft," just finishing, to give increased ventilation. About one-fourth of a mile in a boy, named Charles Burns, aged 15, a mule driver, was driving his team. He knows nothing, except that a great "earthquake" took place and he was landed near the mouth of the pit. He came staggering forth, horribly burned, in a dazed condition, and couldn't tell how he got out. He is supposed to be mortally wounded, but the miraculous part of it is that he was not instantly killed, as the mule he was driving was blown to atoms.

Next came Samuel Shuck, an old miner, who was at work in one of "rooms" off from the main heading. His cheek was laid open, his body bruised and cut, and it is feared he cannot survive.

C. Shuck, a boy, was seriously burned, and it is feared is injured internally.

——— Shoemaker, miner, cut and burned from head to foot.

Jos. Dougherty, John Barrtle and E. Watson were also seriously injured.

Robert Lynn was blown, as he believes, about 60 feet, and terribly bruised.

Several others were more or less bruised, cut and burned, but not seriously.

At last all were heard from but two of the miners who had gone in, against the warnings of their fellow miners, to the farther "heading," beyond the air drift to work.

Two half-crazed daughters of one of them shrieked aloud, "For God's sake help save our father!" They were the daughters of James Work, one of the ill-fated victims; the other one being James Reese, an old and experienced miner. No living person dared to enter the pit, and the cries of the poor women were of necessity unanswered, although great, stout men turned away to hide their tears. At last, after interviewing the wounded, it was learned that the two named were beyond all hope. They had gone in to the extreme end of the mine to work. The fire damp was too heavy for safety. It had ignited from their lamps, and the very mountain itself was shaken by the explosion which followed. Other men, hundreds of feet away, had been horribly injured. What, then, must have been their fate?

About 5 P. M. William Rainey, pit boss of the Fairmont mine, and Jas. Jack, an old miner, organized a rescue party and entered the mine, stationing men with safety lamps at short intervals. They only got in 300 or 400 feet, when the roof was found caved in and the air became so heavy that the two leaders staggered and fell, and were only gotten out after great trouble. The search was, of necessity, given up, and it will take days to recover the bodies.

Old miners who were present, some of whom had witnessed such explosions in Europe, say they never saw such havoc as was created by the explosion. Whole tons of earth, rocks, black sand and timbers were blown out of the mouth of the pit, and across the river, a full quarter mile of distance. Trees were torn to pieces, and blackened as tho' with a coat of tar, and all round were evidences of a fearful convulsion.

The whole country around is in gloom. The damage to the mine, owned by J. P. Watson and others, is very heavy.

A Fairmont (W. Va.) correspondent of the Wheeling *Intelligencer* gives the following account of the fire-damp explosion in the Gaston coal mines, abut two miles from the former place, Saturday afternoon last, and heretofore briefly reported:

"There were about twenty-five men in the mine at the time of the explosion, and the first great fear was that all had been killed or would be burned to death by what seemed to be a raging fire within. But one by one, with bruises, cuts and burns, all but two emerged from what seemed a terrible death. For the two who had not got out the gravest apprehensions were entertained, which were only too fully verified by the finding of their charred and bruised remains Sunday. Every effort was made to either rescue them or find their bodies Saturday night, but it was impossible to enter the mine until Sunday morning. A current of heated foul air and blinding smoke issued from the openings for several hours. Several brave men tried to enter, but were overcome by the bad air and driven back. An effort was made to rescue them by sinking a shaft near the place where they were supposed to be imprisoned, but all, of course, was futile. Sunday morning search was begun with the use of safety lamps, and about 10 o'clock the body of one of the unfortunate victims, James Reese, was brought out, and at 3 o'clock that of the other, James Work, was recovered. They are badly cut and burned, and some think must have been thrown down the 'heading,' more than one hundred feet. The explosion took effect chiefly in the 'heading,' where these two men were working. The other men were in another part of the mine, which did not suffer so much."

GENERAL GRANT'S SPEECH AT GALVESTON.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, March 25.—At the banquet last night, in response to the toast, "General Grant, our honored guest—greater are his than Napoleon's have marched at his command, and greater glories than a crown have been his," Gen. Grant replied as follows:

"*Gentlemen of Galveston:* I am very much obliged to one and all of you for the very kind reception which I have received at your hands and at the hands of all citizens of this city, and I assure you that it affords me very great pleasure to be here on this occasion and to see so many of you. It was my fortune more than a third of a century ago to visit Texas as a second Lieutenant, and to have been one of those who went into the conflict which was to settle the boundary of Texas. I am glad to come back now on this occasion to behold a territory which is an empire in itself and larger than some of the empires of Europe. I wish for the people of Texas, as I do for the people of the entire South, that they may go on developing their resources, and become great and powerful, and in their prosperity forget (as the worthy mayor expressed it) that there is a boundary between North and South. [Prolonged applause] I am sure we will be happier and much more prosperous when the day comes when there will be no sectional feeling. Let any American who can travel abroad, as I have done, with the opportunity of witnessing what there is to be seen that I have had, and he will return to America a better American and a better citizen than when he went away. (Loud cheers.) He will return more in love with his own country. Far be it from me to find fault with any of the European governments. I was well received at their hands on every side by every nation in Europe; but with their dense populations and their worn-out soil it takes a great deal of government to enable the people to get from the soil a bare subsistence. Here we have a rich, virgin soil, with room enough for all of us to expand and live, with the use of a very little government. I do hope that we long may be able to get along happily and contentedly without being too much governed."

EFFECTS OF THE STRIKE.

CUMBERLAND, Md., 28.—The coal agents here are very reticent about the result, if any, of the conference of coal operators at Baltimore. It was reported from a semi-official source that the coal companies had decided to pay no more than 60 cents a ton for mining coal, and extend the working hours from 9 to 12. This would give the miners a chance to mine five tons a day, which, at 60 cents would give them an income of $18 per week. As it is now, they do not average over three tons per day, which makes their income about $11 per week. One operator says that so many of the large spring contracts have been lost by the strike of the miners and the uncertainties of trade that they were not anxious to begin operations. Coal is very scarce in Cumberland, and but few dealers have any at all. Large quantities of bituminous coal are passing over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, but none is arriving here except Keystone coal, which is not by any means as good as Cumberland coal. The best coal is selling now at $3 per ton, and will probably go up to $4 this week if the strike among the trainmen on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad continues. A foundryman here, who has been short of coal stated yesterday that if he could not get some by to-morrow he would close his works. Great complaint has been made by the merchants of Frostburg, Lonaconing, Mt. Savage, Barton and other mining cities and towns, about the strike, which seriously affects every branch of trade. Cumberland is not dependent for her trade upon the miners, as the Baltimore & Ohio railroad employs a large number of people; but her trade is affected seriously by the strike, as it causes idleness on the canal, which helps the trade of the city considerably.

BULLDOZER BLACKBURN.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—There is a great deal of feeling between Southern and Northern Democrats, and this has been intensified in the House over the tariff question. The passage at the night session of the House between Coffroth, Union Democrat, from Pennsylvania, and Blackburn, of Kentucky, of which mention was made in these dispatches, is a fair illustration of this excited feeling. Coffroth makes an authorized statement of this encounter, which may possibly lead to further complications. The statement undoubtedly expresses the feeling of many independent Northern Democrats who are restive under the somewhat dictatorial spirit of their Southern allies. The incident between Coffroth and Blackburn is described by Coffroth as follows: "I asked Mr. Blackburn," said Mr. Coffroth, "if some arrangement could not be made to reach a vote. He brusquely replied that he had sent Mr. Thomas Turner to the other side (I understood him to say to my masters') with two propositions for settlement. He then said that if we Pennsylvania Democrats had done our duty, instead of turning traitors to our party, the question would have been settled before. He denounced Mr. Randall as a traitor to his party, and said that the Republicans were running the House. I replied that he knew better, and that Randall and his friends were just as true Democrats as could be found. Words grew hot between us," continued Mr. Coffroth, "and he finally denounced me as a traitor to Democracy. I retorted: "That is untrue," and that I had never been a traitor to my party or to my country. He demanded to know if I meant that he had been guilty of treason. I replied that this was exactly what I meant and believed. I added that he ought to have been hanged for his treason. He threatened to strike me, and I reminded him that two could play at that game. He did call me a liar, and then friends came between us. There might have been a fight if they had not interposed." Mr. Coffroth further said: "I won't stand any bulldozing from Rebels. I am as good a Democrats as any of them, and I don't want them to accuse me of treachery to my party. I remember the fight we had in their behalf in the Thirty-eight Congress, when the reconstruction measures were under discussion. We did our very best, and got them back into Congress, and now they abuse us. When they accuse Randall of treachery to his party, they appear to forget the magnificent fight he made against the Force bill in the Forty-third Congress."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—The public schools closed this week.

—We are prepared to print horse bills on short notice.

—Mr. N. B. Wayman, of Virginia, was in town this week.

—The best Frederick Lime for sale at Mrs. M. E. Davis'. 2t

—There will be a quarterly meeting at the Ryan's Glade Church Saturday night and Sunday.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Miss Ridie L. Jamesson, who has been visiting in Oakland for several months past, left for her home in Virginia on Wednesday.

—We have recently added to our facilities for doing job work. Fine work a specialty. Call and see our specimens.

—The County Commissioners will be in session next week. A county tax collector will be appointed and other important business transacted.

—The New Glades Hotel, in Oakland is for rent at very reasonable terms. Centrally situated, and well adapted for a boarding house. Address, E. D. Kepner, Oakland, Md.

—De Coursey Bolden, while engaged in shingling on the addition to Mr. Shatzer's Furniture rooms, Tuesday last, fell from the top of the building, a distance of about 20 feet, alighting on a pile of lumber. Fortunately he received no injury to speak of.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Service in the evening at 7½ o'clock, by the pastor.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ by the pastor.

The Centennial Jubilee Singers,

Consisting of eight colored people, formerly slaves, will give a concert at the Glades Hotel, on Tuesday evening next. They come highly recommended by the Wheeling papers. Go and hear them.

"Come Over and Help Us."

The meeting of the County Commissioners, for the purpose of making transfers, April 5th next, will afford those indebted to us an opportunity to call and settle. If any persons owing us have no business calling them to town during that week, they can send remittances by their neighbors. Gentlemen, we need the money to carry on our business, and hope you will come forward without further notice.

Saddlery and Harness.

Mr. John Helbig has established a new saddelry and harness manufactory in the building on the corner of Oak and Second streets, Oakland, Md., where he will keep on hand and manufacture to order saddles, harness, briddles, halters, collars, whips, &c. The very best of material used and none but No. 1. workmen employed. He will also keep on hand and for sale all kinds of finished leather. Any of our readers desiring anything in this line should call. All kinds of grain taken in exchage for work.

Moving Day.

During the week a great many changes of residence have been made in Oakland and vicinity, among which we note the following:

Thos. J. Peddicord to the residence recently purchased by him on Fourth street near the court house.

Daniel Chisholm to the house lately occupied by Mr. Peddicord.

Mr. Hardin to residence recently purchased by him from W. P. Totten, on the corner of Liberty and First streets.

J. A. Enlow to the rooms lately occupied by Peddicord & Gonder, in THE REPUBLICAN building.

E. J. Fringer to the Bush property on the corner of Oak and Third Sts.

P. A. Chisholm to the house lately occupied by E. J. Fringer.

Mrs. West to the house lately occupied by P. A. Chisholm.

M. R. Hamill to the Brewer house, on Third street.

Thos. Coddington to Coddington's Hotel.

W. M. Coddington to the house lately occupied by Thos. Coddington, on Centre street.

John A. Grant to the house formerly occupied by A. Leowenstein.

A. Leowenstein to Frostburg, Md.

Mrs. Wolf to the house lately occupied by M. R. Hamill, on Liberty street.

J. S. Combs to the house lately occupied by David Rinehart, on Water street.

Mrs. Pritchard to her house on Pennington street.

Capt. J. R. Jarboe to house lately occupied by John Hart, on Fourth street.

W. L. Rawlings to Bloomington, Md.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 2:

Thos. Coddington, Sheriff, to Peter P. Lohr, tracts of land called Buck's Date and Piney Bottom, 466½ acres; $2,275.

W. J. Brown and others to W. C. Pennington, all their interest in military lots Nos. 361, 363, 364, 409, 410, 169, 177, 1825, 1401, 1410, 1411, 1293, 1295, 298, 377, and one-fifth interest in tracts called "Vesper" and "Sextile;" $1.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of March:

Jacob A. Strickland and Clara C. Reheson.

Walker C. Shields and Zelda Bailey.

L. W. Roberts and Hattie Ashby.

Garrett W. Moon and Jane A. Lee.

Thomas C. Nine and J. F. McCroble.

George Platter and Elizabeth Bowman.

Julius J. Friend and Malinda Friend.

Knights of Honor.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year by the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor at Frederick Thursday of last week: Grand dictator, Neilson Poe, Jr., vice, Charles H. Weir; assistant, S. D. Cowell; chaplain, John L. Bikle; reporter, M. L. Byers; treasurer, W. H. Ravenscraft; guide, C. C. Force; guardian, Robt. Matthews; sentinel, Benj. Watts; grand trustees, W. J. Walter, A. G. Corning, J. J. Jump, supreme representative, C. V. S. Levy; altecnate, James Whitehouse.

Easton, Maryland, was selected as the place of the next annual meeting. The delegates were elegantly entertained with a banquet at the City Hotel Thursday night.

Disastrous Fire at Barton.

A very disastrous fire occurred at Barton Monday night, originating, it is supposed, in a defective flue in a house owned by George Miller and occupied by the latter as a shoemaker shop. The building, a two story frame, was totally destroyed, and the flames were communicated to three other frame buildings, owned respectively by J. S. Jamesson, August Treibert and the Equitable Building Association of Barton, which were also burned to the ground. We did not learn whether any of the household effects of the occupants of the houses were saved. The total loss on the burned buildings is placed at about $4,000. The building owned by August Treibert was insured with A. J. Lewis, Cumberland, for $400.—*Cumb. News.*

Maryland Coal Fields.

An important bill has been introduced into the legislature for a geological and topographical survey of the Georges Creek and Potomac, the Meadow Mountain and Youghiogheny coal fields, in the counties of Allegany and Garrett, of this State, with the view to making a correct map of the same; collecting specimens of coal, iron ore, fire clay and other minerals, for chemical examination, so as to afford a clear presentation of the mineral wealth of Maryland and to form a complete cabinet at Annapolis. The bill appropriates $10,000 a year for three years, to be expended by the board of public works. It authorizes the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint a competent civil engineer to make the surveys, etc., the engineer to select his assistants, their salaries to be fixed by the board of public works, who are to control all other details. Correct data cannot be obtained except by boring and drifting, and authority to prosecute this part of the work is conferred by the bill. In the preamble it sets forth that it has become very important that full and correct information should be had of the 14-foot vein, the number, position, thickness and extent of the lower veins of coal, iron ore, etc., in the George's creek and Potomac coal basin, as well as of the other basins. The superficial explorations of these coal fields have shown that coal veins of 4 feet, 6 feet and 9 feet have been opened at different places, developing good, clear-burning coal.

Extensive Lumber Contract.

We take the following item of interest to our readers from the *Raftsman's Journal*, of Clearfield, Pennsylvania:

Last fall Jona. Boynton, Jas. E. Watson and Wm. H. Dill, of this place, and Hon. A. H. Dill, of Lewisburg, in the name of Dill, Watson & Co., purchased from C. M. Graham, of Frostburg, Md., all the timber on a large body of land lying in Garrett county, Md. They have just closed a contract with Geo. S. Young and Milton G. Brown, of this place, to manufacture and load on cars at "Boynton Mills," all the timber embraced in their purchase, and the latter firm will commence operations at once. The mill will be built near Salisbury, Somerset county, Pa., and a railroad will be built from the mill a distance of four miles up along Piney Run into the timber. Mr. Young left for Pittsburg on Tuesday morning to make contracts for a donkey engine and iron for the railroad, for iron roofing and machinery for the mill, etc., and Mr. Brown left this morning for the scene of operations to commence work. They are thorough going business men and the people of Salisbury can congratulate themselves upon so valuable an acquisition to their community.

The mill will have a capacity of forty thousand feet per day and will cut bill lumber up to ninety feet in length. They will also have shingle, lath, picket, stave and planing mills, all complete under one roof two hundred feet long. The mills, lumber yard and log pool will cover about eight acres of ground.

The lumber to be manufactured for Dill, Watson & Co., together with all that is contignous to the railroad up Piney Run, and which will ultimately find its way to "Boynton Mills," will amount to over one hundred and twenty millions of feet of pine, oak, cherry, ash, maple and hemlock. The contract will amount to about one million of dollars to Young & Brown and will extend over a period of from fifteen to twenty years. This is perhaps the largest lumber contract ever made in this county, where we are accustomed to big contracts.

Dill, Watson & Co. have outlets for shipping at Bridgenort, Pennsylvania, by rail, and at Cumberland Md., by rail or canal to tide water, thence to any point on the globe.

Mr. Watson also left this morning to attend to business of the firm at Meyersdale and Salisbury.

In speaking of the timber in question, to Samuel I. Burge, of this place, he having gone over and examined it, he made the remark that it was the finest timber he ever saw growing out of the ground. The pine and oak are particularly fine and of the latter they will be able to cut clear lumber *eighty* feet long.

The Canal Investigation.

The following is General Bradley Johnson's statement of the management of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, made before the Canal investigating committee of the Legislature:

1. The canal has been managed as a political machine, not in the interests of the Democratic party, but for the purpose of promoting the personal ends of its managers.

Specifications. — Mr. Gorman admits in his answer that so far as he and the board over which he presides could direct the canal company, they have bestowed or caused it to be bestowed, after the manner of their predecessors, upon members of the party to which they belong; assessments have been made for political uses on the salaries of employes, and collected or deducted therefrom by officers of the company; three per cent. was collected from salaries for political purposes by the treasurer of the company; canal employes have interfered in elections by direction of canal authorities; canal employes have voted solidly at elections, primary and otherwise, to influence such elections; Mr. Gorman knew of the political interference of his subordinates and approved it; employes were appointed for political objects, without regard to the interests of the company; authority was given the President to organize a police force on the line of the canal, and this power, unlimited as it was either as regards number of men or money to be expended, was used for political purposes. Under this power Mr. Gorman appointed Alfred Spates, of Cumberland, salary $2,000; Chas. H. Mann, Towsontown, $600; Jno. Gale, Baltimore and Somerset, $600; Thos. J. Pitt, Anne Arundle, $900. The canal influence directly interfered in the elections to defeat candidates opposed to canal management and elect others friendly to it. At the election of 1879 Geo. W. Smith, candidate for the Senate, and H. H. Keedy, for the House of Delegates from Washington county, were known to be openly hostile to the Gorman management of the canal. They were defeated by the votes in the canal district of that county, and two Republicans friendly to the management were elected.

2. The funds of the canal company belonging to the bondholders have been expended improperly and illegally.

Specifications. The directors, in violation of a prohibitory resolution, during the years 1871-2-3, received a regular payment of $400 a year each. Their hotel bills have also been paid, and the amount thus illegally expended since 1871, amounts to $25,000. The salary of Mr. Gorman in 1874 was increased from $4,000 by $1,000 allowance for traveling expenses, and, notwithstanding this his hotel bills have also been paid by the company. The money paid to detectives was without warrant of law, and the men appointed never performed any duty whatever. In February 1877, the Lock and Dock Company leased the outlet locks, above Georgetown, D. C., to the State of Maryland in consideration of $1 per annum for twenty-three years. By the same investment the canal company covenanted to pay the Lock & Dock Company $15,000 per annum for twenty five years, and to keep the outlet lock in good repair. The contract is illegal, and under it the company has expended $43,931.95 in repairs for three years and nearly $40,000 for rent making a total misappropriation of $84,000, and a liability for twenty-three years to come for rent and repairs. It has illegally paid $30,000 on a purchase of wharf property of McKaig & Walsh, of Cumberland, both at a price of $100,000. Its contracts with the Maryland, American and George's Creek Coal Companies and the Cumberland Railroad Company are illegal and unwise. It has misappropriated the funds of the company for the construction of works entirely unauthorized. The misappropriations amount, since 1871, to $262,968, which, with the illegal expenses for docks and locks, amount to $376,899.

3. The officers of the company have failed to obey any of the orders of the stockholders that monthly statements of receipts and expenditures be published in the newspapers of the canal counties.

Oleomargerine or Artificial Butter.

In view of the efforts now being made by the dairymen to have the manufacture of oleomargerine or artificial butter interdicted by the bill pending before Congress to prevent the adulteration of food the American manufacturing company of Baltimore, of which Mr W. Morris Orem is president, and Mr. W. P. Herbert, secretary and treasurer, extended an invitation to the House of Representative committees on agriculture and manufactures to pay a visit of inspection to their extensive oleomargerine works, No. 9 Cross street, and see for themselves the process of manufacture. The invitation was accepted and on Friday of last week the committee came over to Baltimore and were driven direct to the factory.

The visitors were first shown the room where the fat from the animals is purified in large vats filled with water, in which it is soaked and thoroughly cleansed of every impurity, for if a pound of any impure matter should be allowed to remain, the whole mass would be spoiled, and to make sure of this important fact there are four different inspections before it is placed in the elevator and sent to the third floor.

The fat used is what is known as "called," and is taken from beef cattle and purchased direct from the butchers. As soon as the process of purification is over the fat is sent up to third floor, when it is placed in two revolving cylinders, where it is chopped up by machinery into fine particles, whilst a steam coil which surrounds the cylinders heats the mass and turns it into liquid form, about the consistency of molasses, which is run off from the cylinders by means of tubes into vats on the second floor, where it is allowed to stand until it becomes nearly solid again. It is then placed under powerful hydraulic presses which squeeze out a pure, tasteless oil, which is identical with cream, and from which, with the addition milk, the butter is churned. A residum is left in the press after the oil is extracted, which forms a fine article of stearine, and it is sold in large quantities to confectioners, candle factories, bookbinderies, paper box makers and others.

The oil before spoken of is then elevated to the third floor and placed in a large churn revolving rapidly by steam power. One hundred and twenty-five pounds of milk are placed in the churn along with five hundred pounds of oil, and after the churn has run for twenty minutes the liquid is drawn off into boxes filled with ice, which quickly solidifies it and the butter is then produced, and after being salted and having the buttermilk worked out by machinery, is ready for packing in tubs containing from eighty to sixty pounds.

The butter is fully equal in appearance and taste to the finest dairy product, and the visitors expressed themselves as greatly astonished, not only at the process, but at the results.

The whole process was clearly explained by Messrs. W. S. Carroll and E. Fawcett, of the company, who made it a point to impress it on the visitors that the whole operation was a most cleanly one, and that the oleomargerine is a great deal purer and better than much of the butter now on the market.

They claim that in manufacturing their butter the oil which they take out of the fat is the organic base of butter produced in the ordinary way. The fat of the steer, they say, is equally as good as that of the cow for the purpose. Mr. Forsythe, of Illinois, seemed to be well versed in dairy matters, and he took great interest in the process, asking many questions of Mr. Carroll, which that gentleman answered seemingly to his satisfaction.

The factory employs 16 hands and turns out from 4,000 to 6,000 pounds per day, which is sold at wholesale at from 18 to 20 cents per pound, whilst the best butter is now selling at from 35 to 40 cents.

The New York *Sun* publishes an interesting tale of figures to prove that if the Democrats and Greebackers had pooled their issues at the last congressional election they could have secured forty-two additional representatives in the House. The history of the Democratic party is made up principally of "might-have-beens," and it will be in order for the *Sun*, a year hence, to show how the Democrats might have captured the electoral vote of New York if John Kelly and Samuel J. Tilden had not refused to kiss and make up.

Luxuries for Farmers.

Prof. Willard, in a speech at the dairy fair, New York, deprecated the present tendency of farmers to extravagance—"piano, fine clothes and $12 kid shoes." Now, farmers have as much right to the refinement of life as any other class of people The inference from this perpetual preaching of economy to the farmer is that he must live in a very plain house, dress in very plain clothes, abjure all ornamentation, and live down to a level which borders on squalor. If this advice is good for the farmer it should be equally good for merchant, lawyer or doctor. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the male bird, also.

All of life is not embraced in pork and cabbage, pictureless rooms, or a house without piano, tasty furniture or books. Are certain favored occupations to be the only ones to enjoy the luxuries of life? Refinement is not extravagance. The American farmer is by this excessive economy to be converted into an American peasant. If people are educated up to the modern requirements it will follow, as a matter of course, that they demand modern elegancies. The piano has its mission in the farmer's parlor as well as in that of the Fifth avenue. Indeed, it is all the more needed to relieve the isolation of the country home. If farming cannot bring the refined necessities of life then farming is a very poor business.

AMERICAN CORN IN RUSSIA.—We are not the only people affected by American competion. The Russians are complaining deeply of it. For some time past the struggle between them and the Yankees for the supremacy of the European corn trade has been a severe one, but now the Americans have so far developed their strength that they have actually had the audacity to carry corn to Odessa, which is just as aggravating as we should find it if they commenced to ship coal to Newcastle. A few days ago an American vessel is reported to have touched at Odessa with a cargo of corn for the famine-stricken people in the Caucasus. One would have thought that as corn was as plentiful as dirt in the interior of Russia, it would have been cheaper to have exported the grain from Odessa, instead of bringing it all the way across the Atlantic. But this does not appear to have been the case. Thanks to the corrupt system of subsidizing the railways of Russia and the steamboat communication in the Black Sea, the freights charged are so excessive that the merchants at Tiflis find it cheaper to bring over corn from America. During last autumn the provincial papers of Russia frequently complained that thousands of tons of corn were rotting alongside the southern railways, owing to the absence of proper granaries to protect it from the weather and the inadequacy of the rolling stock to transport it to the sea. As an instance of the badness of Russian railway organization, the Odessa *Pravda* mentioned that, owing to the goods station of the Odessa railway being situated a mile and a half from the export quay, the cost of conveying the corn in wagons from the trucks to the foreign steamers was heavier than the carriage of the grain all the way from Odessa to London.—*London Examiner.*

There appears to be little probability that Pennsylvania will long hold the monopoly of the oil supply of the world which it has practically held for twenty years. Telegraphic despatches to day show the discovery of a ninety-barrel well in Alabama and promising borings in Prussia. Petroleum is known to exist, too, in Hanover, Austria, Southern Russia, Asia Minor, and in several districts in the far West. Petroleum and its product have become of such universal value that these discoveries are of great importance, because from the nature of the product it is not probable that its supply in any locality is inexhaustible, or that it will for a long period of years continue to flow to the surface as it has done since its discovery in the Pennsylvania oil regions.

Our lady friends will make a note of this: "Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when she is making a leap-year proposal.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 30, 1880.

It is my purpose at this writing to give your readers a short account of a chivalric sensation recently enacted in that fossilized old neighbor of ours, Alexandria. A gentleman residing there but engaged in business in Washington, two weeks ago started a weekly newspaper in Alexandria, devoted to the best interests of that section. It advocated the introduction of new blood and new brains, and getting rid of some of the old fogy notions, born of slavery and the rebellion. One number was issued, teeming with live thoughts and promises for the future. In other words it was a Republican paper. The editor was called upon a night or two after its first appearance at his residence, and when Dr. Foster, the editor, presented himself was knocked down without word or reason. The parties were known and arrested but were released on the ground that the evidence was not sufficient to hold them. A week elapsed and the forces were again ready for the printer when he was compelled to relinquish the job under threats. The editor then sent the forms to Washington where the paper was printed and returned to Alexandria on the boat, in charge of a special messenger. These same chivalrous sons of Virginia learning that the papers were to be shipped on a certain boat came to Washington and returning on the same boat, with drawn revolvers robbed the messengers of the papers and threw them overboard. The parties went to police headquarters in Alexandria and gave themselves up, but were informed that they, the police, had no authority to detain them. This is freedom of the press within 7 miles of the National Capitol. A newspaper suppressed with the connivance of that city government. This is the toleration Republicans receive within 7 miles of this city, if outspoken in advocacy of the true principles of a free and enlightened government. It would be well for the whole people of the North, or those of them who have an idea of emigrating to the Southern States, to read the "*Fool's Errand*" and ponder it well, for every word of it is true, as every man who has gone South to live and invested his money can testify.

There is very little of Congressional news to report. Yesterday was bill day in the House, and 150 bills were introduced, few of which will ever be heard from again. The rest of the day, and half of last week was given to the consideration of the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill, but no vote has yet been reached upon it.

The Democrats seem determined to make blunders this session, and as proof of this assertion, Mr. Springer will call up the Curtin-Yocum contested election case to-day. This case is similar to the others now before the House, and the comments I have heretofore made upon the Washburn, Ingalls and Maine cases equally apply to this.

The Senate is trying to dispose of the Geneva Award bill, and would have reached a vote perhaps yesterday, but for the sudden illness of Senator Thurman.

LOGAN.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYRE'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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JOHN HELBIG,

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Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

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Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

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LICENSE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1880.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

ap, 3 GEO. D. WHITE, Sheriff Garrett county.

Wood-Choppers Wanted.

Good men can get steady work and prompt pay by calling at Muddy Creek Furnace, Preston county, W. Va.

Also wanted at same place, a good yoke of oxen. Mh. 27-3w.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Dr. Wynne proposes the introduction of an automatic switch in a telephonic circuit, so that any one in connection with a telephonic exchange may communicate with any other person, similarly connected, without the intervention of an assistant at the central office.

—A small crater is stated to have appeared near Paterno, on the west side of Ætna; and the other craters are again issuing a saltish-oily fluid, which has formed a small lake and is injuring the neighboring fields. Numerous slight shocks of earthquake have also been felt to the north-northeast and south-southwest of Ætna; jets of steam have issued from the new craters, and steam, mixed with ashes, from the central one.

—J. F. Everhart has in his possession what may be called a hieroglyphical stone, taken from a mound built by the Mound Builders at Brush Creek, Muskingum County, Ohio. Its dimensions are: Length, 12½ inches; width, 11¦ inches; thickness, four inches. The material is red sandstone. The hieroglyphics are in in two parallel columns, and the owner is anxious to have them deciphered.

—Preparations of the hemp-plant, when taken in excess, produce a singular effect upon the mind. Under the influence of large doses of hemp men lose all sense of fear, and it is often taken by the Indian sepoy before he goes into action. On account of this property, the Afghans are reported to have used it freely in their recent war with the English, and the fierce onslaughts of small parties on the foreign soldiery are attributed to this cause.

—General Ruggles, of Virginia, thinks he can control the elements by the aid of an "appropriation." He claims that the diffused mists passing over wide regions or localities suffering from unusual drought may be readily consolidated into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations artificially produced. The method contemplated by General Ruggles' patent is to send into the clouds skeleton balloons filled with cartridges of dynamite or smaller explosive materials, and to explode the contents by magneto-electricity through light metallic wires connecting the balloon with the earth.

—Major Sharrat says that the prevailing ignorance of the proper way to burn illuminating gas results in great injury to health and comfort as well as in heavy pecuniary loss. He estimates that of all the gas which passes through a meter, from thirty to fifty per cent. is wasted. The principal causes of this enormous waste are bad burners, excessive pressure, and unsuitable arrangements of gas globes and fittings. To insure the best results with the greatest economy it is essential to burn gas under low or very moderate pressure, with the aid of good burners and efficient regulators.

—Nothing has been seen yet at the north of the great comet observed by Dr. Gould in South America, and announced by him as passing the sun northward. And it seems as if the great unknown had thought better of the proposed visit. A second dispatch from Dr. Gould, received by Professor Peters at Kiel a day after the first one, announced that the erratic visitant was moving southward. Both statements, says *Nature*, may possibly be correct for the times to which they refer, as the case may be similar to that of the great comet of 1843, which swept around the sun with a velocity of 350 miles per second, and almost grazing his surface passed from ascending to descending node in two and a quarter hours.

—Professor Riley states that the phylloxera has established itself in California, in the Sonoma Valley, and destroyed hundreds of acres of vines in the most important wine district in the State. The insect appears to have undergone a considerable change in habit, which modification very much limits its destructiveness. It is steadily spreading from infected centres, but very slowly indeed, compared to its spread in France. Prof. E. W. Hilgard believes this to be due to the non-appearance of the winged female, as he has not been able to obtain it. No one seems able in this valley to give any suggestion as to how the pest may be successfully fought. Every variety of vine planted in the valley has been attacked, and partly or wholly destroyed.

—The *Journal of Science* reports that Herr Faber, lately exhibited his new speaking machine before the Physical Society, London. It is designed to imitate mechanically the utterance of the human voice by means of artificial organs of articulation made on the human model, and it is worked by keys like a musical instrument. A bellows made of wood and india rubber serves for lungs. A small wind-mill is placed in front of the bellows to give trifling sounds. The larynx is made of a single membrane of hippopotamus hide and india rubber. A mouth with two lips, a tongue, and an india rubber nose complete the organs of the apparatus. Fourteen distinct sounds were uttered by it, and by combining these any word in any language can be pronounced. Laughing and whispering were also produced, and the pitch was raised or depressed at pleasure.

Effects of Smoking.

The London *Lancet* prints the following letter from the late Professor Parks, to an inquiring friend on the subject of the effect of smoking:

MY DEAR MR. PRATT—I think my state of mind as regards tobacco is very much what yours seems to be. I have honestly tried to collect evidence from moderate smokers, both medical men and others, and when tolerance has been established I have never been able to make out any symptoms which implied injury. In the case of many medical men whom I have asked to study their own condition, the answer has always been the same, viz., they could see no harm or disturbance of any function. Even in some cases of enormous smokers—*i. e.*, men who rarely were without a pipe or a cigar—I could learn of no injury.

On the other hand, I have seen, like us all, men complaining of dyspepsia, nervousness, palpitation, etc., and who were much better for leaving off smoking; in fact, in these cases there could be no doubt of an injurious effect.

In boys of fourteen or fifteen who begin to smoke, I think I have observed that tolerance is slowly attained; that appetite is less, and I presume digestion and nutrition less good, and that the complexion becomes pasty and less florid and clear. There was a striking case of this kind in the son of a medical friend, who watched his son, naturally, very carefully, and who told me that the effect of tobacco (a good deal was smoked) was quite unmistakable. I persuaded the son to lessen his tobacco one-half, and his health certainly improved, but he was then a young man. That some injury, therefore, is sometimes produced, and especially on young people, seems to me quite clear; but it is curious, in other cases, how difficult is is to find ill effects, even in the young, when the quantity is not excessive.

As to the effect on the young even, it is curious in Burmah to see children smoking in their mother's arms, and yet when I was serving in Burmah, many years ago, I often saw a woman walking along smoking her cigar of tobacco rolled up in a plaintain leaf and carrying on her hip her child of two or three years old, who also had his or her little cigar which was smoked with the greatest gravity. On talking to the Burmese (who smoke constantly), they never allow that even their children were in the least way damaged. When I was in Turkey I tried to make inquiries of some of the intelligent Turkish gentlemen; one or two of them said that they thought the Turks had learned to smoke from the Europeans, and had been growing apathetic and dull ever since. But others laughed at this, and the rural Turk, who smokes a good deal, is a fine active, energetic fellow.

I have talked to many Germans, who all stand out manfully for tobacco. In conclusion, I confess myself quite uncertain. I can find nothing like good evidence in books; too often a foregone conclusion, without any evidence to back it, is given. I think we must decidedly admit injury from excess; from moderate use I can see no harm, except, it may be, in youth. My opinions are, you will see, very indefinite, and I would gladly see some really good evidence collected. If at any time you can send me any facts I shall be very grateful. Believe me, very sincerely yours, E. A. PARKS.

Bitterne, Southampton, Jan. 28, 1876.

The *British Medical Journal* cites an interesting communication from Dr. Decaisne on the subject of smoking, particularly as regards children and women. In 1864, Dr. Decaisne related cases of thirty-eight young people, in twenty-seven of whom the effects of tobacco on the economy were observable, especially in cardiac affections, palpitations and intermissions. He concluded by saying that, whatever conditions may be perceived in adult subjects, the pernicious effects of tobacco smoking are incontestible in children. Even the restricted use of tobacco in children leads often to a change in the blood, and sometimes to chlorotic anæmia, paleness of the face, emaciation, morbid sound in the carotid arteries, palpitation and intermission of the heart, diminution of the normal quantity of the blood corpuscles, difficulty of digestion, etc. Young people who smoke show generally a certain sluggishness of intelligence, and more or less pronounced taste for strong drinks. In children who cease to smoke, and who are not affected by any organic lesion, the disorders of economy which have just been mentioned, disappear, often very quickly, and almost always without leaving any trace. Since 1865 Dr. Decaisne has commenced to examine the effects of tobacco on women. He has observed forty-three who present symptoms arising from this source, including intermissions of the pulse and disorders in the digestion, and he has arrived at the same conclusions as he arrived at in 1864. He adds that the effects of tobacco smoking in women appear to him to resemble very closely those which he observed in children; that in a certain number of them, as among children, even in a relatively small dose, tobacco leads promptly to the symptoms of anæmia, as well as intermittent pulse, and develops, for the most part, a pronounced taste for strong drink.

A Backwoods Adventure.

It was in the winter of 1838 that I am to tell you of. I was then about thirteen years old, and as rugged and strong as most of the young men of twenty are in these times. All through the autumn the catamount and the black-snake had bothered the men cutting timber for home use. Several of the villagers had been badly hurt, and one old man was killed by the tricky animal. The boys always helped in hauling the logs and pieces of timber, driving the buck wagons from the woods to the house where it was to be dumped. After old Uncle Simeon was killed, the women became badly scared, and made the men go armed, and wouldn't let us youngsters go on the teams. No more trouble occurred, however until the winter set in. Everything was quiet then, and the fright caused by accidents of the fall had passed away.

One day a terrific snow-storm set in. The flakes came down so thick that we couldn't see from our windows across the road to Sam Briggs' house. By dark it had become three feet deep, and we could hardly get to the barn to feed the stock. About seven o'clock it stopped snowing, and began to blow very hard. It grew very cold also. We heaped great logs on the fire, and had the blaze roaring up the chimney. The old man was resting quietly in the corner, smoking his pipe and seemed not to care about what was going on, when suddenly we heard a long, deep growl coming from the woods. The old man knew what was meant, and so did some of my older brothers. The catamounts maddened by hunger, and prevented by the storm from getting anything to eat, were coming in a body to the village. In a minute all were astir. Two of the boys started for the barn to see that the door was fast so that the catamounts could not destroy the cattle. The rest of us were told to fasten the windows and hunt up the guns which were about the house somewhere. I went to close a window, and then I could see the dark pack rushing as fast as they could through the snow. The sky had cleared, and the stars were out so that I could see the folks at Briggs' and down the street were preparing for the hungry animals. I didn't get those blinds shut any too quick, either for the head of the gang were within a few yards of the house. Just as I was leaving the room the old man came rushing through the hall, saying: "Jim and Jake have been headed off between here and the barn by the pack and all the wild cats are on 'em."

You bet there was lively movin', around then. The old man and Bill, an older brother, took the guns and went up-stairs to the bed-room window looking out on the yard. We could hear the boys yelling for help, and the growls of the delighted animals. I put for an open window, and there was a fearful sight. Jim had drawn his jackknife, and was keeping the cats at bay, but poor Jake was helpless. A big fellow had him down, and Jake had his hands full on the rascal's throat with an awful grip. Four or five more of the gang were trying to get a show at Jake, too. He kicked right and left, and fought like a tiger. Jim had his hands full, even though he did have a knife. They got behind him, and would jump on him. He gradually worked his way toward the house, however, and sister Sue, a brave girl, with nerves like a soldier, was waiting to open the door and let him in. The old man fired from the window first, and one of the pack fell dead. Neither Bill nor the Guv'ner dared shoot at the animals right around Jake, for fear of shooting him. It was awful, I tell you, friends. Bill put a charge in another of the fierce brutes, and he keeled over. By that time some of the pack were devouring the first catamount that the old man had shot. But there were so many of them that even the two dead ones only drew away a few of the gang. Jim had put two of them out of the way, and was working his way fast towards safety, but he was terribly weak from the wounds the cats had given him. He was perfectly cool, though, and he shouted once to Bill: "Kill another blackguard, and then enough of 'em will be husy eatin' to give me time." Bill cracked away, and down went a catamount close to Jim. Two or three of the beasts jumped on the wounded members of the pack, and Jim made a dash for the door. Sue had it unfastened, and the minute he reached the steps she threw it open and he rushed in, but by George! one of the hungry rascals rushed in with him.

Then I tell you there was fun. Sue had a big meat-knife in her hand, and she stabbed the brute, but it only exasperated him. It went for her right away, and in a moment there was a cut down her pretty cheek that left a scar she always carried afterward. Jim turned as quick as a flash and buried his jackknife deep into the brute's throat. It was a stunner, but before the animal expired he gave Jim a dig in the right hand that was sore for a good many weeks. Meauwhile Jake was struggling out in the yard. How he held out as he did, with a half-dozen bloodthirsty beasts about him, is more than I could ever understand. When I stopped watching Jim, and looked again to where Jake was he was all torn and bloody. You wouldn't have known him, so disfigured by the catamounts was he. The only thing that saved him was the fact that some of the neighbors, hearing the noise of the guns, had come out to lend assistance. The instant they came near the house the animals scented them, and all but two left Jake. No sooner had they gone than Jim rushed out of the house, followed by Sue. I told you she was a brave girl, didn't I? Instead of making a big fuss over the cut in her face, she never thought of herself, but only of Jake. The two catamounts left Jake right away when they saw Jim and Sue, started for them. While one of the rascals was midway between Jim and Sue, the old man put enough shot in him to end his life. Jim got the first dive at the other one, and stabbed him in the neck. Sue was by his side, and put the old butcher-knife behind one of his ears. That settled the business. Poor Jake was nearly dead; indeed, they picked him up unconscious. He lived for about a month, but the strain had been too great, and he died from the effects of the fight. The rest of the pack were killed by the neighbors, although they caused considerable trouble.—*Erwina (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

How to Cure Boils.

WHAT is the best remedy for boils? The only internal remedy of any specific value is sulphide of calcium, which is highly recommended by many English writers. A tenth of a grain should be taken hourly or every two or three hours, in such a preparation as this: Sulphide of calcium, six grains; sugar of milk, one dram; mix and divide in thirty powders. It lessens the inflammation and reduces the area of the boil. Moreover, it liquefies the core, so that it separates more speedily, and the troublesome little visitor is induced to take its departure. When the skin is not yet broken and the slowly separating core not exposed this medicine often converts the boil into a little abscess, which soon bursts, and the whole thing is over. If the sulphide is taken sufficiently early the boil often dries up, the inflammation subsides and a hard knot is left, which disappears in a few days without the formation of a core and without any discharge. The sulphide exerts a marked influence on the general health, removing the debility and *malaise* so frequently associated with these eruptions. Not only will the sulphide of calcium, taken in the manner we have indicated, cure existing boils, but it will often prevent the formation of fresh ones. There are also certain local measures which may be advantageously adopted. When you send to the apothecary for your powders, tell him to forward you a bottle of liniment composed of equal parts of belladonna liniment and glycerine. At the same time order a piece of belladonna plaster, three inches square; the best is that spread on leather. Now cut a hole in the middle of your plaster about the size of the boil and apply it so that the boil protrudes through the aperture. You will find no difficulty in making your plaster stick if you warm it for a little time before the fire. Next, daub the boil gently but thoroughly with the liniment. Lastly, put a small linseed meal poultice over the whole, taking care that it does not extend beyond the plaster. Change the poultice as often as it gets cold and each time apply fresh liniment freely to the boil. The belladonna liniment helps to reduce the inflammation and allay the pain. We have already mentioned that a poultice applied to the skin in the neighborhood of boils often brings out a fresh crop. The object of the plaster is to protect the healthy skin from the direct contact of the poultice. This is the best treatment of boils with which we are acquainted. We have had considerable experience of it and we are enabled to speak of it most favorably. Of course, when a tendency to boils is known to depend on any particular cause that cause should as far as possible be removed. We must mention that sulphide of calcium occasionally fails, and in the deep-seated boils resulting from diabetes it usually does no good.

A very good local treatment for boils consists in the application of flexible collodion, which should be painted over the part with a brush. This is applicable only to boils which have not yet burst. It is desirable to apply fresh coatings of collodion over the old ones, allowing them to remain until the boil has dried up and the sore place completely disappeared. This treatment has also the advantage of allaying the great irritation which often accompanies the early stage of boils.

It is said that in the earlier stages boils may be cut short by rubbing in first tincture of camphor, and then olive oil, three times a day.

A good remedy for preventing the recurrence of boils is sulphur. A few grains should be taken three or four times a day. Ten drop doses of dilute sulphuric acid taken twice a day before meals will prove equally serviceable.

Sufferers from boils require "feeding up." "A low diet" is seldom called for. Attention to diet, cleanliness and healthy out-door exercise and recreation, will do much toward eradicating a predisposition to boils; but when they do come, the treatment above described is the best.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Taking Home Oysters.

A First Ward man was told by his wife to bring home a quart of oysters to fry for supper. He drank a few prescriptions of egg-nogg, and then took a paper bag full of selects and started for home. He stopped at two or three saloons and the bag began to melt, and when he left the last saloon the bottom fell out of the bag and the oysters were on the sidewalk. We will leave the man there, gazing upon the wreck, and take the reader to the residence where he is expected. A red-faced woman is putting the finishing touches to the supper table and wondering why her husband does not come with the oysters. Presently a noise as of a lead pencil in the key-hole salutes her ear, and she goes to the door and opens it and finds him taking the pencil out of the key-hole. Not seeing any oysters she asks him if he has forgotten the oysters. "Forgotten noth—(hic)—ing," says he. He walks up to the table and asks for a plate, which is given by the unsuspicious wife. "Funniest accident you ever (hic) see," said the truly old man, as he brought his hand out of his overcoat pocket with four oysters, a little smoking tobacco and a piece of cigar stub. "Slipprysoystery(hic)er was," said he, as he run his hands down in the other pocket, bringing up five oysters, a piece of envelope and a piece of wire that was used as a bail to the pail. "Got all my p(hic)ockets full," said he, as he took a large oyster out of his vest pocket. Then he began to go down in his pants pocket, and finding a hole in it he said: "Six big (hic)sters gone down my trousers' leg. Sposi'll find them in my boot," and he sat down to pull off his boot, when the lady took the plate of oysters and other stuff into the kitchen and threw them in the swill, and then she put him to bed, and all the time he was trying to tell her how the hag busted just as he was in front of "All Saints Ca(hic)thedral."—*Detroit Free Press.*

What Becomes of All the Pins?

WHAT becomes of all the pins? asks the London *Leisure Hour*. It is now as much as forty years since the daily supply of pins from the English factories was 20,000,000, and ever since that time the daily average has been steadily increasing, till it now stands at 50,000,000 every day. Notwithstanding this enormous supply, one can hardly be in the company of man, woman or child for a day without being asked: "Have you such a thing as a pin about you?" Of our daily 50,000,000 pins, Birmingham produces 37,000,000, leaving 13,000,000 as the production of London, Stroud and Dublin, where pins are also made. The weight of wire consumed annually in the pin manufacture of England is about 1,275½ tons, or 2,857,120 pounds, one-eighth of which is iron wire, used in manufacturing mourning and hair pins. The brass wire consumed amounts to 2,500,000 pounds, which, at 11d. per pound in money value, reaches the sum of £114.583. The iron wire consumed is 344,800 pounds, its value £7,183 6s. 6d., and to be added to these amounts are the wages, paper and ornamental envelopes, boxes, wear and tear of machinery, manufacturers' profits and the like, bringing the whole amount to not less than £200,000.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, of New York, has all along been investing his hard-earned savings in United States bonds, until he had $26,000,000 in registered four per cents. Now he comes over again and has $5,500,000 more bonds registered in his name the same way. The investment is in $50,000 bonds, and Mr. Vanderbilt could carry them all in his coat pocket without inconvenience. Upon these bonds Vanderbilt will draw over $300,000 interest every ninety days.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Two seasons there are which we have to regret, a season for payment and a seizin' for debt.—*Toronto Grip.*

Our Young Folks.

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

Clickety, clackety, how the wheels run!
Crickety, crackety, isn't it fun
Rushing through bridges and over the streams,
Seeing the country like so many dreams!

Bumpity, bumpity, bang, on each rail!
How the car shivers through mountain and vale!
Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain,
Running the same in the sunshine or rain.

Clunkety, chunkety, chunkety, chunk!
Bandbox and passenger, bundle and trunk,
All on the single train speeding away
Faster than antelopes bounding in play.

Jiggledy, joggledy, bumpity, bump,
Crickety, crackety, humpity, hump,
Rattlety, battlety, clickety, clang,
Whistlety, ringity, here we stop, bang!

—*H. F. King, in St. Nicholas.*

THE TEA-KETTLE LIGHT.

We extract from the March *St. Nicholas* part of a story of a country boy who started a gas factory by himself. His name was Joe, and he lived in New Hampshire. One winter, he earnestly wished to attend school; but this seemed impossible, for his spare time would all be taken up in splitting shingles. He tried, but in vain, to do the splitting by fire light. Lamp, he had none; candles were too dear; he must have something else. Weeks before he had been surprised at a strange light flaming high above a charring heap of birch wood. He found that this was caused by the burning of gas which came from the birch bark. Why could he not get more of the same light, split his shingles by it, and so save time for the winter schooling? He resolved to try; mysteriously told his brothers and sisters that he was going to stop the cracks in a certain old tea-kettle, and disappeared into the woodshed.

Lois called after him that if he didn't "grease his tea-kettle well, it would stick."

"He's going to make a tea-kettle dumpling!" shouted Dehorah.

But Joe, out in the cold wood-shed, kept plastering dough over the cracks in the tea-kettle. This well done, he began cutting into small pieces the birch bark he had saved, so that it could be crowded closely into the tea-kettle. By the time he had filled it supper was called, and Joe, going in, set his patched contrivance close by the fire.

"Well, Joe," laughed his mother, "what now? Are you going to turn blacksmith or baker?"

"Joe, Joe," piped Moses, "will you be a blacksmith or a bakesmith, mother says?"

"O, I am a shingle-splitter," said Joe, smiling back. "And I'd like to be a lightsmith, too, pretty well, if I could."

After supper was cleared away, and the big kettle was taken off the crane, Joe hung on his tea-kettle, bread dough, birch-bark and all, swung it over the fire, and sat down to watch the result of his operations.

"What is it, anyhow, Joe?" asked Moses.

"Why, don't you see? It's an old tea-kettle."

"What you dot in it?" piped little Judith.

"Birch-bark, sis," responded Joe, laconically.

"Maple-bark is best to make ink of; isn't it, mother?" queried Dehby.

"Yes, indeed, Joe, and you don't have to burn it—only steep it, and put in a little copperas."

"I am not trying to make ink, mother," Joe answered, "though I must make some before long."

Then turning to his father, he said: "You remember how the coal-pit we burned last week got 'hewitched,' don't you? Well, I think it must have been the green birch-bark, which I don't suppose ever before got piled into a coal-pit, that caused the light somehow, though I don't know exactly how; and I am trying to see if birch-bark won't make a light here as well as there."

Joe spoke with a deprecating tone, for he knew his father's violent antipathy toward all "new-fangled notions."

"Well, you are a dunce, to be sure. Don't you suppose that if birch-bark had been good for anything but a torch, somebody would have found it out before this? Young folks, nowadays, think they know more than their fathers. It wasn't so when I was a boy. You'd better just put that tea-kettle out of the way and go to work."

The keynote had been struck by his father, and every voice in the household joined in making fun of him and his cracked kettle. Joe was irritated, of course, but was so full of his new idea that he hadn't time to get angry, and he comforted himself with the belief that it might be his turn to laugh before long. Yet he knew he never would hear the last of it if his experiment failed. He watched it very anxiously. At last, his father imperatively ordered him to take his kettle away; but he was so earnest in his pleading for time to give his idea a fair trial that his mother interposed out of pity, and his father consented to let him alone, thinking he would thus be more convinced that he was following up a crazy notion.

So Joe, thankful for the respite, kept intently watching the flames reach up toward the queer, patched object on the crane, baking the dough-cement harder, and concealing it with a deposit of soot. Soon a trace of steam issued from the spout, and became a new center of interest to him, and a new subject for chaffing by the merry circle of sisters.

"When the steam passes off the gas will begin to come," explained Joe, quietly. Then there was a new cause of alarm. Jane became more and more nervous—"fidgety," as her mother said—because company was coming, and her brother and his old tea-kettle "would be town-talk." This nearly stopped his proceedings, but he managed to save his machine a little longer, Jane's "young man" still delaying his expected coming; and as the clouds of steam began to grow less and less, with strange earnestness, that even the thoughtless little ones respected, Joe begged for only ten minutes longer, and warned Jane and her tongs away from interfering, in a tone so quietly stern, that she never thought of answering him, but sat down immediately.

The girls went to work on their grammar lesson, but soon got back to the kettle. Everybody's thoughts spun around that black, hissing object just now. They talked a good deal about it, but Joe did not appear to be listening. The steam had stopped entirely, and he was carrying a lighted shaving with trembling hands toward the spout of the kettle. A brilliant blaze suddenly lighted up the house.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Sell your box of candles and buy yourself a new gown, mother. Hurrah for school and shingles all winter! Hurrah!"

"Why, Joe!" cried his mother, something sparkling in her eyes, "why, Joe, I didn't think it would burn *so;* but it does, and I am glad of it, too."

Little Moses and Judith skipped about from one corner to another, laughing to know that something was not hid there to catch them every time they ventured into the darkness. Joe! came in just then, to Jane's great satisfaction, though, perhaps, he did not help to a correct grammar recitation on Monday. Notwithstanding his presence, she did not seem very seriously alarmed for Joe's reputation. Joel looked on the blazing tea-kettle in amazement, and with some trepidation.

"May be it's bewitched!" said he to Jane.

"O, I don't know what Joe's been doing to it, I'm sure," said the promising girl; "but I guess it is light enough to see to play cat's cradle," and so they tried it.

"Why, Joe, you're a genius, instead of a dunce, I do declare!" cried Debby. "This is an invention, and no mistake."

"You are acting like a parcel of dunces," declared their father, preparing to go to bed. "'Tain't no great wonder that birch-bark should burn after it's got alire, if it is in an old tea-kettle. It'll all burn out in ten minutes."

"No, Debby, I'm only a dunce," Joe replied; "but you will soon see that it will burn all the evening."

And it did. At bedtime the tea-kettle was taken from the crane and the blaze extinguished. The next evening it was hung on again—this time without opposition—and lighted after it got hot, no time being lost in waiting for steam to dry off. Joe split his shingles now without delay, and never was there a more diligent and happy fellow. Toward the end of the week the crust burned off the cracks in the kettle, whereupon the light became more brilliant than ever, for it streamed out from every crack as well as from the spout, and the black old tea-kettle was clothed in a mantle of flickering fire. But Joe was afraid the shattered constitution of his favorite would hardly hold together under so much excitement. So, on Saturday, he plastered the cracks over anew, this time with clay, and filled it with a new stock of birch-bark.

And thus he worked by his tea-kettle light all winter, and got his schooling, too.

Here endeth the true history of the first of all the gas factories.

A Child Bitten by a Baboon.

Two little girls, one of them Flora Glatz, four years old, were playing yesterday noon on the stairway of a tenement house at No. 19 Chrystie street, when a large, dog-faced baboon came down the stairway of an upper story, seized Flora by the shoulders and chattered in her face, frightening both children into loud outcries. The baboon changed its hold, seized the girl by the cheeks and bit off her nose. The child fell down insensible with the fright and pain, and the baboon escaped to the roof. Flora's mother raised an outcry and alarmed the neighbors, who, conjecturing that a dog had bitten the girl, began a crusade on the neighborhood curs. Finally the girl who had been playing with Flora became sufficiently composed to tell what she had seen, and the streets around the house were soon filled with operatives from neighboring factories and others who had heard that an orang outang had escaped from a Bowery museum and had been killing a number of people. Men armed with pistols and shotguns and miscellaneous weapons surrounded the house. A squad of police under roundsman Maguire also turned out and a search was made for the baboon. Two or three thousand people emptied themselves into the street from the adjacent buildings, but when one cried, "There he is!" there was an immediate scattering among the crowd to places where he wouldn't be likely to be. The police and a number of volunteers went to the roof of the tenement. Roundsman Maguire caught a glimpse of the baboon perched on the top of a chimney. A number of shots were fired without effect, and the chase slid down a water-spout to the yard. The policemen hurried down by another way and found the baboon chattering near a corner of the fence. He was again made a target for the policemen's pistols, and one of the shots struck him in the thigh. He tried to limp away, but a mechanic from one of the factories struck him on the head with an iron bar and killed him. The baboon measured over three feet and is supposed to have been part of the assets of some Bowery museum. The person in charge of a museum in the rear of the tenement houses denied the ownership of him, and the corpse awaits a claimant

The injuries of Flora Glatz, though serious, are not necessarily fatal. She is disfigured for life.—*N. Y. World, March 5.*

BERNARD BIGLIN went home from a carousal at Vernon Hill, Nebraska, expressly "to have some fun with the old man," his father. He began by pulling his aged parent out of bed and compelling him to dance a jig barefooted on the cold floor. Then he commanded his father to stand on his head, but the feat was beyond the old man's power, and the son had begun to whip him for falling, when his mother, a stalwart sort of woman, hounded out with a chair and knocked him senseless. Bernard's skull was broken, and he came near dying.

A MARATHON young man has commenced exercises in drawing. He sits down by his girl and draws her head over on his shoulder.—*Marathon Independent.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—It is said that in the Welsh language an infidel book does not exist.

—The clergy of Worcester, Mass., have signed a paper deprecating funerals on the Sabbath.

—The Lutheran church is adding largely to the number of its buildings. A recent report mentions twelve new ones.

—Last year twelve persons in the United States and Europe gave an aggregate of $3,000,000 to the cause of foreign missions.

—A London publisher offers an edition of the New Testament for two cents, and says he can make money at selling it at that price.

—The Roman Catholic clergy in France numbered, in 1851, 52,885; in 1861, 58,321; in 1876, 55,269. The Protestant ministers and the Jewish rabbis number about 6,000.

—The Methodist Conference in North India, recently held, reported 1,532 members and 1,115 probationers. The accessions the past year were 257. There are 182 Sunday-schools, with 738 scholars, there being an increase of 475 scholars.

—With the money received toward the Thanksgiving Fund ($1,182,822) the Wesleyans have paid off the heavy debts of the home and foreign missionary societies, the education and children's funds, etc., and have paid $100,000 to the Theological Institution at Birmingham.

—No church, apparently, could more carefully preserve the even tenor of its way than the Moravian has done during the past year. Its membership is 16,280, and the increase in 1879 was only 2. There are 8,820 Sunday-school scholars in the denomination, and 1,032 Sunday-school teachers. The increase of teachers for the year was 9.

—During the past year what is known as the Protestant Bible car has made the tour of Italy from Genoa down the shore of the Mediterranean to Naples, and crossing the peninsula, thence to Lecce, from Lecce has taken the route up the Adriatic to Ancona, and from Ancona to Piacenza, ending at Brescia. A large number of Bibles and Testaments pave been sold, and many people, it is said, have listened to the reading of the Scriptures from the car.

—Fourteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England have united in a memorial to their bishops, asking them to support earnestly measures for the further restriction of the trade in intoxicating liquors. They are convinced, they say, that the conditions of the people "can never be greatly improved, whether intellectually, physically or religiously, so long as intemperance extensively prevails among them, and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side."

—Among churches engaged in paying off their debts a front rank belongs to the Baptists. Several instances of very signal success are of late record. Here are others of more recent date. Five churches in Philadelphia, with the help of Mr. Kimball, have lifted debts aggregating $105,250, and three others have raised $20,000 for building purposes. Three Baptist churches in Philadelphia are without pastors, but if theirs is the same life and spirit which the other churches have shown, pastors by the half score ought to be begging for a chance to minister unto them.

—The proceedings instituted by British authorities against the Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. George Brown, for inflicting a sanguinary punishment upon the cannibals of New-Britain, who ate his teachers, have broken down. It now appears that Governor Gordon, of Fiji, never approved of the prosecution, because, he said, while he could not commit himself to an unqualified approval of Mr. Brown's action, no evidence had been brought to his notice which would have led him to the institution of criminal proceedings. Mr. Brown has returned from Fiji to his mission, taking with him live new men.

—Private letters received in London from Morocco report a barbarous anti-Jewish movement amongst the Mahometans of Fez. The *Echo* says a fierce attack was made upon them in the neighborhood of the Imperial Gardens and that many were severely beaten and wounded. A party of Mahometans rescued a number of the Jews and escorted them in safety to the Jews' quarter. For this service they demanded ransom-money, which the Jewish community was compelled to pay. An old Jew, seventy-five years of age, who has been highly esteemed for his character, was seized, drenched with petroleum, and then actually set on fire. The Jews barricaded themselves in their quarter, where they had to endure a siege at the hands of the mob. It appears that the Spanish Consul at Tangier had informed the Government of Morocco that the Spanish Government would no longer impart to certain Jews and other natives the protection with which it had hitherto guarded them, and that the news of this withdrawal of Spanish patronage let loose the Mahometan mob upon the defenseless Jews.

—Imagination has a great deal to do with the happiness and misery of human life. Indeed, we are so constituted that it seems as though we must have something to be wretched about. If our actual circumstances do not admit of this consummation then our life is a world of imaginary evils, and we weep as though we had a real sorrow. Instead of taking a bright and cheering view we seem never to be quite happy unless we have an opportunity to put an "if" or a "but" in somewhere. We always keep an eye out for a storm-cloud, and make ourselves unhappy over the possibility of its coming whether it ever actually comes or not. It was a good rule of Lincoln's never to cross a river or climb a hill until he came to it, and there was no other way to get on. We once heard of an invalid who insisted to his doctor that he was certainly growing weaker every day, and that the end was not far off. "Why, Doctor," he said one day in querulous tones, "a month ago I could walk round the park yonder, and to-day I was so weak that I could only walk half way round and then back again." If he had only thought a minute he would have discovered that to walk half way round and back was just as far as to walk all the way round. The best way to live is to live as well as you can, and the only way to take care of the future is to let it take care of itself.—*Exchange.*

Bible Reading.

The *Churchman* publishes the following article:

An experiment which has justified itself has been quietly tried at Harvard for four or five years. There have been evening readings, open alike to undergraduates and townspeople without charge, at which Professors and other instructors in the University have read the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature. The readings from Greek, Latin and Italian have been into English, the reader giving his renderings with such preparation as he might choose, but with all the effect of a translation made on the spur of the moment. The readings from French and German literature have been, we think, in the original in most cases. No comment is introduced, except that now and then the reader stops to throw out a single word of explanation, like a footnote to the printed pages. By this means one is enabled to hear Homer, the Greek dramatists, Virgil, Dante, Corvantes, Shakespeare and other masters read intelligibly by scholars most at home in the art and thought of these men. The tricks of the reader are disregarded, the whole aim being to give such interpretation as an educated man could give through an extemporaneous translation. The interest which has been taken in the readings has been an honest and genuine one. We wish it were possible that such wholesome pleasure could be had in our great cities. The familiarity with the work of the great, and not with the mere names of great men's work, would be greatly increased. But we have called attention to this simple and quiet means of culture because of its suggestion of a kindred work. Why should there not be readings from the Bible upon the same general plan? With all our detailed familiarity with the text, how few there are among educated people who have ever read or heard read an entire epistle or prophecy. We could conceive, with narrow limits, of an admirable work which might be done by a scholarly rector, who should bring his congregation together of an evening to hear him read, with just so much introductory or current explanations as might be necessary, one after another of the books which make the Bible. In the Bible, as in literature, we are so accustomed to talk about it that we are apt to lose the power of the thing itself presented squarely, and in entire, not fragmentary, form. With no suggestion of chapter and verse, connections would be discovered, great movements perceived, and a whole conceived, lost now under the detached and mieroscopic character of our reading.

Old Violins.

The Theater of the Royal Institution was crowded on the occasion of Mr. Haweis' lecture on Friday evening. Among other violins he exhibited two by Stradivarius, one belonging to the Emperor of Russia, the other lent by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburg—a Gasper di Salo bass, found in the late Tarisio's bed-room with his corpse. The lecturer began by saying that the collection of violins and basses now before the audience, weighing but a few ounces each, represented several thousand pounds worth. The variety in shape and style of the viol-tribe, ancient and modern, showed the inexhaustible fascination it possessed over the mind.

I deal to-night with the construction, the history and the sound of the violin. To begin with the wood: At Brescia makers used pear, lemon and ash; at Cremona, maple sycamore and of course pine. The wood came into the markets of Mantua, Brescia, Cremona, Venice and Milan from the Swiss Southern Tyrol, unlimited in supply often mighty timbers of great age—plentiful then, scarcer now. The makers had their pick; they tested it for intensity and quality. Cut strips of wood and strike them, you will see how they will vary in musical sound. When a good acoustic beam was found the maker kept it for his best work. In Joseph Guarnerious and Stradivarins the same pine tree crops up at intervals of years. A good maker will patch and join and inlay to retain every particle of tried timber. Old wood is oddly vocal. As I sat in my room surrounded by these instuments I could not cough or move without ghostly voices answering me from the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and even the old-seasoned backs and bellies of unstrung violins are full of echoes.

Taking a violin and tearing it open the lecturer continued: "The violin is made of fifty-eight or seventy pieces. It is a miracle of construction. It is as light as a feather and as strong as a horse. Wood about as thick as a half-crown, by exquisite adjustment, resists for centuries a pressure of several hundred-weight. The belly of soft deal, the back of hard sycamore, are united by six ribs of sycamore, supported by twelve blocks with linings. The sound-bar running obliquely under the left foot of the bridge is the nervous system of the violin, the sound-post supporting the bridge is the soul, through it passes all the heart throbs or vibrations generated between the back and the belly; on its position depends mellowness, tightness, or intensity of sound. The prodigious strain of the strings is resisted first by the arch of the belly, then by the ribs, strengthened with the upright blocks, the pressure among which is evenly distributed by the linings which unite them, and lastly by the supporting sound-bar and sound-post and back."

After describing the other parts of the instrument, Mr. Haweis alluded to the Cremona varnish, which he described after Mr. Charles Reade as probably a heterogeneous varnish, first of oil with gum in solution, then of color evaporated in spirit. "A red and a yellow gum appear to have been used and combined. Although it was said that the secret was not lost, Dod, as late as 1830, who employed the Fendts and Lott and always varnished himself, had the receipt for something very like the Cremona varnish; and, lately, Mr. Perkins has not only analyzed the varnish of Joseph Guarnerius and found amber in it, but has himself produced varnish of an extraordinary quality.

"The violin is not an invention, it is growth; it has come together, it is the survival of the littest. About the eleventh century an instrument of the viol tribe emerged with frets, but 150 years were required to get rid of those marplots before even a step toward the true viol could be made. Before the end of the fourteenth century viols were made in great profusion of every size and shape—the knee viol, the bass viol, viol de Gamba, of which certain South Kensington specimens are before you. But the rise of the true violin tribe begins with the rise of modern music. About the time when Carissimi and Monteverde—1585-1672—discovered the true octave and the perfect cadence, part singing received a new impulse; the human voice was discovered to fall naturally into soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, and viol instruments being adapted to these four divisions, the violin, tenor, bass, and inter contrabasso, before me, gradually separated themselves from the confused *nebulæ* of viols behind me, and shone out clearly as the true planetary system of the musical firmament."—*London Times.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Hanging baskets are best watered by plunging them in a tub of water, and allowing them to get thoroughly soaked through.

—To Grease Boots.—Cut part of an old rubber shoe in fine strips, add bog's lard, place on the stove with the rubber, dissolve, then set away until cool.

—To extract grease from papered walls, dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the greasy spots gently once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

—A quart of the finest flour mixed smoothly with water, making a paste just thin enough to run, is said to be a sure cure for "scours" in cattle. It is to be administered in one dose. A second dose is sometimes, but rarely, necessary.

—Bleeding at the nose, it is said, may be stopped by a vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a small child, give it something to chew on, and tell it to chew hard. This simple remedy has never been known to fail, even in very severe cases.

—Lemon Pie.—Take one lemon, grated, sliced thin, pips removed, and boil it ten minutes in a cupful of water in a closely covered basin. If any of the water disappears by evaporation, replace it, as a full cupful is desired. Turn this into the ready lined plate, and add a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of dissolved starch. Two crusts are needed.

—Hot Buttered Loaf.—One quart of flour, a gill of yeast, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter creamed, making it softer than light bread dough, lightened in the shape you bake it in, which is usually a round tin. Make it up after breakfast for tea It is delightful for handed supper when cut into slices a little less than an inch thick, just as soon as it is drawn from the oven, and buttered generously. The slices should be heaped one upon another as fast as buttered, so that the loaf may retain its shape.

—Kerosene Stains.—A kerosene lamp was carelessly dropped in the center of my parlor carpet. I drew the tacks nearest to it and drew out the paper under the spot and put in four thicknesses of newspaper. I then strewed over the spot common whiting to the depth of about half an inch, which I covered with a large paper to prevent tracking, &c. I left it a week and then scraped up the whiting, and raising the carpet a few inches from the floor I whipped it with a light switch to start the whiting, after which the carpet was carefully swept. The oil had disappeared. This was four years ago, and no brighter spot is on the carpet than the place so treated.—*Cor. Scientific American.*

—Dangerous Liquids.—Ammonia, especially the stronger kinds, is dangerous, a few drops being enough to injure a person. When used for cleaning purposes it should be handled with great care, that the gas, which is given off freely in a warm room, be not breathed in large quantities, and do injury to the delicate lining of the nose and mouth. Benzine is a liquid, in the handling of which much caution should be exercised. It is very volatile, and its vapor, as well as the liquid itself, inflammable. When employed for removing grease, or other stains, from clothing, gloves, etc., it should *never be used at night*, nor at any other time near a fire. Ether is another dangerous liquid, and in other than the physician's hands it had best not be employed in the household. Alcohol must also be used with great care, especially at night.

—Telephone Pudding.—Line a baking dish with sponge-cake flavored with lemon or bitter almonds. Prepare next a rich custard from three pints of unskimmed fresh milk, nine yelks of eggs beaten light, and half a pound of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Boil the milk first, and pour it boiling over the sugar and eggs, stirring rapidly, when it must be put back on the fire, and mixed with five ounces of gelatine, already quite well dissolved in a cupful of cream. Five minutes will finish the custard, the cook stirring without intermission. Now pour it into the lined mold, and it will soon harden. After this is the case, dot about on the surface preserved strawberries or guava jelly Then make from the whites of the eggs used in making the custard a light meringue, allowing a tablespoonful of pulverized white sugar to each egg. Place layers of this meringue and the sweetmeats named above, and brown the top by means of a hot shovel held over it. The pudding should be eaten with rich milk or cream, is new, and has been a highly commended dish.

During the year closing with December, 5,400 Chinese arrived in San Francisco, and 10 600 left the same port for China. Within the past two months 571 arrived and 2,119 left.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church had, at the close of the year 1879, 1,524,006 members and 176,296 probationers. The gain in members for the year was 21,608, and the loss in probationers 15,467; so that, taking the total of members and probationers—1,700,302—the net gain for the year was only 6,146. The number of churches was 16,955, which shows an increase of 395. The value of the churches is estimated at $62,520,417, being a decrease of $6,228,721 from the previous year.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"Became Sound and Well."

HATCHET'S STATION, Ga.

R. V. Pierce, M. D.:

Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your Favorite Prescription. My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, Thomas J. Methvin.

"Best of All."

Baltimore, Md., March 5th, 1879.

Dr. R. V. Pierce:

Dear Sir—My family have used your Favorite Prescription and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for women complaints. I recommend it to all families.

G. S. Waterman, Druggist.

From a Distinguished Clergyman.

Washington, D. C., June 19, 1879.

I have known of several persons who regarded themselves as greatly benefited, and some of them as permanently cured of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs by your medicine, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I have known, too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing. I do not doubt that it has great virtue. J. E. Harris.

Vegetine is the great health restorer—composed exclusively of barks, roots and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

The trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

For sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure, mixed with a little water. Relief is instant.

Redding's Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

Grocers recommend C. Gilbert's Starches.

VEGETINE

For Cancers and Cancerous Humors.

The Doctor's Certificate.

READ IT.

Ashley, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a *Rose Cancer* on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine—Vegetine—recommended for *Cancer* and *Cancerous Humors*. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and in a few months from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetine, the *Cancer* came out almost bodily.

Carrie DeForrest.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. DeForrest, and consider her one of our very best women.

Dr. S. H. Flowers.

All Diseases of the Blood.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier*. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE.

I regard it as a Valuable

FAMILY MEDICINE.

January 1, 1878.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in saying that I have used the Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine.

Truly yours, Rev. Wm. McDonald.

The Rev. Wm. McDonald is well known through the United States as a minister in the M. E. Church.

VEGETINE.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

THE VICTOR
Double Huller Clover Machine

Is the only kind that has ever hulled 100 bushels of seed in one day from damp and wet straw. Send for Descriptive Circular and Price List, which contains many letters confirming this.

Hagerstown Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co.
Mention where you saw Advertisement. Hagerstown, Md.

AGENTS Wanted for the Best and Only low-priced History of **GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.**

Containing the correspondence of **John Russell Young**, to which is added a full account of his receptions from San Francisco to Philadelphia. 900 pages, 200 illustrations only $2.50, printed in both English and German. Outsells all other editions, because it is the edition the people want. Send for illustrated circular and proof of what we say. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, 190 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP.

Mailed Free for 35 Cts. Four for $1.

$10,000 will be paid to any person who can explode a Lamp filled with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT.

May use any lamp or burner. Prevents dripping and heating. Send for samples, with also 4 cents and death of your lamp.

AGENTS WANTED. S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 19 West Broadway, New York. Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Beside doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we Buy and Sell Grain in 1,000-bu. lots and upward; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and shipments solicited. LAWSON BROS., 121 La Salle St., Chicago.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

RATALINE.

Dead shot on Rats, Mice, Skunks, Moles and all vermin (one bottle of Rataline kills 250 rats and saves property worth thousands of dollars. Sold by druggists. HINGSTON & CO., Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the Latest Improvements. Send for Pamphlet. Movable-Tooth Circular Saws. Trenton, N. J.

AGENTS Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy. J. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Why don't you Paint with Gutta Percha Paint?

SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY.

Holston Salt and Plaster Co.,
Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with CUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to

CUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
CLEVELAND, O. CHICAGO, ILL.

BAKER'S PHILADELPHIA PURE COD LIVER OIL

THE ONLY REMEDY

For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, and Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *pronounced by the highest medical authority* to be "both food and medicine."

Begin to use promptly, *and thus save life and valuable health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.

For sale by all druggists. Send for Pamphlet to

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

Red River Valley.
2,000,000 ACRES
of the best
Wheat Lands
in the World for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

LIFE THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

By M. Rhodes, D. D., Pastor of St. Mark's English Evangelical Lutheran Church, St. Louis, Mo. CONTENTS: Chapter I.—Our Young Men; Chap. II.—Evils to be Shunned; Chap. III.—Evil and its Resistance; Chap. IV.—Truth or Making Haste to be Rich; Chap. V.—Causes of Failure in Life; Chap. VI.—Elements of Success in Life; Chap. VII.—Character; Chap. VIII.—Duty; Chap. IX.—The Model Young Man; Chap. X.—The Young Man and the Bible; Chap. XI.—Infidelity or Christianity—Which? Chap. XII.—Memories of Home. A book of 310 pages, printed on fine calendered paper and handsomely bound. "*The greatest good to the greatest number.*" Forwarded, post-paid, for $1.50, by addressing the author, No. 2902 Gamble Street, St. Louis, Mo.

CANCER INSTITUTE.

Established in 1872 for the Cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as a result of any kind, large or small, or are, rupture, though but slight, disease of lungs, varicose veins, chronic diarrhœa, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and it can be so proven, are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pensions, application must be made very soon, as the time is limited by the law. If applications set in in time the soldier applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances getting thousands of dollars at the first payment. On this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send 3c. stamps for summary of Pension and Bounty acts. No permission to solicit of the following parties is indispensable as to our standing:

S. F. Keener, Pres't Central Bank. Wm. R. Holloway, Postmaster. Hon. J. R. Jordan, Ex Judge Cir. Court. Fred Bacon, U. S. Col. Ind. Res. Hon. J. C. Denny, Ex-Att'y Gen'l Indiana Banking Co.

We have two offices Address

P. H. FITZGERALD & CO.,
Either Box C, Washington City, D. C., or Indianapolis, Ind.

Iowa Farms
Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West
For sale by the Iowa R. R. Land Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Branch Office, 32 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc. It contains 1272 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD

will be paid to any person or persons who shall cause the arrest and conviction of any person fraudulently receiving subscriptions for *Demorest's Monthly Magazine.* We bear of persons stealing as A. J. Fox and his deputies, operating in the Western States without our authority, and taking subscriptions at less than the regular price of three dollars. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

FUN Boys, Girls, Ladies and Gents, just think, it contains 100 ideas. A score of tunes may be played on it. A child of 3 can play it. Instruction given. For 25 cents will send a GOLD PLATED RAZZLE free for only 25c, silver or stamps. This beauty cures self-pulling or no pay. We run for the circulation only. Agents wanted everywhere. Address SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN CO., Palmyra, N. Y.

25 CENTS. The Horse and His Diseases. Sixty engravings. Complete explanations of causes, symptoms and treatment, tables of doses, etc., all in plain language, saves many times its cost. AGENTS WANTED. Price 25 cts. Address W. E. HYDE & CO., 9] Washington St., Chicago.

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER For Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, Workingmen, Property Owners, Tenants, everybody, every business. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 800 in one town, another 188 in 36 days, another 70 in 10 days, another 11 in one day, another ten in a few hours. Everybody wants it. Saves ten times its cost. No other like it.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars and terms. T. W. ZIEGLER & Co., 1026 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

HUKE, SPENCER & CO.
MODERN
ELECTROTYPE
—AND—
Stereotype Machinery
A SPECIALTY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Bookbinders' and Printers' Machinery
CHEAP FOR CASH.
81 and 83 Jackson St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

I. CLENDENEN, M. D.,
OFFICE, ROOM 7,
145 Madison Street, Chicago,
TREATS
Cancer, Tumors, Etc.,
By a New and Scientific Process.

No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.

SEND FOR REFERENCES.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTATION.—A book of new and effective designs for sign painters, decorators, designers and others, $2. Standard Sign Writer, $2. Standard Scroll Book, $1. Scrolls and Ornaments, by Londonphic, $1. Painter's Manual, 50c. Sign, Carriage, Car, Fresco and Decorative Painting, 50c. Gilder, 50c. Furniture and Cabinet Painting, 50c., of any bookseller or painters' supply house or by mail. JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$200 PRIZE puzzles in Comic Monthly, a magnificent pictorial for family entertainment, 21st year. Send on trial six months to any new subscriber for 25 cts. Specimens free; none free. Address COMIC MONTHLY, 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

(*Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.*)

A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

For the cure of **Diabetes**, call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**

WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Pamphlet and Testimonials.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Sores, Burns, etc.

PAIN KILLER is the well tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wishing a medicine always at hand, and *safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.* Sold by all Druggists.

HAIR and Whiskers Restored. Color and Gray Hair. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREET, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed & paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

OD 762-K

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairy-maid, together with words "Gilt-Edge Butter Maker" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ½ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2¼ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs.
[*Trade-mark "Butter Maker" Registered.*] BUFFALO, N. Y.

ASK FOR Wells, Richardson & Co's PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR

It Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it; or write to any one of us, what it costs, who has it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

USE ONLY THIS THE PUREST AND THE BEST.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day o September next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 4 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND

FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Mch. 9, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday of April, 1880,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers and hearing appeals.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
3 13 td. Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland:

We, the citizens of District No. 6, in said county, do petition your Honors, that you will order a change in the Grantsville road, in said district, beginning at the gate of Mahlon Glotfelty's, and following the lines of Jesse Glotfelty, D. McLean and others, to intersect the pike leading from Mellenry to Accident, and disannul the Grantsville road from Wm. Casteel's to the above named gate. It will be a better location and near a mile shorter; and we will pray, &c.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
WM. CASTEEL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
Mh. 6-1em And 16 others.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at Fichtner's Mill and running through the lands of Jonathan Fichtner, Thomas Browning, Josiah and J. H. Summers and Garey & Carson, to the Maryland and West Virginia line, at or near the Sheahan property, one mile and a-half distance.

C. G. WHETSELL,
H. B. LEWIS,
2 11 5 JOHN H. SUMMERS.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of Geo. Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Youghiogheny river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard.

WILLIAM WHITE,
JOHN T. BOWERS,
Feb. 28-5w HENRY RUSSELL.

850 ACRES

—OF—

Good Land

For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small lots. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply to this office or to the postoffice, Oakland, Garrett Co. Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

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2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Faz Shaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alla Lod e. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

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General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
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The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 250½ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
1 10 2m Administrator.

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The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm, about four miles from Oakland, on the West Union road. This farm contains 300 acres, 200 of which is under fence and 150 improved. The improvements consist of a

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$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.54 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M
No. 3	10.50 P. M
No. 5	11.31 P. M
No. 7	5.28 P. M
Way	10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale

OF

VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1221, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.

Sept. 26-tf.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880. NUMBER 7.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

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JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1880.

THE POWER OF CHRIST.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

As the incidents in the life of Christ are arranged by Matthew in a logical rather than a chronological order it is found by comparison with the other Gospels that the events of this lesson belong to a period in Christ's ministry about four months previous to those of the last. These words were probably spoken on the day when he received the messengers from the imprisoned John the Baptist. Matt. 4. 2-19. They mark a crisis in his ministry. He had invited, plead with men, and promised the rewards of his kingdom; but the hardened hearts would not heed, and now for the first time he turns from blessing to bane, and warns woe to come upon those who reject him, in a destruction all the deeper from the very measure of their privileges. Yet in the woe there is a welcome, the revelation of the divine nature through the Son to the lowly and the childlike, and a promise of rest to all who embrace the easy yoke of his service

Matt. 11. 20-30.

Memory Verses, 27-30.

20 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not;

21 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

22 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

23 And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom it would have remained until this day.

24 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee.

25 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes,

26 Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

27 All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

28 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

29 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

30 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

HOME READINGS.

M. The invitation of Christ. Matt. 11. 20-30.
Tu. The message of John. Matt. 11, 1-19.
W. The sending of the seventy. Luke 10. 1-16.
Th. The return of the seventy. Luke 10. 17-28
F. The lowly Saviour. Phil. 2. 1-11.
S. The sympathizing Saviour. Heb. 4. 1-16.
S. The comforting Saviour. John 14. 20-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11. 28.

LESSON HYMN. 11, 10.

Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. His woes, v. 20-24; Luke 12 48.
To what place did Jesus declare woe?
For what cause was the woe proclaimed?
What miracle was wrought near Bethsaida? Luke 9. 10-16.
What was the privilige of Capernaum? Matt. 4. 13.
To what should such blessings lead the people?
What punishment followed the neglect of such blessings?
What was the fate of Sodom? Gen, 19, 24, 25.
Why would the people of Capernaum deserve a heavier punishment?
Who are there now living whose sin is even greater? [Ans. Those among us who do not obey Christ.]
What is the meaning of Heb. 2. 3?

2. His welcome, v. 25-30; I Cor. 1. 26, 27.
For what did Jesus offer thanks to God?
What things were hidden? [Ans. The truths of the Gospel.]
From whom were they hidden?
To whom were they revealed?
What is meant by "babes?" [Ans. Those who felt and confessed their own ignorance, and were willing to be taught.]
How may we know God? John 14. 6.
What is the invitation of the Golden Text?
To whom is it given?
How may it be accepted? What rest may we find in Jesus?
What is the promise of Jer. 6. 16?
Who find Christ's yoke easy?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. The duty of repentance? 2. The reward of humility? 3. The promise of rest?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Thoughts on Salvation.

1. Salvation requires repentance from sin as the result of faith in Christ. v. 20.
2. The opportunities of salvation are allotted according to divine wisdom. v. 21.
3. Salvation rejected involves ruin and retribution correspondent with the measure of opportunity. v. 23.
4. The mysteries of salvation are understood by humble hearts sooner than by great intellects. v. 25.
5. The plan of salvation framed by the Father, is entrusted fully to the Son. v. 27.
6. Salvation brings rest and peace to every soul that embraces it. v. 28.
7. Salvation imposes a light burden, but brings a rich reward.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

Wanted--A New Policy.

A new Democratic policy is urged just now with great earnestness, principally by journals in strong but distant Democratic States. They say that it is a matter of life and death for the party to get rid of "the fraud issue," and to shape for itself a positive, aggressive and definite National policy upon which it can appeal to the people. Easier said than done!

"The fraud issue" does not profit the Democratic party, it is true. Long ago that party ceased to be able to gain anything by repenting accusations which it has had every conceivable opportunity to prove, which it has nevertheless completely disproved by abundant and convincing testimony elicited by its own investigations, and which, moreover, it has turned into a deadly weapon against itself by its conduct in respect to cipher dispatches, tissue-ballots, the steal in Maine, and the attempted expulsion of duly elected Senators and Representatives from their seats. The Democrat who does not perceive that "the fraud issue" tends to make the success of his party impossible, is lacking in common sense. Yet it is not easy to get rid of that business. "Can a leopard change his spots?" Easier than the Democratic party can get rid of the logical consequences of its claim, so loudly and persistently made, that it really elected a President in 1876.

If that issue were out of the way, the difficulties of the Democratic party would not be diminished. It is at least as hard to find any new policy, upon which that party can unite, as to carry the country upon the exploded slanders which make up "the fraud issue." Upon what doctrine or declaration of principles can that party agree? Once it was a Hard-Money party. Now it has been so long seduced by disloyal prejudices into hostility to resumption, and so completely eaten through by the pestilent notions of Greenback demagogism, that there is hardly a State in the Union in which the party dares to plant itself fairly and squarely upon its old hard-money doctrines. Once it was rigidly opposed to internal improvements. Now its leaders and voters, in all the States from which Democratic majorities can be confidently expected, are almost crazy with hunger for large expenditures of public money, in improvement of rivers and harbors, building of railways, canals and levees, and jobs innumerable. Once it was a Free Trade party. But now old Whigs by the thousand have taken places of influence in its counsels, and new development of industries has caused hosts of Democrats in Pennsylvania, Louisiana and other States to become passionate believers in Protection, and the party might as well go into the Presidential election with no candidate at all as with one known to be hearty and uncompromising in his devotion to Free Trade ideas.—Once the Democracy boasted that it was "the party of the Constitution," and swore by decisions of the Supreme Court, and demanded that the most strict and absolute obedience should be paid to the Constitution so interpreted. But now a Democratic Congress bids defiance to decrees of that Court, and shouts with approbation when a member declares that the supreme law is not the Constitution judicially interpreted, but the will of a majority in Congress.

As there is not a single old issue, so there is not a single new one, upon which the Democratic party can agree. Some of its members were traitors to the country; others taunt them with the fact on the floor of the House. Some Democrats still believe in rifle club and shotgun management; others insist that such conduct is defeating the party at the North, and driving away needed laborers from the South. Very many, like General Mahone, believe in repudiation, *alias* "readjustment" of local debts; others, like the regular Democrats of Virginia, refuse to admit such persons to their conventions, or to recognize them as Democrats.—Some follow General Butler, Wright, of Pennsylvania, Kearney, the Incarcerated, and other champions of destructive communism; but there are Democrats, also, who believe in a short shrift and a ready halter for such enemies of society. What principle, doctrine, or notion, dead or alive, musty or modern, good or bad, can the Democratic party of to-day possibly adopt as its rallying-point and law of action?

The Democratic party may as well stick to "the fraud issue," bad as it is. If it goes further, it is likely to fare worse, and to split into more pieces.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Selling Liquor to Minors.

In Chicago a "citizens' league" has been organized for the suppression of the sale of liquor to minors. It is a society regularly incorporated under the laws of the State, and comprises amongst its members some of the best townsmen of Chicago, including such men as Hon. C. H. McCormick, Hon. Emery A. Storrs, Prof. Swing, and Rev. Drs. Gibson, Ryder, Mitchell and McLaren. The object of the league is to secure the enforcement of the statutes of Illinois and the city ordinances of Chicago declaring places where minors are permitted to purchase or to drink liquor to be disorderly houses, and their proprietors liable to the penalties attached to the keepers of such houses. In cases where it is thought necessary, the league also purposes to secure additional legislation for the purpose of "the saving of our youths from habits of dissipation and vice." In the annual report of the executive committee of the league it is stated that the disastrous riots of 1877 in Chicago proved that a wonderful power for evil was wielded by a large and growing class of idle and vicious young men. Nearly every disorderly procession was headed and controlled by persons under the age of twenty-one, and in some cases scarcely an adult could be found in the lines. When the criminal reports of the city were examined it was shown that a large percentage of crime was committed by minors, and that the criminal acts of these were largely due to intemperance. It was further found that in nearly all bar rooms in the city the prohibitions in regard to the sale of liquor to minors were openly disregarded. The propriety of such laws was not questioned, but their provisions were absolutely neglected, and as the report says, "it was estimated that during the latter part of the year 1877 there were in the city of Chicago at least 30,000 boys and girls under the age of twenty-one years who were habitual frequenters and patrons of the more than 3,000 saloons in this city." The docks of the criminal courts were found to be crowded with minors, and between one-fourth and one-third of all arrests were of persons under the age of twenty one. The keeper of the city Bridewell reported that "our criminals and vagrants are principally of ages from 16 to 30 years, and it is safe to say that nearly all of those between the ages of 14 and 21 years have been frequenters of drinking saloons and low resorts." The facts thus forcibly urged upon the community led to the formation of the league, which was organized in the latter part of 1877, and proceeded vigorously to work, with the best results. The arrests of minors fell off from 6,818 in 1877 to 5,400 in 1878, a decrease of 1,418. The commitments to the Bridewell decreased 535 in two years. Some 350 or 400 saloons-keepers have been prosecuted, and 200 saloons have been closed or driven away. Licenses were revoked, offending places visited and warned, and the ordinances and statutes made plainer and more applicable to the needs of the situation. The police and city authorities have cordially co-operated with the league, and the officers of the association claim to have already saved to the citizens of Chicago from $15,000 to $30,000 annually in the mere matter of the cost of the punishment of criminals. The moral work done by the association is incalculably greater and more valuable than the mere pecuniary savings effected: nor does it stop at Chicago, for its influence is being spread all over the State.

The seat-stealing game seems to be growing even bolder than before, audacious as it was. The recommendation of the House Elections Committee in the Curtin contest that a new election be ordered, has been abandoned by the Democrats though still officially before the House, and it has been decided to carry a motion seating Mr. Curtin, if it can be done. It is evident that the Democratic party, or its mortgagees, feels the need of a broader majority in the House. Three seats can be gained by stealing those of Messrs. Washburn, Orth and Yocum, and "the highest and holiest interests of humanity" will be much advanced thereby.

The majority of the present Congress vowed they would never, no, never appropriate money to pay deputy marshals because the election laws were unconstitutional and Congress has voted to appropriate the money saying that it would "hardly ever" do such a thing.

The San Francisco Election.

It is stated that when Kearney realized that the San Francisco election had resulted in the defeat of his candidate he "fell in a fit, foaming at the mouth, and was carried to his residence and physicians summoned." Whether the leader of the agitators was only "putting it on," as the boys say, or was really prostrated by nervous excitement, we have no means of knowing; but the provocation was certainly great enough for either.—The defeat of the Workingmen's party at the polls is as destructive of Kearney's reputation for political sagacity as the failure of the agitators to carry out their threat against Chinatown was fatal to his fame as a cut-throat. Before his conviction and sentence to the House of Correction for using incendiary language, Kearney boasted loudly of his courage, and professed a profound desire for martyrdom; but the moment he found himself in danger of having his wishes complied with, he showed the white feather, and roared as gently as any sucking dove. No doubt the disgust which this cowardly behavior excited among his followers had much to do with the result of the recent election, and the agitator's consternation on learning of the defeat of his candidate was probably due more to personal chagrin than to any feeling of grief over the failure of the cause. Whatever may be the fortune of the agitation party, his own future has been determined beyond question. His failure as a leader will destroy his political influence

The good citizens of San Francisco are greatly to be congratulated over their victory over the rabble, for the contest involved the form and character of the city government. Under the new constitution of California, cities having a population of 100,000 and over have the power to frame their own charters and amend them at intervals of two years. The work is to be done by a board of fifteen freeholders elected by popular vote. This board has the power to make anew or alter the city charter, and their work when done must be submitted to the vote of the people, and afterwards goes to the legislature for confirmation. If the Kearneyites had carried the day a charter would have been proposed embodying their peculiar ideas of the duties of employers to workingmen and the sort of treatment which should be extended to the Chinese. The success of the Citizens' Protective Union in electing a board composed of respectable and intelligent gentlemen, nominated and voted for without regard for party, gives assurance that a charter embodying sound principles of government and effective in its provisions for the repression of disorder will be adopted. The dark cloud that hung over the future of San Francisco is thus lifted, and business men and industrious citizens can give their attention once more to peaceful pursuits without the fear of mob attacks. The sand-lot agitation will now diminish, the sand-lot Mayor will change his tactics and the blatant voice of the agitator will not be so loudly heard. San Francisco has escaped a great danger, and the capacity of the people for self-government has been again vindicated. —*Balto. American.*

Apropos of the Methodist General Conference, which meets in Cincinnati in May, the following figures, illustrative of the growth of Methodism in this country, are interesting and timely. In about one century, from 1777 to 1880, it has increased all its branches from 6,968 to 3,437,100 members. The Methodism of the old world embraces 4,965,018. The Methodism of the new world has far outstripped its parent, Wesleyanism, in the old world, has elements of progress for all lands, it is showing that while, as a system, it is especially adapted to the genius and institutions of America. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United State (not counting the Methodist Episcopal Church South) alone contained a total of 1,708,200 ministers and lay members, actual communicants. For every decade since 1790 it has grown by a greater percentage than the whole population of the country. And what is even more remarkable about this growth is its diffusiveness—the denomination has its members and its churches everywhere. It seems to take root and to thrive in every soil. In numbers it is hardly second to orthodox Congregationalism in New England itself—where it was so late in being planted, and where it has had more wealthy and influential churches, while in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the great Middle West, it far exceeds in members and property any other evangelical denomination.

The Methodist Book Concern, East and West constitutes—possibly excepting one in Paris—the largest denominational publishing interest in the world. Its growth from almost nothing, $600 borrowed money, to its present net capital, $1,826,939.33, certainly shows both enterprise and capacity. The first published catalogue contained twenty-six volumes, large and small; the present one contains 1,351, besides the Sunday school and tract publications. The concern issues daily 2,376 books. To these must be added all its periodicals and more ephemeral literature. The education institutions of the Methodist Episcopal church now number forty-five colleges and theological schools, and ninety seminaries, academies, and female colleges under its supervisions, with about 21,000 students and $11,560,000 endowment funds. The missionary, Sunday school, tract, church extension, Freeman's aid and educational societies, show relatively the same vigor and progress; the contributions to their treasuries, and the expansion of the work assigned to them severally, keeping pace with the multiplication of the church members. So thorough is the organization of the church that there is not a single phase of religious and philanthropic work for which it is not equipped; nor is there a phase of society which it does not touch and more or less impress.

Abstract of the Gambling Bill.

The bill, as it passed the House, provides that any persons who shall keep, deal at in any way manage or have any interest in any gaming table or other place for gambling, or the profits thereof, shall be subject to imprisonment in jail not less than six months nor more than one year. Any owner, tenant or occupant of any building, house, vessel or place, or any part thereof, who shall knowingly permit any gaming table to be kept in the same, of which he is owner, occupant or tenant, shall be fined not exceeding $500 or imprisonment in jail not less than six months nor more than one year. If any deputy, sheriff or constable, or two or more householders in any county, or any policemen or two or more householders in Baltimore shall state in writing to the sheriff (in the counties) or to the marshal of police or police board (in the city), that there are good grounds for belief and shall give such ground that any building, house, vessel or place is used as a gaming house or room, or as gaming premises for playing therein for wagers or sums of money at any game of chance; or if the sheriffs of the counties or police board of Baltimore shall believe that any building, house, vessel or place or part thereof is so used, the sheriffs shall authorize one or more deputy sheriffs and the police board shall authorize the marshal or deputy marshal of police and such additional force as may be necessary to enter the premises so used in whole or part for gaming purposes, withing their respective jurisdictions, and to arrest and prosecute all persons there found offending and to seize all the implements of gaming, and to close up and keep closed any such building or house or part thereof, until otherwise directed by some court having jurisdiction. The amendments to the bill as it came from the Senate simply strike out the House of Correction as a place of imprisonment, which was concurred in by the Senate.

San Francisco is in a quandary. One reason why radical measures cannot be taken against Chinatown is that there is no place to put the Celestial offenders against the health laws if they should be arrested. The jails are already full of Caucasians. At least it is stated that the jails are overwhelmingly full, and of Caucasians we assume, inasmuch as a Chinaman under the sentence of the laws is understood to be a novelty in California, if not, indeed, a thing entirely unknown. Here is one phase of competition, then, in which Chinese cheap labor has not come out first, and in which the Caucasian can congratulate himself that he is not played out.

Ruthia Simpers, colored, aged 110 years, died at the Elkton alms house last week. She was born a slave, and belonged to the Simpers family, who sold her to Jacob Casey, by whom she was manumitted fifty years ago.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

I HEARD him call, and stopped, half doubtful if I heard
Some mocking jay, or the dear rufous-breasted bird.
Again the cheerful notes, the clear, sharp twittering, came,
And told me Robin's name.
Then, scanning the thin tree-tops, soon I found
The little minstrel whose sweet voice went round,
Summoning
Tardy Spring
From her long Tropic dallying.
There were no leaves to hide him,
And on the bough beside him
No billing mate
Responsive sate.
The March skies were above him;
The orchard-trees that love him
Were naked as the skies—
Their tender leaves were bidden,
Their foamy blooms unbidden,
Unbreathed the tea-sweet fragrance of their sighs;
Yet, hopeful still and merry,
He trills and whistles cheery,
Gladsome and brave.
What though the cold winds blowing
Find in their boundless going
Naught of the Summer but a withered trace,
As in some burial-place
The wreaths he blackened in a maiden's grave?
Gay sings the warbler, knowing
A truth of Nature's showing:
That He will give who gave;
That warmer suns and kinder
This bleak month leads behind her;
That the gray boughs
But briefly house
The hesitating blossoms and the leaves;
That his brave song shall wake them
To swell their bonds and break them,
And each harsh blast that grieves
Shall spread the crinkled banner
Of drowsy Spring, and fan her
To vigor as of old;
That he, the earliest comer,
Flits in the van of Summer;
That the meadow shall be verdant and the harvest shall be gold.

Dear bird, I see thee winging
Far away, still calling, singing,
Till the blue skies seem to hide thee in their blue;
But thy hopeful notes still linger,
Little dusky-pinioned singer,
And a faith half-faint and weary they renew.

May my hopes like thee aspire
From their low perch high and higher,
Heavenward soaring, ever singing as they go;
And, when earth no more can hold them,
When the azure skies enfold them,
May their echoes linger sweetly here below.
—*Charles Noble Gregory, in Chicago Tribune.*

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

"WELL?" said Aunt Bina, a volume of inquiry condensed into the rising inflection.

"Well, John?" said pretty Milly, in tones softer but no whit less eager, and jumping up, as she spoke, to help her husband off with his coat.

John let her assist him, let her hang the coat upon the peg and the hat over the coat, before uttering a word in reply. Was there ever a John yet who did not take a certain pleasure in deferring the satisfaction of female curiosity? He gave Milly a little smile of thanks, drew a chair for himself close to her's, held his hands to the blaze, rubbed them, stretched his legs out comfortably. Then, taking Milly's fingers into his broad palm, he stroked them gently, and, regarding the expectant face with a twinkle in his eyes, said, leisurely:

"Well! There's nothing to tell."

"Nothing! And you gone all day!" cried Milly, aggrieved. While Aunt Sabina, adjusting her glasses with the air of one not to be trifled with, looked steadily at him and demanded:

"What have you been a-lookin' at, thea? You ain't spent the day doin' nothin', I reckon."

"Not exactly," admitted John. "Next thing to it, though. First, I drove up to Seth Dearborn's to see if his mother-in-law was going to give up her house, as Miss Pepper thought. But she ain't; she's going to keep right on as she is. Then Marius Muller told me of a place two miles the other side of the West farms, and I went to look after that."

"Two miles the other side of the West Farms. O! John. Why, we might as well go to Waterbury at once," said Milly.

"Don't be scared," said her husband, dryly. "That ain't to be had, either. 'Tain't for sale at all. Marius was mistaken, as he pretty generally is. There isn't anything at all to be had. I never saw such a town as this. Business thriving, and the village well off, and gas and water and everything handy, and not a house to be had for love or money, unless you build it yourself. The only chance for a fellow who can't build is that someone should die or move away. And nobody ever does move away and hardly anybody dies. I call it hard lines, if we've got to board all our days, or visit 'round with you, Aunty, for want of any other place to go to. However, when I said 'nothing,' 'twasn't quite the truth, either. Aunt Bina, who does that old house on top of West Hill belong to? That house back in the woods, you know."

"That? Why, it's all falling to pieces, John," remarked his wife; while Aunt Sabina only answered with a grim "Why?"

"Well, I was thinking, if it could be had for next to nothing, as I suppose it could, it might be worth while to take it and fix it up. I went out of the way to have a look at it. It is pretty tumble-down; but I judge the timbers are sound, and I guess the outside could be tinkered up to look decently enough. I made a rough calculation that with two hundred dollars and giving my own time it could be made weather-tight and comfortable. What do you think, Aunty?"

"I think you'd better get the idee out of your head jest as quick as you can."

"Why?" asked Tom, in his turn.

"You aia't the first person that has tried that experiment," said Aunt Sabina. "Fifteen years ago last November there was a man who took that house. That was the last time it was occupied. I recollect all about it. And I don't want you and Milly to come out like that man and wife did."

"Fifteen years! Why the house must have been a pretty good house then. How did they 'come out?' What do you mean?

"Well, she had a spell of sickness on her nerves. She ain't ever been good for much since, I've heard tell. And he had a run of fever. He got over his, though; and as soon as they could they moved away. They wouldn't even live so near the house as this, they said, so long as there was any other place to go to."

"Why, what on earth—!" began John, while Milly tightened her hold on his arm.

"I'll tell you the hull story about it," said Aunt Sabina, gratified by the effect which she had produced. "You see that house is a pretty old one. Some folks do say that it was built the year that General Washington died. I don't know about that, but anyhow it's an old house. The Stanways owned it when I was a girl; but the old folks died, and the darters married out West, and the farm was let first to one and then to another. I don't rightly remember who they all were; but at last, after it had stood empty two years, some kind of a furriner took it. Folks used to meet him in the woods, gunnin', with a couple of big spotty dogs—hounds I guess they were—and once in a while he would come in to trade at the store; but nobody knew nothing about him or his family, if he'd got one. And he never said nothing about himself or asked anyone to call up to the house; but just did his tradin' and went away. I see him once. He was a queer-looking man, with black hair and a long, black beard; and his clothes—they was kind of queer too. They didn't look like American clothes a bit. I guess it was the second winter after he took the house that we had an awful spell of weather. It snowed and friz and blew and snowed again for most three months on a stretch, and the drifts got to be so deep that the farmers give up breaking roads, and didn't go about any more than they were obleeged to; so it didn't seem any way strange that the furriner wasn't seen in town, and nobody mistrusted anything. Some boys who went off into the woods on snow-shoes, to look for a stray cow just after the spell set in, come back sort of scared, and said they had heard the most awful howling of dogs up to the house on the hill that ever was. But dogs are kind of noisy, you know, and nobody remarked particularly on that, either. When the spring come along, and the snow melted, folks did begin to think that it was kind of queer that the furriner wasn't seen round any more; but 'twan't anyone's concern in especial and nobody took much interest in him. So it went on till the first of May, and, except for just saying to each other that it was peculiar, nobody thought nothing about it.

"Well, it was the first of May, or the second, I forget which, I remember it all quite well," said Aunt Sabina, pausing to draw a long breath, "for I was down to the post-office that day, and I see the boys myself. There was two of them—little fellows, not more than nine or ten—and the youngest looked scared to death. The other was scared too, but not so much. They had gone off into the woods after something (I don't know what. Checker-berries, perhaps), and had come upon a dreadful thing in a swampy place. It was something like a man, they said; but he was dead. Folks thought they were funning at first; but the boys held to their story, and at last two or three of the men at the store agreed to go and investigate the matter. They took the biggest boy to show 'em the way. The little one was too scared. He didn't ever want to go into the woods again, he said.

"Well, there in the swamp they found the furriner. He was dead, of course. They guessed that he must have shot himself with his own gun by an accident, for there was the gun beside him, blowed into two pieces; but nobody knew. Only they saw that he had been dead a good while. The men came back to the village, to git more help; and then they all went up the hill together to the house. It looked dreadful lonely-like, as if nobody had been there for months. The first thing they see was the skeletons of two dogs tied under a window at the side. Starved to death, poor creeturs! They was lying with their heads thrown back, as if they had died a-howling for help. It was a shocking sight; but there was worse inside the house."

Aunt Bina made a dramatic pause.

"O! go on," gasped Milly, breathlessly. "What was it?"

"In a little bed-room off the kitchen they found a woman. She was dead too. She was lying in bed, with her hair all falling over the pillow, and a bottle of physic and a spoon beside her on a little table, and a pitcher of water on the floor; and she was sort of reaching out of the bed after the water. I suppose the poor thing had just lain there and pined away for want of help. It was under her window that the dog was tied. I used to think," continued Aunt Bina, with a shudder, "how those dogs' howls must have sounded to her, if she lived long enough to hear 'em, poor creetur!

"Well, the Coroner came, and they buried all on 'em; and the Selectmen advertised in the city papers, to see if they could find out anything about the furriner. But they couldn't, and after a while the furnitoor was sold at a vendue, and what it fetched was given to the town poor. The house was cleaned and left open all summer; but nobody wanted to live in it, and nobody did live in it for more'n five years. At last the owner (one of the Stanway's darters' husbands, I guess he was) wrote on to let the place for nothin' to any person who would use it and take away the bad name it had got; for, you see, all sorts of stories had been raised against the house. Folks said that lights were seen there of nights and dogs were heard howling; and the boys wouldn't drive their cows that side of the swamp, they were so afraid of the place."

Milly had grown pale and her lips trembled.

"O! John, you won't think of taking it! Will you?" she said, in a pleading tone.

"Don't be a goose!" was the reassuring answer. "Go on, Aunt Sabina."

"Well, it was just then that those folks I was a-telling you of was thinking of getting married. He was Mr. Thomas' hired man over to the Farms; and his sweetheart, she'd been a-livin' out up to Canaan for quite a spell. Both of 'em had saved a little money, and when they heard of this house, with a barn and an orchard and three acres of medder-land a-goin' for nothin', it seemed to them a fine chance. He was a strong, hearty fellow and didn't care a mite for ghosts; so he snapped at the offer, and notified Ephraim Buell, who had the lettin' of the place, that he accepted it and stood ready to move in the first of June. Plenty of folks warned him; but he didn't mind a word they said. Only he warned them, in return, not to say one word to his girl. He didn't want silly notions put into her head, he told 'em. So they got married and moved in; and the woman—she didn't know nothin' at all about the house, except that it was a lonesome place and the neighbors didn't like it, and that was the reason it went for nothin'. Not a soul said a word to her about the furriner or the dead woman; and that made what happened all the curiouser.

"They moved in one bright June morning. The apple trees was all in blossom; the sun shone; the house had been scrubbed up clean; and it looked a likely place enough. The man and his wife was both mightily tickled with it. They took a room up-stairs for sleeping, and the little room off the kitchen, where the woman was found, you know, they settled on for a store-closet. It was accidental, for she didn't mistrust anything about the matter, as I said. He put up a shelf for her, and she set her butter and milk and groceries there, and her flour bucket and sugar-pail. All day long they was busy fixing up and settling the house. By night things was pretty well in order; and they were so tired that they went to bed early and fell asleep at once.

"Just before midnight the woman woke up, and as quick as winkin' it flashed into her head that perhaps she hadn't recollected to put the cover on a crock of lard which she had set in the room below. She knew that there's always plenty of mice in old houses, and it made her uneasy; so, without saying a word to her husband she just got up softly and went down stairs to see. It was full moon, and the windows hadn't no shutters, so there was plenty of light to see by, without carrying a candle. She made her way across the kitchen and opened the store-closet door, and then she stood stock still and didn't move a step further, for she was too surprised. The shelf was gone, and all the crocks and pails and parcels of groceries; and instead of 'em, she saw a bedstead, and a woman in it, sitting up with her hair falling all about her shoulders. Her eyes were shinin' with fever and she fixed 'em right on the woman's, and made a motion to reach a pitcher of water on the floor down by the bed.

"It was all so natural looking and she was so took by surprise that for a minute the woman at the door forgot, and just thought of reaching the pitcher, to help the other, but as the thought crossed her mind the clock in the kitchen began striking twelve, and with the first stroke came a long, wild bay from under the window, the baying of a hound—a dreadful noise; and with that it all came over the man's wife that it wasn't real, and she gave a terrible scream and just fell flat on the floor in a fit.

"Next morning she and her husband packed up their things and come away. They wouldn't have slept in the house another night if anybody'd have given 'em a thousand dollars, they said. Both of them had spells of sickness, as I told you, and as soon as they was well enough they moved over to Canaan to live. They had taken a sort of dislike to all this neighborhood, you see. That was fifteen years ago. Not a soul has lived in the house since, and I rather think it'll tumble to pieces before any one else will. Some fool may try it again for one night," concluded Aunt Sabina, impressively; "but it won't be more'n one, or I miss my guess."

"O! nobody ever will!" cried Milly. "I wouldn't go near the house for worlds; and neither would you, John—would you? Do say you wouldn't."

John was loftily incredulous. He had no faith in ghosts; none whatever, he declared! Village people were always getting up stories. It was a shame that a good bit of property like that should run to waste on account of such nonsense. It was noticeable, however, and Aunt Bina did not fail to notice that, with all this bravado, John did not take the old house on the hill. "On Milly's account," he explained. "It was a pity that girls were brought up so timid!" Men are not always so considerate of their wives' fears, however, and Aunt Sibina shrewdly opined that John was not altogether unvisited by private misgivings of his own, in which opinion she was very likely right.—*Susan Coolidge in N. Y. Independent.*

Camel's Flesh.

FROM the Prophet downward camel's flesh has been esteemed by the ruder among the faithful as a dainty strength-imparting meat. About six years ago, when in camp on our northwest frontier with a friend now at Cabul, we both tried a camel-steak for our dinner, and tough, stringy, and strong-tasted we found it. A camel had slipped down a crevice close to our tents. Being worth from £6 to £8, every means was tried to extricate the unfortunate brute, but in vain. It was so firmly jammed that neither ropes nor digging were of any avail. At last a man was lowered to the spot, and with a *bismillah* (in the name of God), the camel's throat was cut. An hour later some thirty strong men were gorging themselves with its flesh.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Fatal Italian Disease.

An Italian correspondent of the *Lancet* calls attention to an insidious and frightfully fatal disease called "pellagra," of which no less than 97,000 Italians are said to be dying, at the present time, the number of victims representing 3.62 per 1,000 of the whole population, and in the infected departments, especially in Lombardy and Venice, a higher proportion than ever occurred during the worst cholera epidemic in France. The disease usually runs a slow course, like consumption. Its cause is believed to be the exclusive consumption of maize in a deteriorated condition and the unhealthy state of the hovels in which the rustics live.

—Berkshire Rusks.—One cup sweet milk, one cup yeast, one cup sugar, one cup flour. Set over night. In the morning add one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter rubbed together, two eggs, reserving white of one, beaten to a froth, with little sugar to spread over the top.

A CANADIAN paper announces, with great pride, the fact that the Princess Louise can make bread. The interesting feature in the case, however, would be a look at the man that can eat it.

THE road to matrimony is a bridal path.

BAD boys should be hand-cuffed.

VARIETIES.

—Georgians are planting corn.

—Sprig bonnets are in bloom.

—A hard road to hoe—A turnpike.

—To solve the puzzle, find the square route.

—The nicest parlor ear—A sofa that just holds two.

—Acorn on the tree is worth two on the toe.

—The spring whitewashing business is brushing up a little.

—The number of families living in New York City is 213,467.

—A little learning is a dangerous thing. This applies to violin playing.

—An eleven-year-old highwayman was arrested in New York the other day.

—The possession of money, like medicine, eases payin'.—*Steubenville (O.) Herald.*

—No wonder the March hair is mad—it gets blown about so.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—The apple tree is very tenacious of life; many are known to bear fruit at the age of two hundred years.

—A ladies' leap year club has resolved that "breeches of promise are cut by us."—*Norristown Herald.*

—The Boston *Gazette* recommends a canary hung in the bed-room window as an excellent eye-opener in the morning.

—A negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar I wonder what's de color of de black folks?"

—The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.—*Middletown Transcript.*

—Brigham Young's widow is gradually forgetting the old man. Four of them have remarried since he died.—*Free Press.*

—The man with a shabby overcoat is the first to complain of the heat of the northward-soaring sun.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Wives of great men all remind us
We may make our wives sublime,
By the purchase of spring bonnets,
If we purchase them in time.

—Now that our best young men have hung up their ulsters for the summer, an opportunity is given to note the remarkable effect of a mild winter on the growth of legs.—*New Haven Register.*

—Parson Jones says: "It generally happens, when I have prepared a particularly good sermon, my congregation will be very small, and large when I have a poor one." "I have been told that the house is always full when you preach," was the somewhat equivocal compliment of simple-minded Smith.

—Mrs. Sackett, of Downsville, Delaware County, slammed her door to and a gun standing behind it fell to the floor, discharging its contents into her leg and making a wound which necessitated amputation. Moral: Always shut a door softly, as though there was sickness in the family.

—The Binghampton *Republican* has discovered that the separate blocks in the "15-block" puzzle may be placed in 1,207,674,368,000 positions, at each time leaving the required space of one. As it takes about the same number of years to do it, we shall not try. We haven't so many years to spare, and cannot imagine how the editor of the *Republican* stole so much time from his other duties.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of color to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. "Why," exclaimed the painter, "do you know there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand color?" "And who are they?" at last asked the friend. "Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and—I forget the name of the other two!"

—A little Philadelphia girl, eight years old, recently lost her life, perhaps through her own heroic self-control. She was holding a baby on her lap when her clothing caught fire. She succeeded in placing the baby, uninjured, in its cradle, and then ran into the street to save the house from being burned down. Her own injuries were so severe that she died.

—Here is a description of one of the female school directors just elected at Middletown, Orange County, N. Y.: "Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck is full six feet in height, and built in proportion, with strong masculine features, elastic in step, and quick in physical action; she would command attention anywhere, even if it were not for the bloomer costume, to which she has rigidly adhered for over a quarter of a century."

—When a man in a Vermont grocery store was sitting upon the edge of the counter, and his feet slipped and he raked the whole length of his back on the counter's edge and sat square down in a bushel basket of eggs which stood right where he couldn't miss it, the grocer was horrified, and exclaimed: "Was it an accident?" and the victim replied: "By crimus, sir, if you insinuate that I skun my back and got myself into this mess on purpose, I'll jam your head into the remains of those eggs!"

—A magician at Leadville had a dagger, the blade of which being struck against anything, would slip into the handle of the weapon while a needle would fly out and prick the thing struck, and when he jammed it against the breast of a Leadvillian who attacked him and the fellow felt the needle, he thought he was stabbed to the heart and fainted, and after four doctors had failed to make him recover, it was found necessary to leave him alone with another man's whisky jug in order to bring him to.

—A remarkable case was reported in New York recently. A man was found staggering about the streets, and was "run in" at the Charles Street Station. He said he was suffering untold agony in his stomach, but was, as usual, about to be committed as "drunk," when the surgeon arrived, and suggested an examination. He was found to be apparently all right, when the surgeon attempted to brush away a thread from his stomach, but found it would not brush. On further examination the thread was found to be attached to a needle which had disappeared inside, putting the man in terrible pain, but how the needle got there neither the man nor anyone else knows.

—Something in the way of crimes, concealments and confessions, which may confidently be recommended to the dramatists and story-writers as most novel and striking, is reported from Aratoff, near Kieff. In 1860 the church organist of that town stole the priest's pistol, shot and robbed a farmer, replaced the weapon in the sacristy, confessed the crime to the priest whose lips were thus sealed upon the subject, and then denounced him as the robber and assassin. The unfortunate ecclesiastic, vainly protesting his innocence, was sentenced to hard labor for life. The organist on his death bed confessed his crime, but when steps were taken to secure the liberation of the innocent sufferer it was found that he had been dead for several months. This real life tragedy fairly mates the real life comedy of the line young Englishman who, having been arrested for robbing a postoffice, married the postmistress, the sole witness against him, who was thus precluded from testifying against her husband.

THE MODEL OF A MODERN MAIDEN.

—I know the points of difference 'twixt underglaze and overglaze,
I can detect with magic touch true kaolin from other clays;
I can write a charming essay on Joseph Cook's theology,
Know all about the protoplasm and all about biology;
Can discuss in high-toned phrases of all affairs ceramical,
Can paint upon a china plaque 'most anything botanical;
I am quite an authority on matters astronomical;
Confess I'm up in theory in all things gastronomical.
I know the thermic symbol of the cracking point of pottery,
But then as to the cooking stove my knowledge is quite tottery.
I'm crammed, in fact, with ev'rything that's new or scientifical;
Keep well read up on Bismarck's health and His Majesty's pontifical;
I have a pretty fancy for *bric-a-brac* and antique vases;
Know how to carve a cabinet and make books on the races.
In fact, in all things plastic, chimerical and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern maiden in general.
—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

An Amusing Incident.

This story is told of one of the wealthy residents of Wethersfield, and it is vouched for as true in every particular. Perhaps it might be a little too personal to give his real name, so for the purposes of our sketch we will call him Doctor. The Doctor is a solid man in more senses than one—he is solid in money and means and his advoirdupois cannot be surpassed by any one man in town, his weight being close upon three hundred pounds. He invariably carries a well-stuffed pocket-book around with him, and he is blessed with the happy faculty of bolding on to what he has got. He never heads a subscription list, though what he might do in this direction will never be known until some man with the requisite pluck can be found to ask him. Almost any cautious man would prefer to let out that job to some stranger by the month. He would not, when at church, consider it an unpardonable sin if the deacon should go right by him with the contribution box. And he would not be mean enough to call it back again. But this talk is superfluous, as the good deacon never forgets him. But when the contribution box is shoved into the Doctor's face he gives a sleepy yawn and don't give anything else. In fact the Doctor may be called a little close. But on one occasion he astonished an old resident of the town by an unexpected streak of liberality, which we will now relate. One day his plethoric calf-skin was missing and with it $1,300 in bank notes. If an electric battery had poured a broadside down the Doctor's spinal column he could scarcely have felt a greater shock. His hands flew from pocket to pocket, and his face lengthened and took on a lugubrious and sorrowful air. If he had been a "poor lone widow" and the little all had taken wings, the consternation could not have been greater. He lost his mental equilibrium and was dancing round on the ragged edge of despair. Finally he bethought himself of a visit he had made that morning to Bill Wells', on Wolcott Hill, where he went to look at a sow. The Doctor reasoned that his lost pocket-book was in the pen against which he leaned. He assumed that it would be an easy matter for it to drop out of his pocket with his body thrown forward in the manner he remembered it had been. It was think and go with him. He clambered into his old lumber-box wagon and headed his untamed Bucephalus toward Bill Wells'. He only thought of that well-stuffed pocket-book at the bottom of the hog-pen, and in his mind's eye he saw that big old sow grunting with satisfaction as she poked and rooted his bank notes about. He lashed his horse into a run, and the good people of Wethersfield wondered what the matter was as the old Doctor thundered along at a John Gilpin gait. The Doctor lost his hat when opposite the postoffice, but he did not stop to pick it up. From this point he went harcheaded, and the old horse did credit to the breed. He must have been a descendant of Eclipse; at all events, the record he made in that old lumber-box, with a three hundred pound driver, eclipsed by far anything he ever attempted before. On reaching his destination he rushed to the pen, expecting to see the wreck of his pocket-book scattered around the pen. But he was disappointed. Not a sign was there.

"By Godfrey," the Doctor exclaimed, "the old sow has swallowed it whole."

Then Mr. Wells appeared on the scene, and in a moment the excited Doctor cried out, "What'll you take for that sow?"

"O, I don't know," moderately responded the other.

"I don't want any 'don't knows' about it," roared the Doctor. "What'll you take for that sow, I say?"

"I don't know as I want to sell it," replied Mr. Wells, who evidently didn't understand the situation.

"You must sell it. Set your own price, but I must have that sow," pleadingly argued the Doctor. At this Mr. Wells thought the Doctor had gone crazy and tried to soothe him. But this only made the old fellow more angry and excited, and he almost danced over the quiet manner of the other.

"Set the price," he shouted, "set the price, I say."

"But I don't want to sell it."

"And I say you must. I'll give you any price for it."

"Well, then, say $75," and Wells' eyes twinkled merrily as he named it, supposing the price would cool the Doctor's ardor. And he was astonished at the reply:

"I'll take it. Now kill that hog," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Wells now knew he was crazy, and again tried to curb his excitement. But this only added fuel to the flames. The Doctor fairly foamed with excitement and it seemed like the froth of a lunatic.

"Kill that hog, I say," again thundered the Doctor. "She'll digest it if you don't."

"O, come, get into your wagon and ride home with me," soothingly suggested Wells.

"Great God, Bill Wells, do you think I am crazy? I tell you that sow has swallowed my pocket-book with $1,300 in it, and if you don't hurry up and have her killed she'll digest it and I'll lose every dollar."

Mr. Wells still looked on in silent astonishment.

"My Christian friend, will you kill that hog?" and he rammed his hands down in his overcoat pockets with such force that he discovered a hole in one of the pockets, and as he dove deeper down his excitement gave place to a feeling of satisfaction. Between the lining and the cloth of his coat he found the lost pocket-book, with its contents undisturbed. Not a dollar had been digested by the innocent old sow. He offered his neighbor Wells a $10 bill not to say anything about it but the offer was declined with thanks. It was too good to keep, and the whole town knew the story before sundown.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

It Was the Rat.

Over in the State of California, in the town of San Leandro, there lives a man named Neil Haast—a singular name, because "double a" is not used very often. This Mr. Haast kept a boarding-house and there lived with him many men who worked on a railroad not far from San Leandro. Now as the boarding-house keeper does not own an iron safe he has been in the habit of hiding his bag of money under a barrel in the cellar. One day recently he went to the cellar to make some change and at that moment noticed that the buckskin money bag contained two hundred and eighty dollars in gold and silver. An hour or so later he again had occasion to make change, for on that afternoon his boarders were settling their bills, and down he went for the money bag. Lo and behold! the bag was gone. There was not a trace of it—not even a penny left. Mr. Haast was troubled. Two hundred and eighty dollars was a big sum to him, as it is to many other persons, and it almost broke his heart to think that it had taken wings and flown. Mr. Haast tapped his forehead with his finger. "Aha!" he said, "Brampton, the butcher, is the only body who's been in the cellar. I must arrest Brampton." But he held his head down and thought for awhile. Mr. Brampton was said by every one to be an honest man; he had a cheery laugh, a happy "good morning" for all and was never known to give bad weight in making a sale. Could it be Brampton? Thus the boarding-house keeper reflected and at last sadly shaking his head made up his mind that Mr. Brampton should go to jail. Meanwhile Mrs. Haast had entered the cellar. "Look around, Neil," she said, "perhaps you dropped the bag and didn't know it." The husband and wife then began to look around—boxes were removed, barrels rolled away and things cleared up generally. Not a clue could be found. "Let's poke a stick into that big rat hole," said Mrs. Haast. "O, it's no use," replied Mr. Haast; but the wife got a long stick and shoved away. "I feel something funny in there!" she exclaimed. "If we only had a stick with a hook on the end." So they got a stick with a piece of bent wire fastened to the end and pulled out the object. It was an empty ginger bottle. That was discouraging, but the two reasoned that if a rat could carry off a ginger bottle he could carry off a little bag of money also. Again the stick was worked around in the rat-hole and again a hard object was felt. "That's the money," said Mrs. Haast, and sure enough it was, for a bad old rat and not good Brampton, the butcher, was the thief. Mr. Haast got all his coin back as the bag had not been torn.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Terrible Combat With Rats.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* of March 10th had a special from Peedee, N. C., giving the particulars of an unprecedented combat which took place at Bostwick's Mills, near that place, on the 9th: It seems that General Bostwick and one of his employes, Anderson Wayles, went into a corn house which had been stored with corn for nearly twelve months, and which had been closed for that length of time. After getting in they found that the place was literally alive with rats, who, so far from showing terror, began to attack fiercely the two men, who in vain attempted to beat them off.

They came upon them in droves, biting them about the hands and face and legs, several actually getting under Wayles' shirt. In the struggle Wayles unfortunately turned over a heavy bale of fodder, which blocked up the door and prevented their retreat. Both men cried for help, and were rescued from their perilous situation. The whole of Bostwick's left ear was eaten off and his face horribly gouged, while Wayles presented a sickening sight. His nose and lips being literally eaten so that his best friends could not recognize him, while his left eye was torn from its socket.

—An instrument called the stathmograph, for recording the speed of railway trains, has been invented by a German mechanician at Cassel, and works so well that the Prussian Government is about to test it on some of the State lines. A dial in view of the engineer enables him to ascertain the velocity of his locomotive at any moment, and the changes of speed are graphically represented upon a roll of paper, which can be studied at the end of the journey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates. Do have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH.

"Away, away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the Summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas,
That never was found till now!
A stout good ship is the 'Erebus,'
As ever unfurled a sail;
And the 'Terror' will match with a brave a one
As ever outrode a gale!"

So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one—
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy Pole;
And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned;
Or they met on the main, like a battle-plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound.
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the frozen heights;
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt, like a chill, through their warm hearts thrill,
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear-drops freeze;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas.
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay;
And they sought, but they sought in vain;
For no way was found, through the ice around,
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the water froze,
Till they closed like a prison-wall;
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,
Like jailers grim and tall.

O God! O God it was hard to die
In that prison-house of ice!
For what was tame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price?
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice-King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through.

A heavy sleep, that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes;
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their native skies;
The Christmas-chimes of the good old times
Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet and the voices sweet
Of their wives and children dear.
But it faded away—away—away—
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
'Till they slept to wake no more.

O the sailor's wife, and the sailor's child,
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane she will hope in vain
As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And the good Sir John, have found
An open way to a quiet bay
And a port where all are bound!
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore
That circles the frozen Pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul!

—*Lizzie Doten.*

READY TO BE A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

"My choice is made, sister Belle. Give me your approval."

The elder sister looked at a couple of open letters lying on the writing-desk before which the speaker sat, her cold, gray eyes softening a little as she replied:

"If you tell me which of the two you have chosen I can answer you."

"You ought to know without being told," Stella laughed. "Clarence, of course."

Belle Lawson looked serious.

"Stella," she said, "I'm sorry. Not that I bear Clarence Henshaw any ill will, but, child, you are not suited to be a poor man's wife. Remember you are proud, and have been reared in ease and comfort. Follow my advice and marry Henry Lakeman."

Stella shook her head.

"No, Belle; I wouldn't marry Henry Lakeman if he was a hundred times richer than he is."

She slipped a picture into its envelope, with a long glance at the view it imaged.

"It's a lovely place," she sighed, "and I would like to live there."

The sister was watching, and stooping, kissed the smooth, white brow, while she said:

"Don't be too hasty, Stella. If you covet this pretty home of Henry Lakeman's, accept it.

"But I love Clarence Henshaw. I prefer a cottage with him to a mansion with Henry."

Miss Lawson turned to the window with a sorry look. Some sweet dream of her own girlhood was in her memory, perhaps, but she held it worse than folly to indulge in regrets. Love, in her estimation, was no balance in the scales for wealth.

"Stella," she continued, very gravely, "I have acted the part of a mother for many years; my wish has ever been that you form a wealthy marriage. You love luxury, you enjoy display, and I am not saying too much when I add that you worship beautiful apparel. Henry Lakeman can give you all of these. Clarence Henshaw cannot. As his wife you will be subject to all manner of privations; be content to live in a common way, stint and economize and manage the best you can. How long will that suit a girl of your tastes? Think well of it. I shall let you have your own choice in regard to marriage."

"My mind is made up," Stella responded readily.

She took up the view, slipping a letter into its envelope while she spoke.

"If I favored his suit, I was to keep it, sister Belle," she continued, touching the edge of the wrapper to her rosy lips, and sealing it with a heavy slap of the hand. "I do not, you will observe. I will never be sorry, I know," she murmured, turning the envelope to look at its superscription.

"Your happiness is within your own grasp, Stella. You'll recall my words some day."

And with a stately gait Belle Lawson left her.

Stella ran lightly up the stairs to her own room and touched the bell in great haste.

"You will oblige me by mailing this at once," she said to the servant who answered her call, handing him this very envelope, "and," she said, smiling and blushing, "be careful of this," putting another letter into his hand. "Leave it with no one but the person to whom it is addressed. Mind!" she called, as he turned to obey.

"There'll be no mistake, Miss," and that night a perfumed note lay on Clarence Henshaw's pillow, and he, foolish fellow, was transported to the upper heaven of delight over its contents.

Three months later they were married. They were a happy and hopeful couple. The life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country, but Clarence meant to work hard, and felt little or no doubt in regard to their future. He was equal to any undertaking, in his own determination, that would promote his wife's happiness, and, as to Stella, she would do anything to help her husband.

He had been a head book-keeper for many years, and had the promise of something a little better yet the coming season. So the first few months of their married life ran smoothly. They rented a house in a pleasant part of the city, kept a servant, and Stella wore the pretty clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage, and wondered why sister Belle had such funny notions about marrying a poor man.

But toward the close of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities, and the anniversary of their marriage found the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation.

He applied at this and that place, but month after month slipped by and he found no opening. They moved out of the house and took cheaper rooms in another part of the city.

By this time their funds began to run low, and Stella wanted something new for her wardrobe. Already she had begun to show signs of discontent.

"I shall find something by and by," the husband said, bravely.

It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was put in Stella's arms, and its feeble cry told that the responsibility of motherhood was hers.

"I am the happiest man alive," Clarence exclaimed, caressing wife and child. "The very happiest," he repeated again, kissing the baby boy.

"Let pride go to the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. "They want workmen on the new City Hall. I'll take the hammer—it will give us bread."

She ought to have been contented, ought to have thought with pride of the man who would thus brave the world's opinion.

He went out in early morning, and came home late at night, as other workmen did, his handsome face glowing with love.

But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common laborer hurt her.

Sister Belle had said that her tastes were luxurious, and she wanted a pretty home now, and fine apparel for herself and baby.

The people of the world in which she had lived had never to count on their money to know if they could buy a new dress. She had never been taught to make the best of whatever circumstance you may be placed in, and why should she now?

The little privations she endured worried and vexed her, and in a little while the sweet-tempered woman grew moody and down-hearted. She became careless in her dress, and, instead of the cheerful little wife he used to see, he found a gloomy woman and disorderly house.

But he never complained.

"Stella is homesick," he would say; "and the care of baby is too much for her. I must make some money," and his hammer rang with redoubled energy.

Yet every day her discontent grew more apparent. The place and the people were so repulsive to her refined and sensitive nature.

"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings, Clarence?" was her appeal when the husband begged her to be of good cheer.

"It's cruel in you," she sobbed. "I want to be back again in the old home, among my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face, and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes, while his resolve was to work still harder.

To conquer fortune, however, requires steady strokes.

There came a day, a little later—"for some days must be dark and dreary"—when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis.

The City Hall was finished long ago, the Odd Fellows' building completed, and the last stroke had been given the new church. Clarence must look for something new. Jennie who had minded Freddy for two or three months, had to go, and all the household cares fell upon Stella's hands.

They had moved from place to place since Freddy's birth, hoping to find a house with which Stella would be content.

"But those people are all alike," she said, "and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence, when he suggested that they move into a new block.

It was unwomanly in her to say this, she knew, the moment the words escaped her lips, and she thought to run after her husband and beg his forgiveness, but just then Freddy caught at her dress, causing her to spill the water she was pouring into the tea-kettle, which only increased her vexation.

"You cross little troublesome thing!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Take that!" laying her hand heavily on the little bare shoulders. "I'm sick to death with having you always hanging to my skirts."

With this she left all the earthen pitcher she held in her hand, and dropping into the nearest chair, burst into hysterical weeping.

Freddy, with the prints of her fingers still red on his neck, toddled to her side, and tried to climb into her lap. But she pushed him away crossly, with—

"Go play with your blocks and horses; I don't want you near me;" and her hand was raised to lay on the rosy cheek.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for by and by, Stella," Clarence said, coming into the room just then.

Something in his face stayed her hand just on the moment, and she arose to her feet, flushing with shame and anger.

"I thought you'd gone down town," she replied, sharply. "O, dear! if I'd minded sister Belle, I shouldn't have been here. She was right. I had no business to marry a poor man."

"You're not quite yourself this morning, Stella," and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he caught sight of the red marks on their baby's neck.

"Do you suppose I can endure everything?" she cried spitefully.

"You are nervous and tired, dear. Come here," and he put out his hand to clasp her.

She glided from him and went into the adjoining room.

Something wet fell on the baby's head, and he pressed him closely to his bosom, as he caught the sound of her sobbing.

"I have heard of something new this morning, Stella, and I'm going to New York by the next train."

He tried to say it cheerfully.

"You are always hearing of something new," was her quick reply, "but what does it amount to?"

"So I am hoping for something better, and think I have found it now."

He rocked Freddy to sleep, put him into his crib, then went to the door of his wife's room.

"Are you going to kiss me good-bye, Stella?" he asked, opening the door very softly. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No," she replied coldly, "you'll be back soon enough."

"I will come as soon as I can; but I might never return, you know."

"See if you are not back as soon as you can come, with the same old story."

Clarence turned quickly, but she saw the look on his face, and never forgot it.

She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib and kissed the little sleeper again and again.

"He'll come back to me before he really goes," she whispered to herself, starting up and going toward the door; but a turn in the street hid him from sight when she reached the window. He had gone, and for the first time without kissing her good-bye.

"Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," she said at last, by way of consolation; yet there was a terrible ache at her heart, and she secretly wished she could throw herself into her husband's arms and tell him how sorry she was for it all.

She sat quite still until Freddy awoke, then with a cry of terror she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor, with "Please come, Mrs. Wilson, my baby's dying."

Mrs. Wilson came, for though rough of manner she was kind of heart.

"He's in a fit," she said, the moment her eyes rested on the little sufferer. "Bring me some water; quick," she called, "and help to get off his clothes."

Stella obeyed.

"Hold him so," was her command, putting him into the bath. "I will run home and get some medicine. Such women as you ain't fit for mothers," she continued, returning with her hands full of bottles.

"O, Freddy," cried Stella, dropping on her knees, "if you'll only get well, I will try so hard to bear everything."

"And what trials have you to bear?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "You have a pretty home," looking about the room, "if it was put in order."

"It isn't like the house I'm used to."

"Young people don't expect to begin where the old ones left off. They must make their own homes."

"I never understood it so. Sister Belle is the only mother I ever knew, and her advice was never to marry a poor man."

"So you keep finding fault and complaining when your husband is trying in every way to make an honest living. It is a wonder that you haven't driven him to drink long ago."

"But my husband is a good man," replied Stella, warmly, resenting the last part of the speech.

"He has shown himself to be a good man."

The woman said it in good faith, wrapping Freddy in soft flannels, and administering a quieting potion. She had been watching the movements of this couple ever since they came to live in the house.

"My baby will get well, won't he?" was said pleadingly, and the poor thing sobbed again as if her heart would break.

"Yes, indeed."

"And you will stay with me through the night?" forgetting she was one of "those people."

"I'd stay with you a whole blessed week," replied true-hearted Mrs. Wilson, "if I could make you a wife worthy of your husband."

"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do it faithfully and willingly, and without complaining."

All through the long night hours, while Freddy lay between life and death, Mrs. Wilson worked over him bravely, and told to the girl-mother chapters in her own life experiences. There were passages over which Stella wept bitterly, and when morning dawned, giving back the child from danger, in place of the fickle, unreasonable woman, there was one ready to meet life's work with a firm purpose and strong heart.

She tidied up each apartment, and instead of going about in a dowdy wrapper, put on a fresh dress, arranged her hair becomingly, and changed the pucker about her mouth for her own rosy lips.

"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs. Wilson told her, when she had fastened a knot of blue ribbon in her blonde hair.

"See after baby, now. I'll look in every now and then through the day, and to-night will come back to you. Your husband will be here to-morrow morning!"

"Yes," replied Stella, with a bright look in her eyes, "he will be here by ten o'clock."

After all it was a long time to wait, she thought. She was so impatient to tell him—and she would kiss him as many times as he wished.

"Yes, indeed," she exclaimed joyfully, bending over Freddy's crib, "we'll kiss papa a hundred thousand times, won't we, dear?"

"I do wish Clarence would come," she kept saying next morning. "What detains him?" she continued, when the clock was on the stroke of twelve.

"What if—" and her heart lay like lead in her bosom as she recalled the look she last saw on his face. "What if he never comes back!" she murmured, going into her own room.

"Mrs. Wilson," she called, "where is my husband?"

In an instant the dear good soul was beside her, resting a hand tenderly on the aching head.

True-hearted woman! She shrank from saying it had been a dreadful night on the Sound, and that a steamer had collided with the New York boat. "Her husband travels by boat," had been her conclusion.

Stella caught at her arm, the sound of her voice answering Freddy, and, with the cry she fell.

Poor, tired, inexperienced wife and mother! Was the ordeal so ordered? With the help of a neighbor Mrs. Wilson laid her on the bed.

"Run for the doctor," she said to Miss Williams.

"But you don't know——"

"I do," she interrupted. "Mrs. Henshaw will have a run of nervous fever, and whether her husband is dead or alive, I can't say."

When Stella opened her eyes again it was nearly night. She knew no one about the bed, but talked to Clarence, and Freddy and sister Belle.

She was going to help her husband now. She could earn money by teaching music, or painting, or "might have a few pupils in dancing," she added. "But forgive me for striking," and her arms were put up as if to clasp something, when she was dozing again.

Late that evening Clarence came in sight of home. Contrary to Mrs. Wilson's conjecture, he came by another route.

He had thought to telegraph, "But Stella won't worry," he said "if I am late."

The light faded from his eyes and his face turned ghastly white when he looked into the rooms.

"Both gone?" he groaned, walking from the bed to the crib.

"No, no," Mrs. Wilson said comfortingly. "Baby's better, and your wife will come out of this. All she needs is good nursing and that she shall have," turning aside her head and drying her eyes with the corner of her apron.

What could we do if such as she were not stationed all along the walks of life?

It was painful to listen to the wild talk. "If I might endure it," Clarence said so many times. When at last Stella awoke from the terrible dreams her husband was bending over her.

"Clarence," she said very softly at first, "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms about his neck, "if you'll forgive me for striking Freddy, I'll kiss you, oh, so many times.

Foolish fellow! He cried like a baby. "Listen, Stella," he said, as soon as he could command his voice, "listen, I did get the situation, and you can have everything you want," touching his lips to cheek and forehead, "and you are going to have such a pretty house in Brooklyn!"

"All I want is your love," clasping him close, "and that Freddy get well. I'm ready to be a poor man's wife!"—*Exchange.*

The Famine in Brazil.

The Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, has received the following letter from Andrew Cone, the United States Consul at Pernambuco, giving an account of the great drought in Northern Brazil.

It is proper that I should send to the Department of State an account of the great secca or drought of Northern Brazil, which extended along the Sertao (the term of Sertao simply means the interior of a country as opposed to the coast; the inhabitants of the Sertao are called Sertanejos), or interior, from the headwaters of the Rio Medeirio to the Sierra Araripe, which separates the Province of Ceara from Pernambuco. The climate is hot and dry, except on the coast, where it is modified by the sea breezes. There is not a single navigable river in the province, but the Sertao is watered by a host of little rivers, all flowing directly into the ocean. It has been valuable for pasturage, and Ceara was noted for its cattle, particularly its fine horses.

Ceara is an agricultural province, covering an area of 4,681 square miles, and its inhabitants are, for the most part, intelligent and industrious farmers. Cotton, coffee, and sugar-cane were extensively cultivated, its principal export being cotton, its greatest source of wealth the cattle commerce. The rainy season begins in January and lasts till June. The remainder of the year being without rain, the rivers and streams dry up, and in ordinary seasons the want of water is sometimes so great that the inhabitants have been obliged to leave for more favored districts.

Two noted seccas prevailed during the years 1825 and 1845, but I doubt whether there has ever been here, or elsewhere, in the history of the world a famine so fatal in its effects in proportion to the population as this of Ceara. Those of India and China, it must be considered, occurred in crowded countries, where the people are counted by millions, and not by thousands, like the Cearenses. Two years and a half ago, when the secca commenced, the Province of Ceara numbered 900,000 inhabitants; out of these 500,000 have died of disease and starvation.

The secca begun in the summer of 1876, and has continued to the close of the year, 1878, lasting for thirty months; no rains having fallen during the whole two years and a half, and the once fertile and luxuriant Sertao, where the farms and villages prospered in peace and plenty, now presents the appearance of a vast blackened desert burnt over by fire.

In November of 1876, after the "Enstivete" or summer-sleep, when the "Chuyas de Cajus," or fruit rains, failed to appear, the people did not worry, as their aceules or ponds were not yet exhausted, and they looked confidently forward to the winter rains to set everything right. But these never came, and, as the dry spring advanced, sad accounts began to come coastward of poverty and suffering among the poor. Later on, as the burning summer slowly passed, bringing no November showers, and another January went by without rain, there came appalling news of famine, disease, dead cattle, and of dying and despairing people. Long penitential processions were formed and the miserable Sertanejos beat, cut and otherwise punished themselves to appease an unoffended Deity. But the pitiless secca still continued, threatening everything and everybody with inevitable destruction. The wretched people were now reduced to the necessity of eating roots, cotton-pods, the Mucuna bean, which produces dropsy, lizards, dogs, cats, rats, roaches; any living or dead thing capable of affording sustenance; and in some instances they were even goaded to cannibalism by the pangs of hunger. To increase the unimaginable horrors of the situation, the small-pox broke out among the Sertanejos and became epidemic; typhus and other fevers were raging, and, in February and March of 1878, the mortality became frightful. The cattle were now all dead, the rivers dried up, and there being no railroads or other communication by which provisions could reach the Sertao, the inhabitants, dreading wholesale starvation, abandoned it altogether, and the whole torrent of life swept seaward.

Ceara, Parahyba, Araeaty, Baturute, all the towns along the coast, were now alive with suffering humanity,—age, youth, men, women, and children, all famine-stricken, coming in from the country by thousands upon thousands. The City of Ceara, with 25,000 inhabitants of its own, received over 90,000 Sertanejos. Impossible to provide for such a host, the Cearenses did their best; but it was a sorrowful spectacle to see thousands of emaciated creatures sitting or lying in the open largos (squares) smitten with small-pox and other loathsome diseases, some lamenting their own fate, or the loss of friends; others too weak or ill to complain; some wishing to die from despair, and others insane from suffering; a dangerous and most harrowing scene, one with few parallels in history.

In Ceara, or Fortaleza, as it is indiscriminately called, the highest mortality in normal times was 900 per year. Now about half the population (25,000) is dead. In the beginning of last November, the population, including the influx, numbered 90,000. The greatest mortality prevailed in the months of November and December of 1878. From the 1st of November to the 27th of December there died of small-pox alone, and were buried in the Lagoa Funda (deep lakes) Cemetery, for the poor only, 23,470; estimated from 27th to 31st of December, 1,000; in the St. Joao Baptiste Cemetery, 1,231; in the City Cemetery, 1,000; estimated buried outside in fields, etc., 2,000; add to this the mortality from other diseases, ten per cent., 2,878; total interments for two months, 31,571.

I have given the statistics, as figures tell their own incontrovertible tale. Sixty thousand Cearenses have been buried in the Lagoa Funda Cemetery, which was only commenced in the middle of last year. The soil is sandy, in which trenches are dug six feet deep, and long enough to contain twelve uncoffined corpses. Three or four more are sometimes put in when the bodies come too fast for the corps of grave-diggers, numbering twenty-five. These diggers sometimes drop dead in the trenches, from the effluvia emanating from the bodies, which permeates the whole soil of the cemetery, and impregnates the surrounding atmosphere for nearly a mile.

At Parahyba, out of 15,000 Sertanejos who came to that port, 12,000 died, others have wandered off, and the place is nearly depopulated. Of Sobral, Pacatuba and other towns, distressing accounts, that augmented the sum of human suffering, could be given. But enough has been narrated to convey some idea of the magnitude of the terrible secca of Ceara. It is estimated that 150,000 died from hunger alone; as many more from its effects, and the remaining 200,000 from disease. Meanwhile the Brazilian Government, fully alive to the facts, is doing its utmost to alleviate the calamity. It has appropriated and nearly used as a relief fund for the miserable sufferers $10,000,000. Every vessel that could be had was freighted to its utmost capacity with supplies, and sent to Ceara. Ship loads of Sertanejos, amply provided with seeds, tools and provisions, were sent up and distributed among the different towns along the Valley of the Amazon. A new railroad, employing 6,000 laborers, sustaining 17,000 people, was started, and is now in construction between Ceara and Crato. Subscriptions have been taken up, and other means of help devised, but, best of all, the blessed rains, so vainly longed for by the now dreamless slumberers, are coming. Two have fallen in Ceara at last accounts, so let us hope the fearful scourge is over, that the usual rainy seasons will return, and that the barren and desolate Sertao will once more blossom as the rose, and teem with life, labor and abundance.

The Turret Spider.

It belongs to the genus *Tarantula*, and is as large as the tiger, but quite different in color. The male is a soft velvety black, while the female is grayish-brown, or like faded velvet. She has a light gray spot on top of the thorax, and on the abdomen are three dark brown longitudinal stripes alternating with light gray. In young specimens these markings are quite distinct, but in old ones the colors blend somewhat. The two sexes do not differ in size, the male being fully as large as the female. The body is a little more than an inch an length, and the legs are large and long, which gives it quite a formidable appearance, but it is perfectly harmless.

I have provisionally named it *Tarantula turricula*, reserving a further description. The name was suggested from its manner of building.

It digs a burrow in the earth six or seven inches in depth, but the upper part of its domicile is entirely unlike that of the tiger-spider. This species builds a little round tower above its burrow. It procures sticks from one to two inches in length, and arranges them very symmetrically one above the other, laying them so as to make a five-sided wall.

It is usually a most contented species in confinement. Early in July I took a fine female, surrounded and almost covered with baby spiders about ready to leave the mother—the young can readily run up the side of the jar and escape. As soon as they left her, I removed the jar to my study; I did not take the nest with this spider, as I wished to see what she would do with entirely new surroundings. The earth in the jar was about six inches in depth, and well pressed down. I gave her sticks and moss to put around the top of her tube.

She soon began to dig a burrow, and when it was about two inches in depth, she commenced to build a tower above it. She takes a stick from my fingers and places it at the edge of her tube. She works while inside of her burrow, holding the stick with her fore-legs until it is arranged to suit her she then turns around and fastens it with a strong web. She takes another stick and proceeds in the same way, and continues this until she has laid the foundation of a five-sided wall. She now goes down to the bottom of her tube and brings up a pellet of earth, which she places on top of the sticks; she goes all around, making a circle of these pellets, which she flattens by pressing her body against them, and arranges them in such a manner as to cover the sticks on the inside, making the walls perfectly round and silk-lined. Now she is ready for more sticks, which she continues to alternate with the pellets until the tower has reached the height of two and a half inches above her burrow. I sometimes gave her bits of green moss an inch or two in length, which she would use by fastening them to a stick with web. This makes the wall on the outside fringed with moss.

If she is not in a mood for building, and I offer her a stick, she takes it in her mandibles, and with her fore-feet gives it a quick blow, often sending it with force enough to hit the jar; and when she is digging and bringing up pellets of earth which she does not wish to use in her tower, she throws them from the top of the walls with sufficient force to make them land a foot or more from the burrow, if it were not for the intervention of the glass. This accounted for the fact that I could never find any fresh earth near the burrows of these spiders.—*Mary Treat, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

Swallowing Needles and Pins.

The mouth is not to be played pranks with, but it often is so. The heedless practice of putting small articles in the mouth, either for the purpose of holding them for a few moments or for playing some trick, has been frequently attended with very serious consequences. Yet the practice is common, especially among young women, who may be seen holding pins between their teeth while dressing. Medical attendants in hospitals have frequent cause to find fault with female patients of a humble rank for putting pins in their mouth when they have occasion to remove any part of their dress.

Children of both sexes seem almost to have an instinctive fancy to put playthings in their mouth, and sometimes therefore give no end of trouble to parents and nurses. Notwithstanding every precaution, distressing accidents occur. A few years ago a boy swallowed a small piece of brass chain, with which he had been amusing himself by putting it into his mouth. The bit of chain lodged in the stomach, and though medical aid was resorted to, the poor child languished and died. Only a few weeks ago, as mentioned in the London *Lancet*, a young boy in Devonshire died from having allowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck, and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Remarkable instances are related of needles which had been accidentally swallowed finding their way, point foremost, through the sides of the stomach, and thence to the exterior surface of the body, where they are drawn out. It is all a chance, however, that they make their escape in this harmless manner, and accordingly there is no excuse for women thoughtlessly, it may be perversely, putting needles in their mouth. Those who do so run a great risk of perishing in considerable agony. Occasionally female lunatics in their mad freaks unwittingly kill themselves by swallowing needles which they manage to secrete. A case has been mentioned to us of a most extraordinary degree of mad perversity. A female lunatic had such a morbid craving for swallowing small parcels of needles which from time to time she procured that at length she destroyed herself. At a post-mortem examination as many—if we mistake not—as three hundred and ninety needles, in a less or more state of corrosion, were found lodged in various parts of her body. In another case that has been recorded, the great French surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, extracted two hundred and fifty-four needles through the skin, to which they had found their way from the stomach.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Large Royal Family.

There are at present in Europe seven hundred and nineteen princes and princesses, each having a claim more or less remote to a crown. The one with the greatest number of titles is the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. In addition to his title as emperor, he is nine times king, once archduke, twice grand duke, eighteen times duke, four times margrave, five times count prince, twice prince, and many times count and lord. His cartes de visite made the fortune of photographers. The King of Portugal has eighteen first names, his eldest son has twenty, and his youngest, twenty-nine. One of the kings of Portugal, according to a Spanish story, got lost in the woods while hunting. Coming late at night upon a little country inn, he knocked and demanded shelter. The landlord put his head out of the window and asked who was there. His Majesty replied by giving all his names and titles. "Excuse me, sir," said the landlord, "I haven't room in my house for so many people," and he shut the window and left the king out in the cold. The title of King of Jerusalem is borne by the Emperor of Austria, the ex-King of Naples, and the Prince de Lusignan. A similar conflict exists between King Oscar of Sweden and King Christian of Denmark, each claiming to be king of the Goths. Oscar also calls himself King of the Wends, and Christian King of the Vandals. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is a General of cavalry in the Russian army, a Colonel of infantry in the Hungarian army, and a doctor of laws in Oxford University.

A RIVER is called a sheet of water because it is spread out over the bed.

A TIGHT squeeze—The embrace of drunken man.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

Despite all protestation of "reform" the registration bill has been scuttled. It is evident the Democracy of this State are determined that we shall never have a fair and free election in Baltimore city if it can be prevented.

It is now conceded that the Liberals in England will have a good working majority in the next Parliament without the aid of Home Rule votes. The present Ministry will dissolve as soon as the Queen returns to England.

The Baltimore *Sun* of Monday says that the alleged letter of President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to the Culpeper, Virginia, *Times*, placing himself as a candidate for the Presidency "in the hands of his friends," copied by us yesterday, was a forgery. It was, in fact, an "April fool," perpetrated, it is supposed, by some wag on the *Times*.

Last year the Democratic majority in Congress made certain Republican successes at the polls in November by their endeavor to chain up the administration, and they are just foolish enough to play into the hands of the opposition again by attaching riders to the appropriation bills. They are the solitary contradiction to the old adage that a burnt child dreads the fire.

The Maine Legislature has passed a new liquor law more stringent than any previous one in that State. The new bill bears heavily on cider drinkers, as it renders their favorite beverage hard to obtain for love or money. Its sale, sweet or hard, is now prohibited. The law also has a provision which remits the inebriate's fine if he will turn informer and declare where he got his liquor.

At the head of its editorial columns the Boston *Journal* makes the announcement that Grant will soon state his position with regard to the Presidential nomination. The language of the *Journal* is: "It is now said in well-informed political circles that General Grant will be heard from before the Chicago convention, and that he will place himself upon a platform which, his friends assert, will carry the country. It is intimated that he will announce that the emergency must be great, and the call a very loud one, to induce him to think of resuming official duties, and that under no circumstances will he consider it, unless it is accompanied by a perfect understanding on the part of the Republicans, that he is to be released from service at the end of four years."

An Awkward Situation.

The marked variances of opinion between the Governor and the Attorney General that have several times been disclosed by the events of the session, seem to dicate that the Governor does not trouble himself to consult with the chief law officer of the state in making up his mind upon the constitutionality of a legislative act. Such an occurrence as the assertion by the Governor in a message that the act creating the office of State Commissioner of Taxes is unconstitutional, while the Attorney General, when applied to by the General Assembly, renders an opinion than the act is unconstitutional, excludes the idea that the Governor is in the habit of consulting him on such points. Another remarkable case in point is the recent veto of the bill providing for the election of judges in 1882. It is known that the bill was prepared by the Attorney General, the omission of any provision for the election of successors to the present judges having been brought to his attention by some of the judges themselves. The Governor decides the bill to be unconstitutional, inasmuch as it provides for a special election, whereas the constitutional convention "manifestly intended that the elections for judges in the counties should take place at the general election for members of the General Assembly;" and that upon the expiration of the terms of the judges now on the bench, the Governor has power to appoint their successors to hold over until the next general election of members of the legislature, which will be in the fall of 1883, when and not before, in the opinion Governor, another election of judges can take place, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution. This variance of judgment between the Governor and the Attorney General arises from a difference of opinion as to the construction to be given to the third and fifth sections of article 56 of the constitution. Section third provided that the judges of the courts established by that constitution should be elected "at the general election to be held on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November next, and in the city of Baltimore on the fourth Wednesday of October next. Each of the said judges shall hold his office for the term of fifteen years from the time of his election, and until his successor is elected and qualified, or until he shall have attained the age of seventy years." It will be seen that this section provided for the election of the judges now sitting, partly at the county elections of members of the legislature and partly at the municipal election for a mayor and City Council, so that the "manifest intent" of the convention to require all judges hereafter to be elected only at the same time as a State election for members of the legislature is not to be gathered from the language of this section. Section fifth provides that "after the election for judges to be held as above mentioned, upon the expiration of the term, or in case of death, resignation, removal, or other disqualification of any jude, the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected." In order to construe this section in harmony with the third section, the Attorney General holds that the clause "upon the expiration of the term" in the fifth section relates only to the cases in which the term of a judge expires by his arrival at the age of 70 for in the case of the expiration of a term of fifteen years, section third expressly provides that each judge "shall hold his office until his successor is elected and qualified." The Attorney General therefore framed his bill for an election in 1882, in the belief that the intent of the Constitution was that the successors of the present judges should be elected in time to succeed them at the close of their terms. The difference of opinion between the Governor and Attorney General on this point leaves the matter in a very awkward shape, for the Governor holds that at the expiration of the terms of the present judges he can appoint their successors to hold over until the next state election, while the Attorney General would advise the present judges that they hold over until their successors should be elected by the people, a state of affairs which opens, up a possibility of contending *de facto* and *de jure* judges not pleasant to contemplate.—*Balto. American.*

The legislative session of 1880 comes to an end to-night, and the people will soon demand of their servants a full account of their stewardship. We fear that it will be impossible for the public representatives to answer satisfactorily the question which may be asked them under this head. Ninety days are quite enough for the accomplishment of even more than was promised at the beginning of the session; and yet, when we come to look at the fruits of these ninety days of legislative labor, we are astonished at the beggarly results presented. In fact, it must be confessed that this session in which so much was promised and so little accomplished is a complete and disheartening failure. There were so many things which ought to have been done, so many measures of real reform needed, so many opportunities for strengthening the hold of the Democratic party upon the people and of making a new and earnest departure in the right direction, that no true Democrat can regard actual results without emotions of the strongest character. We will not say that the Democratic party has been wounded in the House of its friends; but what can the members of this legislature say to the people when they ask them how they have kept the promises made before the election? The second, third and fifth resolutions of the platform adopted by the State Democratic Convention in Agust last read as follows:

"2. It will be the duty of the next General Assembly to lighten the burden of taxation in this State by abolishing all offices not necessary for the public service; by reducing all salaries and fees subject to its control to the limit of the compensation of persons engaged in similar employment in private life; by compelling the practice of economy in every detail of State, county and municipal expenditures, and by enforcing the observance of the constitutional rule that every person in the state, or person holding property therein, ought to contribute his proportion of public taxes for the support of the government, according to his actual worth in real or personal property.

"3. Public offices were not created for the benefit of individuals, nor for the purpose of rewarding political services; but were intended solely for the public advantage. The perversion of their use to any other purpose is injurious to good morals and to good government.

"5. The maintenance of free institutions in this State and the essential interests of its people require that the elections should be free and pure. The General Assembly ought at its next session, to provide further security for fairness in such elections by requiring a new and uniform registration of the names of all persons entitled to vote in this State to be made by competent officers at certain fixed successive periods of time, and by directing the first of said new registrations to be made at the earliest practicable period."

It is not necessary for us to make up these pledges one by one and contrast them with the actual performances of the General Assembly. The public can and will do that for itself. The present, perhaps, is not the time to cast up accurately the debit and the credit sides of the account, but we only echo a fear that is felt almost universally when we say that there is a terrible balance against our legislative representatives. Doubtless the majority is not wholly without excuse for the many important omissions which have characterized the session. While there has been opposition from without, there has been war within. We do not propose to express any opinion as to the merits of the controversies that have separated the leaders of the party during the session, and which have largely contributed to its unsatisfactory results. It is quite certain, however, that with a better understanding between the executive and legislative branches there would have been comparatively little difficulty in securing the fulfillment of all the promises made. It is not our province to inquire who was to blame in this factional struggle; but the people are not likely to pass this by as an idle inquiry, but will be apt to satisfy their minds fully on the point.—*Baltimore Bulletin, Democratic.*

We are not admirers of Mr. Michael Bannon, member of the House of Delegates from Anne Arundel county, but his course in the present legislature—no matter by what motive it has been prompted—has been such as to merit the commendation of fair-minded men of both political parties. He has throughout sustained Governor Hamilton in his reform measures and has not hesitated to grapple with the ringites and make a bold fight for the best interests of the people of the State. For his course—we hope honestly pursued—he has been ridiculed by the ring organs, as any other man would have been had he taken Mr. Bannon's places leader of those in favor of the Governor's reform policy. To show the feeling which actuates at least one of these ring organs, we copy the following paragraph from last week's Westminster *Advocate:*

"Mr. Bannon and his little band of Democratic followers are doing nothing in the House of Delegates scarcely but obstructing legislation. Some of this little faction are continually interposing objections to the passage of bills by offering amendments, substitutes and motions to strike out enacting clauses, and some of their propositions are absurd in the extreme."

The same paper also slurs the Hagerstown *Mail* and Annapolis *Advertiser* for their support of Gov. Hamilton, calls them "apologists for His Excellency's failures," and adds:

"We do not desire to lessen the administration faction. The Governor's party is not near as strong as it was, and its strength may be stated as follows: One newspaper and a half, from seven to fifteen Democratic members of the House of Delegates, according to occasion, and from twelve to twenty Radical members of the same house, according to the measures under consideration."

The Republican members of the House come in for their share of abuse because they had the manliness to carry out their pledges of reform, and in doing so sustained the Governor in his efforts in that direction. This Democratic State ring is as formidable as ever and those who do not obey its dictates can hope for no crumbs from its bountiful table. But the people pay for it all, no matter how loud their grumbling or how just their indignation.—*Balto. county Union.*

The legislature has ended its career. With the largest opportunities of benefitting the State by enacting wise and urgent laws, and with a "Reform" governor at its back, it has signally failed to fulfill the promises of the campaign. It has been a conspicuous failure, and has illustrated anew that the promises of the Democratic party in this State are utterly and forever after this to be disbelieved and despised. Even the Baltimore *Sun* sends forth a word of warning to the party and says: "People may lose confidence here in Maryland, as well as elsewhere, in their public servants, and the only way they have to express this decline in confidence is by their votes." There is a general consciousness that the session has been a dismal failure. The key-note of the real sincerity of the party was struck in the discussion of the registration bill. It was clearly shown from the first word of that debate to the last that nothing but an emasculated law, with abundant opportunities for knavery, would suit the majority. We have explained heretofore so fully the defects of the present registration law, that there is no need to amplify upon them now. It suffices to say that there was one general and imperative demand for its repeal. That has not been done, and we shall again be regaled with election returns from Baltimore city that will disgrace the State. Other conspicuous failures were in the oyster beds and tobacco inspection business. But perhaps it is too soon to go into details until a fairer estimate can be made of what was actually done and undone. But it has been apparent from the start that no serious attempt at reform, no honest endeavors to economize and retrench, have been made. Something will be gained, however, if, as the shot of the affair, there is clinched in the public mind the abiding conviction that the promises of the Democratic party are not worth a pinch of snuff.—*Cumberland News.*

The following is the full text of both the reports made by the Pearre committee to the House, Friday of last week:

To the Honorable the Speaker of the House of Delegates of Maryland:

The undersigned members of the committee appointed to investigate the charges brought against the Honorable Judge George A. Pearre, one of the associate judges of the fourth judicial circuit respectfully report that they have heard the testimony brought before them, and they are of the opinion that it does not warrant them to recommend an impeachment, and they herewith submit, the testimony upon which their opinion is based, together with this their report, for the consideration of the House of Delegates.

The said members of your committee file herewith as part of their report the original memorial and charges prepared against the said Hon. Geo. Pearre, the first, third, fifth and sixth of which charges were abandoned by the memorialists. They also file herewith the specifications furnished by the memorialists under the second, fourth, seventh and eighth charges.

THOMAS G. HAYS,
(Signed.) A. G. CHAPMAN,
B. L. TURNER.

To the Honorable the Speaker of the House of Delegates:

The undersigned members of your committee appointed to investigate the charges brought against the Hon. Geo. A. Pearre, one of the associate judges for the fourth judicial district circuit, respectfully report that they fixed a time for the investigation of the said charges and gave notice to the memorialists and the said Hon. Geo. A. Pearre; that the first and third charges relating to accepting fees for legal advice and services, and accepting a portion of a fee growing out of litigation in the court over which the Hon. Geo. A. Pearre presided, were abandoned by the counsel for the memorialists, with the admission that they had no evidence to sustain them; that the fifth and sixth charges were also abandoned and no testimony was offered to sustain them; that they heard the testimony on both sides relating to the remaining charges and they are of the opinion that said testimony furnishes no ground for impeachment, and recommend that this House pass a resolution exonerating the said Hon. Geo. A Pearre from any imputation that may have been cast upon him by said charges.

The undersigned return herewith the original memorial and charges and the specifications furnished under the second, fourth, seventh and eight charges, and testimony brought before them.

WM. G. SCOTT,
(Signed.) JOS. K. ROBERTS, JR.,
J. MCPHERSON SCOTT.

Both reports were adopted and the committee discharged.

Senator Davis on the Financial Question.

The following is an extract from Senator H. G. Davis' remarks on the financial question, delivered in the Senate:

He showed that we have now many more millions of paper money in circulation than any country in the world, and even more per capita than any nation except the Netherlands. He quoted from a table prepared by Mr. Burchard, director of the mints of the United States to show that we have now in circulation $634,000,000 of paper money, while Great Britain has $209,000,000; Germany, $229,000,000; Sweeden, $11,000,000; Norway, $10,000,000; Denmark, $18,000,000; Netherlands, 73,000,000, Belgium, $58,000,000; and Switzerland $21,000,000—making for these eight European countries, including two of the leading nations of the world, only $629,000,000 of paper money, which is $5,000,000 less that we have in circulation. Senator Davis further showed that the largest amount of paper money ever in circulation in the United States from 1784 to 1860 was in 1857 when it was $214,778,822, being about one-third of the present volume of our paper currency. He then said that our National bank currency is increasing at the rate of more than a million a month. This, added to the coinage of gold and silver, make the increase per month for circulation about $75,000,000. "Surely," said he, "this ought to satisfy even the Greenbackers, and convince us that we had better let well enough alone, and have no legislation upon the currency question this year."

John W. Garrett as a Presidential Candidate.

The *Times*, an able Democratic paper published at Culpeper, Va., some time ago urged the nomination by its party of John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, as a presidential candidate. Mr. Garrett has written the following letter to the *Times:*

BALTIMORE, March 25, 1880.

To the Editor of the Times:

After my arrival from Fortress Monroe this a. m., a copy of the *Times* was handed to me. I am in almost daily receipt of communications from various parts of the country in regard to my candidacy for the office of President of the United States. My time being fully occupied by the business of the great corporation whose interests have been confided to my hands, it would be impossible to give attention to a correspondence with friends living in almost every State of the Union. But I have said *privately* what I now desire to say *publicly* through the medium of your excellent paper: "If there is any chance in the world of the Cincinnati nomination being conferred on the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, *then I am not a candidate*, Mr. Randall being my favorite, first and last; it on the contrary, Mr. Randall has no chance of getting the nomination, then I am *in the hands of my friends.*"

I have thus, my dear sir, defined my position, briefly and frankly; of my political principles it will be time enough to speak hereafter, even if they were unknown to the public. With many thanks for the kindly manner in which the *Times* has spoken of me, I am, dear sir,

Yours, truly,
JOHN WILLIAM GARRETT.

A Cumberland correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald*, writing under date of March, 26th, speaking of the drawing of the jury by Judge Motter, has this to say:

"During the selection of the 200 names yesterday afternoon, to be placed in the box by Judge Motter, a lawyer suggested that the name of Lewis Graham, an intelligent colored man, be placed there, but the judge replied, "I am selecting the best men gentlemen," and when the list was completed none of the names of colored men appeared on the list.

We do not know who Judge Motter considers the "best men" in Allegany county, but in Washington it has been, heretofore, that about four Democrats to one Republican has been the standard of "merit." If the judge could find a Democratic colored man perhaps he would be considered good enough to be put on the jury. That is one way how not swallow the camel.—*Boonsboro Odd Fellow.*

When the ridiculous resolutions, reiterating the exploded doctrines of the State Rights men, came up for final passage, Mr. Wilson offered the following burlesque as embodying the real gist of what the resolutions seth forth, which created a great deal of merriment in the House. The Democrats refused to acknowledge this plain statement of their views:

Resolved, That as the representatives of the omnipotent people of Maryland, at Annapolis assembled, we defy the President of the United States, Congress, the Supreme Court and the United States Army, warning them against any attempts to punish a Judge of Election or Register of voters of the State of Maryland for the innocent amusement of revising a poll book or filling a ballot-box; and give due notice that we have provided by statute that our sovereign State shall in future hear the penalties attempted to be imposed upon these, her chosen and virtuous sons.

The lunatic who sits at the helm of the Okolona (Miss.) *States*, has been interviewed by a correspondent, and upon being told that the Democracy of the North repudiated his utterances, he replied:

'Repudiates me? Bah! How can it repudiate me without repudiating its history, without repudiating its principles as well? Why do they sympathize with us, vote with us and sustain us in the face of the fact that we nullify your accursed amendments and thereby make Mississippi Democratic, notwithstanding the Republicans have 30,000 majority in our State, if the nigger is a legal voter?"

If we must continue to hang some of the bad people, common humanity demands that the thing be done in the least revolting manner: and that certainly was a revolting spectacle at Washington last Friday when the murderer's head was cut off by a rope and rolled in one direction, while the body tumbled in another—both of them spurting streams of blood. Inasmuch as the pulse beat in the body, and the eyes rolled and the teeth gnashed in the head several seconds after the ghastly separation, it is sickening to imagine the terrible though brief, amazement of that dreadful head at finding itself in such an unexpected condition.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1880.

Legislation on the large appropriation bills is still delayed. They are not so far along as they usually are in January. Many reasons are given by the Democrats for this; they promised before the adoption of the new rules that when they were adopted they would give legislation such a boom as was never before known in Congress. But the rules have been in operation two months and not a single large appropriation bill has even been reported to the House. They tried at one time to put the delay upon the Republican party, but that attempt failed before it fairly got outside of the Capitol. The people knew where the blame belonged, and the Democrats knew they knew it. The real reason is, the Democrats are not competent to govern this Republic. Their purposes are bad, their methods vicious and demoralizing, and its alms subversive of free government. They enact no measures for the good of the whole people, and in their excuses for such legislation as they do enact, they call up not the numberless good deeds of the Republican party, but its few bad ones. They have no high alms to achieve, no principles they dare openly avow and call upon the loyal people of the North to support. The record of the party, curbed as it has been by a Republican President and Supreme Court has been bad enough in all conscience. But with a Democratic President and Congress, the loyal people may well feel anxiety for the safety of our free institutions and the free and equal rights of all our people. In this connection I wish to speak of a doubt that is in the minds of the anti third term men, that if Grant be nominated he cannot be elected. They may put their fears away. If Grant is nominated, which in itself is very doubtful, enough loyal people can be found at the North to elect him over any man the Democrats can nominate with such a record as that nominee will have to fight against.

Without doubt Donnelly of Minnesota, is the maddest and most disappointed man in the country. He contested the seat of Washburn. Of course he had no real claim to the seat. But he relied upon the Democratic majority to pull him through. He depended especially upon Chairman Springer of the Elections Committee and Representative Manning. Manning manufactured a report in favor of Donnelly, and when it was voted upon in the Committee Springer voted against it. This action of Springer's so enraged Manning that he rushed into the House and charged that Springer had been corruptly influenced. That through an offer to his wife he had received $5,000 for voting against Donnelly. Springer is now mad, and wants to be investigated. Of course the charge of Manning is false. Springer, though a Democrat, is not a corrupt man.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE INDIANA ELECTIONS.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 5.—The election in Indiana for township officers and on the constitutional amendments to-day brought out about a two-thirds vote of the State. The indications are that the Republicans make large gains in township elections and carry the constitutional amendments by a very decided majority.

So far as reports have been received they indicate that from ten to twenty per cent. of the Democratic vote was in favor of ratification. The Germans voted about solid for the amendments. The ratification of the amendments dispenses with the October election, placing the State election on the day of the presidential election.

A BULLDOZED TOWNSHIP.

READING, PA., April 3.—The people of Honey Brook township, Chester county, are in a terrible state of alarm over the depredations of a band of Welch mountain thieves, who are burning their barns and driving off their stock. The marauders robbed a country school house of a large Bible, nailed it to a tree and posted a notice, with skull and cross bones attached, stating that if the Horse Insurance Company followed them up to make arrests, a fearful depredation would at once follow. A number of the members of the detective company have had their horses and cattle poisoned. A special despatch from that locality says: "Honey Brook and the adjoining townships will be in a worse state of agitation than they were when the Gap gang were in existence. Barns have been burned by the marauders; stock have been poisoned; two horses, with wagon and harness, have lately been driven off and never traced out of the township, and robberies of a petty sort are a nightly occurance. What shall be done? is the cry of the citizens. They have already suffered greatly, and are in nightly expectation of seeing their buildings go up in smoke, as have those of many of their neighbors."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—M. W. Lambert, Esq., was in town Monday.

—Mr. John Compton has been improving his property.

—The best Frederick Lime for sale at Mrs. M. E. Davis'. 2t

—Justice Oshourn has removed his office to the old Offutt building.

—The Band of Hope will meet in the M. E. Church Thursday night.

—Mrs. E. E. Ison has returned from a visit to Clarksburg, W. Va.

—Hon. Geo. W. Wilson returned from Annapolis Wednesday morning.

—Mr. John Helbig, Jr., of Oakland, left town on Monday for Pittsburgh, where he intends working.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—A. M. Jarrett, D. D. S., of Grafton, W. Va., will be in Oakland on the 16th inst., and will remain two days.

—Rev. —— Moore, U. B. minister, will preach at the South Point school house, at 3 o'clock, Sunday afternoon.

—Married—At Oakland, Md., on April 5th, 1880, by Rev. J. M. Davis, Mr. John T. Stoyer and Miss Mary C. Boyer, all of Garrett county.

—The Cumberland water works suspended operations on Thursday in consequence of the supply of coal being nearly exhausted owing to the strike.

—A. B. Gonder, Esq., returned from Cumberland this week. During his absence he has suffered very much from rheumatism and jaundice. He is now able to attend to business.

—Mr. I. W. Slonaker, agent for the Singer manufacturing company, received this week from the factory a large lot of sewing machines, which he proposes to sell as low as *genuine* machines can be sold.

—The South Point school, Mr. Geo. Porter, teacher, closed Friday of last week. In the afternoon a social supper was had, and a spelling school at night concluded the exercises. It was an enjoyable occasion.

—Saturday last Compton, son of H. P. Tasker, Esq., aged about ten years fell from a fence and sustained a triple fracture of the elbow of his right arm. Drs. McComas and Bartlett reduced the fracture and he is now doing well.

—President Garrett, of the B. & O. R. R., Saturday last sent out a circular to all the employees of the road, announcing that the compensation from and after April 1st, would be restored to that in force before the reduction, July 16th, 1877. This is an advance of ten per cent.

—Died—At Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, Md., Thursday evening, April 1st 1880, Mrs. Mariah Coddington, in the 80th year of her age. Deceased had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church since early life. The funeral services were conducted by Revs. Sandford and Davis.

—Died—On the 5th of April, at the residence of her parents, corner of Fourth and Centre streets, Oakland, after a lingering illness of heart disease, Arley A. Harne, aged 12 years, 10 months and 15 days.

[Hagerstown Mail and Boonsboro Odd Fellow please copy.]

—During the month of March 2,800,000 pounds of finished iron were shipped from the Cumberland Rolling Mill. The bar and plate departments are running up to the full capacity. All the furnaces in the puddling mill, fifteen in number, are running on day turn, and nine of them on both day and night turn.

—As the inquisitive census enumerators will soon be prying into people's names, ages and general uselessness, it is proper that the public should know there is a fine "not exceeding $100" for refusing to answer truthfully and promptly the questions to be propounded. This embarrassing fact should be specially noted by that large class of ladies who have mysterious reluctance to tell their age.

—At a meeting of the Agricultural and Mechanical Society of Western Maryland, at Cumberland, on Monday last, an election of officers was held, which resulted in the choice of the same persons holding office last year, as follows: Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, President; F. R. Seymour, Vice President; John Humbird, Treasurer, and Thomas L. Coulehan, Secretary. The board of directors, the same as last year, are: Dr. Saml. P. Smith, R. D. Johnson, Jacob Humbird, Barney Dilley and Jacob Brengle.

—In consequence of the strike there were no shipments of coal from the Cumberland region last week, and consequently no report for the week ended March 27th. The shipments for the year to that date were 352,878 tons, an increase of 113,051 tons as compared with 1879. The shipments to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad were 309,333 tons, an increase of 110,897 tons over 1879. The shipments to the Chesapeake & Ohio canal were 3,160 tons, a decrease of 75 tons as compared with 1879. The shipments to the Pennsylvania railroad were 40,385 tons, an increase of 7,219 tons as compared with last year.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church--Preaching in the morning at 10½, by the pastor.

The Jubilee Singers.

The concert given Tuesday evening, at the Glades Hotel, by the Centennial Jubilee Singers, was a rare treat. The large dining hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and quite a number were unable to gain admittance. The performance was very enjoyable, and all in attendance were delighted with the entertainment. They expect to visit our town again soon, when all who have not heard them should be present. Those who have heard them will be sure to go again.

Largest Book Published.

The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

County Commissioners.

The Appeal term of the County Commissioners commenced Monday and the session will likely be protracted until Tuesday next, the time being principally taken up with hearing appeals from assessments and making transfers.

Mr. Geo. L. Michaels, of District No. 4, was appointed tax collector and his commissions fixed at 4 per cent.

Geo. T. Wilt was appointed Constable for district No. 4.

The Commissioners will examine the new iron bridge, just completed at Sang Run, on Monday next.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 9:

Reuben M. Browning to Richard T. Browning, parts of military lots Nos. 1469 and 1471, 56½ acres; $394.

Reuben M. Browning to Ewd. A. and Geo. D. Browning, parts of military lots 1468, 1469, 1472 and 1473, 69½ acres; $2,000.

Wm. P. Totten and wife to Sarah E. Harden, lots 1 and 3 in Wilson's Addition to Oakland; $1,200.

Jas. Morrison and wife and Jas. Morrison, executor and trustee of John Morrison, deceased, to Geo. D. Broadwaters, part of military lot 2521, 4½ acres: $22.50.

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to David M. Evans, lots 3882, 3883, 3884, 3885, 3886; $500.

John D. Evarts and wife to John W. Biggs, military lot No. 1334; $80.

Wm. Fisher and wife to Wm. F. Daniels, 12½ acres; $250.

Conrad Diehl and wife to Lewis Harmon, military lot 2579, 48½ acres, excepting 18 acres; $530.

Joel Beachy and wife to Moses Yoder and Jacob S. Miller and their wives, parts of a tract of land called "Bear Camp," 417 acres; $3,200.

August Bonig and wife to Thos. J. Stanton, tract of land known as the Peter P. Miller farm, 235½ acres; $7,500.

Andrew Fleher and wife to John M. Fisher, lot No. 2581, 49¾ acres; $1,000.

John G. Lynn and others to Geo. and Buchanan Schley, their interest in and to a tract of land called "White Plains," $5.

John G. Lynn and others to Geo. and Buchanan Schley, their interest in and to a tract of land called "Addition to White Plains," and military lot No. 4061; $5 and other considerations.

Treasure Wealth of the Alleghanies.

[Correspondence of Uniontown (Pa.,) *Genius of Liberty.*]

PROSPECT ROCK, MD., March 22, 1880.

For a century past legend has told of mines more precious than coal or iron in these mountains, and discoveries of late confirm to a certain degree the existence of these mines. A gold belt is now established extending through Virginia over the Carolinas S. W. into Georgia.

For the last year the products of gold mines sunk in Georgia on this belt has been one million dollars, while gold has been taken out in paying quantities in other States. Thomas Fawcett, prospector for the Chicago Virginia Coal Mining Company in Orange county, Virginia, reports gold bearing quartz found in three separate strata, and is confident the belt will yield from $50 to $350 per ton. The company has a capital stock of $500,000. The Pocahontas Gold Mining Company of Spottsylvania county, Virgina, on the same belt has a capital stock of $1,000,000. These companies are only working so far the true fissure veins, and have not sought for the rich threads or spurs which must exist. Silver, lead, copper and zinc, have been found in many places throughout these mountains, but in what paying quantities has not yet been demonstrated.

A few miles south of Mason and Dixon's line in N. W. Maryland is situated the newly discovered silver district, where the Savage river fiercely bursts through the mountains, in wild force. It seems rich silver treasure has slept for centuries from man's grasping power. Over its rock-battling foam crested waves the mighty hills seem to have recoiled by some great force, and without any slope stand with sharp sides to the river. The lone depths of these wild hills are now filled with an anxious throng of treasure seekers, and hanging on these sharp hill fronts and up to their very wood crested summits may be seen scores of human forms in quest of the rock imprisoned wealth of legend dim and tradition remote.

In the morning dawn of creation when the dim outlines of the world was merging from chaos and confusion, the Alleghany mountains were hurled up by volcanic force from heated depths "a frozen wave of fire," but human speculation could not tell, till scientific investigation reveals how many veins of precious metals were thrown up by the heart throbs of earthquake shock. Wm. Hackett and Joseph M. Cogan were soldiers together, and after the war went to Colorado and mined silver. They came back and were engineers on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Hearing the usual story of a lead mine regularly related, they went up the Savage river prospecting, and located from favorable indications the site of their present location on the mouth of a run, in the heart of the Savage mountains, emptying into Savage river. The vein of silver ore is six feet wide on which they are sinking shafts. The first assay was $30 to the ton, the last was $125 to the ton, and the vein growing richer. They bought 100 acres for $700 before revealing their discovery of silver ore mixed with lead.

The Merrill, Sunrise and Duckworth mines have since been opened, and are in operation; excitement high and land held at fabulous prices.

J. S. Jamison has ordered a crusher and all the machinery necessary for working the ore. Lead and zinc ores impregnated with silver have been found at Cranesville, in Preston county, W. Va., only fifteen miles from the Fayette county line. Copper ore has been discovered in West Virginia, within ten miles of the Fayette county border. The Cranesville lead and zinc ores resemble the Lowe ore above Haydentown in Fayette county, Pa. The Cranesville zinc has less limestone but of finer quality than the Lowe zinc; no aluminum, but tracings of copper with zinc about the same as the Lowe, and a better percentage of silver.

Farmers should beware of speculators leasing lands and know what they are signing.

The local elections which are being held this week are, as a rule, of little national importance, as the contests are not being fought on national, but on purely local, issues. Yet it must be remembered that in local, as well as general, elections the Republicans and Democratic parties hold their caucuses and nominate their tickets, and, as in national politics, an independent ticket occasionally appears in the field. An analysis of the votes taken in Western towns and cities Tuesday shows one thing, however, which should not be overlooked, in view of the approaching Presidential elections. It is the unusual extent to which party lines are ignored. Iowa towns which have always been republican have elected Independent, Democratic or mixed tickets, while, on the other hand, Democratic strongholds in Indiana are wiped out by Republican victories, and the Republican movement in favor of abolishing the October state election in that state secures a large majority. This condition of the public mind means that the nomination by the Republican Convention at Chicago of a man who is objectionable to a considerable proportion of the party will make the election of that candidate next fall doubtful, while the election of an unobjectionable candidate—and there are a score of such to choose from—is certain.

State Appointments.

The following appointments by the Governor were confirmed by the Senate on Monday:

Tobacco Inspector—1. William B. Bayne, Prince George's county; 2. Alex. Somerville, Calvert county; 3. Peter W. Hawkins, Charles county; 4. Leo H. Hayden, St. Mary's county; 5. Isaac M. Denson, Baltimore city.

Weigher of Hay and Straw.—Conrad Baker, Western scales; Wm. B. Jarrett, Eastern scales; John F. Kerns, Northwestern scales; Charles Adams, Canton.

Fish Commissioners—T. B. Furgusson, Baltimore; Thos. Hughlett, Talbot.

Special Board of Docking Police.—For Harford county, Samuel M. Russell and Frank M. Farr; for Cecil county, William A. Wright and Victor Johnson.

Weigher of Live Stock—Samuel J. Robinson, of Baltimore county.

Adjutant General—J. W. Watkins of Baltimore city.

Grain Inspector General—Abraham Winters; assistant inspectors, Chas. R. Hamilton, John W. Dougherty, James J. W. Taylor, John H. Griffin.

An ingenious Yankee has invented what he calls a "Patent Ballot Box." The amount of rascality practiced in these degenerate times demands some device to head off the vile tools of the parties of the present day. If this late invention will accomplish all that is claimed for it, this ingenious Yankee ought to receive a pension from the Government and the thanks of honest men. The box is said to be very simple in its contrivance, and is described as follows: "The ballot is put in at the top thro' a small slit, and then passes between two rollers, on the largest of which is a canceling stamp. After the ballot is canceled it falls into the bottom of the box, the receptacle for the ballots. The ballot is drawn between the rollers by the turning of a crank, and when it is turned a bell rings to call attention to the fact that the box is in operation. A register is attached, which shows correctly the number of ballots that have passed into the box. The ballots can be removed from the box at any time while voting is in progress and be counted, but when any are taken out the canceling stamp is changed, so that every lot removed from the box will bear a different stamp. If two or more ballots are put in at once only one is cancelled, and the register will indicate that only one ballot has been cast. The number of votes cast must agree with the number indicated by the register, and if they do not agree it shows that fraudulent votes have been cast."

The platform of the Democratic party last fall was made up of Republican principles clad in Democratic dress. We did not believe that a party, whose record, has been simply a denial of everything that the Republicans of late years have asserted, would amount to much for the good of the State. It began its career in the late Legislature with a recapitulation of its assertions during the campaign. The Governor laid down his programme, and had it endorsed by a portion of his party. Antagonisms began to develop themselves. A caucus was held, and it proposed an extensive series of Reforms that it would introduce. Days and weeks passed along, but promises failed to ripen into performance, and the end of the Legislature arrived without the actualization of a single plan. The policy has been really to avoid changes by which the present dynasty would run the risk of defeat. Virtually there has been no policy. The Reforms have been not of the kind that the people have demanded, and of retrenchment there has been nothing that could lighten the burdens of the people. The last thing done by the Legislature was its final adjournment, and that was controlled by the constitutional requirement. Its principal glory consisted in the termination of its existence.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Mr. Tilden's Income Tax.

Reluctance to meet a charge of dishonest dealing is usually regarded as a confession of guilt. The trial in the suit of the Government against Mr. Tilden to recover arrears of income tax alleged to have been wrongfully withheld, has been postponed by Mr. Tilden's request until November next. The Government has willingly granted the request, because it expects to gain certain legal advantages by the delay. But there is another gain in the fact that the postponement until after the Presidential election has been held proves that the prosecution is not conducted for partisan purposes. The action of the Government is dignified, and in the interest of public decency. Its course is that of a strong party dealing with a man whom it knows to be in its power. Still Mr. Tilden will unquestionably gain by the postponement. Little or nothing will be heard of the case before November, while, if it had come to trial, the papers might have been filled for weeks and months, at a critical time, with damaging disclosures, and perhaps might have recorded the disgrace of an adverse result.

The temporary advantage is all with the defendant, but what will be the permanent effect upon the honest opinion of the country? Mr. Tilden has been making all his preparations to demand another nomination for the Presidency from his party. One of the serious obstacles in his way is the general estimate of his moral character, and one of the influences producing that estimate has been this very charge. Here was an opportunity to meet the accusation at a time when a verdict in his favor would have vastly strengthened him in his party and before the people, and—the trial has been postponed at his request until November. The charge has been pending for years, but he is willing to wait eight months longer for his vindication. Evidently Mr. Tilden pays his party the poor compliment of supposing that he can get its nomination, no matter what his reputation is.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The election in San Francisco on Tuesday of last week resulted in a defeat of the so-called workingmen's and Kearney party quite as signal as their victory last year. The majority for the citizens' union ticket, which was supported by the better and conservative elements of the community of all classes, is large enough to be conclusive of the determination of the people in San Francisco to put a period to the disorder and confusion which have been the only tangible results of Kearney's temporary ascendency in that city. The victory for law and order creates the greatest satisfaction in California, as it must do in every other place where the forces which bind society together are respected and valued. The Kearneyites may not go to work themselves—that is scarcely to be expected of them—but at least they will not find it expedient to permit others to do so, and the return of peace and revival of business in San Francisco will be advantageous to business interests in all parts of the country. The lesson which Kearney has learned will be useful to those who may hereafter aspire to follow in his footsteps.—American good sense, the natural sobriety and conservatism of the people are impervious to all serious assaults of communism, and even those who play at socialism and leveling, as some members of Congress have tried to do, cannot stand up against the influences of two successive seasons of good crops.

The Southern Democratic papers are taking a rather timid view of their party's duty in regard to the Cincinnati convention. The Charleston Courier urges Southern delegates not to take any prominent part in the deliberations of that important assemblage. It thinks no Southern State should instruct its delegates in favor of any of the candidates, but must let the initiative come from the North; for otherwise "the cry will be raised by the Republicans that the Democratic candidate is a Southern nominee, and is therefore not to be trusted—a political alarm that would have more or less weight in preventing Northern men from voting the Democratic ticket."

The Courier insists that delegates from that section should use no influence whatever, except to defeat the nomination of an unavailable candidate. In other words, they should use a veto power rather than a dictatorial one. This timorous policy does not seem to deserve commendation. Its only outcome will be an evinced belief that the party is weak, and can only be kept alive by subterfuge, and by pandering to the anti-Southern sentiments of Northern voters. So long as such an abomination is petted and cringed to, so long will substantial reconstruction be impossible. It will be more in accord with Southern manliness for the delegates to speak their sentiments fearlessly—otherwise the alleged peace between the sections will continue to be nothing more than a hollow truce.—*Balto. Bulletin.*

Congress is making very slow progress with the business of the session. The appropriation bills are not so far advanced toward enactment as they have often been in January. Only the Pension Appropriation bill has become a law. The West Point Academy bill is before a conference committee, and the Fortification Appropriation bill will soon be in the same condition. The House has passed the Consular and diplomatic Appropriation bill, and has yet to act on the Naval, the Postal, the Legislative and Executive, the General Deficiency, the River and Harbor, and the Omnibus bills. Each one of these will require time for its consideration in the House, and will then have to be acted on in the Senate, so that it is almost impossible to terminate the session before July.

A check drawn by the Treasury Department to the order of poor William H. Vanderbilt for $310,700, being three months' interest on $31,050,000 of United States 4 per cent bonds, was paid through the Clearing-house in New York on Thursday. This represents an income of $3,450 per day, of $143.75 per hour, of nearly 4 cents per second, sleeping and waking. It is, besides, only one of the several of Mr. Vanderbilt's sources of revenue.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves, and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

CATTLE MARKETS.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., April 5.—Cattle—Receipts 3,230 head of through and 515 of local stock. Market very dull; best $5@5.25; fair to good butchers' stock $4@4.75; common to light $3.25@3.65; bulls, cows and stags $2.25@3.75; sales 262. Hogs—Receipts 10,000 head; Yorkers $4.50@4.75. Philadelphias $4.00@5.10. Sheep—Receipts 7,600 head; selling slow at 5½@5c. off from last week.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5.—Cattle—Receipts 2,100 head (sold); market fair; prime $5.50@6; good 6@6½; medium 4½@5; common 4@4½. Sheep—3,000 head sold; to prime 7½c.; good 6¾@7; medium 6@6¾; common 5¾@6. Hogs—3,500 head sold; market dull; prime 7¼c. good 7, medium 6¾; common 6½.

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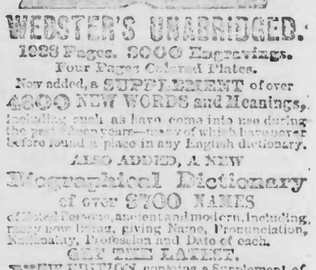

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NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 6th, 1880.

A short extra session of the State Normal School will open on APRIL 27th and close JUNE 15th. None but teachers will be admitted. Tuition will be free; boarding will cost about $4 a week. A limited number of ladies can obtain board at $3 a week if application is made at once. The course will include 20 lectures on Methods of Teaching; 10 lectures on methods of organizing and governing schools, and 20 lessons each on Geometry, Physiology, and Book Keeping. Classes will also be formed in Reading, Arithmetic and other subjects if desired. All students will be required to attend the lectures; the other lessons will be optional. A course of study will be arranged, extending through several years preparatory to an examination for diplomas at the close. For entrance or further information apply at once to

E. H. BARTLETT,
Examiner, &c.

v4n7 3t

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby mill ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Va., line at or near the Nordick settlement.

WILLIAM W. ASHBY,
WILLIAM A. LORAW,
THOS. W. ASHBY,
And over fifty others.

ap 11 5t

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

Wood-Choppers Wanted.

Good men can get steady work and prompt pay by calling at Muddy Creek Furnace, Preston county, W. Va.

Also wanted at same place, a good yoke of oxen. Mh. 27-4t.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

—One hundred thousand needles are stamped and bored in a day of ten hours by a new machine just perfected in Westphadia, Conn.

—Croens, dried and powdered, when applied with chamois-leather to nickel-plated goods, will restore their brilliancy without injuring their surface.

—Swiss journals estimate that the use of the St. Gothard Tunnel will take annually $150,000,000 worth of freight business from the French railways.

—Bright dipping acid for brass is composed of nitric acid diluted with one or two volumes of water. The work must first be cleaned from all traces of grease or oil by hot soda solution or scouring.

—In round numbers, two-thirds of the amount in value of the imports into this country is received at the port of New York. The returns for the month of January and February, 1880, indicate, as was to have been expected, a very large increase.

—The impetus in the building line this spring has made the heart of the lumberman glad as well. There are immense quantities of lumber waiting for transportation that cannot be furnished fast enough. In Wisconsin, in the neighborhood of Warsaw, never was there before such an accumulation.

—The smoke from a candle-wick after the flame is extinguished, is poisonous, and breathing it in quantity would cause death. The composition of this smoke is carburetted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and acrolein. When putting out a candle-light before going to bed, always do it so that there shall be no burning wick left.

—The Millers' International Exhibition will be opened at Cincinnati on May 31, and will be closed a fortnight later. The exhibits will be divided into eleven classes: Motive power, steam boiler and engine fittings, milling machinery and millers' supplies, grain, products of the mill, bread and crackers, baking-powder and yeast, bags and bagging, scales, barrel-labels, and miscellaneous articles and apparatus.

—An English scientific journal relates that, while the sailors of H. M. S. Faraday, aided by the new system of electric illumination, were one night lowering a cable, they noticed an immense number of fishes of all sizes and shapes gathering around the spot. By promptly throwing out nets they were enabled to make an extraordinary haul. The electric light may doubtless be employed to advantage by fishing-boats.

—The Best Ink.—A commission lately appointed to investigate the best class of inks to be employed for official purposes, states that aniline inks are not suitable, because they can be easily washed away, especially by a preparation of chlorine. Inks in the composition of which alizarine is employed, can be obliterated less easily. They are of the opinion that the best of all is the old description of ink made from gall-nuts and salts of iron.

—It seems that the introduction of magnets into the great grain mills of the West has fulfilled the highest expectations of those who complained of wire in wheat. Not only have the magnets captured all the stray pieces of iron bands, and thus removed the last and only objection urged against wire-banding harvesters, but they have revealed the singular fact that, of the scraps of iron and steel which find their way to the mills mixed with wheat, fully one-half are something besides pieces of wire, and a larger proportion of these are of such a nature as to be even more dangerous to mill machinery. The magnets gather everything of this kind with unerring certainty, thus rendering perfectly safe the use of self-binding harvesters and wire bands.

—Seeing Through Water.—Currents in the very bed of the river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched by an arrangement that smugglers used in days of old. They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and they searched for it again by means of a so-called marine telescope. It was nothing more than a cask, with a plate of strong glass at the bottom. The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the rippled surface of the sea were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal hunters still use it. With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure, and with great distinctness.

—*Nature* contains a very sensible remark about milk, which may well arrest the attention of consumers. In every grievance that arises on the score of bad or tainted milk let us at least learn to distrust the last place it has been in rather than the first, and ask ourselves whether it is not possible that a substance which has already gone so far out of its way to serve us may not have been finally "put upon" in a manner for which our own end of the transaction is alone responsible. Let it be borne in mind that our care of the milk we purchase is more important than that which precedes it, for two obvious reasons: first, that we receive it at a late period of its life, when it has already suffered from previous ill-usage, and is, therefore, more susceptible of injury; and, secondly, that we receive it in small quantities, and thereby expose a proportionately larger surface to contamination.

Finger Rings.

Mythology furnishes this account of the origin of the ring. Jupiter, from revenge, caused Strength, Force and Vulcan to chain his cousin-german Prometheus to the frosty Caucasus, where a vulture, all the livelong day, banqueted his fill on the black viands of his hot liver. The god had sworn to keep Prometheus there, according to Hesiod, eternally; but other authors give 30,000 years as the limit. He who had punished did, for reasons, forgive; but, as Jupiter had sworn to keep Prometheus bound for the time mentioned, he, in order not to violate his oath, commanded that Prometheus should always wear upon his finger an iron ring, to or in which should be fastened a small fragment of Caucasus, so that it might be true, in a certain sense, that Prometheus still continued bound to that rock. Thus, as we have said, came the idea of the first ring, and, we may add, the insertion of a stone.

While some writers, under this story, connect Prometheus with the first ring, Pliny still says that the inventor of it is not known, and observes that it was used by the Babylonians, Chaldeans, Persians and Greeks, although, as he thinks, the latter were unacquainted with it at the time of the Trojan war, as Homer does not mention it.

Touching Pliny's notion of the antiquity of rings, there is, in Southey's "Commonplace Book" (second series) the following quotation from "Treasurie of Auncient and Moderne Times" (1619): "But the good olde man Plinie cannot overreach us with his idle arguments and conjectures, for we read in Genesis that Joseph, who lived about 500 yeares before the warres of Troy, having expounded the dreame of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was, by the sayde Prince, made superintendent over his Kingdom, and for his safer possession in that estate, he took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand. * * * In Moses' time, which was more than foure hundred yeares before Troy warres, wee find rings to be then in use; for wee reade that they were comprehended in the ornaments which Aaren the high priest should wear, and they of his posteritie afterward, as also it was avouched by Josephus. Whereby appeareth plainly, that the use of rings was much more ancient than Plinie reporteth them in his conjectures; but as he was a Pagan, and ignorant in sacred writings, so it was no marvell if these things went beyond his knowledge."

The idea that rings in Roman urns were secretly and piously placed there, is strengthened by the fact that it was contrary to the law of Rome to bury gold with the dead. There was one exception to this rule, which appears odd enough to readers of the nineteenth century, namely: a clause which permitted the burial of such gold as fastened false teeth in the mouth of the deceased, thus sparing the children and friends of the dead the painful task of pulling from their heads the artificial teeth which they had been accustomed to wear. It seems strange to find that these expedients of vanity or convenience were practiced in Rome nearly 2,000 years ago.

In the Scriptures the signet ring is frequently named, and Quintus Curtius tells us that Alexander wore one. After his fatal debauch, and finding himself past recovery, and his voice beginning to fail, he gave his ring to his General, Perdiccas, with orders to convey his corpse to the temple of Ammon. Being asked to whom he would leave his Empire, he answered, "To the most worthy."

The ring was generally the emblem of fidelity in civil engagements, and hence, no doubt, its ancient use in many functions and distinctions. A ring denoted eternity among the Hindoos, Persians, and Egyptians; and Brahma, as the creator of the world, bears a ring in his hand. The Egyptian priests in the temple of the creative Phtha (Vulcan of the Greeks) represented the year under the form of a ring, made of a serpent having its tail in its mouth—a very common shape of ancient rings.

Pythagoras forbade the use of the figures of gods upon rings, lest, from seeing their images too frequently, it should breed a contempt for them.

The custom of wearing lighter rings in summer and heavier in winter are among the most absurd instances of Roman effeminacy. No ornament was more generally worn among the Romans than rings. They laid them aside at night, as well as when they bathed, or were in mourning, or were suppliants. However, in times of sorrow they rather changed than entirely put them aside; they then used iron ones, taking off the gold rings. It was a proof of the greatest poverty when any one was obliged to pledge his ring to live. Rings were given by those who agreed to club for an entertainment. They were usually pulled off from the fingers of dying persons; but they seem to have been sometimes put on again before the dead body was buried.

Rings appear to have been worn indiscriminately on the fingers of each hand. It would seem, however, from Jeremiah, that the Hebrews wore them on the right hand; we there read that when the Lord threatened King Zedekiah with the utmost effects of his anger, he told him: "Though Coniah the son of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, were the signet on my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence."

Among the Romans, before rings came to be adorned with stones, and while the graving was yet on the metal itself, every one wore them at pleasure on what hand and finger he pleased. When stones came to be added, they had them altogether on the left hand; and it would have been held an excess of foppery to have put them on the right.

Pliny says they were at first worn on the fourth finger, then on the second or index, then on the little finger, and, at last, on all the fingers excepting the middle one.

According to Aulus Gellius, both the Greeks and Romans wore them on the fourth finger of the left hand; and the reason he gives for it is this, that having found, from anatomy, that this finger had a little nerve that went straight to the heart, they esteemed it the most honorable by this communication with that noble part.

At first the Romans only used a single ring; then one on each finger, and, at length, as we gather from Martial, several on each. Afterward, according to Aristophanes, one on each joint. Their foppery at length arose to such a pitch that they had their weekly rings.

Heliogabalus carried the point of using rings the farthest, for, according to Lampridius, he never wore the same ring or the same shoe twice.

Heliogabalus was a funny wretch; he would frequently invite to his banquets eight old men blind of one eye, eight bald, eight deaf, eight lame with the gout, eight blacks, eight exceedingly thin, and eight so fat that they could scarcely enter the room, and who, when they had eaten as much as they desired, were obliged to be taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers.

Egyptian women wore many, and sometimes two or three on one finger; but the left was considered the hand peculiarly privileged to bear these ornaments, and it is remarkable that its third was decorated with a greater number than any other, and was considered by them as the ring-finger. This notion, as we have observed, the Grecians had.

The idea of wearing rings on the fourth finger of the left hand because of a supposed artery there, which went to the heart, was carried so far that, according to Levinus Lemnius, this linger was called Medicus; and the old physicians would stir up their medicaments and potions with it, because no venom could stick upon the very outmost part of it, but it will offend a man and communicate itself to the heart.—*History and Poetry of Finger Rings.*

They Are Good Merchants.

Of very few American farmers can it be truthfully said: "They are good merchants." In truth, a very large proportion of them are almost entirely ignorant of the laws of trade and commerce. They think that they should confine their attention to the production of articles to sell. They are seemingly content to purchase articles at the prices dealers charge for them, and to sell their products for what buyers offer for them. They rarely seek, by co-operation or otherwise, to influence prices. They devote very little attention to commercial affairs. They have little or no acquaintance with persons in large cities who sell supplies, or who buy live stock, grain and other farm products. Their knowledge of current commercial affairs is derived from the meager market reports published in some country paper.

As a result of a want of proper information, a large proportion of farmers purchase goods at high prices and sell their own products at low prices. They store grain and wool when they should sell them, and sell them when it would be good policy to hold them in anticipation of a better market. Many farmers never take pains to inform themselves about the real value of the pelts of sheep and the skins of larger animals, and as a consequence they often dispose of them for much less than they are really worth. Very few farmers are competent judges of the quality of the wool and tobacco they raise. Each may be much better than that produced by any one in the neighborhood, but it is disposed of to some traveling purchaser at the same price. The buyer, who is "wiser in his generation" than the farmer, reaps the benefit of his superior information.

Not one farmer in fifty can grade the wheat, corn, rye, oats or barley he produces. In selling them he is accordingly at the mercy of the purchaser. He may know the market price of each grade on the day of sale, but if he does not know to which grade his grain belongs he is liable to sell it below its current value. Few farmers have given much attention to the most profitable crops to raise for markets. A still smaller number have considered the law of supply and demand in its relation to the production of farm crops. They set out hop-vines and planted broom-corn seed at a time when hops were worth little more than hay, and when broom-corn would hardly pay the expense of cutting and curing. They raised fruit that was not worth gathering, and sent fowls to market at times when they did not sell for enough to pay the expressage and commission.

In small trades about home, in matching colts and steers, the majority of farmers display little shrewdness. They generally leave these matters to some professional "horse-jockey." Few farmers keep ready money to enable them to take advantage of forced sales that are constantly occurring in their neighborhood. In fact they rarely have cash to pay for any considerable amount of property of any kind. Some old mortgage, store debt, or contract for the payment of farm machinery takes all the money they realize for the crops of any season. They fall into the habit of anticipating the value of the farm products of each year, and they never get out of it. In some cases the loss of a leading crop puts them still further behind in the race to square accounts. A farmer without cash is at the mercy of his creditors and in no condition to take advantage of circumstances.

For farmers to be very successful they must conduct their business as prosperous merchants and manufacturers do. They must have some cash capital that will enable them to purchase their supplies at the times and at the places where they can be obtained at the least cost. If a neighboring farmer is obliged to sell stock or implements at a sacrifice, they should be in a condition to purchase them. If their crop of grain and fodder is large, they should be prepared to purchase stock that will eat it; and stock can be purchased for less with ready money than with a note the maker may not be ready to pay at maturity. Farmers should also be in a condition to hold wool and other farm products that are not perishable, if the current price is much below what it ordinarily is. In short they should have a working and trading capital, aside from the money invested in land, stock and farming tools.

A man who sells produce of any sort should know as much about its quality as the person does who proposes to purchase it. A farmer should be able to correctly classify his pelts, hides and tobacco, and to grade his wool, corn and every variety of grain he raises. He should keep himself informed in regard to the condition of crops and animals here and abroad. He should know by the time the "harvest is ended" what the supply is at home and in foreign countries, and how it compares with that of previous seasons. The truth is, the majority of our best farmers learn only one branch of their business. They limit their study to the matter of production, while their knowledge should extend to commerce. They keep too closely within their line fences, and thereby permit others to make money they might have themselves by suitable exertion.—*Chicago Times.*

—This is the way the married editor sums up Lent: "The hen that lays the Easter egg is a great bird, but it takes the goose which lays the golden egg to bring Easter bonnets."—*Rochester Democrat.*

PRESSED for time—Mummies.

Our Young Folks.

NESTLING-TIME.

How we love it, my baby and I!
When the stars peep down from the far-off sky,
And dear little feet grow weary of play,
At the close of the gladsome, merry day.

Sweeter far than the hours of fun,
Which through all the day are never done;
Sweeter, too, than the time of sleep,
When the angels ever their vigils keep.

When does it come? Ask Baby there—
My dimpled boy, with the golden hair
He knows it comes when the day is done,
And he wearies of toys and frolic and fun!

'Tis then he climbs to his mother's knee,
Tired as ever a boy can be,
And nestles his head upon her breast,
Glad of the loving, welcome rest;

Glad to be petted and kissed at last,
By true, strong arms held warm and fast;
Glad to be cuddled, and glad to hear
The language only for Baby's ear.

Nestling closely, while kisses sweet
Fall on the dainty hands and feet,
As Mother loosens the rumpled dress,
With a mother's patient tenderness.

O! hour so sweet and doubly blest
When comes my birdling safe to his nest!
We love it and welcome it Baby and I,
Sweet "nestling-time," with its lullaby!

—*M. D. Brine, in the Independent.*

TRACKING A BURIED RIVER.

The Adventure of Two Sailor Boys.

"The sum of 3,000 francs ($600) will be paid by the Scientific Association of Morlaix to any one who shall succeed in tracing the course of the Larve, and ascertaining whether it has any under-ground communication with the sea.

FELIX DELAROCHE, President."

Such was the announcement which, posted in the quaint three-cornered market-place of the old French town of Longchamp, attracted a good many readers, and among the rest two lads in sailor costume, one of whom remarked to the other:

"What a holiday we'd have if *we* could earn it! eh, Pierre, my boy?"

"I should think so! But nobody will earn *that* reward very soon. Don't you remember how, a year ago, they widened the cleft into which the stream falls, and let down a man with a lantern, and how, before he'd gone thirty feet, he got bumped against a rock and broke his lantern, and hurt himself so badly that he had to be hauled up again?"

"True; it's not a very likely job. Well, come along, and let's get the boat out."

Pierre Lebon, the younger of the two, was a lithe, olive-cheeked, merry little fellow, whose slim figure and jaunty black curls contrasted markedly with the burly frame and thick sandy hair of his chum, Jacques Vmdry. The latter ought rightly to have been called Jack Fordrey, for he was an English boy, born in Guernsey; but having been adopted by a Breton fisherman after his father's death, both he and his name had got considerably "Frenchified."

The two boys had to manage by themselves the boat of which they were joint owners, for old Simon Lebon, Pierre's real and Jack's adopted father, was now too aged and rheumatic to help them in their work, except by advising them when to start and where to go. But his advice was always good, for in his time he had been one of the best fishermen on the coast, and the lads were usually very successful.

On this particular day, however, their good luck seemed to have forsaken them, for, try as they might, they could catch nothing worth mentioning. Possibly they were thinking too little of their work, and too much of the reward offered by the Scientific Association; for three thousand francs would have been quite a fortune to them both. Moreover, the idea of tracking an underground river had a spice of romance and adventure about it which was the very thing to tempt them.

The little stream of the Larve had long been the acknowledged puzzle of the whole neighborhood. After skirting the town for some distance, it vanished into the earth through a narrow cleft, and was seen no more. Where it went to after that, no one could tell; and, as we have seen, the first attempt to find out had succeeded so badly that no one felt much inclined for a second.

Tired out at length, the unsuccessful fishers went home, inwardly resolving to try whether they might not have better fortune by night than by day. Pierre, indeed, when the night came, began to have some doubts about the wisdom of the idea, having heard his father say once and again that it was a very dangerous thing to attempt at that season. But the hardest thing in the world for a boy to do is to draw back from anything simply because it is dangerous. Rather than let Jack think him afraid, Pierre would have gone to sea on a hen-coop; so they stole out of the cottage as noiselessly as possible, and away they went over the dim gray waste of sea, half lighted by the rising moon.

The "take" of fish was a very good one this time, and the boys began to think their night voyage a lucky idea; but they were rejoicing too soon. A little after midnight the sky began to cloud over and the sea to rise in a way which showed that there was a storm brewing. They put about at once and made for shore, but long before they reached it the storm burst upon them in all its fury.

In an instant the boat was half full of water, and it was all they could do to keep her from foundering outright, as they flew through the great white roaring waves, thumped and banged about from side to side, and drenched to the skin at every plunge by the flying gusts of spray. Pierre grasped the tiller in his half-numbed hands, while Jack held on with all his might to the "sheet" that steadied their little three-cornered sail, at which the wind tugged as if meaning to tear it away altogether.

The little craft held her own gallantly, and the young sailors began to hope that, after all, they might make the entrance of the bay without accident, but just then an unlucky shift of the wind tore the sail clean away, and the boat, falling off at once, was swept helplessly toward the formidable cliffs beyond.

"Not much chance for us now," said Jack, shaking his head. Pierre, my boy, I'm sorry I've brought you into this mess; it's all my fault."

"Not a bit, old fellow. I ought to have warned you of what I'd heard my father say. However, if the worst comes to the worst, we can swim for it."

However, there seemed to be little hope, for not a foot of standing-room was to be seen on the rocky sides of the vast black precipice upon which they were driving headlong. All at once Jack shouted:

"Port your helm, Pierre—port! We'll do it yet."

His keen eye had detected a cleft in the rock, just wide enough for the boat to enter.

Pierre had barely time to obey, when there came a tremendous crash, and the boys found themselves floundering amid a welter of foam, nets, sand, dead fish and broken timbers, in a deep, dark hollow that looked like the mouth of a cave.

"There goes father's boat," sputtered Pierre, as soon as he could clear his mouth of the salt water.

"And there go our fish," added Jack. "Here's that loaf that we put in the locker, though; and even wet bread's better than none in a place like this. Now, then, let's be getting higher up, for the tide will be upon us here in no time."

But to get higher up was no easy matter. They were in utter darkness, and (as they had already found by groping about) on the brink of a chasm of unknown depth. The ledge upon which they had been cast was evidently very narrow, and almost as slippery as ice; and Jack, being encumbered with the loaf, and Pierre badly bruised against the rocks, they were not in the best condition for climbing.

But the roar of the next wave as it came bursting in, splashing them from head to foot where they sat, was a wonderful quickener to their movements, and away they scrambled through the pitchy blackness, clinging like limpets to the rough side of the cavern as they felt their feet slide upon the treacherous rocks, and thought of the unseen gulf below.

Onward, onward still, deeper and deeper into the heart of the cold, silent rock, fearing at every moment to feel their way barred by a solid wall, and find themselves cut off from escape and doomed to be drowned by inches. But, no; the strange tunnel went on and on as if it would never end, their only consolation being that they were unmistakably tending *upward*, and already (as they calculated) beyond the reach of the flood-tide.

Suddenly Jack uttered a shout of joy: "Hurrah, Pierre! here's one of the lantern candles in my inner pocket, and I know I've got my matches somewhere. We'll be able to see where we are at last, my boy!"

The matches (luckily still dry) were produced, the candle was lighted, and our heroes took a survey of their surroundings.

They were in a long, narrow passage, rising to a considerable height overhead, and with another ledge on its opposite side, steeper and more broken than the one on which they were. In the center lay the chasm already mentioned: but, instead of the frightful depth which they had imagined, it was only six or seven feet deep at the most, and more than half full of water.

"There's our terrible precipice," laughed Jack, stooping over it. "I don't think *that* would hurt us much. But—hollo! I say, Pierre, this isn't seabrine; it's *fresh water*, running water! It's a stream that's tunneled its way through the rock; and if we follow it far enough we'll get out. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Pierre, brightening up. "We sha'n't run short of water, anyhow; and as for food, we may as well have a bite of that loaf before starting again."

The under-ground breakfast was soon finished, and the adventurous lads started once more.

But the pain of Pierre's bruises, which he had manfully concealed hitherto, began to master him at last. His tired limbs began to drag more and more heavily; his feet slipped again and again, and only the strong hand of his comrade saved him from more than one serious fall.

"Better sit down and rest a bit, old fellow," said Jack, kindly; "there's no hurry, for this candle will burn a long while yet. I know you won't own it, but you *did* get a nasty bump against that rock yonder."

"I fancy you're right there," answered Pierre, sinking wearily upon the ledge. "But we don't need the candle while we're sitting still, you know. Blow it out, and light it again when we start."

Jack did so, and they sat silent in the darkness. All at once Pierre heard his comrade call out:

"I say, don't you hear water falling somewhere?"

"To be sure I do," replied Pierre, after listening a moment. "We must be close to the place where this stream falls down into the tunnel, and now we'll have a chance of getting out at last. Bravo!"

Jack slapped his hands together with a shout that made the cavern echo.

"I've got an idea, Pierre, my boy! What a fool I was not to think of it before! This stream that we've been following is the Larve, and we've got to the very place where it falls through the cleft. Now if we can only get out with whole bones, it's fifteen hundred francs apiece to us. Come along, quick!"

All Pierre's weariness was gone in a minute. Already, in his mind's eye, he saw his ailing father comfortably provided for, and Jack and himself standing out to sea in a brand-new boat. The instant the candle was lighted they were off again at a pace which would have seemed impossible a few minutes before.

Guided by the increasing din of the water-fall, they were not long in reaching a huge perpendicular funnel or chimney in the rock, down one side of which poured a stream of water, while through a cleft above, dazzlingly radiant after the darkness of the buried passage, came a bright gleam of sunshine. Just then a big stone, flung from above, came thundering down into the chasm, falling close to the feet of the two explorers.

"That's the boys at their fun," said Jack, laughing. "I've done't many a time myself. Above there—hoy!"

The only answer was a howl of terror and the sound of flying feet. Pierre, alarmed at the thought of being deserted, shouted in his turn.

"Help, comrades! help!"

"Who's that calling?" asked a gruff voice from above, while the light was observed by a broad visage peering down into the hole.

"Hollon, Gaspard! is that you?" cried Pierre, recognizing the voice of one of his father's fisher cronies.

"What, Pierre Lebon! *you* down there? Well, who ever saw the like? Just wait a minute, while I run for a rope."

But before he could return there were already more than a hundred people gathered around the hole, for the news of a human voice having been heard out of the "Larve Chimney," as the chasm was called, had spread far and wide.

The waterfall on one side and the sharp rocks on the other made it no easy matter to draw the boys up safely. But at length they were dragged forth into the daylight, to be embraced and shouted over by the whole town, and to receive, a few days later, the praises of the entire Scientific Association, together with the three thousand francs which they had so bravely earned.—*Harper's Young People.*

Terrapin.

In a letter to the *Republic*, of Washington, "G. H. B.," tells what he knows about terrapin. The following facts are of general interest:

It is in Lent that terrapin command the highest prices. They are worth from $25 to $36 a dozen during the season. A dozen terrapin consist of twelve diamond-backs, no one of which must be less than a "count terrapin," that is, measure seven inches in length on the under shell. The largest known do not exceed ten inches in length and eight pounds in weight, and such prizes are extremely rare. The seven inch terrapin averages four pounds in weight. "Sliders," the common river turtles of almost all the rivers of the South, grow to a much larger size. They bring from $6 to $9 a dozen.

The two or three men who control the trade in Baltimore say that they sell almost exclusively for private tables. Terrapin are caught all the way from Savannah and Charleston to the Patapsco and Gunpowder rivers—scarce here—but the genuine diamond-backed belongs almost exclusively to the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. The majority of the sliders come to Baltimore from the James River and streams adjoining. An active terrapin catcher sometimes makes fifty dollars a week, but the find varies, and often runs down as low as five dollars. The reptile is discovered by probing the mud in the shallows with a stick. He is dormant and easily captured.

The females are more highly prized, and are known as "cow" terrapin. They generally contain about thirty eggs, some of which you have a right to expect to garnish the dish at $1.25 a plate. I am not betraying confidence in stating that many restaurateurs, reckless of their fair fame, have resort to the eggs of the pigeon made into a paste and rolled into a substitute for the genuine article. Thirty years ago the largest dealer in Baltimore found it difficult to dispose of the terrapin he received at $6 a dozen. The product, he says, is about the same in and year out. He sells as many now as he did then. The negroes who bring them to market say that they are growing yearly scarcer, and nothing but the high price stimulates them to keep up the supply by a more extended and persistent search. The Commissioners of Fisheries of this State, in their report of 1876, deplore "the much diminished and rapidly diminishing supply of this most excellent luxury of the Chesapeake Bay," and suggests its increase by cultivation. They add: "There are hundreds of localities admirably situated in our terrapin-producing regions which could be made more productive, acre for acre, than the best surrounding land, by the establishment of terrapin ponds."

The Order of the Garter.

No BRITISH order of knighthood dates from so remote a time as that of the existence of the extinct knightly orders of Europe. The oldest, "the most noble Order of the Garter," takes us back not quite five and a half centuries, its institution being subsequently more than a generation to the suppression of the once heroic order of the Knights Templar, which before it perished had waxed fat and vicious. The blue garter was either the token in a successful skirmish, and so a military symbol, or was the mark of a playful and happy treatment of a drawing-room misadventure; the order, therefore, may be said to lack an origin peculiarly associated with any ancient knightly ideal. Its exclusiveness gives to the decoration its rare prestige, which can scarcely be said to inhere in any respect due to knighthood, every one of the members of the order being possessed already of a superior dignity to that which knighthood has ever claimed in the order of worldly precedence. Her Majesty is the chief of the order, which includes most of the crowned heads of Europe, and is strictly limited in respect of the number and status of its members. At the present moment the gartered knight of the lowest ranks as regards precedence is a monagenarian Viscount. It would be prodigious to regard this order as in any sense representing ordinary knighthood, although it may bear the name. It is indeed to pay a great compliment to knighthood for personages so eminent to condescend to bear the title, and should they derive any additional lustre therefrom the fact goes some way toward verifying the statement that knighthood is different not only in degree but in kind from any other dignity.—*University Magazine.*

A Word for Clean Cellars.

LOOKING after cellars in a dwelling house ought to be the business of the men-folks, but how seldom will they move in it of their own accord? When the subject is broached, though there may be little out-door work to do, it is pooh-poohed as entirely too soon, and then it is left from day to day until a warmer day sets in, and the vegetables kept in the cellar begin to decay and to infuse a most deleterious atmosphere over the house, causing dangerous fevers and big doctor bills. My sister housekeepers should avoid this by insisting that the cellar be thoroughly cleaned out in March or the beginning of April, and given two good coats of whitewash all over, except the floor. It will purify it, and leave no hurtful gases to pass up through the house to cause sickness, and it may be death. "A word in season."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Buckwheat flour is recommended for giving the hair of horses a fine, smooth, brilliant appearance.

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The Circus in Winter.

"O, we must remodel; we must remodel. I've been at this business of making wagons and having charge of the ornamental work for ten years, and I tell you we've got to keep up the novelties. It doesn't do to let 'em run down. See that wagon there? Last season that wagon was red; now it's green. Now this wagon here when it came home was a sea lion's den—had tanks in it. We took 'em out and put this grating in, and it's a monkey wagon now."

Thus spake a little stout man, with an iron gray moustache, brown, twinkling eyes, and a general air of enthusiasm for his work, as he dropped his plane and drawing knife, and with two or three rules protruding from his coat pocket led the way to the wagon loft of a stable on Ridge avenue the other afternoon.

"Ever been up here when the circus was in winter quarters?" asked the enthusiastic little man. "Yes; once." "Ah, then, may be you know something about it. But, I tell you, it would take a good while to understand all the ins and outs of the place. Those men you saw in that room mending the harness and bridles—they're the harness-makers. Belong to the circus and go everywhere with it. Then we have the wagon-makers, of whom I have charge, where we're always making, or remodeling, or fitting on ornamental work. Employ about forty men in that department alone—wagon-makers, painters and blacksmiths. There's a wagon I built for them in Australia—New South Wales—when we were there with the circus. And here's a new wagon we're building for the steam calliope. It's an improvement on the other—finer style and more ornamental. You won't know that wagon if you were to see it in a month from now. Come this way. Look out for paint. I want you to look at the picture on the side of this wagon. D'ye ever see anything finer than that? All our own work—done by an artist that goes with us everywhere. You see, it's a woman clipping the mane of a lion.

"And here's another picture—that's a 'iena. Look at the expression on his face—ever see anything more natural? Picture represents 'ieuas in a graveyard. They in'nbit graveyards, you know. It's a very good picture.

"Here's another, 'Attacked by Indians.' That picture was painted after we made our last trip out west. Went West and South after exhibiting here last season, you know. Got back and went into winter quarters about the 12th of December. Open the season here about the 12th of April. No, there's very little idle time among our people here. When we get in here, after the close of a season, then the work of repairing and remodeling begins. Occupies us all the time till we start out again. You see you have to do it; I tell you what, we must be changing and remodeling all the time. Come with me up to the stable. Show you the rest af the wagons."

The little man led the way to a long two-story brick structure that covered a great lot of ground. How much ground it was nobody knew. The little man himself appeared to be utterly in the dark in that respect—admirably posted as he was on other things—for when asked about the quantity of space he shrugged his shoulders as though anything else on earth was easier than to answer that question, and said: "O, the Lord knows!" The door he entered led into the heart of the great structure where circus wagons of every conceivable description were quartered. They were in various stages of remodeling and repair and workmen were at that moment busy upon them. Some were dismantled and shorn of their ornaments completely, the ornaments themselves taking up no inconsiderable space of the ground floor, as they were here and there scattered loosely about, as though they had been cast off and left to shift for themselves in a cold, heartless world.

In this place sat two young brass lions, looking for all the world as though they had just been orphaned and left without a soul to pity or care for them. There, leaning against a wagon-wheel, stood two amiable-looking brass Ethiopians, whose thick lips were drawn up in a sort of sickly smile, as if they would have it understood that they didn't mind much being thrust out of their living (a large ornamental wagon with a brass elephant on top), while directly opposite them, grinning in a foolish sort of a way, were two small brass Mongolians, looking a little unsteady about the legs from the fact that they stood on uneven ground, and apparently feeling a little uneasy about the prospect of getting back in their places again.

"All these are being touched up," said the little man; "have to do it every season, with them as well as the wagons themselves. Yes, we make these ornaments, too. Come, I'll show you."

The little man raised a window and, after a felonious fashion, led the way from the heart of the large building, through a partition, into a small, end room. Here one man was found at work. He was a wood-carver, and near him, leaning against the wall, were three or four rude images of women in various attitudes, with smoothly turned arms and a generally idealistic expression of countenance. They are carved out of pine blocks, numbers of which lay in a pile near the carver as yet in their raw state After these images are smoothed with sand-paper they are ready for the paint and gilding, which converts them into the dazzling golden-hued ornaments which take the eyes of men, boys and children when in all the glory of a street procession.

"You saw the training-room," said the little old man. "The riders, you see, are required to keep up their practice. They've got a regular ring in the other end of the building, where they train every day. Now I'm going to take you up to the work-room, where the women are at work on the clothing. This department is in charge of the wife of one of the proprietors. Come this way."

Up in the second story, in a large partitioned room looking out on Ridge avenue, eight or ten women were busy upon as many different articles. Some were making saddle cloths with numerous small steel buttons like eyelets placed there for effect. The cloth was of black velvet, with gilt fringe, and with many different-colored figures worked upon it. Then there were coats for the performers, black velvet coats, with puffed sleeves and red silk trimming and gilt buttons. All around the room were huge stacks of material yet to be worked up. Two or three sewing machines were in the room and upon these as many women were busily employed. Others were sewing by hand. One great wagon is set apart, when the circus starts out for the season, for the wardrobes. It is arranged with shelves and in here all the different articles are placed. In additions to the wagons the circus has ten or twelve passenger cars and upward of sixty flat cars by which they transport the circus, wagons and all, from one place to another, when they are out for the season. All the fine horses are kept in the stables and given a rest during the winter. The draught horses and ponies are sent out to the country to pasture. The animals are kept in huge, stationary cages, in one part of the large brick building. In the center of the room an immense circular stove is always kept going. This heats the place and keeps the animals comfortable. During the winter they are fed on beef and horse meat. The elephants are not to be found in this place, having a house set apart for them on another part of the grounds.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Dogs in Constantinople.

Monday morning we started on foot to see the sights of the city. The day was pleasant, and the mud drying fast, so that walking was not so bad. In fact, it would be impossible to traverse many of the little narrow, crooked streets in a carriage. The sidewalks, where there are any, are not more than two or three feet wide, and the pavement consists of large round stones, without any attempt at a level surface. After passing on through the quarter in which our hotel is situated, called Pera, we came into a more densely crowded part called Galata, where the people thronged the way, and now and then a packhorse or donkey crowded through. At every step the yellow dogs seemed determined to be trodden under foot. There are more yellow dogs to the square yard in Constantinople than there are to the square mile in any other part of the world. The Constantinople yellow dog has no owner, nor has he much beauty. He makes so much noise at night that he sleeps late in the morning, rolled up in a ball with his head between his legs. When he is hungry he goes into the nearest butcher's shop, and stands under the caress of a sheep. His seven brothers stand by his side, and the butcher doesn't drive them out, but on the contrary, when a customer comes in a little meat is dropped for the dogs, and they walk out quietly and sleep again. When it is cold the yellow dog doesn't sleep alone. He finds his seven brothers and his seventeen cousins, and they all sleep together on the doorstep or by the curbstone. But some of these dogs take pleasure in sleeping alone in little holes in the middle of the street. Each dog considers one of these holes as his own domicile. No other dog disturbs him, and if you step on him at night, he only jumps up with a yelp, and you find yourself more hurt than he is. We tried it, and know that it is so. Another fact about these dogs is that each one has his own quarter, and recognizes a law by which he dares not leave it, even to obtain food offered him. A strange dog is at once set upon and terribly punished, if not killed, for trespass.—*Col. W. H. Harris, in Examiner and Chroniele.*

Light in the Home.

The eminent English writer, Dr. Richardson, produces in one of our contemporaries, an article called "Health at Home," which is replete with wisdom. A most important point, and one on which he dwells, is the fact that so many people are afraid of the light. "In a dark and gloomy house you never can see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it." Accordingly, when a house is dark and dingy, the air becomes impure, not only on account of the absence of light, but from the impurities which are accumulated. Now, as Dr. Richardson cleverly puts it, we place flowers in our windows that they may have the light. If this be the case, why should we deprive ourselves of the sunshine and expect to gain health and vigor? Light, and plenty of it, is not only a purifier of things inanimate, but it absolutely stimulates our brains. It is in regard to sick rooms that this excellent authority is particularly impressive. It used to be the habit of physicians in old times to sedulously darken the rooms, and this practice continues to some extent even to-day. In certain very acute cases of nervous diseases, where light, the least ray of it, disturbs in over exciting the visual organs, this darkening of the room may be permitted, but ordinarily to keep light out of the room is to deprive the patient of one of the vital forces. Children or old people condemned to live in darkness are pale and wan, exactly like those plants which, deprived of light, grow white. Darkness in the daytime undoubtedly makes the blood flow less strongly and checks the beating of the heart, and these conditions are precisely such as bring constitutional suffering and disease. The suppression of the light of day actually increases those contagious maladies which feed on uncleanliness. Dr. Richardson states: "I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light."

—Mr. Moody, in his winter's work in St. Louis, has given special attention to the colored people, of whom there are 30,000 in the city. He has preached to them nearly every Sunday morning, and has made a great impression on many of his hearers. It is said that a number of prominent colored men have been converted.

PASTEBOARD shutters in imitation of wood are the latest.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—Chopped onions, mixed with a little ginger, are said to be a sure cure for chicken cholera.

—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—*Springfield Republican.*

—To cure galls on the shoulders of your horses: At morning, noon and night wash the shoulders well with water, and apply with a feather the following: Six drams of iodine dissolved in half a pint of alcohol. It is a good preparation to keep in the stable at all times.

—Paste for Scrap-Books.—Mix smoothly flour and water till a thin batter is formed, put in a pinch of pulverized alum and pour in boiling water till a thick paste is formed. Let it boil a minute or two, add a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves. Put in a wide-necked bottle.

—Katie's Bread Griddle-Cakes.—Take a small bowl of bread and soak it over night in milk; in the morning take one quart milk, three eggs, and bit of salt, beaten up together with half cupful flour, and one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder; it wants to be a thick and very light batter, and then it is delicious.

—Corn Starch Blanc Mange.—One quart of water, juice and pulp of two lemons, one coffee cup of sugar. When boiling, add four tablespoons of corn starch mixed with a little water; let it boil fifteen minutes, place in a mold, or the dish in which you wish to serve it, and cut it in squares; or, wet teacups in milk, and fill them quarter full, let it cool, turn into saucers and serve with whipped cream.

—A Connecticut farmer says that the butt ends of potatoes and the kernals of corn from the butt ends of the ears, each produced crops that were materially better than where the opposite course was pursued. In the case of potatoes, the stalks from the butt end were much larger and more forward at the first hoeing. The increase in corn was some twenty per cent. in favor of the butt end kernels.

—Chocolate Cream Custards.—Set to boil a quart of milk; mix with half a cup of cold milk two ounces of grated sweet chocolate, pour some of the boiling milk into it, and then pour all back into the pan of boiling milk, stirring it all the time; when quite heated and about coming to the boiling-point, add the yelks of six eggs which have been beaten with a cup of powdered sugar; when these are nicely blended add three whites, beaten with a little vanilla, keeping the three other whites for frosting; put in cups, and a teaspoonful of the frosting on the top of each cup.

—Blacking Stoves.—The fine polish given stoves by those skilled in the art is produced as follows: Have a thin mixture of black varnish and turpentine; apply this with a paint or varnish brush to a portion of the stove, then with a cloth dust this over with pulverized British luster or stove polish; then rub with a dry brush. The stove must be perfectly cold. The stove-dealers buy the pulverized stove polish, which is carburet of iron, in twenty-five pound packages. The process conducted in this manner is quite brief but gives beautiful results.

The Climax of Invention.

The Bridgeport *News* very cleverly describes an invention, credited to a Bridgeport Yankee, to prevent marketmen from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The inventor proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad that is saturated in indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her legs. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, and the stamp turns over on the ink pad, and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, and replaces the stamp, which is then ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost, with the roosters, the date of the stamp is altered for the next day, and the work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You may go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the grocery man tells you he has some eggs of the vintage of January 29, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie.

Checking Horses.

Dio Lewis, in a recent communication to the *Congregationalist*, presents some strong authorities as opposed to the practice. He says: "When you coupel a horse to contract the muscles just under the top of the collar, in order to sustain the head a foot, more or less, above its natural place, and then hold them thus contracted, the strain on these muscles soon produces great harm. If you don't believe it, watch the animal; look at his eyes and ears! I am sure you cannot misunderstand that face. See him carry his head around on one side, and then away around on the other side. Now, in a moment you will see him throw his nose up in front as high as he can three or four times. That struggle for relief he continues all the day long. When you take off the check, he will hang down his head low, and show in his face a sense of relief which I am sure you cannot misunderstand. The long strain wastes the muscles and produces that ugly hollow which is now so common under the collar."

—Royalty has its disadvantages. When a prince, roaming through this country, registered a false name at a hotel, and then said to the landlord: "Sh! Nobody must know that I am here! I'm traveling incog.," the landlord sent word to the Sheriff to come and take charge of that bank robber, who was known to be in that vicinity, in disguise.

THE heirs of Stephen Girard have been beaten again in litigation to get a part of the fund which he left for Girard College. He bequeathed $2,000,000 outright, and set half as much more aside for the same purpose, if needed; but the $2,000,000 proved sufficient for the maintenance of the college, and the rest was applied by the city of Philadelphia to certain public purposes.

—The *Scientific American* says that knit goods are now made to a large extent from cotton alone; that fully one-half of the knit shirts and drawers made in this country contain no wool at all. Great attention is paid to bleaching and dyeing, and, in making white goods, two or three particular shades of white are given to the fabrics according as it is desired to represent Texas, Ohio or California wool. Probably many an unexpected cold during the past winter has been due to the victim supposing he was provided with woolen under-clothing, when the fact was that he was clad in cotton only. In this particular at least one had better avoid cheap articles and accept only the best.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for April.*

It is a fact not generally known that silver coins with holes bored or punched in them will not be received at the Treasury. By punching a large hole in a silver dollar from five to thirteen cents' worth of silver are taken out. Individuals rarely refuse to accept these mutilated coins, as they pass readily. Manufacturers who obtain large quantities of silver suffer the most by the mutilation of the coin, as the defective pieces cannot be exchanged for certificates or greenbacks at the office of the Treasury or Sub-Treasury. The penalty for fraudulently mutilating coins is a fine of not more than $2,000 and imprisonment of not more than two years.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Sufferers from Cancer

And all kindred affections will be glad to know that Dr. Pond, of the Aurora Cancer Institute, has returned from his extended visit to the East, with health fully restored, and prepared to vigorously prosecute the campaign against this terrible scourge, in the treatment of which he has been so successful during the past. Persons afflicted should write at once for information to DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane County, Ill.

Dyspepsia Cured.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., October 5, 1879.

H. H. WARNER & Co: GENTS—I have for some time past been afflicted with dyspepsia, from which I could obtain no permanent relief until I used your Safe Bitters and Pills; and since using them I have had no trouble from my former complaint, and I can now truly say that I am a well man.

I am gratefully yours, C. P. BROOKS.

The Market Price of Butter

Is increased 3 to 5 cents a pound by using Gitt-Edge Butter Maker in churning—increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Keeps butter from becoming "strong" or rancid. Gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y

HARASSING DREAMS.—An unnatural excitement of the brain and nervous system is the direct cause of sleeplessness, as also of harassing nocturnal dreams. VEGETINE has a peculiarly soothing effect in all such cases, when taken just before going to bed.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

VEGETINE.

Six Bottles Every Spring.

SICK HEADACHE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 10, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir—I had been troubled with *Sick Headache* as often as once a week for twenty years up to March 1872, when I thought I would try Vegetine. I took six bottles and have been troubled but very little since. I have recommended Vegetine to others with the same good results. I take a half dozen bottles every spring, which keeps me all right through the year. By so doing it cleanses my blood and fortifies my system against disease for the year. Yours very resp'y,

S. J. SHERMAN,
Dispensing Druggist, 424 Nicolet Av.

VEGETINE.

THE M. D.'S HAVE IT.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

S. B. DE PRIEST, M. D., Druggist,
Hamilton, Ind.

VEGETINE

Gives Me Rest and a Good Appetite.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Dec. 14, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have been afflicted with *Rheumatism* for twenty years. I heard a great deal about Vegetine, and was recommended by a physician of this city to take the Vegetine. I was so that I could not walk. Also had a terrible swelling in the leg, and I was cured by the Vegetine. Before taking Vegetine I was restless and could not sleep. Since taking it it has given me rest and a good appetite. I can highly recommend it for what it has done for me.

MISS E. A. VANTILBURG,
Short Street.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Red River Valley.

2,000,000 ACRES

of the best

Wheat Lands

In the World for sale by the

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R. R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

CONSUMPTION

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, THE BEST EXPECTORANT REMEDY. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM CURES ALL ON YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

AGENTS WANTED to Sell the NEW BOOK,

FARMING FOR PROFIT

TELLS HOW TO

Cultivate all the Farm Crops in the Best Manner; Breed, Feed and Care for Stock; Grow Fruit; Manage Farm Business; Make Happy Homes, and

How to MAKE MONEY on the FARM.

Every farmer should have a copy. 800 Pages, 140 Illustrations. Send for circulars to J. C. McCURDY & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

is not a Patent, Insumcient food, wholly dependent on Milk. It can be used with or without Milk. WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

Why don't you Paint with Gutta Percha Paint?

SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY.

Holston Salt and Plaster Co.,
Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with CUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to

CUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
CLEVELAND, O. CHICAGO, ILL.

My Annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1880, rich in engravings from photographs of the originals, will be sent FREE to all who apply. My old customers need not write for it I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed House in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. *Full directions for cultivation on each package.* All seed warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise, *I will refill the order gratis.* The original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Phinney's Melon, Marblehead Cabbages, Mexican Corn, and scores of other vegetables, I invite the patronage of *all who are anxious to have their seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain.*

NEW VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

5

An Unfailing Remedy for Piles & Hemorrhoids.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted *in every trial* of the Barlett Suppository, and reports are constantly received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured.* It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE GUM DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

JOHN C. BAKER & CO.,
812 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs successfully cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

Fifty Dollars Reward

A woman calling herself Mrs. M. A. Proctor, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. J. Stillwell, Mrs. C. Pelton, and a number of other aliases, is traveling in the Western States and swindling persons of various sums of money on the pretence that she is authorized by me to establish agencies for the sale of Mme. Demorest's reliable patterns of the Fashions. I will pay the sum of Fifty Dollars to any person causing her arrest and conviction.

MME. DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Does small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.

Warranted to first buyers.

CONSUMPTION

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

Flowering Plants CHEAP

Send $1.25 for 20 choice blooming Plants by mail, or $5.00 for 100 Plants by express. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for descriptive Catalogue to S. MUIR & SON, Florists, Chicago, Ill. P. O. Box, 281.

NEXT OF KIN HEIRS WANTED OUR Unclaimed MONEY Register has 20,000 names (intestates) heirs advertised for—subjects of Great Britain from 1865. Price, $1.00. Richardson & Co., 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

EPILEPSY! A trial package of Dr. Evans' Cure for Epileptic Fits mailed free on receipt of address. L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Dover, Maine.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, Dr. A. W. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) Sept

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Me

Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Blotch, Pimple, or Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs, and early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Sold by druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. CLENDENEN, M. D.,
OFFICE, ROOM 7,
145 Madison Street, Chicago,
TREATS
Cancer, Tumors, Etc.,
By a New and Scientific Process.

No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.

SEND FOR REFERENCES.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adopted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS

In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions & Diseases including Cancers, Ulcers, and other sores.

It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an Appetizer and Regular Tonic.

It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save payment of many doctors' bills.

Bottles of two sizes; prices 50 cents and $1.

WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.,
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc. It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa

A GREAT WORK.

"National Encyclopedia of Business and Social Forms."

By CAS. D. McCABE, Jr.

Embracing the Laws of Etiquette and Good Society, and a complete treasury of knowledge of business and social customs. Is leaving a sale unprecedented in the history of book-making and offers a splendid chance for making money. AGENTS WANTED. Address for terms, descriptive circulars, &c., H. M. LUCKEY & CO., Publishers, 382 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOREST CITY BIRD STORE.

S. D. WILSON, Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Singing Birds and very fine German Canaries, Talking Parrots, Gold Fish and Aquariums, Bird Cages, Bird Tonic, Insect Powder, Bird Seed, Sea Shells, &c., &c. Birds sent by express to any address. 147 Superior St., Cleveland, O. Drug Stores supplied with Seed and Bird Tonic.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

RATALINE.

Dead shot on Rats, Mice, Skunks, Moles and all vermin. One bottle of Rataline kills 250 rats and saves property worth thousand of dollars. Sold by druggists. KINGSTON & CO., Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, H. EICKHORN, No. 4 St. Mark's Place, New York.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

HEADQUARTERS 5 AND 10 CENT

Counter Supplies. Send for 4 page catalogue to CARY, FULTON & CO., 29 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM. Morphine Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

H. A. JONES, Worcester, Mass., Advertis'g Agt for Poultry journals exclusively. Estimates made on application.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy $ 66 J. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Jan. 30-tf.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
ap12tyl

Dr. Singleton Townshend
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

LICENSE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1880.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

GEO. D. WHITE,
ap, 3 Sheriff Garrett county.

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 4 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.
Feb. 14-3m

850 ACRES
—OF—
Good Land
For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small lots. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply to this office or to the postoffice, Oakland, Garrett Co. Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & rancis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Heibig, Edmund Jamison.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

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GOING WEST

No. 2		4.56 A. M.
No. 6		9.54 A. M.
No. 8		3.09 A. M
Nb. 10		4.43 P. M.
Way		10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		12.50 A. M.
No. 3		10.— A. M.
No. 5		11.31 P. M.
No. 7		5:29 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M

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Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

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J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
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VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880. NUMBER 8.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1880.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

We are again led to the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and to the day at the close of which occurred the voyage related in Lesson I. It was some months after the sermon on the Mount, when the Saviour was at the height of his popularity. So immense was the crowds that assembled to hear his words, that he took refuge in Peter's boat. The little vessel lay moored in the lake, and the Saviour sat in its prow, while close before him the multitude filled the sloping shore down to the margin of the water. All day long he taught them in parables, drawing lessons from the sower scattering his seed on the hillside, from the leaven molded into the dough, from the mustard-plant with the birds resting on its boughs, from the plowman in the field, and the fisherman drawing his net in the lake. At the close of his address the multitude dispersed, and Jesus, left alone with his disciples, answered their questions as to the meaning of the two principal parables, those of the sower and of the tares. In the latter is sketched at a stroke all human history, with its mingled scenes of sin and righteousness, from the fall to the final judgment; the probationary state of the present contrasted with the final decisions of the future; the origin of evil in the heart of a fallen angel, and its fate when eternal justice shall announce the sentence on the wicked; the present intermixture of good and evil, and the distinction which shall be made when the heavens shall roll together as a scroll, and the throne of the Judge shall be upreared.

Matt. 13. 24-30, 37-43.

Memory Verses. 40-43.

24 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man which sowed good seed in his field:

25 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

26 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

27 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

28 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

29 But he said, Nay; lest, while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

30 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say unto the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

37 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man:

38 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

39 The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world: and the reapers are the angels.

40 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world.

41 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity,

42 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

43 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

HOME READINGS.

M. The wheat and the tares. Matt. 13. 24-30, 37-43.
Tu. The sower. Matt. 13. 1-23.
W. The seed. John 1. 1-19.
Th. The field. Rom. 10. 1-13.
F. The adversary. Gen. 3. 1-15.
S. The separation. Matt. 25. 31-46.
S. The glory of the saints. Rev. 21. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world. Matt. 13. 39.

LESSON HYMN. 8, 7, 4.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature shaken
By his voice prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE GOOD SEED, v. 24-26; James 1. 1.
What is a parable? [ANS. A story told to illustrate the truth.]
Why did Christ use parables? [ANS. To make the truth more interesting and plain to his hearers.]
What does the good seed represent? v. 38.
Who sows it, and where?
How may we have God's word grow in our heart?
What blessings will it bring to us?
What fruit will it produce in us? Gal. 5. 22.

2. THE TARES, v. 27-29; Eph. 2. 2.
Who sowed the tares, and how?
What do the tares represent? v. 38.
What is said in 1 John 3. 8?
How did they appear?
What was the difference between the wheat and the tares?
What is the difference between God's people and Satan's? Matt. 7. 16.
How may we be "wheat" and not "tares?"

3. THE HARVEST, v. 30, 37-43; Matt 3. 11, 12.
What does the harvest represent? v. 39.
What will then take place?
Into what two class shall people then be divided?
What will be done with the wicked?
What will be the reward of the good?
To which of these would you rather belong?
How may we then all appear among the good?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the wicked are found among the good? 2. That the wicked will be separated from the good? 3. That the wicked will have a fate different from the good?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The eternal recompense.

While we are to labor to make the world better, we are not to expect to find it made perfect in the present state.

The Kind of Strong Man the People Want.

(From the Bangor (Me.) Whig & Courier.)

In the discussion of the choice of the Presidential candidate of the Republican party, the principal argument in favor of a third term for General Grant has been based upon the alleged necessity that we should have a "strong man" to cope with the threatened purpose of the Democracy to resort to the most unscrupulous and revolutionary measures to prevent the inauguration of another Republican President. Assuming that these wicked designs will be carried to their extreme, it is argued that General Grant, as the Republican, would be better able to overcome them [illegible] leader that has been named. The logic of this claim is not so apparent. It is true that General Grant proved one of the greatest of military chieftains, but the contest for the Presidency is a civic and not a military one, and we are now preparing for an appeal to the ballot box and not to civil war. What we need is not a candidate who could lead his hosts to battle after the Mexican plan of deciding election, but a candidate who will inspire such popular enthusiasm and support that his election will be put far beyond cavil or dispute.

This is a constitutional Government, and the fundamental principle, so emphatically re-affirmed by the result of the great war for the Union, is that the Constitution has in itself the sentiments of self-preservation and all the "strength" required, to protect and maintain our institutions. The sentiment of the people of this Union is that the Constitution and the Laws are "stronger" than any man, and that whenever their powers are properly and firmly invoked, they will prove invincible against any assaults of faction or conspiracy.

We believe that the sort of "strong man" demanded by the Republicans of the United States for their leader in the campaign of 1880 is one who recognizes not only the sacredness but also the potency of the Constitution as a conservator and preserver of the rights of the people, and who, without setting himself above the law, has the statesmanship, sagacity, and courage to invoke and marshal every lawful agency and power to the vindication of a free ballot honestly counted.

For such a man we need not look in vain, or seek beyond the citizenship of our own State; and events of the past six months have more clearly than ever before identified our glorious leader, James G. Blaine, as the kind of "strong man" needed and desired by the Republicans of the country for their standard-bearer and chief in the coming contest.

It is now a matter of history that the conspiracy to steal the State of Maine was an important part of the organized plan of the Democracy to grasp the next Presidency by fraud, and the exposure has shown it to have been the most startling and monstrous crime ever attempted against the suffrage rights of the people. The conspirators had the advantage of being entrenched in power as a co-ordinate branch of the State government, and the fact that the Chief Executive and his councillors prostituted their powers and immunities to the perpetration of the great crime of setting up, by fraudulent count and fraudulent certificates, another co-ordinate branch of the government, which proceeded in turn to set up a fraudulent Executive, rendered the task of exposing and overthrowing the gigantic conspiracy an almost superhuman task.

When Senator Blaine returned to Maine in the middle of November, after his arduous campaigning in the West, he found himself confronted with a plot of villany unparalleled and almost incredible. The conspirators had prepared for a grand *coup d'etat* by this issuing of certificates to a fraudulent majority in both branches of the legislature, and not a moment was to be lost. From that moment Senator Blaine closed upon the conspirators in a grapple that never ceased to tighten until, by methods of law under the powers of the Constitution, the attempt to set up a government in Maine by fraud was strangled to death.

From the first day, on which nearly two hundred of the most eminent Republican citizens of the State were summoned by telegraph for consultation at the State capital, the residence of Senator Blaine was the headquarters of the most memorable and triumphant campaign ever conducted in New England, and throughout the whole contest he bore [illegible] heat and the brunt of the battle [illegible] day and by night. True, he was [illegible] ably and nobly assisted by many [illegible] foremost men of the State, and [illegible] would be more generous than [illegible] self in awarding credit to others; [illegible] his rare faculty of bringing to- [illegible] the men who could throw the [illegible] light upon troublesome prob- [illegible], and who could most effectually [illegible] operate in measures for defeating [illegible] conspiracy, is one of the chief [illegible] ents of "strength" in a political [illegible] under our form of popular [illegible] ernment. Therefore, while all [illegible] cognize the important advisory [illegible] rendered by several of our [illegible] guished ex-governors, by our [illegible] delegation, by leading [illegible] and other citizens, also the [illegible] invaluable aid that Gen. Chamberlain was enabled to give by preserving the peace until the lawful government was established, and, above all, the magnificent protection of the people's rights by our glorious Supreme Court, it is still as thoroughly understood that during the whole eventful and critical contest the control and responsibility of conducting the people's cause and battling the conspirators rested constantly upon Senator Blaine.

Those who went through the contest with him know how he stood like a tower of strength through weeks on weeks of most exhausting and sometimes discouraging labors. His fertility of resources never failed, his courage never faltered, his energy never abated, his industry was unceasing. Every detail of the struggle with the conspirators passed under his inspection, and nearly every important document on the Republican side was furnished by his trenchant pen.

He never ceased to have confidence in a Constitutional method of overthrowing the usurpation, and while Augusta was thronged with excited people, and his residence was threatened with attack, he calmly aided in arranging for the organization of the rightful legislature and for the submission of the case to the Supreme Court.

From the beginning to the end of the desperate struggle with organized and entrenched fraud, the eyes of the people of the United States were fixed upon Senator Blaine, and from first to last he never for a moment shrinked his responsibility. Working from the outset with a profound confidence in the ultimate triumph of Law over Fraud, of Right over Wrong, Mr. Blaine devoted himself with a zeal that was incessant and with peerless abilities to the task of breaking through the defences of the conspirators, and massing against them every potency of Constitutional redress.

The splendid triumph that was won has been hailed with enthusiastic admiration by the whole country. It is recognized far and wide that the greatest battle ever waged with political fraud in this country has been gained by strictly legal and orderly methods in the State of Maine; and there is unmistakable evidence that the great majority of the Republicans of the Union believe that the indomitable leader and organizer of the grand victory over usurpation in the Pinigo State is *just such* a "strong man" as is needed for the Republican standard-bearer in the coming National campaign.

There is a cheering prospect, at last, that steps may be taken to put the vexatious Chinese question at rest. The President has appointed a commission, composed of men of high character and conceded ability, which is to visit China, investigate all commercial questions pending between that country and the United States, and negotiate a treaty in place of that recently submitted by Minister Seward. The head of the commission will be President Angell, of Michigan University, who was nominated Wednesday for Minister Seward's place. His two colleagues have been chosen not only for their abilities, but for the schools of opinions which they represent, one of them being an exponent of the sentiment of the Pacific coast upon this question, the other a well-known writer on international law, who has a practical diplomatic experience. These selections have been made with admirable skill to secure the benefit of the highest learning and the best wisdom in the consideration of the treaty, at the same time that even the most radical views are allowed a voice. A measure recommended by such a body as this is almost certain to command the approval of the conservative opinion of the country. It is not likely to satisfy the extreme opponents of Chinese immigration, but it is plain on the other hand that their demands are to be fully and fairly heard.

Official Falsification.

The frequent occurrence of cases of official falsification in the proceedings of Congress is a matter which calls for immediate and earnest consideration. Many discreditable things have been done in the National Legislature in former times, but there has always been a tacit agreement to certain rules with respect to the transactions of the two houses, and to violate them has been looked upon as a personal dishonor. All parties understand that the public business cannot be carried on unless members can place some reliance upon one another's integrity. When a committee is instructed to examine certain statements or documents and report a synopsis of what is in them, it is impracticable for the rest of the Senators or Representatives to go over the work after the committee and see whether a trick has been played. When a member presents a report with a statement that it is authorized by his committee, it is not decent for the other committeemen to take the paper out of his hand, in order to see whether it is the genuine report or a fictitious one. In all legislative assemblies where action must be delegated, it is necessary to take a great deal on trust. In other words, there must be an understanding that honorable gentlemen will not lie to one another.

But during the present session of Congress there have been so many violations of the old traditions of honor that one cannot help suspecting the existence of a dangerous and wide-spread demoralization. One member has been detected in an attempt to foist upon the House, as the report of a committee, a document which the committee had never seen, and on being asked for an explanation he has made a statement which is declared to be untrue. Another member has deceived the House in regard to the reference of a bill, violating not only the general understanding, but a positive rule. Unless Congressmen stand upon their honor in such cases, the established routine of legislation will have to be completely changed. With respect to this particular gentleman, some of his colleagues have felt obliged to take the unprecedented precaution of causing every bill introduced by him to be read aloud to the House before it is sent to any committee.

The most serious falsifications have been perpetrated in the preparation of reports on contested seats. The notorious Weber gave a mass of sensational and incredible testimony against Senator Kellogg, and then absconded rather than face a cross-examination. The Republican members of the Committee asked for an attachment against him; but the majority, knowing what the result must be, and remembering how awfully the man had been exposed and disgraced before the Potter Committee, preferred to discard their own witness, and agreed that the whole of his testimony should be stricken out. Yet when the report is printed, lo, there is the testimony of Weber, intact and ostensibly unimpeached. The report is full of gross misrepresentations of the evidence upon which it purports to be based, suppressions and positive misstatements. The report in the Donnelly-Washburn case is still worse. Here the falsification is positively insolent; the testimony is said to contain things which it does not contain, and the untrue statements touch the vital points of the contest.

No lawyer, trying a case in a court of justice, would be allowed to misrepresent evidence as it is misrepresented at the National Capitol. An advocate is expected to make the best argument he can for his side, but the bench will insist upon a fair and exact statement of the facts brought out in the trial, and any counsel who should do what Messrs. Hill, Manning and others have done in Washington, would receive a scathing rebuke from the court, and be lucky if he escaped a still severer penalty. Indeed, no reputable lawyer would be willing to compromise his professional standing by such an offence. There ought to be even more rigorous respect for truth in Congress than at the bar. Senators and Representatives occupy the position of judges rather than of advocates; and they are sworn not to make out a case for their own side, but to deal strict justice between men and between parties. Committees in particular, being appointed to take evidence which could not be given before the whole House without interrupting the public business, are in honor bound to make an absolutely correct and impartial report of it. Instead of doing that they submit a large volume of testimony, which they well know will not be read, together with a report which is supposed to embody a synopsis of the evidence; and it is upon this report that the debate takes place. But if we cannot trust a Committee when they tell us that witnesses have proved this or that transaction before them, if we must go through 1,200 pages of question and answer to find out whether a Senator is deceiving his colleagues about the facts before we proceed to consider his reasons, then we may as well abandon the attempt to arrange public affairs by the agency of committees, and go back to the more cumbrous but safer method of managing everything in the full House.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Salt for Trees and Vegetables.

I will give you a sketch of my experience with the use of salt in the orchard and garden. Young fruit trees can be made to grow and do well in places where old trees have died, by sowing a pint of salt on the earth where they are to stand. After trees are set I continue to sow a pint of salt around each year. I set twenty-five trees in sandy soil for each one of seven years and only produced twigs a few inches long in nine years.

Last spring I sowed a pint of salt around it and limbs grew from three to three and a half feet long. In the spring of 1877 I sat out twenty-five trees, putting a pint of salt in the dirt used for filling, and then sowed a pint more on the surface, after each tree was set. All grew as if they had never been taken from the nursery. Last spring I sat thirty more, treating them in the same way, and they have grown very finely. The salt keeps away insects that injure the roots, and renders the soil more capable of sustaining plant growth.

In 1877 my wife had a garden forty feet square. It was necessary to water it nearly every day, and still the plants and flowers were inferior in all respects. In 1878 I put half a barrel and a half bushel of salt on the ground and turned them under. The consequence was that the plants were of extraordinary large size and the flowers of great beauty. It was not necessary to water the garden, which was greatly admired by all who saw it. The flowers were so large that they appeared to be of different varieties from those grown on land that was not salted.

I had some potatoes growing from seed that wilted down as soon as the weather became very hot. I applied salt to the surface of the soil till it was white. The vines took a vigorous start, grew to length of three feet, blossomed and produced tubers from the size of hen's eggs to that of goose eggs. My soil is chiefly sand, but I believe that salt is as highly beneficial to clay as to common prairie land.—*J. D., in Chicago Times.*

One by one the States are dropping out as pivotal States in the Presidential contests. Until a few years ago, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa voted on the second Tuesday of October, and thus settled the Presidential battle; but they have been gradually retiring from the advance position in great national conflicts, and by next fall Ohio will be the only one left. Pennsylvania has rescued from the severe strain of her October election by the new Constitution in 1874, and since then her elections have been very largely controlled by Ohio. Iowa followed by a constitutional amendment providing that the regular State election in Presidential years shall be held on the day of the national election, and now comes Indiana with a constitutional amendment, that will certainly be adopted in April, postponing the October elections until November. This will leave Ohio alone to be debauched and be deviled by the politicians next fall, and it will be a marvel if her people don't so thoroughly tire of it as to prevent its repetition. By and by the people of Maine, Vermont and Rhode Island will get a little practical sense thro' their wool about elections, and save themselves from foolishly exhaustive contests in Presidential years simply to inspire the party in the debatable States.

We know of an instance where a gentleman in this county, bought a number of sheep, kept them six months, and, after selling the wool and lambs, had all the money back which he invested in them, and thirty five cents per head additional, and the same sheep. You can judge for yourself whether sheep are profitable or not.—*Randolph Enterprise.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

OFF THE COASTS OF SLEEP.

A LAND I know, afar, yet near,
Remote and dim, yet close and clear—
A broad, rich realm, by man untamed,
Our very own, yet all unclaimed.
Out from life's daily jar and fret
It shines, in tranquil borders set;
Upon its shores Earth's burdens fall,
And Fancy takes the rein o'er all.

Dark closed the day; the twilight chill
In deeper gloom wrapped field and hill;
The angry winds howled loud and hoarse,
And shook the walls with savage force;
The sir with snow and sleet was piled,
For Winter's fury gathered wild.
Spent with its wrath, I stole away
To greet a brighter, kindlier day.

O, soft upon that distant coast
The flashing waters leaped and tossed;
The white sails filled with halcyon air;
Green were the woods hung pictured there;
Strange fruitage there the sun doth kiss;
Lapt in those airs, 'tis rife with bliss;
Its subtle wine my pulses stirred,
Like rhythmic music faintly heard.

On sunny slopes thick set with bloom
The senses thrill with strange perfume;
More vivid, yet more frail, those flowers
Than any blown in mortal bowers;
They nod, they bend, they glow, they move;
They mimic human strife and love,
As all things 'neath those far-off skies
Do gayly mock our earthly eyes.

Freed from all trouble, pain and care,
Our hearts burst into blossoms there;
Tongues are unloosed; the poet's fire
Burns in each breast with new desire;
On wondrous harmonies of song
The golden hours are borne along,
Till soul and sense, transfused, seem one,
In new-made forms of life begun.
—*D. H. R. Goodale, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE GHOST OF A CHANCE.

A Strange Story.

THE whole affair sounds like the wildest romance. Granted. It is not for me to go into the question of its probability; I simply record certain facts which have come under my notice.

Here is a young fellow, like scores of others, with just enough property to live on and to deprive him of the spur to exertion. A barrister, quite briefless, dabbling in art, literature and music, and doing nothing with either. Among other tastes he has one for quaint jewelry—not for his own adornment, but he collects it and possesses many curious specimens, ancient and modern. I know him very well, and he has often shown me these treasures. One day I call on him after a long vacation, and find him throwing off slip after slip of manuscript.

"Excuse me five minutes," he says, "and I shall have finished. I have made a wonderful addition, to my collection, and in the oddest manner. I am writing a story about it, and—there—that's the end of the first part." He has been scribbling away while speaking; and now lays down his pen. "You shall read for yourself," he goes on, gathering up his manuscript, "how it came about, and you will understand why I am rather excited at recalling this, the narrow escape and the strangest adventure I ever had in my life." Then, lighting a cigar, and giving me another, he settles me in an easy chair by the fire, and begins pacing the room, while I read as follows:

I left King's Cross by the night mail on the 16th of last August. I was out of health, tired, and wanted to sleep; so, settling my traps on the seat to my satisfaction, I suddenly remembered that I had nothing to read, and I called the guard to the window that he might get me a book. Returning in a minute, he put into my hands Bulwer's "Strange Story;" and as I gave him the money, he said, "Now we're off in one minute, sir; I hope you'll like my choice." Leisurely turning over the leaves by the light of the carriage lamp, I very soon found that the work my friend had selected was utterly distasteful to me, and I regretted having wasted my money upon it. It was a story, as most people know, treating of spiritual influences, a subject on which I was thoroughly skeptical. I soon got tired of it, but it served its purpose, and sent me to sleep, and sound asleep I remained till the train stopped at Peterborough.

Only partly awake, I remember letting down the window, and that several persons in the crowd on the platform tried to get into the carriage; one fellow, just as we were starting, thrust his head so far in that I thought he was going to make a harlequin's leap for it. Drowsily congratulating myself on having had the door locked, I was dropping off to sleep again when I suddenly discovered I was not alone. Who was that seated in the opposite corner of the carriage? A young lady, assuredly. The dim light from the lamp enabled me to discern that she was in evening dress, with the hood of her opera cloak over her head. She appeared to be busy fastening her ear-ring into her left ear.

"How odd," I thought, "that I should not have seen her get in!" Here were my legs still stretched across the seat, with my rug over them, and surely I must have known if she passed me; and the door had certainly never been opened. Very angry and puzzled, I determined to remonstrate with the guard at the next station. What an odd costume, too, for traveling, I thought; I couldn't make it out. The young lady was very quiet and still, and, as she appeared not to notice me, I hardly liked to begin my conversation, so I sat watching her till sleep again overtook me.

All at once the slackening of speed and the shrill, horrible, hollow danger whistle of the engine again disturbed my comfortable nap, and, lazily looking out, I found to my surprise we were not stopping at any station, and that outside nothing could be seen. A darkness that might be felt was all that met the eye when turning to the open window, whilst the fresh, damp air announced that we were in the midst of the country, and the sighing of the night breeze told of woods not far off. Neither station lights nor dwellings were to be discerned in the utter gloom. A furtive glance across the carriage showed the young lady still quietly sitting there fidgeting with her ear-ring, and not the least alarmed this interruption to our journey. I called to the guard as he ran by the moment we stopped, and, putting my head out of the window, inquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, sir," he said, cheerily; "no danger; only the line's blocked, and we are waiting till they signal us to go on. I expect it's a goods that's being shunted. It'll be all right, sir, in a few minutes." I then said, in a low tone, "What possessed you to place this young lady in my carriage, when I so especially enjoined you to keep it empty?" "I never let anybody in," protested the man, with surprise. "A young lady, do you say?" Springing on the step as I drew my head back, he looked into the carriage and exclaimed, "Why, there's no lady there, sir!"

I turned, and imagine my confusion—she was gone! "This passes my understanding," said I, "for though I'll swear she was there before I spoke to you, there is certainly nobody there now; she must have got out." I crossed to the further door, and tried it; it was locked, sure enough. I let down the glass and looked out, but in the darkness, of course, could see nothing. "Why, you've been dreaming, sir," said the guard, as I, looking somewhat small, resumed my seat.

"Don't tell me," cried I, indignantly, and disgusted with the absurdity of the position; "I'm perfectly convinced that she was in the carriage! Why, here is positive proof." I went on, as I perceived, and immediately picked up, a gold ear-ring from the floor between her seat and mine. Amazement, mingled with doubt and distrust, was plainly depicted on the guard's handsome countenance, as, regarding me with puzzled, half-comical expression, he said, after a minute, "Well, sir, if you really believe you saw her, I should advise your changing your carriage." "Why so?" I demanded, in surprise. "Because it's well to be on the safe side, sir, for I've heard something of this kind before. They say an accident is almost certain to occur when an apparition has been seen."

So, opening the door, he began to collect my bags and traps, while I, perplexed and not without some feeling of alarm, alighted, and followed him hastily along the side of the line. "You might have seen some ladies and gentlemen, all dressed for a party, get into the compartment in front of your's at Petersborough," resumed the man, as he steered me by the light of the lantern over the rough ground; "and fine and merry they were; they were going to a ball at Grantham. I fancy you must be dreaming, sir, for none of them got into your carriage, though one did try, and as to apparitions, well—" He did not finish the sentence, for just then we found an empty compartment at the rear of the train; and the engine's whistle at the same moment announcing the line clear, with but few more words I was very soon again locked in and left to myself.

My first act when the train was once more in motion was to examine carefully the ear-ring so unaccountably found. The shape struck me as curious. It was a wheel suspended from a bird's claw, which turned when touched. Surely, as I told the guard, this trinket was a proof that I had not been deceived or dreaming; at least, this was not the apparition of an ear-ring, at any rate. What could it mean? The more I thought of it the more I was perplexed; and finally I put it away in my portemonnaie; and, with a mind wearied with puzzling over the strange occurrence, I at length fell asleep once more—but not for long. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a terrific crash and a shock which threw me violently forward, while the carriage lurched over and nearly capsized.

I knew at once an accident had happened—the accident half prophesied by the guard. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses and found myself unhurt, I clambered out of the carriage and ran down the line to the front of the train, to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe. It was difficult to make one's way in the darkness and confusion; but what were my feelings of horror and amazement, joined to intense thankfulness, when I discovered, after some light had been obtained from a hastily-kindled bonfire, that the carriage I had previously occupied was lying a complete wreck! I knew it by its color and the number, which I had remarked, still visible on the battered panel. Then I learned that several passengers in the other compartments of it had suffered fearfully, and I was so overcome that I felt quite dizzy.

Here was a wonderful and miraculous escape, indeed. All the events of the last half hour rushed through my troubled brain. On that smashed and splintered seat I had sat, and but for the presence of my mysterious companion there I should be lying—crushed, maimed, perhaps dead. Horrible! The head broke out on my brow as I thought of it. When my nerves had recovered a little I sought out the guard, who, pale and grave, was endeavoring to reassure the frightened passengers assembled on the bank. He was comforting them with the intelligence that a special train would arrive shortly from Grantham and take them from the scene of the disaster.

"My good fellow," said I, "you must explain to me what you meant respecting that young lady—the apparition, I mean, as you chose to call it. You said an accident—" "Lor' bless you, sir," he interrupted, sadly, "'was only my chaff. I never heard anything about a young lady; but I thought as you seemed a bit scared it would make your mind easier like, and that's why I shifted you. I can't give any reason why such a fancy came into my head; but it's well it did, sir, for it just saved your life, saved it by 'the ghost of a chance,' as one may say;" and there was a faint return of the odd humorous twinkle in the man's eyes as he thus aptly made a play upon the words. "It was the carriage you were in that suffered most." "Well, there's many a true word spoken in jest," returned I. "Are there many hurt?"

"About seven, I fear, sir, and four or more killed. We don't know the cause at present, sir; 'twasn't a collision, and don't appear to have anything to do with the stopping of the train awhile ago. These things do turn up more than a bit, sir," added the man, as he was called away. The lamps of the special train were now sighted, and we, the unscathed, were speedily in our places, and arrived at our destination without further hurt or hindrance. But what perplexed ideas whirled in rapid succession through my mind as we were hurried along.

Here was I, saved from dreadful and untimely death by—what? Not a dream, certainly; but, whatever it was, by a most marvelous interposition, or, perhaps, as the guard said, "by the ghost of a chance." How could I call it a dream or entertain the notion of ghostly influence, when the ear-ring picked up by my own hand was now safe in my pocket? Was it safe? I looked. Yes, safe enough, the wheel suspended from the bird's claw. A wheel of fortune it had indeed proved to me.

"And do you mean to tell me this is a fact?" I asked, ironically, as I finished my friend's manuscript. "Every word of it, as I am a living man," he answered. "See, here is the ear-ring," and he handed me the trinket. "Well," I continued, after examining it, "what are you going to do? How are you going to finish your story?" "O, I don't know. Can you give me a notion?" He knows I have an eye for dramatic situations. "Not I, indeed; you will have to invent that, I suspect." And he talked a good deal more, of course, about the strange affair before I left him; and equally, of course, at the end of two years the story was not finished. My friend is only a dabbler, and seldom brings any of his efforts in art or literature to a fruitful issue. I little thought that it would devolve on me to take up the thread of this one, and finish it for him.

Before parting, however, I asked: "Did you see the girl's face?" "Not very clearly. The light was dim. I could not distinguish her features precisely, nor the color of her eyes, nor any details exactly, you understand; yet there was a look"—he went on after a pause—"which reminded me of somebody, or I thought it did, I could not tell whom, that I had seen before. It was a mere impression, quite unformed, vague to a degree. I had forgotten, even, at anything of the kind crossed my mind until you asked the question." "Would you know her again?"

"Humph!"—he hesitated—"I hardly know. I think I should if she were similarly dressed and posed." Then he said good-bye; and for two years I do not think we have mentioned the subject above twice—once, when I inquired if he had finished the story, and once later on, when, if I did not clear it up, I at least threw a weird light upon the mystery—the light by which I am enabled to make a sort of second part of the first which I found him writing.

My friend's rooms again; looking much as usual, save that he is at his easel instead of at his desk. Again, as usual, keen for the time being upon what he is doing he does not rise when I enter, and I stand talking to him for awhile behind his chair. We have not seen each other lately, and he rallies me good-humoredly about dropping the acquaintance of careless bachelors like himself since my marriage—for that momentous event has happened within the last six months. He was abroad at the time, and does not know my wife yet. Soon we passed from this interesting topic, and I said something about the water-color drawing he was working at, as I still stood watching its progress over his shoulder. It was a small study, done the previous evening at a life-school, as he told me, from what artists call the draped model—a rustic figure of a girl seated on a stile.

"But stay," he cried, "you should see it under a white mount. I have one here cut out to the size. Wait, let me get it." He rose and went to the other end of the room. An idea struck me, and taking from my pocket a certain cabinet sized photograph, which I had brought to show him, I stood it on the easel in front of his picture, which it exactly covered. Returning with the mount and talking volubly about what he was going to do in painting, he automatically put the hollow center of the white cardboard just over the photograph, but without, for a moment, noticing the change I had made. Suddenly he saw it, and, with an exclamation of wonder, started back.

"How came that here?" he went on, pale and agitated, as he looked inquiringly from the picture to me, "Did you put it there? Do you know the lady?" "You recognize it?" "Yes, certainly. I haven't seen her for some years now; but I should know that likeness anywhere." He bit his lip and paused, and then added: "I didn't know you knew her." "I don't," I answered; "and I never knew that such person had ever lived till yesterday." "Then how do you come by her portrait, and why do you bring it to me?" "To ascertain if it really was the same person." "Same person as who?—what? I don't understand!"

"Why, whether, by any strange coincidence, this lady—my wife's friend and schoolfellow—might happen to be the lady you once—well, shall I say once knew under very peculiar circumstances?" He looked at me now somewhat angrily as he said: "See here, old fellow, there are matters sometimes in a man's life that he doesn't care about having raked up again. I tell you honestly this is one of them, and I don't quite like this kind of a joke." "No joke, on my word," I continued; "and if I am touching on anything unpleasant, please forgive me; for I have a purpose. Not that that I imagined you were so sensitive on the subject, especially as you contemplated turning it to literary account."

"I?—literary account? What do you mean?" he asked, indignantly. "I should as lief think of turning cannibal as of turning anything connected with that young lady to account, as you call it." I was a little puzzled now; so I said: "Well, but who do you say the young lady is?" "Her name—if you mean that—was Miss Naughton, Rose Naughton when I knew her; but I confess I don't see that because she happens to be a friend of your wife's you are warranted in referring thus abruptly to my acquaintance with her." "My dear fellow," I cried, "I had no idea of this, believe me. I hadn't a notion that you knew her name, and we are evidently a little at cross-purposes. But bear with me a minute longer. Admitting that this is a portrait of the Miss Rose Naughton whom you seem to have known, though I never could have guessed that, just look at it carefully again and see if it does not remind you of some one else—some one whom you once saw, I repeat, under very peculiar circumstances."

He bends forward to examine the photograph, and presently says, "No." Then I say, "Will this help your memory?" and while he is still looking at the portrait, I put down on the ledge of the easel, just under his eyes, an ear-ring. "Good heavens!" he cries, "what are you up to? What have you taken this out of the cabinet for?" "I have not been near the cabinet, if you mean the place where you keep your jewels." "Then what on earth——" He hesitates, and taking up the ear-ring, walks with it across the room to his treasure store. I cannot help, with my dramatic instincts, watching him eagerly; and it is as good as a play to see his surprise and wonder when, opening the cabinet, he takes forth the ear-ring he picked up in the railway carriage, and finds that he has the fellow to it in his other hand.

Yes; there they are, clearly the pair—two birds' claws, each holding a revolving wheel. "Now look at the portrait again," I say, when he had stood for a minute regarding me with blank amazement. "I don't say that you will, because it is mere speculation, but do you not see in the portrait of Miss Naughton something to remind you of the young lady, your mysterious traveling companion?" He is examining the photograph again. "Well, it is very absurd, but really, now you put it to me, there might be something of the same look in it, and—" He ponders. "Was it she, then Rose—after all, that I in a measure was reminded of that night? On my honor I seem to think it must have been." Then, turning to me, he asks: "But what is the meaning of all this? Why do you want to know whether I can see any resemblance in this photograph to that girl, and where, above all, did you get this other ear-ring from? Explain yourself, for heaven's sake!"

"Because, as I say," I replied, "it seems to me just possible that, if there be such a thing as ghostly influence, or spiritualism, or clairvoyance, or whatever one may choose to call such mysteries—because, I say, if such things exist, you may have received the warning to leave your seat as you did through the mysterious influence of Miss Naughton herself, for she was in that railway train that same night, and those ear-rings belonged to her."

Again the wonder in his face would have been amusing had it not been mingled with an expression of pain. "Incredible, preposterous!" he said at length. "You say Miss Naughton is a friend of your wife's?"

"Yes; and I will explain how I came upon the fact forthwith. Yesterday, as my wife was dressing, she asked me to fetch her a brooch from the drawer in the dressing-case. On opening it the first thing which caught my eye, among a lot of little trinkets, was that ear-ring, and a moment's examination showed it to be the counterpart of the one you had so mysteriously come by. The device was not easily to be forgotten. You may judge of my surprise, and how it led to my telling her about your strange adventure. Then we went into the matter, and she on her part told me how the ear-rings had belonged to a school-fellow of hers, Rose Naughton by name, who had lately gone abroad; and how, two years ago, she had been in a fearful railway accident one evening, while on her way from Petersborough to a ball at Grantham—how two of her party had been killed while sitting beside her; how she escaped by a miracle, uninjured, and how, amongst the trifling events connected with the terrible circumstances, she had lost one of her ear-rings—one of a pair which had been given her that night by the man to whom she was engaged, and who was himself killed."

My friend's face, with a strange perversity, seemed for a moment to lose its pained expression as I uttered these last words. I resumed: "When Miss Naughton went abroad she gave my wife her photograph—that on the easel—and among other souvenirs that odd ear-ring; for it appears the tragical accident brought about one good result for her—it cut short an engagement entirely distasteful to her, and into which she had been forced—well, I didn't hear exactly how; at any rate, she never loved the man—disliked him, in fact, my wife says, and had no compunction about giving the ear-ring to my wife, who was struck with the quaintness of the device. You will readily understand how this story instantly associated itself with you in my mind. A comparison of dates and other circumstances left no doubt. I was bound to come and tell you; and I hope, my dear fellow, you will acquit me now of idle intrusion upon your affairs. I assure you that I had not the faintest idea that you knew Miss Naughton by name. I thought you might have seen her, as I believe you did; for assuredly her presence—either in the flesh or in the spirit, whichever it was—saved your life. My friend, full of amazement, held out his hand, and, in shaking mine warmly, evinced more feeling than I had ever given him credit for.

"Of course, of course, old man," he said, "I know you didn't mean anything; only I was taken by surprise, as well I might be, for I was tremendously fond of Rose Naughton once—am so still, for the matter of that—and the sight of her face rather took me aback. We were half engaged once, only her old mother broke it off; and I was angry and hasty, and—and I dropped them, and have been sorry ever since; and then I was too proud, and, in short, have made an ass of myself. Do you know where she is now? Do you know where she is gone?"

"No; but I can find out." "I wish you would; for after all you tell me, I have a strong inclination to follow her, and try my luck again—try if fortune will turn her wheel for my benefit."

"Most certainly do so; you would be flying in her face if you did not; for really this is the most astounding thing, on the whole, that ever happened to a fellow. There must have been some mysterious agency at work when you were thrown so close together that night without either of you knowing it. Say that the appearance was but a vapor of the brain, partly due to ill health and uneasy sleep, still its aspect and nature are clearly traceable to Miss Naughton's presence here by; and mere coincidence is not sufficient to account for all that happened."

"Very marvelous, truly," said he; "and we can only call it, as the guard did, 'the ghost of a chance.' Still, whatever it was, it hardly accounts for the ear-ring being in my compartment; that, as I originally wrote, was not the ghost of an ear-ring; how do we get over that?" "Ah," I answered, "we are as far off in the solution of that as ever. Never mind; be thankful that things are as they are. I will ascertain from my wife Miss Naughton's present address, and do you go and see if she can explain the mystery."

He followed my advice, and he finally married Rose Naughton, of course; but still it was a long time before any light was thrown on the ear-ring side of the mystery. This eventually came, however, thuswise: In the course of the whirligig of society in which my friend and his wife move, there has turned up a young man, who was one of the ball party of that fatal night, and he thus explains the enigma. He says he was late, and was hurrying along the platform at Peterborough when Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to find seats. They were a little ahead of him, and in the confusion she must have dropped one of her ear-rings, for he picked it up, and fearing to be left behind—for the whistle was sounding—he made a dash at the nearest carriage.

The window was open, but the door was locked; and on precipitately thrusting in his head to see if there was room, his elbow struck against the edge of the door, and the blow jerked the trinket out of his hand to the further side of the carriage, and across the legs of a recumbent passenger half asleep. There was no time to arouse the passenger or call the guard, the train being actually in motion; and it was only by jumping into the next compartment that he managed to save himself from being left behind. Of course he concluded that he should recover the ear-ring when they stopped at Grantham; but then came the accident and the loss of the ear-ring was held of little account—albeit it was a potent factor in saving my friend's life.—*Times.*

An Abducted Texan Girl.

ON the incoming train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, last night, was a young lady passenger who has had a remarkable experience. Her career during the last three years has been one of romantic adventure and narrow escapes from tragic death. She is now on her way home after a protracted absence, which had led her friends to suppose she was dead, as she has been unable to communicate with them since leaving home until very recently. In relating her story she said her name is Annie Jackson; that her father and mother live on a ranch near the village of Iberia, Maveric County, Tex., which is located in the southwestern corner of the State, and on the Mexican border. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson removed from Philadelphia to Texas in 1869, at which time there was considerable emigration to that State, and they prospered well under the influence of an active demand for cattle, large herds of which Mr. Jackson accumulated. Annie was then about nine years of age. The family, embracing, besides those mentioned, two sons almost grown, occupied a pleasant home, and no uneasiness was felt until the Mexicans began to make raids in the neighborhood and drive off stock. Then Mr. Jackson manifested a good deal of solicitude for the welfare of his wife and children. But he did not desert the place, which gradually became more and more dangerous in consequence of these forays by Mexicans and the disturbing elements that were introduced among the Indians.

The father and sons prepared to defend their place by strengthening their residence and providing better arms for use when occasion required. The Jackson ranch was in the immediate vicinity where several raids over the border were made by Mexicans, and it became the resting-place of the gallant Major McKenzie's command when he made his first chase of the greasers into Mexico in 1872. This military command was joined by both of Annie's brothers, who acted as guides and did efficient service on the campaign, they becoming conspicuous figures of the party as they galloped along at the head of the column, with rifles on their shoulders, pistols and knives in their belts, and dressed in the fantastic costume of their calling—buckskin trousers sustained by a red sash and tassels, colored shirts and cut-away jackets, and wide white sombreros, which shaded sunburned faces. Already Annie Jackson was almost a woman. She was tall for her age, and muscular from the necessities of the locality and the incidents of her life. There was from this time a constant commotion on the border, which threatened danger daily. Gradually she became familiar with scenes which drove away all fear, and prompted her to enter into rather than avoid the intrepid experiences which her father and brothers often endured. She tells in her narrative of exploits on the plains which would call forth the admiration of the most successful hunter, and of standing guard on various occasions when there were prospects of visits from the Mexicans of a hostile character. She encountered no actual harm, however, until she was sixteen years of age, and then began the trials and troubles which followed one another in two rapid succession to recount all in detail, but which, combined, form one of the strangest histories ever written.

On the 2d of May, 1877, which was Wednesday, while sitting in a vine-covered porch of her home, she was accosted by two genteel-looking Americans, who immediately bound her hand and foot and conveyed her, despite screams and resistance, to a place where three horses were secured, and she was compelled to mount one of the steeds and ride between the two men all of the afternoon. She knew that they were going in a southeasterly direction, but that was all; and when they halted at a small adobe cabin for supper, she knew that she was on Mexican soil and miles away from home. She was not permitted to remain out of the sight of her captors a moment, although they offered her no indignity, and refused to answer any questions as to what they intended to do with her. The march was resumed after the necessary rest, and the lady was conveyed a long distance to a hacienda, where she was afforded comfortable quarters, but was retained a prisoner. This treatment was repeated for four days and nights in succession, her captors evidently knowing what points to make in order to procure fresh horses for the succeeding hours of travel. On the Sunday morning following her abduction they arrived at a large town, the name of which Miss Jackson did not know, and here she was committed to the county jail and held a close prisoner for a week. In the meantime she was provided with clothing, and every attention was paid to her, but her freedom was denied. She became convinced that some great mystery surrounded the movements of her captors, for they were evidently men of high authority and apparently meant her no bodily harm, but their purpose in spiriting her away from home she could not divine. The horseback journey continued from day to day, until they finally reached a mountainous district, and then for the first time Miss Jackson noticed that the men escorting her were becoming nervous about something, holding whispered conversations, stopping to closely inspect the roads and the country, and by their manner giving token of great concern. She concluded, as night drew on some two weeks after she was taken from her home, that they were lost; but she had hardly framed the thought before up rode a body of Mexican soldiers with a general officer or Colonel at their head, and by these she was taken in charge and conveyed toward the coast, while her kidnapers rode off in another direction. Not a word was said to give her any information as to what was to follow. The chief officer proved to be Colonel Jean Baptiste San Miguel, Military Commander in the eastern district of Chihuahua. He engaged in conversation with the young girl, and paid desperate court on the spot, announcing to her, in conclusion, that he was determined to make her his wife. She, of course, declined the honor, and with spirit demanded to be released from captivity and returned to her home. The Colonel smiled as he remarked that she was over four hundred miles from her residence, and then Miss Jackson realized that she was in the power of men of whose character and intentions she knew nothing. She thereupon determined never to consent to this objectionable union, and to take the first opportunity of escaping.

The close scrutiny to which she had been subjected was somewhat slackened, and one dark night, finding the espionage not so close as usual, she managed to evade the guard at the camp, and made her way to the squalid hut of Indians, whose language she could talk, and who consented to befriend her. She learned from them that she was then within a hundred miles of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Indians took her to the shores in secrecy, and there she found protection for several weeks. In the meantime the fishermen from the locality came in with boats, and in one of these she set out to sea to intercept a steamer on the way to New Orleans or Galveston, but to no purpose. After more than a month of suffering and torture on one of these trips out in the frail craft on the Gulf, a sail-ship was signaled, and Miss Jackson was kindly taken aboard and cared for. It proved to be the brig Lydia, from Boston, then bound for Havana. Storms arose, the ship was damaged and delayed, and had to run into a small port to make repairs, eventually reaching Havana on the 23d of August. Miss Jackson applied to the American Consul at Havana for assistance, and he insisted upon her making the Consulate her home until he could provide means for her return to the United States. He laid the facts as related to him before the State Department, but nothing concerning Miss Jackson had been presented to the attention of the authorities. While preparing to go aboard the next steamer for New York, the heroine of this story was taken down with yellow fever, and remained for a long time seriously ill and convalescent. The Consul afterward furnished her with money and passage on the mail steamer, and on the 18th of December she started for New York. The steamer put into Charleston Harbor for coal, and, in anticipation of its remaining some time, Miss Jackson went up into the city. Unfortunately, she got left, and had to seek assistance among entire strangers. Realizing her deplorable situation, she hired out as a servant in a family, remaining for about eight months on a salary which was barely sufficient to clothe her. She gradually made her way from one city to another, consuming a year from the time she left Charleston before she arrived in Richmond, Va. She did not know the way home, and all to whom she told her story laughed at the recital. But she was persevering, and saving all the time, and never allowed herself to become downcast. At Richmond she worked for a Mr. Iverson, a wealthy tobacconist, who became interested in her story last fall, and personally set about ascertaining the truth of it. He visited Washington, and learned what had been forwarded from the Consul at Havana, and then put himself in correspondence with Mr. Jackson, Annie's father, in Texas. Becoming satisfied that all was right, he assisted her to proceed home, and a happier woman was never known than she as she went through Quincy, and drew nearer her destination. She will be met by one of her brothers at some point on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, he having been notified that she is *en route* home. Her other brother and her mother are now dead.—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig.*

A Mouse Cure.

Hitherto there has been no remedy which could be regarded as specific for tetanus. At last, however, an ingenious French physician has apparently hit upon a remedy before which tetanus yields as readily as toothache yields to the dentist's forceps, and which will, of course, supersede curare and all other inferior remedies. The French doctor in question was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. In his report he says that she was a married woman of thirty-one years of age, and that previous to his visit her family physician had tried every known remedy for tetanus, including curare, without producing any effect. The patient was lying on her back, with her jaws tightly closed, and the muscles of her chest and throat were so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound.

The doctor at once went out and procured a live mouse of the usual size and vorneity, to the tail of which he attached a strong horse-hair. Placing the mouse at the foot of the bed, he permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. No sooner did the patient notice the mouse than she sprang up, loudly calling to the attendants to take it off, and denouncing the doctor as a horrid, heartless wretch, who ought to be ashamed of himself and guillotined on the spot. There was no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. In fact, the doctor adds that the lady's jaws were so thoroughly and permanently unlocked that the husband, who is, of course, ignorant of law, has threatened to begin an action for damages against him.—*Homœopathic Review.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates and have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

I HEARD him call, and stopped, half doubtful if
I heard
Some mocking jay, or the dear rufous-breasted
bird,
Again the cheerful notes, the clear, sharp twittering, came,
And told me Robin's name.
Then, scanning the thin tree-tops, soon I found
The little minstrel whose sweet voice went
round,
Summoning
Tardy Spring
From her long Tropic dallying.
There were no leaves to hide him,
And on the hough beside him
No billing mate
Responsive sate,
The March skies were above him;
The orchard-trees that love bim
Were naked as the skies—
Their tender leaves were bidden,
Their foamy blooms unbidden,
Unbreathed the tea-sweet fragrance of their
sighs;
Yet, hopeful still and merry,
He trills and whistles cheery,
Gladsome and brave.
What though the cold winds blowing
Find in their houndless going
Naught of the Summer but a withered trace,
As in some burial-place
The wreaths lie blackened in a maiden's grave?
Gay sings the warbler, knowing
A truth of Nature's showing:
That He will give who gave;
That warmer suns and kinder
This bleak month leads behind her;
That the gray boughs
But briefly house
The hesitating blossoms and the leaves;
That his brave song shall wake them
To swell their bonds and break them,
And each harsh blast that grieves
Shall spread the crinkled banner
Of drowsy Spring, and fan her
To vigor as of old;
That he, the earliest comer,
Flits in the van of Summer;
That the meadow shall be verdant and the harvest shall be gold.

Dear bird, I see thee winging
Far away, still calling, singing,
Till the blue skies seem to bide thee in their
blue;
But thy hopeful notes still linger,
Little dusky-pinioned singer,
And a faith half-faint and weary they renew.

May my hopes like thee aspire
From their low perch high and higher,
Heavenward soaring, ever singing as they go;
And, when earth no more can hold them,
When the azure skies enfold them,
May their echoes linger sweetly here below.
—*Charles Noble Gregory, in Chicago Tribune.*

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

The following very interesting story is founded upon fact, or so asserted by the contributor, who states she has kept the subject of this sketch—Miss Dutton—over night often, when she was traveling from town to town in a state of insanity.

MY READER: I have sat some minutes with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point as I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forrest's exquisite sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."

Now it happens that the real name of the heroine of the "'ower true tale" which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright, compel her to wear a *nomme daguerre* because my sister authoress gave the true name to one of her ideal creations? that's the question. "No!" You said no, did you not? then Lucy Dutton it shall be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister a "born beauty" whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indulgent father—a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, who had unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a natnre not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seeming unnatural—is selfishness so detestable as in a beautiful woman?

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were, well read New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in the then half-settled part of the country. In those days many engaged in school teaching, from the honor and pleasure it afforded, than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take the charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon there came a change; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gayety or dreamy sadness, indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time, that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mist of the morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten to the home of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parent's approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of Edwin W., a man of excellent family and standing. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from its bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood and tasking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcome and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother and even the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; but in manner, and apparently in character the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not leave home again until after marriage, which at the request of her ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W—— to M——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness; the busy hours had worn away and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed, affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled quietly and said:

"O, something has happened to detain them a while; we heard from them the other day and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whispers, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W—— muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping up to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another and another. The company stood still with amazement—Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed:

"Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride."

W—— strode hastily across the room, and placing himself by Ellen, took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said:

"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then, turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter!"

And Lucy? She heard all with a strange calmness, then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers. Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her looks pierced, like a keen, cold blade, into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dead reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face: and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek—the dilated nostril—the quivering lip and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrific silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the soul of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W——, but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened the anger somewhat of her parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love, until, when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order to save pain to Lucy, and prevent the opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at Cazenovia.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away; her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopelessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had some peculiarities, which all who knew her must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She could not, she would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they by their watchful care and unweary efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs, and rosy summers, tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

I remember her, as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother would never shut her heart or door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle was worn or torn, until it was open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, etc.

In the season of flowers her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no; her meek and childlike piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her spirit the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still; and it may be as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table bound in "purple and gold," and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this painful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of Cazenovia. It stopped at the alms house, an attenuated form was lifted up and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West. So Lucy had no friends, no home, but the alms house.

One day about a week from the time of her arrival Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time she slept tranquilly till morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid "Good Morning." Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed:

"Where am I; and who are you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the lost reason of the wanderer had returned. But the good matron replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? O, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should dream that."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid; "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me, we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them—I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"What does this mean—what makes me so weak?" said she"

Just then her eye fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand. She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron gently, "and so is mine; yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you know me? I am Mariah Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid."

I cannot say more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to expressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were as though they had never been. Of not an incident not a scene, had she the slightest remembrance, since the recreant lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made that terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on," though the drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for twenty years."

"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! O, God, my cup of bitterness is full!" and she wept aloud.

Her friend bent over her, and, mingling her tears with her, said affectionately:

"But you know who drank that cup before you?"

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added—"The Lord Jesus; you remember Him."

A look like sun-light breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied:

"O, yes, I knew Him and loved Him before I fell asleep."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days came also. There was much reverential feeling, and some weeping around her death bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray haired youth.

Those who gazed upon that placid face, and remember her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her "Night of Years."—*Portville, N. Y., Mirror.*

—Preparations are in progress for the proper celebration this year of the centennial of the First Baptist Church of Richmond. This church was organized in 1780, while the British forces under Cornwallis were in Virginia, and had at that time only fourteen members.

THE London *Graphic* has commissioned most of the leading artists of the day to paint a head fulfilling the painter's idea of female beauty.

Oriental Powers of Memory.

Monsier Williams writes to the London *Athenæum* as follows: "A remarkable demonstration has recently taken place at Bombay. A number of educated natives in high position have been seized by a kind of panic on suddenly waking up to the fact that orthodox Brahmanism, or, as they term it, the Aryan religion, is decaying and disappearing. This they attribute to the decline of Sanskrit learning, consequent on the decline of nationality and patriotism among the native princes. They have accordingly resolved to unite in a common effort for the revival of Sanskrit lore, and for a diffusion of a true knowledge of the Hindoo religion. The movement has been begun in rather a singular manner. A monster meeting has been held at Bombay, in honor of a blind Pandit named Gattu-Lalaji. Addresses have been delivered in his praise, and a sum of 18,310 rupees presented to him, as a reward for his zeal in the cause of religion, his success in "purifying men's minds," and his "attractive genius for making extempore poems." Pandit Gattu-Lalaji was born at Kotah in 1845, while his parents were on a pilgrimage. He lost the sight of both eyes, through small-pox, at the age of eight. He is chiefly celebrated for his power of composing impromptu Sanskrit verses, in which no Italian *improvisatore* has ever displayed equal talent. During one of my visits to Bombay he called on me, accompanied by three amanuenses, and requested a trial of his powers, declaring himself capable of composing six sets of extemporaneous verses simultaneously, on any six subjects and in any six metres I liked to select. I proposed three subjects—a description of Bombay, the advantage of Sanskrit learning, and the advent of the Prince of Wales to India—naming at the same time three of the most difficult metres I could remember. Without a moment's delay the pandit dictated the required verses to his scribes with wonderful precision and rapidity. He also conversed fluently in Sanskrit, and impressed me very favorably with his finished scholarship and the extent of his literary acquirements. Impromptu versifiers of this kind are called S'ighra-Kavis or As'u-Kavis.

The blind pandit's successful *tour de force* in my presence was, doubtless, more due to great powers of memory than to poetical genius. A Hindu's capacity for keeping a number of different subjects in his recollection at one time, and yet abstracting his mind so as to concentrate his attention on each one separately and consecutively, is surprising. In this respect he far out-does Europeans. While I was traveling in the south of India, I was visited by a S'atavadhani—that is to say, a man who could attend to one hundred things at once. He could play several games of chess, write and repeat poetry, work out problems, and make calculations of all kinds simultaneously. I also heard a Trius'-adavadhani, or a man who could attend to thirty subjects. Ashtavadhanis, or persons capable of attending to eight subjects simultaneously, are by no means uncommon throughout all parts of India. A man whose powers of attention are of this more limited calibre displays his skill by asking eight persons, entire strangers to himself, who speak eight different dialects, to repeat the first word of eight different sentences, and then the second, and so on consecutively, till every word of the eight sentences has been repeated. Thereupon, without a moment's hesitation, the Ashtavadhani reproduces all the eight sentences, separately and continuously, with each word in proper order, though the utterances of each has been interrupted by the interpolation of seven other words in different languages.

Progress in Electric Lighting.

The use of the voltaic arc for illumination has made a steady advance in popular favor within the last year. Lamps of from a few hundred candle-power up to many thousand candle-power are being set up as permanent fixtures in shops, halls, stores, and in streets and squares. The rivalry of the different manufacturers has led to great improvements in the power and convenience of the machines for maintaining the electrical current, and in the lamps. The machines are all constructed on the same general principles, and the lamps have gained both in steadiness and in simplicity, and even in elegance of form, some of them being quite ornamental. The prices of the machines and lamps have been materially reduced, and this fact, with the greater efficiency of the lamp, has drawn attention to the value of this method of electrical lighting and placed the matter upon a firm business basis. The light of the voltaic arc may now be recognized as a permanent feature of modern civilization.

In lighting streets this form of electric lamp has not displaced gas, nor is it likely to do so at present, for the simple reason that people are content with a very little light. To light a mile of any given street would cost more by the voltaic arc than by gas. On the other hand, the electric lamps would give from six to eight times as much light, and it appears the public, or at least, city corporations, are not willing to pay one-third more for eight times as much light. It would therefore, appear that the advance in use of the light springs from special and private wants. For lighting streets in front of hotels, theaters, churches and store, where an intense light is wanted for part of the night at a particular place, the voltaic light is both efficient and cheap. In all cases where steam-power is available, as in hotels and stores using elevators, an electric lamp from one to ten thousand candle-power may easily be provided. A single machine and lamp giving an arc light of 1,000 candle-power can now be procured for $150. Lights of from 3,000 to 10,000 candle-power—and those are sufficient to flood any ordinary street with light for a distance of one block—cost for machine and lamp from $350 to $400. The smaller lamp would use about seven-tenths of a horse-power and the larger from three to three and one-half horse-power. The cost of maintenance will be about one cent and a half per hour for the carbons, in addition to the motive power and attendance. This last item will be very small for the machine and lamp. It may here be observed that for places where steam is already provided, a small two-horse-power engine for running a machine costs about $150. To these costs must also be added the copper wire for connections. These cost, at present prices, about ten cents a meter (three cents per foot).

Some of the manufacturers of these lights employ as many as sixteen lamps of 2,000-candle-power each, for one machine, but the general disposition seems to be to give one light to one machine. As this light is now made on a large scale and at these very low prices, it may be observed that owners of steam-engines that are idle at night are already making arrangements to employ their power in running electric lights, which they let by the hour to those of their neighbors who wish to light up their shops or factories, or the streets in front of their premises. For docks and all out-of-door night-work the electric light has already become indispensable wherever motive power of any kind can be obtained.

Concerning some of the later improvements made in this method of electric lighting, two new features may be observed. In the machines the induced current in the magnets, in opposition to the current generated by the movement of the armatures, is now shunted or short-circuited during the time it is in opposition to the current in the armatures. This is claimed as a great gain in the amount of current utilized, and from observation, appears to give a decided gain in light for a given machine.

In the lamps, one of the latest improvements is in the manner of regulating the movement of the carbons. The lower carbon is fixed, the upper carbon is fastened to the base of a rod having a ratchet on one side. This rod is free to rise and fall, and in its movement downward, by its own weight, sets in motion a train of wheels. The rod and wheels are supported on a lever having a slight vertical play, and controlled by an electro-magnet. The train of wheels is controlled by a detent that is controlled by a second and much smaller electro-magnet. In operation, the current divides between the two magnets, the smaller releasing the detent and allowing the carbon to descend till it touches the lower carbon, and the circuit is made through them both. This accomplished, the larger magnet comes into play, lifting the carbon by raising the lever slightly with the train of wheels, and pulling the carbons apart just the right distance. As the carbon is burned away the current weakens, and is directed through the smaller magnet, and the detent is released and the carbon descends again. This reduces the lamp to the utmost simplicity, and gives it a precision of action that secures great steadiness, in the light, or sufficient steadiness to make the lamp available for all practical purposes in the lighting of large spaces, both without and within.—"*The World's Work*;" *Scribner for April.*

Animals That Love Music.

MUSIC affects animals differently. Some rejoice, and are evidently happy when listening to it, while others show unmistakable dislike to the sound.

For some years my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns, and there I saw the influence of music upon many animals. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all, and like many others, he disliked being caught. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when old Willy the gardener appeared, streaming with perspiration.

"What is the matter, Willy?"

"Matter enough, miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me, at the bottom of the meadow."

"Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner, cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always adoing that; and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The halter was soon round his neck, and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots, wha hae," he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That is not my sort of music." Changing to something martial, he would return and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time. She liked the cook, and, when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—the "Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away. —*Harper's Young People.*

Living With Part of His Skull Gone.

On June 29, 1878, F. Marion Davis, a heater in the rolling mill of the Philadelphia Iron and Steel Company, was struck by an iron clamp, weighing about fourteen pounds, which was thrown, with terrible force, from the shaft of a revolving fly-wheel. The clamp was in the form of the letter "U," made of square iron, and one of the exterior angles of the iron at the curved part of the clamp struck Mr. Davis in the forehead, breaking loose, and partly forcing through the skin, a crescent-shaped fragment of the frontal bone, measuring three inches in extreme length and seven-eighths of an inch in width in the center or widest part, thus producing not only a compound fracture of the skull, but cutting through the longitudinal sinus or large blood-vessel of the interior of the top of the head, permitting an extrusion and loss of a considerable portion of the brain substance. This form of fracture, known as ecrasement, or "smash," consists not only of a crushing of the bone itself, but also of a separating of the neighboring sutures. Besides the injury to the skull there was a loosening of the teeth and such injuries of the jaws that the patient was unable to open his mouth for more than three weeks. Mr. Davis was carried to his home, and Dr. J. G. Young, of Kensington, was summoned. On an examination of the wounds they were pronounced necessarily fatal. Dr. H. Agnew, Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, was called in consultation, and he agreed with Dr. Young that the lesions were of such a nature that there was no hope of saving the man's life, but that while there was life there was something to work for, and everything was done which the feelings of humanity and surgical skill could suggest. On the third day after the accident another consultation was held by Dr. Young and Prof. Agnew, but there were no new developments from which they could gather any hope, and it was not until the expiration of about the fifth week that any encouragement was given. In about nine weeks the wound was closed by soft tissue, and a few months later about one-half the cavity was closed by a new bony formation, and the remaining part is now covered by soft tissue, through which the pulsations of the brain are plainly visible. Notwithstanding the danger impending over Mr. Davis for so many months, he has entirely recovered his physical powers. His mental characteristics, although materially changed, are considered by the physicians wonderfully good when the facts of the case are taken into consideration. —*Philadelphia Times, March 27.*

A Nihilist Prison.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "A short account of the celebrated casemates of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the Nihilists are confined immediately after their arrest, will, I doubt not, be perused with interest by your readers. The writer, a St. Petersburg correspondent, obtained access to the casemates by a special order from one of the Grand Dukes. The casemates are hollowed out under the Neva, and directly under the ramparts. Their only window, a little square hole protected by a thick barred grating, rises but a few inches above the level of the river. At stated distances there are iron doors opening into halls filled with sentinels, who, with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet, keep watch and ward over the unhappy tenants of the cells which open upon them. As for the tiny prisons, they are very narrow quarters, square, with stone walls and floors, and fearfully damp, the water constantly dropping about in all directions. A chair, a table and a pallet of white wood form the only furniture. One of the pallets was found to be covered with a bed of straw horribly foul, but even this, poor luxury as it was, must be considered an exception. The visitor was allowed entrance to a few of the cells. Their tenants were pale; they rose as he entered, according to order, but regarded him with a fixed look of despair. The writer was shown the famous cell in which was incarcerated the Princess Tarakanova, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, who fell a victim to her rival, the Empress Catherine II., grandmother of the present Czar. This unhappy woman perished in the cell under the most dramatic circumstances. The Neva, swollen by the melted snow, suddenly rose, and the rushing torrent, dashing with overwhelming strength against the tiny window, broke in and filled the cell with water. The Princess was drowned. The cells of the great State criminals are lined with mattresses, and rings of iron are placed in the walls, to which many of them are bound when they are not strait-waistcoated. The guide informed the writer, among other things, that these unhappy men were asked every quarter of an hour if they were present. Whenever they failed to reply, they were barbarously punished. He also states that in the wall of the Emperor's room is an invisible door, communicating with a little passage, very narrow, and leading to a subterranean gallery, hollowed out under the Neva. The gallery leads to the fortress, and, in case of a revolution or of imminent peril, the Czar could disappear in a few seconds from the Winter Palace, and in a few minutes after find himself in perfect safety in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the guns of which, in a short time, could reduce St. Petersburg to ruins. The palace of the Czar Paul I., which is now the Engineers' School, was similarly provided; but when the assassins entered his room he had not time to flee, and was struck down at the very moment when he was about to disappear behind the secret door, which was already open.

What Is Not Insured.

According to the Philadelphia *Insurance Reporter*, fire-insurance policies do not include the following things:

Fences and other yard-fixtures; also store-furniture and fixtures and plate-glass doors and windows when the plates are of the dimensions of three feet or more.

It is important that this fact be mentioned in the wording of the policy, if such articles are to be included under the policy.

The following-named articles are not included in the security of a fire-insurance policy, unless mentioned, viz:

Jewelry, plate, watches, musical instruments, ornaments, medals, curiosities, patterns, printed music, printed books, engravings, paintings, picture-frames, sculpture, casts and models, money or bullion, bills, notes, accounts, deeds, evidences of debt, or securities.

These should always be specified.

If a building falls, no insurance will attach, or cover its loss, unless it is caused by fire.

Stolen property is not to be paid for by the insurance company.

Losses from explosions are not to be paid, unless fire ensues, and then only the actual fire loss is to be settled for.

Property standing on leased ground must be so represented to the company and expressed in the policy. Goods on storage must be represented as such.

The assured, in case of a fire, must invariably do his best to save it, and carelessness in this respect will vitiate his claim. In no instance shall he abandon his premises to firemen or thieves.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

Republican Primary Meetings.

The Republicans of Garrett county are requested to meet in the various districts, at the usual places for holding such meetings therein, on Saturday, April 24th, 1880, between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing *five delegates* to the County Convention to be held at the Court House, Oakland, Md., on Saturday, May 1st, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., which convention will select *Three Delegates* to attend the State Convention, to be held in the city of Frederick, on Thursday, May 6th, 1880.

A. G. STURGISS, Chairman.

Mrs. Sallie F. Keating, wife of Hon. Thomas J. Keating, comptroller of the State treasury, died at Centreville, Md., Monday afternoon, from a congestive chill.

The election in Jersey City, N. Y., Tuesday, resulted in large Republican gains, which will give the Republicans control of the police and fire commissioners, and probably of the aldermanic board and board of public works.

The war of the Democratic factions in Georgia increases in bitterness, and the Independent movement threatens to make trouble unless it is consulted in the gubernatorial nomination. Gov. Colquitt wants to be renominated, but all the Congressional delegation, except Sen. Gordon are opposed to him. It is said that if he is beaten in the convention he will run on an independent ticket, and he is strong enough with the party to be dangerous.

During the debate in the lower House of Congress lately, Congressman Coffroth told Mr. Blackburn, the M. C. from the Seventh district of Kentucky, that he (Blackburn) was a traiter to his country, and that he ought to have been hung for his treason! The natural conclusion of the average Democratic editor is that the man who uttered these words, and thus tried to "revive the memories of the late unpleasantness," is a Northern Republican, but the truth is Mr. Coffroth is a Democrat, and hails from the Seventh district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Coffroth is evidently one Democratic Congress the "brigadiers" have failed to bulldoze.

The Okolona States man has had another attack of delirium tremens, and in his ravings he shouted, "Hurrah for President Davis! Hurrah for Andersonville! Hurrah for the bullets that the Confederates sent spinning through the hearts of the federal soldiery! Hurrah and hurrah and hurrah again for all that the South has done, and for all that she proposes to do in the way of knocking your Union in the head." The friends of this unreconstructed idiot should employ a physician to bore a hole in his head, and pour mush or soft soap in the cavity that should have been filled with brains. Something of this sort should be done to improve his mental condition.

GEN. MAHONE'S POSITION.—The Philadelphia Evening *Telegraph* publishes the following from its Washington correspondent in regard to the position of United States Senator-elect Mahone, of Virginia:

"A private letter has been received here from Gen. Mahone, in Virginia, which shows the serious political revolution that is now taking place in that State. Gen. Mahone says that that great Commenwealth, with her vast agricultural and mineral resources, has lived, politically, long enough under the resolutions of 1797 and 1799, and instead of prospering under them, from year to year she has degenerated politically and grown poorer materially; that the people of Virginia have already seen enough of the reactionary policy of the Democratic party to thoroughly disgust all progressive men; that Virginia, and in fact the whole South, has been acting long enough for the benefit of a few Northern Democrats, and that it is now proposed by himself and his friends to take a bold and progressive step to unite the fortunes of Virginia, as far as possible, with the prosperous element of the North. Gen. Mahone's friends here say that he will lead the future Republican party of Virginia, and that he has received encouragement from many of the leading citizens of the State who have hitherto affiliated with the Democratic party, to go forward in the work of reform, and that they will fully co operate with and sustain him."

Among the bills which failed to pass the Legislature were the following:

To mark Maryland and Virginia boundary line; regulating coal mines; for a geological survey of Maryland coal fields; to incorporate the Union Monument Association of Maryland; requiring biennial reports of city and town finances to be made to the comptroller; abolishing superintendent of State telegraph; all public school bills; authorizing Cumberland to subscribe to stock of West Virginia Central railroad company.

Criticising the way in which Southern newspapers have assailed the recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the civil rights and election cases, the Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, a Democratic paper, tells its readers plainly that the time has come for the South to cease championing the State rights doctrine; that this is now for the South "a barren ideality; and that "if it be as vital a doctrine as it is contended it is, the South may safely wait until self-interest shall prompt its assertion and support by some other section of the country."

THE MAHONE PLAN.—There seems to be little doubt that General William Mahone, the leader of the Virginia Readjusters, has completed a bargain by which the Readjusters will run an electoral ticket in Virginia composed of six Readjusters and five Republicans, not naming a Presidential candidate, but holding their votes, if they succeed in carrying the State, so as to dispose of them to the best advantage in the Electoral College. If the Mahone ticket is successful it would probably put them in the position of electing the next President of the U. S. Such a power in the hands of such a bold and determined leader is not a pleasant contemplation.—*Martinsburg (W. Va.) Independent.*

The Maryland Legislature that has just adjourned was one of the most promising that ever convened at Annapolis. Indeed it was all "promising" and nothing else. The reforms it promised to make, but didn't make, make one of the grandest records of the nineteenth century of Legislative promises unfulfilled. Promising was its peculiar forte. It promised anything everything, but went back on all its promises with but half a dozen reform laws that were forced through by the pressure of circumstances and the aid of the handful of Republicans who backed up the minority wing of the Democrats. This "promising" Legislature adjourned Monday night. Let us all sing the doxology.—*Boonsboro Odd-Fellow.*

A very marked difference of opinion was developed in the Democratic senatorial caucus Friday of last week as to the disposition that ought to be made of Kellogg's case, and the matter threatens to expand into a bitter party quarrel. The majority, including such men as Bayard and Thurman, are evidently inclined to give important public business preference over partisan discussions; but such hotsheads as Senators Hill and Jones insist upon a vote on the case and declare they will have revenge unless their wishes are respected. The latter gentleman made the singular statement that he would not answer for Louisiana remaining a Democratic State in case the Senate refused to unseat Kellogg. Precisely why Louisiana should turn Republican on this account we do not understand, since that would only be cutting off the nose to spite the face; but perhaps Senator Jones only meant to intimate what has been suspected for a long time—that Louisiana Democrats care a great deal more for power than principle, and are always ready to sacrifice the party for the sake of getting a share of official patronage. The Senator's logic is hardly likely to improve the chances of Kellogg's Democratic contestant.

"It is doubtful if the members of legislative bodies, who are so industriously occupied in finding out "how not to do it." ever read the foreign news with attention. If this had been done at Annapolis, it might have been useful to our legislators to learn how the "jingo" party in England, which came into power with a majority capable of overruling all opposition and carrying all legislation, has been completely and overwhelmingly defeated and told "to go." There have been many causes for this political revolution, but they may all be summoned up in one—loss of public confidence. The majority in the British Parliament have done what they ought not to do and have left undone what they ought to do. In consequence of this they have been dismissed from power. There has been no change in the views of the British people on the general subjects of public policy. There has simply been a loss of confidence in the ability of Beaconsfield to carry out that public policy as it should be executed. People may lose confidence here in Maryland, as well as elsewhere, in their public servants, and the only way they have to express this decline in confidence is by their votes."—*Balto. Sun.*

The Party of Fraud.

The Democratic party of this State, in its formal declarations of principle never fails to arraign the National Republican party for the character of the federal election laws, and it has passed laws providing for the payment of fines that have been or may be imposed upon State officers for the violation of these laws. But as to the bad character of its own election laws, it displays no sensitiveness whatever, although there is nowhere else in the Union statutes so void of protection against the commission of fraud and so soaked with partisan unfairness. The federal election law divide the supervisors of election between the two great National parties; it provides for their appointment by judges whose life tenure removes them as far as possible from corrupting influences, and who are some of one party and some of another. The law has recently been amended so as to provide that the deputy marshals appointed to serve at elections shall also be divided between the two great parties, and that they shall be appointed by the United States courts. Let us compare this legislation with our State enactments on the same subject.

In the first place, the legislation of the Democratic party in this city is assiduous in providing for the control of election machinery. The Board of Police Commissioners are elected by the legislature, and are all partisan; their unscrupulous behavior at the election of 1875 caused the appointment of judges and clerks of election to be taken away from them and given to a board of supervisors, which also is composed wholly of Democratic politicians. Up to 1876 there was no requirement that the opposition should have any representation at the polls; but the legislature in that year provided that one judge and one clerk in each polling place should be appointed from the opposition party. There is however, nowhere any permission given to the opposition to be represented by its own agents either at the registration or at the polls, and the registration, the fairness of which is essential to fair elections, is given wholly over to the discretion and authority of partisans, many of them persons devoid of respectable character and reputation. If the Republican legislature of New York should adopt the tactics of the Democratic party of this State, they could easily overthrow its Democratic majority. But instead of themselves electing a partisan board of police commissioners, they have provided for the appointment by the Mayor of New York of a board, the members of which must be divided between the two parties; and the law requires that the judges and clerks who preside over the registration of voters (which is taken afresh before every election) and the taking of the vote shall also be equally divided between the two parties. Furthermore, parties and candidates are authorized to appoint challengers, with full powers of scrutiny, to represent them at the registration and at the polls, so that partisan zeal is turned to good account in securing the purity of elections. The result of these arrangements is seen in the fact that the people of New York city are really able to declare their will at the polls, and changes of popular sentiment and discriminations between candidates are constantly evidenced in election results.

In this State the majority in the legislature has steadily manifested a determination to retain all possible opportunities for election frauds. No one denies that fraudulent practices are prevalent; in fact, elections in this city are a joke and a by-word among politicians. They have formed the subject of messages from the Governor; have been brought to the attention of the legislature by memorials from the most prominent citizens of the community; mass meetings have been held to agitate for reform; exposure, remonstrance and appeal have not been spared, and yet, the party managers cling to their wretched and disgraceful election arrangements with a tenacity that shows either extraordinary boldness or else a confident reliance upon the supineness of the community. The audacity with which the public is lied to and played with in this matter argues a great contempt for the intelligence and earnestness of our people on the part of the managers.

We do not suppose that lying has ever been more successfully used to ward off the indignation of decent men than by the Democratic leaders in this State. It will be recollected how profuse were their promises after the election of 1875 that the next legislature would pass laws for the protection of the ballot box. A Democratic mass meeting was held at the Maryland Institute at which resolutions were adopted in favor of a new registration of voters and more perfect election laws, and a committee of five was appointed to prepare measures for the action of the legislature. That committee did its work, and the legislature fooled along with its registration bill until the end of the session, when it was thrown out and a substitute which had been quietly prepared was rushed through. That substitute is the present law, and it differs from the old law only in multiplying opportunities for fraud and taking away from the citizens the right of appealing to the courts in case he shall be disfranchised in the correction of the lists. Under the existing law a register may disfranchise all the Republicans in his ward with impunity. Of course, when the time come to go before the people last fall the party managers were ready with fresh promises of reform, and, as usual, they proposed a fresh cheat. We should have a new registration, but the registors should be as unembarrassed as before by scrutiny into their doings, and were to have the right to put on the new lists the names of voters, whether they applied for registration or not. In practice this provision meant the transfer to the new lists of the names of dead, non-resident and non-existent persons which have been accumulated since 1865. For the defeat of this fraud the public is indebted to Governor Hamilton, who is so sincere in his desire for fair elections that he preferred that no law should be passed rather than have another cheat and sham go on the statute book. We have perfect confidence in Governor Hamilton's honesty of purpose; but, with all his energy and persistence, he was unable to overcome the fondness for fraud of the party managers. Those influential persons seem to be too confident of the perfection of their election arrangements to fear any public resentiment. They can say to themselves: "We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves."—*Balto. American.*

The Liberal Reaction.

The intensity of the Liberal reaction in Great Britain and Ireland is most strongly marked by the results in certain counties, where territorial magnates, who have been wont to regard the return of their nominees as a matter of course, have seen them signally defeated. Thus, not only does the Duke of Buccleuch see his first-born seatless, but the Dukes of Manchester and Aberson are in the same plight. The latter's defeat is as signal a one in Ireland as that of Lord Dalkeith, in Scotland. Indeed, in one sense it is more, so because the latter has so redoubtable an opponent as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hamilton, on the other hand, was only opposed by an obscure candidate. This fact is highly significant of the decline of territoriol influence in Ireland. Wellington, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, wrote piteously of his troubles with "the two great Northern Lords, Aberson and Conyngham," whose influence made them formidable to even the strongest Government. And now the former, albeit raised to a Dukedom and an ex-Viceroy of exceptional popularity, whose grandfather used to send half a dozen members to the Irish Parliament, and always returned two, at least, to that at Westminster, is entirely unrepresented, so far as his Irish estates are concerned, in the House of Commons, for his younger sons owe their English seats mainly to their own merits, while Lord Conyngham's brother and only representatove from Ireland, owes his seat mainly to being a Home Ruler.

One of the most important measures to the people of Western Maryland, is the action of the Legislature asking for an appropriation from Congress of $20,000 for the purpose of building fishways over the Great Falls of the Potomac. The committee on Potomac fishways have also recommended a bill requiring owners of dams to build fishways. If we succeed in getting Congress to appropriate $20,000, as asked for by the Committee, the people of Western Maryland will have the shad, herring, perch, rock and other kinds of fish, in all the streams in our section. Virginia and West Virginia are as much interested in this question as the people of Maryland, and every effort should be made to push the matter through.—*Frederick Citizen.*

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The newspaper interest throughout the country are urging upon Congress the propriety of repealing the law requiring postage on newspapers to be paid at the office of publication. It is claimed that the operation of this law is to inflict a great hardship upon publishers, while the Government derives no particular benefit from this method of collecting postage. Judging from the expressions of the members of both Houses it is not improbable that a bill to accomplish what is desired will be reported to the House at an early day, and an earnest effort made to secure its passage, for which we shall ever hope and pray.

TELEGRAPHIC.

SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE.

LONDON, April 12.—The seven hundred men, boys, women, girls, priests and foreigners sacrificed at Mandalay for the restoration of the king's health, were buried alive—not burned, as previously stated—under the towers of the city walls.

AFTER THE PLAY.

ANNAPOLIS, April 10.—It is generally conceded, even among members of the legislature, that it was a great relief to the people of the State when the General Assembly of 1880 concluded its labors. No legislature entered upon its duties with more profuse promises of well-doing, and it is the universal judgment that no legislature has been a greater disappointment to those who sent the members to legislate for them at the State capital. One wing of the Democratic party is just now engaged in the pleasant occupation of placing the responsibility for the defeat of measures of economy and retrenchment on the other. From the first day of the session the two houses were controlled by cliques and rings whose baneful magic wand was felt, not only in the political questions that come before the consideration of the two houses, but also in matters of public policy and in bills which had not the remotest connection with politics. Members with a laudable political ambition, who go to the legislature with a certain degree of independence, soon fall a prey to the enchanting sounds of the political manager, who, with promises of political advancement, succeeds in attracting to him those that set their bark toward a haven of political prominence. The syren's song had no greater power and fascination over the helpless marine than the soft, sweet whisperings of a party leader of future political preferment has over the rising politician. He is lost before himself is aware of it, and is tossed to and fro on the waves of political ambition as a plaything in the hands of the skilled manager. A close, disinterested observer will wonder at the changes wrought in some men by an intimation from a reliable source that a high office is in store for them, under certain conditions. The past session has been the means of profuse promises. No less than three well-known gentlemen have been given to understand that each would be the next governor of Maryland, and a still larger number have been assured of seats on the judge's bench. It is asserted that one of those who but a few months ago stood in high favor with the powers that he has rather damaged his prospects for a judgeship by his uncommon zeal in behalf of a matter to which the managers were strongly opposed. But though they look upon it as one of the results of legislative innocence and too great zeal for the cause he espoused, they are not willing to forget and forgive; and unless he will work more in harmony with them, they will not be so willing to talk him up for a seat on the bench. In addition to these offices, promises of congressional honors have been showered with a most liberal hand, and to day there are in every congressional district at least three prominent gentlemen, each of whom sincerely believe that the managers are working with all their might to secure his nomination. The promises were made at a time when the leaders needed all the assistance they could command, and now that the danger is past, they will not be so willing to redeem them. The assistance of some of the gentlemen during the session was of great value to the leaders, and the results might have been different had some of them linked their fortunes with the other side. These members deserve fair treatment from the managers, but there are indications that they are already to say to them, "Step down and out this time, and you shall have it next." Sometimes the next never comes, but it has often the effect of retaining the ambitious politician in perpetual bondage to the manager.

The managers, according to the last reports, were not so well gratified with the results of the session. Their last consultation, immediately after the adjournment of the legislature, did not partake of the characteristics that marked former gatherings of the kind. There was less rejoicing and more gnashing of teeth. Notes were compared as to the gains and losses, and it was found that the losses were greater than the gains, which was a rather unprecedented occurrence. It was found that of the general appointments the managers could lay claim to none. In matters of legislation they succeeded in defeating measures objectionable to them, but did not have the good fortune to pass any important bills which they wanted adopted. Of the large number of reforms promised by the Democratic managers at the caucus held in the middle of February, only one measure passed, being the repeal of compulsory weighing of cattle. All the other propositions were allowed to lie over. There were promises to cut down salaries, abolish useless offices, repeal laws for useless grants, and others of a like nature, but not one of them has been carried out. The tobacco inspection and registration bills were not allowed to be presented in such a shape as to merit the approval of all without distinction of party, but there was a continued effort to torture them into such a form that they could not be made acceptable. Both of the bills for the legalization of primaries were defeated. It was not deemed worth while to mature any plan for an improvement of the general election law. The interests of the public were sacrificed in a wrangle for offices. It is known that, had Gov. Hamilton made appointments different from those he did make, and had he consulted the leaders, there would not have been witnessed that contest between the administration and anti-administration forces which constituted the feature of the session. The Governor, however, has succeeded in appointing his friends to office. It is stated by a leading member on the managers' wing of the Democratic party that, had there been any prospect by which the Adjutant General could have been retained in office, there would have been no confirmation of any other officer. But it was seen on the last night of the session that there was an impossibility, as the majority of the senators would have voted to confirm any one named by the Governor and who was unobjectionable.

The Governor has frequently complained at the action of the Senate in confirming the registers of voters for Baltimore city, after his earnest entreaties, privately and in an official communication, to take no action upon them until a new registration law was passed. The Governor thinks that many of those who had been appointed, in order to enable him to comply with the provision of the Constitution requiring him to send the appointments within fifty days after the opening of the session, were not proper men to hold the position. Charges, it is understood, have already been filed with him against some of the registers, and he proposes to exercise his power, and make removals and fill the vancancies in all such cases.

WARY DEMOCRATS.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The House debated the political rider to the Army Appropriation hill another day and closed the general debate. The Democrats still persisted in their policy of silence, the most vehement attack being unable to "draw" them. They took themselves to the cloak-rooms, the committee rooms and the corridors. The Republicans accordingly spoke to empty benches. A speech at a vacuum is a somewhat idle declamation; and although the speeches delivered by the Republicans to-day were full of sound logic, constitutional argument and good sense, it could scarcely be called a field day. Butterworth, of Ohio, opened the debate, making the point that the thing intended to be prohibited by the political rider does not in fact exist. He, too, ridiculed the Democratic policy of silence, and said that when the time came that they would want to speak, they could not be heard. The real object of the Democrats, he charged, to be to strike at the liberties of the people, and there would never be a need of troops at the polls, he said, when the Democrats in the South are ready to give what they are always asking of others—perfect liberty of speech and thought. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, made a brief speech in support of the bill, reviewing for the most part the arguments of the extra session. Brown, of Indiana, read a carefully prepared speech, in which, he maintained that the President has the right to use troops to prevent disturbance at the polls. Mr. Dunnell urged that the Democrats were responsible for wasting the time of the House by presenting political rlders, and pointed to the long list of important bills on the calendar which might be considered but for the persistent efforts of the Democrats to encumber an appropriation bill with political legislation. A number of amendments were offered, designed to modify the effects of the hill, or to commit the Democrats to contradictory propositions, but they were all voted down by a partisan majority. Roberson's amendment, providing that the law shall not be construed to prevent any citizen or person in the service of the government from assisting civil officers in the execution of the laws when properly called upon, was defeated by a vote of 87 to 97. The Democrtas, in fact, voted down the Constitution of the United States by refusing an amendment which provided that the limitation upon the President for the use of troops should be qualified by the words, "except as authorized by the Constitution of the United States." Representative Field, of Massachusetts, made a calm, judicial speech against the amendment, in which he took the ground that if the Constitution does give the President power to employ troops at the polls, Congress cannot by legislation impair it. Another amendment offered by Mr. Roheson provided that the law should not be held to interfere with the constitutional right of the President to take care that the laws are executed, or to use therefor the civil officers and all powers of the government necessary to secure the faithful execution of the laws of the United States, and to keep the peace for that purpose, was voted down. Finally, one amendment, which provided that the law should not be construed to prevent the use of troops to protect against domestic violence on application of the legislature or the governor, was adopted, and finally, the Sparks amendment, characterized by himself as a tame and cowardly provision, was adopted, and the committee rose.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—Best Kentucky Lime at Davis & Townshend's.

—The woods near Oakland have been burning for several days.

—A quantity of cherry lumber is awaiting shipment at this station.

—The hour of meeting of the M. E. Sunday School has been changed to 9 o'clock in the morning.

—The April term of the Allegany county circuit court is now in session with a full bench.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. ap6-tf.

—Mr. E. J. Fringer has taken the Bush stand, where he proposes to keep on hand a supply of general merchandise.

—We have recently added to our facilities for doing job work. Fine work a specialty. Call and see our specimens.

—The commissions for the various gubernatorial appointees in this county are now in the hands of Mr. Tower, clerk of the circuit court.

—Messrs. James and Lloyd Bell are turning out a large amount of first class work at Helbig's harness manufactory. Farmers should call and examine.

—Messrs. G. L. Bosley and L. C. Stalnaker have purchased a new steam saw mill, which they are erecting near Hutton's Switch. They propose to cut oak principally.

—Died—Saturday morning April 10th, 1880, after a lingering illness, William Hunter, eldest son of the late Thomas and S. S. Grimes, aged nearly 32 years. "He is not dead but sleepeth."

—Lost — Between Oakland and John F. Browning's, a small locket with the English letter "P" cut on one side. A suitable reward will be paid to the finder if returned to this office.

—We desire to present to our readers as good a paper as possible, and in order to do so we ask our patrons to aid us by sending us a report of anything transpiring in their immediate neighborhood. We desire to give all the news of the county, but cannot do so unless we are informed ourselves.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock; by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Military Notes.

The squad of men who have been drilling in the bayonet and skirmish drill are becoming very proficient. The company had a field and skirmish drill on Saturday afternoon in the Oakland Hotel grounds.

Acting Sergeant John S. Combs has been promoted to full Sergeantcy.

Private A. C. Mason has been promoted to Corporal.

The company expect to receive their new uniform shortly.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 16:

William C. Pennington to Lucile Combs, Lots Nos. 38 and 39 in Pennington's Addition to Oakland; $3,350.

Margaret Garlitz to Johnson Bros., Lot Nos. 580 and 581; $1,100.

Daniel Kauffman and others, heirs of Jonathan Hosbetler, to James Maust, farm known as Sam'l Miller property, 329½ acres; $2,600.

W. W. Schlossnagle to Sam'l Mosser, an undivided one-tenth interest to tract of land called "Henry's Meadow," containing 137 acres; $50.

J. H. and Robt. H. Gordon, trustees, to Albert Welch, part of tracts Gleanings, and Shepherd's Tent, 250 acres; $1,400.

Mary Gooseman to Wm. Hoover, her interest in tract called "Shylock War," $100.

M. T. Umbel and wife to Isaac T. Frazee, Lots Nos. 2940, 2941, 2942, 121½ acres; $1,100.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 13 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Hooker, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Wm. Fisher appointed guardian to Norman R. Fike.

Jackson W. Umbel, administrator, C. T. A. of Elisha Umbel, filed inventory of personal property.

Fourth account of Michael Nathan, guardian to Delphenia Hone and others, ratified and confirmed.

Third account of Daniel Beachy, executor of Jacob Yutzy, ratified and confirmed.

First account of David Hochstedler, guardian to Samuel Mosser and others, ratified and confirmed.

Sale of real estate of Lewis Swalp, deceased, ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, April 27th.

County Commissioners.

The session of the County Commissioners closed Tuesday evening. The following are the proceedings not published last week:

The following road accounts were approved: Geo. E. Bishoff, Elijah Friend, of E., Daniel Beeghley, A. Welsh, Otho Barnard, Henry Lancaster, D. J. Breneman, Geo. Mosser, G. F. Lowdermilk, J. Bittinger, J. W. Abernathy, John Weber.

Isaac Learue was re-appointed constable for district No. 9.

John W. Savage was appointed constable for district No. 2.

Geo. T. Wilt was appointed constable for district No. 4.

F. C. Browning was appointed constable for district No. 1.

The Board selected *The Democrat* as the medium through which publications should be made which are required to be made in two newspapers, and a contract was entered into with Mr. Smith, the editor of said paper, for the performance of said work.

Jas. A. Hayden, editor of THE REPUBLICAN, made a proposition to do the printing and publishing for the county, including all the blanks for the county offices, for the sum of $700, which proposition was accepted by the Board.

The Board instructed Peddicord & Combs, attorneys to the Board, to proceed at once to collect any delinquent taxes that have been returned to the office as such.

The bond of F. C. Browning, as constable for district No. 1, was approved.

The Board accepted the Sang Run bridge, erected by the King Iron Bridge Company, of Cleveland, O., and ordered that the sum of $1,861.02 be levied at the June levy of 1880, in payment of the same.

The bill of W. H. Riley and others, for stone work on Sang Run bride was filed and ordered for June levy, 1880.

Military Order.

HEADQUARTERS GARRETT GUARDS,
April 12, 1880.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 21.

PAR. I. Every member, commissioned, non-commissioned, musician or private of this company, will assemble at the Armory on Saturday, April 17th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., for muster and inspection.

PAR. II. Members who are residents of the town of Oakland and those living in close proximity thereto, failing to answer to their names at roll call will be fined the sum of One Dollar, and be suspended from all privileges of the company until such fine is paid, or relieved by reason of such excuse as may be acceptable to the board of officers.

PAR. III. Members failing to answer roll call on date named, and who do not pay fine levied or send written excuse within ten days from April 17th, will be dropped from the rolls of the company and orders issued to them to turn over their arms and equipments to the 1st Sergeant.

PAR. IV. A new dress uniform is now being arranged for, and it is the desire of the commanding officer to give out uniforms only to such members as show by their prompt attention that they have the interest of the company at heart; and to such members who feel no interest or love for the company, a cordial invitation to them to make way for more active and useful members is hereby given.

The 1st Sergeant is charged with the promulgation of this order.

By order of
E. H. WARDWELL,
Captain Commanding.

Official!
A. L. OSBOURN, 1st Lieut.
and Act'g Adjutant.

Jury for May Court.

The following is a list of jurors for May term, 1880:

Christopher Miller, Jno. W. Blocher, Ulysses S. Frazee, Chas. H. Sincell, A. C. Hamill, Abram Miller, Zadock Green, Nelson McGittigan, Geo. S. Lee, Asa Savage, Ross Compton, Joseph Lewis, Alex. Bolcher, Richard G. Burke, A. J. Lancaster, Chas. W. Bolden, W. H. Swangerr, Joseph B. Meese, Josephus Broadwater, Francis McKinzie, M. V. Flannigan, Jonas Wass, Allen Garlitz, J. C. Dunham, Wm. Coddington, Jas. A. Hayden, Norn an Barnard, S. L. Townshend, Elijah Kemp, Clinton DeWitt, John Wass, Archibald DeWitt, John Shutzer, Andrew Sebold, John McFadden, jr., Silas Walter, Owen Hart, Stephen Browning, S. D. Yutzy, Jos. Maust, D. E. Offutt, Melcholr Weller, Geo. F. Englehart, Jonas Gnagey, Levi Echard, John W. Frantz, Chas. Leowenstein, A. J. Michael.

Election of S. S. Officers.

The officers of the M. E. Sunday School of Oakland were all unanimously re-eleted for the ensuing year on Sunday last, as follows:

Superintendent—J. M. Davis.
Asst. Supt.—S. L. Townshend.
Secretary—A. G. Sturgiss.
Asst. Sect'y.—Thos. Bosley.
Treasurer—D. H. Loar.
Librarian—J. W. White.
Asst. Lib.—W. P. Townshend.

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the Oakland M. E. Sunday School, held April 11th, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his Providence to permit the angel of death to invade the circle by which our school is circumscribed and has thus removed from our midst Arrie A. Harne, one of our scholars;

AND WHEREAS, We are anxious to testify to the obedience, gentleness and uniform kindness of the deceased whilst a member of this school, therefore be it

Resolved, By the officers, teachers and scholars of the Oakland Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, that we feel deeply the loss we sustain in the death of our little sister; but whilst we feel our loss most keenly, we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but live in hope of a happy re union "just across on the evergreen shore."

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the family and friends of our departed sister in their affliction and we desire to remind them that He who watches over and cares for us "wounds but to heal," and that what may now seem mysterious will all be made plain in his own good time.

J. M. DAVIS,
A. G. STURGISS, Supt.
Sect'y.

Chance for Twenty-Five Boys.

There will be a competitive examination at Annapolis in September for the appointment of twenty-five cadet engineers to the Naval Academy. Candidates must be between 16 and twenty years old, and they will be examined in algebra, geometry, philosophy, geography, grammar and arithmetic. The successful candidates will for four years receive a salary of $500, after which, on graduation, they will receive $100. The rank is equivalent to that of cadet midshipmen.

No Congressmen's nomination or influence is required in this case, as the appointments are not regulated by congressional districts, but are open to all comers. The engineer corps being the scientific branch of the navy, the department invites the best youthful talent in all the States; so that here is an excellent chance for Maryland boys to secure an honorable and useful profession, and have their expenses paid while learning it. Applications should be made by writing to the Secretary of the Navy.

How to Deal with Rats.

We clear our premises of these detestable vermin, writes a correspondent of the *Scientific American*, by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice where a rat may tread we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every Spring, a coat of yellow wash is given the cellar, as a purifier and rat exterminator; and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon have them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling; they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

Sang Run School.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Sang Run had her last day of school April 5th. The closing exercises I need not describe, but merely ask space for the Salutatory and one short essay.

SALUTATORY—BY MISS LETTIE A. FRIEND.

Time, when approaching, creeps toward us, but once past it flies on eagles' wings. Just as of old the seasons come and go. The sunless days days of winter have gone and again the spring time brings her greeting of verdure and blossoms, of bird and bee, her exuberance of life and budding promise to gladden her sister seasons. So we, who are in the spring time of life, extend happy greeting—happy greeting to you who are now in the summer and autumn of existence—happy greeting to you who have reaped life's joys and sorrows—happy greeting to you who have garnered up a wealth of wisdom and experience, and who, perhaps, are thoughtfully looking forward to the drear cold winter of death, you one and all we greet today with a jubilant, a heartfelt welcome.

THE MOST HATEFUL MAN—BY MISS JENNIE E. FRIEND.

Hateful is the man who wields the sceptre of power. Hateful is the minister of religion and the adviser in morals, when he finds fault with our doings and rebukes our follies. Odious indeed is the officer who comes clad in the majesty of law and arrests the evil doer, intent on bringing him to justice. Very hateful is the judge who pronounces sentence upon the culprit, and thrice hateful the jury which finds the verdict of guilty. Cruel, hateful and heartless beyond measure is the governor who will neither pardon nor reprieve the convict. Contemptible and hatefulest of all hateful men are the jailor and turnkey who, day after day guard the unfortunates within prison walls, keeping vigilant watch until, it may be, the black Friday of execution arrives.

A little power is a dangerous weapon for a little man, and hateful, more hateful, most hateful is the little man who exercises dominion, authority and sway over his fellow creatures.

And now, let me tell you who this most hateful man, this most odious creature of tyranny is. He is the imperious tyrant of the school room, the peevish pedagogue, the little knight of the big birch, the common school teacher who plays at preacher, moral adviser and generous faultfinder; who constitutes himself constable, court, judge, jury and jailor; who is at once the governor, monarch and despot of his minature kingdom, the school room. Such is the school teacher with the budding germ of all civil authority and moral restraint entrusted to his care. Of all human kind he is the most hateful man; or, at least, school boys and girls are prone to think so. Thus it is, oftentimes our best friends are least appreciated. If we can to day read the world's history, glean the wisdom of by-gone ages and see the past pictured before us by imagination, it is because our teachers have opened the book of knowledge and taught us to peruse its instructive pages. Day after day and lesson after lesson their thoughts have become our thoughts and their knowledge our knowledge.

"Knowledge is power," said one of England's master minds, and surely it is the teacher's true power, —the power which, owing to our listless indifference, we regret to say, has not been exercised over us as benignly as might have been. Instead of hate and hate habitually, we owe our teachers the homage of lasting gratitude.

Let us then think only good and good continually of them, and remember each and every one of them no more forever as "the most hateful man."

Prof. Edward A. Browning, one of Garrett's live teachers, addressed the school on the subject of education.

I hereby tender thanks to the friends and patrons of the school for their co-operation in the school work and their interest manifested in the same.

Respectfully,
A. W. FREDERICK.

Garrett's Representatives.

From the handsomely printed extra of the *Maryland Republican*, printed at Annapolis, we take the following sketches of representatives from our county. The work of writing up these sketches was performed by Mr. J. B. Oder, editor of the Frostburg *Journal*.

SENATE.

HON. BALTHAZER WELFLEY.

This gentleman was born near the Maryland line, at Salisbury, Somerset county, Pa., December 14, 1825, and comes of German origin. His great-grandfather came from Germany two hundred years ago. His maternal grandfather (Weimer) was an officer in the American army of 1812, and served with great credit during the war of that period. After receiving a common school education he learned the vocation of brickmaker, which he still pursues at Grantsville, Garrett county, Maryland, his present residence. A portion of his life has also been given to merchandizing. He seems to have inherited the military spirit of his mother's father, for the family chronicles tell of Captain Welfley commanding a Pennsylvania militia company from 1840 to 1845. In the latter year, however, he removed to Cumberland, Maryland, where he resided twenty years, settling finally in Grantsville. In 1877 he was elected to his present position, the latter half of the term expiring with this session. He was never before in public life. He is quiet, modest and retiring, rarely makes himself heard in the Senate, but votes on political questions with his (the Republican) party. He is a committeeman on Pensions and Federal Relations.

HOUSE.

HON. GEO. W. WILSON.

Hon. George W. Wilson was born at Wilson's Mills, Allegany (now Garrett) county, Md., September 4, 1836. His opportunities for acquiring an education were limited to the old fashioned log school-house and the primitive text books and teachers of an era lately gone by. To these he added close application to study by the light of the candle when the toil of the day was done. Married at twenty-two he began life on a tract of wild land situated on the drains which form the headwaters of the North Branch of the Potomac, then an almost unbroken wilderness. Here he had ample opportunity to indulge his favorite pastime of hunting when more substantial and exciting pursuits permitted. The region abounded with game, and afforded occasions for displays of prowess as well as for the exhilaration of the chase. Mr. Wilson has killed four deers and on two occasions three bears in one day. Primarily Mr. Wilson is a farmer, tho' collaterally he is engaged in lumbering and coopering. Essentially self-made in all departments of his business, he adds to farming considerable proficiency in surveying, sawing and blacksmithing, and is thus able to adapt himself to accommodating all the demands of his isolated locality. In politics Mr. Wilson is a Republican. This is his second term in the House of Delegates, the only civil position he has held. He occupies a place on the committees on Elections and Manufactures. He is a useful member and represents his people faithfully and ably.

HON. AUSTIN SPEICHER.

Hon. Austin Speicher is a gentleman of modest demeanor, but a sound, solid, active citizen. In politics a Republican, he is of that quiet class whose temperate language rarely provokes pulmosity. Hence, he is regarded highly by all who know him as neighbor and acquaintance. He holds his first position, is faithful in attending the sessions of the House and on Committees active and careful. Born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, September 3, 1820, he removed early to that part of Allegany now embraced in the county of Garrett and received all the education afforded in that section at that day. He is a member of the Committee on Fisheries and Pensions.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13, 1880.

The proceedings in the Kellogg-Spofford contested election case have come to a stop in the Senate. It now turns out that several of the Democratic Senators refused to support their brethren in this seat stealing expedition. Caucuses were held as often as twice a day, the Senators were labored with by their fellows, but all to no purpose; those who believed in justice would not budge an inch, and so this crime will not be put through at this session. Senator Hill and others of the Committee on Elections are very angry at the refusal to support their unseating resolutions, and threats are made that unless the Senate Democrats support in a body these resolutions, Messrs. Hill & Co. will resign. Many worse things could happen to the Democrats than the resignation of these hot-head Senators. The attempted seating of Spofford is so unjust that we do not wonder that the more conservative Democrats refuse to vote for it.

The Democrats passed their army appropriation bill with the political rider against troops at the polls, but not until the Republicans had an opportunity to speak their minds upon it. For once the Democrats showed a measure of wisdom and kept their mouths shut. They knew enough to know they could not open them without blundering, and they left their seats when the Republicans exposed their follies and wickedness, so that they might dot be tempted into injudicious remarks.

The contest for delegates to the National Convention, in Ohio and Illinois especially is attracting much interest here. In Ohio the race is pretty even between Senator Blaine and Secretary Sherman, the Senator thus far being a little ahead in the number of delegates chosen. In Illinois the Senator' friends claim that they have so far elected one-fourth the delegates necessary to control the State Convention, but Gen. Grant's friends deny this. The friends of General Grant and Secretary Sherman are very free to say that if they cannot carry these, their own States, they will withdraw from the contest altogether.

It has been charged by the friends of Grant and Sherman that the National Blaine club of this city has been sending out documents detracting from the merits of the other candidates. Such is not the fact. The Blaine club has never sent out a document of the kind charged, and this can be readily seen by an examination of documents on file there. The report was circulated to injure Senator Blaine before the people, but it fails in its object. The Blaine club and not Mr. Blaine is responsible for its documents.

LOGAN.

The license bill for Garrett county is said to have received a "pocket veto" at the hands of Gov. Hamilton.

New Words.

While many words once in common use are now nearly obsolete, few persons are aware how large a number of new words are constantly coming into our language. The supplement of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, recently issued, contains among other attractive features, an addition of over 4600 New Words and Meanings, and yet it is but a few years since a general revision was made and great care taken to insert all the words then properly belonging to the English language. Where these words come from and what they are, is a surprise to persons who have not examined them. That they have not been hastily compiled is evidenced by the accuracy of and careful study given to their etymology and definitions.

Farmer Jonesbury says his hens always lay during the winter. All he has to do is to casually remark in their hearing that eggs have dropped down to ten cents a dozen. Then they all go to work with a will.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brushy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation; it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color, white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

CATTLE MARKETS.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., April 13.—Cattle—Receipts 221 head of local stock; prices unchanged but firm, and demanded fair. Hogs—Receipts 1,980 head; Yorkers $4.50@4.70; Philadelphias $4.90@5.05. Sheep—Receipts 2,000 head; selling wooled at $5.30@5.50; clipped $4@4.80; feeling good.

BALTIMORE, April 12.—There is some improvement in the tone and activity of the market this week, though prices (quietly considered) are unchanged. The offerings generally were of a better class, the Western Cattle being especially very fine, while the stable-fed Pennsylvania Cattle were about as usual. There were very few common Cattle in the yards. The market closed rather earlier than usual. Prices ranged from $2.75@5.65 per 100 pounds, few selling as low as the former figure, most of the sales ranging from 4½@5½c. per lb.

PHILADELPHIA, April 12.—Cattle active; receipts 2,649 head; prime 5¾@6c.; good 5¼@5¾c.; med'um 4¾@5c.; common 4@4½c. Sheep active; receipts 8,000 head; prime 6¾@7c.; good 6¼@6¾c.; medium 5¾@6c.; common 5@5½c. Hogs active; receipts 8,500 head; prime 7¼c.; good 7; medium 6¾; common 6½.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

[Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas Browning, et al., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Charles H. Wheisell and Samuel Teats, said writ being No. 19, Judicials to May Court, 1880, of said county, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Charles H. Wheisell and Samuel Teats in and to the following property, to-wit: One steam engine and saw-mill, one brown mare, one four-horse wagon, two cross-cut saws, three axes, one lot saw-mill tools. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, adjoining lands of Thomas Browning and others, it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to the said Samuel Teats by Notley B. Browning and wife, by deed dated March 26th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, fol'o 589, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, to which said deed reference is hereby made for a more particular descripton of said land.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, May 8th, 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, I will offer at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said writ.

THOS. CODDINGTON,
apl 17-ts Late Sheriff.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.
jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby mill ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Va., line at or near the Nordick settlement.

WILLIAM W. ASHBY,
WILLIAM A. LORAW,
THOS. W. ASHBY,
ap 15-5t And over fifty others.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,
Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheaply as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

VARIETIES.

—A grate humbug—turnip disguised as horse-radish.

—Second thoughts are best. It is not the same with mortgages.

—A woman-stung is the nearest approach to perpetual motion.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—A dog which won't run from an elephant will break his back to get away from an oyster can.—*Free Press.*

—An organist at Litchfield, Minn., played "What Will the Harvest Be?" as a bridal couple marched out of the church.

—A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forty minutes, and a congregation can't sit still.

—The man who is architect of his own fortunes has got to get some poor nobody to do the carpenter work.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We warn all Nihilists that they need not shoot at us. We have adopted Melikoff's plan and had all our shirts ironed. —*Exchange.*

—A London society paper says that American women would be far more beautiful if they weighed about 200 pounds apiece.

—Miss Florence Nightingale is a great invalid, and rarely leaves her room; yet there are few busier women in the world. She is never idle.

—A woman was the inventor of the hay-press. She got the idea from wishing she could be hugged on all sides at once.—*Free Press.*

—A man never looks so helpless and insignificant as when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading.

—When a man insists upon informing the world that he is a "gentleman," you may know that he has taken no less than seventy-five drinks.

—An exchange says the young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages is ornamental.

—Tight shoes are said by Boston oculists to make bad eyesight. Now we may account for the fact that barefoot boys see so much that is going on.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down und make yourself my equal." "I vould half to blow my prains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

—An exchange prints a touching little episode on what a child's kiss could do. The current belief in this matter is, that it could get a man's mustache all molasses and milk und stuff.

—Bilkington has passed away. Mrs. B., who has just read the notice of his death in the newspaper, said: "What a pity John couldn't read this. He would be so pleased to see his name in print."

—Imagine the horror of an up-town mother, whose three-year-old daughter addressed her with "Mamma, my doll's played out and I don't want any more rag dollys or china dollys, I want a meat baby."

—In an English race the horse that comes in second wins—provided the horse that comes in first belongs to an American. There is nothing small about John Bull, except his ideas of fairness. —*Norristown Herald.*

—A Western paper describing a young lady putting on her corsets says she "went to work hauling in the slack of the cord something after the style of a vaquero placing a saddle upon a fiery, untamed mustang."

—Professor Peters has discovered another comet.—*Albany Journal.* Well, what good will it do him? He cannot trade it for a dog. He cannot "spout" it for twenty-five cents. The fact is, this country has got all the comets it wants.

—Who wouldn't be a boy? Think of the fun boys have. No responsibility. Clothed, fed and housed without a thought or a care about it. And yet a boy is never contented, and we wouldn't give a fly for him if he was.—*New Haven Register.*

—A "sum" in arithmetic. If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? The end man of the minstrels says it depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

—"All things come to him who will but wait." Not much. The fellow who borrowed $20 of you last summer will not come to you if you wait 500 years; and a fortune of $600,000 is still more dilatory in making one a visit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Goldwin Smith thinks we are on the verge of a moral interregnum. We don't know what he means, but it must be something frightful, and if the man who borrowed a dollar from us last week will come in and pay it, he may possibly escape its full force.—*Exchange.*

—A short Italian prayer which is not without wisdom: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry I pray that I may not be deceived. But if I am deceived I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know it I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

—A precocious boy was asked which was the greatest evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his fingers. He said the former. "Right, my child," said the gratified listener, "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," exclaimed the dear child.

—So fickle have been the prices of our rails for a few months past that parties having old rails to sell write the officials of rolling mills: "What will you give for a few thousand tons of old ralls, provided they are not sold before your answer is received?" The rolling-mill official answers: "I will give forty-eight dollars per ton if I don't change my mind before I hear from you."

—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* thus relates a tale of woe: "The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. 'My teacher likes it,' she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time and no anything to her. 'Teacher an editor?' I inquired mildly. 'No indeed,' was the answer, 'she's a person of refinement and education.'"

—A Bridgeport attorney recently took strong exception to a ruling of the court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your Honor," said he warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "That," quietly replied the court, "is a question of fact and not of law, and so I shall not pass upon it, but let the jury decide."

Some of Dickens' Originals.

Dickens to a large extent used the remembrance of the scenes amidst which his early years were passed as literary material, both in his earlier and later writings. He was not indeed a man of Kent, but at the tender age of four years was removed with his father's family to Chatham. The delicate little lad was unable to join in the ordinary sports of boys, but was a studious and observant child. References to Rochester and the neighborhood either by name or recognizable description, were cited from the "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Seven Poor Travellers," and the "Uncommercial Traveller," where it figures as Dullborough. In one of the last-named papers Dickens describes a funeral of a child he had seen at Chatham. In "Great Expectations" the opening scene is at Coaling, near Rochester, beyond which lies a large tract of marsh country extending from the Medway to the estuary of the Thames, which is described by Pip when narrating his encounter with the escaped convict. It is not unlikely that the account given by Pip of his return to Rochester after he had for a time realized his "Great Expectations" represented an experience of the author.

In "Edwin Drood" Rochester figures as Cloisterham, and Dickens spent much time in the Cathedral. The appariton who figures as "Mr. Tops" in the tale often observed the novelist about the church during the last few months of his life, but took no particular note, not knowing at first who the visitor was.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A Woman's Wickedness.

Few women would have the enterprise and audacity, not to speak of the wickedness, to wreck a railway train in order to get rid of an objectionable husband, and then sue the company for damages. But such a woman has been found at the town of Evart, Mich., and has been arrested, together with her brothers, for committing the crime as long ago as last November. Her name is Mrs. Nevins, and her brothers are Frank and William Rexford. Having obstructed the track of the Evart & Osceola Road they threw the engine into a ditch, fatally injuring the engineer, John Nevins, the fireman, Peter Ross, and a passenger, Charles Delude. The first two died in three hours and the third in twenty-eight hours. Mrs. Nevins having been on very bad terms with her husband, and having been heard to make threats against him, had been suspected, but nothing could be proved against her. Finally a detective sought her out, pretending he wanted to marry her, and so gained her confidence. He proposed at first to aid her in her plan for obtaining damages from the railway for the death of her husband, and next to marry her. Then he would get his life insured for some $30,000; cut a hole in the ice on the lake; suborn witnesses who would swear they had seen him drown; and after securing the insurance money, they would enjoy themselves abroad. She was delighted with the scheme, saying that he was just the man she had been looking for. She suggested her brothers as witnesses, who for a liberal sum would make oath as to his drowning. As the detective expressed some fear that they might lack the courage to commit perjury, she told him as a proof of their nerve, that they had put the log on the railway which had caused the supposed accident. He assumed to be satisfied. They were to journey to Muskegon to get married, as he pretended; but he telegraphed the police to arrest them when they should arrive there. The detective, John Malntte, having induced her on arrival to tell the whole story in a room where witnesses were concealed, she was promptly taken into custody, and her brothers soon after. It might be prudent for persons intending to travel by rail in Michigan to inquire beforehand how the engineers of the trains they take are regarded by their wives. Mrs. Nevins must be an agreeable woman to set up co-operative house-keeping with.

Changes in the Sandwich Islands.

King Kalakana has had a $50,000 palace voted him by the Hawaiian Legislature. The corner-stone was laid at Honolulu on December 31, with Masonic ceremonies. His Excellency John M. Kapena delivered a historical address. In speaking of the changes of the last few years in the Sandwich Islands, he said: "In the year 1853 the total value of all our exports amounted to the sum of $148,685,76; and in the year 1878 the value of our exports reached the sum of $3,247,879.49. Not only this, but we must consider the wages earned by the people. Formerly, twenty-five cents per diem was considered high wages for a laborer, but now he demands as high as $2 for a single day's work. It is not, however, in this city alone that we find evidences of the changed condition of the people and the country. Let us turn our eyes to the Windward Islands and examine their condition. A hundred years ago those islands were noted as being the theaters of war for their fearless braves, with their spears and javelins, where, apparently, the only use of the common people was to help their chiefs in their warlike pursuits, to implicitly obey, to trust to and love their chiefs. But in these days, on those plains where once the flying spear and swift javelin were familiar objects, a great war of a different character is going forward in most of the fertile portions of the country. In the far distant past it was the fierce tread of armed men on their marches and in their combats that filled the air with the dust of their movements; but in these days it is the untiring point of the plow that industriously stirs up the dry soil which has so long lain fallow—the steam whistle echoes far and near, arousing the idle to join hands with the industrious, that both may work together for progress."

THE Chinese Government has determined to establish consulates in Boston, Philadelphia and New York for the better protection of its subjects.

The Hoodlum.

A correspondent at San Francisco of the New York *Tribune*, writes as follows: An entirely original product of San Francisco is the hoodlum. Ordinarily he is ragged and dirty. On Sunday, however, he is arrayed in short black sack coat, old-fashioned "spring-bottom" trousers that cover three-quarters of his high-heeled boots, felt hat with a sugar-loaf crown, and a necktie so lurid that it would light up the Harlem tunnel. His face is generally meagre, sallow and unwholesome. His shock of long hair shines with an odorous imitation of Macassar. He walks with the Bowery swagger, and usually hand in hand with the female of his species. She is coarse, long-tongued, gypsy-faced, in cheap and gaudy dress, a "Pinafore" hat, with a flaming ribbon, set jauntily on her head. She chews gum with stolid contentment and the rotary jaw-motion of the domestic cow. She rattles off glibly the slang of the street, and, if vexed, she shows unexpected resources in blasphemy. Her the hoodlum calls his "chunk." There are thousands of these creatures in the city who are scarcely more than children in age, but who have absorbed all the vices, European and Oriental.

The center of the hoodlum's activity is known as "Tar Flat"—a low-lying quarter, thickly covered with small houses. Here he bids defiance to the police. One of his favorite pastimes is to come down like the Assyrian, under cloud of night, upon the peaceful German corner-grocery, demand unlimited schooners of lager, maul the proprietor who refuses, leave the spigots running, and depart for fresh fields of conquest just as the guardian of the peace appears in the distance. He delights also to beleaguer the Chinese wash-house, and bombard it with stones. If he can break the windows and soil the clean linen on the roof he retires with the conviction that he is a public benefactor. These sports have become hazardous, though, of late, as the police justices do not seem to appreciate the point of such playful practical jokes. No empty house is safe from the hoodlum's depredations. He confiscates gas fixtures, lead pipe, window glass—everything that may be sold to the junk dealer.

He is the terror of solitary pedestrians in the suburbs. He loves to linger about the street corners after nightfall, smoke cigarettes, tell ribald stories, and insult any passers-by who look incapable of resenting the outrage. If attacked he invariably whips out knife or pistol, and he is reckless in the use of either. He cruises about the Barbary Coast, a place given up to thieves, street-walkers and sailors, and is ready for any crime. He forms the larger share of the white patrons of the cheap Chinese opium dens. The hoodlums of both sexes herd together like beasts in large, squalid lodging-houses, where the amateurs in vice and crime receive a professional polish. Half the persons arrested for street drunkenness and assaults are hoodlums. The "Black Maria," which disgorges its load at the police court every morning, carries many of this class whose beardless faces show their precocious debauchery. The hoodlum evil has grown with the growth of hard times. There are very few manufactories to give employment to the half-educated children of the poor. Necessity drives them into the street and inclination keeps them there.

Rules of the United States Patent Office.

A REVISED set of rules for the United States Patent Office went into force January 1, from which we make the following brief extracts:

All business with the office must be transacted by writing, and all letters addressed to the "Commissioner of Patents," Washington, D. C. All matter sent to the office whether by mail or express must be prepaid, otherwise it will not be received. A fee of fifteen dollars must be paid on filing an application for a patent on an invention or a discovery, and an additional twenty dollars on the issue of the patent. A copy of the specifications and drawings of any patent which is in print (including all for several years past) will be mailed to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents, twenty or more at ten cents each. No patent granted since March 2, 1861, can be extended except by act of Congress.

A patent may be obtained by any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented nor described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country before his invention or discovery thereof, and not in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless the same is proved to have been abandoned; and by any person who, by his own industry, genius, efforts and expense has invented and produced any new and original design for a manufacture, bust, statue, alto-relievo, or bas-relief, any new and original design for the printing of woolen, silk, cotton or other fabrics; any new and original impression, ornament, pattern, print or picture to be printed, painted, cast or otherwise placed on or worked into any article of manufacture; or any new, useful and original shape or configuration of any article of manufacture, the same not having been known or used by others, before his invention or production thereof, nor patented nor described in any printed publication, upon payment of the fees required by law and other due proceedings had.

If it appear that the inventor, at the time of making his application, believed himself to be the first inventor or discoverer, a patent will not be refused on account of the invention or discovery, or any part thereof, having been known or used in any foreign country before his invention or discovery thereof if it had not been before patented or described in any printed publication.

The specification is a written description of the invention or discovery, and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding and using the same, and is required to be in such full, clear, concise and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound and use the same. It must conclude with a specific and distinct claim or claims of the part, improvement or combination which the applicant regards as his invention or discovery.

The following order of arrangement should be observed when convenient in framing the specification, such portions as refer to drawings being omitted when the invention does not admit of representation by drawings:

1. Preamble giving the name and residence of the applicant, the title of the invention, and the statement required by the last clause of Rule 39;
2. General statement of the object and nature of the invention;
3. Brief description of the drawings showing what each view represents;
4. Detailed description, explaining fully the alleged invention, and the manner of constructing, practicing, operating and using it;
5. Claim or claims;
6. Signature of inventor;
7. Signature of two witnesses.

The applicant, if the inventor, must make oath or affirmation that he does verily believe himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition, or improvement for which he solicits a patent, and that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used; and shall state of what country he is a citizen, and where he resides.—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal.*

A Strange Bedfellow.

APROPOS of hunting and fishing, did you ever hear of a wild-cat taking possession of a spare bed in an inhabited cabin. Such a case really occurred this winter in this vicinity, at the herd-house of Overholt & Crouse. A Mr. Burns had been left in charge, and for several nights, after he had retired, was disturbed by a scrambling noise in the chimney, followed by the sight of two glaring, fiery eye-balls in the opposite bed, and when he (Burns) moved or made a noise the low, fierce growl of some wild animal was heard. This kind of thing occurring for several nights in succession, so discomposed Burns that he finally vamoosed the ranch, and for some time the intruder had things his own way. With plenty of fat beef and venison in store he must have come to the conclusion that he had struck comfortable quarters. John Garrison, a miner, hearing of the circumstance, made his way to the herd-house, determined to interview the beast that had taken possession. When he arrived at the ranch, about four o'clock p. m., he was somewhat surprised to find the animal in bed and disposed to fight for the establishment, but at sight of the gun the miner carried he flew up the chimney and into the brush. Garrison hung around until dark, then went to bed, placing his gun where he could reach it, and quietly waited for Mr. Cat. About ten o'clock he heard a scrambling in the monstrous chimney, followed by the sound of stealthy footsteps across the floor and the sight of the flaming eyes peering out at him from the spare bed. John carefully raised his rifle, took as good aim as he could in the gloom, and darkness at the shining orbs and fired. The report of the rifle was followed by a short scream of agony, then the sound of struggling in the opposite bunk. The intrepid hunter struck a light and there, sure enough, was his cat, fully five feet in length, lying in the bed, its life blood slowly oozing through a bullet hole in its breast and bedabbling with its crimson stream the blankets on which it had sought repose.—*Salt Lake City Herald.*

He Drove a Sharp Bargain.

A nice young man employed in a cigar store on King street, Toronto, resolved the other day to present his intended with a nice pair of boots. He accordingly procured her measure, and went into one of the fashionable stores on King street and purchased a $2 pair of boots. In order to make the present more valuable he marked $5 (the amount of his week's wages, we think) upon the soles of the boots, and at his request the clerk put a receipt for $5 into one of the boots. The presentation was made and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel. The girl examined the boots in the daylight, and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of boots at that price. She decided to go and change them and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the store and solicited a pair of boots, price $4, and politely returned the boots for which she said her husband had paid $5. The receipted bill was produced, and the bootman found it was impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $4 pair of boots and obtained $1 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The bootseller sent a bill for $3 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl knows more than he thought, although he has been going with her so long.—*Toronto Graphic.*

Mad Over the Puzzle.

Daniel Conroy, of Erie, a highly respectable citizen, has gone raving mad over the solution of "the fifteen puzzle." He is a strictly temperate man, a devoted husband and kind father. For several days he had neglected his business and applied himself constantly to the game, until his brain gave way under the attempt to master the 13, 15, 14. On Monday last he grew violent, seized his infant child and was putting it on a hot stove when the neighbors rushed in. He was overpowered, and a body of police carried him to jail, when he was found to be a raving maniac. A reporter visited him and saw him crouched in the cell scratching out the game on the wall. Although handcuffed he had torn off all his clothes, and was flinging himself against the iron, yelling "Fifteen, thirteen, fourteen." The jail physician has ordered him to the county asylum. The greatest sympathy is felt for the man and his family.

IT IS now the fashion in high circles in Chicago to forget names. A lady who has been to Niagara Falls must try and try to remember where it was that she saw water pouring down an island with a goat on it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Tom Scott was once a station agent, but is now a railway king. This is rough on the adage that the wise man will not try to be above his station.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Our Young Folks.

CHILDHOOD'S GOLD.

They need not go so far away,
Through heat and cold, to hunt for gold;
They might beside us sit or stray,—
Our hands are full as they can hold.

Gold? Gold is poured out of the sky
From rise of sun till day is done;
With falling leaves it flashes by;
In liquid gold the rivers run.

'T was scattered all the way from school,
In stars and bells adown the dells;
We children gathered aprons full,
Where little Dandelion dwells.

And yellow Cowslip to our feet
Came, like a king, his hoard to bring;
And Columbine, with nod so sweet,
Shook gold upon our path,—gay thing!

What goblet glistens with such wine
As the bee sups from buttercups?
What gold beads on the wet grass shine,
Sparkling to breezy downs and ups!

Our homes are sweet upon the hills,
Where love is sure, and life is pure,
And sunshine every season fills;
How can a country child be poor?

No robber scares our midnight hours;
No coffers cold our treasures hold;
Dewdrops and sunbeams, stars and flowers,—
Gold! Gold! Who shares our childhood's gold?"

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for April.*

KON'S HELPING HAND.

"That is a little beauty,' said Grandpa Sin Mu, and round and round he turned the pot that held the tree he was admiring. It was actually a tree of the plum family, for Grandpa Sin Mu was one of those famous Japanese gardeners who have such wonderful success in dwarfing trees, till they grow in pots that one can carry in his hands. This dwarf was about two feet high and thick with blossoms.

"A beauty, a beauty," exclaimed Grandpa Sin Mu again and again, "und all for my grandson Kon. Let me look at it on this side, and on that side, and now on this again."

So on every side of the tree-pigmy Grandpa Siu Mu's round, ruddy face beamed as the sun.

As his features were small, but his face big, broad and jolly; as he wore no beard and was very bald, his face resembled the sun all the more fully.

"My grandson Kon deserves a plum-tree," said the devoted grandpa. "As fine a boy of twelve as I ever saw. I wonder what he is doing now?"

What Kon was doing then I don't know, but I do know what he was doing the next day.

"Mother, I think I will give my dragon an airing. I will take him out of his stall and give him a mouthful of fresh air."

Giving the dragon an airing!

What American boy would venture to do it?

"You think a good deal of your dragon, Kon."

"Of course I do. It is all I've got."

Kon's dragon was a harmless kite. It had a very comical head, two wings, a pair of claws, and a long tail. The tail was old (no older, though, than the rest of the dragon) and was on the point of forsaking the body.

"I am just as afraid," said Kon to his mother, "that my dragon's tail will go sailing off sometime when it is up in the sky."

"What if I should look out and see it wriggling up toward the sun? That would make me laugh," said his mother.

"And make me cry," thought Kon.

"You are getting old," said Kon to his beloved dragon, as he let him out of the corner where he kept him and that he called his "stall." "Getting old, getting weak, and I don't know where I shall get another. What is the matter with that bamboo?"

This was a little slit of bamboo stretched across the kite-frame, and as the wind swept over it the little bamboo slit hummed away as if a bumble bee had been caught in the dragon's claws, and in its imprisonment made a constant musical protest.

"O, if I am not happy," said Kon to his mother, "when I am on top of a high hill, and my dragon is in the air, and I can hear the bamboo humming! It is the happiest place in the world."

"Sure of it, Kon?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Happier when you are pleasing yourself than when you are making somebody else happy?"

"There, mother, I should know you were Grandpa Sin Mu's daughter. He is always saying, 'make somebody happy. Help some one.'"

"Your grandpa is a very good man."

"So he is, mother. If he had not been I should not have had so nice a mother. I should not have had this dragon. There is my name which he put on it. Isn't it in a funny place, on the dragon's chin?"

There it was in large letters: "K-O-N."

"Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye."

The dragon sailed about in the air unusually well that day, and Kon heard the bamboo humming some distance up. Then all was still, and, sitting on the hill-top, Kon watched his beloved dragon as it hung motionless in the air.

"How happy am I!" thought Kon.

Yes, he was happy. He felt that he could stay there hours enjoying that rest which is always grateful to a fat boy, and enjoying, too, the sense of power which one has who controls the movements of a dragon.

"There's old Itsi," he suddenly exclaimed. "He don't know me, but I know him."

It was an old man coming across the pasture carrying a dwarf plum-tree all in blossom.

"Is this the way to the big village street?"

"Yes, sir. Follow this path. Nice plum-tree you have there. May I see it?"

Old Itsi suddenly seemed very gruff. "Strangers must not be meddlers," he muttered, and moved off.

In a few moments Kon's dreamy ease was interrupted by a loud cry:

"Help—p-p-p!"

Kon turned, and there was Itsi clinging to the side of a ledge. The path across the field, one that was safe enough ordinarily, ran over a ledge of rocks. Itsi wanted, though, to improve on this, and attempted to find a shorter way over the rocks, and there the ledge was steep and slippery. He made a misstep and down the face of the ledge he went sliding. Luckily, his fall was arrested by a projecting shelf of rock, but somehow he sprained his foot. He dared not drop lower, and with his sprained foot he could hardly work his way up the rock without dropping the dwarf tree.

"Help-p-p!" he shouted.

"I don't know about helping you, gruff old grandsir," thought Kon. In a moment more, he said, "I will do as Grandpa Sin Mu says, and lend a helping hand. Let me pull in my kite."

Alas, in drawing the dragon home that creature must have resisted, for the string broke. Away went the dragon, bobbing up and down, executing all sorts of capers in the air as if it had met with an enemy and were rolling over and over with it in a death-grapple.

"There!" said Kon, pettishly; "so much for lending a helping hand."

But the next moment the boy's generous impulses prevailed, and away he ran.

"Here I am!" he shouted. "What's the matter?"

"O, thank you, boy. I sprained my foot when I slipped down here, and I can't well get back unless some one will reach down and take this pot up to a safe place. You see I can't set it anywhere."

Itsi held up the pot, and Kon reached down his chubby hands and grasped it.

"What's this?" thought Kon, noticing words on the wrapper of the pot: "*For my beloved Kon.*"

"Where did you get this?"

"I will tell you, boy, in a moment."

Old Itsi's hands were free, and he gradually worked himself up into a safe place.

"Sin Mu sent that to his grandson, Kon, living in a house on the big village street. I must hunt him up, somehow, wherever he is. It is a dwarf plum that is very valuable." And Itsi held out his hands for the tree.

"Why, my name is on it, sir! That is a surprise."

"You are Kon, then? Well, young friend, you have saved your own property by your kindness."

But where was the dragon? That went tumbling down, fighting and grappling all sorts of invisible enemies, whirling in every direction. At last it came tumbling toward Grandpa Sin Mu's garden, where he was walking. It has been already said that his head was bald. In Grecian history it is told that an eagle, mistaking Æschylus' bald head for a stone, let a tortoise fall upon it in order to break the shell. Poor Æschylus! for he did not recover from it. Poor tortoise! one might also say. Whether the dragon in this story had a like intent when it saw Grandpa Sin Mu's shining head is not known, but as he looked up he saw the dragon coming. Horrors! With mouth open, wings extended, claws thrust forward, the dragon came right upon grandpa's head! It did not specially hurt grandpa, but it was too much for the dragon, and the jar shook off the dragon's tail.

"What is *this?*" asked Sin Mu. "A kite? And what's the name on it? K-O-N. It belongs to my grandson. I will take it to him at once."

He carried the fragments to Kon's mother, and she told him about Itsi.

"Is that so? Kon shall have a new kite. I will put something on it also."

When Kon went into the barn he found another dragon in the "stall," and on it were these words: "Given to the boy who was willing to lend a helping hand."—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Christian Union.*

Packing Eggs for Transportation.

PACKING eggs to preserve them during winter for home market or consumption is a very different matter from packing them so that they can be safely transported long distances. Produce commission merchants, who are equally interested with the farmers in having the packages pass through the perils of rough handling and many changes uninjured, issue each year in circulars to their patrons directions for packing this very frail commodity. With one accord the rules laid down in the various circulars referred to discourage the employment of chaff as a packing material, and recommend, among the more available substances, dry sweet straw or hay finely cut. Clean oats are admirably suited to the purpose and are advised when the quantity of eggs to be packed is not very large, otherwise this material is somewhat costly. Whatever material is used it is imperative that the packing be sweet and dry.

Either boxes or well-hooped barrels may be used. Place three inches of fine cut straw, hay or oats, as the case may be, at the bottom of the package; follow this with a layer of eggs removed an inch or more from the sides of the barrel or box, and not touching each other; over these place several inches of the packing material, and press it down gently but surely, so as to fill all interstices between the eggs, and cover them about one inch in depth; then put in another layer of eggs, taking care that the packing is pressed between the ends of the eggs and the side of the package, and so continue the alternate layers of eggs and packing material until within three or four inches of the top of the package. Finish off with at least two inches of packing and an inch or so of hay. Press the cover of the package down closely and secure it firmly. With care the eggs can be thus packed so they will remain in the places they are put, and not move about to crush one another.

In placing the eggs a class of farmers hold to the old rule of setting them little ends down. A commission house in Boston advises this season that they be placed with the end toward the side of the package. Either way, if so packed as to keep the eggs from coming in contact, will, with ordinary care in handling the package during its transit, insure their safety a long distance.—*N. Y. World.*

SMYTHE, who has been dining with a few "choice spirits," returns home rather later than he feels his wife would approve, so he draws off his boots and steals noiselessly into his room; but, alas, his better half awakens. Quick as thought he creeps to his first-born's cradle and begins to rock it softly humming a lullaby. A voice is heard: "Charles, what are you doing there?" "Why, dear, I have been trying to get this boy off to sleep for the last half hour!" "But he is here in bed with me!" Tableau!

SMOTHERED CHICKENS.—Prepare the fowls as for roasting, and put them in a pot of boiling water until tender. When within about twenty minutes of being done add a teacupful of rice, which will cook in the gravy. Add parsley, pepper and salt, and serve the fowl on a dish with the rice around it.

VARIETIES.

—A grate humbug—turnip disguised as horse-radish.

—Second thoughts are best. It is not the same with mortgages.

—A woman-stung is the nearest approach to perpetual motion.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—A dog which won't run from an elephant will break his back to get away from an oyster can.—*Free Press.*

—An organist at Litchfield, Minn., played "What Will the Harvest Be?" as a bridal couple marched out of the church.

—A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forty minutes, and a congregation can't sit still.

—The man who is architect of his own fortunes has got to get some poor nobody to do the carpenter work.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We warn all Nihilists that they need not shoot at us. We have adopted Melikoff's plan and had all our shirts ironed. —*Exchange.*

—A London society paper says that American women would be far more beautiful if they weighed about 200 pounds apiece.

—Miss Florence Nightingale is a great invalid, and rarely leaves her room; yet there are few busier women in the world. She is never idle.

—A woman was the inventor of the hay-press. She got the idea from wishing she could be hugged on all sides at once.—*Free Press.*

—A man never looks so helpless and insignificant as when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading.

—When a man insists upon informing the world that he is a "gentleman," you may know that he has taken no less than seventy-five drinks.

—An exchange says the young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages is ornamental.

—Tight shoes are said by Boston oculists to make bad eyesight. Now we may account for the fact that barefoot boys see so much that is going on.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I vould haff to blow my prains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

—An exchange prints a touching little episode on what a child's kiss could do. The current belief in this matter is, that it could get a man's mustache all molasses and milk and stuff.

—Bilkington has passed away. Mrs. B., who has just read the notice of his death in the newspaper, said: "What a pity John couldn't read this. He would be so pleased to see his name in print."

—Imagine the horror of an up-town mother, whose three-year-old daughter addressed her with "Mamma, my doll's played out and I don't want any more rag dollys or china dollys, I want a meat baby."

—In an English race the horse that comes in second wins—provided the horse that comes in first belongs to an American. There is nothing small about John Bull, except his ideas of fairness. —*Norristown Herald.*

—A Western paper describing a young lady putting on her corsets says she "went to work hauling in the slack of the cord something after the style of a vaquero placing a saddle upon a fiery, untamed mustang."

—Professor Peters has discovered another comet.—*Albany Journal.* Well, what good will it do him? He cannot trade it for a dog. He cannot "spout" it for twenty-five cents. The fact is, this country has got all the comets it wants.

—Who wouldn't be a boy? Think of the fun boys have. No responsibility. Clothed, fed and housed without a thought or a care about it. And yet a boy is never contented, and we wouldn't give a fly for him if he was.—*New Haven Register.*

—A "sum" in arithmetic. If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? The end man of the minstrels says it depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

—"All things come to him who will but wait." Not much. The fellow who borrowed $20 of you last summer will not come to you if you wait 500 years; and a fortune of $600,000 is still more dilatory in making one a visit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Goldwin Smith thinks we are on the verge of a moral interregnum. We don't know what he means, but it must be something frightful, and if the man who borrowed a dollar from us last week will come in and pay it, he may possibly escape its full force.—*Exchange.*

—A short Italian prayer which is not without wisdom: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry I pray that I may not be deceived. But if I am deceived I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know it I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

—A precocious boy was asked which was the greatest evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his fingers. He said the former. "Right, my child," said the gratified listener, "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," exclaimed the dear child.

—So fickle have been the prices of our rails for a few months past that parties having old rails to sell write the officials of rolling mills: "What will you give for a few thousand tons of old rails, provided they are not sold before your answer is received?" The rolling-mill official answers: "I will give forty-eight dollars per ton if I don't change my mind before I hear from you."

—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* thus relates a tale of woe: "The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. 'My teacher likes it,' she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time and no anything to her. 'Teacher an editor?' I inquired mildly. 'No indeed,' was the answer, 'she's a person of refinement and education.'"

—A Bridgeport attorney recently took strong exception to a ruling of the court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your Honor," said he warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "That," quietly replied the court, "is a question of fact and not of law, and so I shall not pass upon it, but let the jury decide."

Some of Dickens' Originals.

Dickens to a large extent used the remembrance of the scenes amidst which his early years were passed as literary material, both in his earlier and later writings. He was not indeed a man of Kent, but at the tender age of four years was removed with his father's family to Chatham. The delicate little lad was unable to join in the ordinary sports of boys, but was a studious and observant child. References to Rochester and the neighborhood either by name or recognizable description, were cited from the "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Seven Poor Travellers," and the "Uncommercial Traveller," where it figures as Dullborough. In one of the last-named papers Dickens describes a funeral of a child he had seen at Chatham. In "Great Expectations" the opening scene is at Coaling, near Rochester, beyond which lies a large tract of marsh country extending from the Medway to the estuary of the Thames, which is described by Pip when narrating his encounter with the escaped convict. It is not unlikely that the account given by Pip of his return to Rochester after he had for a time realized his "Great Expectations" represented an experience of the author.

In "Edwin Drood" Rochester figures as Cloisterham, and Dickens spent much time in the Cathedral. The appariton who figures as "Mr. Tops" in the tale often observed the novelist about the church during the last few months of his life, but took no particular note, not knowing at first who the visitor was.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A Woman's Wickedness.

Few women would have the enterprise and audacity, not to speak of the wickedness, to wreck a railway train in order to get rid of an objectionable husband, and then sue the company for damages. But such a woman has been found at the town of Evart, Mich., and has been arrested, together with her brothers, for committing the crime as long ago as last November. Her name is Mrs. Nevins, and her brothers are Frank and William Rexford. Having obstructed the track of the Evart & Osceola Road they threw the engine into a ditch, fatally injuring the engineer, John Nevins, the fireman, Peter Ross, and a passenger, Charles Delude. The first two died in three hours and the third in twenty-eight hours. Mrs. Nevins having been on very bad terms with her husband, and having been heard to make threats against him, had been suspected, but nothing could be proved against her. Finally a detective sought her out, pretending he wanted to marry her, and so gained her confidence. He proposed at first to aid her in her plan for obtaining damages from the railway for the death of her husband, and next to marry her. Then he would get his life insured for some $30,000; cut a hole in the ice on the lake; suborn witnesses who would swear they had seen him drown; and after securing the insurance money, they would enjoy themselves abroad. She was delighted with the scheme, saying that he was just the man she had been looking for. She suggested her brothers as witnesses, who for a liberal sum would make oath as to his drowning. As the detective expressed some fear that they might lack the courage to commit perjury, she told him as a proof of their nerve, that they had put the log on the railway which had caused the supposed accident. He assumed to be satisfied. They were to journey to Muskegon to get married, as he pretended; but he telegraphed the police to arrest them when they should arrive there. The detective, John Malutte, having induced her on arrival to tell the whole story in a room where witnesses were concealed, she was promptly taken into custody, and her brothers soon after. It might be prudent for persons intending to travel by rail in Michigan to inquire beforehand how the engineers of the trains they take are regarded by their wives. Mrs. Nevins must be an agreeable woman to set up co-operative house-keeping with.

Changes in the Sandwich Islands.

King Kalakana has had a $50,000 palace voted him by the Hawaiian Legislature. The corner-stone was laid at Honolulu on December 31, with Masonic ceremonies. His Excellency John M. Kapena delivered a historical address. In speaking of the changes of the last few years in the Sandwich Islands, he said: "In the year 1853 the total value of all our exports amounted to the sum of $148,685,76; and in the year 1878 the value of our exports reached the sum of $3,247,879.49. Not only this, but we must consider the wages earned by the people. Formerly, twenty-five cents per diem was considered high wages for a laborer, but now he demands as high as $2 for a single day's work. It is not, however, in this city alone that we find evidences of the changed condition of the people and the country. Let us turn our eyes to the Windward Islands and examine their condition. A hundred years ago those islands were noted as being the theaters of war for their fearless braves, with their spears and javelins, where, apparently, the only use of the common people was to help their chiefs in their warlike pursuits, to implicitly obey, to trust to and love their chiefs. But in these days, on those plains where once the flying spear and swift javelin were familiar objects, a great war of a different character is going forward in most of the fertile portions of the country. In the far distant past it was the fierce tread of armed men on their marches and in their combats that filled the air with the dust of their movements; but in these days it is the untiring point of the plow that industriously stirs up the dry soil which has so long lain fallow—the steam whistle echoes far and near, arousing the idle to join hands with the industrious, that both may work together for progress."

THE Chinese Government has determined to establish consulates in Boston, Philadelphia and New York for the better protection of its subjects.

The Hoodlum.

A correspondent at San Francisco of the New York *Tribune*, writes as follows: An entirely original product of San Francisco is the hoodlum. Ordinarily he is ragged and dirty. On Sunday, however, he is arrayed in short black sack coat, old-fashioned "spring-bottom" trousers that cover three-quarters of his high-heeled boots, felt hat with a sugar-loaf crown, and a necktie so lurid that it would light up the Harlem tunnel. His face is generally meagre, sallow and unwholesome. His shock of long hair shines with an odorous imitation of Macassar. He walks with the Bowery swagger, and usually hand in hand with the female of his species. She is coarse, long-tongued, gypsy-faced, in cheap and gaudy dress, a "Pinafore" hat, with a flaming ribbon, set jauntily on her head. She chews gum with stolid contentment and the rotary jaw-motion of the domestic cow. She rattles off glibly the slang of the street, and, if vexed, she shows unexpected resources in blasphemy. Her the hoodlum calls his "chunk." There are thousands of these creatures in the city who are scarcely more than children in age, but who have absorbed all the vices, European and Oriental.

The center of the hoodlum's activity is known as "Tar Flat"—a low-lying quarter, thickly covered with small houses. Here he bids defiance to the police. One of his favorite pastimes is to come down like the Assyrian, under cloud of night, upon the peaceful German corner-grocery, demand unlimited schooners of lager, mail the proprietor who refuses, leave the spigots running, and depart for fresh fields of conquest just as the guardian of the peace appears in the distance. He delights also to beleaguer the Chinese wash-house, and bombard it with stones. If he can break the windows and soil the clean linen on the roof he retires with the conviction that he is a public benefactor. These sports have become hazardous, though, of late, as the police justices do not seem to appreciate the point of such playful practical jokes. No empty house is safe from the hoodlum's depredations. He confiscates gas fixtures, lead pipe, window glass—everything that may be sold to the junk dealer.

He is the terror of solitary pedestrians in the suburbs. He loves to linger about the street corners after nightfall, smoke cigarettes, tell ribald stories, and insult any passers-by who look incapable of resenting the outrage. If attacked he invariably whips out knife or pistol, and he is reckless in the use of either. He cruises about the Barbary Coast, a place given up to thieves, street-walkers and sailors, and is ready for any crime. He forms the larger share of the white patrons of the cheap Chinese opium dens. The hoodlums of both sexes herd together like beasts in large, squalid lodging-houses, where the amateurs in vice and crime receive a professional polish. Half the persons arrested for street drunkenness and assaults are hoodlums. The "Black Maria," which disgorges its load at the police court every morning, carries many of this class whose beardless faces show their precocious debauchery. The hoodlum evil has grown with the growth of hard times. There are very few manufactories to give employment to the half-educated children of the poor. Necessity drives them into the street and inclination keeps them there.

Rules of the United States Patent Office.

A REVISED set of rules for the United States Patent Office went into force January 1, from which we make the following brief extracts:

All business with the office must be transacted by writing, and all letters addressed to the "Commissioner of Patents," Washington, D. C. All matter sent to the office whether by mail or express must be prepaid, otherwise it will not be received. A fee of fifteen dollars must be paid on filing an application for a patent on an invention or a discovery, and an additional twenty dollars on the issue of the patent. A copy of the specifications and drawings of any patent which is in print (including all for several years past) will be mailed to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents, twenty or more at ten cents each. No patent granted since March 2, 1861, can be extended except by act of Congress.

A patent may be obtained by any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented nor described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country before his invention or discovery thereof, and not in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless the same is proved to have been abandoned; and by any person who, by his own industry, genius, efforts and expense has invented and produced any new and original design for a manufacture, bust, statue, alto-relievo, or has-relief, any new and original design for the printing of woolen, silk, cotton or other fabrics; any new and original impression, ornament, pattern, print or picture to be printed, painted, cast or otherwise placed on or worked into any article of manufacture; or any new, useful and original shape or configuration of any article of manufacture, the same not having been known or used by others, before his invention or production thereof, nor patented nor described in any printed publication, upon payment of the fees required by law and other due proceedings had.

If it appear that the inventor, at the time of making his application, believed himself to be the first inventor or discoverer, a patent will not be refused on account of the invention or discovery, or any part thereof, having been known or used in any foreign country before his invention or discovery thereof if it had not been before patented or described in any printed publication.

The specification is a written description of the invention or discovery, and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding and using the same, and is required to be in such full, clear, concise and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound and use the same. It must conclude with a specific and distinct claim or claims of the part, improvement or combination which the applicant regards as his invention or discovery.

The following order of arrangement should be observed when convenient in framing the specification, such portions as refer to drawings being omitted when the invention does not admit of representation by drawings:

1. Preamble giving the name and residence of the applicant, the title of the invention, and the statement required by the last clause of Rule 39;
2. General statement of the object and nature of the invention;
3. Brief description of the drawings showing what each view represents;
4. Detailed description, explaining fully the alleged invention, and the manner of constructing, practicing, operating and using it;
5. Claim or claims;
6. Signature of inventor;
7. Signature of two witnesses.

The applicant, if the inventor, must make oath or affirmation that he does verily believe himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition, or improvement for which he solicits a patent, and that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used; and shall state of what country he is a citizen, and where he resides.—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal.*

A Strange Bedfellow.

APROPOS of hunting and fishing, did you ever hear of a wild-cat taking possession of a spare bed in an inhabited cabin. Such a case really occurred this winter in this vicinity, at the herd-house of Overholt & Crouse. A Mr. Burns had been left in charge, and for several nights, after he had retired, was disturbed by a scrambling noise in the chimney, followed by the sight of two glaring, fiery eye-balls in the opposite bed, and when he (Burns) moved or made a noise the low, fierce growl of some wild animal was heard. This kind of thing occurring for several nights in succession, so discomposed Burns that he finally vamoosed the ranch, and for some time the intruder had things his own way. With plenty of fat beef and venison in store he must have come to the conclusion that he had struck comfortable quarters. John Garrison, a miner, hearing of the circumstance, made his way to the herd-house, determined to interview the beast that had taken possession. When he arrived at the ranch, about four o'clock p. m., he was somewhat surprised to find the animal in bed and disposed to fight for the establishment, but at sight of the gun the miner carried he flew up the chimney and into the brush. Garrison hung around until dark, then went to bed, placing his gun where he could reach it, and quietly waited for Mr. Cat. About ten o'clock he heard a scrambling in the monstrous chimney, followed by the sound of stealthy footsteps across the floor and the sight of the flaming eyes peering out at him from the spare bed. John carefully raised his rifle, took as good aim as he could in the gloom and darkness at the shining orbs and fired. The report of the rifle was followed by a short scream of agony, then the sound of struggling in the opposite bunk. The intrepid hunter struck a light and there, sure enough, was his cat, fully five feet in length, lying in the bed, its life blood slowly oozing through a bullet hole in its breast and bedabbling with its crimson stream the blankets on which it had sought repose.—*Salt Lake City Herald.*

He Drove a Sharp Bargain.

A nice young man employed in a cigar store on King street, Toronto, resolved the other day to present his intended with a nice pair of boots. He accordingly procured her measure, and went into one of the fashionable stores on King street and purchased a $2 pair of boots. In order to make the present more valuable he marked $5 (the amount of his week's wages, we think) upon the soles of the boots, and at his request the clerk put a receipt for $5 into one of the boots. The presentation was made and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel. The girl examined the boots in the daylight, and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of boots at that price. She decided to go and change them and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the store and solicited a pair of boots, price $4, and politely returned the boots for which she said her husband had paid $5. The receipted bill was produced, and the bootman found it was impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $4 pair of boots and obtained $1 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The bootseller sent a bill for $3 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl knows more than he thought, although he has been going with her so long.—*Toronto Graphic.*

Mad Over the Puzzle.

Daniel Conroy, of Erie, a highly respectable citizen, has gone raving mad over the solution of "the fifteen puzzle." He is a strictly temperate man, a devoted husband and kind father. For several days he had neglected his business and applied himself constantly to the game, until his brain gave way under the attempt to master the 13, 15, 14. On Monday last he grew violent, seized his infant child and was putting it on a hot stove when the neighbors rushed in. He was overpowered, and a body of police carried him to jail, when he was found to be a raving maniac. A reporter visited him and saw him crouched in the cell scratching out the game on the wall. Although handcuffed he had torn off all his clothes, and was flinging himself against the iron, yelling "Fifteen, thirteen, fourteen." The jail physician has ordered him to the county asylum. The greatest sympathy is felt for the man and his family.

IT IS now the fashion in high circles in Chicago to forget names. A lady who has been to Niagara Falls must try and try to remember where it was that she saw water pouring down an island with a goat on it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Tom Scott was once a station agent, but is now a railway king. This is rough on the adage that the wise man will not try to be above his station.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Our Young Folks.

CHILDHOOD'S GOLD.

They need not go so far away,
Through heat and cold, to hunt for gold;
They might beside us sit or stray,—
Our hands are full as they can hold.

Gold? Gold is poured out of the sky
From rise of sun till day is done;
With falling leaves it flashes by;
In liquid gold the rivers run.

'T was scattered all the way from school,
In stars and bells adown the dells;
We children gathered aprons full,
Where little Dandelion dwells.

And yellow Cowslip to our feet
Came, like a king, his hoard to bring;
And Columbine, with nod so sweet,
Shook gold upon our path,—gay thing!

What goblet glistens with such wine
As the bee sups from buttercups?
What gold beads on the wet grass shine,
Sparkling to breezy downs and ups!

Our homes are sweet upon the hills,
Where love is sure, and life is pure,
And sunshine every season fills;
How can a country child be poor?

No robber scares our midnight hours;
No coffers cold our treasures hold;
Dewdrops and sunbeams, stars and flowers,—
Gold! Gold! Who shares our childhood's gold?"

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for April.*

KON'S HELPING HAND.

"That is a little beauty,' said Grandpa Sin Mu, and round and round he turned the pot that held the tree he was admiring. It was actually a tree of the plum family, for Grandpa Sin Mu was one of those famous Japanese gardeners who have such wonderful success in dwarfing trees, till they grow in pots that one can carry in his hands. This dwarf was about two feet high and thick with blossoms.

"A beauty, a beauty," exclaimed Grandpa Sin Mu again and again, "and all for my grandson Kon. Let me look at it on this side, and on that side, and now on this again."

So on every side of the tree-pigmy Grandpa Sin Mu's round, ruddy face beamed as the sun.

As his features were small, but his face big, broad and jolly; as he wore no beard and was very bald, his face resembled the sun all the more fully.

"My grandson Kon deserves a plum-tree," said the devoted grandpa. "As fine a boy of twelve as I ever saw. I wonder what he is doing now?"

What Kon was doing then I don't know, but I do know what he was doing the next day.

"Mother, I think I will give my dragon an airing. I will take him out of his stall and give him a mouthful of fresh air."

Giving the dragon an airing!

What American boy would venture to do it?

"You think a good deal of your dragon, Kon."

"Of course I do. It is all I've got."

Kon's dragon was a harmless kite. It had a very comical head, two wings, a pair of claws, and a long tail. The tail was old (no older, though, than the rest of the dragon) and was on the point of forsaking the body.

"I am just as afraid," said Kon to his mother, "that my dragon's tail will go sailing off sometime when it is up in the sky."

"What if I should look out and see it wriggling up toward the sun? That would make me laugh," said his mother.

"And make me cry," thought Kon.

"You are getting old," said Kon to his beloved dragon, as he let him out of the corner where he kept him and that he called his "stall." "Getting old, getting weak, and I don't know where I shall get another. What is the matter with that bamboo?"

This was a little slit of bamboo stretched across the kite-frame, and as the wind swept over it the little bamboo slit hummed away as if a bumble bee had been caught in the dragon's claws, and in its imprisonment made a constant musical protest.

"O, if I am not happy," said Kon to his mother, "when I am on top of a high hill, and my dragon is in the air, and I can hear the bamboo humming! It is the happiest place in the world."

"Sure of it, Kon?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Happier when you are pleasing yourself than when you are making somebody else happy?"

"There, mother, I should know you were Grandpa Sin Mu's daughter. He is always saying, 'make somebody happy. Help some one.'"

"Your grandpa is a very good man."

"So he is, mother. If he had not been I should not have had so nice a mother. I should not have had this dragon. There is my name which he put on it. Isn't it in a funny place, on the dragon's chin?"

There it was in large letters: "K-O-N."

"Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye."

The dragon sailed about in the air unusually well that day, and Kon heard the bamboo humming some distance up. Then all was still, and, sitting on the hill-top, Kon watched his beloved dragon as it hung motionless in the air.

"How happy am I!" thought Kon.

Yes, he was happy. He felt that he could stay there hours enjoying that rest which is always grateful to a fat boy, and enjoying, too, the sense of power which one has who controls the movements of a dragon.

"There's old Itsi," he suddenly exclaimed. "He don't know me, but I know him."

It was an old man coming across the pasture carrying a dwarf plum-tree all in blossom.

"Is this the way to the big village street?"

"Yes, sir. Follow this path. Nice plum-tree you have there. May I see it?"

Old Itsi suddenly seemed very gruff. "Strangers must not be meddlers," he muttered, and moved off.

In a few moments Kon's dreamy ease was interrupted by a loud cry:

"Help—p-p!"

Kon turned, and there was Itsi clinging to the side of a ledge. The path across the field, one that was safe enough ordinarily, ran over a ledge of rocks. Itsi wanted, though, to improve on this, and attempted to find a shorter way over the rocks, and there the ledge was steep and slippery. He made a misstep and down the face of the ledge he went sliding. Luckily, his fall was arrested by a projecting shelf of rock, but somehow he sprained his foot. He dared not drop lower, and with his sprained foot he could hardly work his way up the rock without dropping the dwarf tree.

"Help-p-p!" he shouted.

"I don't know about helping you, gruff old grandsir," thought Kon. In a moment more, he said, "I will do as Grandpa Sin Mu says, and lend a helping hand. Let me pull in my kite."

Alas, in drawing the dragon home that creature must have resisted, for the string broke. Away went the dragon, bobbing up and down, executing all sorts of capers in the air as if it had met with an enemy and were rolling over and over with it in a death-grapple.

"There!" said Kon, pettishly; "so much for lending a helping hand."

But the next moment the boy's generous impulses prevailed, and away he ran.

"Here I am!" he shouted. "What's the matter?"

"O, thank you, boy. I sprained my foot when I slipped down here, and I can't well get back unless some one will reach down and take this pot up to a safe place. You see I can't set it anywhere."

Itsi held up the pot, and Kon reached down his chubby hands and grasped it.

"What's this?" thought Kon, noticing words on the wrapper of the pot: "*For my beloved Kon.*"

"Where did you get this?"

"I will tell you, boy, in a moment."

Old Itsi's hands were free, and he gradually worked himself up into a safe place.

"Sin Mu sent that to his grandson, Kon, living in a house on the big village street. I must hunt him up, somehow, wherever he is. It is a dwarf plum that is very valuable." And Itsi held out his hands for the tree.

"Why, my name is on it, sir! That is a surprise."

"You are Kon, then? Well, young friend, you have saved your own property by your kindness."

But where was the dragon? That went tumbling down, fighting and grappling all sorts of invisible enemies, whirling in every direction. At last it came tumbling toward Grandpa Sin Mu's garden, where he was walking. It has been already said that his head was bald. In Grecian history it is told that an eagle, mistaking Æschylus' bald head for a stone, let a tortoise fall upon it in order to break the shell. Poor Æschylus! for he did not recover from it. Poor tortoise! one might also say. Whether the dragon in this story had a like intent when it saw Grandpa Sin Mu's shining head is not known, but as he looked up he saw the dragon coming. Horrors! With mouth open, wings extended, claws thrust forward, the dragon came right upon grandpa's head! It did not specially hurt grandpa, but it was too much for the dragon, and the jar shook off the dragon's tail.

"What is *this?*" asked Sin Mu. "A kite? And what's the name on it? K-O-N. It belongs to my grandson. I will take it to him at once."

He carried the fragments to Kon's mother, and she told him about Itsi.

"Is that so? Kon shall have a new kite. I will put something on it also."

When Kon went into the barn he found another dragon in the "stall," and on it were these words: "Given to the boy who was willing to lend a helping hand."—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Christian Union.*

Packing Eggs for Transportation.

PACKING eggs to preserve them during winter for home market or consumption is a very different matter from packing them so that they can be safely transported long distances. Produce commission merchants, who are equally interested with the farmers in having the packages pass through the perils of rough handling and many changes uninjured, issue each year in circulars to their patrons directions for packing this very frail commodity. With one accord the rules laid down in the various circulars referred to discourage the employment of chaff as a packing material, and recommend, among the more available substances, dry sweet straw or hay finely cut. Clean oats are admirably suited to the purpose and are advised when the quantity of eggs to be packed is not very large, otherwise this material is somewhat costly. Whatever material is used it is imperative that the packing be sweet and dry.

Either boxes or well-hooped barrels may be used. Place three inches of fine cut straw, hay or oats, as the case may be, at the bottom of the package; follow this with a layer of eggs removed an inch or more from the sides of the barrel or box, and not touching each other; over these place several inches of the packing material, and press it down gently but surely, so as to fill all interstices between the eggs, and cover them about one inch in depth; then put in another layer of eggs, taking care that the packing is pressed between the ends of the eggs and the side of the package, and so continue the alternate layers of eggs and packing material until within three or four inches of the top of the package. Finish off with at least two inches of packing and an inch or so of hay. Press the cover of the package down closely and secure it firmly. With care the eggs can be thus packed so they will remain in the places they are put, and not move about to crush one another.

In placing the eggs a class of farmers hold to the old rule of setting them little ends down. A commission house in Boston advises this season that they be placed with the end toward the side of the package. Either way, if so packed as to keep the eggs from coming in contact, will, with ordinary care in handling the package during its transit, insure their safety a long distance.—*N. Y. World.*

SMYTHE, who has been dining with a few "choice spirits," returns home rather later than he feels his wife would approve, so he draws off his boots and steals noiselessly into his room; but, alas, his better half awakens. Quick as thought she creeps to his first-born's cradle and begins to rock it softly humming a lullaby. A voice is heard: "Charles, what are you doing there?" "Why, dear, I have been trying to get this boy off to sleep for the last half hour!" "But he is here in bed with me!" Tableau!

SMOTHERED CHICKENS.—Prepare the fowls as for roasting, and put them in a pot of boiling water until tender. When within about twenty minutes of being done add a teacupful of rice, which will cook in the gravy. Add parsley, pepper and salt, and serve the fowl on a dish with the rice around it.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—In Indiana during the past year 503,892 children were enrolled in the schools out of a school population of 708,-101. Of this number; 7,826 were colored.

—The Southern Baptist Convention, representing nearly two-thirds of the Baptists in this country, will hold its annual meeting at Lexington, Ky., beginning May 6.

—The *Jewish Messenger*, referring to the coming conference at Madrid for the adoption of measures to protect Jews, speaks gratefully of the influence of the United States in behalf of oppressed Jews, and says the United States representative in Morocco is the best and most powerful friend the Jews of that country have, and they have warmly acknowledged his services.

—The total value of church property in the country is placed at $500,000,000. Should it continue to increase in the same proportion as in the past, it is estimated that its value in 1900 will reach the sum of $3,000,000,000, or one-third more than the National debt. The ecclesiastical property in New York exempt from taxation is valued at $110,000,000.

—The various sects in the village of North Creek, Warren County, apparently live in peace and good will toward each other after a manner somewhat remarkable. On the 31st of March the Roman Catholic, Methodist and Free Will Baptist congregations held a union festival to raise money to be applied to the building of an Episcopal church at Raquette lake in the Adirondacks.

—The *Golden Rule* of Boston, in an article on the mistakes of young preachers, points out some of their most common ones. The first is "unnecessary loudness," of which it says that "mere loudness adds no power to the thoughts or the words uttered." Another is "too much of an effort to be earnest," and they are reminded that "self-possession and calmness strike deeper." A third mistake is "too much conscious rhetoric." Sermons written with reference to their rhetoric may instruct but will not move.

—The theological students of Princeton Seminary have issued a circular showing that in the Presbyterian Church North only two and one-half per cent. of the ministry are engaged in foreign work. The Congregationalists send the largest per cent of all branches of the American Church; that is 4.29. The Presbyterians South are next with 1.33; the Baptists of the North have 1.01; the Episcopal Church, .57. Southern Baptists, out of 9,145 ministers, send only six to foreign missions. An appeal is made for more missionaries.

—Paris is to have a municipal school of horticulture; all species of plants used for ornamental purposes, in manufacture or medicine, will be carefully cultivated and preserved in a museum annexed to the school. A public course of practical botany will be given, and the pupils of the municipal schools will be taken by their teachers on stated days to the gardens and museum, where the nature of the plants will be explained to them.

Practical Religion.

The essential part of religion is its practice. All religions creeds and organizations worth anything have respect to practice. They are valuable just in proportion to their efficiency in promoting personal godliness. Neither correct theories of doctrine and duty, nor professions of faith, nor zeal for the church, can save any man. There is no conceivable substitute for doing the will of God.

Intellectual loyalty to creeds and confessions of faith have great value; but as an end, it is not enough. The creed may be only an artificial orthodoxy—a sort of "dry light in the mind," which affects not the life. It is possible to "hold the truth in unrighteousness," to know and believe all that Christ taught, and yet do nothing that he commanded. The most correct faith, if not reduced to practice, "is dead being alone." "For not the hearers of the law"—those who accept the law of God as their creed—"are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." Nor is the public profession of faith in Christ sufficient. Christianity is not a thing of the lip merely. Loud professions are no proof of vital godliness. As a matter of fact, many who "witness a good confession" are often very defective in moral conduct. Christ had commanded us to confess Him before men; but that confession means that He is "all in all." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord,"—makes strong avowals of devotion to Christ—"shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." Deeds, not words, are the surer test of character. There is more of the beauty of holiness in one act of brotherly love, like that of the Good Samaritan, than in all the professions men can make. The man who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, who "does good unto all men as he has opportunity," gives proof of the genuineness and vitality of his faith that men cannot gainsay. St. James declares that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father" is of this practical type: "To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Zeal for the church is not a substitute for practical religion. "The religion of the church is an excellent variety, if it be guaranteed by the holy rite of confirmation embodied in a godly life. That religion is very poor which lacks this solemn attestation." The Pharisees were devoted to the Jewish Church; were extremely punctilious in observance of its rites and ceremonies; yet Christ condemned them. He did so, not for their zeal in these matters, but because while they paid tithes of "mint, anise and cummin," they omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy and faith. "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Whoever is zealous for the church is certainly concerned for a most worthy cause, but there is danger that ecclesiastical zeal may take the place of that practical righteousness which the church was designed to secure. Many persons seek to substitute the punctilious use of prayers, hymn, and sacraments for an equally punctilious morality. They abound in zeal for the church, but omit the weightier matters of the law. They deal not always justly, love not mercy, and walk not upright before God and man.

All professing Christians should remember that the foundations of all true religion are laid in righteousness, honest dealing and holy living, and that no degree of activity in church work, or of liberality in giving to Christian enterprises, however great, can exempt them from the obligation to strict integrity in every relation of life. God accepts no bribes or substitutions in duty. The only religion valuable in His sight is that practical kind which obeys the Golden Rule, is proof against all temptations to business "crookedness," gives full weights and measures, is as scrupulous "on 'change" as in church, and involves thorough soundness of heart and life.

This is the only religion that commends itself to men. The only effectual testimony to the truth of the Gospel any man can give, is that which is testified in his life. This is the visible, manward side of religion, and all that men have to judge from. If a man shows the spirit of Christ in righteous conduct, in gentle words and loving deeds, he is known by these fruits to be a Christian, and his religion is felt to be of the right kind. He bears fruit that men can see and taste, and is a living witness of the excellence of Christianity "known and read of all men." He has both faith and works—a faith which works by love and purifies his heart and life.

In one of his "Relations," Swedenborg gives the conversation of an angel with "one who was in faith conjoined to charity." The angel said: "Friend, who are you?" He replied: "I am a Reformed Christian." "What is your doctrine, and thence, religion?" He replied: "Faith and charity." The angel asked: "What is faith?" He replied: "To believe what the Word teaches." Again he asked: "What is charity?" He answered: "To do what the Word teaches." Then the angel said: "Have you only believed those things, or have you also done them?" He replied: "I have also done them." The angel of Heaven then looked at him and said: "My friend, come and dwell with us."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—A foreign grower of lilies attributes his success in part to the use of deep pots, those eight inches across the top being fully fifteen inches deep.

—The desire for large animals is not always judicious. With cows it is questionable if the largest are the best, when the cost of feeding is considered.

—Steamed Brown Bread.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup of middlings, one cup of molasses, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; steam three hours; then place in oven to brown.

—Ginger Cookies.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of hot water, one tablespoonful of soda, the same of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of grated alum. Mix soft, roll thin and bake quick.

—Fruit Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, six eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus; make pretty stiff with flour; fruit, a pound of each, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, mace, etc. It will keep for years, the longer the better it grows.

—It will be well for farmers about to drain a field to subject the tile to the following test: To determine whether or not drain tile contain lumps of unslacked lime place them in water for a few hours. The slacking of the lime will crack the tile. If laid untested serious results follow in time, as the cracked tile are liable to admit obstructions that destroy the value of the drain.

—A writer in the *Wine and Fruit Recorder* says he has discovered from practice that sulphur, one ounce to a gallon of water, and sprinkled or syringed over grape vines, just at nightfall, will destroy insects and mildew and leave no bad show afterward. When sifted as a powder it has an unpleasant and oftentimes injurious effect, although it is acknowledged a specific manure of value, even when applied broadcast upon the soil.

—It is a great mistake with many of our farmers to think their main business is to raise grain, hay, cotton and hogs, and not to have a strawberry plant on the farm. Some one has remarked that "God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but he did not," and to think so few of our farmers raise this delicious and healthy article of diet. Fine fresh strawberries, imbedded in cream and sugar, would make the farmer and his family smile the smile of joy and talk words of loving tenderness.

Government Lands.

In the arid public lands of the remote west, including Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, and parts of Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Texas, with Washington and the Indian Territories, there are, in round numbers, not less than 900,000,000 acres. Not one per cent. of all this land has as yet been sold by the Government, and it will not be sold for many years, unless some means be found to supply it with water. It has been proposed, lately, to sink experimental artesian wells on the arid land, in order to irrigate it. Government surveys show that 200,000,000 acres of the whole are mountainous, and that they could not be rendered fertile with any quantity of water. An equal amount of land consists of lava beds, without either soil or vegetation, and of desert plains of drifting sand. This leaves 500,000,000 acres of plain and valley susceptible of high cultivation, if they only had water. But a very small percentage of this can, under the most favorable circumstances, be reclaimed by using, however efficiently, the rivers and small streams, and a great deal, now employed for pasturage, has such scanty grass that twenty-five acres are often needed for the support of each head of cattle. In Colorado alone there are 41,000,000 acres of such poor land, capable, with proper irrigation, of producing twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat to an acre. The west wants Congress to appropriate $50,000 for boring artesian wells, and it is believed by some of the ablest geologists that the wells could be sunk. Private enterprise will not undertake the experiment; but if the experiment were once made successful, there would be abundant capital to carry on a work which would prove to be of inestimable value.—*N. Y. Times.*

When you are throwing the mantle of charity over an erring man, do not let it be a wet blanket.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Millionaire's Career.

Millionaire Borland landed in this country from Ireland when a boy and worked on a farm up the Hudson for $10 a month. In 1852 he went to San Francisco and soon afterward began work in the mines for $4 a day. Since that time he has made and lost fortunes. He is represented by the *Daily Mining News* as saying: "In 1872 I bought 500 shares of Central for less than $5,000. This mine was soon afterward cut up and put into California, and the redistribution give me 1,250 shares. I never paid an assessment on it, for none was ever called for, and in no time the stock went up to $740 a share, when I sold. That paid pretty well. Let me see; I paid $5,000 and sold for $925,000. That left me a profit of $920,000. That was one of the best speculations, but not quite as good as another one that I was in almost at the same time. I bought 500 shares of Consolidated Virginia for $50 a share and paid two assessments on it, which brought up the price to $56 a share. This mine was also "cut up" just about this time, and my 500 shares spread out into 2,750 shares. I held this stock for two years, when it went up like a flash. I sold out in 1874 for $750 a share. It cost $28,000 for my stock, and I sold it for $2,062,500. That was pretty good interest on the money. One Saturday the stock was selling for $350 a share, but I held on. The following Monday it was $500 a share. I tell you it took a pretty strong head to stand that. I was getting rich not at the rate of a million a minute, as they say, but $100,000 a day or so; but that was fast enough. Nobody ever knew anything about this till it was all over. I never told my wife and family any of my business affairs, and never kept any books. The only book that I kept was a little pass-book that I carried in my inside coat pocket, with a record of all that I bought and sold, and the price. I never let any one see this, and never brought it out except sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, or when I was alone. My heavy losses in 1878 were on Sierra Nevada and Union. I lost $1,400,000 then inside of ten days—shrunk that much in depreciation of stock. The veins were not so wide as was expected."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

California and the West.

California Passengers! The Chicago & Northwestern Railway, and that line alone, runs the celebrated Pullman Hotel Dining Cars between Chicago and Council Bluffs. They leave Chicago and Council Bluffs daily. This road is the oldest, shortest, quickest and best line between Chicago and the Missouri River, and has the best equipment of any road in the West. All Ticket Agents will sell you California or other Western tickets by this line. This is also the best route from Chicago to all points in Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota and to all points north or north-west. It operates 2400 miles of the best road there is in the country. If you are thinking of going West write to the General Passenger Agent Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill., for *free* maps and rates.

Six medical New York experts examined a man as to his sanity and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

New Publications

Are furnished by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, New York, and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, England, on terms to suit the times. A new edition of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, about 1,000 pages, nearly 300 illustrations, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., post-paid, $1.50. Invalids' Guide-Book, post-paid, 10 cents; Motion as a Remedial Agent, illustrating movement-cure for paralysis, diseases of females, stiffened joints, club feet, spinal curvature and kindred affections, 10 cents; Diseases of Generative Organs, 10 cents; Catarrh, its rational treatment and positive cure, sent on receipt of one postage stamp. Address as above.

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Vegetine put up in this form is within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself, you can, from a 50-cent package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the convenience to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Vegetine in powder form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them inclose 50 cents in postage stamps for one package, or $1 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail. H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

The Deaf Hear Through the Teeth

Perfectly all Ordinary Conversation, Lectures, Concerts, etc., by *New Channels* to the Nerves of Hearing by means of a recent wonderful scientific invention—the Dentaphone. For remarkable public tests on the Deaf, also on the Deaf and Dumb, see the *N. Y. Herald*, Sept. 28; the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*, Nov. 20, etc. Send for free pamphlet to the American Dentaphone Co., 289 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Folks are naming babies after Edison, they are such light little things.

The ex-Empress Carlotta recently refused to wear a new bonnet which had been purchased for her. Her case is now considered hopeless.

There is a difference between the East and the West. The engineer is delayed by a washout, and the injun there is stimulated by a war-shout.

One Christmas the church of a village near one of our manufacturing towns was so beautifully decorated that many outsiders came to view it, one of whom, as she gazed on its beauties and inhaled the perfume of spruce and pine and balsam, feelingly remarked: "How solemn it smells!" Some one else observed that she had heard of the "odor of sanctity," but never knew exactly, until now, what it was.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, immediately before hot water is poured upon it, its exhilarating qualities will be doubled.

Mr. Smith, who has to lug a scuttle of coal up-stairs three times a day, reads with prospective joy the announcement that the coal fields of the world will be exhausted in 2,000 years.

The inventor of the Keely motor is busy altering it over into the game of fifteen.

"Madam," said a lawyer to his lady client, "in this case I shall charge only a nominal fee." "A nominal fee!" exclaimed the lady; "that's *pho*-nominal!"

When a soldier is ill he becomes a six-shooter.

A large opening for exertion yet remains to our hen fanciers. What is wanted is a hen that will lay decorated eggs for Easter.—*Syracuse Herald.*

The Atlanta *Constitution* calls John Chinaman a "Mustgolian."

They have an exhibition of wildcats in Elmira, and there is another in New York City, but they call it the Mining Exchange there.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The Doctors Yielding.

Ever since Prof. Green wrote to the *Medical Record* advising physicians everywhere to use the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in their practice, it has been gaining in favor with the profession. They can find nothing which is a substitute for it. R. Caulkins, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., says he would now prescribe it to all who are afflicted with serious kidney and liver diseases.

Good to take—certain to cure—bottle large—dose small—25c. or $1. Characteristics of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

It is said that four million packages of Frazer's Axle Grease were sold in 1879; and we believe it.

Farmers and Threshermen, read advertisement of Victor Clover Huller, in this paper.

Redding's Russia Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

Grocers recommend C. Gilbert's Starches.

VEGETINE

In Powder Form,

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Full Directions in Every Package.

DR. W. ROSS WRITES:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness*, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

Dr. W. ROSS, Druggist.
Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

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One Package in Powder Form Cured Scrofula.

How to Reduce Your Doctors' Bills.

86 Bremen St., East Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, 1879.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—My little daughter Stella has been afflicted a long time with *Scrofula*, suffering everything. I employed different physicians in East Boston, but they helped her none. I bought some of your *Powder-Form Vegetine*, and my wife steeped it and gave it to the child according to the directions, and we were surprised in a fortnight's time to see how the child had gained in flesh and strength. She is now gaining every day, and I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to be the best we have ever tried.

Respectfully yours, J. T. WEBB.

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Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN KILLER is *unquestionably* the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and *safe to use* internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold by all Druggists.

Pertaining to Persons, Places and Things, with Blackboard Designs, Bible Studies, Concert Exercises and Prayer-Meeting Outlines. Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D. D. Can be sold in every family.

AGENTS WANTED.

Forshee & McMackin, 1884 & 1886 W. Fifth st. CINCINNATI, OHIO

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP.

Mailed Free for 35 Cts. Four for $1.

$10,000 will be paid to any person who can explode Lamp filled with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT. Sent by mail, with size of circular and depth of your lamp.

AGENTS WANTED

S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 12 West Broadway, New York. Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

Iowa Farms

Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West

For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Branch Office, 92 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

THE VICTOR Double Huller Clover Machine

Is the only kind that has ever hulled 100 bushels of seed in one day from damp and wet straw. Send for Descriptive Circular and Price List, which contains many letters confirming this.

Hagerstown Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co. Hagerstown, Md.

Mention where you saw Advertisement.

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Reside doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we Buy and Sell Grain in 1,000-bu. lots and upward; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and shipments solicited. LAMSON BROS., 121 La Salle St., Chicago.

AGENTS' OUTFIT 25c. 120 of the best household articles ever invented. Sell at sight. Send for it, or 3c. for circular. Stamps taken. S. J. FLORENCE & CO., 134 Canal St., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT. Send for particulars. I. W. MARSH, Salem, Mich.

AGENTS $5 to $20 Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy. J. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr'a True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

BERRY CRATES and Baskets. Cheapest and best. Circular free. N. D. Ballerson, Buffalo, N. Y.

$15 buys a new Standard Singer Sewing Machine, warranted. C. G. AKAM, 22 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

Why don't you Paint with Gutta Percha Paint?

SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY.

Holston Salt and Plaster Co., Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with GUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to

GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., CLEVELAND, O. CHICAGO, ILL.

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of Kidney Trouble it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles and has never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. Bogabon, of Berkshire, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS A WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it Acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and nervous disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,

12 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

BAKER'S PHILADELPHIA

PURE COD LIVER OIL

THE ONLY REMEDY

For Consumption, Scrofula, Debility, and Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.

Consumption has been cured again and again by the *simple process of building up the forces of vitality* through the use of this *truly* wonderful remedy, which is *pronounced by the highest medical authority* to be "both food and medicine."

Begin its use promptly, *and thus save life and establish health.* We also prepare

Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.

For sale by all druggists. Send for Pamphlet to

JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.

Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

Red River Valley.

2,000,000 ACRES of the best

Wheat Lands

in the World for sale by the

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED to Sell the NEW BOOK,

FARMING FOR PROFIT

TELLS HOW TO

Cultivate all the Farm Crops in the Best Manner; Breed, Feed and Care for Stock; Grow Fruit; Manage Farm Business; make Happy Homes, and

How to MAKE MONEY on the FARM.

Every Farmer should have a copy. 800 Pages, 140 Illustrations. Send for circulars to

J. C. McCURDY & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER

For Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, Workingmen, Property Owners, Tenants, everybody, every business. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 60 in one town, another 149 in 36 days, another 73 in 18 days, another 11 in one day, another ten in a few hours. Everybody wants it. Saves ten times its cost. No other like it.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars and terms. P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., 1064 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

RATALINE.

Dead shot on Rats, Mice, Skunks, Moles and all vermin. One bottle of Rataline kills 250 rats and saves property worth thousands of dollars. Sold by druggists. HINGSTON & CO., Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the Latest Improvements. Trenton, N. J. Send for Pamphlet. MOVABLE-TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free*. Goods guaranteed. B. CURTIS, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. Chase, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) Sept.

HUKE, SPENCER & CO.

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ELECTROTYPE

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Stereotype Machinery

A SPECIALTY,

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CHEAP FOR CASH.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

I. CLENDENEN, M. D.,

OFFICE, ROOM 7,

145 Madison Street, Chicago,

TREATS

Cancer, Tumors, Etc.,

By a New and Scientific Process.

No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.

SEND FOR REFERENCES.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTATION.—A book of new and effective designs for sign painters, decorators, designers and others, $2. Standard Sign Writer, $2. Standard Scroll Book, $1. Scrolls and Ornaments, by Loudolphe, $1. Painter's Manual, 50c. Sign, Carriage, Car, Fresco and Decorative Painting, 50c. Gilder, 50c. Furniture and Cabinet Finisher, 50c. of any bookseller or painters' supply house or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$200 PRIZE puzzles in Comic Monthly, a mammoth pictorial for family entertainment. 21st year. Sent on trial six months to any new subscriber for 25 cts. Specimens 10c.; none free. Address COMIC MONTHLY, 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE GREATEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

EVER KNOWN.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and needs a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For Sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to

WM. F. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS

In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions & Diseases including Cancers, Ulcers, and other sores.

It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an Appetizer and Regular Tonic.

It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save payment of many doctors' bills.

Bottles of two sizes; prices 50 cents and $1.

Be WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as a wound of any kind, loss of limbs, loss of eye, rupture, though but slight, disease of lungs, varicose veins, chronic diarrhœa, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows, children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and it can be so proven, are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pensions, application must be made very soon, as the time is limited by the law. If applications are in in time the soldier applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances getting thousands of dollars at the first payment. On this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send two stamps for summary of Pension and Bounty laws. No commission or fee in the following parties in Indianapolis as to our standing.

R. P. Kennedy, Pres't Central Bank. | Penn Bacon, U. S. Col. Int. Rev.
W. R. Holloway, Postmaster. | Hon. J. C. Denny, Ex-Atty Gen'l.
Hon. J. E. Jones, Ex-Judge Ct. Court. | Indiana Bavarian Co.

We have two offices. Address

P. H. FITZGERALD & CO.,

Either Box C, Washington City, D.C., or Indianapolis, Ind.

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In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions & Diseases including Cancers, Ulcers, and other sores.

It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an Appetizer and Regular Tonic.

It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save payment of many doctors' bills.

Bottles of two sizes; prices 50 cents and $1.

Be WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ¼ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y.

[Trade-mark "Butter-Maker" Registered.]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Thos. J. Peddicord. H. Wheeler Combs.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder Street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of bills. Loans negotiated. je11-1y

J. W. VEITCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Jan. 30-tf.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon, New York
Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
np12 1yr

Dr. Singleton Townshend
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LICENSE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1880.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

GEO. D. WHITE,
ap. 3 Sheriff Garrett county.

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $900 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

850 ACRES
—OF—
Good Land
For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small lots. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply to this office or to the postoffice, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second, Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,

General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,

Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach.

And eliminates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,
Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 230¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
11m3m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. le21-v1

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"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

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—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1 50

PER YEAR
IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY
OF
JOB WORK
PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS
JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the
ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
Statements, &c.,
Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

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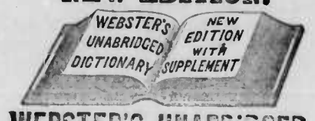

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M.
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.39 A. M.
No. 3	10.50 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 cents.

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The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 4-7, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

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Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880. NUMBER 9.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1880.

CONFESSION AND CROSS-BEARING.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Seven months have passed since the sermon from Peter's boat on the sea-shore. The Jewish leaders had changed their attitude toward Christ, from scornful criticism to open opposition, and the ardor of the masses had cooled as they saw him making no preparation for revolt from Rome. He had journeyed through Galilee once again teaching his Gospel, but the crowds of the earlier days no longer followed him. The shadows of the cross were stretching toward him. It was needful that his apostles should receive higher instruction concerning his nature and his plans of redemption. He led them away from the scenes of his ministry (on a city far in the north of Galilee, on the foot-hills of Mount Hermon, where they could find opportunity for quiet conference. Here he asked them to tell him, what he knew already, the drift of popular sentiment concerning himself. They gave various answers, but none could say that the people regarded him as the Messiah. Then he asked the more important question as to whom they themselves deemed him to be. Peter, the spokesman of the twelve, at once declared, "Thou art the Messiah, the Son of the living God!" Thus was the foundation-principle of Christianity proclaimed. Now that their faith in him is assured, he forewarns them of the scenes of trial awaiting at Jerusalem. But Peter, so forward in confession, is unwilling to surrender his visions of a temporal kingdom, and receives a rebuke, while all are warned that the path to the crown lies only through the cross, and that earth is not for one moment to be weighed against heaven. They are encouraged to believe that despite the dark future near at hand, some of them shall yet live to witness the full success of Christ's kingdom on the earth.

Matt. 16. 13-28.

Memory Verses, 24-26.

13 When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?

14 And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

15 He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

16 And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

17 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

18 And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

19 And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

20 Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.

21 From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.

22 Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.

23 But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

24 Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

25 For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

26 For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

27 For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.

28 Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.

HOME READINGS.

M. Peter's confession of Christ. Matt. 16. 13-28.

Tu. John the Baptist's confession. John 1. 19-36.

W. The first disciple's confession. John 1. 37-51.

Th. The Samaritan woman's confession. John 4. 19-42.

F. The blind man's confession. John 9. 17-38.

S. The apostle's confession. Acts 4. 1-21.

S. Paul's confession. Acts 21. 10-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. Matt. 16. 24.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brothers' griefs to share.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1, THE REWARD OF CONFESSION, v. 13-20; Rom. 10. 9. Where was Jesus at this time? See map. What question did he ask of the disciples? Whom did different people suppose him to be? Who thought he was John the Baptist, and why? Matt. 14. 2. What did Simon Peter declare that Jesus was? What other person made the same confession? John 11. 27. How did Peter's words show boldness and faith? How was this truth revealed to Peter? What did Christ say to Peter? What does the word Peter mean. A rock. Why was this confession of Peter like a rock? What authority did Jesus give to Peter? When was a similar power given to the other disciples? John 20. 22, 23. How may we enter the kingdom of heaven?

2. THE REWARD OF CROSS-BEARING, v. 21-28. Luke 14. 25. Of what coming events did Jesus inform his disciples? Why were these sufferings necessary? Heb. 2. 9. Why did Peter undertake to rebuke him? What did Jesus say to Peter? What condition of Salvation is given in the Golden Text? How may we take up our cross? [ANS. By acknowledging ourselves Christians.] How may one save his life, yet lose it? What will repay us for all we lose for Christ? Rev. 2. 10. What is worth more than the world? How may the soul be lost? When shall the reward for our works be given? What shall our reward be? Isa. 3. 10, 11.

No Indirect Aid to Democrats.

It is extremely desirable that ex-President Grant should not be nominated for a third term, for that nomination might render the success of the party doubtful. But it is not desirable to turn over the Government to the Democrats, unless the nomination of ex-President Grant can be prevented; nor is it well to lend support to movements which are calculated to cause the defeat of the Republican party in that contingency. The Liberals of 1872, whether they acted in all respects wisely or not, did not commit that error. They proposed to support an independent ticket, but only one of their own selection, and upon a platform of their own making. They did not propose to turn over the Government to the Democrats—it was well understood that their candidates were nominated and supported only upon the certainty that the Democratic party would not try to steal into office by nominating a party ticket. An attempt to defeat the election of ex-President Grant, if he should be nominated by the Republican party this year, would be made under wholly different conditions. It would inevitably involve, if successful, a complete transfer of the Government to the control of the Democratic party, and this would not be right. Hence conventions called exclusively to protest against the nomination of ex-President Grant, if not carefully and wisely conducted, are in danger of doing more harm than good.

For example, certain Republicans propose to assemble at St. Louis, at the suggestions of ex-Senator Henderson and others, to make formal protest against the nomination of the ex President. The motives of these gentlemen are patriotic and praiseworthy, and yet it will be necessary with great prudence and temperance, for it may easily do more harm than good to the cause which they wish to aid. Certainly it would not be wise for them to take any steps calculated to promote the success of a Democratic candidate, in case ex-President Grant should be nominated. An earnest but temperate protest, from men who show that they mean to support even General Grant if nominated, rather than a Democratic candidate, especially if based upon the ground that his election would be difficult and doubtful, would doubtless be heeded by a National Republican Convention. But any step calculated to promote the success of a Democratic candidate in that event, whether directly or indirectly, would raise doubts as to the good faith and sincerity of the Republicans participating, would therefore lose much if not all of its effect upon the judgment of other Republicans, and would expose both the party and the country to serious peril if after all the Convention should decide to nominate General Grant. That it will make such a nomination we do not believe. But if anything could bring about that nomination, it would be an attempt to bully or coerce those Republicans who have considered that course the wisest.

Republicans ought to know that the Republican party is not easily driven. If its members or representatives come together, in calm and friendly consultation as to their mutual interests and the interests of the country which they hold dear, sound reasons for believing that this or that nomination might expose the party to defeat might there be presented with effect. But anything that might look like an attempt to dictate to the Convention, or to intimidate it by a threat of going over to the Democrats, would be very likely to cause a sharp reaction of feeling. Those who wish to secure a wiser and better nomination than that of the ex-President, and who do not wish to promote the success of the Democratic party, will therefore take great care to do nothing and to say nothing which, if their views should not be accepted by the Republican party, would tend to secure a Democratic victory.

Let us have two things carefully distinguished; opposition to the nomination of General Grant, for the sake of the Republican party and its principles, is one thing; opposition to the Republican party on account of General Grant is another and different thing. The election of U. S. Grant would be altogether preferable to the election of a Democratic candidate. If he should be nominated there, it would be the duty of sincere Republicans to support him earnestly, even though they might have little hope of success. His nomination ought to be most earnestly opposed, because it would needlessly expose the party to grave danger of defeat, and because it is in the power of the Republican party, and therefore its duty, to elect a better man, against whom the third-term objection cannot be raised. If the Republicans who propose to meet at St. Louis submit a strong but temperate protest in this spirit, their suggestions will probably have weight. Anything like a threatening or bulldozing attitude, anything calculated to promote Democratic success if the ex-President should be nominated, would be most unwise as well as unjust, and might only tend to promote the unfortunate nomination which it is the object of the gathering to prevent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Senator Blaine's Brilliancy and Coolness.

Mr. Blaine, with those who know him, is the most popular of men. The charm of his manner is beyond expression, and nobody comes within the circle of his presence that is not overcome with his fascinations. With his great brilliancy he has that exquisite show of deference to his companions, a sort of appeal to them to verify or deny his words, that is very taking. He is also a good listener, and he has a familiar way of speaking one's name and placing his hand on one's knee that is an agreeable salve to one's vanity. There is no acting in the heartiness of his manner. He is an impulsive man, with a very warm heart, kindly instincts and generous nature. He is open, frank and manly.

One element in his nature impresses itself upon my mind in a very emphatic manner, and that is his coolness and self-possession at the most exciting periods. It happened [illegible] he in his library in Washington [illegible] Cincinnati on that hot July day in 1876. A telegraph instrument was on his library table, and Mr. Sherman, his private secretary, a deft operator, was manipulating its key. Dispatches came from dozens of friends giving the last votes, which only lacked a few of a nomination, and everybody predicted the success of Blaine on the next ballot. Only four persons besides Mr. Sherman were in the room. It was a moment of great excitement.

The next vote was quietly ticked over the wire, and then the next announced the nomination of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Blaine was the only cool person in the apartment. It was such a reversal of all anticipations and assurances that self possession was out of the question, except with Mr. Blaine. He had just left his bed after two days of unconsciousness from sunstroke, but he was as self possessed as the portraits upon the walls. He merely gave a murmur of surprise, and before anybody had recovered from the surprise he had written, in his firm, fluent hand, three dispatches, now in my possession—one to Mr. Hayes, of congratulation; one to the Maine delegates thanking them for their devotion, and another to Eugene Hale and Mr. Frye, asking them to go personally to Columbus and present his good will to Mr. Hayes, with promises of hearty aid in the campaign. The occasion affected him no more than the news of a servant quitting his employ would have done. Half an hour afterward he was out with Secretary Fish in an open carriage, receiving the cheers of the thousands of people who gathered about the telegraph bulletin. Charming as Mr. Blaine is in ordinary social intercourse, it is in the family circle that he is at his best. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children. He is of the same age and they fear him no more than they fear one of their own number. Mrs. Blaine is the model wife and mother, and more is due to her strong judgment, quick perception and heroic courage than the world will ever know.—*From a sketch by H. J. Ramsdell.*

THE NEW YORK WALKING MATCH.—The six days' walking match at Madison Square Garden, New York, which was concluded Saturday evening, resulted in a decided victory for the colored troops, who contested nobly, Frank Hart, the colored boy from Boston, coming out ahead, and Pegram, another colored boy from Boston, winning second place. In winning this match Hart made the greatest distance ever attained in that time. When he stopped to take the belt, at twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock, his score showed 565 miles and 165 yards. This is a trifle over fifteen miles further than Weston traveled when he earned his best record, and it beats the record made by Blower Brown on the week ended February 21, 1880, when his score showed 553 miles 165 yards. That was, until Saturday night, the greatest score ever made. The [illegible] was: Hart, 565 1-10 miles; Pegram, 543½; Howard, 534; Dobler, 530; Allen, 525; Krohne, 516; Williams, 509; Hanwaker, 450¾. During the six days' walk Hart had but 24 hours sleep. In winning the belt he also won the $9,000 entrance money of all the walkers, twenty-five per cent. of all gate receipts, which sum up in round figures $7,500, and the $1,000 special prize offered for the man beating the best record. In all about $17,500 is the reward of his week's work. Pegram gets $3,750; Howard, $1,875; Dobler, $982,50: Allen, $491,25; Khrone something over $200, Williams half of that and Hanwaker half of that again, or only about $50. When the belt was won and put upon him Hart ran around the circle like a deer, capering nimbly as he ran, and hursting into laughter as he entered his tent with the trophy of victory upon him.

Immigration this Year.

It is estimated by Mr. Jackson, the secretary of the New York board of emigration, that the number of immigrants arriving at United States ports this year will exceed that of 1854, when they amounted to over 319,000. The next heaviest European emigration recorded was 291,000 in 1872, and 266,000 in 1873. During the subsequent five years the depression in trade checked emigration, which gradually declined, until, in 1877, it [illegible] 75,000, and last year to about 135,000. This year it is thought that the total emigration will reach nearly 400,000. The Irish and German element will largely preponderate, as usual; but the emigration from Scandanavian countries is increasing so much that a direct line of steamships has been established to run between New York and Copenhagen, which has already brought over 400 young men, nearly all of whom were of the agricultural class. Besides these, as we have already noticed, the Slovaks from Northern Hungary are seeking new homes in this country, as are also the Mennonites from Russia. Independently of the additional productive force thus brought to bear upon the soil, the handicrafts and manufactures of the United States, these immigrants add in the money they bring with them no inconsiderable sum to the wealth of this country. Mr. Jackson estimates that the average amount of cash brought over by them is at least sixty dollars per head; which, estimating the number of immigrants landing on our shores this year at 400,000, would make the total sum added by these newcomers to the wealth of the country not less than $24,000,000. Of the 34,675 immigrants who landed at Castle Garden during the first three months of the year 12,683 were from Great Britain, nearly 10,000 from Germany, and from Scandinavian countries 3,669; the remainder being mostly from Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Russia. Among the skilled artisans that have recently arrived are silk weavers, glass-blowers and makers, English cutlers, and French glovemakers and workers in fine silverware and jewelry. These are said to be arriving in considerable numbers, and as some of them are reputed to be "the very pick and flower of productive European labor," with the exception of the very highest artistic branches, they promise to become a valuable addition to those industries requiring the best efforts of trained skill.

A London correspondent sums in a masterly way the results of the English elections. The Liberal majority over all is now estimated at forty. The gains of the Home Rulers have been exaggerated in the earlier dispatches, and Mr. Parnell's ascendancy over the Irish delegation may not be so complete as we had supposed it would be from his own sig-

nal success in Cork. The demoralization of the Conservatives passeth knowledge. Their defeat has become utter rout. Some of the giddiest of the Jingoes are chattering about Russian gold, and even the old Tories are garrulous in their explanations of the unexpected result. The Conservative reverse is due primarily to dissatisfaction with Lord Beaconsfield's policy, but the heavy gains of the Liberals in the Northern shires and counties generally must be ascribed to special causes, such as agricultural depression and an uprising of the farmers against the landlord class. Mr. Smalley telegraphs that Mr. Gladstone scouts the idea of taking a subordinate place in the Ministry, but is perfectly willing to support the incoming Administration as an independent member on the floor. The rank and file recognize in him the commanding genius of this political revolution, and are anxious to have him resume the leadership in name as well as in fact. Lord Hartington ranks second in popularity, inasmuch as Lord Granville cannot lead the majority in the Commons.

There appears to be great uneasiness in Washington Democratic circles about the dangerous illness of Senator Grover, of Oregon, who is suffering from a stroke of paralysis in Washington, Del. Counting Davis, of Illinois, as a Democrat, there are now 43 Democrats and 32 Republicans in the Senate. March 4, 1881, the terms of 25 senators expire, 14 Democratic senators going out and 11 Republicans. The Democrats expect to lose five seats and gain one; so that the vote will then stand: Democrats, 39; Republicans, 37. But, if Senator Grover should die, the Oregon legislature would elect a Republican to fill his place, whose term would not expire until 1883; and this change would wipe out the Democratic majority in the Senate chamber. So Democratic senatorial, as well as Presidential, prospects are decidedly gloomy, and the agony is intensified by the fact, that the Democrats cannot agree among themselves as to what is best to be done about it. They will find that the more gracefully they submit to the inevitable [illegible] with unusual circumspection, there will be a Republican majority in the House, as well as Senate, before 1883.

If Mr. Tilden should not be a candidate, there is probably no leading Democrat with a stronger backing for the Presidential nomination than Judge Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court. He comes from California, and the Pacific slope is almost indispensable to Democratic success. He has always been extremely popular there, until there was some complaint against him last Summer on account of his manly decision against popular prejudice in the matter of punishing the Chinese by cutting of their queues. His recent letter on the Chinese question will doubtless tend to make him more popular on the Pacific coast than ever; and it must be admitted that the view he takes is better entitled to respect than any other practical proposition which those who oppose Chinese immigration have ever presented. Revise the treaty, says the Judge; give the Chinese precisely the same rights which they do Americans in China, but no more. When Californians experience the sudden scarcity of productive labor which an enforcement of this principle would entail upon the Pacific coast, they might take a different view of it; but to-day it is sure to be immensly popular.

Maryland has four million acres of uncultivated and one million acres of wild pasturage, and only 151,200 sheep. From six to eight per cent. of the sheep raised on cultivated farms are yearly destroyed by dogs, and yet nothing is done to prevent this slaughter. The entire South has less than seven million sheep, with ample pasturage for from eighty to one hundred million sheep. For the want of efficient laws against the dogs, not less than half a million sheep are annually killed by the useless curs.

A fortune teller called on a superstitious old negro woman in St. Joseph, Mo., and offered to tell her something for twenty-five cents, more for half a dollar, and all she could wish to know for a dollar. The woman bought twenty-five cents' worth of information, and it was to the effect that she had been poisoned by a secret enemy. This so terrified her that she died. What would have been the result of a dollar investment?

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ADAM AND EVE.

I always feel sad when I think of old Adam,—
And that pitiful meanness which led him to say,
When caught stealing fruit in the Garden of Eden,
"Eve did it—she tempted—and showed me the way."

From the day that first Adam drew breath to the present,
The thought has been constantly hugged to our hearts
That we are all right—quite exceptional fellows,
When we're not led astray by some other man's arts.

From the days of first Adam then down to the present,
It has never been perfectly clear to the view,
That the trouble's at home, and within signal distance,
But we're all quite near-sighted, both Gentile and Jew:

I do not admit that Eve tempted old Adam:—
She, poor little soul, had no guile in her mind;—
She knew she loved fruit, more especially apples,
And woman-like, shared them, unselfish and kind.

She never attempted to steal and then hide them;
To gain for herself a more bountiful store;—
To take for herself all the juicy and ripe ones
And leave to old Adam but seeds, skin and core.

She was type of true woman—unselfish, devoted,
Brave, honest and lovely, the very best rib
In the whole of the body of shirking old Adam,
Just as ready to steal for her husband—as fib.

She had taken all risk, having longed for the apples;
Had conversed with the snake and had plucked from the tree;
And though weak-kneed Adam had shared half the plunder,
She'd have shouldered all blame and have let him go free!

Then hail, Mother Eve, the most human of women!
Your faults, if you had faults, have made us your kin;
You've shown to your daughters such exquisite graces,
Perfection in you would have really been sin.

And shame and disgrace fall on all sons of Adam
Who dare their shortcomings lay at your door!
And shame on old Adam, who set an example
Such as no living man had ere thought of before!

And if, Mother Eve, you should find yourself weary
Of having Old Adam round, full of remorse
Because he was sent from the Garden of Eden,
We will pay your expenses and get your divorce.

—*Henry M. Rogers, at the Boston Papyrus Club Dinner.*

SOME ONE PAYS.

CHAPTER I.

BRINDISI, August.

DEAR HARRY—Our plans are all formed. We start from this on Tuesday for Corfu, where we have secured a small cutter of some thirty tons, by which we mean to drop down the Albanian coast, making woodcocks our object on all the days pigs do not offer. We are four—Gerard, Hope, Lascelles and myself—of whom you know all but Lascelles, but are sure to like when you meet him. We want you, and will take no refusal. Hope declares on his honor that he will never pay you a hundred you lent him if you fail us; and he will—which is more remarkable still—book up the day you join us. Seriously, however, I entreat you to be one of us. Take no trouble about guns, etc. We are amply provided. We only ask yourself. Yours ever, GEORGE OGLE.

If you cannot join at Corfu, we shall rendezvous at Prevesa, a little town on the Turkish side, where you can address us, to the care of

This note reached me one day in the late autumn, while I was sojourning at the Lamm, at Innspruck. It had followed me from Paris to Munich, to Baden, the Ammergan, and at last overtook me at Innspruck, some four weeks after it had been written. If I was annoyed at the delay which lost me such a pleasant companionship, for three of the four were old friends, a glance at the postscript reconciled me at once to the disappointment—Prevesa, and the name Lydyard, awoke very sad memories; and I do not know what would have induced me to refresh them by seeing either again. It is not a story, nor is it a scene, that I am about to relate. It is one of those little incidents which are ever occurring through life, and which serve to remind us how our moral health, like our physical, is the sport of accident; and that just as the passing breeze may carry on its breast a pleurisy, the chance meetings in the world may be scarcely less fatal!

I have been an idler and a wanderer for years. I left the army after a short experience of military life, imagining that I could not endure the restraints of discipline, and slowly discovered afterwards that there is no such slavery as an untrammelled will, and that the most irksome bondage is nothing in comparison with the vacillations and uncertainties of a purposeless existence.

I was left early in life my own master, with no relatives except distant ones, and with means, not exactly ample, but quite sufficient for the ordinary needs of a gentleman. I was free to go anywhere or do anything, which, in my ease at least, meant to be everlastingly projecting and abandoning—now determining on some pursuit that should give me an object or a goal in life, and now assuring myself that all such determinations were slaveries, and that to conform to the usages by which men sought success in public or professional life was an ignoble drudgery, and unworthy of him who could live without it.

In this unsettled frame of mind I traveled about the world for years—at first over the cognate parts of the Continent, with which I became thoroughly familiar, knowing Rome, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, as I knew London. I then ran all over the States, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and spending above a year on the Pacific Coast. I visited China and India. I came—I will not say home, for I have none—by Constantinople, and thence to Belgrade, where I made the acquaintance of a Turkish Pacha, then Governor of Sentari in Albania, and returned along with him to his seat of government. A Vice-Governor of Prevesa induced me to go back with him to that unpromising spot, assuring me how easy I should always find means of reaching Corfu or Italy; and that meantime, the quail-shooting, which was then beginning, would amply reward me for my stay.

Prevesa was about as wretched a village as poverty, sloth and Turkish indifference could accomplish. The inhabitants, who combined trade and fishing ostensibly, really lived by smuggling, and only needed the opportunity to be brigands on shore. Their wretched "bazaar" displayed only the commonest wares of Manchester or Glasgow, with Belgian cutlery or cheap imitation jewelry. But even these had no buyers, and the little stir and life of the place was in the cafes, where the brawny natives, armed to the teeth, smoked and lounged the livelong day, and, to all seeming, fulfilled no other duty in existence.

I suspect I have an actual liking for dreary and tiresome places. I believe they somehow accommodate themselves to a something in my temperament which is not misanthropy, nor mental depression, nor yet romance, but compounded of all three. I feel, besides, that imagination soars the more freely the fewer the distractions that surround me; but that I require just that small amount of stimulant human life and its daily cares suggest to prevent stagnation.

I was at least six days at Prevesa before I was aware that her Britannic Majesty had a representative there. It was in a chance ramble down a little alley that led to the bay I came upon the British arms over a low doorway. It was a very poor-looking tumble-down house, with a very frail wooden balcony over the door, distinguished by a flagstaff, to be doubtless decorated on occasion by the proud flag of England.

Framing I forget what imaginary reason for inquiry, I entered and knocked at a door inscribed "Consular hours from ——" and then a smudge of paint obliterating the rest and leaving the import in doubt. Not receiving any answer to my summons, I pushed open the door and entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves and slippers was asleep on a very dirty sofa, and so soundly that my entrance did not disturb him. A desk with some much-worn books and scattered papers, a massive leaden inkstand, and a large official seal, were in front of him; but a paper of Turkish tobacco, and a glass of what smelt to be gin, were also present, and from the flushed cheek and heavy breathing of the sleeper, appeared to have been amongst his latest occupations.

It is not necessary I should record our conversation. In his half-waking and not all sober state he had mistaken me for a British sailor who had been left behind somewhere, and was importuning to be sent on to England, but whose case evidently had inspired scant sympathy.

"I'll not do it!" grumbled out the Consul, with his eyes more than half closed. "You were drunk, or a deserter—I don't care which. My instructions are positive, and you may go to the old Nick for me. There now, that's your answer, and you'll not get any other if you stayed there till dusk."

"I suspect you mistake me, sir," said I, mildly. "I am a traveler and an English gentleman."

"I hate gentlemen, and I don't love travelers," said he, in the same drowsy voice as before,

"Sorry for that, but must ask you all the same if my passport permits me to go into Italy?"

"Of course it does. What sort of traveler are you that does not know that much, and that if you wanted a visa, it's the Italian should give it, and there's no Italian or Frenchman here. There's no one here but a Prussian, Strantopsky—dash his eyes—good morning; and he again turned his face to the wall. I cannot say what curiosity prompted me to continue our little promising conversation, but there was something so strange in the man's manner at moments very different condition from the present—that I determined at all hazards to linger on.

"I don't suppose the sight of a countryman can be a very common event in these regions," said I, "and I might almost hope it was not an unpleasant one!"

"Who told you that, my good fellow?" said he, with more animation than before. "Who said that it gave me any peculiar pleasure to see one of those people that remind me of other times and very different habits?"

"At all events I, as an individual, cannot open these ungracious recollections, for I never saw you before—I do not even now know your name."

"The F. O. list has the whole biography. 'Thomas Gardner Lydyyard, educated at All Souls, Oxford, where he took first class in classics and law; was appointed cornet in the Second Life Guards, 6th——, 18—; sent with Lord Ravenoft's mission to Denmark to invest His Christian Majesty with the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Contested Marcheston ——, 18—, and was returned on a petition.' I'll finish what's not in the book—backed Queen Mab at seven to two—got a regular cropper—had to bolt and live three years in Sweden—took to corn brandy and strong cavendish and ended as you see—V. C. at Prevesa. Is not that a brilliant ending for a youth of promise? Do you remember in your experience as a man of travel that you can match it?"

By this time he had risen to the sitting posture, and with his hair rudely pushed back by his hands, and his face grown red with passion, looked as fierce and passionate as high excitement could make a man.

"I've heard your name very often," said I, calmly; "Close and St. John used to talk of you constantly; and I remember Moresby saying you were the best rider of a flat race among the gentlemen of England."

"I was better, ten times better, across country. I could get more out of my horse than any of the so-called steeplechase riders; and as I seldom punished, the betting men never knew when my horse was distressed. Close could have told you that. Did he ever tell you that I was the best cricketer at 'Lord's? What's that?" cried he, suddenly, as a small door at the end of the room opened and closed again almost instantly. "O, it's dinner! I suppose if I had any shame I should say luncheon, for it's only two o'clock, not to say that the meal itself will have small pretensions to be called a dinner. Will you come and look at it?"

There was nothing very hearty in the invitation, as little was there any courtesy; but the strange contrast of this man's shabby exterior and the tone in which of a sudden he had burst out to speak, excited an intense curiosity in me to see more of him; and though I was not without some scruple as to my right to be there at all, I followed him as we walked into the inner room.

A young girl, whose pale, careworn face and gentle look struck me more than the elegance of features I afterward recognized, courtesied slightly as we entered.

"A distressed B. S. Marion," said the Consul, introducing me; "my daughter, sir—I'm not aware of your name."

"Lowther."

"Lowther, then—Mr. Lowther, Miss Lydyard; that's the regular form, I believe. Sit down and let us have our soup;" and as he spoke he proceeded to ladle out a smoky compound in which rice and fragments of lamb were freely mingled.

"This is all you will get for dinner, Mr. Lowther, and so secure what solids come to your share; and here is such wine as we drink here. It comes from Patras, and has its fine flavor of resin."

I ate and drank freely, and talked away about the place and the people, and at last induced my host to speak of himself and his own habits. He fished and shot, he said, some years before, but he had given up both; he also had an Arab nag or two, but he sold them—in fact, as time wore on, he had abandoned everything like pastime or amusement, and now droned away life in a semi-stupor, or between gin and sleep.

"Capital fellows these Albanian brutes for letting a man have his way. No one asks how you live, or with whom. The hogs in a sty are not less troubled with a public opinion. Except once that the Pacha sent me an offer for Marion, I don't know that I have ever had a State communication since I took up my post."

The young girl's face flushed crimson, but she never spoke, nor had I yet heard the sound of her voice.

"My Russian colleague," continued he, with a savage laugh, "grew half terrified at the thought of my influence here if my daughter became a Sultana, and got some fellow to write a letter in a Paris newspaper to denounce the British intrigue, and declare that I had become a Mussulman; and the F. O. people wrote out to me to inquire if it were true; and I replied that, as I had not owned a hat for five-and-thirty years, I wore a turban when I went out but as that was an event that didn't happen above twice or thrice a year, they needn't mind it, and that if Her Majesty made a point of it, I'd not go out any more.

"After that the official fellows, who seemed to have forgotten me before, never gave me any peace—asking for returns of this and reports of that. How many piastres the Pacha gave his cook—how many kids went to a pilaff—what was the least a man could live on in the English service—and whether keeping men poor and on the prowl was not a sure measure to secure them of an inquiring and inquisitive disposition.

"I take it, they must have liked my dispatches, for not a month passed that they did not poke me up. At last there came a young fellow this way; he was on a walk down to Thessaly, he said, to see Mount Olympus; he hurt his foot, and he stayed here several weeks, and he wrote them a dispatch in my name, and said what a stunning fine thing it would be to make all this country and the Epirus Greek; and that we should checkmate the Russians by erecting a rival State and a heterodox Church, and I don't know what else. He got up his Greek theology from Marion, here—her mother was from Attica—and he made believe that he knew all the dogmas."

I stole a look at Marion, but as quickly withdrew it, for she was deadly pale, and looked as if about to faint.

"Marion knows," continued he, "all the fine reasons he gave for the political with what the Greeks call the *Grande Idee*—no Byzantian renaissance humbug at all, but some sort of protectorate State, with England, France and Italy, I think, as the protecting Powers; and, in fact, he got to be so plausible and quoted such marvelous names, that F. O. rose to the bait and asked to have further information; but, by that time, he had gone away, and we never saw more of him."

The young girl rocked to and fro in her chair, and fearing she would fall off in a faint, I half arose to catch her, when a look so imploringly sad as to go to my heart arrested me, and I sat still, and to avert attention from her, asked the Consul some questions as to the value of the project he had written about.

"I suppose it was about as wise as such things generally are," continued he; "it may have had its little grain of sense somewhere, and all its disadvantages required time to develop. He was a shrewd sort of a fellow that William Hope—that was his name; he borrowed twenty pounds of me, and he sent it back too, and a very pretty writing-desk to Marion, and a box of books; and he said he'd come back some fine day and see us, but he has apparently forgotten that, and it's now two years and a half we have never heard of him. Is is not, Marion?"

"Two years and eight months," said she calmly; but her lips trembled in spite of her.

I was not sorry when our chiboucks were introduced, and the young girl had a fair pretext to steal away; for I saw with what a struggle she was controlling her emotion, and what a relief it would be to her to escape notice.

The Consul was so pleased to have any opportunity to relieve his mind that he talked away for hours, and of his most intimate concerns. In inveighing against the hard lot that sentenced his wearing out his last years of life in such a place, he told me his whole history. Marion's mother had been dead some years, and he spoke of her with more feeling than he seemed well capable of showing. She had died of that peculiar form of disease which is found in the low-lying lands of Greece, and the seeds of the disorder he had already detected in Marion. "There is a little short cough, without effort, but when I hear it, it goes to my heart," said he, "for I know well that there lurks an enemy nothing can dislodge. You hear it now, listen!" cried he—and he held up his hands to impose silence, but I heard nothing.

I sat on till evening, chatting, as smokers will do, in that broken and unconnected fashion that admits of anything being taken up, and as lightly abandoned. There was not a little to interest in a man whose mere incongruity with his station imparted a strange turn to all his opinions and judgments, and who even in his banishment tried to follow the events of a world he was destined never to share in. For many a year he had thought of nothing but how to escape from this dreary spot—to exchange with anyone and for anything; but now with something like a dread of civilization he hugged himself in the thought of his exile, where he could be as barbarous, as neglectful and as degenerate as he pleased.

Of this same savagery one trait will suffice to indicate the extent. Prevesa was formerly a yacht station, where men frequently came in the woodcock season or for the quails; but a terrible brigand outrage, in which two Germans and an English naval officer were killed, put an end to all such visits. Lydyard declared that he never regretted an incident that freed him from all intrusion of strangers, and averred that he at least owed a debt of gratitude to the Klephts.

When I wished him good-night he was far too deep in the gin-flask to make his words impressive; but as he told me he'd like me to come up often and sit with him, I determined to accept his invitation so long as I lingered in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER II.

I stayed on five weeks at Prevesa, for though I gave my evenings to the Consul, I passed every morning with Marion. I never saw a girl whose society had the same charm for me. Heaven knows there could scarcely have been so dreary a spot, nor one where life had fewer pleasures; but there seemed a capacity for enjoyment in her mind, which, whether for sun or sky or shore, for breezy mountain or dark nestling wood, could extract its own delight and be happy.

I had seen enough even on the first day I met her to be aware that Hope had not made a merely passing impression upon her heart, and I was cautious to avoid all that might revive the memory of his name. This reserve on my part seemed actually at length too much for her patience, for in one of our long walks she suddenly asked me if I had never known him.

"No," replied I, "never; and I have been guardedly careful not to ask you about one of whose intimacy with you I feel jealous."

"How do you mean jealous?" asked she, turning on me those large, full eyes that reminded me of the Homeric smile, the "ox-eyed."

"Perhaps my word was ill chosen," said I, in some confusion; "but what I tried to convey was the discomfiture I felt on thinking that there had been one who walked with you where we are walking, and whose words, it might be, interested you as much, or more, than mine."

"Yes, it is true," she said, softly.

"Which is true?" said I, in a low voice.

"That he loved me!" said she, in the same unaltered tone.

"And you——;" but I caught myself at once, and, shocked at the ungenerous daring, turned it off by saying "I should like to hear more of him; tell me what you know of his history or belongings."

"I know nothing, except that he was poor as ourselves; that whatever he should become in life must be his own achievement; that he was friendless and alone."

"He was a gentleman?" said I, inquiring.

"Was he not a gentleman! Was not every word, every opinion he uttered, the sonl of honor and high feeling! When he spoke of what he read, he knew how to praise all that was noble, and truthful, and worthy, and to decry whatever was ignoble or mean. When he helped a beggar on the road, he gave his alms like one whose happier fortune it was to [illegible] without kith or kin or belongings of any kind. That I should marry a girl in the humblest condition was purely my own affair. There was not one to question me; but, above all this and beyond it, I owned the one great difficulty, how should I gain her love? The very mode in which my intimacy with her had been effected would make it a sort of treason were I to try to win her affections; and I could fancy that scornful banter in which she would meet my addresses, and ask me what sort of memory was mine? I could picture her raillery too on the nature that could deliberately raise its hopes on the foundation of affection laid by another, and make what, to an honest mind, would be jealonsy, minister to his own passion.

It was all true, and except some advantages of a purely worldly kind, and for which I knew she would have little value, I had nothing in my favor. The only question then that remained was, should I better break the spell that was on me by incurring a distinct refusal; or should I fly at once and leave the place forever?

The latter seemed the wiser resolve, and I came to it as I slowly walked homeward to my inn at night. Instead of going to bed I sent for the landlord, and engaged with him to furnish me horses and a guide to anywhere on the coast by which I might take shipping for Italy or the shores of the Adriatic. There was a return caravan with a strong armed party bound for Salonica to start at midnight. I made my bargain and within two hours afterward was on the road.

I have little more to add. We were nearly three weeks on the way, and I was thoroughly exhausted, weather-worn and very ragged, when I entered at nightfall that dirty seaport which I am now told is to become the greatest commercial mart of the Levant. One of the first sights that struck me as I came in was a party of yacht sailors with the word "Marmion" on their glazed habits.

The Marmion was the crack yacht of Cowes—the fastest cutter it was supposed, ever built, and lately bought by the Duke of R——, whom I had known intimately at All Souls. Having learned that he was bound for the Piræus, I sent off a few lines, asking, if not utterly inconvenient, that he would give me a passage to Greece.

A letter from the Duke with a most cordial invitation, answered me within an hour. He was on his wedding-tour, and had a small party of friends, but ample room and a hearty welcome for me.

If I were painting a picture *de genre*, I might linger to sketch some of the scenes, and one or two of the characters of that yacht party; but though there was a very pretty and attractive bride, and more than one bridesmaid of striking beauty, and some half-dozen very assiduous young men of great fascination and faultless costume, I was too much under the shadow of my late discomfiture to emerge into the broad sunlight of their gay converse.

"What is the matter with you?" said R—— to me one night, as we walked the deck alone; "I never saw you before in such low spirits."

I made some pretext of health, and changed the theme, when he asked me where I had been, and how I had come to that little-visited spot—Salonica.

"As for that," I said, "I have been sojourning in scores of places not fit to compare with it; places you never so much as heard of—Yanina, Arta, Corstataeu and Prevesa."

"Prevesa! the little bay opposite Corfu?"

"Yes; how do you know it?"

"Because I passed three months there. It was in that little dreary fishing village where I lived on sardines and boiled rice, I wrote a marvelous Stato paper, that the fellows at F. O. used to say made it a crying shame for me to leave diplomacy. I was then attached to my uncle's embassy at Constantinople."

"What year was that?"

"In 18——. I seldom can recall a date, but I have a clue to this one." He paused for some seconds and added: "There was a good-looking girl there that I 'spooned' and got very fond of, too. That's the confounded part of those barbarous places. It is not only the onions and the black bread you get used to, but you conform to the women, too, and if you remain over-long you end by marrying one of them. Shake your head, old fellow, but it might happen all the same." He paused for a moment or two, gave a faint sigh, and then, with a sort of shake, like one throwing off a load, said: "Come down below, and let's have a glass of brandy and water."

—*Blackwood.*

The Press as an Educator.

St. Louis is fortunate in her Superintendent of Schools. The name of Dr. W. T. Harris is associated in the minds of most well educated Americans with administrative qualities of a rare order and discriminative power such as few men enjoy, and which in his position is invaluable. The opinions of such a man, respecting educational influence, carry a weight of authority that does not attach to the views of a less critical observer, even though they be expressed with greater eloquence or more oracular assumption. In a recent lecture before the Maryland Institute, Dr. Harris handled an important question and a fruitful theme, "The Press and the School as Educators," and he treated it, not as one who had prejudices to gratify or theories to establish; but rather as a patient and honest investigator, giving actual results of intelligent thought and observation. Through the press, he said, "the influences for education of the home, the school, of society, of the State and of the church are brought simultaneously to bear. Each individual man is brought into accord with the rest of mankind. Personal rule and will are adjusted to the universal rule and will. The experience of each man is communicated so that each may have the experience of all. Through the press people develop sympathy and interest beyond their neighborhood and locality. Social life is benefited. The newspaper realizes the mythical wishing-cap and seven-leagued boots. Through it the life of the individual becomes mixed up with that of corporations and societies and institutions. The elements of local peculiarities are fast being eliminated in the general tendency toward a common ideal standard of humanity." We do not know whether Wendell Phillips would take issue with this estimate, but *probably* he would. He admits that *the* press has power, but he grieves because it seems to him to belittle the great questions of life—by inviting the world to laugh where he thinks it ought to scold, no doubt. We are willing to let one opinion stand against the other.

The press is the great disseminator of ideas. It is the leaven of society that tends more than any other influence to give it unity and homogeneity. It does away largely with local distinctions and provincial eccentricities. There was a time, when the almanac was about the only periodical that entered country homes, when the rural visitor could be detected in town, not alone by his dress and speech, but by his general wonder at all that passed before his vision and trickled into his mind. He stood more or less dazed by a revelation for which he was unprepared, and he betrayed the fact in his manner. The daily newspapers had changed all this. Some may say that railroads and telegraphs are the forces that have helped most to fuse society, but we cannot admit it, except so far as they have enlarged the field of the newspaper and made it possible for every country merchant, every farmer and every mechanic to keep himself in daily communication with the great world of facts and ideas. When a man, a little one side the great centers of society, commerce and politics comes into contemplation of the life that distinguishes them, it is merely prophecy fulfilled. He is pleased because he realizes what he has been taught to expect, but he is no longer overwhelmed. As Dr. Harris has said, in the newspaper "the humblest man has access to the best society, becomes familiar with the walks and talks of the wisest men, and becomes in time wise himself." Where newspapers are most abundant, most enterprising and most untrammelled, there public opinion is sure to be the most intelligent. When we talk about the blessings of our educational system, let us give due credit to the newspapers as well as the free schools.—*Boston Post.*

A Curious Capillary Contest.

An odd competition was recently witnessed by an American who has just returned from Europe. It was between two artists in capillary cultivation, a Frenchman and a Swiss. Six ladies, with abundant hair, submitted themselves to the contestants to be used as illustrations of the rise and progress of hair-dressing. The Gaul began with the mode obtaining in the Scriptural age, drawing his authorities from Holy Writ and other records. The Swiss began with the simple modes of ancient Greece, then showed how a Roman maid and matron of the later Empire built up and dusted with gold, and how the Middles Ages plastered down their hair in Europe and frizzed themselves in Asia. The rolled forehead of the Stuarts, the tower-style of Pompadour, the ringlets of Anne, the eccentric Georgian styles, all received a rapid and interesting illustration during two hours, at the end of which the Frenchman was announced to be the victor.

—Hawking has of late years been revived in England, and finds a few enthusiastic votaries.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

To THEE, dear Ruth, gone first to that far land
'Twixt which and ours Death's mounting vapors roll,
Faith sends this message, penned by Love's white hand,
From soul to vanished soul!

Yea, sends to you such sweet, endearing words
As yet would close you in our home-life here;
Make visible the long, curved flight of birds;
Make the brook's soft tones clear;

And yet would keep from you our infinite woe
When the brown earth fell on your funeral flowers;
That sun-warmed dust where heaps the drifting snow
In the wild winter hours.

Would picture you this sad, still life we lead,
With patient toil, in these gray, cloistered rooms,
As thread by thread the bending weavers feed
The canvas of their looms.

Tears! still these tears; in dark hours such as this
We feel anew the anguish of our loss.
Help us, O Lord! teach us to kneel and kiss,
Humbly, this heavy cross.

Hush, now! the faint and far-off chapel-chimes;
(Ring softly, bells! Ruth loved that tender air
Of "Home, Sweet Home,") the listening larks and limes
Tremble to that clear prayer.

Then, when the glens with evening vapors fill
The moist field scents stream through the open doors,
And colored lights flood over from the hills
Across the painted floors;

Then phantom steps come up the narrow stairs,
And unseen hands touch light the yellow keys,
To summon mutely with their low-hymned prayers
The household to its knees.

"The soul is as a star!" those sweet psalms say;
With fine-rayed gold our bending skies are fair;
Oh, sweet white soul! tell us, with tears, what way
To look how you are there!

—*Millie W. Carpenter, in Christian Union.*

MR. WITHERTON'S ROMANCE.

WHAT a pretty, very pretty girl she seemed, as I looked at her, seated in front of me, over on the right side of the car, with her face turned at an angle which gave me the contour of her delicate oval chin and regular brow! How clear and pure her temples were, and how very neatly the hair grew back from them!

A long time did I watch her, that very cold day near Christmas, when we traveled the whole way on the same road, and I found so much to attract in the changes of her face that I noticed nothing else without or within. She was alone, and appeared to be keeping a sharp look-out upon all her fellow-travelers, more from timidity, I think, than from any curiosity as regarded them. Every man who rose to go to the end of the car to get a drink of water, or to leave it for the pleasure of "a little smoke," or to lounge up to the stove from pure restlessness, immediately influenced her expression of countenance. At the first movement he would make she would start, look apprehensive as he rose, alarmed as he advanced toward her seat, terrified as he came close, and relieved in proportion as he lengthened the distance between them. I noticed, as time passed on, with increasing interest, every new alarm, and the expression each elicited depicted upon her speaking countenance, and was almost lost in conjecture as to where could be her destination, what her position in life, and antecedents, when I was suddenly startled by my wife's voice at my side, saying,

"Theodore, what in the world do you see in that girl's face, that you have been watching her so intently for the last hour?"

"My dear," I answered, "she is very pretty. She reminds me most forcibly of you when I first met you at—a—a—Newport."

"I never went to Newport until I had been almost ten years married," said Mrs. Witherton. (My name is Theodore Witherton.)

"Well," I said, "I mean at that time."

"Then why did you not say 'ten years after our marriage?' I don't think that people can be too particular in their statements," said Mrs. W. "If every one observed this rule, fewer quarrels would occur in families, and society also, and less mischief be made."

"Yes, my dear; I was only thinking at the moment of the likeness."

"Likeness?" she said, sharply. "What likeness could any one possibly see between a dark girl with brown hair and eyes, and the long thin face that she has, and a round fair one, with blue eyes and light hair, like mine—at least," in answer to my glance, "like mine *was*. However, if you are amused or interested in what you have been gazing at, I am quite satisfied."

She was so well satisfied that she turned squarely round, with her face to the window, and four blocks of black and red plaid shawl alone given me for prospect; for my wife was of comfortable dimensions, and quite filled up three-quarters of the seat we mutually occupied, and the whole of the window besides.

Mrs. Witherton had married me many years ago, through the suggestions of mutual friends, and to the great gratification of my parents. There had been so much difficulty in finding any thing in the way of business that I could manage, that the effort at last had to be abandoned. I think that, as is often the case in large families, my capacity has been underrated. Until I married Mrs. Witherton I had been under my mother's care, and then my wife had assumed the charge of me, and we have been as happy, I think, as people generally are. Mrs. Witherton was not handsome, but my mother said that beauty was a great snare; and she was, perhaps, not very clever, but I preferred her not being so for many reasons that I would rather not tell. She had a nice little fortune she had inherited, and when my mother told me in our days of courtship to express certain correct views to her touching marriage settlements, she had interrupted me quickly with a beautiful sentiment: "Do you think, Theodore, that I should be afraid to trust my money to a man to whom I am not afraid to trust myself?" Mother told me not to say any thing more on the subject, and we found after the marriage that every thing had been tied up as tightly as law could tie it. I am compelled to tell you all this, to make you understand my story. Mrs. Witherton, though, always paid my bills, when she thought them reasonable, and also allowed me some pocket-money; and it was natural that I should be deferential to her, for she was a great deal older than I was.

Now I had often heard the men around me talk of romances and adventures, and all that sort of thing, and though I envied them, still I knew that I was married, and therefore never could have any such experince; but those recitals were of intense interest to me, and as long as they would recount them, I would listen, until there happened to me the adventure that I am going to tell you. Since that day I have thought that I have more in me than people imagine. But to go on with my story.

We were due at New York at 8 o'clock that night, and the short winter day closed in earlier than usual as we sped on, breasting the most terrible snow-storm ever encountered. I was afraid to look again at that solitary girl; but when, picking up my wife's muff, I took advantage of my position to steal a glance at her, I saw that her face was pressed closely against the window-pane, and that she had timidly stopped the conductor and asked some question, which, on being answered, seemed to alarm her still further, for she cowered down deeper in her seat. I wanted to follow him out to question him, but I dared not leave Mrs. W. on the plea of a small smoke, for she never allowed smoking when traveling—indeed, very seldom at any other time; but after some cogitation I muttered something concerning her trunk strap having been loosened by the porters. Mrs. W. is very strong-minded on most points, but she never could attain any influence over baggage-men, and was therefore peculiarly alive to their delinquencies.

"Go, Theodore," she instantly said, "and see about my trunk. My opinion is that those porters throw the trunks deliberately about, in the hope that some of them will break, and so give them a chance for pillage."

I rose quickly, and sought neither baggage-master nor trunk, but the conductor, and had a short conversation with him.

"That young lady who is traveling alone seems very nervous and timid," I remarked, as politely as I could, for conductors are sometimes of a contrary temperament. "I feel quite anxious about her."

"Oh, those kind get on very well," he answered, carelessly. "They have a way of looking that will soon induce any soft disengaged chap to take care of them, and no harm done, either."

"But is she entirely alone?"

"Yes, I believe so. Lots of them run all around the country at this season on their own hook. Tell you, sir, the American female is some."

I crushed my disgust at the fellow's vulgar slang.

"Do you know to where she is bound? Is her ticket farther than New York?"

He eyed me very unpleasantly.

"You just let that girl alone," he said. "What have you to do with her? You look as if you could hardly take care of yourself."

"My wife is with me," I said with dignity, "and I thought that if the young lady was alone, and in need of protection, we could offer it to her when we arrived at New York."

"All right, sir," he said, more civilly, "I guess she will need some one to see after her, for she is bound for Baldon, in Maine, and we shall miss the connection to-night. There's an awful storm blowing."

I went back to my wife with many useless plans chasing each other in my brain for the accomplishment of my purpose. I was compelled, in returning, to pass the place where the poor girl was seated. She looked up, and the terrified expression that had settled upon her face changed to an appealing glance, so appealing that I hesitated; but just then my wife turned toward me with a question.

"Did you see that the strap was properly fastened?" she asked; "and what is the reason you did not attend to its being correctly done before we started?"

"It is all right," I said. "My dear, the conductor tells me that we shall be very late in arriving. How terrible for those ladies who are alone to get to the city in this storm and darkness!—so long, too, after the train has been due."

She turned a suspicious—a very suspicious—eye upon me.

"I am so very glad," I hastened to say, "that I did not allow you to leave me, and travel alone to New York. I am always more comfortable in my mind when I am near to protect you in time of need." And I really felt so.

"Mr. Witherton," she said, concisely, "I dislike platitudes."

We sped on in silence, the snow was so deep; and at each station that we stopped at we dropped a passenger or two, till but few were left, for we were an accommodation train. At last we passed through Newark; and then the poor girl, who had hesitatingly risen once or twice, and then sat down again, as if afraid of carrying out her intentions, at last sprang up desperately, and made her way to us. She looked once in Mrs. W.'s face, and then turned to *me*.

"When I left Washington this morning," she said, almost inaudibly, "I expected to go right through New York to my home, but the conductor tells me we shall not make the connection with the Eastern train. I am all alone, sir, and much alarmed, for I never have been before in New York, except once when I passed through without stopping. Will you tell me where I can remain for the night?"

I had known that there existed some strange sympathy between that girl and myself when our eyes had met in passing, and as she looked me in the face and appealed to me, I felt that I could do and dare a great deal for her sake; but Mrs. Witherton's opinions have always strongly influenced me, and I knew she was not putting the most favorable construction upon what was passing at that moment. Still, there have been epochs in my life when I have remembered that I am a man and a gentleman, and also an indepen'dent one in my views, however my actions may have been curbed by circumstances. And this was one of those moments.

"This lady and myself," said I, motioning toward my wife, "are going to the New York Hotel to-night, and if you so desire, will take charge of you, and will also see that you are comfortably housed, and to-morrow morning will attend to your safely getting to the Eastern train."

"Perhaps you may manage to make it convenient to take her to her home yourself," icily suggested Mrs. Witherton.

"Oh, no," cried the girl, innocently; "but if you please, sir, could I see you a moment alone?"

She saw assent in my eyes, and led the way to the rear of the car, and turning away desperately from Mrs. Witherton's looks, I followed her.

"When we get to the city, can you take me to the hotel in the cars?" she asked, with great trepidation.

"Certainly I can, in either car or stage. But do you prefer them to a carriage?" I asked.

"Oh, so much!" she said, thankfully; and after a moment's hesitation she added, "I have so little money with me that I fear to incur so much expense;" and then she turned away and quietly resumed her old seat.

I returned to my wife's side.

"Was her communication a state secret?" said she.

"Certainly not. She seems afraid of hacks, or drivers, or something, I really do not know what; only she begged me to take her to the hotel in a street car." I felt an invincible repugnance to letting my wife know the true reason of the request.

We reached the city by ten o'clock, and telling my *protegee* to keep close to us, I gave my arm to Mrs. Witherton, and looked around for a car as soon as we got out of the depot to carry us up to our destination. I had just signaled one, and turned to my party to get them in, when I caught sight of my wife stepping into a comfortable carriage.

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I thought you were going with *us*." The driver was waiting so that I was naturally heedless of my phraseology. "Was it not decided that we should take a car?"

"I really am not quite certain of whom you are speaking, Mr. Witherton, when you say 'we,'" she answered; "but I, for one, do not care to tramp to that vulgar conveyance over my kid boots in snow and slush. You may do as you please."

I "might," certainly, any one "might" who did not care to count the cost; but sage experience had taught me a great deal. However, I could not, and I would not even if I could, have left that lovely young creature alone at night in a strange city; so I turned away and stopped another car, and handed her in.

Seen now in the full light of the brilliant gas jets, as we passed along, she certainly was lovely, with a clearness and freshness of coloring and brightness in her full hazel eyes and even teeth. It is true that there was a lack of expression, and an absence of all that would be suggestive of intelligence or quick comprehensiveness; but I confess that I only thought of this years afterward. I give an opinion, as I have always considered myself a judge of feminine beauty, although circumstances may not have permitted me to prove my taste.

We reached our destination at my old head-quarters, the New York Hotel, almost as soon as my wife did, whose skirts I saw turning the corner of the second story staircase as we entered (this was before elevators became a necessity), and then I turned to my companion to learn her wishes.

She was gazing wonderingly and apprehensively around her, evidently thinking of many things I could not fathom, but she gave me no clew just then to her anxieties.

"You need not feel any uneasiness," I said. "This place is almost like a home to me, and I can make any arrangements for you that you desire. Are you afraid of being alone to-night, for if you are I will ask my wife—" But here my courage failed.

"Not at all frightened," she said, "but I should like an inexpensive room somewhere. I would not mind where they put me."

"I will attend to that. And now will you have some supper? Perhaps after your cold journey—"

"No, no, I thank you," she answered, hastily. "I would like to go at once to bed."

I secured her a room, and gallantly went up five flights of stairs to show her the way. At the threshhold she stopped.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said. "You have been very kind. Can I depend upon you to arrange that I shall be called at seven to-morrow morning, as I am told the train leaves at eight; and will you settle my bill and repay yourself what I owe you?" Her beautiful dark hair had fallen down and hung around her, and she looked so gentle and lovely that I determined to do my duty by her in spite of—any body!

"There will be time enough for that," I said, putting her thin little purse back into her hand. "I will come up and call you myself early to-morrow morning, and arrange every thing for you. I will also take you to the station, and see you started safely on your journey." She gave me a little bow and a sweet smile. "Indeed, I shall be most happy to do so," I added, with spirit, and then the door closed.

And then I also remembered that I did not even know where Mrs. Witherton had domiciled herself, and so prowled around on the different floors, interviewing the stray chamber-maids I met (with very unsatisfactory results) as to what room had been assigned to a tall, stout lady in an iron-gray Ulster, and at last I descended to the office and found her number.

I tapped at her door, waited a moment to whisper close to the key-hole, "It is only me, my dear," and then walked in. Mrs. Witherton was seated before a comfortable fire, still in her Ulster (for I had forgotten that the keys of her trunk were in my pocket, so she had been unable to get at her dressing wrapper). Her feet were thrust into a pair of knitted Polish boots, generally used for snow-boots (for her slippers also were in my overcoat at that moment) Her front curls were "put up" for the night (for bangs were at that time *out*, and corscrews *in*); and though she had a fragrant supper of broiled oysters on toast and a glass of ale on a waiter before her, she did not appear happy.

Now of all Mrs. W.'s moods the satirical was the one I most abhorred. My skin is naturally soft, but it would curl up into goose-flesh under such infliction, and one glance sufficed to show me the nature of her humor at that moment.

"Why," she cried, "where is she—the lovely waif and stray? How did you manage to tear yourself away? I was quite sure that you would so settle matters that she should have a share of our room, and I have been looking around to gauge its capabilities. That was quite a clever arrangement about the street car, and I only wonder that, after she got rid of me, she did not suggest a carriage."

"My dear Maria, the poor child has perhaps never left home before. Consider how you would have felt if at her age—"

"How *I* would have felt? Do you wish to insult me, Mr. Witherton? I suppose you are aware by this time that you married a lady who would hardly be found, at *any* age, roaming around the country on snowy nights, appealing to the protection of any chance man—"

"Oh, my love, how could she tell that there was a snow-storm coming on? And, besides, thousands of women in this country—indeed, everywhere—are compelled to travel alone. She did not appeal to me. I offered your protection—"

"Then I most positively decline," solemnly said Mrs. W.; and there was no use contesting the point, as according to the manner things had arranged themselves, her complicity was not needed.

I did not dare to ring and request openly that the porter should be notified to rouse me at seven o'clock; so, fearful that I might oversleep myself, I lay awake the whole night, and counted the hours as they struck. Not even a fire broke out to vary the monotony of my vigil, and once, having given incautiously a loud sigh, my wife turned, and sleepily asked what was the matter.

"I have not closed my eyes," I said.

"Conscience," she muttered, and was again asleep before the words had left her lips.

However, at six I slipped out of bed into the dressing-room, luckily without observation, and when accoutred, toiled up the five pair of stairs to my destination, "one of the five hundred," and knocking at the door, was answered by a pleasant voice, which said, "Thank you; yes—all ready." In a few moments her door opened, and she appeared, bonnneted and shawled, bag and purse in hand.

"Will you be so kind as to pay my bill, if you please?" she asked, very nervously, "and to take out also what I owe you for car fare?"

"I will bring you up your account, and you can then see if it is all right before you take some breakfast?"

"Yes, I think so"—hesitatingly.

Down the five pair of stairs I walked again to the office, and there had a brief confidential talk with the sympathetic clerk, giving a slight sketch of my position at the time.

"You know," I said, "that she could not help herself, for the connection failed; so I persuaded her to come to this hotel with—with my wife and myself, although she seemed rather afraid of incurring too great expense. Now, do, that's a good fellow, make her bill as small as you can. You know I shall remain at this house for some time, and you can always make it up—fix it, you know. Any thing that Mrs. Witherton won't object to—on our bill. You understand."

"I see, I see," he said. "All right. Let me see; a night's lodging and breakfast—and a hack?"

"Oh, no," I cried hastily. "I will take her in the street-cars. They will soon be running, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Well, then, a night's lodging and a breakfast. Do you think" (he spoke judicially) "that a dollar and a half is too much?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Give me the bill, and I will take it to her."

He handed it over, and again I made the five-story ascent, and found her seated at her door waiting for me.

"Here it is," handing it over. "Look over it, and if you are not satisfied, I can have it altered. They are very obliging in this house."

She looked long and uneasily.

"Say whatever you think," I urged.

"I think it is very, very high," she answered, simply.

"Then give it to me;" and again I made the descent to the office, tiptoeing carefully past my wife's door, although I knew the utter impossibility of her hearing, or, if she heard, detecting, my footstep among the many that passed.

There, just where I left him, stood the patient, sleepy clerk.

"She thinks it is too much," I whispered.

"Too much?" with raised eyebrows.

"Yes! Take off that dollar" (still in a whisper), "and make it fifty cents. All right, you see. Fix it afterward." I tapped my hand on my rather empty pocket, and winked.

"Oh! Ah! Well!" he said. "That will be all right. Have it just as you please." He gave a broad dash through the one dollar, leaving the fifty cents charged; and again I toiled up with my diminished bill, and once more put it in her hand.

She simply and in good faith handed me a silver half dollar, and then we went in a car to the depot. I looked in her relieved, satisfied, and pretty face, and really did not regret my sleepless night and early ride. As for the inexorable future to be met upon my return, I simply ignored it. I put her in the train, and charged the conductor to see to her, and then came the last page of my only romance, ready to be closed. She looked in my face with her open, candid eyes.

"You have been more than kind," she said, "and I hardly know what to say, I am so grateful. I was very much alarmed on the cars, for mother, who lives in Baldon, Maine, you know, did not consider that there might be detention on the road, and only sent me money enough to buy my ticket and leave me two dollars for traveling expenses. I paid fifty cents to get to the depot in Washington, and you were kind enough to have my bill made out as cheaply as possible at the hotel. This, too, is the reason I asked you to take me there in the cars; I was afraid that my money would not last if I had to pay hack hire. I have just a dollar left," she continued, while the clear, lovely color mounted to the roots of her hair, "and I shall not want any thing more till I reach home. It is only a very small trifle; but please, sir, won't you accept it for your trouble?"

Thunder-struck, speechless, with the bill lying on my extended hand which I had offered to say good-by, and where she had placed it, I stood for a second, hardly understanding what she meant, when, with, "All hands aboard—you'll be carried off, my good sir," the conductor good-naturedly took me by the shoulders, and I found myself at once standing on the platform—the cars half a mile distant already.

It was some time before I recovered my full senses, and then I turned homeward. Half a dozen times before I reached there I took that dollar bill out of my pocket and incredulously inspected it. Circumstances certainly forbade my attaching any very romantic associations to it, but it yet had a kind of mysterious fascination for me. What was her name? I just remembered that I never had asked it, but had told the clerk at the hotel to leave a blank, and that I would inquire, and then I had forgotten to do so. Who was she? What a strange idea for her to have chosen a dollar bill as a remembrance between us! and what could be the value of our currency in Baldon, that her mother should calculate that a couple of dollars above and beyond the cost of her ticket could defray her casual expenses from Washington to Maine? My mind was not equal to finding out the meaning of it all.

I kept my secret for a week, and then I weakly told it. (I hope you do not think that I am trying to make a pun.) My wife had been a good wife to me, although she may not have been very attractive, so in a moment of confidence I revealed it all. Need I say that my openness was not respected, and that in after-years the very slightest attention that I might have felt that I was compelled to pay to any young or attractive girl would bring that dollar bill down on my devoted head, in many ingenious ways on my wife's part, though resulting in exasperating annoyances to me?

Now I came to confess the whole story may require a few explanations—to unmarried people particularly. That hotel clerk was a bachelor, and owing to this, and also to an absurd and almost exploded idea he seemed to entertain that he was bound to attend to the interests of his employer, and not let him be defrauded of his just dues (oblivious of how many unjust ones he may have extorted which would have more than restored the balance), had interpreted the hint I had given girl's bill, into a permission to him to charge the deficit to me. Now, I dare say this was all fair, and I had no objection to the obligation, for, as you know, I had the equivalent in my pocket; or even without it I would have been willing to bear the loss, for I had my month's allowance in my purse at the time; so if our weekly bill had borne any itemized charge such as "washing," or "baths," or "district messages," or even "oysters on the half-shell," it would, perhaps, have passed unnoticed, or at least without comment; but the thoughtless fellow had fixed up the deficit in this way with one fell swoop of his pen:

18 Dec. Drinks.....$1.50

Now, Mrs. Witherton always slept on the outside of her couch on Sunday night, so that she could secure the weekly bill early Monday morning, although generally timid about robbers; and as her father, her grandfathers on both sides, her only brother, as well as all her immediate kindred, had been leaders in every temperance movement ever instituted, and had always been teetotally teetotal men, she naturally received a severe shock.

"Mr. Witherton," she cried, suddenly awakening me, "what has been your object in treating bar-room loafers to drinks? Do you intend to run for the office of Alderman of this city?"

I was so startled at first that I could not collect my senses, but I was perfectly certain that I could positively deny with entire truth this charge. (I had not yet noticed the bill in her hand.) "My dear," I solemnly said, "I have never offered a man a drink, or paid for one for him, in the whole course of my life."

She turned slowly toward me, and situated as I was with a plastered wall on the one side, and no escape except over my wife on the other, I felt the might and majesty of woman. "Mr. Witherton," she again said—and she was wearing at the time her triple-frilled night-cap, and her black-rimmed spectacles to assist her eyes in deciphering the document she held in her hand—"am I to understand that you, and you alone, imbibed one dollar and fifty cents' worth of drinks on the 18th December. Then, if so, I thank Heaven that there are such places as inebriate asylums."

I too then rose up from my pillow, as the nature of the charge began to dawn upon me. I took the bill from her hand and pretended to inspect it, although I knew but too well all about its nature; and then what could I do but make a clean breast of it, and confess all? and I really felt happier when that was done. My story was rather hard to tell. You would understand how difficult if you knew Mrs. Witherton personally; but still my Maria listened composedly, only breaking the silence once, and that was when I came to the part where I had insinuated to the hotel clerk that I was willing to make up any deficiency in his charge on the girl's bill with my money. Then she said something unpleasant, condensed in two words. It is true that I have forgotten them, and never alluded to them since; but I suppose that to complete my story they ought to be recorded. I can not give her emphasis, though, which, after all, was the most objectionable part of their nature. "Your money?" she cried, with a wonderful prolongation of sound, and all the force was strongly laid on the possessive pronoun.

But I too have at last a story to tell, and though the fellows all laugh at it, I do not mind them, for she was just as pretty and nice as any girl they ever saw. They can not doubt the truth of what I say, because I have the dollar bill to show.

I have tried in vain since we parted to learn something of my traveling companion; but not knowing her name, or aught save that she lived in Baldon, and the subject, also, being unpleasant to my wife, I have labored under difficulties impossible to surmount; but one of my reasons for writing this narrative is the hope of its meeting her eye, and, as Jones says, "weaving one more link in the frail chain that binds us." I suppose he means the dollar bill.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

An Irish Fishing Village.

I DID not greatly care how much I muddied my skirts among these poor villagers, because I learned to laugh and weep with them. Uncared for and forgotten by the world, they seem to have but one earthly hope, America, and one dread, hunger. The village possesses no post-office; there is no magistrate within many miles; and the priest, two leagues distant, serves numerous villages as forlorn as this, and people are born and die without any official note. Many suppose that the parish priest is the most powerful man in the kingdom; and it was a subject of supreme surprise and commiseration when I informed them that the Queen was a widow. On Sundays the inhabitants of the village appear, washed and shaven into a ghastly pallor, in the single street that leads up from the sea, and remain all day long gossiping and fighting, through sunshine and rain, as if these achievements formed a part of their religious duties. Now and then the spoils of a wreck are washed to their shores, and when the coast-guards dispute with them what they consider the bounty of the sea, fierce encounters take place, in one of which, not long before my arrival, a poor villager had been killed.

There was scarcely a well thatched cabin in the village; the floors of most of them were as muddy as the roads, and dotted with little pools of water, which seemed a refreshing feature to the ducks that came in quest of food. The most sheltered corner of the cabin is devoted to the pig, and the chickens seize upon every coign of vantage for a roost. Nets hang from the rafters, and the equipments of the boats are disposed in whatever dry nooks the habitation boasts of. The warmest nook on the hearth is usurped by the cat, cherished with great care as the protector against their terrible enemies the rats; and beside it an old woman, who did not seem to have changed her clothes since her youth, coddled the latest born of the household. The village was pervaded with so strong an odor of fish and tar that less agreeable emanations were unguarded by the door—I have seen it, indeed, in the very living-room of the occupants—as the riches that were to prosper their next year's potato crop; and every morning the pig was sent out to walk, with a solicitude for his health not bestowed upon the other members of the family. These people spent three-fourths of their time in idling and gossiping. I saw poor, haggard old women at the doors of their cabins, or by the village well, who had to crouch like apes to make their rags cover them, so mad for gossip that they forgot their hunger and the rain that soaked them; and day after day old men gathered on the sheltered side of a wall, and talked with as much interest and gravity as if they had never seen each other before, and every recital was an unheard-of marvel. Troops of half-clothed and half-starved children sprawled in the mud, fought among themselves, or with loud yells crowded about some poor ass, inflicting all the torments that their untutored imaginations could suggest, while their mothers, can in hand, whispered, with amazement written on their faces, of all they had heard or seen or dreamed of since yesterday in a village dependent entirely upon itself for its topics of interest.

Hither, I learned, the priest came once a year to hear the confessions of the inhabitants. They repair to one of the cabins, where, while the pig, chickens, ducks, and geese are kept in abeyance by the zealous host and hostess, the rite is celebrated. Among these people, whose only extravagance seems to be on the score of their religion, he is entertained and requited in a manner quite out of proportion to the means of his entertainers; and when departing, after the manner of the fond mother in the story-book, who whipped her children and put them to bed, he gives them all a sound rating upon their idleness and remissness in their religious observances, and receives in return, "Long life to your reverence," and "Godspeed," from his humble flock.—*J. L. Cloud, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

Square Miles of Gold.

THE report of Russia's wish to negotiate a new loan, and the undoubted fact of her paper ruble being now worth only fifty cents instead of seventy-five, suggests some curious ideas in connection with the magnificent church now being completed in Moscow, with a thick plating of gold on its dome and cross. This fashion of gilding church towers is universal in Russia, and it has been calculated that enough gold is thus lying idle to pay off the national debt. The Isaac cathedral, in St. Petersburg, has a plating of gold three quarters of an inch thick over the whole of a dome as large as that of St. Paul's, in London. The church of Our Lady of Kozen has a massive altar furniture of solid silver. During the great fire of Moscow, in 1812, the molten gold and silver were seen flowing like water from the burning churches, and the new addition to them which is about to be consecrated, represents an outlay of fully $15,000,000.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880.

Republican Primary Meetings.

The Republicans of Garrett county are requested to meet in the various districts, at the usual places for holding such meetings therein, on Saturday, April 24th, 1880, between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing *five delegates* to the County Convention to be held at the Court House, Oakland, Md., on Saturday, May 1st, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., which convention will select *Three Delegates* to attend the State Convention, to be held in the city of Frederick, on Thursday, May 6th, 1880.

A. G. STURGISS, Chairman.

When the present county commissioners entered upon their official duties they avowed their determination to conduct the affairs of the office upon business principles and in a business-like manner. In order to do this they found it of the utmost importance that they should know the amount of assetts and liablities of the county. Having the above object in view the commissioners ordered their attorneys to examine the books and papers in their office, and all bank accounts kept by or on account of the commissioners, and all else necessary to enable them to report the financial condition of Garrett county. The attorneys to the commissioners made their report at the last meeting of the Board according to their instructions. We publish this week the report in full for the benefit of our readers. We believe that the county commissioners are actuated by no motive in this matter save an earnest desire to discharge their duty faithfully, and thus protect the interests of the tax payers, which have been committed to their hands for a brief time.

The second resolution of the Democratic State platform of last fall reads as follows:

"It will be the duty of the next General Assembly to lighten the burden of taxation in this State by abolishing all offices not necessary for the public service; by reducing all salaries and fees subject to its control to the limit of the compensation of persons engaged in similar employment in private life; by compelling the practice of economy in every detail of State, county and municipal expenditures, and by enforcing the observance of the constitutional rule that every person in the State, or person holding therein, ought to contribute his proportion of public taxes for the support of the government, according to his actual worth in real or personal property."

How well were these pledges fulfilled? How much has the burden of taxation been lightened? What unnecessory offices have been abolished? And what salaries have been reduced? The late Legislature presents a sorry spectacle when we consider the pledges made by its members during the campaign of 1879. That they were made for the purpose of catching votes—*and for that purpose only*—is now most transparent, and the people who voted for them, believing they were sincere, have been deceived most shamefully.

Judge Garey, of the Baltimore City Court, has decided that laws signed by the Governor after the adjournment of the Legislature are valid. The case in which the question was raised was one involving an act of the Legislature of 1874. Judge Garey said to the power of the Governor to sign bills after the adjournment of the Legislature, his *prima facie* opinion was favorable to the exercise of the power by the Governor. The Constitution of the State of Maryland on this point is not in all respects similar to that of the United States, as to which a different construction prevails. There is a provision in section 17, article 2, in the State Constitution against partial and hasty legislation. The provision of the Constitution, taken in connection with the long-established practice in this State for the Governor so to sign bills, with the endless ligtigation which would ensue on a different construction, and the overturning of many substantial and vitally important rights which had been acquired under the practice, would cause the Court to hesitate, on grounds of public policy, to take any other view than that maintained by the plaintiff. Exceptions were taken and the case will go to the Court of Appeals.

OUR COUNTY'S FINANCES.

Report of the Special Committee Appointed to Examine the Financial Condition of Garrett county, Md.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett county:

In pursuance of the order passed by your Honorable body on the fourth day of February last we have, as your attorneys, examined the books and papers on file in your office and also the several bank accounts which have been kept by or on account of Garrett co., with a view to and for the purpose of reporting to you the financial condition of said county, and also what taxes have been returned delinquent or insolvent, and whether any taxes so returned can be collected; and further to show what amounts are due the county from all sources, collectors of taxes inclued.

In performing the work imposed upon us by said order, we found it necessary to examine all accounts between the tax collectors and the county, beginning with the collectors of 1873 and ending with those of 1879. In examining these accounts we have in each case charged the collector with the amount levied upon the tax-payers and placed in his hands for collection. We have then examined and scrutinized every item of payment made by the collectors, in order to ascertain how the large sums of money placed in their hands have been accounted for. The examination of these accounts, running thro' so many years and containing, as they do, so many items, has necessarily consumed a great deal of time; but, whilst it has been excessively tedious, it has not been entirely uninteresting.

We have been painfully impressed with the loose and careless manner in which the accounts above referred to have been kept, and we think the system pursued may be easily improved upon, and we feel very confident that a speedy departure from that system can only result in and be of advantage to the tax-payers of Garrett county.

We desire to call attention to a few of the many instances in which the law has been grossly violated, and by reason thereof thousands of dollars have been lost to the tax-payers—the credit of the county greatly impaired, and the burden of taxation upon the people correspondingly increased.

Whether the different persons guilty of these flagrant violations of the law have been wilful and corrupt is not for us to say, and we express no opinion upon it—we simply go duty which has been imposed upon us, and report the facts as we find them, although such reports is in many particulars disagreeable to us and we could wish that the facts were different.

Commencing with the year 1873, we find in that year three tax collectors were appointed; and we remark that whilst the Commissioners have the power to appoint more than one collector, we doubt the propriety of exercising that power; experience has demonstrated that the appointment of more than one collector of taxes in the county, prevents the prompt collection of the county revenue and the prompt payment of claims against the county. This system, in our opinion, ought to be abolished by the appointment of one collector well qualified to fill the office, thereby insuring the prompt collection of the taxes and equally prompt payment of liabilities due by the county. This opinion is also entertained by a large majority of those who have business transactions with the county.

We have found in examining the accounts of the tax collectors, numerous instances in which a collector has been credited on his account twice with the same item, thereby entailing loss upon the county. How there could have been so many instances of this kind without discovery, we are at a loss to know. On page 1 of the ledger we find an item of $33 credited to Mr. Dunham, and on page 2 we find the same item credited a second time.

On page 13 of the ledger there is a credit of $20.85 to Mr. Bill, and on page 30 the same item is credited, on the same date, to Mr. Browning.

On page 14 will be found a balance due by Mr. Bill amounting to $733.91.

On page 26 we find $9.60 credited to Mr. Browning a second time, and on page 29 the sum of $9.00 credited a second time. On page 28 we find two items amounting to $70.95, and on page 29, the same item on the same date again.

On page 59 of the journal will be found two orders of $150.00 each, to J. W. Wolf; after getting these orders Mr. Wolf discounted one to S. W. Friend and the other to D. E. Offutt, and at the following June levy these amounts were levied, $150 00 to S. W. Friend and $150.00 to D. E. Offutt. By refering to page 30 of the ledger you will find that both these orders are credited on Mr. Browning's account for 1873, although they were not levied until 1874. You will also find the same orders credited on Mr. Ira Friend's account in 1874. This latter credit we presume is correct, but how these orders found their way into Mr. Browning's account for 1873, is a mystery to us. There are numerous instances of this character, but we will not refer to them here, but will give you a summary of them at the end of this report.

One of the greatest abuses which has arisen is in the matter of delinquent taxes, so-called. Under the system which has been pursued the collectors have been allowed to return large numbers of tax bills as delinquent, while there was ample property in the county out of which these taxes could and should have been made. These returns have been allowed whenever there was the slightest difficulty to make collections, all that was necessary was for a man to object or refuse to pay his tax bill, and it was returned delinquent, and he could go scott free, while his neighbors had to make up the taxes thus lost to the county. No attempt has been made by the collectors to enforce the payment of taxes, with one or two exceptions, and so far as Garrett county is concerned, her collectors might as well not be clothed with the authority to enforce the collection of taxes.

DELINQUENT AND INSOLVENT RETURNED:

In 1873 J. C. Dunham returned,	$ 356.63
" Charles Bill	1,147.31
" J. Z. Browning	1,871.21
Total for 1873,	$3,375.15
In 1874-5, Ira E. Friend returned,	5,221-53
" 1876-7, A. Miller	11,284.42
" 1878, J. Z. Browning	131.78
" " Ed. Margroff	81.78
" " Jasper Guard,	250.22
Total,	$20,3 3,38.

The marked fact that more than $20,000, of the taxes levied in Garrett county have been returned delinquent and insolvent, accounts for many of the embarrassments under which the County Commissioners have labored from time to time. This money having been levied to meet the liabilities of the county and not having been collected, of course left the county in debt. These delinquent lists increased until in the year 1877 we have the enormous sum of $7,-938.50, whilst in the following year, with a change of collectors, only $419.28 was returned in this way. The Commissioners have not only allowed the collectors to return the large sums above specified as delinquent and insolvent, but the collectors have received the same per cent. upon them as they did upon their collections. In this way the Commissioners have paid the collectors $1,000, in round numbers, not for services. The fact that collectors were allowed 5 per cent. upon tax bills returned delinquent and insolvent, fully explains why the lists were so large. The only thing in this connection which surprises us is why the collectors did not return their books delinquent as a whole, and claim their commissions, and save themselves the labor of making any collections whatever.

We propose now to show the amount of commissions which have been paid to collectors upon delinquents and insolvents, thus losing to the county, not only the taxes but this additional premium on the losses thus curtailed.

1873.

J. C. Dunham,	$ 359.63@5 per cent.,	$ 17.83
Chas. Bill,	1147.31@5 per cent.,	57.00
J. Z. Browning,	1871.21@5 per cent.,	93.36
		$168.78

1874.

Ira E. Friend,	$2,682.37@3¼ per cent.,	100.58

1875.

Ira E. Friend,	$2,542.46@5 per cent.,	127.10

1876.

A. Miller,	$3,345.83@3 per cent.,	100.37

1877.

A. Miller,	$7,038.58@5 per cent.,	396.92
Total		$893.75

Whilst engaged upon this branch of our report, we beg to call attention to a method which has been adopted in the appointment of collectors. In 1875, Ira E. Friend, Esq., put in a bid to collect the entire assessment for 3½ per cent. The contract was awarded to him and at the end of the year he claimed additional compensation, which was compromised upon the payment of $100 extra, and for the next year he was paid 5 per cent. In 1876, A. Miller offered to collect for 3 per cent. and was appointed at that rate, and afterward was paid 5 per cent. for the second year.

We think this method of appointment has been of no advantage to the county, and we are equally sure that it is not authorized by law. The Legislature in providing for the appointment of collectors never designed that the collectorship should be set up for sale and auctioned off to the lowest bidder. The appointment must be made in the manner provided for by law, and after the collector is appointed, the County Commissioners should fix his commission. Under the auction system the collector fixes his own commission, and his only effort is to make his bid low enough to secure the coveted prize, trusting to luck to have his commission increased after the award upon his bid has been made. Under the law all taxes imposed at the June levy bear interest from the first day of the following January, and the collector is liable for interest on claims against the county which he does not discharge by payment on or before the first day of January after they are levied. A custom has obtained in this county, of allowing the collectors a credit on their accounts for interest thus paid. This is manifestly wrong, because the collector collects interest from the tax payer to meet any interest he may have to pay, and he should not be allowed for interest thus paid, for if he has collected the taxes he ought to have paid the claim and allowed no interest to accrue, and if he has not collected the taxes they are drawing interest which he collects and with which he pays the interest on the claim against the county. Suppose by way of illustration that the county owes $100 which was levied at June levy, 1377—this money was due January 1st, 1878; the collector, however, does not pay the claim until July 1st, 1878, at which time he pays the principal, $100, and the interest, $3.00, making $103. Now although he, the collector, would have a voucher for $103, he would be entitled to a credit of but $100, because he is only charged with $100 on account of the levy to A, and he has collected interest on the taxes from January 1st to July 1st, with which he is not charged. All the interest allowed to collectors has been a clear gain to them and a clear loss to the county; but it is utterly impossible to determine how much the county has lost in this way. We advise that no interest be allowed collectors hereafter in their settlements.

We feel it to be our duty to call your attention to the gross carelessness manifested by the late Commissioners in making a contract for the bridge over Castleman's river. Mr. Guard and Mr. Riley, two of the Commissioners, (as we are informed) visited the spot where the bridge was to be built, and after making an examination, made a contract for an Iron bridge 63 feet long, at $8.60 per lineal foot. When the bridge was ready to be placed in position it was found that it required only 42 feet, and that the bridge which was built on Messrs. Riley's and Guard's judgment was just 21 feet too long; of course they never measured the space at all. Through this piece of inexcusable carelessness the county lost $180.60.

The following amounts have been levied from year to year as a contingent fund:

CONTINGENT FUND LEVIES:

For the year 1874	$2,673.32
For the year 1874	2,149 06
For the year 1875	2,986.39
For the year 1776	3,470.79
For the year 1877	6,655.27
For the year 1878	3,282.57
For the year 1879	1,027.06
Total	$22,251.46

In addition to this large sum the Commissioners have on several occasions borrowed from bank on the credit of the county, and have given the sums of money thus borrowed to the collectors, as a reward, we suppose, for his negligence in failing to collect the taxes to meet the liabilities of the county. The following amounts have been borrowed in this way:

Oct. 27, 1875, from Queen City Savings Bank	$2,218.75
July 18, 1878, from National Bank, of Piedmont	2,080.62
Total	$4,329.37

Out of the taxes returned delinquent the sum of $2,537.42 has since been collected.

RECAPITULATION.

Contingent funds	$22,251.46
Borrowed from Banks	4,329.37
Delinquents Collected	2,637.42
Total	$29,218.25

The law requires the Commissioners to publish annually a statement showing the expenses of the county. The manifest intention of the Legislature in passing this law was that the people should know how their servants expended their money. With singular unanimity the Commissioners of Garrett county have neglected and refused to obey the aforesaid wholesome provision of the law. No publication has ever been made showing how the said sum of $29,218.55 has been expended, and the people are just as ignorant of the manner in which it has been expended as if it had been wholly unaccounted for. They may assume, if they please, that it has been properly expended, but they know absolutely nothing about it. In this connection we would advise that in addition to publishing the levy list you also publish annually an itemized account showing how the contingent fund has been expended.

We find that some of the Presidents of the County Commissioners have kept bank accounts with county funds. In 1877 the President of the Board kept an account by which he deposited the sum of $7,905. This sum seems to have all been paid out, but we cannot find any checks or vouchers for some of the items, and we are unable to say whether they have been actually paid out and properly expended or not.

The President of the Commissioners in 1879 appears to have deposited at sundry times and in divers amounts, the sum of $8,497.73, but as to where he obtained the money or by what authority he claimed the right to keep such an account and check out the county money without a levy or even an order of the Board directing it, we are at a loss to know. One thing is certain, and that is that various sums have been checked out of these accounts to different persons which had never been levied to said persons, nor had orders been passed in favor of such persons by the Board. Perhaps the gentleman who gave these checks can explain them satisfactorily. The books and bank accounts do not explain them further than we have stated, and we are left to mere conjecture, which may or may not be correct. We trust that the gentlemen referred to, have some private data which will throw light upon these transactions, inasmuch as the public records which they have left behind them, are anything but satisfactory. Of the amount deposited in 1877 on account of the county, to wit: the sum of $7,905.00, we can only find vouchers for $6,817.47, whilst there are no checks or vouchers for the balance of $1,087.53.

Of the amount deposited in 1879, to-wit: $8,497.73, we can find vouchers for only $7,123,03, whilst there are no vouchers for the balance of $1,-374.71, we presume, of course, that it has been correctly expended, but the books and vouchers in this office do not show when, how or for what purpose.

The balance due the county from Charles Bill, collector for 1873, has been settled in full by Mr. Veitch, although he had not collected the whole amount from Bill, and we have entered the judgment against Bill to Mr. Veitch's use. The following is a statement of the whole transaction:

Amount of Judgment and Interest,	$473.59
" Collected before Judgment	300.00
Total,	$173.59

Accounted for as follows:

Paid Shatzer, per order E. C. Tilson,	$ 79.80
" E. C. Tilson,	300.00
" 5 per cent. to Mr. Veitch, for col'g,	48.67
Credited on levy of 1878 and 1879,	545.14
Total	$873.59

The amount of $543.14 is charged to Edward Margroff in his contingent account and the voucher from Mr. Veitch has been passed to his credit on his general account.

In 1878 the sum of $2,300 was levied to cover delinquents for 1876 and 1877. This sum should not have been levied because the delinquents for these years had been paid off by money borrowed from bank by the Commissioners from the contingent fund. This sum is therefore in the collectors hand subject to the order of the Commissioners.

We have charged this amount to the collectors in their contingent fund accounts.

The aforesaid sum of $79.78 paid to John Shatzer by Mr. Veitch was levied Shatzer at June levy 1878 and although paid on the 3d of July 1878 has never been credited to the county until now. We have charged the amount to E. Margroff in his contingent fund and passed the voucher to his credit on his general account.

The following is a summary of amounts credited twice:

J. C. Dunham,	Pages 1 and 2,		$ 33.00
Chas. Bill,	" 12 and 30,		20.85
J. Z. Browning,	" 27 and 28,		9.00
J. Z. Browning,	" 28 and 29,		70.95
" "	" 30,		300.00
Ira E. Friend,	" 27 and 28,		1.50
"	" 29 and 28,		2.41
A. Miller,	" 101 and 105,		10.82
"	" 103 and 107,		9.45
"	" 150 and 157,		60.00
Total amount twice credited			$518.81

We have also settled with Mr. G. S. Hamill, who had an account with the Commissioners. He received from the Franklin coal company, as attorney for the County Commissioners, $2,811.45, which is accounted for as follows:

Paid to Mr. E. C. Tilson	$1,423.81
" Jasper Guard	500.00
" Allegany county	305.00
" balance of retainer	36.00
" fee for profess. services	500.00
	$2,664.81
Balance paid to us,	145.64
Total	$2,810.45

The above $145.64 we have paid to Mr. Hamill on his levy for 1879, and passed the voucher to the credit of Jasper Guard. We have thus far discovered claims amounting to $5,-218.55, which had been paid, but for which Garrett county had no credit. These sums we have credited and charged up in the contingent fund. There are large sums still due the county on account of delinquent taxes. We are of the opinion that some of these amounts can be collected, but can form no correct estimate of the amounts that can be realized from this source.

The accounts of the present collectors stand as follows on general accounts:

Due from J. Z. Browning on levy		1878.	$ 3,510.57
" "	"	1879.	10,201.91
" Jasper Guard	"	1878.	57.00
" "	"	1879.	5,820.47
" E. Margroff	"	1879.	1,493.07
Total			$21,083.14

Amount of contingent fund in the hands of collectors, subject to the order of the commissioners:

Jasper Guard	$1,918.52
E. Margroff	4,021.62
Total	$5,073.51

The Commissioners of course will have the benefit of all they can collect from the $20,333.38, which is the amount returned as delinquent and insolvent taxes.

Before closing this report we desire to say we have endeavored to discharge our duty impartially in the premises. We have had no desire to reflect upon any one. We take occasion to say that there have been many transactions which in all probability were correct, but the records have been so imperfectly kept that the books themselves clothe these transactions with suspicion, and we feel that the very best suggestion that we can make, after having gone over all the books, papers and accounts of the last seven years is, that you see to it that all your transactions on behalf of the county are reduced to writing and made matters of record, so that the people may know how their business is conducted, how their money is expended. We know you cannot please everybody; that is impossible; but if you discharge the duties imposed upon you, according to law, the people, after their experience of the last seven years, will have great reason to rejoice. We can assure you we have no desire in this connection but to use our best endeavor to lighten the burden of taxation and build up the prosperity of our county; and we beg to assure you that you may confidently rely upon our cordial co-operation in all your efforts in this direction.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1880.

The Democrats finding popular sentiment so completely against their attempts to starve the United States Marshals, the Army, Executive Departments, &c., are hacking down as fast as they can, gracefully. But they must give vent to their rage and disappointment on somebody or thing. They now propose to starve the friendly Indians, or those Indians who have staid on their reservations and conscientiously kept all their treaty stipulations. When the government made treaties with these Indians it was agreed that they should receive a specified amount of clothing per annum, and rations. Under Republican rule, the amounts recommended by the Commissioner of Indian affairs to carry out treaties was not cut down, and of course *the Indians received what was promised them.* Of course this has not always been the case where there were rascally agents. But the Democrats, with utter disregard of Government promises, go to work and cut down these absolutely necessary amounts, and as a consequence the Indian is compelled to leave his reservation in search of food, and thus get into a war. When the bill comes to the Senate it is to be hoped that the Indian's wrongs will be righted; that the friendly Indians be kept friendly and not starved into war.

The famous Exodus Investigation has come to a sudden close. The expenses of it have exhausted the contingent fund of the Senate, and, in fact, ran that dignified body somewhat in debt. About one hundred and fifty witnesses have been examined, of which number only twenty-one were summoned by the Republicans. But the Republicans do not complain because of the unequal sharing of spoils. Some of their most important testimony has been given by Democratic witnesses. But what has it all amounted to? Everyone knows what the Committee was ordered for, and all know that it has failed in its object. But it is a fair sample of Democratic legislation. $25,000 have been spent by the Democrats, and for no good whatever. Senator Voorhees don't know any more about the cause of the exodus now than he did before, or, at least, he knows what he didn't want to know, and many people know many things about Southern brutality they didn't know. It will all work up into nice campaign material for the Republicans next fall.

But I ought to say a few words about "Society." Society, which has been remarkably gay here this winter, is breaking up for the season. That is, many of the leaders of fashion are making preparations for the summer, and arranging for flight to the seaside and the mountains further North. The first of May is the beginning of the season which is not popular in Washington, even when Congress lingers, and the social gossip will be duller than the proceedings of Congress after a few days.

LOGAN.

Secretary Sherman has sent to Congress a report of the operations of the revenue service. Over 3,000 stills have been seized and destroyed and 6,158 persons have been arrested. Twenty-five revenue officers were killed and 49 wounded in making these arrests—all of which happened in the South.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—M. L. Scott is opening new goods.

—Mr. W. D. Burton, in West end, has had his house painted.

—Rev. B. Ison has moved into the residence recently purchased by him.

—Onion sets are in demand in Oakland. They sell readily at 20 cents per quart.

—Mr. Henry Coddington has removed with his family to Piedmont W. V.

—Mr. Rowan White moved into the Hardin property, near the depot, this week.

—Miss Willie Robinson, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is visiting at Rev. B. Ison's.

—Mr. Wm. P. Totten is erecting a frame dwelling on his lot near the depot.

—Geo. C. Sturgiss, Esq., of Morgantown, W. Va., spent Sunday with his brother in Oakland.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Clean Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Mr. D. E. Offutt has had a substantial platform laid in front of his store, joining the railroad platform.

—Died—At her late residence near Johnstown, this county, April 9th, Mrs. Rachel Enlow, in the 85th year of her age.

—Married—By Rev. B. W. Wooden, at Bloomington, Md., April 15th, 1880, Mr. L. W. Jones and Miss Angella Denning, both of Centre county, Pa.

—A new frame house just erected by Mr. D. E. Offutt, on his farm between Oakland and Deer Park, was destroyed by fire Wednesday of last week. Loss about $300; no insurance.

—Thursday night of last week Messrs. Nathan and Truman Casteel had eight sheep killed on the railroad near Mr. A. J. Stoelmyer's. Four more are missing.

—Patrick Tierney, a miner working in the new Hampshire mine at Westernport, received such injuries from a fall of roof coal on Monday, that he died the next day.

—One day last week Master Frank Bolden, about 8 years of age caught a trout in the Little Yough, at the Helbig bridge, in Oakland, which measured 15 inches in length and weighed 1½ pounds.

—Joseph H. Davis, Esq., of district No. 3, and Emil F. Droege, Esq., of district No. 1, lately appointed Magistrates, and Henry O. Hamill, of No. 1, re-appointed as register of voters, have qualified before Clerk Tower.

—Married—At the bride's residence, on the 15th inst., by Rev. W. Y. Cline; Mr. Jonas Yutzy to Miss Mary M. Knauer, (formerly of Baltimore County) both of this county. The parson's family were kindly remembered with a liberal supply of very fine cake.

—The Sang Run school, in Garrett county, not far from Cranesville, closed on the 5th inst. The "last day" was spent in the usual exercises, and they were very interesting. The salutatory, by Miss Lettie A. Friend, was remarkably well done for a young Miss. The same may be said of "The Most Hateful Man," an essay read by Miss Jennie E. Friend. Indeed, they are very thoughtful papers, and rather remarkable for school-girls' production. Mr. A. W. Frederick taught the school this Winter, but in the years gone by both Dr. Felix Elliott and Smith Crane, Esq., taught the young idea how to shoot at Sang Run.—*Kingwood Journal.*

Church Services—Sunday.

Memoral Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. Luke Markwood, of the M. E. Church south.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7½ o'clock, by Rev. O. C. Miller.

M. E. Church.—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

To be Convinced

As to the right place to purchase Millinery Goods, Bonnets, Hats, Rouchings, Fischues, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Nets, Veils, Satin, Gros-grain, Pekin, Striped and fancy ribbons and many other desirable goods just opening, examine the stock at

M. L. SCOTT'S
Baltimore Store.

Band of Hope.

The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week, Rev. H. C. Sanford presiding. The programme was as follows: Essay, Thomas J. Peddicord, Esq.; selection, Miss Katie Townshend; declamations, Harry Loar, and Frank Brooke. The exercises were interesting and the music, under the leadership of Prof. Richardson, was, as usual, very good.

The Cumberland *News* came to us Wednesday morning in a new dress, and very much improved in appearance. The *News* is a wide-awake paper, and deserves, and we have no doubt will receive a large share of the public patronage of Allegany county and Western Maryland.

Corporation Meeting.

A meeting of the corporation officers was held in the town hall Monday evening last, present Mayor G. W. Delawder, Commissioners David Little and Edmund Jamison, and clerk King Delawder.

The Board made settlement with Bailiff Crim to date, which showed a balance in the treasury of $82.09.

The clerk was ordered to give notice of the election take place Monday May 3d.

The following election officers were appointed: Judges, Ezekiel Totten, Rowan White and D. M. Mason; clerks, J. W. White, Truman West.

The Board adjourned until Saturday evening, May 1st, when a final settlement will be made with the Bailiff, who in the mean time is urged to push collections vigorously.

New Biographical Dictionary.

Prominent among the valuable features of the New Edition of Websters Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is the "New Biographical Dictionary," comprising about 10,000 names of ancient and modern persons of renown, including many now living. It gives us the pronunciation of these names, the nationality, profession or occupation, date of birth, and if known, the date of death of each person. From its conciseness and accuracy it supplies a want long felt in this direction, and adds very greatly to the value of this always valuable work.

Local Legislation.

The following is a synopsis of the Local Laws for Garrett county, passed at the late session of the Legislature:

1. An Act to extend the time for killing deer in Garrett county, so that deer may be killed in the months of October, November and December.

2. An Act to limit expenditures for county printing in Garrett county to eight hundred dollars or less, in any one year.

3. An Act to limit the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace in Garrett county, and providing that no resident of said county shall be sued before a justice of the Peace, out of the election district in which he resides, except in certain cases.

4. An Act to make it a misdemeanor to enter upon the lands of another, and cut down timber maliciously, or with intent to unappropriate to his or her own use.

5. An Act to authorize the County Commissioners to appoint one or more road supervisors in each election district in Garrett county.

6. An Act providing for the payment of mileage to return Judges of election.

7. An Act empowering the Clerk to County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

8. An Act to make valid and effectual the official acts of John T. Patterson a Justice of the Peace for Garrett county.

9. An Act to change the dividing line between Election district Nos. 3 and 5.

10. An Act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in Garrett county.

11. An Act to appropriate to the use of the Public Schools of Garrett county, out of the State School funds, four thousand seven hundred and five dollars, to be applied to the immediate payment of arrears of teachers' salaries.

In addition to the above several bills were passed of less general importance.

Every bill presented by our representatives in the Legislature was passed, and every matter to which their attention was directed, requiring legislation was promptly brought before the Legislature.

Our representatives are entitled to the thanks of the people of the county for the manner in which they performed their duties, and especially so is Mr. Wilson, who was untiring in his efforts to secure needed legislation.

A Family Poisoned.

A family of seven persons, composed of Chas. F. Keller, wife, grandmother, three children, and a young man, aged 11, named Daniel Schultz, were the victims of an accidental case of poisoning on Friday afternoon of last week, at their home, about five miles from Cumberland, on the Little Valley road. Keller's wife, in preparing dinner, had occasion to make some biscuits, and in doing so used about a teaspoonful of what she supposed to be baking powder, which had been given to her husband by a merchant in Cumberland as a sample advertisement of that article. All the family ate the biscuits, with the exception of an infant girl 7 months old, and were taken ill soon afterwards. The family were sick about four or five hours before any alarm could be given to their nearest neighbor, Owen Willison, who came over and advised them to have a doctor at once. Mr. Willison mounted a horse and came to this city after Dr. J. Jones Willson, who, on his arrival, administered remedies. Monday evening Mr. Keller, who was greatly improved, stated that the article used by Mrs. Keller in making the biscuits was wrapped up in a paper labelled "Horace Persian Insect Powder," which also announced that the powder was non-poisonous, and that there was no possible danger of life from its use. The outside paper had baking powder labelled on it, and must have been given to Keller by mistake. The wife, grandmother and the boy Schultz are still much prostrated and confined to bed, but the balance of the family are much improved.

West Virginia Politics.

[Washington Despatch to N. Y. Herald.]

Colonel George W. Atkinson, a prominent Republican politician of West Virginia, reports that the details of the proposed fusion between the Republicans, and the Greenback-Labor Reform party of that State have been arranged, so far as they can be arranged, before the meeting of the Republican State convention called at Wheeling on the 12th of next month for the purpose of appointing delegates to Chicago. This proposed fusion is intended as a means by which the electoral vote of West Virginia, now counted for the Democrats, may be secured by the Republicans. It is proposed that the Greenback-Labor Reform party of the State shall hold its convention early in June and nominate a full State ticket on a platform of reform in State politics, making no mention of the money question, and selecting the candidates alternately from the two parties to be fused, the candidates for Governor, Attorney General and Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to be Republicans, and the candidates for Auditor, Treasurer and State Superintendent of Schools to be members of the Greenback Labor Reform organization. The only difficulty encountered, selecting the Republican portion of the ticket thus to be nominated, has been met by a conclusion to have such portion selected by the delegates to the Republican State Convention, which meets at Wheeling on the 12th of next month, to choose delegates to the Chicago Convention. Whoever is thus indicated as the choice of the Republicans is expected to be nominated promptly by the Greenback organization. West Virginians here say that Colonel George W. Sturgiss, of Monongalia, is likely to be the fusion candidate for Governor; Col. James L. Davis, of Greenbrier, Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and William P. Hubbard, of Wheeling, Attorney General, the remainder of the ticket to be filled out by the nomination of representative Greenbackers of the State, such as Colonel Joshua L. Gest and James Y. Bassell. Whatever ticket is nominated it is proposed that the second Republican State Convention, called a few weeks prior to the State election in October, shall approve it, with the understanding that the league shall be used to insure the success of the Republican electors in November. There is, it is said, considerable dissatisfaction throughout the State over the system of county courts established under Democratic rule, the contract system of prison labor and the laws intended to regulate mines and mining. The Democratic majorities in the State dropped from 14,000 in 1876 to a little less than 5,000 in 1878, and coalition of all the opposing elements would make the State Republican. Among the prominent Republicans who are mentioned as favoring a coalition with the Greenbackers are General Goff, ex-Governor Stevenson, ex-Senator Willey, Dr. T. H. Logan, ex-Congressman Hubbard, General J. H. Duval, President Thompson, of the State University; United States Marshal Patton, Judge Hoke, Capt. Wismer, Mr. W. H. H. Flick, Jasper Moore, Captain Rosler, Col. Hassler, Mr. J. L. McLean, Colonel John W. Mason, Dr. M. S. Hall, J. H. Atkinson, Cantain McFadden, D. H. Pughh, Colonel Thomas Swann and Major Slack.

The Exodus Assumes Vast Proportions.

The following dispatch from Washington, to the N. Y. *Times*, shows what may be expected in reference to the emigration of the colored population of the South when the Spring opens:

"While the Exodus Committee was organized in the hope that its investigations would tend to a discontinuance of the colored emigration from the South, the feeling of the negroes has grown stronger and stronger in favor of going. There is fresh and trustworthy information from several of the Southern States going to show that the exodus is assuming vast proportions, and that it is better organized than ever. The tide is about to set in this Spring as never before, not in the direction of Kansas so much as toward New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. In New Mexico especially, steps are being taken to make an asylum for about 100,000 of the better and more industrious of the colored citizens. This number is already organized to go. They are in colonies or bands, into which none can enter but such as have the means to defray travelling expenses and buy homesteads. At a signal, these bands will all move overland, after the fashion of the ancient Israelites into the promised Canaan of the Southwest. That this is not a dream or vision is shown by the fact that a company has been formed in New York, composed of business men on business principles, with the view of buying up large tracts of suitable land to be subdivided into small farms and sold to the colored emigrants on terms that will save to them a large amount compared with what they would have to pay for the same land bought in small lots. Ex Governor Newell, of New Jersey, is the President of this company. Already steps are being taken to have agents of this company in all the Southern States, with a view to the practical working of the plan.

Growth of Local Option.

The reports and discussions in the Maryland Temperance Alliance in Baltimore Thursday of last week recognize the steady advance which has been made towards the prohibition of liquor in this State. The policy of the Legislature of 1880 was very different from that of its predecessors on the liquor question. It was decided quite early in the session to remove discussions of it from the halls of legislation to the platform, and to submit it finally to be determined at the polls. The right of the people to vote for or against prohibition was scarcely questioned, whenever their representatives demanded it for localities in the counties. Anne Arundel is almost the single exception in which one member succeeded in defeating a strongly backed petition for local option. By the course pursued concession after concession was made, and local option privileges were quietly granted in county after county, until summing up at the close it is found that prohibition will be submitted at the next election in Montgomery, Carroll, Frederick, Allegany, Cecil, Prince George's, Charles, St. Mary's, Calvert and part of Washington counties. Stringent license laws were passed for Garrett, in addition to scattering prohibition in several localities in various counties for which it had been asked directly. Heretofore prohibition on the vote of the people of the locality has been enforced in Caroline, Calvert, Kent and Talbot counties wholly, and partly in Somerset, Wicomico, Queen Anne's, and in the neighborhood of extensive factories in Baltimore, Prince George's and Howard counties, while Worcester has had high license.

Few States are exhibiting as much interest in the temperance question at present as Maryland, as the recent convention in this city of six hundred members of the State Temperance Alliance abundantly demonstrated. It is interesting to note, however, the success which a temperance society in New York is achieving by means somewhat different from those usually employed by organizations elsewhere. The society is called the Business Men's Moderation Society, and it offers three different kinds of pledges; viz: the white ribbon pledge, which enjoins the wearer from drinking during business hours; the blue ribbon pledge, which restrains him from treating or being treated; and lastly, the red ribbon pledge, which binds him not to drink at all. During the past year 4,100 persons took the white ribbon, 12,855 the blue, and 5,661 the red. The preponderance of those who agreed not to treat or be treated is probably due to motives of economy as much as anything else, for it is a notorious fact that the American system of treating—especially where the party is a large one and each member of it considers it his duty to treat in turn—is as great a tax upon the pocketbook as upon the health. A society of this sort might find a field of usefulness in Baltimore.—*Balto. American.*

A clock-tinker has put the ghost of the late Patch to the blush. He jumped Saturday, April 10th, from a railway bridge into Green River, Kentucky. Clothed in black pantaloons, and a white waistcoat and a tight-fitting skull-cap on his head, he walked out to the middle of the bridge and laughed and joked a few minutes with the crowd, when he announced that he was ready to make the perilous leap. One, two, three, and the daring diver springing headforemost, dashed 120 feet down into the water below. For a few seconds he was underneath the water, but as soon as he appeared above the surface, swimming lustily, a tremendous cheer went up from both banks of the river, and the canoe that paddled ashore was met by hundreds of excited people. His cap was filled to overflowing with silver.

The State election in Rhode Island resulted in a Republican victory. How could it be otherwise in staunch little Rhody? The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor lack about 2,000 votes of an election by the people, but will be elected by the Legislature, which is decidedly Republican. A strong prohibition vote was polled.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE TERRIBLE TORNADO.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 19.—Passengers who passed through Marshfield, on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, at 8:30 last night, gave a few facts concerning a terrible disaster. A man who came to the depot, at the edge of the town, while the train was there, reported that at 6:30 o'clock a furious hurricane struck the place and leveled all that part of the town lying west of the Centre Square flat to the ground. The debris immediately took fire in several places, and the flames could be seen at some half-dozen points by the passengers on the train. Eighty bodies had been taken out, and many more were supposed to be buried in the ruins or burned up. There were also many living still imprisoned in the debris of the fallen buildings.

In one instance a piece of wood weighing 32 pounds was carried several miles, falling near the town of Aurora, in Lawrence county. The hail-storm was very disastrous to fruit and glass, much of the hail being so large as to last five hours before melting, and measuring from 6 to 8 inches in circumference. Aside from loss of life, which is terrible, the whole country in the path of the tornado is wrecked.

All the physicians of the town were killed, excepting two, and there was great need of doctors to attend to the wounded, of whom it was said there some 200. A relief train with twenty physicians and nurses and full of supplies left Springfield, Mo., this morning, and probably other trains will arrive during the day. The storm was general in Southwestern Missouri, and other places probably suffered damage, but as the telegraph wires are all prostrated no advices have been received. A violent hail and rain accompanied the wind.

Later—The town was totally destroyed by storm and fire. Seventy-five persons were killed and 200 wounded. The telegraph wires are all down.

At Gregg's Creek, near Jefferson City, Mo., four or five houses were blown down, and a number of persons injured. One house was blown across the Missouri and Pacific Railroad track, and no warning being given a train ran into it, demolishing the locomotive and severely wounding the engineer and fireman. The passengers escaped unhurt. The accounts are meagre in consequence of the prostration of the wires.

Specials from various points show that the storm was general throughout Illinois. At Decatur trees were blown down and barns demolished. At Ottawa barns were blown down. At Weaver the cyclone did thousands of dollars' warth of damage. Several houses, miles of fences and all the bridges are gone. The mercury fell fifty-four degrees in ten hours. Two cyclones passed over Davis county, Ia. One passed through Stiles and did great damage, leaving a path twenty miles long and from fifty to three hundred yards wide. It was accompanied by thunder, lightning, heavy hail and floods of rain.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—Details of the late terrible tornado continue to come in, giving accounts of distress and desolation along the whole path of the storm. Nothing like such fury was ever before witnessed. Houses were blown from their foundations; cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and poultry whirled into the air and carried for a great distance. The noise of the storm, the crash of the falling houses and the cries and screams of the terrified people made a scene of horror that beggars description. Leaves and sticks were carried by the wind for miles, and at Springfield fell continually like rain for an hour after the storm had passed.

DENIS KEARNEY IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—In the Police Court this morning the prosecuting attorney asked for the commitment of Denis Kearney. The latter was not present at the time, but a few minutes later appeared with his counsel, who asked for delay, to enable him to make application to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus. The court denied the request as unusual and extraordinary. The commitment was then made out, and Kearney, evidently depressed and chagrined, was taken below. In a few minutes he was removed to a hack and driven to the House of Correction, where, after going through the hands of a barber and donning convict's garb, he was placed in a cell. As Kearney left the court-room he asked the judge if the commitment contained any reference to the provision of a new constitution fixing eight hours as a day's labor. The judge replied that the superintendent of the House of Correction would see that he had sufficient work to do, and not too much. His counsel will apply for a writ of habeas corpus, but it is not expected to avail the prisoner anything.

So far the exodus investigation has cost about $25,000 and resulted only in demonstrating to the country, what was notorious before, that the refugees were badly treated in the South, and in some cases emigrated without having made sufficient preparations for the step. It has not shown what Senator Voorhees predicted it would—that the Republicans were colonizing Indiana with negroes in order to overcome the Democratic vote. It's a pity the $25,000 thus wasted could not have been applied to the relief of the destitute emigrants in Kansas.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BALTIMORE, April 19.—The market for Beef Cattle was fairly active to-day, tho' perhaps not quite as brisk as last week, but prices were off from the beginning of operations, the decline ranging from 15c. per 100 lbs. to 50 c. In some few cases, a majority of dealers reporting quotations, quality considered, as fully ½ c. off, as they say that Cattle of a superior grade sold for ½ c. lower figures last week. The quality generally was of a better average than it was then. Prices ranged from 2½@6½c., most sales being from 4½@5½c.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., April 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,753 head through, and 400 of local stock; best grades scarce at 5½@5.25; fair to good butcher steers $4.12@4.00; common and light $2.30@3.80; stall-fed bulls, fair to good $3.50@4; cows and stags $3@3.75; sales to-day 277. Hogs—Receipts 13,400 head; Yorkers $4.35@4.40; Philadelphias $4.75@4.85. Sheep—Receipts 4,600; selling active at $3.50@4.75, for clipped, and $5@6.75 for wooled.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Cattle—Market dull; receipts 800 head; prime 5¼@5¾ c.; good 5@5¼; medium 4¾@5; common 4@4¾. Sheep—Market fair, receipts, 8,000 head; prime 7@7¼ c.; good 6¾@7; medium 6¼@6¾; common 5¾@6. Hogs—Market fair; receipts 9,000 head; prime 7¼ c.; good 7; medium 6¾; common 6½.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Apr. 20, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, May 3d, 1880,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

4 24 td.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

[Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas Browning, et al., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats, said writ being No. 19, Judicials to May Court, 1880, of said county, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats in and to the following property, to-wit: One steam engine and saw-mill, one brown mare, one four-horse wagon, two cross-cut saws, three axes, one lot saw-mill tools. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, adjoining lands of Thomas Browning and others, it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to the said Samuel Teats by Nottey B. Browning and wife, by deed dated March 26th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, fol'o 509, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, to which said deed reference is hereby made for a more particular description of said land.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, May 8th, 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said writ.

THOS. CODDINGTON,
Late Sheriff.

apl 17-ts

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.
Jan'l-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Sunny Creek, at the Ashby mill-ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Va., line at or near the Nordick settlement.

WILLIAM W. ASHBY,
WILLIAM A. LORAW,
THOS. W. ASHBY,
And over fifty others.

ap 11 5t

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,
Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

On a Mexican Railway.

The railway from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico is in many respects one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering of its kind in the world. The cost was very great, taking into account the cheapness of labor in this country; but a trip across the mountains should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that not much of the $27,000,000 that it cost to build 263 miles of road was misspent. Between Orizaba and Esperanza the rise is nearly 5,000 feet, and this journey is accomplished in three hours. The track winds round the hillsides, at one moment crossing an almost bottomless chasm and nt another darting through a short tunnel, only to come out at the other side of the hill with greater heights beyond. The tropical vegetation ceases; trees and flowers of the temperate zone appear only to make room for pines and mosses. The change seems magical. Far down on the plains that have been left behind, the traveler can see the sugar cane swaying in the breeze, while he has to button his overcoat close round his neck, and pull up the windows to keep out the keen, frosty mountain air. It is not unusnal to leave Vera Cruz with the thermometer at 85° and find it six hours after, at 16°. The train stops at a little wayside station at the top of the mountains to take on wood and water, and dozens of Indian boys and girls immediately surrond the train with the most delicious fruit. Plantains, sapotis, and pines of choice bloom can be bought for a mere trifle, half a real (6 1-4 cents) procuring a basketful.

On leaving Esperanza the railroad crosses an alkaline plain, where the dust is intolerable; and this plain continues until the City of Mexico is reached. The great peak of Orizaba is now left behind to the northeast, and far away in the southwest the sharp, snow-clad summit of Popocatepetl, and his companion, Iztaccihuatl, or "La Dame Blanche," are seen in the rare, clear air. In fact, the elevation begins to tell upon some of the passengers, and a general fluttering of handkerchiefs shows that the noses of some are giving warning of a tendency to bleed.

On the alkaline plain beyond Esperanza the traveler is suddenly reminded that neither life nor property is protected as it is in less favored climes. A guard of sixteen soldiers in the rear car of the train seems at first to be used merely in order to employ those worthies during the short space of time that intervenes between revolutions, and a group of very ragged cavalry in dirty linen blouses and toeless boots, at every station, does not remove this impression. But as the train stops at a little station, several women dressed in black, accompanied by young men with black bands round their white sombreros, enter the train. That is their farm that lies under yonder hill, not half a mile from the railroad, and a few days ago bandits attacked their home and killed two of the family. This is no isolated case. At the present moment there are two young Americans in Mexico who are much more interesting to the natives than is Grant or Sheridan. These young men, scarcely 20 years of age, were traveling lately on a diligence, when they were attacked by banditti, one of whom seized the horses' heads and called to the driver to stop. One of the Americans, named Centre, immediately shot the ruffian dead, and within half an hour five bandits lay dead on the field. Six more were afterward found dead or dying, and four who were captured were hanged.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Dark Side of London Life.

On every corner are little street-stands of eatables, very coarse, indigestible eatables, such as little plates of boiled "winks," picked from the shell, boiled with reckless abundance of salt, and eaten with vinegar, at a penny per plate; the crows and gulls could hardly relish this food as the being but little lower than the angel prepares it for himself; they would prefer it fresh. The penny-a-bowl soup kitchens are full of customers; bare, unpainted tables, ingrained by long absorption of grease and grime; heavy bowls, plentifully nicked, and iron spoons. The eel, kidney-pie and stew kitchens are full. A penny for a pie, pitched at you piping hot from a tin box, with an underdone grease and gravy-permeated undercrust, with top crust and bottom crust rank enough to finish the career of a dozen delicate, fashionable stomachs. Look at the eel-stew counter; childhood, barely able to lift its bowl to the top, is there getting its pennyworth for some drunken mother; decrepid, feeble-looking men lay down the clumsy copper coin of the realm in greedy expectancy of something to fill those long-empty stomachs. They have, after hours of endeavor, earned the penny you tossed them for holding the cab door, or sweeping the crossing, or begging in the guise of a match-seller. You are to-night a Crœsus among these people. A pound sterling to them is a fortune. A pound would mean an infinite succession of these luxurious meals. A pound with nine-tenths of them would upset their mental balance altogether; it would mean half a dozen drinks, a half-dozen treats, insonsibility, robbery, and in half an hour the harpies, but little lower than angels in these rotten gowns, would be quarreling over the eighteen shillings' plunder. Look down those dark passages leading out of Drury Lane. Step down this one. It is Parker Street. The sidewalk is scarce wide enough for two. More slatterns in corners and in hallways. There is the sensation of grime in the air, grime on the walls, the windows, the people. It seems the accumulated grime of generations. The woman in a doorway is also one of her Majesty's subjects. I glance into her room. A very slim, squalid bed, a chair, a table, a fire in the grate; over the mantelpiece a highly-colored print—"The Return of the Prodigal Son." No fatted calves are ever killed for the prodigal daughters. They are seldom rescued from the diet of husks. The prodigal daughter's return is not a fatal day for calves. This woman in the doorway is another prodigal daughter. She is not old. She is not yet ugly, though beer and gin have marked her for their own. She has commenced to be invitingly loquacious when out of the fog looms the black helmet and stiff-belted form of the British policeman. He addresses her: "Now, see here, I catch you out of your door again I'll run you in." Not a word from her. She slinks back into her den. All along the narrow street, as far as I can peer through the mixture of fog, darkness and gas-glare, I behold these squalid women—her Majesty's unreturnable, unwelcomed prodigal daughters—sliuking into their doorways as the representative of British law and respectability approaches.—*C. W. Stoddard, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

How an Old Railroad Conductor Was Taken In by Sharpers.

A man who has been a passenger railroad conductor on a great trunk line for twenty-five years would be the last man one would be likely to reckon among the victims of that numerous class who live wholly by their wits. A case in point, however, shows that the keenest of men are sometimes the most easily swindled. Half a dozen years since a man who had run the greater part of his life on the principal road in New England accepted a similar position on a road running out of St. Louis. Among his frequent passengers were a party of three men who made no secret of their profession as gamblers. They used to make excursions to the chief cities and towns along the line, and naturally became acquainted with the conductor, who, by the way, is a very genial and social fellow. On one occasion, when carrying on their business at the end of the route where the conductor had occasion to stop over night, they approached him for a loan of $2,000 in cash, offering him as security a couple of $1,000 Government bonds, with all the coupons attached. They made the reasouable explanation that, for gambling purposes, greenbacks were more convenient than bonds. The conductor's earthly financial possessions amounted to only about $2,500, and he drew from the bank the desired $2,000 to accommodate the sportive individuals referred to. When the loan was made the bonds were closely examined, and found to be all right, and one of the gamblers placed them in an envelope and handed them to him, and received the greenbacks in return. The conductor took them home and continued his business as usual. On his next trip he found that the gamblers had left, but nothing was thought of the matter. A couple of months later he came East to accept a position which had been tendered him, and, as the gamblers had not turned up, he flattered himself that he had made quite a handsome thing out of his little transaction with them. Subsequently, perhaps a month after his arrival East, an opportunity for investment presented itself to the conductor, and he entered the office of the New England Trust Company for the purpose of disposing of one of his bonds to raise the necessary funds. Now he took them from the envelope for the first time since he had received them as security for his $2,000, some three or four months before. There they were, the veritable securities, he believed, and, having stated his desires to one of the attendants behind the counter, he passed one of them over. A merry smile stole over the countennnce of the clerk, and, for a moment, both parties believed that each was guying the other. At length the silence was broken by the representative of the Trust Company, who made him an offer of a second-hand postage-stamp. The keen conductor, the man who had dealt with beats and swindlers all his life, was, as may be surmised, taken completely off his pins when it was pointed out to him that the bonds were secured by the "United Republic of Mexico," instead of by the United States of America, and their market value could only be determined by some dealer in old junk or paper stock. In brief, they were absolutely worthless. In explanation, it should be stated that the bonds were faithful imitations in every particular of the regular $1,000 United States bonds. Whether the securities, which he examined at the time, were genuine ones, and the change made in slipping them into the envelope, or whether only the worthless bonds were shown, is something which the gentleman can not satisfactorily determine. He only knows that the nest-egg of the visionary fortune which he had for several months so carefully treasured was incapable of incubation, and that he reckons himself among the choicest collections of fools to be found anywhere on the American continent. Immediately following the discovery of the swindling he bought a seven-shooter and spent a fortnight in the old haunts of the clever sharpers, but it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance for all concerned that he failed to find them.—*Boston Herald.*

An Indian Mesmerizer.

Strange stories come from India of the feats performed by a native mesmerizer named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be fouud quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain passes which he solemnly executes with his right hand. A snake in a state of violent irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eye upon its occupnnt, gently waving his hand over the serpent's restless head. In less than a miuute the snake streched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few passes then restored it to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce beast dropped upon its belly as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the mesmerizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

In the Sick-room.

Most people are at times called to do duty in the sick-room. It has been my fortune for the last fortnight to write, read and work by the side of a helpless friend, while not far off, separated only by a hall, lies another person, sick of a fever. As I write, however, the Great Healer has written signs of returning health on each pallid cheek, and we and our invalids are making up our minds to have a good time. Bulletins pass hourly; little delicacies are sent from one to the other, and weak voices occasionally bridge the chasm of silence that has been so painful.

Yesterday invalid No. 2 paid a short visit to No. 1, and it was very comical to see them both laugh at each other's altered appearance. The next occasion was a visit from No. 1, and the matter was made pleasant by sundry baskets of fruit paraded on every thing that could hold them; goblets of jelly, and all the nice things sent by considerate friends to tempt the fastidious palate. There is no need of making the sick-room a place of gloom, where every body walks on tiptoe, and whispers, and nods, and lugubrious faces hint at possible death and the grave. I have noticed in some places where I have called a parade of feeling thnt was simply disgusting. To attempt to walk tiptoe on creaking shoes makes a noise more or less diabolical, while the contortions necessary to such an unnatural gait distress even the least sensitive patient. If you can not have good easy slippers, or shoes that make no noise at all, you had better wnlk in your stocking-feet, for sick persons notice more than you imagine, and though they may say nothing, yet they are distressed at any thing out of the usual course. It is better not to talk at all than to whisper. A low voice, well modulated, never distresses the most sensitive patient, while the hissing consequent on the effort to be heard, or to be distinct in whispering, is very unpleasant. Besides, the patient is often suspicious and distressed for fear something is being told that he or she is not to hear—something relating to their danger, perhaps, and it worries them sometimes into danger.

A person should cultivate good taste and delicacy of perception, no less than a good touch. Some persons rattle the dishes while washing them in such a way as to set the healthiest nerves on edge. Now it is very possible to wash and wipe dishes noiselessly, and it is sheer indifference to the comfort of others to strike dish on dish, when a careful touch would obviate all unpleasant sounds. So in a sick-room, one who has prneticed the gentle and refined way of doing very common things has an experience that will make her most welcome in the presence of suffering. Refinement will never allow soil of any kind in the sick-room. It has a dish of cold water to receive the spoons as soon as they are used, and the more tasteful and elegant that dish, the better. It sets unsightly bottles out of sight, and keeps medicine and nourishment apart. It garnishes the plain dishes, and makes them look appetizing; it keeps every thing spotlessly clean; it has a bright and cheerful word for the patient at all times, and a way of touching and soothing the irritable nerves that very few paid nurses ever attain to.

It is to daughters and mothers I am writing now. Some time theirs must be the half-painful, half-pleasant task to minister to the sick whom they love. All are not born nurses, but all may learn to be neat, quick, gentle, efficient. Let me introduce you to two sick-rooms. A young girl blusters in, bringing some friend. The invalid is languid, and not inclined to talk, lnt the thoughtless nurse appeals to him to say if this or that is so. On the bureau there is a mass of bottles. In finding the medicine, she searches noisily for the right one, and knocks down two or three during the operation. This, of course, is distressing. Then the spoon is hunted for, and not being in its holder of clean water, may be nice, and may be not. The sugar has no cover, and is full of flies; she has not taken the pains to wrap the ice carefully in flannel, so that the point of a pin would split it, and consequently it has all melted away. The pillows are uncomfortably placed. Instead of deftly turning and shaking them, almost without the patient's knowledge, she allows the aching head to rest upon a lump or a stone, and because he does not cry out, thinks there is no need of a change.

But step into this room. Every thing is cheerful with the light of order and cleanliness. The best is made of every little ornament. There is nothing constrained or cheerless. The young nurse talks naturally, has her basket of wools or sewing near by—there is no parade of sickness. The patient always looks comfortable, is always spoken to with a smile, is always sure of the most tender and kindly consideration. Though she is very young, scarcely more than a school-girl, father never conld be easy with any one else to wait upon him.

One other little matter I will speak of here—the often clennsing of the hands where there is illness, that they may be always cool and soft and white. There are many other minor things which I have not space to write about now.—*Cor. Youth's Companion.*

Growing a Variety of Crops.

The leading staples which experience has shown to be well adapted to various sections will probably never be entirely abandoned. The time will never come when the Central Western States will not grow immense amounts of Indian corn, or when cotton will not be the leading staple of the South. Whatever changes are made will be in addition and supplementary to the staples now grown. Forty years ago wheat was not only the chief but almost the exclusive staple of this part of Western New York. Monroe County produced more wheat in 1838 than any other county in the United States, as shown by the census of 1840. Other crops were grown even then; but they were produced on a limited scale, and mainly for home consumption. Now apples and other fruits, potatoes, corn and coarse grains, and dairy products, form a large share of the sales of Monroe County farmers. This county is still as eminent in agricultural products as it was forty years ago. Its aggregate production is certainly much more valuable now than then; but no single crop attracts attention as wheat formerly did.

The tendency to diversified farming is a good one. It not only pays better, but it requires more skill and forethought. The culture of a single staple is apt to become a matter of routine, and tends to repress activity of thought. Plowing, sowing or planting, and harvesting become merely mechanical. In a regular, unchanging rotation of one or two crops there is little chance for skill or forethought. But the farmer who grows a variety of crops, who adapts his rotation to the changed necessities of each year, must keep his wits about him and his hands and brain busy if he would succeed. I think it also requires harder work. The operations of haying and harvesting in former days occupied only a small proportion of the year. During this busy season extra help was hired, and the work was done by a larger number of men, but at little greater expenditure of labor for each one than now. Men work as hard as they can in the hay and harvest-field at the present time, while for all the rest of the year the farmer of to-day works harder with body as well as brain than did the farmer of forty or fifty years ago. There is no time from early spring until late in the fall which farmers can take for rest and recreation without interfering with the regular programme of farm work. I am not sure that winters, even in our northern latitudes, will long be left for rest. Some of our best farmers find winter fattening of sheep and cattle full as profitable as any thing they can do in the summer, and those who succeed best say that it is work which more than any thing else demands their personal care and attention. The ordinary farm help can not be trusted, where so much depends on regularity and close attention, as well as good judgment.

But it is not to be inferred that because modern farm work is a constant hurry, it is therefore a constant drudgery. The variety of employment, which keeps farmers always busy, furnishes also a necessity for incessant activity of thought and brain. Work needs more thought, partly because it is not so much in ruts, and partly because it is done so largely by complicated machinery, which requires careful and constant supervision. The greater variety of crops a farmer grows the more need he has to plan and contrive so as to bring his work around at the proper time. This thinking promotes intellectual activity; and it is by this process that the farmers of the present day are becoming yearly more observant and thoughtful, while those who try to farm in the old ruts are falling to the rear.—*Wm. J. Fowler, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

Cure for Foot Rot in Sheep.

The *Ohio Farmer* once gave this remedy for foot rot: Three parts pure tar, one part pure white lead, two ounces finely pulverized blue-stone to one pint of above. Add one-fourth ounce (fluid) nitric acid. While stirring these add enough crude oil (unrefined ground oil) to make a thin salve. Nitric acid will lose its strength, therefore compound but a small portion at a time—say one-fourth of a pint. Sheep should be yarded for the operation while their feet are wet, if practicable, as their hoofs can be readily cut. Have a trough made with boards twelve or fifteen inches wide and three or four feet long on legs, so as to make the trough about waist high. Place the sheep with his back in the trough and you are ready for the operation. Your knife should have a narrow blade and very sharp, and on the effectual performances of this all depends. If the disease is in the first stage—viz: if there is merely an erosion and ulceration of the cuticle and flesh in the cleft above the walls of the hoof no paring is necessary. But if the ulceration has established itself between the hoof and the fleshy sole, the ulcerated parts, be they more or less extensive, must be entirely denuded of their home covering, cost what it may of time and care. It is better not to wound the sole so as to cause it to bleed, as the running blood will prevent the application of the medicine taking effect. Apply the salve with a small paddle, letting it extend up the cleft as high as the biflux naval. Apply the medicine to every sheep and every foot, as you will never get rid of the disease by doctoring only the diseased ones. Keep the sheep you have doctored in a dry place over night; then turn them into the same pasture if you wish, as the medicine will adhere to the feet until the virus has been washed off by the grass. It is best to apply the medicine two or three times, so as to be sure and catch every one. Cleanse the sheds thoroughly, as the virus might remain in the dung and take effect after an indefinite length of time.

How to Make Moss Baskets.

Very beautiful baskets for holding flowers can be made of the longer and more feathery kinds of mosses. We have made them often, and never do either garden or wild flowers look more lovely than when clustered upon a verdant border of that delicate and beautiful material, which by proper management may be made to preserve its freshness and brilliancy for many months. We will here give directions for their manufacture. A light frame, of any shape you like, should be made with wire and covered with common pasteboard or calico, and the moss, which should first be well picked over and cleansed from any bits of dirt or dead leaves which may be hanging about it, gathered into little tufts and sewed with a coarse needle and thread to the covering, so as to clothe it thickly with a close and compact coating, taking care that the points of the moss are all outward. A long handle, made in the same manner, should be attached to the basket, and a tin or other vessel, filled with either wet sand or water, placed within, to hold the flowers. By dipping the whole structure into water once in three or four days, its verdure and elasticity will be fully preserved, and a block of wood, about an inch thick and stained black or green, if placed under the basket, will prevent all risk of damage to the table from moisture. To make such baskets affords much pleasant, social amusement for children, who will find a constantly renewed pleasure in varying their appearance.—*Floral Cabinet.*

PITH AND POINT.

The gem puzzle is a sqnare game.

The darkest hour is generally jnst after the gas company send in its bill.

Some of the dry-goods show windows are as interesting as museums of anatomy, which show how fearfully and wonderfully people can be made.—*N. O. Picayune.*

It must be awful embarrassing to a man who has received the star of the order of San Juan d'Ulloa from some foreigh potentate, to think that he could raise on it about half as much as a hotel clerk could on his shirt stud, at the pawnbroker's.—*Boston Post.*

A great scientist, a brilliant soldier or a gifted statesman is all well enough in his way, but the man who mounts the ladder of fortune with the most astounding celerity is he who invents a popular style of dressing ladies' hair.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

"Yes, sir, I have stopped drinking for a whole year," said a young man to a companion. "I have sworn that for three hundred and sixty-five days, my friend, I shall not drink another drop." "But you see," replied the companion, "that this, being leap year, has three hundred and sixty-six days." "Thnt's a fact," mused the sworn-off man. "Guess I'd better select some other year;" and they went into a saloon.—*Worcester Gazette.*

Judge Martin decided at Bridgeport the other day that certain evidence was inadmissible. The attorney took strong exception to the ruling, and insisted that it was admissible. "I know, your honor," said he, warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practising at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I nm a fool?" "That," quietly replied the Court, "is a question of fact, and not of law, and so I won't pass upon it, but will let the jury decide."—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Cincinnati Horse Auction.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "is a horse—"

Bystander—Glad you told us it was a horse, or we might have taken it for a sheep.

Auctioneer—That wouldn't be so very strange if it had your head on. You see before you, gentlemen, a family horse.

Bystander—He got those bunches on his knees from kneeling down at family prayers, didn't he?

Auctioneer—You'll never have any bunches on your knees on that account. A horse, gentlemen, that any family might well be proud of. Look what an eye he has.

Bystander—What has become of the other eye?

Auctioneer—Gone to look after another such fool as you are. Like old dog Tray, so touchingly described by the sweet singer of Michigan (singing)

He's gentle and he's kind——
Bystander— —— the kind.
Auctioneer—
You'll never, never find——

Bystander—He would be fined by any court in Christendom for spring-halterations and interfering generally.

Auctioneer—

A better horse than this old gray,
Old gray horse is ever faithful,

etc. But we can not waste our time on poetry, although the noble steed before you is the very poetry of motion. How much for him? What do I hear?

Bystander—Nothing, if you can't hear more than he does.

Auctioneer—Among horses, gentlemen, this is the very *ne-plus-ultra*—

Bystander—Knock-nee-plus-ultra, you mean.

Auctioneer—And the *sine-qua-non*—

Bystander—*Compos mentis.*

Auctioneer—The ridges you see running down his eyes, gentlemen, are not an indication of a want of flesh; they are simply a wise provision of Providence for carrying off the rain-water.

Bystander—What's the matter with his tail?

Auctioneer—He was formerly owned by a violin manufacturer, and he pulled out all the hairs for fiddle bows. What do I hear?

But we had heard enough to satisfy us that our friend was right, and that it was absurd to squander money on shows so long as these horse auctions are kept up to their present high standard.—*Saturday Night.*

An Editer's Dream.

He fell asleep after a time, and lo! he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision that, having armed himself with certain papers and books, he turned his steps once more toward the place and knocked at the gate.

"Hello, is that you again?" said Peter. "What do you wish?"

"Let these persons again come forth," replied the editor, and Peter this time made them all pass through the gate and stand outside.

They came as before and uttered the same cries as before.

"Why didn't you notice that big egg I sent you?" yelled the first.

"It was rotten," replied the editor.

"Why didn't you write up my soda fountain?" cried the druggist.

"You had your tickets printed at the other office," calmly replied the local man.

"Why did you write about old Tomlinson's hens and never speak of my new gate?" shouted the third.

"Old Tomlinson paid for his advertising and you didn't. Here's the bill," said the editor.

"Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?" groaned the local talent.

"Take a look at this manuscript of yours and see for yourself," said the editor, with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each with one; and it was so that, when they had received them, they all tore their hair and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and St. Peter, taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate and said:

"Come, friend; these chaps managed to slip through here in spite of us, but, thanks to the press, we now know what sort of fellows they are. Come in and stay; we need a few such men as you in here."—*Exchange.*

The Opium Evil—The Chinese "Joints" in Denver.

While the press of Denver and correspondents for Eastern papers have had more or less to say in regard to the opium joints of this city, and the manner in which the filthy habit is indulged in, it is not remembered that any effort has been made in the direction of facts and statistics respecting the habit and the extent to which it is carried in the handsomest city in America. To the collecting of these facts and statistics a reporter of the *Tribune* devoted a good part of two days recently, and the result of the investigation and inquiries made will probably be of interest to all classes of people.

There are in Denver ten opium joints, or places where opium can be procured and smoked. Of these, six are in what is known as Chinatown (four on Wazee Street and two on Sixteenth Street); one is on the alley between Blake and Holladay, near Sixteenth; one near the corner of Arapahoe and Sixteenth Streets; one on Larimer near Eighteenth Street, and one on Blake above Seventeenth. Two of these have what are called "washee fronts," but the others are conducted as out and out joints. The best houses are on Wazee Street, where some pretense is made at arrangement and cleanliness. Most of them, however, are squalid and dirty in the extreme. The general arrangement of the opium den is similar in all cases. A small passage way leads down one side of the room, affording entrance to about five little apartments, six by eight, and ten feet high, with, in some cases, a similar tier of apartments above, which are reached by ladders. These rooms are roughly constructed and unpainted, the sole furniture being a wooden bunk about four feet from the floor at one end, on which a cheap mattress is thrown. The keeping of these places has been so long unchecked that the proprietors have become quite bold, and entrance is very seldom refused, while the places themselves are easy to find. There is never any ventilation, and a window is not at all desirable. Stink and nastiness seem to be prerequisites to a first-class joint. The dens are most generally visited between the hours of 8 in the evening and 5 in the morning, the busy season being between 11 and 2 o'clock. At this time, at a popular resort, one may find a joint of ten apartments, each apartment occupied by at least four persons, making in all forty persons, each smoking and rolling in filth, the air foul with the fume of opium, whisky and the breath of the inmates. This in an almost air-tight room, say twenty by eight and sixteen feet high.

Opium for smoking is either sold by the pipe at twenty-five cents, or, as is more common, in little horn bottles at two dollars. These last contain from sixteen to twenty pipes. A still more common way of purchasing the "hop," or opium, is in little round quantities for fifty cents. These afford an ordinary smoker about ten pipes' full. The average smoker comes in quietly, purchases a fifty cent ball, goes to a room, prepares his pipe and smokes and rolls and dreams and mutters for from three to six hours.

It has been stated that of late the joints in Denver have been frequented by business men and respectable women. This is not so. The patrons of opium joints are those who are seldom met and never known in the respectable walks of life. The places are visited by a great many business men and by gentlemen visiting the city, but these are simply on a "slight-seeing" trip around the city, and are never known to take a smoke even for the "fun of the thing." Their curiosity is never so strong as their fear of the strength of the habit; they dare not trifle with so dangerous a thing. A careful estimate of the number of people who may be called frequenters of the joints, places it at about fifty men and thirty women. By frequenters is meant those who go at least once or twice a week—and some of them go every night. It is a singular fact that the habitual opium smoker seldom smokes at home. The smoking must be done at a regular joint, surrounded by all the sickening associations of the place, to be fully enjoyed. An average of the immediate sensations following an opium debauch is, on the part of the woman, that of strong animal passion; with the man, a feeling as if recovering from a light spree, and generally an indifference for any thing and every thing. The sensations when under the influence of the drug are the same in all cases: great vitality of spirits, confidence of a bright future, rosy dreams, happy hallucinations, etc.

The average number of pipes indulged in by smokers on one occasion is fifteen. Providing that of the eighty habitues of the places, fifty smoke nightly, a fair average. This would make 750 pipes per day consumed in the city. Continuing the reduction, this makes forty-two bottles. The dealers in smoking opium procure the drug in its gummy form direct from China, in two pound cans which contain a quantity equal to that held in eight bottles. This then makes the average daily amount of opium smoked in the joints of Denver, ten and one-half pounds, or a little less than two tons per annum, the wholesale cost of which to the Chinese dealer is over nineteen thousand dollars.

These figures relate simply to the consumption by the white Americans. Every Chinaman smokes, but he smokes at his room or house. With these this article has nothing to do. It is they who have bred the disease, who have introduced the habit and who furnish means for its indulgence, and it is a part of their history and their existence. It is estimated that Denver Chinamen smoke an amount of opium three times that consumed by American men and women in the city.—*Denver Tribune.*

"Tear of the Clouds" is the romantic name of the lakelet 1,000 feet below the summit of Mount Marcy, that is called the source of the Hudson River. It is over 4,000 feet above the sea level, and nestles among some stunted spruce trees that fringe the mountain side.

—Brigham Young was first to solve the gem puzzle with fifteen wives. He had very little trouble with Nos. thirteen, fourteen and fifteen so long as the Gentiles let him alone.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Fashion Notes.

LAWNS as white as driven snow,
Sath, black as e'er was crow,
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
Veils, for faces and for noses,
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfumes for a lady's chamber,
Pins, and poking sticks, of steel—
All they heck from head to heel.
Shakespeare.

Spanish lace is a furore.

Waistcoats are going out of fashion.

A new lace is painted in peacock feather eyes.

Silk muslin bonnet crowns will be much worn.

Ruby beads and yellow pearls are the latest novelties in beads.

Yellow sunflowers and crimson poppies are favorite flowers this season.

Heliotrope and cream will be the fashionable contrast of color for early spring millinery.

Two bouquets are now always sold together—one for the hair, the other for the corsage.

Sleeveless habit corsages of velvet or satin are worn over ball dresses of tulle or gauze.

Square handkerchiefs of bright colored striped foulard are twisted into pretty dress caps for ladies and fastened on the head with large Spanish pins or bouquets of artificial flowers.

The latest novelty in dress goods is cern cotton, thicker than the heaviest unbleached muslins of last summer, and with bayadere stripes of bright shades of blue, scarlet, yellow and black. Over these bayadere domestics are sometimes draped the cheese cloths of last summer.

A Paris letter says that the airy lace, satin and ribbon muffs have proved so pretty an addition to the toilette that they have established a position in the ball room, where they are carried in the hand or sewn to the dress. They look very well made to match the dresses in the plain Oriental silks, printed with designs in gold or silver.

Novelties in lingerie are constantly appearing. Among the newest are silk petticoats cut out on the border in squares. In each of these open places is a small inserted puffing. Some of these skirts are made of blue Surah, with inserted puffings of light blue satin. The square pieces which are cut out of the lower part of these skirts are not more than six inches long and there are a number around the skirt.

In London for dressy occasions hoods and muffs made of brocade, with strands of gold running through, are very fashionable. The hoods are separate from the dresses or jackets and are finished off in front with long loops and ends of colored (generally red) satin ribbon about three inches wide. The muffs have ribbon and lining to match, and are trimmed with black or coffee colored lace. Sometimes the toque is also of the same material.

Dirt and Body Heat.

THE part which the skin plays in the regulation of bodily heat is not adequately estimated. The envelope of complicated structure and vital function which covers the body, and which nature has destined to perform a large share of the labor of health preserving, is practically thrown out of use by our habit of loading it with clothes. It is needless to complicate matters by allowing it to be choked and encumbered with dirt. If the skin of an animal be coated with an impervious varnish, death must ensue. A covering of dirt is only less inimical to life. We are not now speaking of dirt such as offends the sense of decency, but of those accumulations of exuded matter with which the skin must become loaded if it is habitually covered and not thoroughly cleansed. The cold bath is *not* a cleansing agent. A man may bathe daily and use his bath towel even roughly, but remain as dirty to all practical intents as though he eschewed cleanliness; indeed the physical evil of dirt is more likely to ensue, because if wholly neglected, the skin would cast off its excrementitious matter by periodic perspirations with desquamation of the cuticle. Nothing but a frequent washing in water, of at least equal temperature with the skin, and soap can insure a free and healthy surface. The feet require especial care, and it is too much the practice to neglect them. The omission of daily washings with soap and the wearing of foot coverings so tight as to compress the blood-vessels and retard the circulation of the blood through the extremities, are the most common causes of cold feet. The remedy is obvious; dress loosely and wash frequently.—*Lancet.*

BEAUTY BUT SKIN DEEP.

How to Beautify, How to Preserve, and How to Treat, when Diseased, the Skin and Scalp.

BY M. E. JOSSELYN, M. D., OF NEW YORK.

Apart from the suffering caused by skin diseases, their influence on the happiness of those to whom a delicate and pearly complexion is the dearest wish of their lives is paramount to all others. No lady afflicted with cutaneous eruptions, or loss of hair, will deny that, to obtain a fair skin and luxuriant tresses, she would gladly exchange the disfigurations that now mar her otherwise handsome face, hands, or hair, for other diseases of greater severity—even danger—could their existence be concealed from the public eye. Many an estimable lady's life has been embittered by cutaneous affections. She imagines that every one sees and comments upon her looks. She avoids society and public places, and endeavors to hide her misery in seclusion. Here the struggle to improve her appearance is renewed. No remedy is too repulsive or dangerous to be used. Arsenic is devoured in large quantities, mercury is taken internally and applied externally, until the teeth rattle in their loosened sockets, and the system groans beneath the load of poisons it is obliged to carry.

If such be the feelings of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the condition of those suffering from salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo and scald head? No pen can fully describe the tortures they endure. Death in many cases might be considered a blessing. The burning heat, inflammation and itching nearly impel the sufferer to do violence to himself in order to end his sufferings. I have seen patients tear their flesh with their nails until the blood flowed in streams. Others have told me that they could cut the flesh from their limbs, so great was the agony they endured.

With a view to impart some useful information on the construction and preservation of the skin, scalp, and hair, and the proper treatment of these when diseased, I have here condensed to a popular form such information as is most desired.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKIN.

The skin is composed of two layers, which may be separated from each other by the action of a blister. The thin portion which is raised up by the blister is called the scarf skin, the cuticle, or the epidermis; that which remains in connection with the body is the sensitive skin, the cutis, the derma, or the true skin. Each has separate duties to perform. The scarf skin is horny and insensible, and serves as a sheath to protect the more sensitive skin under it. Were the scarf skin taken off, we could not bear to have anything touch us. The derma or true skin, and its glands, oil tubes, etc., are the seat of all cutaneous diseases.

THE OIL AND SWEAT GLANDS.

That the skin may be pliable and healthy it is necessary to have it oiled every day; and for this the Creator has wisely provided by placing in the true skin small glands and tubes, whose office it is to prepare and pour out upon the surface the proper amount of oil. On some parts of the body they do not exist, but are abundant on the face, nose, ears, head, eyelids, etc. They produce the wax of the ears, and on the head they open into the sheath of the hair, and furnish it with nature's own hair oil or pomade. When the skin is healthy, these little vessels are always at work, and constantly responding to the demands made upon them. Consequently no person should be afraid to wash thoroughly every day with soap and water, lest, as the "Boston Medical Journal" once taught, the skin be injured by having the oil removed from it.

FREQUENT WASHINGS WITH PURE SOAP (free from caustic alkalies) and lukewarm water, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, will do more to preserve the healthy action of the oil glands and tubes, upon which depends a clear and wholesome complexion, than all the cosmetics in the world. So important is the free and perfect action of the sweat and fat or oil glands in the preservation of the general health, as well as the special condition of the skin, that particular attention to them will be rewarded by increased physical health. They discharge upon the surface of the body about two and one-half pounds of matter per day, and their importance in the purification of the blood and fluids of the body is so great that, were they closed by an impervious coating, like rubber or oiled silk, death would soon ensue.

THE GREAT SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES.

But bad as are minor forms of skin diseases, they sink into insignificance when compared with the great skin and scalp diseases with which thousands are afflicted during their whole lives. That the reader may know more about them, the principal affections are here named, omitting such as are symptoms of constitutional diseases, like measles, rash, etc. The most important are salt rheum or eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lepra or leprosy, lichen, prurigo, barber's itch, Jackson's itch, baker's itch, ground itch, scald head and dandruff.

Towering above all others in extent, in duration, in suffering, is

ECZEMA,

commonly called salt rheum. Wilson divides it into twelve species and others into many more; but it is sufficiently clear to the average reader, and will be recognized by its small watery blister, about the size of a pinhead, whenever seen. Prurigo, impetigo, and psoriasis are but little behind salt rheum in the suffering they cause. Scald head is another obstinate affection, defying all remedies, destroying the hair, and producing great misery and suffering. The scalp, like the skin, is subject to salt rheum, tetter, dandruff, and other eruptive and scaly diseases, which generally destroy the hair follicles, and produce permanent baldness.

THE TREATMENT

of diseases of the skin or scalp has been for centuries based upon the mistaken theory that they are entirely due to some impurity of the blood. No special attention has ever been directed to the important part the sweat and fat glands play in the propagation and maintenance of disease.

It is no unjust reflection upon the medical profession to say that its efforts in the cure of skin diseases have been a failure. What with mistaken theories, poisonous remedies, and blind adherence to methods and practices originating in ignorance and superstition, salt rheum, scald head, and psoriasis flourish and increase upon systems shuttered by the copious use, both internal and external, of mercury, arsenic, zinc, and lead.

For centuries it has been the popular notion that diseases of the skin and scalp must be cured, if cured at all, by purifying the blood.

Admitting that this is partly true, what has been the method or what the remedies by which it was sought to be accomplished?

MERCURY AND ARSENIC.

Putting aside the senseless "sarsaparilla," "dock," and "dandelion" blood purifiers," and considering only those remedies that have received the sanction of physicians, hospitals and colleges, we find that mercury and arsenic are the only medicinal agents of to-day, as they were hundreds of years ago, which are regarded by the "regular" as having specific medicinal properties for the purification of the blood, and hence the only remedies adapted to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases.

THE TRUE THEORY.

But a little light is being thrown upon the darkness that has surrounded the intellect of the past. To a few German and French physicians and specialists we owe what true progress we are making at the present time in the cure of obstinate affections of the skin and scalp. They teach and prove, (1) that diseases of the skin and scalp are caused by a derangement of the secretory and excretory tubes and vessels of the true skin; and (2) that such diseases or affections are aggravated and maintained by poisonous fluids containing the virus of scrofula, malaria, or contagious disease, which are discharged from the blood and circulating fluids upon the skin through the sweat and fat glands. From these facts they successfully maintain that skin diseases cannot be cured solely by internal remedies, nor solely by external remedies, but by a judicious use of both. These affections are not wholly caused by impurities of the blood and circulating fluids, nor are they due entirely to a diseased condition of the sweat and fat glands, tubes, vessels, and cells of the true skin, but to a peculiar and inseparable condition of both. For if you treat the one to the neglect of the other, no progress is made; but with attention to both at the same time, and the use of such remedies as I can here recommend, a cure is possible in nearly every case.

"WHAT WE WANT,"

said a distinguished authority on the skin, "what we most earnestly desire in order to cure obstinate skin and scalp affections, are three great remedies, with as many specific properties, namely:

"1. An internal remedy possessing cathartic, tonic, and alterative properties, which will enable it to expel through the natural purifiers of the body, viz., the lungs, liver, kidneys, bowels, and skin, the constitutional poison which floats in the blood and circulating fluids of the body.

"2. An external, unchangeable application of jelly consistence that may arrest inflammation or irritation and destroy fungus or parasitic growths; and,

"3. An emollient and healing soap, free from caustic alkalies and irritating properties, for cleansing diseased surfaces, and partaking, in a milder form, the medicinal properties of the external application.

"With three such remedies as I conceive it possible to prepare, but which I do not now know to exist, I will venture to assert that ninety per centum of the skin diseases in existence may be permanently cured."

THE USUAL REMEDIES FAILURES.

If I have appeared severe upon the medical profession, I have not been unjustly so toward physicians who adhere to practices at variance with reason and common sense, and, withal, lamentable failures. I here assert that no ointment, salve, cerate, lotion, or compound, for external application, nor alterative, or "blood purifier," for internal use, to be found in the materia medica of the schools and colleges of medicine—and there are thousands of them—will certainly cure a case of chronic salt rheum, psoriasis, or leprosy. I have tried them with all the care and experience suggested by a liberal education, but with unsatisfactory results as to specific curative properties.

HOPE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Hence, when Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, of Boston, Mass., informed me that for eight years they had been experimenting with medicinal agents, and had obtained mostly from substances never before used in medicine, and by a process original with themselves—three great remedies, which they believed to be an infallible cure for every kind of skin, scalp and blood disease, from salt rheum to dandruff, whether caused by a scrofulous or diseased tainted blood, or by a morbid condition of the glands, tubes, vessels and cells of the true skin, or both, I was gratified beyond measure. As my life has been and is devoted to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases, to which I have given much study and attention, I eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded me by Messrs. Weeks & Potter, to make a thorough test of these remedies in my practice, determined, if successful, to give them such publicity as their merits entitled them to. This I now do after two years of extraordinary success with them, with the object of thereby lessening, as far as in my power, the great suffering caused by the diseases under consideration.

THE FIRST.

The name given to the first of these great remedies is Cuticura, from *cutis*, the skin, and *cura*, a cure—a skin cure. In practice, I found it possessed wonderful curative properties, as they exist in no other remedies of the day. It is entirely unlike anything for external application that I have ever seen before. It is of jelly consistence, free from grease, oils, or fats, and does not contain a particle of deleterious or unwholesome matter, and is so easily applied that no irritation or pain is caused by its application to raw and inflamed surfaces.

Cuticura, when used as directed, is wonderfully adapted to soothe and heal the most inflamed surface, to allay itchings and irritations that have been the torture of a lifetime, to destroy fungus or unnatural growths on the skin and scalp, to heal ulcers and scrofulous sores, to cleanse and purify the pores of the skin, and restore to healthy and regular action the oil glands, tubes and cells, upon whose perfect action depend the preservation of a healthy skin and restoration when diseased. It will not become rancid, or spoil on exposure in any climate. It will be as fresh, fragrant, soothing and healing fifty years hence as it is to-day. Contrast this with the horrible salves and ointments of the present time!

THE SECOND,

the Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, receives its characteristic name from the remedy to which it owes its valuable healing and useful properties. It is free from caustic alkalies, and is of a delicate, natural green color. Its emollient, soothing and healing action is the same as Cuticura, in a modified form. Aside from its medicinal properties, it is more valued as a toilet, bath and nursery soap than any other soap. It cleanses, soothes, whitens, and beautifies the skin, and is a natural preventive of injury to the complexion and hands from the heats of summer and the chills of winter.

An ounce of prevention is nowhere rewarded with more pounds of cure than in the care of the skin, and no remedy or method is more appropriate than the Cuticura Soap. It dissolves away undue exudation of greasy matter from the oil glands, which causes the skin to shine, prevents clogging of the pores and tubes, and stimulates the circulation of the blood through the small blood vessels, giving color, freshness, and beauty to the complexion, amply repaying every moment of care.

This soap is also specially prepared for shaving, and is called Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, and will be found of great value by gentlemen suffering from tender, inflamed or diseased skin.

THE THIRD

great remedy submitted to me is called the Cuticura Resolvent, because of its intimate relation to Cuticura in the cure of skin and scalp diseases. Of all the remedies for the purification of the blood and circulating fluids that I have ever tested, none approach in specific medical action the wonderful properties of the Resolvent. In *forty minutes* after taking the first dose it may be detected by chemical analysis in the saliva, sweat, fat and blood, showing that it has entered the blood and circulating fluids, and made the entire circuit of the human system many times. Chemical tests show it to be present in the urine with which the patient has bathed on rising in the morning, which proves conclusively that it has entered and become a part of the circulating fluids, enabling it to traverse every diseased cell, tube and vessel of the skin, and leave its wholesome constituents upon the surface of the body. But it does more than this. It is a powerful purifying agent and liver stimulant. It neutralizes and resolves away blood poisons, caused by the virus of scrofula, cancer, canker, mineral or contagious diseases. It destroys microscopic insects or parasites which infest the water and air of malarial regions, and breed many forms of skin diseases. It regulates the stomach and bowels, and perfects digestion so as to admit of a rapid increase of wholesome tissue and strength. Hence its power to eliminate from the system all the destructive elements that foster and maintain diseases of the blood, skin and scalp.

Having been charmed with the results of my analysis of these great remedies, my next step was to demonstrate their value in the treatment of the great skin, scalp and blood affections usually considered incurable. I know that every word I now write

WILL AWAKEN HOPE

in the breast of many a life-long sufferer. Can I, in a broad and Christian spirit, without prejudice, without reservation, say to those afflicted: "Here in these great natural remedies, which may be had of any chemist or druggist for a trifling sum, is a speedy and permanent cure?" With a just sense of the responsibilities I assume, I say I can. There does not exist a case of chronic salt rheum or eczema, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, scald head, dandruff, or itching or scaly eruptions or humors of the skin, scalp and blood, that Cuticura, externally, assisted by the Cuticura Soap, and the Resolvent internally, may not speedily, permanently and economically cure, when all other remedies and methods of cure have utterly failed. I have proved, in hundreds of the most aggravated cases, their wonderful curative power, in evidence of which I submit the following remarkable testimonials.

LEPRA AND SCROFULOUS LESION.

Hirman E. Carpenter, Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y., cured of psoriasis or lepra of twenty years' standing. His case is so wonderful that I give his exact words.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others, leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs, I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toenails came off, fingernails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. Oh, my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Resolvent, Cuticura and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; and a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

"HIRAM E. CARPENTER.

"Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y.

"Sworn to before me this nineteenth day of January, 1880. A. M. LEFFINGWELL,

"Justice of the Peace."

Hon. William Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities. He says: "I have been so elated with my successful use of the Cuticura remedies that I have stopped men in the streets to tell them of my case."

ECZEMA RODENT, SALT RHEUM, ETC.

Eczema Rodent.—F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper and Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura remedies.

Salt Rheum.—Will McDonnid, 115 Butterfield Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of salt rheum on head, neck, face, arms, and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura remedies.

Psoriasis.—Thomas Delaney, Memphis, Tenn., afflicted with psoriasis for nineteen years; completely cured by Cuticura remedies.

Ringworm.—Geo. W. Brown, 48 Marshall Street, Providence, R. I., cured of a ringworm humor got at the barber's, which spread all over the ears, neck, and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment; cured by Cuticura remedies.

SKIN HUMORS, MILK CRUST, ETC.

Skin Humor.—Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with sores and sores. Suffered fearfully, and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura remedies.

Milk Crust.—Mrs. Bowers, 113 Clinton Street Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

Tetter of the Hands.—Elizabeth Buckley, Littleton, N. H., thankfully praises the Cuticura remedies for curing of tetter of the hands which had rendered them almost useless to her

SCALD HEAD, ALOPECIA, ETC.

Scald Head.—H. A. Raymond, auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of scald head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura remedies.

Falling of the Hair.—Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of alopecia or falling of the hair by the Cuticura remedies, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.

Dandruff.—Thomas Lee, 2276 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff which, for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one quarter of an inch in thickness, cured by the Cuticura remedies. His scalp is now free from dandruff, and as healthy as it is possible for it to be.

CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

Fred Rohrer, Esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby, that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it in several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin Street, Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call eczema. We have tried almost everything, and at last have used about a box of Cuticura, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

Chas. Eayre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes: "My son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of eczema by the Cuticura remedies. From the top of his head to the soles of his feet was one mass of scabs. Every other remedy and physician had been tried in vain."

EVERY SPECIES OF SKIN DISEASE.

It would require every column of this paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the Cuticura remedies. Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face; scald-heads with loss of hair without number; heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs; psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases; scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds; each and all of which have been speedily, permanently and economically cured by the Cuticura remedies.

A TRIUMPHANT RECORD.

Of such a record the inventors of the Cuticura remedies may be justly proud. They are a grand medical triumph; a triumph that will be gratefully remembered by thousands long after the originators have passed away.

To relieve and permanently cure diseases of the skin and scalp which have been the torture of a lifetime, to replace the repulsive evidences of disease with the glow of health, and thus render beautiful the face of man or woman, is to deserve the gratitude of mankind.

That Cuticura externally applied, with a proper use of the Cuticura Soap, and the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, will cure speedily and permanently the worst forms of skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, I think I have fully demonstrated. Grand curative blessings are thus substituted for death-dealing poisons. Mercury, arsenic, zinc and lead, and a thousand and one other revolting, poisonous and senseless things must now sink into obscurity before the wonderful healing powers of the Cuticura remedies.

M. E. JOSSELYN, M. D.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1880.

I. P.

The following communication from a highly esteemed citizen of Boston comes to us unsolicited; the writer for obvious reason requests us not to publish his name, at the same time in desires to make known the fact of his discovery for the benefit of others similarly afflicted:

BOSTON, MASS.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:

Gentlemen—You may not be aware of the fact that your Kallaston affords relief in that of most distressing complaint called *Itching Piles*. I made the discovery some weeks ago, during a night of intense discomfort and suffering, by simply applying Kallaston, a bottle of which happened to be on my dressing table. The effect seemed to me magical; the itching ceased almost instantly, and I have had no recurrence.

I feel it to be my duty to make this statement to you, hoping that thereby other sufferers may be relieved.

Very truly, your obliged and obedient servant,

Since receiving the above, the proprietors of Kallaston have endeavored fairly to test its value as a specific for Itching Piles, having caused it to be used in many aggravated cases, and in every instance it has given instant relief.

The following letter will prove interesting to those who suffer from this disagreeable disease:

JANUARY 29, 1880.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston:

I have had the Itching Piles off and on ever since the war. Sometimes I have suffered agony, and I tell you nobody knows what pain and misery is, unless they have had the Itching Piles.

Somebody told me that your Kallaston would cure me. I got a bottle, and the very first time I used it the pain and itching was all gone in a few minutes, and I think I am cured, as I have not had any trouble from it for a fortnight.

Another thing about the Kallaston, it is nice and clean, and easy to use. Yours truly,

JOS. E. FOSTER,
11 Lowell Street.

Send to JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, for descriptive circular free. For sale by all Druggists.

What Better Evidence

Could the people ask to substantiate the merits of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines than the fact that they have not only yearly grown in popular favor in this country, but the foreign demand for them has become so great as to necessitate the establishing a branch of the celebrated World's Dispensary in London, England, that these blessings to the afflicted may be dispatched from the greatest commercial center of the world to every country and people? Golden Medical Discovery is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions of all who use it for all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influence. Consumption, which is but a form of scrofulous affection of the lungs, may in its early stages be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on Consumption and its treatment in "Invalids' Guide Book"—10 cents post-paid. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 3d, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—With trembling hand, from my extreme age, being eighty-five, I write to inform you of the great benefit your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets have been to me. Three years ago I was prostrated with pneumonia, and no one thought I would recover. By the use of those medicines I was raised to health, and by the blessing of God and your medicines I have enjoyed pretty good health since, though for years before this I suffered from weak lungs and a bad cough.

Gratefully yours, MARY B. FISK.

The Deaf Hear Through the Teeth

Perfectly all Ordinary Conversation, Lectures, Concerts, etc., by *New Channels* to the Nerves of Hearing by means of a recent wonderful scientific invention—the Dentaphone. For remarkable public tests on the Deaf, also on the Deaf and Dumb, see the N. Y. *Herald*, Sept. 28; the N. Y. *Christian Advocate*, Nov. 20, etc. Send for FREE pamphlet to the American Dentaphone Co., 289 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Catholic Americans and Others!

SEND six cents for specimen of *The Illustrated Catholic American*, 11 Barclay St., New York. Bright pictures, stories, poems and sketches.

TWO-THIRDS of all the Axle Grease used in the United States is made by the Frazer Lubricator Company. Buy the genuine.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of three-quarters of a century.

THAT was a pretty little lesson in geography that Albert Woff wrote with his autograph for the Murcia relief fund of the Paris press: "The town of Murcia is situated in a Spanish province of the ideal empire of charity, which has no frontiers, in which there is no difference of races, where all the inhabitants speak the same language, that of the heart, and all the citizens are equal before the human solidarity."

JAY GOULD has an income of $2,000 per day.

FROM the London *Academy*: "A logical definition of poetry is still wanting, and it is far safer to affirm what poetry is not than what it is."

THE power of plants to force their way through a resisting medium is very remarkable. A writer in a foreign journal asserts that he has known a dandelion to grow through two inches of asphalt which had been spread over it.

IT is said that since his bankruptcy Edwin Booth has earned $300,000 on the stage.

EVERY man who has become President of the United States has been elected during a leap-year. This is something for the girls to wonder over.

THE Florida orange crop this year is much larger than ever before. From such counties as are easily accessible the figures point to a crop of about 440,000 boxes. In Putnam County alone the 1879 yield was nearly 5,500,000 oranges, and next year, with the large number of blooming trees that will come into bearing, the crop will amount to 25,000,000 oranges.

SPRING is come, and prudent parents should see that the hinges to the front gate are properly strengthened for the campaign. A young man on the front gate is worth two in the parlor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

AN American grain elevator has been taken to London and put to work. The *Telegraph* says: "So strange a structure moored in the river caused much excitement among the water population, and the tower of corrugated zinc was supposed by some to be the packing-cases going from Woolwich to bring home Celywayo, while others mistook it for a new floating parish church."

In Powder Form.

VEGETINE put up in this form is within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself, you can, from a 50-cent package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the conveniences to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Vegetine in powder form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them inclose 50 cents in postage stamps for one package, or $1 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail. H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE

In Powder Form,

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Full Directions in Every Package.

DR. W. ROSS WRITES:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness*, and all diseases of the blood I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. DR. W. ROSS, Druggist.

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

VEGETINE.

One Package in Powder Form Cured Scrofula.

How to Reduce Your Doctors' Bills.

86 BREMEN ST., EAST BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 30, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—My little daughter Stella has been afflicted a long time with *Scrofula*, suffering almost everything. Employed different physicians in East Boston, but they helped her none. I bought some of your *Powder-Form Vegetine*, and my wife steeped it and gave it to the child according to the directions, and we were surprised in a fortnight's time to see how the child had gained in flesh and strength. She is now gaining every day, and I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to lie the best we have ever tried.

Respectfully yours, J. T. WEBB.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

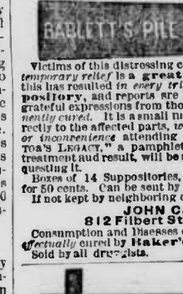

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS
Asthma & Consumption
Cured at home by
INHALENE
A Compound of Carbolated
OIL OF TAR
And Balsams, which is converted into vapor, and taken direct to the disease, where it heals as quickly as the heal Ointment heals an ordinary sore. Send for Circulars to
Home Medicine Co.,
S. W. cor. 10th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

An Unfailing Remedy for Piles & Hemorrhoids.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted in *every trial* of the Bartell Suppository, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

JOHN C. BAKER & CO.,
812 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Dose small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.
Warranted to first buyers.
CONSUMPTION

PENSIONS

From the date of a soldier's discharge can be procured provided application therefor is filed at the proper department prior to July 1, 1880. MILO B. STEVENS & CO. make this business a specialty, and with sixteen years' experience are generally successful Try them. Address

Milo B. Stevens & Co.

OFFICES:

Rooms 1 and 2 Case Building, Cleveland, Ohio.
Room 99 Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

Red River Valley.

2,000,000 ACRES
of the best
Wheat Lands

to the World for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, to H. ECKHORN, No. 4 St. Mark's Place, New York.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

It was a saying of Confucius, "I am a happy man, for if I have a fault, men observe it." Now it is a saying, "I am a happy man, for if I am sick and ailing, there is HUNT'S REMEDY to cure me." Trial size, 75 cents.

HEADQUARTERS 5 AND 10 CENT
Counter Supplies. Send for 4 page catalogue to CARY, FULTON & CO., 29 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM. Morphia Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address DR. MARSH, Quincy Mich.

EPILEPSY! A trial package of Dr. Evans' Cure for of address. Epileptic Fits mailed free on receipt L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Dover, Maine.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the DR. A. W. CHASE MEDICINE CO., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.)

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Stereotype Machinery
A SPECIALTY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Bookbinders' and Printers' Machinery
CHEAP FOR CASH.
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145 Madison Street, Chicago,
TREATS
Cancer, Tumors, Etc.,
By a New and Scientific Process.

No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.

SEND FOR REFERENCES.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTATION.—A book of new and effective designs for sign painters, decorators, designers and others, $2. Standard Sign Writer, $2. Standard Scroll Book, $1. Scrolls and Ornaments, by Loudolphe, $1. Painter's Manual, 50c. Sign, Carriage, Car, Fresco and Decorative Painting, 50c. Gilder, 50c. Furniture and Cabinet Finisher, 50c., of any bookseller or painters' supply house or by mail.
JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$200 PRIZE puzzles in Comic Monthly, a mammoth pictorial for family entertainment. 21st year. Sent on trial six months to any new subscriber for 25 cts. Specimens 10c.; none free. Address COMIC MONTHLY, 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy
THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE LIVER,
THE BOWELS,
and the KIDNEYS.
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Billous pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six qts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

AGENTS WANTED—Best Book—Most Money
THE COMPLETE HOME

How to Keep House, Cook, Dress, Care for Sick, Manage Children, Treat Accidents, Entertain Company, and make Home Beauti

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
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SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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AND
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Jan. 30-tf.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
ap12-1y

Dr. Singleton Townshend
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LICENSE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1880.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

GEO. D. WHITE,
ap. 3 Sheriff Garrett county.

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 4 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

feb.14-3m

850 ACRES
—OF—
Good Land
For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small [illegible]

[illegible] apply to this office or to the postoffice, Oakland, Garrett Co. Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osborn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Atta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract
BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countennnce and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,
Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 2 3/4 acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
10 12m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je24-v1

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JOB PRINTING.

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now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

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YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense. I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. Have unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on more Beatty Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated Instruments, having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and interested with its people amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

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Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 NAMES
of Noted Persons, ancient and modern, including many now living, giving Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession and Date of each.

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NEW EDITION contains a Supplement of over 4600 new words and meanings.
Each new word in Supplement has been selected and defined with great care.
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Edition of the best Dictionary of the English Language ever published.
Definitions have always been conceded to be better than in any other Dictionary.
Illustrations, 3000, about three times as many as in any other Dictionary.
The Dict'y recommended by State Sup'ts of 35 States, and 50 College Pres'ts.
In Schools,—about 32,000 have been placed in Public Schools in the U. S.
Only English Dictionary containing a Biographical Dictionary,—this gives the Name with Pronunciation, Nation, Profession and Date of over 9700 persons.
Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.
ALSO
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No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.37 A. M
No. 3	10.50 P. M
No. 5	11.31 P. M
No. 7	5.29 P. M
Way	10.10 A. M

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880. NUMBER 10.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1880.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

In the retired district near the sources of the Jordan, Jesus remained a week with his disciples, doubtless instructing them in the deeper mysteries of his kingdom, and preparing them for the scenes of the garden and the cross. One night he led the chosen three of his companions to the heights of Hermon, for the purpose of communing with his Father and of giving to his followers a token of his divinity and his glory, which should strengthen their hearts in coming days of gloom. As he prays, suddenly a celestial radiance streams from his person and his very garments shine like sunlit snow. Two forms appear by his side, whom the disciples recognize as the glorified Moses and Elijah, descending from their heavenly seats to converse with him concerning his atoning death. The Shechinah-cloud, that once overhung the tabernacle, now surrounds the Saviour and the two prophets with its glorious folds, and parts them from the disciples, while a voice from the depth of the cloud proclaims Jesus as the Son of God. The three witnesses fall on their faces in fear, but are reassured by the tender touch of their Master, and, looking up, behold him standing over them alone. As they descend the mountain, with the thought of the vision still in their mind, they ask how it is that Elijah is to appear before Messiah's coming. Christ reminds them that the great reformer has already appeared in the person of John the Baptist, by whom the nation has been brought back to God and prepared for its Redeemer.

Matt. 17. 1-13.

Memory Verses, 1-5.

1 And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart.

1 And was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

3 And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.

4 Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou will, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.

5 While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.

6 And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

7 And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid.

8 And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only.

9 And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.

10 And his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?

11 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things.

12 But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.

13 Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.

HOME READINGS.

M. The transfiguration. Matt. 17. 1-13.
Tu. Moses on the Mount. Exod. 3. 1-15.
W. God's glory on the Mount. Exod. 21. 1-18.
Th. Elijah on the Mount. 1 Kings 19. 1-18.
F. The translation of Elijah. 2 Kings 2. 1-15.
S. The vision of Isaiah. Isa. 6. 1-13.
S. The disciples on the Mount. 2 Pet. 1. 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. John 1. 14.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

O wondrous type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1 THE THREE DISCIPLES, v. 1,2; 2 Pet. 1 17,18.
What can you tell about these three disciples?
What were the other events which they only witnessed? Mark 5. 37, 38; Matt. 26. 27.
What did they now behold?
What was Christ doing at the time? Luke 9. 28, 29.
What was Christ's appearance?
How did this resemble his appearance long afterward? Rev. 1. 16.
What is said in the Golden Text?
When may we become like him in glory? 1 John 3. 2.

2. THE TWO SAINTS, v. 3-8; Heb. 12. 1.
Who appeared with Jesus?
In what event were these two saints alike? Num. 24. 38. 1 Kings 19. 8.
In what were they different from other men, and from each other? Deut. 34. 5, 6; 2 Kings 2. 11.
What did they represent? [ANS. The law and the prophets.]
What did they talk about with Jesus? Luke 9. 31.
What did Peter say and why?
What did he wish to do? [ANS. To keep the two saints with them.]
What voice spoke to them?
When had God thus spoken before. Matt. 3. 17.
How did the voice affect the disciples?
What part of the message of God then spoken comes to us?
What is it to hear Christ?

3. THE ONE SAVIOUR, v. 7-13; Acts 4. 12.
Whom did the disciples see after the vision?
What did Christ command them?
What was the prophecy of Elijah's coming? Mal. 4. 5.
In whom was it fulfilled?
What did Jesus say concerning John? Matt. 11. 11, 13.
Wherein are our privileges higher than his?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we should love to be with Jesus?
2. That we should be ready to obey Jesus? 3. That we may hope to share in the glory of Jesus?

The Fate of an Agitator.

Mr. Denis Kearney is in the House of Correction. The Sand Lots which knew him so well will know no more for at least six months. His speech during that time will be of the briefest description, and not in the least remarkable for violence or vituperation. We have no desire to offer the least indignity to a man when he is down, and Mr. Denis Kearney is decidedly down, with but a slight prospect of getting up again. He departed for jail without any demonstration whatever on the part of the populace. It really looks as if his followers were tired of him and glad to get rid of him. Not one of them came forward to shake his hand. There's a moral in it which those whose trade is agitation ought for their own sake to heed.

There is a lesson which demagogues of the Kearney stripe never learn. A designing man, with a voluble tongue and with tact in stirring up strife, finds a certain class with a grievance real or fancied, but usually the latter. He gets upon the top of a cask, or, from some other coigne of vantage, he makes speeches. He tells his hearers that they are grossly wronged; that who would be free themselves must strike the blow; that they ought to destroy the property of railway corporations; that they are so oppressed and so downtrodden that if they bear the dishonor they cannot be considered as human beings. Sometimes the crowd thus stimulated content themselves with howling. Sometimes they go further and commit arson or are guilty of malicious mischief. But if at this critical moment the officers of the law take their rhetorical leader in their grip, and march him off to jail, it is astonishing to remark how those who are fondest of him acquiesce in his punishment in perfect silence. He might be hanged without arousing them to action. The jail does not look so pleasant to them as their chance of getting into it increases. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they sneak away, leaving their late leader to don the prison uniform, to subsist upon the prison rations, and to engage in the prison toil. Mr. Kearney knows by this time that the kind of popularity which he thought so potent is but a poor protection against a commitment duly signed by the clerk of the Court. He may say that the people are ungrateful and cowardly. He may regard himself as a martyr. His opinion of human nature in general may have been lowered at least fifty degrees. He may stamp, and bite his lips, and talk like Timon of Athens, but the humiliating fact remains.

The moral of the matter should be seriously considered by the Kearneys of this country who are still at large. It was settled by the expounders of the common law long ago that one may commit a crime with his tongue, and that he who offends through another is himself an offender. It is easy for a man skilled in garrulous harangue to say, "Burn! rob! kill!" but if his advice be followed, the law holds that though during these interesting processes he may be at home in his bed, or even dead drunk in a gin shop, he is nevertheless one of the incendiaries, plunderers and homicides. Our advice to all leaders of Kearney's kind is to take warning from his fate. The sober, industrious, right-minded people of this country are tired of flagrant nonsense, and the drunken, the lazy and the ugly-minded are powerless against the constable with the *posse comitatus* at his back. When Mr. Kearney comes out of prison he will be nobody. A like fate will reduce the longest-winded and the loudest spouter to the same insignificant condition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Somerset's Scandal.

PRINCESS ANNE, MD., April 21.—The scandal and gossip in regard to the extraordinary marriage of Sidney A. Shores to his little stepdaughter, Louella Shores, last February, has been revived here this week by the trial of Shores, along with the minister who performed the ceremony. Sidney Shores, whose home is near Dame's Quarter, is well known through Somerset county, and is a well-to-do farmer about forty-five years of age, whose wife died last December. The child-wife is the daughter of Shores' first wife, her father having been Captain Samuel Shores, uncle of Sidney, and thus his little wife is his first cousin as well as his stepchild. The marriage, it will be remembered, came off on the 5th of last February, and caused no end of talk all through the county. The child had been living in his house since the death of his wife, and his extreme fondness for her was noticed by all the neighborss. Several of them asked that he allow them to take charge of the girl, but their requests he indignantly refused. To quiet any suspicion, Shores put her at school at Deal's Island, but after a very short time he went to the school and took her away, telling the teacher that she was going home with them. The next day they came to this place in search of a preacher to tie the unequal knot, but all refused on account of the extreme youthfulness of the girl. After a long hunt they finally found a willing parson named Rev. Zaccheus Bowen, who married and sent them off happy. The indignation of the community, when the news of the marriage came out, was very great, and Shores and the parson were both arrested, Shores being found at his home, where he was living a secluded life.

The trial began here Monday, the preacher's case being first taken up. The case was tried before a jury, the indictment against him being for joining in marriage a female under the age of sixteen years, without her guardian's consent. The plea made by the minister, who is an old gentleman, was that he was ignorant of the girl's age, and that there was no intentional crime on his part. The case was, therefore, settled by the State's Attorney, Col. Henry Page.

Shores was put on trial on Tuesday before the court on indictment of marrying his stepdaughter, and was fined $500 and costs, to stand committed until the fine was paid. The marriage is declared void.

Luella, the little girl who has thus become the subject of so much gossip, is a *petite* brunette, modest in her bearing, and in her manners and action there is nothing to indicate that she is more forward than children are at her age. She is bright and attractive and possessed of a kind disposition, that has won many friends; but it is generally supposed that she was induced to give her consent to the union without being aware of the obligations she was assuming, owing to her extreme youthfulness.

A Judge's View of the Liquor Traffic.

In sentencing a murderer to death, Judge Johnson, of California, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred this shedding of blood. It was in one of the thousand antechambers of hell, which mar, like plague spots, the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool, which by spontaneous generation, breeds and matures all that is loathsome and disgusting in pronfanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry this price of two human souls! This traffic is tolerated by law, and, therefore, the vendor has committed an offence not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but, in the sight of Him, who is unerring wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men to anger and violence and bloodshed, is particeps criminis in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

THE THIN PARTITION BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.—When we walk near the powerful machinery we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a railway car, and there is nothing but half an inch of iron flange to hold us upon the track. So, when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing between us and eternity, but the thickness of a plank. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land the partition that divides us from eternity is something thinner than an oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death are within us. The tissues that hold these heating powers in their place are often not thicker than a piece of paper, and, if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he will to widen the space no man can at any time go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

Rich Congressmen.

Washington Letter.

I see a paragraph floating around the newspapers to the effect that Senator Henry G. Davis is the richest man in West Virginia. I guess this is true, and, like all rich men in Congress, he did not inherit, but earned his money. When he was 17 years old Senator Davis was a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He was promoted from one position to another until he became a man of considerable importance on the road, when he found more lucrative employment as Superintendent of coal mines in West Virginia. Here he began to grow rich, until by able management and wise foresight he has accumulated an immense fortune. Senator Davis is a man of some oddities, and often annoys his fellow Senators with the persistency with which he pursues whatever he undertakes, whether it be an *ignus fatuus* or something practical; but, leaving his hobbies out of consideration, he is an excellent man and a useful Senator.

The rich Congressmen are Newbury, of Michigan, Morton and Starin of New York, Loring and Russel of Massachusetts, Singleton of Illinois; and the rich Senators are Sharon and Davis of Nevada, Don Cameron, Davis of West Virginia and Davis, of Illinois, McPherson of New Jersey and Baldwin of Michigan, and, as I stated, they all commenced life in poor and humble circumstances.

Senator Baldwin made his money in the mercantile business, commencing in a small way in Detroit in 1838, about the time the late Senator Chandler commenced.

Congressmen Newbury made his money in manufacturing. He had been jack at all trades, a railroad man, a civil engineer, a lawyer and manufacturer. He is now President of thirty-five corporations for manufacturing enterprises.

Judge Davis, of Illinois, made his by wise investments in the early history of that State, Gen. Singleton made his in a similar way.

Morton, of New York, commenced early as a merchant, and moved from New England to New York just in time to catch the flood tide at the commencement of the war. Mr. Starin was a clerk in a drug store when he was a boy, but got a beginning as a boatman, and now controls more water craft than any man in the world.

Sharon and Jones made their money in mines.

McPherson, of New Jersey, in cattle dealing.

Moring and Russel in Manufacturing.

Healing by Touch.

For some weeks past the people of Scott county, Virginia, have been terribly excited over the miracles which are alleged to have been performed by Richard Miller of that county. His fame has extended all over this section of the State, and hundreds of the afflicted are daily visiting him. Miller is a middle-aged man, employed as the keeper of McMullin's mill, near Estillville. He is deeply religious, and claims to have had a dream a month ago in which the idea was impressed upon him that, with God's help, he could perform wonderful cures simply through faith. He says that the next day after the dream, after fervent prayer, he healed a sick man by touching him. The intelligence of such a miracle went all over the country, and the afflicted of all kinds came to him and were healed, it is said by the simple touch of his hand. Yesterday G. N. Wertz, a photographer of Abingdon, visited Miller in company with a paralytic uncle, the seat of paralysis being in the mouth, and the man thereby was deprived of both speech and hearing. Miller looked at the afflicted man, and after a short prayer, touched him and told him that before he reached home he would be well. Last night as Mr. Wertz entered the door of his house it is said that his speech and hearing came back to him, and to-day he is apparently hale and hearty. Miss Irene Newton, a beautiful young lady of Bristol, Tenn., helpless from rheumatism, was brought to Miller last week, and when an attempt was made to lift her in the carriage she arose from the sedan chair without assistance, it is said, and declared that she was entirely well. One of the most wonderful of the alleged miracles of Miller was the cure of Mr. Peter Whitesell, who has for some years been afflicted with cancer. The cancer was touched, and in three days according to reports, had disappeared. The miracle worker is an exceedingly modest man, and always indignantly declines any compensation for his services, alleging that he is but the humble instrument of God. He takes no credit to himself, and the people in his section believe firmly in his miraculous powers.

WHEAT AND PRICES.—The last monthly reports of the bureau of agriculture represent that the area sown in wheat for the present year is 14 per cent. more than last year, while the average condition is about 98 per cent., 100 being maximum average. On this basis, unless the crop encounters disasters later in the season, the yield for 1880 will be about 101 per cent. more than it was last year. This surplus will practically all of it be available for export, over and above the same amount as was exported and is to be exported from the crop of last year, and our farmers can hardly expect to get as good prices for this year's crop as they secured for that of 1879. The supply for Europe will be greater, while it is hardly likely that the demand will be so great. The year has begun much more favorably for crops both in Great Britain and on the continent than was the case at the outset of 1879. March is reported to have been very seasonable, with opportune but not excessive showers of genial rain, just the sort of weather to advance the spring sowings. Alderman Mechi, the well-known agricultural writer, says: "A dry, dusty March, worth many kings' ransoms, and following a dry winter, is a happy omen for British agriculture. The work of the farm has been under most favorable conditions, both as regards cultivation and the sowing of spring corn." But harvest is as yet a long way off—far too remote for any safe proguosticutions to be made ot the crops in either hemisphere.

HYBRID FISH.—Two years ago reports were circulated from the fish-hatching grounds in the vicinity of Havre de Grace, Md., that in the progress of fish culture there a new variety of fish had been produced by crossing shad and herring. Inquiry failed, however, to elicit any satisfactory information on the subject. Now the Scientific American states that in New York, March 30, Mr. R. B. Roosevelt read before the American Fish Cultural Association a paper, in which he said that complete success had followed attempts to cross the following varieties of fish; Salmon trout with white fish; salmon trout with brook trout; brook trout with fresh water herring, with California salmon, and with the California mountain trout; shad with striped bass and with herring. It is observable of all hybrids that in appearance they generally favor their larger parent. The cross between the brook trout and California Salmon and the salmon trout bid fair to be fine fish. Some of them now in the hatchery are eight inches long. The cross of the shad and herring has done well. They probably are not migratory, and can be taken with rod and line. The cross between the shad and striped bass has not been heard from, though the result, achieved in 1876, was to create a great number of small fry.

At last there has been one election fight in South Carolina which has resulted in the shooting of a white man and a Democrat by another white man and Democrat. It was in Edgefield, the scene of many negro slaughters. A local election was in progress, and there were rival Democratic candidates. A negro approached the polls to vote for one of them, when his vote was challenged by the other, and an altercation arose which culminated in the shooting of one of the rivals by the other. A son of the man who was shot immediately drew his pistol and shot his father's assailant, and also shot a man who came to the latter's defence. There is a pathetic cry from the bulldozing organs over this slaughter, and excellent moral lessons are given upon the bad practice of carrying arms. The life of one man is despaired of, and there is no doubt but that his murderer will be brought to trial. How different has it been heretofore when the victims of the Edgefield chivalry were mere "niggers"! There were no moral lessons then, and no trials for murder.

The poor people who believe that the dead come back to talk and tip tables do no harm. The spiritualism which is working the greatest injury and making the greatest number of lunatics in the world is that which comes from a bottle.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE.

Why should we wonder when the strongest man,
In love, is but as little children are,
Whose natures tremble with the slightest jar,
Or waver as the line in battle van.

Why marvel that the thing beloved is seen,
The very self of excellence and worth,
In whom the noblest charms in all the earth,
Concentered, shine with Love's enraptured sheen?

For Love will glorify the thing we love,
And clothe it with a beauty not his own;
As in a waveless lake the starry zone
Gleams with reflected beauty from above.

Love throws around the loved, however frail,
A robe of artless innocence and truth;
And o'er the veriest wretch a tender ruth
Conceals all defects with its misty veil.

As through a tinted glass, the silver stars
With mellow beauty gladden all the skies,
So, holy love to glaring faults supplies
The gentle glory of its rosy bars.

Love paints the lily with a whiter snow,
And gives the violet a deeper blue;
The pinks and harebells take a livelier hue,
The golden crocus burns with brighter glow.

The tiniest flower that peeps above the sod
Becomes a thing of beauty when we love;
The hawk is then as peaceful as a dove,
The rustic clown is seen a demi-god.

As through the telescope a distant sphere
Unfurls its countless fields of blazing skies,
So, in a friend, when viewed with loving eyes,
A thousand unsuspected charms appear.

Love reigns supreme within the prison walls,
And burns as brightly in the tented camp,
In sculptured marble, and in dungeons damp;
It finds a home wherever virtue calls.

Love purifies the heart that feels its glow;
Strengthens the arm and fires the sleepy blood;
And in its sacred temple dwells a flood
Of perfect bliss the loveless never know.

Love is the bond, the golden chain, that binds
Each to the other in a common good;
Strong in its strength have kings and beggars stood
In one harmonious brotherhood of minds.

Love laughs at reason and disowns all law—
Itself the grandest law the world hath known,
It stands eternal, undismayed, alone,
The only code that never had a flaw!

—*W. C. Forsee, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out, so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well have staid in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season—it had always been weakly—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seemed, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing changes rung upon the old maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and piazzas for Susette's birthday fete. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Brown would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink flowers, in silence.

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain that Cedric looked like a thunder-cloud.

The next day was the fete. Every body brought presents for Susette. Cedric gave her an antique necklace of turquoises; I was sure he had meant it for me. We had supper out of doors, under the great pine-trees, and dancing by moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. I had known him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him fore-ordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven," so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emotions I had never even dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till to-day that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music-room, that his smile was simply enchantment. I was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional glimpses into the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company.

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day.

"Who's he?" asked Walter from his bed.

"Why, Cedric, of course—Cedric Browne. Bridget says so herself," as if that put the matter beyond dispute.

The next day, when Cedric came up to amuse Walter with the affairs down stairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you weally Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so nicer. When I'm a man I shall marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckier that I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his palm.

It was a year since then. I no longer went out; I was fairly *passee*. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nursery-maid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion, in the family. In the meantime I could have married any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure, this would not have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his own mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same family income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the man whom I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own livelihood was out of the question, drudgery was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place, if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst; but whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota Leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival's, as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house, "in the music-room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music-room, but there was no letter to be seen.

"Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.

"Grandma cooked a letter over the tea-kettle," said little Teddy, reflectively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting-paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.

"Who was it from, aunt?" I asked.

"How should *I* know, child?"

"But the handwriting—the postmark?"

"The postmark was blurred."

"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden eagerness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return.

"A foreign stamp! No. Were you expecting a foreign letter?"

"N-o; but it is the unexpected that always happens, you know,"

"It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs. Clark was going to send you."

"Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt the thimble."

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Mrs. Amherst," put in Anne, "or a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia—" And then the door-bell rang.

Well, after that I suppose I must have accepted Mr. Amherst. Every body behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish began repairs upon the parsonage, before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake, and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for any body else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all fancy had painted it; and sometimes I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him every thing about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided the sight of Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears upon my face; the sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I had dared to withdraw at this juncture, I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite whenever Mr. Amherst appeared, his look of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Royden on Sir Philip Sidney,

> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of gospel books,

might have taught me that all was well with him.

"You are the oddest sweethearts I ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"We shall see," said he. "I'm afraid I should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away;" and he stroked his *triste* mustache as he spoke, and looked at me just as he looked that day when we gathered the laurel for Susette's fete—I could have sworn he did. I didn't answer, for fear my voice would be husky, and the tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private—only relatives. Aunt Browne arranged every thing to suit herself and the proprieties; it didn't become a clergyman's bride to make a great parade. At the church, I remember, my veil caught in the carriage door, and an orange blossom tumbled from my wreath, which Cedric picked up, and wore in his button-hole. Then he drew my half-lifeless arm within his, and directly the Wedding March pealed forth in great resounding waves of melody. My grandmother's India muslin blew out in abundant creamy folds behind me, and Cedric and I were standing before the altar, and Mr. Amherst was reading the marriage service!

I believe that Aunt Browne fainted, or she would have forbidden the banns.

"You see, it was impossible for me to give you away, Adrienne," said Cedric, later, when we were steaming out of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been of all men the most miserable to-day. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to tell him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than that two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so, 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, Adrienne. We bandied letters to and fro, canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still, a dozen things happen to letters every day."

"Yes, and something happened to yours," I said.

Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to "the land of the hereafter," when Cedric was repairing the old house for a summer residence, in ripping away the ancient dado in the music-room, which had always warped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carpenter unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there, or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We give her the benefit of the doubt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

How the United States Will Swallow Canada.

A Chicago man writes as follows to the *British Empire*, published in London:

"The question of reciprocity between Canada and the United States has passed the commercial bodies, and is now before the American Congress. The way is being smoothed and made easy, and the moment a treaty is made and ratified, annexation follows. The plans are all laid, and before England has time to open her eyes, Canada, as a British colony, will be a thing of the past. If the yearly drain on the national wealth is so enormous now, what will it be when British goods are virtually excluded from the American continent, and England forced to buy all her food requirements from foreign countries, and pay for them in cash? A large proportion of the people's wealth is directly and indirectly invested abroad. True, it has hitherto paid interest to a great extent; but a large proportion of the securities held for this invested capital are not worth the paper they are written on; and, with England's decline, the day is fast approaching when both principal and interest will be repudiated. If this steady drain is kept up for a few years more, land in Britain will not sell for even £10 to £20 per acre, or equivalent to eighty per cent. of the landed wealth will have vanished out of sight. How ridiculous all this looks, but how often has the world been startled by the sudden utter collapse of some gigantic moneyed firm or institution thought to be so prosperous and rich that failure was impossible! It will be the same with England if she continues her present fiscal policy; and before the end of the nineteenth century there may be a little island named England and Scotland, but no British Empire."

Roasted to Death by the Sun.

Dr. Schweinfurth, in a lecture which he recently delivered at the Berlin Geographical Society on the subject of his latest explorations in Central Africa, gave his hearers a thrilling account of the mode in which capital punishment is inflicted upon criminals by the Al-Quadjis, a small tributary off-shoot of the great and powerful Djour people. The malefactor condemned to die is bound to a post firmly driven into the ground in some open place where no trees afford a shade, and is there slowly roasted to death—not by any artificial means involving a waste of fuel, but by the natural heat of the sun's rays as they reach our earth in its equatorial regions. To protract his sufferings and to avert his too speedy end by sunstroke, the ingenious Al-Quadjis cover their erring compatriot's head with fresh leaves, which effectually shield his brain from Phœbus's darts. No such protection is, however, accorded to his body, which gradually dries up, shrinks together, and ultimately becomes carbonized. One chance of salvation is open to the roasting man, while as yet he is not completely "done to death." If a cloud pass between the sun and his place of torment he is at once cast loose from his post and becomes the object of popular reverence, as a mighty magician in whose behalf the supernatural powers have deigned directly to intervene. But clouds seldom interfere with the administration of justice on the days chosen for public executions by the Al-Quadji authorities; at least, that appears to be Dr. Schweinfurth's experience of African weather as far as it bears upon the judicial roasting of malefactors.—*London Telegraph.*

PITH AND POINT.

Water always finds its level, which is more than a careless carpenter can always do.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Mamma, what are twins made for?" Her precocious brother replied: "So that cannibals may eat philopœnas."—*Albany Times.*

"What is the most frequent cause of celibacy in women?" asks a cotemporary. Their inability to get husbands, we should say.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is difficult for a man to start out with a middle name and succeed in building up a reputation on both sides of it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

As Spriggins clipped off the wart that has risen superior to every recipe recommended to his trial, he savagely remarked: "Wart to the knife."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Louisville man, who saw a Boston girl for the first time, said she was handsome, but that she had outgrown her feet. He hadn't been used to seeing girls wear shoes smaller that eights.—*Boston Post.*

We are in receipt of a little song entitled "Will My Darling Come Again?" Without knowing the exact circumstances of the case, we should say that he probably will, in case you can get the old man to tie up the dog.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The unhappy oyster is always getting into stews, or being roasted to death; and even when it finds what appears to be a skewer place it is liable to be run through the middle and broiled. All this is because the oyster pretends to be alive and yet will not talk back.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Albany girls stand no fooling. One of them was to have been married a few days since, and the girl was all ready, the minister on hand, and the feast spread, but still no bridegroom. "I'll wait for him just ten minutes," said the girl, "and then I'm open to proposals." Ten minutes flew like the wind, and a little red-haired fellow, with a paper collar, and his trousers all frilled at the bottom, stepped up, proposed, was accepted, married and scooped in the banquet.—*Albany Argus.*

"You dond did vant a hoontin tog ainel it?"
Vas der lunguage a Deitcher said;
"You dond did vant a dog dond it,
Dis one, mit a shnoot dots ret.
Vell I bard you he vas de sharpest purp
Dot efer shdarted a quail;
He do dot by shmell, out of dot long ent nose,
Und dot nose he never vas fail,
Now for instinct, or shmell, he couldn't been beat.
Vats der reason I couldn't see vhy,
Of he sees me a mile, he knows by der shmell
Dots me, dot vas comin bymeby."
"No, no, my goot friend, I don't vant to buy,"
Say der feller dot shooted in der path,
"But of I shmell me like dot, so a dog he coul l tell,
Ide gwick go me out for a bath."

—*Albany Argus.*

A Snake Concert—The Old Frontiersman's Story.

"Talk about snakes," remarked an old frontiersman in conversation with a *Chronicle* reporter a few evenings ago, "there are more snakes in Arizona than ever existed in Ireland before good old St. Patrick came along and gave them the grand bounce. Why, I have been everywhere; waded Southern swamps when I would have to stop a minute, with the water up to my chin, to allow of a drove or school of water-moccasins or cotton-mouths to go by; up in the far Northwest and British America I have lived like a fighting cock and to the Queen's taste for weeks at a time on snake steak; but I saw more rattlesnakes down in Arizona last summer than ever before in my life, all put together. Down there they don't go in pairs, clusters or droves, but in columns, just for the world like the children of Israel got up and tramped out of Egypt with Moses and Aaron in the van, and Joseph, with his circus coat, bringing up the rear. I and a friend were over in the Tombstone country, among the hills, on a prospecting expedition. There were rattlesnakes all around us, but they did not seem to be very savage. We would scare them up riding along, and they would sneak away from our track like coyotes. One day about two o'clock in the afternoon we were taking a hill, and, as the ascent was very steep, our horses would stop every few paces to blow. Long before we got to the summit we heard a strange noise, or rather jargon of noises, apparently just on the other side, and if we had been shot the next minute, could not have told from whence it emanated. Why, it was worse than the average church choir. Well, we got to the top after awhile, the noise increasing every step we took up. By the time we had got there it had become little short of terrific, and looking down over the side we saw a sight that took the cake. On a little plateau of perhaps fifty yards dimensions, about seventy-five feet below us, was a regular rattlesnake reunion and concert. The ground and and stones were just yellow with them, and if there was one there were at least ten thousand snakes in the gang. They were of all ages and sizes, and how they enjoyed themselves! The two oldest kingpins of the crowd were in the center, and the other snakes were all gathered about them. Each and every snake had coiled himself up in such a manner as to allow their tails and rattles good play, and they were all rattling away as if for wages, and their wicked tongues were darting out and in, keeping up an accompaniment to their talls. We looked at the racket for about a minute, and then with an awful flourish the rattling stopped. The two old snakes reared their heads at least three feet off the ground and looked all around over the field in a manner indicative of a General on a battle-ground. After surveying the situation and apparently seeing that every member of the snake combination was ready for business, they sounded a note by way of tuning up and then the whole crowd commenced their concert again. It took them about ten minutes to finish one tune, and we must have watched there through at least a half a dozen. After a while I got tired of the business and rolled a rock down in the crowd. This broke up the meeting without delay, and as several of the snakes were crushed to death the others set up an awful rattling and crowded away to their respective dens. I have been among snakes all my life, but that was the first snake concert I ever witnessed."—*Leadville (Col.) Chronicle.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

If salt is added to meat in large quantities it prevents the appearance of the red color, but if it is applied a little at a time, and the meat is afterward smoked, a good red is obtained.

Enfleurage as a method of extracing the odoriferous principles of plants, is being gradually discarded by perfumers. Chloride of methyl is now largely employed as an extracting agent, to the great saving of time.

From Cooktown in Queensland it is announed that some Chinese have formed a company and taken land for growing sugar, rice, and coffee. They are thought to have a good chance of success, as the soil is very rich.

In Iserlohn, Westphalia, thin sheet iron is plated with alloys of nickel or cobalt and manganese. A half of one per cent. of manganese makes cobalt and nickel very malleable, fluid when melted and ductile. The plates, which are already in the market, are beautifully white and brilliant.

An exchange says that this country is now making more than one-third of all the paper in the world. The product is about 1,830 tons daily, amounting to about 640,500 tons per year. There are now 927 mills, representing a capital of $100,000,000. These mills employ 22,000 persons, who draw about $9,550,000 in salaries per year.

Dr. G. De Gorrequer maintains that the same poison gives rise to the several diseases known as scarlatina, puerperal fever, typhoid diphtheria, and erysipels. The difference of results he attributes to the special circumstances of the case and to the constitutional peculiarities of the patient. If, on the other hand, it is insisted that each of the above diseases is due to a special poison, then those who hold such an opinion commit themselves to the hypothesis of abiogenesis.

Bing and Schulz have advanced an hypothesis of a rather questionable nature as to the chemical cause of the poisonous character of arsenic. They think that the poisonous action of arsenic depends on its easy conversion and reconversion within the organism from the higher to the lower stage of oxidation, wherehy the tissues are destroyed owing to the violent vibration of the atoms of oxygen, and that the other members of the nitrogen group are poisonous for the same reason.

The *Electrician* states that the following process for utilizing old india-rubber, of which many hundred tons are thrown away as waste substances, has just been patented in Germany. The rubber waste is subjected to distillation in an iron vessel over a free fire, with the aid of superheated steam. The lighter oils which come over first are separated from the heavier products. The latter, when thickened and vulcanized in the usual manner, are found to possess all the good qualities of first-class natural rubber.

A Word to Parents About the Teeth of Their Children.

It is a lamentable fact that the smallest number of parents are informed of, or impressed with, the importance of timely attention to the teeth of their children. Every mother is interested, and looks forward to the appearance of her child's first tooth with mingled delight and anxiety. But after its first teeth are cut, and immunity from physical disturbances assured, then all further interest and care subsides. The teeth being thus unfortunately neglected often, during the eruptive period of the second or permanent set, are allowed to grow as may be their wont, producing deformities that require no little time and expense, and in some cases considerable suffering to the victim, to regulate. It is an unfortunate idea with many that the first or temporary teeth require no attention—not further, perhaps, than to brush them; and even that care is but irregularly enforced or attended to. If they decay, the parent will ask: "Who ever heard of filling the first teeth of children? They'll shed them in a few years." And so they are consigned to the ravages of disease, robbing the child of masticators, which are of as much importance as its permanent set. This lack of knowledge and consequent neglect, also, is in too many instances the cause of the sacrifice of the six-year molars, so called for reason they are cut at the age of six years, which are permanent teeth, but mistaken for teeth to be shed, and if, on account of aching or excessive decay, have to be extracted, they are a perpetual loss. Parents should teach their children to keep their teeth free from stains and deposits, and, at the first appearance of decay should apply to a respectable dentist for advice and attention, and he will, if necessary, fill the cavities with some of the approved materials. If it is the temporary teeth that require attention, the operation will preserve them to their use until they are supplanted by the permanent set, and thereby, too, avert much suffering to the little child, and will escape themselves much distress and sleepless nights. It is a wise plan for parents to select a dentist in whom they have confidence and place their children at an early age under his professional charge, and then to strictly enforce and follow his directions.—*A Dentist, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Gypsy's Horrible Revenge.

A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in Roumelia, smitten by the charms of a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surprising beauty that he disregarded these monitions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gypsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having previously strangled his young wife before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authorities as yet succeeded in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.

Musicians should not drink; they might get into the habit of wanting to rest at every bar.—*Philadelphia News.*

Value of Red Clover.

Very few plants produce as much or as valuable food for stock as red clover. It makes excellent hay, although it is more difficult to cure than the common grasses. Hogs will not do well on grass, but they will thrive in a clover pasture. They will even eat quantities of clover after it is cured. The cheapest way to keep hogs during the summer is to give them the run of a clover pasture well supplied with water. Clover produces a large amount of milk which has a pleasant aroma. Sheep are very fond of clover, either in the green or dried state. Clover affords in this region excellent pasturage for all kinds of stock late in the season. Many of the grasses that produce much food in the early part of the season afford very little after the drouth that ordinarily prevails during August. Clover, however, takes a "second start," and grows very rapidly on the occasion of the first considerable rainfall.

Most crops exhaust the fertility of the soil very rapidly, but growing clover tends to render land more productive. No plant produced by farmers takes so large a proportion of its sustenance from the atmosphere as clover. It appropriates various gases, hurtful to man, from the air, and supplies the places they occupied with oxygen and perfume. The roots of clover extend deep into the ground, and bring to the surface substances that the roots of other plants do not reach. On these accounts clover is the best crop to raise for plowing under. The cheapest if not the quickest way to render worn-out soils productive is to raise a crop of red clover on them and to turn it under the second year after sowing. A somewhat slight dressing of barn-yard manure or commercial fertilizers, followed by plaster as a top dressing, will cause a luxuriant growth of clover which contains nearly all the elements of fertility.

In many parts of Europe, and in some sections of this country, clover seed is sown in the fall. But our climate is not favorable to this practice. Unless there are timely rains during the early part of autumn, the plants make a small growth before the approach of cold weather. In an open winter like the present one they have no protection, and the repeated freezing and thawing of the soil causes the roots to be thrown out and killed. Red clover seed should be sown as early in the spring as the soil is in condition to be stirred. Some advocate sowing it on land prepared the previous fall, and allow the frost and rain to cover it. Others sow it on a late snow, if there chances to be one. While clover seed should be in the ground very early in the spring there is little gain in the matter of growth in sowing it before the frost is out of the ground.—*Chicago Times.*

Restored to Sight—A Methodist Preacher Who was Born Blind.

A strange case of hereditary blindness and the acquisition of sight after being (from birth) for thirty-six years in total darkness, came under the notice of a reporter of this paper yesterday, during a visit to the Missouri State Institute for the Education of the Blind, on Morgan Street. M. F. Wells is the name of the man in whose life the happy change has been made by the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes. The operation was performed by Dr. Williams, who has the satisfaction of shedding joy and light upon an understanding to which the beauties of nature have hitherto been unknown. The operation differed in no respect from that usually performed in such cases, and the interesting circumstances alone center in the history of the disease, which was gleaned from the patient at the institute yesterday. Mr. Wells said that he resided in Southwest Missouri and gained his livelihood by preaching. He was connected with the Methodist Protestant Church. He was born in North Carolina—born blind. His father and mother were blind and their parents were blind. He could not trace the disease further back in the family. He was thirty-six years of age and had never, until after the operation, been able to see in any respect. Could he see the reporter? He raised the shade from his left eye—the one from which the cataract had been removed—and said he could, and he gave a description of his questioner's face. The eye looked clear but expressionless, for the retina, from disuse for so many years, was insensitive except to the light, and that only to a slight degree. Like a muscle or organ long disused, the retina must be trained to its use gradually, and Mr. Wells is under instructions to be slow in exercising it. The right eye, upon which the cataract still remains, looked a whitish-brown color, and for all the use it is to its possessor, it might as well be a hazel-nut. Of course it should be remembered that the eyes were perfect at birth, and have been so still, and that but for impairment by cataracts the sight would have been natural. Besides his parents and grandparents being blind, three of Mr. Wells's children are blind and are at present inmates of the educational establishment on Morgan Street, and two have their sight.

Dr. Williams is confident that the acquisition of sight will be complete, although necessarily slow. The condition of Mr. Wells will therefore be much like that of a child, as he will have to learn names of objects he sees. Should he, however, close his eyes and trust to that keen sense of feeling which he has by years' practice acquired, he can call the names of objects.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Chinese Colonies in Louisiana.

There are two or three settlements of Chinese located on the shores of Lake Borgne, who manage to eke out an existence by catching shrimps and raising rice. In one of these settlements there are nearly 300 of the celestials, who have a large extent of land under cultivation. They are industrious and energetic workers, and try to make out of the land every thing it will possibly yield. They send up supplies of shrimps to the stall-keepers at the French market, and in this way get enough money to supply them with the more pressing necessaries of life.—*N. O. Times.*

The Sultan has three hundred cooks, and it is unnecessary to say that his broth is bad.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

GARDEN-LORE.

EVERY child who has gardening tools
Should learn by heart these gardening rules:
He who owns a gardening spade
Should be able to dig the depth of its blade;
He who owns a gardening rake
Should know what to leave and what to take;
He who owns a gardening hoe
Must be sure how he means his strokes to go;
But he who owns a gardening fork
May make it do all the other tools' work;
Though to shift, or to pot, or annex what you can,
A trowel's the tool for child, woman or man.

—*Harper's Young People.*

SPRING CLEANING.

'Tis morn! On leaving home, around I glance,
All there is luxury and elegance;
The dog and cat upon the hearth-rug lie,
My sweet wife kisses me and says good-bye,
While servants bring my hat and coat and cane,
With so much comfort, how could man complain?

'Tis noon! As to my home I then draw near
I hear the sound of blows. The atmosphere
Is but a stifling, blinding cloud of dust;
That 'tis from carpets beaten I mistrust,
And, horror stricken, to the house I fly.
A scene of desolation greets the eye:

The carpets up, the curtains down, fires out,
Furniture all upset and piled about;
While, back and forth, with heads in towels bound,
With skirts looped up a foot above the ground,
And arms all bared—"fly" creatures—can it be
My lovely wife and servants neat I see
Tearing about in these outrageous duds,
And stirring up this awful smell of suds,
While in their eyes there gleams a dangerous light?
Great heavens, 'tis they! Oh, what a dreadful sight!

The dog, once scalded, from them keeps aloof;
The cat has sought for safety on the roof.
And in the dining-room, where I had thought
To find a toothsome dinner, they have got
A fiend of Afric blood, who joys to swing
A whitewash brush and spatter every thing.

But I am not forgot. My feast is spread
Out in the woodshed on a barrel-head.
One slice of bread, a plate of warmed-up beans,
Some water in a mug, a dish of greens.
Oh, banquet rich! And, best of all, you see
I've brought a fellow home to dine with me.

—*Boston Post.*

BARBERRY ISLAND.

BARBERRY ISLAND is the Island of Calm Delights. That is, you feel sure of it if you land from the quiet little cove on the western side, whence the grass-grown main street of the village takes up its gentle way.

Over the eastern extremity, as you wander over a green, undulating pasture, where mild sheep crop leisurely to the music of sleepily tinkling bells, you come suddenly upon great cliffs of black, jagged rock, with "cruel, hungry, crawling foam" at your feet, and gulls screaming overhead. It is almost as much of a surprise, as much out of keeping with the rest of Barberry Island, as a bit of Dante's Inferno would be introduced into Paradise. It is called Dead Man's Point, and the sail-boats of the summer guests at Porcupine, which are tlitting about continually through the long summer days, gave it a wide berth. Here, with the angry uproar of the sea and the screaming of the gulls, the sleep of no enchanted princess could be sweet.

But Dead Man's Point is several miles away from the little cove where the landing is and the main street begins. There have been wheels in the grassy roads once, but unless they belonged to the "wonderful one-hoss shay" they have long ago ceased to revolve, and the audacious little grass blades and clovers are having it all their own way in the ruts.

There are obstructions in the way of even foot passengers in the grassy road. A Barberry Islander of the old days, when as yet the spell had not fallen and ambition dwelt in Barberry Island breasts, had burned with a desire to see the cot of his fathers on the opposite side of the street from where it originally stood. But the goal of his ambition was never reached. In the middle of the street stands the old house, still upon rollers, but falling to decay. Any aspect of energy or ambition which the rollers and its position in the middle of the street might give it is neutralized by its gaping windows and doors and falling rafters. The moss has even laid a detaining hand upon the rollers. In the capacious fire-place a charred and blackened log remains, as if the fire had but just gone out. The iron framework is falling, but the andirons of brass, finely and beautifully molded into the shape of the Sphinx—treasures from over the sea evidently—are intact and but little tarnished. They look as if they could tell if they chose whither have gone all the dreams and fancies and hopes that have vanished in flame and smoke on that deserted hearthstone, and whether in some far country their owners have found them all again. The foundation from which the old house was ruthlessly torn looks as if it had long ago become resigned to the pangs of separation, and welcomed the friendly attentions of the burdocks and thistles which have tried to hide its unsightly wounds. But the well-sweep still utters a feeble, wheezy moan in the ear of every passing breeze.

A little farther on in the grassy highway we are obliged to turn out for the school-house. It is a structure which evidently served once as a ship's cabin, and has been very little altered for its new sphere of usefulness. It bears the scars of many a battle with wind and wave. It seems like an old veteran who, "worn out with many wars," descends in his dotage to the position of nurse and playmate to his grandchildren. A wide, gaping seam in the side, rudely patched with boards and an old sail, shows where the weather-worn, old ship of which it was a part received its death blow. Perhaps—probably—it was the cruel, black rocks at Dead Man's Point that gave it; and the Barberry Island fathers, with commendable thrift, towed it over to the cove and utilized it as an aid in teaching the Barberry Island "young idea." But their stock of energy was evidently exhausted when the school-house-to-be had reached a convenient locality; there was not enough left to move it out of the road; so they turned it around until the door came in the proper place, and let it be.

A business man, imbued with the true Yankee spirit, who was among the summer guests at Porcupine, was once moved to "wake the Barberry Islands up," as he expressed it. He went over to the island for the especial purpose of remonstrating with them upon the enormity of having the school-house in the middle of the street.

Old Jacob Manley, who was school agent, deacon of the church, sexton and undertaker, keeper of the store, selectman, and captain and crew of a fishing smack, gave several hitches to his overalls and lighted his pipe with great deliberation before he replied to the business man.

"Wall, it's sot there a consid'able spell, now, nigh on to twenty year, and this is the first complaint I over heerd of its bein' in any body's way. It 'd be consid'able trouble to hist it, and I calkilato it'll hev to stay sot."

And with regard to the old house, which had come to an untimely halt in the midst of its moving, Deacon Manley was no more easy to be entreated.

"That air 's the old Hadlock house, and the Hadlocks has kinder died out," he said. "Luke Hadlock's wife died while he was a movin' on 't, and Luke's sprawl seemed to kinder gin aout all to once. He went over to the main to livo with a merried darter, and she up and died, and then he died too. They brought him over hero to be buried, and 't was a dretful mournful kind of a funeral, seein' that all his family had kinder died out before him. When Hosea Lyman called out for the mourners to foller him to the grave it seemed real kinder lonesome that there wa'n't none. And he sung 'em all out, real spry and cheerful. Hosea alwus likes to hev things done up ship-shape, and he's a master hand to a funeral, Hosea is, 'Corpse's parents!' he sung out, and they didn't come forrud, seein' they'd been dead more'n forty year. 'Corpse's brothers and sisters!'—and there wa'n't nono o' them, seein' he never had none except little Cyrus that died when he was a baby. And when he come to 'corpse's cousins' there wa'n't nobody but half-witted Jake Hadlock, a-gigglin' because he was dressed up in his Sunday clothes and thought 'twas a singin'-school.

"So you see there really hain't nobody to see to the old house, s'posin' 'twas in the way."

The enterprising business man had no interest in the "dying out" of the Hadlock family, and the deacon's prolixity and gentle moderation irritated him, especially as it was evident that it had a substratum of obstinacy which no arguments of his could prevail against. He shook the dust of Barberry Island off his feet, or would have if there had been any, and firmly resolved to leave the degenerate Barberry Islanders henceforth to their own devices, though they should all take up their abode in the middle of the main street.

A fence suddenly arrests our footsteps. There is a gate, fastened only by a feeble and frayed rope, but there is little temptation to venture beyond it; marshy land, beset with bogs and pitfalls, lies on the other side. The grassy road has come to an end—because, as Deacon Manley informed us, "there didn't seem to be no pertickler reason for its goin' no further."

It is just beyond the burying ground that the road comes to an end, as if, having brought its travelers to that peaceful bourne, its mission was accomplished.

The cemetery looks neglected. Evidently Luke Hadlock was not the only "corpse" whose relatives' had "died out." A tangle of grass and weeds and running vines links the graves together; the paths are "past finding out." There are many more stones than graves. This is in memory of a sea captain who was born on Barberry Island, and died in Australia; this of three fishermen drowned off "the Banks." Another, of three Barberry Island boys who were soldiers in the civil war, and sleep in unknown southern graves. Here is one in memory of a California miner killed by his comrade in the early days of the gold fever. And this is erected to twin brothers, one of whom was drowned off Eagle's Head, scarcely a mile away, and the other died of ship's fever at Constantinople. "Lost at sea from ship ——" is the inscription on many stones. Wanting altogether is the familiar inscription of country churchyards:

> Afflictions sore long time he bore,
> Physicians were vain, etc.

Certainly, in the old days Barberry Island men had sufficient enterprise to seek what goods the gods might give them in the four corners of the earth, and it was given to but few of them to die in their beds.

But the women fared differently. Here is an inscription that reminds us irresistibly of the countess who

> Lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
> And died of a fall from a cherry tree then.

Bathsheba Ann, the widow, respectively, of Capt. Seth Rundlett, Zachariah Lyman, Capt. Jacob Trueworthy, Luther Rodick and Abijah Manley, died at the age of eighty of the whooping-cough! It is one of the hideous, old, black stones with a grinning death's head upon it, and directly underneath the skull is written,

> They that have seen thy look in death
> No more need fear to die.

Most of the women have died at a good old age, whooping cough not having intervened to carry them off. The widow of Seth Manley, who was drowned at the age of twenty-four, was buried beside him at the age of ninety-one.

In an obscure corner we come suddenly upon a new grave. It causes a shock of surprise, for the ancient dates on the stones have beguiled us into the fancy that nobody dies on Barberry Island nowadays. And on the Island of Calm Delights, so far from the jars and turmoils of the world, there wouldn't, as Deacon Manley would say, "seem to be no pertikler reason" why people should not live on forever. The headstone has been very recently set, but the date upon it is of a year ago. "Jonas Battles. Aged 46. Drowned off Dead Man's Point, Aug. 13, 187—." Probably a fisherman whose boat was overtaken by a sudden squall; such accidents are common enough along this rocky coast. But a sudden recollection strikes us that we have heard of a man who saved a young girl from drowning hero last summer, and lost his own life.

Only half remembering the details, and feeling an interest in Jonas Battles and his fate, we go over to Deacon Manley's store to make inquiries. The Deacon is a living chronicle of all the events which have transpired on Barberry Island for the last fifty years. His stock in trade is small in extent but great in variety. Every article has its price plainly marked upon it, and in a conspicuous position is this notice: "Customers will please make change for themselves in the drawer." The door stands wide open and there is neither proprietor nor clerk about the premises. The drawer filled with money is unlocked. Apparently the millennium has begun on Barberry Island.

We find the Deacon on the doorstone of his house near the landing, diligently mending a very much mildewed sail. He is a little, old, weather-beaten man, who looks like a smoked herring.

"Jonas Battle? Oh! yes. The Battleses is one of the farmilies that's kinder died out. Elviry's the last, and she's jest merried and moved over to the main. The house looks shet up and lonesome, you see."

He points to a square, white house, the largest and most imposing upon the island, standing off the main street, with a long lane leading up to it. It forms a striking contrast to the other houses, for its paint is new and shining and every thing about it looks well kept and thrifty. But it is evidently closed and deserted.

"Jonas Battles he wan't of no great account," pursues the Deacon, no devices being necessary to draw him out, "and yit we all kinder miss him, more'n if there'd ben more heft to him, p'raps. He was allus round home, and none of the other men folks ever is, so the women folks they kinder relied upon him. He was allus clever, Jonas was, and handy in a good many ways, if he was kinder cracked. Folks laid all his onaccountableness to his bein' disapp'nted in love, but there ain't no use a talkin'; Jonas wa'n't never jest like other folks nor his father before him.

"Sam Battles, his father, was a school-master from up the river, Bangor way. He had beautiful learnin', and he could reel off poetry by the yard; it didn't seem to be no harder work for him than reelin' off a fish-line is to the rest on us, and 't would beat you to tell the meanin' of about half the words he'd get into it. There's no denyin' that 't was great poetry. But he didn't seem to have no sprawl. The boys they took hold and licked him, two or three times, and finally they pitched him out of the winder into a snow-bank, and kep' him there till he liked to 'a' got his death. Then he up and merried old Cap'n Jeremiah Rodiek's darter, Seliny. That looked middlin' smart in him, for Cap'n Jeremiah was rich; but then they did say that Saliny done the courtin'. The gals was all mighty took with him, because he was as handsome as a figger-head—pink and white complected, and with lightish, crinkly hair. He went by the name of Sissy Battles amongst the boys, but the gals they all sot by him. Women is dretful short-sighted creturs, and p'r'rps it's just as well for most of us men folks that they be.

"He never done nothin', Sam Battles didn't, after he merried Seliny but to write poetry and take on because he wa'n't in his proper spere. Cap'n Jeremiah he supported 'em. There was two children born, Jonas and Elviry, and then he died of consumption. Seliny she thought a terrible sight of him, and she never seemed to spunk up agin arter he died. It wa'n't much more'n a year before she was buried along side of him, and Jonas and Elviry they was orphans.

"Old Mis' Rodick, their grandmother, she fetched 'em up and Elviry was as smart as a steel trap, clear Rodick, but Jonas—there was a terrible sight of father to him. He looked as near like him as two peas, and he took to book learnin' and writin' poetry as a duck takes to water. He was kinder slim and sickly, but Cap'n Jeremiah was set on makin' a sailor on him. He'd quit follerin' the sea himself, but he owned consid'able in two or three large vessels, and he sent Jonas to sea aboard of one of 'em. Elviry she took on and said he wouldn't live through it, but he come home a sight smarter and ruggeder'n he went. His grandfather was tickled to death, and folks begun to think mebbo there was some Rodick to him arter all. And he kep' on goin' till bimeby he got to be mate. And he seemed to 'a' got over writin' poetry. But the last v'yge he went, from Boston to Chiny, the cap'n's darter was aboard, and Jonas he got to courtin' of her. He courted of her pooty consid'able strong, and finally she gave him her promise. He come home hero with sails all set and colors a flyin'. Nothin' would do but the old house must be fixed up from suller to garrit for the wife that he was goin' to bring home. Sich kerrying on as there was in that house wa'n't never seen on Barberry Island before nor since. There was furnitoor from Boston and flowered carpets and a pianner all on account of Jonas's new wife. You see the Cap'n he was old and childish, and his heart was sot on Jonas. Before the fixin's was done there come a letter to Jonas from the gal sayin' she hadn't never had no serous thoughts of hovin' on him; she was only jokin'; and she'd gone off to furrin parts with her uncle.

"Jonas he jest kinder wilted right down under it. He had a fever and was out of his head a consid'able spell, and when he come to and begun to git well he was lackin'; and he was alwus dretful lackin' from that time forrud.

"He run of an idee that he was agoin' to merry the gal as soon as she come home. He thought she was acomin' to Rockland and he was agoin' to meet her there and fetch her home. He was alwus gettin' slicked up to go to Rockland, and he hurried up the fixin' and furnishin' harder'n ever, for fear things wouldn't be ship-shape agin she come.

"And for twenty years he never done nothin' of no account; he was alwus a tinkerin' up round gettin' things fit for 'Kate.' Then, by spells, he'd think he was merried to her, and he'd talk to her as ef she was settin' right there, Elviry said. And he'd imagine that he had two or three children; there was a little gal that favored her mother—Katie, he'd call her—and two little boys that was awful smart. Elviry said she declared for it she felt sometimes as if Kate and them children was really there to hear him talk to 'em and about 'em. But that was only by spells when he was queer'n usual. Ginerally he was only awaitin' for and expectin' of her.

"And he wa'n't really crazy, nor exactly a fool neither! Old Cap'n Jeremiah was dretful took down; some thought that it had come upon him because he'd been a temptin' of Providence, hevin' his heart sot on worldly prosperity; but I wa'n't never one that was so free and easy with the Lord as to know jest what he done things for.

"He'd arger tho pint with Jonas, old Cap'n Jeremiah would, and try to shame him into showin' some spunk and sperit about a gal that had gin him the mitten. But la! Jonas would only jest say to Elviry that the old man was gettin' silly and childish.

"The old folks they didn't last long. They died within a month or two of ono another, and Jonas and Elviry went on livin' there jest the same. There was a good many wanted to keep company with Elviry, for sho was smart and kinder chipper, and good and wholesome lookin', though there wa'n't no figger-head to her; but she wouldn't leave Jonas. She couldn't 'a sot more by him if he'd been the sensiblest man on airth. The way she'd set and listen to him and talk to him about 'Kate' by the hour was a caution. And she never crossed him in nothin'. Every once in a while they'd hev such a clearin' up and settin' to rights that you'd think they was goin' to have the county conference there, and Elviry would take holt as spry and cheerful as could be, and pertend, for sure, she thought Kate was a comin'.

"And yit on some subjicks Jonas was as sensible as any on us, and you might talk with him for a long spell without findin' out that he was cracked.

"One day last summer there came a parcel o' folks over from Porkerpine. Them summer borders is alwus comin' over, a squattin' on the rocks over to Dead Man's Pint, and a-spyin' round as if we was all cooriosities, and a-takin' picters. These folks was genteeler'n common, with their silks and laces and feathers a-bobbin', and the men was little spindlin' fellers, with veils tied round their hats like women folks. One of the women comes up to me where I was standin' by my boat; she was a big, fat woman, forty or more, with an oncommon lot o' paint an' whitewash, and a silk tail to her that would a reached pooty nigh round the island; and says she to me, in an all-killin', nice voice, says she:

"'Can you tell me where we can git somo refreshments?'

"'No, marm,' says I, 'seein' that the Maine law is in force down here.'

"'O, I mean only will some of the good people about here give us a glass of milk?' says she.

"And I pinted her up to the Battleses, Elviry hevin' two cows an' bein' free handed.

"'Battles—seems of I'd heard the name,' says the fat woman with the trailin' gown; and off they goes up to Battleses, the slim little fellows crackin' jokes, about me, I knew well enough, and the women folks snickerin' an' tossin' their heads.

"It seems that when they come up to the house Jonas was a settin' in the porch, an' he riz up to meet 'em. Elviry says that the minute he heard the woman's voice he began to look white and scairt, an' he jest stood all a tremblin' an' stared at her. An' says she, all to once, in a terrible soft voice:

"'Why, it is Mr. Jonas Battles! Surely you haven't forgotten an old friend like me, Mr. Battles?'

"An' Jonas he staunmered out arter a while:

"'Kate — Kate? There's something about you that is like Kate! It must be your voice; it can't be your looks!'

"'I was Kate Lawton when you knew me, when we was both young,' says she, kinder soothin'.

"'No, you ain't Kate! You wa'n't never Kate!' Elviry said he spoke it out in a terrible high shrill voice, an' he trembled all over jest like a leaf, an' they was scairt, thinkin' he was crazy, which wa'n't surprisin'.

"And then he kinder sunk down, an' hid his face with his hands as if he didn't want to see her.

"An' they seemed to feel like hurryin' off, without thinkin' no more about milk. But says she to Elviry, before she went, says she:

"'What is the matter with him? Has he been stricken with palsy?'

"'He was stricken by the falsehood of a bad woman when he was young,' says Elviry. Elviry she ken be about as sharp as a red pepper when she sets out. An' the woman went off without sayin' another word.

"An' Jonas he got quieted down pooty quick, but he kep' sayin' to Elviry:

"'The wust is there a'n't nothin' to it! *There wa'n't never nothin' to it!*'

"Elviry thought he'd kinder come to himself, an' see how he'd ben a dreamin' his life away. She thought he'd kinder pictured out a gal in his mind that wa'n't a dretful sight like the one he'd courted; or else he'd picture her out jest the same as she was when she was a gal an' forgot to take no account of the long spell 't had ben sence he see her.

"Anyhow he kep' a sayin' over'n over,

"'There ain't nothin' to it! *There wa'n't never nothin' to it!*'

Elviry thought that arter a spell he might want to see her agin', bein' she was his old sweetheart. But he never said nothin' about her, an' she never come anigh agin.

"Arter a few days Jonas he kind o' spunked up. It seemed as ef he'd kinder waked up arter a long nap, and meant to go to work like a responsible cretur that had an account to give in the day o' jedgment. He came down here to the landin' one day an' wanted to go a fishin' with mo; seemed as pert as a lizard. It was a kinder lowery day, fust-rate for fishin', but it had a dretful squally look an' I concluded not to go out. Jonas he sat down with me an' talked about goin' coastin' or on a furrin' v'y'ge, an' seemed to hev some sprawl to him, as I hedn't seen him hev for twenty year. If it hed'n't been for a kinder queer look to his eyes you would skursely hev known that he was cracked.

"Bymeby a little sail boat from Porkerpine hove in sight. There wa' n't a breath of wind then, an' they was a rowin' on her, but I knew wo should git it hot and strong before long; so I was kinder oneasy till they got landed.

"There was three or four o' them slim fellers, with knee breeches an' smart stockin's an' hats fixed up like gals', an' a parcel o' gals. I took notice of the fust gal that stepped ashore, and she was about as pooty a cretur as I ever see; tall an' high steppin', with rosy cheeks, an' eyes as bright as buttons, an' slick, brown hair. Jonas he stood up an' stared at her, an' the cursuest look had come over his face that I ever see; he looked as ef he'd grown young. I can't describe it in no other way.

"'Kate! You are Kate! An' I knew you'd come! I allus knew you'd come!'

She looked kinder 'stonished, but she gin him a pooty smile.

"'Yes, I'm Kate,' says she.

"An' then the others drew her away. They was agoin' to explore round. Jonas he started to foller, but I pulled him back. I was afeard they'd make fun on him, or else that he'd scare the gals with his crazy ways. He gave up pooty easy an' sot down, but he never took his eyes off'n her as long as she was in sight. I see jest how 'twas; the gal was the fat woman's darter, an' she looked jest as her mother used to.

"It kep' calm all the timo they was gone, but I knew a squall was comin', an' I told 'em so when they was puttin' off; but la! these city fellers hes so much college larnin' about boats that you can't tell 'em nothin', though it don't hender 'em from gittin' upsot once in a while. Jonas he see what was comin'; in his wust times Jonas was allus sailor enough to observe wind and weather, an' there wa'n't a man on Barberry Island knew how to manage a boat better'n he did; and he begged on 'em to take him along of they was sot upon goin'. I knew 'twas on account o' the gal that he wanted to go, but still I kinder encouraged them takin' on him, for I thought ho might keep 'em from gettin' upsot as they was likely to by themselves. They laughed about it consid'able an' some o' the fellers was sot agin it, but Jonas hung on so't they finally concluded to take him.

"When they was goin' round Dead Man's Pint the squall struck 'em. Jonas he had the sail down in a jiffy, but the boat she gin a lurch, an' somehow or 'nother the gal, Kate, fell overboard. An' Jonas he dove in arter her with his heavy jacket an' his boots an' all on. 'Twas a heavy sea an' the fust time she came up he didn't ketch her; but the second time he did, though she was a good ways off, and he swum with her to the boat near enough for them to reach her an' pull her in. How he ever managed to do it there couldn't none o' them fellers tell. They tried to grab him when they grabbed her, but the minute he let go his holt of her he sunk jest like lead!

"That was the beginnin' of a storm that lasted three or four days. When it cleared off they found his body washed ashore on the rocks, right there to Dead Man's Pint.

"His old sweetheart an' her darter they come over to the funeral, an' they wanted to put up a big monyment to him; but Elviry she wouldn't hear nothin' to it, an' she was so grim an' starn that she scairt 'em. She took it pooty hard, Elviry did; he was her brother, ef he was cracked, an' they'd lived together for a long spell. Last spring she up an' merried Absalom Peasley over to the main, thet hed hed a hankerin' arter her when she was young. He was a widderer with nine, Absalom was, an' I calkilato she has enough to keep her mind sot on without broodin' over nothin'.

"As for Jonas, poor cretur, you can't say as he added none to his talents, but I calkilate 't he didn't hev but one, an' that sech a measly little one that the Lord won't be hard on him."

"Then it was an enchanted prince instead of a princess," wo say at length, rather to ourselves than to the deacon.

But he hears, and answers with the dignified assurance of a sage who enlightens childish ignorance:

"No, there wa'n't never no princes, nor princesses either, here; but there's ben kinder curus things happenin', as there mostly is where there's human nater. As fur as I'm consarned I've allus ben dretful pertickler to steer clear o' the wilin' ways o' women folks."

And I suppose that is as much of a moral as we could expect to bring away from the Island of Calm Delights.—*Sophie Swett, in Good Company.*

Wonderful Spiders.

A SHORT distance from Buena Vista, is a cave inhabited by spiders which are different from other spiders by their enormous size, and quite useful to the needy people of the vicinity. The cave was discovered last December by a party of sight-seekers, and the spiders and their work witnessed. On entering the cave one is struck by the funny-looking webs that meet their eyes. They are worked for all the world like webs of other spiders, but every fiber is ten times as large as the ones woven by ordinary spiders. On passing on farther into the cave the spiders are encountered. They are about the size of small birds and make a strange sound while weaving their web. The webs are so tough and the fibers so large that it is almost an impossibility to break down a web. Some four weeks ago while looking at the cave a miner got to examining the webs. Their strands were about the size of a No. 12 thread, and he thought that they could be used for thread. Having a needle in his possession he broke off one of the strands and found that it just fit. Sewing on a loose button to test the efficacy, he found it as strong as silk thread, and that it answered his every purpose. Since then the people have flocked in and carried away hosts of the webs, but the spiders do not appear to object in the least. There is some talk among capitalists of starting a thread factory there and using the webs for thread.—*Chaffee County (Colo.) Times.*

—Light and colored wraps are again very fashionable.

GENERAL.

C. BAZAINE, nephew of the French Marshal, is keeping a liquor shop in Minneapolis.

MR. SETH GREEN says he will have 3,000,000 California brook trout for distribution next year.

Two small steamers have recently been brought out from the United States for the trade between the Mexican gulf ports.

THE Mexican Department of Public Works has forbidden the operators on the Government telegraph lines to take part in politics.

NINETY-FIVE centennial trees—one for each county in Tennessee—are to be planted on the Capitol grounds at Nashville, to be known by the names of their respective counties.

AGRICULTURE is to be made an obligatory study in all the elementary schools of France. This is a recent action of the French Senate, and was adopted by a majority of 254 votes.

THE cause of woman suffrage seems to be losing ground with Massachusetts legislators. The last vote in the House of Representatives was heavier against it than any previously cast.

A SCHEME for the colonization of northern Mexico with Americans is being organized at San Antonio, Texas, which will, it is thought, settle the border trouble question if it is carried out.

ALTHOUGH the St. Gothard tunnel is opened, its ventilation is as yet defective, and quite recently a man was found suffocated to death in it. It is calculated that the tunnel will not be finished till December.

BY the will of the late Gen. William Badger Tibbets, of Troy, N. Y., $100,000 is bequeathed with which to build a Soldiers' Home in Troy, conditioned upon $50,000 additional being secured within five years.

A WOMAN has been surprising Parisians by the performance of four birds, trained to such a degree that they select from a series of cards replies to almost any question from the audience. "Five crowned heads" have been pleased to be pleased with the feathered performers.

MARY STECK starved herself to death, at Allegheny, Pa. She believed that, in consequence of her sinfulness, God had commanded her not to eat. She was kept alive in a hospital by having food forced down her throat, but on her return home she refused to take any nourishment, and died after six weeks of almost entire abstinence.

REV. NATHAN SITES, an American Methodist missionary in China, was recently beset by a mob at Yenping-foo, and seriously injured with clubs and stones. If a magistrate had not interfered he would have been drowned by the infuriated populace. The outbreak is said to have been caused by ill-treatment of Chinese in California.

IT seems the contemplated war between Russia and China will have its effect in the United States. An order has been received by the Winchester Arms Company to make from fifteen to twenty million cartridges for the Chinese Government. This is the first order ever given by the Chinese Government to foreigners for the manufacture of cartridges.

A FARM-HAND down near Wytheville, Va., the other day, as he jumped over a fence, felt something dangling from the seat of his breeches, and supposing it was a piece of brier, looked around preparatory to brushing it off. It was a viper, which had struck at him as he knelt to drink out of a spring, and the fangs of which had been fastened in the cloth of his pantaloons.

WASHINGTON, Vt., has twelve men whose united ages are 1,056 years, viz.: Deacon Samuel P. Baily, 100 years; Capt. Charles French, 95; Charles Wright, 93; Capt. Leonard Bradford, 89; Jabez Fisher, 88; Amasa Fairbanks, 88; Caleb Carr, 88; Harvey Spaulding, 84; Ziba Crane, 84; William Harnden, 82; Joel Severance, 82; Amos Russell, 83. Average age, 88 years.

COL. PHINEHAS ADAMS, of Manchester, N. H., who has in his possession one of the most valuable collections of coins owned by a single individual in the United States, recently sold from it a silver dollar of each year from the date of the first coining for $1,500. Included in the lot was a dollar bearing the date of 1804, for which he paid $500, and of which there are only five more in existence.

A FEW days since the wife of a farmer near Florida, N. Y., sold a tin peddler a bag of rags containing, among other things, her husband's old coat. When the husband came home and she informed him of the trade he dashed after the peddler with electric speed, overhauled him, got back the old coat, and in its pocket found the $200 in bills which he had put there as a place of safety.

AT BOSTON, England, a few days ago the Rev. Joseph Holmes, vicar of Swineshead, and two of his parishioners, members of the Swineshead School Board, were convicted by the county magistrates of corrupt practices at a School Board election, and by their conviction disqualified from voting at any Parliamentary, Municipal or School Board election for a term of six years, besides losing their seats on the Board.

"A SHEPHERDESS'S FOLD" has just been discovered near London. Miss Emily Scott, the proprietress of a boarding school for boys, was arrested for neglecting to provide food for her maid servant, a 14-year-old girl, who was found in an emaciated condition and insensible from starvation. The medical officer who examined her asked to see the boarders. With much reluctance Miss Scott exhibited seven starving boys, one of whom is likely to die. Miss Scott was in jail a week, and then was released on her own recognizance of $250.

ASCAN BACKUS, of Newtown, L. I., who died the other day, was the largest market gardener in the State of New York, cultivating 800 acres and employing several hundred persons. In July, 1829, the widow and twelve children landed in New York, Ascan then being fifteen years old. Nearly all of his brothers were farmers, and died rich, but not one of them ever rose to his pinnacle of success. His landed estate in Queens County is estimated to be worth $750,000, and his entire wealth is estimated at $1,200,000.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880.

The new license law for Garrett county, supposed to have been pocketed by the Governor came to hand properly signed Wednesday last, and will be found in full in this issue.

The Allegany county Republican convention was held in Cumberland Tuesday last. The names of the five delegates chosen to represent that county at the Frederick convention are James M. Sloan, W. H. Evans, Wm. Pearre, B. L. Turner and Levi Shaw. It was unanimously resolved by the convention that "James G. Blaine is the choice of the Republicans of Allegany county as their candidate for President."

A Cumberland correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, under date of the 23d inst., says: "In a conversation held by your correspondent with Hon. Wm. Walsh, this morning, that gentleman stated that he is not an aspirant for congressional honors at the approaching election, and would not, under any circumstances, be a candidate. He said he would not accept the nomination even were it unanimously tendered him."

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Md. met in Baltimore last week. The report of the Grand Secretary shows that there are now in this State 105 Lodges. During the year there were 338 initiations and 160 deaths. The sum of $73,074.09 was paid out for relief purposes, and the receipts from subordinate Lodges amounted to $97,090.42.

The threat that Kansas is too cold a climate for the colored man to live in was well answered by a proposed emigrant from a Southern State the other day. A white man was telling him of the climate, when he asked: "Oh, Mars Bob, ain't dat Kansas de place de big squable was over afore de wah, 'bout you white folks takin' de niggers to?" "Oh yes," was the reply. "Wall, den ef it was good for slave niggers, how comes it to be so bad for free ones?" No answer when last heard from.

Mr. John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, gives gratifying intelligence of the favor with which Mrs. Hayes firmness in the temperance cause is regarded in England and Scotland. He says he spoke of her moral courage in both countries, and on each occasion the wife of our President was loudly applauded. He spoke in Spurgeon's tabernacle and in Exeter Hall, London, when three cheers were given by 6,000 people for the wife of the President of the United States, who has so steadfastly refused to have wine served at the White House during her residence there, despite the ridicule she has had to endure.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BRIBERY CASES.—Mr. William H. Kemble and his associates, who were convicted some months ago of an attempt to bribe the Legislature of Pennsylvania to pass the four million riot damage bill, have found that the "way of the transgressor is hard." The first thing some of them did after conviction was to "jump" their bail, and either go into hiding or betake themselves out of the State. Upon sober second thought, or for some other reasons, they subsequently concluded to return and surrender themselves. Monday they appeared before Judge Pearson, at Harrisburg, for sentence. They got a heavier one than they probably expected. Each of the five was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and to be imprisoned for one year at hard labor in the Eastern penitentiary. A few more such sentences as these will tend to improve very materially the moral atmosphere of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and operate as a warning to the politicians who have so often tainted it.

Pending the action of Congress on the treaty of Washington, it is tho't that United States men-of-war—probably the Vandalia and the Alliance, now at Hampton Roads—will be sent to Canadian waters to protect American fishermen against a recurrence of the Fortune Bay outrages.

A Celestial Horse-Race.

The issue of the *Congressional Record* for April 22d contains the first original poem introduced into the debates of Congress since the foundation of the government. Such an important event as this cannot be lightly passed over by the press, and the fact that the poet is a Marylander makes it peculiarly our duty to endeavor to present to the people of his native State some notice of the beauties and excellences of this poem. Although it is copyrighted and the warning "all rights reserved" is conspicuously displayed, yet Mr. Downey will doubtless pardon such excerpts as we may have occasion to make in the course of our appreciative comment

Such is the sustained force of the poet's genius that it upholds the weight of the majestic and sonorous iambic metre through fifteen solid pages of the *Congressional Record*, two columns to the page. So ample are its proportions, so unique its theme, and so peculiar its treatment, that we find it difficult to give the reader an adequate idea of this extraordinary poetic work. In its style it lacks the ease and grace of Hans Breitmann, but it is altogether free from the dialectal peculiarities which mark the work of that poet. The Sweet Singer of Michigan doubtless exceeds Mr. Downey in lyric tenderness, and in her ability to stir the domestic emotions; but the latter greatly excels in dignity of language, and avoids the difficulties of rhyme over which the Sweet Singer sometimes stumbles, by confining himself, with a few exceptions, to blank verse. Some objection might be made on the score of want of lucidity, but the poem is at least as intelligible as a great deal of the matter that goes into the *Record*. We judge that he has drunk deep of Tupper, for the style of moralizing is as nearly Tupperish as is consistent with its originality; that he has conned Milton with assiduity, if not with complete understanding, is also manifest. But it were perhaps carrying criticism beyond bounds to search too curiously for the sources of supply of this fresh spring of poesy that wells up in the arid wastes of congressional debate; suffice it to say that it is a most extraordinary poem, thoroughly original in its conception. Its style is not Miltonian, it is not Tupperish; but it is Downeyish.

The narrative of the epic is delivered by a certain Phantasmagoria, of whom the only information vouchsafed is that she clasps the Holy Bible in her hands, and that her brow, "like fair Columbia's, broad and full," was bound "with fadeless wreaths of shining immortelles." After being introduced, Phantasmagoria proceeds to relate her tale; and says the poet:

"Oh, with what soul-ingulfing ecstasy
Rolled forth the story of her pilgrimage."

The story rolls through fifteen solid pages of the *Record;* and as the gods and goddesses of pagan mythology, the saints and martyrs of sacred history and heroes and sages of all ages figure in it, it will be seen that it is not possible to give here anything more than the most meagre and superficial sketch of it. The narrative begins with a sketch of a council of the gods on Olympus, in the description of which Mr. Downey shows a wondrous wealth of gorgeous adjectives, and ascends to a remarkable height of fine writing. Jove informs the assembled deities that swift Iris has brought a message "from that far-distant, nameless orb, whence rolls the great Jehovah's everlasting power" that all His subjects have been ordered to repair to his court. The gods thereupon order out their chariots, and set out on their journey. The passage is enlivened by a race between Juno and Pallas, the former putting up a cluster of the golden apples from Hesperides against the latter's sash, which was woven out of the Golden Fleece of Colchis. The Milky Way is the race-course; and, as they rush along, they pass in sight of Helicon and the Vale of the Muses, the Garden of the Hesperides, Hell and other localities, and also meet with various adventures which afford scope to the descriptive genius of the poet. In addition, they are entertained with songs from all the Muses, and, later along the course, by Saint Ursula, "with virgin band eleven thousand strong." When the race is over, and the gods and goddesses reach Heaven, Phantasmagoria proceeds to give a detailed description of the arrangements there, which include a theatre,

"Where Kean, Macready and the elder Booth
And many celebrated actors from
All ages and all climes, portrayed
The tragedy of Maxim illan's fate."

There is also a concert hall, where Handel's oratorio of Messiah was rendered in fine style. The poem concludes with the admission into the golden portal of "a fallen chieftain," whom we take to be Jackson, and the rejection of another who seems to be Lee, and who, although he got very close, so that he was "imparadised with angels' breath," could not get in. It certainly is a wonderful poem. Italians have a proverb: "See Naples and die," and after a careful reading of "The Immortals" we are almost in a condition to say: "Read Downey's Epic and die." It is a great poem, an extraordinary poem—there is nothing like it in literature; but proud as we are of Mr. Downey as a Marylander, we do not like his horse-race, the description of which takes up the greater portion of the poem. Before the spirit of economy denied us the band at Pimlico, the usage used to be for it to play during intervals between races, and this we believe is the custom at all races. Now, in Mr. Downey's epic the Muses and Saint Ursula's band of eleven thousand virgins sing while the race is going on. With such a full band as this we are not surprised to be told that "the harmonies vibrated through the spheres," and we think that on any well-regulated race track the band would be compelled to stop during the races, for fear of scaring the horses. Another reason why we think that the management lacked the carefulness which characterizes the arrangements of Major Jerusou and his assistants is that a wandering Pleiad was allowed to get in the way of Pallas. Fortunately for her, Jove smashed it with a thunderbolt and let her drive right through it. But, says the poet:

"The orbless star sent forth with whirlwind sound,
Legions of winged fiends and giant birds,
Whose arrow-pointed plumage sped like darts,
Whose piercing howls, surpassing deep Hell's shrieks,
Thrilled through the darkened air to terrify
With horrid din the goddess in her flight."

It appears that "one vampire of colossal stature" actually grabbed her chariot wheel. Had not Pallas won the race in spite of all these mishaps, a claim of foul certainly should have been allowed. We think if Mr. Downey could see how promptly and efficiently the small boy who gets on the track at Pimlico after the bell taps is boosted off, he would get some ideas of race-track management that would stand him in good stead when he comes to issue a second edition of his poem; and as the spring meeting of the Jockey Club takes place next month, we would strongly urge him and his fellow-members of Congress to come over then and see racing as is racing.—*Balto. American.*

INDIGNATION MEETING.—The citizens of Hagerstown and vicinity held a large meeting at the Court House, on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Speeches were made by Hon. Gilbert De La Matyr, Greenback member of Congress, and Nathaniel Scherer, of Washington county. The latter gentlemen spoke on the reforms proposed within the State. He advocated a general reduction in taxes, the abolition of certain useless offices created in the interest of a few partisan leaders, and not existing for the benefit of the people; urged a reform in the practices and abuses openly existing in the Maryland legislature, whereby a large number of persons performing little or no service to the State are compensated; the taxation of mortgages, and all property and money equally. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved by the taxpayers of Washington county in public meeting assembled, That we do hereby most emphatically condemn the action of the Democratic party in the recent legislature in that they have violated their solemn pledges of reform and retrenchment and shamefully disregard and set aside the known and expressed wishes of the people.

Resolved, That we are religiously opposed, and do hereby denounce, the immoral example set before the people by their representatives of broken promises, violated faith and hydra-headed deception.

Resolved, That we urge upon the taxpayers of the entire State to take such action as to them may seem best to hold up to public condemnation the work of these unfaithful servants.

The recent tragedy at San Francisco, in which Charles De Young, editor of the Chronicle, was shot to death by I. M. Kalloch, son of the mayor of the city, has elicited a common sentiment of horror at a deed so atrocious. It has also led to a decided deprecation of that style of personal journalism which has generally extinguished itself by its own violence wherever it has appeared, but which reappears now and then, and here and there, to vex, alarm and disgust peaceable communities. Coupled with sand-lot oratory the journalism of violence would be even more mischievous in its tendencies, and hence, perhaps, a redeeming feature of each of these elements of discord in San Francisco lay in the fact that it assailed the other. Certainly the one has been well-nigh demolished by the combined agencies of the press, public sentiment and the attrition of its own excesses. The other, by placing personal vituperation in advance of all considerations of property and public good, lent a weapon to its enemies, found its usefulness impaired and its career placed in peril. The bloody culmination of the feud thus engendered bears its own best commentary. Happily for San Francisco it has involved none other than the chief actors in the bitter personal controversy from which it sprung. It is truly unfortunate, at this day and in this county, where freedom should inspire and intelligence direct all who seek to be leaders or teachers of men, that the theory and practice of violence should find exponents on the rostrum and in the sanctum. But then the sphere of such heroics is nowhere very broad, and its appearance may be said to be sporadic, as one might speak of a disease.

There is much lack of information about the true status of the Geneva award affair. The New York *Tribune* puts the case in a nutshell as follows:

Ten millions of dollars remain of the award after the claimants admitted by the law providing for the distribution have been paid off. Three classes of persons lay claim to this surplus—first, the insurance companies, who want to be reimbursed for their losses; second, the shippers who paid war premiums, and now demand the return of the amounts the companies charged them for extra risks; and third, the owners of ships and cargoes destroyed by the rebel cruisers whose devastations were excluded from the amount made up by the Geneva Conference. The latter class is generally admitted to have a valid claim in equity; the demand of the insurance companies is opposed on the ground that they got back their losses in the shape of increased premiums; and that of the people who paid the war premiums is resisted because they are believed to have reimbursed themselves by putting an additional percentage of profit upon the goods they imported.

The short comings of the late Legislature were severely criticised at a public meeting of taxpayers at Hagerstown on Tuesday last. The promises that were broken were set forth at considerable length in a series of resolutions. The worst of it is the indictment framed by the Washington county taxpayers cannot be met and confuted. It is all too true to make a joke of. Moral—Don't make too many rash promises.—*Cumberland Leader, Dem.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

SIGNAL OF DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

NEW YORK, April 23.—In an address to-night fore the Tammany Hall General Committee, John Kelley said: "If the national convention thinks for one moment of nominating Mr. Tilden for the presidency, so sure as that nomination is made it will be defeated by the Democracy of the country, as it ought to be. Let it go forth from Tammany Hall that we here say to the Democracy of the whole country that if they make Tilden the nominee at the Cincinnati Convention, they must expect the united opposition of Tammany Hall."

TRAGEDY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—Chas. De Young was shot and killed at 7.30 o'clock yesterday evening, by I. M. Kalloch, son of Mayor Kalloch, in the *Chronicle* office.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—Young Kalloch had been on a debauch for some days past, drinking very heavily, and had made frequent allusions of his intention to fix De Young, but no attention was paid to them.

His threats were simply regarded as the vaporing of a drunken man.

De Young, who heard of this, did not pay the slightest attention to the reports. He always went armed, however, and possessed undoubted courage.

His friends were not at all alarmed for his safety.

This affair is a sequel to the quarrel which led to the shooting of Isaac S. Kalloch by Charles De Young on Saturday, August 23, 1879. Isaac S. Kalloch was at that time a candidate for Mayor of San Francisco on the Kearney ticket, and in a public speech had said some indecent things about the mother of the De Youngs, publishers of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

During the excitement of the few days succeeding the shooting I. M. Kalloch, the son of the candidate for Mayor, was conspicuous as an inciter of riot, frequently appearing to speak in public places. Charles De Young, who has just been killed, was the more prominent of the brothers who have made the San Francisco *Chronicle* a prosperous newspaper and one of decided influence on the Pacific coast. He was a native of Louisiana, and about 40 years of age. Years ago he went to California, and earned his living as a type-setter. With his brother, M. H. De Young, he soon began the publication of the *Democratic Chronicle*, which grew in magnitude until it became a leading daily newspaper and lost its original character entirely. When Kearneyism began to display power in California the *Chronicle* promptly took the right side, and its plain way of dealing with all public questions soon led to personal bitterness. Chas. De Young was indicted for shooting the elder Kalloch, but was released on bail, and has been east within the past three months seeking evidence to expose the personal character of Kalloch. He had just returned from this trip when killed.

DESTRUCTION OF A CITY.

OTTAWA, ONT., April 22.—The details of the destruction of the city of Hull yesterday by fire are of a heartrending character. Within the space of three hours—between 3 and 6 o'clock—over 700 houses were burned. Five thousand people are homeless, and every effort is being made to alleviate their distress.

Some of the incidents are shocking. A man named Oneletti rushed rushed into a building on Centre street, which was enveloped in flames, with the intention of saving some furniture that had been there but a few seconds, when the roof fell in and nothing more was seen of him. A dozen men went to the rescue, but were repelled by the flames. A woman named Latromoniille, who had been confined the evening previous, was so terrified that she dropped dead after getting out of bed.

A child, name unknown, also perished. The mother had a narrow escape. When her house took fire she turned her attention to removing her furniture, forgetting for the instant that her child lay asleep in an upper room.

When the building was enveloped in flames the thought came to her, and with a mother's courage she darted through a sheet of flame to rescue the infant. She was closely followed by Mr. Ackroyed, and after a hard struggle he succeeded in grabbing her out of danger.

A fierce gale blew during the latter part of the day, and when the fire broke out it spread from one wooden house to another with terrible rapidity.

The fire originated from a pile of rubbish which was set on fire by a man and two boys who were clearing a yard. The damage is estimated at $500,000.

ANOTHER CYCLONE.

TAYLORVILLE, ILL., April 26.—A terrible cyclone, scarcely less violent and destructive than that which visited Western Missouri a week ago, passed over a portion of Christian county a little after 7 o'clock Saturday night, plowing its way thro' the timber and scattering houses, barns and fences in its course. The storm approached from the southwest and bore to the northeast, verging from right to left. It is described as being a dark, funnel-shaped cloud, point downward, and came with a roar like a mighty cataract. It was only of a few minutes duration, and was followed by a dead calm. Its course was marked thro' a space of 30 rods wide and ten miles long, and the destruction of life and property was terrible. Those killed outright were Mrs. T. J. Langely and two children of Alonzo Cutler, and all of them were mangled in a horrible manner. One of the Cutler children was found in a brush-pile, 200 yards from the house, with the upper part of his skull gone. Besides these, Mrs. Cutler, John Hay, Harry Langely, Mrs. Hoefner and two children, Alexander Elliot, James Watts and wife, and George Higgins and wife are not expected to live. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins seem to be in the most precarious condition. They sought shelter behind from the storm behind a chicken-coop, and several hours after were picked up a quarter of a mile away, mangled almost past recognition. Thirteen other persons were badly wounded.

The destruction of property is far in excess of any caused by storms in this section. Fifteen or twenty dwelling houses, barns and other farm property were leveled to the ground, and debris was carried by the wind miles from where it was picked up. The Willow Ford Bridge, across South Fork, was torn to atoms, and some of the heavy timbers have been found a mile away. The damage done houses, barns, fences, wheat fields and stock will reach $60,000. Some of the fairest portions of the farming lands in the county are laid desolate, and many families are left destitute of clothing, homes and food.

Any description of the condition of the country devasted would be inadequate. Great trees were torn up by the roots and carried rods away. The bodies of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are lying around everywhere, some of them having been thrown against the ground so violently as almost to bury them. One horse was standing on its head in a barn: others were run through with rails. Miles of fencing are down. Many people escaped almost miraculously. Some sought refuge in caves and cellars and escaped without injury.

At Medora a lady was killed and several persons badly injured. Property to the value of one hundred thousand dollars was destroyed. At Edinburg and Clarksdale, in the track of the cyclone, several persons were killed and great damage done to crops and personal property.

MR. TILDEN'S PROSPECTS.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—A despatch to the Philadelphia *Times* says: A Western Democrat, who is an intimate personal friend of Tilden, and who has recently been a guest at his home in Gramercy Park, talks freely of Tilden's prospects. It is, perhaps, significant that this gentleman doesn't think that the time has come, or soon will come, in this campaign when Tilden will decline to have his name used at Cincinnati. The following is a general outline of the opinions expressed by this gentleman: The Syracuse Convention has shown that the Tammany faction is ridiculously weak, as compared with Tilden in New York, and that while Kelly may be present at Cincinnati, his delegation will be very obscure, unpopular and insignificant.

Tilden's chances for the nomination are not even considered doubtful at Gramercy Park, and there has been no discussion there as to the most suitable person to be nominated in the event that Tilden should not be successful. Seymour, Bayard and Hancock will have an important following at Cincinnati. Their strength will be weakened by divisions, and their followers will soon learn the folly of wasting their strength and influence. David Davis will not be strong enough to secure recognition. Trumbull and Palmer would be more favorably regarded. Tilden has never had and has never expressed any intention of withdrawing as a candidate. He has not been in better health for years

REFUSAL TO RECOGNIZE AMERICAN CLAIMS.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The refusal of England to recognize the claim of the United States for indemnity on account of the attack of a Newfoundland mob on our fishermen turns out to be of a very positive character, such as will lead to our government's undertaking to protect its fishermen against all interference by other than legal authorities. Lord Salisbury sustains the report of the English officer, who took the ground that the Americans had violated local laws. He did not report the same law from which he quoted, and stated that it did not apply to citizens of those nations which had treaties with England. Notice of the termination of the Washington treaty cannot be given until July, 1883, and such notice cannot terminate it till the expiration of two years thereafter. It is possible that the United States may hold that the treaty has been openly violated by a colony, and the violation approved by England, and that it is no longer binding. This would at once restore the old order. It is possible that an attempt will be made to obtain a further consideration of the case by the new Gladstone ministry.

DEMOCRATS HASTENING BUSINESS.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The House to-day passed the District of Columbia Appropriation bill without very much opposition and without material amendment. This is another indication of the earnest desire of the Democrats now to hasten the work of the session. A prominent Democrat, being asked to day what effect a veto of the Little Deficiency bill would have on the length of the session, said that it could have no effect whatever. The Democrats would go right along about their business and would not pay any attention to the President's veto. If they could not secure the passage of their bills with the approval of the President, they would let the bills fall, as they did last year. There is some probability of a disagreement between the two houses relative to the repeal of the laws providing for the Board of Indian Commissioners, as the Senate committee is disposed to favor retaining the commission.

DEMOCRATIC VIEWS AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—Hon. Augustus W. Cutter, ex-member of Congress from New Jersey, and the only Democrat who voted against the extra session last year, thinks the outlook for the Democracy is very discouraging. The extra session, he says, was the culmination of Democratic blundering, and the mistakes they made have not been rectified. The leadership in the House, particularly, he thinks, has fallen into weak hands. There is no guiding head cool enough to meet the tacticians of the other side. The country, he believes, is fast losing confidence in the majority in Congress, and the next election will not only result in the choice of a Republican President but a Republican House of Representatives.

Mr. Buckner, of Missouri, the chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, is of the opinion that Grant will certainly be nominated, though not a strong candidate. "But," said he, "if our folks nominate Tilden, even Grant will have a walk over." Mr. Buckner is very much disgusted with the party for the mistakes it has made, particularly in forcing the extra session and having to adopt the policy of silence this session. He does not believe it will be possible to finish the work of the present session before the 1st of July.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—3 good cigars for 5 cents at Cheap John's.

—Corporation election on Monday.

—Cakes, candies, nuts, &c., at Cheap John's.

—Mr. A. A. Perry was in town during the week.

—Mr. Charles H. Sincell is beautifying the grounds about his residence.

—5 and 10 cent cigars at Cheap John's.

—And now George can grind a 2 hours' "grist" in half the time.

—Do U want good stogies; go to Cheap John's.

—Mr. I. W. Stonaker, agent for the Singer Manufacturing Company, is doing a thriving business at present.

—Monday will be a busy day in Oakland. The corporation election, court and a meeting of the county commissioners will all be held on that day.

—Pop, pop, pop and tonic beer at Cheap John's.

—Died—At his residence near Grantsville, April 20th, Mr. William Stanton, Jr., aged about 35 years. Mr. Stanton was known as one of the best men in the county.

—The Republicans of Oakland held their primaries in the clerk's office Saturday afternoon last, and the following delegates were elected to the county convention: James A. Hayden, Michael Maroney, A. B. Woodcock, John Pfeiffer and Samuel Lawton.

—Thirty-five colored men with their families, arrived at Cumberland from Baltimore a few days ago, for the purpose of going to work on the Georges Creek and Cumberland Railroad, which is expected to be completed in time for the fall coal trade.

—Mrs. Betsy Fazenbaker died at Barton, in Allegany county, last week, aged 104 years and 8 months. She had been a pensioner of the government for twenty-eight years, her husband having been wounded in the war of 1812.

—Our friends attending court next week should call at the harness manufactory of Mr. John Helbig. His work is first class, made of the very best material, and as cheap as can be had anywhere. Call and examine, whether you wish to purchase or not.

—Good chewing tobacco, 25 cents per yard at Cheap John's.

—Died—April 15th, 1880, Mr. Jacob Brenneman, aged 73 years, 3 months and 15 days. Mr. Brenneman was a minister of the Amish faith and stood well in his denomination. He died at his residence in the Forks, District No. 3. He was the father of 15 children, 9 of whom are living. He leaves a wife who is also very sick.

—Cheap John makes pop and tonic beer now; go and C the new machinery.

—Mrs. Neil, wife of Edward Neil, residing on Speelman's Ridge, in Selbysport district, this county, committed suicide by hanging, on Monday of last week. The supposition is that she committed the act while laboring under temporary aberation of the mind, caused by the recent death of her three children from diphtheria. Mrs. Neil was about 40 years of age, and she leaves two children quite ill with diphtheria, at the time of her death.

—The Cumberland *Times* says that there is a current rumor to the effect that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is arranging to build a road from La Tour station to Washington, Pa., in order to connect via the Hempfield road at Wheeling. This will give the Baltimore and Ohio a direct line from Cumberland to Wheeling, and thence through Ohio. This idea was brought about by the recent action of those interested in a completion of the new Baltimore & Chicago railroad, running from Beaver, Pa., to Chicago Junction.

—It is reliably stated that engineers will next week begin the location of the Keystone Narrow-Gauge railroad, expected to be built by coal companies in the Keystone region, from Mt. Savage, Allegany county, to a point near Meyersdale, Pa. At Mt. Savage the road will connect with the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad. The coal from the Keystone or Meyersdale region is now transported to Cumberland over the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore and Ohio road, a distance of 35 miles. The distance from points near Meyersdale to Cumberland, by the proposed new road, is stated to be about 17 miles, a saving of 18 miles on the old route, which it is claimed will effect a reduction of about thirty cents in the cost of transporting coal. The new line is estimated to cost about $50,000, and will be about eight miles long.

—The *Democrat* scooped in the State printing this year.

—T. J. Peddicord is improving his grounds and residence on Quality Hill.

—Service-trees are in blossom; and in fact nearly all trees are beginning to bloom.

—Persons attending court can find accommodations on Liberty street, near the depot. R. WHITE.

—Some of the summer residences are being renovated and refitted for occupancy during the summer.

—If the voters of Oakland would use all the tickets that have been mentioned this week, there would be about one apiece all around.

—Don't forget to call and see us when you come to court; and don't forget that "little bill."

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Handsome stock of new Laces and Edgings just opened at M. L. Scott's Baltimore store.

—Queen's Point Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Keyser, W. Va., celebrated the 61st anniversary of the founding of the order, by lectures in the M. E. church at that place, Monday night last. The speakers were Rev. E. W. Rynn, of Grafton, W. Va., and Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., of Oakland.

—Wednesday last Judge Motter came to Oakland for the purpose of drawing the names of two jurors, in place of John W. Blocher, deceased, and S. D. Yutzy, removed from the county. The names of Amos W. Friend and Wm. H. Frazee were drawn.

—We had no idea that election frauds were getting so common as to interfere with Sunday School organizations, but we have been credibly informed that such was the case at the organization of a school near Oakland recently. There were present only 35 persons, yet 78 votes were cast for Superintendent.

—Reader, pause a moment and reflect whether you owe the THE REPUBLICAN office anything or not. If not, move on; if you do, pay it. That's business. Let your merchant wait; and if he says he can't afford to wait, tell him to sell out to somebody that can. Always pay the printer first. They are all good fellows, and rarely fail to write flattering notices of their prompt paying patrons when they have taken their final leave from this world. Next Monday Court commences, and very probably you will be in town some time before it adjourns. If so, we shall expect to see you at THE REPUBLICAN office, and don't you forget it.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching at the Brant School House, at 2 P. M., by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

M. E. Church.—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M., by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Memorial Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Death of an Estimable Young Lady.

Caroline Emma, only daughter of James and Caroline Bell, of Oakland, departed this life, Friday morning, April 23d, 1880, in the 26th year of her age.

Deceased has been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for about eight years, and her death was a triumphant exhibition of christian faith. On the day before her death, when asked by her minister if she had any doubts or fears as to her future she promptly replied that she had none. Though naturally timid she met the last foe with that fortitude which characterizes a heart redeemed and strengthened by divine grace. Appropriate services were held in the M. E. Church Sunday morning conducted by Rev. Sanford, assisted by Revs. Hamill and Davis, and the remains were taken to their last resting place, in the Odd Fellows cemetery, followed by a very large concourse of relatives and friends.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 26:

Urias H. Miller and wife to Dennis H. and Leonard Kuntz, Lot 27 in Grantsville; $650.

Andrew B. Shaw, administrator to Jesse F. Fazenbaker, posession right in five-sixths of the "Daniel Rhodes Farm," "The North Hill Side Field" and "The Paint Field;" consideration not named.

Singleton Townshend and others to Daniel Yommer, tract of land called "Buck's Pasture," 101 acres; $904.50.

Elizabeth and Thomas Higgins to Edward Bernard, Lot No. 74; $100.

Dennis Carter and wife to The Sisters of Visitation of Georgetown; Lot No. 219; $1.

Meeting of County Commissioners.

The Board of County Commissioners met Monday at 1:30 P. M., a full Board present.

The bond of J. W. Savage, as constable for district No. 2, was approved, with Gabriel Friend, John J. Ringer and Elijah Myers as sureties.

Geo. L. Michael, who had been appointed collector, appeared before the board and stated that in view of the difficulties that attended the collection of taxes in Garrett county, and the uncertainties with regard to delinquents, &c., he would decline the appointment of collector.

G. W. Blocher, of district No. 9 appointed collector vice G. L. Michael, declined.

Adjourned to meet May 3d, 1880.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 27 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

John M. Davis, Executor of Lucinda Davis, settled his first account.

Second and final account of Jonas Wass, Administrator, C. T. A., of Azariah Humbertson, ratified and confirmed.

Fourth account of Michael Knecht, Administrator of Laurence Knecht, ratified and confirmed.

Aaron Wilhelm, Administrator of George Wass, settled his second and final account.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday May 11th.

Spring and Summer Millinery, 1880.

Hats, bonnets, flowers, silks, satin, gros grain, Pekin, striped and fancy ribbons, ronchings, tischues, ties and all the novelties of the season, embracing everything new in designs and colors, and which are now ready for inspection, at M. L. Scott's Baltimore store.

They had a tornado on trial in the circuit court at Madison, Wisconsin. A resident of Mineral Point sues an insurance company to recover on his house, which was destroyed in the frightful tornado of May, 1879. And to do this he must prove that lightning and not wind was the destructive agent. The testimony for the plaintiff states that a cloud was observed which approached with great rapidity. As it drew near it assumed a funnel or baloon shape, was of inky blackness, and whirled about violently. In this cloud were constant and vivid flashes of lightning, and a continuous and terrific roar of thunder proceeded from it. Some witnesses said they saw a ball of fire in the lower part of the cloud, and that lightning darted from it in every direction. One witness compared the ure-ball to the headlight of a locomotive approaching at full speed, and the noise to the roar of a long freight train, both indefinitely magnified. It was shown that part of the debris of the house was found on fire shortly after the tornado passed, and that the fire probably could not have come from any source in the house itself. A woman's face and a part of her hair were burned. Leaves and grass were withered as with a frost, and turned black; trees from eight to fourteen inches in dimmeter were denuded of all their bark, even to the ends of the smallest branches; trunks of trees were shattered into strings, and instantly dried of sap; pine shingles were driven into white oaks. Professors of the State university were called for the defence, and gave it as their belief that the destructive force of the tornado was wind.

Some thirty-five thousand emigrants arrived in New York during the present month, and by next November it is very probably that the total will reach several hundred thousand.

Important Laws.

The two following public general laws, passed at the late session of the Legislature, we publish for the information of the public:

[CHAPTER 24.]

DRUNKARDS.

AN ACT to amend section forty-two sub-title "Drunkards," of article thirty of the code of Public General Laws of this State, title "Crimes and Punishments," and to re-enact the same as amended, under the sub-title of "Drunkenness."

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That section forty-two of article thirty of the Code of Public General Laws of this State, title "Crimes and Punishment," sub-title "Drunkards," be amended, and re-enacted as amended, under the sub-title "Drunkenness," so that the same, as amended, shall read as follows:

42. Every person who shall be found drunk, or acting in a disorderly manner, to the disturbance of the public peace, upon any public street or highway, in any city or county of this State, or at any place of public worship or public resort or amusement in any city or county of this State, shall be deemed to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be subject to a fine of one dollar and costs, and shall be committed until such fine and costs are paid, or until such offender is discharged by due course of law. The Justices of the Peace for the respective counties of this State shall have concurrent jurisdiction over such offense with the Circuit Courts for their respective counties; and the Justices of the Peace selected to sit at the respective station-houses in the city of Baltimore shall have concurrent jurisdiction over such offense with the Criminal Court of Baltimore.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage, and that all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Approved March 9, 1880.

[CHAPTER 22.]

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

AN ACT to amend article thirty of the Code of Public General Laws of this State, title, "Crimes and Punishments," by adding thereto certain additional sections under the sub-title of "Disturbance of the Public Peace."

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That article thirty of the Code of Public General Laws of this State, title "Crimes and Punishments," be amended by adding thereto the following additional sections, under the sub-title of "Disturbance of the Public Peace."

Section.—Any person or persons who shall willfully hinder or obstruct the free passage of person passing by or along any public street or highway in any city or town of this State, or who shall willfully disturb any neighborhood in such city or town by loud and unseemly noises, or shall profanely curse and swear, or use obscene language upon or near to any such street or highway, within the hearing of persons passing by or along such highway, shall, upon conviction thereof, be sentenced to a fine of not less than one dollar, and to the costs of his or their prosecution, or to such fine and costs and to imprisonment in jail, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

Approved March 9, 1880

A great miners' strike is threatened in the Pennsylvania anthracite coal region. In accordance with the previously arranged programme, a suspension of operations went into effect at all the collieries in the anthracite regions, except the Lehigh, Wednesday. The shut-down will be maintained until May 3. The great coal and transportation companies of the Lehigh, Schuylkill, Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys are interested in this movement, which is done to regulate the market at the seaboard, between 60,000 and 70,000 miners and laborers will be deprived of employment, and production will be largely decreased by the stoppage. The action of the companies in making three periodical suspensions is said to be creating great dissatisfaction among the miners, and a general strike is anticipated.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure. If timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

CATTLE MARKETS.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., April 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 187 head of through and 315 of local; supply light; best shipping steers, $5@5.25; fair to good butchers' $4.40@4.90; common and light butchers' $3.25@3.85; still-fed bulls $3.30@4; fat cows and stags $3.25@4; sales 482 head. Hogs—Receipts 1,210 head; Yorkers $4.75@4.70, Philadelphias $4.10@5. Sheep—Receipts 6,300 head; selling at 10 c. less than last week.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas Browning, et al., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats, said writ being No. 18, Judicials to May Court, 1880, of said county, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats in and to the following property, to-wit: One steam engine and saw-mill, one brown mare, one four-horse wagon, two cross-cut saws, three axes, one lot saw-mill tools. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, adjoining lands of Thomas Browning and others, it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to the said Samuel Teats by Notley B. Browning and wife, by deed dated March 29th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 503, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, to which said deed reference is hereby made for a more particular description of said land.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, May 8th, 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said writ.

THOS. CODDINGTON,
apl 17-ts Late Sheriff.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 188.

AN ACT to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," entitled "Garrett County," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding thereto certain additional sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, and one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That chapter one hundred and eight of the acts passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws" entitled "Garrett County," be and the same is hereby amended by the addition thereto of the following sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor, to read as follows, viz.:

SEC. 134. License shall not be granted to any person to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county, until the person applying for said license shall have filed with the clerk of the Circuit Court a petition, signed by at least twelve freeholders, each of whom shall be the owner of real estate worth not less than five hundred dollars, over and above all incumbrances, and reside within three miles of the proposed place of business of such applicant praying that the license asked for may be granted, nor until the person applying for such license shall have filed with said clerk a bond, with at least two sureties, to be approved by said clerk, in the penal sum of three thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all fines, penalties, costs and damages, to which the person obtaining the said license may become liable, for any violation of any of the license laws of the State; and the said clerk is hereby prohibited from approving any bond under this section unless it shall appear to him by good evidence that the sureties in said bond are worth in real estate double the amount of the penalty of said bond.

SEC. 135. License to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county shall not be granted to any applicant who has complied with the preceding section of this act until said applicant, in addition to the amount of moneys now required, or which may hereafter be required to be paid by the General License Laws of this State, shall have paid to said clerk an equal sum of money, to be paid over by said clerk to the Board of County School Commissioners of said county, to be by the said board applied to and used as a part of the public general school fund of said county; provided, however, that the said additional sum of money to be paid to the county shall not be less than the sum of thirty dollars for any one year, and pro rata for any portion of a year allowed by the State License Laws.

SEC. 136. The Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county shall diligently inquire as to the sufficiency of the bond, and the competency of the petitioners, required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and if he shall willfully or negligently fail so to do, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be liable to a fine, in the discretion of the circuit court, of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

SEC. 137. It shall be the duty of said clerk to require from each applicant for license, as aforesaid, in addition to any requirements of the General License Laws of this State, a written affidavit, to be filed in his office, in which said applicant shall state the situation of the house, or place of business, and premises, including all the buildings and ground occupied or used in connection therewith, at or in which the sales to be authorized by said license may be or are proposed to be made; the rate of rent or annual value thereof, and the owner of said house or place of business and premises; also that each of the petitioners signing the petition of said applicant is such a freeholder as is required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and lives within three miles of the said proposed place of business of said applicant; and said clerk may, in his discretion, require such other and further proof, by the written affidavits of other parties, to be filed in his office, or otherwise, as to the compliance, in good faith, of said applicant with the requirements of this act, as he may deem proper.

SEC. 138. All sums received by said clerk for the use of said county shall be accounted for and paid over to the county school commissioners of said county on the first day of January, of April, of July, and of October of each and every year, and the said clerk shall be liable for all sums on his official bond, and shall, in addition to the fees now allowed him, be entitled to receive the sum of one dollar for approving and filing the bond and other papers in each application, and five per cent. commission on the additional amount paid for license, over and above the amount paid to the State; said one dollar and commissions to be paid by the applicants for license, in addition to the sum to be paid for said license.

SEC. 139. Any distiller of spirituous or fermented liquors or spirits who shall sell, deliver or give to any person any quantity of spirituous or fermented liquor or distilled spirits, less than five wine gallons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence, in the discretion of the court, and imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days.

SEC. 140. Any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer, selling the same in quantities of one pint and more, shall not allow the said spirituous or fermented liquor or lager beer to be drank on his or her premises; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction thereof shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, and imprisoned not less than one nor more than three months, for each offence.

SEC. 141. Whoever, by the sale of intoxicating liquors contrary to law, causes the intoxication of another person, shall be liable for and compelled to pay a reasonable compensation to any person who may take charge of, and provide for, such intoxicated person, and one dollar per day in addition thereto, for every day such intoxicated person may be kept in consequence of such intoxication; which sum may be recovered in a civil action before any court or justice of the peace having jurisdiction thereof, and said suit may be brought upon the bond of any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act, and shall be liable for the sum recovered in said suit, in case the sale is made by a person who has obtained license under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 142. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other person, injured in person or property, or means of support, by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall, after the giving and during the existence of the notice provided for in the next section, have a right of action in his or her own name, severally or jointly, against any person or persons or body corporate who, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person, and the owner or agent of any building or premises, and the person renting or leasing the same, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who, having leased the same for other purposes, knowingly permits intoxicating liquors to be sold therein, that have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person or persons or body corporate selling or giving intoxicating liquors as aforesaid, for all damages sustained, as well as exemplary damages.

SEC. 143. Such husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other interested person liable to be so injured by any sale of intoxicating liquors to any person, and desiring to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to such person, shall give notice either verbally before a witness, or in writing, to the person or persons so selling or giving his intoxicating liquors, or to the owner or lessor of the premises wherein such intoxicating liquors are given or sold, or file with the nearest justice of the peace in the city, town or district wherein such intoxicating liquors may be sold, notice to all liquor dealers not to sell to such person any intoxicating liquors from and after ten days from the date of so filing such notice.

SEC. 144. Such notice, filed with said justice of the peace, shall be entered by him in a book to be kept for such purpose, which shall be open for the inspection of all persons interested; and any notice entered in such book shall, by the justice of the peace having charge of the same, be erased and so obliterated as not to be legible, upon the demand of the person by whom such notice was filed, and thereafter such notice shall cease and end, and said justice of the peace shall be entitled to demand and receive a fee of ten cents for the filing and entry of every such notice.

SEC. 145. Such notice, whether served personally or filed with the justice of the peace as aforesaid, shall, during its existence, inure to the benefit of all persons interested, the same as if a notice had been served by each; and if any justice of the peace fail or refuse to make such record, as herein provided, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than ten nor less than five dollars.

SEC. 146. A married woman shall have the same right to bring suits and control the same, and the amount recovered, as a femme sole, and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor or to his or her parent, guardian or next friend, as the court shall direct.

SEC. 147. Any saloon keeper, grocer or other person who publishes the fact of any notice has been given, as provided in the foregoing sections, by posting such notices in any saloon, grocery or other place, or by printing or causing the same to be printed in any newspaper, circular, or in any other way gives publicity to the fact that such notice has been given, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars for each offence.

SEC. 148. For all fines, costs and damages assessed against any person in consequence of the sale of intoxicating liquors, as provided in the foregoing sections, suit may be brought upon the bond filed by said person, according to the provisions of section one hundred and thirty-four, if said person has applied for and received license under the provisions of said section; but if he or she has not filed such bond, then the real estate and personal property of such person, of every kind, without exception or exemption, shall be liable to execution on any judgment recovered, and said judgment shall be a lien upon such real estate until it is paid.

SEC. 149. From and after the passage of this act it shall be the duty of the grand jury in and for Garrett county, at its several sessions, diligently to enquire into, and present and indict all persons violating any of the provisions of this act, and of the license laws of this State, relating to the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors and lager beer, and upon conviction, in addition to any penalties inflicted by said laws, it shall be the duty of the court before whom such person shall be convicted, to suppress his or her license, and for the period of one year after such suppression no license to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer shall be granted to the person so convicted, or to any person for the use or benefit, directly or indirectly, of such convict, and no license shall be granted to any one to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer on the premises where such offence was committed during the time for which the suppressed license was granted, and any license obtained contrary to the provisions of this act shall be void.

And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after the first day of May next.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
my1-3 Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Apr. 20, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, May 3d, 1880,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
4 21 td. Clerk.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.
Jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby mill ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Va., line at or near the Nordiek settlement.

WILLIAM W. ASHBY,
WILLIAM A. LORAW,
THOS. W. ASHBY.
ap 11 5t And over fifty others.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.
v4n6 JOHN HELBIG

Mental Peculiarities of Horace Greeley.

Mr. Charles T. Congdon, in reviewing his early labors upon the New York *Tribune*, says of his former chief:

It is not easy to reconcile the fine common sense which Mr. Greeley possessed, and which is so evident in his political and other public works, with the almost infantile simplicity which he sometimes exhibited, when beset by the impecunious and designing. I attribute many of his mistaken charities to impatience of interruption. But there were other and larger swindles practised upon him, which remain to this day a mystery, unless we assign them, as I am inclined to do, to a kindness of heart, which a long intercourse with a thankless world had failed to impair. His nature must have had two sides. Tell him a story of wrong, of injustice, of dishonorable conduct, of selfish falsehood, and he was in arms instantly, and made a comment upon the narrative in which English of the choicest and English not quite so polite were piquantly mingled. But tell him a story of want, of suffering, of a woman in trouble, of a man subjected to undeserved embarrassment, and if the tears did not come out of his eyes the money was pretty sure to come out of his pocket. Nothing moved him to wrath like a lie. I am about to say what it is perilous, I know, to say, at least in the uncharitable estimation of the public, of a newspaper man; but I am, for the credit of the craft, compelled to declare, as I would do under oath, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, Horace Greeley never printed any thing which at the time of printing it he did not believe to be absolutely true. He may have erred, for to err is human. He may have been misled by feeling, by prejudice, or by passion; but he never, in all his life, averred that to be a fact which he knew to be a falsehood. Perhaps to some readers this praise, for it is meant to be praise, may seem to be slight, whereas I offer it as the highest tribute to his memory. He was not trained in a truthful school. The journalism of his youth was far from scrupulous, and, for that matter, neither was the journalism of his middle age. Newspapers are more careful now than they once were. Public men were at that time egregiously libeled with malice prepense. Election returns were persistently falsified, political questions were elaborately misrepresented. Mr. Greeley had his passions and prejudices like other editors, and said things sometimes in the heat of controversy which it was necessary to retract; but was there ever a journalist readier to acknowledge his error? Indeed, was there ever one who absolutely took so much pleasure in admitting his mistakes? Why shouldn't he? It was truth always which he was in pursuit of—truth religious, political, social, scientific. Is it wonderful, then, that he sometimes lost his temper, when he found his opinions misstated, his cherished belief ridiculed, his convictions painfully reached by long study and reflection treated as the whim-whams of a national speculator, his person caricatured, his babits belied, the sanctuary of his private life invaded, his reasonable ambitions ridiculed, his services to much smaller men than himself most ungratefully forgotten? I suppose that the word "lie," which he was accused of using altogether too freely, had to him a peculiar significance. It was short. It was also unmistakable. Its use was the readiest and most convenient method of settling a dispute which promised to be endless; it was a saving of time, which was precious, and of space in the newspaper, which was more so. He had a faculty of applying epithets to his antagonists which stuck, and passed into the vocabulary of political controversy. He could smite an opponent with a phrase, and stop a controversy which promised to be endless by the adroit use of a single phrase. He used to deal in this way sometimes with the long-winded, longitudinous and latitudinous correspondents of the *Tribune*. He would append to a communication of half a column, which his love of fair play had betrayed him into printing, a couple of lines which made havoc of the writer's facts or opinions, or of both. I could give a hundred specimens of his dry humor or wit if either needed demonstration. The sharpest or the drollest things came out of his mouth with a wonderful readiness and ease. For instance, a woman had been sending to him verses, some of which he printed and some of which he did not. She employed a friend to call upon Mr. Greeley and to hint to him that pecuniary remuneration would be entirely acceptable. The plainest of plain speakers settled the matter at once. "Tell her," he said, "that we should be willing to pay her something for not sending us any more!" It seems hard, but really and at bottom it was benevolent. That phrase of his, "Go West, young man!" which has been so often quoted, was after all the height of pitiful comuiseration, as it was also a condensation of whole volumes of economical wisdom. To get Mr. Greeley at his best expression, it was necessary to make him angry. Then every word was like the blow of a trained pugilist. He dandled with facts and speculated with figures no longer. He never needed then to employ the space in the editorial columns which was his, as a matter of course, if he pleased to occupy it. One! two! three! and the luckless object of his wrath fell, metaphorically speaking, before him. Sometimes it was only one! two! and sometimes, indeed, only one!

A Remarkable Coincidence.

In 1853 four gentlemen started their sons at boarding-school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been for years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist Church. These boys remained at this school room-mates and class-mates for two years, and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained at this institution four years, were room-mates all the time, graduating relatively, first, second, third and fourth. They entered a law office at Spartanburg, and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out, and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins's rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's battery fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys, and none other in the company. They are buried on the battle-field and sleep together in the same grave. Their names are Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and are the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith of South Carolina, and Rev. Duncan of Virginia, the last being a brother of Rev. Dr. Duncan of Randolph, Macon College. The grave is marked by a granite cross and enclosed with an iron railing.

Science and Assassination.

It is next to impossible, if a sovereign, or a President, or an imperial Chancellor goes abroad at all, to stop a workman like Hodel or Otero from stationing himself somewhere en route, and taking a shot at his adversary the instant he appears. No watchfulness, no guardianship, nothing, indeed, but seclusion, will prevent that; but the use of machinery may be prevented. The men who make the machines may give warning, and so may those who see them being used, while their possession may in most cases be rendered illegal under heavy penalties. We should certainly make the manufacture of a "Thomas" apparatus a crime throughout Europe. In most countries, the laying of trains such as blew up the Czar's train and the Winter Palace would be noticed and reported on; while so many must know the secret that, as happened in both these instances, warnings may be forwarded to the intended victim. Besides, a great deal of brain is required of the assassin, at a moment when his self-command is affected. He must be of the class which can manage scientific instruments—that is, must more or less realize what he is doing—yet must adjust every thing, while momently risking a disgraceful death, with the coolness of a soldier and the calculating skill of a mathematician. He has not to fire a shot with his pistol, or to make a spring with his knife, but to spend hours or days or weeks in preparation, to calculate inches of distance and seconds of time; and all the while to organize an escape which, if he uses such means, he is sure not to forego. He can escape, from the very method of his crime, and he will try to do it. A man in the position of Hodel or Otero gives himself up all through. He knows perfectly well that within so many seconds of his shot being fired he will be in the hands of a crowd mad for his life—a frightful position in itself—and no more thinks of escape than a soldier in a forlorn hope or a sailor when the shells come thick. Either may survive, but dodging won't help either. The man, on the other hand, who explodes a box of dynamite or a barrel of gunpowder through a long train of powder or by an electric wire, is necessarily alone or with comrades, and necessarily able to escape, or at least to make a bolt for it. Accordingly, having the chance, he is careful of the chance, and that consideration, together with the fact that he is shaken, as he must be shaken, by the approaching death of innocent persons—innocent, that is, even in his own perverted view—and with the other fact that his enemy is invisible, all combine to destroy the coolness necessary to success. The torpedo explodes at the wrong moment, and though it produces more effect on Europe than a knife or a bullet would, it has not produced it on the body of the intended victim. The misery of the Kings is frightfully enhanced by the use of scientific appliances, because they render precaution of so little avail, and, as it were, make the danger perpetually present; but, we suspect, the actual danger is not. The result to the world may be even worse, because power exercised under such conditions of fear or rage is sure to be badly exercised; but we are not discussing that, but the actual risk of life in an actuary's sense. We should say that though it had increased, perhaps dreadfully increased, from the increase in the number of potential assassins, it had decreased from the resort to scientific methods of assissination. Neither bomb nor dynamite-box is as certain as the pistol.—*The London Spectator*.

A Crutch in a Car.

A well-known lady of Boston entered a crowded horse-car recently and stood up without complaint, though rheumatism in one foot troubled her greatly. Her indignation against the seated occupants of the car was excited, however, when a girl with a crutch was observed leaning against the car door, while the male American citizens were seemingly glued to their seats and looking around in every other direction but where the unfortunate girl was standing. The w. k. l. stood amazed, and waxed more and more indignant, at the same time doubtful if she were in Boston—"culchawed" Boston—where the men were proverbial for their gallantry to the fair sex, and while meditating on the subject she was aroused by an individual who informed her that she could have his seat, at the same time remarking that he was "getting off here." The latter remark was made, probably, to quell any fears that might be entertained of his disturbing himself on her account. The lady was rather surprised at the seat being offered to her instead of the passenger with the crutch, and omitted to thank the man; but with the instinctive courtesy which belongs to a kind and benevolent heart, proffered the vacant upholstered space to her helpless fellow-passenger, who accepted it after many protestations. After riding several blocks the young lady with the crutch arose, put that wooden implement under the arm of an old lady opposite, and, with the remark, "We get out here, mother," helped the venerable dame out of the car, bestowing as she passed an angelic and bland smile on the w. k. l. The w. k. l. was aroused from her fainting fit by the conductor yelling, "Boston and Maine Railroad!"

Moral—Before wasting sympathy on the possessor of a crutch be sure that it is used by the same party.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is given out in the tobacco regions of Virginia that the plant this year will be nearly double that of last.

Successful gamblers are men of winning manners.

Harvard's Big Kitchen.

The Dining Association has ninety employees beside its steward. A ten-horse power engine, burning two tons of coal per day, heats the building and supplies steam for the cooking and baking, but when Sanders's Theater is heated a third ton of coal is required. The great soup-kettle holds 220 gallons, and is said to be the largest kettle ever cast in this country. Only 110 gallons of soup, however, are required for the daily dinner. The oatmeal-kettle holds fifty-five gallons, and that for cracked wheat twenty gallons; but not quite, although very nearly, this amount is consumed daily. The great range, twenty-five feet long, contains four ovens, and does all the frying and heating plates, etc. There are seven kettles for boiling meats and five for vegetables, and none of them of very small size, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meats and one for bread and pies. The first will cook at once 2,000 pounds of meat and the other 250 pies. They are by no means too large, however, since from 800 to 1,000 pounds of meat are consumed daily and some ninety loaves of graham and seventy-five of white bread. The heat never leaves the pastry oven from one month to another.

"How much flour do you use per day?" I asked.

"We average at least a barrel and a half," was the reply.

"And how many pies at one lunch?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, for which three barrels of apples are needed."

Some delicious-looking butter was unpacked from a huge box, and I learned that seventy-five pounds were daily used for the tables and about the same amount for cooking. That the students had not gone hungry on that day was conclusively shown from the fact that at breakfast 450 pounds of rump steak and seventy-five pounds of fish had been consumed; that the larder contained for the dinner 300 pounds of turkey and 500 pounds of beef; that 160 gallons of milk (the daily allowance) and forty puddings of large size were in store, while twelve immense pans of gingerbread were being prepared for the oven.

Not the least interesting feature of the establishment is the laundry, with its washing machines, its huge wringer, which will revolve 1,500 times per minute, and its expensive mangle, which cost $450. Altogether there has been, within two years, $2,000 worth of machinery put in; and the arrangements, including the dumb-waiters moved by hydraulic pressure, are all superb.—*Golden Rule*.

The Wust He Ever Seed.

There was quite a commotion caused on Dryades Street, near Common, last night, by a spirited dispute between an old and a young man of the African persuasion. Of course a woman, or rather a girl, was at the bottom of the trouble. The old man stood in the doorway, and shaking his fist at the object of his wrath who hovered on the ragged edge of the banquette, exclaimed:

"Now look hyar, young man! I done tole you three times to distrac' dese premises and luff dat gal 'lone. I ain't raised her for no black pup like you, and she ain't gwine to frow hirself away to no drunken niggah nohow! Now if I catch you snoozin' roun' dat gal agin, I'se gwine to confine myself to a more fussible argument wid de help ob a good pair of heels. Now you min' dat."

The young man at first seemed inclined to pursue a pacific policy, but, noticing the jeering and laughing of the crowd, changed his mind, and shaking his fist in return gave vent to his feelings in this manner:

"Misser Taylor, you knows I likes Bermuda and de gal likes me too, and I'se gwine to hab her and if fifty ole niggers 'ud stand in de way, an' if you waren't Bermuda's father I'd a cut shoe strings outer yer ole skin long ago!"

The old man's eyes dilated, whilst the smile of a demon stole over his face, and sliding swiftly into the house he returned a moment later with a pistol as big as a good sized rifle, the muzzle of which could successfully compete with one of Krupp's forty pounders. He pointed the infernal machine at his would-be son-in-law and said:

"Yer is gwine to cut shoe strings outer dis ole man, eh? Now, you see dis ere pistol? It's filled one-half wid powder an' de oder half with buckshot, an' if you doont board the gospel ship right now and sail outer sight in half a minit I'll let her go an' yer can pick up what's left ob yer!"

The young man and about a dozen of the crowd standing near him did sail out of sight around the nearest corner in less than half a minute, whilst the old man, watching the exodus, gleefully exclaimed:

"Dar's muffin in dat pistol, an' de barrel is made outer wood, but it's de wus gun on skeering people I ebber see'd."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Cotton Factories in the South.

Mr. Francis Fontaine, Commissioner of Land and Immigration for the State of Georgia, asserts that no cotton mills in the world have been so profitable as those of Georgia during the past decade. The Chattahoochee River, at Columbus, furnishes one of the best water powers in the world; and at this point are 60,000 spindles in operation. One company at Columbus has a mill employing 1,800 operatives, all natives except the foremen, and manufacture over one hundred varieties of goods. They use 13,000 bales of cotton per annum and 800 lbs. of washed wool daily, and pay out $600,000 per annum.

The total number of spindles in the Southern States—687,200—are distributed as follows:

States.	*Spindles.*
Arkansas	1,700
Alabama	63,000
Georgia	187,000
Kentucky	11,200
Louisiana	6,200
Mississippi	70,000
Maryland	113,000
Missouri	26,000
North Carolina	93,300
South Carolina	62,000
Texas	9,300
Tennessee	49,500
Virginia	52,000

Our Young Folks.

BABY TALK.

I. (Papa muses.)

Goo goo goo goo!
And da da da da da!
Very proficient, my baby, you are;
Very well up in your language, I ween:
But tell me, my little one,
What does it mean?
I prefer, don't you know, the plain English, by far,

To goo goo goo goo goo,
And da da da da!

Talking to fingers
And talking to toes,
Chubby and blooming and sweet as a rose,
Bright as the dawn of a fair summer day;
Yet from morning to night
You converse in this way.
Well, though foreign the tongue, sweet the syllables are—

The goo goo goo goo!
The da da da da da!

II. (Baby responds.)

Goo goo goo goo!
And da da da da!
Funny old papa, how stupid you are!
Sanskrit and Hebrow, and Russian and Greek,
Forty dead languages
I know you can speak,
And still you can't read what is sweeter by far—

My goo goo goo goo,
And da da da da!

Study Love's lexicon,
Line upon line,
Then may be the meaning of this you'll divine.
This—dear old papa, so rumpled and gray—
Is just what my baby lips
Coo all the day:
Mamma, dear mamma, how happy we are!
That's goo goo goo goo,
And da da da da!

—*E. S. Brooks, in Wide-Awake.*

AN ADVENTURE ON AN EGG-VAR.

Jan lived with his father, Christoph Jansen, his good mother, Ilse, and his wee sister, Ilse, her mother's namesake, in a little hut on the southern coast of Iceland.

This hut was built of layers of stones, up three or four feet from the ground, with turf between the layers to keep out the cold. Then above this was a sloping roof of wood covered with turf, which, in these long sunny days of June, had sprouted up thick with grass, making it resemble a green hillock more than a human dwelling. And, indeed, their only ewe—a present to little Ilse from her Uncle Gotthard, who lived inland and owned flocks of sheep and cows—would often climb the family mansion, and, clinging with her sharp hoofs to the turf, nibble a breakfast with much contentment.

Christoph Jansen was a fisherman, and spent the greater of his time in his boat, setting fishing nets, or gathering in quantities of haddock and cod-fish, and preparing them to dry on the beach. And he constantly had to keep a sharp eye over his game, for if left unwatched, the pilfering ravens, not unfrequently, would come in large flocks and devour whole "catches" at once.

But the business from which the fisherman derived most profit was from his egg-var. And first I must explain to some of you just what an egg-var is.

All along the west coast of Norway and the southern coast of Iceland there are numerous islands, some of them situated at a considerable distance from the main-land, but others within a bowshot of it. These islands are of two kinds, many of them being nothing more than high masses of rock, while others are flat, or nearly so. The former are called *holme*, the latter *var*.

Upon these var the eider-ducks congregate in large numbers for laying eggs and rearing their young; for when nesting on the main-land they are much disturbed by the cunning Arctic fox, who is as great an epicure in his cold, northern haunts as is the red fox in New England. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that his appetite, from the colder climate in which he lives, would be considerably the keener—and the young eiders, or the rich eggs which he deftly cracks with a stroke of his paw, make one of the daintiest meals Reynard can procure.

Yet Nature teaches the defenseless bird that she can, at least, protect herself against this one of her many enemies by nesting in places inpossible for him to reach.

The high price set upon the feathers of the eider-duck renders these islands very valuable, and they have been in the possession of Icelandic and Danish families for many generations.

More than twenty-five years ago Iceland exported between four and five thousand pounds of eider-down in a single year, and as great care has been taken to promote an increase of the supply, the amount sold has probably more than doubled since then. The true "down" is worth from three to four dollars per pound, and it is said that enough down for a bed coverlet would not weigh more than a pound and a half.

The laws of the country are very strict in relation to the ownership of the islands, and the poacher, if caught, is punished with a fine of thirty dollars for the seizure of a single duck. Even an egg cannot be stolen with impunity.

But the var-owners have other poachers to deal with, for whom the law has no terrors—the raven and the great sea-eagle. These birds of prey make sad havoc among the young eiders, in spite of the vigilance used in protecting them—the eagle sometimes even carrying off the old ducks themselves.

Christoph Jansen's var was but a short distance from the main land, and was looked after entirely by the fisherman's wife and Jan, now eleven years old.

"Now be off, good Jan, for it is getting late," said Mother Jansen, as the boy was about to set off to the var one evening early in June, "and be quite sure, my son, not to disturb the old eiders, and do not forget to cut the notches," she added.

"Let little Ilse go, too, mother," pleaded Jan, who did not like always going alone.

"*Nai, nai*," returned Mrs. Jansen, "Ilse is but a wee thing; she would stumble over the rocks. And have ye forgot the raven that perched on the gable only yesterday? I fear, Jan, he boded us ill!" and she gazed solemnly at the tiny, blue-eyed fairy playing with a string of blown egg-shells, then away across the dancing waves, whither Christoph had been gone since early dawn to fish. "However," she added, seeing Jan's disappointment, "thou art a careful boy, my Jan, and, since I must go to the beach to help your father when he comes in, she may go with you. But mind and let nothing befall her; lead her carefully over the cliffs."

"*Ja! ja! jeg vil!*" (Yes! yes! I will!) cried the delighted boy; and attired in an eider-skin jacket and scarlet cloth hood, baby Ilse went laughing and skipping toward where the boat was drawn up on the rocky beach, Jan following, with the basket and big bag on his arm.

Lifting little Ilse into the boat, Jan rowed across the narrow strip of water separating the island from the main-land.

The sun was yet high, although it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening, and as they approached the island they floated amid whole flocks of the eider drakes, shinning white in the sunlight, plunging and flapping, and sending the spray sparkling high in the air.

"Now, Ilse," said Jan, after tying his boat to a stone, "cling to my back and I'll be your pony," and climbing the path that wound over and about the ridge of low lava cliffs which ran through the length of the island, he went galloping across the flat on the farther side.

Ah! here was a sight fit to set any Yankee boy's heart fluttering! The very ground was covered with ducks, each on its own nest; and it would have been difficult to walk about without treading upon their great brown backs; for the birds were very tame and would not stir at Jan's approach, and would even allow him to take the eggs and down from the nests without seeming in the least disturbed.

Hitherto, they had given the boy much trouble in laying about in any spot they chose and in places where the eggs frequently were broken, and where the down was matted and spoiled with the yelks of the broken eggs.

To remedy the evil, he had set himself to work before the laying season began, and with good-sized stones had built little inclosures, about a foot and a half square and one foot high, on the southern or most sheltered part of the island. He then had gathered moss from a bog a little back from the shore, on the main land, and boating it across to the island, had filled these squares half-full with the moss and formed it into shapely nests.

The ducks had taken to them wonderfully, though some of the younger and more timid ones would still crawl far into the crevices between the rocks, where it was impossible to get the down and eggs without the assistance of a "hook," which Jan always carried with him—a pole three or four feet long with a curved iron at the end.

The method of obtaining the eggs and down, though profitable, would seem to you very cruel. It is this: After lining her nest with the soft down from her body, the eider-duck lays from five to seven greenish-brown eggs. No sooner are they laid than she is taken from her nest and its contents confiscated. Again the duck plucks her down to line the nest anew, and continues laying—this time not more than two or three eggs. But her peace is soon disturbed, and she is once more left with an empty nest.

By this time the down on her own body has become nearly or quite exhausted, and she calls upon her mate to assist, which he does, plucking his breast amidst loud quackings at the cruelty and injustice of the whole thing.

Now, indeed, the eider must be left to lay the remaining eggs, and pursue her maternal instincts in quiet, for if the nest should again be disturbed, it would be abandoned by the discouraged pair for a spot on some other island.

Jan went from nest to nest removing the ducks, and filling his basket and bag, carefully notching the stake of dwarf birch (*Betula nana*) which was driven down beside each nest to indicate the number of times it had been rifled; for the older ducks begin to lay earlier in the season than the younger ones, and so the owner of the egg-var has to know the history of each nest.

As his load grew heavier and more difficult to carry, he sat little Ilse upon a large, flat, lava rock, bidding her not to get down while he went his rounds to the farther end of the island, where the shyer ducks, disdaining all his attempts to tame them, and lure them to comfortable homes, had crept into some large crevices, depositing their eggs and down far beyond the reach of Jan's arm.

Scarcely had he dragged the eggs out with his hook and laid them in the basket, and stuffed the down into the bag—which, though almost as light as air, assumed enormous proportions, and was as elastic as a rubber ball—when suddenly he heard a great outcry from the ducks, and saw them all rise from their nests and go flapping, hissing, and quacking toward the water, beneath which they all plunged in a great tumult, crying and splashing.

The next moment a huge sea-eagle, circling low over the island, swooped down toward the red hooded baby on the rock.

Dropping basket and bag, Jan ran toward them, swinging his hook and shouting wildly.

Clutching the little girl's clothes with his talons, the eagle succeeded in dragging her off the rock, and was now flapping laboriously as if to carry her toward the beach. Her piteous cries of "Jan! Oh, Jan!" were muffled by the broad wings of the eagle.

As Jan came close up to them, he dashed his hook at the fierce-looking bird, which loosed its hold, and lightly lifting itself a few feet, soared so closely above his head, that Jan could hear its great beak snap close beside his ear.

Seizing little Ilse's arm, the boy made off with her over the difficult ground, stopping every few steps to beat off the eagle, now wrathfully diving and flapping upon his head, and almost stunning him with the blows of its powerful wings.

Jan's only thought was for Ilse. The eagle's sharp talons pierced through his jacket at every swoop, but he staggered bravely on, hoping to get over the cliffs to the boat and in sight of home.

"*Gaae skyndepa, Ilse! gaae skyndepa!*" (run faster, Ilse! run faster!), cried Jan, striving in vain to keep the angry bird at bay with his hook.

"*Jeg kan ikke, god Jan!*" (I can't, good Jan), panted the little girl, and Jan hastily lifted her in his arms.

Contesting every step, he had nearly gained the crest of the ridge when the buffetings of the savage bird upon his head became so furious and bewildering that Jan was forced to stop.

Exhausted, but still brave and determined, he stood Ilse beside him, and, grasping the hook with both hands, set upon the eagle desperately.

Back and forth he stumbled over the rocks, beating at the bird, which, lightly rising and falling, adroitly eluded the attack, till at last, as it swooped down toward him, he gave it a hard blow directly under the left wing.

It was effectual. The sharp hook clung fast, and in the sudden, short struggle which followed both boy and bird tumbled to the foot of the cliff on which they had been battling.

Poor, brave Jan! He was now, indeed, vanquished as well as his enemy, and could not reply to Ilse's entreaties to come up to her.

After a time the child slid down the path to where he lay, and, conscious that something terrible had happened to him, began to pat his face and hands, and call between her sobs, "*Tale Ilse, Jan! Tale Ilse!*" (Speak to Ilse, Jan! Speak to Ilse!)

It was late when Christoph and mother Ilse returned from the "drying ground," and, not finding the children at the hut, they were filled with alarm. Taking his boat, Christoph hastily set off to the island, and before long he came upon them; Ilse, exhausted with crying, lying asleep on the unconscious boy's neck. Her yellow locks and white down jacket were stained with the blood from an ugly wound on Jan's head, cut by the sharp lava rocks upon which he had fallen.

But Jan did not die. Between mother Ilse's careful nursing and the ministrations of the kind old priest, living not far away, he was, after many weeks, able to sit in the now waning sunlight and amuse baby Ilse; but it was too late for the egg-var again that year.

I must not forget to mention that, at Jan's request, his father carried the skin of the sea-eagle to Reykjavik, where he went to dispose of his year's stock of fish and down, and sold it for seven rix dollars to an English naturalist at that port. The eagle probably spreads its wings to-day in some London museum.—*Mrs. C. A. Stephens, in St. Nicholas.*

Interesting Facts About New Zealand.

The following is a report of a talk with Mr. G. W. Griffin, United States Consul to New Zealand:

New Zealand is a great borrowing country. They have a National debt of about $175,000,000, and have recently effected from London bankers a loan of £5,000,000. The tax is very heavy; according to a recent estimate it is about $20 per head.

The natives have a King of their own, and reside in what is called the "King's Country." There are about 80,000 natives left; but their numbers are lessening every year. I only know seven Americans in Auckland. There are large stores in the cities and a manufacturing interest is growing up. This includes the making of shoes, clothing and furniture.

Their furniture is the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is made of mottled kauri, a beautiful timber. This is worked up in the best style of European art. They raise the finest wool in the world in the island, and manufacture some of it. The chief imports to the island from this country are the hardware implements shipped from New York. Plows, reapers, mowers and all sorts of edge tools are shipped there. Tobacco is another export from this country that finds a large sale there. All sorts of canned fruits are also sent from here in large quantities. American wooden ware, including wagons, carriages and buggies, go there. The inhabitants also seem to have a partiality to American watches. It is, perhaps, a curious fact that none of our whisky ever goes to New Zealand. The only article sent from New Zealand to this country is kauri gum, which is largely used in the manufacture of varnish. One firm, which ships direct to the United States, send four or five times a year cargoes worth $100,000 each. The gum is very transparent; one can see through a block of it a foot in thickness. It has the appearance of amber, and is found about the roots of the kauri trees. The natives make very artistic figures of their gods with this gum. They carve heads and busts of it larger than life. These gods are similar to those of the other South Sea Islands, and the natives are exceedingly superstitious.

Christmas is celebrated very curiously in New Zealand. It comes in midsummer, and, instead of the yule log and holly tree they have the green grass and flowers, and instead of hot punch there are light Australian wine and cooling draughts. The churches in the Christmas time are decorated with the beautiful purple flowers of what is there called the "Christmas tree." The most peculiar growth in New Zealand is the ferns. Of these there are 150 varieties not found elsewhere, and a great number that are common to other countries. There is no place in the world so rich in ferns.

The articles of diet are about the same as in this country. The climate is mild in the northern part of the island. It is a magnificent beef and butter country. The finest and juciest oysters I ever ate are found there in abundance.

Imprisonment for debt exists there by means of a sort of fiction of law. The debtor is fined for contempt of court, and cast into prison on that ground. The public school system is admirable and extensive. All classes of children attend these schools. The public school system is an institution of which the inhabitants are very proud. There is no tax that they more willingly vote for than the school tax. Teachers there command, as a general thing, higher salaries than they do in the United States.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—The deaths of the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesey and the Earl of Fife, all within a year, hit the insurance companies hard. They were insured for an aggregate of $6,250,000. Two other noblemen who have just died were insured in the same companies for $1,250,000.

—The great misfortune of Ireland, Lord Dunraven declares, is, and has always been, that her people have been accustomed to rely too much on the Government and too little on themselves.

The Kitchen Garden.

FARMERS of moderate means who grow vegetables and small fruits for home consumption only are liable in their zealous promotion of field crops for the markets to greatly neglect the kitchen garden. This is not as it should be, for the garden, properly managed, will at a trifling expense contribute in large measure to the health and comfort of a family. When labor is scarce and time limited the practice of large market gardeners of performing much of the work by horse-power may be imitated with success even in small gardens. There are comparatively few crops that require to be planted in beds. To these a small portion of the garden can be devoted and the rest laid out for horse work. This plan saves time in measuring off and making beds and plots and admits of a free use of plow, drill and cultivator. Turning ground at each end of the rows must of course be allowed in this arrangement. Occasional rows of currants, raspberry and other small fruits may extend across the garden parallel with the rows of vegetables.

In setting out plants have a care that sunny exposures are given to whatever delights in heat and sunshine. Under the partial shade of gooseberry or currant bushes place such growths as thrive best in the shado. Use equal discrimination in the application of manures. If there is nothing more to expend on the garden than stable scrapings, the refuse from the wood-pile, ashes and soapsuds, give the alkaline substances to the crop they suit best and the ammonia where it is most needed.

Where the requirements are for only a few plants for house use, and there is no hot-bed, early plants may be grown in window boxes. Sow the seed in boxes of light, rich soil and place where there is moderate warmth and plenty of sunlight. This insures an earlier and safer crop in latitudes where there is danger from late frosts. In sowing the seeds avoid covering them too deep.

M. V. Bilek, an advocate for growing cucumbers, beans, peas, cauliflowers and the like in balls of moss or in order to gain an early crop, describes the process as practised in Germany, in a foreign exchange. The seeds are started in a frame, and when a little grown are lifted and the roots dipped into a mixture of clay, chopped moss, water and loam, and on withdrawal sprinkled with firm dry earth. A piece of moss is then flattened into the form of a plate and a little earth sprinkled on it. The prepared plants are next placed on this plate, the moss folded over the roots and tied on so as to form a ball. Thus balled up the plants are arranged on boards or shelves until the season for removing to the open air comes. The advantages claimed for this somewhat elaborate process are the porousness of the covering, the mass serving the purposes of a pot, the ease of handling and the benefits derived from not transplanting, as the plant, moss-pot and all are set in the ground.—*N. Y. World.*

Which Shall It Be, Cuttle or Grain.

BOTH. A mixed husbandry is safest for the masses. The South has suffered from scarcity of meat and milk, and plethora of corn and cotton. Many a Minnesota farmer has helped to feed the East and England, while he has been destitute of milk for his coffee, or butter for his superabundant bread. It has been repeatedly shown that those countries which produce corn and cattle most largely, boast a higher land valuation than the great wheat countries. It is not only in Indiana and Illinois, but in the new State of Iowa as well where spring wheat has ever been a speciality. Taking a broad view of the future requirements for meat and bread, we see that it is the policy of all nations (Great Britain alone excepted) to produce their bread at home. They dare not risk dependence in so vital a matter. If a bad harvest makes a small deficiency, it can probably be made good; a very abundant harvest may give a small surplus. Meat is less bulky and will better bear the expense of transportation; so the use of meat by European nations is increasing, and the price has steadily increased during the past thirty years. On the contrary, wheat, with temporary fluctuations, is no higher than in the long ago. James Caird says the cost of bread in England was a farthing per pound both in 1770 and 1878, while meat advanced from three and one-half to nine pence between 1850 and 1878. The recent and unprecedented foreign demand for wheat is the result, in part, of a series of extraordinary crop failures which will not permanently continue. The enlarged demand for meat is in far higher degree the result of causes more permanent in their operation. The outlook for meat is, therefore, better than for grain. Yet both will be required, as population increases, in rapidly enlarging quantities.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Household Water Motor.

IN Zurich Switzerland, the use of a portable water power, so to speak, is being extensively used for household purposes. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the same city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is very abundant in Zurich; but there are other towns in which this domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used, an indicator showing the quantity might be affixed to the machine.—*Scientific American.*

BANBURYS.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of stoned raisins, one lemon (remove the seeds), and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Chop all these ingredients together, and bake with pastry like apple tarts.

—Kyba crape is the latest imported novelty in dress goods.

—Heliotrope and cream are favorite color combinations.

HOME AND FARM.

REMEDY FOR FELON.—Make weak lye and bathe the affected parts. Then take soft soap and table salt and spirits of turpentine, and work them together with a knife till you have a poultice. Now bind it on the affected part.

JELLY CAKE.— Three well beaten eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, butter one-half the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one cup of flour, one small teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar. This will make three layers.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Two cups flour, one scant cup of sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of white sugar (one cup of raisins makes it better), one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Steam one hour. Cream sauce.

TO CURE A HORSE FROM INTERFERING.—Pare the outside of the foot much; inside little. Make cork of heel outside short and sharp, so as to go into the ground easy; inner heel-cork big, so as to hold up that side of foot. This will careen the ankle over a little, which puts it out of the way of the toe of the other foot that does the striking. Try it. It is perfect. Both feet are to be shod this way. Take off all the inner side of toe you dare.

HOW TO RAISE CABBAGE-PLANTS.—Make a bed the same as for onions, and mark it off in rows wide enough for a hoe to work easily between the rows. Then sow the seed and put hen manure along between the rows, being careful not to let it touch the seed row, for if it does the seed will not grow, and it will also kill the plants if it touches them. But it will keep off all insects, and the plants will grow very thriftily. If you hoe them, put some more on. The hen manure should be loose and fine.

LEMON PIE.—Cut the pulp of one lemon into one-half pint of cold water, and let it stand. Grate just a little of the yellow rind into a plate first, and put a little nutmeg to it. In another dish take two eggs, saving out the white of one for frosting, one cup of white sugar, two-thirds for the pie, one-third for the frosting, one heaping teaspoonful of flour; strain the pulp and water through a cloth into a plate, then add all together, bake carefully, frost the top, brown in the oven if liked, or white if liked so best. Follow the directions and it is nice.

HOW TO GET RID OF LARGE STONES.—Large bowlders may be buried out of sight by digging at one side of them deep enough, and toppling them into the holes and covering them. If the stone is valuable for building, drill holes with a steel drill an inch in diameter, one foot or eighteen inches deep, put in two to three inches of blasting powder, and fuse enough to project twelve inches from the hole, tamp with sand and fire the fuse. Judgment should be used to use powder in proportion to the size of the stone, the object sought being to break the rock into three or four fragments, that may afterward be reduced to useful proportions with a sledge-hammer.

ORANGE PIE.—Take one orange and scrape off with a sharp knife the dark yellow of the peel all you can, put into a saucer, then peel, chop all the pulp very fine, put into the saucer with the scraped rind, cover with water, and let it stand while you make the crust, Have scalding hot one pint of rich sweet milk or cream, the well beaten yelks of two eggs, two-thirds cup of white sugar, a pinch of salt; put this with the orange water and all, adding the very hot milk last; put into the oven quickly and bake with care; if it is not allowed to cool it will not whey. When done frost with the whites of two eggs and one-third cup of sugar. I do not try to brown this kind of pie, the only trouble is we must work spry, and it is extra.

TO KILL LICE.—Col. Curtis writes the N. Y. *Tribune* as follows: "We have tried all sorts of mixtures to kill lice on animals and at last have hit on what we think is best: Melt hog's lard, or any hot grease, and in it dissolve salt one-third of the bulk of the grease; take as much grease as will be required to smear the animal all over and into the mixture pour kerosene oil and stir it up. Two gills of the kerosene would be sufficient for a cow of ordinary size. One application completely cured the most stubborn case of lice on an old hog. It leaves the skin smooth and clean, removing the scurf and healing the irritation caused by the parasites. It is also excellent for galls and sores."

MANURIAL VALUE OF BURNED STRAW.—Speaking to a friend about burning straw on land for manurial purposes, writes a New York *Times* correspondent, he told me this: Four years ago he hauled out a lot of wheat straw, and spread it of a uniform depth of some fifteen inches over some five acres. He then set it afire, and immediately on its being consumed turned the surface under with the plow. To the very border of this space he drew and spread his stable and barnyard manure. The benefit to the following crop of wheat was greatly to the advantage of that portion of the field where the straw had been burned, and such was the case likewise in regard to the ensuing crop of corn. He adds further, that to this day it is easy to note the increased fertility of this part of the field as contrasted with other portions of it. The land is a reddish clay.

HOW TO TREAT TAINTED MEAT.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: Take a piece of charcoal the size of a small hen's egg, tie up in a cloth and place in the vessel where you cook your tainted pork. Let it remain during the time of cooking; do not keep it covered with a close-fitting lid. This method will take every particle of taint from beef, mutton, etc.; but it is impossible to eradicate all the taint from pork. Pork should remain in bulk from three to six weeks, owing to the weather, as it will absorb salt faster in warm, rainy weather than when extremely cold and dry. When hung, smoke only on damp, rainy days, unless you have a tight smoke-house. When done smoking make a paste of finely ground black pepper and lard. Spread over the flesh side of the hams and shoulders and lay them in a box, with the skin side down, until you have covered the bottom; then fill in between with dry salt, and so on, putting a good-fitting lid on your box.

First Romance of the New Spring.

IT is moonlight on the hill. From out the trees a gentle zephyr creeps to rob the hyacinth of its perfumed breath, and adown the garden walk the whippoorwill lends his monotone of sadness unto the balmy night. Sleep, with brooding wings, sits silent o'er the scene. But hark! it is the tinkling guitar strummed by the lonely Augusta. He comes. Beneath the vine-clad window in the ghostly gloaming he pauses, and up the flower-trellised wall he shoots a melancholy tenor fraught with the passionate inquiry, "Must I leave thee here alone?" No answer returns save the haunting echo and the low clicking of a distant door. The scene changes.

It is the back-yard tableau. A white-robed old man bends above a chained dog and soothes his too eager spirit as he loosens the collar. A low voice says "S-ee-eeek him, Bull—take a short cut round the rose-bush." A flash—and the old man is alone. The clatter of a fallen guitar comes from the front; a sound like the rush of a steeple-chase nearing a hedge is borne back, and neck and neck two figures cross the picket fence to disappear down the dim perspective of the deserted street. Then the old man meets Bull as he returns on the outer walk, and removes in a discouraged manner a dark object from his foaming mouth, while the animal retires to his kennel in silence. The door opens and shuts upon the white-robed form, and all is still again. But as he gets in bed and shoves the old lady's feet out of the warm place, he mutters, "Bull is gettin' old, an' serenades don't pay divydends like they used to, but if the business keeps up, I think you will be justified in startin' another patch-work quilt, Maria. That last fellow left real cassumer."

"What sorter sample did you get?"

"Tolerble fair. There was a long strip with a pistol pocket hangin' to it, and one gallus' butt'n."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

Wizard vs. 'Bus Conductor.

MR. J. N. MASKELYNE (Maskelyne and Cooke) yesterday explained to a numerous assembly at the Egyptian Hall a full-size model of his patented apparatus for checking the fares paid by passengers in omnibuses, tram-cars, etc., the fruit of many months of patient labor. The apparatus is simple, durable and inexpensive; with it a journey may be divided into any number of stages, and any amount of fare may be charged over any portion of the journey. The merit claimed for it by Mr. Maskelyne is that it protects both the public and the proprietors against fraud. The machine may be briefly described as consisting of a disk about twelve inches in diameter, rotating by clock-work, and a ticket receptacle divided into a number of compartments corresponding to the number of stages of the journey. Before each journey is taken a sheet of paper is placed upon the disk, upon which are printed three eccentric circles and radical lines indicating minutes. The box is filled with tickets. Upon each is printed the stage at which it is issued, as well as the fares to the end of the journey. The conductor is unable to get the tickets until he moves the first compartment of the ticket-box, and each movement of the box causes the lever to press upon the disk and perforates the paper in the center circle, indicating the exact time at which such movement was made. By means of a very simple mechanical arrangement of steps, every persons entering the vehicle causes a second lever to perforate the disk in the outer circle, and upon leaving the vehicle a third lever perforates the disk in the inner circle, thus registering the exact time at which a passenger entered or left the vehicle. The number of tickets issued must correspond with the number of perforations, and at the end of the journey an inspection can readily ascertain the amount of money the conductor has received.—*London Globe.*

"The Cheapest Article in the World."

THIS is what a grateful gentleman said who was cured of a bad kidney disease by the use of Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, after he had offered, in vain, $1,000 to any doctor who would rid him of it. It is the cheapest article in the world to all afflicted with kidney and liver diseases.

MYSTERY SOLVED.—The great secret of the wonderful success of VEGETINE. It strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

For a cough that other remedies will not cure we recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption.

THE genuine Frazer Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world, and we believe it.

DON'T be without C. Gilbert's Starches.

THE Russian Government makes the unpleasant discovery that, while for years past the private sales of gunpowder throughout the empire have not exceeded 700,000 roubles, in 1879 the returns reached 1,000,000 roubles. The increase is attributed to Nihilist purchases.

THE late Isaac Butt, lawyer and then member of Parliament, was going home late one evening when he was accosted by a desperate looking ruffian in one of the suburbs of Dublin, and asked what he was going to stand. "Well," replied Mr. Butt, meekly, "I'm very sorry that I can't give you much, my friend, but what I have we will share. Here," he continued, drawing a revolver from his pocket, is a weapon which has six chambers. I will give you three, and——" But here the lawyer found himself alone.

A WOMAN stung is the nearest approach to perpetual motion.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

On! the Spring, the beautiful Spring,
Of all the four seasons the cussedest thing;
Over the housetops it whistles and rolls,
Over the people and telegraph-poles,
Raining,
Blowing,
Thrashing around,
Filling the eyes full of pulverized ground!
Beautiful Spring! with its opening buds,
House-cleaning troubles, torn carpets and suds!
Oh! give us one crack at the people who sing
The metrical glories of beautiful Spring.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

IF your lamp is heavy a bit of long, narrow paper will make a lamp lighter.—*Marathon Independent.*

COMPARATIVELY few buffalo have ranged during the past year north of the boundary between the United States and Canada, and before very long the animal will be extinct. In 1877 some 30,000 robes were gathered at Fort MacLeod, and a large number at Fort Walsh. In 1878 the number was 12,797 at the former and 16,897 at the latter place; while last year only 5,764 came in at Fort MacLeod and 8,277 to Fort Walsh. This will, in a great measure, explain Indian poverty and suffering.

WHEN pastors preach against the vanity of false things, the ladies know switch is which.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Gold Fields.

There are few families in the East whose members have not to a certain extent caught the Gold Fever, as they read glowing reports of the marvelous finds and fortunes realized by the hardy pioneers who first investigated the mining fields of Leadville, Arizona and New Mexico. It is now safe to predict that the influx of people into Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona during the coming season will be enormous, and the CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R., the favorite Route, which, in order to accommodate this travel, have already been running THREE THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY, with Through Cars, between Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City, in order to supply the immense demand find it necessary to put on a new FAST TRAIN WITH THROUGH CARS between Chicago and Kansas City, leaving Chicago at 12:30 noon, reaching its destination in 20 hours, making in all FOUR THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY, a greater number of trains than any other line West from Chicago.

This is the popular and celebrated Dining Car Line.

SCROFULOUS SWELLINGS, carbuncles and boils, blotches, pimples and eruptions, enlarged glands, internal soreness, torpid liver, and general clogged condition of the system, all yield in due time to nature's sovereign remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold around the world by druggists and chemists. Foreign trade supplied from London branch. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., R. V. Pierce, M. D., President.

WEST BLUE MOUND, Wis., March 8th, 1879.
DR. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—Having suffered many weary months from liver complaint without relief, I was last summer induced to try your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets. At the time I was scarcely able to walk. Owing to their effect I commenced to improve rapidly and am now as well and strong as ever. I thank you from the depths of my heart for the good they have done me, and wish you all success.
Yours truly,
MRS. S. STAGNER.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

All Writers, and their Names are Legion, Say that to Have Good Health

YOU MUST HAVE PURE BLOOD.

Reader, Have You Got Scrofula. Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Cancer, or Any Disease of the Blood?

You Can Positively be Cured. Thousands of Testimonials Prove It.

Druggists, Chemists, Speak, Indorse and Recommend It as the Best and Only Reliable

BLOOD PURIFIER.

MONTREAL, Jan. 29, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:
Dear Sir—I do not like to write testimonials for advertised medicines, but the great benefit that so many of my customers have obtained from the use of VEGETINE compels me to say that with an experience of over 25 years, both in Great Britain and this country, I have never known such a useful remedy placed before the public.
J. D. L. AMBROSE,
Assistant of the Apothecaries' Company of London, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, Licentiate in Pharmacy of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Corner Notre Dame and McGill Streets.

VEGETINE
IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

NERVOUS DEBILITY Home Treatment at little cost. Established exclusively for the treatment of diseases resulting from NERVOUS DEBILITY, deficiency of nervous vitality and all affections of the Genito-Urinary Organs. The treatment permanently cures Mental and Physical impairment resulting from overtaxation of Brain and Nervous system. Average duration of treatment 40 days, without hindrance to employment. Enclose two 3-cent stamps for "TREATISE ON CAUSE AND CURE OF NERVOUS DEBILITY," or state case fully. Correspondence in plain envelope and confidential. No fee required until beneficial results are obtained. Address
DR. CLEGG, 151 Larned St. E., Detroit, Mich.

THE VICTOR
Double Huller Clover Machine
Is the only Hand that has ever hulled 100 bushels of seed in one day from damp and wet straw. Send for Descriptive Circular and Price List, which contains many letters confirming this.
Hagerstown Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co.
State where you saw Advertisement. Hagerstown, Md.

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER
For Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, Workingmen, Property Owners, Tenants, everybody, every business. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 800 in one town, another 182 in 26 days, another 76 in 12 days, another 11 in one day, another ten in a few hours. Everybody wants it. Saves ten times its cost. No other like it.
AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars and terms.
F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCER

INSTITUTE.
Established in 1872 for the Cure of Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address Dr. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

GRAIN AND PROVISION COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Beside doing a General Commission business in LARGE QUANTITIES, we Buy and Sell Grain in 1,000-bu. lots and upwards; also, Pork and Lard in any quantities desired. Correspondence and shipments solicited.
LAMSON BROS., 121 La Salle St., Chicago.

IF YOU ARE SICK, address, with stamp, the Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Ann Arbor, Mich. IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. A. W. CHASE, M. D. (Author of Chase's Recipes.) Sept.

AGENTS' OUTFIT 25c. 120 of the best house-hold articles ever invented. Sell at sight. Send for it, or 8c. for circular. Stamps taken. S. J. FLORENCE & CO., 134 Canal St., New York.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY. All the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. Trenton, N. J. Send for Pamphlet. MOVABLE-TOOTH CIRCULAR SAWS.

HAIR and Wiry sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. R. U. STERN, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr'ss True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers, Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr'ss H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS J. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass. Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy.

$125 OUTFIT free to Agents, and all expenses paid. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

Why don't you Paint with Gutta Percha Paint?

SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY.

Holston Salt and Plaster Co.,
Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with GUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to
GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
CLEVELAND, O. CHICAGO, ILL.

KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?
BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.
KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.
One package will make six qts of medicine.
TRY IT NOW!
Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

PENSIONS

Are paid to all Soldiers who show that they are disabled from any disability contracted in the service, such as a wound of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, rupture, though but slight, disease of lungs, serious veins, chronic diarrhœa, piles, rheumatism, or any other disease. Widows, children under 16 and dependent parents, where the soldier has died of disease contracted in the service, and it can be so proved, are also entitled to a pension. In order to get the benefit of the arrears of Pensions, application must be made very near, as the time is limited by the law. If applications get in in time the soldier applying will draw back to date of discharge, in many instances getting thousands of dollars at the first payment. On this account applications should be made at once. Thousands are still entitled to bounty. Thousands who are now drawing pensions are also entitled to increase. Send two stamps for summary of Pension and Bounty acts. By permission we refer to the following parties in Indianapolis as to our standing:
S. F. KEENEY, Post's Central Bank. | FRED BAGGS, U. S. Col. Int. Rev.
W. R. HOLLOWAY, Postmaster. | Hon. J. C. DENNY, Ex-Atty Gen'l.
Hon. J. B. JULIAN, Ex-Judge Cir. Court. | INDIANA BANKING CO.
P. H. FITZGERALD & CO.,
Either Box C, Washington City, D.C., or Indianapolis, Ind.

BAKER'S COD LIVER OIL PURE
THE ONLY REMEDY
For Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, and Diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood.
Consumption has been cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through the use of this truly wonderful remedy, which is pronounced by the highest medical authority to be "both food and medicine."
Begin its use promptly, and thus save life and establish health. We also prepare
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phosphate of Lime,
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Phos. & Wild Cherry
Baker's Pure Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt.
For sale by all druggists. 23d Send for Pamphlet to
JOHN C. BAKER & CO., Philadelphia.
Hemorrhoids effectually cured by the use of BAKER'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Sold by all druggists.

Red River Valley.
2,000,000 ACRES
of the best
Wheat Lands
in the World for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them at once to healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have testified to having been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.
Send for pamphlet to
WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.
Prices, 75 cents and $1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

$10,000. SAFETY LAMP.
Mailed Free for 35 Cts.
Four For $1.
$10,000 will be paid to any person who can explode a lamp fitted with our PATENTED SAFETY ATTACHMENT.
May use any lamp or burner.
Prevents dripping and heating.
Send for samples, with size of collar
AGENTS WANTED and denth of your lamp.
S. S. Newton's Safety Lamp Co., 19 West Broadway, New York
Factory and Office, Binghamton, N. Y.

Iowa Farms
Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West
For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co.
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Branch Office, 92 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
PAIN KILLER is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.
PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold by all Druggists.

Spencerian
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Young men and women prepared for the active duties of a successful business life or to teach Spencerian Penmanship. Address PLATT R. SPENCER.

Pertaining to Persons, Places and Things, with Blackboard Designs, Bible Studies, Concert Exercises and Prayer-Meeting Outlines, Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D. D.
Can be sold in every family.
AGENTS WANTED.
Forshee & McMackin, 139 & 140 W. Fifth st. CINCINNATI, OHIO

FORTUNES for Emigrants coming West. For particulars address, with stamp, CRAWFORD & FEATHER, La Porte, Wayne Co., Neb.

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MODERN
ELECTROTYPE
—AND—
Stereotype Machinery
A SPECIALTY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Bookbinders' and Printers' Machinery
CHEAP FOR CASH.
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I. CLENDENEN, M. D.,
OFFICE, ROOM 7,
145 Madison Street, Chicago,
TREATS
Cancer, Tumors, Etc.,
By a New and Scientific Process.
No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.
SEND FOR REFERENCES.

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JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$200 PRIZE puzzles in Comic Monthly, a mammoth pictorial for family entertainment, 21st year. Sent on trial six months to any new subscriber for 25 cts. Specimens 10c.; none free. Address
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SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE
(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)
A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.
Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.
For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.
For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
H. H. Warner & Co.
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

BERRY CRATES and Baskets. Cheapest and best. Circular free. N. B. Batterson, Buffalo, N. Y.

$15 buys a new Standard Singer Sewing Machine, warranted. C. G. AKAM, 24 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
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Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Jan. 30-tf.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon, New York
Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
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Dr. Singleton Townshend
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LICENSE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1880.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

GEO. D. WHITE,
ap, 3 Sheriff Garrett county.

Estate of Elisha Umbel, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

ELISHA UMBEL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

JACKSON W. UMBEL,
3 27 4 Administrator.

Estate of John Swauger, dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN SWAUGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of March, 1880.

WM. H. SWAUGER,
mh27-4t Administrator.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

350 ACRES
—OF—
Good Land
For Sale Cheap.

This Land lies on the Hooppole Road, about six miles north east from Oakland, B. & O. R. R., and is generally covered with good timber.

Would make several good farms.

Will be sold in bulk or in small lots, to suit purchasers.

For particulars and terms apply to the undersigned, or address postoffice, Oakland, Garrett Co. Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veltch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

MEDICAL.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Diseases, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Eleptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an Invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,
Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
my10-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 250¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
10 1 2m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

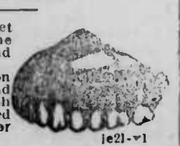

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-v1

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EVERY VARIETY

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We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS
JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the
ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 In.; Depth, 24 In.; Length, 50 In. Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves. French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it on your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, tells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world, shall be supplied by any celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $175, $185, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

NEW EDITION.

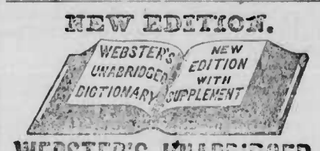

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of over 9700 NAMES
of Noted Persons, ancient and modern, including many now living, giving Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession and Date of each.

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GOING WEST

No. 2	4.54 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	2.09 A. M.
No. 10	4.44 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.59 A. M.
No. 3	10.56 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.15 A. M.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880. NUMBER 11.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1880.

JESUS AND THE YOUNG.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Ten months of the Saviour's ministry have passed since the last lesson, and now only one month remains before the final crisis. He has left Galilee forever, and entered the province of Perea, on the east of Jordan, a new field of labor, where multitudes follow him. Here he pauses in his ministry long enough for a visit to Jerusalem, and its suburb, Bethany, where he works the greatest of his miracles' the raising of Lazarus. But this wondrous act arouses such a storm of persecution that Jesus, whose hour of sacrifice ha not yet arrived, retires for a time to a secluded village. The Feast of the Passover, and his own appointed hour draw nigh, and he once more turns his steps toward the capital. On the way [illegible] people in parables. Mothers come with their little ones, asking him to lay his holy hands upon them in blessing. The disciples do not wish to have his discourse interrupted by such trifles, and oppose them, but Jesus will have none, not even "the least of all," kept back from himself, and folds them in his arms with tender blessings. Soon after a young man of high station and blameless life comes running, and falls at his feet with desire to do "some great thing" in order to merit heaven. Christ points him to the commandments, and bids him fulfill them. Failing to see the spiritual import of his words, the young man declares that he has already risen to their standard, and asks some higher requirement. Then the Master touches him to the quick by a call to surrender all his possessions, and give himself up to a life among the apostles. Sadly he turns away, for the sacrifices are too great for his weak will. The lesson shows to the twelve how riches and the interests of the world are among the greatest hindrances to a consecrated life, though even their obstacles may be overcome by divine grace.

Matt. 19. 13-26.

Memory Verses, 21-26.

13 Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

24 But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

15 And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

16 And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

17 And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

18 He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness,

19 Honor thy father and thy mother; and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

20 The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

21 Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me.

22 But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

23 Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.

24 And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

25 When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?

26 But Jesus beheld them and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus and the young. Matt. 19. 13-26.
Tu. Jesus and the little child. Matt. 18 1-4.
W. The apostle and the young. 1 John 2. 1-14.
Th. Exhortation to the young. Eccles. 11. 9-12. 14.
F. Counsel to the young. Prov. 4. 1-18.
S. The example for the young. Luke 2. 40-52.
S. Advice to the young. 2 Tim. 2. 1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. 19. 14.

LESSON HYMN. 8, 7, 4.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A WELCOME TO THE CHILDREN, v. 13-15; 1 Pet. 2. 1, 2.
Who were brought to Jesus, and why?
Why do you suppose the disciples rebuked them?
What did Jesus say in the Golden Text?
How may children now come to Christ?
Wherein is the kingdom of heaven of such?
What did Jesus say to the disciples? Matt. 18. 3.
How may children receive his blessing.

2. A WARNING TO YOUTH, v. 16-26; Rom. 3. 20, 23.
Who came to Christ?
How did he show his earnestness?
What did he ask? What did Jesus tell him to do?
What commandments are here meant?
What had this young man done?
How did Jesus feel toward this youth? Mark 10. 21.
How did Christ tell him he might be perfect?
What did Christ mean in this? [ANS. To teach him self-denial for Christ.]
How did the young man feel at this command?
Did his sorrowful feelings save him?
What did Jesus say to his disciples?
What is the danger of riches? Matt 13. 22
How may a rich man be saved? 1 Tim. 6. 17-19.
What was a wise man's prayer? Prov. 30. 8, 9.
What are the true riches? Matt. 6. 20. 21.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The authority of the ten commandments.

Grant's Greeting in Memphis.

[From the Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, (Dem.) April 13.]

The people of Memphis will greet Gen. Grant to-day with a generous and manly welcome. They will recognize in him the great leader of the Northern people during the civil war, the man whom that people delight to honor as their hero. They will greet him as the soldier who magnanimity twice prevented the humiliation of our greatest soldier—our hero, the immortal Lee. They will greet him as the soldier who refused to make a scene of the surrender at Appamattox, and whose thoughtfulness preserved to our officers their swords, and to our people their horses and horses with which to begin the labors of civil strife after four years of bloody, fruitless strife. They will greet him as the soldier who interposed to save our brave Confederate troops from the harrassments and annoyances and the degradations that Radical malignancy had prepared for them as the finale of a party vengeance. They will greet him as the idolized leader of the millions who from every part of the Northern and Western States of the Union sent us in the years of plague an unstinted help in money and men and women, accompanied by a tender and Christian solicitude for our sick and dying. He is their representative, the man whom above all others they delight to honor. For this, putting away the record of the party whose instrument—possibly against his better nature—he became, the people of Memphis will take him cordially by the hand. They will recall the traits of a character whose most prominent faults, even from our extreme point of view, lie at the door of his good nature, his love of friends, his devotion to those who at any time, especially in his hours of need, have kindly served him. They will put aside political differences and self respecting will entertain the soldier who 15 years ago rounded a great career by acts that sounded the very depths of a noble nature and that were a contrast with the then prevalent sentiment that he stemmed in their accomplishment. He is our fellow citizen—He is an American. Now, while the record of the sections is still open, while history is still recording the evidences of the great struggle, while so many of the participants on both sides still survive as active agents of the people in the administration, or in legislating for the administration, of the restored government, it is too much to expect oblivion as to acts that have left their sting and smart to fret and worry us even to this very hour. But if we recall the events that have chased each other so rapidly since the eyes of the beloved commander at Appomattox were blinded by the tears of the sorest trial of his life, we shall find that we have reason, abundant reason, to be thankful that in so short a time we are again as free men, with none to make us afraid, that we are again in possession of the States the fathers and pioneers fashioned out of the wilderness, that all the comities between the States of the American Union are restored, that the Union itself, to which the South contributed so much of brains and blood, is stronger than ever—stronger in its attitude toward the world beyond, and stronger in the affections of the people. Looking back along the pages of the history of our race, we find no parallel to this. Even to our own day the hate of England's greatest ruler, Cromwell, is perpetuated by intelligent men. The discords, contentions and feuds born of political differences have for 700 years marked the course of parties in Ireland. In Spain, three factions, fired to an intensity of zeal by the remembrances of the past, wait the opportunity to seize the throne of Alfonso; and in France, the Legitimist, the Orleanist and the Imperialist perpetuate contentions which daily threaten the safety of the Republic. Unlike Germany we have neither an Alsace nor a Lorraine. Only here in this land, where strong common sense tempers all we do, was it possible for the surging sea of war to subside, and for the genius of the people to evoke by their fiat and their will an effective "Peace be still." In the life of a nation 15 years is but as a day. Yesterday we were at each other's throats; to-day peace reigns in all our borders, and we are enjoying the overflowing fruits of many industries, making the whole world our market. The wounds of war are almost healed. We already read it in histories. We do not forget it; we do not forget the noble men who gave their lives for us, but the fierceness, the passion and the prejudice of the strife have died out, and tender, grateful recollections of them survive. The history of both sections, like the stars upon our flag, are merged. We are, let us hope, upon the threshold of a new era, when all trace of the bloody contest will be blotted out, and we shall be able to say that in a generation we had fought thro' years of bloody war, and wiped out all its stains. A man can win no nobler victory than to triumph over himself, to subject himself to law, to restrain his impulses, to put passion and littling prejudices under foot, and people can offer no higher evidence of their civilization than their subjugation of passion, prejudice and hate, and the uncharitableness of sectional strife and party animosities. Looking abroad through all the States, while we find those who would yet warp the judgment of the nation and strain the endurances of the Republic, we find the great mass yielding to those kindly influences which strengthen the bonds of the Union, sustain mutual confidence, and cement brotherly love. What part this man or that took in bringing this about we will not to-day stop to inquire. We will enjoy the retrospect. We will halt on the first step toward an engrossing political contest, and we will indulge ourselves in one of those pleasant episodes that prove the picture we have drawn. We will entertain Gen. Grant as our guest, and by another generous, hospitable act hasten forward the day when only the greatest of the achievements of both North and South, a common heritage, will be remembered or recalled.

Republicans and the Election Laws.

Republicans are fighting for "troops at the polls," it is said. They are disposed, it is asserted, to go into a close election burdened with the policy of making disreputable selections for election marshals. As a matter of fact, the Republicans are opposed to coercive legislation in every shape—to every form of addition to the appropriation bills which is calculated to destroy the freedom of judgment and action of the minority in Congress or of the Executive. They resist such measures as revolutionary, quite irrespective of the tenor of the measures themselves. In this they are right, and hope for the full support of the President. But their opponents also studiously misrepresent the character of the particular measures now pending, and cannot claim with truth or decency that Republicans who oppose on their merits the pending Army bill or the Immediate Deficiency bill, of which the President is now expected to sign the one and veto the other, are in favor of a policy of using troops at the polls and making disreputable selections for election marshals.

The power to use the Army for the enforcement of the civil laws has been abused, it is true. So has the power to select United States marshals to enforce the election laws. Republicans waste no time in denying that these provisions of existing law have in some cases been abused. They go further; they frankly express regret that there should be any occasion for such provisions, because they are in their nature liable to abuse. Yet they oppose such changes as the Democrats have attempted to make, and because they believe that such changes would go far to cripple the United State Government and to make the election laws impotent. It would be but fair and decent to state the Republican position in these matters truthfully, and it would be expedient also for the Democrats, because their misrepresentation in a vital point tends to deprive all their reasoning and criticism of weight with loyal people.

The loyal people of the country want the law, faithfully enforced. They have been taught by observation of Democratic methods, that large powers for the prevention of fraud and violence in connection with elections must be lodged somewhere. That it is folly to expect Democratic State officials to stop fraud or violence in the interest of the Democratic party, the loyal people have been taught by ugly experience. In Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and many other Southern States, and in New York and Maine. Hence the election laws grant large power to the Federal Government, and the loyal power of this land deem those laws essentially just and necessary. They are ready to listen to propositions for the amendment of these laws. But they stoutly resist, and brand as essentially disloyal, any attempt to nullify or defeat those laws, by depriving the President of the power necessary to enforce them, by depriving duly appointed officials of their pay, or by placing the power of selecting the officials within the reach of the same partisan influences which have constantly defeated the enforcement of just laws in Democratic States. Nullification is quite as offensive to the loyal people of today as it was to the Democrat President who stamped it out in South Carolina. The form makes no difference; the thing is the same, however disguised.

As to abuses of these laws, too, the Republican position is simple and honorable. Republicans do not desire, countenance or defend such abuses. They have elected a President who does not knowingly tolerate such abuses. Any amendments of the law that are calculated to prevent all abuses, without stripping the law itself of the power necessary for the prevention of crime against the freedom of the people, the loyal Republicans are ready to consider. But they cannot be bullied into assent to the repeal of a law, or still less into assent to the nullification of a law, because that law may possibly be abused. They are ready to go to the country on the declaration that laws for the prevention of these peculiarly Democratic crimes have become necessary, and that the existing laws are essentially just and proper; that they countenance no abuses of the large power thus entrusted, but mean to elect a President under whom such abuses shall not be feared; that they will not consent to sweep away a necessary law because it can be amended, or because it has been abused in the past, or may be abused in the future; nor will they consent to the nullification of a law while it stands unrepealed on the statute-books, because their opponents have been unable to repeal it, or are unable to get it changed exactly to their liking, or are afraid that it may hereafter be abused. On either of these pleas, it would be easy to nullify any conceivable law that the members of any party desire altered or repealed. There is scarcely a law in existence that cannot be abused; scarcely a law that some set of men does not wish changed. But Mexican anarchy differs from Republican liberty in this, that loyal and law-abiding citizens in this country faithfully obey and enforce laws until they can get those laws changed by the proper constitutional methods. They will hold a party responsible for the abuse of a law. But they will not repeal or nullify a necessary law because it is possible for that law to be abused.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Washington correspondent of the Syracuse *Courier*, a Democratic paper gives an interesting account of an interview with the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. Some of the views he expressed were novel. We quote a portion of the letter as follows:

"National conventions, as mediums of popular expression in the naming of candidates for President, are, in Mr. Stephen's opinion, an egregious failure, as well as an infringement of the spirit and intent of the Constitution. 'What would you substitute for them?' I asked. 'I would,' said Mr. Stephens, 'go back to the original intent of the Constitution, leaving each State to choose, as electors, men in whom it has confidence, pledging them to the support of no candidate, but permitting them to exercise, unhampered, their own best judgment. 'But,' I suggested, 'without concert of action between the Electors of various States, all meeting and voting, as they do, on the same day, would not, generally; the result be that no candidate would be found to have a majority?' 'Very likely,' replied he, 'and in that case, of course, the House of Representatives, voting by States, would be called upon to elect—an alternative not by any means to be deplored.' Mr. Stephens referred to the disposition, for some time, of the Constitution-makers to intrust the choice of Executive to Congress, and seemed to think that if the election of President chanced to be thrown into the House, it was just as well if not a little better. He recalled a conversation which he had with Webster here in Washington a few weeks before Webster went to Marshfield to die, in which that great statesman bewailed the tendency of National conventions as stifling the voice of the States and destroying the intent of the Constitution. 'National conventions!' said Mr. Stephens, 'I call them conventions of the National tramps. Tom Benton looked upon them with loathing.'

'How is the South getting on Mr. Stephens? Its material condition is steadily improving, I suppose?' 'No, sir; the South—at least Georgia—is growing poorer. Cotton, its staple, was not a paying crop last season. The test of prosperity of a people is to be found in the quantity of meat consumed, man being a carnivorous animal. Before the war, Georgia consumed annually 200 pounds of meat per capita. In Germany, the amount of consumption is only 75 pounds, in some other European countries even less. That was a sign that Georgia was highly prosperous. But how is it now? Last year the consumption of meat per capita was found to have dwindled in my State to 75 pounds. And yet Georgia is generally rated more prosperous than her sister States of the South.' Mr. Stephens attributed the poverty of the South, to the violent and revolutionary changes in its industrial system. Secession, he declares, was the first great blow, and immediate, instead of gradual emancipation was the second. He thinks the slavery problem would have worked itself out all right had it been left alone, and he refers with evident pride to the efforts which he was making when the war broke out, in connection with the late Dr. S. K. Talmage (an uncle of the Brooklyn divine), for legislation forbidding the separation of families of slaves and permitting their education.

"It is no secret that Mr. Stephens has a high opinion of Grant. 'He is a very remarkable man,' said Mr. Stephens, 'in some respects the most remarkable man I have ever known. He would have pursued a liberal policy toward the South if the South had only given him support and encouragement. But it gave him neither, and yet it didn't seem to disturb him any. Lincoln's assassination was a great blow to the South. Lincoln was a kindly man, of broad views, and he would have been our friend. Grant was equally kindly disposed, but our people gave him the cold shoulder. Grant is strong because of his 'horse sense.' A most remarkable man, truly.

"'Have you any idea, Mr. Stephens, that Grant, if nominated, could carry a single Southern State?' 'Yes, several. He could carry Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, and gave a close race in Mississippi. Grant is ten per cent. stronger in the South than would be any other Republican candidate.'

"As to Democratic candidates Mr. Stephens was less pronounced. The 'Ring' in Georgia, he intimated, was for Tilden. Gov. Seymour, he declared, might have been elected in 1868 if he had stood on the platform. He had never seen Gov. Seymour."

There appears to be a difference of opinion between the citizens of New Orleans and the Democratic political cliques which control the city's patronage, in regard to the functions of a city police force. The former have an idea that the duty of the police is to protect law-abiding citizens from assassins and thieves and plunderers, and preserve the peace of the city by the enforcement of the law. The latter, however, see in a policeman only a trusted political worker, and the city officials hold him responsible only for political labors. The result of this difference of opinion is that policemen have friendly relations with gangs of ruffians and thieves that infest the city, and are prone to use their locusts to club the victim of an assault and drag him off to the station, while the thief makes away with his booty. Outrages committed by the police or connived at by them fill columns of the New Orleans journals daily. The condition of affairs has got so bad that the citizens are organizing a vigilance committee, with the deliberate purpose to ornament the nearest lamp-post with the dangling form of the first policeman they find offending against the law or protecting their rascally friends. It is not strange, under such circumstances, that the conservative Democrats are expressing the opinion that they were not so bad off under carpet-bag rule as they thought they were, and do not hesitate to say that there has been no improvement in the government of the city or State since the Conservatives got into control.

It is reported from Washington that the present investigation at West Point may result in the removal of General Schofield. Some years ago that little patch of territory on the Hudson was erected into a Military Department, nominally equal in rank to the great Military Departments, some of which cover a dozen States. This was done in order that General Schofield might be appointed to the command of it, and his removal can be effected by simply reducing the Department of West Point to its old rank as a military post, when he must needs be transferred to other duty. General Schofield's history is one that would inspire kindly judgment, but he has been his own worst enemy of late. His mistakes have been frequent and offensive, and his removal would seem to have become almost a necessity.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"PERHAPS."

In woodland ways now strangled with the snow
The blue, sweet violets will soon be springing,
The golden-headed aconites will blow,
And in the meadows robins shall be singing.
Then from the streets into the fields I'll go;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, if not then, when strawberries are red,
And flag flowers stand among the blowing rushes,
When roses bloom, and in the trees o'erhead
There is a dreamy melody of thrushes,
My feet again the mossy turf shall tread;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, better still, I'll sail the windy sea,
Full of large music, billow to billow singing,
And by 'mid broken lights, and sea-drift free,
Hearing in dreams of land the ships bells ringing—
Yes, oceanward, when summer comes, I'll flee;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

O heart, I said, thine is the weariest way:
Why wilt thou ever disesteem To-morrow?
Time is so niggardly with each To-day,
Surely 'tis well from future days to borrow.
Art thou afraid such drafts will be to pay?
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Then 'mid man's fretful dwellings, dim and low,
I'll dream of peace, eternal flowers unfading,
And of that tideless sea whose happy flow
Keeps not a note of sorrow or upbraiding.
Some day I'll find that Happy Land, I know;
And my heart answered, "Thou shalt go!"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Castle Clock; Or, How Hans Upset the Solar System.

A long time ago there lived on the banks of the Rhine a small boy named Hans. He was the son of the warder of the Castle of Klatterdasche—a stone castle on a wooded hill, not many miles from Bingen. Below, in the valley next the river, was the village of Schlossburg. Hans and his mother lived in the village; but his father had to stay up in the castle, to lock the doors and windows, pull up the drawbridge, and wind up the castle clock every Monday morning.

All this was so long ago that watches had not been invented, and the big clock in the southwest tower of the castle was thought to be a truly wonderful piece of machinery. It had a big dial, that could be seen from all parts of the village, and even from the other side of the river. It had also a big bell, that sounded the hour. On still nights it could be heard for miles up and down the Rhine. It was even said that once the Lorely heard it at her home on the crags, and was so alarmed that she forgot to sing to the fishermen. This fact, however, is not mentioned in any of the story-books about Miss Lorely, which was certainly great a oversight on the part of her historians.

The people of Schlossburg had neither clocks nor watches. Clocks cost much money, and nobody had ever seen a watch. Before Baron Klatterdasche put the clock in the castle-tower, they had depended on the sun and moon and stars for the time of day and night. They got up when the cocks crew; and they went to bed when it was dark, as they felt sure it must then be night. They planted beans when the spring frogs piped in the meadows. They cut the grass when the raspberries were ripe, and they piled up the winter wood when the birds flew away. Once, when there was an eclipse of the sun, the entire population went to bed at half-past two in the afternoon, only to wake up at three, in broad daylight. Once a foolish young cockerel, who had been dreaming, crowed at midnight. All the people got up and started their fires for breakfast, and were surprised to find how long the sun was in rising that morning. So they went to bed again and slept till noon; for the cockerels, being disturbed so early, were too sleepy to crow.

For boys with well-regulated minds such a state of affairs would have been perfectly dreadful. For Hans and his playmates of Schlossburg it didn't make much difference. The sun rose and set pretty regularly; the moon waxed and waned just about so; the stars seemed to go through their motions with a regularity that was quite comforting; the winter and spring and summer and autumn came round in the same order every year; and all the Schlossburgers, both young and old, felt sure the entire universe was carried on pretty much the same all the time.

When Baron Klatterdasche put up the clock, and in a free lecture at the town-hall explained what it was for, the Schlossburgers felt deeply grateful. Now, said they, we can get breakfast, and have dinner, and put the children to bed without paying any attention to the sun or the moon. In fact, the clock would make them quite independent of the Solar System. Hans's father, being the most learned man in the place (he could write his name and he knew vulgar fractions), was appointed to the honorable postion of town clock-winder. Soon after this Baron Klatterdasche went off to the wars; and so it happened Hans's father was left in charge of the castle and the new clock.

The Schlossburgers were very proud of their clock; and for the first few nights sat up all night to hear it strike the hours, as they were not quite sure it would go in the dark. After this they paid no attention to the cockerels; but got up when the clock struck five, had breakfast at six, and went to work at seven; at twelve they had dinner; at six they came home to supper; at eight o'clock the small children went to bed; at nine the bigger boys and girls went off; and every candle in the place went out at the same instant on the first stroke of ten.

Hans's mother used to put the dinner on to cook by looking at the sun, and let it boil by an hour-glass. Now she went to the door and looked up at the castle, and governed her cooking by the big clock. Hans's father stayed at the castle, and every day Hans carried his dinner up to him. So it happened that Hans made the acquaintance of the castle clock. He stood by when his father oiled the wheels, and helped him turn the crank when he wound it up on Monday mornings. His father explained every point, and showed him how the pendulum worked, and how it made the clock go slower when it was lengthened and faster when it was shortened. All these things Hans remembered; for, no doubt, in time he would succeed his father in the honorable position of town clock-winder.

The children of Schlossburg soon found the clock was a terrible nuisance. When they depended on the sun to tell them when to come home from playing in the fields, they had a good time. The mornings were long and the afternoons quite splendid. Some days didn't seem to have any end at all, and they really only stopped playing because it was dark. The castle clock changed all this. It struck every hour and cut the time into little bits. Dinner-time came before they were half ready for it, and it was six o'clock and time to go home right in the middle of the first games. They were sure it was not bedtime so soon after supper, and always insisted it struck seven when it was eight. The mornings were dreadful. They were sure it struck five in the middle of the night. Every boy and girl fairly hated the sound of the castle clock.

One day they had an indignation meeting in the woods on the hill, and decided that the clock was a very bad thing for Schlossburg. Hans was there and said he knew all about the clock, and that it was not such a wonderful thing, after all.

"You turn the crank, and the wheels go round, and the pen-du-lum—"

"Oh! what an awful lot he must know!" cried Tina Deckels.

Pen-du-lum! What a terrific word!

"The pen-du-lum," continued Hans, proudly, "regulates it and makes it go fast or slow. If it is short, the clock goes fast; and if it's long, the clock goes slow."

"I say, Hans," said one of the big boys, "couldn't you hook up into the tower, and just piece out that pen-du-lum?"

"You don't have to do that. You screw down the bob."

"The bob! What was that?"

"I know, but I'm not going to tell. My father is an official, and I'm not going to let out State secrets."

"Well, you could fix it to go slow, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Hans, doubtfully. "The clock would go slow."

"Oh! how nice that would be," said Tina. "We wouldn't have to get up so early."

"Nor come home from play so soon," said Gretchen Tytler.

"Nor go to bed right after supper," said Lesa Saltsburg.

"Do it, Hans! Do it!" cried all the boys and girls.

Hans thought it a pretty bold plan; but the advantages to be gained by all the boys and Schlossburg were so great, he would try it. Some day, while his father was at dinner, he would steal up in the castle-tower and lower the bob. Just a little; not enough to be noticed.

So the meeting broke up in great glee. Hans promised to regulate the clock; and they all crossed thumbs, and said they would never, never tell any body.

This was Saturday afternoon; and on the following Monday, as luck would have it, Hans went up to the castle with his father's dinner, and found him sitting in the sun at the castle-gate.

"Hans, lad, thee must wind the clock to-day. My rheumatism is bad, and I can't climb those steep stairs to the tower. There is nothing to be done but to put on the crank and turn it round fourteen times, as thee has seen me do it."

Hans climbed up the dark and winding stairs of the tower. At every step he heard the tick of the clock growing louder and louder. He passed a narrow wooden door, and shuddered. In that room was the great pendulum swinging in the dark. He went on up more stairs, and came at last to the small room in the belfry where the clock-works stood. How very loud they ticked! His heart seemed to tick too. He picked up the crank, put it on the works, and turned it slowly round fourteen times; for it was pretty hard work for a boy. Then he went to a narrow window, and looked out on the beautiful Rhine, the woods, the vineyards rising in stone terraces up the steep hillsides, and the red roofs of little Schlossburg, so far below. It was a lovely sight; but he saw nothing. He was thinking of that pen-du-lum.

Fifteen minutes later Hans appeared at the castle-porch, looking very red in the face.

"Thee has been a long time about it, my son. I'll do it myself next time."

Hans was terribly frightened; but he said not a word and hoped that nothing serious would come of it.

For a week nothing in particular happened. The Schlossburgers regulated every thing by the castle clock; and if on Saturday night the sun did go down a trifle early it was not noticed. The next week the people began to wonder why they slept so late in the morning. They rose with the clock, and yet the sun seemed to be ahead of them. Every body began to be hungry before dinner was ready, and the sun popped down behind the hills in the most alarming manner. Next week it grew worse. The week after still worse. The sun rose a whole hour before the time set for it by the clock. It was noon at eleven o'clock and dark at five. Perhaps the sun was getting out of order. Some of the people who were out late at night said that even the stars were behind time, and the moon had plainly lost her way in the sky.

The next week it was still worse. The sun rose in the night and set in the middle of the afternoon. The maids got up too late to milk the cows, and the children sat up long after dark, because it was not yet eight o'clock; though every one knew that the chickens had gone to bed long ago. Day by day things grew worse, and the people were alarmed, and went in a body to the village priest, to see if he knew what had happened in Heaven, for the Solar System was evidently quite upset.

The priest gravely said that undoubtedly some one had done something very wicked, and perhaps the end of the world was near. When Hans heard this, he nearly had a fit, and his mother put him to bed, with a bottle of hot water at his feet. Poor boy! The bottle was bad; but thinking about the Solar System was worse. His father wound up the clock through all this, and insisted it was all right. Baron Klatterdasche, no doubt, would be greatly offended if the people thought any thing was wrong with the castle clock. Things went on from bad to worse. The sun rose at one in the morning and set at eleven. The full moon rose in the middle of the afternoon, and the stars ran wild without the slightest regard to any thing. The universe was breaking to pieces and the entire Solar System was out of order.

In despair, the Schlossburgers sent a committee of one to Nuremburg for help. Several wise men lived there—astrologers, astronomers and clock-makers. The committee laid the case before some of these learned men, and one of them offered to go to Schlossburg and see if the Solar System could be fixed. The committee and the learned man arrived at Schlossburg about noon; but really at six o'clock. Didn't the castle clock point squarely at six, with the little hand down and the big hand up? Any body could see it was six o'clock, and yet the sun was high overhead. Clearly, the sun was out of order.

The entire population, including Hans and all the boys and girls, assembled on the green to welcome the committee and the learned man Nuremburg. He looked at the clock and then at the sun; and so did all the people. The priest suggested that perhaps the angels had forgotten to oil the wheels of the sun, and that the Judgment Day was near. The learned man laughed; but all the people shuddered. Then the wise man took out a sun-dial and a compass, and placed them on a flat rock, that the village boys had used as a table on which to play jack-stones. He adjusted the dial by the compass, and looked at the sun, and then at the clock, and then at the sun again. There was a solemn silence among all the people, for they felt sure something wonderful was about to happen.

The learned man looked at the clock. It was ten minutes past six. Then he said, with a solemn air:

"The clock is six hours slow. It must be losing several minutes a day. Shorten the pendulum."

"Then the Solar System is safe?" said the priest.

"Yes, quite so. Let the clock be set at twelve."

The people gave three cheers; and Han's father ran up in the tower, and turned the hands back to twelve before all the people. Hans, who knew how it all happened, was terribly frightened; but, as it was dinner-time, instead of supper-time, of course there was the whole afternoon to play. It was a clear gain, too; for he had one afternoon already that day. This the children found quite consoling; and, as they had crossed thumbs, they would never tell and Hans was safe.

The Schlossburgers gave the learned man a grand dinner at the town-hall, and congratulated each other on the continued safety of the Solar System.—*Charles Barnard, in N. Y. Independent.*

The Rush to the Colorado Mining Districts.

A city full of people, and its hotels crowded, private residences filled and tenement rooms nearly all occupied, with a rush of building on nearly every vacant square within the corporate limits, new hotels taking convenient positions in every quarter, with cottages and handsome dwellings spreading out beyond the confines of the city, taken altogether, are good beginners for the opening season. The splendid weather which has prevailed all winter and thus far into the spring may prove a delusion and a snare to many a hopeful, adventurous spirit, at least for the next thirty days. It is quite likely that many have already been impressed that they are a little too fresh for a start. While it continues warm, calm, and serene down here, it still storms and snows on the mountains, and reports come in of snow in many of the mining districts from three to five feet deep. A change of weather just now would overtake many thousand pilgrims on their way to the Gunnison and San Juan districts, to Leadville, to Breckinridge, and other attractive sections, while an army of prospectors and adventurers of every description is organizing, with a daily accession of recruits from the States, for a raid into the Indian reservation, which is said to be the richest mineral section of Colorado. Men with guns on their shoulder, revolvers in their belts, and full equipments strapped around their person, may be seen any day wandering through the streets of Denver. I learned by inquiries of these persons that they were coming here to start for the Indian reservation. "We don't care," said one of these fellows, "what action the Government takes, or whether the Indians go or stay; we are going to work, and we will go in sufficient numbers to clean out all the Utes that offer any resistance." A great number whose first intention was to go to the Gunnison have determined to pass on to the reservation. A paper was circulated yesterday for the signatures of such Denverites as intend going to the Gunnison District during the spring and summer, and over 500 names were secured. These are men chiefly engaged in business here. This is but a handful compared with the transient population, who are coming and going with their steps bent in that direction, and but a drop in the bucket compared with the great multitude that is coming.—*Denver Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

An engineer on the Lehigh Valley Road broke the valve of his steam-pipe the other day, and to save his life couldn't stop the shrill screaming that followed. The prolonged whistling caused much commotion among people living along the line of the road, and many ran from their homes to ascertain what was the matter. The engineer pointed to the whistle, which the fireman was vainly endeavoring to fix, but his gestures were not understood. Stationmen, flagmen, trackmen and others had an idea that the engineer was crazy, and began to predict all sorts of disasters. The engine was run to Sugar Notch and housed, and there the fire was drawn. All this time, and until the steam was exhausted, that insatiable whistle tooted away like mad. It was a funny sort of an accident, and created quite an excitement.

The lower Yellowstone is literally black with large herds of buffalo, and many of the citizens are slaughtering them by wholesale for their hides, which find ready sale in Miles City.

Religious.

THE PERFECT DEATH.

Discs Mori.

Where shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where, thro' each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most High,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed;
When on the Cross to Heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfill
The Father's gracious Will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along His path of gloom
Thought for His country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief—
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all besides shall die.

Heart, but not alone,
The world is still His own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;
Sure, though in shud'dring dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all mankind must die.

Oh! by those weary hours
Of slowly-ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word,
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die!

—*Dean Stanley, in McMillan's Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 2	The Transfiguration	Matt. 17: 1-13
May 9	Jesus and the Young	Matt. 19:13-26
May 16	The Marriage Feast	Matt. 22: 1-14
May 23	The Judgment	Matt. 25:31-46
May 30	Gethsemane	Matt. 26:30-50
June 6	The Crucifixion	Matt. 27:35-50
June 13	After the Resurrection	Matt. 28: 8-20
June 20	Review of the Lessons.	
June 27	Lesson selected by the School.	

Narrow Lives.

An obscure life is not of necessity a narrow one. There are aged people, laid aside, by reason of infirmities, from taking an active share in the world's work, who still retain their bright, vivid interest in whatever is going on, and who live largely outside and beyond themselves. There are invalids, seldom able to venture from the seclusion of home, who diffuse a benign and wide-reaching influence, which blesses hearts and strengthens hands in a way that only the Master sees. To most of us come hours when we sit in the shadow, when our defeated plans and broken hopes seem to be strewn like driftwood on the shore of life; and then, perhaps, we despair of such accomplishment as we would honestly desire, such achievement as would be rewarding and successful, in our day and generation. Let us not lose courage. The Master has another measure of success, and judges in a tenderer and truer fashion than we can of our loss and gain. If our opportunities be few, and our privileges limited, we are responsible for what we have, and never for what we have not.

The trouble is that many of us, some in our little retired nooks, and some on our hill-tops of social advantage, are willing and contented to live narrow lives. Selfishness is invariably narrow, and nothing is so subtle as selfishness. The home duties of a wife and mother are her first and nearest duties. They rightly take precedence of others. But there are wives and mothers in all our towns and villages who are making the daily mistake of so absorbing and concentrating their entire energy in the kitchen and the nursery that they have neither time nor strength left for anything else. Unconsciously they are growing narrow. They are bringing everything in life to the rigid rule of an inelastic custom. They test their own and their neighbors' conduct by an arbitrary code, which is good of its kind, but which is not susceptible of the least modification, because their point of view has not varied a hand-breadth in years. Many excellent mothers fail of touching their children's lives at the critical moment when youth approaches maturity, from this reason. Their very fidelity to their children's comfort, health and well-being has prevented their keeping pace, as mothers should, with the mental and spiritual developments going on in their homes. Sons and daughters turn away from the love that has sheltered and brooded over them always, and seek other counselors, sometimes unsafe and unprincipled ones, because the narrowness of the mother repels them.

It seems to me that there is nothing on earth much more beautiful, attractive and inspiring than the picture presented to us by some dear feeble woman, unable to enter with great zeal into the details of any labor, but able to help and cheer those who are bearing the burden, by her sympathy, intelligence and love. How much the church owes to those older members who can seldom be present in the prayer meeting, who only now and then are happy in sitting in their pews, or going to the communion table, yet who love her solemnities, and pray for her progress. These keep in mind her missionaries and her ministers. These take time to name her wants before God, and plead, with faith unfaltering, for His spirit to abide in her temples. These with enthusiasm kindled at the divine altar, never despair of the prodigal in the far-away land, but anticipate the hour when he shall return to his father's house.

It is a narrow life you are living, friend, if in it you care only for your own profit, pleasure and enrichment. If you cannot put yourself aside for one who sits in the gloom of bereavement, or the stern pressure of pain, with compassion and consolation, you are narrowing your own power of sympathy. If you cannot deny yourself an hour's ease at your own fire, a bit of ornament or luxury in your dress, or a little rest in the morning or the night for love's sake, you are dwarfing your soul's growth in Christ-like gentleness.

Some of us have known girls, beautiful, noble and generous, dowered with wondrous charms of mind and person, and we have seen them entering womanhood, as we might have watched a Queen at her coronation. They have gone on a few years, the admired and beloved treasures of their own kindred, or the idolized wives of men worthy of them. But, alas for the unfulfilled promise of the imperial blossoming! These commonplace, vain and capricious women should not have been the ripened fruit of buds and bloom so fair. It is idle to charge the change upon lack of health, or home care, or any superficial cause. The trouble is deeper. Nobody stands still in this world. Those who do not advance, retrograde; and the brilliant, fascinating and elegant girl of twenty, unless she lead a narrow, selfish and too introspective life, should not remain stationary. She should become the gracious, dignified and lovable woman of forty; the saintly, pure and almost heavenly woman of sixty.

There are those who reverence sorrow as God's great educator, and think that grand characters are disciplined only by the sharp strokes of adversity. This is but a partial truth. Sorrow is one of God's ministers. So is joy. So is faith. So is tender household love. So is prosperity. The peach grows mellow in the sun. The rose takes on its crimson tint and emits its sweetest fragrance under June's skies. Trouble, rightly accepted, brings forth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Sometimes, if resisted, it hardens and crushes. We are not to dictate to our Father. We are to be sure that He knows best, and that whatever He sends He sends in love. And as He has placed us in a wide and weary world, with something to do for Him, every day it behooves us to see to it that we live not narrowly, nor niggardly, nor grudgingly, but with liberal hands, and eyes looking trustfully up to Him.—*M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

Gems of Thought.

It is better to have a good conscience and be censured than a bad one and be flattered.

That was a good prayer of the old deacon: "Lord, make us willing to run on little errands for Thee."

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

In seeking aid for a Christian purpose, seek the man more than the money. If you get the man you get the money, too.

The grand old Book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred Word.—*Prof. Dana.*

God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; He makes it bear thorns that we may learn to look for something better beyond.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and season whether they come up or no, or whether he or any others gather the fruit.

It requires more faith and courage to say two words face to face with one single sinner than from the pulpit to rebuke two or three thousand persons, ready to listen to everything, on condition of forgetting all.—*Bossuet.*

O the sure and beautiful payment of the Almighty! Who ever came under His wing in vain? Who ever lost by trusting in Him? Who ever forsook the Moab of this world for the true Israel, and did not at last rejoice in the change?—*Bishop Hall.*

"As the musician tightens the strain on his viol strings, yet is careful not to snap them asunder, but only to secure a sweeter melody and better accord, so," says Cawdray, "God through affliction makes His own children more perfect instruments for His service here and in the life to come."

Pastor and People.

The *Methodist* has an excellent article on contracts between churches and pastors. It asks "Whether the Methodist grocer has equitably any better right to collect by law the bill due him by a Methodist pastor than the minister has to collect, by the same means, the contracted sum for his services." This question applies to grocers and pastors in all the churches. The church at the beginning of the year, or at the call of the pastor, agrees to give him a certain salary. The year passes and he only receives part of his due. Should he sue or urgently demand what is justly his right he is censured, and yet he is expected to settle up his accounts and pay every cent he owes before he leaves town. The church should deal with the pastor as its members expect him to deal with them, honestly and squarely. And the minister's salary should not go unpaid until the close of the year, thus making him a credit pauper for everything his family needs. He cannot preach as he should when he owes a dozen or more people before him, and is reminded when he looks into their faces that they have dunned him a number of times for little bills. Every man is a slave when in debt, and especially is a minister bound hand and foot when in debt to the people before him. With all his bills paid, a decent suit upon his back and some money in his pocket, he is a great deal more of a manly minister than he would otherwise be. There was much sound philosophy in the reasoning of that minister who, when his pocket-book was empty, borrowed five dollars on Saturday and paid it back on Monday, as he said he could always preach better with some money in his pocket.

The pew should have some respect and regard for the rights of the pulpit. The people should treat the pastor as they expect him to deal with them. Many a minister is just what his people make him, and it might be told what he is by knowing what they are. If they give him a generous support of money and encouragement, he will grow in strength and glow with heartfelt enthusiasm for their happiness and welfare. Let the same measure of justice and generosity be given to the pastor as he is expected to give the church.—*Christian Statesman.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria has been fixed for February, 1882.

Mrs. Langtry's chief charm is said to be in her soft, timid eyes, to which no mere picture can do justice.

King Oscar II., of Sweden, has ordered four gold and forty-six silver medals to be struck for the officers and crew of Professor Nordenskjold's Arctic expedition.

Berlin is to have an elevated railroad, running from the Place of Belle Alliance through Frederic and Chaussee Streets to Wedding Place. The award for building it has been given to a private firm.

The new-born Austrian Archduke was christened in Vienna on the 1st of March, with the following liberal assortment of names: Rainer Salvator, Ferdinand, Leopold, Karl, Johann, Franascus Seraphicus, Anton von Padna, Januarius, Alexander.

The Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Embassador to France, has just given a large dinner-party in Paris, at which some of the favorite dishes of China were served. Among these a chicken broth, thickened by swallows' nests cut in strips, and resembling vermicelli.

We are informed by foreign journals that "Paris has gone crazy" over a new dish invented by a Frenchman. It is called crystallized celery, and is thus made: Take a head of celery, and boil the heart in vinegar water for a quarter of an hour, wipe it dry, and place it in a sauce made of sugar flavored with lemon juice. Serve it cold at dessert.

Lady Charlotte Bacon died at her residence in London the other day at the age of 78. She was the second daughter of Edward Harley, fifth earl of Oxford, and though of late years only known to her own circle of private friends, was one of the most famous beauties of the first quarter of this century, and is the Lady Charlotte Harley whom Lord Byron has immortalized in his poem to "Ianthe," which forms the prologue to "Childe Harold." She was the wife of the late Gen. Bacon.

Recently one of the children of the Princess Royal of England, now the wife of the heir of the German Emperor, had been ailing, and with maternal solicitude the Princess personally supplied the little invalid with many of its requirements. This innovation on German court etiquette produced utter dismay, and was brought to the notice of the Empress, in answer to whose expostulation the Princess replied: "If my mother, the Queen of England and Empress of India, can carry milk in to one of her children, who like it so much more because given by her, I think I may do so without forgetting my position."

The death of Mme. le Hon has removed from this world a woman, who, in her time, was a queen of Parisian society. She was the Egeria of the Comte de Morny in the trying times which preceded the Second Empire, and it was in her salon that the whole programme of the *coup d'etat* was first discussed and arranged. Her salon was the recognized center of all those who saw salvation in the Bonaparte dynasty. Her beauty and grace were long without rivals, and her fortune was magnificent. But when her fortune was spent and her beauty gone, her power faded away, and she died almost forgotten by every body.

The Princess Stephanie, of Belgium, the future wife of the young Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, is only sixteen years old, and is one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe. She is accomplished, her tastes being highly artistic and musical. The Crown-Prince first met her two years ago. The betrothal was celebrated privately in the family circle, after the Crown-Prince asked the royal parents for the Princess Stephanie's hand. The Princess has hitherto led a secluded life, having been seen very seldom, even in Brussels. The wedding will probably not take place for a year. Hungary is particularly pleased, as Stephanie is the granddaughter of the much-loved Archduke Joseph, for half a century Palatine of that country.

Protracted Slumber.

A remarkable case of protracted slumber has developed in the person of Nathan G. Vrooman, who resides a short distance from Schenectady, on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Mr. Vrooman has been known as a sober, industrious man. He is about thirty-five years old, and the support of a widowed sister. He is unmarried, and was for a long time in the employ of the Central-Hudson as a track-hand. Six years ago he received a sunstroke, and since has complained considerably of dizziness. On the 15th of February he was compelled to leave his work and take to his bed on account of pains in his head. He at once fell asleep, and could be aroused only with difficulty. He slept peacefully, and his breath was not labored, as is the case in certain diseases of the brain. For three weeks and two days he slumbered almost incessantly. When he awakened he was morose and disinclined to talk. He refused to give any information concerning his feelings, and desired above all things to be allowed to sleep. His appetite was good, and he ate on alternate days enough to sustain life in his inactive state. As soon as he concluded eating he would relapse into sleep. At no time did he show symptoms of fever, inflammation, delirium, or any material increase of the temperature of the body; nor did his condition indicate paralysis.

After sleeping for twenty-three days almost continually, one morning he suddenly woke and became communicative. His appetite was voracious; and it was thought that, after regaining his strength, as he was quite weak, he would be able to return to his work. Ten days later he was again attacked with sleepiness, and now lies in his bed fast asleep. He exhibits no fever, but refuses to take food. When he is awakened, he plaintively pleads to be left alone. The only answers to questions that he vouchsafes are simply "Yes" and "No." For two weeks he has not tasted food, and yet there is no material change in his condition. The physicians in this section regard the case as a wonderful one, and can give no explanation of it.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

SPRING NOTES.

THE BLUE BIRD.

In tropic summer's endless smile
I hibernate on some bright isle—
Some coral reef that slowly grew
From ocean's sunless depths to view,
Which tiny mosoas upward urge
To reach the stir of breeze and surge.
But, only a sojourner there,
In spring I yearn for northern air,
For greener sward of northern earth,
For far-off orchard of my birth,
For dim-seen North Star's mystic ray,
For apple-blooms of Northern May,
Whose balmy scents make vain, in sooth,
The gaudier floras of the South.
We birds of migrant pinion know
The gulf streams of the upper air,
Which poleward the Equator's glow
Through azure deeps of heaven bear.
My puniest flight knows no delay,
I disappoint not bards of May,
Who listen in their Auburn dells
Till on the breeze my warble swells.

THE ROBIN.

Long, long ere russet nature weaves
Her meshes green of vernal leaves
In orchards have I sing again
My eve song sweet, my oldest rain,
Which need in forest days to bless
At sunset's hour the wilderness,
While frogs are piping in the marsh
Their querulous spring-notes harsh.

THE ORIOLE.

Though fitly plumed for tropic zone,
I live not by its glare alone,
But love the North Star's region well,
And there, when May winds blow, I dwell.
More dear than palm the elm to me,
With its pensive boughs that sway
O'er the village street in May,
When on the south wind rides the bee.
I deftly weave my pendulous nest
From sly marauders far away,
So placed they can not it molest.
On the elm tree's delicate spray
Hang its net-like meshes, finely wove
Of housewife's skeins, my treasure trove,
Of flax, tow, hemp and silk, which I
Appropriate, with foray sly,
From leatherless man, my lawful game.
My horsehair stitching pats to shame
The handiwork of maid and dame.
Then, when my hammock fine is done,
And swings secure, in shade and sun,
From the elm or apple bough's extreme,
Her spot ed eggs my gentle mate,
O'er watched by me, doth incubate,
Caressed all day by breeze and beam.
For her I foray all the air,
To fetch her morsels rich and rare.
Meantime, with mellow whistle wild,
My wood-note sweet, she is beguiled.
The rustles watch my gorgeous trim
Flushing through elm boughs greenly dim;
With wondering vision they behold
My tropic plumage, black and gold,
On genuine song-bird feathers line,
Not off are wont to gleam like mine;
But I, despite my sumptuous vest,
All ears can with my song arrest.
My flute-note, cadence wild of May,
Heard when in soft winds branches sway,
And nature basks in holiday.
I am not proud—a lordling stole
The rich hues of the Oriole
For livery—they were my wear
Ere caste was known, and e'en ere man
On earth his sad career began.
I flaunted them in summer air,
And happy, when his race is done,
I still shall flash them in the sun.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Hamster of summer nature boon,
Lancing with gentle tongue the flowers,
Which hang dew-pearled in morning's bowers,
Sipper of nectars sweet of June,
Winged emerald of amethyst,
By swiftness turned to gold-green mist,
The tiny form quick glances o'er
The continent from shore to shore,
From sea-like bay, with Arctic strand,
To far savannahs' breezes bland.

THE WILD GOOSE.

For myriad years my migrant wing,
At advent of the full and spring,
The ether hath been furrowing.
Austral heat and Arctic cold
Shunning with adventure bold.
Once all this new-world hemisphere
Stretched wide and wild, a desert drear,
With streams and lakes and turns inlaid,
Green-fringed by pine and hemlock's shade.
Marauders sly from vill and town
Now harry me when fluttering down
On watery caravansera
At night to rest and feed and play,
Ere I resume my airy way.
Secure in Arctic circles dim
And lone bayou, I breed and swim;
All earth beside is foeman's ground
Where at my peril I am found.

THE NIGHT-HAWK.

I am a diver of the air,
A plunger through the sunset's gold;
I mount till ether thin and rare
My respiration doth withhold.
Then from the zenith rush sheer down
To reels of underlying town
With dissonant roar, whence up again
I wheel into the azure air's domain;
On swift vibrating pinions raised
Whence bird of Jove hath seldom gazed.
I peer into the city's street,
Where men like emmets mix and meet.
Ah! glad am I for wings of might
To soar back to the zenith's height,
Through glorious privacies of light—
To range and revel at my will,
Snatching of insect game my fill.

THE OWL.

Here in this lone bucolic glen
An eremite, I have my den;
The hollow of an ancient tree
Is castle, domicile for me.
Most like I night and stars and moon
And midnight weird—of night the noon.
To brooklet's babble through the dark
Delightedly my lulled ears hark;
The dews nocturnal mists distill
With dampness all my feathers fill.
I flutter forth with loud tuwhoo
Amid the silence and the dew,
Raiding on roost and farmstead near,
While drowses sleepy chanticleer,
No more with clarion shrill to cheer,
As morning breaks, his master's ear.
I care not for vile man's abuse,
Who dubs me mystic and recluse;
Far from his haunts I make my camp
In solitude of treey swamp,
Whence send I forth my solos till
With raucous wails ring wood and hill.
The maid of wisdom's buckler bore
My large-eyed face in days of yore;
My ancient Attic kindred flew
Engraved on coins the wide world through.
The fixed regard of my great eyes
Let men assume to pass for wise—
The unfeathered biped I despise.
Meantime revolving earth warns me,
When back to hurry to my tree;
In sylvan covert shy withdrawn
I blink the rose-streaks cool of dawn,
Hiding, as its aerial gold
Is over eastern hill-tops rolled,
Quenching in its refulgent stream,
The morn-star Phosphor's ardent beam.
—*Boston Herald.*

THE TURN OF AN ACCIDENT.

It was six o'clock of a crisp October morning, and John Boyd, farmer, rousing from his sound night's sleep, sprang out of bed with the alert readiness of a man who knows the value of the first hours of the day. It was a tavern bed from which he jumped; home and its cares were many miles away; but a long ride lay before him, and he washed and dressed briskly, as one in haste, humming a cheerful air meanwhile, as became a man who felt himself in good spirits, and had ample reason for being so. For, be it known, this year had proved the best for farmers since John had been his own master. Harvests had been large, prices high, and John, on his way back from the annual market, carried a sense of freedom and liberation at his heart from the final extinguishment of a mortgage on his farm—a mortgage which had pressed as heavily on his conscience as did the burden of Christian on his shoulders. The burden was lifted now; and, further than that, John carried in his fat red wallet two hundred dollars, over and above, toward the expenses of the next year. He had never been so "forehanded" before, and the sensation was a joyful one. "My neck is out of the collar now," he muttered to himself as he brushed his thick brown hair. "I should be a fool indeed if I put it in again. No more mortgages for me!" Then, his toilette completed, he ran down stairs, two steps at a time.

Farmer-like, his first visit was to his horses. They were munching their corn satisfactorily; and after a look or two, and a pat, John returned to the inn, where a jangling bell announced breakfast. It was smoking on the table—a substantial meal of the kind universal in taverns thirty years ago; and John Boyd, whose appetite was of the kind proverbially said to accompany a good conscience, was doing it ample justice, when a sudden instinct led him to thrust his hand into the pocket which held the two hundred dollars. The wallet was gone!

In the suddenness of the shock, John felt himself pale, and then flush painfully, as he confusedly tried to remember if he had taken out the wallet, and when. Under his pillow—that was it. He recollected distinctly, or so it seemed, putting it there, for security's sake, when he went to bed the night before. With a muttered excuse, he left the table, and hurried up stairs. The door of his room stood open, and a maid-servant was putting fresh sheets on the bed, the soiled linen lying in a heap on the floor.

Toward this heap John hurried, and began turning it over.

"Have you lost something, sir?" asked the maid.

John straightened himself up to answer. He had not noticed the maid before, though she had waited upon table at supper. Now he observed that she was young and rather pretty—fair, with a trim, slender figure, beautiful glossy hair, neatly dressed and braided, and a pair of sweet, apprehensive blue eyes. Her voice was soft, too; and she had a shy, modest manner which suggested an idea of refinement. All these facts Farmer Boyd observed in a flash, and instinctively noting, weighing, estimating by that wonderfully rapid process of which the human mind is capable, while yet his thoughts were full of his money and his loss.

"Yes. I am looking for my wallet, which I left under my pillow. Did you find it?"

The girl's face blanched to a deadly whiteness, and her eyes dilated as with sudden terror.

"No, sir," she said, he voice trembling and sinking away as she spoke. "I didn't see any wallet."

John looked at her distrustfully; but there was something in the pale face which disarmed suspicion.

"I'd like to search the bed," he went on. "It may have slipped under the mattress."

Together they turned the mattress, but no wallet was visible.

"That off horse of yourn has got his shoe loose somehow," announced Mr. Nash, the landlord, at the door. "I thought I'd better tell you, so's you could stop to the blacksmith's as you pass, and get him to put in a couple of nails. Why, what's the matter?"

John explained.

The landlord looked very grave. He whistled softly to himself for a minute, with his eyes fixed on the tumbled bedding; then he went to the stair head, and called his wife. Presently they came in together, the landlady's face very red and troubled.

"Such a thing never happened in *my* house before," she protested. "But there's only one person been in your room since you came besides yourself, and she's the person you must reckon with," pointing to the maid, who, with white cheeks and downcast eyes, leaned against the wall as if awaiting sentence.

"Oh, indeed, indeed I didn't take it! I never saw any wallet," she said; but her voice was drowned in Mrs. Nash's louder tones.

"And pray who else took it, do you suppose? Who else had the chance? Answer me that. It serves me just right for taking in a girl with no recommend—a girl I didn't know nothing about, not so much as her name, or where she come from, or who her folks are. Five weeks to-morrow, that's all the time she's been in the house, sir; but this is the end of it. It's the last time I'll ever have a help I don't know all the long and short of, so you needn't feel afraid to stop with us again—no, nor none of your friends either; and as for her, out she packs this day."

"I'd better go for the constable, hadn't I?—if you're sure it was under the pillow you put it," suggested the landlord.

"Oh, don't, please; please don't," pleaded the girl, weeping violently.

"Give the gentleman his wallet back, then, and perhaps he'll let you off."

"I can't. I haven't got it. I never saw it. Oh, please believe me. Don't send me to jail," she urged.

The landlady only answered by a sound expression of disgust. And throwing her apron over her head, the poor girl wept in silence, saying no more.

John had held his peace during this altercation, sharply eying the parties concerned in it meanwhile. The Nashes he knew something about. They were of good reputation as far as he was aware. The maid was a stranger to them as to him; but spite of the circumstances and her manner, which was hardly less suspicious, he could not bring himself to believe her guilty. He was not a hasty man, and he was a just one, with a kind heart to back his temperate judgments; and after a few minutes' reflection he made up his mind what to do.

"I can't swear that I put the wallet under the pillow, or any where else," he said. "I'm pretty sure that I did, but my thoughts about it are confused somehow, and it may be that I left it at Bolton, where I slept on Tuesday. I don't want no injustice done on my account. So don't cry like that"—addressing himself to the girl. "I'll tell you what I'll do. Get the bay shod during the day, will you?"—to Mr. Nash—"and if you'll lend me a saddle I'll ride back to Bolton and make inquiry there. If I find the money, well and good; if I don't it'll be time enough to talk further about it to-morrow."

"I'm sure it's very good of you to take so much trouble," declared the landlady. "But whether or no, the girl don't stay here. I'll have no suspected thief in my house."

"There'll be nothing to suspect her of if I find the wallet," rejoined John, dryly. "Don't give the poor thing a bad name till you know that she deserves it." Then he left the room, unmindful of the look of gratitude which shone upon him from the blue eyes of the girl, who had dropped her apron, and gazed after him till he was out of sight.

His reflections were not agreeable as he retraced his footsteps over the dusty highway traveled but yesterday with so light a heart. The loss of his money meant a great deal to John Boyd. The pressure of anxiety seemed to settle again upon his shoulders, as he thought over the probabilities of its non-recovery. "But I won't give in without a fight for it," he thought, grimly, as he urged on his horse. Miles seem doubly long when measured by a heavy heart, and what with dust, heat, and the continual effort to clear his mental confusion as to where and when he last had seen his wallet, the young farmer was fagged and dispirited enough before noon was fairly come.

He stopped to dine at a little tavern attached to a toll-gate, and with some vague hope that the money might have been picked up on the road by some one, mentioned his loss. The toll-keeper shook his head.

"Bolton's your only chance," he said. "If 'twas on the road you dropped it, there's no likelihood that you'll ever hear of it again. The dust's eight inches deep, I should say, and there's been three big droves of sheep and one of bullocks along since yesterday, so if your wallet was a-lying there, they must have tramped it under pretty thoroughly. It is buried deep enough, you may be sure, unless, which is just as likely to happen, some one has picked it up and made off with it. Your chance is a slim one, I reckon."

Cold comfort this; but John was forced to agree with the opinion. Despondingly he rode through the afternoon, scanning the way as he went; for, despite the toll-keeper, a faint hope still lingered in his heart, though the track, deep in dust, and churned and trampled by the crowding droves, presented a sorry field for either hope or discovery.

He had gained the top of a long hill, from which Bolton was dimly visible, when a moving object far ahead caught his eye, and he rose in his stirrups in order to see more clearly. As he did so, his horse made a false step, stumbled, and threw him forward in the saddle, so that his head grazed the horse's neck. It was in this position that a tiny object, of red not over an inch square, in the dust beneath, caught his quick eye. His heart gave a little leap; then he called himself a fool; but all the same he dismounted to examine. Already a random hoof-stroke had buried the red patch from sight, but John recollected the spot, and stopping, dug and scooped till it again became visible. His fingers again recognized a solid substance. Trembling with excitement, he continued to dig; another second the object was uncovered, lifted out, and with a wild, incredulous whoop of joy, John Boyd held in his hand his wallet, buried deep by the hurrying herds, and uncovered for one passing moment that his eye might detect it, and no other. Except for that lucky stumble, he too would have ridden over the lost treasure, and never dreamed what lay beneath his horse's feet.

"And some folks say there ain't no God!" was his mental comment, spoken half aloud. Then—for John Boyd's religion, though a homely, was a true one—he bent his head and said a few words of thanksgiving; after which, jumping on his horse, he took the backward route, eager to tell his good fortune, and exonerate the poor girl, who, as he now remembered with self-reproach, must have passed a painful day under the stigma of undeserved suspicion.

The heat was yielding to evening freshness, and he urged his horse, impatient to set matters straight; but, with his best endeavor, it was after eleven before he at last drew rein in front of Nash's Hotel. He was expected, that was evident, for lights were burning, and both Nash and his wife hurried out to meet him, wearing faces of lugubrious length, which only in part changed to cheerfulness when they heard of the recovery of the wallet.

"There, what did I tell you?" cried the husband. "Haven't I been a-saying all day that likely as not this seare would turn out all for nothing? And you wouldn't listen to a word, but just kept on to that poor thing inside there, and she nothing to blame all the time. I declare, it's too bad the way women act to each other—and folks calling them 'the softer sex!' A man would be ashamed to be so hard. Well, do tell! and so the money was a lying there in the dust all the time! Well, I'm mighty glad, for your sake and ours, too. Go right in, sir, and wife 'll give you some supper. I'll see to the horse."

Mrs. Nash waited on the meal in grim silence. She seemed only half rejoiced at the denouement.

"It's mighty queer," she remarked, as she set the last dish on the table. "I don't feel as if we'd got to the bottom of it yet. Why didn't Lucy deny more positive?"

"But she did," said John, between two mouthfuls; "she said she hadn't got it."

"Why, of course she said as much as that. You didn't expect her to say that she had got it, did you?" rejoined the landlady with a fine scorn. "But she didn't speak up violent and bold, as you'd expect an innocent girl would."

"But she was innocent all the time, you know."

"I ain't so eversure about that," replied Mrs. Nash, with a shake of her head. "It's a queer business."

"Now look here," shouted John, roused by this persistent injustice; "what is there queer about it, I should like to know? Here's my wallet"—slapping his pocket—"and I've told you where I found it. And you know as well as I do that I never did put it under the pillow, and that that girl of yours had no more to do with it than the babe unborn. It's her pardon I ought to beg, and you too. So I hope, ma'am, you'll drop the subject, and just make it up to the poor thing by being extra kind, as it were, for the bad day we've made her spend."

Mrs. Nash seemed by no means mollified by this not over-judicious appeal, and as soon as her duties as hostess would permit, left the room, muttering under her breath something which John did not catch. He was too sleepy to care particularly about the matter, and presently went to bed, when dreamless slumber drew her veil over the day's vicissitudes.

Hurrying out to the barn next morning in the best of spirits, a low sighing sob called his attention to a bench outside the kitchen door, where sat a figure crumpled up into a forlorn little heap, in which he recognized the pretty maid of the day before. She wore her bonnet, and a bundle lay beside her. Her face was hidden on her arms, which were crossed on the back of the bench.

"Why, what's the matter?" said John, turning back.

The girl looked up, with a start. "I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I'm just going. I didn't mean to stay so long."

"Going? Where?"

"I don't know where," she said, dejectedly. "I'd try for another place, only there doesn't seem much chance of getting one without any recommend."

"Do you mean to say that they are sending you away from here?"

"Yes."

"But, in the name of goodness, why?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Nash says she don't like to have servants about who are suspected of stealing." The blue eyes filled again as she spoke, and she hid her face.

"By George! I never heard of such injustice in my life," shouted John. "Now, Lucy, if that's your name, you just sit still where you are. Don't you stir or move till I come back. I'll see Mrs. Nash. I'll put things right."

To put things right seems easy enough to a strong, hearty man, with justice and argument on his side, but that is because he does not calculate properly on these queer hitches and crotchets of human nature, which have no relation to justice and fair dealing, and are unaffected by argument. Mrs. Nash proved impervious to John's choicest appeals. Her mind was made up; she "didn't want to hear more on the subject;" finally, her temper rising, what business was it of his, she demanded, what help she kept, if she kept any help at all? He'd got his pocket-book; accounts were squared between them; there was no further call, so far as she could see, why he should meddle with her concerns. The upshot of the interview was that John flew out of the kitchen with his face as red as fire, tackled his horses, threw valise and feed-bags into the wagon, flung the amount of his reckoning on the table, and, addressing Lucy, who, pale and terrified, stood, bundle in hand, prepared for flight, called out:

"Now, then, my good girl, you've lost one place by my fault, and I'm darned if I don't offer you another. Will you jump into my wagon, and go home with me? My old woman's been talking this long piece back of getting a smart girl to help along when she's laid up with the rheumatics; so you're just the one we want. She'll treat you fairly enough, I'll be bound, and you shall have whatever you were getting here. And if you behave yourself, you'll be well used, not turned out of doors for nothing; I'll engage to that; it isn't the way up in our parts," with a vindictive look at the landlady, who stood rigidly planted in the doorway. "We don't set up to be extra Christians, but there's a little honesty and decency left among us, which is more than can be said of all places. Well, what do you say? Yes or no. There's my hand on it, if it's yes."

He held out his broad palm. Lucy hesitated, but for a moment only.

"Yes, I will," she said. "I've nowhere else to go, and you seem kind."

Another moment, and they were driving off together down the maple-shaded road, whose yellow and crimson boughs danced overhead against "October's bright blue weather." There were peace and calming in the fresh stillness of the early day. Gradually a little color stole into Lucy's pale cheeks, and John's hot mood gave place to wonted good humor and cheer.

"You've had no breakfast, I'll bet," he said, with a smile. "And no more have I. I was so mad with that woman that I couldn't swallow a mouthful, but now I begin to feel sharp enough. We'll stop at the next tavern. Southwick, isn't it? Five miles and a half. Can you hold out till then?"

"Oh yes, indeed," with a grateful look out of her blue eyes.

John's tone grew more and more friendly.

"We'll have something hot and hearty there," he said. "You look pale. I guess you didn't sleep any too much last night."

"Oh, I couldn't sleep at all. Mrs. Nash told me that I must go the first thing in the morning, and I felt so badly."

"I shouldn't think you would want to stay with a woman like that."

"But it's so dreadful to have nowhere to go to. And besides—" She stopped abruptly, with a look like terror in her eyes.

"Have you no friends, then?" asked John.

"No." The tone was very reserved; but reserve could hardly fail to melt under so sunshiny a presence as John Boyd's, and before the long day's ride was done, he had won from her the main facts of her story.

Lucy Dill was her name. Her mother had married for the second time when Lucy was twelve years old, and three years ago, when the girl was barely fifteen, had died, leaving her to the protection of her step-father.

"She didn't know what sort of a man he was," said Lucy. "And he wasn't that kind of man when she was alive. I was too young to notice much, and mother always put herself between him and me when things went wrong. After she died it was dreadful. Elkins—that's his son—came home to live. He never lived there before, and—and he—"

"Wanted to marry you?"

"Yes; and his father said I must. But I was afraid of him—of them both. And people began to come to the house—bad people, not good—and I began to suspect things."

"What kind of things?"

It was not easy to get an answer to this question. In fact, the terrified and inexperienced girl had hardly dared to formulate her own fears; but John gathered the idea that coining or other unlawful practices were going on, and Lucy, only half comprehending, had understood enough to startle and frighten her into making her escape. She had effected this by night, six weeks before, and her great dread was of being discovered and forced to go back. John reassured her as well as he could.

"You'll be just as safe at the farm as if you were in an iron safe," he protested.

But, spite of his assurances, the lurking terror never left Lucy's eyes, though weeks sped safely by, and nothing occurred to alarm her. Every sudden noise made her start; the sight of a strange figure on the road blanched her roses to paleness. Except for this fearfulness, she proved an excellent "help" in all ways—quick, neat-fingered, sweet-tempered. Old Barbara wondered how ever the farm had got on without her, and John in his secret heart wondered also. It never should be without her again—on that he was firmly resolved.

"Lucy," he said one day, three months after she became his inmate, "I'm tired of seeing you jump and quiver and scuttle up stairs whenever the peddler or the ragman comes along. It's bad for you, and it worries me almost to death. Now there's just one way that'll make all safe, and set your mind at ease, and that is, that you should just marry me out of hand, and give me the right to protect you. Once my wife, I shouldn't care if your stepfather and all the gang come after you; let them lay a finger on you at their peril, while I'm alive and have the right to interfere. Will you, Lucy? It's the best thing to be done, trust my word for it. I don't mean to pretend that I'm doing it for your sake entirely," added John, with a broad smile, "for I ain't. I want you for my own sake the worst way, but both ways it will be a gain; so, unless you have something against me, say 'Yes,' Lucy, and we'll have the parson over to-morrow, and make all safe. Will you, Lucy?"

"Oh, how could I have any thing against you!" replied Lucy, with the sweetest blush.

"Well," declared John, a moment after, as he raised his head from his first long lover's kiss, "now I forgive Mrs. Nash!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

That Boy.

"I HOPE nothing will happen to that boy," the cross passenger remarked, anxiously, as we were speeding northward from London.

The boy in question was about seven years old. He was entertaining the passengers by running up and down the aisle, shouting like a Camanche Indian. He would run to the rear door, kick the panels and shout "Ho!" Then he would run to the forward door, kick it and yell "Hay!" When this performance began to grow maddening with its monotony, the boy would lend it a little variety by pausing to look into some passenger's face, while at the same time he would strike at him and shriek, "I'll kill you!" It was very interesting, and we all loved the infant. Now and then his mother would say, "Sammy, Sammy dear, you musn't strike the gentleman; perhaps the gentleman doesn't like it." And then the gentleman would lie like a Trojan, and say, "Oh yes, he didn't mind it; he liked little boys." And so we were all worried and nervous, for fear the child might get hurt. We fairly grew with anxiety. He stopped at my seat, snatched the lap tablet out of my hands and roared "Gimmy that pencil!" and when his mother said, "Why, Sammy, I am afraid you disturb the gentleman." Sammy yelled, "I'll kill him!" I was so anxious about him that I watched him all the way down the aisle to see if he wouldn't fall and break his neck. So we all sat and watched him, with concern written all over our faces. The boy snatched an apple away from the fat passenger, kicked the cross passenger's valise, made faces at the sad passenger, and hit the man on the wood-box twice with a stick. Once, and only once, he made an offer to slap the woman who talks bass, but she glared down at him with a croak that made his hair stand on end, and he avoided her during the rest of the trip. At last, just as he was rushing up to the forward door to kick it, the impetuous brakeman banged it open to announce a station. He cracked that boy on the head with the brazen knob, and the boy acted very much as he would have acted had he been shot with a catapult, and it took all the ice-water in the cooler to cool off his head, and the boy was effectually quieted down.

And it was really pleasant to see the wearied look of anxious concern pass off the passengers' faces, after the brakeman dropped the boy. The cross passenger's grim face relaxed like a May morning, the fat passenger winked at the man on the wood-box, who was still rubbing his knuckles with an air of tender interest, the sad passenger hummed a merry little air, and the woman who talks bass gave a cheerful croak that was interpreted to mean laughter. Four passengers, whose names I could not learn, gave the astonished brakeman fifty cents apiece. The boy with his head swathed up in wet handkerchiefs remained comparatively quiet.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

It is an interesting fact, says the Statesville (N. C.) *Landmark*, that the Siamese twins used to have frequent fights. They were indicted for one of these, at a term of Surry Court some time before they died, and judgment was suspended upon payment of costs. This is a matter of record. Before the war the twins were great Secessionists, but afterward, much embittered by the loss of their slaves, they took no interest in politics and did not go to the polls.

—Tenants bring all sorts of recommendations of good personal character. Here is a recent instance from real life. An inquirer for a tenement, being an entire stranger to the owner, was asked what references he could give. He replied sanctimoniously: "Well, I love the Lord, and I have heard that you do. My wife loves the Lord, too."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

KAFURSTAN, which no European has yet succeeded in exploring, appears after all to be only about 150 miles in length by about fifty or sixty in breadth.

PYRITES is a name employed by mineralogists to designate a large group or family of minerals compounded of metals with surphur, or with arsenic, or with both, as is often the case.

THE oil lands of Peru are on the coast region. They extend from Cape Blanco to the Tumbez River, a distance of 120 miles. The tract is sixty miles wide, and contains 4,500,000 acres, where the waves of the Pacific Ocean have worn away the rocks the oil trickles out, and the outcrop may be traced for ninety miles along the coast.

THE seed of *Soja hispida*, known as "soy bean" or "Japan pea," is the most concentrated vegetable food known. It contains forty per cent. of albuminoids and eighteen per cent. of oil. The soja grows in the Himalayas, but is principally cultivated in the north of China, whence it is largely exported to the southern districts. The seed is pressed for its oil, and the cake, mixed with substances less rich in nitrogenous matter, used as a food for man and beast.

DR. JOSEPH LEIDY, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, has just been awarded the great Walker prize for the value of his researches in natural history. This prize is given once in five years to the naturalist whom it shall decide to have performed the most elaborate and original work during that time. This prize has been awarded but once previously—five years ago—to Prof. Alexander Agassiz, of Cambridge. It is usually the sum of $500, but on account of the extraordinary merit of Dr. Leidy's researches the Council increased the sum to $1,000.

A PRESERVATIVE wrapping and packing paper for protecting cloths, furs, etc., from mildew and insects, is among the recent minor inventions of notes. The paper for this purpose is made from woolen and cotton rags and manilla rope or paper. This is saturated with a mixture of seventy parts, by measure, of the oil remaining from the distillation of coal-tar naphtha by live steam with five parts crude carbolic acid, containing at least fifty per cent. of phenola, twenty parts of thin coal-tar heated to about 160° Fah., and five parts of refined petroleum. After saturation, the paper is passed through squeezers and over hot rollers for the purpose of drying, and, when cool, it is cut into sheets of suitable size, and the drying completed in the atmosphere.

Color-Blindness.

THERE is no human infirmity more curious than is color-blindness; and scarcely any other about which so little is known. The oddest thing about it, perhaps, is that it is not certain, or even likely, that the person who is afflicted with color-blindness is aware of the defect. Color-blindness is an inability to distinguish colors. Those who are wholly color-blind can see no more than the forms of things; but cases of total absence of the power to perceive color are very rare. In most persons who are lacking in this respect, the infirmity extends only to certain colors. One man can not perceive a red color; another green; another blue, and so on. This partial color-blindness is not uncommon. Examinations by experts seem to show that about one in every twenty men is defective in the perception of color; and it is asserted that the defect is not so common in women as in men. Probably not fifty readers of this paper are conscious that they are color-blind. Yet, if oculists are correct, and four or five in every hundred persons are deficient in this respect, the defect assumes proportions that command attention, for the reason that there are many occupations in which a quick and accurate perception of colors is necessary. The lack of it may render success impossible.

There are many ways of testing the eye, to find out if it is color-blind. The best is to put in the hands of a person worsted of various colors, and ask him to separate the pieces into red, blue, green and other colors; and then to shade them from light to dark. A man who is color-blind will usually make a mistake in assorting the colors in the first four or five pieces given him for examination. Another test is to see if a person can read red letters printed on a black ground. A third is to cover a sheet printed with black letters with thin white tissue paper. To the perfect vision the letters will appear a yellowish brown. If they are black letters printed on a red sheet, they will appear green under the paper.

The causes of color-blindness have been sought by scientific men, and very plausible theories have been formed with regard to them, which we have not space to give. The defect is incurable. A person who does not know colors can never be taught them, and there is no operation or instrument that will remedy the defect.—*Youth's Companion.*

Europe Forty Years Ago.

THE younger generation can hardly realize the state of Europe thirty or forty years ago. It was like another world from that which now exists. The position of several of the European sovereigns was scarcely better than that of the Czar at the present day. At one time the Emperor Francis Joseph, who can now drive about his dominions in perfect security, and amid the acclamations of his people, could scarcely show himself in Vienna, and a military terror was established in central Europe very similar to that which now prevails in Russia. It has all passed away like a bad dream; and how? Not by the assassination of monarchs or the overthrow of thrones, but by their having found out how to insure to their subjects the enjoyment of personal freedom. The arbitary rule of despotic bureaucracy has been broken, careers are open, and men and women can live and breathe freely. This is what must be done in Russia. The Russian people see what has been accomplished in this way in the neighboring countries, and they can not rest satisfied until they attain a similar liberty. Just at present this discontent is aggravated by a bitter disappointment at the results of the late war.—*London Times.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

And now Judge Alvey has decided against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in three cases, but still there is no talk about impeaching him.

The retirement of Mr. Key makes only the second break in Mr. Hayes' Cabinet, Mr. McCrary having gone out a few months ago, and to occupy a position similar to that Mr. Key will take, viz: A United States judgeship. Mr. Devens came very near getting a similar appointment, but relinquished his chances so as not to break up the Cabinet, as all its members were then ambitious to fill out the Presidential term.

The exodus investigation, which has just come to an end at Washington, has cost the country about forty thousand dollars. It was originally called for by Senator Voorhees to prove that the Republicans were engaged in a scheme to colonize Indiana with negro voters; but it has resulted in proving beyond all question that the exodus was caused by Democratic intolerance at the South. Forty thousand dollars is a pretty big sum, however, to pay for stale news.

AN OLD WAR SUIT DECIDED.—At Clarksburg, W. Va., last week, Judge J. M. Jackson decided a case of considerable interest. Rev. A. P. Sturm, of Philippi, was the plaintiff, and S. S. Fleming, J. B. Denham and others defendants. The defendants had obtained judgments against the plaintiff for property taken during a raid of the Confederate Gen. Jones in 1863, amounting to several thousand dollars. His land was sold to satisfy the judgments and the money collected. The plaintiff sued the defendants for the amount, and the case was decided by Judge Jackson in his favor.

A Republican Congressman, talking with the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent, takes a very gloomy aspect of Republican affairs. His claim, in short, is that fifty-nine Republican congressmen, with one or two exceptions from Northern and Western States, hold their seats by "mere pluralities, or by majorities so small that even a coldness in the party would leave them out." The case is not, we believe, so bad as this Republican, who confesses that he is on the ragged edge himself, would make out. Most of those Republican congressmen who hold their seats by a plurality are from the West. There are twenty such from Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan alone. But it must be remembered that they were elected during the height of the Greenback fever. The elections last fall and this spring show that the Greenback party in the West has been virtually wiped out; so that there is no reason to fear a coalition of Democrats and Greenbackers, which would defeat these fifty-nine Republicans when they run for re-election. Indeed, recent elections show that in the absorption of the third party in the West by the two old parties the Republicans have secured at least three-fourths of the third party votes. In other districts, too, where two years ago there was a Republican majority of from one to five hundred, the latest elections showed a Republican majority of from one to two thousand.

The Thurman boom, which has been dormant for some time, has received fresh impetus from the declaration of his friends that he will be endorsed by the approaching Ohio State convention and nominated at Cincinnati. They argue that as it is quite apparent that Tilden cannot carry New York in the face of the bitter opposition of the Kelly faction, the Democrats must look to some close State whose electoral vote most nearly approaches that of New York, and concentrate all their energies to carry it. Ohio, they claim, meets all necessary requirements, and they affect to believe that the national convention will conclude to make that State the battle ground instead of New York. If such a determination should be reached, Thurman, they say, will unquestionably be nominated, as he is certain to carry Ohio, if it is possible for a Democrat to do so. Another of recent moves on the political chess-board is that of the Indiana Democratic leaders, who place that State in doubtful list unless Hendricks is nominated for President.

UNPRECEDENTED IMMIGRATION.—In the history of immigration at the port of New York the month that has just closed has never been paralleled for the number of immigrant passengers that have been landed at Castle Garden. The largest number ever received in one month heretofore was in April, 1873 when the total reached 42,743. This was considered phenomenal, and the ratio did not hold out during other months of the year. The month of April, 1880, will go on the record as exceeding even the remarkable figures of 1873. Up to Friday evening the month's arrivals at the immigrant landing depot were 45,273. The significance of these figures lies in the fact that they increase daily, and that the prospect for May is for an equally large immigration. This is at the rate of over half a million a year; and while there is no anticipation that our accessions from abroad will reach that enormous agregate, it is quite within reason to suppose that it may equal 400,000. The emigration commissioners are basing their estimates on a total of 350,000.

Democratic State Central Committee.

The Democratic State Central Committee met at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore on Wednesday of last week. The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That it is hereby recommended to the Democratic Conservative voters of Maryland to meet in their respective counties and legislative districts of Baltimore city and appoint delegates corresponding in number to their representation respectively in both branches of the legislature, to form a State convention to meet at Baltimore city on Wednesday, June 9th, 1880, for the purpose of electing two delegates from each congressional district and four delegates from the State at large to the National Democratic Convention to be held in Cincinnati on June 22d, 1880, to nominate a candidate for President and Vice President of the United States, and for the nomination of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, favorable to the election of the Democratic nominees for President and Vice President, to be made by the said convention, to be held in Cincinnati, as aforesaid.

Resolved, That for the purpose of presenting to the voters of Maryland candidates for Congress to be voted for at the State election to be held on the 3d day of November, 1880, Democratic Conservative Congressional district conventions be held at noon at the places and on the days following, to wit:

First Congressional District—Wednesday, September 1st, 1880, at Salisbury.

Second Congressional District—Wednesday, September 8th, 1880, at Westminister.

Third Congressional District—Wednesday, June 16th, at China Hall.

Fifth Congressional District—Wednesday, September 1st, at Cross Street Market, Baltimore city.

Sixth Congressional District—Wednesday, September 15th, at Hagerstown.

Resolved, That in the several conventions to be held under the aforegoing resolution, the counties comprising each congressional district shall be entitled, respectively, to cast a vote equal to their representation, respectively, in the General Assembly; provided, however, that the Seventeenth ward of Baltimore city shall be allowed four votes, and the two districts of Baltimore county shall be allowed two votes in the Fifth Congressional District Convention, and the remaining districts of Baltimore county be allowed six votes in the Second Congressional District Convention.

Resolved, That the members of the State Committee representing, respectively, the several counties and legislative districts of Baltimore city, be, and they are hereby, requested to make such arrangements in their respective counties and legislative districts as will give effect to the aforegoing resolutions by naming a day or days on which primary meetings to elect delegates to said conventions shall be held, and by the appointment of either the judges to hold such primary meetings, or some person to call such primary meetings to order.

Sixty Thousand Dollars.

The statement of Kearney's counsel that he was unable to pay the fine of $1,000 was not indorsed by Kearney himself at the house of correction, nor is it in accord with authentic reports concerning the pecuniary profit that his business of "agitating" has brought him in. Before the late W. S. O'Brien died, acting entirely indepently of the firm, and being enraged at an attack made on him by Kearney on the first flush of the latter's prominence, he is said to have dashed off a check of $10,000 for Kearney, saying, "It's cheaper to buy the —— than bother with him." Kearney received $15,000 during the gubernatorial campaign for keeping White in the field. He received from $15,000 to $20,000 during the new constitution campaign for his apathy during the last six weeks before election. In fact, as nearly as can be estimated, the pecuniary profits are in the vicinity of $60,000. At the House of Correction, when asked if he were able pay to his $1,000 fine, he answered evasively. As no imprisonment excepting the six months which formed a part of his sentence, and which began with his incarceration yesterday, can be enforced until the fine is paid; and, as the collection of the amount must be by civil process, the exact status of Kearney as a capitalist becomes an interesting question. The certainty is, however, that his profitable career during the past three years will very well permit him six months' rest and retirement. As soon as the weather permit resumption of work on the road and at the quarry, Kearney will be set at labor with the rest. *San Francisco Chronicle, April 20.*

In the retirement of Col. Thomas A. Scott from the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad, American railway management loses its most famous name. Connected with the Pennsylvania railroad from boyhood the immense development in the extent of the operations of that company is the history of his achievements. The organization and extension of the vast business of the corporation bear everywhere the stamp of his genius. In addition to his labors in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was manager of other great enterprises, the most prominent being the Texas Pacific Railroad. Notwithstanding his great capacity for work, his labors—which during the years of depression succeeding the panic, were aggravated by innumerable anxieties—have gradually undermined his health. In the latter part of 1878 he was compelled to relinquish his active duties, and he spent nearly a year in Europe, returning with his health greatly improved. His physicians now advise him that complete cessation of work is necessary for the restoration of his health, and hence his resignation. The estimate placed upon the value of his services by the financial world is shown by the fact that notwithstanding the fine condition of affairs shown by the report of the company, the stock of the road at once declined in the market. But, although he retires, his works live after him, and there is no doubt that the thoroughness and efficiency of organization which he communicated to the Pennsylvania Road, will be maintained.

HORRIBLE STORY OF CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.—Nelson Root, a dissipated man, who had separated from his wife and family in Ohio, and occupied a hut at a place called Schooner, in Brown county, Southern Indiana, recently met with an awful death. Frenzied with liquor, he wandered into the woods, and was three days missing before he was found. He had scooped out a hole in the ground as if for his grave. He was taken back to his hut, where he soon died. Near by a similar hut was occupied by Mary Fleetwood, a loose character, bearing the reputation of being Root's mistress. Hearing of his return, she visited Root's hut after dark, and finding him dead, retreated towards her home, uttering loud wails of anguish. The strangest part of the story is that just as she reached her own door she was struck by a bolt of lighting and killed, and another woman of the same stripe who lived with her was injured seriously in the arm. Thus ended the lives of two unfortunate, misguided wretches. Root's remains were taken to Ohio for interment, with not a single kind, dying word or request to comfort the family at home. The affair has caused quite a stir and excitement among the natives of that isolated and lonesome spot.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4, 1880.

Yesterday Mr. Hayes signed the Naval appropriation bill. This bill passed the House exactly as it came from the Committee, passed the Senate exactly as it came frome the House, and Mr. Hayes has signed it, without thought of objection. This is the first instance, perhaps in a decade, that the Senate has suffered one of the large appropriation bills to go through without amendment. It speaks well for the remainder of the session, and if this model legislation is kept up the country will be blessed in an early adjournment, say by the first of June.

Monday is always a lazy day in the House, nothing being done in the way of business. Yesterday was no exception to the rule. Under the new Rules it was set aside for the introduction of bills or resolutions to be passed under subscription of the Rules without going to a Committee. But fearful of all sorts of schemes members who did not want general legislation introduced in this way required the reading of long bills which consumed all the time until adjournment, so no progress was made.

A bill to established Ocean mail service on American Steamers and properly compensate the same was introduced in the Senate yesterday by Mr. Williams, of Kentucky. Its object is to extend the facilities of our merchants for selling their goods in foreign ports, and to help the shipping interest. A measure of this kind is desirable, but it is very doubtful if it can pass at this session. The Democrats are, as a class, opposed to any bill that hints at "subsidy" and the mention of this bill causes them to prick up their ears and prepare to fight it.

The Committee on Ways and Means will to-morrow act on the sub-committee's report looking to tariff reforms on a small scale. The articles named will undoubtedly be put on the free list. Wood-pulp, Chrome-ore, rags, salt, various manufactures of iron for agricultural purposes, and books, magazines, and periodicals. The duty will be reduced on paper, printing materials, bichromate of potash, wooden and worsted goods, hats and straw goods.

Representative Springer has an anti-third term resolution which he will introduce in the House at the first opportunity. He tried it on yesterday. But the Republican members insisted on the full reading of every bill, and so keep Springer out. Republicans don't intend to allow Democrats to direct who shall or shall not be the Republican candidate in this campaign, and as this resolution is meant to crowd Grant out, it will be opposed by Republicans on simply party grounds.

Sergeant-at-Arms Thompson has gone to Ohio to look after Thurman boom. But Tilden is also looking out for the Thurman boom, and may be depended to sit down upon it when the proper time comes. He sat down on Hancock and has the power to do so to them all.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

PARDON OF THE BRIBERS.

PITTSBURG, April 30.—The Board of Pardons, in special session this morning at Harrisburg, pardoned Kemble, Salter, Petroff, Crawford and Rumberger, who were sentenced on Monday to one year each in the penitentiary and a fine of $1,000 for corrupting the Legislature. The action was unanimous. The prisoners have been in jail at Harrisburg since the sentence. The announcement occasioned little surprise. It was generally understood here to day that such would be the result, and the prisoners began to pack their satchels early this morning. They were in a cheerful mood when informed of the result.

KELLY AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

NEW YORK, May 1.—A conference of Republicans was held in Albany Friday night to put up a job to get all the patronage of New York city. To do this it was necessary to make some sort of a bargain with Kelly; but that had been arranged beforehand, Kelly promising to give up everything, even his own office, for the sake of beating anti-Tammany. At the conference it was announced that Kelly would run for President of the United States, if Tilden is nominated at Cincinnati, and it was promised that he would poll enough votes to beat Tilden in New York State. This plot, of course would only go into effect and would only be necessary in case of the nomination of Grant by the Republicans.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Speaker Randall said to-day that he had no doubt of Tilden's nomination at Cincinnati on the first ballot. "The result in the several State conventions that have been held to date," said Mr. Randall, "point to this conclusion. The speculations that have been indulged in relative to the man for whom Mr. Tilden will throw his strength and influence in case he finds he cannot secure the nomination himself, I believe to be without the slightest foundation. Mr. Tilden is so certain of his nomination that the idea of anyone else obtaining it has not even been considered by him. As for Pennsylvania, I feel satisfied that Tilden has forty out of the fifty delegates, and I think he will eventually have the whole. The Democratic masses want Tilden, and John Kelly will either have to yield to their wishes or be alone in his opposition." The *Star* of this evening publishes the following: "Speaker Randall, in response to the congratulations of a colleague over his success at Harrisburg, who said 'he hoped the delegation would support Randall for the presidency,' said, 'I am for Tilden first, last and all the time, and I believe he will be nominated at Cincinnati. I have never taken into consideration the question of whether or no the delegation would support me if I should be a candidate before the convention.'"

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

CINCINNATI, May 2.—The twenty-third quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convened at Pike's Opera House, Saturday. Bishop Scott, senior Bishop, presided. An address of welcome by Bishop Wiley, resident at Cincinnati, was responded to by Bishop Simpson. Three hundred delegates were present. On motion of Dr. Curry, Dr. Woodruff was unanimously elected secretary, and empowered to appoint his assistants. He named Rev. D. S. Monroe, of Central Pennsylvania Conference, Isaac S. Bingham, of Northern New York Conference, George Mathern, of Northern Ohio Conference, Jas. P. Magee, of New England Conference, H. B. Heacock, of California Conference, and Lewis E. Daview, of Des Moines, In.

Bishop Wiley, in his address of welcome, said for nearly fifty years this city had been the centre of the Methodist publishing interest, from which has gone forth to the West and South a steady stream of periodicals and books, the power and influence of which for good no man could measure. It was now 44 years since the General Conference assembled in this city. Few were living now who participated in its doings. Bishops Roberts, Soule, Hedding and Andrews presided over its deliberations. Beverly Waugh and Thomas A. Morris, of this city, were then elected Bishops, and with them Wilbur Fisk, who set the marvelous example—which no man since had had the courage to imitate—of declining the episcopacy after having been elected. [Laughter and applause.] These, and nearly all who were associated with them in that general conference had died in the faith. Great changes had passed upon the city and country and church since that time. Bishop Wiley then gave some statistics, and referred to the anti slavery agitation which disturbed that General Conference.

Bishop Simpson, who was called upon to respond to the address of welcome, referring to the growth of Methodism, said: "On my arrival in this city there was placed in my hand a little card, and on it was printed a large list of works on the refutation of Methodism—information designed for members of this body and for the public who may look in upon this body as to where they might find a refutation of the Methdist church. We were told thereon that these books were gathered in two or three large institutions in the East. I could not but think, why all this labor in refuting Methodism? I am not aware that theological schools have undertaken to make a collection of books refuting any other branches of the Church of Christ, but for some reason careful preparation has been made of a library to refute Methodism. I ask why? I suppose it is because it has had this wonderful growth. I am very certain that none of our theological schools have made any collection of books refuting other denominations. We have been willing they should stand by us in a fair field for us all. But the growth of the country and the progress of the Church have been alike wonderful. I am reminded this morning of the growth of public improvement, anticipating and providing for the enlarged condition of the Church. It is a very pleasant thought to me that the progress of improvement and invention has provided for the Church as she needed them the appliances necessary for her perfect development. Just as we needed more rapid transit, railroads were finished. Just when we needed it to communicate with the men who are carrying the work of the Church into heathen lands all over the world, the telegraph laid its eletric line under the sea, and when we need larger buildings for such a great gathering of the Church as this, for which our churches cannot afford sufficient accommodation, the opera house is thrown open for us. [Cheers.] It was not so with our fathers. The opera house of that day were not filled with the voice of songs of this nature."

INTERVIEW WITH A REPUBLICAN.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The third-term movement has lost more ground here during the past week than at any time since the canvass opened. A prominent Republican senator, who is friendly to Grant, stated to-day that the nomination of the ex-President involved the disintegration of the Republican party. "I am convinced," said the senator, "that if we nominate Grant there will be a split in the party. The anti-Grant Republicans will, in that event, be sure to put a candidate in the field; and if the Democrats nominate Tilden, as now seems probable, who knows but what the opponents of both Grant and Tilden will form a coalition and unite upon a candidate that will be more acceptable to the people than either. I would not be surprised to see both of the great political parties go under this year. There are so many dissatisfied Republicans and Democrats that the time is ripe for a strong third-party organization. I am not alone in the opinion that the nomination of General Grant means the death of the Republican party. I have heard many leading men in the organization express the same views. I think that when the Chicago Convention assembles this fact will have become so apparent that the nomination of Grant will not be entertained seriously by any one."

The old controversy between the District Commissioners and United States Treasurer Gilfillan, as to his powers as treasurer of the District sinking fund, has been reopened. Mr. Gilfillan has been confined to a bed of sickness for some time, and was therefore unable to reply to the propositions advanced by the commissioners as to Assistant Treasurer Wyman's duties while acting for the treasurer until yesterday. In his letter he quotes the law, which empowers the assistant treasurer "to act in the place and discharge any or all the duties of the Treasurer of the United States," and adds that the assistant treasurer can, under the law, exercise the duties of the treasurer relative to the sinking fund as fully and as legally as can the treasurer himself; and the position is utterly untenable that the illness or disability of the treasurer must bring to a standstill the performance of the functions of the office, including the transfer of bonds, payment of interest, and all necessary acts connected therewith. He denies that the District Commissioners are trustees for him, but claims the right conferred upon him by law, and exercised without question for seven years by the commissioners of the sinking fund and himself, as their successor, to have special assessments collected by his own agent and under his own direction. Neither the Commissioners of the District nor any of their subordinates have any authority in their collection, except that which is derived from the commissioners of the sinking fund, to whom they are irrevocably pledged by law. The commissioners may not be bound to permit one of their clerks to act as the treasurer's agent; but, so long as they do permit him to act in that capacity, they are bound by every consideration of official duty and courtesy not to interfere between him and the officer, who is in this relation his principal. In conclusion, he emphatically disclaims any purpose to intermeddle with the duties of the District Commissioners; or to pass upon the legality of their acts, except when these acts interfere with the execution of the trust devolved upon him; or to force upon them any issue other than that which has sprung from such attempted interference. The position of treasurer of the sinking fund has been assigned to him without his solicitation or remuneration, and, until the order of his appointment is revoked, he must continue to perform his duty, as he understands it. Another addition to this tiresome correspondence is expected from the District Commissioners very shortly.

There have been several consultations of late among some of the Republican members of the House with the view of attempting to exert combined influence to prevent the nomination of General Grant. The move had its origin among members who have always been friendly to Grant, and who would like to see him nominated now if they believed he could be elected. The conviction of a good many members that he cannot be has been the result of general conversation on the floor and in the cloak-rooms, which has developed the fact that advices which reach members from all sections, through their private correspondence, are uniform in their references to existence of a strong anti-third-term feeling. This feature of the situation has finally alarmed a good many members, and hence consultations alluded to have been held for the purpose of devising the best means of using their influence to prevent the nomination of Grant. The arguments which they use are in the interest of any other candidate, but are based solely on the good of the party and the necessity of selecting a candidate who would not alienate a considerable proportion of the Republican vote. There is hardly a member of the Ohio delegation who believe Grant can carry the State, and there is only one Grant man in the Indiana delegation.

Senator Beck is of the opinion that Congress can get away from here by the 1st of June. The appropriation bills still unacted on, he says, will all be in by May, 20th and there need be no difficulty in passing all of them by the 1st of June. Senator Beck, when asked whether he believed the President would sign the Army and the Deficiency bills, replied that he thought so. In the case of a veto he thought the session would last until August. The general impression among Democratic members of Congress is that an early adjournment is not only possible, but practicable. Senator Beck, in speaking of the appropriation bills, said the Legislative bill, which, in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses, gave so much occasion for dead-locks between the two houses, will be disposed of easily and quickly. He anticipates some delay and possibly a little fighting when the Sundry Civil bill is brought forward, as that is a bill of odds and ends, and is frequently made the vehicle of jobs.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—Attention is called to the new advertisements in this issue.

—Miss Maggie Smouse has gone to Pennsylvania to reside.

—H. Wheeler Combs left for Frederick Tuesday night to attend the State convention.

—The 5th Regiment of Baltimore will camp at Cape May this summer, for 10 days.

—Mr. Dennis Ryan and wife, who ave been West for some time, are visiting in town.

—Rev. Moore will preach at the South Point school house on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Owing to court being in session this week, the clerk had not the time to make out the real estate transfers.

—The third quarterly meeting of Oakland station, M. E. Church, will be held next Saturday and Sunday.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—The new time table of the B. & O. R. R. expected to go into effect on the 13th, inst. Several important changes will be made.

—Mr. John Heckard has removed with his family to Bloomington, this county. John is a good citizen. We heartily wish him success.

—A communication was received from Swanton which, on account of our having to go to press this week at an earlier hour than usual, will not appear until next week.

—An election for mayor and councilmen of Cumberland takes place on the 17th of May. Six councilmen are to be elected in place of Republicans. Four Republicans and one Democrat hold over.

—Mr. D. H. Loar has for sale at his store in Oakland, bulbs of the following beautiful flowers: Tiger Lillies, Japan lillies, Tuberoses and Dahlias. These bulbs are from the nursery of Mr. Foster, residing near Oakland.

—We were shown specimens of surface ore by Mr. John Wilhelm, picked up on his son's farm, in the Savage river region, which indicate the presence of silver in considerable quantity. This farm is in the Garrett silver region.

—A fight occurred at a grubbing frolic at Isaac Rodeheaver's, near Cranesville, W. Va., Thursday of last week, in which Jacob Sisler, of this county, was severely cut in the side by a knife in the hands of Rodeheaver. Dr. Fichtner dressed the wound, which was about seven inches long, and very painful.

—The decision of Judge Alvey in the railroad condemnation suits between the Pennsylvania Railroad in Maryland, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad Companies declare that the first-named company has no legal status on the east side of the creek. The cases will go to the Court of Appeals.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Quarterly meeting services—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock and in the evening at 7.45, by the P. E., Rev. B. Ison. Communion in the morning at 10½ o'clock. Lovefeast at 3 P. M.

Memorial Church—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Appointment of School Trustees.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Dr. Bartlett, Secretary of the Board of School Commissioners, calls a meeting of the Board on May 26th, at which time school trustees for the ensuing year will be appointed. The board requests the co-operation of the citizens of the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as trustees, such recommendations to be sent in not later than the 24th inst. This is a matter that the people should attend to. The Board cannot possibly know who are the most suitable persons to fill these important positions, and the citizens of every school district should come together and agree upon names to be submitted to the Board.

The Mine Inspector.

Thomas Brown, the newly appointed mine inspector, entered upon his duties and began his tour of the mines Tuesday. The first mine he will explore is the Empire mine, in Garrett county, and he proposes to thoroughly examine every mine in the region. Mr. Brown has addressed letters through the Frostburg *Journal* to the superintendents, weighmasters and miners of the various companies in Allegany and Garrett counties, calling attention to the duties he is required by law to perform and making certain suggestions.—*Cumb. News.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Again the pale horse and his rider have entered our Sabbath School and have borne away one of our number and we are once more forcibly reminded that in the midst of life we are in death.

While we reflect upon this solemn dispensation of Divine Providence which fills our hearts with inexpressible sadness, let us remember that these memorial services and the adoption of resolutions expressive of our sympathy will have been vain and useless if they fail to excite our serious reflection and strengthen our resolutions for future amendment. Let us be pursuaded then by the uncertainty of life and the unsubstantial nature of all its pursuits and postpone no longer that preparation which it is wisdom to provide and madness to defer. Let us each embrace the present propitious moment and now, while time and gracious opportunity offer, prepare for the exigencies of our latter end, when the pleasures of this world will be as poison cups to our lips, and the reflections consequent upon a well-spent life alone afford us comfort and consolation. The summer is rapidly passing away and the harvest will soon be gathered.

Resolved, by the Oakland Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, That in the death of Sister Emma Bell, our school has lost a faithful and efficient teacher; as individuals we have lost a true and warm-hearted friend; as members of the family circle an affectionate, obedient and sympathetic daughter and sister; the church one of its most devoted and deeply pious members; the community one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That whether we have been her co laborers in the Sunday School, members of the family circle to which she belonged, brothers and sisters in the church or simply neighbors and friends, we may safely imitate the Christian virtues which were so beautifully exemplified in her pure and gentle life and we may feel assured in so doing the Lord Jesus Christ, who was her strength and support through life and her refuge in death, will sustain us when we come down to the dark valley and shadow of death.

Resolved, That with the immediate relatives and friends of our departed sister who are most heart-stricken at the loss we have all sustained, we deeply, sincerely and most affectionately sympathize in their afflictive bereavement, and we would remind them that he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will fold the arms of his love and protection around those who put their trust in him.

Circuit Court.

The May term of the Circuit Court was convened at 10 o'clock Monday morning, with Judge Motter on the bench, who appointed Daniel E. Offutt Foreman of the Grand Jury and drew from the remaining 47 names in the box 22 names to constitute the Grand Jury, as follows: D. E. Offutt, Charles H. Sincell, John W. Blocher. Abram Miller, Zadoc Green, Geo. S. Lee, Joseph Lewis, Amos W. Friend, A. J. Lancaster, W. H. Swauger, Josephus Broadwater, F. McKinzie, Jonas Wass. Andrew Sebold, Owen Hart, Stephen Browning, W. H. Frazee, Jonas Gnagey, Levi Echard, Chas. Leowenstein, A. J. Michael.

The remaining 25 names constituted the Petit Jury, as follows: Chris. Miller, Ulysses S. Frazee, A. C. Hamill, Nelson McGettigan, Asa Savage, Ross Compton, Richard G. Burk, Chas. W. Bolden, Joseph B. Meese, M. V. Flannigan, Allen Garlitz, J. C. Dunham, Wm. Coddington, Jas. A. Hayden, S. L. Townshend, Elijah Kemp, Clinton De Witt, John Shatzer, John McFadden, Jr., Silas Walter. Jos. Maust, Melchoir Weller, Geo. F. Englehart, John N. Frantz, Archibald DeWitt.

After the Grand Jury was sworn, Judge Motter delivered to them the usual charge.

The dockets were then called over.

The only cases of general interest disposed of up to the time of going to press were

W. H. Hall vs. H. P. Tasker; appeal from Justice Jamison; verdict for the plaintiff.

John Miller, Jr., and others vs. Benj. F. Stanton and others; judgment affirmed.

State of Maryland vs. Robert Ross; larceny; verdict: guilty, but of unsound mind.

On motion of J. W. Veitch, Esq., W. P. Townshend, Esq., was admitted to the bar. Mr. Townshend passed a very creditable examination.

Election of Officers.

Oakland Lodge of Good Templars elected on Tuesday evening of last week, the following officers to serve for the ensuing term:

C. T.—Charles Davis.
V. T.—Miss Lou Thayer.
R. S.—Zealous Tower.
F. S.—Miss Maggie Peddicord.
Treas.—David Little.
C.—T. J. Peddicord.
M.—George Little.
D. M.—Miss Ada Tower.
I. G.—Miss Sarah Lawton.
O. G.—W. H. Tower.
R. H. S.—Miss Ella Peddicord
L. H. S.—Samuel Lawton.

Commissioners Meeting.

Board met at 10.30 o'clock Monday morning, all present.

Petition of D. E. Offutt and others for a bridge over Yough river, near the mouth of Snowy creek filed and laid over until next meeting.

Road petition of Wm Sharpless and others for a change in the road leading from Bloomington to Wilson's Store, laid over until next meeting.

Road account of Geo. Meese for the year 1873, approved to square his account.

Road account of Jas. P. Wiley approved for $110.

L. H. Johnson made report of the sale of the old bridge at Sang Run, and paid to Jasper Guard, collector, the sum of $15, the amount of sale, which was charged to said collector's contingent fund of 1879.

Bond of Issac Larue as constable for district No. 9 filed and approved.

Board selected or appointed the 25 day of May to examine bridge built by E. Myers, over Buffalo Run.

Geo. W. Blocher, who was appointed tax collector for the year 1880, tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

The following is the resignation:

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett county:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been notified of my appointment by your Honorable body to the office of State and county tax collector for Garrett county, and whilst I fully appreciate the honor conferred and shall ever kindly remember the confidence placed in me by the Board of Commissioners, all the more gratifying to me because the position was unsought; but owing to the nature of my business affairs at this time, and matters connected with private arrangements, I am compelled to decline the position so kindly tendered. I, therefore, with great respect, offer your Honorable body my resignation.

I remain,
Yours, respectfully,
GEO. W. BLOCHER.

Edward Maugroff was then appointed collector of State and county taxes for Garrett county and State of Maryland, by acclamation, and the Board fixed the 14th of May to meet to approve said Collector's bond.

A Good Hit.

We copy the following from a Pennsylvania exchange. It may not be inapplicable to our own county:

One more deputy,
Got in good job,
Fixing a bridge,
The county to rob.

Put it up tenderly,
Don't make it strong;
Fashion it slenderly,
Get something wrong.

Look at the abutments,
Ready to tumble,
Where is the taxpayer
To worry and grumble?

Don't speak of it scornfully,
Think of it mournfully,
For you'll have it to pay.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into the masonry,
Crumbling and soft.

Who was the Contractor?
Who filled the Commission?
Had they no Carpenter?
Had they no Mason?

Cross the bridge carefully,
Slowly and prayerfully,
Over the breast
Of the "raging canal."

Owing its weakness
And shakiness too,
From a case of long sickness
It may let you through.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Convention met in the Court house Saturday, and organized by electing Mr. Samuel Lawton President and Mr. N. H. Wilburn Secretary. H. Wheeler Combs, Hon. George W. Wilson and W. O. McGowin, were unanimously elected delegates to the Frederick Convention. Five districts were represented. The delegates were not instructed, but will vote for Blaine delegates to the National Convention.

Sunday School Re-Organization.

The Bear Creek Sunday School was re-organized last Sunday with the following officers and teachers.

Superintendent—Rev. D. Hackstedler.
Asst. Supt.—Dr. A. F. Speicher.
Secretary—F. E. Spelcher.
Assistant—J. J. Beeghly.
Book Committee—Albert Mosser and Mary Beeghly.
Treasurer—Austin Spelcher.
Male Teachers—J. J. Beeghly, Albert Mosser, Austin Spelcher.
Female Teachers—Ella Linniger, Mary Weller, Caroline Kaese and Lizzie Spelcher.

A Useful Book.

We have received from the publishers, J. Frank Lewis & Co., Baltimore, a copy of the "Maryland Directory for 1880." It is a useful book, full of valuable information pertaining to the State, and should be in the hands of all. It contains historical sketches of all the counties and towns in the State, and also gives the postoffice addresses of every prominent citizen of the State.

Jas. A. Enlow is agent for it here, and will furnish them for $1.50 each.

Corporation Election.

The corporation election for municipal officers Monday resulted in the election of a Democratic Burgess and two Commissioners, one Republican Commissioner, and a tie between a Commissioner on each ticket. The Judges, however, certified to the election of three Democratic and one Republican Commissioner.

The vote for each candidate was as follows:

For Burgess—Alex. L. Osbourn, Democrat, 95; John C. Dunham, Republican, 70.

For Commissioners—Democrats—John W. Smith, 91; Thos. Carr, 90; E. J. Fringer, 79; Dr. E. H. Bartlett, 81. Republicans—W. M. Coddington, 89; Geo. L. Bosley, 75; Jno. Shatzer, 81; John Pfeiffer, 74.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of May:

Jon H. Conrad and Eliza G. Warren.

John T. Stoyer and Mary C. Boyer.

B. F. Hoye and Alice R. Casteel.

Thos. Pierce and Elizabeth Sigler.

Clifton Morgan and Nancy E. Sanders.

Ernest F. Crow and Margaret A. McKenzie.

Jonas Yutzy and Mary M. Knauer.

S. W. Jones and Angelia Denning.

NORTH BRANCH OF POTOMAC, May 1st, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I beg space in your valuable paper to say a few words in regard to our school. It closed with one term, for which we were very sorry; but owing to her late commencement we could not send scholars enough to justify her in teaching another term. Miss Lou DeWitt, our teacher, has proved herself a very competent teacher and also a lady. The scholars made rapid progress while going to school. The last day of school passed off very pleasantly, but quietly, with quite a number of visitors, who were all very sorry to see the school close.

Things along the Branch are in a prosperous condition. The Bloomington and Elk Garden railroad will undoubtedly be built in the near future, as work in the way of grading has already commenced.

Messrs. H. G. Davis & Co. are pushing their floating operations, as well as opening their coal mines. They are paying out a large amount of money for labor.

D. J. B.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The friends of the Hon. Geo. W. Wilson are not altogether satisfied with the sketch of his life published in THE REPUBLICAN, thinking it incomplete. There are several incidents connected with his youth we should have been glad to have seen published: one in particular, that will give those not personally acquainted with Mr. Wilson an insight into the decision and courage that he exhibited when a boy. When about ten years of age Mr. Wilson and I were to spend the night seeling in the North Branch. He went on to catch the bait, and we were to meet at a certain place. I went there but he did not come. On the way to the river he treed a coon, and not wishing to leave it, and having no means to kill it or bring his coonship down the tree, he pulled off his shirt and wrapping it around the tree quietly lay down for the night. When the gnats would bite too bad he would get up and bark around the tree. Thus he spent a dark, rainy night, at the age of 10 years. In the morning the coon was gone and he came home hungry and woe-begone, looking to be scolded by the family for his adventrous disposition. I forgot to say that I skedaddled home as fast as I could as soon as it grew dark and he did not meet me.

There are various other adventures that probably Mr. Wilson himself has forgotten that I will send you at some future time.

Yours, truly,
JOHNNY JUMPUP.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, practicing under the style of Peddicord & Gonder, vs. John Fox.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 73. Trials to May Term, 1880.

ORDERED, this 6th day of May, 1880, by the circuit court for Garrett county, that the sale of the real estate of John Fox, as mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, constable, under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias mentioned in said report and issued on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1879, and to the said James S. Johnson directed by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, partners practicing law under the firm name of Peddicord & Gonder, against Jno. Fox, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 1st day of June, 1880.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
my8-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

CATTLE MARKETS.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., May 3.—Cattle—Receipts since Friday 1,902 head of through and 782 of local stock; supply light and very little business, except at retail only six loads sold for shipment; prices unsteady, tho' generally unchanged. Hogs—Receipts 10,010 head; Yorkers $4.44@4.55; Philadelphias $4.75@4.85. Sheep—Receipts 5,300 head; selling firm and 10c. higher than last week.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—Cattle active; receipts 2,900 head; prime 5½@5¾c.; good 5@5¼; medium 4¾@4¾; common 4@4½. Sheep active; receipts 8,00 head; prime wooled 7@7½c.; good 6½@6¾; medium 6@6¼; common 5½@5¾; clipped 4½@5¼. Hogs active; receipts 6,500 head; prime 7½c.; good 6¾; medium 6⅜; common 6 3-8;

BALTIMORE, May 4.—Though the wholesale market exhibited some activity and improvement in prices over last week, none was seen in the retail trade, which must be reported slower, and prices a shade off in most cases, as compared with the rates ruling at the time of our report last Monday. The quality was of a better ave age than last week, there being a large number of very excellent cattle among the offerings—a considerable in excess of last week. Prices ranged from 2½@5½c., most of the sales being made from $4.75@5.40 per 100 pounds.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 4th, 1880.

The Board of County School Commissioners will meet on

Wednesday, May 26th,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Monday, May 24th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
2w Treasurer and Examiner.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Saturday, June 12th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
my8-5w Examiners.

ORDER NISI.

George W. Legge, et. al. vs. Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife. } Ratification of a Constable's sale.

ORDERED, This 4th day of May, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sales of the real estate of Mary E. F. Good and Alexander C. Good, her husband, as mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, Constable, under and by virtue of two writs of fieri facias, mentioned in said report, and to the said James S. Johnson directed, by Alex. L. Osbourn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Geo. W. Legge against Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 31st day of May instant; *provided*, a copy of this order be published in a newspaper printed in Oakland once in each of three successive weeks, before said 31st day of May instant; *and provided also*, a copy of this order be served on the said Alexander C. Good and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, on or before the 10th day of May instant, provided they be found within the limits of Garrett county.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
my8-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

[Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas Browning, et al., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats, said writ being No. 19, Judicials to May Court, 1880, of said county, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Charles H. Whetsell and Samuel Teats in and to the following property, to-wit: One steam engine and saw-mill, one brown mare, one four-horse wagon, two cross-cut saws, three axes, one lot saw-mill tools. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in said Garrett county, adjoining lands of Thomas Browning and others, it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to the said Samuel Teats by Notley H. Browning and wife, by deed dated March 20th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 569, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, to which said deed reference is hereby made for a more particular description of said land.

And I hereby give notice that on

SATURDAY, May 8th, 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said writ.

THOS. CODDINGTON,
apl 17-ts Late Sheriff.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 10th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

AND, WHEREAS, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM, McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 419.

AN ACT to repeal and re-enact with Amendments Section Nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That Section nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," be, and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments, so as to read as follows:

SEC. 19. The said Clerk is hereby authorized and empowered to administer an oath or affirmation to any person or persons presenting a claim to said Commissioners against said county; to any person or persons filing any paper with said Commissioners to which an affidavit is required by law, and to any person or persons who are to be examined as witnesses in any matter before said Commissioners, for which services the said Clerk shall not be entitled to make any charge, the same being hereby made a part of his official duty as Clerk, and said Clerk shall be entitled to such compensation as shall be fixed by the said Commissioners not exceeding four hundred dollars for any one year.

And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
my8-3 Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
my0-t3 Secretary of the Senate.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
☞ also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.
jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby mill ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Va., line at or near the Nordick settlement.

WILLIAM W. ASHBY,
WILLIAM A. LOHAW,
THOS. W. ASHBY,
ap 17 3t And over fifty others.

"Paralytic Insanity."

ARE the persons insane who, on the descent of an elevator, regularly persist in trying to get into it before those who are already in it have got out? Are the persons insane who, having a fixed income, regularly persist, year after year, in exceeding it, to their own misery and that of every body connected with them? Are the borrowers of books insane who, knowing they will never return them, carry off the volumes of their friends with or without permission? Or the borrowers of any thing, in short, in like circumstances, from bank notes to shirt-collars?

We are moved to put these questions, by way of illustration, through reading a report of Dr. Hammond's interesting address, delivered last evening before the Medico-Legal Society. That address we call interesting; but in some respects it is more than that; for if all of its statements and conclusions are accepted it must likewise be called alarming. Paralytic insanity, the theme of Dr. Hammond's discourse, we understand from it to be dangerously on the increase. It is manifested first by physical symptoms—an important point to bear in mind—the mental symptoms coming afterward. Usually there is a tremulous movement of the upper lip, as if the subject were about to into burst tears. Impediment of speech follows—the trouble being more with the mechanism of speech than with the idea of speech. Then the mental symptoms appear; and it is the description of these that has suggested our prefatory inquiries.

Sometimes, we are told, the mania takes the form of inordinate money spending. One of Dr. Hammond's patients went down town and bought several hundred shovels. Another bought all the dogs he could find. Another undertook to buy nearly all the jewelry in a large shop; and, going home, covered his wife from head to foot with gems and obliged her to walk up and down before him. The same patient proposed to make a voyage to Europe in the Great Eastern, taking the Scotia as a tender; there was to be a band of music on the former ship and the musicians were to be dressed in blue velvet with diamond buttons; and Dr. Hammond was to accompany the expedition and to receive a salary of a million dollars a month.

The lecturer described other forms of delusion. One was that of a man who thought himself irresistibly captivating. He was not happy until it was admitted or supposed that every fresh woman with whom he came in contact had fallen a victim to his charms. Another thought himself so light as to be lit to fly; his levity being imputed by him to the circumstance that the interior of his body was occupied by angels, so that, if he chose, he could move about in space with all the celerity of Mr. D. D. Home or any other past master in the art. Still another person used to knock women down and take off their slippers; his bureau drawers being found at last to be filled with these curious trophies. What is called kleptomania is, indeed, one of the commonest forms of paralytic insanity; and cases of this sort are heard of every day.

Now, without going into further details, more than to observe in passing that a relative enlargement of one of the pupils of the eye and shuffling of the feet are named as among the most frequent indications of this cerebral disorder, what is chiefly impressed upon the mind by Dr. Hammond's lecture is the extension that it denotes of the field of insanity, with the host of dangers to society and prosperity that this extension implies. If the representations now made are to be accepted without qualification, it seems to follow that many persons are punished as criminals who ought to be shut up as lunatics. Rufus Choate some years ago, in Boston, made an astonishingly able defense of Albert J. Tirrell, charged with the murder of Maria Bickford. The defense was founded on the plea of somnambulism. The advocate owned that his client had killed the woman, but claimed that he was walking in his sleep when he did it. But, if what we understand to be Dr. Hammond's facts and inferences are to be received implicitly, Mr. Choate would in our day have a much easier time of it; since the tokens of incipient aberration as just laid down are so many and so various that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for any individual to be sane in a given community may soon be set down as a remarkable exception; and this reflection makes the dangers we have hinted at sufficiently palpable.

If all persons who are habitually extravagant, or intemperate, or who go about buying useless things, like Mrs. Toodles, or who, as members of a family, are chronically willful, disobedient and regardless of the rights of others, or who take things, small or great, that do not belong to them, or who, which is the same thing, incur debt that they can not pay, are to be adjudged out of their minds, it is clear that lunatic asylums will have to be greatly increased in number, and that society must submit to a serious depopulation. Yet, if this is objected to as sweeping, who is to indicate the boundaries of exception or to declare the locality of the "thin partitions" which those bounds divide? We may perhaps be told—for the newest revelations in cerebral science point to such a dictum—that perfect sanity in human beings is as rare as perfect physical health; and there is certainly room, according to these lights, to apprehend that, in the multiplicity of symptoms and the alleged increase generally of cerebral disease, the human race is threatened with ills once comparatively unknown, while professed alienists are likely to attain a hazardous and unprecedented power.

For our own part, however, and speaking with all the respect that should animate laymen when dealing with experts, we are so old fashioned as to believe that in a large number of cases of alleged insanity there is too much method in the madness to warrant a waiver of responsibility. We believe that a large portion of the thieves, drunkards, prodigals, braggarts and other persons for whom our sympathies on this score are so often invoked are impelled to their acts not so much by "paralytic insanity" as by intense selfishness; and while, of course, open to conviction on suitable evidence, we are of opinion that not only as considerable a fraction of the crimes committed against society are excused on the plea of mental eccentricity as the interests of justice require, but that there is danger that such condonation will run into grave excess.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Horrible Disease Engendered in the St. Gothard Tunnel.

THE Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes: The *Gazzeta Piemontese* gives some interesting particulars concerning the effects on the health of the men employed in the St. Gothard Tunnel, of the unfavorable conditions in which they are compelled to work, with special reference to a disease engendered by the presence in the intestines of animalculæ having a certain resemblance to trichine. The general appearance of the St. Gothard miners, particularly those of them—and they are in the majority—affected by the malady in question, is described as deplorable in the extreme. Their faces are yellow, their features drawn, eyes half closed, lips discolored, the skin is humid, and the gait difficult. If they eat with appetite they can not digest, and when wine is taken it is invariably rejected. Let a man be as strong as he may, three or four months' work in the tunnel seriously injures his health, and at the end of the year, or a little more, he is a confirmed invalid.

Professors Calderini of Parma and Bozzolo and Pagliani of Turin have made several visits to Airolo for the purpose of studying the disease on the spot. They state that 70 or 80 per cent. of the men are suffering from this complaint, to which they give the name of *anemia ankylostoma*, a term derived from the worm found in the intestines of a miner who died in the Turin Hospital last year. A somewhat similar malady, arising from the presence of the *ankylostoma* in the intestines, is endemic in Egypt and Brazil. Thirty per cent. of the cases are classified as "severe;" and among the men who have wrought in the tunnel a year or more, ninety-five per cent. are affected. For boys from fourteen to sixteen, many of whom, as I can personally testify, are employed in the tunnel, the professors stigmatize it as "a veritable hell," continuous labor in its pestiferous atmosphere being almost certain death for the young. Prof. Bozzolo is of opinion that ten hours spent in the tunnel are sufficient to bring about a condition of body favorable to the development of *anemia ankylostoma*.

The disease, though it has probably prevailed more or less for years, has only shown itself to an alarming extent during the last six months. Several causes have contributed to produce this result. The distance of the points of attack, as the extremities of the galleries where the perforators were at work have been called, from the respective entrances (on the north side nearly five miles), rendered ventilation extremely difficult—an evil which has increased by the occasional freezing of the compresses. The air thus sufficiently renewed was further vitiated by the perpetual explosions of dynamite, of which the consumption has been at the rate of 660 pounds a day, the smoke from 400 to 500 oil lamps, and the exhalations from the bodies of 400 men and 40 horses. Add to this that a like number of men and horses have been working night and day in each section of the tunnel for years, that there is an entire absence of sanitary appliances, and that the temperature has averaged from 80 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit, and we have a state of things as inimical to life and health as can well be conceived. Of this the mortality among the horses affords ample proof.

They are kept in the tunnel only eight hours out of the twenty-four, yet they die—generally dropping down dead as if struck by a bullet—at the rate of 25 per cent. per month; that is, the average duration of equine life in the St. Gothard Tunnel has been exactly four months. As most of the miners employed in the tunnel are Piedmontese, the Italian professors, from whose report I have quoted some of the foregoing statements, naturally enough call the attention of their Government to the facts disclosed therein, and claim their interference on behalf of the men. It is only fair, however, to mention that the Swiss papers contest the accuracy of some of their conclusions, and, while admitting that the tunnel is by no means a pleasant place to work in, they affirm that things are not nearly so bad as Profs. Bozzolo and Pagliani make out, and that the figures which these gentlemen give with reference to the prevalence of disease among the men require confirmation. Be that as it may, you could not pass seven or eight hours inside the tunnel, before the boring was completed, without suffering both at the time and afterward considerable inconvenience, if not something worse, and on leaving it your feelings would not improbably resemble those of the Austrian journalist who, after a similar experience, telegraphed to his paper: "I have been in the St. Gothard Tunnel, and I am glad to inform you I have come out alive."

WAR UPON INSECTS.—With the approach of spring the farmer and gardener will be compelled to renew the war with various kinds of noxious insects, and it is well to make immediate preparations for a fight by procuring a supply of the insecticides in common use. The first that is usually needed is ordinary flowers of sulphur, to scatter about the poultry yard and house, and especially in the nests where the fowls are laying. There are very few species of parasites infesting poultry that can withstand the fumes of sulphur, and there is no danger of injuring the fowls by scattering it about in liberal quantities. The nest of every sitting hen should be well dusted with sulphur, and when this is done the hen or her chicks will seldom be troubled with any of the numerous species of poultry lice that are usually more or less abundant wherever fowls of any kind are kept.

A SCHEME for the colonization of northern Mexico with Americans is being organized at San Antonio, Texas, which will, it is thought, settle the border trouble question if it is carried out.

VINEGAR.—For one gallon of vinegar use one pint and a half of sorghum, about two tablespoonfuls of dry hot yeast, and soft water. Keep warm till it works.

Getting Rich Fast.

As a general proposition, mining corporations and mining stocks are frauds, to be as carefully avoided as investments for honestly obtained money as the ventures at the gaming-table or the lay-out of the monte-men. Of course there are mining companies which have a bona fide property—have an actual substance, and whose operations are managed with a reasonable degree of honesty and responsibility. These, however, are so exceptional that they may be easily counted. The stock of these companies is so well fortified by actual property that it is rarely on the market, and never hawked about at a discount. The multitudes of these companies are, however, no more than legalized swindles, into which the unwary are trapped and robbed.

One of the ordinary weaknesses of human nature was wildly developed by the late war. That weakness was to desire to get rich without labor, suddenly and to an extravagant extent. A voluminous and depreciated paper currency familiarized the public mind with large figures; the sudden and large fortunes gained by contractors during the war, the inflation of all nominal values, the excessive display of suddenly acquired wealth, the growth of luxurious tastes and habits, the change from days of toil and anxiety to lavish expenditure and vulgar ease—all had a corrupting influence upon the public mind, and an influence whose evil results will long survive the generation which first experienced it. The natural taste for speculation was whetted by the examples of vast riches gained by brief ventures, and the envy felt towards the successful was in nowise mitigated by the strong suspicion that questionable means had been employed in many cases. The frequent trips to Europe by whole families who had previously lived in humble circumstances, and the bringing back of the external evidences of fashionable luxury, gave to wealth an example in social life which formed a widespread desire to get rich rapidly. The slow processes of labor and moderate accumulations became distasteful, and the search for short cuts to fortune led thousands of previously-contented people to abandon labor as vulgar, even if honest, to find quicker returns, even if the means were less creditable. Every body became a speculator. Every body wanted to live in a better house, to wear better clothes, and to have more money to spend than he or she had before.

During the latter part of Andrew Johnson's Administration the tax on whisky was $2 per gallon. The money to be made by selling whisky without paying the tax was enormous. Seventy millions of gallons of whisky were made every year, and every gallon on which no tax was paid yielded $2 profit to somebody. No wonder that the number of gallons on which the tax was paid fell to 13,000,000 a year, and the profit, dishonest as it was, found willing hands to share it. Every body speculated—men women, and children; boys and girls left the farms and villages to go into cities, where money was plenty, where they could get money and have good clothes, wear kid gloves, have feathers in their hats, see life, and run the chances of making a good strike, on the road to ruin. Work was vulgar; money was plenty; it was easy to buy on credit, and sell at credit with a large profit. It is true that in 1873 there came a sudden end to this mania. Credit collapsed; in a single day fortunes perished; the rich became poor; silks were exchanged for rags, and the spendthrifts were reduced to the alternative of going back to labor or going to the bad, and the criminal records of the day show how large a proportion took the latter course.

For several years there was a struggle for existence. Under the sepulchral monument of the Bankrupt law are buried thousands who had hopelessly tried to recover. The past was too great a load to carry. Out of this graveyard of speculation came at last the boom of better times. Men were again at work. The industrious population in field, and work-shop, and counting-room, found employment and remuneration better than these had ever been before. Times got better, wages were larger and more regular, expenditure increased, and the smothered but not extinguished fire of speculation broke forth anew. This time it has taken the form of digging gold, of finding gold, of gathering in a few weeks gold enough to overshadow the earnings of a lifetime of labor. Young men by the thousands have abandoned labor, taking the hundreds and thousands of dollars saved by them, and gone off to the mountains to get rich by finding gold. They expect to find it in the running streams, in the solid rocks, under the roots of trees, in the plains, and in overhanging banks; they expect to strike the earth and to hear a metallic response. It is of no use to tell these people that each ounce of gold ever found has cost far more than its value in human toil and human life to uncover it; the desire to get rich suddenly and without labor overwhelms all reasonable considerations.

This mania is fed by wonderful stories of fortunes made in a few weeks, days and hours by mining stocks. There are thousands of discontented people who can not go to the mines—can not go the hills to dig. They devour every thing published concerning these so-called mines. They read and believe all the stories of the wonderful wealth to be thus gained. They read of stocks selling at 50 cents on the $100 yesterday, and of their sale to-day at $50; they read of mines selling at $500 and being stocked at $1,000,000, and the stock being in demand. There are thousands of these so-called mines capitalized at sums ranging from $1,000,000 to $30,000,000; of mines whose stock for $1,000,000 has been sold at 25 cents on the dollar becoming of such value that the capital was increased to $10,000,000 and divided among the original stockholders, and then selling at $100 per share. It is not surprising that these self-evident fables find credulous persons in all walks of life investing their ten, fifteen and hundreds of dollars of savings in the stocks of these scandalous and infamous swindles and frauds. It is inspired by the old maxim for getting rich suddenly and without labor. It is the desire to get great wealth for the purpose of spending it in display, of having fashionable dissipation, of outdressing one's neighbors, of having better houses, better clothes and of living faster, more riotously, more aimlessly and more disreputably.

The operators of these bogus mining schemes of course could make no money if there were no fools to be duped, pigeons to be plucked and money to be parted with under the most stupid expectations. The anxiety to get rich suddenly and without labor, however, is superior to reason. It is only necessary for Mrs. A., at a reception, to see the superior diamonds of Mrs. B. to make her inquire of her husband why he does not buy a gold mine, giving up his business, go to Europe and have a good time, instead of trying to make a living slowly. So with people in all the walks of life. To buy a gold mine is the ruling ambition, and in nine cases out of ten the money is desired for purposes of display—shoddy exhibition, weak ambition to outshine their neighbors. Nevertheless millions of dollars are finding their way into these factories of mines, and the robbery of the dupes goes on as if the swindling was not an old story practiced in every age and in every country, but especially in this one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Results of the "Quincy System" of Teaching.

ABOUT eight miles from Boston is the small town of Quincy, which has suddenly acquired great fame in connection with its public schools. In 1875 the School Committee of Quincy, of which Charles Francis Adams, Jun., was a prominent member, resolved to revolutionize the method of instruction which had for long years prevailed. The schools were placed in charge of Col. Frederick Parker, who had himself been a teacher, and while abroad had become thoroughly acquainted with the best methods practiced in Europe. The change which has been wrought since then is wonderful. Old-fashioned ideas have given place to a "system" whose practical results show its value. Object teaching is much used in the primary schools; children begin learning to read with *words*, and write them at the same time; the number of studies in the grammar schools has been reduced; and reading, writing, and arithmetic are made prominent, while the effort is to teach various branches simultaneously. The general results of the "new system," with its attendant changes in details of school-room life, are that the children enjoy going to school, and learn what will be of practical use to them in ordinary life.

In the recently published annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Education the actual results are given of an examination of over two hundred schools and five thousand pupils, scattered through twenty-four towns of Norfolk County, Massachusetts. Quincy is one of these towns. The tests applied related solely to the elements of knowledge—reading, writing, and arithmetic. One test, given to children who had, on the average, been four years in school, was the writing of an ordinary letter of the simplest description. The results are given in fac-simile reproductions of the scholars' own work, and certainly reveal, in a majority of cases, a system of instruction which needs improving. We are informed in the report that in a few schools the pupils performed the exercise of writing a letter, in its various details, with correctness, as if accustomed to something of the kind; but in other schools, they seemed to have no knowledge or practice which enabled them to write or spell properly, or to express thoughts intelligently on paper. The marked pre-eminence of the Quincy schools shows the practical workings of the "new system." In brief, as we understand it, the "Quincy system" aims to make knowledge attractive, easily acquired, and practical; to guide the child's mind to a natural growth, rather than fill it with mere words and rules; and to enkindle, direct, and gratify his innate love of knowledge. In time similar reforms may be expected in schools all over the country.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"What Are Ye Afeerd of, Sal?"

ONE Fourth of July there was an "amateur snap" at one of the Detroit theaters. It was intended to catch the stray sojourners within our gates, and it caught them. One fresh and blooming young man with his thick hair profusely oiled—plastered, in fact—smoothly over his head came in, with his girl meekly following him. She followed until she came to the steps that lead down to the parquette, and then, coming into the glare of the lighted hall, hesitated and looked bewildered, while he strode manfully down to the very front row, evidently thinking she was still at his heels. She stood back in the dim distance, not knowing what to do. He turned around and "his amazement, his surprise, could be seen by the expression of his eyes." He beckoned for her to come, but she shook her head. He stood kind of crestfallen for a minute, and then walked back to where the girl was, while some of the audience tittered.

"Why, what are ye afeerd of, Sal?" he asked in an expostulating tone. "We don't need to mind this crowd; we don't know none of them and they don't know none of us."

This sort of philosophy seemed to convince Sarah, and she went down with him to the seats he first selected, while he cast a look of triumph at those who had previously snickered at him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE fungi, like animals, live upon organic food, consisting of complicated combinations of carbon, which they receive from other organisms and assimilate. They inhale oxygen and give out carbonic acid, like animals. They also never form leaf-green, or chlorophyll, which is so characteristic of most other plants. In like manner they never produce starch. Hence many eminent botanists have repeatedly proposed to remove the fungi completely out of the vegetable kingdom, and establish one between that of animals and plants.

BY means of his new spectroscope, with compound sulphide of carbon prisms, M. Tholon has produced a remarkable map of the solar spectrum, no less than ten meters in length and composed of about 4,000 lines.

Our Young Folks.

JAMIE, THE GENTLEMAN.

THERE'S a dear little ten-year-old down the street,
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet
I love to stay him whenever we meet;
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,
His mother is old with want and care—
There's little to eat and little to wear
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains—though his clothes be old,
No dismal whinings at hunger or cold;
For a cheerful heart that is better than gold
Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten—
"For diligent boys make wise, great men,
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then"—
Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman,

"My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,
The finest lady in all the town,
And wear a velvet and satin gown"—
Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

"Trust ever in God," and "Be brave and true"—
Jamie has chosen these precepts two;
Glorious mottoes for me and for you;
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman!
—*Mabel C. Dowd, in Wide Awake.*

"APRIL-FOOL!"

THERE was one boy in the Merrit Academy who never joined in any of the games; never went skating; never went swimming; never made a snow man or threw snow-balls; never came to the meetings of the debating society, where such questions as, "If a fellow ask a fellow for a bite of a fellow's apple, which is the politer way to give it to a fellow—to bite off a piece yourself, or let a fellow bite for himself?" were debated with much mock gravity and real fun.

He looked with horror on all kinds of fighting; had no admiration for great Generals; thought war should be abolished; shuddered at tales of cruelty and suffering; was constitutionally timid and extremely credulous; hated thunder and lightning; liked birds, flowers, pretty verses and fairy tales; believed in ghosts and supernatural beings; was very fair-haired, very blue-eyed, tall, slender, and was named Harold Lord. But after the first week or two of his attendance at school—he was a day scholar—his real name was never heard, for his school-mates, quickly finding out his peculiar characteristics, skillfully turned it into "Lady Harriet," and Lady Harriet he remained for many a long year. Of course, being so girlish in his appearance, ways and tastes, and of so reserved and gentle a disposition, the other boys rather looked down upon him, and, after the manner of boys, made him the subject of much chaff and many practical jokes; and so it came about when Charley Bennet and Ned Morningstar and Hen Rowe began on the afternoon of the 31st of March to talk about the 1st of April, they hit upon Lady Harriet as a boy who would make a capital "April-fool."

"We can have no end of fun with him," said Charley. "You know he lives all alone with his grandmother—"

"A Little Red Ridinghood," interrupted Hen Rowe.

"—down by the cedar woods," continued Bennet. "But the question now in order is, what kind of fun shall it be?"

"Dress up like Indians, and pretend you're goin' to scalp him," proposed little Al Smith, who had joined the party—a thing no other small boy in that establishment would have dared to do; but then Alfred, as his aunt called him—and a very cross old aunt she was, too—had no father nor mother, and was such a good-natured, willing, reliable young chap that his older school-mates made quite a pet of him, and allowed him many liberties they would have allowed to no one else in his class.

"Nonsense, Smithey," said Hen Rowe. "Ghosts is the thing;" and striking an attitude, he quoted:

"'I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires . . . .
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; fre-e-eze thy young blood;
Make thy—'"

"That's quite enough of that, Rowe," said Bennet. "A band of young desperadoes is my idea. The papers are full of 'em just now—fellows living in caves and other queer places, and robbing right and left (result of reading too many dime novels, heard the Professor say so this morning). Been 'round here, too; stole Uncle Jeff's calf day before yesterday; and his grandmother goes to sewing society to-morrow night."

"The calf's grandmother?" asked Hen Rowe.

"Didn't know you had any grandmother," said Bennet.

"Charley's hit on the very thing," declared Ned Morningstar. "We'll let three or four other fellows into the joke, and I'll be Captain, and we'll wear masks, and all the old clothes we can beg, borrow, or take, and get ourselves up primo as a No. 1 band of reg'lar young villains. Aha! your money or your life!" making a lunge at small Al.

"But you won't really hurt Lady Harriet?" said the little fellow, an anxious look coming into his soft brown eyes. "He's good to me, and gives me candy, and took me fishin' once."

"Took you fishin'!" repeated Charley Bennet, counterfeiting the greatest astonishment. "If he did, I'll bet he never let you catch a fish. He'd a-fainted when he saw it a-wriggling on the hook."

"He did, too," answered Al, stontly. "I caught four, and six crabs, and he got eight," adding, frankly, "but he said he didn't like to catch them, only his grandmother said he must."

"Very reprehensible old lady," said Hen Rowe, gravely, "to allow her greediness for fish to trample on the softest feelings of her grandson's head—I mean heart. But don't be afraid, Smallbones"—stroking Al's dark curls—"we won't hurt him, not a bit; make your mind easy about that. He shall live to take you a-fishin' again."

"It does him good to wake him up once in awhile," added Ned Morningstar, "he's such a turtle. I think I see his face when we all shout 'April-fool'!"

At dusk the next evening, after Grandmother Lord had gone to the sewing society, six or seven dreadful-looking objects came splashing through the mud up the road which led to her cottage. They were dressed in uncouth garments of all sizes and colors. Hats, brimless, or with brims very much turned up or very much turned down, two flaming red turbans, and a round, handleless basket, through the open wicker-work of which the hair of the wearer straggled in the most outlandish and porcupinish manner, constituted their head-gear. The leader carried a gun. The others were armed with hatchets, knives and clubs. All their faces were hidden by paper masks painted in various colors. "This is the house," said one of them, in a voice that seemed to come out of the ground beneath his feet, as they ranged themselves on the front porch, and he rapped sharply on the door with the stick he carried. It opened, and there stood Lady Harriet, gazing out with horror-stricken eyes upon the motley gang. "Your money or your life!" demanded he of the gun, at the same time pointing the weapon at the trembling boy.

Lady Harriet turned pale, and shrank back. "I have no money," he said, in a faltering voice.

"Then we must have your life," was the gruff reply, "unless you consent to become one of us. Seize him and search him!"

"*Do* go away, and leave me alone," implored the boy, falling upon his knees and clasping his hands. "There is no use—making me—join your gang," he continued, with chattering teeth. "I—couldn't be a—a—what you are—to save—my life."

But the young desperadoes paid no attention to his entreaties, and while two of their number rifled his pockets the others, lighting a couple of lanterns they had brought with them, followed their leader on a tramp through the house with much noise and deep growling. On the return of the latter, the pocket-searchers presented the Captain with half a stick of peppermint candy, a penknife, a dime, a small book ("The Language of Flowers"), and some violets wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Prisoner," said the Captain, sternly—that is as sternly as the pebble he had under his tongue would allow—"if you make an attempt to escape, the consequences be on your own head. Right about face! March!"

And away they went, dragging poor Lady Harriet, begging and imploring to be set free, with them.

"Did you ever see any fellow so scared in all your life?" whispered Charley Bennet to Hen Rowe, as their victim began to cry and scream.

"Never," said Rowe. "I begin to feel sorry for him. But what a baby he is! Why don't he break and run? He can make good time with those long legs when he's a mind to."

"Halt!" cried the Captain, when they reached the cedar woods. "This has gone quite far enough. We want no cowards among us. Boy, you are—" And the mouths of his followers simultaneously opened for a tremendous shout, when—

"I perfectly agree with you," interrupted the prisoner, quickly, wresting himself at the same time with a dexterous movement from the grasp of the two boys who had held him; and then he went on in his usual soft voice and slow way: "I mean this joke's gone quite far enough. You came half an hour or so before I expected you, but I think we've all acted our *parts* first-rate. Good-evening, Captain Morningstar. Good-evening, desperadoes. Farewell, April-fools." And he turned and walked leisurely toward his home again.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Ned Morningstar, snatching off his mask and pulling a long face. "Somebody has—"

"Blundered," said Hen Rowe.

"Fools to the right of me,
Fools to the left of me,
Fools every side of me—
Oh, how they wondered!

But what's the use of being glum about it. I've an idea it serves us right. Three cheers for Lady Harriet. He's not such a fool as he looks."

"As we look, I think," said Roy Wheeler.

And then, like the jolly boys they really were, they gave the cheers with a will, and followed them up with a roar of laughter that wakened all the echoes for miles around.—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

Every-Day Heroism.

ONE of the Life-Saving Stations on the California coast has been officially named the "Maggy Geddes." A little girl of that name in San Antonio, aged nine years, seeing a playmate fall into a mill-race, leaped in, and, with great skill and coolness and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in swimming with her ashore.

Another little girl, a year younger, in one of our New England towns, sprang into the river a few days ago and rescued her baby brother from drowning, carrying him in her arms through the swift current, which reached her chin.

Now it was a graceful act of recognition to real heroism for the Government to give the name of little Maggy Geddes to a life-saving station, and it is right that these little heroines should be held up as examples of unselfish devotion to other girls and boys; always provided that the right lesson is drawn from their story.

Not many men, and very few children, ever have the chance to save another life at the risk of their own. Such supreme opportunities come but seldom. But every child should remember that just as much unselfishness, devotion and cool presence of mind can be shown in the little incessant matters of every day as go to make up some one great heroic deed.

In God's eye, it is not the size nor the dramatic effect of the action which counts, but its motive.

Many a young girl patiently bearing for years the cares of a disorganized household, or the peevishness of an invalid parent, or brother or sister; many a boy, bringing indomitable cheerfulness and love to the help of his tired mother—is entitled to more admiration and respect, and is just as heroic, as if in a spasmodic passion of courage they had momentarily faced death for those they loved.—*Youth's Companion.*

THERE is a dearth of singing birds in California, and never so marked among the robins and black-birds, about the only ones to be found there, as during the present season.

HOME AND FARM.

MOLASSES SPONGE CAKE.—Two cups of molasses, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of soda, three-quarters of a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of cold water, five cups of flour.

STAINING FLOORS.—After experimenting for myself and others how best to paint floors in a good and yet inexpensive color, I found French ochre (yellow ochre) and linseed oil in all respects the best. If allowed to dry and get hard, it will last in regular use three to five years. This looks well and is easily cleaned. Apply the first coat thin; the subsequent coats tolerably thick, say about as thick as poor cream.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.—When eggs are too cheap to sell at a profit they may be kept for months as fresh and nice as when first laid in this way: Make a liquid by pouring eight gallons of boiling water on one quart of unslaked lime and one quart of common fine salt. When the two latter are dissolved and cold, place your eggs into this liquid in stone jars (not common earthen) and have all the eggs covered with the preparation, and keep in as cool a place as possible.

MILK-YEAST BREAD.—Take one cupful of milk, add hot water to warm the milk; mix sifted flour to make a thin sponge; let stand over night in a warm place; in the morning add one-half cupful butter, and flour to sufficiently stiffen for bread, kneading thoroughly; fill pans half full, and in a warm place allow the loaves to rise to the top of the pans; bake in a steady oven, not too hot, one hour.

RICE BLANC-MANGE.—A quarter of a pound of ground rice, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of butter, one qnart of milk, flavoring of lemen-peel; mix the rice to a smooth batter with a little milk, and put the remainder into a saucepan with the butter, sugar and lemon-peel; bring the milk to a boiling point, stir in the rice; let it boil for ten minutes, or till it comes away from the saucepan; grease a mold with salad oil, pour in the rice, let it get perfectly cold, and turn out.

BROWN BREAD OF GRAHAM FLOUR.—Take one cup of milk; add hot water to warm; thicken with sifted flour sufficient to make a sponge; stand over night in a warm place; in the morning add half a cup of milk with hot water, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one teaspoonful salt; mix with Graham flour with a spoon until all is smooth; pour into bread-pans half full; let stand in a warm place until the pans are almost full; bake for an hour in a moderately hot oven; have a steady fire.

CHOCOLATE JELLY CAKE.—One-quarter pound butter, two cupfuls sugar, three eggs, three cupfuls flour, one cupful milk, one level teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream-tartar, one teaspoonful extract of lemon. Cream for between cakes: One cupful chocolate, one cupful sweet milk, yelks of two eggs, or, instead of eggs, substitute one-half tablespoonful corn-starch, one and a half cupfuls sugar; boil as stiff as jelly, stir all the time; this requires boiling over half an hour to be stiff enough; when cool add one teaspoonful extract of vanilla.

A SIMPLE FILTER.—Procure two new flower-pots, of the diameter of ten and twelve inches. After filling the hole in the larger one with a piece of new sponge, fill it one-third full of coarsely pulverized charcoal, then, in like manner, fill the drainage opening in the other smaller pot with sponge and set it into the other. You can place them on the end of a deal-box perforated by an auger hole to correspond with those in the flower-pots. Place a pitcher underneath and pour in the water, which will percolate slowly and be found as pure and colorless as crystal.

ICE-CREAM CAKE.—Whites of eight eggs, one cup sweet milk, one cup butter, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one cup corn-starch, two tablespoonfuls baking-powder, mixed with the flour; cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, then the flour and corn-starch; add the whites beaten very light; bake in cakes about an inch thick. Icing for between cakes: white of four eggs beaten very light; four cups sugar; pour one-half pint boiling water over the sugar and boil until clear and will candy in cold water; pour the boiling sirup over the beaten eggs, and beat hard until the mixture is cold and to a stiff cream; add, before it is quite cold, one teaspoonful pulverized citric acid, two teaspoonfuls extract vanilla; when cold spread between the cakes as thick as the cakes.

Orchids.

THE collection and cultivation of orchids is a very modern and feminine passion, but it is one so wonderfully interesting and curious as to excuse even the extravagant length to which it has been carried by English and French ladies. Much less than a century ago Dr. Lindley introduced us to the orchidaceous plants—the latest, richest, and rarest ornaments with which our world is adorned. Now many English orchid-houses contain from three hundred to seven hundred specimens, all distinctly unique and beautiful. Still, they are so rare that orchid-lovers pay fabulous prices for new varieties, and wealthy noblemen and famous florists send collectors to the far inland forests of tropical countries in search of them. The present Duke of Devonshire, when visiting Mr. Henderson's orchid-house, only secured a rare specimen for a lady who was with him by leaving in the hands of the amazed florist his pocket-book full of bank-bills.

The great charm of orchids, apart from their beauty and perfume, is their curious resemblance to many forms of animal life. Humboldt says, "their flowers resemble the winged insects and birds their perfume attracts;" and orchids resembling the dove, bee, fly, butterfly, and swan are among the favorites of every collector. It is easy to see how a lady, having once secured some fine varieties, would be led on to accumulate until the interest in them became a passion. To flower-lovers they offer, also, several other important advantages: their perfume is exquisite, their coloring gorgeous; they remain in bloom three or four times longer than any other flower; and those brought from the tropics have all seasons for their blooming; so that the possessor of a collection of orchids is certain to have a majority of her plants in flower all the year round.

For beginners the following are the most easily managed, and furnish the most distinctive beauties and interest; and when these have been successfully cultivated, accumulation will be a continual delight. Some of them are of the pendulous class, and grow naturally on the branches of the lofty trees, adhering by tortuous roots to decaying vegetable matter on them; others are terrestrial, growing in the earth, while some are aerial, and subsist entirely on the atmosphere.

Of the terrestrial orchids one of the most lovely is the *Espiritu Santo*, or dove orchid. It was brought to England from Panama in 1826. Its bulbs, oval in shape, and of a bright green color, grow above the surface of the ground; the leaves are lance-shaped and ribbed; the flower-spike, rising to the height of four or five feet, forms in the upper portion a raceme of pure white waxy flowers, twenty or more in number. Each flower has in its center a remarkable resemblance to a snowy dove with outspread wings, faintly dotted with lilac. In Panama it is a sacred emblem, and regarded with a superstitious reverence which no one will wonder at who has seen the flower. The cultivation of this flower is now well understood, and there are few orchid-houses without *Espiritu Santo*.

The Indian butterfly plant is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful plants belonging to the genus *Phalænopsis*, and it is held in the highest estimation by all orchid-lovers. Indeed, its loveliness has procured for it the designation of the orchid queen. It is a true *air*-plant, and in its native woods attaches itself to the branches of trees by a net-work of fibrous thread-like roots, but they neither penetrate the bark, nor derive any nutriment from the wood it covers; they are supported entirely by the atmosphere. Each stalk supports a single flower, which is exceedingly like a gorgeous butterfly, not only in its general outline, but in details both of form and color. The center of the flower is a mimicry of the body of the insect, the sepals represent in a wonderful manner the antennæ of the butterfly, the petals of the wings, and the labellum, or lip, the expanded body of the insect.

One plant will bear from twenty to thirty stalks, each stalk producing in succession from twelve to fifteen flowers. The tints are very variable, but only in the shades of the two invariable colors, yellow and brown. In some flowers the yellow is clear and bright, shading off to deep orange.

The singular resemblances to animated life taken by orchids are very numerous, and afford continual interest to the collector. There is a spider orchid that is very curious, and others resembling flies, bees, lizards, swans, etc. Another called the *Cabæstum viride*, opens a beautiful capote, with bows and strings complete—just the thing for a fairy on a summer night. The whole genus *Catastcum* affords in this respect a constant and curious pleasure from its remarkable metamorphoses and masqueradings. The very same plants have been observed to bear, at different periods, flowers totally dissimilar, and again, as if in mockery, to produce these dissimilar blossoms in association. The helmet-shaped *Catasetum* is peculiarly addicted to these grotesque changes; but through all their freaks they preserve large, brilliant, and fragrant flowers.

But it would take a volume of no ordinary size to point out the beauties and peculiarities of the different families of orchids, and I can hope to do no more than arouse an interest in the subject—a subject which is wide and diversified enough to meet all tastes, and to reward any amount of intelligent outlay and care. No conservatory of miscellaneous plants can afford such a charming variety as an orchid-house. From hundreds of terrestrial varieties the potted plants may be selected. The hanging orchids contain some of the most magnificent floral beauties in the world, and these can be suspended in baskets, trained along the rafters, or fastened to blocks of wood, while the aerial kinds will thrive well if attached to the walls on the husks of the cocoanut.

No plants are so little liable to disease or accident, or so little infested with insects; but they are certainly of a very aristocratic temper—they dislike to be mixed with other flowers, and never do well under such circumstances. The only plants which they tolerate are the finest kinds of ferns. Those, therefore, who hope to rear isolated orchids in their conservatories will be almost sure to be disappointed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Help the Boys to Like It.

THE splendid rewards brought to the farmers during the past three years are doing more than all the preaching to keep boys on the farm. Our idea is that this state of affairs ought to be improved by the farmers, and by those interested in the prosperity of the young, to fix the boys' choice on the farm as a preference, and to teach them their business. And the shortest statement of the way to do it, according to our observation and knowledge, is to make them like it. There are as many different ways to do this as there are boys to be influenced; but it may safely be said that any boy whose tastes, inclinations, ambitions and abilities are in the direction of farming, can the most surely be kept at his vocation by rendering his apprenticeship to it as pleasant and hopeful as possible.

The wheels of this generation will not run in the ruts of the last one; too many farmers forget this. The conditions of successful farming have greatly changed within fifty years. Markets and transportation have worked many modifications. Improved breeds of animals, perfected grain and fruits, farm machinery and commercial fertilizers, the classification of the different branches into specialties—all these have made it necessary for the young farmers to know a good deal more than sufficed for their fathers. And this knowledge must come from books, schools, farm journals, observation and experiments. The boy, therefore, should be permitted and encouraged to learn his business, that he may respect and succeed in it.—*Golden Rule.*

Starving in Plenty.

THAT a millionaire should die of starvation is surely a strange freak of Destiny. About a fortnight ago an elderly gentleman, notorious for his miserly habits, was found dead on the floor of his garret in a cheap lodging-house of Dunai, a small town in Podolia. He had occupied the attic in question for many years, during which time he had never been known to light a fire in his stove, despite the terrible cold of Russian winters. His chief food was bread, which he purchased once a week at a village several versts distant from Dunai, in order to save a few copacks upon its price; and at long intervals he would regale himself with a few ounces of hog's liver, the cheapest meat in the public market. beef or mutton being, as he was wont to declare, quite beyond his means. Nor even during the long winter evenings did he ever burn candles or oil, as he "could not afford such luxuries." On searching his room after his death, the police authorities found hidden away under heaps of rags and valueless rubbish over half a million of rubles in coined gold, and securities to an even larger amount. The *post-mortem* examination to which his body was submitted proved conclusively that he had perished of sheer hunger, dissolution having been hastened on by extreme cold. The attenuated corpse was frozen hard, and no trace of nourishment could be discovered in the stomach or intestines. Surrounded by treasures that could have procured for him every imaginable comfort and enjoyment, this strange being chose to die a painful and lingering death rather than spend a single coin of his vast hoards in the commonest necessaries of life.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says: There are three important physiological reasons why a woman's hair is longer than her husband's. The first is that since nature has withdrawn from her the hair growth of the face, and to a great degree that of the body, a larger supply of hirsute forming material is left for the scalp. The second is, her hair having a larger diameter of shaft is stronger and less liable to break, and has, too, an increased formative power of the papillæ. The third reason is, that she is usually less engaged in mental labors or business worry, and so there results more constant and even supply of blood to the scalp. Her head is less constantly covered and is better ventilated than the man's, and it might be added that she cultivates her crop with more care and greater pride in it than her lord and master would care to be accused of.

THE San Antonio (Tex.) *Express* says: "The little girl, Jessie Lumly, upon whom the operation of gastrotomy, or cutting through the stomach, was performed by Dr. Herff, last August, and who has since received all her nourishment through the stomach, is gaining strength and flesh very rapidly. The child masticates the food given her, and, being unable to swallow, takes the chewed diet and inserts it into her stomach through the tube placed there by the surgeon. She has got so that she can digest any kind of food given her, and appears to be perfectly healthy and as cheerful and frisky as any of her playmates."

TO USE up cold meats, take pieces of any kind, chop fine, season with pepper and salt, a little onion chopped, break over the meat two or three eggs, add a small piece of butter, stir all together in a pan over the fire, with a little cream or water to moisten—thin gravy does very nicely; pour it upon nicely-buttered toast; serve hot.

THE oldest living boatman is said to be David Burns, who lives at Burns' Landing, on the Kentucky River, and is ninety years of age. He has walked from New Orleans to Frankfort six times, a distance of 1,500 miles.

THE Buffalo *Courier* says all the perfume in Arabia will not sweeten a man's character after he has been through one National political campaign as an aspirant for the highest office in the gift of the Nation.

FRANCE exports to Europe $140,000,000 worth of manufactured articles in excess of what England exports.

—Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal tree perfumes the ax that strikes it.

THE trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

IT is remarkable that, should the proposed Canadian bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals become a law, the penalty for abusing an animal will be eleven times as severe as that for assaulting a human being.

LIME AS AN INSECTICIDE.—Freshly slaked lime, well dried, is very useful for destroying many of the pests that attack plants, and in most cases it may be used quite freely without danger of injuring anything but the insects. The asparagus slugs that often appear upon the young shoots in spring are readily destroyed by liberal applications of lime when the plants are wet with dew or rain. Lime is also useful in destroying and driving away various kinds of flea beetles that infest cabbage and cauliflower plants, slugs upon cherry and pear trees, cut-worms and similar insect pests found in almost every garden and orchard.

THE foraging of a pig in a strange garden may be referred to as the root of evil.

IN the United States about four hundred newspapers style themselves *Journals;* two hundred and seventy-five *Democrats;* about two hundred and twenty-five each *Heralds, Gazettes* and *Republicans;* one hundred and ninety *Times;* one hundred and sixty *News,* and one hundred and thirty *Presses.*

IN June last, at T——, Pennsylvania, "Children's Sunday" was observed, at which time several children were christened. Little Johnny was rather pugnacious by temperament, but seemed deeply impressed by the ceremony. At home, during the previous week, all the feather beds and pillows had been renovated by a peregrinating renovator, which process had attracted much attention among the children. On the afternoon after the christening Johnny was quite angered by one of his sisters. Immediately the hand was raised, as of old, to strike; but slowly it was lowered, and with a serious voice and a look worthy the rebuke of an apostle, he said, "Oh, sister, how could you?—and you just renovated, too!"—*Harper's Drawer.*

IT is a good thing for Job's reputation for patience that he died before the gem puzzle was born.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE color-blind pilot must go; but he must not go as pilot.

Women as Lawyers.

THOUGH *Old Mr. Fogy* has long questioned woman's fitness to practice law, and her opinions concerning legal matters, no one has ever questioned her opinion concerning Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women freely affirm that the Prescription is a positive cure for those "dragging down" sensations, and the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. The Favorite Prescription is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 14th, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I was treated by four different physicians without avail for disease of the liver and uterus. Some time ago I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription and Discovery, being at the time confined part of the time to my bed. At first my improvement was slow, but I now find myself well after the use of four bottles of each of the medicines. With many, many thanks,

I am, very respectfully,
MARY E. GRACE.

Sly Doctors.

IT is a fact that many of the "regular" doctors who will not recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for the diseases which it so effectually removes, yet use it "on the sly," in their practice. They must soon adopt it openly as the standard remedy.

IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt rheum, ring worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the VEGETINE, and cure these affections. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve lsits power to reduce inflammation.

Vegetine.

SCROFULA.

COMPLETELY CURED ME.

NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 26, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I write to say that seven bottles of your VEGETINE have completely cured me from a very severe case of SCROFULA of many years' standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the VEGETINE is a Godsend, and no one ought to do without it.

I remain, respectfully, yours,
J. A. PATRICK.

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor.

THE WATCHMAKER'S REPORT.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Dec. 27, 1876.

DR. H. R. STEVENS:

I have suffered with *Scrofula and Scrofula Humors* ever since I could remember. It has been in our family for years before I was born. I inherited it. I have tried all kinds of medicines. After having used a great many other patent medicines, after having paid many large doctors' bills, I heard from a neighbor that VEGETINE had cured him. I had good faith because I saw it, and so I went to the Dudley Hansen Eagle Drug Store to purchase a bottle of the VEGETINE. I kept taking the VEGETINE, and, in fact, I became better and better. When I had taken several bottles, all *Scrofula Sores* and marks were gone; my health very good. It is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It will cure *Scrofula.* It took the sores and humors off my face; it gave me a clear skin. Everybody who has got *Scrofula Humors* should try it.

FERDINAND SCHNICK,
Watchmaker, Main Street.

I know the above to be true.
DR. CHAS. M. DUDDENHAUSEN,
Apothecary, 519 Main Street.

SCROFULA.

Cured Her.

BELLEVUE, KY.

DR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I must state that your Vegetine deserves to be called a valuable blood purifier, renovator and invigorator of the whole system. My wife suffered for a length of time with a *Scrofula Sore* on the leg. She took several bottles of Vegetine. The results were surprising; it cured her, while all the former remedies failed to give satisfaction. Respectfully,
T. F. TRICK.

I know the above to be true.
HENRY WERTHEIMER,
Druggist and Apothecary, 139 Monmouth St.

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

The Famous Seltzer Spring of Germany in Every American Home!

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT,

Based upon a scientific analysis of this celebrated German Spring, is its concentrated duplicate, with thirty to forty sparkling doses in each bottle. Sold by Druggists the world over.

RED RIVER VALLEY
2,000,000 Acres
Wheat Lands

best in the world, for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Dose small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.
Warranted to first buyers.
CONSUMPTION.

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

PAINT YOUR HOUSES WITH
RUBBER PAINT.
Send for Sample Card of their Beautiful Colors.
There is no Paint manufactured equal to it. It is Smooth, Glossy, Durable and Economical. Any Shade. FACTORIES AT
CLEVELAND, NEW YORK, CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS.

CONSUMPTION
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP CURED BY ALLENS LUNG BALSAM
IT'S THE BEST EXPECTORANT REMEDY
ALL ON YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

is used with greater success than any other article of the kind. The finest children are those fed on Ridge's Food. WOOLRICH & CO., on every label.

OPIUM. Morphia Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

I. P.

The following communication from a highly esteemed citizen of Boston comes to us unsolicited; the writer for obvious reasons requests us not to publish his name, at the same time he desires to make known the fact of his discovery for the benefit of others similarly afflicted:

BOSTON, MASS.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:

Gentlemen—You may not be aware of the fact that your Kalliston affords relief in that most distressing complaint called *Itching Piles.* I made the discovery some weeks ago, during a night of intense discomfort and suffering, by simply applying Kalliston, a bottle of which happened to be on my dressing table. The effect seemed to me magical; the itching ceased almost instantly, and I have had no recurrence.

I feel it to be my duty to make this statement to you, hoping that thereby other sufferers may be relieved.

Very truly, your obliged and obedient servant,

Since receiving the above, the proprietors of Kalliston have endeavored fairly to test its value as a specific for Itching Piles, having caused it to be used in many aggravated cases, and in every instance it has given instant relief.

The following letter will prove interesting to those who suffer from this disagreeable disease:

JANUARY 29, 1880.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

I have had the Itching Piles off and on ever since the war. Sometimes I have suffered agony, and I tell you nobody knows what pain and misery is, unless they have had the Itching Piles.

Somebody told me that your Kalliston would cure me. I got a bottle, and the very first time I used it the pain and itching was all gone in a few minutes, and I think I am cured, as I have not had any trouble from it for a fortnight.

Another thing about the Kalliston, it is nice and clean, and easy to use. Yours truly,
JOS. E. FOSTER,
11 Lowell Street.

Send to JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, for descriptive circular free. For sale by all Druggists.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all Malarial Poison. Price, 25 cents a Box.

Warner's Safe Nervine quickly gives Rest and Sleep to the suffering, cures Headache and Neuralgia, Prevents Epileptic Fits, and is the best remedy for Nervous Prostration brought on by excessive drinking, over-work, mental shocks, and other causes.

It relieves the pains of all diseases and is never injurious to the system. The best of all Medicines.

Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50 cts. and $1.

☞WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

☞Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

PENSIONS

From the date of a soldier's discharge can be procured provided application therefor is filed at the proper department prior to July 1, 1880. MILO B. STEVENS & CO. make this business a specialty, and with sixteen years' experience are generally successful Try them. Address

Milo B. Stevens & Co.
OFFICES:
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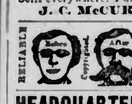
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 188.

AN ACT to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," entitled "Garrett County," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding thereto certain additional sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, and one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of Intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That chapter one hundred and eight of the acts passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws" entitled "Garrett County," be and the same is hereby amended by the addition thereto of the following sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor, to read as follows, viz.:

SEC. 134. License shall not be granted to any person to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county, until the person applying for said license shall have filed with the clerk of the Circuit Court a petition, signed by at least twelve freeholders, each of whom shall be the owner of real estate worth not less than five hundred dollars, over and above all incumbrances, and reside within three miles of the proposed place of business of such applicant praying that the license asked for may be granted, nor until the person applying for such license shall have filed with said clerk a bond, with at least two sureties, to be approved by said clerk, in the penal sum of three thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all fines, penalties, costs and damages, to which the person obtaining the said license may become liable, for any violation of any of the license laws of the State; and the said clerk is hereby prohibited from approving any bond under this section unless it shall appear to him by good evidence that the sureties in said bond are worth in real estate double the amount of the penalty of said bond.

SEC. 135. License to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county shall not be granted to any applicant who has complied with the preceding section of this act until said applicant, in addition to the amount of moneys now required, or which may hereafter be required to be paid by the General License Laws of this State, shall have paid to said clerk an equal sum of money, to be paid over by said clerk to the Board of County School Commissioners of said county, to be by the said board applied to and used as a part of the public general school fund of said county; provided, however, that the said additional sum of money to be paid to the county shall not be less than the sum of thirty dollars for any one year, and pro rata for any portion of a year allowed by the State License Laws.

SEC. 136. The Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county shall diligently inquire as to the sufficiency of the bond, and the competency of the petitioners, required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and if he shall wilfully or negligently fail so to do, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be liable to a fine, in the discretion of the circuit court, of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

SEC. 137. It shall be the duty of said clerk to require from each applicant for license, as aforesaid, in addition to any requirements of the General License Laws of this State, a written affidavit, to be filed in his office, in which said applicant shall state the situation of the house, or place of business, and premises, including all the buildings and ground occupied or used in connection therewith, at or in which the sales to be authorized by said license may be or are proposed to be made; the rate of rent or annual value thereof and the owner of said house or place of business and premises; also that each of the petitioners signing the petition of said applicant is such a freeholder as is required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and lives within three miles of the said proposed place of business of said applicant; and said clerk may, in his discretion, require such other and further proof, by the written affidavits of other parties, to be filed in his office, or otherwise, as to the compliance, in good faith, of said applicant with the requirements of this act, as he may deem proper.

SEC. 138. All sums received by said clerk for the use of said county shall be accounted for and paid over to the county school commissioners of said county on the first day of January, of April, of July, and of October of each and every year, and the said clerk shall be liable for all sums on his official bond, and shall, in addition to the fees now allowed him, be entitled to receive the sum of one dollar for approving and filing the bond and other papers in each application, and five per cent. commission on the additional amount paid for license, over and above the amount paid to the State; said one dollar and commissions to be paid by the applicants for license, in addition to the sum to be paid for said license.

SEC. 139. Any distiller of spirituous or fermented liquors or spirits who shall sell, deliver or give to any person any quantity of spirituous or fermented liquor or distilled spirits, less than five wine gallons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence, in the discretion of the court, and imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days.

SEC. 140. Any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer, selling the same in quantities of one pint and more, shall not allow the said spirituous or fermented liquor or lager beer to be drank on his or her premises; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction thereof shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, and imprisoned not less than one nor more than three months, for each offence.

SEC. 141. Whoever, by the sale of intoxicating liquors contrary to law, causes the intoxication of another person, shall be liable for and compelled to pay a reasonable compensation to any person who may take charge of, and provide for, such intoxicated person, and one dollar per day in addition thereto, for every day such intoxicated person may be kept in consequence of such intoxication; which sum may be recovered in a civil action before any court or justice of the peace having jurisdiction thereof, and said suit may be brought upon the bond of any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act, and shall be liable for the sum recovered in said suit, in case the sale is made by a person who has obtained license under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 142. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other person, injured in person or property, or means of support, by

MISCELLANEOUS.

any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall, after the giving and during the existence of the notice provided for in the next section, have a right of action in his or her own name, severally or jointly, against any person or persons or body corporate who, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person, and the owner or any building or premises, and the person renting or leasing the same, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who having leased the same for other purposes, knowingly permits intoxicating liquors to be sold therein, that have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person or persons or body corporate selling or giving intoxicating liquors as aforesaid, for all damages sustained, as well as exemplary damages.

SEC. 143. Such husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other interested person liable to be so injured by any sale of intoxicating liquors to any person, and desiring to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to such person, shall give notice either verbally before a witness, or in writing, to the person or persons so selling or giving his intoxicating liquors, or to the owner or lessor of the premises wherein such intoxicating liquors are given or sold, or file with the nearest justice of the peace in the city, town or district wherein such intoxicating liquors may be sold, notice to all liquor dealers not to sell to such person any intoxicating liquors from and after ten days from the date of so filing such notice.

SEC. 144. Such notice, filed with said justice of the peace, shall be entered by him in a book to be kept for such purpose, which shall be open for the inspection of all persons interested; and any notice entered in such book shall, by the justice of the peace having charge of the same, be erased and so obliterated as not to be legible, upon the demand of the person by whom such notice was filed, and thereafter such notice shall cease and end, and said justice of the peace shall be entitled to demand and receive a fee of ten cents for the filing and entry of every such notice.

SEC. 145. Such notice, whether served personally or filed with the justice of the peace as aforesaid, shall, during its existence, inure to the benefit of all persons interested, the same as if a notice had been served by each; and if any justice of the peace fail or refuse to make such record, as herein provided, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than ten nor less than five dollars.

SEC. 146. A married woman shall have the same right to bring suits and control the same, and the amount recovered, as a femme sole, and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor or to his or her parent, guardian or next friend, as the court shall direct.

SEC. 147. Any saloon keeper, grocer or other person who publishes the fact of any notice has been given, as provided in the foregoing sections, by posting such notices in any saloon, grocery or other place, or by printing or causing the same to be printed in any newspaper, circular, or in any other way gives publicity to the fact that such notice has been given, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, or imprisoned not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars for each offence.

SEC. 148. For all fines, costs and damages assessed against any person in consequence of the sale of intoxicating liquors, as provided in the foregoing sections, suit may be brought upon the bond filed by said person, according to the provisions of section one hundred and thirty-four, if said person has applied for and received license under the provisions of said section; but if he or she has not filed such bond, then the real estate and personal property of such person, of every kind, without exception or exemption, shall be liable to execution on any judgment recovered, and said judgment shall be a lien upon such real estate until it is paid.

SEC. 149. From and after the passage of this act it shall be the duty of the grand jury in and for Garrett county, at its several sessions, diligently to enquire into, and present and idict all persons violating any of the provisions of this act, and of the license laws of this State, relating to the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors and lager beer, and upon conviction, in addition to any penalties inflicted by said laws, it shall be the duty of the court before whom such person shall be convicted, to suppress his or her license, and for the period of one year after such suppression no license to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer shall be granted to the person so convicted, or to any person for the use or benefit, directly or indirectly, of such convict, and no license shall be granted to any one to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer on the premises where such offence was committed during the time for which the suppressed license was granted, and any license obtained contrary to the provisions of this act shall be void.

And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after the first day of May next.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, that the aforgoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

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President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

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3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
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3 Isaiah Fuller.
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Feb. 14-3m

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M.
No. 10	4.40 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

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OF
VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 21, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1508, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2586.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.
TERMS CASH on day of sale.
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Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880. NUMBER 12.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Simonse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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E. J. FRINGER, House and Sign Painter. And Paper Hanger. Leave orders at Rush's Store.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 19th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878, AND, WHEREAS, said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH, Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR., President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS, Secretary of the Senate.

May 8-3w

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 419.

AN ACT to repeal and re enact with Amendments Section Nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 187, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," be, and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments, so as to read as follows:

SEC. 19. The said Clerk is hereby authorized and empowered to administer an oath or affirmation to any person or persons presenting a claim to said Commissioners against said county; to any person or persons filing a paper with said Commissioners to which an affidavit is required by law, and to any person or persons who are to be examined as witnesses in any matter before said Commissioners, for which services the said Clerk shall not be entitled to make any charge, the same being hereby made a part of his official duty as Clerk, and said Clerk shall be entitled to such compensation as shall be fixed by the said Commissioners not exceeding four hundred dollars for any one year.

And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH, Speaker of the House of Delegates

HERMAN STUMP, JR., President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS, Secretary of the Senate.

may8-3

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH, Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR., President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS, Secretary of the Senate.

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DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1880.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

There is some uncertainty about the date which should be assigned to the delivery of this parable. If it be identical with the Parable of the Excuses, (Luke 14, 1-24,) as Dr. Strong and some others suppose, it was given during the "Perean ministry" of our Lord *before* the incidents of the last lesson. But the weight of opinion inclines to the view that it was not the same parable as the one recorded by St. Luke, and in that case it was given in the temple at Jerusalem, before an audience of Pharisees and scribes, who were listening eagerly to the words of Jesus, hoping to find an accusation against him. They knew that his death had been decreed by the rulers, and that within three days it would take place, though a circle of implacable foes stood around him, yet his words are as calm and as bold, on the marble floor of the temple, as if he were sitting in Peter's boat upon the sea. With the tongue of a prophet he proclaims the impending destruction of their city as the result of their rejection of himself and his messengers. And he depicts the doom of the hypocritical professor of religion, in the sudden judgment of the man who appeared at the feast without the apparel of a guest. So alike for neglectors, for opposers, and for pretenders, his words have a solemn warning.

Matt. 22. 1-14.

Memory Verses. 11-14.

1 And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said,

2 The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son,

3 And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come.

4 Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come unto the marriage.

5 But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise;

6 And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.

7 But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth; and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers and burned up their city.

8 Then saith he to his servants The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy.

9 Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.

10 So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.

11 And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had no wedding garment:

12 And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And the man was speechless.

13 Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

14 For many are called, but few are chosen.

HOME READINGS.

M. The marriage feast. Matt. 22. 1-14.
Tu. The great supper. Luke 14. 16-24.
W. The Lord of the vineyard. Matt. 21. 28-46.
Th. The gospel invitation. Isa. 55. 1-13.
F. The wise and the foolish. Matt. 25. 1-13.
S. The prodigal son. Luke 15. 11-32.
S. The water of life. Rev. 22. 1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. Matt. 22. 9.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

"All things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come rich and poor, come old and young,
Come and be richly fed.

"All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

"All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE WEDDING FEAST, v. 1-7; Rev. 19. 7.
Who is this King?
Who is his Son? Heb. 1. 1, 2.
Wherein are the blessings of the gospel like a feast?
What is said of this feast in Isa. 25. 6?
Who were bidden to it?
Who are meant by these people? [ANS. The Jews, to whom the Gospel was first offered.]
In what two ways was this invitation received?
Who are now like those that "made light of the call?"
How did the "remnant" treat the message?
How was this shown by the Jews? Matt. 23. 34, 35.
How was the King affected by their acts?
What did he do to them?
What is the warning of Heb. 2. 3?

2. THE WEDDING GUESTS, v. 8-10; Mark 16.15.
Who were guests at the wedding feast?
Who are here represented? [ANS. The Gentile world, who accepted Christ.]
What did Paul say in Acts 13. 46?
To whom is the invitation of the Gospel given? Rev. 22. 17.
Who are the guests at the feast? [ANS. All who have professed to be Christians.]
What two classes of them are named?
How does this illustrate Matt. 13. 47?
To which class should we seek to belong?

3. THE WEDDING GARMENT, v. 11-14; Rev. 3. 18.
Who came in to see the guests?
How does this illustrate Prov. 15. 3?
What was every guest expected to wear?
What is meant by "the wedding garment?" [ANS. The character and life of a true Christian.]
How is this mentioned in Eph. 4. 24?
What should be the garments of a disciple? See Col. 3. 12.
What did this man represent? [ANS. Those Church members whose life is unworthy.]
What was the fate of this man?
How may his fate be a warning to us?
How may we escape this doom? Rom. 13.14.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the Gospel brings joy? 2. That the Gospel requires obedience? 3. That the Gospel is given to all men?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION — The need of preparation for heaven.

The Methodist Conference.

The gathering in our city of the largest organization of Protestants in the country is an event of much more than ordinary interest. We say Protestants, though if all the members of Methodist households were added in the count, as every infant born of Roman Catholic parents is enumerated, the Methodist membership would very decidedly lead the bodies of Christians, without exception. It is the Methodist Episcopal Conference that meets here, but the same faith, and, in some degrees, the same polity, are shared by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Free Methodists, the Wesleyans, the Methodist Protestants, etc. These divisions, generally originating in issues now wholly forgotten or fast becoming obsolete, are fast disappearing, and the prevailing force in all the branches of the great Methodist family is strongly centripetal.

No thoughtful observer, be his creed the furthest removed from that of the conference, will fail to watch its proceedings attentively. He will find there abundant subject for reflection, whether his conclusions are sympathetic or the reverse. That Methodism is a power in our land none can deny. It is a giant, tho' a young one. Less than a century and a half ago, the Wesleys were reluctantly compelled to carry that reform work out of the Church of England which they would gladly have performed in it. Instead of awakening Christians from their torpor, and warning open sinners from coming destruction, from consecrated altars and in regular ways, they preached in church-yards and on commons and hilltops, and kindled such a fire as had not warmed England since the days of the Reformation. The lost condition of all men and the new birth as the only means of escape, were themes upon which they and their coadjutors continually dwelt. There was need of emphasising these fundamental doctrines, if Christianity was to be served. The English deists were first in the field, and the later French and German skeptics were largely borrowers from them. One can find the outlines of nearly all that Voltaire and Strauss and Baur have taught in Woolston, Tindal, Morgan and the crafty rationalist, Conyers Middleton. Bishop Butler himself said that educated men had actually begun to think that Christianity was beyond controversy false; it was to them an effete superstition.

While erudite prelates and divines were preaching mere morality, contenting themselves with opposing unbelievers by only literary weapons, Methodism checked infidelity by rousing the sleeping consciences of learned and ignorant alike. It flashed the light of eternity into eyes hitherto occupied only by earthly prospects. The admirable organizing power of John Wesley, aided by the sweet melodies of his brother Charles, the seraphic eloquence of Whitfield, and the self sacrificing labors of scores of humble helpers, worked a transformation which all the profound apologies for revelation could never have affected.

England and America were so leavened with religious influences that the revolutionary whirlwind which drove France through a sea of blood passed over them with comparatively little damage. Yet Voltaire borrowed his anti Christian weapons from England, and Voltairean unbelief was an important factor in the excesses of 1793. Had England possessed a Voltaire and France a Wesley, the history of the last ninety years would have been very different.

The work of Methodism is not to be limited by its denominational spread, marvelous as that has been. No denomination has failed to be warmed by its fire, and none has disdained to borrow some of its ways. Even the Establishment, which rejected its leaders, has been revived by it. The renewed energy manifested by the evangelicals of the Clapham school, and even by the Tractarians of Oxford, was borrowed from Methodism, or enkindled by the force of example. Both of these extremes are far in advance of the cold morality of the early Georgian era.

While melting the frozen hearts of respectable latitudinarians, and taming imbruted colliers and prize fighters at home, the triumphs of early Methodism on our own continent were no less signal. It made the Western wilderness to blossom as the rose, and no rough pioneer could plunge deep enough into the primeval forest to escape the visits of its dauntless and zealous itinerants. Such has been the career of Methodism. Its progress has afforded material for some of the most inspiriting chapters of Christian history.

It is not, however, the Methodism of the past, but that of the present and future, which the General Conference is to consider. If its members are the inheritors of glorious memories, so much the greater is their responsibility. The heroic days of the itineracy are passing away, so far as future work is concerned, unless the work is carried to distant continents. The Church at home is called to fight, as did the Wesleys in England, against unrighteousness in high and low places. A luxuriant and Mammon worshipping Church is to be reminded of its neglected duties and rallied to new life; unbelief, both educated and ignorant, is to be fought; the "masses," for whom Methodism once so thoroughly provided, but who are now alienated from every religious organization, are to be taught that they have souls and that there are those who care for them. There is work enough to be done; there never was more. Methodism is eminently qualified to take her share, and the conference will, no doubt, show that she is ready for the task.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Harrisburg Lesson.

The love-feast of Democrats at Harrisburg has two lessons for Republicans. It should teach them, first, that they cannot safely expect to win by any division of their opponents; and, second, that they have no right to be less ready than Democrats to put aside personal preferences and ambitions in united effort for the success of their principles.

The Republicans cannot have greater reason to expect Democratic division at any other time, than they had to expect a fight to the bitter end between the factions led by Messrs. Randall and Wallace in Pennsylvania. The personal ambition of two strong leaders, who hate each other bitterly, and who have resorted to extreme measures in order to cripple each other, was supposed to make their agreement impossible. Around each were gathered many active and zealous friends, who had staked all their hopes of political preferment upon their success in getting control of the delegation to the National Convention. It was believed by one of the factions, too, that the nomination of Mr. Tilden would surely involve the defeat of the party. Yet these Democrats, leaders and followers, contrived a peace at short notice, and accepted a division of powers and honors, and managed to rouse the Convention to real enthusiasm by their unexpected display of harmony. It is not likely that the Democratic party will carry Pennsylvania in any event. But the hopefulness engendered by this performance would go a long way toward carrying a doubtful State. Should the Democratic party manage to heal its differences as satisfactorially in the National Convention, it would be harder to beat by many thousand votes in States like New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio or Indiana, than it has been at any recent election. But it is not only possible that the Democrats may thus unite; the Republicans have no business to look for any other result. The Democrats are going into Convention with the intention of organizing victory if they can. It is madness, therefore, for Republicans to make a weak or dangerous nomination, relying upon a Democratic split to elect their candidate.

It is the habit of Republicans to claim that they have a stronger regard for political principles than their opponents, and are governed less by individual ambition and greed for office. The history of the two parties for twenty years past proves that the claim is not wholly without foundation. Yet there are Republicans who seem to be so intense in their prejudices and preferences that they are willing to see the party and its principles defeated, unless they can have their way in its selection of candidates. Surely, the example of the Democrats of Pennsylvania may well be taken to heart by such Republicans. If these Democratic politicians, who are commonly said to care for nothing except the spoils, can heartily unite to support a candidate who may be expected to ignore one faction or the other in the distribution of patronage, cannot Republicans put aside their prejudices in a hearty and zealous effort for the success of their principles? Not long ago, there were brave men by the hundred thousand who were willing to die, if need be, for the triumph of the principles which Republicans hold dear.

Is it so, for the sake of those principles, Republicans of to-day cannot surrender their preferences as to candidates? Unless there is really less patriotism in the Republican than in the Democratic party, the control of the Government will not be permitted to pass into the hands of those who fought to destroy the Union, through any personal likes or dislikes, private ambitions or grudges, or individual preferences for this or that candidate, among those who touched elbows for four years in the struggle to save the Union.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There are some fellows over in England who can beat us Americans out of our boots when it comes to electioneering dodges. If you don't believe this, all you want to do is to read on. A late M. P., who is styled "Cochrane, the gallant Dundonald," by the London News, got rich in the navy, and brought home a pile of prize-money. Everybody knew of it, and when he ran for Parliament and said he wouldn't bribe, he didn't get elected, not by a long shot. In fact he got very few votes, and on inquiring who voted for him, sent for them, declared that they must not suffer by their political integrity, and reward their virtues by giving them each twice as much as they would have received had their votes been bought beforehand at the ruling market price of votes in England. Soon there was another election, and the gallant Dundonald was again a candidate on a strictly non-bribery platform. The story of his treatment of his former supporters was out, however, and consequently he was elected by an overwhelming majority. The voters waited, and he didn't send for any of them, and at last one gave a pretty broad hint that they expected their double reward. But all they got was the virtuous remark that he had rewarded the faithful few who stood by him while he was unpopular; but that the chosen favorite of a constituency had only to congratulate them all on their common success.

The figures of the expenditures from the Senate Contingent Fund illustrate the so called economy of Congress. Mr. Voorhee's investigation of the exodus, which provided a large number of small Southern Democrats with the means of making a trip to Washington, and did little else, cost $61,500. The Kellogg investigation, which supplied the rare mass of perjury on which the present movement for unseating Mr. Kellogg is based, cost $7,000. The investigation of charges against Senator Ingalls, which seem to have fallen to the ground, cost $6,400. Mr. Davis's Committee on the Treasury bookkeeping, which spent two years in a vain effort to substantiate various sensational charges made by him in Senate speech, cost $3,500. The Committee to inquire into and report upon the Rhode Island clam-bake, otherwise known as the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment in Rhode Island, cost almost exactly the same sum. It is saying less than the whole truth to say that each of these inquiries was wholly unnecessary, and that the money spent upon them was utterly wasted.

WESTERN CROP REPORTS.—The Western crop reports are not favorable. In Phillips county, Kansas, the winter wheat has all gone up. Spring wheat has been sown largely, but looks feeble from no rain having fallen since November. The stock of old wheat is exhausted. In Shawnee county there had been a welcome rain, improving the prospects there. In Cass county, Iowa, the high winds had blown most of the wheat out of the ground. Though the acreage is greater than last year, a smaller crop is expected. The crops in Minnesota are in good condition and the acreage has been increased. Very little old wheat in farmers' hands. In Nebraska the prospects are discouraging from the want of rain. In Michigan the winter wheat does not promise well. Large areas are entirely killed. Ohio promises to have a good crop of wheat. Indiana will not make as good a wheat crop as last year.

All the returns from the first of April are probably now in, and the best joke perpetrated on that festive date was played on a fat Toronto alderman. Somebody put a big placard on his back, reading, "widened at the expense of the corporation."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher,

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE GREATEST RECORD YET.

How Chinese Cheap Labor Prevailed in a Walking Match.

It was a simple city, and
It was a six days' go
As suits your inclination,
Be it either fast or slow;
And 'twas a nimble Chinaman,
Whose name was Lum Tee Boo,
Though known on this occasion as
"Old number 22."

His eyes were on the bins, and
He wore, as Chinese do,
That portion of his shirt, which most
Men hide, exposed to view;
And as round the ring he fled
And scored lap after lap,
He wiped the honest beads away
With this convenient flap.

From early morn till dewy eve
That spry Celestial man
Ran on, and many bitter sneers
Assailed him as he ran;
With cries and jeers and hoots and yells
And many a bold request,
As, taking none himself, he should
Give other men a rest.

His gait was neither walk nor run,
It was a springy lope,
A sort of demonstration of
The buoyancy of hope.
For twelve hours went he at a rate
Of just five miles each one,
And then there rose a pleasant shout:
"The Chinaman, he's done."

'Twas even so; with sixty miles
Upon his dial good,
Old "John" withdrew, as all the boys
Had prophesied he would.
"High time to go," the judges said,
"He'd died upon the track.
What's that? By heavens! hang my bones,
If that ere cuss ain't back!"

Five minutes had he stayed away,
Five minutes and no more;
And now that spry Celestial man
Was traveling as before.
And in the next twelve hours at
His former rate of speed,
He doubled up his score at the
Expense of sleep and feed.

"It is a plucky devil and
He ought to get a place,"
The judges say as once again
He drops out of the race.
"Yet roight," says Dan O'Bleary, "shure
A good strong tut is his,
But he's shtepped a bit too lolvely—
Holy Moses! there he is!"

And once again that Chinaman
'Gan loping round the track
At just five miles an hour, with
The others at his back;
And every dozen hours he
Drops limping from the race,
Is absent just five minutes, then
Resumes his merry pace.

It is a grateful city, and
The six days' walk is done;
No less a person than the Mayor
Must take the belt to "John."
The Mayor he lifts the tent its flap
And then pops out again,
For sponging of each other's heads
Are TWO TWIN CHINAMEN.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A MOTHER'S STORY.

HANDSOME, careless Phil Burton was at last engaged. Hitherto invulnerable to the sweet smiles and engaging airs of the fair sex, he was now captured and bound to the chariot wheels of the victorious little blonde, Jessie Wilder, who was noted for the brightest eyes and most bewitching ways of all the young girls of D.

How the engagement came about was a mystery to all the good people of the town. Phil was so absolutely indifferent to all the allurements thrown round him, that he had been given up to cold, selfish bachelorhood by despairing mothers and daughters.

During the white apron and pink sash period of Jessie's existence, and through a portion of academy life, she and Phil had been friends to the extent of kisses and candy in the earlier stage, and blushing thanks for hard problems solved in the latter. Then Phil went to college, and thence to Europe, where he remained several years. On his return he found the half-forgotten little friend of his boyish days grown almost to womanhood, and as winsome as her childhood promised. But for some reason the fervor of their early acquaintance was not renewed, and the other damsels of the borough had much more to hope for from the attentions of the wealthy young cynic than Jessie, who generally tossed her bright head at the mention of his name, and declared she had no patience with any man who set himself so far above his fellow mortals and affected to believe women heartless flirts.

"Affected? oh, no; he is reality itself, and remarkably careless of feelings where he thinks his words cut closest," her auditors would reply.

"All for effect, my dears," Jessie would answer. "He only does it to gain popularity with the weaker sex, for, strange to say, it is just such coxcombs who ensnare the female heart, and Phil Burton is sharp enough to see it. Excuse me from him, if you please; I've too much regard for his mother to encourage such principles on the part of her son."

It was from sundry remarks akin to the foregoing, that so mystified those interested when the engagement was announced. I confess I am myself in the dark concerning it, but you, my reader, may have more subtle insight into human nature, and reason from the standpoint of magnetic attraction, or from the fact that man likes opposition, and indifference on the part of the person addressed only adds fuel to the flame, so I leave you to draw your own conclusions, contented that the main fact remains, whatever your decision.

The sun was just setting when Phil and his mother sat together in the tender, rosy light. They had been talking of his marriage, which was shortly to take place, and discussing the furniture for the bridal suite of rooms, which Phil had persuaded Jessie's father to let his mother fit up, the rest of the charming home being given by the father for his pet daughter's wedding gift.

"My son," said the mother, laying her hand on his, "I have just a little advice to give you, and a short story to tell."

"Proceed, mother dear, you can never say any thing that can be unheeded by me."

"Fie, flattering boy; your mother is too old to be spoiled with praise, but what I wish to say to you is in reference to the new life which is so soon to begin. You know that I already regard Jessie as a daughter, and feel her to be the one girl of all I know fit to be your wife."

"Whew! mother, who is the flatterer now, I would like to know."

"Not I, for I will continue by saying that you must study every day to make yourself worthy of her; there is more in that than you have any idea of. You must never cease to cultivate yourself to a higher standard every day you live, and seek to strengthen Jessie's love for you as the years go by. Remember all the winning does not come before marriage, and, if it did, then the keeping of the love and confidence you have won is a far higher and more sacred thing. But this is not what I started to say; it is this: You are both starting out with bright prospects and every thing to make home attractive and beautiful; but remember, Jessie is but a child, while you are a man of experience with the world and its usages. You will find much to jar on your so-called fastidious fancy, and many girlish traits that may vex your more mature and sober judgment. This is her first flight from the home nest, and you, whose pinions are strung with long-continued flight, must not expect her young fluttering wings to sail in as steady a course as yours. Be gentle, patient and hopeful; above all, never allowing her bright face to be overcast by a single hasty or rude remark or rebuke by you. If you would suggest improvement in any thing, do it gently and so cautiously that she will imagine herself the one from whom the suggestion came. And above all, my boy, I earnestly entreat that you will never hold me up as a pattern for her to imitate."

"Ah, mother mine, that is too much, for you know that you are perfection's self in my eyes. But I think you take quite too serious a view of the case. I certainly am not of a tyrannical disposition, am I?" and he leaned over to press a kiss on her brow.

"Far from it, my son, only a trifle hasty and apt to speak before you weigh your words. But to make you see the importance of never setting me as a model before her, I will tell you the story of just such another girl whom I know. Like Jessie, she was the youngest of her family, and indulged in every whim. At eighteen she married a grave, scholarly man who had just returned from over the seas to take possession of a large property in his native land.

"He was one who had been much courted in society, who had the entree of many of the best families of the old world and had spent much time in English, French, and German country houses. His tastes, however, turned more on domestic than public life, and he determined to make his home perfect in its way. All that money could do to beautify it was done; so when he opened its doors to his girl-bride, it seemed to her an earthly paradise. In a few months, however, thorns began to work their way through the rose-strewn path, for her husband insisted on having the house conducted on the plan of the English country-seat, and as the young wife was totally in the dark concerning the difference between the *cuisine* of a cottage and that of a mansion, she at first willingly consented to be taught. It was not long before every thing done in the house had to have the authority of Lady Mary this or Lady Jane that, until the poor child scarcely dared to dust the parlor except in a manner approved by some stately dame for whom she entertained a vague dread. She should not even manage her servants according to her own ideas, but had a volume of "Advice to Young Housekeepers regarding Servants," by Lady Susannah Shoroughton," always at her elbow to turn to in all times of perplexity.

For a time the young wife, believing implicity in her husband's infallibility regarding domestic management, and painfully conscious of her own ignorance, fully entered into his plans for her enlightenment. But after a time a dim idea that it might be pleasant to govern her own home without the aid of so many immaculate house-keepers took possession of her and she said so to her husband. He looked up from the pile of papers which strewed his study table, and gravely asked her if in so short a time she had thoroughly mastered all the principles in the Library of Domestic Economy which he had provided for her. What could the poor child do but go back to the old routine; but in a poor, dispirited way, trembling every time a meal was served lest the manner of serving should lack authority in one of the big books over which she had so often cried her bright eyes dim, and quaking every time visitors come, fearing she would not have every thing to please the morbid foreign fancy of her husband, who all the time loved his wife, and would give half his fortune to see the roses blush on her cheeks once more.

Two years of this wearing life told strangely on her never very robust frame, and physicians ordered her to the mountains. What vigor she regained there was soon used up in the old routine when she returned home. Seeing that the strain was too much for her, her husband sent for his step-mother to come and stay with them for a while. Unlike the traditional step-mother, she was a lovely woman, younger than her step-son, always fortunate, and never having had much to cloud her spirits, unless it was the death of the old man whom she had married out of gratitude, she was just the one for a companion. Of a quick, observant mind, she very soon detected the cause of the young wife's condition, and lost no time in impressing it on her step-son's mind. Never was man more astonished and harder to convince. He had done it all out of good motives, and could not see why they failed. Finally, he was persuaded to allow the Library of Domestic Economy to be consigned to the flames, and the doctrine of free thought and action to replace the stereotyped rules of the various noble authoresses. When his wife recovered from a long tedious illness which ensued, he was thoroughly convinced of his mistake. After the marriage of his mother, which took place as soon as his wife was able to attend to her household duties again, he gave up all pretentions to domestic supremacy, and through the many happy years which followed she was queen of her home and of her husband's heart."

She paused, and Phil, laying his hand on the heavy, silvered braids of hair which waved back from her brow, said gently:

"Their names, mother, dear."

"You may guess them; but it does not signify, as the story is a true one."

There was silence for a moment, when Phil said:

"I thank you for the story, mother, and let me assure you that Jessie shall never be circumscribed and ruled by me in the domestic life. I agree with you that in that department, the wife should be supreme, and experience will teach all that is necessary, and I promise never to pain her by unkind criticism. She shall never suffer from models, as you, mother, dear, have done."

"But it ended right for me; you see, experience can teach both," she answered, with a smile, as she rang for lights.

The wedding was solemnized in due time, and with great elegance, and the young couple set about housekeeping immediately on their return from their somewhat extended trip. Of course, Jessie made many mistakes, both serious and ludicrous. But never an unkind nor hasty rebuke passed her husband's lips, and in time she overcame her difficulties through his kind suggestions, and her own sunny disposition, which allowed no obstacle to overcome her, and would not for all the gold of Ophir allow a creak in the wheels of her daily life to cause a shadow between herself and husband.—*Rochester Sunday Morning Herald.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SOCIETY for the promotion of Jewish studies has just been founded in Paris under the presidency of Baron de Rothschild.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE and Crown Prince Rudolph will be married by civil ceremony at Brussels; the religious rites will be conducted at Vienna. The young people are to live at Prague.

THE King of Siam, who visits this country shortly, is one of about seventy children. He was crowned in 1868, when fifteen years old, and is quite an amiable and well-informed sovereign.

QUEEN LOUISE WILHELMINE FREDERIKKA CAROLINE AUGUSTA JULIA, of Denmark, although past sixty, is remarkably youthful in appearance and has been sometimes taken for the elder sister of her daughters, Alexandra and Thyra. The Queen is a devoted mother. She is an admirable pianist and is fond of music to enthusiasm.

THE French Communists are growing bolder every day. One of their organs, the *Egalite*, publishes the following paragraph: "At the request of a number of our readers, and in commemoration of the workmen's blood which was shed like water in April and May, 1871, the *Egalite* will continue to appear in red during the two months that the red flag of the Commune floated at the Hotel de Ville of Paris."

THE German Crown Prince and Princess have been objects of much pleasant feeling during their stay at Pigli. An English lady who visited them not unfrequently relates that it was delightful to see "Unseren Fritz," the hero of a hundred fights, in his domestic circle, the companion and comrade of his children, gathering bouquets of wild flowers with a fresh and healthy pleasure, which are borne in triumph by father and daughters to their mother, who has always a genuine English taste for country enjoyments.

THE brigands that lately captured Col. Singe have now seized Dr. Marulis, a German naturalist, who was traveling through Albania and Bessarabia for scientific purposes. The ransom demanded for the prisoner is $5,000, besides a full assortment of trousers, waistcoats, and jackets. The letter forwarded by the brigands to the German Consul at Salonica threatens to put the prisoner to death if their demand is not immediately complied with, and promises, on the other hand, that a new suit of clothes will be presented to the Doctor if the ransom be paid forthwith.

AN exceptionally clever young man has just been made Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris. His name is Baron Thielman, and he has written some excellent books of travel in the Caucasus and Central America, and is a fine ancient and modern linguist. He fought through the Franco-Prussian war, and distinguished himself at Sedan by a strange feat—the writing in Hindoostanee on the field of battle a vivid account of Napoleon's surrender. The letter, which fell into the hands of the French, produced a great sensation, particularly as it was said to have been the work of a common soldier.

THE admirers of Marshal MacMahon will be sorry to hear that he is in pecuniary difficulties. A few weeks ago a great part of the furniture of the Paris residence of the ex-President was sold by auction. The property disposed of included several valuable paintings and some rare old furniture of the Louis Quatorze period. The auction was largely attended, and from every mouth, without distinction of party, there fell expressions of respectful sympathy with the old soldier who neither in the army nor as chief of the State had ever turned a farthing of the public moneys into his own pocket.

THE Pope has been told by physicians as their unanimous opinion that it is necessary for his health to quit the Vatican and pass the summer where he can avail himself of sea-bathing. "You are merely telling me to do what is impossible," he answered, and no more was said until a French physician renewed the subject, and observed that the baths were essential, and might be procured within the precincts of the Vatican. So the Pope consented to measures for erecting a bathing establishment for salt water to be brought from Civita Vecchia, and for other mineral waters to be procured.

A Good Word for Old Maids.

A SENSIBLE writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a young woman remarkably neat in the person, she will certainly be an old maid. Is she perfectly reserved toward the other sex, she has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, she is cut out for an old maid. If she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature."

A Detective's Talk About Burglars.

"ARE there many first-class burglars, known as such, now at liberty in this country?" the reporter asked.

"No," was the answer; "not more than twenty who deserve the appellation. It requires rare qualities in a criminal to constitute him one of that class. He must have patience, intelligence, mechanical knowledge, industry, determination, fertility of resources and courage, all in high degree. But even if he possesses all these, they can not be utilized unless he can find associates possessing the same requisites, or gain admission to one of the already organized gangs, and they are very chary about taking new men into their confidence. Sometimes the arrest of a single man out of a gang will put a stop to the operations of the remainder of the gang for a long time, simply because they need another man, and can find nobody they can trust. Bank burglars sometimes spend months in preparation for a job, gleaning necessary information of the habits of bank officials, forming advantageous acquaintances, and making approaches to the coveted treasure all the time, but with the patience to wait until the iron is fully hot before striking a blow. When they come across some new kind of lock, they will manage to get possession of one, whatever its cost and whatever roundabout means may be necessary to get hold of it, and, taking it apart, will study its construction until they know its strong and weak points, and how to beat it, just as well as its inventor or maker could. They are always on the alert to utilize for their purposes every new appliance of power. Look at that machine, for instance. It is technically called a 'drag.' Simple as it looks, it is extremely powerful—and so quiet. By means of a bit, a hole is bored through a safe door; that block is set inside; the point of this screw rests on the block; this block rests inside the surface that has been bored; then the screw is turned by this long handle, which two men operate. As the screw turns the blocks are forced apart, further and further. It is a power that hardly any construction of a safe can resist. Either the back or the front must give way. Here is another machine, a common jackscrew—only an exceptionally powerful one—rigged so that by turning it will noiselessly turn into the crack of a safe door a succession of steel wedges; first, one as thin as a knife blade; soon one as thick as your hand. And the hinges must give way. Where the size or location of the safe or vault to be forced precludes the use of these machines and an explosion becomes necessary, dynamite and nitro-glycerine are employed with the greatest skill, with such art in the deadening of sound that sometimes an explosion which rends asunder a huge safe can not be heard twenty yards away from the room in which it takes place. Yet, with all these precautions and skill, it is seldom that a bank burglary is attempted in which some bank employee or a lock expert, like Edson, is not an accomplice. I do not recall an exception to that rule in nine years. Then, in the covering of their tracks these first-class burglars are remarkably adroit. Some of them will not trust an expressman to carry away their plunder, however thoroughly criminal and in sympathy with them he might be, but would buy, simply for use on the one occasion, a coach and pair of horses, which they would sell the next day at auction. Americans and Jews are generally the sharpest burglars, and most skillful in evading pursuit."

"Where do burglars get their tools?"

"Almost any mechanic or blacksmith will make any tool he is called upon for if its construction is within his capacity, without asking any questions about the uses to which it is to be put, provided he gets his price for it. It is, of course, more than probable that he guesses the use to which it is intended, but that, he thinks, is not his business. He is guilty of no offense, for there is no law against making burglars' tools unless guilty knowledge of their purpose can be proven, and there is no law against having them or carrying them about except at night. Still, the making of such implements is, as a rule, confined to those mechanics who are actually in league with the criminals who expect to use them."

"Are women employed to any great extent in the perpetration of burglaries?"

"As accessories, yes, to a very great extent. They are employed to gain information, to stand outside watch when a burglary is going on inside a building, and not infrequently aid by taking rooms where their accomplices may cut through walls into adjoining stores or warehouses. But I never heard of a woman actually taking part in the work of opening a safe or a store. Some of them have the nerve for it, but not the strength desired."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Empress's Life.

MADAME DE REMUSAT, in her Memoirs just published, introduces us to the inner life of Napoleon's court. She shows us Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, as she was, not as biographers have sketched her. No girl need be under the illusion that the Empress's life is to be coveted. Josephine knew little happiness in her lofty station, for she lived not for its duties, but for its pleasures. The routine of court-life was monotonous and wearisome, and her personal life was frivolous and far from being pure. The Memoirs say, "She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all." Though without literary tastes, she was extravagantly fond of dress and display. "She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore any but new stockings. It would be impossible to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop of Paris there was always something being made for her." Her charm was her winning manners and amiable disposition. "But she could never conform in her own manner of life to order or to etiquette," or keep within the limits of her purse. Her personal allowance was a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, but she was perpetually running in debt, and incurring sharp rebukes from the Emperor for her extravagance. —*Youth's Companion.*

Religious.

THE CREED OF LOVE.

HOWEVER low and wretched one may be,
That which is noblest may survive the rest;
Though full of evils and perverted, he,
If kindly sought, will answer to the quest.

Who that is fallen but sometimes does feel
The spark of that almost extinguished fire
Which, through the vilest sin, does still reveal
The light of secret hope and pure desire.

Oh, do not say that it is now too late
To save a single ruined life on earth.
The Master only is the arbiter of fate,
And He decides what every soul is worth.

Still follow them, with kindly deed and care,
Who are descending sadly to the deep;
The ready sympathy and earnest prayer
May save them yet before their fatal leap.

How can we know, we, guarded by the ties
Which home and love and friendship round us weave,
How in their hearts the solemn yearning lies
Their sins to spurn—their evil paths to leave!

Be ever ready, then, not to condemn,
But to befriend them, and with glad surprise
They, too, will learn the evil to contemn
Which is so despicable in our eyes.

Befriend them that they, too, may issue forth
Still doing good out of pure heart and mind,
And it shall be through blessing men on earth
Thou shalt receive the love of all mankind.
—*I. E. Dickenan, in Chicago Standard.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 9—Jesus and the Young	Matt. 19:13-26
May 16—The Marriage Feast	Matt. 22: 1-14
May 23—The Judgment	Matt. 25:31-46
May 30—Gethsemane	Matt. 26:30-75
June 6—The Crucifixion	Matt. 27:35-50
June 13—After the Resurrection	Matt. 28: 8-20
June 20—Review of the Lessons.	
June 27—Lesson selected by the School.	

Wise Sayings.

DO YOU not know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance; but everything for the sake of having acted well?—*Epictetus.*

HE who makes the fullest use of God's gifts is their real owner, for property does not become possession until the proprietor becomes master.—*S. S. Times.*

"NOT as one that beateth the air."—*1 Cor. ix: 26.* Rowland Hill, entering one day the house of one of his congregation, saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" he exclaimed; "how wondrously like some Christians; there is motion, motion, but no progress."

GOD is not like a proud benefactor, who is content with doing that which will satisfy His sense of His own glory, but like a mother who puts her arm around her child, and whose heart is sore till she can make her child see the love which is her glory.—*George Macdonald.*

GENTLENESS is that quiet influence which, like perfumed flame from an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth, and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the *gentleness* of Christ."—*James Hamilton, D. D.*

A Chinaman Baptized.

MRS. AUGUSTA CARTO led a young Chinaman into the Sabbath-School of the Trinity Baptist Church, sixteen months ago. On the next Sunday the young Celestial brought two of his countrymen. The class has grown until there are now about thirty names upon its roll. All of them do not attend every Sunday, as several live out of town. However, one who lives in Belleville, N. J., is there regularly, and another, who has removed to Hartford since he joined the class, makes frequent journeys to this city that he may continue to get the teaching of Mrs. Carto and those who have become associated with her in the work. These facts were related by the Rev. Dr. James B. Simmons in a sermon on the "Chinese Problem." At the close of the discourse he baptized Ah Wing, a convert.

While a hymn was being sung several of the church officers assisted the sexton in removing the desk and other furniture to the ends of the platform, and in uncovering the basin beneath it. A young girl and a middle-aged woman were immersed first. Then the pastor descended into the basin with Ah Wing. In compliance with a request made by the convert through his pastor, the congregation sang the first verse of the hymn beginning:

Savior more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging, Lord, to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood, applied,
Keep me ever, ever by Thy side.

Halting in the center of the basin, the pastor asked the usual question as to the convert's faith, and said: "Ah Wing, upon this, your profession of faith in Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." After a moment's pause he laid the young man back into the water, then lifted him up, and the singing of his favorite hymn was continued.

Ah Wing, who is said to be the first Chinaman convert in this city to publicly profess a change of religious faith, is twenty-four years old, and has been in this country eight years. His father is a man of letters in his native land, being professor in a college, and the son is said to be unusually intelligent. He is employed as a decorator of cars by the John Stephenson Car Company. He received his training for that work in the Cooper Institute Art School.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Mark in the Forehead.

WHEN a Hindoo rises in the morning, he first of all prays to his god, and the exercise is not over in a minute or two. He takes time for his devotions, such as they are. Then he puts the mark of his god on his forehead. If he belongs to one great party, he makes three rays of paint on his forehead; if to the other, he puts ashes upon it, and a black spot in the center. Then when he goes about his daily affairs every one knows what god he worships.

There is something suggestive to Christians in the practice of these pagans. Shall we give less time in the morning to our God than they to their stocks and stones? If our closet hour was more regarded, would not His mark be plainer in our foreheads? Would not our daily life show that we had been with Jesus in the morning? When we walk through a garden, and gather our hands full of clove pinks and damask roses, no one needs to ask us where we have been. There are some whose lives seem to breathe a constant perfume from the garden of spices, and often they are very lowly ones here on earth. Sometimes, like the sainted Mrs. Doremus, they have wealth and high position. This high honor is accessible to all, of any rank or station, but it is attained by each in the same lowly way. The spirit of devotion is the daily breath. Communion with God can make the face glow, as did Moses, when he came down from the mount.

Sometimes you will hear surprise expressed that such a person is a member of the church. "I should never have suspected it," says one who has had dealings with him. The mark in the forehead was thought to belong to quite another party. It is generally taken for granted by those without, that, if one is a Christian, his life should show it. When he does not, he is regarded much as a soldier would be who is not true to his colors. But that is a small consideration compared with that which the Lord places upon him. Those who have not "the marks," as they go about among men, will hear at the last the cold declaration, "I never knew you." —*Mrs. J. E M'Conaughy, in S. S. Times.*

Sanding the Axles.

A PERSON who can help but little is sometimes able to hinder a great deal. It requires but very little talent to stand in the way of each others' usefulness. It would require but small ability for a roguish boy standing by a machine, to sprinkle a little sand upon the oiled and polished axles on which the wheels revolved. It might be done easily, and quickly, and remain unobserved; but that sand, mingling with the lubricating oil, and being carried around on the axles, would decrease the speed, consume the power, cut the axles, injure the box, hinder the work, and derange and ruin the machine. If the boy was trying to introduce pebbles or rocks into the machine, he would do less damage, for they would be observed and could be easily removed; but the mischief would come from introducing the sand, so fine that it makes its way every where, so small that no one would notice it.

There are men in the church of Christ who never have shown great ability to plan or execute anything of importance. Their main forte seems to be sanding axles. They can get in the way of others; they can hinder, find fault, pervert and sow jealousy, dissension and suspicion, as invisibly and as effectually as a boy can sand the journals of a machine. No one suspects what they are doing; nor can any one fasten their misdeeds upon them, but the air grows thick with distrust, and work is hindered by secret contrivances and combinations; good men are burdened, disheartened and worn out; noble enterprises falter, fail, and are abandoned. Every one notices that things go hard, and that something hinders their progress, but no one seems to know what the trouble is, until that day comes for a general clearing up, and then, lo, and behold, the axles are found covered with sand.

It requires very little ability in a man to fill the position of sand thrower. Neither intelligence, talent, grace, nor godliness are absolutely necessary for this work. Conceit, envy, jealousy, sourness and meddlesomeness are sufficient qualifications under ordinary circumstances. It does not take much religion for a man to find fault; some men have been known to find fault who did not have any. It requires no long apprenticeship or great skill to throw sand on axles; a man who does not know enough to oil a machine properly could sand it quite effectually.

Here, for instance, is a church, where there are few people who try to do something, and a number who succeed in doing nothing except grumble because what is done is not done in a different way. Here is a person who from love to the cause of God desires to labor earnestly, energetically and effectually in the Master's work; but by the time he is under way, others who have not succeeded in accomplishing anything of importance are ready to throw sand on his axles and neutralize his efforts until the other workers are discouraged and the work abandoned; after which the sand-throwers relapse into a condition of quietude. They have done what they could, which was simply to hinder others from doing anything, and now their song is, "I told you so; I knew that nothing would be done." Most churches have a surplus of these sand-throwers, who could be spared; and if in their place could be substituted a few of those men who oil the machinery, who lubricate instead of irritate, who feed the fires instead of throwing water upon them, and who are as ready to work as those sand-throwers are to grumble, nobody would be damaged by the change. Better still would it be if some of these very men would cease throwing sand and begin pouring on oil. They might be a power for good and men might thus be spared one of the grievous vexations of their lives.—*Safeguard.*

THE practice of erasing from ancient manuscripts in order to secure writing material for new manuscripts seems to have originated with the ancient Greeks, though much more extensively practiced by the monks of the Middle Ages. By them this practice of erasure, growing out of the scarcity and cost of parchment, was so extensively carried on that a large number of classical works have been lost to the world in consequence, such as the works of Anacreon, the comedies of Menander, the last decades of Livy, and other classical works now wholly gone but known to have been in existence as late as the seventh century. The word palimpsest is applied only to such manuscripts as had the original ink erased for the purpose of enabling the scribe to use the parchment for fresh writing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

LOFTS.

Do you remember when we were boys
And used to sleep so near the sky?
Ah! life was a housetop height of joys
When you and I were country boys,
And used to sleep so near the sky.

How sweet and cozy the attic seemed
When, weary-limbed, we stole to bed.
The drow-y candle sank and streamed;
The starlight thro' the shingles gleamed,
And all things dim to slumber wed.

Then, as in reverent prayer we knelt,
The figures on the counterpane
How strangely into speech would melt.
They seemed to utter what we felt,
In some fantastic, far-off strain.

Oh, what was e'er so warm and soft
As the humble cot we used to seek?
Bright dreams that gently stirred, and oft
The fragrant stillness of the loft
Did brood us, like a mother's cheek.

The swallows twittered under the eaves,
The old clock struck the solemn hours;
Yet we never woke 'till the dewy leaves
Sifted the dawn thro' their sparkling sieves
Into the garners of the flowers.

Ah well! all this was long ago,
And mists of time lie thick between.
Already our locks are too white with snow,
And it wouldn't do to sleep, you know,
Where the frosty stars look in.

But some time, brother, a night will come
When we shall ascend the flickering stair,
And sleep as sweetly in God's great home
As though we had only laid us down
And tucked us in with a quilt of prayer.

—*Boston Post.*

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE.

"The Busy Workers" was a sewing society composed of the prettiest and nicest girls in Newbury. There were spiteful people, especially some young women who sighed in vain to find their way into the exclusive circle, who declared that the busy working was all in the name of the society, and that its real object lurked in that clause of the constitution which permitted gentlemen to come in the evening, when the busy workers devoted themselves to dancing, flirting and a good time generally. But these accusations were palpably unfair. The young ladies assembled as early as five o'clock, their rules being very strict in that respect, and for an hour or more they sewed away industriously upon all sorts of plain garments, such as they never would have thought of making for themselves. Then there was a beautiful little contribution-box ornamented with illuminated texts by the skillful hands of one of their number; and into this many dollars of their pocket-money found its way. The box was held by the treasurer, May Martin, the prettiest and most bewitching of their number, who lavished her brightest smiles as she presented it to the gentlemen who crowded around her in the evening. Newbury was a college town, so there were plenty of gentlemen to come, many of them rich fellows, too; and thanks to Miss Martin's fascinations the Home Missionary Society had received quite a pretty little sum, which would otherwise have been spent for society suppers and cigars.

May Martin was talking about it one evening as a group of girls sat together, their work laid aside, awaiting the arrival of the gentlemen.

"Isn't Eric too lovely?" she said. "He put a twenty-dollar bill in the box last week."

There were several echoes: "Wasn't it too sweet of him?"

"I'll tell you how he came to do it," she went on. "He was going to get himself one of those lovely little Shroud and Coffin pins, with pearls and black enamel, but decided to have a plain one instead and give me the extra money."

Shroud and Coffin was the most deadly exclusive of all senior societies, and no attainments in scholarship or even in athletics would have conferred upon Eric McRae such distinction in the eyes of the girls as did his membership therein.

"Nonsense," cried Lou Tyler, who was said by the girls to be very smart and to have a great deal of character: "Eric McRae has loads of money, just loads, and if he wanted one of those pins he would have it fast enough. I wouldn't have one if I was he; they are ghastly looking things."

"Don't you like them?" May exclaimed. "I think they are perfectly fascinating."

"Arthur Huntington puts in a good deal of money, too, doesn't he?" remarked Lou Tyler. "Does he tell you what awful self-denial it costs him?"

"Oh, Huntington is my principal income," said May lightly, though her color rose a little; "but he's not a weak mortal like poor Eric; he would be entirely above boasting of any thing."

A little smile ran around the circle, for it was an open secret that Arthur Huntington was "dead in love" with May Martin.

"Eric's not coming to-night," said somebody suddenly.

The girls all turned upon her with a scream of consternation. "Not coming? Why, what's the matter?"

"I don't know; he only said he couldn't possibly come. I thought it was probably some Coffin matter, as he was rather mysterious about it."

Just then the door-bell rang, and there was a general flutter as two long ulsters passed up the stairs.

"It's that horrid little Mounce," cried one of the girls who was peeping through the crack at the door-hinge, "and the inseparable Thompson was with him. Now, May, you're in for it." Mr. Mounce was one of Miss Martin's hopeless adorers.

"Eric has come to my relief like a perfect angel," replied May, "and promised to take him away whenever I have endured him as long as is my duty."

The bell now rang again and again, as the parlors filled with gentlemen and the circle of girls dispersed among them, May Martin alone remaining seated in a low chair by the table. May was the only one of the girls who did not lay aside her work before the arrival of the gentlemen.

May's work was always something brilliant and attractive. She did not know how to do plain sewing, so she had some bright fancy work which was sold when completed to some admiring friend at some admirable price for the benefit of the missionaries.

Little Mounce went straight for her corner as he entered and established himself for the evening in a chair by her side; but he was not permitted to monopolize so popular a young lady. A gay circle had gathered about her and she was in the full tide of laughter, jest and repartee when half an hour later she felt the slight stir caused by the entrance of Roderic McRae. He passed gracefully about the room with a gay word and an especial attention for every one, diffusing a general feeling of brightness and an pleasure, and at last joined the brilliant circle about Miss Martin. She looked up at him with a glance of such perfect understanding that there was no room for a formal greeting, and in some mysterious manner, without word or gesture, indicated the stupid little fellow at her side. McRae bent over him with a flattering eagerness.

"Mr. Mounce," he said, in a low, confidential tone, "there's a young lady across in the other parlor that has asked for an introduction to you. Shall I have the pleasure?"

Mr. Mounce arose, much pleased.

"Don't allude to her having asked for an introduction," whispered Roderic, as they crossed the hall. "She is a little shy and it might upset her."

He returned in a moment and took the vacant chair by May's side with the air of one who has finished his duties and now means to enjoy himself.

"Miss May," he began, picking up a corner of her work to examine it, "permit me to thread your needle."

"The idea!" she mocked. "Gentlemen are so dexterous about such things."

"Indeed I can," he persisted. "I did ever so much worsted work once when I was a little fellow and had the measles."

May scrutinized the needle carefully a moment and then gave it to him with a mischievous smile. He made one or two attempts to thread it and then gave it back, her smile reflected on his face.

"Let me try," said another young man, leaning eagerly forward. He took the needle, tried a few times to thread it, and returned it with a peculiar look. Another tried his fortune with the same result. There was a general movement of interest.

"Well," cried May, "this is peculiar. Among all my particular friends isn't there one that can do such a little thing as thread a needle for me?"

This appeal produced no marked effect. There seemed to be a general undefined suspicion among those who had not made the attempt.

"You'll have to offer some further inducements, Miss May," cried McRae. "The spirit of chivalry is not dead among us, but the ladies no longer stimulate us to great deeds. Promise your hand as the reward of the victor and see how exciting the contest will be."

"All right," said May, catching the spirit of fun. "My hand shall be the reward of the brave man who will thread that needle for me."

There was no lack of interest now. Three or four young men sprang eagerly forward, and a general murmur spread through the room. It was no unusual thing for the whole party to be aroused by some fun or fancy that originated in the group around Miss Martin. May began to feel uncomfortable. The words she had spoken did not suit the wider publicity given them and she longed to take them back. Especially was she startled by a familiar voice behind her, and looking up she saw Arthur Huntington bending over her. The careless words had been intended only for Eric McRae and a few others, all gay jesters who would understand the spirit of the thing; but Huntington was graver and more dignified, he might not take the joke; and she was further irritated to find she cared for his possible disapproval. But she had gone too far to recede, and her spirit rose defiant to meet him, though the humorous twinkle in his eyes somewhat reassured her.

"Miss May," he began, "is this a bona fide offer you are making?"

"Certainly," she responded gayly.

"I'll take you up," said he promptly.

"Time," cried McRae. "Limit the time, Miss Martin. Don't have poor Huntington working over that needle when he's old and gray."

"To be sure," she said. "Well, then, my hand shall reward the hero who will thread this needle within three days," and she held it up to Huntington. He took it, glancing at it keenly an instant and discovering what all were now beginning to suspect, that it had no eye! Huntington was in no wise disconcerted by the shout of laughter that arose as those who held the secret imparted it eagerly to the rest, but after inquiring gravely if there were any other competitors took out his pocket-book and put the needle carefully away. Glancing at the clock on the mantel,

"Saturday evening at nine, then, Miss May," he said, and bowing slightly walked away.

May rolled up her work impatiently. "I certainly can't work now my needle is broken," she said, and rising hastily as McRae offered her his arm she swept away.

On their way, Lou Tyler met them. "Mr. Huntington has gone," she said. "He just came and bade me good night, saying he had to go home to night and the train left in an hour. Funny, isn't it?"

"Not at all," said McRae. "His mother sends for him suddenly every little while because she thinks she is going to die, or something."

May was relieved to find that Huntington had gone, for she had thought it would be disagreeable to meet him. Roderic McRae devoted himself to the task of restoring her good humor, and the next day her mind was absorbed by the arrival of her dearest and most intimate friend, Miss Alice Larocque, of New York. Miss Larocque arrived at dinner-time, there was a constant succession of callers in the evening, and it was not until the girls retired for the night that they had an opportunity for a confidential talk.

Miss Larocque as guest was given the first chance, and for two hours May listened with eager, gushing sympathy to the recital of her friend's affairs, all the time longing to begin upon her own. Miss Larocque finally concluded a long story about a rejected admirer and turning suddenly upon May exclaimed:

"Now, May, it's a perfect shame. You haven't told me one thing about yourself, and I'm dying to know, just dying. Your letters have been so unsatisfactory lately; but you needn't try to conceal any thing; you know you always tell me. And first I want to know if there is any thing between you and Eric McRae. Do you know I never saw any body so improved. His manners are just fascinating."

"Eric and I are just the best friends in the world," said May. "No brother could be more good and kind to me, and he is so sympathetic; he always knows just what I want and just what I mean, whether I say any thing or not. And yet there's never a word of love-making between us—I'm perfectly sure I am not in love with him or he with me, and yet I shall feel awfully when he goes away. I shan't know what in the world to do without him, and he told me once he shouldn't feel so bad about leaving all his college friends put together as he should about leaving me."

"That sounds rather like it," said Miss Larocque.

"Oh, it wasn't said in that way at all," cried May. "It was just as he might have said it to another fellow. I'm sure I'm not in love with him, and yet we are perfect friends."

Miss Larocque had listened with the air of an expert, and now, as if to take all the points of her case before deciding it, she inquired: "How is it about Mr. Huntington? He wasn't here to-night."

"He's very devoted," said May, carelessly. "He has gone to Boston just now."

"That is not all," said her friend.

May was silent.

"Now, May," said Alice, "if I'm going to help you in this matter you've just got to tell me the whole story. I know your prejudice against talking of your offers and I respect you for it, but you know you always tell me every thing and it goes no further."

"Well," said May, "I always have said I never would tell if I refused a man, but I haven't exactly refused him; besides, it isn't telling to tell you. I think Mr. Huntington is in love with me, at least he has told me so several times; but I don't want to marry any body yet awhile, and I don't want to hurt his feelings, so I turn it off, pretend not to understand him or that I think he is joking—you know the thousand and one ways to keep off a crisis. I know he is very good and noble and high-minded and all that, and he is very religious, too, and I'm religious myself, after a fashion. Eric isn't one bit, so I ought to be more in sympathy with Mr. Huntington about that—though I'm not," she added, reflectively, "for I never dreamed of saying a word to him on any such subject; while with Eric it gives me quite a vantage ground, and I always resort to it when he gets the better of me. But then Eric is such a society fellow! He will always be a society man and nothing else, and when it comes to such serious business as marrying it seems as if I'd rather have something a little more substantial."

"I don't think so at all," said Alice, promptly, "at least not so far as I myself am concerned. I expect to be in society all my life, and I mean to marry somebody who will be in sympathy with me. But what about that needle McRae alluded to?"

"I am so horribly ashamed I don't want to tell you," replied May; "but I suppose I must, if you'll be sure and tell me exactly how it strikes you."

Alice listened in ominous silence to her friend's story.

"Call me horrid, improper, dreadful, do!" cried May, after the pause which followed her conclusion. "I'd just as lief you said it as to know you think it. Don't act that way; you said you would tell me just what you thought."

"Well," said Alice, "every thing depends. Some girls can do any thing and others can't. Now, if I had said it I presume it would have sounded rather peculiar; but you have such an indescribable little way with you that I've no doubt it wasn't dreadful at all."

The next day was filled with engagements, and May gave a dinner party in the evening. The latter broke up early, as some of the guests were going to a later entertainment, and at eleven o'clock May and Alice were again in their room, chatting busily about the events of the day. As May stood before the glass brushing her hair she heard a ring at the door.

"Who's that, so late at night?" she exclaimed, pausing to listen, brush in hand. A servant was coming up the stairs.

"A gentleman left it for you," she said, giving May a little package; "he would not come in, he said, it was so late."

May took a package to the bureau and broke the seal. An instant later she gave a little cry of terror, and springing to her friend's side knelt down and buried her face in Alice's lap.

"May, my own darling, what *is* the matter!" cried Alice, thoroughly frightened.

"He has threaded the needle," said a smothered voice. Alice sat a moment softly stroking her friend's hair, as she burned with curiosity to see the contents of the package and secretly wondered how May could have been so foolish.

"Don't be so frightened, dear," she said, at length, "it's only a joke."

"No it isn't," said May, raising a mournfully tragic face; and springing again to the bureau she took up the package and handed it to Alice.

It was a jewel case containing a solitaire diamond ring, and through the silken lining was thrust the fatal needle. A little hole had been drilled through it just below the broken eye, and it was threaded with a bit of fine white silk. Mr. Huntington's card lay within, and beneath his name was written; "May I come and see you to-morrow evening, at half-past eight o'clock?"

Alice's face was grave.

"That ring doesn't look much like a joke," said May solemnly, "and you see he makes an appointment for me as if my time belonged to him already."

"Now May," said Miss Larocque, firmly, "one thing is certain. Arthur Huntington is a perfect gentleman, and he will never make himself disagreeable by holding you to any such agreement."

"But I have promised," said May, with decision, "and that holds me, and I can not go back if he should release me twenty times." She furtively slipped the ring on her finger as she spoke, trying if it fitted.

"Oh that is too absurd!" cried her friend. "You are the last one to suddenly discover you must abide by every thing you say in jest; we would all be in a pretty fix if we took that view of things. Just let me see Mr. Huntington for five minutes to-morrow night, and I'll soon make it right."

"Oh no," cried May, suddenly, "I wouldn't have you for the world. No, I must see him myself, and take the consequences of my own folly. He is a good, true man. I like and respect him, and perhaps I could learn to love him if it wasn't for Eric."

May's voice trembled and her eyes were filling with tears.

"Oh, May!" said Alice, solemnly.

"Yes, Alice, I'm afraid it's so," she sobbed. "I see more clearly now than I did before."

The morning brought counsel and a considerable degree of composure. May was sustained by the underlying consciousness that Huntington would never compel the performance of her promise against her wishes, and there was unalloyed romance in an engagement that need never be consummated. She was just giving the finishing touches to a careful toilet when his card was brought up to her. She waited a few moments to control her agitation and collect her thoughts, and had regained her composure when she entered the parlor. Huntington was at the other end of the long rooms, and rose as she came in, and she noticed in an instant's flash of the new light of possession his splendid figure, his handsome head, his unmistakable air of distinction. They came to meet each other and May held out both her hands. He took them in his own, and looked at her intently. The warm, firm hand-clasp seemed to give her courage.

"Mr. Huntington," she said, looking bravely up at him, "I gave you a promise thoughtlessly, but it was nevertheless a promise, and since you have fulfilled the condition I will keep it, if you wish; but it has showed me very plainly that I do not love you. I like and respect you heartily, but that is all."

The young man's eyes were holding hers with a steady gaze. They were full of tenderness, and if in their depths lurked a sparkle of triumph he was trying to conceal it.

"May," he said, and the word was a caress, "I accept your consent, for I believe you love me though you will not own it to yourself. But I will never hold you to your promise if you really wish to be released, and by and by if I see I am mistaken, or any time you choose to ask it, I will set you free. But for a little while, at least, I will just call you my own."

May felt a sudden outgoing of her heart towards him that required to be instantly suppressed. He was taking entirely too much for granted. The shock sent the tears to her eyes, and threw a wonderfully pathetic expression into her face.

"You are very good," she murmured softly, as she unhooked from her watch-chain the ring he had sent her and held it up to him. He slipped it on her finger, and bending over kissed her lightly on her forehead. May now sank into a chair and resumed her usual manner, as if relieved that the high tragedy was over.

"Now Arthur," she said, bringing out his name with a most charming diffidence, "you shall tell me how you ever had that eye made in the needle. It was awfully bright of you. I can't imagine how you ever happened to think of it."

"It was very easily done," he answered. "A friend of mine had it drilled for me in his manufactory. The moment I heard your offer that night I guessed that the needle had no eye, and it at once occurred to me that another might be made. 'All is fair in love,' you know, and since you would never give me a definite answer by fair means I was compelled to resort to strategy."

The engagement was the topic of conversation among their set for a week after. It caused no great surprise, for Huntington's devotion was well known, and every one said he was a splendid fellow and just the one for her. The affair of the needle was generally discussed, but no one dared question Huntington, and May's frank declarations were taken for the open deceit of a practiced joker. When she said, "Oh yes, of course he threaded it, that's how we came to be engaged," nobody believed her.

Roderic McRae sulked like a spoiled child. He followed May more closely than ever, but with such an aggrieved and injured air that every body was laughing at him. The chains of her engagement hung lightly on Miss Martin. Huntington's devotion was perfect and unobtrusive; he was always on hand when wanted but never in the way, exacted nothing, did not bore her with love-making when she was not in the mood for it, and made himself constantly more essential to her happiness. If it had not been for Roderic McRae she would have been quite happy. But McRae's reproachful face haunted her. She was growing thoroughly uneasy and almost unhappy when Miss Larocque came up in the spring for another visit. Though May was more reticent than before, and responded briefly to her friend's persistent questions, Alice's observation was close and her penetration quick enough to guess in some measure at the truth.

"It's a shame to treat that poor McRae so," she said. "He's desperately in love with you, and he has grown so melancholy; I never saw any thing so depressing except when he tries to be cheerful, and that is more heart-rending yet. You ought to break your engagement at once; the longer you put it off the harder it will be."

"No Alice," May responded, "Mr. Huntington has been every thing that was lovely and considerate and I owe it to him to try a while longer."

"You can't compel yourself to love any body," said Alice profoundly, "and the more you try the more you will care for Eric McRea. You might just as well be engaged to both of them at once. I think you owe some duty to a man who loves you as hopelessly and unselfishly as Eric does."

May made no response.

"You are afraid of Huntington already, I can see that," her friend went on, "and if it would be any relief to you I will go to him and tell him just how it stands."

"Oh no, Alice, darling," interrupted May, earnestly, "you are too kind, but I couldn't have you. I appreciate your lovely interest and I don't undervalue your advice. I don't know what I should do without your sympathy, but I must manage it all myself. I deserve to suffer for my folly."

"May," said Alice, facing her judicially, "don't you care more for Eric McRae now than you did before you were engaged?"

"Yes," assented May reluctantly, "it seems as if I did, but then it is different; besides I wasn't in love with him before."

Alice said no more, but she resolved to act. She watched for an opportunity to speak to Huntington, but it really seemed as if he had taken alarm and avoided her, and when the day of her departure came she was almost in despair. A retinue of students were at the train to see her off, and she drew Huntington aside for an instant.

"When the train comes along I'll challenge you playfully to go as far as the next station with me. Can you take me up? I want a few moments to talk with you."

He assented, and shortly after, when they were alone together in the compartment of a drawing-room car, she began:

"You know I'm the most intimate friend May has, and I feel it is my duty to speak to you about her engagement. She has told me all about it, of course, and I can see that it is wearing on her dreadfully and makes her very unhappy. You must see how fearfully thin and pale she has grown; and she cries about it and says you are so good and kind and have given up going to Europe and all that, and it is her duty to keep her promise; but I know it would be the greatest relief to her if she were free. And I am sure you would never—"

"Do you say this to me at Miss Martin's request and with her full sanction?" he interrupted, with a tone and manner that exasperated Miss Larocque to give him a final stab she might otherwise have withheld:

"I told May I would say this to you, but she wept and said she would say it herself, for she alone should suffer for her folly. And she confessed to me," she added, "that she loved Eric McRae."

Huntington rose to his feet.

"I am much obliged to Miss Larocque," he said, "for her faithful friendship to Miss Martin, and for her kind interest in my affairs. I believe we are approaching the station, so I will say good morning."

He lifted his hat, and was gone.

"Hateful creature," murmured Miss Larocque, complacently, "we are not anywhere near it. Anyway, I gave him a good parting shot; it hit him, as I meant it should. I suppose May will be furious, at first, but she will thank me yet. I never saw such a weak little goose; it would be just like her now to suddenly discover she is in love with Huntington. In that case they both ought to thank me." And Miss Larocque was soon absorbed in her novel.

That evening May received the following letter:

DEAR MISS MARTIN: I learned this morning from your friend Miss Larocque that you wished to be released from your engagement. It would have been much less painful to me to have learned it from yourself, but you have a right to choose your own mode of communication, and I therefore wish to release you formally and fully. It will perhaps be pleasanter for both of us if we do not meet again, and I have decided to make the proposed journey to Europe and shall leave town to-morrow. You know that I have loved you sincerely; and in this mistake I made I erred in judgment and have never been deliberately careless of your happiness. I beg you will forgive me any pain I may have caused you, and always believe me your sincere friend.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON.

"The amazing impertinence of that girl!" was May's first exclamation. "How dared she intermeddle? When she hasn't a love affair of her own on hand she wants to be managing some one else's."

She turned to the letter again, and a sudden chill struck her at its final tone. She had hardly noticed that in her first impulse of rage against Alice Larocque. The expression "I have loved you" alarmed her. She began to see that his departure shut out that explanation and reconciliation she had at first assumed. "What shall I do?" was her frightened query, as the thought of a final separation grew upon her. "I can't let him go," she cried. "I'll write him. I'll waylay him on the railroad as that girl did in the 'Parlor Car.'" She had acted in it only a few weeks before with Arthur himself. But pride held her back and she began to despair. "Oh Alice Larocque, you've spoiled my life," she mused, mournfully, her eyes filling with tears.

She paused suddenly in her walk across the room and stood for a moment unconsciously retaining the attitude of her arrested motion.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," she said, decidedly. "Mr. Huntington loves me, unquestionably, and I—well, he's worth a dozen Eric McReas. How absurd and wicked for me to let him go like this and make us both wretched when one word from me would set it right. If there's any humiliation about it I just deserve it. I'll send him a gay little note asking him to come and say good-by before he goes, in token of good friendship, and then—he isn't an idiot, and if he is too stupid to see the truth I shan't have it on my conscience."

Her spirits rose as she sat down to write her note, her imagination rapidly sketching the coming interview.

After it was dispatched she began to have a little of that revulsion of feeling that comes when one has hastily taken an irrevocable step, and by the practical daylight of the next morning her confident spirits ebbed away. A horror came upon her lest Mr. Huntington should not come after all, and her concession have been made in vain; and her pride taunted her with having made the request. When he was at last announced she was more agitated than reassured, and as she slowly went down to meet him she was frightened to find her carefully arranged plan slipping away from her in her confusion. When she entered the parlor it was not at all as she expected. Mr. Huntington rose with a formal salutation and his proud, repellant manner froze the words upon her lips. An agony of embarrassment overcame her for an instant, and then her spirit seemed to die within her, and she went forward with a hesitating step, holding out both hands to him as she had done before, her lips quivering and her blue eyes swimming in tears. It would have been a very stupid man who failed to understand that eloquent silence, and Arthur Huntington had more than average intelligence.

"Now Arthur," she said, half an hour after, when peace was restored, "you shall not be so hard on Alice. She is the best-hearted girl in the world and fancied she was doing us a real kindness; for I have talked a great deal of fearful nonsense to her, though I never, never said I cared for Eric McRae."

"By the way," said Huntington smiling, "I think I'll tell you now. McRae has been engaged ever since some time in his junior year to a young lady in Philadelphia."

May looked the picture of amazement just touched with dismay.

"Well, I am astonished." she cried; "perfectly thunderstruck!" And then she added gleefully, "But shan't I enjoy writing it to Alice Larocque?"—*Katherine Carrington, in Good Company.*

The War of the Three Republics.

The triangular war of the Pacific coast republics in South America appears to be at last approaching a climax which must result either in Peru's voluntary submission or the country's entire conquest and pillage by the victorious Chilian troops. The Peruvians, however, declare their intention of holding out to the bitter end, and "On to Lima" is the war-cry of the Chilenos. If the capital is taken it is believed that nothing can save it from a thorough sacking, so enraged are the Chilians at the inhuman treatment of their wounded who have chanced to fall into the hands of the allied forces. Terrible barbarities have unquestionably been practiced by the hordes of half-savage soldiery of Bolivia and Peru. They have murdered helpless and wounded prisoners without compunction, and after the battle of Tarapaca two women found upon the field mercifully ministering to maimed and dying Chilians were first subjected, it is said, to the most ingenious tortures and then thrust into a fire and roasted to death. The Chilians, on the contrary, have treated their prisoners extremely well.

The whole war has been badly generaled on both sides. The allies have lost largely because of the capacity of their commanders for greater blunders than their foes. Chili had long been at peace when the war broke out, and her troops were untrained and unaccustomed to field service. But the raw material was excellent, and with plenty of funds for equipment it has developed well. As the struggle progressed the marked superiority of the Chilian cavalry and artillery has told disastrously on the allies. At the outset Peru had a great advantage in the ownership of several powerful war vessels, but since the loss of the Huascar the naval aspect has changed, and now every Peruvian seaport is at the mercy of Chilian blockaders.

That the Chilians would achieve brilliant success in naval warfare seemed quite improbable at the start. The country's navy was small and antiquated, and one of the big Peruvian ironclads was supposed equal to sinking the whole fleet. But the Chilians have displayed a rare pluck in fighting from the decks of their wooden vessels, and the indomitable grit of the commander of the Esmeralda in the early combat with the bullying Huascar fired the Chilian heart on both land and sea as no other one act of the war. The story reads like a chapter from the dare-devil exploits of John Paul Jones. The Esmeralda, a wooden corvette with smooth-bore guns, was fiercely assailed by the Huascar. The great iron ram crashes once into the splintering sides of the corvette and Commander Pratt is killed at the head of a boarding party on the decks of the Peruvian. Lieutenant Serrano is killed a moment later. Second-Lieutenant Uribe is now Captain of the ill-fated Esmeralda. His crew is frightfully decimated, but he dreams not of surrender. Twice the pondrous ram backs off and repeats its terrible onset. The corvette careens and rapidly fills with water, but her batteries continue their desperate fire till the guns are submerged. Uribe keeps his post on the quarter-deck and sinks with the vessel. The flag fluttering defiantly at the mast-head is the last seen of the Esmeralda. Not so however of its brave commander. Coming to the surface, unconscious and exhausted, he is denied the final glory of death under so heroic circumstances and becomes a prisoner of war.

According to the latest advices the Chilians were investing the port of Arica, part way up the coast to Lima, near which they have landed 10,000 men. When this is captured, nothing of importance hinders further advance to the capital itself. The end for which the war was begun has been practically won for some time by Chili's control of the nitrate deposits in the district of Tarapaca. The guano trade, another of Peru's most profitable sources of revenue, has also been filched by the Chilians. With victory over her enemies assured, business in Chili has of late wonderfully revived. The prosperity is in striking contrast with the utterly collapsed condition, financially and industrially, of Peru, where general anarchy seems rapidly assuming sway. —*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—When a Chicago girl married a man under the impression that he was a nobleman in disguise and then found that he worked in a morgue, she was so mad that for revenge she went and had all her front teeth pulled out and her hair dyed red to make him ashamed of her, and the next day he was run over by a dray and killed, and now that girl is just about crazy. Women shouldn't be too hasty.

—Twenty-seven years ago there were born unto the family of Wm. Marshall, of Whitewater, Wis., triplets—two boys and a girl. They were all married a few evenings ago in one ceremony by one clergyman.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880.

The majority for local option in Prince George's county was 133. The vote of the 13th election district was thrown out on account of a large number of illegal votes having been polled there. The total vote in the county was 3,521.

It is understood that Hon. Milton G. Urner, Republican member of Congress from the 6th Maryland district, declines a renomination at the hands of his party. It is also said that neither Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, nor Hon. Louis E. McComas, both of whom have been named for the place, will accept the nomination.

Western Republicans are very much gratified over the immense immigration from Europe, ninety-five per cent. of which goes to the States of the Northwest. It is calculated that the number of immigrants nouring into the West will aggregate enough every seventy days to give an additional member of Congress under the new census of 1880. These members will all be gained in Republican strongholds.

A singular proof was given in the California Republican Convention of the unanimity of the body for Mr. Blaine. The Convention was nearly equally dived upon a proposition that the Chicago delegates should vote as a unit for the choice of the majority, in case Mr. Blaine's name should be withdrawn. This was defeated by a vote of 124 to 122, and then the resolution giving Mr. Blaine alone the benefit of a unit rule was adopted unanimously.

If the Democrats insist on their purpose to make opposition to marshals at elections and their pay, their conduct may lead to some decisive action on the part of the President. The attorney-general regards the employment of the marshals and the means for their compensation as of great importance in the coming elections, and it is not unlikely, should Congress adjourn without making provision for these officers, that the President will see fit to call an extra session of Congress in order to dispose of this question. Another extra session would probably be the death of the Democratic party.

With the retirement of Postmaster General Key the last vestige of the present Administration's well meant reconciliation policy disappears. He was put into the Cabinet by the President in order that the South might see that the Administration meant to treat all sections alike. He was a Democrat of a conservative type, and his appointment by a Republican President was an unprecedented and significant step. How did the South receive it? They denounced Judge Key as a "repentant rebel," and read him out of the Democratic party with disgust. The storm which fell upon the Judge's head when he admitted in a public speech that the war was a "mistake" on the part of the South is still well remembered by everybody.

Another group of sun spots have made their appearance. It will be interesting to note whether any great storms or other aerial phenomena disturbs the earth's atmosphere during their continuance. A series of careful observations ought to either prove or disprove the theory of those who think that the sun has a direct influence upon our atmosphere other than its light and heat giving powers. That solar forces are powerfully felt in the electrical conditions of the earth seems to bo an established fact. A few years ago a sudden outbreak of light spots on the sun was accompanied by great electrical disturbance in various parts of the earth. During the sun-spot cycles the Northern Lights are most frequently seen. When the tremendous power and activity of the solar forces are considered in connection with the fact that the sun's distance from the earth is only a little over 100 times its diameter, it seems not unreasonable to conclude that the effects of those forces, when excited to unusual activity may be felt even at the distance of ninety-odd million of miles.

The Maryland Republican Convention.

The Republican State Convention met in Frederick at the City Hall shortly after 12 o'clock Thursday, and was called to order by Henry Stockbridge, chairman of the State Central Committee. Mr. Stockbridge called the roll of those whom he considered entitled to seats in the convention, omitting the delegates from Baltimore city and county. On calling the last county in the list Mr. Stockbridge called Baltimore county and recognized the "Ditty" delegates, and then called and recognized the "Booth" delegates from the 2d Legislative district of the city. The irregularities in appointing delegates from the 1st and 3d Legislative districts of Baltimore were so great that Mr. Stockbridge declined to decide and directed that their papers should go before the committee on Credentials.

Temporary organization was effected by electing H. Clay Naill, of Frederick, to the chair, Dr. Wm. R. Wilmer, of Charles county, was appointed temporary secretary with Capt. J. C. Brubaker of Carroll as assistant secretary, the committee on Credentials and permanent organization was then appointed and the Convention adjourned till 11:30, P. M.

The Committee recommended that the temporary officers be made permanent, which was adopted; also that the delegations from the second Leg. district of Baltimore and that from Baltimore county, admitted by the chairman of the State Central Committee were duly entitled to their seats in the Convention; and further, that both delegations from the first and third legislative districts of Baltimore city be admitted, the two delegations from each district to be entitled each to half the vote of their respective districts.

After much confusion the chair put the question, and declared the report of the committee adopted.

The full text of the resolution for Mr. Blaine, offered by Mr. McComas and amended by Mr. Eichelberger, and which was adopted, was as follows:

Resolved, That while leaving district delegates to obey the well-known wishes of their constituents, this convention hereby expresses the evident preference of the majority of Maryland Republicans in requesting the delegates at-large to use all honorable means to secure the nomination of James G. Blaine as the nominee for President of the United States.

The anti-third term resolution offered by Dr. Scott, and was tabled by a vote of 85 to 21½, is as follows:

Resolved, That we declare a firm and unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the republic which wisely and under the sanction of the most venerable examples limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms, and the Republicans of Maryland, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the nomination for the Presidency of any person for a third term.

DELEGATES AT LARGE.

In addition to the gentlemen chosen as delegates at large, W. H Perkins, colored, from Kent county, was also nominated. The vote was as follows: Gary 109, Lowndes 96, Harris 95, Tome 78, Perkins 46.

ALTERNATES.

George H. Maund and Joseph E. Perkins, of Baltimore; W. H. Perkins, of Kent, and S. Parker Bosley, of Baltimore county, were elected alternates. W. H. Perkins and Bosley are colored men.

The district delegates and electors are as follows:

First District.—Chas. T. Wescott, of Kent; Sam'l Mallalieu, of Queen Anne's. Alternates—E. F. Duer and R. E. Bradley. Elector—A. J. Mowbray, of Dorchester.

Second District.—Delegates—J. A. J. Creswell, of Cecil; Dr. J. J. Weaver, of Carroll. Alternates—H. C Longnecker, of Baltimore county; Dr. George Motter, of Carroll. Elector—James E. Hooper.

Third District.—Delegates—D. P. West, W. W. Johnson. Alternates—J. W. Locke, O. H. Deaver. Elector—Dr. R. R. Watts.

Fourth District.—Delegates—Dr. H. J. Brown, W. J. Hooper. Alternates—Warfield Monroe, J. L. H. Smith. Elector—John B. Askew.

Fifth District.—Delegates—Col. J. Parran Crane, of St. Mary's; John W. Bell, of Prince George's. Alternates—David E. Hopkins, of Howard; James E. Logan, Seventeenth ward. Elector—S. E. Mudd, of Charles.

Sixth District.—Delegates—Upton W. Buhrman, of Frederick; B. H. Miller, of Montgomery. Alternates—Francis Adams, John Swaidner. Elector—H. W. Couds, of Garrett. The electors at large are Capt. H. C. Naill and J. C. Mullkin.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The action of the convention Friday is virtually a triumph for the Grant party, for although a Blaine resolution was passed, it was merely a request, which it is already announced will not be complied with by the Grant and Sherman men. Although every one knows that the sentiment of the Republicans of the State is overwhelmingly in favor of Blaine, and the men who voted for the Grant delegates never would have been sent to Frederick had their treachery been foreseen, yet, as the delegation stands, only three out of the whole delegation are at all certain for Blaine, and the most favorable count gives him but six, as against seven for Grant and three for Sherman. A defeat by trickery and fraud brings no dishonor to the vanquished. Mr. Blaine's friends made their arrangements in the belief that there would be fair dealing in the organization of the convention, and the fact that they were deceived is nothing to their discredit. —*Balto. American.*

The Baltimore *Gazette* says General Grant will get fourteen out of the sixteen Maryland votes at Chicago!

The Baltimore *Sun* figures out Maryland's vote as follows: For Grant—Messrs. Creswell, Weaver, West, Brown, Miller and Tome—6. For Sherman—Messrs. Gary, Harris, Hooper, Lowndes, Crane and Buhrman—6. For Blaine—Messrs. Westcott, Mallalieu, Johnson and Bell—4.

The Washington *National Republican* claims that nine of the Maryland delegation are for Grant.

The Republican delegates to represent Allegany county in the State convention were elected on a false issue, and the result is what might have been expected. As Blaine men they voted for Grant delegates to Chicago.—*Cumb. Leader.*

The Washington *Star* of Saturday says: "Secretary Sherman's friends say that there was treachery in the Maryland Republican convention. The secretary himself does not hesitate to say that treachery was the cause of events shaping themselves as they did."

And also: "The action of the Republican convention of Maryland presents a tougher problem than the fifteen puzzle. The convention passed a resolution instructing for Blaine by a vote of 89 to 14, and yet the Grant men claim the delegation to Chicago! The Heathen Chinee seems to have been on hand at Frederick.

"While the Blaine men got the honors at Frederick, the Grant men got the delegates."—*Cum. Times.*

"The damage to the Blaine movement at Frederick was accomplished through the extraordinary actions of Mr. Stockbridge, Chairman of the State Central Committee, in placing the contesting delegations from the Second district of Baltimore city and Baltimore county on the roll. This gave the control of the convention to the opponents of the personal friends of Mr. Blaine, and they were enabled through the ruling of Chairman Naill to hold their advantage."—*Cumberland News.*

"There was a jolly sort of a Blaine convention in Maryland. Its record shows that it declared in favor of Blaine by a vote of 89 to 14; then it voted down an anti-third-term resolution, and finally it capped the climax by electing a majority of the delegates in favor of Grant. With such pronounced Grant men as ex-Postmaster General Creswell and the wealthy banker and relative of Creswell, Jacob Tome, to emphasize the vote of the State at Chicago, it is a very natural and pertinent inquiry: Where were the Blaine men when the Blaine light went out? When the result in Maryland is boiled down to hard facts and figures it would seem that Blaine got the taffy and Grant got the votes."—*Phila. Times.*

"The reports from the convention that have come to us up to the time of going to press are not calculated to make any honest Republican proud of his party. The disgraceful contests of the last ten years were renewed with unusual violence, delegates without the shadow of a claim were admitted by the Chairman of the State Central Committee as qualified and entitled to seats, and those regularly elected unceremoniously turned down. If the results of a Democratic triumph were confined to the State of Maryland, every devout Republican ought to pray fervently for such event, that the unscrupulous so-called leaders of that party might be retired to private life, where few, if any of them, could sustain themselves. The fight was narrowed down to one of the outs and ins, and was full of that bitter hatred engendered by disappointment and that determination to hold all they have and all they can get."—*Salisbury Times.*

"The proceedings in the Republican Convention at Frederick on Thursday were of a character that makes every respectable member of the party blush with shame. Despite the fact that the Grant-Creswell wing had been overwhelmingly defeated, and were hopelessly in the minority, according to general belief, they made a high handed attempt to run the convention, and succeeded so far, indeed, as to leave no hope for the Blaine men. Fair defeat should prompt quiet submission; but not so with the Grant managers at Frederick. Their henchmen (from the postal clerks and post office employes to the low ruffians who are chiefly valued for their assistance in capturing the city primaries) were assembled there prepared for any action that might be directed by their superior officers. They were impudent and insulting to the Blaine men, and sought to overawe the convention. The manner in which the honest, outspoken sentiment of the better element of the Republican party in this State has been disregarded is everywhere denounced, and we greatly mistake the oft-repeated threats of the anti-third-termers if they do not rebel."—*Elkton Democrat.*

The State Convention of last Thursday, despite the fact that it contained elements very antagonistic to each other and consequently earnestly contending for the mastery, showed a wonderful unanimity in adopting a resolution asking its delegates to Chicago to respect the overwhelming sentiment of Maryland Republicans in favor of Blaine, by using all honorable means to secure his nomination. This will have the force of instructions without the form, but will leave the delegates to vote as they please in case the nomination of Mr. Blaine should become impossible. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 89 to 14.—*Frederick Examiner.*

The Baltimore correspondent of the New York *Times*, in a communication on the results of the recent State Convention, says that,

"It is stated that Thomas pledged the undivided support and a solid delegation to *both* the Sherman and Blaine bureaus, but he failed to deliver the goods, and placed himself in such a position that the next administration, whoever is at the head of it, will be likely to make a clean sweep of the Custom House regime here. Thomas, Burchinal and a large crowd of the Custom House force was on hand. The prevailing sentiment of Republicans not identified with either faction is one of rejoicing at the defeat of the Custom House faction. They express themselves well satisfied with the delegation to Chicago as constituted, the expectation being that it will give the vote of the State to the strongest candidate, whether Grant, Blaine or Sherman."

Delegates to Chicago.

Six hundred of the 756 delegates who will compose the Chicago convention have been elected. They come from twenty-eight States and six territories. Ten States and three territories are still to elect. Of these 600 delegates, the *Tribune*, after a most careful examination of the conflicting claims of the partisans of the various candidates, assigns 241 to Senator Blaine, 224 to Gen. Grant, 91 to Secretary Sherman, 31 to Senator Edmunds, and 13 to the Hon. E. B. Washburne. This gives no candidate a majority of the convention, 379 votes. Mr. Blaine lacks 138 votes, General Grant 155, Secretary Sherman 288 and Mr. Edmunds 366. In making this estimate the *Tribune* assigns to Mr. Blaine only 14 of the New York delegates, and 25 of the Pennsylvania delegates, altho' the Blaine Club at Washington claims 22 of the former and 28 of the latter. The estimate is made on the supposition that the Chicago convention will decide that the unit rule cannot be enforced, in accordance with unvarying precedent. When the question came up in the Cincinnati convention of 1876, Chairman McPherson decided that each and every member had the right to vote his sentiments in the convention. An appeal was taken from the ruling and the convention sustained the chair by a vote of 395 to 359. During the debate the Hon. Eugene Hale called attention to the fact that the same question arose in the convention which nominated Grant in 1868, and was decided in the same way by an overwhelming majority.

The States which are still to elect delegates are Nevada on May 11th; Florida, Michigan and West Virginia on May 12th; Illinois, Nebraska and Minnesota on May 19; Alabama on May 20; Louisiana on May 24, and Colorado on May 25. They will elect 146 delegates. There are four to be elected in Massachusetts and 6 from the territories. Of these States Michigan, Colorado, West Virginia, Nebraska, Nevada and Minnesota are counted as certain for Blaine, giving him 60 more votes, carrying his total up to 281. Grant hopes for the solid delegations of Florida and Alabama—28 votes—but he is sure of only a portion of Louisiana's 16 votes, and a portion only of Illinois' 42. There is the best reason also for thinking that Alabama and Florida will both be divided. Nevertheless, giving him all the votes of these four States—Alabama, 28, Florida, 8, Louisiana, 16 and Illinois 42—he will get only 86 votes, bringing his total up to 310, or 69 less than a majority. Instead of these going solid for Grant, however, it is now quite likely that Blaine will get enough of them to bring his vote up to above 300, with a corresponding reduction on Grant's vote below 300.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An election on or against local option was held in Somerset county on Tuesday of last week, resulting in a victory for the "no license" people. The majority is upwards of 500.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11, 1880.

The canvass of the Presidential vote in 1876, as is well known, came near plunging the country into civil war. When at last, the dispute was settled, the whole country demanded that Congress should take the subject under consideration and enact laws that would prevent a recurrence of the difficulties that had threatened us. In pursuance to that demand Senator Edmunds prepared and introduced a bill which provides substantially that when two or more returns were made from any State, the highest judicial tribunal in the State should decide which was the valid return, and that Congress should abide by such decision. This bill, as will be seen, was in reality a "States rights" bill, because it gave the State, and not Congress the right to decide in disputed cases. The measure passed the Senate, receiving almost unanimous support, and was sent to the House, where it has slept ever since. But now we find that this bill has been rejected by the Democratic majority. It does not give promise of enabling them to accomplish their plan of seizing the Presidency, regardless of majorities. A bill has been prepared by Senator Morgan and will be introduced soon, which gives to Congress the sole right to decide in all cases of disputed returns, and even allows it to go "behind the returns," and refuse to count the vote of any elector against whom charges may be brought, by the simple vote of the majority, which of course will be Democratic. The intent of this bill will readily be seen. It intends to give to the Democratic party the sole and absolute right to manipulate the electoral vote just as they please, without any regard, of course, to the facts or law in any case. They intend by it to claim and adopt the right of deciding who shall be our next President, and if the election is at all close, or any States doubtful, it will be seen that by this bill, a simple vote of the majority in Congress, can, if such doubtful State be Republican, count it for the Democratic candidates, and if it is Democratic it will be all right. The only way for the Republicans to escape this trap is to give their candidate such an overwhelming majority that the Democrats will not dare to attempt any such schemes as they propose, and to do this we must nominate our best man at Chicago.

The journal clerk of the House has made a careful investigation of the necessary work remaining to be done, and of the time necessary to do it. He reports that it is practicable for Congress to adjourn by the close of the present month, and so we may suppose that the Chicago convention will be largely attended by Congressmen who otherwise would be compelled to remain here.

The winter sojourners have mostly departed from Washington. But already great preparations are making for the accommodation of more people. Washington is rapidly growing and is destined to become the most popular Winter resort in the country.

LOGAN.

REPUBLICAN RULE IN LOUISIANA.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, delivered an unusually strong and effective speech in the Senate to-day on the Kellogg-Spofford case. His opening was particularly unpalatable to the Bourbon Senators. Mr. Hoar said: "There are some things peculiar to this seat. The voice which is to be stifled is the last voice from the States lately in rebellion, which represents their loyalty. Senators inscribe on our official directory the record of public service which preceded their entrance here, and which justifies the confidence of their States. Every other Senator from the seceding States tells of the blows he struck at this country's life, and of the commission he has held from the powers which were at war with her. This man shows the civil commission of Abraham Lincoln, and the register of brave and honorable military service in the cause of the Union. Some years ago, in the performance of a duty assigned me by the House of Representatives, I carefully investigated the complaints against his administration. I declared my belief that for wisdom and integrity it is a conspicuous and honorable exception among the recent administrations of Louisiana. He found her credit degraded and left it strong. He found her bonds selling at twenty-five cents on the dollar. He left them selling at more than seventy-five cents. He found the tax for State purposes alone at 21½ mills on the dollar. He left a constitutional restriction limiting the tax for all State purposes, including schools, at 14½ mills on the dollar. Not a dollar was added to her public debt by any act passed during his time. His Democratic successor expended the surplus he left in the treasury to the credit of the interest fund, towards the payment of one instalment of interest, and then repudiates the debt." Mr. Hoar then spoke at length on the legal aspects of the case.

The Infidel's Sheep.

Away among the hills of Northern New England were two infidel neighbors who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God. One of them heard the gospel message, and on hearing believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him:

"I have come to talk with you; I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there and gone forward to be prayed for," said the skeptic, with a sneer; "and I am surprised, for I thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I have not slept much for two nights thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them but I took them and marked them with my mark, and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are now in my field with the increase of them; and now I want to settle this matter. I have laid awake nights and groaned over it, and I have to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in State prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter up and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed; he began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you, if you will only go away; a man that will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may have the sheep if you will only go away."

"Oh," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up now, and pay for the sheep. I shall not be satisfied without; and you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay me, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. on the amount, and go off and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

The full results of that scene are known only to God. One thing is certain, the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterward believed that there was some power in the gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites.—*Sunday Magazine.*

The Central Christian Advocate says: "The Wesleyan Advocate, of Macon, Ga., continues to speak wisely and courageously on 'Politics and Religion.' There is no subject more worthy of the attention of the Christian men of this nation. The condition of our party politics is deplorable, and it will never be better until righteous Christian men work out its reformation. The Wesleyan clearly understands the situation and does not intend that its readers shall misapprehend its position. It says: 'It's not about parties that we write, but politics. We are against the bad methods employed by all parties. We are against bribery in any and every form of it, whether in money, in liquor, or the promise of influence or office. Bribery, in politics is a sin—we use the Bible word—a sin in him who offers as much as in him who takes. We are against frauds in politics, in registration, in voting, in counting, in returning, in all its possible forms. We are against terrorism in all forms of it. We are against using the machinery of government—State or National—to keep any man or set of men in office. The machinery of government was not made to keep men in office, but to serve the people. Every good man should consider this matter with the fear of God before him, and do his duty.'"

As was expected, the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad have elected Vice President Roberts to succeed President Scott on the latter's retirement at the 1st of June. Mr. Roberts has been virtually president of the road for some time past, and he possesses all the requisites of a successful railway manager—experience, integrity, sound judgment, and public confidence.

The American Sunday School Union celebrated its fifty sixth anniversary in the Broadway, N. Y. Tabernacle Tuesday evening. The Union reports an increase of Missionary work beyond the record of any previous year: 1,277 new Sunday Schools were organized, into which have been gathered 5,029 teachers and 46,727 scholars.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted at this office—Money.

—Six or eight thousand pounds of wool wanted at J. A. Enlow's.

—The Band of Hope will meet on Thursday night in the M. E. church, at 8 o clock.

—Interesting services were held in the Methodist church, every evening last week, conducted by the pastor.

—Mrs. Lloyd C. Stalnaker left Oakland Monday for a visit to Martinsburg, W. Va.

—No business of general interest transpired at the meeti g of the Orphans' Court Tuesday.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Sheriff White started for Baltimore Tuesday night, with the two prisoners sentenced at the late term of court.

—Wanted to exchange—A new Singer Sewing Machine for shingles, 1 inch lumber or a fresh cow. Call at once. J. A. GRANT.

—Our newly elected Burgess and commissioners should see that the streets and side walks are put in better condition before the arrival of our summer visitors.

—G. W. Woodcock, Esq., familiarly known as "the Doctor," left Oakland Wednesday for Mineral Co. W. Va., where he intends engaging in merchandizing.

—The Garrett Guards turned out Saturday evening and had a street parade and drill. They were universally complimented for their appearance and proficiency in drill.

—The Garrett Guards have received from the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate State," in Maryland, an invitation to attend the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Winchester, June 5.

—The expenses of the May term of our circuit court was as follows: Grand Jurors, $272.19; witnesses to Grand Jury, $213.78; Petit Jurors, $373.82; Talis Jurors, $52.50; State witnesses in criminal cases, $76.60. Total, $988,89.

—A little daughter of Mr. E. D. Kepner, of Oakland, aged about six years, Monday last fell from the second story window of his residence to the pavement below, a distance of about twelve feet, but fortunately sustained no serious injuries.

—Died—At her residence in Oakland, Tuesday, Mrs. Harriet Miller, in the 53d year of her age. Deceased had been a great sufferer for years, but she is now free from all pain, having died the death of the righteous.

—Died—At his residence in District No. 1, this county, Sunday last, Henry Hamill, in the 83d year of his age. Deceased was a member of the M. E. church, was a very prominent citizen and was universally respected.

—Died—At the residence of his son, W. M. Coddington, in Oakland, Monday, Joseph Coddington, in the 87th year of his age. Deceased was one of the pioneers of this county, was a good citizen, an honorable, upright man, had been a member of the M. E. church for years, and died with the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

—The Republican city convention to nominate candidates for Mayor, City Clerk and six Councilmen, for the city of Cumberland, was held in that city Tuesday with the following result:

For Mayor—C. F. Hetzell.

For Clerk—John W. Shaffer.

For Councilmen—John W. Cook, J. A. Millholland, Leyl Shaw, G. S. Couter, Wm. Brace.

—The Knights of Labor held a grand picnic at Knapp's Meadow, near Lonaconing, on Friday of last week, at which it is estimated that 10,000 people were present. They were addressed upon the labor question by Charles H. Lichtman, Grand Secretary of the Knights of Labor, who is a citizen of Marblehead, Mass., and a member of the Legislature of that State. Mr. Litchman spoke for about one hour, saying he was opposed to strikes as a mode of redress of grievances, and would prevent such troubles by the establishment of better relations between employer and employed, &c.

—The Cumberland correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, says: By the action of the President and Board of Directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal company in raising the toll on coal this spring, the shipment of gas coal has been diverted to other channels, and is of course, lost for the season to the canal and the boatmen. In addition to this, several coal companies have withdrawn most of their trade from the canal on account of general dissatisfaction with canal management, and the prospects this season for the canal and boatmen are about as dismal as it ever was in the history of that work.

—Mr. T. B. Ferguson, State Fish Commissioner, gives notice that any citizen of the State having a pond or stream which he wishes to supply with California brook trout, or land locked salmon, can be supplied at Druid Hill (Baltimore) hatching house. Imported German carp will also be distributed in a short time.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Whitsuntide services will be held in Oakland Ev. Lutheran church, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

Select School.

I hereby give notice that I will reopen my select school at Johnstown, on Monday, May 24th, to continue ten weeks. Tuition $2 per month.

2w ALEX. W. DEWITT.

Re-Organization of Sunny Side S. S.

The above Sunday School was reorganized, with the following officers and teachers;

Superintendent—Miss Marian S. Hauser.
Assistant—D. J. Staubaugh.
Secretary—S. J. Yutzy.
Assistant—J. H. Sanders.
Librarian—F. Clair.
Assistant—G. Stahl.

Female teachers—Misses Marian S. Hauser, Bell Arnold, Jennie Sanders, Rachel Haun.

Male teachers—J. G. Knauer, P. Gortner, F. Stahl, H. Moon.

Court Proceedings.

Among the proceedings not reported last week are the following:

State of Maryland vs. Jos. Warnick; larceny; jury trial; verdict not guilty.

State of Maryland vs. Samuel Baker, colored; larceny; jury trial; verdict guilty. Sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary.

State of Maryland vs. Gilbert Warnick; assault and battery; jury trial; verdict guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs.

State of Maryland vs. Wm. Collins; larceny; jury trial; verdict not guilty.

Robert Ross, whose case was reported last week, found to be of unsound mind, was sentenced to the Maryland Hospital until he shall have recovered his reason, or shall have been discharged by due course of law.

Of 73 trials 48 were disposed of in various ways.

The court adjourned on Friday evening.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 12:

John T. Zeus and wife to John H. Woolford, Military Lots Nos. 3040, 3047, 3052, 8054 and part of 3044; $1 &c.

Sidney Ann Schroyer to Ira E. Friend and Alfred Kelley, her interest in Military Lot No. 3041; $100.

Ira E. Friend and wife to Alfred Kelly, part of Military Lot No. 3041, containing 19 acres; $10.

Ira E. Friend and wife to Alfred Kelley, part of a certain tract of land containing 1½ acres and 12 perches; $1.

Alfred Kelley and wife to Ira E. Friend, part of Military Lot No. 3041, containing 19 acres; $10.

Sydney Ann Schroyer to Alfred Kelley, her interest in Military Lot No. 3140; $75.

Wm. B. Stanton to M. A. Stanton, Lots Nos. 2165, 2048, also all that tract of land called "Grassy Cabin," containing 74 acres; also lots Nos. 2168, 2169, 2170 and part of Lot No. 2171; $1 &c.

Wm. Chisholm, trustee, to Elisha Arenhait, part of a tract of land called "Cromarty," containing 90 acres; also part of Military Lot No. 1362, containing 13¾ acres, and also Lots Nos. 1363, 1353 and 1352; consideration not stated.

John Knox and wife to Henry Kamp, Military Lots Nos. 2623 and 2624; $125.

David Hostettler and wife to Abraham Miller and others, part of David Hostetler's farm, containing ½ acre; $1.

A. J. Wilson to John J. Keller and William H. Koch, part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing 94 acres; $1,150.

Amelia Eichorn to Abraham J. Beachy, part of a tract of land in Slicer's addition to Grantsville, containing 41 acres; $925.

Ezra Savage and wife to Rosalie E. Hoff, part of Military Lot No. 2945, containing 14 acres; $75.

Wm. H. Barnard and wife to D. S. Jones, part of a tract of land called "Leatherwood Bottom," containing 16¼ acres; also another tract call "Leatherwood Bottom," containing 13 acres; no consideration.

Wm. Hoover to John G. Bringer, part of a tract of land called "Shylock War," containing ½ acre; $5.

Samuel W. Friend to E. G. Blackburn, his interest in a tract of land called "Poetry," containing 8 acres; $50.

Liable to Abuse.

Judge Alvey, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Washington county, last Monday, called especial attention to the act extending the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace in cases of assault and battery, petty larceny, &c. Not because, he said, the grand jury were directly concerned with it, but for the purpose of calling the attention of the magistrates to it. This law dispenses with the grand jury and lays every citizen open to a prosecution by his neighbor or some one else, prompted only by malice or ill will. It changes the established rule of prosecuting crimes under the common law, and introduces a new system. It is an experiment, and it depends upon how it is administered as to whether it will prove to have been wise legislation or the contrary. He then referred to the evils of the law. Under it witnesses might be summoned to distant parts of the county, in any number the justice saw fit, the party accused might also be brought there, and then the State's attorney must become an itenerant and journey all over the county to ascertain whether he will take the cases to court or not, and then when all this expense has been incurred, then the party may claim his jury trial and the case go to court after all. He urged the duty of the grand jury to exercise strict supervision over it, for convictions under it are to be attended with all the consequences of a conviction in court—infamy, political disability, &c. The act is liable to immense abuse, and may become the means of the greatest waste and expenditure of the public money, instead of a means of economy. The idea of bringing justice to the door of everybody is a good thing, but liable to abuse and evil, and this act, instead of expediting justice, may become the means of prolonging prosecutions. It will be your duty, when the act goes into effect, together with the court and State's Attorney, to scrutinize its enforcement and see that it is not abused. He would say nothing as to the constitutionality of the act, but he had grave apprehensions of its working.

Bots in Horses.

The following from the American Cyclopedia, is published for the information of our farmers:

The female bot flies deposit their eggs on the sides and legs of horses, where a glutinous fluid attaches the eggs to the hair. The horse in licking himself breaks the eggs, and a small worm adheres to the tongue, and is carried with the food into the stomach. There it clings firmly to the cuticular portion of the stomach by means of a hook on either side of its mouth, feeding on the mucus during the winter, and passing out with the chyme at the end of spring, by which time it has obtained a considerable size. The larva buries itself in the ground, becomes a chrysalis, and in a few weeks is changed into a fly. The bots cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain or cause any injury; for he enjoys the most perfect health while the cuticular part of his stomach is filled with them, and their presence is not suspected until they appear at the anus. They cannot be removed by medicine, because they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is usually conveyed; and if they were, their mouths are too deeply buried in the mucus for any medicine that can safely be administered to affect them; in due course of time they detach themselves and come away. When, after death, the coats of the stomach are found to be corroded and perforated, and when bots are found either in the perforations or already passed thro' them, other causes have destroyed the stomach. Horses are frequently injured, however, by the medicines which are ignorantly given to remove the bots. This will easily be understood, when it is stated that bots have lived for many days together in olive oil, and even in oil of turpentine, and that tobacco and nitrous and sulphuric acids do not immediately kill them.

Washing Sheep worse than Useless.

As usually conducted, this is a cruel, barbarous custom; and there is no benefit to be derived from it, and frequently a considerable loss from the chill given to the sheep, causing a cold, followed by internal inflammation and death. The day this is done may be warm and sunny but the river or pond water is still cold, and the sheep, after being washed, are obliged to retain their wet fleeces so long, even if they escape a cold, as to make it quite injurious to them. Unless turned into a clean grass pasture immediately, sheep will gather up as great a weight of dirt before shearing as was washed out of them, so that the wool gains no benefit from the ablution. But if it did, it would be all the same to the manufacturer, because before being worked up into cloth, all wool has to be thoroughly cleansed by his own more thorough process, so whether it be a little more or less dirt is of no consequence to him. The only trouble is, when selling the wool, the purchaser haggles for the greatest possible discount he can obtain in consequence of the dirt. Yet with people of good judgment, who are accustomed to breeding sheep or handling their fleeces, this necessary allowance is easily and fairly got at. If sheep run in a clean pasture during Summer, and are kept in well littered yards during Winter, and their fleeces properly tagged before shearing, they will show so little dirt as to be unobjectionable to the buyer, and he can easily guess what the cleansed might net to the manufacturer.

Sunday School Convention.

The Garrett County Sunday School Convention, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be held in the Ev. Lutheran Church, Grantsville, commencing on Friday, June 18th. It is expected that a large number of delegates and visitors will be in attendance and arrangements are being made for their entertainment. The order of exercises are as follows:

First session,—Friday afternoon, 2½ o'clock. Convention called to order by the President of last Convention. Devotional Exercises. Special prayer for God's blessing on the Convention. Appointment of Committee to nominate permanent officers. Report of Committee and election of officers. Address of welcome by Rev. J. J. Young. Reply to address of welcome by Rev. O C. Miller. Appointment of business committee. Time of opening and closing convention designated.

Second Session.—Friday evening. Devotional exercises. 1 Question, County Sunday Schools their special need and difficulties, and how to meet them? Opened by Rev. J. M. Davis. Verbal reports from Sunday Schools of Garrett county by delegates, five minutes each. Question box to receive question.

Third Session.—Saturday morning. Devotional exercise. 2 Question. How can we induce our Sunday School scholars to search the scriptures more thoroughly? Opened by Rev. C. U. Heilman. Question box and answers.

Fourth session.—Saturday afternoon. Devotional exercises. 3 Question. How should the Sunday school teacher appear before his class, opened by Wm. A. Baker. 4 Question. The relation of Parents of Scholars, to the Sunday School teachers, opened by Rev. Daniel Flanagan. Selection of place for next Convention.

Fifth session.—Saturday evening. Devotional exercises. Praise and Sunday School teachers experience meeting. Resolutions, &c.

Sunday morning.—9 o'clock. The Convention as a Sunday School with exercises, (composed of teachers and scholars of the Sunday Schools in Grantsville, and delegates of the Convention.) Black board illustrations. Review of lesson, &c., conducted by Wm. A. Baker, Sermon at 10½ o'clock by Rev. J. T. Rossiter.

Sunday Afternoon.—Children's meeting at 2 o'clock, with appropriate addresses, and singing by the scholars of the different Sunday Schools, conducted by F. L. Morling.

Sunday evening.—Devotional exercises. Song and Bible service. (The Prodigal Song) conducted by Wm. A. Baker. Closing exercises.

P. S.—The delegates will be expected to take part in the discussion of all questions promptly.

Letter from Nebraska.

OAKDALE, NEB., May 10th, 1880.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:—Having promised a good many of my neighbors to write and give my opinion and description of Nebraska, I adopt this plan to give all of them through the columns of your paper, my views.

I left Oakland on the evening of the 12th of April, and arrived at Chicago next day at 6 P. M., and stopped with our old friend D. R. Brant, where I "was very cordially received" until 8 o'clock next morning. I found the old gentleman very jolly and in good spirits, doing well socially and financially. I took the Burlington & Quincy R. R., arriving at Council Bluffs at 8 A. M. the following day, leaving there by Union Pacific R. R., arriving at Fremont at 3 o'clock the same afternoon, being 45 miles from Omaha. At Fremont I met with Geo. Dorsey, who was very kind and gave me every facility to see the country. I was as favorably impressed with the country around Fremont as any place I have seen. The land is very rich, producing wheat, corn, oats and, in fact, all kinds of grain to perfection, with but little labor; it is well settled and the lands are much higher than they are at this point. I came from there through Platte, Madison and Colfax counties to this point, which is in Antelope county. The Elkhorn river runs diagonally thro' this county; the bottom varies from 1 to 7 miles wide, a greater portion of which is rich sandy loam, producing well, and the natural grass is said to be as good for stock as timothy or clover in our country, and the cattle fed on one ton of hay per head during the winter, look as well or better than stock there that are kept up and fed all winter. Some cattle are wintered here without hay or grain, living altogether on the range. You can get hay put in stock here for $1,50 per ton, in some cases at less prices. As for grazing land Uncle Sam has plenty of it; whilst it is not considered good for farming it produces good grass, and it will be years before it will be taken up. The market for cattle, hogs and sheep is about the same price as it is there. Horses are higher. Water is good and a very healthy country. Government lands can still be had in the county, but farther from the railroad. The Burlington and Missouri rive. railroad company are just putting 91,000 acres of land on the market at from one to three dollars an acre, on 10 years' time, at 6 per cent. interest; and my opinion is that it is better to buy land that has been selected at those prices than to take a homestead such as generally can be had now. I have seen some nice places and well located that have been taken as a homestead, but unfortunately for me I was too late.

The objections at first to one coming from our country is the scarcity of timber and we would say there was none, but the people who live here don't complain of it, and seem to have plenty to do to burn cobs, corn, grass, &c. They need no fencing except for a corral to put their stock in at night. The greatest objection I have to the country is the winds and dust; having very little rain here it is very dusty. If any one will come here and make up his mind to work he is bound to make money.

I have given you the good and the bad; if any of you have got plenty of back bone and sand on the gizzard, come along.

Respectfully,
JOHN W. LEE.

SWANTON, MAY 5th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In reading over the committee's financial report for Garrett county, as published in your paper of April 24th, I, as one of the tax payers, stand aghast at the loose and shameful manner in which the business of the county has been done, and would suggest to the voters of Garrett county the propriety of calling a mass meeting in the various districts of the county, and at those meetings publicly, fearlessly and unanimously utter our protest against the guilty persons and the manner in which they have done the business entrusted to their hands; and furthermore would demand that we have an annual exhibit of the income and disbursements of the county as the law requires. None will object to this but those who tremble lest their misconduct should be detected. I think that the right thing has been done at the right time, and would urge upon the tax payers to look more closely after those who receive and expend the public monies. My thanks are hereby accorded to Messrs. Peddicord & Combs for the plain and direct manner in which they have done their duty, and trust we shall hear from others upon the subject.

Standing still is childish folly,
Saying nothing is a crime;
None should patiently endure
Any evil he can cure.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. E. GEORGE.

A Curious Fact about Bass.

In a recent letter Seth Green, who is authority in all matters piscatorial, discourses briefly on the best modes of angling for bass. Among other statements he makes the following, which will be interesting to a great many "simple wise men" who have the good sense and leisure to go a fishing.

If the fish is on the lower fly, you will not take any more, but if he is on one of the upper flies, you will be sure to take more if there is more in sight.

We learned this fact and published it years ago as a curious habit of the bass family. But we knew the fact long before we discovered the reason of it. Nothing in our angling experience ever caused us more perplexity or so greatly excited our curiosity. It took us a week of patient observation on what used to be the best trolling ground on the St. Lawrence—in the neighborhood of Gananoque—to clear up the mystery. But we finally succeeded to our entire satisfaction, and here is the simple solution.

The bass is a social fish. He likes company. Where there is one there are more. They move in schools. When one strikes the troll there are always others in the neighborhood. When the lookers on see the struck fish "cutting up" they "go for him" under the impression that he has found a "good thing," of which they are unwilling he should have the monopoly. As the angler, on feeling the strike, at once "reels up," the ravenous rascals follow in pursuit, but never pass their leaping and floundering companion, because they fancy he is trying to seize and gorge the "tid-bit" they wish to share with him. This purpose keeps them either even with or behind him, but they never pass him. Hence none ever take the fly above the one upon which the captive is hooked, but are are pretty sure to be beguiled by any fly below him.—*George Dawson in the Albany Journal.*

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May. 12, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, June 7th, 1880,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy and for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

All persons having bills against the county are requested to file them, properly authenticated, on or before that date.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
5 15 td. Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, practicing under the style of Peddicord & Gonder, vs. John Fox.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 73. Trials to May Term, 1880.

ORDERED, this 6th day of May, 1880, by the circuit court for Garrett county, that the sale of the real estate of John Fox, as mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, constable, under and by virtue of a writ of ifieri facias mentioned in said report and issued on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1879, and to the said James S. Johnson, directed by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, partners practicing law under the firm name of Peddicord & Gonder, against Jno. Fox, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 1st day of June, 1880.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
my8-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 4th, 1880.

The Board of County School Commissioners will meet on

Wednesday, May 26th,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Monday, May 24th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
2w Treasurer and Examiner.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Saturday, June 12th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
my8 5w Examiners.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.

Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.

jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Arkansas William, G. G. T.

THERE are dozens of men in Michigan who will remember meeting Arkansas William, the Great Gulch Terror, in Julesburg, Colo., Denver, Laramie and other places in that territory a dozen years ago. He was a shooter, a slasher, an Indian killer, a Governmont scout, a cleaner-out of mining-camps, a tornado when he struck a town. All this he told us and sought to impress on our minds, and it came to pass by and by that whenever he crowed we all cackled. We'd have bet all the horses in the First Cavalry against an Indian dog that Arkansas William was a match for any four tribes of Indians on the plains, and we'd have backed bim against all the other terrors, tarantulas, wild cats, Rocky Mountain lions and howling bears between Omaha and 'Frisco. True, we never saw him shoot, nor cut, nor slash, nor knock down and drag out, but it must be in him, because he said it was. It was an impressive sight to see him stalking around with a rifle, two revolvers and a bowie strapped to him, and heavens! how he could yell! It was enough to make every mule of the post tremble to hear Arknnsas William utter his war-whoop—the same one he uttered, he told us, when he rode down on 200 Pawnees and scattered them to the four winds. How many of us bought his tin types at $2 npiece will never be known, but he was more eager to sell them than to take the war path. When the Michiganders left Colorado William was hankering to lay in a winter supply of 250 scalps, seven barrels of gore and a barn full of ears and noses, and his wild war-whoops followed the regiment for more than two miles.

The other day sometbing was heard to drop in the Black Hills, and Arkansas William, the Great Gulch Terror, walked in upon a mining camp, and in thunder tones inquired what sort of a grave-yard they had there. When they tremblingly answered that they had none at all, and that all the men were in the best of health, the Terror mounted a barrel, flopped his arms nnd cried out:

"No grnve-yards here! No place on which to lay my victims! Whoop! I'm the Great Gulch Terror! I'm the gigantic grave-yard starter of the Big West! I'll tie both hands behind me and light the whole town!"

They tried to coax him not to. They even offered him fifteen cents to go softly away and leave them alone. Indeed, they offered to write him a variety play in which he, as the hero, should kill one hundred and fifty-five men inside of an hour and a half, but he would not go. Arkansas William could not be bought with gold, and he had fame enough.

Well, when they realized that he wanted blood and must have it, a weazened-faced, flat-chested, thin-waisted man from Cass County, Mich., who weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds, offered himself as a sacrifice. He had never fought any thing or any body, and he was so tame and humble that the men used to wipe the grease off their knives on his brick-colored hair after the close of a meal. He crawled out of his tent and said he'd as soon fight as not. He had just received a letter from home to the effect that his wife had run off with a blonde tin-peddler, and now he didn't care to live longer.

"Him! He! That man! That toothpick! Why, I'll make hash of him in a second!" roared Arkansas William as he enught sight of his victim.

Yes, he would do that very thing, and that would start a grave-yard. He threw down his rifle, put off his revolvers, and crowed for blood. The little man didn't crow any, but he lugged out a wicked big knife, drew a hair across the edge of it, and said he'd do the best he could. The Terror crowed again and told how many men he had killed, but the weazen-faced man cut another hair with his knife. The Terror finally offered to let him off on account of his consumptive look, but he wouldn't be let off. He wanted to die then and there. Then the Terror wanted a fair show. He wanted to go up the trail and come down to the attack on the run. That was his best hold, and the way he had always fonght. The little man was perfectly willing. All he wanted was a fight to the death, and he didn't care how he got it. Arkansas William started up the trail, but halted and returned and said:

"Boy, I'm the Great Gulch Terror, and I've put one hundred and ninety-eight white men and over six hundred Indians under the sod. But I'm no monster. Something in your face touches my heart. I'll give you one mnero chance to draw off nnd live on."

The Cass County man wouldn't take it. He didn't want to live since his wife went back on him, and, moreover, he was mad for the first time in his life and wanted to see how he would act in a fight.

"Very well—get ready to die!" yelled the Terror, as he backed up the trail. He was backing and spitting on his bowie-knife and getting an awful look on his face when last seen. The miners waited for the rush, and expected every second to hear his yells, but they came not. Three—five—ten minutes slipped away, and then they investigated. Arkansas William was nowhere to be found, but they saw a man a mile away heading for Deadwood and making the earth ache as he passed over it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Big Trees of California.

IT is an hour's climb up a smooth, elegant road, through forests that naturally prepare the way — n giant's causeway to the greater giants. The immense pines would startle you, only you must keep your surprises for the Sequoia, as they are called. After this hour's ride, at a sharp turn in the road, in among dense forests of pines and hemlocks, rise two trees close to each other, the bark smooth and of the color of cinnamon. They are called the Sentinels. You see and surrender. So massive, so symmetrical, so clear, so stately; nothing strained. There is nothing strained about a big man; no more about the big trees. They are naturally big. Instantly the immense pines assume their humbler position. Their heads bow; their forms contract. They are servants in the presence of these, their masters. Hundreds of feet above the ground spring out short branches, ragged and not especially comely. The tiny leaf of the hemlock grows thinly on these short and scraggy branches. Yet this green, curly hair, crowning the light-brown stalk, gives a not uncomely aspect. It seems more fitting than wide-spreading arms and large leaves. Every thing is made tributary to tallness nnd size of the tree itself. Those slight appurtenances only intensify the extraordinary qualities.

Perhaps some sneering critic might say it was the natural law—that mere bigness can produce nothing great. Short boughs and thin leaves show how bulk runs to bulk alone. But even then "all is well and wisely put." Bulk is its own reward. It is itself sufficient cause for being. The Sentinels are satisfactory as sentinels. But the majesties are still to come. Whirl round the corner in whose angle they stand, and in a few rods you stand before the chief of the clan. Get out of the wagon, and reverently pace around the mighty mass of living wood. It takes forty paces to walk around it. Its cavernous sides, blackened by fires that have been kindled in them, ope their ponderous jaws twenty and thirty feet above you, twenty and thirty feet within the outer bark. Its lowest measuro is a hundred feet, while its wide-extending roots, that come out from the sides like the paws of a lion from his legs, if included in the measurement, would make it cover a hundred and twenty if not a hundred and fifty feet.

This tree is not as tall as some of its fellows. It has devoted itself to bulk. It hardly reaches three hundred feet. It is called the Grizzly Giant and is the master of the forest. Opposite lies its fellow, prone. A set of steps—a dozen or twenty of them—leads you to the upper side of the monster, and you promenade on a deck longer than that of an Atlantic steamer, if it had a deck that traversed its whole length. But these are wonders, and they are cheap. A few rods further, and we meet a double tree, shooting up from one base the matter of a hundred feet, and then departing—a couple of Bunker Hill monuments perched on a trunk n hundred feet high and bigger round than it is at its base. The trees are not so numerous as to distract. They are all easily noticeable. The other trees gather about them in due humility plenty of servants for the few forest lords. May they have a large progeny. The young Sequoia, even to saplings a foot high, are numerous. They show that, if let alone three thousand years, there may be other giants on the earth of the snme blood as these.

We pass through this grove, wind up a hill another mile or two, and enter a still larger forest of larger trees. Though no one here surpasses the Grizzly Giant, many here surpass the most there. They are also a more comely group. They stand forth in their light-brown apparel, twenty and thirty feet in diameter, tall, graceful, marvelous.

At the terminus of tbe trip the chief surprise occurred. George turns his four horses and wagon, containing eight persons, straight to one of the trees. The road runs neither to the one side nor tbe other. It is Longfellow's Western road, which, opening wide and handsome, turns into a squirrel-path and runs up a tree. But this squirrel-path is still wide enough to hold horses and wagon, and, instead of running up a tree, runs through it. The trunk is sawn high and wide, so that we all are gathered within it—four horses and long wagon—and still there's room for more.

No one event so impresses the visitor. Yet, when you come to figures, it does not surprise you. A double team and a carriage is not thirty feet long. This tree is thirty feet through. The immense cut has not destroyed its vitality. It grows green above and around the deep cut, and looks likely to live and grow another three thousand years.

Up nnother trunk you look through an orifice in the top—a telescope by the side of which Ross's is a microscope. Through another, prone, you walk for several hundred feet, the roof as high as that of a country church. In another, called Haverford, named from that college, a group of a hundred collegians could easily gather and sing their wildest bacchanals, without disturbing its serenity.

There are several of these forests; but nearly all within a compass of a hundred miles. I heard Gen. Rosencranz discourse very intelligently and agreeably on their origin. He declared they had attained their immense age and size by virtue of their position—sheltered by higher hills from ocean blasts and by conditions of climate from severe change of weather. Certain it is that this group has such shelter and warmth. Certain, also, it is that the redwood of the Coast Range, of which it is the kin, does not attain to such proportions. Certain it is also, that they are not found out of this warm and protected region, those that appear a hundred miles to the south being in the same line of climate and condition, and the groups that cluster nround this center, known by different names—as Calnveras, Tuolumne, Fresno, and Mariposa—but all in one center and of a short radius.—*The Late Bishop Gilbert Haven, in N. Y. Independent.*

Whetstone Material Shipped From the Mississippi Valley to France.

MR. EMILE KARST, the French Consul, yesterday shipped from here seven barrels of Arkansas and Wichita stone to Sorgnes, in the department of Vaucluse, near Marseilles France. The stono is said to be of the linest quality for hones or line whetstones for sharpening engraving tools and tools used in machinery. This is the first shipment made direct to that part of France, nnd illustrates some curious phases of commerce. Here is a little town in France, scarcely ever heard of, sending for nn articlo of commerce this side of the Mississippi, which is scarcely known to Americans. The quarry containing this peculiar whetstone is near the Hot Springs in Arkansas. Mr. Karst, who is the medium through whom this first experiment is made, mentions some curious variations in the tariff on freight, the cost of freight from St. Louis to Marseilles, in France, being a fraction only more than from Hot Springs to St. Louis. He found that the freight from Havre to Alsace, across the breadth of France, some 300 miles, is as much as from St. Louis to Havre, over 3,000 miles.—*St. Louis Republican.*

PITH AND POINT.

THE Philadelphia baby elephant has had an attack of cholera elephantum.

THE holes in a harbor fortification were made for big guns. That is why they holed the fort.

THE Binghamton (N. Y.) *Republican* has discovered that the smaller the husband the larger nre the bundles his wife makes him carry.

As you travel around the country you are more and more impressed with the conviction that the chief end of man is to paint patent-medicine signs on the fences. —*Hawkeye Burdette.*

HOWEVER well-behaved a family cat may be during the day, it can not be trusted with a night-key after dark. There are too many lodges for cats at night.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"ZEPHANIAH," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

AMONG new hosiery are styles for archery and croquet, showing embroidered bows, arrows, balls and mallets upon blue, black and garnet grounds. With the assistance of these articles a lot of very respectable people can be made to look like a circus.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHEN a human skeleton is dug up wo frequently see it stated that the remains are supposed to be an Indian's, from the fact that flint arrowheads are found with them. The more natural conclusion is that it is the skeleton of the fellow who was trying to get away from an Indian.—*Boston Post.*

IT seems almost incredible that nn elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk; but after a man has experienced an elephant's gentle twist about his system and been thrown the whole length of a menagerie tent, through the candy stand into the lemonade tub, he will be willing to take oath that there are at least a million and a half muscles in that interesting animal's front tail.

BUT few words rhyme with "advertiser."

The advertiser,
He is wiser
Than the Kaiser

About exhausts the panel.—*Free Press.* Indeed! Then perhaps you never heard that: There once was a miser, who lived by a geyser, on fast-rolling Iser, and married Elizer, and tried to advise her that no early riser would ever despise her, but rather would prize her, if early she hies her to kitchen and fries her old man's appetizer in the shape of a good breakfnst before he gets up in the morning. And the panel isn't exhausted yet.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THERE is a man up in New Hampshire who doesn't earn such a great sight of money, but who has a mania for joining every secret society that will permit his membership. The initiation and other fees take a good portion of his money, besides which he is at some lodge meeting every evening, which greatly exasperates his wife. The Manchester *Mirror* quotes the following as one of the outbursts of this afflicted woman, made when she was comparatively cool and calm: "Jine! He'd jine any thing. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If any body should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in he'd go all tbe suddener."

TO A PLATE OF HASH.—

Inscrutable! Though subtler than the sphinx,
Thou hast no inspiration for the hind;
The dullard deals with thee nor ever thinks
To ask thee for the food that feeds the mind.
But for the poet, seeking truth, thou art
A lofty ideal and a doubt supreme;
A wonder, a delight, a thing apart,
The changeful fringe of an illusive dream.
The soul that is attuned to ideal things,
Beholding thee, a fairy grotto sees.
Though dost uplift Imagination's wings
And Fancy revelleth in thy mysteries.
O hash! thou hidest from thy votary's sight
More secrets than are wrapped in death and night.

—*David L. Proudfit, in the Graphic.*

Fear Haunted.

Le Voltaire, of Paris, publishes in its St. Petersburg correspondence a recent incident in the life of the Czar, for which it claims entire authenticity. The incident is said to have happened at five o'clock in the morning, when all was silent in the Winter Palace. One of the servants, who stood high in his master's favor, thought he heard the Czar's voice calling him nnd entered the imperial bedroom. The Emperor, awakened suddenly by the noise of his footsteps and not recognizing the valet in the dim light of the lamp which swung over his head, drew a revolver from under his pillow and fired. The servant fell to the floor with a groan. The room was quickly filled with watchmen, members of the household, and courtiers, fearful that another attempt had been made on the Czar's life. When the truth was learned the wounded man was carried to another room, and doctors pronounced his injuries to be fatal. Efforts were made on all sides to prevent the news getting abroad, and it was generally given out among the people that the man had died by his own hand. The incident is said to have augmented the Czar's terrors. His kitchen, which for some time has been placed under strict surveillance, has now three physicians attached to it, each of them receiving 1,000 roubles per month. One examines the food, the meats, vegetables, or pastry; another tastes the wines and liquors; the third superintends the making of the dishes. They are all subject to grave responsibilities. At the last illness of the Czar they run the risk of being arrested as accomplices on a charge of high treason and of being instantly banished to Siberia. The *Voltaire* carries its list of improbabilities so far as to say that the Czar has not unfrequently been known to take emetics after dinner. "Have we not here," it cries, "an episode from the life of some legendary tyrant, a Dionysius, of Syracuse, or an Emperor nt Rome possessed with dreams of horror?"

THE Portland (Or.) City Council has passed an ordinance to compel the display of a flag, two feet by three in size, on every building in that city which contains any person afflicted with diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, small-pox or other contagious diseases —flags of different colors to be used for the various diseases.

Infernal Machines.

IT was not until more than two centuries after the famous 5th of November that the idea of employing a fulminating process against the Chief of the State was adopted in France; where twice within two months an attempt was made to blow up Napoleon, nt that time First Consul. It was in each instance on the occasion of his visiting the opera that Napoleon, according to the designs of his enemies, was to be blown to pieces. The Paris Opera House has, in fact, been the chosen scene for carrying out a large number of murderous projects directed against the ruler of the country. In addition to the two attempts made upon the life of Napoleon I., it was in front of the Opera that the Orsini shells were thrown which so nearly disposed of Napoleon III., in the year 1857. It was beneath the portico, too, of the old Opera in the Rue Richelieu that the Duc de Berri was assassinated; but it would be tool ong a story to give even the briefest account of attacks made upon sovereigns by ordinary means.

It was intended to employ against Napoleon I. a destructive method of a mixed kind. Rockets and grenades were to be hurled from various parts of the theater into his box. But to insure his death conspirators armed with daggers and pistols were stationed in the corridor into which the box opened, with orders to shoot and stab him if, escaping the missiles, he attempted to make his way to the outer doors. The conspiracy, according to Napoleon himself, who told the story at St. Helena, was revealed by a captain in the line. "What limit is there," said Napoleon, "to folly and stupidity? This officer had a horror of me as Consul, but adored me as a General. He was anxious that I should be torn from my post, but he would have been very sorry that my life should be taken. I ought to be made prisoner, he said, in no way injured, and sent to the army to continue to defeat the enemies of France. The other conspirators laughed in his face, and when he saw them distribute daggers and that they were going beyond his intentions he proceeded at once to denounce the whole affair." The informer having been brought before him, Napoleon at first suggested to the Prefect of Police that he should not be allowed to go to the Opera that evening. It was decided, however, that his absence would awaken the suspicions of the other conspirators; and every thing was allowed to go on as though the plot had not been discovered. The sentinels outside Napoleon's box were ordered to let no one approach who had not the password, issued immediately before the Consul's departure for the Opera; for it was known that a certain number of conspirators had taken up their position in the corridor to extinguish the lights at the moment when the rockets were to be fired and the shells thrown. The opera of the evening was "Les Horaces," a work composed by Porta to a libretto founded on Corneille's tragedy; and the signal for action was to be the delivery of n passage on which the Horatii swear to conquer or die. Then all the lights were to be put out, and npart from the shells intended for the Emperor, fireworks were to be cast indiscriminately about the theater, while the general confusion was to be increased by the cries of "Fire!" The leaders of the plot, like the claqners of the present day, had attended the rehearsal of the opera so as to note the cue given to them for their grand demonstration and attack. But at the performance the Prefecture of Police was also largely represented, and tbere were altogether upwards of two hundred persons in the theater who were paying no attention to the music except with a view to a particular quartet, in which the old Horatins opened the piece by calling upon his sons to swear "que le dernies de vous sera mort on vainquer." The instrumental introduction to the quartet was, however, the signal for action chosen by the police; and before the singing began the conspirators were all in custody in one of the vestibules of the theater.

The second attempt on a grand scale against the life of Napoleon was executed two months later, on the 24th of December, when on his way to the Opera he was made the mark of an "infernal machine." Haydn's "Creation" was to be given, and the performance had already commenced, when during the soft adagio of the introduction the dull report of an explosion was heard. Immediately afterwards Napoleon entered his box, attended by the principal members of his staff. Josephine's love of dress had saved him. As she was getting into the carriage she thought of making some change in her toilet, and, going back to her apartments for a few minutes, caused a delay but for which Bonaparte and herself would, following the other carriages, have passed before the infernal machine at the moment of its explosion.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following directions for keeping hams safe from insects after smoking: Make bags of double paper (newpaper, or use singly the heavy brown paper flour sacks), making them large and loose for the hnm; tie them, a little above the meat, very securely and tightly around the strings or hooks by which they are suspended. Instead of strings, if practicable, have hooks like old-fashioned pothooks, eight inches long or thereabouts, made of smnll round iron, or very heavy wire. These aro always ready, and if carefully cared for may last n hundred years. For this way of keeping smoked meat, a dry place, free from rats and mice, is requisite. In a damp place, mold will gather; and in a hot attic, while the meat will keep perfectly sweet, it is apt to get too hard for convenience of cutting. Double paper will keep out insects if no holes are allowed. Similar bags are excellent for dried fruit.

A CHICAGO firm has about consummated arrangements for the building of a private car, to carry two salesmen and a full line of samples, sleeping apartments and cooking arrangements being looked out for. Mileage arrangements have been made with the different Western roads. It is to be sixty feet long, and will cost $10,000.

—Potato parties, whatever they may be, are the latest innovocation in the way of amusement for country church-going people.

Our Young Folks.

STORIES WITH MORALS.

MAMMA told a story,
And it made me cry—
'Cause it had a moral,
And was sad and dry—
'Bout a little sister:
She was fearful sick
'Cause her little brother
Hit her with a stick.
Then his mother sent him
To the med'cine-store;
An' the sister died 'cause
He didn't come before.
He was playin' marbles—
Havin' lots of fun!
Course he couldn't pass 'em
Without shootin' one;
When the boys all hollered,
"Billy, take a shoot!"
Course he couldn't 'member
How he ought to scoot.
S'pose it's cause I didn't
Bring the med'cine quick
To my little sister:
She ain't very sick,
But has lots of goodies—
Oranges and such—
Playin' with her dolly,
Guess she don't ache much!

Think I'll tell a story
When my ma comes in,
With a good, dry moral—
How will I begin?
Once there was a lady
Had a little boy:
Wouldn't give him nothin'
That he could destroy—
Just one piece of pie or cake
At a time he had,
On account of stomach-ache!
Wan't that mamma bad?
Made him go to school, too,
Every single day,
Though he teased her awfully
For to let him play.
Made him rock the baby,
Run errands to the store—
Then she scolded 'cause he
Didn't come before!
Then he *died*—that boy died!
All his toes came off!
And he had the measles!
And the hoopin-cough!
And the fever-n'-ager!
And the small-pox, too!
That's what I'll tell mamma—
Then won't she boo hoo?

—*Millie C. Pomeroy, in Chicago Tribune.*

BROTHERS FOR SALE.

MOLLY was six years old; a plump, roly-poly little girl with long, crimpy, golden hair and great blue eyes. She had ever so many brothers; Fred, a year older than herself, and who went to the Kindergarten with her, was her favorite. Molly was very fond of swinging on the front-yard gate; a forbidden pleasure, by the way. This is the preface to my story about Molly.

One windy, sunny day the little girl was "riding to Boston" on the front gate; she had swung out and let the wind blow her back again a half dozen times, and she was happy as a captain on the high seas, enjoying the swaying, dizzy motion.

Every little girl—and many a boy—has swung on a gate, standing tip-toe on the lower bar, leaning the chin on the upper bar; and as the gate swayed outward, watched the brick pavement rush under foot like a swift stream, all the time dreaming she was a steamboat.

In some such position, with some such thoughts, I suppose, was our Molly, when a strange cry reached her ears.

"Brothers for sale? Brothers for sale? Got any brothers for sale?"

"Dot a plenty," said Molly as the gate swung plump against the oddest great man.

He was very tall, wore a huge fur cap, and great coat that reached from his chin to his ankles. The pockets were evidently so full that they bulged out on all sides, and his red belt was stuck full of every odd toy imaginable.

He had, besides, an enormous pack on his back.

Molly's eyes, always wholly devoted to the business of seeing, observed all this.

But she only remarked, "What makes your face so *rusty?*"

Perhaps he didn't hear her; anyway he repeated his cry, "Brothers for sale? Got any brothers for sale?" and was moving on when Molly's piping voice screamed after him "Tell yer *yes;* dot a plenty!"

This time he stood still.

"Dot one, two, free-- many's *ten* I fink. Tommy, he's naughty, calls my rag dolly a meal-bag—I'll sell him. He's a dreffful wicked boy; he snaps beaus at the teacher and gets a whipping every single day."

"I'll take him," said the big man. "How much shall I pay you—what shall I give you for him?"

"A han'kercher with some *perfoomery* on it."

"Yes, yes, here you have it," he said, and taking a great bottle from his belt, and a little blue-bordered handkerchief from one pocket, he sprinkled it profusely with some real cologne and gave it to the delighted child.

"Any more brothers for sale, little girl? I'm in want of some boys?"

"Yes, sir! You can have Johnny, he tears up my dolls and mamma lets him wear my bestest sash—*and* the baby, he gets the colic and screams—*and* Harry, he won't bring in the wood for mamma, and he eats up my candy and has cookies for supper an' I don't, *and*——"

"I'll take 'em all," grunted the big man.

"I'll sell Harry for a doll with *truly* hair nnd a black silk and ear-rings and some choc'late ca'mels," said she, with the air of an old trader.

"What luck!" he laughed; and diving into nnother pocket, he brought forth a handful of candy nnd filled Molly's apron pockets, then taking off his great cap he shook down a lovely doll, with *truly* hair indeed, long nnd curly, dressed in a black silk with train nnd pull-back just like mamma's.

"And what'll you sell Jonathan for?"

"Johnny, you mean—you can have him for n kitten, sir." In an instant the fur cap was off, and a little mewing kitten was produced, for her wondering and delighted gaze.

"And the baby—he wouldn't be worth much to me——"

"Well, he is to me—but I'll sell him for n red cardinal sash and a little sister 'bout as big as Tilly White."

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "you most take my breath away! but here's the sash—n beauty, too—I don't happen to have any little sisters with me," feeling of the outside of his pockets, peering into his pack, and even taking off the great cap and shaking it as if a little girl *might* be folded up in that. "No, really I haven't a little sister about me, but don't you cry; I'll bring one round to-morrow—and now I must be picking up these brothers—where are they?"

"Baby Willie is in the back-yard in his carriage and Johnny and Harry are playing *fooneral* with him," said she, gravely.

"But that wasn't all; don't cheat me, little girl!" frowned the big freckled-faced man.

"No! I wasn't going to—Tommy—he's in the yard round the corner there with the big boys—he's 'leven—he's my greatest brother—he's a dreffful wicked boy—" Molly was going on with the been-story very likely, but at that moment the funeral procession of a baby carriage and two followers filed up.

The great man darted forward, seized three-year-old Johnny and Harry in his arms, stuffed one head-first, the other legs-first, into the monstrous pack.

The one that went in head-first had his fat legs left dangling; the one that went in legs-first, his head sticking out.

The baby went into one of his deep pockets where his screams were stilled.

This was the work of a second, and the man hurried out of sight, saying cheerily over his shoulder to Molly, "I'll bring round the little sister to-morrow."

Molly had so many things to take her attention that she had no time to be conscience-smitten.

There was her odorous handkerchief; her sash, which she hung over her arm; her pockets full of candy; under one arm the wonderful doll; under the other, the live kitten.

But in a half hour the doll had ceased to charm; she couldn't tie the sash herself; the "perfoomery" had evaporated, the kitten had scratched her hand because Molly had picked her up by the tail; only a few chocolate caramels were left, and I suspect that all seemed as "vanity of vanities" to poor Molly. Just then Fred, her favorite and only remaining brother, came dancing down the path and stopped, amazed, before Molly's display of wealth.

Somehow the "choc'late ca'amels" tasted sweeter again when she shared them with Fred, and she couldn't help saying, "Aint they *boolicious*, Freddie?"

She hadn't time to tell Freddie how she came possessed of all her treasures, for there again appeared at the gate the same great man, with his cry, "Brother for sale!"

"No, no!" screamed Molly, throwing her two fat arms round Fred, at the same time crying, "Run away Freddie, quick! run away."

Now considering that Fred had the doll and the kitten in his lap, and his sister's arms around his neck, it wasn't strange that the little fellow didn't run.

"I'll give you ten dollars for this boy," said the great man, unwinding Molly's arms, and picking fat Fred up, and thrusting him like a roll of cotton batting under his arm.

Molly screamed and—and—well—she woke.

She hadn't been swinging on the gate at all; there wasn't any horrid, *rusty*-faced man standing by her; she had been asleep in school and dreaming.

But she couldn't believe it; and with all Miss Winche's kind coaxing, she wouldn't lift her face from her desk, and would only sob, "I want my Freddie! I want my Freddie!"

The funniest part of it was, the child hadn't been asleep five minutes. She had been idly listening to a spelling class, and just after the word "*sail*" dropped into n nap.

By the way, perhaps I should not onit to mention that before she went to school that morning she had declared to her mother that boys were *bothers;* no wonder! baby Willie, at breakfast, had punched his little fist down into her mug, spilled the milk and sent the mug crashing on the floor. Johnny had taken the orange out of her sacque pocket, and she had to let him have it because he was "a little fellow," and Harry and Tommy had carried all the cookies to school in their pockets.

But now—after the dream, Molly hugged the baby; and she said confidentially to mamma, "Isn't he sweet? I don't think boys are a bother, do you, mamma?"

And a little later, while rocking her old rag-doll, "Mamma," said she, "I won't ever swing on the front gate agaiu, ever—ever—ever in my life."—*Theckla Warner, in Wide-Awake.*

A Double Brain.

The human body is, in the main, double. It has two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs, two kidneys, two arms, two legs. Two sets of the same nerves issue from the two sides of the spinal column. Indeed, the spinal column is itself double throughout. One advantage of this dual membership of the body is, that if one organ or member is destroyed the other supplies its place. It is also a familiar fact that we incline to use the right side more than the left, and, as a consequence, the members and organs of the right side are more fully developed, and become specially expert. Now the brain belongs to the class of double organs, and not to the small class of single ones. A deep furrow cleaves the brain down to its point of junction. As a consequence, it seems probable that if one brain could be safely removed all mental nets could be equally performed by the other; and doubtless it is owing to this that large portions of the brain have been destroyed without an appreciable loss of intellect. To some extent, however, so far at least as physical sensation and movement are concerned, the two brains adopt the principle of division of labor, each presiding over one side of the body; but, singularly enough, each over its opposite side. This is due to the fact that the nerves of sensation and motion cross before passing out of the cranium. Hence, when the left side of the body is paralyzed we know that it is the right brain which is injured, and *vice versa*. Further: in using the right side of the body most, it is not only more generously developed, but the left brain also more fully developed, so that the difficulty of using the left hand in adult life does not depend wholly on the less-developed hand, but also on the less developed brain. It is a mistake thus to develop one hand at the expense of the other. We might just as well develop both alike. We could thus often divide labor between the n; and, in many cases, both might work equally well together, where the work is ordinarily wholly done by one. —*Youth's Companion.*

—Play spades if you would win potatoes; play clubs if you would deal with a farmer, play hearts if you would win friendship; play diamonds if you would win a woman.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HOME AND FARM.

GROUND once well plowed is better than three times poorly.

GRAPE VINES require careful cultivation the first three years after planting.

THE rotted manure from the bottoms of hot beds is admirable for bringing forward peas and early beans.

GRAFTING on the California wild grapes to prevent phylloxera has been tried, and prospects of success are good.

BOUNTIFUL crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich, pulverize it well and keep it clean, and it will generally be profitable.

EVERY mother, whether rich or poor, high or low, should consider it her duty to see that her daughter is instructed in and taught the rudiments of housekeeping.

TO REMOVE greese from silk, take a lump of magnesia and rub it well over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear.

COCOANUT PIE.—One grated cocoanut, one quart of milk, five eggs beaten separately, one tablespoonful of fine bread-crumbs; sugar and flavoring to the taste. The above makes two pies. No top crust.

CREAM-TARTAR CAKE.—One teacup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, two of milk, three teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, two of soda, one egg, nutmeg, fruit if you please. This makes two loaves and is extremely good.

ONLY manure in a soluble condition should be used on rapidly growing plants like tobacco and early vegetables. Even grass and all sowed crops will grow much faster when the manure is well rotted. Fertilizers are never beneficial to any crop until they are decomposed.

SALAD DRESSING.—Four eggs well beaten, one-half cup vinegar, stirred over the fire until as thick as custard. When cool add one-half teacup of sweet oil, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar (if liked), the juice of one lemon and cayenne pepper to the taste. This is enough for chicken salad for ten persons.

BAKED BEANS.—One quart of beans soaked over night; in the morning set them on the stove, and let them parboil about half an hour; drain off the water, put the beans into a crock, put in a piece of pork, and a piece of soda as large as a bean, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; fill the crock with boiling water, cover tight, and set in the oven; keep covered with water all the time; have a slow oven in the afternoon.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cupfuls of yellow corn-meal, one cupful of wheat flour, two and one-quarter cupfuls of sour milk, one-half cupful of molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Butter a round tin, in which pour the above. Set the pan in a steamer over a pot of boiling water (must boil all of the time), cover the steamer with a cloth, then a tin cover. After it has steamed sufficiently place in the oven for about twenty minutes. Serve hot or cold as you wish. Steam it all day if you wish it extra nice.

CREAM PUFFS.—Melt one-half cup butter in one cup of hot water, and, while boiling, beat in one cup of flour, then take from the fire and cool. When quite cold stir in three eggs, one at a time, without beating them. Drop on tins in small spoonfuls, and bake in a moderate oven. Custard for filling the above—One and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, sugar to the taste, flavor with vanilla, and boil the same as custard. When cold open the puffs and fill with the cream. Bake the puffs thirty-five minutes.

WHEELBARROW AND SLOP-BARREL.—A writer gives the following plan of a one-wheel slop or garden-barrow: The frame is the same as for a good-sized wheelbarrow, with two good legs and two cross slats; tighten the slats in the mortises, to fit the barrel, and get the blacksmith to make a strong hoop with a gudgeon on each side to put on the lower half of the barrel and to hang loose on the frame. The barrel must be in proportion to the wheel in front. The felloes of the wheel ought to be wide for garden work. This barrow can be made very useful for other work by removing the barrel and having a box on the frame.

ABOUT CHURNING.—There is always some loss in churning milk in dash churns, which is occasioned by the adhesion of some of the cream to the cover of the churn. The churn should be opened occasionally and this cream scraped down into it. This trouble is avoided in the dashless churn, which consists of a rectangular box hung upon gudgeons fixed to two opposite corners. When this is revolved the cream is dashed from side to side and from corner to corner in a wild and violent manner, so as to become churned in a very short time, comparatively. The butter made in a dash churn need not be injured in quality by any unchurned cream left in the churn, as this will be all removed if the butter is properly washed; but it is lost, as a matter of course, by this.

Death to the Chinch-bug.

PROF. CYRUS THOMAS in a report on the chinch-bug to the Entomological Commission, at Washington, gives much interesting information concerning the practical tests of remedies for this pest. In this the writer states that irrigation is undoubtedly the most effective method of destroying chinch-bugs, indeed is the only effective means that can be resorted to in the spring after the bugs have overrun the fields unless the crop is sacrificed. Unfortunately in a very large part of the country this remedy is not possible, and the farmer must resort to preventive measures within his reach. Burning over the infested fields in winter Prof. Thomas looks upon as the best practical means susceptible of general adoption for fighting the past. In pursuing this measure for their destruction the operator must bear in mind that chinch-bugs frequently leave the corn-stalks and seek other quarters in which to hibernate; they seek shelter wherever it can be found in and around the field. So far, therefore, as it is possible to do, fire should be carried to these surrounding hiding-places. In timbered sections the leaves should be burned and fence corners cleared out and burned. In spite of every precaution some will escape, but the greater portion will be destroyed. All the farmers in an infested district must act in concert. If the season has been a wet one, examination in the fall will be necessary, but if it has been dry, diligent search should be made for these pests before cold weather, and in and around every field where found each hiding-place should be subjected to a fiery ordeal.

When the enemy is in sufficient numbers to do serious injury or excite apprehension of danger the next season, Prof. Thomas suggests the propriety of adopting the Southern plan of topping the corn. This will cause the grain to harden more rapidly and the stalk to dry sooner, so that the crop can be gathered at an early day and the stalks be cut and raked into windrows and burned before the bugs have left them in search of hiding-places. Prof. Riley recommends that shocks be made at intervals to attract the bugs and burned as soon as a goodly army have congregated therein. This plan may be practiced to advantage in wheat fields when at the time of harvest the bugs have not taken their departure. If the wheat is at once threshed and the straw scattered over the stubble and burned, all or most of the bugs that are there will be destroyed.

The practice of plowing land for spring grain the preceding autumn, or, if plowed in the spring, rolling it repeatedly with a heavy roller after seeding, is thought by Prof. Riley to possess advantages for fields pervaded by chinch-bug. The female bug has to work her way underground in the spring of the year in order to get at the roots upon which she lays her eggs, and the looser the soil at this season the greater the facilities which are offered for the operation.

Among numerous devices resorted to for the protection of the corn crop is that of stopping the process of the summer brood by plowing a narrow strip around the field, keeping it well pulverized by harrowing and rolling, then plowing one or two furrows in this dusty strip. This should be done every day or two, care being taken that this strip is kept thoroughly pulverized, as the bugs can not travel well through dust. Ditching is sometimes resorted to; in this case the sides of the ditch next to the field should be perpendicular, and rendered dusty by dragging.

Clean farming when adopted as a rule tends largely towards preventing the increase not only of chinch-bugs but of all other injurious insects that trouble the farmer. One of the best methods of preventing their increase is, according to the evidence of all who have investigated the matter—Professor Thomas included—diversified farming. The authority in question says that massing crops in immense bodies and cultivating the same thing year after year on the same ground, as is so often done, necessarily tends to increase the insects that feed on these crops. An increase in one locality of any one plant brings a proportional increase of its insect enemies as a direct effect, and these are increased in a geometrical ratio if the plant is allowed to occupy the same locality for a number of seasons in succession.—*N. Y. World.*

A Beauty of a Trout.

A FORT MISSOURI correspondent furnishes an account of Col. Gibson's fishing exploit in Bitter Root. On Friday the Colonel, armed with a light cane rod, to which was attached an oil-silk line of less than twenty-four yards, a leader of single gut, and quite a small hook, started out to the river, halting at a point some two miles below the post. The water along the shore was comparatively shallow. Observing some small trout jumping some distance below and near the water's edge, the Colonel reeled out nearly all his line, so as to let his bait (a grasshopper) float down among them. In a moment something took the hook and spryly made off with it into deep water. Then followed a most interesting fight, lasting about half an hour, intensified as it progressed to an almost painful degree. Tackle and skill—the Colonel is a seiced angler—were put to the severest test. Finally the finny opponent was worried out, and the Colonel steered him to shore. Post-Adjutant Williams and a drummer-boy, who happened near, "rallied to the center," and seized the catch by the gills and rushed him up a steep bank, throwing him into a field, the Colonel launching the rod after him. You can imagine the excitement at the post when the trout was found to weigh nine pounds and to measure thirty-one inches. Was not that a fish sure enough—a truly royal trout? Previous to this the largest known trout caught by any person in this section was taken by the Commissary Sergeant, which weighed seven pounds. Larger trout than these have been sent from the Jocko, taken, however, by the Indians in fish-baskets or traps, the largest of which weighed thirteen pounds and measured thirty-six inches.—*Washington Sunday Herald.*

Nihilists, Sons of Priests.

Two sons of orthodox priests in the Russian Church have been tried with three other Nihilists at Kieff and condemned to death by hanging. Both had been students of theological seminaries from which they were expelled. One of them, named Bozinsky, joined the Servian army after his expulsion and fought against the Turks. Being wounded he returned to Russia, where he was drafted into the reserves, becoming in a short time a non-commissioned officer. At the trial he was accused of being an active member of the Socialist party, of writing revolutionary letters and of striking a military guard while going to prison. The judges deliberated two hours and a half on their verdict. It is believed the death sentence was due more to the fact that he happened to be a soldier, so that his case gave an opportunity to set an example than to any thing actually proved against him

—The Danbury *News* says that a sick man of that place became so absorbed in the "15" puzzle that he forgot to take his medicine and died. The *News* man appears to have become so interested in the puzzle that he doesn't know what he is saying. Of course he means that the sick man forgot to take his medicine and recovered.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An English journal reports that a man who cut his finger while opening a can of preserved meat was so poisoned that he died within twenty days. Query: Was the meat so very bad or was the man's blood in condition to be inflamed on slight provocation. The paper from which we take this item speaks of it as a "poisoning from decayed meat," but how can we be sure of that when a cut inoculated with blood from perfectly fresh meat has often produced just as serious result?—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for May.*

A WESTERN man who was recently invited to a seat on the floor of the House at Washington, indignantly refused, saying that he was accustomed to sit on chairs at home.

A New Gold Region.

Mr. J. H. Wise has just returned from New Mexico to Denver, with glowing reports of the region inspected, and declares that no place under the sun possesses such excellent prospects. He is Superintendent of the New Mexico, Bonito and White Oaks Mining Co., in the region of the Jicarilla Mountains, and exhibits splendid specimens of quartz, both gold and silver, which are nothing but top-rock. One specimen of gold quartz, from the Little Mack Lode is full of wire gold and assays $60,000 per ton. Other specimens from the Silver King and Bonito, give 50 and 135 ounces, respectively, in silver. About two hundred claims have been staked off in the neighborhood, and the place is growing lively. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co. have just gotten out a new and perfect map of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, showing railroad lines, built and under construction, proposed lines, stage routes, exact location of all mining camps, etc., etc., which will be sent FREE to any one by addressing Jas. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Around the World.

A FAME that is world-wide and acquired in the short space of a few years, must have true merit for its support. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines have gained such fame and the foreign orders for his Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age, for his Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little sugar-coated pills), his Favorite Prescription—woman's best friend—and other remedies became so great that a branch of the World's Dispensary has been established in London, England, for their manufacture. From this depot they are shipped to every part of Europe, and to the East Indies, China, Japan and other countries. Their sale in both North and South America is perfectly enormous and increases yearly. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

ROYAL CENTRE, Cass Co., Ind., Feb. 28, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in writing my testimony with others in regard to your valuable medicine. For a long time I have suffered from disease of the lungs, and until I used your Discovery found nothing that did me any good. Thanks to it I am relieved and recommend it to all. Yours truly,

MARY KENNEL.

Great News.

It is great news indeed that there is at last a remedy (Warner's Safe Nervine) which will relieve all kinds of pain and give rest and sleep without injury to the system. The discoverer of this remedy is considered the most skillful nerve doctor in the world.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking VEGETINE. It is a nerve medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take a dose of Piso's Cure for Consumption. So say all who have tried it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

GROCERS keep C. Gilbert's pure Starches.

IT is obscurely hinted by the Troy *Press* that a certain puzzle amounts in its effect to gem-jams.

THE season for "greens" is coming, ha, ha!
With sasses and vegetable truck;
The festive cucumber will bid us ta-ta
And to his spring work will buck.
The lively small boy will keep an eye on
The place summer mischief to hatch,
Biding his time the war paint to don
To sicken the mushmelon patch.

NEVER throw away your old boots until your new ones are well broken in.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

FROM a paltry seventy-five cents worth of iron ore may be developed $5.50 worth of bar iron, $10 worth of horse shoes, $180 worth of table knives, $6,800 worth of fine needles, $22,480 worth of shirt buttons, $200,000 worth of watch springs, $400,000 worth of hair springs, or $2,500,000 worth of pallet arbors (used in watches).

A FARMER in Williamstown, Vt., emptied the brine from some pork barrels at the foot of a maple tree near his house, some time last fall. Early in March, with the first run of sap, this tree was tapped, and some sugar was made from the sap. The sugar turned out to be so thoroughly impregnated with salt that it could not be eaten. After the first run there was less of the salt perceptible, and it soon lost the flavor of salt entirely.

A RAILROAD train met with what might have been called a shipwreck, on the shore of Lake Erie. A storm raised the water over the tracks and put out the fire in the locomotive; a heavy sea dashed against the cars, breaking their sides, and a floating box-car carried away the cab of the engine by a collision; and, finally, the passengers were taken to the shore on a raft made of ties and boards.

OSWALD PECKERIDGE, a retired publican of Minster, Eng., has been sentenced to six weeks' hard labor for causing the death of a valuable dog. The prisoner painted the dog all over with the Liberal and Conservative colors, and the animal was poisoned through licking the paint off. The prisoner gave notice of appeal.

CATS have nine lives, and some of them are very uneven.

Vegetine

Purifies the Blood; Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

Reader, Have You Got Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Cancer?

You Can Positively be Cured.

Thousands of Testimonials Prove It.

Vegetine Cures When Physicians Fail.

CRAB ORCHARD, Lincoln Co., Ky., May 8, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Sir—I consider it a duty that I owe you and the public to let you know what your medicine, VEGETINE, has done for my daughter. About four years ago she was so afflicted with *Scrofula* as to be drawn to one side as she walked. After trying several of the best physicians at home and at Louisville without relief, she was induced to try VEGETINE. After taking 20 bottles I consider her perfectly cured. She has now a beautiful, clear complexion, without blotch or blemish, and I have no hesitation in attributing her cure to your valuable medicine, and in recommending it to the use of the afflicted. There are many of the inhabitants of this county who can and will testify to the above.

Yours, MRS. S. E. BROOKS.

I can testify to the above.

J. E. CARSON,
Firm of Carson Bros., Druggists.
W. P. KENNEDY,
Proprietor Crab Orchard Hotel.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1880.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: *Dear Sir*—We take great pleasure in adding to your numerous testimonials in regard to VEGETINE. We sell a great deal of it, and it invariably gives satisfaction. Several remarkable cures by its use have come under our notice, and we think it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to testify in its behalf.

We remain yours truly, DR. LEDUC & CO.
Chemists and Druggists.

MONTREAL, Jan. 7, 1880.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: *Dear Sir*—I have recommended and sold your VEGETINE in a great many cases indeed, but one case came under my special notice in which three bottles completely cured a friend of mine whose case had resisted all other medicines previously tried.

Yours, P. O. GIROUX, Druggist,
607 St. Joseph St.

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Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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The Only Remedy

THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why have nervous or sick headache?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six qts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

An excursion party will start from Chicago for California, Oregon and Washington Territory, **Wednesday, June 16, 1880,** at 10½ o'clock a. m., by the favorite Chicago and Northwestern Railway. The excursion will be under the supervision of Rev. Isaac Dillon, of the M. E. Church.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS:

Chicago to San Francisco and return.....$139 00
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Tickets for first-class passage and good for sixty days, with extension to ninety days if applied for; but not transferable. For further information address Rev. ISAAC DILLON, Methodist Book Concern, Chicago.

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Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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Every dealer, Artist and Canvasser in the country to send us their address. I will send by return mail my **New Reduced Price List** for Artists' Materials, Chromos, Rustic, Walnut and Velvet Frames, Moldings, Mirrors and Mirror Plates, Mottoes, Perforated Card Board, Pantographs, Stereoscopes, Views, Photographic Stock, Apparatus, etc. Dealers, Artists and Canvassers can make money on these goods at the prices I sell them. When writing, please state where you saw this advertisement and what your present business is. W. R. Reith, dealer in all kinds of Fine Art Goods, 852 and 854 (new number) Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

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Sufferer from indigestion,
All the drastic drugs decline,
What you need, beyond all question,
Is that remedy saline,
TARRANT'S wonderful APERIENT,
Duplicate of Seltzer Spring—
Tonic, Alterative, Cathartic—
Pure, refreshing, comforting.

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THE GREAT

Kidney and Liver Medicine,

CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation & Piles.

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CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts **directly** and **at once** on the **Kidneys, Liver,** and **Bowels,** restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

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Prices, 75 cents and $1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for **HUNT'S REMEDY.** Take no other.

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In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions & Diseases** including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other sores. It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and thus a benefit in all diseases.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 188.

AN ACT to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled. "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," entitled "Garrett County," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding thereto certain additional sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, and one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of Intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That chapter one hundred and eight of the acts passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws" entitled "Garrett County," be and the same is hereby amended by the addition thereto of the following sections, to be numbered sections one hundred and thirty-four one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four, one hundred and forty-five, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, and one hundred and forty-nine, under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors," to regulate the sale of Intoxicating liquors in Garrett county, and the granting of licenses therefor to read as follows viz.:

SEC. 134. License shall not be granted to any person to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county, until the person applying for said license shall have filed with the clerk of the Circuit Court a petition, signed by at least twelve freeholders, each of whom shall be the owner of real estate worth not less than five hundred dollars, over and above all incumbrances, and reside within three miles of the proposed place of business of such applicant praying that the license asked for may be granted, nor until the person applying for such license shall have filed with said clerk a bond, with at least two sureties, to be approved by said clerk, in the penal sum of three thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all fines, penalties, costs and damages, to which the person obtaining the said license may become liable, for any violation of any of the license laws of the State; and the said clerk is hereby prohibited from approving any bond under this section unless it shall appear to him by good evidence that the sureties in said bond are worth in real estate double the amount of the penalty of said bond.

SEC. 135. License to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in Garrett county shall not be granted to any applicant who has complied with the preceding section of this act until said applicant, in addition to the amount of moneys now required, or which may hereafter be required to be paid by the General License Laws of this State, shall have paid to said clerk an equal sum of money, to be paid over by said clerk to the Board of County School Commissioners of said county, to be by the said board applied to and used as a part of the public general school fund of said county; provided, however, that the said additional sum of money to be paid to the county shall not be less than the sum of thirty dollars for any one year, and pro rata for any portion of a year allowed by the State License Laws.

SEC. 136. The Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county shall diligently inquire as to the sufficiency of the bond, and the competency of the petitioners, required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and if he shall wilfully or negligently fail so to do, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be liable to a fine, in the discretion of the circuit court, of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

SEC. 137. It shall be the duty of said clerk to require from each applicant for license, as aforesaid, in addition to any requirements of the General License Laws of this State, a written affidavit, to be filed in his office, in which said applicant shall state the situation of the house, or place of business, and premises, including all the buildings and ground occupied or used in connection therewith, at or in which the sales to be authorized by said license may be or are proposed to be made; the rate of rent or annual value thereof and the owner of said house or place of business and premises; also that each of the petitioners signing the petition of said applicant is such a freeholder as is required by section one hundred and thirty-four, and lives within three miles of the said proposed place of business of said applicant; and said clerk may, in his discretion, require such other and further proof, by the written affidavits of other parties, to be filed in his office, or otherwise, as to the compliance, in good faith, of said applicant with the requirements of this act, as he may deem proper.

SEC. 138. All sums received by said clerk for the use of said county shall be accounted for and paid over to the county school commissioners of said county on the first day of January, of April, of July, and of October of each and every year, and the said clerk shall be liable for all sums on his official bond, and shall, in addition to the fees now allowed him, be entitled to receive the sum of one dollar for approving and filing the bond and other papers in each application, and five per cent. commission on the additional amount paid for license, over and above the amount paid to the State; said one dollar and commissions to be paid by the applicants for license, in addition to the sum to be paid for said license.

SEC. 139. Any distiller of spirituous or fermented liquors or spirits who shall sell, deliver or give to any person any quantity of spirituous or fermented liquor or distilled spirits, less than five wine gallons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence, in the discretion of the court, and imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days.

SEC. 140. Any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer, selling the same in quantities of one pint and more, shall not allow the said spirituous or fermented liquor or lager beer to be drank on his or her premises; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction thereof shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, and imprisoned not less than one nor more than three months, for each offence.

SEC. 141. Whoever, by the sale of intoxicating liquors contrary to law, causes the intoxication of another person, shall be liable for and compelled to pay a reasonable compensation to any person who may take charge of, and provide for, such intoxicated person, and one dollar per day in addition thereto, for every day such intoxicated person may be kept in consequence of such intoxication; which sum may be recovered in a civil action before any court or justice of the peace having jurisdiction thereof, and said suit may be brought upon the bond of any person obtaining license under the provisions of this act, and shall be liable for the said sum, in case the sale is made by a person who has obtained license under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 142. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other person, injured in person or property, or means of support, by

MISCELLANEOUS.

any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall, after the giving and during the existence of the notice provided for in the next section, have a right of action in his or her own name, severally or jointly, against any person or persons or body corporate who, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person, and the owner or any building or premises, and the person renting or leasing the same, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who having leased the same for other purposes, knowingly permits intoxicating liquors to be sold therein, that have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part of such person, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person or persons or body corporate selling or giving intoxicating liquors as aforesaid, for all damages sustained, as well as exemplary damages.

SEC. 143. Such husband, wife, child, parent, guardian or other interested person liable to be so injured by any sale of intoxicating liquors to any person, and desiring to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to such person, shall give notice either verbally before a witness, or in writing, to the person or persons so selling or giving his intoxicating liquors, or to the owner or lessor of the premises wherein such intoxicating liquors are given or sold, or file with the nearest justice of the peace in the city, town or district wherein such intoxicating liquors may be sold, notice to all liquor dealers not to sell to such person any intoxicating liquors from and after ten days from the date of so filing such notice.

SEC. 144. Such notice, filed with said justice of the peace, shall be entered by him in a book to be kept for such purpose, which shall be open for the inspection of all persons interested; and any notice entered in such book shall, by the justice of the peace having charge of the same, be erased and so obliterated as not to be legible, upon the demand of the person by whom such notice was filed, and thereafter such notice shall cease and end, and said justice of the peace shall be entitled to demand and receive a fee of ten cents for the filing and entry of every such notice.

SEC. 145. Such notice, whether served personally or filed with the justice of the peace as aforesaid, shall, during its existence, inure to the benefit of all persons interested, the same as if a notice had been served by each; and if any justice of the peace fail or refuse to make such record, as herein provided, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than ten nor less than five dollars.

SEC. 146. A married woman shall have the same right to bring suits and control the same, and the amount recovered, as a feme sole, and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor or to his or her parent, guardian or next friend, as the court shall direct.

SEC. 147. Any saloon keeper, grocer or other person who publishes the fact of any notice has been given, as provided in the foregoing sections, by posting such notices in any saloon, grocery or other place, or by printing or causing the same to be printed in any newspaper, circular, or in any other way gives publicity to the fact that such notice has been given, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars for each offence.

SEC. 148. For all fines, costs and damages assessed against any person in consequence of the sale of intoxicating liquors, as provided in the foregoing sections, suit may be brought upon the bond filed by said person, according to the provisions of section one hundred and thirty-four, if said person has applied for and received license under the provisions of said section; but if he or she has not filed such bond, then the real estate and personal property of such person, of every kind, without exception or exemption, shall be liable to execution on any judgment recovered, and said judgment shall be a lien upon such real estate until it is paid.

SEC. 149. From and after the passage of this act it shall be the duty of the grand jury in and for Garrett county, at its several sessions, diligently to enquire into, and present and indict all persons violating any of the provisions of this act, and of the license laws of this State, relating to the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors and lager beer, and upon conviction, in addition to any penalties inflicted by said laws, it shall be the duty of the court before whom such person shall be convicted, to suppress his or her license, and for the period of one year after such suppression no license to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer shall be granted to the person so convicted, or to any person for the use or benefit, directly or indirectly, of such convict, and no license shall be granted to any one to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer on the premises where such offence was committed during the time for which the suppressed license was granted, and any license obtained contrary to the provisions of this act shall be void.

And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after the first day of May next.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, that the aforgoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

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Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

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President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

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2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
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8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
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Artificial teeth warranted to be neat and substantial.
Fine artistic gold filling a specialty.
Address, Grafton, W. Va. oct25-y

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.
For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.
Feb. 14-3m

$1500 To $600 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je14y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.51 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M.
No. 10	10.11 A. M.
Way	7 00 P. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.50 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale
OF
VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1331, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 34, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.
TERMS CASH on day of sale.
The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c, must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.
Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 30-tf.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of
CUSTOM WORK,
such as
Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving
at short notice
☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.
SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880. NUMBER 13.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

L. BUSH & SON, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Third & Oak sts.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

C. C. MICHAEL, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Notions, Clocks, Confectionery, etc., Next to Caddington's Hotel.

RICHARDSON BROS., GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Canned Goods Fruit etc.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

HOTELS.

CODDINGTON'S HOTEL, W. M. CODDINGTON, Prop'tor, Main St., Opposite Jamison's Billiard Saloon

LIVERY STABLE.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. G. PARSONS, offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery. Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

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E. J. FRINGER, House and Sign Painter. And Paper Hanger. Leave orders at Bush's Store.

S. V. B. WARD, HOUSE and SIGN PAINTER Shop near Davis House.

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppn. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE. Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1880.

THE JUDGMENT.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

For five days Jesus has sat in the temple calmly facing the wrath of priests and Pharisees, and expounding, for the last time, the principles of his kingdom. On Wednesday, two days before the feast of the Passover he delivers the burning message of rebuke contained in Matt. 23, and then leaves the temple passing on his way to mark an act of true generosity in the widow's offering. (Luke 21. 1-4.) As they pass out of the gate, the disciples call his attention to the massive foundations and lofty walls of the building. He tells them that these mighty stones shall ere long be shaken and these tall towers shall fall. They walk across the valley of Jehoshaphat, and up the terraced slopes of Olivet. From its summit they behold the gilded roof of the holy house, and the dwellings of the city. There the Saviour sits down with his disciples, and in response to their inquiries, gives warning of the terrible destruction awaiting the Jewish State. He repeats the parables of the Ten Virgins and the Talents, and then, reaching with his prophetic vision through the coming centuries of the world's history, describes the scenes of the final judgment. The throne of the king is upraised surrounded by all the angelic host. Upon it sits the Son, bearing even in his glory the tokens of his incarnation. All the multitudes of earth's history, gathered from their graves on shore or under sea, are present to meet their destiny. The throng is cleft asunder, the spirited souls on the right of their King, the sinful on the left of their Judge. Now the principle of judgment is shown; love to Christ prompting deeds of love to man, is the test by which every soul is tried. The fate of every soul is settled, and the redeemed are welcomed home to everlasting blessedness, while the unholy are cast down to unending woe.

Matt. 25. 31-46.

Memory Verses, 31-40.

31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

35 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

36 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me:

37 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink?

38 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

39 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

40 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

42 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

HOME READINGS.

M. The Judgment. Matt. 25. 31-46.
Tu. Predicted by the psalmist. Psa. 9. 1-20.
W. Proclaimed by the Saviour. John 5. 19-29.
Th. Preached by Paul. Acts 10. 15-34.
F. A universal judgment. Rom. 2. 1-16.
S. An unexpected judgment. 2 Pet. 3. 1-14.
S. An important judgment. Rev. 20. 4-15

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal. Matt. 25. 46.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE JUDGE, v. 33 33; 1 Thess. 4. 16.
Who is here named?
What event is mentioned?
How do we know that Christ will come again? Acts 1. 11.
Who will come with him?
For what purpose will he come?
Who will be gathered before him?
What will be the object of the meeting? Cor. 5. 10.
How will the world be then divided?
Among which class would you wish to be found?

2. THE RIGHTEOUS, v. 34-40; Lom. 8. 17.
What are the righteous called in verse 33?
What is said of the sheep in John 10. 11?
What are the privileges of Christ's sheep here? Psa. 23. 2, 3.
What will the King say to them hereafter? v. 34.
How long has the kingdom been prepared for them?
Of what good deeds will the King remind them?
How were these done to Christ?
What is said in Mark 9. 41?
To whom then should we show kindness? Gal. 6. 10.

3. THE WICKED, v. 41 46; Isa. 38. 14.
What does Christ say to those on his left hand?
For whom was this punishment prepared?
What adds to their misery? 2 Thess. 1. 9.
What reason is given for this curse?
How was Christ so neglected by them?
How does Jesus feel when his people are wronged? Acts 9. 5.
What is said in Zech. 2. 8?
What is the Golden Text?

The New Bishops.

It will be pleasant news to all Methodists to learn that the selections for the high office of the Episcopacy have been so judiciously made, and that men have been chosen who cannot fail to fill the office to the satisfaction of the church. The following brief sketches give the salient points in the life of each:

HENRY W. WARREN.

Rev. Henry W. Warren comes directly from the pastoral work, and his uniform success in that line marked him as a man who might well be chosen to exercise a supervision of those whose chief business is as pastors. Dr. Warren is a native of Massachusetts; graduated at Wesleyan University in 1853, and for two years taught ancient languages at Wilbraham Seminary. In 1857 he joined the New England conference and while a member of it was appointed to leading churches. In 1864 the Massachusetts State Senate appointed him to preach the election sermon. He was transferred to the Philadelphia conference in 1871 and stationed at the Arch street church, and in 1874 to the New York East conference. He remained three years in that conference, when he was again transferred to the Philadelphia conference and stationed at Arch street church a second time. He has written considerably for the church periodicals, and has traveled extensively in Europe and the East. He is the author of a book of travels called "Sights and Insights," and a popular work entitled "Recreation in Astronomy." Dr. Warren lectured twice in Pittsburg during the past winter and made many friends, both by his intellectual ability and his very affable manners. He is tall, somewhat slender in build and straight as a pine. He is a man of varied accomplishments, alike popular as a speaker and writer, and has fine executive abilities.

CYRUS D. FOSS.

Cyrus D. Foss is president of Wesleyan university, at Middletown, Connecticut. Mr. Foss was born at Kingston, New York, January 17, 1834. He entered Wesleyan university, and graduated therefrom in 1854. Soon after graduation he became a teacher in the Seminary at Amenia, New York, of which institution he was elected principal in 1856. The year following he joined the New York conference. In that conference he filled the most important appointments. In 1875 he was elected president of Wesleyan university. The ability he has exhibited in this and other fields of labor, and the confidence the Methodist church had in his fitness for the highest office in its gift caused his name to be placed in the front of those mentioned for the episcopacy from the outstart. Mr. Foss has, including the present one, been a member of the General Conference three times, and is well and widely known. The objection that was offered, and that only by implication and not by name, to his being elected to the Bishopric was his very rare fitness for the position he now fills. A thoroughly competent educator is looked upon as invaluable, and as Mr. Foss is numbered among this class, it was thought by some that he ought not to be taken from a position in which he can do such great good, even to be raised to a nominally higher one. Wilbur Fisk, president of Wesleyan university for many years, and predecessor to Dr. Foss in that place, was elected bishop by the General Conference which met at Cincinnati in 1836. He was in Europe at the time, and, of course, could neither accept nor decline; but on his return to America he gave notice that he preferred the higher work of instructing young men, and refused ordination. Dr. Foss' name was before the General Conference eight years ago, when eight bishops were elected, but he withdrew from the contest, when Bishop Foster, a member of the same conference, was chosen. Dr. Foss is ranked among the most remarkable of the pulpit orators of the Methodist church, and his abilities in this direction have given him a wide fame. He is a man of fine physique and capable of a large amount of physical and mental work.

JOHN F. HURST.

Dr. John F. Hurst, though a comparatively young man, has long been regarded as one of the great men of the church. He was born near Salem, Maryland, August 17, 1834. He prepared for college at Cambridge Academy, and graduated with much honor when twenty years old. He taught ancient languages two years in Hedding Institute, New York, and then went to Germany, where he continued his theological studies at the Universities of Halle and Heidelburg. He returned to the United States in 1858, and entered the Newark Conference. In this he continued some time in the itinerant work, until appointed principal of the theological department of the Mission Institute of the Methodist Church at Bremen, Germany. During his charge this institution was removed to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and renamed the Martin Biblical institue. In this position he remained three years, and while there traveled extensively in all parts of Europe. He returned to America in 1871, and became professor of historical theology in the Drew Theological Institute at Madison, N. J. Dr. Hurst succeeded to the presidency in 1873. Dr. R. S. Foster soon after was elected bishop. He is a distinguished writer, and while yet a very young man, startled the literary world by his "History of Rationalism," which at once made him famous. He is a prolific writer and translator; is the author of "Martyrs to the Tract Cause," "Outlines of Bible History, Life and Literature in the Fatherland," "Outlines of Church History" and "Our Theological Century," and has translated and edited Hagenbach's "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," Van Oosterzee's "Lectures in Defense of John's Gospel," Lange's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," and the "Moral Essays of L. Annæus Seneca." He is one of the most versatile men in the church, and in nearly every department of literature to which he devotes attention is a recognized authority. In person he is of medium size, is well built, light complexioned, and is genial and social, but gracefully dignified in manner. Dr. Hurst, as president of Drew Theological Seminary, has been a success. As an educator he stands in the front rank. When the institution got into financial embarrassment by the failure of Daniel Drew, who had been its chief patron, he set to work to keep it afloat, and displayed remarkable executive ability, so much so that he raised the institution to a firm foundation, and will hand it over to his successor in splendid condition. Dr. Hurst was in Pittsburg about two years ago in the interest of the institution, and made a very happy impression upon all with whom he came in contact.

REV. DR. E. O. HAVEN.

The fourth Bishop chosen, Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, has an extended reputation in this and other countries as an educator and author. In 1872 he was a prominent candidate for the episcopacy, and has been frequently highly honored by the church. He is now Chancellor of Syracuse University, New York, in which position he has done much to advance the educational interests of the church. He was born at Boston, November 1st, 1820, and graduated from Wesleyan University in 1842. For two years he was a professor in Aminia seminary. In 1848 he engaged in pastoral work, and continued in that relation until 1853, when he accepted a position in the University of Michigan, filling successively the professorships of Latin and that of rhetoric and English literature. He was elected editor of *Zion's Herald*, Boston, in 1856, and filled that position until 1863, when he was elected president of Michigan university. In 1869 he was elected president of the Northwestern university at Evanston, Illinois, in which he remained 3 years. He was two years Secretary of the board of education of the Methodist church, and is now performing the duties of that office; and in 1870 was made Chancellor of Syracuse University, in which he still remains. Including the present one, Dr. Haven has been a member of five general conferences. In all he has been prominent. He was chairman of the committee which provided for the introduction of lay delegations in the general conference, and the bishops appointed him fraternal delegate to the English and Irish Wesleyan church. He is the author of several books, the best known of which is "Haven's Rhetoric." He is an able and eloquent preacher. He is affable and sociable, spare in person and of medium height. He has a peculiar gift as a teacher, and his students have always held him in the highest regard for his personal character and mental power.

It will thus be seen that the selections have been made so as to fairly meet the wishes of the church in general. It was an almost universal desire that some of the bishops should be chosen from the pastorates as well as from the editorial and educational departments of the church. There have been some criticisms in times past of the leaning toward the latter two departments, to the some what unfair distinction against the pastorate in selecting bishops—although these criticisms have been kindly and never amounted to a protest. By the new selections all this is satisfactorily arranged, as Dr. Foss, though at present in the educational department, is looked upon chiefly as a pastor, and he and Dr. Warren, thus represent the pastorate, while the other two represent the colleges. Of course there is no division like this really, but it is only in sentiment, as all the Bishops have the same duties to perform, and no man, no matter where he came from, would be chosen who was not mentally and morally fitted for a place in the front rank of leaders.

The board of Bishops, with a few new ones added, is composed of thirteen members, as follows: Bishops Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Thos. Bowman, Wm. L. Harris, Randolph S. Foster, I. W. Wiley, Edward G. Andrews, Stephen M. Merrill, Jesse T. Peck, Henry W. Warren, Cyrus D. Foss, John F. Hurst and E. O. Haven.

What a Change!

Is this the same Congress? One would hardly recognize it as the skittish and high-spirited body that came prancing in a little more than a year ago, pawing the air and champing the bit with impatience to be at its high and holy mission of political reform. A Democratic House in the preceding Congress, restive under the limitations of a Republican Senate, and the restrictions of a Republican Executive, had paved the way for its early coming, and by withholding the supplies forced the Executive to summon it in special session nine months before its time. It was done deliberately, with purpose preconceived and openly proclaimed to demonstrate their own capacity and show up the unfitness of their opponents. Their impatience could not bide the period of gestation. Nothing would do but they must spring at once into being and begin their work. Great things were promised in the way of undoing the mischief wrought by the opposition in eighteen years of power, and of setting on foot the benificent reforms which the people demanded and the oppressed country waited and longed for. Possession of one branch of Congress had given them only partial power to carry out their plans. All this they had used with the utmost diligence to probe and investigate the record of their adversaries in the search for rascalities to be held up for popular denunciation, and they had turned it to such poor account that the only damage done was to themselves.

Now they were to have full swing; to rip up everything unhindered; "wipe out the legislation of eighteen years of Radical misrule;" make laws such as suited them, have free course, run and be glorified. Everybody remembers with what a "Hoop la!" they came bounding in; how they cleared out the Senate of Republican officials at the start, swung their club over the head of the President, and undertook not merely to wipe out laws, but to annul the functions of the Executive. It was a wild dance they undertook to lead the country. The firm hand of President Hayes and the interposition of the Executive veto, put upon them a gentle constitutional restraint, and kept them from going to the mischeivous lengths which they would have reached otherwise; and at the end of a few months' exhibition of themselves they tapered off, still threatening mischief in modified forms, but with tucked tails and a general aspect of disappointment. To the chastening and subduing influence of the veto upon their friskiness were added a little later the suggestive lessons of the Fall elections, and something more than a hint of popular disapproval of the pranks they had been playing. Let us do them the justice to say that at least they are not entirely blind and deaf to these. They met again in December for the regular session having heard the volume of a Nation's hiss, and since then they seem a different set of men. This has been a velvet-footed, pussy-cat session. One hardly recognizes this lot of scared-looking statesmen going about softly with fingers on their lips, saying "S-s-h-h!" as the Congress that bounced in a year ago in such precipitate haste to exploit itself and get in its work at reforming everything.

It is the same Congress, but ah, how changed! how chastened! how subdued! Then it had a large programme and a brilliant future. It had things to do and things to undo, and it went at them with confident gayety and a large loose chin. It has accomplished nothing that it set out for, has accumulated nothing but experience, and it is doubtful if it reaps any benefit from that. A year ago it was howling "Fraud!" and churning statesmanship of the most startling character by the column. Now its chief endeavor is to hold its tongue, while its only apparent mission is to steal seats. This is a Congress that, coming in like a fighting cock, bids fair to waddle out like a discouraged hen from a kettleful of hot soup.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has fallen upon hard luck in these latter days. Once one of the most distinguished men in the Republican party, a famous "war governor," minister to Russia and a possible United States senator, it has happened to him to have Democrats aid in rejecting his claim to a Greenbackers' seat in the House of Representatives. Yet there are few men who suffered more for leaving one party and going over to the opposition; for as a Republican, Curtin was a tower of strength in Pennsylvania, while the most he has received from the Democrats is a nomination in a congressional district where he was beaten. He contested the election of Yocum, and now the House has violently sat down upon him. His lot recently has been far from a happy one.

WHAT HIGH PRICES IN PAPER MAY LEAD TO.—If printing paper continues to advance, newspapers will be forced to use common white satin with a plain gilt border instead. They will much dislike to resort to so cheap a substitute, but when rag print puts on a pair of telegraph climbers and the paper men plunge their thumbs into the arm-holes of their vests and ask you what you are going to do about it, something must be done, and it is to be hoped that the reading public will gracefully submit to having their newspapers printed on inexpensive material until these bloated straw-stack and rag-bag holders can be driven to the wall, and publishers can afford to return to the use of paper. We're in for breaking down the giant monopoly, and if it becomes necessary to print the paper on a bleached rubber blanket and have men go around and hold it while people read it, we shall not shrink from our duty when volunteers are called for.—*Bristol, Pa., Observer.*

The grain crop of Maryland is reported by the Department of Agriculture to be in excellent order, although some of the farmers express the fear that the wheat is "too rank and forward." There is a possibility that it may take too rapid growth and that the sustenance needed to develop the grain will be absorbed in the stalk. On the whole, however, Maryland farmers regard the prospect for a good crop as unusually favorable. The outlook for remunerative prices is not encouraging. In England the season has been unusually kind for wheat, and the indications are that there will be reduced demand for breadstuffs from that country next fall. Our farmers, however, will have but little reason to complain, as even with low prices there will still be a liberal return if the present prospects for a large yield are realized.

Although forest fires occur as regularly as spring comes round, the series of conflagrations which have been raging in Pennsylvania and New Jersey almost incessantly during the past month have seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the history of the country. A despatch from Pike county, Pa., states that five thousand acres of woodland are in flames, while in the oil region eleven miles of territory were burned over in a single day this week. Indeed, since Sunday last 343 wells and 350,000 barrels of petroleum have been destroyed, while one entire town and numerous settlements have been laid in ashes. The losses by forest fires in the two states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey this year will reach into the millions.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

DER schiliren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nighdt;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Of moder who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindi me off mine fader, too,
Und how he yoost to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt old row
To hoe, und leedle blay!"
I find me oudi dot id vas drue
Vot mine old fader said
Vhile smoodhing down mine flaxen hair
Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldi folks! Id vas like a dhream
To shpeak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dhem more as nefer vas,
Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nighdt ve takes dhem oup
Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedhnes, vhen I feels plue,
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und dhis vas all a dhream.
I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und vhen mine brayer was said,
To haf mine fader take me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped.

—*C. F. Adams, in Harper's for May.*

THE DEACON WOULD A-WOOING GO.

THE sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany, and the lingering light on the mountain tops was changing from rose to purple, when Deacon Pinch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village post-office. It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railways and manufacturing centers.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the Deacon with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mnry Jane had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten years' service with the Deacon had made her perfectly familiar with his accustomed round of stepping-places. Wednesday night it was the prayer-meeting; Sunday, the church-service; and Saturday night, invariably the post-office, and, as a late variation, an after-pause at the house of Mrs. Betsy Hill, the townmilliner, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with headgear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the Deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"Heard the news—eh, Deacon?" asked one of the village loungers.

The Deacon looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Kezia's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothin' but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the Deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and hevin' money at interest isn't luck, I'd like to know what is."

"Yes, but this is something out of common. You used to know her brother, who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Kezia to bring up? Wa'al, when old man Mead died Miss Kezia took the farm as her share of the property, and her brother, bein' of a rovin' turn of mind, took the few thousands of personal property as his'n and invested 'em in Western lands, which turned out wuthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification like hastened his death. Wa'al, it turns out now they hev put a railroad square through the lands, and it's sent real estate way up, nobody knows where. Miss Kezia's bin offered nigh onto eight thousand dollars for the lands, and they say she'll get ever so much more if she only holds out."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it's as true as Scripter."

"She'll hold out, never fear," said the Deacon; "and I hold it to be our bounden duty as neighbors to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering as usual for the village gossip—for the New Bethany Post-office on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the Deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and in driving by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Kezia's niece, going up the steps. He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a breakneck rate of speed.

"Now's yer time, Solomon Pinch," he muttered to himself; "it mebbe a long while afore ye'll hev sich a good chance ag'in. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple o' hours or so. Hi, old lady! no stoppin' here to-night," he added, giving the lines a sudden twist as Mary Jane shewed an inclination to stop before Mrs. Betsy Hill's house; "we've other fish to fry now, old girl."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse-shed and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house, and, hastily swallowing the scanty supper which the hired woman placed before him, donned his best clothes and drove off again at a rapid pace.

"Law sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The Deacon's got suthin' on his mind, sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to ask a blessin'."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Kezia as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes on the fine Mead farm with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been seen several times knocking at the door of Mrs. Betsy Hill's little brown house, and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the opening of this brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in Western lands caused Mrs. Hill, with her small possessions, to sink into insignificance by the side of this rich woman with her well-tilled acres, her overflowing barns and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never for an instant entered the Deacon's head. "The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipe-stem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, rubbing the palms of his hands together as he walked toward Miss Kezia's side-door. "Women is mostly alike—eager an' willin' to embrace matrimonial opportunities. They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money, and I hev' got the prominence and the influence: that's a p'int not to be overlooked; and deacons isn't to be had every day. Put her money and my influence together, and I rayther guess we'll stand about top o' the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Kezia was sitting by the table, knitting as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the toe of the stocking when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and, holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested on the amazing spectacle of the Deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated; and then, feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly, "Come in, Deacon—come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye: I don't mind if I dew."

"Take a seat, Deacon."

"Thank ye: I don't mind if I dew."

The Deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cheery fire and comfortable cushioned chairs, seemed a veritable Paradise in comparison to his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scant gray locks ingeniously plastered over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. Then there was a long pause.

"Any thing going on, Deacon?" asked Miss Kezia, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of my observation. There won't be much agoin' on now till 'lection-time: things 'll be pretty lively then."

"Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Kezia. "Mine is extra good this season: my hired man says it's the heaviest yield in town."

"I rayther guess I'll hev' enough to carry me through the winter. If I don't, I shall know where to come for hay as is hay. I declare your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' rigged-like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Kezia smiled graciously, and the Deacon drew his chair a little nearer his hostess. "It must be a gret load for ye to carry all alone. Such a large farm is a tre-men-jous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it; it keeps me proper busy."

The Deacon hitched his chair along a few inches farther: "Ye'd oughter hev' a brother or cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," returned Miss Kezia, good-naturedly. "I'm glad to show folks that there are women who are good for something besides giddy-daddying and tattling."

"Yis, yis," answered the Deacon, "we can all testify to your vally and worth. You're a real honor to your sex, Yeu're—you're a bright and shinin' beacon-light to the triflin' and vain-minded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then, hitch, hitch, hitch went the chair Miss Kezia-ward. "Don't ye feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked, insinuatingly.

Miss Kezia glanced suspiciously at the rapidly-advancing chair. She dropped her knitting, and went to the fire and piled up the blazing sticks of wood. Then she came back to the table and set her chair on the farther side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and her visitor: "I'm never lonely, Deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a tender, dependent creatur'. Woman's a vine" (here the Deacon assumed his weekly prayer-meeting drawl), "and needs suthin' to cling to when the troublous, desolatin' waves and winds of affliction and sorrer roll over her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Kezia, with a contemptuous sniff. "I shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, Deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if a woman couldn't stand alone, and needed propping up, like a rag doll that hndn't any backbone. I'm no vine—no such creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you. I can stand alone as well as any body, if the Lord so wills it, although I admit, Deacon, that it's pleasanter to to have some one to keep you company."

"That's jest it: ye hev' hit the nail squar' on the head! It is pleasanter to hev' company in our sojourn on this mortal earth."

The Deacon seized his chair with both hands and by a circuritous line of hitching placed it within three feet of Miss Kezia's table. "You're a forehanded woman, Miss Kezia: I'm a man of prominence and influence in the community; it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand-in-hand through this vale of tears. Providence seems to p'int its finger that way." The Deacon was thinking at that very moment of the money he would save by putting a thrifty manager like Miss Kezia in the place of his inefficient, wasteful hired woman.

Miss Kezia was dumbfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor. "Mercy!" she finally gasped.

"I'll make ye a first rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for thirty year or more, and as we've been members of the spiritooal family, we'll now be members of the same human family."

Miss Kezia straightened herself up in her high backed chair and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear: "I rather guess it'll take two to make that bargain."

A second look at her aged admirer, who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated the good woman beyond control. "The old fool!" she said, wrathfully.

The color came into the Deacon's thin cheeks, and he started to his feet, looking anxiously toward the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots and he was forced to remain.

Miss Kezia likewise rose, and, folding her hands primly in front of her, remarked grimly, "When you first began your talking I hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsy Hill, and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I supposed every one in town knew that I wouldn't give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsy Hill is a pious, likely woman: she'll make a good home for you, and she needs a home herself."

The Deacon looked completely withered, and Miss Kezia continued: "If you'll step around a little livelier, Deacon, and pick up the stones on your lots and put them into good fences, and mow down some of those pesky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said any thing to hurt your feelings, Deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you are all twisted up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay in unwinding the yarn from the Deacon's feet gave Miss Kezia a chance for further remark: "One word more, Deacon: have you heard about those Western lands?"

The Deacon wished he was any where out of the range of those merciless black eyes. "I—I think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied, meekly.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Kezia, savagely. "Well, Deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece Mary; I only held them as her guardian."

The Deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for without the Western lands Miss Kezia's attractions seemed tame compared with those of mild, blue-eyed, buxom Widow Hill. "I can trust to ye never to mention this?" he asked, timidly.

"I shall never speak of it. Now, follow my advice, Deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light she said, "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, Deacon?"

And the discomfited Deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than a frost.—*Emma H. Demeritt, in Lippincott's Magazine for May.*

The Biggest Fool in America.

JAMIE WELCH, a bold teamster, living on Woodbridge Street East, was sitting on his doorstep the other evening when along came a stranger who picked up something from the walk.

"Was it a hair-pin ye found at my door?" demanded Mr. Welch.

"I never bend my back for less than fifty cents," was the reply as the stranger tossed the coin in the air.

"It rolled from me pocket, and I am much obleeged that ye found it," said Jamie as he put on a smile.

"You can't roll no fifty cents out of this chicken," was the answer as the man moved on.

Mr. Welch followed him and argued and flattered, and when that wouldn't do he put his fists at work and hammered the finder until he gave up the coin. When he returned home and told his wife she claimed half, and there was a family row which brought an officer and an arrest.

"Where's the money?" asked the Court, after the story had been told.

The prisoner handed it over, and after it had been inspected his Honor said:

"It's the worst counterfeit I ever saw!"

"What! is she bogus?" exclaimed Jamie.

"She are. It's more than half lead."

"And I was fool enough to have two fights and get myself run in for the sake of this old sham!" groaned the prisoner, as he flung it on the floor.

"You were, and I must punish you."

"Go ahead, Judge. I'm deserving of all you can pile on me. I'm the biggest fool in America, and I might as well be in prison as out!"

"I'll say $10 or sixty days."

"That's little enough. Is the performance over?"

"It is."

"So am I. I've no money, and so I shall go up. If my wife comes crying around tell her I've hired out to a circus as the big fool, and that I won't be home for two months."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Helping the Deaf to Hear.

DR. C. H. THOMAS, of Philadelphia, has been making a study of the various new devices for helping the deaf to hear. All of them, he says, depend for their action upon the principle of acoustics that solids vibrate in unison with the sound waves produced in the air near them. In these instruments the vibrations are of sufficient force to be audible when conveyed to the internal ear through the medium of the teeth and cranial bones, independently of the ordinary channel of hearing. He says that a simple and excellent instrument for the purpose "consists simply of a rod of hard wood about two feet long and a quarter of an inch thick, one end of which is placed against the teeth of the speaker, the other resting against or between the teeth of the person hard of hearing. If the speaker articulates in a natural tone of voice, the vocal vibrations will be transmitted in great volume through the teeth and thence to the ears of the deaf person. It will also convey the voice distinctly when placed against the forehead or other portions of the skull of the hearer. It will also convey perfectly audible speech from the skull of one to that of the other, or such sounds may be conveyed by simply bringing the heads themselves in contact. Again, instead of the speaker holding it against his teeth, he may place it against the upper part of his chest, when, upon using his voice, the sound will be conveyed as before, of course independently of the teeth of either person."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WAGNER is expected to attend the Palestine celebration at Rome next month, as also, probably, the first performance of his "Lohengrin."

THE great English beauty now is Lady Gladys Herbert, the Countess of Lonsdale. Her loveliness is of the dark Jewish type—she is called "the gypsy."

TWENTY-SEVEN lawsuits are to be brought against the French Government by the Jesuits, in the name of the twenty-seven establishments which they possess in France; and each of the directors of the educational houses kept by the Jesuits will address a protest to the Superior Council of Public Instruction.

GENERAL STOLER recently had a narrow escape from assassination at Kieff. He was walking along a street when he felt something cold touch his cheek. He turned suddenly and saw a man armed with a revolver standing by his side, who at once hurried away, exclaiming: "Excuse me; I have made a mistake."

PRINCE RUDOLPH, of Austria, will probably make a wise and liberal Emperor. He has many high gifts; he is a sharp and quick observer, who has been educated in modern ideas, who fully appreciates the advance of modern science and is willing to promote it. He has much independence of judgment and character.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Queen's youngest son, who was born on April 7, 1853, has been prevented, by constitutional delicacy, from embracing any profession, but has inherited, beyond any of his brothers, his father's tastes. He was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and is a member of the University and a Doctor of Civil Law. An English Prince of the blood royal does not reside in the college to which he is attached, but in a house of his own. Prince Leopold, however, had his own set among the students of his time, and might often have been seen playing chess at the Oxford Chess Club.

IN celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgium's existence as an independent kingdom, an international musical competition has been arranged to take place in Brussels on the 25th and 26th of July and the 8th and 9th of August next respectively, for choral, orchestral, brass instrumental, and "fanfare" performances. All native and foreign military bands, choirs and orchestral associations will be entitled to compete for the prizes to be offered, which will consist of golden medals, varying in value between one hundred and one thousand francs, and of sums of money ranging from one hundred to four thousand francs.

MRS. DERING, the wife of the Secretary of the British Embassy at Berlin, is a woman of nerve. At the tableaux vivants, arranged at the palace in honor of the Emperor's birthday, and attended by the Imperial family and all the court, one of the threads used to light the huge candelabra broke and fell burning on Mrs. Dering's neck, setting her dress on fire. All the ladies near her jumped up in herror, but the brave Englishwoman never moved, and without speaking put the fire out with her hands. She had a severe burn on her chest. The Emperor and Empress immediately showed their kind concern, and the Crown Prince went up at once to express his regret to her and congratulate her upon her pluck and presence of mind.

OF the five daughters of Queen Victoria, the Princess Beatrice, the youngest, will soon have remained the longest unmarried. The Crown Princess of Germany married at 18; the late Princess Alice of Hesse was married when she was 19; the Princess Helen married at 20; the Princess Louise, who had until that time remained longest single, when she married the Marquis of Lorne was about the same nge that her young sister is—that is 23. It is natural enough that there should be gossip and rumors about the wedded fate of the last of the quintet. Romance has not been absent from the stories told about her, but the truth seems to be that the Princess has chosen, up to this time, to be the confidante and companion of her mother, the Queen, rather than to leave Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne without any of the daughters of the widowed monarch.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has draped her rooms with Irish poplin in order to give an impetus to the trade. The London *Queen* says that at her instance a special grant was made by the Treasury for the draping of the castle with the finest specimens of brocaded poplin that the trade could supply. The design selected represents the royal arms in seventeenth century style, surrounded by shamrocks. Her Grace has also provided Blenheim Palace with hangings of the same costly material in crimson, the patterns consisting of ducal coronets, monograms and the Star of the Order of St. Patrick. The Queen has had curtains made for Windsor which are magnificent. They are of gold color, and those for Osborne of crimson.

A Lady's Slipper Worth $300.

THE most curious plant in the monthly exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, on Tuesday, was the Cyclopedium Cordalium, or "lady's slipper," belonging to Mrs. M. J. Morgan of this city. It is two feet high, and the gray foliage, tinged with pink, resembles a slipper with the hind half of the sole bare, and has a pendant tail a foot long. The plant is valued at $300, and is a native of the East Indies. Mrs. Morgan, John Henderson, and Halleck & Thorpe were the premium winners. Mr. Wm. Bennett read an essay on horticulture, in which he said that the countries of northern Europe acquired their first knowledge of it from the Romans, who, together with the Greeks, had in previous centuries obtained it from the Persians. Of the celebrated hanging gardens of Babylon, he said that all that remained of them was heaps of earth. Horticulture had, he observed, made great progress in New York within the past thirty years. President Samuel Sloan said that but little progress had been as yet made toward a fund for the purchase of a new hall, but he had hopes that the numerous wealthy citizens who had recently become members would aid materially in the enterprise.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Religious.

THE SABBATH.

Oh heart of all the week!
Whence strength and gladness flow
To beautify all other days,
And make their graces grow,
In thee is full supply
Of life-blood for the seven,
Thy healthful pulses lift the weak
Nearer to God and Heaven.

Oh fount of pure delights!
From thee such sparkling streams
Gush through the driest, dullest day,
That fair and bright it seems.
Thou waterest all the days,
Thou freshest of the seven!
And drawest from unfailing springs
Which have their source in Heaven!

Oh glorious sun of days!
Thy glad and steady light
Shines down the vista of the week,
Through morning, noon and night.
No day so sad and dark—
Though darkest of the seven—
But thou canst shed through all its hours
The radiance of Heaven.

Oh heart of all the week!
Oh fount so fresh and free!
Oh glorious sun of all the days!
How cling our souls to thee!
Cheer still our earthly way
Each day among the seven,
And let us never lose thy light
But in the light of Heaven.

—*Mrs. S. M. Walsh, in Christian Union.*

A Cure for the Blues.

I ONCE knew a rich man who had a pleasant home and everything about him to make his heart happy and merry. Music and flowers, pictures and books, children and an excellent wife, horses and carriages, well-stocked farms, and money enough in the bank, all these he had to make him glad and grateful. That man remarked to me one day that we had been viewing some of his possessions: "You would think," said he, "that I ought to be one of the happiest of living men. And I am happy, generally; but once in a while I am seized with a fit of the blues or the hypo, or whatever you may call it, and then everything goes wrong. Instead of being the happiest I am the most wretched of mortals, becoming so peevish and so cross that I can scarcely bear myself, and giving all my family good reason to hate the very sight of me and to shun my presence. Even the dog at such times eyes me with suspicion, and skulks away and hides until the storm of my displeasure passes and the fair weather of a milder mood succeeds. But I have found a sure and speedy cure for these attacks. It is—to go at once and do some deed of kindness, or throw myself in contact with some shocking example of misery and distress. I find work for a poor man; that cures me. I see a criminal marched off to jail and I think there goes myself but for the grace of God; and that cures me.

"I go down to the almshouse and behold behind the grates a young man who was once the hope of fond parents, now sordid, haggard, wild, bereft of reason; and as I peer through the bars and look at the poor fellow almost naked, sitting upon his wooden bunk, and with his long, bony fingers and hideous claw-like nails, picking the straw up into little fine chips that fall in a heap at his bare feet, that cures me. Another sure relief is to pay a visit to an old lady who lives in a little cottage at the foot of the hill. She has passed the ordinary limit of life by a score of years and her eyes are closed upon the scenes of this world. Her wants are few and simple. A small gift, like a mellow apple or something else that she likes to eat, fills her with gratitude. Nothing pleases her more than to have a friend call and read one of her favorite chapters in the Bible and pray with her. I have frequently done this, and never without receiving a blessing in the change wrought in my own feelings. Somehow during such interviews the hypo all disappears. And when I rise to go and the good old mother clasps my hands in both of hers and says, as she always does, 'God bless you, my son! I am so glad you came. Now, come and see me often until I go to the long home. It is dark here, but all is bright up yonder. I know that my Redeemer lives, and if I only wait with patience until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, I shall see the King in His beauty. God is good, He doeth all things well.' As she speaks, some of the pure, Heavenly light, reflected from the upturned face of the aged saint, streams into my soul and causes me to forget all my petty annoyances and troubles, and rejoice with her in the goodness of God. The light of Christian faith is a sure cure for the blues."

This gentleman's experience may prove valuable as a guide to those who are inclined to be despondent. Count your mercies. "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray." Is any dissatisfied? Let him feed on the promises of the Bible. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."—*Rev. E. C. Lawrence, in Christian Intelligencer.*

Cultivating Children's Taste in Reading.

A WISE parent can train his children to an interest in any book that they ought to be interested in. It would not be fair for him to expect, in every case, the same books to please and profit a quiet and sensitive daughter and a wide-awake and adventurous son. He ought to consider the characteristics and needs of his children severally, and then select for them books suited to their comprehension, and to their necessities of being. Nor is it enough for him to pick out the proper book and put it into the hands of his child. He should talk over its topic in advance, or by some suggestion or inquiry should so excite an interest in the book or its writer, that his child would have a desire to become possessed of its contents, or familiar with its style. And there should be a timeliness in the mention of particular books to add to their preliminary attractiveness. * * * A timely and judicious mention of good books, in the sphere of travels, or of natural history, or of Christian biography, or of missions, would induce almost any child to turn with interest to the book thus named to him; and a few cheery words of encouragement as he proceeded with it, or a few kindly questions about its contents thus far, would keep up his interest, and perhaps make him desirous of something else in the same line of reading.

To a large extent all this applies to the Sunday-school teacher as well as to the parent. The teacher has a responsibility not only for the books put into the hands of his scholars, from the Sunday-school library, but also for his scholars' taste in reading; for their choice and enjoyment of books suited to their peculiar needs. He ought to know what books from the library it is well for his scholars to read; and if they do not like those books, he ought to cultivate their taste for them. All the methods of turning attention to particular books in their timeliness, which are of service in the family, ought to be made available in the Sunday-school. The books carried home from the Sunday-school often have more power over the thoughts and conduct of the scholars than the lessons taught in the Sunday-school. If a teacher is content with doing well in the lesser matter, and neglects the greater one, can he say that he is faithful and wise as a teacher? To exercise an intelligent supervision over the scholars' reading, and to cultivate the taste of the scholars in their reading, take time and call for something more, on the teacher's part, than being prepared on the Bible lesson for the week; but there is no such thing as filling a Sunday-school teacher's place, without hard work, and a good deal of it. There *are* teachers who attend to this matter, and who find their reward in so doing. Even if you cannot yet do it as thoroughly as you would wish to, or to its fullest extent, it is certainly worthy of your attention in one degree or another. Do not you think so?—*S. S. Times.*

Religion Is Practical.

SOME people there are who make their life a dreariness and a barrenness by speculating when they ought to work, by neglecting or refusing to lead Christian lives because there are unfathomable mysteries in being, and infinite opinions concerning the unknown things of eternity. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter," is not a consoling promise to them. They are schoolboys who will not learn letters because libraries appal their imaginations; laborers who stand idle because their work, whether a bridge or a house, is certain to perish; husbandmen who sow no seed because they cannot understand the processes of growth; children who will not walk until the motions of the planets are explained to them. The analogies are slenderly drawn; but in real religious idleness or sinfulness the analogies are far more slender.

Religion is a matter of life. It is intensely practical. The speculation (called thinking) that men build around it is usually no part of religion. Take it all down, and the everlasting moral law, and the need of everlasting love, will still remain; and every notion of the soul or hand will have its two poles of right and wrong and its central sun of loving light and warmth. And, as in things called practical and every day matters, in matters of religion also it is folly to waste energy and loss of time in speculation. Any laborer has infinite insoluble (by him at least) mysteries in his hands. If he pause until he understand these things, he will never know them. So, whoever insists that there shall be no mysteries in the things of God, and no strife of tongues, still thundering round the world, when he begins to love and serve God, this man will be a sinner until the day of judgment.

Just such practical needs as those which prompt men to sow the seed, urge men to be righteous in life and perfect in love. The next meal must be provided by the laborer; the next minute will demand Christian grace. Living well is a stream of an inner fountain whose waters must be sweetened by divine influences. And there is the same practical argument for religion as for the commonest practical work. It is experimental; and in each realm the experience of others ought to guide us. That the seed will multiply itself when cast into the earth is a purely experimental fact. That the soul seeking Christ's power finds new and sweeter fountains in its own life—this is also a thing of experience. The good men and women around us are, like the harvests of our neighbors, a practical motive to Christian living.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

Gems of Thought.

THE bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.—*Webster.*

IF a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

EVERY rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us. He has inscribed His thoughts in these marvelous hieroglyphics which sense and science have been these many thousand years seeking to understand.—*Theodore Parker.*

WE must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

HOW GREAT seems the weight of difficulties that are to be met; and how insignificant appears the whole sum of them when they have been overcome, and have become nothing more than a memory! When we are perplexed, and give way to anxiety and worriment concerning troublesome questions as yet unsolved, we are ready to say, as the quaint old prayer says of the weight of our sins, "the burden of them is intolerable." But when sober thought has succeeded worry and irresolution, and prayer and courage have conquered the impending difficulties, we no longer magnify trifling circumstances until they seem insurmountable, but clearly see them in their real significance. It is then that we feel and express real gratitude to God for His aid—but are not faith and courage *beforehand* quite as much a duty as thankfulness and security *afterward?* Almost anybody can be grateful—even animals can feel a keen sense of enjoyment when comforts have been received; but to trust God for aid in troubles and trials yet to come is not so easy. And yet confidence for the future is a far better test of faith than the most sincere thankfulness for the past. If you are not as willing to *believe* that which will be, as to *perceive* that which has been, then, in effect, you regard God as the ruler of yesterday, but not of to-morrow.—*S. S. Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

WEEDS.

THAT cabin rude of rotting logs, whose door
its hinges lacks;
Before it stand two starveling ears, a brush-
heap and an ax;
Behind it, ranged in crooked rows, is maize of
varying height;
One stile, some stunted cabbages, that sore
the slug-worms' smile;
A broken worm-fence 'round the place,
which much repairing needs,
Where in the corners densely grow the rank-
est noxious weeds—
That has been William Elkin's home, if home
should be the name
Of any place where folk reside with idleness
and shame.

And yonder house across the road, low-roofed
and spreading wide,
A well kept lawn before the door, its owner's
honest pride;
The wood-shed filled, the stables trim, the
fowls in yard inclosed;
The kennel sung where Bose for years alter-
nate watched and dozed;
The long, straight rows of deep green maize;
the garden filled with all
The toothsome plants in thrifty growth, from
early spring to fall;
The fruit trees in the angles of the weedless
zigzag fence—
Budd Martin closes there a life of well earned
competence.

I quite remember when they came—I was of
age that year;
'Twas nothing but a wilderness when these
two settled here.
Each took a quarter section as a homestead—
land was free;
Each built a cabin, and attacked with vigor
rock and tree;
But Elkin coming first secured the choicer
piece of land,
A gentle sloping knoll that had a brook on
either hand;
While Martin got a patch of ground more
broken and less rich,
With fourteen acres lying low, that he must
drain or ditch.

Both labored long and labored well, and
broke and cleared the ground;
And field in field was put in tilth, and all
looked well around.
The virgin soil gave heavy crops, sweet grass
and golden grain
Filled hay-mow high and corn-crib full, while
creaked the loaded wain;
And all the settlers far and near in passing
by the place,
Agreed that to a prosperous goal the two
made even pace;
And all was well till Barton came, and he, his
bread to win,
Where crossed the roads, a mile away, opened
the Farmers' Inn.

A pleasant man was Barton, and he kept a
pleasant place,
And bore a look of welcome in his round and
jolly face;
And Elkin, twice a week or so, to taste "the
fine old rye,"
Would saunter out to Barton's there; but
Martin he was shy.
"His farm engaged his mind too much," "he
had no time to spare."
But Elkin only laughed at that, and mocked
his quiet air,
And mimicked all he said so well that Barton
and the rest
Declared of all droll fellows 'round, Bill Elkin
was the best.

They bore all this to Martin. "Well," he said'
"he means no harm;
But every weed grown in a man, brings thou-
sands to his farm.
I've many here to trouble me; clean culture's
hard to win;
But, as with those that spring from earth, I
try to plow them in.
Bad habits are rank-growing weeds; yet if
you persevere,
And pull them up, or plow them in, the ground
will soon be clear;
But he who waits, and lets them grow and
bloom and come to seed,
Will have to harvest in the end a fearful crop
indeed."

And so the weeds in Elkin's life, and weeds
on Elkin's farm,
Grew both apace, and in the end brought
farm and man to harm.
While Martin throve, and found his ground its
yearly crop increase,
And won his way to competence, and happi-
ness, and peace,
Poor Elkin's farm and Elkin's self went down
in every way,
Until the mortgage which he gave has been
foreclosed to-day,
And all his wretched family, homeless and
scant of friends,
Are pensioners on Martin now—and so my
story ends.

—*Thos. Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger.*

HOW CARL WALDOW PUNISHED A ROBBER.

DURING the time of the Meadow Lake mining excitement—of which many Comstockers have sad recollections—I was sent as a representative of the *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, to write up the mines of the camp, then a most flourishing place. A large town had appeared as if by magic to the shores of the beautiful lake which gave its name to the town, and half the people of the place thought themselves millionaires.

Shortly before my visit to the town, Steve Venard had performed the exploit of hunting down and shooting, single-handed, three stage robbers. During my stay, Mr. Venard visited Meadow Lake and was a good deal lionized, though he was not the man to take kindly to that sort of thing.

Naturally, there was a good deal of talk about the affair, which occurred in the same county—Nevada County, California—and many stories of robbers and robberies were told about campfires and in the saloons of evenings.

One evening a party of us were seated in the reading-room of Asa Waugaman's saloon, talking of the exploit of Steve Venard and similar adventures by others. Several stories had been told by persons of the party, when a man who had come into town a day or two before from one of the Oregon valleys, Carl Waldow by name, said:

"I was once stopped by a highwayman—and in this very county—but I got thoroughly even on him before I was done with him. I had my revenge. There is nothing very exciting in the story, but the adventure had much to do with shaping the course of my after life."

All present expressed a desire to hear the adventure, and in order that there might be no interruption once it was commenced, a gallon measure of beer was ordered, and the glasses all filled to the brim.

Carl Waldow was a German by birth, but spoke with so little of the accent peculiar to the people of that country that it was scarcely noticed. He was a man over six feet in height, light-haired, blue-eyed and well and powerfully built. In appearance he was a second Baron Trenck. Naturally a good-natured man, there was at times a glitter in his blue eyes, and an expression about the lines of the mouth that showed he was fearless and a man not to be trifled with when aroused.

In his own country he had served as a soldier, and traces of his early training in the army were still to be seen in his erect carriage and general bearing.

Having taken a sip of beer, Waldow at once began the relation of his adventure, warning his hearers that the story was a long one.

CARL WALDOW'S ADVENTURE.

In 1851 I was mining near the head of Fall Creek in this county. I had a claim that was paying me over an ounce a day, and, for once in my life, was quite content with my prospects. In July of the year named I took a lot of about eight ounces of gold dust, and went down to Washington, on the South Yuba. Fall Creek is a tributary of the South Yuba, into which river it empties but a few miles above Washington, at which town I generally procured my provisions and other supplies.

I arrived at Washington late in the evening, and going to the hotel got my supper, and soon after went to bed, telling the landlord to wake me early, as I was going to Nevada City in the morning. You see, shortly after my arrival, I had concluded not to sell my dust in Washington, but go on to Nevada, some twenty miles further down, and sell to the dealers in that place; beside, I desired to pay a short visit to some countrymen of mine who were mining on Deer Creek, near the town.

The next morning I took an early start. I had my dust strapped around my waist in a buckskin belt, where it was out of sight. Though it was rather heavy and inconvenient, I preferred carrying it in that way to having it in my pockets. I never once thought of robbers, and in the way of weapons did not even have a knife with me. Had I thought of going to Nevada on leaving home, I would, no doubt, have belted on my revolver.

I had purposely made an early start, and by sunrise was up the steep mountain trail that leads from Washington, and was passing through the mining town of Alpha just as the breakfast bells were ringing at the boarding-houses. Soon I was in the dense forest of huge sugar pines and firs, through which the wagon-road leads, and which extends nearly all the way to Nevada.

Not a team was on the road, nor a soul in sight. When alone in the forest I am always overcome and awed by the solemn stillness, and in spite of myself, fall to musing upon the wonders and mysteries of the world and the Creator in a way that quite carries me out of and beyond the things of everyday life. I become, indeed, in such situations, by insensible degrees, quite absent-minded.

As I passed along I merely noticed the point where the road I was traveling joined that coming in from Omega, a mining town that stands opposite Alpha, just across Scotchman's Creek. I merely glanced down along this road and saw that there was no living or moving thing on it, when I again fell into the deep, dreamy mood from which I had only been partially aroused.

I was walking slowly along in the deep shade of the great forest, with my eyes bent upon the ground, and thoughts far away in some of the old forests I had seen in Germany while serving as a soldier, when there came a sharp, quick cry:

"Halt!"

Instinctively I halted, hardly realizing that I was not still a soldier, obeying the command of a superior officer. But it was only for an incomputable fraction of time, for on the instant a masked man, armed with a double-barroled shot-gun, stepped out from behind a large sugar-pine, and about ten feet from where I had halted.

"Hold up your hands!" cried the masked man, and the shot-gun was leveled at my head.

I held up my hands.

The fellow then seemed not to know what to do next. He stood some seconds without speaking, and as if considering how to proceed.

"Take off your belt."

"How can I take off my belt if I am to hold up my hands?" said I.

The man seemed nonplussed, and again hesitated.

"You have no pistol?" said he.

"That is my business."

Again he hesitated and surveyed me. Seeing no pistol belt outside my clothing, he seemed reassured, and said:

"You can put down your hands and take off the belt you have about your waist—that dust is what I want. Be quick about it!" and again the gun was leveled.

I took my own time, nevertheless, and as long a time as possible, closely watching the robber, who several times for an instant glanced nervously up and down the road. I also observed that his hands trembled. I could plainly see that he was really more frightened than I was. Having passed through many battles and dangers of all kinds, I did not feel at all alarmed at my situation. In a moment I understood the whole business. I knew that the man only wanted to get my dust, and did not want to kill me. If he had not feared committing murder he would have shot me down without speaking—would have taken no chances with me.

While slowly taking off my pouch of gold dust, my mind was not inactive. I saw that the robber was a trembling fellow, not at all fit for the business. A man that I could have cowed and commanded in almost any situation, had we been placed on an equal footing.

When the belt was off, the highwayman said:

"Lay it down and be off."

I laid it down and turned as though to go away, but as the fellow picked up my dust I faced about and said:

"Do you know who I am—who you are playing this trick upon?"

"No; nor do I want to know. Go away!" said the man.

"Did you ever hear of Big George, of Siskiyou, the stage robber?" said I, moving toward him.

He made no reply, but stood trembling and evidently quite bewildered.

"Poor soul, how nervous you are!" cried I. "Why, I am quite ashamed of you for a man in your business. There's not a bit of style about you."

I was now quite close upon him, and suddenly and sternly said:

"Hand me that gun, you trembling ass, and I'll shew you how to do things in a way that will make you a credit to the profession."

The command came so unexpectedly that I had the gun in my hands before the man knew what I was about.

"Drop that belt!" cried I, leveling the gun at his head.

He let it fall to the ground.

"Take off that mask!"

He hesitated a moment, and then took off his mask—a piece of black muslin, with holes for the eyes—when I saw before me a man about thirty years of age, pale as a ghost, and by no means desperate-looking.

"What is your name?"

The man hesitated.

"What is your name?" and I raised both the gun and my voice.

"George Robinson," came hesitatingly from his quivering lips.

"I didn't ask you for a lie. Tell me your true name, or it will be the worse for you."

"If you must have it, Thomas Berry is my true name, but I don't see why you should care to know it."

"That is my business. I shall let you carry that dust for a time; the gun is load enough for me. As for your name, it matters little whether or not you have told me the truth, as I am going to take you to where you are no doubt well known, for now I shall march you straight to Nevada City."

"To Nevada City!" cried the man, stopping short, and beginning to quake from head to foot. "Why, ain't you Big George, the stage robber?"

"Never heard of such a man in all my life," said I. "I am Carl Waldow, of Fall Creek, and not ashamed of my name. I'll take you to Nevada or blow the top of your head off! Do you understand that?"

"For the love of God spare me!" cried the man, whom I shall hereafter call Reed, which is not his true name, but is a name given in place of the name he gave me, and which I soon ascertained to be his real name. "Spare me this and I will honestly tell you all."

"Talk fast, then," said I.

"I have a young wife and a child—a little boy—and a ranch that I am about to lose. It is mortgaged and will be taken from me in five days if I don't raise $2,000. On account of my wife and child I made this desperate attempt to save myself from ruin. I was in Washington last night, where I tried in vain to raise money. I slept in the next room to you, and through the chinks in the partition saw your belt of gold. I heard you say you were going to Nevada early in the morning. It was also my road, and the devil put it into my head to get your gold without harming you. As God is my judge, I would have been killed before I would have shot you. I had determined to do you no harm."

"Is that all?"

"That is all, and the whole truth, so help me God. Now, for the love of Heaven, let me go, and I'll never again do a wrong act to any human being."

"March?" commanded I.

"God help me!" cried he, "will you ruin me and bring disgrace on my family by taking me to Nevada to the jail?"

"I did not say, March to Nevada; I only said March!' and I say again, March! We march not to Nevada, but to your ranch, if you have one."

"Good God! You do not mean to take me there and disgrace me in the eyes of my wife. She is one of the best women in the world, and it would kill her."

"I will now know the truth of this whole business," said I. "I am in no hurry to go to Nevada City. I will take my time and find out all. If you have, as you say, a farm and a wife and child, I shall do you no harm—will cause your wife no pain. Again I say, march!"

I made Reed shoulder my dust and march some ten feet in advance. I told him to take a straight course through the woods, as I wanted to see no one, nor was he anxious to meet any of his acquaintances.

We turned to the right from the road and marched in a southerly course. It was a long way through the forest, and nothing worthy of note occurred while passing through it. Little was said by either Reed or myself. Reed tried to talk to me about his wife and child once or twice and beg me to be careful in what I should say before his wife, but I sternly ordered him to shut his mouth.

"I am thinking," said I, "and that is enough. I am thinking of every thing, and shall do what is right."

We passed through the pine forests and down into the foothills among groves of live oak and among manzanita thickets.

"Is it yet far?" said I, after we had been some time among the low hills.

"But a mile or so," said Reed.

At last, as we reached the summit of a little ridge, he pointed to a cottage in a field half a mile away, and said:

"There is my home."

"Good," said I. "Now sit down and compose yourself, for you are not to appear at all agitated. We go now to see your wife and little boy."

Reed began to weep.

"This is rough," said he.

"It is," said I, "but there is no help for it. I will now take the belt and put it on. Leave it where you are and move twenty feet further down the hill; then sit down and dry your eyes, for the sun is not half an hour high, and we must go to your house."

Reed did as directed, and when the belt was in place and I had given him time to compose his features, I ordered him to get up and move on.

"My wife will think it strange to see you carrying my gun. Will you trust me with it?"

"I have bought your gun, you know. When I leave your home I shall carry it away with me."

Reed said no more. As we drew near the house I told Reed to fall back by my side.

"Now," said I, "pay attention. I am an old friend of yours, a man you knew many years ago in—where are you from?"

"Near Cold Water, Michigan."

"Very well; I am from Cold Water, Michigan; you knew me there; I have come home with you to see your place, and your boy. Now go on. I am your old friend, Mr. Waldow; remember the name—Waldow."

So we went to the house. Reed's wife met us at the door. I was introduced as Mr. Waldow, and at once began to play the part of an old acquaintance.

Mrs. Reed was a woman about twenty-eight years of age and quite handsome. She spoke with a slight accent that caused me to ask if she were not of German parentage. She was. She told me the name of her father—Jacob Schroeder.

"Jacob Schroeder!" cried I. "From what place in Germany?"

"From Dantzig," said she.

"From Dantzig!" cried I. "Good! I also am from Dantzig. It is my native town and I knew your father well," which in truth I did. My heart went out toward her, and I said to myself as I looked at her honest face: "Daughter of Jacob Schroeder, you are married to a weak, bad man and a robber, but I will do you all the good I can."

As for Reed, he said nothing, but sat looking quite stupefied. Even when his wife said: "Is it not wonderful, Thomas, that Mr. Waldow should be a Dantziger and should know my father—he who is also an old friend and acquaintance of yours?" Reed muttered something about there being strange meetings in California.

I paid no attention to Reed's distress, but went on and told his wife many things that I remembered about her father and her uncles, of not a few of which she had heard her parents speak, for her mother was also a Dantzig woman.

I was soon on good terms with the boy, sang little songs to him, and, indeed, made myself so much at home and the friend of the family that Reed cast at me stolen glances of astonishment. He seemed to be saying to himself: "Is this the man I tried to rob a few hours ago, but who captured me and marched me to my own house a culprit and a prisoner?"

But I gave heed only to become more merry and talkative than ever with the boy and his mother. Also with Reed I talked about his ranch and told him we would take a look over the whole place in the morning.

As soon as I found that he had actually conducted me to his home, and once I had seen his wife and child, I had no fear. I knew it was safe—that Reed would do no murder there had he a score of guns and pistols.

After I was shown to my room for the night I took off my belt, and carried it to the room I had just left, and telling Mrs. Reed what it contained, asked her if she had a safe place to keep it till morning.

She begged me to keep it in my own room, there was no knowing what might happen, and she did not like to take any responsibility.

Reed looked astounded. He also begged me to take the gold to my room, and said:

"Take your gun to your room—take care of the gold yourself."

"The gun!" said I. "You think, then, there may be danger of robbers?"

"Oh, no—I don't know. Take away the gold. I will take no chances with it."

Seeing a wood-box in a corner of the room, I threw the belt into it and laid over it two or three sticks of wood, and saying: "There is a better and safer place for it than in my bed-room," turned about and left the couple, Mrs. Reed gazing after me in astonishment.

The next morning Mrs. Reed handed me my gold—Reed did not seem to want to touch it. I had given him a dose of it, by letting him sleep in the same room with it. I told her to stow it away somewhere, as Reed and I were going to look about the ranch a little before breakfast.

I marched Reed off and we looked about the place.

I saw that he had excellent land—three hundred acres of it in all—but that it was poorly cultivated. Signs of shiftlessness were seen in every direction. The fences were not what they should have been, the barn was dilapidated, the animals were lean and hungry-looking, and I soon was satisfied that Reed did not much relish hard work. His house was a large unpainted structure that stood in an open field, with not a tree or shrub about it. Of this three hundred acres of land he pretended only to cultivate eighty. He said he lacked water to irrigate more.

As we were returning to breakfast after this inspection of the premises, I said to Reed:

"Tell your wife that we are going to Nevada City after breakfast."

"To Nevada City!" cried he, turning pale and quaking with alarm. "You don't intend to deliver me up?"

"Calm yourself," said I; "I have business there and shall do you no harm. Tell your wife we shall be back to-night, and also tell her that I shall be your guest for some days."

"I shall do as you say," was Reed's reply, but he did not look very comfortable.

"I presume I shall be quite welcome in your house for a week or so?" said I.

"Ye-e-s—Oh, certainly," said Reed, "quite welcome. I am really under great obligations to you. You have saved me from doing a great wrong. I shall always—"

"Never mind; you have said enough. I think we are beginning to understand each other—that is, to some extent. We have not been acquainted long, you know."

After breakfast Reed harnessed his team and we left for Nevada, Reed's boy—little Jacob—calling out after us, "Papa, bring me something from town?" He was a bright little fellow, about five years old.

On reaching Nevada I told Reed to drive directly to the Court-house.

He turned pale.

"It is all right," said I. "We are going to see about the mortgage—it is, of course, on record?"

"Oh, yes; of course," said Reed, looking relieved.

We found it all straight. I sold my dust, drew some money that I had deposited at the bank in the town, and then went with Reed and had the mortgage released. I then asked Reed if he did not wish to take home some provisions or dry goods. He said he would like to take home some provisions, but did not like to go to the store after them, as he owed quite a bill—over $100, he thought.

I gave him $250 and told him to pay off the old score and get what he wanted besides. "Also," said I, "go to a dry-goods store and get your wife a dress and some such things as you know her to need, and something for little Jacob."

"But how am I ever to pay you all this money?" stammered Reed.

"You are presently to give me your note for the whole."

"But how shall I ever pay the note?"

"Never mind about that; that will be all right. I shall see that you pay—you will work it out."

"Work it out!"

"Yes; right at home—on your own farm. You are going to work now—to work for me and yourself and your wife and your boy. I could have sent you to State Prison, but I can make better use of you—do better by you. I shall work you on your own farm, instead of letting you work in San Quentin. You will have all manner of home comforts, and will be making money for yourself and wife and boy—more money than you ever made in your life before. I am not doing right, I know. I am compounding a felony, so to speak, for the law requires me to send you to State Prison. I choose to disobey the law, however; I take the law into my own hands, and I'll make a better job of the business before I get through with it than the law would be able to do."

Reed looked utterly astounded.

"Be off with you now and get the goods you require; you will find me with the team at the stable," said I.

Reed marched away, did as told, and presently came to me at the stable, when we drove around to the store and took in his purchases. As Reed's guest, I purchased some little presents for Jacob and Mrs. Reed.

On the way home I gave Reed instructions. He was to tell his wife that I had paid off the mortgage, paid his store debts and intended to set him upon his feet and give him a good start to make money, giving him almost his own time in which to pay the note he would give me when all was arranged, and this I was doing on account of our old friendship in Michigan.

All this he carried on to the letter, and Mrs. Reed shed tears of gratitude when she tried to thank me.

I remained five days at Reed's ranch, thoroughly studying it. During the time I went to Nevada City and drew more money, also took out to the ranch an assistant to Reed, a countryman of mine from Deer Creek, a man named Kempf. I told this man that Reed was an old friend of mine to whom I lent a considerable amount of money in order to give him a fresh start in the world; that Reed was good enough fellow, but a little inclined to be lazy and shiftless, therefore I wished him to push him in the work on the ranch, as I desired to get my money back as soon as possible. I also told Reed that any soldiering on his part would be reported to me.

I found and took up a water right, through which sufficient water could be obtained to irrigate the whole ranch; had surveys made, and at once let a contract for digging the ditch, which was but two miles long. I bought an additional team and lumber for fencing one hundred and sixty acres of land; also for putting private fences about the house and barn, and gave orders for fruit and shade trees to be planted. All this I did through my robber, Reed. I then returned to my mine at Fall Creek, telling the Reeds I should return in six weeks.

At the appointed time I was again at the ranch, and found that all was going on well. The ditch was completed, the house and barn had been fenced, also that the greater part of the fence about the one hundred and sixty acres had been put up, and the old fence made as good as new.

I bought ten cows, one hundred sheep, caused a well to be dug, walled up and housed in (before they had been using water from a ditch), hired another man, and a stout girl to assist Mrs. Reed, left orders for an addition to be built to the house, and the whole to be well painted, then returned to mine. I say I did these things, and so I did, but no one knew it, as all was done through Reed.

When winter came, and the mines were buried in snow, I went down to my robber's ranch, and went to work there with a will. Mrs. Reed did not think it strange, as she knew her husband owed me a large sum of money, which was to be made out at the ranch; besides, I charged regular wages—which was but right. She could but know that her husband was rather indolent, and doubtless suspected why I desired to be on the ranch and see that work was pushed.

We plowed and planted the whole quarter section of land, besides doing a vast deal of other work, marketing and the like. The ranch did not look like the same place.

The next year all the ground was fenced and brought under cultivation. Fifty head of cows had been purchased, and two thousand head of sheep, with many swine, and fowls of all kinds. Chinese were put to gardening, and two herders hired, one to attend to the sheep out in the hills and mountains, and the other to look after the cows and to milk and make butter and cheese for the market. When the Chinamen were not busy at gardening they were made to work about the house, orchard and grounds. Thus all was put in shape, and my robber was made to become a very industrious man.

I frequently visited the ranch, and the next year began to get back my money. Mrs. Reed was a very happy woman. It was her nature to try to get along in the world and make money, and all was now going on to her satisfaction. Her parents lived but five miles away. I frequently visited them, and they were often at Reed's. I began to have a good opinion of my robber, as he was now industrious, and was in many respects a fair sort of man. Now that he had got a start in the right direction, he seemed anxious to go ahead. He began to feel a pride in his ranch and all its belongings, and took great interest in every thing. I had not found it necessary to keep Kempf over him after the first year.

All was going on so well that in another year or two Reed would have been able to pay me every cent he owed me, when an accident happened to him. While going home from Nevada one day his team ran away, throwing him out of his wagon against a tree, crushing in his skull and instantly killing him. I was in Fall Creek when I heard that my robber was dead. I at once went down to the ranch and married the widow—not right away, you must understand, for she thought a great deal of Reed; I comforted her and took care of things on the place until a proper time had expired.

Now you know how I met my robber and how I got my revenge. To this day Mrs. Waldow does not know when and how I first became acquainted with her first husband. She still thinks it was at Cold Water, Michigan. Instead of three hundred acres in Nevada County, I now have three thousand acres in Oregon.

Jacob is a fine fellow, and I think as much of him as though he were my own son, almost, although I believe I am somewhat fonder of my own boys. Perhaps it is because I think they have a better father than the man that Jacob called by that name. Jacob has six hundred and forty acres of as good land as can be found in Oregon, and it is well improved and stocked. I have done all for him that I would have done had he been my own son, and in that I have again had my revenge and carried out the law according to my own notions.—*Dan De Quille.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A WORLD'S FAIR of sheep, wool, and wool products under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, is announced to be opened in Philadelphia, Sept. 21, immediately after the State Fair, thus making the two exhibitions continuous, with an aggregate of prizes amounting to $40,000 of which $6,500 is for sheep, and $4,000 for wool, wool products and "other manufacturing goods."

THE latest plan for crossing the dreaded English Channel is embodied in a model now before the Admiralty for a monster floating railway station, which is to carry trains across the Channel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. It is stated that "each train would provide accommodations for 2,000 passengers," which would require sixty or more railway carriages.

DR. BERGGREN, the botanist who accompanied Prof. Nordenskjold over the ice in Greenland, in 1870, discovered a species of algæ which grew in and among the clefts of the ice, and which by its internal heat rotted the ice away. It is pronounced to be a dangerous enemy to ice, even when in blocks of many thousands of feet in thickness and hundreds of miles in extent.

A KEEN competition promises to take place between the competitors in India for the prize of 50,000 rupees for the best invention, and 10,000 for the second best of a machine to work and prepare the Rhea fiber, which is worth $200 to $250 per ton in England. The judges will be called upon to describe the process and determine if the conditions of the government notification have been complied with, while the quality of the fiber produced will be left to experts at home.

A NEW military projectile has been invented by M. Lamarre, of Paris, and experiments are now being made with it at Grenoble. The invention consists of fire balls to be projected by the guns of a fort, which while exploding would throw a light upon the enemy's position at night. The object is to prevent intrenching or the raising of earthworks, and the projectile is provided with a grenade, which explodes within a certain time, so as to keep the enemy off and hinder him from extinguishing the light.

VON FRIEDERICH MULLER, in his treatise on "Universal Ethnography," strongly maintains that the distinctions of the various human races are permanent, citing in support of his opinion the evidence afforded by the most ancient of the Egyptian monuments, where the negro is represented with all of those characteristic physical traits he possesses to-day, after the lapse of from 4,000 to 5,000 years. All research has afforded no countenance whatever to the hypothesis that the negro and the European descended from the same parents.

BUD-VARIATION is fully recognized now, and new varieties are produced as well as from seed. Botanists, however, continue to record examples, the latest of which is by Fritz Muller, who, writing from Brazil, says that a banana, which for years produced reddish fruit, one season sent up a stem which bore yellow fruit; and he asks whether all the varieties of bananas may not have originated in this way? This is the general belief, as they do not perfect seeds. All the varieties of sweet potatoes in America are produced by bud-variation—the plant not flowering under culture.

A Return to the Dresses of Our Grandmothers' Days.

GLANCING at the fashion books of fifty and even seventy years ago it is curious to note how in many points we are returning to the modes then in vogue. Nothing but short dresses were to be seen half a century ago; the skirts were just long enough to show the shoes and boots and were trimmed with satin rouleaux and bias folds. The fashionable colors were Christmas holly green, scarlet, pink, clarence blue, giraffe yellow, ponceau, camel's hair brown, Indian red, cameleopard yellow, moeassa brown, apricot, olive, peau de serpent, burrage blue, Egyptian sand, Indian red, and violet shot with bottle green—for shot silks were coming in then, as they are with us now. The January of 1828 was particularly damp and cold, and silk and satin pelisses were the rage, but, like short Princesse dresses, reaching to the hem, with a lace cape over the shoulders. These pelisses were also worn in the evening, cut low in the neck, and showed robings of white satin in front. Shawls and scarf shawls were coming in also, and feather trimmings found special favor. The hats worn were large, and dress hats were adopted with full evening dress, made of satin and gauze, with blonde lappets and plumes of ostrich or marabout feathers or floral wreaths, birds of paradise being arranged inside and out. They were placed far back on the head. It is to be hoped that we shall not re-adopt any thing so startling as a hat of paradise yellow, lined with crimson velvet, trimmed with white puffings and yellow ribbon, brocaded black, as worn by a belle of that day. There is much to learn in avoiding past follies. Our dresses have of late hung closely to the figure, but have never as yet attained the scantiness of those times. The skirts were always scanty, as well as short, and trimmed often with one or two gathered flounces, scollops at the edge, surrounded by one or two rows of straight satin rouleaux; the bodices full and banded, the sleeves large and puffed. Such bodices and puffed sleeves are coming in again, as well as short dresses for evening, which may, and very likely will, resolve themselves into short Princesses, not unlike pelisses.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

ONE of the things which is bothering the curious in railroad circles is whether any two bells have the same tone.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

Mr. Augustus Morris, one of the United States commissioners to the International Exhibition at Sydney, Australia, in a communication to the Secretary of State says: "In all cases where the leading American manufacturers have sent their products to the exhibition they have either excelled all competitors of other countries or stood in the first rank.

Postmaster James, of New York city, declines to be considered a candidate for the Postmaster Genership. He has been a model postmaster; there has never been any occasion for special agents to haul him over the coals, and New York merchants do not want him to leave them to accept a Cabinet position at at fag-end of a presidential term.

A number of the Maryland papers came out last week with supplements containing the general laws passed at the last Legislature. When it is known that these supplements are all printed at Annapolis by the Ring printers and sent to these papers, and all they have to do is to fold them in with their papers, and for which little business they get the small sum of twelve to sixteen hundred dollars, the people can have some idea of how their money is frittled away. This printing is only given to those organs that support the ring power. Those who prefer to take other papers have to go without the laws.—*Woodberry News.*

Some writer in the *News* asks—"Do Instructions Instruct?" He refers to the action of the Allegany delegation at Frederick. Certainly they do; so soon as Allegany supposed it had taken in the "lay of the land" between Blaine for President and Lowndes for Chicago, the delegation went for home enterprise, and left "instructions" to the contingencies of "subsequent proceedings." The writer may as well have asked "do representatives represent?" Of course they do, that is, when not unexpectedly entangled by what you can't most always sometimes tell. The same thing happened in several instances last fall in the Democratic party, and some of the nominees were so far decomposed by the election that it was not deemed necessary or safe to hold an inquest, nor even a "wake."—*Frostburg Journal.*

IMPORTANT TO PENSIONERS.—Under the arrears of the Pension Act, all widows of soldiers who died of wounds or disease; resulting from their services, are entitled to a pension for the time they were widows. This will enable a great many women who had re-married and were cut out by the old law, to get the pension of $8 per month for each month of widowhood. All children of soldiers who were under sixteen years of age at the date of the soldier's death, are entitled to a pension up to the time they were sixteen. No matter at what age they are, they can yet apply for and get the pension up to the time they were. The time for making application so as to get the back pension in all cases is limited, and every person in the country who is entitled, be it solder, widow, father, mother or minor children, should lose no time in making their applications, or they will be too late.

Only One Issue.

The platform of the New York and Pennsylvania Democratic Conventions are chiefly valuable in that they show that the Democracy is about as badly off for an issue as their opponents. In fact, it is made to appear that unless the Cincinnati Convention should nominate Mr. Tilden the party will be without anything whatever in the shape of an issue, and that, like the Republican, they will have to appeal to the country upon the excellence of their ticket. All things considered, it would be wiser for them to do that than to attempt to carry Mr. Tilden to the White House upon the eleventh plank of the Harrisburg platform, which is identical in spirit with the chief one is the Syracuse platform, and which is based upon "the great fraud of 1876-77, by which, upon a false count of the Electoral vote of three States, the candidate defeated at the polls was seated in the Presidential chair, and, for the first time in American history, the will of the people was set aside under a threat of military force."

It seems incredible that men so shrewd as those who represent the Democratic party in the conventions of New York and Pennsylvania should at this late day, make such a declaration as the above the only reality of their platform, and the only serious issue of a national campaign. It is first of all a blunder, because it assumes that the American people are both ignorant and fools. when the truth is they are neither; again, it is a crime, for it falsifies history, which not only its authors know, but the people know. It cannot be denied, and is not, that the counting of the Electoral votes of the last Presidential election was not altogether satisfactory, but neither can it be denied that the Electoral Commission, created for the counting of the vote was the creation of the Democrats, of the representatives of that party, and that they not only invented it, but pledged themselves to be bound by its decision. The decision was against them, but they had their day in court, and cannot come in now to claim a rehearing, for by their own acts they are estopped.

Mr. Tilden's Heirs.

It is believed by some Republicans and many Democrats that Mr. Tilden will not press his candidacy at Cincinnati, but content himself with naming his political heir. The fact that Democratic leaders of well-known friendliness to Mr. Tilden have openly declared their intention to sacrifice all personal preferences to party success and of casting their influence on the side of the man who shall develop the greatest natural strength at the national convention, certainly affords a reasonable ground for this belief, although we are not among those who entertain it as a conviction. Still, the situation is sufficiently doubtful to make it an interesting subject for speculation, and we observe that much curiosity is manifested in certain quarters as to what candidate, in the event of Mr. Tilden's withdrawal, would be likely to catch his falling mantle. This curiosity is heightened by the mystery which perpetually envelops Gramercy Park, and which the most acute reporters have failed to dispel. Who will be Mr. Tilden's choice for the nomination in case he should decide to retire from the contest himself? Some say Randall, of Pennsylvania; others Payne, of Ohio; both of the Englishes are mentioned as favorites; even Justice Field is spoken of as an heir expectant. Of these, however, the most sanguine candidates are undoubtedly Messrs. Payne and Randall, and it is well to note that they are also the most active workers in Mr. Tilden's interest. The friends of each claim with equal assurance that the sage of Gramercy Park has intimated his intention of making their man his residuary legatee and profess to have undeniable proofs of the fact. Mr. Randall's followers say that the Pennsylvania delegation will stand by him solidly at Cincinnati, and, in the event of his chief's withdrawal, will vote as a unit for the Speaker himself. Mr. Payne's adherents declare that, after a complimentary vote for Senator Thurman, the Ohio delegation will be at the former's disposal, to be turned over to Mr. Tilden, should he remain in the contest or retained for himself, as circumstances may require. There can be no question that both Payne and Randall have rendered their chief important service in their respective States, and that they have a strong claim upon his gratitude. It is quite probable also that they have received from him assurances of his distinguished regard, and it is just possible that they have had their zeal stimulated by promises of substantial reward. But those who are familiar with Mr. Tilden's methods will be apt to see in this fact only a fresh illustration of his wonderful political adroitness. This decrepit old man, they will say, has no intention whatever of making his will, but recognizes the necessity of surrounding himself with young men to fight the battles which he has no longer the strength to engage in, and as an inducement hints that he will make them his heirs. He is too sagacious to commit himself directly to either, but he takes occasion to extol their talents, and allows their friends to infer anything they please. We do not say that such is actually the case, but that is a method which Mr. Tilden is fond of employing when he is unable to pull his chestnuts out of the fire himself; and for his catspaws he has had at one time or another the ablest men in the party. No one has forgotten that he allowed his lieutenants to advocate the appointment of the Electoral Commission under the plea that they were simply carrying out his wishes, and when they failed to accomplish their object by that device that he promptly disclaimed all responsibility for their action. It is certainly reasonable to suppose that a man capable of such double-dealing as this would not hesitate to play a similar part whenever opportunity offered; and it is undeniable, as we have said, that in an alliance with Payne and Randall, such an opportunity is offered. Through this alliance Mr. Tilden has already practically secured control of two of the most important States in the country, while they have really gained nothing. Should he control the nomination and be defeated, he would drag Randall and Payne down with him; while if he should withdraw, necessarily he could not throw his influence on the side of either without breaking faith with the other. If, therefore, Mr. Randall or Mr. Payne flatters himself that he will be Mr. Tilden's heir he needlessly deceives himself. Mr. Tilden will have no heirs of his own choosing. Either he will be the nominee of the Democratic convention, or it will be a man who has not been identified with his canvass. The same motive which now unites Randall and Payne in his support will make them deadly enemies the moment the master is out of the way, and it will be a stranger who will come into the estate.—*Balto. American.*

Taking the Census.

Under the act of Congress approved March 3, 1879, a census of the population, wealth and industries of the United States is to be taken for the twelve months beginning May 31, 1879, and ending June 1, 1880. Outside of cities having 10,000 inhabitants the work will extend throughout the month of June. In cities having 10,000 inhabitants it must be finished in two weeks—that is by June 14. The work is in charge of 150 supervisors appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, who are under the general direction of Gen. Francis A. Walker, Chief of the Census Bureau—the best man, probably, for this important and difficult charge that could be found in the United States. General Walker is located in Washington, with well equipped quarters and a competent staff of subordinates. The supervisors appoint a large number of numerators, whose duty it is to visit personally every dwelling in their districts and to obtain all the information asked for on the printed schedule. By a "dwelling" is meant any kind of habitation, such, for instance, as a river boat, a canal boat, lofts in public buildings or any other place of residence, temporary or permanent. The work, as may be seen at a glance, is extremely difficult and requires the utmost care and vigilance. The co-operation of the police in all cities has been requested, and it is to be hoped that citizens generally will do all they can to facilitate a work whose importance is readily seen and whose value is dependent entirely on its accuracy. Provision, moreover, is made by law for the punishment of all who out of obstinacy or recklessness attempt to obstruct the numerators or refuse them the desired information. By the act of March, 1879, a refusal on the part of any adult "to render a true account to the best of his or her knowledge of every person belonging to such family in the various particulars required by law" is punishable with a fine not exceeding $100. This penalty, however, is only provided for unusual cases of "mulishness." In most instances, doubtless, the numerators will have to contend not with mere obstinacy, but with a misconception of their errand. Much, of course, will depend upon the manner of performing their task, and for this reason it is of the highest importance that persons of pleasant address and good temper should be chosen for the position. There are five general heads under which the questions to be answered are classified. These are: Population, agriculture, manufactures, social statistics and mortality. The collection of social statistics, however, has been withdrawn from the regular numerators and intrusted to experts in the different branches covered.

Among the facts to be ascertained in the enumeration of the population are the following; Name of street; number of house; name of each person in the family; color, sex and age of each person; relationship of each person to the family; what persons are single, married, widowed or divorced, and who, if any, were married during the census year; occupation of both males and females; number of months any person has been unemployed during the census year; sickness or disability of any person at time of visit; whether there are any blind, deaf, dumb, idiotic, insane, maimed, crippled or bed-ridden members of the family; how many attend school; how many, if any, who cannot read and write; the place of birth of each person and the places of birth of his or her father and mother. All persons will be included who are living June 1 or who may die between that time and the completion of the census; but children born after June 1 will be omitted. The questions as to agriculture, manufactures, etc., cover a much wider range of subjects and will entail an immense amount of painstaking labor on the part of the numerators. In Great Britain the census is taken in a single day, thus presenting, as it were, a statistical photograph. Various systems are in force in different countries, but our own taken every ten years is probably, in the hands of an efficient chief like Gen. Walker, the most accurate and satisfactory of all. According to the last census the population of the United States was 38,558,371. It is believed that the new census will show an approximation to 50,000,000 of people within the borders of our territory.—*Balto. Gazette.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18, 1880.

Now as an early adjournment may be regarded certain, the calendar of the House is an interesting study. Upon it we find many bills of great National and sectional importance that ought to have been attended to, and could have been had the Democrats done their duty and gone ahead with general business early in the session. I will give a few of the bills thus defeated. An act to increase pensions of soldiers and sailors who are utterly helpless. A bill to transfer the Indian Office to the War Department. Joint resolution requesting the President to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. A bill to restrict the immigration of Chinese to the United States. Joint resolution to provide for the enforcement of the eight hour law. A bill to apply the proceeds of sales of public lands to the education of the people. A bill to provide for the exchange of trade dollars for legal tender dollars and to stop the coinage of trade dollars, and for other purposes. A bill repealing the law requiring stamps on bank checks. These mentioned are but a drop in the bucket. There are 1,500 of them in all. Also 648 pension bills on the private calender which go by default.

Senator Bayard's Marshals' bill, which contains the same "rider" which caused the defeat of the Immediate Deficiency bill, will probably pass the Senate to-day. Should the President veto it, and Congress fails to provide for the payment of the Marshals, an extra session will be called right away.

One of the funny personal matters of this political campaign is the position of General Garfield. He is a very warm friend of Senator Blaine, and it is said that long ago in campaigning together, he promised the Maine Senator his support, but being an Ohio man, of course Sherman claimed his support, had him put on the Chicago delegation, and now asks him to make a speech nominating Ohio's "favorite son" at the convention. This is what the boys call "hard lines."

One of the subjects that must be neglected by Congress by an early adjournment is the revision of the code governing this District, and it causes a good deal of dissatisfaction in this city. There is great need of improvements in our local laws and the methods of enforcing them. During the last few months many and great crimes have disgraced our streets, and there has seemed to be no recourse.

There is a movement among Southern men to have a Southern Republican on the Presidential ticket. Texas presents ex-Gov. Davis for Vice President on a ticket with Blaine. Thus the extreme North-East and South West would be represented. Governor Davis would give strength to the ticket. He is a man whom all parties respect.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE LAW RELATING TO DRUNKENNESS.

FREDERICK, MD., May 13.—In the circuit court to-day an important decision was rendered by Judges Lynch and Boule, in a case similar to that recently decided by Judge Brown, with reference to the effect of chapter 211, act of 1880, entitled "Drunkenness." The court held that this act does not, in express terms nor by nessary implication, repeal the act of 1880, chapter 24. A late statute on a given subject, not repealing an earlier one in therms, is not to be taken as a repeal by implication, unless plainly repugnant to the former, or unless it fully embraces the whole subject-matter. The act of 1880, chapter 211, only provides another mode of proceeding for the trial of a large number of offences, including those enumerated in chapter 24. It is the general rule that subsequent states which add accumulative penalties and institute new methods of proceeding do not repeal former ones obtained by preceding statutes without negative words. These two acts of the Legislature must therefore be construed together as one act. Although apparently inconsistent, they may be reconciled by construing them as giving to justices of the peace, as they really do, power either to fine the party and commit him to jail for the non-payment of fine, or hold him to bail to appear in the circuit court, as the nature of each case may require. A later statute which is general does not abrogate a former which is particular. There are a number of offences punishable by fine, &c., other than those mentioned in chapter 24, which may be tried and punished under chapter 211. In accordance with the decision the writ was discharged and the relator remanded to the custody of the sheriff.

CONGRESSIONAL POLITICAL DEBATING CLUBS.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—During the debate in the House to-day on the joint resolution to adjourn May 31, Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, supported the resolution. One point made by the opponents of the resolution struck him with a great deal of force—that was the importance of settling some law relative to the counting of the presidential vote. If gentlemen on the other side, he said, will set any day or any week, and give us any reasonable assurance that at the end of that day or week or month we can pass a law to save and avoid controversy on that question, I will stay far beyond the dog days to do it

Several Democrats—We will do it.

Gen. Garfield—But you have had four years since the awful, imminent danger arising from that question which threatened this country, and you have waited until this last session, and the last six weeks of the session, and all at once it is an important topic. "Summer is past, and the harvest ended, and that soul is not saved," and there is no hope that it can be saved by this Congress. I know there are 1,700 bills pending, and I am sure that many of them ought to become laws, but I am equally sure that if we stay until September there will be 2,700, with a larger proportion that ought to become laws. Every argument used to day can be used next September with exactly the same force and effect. This Congress has been here six months, and we are outstaying the welcome of the American people.

Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee—Speak for yourself.

Gen. Garfield—I speak for myself and everybody that thinks as I do. The 3d of June next the Presidential cyclone strikes the people, and in the course of a few weeks it will involve both political parties and forty-five millions of people, and if we stay inside the scope of that cyclone we will convert this body into a vast political debating club, and I would not give one day's legislation now for two months of such legislation as that period would bring upon the country. I wish to ask gentlemen if they are willing to stay here into that cyclone and past it, and convert this whole body, in the presence of the whole country, into two political camps making political speeches.

THE STRUGGLE IN VIRGINIA.

WINCHESTER, VA., May 16.—The confidence, amounting almost to a certainty, with which the Democracy has counted upon the electoral vote of the solid South for the nominees of the Cincinnati convention has lately been greatly impaired by the continuance of the bitter strife between the two factions of the Democratic party in Virginia. In no part of the State has this quarrel been more disastrous to the Democracy than in the Shenandoah Valley, where it was least to be expected. In the election last fall the Readjusters and Republicans made very serious inroads upon the regular Democratic vote in this stronghold, and even the hitherto invincible "tenth legion" of Virginia Democracy emerged from the contest completely demoralized by divisions in its own ranks. It requires almost superhuman efforts and the votes of many Republicans to save this county of Frederick. Since last fall matters appear to have been growing worse rather than better. Alarm has taken the place of the disgust, and a few weeks ago an actual panic seized them at the prospect of losing the State next November. The recent meeting here was called, and a number of speakers from abroad were invited to deliver addresses before it for the purpose of arriving at some agreement as to what should be done. Two things were especially noticable in all the speeches which were made on that occasion. In the first place, there was not one word said against the purity of the present national administration. Of course, there was plenty of talk about "centralization," and all that, but nothing whatever about Republican corruption, official or personal, during the past three years. Another and quite as significant a feature was the amount of time devoted by every speaker to attacks upon a third term. It was noticeable, too, that every expression on this subject was received with tumultuous applause, and yet General Grant is said to be very popular in Virginia. Among Republicans he probably is; but here in Winchester he certainly is not among the Democrats. What the course of political events in Virginia during the next few months will be no one can foretell. Prominent leaders of the debt paying wing of the Democratic party begin to express confidence that the Readjusters will vote in a body for the nominees of the Cincinnati convention. Readjuster leaders who are quite as prominent, declare that under no circumstances will this be done. The Debt-payers say that the rank and file of the Democracy will not follow Gen. Mahone next fall, and thus bring disaster upon the Democratic party at large. There is reason in this declaration, and it may turn out to be true. The fact cannot be avoided, however, that the debt question overshadows every other political question in Virginia at this time. The discussions on this subject are bitter and distracting, and have perhaps not been equalled in earnestness by any which have taken place since the people of Virginia were called upon to choose whether the State should adhere to or secede from the Union.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett is attending the session of the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Honor, at Charleston, S. C.

New Stock of Millinery.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, on Fourth Street, has opened the largest and most varied assortment of millinery and fancy goods ever brought to Oakland. Ladies' ready-made clothing and Butterick's patterns a specialty, and would well repay any who buy. Milinery and fancy goods of all descriptions and prices. Prices as low as any. 2w

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, in the case wherein Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, is complainant and Jesse W. Chaney is defendant, being No. 48 on said equity docket, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale on the premises, at the residence of Jesse W. Chaney, in Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, the 12th day of June, 1880,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all these lots and parcels of land situated in Garrett county, and which are particularly described in two deeds, the first from A. C. Good and wife to Joseph Dilley, dated March 27, 1868, the second from John J. Stoltzer and wife to said Joseph Dilley, dated September 11, 1870, both of which are recorded amongst the land records of Allegany county, Md., reference to which being had will fully appear.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by decree:—One-fourth cash and the balance in six and twelve months from day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds satisfactory to trustee.

J. FRANK SEISS,
my22-tds Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May. 12, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, June 7th, 1880,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy and for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

All persons having bills against the county are requested to file them, properly authenticated, on or before that date.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
5 15 td. Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, H. F. Snider and Silas L. Walker is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Saturday, June 12th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
my8 5w Examiners.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

Yours, JOHN HELBIG.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Mr. A. A. Perry is improving his property on Quality Hill.

—No rain has fallen in this vicinity during the present month.

—Mr. A. J. Harne has painted his new residence on Fourth street.

—'Squire Jamison has bulit an addition to his residence on Liberty street.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss is painting and otherwise improving the interior of his drug store.

—Capt. W. R. Jarboe has erected the frame of his new residence on Pennington street.

—Miss Lizzie Johnson, of Mineral county, W. Va., was visiting this week, at Rev. B. Ison's.

—Mr. J. B. Randall has built a two story addition to his house on Centre street.

—H. W. Combs, Esq., has painted and otherwise improved his fine residence on Fourth street.

—Mr. Thomas Martin treated his dwelling house on Oak Street to a fresh coat of paint.

—We understand that the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels are to be opened on the 15th of June.

—Three hundred men are wanted to work on the North Branch and Bloomington railroad. Apply at Bloomington, Md.

—The telegraph repair camp has been at Oakland during the week, attending to necessary repairs of the line.

—The track hands have been repairing the road bed through Oakland this week; getting ready for the summer season.

—Mr. D. M. Mason left Oakland Thursday for Ohio Pyle, Pa., to assist Mr. Lambert in conducting the summer Hotel at that popular resort.

—The Potomac *Herald* says the Potomac and Piedmont railroad company are increasing their force, and will it is said, push the work as fast as possible.

—A run-a-way occurred in Oakland Tuesday evening, resulting in the demolishing of a buggy and painfully injuring the occupants, Messrs. A. C. Mason and Walter S. Wolf. Mr. Mason is confined to his bed, but Mr. Wolf is able to walk by the aid of a cane

—Died—On the morning of the 4th of May, 1880, at his late residence in Preston county, West Va., Elijah Hardesty, in the 62d year of his age. He was a man of strict integrity, a good citizen and neighbor, and for more than 40 years a member of the M. E. church. During those 40 years he served the church in the capacity of class leader, steward and Sunday School superintendent. His affliction was protracted, and at times very severe, but he bore it without murmuring or complaint, and died triumphantly. May the good Lord bless his aged companion and children who survive him, and gather them all at last into the Heavenly Fold. S.

—Mr. E. C. Tillson, of Deer Park, while superintending the loading of a car load of lumber on Wednesday afternoon of last week, at the lumber yard of H. G. Davis & Bro., met with an accident which came very nearly proving serious. He was standing on the loading place, which is elevated about 7 feet above the railroad track, when he stepped on the outer plank, which, being loose, gave way and he was precipitated a distance of about ten feet, striking on his left shoulder, his head coming within a few inches of the iron rail on the opposite side of the track. To the surprise of all who witnessed the fall, it was found on examination that there were no bones broken or misplaced, and Mr. Tillson, though confined to his room, complains only of being bruised, stiff and sore. His escape with injuries so slight, is certainly remarkable.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church next Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, by the Pastor.

Fire in Oakland.

The residence of Mrs. Schmittman, on the corner of Third and Alder streets, was discovered to be on fire Tuesday about 11 o'clock. An alarm was given and a large crowd soon gathered and succeeded in arresting the flames before much damage was done. More damage was occasioned by water and the hurried removal of furniture than by the fire. The fire was first discovered in a closet on the first floor, and was generally supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion, as there had been no fire in that part of the house for several days. If the fire had not been gotten under control the whole southern portion of the town would have been at the mercy of the flames as a strong wind was prevailing at the time and everything was very dry.

Election of Officers.

A Sunday School was organized on the 9th instant, at White Oak Grove, in Ryan's Glades, with the following officers:

Superintendent—S. D. White.
Assistant—Benj. F. Harvey.
Secretary—Wm. J. Wilson.
Librarian—Wm. J. Sowers.
Treasurer—John M. White.

New Germany S. S.

This Sunday School was re organized May 2d, and the following officers elected;

Superintendent—J. M. Durst.
Assistant—Geo. Duckworth.
Secretary—Chas. Bancord.
Librarian—F. M. Green.
Treasurer—Steward Crow.

Female teachers—Mrs. C. Duckworth, Miss Lorenia Durst, Miss Alice Bancord, Miss Lydia Wiland.

Male teachers—Samuel Wiland, H. M. Broadwater, Chas. Swauger, Augustus Durst.

Commissioners Meeting.

The Board met in special session sion Friday of last week, for the porpose of approving the tax collector's bond. Present, a full Board.

Edward Margroff filed bond in the penalty of fifteen thousand dollars for the collection of State taxes, for the year 1880, which was approved; also filed bond in the penalty of eight thousand dollars, for the collection of county taxes, which was approved.

Marens Fazenbaker was appointed Constable for District No. 4, vice Geo. T. Wilt, failed to bond.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 19:

Middleton S. Biggs and wife to Henry Paugh, Military Lot No. 1976; $201.17.

Hartz Bear and wife to Levi Catan, Military Lot No. 528; $300.

Wm. P. Totten and wife to Columbus A. Hayes, Lots Nos. 6 and 7 in Wilson's First Addition to the town of Oakland; $350.

Flat Woods Items.

Mr. Frank Shank is building a large frame barn.

Mr. D. W. Fraker has re-built his old barn.

Messrs. Frank Suter and D. W. Fraker are getting out lime preparatory to burning a kiln.

Three of our young farmers, becoming dissatisfied with farm work, concluded to try the Connellsville coke region, but after looking about a few days, they became convinced that farming would, in the end, pay best, and they returned and went to work on their farms. Sensible conclusion. Stick to it and you will not regret it in after years

The Cumberland Election.

The municipal election in Cumberland Monday passed off quietly. Nearly 1,800 votes were polled. J. B. Walton, Democrat, was elected mayor, receiving 912 votes, C. F. Hetzel, Republican, receiving 827. J. W. Shaffer, Republican, was elected clerk, over Thos. F. McCardell, Democrat, by 521 majority. The council elected were J. W. Cook, J. A. Millholland, Levi Shaw, G. S. Couter, Edward Shilling and Alex. McFerran, all Republicans except McFerran, who is a Democrat. The ordinance authorizing the waterworks improvement was carried by a large vote. The fight between the railroads entered largely into the election. The mayor-elect is regarded as a new or Pennsylvania railroad man, while the councilmen elected are thought to be about equally divided between the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio roads.

Public Sale.

The undersigned, intending to remove West, will sell at the Evangelical Lutheran Parsonage, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Thursday, May 27th, 1880, the following household and kitchen furniture: One hair cloth parlor set, consisting of marble top centre table, sofa, and full set of chairs; one fine walnut wardrobe, one walnut chamber set, consisting of 8 pieces, one fancy cottage set—8 pieces, one large walnut dining extension table, with set dining room chairs, 2 lounges, 1 book case and writing table, 3 heating stoves, (2 coal and 1 wood, stove pipe, &c.) 1 Anchor cook stove, (for wood or coal, complete with fixtures and pipe,) one cherry bedstead, large lot mattrasses and bedding, 1 table and cupboard, forty yards of hemp and sixty yards of rag carpet, large cane seat rocking chair, one centre table, 1 child's wagon, 1 shot gun, 1 churn, crocks, jars, tubs, barrels, lamps, garden tools, carpenter tools, baskets, hardware, tinware, shelves, brackets, pictures, dishes, window blinds, hat rack, student's lamp, and many other articles not necessary to mention. Also one fresh cow and one pig.

Terms of sale, cash, or negotiable paper.

REV. O. C. MILLER.

Select School.

I hereby give notice that I will reopen my select school at Johnstown, on Monday, May 24th, to continue ten weeks. Tuition $2 per month.

2w ALEX. W. DEWITT.

Garrett Guards, Attention.

This command will assemble for inspection and drill on Saturday, June 5th, 1880, in full uniform, at 6 o'clock P. M., promptly. A full attendance is ordered.

By order of the Captain.

P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

To Butter Makers.

The season has come for butter making and the time of the year is approaching when, for a few weeks there will be an over-supply, and butter will be hard to sell at any price. But those who *always* make a *first-class article* have but little trouble usually to sell; indeed their butter is sought after. Merchants can buy it and ship it when it can't be sold at home; but the bad butter, that which is white and cheesy, containing a portion of the milk, heated in the sun going to market, is hard for the maker to sell and worse for the dealer. The latter can't well say to the maker that the butter is not good, for all seem to think they make the very best; but when the dealer offers to sell, his customers don't hesitate to say, "that is not good, who made it," &c. Many persons who are not judges buy on the reputation the parties have for making a good quality of butter. Persons who are known to make first-class butter have no trouble to sell and always get the highest market price, while those who don't make a good article never get the highest figure and can't sell at any price when there is a crowded market; besides, they injure their neighbors, as those who make good butter have to sell at the market price, which is lower than it would be if all the butter marketed was even fair. Those who try to sell a bad article are always complaining of the low price.

The Allegany School Trouble.

A meeting of the school board of Allegany county was held Thursday of last week, with Drs. Getzendanner and Fundenberg present, which was very lively and interesting. Dr. Fundenberg offered an order on the treasurer for $87.50 for salary to Jas. M. Shober during the period when he was contesting examiner, and $16.31 for extra expenses, making $203.81 in all, and the order was passed. Treasurer J. W. S. Cochrane stated to the board that he would not pay Shober the money until he referred the matter to the State Board of Education, as he believed the order to be illegal, and that himself and bond would be liable if he paid it. Considerable discussion ensued, during which the two doctors used some strong language, demanding to know what the State board had to do with their affairs, and whether the Examiner proposed to involve them in another law suit, etc. The Examiner was firm, however, and refused to pay over the money until he had communicated with the State Board of Education.

Census.

The following is the circular issued by E. H. Gittinger, Esq., Supervisor of the Census for Western Maryland:

"Enumerators will be selected without reference to their political affiliations; the appointments will be made with reference to physical activity, and to aptness, neatness and accuracy in writing and the use of figures. These requirements are scarcely more in the interest of the census than in the interest of the enumerator himself. Unless the officer appointed be fairly proficient in all clerical exercises, he will find his duties very trying and his pay very meagre. To appoint old or broken men to this duty (as Supervisors will, on all sides, be pressed to do) would not be an act of charity but of cruelty. Young men are preffered.

"Country physicians, within the circuit of their usual practice, would often be found excellent enumerators. Their knowledge of vital conditions, their appreciation of the importance of trustworthy statistics, together with their knowledge of the history of families, would combine to make returns alike of deaths and of the living population from officers of this class especially valuable. There would also be the practical consideration that men of this profession are, as a rule, already "mounted," and their service in the capacity of enumerators would involve no expense whatever for outfit.

"School-masters have largely been found in England among the best qualified enumerators. Accustomed to keep lists and make reports, almost uniformly accurate in accounts, trained in punctuality and precision and accustomed to enforce them upon others, the teacher, within his school district, would generally do his work rapidly, neatly and accurately."

The enumerators will be appointed this month and the census taken during the month of June.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

Meshach Browning.

[From the Cumberland Daily News.]

CUMBERLAND, May 17, 1880.

Editor Daily News:—Recently I received a letter from an unknown gentleman in the Interior Department at Washington City, wishing to know something more about the late Meshach Browning than he had gathered from a perusal of his book known as "Forty-four Years of the Life of a Hunter." Supposing there may be other persons interested in the same manner I have concluded to answer the communication thro' the columns of your enterprising journal, and in this way perhaps oblige some others of the veteran hunter's friends.

The enquiries in the letter are thus stated: "I have been reading with much interest a book entitled 'Forty-four Years of the Life of a Hunter,' being reminiscenses of Meshach Browning, and I venture to drop you a line and will thank you for any information you can give or obtain for me. When and where did he die? How old was he at death? Do you know any of his children or grandchildren? If so, please give me the name of one or more of them. I would like very much if you or they would send me any relic or keepsake that was once owned by him, such as a knife, powder-horn, pouch, shoe, moccasin, belt or article of clothing. I would greatly prize it always."

No doubt our unknown correspondent is a connoisseur in relics, and I hope some of the surviving Brownings of the second, third or fourth generation will respond to the request of C. M. Tompkins, in the Interior Department at Washington, D. C.

The life of Browning is too long and eventful to do more than glance at it, and I advise any who may feel interested in it to get his entertaining book and read for themselves.

He was born in Frederick county just a century ago, but came to Allegany while in his teens, where he spent the balance of his happy life; twice married—his last wife preceding him to future life a few years; the father of six sons and five daughters, all by the first wife; a farmer by occupation, but a hunter from taste, or rather passion—(really next to the family hearth, to which he was greatly attached,) the woods and rifle were his enjoyment in all the years of his manhood, and after the realities of the forest scenes had passed and old age came, his satisfaction was to picture them to his many listeners. Democratic in politics and Catholic in religion, but prejudiced or bigoted in neither relation, both of which sprang from an honest heart and clear head; once a candidate for the legislature, in 1847, in an "off year" with his party, and hence his defeat, (and, by the way, a brother of the writer was elected on the opposite ticket that year;) I don't think he ever held any public office; he was in no sense a politician; simple and even primitive in his ways and habits. But his humble abode on Sang Run, (in Garrett county, Maryland,) was the seat of hospitality for many long years. He was entirely free from vice; honest and direct as any man could be and greatly respected. He was very positive and strong in his nature, as every line in his rigid face show. He was a powerful man in physique, and occasionally, but only occasionally, would have a combat with a man of known metal when it would not be manly to avoid it. He had a noted battle in early life at Selbysport with a man by the name of Shannon. The contest began on an old-fashioned saw-mill, and ended below among the water-works. The ducking they received in the fall had the good effect to cool the ardor of the contestants. But no man more despised the ruffian and bully than he.

His fondness for his rifle and the woods remained with him as long as he could follow the war-path of his profession, but long and severe exposure in the woods finally compelled him to succumb. For the last several years of his life he was very decrepid with age and rheumatism. The last time I saw him he was winding his way up the court-house hill, Cumberland, with evident pain and difficulty. He took it very grateful in me to give him a then strong arm to assist him in his last visit to Allegany court-house.

Francis P. Blair, sr., Edward Stabler and other eastern people in some way became acquainted with him, and after that were in the habit of visiting him annually in the summer season. They were perfectly delighted and carried away with his anecdotes and hunting stories. It is said that these old men would sit together whole nights at the plain but comfortable home of Browning and listen to what seemed to be at most fancy stories to them. They insisted Browning must write a book. The old man replied he could yet shoot a buck or knife a bear, but he could not write a book; "he had gone to school only a quarter," and that at least two generations before. However, he was persuaded in this way to write the volume, which is certainly a credit to any man of his pretentions, or rather *un*pretentions. It was written at his son, Thos. Browning's, on Muddy Creek, Garrett county, after the death of his second wife. The manuscript of the book was submitted to Mr. Stabler for revision, but the only liberty he took was to correct grammer, spelling and punctuation. The language and composition remain as they came from the vigorous mind of the author. He had excellent conversational powers—a ready flow of pure and terse language. The manuscript of the book is in the possession of his grandson, R. T. Browning, at Sang Run, Garrett county, and the famous rifle that felled so many deer, bear, panthers, etc., is on deposit at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, where any one can see it gratis.

This interesting old man died in 1859, at Johnstown, Garrett county, aged seventy-nine years, leaving surviving him all of his eleven children, about whom your correspondent wishes to know something, and this something I propose to give in another communication if you should find this worty of place in your columns.

SECOND LETTER.

William Browning, eldest son of Meshach, was a prominent and respectable man in his day and county—county commissioner, justice of the peace, and candidate for the legislature. He died a year or two ago, aged seventy-five years. He left a large family of children, a number of sons, among them Richard L., late a member of the legislature from Garrett, and last fall candidate for clerk of his county. He was a Union soldier in the late war, and was severely wounded at Lynchburg. He lived on the old Browning homestead, near Yough river. William inherited his father's hunting traits, and was very expert with the rifle, at the target and game as well.

John Lynn, the next oldest son, is a prosperous farmer on Deep Creek, the famous trout stream of olden times. He was some years ago county commissioner for Allegany county, before it was divided. He, too, is something of a Nimrod. For long years he has carried a maimed hand from a terrible cut from a butcher knife in a life-and-death struggle with a bear in the cliffs of Meadow Mountain. He was victorious in the fight, but with a crippled member for life. James is an amiable, well-to-do farmer in Preston county, West Virginia; and Allen has for many years resided in the State of Missouri, and "comes in" every few years, when a friendly family reunion takes place, which is always large and cordial. The violin and dancing are always the feature of these celebrations; and, by the way, the Brownings are almost intuitively fiddlers. This trait extends to some of the females of the family. It is no uncommon thing to see a full string band at Oakland of the family.

Thomas, the fifth son, lives on Muddy Creek nine miles from Oakland, where a dam and house were built for the benefit of trout fishers. I spent a week there some years ago with the late Dr. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Wm. Walsh and Judge Hamill. The catch of trout was not large, but the enjoyment was complete. Tom is a good, strong, decided fellow, well liked, with many friends. His friendship is decided and well worth having, and his enmity is not by any means to be courted. He was not in the late war, but some years ago he told me his experience in a short campaign. The rebel army in the summer of 1861 was on its retreat from Horse Shoe along the North Western turnpike, when Tom fell in with the pursuing army. At first he said he was a little timid, but he had not gone many miles till, as he said "there was no h—if he did not feel as anxious to catch a rebel as he used to be to tree a bear."

We now come to Jerre, the Joseph of the family, (youngest,) a ruddy lad of about fifty summers, modest and gentlemanly in his deportment. He lives in a very cosy house about twelve miles from Oakland on the N. W. turnpike, with an amiable wife, and several intelligent and well-bred daughters and other children. Here, too, the hunting traits of the family crop out. I stopped there last summer—Jerre was at Blackwater with some artists showing them the bold scenes of that rugged region; but nearly the first thing that caught the eye, mounted at a conspicuous place, was a fine pair of buck horns; then an old-fashioned rifle looped up to the side of one of the rooms of the house, and in another place more modern fire arm. I hope no one's taste will be offended by the mentioning of a coincidence which is now recalled. Jerre is just the same age of the writer, and, like him, the youngest of eleven children, and one wing of his name removed will leave something very much like our own.

The five daughters of Meshach were all married, all having children. Three died since the death of their father. The old patriarch was prolific in children—grand and great grand—and perhaps another degree remote, but my enquirer must pardon me for not giving names or numbers. My powers of computation will not enable me. I respectfully refer him to the work of the United States census, which will be effected in next month.

There are certain identical traits of character pervading the whole family, viz: fondness of the rifle, music and dancing; strong social qualities and outdoor occupations and amusements. Only a few years ago John L. spent a whole autumn in the famous Black Wilderness, at Fairfax stone, herding a lot of swine. His habitation was a little log hut within the range of the scream of the panther, growl of the bear and other "*warmints*." But he said the nightly hootings of the awful owl were the most unbearable of all. However, at the end of the beech-nut season John emerged from this dense jungle with all his fatlings intact, looking sleek and nice, much more so than the owner, on account of his long seclusion.

I have said the Brownings are strong and decided in all their social relations. While this is so they are also strong and decided in another direction. They are quite ready to resent an injury, and if any suppose they are not let them wrongfully appropriate an acre of their ground or maliciously chop down a wind-shaken tree. He will see some one on horseback going towards Oakland in a hurry to see brother Veitch, Hamill, or Peddicord, or perhaps all of them, and if it be an aggravated case, a retainer may be slipped into the pocket of some veteran of the Allegany bar.

Now, Mr. Tomkins, I believe I have answered the inquiries at the head of these two articles, as far as it lies in my power to do so.

J. B.

Cumberland's New Industry.

The work of constructing the furnace and buildings for the glass works is progressing rapidly and it is expected that the works will be in operation by the first of August next, after which the other furnaces will be pushed along as rapidly as possible.

The first lot of pots will be imported direct from Stambridge, England, but the superintendent informs us that the company proposes to engage the services of a first-class pot maker, and make their own upon the premises. This will add to the number of skilled work men already calculated upon, among whom will be several engravers, as a specialty of the house is in the line of fine cut and engraved goblets, decanters, bottles and vases.

There will be no green glass bottles or window-glass manufactured in the present works as the wares handled by the house are all of the finest flint glass. For the benefit of interested parties we will state there is no question as to quantity, quality or availability of sand for the making of such glass as may be required in carrying on the already established New York house.—*Cumb. News*

Agricultural Implements at Davis & Townshend's.

The Champion Mower and Reaper takes the lead and is used not only in the United States but in foreign countries. The frame is made of the best wrought iron. Tables of field trials show it to be about 40 per cent. lighter in draft than most other machines in use. The bolt and arrangement by which the pitman is attached to the knife heel prevents any lost motion, and if for no other reason, this should cause the farmer to prefer the Champion. For durability, lightness of draft and ease of operating we claim it is excelled by none. Many testimonials might be given from purchasers in our county, among which we have the following:

OAKLAND, May 1880.

Messrs. Davis & Townshend:—I used the new Champion Mower, bought of you last year, with perfect satisfaction, cutting bottom grass, deadened by drouth and frost; also a steep hillside. Nothing broke during the season.

PETER F. NINE.

OAKLAND, May, 1880.

Messrs. Davis & Townshend:—The new Champion Mowers we bought of you last year, gave entire satisfaction. We recommend it to others.

FRED GORTNER.
MRS. A. WONDERLY,
ABRAHAM SPIKER.

We are also agents for the celebrated Thomas Hay Rake, which is justly styled "King of the meadow." It can be worked by any child that can drive a horse; It possesses valuable modern improvements. Persons wishing to buy these articles should attend to it soon, as the supply often runs short near the close of the season.

The South Bend Chilled Plow, at the late grand field trial in New Jersey, came out ahead in quality of work and lightness of draft. Twelve of the most prominent plows were in the contest, including the Diamond Iron, Gale and Oliver chilled.

All of these valuable articles we are prepared to furnish on fair terms, and warrant them to do good work.

Our stock of merchadise is complete and prices as low as any in town for the same quality of goods.

Highest cash prices paid for wool.

2t. DAVIS & TOWNSHEND.

—Sunday last the Pleasant Valley Sunday School elected Messrs. J. A. Wise and Clark Deberry as delegates, and Miss Mollie Hessen and Chas. W. Ervin as alternates to the Grantsville Sunday School Convention.

How Our M. C.'s Are Worried by Their Constituents.

A WASHINGTON letter to *Harper's Bazar* says:

Every one who has been in the same boarding-house or hotel with a Representative or Senator has doubtless observed the appalling amount of mail matter he daily receives. Appalling, because it is no light task to open and read so many letters, even if the M. C. does not propose to answer all of them, and most of them necessitate some reply. But this is not all: the majority of them relate to business matters to which constituents insist the M. C. shall give his personal attention, and to do so he must spend several hours each day in attending to matters which legitimately belong to the province of claim, pension, or patent agents. But the constituent has no mercy, and evidently regards his vote, past or prospective, as a retaining fee, rendering it obligatory on his Representative or the Senator from his State to attend to the prosecution of any claim he may have before the Executive Departments. One M. C., on returning from the House, finds an enormous box, which has arrived by express during his absence, and on which the clerk of the hotel where he lives has paid five dollars express charges. On examination this proves to be the model for a patent which one of the M. C.'s constituents wishes to secure. Next day comes a letter from the constituent, who is a man in comfortable circumstances, saying that he understands that it costs twenty-five dollars to get out a patent, and as he is a little short of money, he desires "his" member to advance him that amount, and secure the patent, and he will repay the loan some time, but says nothing in apology for sending the model with express charges unpaid.

Taking a peep, by permission, over an M. C.'s shoulder, as he reads his mail, we see he has forty letters which have arrived that day. There are four or five applications for pensions; as many more requests to secure a clerkship in Washington, or appointment to office at home or in the consular and diplomatic service; several petitions to have postal routes changed, or one postmaster dismissed and another appointed. Others want lengthy explanations of the census law.

One man writes for a number of books, printed at Government expense and franked, to be sent him, which, if sent, would fill a whole express car. He specifies some, and winds up by adding, "and all other volumes published at Government expense." This demand is made by one who argues that "we tax-payers have a right to these books, as we pay for them;" but if one investigates the amount of taxes usually paid by those making such requisitions, they will be found possessed of little or no taxable property.

Another, who lives in a city and probably does not own or lease a patch of ground large enough to grow any thing therein, fills a page of foolscap with the names of plants and seeds he wishes sent him. As no Senator or Representative now has seeds to distribute, an application for them necessitates two letters from the recipient, one referring the matter to the Commissioner of Agriculture, another informing the applicant that his letter has been so referred.

A man who has been at work on a Government building in a Western city writes that he fell from it and injured himself severely, and wishes his member to demand from the Government damages and a pension on account of his wounds. Of course this compels an answer, explaining that neither pensions nor damages are paid by the Government under the given conditions.

The applicants for pensions offer every variety of reason why they should receive them, but certainly the man who preferred that which is about to be quoted has had no rival in this line. He recently wrote to an M. C. asking that a pension be procured for him, as he had served in the United States army during the Mexican War. The reply was that pensions were not given save to those who had been disabled in consequence of wounds or illness contracted while in the service and line of duty. To this the applicant promptly responded, no whit disconcerted, and evidently with no suspicion that his claim was a preposterous one. He wrote that he had not been wounded, or suffered from severe illness, but that he "was scared nearly to death at Buena Vista," and he thought the Government ought to give him something for the agony endured then.

Chinese Country Journeyings.

"WOULD you like to go to the country with us again?" asked Dr. B., as he came in one November afternoon. The proposal was gladly accepted, and, packing a supply of bedding and other necessary articles in two Chinese baskets, just enough for a coolie load, for we have no baggage wagons here, we prepared for an early start that we might take advantage of the morning tide. As we passed out through the gate the sun was just lighting up with glory the top of old Kushan, our mountain sentinel, and soon down through the mists of the valley extended long, rosy lines of light. At first the streets seemed almost deserted, but as we neared the fish-market we found it difficult to make our way through the narrow street and the mass of human beings, crowding, scolding, screaming, bargaining, over the baskets of fish ranged on both sides.

Before seven o'clock we stowed away in a little sampan, and wind and tide and oars all helped to hasten us on our way. Soon after noon we reached the village of Lampwor, where we were to make our headquarters. We found the people in the midst of their rice harvest, and more than usually busy. Instead of the fresh green which was just sprouting all over the flooded lands when we saw them seven months ago, was now the ripened grain, the sheaves, in the distance, closely resembling wheat. Here and there in the fields stood the native threshing-machines, very simple affairs—large square boxes, which a man could turn over his head and move from place to place at convenience. Around and above three sides of each box was fastened a sort of curtain to protect the grain from waste, and over the edge of the fourth a man beat violently a sheaf of grain, letting the kernels fall into the box.

This is slow work to be sure, but perseverance conquers where invention fails. Along the paths which intersect these fields we met men carrying, suspended from each end of a pole, a heavy basket of the threshed grain, which, after being fanned, is poured in almost any level place upon large strips of matting, where men and women wade back and forth through it, spreading it evenly with their feet that it may be dried by the sun. How much the Chinese depend upon their rice western nations can hardly realize; it is more to them than bread to us. In its different stages, it is known by four different names: While growing in the fields they call it *teu;* after it is threshed, *chioh;* the hull being removed it changes to *mi*, and bolting converts it into *pwong*.

We crossed the rice plains one evening and climbed the rocky hill-side to gather maiden's-hair ferns and breathe the fresh, invigorating air. On the opposite side of the plain, behind the misty mountains, the sun was sinking in a cloudless sky. Close beside us a merry brook was tumbling over the stones, and very sweet and homelike was the gentle music of its voice, so unlike the noisy clamor of the crowded masses of humanity by which we are so often surrounded that silence and solitude are rare luxuries. Almost everywhere, as we went among the people, we were cordially received. We sat with them in their dark, untidy houses, or on the broad, flat stones outside where they were caring for the grain, and between their curious questions found opportunity to weave in the grand truths of redemption through His blood, who came to bear the burdens of the heavy-laden and give the weary rest.

We entered a house one day at the invitation of its occupant. Quite near the door stood a bedstead, and between it and the wall she led us through a narrow passage to another room. In this passage-way lay stretched at his ease a large black pig. He seemed annoyed at the unusual commotion, and a little inclined to dispute our right to thus disturb his slumbers, but before he had decided what course to pursue, we crowded past him and went on our way. One can become accustomed to almost any thing.

As we approached a house a little outside the village one morning, we caught sight of a bridal chair, a sedan covered with bright red cloth and heavily ornamented. In the yard before the house were perhaps a hundred people, most of them seated at little tables and partaking of the wedding feast. We declined their invitation to eat with them, and went our way, as the bride had not arrived, the chair being prepared to send to her home, some miles distant, whence she was to be brought on the following day.

In the afternoon we saw the bridegroom, preceded by a boy beating a gong, on his way to sacrifice to the "mother goddess" and thank her for preserving him from childhood to his wedding day. We called at the house again after the bride's arrival and found large numbers of guests still there. The festivities continue several days, and the ceremony of marriage embraces various forms, worshiping the parents, the tablets of deceased ancestors, heaven and earth, etc. In the darkest corner of the room, at the foot of the bed, stood the bride dressed in gay garments of bright red cloth, with beautiful flowers and ornaments in her hair. Poor little girl! she looked hardly more than fifteen years of age, but such a sad and frightened face made our hearts ache for her, alone among strangers, all unconscious of what her future life might bring.

Oh, these cruel heathen marriage customs of China! Betrothed often in early childhood, or paid for, a few years later, according to her personal beauty or the smallness of her feet, perhaps never seeing her husband till the marriage day, oh, what anxious forebodings must fill the mind of a Chinese girl! The mother-in-law often rules the household with a rod of iron, and the husband may, if dissatisfied with his wife, sell her, or if able to support two, force her to yield her place to a stranger. And only so far as the Gospel remolds the hearts of this people will these heathen customs give way. God grant that the day so slowly dawning, may soon break in mildday brightness upon these our brothers and sisters, the millions of China!—*Foochow (China) Letter to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Profits of Cotton Raising.

ADVANTAGEOUS as it would be for the South to diversify its agriculture by making grain, grass and roots important accessories to their leading staple, it must be difficult to impress the importance of the fact upon planters as long as the immediate profits of cotton-growing continue to be what they are claimed to be. A South Carolina planter states that the whole cost of planting and cultivating an acre of cotton and ginning the product and delivering it on a railroad is about $11. The average yield per acre in the South is 191 pounds, so that the cost of raising it is about 5 3-4 cents. Last season the planters in that State sold their crops at an average of 11 1-4 cents, making a profit of 5 1-2 cents a pound, which, computed on an estimated crop of 5,000,000 bales, of 450 pounds each, gives an aggregate profit of $124,000,000. It is hard to persuade Southern farmers to reduce their plantings of a staple that yields such large profits as this, and always sells for cash, and turn a share of their attention to crops whose profits are smaller; and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that planters, encouraged by the good prices of the last season, are preparing to raise a larger crop than ever before. In South Carolina they are making arrangements to plant half as much more ground than they did last year, and the same may be said of the rich Lower Mississippi cotton region, where the yield per acre is double that of South Carolina.—*St. Louis Republican.*

AT a school in Emanuel County, Ga., there are a gentleman and son in the same class. This gentleman is a well-to-do farmer, who was a merchant a few years ago, but he felt the need of an education, and says he is now determined to learn to read at least.

PITH AND POINT.

A MAN without a dollar to his name counts as much with the census-taker as a millionaire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SEASICK man is not rabid, but the passengers would feel more comfortable all around if he could be sea-cured—*Boston Advertiser.*

A MAN can not properly fit himself for life in another world without being tolerably decent in this world.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AT a recent election at New Rochelle, N. Y., for School Director, for which women appeared at the polls. The milliners probably held their spring openings on that day.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

THE Detroit *Free Press* talks about "a hen which will loaf around on top of a nest full of eggs for the best part of a month." If the *Free Press* man thinks it's merely fun to sit on a dozen of eggs, let him try it once.—*Boston Post.*

TWO Boston men put $1,000 apiece into a patent medicine business; and found, after the flight of the third partner with the money, that the stock consisted of neatly papered and labeled blocks of wood.

A BOSTON lawyer told another lawyer, who asked him a question, that he usually received pay for his advice. "Then," said lawyer No. 1, extending fifty cents, "tell me all you know and give me back the change."—*Albany Law Journal.*

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says it has, without Edison's aid, discovered the talkaphone, which is a pretty piece of machinery, about five feet five inches high, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, and runs until eleven o'clock Sunday evening.

THE country politician who, when at home, cuts bread with his jack-knife and rubs out pencil marks with the toe of an old Arctic rubber, is the first man, when he goes to Congress, to find fault with the fine stationery.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SOME admiring poet said of his best girl: "Upon her face a thousand dimples smile for me." Which only adds more emphasis to the adage: "Love is blind." How like the mischief a girl would look with a thousand dimples on her face. The poet must have meant freckles.—*New Haven Register.*

THE other day a boy on South Hill yelled so loud that he loosened all his hair at the roots, and when the frightened neighbors rushed in to see what the murder was about they found he was only calling to another boy, standing just on the other side of a marble ring about six inches wide.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE DOG'S DIRGE.—
His bark is on the sea,
And from pain he'll soon be free,
Nor much longer shall he chant his every-day whine;
His body's getting frail,
And thereon doth hang a tail,
For he's bound for the happy land of canine.
—*Hackensack Republican.*

THE English language is rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is "out of a job;" a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic gets work, the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes" practice.—*Philadelphia News.*

Dime Novel Heroes.

FOUR small boys started last week for Texas to hunt buffaloes and fight Indians, and had quite a spirited journey until they reached Pier Twenty, East River, when sundry policemen took pity on the hunted red man, also the nation's few remaining buffaloes, and so changed the party's plans that Texas is not likely to be as rich in valor as it might have been. Other venturesome souls, equally youthful, have started West on similar errands; indeed, they have been so numerous that their fancies and experiences no longer raise a laugh; on the contrary, they arouse sentiments that are any thing but facetious. Nine-tenths of our American boys are allowed to select their own reading matter, and they may be depended upon to buy whatever, within their means, is most exciting. Generally they find it in serial publications, the contributors to which seem to imagine that nothing short of the sight of gore—that of an Indian preferred—can fully satisfy juvenile longings, so scores of stories are published which no parent, no matter however much he admires bravery, would allow his boys to read did he know what they were. Boys demand spirited stories, and should have them; but are none of the writers alluded to able to bid adieu to the Indian for a little while and "work up" some of the actual adventure of every day life in respectable neighborhoods and among people who are not wholly vulgar and unprincipled? Stories just as exciting and strong may be made from such material, and boyish longings for heroic lives may thus be fostered without recourse to dishonesty or brutality—without destroying promising young lives and breaking mothers' hearts.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Man's Home Kingdom.

THE dearest and purest pleasures are those which have their rise in the family. No man is more proudly happy than he who carries over the consciousness that there is within his reach one supreme spot where he is the most welcome guest of all the world; whose daily coming is a festival event in his little kingdom, and whose going forth is the withdrawal of home of the sunshine that warms the living blossoms rooted in that genial soil. The contemplation of such a kingdom stirs within the soul emotions that respond to no other bidding. Never to have known the thrill of those emotions is to have lived an incomplete life. Very deep down in every man's heart is one note that remains forever mute until the child's voice crying "Father" sets it in vibration. The strongest link of human love is forged for no woman who does not bend in strange and wondering joy over the babe that has come to her through doubt and pang. These—mother, father, babe—are the true and holy triune of earth; the materialized soul of Love; the all gracious Spirit of Home. Let us offer sacrifice to them and bow unto them in adoration.—"*Signor Max,*" *in Detroit Free Press.*

GENERAL.

HERBERT SPENCER has publicly stated himself to be strongly opposed to compulsory vaccination.

M. DE FREYCINET, the pilot of the French ship of State, is a practical engineer. He used to be a railroad man.

A BERKS COUNTY (Pa.) cat caught seventeen young chickens in one day, and was shot with the eighteenth in its mouth.

IN one house in Wilton, Conn., reside a boy, his father, grandfather, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandfather.

THE City of Ottawa, Canada, complains of hard times. There are said to be seven hundred vacant tenements there.

A FURNISHED house in Philadelphia has been presented to Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, and he will make that city his home.

JAMES FISK, of Brattleboro, Vt., father of the late James Fisk, Jr., intends soon to begin a tour through the country with a tent and show.

JAY GOULD has purchased, on the Hudson, the magnificent white marble mansion of the George Merritt estate, a short distance south of Tarrytown, for $275,000.

LONDON has just commenced to paint the names of streets on the corner lamps, and a share of the public growl about it as "another of them new-fangled American notions."

MRS. R. M. BOLTON, who lately died in Booneville, Ky., was married in Virginia at the age of thirteen, and has living descendants numbering over 140 persons.

THE Empress of Russia is fifty-six years old, was married at the age of seventeen, and is the mother of seven children—six sons and one daughter—the last being the Duchess of Edinburgh.

ONE of the largest lumps of solid gold ever seen in San Francisco, and now on exhibition, is about fourteen inches long by seven in width, and six in height. Its value was estimated at $55,000.

THE wholesale lager beer brewers of New York have decided to advance the price of beer from eight to nine dollars a barrel. The increase in the price of hops, malt, ice, and other materials, the brewers say, has compelled this advance.

IRA CURTIS, an oysterman of New Haven, Conn., has taken more than sixty drowned and drowning persons from the water. He makes a careful study of currents and eddies for the purpose of seeking bodies. He has received almost no compensation for his services.

THE coffee and sugar industries of Mexico, it is confidently expected by importers of those stables, will be immensely profited by the construction of the Mexican Central Railway. American consumers will also reap an advantage from the formidable competition thus opened with the chief products of Cuba and Brazil.

THE cold winter has done great damage to the exotics in the public gardens of Paris. Over 10,000 trees and shrubs have been wholly or partly killed in the Champs Elysees, 100,000 must be replaced in the Bois de Boulogne, and the new park at the Trocadero must be entirely replanted. The sum of $200,000 will hardly pay for the damage done.

A REPORT to the British Colonial Office from Labuan contains an account of the edible birds' nests included among the articles imported there for export to Singapore. These nests are found in the walls of caverns in limestone and sandstone hills, the greater part coming from the east coast of Borneo. The nests are known in the trade as white, red and black. They are produced by a species of swallow. The white are of a semi-transparent white substance resembling isinglass or gelatine. The red are supposed to be made by the same bird at a different season of the year. The white fetch $11.25, the "eatty," the red $5, the black $1.

A MEMBER of the New York Assembly, named Wren, formerly an actor, declares that the day before Lincoln's assassination he got into a quarrel with John Wilkes Booth and agreed to fight a duel next day. In the morning he met Booth, who made a gesture as if he intended to draw on him, to which Wren responded by seizing his pistol with the idea of shooting Booth by firing his pistol while still in his pocket. But Booth extended his hand and apologized for his conduct the day before. Wren thinks that the salvation of Mr. Lincoln's life depended upon that brief moment that morning; and that but for Booth's change in his mood toward him, he, instead of Mr. Lincoln, would have died that day.

CAPTAIN CHASE, of Portland, Me., is regarded as ordinarily a trutbful man. He commands the brig Ysidora Rionda, and writes from Matanzas that he has seen a sea serpent. "It was a few minutes before noon," he says, "when I saw, about two hundred yards ahead of us, the monster rear his head and part of his body, about fifty feet in all—its head being about sixteen feet out of water, at an angle of about sixteen degrees—and suddenly dip it again, which operation it repeated three times ere I lost sight of it. Judging from the portion which I saw, the animal could not have been less than one hundred feet long, and about the size of a molasses bogshead in the middle. Its head and jaws had a flat, square appearance, and by no means an inviting look for a very near approach."

THE number of different kinds of postage stamps which have been hitherto issued all over the world is estimated, in round numbers, at six thousand. Among them are to be found the effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke, six princes, one princess and a great number of presidents, etc. Some of the stamps bear coats of arms and other emblems, as crowns, the papal keys, and tiara, anchors, eagles, lions, horses, stars, serpents, railway trains, horsemen, messengers, etc. The collection preserved in the Museum of the Berlin post-offices included, on July 1, 1879, 4,498 specimens of different postage stamps. Of these, 2,462 were from Europe, 441 from Asia, 251 from Africa, 1,143 from America and 201 from Australia.

Our Young Folks.

JOE.

BRIGHT brown eyes and tangled hair,
Rosy cheek beneath the tan,
Fearless head on shoulders square—
That is Joe, the little man,
Helping mother all he can.

Father is away at sea
(Oh, the vessel tarries long!):
Lonely would the cottage be,
Many a weary day go wrong,
But for Joe, with shout and song.

Rough the weather, fierce the gales,
Wild the nights upon the shore:
Oft the dear wife's courage fails,
When she hears the billows roar,
Lest her sailor come no more.

Joe, with lion heart and leal,
Tells her it is safe outside;
That like deep sea does not feel
All the troubles of the tide;
That the good ship safe will ride.

Mother heeds her comforter:
He is only eight years old,
But his earnest words to her
Are as rubies set in gold—
Precious with a worth untold.
—*Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE STORY OF A SATURDAY.

THE place where we first met our hero is a grass-plat about twenty feet square, bordered on one side by a barn so weather-beaten that it looks black, on another by the clothes-line, and on the third by a path. The fourth side was filled up by a pile of apple-tree wood. Upon a large limb, gnarled and twisted, and with dried leaves and the remains of what had once been pink-tinted apple blossoms, sat General Scott.

A queer position for the renowned military individual, did you say? Well, *this* General was a little ten-year-old boy named *Scott* by his grandfather, an admirer of the original Winfield. The rest of the family had, by common consent, dubbed him "The General."

I said he was about ten years old, didn't I? Yes. Well, imagine a boy of that age, with black eyes, nut-brown complexion, ruddy cheeks, and with head closely cropped, after the manner of the lads of the day—to say nothing of State Prison convicts. So you have my hero. His uniform was not much to speak of. It consisted of a blue-checked shirt, a pair of brown trousers, worn to a light snuff-color about the knees, and a hat which had little crown and less brim. The only things warlike in the surroundings were the little ax leaning against the chopping-stump, and the pair of red flannel underdrawers dangling from the clothes-line with a flag-of-defiance air.

As for the General, at the time of which I speak he was deeply engaged in the soul-absorbing labor of taking a chip between his toes and laying it upon the chopping-block. Several times he had tried this, but with no success. At last the grimy toes deposited the chip upon the block, and the brown legs crossed themselves complacently. Their owner then drew from out his pocket a bit of maple sugar, which he began to munch with great gusto. Just then a voice from the neighboring white house called out, "*Scott!*" The maple sugar, now reduced to a mass of stickiness, was hastily tucked into one side of his mouth, and, in a voice exceedingly liquid, the General replied, "Ma'am!"

"Have you split any of the wood yet?" and the questioner, a small, slight woman, with snowy hair and gentle, brown eyes, came down the path and paused by the chopping-block. "Why are you not working?" continued the little woman, "You've been out here a quarter of an hour, and not a blow have I heard you strike."

The General's black brows contracted. "I don't care!" he said, angrily. "I can *never* get this hateful pile split—it's no use trying!"

"You might have had it done long ago had you not played with the boys so much."

"Well, Jack Hazard and Billy McEvoy don't have to split wood—not even kindlings!" in injured tones.

"The wood is not hard to chop, and I think it much better for a boy to have a little employment than to idle away his time."

"I'm sure I go to school, grandma!"

"Yes, but surely one hour's work on Saturday will not injure you, and that is all the work you have to do that day," said the old lady, kindly. Then, as the General's face still looked sullen, she continued: "My dear, do you think that you would be perfectly happy if you had a Saturday all to yourself—without doing a single chore?"

"Rather guess I would!" emphatically.

"Then I will give you next Saturday, upon one condition—that, as you are to do nothing for any one, no one is to do anything for you. Do you agree?"

"Of course. But can I really do just what I want, and go where I please?"

"Yes, provided you do nothing absolutely rash."

"Goody!" And the General turned a somersault and uttered a war-whoop that made his grandma's ears ring.

The next saturday dawned bright and clear. But Scott didn't rise very early. He lay a long time in his little white bed, making plans for the day's enjoyment.

"Grandma said I might do just as I please, so I'm a-going to stay in bed as long as I want to. How jolly, not to hear Hannah yell out, 'Scott! get up!'"

After awhile, however, the gnawings of hunger began to be felt, and he arose and dressed himself.

"We 'most always have muffins, ham and eggs on Saturday," he said, as he went down-stairs, smacking his lips in anticipation. Entering the dining-room, what was his surprise to find the breakfast things cleared away, and the table covered with its customary Turkey red spread. Going out on the porch, he found his grandmother sewing.

"Good-morning"! she said, pleasantly.

"Good-mornin'. Where's breakfast, grandma?"

"Breakfast? O, we had that long ago."

"But is it all cleared away?"

"I presume so. I heard Hannah washing the dishes a little while ago," quietly.

"But can't I have anything to eat?" in aggrieved tones.

"Yes"

"Then I'll have Hannah fix me something on the kitchen table—no, I'll have her bring it out on the piazza, it'll be so much more pleasant," said the General, starting for the kitchen. But his grandmother called him back, saying:

"No, you must remember that you're not to ask any one to do anything for you to-day."

The little lad looked crestfallen.

"Well," he said, striving to speak unconcernedly. "O! that's so. But then I can fix something for myself easy enough," and he departed for the kitchen, pondering the question as to what he should prepare for breakfast. Now, his great-grandmother was a French lady, and perhaps it was from her that he inherited the taste for *omelette*. And on this particular morning he determined to regale himself with that dish. But how to make it, he didn't know. He had always seen them come on the table light and flaky, and tinted a delicious golden-brown. He studied the receipt-book, and, when confident that he had mastered its mysteries, he marshaled the flour, eggs and milk, and proceeded to jumble them together in what he considered a very professional manner. He turned the yellow mass into the frying-pan and waited the results. The fire was brisk, and pretty soon there was a suspicious smell of something burning. The General thought that perhaps he had better turn the omelette, and he endeavored to do this with the dexterous flop that Hannah always practiced, but, sad to say, the batter stuck to the iron, and the little boy found that he had made a grave mistake in not greasing the frying-pan before he had poured the mixture into it. Part of the omelette was burnt, part uncooked, and the General heard Hannah giggle as he dished up the unsavory mess. He then proceeded to broil a piece of beefsteak. He had pounded it nicely, and had left it for a moment, while he attended to his coffee, which was boiling over, when suddenly Lady Jane Grey, the Maltese kitten, jumped up on the table and leaped out of the window—the piece of steak in her mouth!

"Mysterious monkey!" cried the General, angrily. He always said that when greatly excited. Somehow it seemed to him to be an awful imprecation.

Well, he toasted some bread, and with that, the coffee and "omelette," managed to make out a breakfast. Having finished, he grabbed his hat and was about to bound out of the door, when Hannah turned around, quietly saying, "Your grandma said that you was to clean up your breakfast things—cooking dishes and all." Scott stood aghast. The numerous dishes with yellow batter dried on, the frying pan stuck full of bits of burnt omelette, did, indeed, present a formidable array. Nevertheless, puckering his lips together, he began to whistle "Captain Jinks," and set sturdily to work at dish-washing. It was a whole hour before he started for the woods. Billy McEvoy, his schoolmate accompanied him. Both boys were brim full of plans for a day of delight. They were going to play "Ingin." This consisted of building a wigwam of hemlock bows, making a fire and roasting potatoes in the ashes. The most warlike feature of this savage life consisted in catching the little silvery minnows darting in the brook, or in firing stones at stray squirrels and chipmunks. A day thus spent was always one of much joy to Scott, but on this occasion he didn't feel as happy as usual. Billy McEvoy wanted his own way about everything, and they had one or two quarrels. Then Scott burned his fingers when building the fire, and, added to this, the hemlock wigwam tumbled down and one of the sticks hurt his head. Later, when they had the fire nicely burning, and their dinner cozily cooking in the ashes, the sky suddenly clouded and the rain came pouring down. The boys had to run for the barn. Reaching it they made plans for the afternoon's enjoyment. Scott asked his grandpa to put up a swing. "No!" said grandpa. "You're the boy that can get along without favors from any one, so don't bother me with your swings!"

They didn't have much fun after that, and pretty soon Mr. McEvoy's hired man came over to take Billy home. In an hour the sun came out bright and clear. Grandma and grandpa started for a ride over to the village, to buy their weekly groceries. Then General wanted to go along, for he had five cents, with which to buy fire-crackers; but he didn't dare ask grandpa, for fear of getting another rebuff. So he lolled around the house, wishing that he had some work to do, but ashamed to ask. He bursted a button from off his trousers, and tried to sew it on. He made bungling work of it, and grandma smiled when she saw it sewed on with blue embroidery silk! He cut his finger, and had to bind it up. He had to part his hair himself, and finally made up his mind that other folks beside himself were of use in the world. He was glad when night came, and he could go to bed. As he took his lamp and started to leave the room, his grandma gave him a quizzical, yet kindly look from over her spectacles, saying:

"Have you had a pleasant day?"

"Meanest day ever was!" quotb the General.

"Let no man live unto himself!" said grandma, and, kissing him tenderly, she bade him good-night.

And now comes the strangest part of my story. Monday morning, when Hannah arose for her weekly washing, she found her tub filled with fresh rain-water. "Massy me! Who could have been so obligin'?" she muttered. Then she added, in tones of intense surprise, as she glanced out of the back-door: "And I do believe it's the General! And if he ain't chopping away at that air wood-pile too!"—*Mary E. Quackenbush, in Christian at Work.*

IN the struggle to capture a party of colonists bound for Kansas by two rival railroad passenger agents at Rochester, N. Y., the fare was reduced from $30.61 to $5, one agent selling ninety-three tickets and the other forty-four.

A NEW press censor has been appointed in Russia through the exertions of Melikoff. He is described as independent and liberal-minded, and his selection is looked upon as an important achievement.

HOME AND FARM.

KETTLES and stew-pans should be washed outside as well as inside.

SAGE leaves in small quantity make an excellent addition to tea.

SOAP-SUDS and soapy water supply the manure for garden soils.

AN oyster shell put into a teakettle will prevent its becoming furred.

LEMON juice will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats and flies.

COLD potatoes mashed with peas, make an excellent and light peas pudding.

HONEY and castor oil mixed are excellent for the asthmatic. A teaspoonful night and morning.

THE white of one egg, beaten to a froth with a little butter, is a good substitute for cream in coffee.

CLOTHES-LINES should be well wiped and taken down after each wash. Gutta percha lines are the best.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, two cups of rye flour, a little salt and a teaspoonful of soda. Steam three hours and then brown in oven.

GINGER-BREAD.—One cup molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of boiling water, tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of soda and flour sufficient to roll out.

OF the multitude of new and old flowers, the rose is still the favorite and the queen, and the tea roses may be said to give more universal pleasure than any other variety. Plant the most hardy kind.

AS A rule, the size of the seed will indicate the depth to plant it, starting with the smallest at one-half inch, such as celery, parsnips, etc.; while peas and beans may be put one and a half inches deep.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—To one large cocoanut, grated, add the whites of eight eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two spoonfuls of rose water; bake it in paste.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Take five eggs, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, add as much potato, previously boiled, as will thicken it, the juice and grated peel of one lemon.

BEEF TEA.—Beef tea for the sick is made by boiling a tender steak nicely, seasoning it with pepper and salt, cutting it up and pouring water over it, not quite boiling; put in a little water at a time and let it soak the goodness out; then heat it hot.

THE Ontario Fruit-Growers' Association agreed that the yellows in peach trees is a contagious disease, and that every tree showing signs of the disease should be rooted up and burnt. They favored steps being taken by the Government to stamp out the disease.

SPINACH.—Look over carefully, pick the leaves from the stem, wash, cook twenty minutes in salted water, drain, chop fine, return to the fire, season with butter, pepper and salt, press into a hot mold or bowl, turn out and garnish with sliced egg.

NICE APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, halve and quarter tart apples and put into a baking dish. Cover with a thick layer of white sugar, grate over a little nutmeg and cover with a plate. Set into a pan containing hot water and bake in a good oven until the pieces are clear and tender.

THE quality of the feed improves the quality of the milk, but only by slow and persistent efforts can this be done with the average cow, and it may be considered useless to try and make a Jersey out of a Holstein by feeding her cornmeal, nor can a Jersey be made a Holstein by feeding straw alone.

TO PRESERVE CARPETS.—Carpets should be shaken often. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. But do not sweep them oftener than is absolutely necessary. Take a brush and dust-ing-pan and remove the dirt in this way, and your carpets will wear enough longer to pay for your labor.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—One can of preserved salmon—drain off the liquor; yelks of two eggs; one raw egg; one-half cup bread-crumbs; tablespoonful of butter; pepper and salt. Mince the fish, add the powdered yelks, the raw egg, the butter, then the crumbs and seasoning. Form into egg-like cakes, roll in flour and fry in sweet lard, or lard and butter.

THE smell of onions and other odors can be removed from kettles and saucepans. Put some wood-ashes into the utensil, add boiling water and let it stand a short time on the back part of the stove. Or if you have no wood-ashes, use potash, soda or concentrated lye with water, then wash in hot suds. All cooking utensils in which onions, cabbage or turnips have been cooked should be thus cleansed.

Soiling Stock.

IT is not the object of this article to set forth the benefit derived from this manner of feeding as much as to bring it to notice, and mention some of the most useful plants for raising green crops. Soiling cattle is a practice that ought to be more universal, especially among the small farmers of the country. We are glad to know that it is gradually coming into favor, as those who have once practiced it are ever after its warmest advocates. Many of the most liberal feeders have adopted it, and cling to it with tenacity. It is really surprising to see how much green fodder a cow will stuff down when fed at night in her stall, even after a long day's feed in a luxuriant pasture—to say nothing about the quantity consumed if the pasturage is a little short, either from too close cropping or drought. As a means of maintaining the flow of milk during the grazing season it is invaluable, and while it keeps the flow up to or above the regular standard, it never diminishes the quality, but rather improves it, and in the change from the pasture to the barn, during the fall, there is no system which so thoroughly bridges over the chasm. It utilizes many a piece of land, that would otherwise, for a certain length of time, be forced to remain idle, thereby producing a crop of weeds, the seeds of which will spring up at some future time proving a detriment to whatever crop may occupy the ground.

Now is the time to form the plans for the coming season, and in so doing let us note briefly some of the best plants for our purpose. However, those who practice the system, and are its warmest advocates, commenced operations last fall by putting in a crop of winter rye, which will yield them a good supply, and be out of the way in time for some other crop on the same land during the coming season. If the ground was plowed and prepared last fall, a crop can be put in right away, and a good crop secured in advance of almost every thing else. Using spring rye as the stock, with which mix a liberal supply of clover seed, and it will yield a good crop of rowen in the fall, and two crops of green clover the next season. Care, however, must be taken not to feed clover in the fall, if frost-bitten, as it is dangerous to stock, especially to cows with calf. Follow the rye crop with a crop of barley, and, if you wish a variety, you can mix with oats and peas, following with Hungarian grass, which may be sown as late as the 1st of June, and a heavy crop secured in time for seeding down in the fall. A piece of run-out grass-land may be turned under and a good crop of fodder raised. In fact, we have known a fair crop of green fodder to be raised after cutting a crop of hay. Much the best way of growing corn fodder is to plant in drills and cultivate once or twice during the season. On poor land this has much to commend it, as the crop can be much more easily manured to better advantage. By strewing a quantity of it in the drills a large crop will often be the result. Another plant that very well takes the place of corn and of which all kinds of stock are very fond, is sorghum. Although not so sure as corn, over many kinds of soil, a larger quantity may be grown than of almost any thing else. The soil must be mellow and quite free from weeds, in order to bring a paying crop, and the seed may either be sown broadcast or in drills. However, there is not one crop that possesses all the advantages of corn, as it can be sown during various intervals of the season, thus giving a continuous supply; then, if frost comes a little too early, it can be cut and cured for use late in the season. The best varieties for quality are some one of the larger growing kinds of sweet corn, while for quantity the large western corn is decidedly the best, as it germinates quickly and grows rapidly, and, if the seed is pretty liberally applied, will not grow too large. By closely watching these varieties of plants, two or three different crops may be raised on the same ground, which will be greatly beneficial to the frequent plowing.

In commencing to feed do not wait until the crop has attained its growth, but as soon as it can be cut to good advantage. With this system of soiling, as much manure may be made in summer as in winter; this item of itself paying for all extra labor and material. The manure made in this manner, if well fixed with dry muck, will be much more valuable, as well as very much increased in quality. It will also be fit for use much sooner than if piled up in its green state and allowed to gradually decay. In soiling, as in all kinds of feeding, the best results are only attained by experience, which can be acquired only by practice, intelligence, and careful study, each individual farmer being guided by the circumstances by which he is surrounded, peculiarities of special localities, soil and the demands and requirements of markets being considered. Once tried, under any thing like favorable circumstances, and it will never be allowed to fall into disuse.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Fashions for Gentlemen.

THERE seems to be no known reason why gentlemen should not be told what is fashionable in the articles in which they take so much interest. There are many novelties in their department.

There are four new styles of collars, all very favorably received. The Grantly is a narrow stand-up collar, with round ends that lap over, very like the Episcopal collar. The Morely is the shape of the Grantly, but the ends meet. The Osmond is the same shape, but the ends have a space of one inch from the button-hole. The Marlboro' Street is a flat collar, cut away about an inch from the button-hole.

The fashionable shirt is to be found in colors. This has been a favorite with a certain independent few for some time. Now, however, it may be said it has hardly a rival. The best and newest materials are French cretonne and French percale, with printed colors; the English cheviot and Madras, or India cloth, with woven colors. The latter are very durable and wear till the owner is almost tired of them, if he is saving enough not to give them away; they are also in darker colors than the former, though not quite so pretty. They are made with collars and cuffs.

In underwear are found English Balmoral in silk and lisle thread, and silk and cotton; the former having broad stripes of red and black, and the latter, gray stripes separated by hair lines of blue and black. They are very durable and exceedingly comfortable.

A new and genteel tie is the Demi et Demi; a flat tie, one-half of one color and the other half of another.—*Boston Transcript.*

EXPERIMENTS at the New Hampshire College Farm show the following results in feeding bran and corn-meal to cows in its relation to the butter yield: Meal will make more milk than bran, I no longer hesitate to say. The change in the butter product is remarkable; in changing from meal to bran, there was a loss of 17.7 per cent. in the butter-producing capacity of milk; in changing from bran to meal, there was a gain in the butter-producing capacity of milk of 21.8 per cent. There is a substantial agreement in the two changes.

CUTS OR BRUISES.—Tobacco, wet with spirits or water, bound on a fresh cut or bruise will save much pain and soreness. The tobacco should be kept moist by occasionally wetting the bandage with warm water. Fresh tobacco should be applied every day till the soreness is gone; then remove it and put a piece of court-plaster over the wound, so as to exclude the air, and it will soon heal without further trouble.

IN Jefferson County, Miss., a man has been fined $100 and imprisoned for a short term for killing a deer in violation of the game laws.

GLEANINGS.

THE term Nihilist is said to have originated with Tourguenieff, the novelist.

THE collection of Chinese works in the British Museum includes 20,000 volumes.

A POTTSVILLE lad jumped the rope three hundred and eighty-four times and died.

A LARGE eagle, while soaring in the air at New Hamburg, Va., was struck by lightning.

UNDER the new law of Iowa no insurance company can rebuild, but must pay all losses in cash.

A CHINAMAN at Happy Camp, Josephino County, Oregon, offers to build a new wagon road for $10,000, and to give bonds for the faithful performance of his work.

COPPER rings for ringing bulls look better than steel rings, but are not so safe. We have never seen the green slime from the copper, that some writers tell of. Perhaps it was grass.

MR. YATES says that there seems to be no end to the literature of quarrels among authors. The last, which creates much amusement in literary circles, is between a novelist and a journalists. The story goes that the novelist has drawn the journalist's portrait, and has made him the villain of a novel now passing through a monthly magazine.

THE labor markets at Denver, Leadville and other places in Colorado are so overstocked that wages are less than the cost of decent board. A letter to the Chicago *Times*, from Denver, April 12th, says: "Last week over one thousand men came in, and yesterday five hundred more, over the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and it is estimated there are ten thousand transient men in Denver, and almost as many in Leadville, that have arrived this spring, seeking work and finding none."

ROCK CREAM.—Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweetened with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay on it in different places, square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange flower water or vanilla; add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a teaspoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow. This will be found to be a very ornamental as well as delicious dish for a supper table.

THERE is a district in Belgium where a chain of villages along the valley of the Geer form a sort of immense street. The soil is clayey, but crossed at intervals with chalk, which gives to straw raised there an exceptional strength, pliability and brilliancy. This district is the seat of the Belgian straw trade, in which some 49,000 persons are engaged, who earn upward of $800,000. Every spring four or five thousand migrate to work in the principal cities for a few weeks. The chief seat of this industry to-day is Roelenze, a beautiful village surrounded by the villas of wealthy straw makers.

A YOUNG lady, one of Baltimore's society belles, made a painful and terrible mistake the other night. She was about retiring to rest, and had turned out the gas. She had been using glycerine for chapped lips, and, recollecting that she had neglected to use it, she went to the wall-bracket, where she kept it, and took what she thought in the dark was the glycerine bottle. It seems, however, there was a bottle of about the same size on the shelf containing nitric acid, which her mother had been using for some purpose, and it was this that the unfortunate young girl got hold of. The sad probability is that her mouth will be disfigured.

A New Gold Region.

Mr. J. H. Wise has just returned from New Mexico to Denver, with glowing reports of the region inspected, and declares that no place under the sun possesses such excellent prospects. He is Superintendent of the New Mexico, Bonito and White Oaks Mining Co., in the region of the Jicarilla Mountains, and exhibits splendid specimens of quartz, both gold and silver, which are nothing but top-rock. One specimen of gold quartz, from the Little Mack Lode is full of wire gold and assays $60,000 per ton. Other specimens from the Silver King and Bonito, give 50 and 135 ounces, respectively, in silver. About two hundred claims have been staked off in the neighborhood, and the place is growing lively. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co. have just gotten out a new and perfect map of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, showing railroad lines, built and under construction, proposed lines, stage routes, exact location of all mining camps, etc., etc., which will be sent FREE to any one by addressing Jas. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

SOMEHOW you remember longer the dentist who, having gotten a grip on your tooth, utilizes your person to mop up his floor, than you do the tooth-puller who jerks the offending ivory out before you know it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"YES," said Mrs. Goodington sadly, "he was indulging in sequestering exercise. His horse got frightened at something or other, and reciprocated him to the sidewalk. When they took him up they found a bad fractions to his leg, and it had to be computated to save his life." And the old lady didn't say another word for at least fifteen minutes. She was thinking, as she afterwards said, of the "dreadful sights in the confirmatory."—*Boston Transcript.*

FROM a bank in the sand a Newfoundland dog belonging to a Boston man takes pennies and goes to a baker's daily and buys warm rolls for his breakfast. The neighbors give him pennies, which he buries in a place scooped out under the stoop.

THE mule stood on his off fore leg,
Whence all but he had fled,
And kicked a fierce gun-cotton keg,
Right on its bottom head.

The keg it burst with grievous sound,
The mule, oh! where was he?
Go ask him, for he stood his ground,
And still kicks mulefully.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

TULARE LAKE bed in Hanford, Cal., is five miles from where it was four years ago. On the land reclaimed by the change are found the remains of a corral and cabin, and irrigating ditches can be traced running in straight lines. Wheat is now growing on the bed of the old lake.

WHEN the Czarina of Russia alighted from the railway car which took her to St. Petersburg, on her return from her last journey to Italy, she exclaimed, "Alas! I have done with traveling. Farewell railroads; farewell coaches and locomotives. My next conveyance will be the hearse."

THE fat men of Baltimore recently gave a ball. They only looked at the dancing. The fattest man present weighed 430 pounds. From the fair sex the palm was borne off by a sylph who turns the scales at 315.

President Hayes.

THE validity of Mr. Hayes' title may always be questioned, and his administration criticised, but the payment of one dollar gives a valid title to one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and its administration can never be criticised in cases of coughs, colds, incipient consumption and general debility, for leading physicians of all schools endorse the Discovery and prescribe it in their practice. Sold by druggists.

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IS CLIPPED from the columns of the *Journal-Courier*, New Haven, Conn., the following endorsement: "Gratitude of a character strong, earnest and impetuous, is daily, in person and by letter, being lavished upon H. H. Warner & Co., for the introduction of, and the making so extensively known, their wonderful cures, named as Warner's Safe Remedies."

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

IT is said that four million packages of Frazer's Axle Grease were sold in 1879; and we believe it.

ASK your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

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The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general Invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

VEGETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, MISS., June 5, 1878.

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I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes* and *General Debility*. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very respy.

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being *blind*, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Nov. 15, 1878.

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Yours truly,

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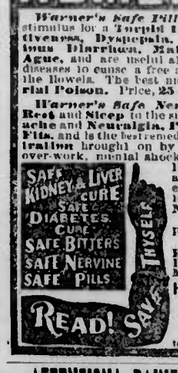

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The Author in the Country.

The "Saturday Review" says: "A very small literary reputation goes a long way with those who live in the country. To their eyes a man who has written and published a book is a being of another order He belongs to a superior sphere. It matters little whether his book is sneeessful or not. He has been in print, That is enough. He may have written the greatest trash ever composed; he may have never been able to make it known beyond his own immediate circle; he may have lost heavily by the publication; it does not signify in the least. Wherever you go in his district you hear of him. He is so well informed, you know; he wrote a volume of essays. Or he has had several poems in the "Blankshire Gazette." Or—and this is usually conveyed in a whisper while the man goes by—"Do you know who that is? He is an author."

Was Waiting.

A stranger was making some inquiries of a policeman in regard to the price of real estate in the city, having about made up his mind to settle here. He had on such a fearful dirty shirt that the officer was forced to remark about it, when the man replied: "Well, I've kinder been waiting to see whether I should buy or not, and as soon as I make up my mind about it I'm going to put on a clean one."

He Paused There.

A man took a seat on the head of an empty flour barrel and remarked: "I got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was ——" At this point the barrel fell in and the man, or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like schooner's masts. He was helped out, and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of the earnest entreaties of the crowd he would not go on with the story.

Next spring one hundred English swells are coming for a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains. The hunt is to be organized on a magnificent scale. Twenty scouts, headed by Buffalo Bill, will chaperon them, and in addition to a vast retinue of servants, cooks, grooms and valets, they will be accompanied by a brass band, which will discourse sweet music as they gather about the camp fire to partake of the evening meal of canned buffalo meat.

The Newport gentleman's invention of the self-opening coffin, with alarm telegraph attached, to guard against living burial, promises to make a revolution in the graveyard. The coming man, it appears, is to be buried with a Morse key in his hand to enable him to let his friends know when he concludes to come back. If the deceased are to have telegraphic communication with the living, the bourne whence no traveller returns will lose half its terrors, and materialization will be altogether unnecessary.

A party which has been engaged in securing a series of accurate levels for the purpose of determining the respective heights of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian Sea, has ascertained that the Aral is 250 feet above the Caspian, and 165 feet above the sea level. As previous calculations had made the difference between the Aral and the Caspian seas 117 feet only, the question arises whether this surprising increase is due to the rise of the waters of the Aral or to the depression of those of the Caspian.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 419.

AN ACT to repeal and re-enact with Amendments Section Nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 187 , entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," be, and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments, so as to read as follows:

Sec. 19. The said Clerk is hereby authorized and empowered to administer an oath or affirmation to any person or persons presenting a claim to said Commissioners against said county; to any person or persons filing any paper with said Commissioners to which an affidavit is required by law, and to any person or persons who are to be examined as witnesses in any matter before said Commissioners, for which services the said Clerk shall not be entitled to make any charge, the same being hereby made a part of his official duty as Clerk, and said Clerk shall be entitled to such compensation as shall be fixed by the said Commissioners not exceeding four hundred dollars for any one year.

And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
my8-3 Secretary of the Senate.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew H. Gonder, practicing under the style of Peddicord & Gonder, vs. John Fox.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 73. Trials to May Term, 1880.

ORDERED, this 6th day of May, 1880, by the circuit court for Garrett county, that the sale of the real estate of John Fox, mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, constable, made and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias mentioned in said report and issued on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1879, and to the said James S. Johnson, directed by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew H. Gonder, partners practicing law under the firm name of Peddicord & Gonder, against John Fox, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of June, 1880.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

[illegible] ELEMENTS [illegible] CITY [illegible] sewer.
ja31-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

Whereas, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 19th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

And, Whereas, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

And, Whereas, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore.

Sec. 1, *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

Sec. 2 *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We ocreby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
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v3 n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	2.09 A. M.
No. 10	7.48 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.to A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880. NUMBER 14.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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J[illegible] Shop on Second Street.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1880.

GETHSEMANE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

After the utterance of the words of our last lesson, on the Wednesday afternoon before the Passover, Jesus and his disciples retired to Bethany, perhaps to the friendly home of Martha and Mary. The next day was spent in quiet seclusion with most of the apostles, of whom some were employed in preparation for the Passover-supper. (Luke 22. 7-12.) while Judas was maturing his scheme of treason. At evening the company once more crossed the ridge of Mount Olivet, and, passing within the opened gates of the city, went to the house where the Passover-meal awaited them. The solemn scenes of the Last Supper then took place, with the warning of the betrayal, the enthusiastic promise of Peter, and the abrupt departure of the traitor. At the close of the meal, the Saviour laid aside his outer robe, and gave a touching lesson in humility by washing the feet of the eleven disciples. Then he spoke the series of farewell utterances recorded in John 14, 15 and 16, and offered the intercessory prayer of John 17. We can hear the closing psalm borne on the midnight air thro' the silent city. We trace their footsteps across the Tyropœon bridge, and through the temple precincts, down into the valley of Jehosaphat. Just beyond the dark waters of Kedron they enter the shadows of an olive garden, where the Saviour bids the most of the company pause and watch, while with the chosen three he enters the dark recess for prayer. A horror, an agony, comes upon him. All the premonitions of the near future, all the consciousness of his physical and spiritual sufferings, conjoin with the temptings of Satan, and the mystery of human guilt, to oppress his human nature. Thrice he prays, and thrice returns, only to find his followers asleep. At the moment when victory comes to his soul, he hears the tread of the traitor and his band. Hastily he awakens the sleeping apostles, that they may meet the danger which by watching they might have escaped. The betrayer's kiss presses his cheek, and with a few words of gentle rebuke he submits to his foes, and is led a captive to the high-priest's house.

Matt. 26. 36-50.

Memory Verses, 38-41.

36 Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

37 And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38 Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

39 And he went a little farther, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

40 And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What! could ye not watch with me one hour?

41 Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

42 He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it thy will be done.

43 And he came and found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy.

44 And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45 Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

46 Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.

47 And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people.

48 Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast.

49 And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him.

50 And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

HOME READINGS.

M. The agony in the garden. Matt. 26. 36-50.
Tu. The plot of the traitor. Matt. 26. 1-16.
W. The Last Supper. Mark 14. 12-26.
Th. The lesson of humility. John 13. 1-7.
F. The prayer of Christ. John 17. 1-19.
S. The purpose of the agony. Heb. 5. 1-10.
S. The arrest of Jesus. John 18. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not as I will, but as thou wilt. Matt. 26. 39.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

'Tis midnight! and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears:
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. SORROW, v. 36, 38; Isa. 53. 3, 4.
What was Gethsemane? [ANS. A garden of olive trees, near the city of Jerusalem.]
When did Jesus go there? [ANS. On the night before his trial and death.]
Whom did he take with him?
How did he feel? What caused his sorrow?
What did he ask the three disciples to do?
Why did he desire them to watch with him? [ANS. He needed their sympathy in his trouble.]

2. SUBMISSION, v.. 39-46; Heb. 5. 7, 8.
From whom did Jesus seek relief in his trouble?
What should we do in our trouble? 1 Pet. 5. 7.
How many times did he pray?
What was his first prayer?
How did it show submission?
How did the disciples regard his request?
What did Jesus say to them?
How did he show kindness to them?
Will he be as gentle and kind toward us.
How did he show increasing earnestness? Luke 22. 24.
What was the language of his second prayer?
Why did he pray a third time?
What did he then say to the disciples?

3. SURRENDER, v. 47-50; Psa. 55. 12-14.
Who came to meet Jesus?
How was Judas led to betray Jesus. Luke 22. 49, 50.
What sign did Judas give, and for what purpose?
What did Jesus say to him?
What took place at the time of the arrest? Luke 23. 49, 50.
Could Jesus have freed himself from their power?
For what purpose did he submit to his enemies?

Mines and Miners.

[Correspondence of Balto. American.]

LONACONING, May 18.—The Baltimore coal dealers who are on an excursion through the Cumberland coal region, swung round the semicircle to-day from Piedmont to Cumberland, stopping a few moments at this mine, going to the innermost room of another, and passing by another with a mere introduction by name. Although the day has been sweltering hot, and the coal dust sticks to men's skins with the close affection of a porus plaster, the visit has proved very satisfactory, and has furnished the party with a fund of information at wholesale prices which they would by no means part with for a retailer's profit. Although but very few of the excursionists handle this bituminous coal in Baltimore, or perhaps see a ton of it from one year's end to another, yet the soft-coal trade is not unrepresented, and those who do not deal in this Maryland product have learned some very interesting and not unprofitable lessons in the resources of this region. It is no easy task to gain any correct conception of this vast area of country, devoting all its energies to this one trade, mining and shipping on an average a million of tons of coal each year for the last thirty-eight years, pouring it out now at the rate of two million tons a year, likely to continue this for far more years in the future than it has in the past—It is truly no easy matter to recall a correct conception of this which shall at the same time embrace the various factors which directly or indirectly combine to keep these mines in operation. Here are the thousands of miners, looking to the successful operation of these great enterprises for their very bread and butter, and for the bread and butter for their wives and children; here are the superintendents and agents and their assistant superintendents and assistant agents, looking exactly in the same direction as the miners, tho' perhaps, seeing their way far more clearly; here are these great coal companies, with eyes in the same line of profit; the railroads and other carriers, the receivers of the coal in Baltimore and other points—all these, looking for fair or unfair margin of profit from the black and dirty product of the earth's very bowel's, each jealous of the other's share, each seeking his own interest, if necessary, at the sacrifice of all the rest. Is it, then, any wonder that there are strikes at the mines and among the miners? One does not have to open his eyes very wide to see that, with all their interests at stake, if a sacrifice is to be made, it will be made at the foot of the list, and the miners will be the first to feel it. In the universal fight between the weaker and the stronger, the weaker must go to the wall every time as truly in this coal industry as in the world at large, or in the prize ring in particular. This problem is the vexissima question which troubles the philosophers of this region as badly as question of free will and predestination troubles our Presbyterian theologists. Yet it is a pleasure for one who has no earthly interest in either one side of the question or the other, who never saw a coal mine or a coal miner before in his life, and has no desire to see either coal mine or coal miner again during his terrestial existence, and has no expectation of seeing many of them in his celestial epoch—it is a pleasure to such a man who despises coal in the abstract, and would be glad to join a society for the reinstatement of wood fires and the back log of New England and the West in their earlier and better days—it is certainly a pleasure to him to stop here in this homely mining town, listen to the story of the miners as it is told by the agents of the coal companies, turn around and listen to it as it comes from the miners themselves, and then sit down here in this cosy room in the Merchant's Hotel and draw his own conclusions as if he were some philosopher who had devoted the best years of his life in solution of the problem.

Four-fifths of the people in Lonaconing are miners. If there were no miners there would be no Lonaconing. There are two or three small hotels, as many more general supply stores, a couple of carpenters, school masters and preachers, a tinker, a house painter and the rest are miners—men who spend half their lives under ground, and consider coal dust a happy concomitant of existence. Thus here is a little town of miners and it has its good schools and better churches under the patronage and support of these miners and their children; and while it would be hard to paint them on the outside any blacker than they are, one is very much out of his bearings if he thinks they are a rough, quarrelsome and drunken set of fellows, spoiling for a fight and making themselves a terror to the neighborhood. They are just the opposite. They are men who went to school in their younger days—just as their boys and girls are going to school to-day—and who have not forgotten what they learned. In this region they are, as a rule, men of far more intelligence than the average laboring men of Baltimore or any other city; and more than this, a men, who, in many if not a majority of instances, have homes of their own and a neat little nest egg laid away in the bank, for a rainy day. They are permanent residents here. Some of them have lived here for twenty five years and more, and the migratory class is but a very small factor in this mining community. It is, perhaps, the more on account of their stability and permanency that they are so successful in their strikes, which have become so frequent of late years that a season without one would be a novelty indeed. Ask the agent or superintendent of one of these coal companies the cause of these troubles, and he will tell you instantly that it is the dictatory position of the Knights of Labor, to which guild every miner in this whole region, with one solitary exception, belongs. Turn around and ask the miners for the cause and with exhibitions of intelligence of no mean order, they will tell you that it is nothing but the greed of the coal companies, who, they claim, have nothing which in any way bears the smallest resemblance to a soul. Yet, one is surprised to find what a state of apparent harmony exists here among the miners and their employers. A strike does not take on the nature of a fight, and there is rarely any demonstration; it is purely, it would seem, a matter of business in which, as a rule, the miners working thro' the medium of this terribly powerful, but undemonstrative Knights of Labor come out at far the biggest end of the horn. Take this season for example. The miners began work at fifty cents per ton, which was an increase of 10 cents over the closing price of last season. They struck by order of the association, and now get 65 cents per ton. But this association does more than this. It says that no miner shall mine more than 5 tons, or two and a-half of the mine cars a day, and that he shall begin work at 7 o'clock in the morning and end at 5 o'clock at night, and he does it. To all these orders the company have to submit, and now this season, which at the start promised to be the most successful for years, will at the end prove little if any better, than its predecessors. Such, in fact, have become the power of these Knights of Labor, that they have taken away all immediate authority from the hands of the companies, their agents and superintendents, and have assumed to themselves the working control of the mines, and the companies know that, under the present circumstances, they are unable to make any successful resistance. An agent of one of the leading companies here said to me to-day: "Why, if one of the drivers in our mines killed a horse from sheer carelessness I wouldn't dare to discharge him; the Knights of Labor wouldn't let me do it. All I could do would be to buy him a new horse. The association knows its power, and, it may be fairly said, sometimes abuses it.

As I have said, the miners now get 65 cents per ton for the coal they mine, and are allowed by the Knights of Labor to mine no more than five tons a day. This would put the maximum daily wages at $3.25, and there are some miners of this region who last month made every cent of this daily for twenty-five or twenty-six days. I saw to-day the pay roll of one of the companies for the month of April, and among a various lot of totals I saw one of $140. But this man had two sons, and the Knights of Labor dictated to the companies that boys of fourteen or thereabouts shall be allowed two and a-half tons, or one car load a day, and that young men of 18 or 19, having a man's strength, shall be allowed full rates or five tons. By this order a man may take his barefooted boy into the mine, sit him down on a lump of coal, give him a jack-knife and a piece of shingle to whittle, go to work himself with a vim and clear out seven and a-half tons of coal and draw nearly $5 a day for his services, using his boy as a dummy. No wonder that sons are in demand and daughters at a discount in this region. It can be readily seen by this illustration of a very frequent occurrence that the Knights of Labor, by restricting the limit of a day's work, modify very materially a miner's earning capacity, and absolutely refuse to allow him to make all the money he can. They say to him, "You must not earn more than $3.25 a day;" and he submits. The Knights plead in abatement of this that by this system they obtain an equitable division of the work; that each miner has his share, and that equal justice is meted out to all. More than this, they claim that any wrongs worked by this system are more than counterbalanced by the higher rates of wages obtained by their combination, and which they could never secure should each work in his individual capacity. Of course, the Knights of Labor and the miners are one and the same thing, and is not to be thought that the miners, when they assume their royal title of knights, will work injury to themselves knowingly, or will take steps which they must feel will not advance their own interests. It is often true that the leading spirits of the guild are natural-born agitators who are never happy in times of peace, and who are by no means the best miners. Yet it would be unfair to assume that the resolutions passed by the Knights of Labor at their secret Saturday night meetings do not express the general views of a very large majority of the miners in this entire region.

Now take the companies' side of the question. Beginning with the ton of coal at the mouth of the mine, with 65 cents for mining, there comes, first, the freight to Cumberland; then the cost of handling there; next, the freight and tolls by canal to Georgetown, or the freight by rail to Baltimore; again, the cost of handling and sale, agents at the mines, at Cumberland, at Baltimore and at New York. Add these up, and their sum-total reaches over $3.50, as I saw by calculation to-day, and this leaves barely 50 per ton for the companies. Yet an investment in these interests, if intended to be legitimate, should pay a good rate of interest. Suppose, for example, some well-to-do reader *The American* has $10,000, which he hardly knows what to do with. Government bonds or city securities are at hand, which will pay him $500 a year interest on his investment, and at the end of ten years his $10,000 will have increased to $15,000. Now, suppose that in an unhappy moment he decides to put it in a coal mine, seeing at fifty cents per ton there is an excellent margin for profit. But he forgets that at the end of ten years his coal mine, or original $10,000, is likely to be exhausted, and that in that time his profits should have been large enough to have covered not only the interest, but the whole original investment. As many of the companies here have not paid a farthing of dividend for some years past, nor are likely to do so for some time to come, it is no wonder that the well-to-do readers should prefer government bonds or city securities to coal company stocks, with all their possibilities of utter worthlessness. One great weakness of the companies against the attacks of the Knights of Labor is that they are not a unit, as their interests are of a very varied character. Out of the fifteen or more companies here, three or four are in existence solely for speculative purposes, and would rather submit to the demands of the miners at an increased expense as long as they can show a good product from their mines for a brief period, as they do not pretend to work for the entire season. Until the "truck" system was abolished by the last legislature, several of the companies were so interested in the supply stores for the miners that, rather than run the risk of losing by bad miners' bills and a strike, they were ready to submit to anything the miners might ask without a murmur. Counting out another company, which is so far interested in the railroad that its freighting pays far better than its mining operations, there are left about six companies to bear the brunt of the battle with the miners, and these have been compelled to succumb to the Knights of Labor.

Yet with this struggle between capital and labor constantly going on, and which will never end until Knights of Labor and speculative coal companies cease to exist, there are the most amicable relations between the miners and the superintendents, and everything is as peaceful and quiet as if a general strike were not a possibility at any moment. In this locality many of the miners own their own houses, though through the region, as a whole, more than half of the houses are owned by the companies, which charge from $3 to $12 rent, which is deducted from their salaries at each monthly pay day. The dwellings, as a rule, are rough and unpainted frame buildings, which to call a house would be to insult a respectable second story brick. On the other hand, there is more than one miner's home up here with an organ in the parlor and the eldest daughter taking lessons in music. Some of them are not only comfortable homes, but handsome, and show that when a miner is industrious and leaves whiskey alone he can live as well as any one else.

The storekeepers here, many of them having worked in the mines themselves, stand ready to trust their mining customers, and sometimes do it to their sorrow. On the other hand, it is always noticed that when the miners make a strike for higher wages and are successful, provisions, clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, and even rum and whiskey, go up a notch in the scale, and thus the storekeepers take their share in the increased wages. Everything in the whole region depends upon these grimy miners, and they are just egotistic enough to feel the dignity of their position. The soil would laugh in the face of a farmer, and throw huge stones at the plowman who would dare to attempt to cultivate it; but from underneath this soil comes this huge mass of dirty wealth, which stands in the lead of the industrial interests of the State, and gives support to so many thousands of men, and keeps in existence so many thriving communities.

It is hardly exaggeration to say that the forest fires have laid waste the best and largest portion of Southern Jersey. The dispatches give a strange picture of the battles of the farmers with the flames. The fires three weeks ago left a space over two hundred square miles bare and black, and during the last few days the flames have almost wholly covered the spaces of woodland and farms of which Acto, Wheatland, Centreville, Medford and Longacoming are the centres. The sea coast of New Jersey has a belt about fifteen miles in breadth, running back from the shore of scrub oak and pines growing out of dry white sand, which is usually covered with a dead moss which burns like cotton. After a drouth of a few weeks this forest becomes dry as tinder, and a single spark is sufficient to set in motion a frightful conflagration. The inhabitants of "the Pines" are, as a rule, charcoal burners and poor farmers, who in the best of times, barely earn a subsistence from their little patches. These are the people who have been left homeless by the fires. Nearer the coast are the fishing villages, and the line of great summer cities, all piles of lumber, more or less ornamental, and offering food for the flames. The mere destruction of trees and crops by fire gives us no idea of the actual loss. Cranberry bogs to the value of $100,000 are destroyed; the young people throughout the whole pine region depend upon pickling cranberries and huckleberries for their summer support, the latter crop, as it has been estimated, yielding employment to over 80,000 women and children. The fishing villages and sporting stations along the coast are almost entirely dependent on the game in the marshes, which attracts visitors from the cities in summer; now the marshes as well as the woods are a blackened waste, and "dead birds and animals strew the ground by the thousand." It will require twenty years for the growth of trees and vegetation, necessarily slow in that chilled atmosphere, to repair the damage of the last month. In Pennsylvania the burning of the timber lands has extended into the oil regions. We read of 5,000 and 20,000-gallon oil tanks in flames; yet it is doubtful whether these enormous losses will produce more individual suffering than the burning of the poor cabins and patches of the Jersey crabber and charcoal burner.

For a Democratic Congress to disperse, in fear of itself, lest it should unwittingly do some mischief to its own party by showing what it believes and desires, would be a blunder much more indicative of the incapacity of the Democratic party to take charge of the government of this country than the extravagances of the extra session.—*N. Y. World.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

Thou think'st perchance I love thee,
O my treasure,
For flowing locks or diadem,
So without measure;

For curving lashes, rosy lips,
Or smile so gay,
Believe not so; for these are things
Which pass away.

Believe not so; that were to doubt
The soul of love;
To think it had no power to live
Such charms above.

Believe not so; that which I love—
Oh, know it, dear!—
With jealous time, nor death itself,
Can dis-appear.

I love because when on thy face
My fond glance lies,
Thy white soul clearly I behold
In thy dark eyes.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE DEAR DEAD FACE.

The war I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our own hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Toward noon on the day after one of the fiercest fights of all the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle-field, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his, far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; and I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glare of his large, bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelists phrase it, would bring ecstacy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature molded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away was well nigh spent, and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and sadly, as I rose:

"Is there, then, no hope?"

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising in my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him:

"My own dear boy! my brave, heroic boy!"

The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood-stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish, lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

"My mother!" he cried with almost frantic delight. "Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?" and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. "Thank God!" he continued, in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—"thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed the prayer in all my pain, and only one. I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed."

"My poor, poor boy," she said; "a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!" and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said:

"No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!" he cried after a moment's pause, "how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?" and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort has been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half consciousness, at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

"Truly it was a bloody field," he said. "I had been in several hard-fought fights before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy than the ringing voice of the General was heard:

"'At them, my boys, and do your duty!'

"What happened after that, I know not. Know not, do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe, and if there be fighting among fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded when a fair-haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction forever. I know not why, but I felt myself compelled to halt in the midst of the melee to kneel beside that fair-haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear, dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!"

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard-favored soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear-drops welled from their eyes uncheeked and undisguised.

"Yes," he continued, soliloquizing, "my own arm had slain him. Dear, darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meal, at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, O my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again! Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I can not see my brother. Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass.

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at that moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, and probably resided for sometime in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of these awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Choosing Poultry.

In choosing poultry never buy a bird that can not be cleansed without washing. A washed fowl is a very inferior article. It ought to be so cleanly picked and drawn that a towl will be sufficient. Buy a chicken that has white flesh and pale yellow fat. In buying tame ducks young ones are the best, and if you take hold of the under part of the bill and can bend or break it the duck is young. The breast being hard and thick denotes that it is fresh and sweet. No duck, either wild or tame, is good unless fat. Tame ducks are served with apple or cranberry sauce, with currant jelly, or oranges, and frequently with olives stewed in the gravy about five minutes before the bird is served. When geese are young and in good condition their legs are soft, yellow and rather downy; if the legs are stiff and dry they are bad and tainted. Some kinds of tame birds require to be kept a little, others ought to be eaten as soon as possible; thus, pigeons are best when quite fresh and lose all taste and flavor if they are kept; but turkeys require to be hung for several days before they are tender. This condition again will vary with the age of the bird, the state of the weather etc. But if a turkey be hung by four of its largest tail feathers as soon as it falls upon the towel prepared to receive it it is in prime condition and will then deteriorate. In other poultry an excellent plan to know when they are just at their tenderest is to judge by the ease with which the feathers come out. Therefore when you clean and hang a bird leave a few feathers, and when these can be readily pulled out the bird is as tender as it will ever be.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The responsibility of a man for his wife's debts has been recently adjudicated in England in favor of the husband. The court held that if a woman bought goods of a tradesman on her husband's credit, there was *prima facie* evidence that she had his permission to pledge his credit; but if he had forbidden her to do so, his prohibition set aside this presumption, and the tradesmen must suffer loss, even if they were ignorant of his orders to her on the subject. The case was appealed, and the judgment of the lower court affirmed.

A thorough examination of the eyes of all the school children in Philadelphia is being made. Almost one-half of the eyes thus far tested were found in condition other than perfectly normal, and many were so diseased as to make rest imperatively necessary.

A Female Colored Soldier.

A very curious case has been developed before Prothonotary Mann, in Philadelphia. A young colored woman who served in the ranks during the war made application for a pension, stating that she believed she was entitled, because of her long service during the rebellion, and having received three or four wounds, one of which kept her in the hospital for a number of months. She is rather a neat-looking colored woman, giving her name as Catharine Hill and her age, as near as she can tell, about thirty-two. She told such a straightforward story, entering into all the details of her service in the army, that it seemed impossible to doubt her, especially as she is able to produce witnesses to substantiate her story. The Prothonotary questioned her closely, and her answers were always ready. The case was such an interesting one that it excited more than ordinary attention. Catharine was in the service between three and four years, and, although her sex was known after she was in the hospital, she was permitted to continue in the service, and at the close of the war received an honorable discharge. She says that she enlisted in the 5th Maryland, and was passed by Drs. Creek and Perry, of Baltimore. The reason she enlisted was because she got into "a little difficulty." She paid one of the doctors $150 for passing her.

She was asked, "Were you wounded at any time?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "I was struck right here" (pointing to the scar on her right cheek), "with a bullet, that knocked two of my teeth out" (and then showed the course of the bullet.) "I was also shot here" (in the thigh), "at Newbern, N. C., and was wounded in the side."

"How long did you serve in the army?"

"I was seven months in the hospital and three years in the field. When I was wounded in the side I went to Newbern, but I was not so bad that I could not go around."

The name she enlisted under was Henry Williams. She said she was handy with a gun, and rose to be a sergeant. She marched with the rest, used a regular musket and bit the cartridges, "although it was pretty hard on the teeth." She kept her hair cut short. When she got into the hospital it was discovered that she was a woman, but when she got well they did not discharge her. There were six men in her mess. Her story is hard to believe, but it is undoubtedly true, and Mr. Mann thinks a pension should be awarded her.

A Locomotive Built for Fast Running.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works have just turned out a remarkable specimen of work intended for a remarkable purpose. It is a passenger engine constructed for the Reading Road, to be run over the Bound Brook route, between this city and New York, in which service it is expected to eclipse any thing of the kind going. It has been built chiefly for speed; and, if the expectations of the contracting parties are carried out, the time between this city and New York over the above route will be lessened about half an hour. The distance from Philadelphia to New York is ninety miles, and the fast trains over both the Pennsylvania and Bound Brook roads have been making it in about two hours. The Reading people are aiming to make the distance in one hour and a half, and with this object in view they some time ago contracted with the Baldwin Company to build them an engine that would perform that work, or, in other words, accomplish ninety miles in ninety consecutive minutes. The new engine has the largest pair of driving wheels, perhaps, of any passenger locomotive in this country, the wheels being 6 1-2 feet in diameter. The ordinary driving wheel of passenger engines has a diameter of from 5 to 5 1-2 feet. The new engine is different in other respects also, having but one pair of driving wheels instead of two additional smaller ones, as is the usual custom. It is also much heavier than the regular passenger engine; its weight is about 84,000 pounds, while the ordinary engine weighs from 70,000 to 75,000 pounds. It is expected to make the entire distance to New York without stopping to take water. That this may be done it is supplied with a tank of about twice the capacity of engines in general. It will hold 4,000 gallons of water. The capacity of the ordinary passenger engine is from 2,000 to 2,500 gallons. The new engine, which was taken out of the works a few days ago and is now at Reading, will be put to use on the Bound Brook Route within a week or ten days. Should the attempt to thus lessen the time between Philadelphia and New York prove successful other engines will be built and put regularly on the road.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Russian Horse-Thieves.

Horse-stealing is a sort of epidemic just now in parts of Russia. There are many organized bands of horse-thieves, who conduct their business on a peculiar plan. They steal horses, hide them in some secluded place, and then inform the owners that for a certain ransom they can recover them. The owners usually submit to the terms offered by the thieves, for long experience has shown the uselessness of suing them in the courts. But sometimes the peasants take the law into their own hands, and put a sudden stop to the horse-stealing epidemic. Lately, in the province of Orel, a desperate thief expatiated his exploits with his life. The peasants tied a rope around his head, and tightened it till death ensued.

Cyprus is afflicted with a plague of dogs, which, it is stated, are even more numerous and useless than they are in Constantinople. They infest the various towns and their outskirts, and are at the present time a source not only of annoyance but of danger, for the cattle disease which, although diminishing, still prevails in the island, is said to be propagated from village to village by them. They scratch up and feast upon the buried carcases of the animals that have died of the disease or have been slaughtered on account of it, and afterward drink at the troughs where the cattle are watered.

The Span of a Single Life.

Last Thursday there were laid in the quiet shades of Bellefontaine the remains of a lady—Mme. Jeanne Charlotte Billen—who had attained her ninety-ninth year. Such longevity is exceedingly rare, and if viewed from what may be termed a historical stand-point, exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Let us endeavor to obtain some idea of what is embraced in the span of this single life.

When Mme. Billon was born, Napoleon and Lafayette were playing with tops and marbles, as boys of twelve; Burns was in the flush of youthful manhood, at twenty-one; George the IV., a graceless stripling of nineteen; Walter Scott a dull scholar of ten; Channing an infant of sixteen months. Byron did not live until seven years later; Pius IX. not until eleven years later; Lyell, the father of modern geology, not until sixteen years, and Darwin, the giant of modern science, not until twenty-eight years later. She was eight years old when the French revolution began; that political earthquake which shook Europe from center to circumference, and set in motion influences the full scope and meaning of which are only now beginning to be clearly understood—and whose mission is not yet accomplished. She was two years old when the thirteen American colonies emerged a free and independent nation from their struggle with a harsh mother, and thus laid the foundations of the mightiest republic earth has ever seen. She was five years old when John Fitch propelled his skiff by steam on the Delaware River; twenty-six years old when Robert Fulton's steamboat stemmed the current of the Hudson; thirty-seven when the first steamship crossed the Atlantic; forty-eight when George Stephenson built his first successful locomotive; fifty-one when Morse first conceived the electro-magnetic telegraph, as now used in America and England; sixty-three when the first telegraph line was stretched in this country—between Baltimore and Washington; forty-two when daguerreotyping—the forerunner of photography—was invented; and four years old at the invention of stereotyping—the almost indispensable supplement of the printing press. The year she was born a witch was executed at Seville, and, two years later, at Glaris, the last victim of that accursed superstition perished.

The world this venerable lady left was, in very many things, entirely different from the one she entered. Its physical geography and its human nature were about all that had not changed meanwhile. During her step from the cradle to the grave, the race has taken its grandest stride in the march of progress. Old theories in science and philosophy, old principles and practices in politics and government, old landmarks in every department of thought—have been swept away, wholly or in part, to make room for new. Then the people were mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to hereditary monarchy and nobility. Now they are the power beneath the throne, greater than the throne itself. Then reverence for the prince and the priest was considered the basis of all sound morality. Now the morality has not diminished, but the reverence has. Then even the most sanguine students feared that the sources of truth were well-nigh exhausted. Now the least hopeful student knows that before him spreads a limitless ocean, on whose shore he is playing with the shining pebbles. Then the various branches of the human family were so widely separated that their common origin was scarcely realized. Now steam and lightning have brought them so close together that their common interests, as well as common origin, are recognized and respected. A rumored massacre in Burmah thrills Paris, London and New York next morning. A war in Central Asia, a famine in Ireland, a flood in China, a conflagration in Japan, a pestilence in South Africa, a rebellion in Cuba, a riot in Constantinople, a murder in St. Petersburg or San Francisco is flashed to the ear and heart of Christendom. Nineteenth-century civilization grips the planet with arm of iron and hand of steel. Eighteenth-century civilization only touched it here and there with finger tips. We of to-day can hardly imagine a world in which there were no steamboats or steamships, no railroads or telegraph lines, no revolvers or rifled cannon, no sewing-machines or friction matches, no planting or reaping-machines, no steam press or steam fire-engines, no ether to rob the surgeon's knife of its terrors, no gas to dispute the gloom of night, no photographs to catch and hold the linements of loved ones, no street-cars to assist locomotion—none of the modern inventions and improvements which lighten and lessen the burdens of life. Yet it was such a world that Mme. Billon entered ninety-nine years ago. When changes so marvelous as these can be wrought between a birth and a death, let us not say the age of miracles has passed. Let us rather say that it is just beginning, for the miracles which have been are as nothing compared with those which shall be. —*St. Louis Republican.*

A Methodical Madman—Guillotined by His Own Hand.

A Boston dispatch of the 20th says: The citizens of Chelsea and adjoining towns and cities have been afforded a sensation entirely novel in this part of the country, in the shape of a suicide, in which remarkable ingenuity and deliberate study as to details renders the story, as told to interested citizens, almost beyond belief. Stephen M. Pillsbury, Jr., aged thirty, eldest son of a raiser of poultry and vegetables, has for the past few years assisted his father on the farm, sleeping during the summer in a barn on the premises with his father. In the winter he lived in South Boston and visited the farm daily to tend the stock and poultry. Last Saturday both slept at night in the barn. In the morning the father set off for home, leaving the son asleep in the loft. He returned; and on opening the door of the barn was horrified to see the headless corpse of his son lying upon the floor in a pool of gore. Above the body stood a rudely constructed guillotine, which had been improvised from material found in the barn. It was patterned after the famous instrument of death, and despite the roughness of its construction performed its bloody work as thoroughly and unerringly as did the foreign-made murderous machine. The two uprights were twelve feet high, and securely spiked to the floor of the upper story, to which they reached. These were grooved on the inside, and allowed of easy movement a piece of plank in which was secured, edge downward, the blade of a carpenter's broad-ax keenly sharpened. At the base of the guillotine was a broad plank, in which a hole had been chiseled the size of a man's neck, in a line with the path the ax must take in descending. The weight of the plank in which the murderous ax was set was increased by a box containing fifty pounds or more of stone, securely fastened above. At the end of a cord which connected with a lever near the top of the guillotine dangled an ordinary three-gallon tin watering-pot, perforated with holes. This was empty, and from an examination it seemed that the suicide contrived his destructive machine with infernal cunning and ingenuity. He had evidently set his death-trap with great coolness, placing the murderous knife at the top, and holding it in place with the lever, which, in turn, was sustained by the weight of the pot of water. He then poured into a cavity in a heavy timber a large quantity of ether, the fumes of which would stupify him, as his head come directly above. All being ready he laid coolly down, and his headless trunk attested the accuracy of his calculations. News of the tragedy spread rapidly, and thousands flocked to the scene. The guillotine was taken down and removed to the City Marshal's office, which was so besieged by the curious that a guard of police was stationed at the doors all through the evening. It is believed that the suicide was demented, as he had been frequently known to act strangely, and insanity had prevailed in the family.

The following letter was found in the barn:

Chelsea, April 17, 1880.—Dear Parents, Brothers and Sisters: I believe that the end of my life is near at hand, and write this to bid you all good-bye. The step I am about to take is, it seems to me, the only right one, and I will not attempt to express any regrets or make any excuses, believing, as I do, that it is best for you as well as for myself. This is the country and the age in which to enjoy life, and I hope you will live long and happily.

[Signed] S. M. Pillsbury, Jr.

P. S.—I wish I could see you again. I was of a good mind to go home last evening, but gave it up, I had so little time.

S. M. P., Jr.

The Gushing Woman.

The gushing woman is a ubiquitous personage; her presence is a feature of almost every community from Cape Colony to Kamschatka; we may find her in transports over the ruins of Thebes, going into ecstasies at Pompeii, enraptured over an old master or a young Apollo, over a Grecian urn or a Parisian bonnet, over a cracked tea-cup or the cut of a panier. A baby sends her into paroxysms of enthusiasm, so does the last novel by an acknowledged genius; she dotes upon poetry, and prates about Bach and Beethoven as if they had been her school-mates. In the mean time she is not altogether without discretion; she knows on which side her bread is buttered, and gushes to suit the occasion, while she pushes herself into favorable positions, into distinguished intimacies, by her persistent effusiveness. To be sure, there is the woman who gushes by nature, in spite of herself and every body else, whose spontaneity is as irrepressible as Traddles's hair, who would find something to be eager and interested about in a dungeon cell, or subjects to excite vivacity in the bottomless pit; and there is her sister who is grandiloquent by art, because enthusiasm has proved becoming in another, preserves an air of youth and ingeniousness about one; she attitudinizes mentally for the benefit of her audience, because the postures take her fancy, are striking and popular and applauded. At first acquaintance one is, perhaps, made captive by her vivacity; but familiarity breeds contempt; she becomes your bosom-friend in the space of a morning call, if you are worth cultivating, and she writes love-letters to you, if you are one whom others delight to honor, one in whose society it is a distinction to be found. She confides her biography to whomsoever will listen, and, seen through her spectacles, it is usually quite a remarkable one. "A primrose by the river's brim" is a great deal more to her than a yellow primrose merely; it is an opportunity to marshal her adjectives, and to order up her battalion of similes for service. The gushing woman is no doubt a product of civilization, which in giving her a certain amount of cultivation has not been able to supply an equal share of brains; she mistakes the exaggerated expression of a feeling for the emotion itself. Sometimes, indeed, it is not so much intentional affectation with her, a desire to seem capable of profound appreciation for all that is refined or abstruse, as it is the strong necessity for excitement developed in some natures, a revolt against the commonplace and even tenor of her way. In the mean time we would not be understood as decrying enthusiasms which are the natural outgrowths of a sincere and active mind, and whose manifestations bear the same relation to the pretty rhapsodies of the gushing woman as the substance bears to the shadow.—*Harper's Bazar.*

In the recent election in England some ladies took part in the canvass. At Hereford, Lady Elizabeth Biddulph addressed an immense audience as follows: "Gentlemen, these are election times, and uncommon times, and we are at present allowed to do things we don't do at other times; so I will make that my excuse for addressing you, and will make you a little speech. Mr. Biddulph can not be here to-day, but I am here as his wife and representative, and ask you to put him at the head of the poll, and make him a happy man and me a happy woman. He has your interests at heart, and nobody loves the country more than Mr. Biddulph, I declare to you." Her ladyship sat down amid vociferous cheering.

One of the New York dry goods firms has recently displayed a gown embroidered with moss rose-buds, in which real moss was used to make the calyx of each flower.

GENERAL.

Ladies who would be artistic and stylish must have a finely painted fan and parasol.

A Woman's Emigration Society has been started in England to promote the emigration of the "superfluous women" to the colonies.

An English newspaper has an advertisement calling for "an organist who can also take the village blacksmith business."

Ladies who wear sealskin sacques are very liable not to wear them, for in Belgium rabbit skins are successfully prepared to resemble sealskin, and thousands of rabbits are annually killed in England whose pelts go to Belgium, and leave that country as genuine sealskins.

A miner of Winnemucca, Nev., was seized the other day with lockjaw. Greatly alarmed, he ran to a drug-store, and was so precipitate in his entrance that the druggist mistaking him for a tramp, knocked him down. Strange to say, the lockjaw was cured instantly.

The bronze god Daibootz, the great Buddhist divinity of Japan is over six hundred years old. It rises, a majestic image, sixty-five feet high. There is a tradition that this great figure was cast from copper and bronze coins thrown into the temple by poor pilgrims as votive offerings to the god.

A correspondent who met Mrs. Christiancy on the street lately writes that she is a demure-looking little *may*, with very white skin, violet eyes and very handsome blonde hair. She dresses in conventional black, and by her quick step and averted look denotes that she shrinks from public gaze.

The deep well which is being drilled at Petrolia, Ont., has now reached a depth of 1,280 feet. The last ninety feet have been drilled in a bed of pure salt, and is still drilling. This is the largest body of pure salt ever found, and with an unlimited supply of cheap fuel in the shape of oil and tar Petrolia may supply the world with salt.

Prof. Fournier, in a lecture on alopecia, says of baldness: "There is nothing ridiculous or malformed about it, and it confers upon the physiognomy an expression of wisdom, experience, and venerability. It adapts itself marvelously to certain heads which would be deformad by a wig, and is the severe beauty represented in sculpture by the classic head of Æschylus."

It would be interesting to know how much Windsor Castle has, from first to last, cost. In 1830, on the vote for $500,000 to defray the expenses incurred by the alterations of Windsor, a member objected on the score that $1,500,000 has already been spent, and there was no knowing when the expense would cease. The bill was withdrawn for the time. Enormous sums have since been expended.

A man living at Montreal obtained two young seals, and after feeding them about a year they became very tame, and would go into his house and stay an hour or two by the fire, and then go out and take a swim in the St. Lawrence, returning again to the house and striking their flappers against it to gain entrance. Finally he decided to send them off, and gave them to a steamboat pilot to carry forty or fifty miles down the river, which was done; but the next morning the seals made their appearance again as usual.

Old Shen is dead, that good old mandarin who used to govern the Chinese provinces of Lang and Kiang. Though the revenues of his high office had amounted for four years past to between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 per annum, he had nobly spent them upon himself and died poor, but owing no one aught. During his forty-eight months' tenure of office he had sentenced no fewer than 4,000 evil-doers to suffer capital punishment. His loss is the more poignantly deplored because his successor hears an unpleasant reputation for administrative severity.

The middle of April, marked in other parts of the country by hot weather, followed by violent storms of wind and rain, was accompanied in California by a furious snow-storm—the severest, we are told, ever known in the Sierra Nevada since the Pacific Railroad was built. The slides of snow down the sides of the mountain were so heavy that great lengths of the snow-shed were crushed in, blocking up the tracks and rendering them impassable. Snow-plows drawn by eight engines were employed to clear the track. The snow fell for four days in blinding clouds, until it had attained a depth of four to six feet.

The removal of the animals from the Zoological Gardens at Castle Shannon, Pa., was a rather exciting affair. The collection embraced bears, buffalo, deer, wolves, foxes, wildcats, bloodhounds, spitz dogs, opossums, raccoons, cockatoos, parrots, paroquets, monkeys, chickens and other beasts and birds too numerous to mention. A fearful fight occurred between a monkey named Greeley, three feet tall, and Mr. Frizzle, his keeper, which, after lasting nearly a quarter of an hour, was closed by an attendant killing the animal to save Mr. Frizzle's life. As it is, he is dangerously wounded, the tendons of one wrist being severed, besides many other wounds inflicted. The animals had grown to like the locality, and objected one and all to being transferred to cages.

An accident occurred on the Columbia River, Oregon, a few days ago, which strikingly illustrates the human instincts and sympathy that exist in animals. A number of horses were being conveyed on the boat, when, during a commotion among them, one was kicked and had its leg broken. It was decided to kill the poor brute and put it out of misery. He was dispatched by an ax in the hands of one of the employees of the boat. The celebrated old thoroughbred running stallion, Delaware, was quietly watching the movement, and just as the blow was struck he gave a loud scream and fell backward with a shower of blood streaming from his nostrils. For upward of three hours his agonies were fearful, and it was thought he would die, but he finally rallied and may recover. Delaware is eighteen years old and has a national reputation, having beaten Ansel and other celebrated champions of the turf. He is owned by Hon. J. W. Nesmith, late Senator from Oregon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates; to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE QUEEN AND THE BEGGAR'S CHILD.

Silk and diamonds and trailing lace,
Haughty carriage and fair, proud face;
Out from the palace, towering high,
Grand and gray 'neath the bending sky;
O'er the lawn, with its carpet green,
Lightly stepping came Austria's Queen.
Flashing gems in the summer sun,
Tender mother and Queen in one.

Jewels gleam on her royal hands,
Clasp her arms with their shining bands,
Sparkle and glow where the sunbeams fall;
But the most precious of them all
The nurse is holding with tender care—
The royal baby, rosy and fair;
Pressing fond kisses on cheek and brow,
The Queen is only a mother now.

Down the lawn in its shadow deep
A beggar woman lies asleep.
Hunger, poverty, pain and care,
Darken the face once young and fair;
There by the wayside seeking rest,
Clasping a babe upon her breast.
Its hungry wail across the green
Stirs the heart of the mother Queen.

Down on the green grass, kneeling low,
Baring her bosom as white as snow,
Laying the child without a name
Where only royal babes have lain,
Feeding it from her own proud breast,
Hungry, starving—ah! there's the test.
Mother-love spans the chasm wide;
Queen and station must stand aside.
—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Detroit Free Press.*

MISS MAHONEY'S LACE.

They were having a very good time at the Farm, as pleasant a party of gay girl graduates as could well be put together, when Miss Mahoney arrived upon the scene of action, and her appearance was certainly like a wet blanket on all pleasure.

The Farm was on a mountain-side, high up in the air; all below it a great amphitheater of lesser hills, mellowed in distance and vapors till they looked like the waves of a purple sea, with now and then mighty rainbows spanning them; and all above it the lofty tops of hills, whose woods here feathered off upon the morning sky, and whose crags were jutted sharply on the stars at night. The air was full of the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the hum of bees, and the rushing of water-falls, and it seemed to the happy young things that they were somewhere above the world—in an ideal region from which no voice could summon them. But, for all that, a sharp voice called when Miss Mahoney was heard at the door, and the cruel common world burst in behind her.

She came in the noon stage, and she brought such tons of luggage! That had to come on another. What did she mean to do with it at the Farm, where linen lawn was full dress? And she had a collie dog, and a huge cage with a magpie in it, and the magpie chattered like the confusion of tongues. Miss Mahoney stopped at the door, opened the cage, and let the magpie go. "He comes back at call," said she to Mrs. Pierson, our landlady, who hardly looked with kindness on the bird of evil. "He likes to have his liberty and make his nest, and so I let him have it all the summer—city life is so confining. And Laddie keeps an eye on him." But we all embraced "Laddie" at once, as he put up his pretty nose and tender brown eyes to our faces, and the collie became the best friend of all of the young girls that day, particularly of the prettier one; for he had quite a taste in beauty; he seemed to know that there was not a gallant about the place, and he might be escort to the whole party if he would, and he presently attached himself so pertinaciously to Adele Montrose that Jane Hunt said she should have to show him Philip's picture next, and tell Laddie that Philip was coming in a month.

Miss Mahoney came down to tea in regal array. No such garments had ever been seen at the Farm as her purple-striped velvet gauzes, with their satin under-stuff. As for her string of pearls, perhaps they were only Roman; but if they were real, they were worth more than the Farm; and then the lace shawl which she knotted up round her throat as they sat on the piazza looking at the sunset more underneath than above them, "as if it had been Shetland wool," said Jane, "when it was priceless Brussels net."

"But she has oceans of lace," said Miss Meyer. "I opened her door by mistake as she was unpacking, and there it was, some in boxes and trays, and some over chairs. What with laces and jewels, the room looked like the Milky Way."

"She'll think we are a set of barbarians," said Adele, with her quick blush, "with hardly so much as a tucker."

"And we shall think her a vulgar parvenue, bringing such things to such a place," said Jane.

"She's not a *nouveau riche*, at any rate," answered Miss Meyer. "For she isn't rich at all. Mrs. Pierson knows about her. She inherited all her fine things from some relation or other, and has only enough money to live on; and when she wants to do something extravagant, like coming to the mountains, for instance, she sells a pearl or a bit of lace."

"Well, I shouldn't care how I came by it, so long as I had it," said Adele.

"Why, Adele Montrose!" in chorus.

"Oh, I mean, of course, you know, I shouldn't care who left it to me. She may, if she wants to," said Adele. "If there's one thing more heavenly than another, it is lace!"

Miss Mahoney, of course, became an object of study to the girls, and was always accompanied in her progress by some awe and more ridicule—the former as the possessor of finery that somehow went to their hearts every time they saw it or heard of it, the latter as a woman past forty, tall and angular and ugly and ignorant, aping the appearance and manners of young girls. "I wonder how she came by Laddie?" said Adele, one day.

"She gave a jewel for him," said Miss Meyer, laughing, "so as to have something to protect her other jewels. I'm sure it's no wonder how she came by Jack. That magpie will drive us all out of the house yet."

"See him now," said Jane Hunt, "on the limb of that hollow oak. Doesn't he look like a 'limb' himself?"

"There certainly is something demoniac about Jack," said Adele. "He came tapping at my window last night, and when I saw those eyes of his they made me shiver so—"

"He was after the cakes in your closet."

"Do you suppose he was?" she asked, as she was going off with Laddie.

They didn't any of them suppose so, for all the animals about the place seemed to have a fondness for Adele, cows and horses, cats and doves; even the wood birds had a way of flying low round the charming head as she called them. Some said it was her beauty, for she was the loveliest little brown-haired, blue-eyed, white-browed, damask-cheeked piece of flesh and blood one could imagine; others said it was her gentle ways; and the rest fancied it was some nearness to nature in her, or some secret attraction like that of the Indian snake-charmers.

"That is the same way she tamed Jane's brother Phil," said Lucia. "Every one knows that Phil was the haughtiest and most high-strung man in existence, and rather despised women. And now he just adores the ground she walks on."

"As for me," said Miss Meyer, "I should be afraid that that sort of love is a glamour, and would break up some day."

"There's no danger of Phil's love for Adele breaking up," said Jane. "And how she does worship him! She never mentions his name, but she writes to him every day—and she even saves the scraps of his writing on newspaper envelopes—she does indeed, girls!"

"Dear me! I wouldn't want to care so much for any one," said Miss Meyer.

"I don't know any body that's more likely to," cried Lucia. "When you do fall in love, Maria Meyer—"

"Don't you concern yourself, young lady, about me," said Miss Meyer, sharply, walking off to give Laddie a biscuit, which was at once stolen by Jack, Laddie being engrossed in a fine romp with Adele. "They say she used to care for Phil herself," whispered Lucia to her neighbor, and then they fell to comparing their tatting and crocheting, and getting out patterns, and Miss Mahoney joined them.

Miss Mahoney's morning toilettes were as extraordinarily severe as her afternoon ones were extraordinarily superb. "Oh, Miss Mahoney!" cried one of the girls, one morning, "if we had your laces, we shouldn't have to do tatting."

"We hear you have such lovely lace," said Maria Meyer, with her grand air on.

"I have some very pretty pieces," said Miss Mahoney. "Our family is an old Irish family, and I am the last of it, and so in one direction and another I have fallen heir to a good deal."

"And I suppose you know all about lace?" said Lucia.

"I know all about *my* lace. Some of it is quite nice. As pretty pieces," repeated Miss Mahoney, "of their size, as one could see in America."

"What if you had a grand opening at some time, and let us see them all?" asked Lucia.

"Why, with the greatest pleasure, any time—now, if you say so." And of course the girls all said so, and sprung to their feet at once.

"Oh, is she going to show us her laces?" cried Adele, dancing up with Laddie barking and jumping round Jack, who had perched on her shoulder. "How lovely of you, Miss Mahoney!" and she followed with the rest.

"This," said Miss Mahoney, when she had opened her boxes, "is Venice point."

"It doesn't look any different from tatting," said Maria Meyer.

"Only," said Miss Mahoney, "as different as mist is from water. This is a bit of Spanish lace made in a convent. Here is a scrap of cardinal's lace; nobody but the cardinals at Rome have it. I don't know how my grandmother came into possession of this scrap—there used to be an archbishop in our family somewhere, but that's not a cardinal. These are all old French laces—Mrs. Palissey never saw their equal. But they are a great deal of care. I often think that piece of Valenciennes costs me as much trouble as a child. These are Irish laces—they are like hoar-frosts and blowing snow-drifts, somebody once told me. They don't make them now. See this piece of English point—old Devonshire point—"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Adele, while the others were exclaiming over this and that. "Talk of snow-drifts!" and she took the Devonshire point in her hands: it was two or three yards of finger-deep edging in a couple of pieces caught together by a thread, of the most exquisitely delicate beauty both of texture and design—idealized foam wreaths, or the fancies of some frosted pane spread on a spider's web. "How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Adele again, and she wound it round her blushing face before the glass. "What a finish for a bridal toilet!" and then she held it up in her hands in the sunlight, and the magpie on her shoulder, cocking his head on this side and on the other, looked more demoniac than ever through the film of an end of it that lay over his black shining feathers. "You are exactly like one of those girls holding little bannerols that come daneing out of the facades of temples in those Pompeiian decorations of Phil's!" cried Jane. "What a pity that you're not going to marry a rich man, Del, who could afford you Devonshire point and diamonds," she added, the least atom maliciously, "instead of a poor young architect!"

"If Adele wound a duster round her she could look decorated," said Lucia.

"Most folks would," said Adele, taking off the lace soberly, and laying it down. "But I must confess that I think lace is the most perfect thing made by hands; it always seems to be the nearest approach from man to the works of nature, and I'd about as lief make lace as paint pictures." And then Miss Meyer began wrapping herself in a black lace mantle so precisely designed that the very dew-drops seemed to glisten on the poppy petals there; and presently all the other girls were masquerading in the precious things, while Miss Mahoney sat by complacently enjoying her magnificence.

"Now, my dears," said Miss Mahoney, as one by one they resigned their borrowed plumes, "you see I have nice things, if I don't wear them." And, satisfied with the exhibition, during the next week she put on nothing costlier than a nine-penny print.

"Well," said Adele, "it's just a pleasure to have them to look at."

Poor little Adele was the penniless orphan of penniless parents, and she taught drawing in a large school in Boston, where Phil had happened to see her and love her at first sight. Phil was coming before long now for his month's vacation, and she was only living by counting the hours. A little restless till then, the light talk of the girls seemed to her unmeaning chatter, in which she had small interest, and she used to wander off by herself, sketching effects on her little pocket-boards, or lying in the fern or under the shadows of the cliffs, with an unread book in her hand, by the hour together. Occupied with her own fancies, and with a drawing of the outlines of old World's End, it was not strange that she did not particularly notice the demeanor of the girls, or, if she did observe them whispering with their heads together, that she should have thought it no more than the customary mischief and merry-making.

She was standing alone one morning, just as the sun was drying the grass and moss on the top of Breezy Bluff, behind her the great purple mountain, below her the dewy verdure of the hillsides; hawks were soaring and sweeping over her head in the marvelous blue of the stainless sky, and under her feet the tops of the woods were bowing and bending. It was not like daily life, she was saying to herself. "This wonderful hill country! It is just as if one had died, and were really approaching heaven." And in her white gown, with her bright brown hair floating out about her face in the wind that fanned so pure a color there, and with her luminous eyes borrowing the very color of the skies, she looked almost as if she were. As she stood there, rapt in reverie and happiness—the world was so beautiful, and Phil was coming any day now, and she had hardly any other thought — she did not notice Miss Mahoney, under a big umbrella, toiling up to meet her, till that individual was close upon her.

"I have followed you here, Miss Montrose," said she, sullenly, in her most rasping tones, "to save you any mortification before the other boarders, and to ask what you have done with my Devonshire point."

"With what?"

"With my Devonshire point."

"What I have done with your Devonshire point? Why, Miss Mahoney, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, descending from her day-dreams.

"I mean what I say. My Devonshire point has disappeared. I have searched everywhere for it—so have two or three others—every box, every bag, every basket, every drawer. I have shaken every garment, have left no nook or corner neglected, and it is not to be found. You were the last person seen with it—the only one who appreciated it. What have you done with it?"

"You must—you must—you must be dreaming, Miss Mahoney," said Adele. "What in the world *should* I do with your lace?"

"Finish a bridal toilette with it, perhaps," said Miss Mahoney.

"Do you mean—is it possible you can mean—"

"Miss Montrose, I mean that somebody has taken my lace, and that, to be plain, suspicion points to you, and that I am giving you a chance to restore it to me before I call an officer. For doubtless, since you could do such a thing, you know the value of that lace."

"Am I talking to a crazy woman?" cried Adele.

"No," said Miss Mahoney. "But I am talking to a thief."

For a moment Adele was dumb. Then the full meaning of the accusation smote her, and her anger flashed up like a flame. "How did it happen," she broke forth, "that so dreadful, so contemptible a woman came under the same roof with me! Leave me—leave me this instant! I refuse ever to speak to you again."

"You will speak to the officers of the law, then," said Miss Mahoney, using her umbrella like a tip-staff. "The people at the house have but guessed that I suspected you. Now I shall speak at once to Mrs. Pierson and the other boarders, and tell them my certainty. I never dreamed that coming into a country farm-house I was coming into a den of thieves." And she was as good as her word.

Adele herself hurried down the mountain, slipping and scrambling and rolling. But fast as she went in her indignation, Miss Mahoney's long legs had gone faster; and, as she drew near the house, she saw that the usual gay morning parties on the piazzas were absent, and she presently understood, by the sound of the loud forgetful tones that came through the open window, that the loss of the Devonshire lace was under discussion.

"Mr. Philip Hunt will learn," Miss Meyer was saying, "that before one marries a beauty it is best to see whether or not she is a kleptomaniac."

"Kleptofiddlesticks!" cried Miss Mahoney. "A thief's a thief. Rich or poor. She has my lace, or she hasn't. If she has, she's a thief, and four strong walls will hold her before night-fall, and save the lace of other people."

It seemed to Adele that she was certainly going mad herself. She walked in among them and stood looking about her, white as ashes, and with blazing eyes. "Is there any one here capable of believing such a frightful thing as this woman's words?" she exclaimed.

"Miss Montrose!" cried Mrs. Pierson—"Miss Montrose, don't you be a mite troubled. There's no body believes her. We'd trust her, all of us, with untold gold—"

"I don't know," said Maria Meyer then, slowly, and very white herself. "But I feel it my duty to say that passing Miss Montrose's door the other morning, I saw what looked very much like a long strip of lace fluttering at her window."

"Maria Meyer!" cried Lucia. "I would far sooner believe you told a falsehood—"

"Thank you," said Miss Meyer, with a scarlet face. "But your belief will not end the matter." And just then every one's glance followed in the direction of her own, and they saw the tall figure of a dark young man in the doorway. "What is all this?" cried a cheery voice. And at that Adele turned too. "Oh, Philip! Philip!" she shrieked, holding out her arms. "Save me, save me, save me from this dreadful woman!"

In another moment the dark young man's arms were about Adele, and he was possessing himself of the state of the case.

"And so, because Miss Montrose admired your lace, you dare to make such an accusation!" he exclaimed, turning on Miss Mahoney, and his face almost gray with wrath.

"I make no unsupported accusation," said Miss Mahoney. "Miss Meyer has seen the lace in Miss Montrose's room—"

"Oh, you don't believe it, Philip!" cried Adele, in an agonized tone.

"Believe it! Not if all the—"

Just at that time so furious a barking rose without from Laddie, that Mrs. Pierson, who at any other time would not have minded it, now, with all her nerves fluttering, ran to see what was the matter, and in another moment her cry and call rang out so wild and loud that, by natural instinct half the people in the room had followed her—to see Laddie, who had treed the cat in the branches of the old dead oak under Adele's window, himself powerless in the grasp of Jack, who had descended from his frequent perch in those branches, and planting himself firmly on Laddie's shoulders, had proceeded to tear out his hair by beakfuls. At the approach of Laddie's re-enforcement, though, in the shape of Mrs. Pierson, Jack extracted his claws, screaming and fluttering back; and following his flight with their eyes, they all saw what Mrs. Pierson had seen—the end of something delicately white and fibrous peeping from the moss and lichens in the crotch of the hollow tree.

Philip, who had not followed, but had remained, hushing Adele's sobs, heard the voices that called him; and in less time than that it takes to tell, he was in the crotch of that tree. "Whose magpie is this?" he cried, as well as he could be heard for Jack's scolding, sitting astride the branch, and beginning to pull out a long string firmly quilted and felted in the hollow with hair and matted moss. "Here is his nest, which he has hidden away; and here" (he knew very well what it was)—"is this string of any consequence?"

"It is the lace! it is the lace?" cried Lucia.

"The lace!" echoed Jane. "And that is Adele's room just over the hollow. He got out with it from Miss Mahoney's room, and the wind fluttered this end into Adele's window while he was stowing it away; and that is what Maria Meyer saw, if she saw any thing."

"Oh, my lace! my lace! It is ruined! it is almost ruined!" cried Miss Mahoney; and then she remembered Adele. "I am so sorry, Miss Montrose!" she said—"so sorry! Indeed I am! How can you ever overlook it?"

"I never can," sobbed Adele, trembling still in every fiber.

"You may just pack your trunks, Miss Mahoney, for the afternoon stage," said Mrs. Pierson. "I can't have—"

"And here is a comb," interrupted Philip still bringing out one thing after another—"yours, by its air and bringing up, Mrs. Pierson. And a bow of ribbon, and a curl of yellow hair, and a stuffed humming-bird, and—and what is this, Adele?" and he held up a gold chain and onyx locket.

"Oh, it is mine!" exclaimed Adele. "It is the one you gave me on my birthday. I couldn't imagine what had become of it."

"And you didn't make any outery."

"Oh, I thought—I thought—I mean, I thought she never came honestly by so many things, and I was sure she had taken it to add to the others, and it didn't seem worth while to make any fuss. So after that I just locked my drawers."

"She?" cried Miss Mahoney, now recovering her lost breath. "She! Me? — a Mahoney? Is it I, you little—"

"Oh yes!" replied Adele. "And I am so ashamed! And you never can forgive me."

"I never can," said Miss Mahoney. But directly afterward she broke into a hearty laugh. "My dear Miss Adele," said she, "I can, and I do; and you must, and you shall. As for that bad Jack, he deserves to have his neck wrung; and I'll do it—indeed, then, I would—if I didn't need him to keep Laddie in subjection. Now I beg your pardon heartily, and every body's, and I know you're going to grant it. The poor Devonshire point! that it will take me weeks to restore, and I suppose it would have uncomfortable associations, too. But I've lots of old Irish lace just as delicate as that, and it will look just as well as the finish to a bridal toilette. And you mustn't feel hard. You see, we're quits; you thought as much of me. I'm a well-meaning old thing; and perhaps Mrs. Pierson will let me stay, after all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Postage-stamp Collections.

That numerous class who devote their learned leisure to the collecting of postage-stamps may be interested in knowing that there are about 6,000 different descriptions of such things in existence. The Museum of the Berlin Post-office alone contains between four and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Some of the stamps, it appears, bear coats of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth — stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins, and wild fowl. There are the effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke, several inferior titled rulers, and many Presidents.

Suicides by animals are not uncommon. An old collie in Calthness, troubled with the infirmities of age, including deafness and the loss of teeth, committed suicide by drowning. A Newfoundland dog had his feelings wounded by being scolded. Soon after he was found alive, but with his head partly submerged in a ditch. He was dragged out. But he refused to eat or drink, and before long he was found in the same ditch, dead. Captive birds sometimes poison themselves, apparently preferring death to confinement. The American stag or deer commits suicide sometimes when seized or attacked by the glutton, by precipitating itself against trees.

In and About the City of Mexico.

The suburbs of Mexico are not by any means beautiful, always of course excepting the rock and grove of Chapultepec. Just where the houses end stands the statue of Charles IV., the King of Spain, whose legs were so strong that he could squeeze a horse until it was breathless. Luckily he is not represented in this act, and the sculptor has succeeded in making one of the best equestrian statues in the world. From this point there is a straight drive called the *Calzada de la Reforma*, leading to Chapultepec, which looks at the distance not unlike Windsor Castle when viewed from the other end of the famous Long Walk. Here in the afternoons all Mexico turns out to drive in carriages or to ride on horseback. The carriages here are almost all made in Paris, and are, with the exception of a few Victorias, altogether closed. The reason given for this is that there is a rainy season of three months, and consequently during the other nine months of the year the inhabitants are obliged to use carriages only good for wet weather. As it is impossible to see into these carriages when they are in motion, and they are drawn up in lines every now and then so that the occupants can have a good view of their friends as they pass. The equestrian part of the promenaders is divided into two classes, those in English and those in Mexican saddles. It would be considered very bad form for a person riding in an English saddle to dress in the Mexican style, but when mounted on a Mexican horse and in a Mexican saddle the proper dress is the leather trousers, jacket, and *sombrero*. The Mexican "swell" is as particular about the number of buttons down the outside of his trousers, the size of his *sombrero*, and the hang of his sword as an English fox-hunter is about the cut of his cords or the spotlessness of his boots. Many ladies also ride, but they generally go out early in the morning when there are no carriages in the Paseo. Half way between the statue of Charles IV. and Chapultepec there is a "circle," in the middle of which a statue has been erected to Christopher Columbus, and here the view of the two volcanoes, with the rays of the setting sun tinting their snow-clad summits with a delicate rose color, is remarkably fine. A row of trees has been planted at either side of this drive, and they are quickly growing up; at present there is no shade and a great deal of dust, for the watering cart has not yet reached Mexico. However, men carry some water in buckets and sprinkle it over the dust, which is generally about six inches in depth, but the results are scarcely satisfactory.

As a rule the streets are clean, but badly paved, and before the rainy season sets in the sewers are opened at every corner and emptied. During this operation the smells, which are always somewhat offensive, become intolerable, and no doubt breed malaria and other sicknesses that should not be known in a city so high above the level of the sea. Through many of the streets excellent trainways run, and the *concessionnaire*, who has a monopoly, is fast becoming a millionaire. It is amusing to see how easy the driver and conductor take life. The driver has a comfortable armchair on the front platform, and the conductor comes in every few minutes to roll his cigarette and ask a passenger for a light. Every one smokes, often at times which in the States would be considered rather out of place. For instance, a waiter will smoke his cigarette while serving dinner, and if he wants to use both his hands at the same time, will lay it down on the corner of the tablo or on any other "coign of vantage."

The waiters, who are generally Mestizos, are about as bad as they are made, stupid, inattentive, and with a peculiar loping gait, something like the trot of a donkey or Mexican pony. At the restaurants in the city the food is generally good and well cooked. The cookery is French, with a few Mexican innovations, such as the use of large quantities of chillis in many dishes, and the perpetual *frijoles*, or small black beans, with which every meal invariably ends. Fish is scarce and rarely good, the principal one being the Huachinaugo, a fish with a very thick skin, and rather tasteless and dry. Now and then oysters are brought up from the coast; they are very small, something like those that grow on the mangrove trees in Cuba. They are salt, with thick, rough shells, and the Mexicans eat them with their knives, a rather difficult proceeding. Meat is fairly good, the mutton being better than the beef. The butchers think that a bull fight considerably improves the flavor of the beef, so each animal that is killed is attacked in the usual toreador style and dispatched after a fight of some fifteen minutes' duration with a sword which takes the place of a butcher's knife in other lands. The pork is good and much used by the people; it is cooked in every possible way, but rarely cured for bacon or hams. The poultry is not good, and the game scarce and poor. There is, however, a small dove called the tortola that makes an excellent salmi, and a little bird, something larger than the reed bird, which feeds exclusively upon the cantareda or Spanish fly, is simply delicious. Vegetables are plentiful, but inferior in both size and flavor; however, they can be procured during the greater part of the year and are very cheap. Wines, spirits, and other drinks as easily procured in the city as in New York, but the prices are rather stiff, champagne costing $6 a bottle and other wines in proportion. The Germans, who are invading Mexico in large numbers, have started several breweries, and the beverage which is supposed to be so good for diplomatic brains is fast becoming a favorite with the people who do not drink pulque.

The people engaged in business, such as bankers' and merchants' houses, work from eight in the morning until twelve, then every one goes to breakfast, and the offices are closed until three, when they open for another hour. The financial business was formerly done by English houses, but the Germans have now got almost entire control. Many of the shopkeepers are French, particularly the jewelry and dry goods houses, and the best clubs are the French and German casinos. The women are usually plain, dress very badly, and use an enormous quantity of paint and powder upon their faces. Indeed, it is not at all unusual to see a young girl of twelve or thirteen years of age with a thick coating of paint, and if any adventurous spirit wishes to set up as an importer in Mexico, he can not do better than open a store for the sale of violet powder. Ladies rarely go out of the house in daytime, except to mass in the morning or to drive in the Paseo in the afternoon.—*Letter to N. Y. Sun.*

Why She Knew.

The other day there was a suit in Justice Alley between two Wayne County farmers regarding the ownership of fourteen unmarked grain bags. Each side was prepared to stoutly swear that the bags were his, and each had witnesses to back his testimony. The complainant swore to buying the bags at a certain store on a certain time, and his hired man swore to handling them as they were taken from the wagon. The defendant swore that he purchased them at a certain place at a certain time, and his wife was called to the stand to tell what she knew about it. She was a large, fleshy woman, and very much bewildered.

"Land save me! but I was never in such a crowd before, and I feel as if I should faint!" she gasped, as she took the witness stand.

"Never mind fainting, Mrs. X," said the lawyer. "Tell the jury what you know about those bags."

"Oh! land! but I know all about 'em! We bought 'em ou the 10th of November."

"How are you sure it was the 10th?"

"Sakes alive! but I know it was, for I boxed Melissa's ears that morning for leaving a spoon in the dish-water, and she was married on the 15th."

"Who asked for the bags at the store?"

"Oh! stars and garters! but I did! I remember it as plain as day."

"What did the clerk say?"

"Oh! stars! but he said, 'certainly,' and he went and got 'em."

"What else do you remember?"

"Oh, lands! but I wanted a calico dress!"

"And you didn't get it?"

"Bless granny! I didn't, and we jawed all the way home."

"And now why are you positive that these are the bags?"

"Oh! dear, oh! but while we were jawing I threw 'em out into the road. Some one lend me a fan, for I'm most dead!"

"Never mind being most dead, Mrs. X. What else about the bags."

"My husband boxed my ears for throwing 'em out. Oh! stars! I didn't mean to tell that!"

"He did, eh? Well, what else?"

"Oh! dear! but when we got home I kicked the hired man?"

"Kicked the hired man, eh? Well, how can you be positive that these are the bags?"

"Great snakes! aren't you done yet! Yes, I am positive."

"How can you be?"

"I don't want to tell."

"But you must."

"Well, if I must, I must, though I'm sure I shall faint away. That night I boxed Melissa again."

"Yes."

"And husband boxed me."

"Yes."

"And we both boxed the hired man, and we were all so mad we sot up all night in our cheers and have had chillblains and catarrh ever since! Do you suppose we'd have made fools of ourselves over fourteen grain-bags belonging to a man living three miles away?"

That settled the case with the jury, and the verdict was in favor of the defendant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Poet's Natural History at Fault.

The poets which most readers and critics seem to regard as the high priest of nature, and incapable of error of this kind, is Bryant. I yield to none in my admiration of the sweetness and simplicity of Bryant's poems of nature, and, in general, of their correctness of observation; yet I believe he sometimes tripped upon his facts, and that at other times he deliberately molded them, adding to our cutting off, to suit the purposes of his verse. I will cite here two instances in which his natural history is at fault. In his poem on the bobolink he makes the parent birds feed their young with "seeds," whereas, in fact, the young are fed exclusively upon insects and worms. The bobolink is an insectiverous bird in the North, or until its brood has flown, and a granivorous bird in the South.

In his "Evening Revery" occur these lines:

The mother bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells and shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight.

It is not a fact that the mother-bird aids her offspring in escaping from the shell. The young of all birds are armed with a small temporary horn or protuberance upon the upper mandible, and they are so placed in the shell that this point is in immediate contact with its inner surface; as soon as they are fully developed and begin to struggle to free themselves, the horny growth "pips" the shell. Their efforts then continue till their prison walls are completely sundered, and the bird is free. This process is rendered the more easy by the fact that toward the last the shell becomes very rotten; the acids that are generated by the growing chick eat it and make it brittle, so that one can hardly touch a fully incubated bird's egg without breaking it. To help the young bird forth would ensure its speedy death. It is not true either that the parent shoves its young from the nest when they are fully fledged, except, possibly, in the case of some of the swallows and of the eagle. The young of all our common birds leave the nest of their own motion, stimulated probably by the calls of the parents, and, in some cases, by the withholding of food for a longer period than usual.—*John Burroughs, in May Scribner.*

A frog four inches long and one inch in breadth was found in the throat of a kingrail shot in Rockland County, N. Y. It was alive when drawn from the dead bird.

Gold is found in fifty-six counties in Georgia, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, and diamonds in twenty-six.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE QUEEN AND THE BEGGAR'S CHILD.

Silk and diamonds and trailing lace,
Haughty carriage and fair, proud face;
Out from the palace, towering high,
Grand and gray 'neath the bending sky;
O'er the lawn, with its carpet green,
Lightly stepping came Austria's Queen.
Flashing gems in the summer sun,
Tender mother and Queen in one.

Jewels gleam on her royal hands,
Clasp her arms with their shining bands,
Sparkle and glow where the sunbeams fall;
But the most precious of them all
The nurse is holding with tender care—
The royal baby, rosy and fair;
Pressing fond kisses on cheek and brow,
The Queen is only a mother now.

Down the lawn in its shadow deep
A beggar woman lies asleep.
Hunger, poverty, pain and care,
Darken the face once young and fair;
There by the wayside seeking rest,
Clasping a babe upon her breast.
Its hungry wail across the green
Stirs the heart of the mother Queen.

Down on the green grass, kneeling low,
Baring her bosom as white as snow,
Laying the child without a name
Where only royal babes have lain,
Feeding it from her own proud breast,
Hungry, starving—ah! there's the test—
Mother-love spans the chasm wide;
Queen and station must stand aside.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Detroit Free Press.

MISS MAHONEY'S LACE.

They were having a very good time at the Farm, as pleasant a party of gay girl graduates as could well be put together, when Miss Mahoney arrived upon the scene of action, and her appearance was certainly like a wet blanket on all pleasure.

The Farm was on a mountain-side, high up in the air; all below it a great amphitheater of lesser hills, mellowed in distance and vapors till they looked like the waves of a purple sea, with now and then mighty rainbows spanning them; and all above it the lofty tops of hills, whose woods here feathered off upon the morning sky, and whose crags were jutted sharply on the stars at night. The air was full of the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the hum of bees, and the rushing of water-falls, and it seemed to the happy young things that they were somewhere above the world—in an ideal region from which no voice could summon them. But, for all that, a sharp voice called when Miss Mahoney was heard at the door, and the cruel common world burst in behind her.

She came in the noon stage, and she brought such tons of luggage! That had to come on another. What did she mean to do with it at the Farm, where linen lawn was full dress? And she had a collie dog, and a huge cage with a magpie in it, and the magpie chattered like the confusion of tongues. Miss Mahoney stopped at the door, opened the cage, and let the magpie go. "He comes back at call," said she to Mrs. Pierson, our landlady, who hardly looked with kindness on the bird of evil. "He likes to have his liberty and make his nest, and so I let him have it all the summer—city life is so confining. And Laddie keeps an eye on him." But we all embraced "Laddie" at once, as he put up his pretty nose and tender brown eyes to our faces, and the collie became the best friend of all of the young girls that day, particularly of the prettier one; for he had quite a taste in beauty; he seemed to know that there was not a gallant about the place, and he might be escort to the whole party if he would, and he presently attached himself so pertinaciously to Adele Montrose that Jane Hunt said she should have to show him Philip's picture next, and tell Laddie that Philip was coming in a month.

Miss Mahoney came down to tea in regal array. No such garments had ever been seen at the Farm as her purple-striped velvet gauzes, with their satin under-stuff. As for her string of pearls, perhaps they were only Roman; but if they were real, they were worth more than the Farm; and then the lace shawl which she knotted up round her throat as they sat on the piazza looking at the sunset more underneath than above them, "as if it had been Shetland wool," said Jane, "when it was priceless Brussels net."

"But she has oceans of lace," said Miss Meyer. "I opened her door by mistake as she was unpacking, and there it was, some in boxes and trays, and some over chairs. What with laces and jewels, the room looked like the Milky Way."

"She'll think we are a set of barbarians," said Adele, with her quick blush, "with hardly so much as a tucker."

"And we shall think her a vulgar parvenue, bringing such things to such a place," said Jane.

"She's not a *nouveau riche*, at any rate," answered Miss Meyer. "For she isn't rich at all. Mrs. Pierson knows about her. She inherited all her fine things from some relation or other, and has only enough money to live on; and when she wants to do something extravagant, like coming to the mountains, for instance, she sells a pearl or a bit of lace."

"Well, I shouldn't care how I came by it, so long as I had it," said Adele.

"Why, Adele Montrose!" in chorus.

"Oh, I mean, of course, you know, I shouldn't care who left it to me. She may, if she wants to," said Adele. "If there's one thing more heavenly than another, it is lace!"

Miss Mahoney, of course, became an object of study to the girls, and was always accompanied in her progress by some awe and more ridicule—the former as the possessor of finery that somehow went to their hearts every time they saw it or heard of it, the latter as a woman past forty, tall and angular and ugly and ignorant, aping the appearance and manners of young girls. "I wonder how she came by Laddie?" said Adele, one day.

"She gave a jewel for him," said Miss Meyer, laughing, "so as to have something to protect her other jewels. I'm sure it's no wonder how she came by Jack. That magpie will drive us all out of the house yet."

"See him now," said Jane Hunt, "on the limb of that hollow oak. Doesn't he look like a 'limb' himself?"

"There certainly is something demoniac about Jack," said Adele. "He came tapping at my window last night, and when I saw those eyes of his they made me shiver so—"

"He was after the cakes in your closet."

"Do you suppose he was?" she asked, as she was going off with Laddie.

They didn't any of them suppose so, for all the animals about the place seemed to have a fondness for Adele, cows and horses, cats and doves; even the wood birds had a way of flying low round the charming head as she called them. Some said it was her beauty, for she was the loveliest little brown-haired, blue-eyed, white-browed, damask-checked piece of flesh and blood one could imagine; others said it was her gentle ways; and the rest fancied it was some nearness to nature in her, or some secret attraction like that of the Indian snake-charmers.

"That is the same way she tamed Jane's brother Phil," said Lucia. "Every one knows that Phil was the haughtiest and most high-strung man in existence, and rather despised women. And now he just adores the ground she walks on."

"As for me," said Miss Meyer, "I should be afraid that that sort of love is a glamour, and would break up some day."

"There's no danger of Phil's love for Adele breaking up," said Jane. "And how she does worship him! She never mentions his name, but she writes to him every day—and she even saves the scraps of his writing on newspaper envelopes—she does indeed, girls!"

"Dear me! I wouldn't want to care so much for any one," said Miss Meyer.

"I don't know any body that's more likely to," cried Lucia. "When you do fall in love, Maria Meyer—"

"Don't you concern yourself, young lady, about me," said Miss Meyer, sharply, walking off to give Laddie a biscuit, which was at once stolen by Jack, Laddie being engrossed in a fine romp with Adele. "They say she used to care for Phil herself," whispered Lucia to her neighbor, and then they fell to comparing their tatting and crocheting, and getting out patterns, and Miss Mahoney joined them.

Miss Mahoney's morning toilettes were as extraordinarily severe as her afternoon ones were extraordinarily superb. "Oh, Miss Mahoney!" cried one of the girls, one morning, "if we had your laces, we shouldn't have to do tatting."

"We hear you have such lovely lace," said Maria Meyer, with her grand air on.

"I have some very pretty pieces," said Miss Mahoney. "Our family is an old Irish family, and I am the last of it, and so in one direction and another I have fallen heir to a good deal."

"And I suppose you know all about lace?" said Lucia.

"I know all about *my* lace. Some of it is quite nice. As pretty pieces," repeated Miss Mahoney, "of their size, as one could see in America."

"What if you had a grand opening at some time, and let us see them all?" asked Lucia.

"Why, with the greatest pleasure, any time—now, if you say so." And of course the girls all said so, and sprung to their feet at once.

"Oh, is she going to show us her laces?" cried Adele, dancing up with Laddie barking and jumping round Jack, who had perched on her shoulder. "How lovely of you, Miss Mahoney!" and she followed with the rest.

"This," said Miss Mahoney, when she had opened her boxes, "is Venice point."

"It doesn't look any different from tatting," said Maria Meyer.

"Only," said Miss Mahoney, "as different as mist is from water. This is a bit of Spanish lace made in a convent. Here is a scrap of cardinal's lace; nobody but the cardinals at Rome have it. I don't know how my grandmother came into possession of this scrap—there used to be an archbishop in our family somewhere, but that's not a cardinal. These are all old French laces—Mrs. Palissey never saw their equal. But they are a great deal of care. I often think that piece of Valenciennes costs me as much trouble as a child. These are Irish laces—they are like hoar-frosts and blowing snow-drifts, somebody once told me. They don't make them now. See this piece of English point—old Devonshire point—"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Adele, while the others were exclaiming over this and that. "Talk of snow-drifts!" and she took the Devonshire point in her hands: it was two or three yards of finger-deep edging in a couple of pieces caught together by a thread, of the most exquisitely delicate beauty both of texture and design—idealized foam wreaths, or the fancies of some frosted pane spread on a spider's web. "How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Adele again, and she wound it round her blushing face before the glass. "What a finish for a bridal toilet!" and then she held it up in her hands in the sunlight, and the magpie on her shoulder, cocking his head on this side and on the other, looked more demoniac than ever through the film of an end of it that lay over his black shining feathers. "You are exactly like one of those girls holding little banners of that come dancing out of the facades of temples in those Pompeiian decorations of Phil's!" cried Jane. "What a pity that you're not going to marry a rich man, Del, who could afford you Devonshire point and diamonds," she added, the least atom maliciously, "instead of a poor young architect!"

If Adele wound a duster round her she could look decorated," said Lucia.

"Most folks would," said Adele, taking off the lace soberly, and laying it down. "But I must confess that I think lace is the most perfect thing made by hands; it always seems to be the nearest approach from man to the works of nature, and I'd about as lief make lace as paint pictures." And then Miss Meyer began wrapping herself in a black lace mantle so precisely designed that the very dew-drops seemed to glisten on the poppy petals there; and presently all the other girls were masquerading in the precious things, while Miss Mahoney sat by complacently enjoying her magnificence.

"Now, my dears," said Miss Mahoney, as one by one they resigned their borrowed plumes, "you see I have nice things, if I don't wear them." And, satisfied with the exhibition, during the next week she put on nothing costlier than a nine-penny print.

"Well," said Adele, "it's just a pleasure to have them to look at."

Poor little Adele was the penniless orphan of penniless parents, and she taught drawing in a large school in Boston, where Phil had happened to see her and love her at first sight. Phil was coming before long now for his month's vacation, and she was only living by counting the hours. A little restless till then, the light talk of the girls seemed to her unmeaning chatter, in which she had small interest, and she used to wander off by herself, sketching effects on her little pocket-boards, or lying in the fern or under the shadows of the cliffs, with an unread book in her hand, by the hour together. Occupied with her own fancies, and with a drawing of the outlines of old World's End, it was not strange that she did not particularly notice the demeanor of the girls, or, if she did observe them whispering with their heads together, that she should have thought it no more than the customary mischief and merry-making.

She was standing alone one morning, just as the sun was drying the grass and moss on the top of Breezy Bluff, behind her the great purple mountain, below her the dewy verdure of the hillsides; hawks were soaring and sweeping over her head in the marvelous blue of the stainless sky, and under her feet the tops of the woods were bowing and bending. It was not like daily life, she was saying to herself. "This wonderful hill country! It is just as if one had died, and were really approaching heaven." And in her white gown, with her bright brown hair floating out about her face in the wind that fanned so pure a color there, and with her luminous eyes borrowing the very color of the skies, she looked almost as if she were. As she stood there, rapt in reverie and happiness—the world was so beautiful, and Phil was coming any day now, and she had hardly any other thought — she did not notice Miss Mahoney, under a big umbrella, toiling up to meet her, till that individual was close upon her.

"I have followed you here, Miss Montrose," said she, sullenly, in her most rasping tones, "to save you any mortification before the other boarders, and to ask what you have done with my Devonshire point."

"With what?"

"With my Devonshire point."

"What I have done with your Devonshire point? Why, Miss Mahoney, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, descending from her day-dreams.

"I mean what I say. My Devonshire point has disappeared. I have searched everywhere for it—so have two or three others—every box, every bag, every basket, every drawer. I have shaken every garment, have left no nook or corner neglected, and it is not to be found. You were the last person seen with it—the only one who appreciated it. What have you done with it?"

"You must—you must—you must be dreaming, Miss Mahoney," said Adele. "What in the world *should* I do with your lace?"

"Finish a bridal toilette with it, perhaps," said Miss Mahoney.

"Do you mean—is it possible you can mean—"

"Miss Montrose, I mean that somebody has taken my lace, and that, to be plain, suspicion points to you, and that I am giving you a chance to restore it to me before I call an officer. For doubtless, since you could do such a thing, you know the value of that lace."

"Am I talking to a crazy woman?" cried Adele.

"No," said Miss Mahoney. "But I am talking to a thief."

For a moment Adele was dumb. Then the full meaning of the accusation smote her, and her anger flashed up like a flame. "How did it happen," she broke forth, "that so dreadful, so contemptible a woman came under the same roof with me! Leave me—leave me this instant! I refuse ever to speak to you again."

"You will speak to the officers of the law, then," said Miss Mahoney, using her umbrella like a tip-staff. "The people at the house have but guessed that I suspected you. Now I shall speak at once to Mrs. Pierson and the other boarders, and tell them my certainty. I never dreamed that coming into a country farm-house I was coming into a den of thieves." And she was as good as her word.

Adele herself hurried down the mountain, slipping and scrambling and rolling. But fast as she went in her indignation, Miss Mahoney's long legs had gone faster; and, as she drew near the house, she saw that the usual gay morning parties on the piazzas were absent, and she presently understood, by the sound of the loud forgetful tones that came through the open window, that the loss of the Devonshire lace was under discussion.

"Mr. Philip Hunt will learn," Miss Meyer was saying, "that before one marries a beauty it is best to see whether or not she is a kleptomaniac."

"Kleptofiddlesticks!" cried Miss Mahoney. "A thief's a thief. Rich or poor. She has my lace, or she hasn't. If she has, she's a thief, and four strong walls will hold her before night-fall, and save the lace of other people."

It seemed to Adele that she was certainly going mad herself. She walked in among them and stood looking about her, white as ashes, and with blazing eyes. "Is there any one here capable of believing such a frightful thing as this woman's words?" she exclaimed.

"Miss Montrose!" cried Mrs. Pierson—"Miss Montrose, don't you be a mite troubled. There's no body believes her. We'd trust her, all of us, with untold gold—"

"I don't know," said Maria Meyer then, slowly, and very white herself. "But I feel it my duty to say that passing Miss Montrose's door the other morning, I saw what looked very much like a long strip of lace fluttering at her window."

"Maria Meyer!" cried Lucia. "I would far sooner believe you told a falsehood—"

"Thank you," said Miss Meyer, with a scarlet face. "But your belief will not end the matter." And just then every one's glance followed in the direction of her own, and they saw the tall figure of a dark young man in the doorway. "What is all this?" cried a cheery voice. And at that Adele turned too. "Oh, Philip! Philip!" she shrieked, holding out her arms. "Save me, save me, save me from this dreadful woman!"

In another moment the dark young man's arms were about Adele, and he was possessing himself of the state of the case.

"And so, because Miss Montrose admired your lace, you dare to make such an accusation!" he exclaimed, turning on Miss Mahoney, and his face almost gray with wrath.

"I make no unsupported accusation," said Miss Mahoney. "Miss Meyer has seen the lace in Miss Montrose's room—"

"Oh, you don't believe it, Philip!" cried Adele, in an agonized tone.

"Believe it! Not if all the—"

Just at that time so furious a barking rose without from Laddie, that Mrs. Pierson, who at any other time would not have minded it, now, with all her nerves fluttering, ran to see what was the matter, and in another moment her cry and call rang out so wild and loud that, by natural instinct half the people in the room had followed her—to see Laddie, who had treed the cat in the branches of the old dead oak under Adele's window, himself powerless in the grasp of Jack, who had descended from his frequent perch in those branches, and planting himself firmly on Laddie's shoulders, had proceeded to tear out his hair by beakfuls. At the approach of Laddie's re-enforcement, though, in the shape of Mrs. Pierson, Jack extracted his claws, screaming and fluttering back; and following his flight with their eyes, they all saw what Mrs. Pierson had seen—the end of something delicately white and fibrous peeping from the moss and lichens in the crotch of the hollow tree.

Philip, who had not followed, but had remained, hushing Adele's sobs, heard the voices that called him; and in less time than that it takes to tell, he was in the crotch of that tree. "Whose magpie is this?" he cried, as well as he could be heard for Jack's scolding, sitting astride the branch, and beginning to pull out a long string firmly quilted and felted in the hollow with hair and matted moss. "Here is his nest, which he has hidden away; and here" (he knew very well what it was)—"is this string of any consequence?"

"It is the lace! it is the lace?" cried Lucia.

"The lace!" echoed Jane. "And that is Adele's room just over the hollow. He got out with it from Miss Mahoney's room, and the wind fluttered this end into Adele's window while he was stowing it away; and that is what Maria Meyer saw, if she saw any thing."

"Oh, my lace! my lace! It is ruined! it is almost ruined!" cried Miss Mahoney; and then she remembered Adele. "I am so sorry, Miss Montrose!" she said—"so sorry! Indeed I am! How can you ever overlook it?"

"I never can," sobbed Adele, trembling still in every fiber.

"You may just pack your trunks, Miss Mahoney, for the afternoon stage," said Mrs. Pierson. "I can't have—"

"And here is a comb," interrupted Philip still bringing out one thing after another—"yours, by its air and bringing up, Mrs. Pierson. And a bow of ribbon, and a curl of yellow hair, and a stuffed humming-bird, and—and what is this, Adele?" and he held up a gold chain and onyx locket.

"Oh, it is mine!" exclaimed Adele. "It is the one you gave me on my birthday. I couldn't imagine what had become of it."

"And you didn't make any outcry."

"Oh, I thought—I thought—I mean, I thought she never came honestly by so many things, and I was sure she had taken it to add to the others, and it didn't seem worth while to make any fuss. So after that I just locked my drawers."

"She?" cried Miss Mahoney, now recovering her lost breath. "She! Me? — a Mahoney? Is it I, you little—"

"Oh yes!" replied Adele. "And I am so ashamed! And you never can forgive me."

"I never can," said Miss Mahoney. But directly afterward she broke into a hearty laugh. "My dear Miss Adele," said she, "I can, and I do; and you must, and you shall. As for that bad Jack, he deserves to have his neck wrung; and I'll do it—indeed, then, I would—if I didn't need him to keep Laddie in subjection. Now I beg your pardon heartily, and every body's, and I know you're going to grant it. The poor Devonshire point! that it will take me weeks to restore, and I suppose it would have uncomfortable associations, too. But I've lots of old Irish lace just as delicate as that, and it will look just as well as the finish to a bridal toilette. And you mustn't feel hard. You see, we're quits; you thought as much of me. I'm a well-meaning old thing; and perhaps Mrs. Pierson will let me stay, after all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Postage-stamp Collections.

That numerous class who devote their learned leisure to the collecting of postage-stamps may be interested in knowing that there are about 6,000 different descriptions of such things in existence. The Museum of the Berlin Post-office alone contains between four and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Some of the stamps, it appears, bear coats of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth — stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins, and wild fowl. There are the effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke, several inferior titled rulers, and many Presidents.

Suicides by animals are not uncommon. An old collie in Calthness, troubled with the infirmities of age, including deafness and the loss of teeth, committed suicide by drowning. A Newfoundland dog had his feelings wounded by being scolded. Soon after he was found alive, but with his head partly submerged in a ditch. He was dragged out. But he refused to eat or drink, and before long he was found in the same ditch, dead. Captive birds sometimes poison themselves, apparently preferring death to confinement. The American stag or deer commits suicide sometimes when seized or attacked by the glutton, by precipitating itself against trees.

In and About the City of Mexico.

The suburbs of Mexico are not by any means beautiful, always of course excepting the rock and grove of Chapultepec. Just where the houses end stands the statue of Charles IV., the King of Spain, whose legs were so strong that he could squeeze a horse until it was breathless. Luckily he is not represented in this act, and the sculptor has succeeded in making one of the best equestrian statues in the world. From this point there is a straight drive called the *Calzada de la Reforma*, leading to Chapultepec, which looks at the distance not unlike Windsor Castle when viewed from the other end of the famous Long Walk. Here in the afternoons all Mexico turns out to drive in carriages or to ride on horseback. The carriages here are almost all made in Paris, and are, with the exception of a few Victorias, altogether closed. The reason given for this is that there is a rainy season of three months, and consequently during the other nine months of the year the inhabitants are obliged to use carriages only good for wet weather. As it is impossible to see into these carriages when they are in motion, they are drawn up in lines every now and then so that the occupants can have a good view of their friends as they pass. The equestrian part of the promenaders is divided into two classes, those in English and those in Mexican saddles. It would be considered very bad form for a person riding in an English saddle to dress in the Mexican style, but when mounted on a Mexican horse and in a Mexican saddle the proper dress is the leather trousers, jacket, and *sombrero*. The Mexican "swell" is as particular about the number of buttons down the outside of his trousers, the size of his *sombrero*, and the hang of his sword as an English fox-hunter is about the cut of his cords or the spotlessness of his boots. Many ladies also ride, but they generally go out early in the morning when there are no carriages in the Paseo. Half way between the statue of Charles IV. and Chapultepec there is a "circle," in the middle of which a statue has been erected to Christopher Columbus, and here the view of the two volcanoes, with the rays of the setting sun tinting their snow-clad summits with a delicate rose color, is remarkably fine. A row of trees has been planted at either side of this drive, and they are quickly growing up; at present there is no shade and a great deal of dust, for the watering cart has not yet reached Mexico. However, men carry some water in buckets and sprinkle it over the dust, which is generally about six inches in depth, but the results are scarcely satisfactory.

As a rule the streets are clean, but badly paved, and before the rainy season sets in the sewers are opened at every corner and emptied. During this operation the smells, which are always somewhat offensive, become intolerable, and no doubt breed malaria and other sicknesses that should not be known in a city so high above the level of the sea. Through many of the streets excellent trainways run, and the *concessionnaire*, who has a monopoly, is fast becoming a millionaire. It is amusing to see how easy the driver and conductor take life. The driver has a comfortable armchair on the front platform, and the conductor comes in every few minutes to roll his cigarette and ask a passenger for a light. Every one smokes, often at times which in the States would be considered rather out of place. For instance, a waiter will smoke his cigarette while serving dinner, and if he wants to use both his hands at the same time, will lay it down on the corner of the table or on any other "coign of vantage."

The waiters, who are generally Mestizos, are about as bad as they are made, stupid, inattentive, and with a peculiar loping gait, something like the trot of a donkey or Mexican pony. At the restaurants in the city the food is generally good and well cooked. The cookery is French, with a few Mexican innovations, such as the use of large quantities of chillis in many dishes, and the perpetual *frijoles*, or small black beans, with which every meal invariably ends. Fish is scarce and rarely good, the principal one being the Huachinango, a fish with a very thick skin, and rather tasteless and dry. Now and then oysters are brought up from the coast; they are very small, something like those that grow on the mangrove trees in Cuba. They are salt, with thick, rough shells, and the Mexicans eat them with their knives, a rather difficult proceeding. Meat is fairly good, the mutton being better than the beef. The butchers think that a bull fight considerably improves the flavor of the beef, so each animal that is killed is attacked in the usual toreador style and dispatched after a fight of some fifteen minutes' duration with a sword which takes the place of a butcher's knife in other lands. The pork is good and much used by the people; it is cooked in every possible way, but rarely cured for bacon or hams. The poultry is not good, and the game scarce and poor. There is, however, a small dove called the tortola that makes an excellent salmi, and a little bird, something larger than the reed bird, which feeds exclusively upon the cantareda or Spanish fly, is simply delicious. Vegetables are plentiful, but inferior in both size and flavor; however, they can be procured during the greater part of the year and are very cheap. Wines, spirits, and other drinks as easily procured in the city as in New York, but the prices are rather stiff, champagne costing $6 a bottle and other wines in proportion. The Germans, who are invading Mexico in large numbers, have started several breweries, and the beverage which is supposed to be so good for diplomatic brains is fast becoming a favorite with the people who do not drink pulque.

The people engaged in business, such as bankers' and merchants' houses, work from eight in the morning until twelve, then every one goes to breakfast, and the offices are closed until three, when they open for another hour. The financial business was formerly done by English houses, but the Germans have now got almost entire control. Many of the shopkeepers are French, particularly the jewelry and dry goods houses, and the best clubs are the French and German casinos. The women are usually plain, dress very badly, and use an enormous quantity of paint and powder upon their faces. Indeed, it is not at all unusual to see a young girl of twelve or thirteen years of age with a thick coating of paint, and if any adventurous spirit wishes to set up as an importer in Mexico, he can not do better than open a store for the sale of violet powder. Ladies rarely go out of the house in daytime, except to mass in the morning or to drive in the Paseo in the afternoon.—*Letter to N. Y. Sun.*

Why She Knew.

The other day there was a suit in Justice Alley between two Wayne County farmers regarding the ownership of fourteen unmarked grain bags. Each side was prepared to stoutly swear that the bags were his, and each had witnesses to back his testimony. The complainant swore to buying the bags at a certain store on a certain time, and his hired man swore to handling them as they were taken from the wagon. The defendant swore that he purchased them at a certain place at a certain time, and his wife was called to the stand to tell what she knew about it. She was a large, fleshy woman, and very much bewildered.

"Land save me! but I was never in such a crowd before, and I feel as if I should faint!" she gasped, as she took the witness stand.

"Never mind fainting, Mrs. X," said the lawyer. "Tell the jury what you know about those bags."

"Oh! land! but I know all about 'em! We bought 'em on the 10th of November."

"How are you sure it was the 10th?"

"Sakes alive! but I know it was, for I boxed Melissa's ears that morning for leaving a spoon in the dish-water, and she was married on the 15th."

"Who asked for the bags at the store?"

"Oh! stars and garters! but I did! I remember it as plain as day."

"What did the clerk say?"

"Oh! stars! but he said, 'certainly,' and he went and got 'em."

"What else do you remember?"

"Oh, lands! but I wanted a calico dress!"

"And you didn't get it?"

"Bless granny! I didn't, and we jawed all the way home."

"And now why are you positive that these are the bags?"

"Oh! dear, oh! but while we were jawing I threw 'em out into the road. Some one lend me a fan, for I'm most dead!"

"Never mind being most dead, Mrs. X. What else about the bags."

"My husband boxed my ears for throwing 'em out. Oh! stars! I didn't mean to tell that!"

"He did, eh? Well, what else?"

"Oh! dear! but when we got home I kicked the hired man?"

"Kicked the hired man, eh? Well, how can you be positive that these are the bags?"

"Great snakes! aren't you done yet! Yes, I am positive."

"How can you be?"

"I don't want to tell."

"But you must."

"Well, if I must, I must, though I'm sure I shall faint away. That night I boxed Melissa again."

"Yes."

"And husband boxed me."

"Yes."

"And we both boxed the hired man, and we were all so mad we sat up all night in our cheers and have had chillblains and catarrh ever since! Do you suppose we'd have made fools of ourselves over fourteen grain-bags belonging to a man living three miles away?"

That settled the case with the jury, and the verdict was in favor of the defendant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Poet's Natural History at Fault.

The poets which most readers and critics seem to regard as the high priest of nature, and incapable of error of this kind, is Bryant. I yield to none in my admiration of the sweetness and simplicity of Bryant's poems of nature, and, in general, of their correctness of observation; yet I believe he sometimes tripped upon his facts, and that at other times he deliberately molded them, adding to our cutting off, to suit the purposes of his verse. I will cite here two instances in which his natural history is at fault. In his poem on the bobolink he makes the parent birds feed their young with "seeds," whereas, in fact, the young are fed exclusively upon insects and worms. The bobolink is an insectiverous bird in the North, or until its brood has flown, and a granivorous bird in the South.

In his "Evening Revery" occur these lines:

The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells and shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight.

It is not a fact that the mother-bird aids her offspring in escaping from the shell. The young of all birds are armed with a small temporary horn or protuberance upon the upper mandible, and they are so placed in the shell that this point is in immediate contact with its inner surface; as soon as they are fully developed and begin to struggle to free themselves, the horny growth "pips" the shell. Their efforts then continue till their prison walls are completely sundered, and the bird is free. This process is rendered the more easy by the fact that toward the last the shell becomes very rotten; the acids that are generated by the growing chick eat it and make it brittle, so that one can hardly touch a fully incubated bird's egg without breaking it. To help the young bird forth would ensure its speedy death. It is not true either that the parent shoves its young from the nest when they are fully fledged, except, possibly, in the case of some of the swallows and of the eagle. The young of all our common birds leave the nest of their own motion, stimulated probably by the calls of the parents, and, in some cases, by the withholding of food for a longer period than usual.—*John Burroughs, in May Scribner.*

A frog four inches long and one inch in breadth was found in the throat of a kingrail shot in Rockland County, N. Y. It was alive when drawn from the dead bird.

Gold is found in fifty-six counties in Georgia, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, and diamonds in twenty-six.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

Much complaint is made in Montgomery county of a new potato pest. It attacks the potato before it comes up and destroys the germ. Several persons have lost their entire crop. One farmer planted his field twice, and both were destroyed. The insect is a small white worm like a maggot, which eats the potato.

A correspondent of the Rockville *Sentinel* presents the name of our friend and fellow townsman Mr. Jno. W. Veitch, as a suitable person to receive the Democratic nomination for Congress this fall.

If this district is to be represented by a Democrat for the next two years, we know of no man we should rather see occupying the position than Mr. Veitch. He is a gentleman well qualified, in every respect, for the honorable station; but Mr Urner makes a good representative, and we think it is not likely that a change will be made this fall.

The Galena (Ills.) *Gazette*, whose editor is a personal friend of General Grant, Monday published the following:

An item has been going the rounds of the press, asserting that George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, had stated that Gen. Grant would order his name withdrawn from the contest at the National convention at Chicago. Neither Geo. W. Childs nor any one else has any authority for making such an assertion. Gen. Grant's name has never gone before the public as a candidate for the Presidency by any word or act of his own, and he most certainly will not order his name withdrawn. A very large class of American people have chosen to make him their candidate, and if the Republican National convention at Chicago sees fit to tender him the nomination he will not decline it. This we know to be a fact, and we publish it because it is well that the Republicans of the country should cease to hold the matter in doubt.

One resolution of the platform of the West Virginia Republicans will attract unusual attention—that in which President Hayes is highly complimented for the cleanness of his administration. Among all the resolutions passed in States which are controlled by the Machine, we believe not one has a word to say in commendation of the manner in which President Hayes has administered the government. Let men say what they will about the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded his induction into office; let it be admitted, even that he was placed there by fraud; the bitterest of his enemies, if they be frank, are forced to acknowledge that with him at its head the conduct of the government has been so free from corruption and scandal that it stands almost exceptional among administrations. But the Machine men do not recognize any virtue in this sort of integrity. They have been steadily remanded to back seats by President Hayes.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

After the details of the Illinois Republican convention had all been arranged Senator Logan offered the following as the platform:

Resolved, That the Republicans of Illinois, in convention assembled, declare that they will support the nominees of this convention for State officers and the nominees of the Chicago convention for President and Vice President.

The report says the resolution was adopted by a rising vote, amidst the greatest possible enthusiasm, the vast body of delegates unanimously rising to their feet and cheering enthusiastically.

This was setting a wholesome example to the Republicans of the country at large. These delegates had spent two days in a fierce and stubborn contention over matters relating to the campaign—we might almost say, matters controlling the Presidential nomination of their party. They were warmly devoted to their respective leaders, and a success for one side was expected to arouse some bad feeling on the other. But Gen. Grant's friends ultimately carried off the palm of victory. The other side did not "sulk in their tents." They came up manfully and pledged themselves to abide by the decision of the National convention. There were no dissenters from this declaration.

State Politics.

[From the Sunday American.]

The day for the assembling of the national conventions of the two political parties is drawing near, and great interest appears to be manifested in the action of the assembled wisdom of the two parties. The Republican National Convention meets one week from next Wednesday in Chicago, and the Democratic Convention three weeks from next Tuesday in Cincinnati. Who will be the nominees of the two parties for the highest offices in the people's gift is the absorbing question.

General Bradley T. Johnson has just returned from Washington, where he spent three weeks as counsel for Ignatius Donnelly in the Donnelly-Washburne contested seat case. During his stay in Washington Gen. Johnson has had frequent interviews with prominent senators and members of the House, particularly those from the South with whom he is on terms of intimate acquaintance. Gen. Johnson states that the prominent Senators of the South will work vigorously to secure the nomination of Senator Bayard in the Democratic National Convention. Senator Lamar has already left Washington for Mississippi for that purpose, and senator Hampton will do all in his power to send a Bayard delegation from South Carolina to Cincinnati. Yesterday Gen. Johnson received a private letter from Wade Hampton, in which was the following paragraph:

"Bayard is gaintng strength daily. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey will support him, and other Northern strength will come to him. If the South comes to his aid he will win. If his friends will press him in convention he can win. McLane says the Maryland delegation will be solid for him."

The letter concludes with a request from Hampton to General Johnson that the latter would interfere in Virginia and see whether some of the delegates would not vote for Bayard in the Cincinnati convention.

General Johnson, in conversation with an *American* reporter yesterday stated that while he believed that Senator Bayard had a number of strong friends in the Maryland delegation—or rather those who, as is understood, will be the delegates to Cincinnati—others were not so friendly to him, and he doubted whether Bayard would receive a solid delegation from this State. He knew that Wilmot Johnson, of Baltimore county, is strongly in Senator Bayard's favor; so is ex-Governor Carroll, John W. Davis and others. Some of the others were not Bayard's friends. If Maryland presents a solid front at Cincinnati, with other states where the sentiment is equally favorable to the Delaware Senator, Gen. Johnson thinks he will be nominated. A strong sentiment is being aroused in the South in favor of Judge Field for the presidency. The latter has a well organized literary bureau at Washington, which is scattering campaign literature all over the country. This sentiment in favor of Judge Field is, according to Gen. Johnson, mainly and entirely due to his recent opinions dissenting from the majority of the United States Supreme Court in the Reeves case, and also on the election laws, the validity of which was lately tried before that tribunal. Gen. Johnson thinks that the Democratic party would have rather a heavy weight to carry by conducting a campaign on dissenting opinions of a judge in cases which have been definitely settled by the opinions of a majority of the highest judicial tribunal in the country, and it would be unwise to appeal from the decisions of the Supreme Court to the populace thro' the ballot box. This, however, would be the effect of Judge Field's candidacy. It cannot, however, be denied that the sentiment in favor of Judge Field is growing in the South daily. Louisiana is opposed to Bayard's nomination on account of his action in sustaining Kellogg.

"What about Tilden's chances," asked the reporter.

"Tilden's nomination," replied the General, "would be the virtual abandonment of the field to General Grant or any other Republican candidate. Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina would in such an event be almost sure to cast their electoral votes for the Republican nominee, and I doubt if Georgia would go Democratic if Tilden is nominated. Why, sir, you can't get a prominent Southern man to go into the canvas with any kind of enthusiasm or earnestness if Tilden is the Democratic candidate for the presidency. In such an event prominent men like Hampton and others, while they might vote for Tilden, would not take much interest in the campaign, and would confine their efforts to securing a majority for the State government, no matter what the result might be on the presidential ticket."

"What's the cause of this feeling in the South towards Tilden?" enquired the reporter.

"It is the impression in the South," answered the General, "that Tilden is the embodiment of machine politics, and his meanness has also much to do with the feeling against him. During the trouble about the electoral count in South Carolina, about $5,000 was expended by Wade Hampton and a few others for necessary expenses, and when the bill was presented to Tilden he declined to pay it. The men who paid these expenses were poor men and could not well afford to lose the money. There were other instances of the same nature in the South."

"Do you think that Tilden's letter four years ago on Southern war claims had anything to do with arousing this feeling against him?" was the next question.

"Not in the least," replied General Johnson, "not in the least. I happened to be in New York at that time, and furnished to Tilden the groundwork—the legal propositions on which the letter was based. At that time there was a great outcry by the Republican newspapers that Tilden would favor the payment of 'rebel claims.' Some of Tilden's friends appeared to be worried about it. The Southern people don't want these claims to be paid, and I so told them at New York. By agreement, I wrote out the legal propositions, and after thinking over the matter for ten days, Tilden had his letter published."

"Don't you think that the Southern States on a fair vote are all Republican?" was the next question.

"I think that South Carolina is republican if all the colored voters can be made to vote, but I don't think this is the case with Virginia and North Carolina."

"Does it look as if Kellogg would be ousted?"

"The Confederate brigadiers in the Senate will prevent anything of this kind. Men like Hampton and Gordon and others are determined that Kellogg shall retain his seat, his case having been already settled, and men are in hot or bound to abide by that adjudication. There are some turbulent Southern demagogues in the Senate who have never seen a day's service in the war, and they have brought up this case. Some of these have been always giving trouble to the Confederacy, and were disturbers then as now."

"How are you getting along with the canal suit?" was the reporter's question.

"Excellently," replied Gen. Johnson. "We have sufficient evidence to show mismanagement and misapplication of funds. Why, the bills for dinners, with champagne, wines, &c., in the last six years amount to over $11,000, and one of these dinners cost $155. The directors have been drawing salaries of $600 a year each since 1876, and we also have evidence to show that the canal aided the election of Republican candidates at the last election, when the Democratic candidates were known to be opposed to the canal."

The Illinois Convention.

New York *Times*: "The action of the Republican convention of Illinois in pledging the 42 delegates of that State to vote as a unit for the nomination of General Grant, and in taking care to choose men who would be faithful to the pledge, puts the result of the national convention beyond all reasonable doubt."

Cincinnati *Commercial*: "The Illinois convention furnishes proof to the third-terners that the ex-President, notwithstanding his military prestige and popularity as a great traveller, is politically the weakest man who could be nominated. Still, the third-termers seem to be incapable of understanding on this subject."

New York *Herald*: "Whether for good or for evil, the most illustrious soldier in the great war for the preservation of the Union is certain to be nominated at Chicago, and there is a preponderance of chances in favor of his election. Such being the prospect, the country must make the best of it. It will not do to despair of our institutions in consequence of the accidents of politics."

Philadelphia *Press*: "It was a victory purchased at a dear cost, and won in reckless disregard of the sentiment and interests of the Republican party. In his own State the majority for Grant was only seventy-nine, and had the full legitimate delegation from Cook county been admitted, it would have been practically wiped out. A success thus meagre in itself and achieved by such means carries but little moral effect."

Chicago *Tribune*: "The fact is, the senatorial bulldozer in Illinois has overreached himself. In his desperation and in his insane desire to display his own power he has struck General Grant a blow from which there can be no recovery. Desperate indeed must be the condition of the country when a nomination thus forced shall commend itself to the free Republican voters of Illinois or of the country as a 'spontaneous boom' for a third term."

Chicago *Times*: "The right of the majority in the Springfield convention not only to silence the minority, but to disfranchise all the adverse majorities of the party in districts, and deny any right of local representation whatever, had to be asserted. But to get the majority which would have this right of despotic and absolute control of majorities in county conventions had to be denied. Neither Mr. Cameron at Harrisburg nor Mr. Conkling at Syracuse proved himself a more skilful or audacious captain than Mr. Logan has shown himself to be."

New York *Tribune*: "It is still an open question how the delegation from Illinois will finally stand. The audacious and high handed performances of the third-term people, though it succeeds in sending a solid delegation with the claim of regularity, may not get the approval and assent of a majority in the national convention. For this result has been reached only by bold and naked defiance of rules formally recognized in previous national conventions as binding upon the party, and it is a question whether the usurpation will be tolerated by the majority of the Republican voters in certain districts in Illinois, or by the national convention."

The public was a good deal exercised over the announcement of a suspension, Friday of last week, of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company. President Gowen issued the following circular:

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company have been compelled to suspend payment. The managers will take immediate measures to protect intact the property of both the companies and to continue their business. For this business the daily revenues will be applied so far as required to the payment of wages and supplies. By order of the board of managers.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN,
President.

This combination was one of the largest in the country. It has been regarded weak for some time, and its stock lately fell from 44 to 35; then to 23. After the suspension it went down to 17. The debt is very heavy, and interest account ate up the profits.

If the Democratic party expects to have any chance of success in the next campaign, it should not permit such utterances as those of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in the debate on the electoral count resolution Saturday. He undertook to intimate that if the State of New York changed its mode of appointing electors its electoral vote would be rejected by Congress. Such talk denotes either the fool or the madman. The Constitution says that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors," &c., and, whatever may be the mode determined upon by the legislature, it is no business of Congress, and to attempt to set aside the electoral vote of the State cast in such mode would be treason and revolution.

TERRIBLE WEATHER PREDICTED.—Weather prophet Venner, in the Albany *Argus*, says: "I believe that June will be an intensely hot month on the whole, but the end of the present month, and probably the "first of June" will be fall-like, with frost again. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall-like relapse, with frosts, will in all likelihood occur a few days before the 20th. I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July. I must claim the verification of my prediction relative to 'a cold wave with frosts over a large portion of the United States between the 10th and 15th of May.'"

WHAT BREWERS THINK ABOUT BEER.—Mr. Lill was one of America's greatest brewers. For thirty years he made beer, and the product of his great establishment on the North Side (Chicago) had a wide reputation. At last the brewery burned down. People supposed that Mr. Lill would rebuild. At a meeting of the business men of that section the subject was broached, but Mr. Lill said he should never build nor own another brewery. It was a business that demoralized both master and man. He had found it impossible to keep sober men on his premises. It was a manufactory of drunkards in constant operation; and the curse began in the brewery itself, where every man was a beer barrel in the morning and a barrel of beer at night. He would have no more of it. He would be content to make less money in some other way.

At this point an old acquaintance in the audience called out, "Lill, what are we to do for that excellent ale of yours?" Mr. Lill answered, "Do without, and be the better for it."

We can not very well doubt Mr. Mill's honesty in this. He had made money in brewing, and, according to common custom, he ought to speak well of the trade.

ONIONS.—From our own experience, and the observation of others, we can fully indorse the testimony of the St. Louis Miller, on the healthful properties of the above esculent. Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited, often cured, by a free consumption of onions; either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them. Taken at night all offense will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance. Taken regularly they greatly promote the health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract made by boiling down the juice of onions to a sirup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well, but fried, roasted, or boiled onions are better. Onions are a very cheap medecine, within everybody's reach, and they are not by any means as "bad to take" as the costly nostrums a neglect of their use may necessitate.

TELEGRAPHIC.

WILL VOTE FOR BLAINE.

FREDERICK, May 25.—Hon. B. H. Miller, of Montgomery county, who was elected at the State Convention one of the district delegates from the Sixth district to the Chicago Convention, says, in a card published in the Frederick *Examiner*, that he has been a friend to the Hon. James G. Blaine, was elected as such, and expects to vote for him in the Chicago Convention, and that he is not among the supporters of Gen. Grant, as the *Sun* has classified him.

SENATOR GORDON'S RESIGNATION.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The first information received here of the resignation of the senatorship by Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, was obtained from the morning papers, which contained a press despatch from Atlanta, which also contained the announcement that ex-Governor Joe Brown had been appointed by Gov. Colquitt to the vacancy thus created. No one was prepared for such an event. It is not often a seat in the United States Senate is voluntarily given up. On the contrary, the United States senatorship has come to be regarded, after the presidency, as the goal of the American statesman's ambition. If Gen. Gordon's integrity required indorsement, the fact that the sole reason which impels him to retire from the Senate is that he cannot afford to serve for the compensation he receives from the government. In an interview with the writer this evening, he said: "When I first came to the Senate I enjoyed an income which, though moderate, enabled me to accept the position without serious detriment to my private interests. During the past three or four years, however, my property in Georgia has, by reason of neglect, become gradually become less and less productive, until now I have barely any other income than the $5,000 a year salary as senator. I have a large family, and this sum is not sufficient to meet household expenses. I have also three small children who remain to be educated. The step I have taken, therefore, was unavoidable. I could not, in justice to my family, neglect my private interests any longer. I have served my State, in one capacity or another, for nearly twenty years, and I felt that I could now properly ask for a leave of absence to look after my personal concerns. I will say in this connection that I have been offered several remunerative positions in the line of my profession; among others, that of legal adviser to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and the several branches embraced in that combination. I have as yet reached no determination touching these propositions, but will decide in a few days."

Gen. Gordon will retire from the Senate on the qualification of his successor, who will probably arrive here this week. Gov. Brown is regarded as a conservative Democrat of the same liberal and advanced views as Gen. Gordon. The regret at Senator Gordon's retirement is genuine and heartfelt.

COLUMBUS, GA., May 20.—At a large meeting of representative men in Columbus this afternoon, resolutions were adopted regretting the resignation of General Gordon, and saying the action of Gov. Colquitt in appointing J. E. Brown as senator of Georgia is deserving of censure so strong that the words cannot express it; that Brown is not a representative of Georgia, nor of the Democratic party, and the shameful and disgraceful manner in which he has been foisted upon the people is condemned. Brown, the resolutions say, betrayed the State in her hours of trial, and committed acts and instigated measures which, had they prevailed, would have incarcerated many of her best citizens and placed others under the gallows, and brought in power a party inimical to the best interests of the State and good and reputable people.

PRAYING FOR THE "STATESMAN."

NEW YORK, May 22.—The following call, signed by about twenty leading clergymen of New York and Brooklyn, is published to-day: "In view of the fact that the nominating conventions of political parties in June next will designate those citizens to whom the choice of the people for chief magistrate of these United States for the four years next ensuing will be restricted, the signers ask their brethren of all denominations to unite with them in making the Sabbath, the 30th day of May, a special occasion of prayer to Almighty God that he will vouchsafe to guide and direct these assemblies in their choice of men fit for the suffrages of the people."

The paper is signed by: Roswell D. Hitchcock, R. S. Storrs, Henry W. Bellows, Thomas S. Hastings, C. C. Tiffany, A. P. Putnam, E. H. Chapin, R. Heber Newton, J. A. M. Chapin, C. H. Parkhurst, W. Ormiston, J. H. Rylancy, Llewellan D. Bevan, S. M. Hamilton, Arthur Brooks, Wm. M. Taylor, S. S. Mitchell, W. I. Sabine, Lindsay Parker.

HOW THE DEMOCRATIC STARVATION POLICY WORKS IN PRACTICE.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—That the Democratic policy of starving the government and crippling its operations when unable to repeal laws which are obnoxious to them is beginning to take effect appears from the following important correspondence which lately passed between J. W. Chapman, United States marshal for Iowa, and Attorney General Devens. Mr. Chapman having come to Washington to discover whether there was any hope of the passage of the appropriation bill which would relieve marshals of the burden they are carrying, and becoming satisfied that nothing would be done at present, wrote the following letter to the Attorney General:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1880.

Hon. Chas. Devens, Attorney General:

Sir—Being out of funds for miscellaneous purposes, which includes pay of bailiffs, criers, stationery bills, &c., and being informed that the appropriation for that purpose for the present fiscal year is exhausted, I respectfully submit that it will be impossible for me to assume the burden of making further advances to continue the terms of the Circuit and District Courts now in session. Advances already made for the government amount to more than $10,000, and are quite sufficient to exhaust my credit and patience, if not to measure my patriotism as well. I have, therefore, telegraphed to Judges McCrary and Love requesting them to relieve me from additional burdens by adjourning court now in session at Des Moines, Iowa.

It would seem to be my duty to inform you of this action, and in doing so I crave indulgence and generous criticism, feeling that the imposition of further burdens upon me would be the requirement of sacrifices far in excess of both the honor and emolument of my office.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. CHAPMAN,
United States Marshal for the District of Iowa.

The Attorney General replied to him as follows

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
WASHINGTON, May 20, 1880.

J. W. Chapman, United States Marshal for Iowa, Washington, D. C.:

Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of even date, informing me that it will be impossible for you to continue to carry on courts in your district and to make further advances, in view of the fact that the fund for miscellaneous purposes for the current year is now exhausted, as well as in view of the very large advances you have made heretofore in consequence of the failure of Congress to make any appropriation for the current year for marshals of the United States and their deputies. In regard to the fund for miscellaneous purposes, I called the attention of the Appropriation Committee in February to the fact that it would be soon exhausted, and in April to the fact that it was then actually exhausted, and I deeply regret that the appropriation has not yet been made. The expenses the marshals have been compelled to bear for themselves and their deputies during the current year have, however, been much larger than these, and in December I urged with all the force that seemed to me proper in my report, that an immediate provision should be made for them, stating that I felt under deep obligations to them for the exertions they had made for six months to carry on their offices without any appropriations; and further urging that it would be impossible for them much longer to continue in the conduct of the business of the United States without appropriate means were placed at their command. I respectfully called attention, also, to the fact that the closing of the United States courts must be attended with the greatest injury to the whole criminal justice of the United States, as well as to its financial interests, and private interests of individuals. I can only say to you now that I am under obligations to you for past sacrifices made, and that if you have reached the limit of your capacity in this matter, I shall certainly feel that if the result must be the closing of the courts of the United States in your district, everything has been done by you to prevent a result so unfortunate and disastrous.

Very respectfully,
CHAS. DEVENS, Attorney General.

It is expected that Justices McCrary and Love and Justice Miller will, as soon as practicable, if they have not already done so, adjourn the court that has been in session at Des Moines, although the docket is very full and includes several matters of great importance.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted in Oakland—a good tailor.

—The pay car passed thro' Oakland Tuesday.

—Too much recreation and too little work is spoiling a great many young men in this vicinity.

—Miss Jennie Rinehart, of Mineral county, W. Va., has been visiting at Rev. B. Ison's.

—The name of the post-office at Cranberry Summit has been changed from Portland to "Cranberry."

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Clean Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Died—At the residence of her husband, at Aurora, W. Va., Monday last, Mrs. Sarah Ridenour, aged 55 years.

—Important changes have been made in the running of trains. See corrected time table in another column.

—Mr. Alex. Chisholm, residing in Ryan's Glades, this county, cut his foot severely with an ax last week. He is doing well, however.

—Commencement day at the West Virginia University is the 10th of June. Several persons from town expect to attend.

—Mrs. John Twigg, of Allegany county, Md., was burned to death last week, her dress having caught fire whilst she was engaged in washing clothes.

—A little daughter of Mrs. M. E. Chisholm, at Chisholm's mill, in this county, caught one day last week, a trout measuring 15⅝ inches in length and 3 inches across.

—We are indebted to Maj. W. O. Ison for the catalogue of the West Va. University for the year 1879-80, and for the programme of the Commencement exercises.

—The regular meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. church, Thursday evening. The following programme was well rendered. Selections, Misses Flora Kepner, Lizzie Harne, and Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq.; Essay, Mr. Jas. A. Enlow.

A spirited contest took place at the Democratic primary meeting in this district last Saturday, between the friends of John Dailey, Esq., and G. W. Delawder, Esq. The Dailey party won by about 14 of a majority in a vote of 102.

—Lost or Strayed—Seven head of sheep, marked as follows: right ear, crop and slit; left ear, under crop. A liberal reward will be paid to any person for returning any or all of them to John Arnold, Oakland, Md.

—Mrs. Magruder Perry while on her way to Oakland in a wagon last Monday, from some cause fell from the vehicle, breaking her right forearm, but sostained no other injury. Dr. McComas reduced the fracture.

—Married.—On Thursday, May 20th, 1880, at Shade Mill, the residence of Mr. William Frost, by Rev. James P. Wilson, Mr. James S. Broadwater, of Grantsville, and Miss Marian Frost, of Shade Mill, Garrett county, Md.

—The running at large of cows, with bells on, is a very annoying thing to our citizens, and especially to any who may be sick. There is an ordinance against this, and it should be enforced. We have been requested to call attention to this, and hope that this item may be sufficient.

—Col. Johnson has received instructions from Adjutant General Watkins to proceed with the preliminary work of organizing the Allegany and Garrett county companies (three in number) into a battalion, and will at an early day call a meeting of the officers of those companies for the purpose named.—*Cumberland News.*

—Mr. N. S. Frost, of Frostburg, recently made a careful test of the capabilities of his famous little Alderney cow "Lily," by carefully measuring and weighing each day's production, for seven days. In that time the cow gave 48¾ gallons of milk, weighing 390½ pounds, and from this was made 19 2-16 pounds of prime butter. The cow was in fair pasture, but if well fed would perhaps have made a better yield.—*Cumb. News.*

—George E. Braxton, colored, cook at the Queen City Hotel, this city, has been engaged by the Colored Jubilee Singers who visited this city some weeks since, to sing with them on their tours. Braxton has a wonderful bass voice, thought by some to be equal to that of Jenkins, the famous bass of the troupe, and needing only cultivation to make it superior to Jenkins'. The soprano of the troupe, whose voice was much admired here, died suddenly a short time after her appearance here.—*Cumb. News.*

—Hiram L. Metcalf was convicted at Keyser, last week, of murder in the second degree, in the killing of Benjamin F. Smith, May 13th, 1865, and was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary. An indictment was brought against him at the time but the case did not then come to trial. A novel question was decided in the trial. David Redmond, colored, was the principal witness for the State, but his testimony was ruled out by the court, on application of counsel for the defence, on the ground that when the murder was committed negroes could not testify against white men in West Virginia. The law has been repealed since 1865.

—For Sale—A Surveyor's outfit, consisting of compass, staff and chain, all in good order. Will be sold low for cash. Apply at this office. my 29-tf

—I. W. Slonaker, agent of the Singer manufacturing company, has on hand at his office in Oakland, a handsome cabinet machine, and he would be pleased to have persons contemplating the purchase of a handsome machine call and examine. Mr. S. repairs all kinds of machines at short notice. Call in and see him.

—A good tailor can find a splendid opening for business in Oakland.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Farewell Sermon by Rev. O. C. Miller, at 3 o'clock P. M.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning, and communion service, at 11 o'clock, by the Pastor. Prayer meeting at 9½ o'clock A. M.

Garrett Guards, Attention.

This command will assemble for inspection and drill on Saturday, June 5th, 1880, in full uniform, at 6 o'clock P. M., promptly. A full attendance is ordered.

By order of the Captain.
P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

New Stock of Millinery.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, on Fourth Street, has opened the largest and most varied assortment of millinery and fancy goods ever brought to Oakland. Ladies' ready-made clothing and Butterick's patterns a specialty, and would well repay any who buy. Millinery and fancy goods of all descriptions and prices. Prices as low as any. 2w

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 25:

Geo. Hileman and wife to David L. Hileman, Military Lots Nos. 2728 and 2729; $500.

Christian Martin and wife to Christian Martin, Jr., part of a tract of land called "Chance," 100 acres; $700.

James M. Schley, surviving trustee, to John T. Bowers, Military Lot No. 2543; $100.

D. Hinebaugh and others to Dr. E. Glotfelty, 35 acres of land near Accident; $1,050.

Agricultural Implements at Davis & Townshend's.

The Champion Mower and Reaper takes the lead and is used not only in the United States but in foreign countries. The frame is made of the best wrought iron. Tables of field trials show it to be about 40 per cent. lighter in draft than most other machines in use. The bolt and arrangement by which the pitman is attached to the knife heel prevents any lost motion, and if for no other reason, this should cause the farmer to prefer the Champion. For durability, lightness of draft and ease of operating we claim it is excelled by none. Many testimonials might be given from purchasers in our county, among which we have the following:

OAKLAND, May 1880.

Messrs. Davis & Townshend:—I used the new Champion Mower, bought of you last year, with perfect satisfaction, cutting bottom grass, deadened by drouth and frost; also a steep hillside. Nothing broke during the season.

PETER F. NINE.

OAKLAND, May, 1880.

Messrs. Davis & Townshend:—The new Champion Mowers we bought of you last year, gave entire satisfaction. We recommend it to others.

FRED GORTNER.
MRS. A. WONDERLY,
ABRAHAM SPIKER.

We are also agents for the celebrated Thomas Hay Rake, which is justly styled "King of the meadow." It can be worked by any child that can drive a horse; it possesses valuable modern improvements. Persons wishing to buy these articles should attend to it soon, as the supply often runs short near the close of the season.

The South Bend Chilled Plow, at the late grand field trial in New Jersey, came out ahead in quality of work and lightness of draft. Twelve of the most prominent plows were in the contest, including the Diamond Iron, Gale and Oliver chilled.

All of these valuable articles we are prepared to furnish on fair terms and warrant them to do good work.

Our stock of merchadise is complete and prices as low as any in town for the same quality of goods.

Highest cash prices paid for wool.

2t. DAVIS & TOWNSHEND.

Taking the Census.

Mr. E. A. Gittinger, supervisor for the Third Maryland District, has made his appointments of enumerators. The following are the appointments for Garrett county, with the number of the census district and the territory assigned to each:

Ninety-Fourth Census District.

Composed of District No. 1—Enumerator: E. A. Browning.

Ninety-fifth Census District.

Composed of District No. 2.—Enumerator: R. B. White.

Ninety-sixth Census District.

Composed of District No. 3.—Enumerator: Thomas H. Bittinger.

Ninety seventh Census District.

Composed of District No. 4.—Enumerator: Thos. Bartlett.

Ninety-eighth Census District

Composed of Districts Nos. 5 and 6.—Enumerator: Dr. A. F. Speicher.

Ninety-ninth Census District

Composed of District No. 7.—Enumerator: E. H. Wardwell.

One Hundredth Census District.

Composed of Districts Nos. 8 and 9.—Enumerator: Lewis Nydegger.

The work will be commenced on the 1st of June, and thirty days will be allowed for the completion of the work in the counties.

The compensation for the enumerators is 2 cents for each name, 10 cents for each firm and 15 cents for each manufactory.

Full instructions will soon be sent to the enumerators.

The enumerators for Allegany county are as follows: James T. Hartley, Geo. W. Wilson, George E. Elbin, Samuel M. Haller, George E. Broddrup, Wm. A. Staub, Mrs. Isabella Rizer, Philip A. Bier, John Coles, Duncan J. Sloan, C. A. Snyder, Geo. Showacre, Joseph Wamsley, Henry Barth, Miss Alice McMichael, James M. Turner, Meshach Frost.

New Time Table.

The new time table, which went into effect Sunday last, offers many advantages to our citizens. By this schedule persons can go from Oakland to Cumberland, have about five hours there in which to transact business and return the same day. Following is the schedule:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.17 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

Serious Charge.

E. C. Shaw, merchant, of Grantsville, was arrested a few days since under the charge of attempting to burn the store of J. S. Broadwater, of same place. Reports concerning the matter conflict, but the most authentic indicates that each was the suitor of a charming young lady, and, the latter succeeding in winning her favor, the former was so far incensed as to resort to the dangerous expedient of burning Broadwater out. Shaw belongs to a highly respectable family, upon whom and a large connection this calamity falls heavily. He gave bail for appearance at Court in the sum of $2,000. His former high character disposes us to the hope that he may be able to establish his innocence.—*Frostburg Journal.*

Poisonous Cigarettes.

Cigarette smoking is now a fashionable habit, and one which is increasing at an alarming rate among half grown boys, and it is the opinion of prominent physicians that if this habit is not checked, additions to our asylums will be in order. A leading physician to satisfy himself that there was death in that form of tobacco, had a cigarette analyzed. The result was a startling one. The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proven to be the most ordinary paper, whitened with arsenic, the two poisons combined being present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker a habit of using opium without his being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarrettes. Smoke good cigars or tobacco when you wish to indulge in the weed.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, May 29th, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

Mrs. F. W. Eaton, David Gale, Mr. Gales, B. Geverman, R. D. Hammer, J. C. Martin, J. W. Watson, John R. Whitacre.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Representative Alex. H. Stephens is credited with saying, a day or two ago, that the present Congress "will go down to posterity as the do-nothing Congress—perhaps the most indolent and listless in the history of the Government."

Nasby's Letter.

[Toledo Blade.]

HARP UV ERIN TAVERN, NOO YORK, April 26, 1880.—I am more and more impressed, ez time flies on, with the greatnis and patriotism uv Sam J. Tilden, the Great Defrauded. His entire devoshun to his common kentry, his simplissity uv caracter, the gilelisnis uv a naturally simple nacher, which contact with the world hez never corrupted, and his general child-like trust in the jestis uv his fellow-men, all combine to make him a man which to see is to love, and which to be in confidenshal relashuns with him, in a monetary way is to be supported. I hev bin for several weeks residin at the Harp uv Erin Tavern, hard by Grammercy Park, nrrangin Kentucky for the sage of Noo York. It is needliss to add that I don't pay my own board. In the interest uv his common kentry, the good Mr. Tilden has the bill sent to hisself, for he recognizes the fact that the laborer for his common kentry is entitled to his daily bred, and a liberal allowance for likker and the other nessaries uv life. The good Mr. Tilden kez ten or a dozen patriots uv my kind at the same place and life with us is not altogether gloomy. We all sleep in one room, but there are three meals a day, and unlimited credit at the bar. A man who can't live on that is a Sabarite wich hez no place in a virchus Republic.

I concluded Kentucky yisterday, and start for home to-morrer. I hed two hours with Mr. Tilden, the good Tilden, and we fixed the hull matter.

"I don't want to be President," sed the gilelis old man, "but the good uv our common kentry demands it. A man wich won't make sacrifices for his kentry shood be compelled to live under a corrupt aristocracy. How is Kunnel Plunger, uv Covington?"

"The Kunnel is for Thurman," sed I.

"Tell the Kunnel that ef that deestrike goes for me he shel hev the Postoffis at Covington, and that mortgage on his house will he attended to. No patriot wich wants to be President will pay him more than I will, wich is drawd out uv retiracy reluctantly, and solely for the good uv a common kentry."

I replid that I thot that would fix the Kunnel. Referring to a memorandum-book marked Kentucky, he went on:

"Gineral Podger, uv Lexinton, hez bin sayin suthin for Bayard. It won't do. Ef my sufferin kentry elex me to the Presidency, wich I consent to solely on its account, and against my will, he shel hev the postoffis there, and sich money ez he expends in kerryin the destrik furnisht him, and his bills shel not be looken into very closely. In saving one's kentry a patriot must be librul. Wat is paltry dross compared with the good uv one's kentry? And Major M'Grath?"

I replied that the Major wuz not altogether satisfied with givin the sage uv Noo York the nomination, but that I wuz satisfied he wuz waitin to be seen.

"See him. Find out eggsackly how much he wants and promise him anything in the way uv offises that he requires. In the great work uv savin one's common kentry, promises can't be too freely made. Offer him the postoffis there."

"Honored and patriotic sir," I replied, "that offis hez bin already promised to three men."

"Hev they sense enuff to keep their mouths shut till after the Convenshun?"

"I fear not, patriotic and honored sir."

"Then offer him a furrin mishn, and a small amout uv money in hand. Thank the Lord," said he fervently, "for furrin mishuns. Yoo don't hev to specify, and there are a great many uv em. Yoo can't hev two postofiises in one place; but there are a great many furrin mishuns, and a great many more kin be made, ef need be, to save our common kentry. I hev alluz beleeved that our common kentry wuz not properly representid abroad, and that ther ought to he at least one Consul for every Congreshunal Deestrik, and twice ez many full mishuns. I hate to double up, but what can I do? Ther ain't nothin I won't sacrifice to our common kentry. For its sake I am beln drawd out uv retirement; for its sake I am willin to open just ez many har'ls ez my unbought friends desire; and shel I hesitate for its sake to promise the same offis to five men? Never! No troo patriot would balk at so small a thing ez that. Let em come. They shel hev all they want. Kin Kunnel Simmons be depended on to?"

"Honored and patriotic sir, Kunnel Simmons adores you in his heart, I am certain. But the Kunnel is laborin under finansheI troubles, and he hez hesitated, to see wich candidate would give——."

"I understand the Kunnel, and I'm his man. Ashoor the Kunnel that the Collectorship uv his district——"

"But, honored and patriotic sir," I replied, looking at my memorandum, "that offis hez been promised to four men already."

"So it hez," replied the patriot—"so it hez. Very good. He must hev a furrin mishin. Tell him to select any one he likes, and give him my word for it. Will that answer?"

"Better than anything. The Kunnel is so hevily in debt that a residence abroad wood soot him better than to remain at home. He cood hev the flag uy our common kentry wavin over his offis, wich wood console him for his enforced eggsile. He wood prefer the flag uv his common kentry over his offis in Gautemaula to the Sheriff's flag over his house in Kentucky. Tho sheriff's flag is a lurid red, and is not variegated enuff for him."

There wuz some more arrangements uv like nachur, when I bid the great and good man good-bye, and departed for my feeld uv labor.

"Don't for get," sed he, as he wrung my hand at partin, "that the Collectorship at Louisville is your'n."

I shan't fergit it, but ez it hez bin promised to six other patriots, to my certin knollege, I shan't buy a brown-stun house to-morrer on the strength uv it. Whether I git that or not, I hev got wat I hev in my pocket, and I shel hev the post-offis at the Corners, hein ez I am the only Dimocrat in that region wich kin write. This much I am shoor uv. But Mr. Tilden is a troo patriot, and does love his common kentry. Hopefully.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1880.

As the Republican State Conventions are about all held, the relative standing of the various candidates and the opinions of leading Republicans will, no doubt be interesting. Grant undoubtedly leads on the list. He has 290 votes, counting all that is conceded to him by fair minded men, although some of them are claimed, and with good reason, by the Blaine and Sherman men. Blaine follows with 277, and these are for him first, last and all the time. Grant does not claim, nor will he get, one of them. Sherman stands third on the list with 136. They are all anti-Grant, and will vote for Blaine, or Edmunds, or Windom, should it become apparent that Sherman can't be nominated. Edmunds has 36 certain, and Washburne 13. While the two last named candidates are for Grant, their followers are bitterly opposed to him and would not give him a single vote. This is, in a few words, the standing of the candidates at present.

If Grant does not have a majority on the first ballot, it is plain to be seen that he cannot obtain one at all, hence his nomination will be impossible, and the question then will be, can, or will his followers form a combination with the other candidates strong enough to defeat Blaine or Sherman. If this can be done, and the nomination of either of the three prominent men be rendered impossible, all will then turn to the "dark horse" most available. Edmunds, Washburne and Windom are the "dark horses," and, as has been shown, there is a possibility that one of them may be chosen to lead the Republicans to victory next fall. By his supposed treachery in Illinois, and in Wisconsin and Massachusetts, Washburn is out of the race, and will get no support from the Grant men. Edmunds has great strength, and is considered an available candidate. He is looked upon favorably by the Grant men, and they would transfer their strength to him, but he could expect no support from the anti-Grant column. Without something, now unexpected occurs, Edmunds will not be nominated. Windom is the latest. He has grown in strength since the Minnesota Convention amazingly. The Grant men look favorably upon him, and so do the Blaine and Sherman men. Should the three prominent candidates fail, he will in all probability receive the nomination. He can poll the full party vote, and any candidate who can do that is elected. By the way, the estimate of the Blaine men is—Blaine 323; Grant 262; Sherman 94. Of the Grant men—Grant 398; Blaine 169; Sherman 96.

There is some talk now of postponing adjournment from May 31st until June 10th, and there is a great probability that this will be done. All the Appropriation bills will be through by the 31st, but the Tariff and Revenue men demand ten days for consideration of their measures.

LOGAN.

The "Blaine train," from Portland Maine, to the Chicago Republican National Convention is to consist of *twenty* Wagner palace cars, and the forward car is to contain a band of music. In the rear of the train there will be a platform car for a cannon and a squad of men to work it, and salutes are to be fired in the cities and larger towns along the line.

Tuesday last, before the Superior Court of San Francisco, the trial of Mayor Kalloch with the view of ousting him from his office was commenced. The most curious feature of the affair is the fact that the law which is relied upon to convict him was enacted through the influence of Kalloch himself and his party associates. Like Phalaris of old, he is the first victim of his own ingenious device. One of the provisions of the new constitution which was forced upon the people by the Kallochites and Kearneyites makes the acceptance of free passes from railroads by any public officer sufficient cause for removal. It is charged that Kalloch solicited and accepted free passes, and this alone, if proven, is sufficient to warrant his expulsion from office. There are other charges of a much graver character which, it is said, can be fully substantiated, so that the prospect for the Sand-lot Mayor would seem to be dreary, indeed. With Kearney and Gannon in jail, and Kalloch expelled from his office, the Socialist party in San Francisco would be decidedly out at elbow. Nor will they have the poor satisfaction of alleging that these individuals have been made martyrs of. On the contrary, the people of San Francisco have been wonderfully patient, and a more than sufficient answer to such a declaration is found in the fact that Kalloch and his follows will have been convicted in strict obedience to laws which they themselves dictated. The triumph for law and order, even should the effort to drive Kalloch from his office prove abortive, is already clear and unequivocal, and with the experience of the past year or so to warn her, it is not likely that California will ever again submit herself to the rule of a mob.

The April reduction in the public debt, which was over twelve million of dollars, has brought the aggregate of the debt below two thousand millions. The exact amount of the debt on May 1st was $1,980,392,824,22. At this rate of reduction the entire debt would be extinguished in thirteen years and ten months.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assyer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, it being No. 3 Judicials to July term, 1880, of said court, being in a case wherein Johnson King is plaintiff and Zaccens Gibson is defendant, I, the undersigned, George D. White, Sheriff of Garrett county, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, on the 10th day of May, 1880, all of the hereinafter described real and personal property, and all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Zaccens Gibson in and to the same. And I, the said George D. White, Sheriff as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will offer at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash,

On TUESDAY, the 22d day of June, 1880,

in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, all of the following property so seized and levied upon as aforesaid, to-wit:

All that lot or tract of land known and designated by its original metes and bounds as Military Lot No. 973, containing fifty acres of land, more or less, situated in district No. 7, about 2 miles south-east of Oakland and which is partially improved by a small frame house, it being the same lot of land that was heretofore sold by the said Johnson King to the said Zaccens Gibson. Also fifty-three cross-ties on said land.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

GEO. D. WHITE,
my29-ts Sheriff.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May, 12, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, June 7th, 1880,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy and for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

All persons having bills against the county are requested to file them, properly authenticated, on or before that date.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
5 15 td. Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, B. F. Snider and Silas L. Waller is to pass: Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Hrobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Saturday, June 12th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
my5-5w Examiners.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"SANCTUARY SHOES" are advertised in the *Church Times* and other English ecclesiastical journals.

A LADY, Madame Vaganoff, has been officially charged by the Russian Government to go to France to study reformatory and charitable institutions, with a view to the possibility of establishing them in Russia. Madame Vaganoff lately arrived in Paris.

A SCHEME has been drawn up, with the approval of the Canadian Government, for the establishment of an army reserve, to consist of 10,000 men drawn from the Dominion militia, who will be liable to service in the Dominion, England, or abroad, in the event of Great Britain being involved in war.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the richest and most benevolent of English ladies, is rather below the medium height, with a prominent nose, and hair brushed tightly over the temples in the good old fashioned way, and a bad complexion, which makes her look as if she drank to excess, although she is very abstemious. She has never married, and hates fortune-hunters.

TIBBE is likely to be a good deal of trouble over the marriage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Guelph party in Germany openly accuse Queen Victoria of having done her best to facilitate it in the interests of Prussia, as such a marriage will be taken over there as a sign that the Duke of Cumberland's pretensions to the throne are tacitly abandoned, such a *mesalliance* (as it is thought) being impossible for the sister of a sovereign.

IT is computed that the sum total of the cost of the last war between Germany and France was $2,500,000,000. A French economist does not share the opinion expressed in some quarters that Germany did not profit much by the war. After pointing to many things which the indemnity has enabled Germany to accomplish, he says that there is a fund of $500,000,000 unaccounted for, which he presumes has gone into the famous war reserve fund.

A CLASS for teaching the art of reading aloud, founded by the Prefect of the Seine, is now open in Paris. Legouve's method of instruction will be adopted, and one of the professors nominated is Mlle. Delaporte, an actress of the Gymnase. The design of the institution is not so much to provide public readers and reciters as to bring the art of reading aloud, as an accomplishment, to its perfection, where it is on a level with that of music and dramatic action.

THE regulations within the Czar's Winter Palace are now so strict that Dr. Botkin, the Czarina's body physician, had to wait all night before he could get a pass to enter her apartments to make a professional visit, and the medicine which he had sent was also kept out several hours before an order for its admission could be obtained. All those residing within the palace are under surveillance, and a record of their doings has to be furnished to the Governor every twenty-four hours—so, at least, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Vienna *Freie Presse*.

LORD HARTINGTON is the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. He is one of the richest noblemen in the Kingdom, and is a favorite and leader in society. At one time there was a rumor in the air that the House of Cavendish was about to have the honor of an alliance with that of Hanover; but this story had no foundation save in the midst of those imaginative persons who pass their lives in putting two and two together and making five. Of later years Lord Hartington has been given up by scheming dowagers, and left to enjoy his whist in peace. He is now forty-seven.

Fun—What Is It?

"SALT," said the boy, "is a spice that spoils the potato if you do not put it on." Fun is an ingredient that spoils the adventure if it is omitted. The careful definitions of wit and humor, analyzing each and comparing them, fail to explain its essence, nor can it be explained, only felt and appreciated; woe to those solemn natures who miss it, and manage to get through life without it.

There is an impression that fun is a characteristic of young animals like kittens and puppies, also of young races and the childhood of nations; and that with maturity and the higher cultivation it dies out, as the stamens so pretty in the open center of the wild rose find no place in the deep heart of a Jacqueminot. It has been feared that our beloved city is reaching this acme of cultivation, about to lose forever the spirit of fun. Let us hope for our town, however, since it is only a superficial view which makes fun exclusively an attribute of youth. A fine illustration of it is to be seen in a parcel of kittens frolicking together, but the oldest of cats, in a genial mood, will pursue her tail with as much zest as the latest of her progeny. It is not permitted to the morning of life to monopolize its gaiety. A light heart and "animal spirits," so called, outlive pain and grief and adversity in those lucky natures who possess them. Conventionality may frighten them away from some places, but they will start up elsewhere. They may be suppressed, but not destroyed.

Long may the spirit of fun prevail, and may Heaven forfend that "culture" or decorum should drive it away from the heart of our society. It makes light the burdens of life; it takes the sting out of the east wind, and makes tolerable even this month of March prolonged into the lap of April. Fun is genial and generous. It is not fun that laughs when a man slips in the street and falls. That laughter is simply hysterical, caused by the surprise at the sight, and a kind of embarrassment to know what to do about it—a spasmodic effort to cover *mauvaise honte*, which has nothing to do with the free, light ripple of enjoyment belonging to the spirit of fun. Fun is not malice. All the practical jokes and teasing tricks and underhand conspiracies that are planned in its name by children of all ages are launched under false colors. Fun disowns them, and refuses to lend its laugh to the hollow ones they provoke. It is the sparkling effervescence of healthy, joyous natures; the world can not do without it, nor are there yet any real signs that it will fail us.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Living After the Gallows.

THE times have been, observes the usurping King of Scotland, that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; and a like termination is commonly supposed to attend the operation of hanging. But, if the strange story sent yesterday from Pesth records the establishment of a precedent, we may be on the eve of a great change, and persons who have been hanged will be seen walking about a day or two afterward as if nothing had happened.

We do not mean walking about as Banquo did; for it will be remembered that when the shade of that ill-treated Thane appears to Macbeth it is no more seen by the Queen and courtiers than the Ghost in "Hamlet" is seen by Gertrude. It is in the material, not the spiritual sense, that the resuscitation is to be brought about; in the flesh, and not in the air-drawn picture traced by agonized remorse, that the phenomenon is to be made visible. Thus in time people may even get to hanging themselves as an amusing experiment, and either be revived next day or, like the Swedish philosopher who pickled himself some years ago and is to come to life again, we believe, in the year 2500, resume existence at pleasure at some future period.

The case reported by cable from Pesth is this: A convict named Takacs, who had murdered two women, was hanged. After the usual time he was examined by the physicians and found dead. The body was cut down, and by way of scientific investigation was subjected to an electro-galvanic current for several hours. The supposed corpse then rose and assaulted the persons who had restored it to life with great energy. In the sequel congestion of the brain and delirium set in, but the man lived for some time and died yesterday morning after living, as we gather from the account, about forty-eight hours. It is further announced that the "entire medical faculty" of Pesth are "considerably exercised" over the case, which is apparently regarded as without parallel; and will probably move the friends of executed felons for some time to make similar essays with the hope of even better results.

We believe, however, that instances of surviving the gallows have occurred before, and such is certainly the opinion current among the humbler classes in Great Britain and Ireland and probably elsewhere. There were two or three persons living in Australia twenty years ago who were reported to have been brought to life again after being hanged, and, if we mistake not, there was an authenticated example of such a thing somewhat earlier in Scotland. If the neck is not broken, as the phrase is, and the subject swoons, as often happens, before the drop, resuscitation is not impossible, and what happens in one case may happen in another. Blueskin tried to cut down Jack Sheppard before he choked, but if the redoubtable and devoted housebrenker had lived in our time he would probably have waited and tried the effect of a galvanic battery.

The interesting question is suggested by this grim event as to whether in case of a survival of this nature, the life of the patient belongs to himself or to the law. Can he in such a case be legally executed over again? And if he recovers from a second execution might he properly be subjected to a third? The point is rather awkward, since, by following out its possibilities, the remarkable spectacle might be presented of a man being continually executed and coming to life again for all the rest of his life, an experience that, however valuable to science, would scarcely be conducive to justice.

It is obvious that the garrote, by which Otero, the assailant of King Alfonso, has just suffered, and the guillotine are not open to this any more than to other objections that apply to the gallows, and whatever bearing the frightful incident we record may have upon the general subject of capital punishment, it will manifestly be used as a fresh argument against the infliction of that penalty by the clumsy and uncertain expedient of hanging.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Do Insects Really Possess Mind?

IF not, what is it that often impels them to behave precisely as reasoning beings? Some time since I read in the Scientific Record of *Harper's Magazine* the following passage:

"M. Felix Dujardin, of Rheims, verified in the nervous system of insects a center of true brain, above the throat, imbedded among air tubes, salivary glands, and fat. Hardened by alcohol or spirits of turpentine, its form and structure appeared beneath the microscope in regular convolutions, like those of our own cerebral hemispheres, and the outside pulp removed left nerve tracts winding into a white and firmer substance, like the nucleus of the white invertebrata."

If any one will closely observe the behavior of insects, especially ants, wasps, or spiders, he will not be at all startled or surprised with the announcement that these humble creatures have brains like our own.

Many spiders build for themselves homes, not merely nests to rear the young, like birds and some of the higher animals, but homes to which they become strongly attached.

In a former paper I gave some account of a pet spider which built a tower above her burrow, and therefore I named her *Tarantula turricula*. Just as I was closing the sketch, she became the mother of a numerous family.

As far as I have observed, the young of other members of this family escape from their cocoon through the seam which extends around the central part; it is thinner at the seam, and splits nearly around the whole circumference, so that the young come out in a body; but with this species they cut a smooth round hole in the cocoon, just large enough for them to come out one by one.

During the past eight weeks I have kept close watch of this curious family, carefully noting the behavior of the mother, who, like

The old woman that lived in a shoe,
Had so many children she didn't know what to do.

The first three weeks the little things are piled all over the head and thorax of the mother, often completely blinding her. They seem ambitious to reach the highest point, and jostle and crowd one another in their efforts to be at the top of the heap. The mother patiently endures it for a time, but when they become too thick over her eyes, she takes her long fore-legs, which she uses as feelers or hands, and reaches up and scrapes off an armful, and holds them straight in front of her, as if looking at them, and perhaps giving them a homily on manners. Soon she gently releases them, slowly opening her arms, and they quietly take their places around the edge of the tower, where they usually remain until the mother goes below, when they all follow. Upon her reappearance they are again stationed upon her back.

When they were two weeks old they strung innumerable lines of web across the mother's back; this I soon found was to enable them to dispose of their baby-dresses. Up to this time they had been piled upon her abdomen as well as upon her thorax, but now these little creatures, as if by common consent, entirely forsook the abdomen as a resting-place, and devoted it exclusively to a dressing-room. Sometimes two or three are divesting themselves by a short line of web to one of the lines which they have strung across the mother, and this holds them firmly while they undress. The shin cracks all around the thorax, and is held only by the front edge; next the abdomen is freed, and now comes the struggle to free the legs. The little one works and kicks vigorously, and seems to have no very easy task, but earnest perseverance brings it out of the old dress in about fifteen minutes, but it comes out perfectly exhausted and almost lifeless. I take one upon my hand, where it lies limp and helpless for several minutes, and then it gradually comes back to life, and is soon as bright and active as before.

Whence came the knowledge that impelled these little creatures to forsake the abdomen as a resting-place, and devote it to this purpose? In the soft, helpless condition that the removal of the skin causes, it would not do for the stronger ones to be moving about and mixing up with the weaker. It is fully a week before they have all moulted, and odd enough the mother looks with the innumerable little ragged cast-off dresses hanging all over the lines of web.

Naturalists tell us that young spiders kill each other. But with this species I could detect no such tendency. I kill one, and lay it upon the edge of the tower, and many of the little ones crawl over it, but pay no attention to it whatever. Finally the mother notices it, feels and examines it with one of her fore-legs, and then takes it in her mandibles and shoots it across the jar, where she is in the habit of throwing refuse material. Neither will the young pay any attention to a fly that I kill and lay in their path; but if the mother holds it in her mandibles and crushes it, they crowd around it, and seem to be sipping the juices. And in the absence of other food the mother crushes some of her own babies, and holds them so that the little cannibals can suck the juices.

The young do not leave the mother all at the same time, but they go out in detachments. When three weeks old about a dozen manifested a disposition to leave the maternal home. They run up on the highest point of a plant, and remain there until I set the jar where the plants can lean against the trunk of a tree, and now they speedily run up to the branches. The rest are quiet, staying with the mother a week longer, but now she manifests a disposition to send them adrift. She is no longer quiet and patient, but frequently picks one up and throws it across the jar, yet seems to be careful not to injure it. She behaves much in the same way that the higher animals do in weaning their young.

It is now a bright sunny day in early November, and a large proportion of these little creatures—fully fifty—seem to be in great haste to leave. Like the first, they also run up the body of a tree, and I see no more of them. But in the spring I shall probably find many little burrows in the neighborhood of the tree, where they have settled down as staid housekeepers.—*Mary Treat, in Harper's for May.*

Corn In Hills or Drills.

THE question as to which is the most profitable, the planting of corn in drills or in hills, is still considerably discussed, and we noticed last season a number of fields drilled that produced well. Apparently there is much saved by the drilling system, as it only requires that the land should be marked out one way, and the corn dropped along the furrow and covered by the plow. There is undoubtedly good economy of time by this plan, and, if the plants be properly thinned, much more corn to the acre results than when planted in hills in the usual way. Three or four stalks in one hill necessitates a strong struggle for food. These four plants do not do so well, thus struggling together in hills every four feet apart, as when each plant is but one foot from each other in a regular line. There are as many plants to the acre in one case as in the other; but each one being isolated, yields more than when four are together in one hill.

If this were all, there would be no question about the value of this system; but we have looked into both methods carefully, and have noted that the drill system, though taking less labor at first to plant, takes more labor to keep clean. In the hill-culture it is necessary to have considerable hand-labor, to keep the weeds out of the hills until the corn gets large enough to care for itself; but the drill system gives us three or four times the number of hills to look after. Indeed, every stalk is a hill. Thus the manual labor is nearly quadrupled.

After all said about the profits of farming, it is not so much the crops which are produced, or the prices the produce brings, which make our profits. Labor—human labor—is the great drawback in all questions as to what we can make from our land; and, as a general thing, those systems prove, in the long run, the most profitable, which produce the best crops by the least amount of hand-labor. In this mooted question of drilling or hilling corn, there is no doubt but an acre of the former will yield more than an acre of the latter; but it costs more hard labor than the other, and therefore does not pay well. We have seen it carefully tested, and know whereof we speak. When hand-labor can be had for twenty or thirty cents a day, we may have another opinion.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Way to Advertise.

THE day for talking about the use of advertising has gone by. It is conceded now by all intelligent business men that it is as essential to business to advertise it as it is to have a building in which to carry it on. The only question is as to how a business can be most effectively advertised, and about this, as about a hundred other things, men's opinions differ. Nevertheless, there are certain laws regulating the expenditure of money for advertisements which can not be broken without loss to the advertiser and the failure of his purpose.

A model advertisement is designed to satisfy the rational demand of a probable customer to know what you have got to sell. The successful advertiser, therefore, observes three rules: first, he aims to furnish the information which the public wants; second, he aims to reach that part of the public whose wants he is prepared to satisfy; and, third, he endeavors to make this information as easy of acquisition by the public as possible.

Many mistakes of judgment have been made in the various ways adopted of reducing the labor of the public in gaining this kind of trade information. Men have plastered fences with their announcements; they have erected huge bill-boards and covered them with placards; they have stuck painted signs in the horse-cars and along either side of the slips of the ferries; they have even defaced the most picturesque aspects of nature with their glaring assertions, and thus, instead of winning and gaining the attention, have awakened an abiding disgust and resentment. The fallacy which underlies all these efforts to catch the public on the wing, so to speak, to delude men and women into an unexpected and irresistible desire to buy the something which you have to sell, is that rational beings do not set about shopping or buying in this way, and thousands are offended by the unwelcome intrusion of business announcements when they are only on pleasure bent, or at least have some purpose in view entirely different from that of trade.

The commonest and handiest thing in the American family is the newspaper; and as nearly all shopping proceeds from the family, from its needs, its intelligence, its taste, its fashions, it follows that the thoughtful and successful advertiser approaches the family by this means. He does not waste his money and his time in loading his advertising gun and shooting it off skyward in the street at all creation, on the chance that some willing customer may be going that way and may be brought down; on the contrary, he takes account of the advertising ammunition which he has on hand, and loads and points his gun through the columns of some reputable newspaper at the game he wants to hit.

Besides knowing that the newspapers are the best means of advertising and how to pick out the best newspaper for his purpose, the successful advertiser fully appreciates the importance of persistence in advertising. Mr. Bryant used to say that the great influence of the press depends for one thing upon its power of iteration. Presenting the same subject in many forms it finally wins attention and acquiescence. It is just the same with advertising. Diverse forms of statement, showing that the attention and support of the public are not sought in a perfunctory way, and a continued and regular appearance in the newspaper, so that when any one who needs your kind of goods will think of your establishment instinctively, constitute the right way of using the right means of gaining the desired business publicity. Used in this thorough and systematic way the advertising columns of the newspaper are as useful and essential to the merchant as a means of telling the public what he has to sell as the clerks behind his counters are to show his goods when the people come to examine them.

The revival of business enhances the importance of this subject. All merchants, speaking broadly, are doing a good business to-day. Nevertheless, some are doing a great deal more business than others, and the reason is that the more successful ones know how to use printer's ink to the best advantage. This difference between the men who advertise their wares systematically and those who do not will increase as time goes on. The newspapers are regarded as a directory for the shopping classes and are so in fact. But if a merchant keeps his name and place of business out of this directory he can not reasonably expect long to be remembered. Not only is his business injured by his failure to lay suitable information about it before consumers, but even his old customers are drawn away one after another by the greater efforts made by enterprising rivals to attract and retain the public favor. Another influence also works against him. The public also unconsciously conclude that a lack of enterprise in advertising is a sure sign of a lack of enterprise in other things. The tendency is to believe that a man who "keeps up with the times" in the style and quality of his goods will also employ the most effective means of disposing of his stock while it is fresh and in demand, so that his shelves and counters may be clear and ready for the next novelties in the market. As experience confirms this opinion it is easy to see how the man who does not advertise, or who advertises infrequently or in obscure ways, is thought not to have much to sell, and so drops out of the public mind. As soon as this relation of indifference and forgetfulness is established between the public and a merchant his business is going the wrong way, and in time, unless a change of policy is made, will all be transferred to more intelligent and energetic men.

Now that the life-currents of business are again in rapid motion it behooves every merchant to consider what will broaden the foundations of his business prosperity and tend to make it permanent; and among the potent causes of commercial success we venture to say that none is more essential than a correct notion of how to advertise and the constant practice of the knowledge.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ATLANTA, Ga., is puzzled over a perfect iron wedge that was taken from the middle of a blue granite rock found forty-six feet under the ground.

Our Young Folks.

THE ARMY OF SPRING.

TENS OF THOUSANDS, *and ten times ten,*
Clad in yellow, and purple, and pink—
Little folks marching like stalwart men
Up from the dark to the day-time's brink!

(Can it be dark where such robes are made?
Surely the looms in the light must be
That colored these uniforms shade by shade,
And fashioned the rare embroidery!)

Wherefore the rising—can any one say—
Of hosts that rush from the realm of night,
Letting no hindrances bar the way,
Bursting upon us with joy bedight?

Tens of thousands, and ten times ten,
Vested in violet, blue and gold—
Little folks marching like stalwart men
Up through the winter's rime and mold.

Come they to tell us that down below,
There where the baby lies hid in flowers,
Down in the hollow, under the snow,
Is a better world than this world of ours!

Tens of thousands, and ten times ten,
Bright in scarlet and green and white—
Little folks marching like stalwart men,
Muster before us a princely sight:

Gonfalons floating and flags outspread,
Lily bells ringing and censers swung,
Bannered, plumed, and with slippered tread,
The sweetest cavalcade ever sung!

What is their mission? Which of us knows,
Save that they bless us, and pass away,
Destined to scatter the seed that grows
And blooms in battalions here to-day?

—*Mary B. Dodge, in Wide-Awake.*

"WANTED—A BOY!"

WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ERRANDS AND make himself generally useful.

Mr. Peppergrass came out, with his cap on the back of his head and his spectacles pushed high up on his forehead, to wafer this written notice on the side of his store. And five minutes afterward (it might have been less, or it might have been more) a crowd of eager little lads assembled around it, standing on tip-toe to read every word.

Johnny Jarvis had been just discharged from his place as cash-boy in a dry-goods store because business was dull and customers few.

He was a fine, tall boy of twelve, with bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, and he didn't at all like having nothing to do.

Charlie Warner wanted a situation because there were a good many little Warners and nothing to feed them with since their father died.

Louis Brown had been out of regular employment ever since the china factory closed in the fall.

For these little fellows belonged to the innumerable army of boys who cannot play and enjoy the bright hours as they go by, but must work and drudge, and count every day lost that does not bring in its corresponding wages.

Children, did you ever think how hard the world was on these poor little toilers?

It was not long before Mr. Peppergrass' store was full of boys who wanted to "run errands and make themselves generally useful."

Big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, well-dressed boys and shabby boys—boys who leaned up against the flour and potato barrels, as if they had left their backbones at home; boys who stood straight up—boys who took off their caps, and boys who kept them on. And still they kept coming.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Peppergrass. "This will do!"

So he took down the notice and bolted the store-door.

"Now, I will proceed to business," said Mr. Peppergrass, rumpling up his hair and adjusting his spectacles so as to make his keen, gray eyes sharper than ever.

A few penetrating glances, half a dozen questions, and the number of boys was speedily reduced to our three little friends—Johnny Jarvis, Charlie Warner and Louis Brown.

They were all three willing and anxious to work; all three brought good recommendations, had honest faces, wanted to enter on the situation at once, and wrote neat, round hands.

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with his hands locked under his coat-tails behind. "There's three of you, and I can't find work for three boys!"

The little lads said never a word, but looked eagerly at the grocer, each one hoping that he might be the boy selected "to run errands and make himself generally useful."

Mr. Peppergrass stared hard at the spice-boxes and preserve-bottles in the window, frowned at the cracker-boxes, and finally made up his mind.

"Brown!" said he.

"Sir!" said Louis Brown.

"I'll try you on a few sums. I want my boy to understand the first principles of arithmetic!"

"I am good at figures, sir!" cried Louis.

"Are you?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "Very well; I'll give you a trial."

He wrote down a labyrinth of figures on a slate, and then opened the door of a little room which communicated with the store.

"Sit down here, Brown, and work out these sums," said he. "I'll come to you in a few minutes."

Johnny Jarvis and Charlie Warner looked blankly at each other, then at the grocer.

"Please, sir, what are we to do?" said they.

"You are to wait," said Mr. Peppergrass, shortly. "Your turns will come in due time."

The sums were not especially hard, and Louis Brown was quick at figures. He soon dispatched his task and began to look around.

It was a stuffy, close-smelling little room, with one window close up to the ceiling, and a curious, old-fashioned book-case or desk, with glass doors, lined with faded red silk, in the corner.

"I do wonder what Mr. Peppergrass keeps there?" said Louis, to himself; and after he had wondered a little while, he got up and went softly toward the desk. "The key is in the lock," said he; "there can't be any harm in looking. Perhaps there are story-books—or maybe curious shells and stones—or—"

As these thoughts crossed his mind he open the silk-lined door. Buz-z-zz—whew! out flew a beautiful pearl-colored dove.

Louis stood aghast. In vain were his efforts to capture the little creature. It fluttered from the top of the book-case to a pile of boxes beyond, and thence to the top molding of the windows, as if it enjoyed the chase; and in the midst of it all, in came Mr. Peppergrass.

"Eh? What?" said he. "How did this happen?"

"Please, sir," said Louis, hanging his head, "the bird got out, and I was trying to catch it again."

"Got out, did it?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "It must be a very ingenious bird, to be able to open the desk from the outside! You may go, boy. I'm quite certain that you wont suit me. I don't approve of meddlers."

So saying, he opened a door which led directly out into the back street, and dismissed poor Louis Brown without further ceremony.

Now, Pearlie," said he to the little dove, who perched on his shoulder at once, "you can go back to your nest. You have helped me out of the difficulty this time."

So he let the little creature fly out into the yard, where it belonged.

Charlie Warner was the next one ushered into the stuffy, smelling room. He, too, speedily finished his sums, and began to look around him for something to occupy his attention.

"Oh, my! What a lot of boxes," said he, "piled up one above another, like a Tower of Babel! What can Mr. Peppergrass keep in all of them?"

Charlie listened. No advancing footsteps were near. He looked cautiously about him, but he saw nothing. Then he rose from his chair, and crept toward the mysterious pile of boxes. They were of all shapes, rather small, and fitted with loose, wooden covers.

Charlie lifted the lid of one. It was full of English walnuts.

"Hello!" thought Charlie. "I'm in luck! Old Peppergrass will never miss two or three of these," and he pocketed a handful.

The next box was full of beautiful Malaga raisins. Charlie nipped two or three bloomy, wrinkled fellows off the stem, and ate them. He was fond of raisins.

"What next?" he said, tugging at the covers of the third box, which seemed to fit a little closer.

All of a sudden, however, it flew off with a jerk, filling the air with Cayenne pepper, and setting poor Charlie to sneezing as if he meant to sneeze his head off.

Mr. Peppergrass bustled in.

"Ah!" said he. "I see! But you needn't have been in such a hurry to examine my stock, young man. I haven't engaged you yet, and I don't intend to."

And poor Charlie sneaked away through the back door, which Mr. Peppergrass held politely open for him, feeling that his curiosity had ruined his cause.

It was some time before the Cayenne pepper was sufficiently cleared from the atmosphere for Johnny Jarvis to take his turn at the sums in decimal fractions, but he worked them patiently out, and then sat looking around him, as the others had done. But he was too honorable to dream of meddling. He, too, wondered what was in the boxes, but he didn't do anything more than wonder. He heard a mysterious rustling behind the faded-silk doors of the old book-case, where Mr. Peppergrass had shut up his pet kitten, but he never thought of opening it to see what it all meant.

He saw a glass jar of mixed candies on the mantel (sly Mr. Peppergrass had counted every one, besides covering it with a dusty lid, so that the least finger-mark would have been quite visible), but he sat there quite still until Mr. Peppergrass bounced into the room.

The old grocer looked at the candy jar, he glanced at the unmolested boxes, and opening the desk, saw the kitten fast asleep in the corner.

"Ah!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with a long breath. "Yes, exactly! You are the boy I want. Come right back into the store, and I'll set you to work weighing out tea and coffee."

And that was the way Mr. Peppergrass united himself with a boy.—*Lucy Randall Comfort, in Golden Days.*

The Story of Two Brave Irish Boys.

JUST as the Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund were about to hold their meeting in Dublin, the other day, two little boys, half-naked, travel-stained and bare-footed, sought admission to the castle, stating that they had walked all the way from Skibbereen, County Cork, to plead for help to pay their father's rent. He had a bit of land, but the times were so bad he could not pay the "rint," and he owed eight pounds sterling. Having gone round among the friends and neighbors, he could only scrape together six pounds sterling. The two children, who had seen respectively twelve and fourteen summers, thought they would ask the good Duchess of Marlborough to give "daddy" the two pounds sterling. Away they started for Dublin, begging their food and lodgings, and enquiring the way from town to town. The journey, upward of two hundred miles, occupied three weeks. Her Grace expressed admiration of their filial affection, while she gratified them to their heart's content by promising to send their father the two pounds sterling. They were then, by command of Her Grace, taken to the clothes room, and their tattered garments changed for a new suit of tweed each. Having been regaled with a substantial dinner, they were brought before the ladies of the committee, who rewarded the brave adventurers with a pocketful of silver. Next morning they took their first ride in a train, accomplishing in six hours a distance that took them twenty-one days to walk. On the same day the Assistant Secretary to the Relief Fund wrote to the parish priest, enclosing a Post-office order for two pounds sterling, payable to the father of the boys.

THE ancient silver penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among the Anglo-Saxons. The penny, until the reign of Edward I., was struck with a cross so deeply indented that it might be easily parted into two for half-pence, and into four for farthings, and hence these names. Copper pennies and two-penny pieces were coined in 1797.

CARLYLE says that one cannot move a step without meeting a duty, and that the fact of mutual helplessness is proved by the very fact of one's existence. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"SANCTUARY SHOES" are advertised in the *Church Times* and other English ecclesiastical journals.

A LADY, Madame Vaganoff, has been officially charged by the Russian Government to go to France to study reformatory and charitable institutions, with a view to the possibility of establishing them in Russia. Madame Vaganoff lately arrived in Paris.

A SCHEME has been drawn up, with the approval of the Canadian Government, for the establishment of an army reserve, to consist of 10,000 men drawn from the Dominion militia, who will be liable to service in the Dominion, England, or abroad, in the event of Great Britain being involved in war.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the richest and most benevolent of English ladies, is rather below the medium height, with a prominent nose, and hair brushed tightly over the temples in the good old fashioned way, and a bad complexion, which makes her look as if she drank to excess, although she is very abstemious. She has never married, and hates fortune-hunters.

THERE is likely to be a good deal of trouble over the marriage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Guelph party in Germany openly accuse Queen Victoria of having done her best to facilitate it in the interests of Prussia, as such a marriage will be taken over there as a sign that the Duke of Cumberland's pretensions to the throne are tacitly abandoned, such a *mesalliance* (as it is thought) being impossible for the sister of a sovereign.

IT is computed that the sum total of the cost of the last war between Germany and France was $2,500,000,000. A French economist does not share the opinion expressed in some quarters that Germany did not profit much by the war. After pointing to many things which the indemnity has enabled Germany to accomplish, he says that there is a fund of $300,000,000 unaccounted for, which he presumes has gone into the famous war reserve fund.

A CLASS for teaching the art of reading aloud, founded by the Prefect of the Seine, is now open in Paris. Legouve's method of instruction will be adopted, and one of the professors nominated is Mlle. Delaporte, an actress of the Gymnase. The design of the institution is not so much to provide public readers and reciters as to bring the art of reading aloud, as an accomplishment, to its perfection, where it is on a level with that of music and dramatic action.

THE regulations within the Czar's Winter Palace are now so strict that Dr. Botkin, the Czarina's body physician, had to wait all night before he could get a pass to enter her apartments to make a professional visit, and the medicine which he had sent was also kept out several hours before an order for its admission could be obtained. All those residing within the palace are under surveillance, and a record of their doings has to be furnished to the Governor every twenty-four hours—so, at least, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Vienna *Freie Presse*.

LORD HARTINGTON is the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. He is one of the richest noblemen in the Kingdom, and is a favorite and leader in society. At one time there was a rumor in the air that the House of Cavendish was about to have the honor of an alliance with that of Hanover; but this story had no foundation save in the midst of those imaginative persons who pass their lives in putting two and two together and making five. Of later years Lord Hartington has been given up by scheming dowagers, and left to enjoy his whist in peace. He is now forty-seven.

Fun—What is It?

"SALT," said the boy, "is a spice that spoils the potato if you do not put it on." Fun is an ingredient that spoils the adventure if it is omitted. The careful definitions of wit and humor, analyzing each and comparing them, fail to explain its essence, nor can it be explained, only felt and appreciated; woe to those solemn natures who miss it, and manage to get through life without it.

There is an impression that fun is a characteristic of young animals like kittens and puppies, also of young races and the childhood of nations; and that with maturity and the higher cultivation it dies out, as the stamens so pretty in the open center of the wild rose find no place in the deep heart of a Jacqueminot. It has been feared that our beloved city is reaching this acme of cultivation, about to lose forever the spirit of fun. Let us hope for our town, however, since it is only a superficial view which makes fun exclusively an attribute of youth. A fine illustration of it is to be seen in a parcel of kittens frolicking together, but the oldest of cats, in a genial mood, will pursue her tail with as much zest as the latest of her progeny. It is not permitted to the morning of life to monopolize its gaiety. A light heart and "animal spirits," so called, outlive pain and grief and adversity in those lucky natures who possess them. Conventionality may frighten them away from some places, but they will start up elsewhere. They may be suppressed, but not destroyed.

Long may the spirit of fun prevail, and may Heaven forfend that "culture" or decorum should drive it away from the heart of our society. It makes light the burdens of life; it takes the sting out of the east wind, and makes tolerable even this month of March prolonged into the lap of April. Fun is genial and generous. It is not fun that laughs when a man slips in the street and falls. That laughter is simply hysterical, caused by the surprise at the sight, and a kind of embarrassment to know what to do about it—a spasmodic effort to cover *mauvaise honte*, which has nothing to do with the free, light ripple of enjoyment belonging to the spirit of fun. Fun is not malice. All the practical jokes and teasing tricks and underhand conspiracies that are planned in its name by children of all ages are launched under false colors. Fun disowns them, and refuses to lend its laugh to the hollow ones they provoke. It is the sparkling effervescence of healthy, joyous natures; the world can not do without it, nor are there yet any real signs that it will fail us.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Living After the Gallows.

THE times have been, observes the usurping King of Scotland, that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; and a like termination is commonly supposed to attend the operation of hanging. But, if the strange story sent yesterday from Pesth records the establishment of a precedent, we may be on the eve of a great change, and persons who have been hanged will be seen walking about a day or two afterward as if nothing had happened.

We do not mean walking about as Banquo did; for it will be remembered that when the shade of that ill-treated Thane appears to Macbeth it is no more seen by the Queen and courtiers than the Ghost in "Hamlet" is seen by Gertrude. It is in the material, not the spiritual sense, that the resuscitation is to be brought about; in the flesh, and not in the air-drawn picture traced by agonized remorse, that the phenomenon is to be made visible. Thus in time people may even get to hanging themselves as an amusing experiment, and either be revived next day or, like the Swedish philosopher who pickled himself some years ago and is to come to life again, we believe, in the year 2500, resume existence at pleasure at some future period.

The case reported by cable from Pesth is this: A convict named Takacs, who had murdered two women, was hanged. After the usual time he was examined by the physicians and found dead. The body was cut down, and by way of scientific investigation was subjected to an electro-galvanic current for several hours. The supposed corpse then rose and assaulted the persons who had restored it to life with great energy. In the sequel congestion of the brain and delirium set in, but the man lived for some time and died yesterday morning after living, as we gather from the account, about forty-eight hours. It is further announced that the "entire medical faculty" of Pesth are "considerably exercised" over the case, which is apparently regarded as without parallel; and will probably move the friends of executed felons for some time to make similar essays with the hope of even better results.

We believe, however, that instances of surviving the gallows have occurred before, and such is certainly the opinion current among the humbler classes in Great Britain and Ireland and probably elsewhere. There were two or three persons living in Australia twenty years ago who were reported to have been brought to life again after being hanged, and, if we mistake not, there was an authenticated example of such a thing somewhat earlier in Scotland. If the neck is not broken, as the phrase is, and the subject swoons, as often happens, before the drop, resuscitation is not impossible, and what happens in one case may happen in another. Blueskin tried to cut down Jack Sheppard before he choked, but if the redoubtable and devoted housebreaker had lived in our time he would probably have waited and tried the effect of a galvanic battery.

The interesting question is suggested by this grim event as to whether in case of a survival of this nature, the life of the patient belongs to himself or to the law. Can he in such a case be legally executed over again? And if he recovers from a second execution might he properly be subjected to a third? The point is rather awkward, since, by following out its possibilities, the remarkable spectacle might be presented of a man being continually executed and coming to life again for all the rest of his life, an experience that, however valuable to science, would scarcely be conducive to justice.

It is obvious that the garrote, by which Otero, the assailant of King Alfonso, has just suffered, and the guillotine are not open to this any more than to other objections that apply to the gallows, and whatever bearing the frightful incident we record may have upon the general subject of capital punishment, it will manifestly be used as a fresh argument against the infliction of that penalty by the clumsy and uncertain expedient of hanging.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Do Insects Really Possess Mind?

IF not, what is it that often impels them to behave precisely as reasoning beings? Some time since I read in the Scientific Record of *Harper's Magazine* the following passage:

"M. Felix Dujardin, of Rheims, verified in the nervous system of insects a center of true brain, above the throat, imbedded among air tubes, salivary glands, and fat. Hardened by alcohol or spirits of turpentine, its form and structure appeared beneath the microscope in regular convolutions, like those of our own cerebral hemispheres, and the outside pulp removed left nerve tracts winding into a white and firmer substance, like the nucleus of the white invertebrata."

If any one will closely observe the behavior of insects, especially ants, wasps, or spiders, he will not be at all startled or surprised with the announcement that these humble creatures have brains like our own.

Many spiders build for themselves homes, not merely nests to rear the young, like birds and some of the higher animals, but homes to which they become strongly attached.

In a former paper I gave some account of a pet spider which built a tower above her burrow, and therefore I named her *Tarantula turricula*. Just as I was closing the sketch, she became the mother of a numerous family.

As far as I have observed, the young of other members of this family escape from their cocoon through the seam which extends around the central part; it is thinner at the seam, and splits nearly around the whole circumference, so that the young come out in a body; but with this species they cut a smooth round hole in the cocoon, just large enough for them to come out one by one.

During the past eight weeks I have kept close watch of this curious family, carefully noting the behavior of the mother, who, like

The old woman that lived in a shoe,
Had so many children she didn't know what to do.

The first three weeks the little things are piled all over the head and thorax of the mother, often completely blinding her. They seem ambitious to reach the highest point, and jostle and crowd one another in their efforts to be at the top of the heap. The mother patiently endures it for a time, but when they become too thick over her eyes, she takes her long fore-legs, which she uses as feelers or hands, and reaches up and scrapes off an armful, and holds them straight in front of her, as if looking at them, and perhaps giving them a homily on manners. Soon she gently releases them, slowly opening her arms, and they quietly take their places around the edge of the tower, where they usually remain until the mother goes below, when they all follow. Upon her reappearance they are again stationed upon her back.

When they were two weeks old they strung innumerable lines of web across the mother's back; this I soon found was to enable them to dispose of their baby-dresses. Up to this time they had been piled upon her abdomen as well as upon her thorax, but now these little creatures, as if by common consent, entirely forsook the abdomen as a resting-place, and devoted it exclusively to a dressing-room. Sometimes two or three are divesting themselves by a short line of web to one of the lines which they have strung across the mother, and this holds them firmly while they undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax, and is held only by the front edge; next the abdomen is freed, and now comes the struggle to free the legs. The little one works and kicks vigorously, and seems to have no very easy task, but earnest perseverance brings it out of the old dress in about fifteen minutes, but it comes out perfectly exhausted and almost lifeless. I take one upon my hand, where it lies limp and helpless for several minutes, and then it gradually comes back to life, and is soon as bright and active as before.

Whence came the knowledge that impelled these little creatures to forsake the abdomen as a resting-place, and devote it to this purpose? In the soft, helpless condition that the removal of the skin causes, it would not do for the stronger ones to be moving about and mixing up with the weaker. It is fully a week before they have all moulted, and odd enough the mother looks with the innumerable little ragged cast-off dresses hanging all over the lines of web.

Naturalists tell us that young spiders kill each other. But with this species I could detect no such tendency. I kill one, and lay it upon the edge of the tower, and many of the little ones crawl over it, but pay no attention to it whatever. Finally the mother notices it, feels and examines it with one of her fore-legs, and then takes it in her mandibles and shoots it across the jar, where she is in the habit of throwing refuse material. Neither will the young pay any attention to a fly that I kill and lay in their path; but if the mother holds it in her mandibles and crushes it, they crowd around it, and seem to be sipping the juices. And in the absence of other food the mother crushes some of her own babies, and holds them so that the little cannibals can suck the juices.

The young do not leave the mother all at the same time, but they go out in detachments. When three weeks old about a dozen manifested a disposition to leave the maternal home. They run up on the highest point of a plant, and remain there until I set the jar where the plants can lean against the trunk of a tree, and now they speedily run up to the branches. The rest are quiet, staying with the mother a week longer, but now she manifests a disposition to send them adrift. She is no longer quiet and patient, but frequently picks one up and throws it across the jar, yet seems to be careful not to injure it. She behaves much in the same way that the higher animals do in weaning their young.

It is now a bright sunny day in early November, and a large proportion of these little creatures—fully fifty—seem to be in great haste to leave. Like the first, they also run up the body of a tree, and I see no more of them. But in the spring I shall probably find many little burrows in the neighborhood of the tree, where they have settled down as staid housekeepers.—*Mary Treat, in Harper's for May.*

Corn in Hills or Drills.

THE question as to which is the most profitable, the planting of corn in drills or in hills, is still considerably discussed, and we noticed last season a number of fields drilled that produced well. Apparently there is much saved by the drilling system, as it only requires that the land should be marked out one way, and the corn dropped along the furrow and covered by the plow. There is undoubtedly good economy of time by this plan, and, if the plants be properly thinned, much more corn to the acre results than when planted in hills in the usual way. Three or four stalks in one hill necessitates a strong struggle for food. These four plants do not do so well, thus struggling together in hills every four feet apart, as when each plant is but one foot from each other in a regular line. There are as many plants to the acre in one case as in the other; but each one being isolated, yields more than when four are together in one hill.

If this were all, there would be no question about the value of this system; but we have looked into both methods carefully, and have noted that the drill system, though taking less labor at first to plant, takes more labor to keep clean. In the hill-culture it is necessary to have considerable hand-labor, to keep the weeds out of the hills until the corn gets large enough to care for itself; but the drill system gives us three or four times the number of hills to look after. Indeed, every stalk is a hill. Thus the manual labor is nearly quadrupled.

After all said about the profits of farming, it is not so much the crops which are produced, or the prices the produce brings, which make our profits. Labor—human labor—is the great drawback in all questions as to what we can make from our land; and, as a general thing, those systems prove, in the long run, the most profitable, which produce the best crops by the least amount of hand-labor. In this mooted question of drilling or hilling corn, there is no doubt but an acre of the former will yield more than an acre of the latter; but it costs more hard labor than the other, and therefore does not pay well. We have seen it carefully tested, and know whereof we speak. When hand-labor can be had for twenty or thirty cents a day, we may have another opinion.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Way to Advertise.

THE day for talking about the use of advertising has gone by. It is conceded now by all intelligent business men that it is as essential to business to advertise it as it is to have a building in which to carry it on. The only question is as to how a business can be most effectively advertised, and about this, as about a hundred other things, men's opinions differ. Nevertheless, there are certain laws regulating the expenditure of money for advertisements which can not be broken without loss to the advertiser and the failure of his purpose.

A model advertisement is designed to satisfy the rational demand of a probable customer to know what you have got to sell. The successful advertiser, therefore, observes three rules: first, he aims to furnish the information which the public wants; second, he aims to reach that part of the public whose wants he is prepared to satisfy; and, third, he endeavors to make this information as easy of acquisition by the public as possible.

Many mistakes of judgment have been made in the various ways adopted of reducing the labor of the public in gaining this kind of trade information. Men have plastered fences with their announcements; they have erected huge bill-boards and covered them with placards; they have stuck painted signs in the horse-cars and along either side of the slips of the ferries; they have even defaced the most picturesque aspects of nature with their glaring assertions, and thus, instead of winning and gaining the attention, have awakened an abiding disgust and resentment. The fallacy which underlies all these efforts to catch the public on the wing, so to speak, to delude men and women into an unexpected and irresistible desire to buy the something which you have to sell, is that rational beings do not set about shopping or buying in this way, and thousands are offended by the unwelcome intrusion of business announcements when they are only on pleasure bent, or at least have some purpose in view entirely different from that of trade.

The commonest and handiest thing in the American family is the newspaper; and as nearly all shopping proceeds from the family, from its needs, its intelligence, its taste, its fashions, it follows that the thoughtful and successful advertiser approaches the family by this means. He does not waste his money and his time in loading his advertising gun and shooting it off skyward in the street at all creation, on the chance that some willing customer may be going that way and may be brought down; on the contrary, he takes account of the advertising ammunition which he has on hand, and loads and points his gun through the columns of some reputable newspaper at the game he wants to hit.

Besides knowing that the newspapers are the best means of advertising and how to pick out the best newspaper for his purpose, the successful advertiser fully appreciates the importance of persistence in advertising. Mr. Bryant used to say that the great influence of the press depends for one thing upon its power of iteration. Presenting the same subject in many forms it finally wins attention and acquiescence. It is just the same with advertising. Diverse forms of statement, showing that the attention and support of the public are not sought in a perfunctory way, and a continued and regular appearance in the newspaper, so that when any one who needs your kind of goods will think of your establishment instinctively, constitute the right way of using the right means of gaining the desired business publicity. Used in this thorough and systematic way the advertising columns of the newspaper are as useful and essential to the merchant as a means of telling the public what he has to sell as the clerks behind his counters are to show his goods when the people come to examine them.

The revival of business enhances the importance of this subject. All merchants, speaking broadly, are doing a good business to-day. Nevertheless, some are doing a great deal more business than others, and the reason is that the more successful ones know how to use printer's ink to the best advantage. This difference between the men who advertise their wares systematically and those who do not will increase as time goes on. The newspapers are regarded as a directory for the shopping classes and are so in fact. But if a merchant keeps his name and place of business out of this directory he can not reasonably expect long to be remembered. Not only is his business injured by his failure to lay suitable information about it before consumers, but even his old customers are drawn away one after another by the greater efforts made by enterprising rivals to attract and retain the public favor. Another influence also works against him. The public also unconsciously conclude that a lack of enterprise in advertising is a sure sign of a lack of enterprise in other things. The tendency is to believe that a man who "keeps up with the times" in the style and quality of his goods will also employ the most effective means of disposing of his stock while it is fresh and in demand, so that his shelves and counters may be clear and ready for the next novelties in the market. As experience confirms this opinion it is easy to see how the man who does not advertise, or who advertises infrequently or in obscure ways, is thought not to have much to sell, and so drops out of the public mind. As soon as this relation of indifference and forgetfulness is established between the public and a merchant his business is going the wrong way, and in time, unless a change of policy is made, will all be transferred to more intelligent and energetic men.

Now that the life-currents of business are again in rapid motion it behooves every merchant to consider what will broaden the foundations of his business prosperity and tend to make it permanent; and among the potent causes of commercial success we venture to say that none is more essential than a correct notion of how to advertise and the constant practice of the knowledge.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ATLANTA, Ga., is puzzled over a perfect iron wedge that was taken from the middle of a blue granite rock found forty-six feet under the ground.

Our Young Folks.

THE ARMY OF SPRING.

Tens of thousands, *and ten times ten*,
Clad in yellow, and purple, and pink—
Little folks marching like stalwart men
Up from the dark to the day-time's brink!

(Can it be dark where such robes are made?
Surely the looms in the light must be
That colored these uniforms shade by shade,
And fashioned the rare embroidery!)

Wherefore the rising—can any one say—
Of hosts that rush from the realm of night,
Letting no hindrances bar the way,
Bursting upon us with joy bedight?

Tens of thousands, and ten times ten,
Vested in violet, blue and gold—
Little folks marching like stalwart men
Up through the winter's rime and mold.

Come they to tell us that down below,
There where the baby lies hid in flowers,
Down in the hollow, under the snow,
Is a better world than this world of ours?

Tens of thousands, and ten times ten,
Bright in scarlet and green and white—
Little folks marching like stalwart men,
Muster before us a princely sight:

Gonfalons floating and flags outspread,
Lily bells ringing and censers swung,
Bonnetted, plumed, and with slippered tread,
The sweetest cavalcade ever sung!

What is their mission? Which of us knows,
Save that they bless us, and pass away,
Destined to scatter the seed that grows
And blooms in battalions here to-day?

—*Mary B. Dodge, in Wide-Awake.*

"WANTED—A BOY!"

WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ERRANDS AND make himself generally useful.

Mr. Peppergrass came out, with his cap on the back of his head and his spectacles pushed high up on his forehead, to wafer this written notice on the side of his store. And five minutes afterward (it might have been less, or it might have been more) a crowd of eager little lads assembled around it, standing on tip-toe to read every word.

Johnny Jarvis had been just discharged from his place as cash-boy in a dry-goods store because business was dull and customers few.

He was a fine, tall boy of twelve, with bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, and he didn't at all like having nothing to do.

Charlie Warner wanted a situation because there were a good many little Warners and nothing to feed them with since their father died.

Louis Brown had been out of regular employment ever since the china factory closed in the fall.

For these little fellows belonged to the innumerable army of boys who cannot play and enjoy the bright hours as they go by, but must work and drudge, and count every day lost that does not bring in its corresponding wages.

Children, did you ever think how hard the world was on these poor little toilers?

It was not long before Mr. Peppergrass' store was full of boys who wanted to "run errands and make themselves generally useful."

Big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, well-dressed boys and shabby boys—boys who leaned up against the flour and potato barrels, as if they had left their backbones at home; boys who stood straight up—boys who took off their caps, and boys who kept them on. And still they kept coming.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Peppergrass. "This will do!"

So he took down the notice and bolted the store-door.

"Now, I will proceed to business," said Mr. Peppergrass, rumpling up his hair and adjusting his spectacles so as to make his keen, gray eyes sharper than ever.

A few penetrating glances, half a dozen questions, and the number of boys was speedily reduced to our three little friends—Johnny Jarvis, Charlie Warner and Louis Brown.

They were all three willing and anxious to work; all three brought good recommendations, had honest faces, wanted to enter on the situation at once, and wrote neat, round hands.

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with his hands locked under his coat-tails behind. "There's three of you, and I can't find work for three boys!"

The little lads said never a word, but looked eagerly at the grocer, each one hoping that he might be the boy selected "to run errands and make himself generally useful."

Mr. Peppergrass stared hard at the spice-boxes and preserve-bottles in the window, frowned at the cracker-boxes, and finally made up his mind.

"Brown!" said he.

"Sir!" said Louis Brown.

"I'll try you on a few sums. I want my boy to understand the first principles of arithmetic!"

"I am good at figures, sir!" cried Louis.

"Are you?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "Very well; I'll give you a trial."

He wrote down a labyrinth of figures on a slate, and then opened the door of a little room which communicated with the store.

"Sit down here, Brown, and work out these sums," said he. "I'll come to you in a few minutes."

Johnny Jarvis and Charlie Warner looked blankly at each other, then at the grocer.

"Please, sir, what are we to do?" said they.

"You are to wait," said Mr. Peppergrass, shortly. "Your turns will come in due time."

The sums were not especially hard, and Louis Brown was quick at figures. He soon dispatched his task and began to look around.

It was a stuffy, close-smelling little room, with one window close up to the ceiling, and a curious, old-fashioned book-case or desk, with glass doors, lined with faded red silk, in the corner.

"I do wonder what Mr. Peppergrass keeps there?" said Louis, to himself; and after he had wondered a little while, he got up and went softly toward the desk. "The key is in the lock," said he; "there can't be any harm in looking. Perhaps there are story-books—or maybe curious shells and stones—or—"

As these thoughts crossed his mind he open the silk-lined door. Buz-z-zz—whew! out flew a beautiful pearl-colored dove.

Louis stood aghast. In vain were his efforts to capture the little creature. It fluttered from the top of the book-case to a pile of boxes beyond, and thence to the top molding of the windows, as if it enjoyed the chase; and in the midst of it all, in came Mr. Peppergrass.

"Eh? What?" said he. "How did this happen?"

"Please, sir," said Louis, hanging his head, "the bird got out, and I was trying to catch it again."

"Got out, did it?" said Mr. Peppergrass. "it must be a very ingenious bird, to be able to open the desk from the outside! You may go, boy. I'm quite certain that you wont suit me. I don't approve of meddlers."

So saying, he opened a door which led directly out into the back street, and dismissed poor Louis Brown without further ceremony.

Now, Pearlie," said he to the little dove, who perched on his shoulder at once, "you can go back to your nest. You have helped me out of the difficulty this time."

So he let the little creature fly out into the yard, where it belonged.

Charlie Warner was the next one ushered into the stuffy, smelling room. He, too, speedily finished his sums, and began to look around him for something to occupy his attention.

"Oh, my! What a lot of boxes," said he, "piled up one above another, like a Tower of Babel! What can Mr. Peppergrass keep in all of them?"

Charlie listened. No advancing footsteps were near. He looked cautiously about him, but he saw nothing. Then he rose from his chair, and crept toward the mysterious pile of boxes. They were of all shapes, rather small, and fitted with loose, wooden covers.

Charlie lifted the lid of one. It was full of English walnuts.

"Hello!" thought Charlie. "I'm in luck! Old Peppergrass will never miss two or three of these," and he pocketed a handful.

The next box was full of beautiful Malaga raisins. Charlie nipped two or three bloomy, wrinkled fellows off the stem, and ate them. He was fond of raisins.

"What next?" he said, tugging at the covers of the third box, which seemed to fit a little closer.

All of a sudden, however, it flew off with a jerk, filling the air with Cayenne pepper, and setting poor Charlie to sneezing as if he meant to sneeze his head off.

Mr. Peppergrass bustled in.

"Ah!" said he. "I see! But you needn't have been in such a hurry to examine my stock, young man. I haven't engaged you yet, and I don't intend to."

And poor Charlie sneaked away through the back door, which Mr. Peppergrass held politely open for him, feeling that his curiosity had ruined his cause.

It was some time before the Cayenne pepper was sufficiently cleared from the atmosphere for Johnny Jarvis to take his turn at the sums in decimal fractions, but he worked them patiently out, and then sat looking around him, as the others had done. But he was too honorable to dream of meddling. He, too, wondered what was in the boxes, but he didn't do anything more than wonder. He heard a mysterious rustling behind the faded-silk doors of the old book-case, where Mr. Peppergrass had shut up his pet kitten, but he never thought of opening it to see what it all meant.

He saw a glass jar of mixed candies on the mantel (sly Mr. Peppergrass had counted every one, besides covering it with a dusty lid, so that the least finger-mark would have been quite visible), but he sat there quite still until Mr. Peppergrass bounced into the room.

The old grocer looked at the candy jar, he glanced at the unmolested boxes, and opening the desk, saw the kitten fast asleep in the corner.

"Ah!" said Mr. Peppergrass, with a long breath. "Yes, exactly! You are the boy I want. Come right back into the store, and I'll set you to work weighing out tea and coffee."

And that was the way Mr. Peppergrass suited himself with a boy.—*Lucy Randall Comfort, in Golden Days.*

The Story of Two Brave Irish Boys.

JUST as the Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund were about to hold their meeting in Dublin, the other day, two little boys, half-naked, travel-stained and bare-footed, sought admission to the castle, stating that they had walked all the way from Skibbereen, County Cork, to plead for help to pay their father's rent. He had a bit of land, but the times were so bad he could not pay the "rint," and he owed eight pounds sterling. Having gone round among the friends and neighbors, he could only scrape together six pounds sterling. The two children, who had seen respectively twelve and fourteen summers, thought they would ask the good Duchess of Marlborough to give "daddy" the two pounds sterling. Away they started for Dublin, begging their food and lodgings, and enquiring the way from town to town. The journey, upward of two hundred miles, occupied three weeks. Her Grace expressed admiration of their filial affection, while she gratified them to their heart's content by promising to send their father the two pounds sterling. They were then, by command of Her Grace, taken to the clothes room, and their tattered garments changed for a new suit of tweed each. Having been regaled with a substantial dinner, they were brought before the ladies of the committee, who rewarded the brave adventurers with a pocketful of silver. Next morning they took their first ride in a train, accomplishing in six hours a distance that took them twenty-one days to walk. On the same day the Assistant Secretary to the Relief Fund wrote to the parish priest, enclosing a Post-office order for two pounds sterling, payable to the father of the boys.

THE ancient silver penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among the Anglo-Saxons. The penny, until the reign of Edward I., was struck with a cross so deeply indented that it might be easily parted into two for half-pence, and into four for farthings, and hence these names. Copper pennies and two-penny pieces were coined in 1797.

CARLYLE says that one cannot move a step without meeting a duty, and that the fact of mutual helplessness is proved by the very fact of one's existence. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

HOME AND FARM.

IT is always best to under-season rather than to over-season food.

TO retain the color of any vegetable, plunge it into cold water after boiling.

WHEN any thing is accidentally made too salt it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoontul of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

POTATOES any time of the year can be made mealy if boiled in salt and water and drained and then covered with a thick towel and left in behind the range five minutes.

POTATO PUDDING.—Two pounds potatoes boiled and mashed, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound butter, six eggs, a wineglassful of brandy, and one nutmeg. Line a dish with paste, and bake.

TO TAKE MARKS OFF VARNISHED FURNITURE.—Wet a sponge in common alcohol camphor and apply it freely to the furniture. It has nearly, if not quite, the same effect that varnish has, and is much cheaper.

FILLING FOR PIES OR TURNOVERS.—One-fourth pound of raisins stoned and chopped, one cracker, rolled fine, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon and nearly a cup of sugar. If used for pie use top crust.

BURNS.—Wet saleratus and spread on a cloth, bind this around the burnt part and in a few hours it will be nearly well unless the burn is very deep, in which case the saleratus should be removed, and after being removed the burn should be covered with a piece of old linen on which has been rubbed a little mutton tallow or sweet oil.

LEMON PIE.—One egg mixed with one grated lemon. In another dish stir smooth with a little cold water one large tablespoon of corn-starch; add one good cupful of boiling water, one cup of white sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg; when cool add the egg and lemon. Bake with one crust. Use the white of the egg for frosting. One large lemon will make two pies by doubling the rest.

VEAL HASH.—Take a teacup of boiling water in a sauce-pan, stir in an even teaspoon of flour wet in a tablespoon of cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon of black pepper, as much salt, and two tablespoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine, and mix with it half as much stale bread-crumbs. Put it in a pan and pour the gravy on it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered toast.

SOUTHERN GUMBO.—Fry one chicken brown, and two slices of bacon. Pour on them three quarts boiling water; add one onion and some sweet herbs tied in a rag. Simmer this gently three hours and a half. Strain off the liquor, take off the fat, then put the ham and chicken, cut in small pieces, into the liqtor. Add one-half teacup ochra cut up, also one-half teacup rice. Boil one-half an hour, and just before serving add a glass of wine and a dozen of oysters with their juice.

MALAGA CAKE.—Two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter; beat to a cream; add half a cup of sweet milk; mix three cups of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; beat the whites of seven eggs to froth; stir all together and flavor with lemon; bake in sheets. Filling—Whites of three eggs beaten with sugar as for frosting; save out enough for the top of the cake; add one coffee cup of seeded and chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; spread between the cake.

HOW TO LIME EGGS.—Eggs are limed by packing them in a liquid made as follows, viz.: One peck of fresh lime is slacked in sufficient water, to make a thin paste; when thoroughly slacked, which will require twenty-four hours, water is added to thin it so that it can be strained through a fine sieve into a clean barrel, which is then filled with water; the eggs, perfectly fresh, are laid carefully into kegs or barrels, and the stirred lime liquor is poured over them, a board being floated on the top to keep the eggs under the surface. In this way the eggs may be kept six months.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One pint milk, three-quarters pound sugar, one-half box gelatine. Put these together, and set over a kettle of boiling water; after the gelatine is dissolved, beat four eggs and stir in. Leave over the fire until it looks clear, then let it cool. Beat to a stiff froth one pint cream, then add vanilla to taste. Stir all well together, and set in a cool place with ice or snow around it. When you add the eggs stir thoroughly all the time, and when it is cool give it a hard beat. Put cake in a mold stuck together with white of egg, and put the liquid inside, or serve the cake and liquid separately.

ECONOMY OF TIME.—A lady writes to the *Country Gentleman:* Nearly all winter my husband or father would peel the potatoes and cut the meat for breakfast in the evening. These unimportant items have added greatly to my time for knitting, and an early breakfast makes a real difference in the doings of the day. Sweeping the chambers once instead of twice a week, as is my custom, is also a saving of time. Doing large bakings once a week in winter is as well as smaller once twice. Housekeepers having strength and health may smile at my novel methods of gaining time, but I can afford to let them smile, however, so long as my housework is kept in good order, though it may not be pushed ahead over every obstacle, as is theirs.

Capital and Labor on the Big Farms of Dakota.

WE spent an evening in the comfortable home of one of the superintendents, and heard him explain the system of book-keeping. Every man is engaged by contract, for a certain time, to do certain work, for certain wages. He receives his money on presenting to the cashier a time check certifying the amount and nature of his labor. The average price paid to hands is $18 a month and board. In harvest they get $2.25 a day. A record is kept by the foreman of the amount of wheat turned out by each thresher, by the driver of each wagon of the amount of wheat loaded by him, and by the receiver at the elevator of the amount of wheat brought in by each team. All the farm machinery and the provisions are bought at first hands for wholesale prices. Mules and horses are bought in St. Louis. Wheat is not stacked or stored, but shipped to market as rapidly as possible. Every thing is regulated by an exact system, and this is what makes the farms a success.

Brains and energy in the man who controls them and in those whom he chooses as his subordinate officers—this is the secret of the enormous profits which have been made on the Dalrymple farms. The cost of raising the first crop is about $11 an acre; each subsequent crop costs $8. The average yield for this year was about nineteen bushels to the acre. This could be sold at Fargo on October 1 for 80 cents a bushel. A brief calculation will give you $4.20 per acre profit on the new land, and $7.20 for all the rest; or, say, $130,000 gain on one crop. These figures I believe to be too small, rather than too large.

But does this large farming pay for the country? It absorbs great tracts of land, and keeps out smaller farmers. It employs tramps, who vanish when the harvest is over, instead of increasing the permanent population. It exhausts the land. The cultivation is very shallow. There is no rotation of crops. Every thing is taken from the ground; nothing is returned to it. Even the straw is burned. The result of this is that the average crop from any given acre grows smaller every year, and it is simply a question of time under the present system how long it will take to exhaust the land.—*Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., in Harper's Magazine for May.*

The Distribution of Labor on the Farm.

THERE are about as many kinds of farm management as there are kinds of men. To a certain extent this is natural, because there are so many different products of the farm, almost any one of which may be taken as the primary, and all the others thus become of only secondary importance. If butter is the leading "crop," the system of the farm will be of one kind; if wheat is the primary product, the methods pursued will be different from those for butter, and this again will not be the same as when sheep are the main source of the farmer's income. Circumstances of soil, climate, nearness to market, personal tastes, etc., will decide these matters. But whatever the system, whatever the leading crop grown—and we by no means believe that in all cases, or even in most cases, it is always better for a farmer to have a crop that is *the* leading one—there are certain general principles that should be brought upon one so soon as he becomes a farmer. He who by the soil would thrive, no matter what he is to make that soil produce, should so plan his work that there will be the least number of idle days, in fact, this means that there should be no days when the farmer has, as the common expression goes, to "kill time." Every worker of the soil, whether he owns or rents the soil, and is, therefore, working for himself, should put a definite market value upon his labor. This very many fail to do, and overlooking this important fact, it easily and naturally becomes a source of loss. It is as much to the farmer's advantage to have a full supply of labor for each and every work day, as for the day hand that gets his living from his daily labor.

The vital importance of the proper distribution of farm labor throughout the season—yes, the whole year—being accepted as a leading fact in profitable agriculture—the question is, how to make the most of it? In the first place it demands a careful planning of the whole season's work, if not the work for several years. This plan should account for work for not less than 290 days in the year—and the work of each of those days should be of such a character as to pay—not work to be done for the sake of doing something, but seasonable, profitable labor. This principle at once points towards a variety of farm crops, mixed farming, a rotation of crops, the ideal farming, and the one towards which substantial agriculture is tending.

A single example will suffice to illustrate and enforce the point. Let it be supposed that a farmer is growing roots, and that it is to his advantage to have the labor of the care of his roots distributed along through the season. Instead of putting his whole land into swedes, and that in early summer when other labor is pressing, he can sow a portion of the land to mangels as early as the ground can be worked; and later, after the swedes are in, a part of the field may be put into flat turnips, which grow rapidly and must be fed as soon as grown. If soiling is practiced the flat turnips may follow the early rye in July. In like manner there are many cases where the work that would otherwise come "all in a heap," can be distributed through the season, and "all hands" can be kept for several months and furnished with steady and profitable labor. The farmer who can best equalize his work and apportion to each week and month its part, other things being equal, will be the most successful.—*American Agriculturist.*

Havanas Made From Straw Paper.

THE great conundrum in the Cuban trade, "what becomes of all the straw paper?" is easily solved. It is saturated in a decoction made from the stems and refuse of the choice Havana seed leaf, and when properly treated with flavoring extracts, licorice root, sennn, etc., makes a filling for cigars. Besides, it burns with a pure white ash precisely like that of the genuine leaf, unlike that yielded by any other material. Specimens of prepared paper are described as closely resembling the leaf in appearance, taste and flavor. The small particles of rye which remain in the straw and are ground up with the pulp being of an oily nature, do not take the dye, and look like the whitish mold of a real leaf. Among other virtues it is claimed that the lime used in bleaching the paper neutralizes the effects of nicotine, so that no improvements seems possible in the use of straw in cigar making, except that it may be to leave out the tobacco altogether. Coffee makers succeed in making people prefer chicory and pears to any other mixture, and why should not rye straw excel in making "the weed." The objection offered against the use of rye paper at home is that it would not be "genuine."

THE gas, beer and ice men in New York have determined to advance the price of their commodities.

Co-Operative Life Insurance Investigation.

The last Ohio State Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the system and the frauds committed, and to recommend such additional legislation as may be necessary to protect our citizens from loss and fraud. It also adopted the following resolution almost unanimously:

WHEREAS, A large number of Mutual Aid Associations have been organized for the purpose of mutual protection and relief of their members, and for the payment of stipulated sums of money to the families or heirs of the deceased members of such companies or associations, and furnish no security to their patrons for the faithful performance of their obligation to the insured, and

WHEREAS, There are complaints upon the part of the friends of those insured that such associations fail to provide for the payment of claims, as agreed with the insured, and

WHEREAS, Charges have been made that in many instances such companies or associations have continued to collect assessments upon the policies of persons long after the death of such persons; and

WHEREAS, It is claimed that assessments have been made and collected upon the policies of persons who died prior to the persons in whose interest such assessments and collections were claimed to be made; and

WHEREAS, The manner of conducting business of such companies and associations has created distress and alarm in the minds of many of the insured in such companies or associations, as well as a belief generally that such companies or associations should be so regulated by law as to furnish greater security and protection to its members and to the public; therefore

Resolved, That a select committee of five be appointed, which committee may sit during vacation, and shall have power to send for persons and papers, and whose duty it shall be to make a thorough examination into the responsibility and manner of doing business practiced by such companies or associations, which are responsible and safe organizations with which to do business, and what legislation, if any, is necessary, to protect the citizens of the State against loss or fraud by such companies or associations organized within this State, or by similar companies or associations organized under the laws of other States doing business in this State.

The following named gentlemen were appointed as the select committee: Hon. L. C. Sawyer, St. Mary's, O.; Hon. George T. Chapman, Cleveland, O.; Dr. J. M. Greene, Fairfield, O.; Hon. Charles C. Davis, Cincinnati, O., and Hon. William B. Reed, Chillicothe, O. Any one who has complaint to make against any Mutual Aid Association may address any one of the above named gentlemen and have their claims and rights thoroughly investigated free of charge.

SOME one has discovered that the eagle on the new silver dollar is a sick looking bird. If this is the case, there would appear to be something ill-eagle about it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Age of Miracles

Is past, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, or your system sinking under cancerous disease. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe disease of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causing even great eating ulcers to heal. Sold by druggists.

Colorado Excursion.

THE Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co., will commence May 1st, 1880, and continue during the season the sale of First-Class EXCURSION TICKETS, from Chicago and local points, to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, by SIX (6) DIFFERENT ROUTES. These tickets will be good going west within fifteen (15) days from date of sale, and to return until October 31st following. Pullman Palace Cars are run by this Company from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Topeka and Kansas City, forming a line with but one change of cars to Denver and Pueblo. Dining Cars are attached to all through trains, in which meals can be obtained at the reasonable price of seventy-five cents.

Mental Strain Relieved.

THE Washing on (D. C.) *Critic* says: "It is intimated to us that members of the Senate and House are freely using Warner's Safe Nervine for relief of nervous prostration incident upon the severe strain upon their mental powers."

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

TWO-THIRDS of all the Axle Grease used in the United States is made by the Frazer Lubricator Company. Buy the genuine.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house, and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable.

EMACIATION, dropsy, mental and physical weakness arrested by Malt Bitters.

MASTER FRANK GUERTIN, U. S. N., was recently married according to the rites of the Greek Catholic Church, to Miss Niga Kastroulerioff, a Russian lady, a resident of Sitka, Alaska.

IT is wonderful what fools boys are. A charming widow of our city owns a nice boy, and a man from St. Paul wants to be appointed deputy father to the lad. It was only last Sunday that while the St. Paul man was strolling down Chestnut street with the lad, he asked: "Bub, does your mamma bang her hair?" and that foolish boy answered, "O, no, but you ought to see her hang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pa to prepare to die. I prayed why he was aching to die."—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

J. M. RYAN, of Montana, has purchased 20,000 sheep in California, to be driven to that territory.

MRS. MATTOX, of Centerville, Ga., has a rare collection of old newspapers, some of them dating before the Revolutionary war. In one of them is an advertisement of General Washington, who offers a reward for a runaway slave.

THERE are moments when we think that the phonetic system of spelling would save a great deal of sorrow and misunderstanding. Now there was Toddlekins of our boarding-house who wrote some lines in his girl's album "On a Tear." The poor fellow meant the crystal article, but his fair one thought he alluded to a "hust," and sent back his presents, with a brief note, saying, "Me and you must part, strangirs yit, farewell; so it's all up."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A MAN who was bitten by a dog at Bowdoin, Mass., was superstitious enough to dress the wound with hair from the brute that bit him.

JOHNNY wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school and study, and maybe you'll be President some day." Said Johnny: "Father, there's about one million boys in the United States, isn't there?" "Yes." "And every one of them stands a chance of being President?" "Yes." "Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket."—*Oil City Derrick.*

PENSIONS

From the date of a soldier's discharge can be procured provided application therefor is filed at the proper department prior to July 1, 1880. **MILO B. STEVENS & CO.** make this business a specialty, and with sixteen years' experience are generally successful Try them. Address

Milo B. Stevens & Co.

OFFICES:

Rooms 1 and 2 Case Building, Cleveland, Ohio
Room 99 Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general Invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

VEGETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, Miss., June 5, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.* I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction.

Very respy.
DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being *blind*, and I have no doubt saved her life.

Very gratefully,
MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHUBOYOAN, Wis., Nov. 15, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with *such benefit.*

Yours truly,
W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

Vegetine

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

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UNFERMENTED

THIS MATCHLESS RENOVATOR of feeble and exhausted constitutions is rich in the elements that go to nourish and strengthen the blood. It perfects digestion, stimulates the liver, kidneys, bowels, and urinary organs, quiets the brain and nervous forces, and induces refreshing sleep. MALT BITTERS commend themselves to the weak, convalescent, overworked, debilitated, nervous, sleepless and melancholy, as the purest, safest, and most powerful restorative in medicine. Prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY, from *Unfermented Malt and Hops.* Sold Everywhere.

MALT AND HOPS

BITTERS

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

5

KIDNEY

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes, are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY,

the Great Kidney and Liver Medicine.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness and Excesses.

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cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Send for pamphlet to

WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

Trial size, 75 cents. Large size cheapest.

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TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

The Healthful Seltzer Water for a hundred years or more, Has been held of all earth's fountains, the most potent to restore:

But why across the ocean this boon of Nature bring When the sick man in his chamber can extemporize the Spring!

The bottled Seltzer Water—so our leading chemists say—Parts with half its healing virtues, and turns vapid on the way;

While TARRANT'S RARE APERIENT, from a Powder changed to foam,

Is an instantaneous Seltzer Spring in every sufferer's Home.

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FARM FOR SALE.

A nice little farm of 120 acres in DeKalb County, Mo., in a neighborhood settled almost entirely by Ohio people; with good school and church privileges, living water, timber; within two miles of Fairport, a thriving little village, and ten miles of railroad station. Taxes low. For terms, etc., address W. H. Schrader, 141 St. Clair street, Cleveland, Ohio, or A. E. Putnam, Maysville, DeKalb County, Mo. 8

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

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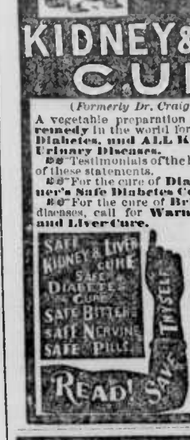

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By making strictly pure and first-class goods for the last eight years, in New York, we find our rapidly increasing trade demands our opening an office and factory in Chicago, to supply the western trade, and we would advise all parties wishing to paint, to try ours, which is the very best and cheapest in the market. Send for sample card and prices.

NATIONAL MIXED PAINT CO.,
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SUMMER COLDS AND COUGHS CURED BY

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ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

AS A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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2,000,000 Acres

Wheat Lands

best in the world, for sale by the

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Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

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Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

PENSIONS Procured for all soldiers disabled in U. S. service, from any cause. Apply at once in order to have pension commence at date of discharge, as the time is limited. Heirs of deceased soldiers entitled from the date of the death of the soldier. *Pensions Increased.* Thousands are entitled to a higher rate of pension. Bounty and new discharges procured. Address, with stamps, STODART & CO., Claim Agents, Room 8, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C.

DR. A. L. CLUM'S LIVER CATHARTIC.

This Remedy acts as a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative, and a certain Corrective, cleansing the system of all the impurities of the body by its perfect action upon the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Try it. Sold BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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I WILL MAIL A COPY OF MY "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE" Book, FREE, to any person who will send his name and post-office address, and two 3-cent stamps to pay postage. To any one suffering with CONSUMPTION, CATARRH, ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS, the information in this illustrated volume of 144 pages is invaluable. In the providence of God it has saved many useful lives. Address

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RELIABLE

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OPIUM. Morphia Habit Cured at Home. 1,000 Cured. Beware of 10 or 20 day cures. Address Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

EPILEPSY! A trial package of Dr. Evans' Cure for Epileptic Fits mailed free on receipt of address. L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Dover, Maine.

DON'T FORGET the great low-priced Excursion to the Pacific Coast, advertised in last week's paper.

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No Knife or Caustic is used, and patients can rely on this treatment when others fail.

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INTRODUCTORY ARITHMETIC.

By LYDIA NASH.

This little Book takes the learner through long Division. It also commends itself as especially useful to the TEACHERS of the Primary Department in those public schools which do not put a Primary Arithmetic into the hands of their pupils.

Apply to the author, 88 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 15 cents. No extra charge for mailing.

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SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Flattering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

I. P.

The following communication from a highly esteemed citizen of Boston comes to us unsolicited; the writer for obvious reasons requests us not to publish his name, at the same time he desires to make known the fact of his discovery for the benefit of others similarly afflicted:

BOSTON, MASS.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:

Gentlemen—You may not be aware of the fact that your Kalliston affords relief in that most distressing complaint called *Itching Piles.* I made the discovery some weeks ago, during a night of intense discomfort and suffering, by simply applying Kalliston, a bottle of which happened to be on my dressing table. The effect seemed to me magical; the itching ceased almost instantly, and I have had no recurrence.

I feel it to be my duty to make this statement to you, hoping that thereby other sufferers may be relieved.

Very truly, your obliged and obedient servant,

Since receiving the above, the proprietors of Kalliston have endeavored fairly to test its value as a specific for itching Piles, having caused it to be used in many aggravated cases, and in every instance it has given instant relief.

The following letter will prove interesting to those who suffer from this disagreeable disease:

JANUARY 20, 1880.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

I have had the Itching Piles off and on ever since the war. Sometimes I have suffered agony, and I tell you nobody knows what pain and misery is, unless they have had the Itching Piles.

Somebody told me that your Kalliston would cure me. I got a bottle, and the very first time I used it the pain and itching was all gone in a few minutes, and I think I am cured, as I have not had any trouble from it for a fortnight.

Another thing about the Kalliston, it is nice and clean, and easy to use. Yours truly,

JOS. E. FOSTER,
11 Luwell Street.

Send to JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, for descriptive circular free. For sale by all Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. Does a small,—bottle large. Sold everywhere. 25c. and $1.00.

Warranted to first buyers.

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AGENTS You can coin money with **Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book.** Ours is the only one genuine. Address Chase Publishing Co., Toledo, O.

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$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all **Humors**, from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple**, or **Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver**, or **"Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are **scarcely larger than mustard seeds.**

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance in the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

How the Young Lady Manages It.

Clerks at glove counters have a great deal to try their patience. For instance, a very stylish young lady will take a pair of six buttoned lavender kids and wear them to a party; sometimes, perhaps she will only put on one, which when the dance begins, she will remove to protect it from perspiration. When she goes home she will carefully fold the glove in the original creases, put it between the leaves of the family bible to press, and the next morning go down to the store and tell the clerk that those gloves he sold her yesterday are entirely too light, and she would like to exchange them for a pair of three-buttoned in street-colors. By this means she gets the good of one evening's wear, all she probably cared for, and a new pair besides. Sometimes the clerk sees through the plot and refuses point blank to make the change. Whereupon the young lady flounces out of the store threatening to withdraw her valuable custom.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, in the case wherein Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, is complainant and Jesse W. Chaney is defendant, being No. 46 on said equity docket, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale on the premises, at the residence of Jesse W. Chaney, in Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, the 12th day of June, 1880,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all these lots and parcels of land situated in Garrett county, and which are particularly described in two deeds, the first from A. C. Good and wife to Joseph Dilley, dated March 27, 1868, the second from Jno. J. Stottler and wife to said Joseph Dilley, dated September 11, 1870, both of which are recorded amongst the land records of Allegany county, Md., reference to which being had will fully appear.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by decree:—One-fourth cash and the balance in six and twelve months from day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds satisfactory to trustee.

J. FRANK SEISS,
my22-tds Trustee.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 419.

AN ACT to repeal and re-enact with Amendments Section Nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," be, and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments, so as to read as follows:

SEC. 19. The said Clerk is hereby authorized and empowered to administer an oath or affirmation to any person or persons presenting a claim to said Commissioners against said county; to any person or persons filing any paper with said Commissioners to which an affidavit is required by law, and to any person or persons who are to be examined as witnesses in any matter before said Commissioners, for which services the said Clerk shall not be entitled to make any charge, the same being hereby made a part of his official duty as Clerk, and said Clerk shall be entitled to such compensation as shall be fixed by the said Commissioners not exceeding four hundred dollars for any one year.

And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
my8-3 Secretary of the Senate.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, practicing under the style of Peddicord & Gonder, vs. John Fox.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 73. Trials to May Term, 1880.

ORDERED, this 6th day of May, 1880, by the circuit court for Garrett county, that the sale of the real estate of John Fox, as mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, constable, under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias mentioned in said report and issued on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1879, and to the said James S. Johnson, directed by Alexander L. Osbourn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, partners practicing law under the firm name of Peddicord & Gonder, against Jno. Fox, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of June, 1880.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
my8-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

[illegible]
jal1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 10th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

AND, WHEREAS, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2 *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
my0-t3 Secretary of the Senate.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
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AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
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v3n47.

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Jan. 30-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

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Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
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All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated and unrivaled leading recently Located Agents.

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BANDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, Free

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Feb. 14-3m

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.54 A. M.
No. 6	9.54 A. M.
No. 8	3.09 A. M
No. 10	4.43 P. M.
Way	10.11 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	12.50 A. M.
No. 3	10.59 P. M.
No. 5	11.31 P. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

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SAMUEL LAWTON.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880. NUMBER 15.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

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WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

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MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1880.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

From the olives of Gethsemane, Jesus was roughly draged to the house of the ex-high-priest, the crafty Annas. After a hurried consultation among the rulers, he was bro't to the palace of Calaphas, the high-priest then in office, where the council of the Jews was already convened, though without legal authority. A mockery of a trial took place, defying all the rules of the Sanhedrin in its forms: false witnesses were summoned, and at last Calaphas sternly demanded of him, "Art thou the Christ?" To the astonishment of all, Jesus declared "I am!" Instantly he was judged guilty of blasphemy, and doomed to death. But the power to inflict death was reserved to the Roman procurator, so he was led to the official residence of Pontius Pilate, on Mount Zion. Here a strange scene took place, the vacillating, weak governor vainly endeavoring to save One whom he knew to be innocent, and the rulers clamoring for his death. After a vain attempt to transfer the responsibility of his case as a Gallican to Herod Antipas, who was then in Jerusalem, Pilate at length gave sentence that he should be crucified. The meek sufferer, already torn by thorn and scourge, is now dragged away to death, and compelled to bear his own cross, until he sinks beneath its burden. The "place of a skull" is reached at last. He is laid upon the tree, the nails pierce his flesh, and he is lifted up to die. Around his cross are heard the taunts of a raging mob, and the jeers of the gathered leaders, while darkness hides the awful scene from the sight of the universe. Seven sentences burst from his dying lips, until, after 6 hours of agony in body, overpassed by deeper anguish of soul, the Divine Man dies, and the world's atonement is rendered.

Matt. 27. 35-50.

Memory Verses. 45-50.

35 And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots.

36 And sitting down they watched him there;

37 And set up over his head his accusation written, THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

38 Then were there two thieves crucified with him: one on the right hand, and another on the left.

39 And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads,

40 And saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross

41 Likewise also the chief priests, mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said,

42 He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him.

43 He trusted in God; let him deliever him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God.

44 The thieves also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth.

45 Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

46 And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli! Eli! lama sa-bach-thani? that is to say, My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?

47 Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, This man calleth for Elias.

48 And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink.

49 The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

50 Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost,

HOME READINGS.

M. The crucifixion. Matt. 27. 35-50.
Tu. Foretold by the psalmist. Psa. 22. 11-23.
W. Foretold by the prophet. Isa. 53. 1-12.
Th. Foretold by the Saviour. John 12. 24-33.
F. Proclaimed by the apostle. Acts 2. 14-36.
S. Leading to glory. Phil. 2. 1-18.
S. Redeeming from sin. Col. 2, 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. 1 Pet. 2. 24.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love!"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day
And sweetens every bitter cup.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. DERISION, v. 35-44; Psa. 109. 25.
At whose demand, and by whose command, was Jesus put to death? v. 22 20.
How was he put to death?
What was done with his clothing, and by whom.
How did this fulfill prophecy? Psa. 22. 18.
What was written as an inscription above his head?
How did it declare the truth?
Who were crucified with Jesus?
What is here told about their conduct on the cross?
What is related about them in Luke 23. 39-43?
How did the people and the rulers act toward the dying Jesus?
What feeling did their conduct show?
What interest have we in the sufferings of Jesus? Golden Text.

2. DARKNESS, v. 45-49; Heb. 5. 7, 8.
At what hour did the darkness begin?
What time of the day was this? A. Noon.
How long did it last?
Why was it fitting that the earth should be darkened while Christ was dying?
What took place at the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon?
Why was Christ thus left alone? [ANS. In order that he might fully sympathize with us.]
How was his cry misunderstood?
What was done?
How was this a fulfillment of propbecy? Psalm 69. 21.

3. DEATH, v. 50; Rom 6. 8.
What is here said about his last cry?
What is related in John 19. 30?
How is it stated in Luke 23. 46?
What is meant by "yielded up the ghost?" [ANS. He gave up his human spirit or life.]
What was the purpose for which Jesus died? Rom. 5. 8.
How may his death avail to save us? Acts 16. 31.

The Democratic Dilemma.

The very absurdity of the Democratic position is a snare to the Republican side, because it tends to produce a dangerous confidence of success. The Democratic party apparently feels that it is committed to the nomination and support of a gentleman as an anti-fraud candidate whose confidential agents tried to secure his election four years ago by the barest and most undeniable corruption, and whose ignorance of the transaction is not popularly believed to be established. Nor is this all. His nomination would at once insure the division of the Democratic vote in New York, and make his defeat certain. This seems to us an absurd position for a great party. It does not put forward any policy upon any subject whatever. It gives no hint of the financial or reform measures which it would endeavor to enforce. If a man has decided opinions upon the Indian question, or upon the tariff, or upon the currency, or upon any public concern, he is left to draw such conclusions as he can from the traditions and the conduct of the Democratic party as to what a Democratic Administration would probably do. All the information vouchsafed by the party Conventions and papers is that Mr. Tilden was defrauded of his election in 1876, and therefore he ought to be elected in 1880. To the inquiry whether the revelation of the fraud attempted by his private agents does not make him an undesirable representative of a campaign of political honesty, the only reply is that he is not proved to have known anything about it. In fact, the Democratic cry of fraud is meaningless without Mr. Tilden as the candidate, and ridiculous with him.

This is a position so pitiful and ludicrous that the Republican managers are in danger of feeling that they may do just what they please, and that in any event Republican success is sure. With an unobjectionable candidate, we also believe that it is perfectly sure. A candidate like Mr. Edmunds could be easily elected over any candidate whom the Democrats might nominate. But we have no doubt that the nomination of General Grant and of Mr. Tilden by the two parties would result in a third nomination, with all the uncertainties that would inevitably follow. The probability of Mr. Tilden's nomination is very great. His party is everywhere planting itself on the sole issue of "fraud." Of that issue he is the natural and necessary and perfectly willing representative, and to discard him would imply belief that he was stained by the cipher dispatches. Mr. Watterson says that Mr. Tilden embodies the Democratic issue. The Convention will loudly declare that issue. Its living representative is at hand and ready. How is he to be set aside? What would be the wit, under the circumstances, of shouting fraud, and then nominating General Hancock, or Mr. Bayard, or Mr. Payne? The very point of Democratic departure is that the country wanted Mr. Tilden in 1876, and elected him, and was cheated. Then it wants him now all the more for that very reason, and will give him a still greater majority. He has proved, according to Democratic authority, that he can be elected. For what possible reason should another candidate be selected whose election is necessarily doubtful? Is Mr. Tilden any less popular than in 1876? And if so, *why?* That is the crucial question. If he is less popular because he is believed to be smirched with the ciphers, then the candidate of the party which cries fraud is believed to have cheated and bribed to get the Presidency, and that is the end of "fraud" as a campaign issue.

Now all the honest Democrats, and they are many, who reject Mr. Tilden because of the ciphers and of the disclosure of the quality of his "reform" principles, should he he nominated, would stay at home, or vote for a perfectly "clean" Republican candidate. But party ties and traditions are strong, and if the alternative were simply an objectionable Democratic and an objectionable Republican candidate, they would vote with their party. This body of Democrats, however, would be disposed to favor a third ticket, and it does not seem to us at all improbable that in the present political situation the nomination by the two parties of candidates to whom the strongest party objections have been made would give an unexceptionable third nomination a great and general impulse. The absurdity of the Democratic position should not, therefore, foster Republican confidence; that any Republican nomination is equivalent to an election. It is only a nomination to which no serious objection can be taken by any large body of Republicans which makes success sure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Electing a President by Congress.

During the dispute over the counting of the electoral votes in 1877 the Democratic members of Congress, and the counsel appointed to represent the party before the Electoral Commission, placed great reliance upon the claim that each State enjoyed a constitutional right to determine for itself which of the two contesting electoral tickets had been chosen by the voters of the State. In the argument upon Florida returns they took the extreme ground that even after a valid certificate of election had been issued by the Governor, the State, through its legislative or judicial department, could cancel that certificate and issue a new one to other persons, and that Congress would be bound to accept it. The Supreme Court of Florida had decided that the certificate was improperly issued to the Republican electors, and authorized the granting of a new one to the Democratic candidates, and Mr. Tilden's representatives at Washington insisted that Congress and the Commission were obliged to follow the judgment of the State Court.

Senator Edmunds, in his scheme for determining the method of counting the electoral votes, adopted the Democratic principle asserted so vigorously in 1877, and proposed that whenever a dispute arose as to the validity of conflicting certificates, the question should be referred to the Courts of the State, and their decision should be binding upon Congress. His plan was in harmony with the Democratic theory of the Constitution, and moreover the Democratic party was distinctly committed to it by the proceedings of three years ago. Yet when it was put to a vote the other day in the Senate, the Democratic members voted unanimously against it. Either they were not sincere when they made their plea before the Electoral Commission, or they are now contending for a measure which they know to be in flagrant violation of their own most cherished principles. It has been the general opinion, ever since the Democratic party obtained control of Congress, that the majority had no desire to settle the difficulty about counting the votes. They preferred to leave the matter open, in the belief quite characteristic of the party, that the Democracy can usually snatch some advantage out of disturbance and public danger. The general opinion has been confirmed by the course of events. It is clear now that the majority do not wish for a constitutional settlement of the case, even if it can be settled in accordance with their own principles.

Mr. Morgan's concurrent resolution settles nothing. It has effect only during the present Congress, and amounts to no more than an arrangement whereby the majority, having control of both houses, propose to manage the count in 1881, leaving the remoter future to take care of itself. Just now it is for their own interest to claim for the House and Senate the largest possible power to disregard the decisions of all the State authorities, whether they be Canvassers, Legislatures, Courts, or Governors, and to constitute the two branches of Congress a huge returning board to scrutinize and count the ballots of every elector separately. Under such a resolution there will be nothing to prevent a partisan majority from counting out the successful candidate next year; and anybody who recalls the trival and absurd pretexts upon which the Democrats demanded the rejection of sundry Hayes votes last time—we do not mean in the three doubtful States, but individual electoral votes here and there in States admittedly Republican—will see how large their opportunities are, and how serious is the danger. As Senator Teller pointed out, in the discussion on Monday, the Democrats can reverse the result of an election without going so far as to throw out any lawful votes. They can prolong the contest by presenting numerous dual returns, requiring an investigation of each individual veto, so that the 4th of March may find the canvass unfinished; and then the House of Representatives will elect. The concurrent resolution will fall to the ground when the Congress that passed it expires. The whole matter must come up again in 1885; and by that time the Democrats will perhaps find it convenient to limit the authority of Congress, and reassert their abandoned doctrine of State rights.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Burdette on Blackberries.

Formerly the blackberry was regarded as merely a bramble in this country. It is still quite generally so regarded. When a man gets to thinking it is not a bramble all he has to do is to go waltz around in a healthy patch, with nothing on him but a cotton shirt and a pair of tow trousers, and he will come out restored to the faith of his fathers. The greatest enemy the blackberry has, is boys. Five boys, from town, can eat more green blackberries in a day than would ripen in a week.

For many years the great desideratum has been a hardy herry that could resist the premature onslaught of boys from town. It is a great desideratum still. The Schneider, a variety that was invented by an Iowa horticulturist, is the nearest approach to it. It is bred from a perfectly green persimmon, crossed with a dogwood tree, and still further propogated with a hybrid of wormwood bush and wild crabapple. It is not a perfect defense, but there are but very few boys who care to eat more than a quart of them. Nobody else, however, can go past the field where the Schneider is growing without being attacked by Asiatic cholera, and this tends to weaken the partial success this hardy berry has achieved. Then there is a bug—I do not know the name of it—that crawls over the berries now and then. When you eat a berry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you lie down in the briars and pray heaven to take you home in just about three seconds. And if you live, you can wake up in the night, along in the middle of next winter, and shudder as you taste of that berry.

When your blackberries grow too thickly you will want to thin them out. To this end you must kill some of them. This can be done by digging a well where the plant stands; then turn the farm upside down and let it dry out thoroughly for a couple of years, then turn it over, upside down, and start a brickyard on the back of it. This will kill off some of the plants. There may be some shorter and cheaper method of killing off blackberries than this, but I have never heard of it and it isn't likely that there is any.

If you want to devote about forty acres of ground to the cultivation of blackberries, plant about three healthy vines in some corner of the field about the middle of April. Then about the first of May, the man who owns the farm on the other side of the road will bring civil action against you and try to collect damages for destruction of his two fields of wheat by a ruid of blackberry vines.

It is not known just at what season of the year blackberries ripen. The blackberry has never been known to ripen. If the hucksters and boys should all die in June, it is probable that the berries would ripen sometime in July or August. But they have never had a chance to see what they could do at ripening.

The blackberry is so named, because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry, which is black.—*Hawkeye.*

NEW USES FOR PAPER.—The German paper-makers have found another use for paper. They manufacture stoves of that material, in which the fire blazes cheerfully without inflicting the slightest damage to the paper that encases it. Paper blankets are made that are as warm as their woolen prototypes and very much cheaper, but, of course, not durable. They are peculiarly adapted to the use of hospitals in regions smitten with infectious diseases, because of the facility with which they can be destroyed, and thus avoid the spread of contagion. Poor people entrusted with the task of destroying infected bed-clothing prefer to preserve them by washing, and thus propagate disease. Pasteboard shutters, in imitation of wood, are another novelty. The varied uses to which paper is now applied, from car wheels to water buckets and flour barrels, may account in a measure for the advance in price that presses so hard upon newspaper publishers.

A Georgia farmer who lives in a noted snake region kills the serpents and uses them as fertilizers, laying a snake in a furrow and then planting corn on it. As he was thus at work one day, he was heard to soliloquize: "So things go on in a constant round. These snakes produce corn; that corn produces whisky, and then that whisky produces snakes again?"

Train Your Sheep.

Much time is often lost in wandering after sheep that have been turned out to pasture in the woods and fields at large, and it may be avoided by a contrivance that is both interesting and novel. Take a young ewe lamb and keep it at a house until it becomes so gentle that it will come at the call wherever it may be. This is easily done by keeping a small bag of oats in the pocket, and whenever the lamb comes to the call it should receive as a compensation a few of them. Never slight it, but *always give something.* Anything will do that is more convenient to have about the person, but under no consideration must the lamb be disappointed. A teaspoonful given to it is as good as a feed, the object being to teach the lamb that by its obedience it will always receive a reward of some kind or other. When the lamb is old enough to turn it out of the yard among the flock, and afterward when the sheep are wanted, by simply calling, if they are within hearing distance, the trained ewe will be sure to come to you, and the others will follow her. It answers another purpose, also, and that is to guard the flock against dogs. On the slightest approach of danger she will lead them directly to the house where it has been accustomed to know that protection and kindness is ready. The lame sheep should always carry a bell, and if this is followed the dogs will keep away. Dogs know enough to find out that among a flock of sheep, with a bell leading them to the masters domicile is no place for them, and they act accordingly. It is a very pleasant thing to be able to call your sheep from a distance instead of driving them, and as the nature of sheep to "follow a leader" is so well known, it should be no new thing to farmers to understand that the safest thing they can do with a flock of sheep is to train them.

As everybody knows, Ben Wade was not a man to be bullied or frightened. His course as an opponent of slavery in the National Senate during the fierce excitement preceeding the civil war proved this conclusively. He was one of the few Abolitionists whom the Southern firecaters made no effort to intimate; they knew that he was incapable of fear and would fight desperately when driven to it. One of the causes of their knowledge is thus recited. During a Debate on the Homestead bill Wade used language in reply to Robert Toombs which, it was believed, would compel the Georgian to send the Buckeye a challenge. Several of his friends begged him to modify his speech, but he would not. Finally Toombs indicated his intent to call his adversary to account, which was received as if expected. The Southerners then saw that the sturdy Abolitionist had deliberately sought a quarrel with the insolent champion of State rights. The same evening a friend of the Georgian called on Wade to see if he would retract the offensive words. "No," he replied; "I wont take back a—sylluble." "Then Mr. Toombs will be forced to challenge you to mortal combat." "That is just what I want." "You surely can't be in earnest, Mr. Wade?" "Never was more so. You see that we Northern men don't like to fight. I am opposed to the code; so are my constituents. But you have broken Summer's head, and unless we'll spunk up a little, you'll break our heads. The shortest way to settle the matter is for us to kill off a few of you, and I've picked out Toombs to begin with. He'll have to challenge me. I'll have the choice of weapons. I'll take down my old rifle, and—me if I don't bring him down the first crack!" When the Georgian had heard what Wade had said, he remarked, as the story goes: "I can't challenge the old brute. If I do, he'll be pretty sure to kill me." Toombs and Wade had, it appears, been out rifle-shooting together repeatedly. Toombs was a good marksman with a pistol, but not with a rifle, while Wade could hit a dollar nearly every time at a hundred yards. Speaking of the subject afterward, the Buckeye said: "If Toombs had challenged me that time as I supposed he would, I'd have put a patch on my coat over my heart, and made him do likewise. He'd have got demoralized, I think, when he had seen me drawing a bead on his patch, and he'd have missed me, while I'll be——if I wouldn't have cut his patch the first fire." It is useless to add that Toombs never sent the cartel; nor did any Southerner ever challenge Wade, whatever words he might use on the floor or in private, and he certainly used very strong ones. The fire-eaters were brave enough; but they were not so anxious to fight as they pretended to be. And when they did fight, they were very likely to have all the advantage on their side.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A LAWYER IN LOVE.

I HAVE dined: and now, reposing,
Clad in neglige attire,
Quite contented, almost dozing,
In my arm-chair by the fire,
I must think o'er m- oration
For to-morrow morn in court;
Smoking aids my cogitation,
Moistened by a glass of port.

Let me see—a common jury,
I can work on them I know,
By a storm of verbal fury,
That shall—yes, she told me so;
Told me that she loved me dearly,
'Neath the nightingale's sweet song—
Gentlemen, the case is clearly
One of cruel, heartless wrong.

Damages you'll give my client,
Damages!—What bliss was mine,
As around her figure pliant,
She allowed my arm to twine!—
Gentlemen, this tale of sorrow
Must have filled your hearts with pain,
Hearts that scorn so vile—to-morrow
I shall see my love again!

Gentlemen, the case is simple;
By your verdict you will say—
Cupid rests within each dimple.
Till I kiss the rogue away.
* * * * * *
Love and Law together vieing.
Love has knocked Law in the head,
Hang this stupid speechifying!
I will think it out in bed.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A RUSTIC VIEW OF RUBINSTEIN.

Well, sir, he had the blumedest, biggest, catty-cornered pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leed'ed a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—jnst foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of a fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a pareel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. I'arts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway; I didn't want any body to be a-glarin' at me a-snivlin', and it's no body's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Teech me if you dare! I paid my money and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I' rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, war the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fect up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle oodle—ruddle-uddle-nddle-nddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-rlang! Bang! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.—*The Quarterly Elocutionist.*

On Good Friday morning, at the Church of All Hallows, Lombard Street, London, according to a custom which has been observed for the last 287 years, sixty of the younger boys from Christ's Hospital attended the service, after which, in accordance with the will of Peter Symonds, made in 1593, they each received at the hands of the church warden a new penny and a packet of raisins. Another very ancient custom was observed at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, where at the conclusion of the service an old tomb in the church-yard was visited, when the Rev. J. Morgan laid twenty-one sixpences on the tomb, which were picked up by twenty-one elderly females of the parish. It is said that an old lady left this benefaction, and that she lies buried in the church-yard, but the exact spot can not be pointed out.

Herr Charles Spangenberger has patented in Germany a paint composed of pulverized iron and linseed oil varnish. It is intended for painting damp cellars, kettles, outer walls, or any place or vessel exposed to the weather. The first coat should be thin, the next thicker and the last in a rather fluid state. It is not necessary to free iron from rust, grease, etc., by means of acid before applying this paint, as a superficial cleaning is sufficient.

—A farmer takes a stock-dealer to his house to show him a fine lot of hogs which he wished to sell. At the door the visitor meets the farmer's daughter, a buxom lass with the rosiest of cheeks and the brightest of eyes. Wishing to pay a pretty compliment to the handsome young lady, he turns to her father and says: "Well, we shall make a trade immediately if your hogs are as fine as your daughter."

GENERAL.

A leading New England journal says that section has room for 1,000,000 immigrants.

The King of Siam's full name is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Maha Chutahlongkorn Klow.

A negro in Harris County, Georgia, pulls the plow while one son holds the handles and another drops the cotton seed.

A Maine lady asked a drug clerk for "a bottle of endurable ink." She evidently knew what she wanted if she didn't know its fashionable name.

The 75,000 Chinamen on the Pacific coast in 1875 have been reduced to about 50,000. Of the 25,000 who are gone about 5,000 went to the Sandwich Islands, 10,000 returned to the Celestial Kingdom and 10,000 have come East and to other lands.

Spence Pettis, the forger, who hanged himself in Concord (Mass.) prison, was not only a college graduate, but claimed to be of a high English family, and lawyers are now investigating to find if he was heir to a large English property.

Edwin Booth's birthplace, a brick house in the English style, at Havre-de-Grace, Md., has been bought by a Mr. Kyle, of Baltimore. A large tree, in the boughs of which young Edwin sat while reading and declaiming, still stands in front of the house.

While people were pouring into Music Hall, in Boston, to hear what Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had to say against the Bible, a worthy citizen stationed men at the entrance with five hundred New Testaments in hand, to be given to the audience for use in verifying Mr. Ingersoll's references.

It is the ambition of Professor Nordenskjold to make the Arctic Sea useful for commercial purposes. The season of navigation is short, to be sure, in that frigid region, but he believes it to be sufficient for the transportation of merchandise of great value to the northern parts of the Russian Empire.

A rare sight was seen in San Antonio, Tex., on San Jacinto Day. Of the veterans of Analhuac, Velasco and Goliad who assembled, every one had white hair—two hundred and fifty snowy heads around one table. The Alamo was visited by hundreds, who thought of Davy Crockett as they read over the doorway: "Thermoplyæ had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

There was recently found in Truckee, Nev., an egg the shell of which had been pierced by a kernel of barley. Half the kernel was inside the shell and had sprouted, and a bright green blade of barley four inches long was growing from the barleycorn. On breaking a small piece from the side of the shell, diminutive fibrous roots of the barley stock were found extending into the white of the egg.

The Czar's bedroom in the Winter Palace, it is said, communicates by a subterranean gallery with the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, so that in case of need, he may reach the fortress in a few minutes and be in perfect safety. The room of Emperor Paul I. was provided with a similar secret passage, but he was not quick enough for his assassins, who murdered him on the threshold of the passage.

A girl at Enson, Dakota, was very disconsolate over the loss of a lover, but was uncertain whether she really wished to commit suicide. In order to test the question, she let herself down into a stream with a rope, so that she could either let go and drown, or hold fast and save herself. She found that immersion in the water did not make her desire to live, and she discarded the rope. But her suicide was prevented, after all, by boatmen.

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal* devotes its leading article to "the infernal mosquito," closing its invective thus: "The ant is industrious; the bee is skillful and useful to man; the flea has been taught amusing tricks; spiders have been made the pets and relieved the tedium of solitary prisoners; but the infernal mosquito was never known to perform a meritorious act; all his energies are devoted to making an unmitigated nuisance of himself, and he has been eminently successful."

The implication of the account of the Exodus that the golden earrings of the Israelites were both numerous and large, so much so as to amount together to an object as great as a molten calf, has seemed surprising, if not incredible. But in late years the tombs of Egypt have proved to be rich in earrings of gold, and not infrequently ornamented with pearls. Representations of ancient life on their walls exhibit the rings in use; and one of the mural pictures at Thebes depicts women comparing the golden decorations of their ears.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

The roast beef of Old England is largely furnished nowadays from the stock-yards of Young America; and so with the beef on the hoof. In 1875 four million pounds of fresh beef were sent from this country to Great Britain; the next year the export jumped to thirty-three millions; the year following to forty-nine millions; while for the past two years it has been fifty-four millions each. This increase is prodigious, but it is paralleled by that of the export of live cattle. In 1876 there were 31,593 live cattle exported; in 1879 there were 136,720. In the past four years there have been exported, in round numbers, 300,000 live cattle and 200,000,000 pounds of beef. Enormous as these figures are, they still increase, and lately have been supplemented by great shipments of live sheep and fresh mutton. The fact that the last two years, 1878 and 1879, had almost precisely the same total exports of fresh beef, may indicate the reaching of a maximum, but an increase of 70 per cent. in the live-cattle export of 1879 over 1878 may account for the lack of gain in fresh beef. At all events the trade is already important and lucrative, and besides, as Colonel Sellers would say, there is all Germany and France that must one day be supplied. The success of the experiment has been in underselling British beef; the less agreeable side of the picture is that good American beef can often be bought cheaper at retail in English cities than in America.—*New York Sun.*

Social Customs in Brazil.

Our host is a gentleman of the old Brazilian school. When he places his house at our orders we may be sure that we are welcome. The breakfast is as unceremonious as possible, but curiously different from a meal at home. There are no ladies at the table; only a few families in Santarem have adopted the new customs in this respect and Sr. Caetano is not one of them. Two or three barefooted negro servants stand behind our chair with very little to do. Sr. Caetano serves the meat, and then invites us to serve ourselves. "*Nao ha ceremonia.*" Beyond that there is no passing of plates, and no waiting between the courses. After a dessert of fruit and wines, the inevitable toothpicks are passed around; we light cigarettes and sit smoking for ten minutes before leaving the table. This is very much what we shall find at all the better houses; no especial preparation is made for transient guests, and we are welcome at the table of any acquaintance at a half-minute's notice.

During the hot hours from two till four many of the stores are closed; the master takes his siesta, and though your business be never so urgent no one will venture to awaken him. Beware how you break in upon this afternoon nap of a Brazilian; if you do so, you will be set down as ill-bred and decidedly a bore. Rather avoid attempting business and calls at this hour; they are as much out of place as a New York visit would be at seven o'clock in the morning.

Dinner is always at four, precisely like breakfast in the courses and followed by coffee or tea. We stroll out at sundown, and make acquaintances readily. People are sitting before their door, as we have seen them in Para, only here there are no ladies in the groups. They smoke, play at draughts, oftenest of all talk politics; and you find after a little that members of the same party fall together. We who have no politics are welcome everywhere. There are many intelligent and cultivated men here, and traders who have spent half their life on unheard-of rivers, among semi-savage tribes; from them we can pick up great stores of information that will be valuable to us in the future. I like this Brazilian custom of out-of-door evening chats; there is a charm about it that encourages interchange of ideas and opinions.

The hour for ceremonious, black-coat calls is in the morning, shortly after breakfast. The *Senhor* welcomes us politely at the door, conducts us to one end of the room, where a settee is placed against the wall, and chairs are set in front of it, so as to form an exact square. Here we talk commonplaces and pass compliments, and, altogether, are quite as unnatural as we would be under similar circumstances at home. On leaving we are politely bowed to the door, and we go away wondering if this is the pleasant, sociable gentleman with whom we were chatting the evening before. Something of this same ceremony is found in other social observances. For instance, if we leave the town, even for a month, we are expected to make calls on all our acquaintances *para despedir*, for good-by.

One day we received printed invitations to an evening party—a dancing party, of course, and the elite will be there. We find the large house full of guests, ladies and gentlemen handsomely dressed in the French fashion, the description of which is quite beyond our zoological pen. Brazilians are graceful dancers, but the ladies between the sets are any thing but entertaining; custom, or bashfulness, keeps them together at one end of the room, while the gentlemen may be strolling down the street to the little beer shop, which is always open on such occasions. These parties are almost the only occasions on which ladies are permitted to mingle in social life. There are, indeed, exceptions with one or two of the better families, in which ladies come to the table with their husbands and brothers, and converse freely with guests; and you will often see some young fellow stop at a window for a moment to talk with some fair acquaintance. But, as a rule, the old Portuguese custom of seclusion is still dominant in all the Amazonian country towns. The people think, and say, that women are unfit for freedom. Wiser men mourn the want of education for their daughters; they urge, with much seeming truth, that the sex must be fitted for liberty before it is freed. Beyond this restraint, I believe that women are universally well treated: but they must lead a dull life, shut out from the world in their dark rooms. They look yellow and unhealthy. If a young man is paying addresses to a lady he visits her at stated intervals, always in the presence of her mother or some female relative. In course of time he carries her through a dressy wedding at the church; there is a great party in honor of the event; and thereafter she is more shut up from the world than ever.—*Herbert H. Smith's "Brazil."*

Climate and Complexion.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the reason of the differences of complexion to be observed among mankind. Roughly speaking, the hue of the skin varies with the latitude, and fairer races having their homes at a distance from the equator; the darker, within or near the tropics. This fact would seem to point to the position of the sun with reference to those on whom he shines as the cause. But the question presents difficulties which this supposition does not aid us to solve. At the same distance from the equator we find the fair Englishman, the yellow Mongol and the copper-colored Indian. To the north of the white Russian and Finn live the swarthy Lapp and Samoyed. North of the Caucasus are dark-skinned Tartars, south of it fair-complexioned Circassians. The aborigines of America vary less in color than the natives of the Old World. None of them are as fair as the Swede, none as black as the negro of Congo, and those living in Brazil on the equator are not the darkest. There are blacker men in Australia and New Guinea than in Borneo and Sumatra, though these islands are on the equator and those are not. The Shillooks of the Upper Nile, who live about ten degrees north latitude, are blacker than the Monbuttoo who are six degrees farther south.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Religious.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

I. Thess. 5:18.

Keep not thy thanks alone for hours
When the blue sky is bright,
And the air redolent with flowers
That laugh in sunny light;

But offer thanks amid dark storms,
When winds blow keen and high,
And beat upon the fragile forms
That charm thy loving eye.

Give thanks when some fresh bounty calls
Thy heart to leap for joy;
Give thanks when some strange sorrow falls,
Thy day-dreams to destroy.

For friendship's love and trust give thanks;
And yet, withhold them not,
If thine should thin love's blessed ranks,
And lonely be thy lot.

When health is glowing in thy veins,
And beaming from thine eye,
Sing forth thy gratitude in strains
Of unchecked liberty.

But should thy outer freedom be
Fettered awhile by pain,
Still search thy mind and soul and see
What mercies yet remain.

"In everything give thanks!" My heart,
Should joy or grief, to-day,
Bid songs arise, or salt tears start—
Remember and obey.

—*Caroline May, in N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 30—Gethsemane ..... Matt. 26:30-56
June 6—The Crucifixion ..... Matt. 27:35-50
June13—After the Resurrection.. Matt. 28: 8-20
June20—Review of the Lessons.
June27—Lesson selected by the School.

Religious Salutations.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals showed itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word *barak*, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in each case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord; "The Lord be with thee;" "And Jacob blessed Pharoah, and went out from before him;" are instances which illustrated the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian, "God grant thee His favors," "May God strengthen your morning," "May your morning be good;" by the Persian, "I make prayers for thy greatness;" and by the Ottoman, "Be under the guard of God," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in thy prayers." And we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist, in some shape or other, among all national greetings. Our religious has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Senor" of Spain, and our "God be with ye," corrupted into "Good-bye." And here it may be remarked, in passing that the obviously religious phrases have been preserved by nations in a sense less distinctly religious than the English, while they have been lost or changed among ourselves. Has the closer intimacy of the Continent with Roman Catholicism produced an effect upon outward expression, or is the change due to our greater reverence for sacred names—a reverence, often, of course, merely Pharisaic, but which had led us, as it led the later Hebrews, to shrink from uttering the actual name of the Deity, and either to corrupt it as in "Good-bye," or eliminate it as in "Mercy me," "Save you, sir," while the French are much more lavish with their "*Mon Dieu*," and the Germans with their "*Mein Gott?*" If these suggestions will not hold, perhaps we may find a more rational solution in the universal tendency of the West, and especially of the English, toward brevity; which tendency would find illustration in our "Good day," in the German "*Guten Tag*," in the Swedish, "*God dag*," and in the French "*Bonjour.*"

Under the distinctly religious category come all wishes for good health; and here, again, we find the Easterns retaining the name of God, and the Westerns usually dropping it. The *xaire* of the Greeks, the *Salve*, *Ave Vale*, of the Romans, the Swedish *Farwol*, the German *Leben Sie wohl*, the Esthonian and Russians *Be well*, and our *Farewell* are all the instances of expression of the Oriental mentions of the Deity.

The religious character of the Easterns is obvious, or obtrusive, likewise in their answers. To the question, "How is your health?" an Arab would reply, "Praise be to God," the tone alone showing whether he was well or ill. "Is it well with thee?" would draw forth the response, "God bless thee and preserve thee." These were the stock answers which it was and is still considered rude to vary—an instance, by the way, of punctilio and conservatism truly characteristic of Oriental ceremoniousness and stagnation. This style of answer reminds us of the *Deo gratias*, a salutation of the early Christians, who, carrying out the apostolic injunction, "In all things give thanks," laid themselves open to the ridicule of the heretics, who said it was only an answer. "Thank God, how are you?" is one of the salutations in Arabia at the present time. In Andreas Hofer's district of the Tyrol, the people still salute with "Praised be Jesus Christ." Among the poorer classes in Poland the visitor often says, "The Lord be praised," to which the reply is, "World without end. Amen."—*Cornhill.*

Another Christian Triumph.

It was sunrise on the morning of the 12th of October, 1875, singing the One Hundredth Psalm, that the first missionary expedition of the Free Church of Scotland steamed out of the Shire upon the blue waters of Lake Nyassa, in Southern Africa. In the few years which have passed away since that memorable morning, the Central Africa Company, consisting of the Chairman of the Nyassa sub-committee of the Free Church, Mr. James Stevenson, and other large-minded elders of the Free Churches in Glasgow and Edinburgh, has placed the Lady Nyassa steamer on the lower Zambesi and its Shiri feeder from the lake, while the Mission has floated the Ilala on the Upper Shiri above the cataracts, and on the lake itself, and Mr. Stewart, of the Mission, has made a good road sixty miles long around the Shiri cataracts. By these achievements, accomplished by the power of a Christian impulse, the head of Lake Nyassa, by the Suez Canal route, is brought within sixty days of Great Britain.

Besides this, Mr. James Stewart, of the Mission, has explored the country between Nyassa and Tanganika, the next great lake to the north, and made the first survey for an easy wagon road of about two hundred and ten miles between the two great inland seas. The London Missionary Society has formed stations within a few years on Lake Tanganika, and this road when completed will give its representatives a comfortable route to the coast. Soon the traveler will be able to go with ease from Great Britain into the very heart of Africa in a little more than two months. A vast region is brought into contact with Christian civilization. The *Academy* says: "This route is destined to become a great highway. It is notable how admirably the missionaries have managed the once dreaded Mazitu, the outlying tribes of the Zulu race, who were reputed so warlike and so savage."

Nor is this all—the stations have attracted the natives and become the centers of settlements steadily advancing in knowledge and in the habits of civilized life. The first and most difficult step has also been taken toward the formation of a literature. The language has been reduced to writing, and the Nyassa sub-committee is about to publish the "Grammar of the Chinyanja language, as spoken at Lake Nyassa, with Chinyanja-English and English-Chinyanja vocabularies, by Alexander Riddel, of the Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland." This is the first reduction to writing and grammatical order of any of the Kaffir tongues of East and Central Africa.

The Christian men and women who have achieved these results have labored with splendid devotion and heroic self-denial. It would be a pleasure to notice a number of them, but we must be content to speak at present of only one. Mr. James Stewart, already mentioned, a Christian civil-engineer of the Public Works Department of India, obtained leave of absence from the Indian Government that he might assist the Free Church Mission in its tentative movements in this region. When his leave expired, animated by a noble philanthropy, he resigned his position in India and entered the service of the Scotch Mission. His work has been invaluable.

In preparing this notice of a grand Christian triumph we have made free use of the narrative published in the *Record* of the Free Church.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Gems of Thought.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks.—*Palmer.*

Say, hast thou ever sought
God's help in vain,
E'en when His hand it was
That gave thee pain?
Ask thy poor troubling heart,
Trembling from conscience' smart
If with this truth 'twould part—
"He loveth me?"

Every natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely that there are an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is more lack of heart than of brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul. We agree with the Indian who, when talked to about having too much zeal, said: "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."—*Congregationalist.*

Work is essential to the maintenance of the Christian life. There can be no growth in grace without work. The effort to cultivate the Christian graces by a life of seclusion and introspection has never been successful. As well might one hope to grow strong by sitting down and feeling of his muscles, as to expect to gain spiritual strength by watching his spiritual pulse. Christian perfection can only be attained by constant activity in every good work. He who does the will of God not only learns the truth but acquires spiritual wealth. And his attainments are in proportion to his works of faith. Other things being equal, that is, with equal capacity and opportunity, the man will gain the richest Heaven who does the most work for it.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

Without God.

Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world. To wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better; to behold the horse, cow and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them; no, the bird, as it hurried by with its bold and perfect flight, would disclaim his sympathy, and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises—what are they to this child, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him, it is no creation; to him, these fair creatures are hapless specters; he knows not what to make of it. To him, heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond what melancholy light! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there, but his power to cheer, to illuminate the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone forever. It is a lamp-wick for meanest uses. The words, *great*, *venerable*, have lost their meaning; every thought loses all its depth, and has become mere surface.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The enjoyers of "fragrant Havannas" constructed of Connecticut tobacco will rejoice to learn that hereafter smoking in the streets of Boston is not illegal as it has been since the enactment of the law of 1818. The law has been repealed, although it has always been a dead letter.

Some steamboat hands at Milwaukee invited a hungry tramp to eat a "square meal" with them. He so overfed himself that he died the same night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A FLOWER IN A BOOK.

DEEP in the inmost recess of a room,
Where books of ancient lore are stored away,
Where cheerful rays of light ne'er break the gloom,
At mellow morn or at the close of day,

I find, within an alcove dark and drear,
A book in curious language, quaint and old;
Written, I trow, in some forgotten year,
By some strange hand, now lying still and cold.

I brush the dust from off its leathern sides,
And scan the leaves with careless, heedless eyes.
Little I know what in the book abides,
What thought within the ancient volume lies.

My eye rests on a yellow page at last,
Musty and colored by the lapse of time;
Here lies a flower that bloomed in days long past,
Plucked by a hand in some far distant clime.

I even breathe a faint yet rare perfume
Uprising from its petals crisp and sere;
What hand, I wonder, plucked it in its bloom
And pressed it in this volume lying here?

Perhaps some maiden wandering 'mid the trees,
Where through the forest sylvan footpaths led,
Shedding its sweetness on the summer breeze,
Found this fair flower upon its mossy bed.

Perhaps she placed it in her golden hair—
A radiant jewel, which no pearls excel—
And some young lover sought the blossom rare,
To hint a love he did not dare to tell.

Perhaps some thoughtful scholar dropped it here,
To mark the passage till he read again,
And bound within its prison close and drear,
Through long-forgotten years the flower has lain.

Perhaps—but I could wonder till the day
Has turned to dusk, and then not guess aright;
The future and the unknown past must stay
Wrapped in a darkness keeper than the night.

—*Henry Repley Dorr, in the Boston Transcript.*

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS ON BARBERRY ISLAND.

"THE school-mistress? I want to know if you ain't heerd? Well now, that does beat all!" said Deacon Manley, in answer to our question, with the air of one who wondered in what far-away nook of the world we could live that such great events could transpire without our knowledge.

"Now this that I'm a goin' to tell you, about the school-mistress and her bean, sounds like the biggest kind of a yarn, and if you read it in one of your story books you'd be very apt to say that the feller had ought to a made up something that sounded likelier. But it's jest as true as if the minister preached it, every word on't.

"You see 't was one day last September, along towards the middle o' the month, when the summer folks was beginnin' to thin out. I was a layin' round the dock over to Porkerpine, in my small boat, 'The Sarsy Fanny,' you know, a waitin' for the Portland steamer. I was expectin' some stuff aboard of her that I was a goin' to fetch home in 'The Sarsy Fanny.' She didn't fetch many passengers to Porkerpine, bein' the season was about over, but I got my eye sot on one young feller that jumped off before she got alongside the wharf. He acted as if he felt pretty much to home, and didn't care whether school kept or not. He was dressed up in store close, but I knowed, by the cut of his jib, that he was a sailor. I couldn't exactly make out whether he belonged to these parts or not, but when I see him square in the face it kinder seemed as of he favored somebody that I knowed. I heerd him askin' for somebody to set him over to Barberry Island, and I took him aboard the Fanny. He lent a hand, very lively, while I was loadin' the molasses and ile that had come on the steamer, but I kinder run of an idee that ha wa'n't no great hand for talkin'. He took hold and handled the boat as of he was used to it, and bimeby I says: 'I take it you've followed the sea some,' says I.

"'Some,' says he with a kind of a laugh. 'And a feller ain't born on Barberry Island for nothin'.'

"I was struck all of a heap at that; for a feller to tell me, to my face, that he was born on Barberry Island when I didn't know him! But after I'd thought a spell I concluded that he might a ben born on a vessel that put in for a night or so, or in some sech ereglar way. I gin him a good sharp look, and I thought I'd seen him before; and then agin I thought I hadn't.

"He looked me suddenly in the face for a considerable spell, and then says he:

"'Is it possible that you don't know me, Deacon?'

"Well, I didn't, but the more I look at him the more I felt as if I should remember him when he told me who he was, and think what an old fool I'd ben for forgettin'.

"'I'm Bart Ramsdell,' says he.

"My hair riz right up, and my flesh kinder crep'. I'd seen folks come home before, arter a stun was set for 'em in the graveyard and their folks had all wore mournin', nothin' never made me feel just like this. You see he was so altered. It kinder made me feel as of he'd ben dead and riz up agin. Bart's looks was there—and then agin they wa' n't. Lookin' on him over I could not make out no real difference more'n ten years would be apt to make. Bart was only twenty when he went away, and now he looked middlin' old for thirty. I allus thought consid'able o' Bart when he was a youngster, and it did beat me that I hadn't knowed him. He was full of mischief, but he allus owned up to his capers, and when he gin you his word you could trust him. He allus had a mischievous twinkle in his eye, but I couldn't see no signs o' that now, and there wa' n't no nateralness in the way he looked at me out of his eyes.

"'You be Bart—and then agin you ain't,' says I.

"And upon that he threw back his head and laughed, real kind of nateral, and like a boy; and my heart kinder begun to go out to him. And when I thought of his father and mother, the old Cap'n and Mis' Aminidab, and Garafely, I was a good mind to git down on my knees right there and thank the Lord for all his marcies. Arterwards I was kinder glad I didn't. It's pooty hard, sometimes, for poor human nater to tell what is marcies and what hain't. I hain't a sayin' but what every thing that comes from the hands of the Lord is marcies, *in a gineral way*"—and here the Deacon looked somewhat perplexed, and scratched his head a little—"but it's just as well not to give thanks for no perticklar thing, till you've waited a spell to see *how it's agoin' to turn out.*

"Well, if I didn't get down on my knees then, my heart riz up in thankfulness for the joy that was acomin' to them three—the old folks and Garafely. I sot by Garafely, and so does folks ginerally. We never calkilated there was no great heft to her. She wa'nt never one to git up and tear round, like a house a fire, and fetch things to pass. She's may be what you'd call a soft sperited, clingin' kind of a woman, but then she clung most dretful strong to what she had her heart sot on.

"These things was a runnin' through my mind, how they'd all take it and whether or no the old folks wouldn't be pretty well upsot, and I didn't say much.

"'You don't seem to be very glad to see me,' says he, lookin' kinder hurt. 'I 'spose I was a scamp, when I was a youngster, and annoyed folks a good deal with my capers,' says he, 'but I've had plenty of trouble to striddy me down.'

"'I never found no fault with your capers, Bart,' says I, 'no more'n I would with a young colt's kickin' up his heels. There wa'n't never no real wickedness in 'em.'

"And then he told me all about what had befell him; how the Dirigo had been wrecked, and all hands lost but him and another feller, who was picked off'n a raft and kerried to Australy. He got into trouble there right off, along o' this feller bein' pooty wild, and got into jail. Arter that he was kinder shamed to come home, and he went to sheep-farmin', and made considerable money; and all of a sudden he was took with a longin' to see his folks and his home. He'd been nigh upon a year comin' home, along o' hevin' his plans upsot in all kinds o' ways.

"He had plenty o' time to tell me all the perticklers, for the wind was contrary, and I had to tack six or eight times runnin' over. We walked across the parster to Dead Man's P'int, and straight into the old Cap'n's house. I was a little afeard, but I remember hearin' that joy never killed nobody, so I thought I'd resk it.

"Mis' Aminidab, she was standin' in the settin'-room door when we walked in.

"'Mother!' says he, turnin' red and white all in a minute, and his lip tremblin'. 'Mother!'

"She fetched a screech, Mis' Aminidab did, that they might a heard over to Porkerpine. She throwed her arms around his neck, and fainted clear away.

"The old Cap'n he was nigh about crazy. He was dretful apt to git things mixed up at his best, and now he seemed to know one minute that 'twas Bart, and the next he'd think 'twas little Elbridge, his first wife's boy, that died when he was three years old, more'n fifty years back.

"But Mis' Aminidab! We fetched her to in a few minutes, and didn't she stand up straight and harnsome, and a color come out on her cheeks that I hadn't seen there since she was a gal. She grew ten years younger in the ten minutes that I see her.

"It came over me, all to once, that my room was better'n my company at sich a meetin' as that, and I was startin' to go, when I see Garafely comin'. I couldn't help stayin' to see how she'd take it. If I be an old bachelor I like to see young folks set by one another, and knowin' as I did how that gal's heart had been sot on Bart Ramsdell's memory all these years, I wanted to see how happy she'd be to see him alive and well. She come along into the sittin'-room, lookin' jest as kinder droopin' and patient as ever.

"When she see him she looked straight at him, and she turned kinder pale.

"'Garry,' says he, jest as he'd spoke to his mother. 'Garry, don't you know me?' And he held his arm out to her.

"She kept growin' whiter and whiter, but she stood stock-still, and she looked straight at him. Them near-sighted eyes of hern seem as ef they'd look straight through you sometimes.

"'O, Garry, you ain't got a mother's heart!' says Mis' Aminidab, kinder reproachful.

"'He looks like Bart—but he isn't Bart!' says Garafely, and she spoke up pretty decided.

"'O Garry, I didn't think you would forget me!' says he, terrible kinder sad and reproachful. 'Don't you remember once when I dressed up in Gran'ther Bartlett's clothes and put on a white wig and beard you knew me right off, though none of the others didn't, and you said nothin' couldn't never change me so as you wouldn't know me?'

"That kinder seemed to convince her, as well it might.

"'Is it really you, Bart?' she says, tremblin' all over jest like a leaf. 'I can't make it seem so. I feel as ef I was dreamin'.' But she kinder drawed a little nearer to him, and he hugged her up, and gin her a kiss. She laid her head on his shoulder, and bust out a cryin', and I calkilated I'd better come away.

"Before night every body on the Island knew that Bart Ramsdell had come home, and most every body had seen him. Opinions was divided, as opinions generally is. Some theught he'd changed but dretful little, and some couldn't see skurce any resemblance to what he was when he went away. Some said his eyes had grown lighter, and it kinder seemed to me that that was why I couldn't make him look exactly nateral. Bart's eyes was a ruther dark brown when he went away, and now they was more gray, with a greenish look to 'em sometimes that I couldn't remember as I ever see in 'em when he was a boy. But he said he'd had trouble with his eyes, and been doctorin' on 'em considerable, and that along with the change of the climate had faded on 'em out.

"But his mother she wouldn't allow that they was faded out. She was one of them that couldn't see as he'd altered skurce any, and he kinder seemed to resent it ef any body said he had. He was dressed up dretful smart, and he swelled round considerable, and let on that he had a sight of money, only it was where he couldn't get at it jest then, and the old folks they was terrible proud on him.

"Garafely? Well, she seemed to take it kinder curus. She didn't seem to chirk up a mite, and folks was all a talkin' and sayin' she wa'n't glad to see him, and there must be somebody else that she was a thinkin' on; but la! they'd ought to a' knowed better'n that, for she never set her foot off the Island, and there wa'n't a feller here that she ever had nothin' to say to. Mis' Aminidab, she thwarted her constant, 'cause she wouldn't act different to him, and she did go round with him, courtin' fashion, and there was talk of the weddin'; but she looked more peaked and sorrowful than ever, and one day when she come into the store arter somethin' I up and spoke to her about it. It wa'n't none o' my business, as you might say, but I allus felt a nearness to her, bein' as her mother and me we courted a considerable spell, when we was young, and I set a terrible sight by her; but one thing and another seemed to come between us, and I was kinder cranky I expect, and she was high sperited, and bimeby she flared up and merried Ulysses Jerdnn—Useless Jerdun, they used to call him, and it wa'n't far ont o' the way, nuther. So you see 't was nateral I should feel a kind o' nearness to Garafely, and I up and asked her why she didn't seem to feel no livelier.

"She bust right out cryin'—though she never seemed to be one that cried so terrible easy as some, Garafely didn't. She said she couldn't seem to feel no nearness to Bart; that he didn't seem a mite like Bart, and she shouldn't b'lieve he was ef he didn't know so many things that had happened when they was children that nobody but Bart could know. She didn't feel no affection for him, and she didn't want to merry him. I kinder thought I could see through it. Bart had been gone a long time, and she had been growin' older, and her idees changin'; and she'd had her mind sot on him all the time, and had been kinder alterin' on him over, and fixin' on him up to suit herself, till her idee on him didn't bear no more resemblance to the real Bart than one o' them fancy yatchits does to a fishin' smack. That's what I thought, and I told her she'd better merry him, and settle down striddy and sensible, and she'd like him well enough arter a spell. But women is curus creturs, and ef there's one thing more'n another that they ain't apt to be it's striddy and sensible. They must hev jest about so much highfalutin.

"Garafely said she s'posed I was right, but she felt terrible sot agin hevin' on him. I felt sorry that I couldn't give her no more comfort, but I gin her the best advice I knew how. But arter she'd gone I didn't feel what you might call easy in mind. For I ain't jest found out what an old fool I be, and I ginerally know better'n to advise women folks, bein' as no man can't follow the workin's o' their minds.

"Garafely, she begun the winter school, as ef she hadn't no notion o' gittin' merried. Mis' Aminidab, she was used to fetchin' things to pass about as she wanted 'em, and I knew that between him and hor Garafely was bein' thwarted a terrible sight, and I wondered that she didn't give in. He stayed round here most all winter. Sometimes he'd go off and stay a week or two, and then he'd come back agin. He courted her up good and spry, there's no mistake, and when it come spring she kinder seemed to give in, and Mis' Aminidab was a hurryin' up the fixin's for the weddin'.

"It was one Sunday along in April. Elder Lyford, from Blue-hill, he preached for us, and there was a great turn out, for we hadn't had no gospel privileges for six months before. But I'm afraid what the Elder said that day was kinder upsot in folk's minds by what happened afterwards. We was comin' out of meetin'. Mrs. Aminidab was leanin' on her son's arm, and Garafely was walkin' aside of her. I was jest behind 'em, and I see, before they did, that there was a stranger, ahout as rough lookin' a chap as you often see, a leanin' agin the fence. We don't hev many tramps on Barberry Island, but I knew the minute I sot my eyes on him that this ere feller was one on 'em. He had a slouchin' hat drawed down over his eyes, his close was ragged and dirty, and his shoes was about as well worn out as any pair o' shoes I ever see. Folks stared at him, of course, but his hat was drawed so far over his face that they couldn't see much of it, but when the old Cap'n's folks come out he pushed it back a little and looked straight up at 'em. Mis' Aminidab she was leanin' on her son's arm, lookin' proud and pleased, as she allus did when she was with him, and he was a talkin' to her and Garafely as chipper as could be. But when he ketched the tramp's eye he kinder wilted down. He turned as white as a piece of chalk. I happened to be a lookin' straight at him, and I see it, though it wa'n't but for a minnte. But Garafely! I'll never forgit the look of her face, nor the cry she give.

"'Bart! O Bart, *this* ain't a dream!' she says, and she throwed her arms around his neck—the tramp's neck, all dirty and ragged as he was—and fainted clear away with her head on his shoulder.

"He took his hat off, and he stood there unkivered before us all, and I declare for 't I was dumfounded. The resemblance that there was between them two men beat every thing I ever see, without 'twas twins. And which one on 'em was Bart Ramsdell I couldn't tell!

"Garafely she had took her choice—there wa'n't no doubt about that; and when the ragged feller gin me a look, straight in the eye, there was a nateralness about it that I hadn't never found about the other one. Mis' Aminidab, she looked from one to t'other in a dreadful unsettled way.

"'Who is this man?' she says.

"And the spruce feller, who had kinder got over lookin' scairt, he says, very pert:

"'It's an Impositor. It's a feller that was aboard ship with me comin' from Australy, and they used to call him my double 'cause we looked so much alike!'

"Well, you see Mis' Aminidab she wanted to believe that. She was terrible proud, Mis' Aminidab was. The fust one was slicked up, and smart appearin'; he had let on that he had money, and folks thought he was considerable, and the other one sartin didn't look to be no credit to his folks. Human nater is curus, as mebbe you've heerd me say before, and folks is apt to find it dretful easy to believe what they'd ruther. She turned her back on the pleadin' look that the ragged one gin her, and clung to the smart-appearin' one. Garafely, she'd come to, and the roses had flew into her cheeks, and her eyes—didn't they shine! It didn't seem to make the least mite of difference to her how dirty and ragged he was.

"'Don't you know Bart?' she says to Mis' Aminidab. 'Don't you see Bart's eyes? Bart's smile? Bart's own self?'

"It would 'a' done you good to see how the poor feller's gloomy, wore-out lookin' face brightened up at that. And he put his arm around Garafely, and stood up as proud as could be before all the folks.

"'Garry, you're disgracin' yourself and your friends,' says Mis' Aminidab, in a shrill, excited voice. 'Leave that low cretur alone, and come home with me and my son!'

"His face fell agin, terribly. It can't be easy to hev your own mother turn agin you!

"'Friends, don't any of you remember me?—though I suppose it ain't of much use to ask, when my own mother disowns me!' He said it terrible bitter and sad, but when he looked round he see by a good many folks' looks that they knowed him. I was the fust that went up and gin him my hand.

"'I know ye, Bart, my boy,' says I, 'and there's more than me ready to give ye a welcome home!'

"My sayin' that kinder seemed to start 'em, and five or six come forrard and shook hands with him. But the majority hung back. Some on 'em was open and loud in denouncin' on him as an impositor. You see his appearance was terrible agin him. A man looks a dretful sight more like a rascal in rags and dirt than he does come to slick him up. And they didn't b'lieve Bart Ramsdell had come to that. Besides, there was the other one that they'd thought was Bart. It was a terrible upsettin' idee that 'twa'n't, and it's in the grain o' most folks, pertikerlerly Barberry Island folks, to hate upsettin' idees.

"The other one he went off with Mis' Aminidab. He threatened to hev Bart took up as an impositor, but I see he hadn't no hankerin' to stay 'round where he was. I took Bart and Garafely home with me, and the folks that believed in him and some on 'em that didn't follered on. Bart he sot down and told us all that had befell him, and I tell you 'twas considerable of a yarn, and every word on't was true; deceivin' wa'n't never one o' Bart's failin's; and most o' them that had thought he was an impositer come round to believin' he was Bart, before he'd got through.

"There's folks that takes pride in bein' sot, and not allowin' nothin' to persuade 'em, you know, and some on 'em was there. The other feller's story was mostly true, allowin' for the odds it made that he wa'n't Bart. He was a shipmate o' Bart's, aboard the 'Dirigo,' and they was picked up together and kerried to Anstraly. He turned out to be a kind of a third or fourth cousin o' Bart's, and his name was Ramsdell—one of the Ramsdells from down Westport way. I knowed 'em, root and branch—my sister she kep' school down to Westport when she was a gal, and got merried down there — and they hain't what they'd ought to be, none o' them.

"They got into trouble in Anstraly—Bart and him—and though Bart didn't slick over his own doin's none, you could see that 't was mostly owin' to the rascally kerryin's on of the other feller. Bart sot by him — an open-mouthed, good-natured feller, like Bart, is always easy took in—and they got terrible intimate, and Bart told him all about his folks and his home; that's how he come to know so many things that folks thought nobody but Bart couldn't know. He wanted Bart to send home for money, but Bart he was ashamed to—he's got a good deal of Mis' Aminidab's high sperit, Bart has — and he was bound he wouldn't come home till he could be more of a credit to his folks.

"But they wa'n't lucky in their undertakin's, and arter tryin' on it for five or six years they come back as fur as Californy. Bart said he was terrible tempted to come and see his folks then, but he thought he'd ruther they'd think he was dead than know how he'd disgraced 'em. You see gittin' into jail had taken the wind clean out o' Bart's sails. For a while they was pooty lucky in the Californy mines, then agin they wa'n't. Sometimes they was together and then the other feller—Samuel his name is, and terrible unappropriate, seein' as he seems to a' ben called by the Old Herry ruther than the Lord—he'd clear out for a long spell, and Bart would hope he wouldn't never come back again, for he'd found out, long before that time, that he was full of deceitfulness and lyin', and he tried his best to steer clear of him. Finally he got into a terrible scrape by cheatin' at cards, and had to clear out to save his life; and then he come here, takin' a notion into his head to let on he was Bart, knowin' it could be done easy along of his favorin' Bart so remarkably and knowin' all about his folks, and every thing that such an open-hearted feller as Bart would be likely to tell. Of course his objec' was to git the old Cap'n's money—and he'd got considerable on it a'ready, one way and t'other, as I knowed. Bart, he got discouraged with Californy, and started east'ard. He felt a terrible strong drawin' towards home, but he was ashamed to come. He run acrost some boys from down this way aboard of a schooner up to Boston, and he got wind o' what was goin' on down here. He kinder thought he could come unbeknownst, and see ef 'twas true. Garafely's knowin' on him so quick upsot that plan.

"The advice I gin him was to bring forrud proofs, and hev the feller that was passing himself off for him took up. But Bart he kinder hung back, 'count of his mother; the heart and spirit seemed to a' kinder gone out on him.

"He don't disgrace 'em so much by his looks as I do, anyhow,' says Bart, "and I guess I had better go off agin, seein' as they won't miss me—though it does go agin the grain to see that feller makin' a success on it with his rascality.'

"I tried to prevail on him to go and see his mother and tell her the hull story, but he was terrible sot on it. He felt meachin', and when a young feller goes off to seek his fortin, as you might say, and comes home, arter ten years, with his pockets empty and nothin' but rags on his back, and not much to boast on in the record of all them years, it's nateral he should feel meachin'. I never gin Bart to understand that I didn't think he was accountable for most of his misfortins, though I couldn't help pityin' on him from the bottom o' my heart, knowin' how easy influenced he was, and how different he might 'a' turned out if he'd felt into good company instid of bad.

"We went down to see Mis Aminidab and tell her the hull story, me and three or four others that had knowed he was Bart from the fust. But a contrarier, crabbeder cretur than Mis' Aminidab I never see. You see that feller had ben a coaxin' on her up, and she wouldn't hear nothin' at all to what we had to say. She jest as good as slammed the door in our faces. I felt as ef I'd ruther do most any thing than come back and tell Bart what she said. Bart he'd sot a great deal by his mother, allus.

"He riz up and said he guessed he'd go. He had the hopelessest look on his face that I ever see on a mortal face. But Garafely, she clung to him.

"'When I can hold up my head like a man I'll come back to you, Garry,' says he.

"'I can't let you go! I couldn't bear to lose you agin, Bart,' says Garafely. And she hid her face on his shoulder, but I could see the blushes creepin' clear up to the roots of her hair. And I heerd her say—though 't was a terrible faint kind of a whisper—'ef you must go take me with you!'

"Well, it kinder come acrost me that that was about the only chance there was for Bart. Commonly when a man can't keep himself striddy I don't think nobody can do it for him; but this seemed to be a kind of uncommon situation. Hevin' Garafely to look out for would give him some pride to keep him up, and ef he sot out to sink down agin she'd hold onto him, and she wouldn't let go easy. Then they wouldn't come to want, seein' Garafely was an heiress. Useless Jerdun he spent all her mother's money, but the aunt that fetched her up was a savin' old maid, and she'd left Garafely nigh on to three thousand dollars. I knowed Bart wouldn't squander her money.

"Bart gin her a kinder longin' look when she said that—though I knowed well enough that he had never sot by her such a terrible sight as she sot by him; she wouldn't never 'a' stayed ten years away from him, for no reason whatever; but I expect it's most allus the way, one sets by a sight more'n t'other — and then he looked at me.

"'I couldn't be such a mis'able sinner as that!' says he.

"I kinder put my oar in then, and we talked it over, and the upshot on it was that Bart went over to Porkerpine and got himself slicked up in store close, and Elder Niles, he merried 'em. The Elder, he kinder hung back a little, and he told the Lord in his prayer that he wa'n't any ways sure that Bart wa'n't an impositor, and, any ways, he was a prodigal son that hadn't gin no evidence o' repentance. But he merried 'em good and strong—and I kinder run of an idee that the Lord was as well acquainted with the facks of the case as Elder Niles, so I wa'n't took down no great by what he said. And as for Bart and Garafely, I guess 'twas as much as ever that they heerd it.

"When they went off on the Portland steamer together, Bart he held his head up pretty well. There was a great crowd went over to see 'em off, for excitement run pooty high, and opinions was pooty well divided.

"The other feller, he settled the matter by clearin' out, as I expected he would, takin' with him every thing he could lay his hands on. He expected Bart had gone arter proofs, and would fetch 'em back pretty soon. Well, it killed the old Cap'n outright, and Mis' Aminidab she had a fever that fetched her nigh to death's door. When she got better she shet herself in the house and wouldn't see nobody.

"But along in June, Bart and Garafely they come home to see her, and somehow or nother they fetched her round. Bart, he'd got a situation as agent or somethin' o' that kind for a steamboat, and was doin' first rate, and you wouldn't a' knowed him for the same man that hung round the meetin'-house door that Sunday; and as for Garafely, you wouldn't a' thought she was more'n seventeen. It done me good to look at her. They kerried Mis' Aminidab home with 'em, and the old house down to the P'int is shet. It does seem as if Barberry Island was runnin' down, so many houses is shet." And the Deacon seemed to fall into a somewhat melancholy reverie.

His silence was the signal for comments upon the story of Garafely and Bart from the men who were "settin' in the store," and had listened in respectful silence to the Deacon, who was the oracle of Barberry Island. Some of them thought that Garafely "run consid'able resk hevin' on him," and that being "an heiress" she might have "done better." But the majority were very fond of Bart, and very much mortified that they had been "took in so slick" by the "other feller." And we discovered, as the conversation went on, that most of them had suspected him from the very first!

The Deacon's mind had wandered from the object. He aroused himself from his meditations to say:

"Nobody don't seem to come along to keep that ere school. Well, there w'a'nt no school kep' here when I was a boy. Some on 'em went over to Porkerpine to the winter school and got a great edication, and Seth Hemins, he kep' a figgerin' school over to Plummer's Cove that a good many went to; but I never went a day in my life and I can't say I ever felt the need on 't. Schoolin' is a luxury that folks can dispense without."—*Sophie Swett, in Good Company for May.*

—Bobtail horses in fly-time complain of a lack of terminal facilities.

Clothing in Its Relation to Health.

APPROXIMATELY, the human body when clothed resembles a steam jacketed pipe; the clothing forms the outer covering, between which and the body there is a layer of steam and heat, which are constantly ascending. The place where this current of hot air and steam passes out into the atmosphere is the narrow ring between the neck and the shirt collar. This opening plays, therefore, an important part in the maintenance of the temperature of the human body. If it is enlarged, the heat and steam escape more quickly and the skin is soon cooled; if, on the contrary, it is wholly or partly closed by being closely buttoned or by a muffler, then the loss of heat is stopped, and the temperature of the skin raised. Thus there is nothing more injudicious than the constant wearing of a muffler, or the thick neckerchief of our forefathers, because it impedes the evaporation of the matter which ought to pass out of the skin; though for the same reason it is of great value in cases of cold.

While the dampness of the atmosphere affects the evaporation through the lungs as well as the skin, clothing by night as by day regulates that of the latter. All covering which impedes this evaporation acts injuriously. Though no material is quite faultless in this respect, there is still a great difference in their structure. The less they are impervious the more they are to be avoided. India rubber stands at the bottom of the list, for it does not admit of the passages of any water; leather comes next; loss objectionable, but still repellant, is linen, as an instance of which we may mention the blue linen blouses worn by the Belgians and Dutch over their other garments as a kind of waterproof. Cotton has a great advantage over the foregoing, as it is to a certain extent porous; but the best of all percolators is a woolen material. A flannel shirt is more healthy than a cotton one; a woolen blanket at night than a linen sheet.

The action of the skin depends also upon the circulation of the blood under its surface, and the latter is promoted by outward friction. A material which induces the latter is therefore also more healthy, and rougher underclothing, such as woolen or coarse cotton, is preferable to the enervating finer linen or silk.

Another point to be observed is the keeping of the skin warm, because warmth keeps the pores open, while cold contracts and closes them; and here again woolen clothing stands first.

Thus it is proved that in point of porousness, friction and warmth, woolen clothing is to be preferred to all others.

But not only the material of the clothing is of importance, but also its ent. In warm climates, where clothing is more a luxury than a necessity, the loosest garments are the best; but in those latitudes where a certain amount of warmth has to be obtained by clothing, the garments must be worn more closely-fitting. We have before likened the human body to a steam-jacketed pipe, where this steam is constantly in an ascendant motion; the faster this circulation takes place, the more is the skin cooled; it follows, therefore, that the most regular and constant evaporation is maintained by close-fitting garments. *Canada (Ont.) Weekly Globe.*

The Telephone Abroad.

THE clever Americans who have been introducing the telephone into practical use on the Continent of Europe, have been led to believe that the curious instrument is in some respects a test of the height of civilization at which a nation has arrived. The manner in which governments which pass for representing civilized and brilliant peoples object to the introduction of the telephone leads one to believe that there is something deficient in their character. So soon as a power like Germany is approached on this subject, a hundred minute investigations are at once started by Governmental authority, dozens of puerile objections to the introduction of the free means of communication between citizen and citizen are raised, and in short it is evident that the authorities are afraid of it. The same thing may be said of Italy, perhaps even in a greater degree is the spirit of suspicion and the fear of danger manifest. Even in France, where the telephone is now an accepted institution in the large cities, no two persons are allowed to communicate directly with each other, but must send their messages through a central office, into which a Government inspector has access during the day and night. So grievous and annoying are the regulations imposed by the charmed circle of authority that it is cause for astonishment that the people suffer them. That they are utterly helpless there can be no doubt, and perhaps the cool and resolute manner in which the Americans who are introducing the telephone express their opinions of these regulations to European authorities may do some good. Without absolute freedom the highest civilization can not be obtained, and perhaps when Germany and France discover this they will be ready to accord it. As for Paris being a cosmopolitan capital, where all influences are brought to bear, it follows feebly in the march of progress, protesting as long as it can with any sense of decency against new inventions, but always finishing by accepting them. A leading evening paper of Paris recently remarked: "It is to be observed that Paris never decides upon an amelioration until after it has been well tried elsewhere. Paris had gas only after London, tramways after Brussels, steamboat omnibuses after Lyons, steam fire engines after New York, subterranean telegraphs after Berlin and a practical telephone after Japan. It is because of this that Paris calls itself the city of progress, and that we are all proud of being Parisians." The paper might have added that no sooner do the Parisians adopt an invention which has been in use elsewhere than the majority of them fancy that they are the only possessors of it, and congratulate themselves on their superiority over the rest of the world.—*Boston Journal.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

At the time of going to press, Thursday noon, nothing had been done at the Chicago Convention except to effect a temporary organization. The proceedings so far, have been very harmonious.

The "Regulars" of Allegany county, had everything their own way in the county convention Tuesday, and sent a full canal delegation to the Democratic State convention.

At the Democratic county convention in Oakland Thursday of last week, Messrs. W. R. Getty, John Daily and G. S. Hamill, were elected delegates to the State convention.

That was a forcible way in which young Stephen A. Douglass recently spoke of his conversion to the Republican party. He said: "I never voted the Democratic ticket in my life. I was converted before I reached the age of discretion, and the more discretion I have received the more converted I have stayed."

Depression in the iron trade, caused by the over-importation of English iron, has had the effect of throwing fourteen hundred iron workers out of employment in Philadelphia. The persons controlling the iron market were warned in time, but persisted in forcing up prices until purchasers were forced to go abroad, with the result of swamping the market. Another time, perhaps, they will hesitate before killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Commercial* is getting scared, as witness the followiug from a late issue: "We had vainly hoped that the Republican party had been so deeply buried in the memorable contest of 1875, that it would never again raise its head in our midst; but in this we have been mistaken, for throughout the length and breadth of our State it is beginning to exhibit alarming evidences of renewed strength and vitality."

The drink bill of the United States in A. D. 1871 was computed to be $600,000,000, while the entire cost of education, both private and public, the whole printing and publishing bill, our labraries, both public and private, together, with the total value of our church property in this same year amounted to the sum of only $607,806,620 or $7,806,620 more than the sum we drank up in some time; while the latter tended to the improvement of the health and morals of the nation, and the former to her debasement and poverty.

The peace of Decoration Day in Baltimore was broken in a horribly tragic manner. A dispute between a colored man and a barkeeper over some drinks that had not been paid for, precipitated a general riot at Laurel Cemetery, and, in attempting to suppress it, the county police were forced to use their pistols, which they did to such purpose that one colored man was killed outright, and several others are believed to have been seriously wounded. The riot was the fiercest that has occurred in that vicinity for many months past, and, considering all the circumstances, it is rather remarkable that the loss of life was not greater.

Senator Whyte, in defending the man Trust, in the Criminal Court of Baltimore, for the murder of Robinson, claimed that the fact that the deed was committed by a drunken man, although it was deliberate and unprovoked, reduced the grade of the crime from murder to manslaughter. If this is the law, it is a great pity, and a greater pity that it should become known. Drunkenness is not insanity—if it is to be regarded as insanity in one instance, it should certainly be so considered in all cases, and as soon as a man gets drunk he should be put in an insane asylum and kept there. As getting drunk is purely a voluntary act, it seems to the common mind that the man who makes himself drunk should be stopped by law—even by principles of law—from setting up his own voluntary act as a defence when a heinous crime is committed.

The Chicago Convention.

[Special to Cumb. News.]

CHICAGO, June 2, 12.30 p. m.—The convention was called to order by Chairman Cameron, and Mr. Hoar was named as temporary chairman.

On the call of States and Territories as made up by Secretary Keogh, of the National committee, Utah was excluded. Mr. Frye, of Maine, (Blaine,) moved that it be called. Mr. Conkling (Grant) objected. The chair decided that it be called. This was considered a victory tor Blaine.

During the roll call there were presented credentials and protests of contesting delegations from Alabama, Illinois and Pennsylvania. The matters were referred to the committee on credentials.

Following the roll call Mr Conkling moved to adjourn until 11 a. m. to-morrow. This was opposed by Mr. Hale (Blaine.) A vote was taken and the convention adjourned. This was a victory over the Blaine men.

CHICAGO, June 2, midnight.—The greatest excitement still prevails. All of the candidates are sanguine of success, and the situation of affairs so far is practically unchanged.

CHICAGO, June 3, 12:37 a. m.—The committee on credentials here were in session yesterday afternoon and night and contests were proceeded with up to 11 o'clock. But one decision has been made and reported, namely, that James T. Rapier, of the 4th Alabama district be admitted. The committee are still in session.

Pensions for the Families of Rebel Officers.

The country would not tolerate the passage of an act to appropriate money for the support of Rebel officers or their families, but this end is to be secured in an indirect manner by Congress. Every public man has an accumulation of manuscript connected with various incidents in his public life, which may, or may not, contribute towards the elucidation of the history of his time. Seizing this idea, the ex-Confederate in Congress proposes to secure handsome appropriations for his needy friends and their families, by purchasing papers that have so accumulated, which are to be employed for the purpose of studying more exactly the different stages in the war, and the part performed by the actors. For instance, negotiations have been ordered to be begun with the representatives of Bishop Polk, who acted as a Confederate General during the rebellion, to purchase his papers (whether his *sermons* are to be included in the purchase is not stated), and these will be closed at a figure that will be far above any pension given to the family of a loyal General, who yielded his life in defense of his country. This idea may be indefinitely extended. If *bona fide* army letters and reports, orders for the day and commissary returns come to an end it might be a good speculation to get up complete sets to order with the view of securing the government as a purchaser. When this method of raiding on the treasury shall become tame and insipid, another will present itself through the appointment of an indefinite number of clerks to annotate, revise, report upon and care for these valuable papers and still another in the creation of permanent officers as historiographers to the bureau of papers concerning the Rebellion. And in ways like these, the survivors of the *wrong* side in the recent civil war may be provided for by a kind-hearted Congress without resorting to the conferment of pensions that would be odious to the people.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Checking the Exodus.

Alarmed at the remarkable outflow of her people to America of late, Austria-Hungary has decided to put a stop to emigration for the present and Germany may be expected to follow suit at any early day. The exodus from both countries during the past three or four months has been enormous and is steadily on the increase. At New York the number of remittances on money orders to friends and relatives in the old country to assist them in coming over has been extraordinarily large, the people on this side being anxious to get them away before the prohibitory laws are enforced. Foreign governments which are as deeply interested as are Austria-Hungary and Germany in keeping up the full complement of their standing armies have just ground for alarm. For, if some restrictions are not imposed to check the outflow, we shall soon witness the singular spectacle of the partial disarmament of European monarchies through the emigration of a large portion of their population to Republican America. The comparison thus suggested is certainly not a flattering one for the European governments, and it is therefore quite natural that they should regard the exodus to this country with an evil eye. They may succeed by the enforcement of arbitrary laws in reducing the emigration temporarily, but sooner or later their people will find their way to our fertile and hospitable soil.

COLORED PEOPLE ATTACKED BY ROUGHS.

NEW YORK, June 1.—As the colored companies composing the rear of the procession yesterday were returning from Sypress Hill cemetery to the station of the Rapid Transit road, in east New York, they were assulted by a gang of roughs, and a riot ensued, in which a policeman named Hatfield received a dangerous sabre cut on the head. The colored men are said to have charged on the police and roughs alike, but being overpowered by numbers, were compelled to run for their lives. The streets were filled with an excited mob, and several persons were injured. The captain and a sergeant of the Veteran (colored) Guard were arrested.

The Regular Ticket.

The following extract is from an amusing satire in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Letter from an Old War Horse to a Young Politician":

"I sincerely hope it is not necessary that I should counsel you always to vote the regular ticket, the whole regular ticket, and nothing but the regular ticket. Hold fast, I beseech of you, to the doctrine of the infallibility of your party in convention assembled. Delegates, like kings, 'can do no wrong.' The voters who scratch ballots or bolt nominations are to be regarded as the bane of politics, just as certain other reformers have been the bane of religion. They all belong in the same category, and all are equally deserving of the execration of every practical man, as exponents of the pestiferous doctrine of the right of private judgment. And just here a word in reply to the familiar question: Would you vote for the devil if he received the party's regular nomination? I have no hesitation in affirming that I certainly would. Let's look at it. If the day ever comes when the devil is nominated, the other side is pretty sure to run Gabriel against him. Of the two, my choice would be the devil. To be sure, it would not be an ideal namination; but, then, neither is ours an ideal world. I am aware that the devil has split hoofs, pronounced horns and a bifurcated tail. But do we choose candidates for their good looks? As to his moral character, I frankly admit it is not all I could desire; but, after all criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, conceded by both parties, that he is not as black as he is painted. On the other hand, he has many qualities that ought to commend him to practical men. He is self-made; he is thoroughly earnest in all he undertakes; he is an untiring worker; he is one of the shrewdest of wire pullers, he possesses vast and versatile accomplishments, he is unsurpassed in ability to find and manipulate the springs that move men, he has a positive genius for making friends. Gifted, popular, magnetic, at home in all circles, from the highest to the lowest, he would be certain to make a splendid run. As for Gabriel, I have only to say that, while his intellectual and moral endowments are undoubtedly of the highest order, there is great reason to fear that he would not succeed in the realm of practical politics. If elected to office, it is more than likely that he would be more of a botheration than a boon to his party. He would be living up to the promises made during the canvass; he would resolutely decline to let well enough alone. Let me not be misunderstood. I yield to no one in my regard for Gabriel. But, as a practical man, I would feel called upon to vote against him, and do all I could for his opponent. In my own ward, where my own influence is most potent and my political theories most approved of, I feel convinced that the devil would have a very large majority. This hypothetical case is, of course, an extreme one, and is never likely to occur. I have dealt with it simply for the sake of showing you that the position of those who insist upon the invariable support of regular nominations is sound in the last analysis."

The Act of 1865, amended by the Act of 1866, requiring the registration of births, marriages and deaths, and which so far has been almost valueless, has received new interest by the Act of 1880, establishing a State Board of Health, which places the above Act under the supervision and control of the secretary of the State Board of Health, who, after the first day of June, will require compliance with the provisions of the law of 1865 and 1866, under the penalties imposed by said law. For the information of the public we publish the requirements of the law:

I. Parents are required to give notice to the clerk of the circuit court of the county of the births and deaths in their respective families, stating the date of the birth, the name of the child, its sex and color, the names of the parents, the occupation of the father, and the residence of the parents.

II. In the case of death they must give the date of the death, the name of the deceased, the sex, the color, whether single, widow, or married, the age, the residence, the occupation, the place of death, the place of birth, the names and place of residence of the parents, the disease or cause of death and the place of burial. The same reports in case of sojourners, boarders and single persons and employees is required to be made by hotel and boarding house keepers, or by the eldest person next of kin. The keeper of a prison, hospital, almshouse, or other public institution shall give the notice of births or deaths happening in such establishment.

III. The person solemnizing or performing the marriage ceremony is required to give notice thereof and endorse it on the marriage license.

IV. Sextons, coroners, undertakers or other persons having charge of the burial of funeral rites of a stranger or friendless person shall before the burial obtain the information required and return it to the said clerk.

V. The physician attending the deceased is required to furnish information as to the duration of the last sickness, the disease or cause of death.

VI. The clerks of the courts are required to enforce the penalties for failures, and report all matters connected therewith to the secretary of the State Board of Health quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October in each year.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1880.

Interest here centres upon the proceedings of that able body of men now assembled at Chicago, to choose a leader for the Republican party in the next campaign, and to name the next President of the Republic. Congress left with a bare quorum of members is forgotten, and no one seems to care whether it adjourns on June 15th or July 15th. At this late date, speculation as to who will win at Chicago is idle, as the result will be known before this letter is printed. But there is one subject that demands attention from the leaders of our party. I mean the threats of factions in the party that if Grant is nominated they will bolt; and from other, that if Blaine or Sherman be chosen *they* will bolt. Such talk is worse than idle, it is in fact, in direct opposition to the best interests of the party, and no true Republican who believes in the principles of the party will indulge in it. To win in the next election we must be united. We must fight for the *principles* of the party, and not allow our personal preferences for any man who may not be chosen to represent those principles cause us to desert the party. In union there is strength, and union in the Republican party means victory. By all means let us present a combined and united front to the Democracy, and not allow individual preferences outweigh party allegiance.

But little interest is felt in the Democratic Convention, which meets at Cincinnati on the 22d of this month. Tilden's nomination, however, is assured for the reason that the opposition to him can't combine on a candidate. Next to Tilden, General Hancock and Judge Field stand about equal, and shall Tilden fail, Judge Field will probably be the choice of the Convention.

Considerable attention is now being given to a plan suggested for the counting of the Electoral vote. It simply eliminates Congress from the machinery, leaving the Electors to meet, organize and declare the result themselves. This new proposition comes from Col. "Bob" Ingersoll, is commended by many Republicans. The measure, however, will not be heard of except out of Congress. It is not to be supposed the Democrats are going to vote on a measure giving them so little chance for manipulation as this.

To-day the census takers commence their work throughout the country. They have one month to do the work, but two years will roll around before the result will be known. In the South, every man, woman and child, white and colored, will be carefully counted to swell the population, but at the polls this year, how different it will be. Republican votes will not be counted, and the same men now so scrupulously counted, will be denied the rights of suffrage.

There is an effort under way in the Senate to pension the survivors of the Mexican, Black Hawk and other wars.

LOGAN.

It is becoming tolerably apparent from the testimony taken by the court of inquiry in session at New York that General Sheridan acted hastily and unjustly in removing General Warren from the command of the Fifth Army Corps at the battle of Five Forks, one of the last that were fought previous to Lee's surrender. The evidence of both Federal and Confederate officers seems to be making it clear that Warren moved his men with all possible expedition, and led them to a gallant and effective assault upon the enemy at an opportune moment. The impression is gaining ground that the court will find that Sheridan acted under a mistake, and that Warren deserves vindication. It is very unfortunate that after his four years of splendid service an imputation of inefficiency should have been cast upon him in the closing days of the war, and its removal from his record would only be just to him. Even the testimony of Sheridan himself before the court rather helped General Warren's case, and indicated that the Lieutenant General would not regret to see that eminent officer's reputation made good.

"Moral suasion" is a haggard mother and broken hearted wife appealing to the liquor seller to stop urging the dews of death down the throat of her degraded son or besotted husband. "Prohibition" is the bar that spans the door above which is written, "No drunkards made here." The former lifts drunkards out of the gutter—the latter prevents saloon keepers from pushing them in. If God had intended the world to be governed entirely by moral suasion He never would have recorded penal enactment against sin—statutes would be needless—every one would bow to moral influences.

A Reply to Ingersoll.

Rev. Thomas Guard, pastor of Mt. Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore, lectured at the church Sunday night on "The New Gospel and the New Preacher," a reply to the recent lecture of Col. Robert Ingersoll, the well-known infidel. The church was literally packed, chairs were brought into requisition in numbers and many persons were forced to stand. After singing and prayer, Mr. Guard introduced his remarks with a part of the 3d verse of the General Epistle of Jude—"Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." It was, perhaps, a bold undertaking, said Mr. Guard, to reply to Col. Ingersoll, but he believed he was justified in doing it, having been appealed to by at least a dozen different persons to answer some of Col. Ingersoll's so called arguments. He had made it a point to go and hear the infidel on the Pacific coast. He had heard him deliver his political lecture, "Seven and Eight," and he had read his addresses and his "Lectures on the Gods," etc. He read them with a great deal of pain. Without any affectation, it was simply torture to hear reviled the God and the Savior whom from childhood he had been brought up to love and reverence. He had attended his lectures in order to know how to reply to him.

Some persons looked upon it as a degradation to reply to Ingersoll in the pulpit. He did not think so. Ingersoll had said some things that were right, but he had blended such an amount of truths with errors that the latter were made cohesive and not easily discerned at first sight; Ingersoll had a vivid fancy, a copious phraseology, but with it all he had never heard that Ingersoll was a profound lawyer. He played on the sympathies of jurors, and possibly gained many cases by dazzling them with the splendor of his oratory or his powers to convince against the will. He was a good husband and a good father. His daughters were passionately fond of him, and not believing in or at least not worshipping the true God, they worshiped him, and delighted in the fact that they had never been in a church. It was not necessary to run down or antagonize those whose beliefs we did not agree with. One could not but draw conclusions of a man's nature from his speeches, and he tho't when he heard Ingersoll that he had a most remarkable amount of self appreciation, and that no one appreciated him as highly as he did himself unless it be his wife and daughters. And what an amount of audacity the man had with a skilled, larger measure of inconsistency! He was a believer in one thing—his mission; and in another—himself. He said he was an unbeliever, consequently he was wrong. He had wit enough to make him an Irishman, but though witty his humor was not that of a reverential order, nor was it the kind which would take with refined and moral persons. Mr. Guard said he believed that his skull must have been trepanned or excised during the late war—that part of it which contained all his reverence. He could not look upon the infidel as a truth seeker. He could sympathize with one who sought the truth—he could not sympathize with him. No one could push himself into truth without encountering doubts, so that care should be taken how we called Ingersoll an infidel. Don't, said he brand him an infidel until you have settled the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt. He may be hesitating between what is and what is not the truth. It may be that by the structure of his mind he can't accept truth without evidence. He may be wavering in the balance, and one little tittle may turn the scales in the interests of truth. He had also been surprised at Ingersoll's lack of philosophy. What could have been his education. What a miserable type of humanity he must have been associated with! What whited sepulchres he must have stumbled against and fallen into! He must have lived a puritanical, Sabbath day, dreary life, and for a bird to sing or flowers to bloom on Sunday must have been heresy in his sight, and to smile on Sunday must have been for him to go two days without food. He must have been ruled with an iron rod to have turned upon humanity and doubted as he had done. What a type of humanity he must have studied, too! His normal idea of a man as a thinker and of the Maker must have been drawn from sickly or idiotic persons instead of taking as his type the beautiful in human nature. Were he (the speaker) to give his idea of a genius he would take Sir Isaac Newton as his model—not a lunatic or a man suffering from chronic dispepsia.

Ingersoll had seen nothing but possible defects. He had morbidly fixed his attention on the shortcomings of man—never on his good deeds. One of his apothegms was that an honest God was the noblest work of man. The lecturer said that above all he had been surprised—utterly dumbfounded—at the prodigious knowledge of Ingersoll. A positive atheist is one who tells that there is no God. Ingersoll held that he was an atheist, hence he believed there was no God. One who said there was no God must know everything, and since one who knew everything was a God, Ingersoll himself was the very being whose existence he doubted. There never was a man who would say in plain Anglo Saxon there was no God, for that man must be a God who knew that to be so. Herbert Spencer never reached that. He even acknowledged that there was an unknown God. Ingersoll fitted his facts to suit his theories. Sensible men fitted their hypotheses to fit their facts, and if their facts were too short they lengthened them, too long they cut them, and too broad they planed them. Ingersoll said that no man was responsible for his thoughts. If that were so and a man coveted his neighbor's wife or his horse and thought lust or thought murder, he could not be condemned for it. But if he stole his neighbor's horse or committed murder he suffered, and yet the action was prompted by the thought, latter being the principal factor. Ingersoll said that God was cruel because he approved the murder of Jeptha's daughter. He (Mr. Guard) did not believe Jeptha murdered his daughter, because the Levitican law provided that a woman should not be sacrificed, but that thirty shekels should be paid instead. Because it was recorded that Jeptha murdered his daughter, it did not follow that God approved it. Ingersoll said that if he had proclaimed those truths in England 100 years ago he would have been burned. Not so. He would have been placed in a lunatic asylum or put in a boat to drift to the Fiji islands, where the natives would have roasted him and made a meal of him. At this time, through the influences of Christianity, he would not have been eaten. The islanders would have treated him like a prince until he expressed a doubt of the existence of their God, when they would have put him in the next boat and sent him back to England. In conclusion Mr. Guard said Christianity had resisted similar attacks as those made by Ingersoll for 1800 years, and it was rather remarkable if it should be overturned at this late day. His lecture occupied one hour and thirty-five minutes. He announced that it was impossible to do the matter justice in one night and that he would continue it next Sunday night.

Magistrates.

The Baltimore *American* of the 20th ult says: The unsavory disclosure of petty magistrates' methods of securing fees, recently made in the dumping cases, is now followed by a case in Frederick that affords a startling proof of reform in the character of the branch of our judicial system, of whose workings the case referred to is a product. It appears that there is a man in Frederick county who has made a practice of bringing suits for amounts just within a magistrate's jurisdiction, and—inasmuch as he was believed to be laboring under a delusion—little attention was paid to his proceeding, and a multitude of judgments have been given by default. The executors of an estate were one day this week astonished at having filed as claims against it 128 judgments for $98 each, with costs, making a total of $13,230, or sufficient to consume the estate left by the deceased for the support of his family. The judges of the Orphan's Court do not believe there is any justice in these claims, but they stand as unsatisfied judgments and had to be admitted as claims against the estate. This is only an instance of the bad workings of the present mode of appointing justices of the peace. The office is one of the rewards of partisan activity, and there is a new deal at every session of the legislature. The magistrate is dependent upon his fees for his living, and it is his interest to encourage litigation. No one has any idea of the hardships and injustice constantly sustained by the people from the rapacity of magistrates, and the poor and ignorant are the ones who suffer most. The number of magistrates should be largely reduced, and they ought to hold office during good behaviour; or, if such a change is too sweeping for practical consideration, it would be much better that they should be elected by the people, than appointed as at present.

The newspaper advertisement, an exchange truthfully says, is a never-tiring worker in the interests of its employer. When the bill distributor has disappeared from the streets and his bills trampled into pulp, the advertisement is performing its silent mission in the family circle. It appeals to a constituency three or four times larger than the actual sale of the paper, for there are few newspapers which do not pass from hand to hand through three or four persons with every issue.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Wanted in Oakland—a good tailor.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett returned to Oakland Sunday night.

—Miss Emma Brooke, of Oakland, is visiting at Morgantown, W. Va.

—The late copious rains have very much encouraged our farmers.

—Rev. S. W. Davis is visiting relatives and friends in this county.

—The Oakland Photograph Gallery is now in operation, with Mr. G. H. Pritchard as artist.

—Now treat your girl with coolness and she'll like you all the better, and vanilla is the safest flavor.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—The Band was out serenading on Friday night last. The thanks of those favored are tendered to the members.

—The whitewash brush is being put to a very good use, and fences and outbuildings are greatly improved thereby.

—Tuesday last a young man was fined one dollar and costs, by Squire Osbourn, of Oakland, under the "Drunkard" Act.

—A regular meeting of Alta Lodge, Knights of Honor, will be held Thursday evening next. Every member is requested to be present.

—For Sale—A Surveyor's outfit, consisting of compass, staff and chain, all in good order. Will be sold low for cash. Apply at this office. my 29-tf

—Mr. Josiah Summers, of this county, killed 54 rattlesnakes from May 6th, to the 27th, 1880. Mr. S. usually kills near two hundred annually.

—John L. Browning, Esq., of this county, clipped this spring from 17 sheep 125 pounds of wool, one yearling yielding 13½ pounds, and one ewe, with two lambs at breast, 10½ pounds.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder, one day this week, caught a bass weighing 2 pounds, near the B. & O. R. R. bridge, in the Youghiogheny river. This is the largest bass ever caught above Swallow Falls.

—A fatal accident occurred at Cumberland Monday morning in Rose Hill Cemetery to a young man sixteen years of age named Ward, who was employed in the marble yard of A. W. Amick, of that city. After delivering a dray load of stone into the cemetery his horse shied and he fell from the dray, which run over his neck, killing him instantly.

—A good tailor can find a splendid opening for business in Oakland.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. S. W. Davis.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M. by Rev. Gruver, of Shellsburg, Pa.

Memoral Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M. by Rev. Lefevre.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of May:

Richard Ream and Bessie Weis.
Alex. Croft and Maggie Hetz.
J. S. Broadwater & Marian Frost.
Thos. Barbee and Lizzie Chris.

Basis of Taxation.

The following is the basis of taxation of Garrett county for the present year:

District No.	1. . .	$520,481.75
" "	2. . .	224,820.74
" "	3. . .	693,388.25
" "	4. . .	523,872.45
" "	5. . .	291,214,82
" "	6. . .	159,253.75
" "	7. . .	821,548.11
" "	8. . .	302,293,00
" "	9. . .	121,022.00
Total	. . .	$3,667,996.60

Delegates to S. S. Convention.

The following delegates have been elected to represent the Oakland Sunday Schools in the Sunday School Convention to be held at Grantsville commencing June 18th, instant:

Lutheran.—Delegates, James M. Arnold and W. D. Hoye. Alternates, Miss Laura Bush and Messrs. John J. Smith, M. R. Hamill and DeCoursey Bolden.

Presbyterian.—Delegates, Messrs. G. S. Hamill and John A. Grant. Alternates, Mrs. J. W. Veltch, Miss Addie Tower and Messrs. W. A. Dally and W. P. Pritchard.

Methodist Episcopal.—Delegates, Messrs. Thos. J. Peddicord and Jas. A. Hayden. Alternates, Miss Lou A. Thayer and Mr. F. A. Thayer.

Rev. John M. Davis, of the M. E., Mr. W. H. Tower, of the Presbyterian and Mr. John Shatzer, of the Lutheran, are delegates by virtue of their offices as Superintendents of the different schools, and Mr. W. P. Townshend as Secretary of the Convention.

Decoration Day at Cumberland.

Decoration Day was observed at Cumberland Monday. In the morning a detail from Tyler Post, G. A. R., decorated the graves of soldiers buried in cemeteries other than Rose Hill. At 2 P. M., the Post, escorted by the Vultigeurs, in full uniform, with arms and equipments, under command of Captain Johnson, with the speakers and clergy in carriages, marched to Rose Hill Cemetery, where a series of exercises was had. They included music by the Queen City Band, prayers by Revs. Tredway and McAtee, addresses by Mess. B. A. Richmond and R. W. McMichael, and recitations, "A Soldier's Dream" and "Mother and Poet," by Miss Sadie A. Smith, of Massachusetts. All the graves of soldiers in Rose Hill Cemetery and SS. Peter and Paul's Cemetery, adjoining, were decorated. The graves of both Union and Confederate soldiers received floral tributes. The day was observed as a partial holiday, the post office having been closed during part of the day. There was a good display of bunting on the streets.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 2:

Enoch Hendrickson and wife to John G. C. Riley, their interest in military lots Nos. 303 and 304, tract called "Bear Range," and tract containing 219¾ acres, and military lots 437, 448, 184, 449, 443 and 447; $800.

John G. C. Riley, et al., to Isabella M. S. Steyer, 84 acres of land; $140.

Isabella M. S. Steyer and husband to John G. C. Riley, their one undivided fifth interest in lots Nos. 303 and 304, tract called "Bear Range," and tract containing 248¾ acres, and military lots 437, 448, 184, 449, 443 and 447; $5 and other considerations.

John H. and Joseph Summers, to Jonathan Fitchner, tracts called "Davi's Discovery," and "Addition to Davi's Discovery," 184½ acres; $316.

Geo. Smith, executor of John Hoye, to W. H. Hoye, lot No. 1476; $200.

John Spiker and wife to Abraham J. Spiker, part of lots 1536, 1544, 4066, and a part of second vacancy and lot 4065; $10.

Wm. Sharpless and wife to A. C Hamill, Wm. Sharpless, John M. Fichnell, Moses Tichnell F. R. Sharpless, G. E. Turner, and J. L. Sharpless, Trustees M. E. Church south, ¾ acres of land; $1

Jonas J. Folk to Susanna Folk, tract of land called "War of Independence," 155 acres, and a lot of personal property; $336 and other considerations.

Wm. Casteel and wife to John A. Edgar, and Allen S. Speer, part of a tract of land called "Deep Creek Farm," 210 acres; $1,500.

Wm. Bender and wife to Jonas D. Breneman, tract called "Nonparcil." 77 acres, and 12 perches; $1695.

John A. Edgar and Allen Speer, to Wm. Casteel, part of tract called "Deep Creek Farm," 80 acres; $500.

The Duties of Enumerators.

On and after the first day of June each enumerator is to "visit personally each dwelling in his subdivision and each family therein, and each individual not living out of a family in any place of abode" and obtain information to be made up into five schedules. The first schedule is the population, or family schedule. The enumerator must visit each family in every house and set down the name of every man, woman and child who, on the first day of June, 1880, shall have his or her place of abode therein. No child born between June 1 and the day of the enumerator's visit is to be recorded, but all persons who have died between those dates must be enumerated. The schedule also relates to each person's civil condition, whether married, widowed or single; their political condition, whether native, foreign, alien or naturalized; their physical and mental health, whether active or disabled maimed, deaf, dumb, blind, insane or idiotic, employed or unemployed, during what portion of the year. Schedule No. 2 relates to the acreage, of crops, etc.; No. 3 to the kind and amount of power employed in establishments of productive Industries; No. 4 to the public indebtedness of cities, counties, towns and school districts; the ownership of the United States public debt, by whom owned and the respective amounts; public paupers, criminals, etc., and No. 5 to the birthplace of the father and mother of each person reported as having died during the year, and to the usual occupation of such person.

The instructions especially define it to be "the duty of an enumerator, in the exercise of his authority to visit houses and interrogate members of families resident therein as provided by law, to use great courtesy and consideration. A rude, peremptory or overbearing demeanor would not only be a wrong to the families visited, but would work an injury to the census, by rendering the members of those families less disposed to give information with fullness and exactness. It is entirely possible for the enumerator to be prompt, rapid and decisive in announcing his object and his authority, and in going through the whole list of questions to be proposed, and at the same time not to arouse any antagonism or give any offense." The questions must be answered, whether it is agreeable to do so or not. The fourteenth section of the act of March 3, 1879, which provides for taking the census, declares:

That each and every person more than twenty years of age belonging to any family residing in any enumeration district, and in case of the absence of the heads and any other members of such family, then any agent of such family shall be, and each of them hereby is, required, if thereto requested by the superintendent, supervisor or enumerator, to render a true account, to the best of his or her knowledge, of every person belonging to such family, in the various particulars required by law, and whoever shall willfully fail or refuse shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

The enumerators are not to take statistics of mining in any of its branches, including coal and the production of petroleum, nor of telegraph, express, railroad or insurance companies. All those statistics will be gathered by Special Agents, appointed directly from the Census office at Washington.

Each enumerator is to make out on a kind of postal card a daily report of his work, and the time he was actually and necessarily employed, and forward a copy to the supervisor and one to the superintendent of the census.

When the enumerator's work is completed he is to file, in the office of the clerk of the county court, a list of all persons, with age, sex, color, etc., enumerated by him, and give written advertisement at three or more public places that he will attend at the court house to make any correction of his enumeration that may be necessary. The result of this correction he shall "make known to the bystanders, if any."

The compensation of enumerators varies according to the care or difficulty with which their work is performed. The only fixed rates are: For each death reported, five cents; for each establishment of productive Industry on general schedule, fifteen cents, and for each establishment of productive industry on special schedule of manufactures, twenty-five cents. The maximum allowance for each farm reported will be 12½ cents, and for each living inhabitant, 2 cents. The pay of each enumerator is to be ascertained and fixed by the superintendent, and, says the instructions, "will be left to be determined by their [the enumerators'] own energy, promptitude and industry in the discharge of their duties."

Summer Fashions.

With laudable enterprise, Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly for the present Summer presents its readers with a beautiful chromo-lithograph, illustrative of the Fashions of the season. Unlike most fashion plates, which are merely creations of the artists brain, the present is a faithful reproduction of actual, existent costumes, of which not only the full descriptions, but the prices as well, accompany the plate. For the benefit of our lady readers we append a brief summary of these costumes, extracted from an advance sheet furnished by the publishers.

No. 1 represents a walking costume in brown, of summer camel's hair cloth and polka dot satin. The front is of satin arranged in soft folds, with side draperies of camel's hair, edged with silk and tape fringe. The back of the skirt is of camel's hair, divided from the side draperies by broad bias bands of satin, and ornamented with satin bows. The basque is made in French coat style, with broad hip pieces of the polka dot material, and tastefully trimmed cuffs and collar. Price, $47.

No. 2 is a second walking dress, appropriately named the "Sunrise," and made of gend'arme blue French bunting and silk brocade. By an ingenious arrangement of the two materials, the front is ornamented with the representation of a sun with rays; the side draperies being of bunting meeting at a point below the basque, and drawn to either side of the central design of the front. The basque is of bunting, cut long and round, and appropriately trimmed with the brocade. Price, $35.

The third figure in the illustration represents a combination dress of silk in two contrasting shades of drab. The underskirt in front is made of alternate strips of the two materials laid in kilt plaitings, the back being of a single shade, plain and full. The overskirt is trimmed across the bottom with *revers* of contrasting silk, with a full bow of silk in two shades; the back being of a darker shade of silk, neatly draped. The basque is made *en panier*, trimmed to correspond with the lower part of the costume. Price, $28.50.

The last figure is that of a dinner or reception dress, of garnet colored satin duchess, elaborately trimmed with cashmere bead fringe and passementerie. The skirt is arranged in a double scarf, on which the trimming is imposed to great advantage; while the back drapery is formed of a double box plaiting extending from the waist downward. The basque is cut with a coat back and elaborately trimmed. The sleeves are open on the upper side and laced with cords of satin, with bands of passementerie on either side; the lower part of the sleeves, as well as the trimming of the neck, being finished with ruchings and plaitings of lace and satin. Price, $145.

Synopsis of Judge Pearre's Address Last Saturday at Antietam.

From the Sunday American.

Judge Pearre spoke first of the fact that they had not come there to mourn, as we sorrow for the dead who pass away from our midst in the ordinary course of nature. They were there not to grieve, but to rejoice; not to mourn, but to do honor—to rejoice that such a noble army of patriots were on this bloody field to save the Union of these States and preserve the liberties of the people; to do honor to the great principles which impelled the heroes who slept around them to leave their parents and homes, their wives and children, and all their comforts to submit to the fatigues and dangers of a soldier's life, and finally to lay down their lives to preserve to us and to our posterity, and theirs, those liberties and those rights which we this day enjoy. He urged that the decoration be not a mere naked ceremony, nor the occasion a picnic of pleasure. They must come there, and teach their children to come, with the feeling of the prophet of old, to whom the angel of the Lord spoke out of the burning bush, saying; "Pull off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." As the Mohammedan journeys to Mecca to be strengthened in his religious faith, as the Christians make their pilgrimage to Jerusalem to draw renewed inspiration from the places where the favor of God was shown in a remarkable manner to His chosen people, and that their love to the Redeemer of mankind may be increased by Gethsemane and Calvary, and their faith confirmed; so the American people will do well to pay their annual visits to these national cemeteries to do honor to the buried heroes who repose within them, to contemplate the patriotic motives which induced them to take up arms, to teach to their children the wickedness of rebellion, which caused shedding of so much blood and the expenditure of so much treasure, and which converted those beautiful hills, over which we now look, into a perfect pandemonium of slaughter and of death; to make it the occasion of instilling into the rising generation the value of free institutions under which we live, the absolute necessity of the preservation of the Union of these States, to the perpetuity of our liberties and happiness. He then spoke of the occasion as therefore being fit for an inquiry as to what our duty as good and patriotic citizens is, or what it is to be a good citizen.

He intimated that one of the greatest obstructions to the exercise of true patriotism is that too many men in these days permit themselves to be strictly bound by the ties of party, saying that if a man permits his party fealty to carry him to the support of measures which are detrimental to the public interests, he does wrong. If he supports men for offices whom he knows to be, for any reason, unfit for the positions they seek, he is not acting the part of a patriotic citizen; for, however good your laws may be, bad and corrupt men will not administer them well.

The Judge gave as an illustration in our own State of this, the manner in which the registration laws are executed in Baltimore. He said it is a good law and seems to be well guarded, its intention being to secure the purity of the ballot-box and protect the elective franchise; and yet, we all know that the ingenuity of partisan registrars and judges of election has perverted this law into an engine of fraud.

He trusted that the efforts lately made to redress this wrong may be effective, and that the voice of the people of Baltimore, when they next speak through the ballot-box, may reflect the sentiments of the people as truly as it does in the counties.

In the second place, to be a good citizen and to act the part of patriots in these days, he said, is to cultivate and encourage a love, respect and attachment for the Union. To do this we must recognize as a fundamental principle the equal rights of all the States as constituent members of the general government, and accord to every citizen, white or black, native or foreign-born, a perfect equality with ourselves in the exercise of all the privileges of citizenship.

He spoke of it as a matter of congratulation that with the late war had passed away that pestilent school of politicians whose whole lives were spent in propagating in the minds of the people treasonable sentiments under the guise of State's rights. The war and its result taught them that there was, under the Constitution, a power in the government to protect itself and to enforce its laws; and that the people, by whom and for whose happiness and good this united government was founded, did not intend that it should be destroyed or pulled down.

Our Southern brothers, with a commendable spirit, have ceased to proclaim or have actually abandoned these heretical political dogmas, are fast unlearning their former principles and adopting a line of conduct and of opinion that is giving promise that they will at no distant day cling closely to the Union, and look once more with pride and affection upon that flag which floates over a people not only united in one form of government, but whose hearts throb towards each other as friends and brothers.

We should cultivate this fraternal feeling on our part, even here upon this bloody battle field; we should be willing to shake hands with the Confederate soldier if he once more loves our star-spangled banner and is willing to keep step with us to the music of the Union. The rising generation—your young men and your maidens too—(for they are to be mothers of the next generation)—should be taught the value of the Union.

The judge urged that this should be done in their studies. They should in geography, be pointed to the great line of the Mississippi river, taught the immense traffic and travel that is done on its waters, and then told the destruction of all this commerce if any of the States through which it passes belonged to another and perhaps hostile government. They should be shown on their maps the great railroad lines, binding with their iron bands the Pacific and Atlantic, the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, and then instructed in the inconveniences and troubles which would arise if they passed through two independent, or, might and then would be the case, two unfriendly and bostile nations. There should he put into their hands the great speeches of Clay and Webster and Douglass, and they should read the farewell address of Washington and walk through the cemeteries of Gettysburg and Antietam and learn what it has cost in blood alone to preserve this Union.

Thus educated and instructed, he said, in conclusion, we shall hear no more talk of the right of secession or of a disunited people. No terms of reproach upon either side will be indulged in. "Yankee," as a term of reproach, will be no more heard, and "rebel" will be forgotten. We shall forget that we were once enemies and think of each other only as friends and as fellow-citizens of a common government, and each shall work and pray that the Angel of Peace may take the whole nation under the shadow of his wing, and that love and harmony may everywhere prevail.

The address was received with applause.

HOW TO CURE A TOOTHACHE.—Some months ago an English tourist, lingering in a country church yard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man, who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face, and the utter dejection of his appearance. "Here at least is one true mourner," thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on the top of a heap of dry mold and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and, with his own teeth, extracted a tooth from it. Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper and put it in his pocket. "Can you tell me why he did that?" asked our tourist of an old man who stood beside him during the funeral ceremony. "Ay, surely, your honor, the poor boy was very bad wi' the toothache, an' it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull wi' your ain teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes an' wear it as long as he lives." "You don't tell me so? Do you think the remedy will be effectual?" "It's like enough, sir," replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. "It's five years since I pulled that one the same way, an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since."

Pig Iron that was sold a month ago at $40 per ton, can now be purchased at $20 per ton.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned, bearing date the 13th day of November, A. D., 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 556, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will on

Monday, the 28th day of June, A. D., 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., at Bush's saw mill, near Ashby's ford, on the Youghiogheny River, about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

"One Eclipse steam engine,

Number eight hundred and fifty-five, with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete, 1 saw mill, (Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut off saw with mandrel frame pulleys and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench, belt and oil can."

The above property is in good condition, only having been used about six months.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
je5-4w Trustee.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of John B. Brant, for taxes due in the year 1878.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 23. Trials to July Term, 1880.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 25th day of May, A. D., 1880, that James Z. Browning, collector of taxes for First Collection District, in and for Garrett county for the year 1878, give notice, by the publication of a copy of this order, in two newspapers printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of June, A. D., 1880, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said John B. Brant, for taxes due by the said Brant for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning as said collector of taxes, to this court the 30th day of April last past, to be and appear in this court, on or before the 22d day of June next to show cause, if any they have, why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—test—
je5-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

SOLDIERS!

A. A. THOMAS Corner 9th and F. Streets, Washington, D. C., attends to *Pension* and Back Pay. *Bounty* Claims collected. Contested *Land Claims*, *Mineral* and Agricultural, attended to before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court. Land Warrants purchased.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
☞ Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower.
ja11-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May. 12, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

Monday, June 7th, 1880,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy and for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

All persons having bills against the county are requested to file them, properly authenticated, on or before that date.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
5 15 td. Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, H. F. Snider and Silas L. Walter is to pass; Said road to lead from Meadow Mountain Run through the lands of J. O'Brien and others to Mrs. Brobst's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be changed or relocated, will meet on the premises on Saturday, June 12th, 1880, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

E. P. BRANT,
JOHN HARNED,
ELI McMILLEN,
my8-3w Examiners.

PITH AND POINT.

GIRL of the period—Little Dot.

A DEAD sure thing—Man's mortality.

A DOCTOR'S favorite exclamation—My patients.

THE man who gave weigh to his feelings found them very heavy.

A WOMAN doesn't mind being coolly treated by her beau during the ice-cream season.

A WICKED paragrapher says that after man came woman and that she has been after him ever since.

MOST wimmin would like to have their husbands lions—but well broke to their halter.—*Billings.*

WHEN a man's feelings are "all riled up" it is important that he should restrain them.—*Boston Post.*

ONE must have the polish of polite manners before he can shine in good society.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IN the race for precedence between metals, it is said that pig-lead. Another instance of rule Britannia. Will any one despewter right?

WHY should the elastic fabric manufacturers do a brisk business? Because, no matter how high their prices, they have always gutta percha, sir!—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Is your wife named Margaret?" asked the hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that 'cause I don't love any but her."—*Boston Herald.*

"SQUEAK, squeak, squeak," said a heavily loaded wagon which was going through a deep mud-hole. "If you'll hold your tongue," said the horses, "we'll pull you through."—*Rome Sentinel.*

A CONNECTICUT man invented a dentist's chair that could be adjusted to 4,601 different positions, and a boy, who occupied it one day, in five minutes broke it, in trying to get himself into a satisfactory position.—*Boston Post.*

IN a lengthy obituary notice of a prominent Western man, the leading local paper makes this remarkable statement: "The corpse was elegantly clad by direction of his devoted wife, and his casket was made to conform, as far as possible, with the comforts he was wont to surround himself in the house he has left."

The Geodetic Union of Europe and Africa.

THE important work of connecting the systems of triangulation covering Western Europe and Northern Africa was consummated in the latter part of October last. Preparations for it had been going on for several years under the direction of Gen. Ibanez and M Perrier, acting respectively for the governments of Spain and France.

Four mountain heights were selected for signaling operations, namely, Mulhacen and Tetica, in Spain (the former being the highest in that country), and Filhaoussen and M'Sabiha, between Oran and the frontier of Morocco. It was decided not to trust alone to solar signals, but also to employ the electric light at night, and the event fully justified this resolve, for the solar signals totally failed, being seen neither in Spain nor Algeria. The difficulties of the enterprise, then, will be obvious on consideration, for to produce the electric light with sufficient intensity it was necessary to have recourse to electro-magnetic apparatus driven by steam engines, and the problem was that of hauling up Gramme machines, engines of six-horse power, and various instruments, to summits of 1,000 to 3,550 meters height, making roads on these desert mountains, organizing supplies of water and fuel, and finally providing accommodation and sustenance at each station for twenty to one hundred men and fifteen or twenty beasts. There was a military guard attached to each station (in Algeria especially this was necessary), and the soldiers worked in roadmaking, etc. The time open for operations was short between the intense heat and the early snows. On August 20 all were at their posts—Colonel Barraquer on Mulhacen, Major Lopez on Tetica, Captain Bassot on Filhaoussen, and M. Perrier on M'Sabiha. But in vain were solar signals sent by day and electric by night; the vapors from the mediterranean proved impervious to the beams. At length, however, on September 9, after twenty days' feverish expectation, M. Perrier perceived the electric light of Tetica, visible sometimes to the naked eye, like a round reddish disk, as bright as Alpha in Arcturus, which appeared near the horizon. On the 10th he perceived the French signals, and a period of definite observation was entered upon, extending from September 9 to October 18. The geodetic junction of the continents was at length realized. The numerical results arrived at with regard to those four immense triangles of some seventy leagues length of side are given in a communication by M. Perrier to the French Academy, and are shown to have satisfactory accuracy.

By this work the geodetic operations, in the British Islands, France, Spain, and Algeria, were united into one grand system of triangles, reaching from the Sahara (34° N. L.) to the northernmost of the Shetland Islands (61° N. L.), giving a meridian arc of 27°, the greatest hitherto measured on the earth.—*Scientific American.*

Talleyraud's Opinions.

IT was at the time of the Revolution of July, when the political situation was decidedly complicated, that a diplomatist asked Talleyrand one night what was his opinion as to the course of events.

"My opinion?" said Talleyrand, blandly. "Well, I have one opinion in the morning, and another in the afternoon, but I never have an opinion at night."

The response is somewhat in the vein of the assurance to the banker who at the time the Bourse was agitated with conflicting rumors as to the death of George III., went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to pump him.

"All I can tell you," replied Talleyrand to his indiscreet questioner, "is this: Some say he is dead, some say he isn't; but for my part I put no faith in either story. This is confidence, mind! You will be careful not to compromise me in any manner."—*Paris Figaro.*

The Art of Praising.

SOCIETY is divided in its fashion of judging of men, manners and things. There is the habit of approbation, and there is the habit of depreciation, and there is a habit which is due largely to imitation, it is likely to become the general tone of the place where it has once been permitted to dominate. The spirit this habit creates in its victims is a predisposition to disapproval. They go to a millinery opening, to the theater, to an exhibition of pictures, they even enter a church, with an agreeable anticipation, we may say, of disappointment. They are thinking beforehand, "I do not believe it will be worth any thing," and, remaining of that mind, they come away and tell their friends that such is the case.

It is a vulgar mistake to suppose such depreciation to be an attribute of superior minds. Really clever people are the most indulgent ones. He who has mastered any art or accomplishment watches with interest the climbing efforts of others, and does not feel inclined to condemn the failures which he recognizes as steps toward ultimate success; it is left to the careless critic, who knows nothing about the difficulties, to pronounce their efforts worthless. The kindness and patient encouragement are well known with which certain of our distinguished literary men receive the early essays sent to them by unknown aspirants, willing to believe in the presence of wheat in any quantity of chaff.

So, also, in the matter of personal gossip, it is the easiest and cheapest kind of chatter indiscriminately to pick people to pieces behind their backs—a form of mutual intercourse which hardly deserves the name of conversation. Not that it is desirable to exclude the wholesome discussion of character from conversation, for human nature, especially as illustrated in the faults and follies of our friends, will always be a delightful and interesting study; but this may be conducted without any predisposition to depreciate; it is undoubtedly the highest and noblest characters who are the least willing to credit gossiping stories, and most ready to ascribe good motives even to questionable acts. These things go to show that a habit of indulgence is no proof of low tone in society: the question is whether such a habit may be cultivated and grow, or whether it must be allowed to disappear before the deteriorating tendency to undervalue. Shall the friendly minds, who enjoy and admire easily, give in to the practice of finding a "but" after the word of praise which to their lips first comes naturally?

Much, it is true, is due to individual temperament. One child is born not so much with a silver spoon in his mouth, as with a disposition to like his spoon whatever metal it may be made of, while another, from the cradle itself, has the faculty of detecting a flaw in his india-rubber ring. He is to go on his way through life finding everywhere defects and missing excellences. Such a one should be avoided by society as dangerous from contagion, for the habit of depreciation is contagious. In a circle where the key-note of fault-finding has been struck, see how each member adds a detracting word, until the unfortunate subject under comment, be it picture, poem or absent friend, stands a fair chance of being "used up," unless or until a fresh person comes in, of the indulgent sort, and with a word changes the tone. See how the vane goes around at the first breath of amiability—and lo! the same set is praising that blamed before. Praise that is not genuine is, of course, worthless; and nothing is more tedious than a string of flattering phrases that mean nothing. But no more genuine is the snap judgment, the quick decision, after a single glance, that the thing must be bad; the wonderful knack of detecting a fault before the whole has been fairly seen is too fatally regarded as intelligent criticism.

It is as easy to praise honestly as to find fault, if once the mind is "attuned to praise;" for though in our imperfect world nothing is wholly good, nothing is wholly bad. To seek the intention, to go below the surface, to look outside the narrow rim of one's previous impressions, will develop a power of appreciation and a gift of enjoyment worth more than any cheap reputation for acute criticism.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Overawed Gambler.

THE cool, unflinching gaze of a brave man, it is said, will awe a tiger. The statement is perhaps an exaggerated one, but we will tell an incident of a man whose eye awed a human tiger.

Some forty years ago, the citizens of Natchez, aroused by the excesses of the gamblers infesting their city, drove them out, and threatened them with death if they ever returned. Prominent among those citizens were Capt. Quitman, a leading lawyer of Natchez. A month or two later, he and a small band crossed into Texas to aid those who were fighting Santa Anna and his Mexicans. Late one night Quitman arrived at San Augustine, where he found the people overawed by a large gang of gamblers, some of whom had lately come from Natchez. They recognized him and resolved to have revenge. Quitman quartered his men in a large building, while he occupied a room in an adjacent house. He had just taken off his coat, when the door was thrown violently open. A tall, fierce-looking man entered. In his belt was a bowie-knife, and in his right hand he held a pistol. Fortunately, Quitman had not laid aside his belt-pistols, and drawing one he raised it quickly, so that the man was covered by it.

"I know you and you know me," he said, looking the gambler calmly in the eye. "I desire no quarrel with you, but I don't fear you."

The gambler glared at him for a moment, and then, his features relaxing into a smile, said—

"Captain, you're a brave man, and I will be your friend," and he retired, quietly closing the door after him.

A few weeks after, the war being at an end, Capt. Quitman was returning home overland, accompanied only by his negro servant. Crossing a small stream, and mounting the bank, which had dense underwood on both sides, he found two trees felled across the path. Suspecting that he was in a trap, he turned and saw three men, armed with guns, coming up in the rear. He could neither advance nor retreat. Instantly springing to the ground, he drew his pistol, and placed the horse between himself and the robbers. The sharp crack of a rifle behind him, and the rush of the ball over his head, caused him to turn. Seeing the gambler whom he had met at San Augustine galloping his horse at full speed towards him, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. The man, dropping his gun to show that he was not an enemy, approached. Recognizing Quitman, he said:

"Captain, I'm mighty glad I had the chance to serve you. I and my partners were coming this way, and I, being in the advance, saw, as I turned the angle of the path, the situation. Let's see if I hit one of those robbers."

On searching, they found traces of blood, but no signs of the robbers.

Some years after, this gambler was convicted of gambling, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine. Quitman paid one-half of the fine. The gambler, it is said, subsequently reformed, and became an estimable man, respected by all who knew him.—*Youth's Companion.*

Moving Tendencies.

TO BEGIN at the beginning, Adam and Eve moved out of the garden because they didn't comply with the conditions of the lease. It didn't include fruit.

Noah moved his whole family by water, to get out of a bad neighborhood, and found after all that he had taken the worst neighbors with him.

The children of Israel moved out of Egypt between two days with a good deal of their master's property in their gripsacks, an examplo that has been followed by professional gentlemen many times since.

The Pilgrim fathers moved to Plymouth Rock, because they couldn't move the rock to them.

Then the Indians began to move West, because the white man's tenements were held at too expensive rents for them.

And the Chinese began to move East, because they Josstled one another at home.

And the Irish and English, Germans and French, Italian organ-grinders and Russian Mennonites, all began to move over here, because they wanted more land about their houses, and the privilege of owning it themselves.

Thus the moving boom started, and every possible excuse has been invented for moving ever since.

Some people move because they have got furniture that looks well on a load, and wish to stir up the envy of the neighborhood. This doesn't work after about three moves. The furniture doesn't stand up to its good looks.

Occasionally a man moves because he likes the excitement, but not often.

People move away from a neighborhood where there are children because they can't stand the noise, and find their new house backs up against a tin-shop. Serves 'em right.

Quarrelsome people are moved away from only to find other people who not only quarrel but steal the morning paper from the doorstep.

Some folks move because they want more rooms and larger ones, and after they get there find every carpet a yard and a half too small each way.

Some folks move because they want to get into a more fashionable neighborhood, and find that it costs them three times as much to dress as it did in the old place.

Some folks move in order that they may have a garden spot to cultivate, and spend the summer in fighting potato bugs off the front piazza. N. B.—Their bills for "garden sass" are unusually large.

Some families move where there is a plot of grass for a croquet ground, and superinduce a quarrel that ruins the matrimonial prospects of the two older daughters and cause the parish rector to deliberately say "gosh."

Some people move because the mortgagee inserts an advertisement in the paper, and not because they want to.

Some people move to get a cheaper rent, and the first rain storm leaks through the roof and spoils seventy-five dollars' worth of carpets.

Some people move from force of habit. The first of May would seem like January to them, cold and cheerless, if they couldn't follow on behind a load of goods with a lithograph of the ten commandments in one hand and a kerosene lamp in the other.

Last, but not least, if you had paid your rent in the old place you wouldn't be obliged to move.—*New Haven Register.*

Statistics of Cotton.

ACCORDING to the latest reports the great cotton spinning industry embraces throughout the world 71,250,000 spindles, of which 39,500,000 are in Great Britain. The United States have 10,050,000 spindles; France has 5,000,000; Germany, 4,800,000; Russia, 2,860,000; Switzerland, 1,870,000; Austria, 1,800,000; Spain, 1,775,000; Italy, 900,000; Belgium, 800,000; India, 1,275,000; Sweden and Norway, 310,000; Holland, 230,000; Greece, 36,000; and other countries (including Denmark and Portugal), 44,000 spindles. Britain has to every 1,000 of its inhabitants, 1,180 spindles; Switzerland, 675; United States, 218; France, 135; Germany, 108; Spain, 103; Holland, 57; Sweden and Norway, 48; Austria, 42; Russia, 30; Italy, 29.

The "Darwin Jerk."

A NEW method of saluting ladies on the street has lately been adopted by the nobblest swell gentlemen of tender years. It is done in one time and four motions. The hat by a right-hand grasp, is lifted from the head, brought forward on a line with the nose and then suddenly lowered to the pit of the stomach, and then as suddenly the hat is returned to its place, following the same angular route. The head, at the first time, must be bobbed forward about three inches and immediately sprung back to its natural position. The beauty and perfection of this salutation depends upon the rapidity of the execution of its movements. It is known as the "Darwin jerk," because hand-organ monkeys put on and take off their little caps with the same celerity of motion.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Marquis of Huntley has sold the best shooting property in Scotland for $1,165,000.

QUEEN VICTORIA is not in good health nor in good spirits. She suffers much from violent headaches.

THE American show at the Berlin Fish Fair is the subject of admiring comment for its fullness, variety and rarity.

THE French are a thrifty people. Last year 2,000,000 persons of that nation deposited $158,800,000 in the savings banks.

SARAH BERNHARDT has had a quarrel with the Comedie Francaise, and intends to quit the stage and devote herself to painting and sculpture.

GEN. GARIBALDI is to have a charming gift from the Italian colony at Montevideo, in the shape of a miniature steamer of ten tons burden, fitted up elegantly and luxuriantly, and called "The Lion of Caprera."

THE two sons of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor and George, have been promoted to the rank of midshipmen. With this official advancement it is consolatory to know that their pay will be increased from one shilling to one and ninepence a day.

THERE is not a single Catholic in the present House of Commons as the representative of a British constituency, but there are nine or ten Quakers, including two ministers of the denomination. Two centuries ago a Friend was at the bar of the Commons adjudged guilty of blasphemy and sentenced to be branded, burned, flogged and imprisoned, and it is less than half a century since the first Quaker member obtained his seat.

THE Sovereign Count of Erbach-Erbach, who claims descent from Charlemagne's daughter Emma and her midnight lover, Eginhard, has offered his hand to a gardener's daughter, Fraulein Luck, of Bessungen, near Darmstadt. His Highness's imperial ancestress, whose stone coffin, in which she and her lowly-born consort were interred together nearly eleven centuries ago, is preserved in the venerable castle of Erbach to the present day, set her descendants an example, by herself contracting a morganatic marriage, which they have not proved amiss in following.

MR. GLADSTONE'S eldest son has been returned for East Worcestershire in which the large Lyttleton estates lie. The late Lord Lyttleton was Mr. Gladstone's brother-in-law, being married to the second daughter and co-heiress with Mrs. Gladstone of the late Sir Stephen Glyn. This eldest son of Mr. Gladstone, who was a Lord of the Treasury during his father's administration, is profoundly stupid, and could with difficulty obtain his degree at Oxford. The fourth son, Herbert, who was defeated at Middlesex, but who will be returned in his father's stead for Leeds, is especially bright, and is likely to make his mark in the House.

Topsy-Turvy Time.

HE must be a deep psychological student, or a person with an intuitive knowledge of The Sex, who can really tell whether or not the average American woman likes "house-cleaning" time. The social satirist boldly insinuates that she dotes on it. The paragraphist of the period levels at her his perennial jokes. Unfeeling men everywhere ruffle the tempers of their wives by saying, with a lift of the eyebrows and a curl to the lip that are more hateful than even the words—"And yet she is not happy!"

The average man persists in holding to the notion that house-cleaning is a needless nuisance—a mere housekeeper's device for turning things topsy-turvy, creating a necessity for new carpets and curtains, turning the furniture around, and hanging the pictures in different positions. He often says, in the severe and conclusive manner characteristic of a man who doesn't know what he is talking about, but has nevertheless very decided opinions, that if *he* were in charge, he should have the house kept so clean all the time that there would be no necessity for a semi-annual reign of disorder and grand carnival of dirt and discomfort. With men so aggravating, it is no wonder that the women settle to the unescapable job of removing their environment, as Joseph Cook would say, with a spirit and vim that lend color to the charge of real enjoyment.

The annual raid was begun a little later than usual this year, owing to the backward way in which Nature has come forward; but it is at last fairly under way. The verandas and back-yards bear unmistakable evidence that the campaign has opened. The bare windows, the gaping doors, the cluttered halls, the puckered brows crowned with handkerchief turbans, all tell that "cl'arin'-up time" has come. The dull strokes of the patient carpet-beaters echo in unbroken succession across the land, as Webster said the British drum-beat rolled round the world in the pathway of the sun. Men furtively slide out of their houses at lunch or dinner-time, wearing upon their countenances the unmistakable "cold-bite" look so inseparable from the period. The smell of suds is in the air. Clouds of dust make "the sunlight hateful." The spirit of discomfort is everywhere rampant.

Everywhere, did we say? Not quite. For here and there a woman has learned the art of house-cleaning. She begins with one or two rooms—no more than she can tear up, clean, and settle in one day, without hurry or confusion. She employs good strong help, and neither uses herself up at unusual labors for which she is not fitted, nor demoralizes her regular servants by putting upon them double duty. Saving five dollars in help, to pay twenty to the doctor, is a very common form of domestic economy, but it doesn't pay. The sensible house-keeper will not crowd the season. It requires four weeks of sunshine and warm weather to take the winter chill out of the air, and make it safe to let the fires go out. She therefore makes haste slowly, and disturbing the family life as little as possible puts the house in "apple-pie order" from garret to cellar. May her race multiply and spread, until the dread and the dreadfulness are taken out of the spring revel!—*Golden Rule.*

Our Young Folks.

LOST.

PAPA has lost his baby!
Where has his baby gone?
A ship went sailing seaward;
Has she been smuggled on?

Papa has lost his baby!
Where can his baby be?
Perhaps some wind has caught her
And whisked her up a tree.

Papa has lost his baby,
His baby's pretty laugh,
And all that broken prattle,
He understood but half.

What has become of baby?
Does anybody know?
What cruel thing induced her
To leave her papa so?

Why, she's become a lady,
A lady very grand,
With all the airs and graces
Of any in the land.

She don't care any longer
To sit in papa's lap;
Why, she has walked a fortnight,
And met with no mishap.

She don't want any riding,
To-day, on papa's knee;
To see her feign importance,
You'd think her some grandee.

So papa's lost his baby—
He feels it every hour;
But then you know it's certain
The bud must grow a flower.

That's what's become of baby,
Of papa's baby dear:
She's grown to be a lady,
And it's very, very queer.

—*Rev. W. W. Halloway, Jr., in N. Y. Independent.*

Play Gently, Boys!

WHILE waiting for a lady ou whom I called the other day, to come in, I looked through a photograph-album which was lying upon the table.

The face of a young lad was so bright and happy, I looked at it a long time. The eye was large and very clear, the brow broad and smooth. It was just one of those faces that go with a pleasant manner and a voice with a cheery ring in it. When the lady came in I turned back to it and asked if he were her son. The quick tears and the trembling of her lip gave me the sad answer before she spoke a word.

At length she told me all about it, and I will write it for you:

He was a bright and a good boy, always cheerful, pleasant and obedient, and so was very happy himself and made his parents very happy.

One bright summer day, he, with some mates, was playing croquet under the trees, when the first school-bell rang. The mother was sitting by the window, and saw them quickly put away the mallets and hasten to school. Willie looked up and gave her a smile and nod as he passed the window. And she wondered within herself if it were a mother's love that made him look so handsome and so noble to her, or if he were really the finest-looking boy of all. And then she thought of all his goodness and love, and what a blessing he was now to his parents, and what a staff and comfort he would be in the old age that was creeping on them.

She did not see him again until he came to tea. He did not eat much—indeed there is not much to eat in a country *tea*, only bread in some form, butter, some little relish, and a bit of cake. He went out after it and lay down in the hammock under a tree, and it was nearly dark before he came in. Then he said:

"Somehow, I feel very tired, and my head aches. I'll go to bed."

"You have played too hard this hot day, haven't you?"

"I expect so. When I came out of school some of the fellows were playing toss-and-pitch, and a little stone one of them threw hit my head, and it made me blind a minute; then it didn't hurt any, but it aches worse and worse."

The mother examined the head, but could find no bump, so bathed it all. He smiled wearily, kissed her, and went to sleep. How little, rather how not-at-all, she dreamed it was her darling boy's last—*last* kiss!

She told his father and he went up, but Willie was asleep, and the father thought he would be "all right in the morning," and went out.

About an hour after, the mother went up. He was tossing and turning, and rocking his head, with a low moan, moan, moan. As she looked, a slight spasm passed over his face. She sent at once for a physician. Soon the dear child was in fearful spasms, and before midnight he was dead.

The bone back of and near the ear was fractured by that tiny stone.

I was told this more than a year ago, and last week a lady from another town told me of two brothers playing snow-ball, and one threw a bit of ice that struck the other behind the ear, and he lived but twelve hours.

So I write in warning to happy, playful boys, and close as I began—*Play gently.—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in N. Y. Observer.*

How Tommy Tingle Ran Away.

"COME, Tommy, I want you to rock the cradle." Of course Tommy Tingle did not hear his mother's call, for he did not move.

"Tommy, do you hear me? I want you to rock the baby to sleep." Some evil spirit passed by at that moment, and left ugly marks on Tommy Tingle's face.

"Ye-es, I hear," he drawled.

"Well, come at once. Baby is crying, and I must finish this work before supper."

Another evil spirit came along, and I think he must have been Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land, for as Tommy turned into the house he knew something about him which ought to be calm and quiet was getting into a fearfully ruffled condition. How that "something" did boil and bubble and rage and dash and tear about, just like an angry little brook after it has fallen over a great rock.

Just as Tommy touched the cradle the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land made another wild dash into the something, and in an instant it—well, it "slopped over."

"I don't see why a fellow can't be let alone. Don't want to be rocking babies and doing things all the time." Another turn by the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer, and then another "slop over."

"I won't stand it! I'll run away! I've had enough of rocking babies, and bringing in wood and coal, and doing things, and I'll go away from them!"

And so the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land continued to stir the "something" in Tommy Tingle, and the "something" continued to "slop over" until there was a pretty mess of it.

At last the baby was fast asleep, and Tommy Tingle grasped his hat and—ran away. He rushed down the street like a wind-sprite, taking no notice of anything or anybody, until suddenly he found himself in a crowd gathered about the Opera House.

"Hullo! what's this?"

"See that rope stretched across the street?" said a street urchin at Tommy's elbow. "Yes," replied Tommy.

"Well, the man what shows trained birds in the Opera House to-night's goin' to give us a free show here in a minute." "Going to walk that rope?" asked Tommy.

"No, sir. Big bird goin' to wheel little bird 'cross the street on that rope in that little cart you see up there. There's the beauty."

Up from the crowd a long pole appeared, on which a little bird was raised to a perch that was underneath and attached to the "cart." Down went the pole, and soon it was seen again bearing a larger bird, which stepped clumsily from the pole to the rope. Taking a step or two, the large bird stretched its neck, and, taking hold of the "cart" with its beak, proceeded to push the tiny vehicle across the street on the rope-track. Half way across, and the bird-coachman seemed to lose his temper. Surely, something did not go smoothly, for the bird made a queer noise—a bird's way of "stopping over," perhaps—the cart tipped, and then was seen dangling from the rope wrong side up. Up came the pole again and took everything back to the starting point, and the second trial was successful. The crowd moved away, and in a few moments Tommy found himself at the gate of his own home again.

"Why, see here, Tommy Tingle!" said he to himself, "what are you here for? You've run away. Forgot *all about it*, thinkin' of that bird-show. Guess I'll wait now until to-morrow. It's most night, and I haven't time to find a place to stay, anyway."

A few hours later Tommy Tingle was in dreamland. He was running away. He did not know where he would go, or how he would get there; nor did he care much, if he could only find a place where boys are not asked to rock babies, or to bring in wood and coal, or to "do things." Away he went as fast as he could run, and the next thing he really *did* know he was being dragged through a crowd by a man who carried a long pole, and a moment later he was caught on the pole at the collar of his coat, and raised to a rope that was stretched across the street. There he stood on the rope, leaning against the building.

"Hullo! it's you, is it?" The voice came from a sort of wheelbarrow that rested on the rope before him, and peering into his face were the sauey eyes of a street urchin.

"Do you know what you're up here for?" asked the urchin.

"No, I *don't!*" said Tommy.

"You've got to wheel me across the street."

"Oh, I never can do it! I can't walk a rope."

"You've got to. Old Poley's *your* master now."

"Start, youngster!" came from the man with the pole.

"Oh, sir, I can't do it!" sobbed Tommy.

"Yes, you *can* do it. Start, I say."

And Tommy started. He walked a few feet, and then the crowd yelled and hooted, the band played "When Johnnie comes marching home," and Tommy's tears blinded him so that he missed his footing, and—there he lay, wide awake in his warm bed at home.

"I'm glad I'm here. I'm glad that was just a dream. I guess I've run away enough."

And Tommy Tingle turned over for another nap.—*William N. Burr, in S. S. Times.*

Fijian Burial Customs.

AT the meeting of the Anthropological Institute, General Lane Fox presiding, a paper by the Rev. Lorimer Fison, entitled "Notes on Fijian Burial Customs," was read. The author observed that there was no uniformity of funeral customs in Fiji. The strangling of widows, however, was everywhere practiced in order that they might be buried with their husbands. In some cases ladies of rank volunteered to offer themselves for strangulation, but generally it was practiced on the "watina kalai" or "little wives." The operation was, in most cases, performed by the wife's brother, who is treated subsequently with marked respect by the husband's kinsfolk. In some parts of the island the death of the chief was kept a profound secret in order to save his goods from plunder, in supposed accordance with a communistic notion which prevailed in those parts of the Fijian group. The idea also existed among a certain class of the natives that it was not until decomposition had made considerable progress that the body of the dead man was fairly done with. With many of the tribes not only the fact of death, but subsequently the burial-place of their chief, was kept a profound secret, lest those whom he had injured during his lifetime should dig up, dishonor and even eat his body. The general plan of sepulture appeared, according to Mr. Fison's description, to be that of a cave, in which the body was frequently placed before life was extinct, but which was not closed up until the person was supposed to be dead. In some parts stone coffins were used, and in one particular island a mausoleum was erected to be subsequently covered with clean sea sand. The author mentioned several customs which were based on the hypothesis that the dead man's spirit was ferried over the river or the sea. Moreover, nearly all the customs were based on the assumption that the departed spirit would return to annoy his old enemies if means were not taken by securing his body to prevent it.—*London Standard.*

THERE is a man at Luray, Va., who became convinced when young that kissing was wicked because Christ was betrayed with a kiss. He has been married twenty years, and is the father of eleven children, but has never kissed his wife or one of his offspring.

Coloring Butter.

THERE are several methods employed by old and experienced dairymen for preparing annatto for coloring butter, only a few of which space will permit us to give here. Melt about, say, a pound of butter, so that the heavy part may sink to the bottom, and pour the light clear fat on the top into another dish. Into the fat poured off, put a piece of annatto, about the size of a walnut, wrapped up in a linen cloth, and place the vessel again over the fire. The coloring matter strains through the cloth, and turns the butter brown-red, when it should be allowed to cool off. When the butter is to be colored, some of this is melted, salted and mixed very carefully into the butter after washing. The quantity to be mixed will depend on the shade of color the maker wishes to impart to his butter, and a little practice soon enables him to take the right quantity. Great care should, of course, be taken to work the butter thoroughly, as, if streaked or marbled, it will, most probably, fetch a lower price in the market than it would if uncolored. The better way is to use the annatto in the cream, and then during the process of churning, it becomes perfectly incorporated with the mass and gives an even shade throughout the butter without any trouble. A simple recipe for cutting the annatto for this purpose is as follows: Dissolve a half pound of concentrated potash in five quarts of water, by heating and stirring. Pour off the lye from the sediment, add one pound of the best annatto and dissolve it. Boil gently for twenty-five minutes, by placing the mixture in a kettle surrounded by water, so as to prevent scorching or burning. Then let the mixture settle; rack it off, and strain through a fine cloth, and bottle for use. By measuring the quantity of cream and the proportion of annatto for the desired shade, a uniform color for different churnings may be obtained. When the annatto is cut by an alkali, like potash, the coloring sometimes gives a slight reddish tinge to the butter, while it is claimed that annatto prepared in the following manner produces a golden hue: Take two ounces of best basket annatto and dissolve it in a quart of soft, cold, water. It should be shaken well in order that the annatto may be thoroughly dissolved; then strain the liquid through a cloth, and add a teacupful of any good dairy salt, and put the liquid in a bottle for use. To make a golden yellow, one teaspoonful of the liquid to six quarts of cream is added to the cream at the commencement of churning.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Unique Musical Exhibition.

A UNIQUE and interesting exhibition of a musical character is announced to take place at the Old South Church. It is one which has the commendation of written testimonials from many eminent persons resident in or near Paris, and of several resident in New York. In these two cities only has the exhibition thus far been made. The instrument on which the music is performed is composed of twenty-seven pieces of rough flint stone of various sizes and weights, and of irregular shape. These are suspended from a frame or horizontal bar by bits of stout twine, each stone being fastened in such manner that it hangs balanced. These stones are sonorous, and the notes which they severally yield, when struck with a piece of metal or other hard substance, conform to the chromatic scale and enable the skillful musician who performs upon them to play any tune with very charming effect. In this there would be nothing extraordinary had the stones been subjected to any manipulation; but they are all in that precise rough state in which they were found in the chalk beds of France, where they were deposited in one of the geological periods. Hence this present combination as a musical instrument has received the appellation of "the geological piano" and their melodies are called "prehistoric music." The gentleman who collected and now exhibits them is Monsieur H. Bandre. He gathered them in the course of twenty-four years' persevering search, in which he tested and rejected thousands as failing to produce when struck the desired musical note. As already remarked, the exhibition is unique, having no precedent, and unlikely to find repetition. Prof. J. S. Newberry, of the Geological Department of Columbia College, writes: "The use of sonorous stones for the production of musical sounds is a novelty to our civilization, but in all probability the resonance of sonorous stones constituted all the music of the man of the stone age, so that yours, while it is the latest form devised of musical instrument, is specially interesting as perhaps but a modification of the very first."

Waste in Feeding Inferior Stock.

IN discussing the subject of waste in feeding a Western writer makes a strong point in favor of breeding good stock by affirming it as "a well settled fact that a large per cent. of the food of poorly bred stock is utterly wasted. Only well bred stock of any kind have a good capacity for assimilating their food. When a given quantity of feed may with confidence be relied upon to make ten pounds of beef, pork, etc., when fed to well bred stock, it is a fact of all experience that when fed to poorly bred animals it will fall a large per cent. short of that number of pounds. The difference, as already stated, lies in the widely different capacity to assimilate and digest. So it is seen that the laws of breeding lie at the bottom of the matter. Farmers and stock men, when considering the matter of stock on the farm should consider whether it is their interest to be content with that class of low bred stock which certainly results in farm waste. Especially so when with a good animal they can soon bring up their stock to high grades. A good one at the head of the herd may cost a hundred or two dollars, but not half so much as the usual annual waste of food and time."

"I AM always cool," was the boastful remark of Robinson; "I never forget myself." And with one voice the boys said, "No, we never knew you to." And a sweet smile lighted with heavenly effulgence every face.—*Boston Transcript.*

HOME AND FARM.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt if butter is not used, one tablespoonful of shortening, one tablespoonful of sugar, Graham to make batter like Johnny-cake.

SALLY LUNN.—One pint flour, butter half the size of an egg, one teacup milk, one egg, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cream-tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Bake twenty minutes.

TO USE STALE BREAD.—Soak the bread in hot water until soft; when cold add two eggs, half a cup of sweet cream, one teaspoon of soda, a little salt and flour to make a stiff batter like fritters. Fry in hot lard or boil in water. To be eaten with sirup or whatever liked.

BROWN BREAD.—Three and a half cups Graham flour, two cups of Indian meal, two-thirds of a cup of sirup, one pint of milk, one pint of water, (or if you have not plenty of milk use all water,) one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of salt. Steam four hours. It is excellent.

CLEANING STOVES OF ASHES.—To clean a stove hearth of ashes after coal-cinders and ashes have been removed from the pan, do not use a brush or broom, as that makes a dust. But take a woolen cloth, or even a "worn-out" cotton stocking, or piece of woven underwear stuff, and wipe off the hearth.

GINGER SNAPS.—One even cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, two cups of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and two of soda. Any spice liked and flour to roll out. Put all but flour into a clean pan and boil five minutes. Then remove from fire and at once begin to add flour. Work as rapidly as possible and bake in a quick oven.

GERMAN TRIFLE.—Put one quart of strawberries, or any other fresh fruit, in the bottom of a glass dish; sugar the fruit, cover it with a layer of macaroons, pour over it a custard made with one quart of milk and the yolks of seven eggs, well beaten; sweeten to your taste; when cold place on the top the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with a little sugar.

TO CLEANSE COTTON GOODS.—Add to hot rain water an amount of wheat bran equal to one-eighth of the fabric to be cleansed, and after stirring well for five minutes, add the goods; stir them about with a clean stick and bring the article to a boil. Allow the mixture to cool until the goods can be washed out, after which rinse them well.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one small cup of butter, two even cupfuls of sifted flour, whites of twelve eggs, juice of one lemon. Cream the butter, then add the sugar, stirring until very light. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth. Add the flour to the butter and sugar, then the whites of eggs and stir all to even lightness. Bake in small square tins. Rose water may be used for flavoring the icing.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Cut the chicken up, stew in a pan of water until done; then make a thickening of cream or rich milk and flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Have ready baked a pair of shortcakes, made as for pie-crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. Lay the crusts on a dish and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. This is a delicious substitute for chicken pie.

RAGOUT OF BEEF.—One and a half pounds of beef, either round or neck; cut the meat in pieces two inches square, brown it in either butter or drippings enough to keep it from burning; add a tablespoonful of flour, and when the flour is brown the meat must be covered with boiling water; then season with pepper and salt. Let it cook slowly until tender. The water is to be replenished as it boils away.

SKIMMED MILK is best given to young chicks when it is sweet and mixed with corn-meal in the form of mush, or with bread steeped in it. Otherwise the milk should be curdled, heated, and the curd separated and given by itself. The peculiar structure of the fowl's stomach, of which the gizzard is a portion, makes hard food, to some extent, indispensable; mushy food is never healthful for poultry of any kind; on this account milk is admissible only in small quantities, and very seldom, except in the shape of dry curd.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Select about two dozen of good asparagus stalks; boil these thoroughly in enough water to cover them; a quarter of an onion boiled with the asparagus is an improvement; when tender, take the asparagus out of the water, saving the water, and removing the onion; cut the asparagus into small pieces, of course only the tender part, and put them in a mortar, adding a little of the water; must be pounded until perfectly smooth; now take some sifted flour, a dessertspoonful, a bit of butter as big as an egg, and a very little pulverized sugar; mix well, and then put on the fire until it melts, stirring all the time; add this to the pounded asparagus and the rest of the water; when it has boiled a few minutes, mix the yelk of one egg with a tumblerful of cream, and add this; if properly made, it wants no straining; use salt and pepper to taste, and a very little nutmeg; one stalk of asparagus may be left, which may be cut in thir slices, and added last.

The Chinese Emperor's Tree.

WHEN Chuntche, the founder of the present or Tsing dynasty, ascended the throne of China he planted a tree in the courtyard of the temple called Tanchessn, which is situated in the hills a short distance west of Pekin. It is believed that the ruling family will remain in power so long as this tree exists. At present it shows no signs of decay, and has apparently a long life before it; but there is a still more extraordinary superstition attached to it. Saplings sprout out periodically from the root, and with the death of each Prince one withers away, while a fresh one appears in honor of the new Emperor. Each sapling bears the same relation to the individual Prince that the tree does to the dynasty; and not unnaturally the Emperor for the time being watches with considerable anxiety the growth of his particular sapling. The tree is named "The Emperor's Tree," and it may be worthy of noting that the sapling of the present Emperor is said to be extremely vigorous and flourishing.

WITH respect to Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ, the Russian savant, M. Stephaul, has expressed opinions which have attracted considerable attention in Germany. The learned academician by no means disputes the great antiquity of many of the individual objects unearthed by Dr. Schliemann, but he holds that the remains include objects belonging to very different eras of history. He is of opinion that the tombs originated with the barbarians who invaded Greece in the third century B. C., and made the citadel of Agamemnon one of the chief centers of their dominion. Here he believes they buried their chiefs, and decorated the tombs partly with such relics of an earlier date as had fallen into their hands, and partly with ornamental objects produced in their own times.

M. SACCARDO, of Padua, has made public the results of his experiments on modifying the color of flowers. By mingling iron filings with the soil in which hortensias are planted, these flowers assume a blue color. As regards flowers already cut, by dipping pinks in a solution of aniline or cosine, the pistils and the petals will gradually turn into a brilliant blue; if the flowers are white; into violet, if red; into green, if yellow. Camellias and chrysanthemums undergo the same modification. If a bulb of the latter be dipped into a solution of cosine and afterward planted, the plant will live for several days and produce flowers of the colors already mentioned.

"YES," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What," exclaimed the Judge—"how could that be?" "Please your Honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DURING March, 83 vessels left the Mersey with 13,363 passengers. Of these, 12,167 went to the United States, 812 to British North America, 170 to South America, 28 to Australia, 67 to the East Indies, 21 to the West Indies, 62 to China and 36 to the west coast of Africa. The nationalities of the emigrants were: English, 5,053; Scotch, 82; Irish, 2,287; foreign, 5,614.

THE daughter of a Shrewsbury (Eng.) farmer went to the pantry to get a loaf of bread that had been baked eight days before. As she carried it she was considerably alarmed, as most young women would be, to see first one mouse and then another leap from the loaf. On cutting it open, a cozy nest was found in the center, and in the nest were fourteen little mice.

PARADISE is where parents are always young and the children always little.

THE baby elephant lately arrived in Philadelphia will be christened Sara Toga, on account of its big trunk.

The Stubborn Convinced.

In writing of Warner's Safe Remedies, the *Sentinel*, Woodsport, N. Y., has the following: "That these possess all the remedial qualities claimed for them is a matter beyond dispute; bona fide testimonials by the thousand from well-known citizens in public and private life, are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter, that they are the best medicines for diseases for which recommended, ever yet known to the public or the physician.

Catarrh Sometimes

Commences with a cold, but its cure *always* commences with the use of Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This old, reliable, and well-known remedy has stood the test of years, and was never more popular than now.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

CONSOLATION is always found in the Dictionary. Piso's Cure for Consumption is found at all drug stores.

THE genuine Frazer Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world, and we believe it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

NIGHT SWEATS, cough, emaciation and decline prevented by Malt Bitters.

GET C. Gilbert's Linen Starch and try it.

SAN FRANCISCO is opening up a large business by shipping live-stock to the Sandwich Islands.

ON A BASE-BALLIST.

John Smith is dead. That fine young man
We'll never see no more;
He was a member of our club
Since 1868.

His private virtues were immense,
His manners free and bluff;
He wore a paper collar
And was never known to muff.

His nose was Roman and his eyes
Continually were peeled;
He made a splendid umpire
And beautiful left field.

Though not a matrimonial man,
He dearly loved a match,
And, like his sister, had but few
Superiors on the "catch."

But he is gone. With ins and outs
Forever he is done.
He broke his heart and burst his spleen
In making a home run.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

THERE is a young woman nineteen years old in Trinity County, Cal., who has never seen a wagon, yet she is accomplished, being a good housekeeper, writer, singer and conversationalist. She is not blind, but lives in the lower part of the county, far away from the traveled roads.

THEY were four Brooklyn (N. Y.) hobbledehoys of from fourteen to eighteen years, they had been studious readers of the flash story papers and dime novels, and they decided to go West and have adventures. But there was a difficulty in the way; they had no money. After consultation they resolved to procure the necessary funds as some of the heroes of their favorite stories had done, to-wit, by turning robber. Accordingly they ran away from home, took possession of an old stable which had the name in the neighborhood of being haunted, elected the oldest boy Captain, and entered upon the practice of their new profession. But things didn't turn out as they had done in the stories. The law, in the person of an unromantic policeman, got its eye on them, and now all four are locked up, and the Western adventures indefinitely postponed.

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

VEGETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, MISS., June 5, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes* and *General Debility*. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very resp'y,

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being *blind*, and I have no doubt saved her life.

Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Nov. 15, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with *such benefit*.

Yours truly,

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BITTERS

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PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

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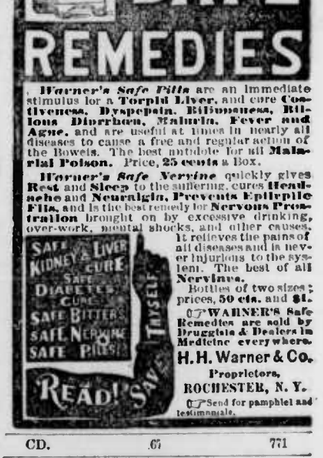

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☞ Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

CD. .65 771

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, it being No. 3 Judicials to July term, 1880, of said court, being in a case wherein Johnson King is plaintiff and Zaccens Gibson is defendant I, the undersigned, George D. White, Sheriff of Garrett county, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, on the 10th day of May, 1880, all of the hereinafter described real and personal property, and all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Zaccens Gibson in and to the same. And I, the said George D. White, Sheriff as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will offer at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash,

On TUESDAY, the 22d day of June, 1880,

in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, all of the following property so seized and levied upon as aforesaid, to-wit:

All that lot or tract of land known and designated by its original metes and bounds as Military Lot No. 173, containing fifty acres of land, more or less, situated in district No. 7, about 2 miles south-east of Oakland and which is partially improved by a small frame house, it being the same lot of land that was heretofore sold by the said Johnson King to the said Zaccens Gibson. Also fifty-three cross-ties on said land.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

GEO. D. WHITE,
my29-ts Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, in the case wherein Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, is complainant and Jesse W. Chaney is defendant, being No. 16 on said equity docket, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale on the premises, at the residence of Jesse W. Chaney, in Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, the 12th day of June, 1880,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all those lots and parcels of land situated in Garrett county, and which are particularly described in two deeds, the first from A. C. Good and wife to Joseph Dilley, dated March 27, 1863, the second from Jno. J. Stottler and wife to said Joseph Dilley, dated September 11, 1870, both of which are recorded amongst the land records of Allegany county, Md., reference to which being had will fully appear.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by decree:—One-fourth cash and the balance in six and twelve months from day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds satisfactory to trustee.

J. FRANK SEISS,
my22-tds Trustee.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 419.

AN ACT to repeal and re-enact with Amendments Section Nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," so as to empower the Clerk to the County Commissioners to administer oaths in certain cases.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That Section nineteen of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of 1878, entitled "An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett County," be, and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments, so as to read as follows:

SEC. 19. The said Clerk is hereby authorized and empowered to administer an oath or affirmation to any person or persons presenting a claim to said Commissioners against said county; to any person or persons filing any paper with said Commissioners to which an affidavit is required by law, and to any person or persons who are to be examined as witnesses in any matter before said Commissioners, for which services the said Clerk shall not be entitled to make any charge, the same being hereby made a part of his official duty as Clerk, and said Clerk shall be entitled to such compensation as shall be fixed by the said Commissioners not exceeding four hundred dollars for any one year.

And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
my8-3 Secretary of the Senate.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, practicing under the style of Peddicord & Gonder, vs. John Fox.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 73. Trials to May Term, 1880.

ORDERED, this 6th day of May, 1880, by the circuit court for Garrett county, that the sale of the real estate of John Fox, as mentioned in the report of James S. Johnson, constable, under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias mentioned in said report and issued on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1879, and to the said James S. Johnson, directed by Alexander L. Osbourn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Thomas J. Peddicord and Andrew B. Gonder, partners practicing law under the firm name of Peddicord & Gonder, against Jno. Fox, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 1st day of June, 1880.

W. MOTTER.

True Copy—Test—
my8-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 10th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

AND, WHEREAS, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appoint ment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2 *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
my0-t3 Secretary of the Senate.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. W. VEITCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Jan. 30-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
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Dr. Singleton Townshend
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

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JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the
ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address
"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

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Drop in and take a look at a
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Printing Office,
YOU WILL BE
WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686.* Height, 73 In.; Depth, 24 In.; Length, 50 In. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The ocean shines no where but it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unprovided by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

NEW EDITION.

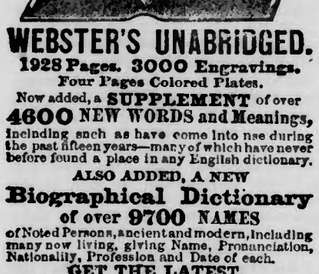

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Now added, a **SUPPLEMENT** of over **4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,** including such as have come into use during the past fifteen years—many of which have never before found a place in any English dictionary.
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Only English Dictionary containing a Biographical Dictionary.—this gives the Name with Pronunciation, Nation, Profession and Date of over 9700 persons.
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WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

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MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,
Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the
BUTCHERING BUSINESS
in a first-class manner.
FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.
☞ Shop near the Post Office.
Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
SURVEYOR,
Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A. M. Jarrett, D.D.S.,
will be at Oakland every six months.
Nitrous oxide gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.
Artificial teeth warranted to be neat and substantial.
Fine artistic gold filling a specialty.
Address, Grafton, W. Va. oct23-y

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.
For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!
A First-Class Country Store.
CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.
Feb. 11-3m

$1500 To $600 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je 14y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.21 P. M.
No. 5	6.51 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale
OF
VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85. 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518. 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.
TERMS CASH on day of sale.
The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.
Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of
CUSTOM WORK,
such as
Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,
at short notice
☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.
SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886. NUMBER 16.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

L. BUSH & SON. GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Third & Oak sts.

J A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

C. C. MICHAEL, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Notions, Clocks, Confectionery, etc., Next to Caddington's Hotel.

RICHARDSON BROS., GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Canned Goods Fruit etc.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

HOTELS.

CODDINGTON'S HOTEL, W. M. CODDINGTON, Prop'tor, Main St., Opposite Jamison's Billiard Saloon

LIVERY STABLE.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offatt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1886.

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The tragedy of Calvary has come to its close, and the form of the Nazarene hangs dead upon his cross. While the disciples hide in fear, the noble Arimathean, Joseph, goes boldly into Pilate's presence, asks for the body of the Crucified, and lays it tenderly in his own new, rock-hewn tomb. The stone is rolled over the door, and, by command of the governor, stamped with the official seal, while a band of soldiers take their station around it, so that none may bear the body away. For thirty hours they watch, while Jerusalem keeps the feast, and while the followers of Jesus in secret weep over the ruin of all their hopes. The first Sunday morning after the passover begins to dawn, when suddenly the tomb is rent asunder by an earthquake, and an angel descends to herald the rising, as angels had heralded the birth of the world's Redeemer. The events of the forty days preceding the resurrection are briefly sketched by the evangelist, whose aim was not to give a detailed history of the events, but to meet the calumnies of the Jewish leaders. We see the mingled amazement, joy and doubt that fill the minds of the disciples during the week after the first news of the resurrection. We are led to the mountain in Galilee, where to many hundreds of his followers the risen Lord appears, and receives their glad homage. He proclaims the universal dominion of his cause, and sends his disciples forth over the world to proclaim his Gospel, and to baptize the nations in his name, promising his presence with them during all the ages of human history. There the record of Matthew ends. It is left for other evangelists to present the picture of Jesus on the heights of Olivet, with outstretched hands blessing his disciples, and ascending to sit upon his Father's throne.

Matt. 28. 8-20.

Memory Verses, 16-20.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held him by the feet, and worshiped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

12 And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers,

13 Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept.

14 And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you.

15 So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

16 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

17 And when they saw him, they worshiped him: but some doubted.

18 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth.

19 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

20 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

HOME READINGS.

M. The news of the resurrection. Mark 16. 1-20.
Tu. The appearance to Mary. John 20. 1-18.
W. The walk to Emmaus. Luke 24, 13-35.
Th. The rebuke to Thomas. John 20. 19-31.
F. The charge to Peter. John 21. 1-25.
S. The Ascension. Acts 1. 1-12.
S. After the resurrection. Matt. 28. 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen. Matt. 28. 20.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives; he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A JOYFUL MEETING, v. 8-10; John 20. 20.
Where was the meeting? Between whom? v. 1, 2.
What word did they carry to the disciples?
Whom did they meet?
What were the words of the risen Saviour?
How did his words show love and sympathy?
How did the women receive him?
How should we follow their example?
By what name did he call his disciples?

2. A WEAK DEVICE, v. 11-15; 1 Cor. 15-17.
What news came to the rulers, and how?
What did they decide to do?
What would have been a better plan? Acts 3. 19.
How do the Jews account for the resurrection of Jesus?
How do we know that he rose from the dead?
Why is his resurrection an important fact? 1 Cor. 15. 17.

3. A GLORIOUS COMMISSION, v. 16-20; Mark 16. 15-20.
Where did the disciples go, and for what purpose?
How many saw him? 1 Cor. 15. 5.
How did they feel when they saw him? John 20. 20.
What did Jesus say concerning his power?
How is this declared in Phil. 2. 9-11?
What is meant by "teach all nations?" [Ans. Make all disciples of Jesus.]
In whose name were they to baptize?
What were they to teach?

4. A PRECIOUS ASSURANCE, v. 20; Heb. 13. 5, 6.
To whom was this assurance given?
How may we know that it was given to us also?
Why is it precious?
How did Paul find it fulfilled? Phil. 4. 19.
What took place soon after this assurance? Acts 1. 9.
What did the disciples do? Mark 16. 20.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That we have a living Saviour? 2. That we have a mighty Saviour? 3. That we have a perfect Saviour?

Remarkable Dreams.

When we come to the supernatural dreams, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, we tread on dangerous ground and must be cautious, for skeptics have eyes like the eagle, weapons of opposition keen and sharp-edged, and are as jealous and solicitous about the uniformity of nature's laws as a lover of his mistress. It must be frankly admitted that powers and influences of a natural kind may be at work in producing dreams of which we are ignorant, but which may some day be discovered by the ever bright eyeing eye of science. But provisionally, at all events, we must claim for some dreams a higher origin. By such dreams as these, great and crushing evils have been avoided, the innocent spared, and the guilty detected. Some years, ago, it is related, a peddler was murdered in the north of Scottland, and the crime remained a long time a mystery. At length a man came forward and declared that he had a dream in which there was shown to him a spot near the house where was buried the pack of the murdered man, and on search being made the pack was actually found near the spot. At first it was thought that the dreamer was himself the murderer, but the man who had been accused confessed the crime and said that the dreamer knew nothing of the crime. It turned out that the murderer and the dreamer had been drinking together for several days a short time after the murder. It has been suggested, as a possible solution that the murderer allowed statements to escape him while under the influence of drink which had been recalled to the other in his dream, although he had not the slightest remembrance of them in his sober moments.

Several years ago the newspapers were filled with the details of a horrible murder, of which the facts, related from memory, seem to be these: Mrs. Martin, the wife of a farmer, was in a terrible distress because her daughter Maria was missing. It was feared she had been murdered by her sweetheart in a fit of jealousy and hidden away. For a long time no trace of the body could be found. At length the mother had a dream, in which it was related to her that the corpse of her child had been buried under the barn floor. This proved to be the case; the body was discovered and the murderer detected. The mother of a medical student dreamed that her son had got into some serious trouble in London and could not rest till she left her home in Midland county and sought him. To her sorrow the dream was painfully varified, and the consequences might have been serious if she had not arrived in time. A barrister of great penetration relates the story of a lady who dreamt that a railroad guard was killed in a collision. She described the man and the circumstances so faithfully that there was no difficulty in identifying the guard, who was actually killed the same night in a lamentable accident, as the man she saw in the dream. The lady rarely left home, and the guard was quite unknown to her.

A lady of our acquaintance about to change her habitation was in her sleep an exact picture of her future home, and from her dream alone could recognize the rooms and passages. We tried to account to this to her by saying that the dream really influenced her conduct, and that when she met with a house answering to her dream she was naturally predisposed to take it. A gentleman from Yorkshire formed one of a party for visiting the Exhibition of 1862. A few days before leaving for London he had a most vivid dream of the Tower, the armory, and more especially the room in which the regalia and crown jewels are kept. He heard the old woman who showed the room address the audience, and treasured up carefully her very peculiarities, of voice, dress, manner and features, and created considerable amusement among his friends by mimicking the phantom show-woman when he awoke. He went to London at the proper time, and, of course, visited the Tower, where he was astounded and somewhat sobered by the phantom's counterpart, which was identical in every respect.

A gentleman dreamed his house was on fire, and the dream made so vivid an impression that he immediately returned, saw it on fire, and was just in time to save one of his children from the flames. A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream was repeated so often that she repaired to the old lady's house and sat a gentleman to watch in the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the black servant was discovered in the room of his mistress as he said, with coals to mend the fire—a sufficiently absurd excuse at such an hour in the middle of summer. The truth was apparent when a strong knife was found buried beneath the coals. The coincidence of dreams are very remarkable. For two persons to dream the same thing at the same time, under different circumstances, exceeds the power of chance, doubtless, as that pretends to be.

Mr. Joseph Taylor relates that a boy, residing at a school a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house, found all closed for the night but the back door, went to his mother's room and found her awake: "I come to bid you good-bye," he said, "I am going on a long journey." She answered with great trembling, "Oh, dear son, thou art dead" And he awoke. Soon after he received a letter from his father making anxious inquiries about his health, in consequence of a frightful dream which his mother had on the same night, and which was exactly identical with his own, even to the very words of the conversation. Fortunately no sad results followed, though it may have proved a warning to the boy in some inscrutable manner unkown to his friends.

The case of the gentleman from Cornwall who dreamed eight days before the event that he saw Mr. Percival murdered in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, and distictly recognized from public prints, after the murder, both the assassin and his victim, whom he had never seen previously, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation, especially when it is remembered that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn Mr. Percial (known to him in his dream as the Chancellor of the Exchequer.) He urged that it had occurred three times in the same night, but his friends, thinking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the murder rudely resuscitated it.

The House of Representatives, as the Presidential election draws nigh, seems to feel impelled to do something in the matter of the silver coin which accumulates so steadily in the vaults of the treasury. It is not certain what to do precisely, but, unlike Mrs. Dombey, thinks itself competent to "make an effort." Secretary Sherman has told Congress exactly what should be done, and what must be done in the near future, viz., repeal the statute which compels the coinage of standard silver dollars at a fixed rate per month, irrespective of supply and demand. But Congress will not do any such thing at present, fearing the effects of positive and rational legislation upon the voters next November; fearing in other words, that the American people do not know what is best for them. Instead of arresting the coinage of silver, or of providing additional means for the storage of the silver coin already accumulated, Congress attempts to force the standard dollar on hand into circulation by amending the various appropriation bills so as to require certain obligations of the government to be paid in these coins. The notion that this will force silver into circulation is simply ridiculous. It cannot have any other effect than to increase the number of silver certificates now in existence, and these certificates, it will be remembered, are species of irredeemable currency, since the New York clearing-house does not receive them, in spite of the fact that the Treasury of the United States is a member of that banking exchange. If the Senate should ratify the action of the House in this matter, and the President confirm it, the United States government will be placed in the strange position of paying its employes and its creditors in a class of money which its own banking partners will not handle. The majority of the House, however, are probably acting upon the supposition that their buncombe amendments will be lopped off in the Senate and disposed of finally in conference committees. Still, the silver question is sufficiently serious to engage the attention of the public. The total cash in the treasury, according to Secretary Sherman's report of May 31, is $206,613,516 97. Of this, $42,778,190 is in standard silver dollars, $23,577,091 99 is in fractional silver coin, and $1,853,587 99 in silver bullion. Thus, of the total cash $71,208,869 98, or 35 per cent., is in silver coin and bullion. The treasury also holds $6,322,731 silver certificates the total number of certificates of this class outstanding being $12,224,279. The law requires the coinage of standard silver dollars at the rate of $2,000,000 per month. The cash balance in the treasury does not vary a great deal from its present amount. It was about $207,000,000 on December 1. It follows from this that, unless the department increases its average balance, the accumulation of silver, which cannot be arrested, must gradually force out all the gold. On the basis of the present cash balance, the silver in the treasury on the first of next January will amount to $85,000,000, or 42 per cent. of the total cash, and on January 1, 1892, it will reach $109,000,000, or 54 per cent. of the whole. These figures prove that Congress should legislate not to force silver out, but prevent it from being poured into the treasury.

English Opinion of American Manufactures.

The intelligent reports of English consuls in this country in regard to the state of our trade and industries are very instructive, and give great interest to the "blue books" in which they are published. At the same time, however, they are probably more pleasant reading to our own citizens than to our English cousins, who do not like to be told that their trade with this country is not only falling off, but in such a way as to make its future revival highly improbable. Thus, Consul Fonblauque, at New Orleans, writes that he has received a great many price lists and catalogues relating to British hardware, machinery and cutlery, accompanied by requests to make their contents known to dealers in his consular district. "I have done my best in this respect," he says, "but I am afraid with little result. In the lower forms of hardware the British manufacturer cannot compete with the native producer, bad as his goods are, on account of the almost prohibitory duty. In the higher forms, such as cutlery, tools and instruments, I am afraid it must be admitted that the latter more than holds his own, and that, even if the duty were removed, British goods of this class would not find a market. I am told by competent authority that the finest class of cutlery, surgical and dental instruments, is produced here of a better quality and a lower price than anywhere in Europe." This will be surprising to the "Sheffield grinders," but it has been known long in Connecticut, and dealers in and buyers of American goods understand it perfectly. It is the result of applied intelligence and invention and the employment of machinery. The English workman does not take to new things. He works by hand and makes no effort to get out of old ruts. The American manufacturer, on the contrary, as Mr. Fonblanque truly says, "is not afraid of producing something that is new in shape, or material or action. The phrase 'new-fangled' is not used by his countrymen as a term of condemnation. On the contrary, to be of a new construction is a recommendation to them for anything, from an egg-whip to a steam engine, which may be offered to them for their choice. This being so, they do not care to spend an extra 30 or 50 per cent. for durability or finish. Things are made for them good enough for the purpose in view, and solid enough to last as long as required." Here is the secret of our industrial success in a nutshell. It is not that we sacrifice durability to cheapness at all, but we find it better to buy new and improved appliances than to patch up and hold on to old ones. The faculty of invention, which our people possesses in such a marked degree, is fostered and stimulated by the national recognition of the fact that novelty and improvement in all sorts of appliances is a main factor in industrial economy. But still, until our consuls in foreign countries are able to observe and report as intelligently as Mr. Fonblanque does, we shall be inclined to believe that the old British consular system is better than ours, as, indeed, their entire civil service is, and must be so long as the present methods of appointment of office are maintained in this country.

Two Kinds of Cows.

There are two kinds of dairy cows, whose qualities are quite different; the first excels in making good merchantable cheese and butter simply—the second produces these articles of a higher order. The first gives a greater quantity of milk—the second that of a superior quality. There are cows which will make a pound of first quality of butter, "giltedge," as it is termed, from five to seven quarts of milk; while from other cows it takes fifteen to twenty quarts of milk or more to produce a pound.

At the last show of the British Dairy-Farmers' Association, the highest prize was awarded to a Dutch cow, because she gave the largest quantity of milk. This producing great dissatisfaction among the exhibitors of cows which gave milk of a superior quality, and to show that they had good cause for this, the distinguished chemist, Dr. Voelcker, was employed to analyze the milk from several cows at the show. That of the Dutch cow gave 88.72 per cent of water, and 2.27 of fatty matter, while an Ayrshire and Dexter cow gave respectively 5½ and 5 per cent of fat, sowing the milk of these two last was more than twice as rich as the first.

Had the milk of a Guernsey or Jersey cow been analyzed, it would doubtless have produced at least three times as much fatty matter as the Dutch cow; and thus to obtain a pound of butter it would require only one-third the quantity, of milk and one-third the time employed in drawing it from the cow and straining; one-third the size of a vessel to hold it; and probably only one third the time to skim the cream and churn it. Now here is a great saving of time in the manufacture of butter, and even for a moderate number of cows it would be a considerable economy to breed and keep such only as excelled in quality rather than in quantity of milk, especially for butter, and some contend also for cheese; as this would be so much richer and more nutritious than that made from poorer milk, it would command a price sufficiently high to render it as profitable to manufacture as that of an inferior quality and greater quantity.

Another point as to the quantity of milk. Immediately after calving the cow usually yields her largest mess, and this goes on diminishing slowly for several months, and yet at this time, although the quantity may not be more than three-fourths or even one-half as great as at first, it makes an equal amount of butter. How unjust then in this case it would be to such a cow to judge of her value by that of the quantity of milk given by her several months after calving, rather than that drawn from her a few days from the dropping of the calf. Change of food also is known to make a great difference, often diminishing or doubling the quantity of milk as the case may be. All the above, and various other things, must be carefully considered in making up the points of dairy cows and determining as to their status.—[A. B. Allen, Ocean Company N. J.

A Parable.

Death and Sleep, the Angel of Slumber and the Angel of Death, were wandering, in brotherly embrace, over the earth. It was evening. They reclined upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence pervaded the air, and the chimes of the vespet-bell ceased in the distant village.

Tranquil and silent, as is their custom, the two beneficent guardian-angels of mankind remained in affectionate embrace. Night draws near. Then the Angel of Slumber rose from his moss-covered couch and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening breeze carried them to the quiet abode of the weary peasant. Sweet sleep now embraces the inmates of the rural cottages, from the gray-haired sire who leans on his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The invalid forget his pain, the mourner his grief, the poor man his cares. All eyes were closed.

Now, after his task was ended, this beneficent angel again reclined by the side of his sterner brother. 'When the morning dawn breaks,' he exclaimed, with joyous innocence, 'the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor! O, what happiness, unseen, to do good secretly! How fortunate are we, the invisible messengers of the good spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!'

Thus spoke the friendly Angel of Slumber, The Angel of Death looked on him in silent sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large, dark eye. 'Alas!' said he, 'that I cannot like you enjoy the pleasures of gratitude; the world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its joys!'

'O, my brother,' replied the Angel of Sleep, 'will not the good, on their awakening, recognize in you their friend, and thankfully bless you? Are we not brothers and messengers of one Father?'

Thus he spoke; then the eyes of the Angel of Death gleamed with pleasure, and the brotherly genii embraced each other tenderly.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BONNIE HANDS THAT MAKE GOOD BREAD.

I own the charms of rounded arms,
Of eyes that love's soft luster shed,
Of raven hair, and tresses fair,
Of cheeks that toy with white and red,
Of pouting lips where Cupid dips
The arrows that to hearts are sped;
But none of these my fancy please
Like the bonnie hands that make good bread.

Some hands have art to move the heart
By waking music's sweet appeal;
Some borrow dyes from perfect skies,
And through the canvas make us feel;
Some make the dress fair forms caress,
To win the heart and turn the head—
For me more rare, beyond compare,
Are the bonnie hands that make good bread.

Gay maiden, vain the rustling train,
Those jeweled hands so idly crossed;
That idler mind can pleasure find
In every hour ignobly lost—
But I'll not seek where'er I wed,
For jeweled hands, or gold, or lands,
But for the bonnie hands that make good bread.

—*Samuel Edgar, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

DR. MOLTON'S MOTHER.

THE clock on the mantel had just chimed one short, musical stroke. Through the half closed blinds shone the silvery light of the fast-waning moon; the candle had burned low in its socket; the log of wood had converted itself to ashes; but of all this Dr. Bernard Molton saw or heard nothing, as he sat in his office chair, lost in thought. If the moon had bidden the world good-night, if the candle's feeble existence had entirely ceased, and even the red glow of the ashes in the grate had died away, he would still have seen only the picture of the woman's face whom he loved.

It was with him now as it had been with him for hours past, since the moment he had placed his fate in Violet Fane's keeping, and she had accepted it. No wonder that it all seemed new and strange to him—that he was heedless of time and space. She was such a delicate, high-born lady, and he—ah! another vision came before him now. Not the cheerful office, with its luxurious appointments—he might at least offer Violet a home worthy of her—but the memory of the days when he had run, a little barefooted lad, about his mother's cottage, and she, toiling for her only child, had earned, one by one, the dollars which had sent him first to the village school, and then to the great city to learn the profession for which he longed.

He had succeeded well and bravely, beyond his ambitious hopes; but the mother who had toiled for him—where was she? Why was it that to-night her old, wrinkled face drove even Violet Fane's beauty from him?

True, he had no longer allowed her to work; true, she sat at ease in her little cottage, thinking of and praying for her boy, who was so good and generous to her; but was it his fault that his patients were so many and his hours so precious that he could find no time to gladden her old heart by a glimpse of him now and then?

And now—now that he thought of high-bred ways—Violet, whose every association was in such a widely different sphere—could it be that he was ashamed of his mother?

The candle died out entirely; the wood was white with ashes now; the moon had sunk to rest, the clock chimed two; but a red-hot flush burned on Dr. Molton's cheek as he rose to find his way up to his room and bed, and perhaps forgetfulness in sleep.

For three long hours he sought the boon in vain, and when at last it came to him, and his tired eyes closed, how could he but dream of those other eyes just awakening in the far-off home, which somehow to-night had so persistently haunted his thoughts?

In the little cottage all was bustle, for Mrs. Molton had determined to give her boy a surprise, and the train for London started very early.

London! It lay ten long hours away. It would be almost nightfall when she arrived. How glad Bernard would be to see her! He had never proposed her coming, because he had thought she would not find the courage; as though for his sake she would not dare or do any thing!

She was sorry now she had not had the village dressmaker make up the black silk he had sent her, but it looked so grand in its lustrous folds that it seemed a pity to touch it with the scissors; and she would seem more natural-like to Bernard in her stiff dress.

How often she had pictured him in his lonely home! She hoped he might be out when she arrived, that she might take off her bonnet, and, slipping on her white cap, let him find her, with her knitting in hand, quietly seated by the fire-side, waiting his return.

All the way in the train, when at last she had got started on her journey, she could hardly keep her happy thoughts to herself, and more than one glanced at the smiling old face, with a something tugging at their heart-strings which almost brought moisture into their eyes.

It was quite nightfall when the city was reached. There had been some slight delay on the road, and the old lady felt a sinking at the brave heart which had prompted her mission. However, she succeeded in finding a cabman willing to take her to the address she held in her hand.

"It must 'be a mistake, or he has brought me to the wrong place. O, dear, what shall I do?" she sighed, as he drew rein before a large, handsome house, presenting a well-lighted front, in one of the most aristocratic portions of Mayfair.

But cabby reassured her and she soon found herself, surrounded by boxes and bundles, facing the formidable "gentleman" who opened the door.

Save for a suspicious shortness of a portion of his attire, which reached only to his knees, where they were met by stiff leather leggings, the worthy woman would have dropped him a courtesy.

"Past the Doctor's office hours, ma'am," he said, in response to her feeble appeal. "It's as much as my place is worth to take in your card."

"But I have no card. He'll see me. I'm—I'm—"

But she did not finish the sentence—only stepped inside of the door and stood under the full glare of the light of the hall lamp.

The man looked askance at the singular apparition. Her hat was crushed and bent, her dress bore evidence of the dust of travel, and in her hand was a huge bandbox, containing the hat which was to astonish the Londoners.

"Indeed, ma'am—" the man began, but the old lady walked steadily on to the door, beneath whose threshold she descried a stream of light.

The hot flush had by this time burned out of Dr. Molton's cheek. The morning's dawn had dissipated the foolish fancies of the night. His duties for the day were over, and he was free to seek Violet, whose wonderful eyes would light up as he entered, and whose lips would perhaps brush his cheeks with their velvety caresses.

He sprang to his feet to seek her, when the door softly opened, and, turning, he saw—could it be a dream conjured up by his restless fancies of the night before?—his mother! Close behind her was the wholly-wondering, half-apologetic face of his butler. It took him a full minute to realize it was no dream; and then (honor to his manhood) a sudden, overwhelming tenderness swept away all else, and with a glad cry of "Mother!" he clasped her to his heart.

When she had grown calmer and more at rest, beginning to look around and wonder and admire, a little feeling of irritation began to grow at his heart. Why had she come? Had he not made all comfortable for her at home? Here she would be constrained, unnatural. And Violet! He could picture the astonished look which would creep into her eyes when he said to her, "This is my mother;" nay, more, the haughty curve which would gather about her mouth, so rich and ripe and sweet. So the question at his heart found words, and he scarcely himself knew the innate irritation they betrayed.

"Mother, why did you not let me know you were coming?"

"I meant to surprise you, my boy," she answered, fondly. "Can it be that I have done wrong?"

"No, no," he hastily replied. "Come, you must eat and go to bed. You need a rest."

But long after he had bidden her good-night he sat and thought.

His mother had come to make her home with him. That was clear. If he told her he willed otherwise, she would obey.

For a time he planned it out—how he would tell her the city life was not adapted to her needs; and then Violet need never know of the plain, humble little woman who was not ashamed to toil with her own hands that his hands might be the hands of a gentleman.

O, shame on him! Could he ever wash them clean even of the thought? No; Violet should know the truth! He could bear the scorn now in her eyes and in her voice as she would question him how he dared look up to her, but his mother should share his home and his heart to the end.

It was too late now to visit Violet to-night, but he went up stairs, and, softly turning the knob of the door of the room where his mother slept, he noiselessly entered and, bending over, reverently touched the old, withered forehead, reverently.

She started up with a glad sob of joy.

"My boy! my boy! whom I thought was not glad to see his mother."

He quieted her at last, wondering why his own heart felt so light, and she fell asleep with his hand tightly clasped in hers.

"You did not come last night," said his betrothed, when, next morning, he stood in her presence.

"No, Violet," he answered; "but I come to-day to tell how unworthy I am of your love. Last night my mother came to me. Nay, do not stare. It was no visitant from the spirit land, but an actual reality. I have never told you of my mother. Think of it—a man so blessed, and yet dumb! All her life she toiled with poverty—for whose sake, think you? Her son's—that she might make him a gentleman. God prospered him, and enabled him to take all the burden from her old shoulders, and so he thought he had done his duty. He fed the body, but he let her heart starve. Last night, in the desperation of her hunger, she sought me out. For a moment—O, bitter humiliation!—my heart rebelled! Think of it, Violet—the cruel, unnatural pride which would bring into a man's cheek a blush for the woman who bore him. I thought of you, with your pretty, dainty ways, side by side with her plain and homely ones. I knew the two could never be reconciled; and so, Violet, I have come to ask you to forgive and forget me. My heart and my home are my mother's henceforth and forever."

Had the man some lingering hope that the girl before him would refuse the sacrifice? Certainly an added look of suffering grew into his eyes as she answered nothing, only laid her hand in his a moment as if in farewell.

His visits seemed very long, very weary all that day; but, as he crossed the home threshold at nightfall, he smoothed the frown from his brow, as he remarked:

"She must suspect nothing."

He would find her, he knew, in his study. As he softly opened the door he anticipated her cry of "My boy," as she tremblingly rose to greet him; but, ah, he had not anticipated the picture which met his gaze.

His mother was sitting, indeed, in the arm-chair by the fire; but at her feet, her head resting in her lap, while the old fingers caressingly stroked the luxuriant chestnut-colored hair, was another figure, which rose, instead, to welcome him.

"Bernard," the sweet voice whispered in his ear, "I lost my mother when I was a baby. It has been so sweet to find one again. You said 'Henceforth your home and heart were hers.' O, my love, may we not share the boon?"—*London Paper.*

IN the little city of Nashua, N. H., where the Howe sewing-machine was invented, the woman still lives who used to wash Howe's shirt every week, because he was too poor to have a third.

IT is awful hard to realize that a woman is an angel when one sees her pick up a clothes-prop fourteen feet long to drive a two-ounce chicken out of the yard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sculptor's Beginning.

RANDOLPH ROGERS, the American sculptor, who designed the bronze door of the National Capitol, began life as a baker's boy. He showed his love of art by shaping figures in dough and in drawing caricatures. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* tells how he happened to be sent to Rome to study:

In the year 1848, unassisted by others, he obtained a situation in a silk house in New York, owned by John Stuart, Jr. Here, when not occupied with the duties belonging to his employment, he continued to pursue the bent of his genius. He slept in the store of his employer, who, going to his room one day after business hours, observed several pieces of small statuary scattered about the apartment, among which was a beautiful bust of Lord Byron in marble.

"Randolph," asked his employer, "where did you get these?" referring to the works of art around him.

"Oh, I made them," was the reply, uttered in a modest tone of voice.

"But how could you do it, and where did you find the time to accomplish such results?" continued Mr. Stuart.

"At night, after working hours, sir," was the answer.

"But surely you didn't execute this bust of Byron, did you?" said the former, pointing to the beautiful creation before him.

"Yes," returned Rogers, while an expression of modest pride passed over his face.

"Is it indeed true that you have this gift in so high a degree?" remarked Mr. Stuart as he gazed on the face of the poor clerk.

"All I can say," returned Rogers, "is that I love the art."

"But why don't you follow it and become a sculptor?"

"For the simple reason, sir, I have no money with which to help myself. Should I take up art as a profession, I feel that I should have to go abroad to Italy, where art is pursued in a manner to achieve the grandest results. How can I—poor as I am—go to Italy?"

"How much money would you want to help you in such a course?" inquired Stuart.

Hesitating a moment, Rogers said, "I think six hundred dollars would be sufficient."

"You shall have it," said his friend, with a smile, "and if, after you are gone, you want more, do not hesitate to ask me for it."

With a heart beating with joy, the future artist threw his arms about the neck of his benefactor and burst into tears.

Proceeding at once to Florence, Rogers placed himself under a teaching sculptor of the city, where he remained for a time. But at length, impatient of greater results, he opened a humble studio for himself, where he toiled earnestly and studiously in the art which ere long should bring him rich returns. At the expiration of six years the young sculptor sailed for his native land. His residence abroad had enabled him to accomplish much, and the future seemed full of rare promise. Indeed, he had been very successful, for he was now able to repay his generous benefactor, and to have left in his hands the considerable sum of six thousand dollars.

Characteristics of the Mound Builders.

IT does not matter if we say that there are traces of different religious faiths among them. The rude Totem worship may have prevailed among the Mound Builders of Wisconsin, and the Animism of the lower or less advanced kind embodied itself in their works. The more advanced sun-worship may have prevailed among the southern races, as was shown to the explorers through their territory, or the elaborate system of ancestor worship, or Montezuma-like king worship, may have existed among the tribes on the Ohio River. Yet religion was the one thing which is most apparent in all the structures. The emplematic animal mounds, the lofty pyramids, the complicated circles, walls and systems of earthworks, all show that it was religion which ruled the people. Surely the fortified places east of the Alleghany Mountains give no such traces; the rock fortresses and pueblos of the western nations reveal no such system, and scarcely do even the accounts of some of the Aztecs exhibit any more strength to the religious belief. Religion was the great peculiarity of the Mound Builders. There are many elaborate and strange systems of works which can be explained on no other supposition. There are traces of it brought out more and more from the inscribed stones and engraved shells which have been discovered.

At times these earthworks assume geometrical figures, as if the builders understood the symbolism of the circle, and square, and triangle, and sought to combine them in one; and again, the most striking resemblance to the ornaments worn upon the person is apparent, as if they sought to place on the breast of nature the significant emblems or the sacred representations which their priestly rulers were accustomed to wear.

The resemblance of some of their earthworks to the sacred stones and symbols which have been discovered has impressed many a student of their relics; and the wonderful mystery according to which their works are attended also shows that a religious system which we do not understand was the motive with which they were erected.

There are especial evidences in the grand and mysterious system of symbolism which prevailed among this strange people. The people on the continent, except those who have been advanced far in culture, have shown so much religious symbolism. The Egyptians have their elaborate system, the Hindoos have theirs, and the Persians theirs, and the Mexicans theirs; but nowhere among so rude, uncivilized and uneducated people do we find so much that is significant. Without alphabet or literature, without history, or connection with other nations, this people, in the center of the American continent, had among them a system which was expressive and profound.

The great work of the antiquarian is so to study their structures and their relics as to determine something in reference to the religion which prevailed among them. The beauty of location in which their religious structures are found, the wonderful correspondence between the very forms which they assume and the land the landscape itself, impress us with the thought that nature-worship, in its highest perfection, prevailed among this mysterious people; but it remains still a problem what the system was, and how far it resembled those known to history, and described and classified by authors familiar with the native tribes of the same and other localities on the continent. By three things, however, art, agriculture and religion, the Mound Builders may be distinguished.—*American Antiquarian.*

A Substitute for India Rubber From the Common Milkweed.

"IN speaking of the adulteration of rubber," continued Mr. Lamb, the inventor of the new water-repellent, "the more I thought of this vast industry the more convinced I became that a substitute might be found among the trees or plants indigenous to America which could then supply the markets of the world. One plant suggested itself to me repeatedly; that was the common milkweed (of the genus Asclepias) which I firmly believe to be the india-rubber tree of North America, and the source of our supply in the future."

"How did you carry on your experiments?"

"I planted twelve acres in a farm out West, and before I got through with my experiments I made up my mind that the plant would be to the West what the palm has been for the East. To begin with, I found that by such slight cultivation as a single top-dressing the plant grew to the height of six and seven feet and an inch and a half in diameter. I had a mistaken idea that the rubber lay in the sap or juice, and it was difficult to convince myself at first that the gum was stored in the cells on the outside of the stalk, plainly to be seen through a magnifying glass, and as regular and even as the honey-comb of a beehive. When I discovered this natural laboratory it did not take long to find a process to separate it from the plant. This done, with my experience in the gaseous treatment of hydro-carbons, I succeeded in converting it into a substance, which is similar to rubber in appearance, of superior lightness and possessing the same qualities. I also found it could be vulcanized or hardened; or, used in its pliable state for dental purposes it is the best thing I have seen."

"What would be the cost of manufacturing this new rubber?"

"The outside cost, including labor, etc., would make it twenty cents per pound, and the expense of importation saved. It needs little care, only one top dressing, and can be gathered at the owner's will. It would pay better in proportion to the time and labor consumed than any other farm product. One acre of land will yield three tons of milkweed or 300 pounds of gum. An interesting fact I noticed was the great similarity of the plant in fiber, leaf, etc., to the india-rubber tree proper."

"How long have you been experimenting with the milkweed?"

"Since 1865, and during that period I have discovered a use for every portion of it. As I said, in the course of my experiments I hit upon this water repellent, which I stopped to perfect, seeing its value and knowing that thousands of dollars had been spent by rubber firms in endeavors to procure an invisible, 'unsmellable' water repellent. In the course of tests I found that by gathering the pods before they opened I had two treasures—the seeds, from which can be extracted a lubricating oil finer than linseed, and besides acting as a liniment, being an excellent cathartic; while from the floss inside a material very much like Irish poplin could be woven. The experiment with the floss was tried in Europe during our civil war when a substitute for cotton was needed, but as the milkweed had to be exported and the war came to a close, the experiment did not end in practical results."

"And what can be done with the refuse of the plant?" was asked, but hardly in earnest.

"Why, use it for fuel; it gives out exactly the same heat as wood, and makes a pleasant grate fire, while the root has long been utilized for medicinal purposes," concluded the inventor, who has already taken out eight patents on this plant which henceforth demands more than common respect from the lovers of the useful.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Typical American.

OWING to the immense accession of fresh blood from Europe, it is not easy to understand what will be the ultimate ethnological type of the North American continent. Where, however, the English strain has been kept pure, as it has in most parts of the New England States, there is obviously a change for the worse. The abstinence from alcoholic drinks in these regions is a necessity. An eminent American physiologist says: "We can not bear alcohol as the English can, or as our fathers could a quarter of a century ago." The Eastern Americans are also more sensitive to cold than Europeans, their teeth decay more rapidly, and they are even more than their English pregenitors liable to pulmonary disease, notwithstanding the dryness of the climate. There is something, however, in that climate which tends to weaken the nervous system. Even the phlegmatic German is Americanized in constitution, and becomes liable to nervous exhaustion in the second or third generation. The frequently recurring periods of political excitement may not be without their effect in adding to the widely-prevailing nervous debility. Perhaps when the soil is more extensively settled, and the climate ameliorated by cultivation, the Americans may become more healthy, mentally and physically. It is said, indeed, that in New York the people are beginning to fatten, and that at a recent Charity Ball in that city stoutness was the rule and attenuation the exception. Perhaps the guests belonged to some of the numerous rings, political and commercial, which abound in the Empire City, and had fattened on corruption.—*Iron*

—Why would the letter "h" make a good aurist? Because it makes the ear hear.

Religious.

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
For is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou canst not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
—*Coleridge.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 30—Gethsemane.....Matt. 26:30-50
June 6—The Crucifixion.....Matt. 27:35-50
June13—After the Resurrection..Matt. 28: 8-20
June20—Review of the Lessons.
June27—Lesson selected by the School.

"He Knoweth."

THE thought that "He knoweth" will also prove a consolation and a support to innocence. I have already intimated that it is a terrible scourge to the mind of guilt. Why should the wrong-doer instinctively seek to hide all evidences of his crimes? He would escape detection, punishment; but even more, he would, if possible, entomb the memory of his deeds. If he could only forget, that would be paradise; if he could only erase the blood-stained paragraph from the chapter of life, that would be blessedness. But no; just as soon as he has buried his iniquity and smoothed the surface of the ground so that suspicion itself would not suspect, and has drugged his memory, there flashes on his mind the awful thought that everything connected with his crime has been seen; its inception, its perpetration, the cunning devices to conceal, and the equally cunning pleas to extenuate; everything seen, seen by the sleepless, piercing, penetrating eye of the Almighty. To him that eye of sympathy is cold, pitiless, menacing and malevolent. Could he but quench its luster, veil it forever with its infinite lids, or tear it from its limitless socket, that a blind God might be the only ruler of the universe, he would at least feel some relief. But that is impossible; and wherever he goes the eye follows him, haunts him, and voices, growing louder and harsher in his soul, cry, "He knoweth, He knoweth," and drive him to self-betrayal and despair.

That which is such a terror to guilt is of inexpressible comfort to innocence. When misjudged, misconstrued, misapprehended, when defamed, slandered and belied, how sweet the thought, "He knoweth." When the cruel criticisms and wilful misapprehensions of heartless men have for the moment shaken one's confidence in the power of virtue, and in the desirableness of surrendering life to virtue's cause, how stimulating and strengthening the conviction that "He knoweth." God knows; then let men think and speak as they please, let them deride and detract as they may. He knows, what they cannot, the purity of motive, the grief over failures, the conflict against evil and the agonizing longing of the soul to attain to His likeness. Take to your hearts this comfort, all who suffer innocently. Have the men you trusted betrayed you, involving you in such financial difficulties that your own obligations have been dishonored, and have you in consequence been subjected to censure and reproach? Well, remember that "He knoweth." Have you, from a sense of duty, pursued a course that has aroused antagonism and opposition, have you been constrained to advocate some unpopular measure or defend some friendless cause, and have your efforts exposed you to the charge of being an agitator and disturber? Let your consolation be, "He knoweth." Have your endeavors in behalf of humanity, your anxiety to rescue the fallen, to save the oppressed, and to lighten the burdens of labor entailed scoffing and ridicule, and have they led to insinuations touching your discretion, if not your sanity? Well, so be it; rest in the conviction that "He knoweth." Has the sanctity of your home been violated by malicious slanderers, has the genuineness of your friendship been calumniated by reckless chatterers, has the purity of your name been sullied by conscienceless villains, has the sincerity of your piety been questioned by bloodless cynics, and has the honesty of your motives been derided by incredulous pessimists? If so, then in your pain, anguish and indignation, let the assurance that "He knoweth" beget calmness and dignified indifference. "He knoweth," and "He will not suffer the righteous to be moved;" "He knoweth," and in time "He will avenge his own elect."

The teaching of the text provides an antidote for the spirit of foreboding. It is very common to take anxious thought for the morrow. We are inclined to look into the future, to draw aside the curtain that we may discover what it promises or threatens. Many people worry over possible ills and evils, and brooding over them come to regard them as inevitable. They look for a dreary morrow that never comes, or if it comes, that brings with it its own sustaining angel. Such prevision, as Rousseau declares, only multiplies the miseries of our state on earth. We rifle to-day of its sweets, and charge it with the poisons of to-morrow. The strength that is needed to so conquer the present that it may be made tributary to the happiness of the future is wasted in futile moanings and fears. There is no greater curse than this, unless it is found in that over-sanguine temperament that dreams of future good while never working for its realization. I could hardly give a reason for preferring one of these evils to the other. The former is perhaps the most common, and on that account, perhaps, the one most needing rebuke. Schliermacher exposes its folly; when writing to Jette, he says: "It is easy to see through one pane of glass, but through ten placed one upon another we cannot see. Does this prove that each one is not transparent? or are we called to look through more than one at a time? Double panes we only have recourse to for warmth; and just so it is with life. We have to live but one moment at a time. Keep each one isolated, and you will easily see your way through them." The German theologian in this passage hints at a great truth. God has intentionally veiled the future from His creatures. They cannot see into it, because He wills that they shall not. And if we will but review our past we shall discern the reason. Shakespeare writes:

"O! if this were seen
The happiest—youth viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

Place yourself at the beginning of your life, knowing what you now know of its vicissitudes, and the strongest among you would hesitate to engage in its progress. And were you to-day to behold all that remains, you would shrink back discouraged and amazed. God in mercy has rendered such forecasting impossible, and it is unspeakable folly for us to attempt what He has forbidden. We may, however, rest assured that as he has in years gone by provided deliverance from every peril, and support for every trial, so will He in the years to come. In this confidence we can leave the morrow to care for the things of the morrow. Whatever comes, God will be in it; whatever evils are there, God will be there as well.

The thought that "He knoweth" is all-sufficient. He knows all that is before us. He knows our frailty, our weakness, and our waywardness; He knows just what we can bear, what strain we can endure, what temptations we can withstand, and He knows what succors are needful, what earthly friends to raise up and Heavenly angels to send down that we may be delivered in every time of trouble. The abiding sense of this wonderful omniscience disperses the mists of melancholy, and dispels the gloom of chill, dark foreboding. It lets the brightness of God into to-day and assures us that it will irradiate the morrow. I once read of a tribe who built a temple of glass for the worship of the sun, and their deity shone through its transparent walls and filled the house with his luster. Some uneasy people regarded the temple as too simple, and began to ornament it with paintings, and at last covered all the building with flaunting colors. But when they met for worship their god was absent; they had excluded the sun with their foolish daubing. To live continually in the consciousness that "He knoweth" is to be housed in a crystalline temple flooded with his brightness; but, if we smear it with the dreary pigments borrowed from to-morrow's possible gloom, we shut out God from the present as well as from the future. My brethren, I pray you darken not this blessed thought of His omniscience; preserve it clear and distinct; then shall the years come to be radiant as the day that now is, and even more lustrously beautiful.—*From a Recent Sermon by Dr. George C. Lorimer, Chicago.*

Choice Thoughts.

GOD expects fruit from every tree planted in His vineyard.

In the path of duty, God promises His special protection; He will keep us safe, and bless us.

MAKE the best use of what you have, and then you may look to the Lord with confidence for more.

WHAT unthankfulness it is to forget our consolations and to look only upon matter of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.—*Sibbes.*

IT is seldom wise to enter into a discussion with a skeptical man on the doctrines of religion. The best thing is to have such a life back of your words that you can say, "Come and see for yourself whether religion is not a blessed thing to have."—*Golden Rule.*

MEDITATE long, meditate humbly on what it is to have a Creator, and comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side the grave, He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and at last, with all the more love, and all the more speed as well, He will fold you to His bosom, who is Himself the Light Eternal.—*F. W. Faber.*

SELF-LOVE leads us to do certain things because we choose them for ourselves, although we would not do them at another's bidding, or from mere obedience. If things are our own originating, we like them, but not when they come through other people. Self is for ever seeking self, self-will and self-love; but if we were perfect in the love of God, we should prefer to obey, because in obedience there is more of God and less of self.—*S. Francis de Sales.*

The Great and Precious Promises.

DOES your spirit faint? They are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up the head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the shadow of a cloud to bring down the heat; as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe, to come into the mountain of the Lord. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone, like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water.—*Cunningham Geikie, D.D.*

MR. ROBERT J. LIVINGSTON, of New York city, has for several years past given a prize to each of three newsboys who save the largest sums. The first of the successful competitors saved $15, the next $12.50, the next $12.15. The Newsboys' Lodging-House in Duane Street has a savings-bank for the boys, one hundred and thirty-six of whom save an aggregate of $232.53. An institution of kindred character to the Newsboys' Lodging-House is under construction up town. It is to be built at the sole expense of Miss Catherine Wolfe, a lady as conspicuous for the munificence of her charities as she is for the unostentatious manner in which they are bestowed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

LIFE COLORS.

'TWILL never be what you dream, dear;
Take my word, the colors will fade;
The picture you've painted all sunshine
Must be touched and retouched with a shade.

You will sigh that so often the crimson
Must be flecked here and there with the gray;
But the morning, the noon and the evening
Must be used to complete the full day.

You are painting a picture of life, dear,
Where sunshine and clouds must abide,
And the shadows that come not at dawning
Must fall with the dim eventide.

Where those roses grow fair from the hedges
Paint some thorns, make the picture complete;
The bloom that the fingers may gather,
You will learn, hides thorns for the feet.

The gold that shines out from the sunset
Must be tarnished by purple and gray,
Ere the "curtain of night" is unfolded,
Shutting out all that's left of the day.

But, dear, when you've ended the dreaming,
And life's weary pilgrimage made,
You'll find it the picture you dreamed of
In colors that never will fade.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A HOUSE-HUNTING EXPERIENCE.

MRS. JOSHUA MACLANE was a very busy woman. "Watts's honey-bee isn't a circumstance to her," Joshua Maclane would say, with a smile. It was not a smile of derision, but very satisfied, for he was a busy man, and this element of activity in his partner was a source of intense satisfaction. "Just suppose a drone had fallen to my share in the lottery of marriage!" he would say, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I would have pulled her arms off, figuratively, trying to urge her forward, and she might have pulled my ears off, literally, trying to hold me back. That's the way incompatibilities come. Now Bess and I pull together pretty well. Sometimes, it's true, she gets a little beyond me, but a little tightening of the rein and a gentle 'whoa' brings her alongside without any more trouble."

As a result of Mrs. Maclane's activity she had a great deal to do, for society learned long ago that, as a rule, if it wants any thing done, it is safest to go to a busy person to get it done. Drones never learn executive ability. As a natural sequence, Mrs. Maclane was President of associations, Secretary of societies, Chairman of committees, on whom most of the work fell, and a power in society as well as her own home.

To such busy people there come days when executive ability is taxed to the utmost. The varied duties do not spread themselves neatly over a given space, but come, like "troubles, in battalions."

One of these days, and one of these hours in the day, had come to Mrs. Joshua Maclane. She was sewing, watching her children and entertaining a neighbor, when the tide set in. A note came, begging her, as president of a relief association, to examine the credentials of a suffering applicant immediately. Another came, begging her to visit a family in extreme destitution at once. A servant entered, saying that the seamstress could not proceed further without orders; and directly behind the servant came Harry Maclane, with a note from his teacher stating that he was sent home because he complained of sore throat, and was feverish. With a mother's instinct, the minor duties waited while Mrs. Maclane examined the child's throat. She was thus engaged when her husband's brother entered with a telegram.

"It is from Joshua," he explained. "He says there is a house for sale up town that he wants you to look at immediately. 'Drop every thing,' he telegraphs, and look after it."

Mrs. Joshua Maclane knitted her brow, and the neighbor smiled, but she said, kindly, "If there is any way I can assist you, I hope you will allow me."

"Instead of dropping every thing, I don't see how any thing can be dropped," said Mrs. Maclane, meditatively. She took a medicine case, and as she prepared some medicine for her sick child, said to the waiting servant, "Tell the seamstress to sew on the sheets in the closet until I am at liberty. I keep such plain work for emergencies," she explained to her neighbor. "Now I must put Harry in a room by himself until I know whether his illness is contagious, and I can not leave him. I will attend to the case down stairs as soon as Harry is comfortable."

"Can I visit the poor family?" volunteered her neighbor.

"I shall be very grateful," replied Mrs. Maclane. Then she turned to her brother-in-law.

"Hal, I can't look after the house. It would be a great favor if you could do it."

"But—" began the brother-in-law.

Mrs. Maclane interrupted him. "You know our needs, and tastes, too, almost as well as we do ourselves. You know we want a house similar to this, but larger. Observe the paper, the paint, and the walls. Be sure to find out if there are plenty of closets, and, above all things, notice if there are any signs of sewer gas."

"The lack of wisdom in sending a boy to do a man's work has passed into a proverb," answered Henry Maclane. "I fear you will find it equally unwise to send a man to do a woman's work. You remember Miles Standish's advice to John Alden—'If you want any thing well done, do it yourself, John?'"

"A little practice in house-hunting may be of service to you in the future," suggested the neighbor, pleasantly.

"Bachelor halls are very dreary places, in my way of thinking," replied Henry Maclane, gravely. "A home that is a home needs a wife."

"Precisely," said the neighbor. "Wife and home were in my thoughts when I suggested the acquisition of knowledge for future use."

Henry Maclane shrugged his shoulders, and gave his head a negative shake. "You wouldn't advise a man who had civil engineering before him to learn to be a jeweler, I suppose?"

"No; but I would advise a man who had civil engineering or any thing else before him not to cast away a jewel if he should stumble across one. Diamonds always repay for the setting." The neighbor said it with intent, evidently, giving expressive little nods as she talked.

Henry Maclane smiled. "I am afraid your diamond is a manufactured one. Put to the test, it would turn out like the Scotch chemist's—a crystallized silicate, and not pure carbon."

As he passed out the neighbor said, with a pout: "Your brother-in-law is incorrigible. There is that good Miss Anderson would make him such a good wife, and I know she worships the ground he walks on. Is there any old love that fills his mind and heart to the exclusion of all the interesting ladies of our set?"

"We never knew of any love affair," replied Mrs. Maclane, in a confidential tone, "but I have my suspicions. He was a young man at the time of our civil war, and, as a Colonel, did good service in the Union Army. Attached to his sword is a curl of light flaxen hair tied with a blue ribbon. I once begged him to tell me the story of the golden lock, but he answered, quietly, that there was nothing to tell.

"'It looks like a child's,' I ventured to suggest.

"To which he replied, 'Tho head on which it grew must have known as many summers and winters as your own.'

"'I hope she is not dead,' I ventured again.

"And he answered, in the same quiet way, 'I never heard of her death.'

"'Is she married?' I asked, bluntly.

"'I presume so; I don't know,' he answered, a trifle less calmly.

"'The ribbon is faded; I will bring you a fresh piece, and put this in the rag-bag,' I suggested.

"But he shook his head decidedly. 'A new piece would not be the same,' he answered gravely.

"This is a slight foundation on which to rear a romance, but I have always believed there is a memory of the past connected with the faded ribbon and sunny hair. Hal, with all his bravery, is a shy man. He would be like Miles Standish, whom he is always quoting, in love and in war. I don't believe he ever heard that terrible No from the lips of the woman who had sunny hair and wore pale ribbons, but I can fancy him losing his chance, and letting some other man win her. You see, he would have only himself to blame, and would go on remembering the past dream with a dreary kind of pleasure. Still, I always expect to see him married. Home and wife are the just deserts of men like Hal."

The man of whom this cheerful prophecy was made was on his way to an up-town residence, in no enviable frame of mind.

"It's absurd of Joshua's wife to send me on this errand," he was thinking. "I am sure to blunder. Let me see—paper, paint, walls, closets, and sewer gas were the items of special importance."

"What a pleasant-looking house!" he thought, as he ascended the steps of the residence designated in his brother's telegram. In the hall he carefully noted the wall from floor to ceiling, looked closely at the paint, and made an inventory of closets at the back of the hall. Then he was admitted into the parlor, and saw at a glance that the arrangement was such as Mrs. Maclane desired. A faint perfume of violets was a pleasant odor to inhale when he feared to encounter sewer gas. He glanced at the wall, and then his eye fell on a lady who advanced from the rear room, and exclaimed, "Mr. Maclane!"

"My old friend Reby!" he responded, as he took her hand. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

There was genuine pleasure on both sides, if sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were signs of pleasure; then each surveyed the other, with glances half questioning and half apprehensive, as they exchanged ordinary remarks and Henry Maclane explained his errand.

"My sister occupies the house, and will show it to you presently," said the lady. "Do you want it furnished as you find it?"

Henry Maclane looked at the fair woman—sunny hair waving over her forehead; clear blue eyes looking searchingly into his at one moment, and glancing shyly away the next; lips moving nervously, as if she were mastering some emotion—and he replied, emphatically, "Just as it is!"

"There is a pleasant view from the back windows," said the lady, leading the way to the rear room.

"Very pleasant!" replied Henry Maclane; but he had given only a glance outside, and was gazing down on the fair-haired woman, standing a little lower than himself. Then he fell to asking questions about her family and mutual friends; and all the time he had the air of a lawyer who asks indirect questions hoping to elicit some unknown facts.

"Mamma!" called a childish voice in the hall.

The fair lady stepped to the door, and said, gently, "Go to the nursery, Hal."

Henry Maclane started at the sound of the name he always bore in his own home. Had it been given the child for sweet remembrance's sake? The thought that this remembrance must count for naught, if there were husband and children, had in it the sadness of "it might have been."

"The years must have brought many changes to you," said Henry Maclane, with a view of gaining some personal knowledge.

"Yes," answered the lady, with a meditative look on her face, "there are few reminders even of the old days left. I have had my share of joy and sorrow."

Henry Maclane noted, what he had not seen before, that there was a mingling of crape in the lady's black dress. "Perhaps she is a widow," was his thought.

"My mother's death last year was the greatest affliction I have ever had," she said, sadly.

"Not a widow!" was Henry Maclane's mental comment. "The loss of her husband would have been a greater affliction to this woman than the loss of her mother."

There was a pause, and Henry Maclane said: "You must know Mrs. Maclane. She will give any friend of mine a warm welcome."

"Certainly," replied the lady. "It will be a pleasure to know her. Ah! here is my sister, Mrs. Ellis. Sue, don't you remember Mr. Maclane?"

"Remember him! What, Hal, our most devoted attendant and dearest friend? Upon my word, I hadn't any dearer friend in those days," exclaimed the sister, in a voluble way he remembered well. "How glad I am to see you! The servant told me a gentleman was waiting to be shown the house. I little dreamed of finding an old friend in the house-hunter. Are you a judge of houses?" she asked, in a practical way.

"I fear not; but Mrs. Maclane was unable to come, as one of the children was ill," replied Henry Maclane.

"How many children are there?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Five," answered Henry Maclane.

Mrs. Ellis proceeded immediately to the business in hand. "I will show you the upper stories if you like to look."

As they left the parlors, a child entered from the rear, exclaiming, "Mamma!"

"Come to me, Hal," said the fair lady, laying a detaining hand on the child.

Henry Maclane followed his leader, looking back at the tableaux of the sweet womanly face against which the child's curly head rested. It was a pretty picture; but it gave him pain, for the child's name suggested again that possibility of sweet remembrance and vain regret.

Mrs. Ellis commenced the good points of the house with the volubility of a house agent, and Henry Maclane appeared to follow, but his thoughts were with the fair woman in the parlor below.

"It is strange we never met until to-day," he said, somewhat irreverently, as Mrs. Ellis's last remark was about communicating rooms.

"You see we went to Europe when you went for a soldier," replied Mrs. Ellis. "I was there until the war was over. Reby remained some years longer. When we came back to Baltimore, your family had moved to New York, and we lost sight of you all. It was very dismal coming back to strangers and many changes. I soon found comfort in my engagement to Mr. Ellis, and Reby went back to Europe. She wants to go again, but we are trying to keep her here."

"Is her husband there?" asked Henry Maclane.

"Husband?—Reby's husband?" echoed Mrs. Ellis. "She has never married. Did you notice your namesake, my little boy?"

Henry Maclane made a movement to descend the stairs.

"Hadn't you better see the rear room?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"No matter. I will send Mrs. Maclane," he replied, carelessly.

Truth to tell, he was inclined to go down the stairs with a bound. His sister-in-law's conclusions had not been wide of the mark. No woman had ever been to him what this woman with the sunny hair and fair face had been, but he was a shy man, and had simply lost his chance. He went to battle with only a request for one golden lock from the fair head, and she was too proud a woman to give more than was asked. Then they drifted far apart, as lives often do that have touched each other with strong points of contact. Once Henry Maclane sent a letter of reconnoissance to his old friend. "Perhaps it may be like the dove sent out from the ark," he thought, and may bring me some olive-branch of remembrance; but it was like the dove that never returned. He always thought of her now as blessing some home with her loving presence, and lost to him forever. To find her unclaimed and untrammelled he had hardly dared to hope.

He was soon in the parlor, and by Reby's side.

"Tell Mrs. Maclane we would like her decision as soon as possible," said Mrs. Ellis, somewhat sharply. To herself she was saying, "The man might have married Reby once, but he shall not flirt with her now."

"I am glad to find Reby unchanged," said Henry Maclane in response.

Mrs. Ellis replied, brusquely: "She is wonderfully changed to me. The years have brought great strength and goodness to Reby. She is not a woman to tolerate nonsense of any kind."

She justified her brusque speech with the mental comment: "A man with a wife and five children has no business to stand there with undisguised admiration on his face, and congratulate himself on finding Reby unchanged. It's a trying ordeal to her, and I would shorten it if I could."

Her remark brought the color to Reby's face, and Henry Maclane looked annoyed. "I don't understand—" he began.

Mrs. Ellis interrupted him. "You will bring Mrs. Maclane when you come again?"

"Possibly her husband will be free to come with her," was the quiet response.

"Husband! Are you not Mrs. Maclane's husband?" asked Mrs. Ellis, wonderingly.

"Me? Oh no! My brother Joshua is Mrs. Maclane's husband," replied Henry Maclane, with a smile.

"And father of the five children?" continued Mrs. Ellis.

"Father of the five children," echoed Henry Maclane.

"And haven't you any wife?" asked Mrs. Ellis, curiously.

"The Bible says, 'A good wife is from the Lord,'" replied Henry Maclane, gravely. "He has never given me such a blessing."

Mrs. Ellis's eyes twinkled.

"I could give you a Bible quotation that might help you," she said, demurely; but a warning glance from Reby stopped her, just as a visitor was announced.

"You will come to see us soon?" said Mrs. Ellis, as Henry Maclane arose to leave.

"Can I come this evening?" he asked.

"Certainly, replied Mrs. Ellis. "It is well to get a gas-light view of things you are interested in buying."

When the door shut, Mrs. Ellis turned to Reby, apparently much interested in the visitor's card. "Do you know what I was about to quote? 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

"Oh, Sue!" remonstrated the shrinking woman. "Don't toss me to any man, as if I were a ball to be picked up, or let alone, as suits his pleasure."

At the dinner table Mrs. Maclane turned eagerly to her brother-in-law with the question, "How do you like house-hunting?"

"Immensely," was the hearty response. "I think I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life."

Mrs. Maclane looked searchingly at the man. It sounded like sarcasm, but there was genuine pleasure in the face she scrutinized.

"It must have been a satisfactory house," she said, complacently. "Now tell me all about it."

"It is a pleasant-looking house; brown-stone front, high stoop, and three rooms deep," answered Henry Maclane, glibly.

Mrs. Maclane looked gratified. "What are the condition of the paper and paint?" she asked.

"The hall-paper was dark, and the wood-work dark, and in good order," replied Henry Maclane, positively.

"Well, the rest of the house?" pursued Mrs. Maclane.

Henry Maclane passed from a positive to a negative condition as he answered, in a puzzled way, "I hardly know. I couldn't exactly tell. I think the hall was an index of the rest."

Mrs. Maclane smiled. "Closets?" she suggested.

"The hall had closets" said Henry Maclane, in much the way a school-boy begins a recitation of which he knows only the first paragraph. "I guess they are all right."

Mrs. Maclane laughed heartily as she remarked, "I never take closets on trust. Sewer gas?"

"No," responded Henry Maclane; "there was a sweet odor of violets as I entered the parlor."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane. "It sounds like Araby the blest."

"It was," responded Henry Maclane, in an under-tone.

"Well, about the rest of the house?" continued Mrs. Maclane. "Did the violet odor pervade the whole of the mansion?"

"I don't know," answered Henry Maclane. "She didn't come."

"She? who?" asked Mrs Maclane, in a puzzled way.

"The sister," was the brief reply.

"Who's sister?" demanded Mrs. Maclane, in perplexity. "Brother Hal, do you know you are talking incoherently? I can't seem to follow you. Are we talking about a house or a woman?"

"Both," answered Henry Maclane, with a smile.

"What was the woman like?" asked Mrs. Maclane.

"Light wavy hair, not a bit fluffy nor plastered stillly, but just falling over her forehead in pretty rippling waves and coiled in a knot at the back, clear eyes that demand the truth and tell the truth, a good nose, an expressive mouth, delicate hands, and a shapely figure—that's the woman," answered Henry Maclane, enthusiastically.

Mrs. Maclane laughed at the minute description, and inquired, "What did she wear?"

The reply was prompt: "A black dress—for, you see, her mother died last year—some pretty clinging lace at her throat, more of the same at her wrists, and a bunch of violets in her belt."

"You can give a better inventory of the woman and her garments than you can of the house," said Mrs. Maclane.

"Now, mind, Hal, I'll try it again," replied the brother-in-law, cheerfully.

"When?" asked Mrs. Maclane.

"I promised to look at the house by gas-light," answered Henry Maclane.

"To-night's gas-light?" asked the woman, wonderingly.

"Of course," was the decided reply. "'Procrastination is the thief of time.' It is my duty to cry 'Stop thief!'"

"In the mean time, I think I'll manage to look at the house myself," said Mrs. Maclane. "What is the name of the lady I am to ask for?"

"Mrs. Ellis," was the reply.

"I never knew any one by the name," commented Mrs. Maclane.

"Nor I," said her brother-in-law.

Mrs. Maclane looked puzzled. She had been thinking Hal must have met some old friends.

At the supper table that night she turned to her brother-in-law with the query, "Hal, what possessed you to tell Mrs. Ellis we wanted the house just as you found it? You know we have more furniture than we can stow away comfortably."

"She didn't understand me," replied Henry Maclane. "Women are dreadfully dull of comprehension."

"And men are incoherent and equivocal," retorted Mrs. Maclane. "For instance, you told me you had never heard of Mrs. Ellis. She told me you were an old friend."

"She wasn't an Ellis when I knew her," replied Henry Maclane. "She was Sue Monroe."

"I did not see the sister," added Mrs. Maclane. "She had gone for a walk. I will decide about the house to-night."

The next morning at the breakfast-table came a note to Joshua Maclane from the house agent, saying that Mrs. Ellis had withdrawn the house from the market.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Maclane. "We had decided to take it. Just think, Brother Hal," she said, as her brother-in-law entered the breakfast-room, "that lovely house with which you and I fell in love is withdrawn from the market!"

"Ah?" he said, in an interested way. "Any reason given?"

"Not a word," answered Mrs. Maclane. "I think folks ought to know their own minds better than to put a house in the market one day and withdraw it the next."

"Perhaps there has been a change of base," suggested Henry Maclane.

"You were going to look at it by gas-light," said Mrs. Maclane. "How did it impress you?"

"Very pleasantly," was the smiling reply.

"Brother Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, bending a searching gaze on her brother-in-law, "tell us all about it. Of course you went to look at more than the house by gas-light. Do you know why this house is withdrawn from the market?"

"The lady has concluded to occupy it," replied Henry Maclane.

"Does not the house belong to Mr. Ellis?" was the next query.

"No," he replied. "It belonged to the Monroe estate, and fell to the sister's share."

"Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, gravely, "our neighbor yesterday suggested Miss Anderson as a desirable alliance for you."

"Tell our neighbor I am like the house—withdrawn from the market," was the smiling answer.

"Just tell me this, Hal," said Mrs. Maclane, in a coaxing way; "did the fair-haired woman you met when you went house-hunting ever wear the flaxen curl and the pale blue ribbon? You see I am putting two and two together."

"Your fingers are units of the same denomination, and you can add them," was the frank answer. "The stay lock belongs to that fair head."

"And it all came about from my sending you to look after a house," mused Mrs. Maclane.

"Yes. The results we unconsciously attain often exceed in greatness the intent we consciously pursue," was the philosophic reply. "Seeking for a house for you, in no enviable frame of mind, I have found a wife for myself, and my frame of mind is"—he paused and turned to his brother. "Joshua, perhaps you can get at it if you go back to the day when you fell in love with Bess, and add fifteen years of separation and loneliness to it, and then suddenly find out you have belonged to each other all through the past, and mutually vow to belong to each other all through the future. It makes a very neat sum of happiness, Joshua," he said, with a radiant smile.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Pyramid of Cholula, Mexico.

THE pyramid of *teocalli* (house of God) of Cholula is, I believe, the largest in the world. Its length is 1,423 feet, its perpendicular height 177 feet, and its base, which is square, covers nearly forty-four acres! In shape it is a truncated cone, the area of the platform on the truncated summit being over an acre. If there is any doubt as to the use of the pyramids in Egypt, there is not the slightest as to that of the *teocalli* of Cholula, for the Spaniards found there the great temple of the mighty god Quetzacoati, who was supposed to have stopped here for twenty years on his way to the coast, and to have taught the ancient Toltecs the arts of civilization. In a sumptuous temple on the top of this pyramid the image of the god used to stand with golden and jeweled ornaments, while around him were the holy undying fires that had blazed from time immemorial. The sides of the pyramid face toward the north, south, east and west, and four terraces originally ran round the hill. At present it is so overgrown with brushwood that it looks like a natural hill, and these terraces have almost disappeared. It is still a moot point whether the pyramid is altogether artificial, or whether there is not a core of natural hill. Where the road that is now cut across one side lays the hill open, it is altogether artificial, made of adobes or unbaked bricks, exactly like those used in building the Indians' huts at the present day. And without for a moment wishing to give an opinion upon a subject that even Humboldt had his doubts about, I may suggest that it is probably altogether artificial, since the country is almost a dead level.

When Cortez stood on the *teocalli* in 1519 what a different sight met his gaze [illegible] cent mountains were then as grand as now, but Popocatepeti was then in activity and deserved its name of the smoking mountain. Fields, too, of maize, of magney, and groves of cactus lay at his feet as they do now, but otherwise all is changed. In 1519 magnificent forests covered the country; in 1880 but one forest tree is to be seen. Then a superb temple, glowing with gold and jewels, excited the loathing of the conqueror. Now a little Roman Catholic chapel stands dedicated to Our Lady of *Les Remedios*, on the same spot where the temple formerly was. A solitary priest comes from Puebla to celebrate mass where formerly thousands of Aztec nobles used to prostrate themselves before their deity. Then Cortez looked down on a great town with at least two hundred temples; now the visitor sees a few adobe huts, but almost as many churches. On my visit I counted fifty in sight, and got tired; how many more there were some more patient observer may discover. The Spaniards made it a point to build a Christian church wherever a pagan temple had stood, so that now, when the population has died out or removed, the effect is startling, for nothing but the churches remain. It was here that the Spaniards first massacred the inhabitants, pretending that a conspiracy was on foot against them, and thus began the system that has handed down to posterity the names of the Spanish conquerors as a synonym for cruelty.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

How to Cure a Toothache.

SOME months ago an English tourist, lingering in a country churchyard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face and the utter dejection of his appearance. "Here at least is one true mourner," thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on top of a heap of dry mold and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and, with his own teeth, extracted a tooth from it. Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper and put it in his pocket. "Can you tell me why he did that?" asked our tourist of an old man who had stood beside him during the funeral ceremony. "Ay, surely, your honor; the boy was very bad wi' the toothache, an' it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull wi' your ain teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes an' wear it as long as he lives." "You don't tell me so! Do you think the remedy will be effectual?" "It's like enough, sir," replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. "It's five years since I pulled that ane the same way, an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since."—*All the Year Round.*

☞ CONDIMENTS IN POULTRY DIET.—Cayenne pepper, mustard, or ginger can, with great benefit, be added to the food of fowls, to increase their vigor, and to stimulate egg-production.

GENERAL.

A CAT at the house of Peter Treon, near Sunbury, Pa., has adopted a family of young squirrels.

FROM the suspension bridge which crosses the Ohio River at Wheeling, W. Va., no less than ten girls have jumped to watery graves.

THE Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* says that in the village of Stillwater, that State, recently, Capt. J. R. Bben, a dashing young cavalry officer of the war of 1812, now eighty-seven years of age, led Miss M. C. Johnson, a blushing bride of sixty-five, to the altar.

THE obelisk ordered by her Majesty to be erected at the spot where the Prince Imperial fell, has been put in position by Maj. Stabb and a small party of royal engineers, who proceeded on this duty from Maritzburg.

A BERLIN journal publishes a list of Russian ladies who occupy unofficial diplomatic positions, some of them receiving as much as $65,000 annually for entertaining, bribery, and other secret service expenses, and what is known in Paris as *frais de representation*.

"A CHILD which has been once sent to prison," says a British writer, "can never hope to get over the fact. The punishment may have had the best possible moral effect. The child may have been thoroughly well frightened beyond all chance of a relapse. But whatever its subsequent character may be, it will never quite shake off the disgrace of what it has gone through."

THE most ungainly woman in the United States is said to be the richest one—worth $25,000,000. Her age is past taking into the census; her name is Green; and her residence is at Bellows Falls, Vt. Her fortune came from blubber; and, lest all small girls should fancy to make a fortune that way, it must be remarked that this particular blubber was tried out on board whale ships.

CAPT. MARTIN, of Nashville, Tenn., owns a piece of the dress that was worn by the wife of President Washington on the day of her husband's inauguration, together with the fan she used on the same occasion. The dress was a light silk, with stripes, embroidered with flowers of needle-work. The fan is plain white, on which the only ornament is a silver-spangled wreath.

SOUTHERN mocking-birds well deserve the name. They imitate not only the songs of other birds, but human whistlers as well. A lady of Macon, Ga., relates that her pet mocking-bird often deceives all the inmates of her house by its clear imitation of the postman's whistle. They go out to get the letters, and find Jack on a spray, near the fence, blowing his whistle and looking entirely innocent of any intention to hoax the family.

THE Charleston (S. C.) papers celebrate the heroism of two colored laborers, William Robertson and James Seymour, who went down into an old well at the peril of their lives to recover the bodies of Telfair and Stewart, colored men who were overcome by foul air while cleaning out the well. All four were overpowered by the poisonous vapors and by the time the bodies were grappled for and drawn out only Stewart could be resuscitated.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS says: "I have traveled through the United States for eleven years, and know all phases of society. The women here are very much better informed than the English women. American women possess a certain grace and ease, what the French call *chic*, that you will not find even in the highest English society. A servant girl here will dress herself in a graceful, natty way that an English duchess knows nothing about."

THREE Indians and their boat disappeared from Cape Hurd, on Lake Huron, six years ago. A squaw said that she saw the boat move out upon the lake, in the night, and then sink out of sight. Her story was believed by the superstitious Indians, who conjectured that the three men, being extraordinarily wicked, had been punished with death by the Great Spirit. Lately two white woodmen quarreled, and each accused the other of murdering the missing Indians. The fact seems to be that together they committed the crime, fastened the bodies in the boat, loaded it with stone, scuttled it, and set it adrift to sink.

A Wedding at Sea.

SHE was pretty and willful, and when she vowed that she wouldn't under any consideration be married in "this awfully mean America," the young man in the case gave up in despair. The young woman, Miss Mary Platt, had been visiting a sister in Los Angeles, Cal., and had agreed to marry a San Francisco lover, Mr. W. P. Walker, if he would follow her back to her home in Surry, England. Miss Platt was prejudiced violently against the States. Whence came this prejudice, no one could say. Some said this and others that, but when a blunt "why?" would be thrown at Miss Platt herself, she invariably tossed her head, stamped her foot and reasoned pointedly as follows: "Because—that's why." Anyhow, Mr. Walker was in a fix. He had used his tongue in behalf of America until it would no longer wag, and though the future Mrs. Walker had yielded so far as to admit that if she must live permanently in San Francisco she must, she wouldn't agree to a marriage in America. Things remained in this unpleasant attitude until Friday two weeks ago, when a happy thought struck Walker. He summoned the wedding guests and induced the bride and her maids to board a steamer. Sounding the whistle, he steered boldly toward the heart of the Pacific. When Capt. Randall announced that the steamer was three leagues from the California coast the cabin table was moved to the upper deck and a clergyman took his place at its head. The party gathered around, and Miss Platt was made Mrs. Walker. The sea was so rough that the bride clutched the edge of the table during the ceremony. Under the April sun the steamer turned prow towards the Golden Gate. Pent-up emotions soon made it necessary for the gentlemen of the party to support the drooping forms of several of the ladies, the bride included, and there was a succession of affecting scenes until smooth water had been reached. It was romantic, to say the least.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THIRD—R. R. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880.

Our Ticket.

We take pleasure in placing at the head of our columns this week the Presidential ticket selected by the Chicago Convention, and believe it to be the strongest ticket that could have been made under the circumstances.

General Garfield personally is without reproach, and politically is everything that the most ardent Republicans could desire. He has always met the issues before the people, and always on the right side. We will give a sketch of his life in our next issue.

General Arthur the nominee for Vice President, was a gallant soldier in the late war, and came out of it with a highly honorable record. He is a prominent citizen of New York, where he is very popular, and will no doubt add great strength to the ticket in that State.

The thirty-sixth and last ballot in the Chicago Convention for a candidate for President, resulted as follows: Grant, 306; Blaine, 42; Sherman, 3; Washburn, 5; Garfield, 399.

Gen. Garfield comes from Ohio, to be sure—and, by the way, Ohio is the only State which holds an election in October. His nomination insures that State to our ticket in October, and we will sweep the country in November.

Mr. Conkling did the handsome thing in moving to make Gen. Garfield's nomination unanimous. This means that he will throw himself into the fight, and he can insure New York for our ticket.

The Democratic State Convention to select delegates to the Cincinnat Convention met in Baltimore Wednesday, and chose the following delegates and electors:

DELEGATES AT LARGE.

Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, ex-Gov. Philip Francis Thomas, Hon. John Lee Carroll, and Hon. Bernard Carter.

DISTRICT DELEGATES.

First District—Richard Hintou, of Kent county; Elihu E. Jackson, of Wicomico.

Second District—Wilmot Johnson, Charles B. Roberts. Elector, Patrick Walker.

Third District—George Colton, James Bond. Elector, Major John McNulty.

Fourth District—John W. Davis and Wm. Keyser. Elector, Wm. H. Welsh.

Fifth District—Barnes Compton and John T. Bond. Elector, Richard W. W. Bowie, of Prince George's county.

Sixth District—Victor L. Baughman and Lewis C. Smith. Elector, W. M. Price.

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

The following gentlemen were elected unanimously electors-at-large: I. Nevitt Steele, of Baltimore, and J. Thomas C. Hopkins, of Harford county.

Hon. Arthur P. Gorman was Monday re-elected president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, with Col. J. G. Berret. M. Bannon, John Humbird, P. Hamill, H. D. Farnandis and Thos. P. Morgan as directors, the only change in the board being that Mr. Morgan takes the place of Mr. Crawford. The annual report was presented, showing receipts from all sources in 1879 to have been $233,467 57, and expenditures $222,141 96. The pay of the directors was fixed at $100 per annum.

The Platform.

CHICAGO, June 5.—On motion of Mr. Garfield the Committee on Resolutions were ordered to report.

Mr. Pierrepont, in reporting the resolutions, said: "I need hardly say that, in a committee composed of one from each State in the Union, from each territory and the District of Columbia, there is a great diversity of opinion about the resolutions to be brought before the Convention. Early in the Convention it became apparent that we would have a sufficient number of exciting topics to keep us active and awake, and we have endeavored in the resolutions which we present to have nothing on which we could not ourselves agree, and nothing that would tend to disturb the harmony of this Convention or awaken angry debate or long delay. I have now the honor of presenting the resolutions which the committee has agreed upon."

The Republican party, in national convention, assembled at the end of twenty years since the federal government was first committed to its charge, submits to the people of the United States this brief report of its administration. It suppressed a rebellion which had armed nearly a million men to subvert the national authority. It reconstructed the union of the States with freedom, instead of slavery, as its corner-stone. [Applause.] It transformed four million human beings from the *likeness of things* to the rank of citizens. It relieved Congress from the infamous work of hunting fugitive slaves and changed it to see that slavery does not exist. It has raised the value of our paper currency from 38 per cent. to the par of gold. It has restored upon a solid basis payment in coin for all the national obligations, and has given us a currency absolutely good and equal in every part of our extended country. It has lifted the credit of the nation from the point where 6 per cent. bonds sold at 86, to that where 4 per cent. are eagerly sought at a premium. Under its administration, railways have increased from 31,000 miles in 1859 to more than 82,000 miles in 1879. Our foreign trade has increased from $700,000,000 to $1,150,000,000 in the same time, and our exports, which were $20,000,000 less than our imports in 1860, were $264,000,000 more than our imports in 1879. Without resorting to loans, has since the war closed defrayed the ordinary expenses of government, besides the accruing interest on the public debt, and disbursed annually more than $30,000,000 for soldiers' pensions. It has paid $888,000,000 on the public debt, and by refunding the balance at lower rates, has reduced the annual interest charged from nearly $151,000,000 to less than $80,000,000. All the industries of the country have revived; labor is in demand; wages have increased, and throughout the entire country there is evidence of a coming prosperity greater than we have ever enjoyed. Upon this record the Republican party ask for the continued confidence and support of the people, and this Convention submits for their approval the following statements of the principles and purposes which will continue to guide and inspire its efforts:

1. We affirm that the work of the last twenty-one years has been such as to commend itself to the favor of the nation, and that the fruits of the costly victories which we have achieved through immense difficulties should be preserved, after that the peace regained should be cherished; that the dissevered Union, now happily restored, should be perpetuated, and that the liberty secured to this generation shall be transmitted undiminished to future generations; that the order established and the credit acquired should never be impaired; that the pensions promised should be extinguished by the full payment of every dollar thereof; that the reviving industries should be further promoted, and that the commerce already so great should be encouraged.

2. The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract of confederated States; it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied, while the others are denied to the States; but the boundary between the powers delegated and those reserved are to be determined by the nation, and not by the State tribunal. [Applause.]

3. The work of popular education is one left to the care of the several States; but it is the duty of the national government to aid that work to the extent of its constitutional duty. The intelligence of the nation is but the aggregate of the intelligence in the several States, and the destiny of the nation must be guarded not by the genius of one State, but by the average genius of all.

4. The Constitution wisely forbids Congress to make any law respecting an establishment of religion; but it is idle to hope that the nation can be protected against the influence of sectarianism while each State is exposed to its domination. We, therefore, recommend that the Constitution be so amended as to lay the same prohibition upon the legislature of each State, and to forbid the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools. [Cheers.]

5. We affirm the belief avowed in 1876, that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor. That no further grant of the public domain should be made to any railway or other corporation. That slavery, having perished in the States, its twin barbarity, polygamy, must die in the territories. That everywhere the protection accorded to citizens of American birth must be secured to citizens by American adoption; and that we esteem it the duty of Congress to develop and improve our water courses and harbors, but insist that further subsidies to private persons or corporations must cease; that the obligations of the republic to the men who preserved its integrity in the hour of battle are undiminished by the lapse of fifteen years, since their final victory. To do them justice is, and shall forever be, the grateful privilege and sacred duty of the American people.

6. Since the authority to regulate immigration and intercourse between the United States and foreign nations rests with the Congress, or with the United States and its treaty-making power, the Republican party, regarding the unrestricted immigration of the Chinese as an evil of great magnitude, invoke the exercise of the powers to restrain and limit that immigration by the enactment of such just, humane and reasonable provisions as will produce that result.

7. That the purity and patriotism which characterize the earlier days of Rutherford B. Hayes in peace and war, and which guided the thoughts of our immediate predecessors to him for a Presidential candidate, have continued to inspire him in his career as Chief Executive and that history will accord to his administration the honors which are due to an efficient, just and courteous discharging of the public business, and will honor his interpositions between the people and proposed partisan laws.

8. We charge upon the Democratic party the habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice. To a supreme and insatiable lust of office and patronage, and to obtain possession of the national and State governments, and the control of place and position, they have obstructed all efforts to promote the purity and to conserve the freedom of suffrage, and have devised fraudulent certifications and returns; have labored to unseat lawfully elected members of Congress to secure, at all hazards, the votes of a majority of the States in the House of Representatives; have endeavored to occupy, by force and fraud, the places of trust given to others by the people of Maine, and secured by the courage in action of Maine's patriotic sons; have, by methods vicious in principle and tyrannical in practice, attached partisan legislation to appropriation bills, upon whose passage the very movements of governments depend d; have crushed the rights of individuals; have advocated the principles and sought the favor of rebellion against the nation, and have endeavored to obliterate the sacred memories of the war and to overcome its inestimable valuable results of nationality freedom and individual equality.

The equal, steady and complete enforcement of laws, and the protection of all our citizens in the enjoyment of all privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution, are the first duties of the nation. The dangers of a solid South can only be averted by a faithful performance of [illegible] made to the citizens. The execution of the laws and the punishment of all those who violate them, are the only safe methods by which an enduring peace can be secured and genuine prosperity established throughout the South. Whatever promises the nation makes, the nation must perform, and the nation cannot with safety relegate this duty to the States. The solid South must be divided by the peaceful agencies of the ballot, and all opinions must there find free expression; and to this end the honest voters must be protected against terrorism, violence or fraud, and we affirm it to be the duty and purpose of the Republican party to use every legitimate means to restore all States of the Union to the most perfect harmony that may be practicable; and we submit to the practical, sensible people of the United States to say whether it would not be dangerous to the dearest interests of our country at this time to surrender the administration of the national government to the party which seeks to overthrow the existing policy under which we are so prosperous, and thus bring distrust and confusion where there is now order, confidence and hope.

Insults to the Nation.

The sight of Confederate flags fluttering in the breeze all over Winchester on Saturday may have gladdened the hearts of the ex-Confederates, but it is sure to do no good to the land in which they live. The strongest Union man in the country will never make objections to the raising of a monument to the Confederate dead in its proper place, and by funds contributed from private purses. But all the Union raises its voice against turning such an occasion into a grand glorification of the "lost cause" and a reiteration of those rebellious sentiments which nineteen years ago were damned as treason. The stars and bars, the red, white and red, flying from house, windows and roofs and waved by the hands of beautiful women in Winchester on Saturday, meant just what those flags meant in 1861, and every time they fluttered in the soft June breeze flaunted an insult and a defiance to the national government. We are not severe. These things demand a just criticism and an honest outburst of condemnation, and it were far better that these occasions should be foregone and the Confederate dead—Maryland's and the rest—left to lie in unmarked graves than to have these memorial days turned into grand galas for the commemoration of the rebellion and times to honor treason. It has not only its vicious effect upon those who took part in the rebellion, but it breeds and fosters the same spirit in the rising generation, and will perpetuate it for years to come. We speak in the interests of the South when we say that it is high time to call a halt when on an occasion like that at Winchester on Saturday the only recognition of the national Union was, as the reports say, a solitary Union flag flying over the graves of the Union dead in the cemetery, and that unfurled by the United States authorities, while all over the city were flying Confederate flags, which should have been consigned to an eternal tomb when Lee surrendered. We speak in the interest of Maryland and Virginia when we say these things. We desire to see them and all the Southern States rich and prosperous, and we know of no one thing that will make Northern or foreign capital more slow to invest in Southern industry or will turn the tide of prosperity in other directions than constant repetition of these sentiments, which were decided as not only unpatriotic but treasonable by the arbitrament of war. Let us for the sake of our common prosperity have an end of these things.—*Baltimore American.*

An Arraignment of the Democratic Party.

Mr. Horr, of Michigan, whose humorous discussion with Sunset Cox, some months since, furnished so much amusement to the country, arraigned the Democratic party on the 1st inst. for its utterances during the extra session. The following abstract gives the outline of Mr. H's remarks. The whole speech should be circulated as an excellent campaign document during the coming canvass:

How could the Democratic party, he said, expect the people to trust it when it could not trust itself? Glance over the last two sessions of Congress, and see what had been the great object of that party—what grand, consuming principle had animated its leaders. The extra session had been spent in a vain attempt to coerce the Executive, and during the stormy debates of that session many of the Democratic-atic members had ventured to speak their real sentiments. The issue had then gone to the people. Every State which had sympathized with the rebellion had decided in favor of the revolutionary schemes of the Democratic party, while every State which had stood by the old flag during that memorable contest had placed the seal of condemnation on them. What had been the result? That the party which had, at the extra session, been full of brag and bluster, was now as dumb as an oyster, and as silent as the grave. But it was too late. The utterance of the extra session would not soon be forgotten. In conclusion, he said, that another great contest was at hand. The forces were already marching for the battle. Let the Republican party close up its ranks and gird on its armor once more. *Who its leader was made little difference.* As the Republican party had been in the past, so it must be in the future—a party of advanced ideas. Let it, then, strike as of yore. Let the same patriotism, the same self-sacrifice animate it now as had inspired it for 20 years past and gone, and the victory was already won.

Frye's Speech for Blaine.

The following is a full report of Mr. Frye's five-minute speech seconding Senator Blaine's nomination:

I once saw a storm at sea in the night time; an old ship battling for its life with the fury of the tempest; darkness everywhere; the winds raging and howling; the huge waves beating on the sides of the ship and making her shiver from stem to stern. The lightning was flashing, the thunders rolling; there was danger everywhere. I saw at the helm a calm, bold, courageous, immovable, commanding man—in the tempest calm, in the commotion quiet, in the dismay hopeful. I saw him take that old ship and bring her into the harbor, into still water, into safety. That man was a hero. [Applause.] I saw the good old ship of State, the "State of Maine," within the last year fighting her way through the same darkness, through the same peril, against the same waves, against the same dangers. She was freighted with all that is precious in the principles of our republic, with the right of American citizenship, with all that is guaranteed to the American citizen by our constitution. The eyes of the whole nation were on her, and intense anxiety filled every American heart lest the grand old ship, the "State of Maine," might go down beneath the waves forever, carrying her precious freight with her. But there was a man at the helm. [Cheers.] Calm, deliberate, commanding, sagacious, he made even the foolish man wise; courageous, he inspired the timid with courage; hopeful, he gave heart to the dismayed; and he brought that good old ship safely into harbor, into safety, and she floats to-day greater, purer, stronger for her baptism of danger. That man, too was heroic, and his name is James G. Blaine. [Loud cheers and strong enthusiasm.] Maine sent us to this magnificent convention with the memory of her own salvation from impending peril fresh upon her. To your representatives of fifty millions of the American people, who have met here to counsel how the republic shall be saved, she says: "Representatives of the people, take the man, the true man, the staunch man, for your leader, who has just saved me, and he will bring you to safety and to certain victory." [Renewed vociferations of applause.]

Home Rule in Louisiana.

The following, from the New Orleans *Times* of the 27th ulto., would seem to show that the carpet-bag or negro government—as it has been indifferently called—of Louisiana was in every respect better than the home rule which has succeeded it. The writer has evidently an anxious desire to investigate, and his conclusions are not complimentary to the governing powers now in charge of his State.

When the negro government stepped down and out, the people breathed freer. They were full of hope, and the future looked bright to them. Heavy debts rested upon the State and the city, it is true, but these were hardly thought of. A wise and an economical Government, it was believed, would settle them satisfactorily. Having confidence in the new condition of affairs, the obligations of the State rapidly rose in value. The State's credit was good, and so was that of the people. Is it good now? What is our financial condition to-day? Has Louisiana or New Orleans any credit or financial standing in any money market in the world? Can either borrow a dollar anywhere? Are there any capitalists who are sending capital to this State for investment? Are immigrants coming here to settle our vacant lands? These questions need not our answer. Every citizen knows them. The men who took charge of the State when the carpet-bag Government went to pieces, and who will still have charge of it, have brought about the present unhappy condition of affairs. They have formed a Ring, whose exactions and managements are galling and disastrous. The obligations of the State, which were once solemnly indorsed, are now repudiated. An effort is being made to dishonor those of the city. The public schools are closed for want of funds. Criminals go unwhipped of justice because of an inefficient and unpaid police.

General Butler has commenced to make things pleasant for the Massachusetts Democrats again, and the Boston *Post*, is imploring somebody to discover a way of driving him out of the party. Some time ago the silk-stocking regulars elected a full delegation to represent the State in the Cincinnati convention; but Butler and the short-haired Democracy were not satisfied with the delegates, and accordingly they have chosen another set, who will present contesting credentials. The regulars are not committed to any candidate, although they appear to have a strong leaning toward Bayard, and the Butler collection of political specimens is said to be in the market. The national convention will have a delicate task to decide which delegation to admit, as the silk-stockings have the legitimate party organization on their side, while Butler can truthfully claim that he is backed up by the majority of Massachusetts Democrats. But, no matter how the convention treats him, he has asserted himself after his usual fashion, and has served notice upon the Democracy that he is alive and in business. The comic side of the reopening of the renewed war is that it turns to ridicule the famous reconciliation of the two factions only a year ago, when they had a love-feast in a Boston hotel, and amidst the popping of champagne corks pledging themselves to peace and union in the future.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson ran up the Stripes and Bars at Loudon Park yesterday, and declared that the Confederate dead should yet have a monument in the streets of Baltimore. If General Johnson meant by this to throw down the gauntlet to the loyal people of this city, he will not find them slow to take it up. Such a contest would be deplorable, and certainly at this late day no true patriot would willingly revive the passions of the war, but if General Johnson really desires it, he can be accommodated. If Democratic supremacy means honor to treason, the country cannot know it too soon. But we do not believe that any considerable number of our citizens, whatever their feelings may have been during the war, will endorse General Johnson's sentiments. The recent contest in the City Council over the passage of the ordinance authorizing the erection of the Confederate monument in Entaw Square revealed very clearly the state of public opinion on the question; and it is a matter of record that among those who most stoutly opposed the ordinance were leading ex-Confederates. If anything were needed to intensify their opposition, Gen. Johnson' violent harangue has furnished it.—*Baltimore American, June 5.*

A ton of wheat when carefully burned leaves 98.24 pounds of ash, while a ton of straw will leave 60.13 pounds, and a ton of chaff 179.07 pounds. To know this is of interest to the wheat grower, as it teaches the importance of returning the straw to the soil; and great care ought to be taken of the chaff, for one pound as a fertilizer is as much as three pounds of straw, containing six times as much mineral manure as the grain itself.

As we get further away from the war period the observance of Decoration Day becomes more and more general. The day has now taken its place with the Fourth of July as a holiday sacred to patriotism. As the older holiday commemorates not alone the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but also the whole revolutionary epoch with its glorious struggles and privations, so does Decoration Day associate itself not only with the memory of the heroism and devotion of the men who fell in the war for the Union, but also with the purposes, events and achievements of the contest which claimed their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of their country. It is worthily celebrated as a day of mingled sadness and joy—sadness for the fallen brave, joy for the triumph and permanence of the grand cause of freedom and nationality.

TELEGRAPHIC.

SALUTES FIRED IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Crowds surrounded the bulletin boards at the hotels, clubs and newspaper offices, anxiously waiting the result of the ballots. When the break for Garfield was announced repealed cheers expressed the relief that the suspense was over. The nomination was received with cheers at the exchanges, and business was dropped for a short time. A salute will be fired in the City Hall Park this evening in honor of the nomination.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Salutes were fired at the following places in this State, in honor of General Garfield's nomination: Albany, Saratoga, Auburn, Canandaigua and Hudson. The nomination gives general satisfaction.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 8.—An immense Republican ratification meeting was held here to-night. A salute of two hundred guns was fired. Immense bonfires illuminated the streets. Fireworks were displayed, and the enthusiasm was general.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 8.—The people here are enthusiastic over the nomination of Garfield and Arthur.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 8.—The Republicans fired a salute of one hundred guns and had a bonfire and ratification meeting this evening in honor of Gen. Garfield's nomination.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—General Hatch telegraphs from Fort Craig, under date of May 31st, stating that his four companies are reduced to about one hundred, and the Indian scouts are in pursuit of the Indians going to Mexico. There are about one hundred warriors in the party. The Indians are probably Mexican Indians, and not Victoria's main force, as supposed by Lieut. Maney, as they have many wounded. The General, in concluding, says; May cath them before they reach the line. My orders are such that I can follow them no further, and must look out for Indian bands in the mountains here, Cusack, with four companies (120 men), is doing hard scouting and good work east of the Rio Grande. Casualties in my command; should give me fifty Indian scouts; more valuable now than four times the number of recruits. The surprise made by the scouts on the 24th is more serious to the hostiles than at first supposed. The following is Lieutenant Maney's telegram, who commands the scouts:

FORT COMMINGS, May 31.—The trails lead from the west side of Cook's canon straight for Mexico for Florida mountains. The hostiles are making for Mexico for the benefit of the wounded. The trail does not seem to consist of as many as formerly. I think the trail was made by Victoria's party almost entirely.

GENERAL MAHONE'S POLITICAL PLANS.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The following is an extract from a letter received here to day from a warm personal friend of General Mahone: "General Mahone will not express his views or perferences in national affairs to anyone. The convention of the Readjusters' party of Virginia will be held July 7th, and until that convention—speaking for a majority of the people of Virginia—shall proclaim the policy of the party, its leaders wisely see fit to keep their own counsels. When that convention assembles, it will speak in no uncertain tone, you may be assured; and whatever policy is then and there declared to be proper, wise and beneficial to the State, will be maintained on every stump in Virginia by the champions of readjustment, and the people will take heed of their advice. This is the position of the Readjusters to-day; the party is in a thorough state of organization, and the convention, will be largely attended. To our people the Presidential question dwarfs alongside of readjustment, which they consider the only salvation for the State and for themselves. You can see almost daily in some paper that we are going to support first one man and then another in the Presidential race. Bide the 7th of July convention. That body will have authority to speak."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—A good tailor can find a splendid opening for business in Oakland.

—Miss Jennie McAndrews, of Accident, is spending the summer in Oakland.

—The crops throughout the county, with the exception of grass, promises an average yield.

—A. Judson Hayden, of Clarksburg, W. Va., was visiting relatives and friends in Oakland this week.

—The Republican flag was thrown to the breeze Wednesday morning in Oakland for Garfield, Arthur and victory.

—Mr. Joseph H. Blackfan, Superintendent of Foreign Mails, and wife, are stopping at Mr. Thayer's for the season.

—A valuable Alderny cow, the property of Hon. P. Hamill, was killed by No. 3 Express last Monday night, at the Hotel crossing in Oakland.

Miss Katie Townshend and Messrs. H. Allen Ison and Charles Davis of Oakland are attending the West Virginia University Commencement exercises at Morgantown.

—Married—At Oakland, Maryland, Monday last, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. J. F. Asbby and Miss Rachel O. Harvey, all of Garrett county, Md.

—We are under obligations to Mr. J. B. Cassidy, the efficient telegraph operator at Altamont, for dispatches giving the result of the Chicago Convention.

—Died—At the Virginia Mines, Mineral county, W. Va., Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Mandana Carter, daughter of Mr. D. J. Beaver, of Bloomington, this county. Deceased leaves a husband and four small children, the youngest but a week old.

—A Sunday School war organized at Herrington Creek, near Oakland, Snaday last, with the following officers: Simon Wolf, Superintendent and Treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Hall, Assistant Superintendant; W. H. Hall, Secretary.

—A sheep grower says: "It is folly to keep old sheep. They should be turned off to the butcher in their prime. It does not take half the amount to fatten them. When they get old and thin, in order to put them in a condition for slaughter the whole structure must be rebuilt. Four sets of lambs are all any ewe should bear. This will bring her to five years, and this is the age when, with a little extra care, she will round up to a full carcass. Exception may be made when the breed is scarce, and the blood is more desirable than anything else.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. H. C. Sanford, and at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. B. Ison.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M. by Rev. H. B. Miller, of Galion, Ohio.

Memoral Church.—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M. by Rev. Lefevre.

Cumberland's New Council.

The first meeting of the new city council of Cumberland was held Monday morning. There were present Messrs. Cromwell, Leonard, Taylor, Kelly, Hurley, Cook, McFerran, Shaw, Conter, Schilling and Millholland, the six last-named having been newly-elected members. Mr. Hurley was elected president of the body. In his speech of thanks he said there had been a "ring" in the last council, and he hoped the new council would profit by the contemplation of the shortcomings of that body. Mr. Walton, the new mayor, presented a message, reviewing municipal affairs and promisinging the council every aid in promoting the city's interest. Hopewell Hebb was re-elected city tax collector, making his third consecutive term in the office. Justice Alexander King was elected police magistrate, and Mr. Alex. Adams was re-elected city treasurer.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 9:

Edward Taggart and wife to H. A. Rasche, military lot No. 1046; $10.

Salomon Frey to Jacob B. Nicola, his right title and interest in and to lots 2848 and 2850; $50.

Christian Martin and wife to John L. Martin, part of a tract of land called "Chance," 105 acres; $700.

Geo. W. Hileman and wife to Wesley S. Hileman, 140 acres of land; $500.

Eva Lee to Robert Lee and Ellen Hauser, part of a tract of land called "Addition," 159 acres; no consideration.

John Blamble and wife to George W. Blamble, tract called "Homestead," 113¾ acres; $1,200.

Golden Wedding.

Saturday, June 5th, was the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Davis, who reside in the vicinity of Oakland. Their children, who had been anticipating the time with interest, had arranged to treat them in an informal way to a surprise, in recognition of the arrival of the day for a golden Wedding. Mrs. John Harned, Mr. John M. Davis and Rev. S. W. Davis, and their families, (being the entire family, except Mrs. M. L. Scott who was regretfully detained,) by previous arrangement met at the home of their parents on that day. The company was enlarged by the welcome arrival of Mr. and Mrs. David Freland and son, Mrs. S. L. Townshend and Mrs. Olfutt. In the midst of their surprise at what now seemed a previously arranged gathering, Mr. and Mrs. Davis with the entire company were ushered into the parlor, when Wesley read the following lines which he had just written for the occasion.

Fresh with this day there comes anew
A vision of long ago,
When two young hearts were beating true
To be one in life below.

The hour has come, and together stand
The man and his wedded bride,
The vows have passed, and hand in hand
Are sealed to ever abide.

Joined upon earth, the union true
Is ratified in heaven,
For God looks down well pleased to view
The hearts to Him first given.

With faith and hope and courage strong,
Anew is life begun,
Each morn is gladdened with a song,
Each eve some task is done.

Joy crowns the home, and infant glee
Beguiles the passing hours;
The days and months and seasons flee,
Like dew-drops from the flowers.

The cup of of joy to sorrow turns,
Thrice to the lips 'tis given,
For loved ones gone the spirit yearns,
And hopes to meet in heaven.

Children to youth, and manhood's strength,
Insensible have come
And from paternal walls at length
Have found each one a home.

Years have come and years have gone,
Till fifty now have flown,
From the day when truest hearts as one
By solemn vows were shown.

In care and toil, in hope and fear,
Of joy and grief a share,
Yet God had shown each separate year,
Sure marks of tenderest care.

Children and children's children meet
On this auspicious day,
With loving hearts an incense sweet,
Their debt of love to pay.

For fifty years their hearts but one.
Their homes the home of peace,
Where Christ the ever blessed Son
Has found a welcome place.

Where servants of the living God
Have found a kind retreat,
And left their blessing with the Word,
A guide to youthful feet.

Though not so fleet, nor yet so strong,
As earlier life would show,
Their souls are true and hearts are young
As fifty years ago.

Though earth shall fade, each tie be riven,
Which first no tongue can tell;
We shall not die, but live in heaven,
With Christ, our King, to dwell.

Next in order came the song, "Beulah Land," several of the company uniting heartily and Mrs. Mary C. Davis presiding at the instrument, afterwhich attention was given to a table on which were found an elegant set of china with gold band, presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stone of Wheeling, a pair of gold spectacles with case inlaid with mother of pearl, and upon it a silver plate engraved "Mother," a dinner sett of white ware. Wesley's Sermons in two handsome volumes; added to which were two easy rocking chairs, and small presents in gold from grandchildren.

The company were soon introduced to a bountiful dinner, which had been quietly provided by Mrs. Ann and Miss Rebecca Harned; then came a season of pleasant conversation and song, and for the grandchildren a romp on the green.

At the time for parting all came together, when there was read the XIV, chapter of John, and prayer was offered, acknowledging the goodness and mercy of God, in all the past, devoutly imploring his presence and help for days to come. Many and bright may they yet be to this worthy pair.

Sunday School Centennial.

JOHNSTOWN, MD.
June 7th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I propose to give you and the numerous readers of your excellent journal an account of the Centennial exercises at the Johnstown Sunday School, celebrated yesterday, instead of May 30th, the day most generally observed.

The teachers and scholars assembled at our beautiful church at hall past eight o'clock, A. M. and engaged in singing and prayer for the prosperity of this heaven born institution. At nine o'clock the house was filled with children and adults from the surrounding neighborhood. The Superintendent then announced the hour for opening the Sabbath School. After singing one of the beautiful songs of Zion and prayer, the school commenced to study one of the most important lessons of the quarter—the suffering of the Body and the Soul of Jesus. After the teachers had gotten through the lesson with the Bereau Leaf, the Assistant Superintendent took the primary class to the black board and instructed them in the objects of the mission of the Prince of Peace. At the conclusion of the instructions to this class the Superintendent gave from the blackboard a praise worthy and general elucidation of the sufferings of Jesus. The entire congregation was greatly pleased with the exercises. At 10½ o'clock an almost humiltable discourse was delivered to the children by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, of the subject: "Children obey your parents." The congregation was then dismissed with the benediction, to assemble in the afternoon at 3½ o'clock. Prompt to the time the house was filled. After a soulstirring song Rev. Jos. DeWitt delivered a stirring address on the rise and progress of the Sunday School. The Assistant Superintendent then made an earnest appeal in behalf of a general co-operation of all in the great and good work of saving our young and rising generation. Rev. H. E. Friend also addressed the school in his usual earnest manner. All Went home delighted with the exercises of the day.

OBSERVER.

Sunday School Convention.

The Garrett County Sunday School Convention, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be held in the Ev. Lutheran Church, Grantsville, commencing on Friday, June, 18th. It is expected that a large number of delegates and visitors will be in attendance, and arrangements are being made for their entertainment. The order of exercises are as follows:

First session.—Friday afternoon, 2½ o'clock. Convention called to order by the President of last Convention Devotional Exercises. Special prayer for God's blessing on the Convention, Appointment of Committee to nominate permanent officers. Report of Committee and election of officers. Address of welcome by Rev. J. J. Young. Reply to address of welcome by Rev. O. C. Miller. Appointment of business committee. Time of opening and closing convention designated.

Second Session.—Friday evening. Devotional exercises. 1 Question, County Sunday Schools their special need and difficulties, and how to meet them? Opened by Rev. J. M. Davis. Verbal reports from Sunday Schools of Garrett county by delegates, five minutes each. Question box to receive questions.

Third Session.—Saturday morning. Devotional exercise. 2 Question. How can we induce our Sunday School scholars to search the scriptures more thoroughly? Opened by Rev. C. U. Heilman. Question box and answers.

Fourth session.—Saturday afternoon. Devotional exercises. 3 Question. How should the Sunday schoolteacher appear before his class, opened by Wm. A. Baker. 4 Question. The relation of Parents of Scholars, to the Sunday School teachers, opened by Rev. Daniel Flanagan. Selection of place for next Convention.

Fifth Session.—Saturday evening. Devotional exercises. Praise and Sunday School teachers experience meeting. Resolutions, &c.

Sunday morning.—9 o'clock. The Convention as a Sunday School with exercises, (composed of teachers and scholars of the Sunday School in Grantsville, and delegates of the Convention.) Black board illustrations. Review of lesson, &c., conducted by Wm. A. Baker. Sermon at 10½ o'clock by Rev. J. T. Rossiter.

Sunday Afternoon. — Children's meeting at 2 o'clock, with appropriate addresses, and singing by the schools of the different Sunday Schools, conducted by F. L. Morling.

Sunday evening.—Devotional exercises. Song and Bible service. (The Prodigal Song) conducted by Wm. A. Baker. Closing exercises.

P. S.—The delegates will be expected to take part in the discussion of all questions promptly.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 8 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

The first and final account of Thos. B. Wiley, Administrator of Holmes Wiley, deceased, was ratified and confirmed.

W. H. Hall, Administrator of E. G. Hall, deceased, settled his first account, which was ratified and confirmed.

The will of Isaac Spelcher, deceased, was filed, proven and admitted to probate and record.

Letters testamentary was given to Joseph Spelcher, on the estate of Isaac Spelcher, deceased.

John Georich was appointed guardian to Christian Kerling.

The Board met again at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, and after the transaction of important business adjourned to meet on Tuesday, June 22d 1880.

Serlously Injured.

Willie, son of Rev. Josiah Ketterman, living at Engle's Mills, was serlously kicked by a horse Saturday, May 29th. The wound extended about four inches across the forehead. The outer plate of the skull bone was entirely mashed in for about two and a-half inches in length and three-fourths inch in breadth. Dr. A. F. Spelcher was immediately called, and after removing several pieces of bone, the wound was dressed. At present the boy is doing very well.

Election of Delegates.

The following delegates have been elected to represent the Mt. Zion Sunday School in the Sunday School Convention, to be held at Grantsville, commencing June 18th instant:

Delegates—Rev. John J. Michaels, Andrew J. Moore, Francis Graham, Luther Anderson, Miss Etta Layman, Miss Fannie Anderson, Miss L. Graham. Alternates—Geo. W. Blocher, John Anderson, Norman Durst, Louis Poppe, L. A. Blocher, Miss Ella Michaels, Miss Emma Durst.

Buy None but the Genuine.

The Singer Sewing Machine is more popular than ever. The Sales last year were at the rate of over 1400 a day for every business day in the year, an excess over any previous year of 74,735 machines. The Old Reliable Singer is the strongest the simplest and the most durable machine ever constructed. Remember every real Singer has the company's stamp cost in the stand and on base of arm. Beware of counterfeits; the country is full of bogus machines claiming to be Singers. Machines sold on easy terms. For a genuine Singer Machine call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.
Oakland, Md.
Opposite Bishop's corner.

Meeting of County Commissioners.

The Board of County Commissioners met at their office in the court House Monday at 2 P. M. Present a full Board.

The road Examiners report on the Bloomington and Back woods road was confirmed.

W. H. Barnard Wm. Warnick and John M. Titelmell were appointed Examiners for road petitioned for by Wm. Sharpless, said petition being for a change in the location of the road leading from Blooming to Wilson's Store.

The Board having examined the Bridge over Buffalo run, built by E. Myers, and accepted the same.

Joseph King, N. Casteel and Geo. L. Bosly, were appointed Examiners on road petition by for J. R. Bishop.

N. Castell Sthephen Browing and Henry Beckman were appointed Examiners on the road beginning at the east end of Totten's lane, and running through the property of George Spiker and others.

The old lumber in the Fike bridge was sold to Isaac Myers for $36.

The second Tuesday of July was fixed to hear any reason or cause why a change should not be made in the Grantsville road in district No. 6, as petitioned for.

In the report of Peddicord & Combs to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, filed April 5, 1880, they used the following language: "Of the amount deposited in 1879, to wit: $8,498.73, we can find vouchers for only $7,123.02, whilst there are no vouchers for the balance of $1,374.-71. We presume of course that it has been correctly expended, but the books and vouchers in this office do not show when, how or for what purpose." Mr. E. C. Tilson has just presented and filed with the Commissioners the vouchers, showing how the said sum of $1,374.71 had been expended. These vouchers balance Mr. Tilson's bank account on account of the county.

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk Co. Coms.

The Board will bo in session all week. We will give the remainder of the proceedings and the levy list next week.

The New Council.

The newly elected council, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, John W. Smith, Thos. Carr and W. M. Coddington, met on Monday night and were sworn in by the burgess. The board organized by electing King Delawder clerk by acclamation. P. A. Chisholm was appointed bailiff at $25 per month, he agreeing to light street lamps, do all repairing and putting down side walks, make all arrests, and keep the crossings clean and in good repair without extra compensation. He further agrees to collect corporation taxes at 10 per cent., and give bond for the faithful performance of his duties. The tax rate for the year 1880 was fixed at 25 cents on the $100. Board adjourned to meet next Monday to approve bond of tax collector and transact such business as may come before them.

—The County Commissioners of Washington county have fixed the rate of levy for the present year at 83 cents on the $100, a reduction of 2 cents from the rate last year, which was 5 cents lower than the rate of the year previous.

A Ride Over the National Road.

[Correspondence of the Cumb. News.]

EDITOR NEWS—*Sir:* Having some business in Garrett county needing attention I concluded to proceed there from Frostburg over the old National turnpike. At Frostburg I procured a comfortable saddle horse, and soon was ascending the lengthy slope of the great Savage mountain, and in due time reached the summit itself, from which may be seen one of the finest views in the country, taking in all the valley between this range and Dan's Mountain, and even ranges east of Cumberland. Less than a mile brought me to the top of Little Savage; then over the two stretches; after that down into the valley that used to be called the "Shades of Death," but the shades are gone; nothing now remains of its former gloom and dread except the thousands of stumps of a once dense piece of forest, the tops of the towering trees of which used to entwine. Then comes Red Ridge; next Meadow Mountain—at its western base the historic Little Meadows. Here Washington more than once halted in his goings and comings. Tradition points out the spot where he built a stockade fort. This is a most delightful spot, with its many springs (several mineral,) of tested medical qualities, and in the good old stage times quite a resort of the invalid and the pleasure-seeker. The great lawyer McMahon spent the remnant of his summer here in quiet and satisfaction. Leaving this long familiar spot we loathfully start down the protracted declivity of the crossing hill, but at its top could not refrain from pausing to gratify the eye with the magnificent scenery that lie between here and the crest of the next mountain, (Negro,) which lifts itself gradually to within a few feet of the highest point of the Alleganies. For many miles to the right and left you see nothing but beauty and attraction. Farm-houses and barns added to newly adorned nature all excite admiration. Even the desolated spots, here and there from recent fires, did but little to mar the extended picture. There is no season in the year when a solitary ride among Nature's charms is so enjoyable, amid foliage of compact forests, almost at full growth, and laden with sweetness and cheerfulness. But we go on down this long hill to a former thrifty place, known as Little Crossings, now simply a valuable mill property owned by Eli Stanton, esq. Another mile up a hill that tires thousands of toiling brutes brought us to Grantsville, which several years ago came so near being the county seat of Garrett county, and only failed from its want of being central.

Not much yet said about the National road itself, though it was uppermost in our thoughts in the beginning. However, we found it in much better condition than it was some years ago, when it had become almost impassable on account of mismanagement and abuse. Tolls were squandered and the road left to its own chances. So bad was its condition that it was shunned and flanked as much as possible, Frostburg losing in her trade and business, and Lonaconing gaining thereby. The people became very tired, and even clamorous about paying toll for traveling on an impassable road. So two years ago tolls and superintendents were abolished, and the road turned over to Allegany and Garrett counties by an act of the legislature. Last year Garrett spent $50 per mile upon its part of the road, with good result. It was made quite smooth and comfortable for travel, but still the betterment was not of a durable character, and liable to wear and wash away before long. If the commissioners of that county will give the road such a treat this season it will once more be quite a respectable highway, and recall much of its lost travel. It is now at least ten years since stage coaches disappeared from the road. There is still something, however, in the way of a reminiscense of this exciting mode of traveling. The venerable Sandy Conner, a veteran stager of forty-five years' experience, can be daily seen perched upon his little one-horse spring wagon, somewhat in appearance of a hay-rake, going from Frostburg to Grantsville, carrying the United States mail, and sometimes a solitary passenger by his side. Sandy is no doubt the oldest stage-driver in the country living, but can still respond to the crack of the whip and the blast of the tin horn. Really this aged servant of the public deserves more than a kind word from the thousands he has obliged,

In my next I will say more about the early history of the subject of this communication.

OBSERVER.

Hon. John A. J. Creswell, of Maryland, was the Grant candidate for permanent president of the Chicago convention, but on a preliminary motion in the committee on permanent organization it was discovered that the third-termers could command only twelve votes; so Mr. Creswell's name was withdrawn and Senator Hoar was unanimously selected for permanent chairman.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR CANCER.—According to the London *Lancet*, Mr. John Clay, who is a leading surgeon in Queen's Hospital, and professor in Queen's College, Birmingham, has developed a new and important method for the treatment of cancer, which is now under investigation. The results have been surprisingly successful, and promise great encouragement in the treatment of this most obstinate and agonizing disease, which so far has proved to be incurable. Mr. Clay says that his studies of the pathology of cancer led him to believe that a carbohydrate medicine of some description might be beneficial. He decided upon Chian turpentine as the one most likely to serve his ends. This turpentine is the mildest of all that class of remedies. It was tried in a desperate and apparently hopeless case, where other treatments had failed—such a case as one to which an experimental course of medicine would work no injury. At the end of twelve weeks the patient left the hospital nearly cured and in a fair way of complete recovery. In another case the cancer appeared to be "melted away" in four or five weeks. The turpentine was given in the shape of pills, and, when these could not be digested, it was given as an ethereal solution, one ounce of the Chian turpentine being dissolved in two ounces of pure sulphuric ether. Half an ounce of this solution is mixed with four ounces of solution of tragacanth, one ounce of syrup, and forty grains flower of sulphur, the whole being diluted with water to make sixteen ounces in all. The dose is one ounce three times daily, and of the Chian turpentine pills the maximum dose is twenty-five grains daily. Dr. Clay says "the turpentine appears to act upon the periphery of the growth with great vigor," arresting the development of the tumor, dissolving the cancer cells, and destroying its vitality. It is also a most efficient anodyne, causing a cessation of pain in a very short time. The fact that most surgeons declare cancer to be incurable drives those suffering from it into the hands of quacks, with oftentimes the most deplorable results. Dr. Clay's method will at least give such persons the hope of being better treated by the regular faculty.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Distribution.

The final distribution on the personal property of the estate of Holmes N. Wiley, deceased, has been declared by the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, Md. All persons holding claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly authenticated, on or before Saturday, July 3d, A. D. 1880, payable at the office of William Hinebaugh, in the town of Accidnet, Md.

THOMAS WILEY,
6 12 4 Administrator.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 8, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
MAHON McKIMMEY,
6 12 5 JOHN BLAMBLE.

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

ISAAC SPICHER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.

JOSEPH N. SPIKER.
6 12 3 Executor.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the repairing of the bridge across the North Branch of the Potomac river at Klitzmillersville.

E. KITZMILLER,
JOHN H. RAFTER,
DANIEL WILSON.
6 12 5

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

PITH AND POINT.

A FIGURE of speech — naught set down in malice.—*Boston Transcript.*

OWING to the rise in paper, kites are going up.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

THERE is one man in Albany who never gets too drunk to tell his name. It is Hicks.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN two dentists are partners they rarely quarrel — they pull together.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

IF a man ever gits to be honest he haz got to git it as he duz hiz bred, by the swett of his brow.—*Josh Billings.*

THE man or woman who never growls about the weather is greater than he who taketh two cities.— *Wheeling Leader.*

HELP from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."—*Boston Traveler.*

THE New Haven *Register* publishes minute directions as to how to stuff an elephant. This is something that every prudent housewife should cut out and put in her recipe book.

SMALL boys who crawl in under the tent are generally invited to withdraw from the canvass. The politician should be treated in the same way.—*N. O. Picayune.*

YOU never find out how bad a man has been until he is nominated for office, and you never know good he has been until you read his obituary.—*Middletown Transcript.*

THE many good qualities possessed by a narrow-minded man, like the ten commandments engraved on a three-cent piece, may be all there, but it requires a powerful magnifying glass to detect them readily.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"HI, uncle, what d' the tornado do for you?" "W'y, Mars', it done tornado' off'n my cabin; it would 'a' torn mo' on'y day wuzn't but one do' to it, an' it tore out de winders, an kerried de roof off in its wes' pocket, an' knocked down all de fo' walls, but, bress de Lord, it lef' me de cellar fur to sprout a nudder cabin from."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A COW that wore a bell having been run over and killed on a railroad, the owner brought suit against the railroad company for damages. It was proved that the engineer rang the bell and tried to frighten the cow off the track, but the farmer's lawyer also proved that the cow rang her bell and tried to frighten the engine off the track, and so the jury decided in his favor.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

JONES had engaged a man to dig a well at his suburban place. Seeing him a month later, Jones asked how he was getting along with his work and was told that the well was half done. Judge therefore of his surprise when, a week after this conversation, upon visiting the premises, he found only a circle marked in the earth. Of course he hunted up the man, and of course he asked him what he meant by saying the well was half done. The man very coolly replied: "So it is: well begun is half done, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Home Rule.

DAPPER little Jerome Stevens was walking on Twelfth Street the other evening.

The balmy breeze blew over him,
He snuffed the lilies blooming,
The tulips whispered in his ear,
"Old man, the spring is booming!"

He was feeling grateful that he lived in this fair land of Michigan when the wail of a child was heard in the land, followed by the blows of a peach-tree limb. The sounds came from a cottage and as the blows grew faster and the wails louder, Jerome entered the yard and walked around to the kitchen door. The motive power of the gad was a stocky, red-faced mother; the motive power of the wails was a boy of ten, who had just returned from a fishing excursion in which he didn't get a nibble.

With a swish! swash! swish!
In a good old motherly way
The gad went up and the gad came down
As it did in our grandmother's day,
Till the boy did wish
That bait and fish
Were tossed in a heap together
At the bottom of Biscay Bay.

"'Sposen you was a boy!" said Mr. Stevens as he loomed up before the pair in the darkness.

"You go way!" the woman called.

"Madam, I can not witness such brutality unmoved. I have children of my own, and I punish by moral restraint. If you—"

That's as far as he got on that speech. She jumped over a bed of pansies and tackled him to win. She jammed him through a rose-bush, banged him over the plant, and rolled him over the young tiger-lilies, and an officer arrested him as he broke down the fence and fell in a heap on the walk.

"What have you got to say to all this?" asked his Honor, as the story was finished.

"Your Honor, if I live to be a million years old, and if I see a million mothers tanning the jackets of a million boys, I shall never, never, have a word to say about it."

"Did you get that scratch on your nose and that torn coat in the fracas?"

"I did."

"Well, I think I'll let you go. I guess you had been drinking, and I guess your experience will be a lesson to you. Mind your own business, and perhaps you'll flesh up and grow taller."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Marshmallow.

PROF. WATERHOUSE, of Washington University, St. Louis, gives notice that he has received from the Agricultural Department a supply of seeds of the marshmallow, a valuable fibrous plant which it is believed will largely repay cultivation. It is a native plant and grows wild in New Jersey. It prefers a moist, loamy soil. Only two or three seeds should be planted in a hill, and the hills should be three feet apart. The soil should be kept loose and free from weeds. It is desirable that an exact record be kept of the temperature, humidity, kind of soil, time of planting, ripening and cutting, and the hight and quality of the product; and all the seed should be carefully preserved for future experiments. Applications for seed should be addressed to Dr. G. Hambach, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Ants and Their Milch Cattle.

THE instincts of the ant are, indisputably, more extraordinary than those of any other in the whole range of animated nature. The ancients magnified them into fabulous miracles. Pliny talks of an Indian ant as big as an Egyptian wolf, of the color of a cat, which entered the bowels of the earth in search of gold, of which they are said to have been plundered during the winter by the human inhabitants of those regions. But exaggeration and credulity apart, the real habits and proceedings of these insects are so extraordinary that they would stagger our belief if not confirmed by the past observations of such naturalists as Huber and Latreille, and those of Sir John Lubbock and others of our own day. One of the most singular traits in their manners and customs is that of keeping and feeding certain other insects, from which they extract a sweet and nutritious liquid, in the same way as we obtain milk from cows. There are two kinds of insects from which the ant tribe extract this juice—the aphides, or plant lice, and the gall insects. Linnæus, and after him other naturalists, have called these insects the milch cattle of the ants; and the term is not inapplicable. In the proper season, any person who may choose to take the trouble to watch their proceedings may see, as Linnæus says, the ants ascending trees that they may milk their cows, the aphides. The substance which is here called milk is a saccharine fluid, which these insects secrete; it is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, and issues in limpid drops from the body of the insect, by two little tubes placed one on each side just above the abdomen. The aphides insert their suckers into the tender bark of a plant, and employ themselves incessantly in absorbing its sap, which, having passed through the digestive system of the insect, is discharged by the organs just mentioned. When no ants happen to be at hand to receive this treasure, the insects eject it to a distance by a jerking motion which at regular intervals they give their bodies. When the ants, however, are in attendance, they carefully watch the emission of the precious liquid, and immediately suck it down. The ants not only consume this fluid when voluntarily ejected by the aphides, but what is still more surprising, they know how to make them yield it at pleasure, or in other words, to milk them. On this occasion the antennæ of the ants discharge the same functions as the fingers of a milkmaid; with these organs, moved very rapidly, they stroke the abdomen of an aphis first on one side and then on the other, and immediately a little drop of the much coveted juice issues forth, which the ant eagerly conveys to its mouth. A single aphis has been known to give it drop by drop successively to a number of ants that were waiting anxiously to receive it. The milk of one aphis having been exhausted, the ant proceeds to treat others in the same manner, until at length perfectly satiated, and with belly swelled almost to bursting, it lazily descends the plant and seeks its nest. A still more singular fact connected with this branch of the natural economy of these insects remains to be stated.

These cows are not always considered the common property of a whole tribe, but, on the contrary, some of them are appropriated to the exclusive use of the inhabitants of a particular hill or nest; and to keep these cows to themselves they exert all their skill and industry. Sometimes the aphides inhabiting the branches of a particular tree, or the stalks of a particular plant, are thus appropriated; and if any vagrant foreigners attempt to share this treasure with its true owners, the latter, exhibiting every symptom of uneasiness and anger, employ all their efforts to drive them away. Some species of ants go in search of these aphides on the vegetables where they feed; but there are others, such as the yellow ant, which collect a large herd of a kind of aphis, which derives its nutriment from the roots of grass and other plants.

These milch kine they remove from their native plants and domesticate in their habitations, affording, as Huber observes, an example of almost human industry and sagacity. On turning up the nest of the yellow ant this naturalist one day saw a variety of aphides either wandering about in the different chambers or attached to roots of plants which penetrated into the interior. The ants appeared to be extremely jealous of their stock of cattle; they followed them about and caressed them, whenever they wished for the honeyed juice, which the aphis never refused to yield. On the slightest appearance of danger they took them up in their mouths and gently removed them to a more sheltered and more secure spot. They dispute with other ants for them, and, in short, watch them as keenly as any pastoral people would guard the herds which form their wealth. Other species, which do not gather the aphides together in their own nest, still seem to look on them as private property; and, what is yet more extraordinary, they inclose them, as a farmer does his sheep, to preserve them not only from rival ants, but also from the natural enemies of the aphis. If the branch on which the aphides feed be conveniently situated the ants have recourse to a very effectual expedient to keep off all trespassers; they construct around the branch containing the aphides a tube of earth, or some other material, and in this inclosure, formed near the nest and generally communicating with it, they secure their cattle against all interlopers. The brown ant has been observed by Huber to build a chamber around the stem of a thistle in such a way that the stalk passed through the center, so that from their nut-hill they had only to climb the thistle stalk in order to enter this cattle-fold, which was suspended in mid-air. The interior, smooth and compact, was entirely formed of earth; it contained an extensive family of insect cows, sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather, and protected from their enemies. These edifices are not always constructed near the bottom of the thistle stalk; Huber once saw one at a height of five feet from the ground. "These proceedings," says he, "are by no means common; we can not attribute them to a habitual routine." Indeed, the modes of preserving their cattle seem to be as various as those practiced by man.

Some ants receive their food from the aphides which suck the juices of the common plantain, and these at first take their station near the flower of the plant; as soon as the flowers wither these insect-cows take shelter under the radicle leaves; whereupon the ants that before had climbed up to them now surrounded them with a mud wall, and, making a covered gallery by way of communication between their nest and the "paddock," extract food from them at their convenience and pleasure.

During autumn, winter and spring many species of ants keep aphides. Indeed, in winter they would be exposed to the danger of famine did they not rely for food on their cattle; for though they become torpid when exposed to intense cold, yet, for the most part, the depth of their nests preserves a temperature for them sufficiently high to prevent this contingency. Their milch cows are then kept on the roots of the plants which penetrate the interior of the nest, and furnish an abundant supply of liquid, in which their keepers delight. And not only is the full-grown animal kept, but its eggs are watched and guarded with that care which warrant us in supposing that the ant knows their full value. It is of real consequence to the ants that the hatching of the eggs of the aphides should take place as early in the spring as possible, in order to insure an early supply of food for their colony; and with the view of hastening this event they deposit them in the warmest part of their dwelling, and in fine weather bring them to the surface of the nest to give them the advantage of the sun.

Plant lice, or aphides, differ much in form, color, clothing, and in the length of the honey tubes. Some have these tubes quite long, as the rose louse (*Aphis rosæ*), which is green, and has a little conical projection, or stylet as it is called, at the extremity of the body between the two honey tubes. These insects seem to love society, and often herd together in dense masses, each one remaining fixed to the plant by means of its long tubular beak; and they rarely change their places till they have exhausted the first part attacked. The attitudes and manners of these little creatures are extremely amusing. When disturbed, like restive horses, they begin to kick and sprawl in the most ludicrous manner. They may be seen, at times, suspended by their beaks alone, and throwing up their legs as if in a high frolic, but too much engaged in sucking to withdraw their beaks. As they take in great quantities of sap they would soon become gorged if they did not get rid of it through the little tubes at the extremity of their bodies. When one of them gets running-over full it seems to communicate its uneasy sensations by a kind of animal magnetism, to the whole flock, upon which they all, with one accord, jerk upward their bodies and eject a shower of the honeyed fluid. The leaves and bark of plants much infested by these insects are often completely sprinkled over with drops of this stieky fluid, and which on drying become dark colored, and greatly disfigure the foliage. This appearance has been styled "honey-dew," but should not be confounded with another similar production observable on plants after very dry weather, which has received the same name, and which consists of an extravasation or oozing of the sap from the leaves.—*Scientific American.*

The Dead Alive.

THE following extraordinary story comes from Franklintown, N. C., over the signature of Mr. J. W. Weaver, of that town. He says that Mrs. Martha Smith, of Chatham, reports a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial and resurrection, in the person of a married lady in that county, who possessed a gold watch and finger rings which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her whenever she should die. Finally she was taken ill, and life seemed gradually to ebb away, until her attending physician pronounced it extinct. At her burial her previously expressed desires was complied with, and the second night after the interment a white man and a negro went to the grave and exhumed her for the purpose of obtaining the buried jewelry. As they took the lid off the coffin, and the negro began pulling off a ring from her finger, she raised up. At this both men took fright and ran away. Finally, the negro went back, and she asked him what he wanted. He told her he wanted her rings and the white man her watch. She requested to see the white man, whom the other soon found and brought to her. She requested him to go home with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost. Mrs. Smith says the lady is now living and bids fair to attain a good old age, and that she visits and is visited by her frequently.

An Incident at Castle Garden.

A STEAMSHIP, arriving on Saturday, had brought in a great number of young Irish girls, who came, as is their custom, bareheaded or with shawls thrown over their heads. Many of them intended remaining here, but could not be disposed of before Monday, and those who purposed going West were also detained until the same time. On Sunday forenoon, at an early hour, several of them beset the baggagemaster for permission to get at their trunks in the luggage-rooms, and he allowed them to do so, at no small inconvenience to himself and his assistants, when it transpired that their common object was simply to get out their showy hats, profusely trimmed with bright colored ribbons. No sooner did they appear in the rotunda, adorned with their hats, than each girl in the place rushed for the luggage-room and demanded to be allowed to get her hat also. The baggagemaster endeavored to protest, but was literally overwhelmed and swept away by the vigorous body of girls, who took possession of their trunks, tore them open, and mounted their gorgeous hats as if life itself depended upon their haste. They then sallied out for a promenade up town, each seemingly confident that her hat constituted her a belle in "Amerika."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A pound of care will not pay a pound of debt.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has so won upon the Irish heart that she leaves the country with the title of "The Lady Lieutenant."

THE Pall Mall *Gazette*, which has been edited for many years by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, has changed hands, and will henceforth be the organ of the Advanced Liberals.

LOUISA JOSEPHINE EUGENIE, Princess Royal of Sweden and Norway and Crown Princess of Denmark, is one of the handsomest princesses of Europe. She is very rich, full of life and spirits, is a model wife and mother, and owns the purest and largest diamonds known.

THE ex-Queen of Naples goes daily to the Hippodrome at Paris, and is taking lessons in circus tricks on horseback, a servant throwing balls to her, which she catches at full gallop and leaning back so that her head almost touches the horse's tail. The King stands watching her with mute admiration.

THE will of the late Duke of Portland has been sworn under a larger amount of personalty—$7,500,000—than that under which any peer's will has ever been sworn before, with the exception of the late Lord Dysart, whose personalty was about a million and a half more; but that was the result of a very busy and very penurious life, whereas the Duke was a free spender. Very few peers have more than $500,000 personalty.

ACCORDING to the London *Times*, 257 new members will sit in the House of Commons. Of these 150 are merchants or manufacturers or engaged in trade in some way; of the remainder, fifty-two are lawyers, thirty officers of the army and two of the navy, seven engineers, six journalists, five bankers, six tenant farmers, four publishers, engravers or printers, three doctors, three clergymen and two brewers.

THE Dukes of Bedford have converted what was an inland sea in winter and a noxious swamp in summer, the waters expanding into meres swarming with fish and screaming with wild fowl, by the labors of successive generations of engineers, into 680,000 acres of the richest land in England, as much the product of art as the kingdom of Holland, and like it preserved for human culture and habitation solely by continuous watchfulness from day to day. The present Duke is devoted to agricultural pursuits, and has placed one of his best farms at the disposal of the Royal Agricultural Society for experiments destined to improve the scientific knowledge of farmers all over the world.

Devices of Paris Smugglers.

A JERSEY wagon continually entered and left Paris. It was empty. The local customs officers were always told that no dutiable article was in it. A rapid inspection was made; nothing could be seen; it was allowed to enter. But the other day an inspector thought that he "smelt a rat," so he looked and he smelt, and at last he found that the roof of the Jersey wagon was double, was lined with zinc and filled with brandy, held in a tank six feet long, three feet wide, three inches thick. A few days before another stratagem was detected: A toy maker, domiciled in Paris but with his manufactory outside, continually sent Jersey wagons, filled with toys, from manufactory to shop. The first Jersey was carefully examined. The second was superficially examined. The third was suspiciously examined. This was just what the toy maker expected, and nothing was discovered; but the day the inspectors took it into their heads to dismiss the first Jersey wagon summarily they could have found hobby-horses, dolls, Punch's hunchback and drums filled with alcohol.

The Nature of Light and Its Action Upon the Eye.

AT a recent meeting of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Microscopical Club, Dr. Lucien Howe presented the subject of the undulations of light and their perceptions by the eye. Brief mention was made of the different theories, accounting for the phenomena of optics previous to the present century. The difficulties of this subject were first solved by Thomas Young, who satisfactorily explained the undulatory theory of light. He showed that what we call light is an impression produced upon the retina by the wave-like motion of the particles of matter. Subsequently the lengths of these waves were measured. It would take 36,918 waves of red light, or 64,631 waves of violet light, placed end to end, to make an inch. From the speed of light, which has been measured, it is proved that at least four hundred and fifty-one millions of millions of these minute waves flow into the eye and dash against the retina in each second. Dr. Howe proceeded with a minute description of the microscopical anatomy of the eye, more particularly relating to the "layer of rods and cones." These were stated as being in reality the terminal filaments of the optic nerve. These are shaken or acted on by the waves of light, and it is especially these with which we see.

A Phenomenal Memory.

THE story is told of an American waiter at the New York Fifth Avenue Hotel who can take charge of five hundred hats at once and always return the right hat to the owner, though most of the five hundred owners, and of course most of their hats, are completely strange to him. This waiter says that he "forms a mental picture of the owner's face inside the hat, and that on looking at any hat the wearer's face is instantly brought before his mind's eye." Here, then—if the account be accurate—is another case of a memory indefinitely strengthened by a power of visualising impressions which most men never visualise at all. This man visualises hats with faces under them as great chess-players who play without the board visualise the pieces set in particular squares; only this is a more remarkable exercise of the same power, since five hundred hats must contain as many nearly exact copies of each other, while none of the sixty-four squares on a chessboard can be confused together at all, by any one who can make himself any accurate picture of them.—*London Nature.*

Our Young Folks.

LUCY'S SOLILOQUY.

"I wish I could scratch the freckles
All off my cheeks and nose.
I wish I could make dirt pancakes
Without minding my sash and clothes.

"I wish I could find the chicken
That laid those 'squisite' eggs
We 'scovered' on Easter morning
In a nest by the sofa's legs.

"I'd like to see Mother Hubbard
Going to buy a bone,
And her dog that stood up 'headwards'
When he thought he was all alone.

"I wish I could ride with papa
Way to the 'beaufer' sky,
To the 'beaufer' clouds and sunshine,
Where the smoke and the seug-birds fly.

"I wish I could be a flower,
A rosy in a jar,
And then I'd be picked by mamma,
And put in the vase with the star.

"My legs would hang in the water—
But oh! at last I'd be
A dry little seed. I'd rather,
I guess, be only me."

So chatted my little Lucy
To her doll Jemima Lee;
"And I guess," she said, "my mamma
Had rather I'd just be me."
—*Youth's Companion.*

A VOYAGE ON AN ICE-BLOCK.

THE breaking up of the ice in Russia is always a fine sight to look at, even upon a small stream like the Neva at St. Petersburg, which is a mere brook compared with the great rivers of the South. As soon as the spring thaw sets in, all the wooden bridges are removed, and nothing checks the descending ice but the stone piers of the Nikolaievski Bridge, named after its founder, the Czar Nicholas. Every morning, while the show lasts, the balustrades of this bridge are lined with a crowd of eager spectators, looking as intently at the wonderful sight as if they had never seen it before.

And a wonderful sight it is indeed. Far as the eye can reach, the smooth, dark surface of the river is one great procession of floating masses of ice, of all shapes and sizes, moving slowly and steadily downward.

But the place to see this famous sight at its best is the Volga, which, with its two thousand miles of length, brings down ice enough to overwhelm a whole city. At times the force of the current piles it up, sheet over sheet, into huge mounds, the crashing and grinding of which, as they dash against each other, make the very air shake. When the river is "moving," as the Russians call it, he would be a bold man who should attempt to take a boat across it; for, once caught between two of these moving islands, the strongest boat on the Volga would be crushed like an egg-shell.

So, doubtless, think the group of peasants who are standing upon the river bank one bright March morning, a mile or two below the great manufacturing town of Saratov, watching the endless procession of ice-blocks sweep past. Strange-looking fellows they are, with their flat, sallow faces and thick yellow beards, their high boots smeared with tar instead of blacking, their rough caps pulled down over their eyes, and their heavy sheepskin frocks with the wool inside. But, queer as they look, they are a merry set, laughing and joking unceasingly, and enjoying the spectacle like a party of youths at a circus.

"Come, now, Meesha [Michael], here's an open course; let us have a race across!"

"All right, Stepka [Stephen]; and as you're a friend of mine, I'll give you a half-minute start."

And then follows a loud laugh, for a little fun goes a long way in Russia.

But a sudden shout from one of the men draws everybody's attention, and he is seen pointing to a huge sheet of ice some distance up the stream. On its smooth white surface lies a dark, shapeless lump, perfectly still; and guesses begin to fly from mouth to mouth as to what this can be.

"A block of wood, I think."

"A dog, more likely."

"Too big—must be a bundle of hay."

A handsome young fellow, lately arrived in that district from the North, presses to the front, and fixing his keen eyes for a moment upon the mysterious object, says, emphatically, "Tchelovek!" (a man).

"A man?" echo two or three of his companions. "He must be frozen, then, for he don't seem to move a bit."

"Feodor [Theodore] has the best eyes among us, though," puts in another. "If he says a man, why, a man it must be."

"And so it is," shouts one who has run a little way up the bank; "and he's alive, too, for I saw him move his head just now."

By this time the ice-block had come near enough to let the strange object upon it be plainly seen. It was the figure of a man in a sheep-skin frock, doubled up in a crouching posture.

"We must help him, lads," cries Feodor; "it won't do to let a man perish before our eyes."

"Ah, my boy," answers an old man beside him, shaking his gray head, "it's easy to say 'help him,' but how are we to do it? Crossing the Volga when it's moving is not like dipping a spoon in a bowl of milk."

"I'll try it, anyhow," says Feodor, resolutely. "God cares for those who care for each other. I'll just run and get out my boat."

But as he was starting off to do so, a shout from the rest made him turn his head, and he saw something that stopped him short.

Just abreast of the spot where they stood three or four small islets, or rather sand-banks, lay close together in the center of the stream. The huge fragment of ice upon which the man was crouching, turned sideways by the current, had just run upon the end of one of these banks, where it stuck fast.

"Now's the time," shouted Feodor, springing forward; "not a moment to be lost. A rope and a pole—quick!"

He was obeyed at once; for these rough fellows seemed to feel instinctively that he was the man for the occasion, and had a right to take the command. He twisted one end of the rope around his left arm, and running a little way up the bank, threw the other end to those who followed him, grasped the pole in his right hand, and bounded like a deer onto the nearest ice-block, the in-drawn breath of the excited lookers-on sounding like a hiss amid the dead silence.

Had any artist been there to paint the scene, it would have made a very striking picture. The sky had darkened suddenly, and a cheerless gloom breeded over the sullen river with its drifting ice, and the bare sandy ridges on either side, and the helpless figure stranded upon the islet, and the daring man winning his perilous way over the treacherous surface, and the group of anxious watchers on the shore, while the wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees, like a warning of coming evil.

But Feodor was not the man to be frightened by any such fancies, and on he went in gallant style, springing lightly from block to block, while the ice creaked and groaned beneath his weight, and the water splashed up all around him. Twice a cry of dismay burst from his comrades, as the ice upon which he leaped gave way under his feet. Once his way was barred by a gap too broad to be cleared; but with his pole he drew a passing fragment within his reach, stepped upon it, and went forward again.

But now came a new peril. The stranded mass of ice for which he was aiming, thus stuck fast in the midst of the stream, formed a kind of breakwater, behind which the smaller lumps began to accumulate; and several of these, driven by the current beneath the great sheet, forced one end of it up, while the other was held fast by the sandbank. Such a strain was too great to be long endured. Just as Feodor was almost within reach of the helpless man, the ice-floe upon which the latter lay split in two with a deafening crash, and the pent-up masses behind, all breaking loose at once, came down upon Feodor like an avalanche.

"God help him, he's lost!" muttered an old peasant, clasping his hands.

But Feodor was not to be caught so easily. Quick as lightning he planted the end of his pole on the nearest block, and with one bound was upon the islet, just as the ice torrent went rushing and roaring past. The next moment his hand was on the shoulder of the prostrate man.

"Up with you, man!" roared he, shaking him violently; "up with you, quick!"

But the man never moved. Either cold or fright, or both together, had plainly rendered him quite helpless.

For an instant Feodor stood perplexed; and then he seemed to have made up his mind what to do. Planting his feet firmly upon the rough ice, he gave a powerful thrust with his pole, which pushed the block clear off the sand-bank; and another shove sent it clear out into the stream.

"Now, lads," shouted he to his friends on the bank, who still kept their hold of the connecting rope, "pull with a will."

The men seeing at once what he meant to do, pulled at the rope with all their might, while Feodor guided the floating mass with his pole. More than once a huge block bore down on him so swiftly that a fatal collision appeared certain; but the young hero's skilled hand and eye carried him through, and five minutes later the rescued man and his deliverer were both safe on shore.

"Bravo!" cried his companions, crowding eagerly around him.

"Bravo!" echoed a strange voice from behind; and it was then seen that a handsome sleigh had halted beside the group, in which sat a tall, soldier-like man in uniform, at sight of whom the peasants doffed their caps and bowed low.

"What's all this?" asked the newcomer.

The story was soon told, and the stranger's face lighted up with a glow of hearty admiration as he heard it.

"Well done, my brave fellow!" said he, handing Feodor a bank-bill for twenty-five roubles (nineteen dollars). "It's poor enough pay for such a day's work, after all; but if ever you're in want of money, come to me, and you shall have it, and welcome."

And away went the sleigh before Feodor could recover from his amazement, which was not lessened when half a dozen of his comrades, all speaking at once, informed him that this liberal stranger was no other than the Governor of Saratov himself.—*David Ker, in Harper's Young People.*

How to See A Seed Grow.

MANY little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows; and in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, around which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the center of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them ever day, and they would learn what was going on under ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas, in the south window. They found that, while they were fast asleep, the little brown skins had burst; and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of the pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white, thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large, and gave way to a stalk or stem. In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Crucifix, the winner of the Oaks for Lord George Bentwick, did more in less time than any horse that ever had appeared on the English turf up to his time. He ran twelve times within as many months without ever having been beaten, and won ten thousand two hundred and eighty-seven pounds in public stakes. The triumphs of Crucifix were all achieved between July 9, 1839, and June 5, 1840, considerably less than twelve months.

A BAGGAGE-MAN sat coolly down the other day in a baggage-car of a Norwich & Worcester Railroad, going about thirty miles an hour, and had six teeth pulled, and was ready to set the brakes at the next station as usual.

Rubbish.

On the banks of the Thames near London are two large "dust yards." Possibly we should not have known what a curiosity they are if a kind-hearted woman had not been touched by the dreariness of the place, and out of pity for the workers in their filthy drudgery begun a systematic effort in their behalf. For very small pay they work under contractors, and many, if not most of them, are women.

We hope that the labors for these poor, half-wild women may give them a better life and persuade those who are getting rich by this sifting process to manage their work with more regard to the comfort of the workers. If only some enterprising New Yorker would find out how the rubbish is turned into money we should have cleaner streets.

Besides the coin—mostly small bits, although sovereigns and large bank notes are sometimes found amongst the rubbish, and other things of great value which, through accident, have found their way into the dust heap—the workers in these yards have all the bits of wood and their daily portion of cinders for perquisites.

The fine dust or "soil" makes a valuable manure, the vegetable refuse or "soft core" is also sent to the farmers for that purpose, brick-bats, broken crockery and such stuff go towards filling up low places in the city, and fine cinders go to the brickyard. Then there are linen and cotton rags for the paper mill, and bottles and corks that go to do their work again, scraps of iron for ballast first and repuddling—do you know what that is?—afterwards across the sea, old shoes to be cobbled or made over into parts of others, and bones to be made into elegant fans, handles for knives and forks and tooth brushes, combs, chessmen and paper knives.

But the strangest of all are the useful things the chemist finds in this disgusting heap. He burns the bits of bones and with the result he refines sugar, or he gets from them the gelatine which is the principal part of the jelly which so many people enjoy; phosphorus for matches, smelling salts, blacking, stiffening to make the dress silks appear heavier, and a host of other things the chemist will bring out of the bones. He will make ink and potash salts from some of the old iron, and from old tinware, tin, iron, ammonia, Prussian blue, stannate of sodium, steel, chloride of zinc and chloride of iron. A big caldron filled with boiling woolen rags, pearlash, horns, hoofs, blood, old iron and scraps of leather produces the beautiful crystals of Prussiate of potassa, so important in medicine and chemistry. Glue, also, is a product of the rubbish heap; cork cuttings are used in making floor-cloths, and such portions of leather as have escaped other hands are turned into cement for iron tools. You might think all the heap was now exhausted; but no, there are still left some things of value. Enough have been mentioned, however, to show that care and skill can convert the most unpromising materials into things of use and beauty.—*Christian Union.*

How Mr. Aldrich Wrote "Marjorie Daw."

"In his short stories," says the Boston *Herald*, "Mr. Aldrich has achieved peculiar distinction. They nearly all deal in some remarkable surprise which the reader can in no way discount, although he may feel absolutely certain he knows how the thing is going to end. 'Marjorie Daw' is the most famous of Mr. Aldrich's stories. Mr. Aldrich was impelled to write it by his desire to do a story in letter form, for the stories in that shape he had read had impressed him as being the dullest of all dull things, but he felt that it was really the most dramatic form for a short story, each letter forming a scene by itself. He was occupying Elmwood, Mr. James Russell Lowell's home in Cambridge, at the time. The letters, he thought, should be written between two young gentlemen, who were intimate friends, the one spending the summer vacation at the seashore and writing to the other about a young lady there, getting the absent one interested in her. But if one was at the seashore, why would not the other one go there too? He would fix that by breaking his leg and laying him up at his home in the city. His intention was for the young man at the shore to get his friend in town in love with the young lady, and at the same time unwittingly become so interested that he would fall in love with her himself, and at last, when his city friend recovered and rushed down to see him and meet his fate, the latter would find them married and settled down. He carried the story something like half through with this intention, when it occurred to him to make Majorie Daw purely imaginary, a fiction with which the young man at the shore sought, in his letters, to beguile his sick friend. He wrote the rest of the story under the second plan, and then went back and changed a few things in the first letters to make them consistent. When he finished the story he showed all but the last page, containing the catastrophe, to a friend, a veteran novel reader, who had called to see him, telling him he had something there which would puzzle him to tell how it was to end. He read it through and said it was clear enough to see the result, and he foretold it as Mr. Aldrich had originally intended. 'Well,' said Mr. Aldrich, 'since you know you may as well read the rest of it,' and handed him the last letter. His friend was fairly unnerved by the result, and he hardly recovered for ten minutes or so.

"A curious circumstance connected with the writing of 'Marjorie Daw' was that at one end of Mr. Lowell's study there stood a writing desk, and, at the other end a chair with a writing table attached to the arm, and that Mr. Aldrich wrote the story sitting alternately in these two places. When at the desk he was the young man in the city, laid up with his broken leg, writing to the seashore, and when in the chair he was at the seashore writing to the city. Had he not done this, Mr. Aldrich says, he could not have kept his character and the style of the letters so clearly and sharply distinct, but with the change of place, he seemed to change his own identity."

Very seldom 'round—The square man.

HOME AND FARM.

Don't kill bird friends—such as destroy insects.

Weeds absorb moisture as well as plant-food from the soil, and nothing but silence and laziness can justify their growth.

A good carding of animals at this season stimulates the skin and thus assists the changing of their coats.

Flies and Horses.—The suggestion is made that by rubbing a horse with a decoction of walnut leaves the flies may be kept at a distance.

A water-proof cement is prepared by a German chemist as follows: Dissolve five to ten parts dry gelatine in 100 parts water, then add ten per cent. of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash. Articles united with this glue are exposed to the light of the sun, when the bichromate becoming reduced, the gelatine film attains great strength and flexibility.

Cream Sauce.—One tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one cup of cold milk, salt, pepper; put butter in small saucepan, and, when hot, add flour, stir until perfectly smooth, but do not let it brown; then add the milk gradually, stirring all the time; boil two minutes, then add chicken and pepper, and salt to taste.

Spanish Eggs.—Cook one cup of rice thirty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt; drain through a colander, and then add one tablespoonful of butter. Spread on a hot platter very lightly. Now on the rice place six dropped eggs, and serve.

Ginger Cookies.—One teacupful of brown sugar, one of New Orleans molasses, one of thick sour cream, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of saleratus (dissolved in a little cold water), and one egg; mix soft; roll half an inch thick; bake in a moderate oven.

A writer in the *Farmer's Review* gives the following remedy as a sure preventive against the ravages of the cabbage worm. Place the seeds used in washing in sunshine until soured. When the worms appear sprinkle the plants three or four sprinklings. This has proved a success. Several persons have tried this simple remedy and raised the best cabbage they ever raised, and consider it a success.

Honey forms an ingredient in many of the compositions recommended for the face because of its healing properties. A foreign physician, who has devoted considerable time and study to the subject, furnishes the following recipe for inducing clearness of complexion: One ounce of honey, three ounces of ground barley and the white of an egg mixed to a paste, and spread thickly over the face before retiring. In the morning it is to be washed off with warm water, wetting the surface with a sponge and letting it soften first. This application is to be repeated each night until the skin becomes fine and soft. In addition a daily bath in tepid water, followed with vigorous rubbing, is advised. This recipe is probably as good as any, and has the merit of being quite simple and harmless.

Do not attempt to clean any loose-woven carpet which allows the dust to sift through it on to the floor underneath, without taking it up and shaking and heating it through. When tacked down again it may be brightened and grease and dirt spots removed by scrubbing it with warm soapsuds to which has been added hartshorn (ammonia). If the carpet is much soiled use about four tablespoonfuls of ammonia to a bucket of water; otherwise a less amount will be sufficient. To lay the dust in sweeping a rag or other carpet, there is nothing better than corn-meal sprinkled over it.

How to Write for the Papers.

The Boston *Post* hits the nail on the head when it says: Communications should be brief, and there are several reasons for this. In the first place, newspaper space is valuable. The modern newspaper is never troubled with the old-time complaint of needing "something to fill up." The editor's scalpel is constantly reeking from the slaughter of live news matter and interesting miscellany. Short communications are much more likely to find readers than long ones are, and unless they are to be read it is much better not to publish them. More contributions can be represented where the articles are short than when they are long, and one man has as strong a claim upon the columns as another, providing he furnishes as interesting matter. A short article is usually more pithy and pointed than a long one. A subject should have many ramifications to demand more than half a column in a newspaper, while all that could be saved even from that limit up to a certain point is apt to be an improvement. That prince of journalists, the late Samuel Bowles, once apologized for a long editorial, and gave as his excuse lack of time to write a short one. He expressed an important truth in his usual epigrammatic way.

An Amphibious Malden.

The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) *Advertiser* says: Passing along King Street last week we noticed a gathering of natives, in the center of which was a middle-aged man of rather sickly aspect, and a young girl of sixteen to eighteen years. Drawing near we found it was one of those who had been washed overboard from the Waoli, and the girl was his daughter. He was relating his experience while overhoard—about an hour and a half. When thrown into the sea the man had on heavy sea boots and thick clothing. After swimming awhile he began to find it difficult to keep above water, and told his daughter that he must soon give up—his heavy boots would sink him. She encouraged him to persevere, and she would try and rid him of the boots. She then dove beneath him, and after several attempts actually succeeded in removing the heavy boots, which, of course, fitted very loosely. She dove again and removed his thick woolen pants, which impeded his swimming, and then assisted him in getting off his peajacket. Thus lightened he was able to keep his head above water until at length the vessel's boat came along and picked them up.

India is coming forward as a tea-growing country, and in 1879 furnished Great Britain nearly one-fifth of its annual supply. The tea product of India is steadily increasing, having risen from 27,814,000 pounds in 1876 to 35,420,000 in 1878. The tea is stronger and cheaper than the Chinese teas, but is said to be not so mildly flavored. Small consignments which have reached this country, however, have been highly praised by New York tea-tasters. As the English statutes against adulteration are vigorously enforced in India, 7,000 chests of tea adulterated by "dust" were burned recently. Indian teas are not "faced" or colored as Chinese teas are, and the leaf presents a more irregular appearance. The new teas as they come into use are likely to displace the Chinese teas of the lower grade, a result generally desirable.

—So high an authority as the London *Lancet* ventures to assert that "a man may bathe *daily* (in *cold* water) and use his towel even roughly, but remain as dirty, to all practical intents, as though he eschewed cleanliness;" and we have the presumption to declare the above assumption false! The readers of the *Lancet* certainly know better, if its editor does not.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for June.*

Incubation of Scarlatina.—In the transactions of the Clinical Society, the conclusions of Dr. Murchison, concerning the incubation period of scarlatina are thus presented. First, the duration of the incubation stage may be only a few hours; second, probably in a large proportion of cases it does not exceed forty-eight hours; third, it very rarely exceeds seven days—consequently, a person who has been exposed to scarlet fever and does not sicken after a week's quarantine may be pronounced safe. Many facts show, he thinks, that scarlatina has an infecting power from the earliest stage of the malady, although the comparative facility of preventing its spread in a school, when the first case is promptly isolated, points to this power being much less during the first two or three days than in the case of measles; on the other hand, scarlatina has the power of infecting over a period of many weeks—no case, in fact, can be regarded as safe until the expiration of the eighth week.

A shrewd swindler has been caught in Pittsburgh. He called on the Roman Catholic Bishop Twigg and showed a letter of introduction and high commendation, purporting to have been written by Bishop Hennessy, of Iowa. This document, a forgery, announced that the bearer, was Mr. Willard, an eminent Dubuque lawyer. The rascal said that his business was to deliver to Bishop Twigg a check of $2,500, which had been left to the church by a client. The check was a forgery, too. He finally asked for $50 as his fee. The Bishop called in a policeman at once. A memorandum in the man's pocket indicated that numerous less astute clergymen had allowed themselves to be imposed upon.

The New Seal

Of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is President, consisting of a figure of Æsculapius, the Father of Medicine, surmounting the globe, fitly symbolizes the world-wide reputation gained by the Family Medicines of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by this incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammoth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association make medicines for the whole world—not only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Blood-purifier and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little pills)—and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—for bowel affections, colds and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia and rheumatism,—Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

Game Played For.

The *Republican*, Omaha, Nebraska, says: "In the game of life the 'stake' played for is health, wealth and happiness. Each of these can be obtained by the use of Warner's Safe Remedies."

Pimples and Humors on the Face.—In this condition of the skin, the Vegetine is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

The trade-mark is on every package of the Frazer Axle Grease. Buy only the genuine. For sale everywhere.

Nutritious, restorative, quieting, strengthening and purifying are Malt Bitters.

Redding's Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

C. Gilbert's Corn Starch is strictly pure.

Two South Carolinians, who have been at law four years for the possession of a bull, are still at it. The costs exceed $1,000, exclusive of counsel fees, and the bull is dead. Its hide has been stuffed, and is to be produced in the court.

The small boy was never known to shirk work. He is always willing to do anything that is required of him, but he finds it difficult to parcel out his work to fit his time. That is to say, he finds it difficult to make up his mind. In the morning he is firmly of the opinion that the evening is the proper and only time fitting for labor. This would be all right and as agreeable to his parents as to himself, but it so happens that when evening comes his matutinal convictions have undergone a complete revulsion, and he is now thoroughly convinced the morning hours should alone be consecrated to toil.—*Boston Transcript.*

Virginia has a new county—Dickinson—formed of portions of Lee and adjoining counties.

The use of slate for roofing purposes began about two centuries ago, and in the interval has grown until at the present time the mining and manufacture of roofing slate is one of the great industries, England taking the lead in it until quite recently, when the inadequacy of its supply to meet the demand led the English dealers to cast their eyes toward American quarries. In this country the slate deposit is an immense one, capable of comparatively inexpensive mining, and consisting of excellent material. New England is especially rich in this particular.

Something gnu and interesting—a horned horse.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Two men, without any other facilities than a tin pan, in five days obtained one hundred dollars worth of gold in Byrd's Creek, ten miles from Christiansburg, Va.. They have now hired a number of hands and gone to work systematically.

Emerson says everything good in man leans on something higher. Emerson is right. We have seen a man lean on a telegraph pole, and the only good in him was beer. At least he said it was good.—*Norristown Herald.*

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Freeport, Ill., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

Dear Sir—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for *General Debility*, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not *the best* medicine in the market for a general Invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

VEGETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

Verona, Miss., June 5, 1878.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes* and *General Debility*. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very respy.

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being *blind*, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 15, 1878.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with *such benefit*.

Yours truly,

W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

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UNFERMENTED

TO PREVENT NIGHT SWEATS, to ease the cough and arrest emaciation and decline, no other form of malt or medicine can possibly equal MALT BITTERS. This Nutrient and Tonic is rich in nourishment and strength. It rides the patient over the most critical stages of Consumption, digests and assimilates food, enriches and purifies the blood. Prepared *from Unfermented Malt and Hops* by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY, and commended to Consumptives, Delicate Females, Sickly Children, and the Debilitated, as the most powerful Restorative in medicine. Sold everywhere.

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BITTERS

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SEE WHAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED IT SAY.

Holston Salt and Plaster Co., Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with CUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to

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WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

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A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

☞ For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

☞ For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

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Proprietors,

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Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

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Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?

Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?

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Why cross the ocean tide
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When at your bedside reaches
Presents the self-same draught,
Ebullient as the Seltzer
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In TARRANT'S COOL APERIENT,
You drink each healing thing
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CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them at once to healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have testified to having been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY. Send for pamphlet to

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all **Humors**, from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple**, or **Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

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The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are **scarcely larger than mustard seeds.**

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Heated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned, bearing date the 13th day of November, A. D., 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 550, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will on

Monday, the 28th day of June, A. D., 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., at Bush's saw mill, (near Ashby's ford, on the Youghiogheny River,) about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

"One Eclipse steam engine,

Number eight hundred and fifty-five, with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete, 1 saw mill, (Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut off saw with mandrel frame pulleys and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench, belt and oil can."

The above property is in good condition, only having been used about six months.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
je5-4w Trustee.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of John B. Brunt, for taxes due in the year 1878.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 24. Trials to July Term, 1880.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 25th day of May, A. D., 1880, that James Z. Browning, collector of taxes for First Collection District, in and for Garrett county for the year 1878, give notice, by the publication of a copy of this order, in two newspapers printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of June, A. D., 1880, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, hereinafter sold by him as the property of the said John B. Brant, for taxes due by the said Brant for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning as said collector of taxes, to this court the 30th day of April last past, to be and appear in this court, on or before the 22d day of June next to show cause, if any they have, why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—test—
je5-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, it being No. 3 Judicials to July term, 1880, of said court, being in a case wherein Johnson King is plaintiff and Zaccheus Gibson is defendant I, the undersigned, George D. White, Sheriff of Garrett county, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, on the 10th day of May, 1880, all of the hereinafter described real and personal property, and all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Zaccheus Gibson in and to the same. And I, the said George D. White, Sheriff as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will offer at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash,

On TUESDAY, the 22d day of June, 1880,

in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, all of the following property so seized and levied upon as aforesaid, to-wit:

All that lot or tract of land known and designated by its original metes and bounds as Military Lot No. 973, containing fifty acres of land, more or less, situated in district No. 7, about 2 miles south-east of Oakland and which is partially improved by a small frame house, it being the same lot of land that was heretofore sold by the said Johnson King to the said Zaccheus Gibson. Also fifty-three cross-ties on said land.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

GEO. D. WHITE,
my29-ts Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, in the case wherein Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, is complainant and Jesse W. Chaney is defendant, being No. 46 on said equity docket, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale on the premises, at the residence of Jesse W. Chaney, in Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, the 12th day of June, 1880,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all these lots and parcels of land situated in Garrett county, and which are particularly described in two deeds, the first from A. C. Good and wife to Joseph Dilley, dated March 27, 1865, the second from Jno. J. Stottler and wife to said Joseph Dilley, dated September 14, 1870, both of which are recorded amongst the land records of Allegany county, Md., reference to which being had will fully appear.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by decree:—One-fourth cash and the balance in six and twelve months from day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds satisfactory to trustee.

J. FRANK SEISS,
my22-tds Trustee.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 10th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

AND, WHEREAS, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2 *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Engle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castlemun river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
my0-t3 Secretary of the Senate.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it in your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying Freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

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Feb. 14-3m

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.21 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 cents.

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Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

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J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880. NUMBER 17.

Dr BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1880.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

M. The power of Christ. Matt. 8. 18-34.
Tu. The invitation and parable. Matt. 11. 20-30; 13. 24-30.
W. Confession and cross-bearing. Matt. 16. 13-28.
Th. The transfiguration and the young. Matt. 17. 1-18; 19. 13-26.
F. The marriage feast and the judgment. Matt. 22. 1-14; 26. 31-46.
S. Gethsemane and Calvary. Matt. 26. 36-50; 27. 35-50.
S. After the resurrection. Matt. 28. 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John 1. 29.

LESSON HYMN. 7s.

Hands of Christ! outstretched in power,
In the tempest's fearful hour;
Hands of Christ! outstretched to bear
All my labor and my care;
Lead me to thy heart of love.

[illegible]

Words of Jesus! low and sweet
To the children at thy feet:
Let my life forever prove
That the living Word is Love.

Hands of Christ! outstretched for me,
On the bare, uplifted tree;
Words of Christ! from dying lips,
Under nature's dread eclipse!
Mine! and mine the living Friend,
With me always to the end.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Give the TOPICAL TITLES of the quarter's lessons.

1. P. C. or C. C.
2. I. C. or C. R.
3. W. T. or, C. D.
4. C. C. B. or C. R.
5. T. or G. S.
6. J. V. or G. S.
7. M. F. or I. S.
8. J. or E. S.
9. G. or S. S.
10. C. or A. S.
11. A. R. or A. S.

II. Repeat the GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. What—
2. Come—
3. The harvest—
4. If any—
5. We—
6. But Jesus—
7. As many—
8. And these—
9. Not as—
10. Who—
11. Lo—
12. Behold—

III. Give account of the following EVENTS:—
A tempest lulled. A youth sorrowful.
Evil spirits sent away. The Saviour praying
A confession rewarded Death on the cross.
Children welcomed. A risen Saviour.

IV. Repeat some of the words of JESUS.

1. To a scribe who wished to follow him.
2. To those that labor and are heavy laden.
3. To the children who came for a blessing.
4. To the disciples about riches.
5. To those on his right hand in the judgment.
6. To the disciples asleep in the garden.
7. To the disciples after his resurrection.

SOME CURIOUS FIGURES.—Alabama is as large as England, and yet has only 1,000,000 of people to England's 21,000,000, California, with less than 1,000,000 of people, is very little smaller than France with 36,000,000. Nevada is a little smaller, and Oregon is larger, than New York and Pennsylvania combined; so either of these new states could easily hold the two older state's combined population of 8,500,000. We do not think Massachusetts overcrowded with 1,500,000, nor Ohio with less than 3,000,000, nor New York with 4,501,000. And yet, if Texas were settled as thickly as New York, its 1,000,000 would grow to 22,000,000; if like Ohio, it would have 21,000,000; if like Massachusetts, it would hold 52,000,000, or more than the present population of the Union. There are only fifteen States out of the thirty-eight which have each more than 1,000,000 of people, while there are fourteen States have a larger area than England, with her 21,000,000. Settled like England, these States would have more than 300,000,000. The States toward which immigration is now mainly settling are Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas and Colorado. These about equal Missouri in population, while her area is ten times hers. So, to be evenly populated like Missouri, sparsely populated as that State is, these five should have 29,000,000; and, to be settled like Massachusetts, being ninety times as large, they must have 135,000,000, or three times our country's present population. If the whole territory of the Union were settled like New York, it would contain 270,000,000; if like Massachusetts, 560,000,000; and if it reached England's ratio of inhabitants to the square mile, its population would almost equal the present population of the globe.

THE PROPAGATION OF CARP.—An experiment in the growing of carp commenced in 1878 in the Arsenal grounds at Washington, D. C., has been very successful. The pond is in a low, marshy place, and was originally intended for an ice pond. It is nearly an acre in extent, and is fed by a small pipe from the water main. The carp originally furnished by Professor Baird were forty-eight in number, but half of them were removed to other ponds. The young carp hatched a year ago, and now in fine growing condition, were 5,000 in number, 4,000 of which were removed to other experimental pools by Professor Baird. They now vary in size from 4 to 7 inches in length, and are as tame as any domestic animal or fowl. In this particular they differ from any other of the fish family.

A Popular Nominee.

"Great Majority Garfield," men used to call the able and popular statesman who was nominated for the Presidency Tuesday. Representing "the New-England District" of Ohio, in the extreme northeast corner of that State, he was in the habit of carrying it, whenever Congressional elections occurred, by overwhelming majorities. He was elected first in 1862, by 6,525 majority; in 1864 his majority was 11,771; in 1866 it was 10,986; and in 1868 it was 10,800. Nine times in succession he has been chosen in the district. In spite of all the political changes of the past twenty years, his plurality at the last election was 9,613; and he has since been chosen by the State of Ohio to fill the seat in the United States Senate from which Mr. Thurman was dismissed. Until that time, though long recognized as one of the most popular men in the State, he had never consented to be a candidate for any other office than that of Representative in Congress since he left the State Senate to enter the Army in 1861. Few men in this country have ever been able to look back upon as long a succession of triumphs by the popular vote, and very few have given better evidence of fitness for high stations.

Mr. Garfield has been the recognized leader of the Republicans in the House during the prolonged and trying struggles which have occurred since his party was reduced to a minority in that body. But his course has been such as to gain him great favor among conservative and moderate men, and it is probable that no other man, so completely identified with the party and enjoying so fully its confidence, could command so large an independent vote. His brilliant record and fine conduct as a soldier made him especially popular in the Union Army; his personal character has been such as to endear him to the people among whom he lives, and who have trusted and honored him so long; and his position upon all public questions has been such as to render him a worthy candidate of the party of Loyalty, Justice and Public Faith. It is particularly to his credit that, though accounted a Western man, he has been one of the most consistent, unswerving, able and powerful defenders of Hard Money and National Honor. On this account his nomination will be welcomed with peculiar satisfaction at the East and in the financial and commercial centres. A scholar and statesman rather than a mere politition, he has been for many years a close student of economic questions, and his steadfast fidelity and well trained intellect have often enabled him to render invaluable service to the cause of public faith in the Committee of Ways and Means and in the House. His service in Congress as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, as chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, has made him peculiarly familiar with departments of National affairs which have been studied and well understood by too few of our statesmen.

The personal qualities of General Garfield, as shown through all the struggles and excitements of the Convention, made him the candidate at last. Hearty and genial in treatment of all who come to him with fair cause or honest purpose, he is inflexible in his convictions, a staunch friend and a splendid fighter. As the leader of the Sherman forces he did his full share in defeating the unit rule and the third term, and represented better than any other man on the floor the spirit of anti-Grant majority. But from the opening of the Covention to the end he did not a thing and uttered not a word to increase the bitterness of personal feeling, or to place a straw in the way of the election of any candidate whom the Convention might finally nominate. The rare good sense and gentlemanly courtesy of his speech in behalf of Mr. Sherman, and especially its earnest advice that nothing should be done to impede the election of the candidate to be nominated, impressed the Convention strongly, because they revealed to it a man of unusual worth and merit. When all others had hesitated, he had been the man to protest against the attempted expulsion of the three delegates from West Virginia, and by that step had shown both his wisdom and his courage. When the anti-Grant forces found that combination upon either of their former candidates was impossible, it was most natural that they should turn to the delegate who had shown himself their own ablest leader and wisest adviser. The qualities which made him strong in the Convention, as they become appreciated throughout the country, will make him strong to unite the Republican party and to defeat Democracy once more.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Republican Platform.

In most respects the platform of [illegible] is a close copy of that of 1876, [illegible] that much of what we promised [illegible] years ago to undertake we can [illegible] to now as already accomplished. [illegible] Convention which nominated [illegible]dent Hayes pronounced it the [illegible] of the National Government to [illegible]rge its obligations to its credit, [illegible] build up the National credit, and restore prosperity by a speedy return to specie payment. The Convention which nominates President Hayes' successor congratulates us upon a currency redeemed, credit strengthened, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures flourishing, and general prosperity reestablished. All this has been effected by Republican legislation and the firm and prudent management of the finances by a Republican Administration.

The praise of President Hayes is well bestowed. It is long since the atmosphere of the White House has been so pure and the general tone of the executive branch of the Government so dignified as during his term of office. Able, honest, high minded, patriotic, sincere, he has kept not only himself but those around him free from the breath of scandal. He has administered his trust with an evident regard for the rights and the welfare of all sections of the country alike; and whenever the occasion has arisen, he has proved himself a sturdy defender of the principles of his party.

A forcible arraignment is made of the Democratic party for its habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice to its insatiable lust for office and patronage. The specifications under this general charge are severe, but no candid man can say there are not warranted by the conduct of that party during very recent years. Its efforts to destry the freedom and purity of the ballot, to seat Congressmen whom the people have refused to elect, to steal the entire State Government in Maine, to block the wheels of the National Government, to nullify National laws and to cultivate the spirit of the Rebellion in order to solidify the South, make this plank in the platform as just and appropriate as it is scathing.

The clauses respecting education, polygamy, Chinese immigration, etc., repeated from the platform of 1876, give fresh emphasis to the views which are well known to prevail among Republicans. Upon no part of the platform has there been any dissension among the delegates, or any occasion for compromise and shifty phrases. The Republicans know just where they stand. Happy is the party which has so little to explain in its past, and so little need to promise new things for the future. Its acts have spoken for it.

DARK HORSE SUPERSTITIONS.—It is fast becoming a matter of fact or superstition that "dark horse" candidates run well in the Presidential race and excite a peculiar kind of enthusiasm. The following incident is recalled by a gentleman of Lexington, Kentucky, and shows that Henry Clay was a firm believer in the superstition: "In 1844, while the Democratic Convention was in session at Baltimore, I, in company with several gentlemen, was sitting in Mr. Clay's law office. The party had called in order to ascertain the news from the convention. The only communication at that day was by mail. One of the gentlemen received a letter giving the result. When it was announced that James K. Polk had received the nomination a deep silence prevailed for a few moments, which was at last broken by Mr. Clay, who looked up and said: 'I am beaten.' One of the gentlemen asked: 'Why do you think so, Mr. Clay?' His reply was: 'Nobody knows James K. Polk.'"

A writer in the June Scribner who seems to speak by authority, says that the only known contribution to the Kansas Exodus Relief Fund by any man engaged in politics was $100 sent by Vice President Wheeler. It is also said that not a dollar of public funds has been expended in any way for the colored immigrants in Kansas. "Not a single colored tramp was seen in Kansas all winter," says this writer, and only one colored person was convicted of crime.

Mr. Nasby Advises the Democracy.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(In the State uv Kiniucky,)
May 15, 1880.

Wen I wuz a boy I red a fable, written by a man named Esup, whose principal biznis wuz writin fables, (wat paper he writ em fur I really don't know,) about a dog wich wuz crossin a bridge with a bone in hiz mouth. He saw the shadder uv the bone in the water, and thinkin that twe bones wuz better than one, dropped the one in hiz mouth to ketch the other. Consekently he lost the wun he hed without gittin the other.

The Dimocrisy is very mutch like that dog. We hev in our mouth, jist now, a very excellent bone. We hev the Congris, the Senit and hev the power to elekt the next President. Uv course we want to achieve the possibilities, but wat folly it iz to hazard wat we hev, on the mere chance uv gittin more.

The south, wich iz the Democrisy, iz in a very comfortable situashen now. Ez I sed, we hev the Congris, and we kin strengthen that Congris to almost any extent next year. Then next year we kin, ef we play our keerds right, elect a President, and then the entire government iz on our hands, to do with ez we please.

With this comes the postoffices, the custom house and the contrax—everything that the Dimekratic patriots hev bin deprived uv fur twenty long and weary years, and wich every Dimekrat hankers fur ez the hart thirsts for the running water.

Awl this we are liable to lose, by catchin at the bone that iz shinin in the water, wich, like faith, iz simply the promise uv things hoped for. How?

By the follow in uv the South. The Dimocrisy never hed the ded wood on anything they wantid that they did not kick it over by askin too much, and ailuz askin at the wrong time. Wat iz the yoose uv urgin the payment uv clames fur Surthern loses in the war, afore we git the power to pay the clames? Wat yoose iz it to insist on the payment uv Suthern patriots for their freed niggers afore we kin hev the power safe in our hands to pay 'em? Wat yoose iz it to ask for a custom house at the Corners, and the slack waterin uv Secession crik afore we hev a Congris thro' wich the necessary appropriashens kin be slid?

The point now iz moderashun. The South wants to be ez wise ez the serpent, and, jest now, ez harmlis ez the dove. Espeshly ez wise ez the serpent. But the time will come—well, I needn't say no more about it.

The proper thing fur the Dimocrisy to do iz to sing very small. We want to nominate fur President the most mild mannered man that ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. He must be ez good ez a graduate uv the Andover theological seminary, and a man without a record. The candidate fur Vice President must hev a record like a sunday skewl teacher, and a face wich will sustane hiz record. The platform must be solid on the moralities, and hev nothin in wich cud offend a Connecticut deekin; ther must be nothin in it but the most exalted patriotism, nothin but wat a Andersonville prizner cud endorse. I, knowin both sides, cud write sich a platform, and it wud be one wich even the most ardent Northern man wud indorse; it wudent say much, but wat it did say, and wat it didn't say, wudent meen nuthin.

After the eleckshun it would be another thing. When we hev our President elecktid, and wen we have Congris, both branches, in our hands, possibly it mite reed different. Possibly the platform wich didn't meen nuthin mite blossom into possibilities wich wud make glad the Cross Roads. Possibly the President mite recommend the slack waterin uv Confedrit crik under a plank wich indorst liberal and wise internal improvements. Possibly the emancipated niggers mite be pade for under the plank wich insists on the doin away uv sekshunal animosities, and possibly the establishment uv slavery mite be accomplished again, under sum arrangement uv apprenticeship, or whatever mite be deemed advisable to accomplish so vital a result.

But awl this cannot be accomplished by the tactics which the party iz adoptin now. The party hez got to lay low. It must hev more consiliatory people at the hed. The North iz skeery, and this ain't the time to skeer. Ef we are stoopid enuff to let out awi that we want, we shel lose wat we hev. The Injeany Dimekrat iz our good friend, but he ain't eddicated up to the plut uv doin awl that we want, jist now. He hez to be brot up to it by degrees. Wen he iz in a Postoffice, and hiz stayin in depends on hiz bein convinst that the South iz awi there iz in the Yoonited States, except for purposes uv taxashen, he will be mity easy convinst. But not till then.

Hence, I insist onto moderashun—before the eleckshun. We musn't skeer nobody. We want to go in on the cry uv reform, uv consilashen, uv fraternal feelin and everything uv that kind. We want to be ez mild ez a pan uv skim milk till we git sekurely ankored, and then—well, the South knows how to take keer uv herself.

I speek feelinly. I hev bin out uv offis ever sense A. Johnson, uv blessid memory, retired to privit life, and I wate to git back. The citizens uv the Corners, wich awi hold my doo bills, want me back, and they want their rites restored. They want the old flag and appropriashens. Payin no taxes theirselves, they want the North wich does, to be forced to make good awl that they lost in the attempt for their rites, and ez much more ez they kin be forced to bleed. This we must hev, and ther is but one way to git it. That way iz moderashen and not showin our hand till it iz called.

Will the Nashnel Convention foller this advice? We shel see; if it iz wise it will do it, and in one short year we shel be luxurintin in fresh pasters, kivered with tall clover.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes: "Southern Democrats are giving it to be understood that if New York and the North and West insist upon Mr. Tilden, the second place on the ticket must be accorded to a Southern man. Some correspondence on the subject has taken place, within the day or two past, which would be interesting reading, if the parties to it would consent to its publication. The national as well as the State committees, there is reason to believe, have received these Southern intimations, as well as prominent Democrats who hold no official relations to the party. Among the names put forward as fit to be on the ticket with Mr. Tilden are those of Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Senator Gordon, of Georgia; Senator Beck, of Kentucky; Senator Lamar, of Mississippi; or Congressman Reagan, of Texas; or Vance, of North Carolina; or Robert M. McLane, of Maryland.

For over eleven months the United States Marshals have been kept out of their pay by the Democrats in Congress. At last a Deficiency bill has passed the House containing a clause for paying them the arrears due, but it is saddled with a "rider" forbidding the payment of the deputy marshals appointed in California last Summer in accordance with the election laws. Those persons have exactly the same right to compensation for their services that the members of Congress have to draw their salaries. The Democrats still persist, however, in their attempt to nullify statutes which they are not able to repeal. Their behavior toward the election laws is one of the worst among the many disgraceful chapters in the history of the Democratic party.

John Sherman's friends have no reason to regret this candidacy at Chicago. It aided in the good work of maintaining the traditions of the country, and preserving the integrity of the Republican party. If Garfield is elected, Mr. Sherman will undoubtedly be urged to remain in the Cabinet, or if he prefers to return to his old seat in the Senate, the Republicans of Ohio will be glad to have him represent them again.

There will be no Republican procession to the woods this year, no stay-at-home voters, no scratchers. The Republican party is solid for a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman, and there is not a man in it who does not feel that it will be a privilege to work for such a candidate.

The Democrats will need no introduction to Garfield. They became thoroughly acquainted with him during the extra session, when one after another of their revolutionary schemes came to grief through his opposition.

Remove all cause of irritability and discomfort from the baby, by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, the surest, best and hence cheapest remedy in the world for the diseases of babyhood. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SPRING STEPS.

I.

ONCE more upon the hills my eager feet,
By Winter's spite too long imprisoned, run,
And 'mid the boscage, waking to the sun,
The happy heralds of the spring-time meet.
The shy arbutus in its masked retreat
Hides close, but valnly, its bright bloom begun,
For my hot greed hath ruthless rapine done
On baby blossoms faintly flushed and sweet.
The odorous pines are burnishing their green,
While dainty larches the infection take,
And out on the soft air their tassels shake,
As 'shamed to have their barren liveries seen.
So the brown maples and the birches white
Bestir themselves to mend their woful plight.

II.

Not yet the tender feet of bright-eyed May
The moss-veiled bosses of the woodland press;
A few bold buds, from Winter's dire duress
In happy freedom spring, their charms display;
While here and there, along my random way,
Like clondlets dropped, lie shreds of Winter's dress,
Torn by the copses in his northward stress,
That chill the venturous violets with dismay,
Yet by their pallid contrast make more plain
The timid hues that flush the sleeping grass,
And bid its weary swoon of silence pass
Into the verdurous flow of life again.
Forever green, both weald and wold would lack
The churns December steals and May brings back.

III.

I stand, this April-waning morn, between
The tears of Nature and her kindling mirth,
Between the sleep and waking of the Earth,
Whence this grand miracle is soonest seen.
A silent wonder floods the air serene,
In happy presage of the Spring's sweet birth,
Not Plenty's horn, poured in the lap of Dearth,
The gladness of those coming can outmean.
O tuneful choirs, whose errant spies to-day
Are piping in the glades their herald notes,
Tune with your rustrul music all your throats,
And come to chant for us the birth of May.
Till then let April weep impatient tears,
Whose stress such after-wealth of beauty bears.

—*William C. Richards, in Harper's for June.*

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

ONE Monday morning in May when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office he found on his desk a bunch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that makes apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down thinking you might like to see some."

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There; that looks quite country-like, doesn't it, Clark?" arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law-books and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wandering off to the green meadow by the side of the river where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is any thing like that meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of! In a case of ejectment—wonder if I could sing 'Annie Laurie;' used to know that tune." And he hummed softly to himself:

"'Gave me her promise true'"—

just as the door was thrown violently open and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to be robbed by his knavery he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that, sir!—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceedings. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—but what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, don't you think?"

"I don't know, said Mr. Edson, thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his descriptions its quite a pretty place. Green meadows and river, you know, all that sort of thing. But what do you want me to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. "You lawyers are always in such a tearing hurry."

Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows but made no verbal answer to this rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. "I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple-tree for blossoms like that to give to Lucy Baird, the prettiest girl in school. I fell from the top branch, and my brother, I never had but one, sir, picked me up and carried me home. He was real good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just to think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do any thing about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go to see him. And say"—rather shyly—"you couldn't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it, could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing sad work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one case through them already, and as for keeping my own mind on any thing legal it's an utter impossibility. It's quite evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together. I think I'll take them home to my wife before they do any more mischief."

But as he turned to go out of the office door he saw the office boy eyeing his bunch wistfully.

"Here, John, would you like a spray?" he asked kindly, and without waiting for the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips he tossed him one. Then he ran down the office-steps humming again the tune that had haunted him that morning. He looked so pleasant as he stood at the street corner waiting for his car that a ragged little girl who saw him ventured to ask:

"Please, mister, what is them posies?"

"Apple blossoms."

"Does they grow on the trees that has apples on?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! wouldn't I like to see 'em once! Say, mister, would ye give me a little one?"

"Yes. Here, child," breaking off another little branch and giving it to her. He watched her from the car window take off her old hat and stow away her treasure in that, and then, clasping it close to her breast, set off on a run down toward the lower part of the city.

When he reached his home and gave the branch to his wife her faded, peevish face relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How beautiful they are! Do you remember, Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gathered thirty years ago?" and in another minute he and she together were recalling old times and associations, until the years that lay between their apple-blossom times and now had dropped away, and the light and glory of past days once more shed itself upon the gray hairs of the husband and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on for quite a little way till she came to one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded with tenement houses and steaming with horrible odors in the warm May sunshine. She entered one of these tenement houses and ran lightly up the steps to her especial domain, a little room where, besides herself, only Biddy Macarthy with her husband and baby lived. Biddy was sitting near the window rocking the baby in her arms when the child entered.

"Whisht, Meg! The baby's awful sick!"

"Don't he get any better, Biddy?" asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he don't. Oh, if I only had him home in the green fields of ould Ireland he'd be well entirely; but how can he breathe in this shtifling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've got." And Meg took off her hat and showed the precious spray of apple blossoms. "Do ye think that came from the green fields ye spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight. "Oh, the purty things!" she exclaimed. "It's just the picture of those I've seen many's the time growing in the orchards in the ould country. Le' me take it, Meg."

She held it close to her face and drank in the fresh, sweet perfume eagerly. Then she put it down to the baby, and he feebly smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the swate things! He'll get better now. Take it away and put it in water, Meg, and set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an old blacking-bottle full of water, into which she stuck the precious twig. Then she sat down to look at it and listen to Biddy's tales of the "ould country," till night came, and she had to go to bed, but she slept with one hand on the bottle in which her treasure was.

About midnight she was roused from strange dreams of great forests of beautiful posies like hers by a shrill cry of terror and agony.

She started up calling "Biddy! Biddy! what is it?" and was answered by the cry, "Oh, my baby, my baby! My baby's dead!" and the low moan of anguish from the stricken mother. She did the best she could to comfort her, but what could a child do for a broken heart?

The next day the body was ready for the funeral. The mother sat on the floor beside the little pine coffin in stony despair when Meg crept softly up and laid her cherished branch, now reduced to two faded blossoms and one just bursting pink bud, in the baby's hand. Biddy looked up and burst into tears. "God bless you, Meg," she sobbed. "Shure, there's lots of blossoms where he is now, the darlint, but it's I that's glad to see these purty posies in his little hand. Oh, my baby! my baby!"

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which say as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life and I don't care a cent about you. I'll have what I can get, whether you suffer or not," started as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple-blossoms; but the next moment he drew back, asking, coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fingering the flowers awkwardly, "I came to see about that matter—that—that property, you know. It's a pity we should quarrel about it and—and—well, I don't care. You're the oldest and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him up to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the younger Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some associations with it."

The younger brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the old place? There were none, there could be none except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward, "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did—do you mean to say you gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, in exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together, "I've been hard, but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first, but—well, it's no use talking it over. Of course you didn't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door, "but I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered his brother, heartily, and with a cordial hand-shake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple-blossoms, which had been a divining-rod to him, showing him where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass and set it where he could see it often. The elder as he turned to his desk again saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathering them up laid them reverently in his pocket-book.—*E. L. Ogden, in Christian Union.*

Triumph of a Mother's Love.

AN illustration of the maternal love which ripens under the sun and the breezes of the Pacific coast is furnished us in a recent tear-compelling incident which took place in a public school. A boy, the only son of a widow, who cherished him with the fondness of her memory for his lost father, and a hopeful pride in his future, disobeyed a rule of his school and was summoned to the bar of judgment, where with sobs and tears he confessed his guilt. "Tell your mother to come to-morrow!" was the stern answer. In vain the youth begged that he might be spared the pain of wounding and affrighting her. The disciplinarian of the school would show no mercy.

Next day the trembling widow arrived. Her boy's fault was described to her with all the emphasis and exaggeration in which teachers are inclined to indulge when setting forth the sins of their pupils. Then the cruel alternative was given her of either punishing the boy herself or of delegating the necessary and vicarious authority to the teacher.

She was distracted by the ingenious torture. She had never raised her hand save in the way of kindness against her fatherless child. She dreaded still more that a pitiless, unsympathetic man should inflict pain upon an offspring so delicately reared. She stood silent; but at last, with the courage of a Roman matron, straightening herself up, she gave her consent that the teacher should execute his own laws. And, having thus wrought herself up to the high plane of duty, she urged him to inflict the penalty with such thoroughness that its repetition would forever after be unnecessary.

The following day was appointed for the dread ceremony, and the youth was summoned to the front. After suitable admonition he was ordered to hold out his hand beneath the upraised rule. He refused; obstinately, persistently refused. The teacher resorted to the primitive process of chastisement chiefly observed in the seclusion of the family circle. Blow followed blow as he lay across the didactic knees. No cry or sob or sign of pain was uttered by the heroic boy. He did not wince or shrink from the strokes which came "as fast as mill-wheels smite." The teachers were astonished at his stoicism and courage, and consulted together. A committee was appointed. A private interview was had; the existence discovered of a thick flannel frock, of the sort that babies wear, serving the purpose which a buckler would serve in case of a flank movement of the enemy. "Who sewed that on?" thundered the principal. "My mother," sobbed the boy in heart-breaking accents, as the thought of her love and prudent solicitude overcame him. The teacher, too, was melted to tears. In the face of this demonstration of the power of maternal love in California, the teacher could do nothing. He bade the boy depart in peace. His mother's love had saved him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Skirting a School of Icebergs.

CAPT. WM. SMITH, of the steamship State of Georgia, that arrived at this port on Thursday from Glasgow, reports passing last Saturday a large school of icebergs extending from latitude 44 deg. 22 min. north and longitude 48 deg. 10 min. west to latitude 44 deg. 16 min. north and longitude 48 deg. 50 min. west. This is southeast of Newfoundland. First Officer A. B. Murray, who was on watch at the time, said yesterday: "It was a beautiful day. There were eight large icebergs and a number of smaller ones. They extended east and west, and were drifting southward. We passed within a mile, and had a good view of them as we passed one after another for thirty miles. They were in sight for three hours. Some of them were from 100 feet to 200 feet high. One that was in the shape of a high bluff was about 800 feet long. Another was about 250 feet long, and was surmounted with towers, spires, and turrets, like a vast cathedral. Another was 200 feet long and was wedge-shaped. The colors were gorgeous in the afternoon sunshine. Some of the icebergs had a clear blue streak all the way around, but the ice was mainly clear. Our course led us very near, but we were not obliged to deviate. If we had met such a mass of ice at night it would have been very dangerous, but with a sharp lookout, unless the weather is foggy, icebergs may be plainly seen at night from the halo of light that generally surmounts them. The shape of an iceberg always changes as it is viewed from different points, and a lively imagination can liken one to many objects. If we could have towed the largest one into New York it would have materially affected the price of ice this summer."

The bark Ajax, from Rotterdam, passed nine icebergs on the 30th ult., in latitude 43 deg. 24 min., longitude 49 deg. 40 min.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

A WILLIAMSPORT man stumbled and fell down five flights of stairs, and when he landed at the bottom, instead of calling for arnica, he looked at his feet a moment, and then said: "Well, I hope you haven't any more objections to carrying my body about."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"IN India there are 'Ashtavadhanis.' They are persons who can think of eight separate and distinct subjects at one time," says the New Haven *Register*, "but if one of them accidentally sat on a hot stove-cover, we'll bet the other seven things would go out of his mind quicker than he'd rise up."

"WHY don't he come when the moon is full?" is the first line of a sentimental poem. We can only conceive two substantial reasons why he don't. The first is that probably it is not his desire, and secondly, it is possible that he is in the same condition the moon is.—*Oswego Record.*

A WATCH-DOG is a noble creature. A citizen of a Berkshire town bought one recently and the first night he had the animal it led him a two mile chase after the clergyman, who was attacked while coming in to call; and while they were away, three tramps cleaned out the old man's hen roost.—*Boston Post.*

"HERE, John, don't eat those crackers up,"
Said she with a hateful snap;
"They're some I saved on purpose
To put in the baby's pap."
"Well," said John, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,
"What makes you so cross about it, then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"
—*Keokuk Constitution.*

IN accents wild he sang:
If I could teach the nightingale
Three little notes to warble,
Then he should sing o'er hill and dale,
I love you, etc.

But she blandly reminded him. "You can't teach him, John; it's no use to try, but you could give a cow a lesson that would make him ashamed of himself." And then she added that though birds that can sing and won't sing, should be made to sing, birds that can't sing and will sing should be made to hush.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MANY kind-hearted people will regret to know that there is something the matter with our old friend Jupiter. Jupe has been ailing for some time. He is now working his way towards the sun, which is very unfortunate for the massive planet at this season of the year. But the trouble is a spot that came on the surface of that planet about a year ago and will not "out." This spot has puzzled Jupiter's family physicians, and is now causing the gravest anxiety to his friends. This little spot is only 20,000 miles in diameter and is red in color. Early history neglects to state whether Jupiter ever had the measles or not. There is a strong probability that this may be the unfortunate planet's first experience with the disease. On account of its age and size it may go hard with our voluminous friend.—*Detroit Free Press's Astronomer.*

How to Feed Pigs.

WE often hear complaints of very opposite character from those who start to rear Berkshire swine. One is that they get too fat and are tender, and often die, and also that they are no better than any other hog, for they don't look any better on the same kind of food, and are not a bit fatter. Two instances showing these extremes have come under my observation. One man fed his young pigs from about a month old on nearly pure pea meal and milk. They got fat, then ceased to grow, and then went lame on all fours, fairly foundered, and forever spoilt. The other party turned a pair of fine, thrifty young pigs in among some thirty wretched scrubs of mongrels; and he, too, fed them peas, but in such a small quantity that they were reduced to skeletons, for they would not fight for their small share with their coarse and more vicious brethren, and then this man said they were no better than common. By following a few simple hygienic rules the Berkshire can be raised as easily and in as healthy a condition as any other pig.

Never feed the young pigs on strong, concentrated food, such as ground corn, peas, or other grain, alone. Give milk (if obtainable) or water, with equal proportions of bran, shorts, and boiled potatoes, or other roots or vegetables; if the bran and shorts can be scalded, so much the better. If you must feed peas or corn meal, mix sparingly with the vegetable diet until the pig is four months old at least, when the grain may be increased. But all through the pig's life give him plenty of good roots, boiled or raw. In short, feed the pig generously, but not to excess, with a good, pure mixed diet, and then there will be neither sickness nor want of fertility. As the winter is the time that many hogs are ruined by injudicious feeding, these hints may be of service to beginners.—*Berkshire Bulletin.*

Serving Process in Ireland.

IT seems that the process-servers in Ireland now refuse to serve processes on the tenants except on receiving a fee of £1 for each process, and even then being escorted by a large force of constabulary. For the service of ten processes in one well-to-do village as many pounds were demanded, and must have been paid by the landlord had not his second son been home on leave from Aldershot. The young soldier, always ready for a little excitement, offered to effect the service for half the money. Driving to the end of the village, where his presence excited no suspicion, he walked to the other end, where he accosted the owner of the first house to be served, "Well, Martin, have you been getting much relief meal?" "Troth, Masther Albert, I am not getting my due," answered the worthy, in the corner of whose kitchen two full sacks attested the liberality of the committee. "Very well; you can give this paper to the parish priest and see if he can do any thing for you," the volunteer process-server resumed, handing him the paper folded. Martin was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and similar papers were handed to nine other grateful recipients. Just as the last was served the truth burst upon one who had opened and read the folded process. The race to the ear was spirited, and when Master Albert obtains his company no bonfire will blaze in that village in honor of the event.—*London World.*

Religious.

IN GALILEE.

THE Master walked in Galilee,
Across the hills and by the sea,
And in whatever place He trod
He felt the passion of a God.

The twelve who deemed Him King of men
Longed for the conquering hour, when
The peasant's robe without a seam
Should be the purple of their dream.

Yet daily from His lips of love
Fell words their thoughts as far above
As wisdom's utmost treasure piled
Upon the stammering of a child.

Like frost on flower, like blight on bloom,
His speech to them of cross and tomb;
Nor could their grieving spirits see
One gleam of hope in Galilee.

What booted it that He should rise,
Were death to hide Him from their eyes?
What meant the promised throne divine,
Were earth to be an empty shrine?

Low drooped the skies above the band
Too dull the Lord to understand,
Alas! as slow of heart are we,
Abiding oft in Galilee.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June13—After the Resurrection..Matt. 28: 8-20
June20—Review of the Lessons.
June27—Lesson selected by the School.

"Which Temple Ye Are."

A MAN who fails to appreciate rightly the nature and value of the individual constitution which God has given him is in error and sin, whether he despises it because he is ignorant and brutal, or because, in his own opinion, he is wise and spiritual. Nothing in the Bible is more strongly stated than that the soul, mind and body of man are worthy only of the most honorable treatment. As though to leave no possible doubt in our minds that man, though fallen from an estate of innocence and sinlessness, is yet to regard his earthly nature as a holy gift of his Maker, he is told that his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost—a form of expression whose weight and whose distinctness of statement could not be increased. When we cease to respect ourselves we cease to respect God; and the loss of true self-respect is as truly a cause of sin as it is a consequence of it. If our souls are good for nothing, why did God create them, why did the Savior die for them, why does the Spirit sanctify them? If our minds are so dull and weak as to be worthy only of neglect and contempt, why do sacred and secular history, the demands of our best nature, and the whole law of growth in the universe, unite in demanding that we make the whole of life one long opportunity for education? If our bodies deserve no better treatment than the communist or the hysterical eremite bestows upon them, why do disease, and death, and sin that earns eternal death, follow so instantly in the train of serious violation of sound laws of hygiene? He reads his Bible wrong, and neglects the plainest admonitions on almost every page who deems that righteous repentance and self-abasement are synonymous with loss of self-respect and of a proper care of one's self.

If we would honor the giver, we must honor the gift. If we would show gratitude to God for the only engine wherewith we can work for good in this world, we must respect Him by respecting ourselves. Our souls are worthy of such treatment, and such only, as God has told us to give them. Our minds deserve the longest and sincerest care and training, that so they may be best fitted for God's work in the world. Our bodies will rise in swift and ruinous rebellion if we do not hold them in the service of Him who gave them; neither giving them over to wicked riot, nor chaining them in hopeless and degrading slavery. Respect for one's self is found not in self-murder, whether it be wrought by the brutal knave or by the misguided enthusiast who thinks that self-destruction is self-sacrifice. And just so far, in small things or great, as we forget that we owe a duty to ourselves—a duty in thought, word, act, or minutest personal possession—do we tend toward one extreme or the other. Not in drunkenness or rioting, not in selfish isolation or insulting contempt of all that we have and are, shall we fulfill God's will; but rather by such a spiritual and bodily self-respect as shall make us feel that we are not our own, but another's, and that in refusing to treat ourselves as we ought, we are stealing from God that which is His own.—*S. S. Times.*

The Circulation of the Bible.

THE work of distributing the Bible in all countries was continued during the past year on an extensive scale and at great cost. At its annual meeting on Thursday the American Bible Society, which, with the exception of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is the greatest agency for the diffusion of the Scriptures in the world, reported its receipts for the year as over $608,000. Of this sum more than $351,000 came from legacies and other gifts. Nearly three-fifths of the receipts, therefore, were expended in giving away Bibles.

The society issued during the year a total of 1,356,039 volumes, which contained the whole or parts of the Scriptures, and of these 272,179 were circulated in foreign lands. Since the society was organized, sixty-four years ago, its issues have amounted to more than 37,000,000.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which was established thirteen years earlier, has distributed about eighty or ninety millions of Bibles, Testaments, or portions; and if we add the number circulated by the five other leading Bible societies of the world—the Scotch, Hibernian, Prussian, Wurtemberg and Netherlands—we find that more than 150,000,000 of the Scriptures have been scattered over the world since the beginning of the century by these associations. And this enormous total does not represent the whole number issued, for there are seventy Bible Societies in the world, though many of them confine themselves to the distribution of the issues of those we have named, and private publishers have sent many millions of volumes into the market. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we estimated that 200,000,000 copies of the Bible or books of the Bible had already been issued from the press during the nineteenth century.

We see, therefore, that the dissemination of the Scriptures has been very thorough, and that of all the means used by the Protestant churches for the spread of Christianity the circulation of the text book on the faith has received the most attention.

The great American Bible Society has already translated the Scriptures into many tongues, but it is steadily proceeding in its work of making the Bible accessible in all languages whatsoever. Where there is no written language, its missionaries have constructed one for the purpose, the intent being to furnish the Scripture in his vernacular to every human creature, so that no one need be without the light of its sacred page. It is this aim that so greatly stimulates the devout to liberal contributions. A Bible for everybody is their watchward.

Last year the translation of the New Testament into Japanese was completed, and the work of translating the Old Testament was begun. The Japanese are taking much interest in our literature, according to all accounts, but recent reports from English and American professors engaged in their schools and colleges indicate that they show an avidity for our scientific theories rather than for our Christian theology. They are a very skeptical people, and the teachings of our modern philosophers have more fascination for their students than our religious dogmas. The New Testament, which, it is announced, is now ready for circulation in Japan in various styles of typography, has, therefore, been anticipated by the Western philosphy antagonistic to it.

The translation of the Bible into several of the colloquial languages of China has also gone on during the year, but the Chinese are also showing more interest in our concrete science than in our religion, and the work of spreading Christianity in that country has always been exceptionally difficult and comparatively fruitless. In their schools they are training young men to assist in the material development of China by the Chinese themselves, after the systems in use in the West, but they are no more inclined now to go to school to us to learn religion than they were when Christian missions first began their work in China.

The subjugated Zulus will soon have the Bible of their conquerors printed in the Zulu language. In India several denominations are co-operating in translating it into the Telugu dialect. A Portuguese version of the New Testament for Brazilian circulation has been completed during the year. Two of the Gospels in the Muskokee language are now in the press. Editions of the Reval-Esthonian and of the Dakota Bible have been printed. A part of Isaiah has been put into Mpongwe, and the Gospel of St. John into Dikele, while to the Spaniards a revised edition of the Psalms has been given.

Meantime the Bible Society refuses to touch the revised version of the English Scriptures, which is soon to be issued by the University presses of Great Britain. Its charter compels it to circulate the King James version, and its officers do not advise its alteration until it has been determined how the revision suits the churches. That is the decision they were bound to reach; *and* it is certain that, however great an improvement the revision may be over the Bible now in use, it will not be adopted by the Bible Societies except after a long struggle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Growth of Christianity.

NOW, I SAY the times are full of promise. I look over the earth and nearly everything is hopeful. Christianity is growing stronger. To-day there are more Bibles, more Sunday-school children, more teachers, more spiritual songs, more sermons than there ever were on any Sabbath since the light of the sun dawned on the Garden of Eden. Christianity is going over the earth. It is visiting heathen nations. It is taking idolatrous cannibals by the hand and raising them up. It is expunging demons and raising man to his full height of stature before the throne of God. Where are our inventors? Where sit power, wealth and learning? In Christian lands. All these are gathering around Christianity, and they make us hopeful for the future. We have our mission stations, we have our Bible translated. Our missionaries know the way to the very ends of the earth, and there have been more converts this year than in any other year since the Gospel was preached in Galilee. No danger of Christianity failing! No, no. It has taken the arts of the earth under her care. [Here the Bishop referred to the coming May festival, when the grandest compositions produced would be hallelujahs to Christianity, but the exact language could not be caught by the reporter.] Dispel all fear. There is no danger of Christianity. It is standing securely. The glory of God is on it. But you tell me that here and there is found a man who attacks it. That is a very good proof of its truth, for the inspired prophet said in the last days there shall be scoffers walking in their own ungodly lust. If there were no scoffers at Christianity I might doubt its truth. I know there are scoffers, and I hear them around, but they are few and far between. A lecturer might come and occupy a hall, but the churches are full; there are crowds that go to hear the Gospel. The Nations are gathering around the cross, and the beauty of our Lord Jesus Christ is attracting more and more. The church is established on the top of the mountain, and all Nations are flowing unto it.

Yes, flowing up hill! Yes, up the mountain side! When I was a boy I said: "That is false rhetoric, a mistake—flowing to the top of the mountain; it cannot be." I went to the workshop of a friend, and I saw in the dust a parcel of steel filings. And he had a magnet, and as he drew it near the steel filings they were attracted to it, and kissed the magnet. Then I said: "Give me a magnet large enough, place it on the mountain top, and it will draw all the nations unto it." That magnet is the Lord Jesus Christ, for He said: "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me." Blessed be God, we are beginning to see the fulfillment of the promise. God hasten the day speedily when gladness shall fill this earth and joy o'erspread our globe.—*Extract from a Recent Sermon by Bishop Simpson, at Cincinnati.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SPRING STEPS.

I.

ONCE more upon the hills my eager feet,
By Winter's spite too long imprisoned, run,
And 'mid the baseuge, waking to the sun,
The happy heralds of the spring-time meet.
The shy arbutus in its masked retreat
Hides close, but vainly, its bright bloom begun,
For my hot greed hath ruthless rapine done
On baby blossoms faintly flushed and sweet.
The odorous pines are burnishing their green,
While dainty larches the intent in take,
And out on the soft air their tassels shake,
As 'shamed to have their barren liveries seen.
So the brown maples and the birches white
Bestir themselves to mend their woful plight.

II.

Not yet the tender feet of bright-eyed May
The moss-veiled bosses of the woodland press;
A few bold buds, from Winter's dire duress
In happy freedom spring, their charms display;
While here and there, along my random way,
Like cloudlets dropped, lie shreds of Winter's dress,
Torn by the copses in his northward stress,
That chill the venturous violets with dismay,
Yet by their pallid contrast make more plain
The timid hues that flush the sleeping grass,
And bid its weary swoon of silence pass
Into the verdurous flow of life again.
Forever green, both weald and wold would lack
The charms December steals and May brings back.

III.

I stand, this April-waning morn, between
The tears of Nature and her kindling mirth,
Between the sleep and waking at the Earth,
Whence this grand miracle is soonest seen.
A silent wonder floods the air serene,
In happy presage of the Spring's sweet birth,
Not Plenty's horn, poured in the lap of Dearth,
The gladness of those coming can outmean.
O tuneful choirs, whose errant spies to-day
Are piping in the glades their herald notes,
Tune with your austral music all your throats,
And come to chant for us the birth of May.
Till then let April weep impatient tears,
Whose stress such after-wealth of beauty bears.

—William C. Richards, in Harper's for June.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

ONE Monday morning in May when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office he found on his desk a bunch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that makes apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down thinking you might like to see some."

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There; that looks quite country-like, doesn't it, Clark?" arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law-books and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wandering off to the green meadow by the side of the river where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is any thing like that meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of! In a case of ejectment—wonder if I could sing 'Annie Laurie;' used to know that tune." And he hummed softly to himself:

"'Gave me her promise true'"—

just as the door was thrown violently open and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to be robbed by his knavery he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that, sir!—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceedings. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—but what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, don't you think?"

"I don't know, said Mr. Edson, thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his descriptions its quite a pretty place. Green meadows and river, you know, all that sort of thing. But what do you want me to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. "You lawyers are always in such a tearing hurry."

Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows but made no verbal answer to this rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. "I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple-tree for blossoms like that to give to Lucy Baird, the prettiest girl in school. I fell from the top branch, and my brother, I never had but one, sir, picked me up and carried me home. He was real good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just to think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do any thing about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go to see him. And say"—rather shyly—"you couldn't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it, could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing sad work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one case through them already, and as for keeping my own mind on any thing legal it's an utter impossibility. It's quite evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together. I think I'll take them home to my wife before they do any more mischief."

But as he turned to go out of the office door he saw the office boy eyeing his bunch wistfully.

"Here, John, would you like a spray?" he asked kindly, and without waiting for the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips he tossed him one. Then he ran down the office-steps humming again the tune that had haunted him that morning. He looked so pleasant as he stood at the street corner waiting for his car that a ragged little girl who saw him ventured to ask:

"Please, mister, what is them posies?"

"Apple blossoms."

"Does they grow on the trees that has apples on?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! wouldn't I like to see 'em once! Say, mister, would ye give me a little one?"

"Yes. Here, child," breaking off another little branch and giving it to her. He watched her from the car window take off her old hat and stow away her treasure in that, and then, clasping it close to her breast, set off on a run down toward the lower part of the city.

When he reached his home and gave the branch to his wife her faded, peevish face relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How beautiful they are! Do you remember, Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gathered thirty years ago?" and in another minute he and she together were recalling old times and associations, until the years that lay between their apple-blossom times and now had dropped away, and the light and glory of past days once more shed itself upon the gray hairs of the husband and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on for quite a little way till she came to one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded with tenement houses and steaming with horrible odors in the warm May sunshine. She entered one of these tenement houses and ran lightly up the steps to her especial domain, a little room where, besides herself, only Biddy Macarthy with her husband and baby lived. Biddy was sitting near the window rocking the baby in her arms when the child entered.

"Whisht, Meg! The baby's awful sick!"

"Don't he get any better, Biddy?" asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he don't. Oh, if I only had him home in the green fields of ould Ireland he'd be well entirely; but how can he breathe in this shtifling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've got." And Meg took off her hat and showed the precious spray of apple blossoms. "Do ye think that came from the green fields ye spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight. "Oh, the purty things!" she exclaimed. "It's just the picture of those I've seen many's the time growing in the orchards in the ould country. Le' me take it, Meg."

She held it close to her face and drank in the fresh, sweet perfume eagerly. Then she put it down to the baby, and he feebly smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the swate things! He'll get better now. Take it away and put it in water, Meg, and set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an old blacking-bottle full of water, into which she stuck the precious twig. Then she sat down to look at it and listen to Biddy's tales of the "ould country," till night came, and she had to go to bed, but she slept with one hand on the bottle in which her treasure was.

About midnight she was roused from strange dreams of great forests of beautiful posies like hers by a shrill cry of terror and agony.

She started up calling "Biddy! Biddy! what is it?" and was answered by the cry, "Oh, my baby, my baby! My baby's dead!" and the low moan of anguish from the stricken mother. She did the best she could to comfort her, but what could a child do for a broken heart?

The next day the body was ready for the funeral. The mother sat on the floor beside the little pine coffin in stony despair when Meg crept softly up and laid her cherished branch, now reduced to two faded blossoms and one just bursting pink bud, in the baby's hand. Biddy looked up and burst into tears. "God bless you, Meg," she sobbed. "Shure, there's lots of blossoms where he is now, the darlint, but it's I that's glad to see these purty posies in his little hand. Oh, my baby! my baby!"

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which say as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life and I don't care a cent about you. I'll have what I can get, whether you suffer or not," started as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple-blossoms; but the next moment he drew back, asking, coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fingering the flowers awkwardly, "I came to see about that matter—that—that property, you know. It's a pity we should quarrel about it and—and—well, I don't care. You're the oldest and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him up to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the younger Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some associations with it."

The younger brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the old place? There were none, there could be none except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward, "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did—do you mean to say you gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, in exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together, "I've been hard, but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first, but—well, it's no use talking it over. Of course you didn't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door, "but I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered his brother, heartily, and with a cordial hand-shake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple-blossoms, which had been a divining-rod to him, showing him where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass and set it where he could see it often. The elder as he turned to his desk again saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathering them up laid them reverently in his pocket-book.—*E. L. Ogden, in Christian Union.*

Triumph of a Mother's Love.

AN illustration of the maternal love which ripens under the sun and the breezes of the Pacific coast is furnished us in a recent tear-compelling incident which took place in a public school. A boy, the only son of a widow, who cherished him with the fondness of her memory for his lost father, and a hopeful pride in his future, disobeyed a rule of his school and was summoned to the bar of judgment, where with sobs and tears he confessed his guilt. "Tell your mother to come to-morrow!" was the stern answer. In vain the youth begged that he might be spared the pain of wounding and affrighting her. The disciplinarian of the school would show no mercy.

Next day the trembling widow arrived. Her boy's fault was described to her with all the emphasis and exaggeration in which teachers are inclined to indulge when setting forth the sins of their pupils. Then the cruel alternative was given her of either punishing the boy herself or of delegating the necessary and vicarious authority to the teacher.

She was distracted by the ingenious torture. She had never raised her hand save in the way of kindness against her fatherless child. She dreaded still more that a pitiless, unsympathetic man should inflict pain upon an offspring so delicately reared. She stood silent; but at last, with the courage of a Roman matron, straightening herself up, she gave her consent that the teacher should execute his own laws. And, having thus wrought herself up to the high plane of duty, she urged him to inflict the penalty with such thoroughness that its repetition would forever after be unnecessary.

The following day was appointed for the dread ceremony, and the youth was summoned to the front. After suitable admonition he was ordered to hold out his hand beneath the upraised rule. He refused; obstinately, persistently refused. The teacher resorted to the primitive process of chastisement chiefly observed in the seclusion of the family circle. Blow followed blow as he lay across the didactic knees. No cry or sob or sign of pain was uttered by the heroic boy. He did not wince or shrink from the strokes which came "as fast as mill-wheels smite." The teachers were astonished at his stoicism and courage, and consulted together. A committee was appointed. A private interview was had; the existence discovered of a thick flannel frock, of the sort that babies wear, serving the purpose which a buckler would serve in case of a flank movement of the enemy. "Who sewed that on?" thundered the principal. "My mother," sobbed the boy in heart-breaking accents, as the thought of her love and prudent solicitude overcame him. The teacher, too, was melted to tears. In the face of this demonstration of the power of maternal love in California, the teacher could do nothing. He bade the boy depart in peace. His mother's love had saved him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Skirting a School of Icebergs.

CAPT. WM. SMITH, of the steamship State of Georgia, that arrived at this port on Thursday from Glasgow, reports passing last Saturday a large school of icebergs extending from latitude 44 deg. 22 min. north and longitude 48 deg. 10 min. west to latitude 44 deg. 16 min. north and longitude 48 deg. 50 min. west. This is southeast of Newfoundland. First Officer A. B. Murray, who was on watch at the time, said yesterday: "It was a beautiful day. There were eight large icebergs and a number of smaller ones. They extended east and west, and were drifting southward. We passed within a mile, and had a good view of them as we passed one after another for thirty miles. They were in sight for three hours. Some of them were from 100 feet to 200 feet high. One that was in the shape of a high bluff was about 800 feet long. Another was about 250 feet long, and was surmounted with towers, spires, and turrets, like a vast cathedral. Another was 200 feet long and was wedge-shaped. The colors were gorgeous in the afternoon sunshine. Some of the icebergs had a clear blue streak all the way around, but the ice was mainly clear. Our course led us very near, but we were not obliged to deviate. If we had met such a mass of ice at night it would have been very dangerous, but with a sharp lookout, unless the weather is foggy, icebergs may be plainly seen at night from the halo of light that generally surmounts them. The shape of an iceberg always changes as it is viewed from different points, and a lively imagination can liken one to many objects. if we could have towed the largest one into New York it would have materially affected the price of ice this summer."

The bark Ajax, from Rotterdam, passed nine icebergs on the 30th ult., in latitude 43 deg. 24 min., longitude 49 deg. 10 min.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

A WILLIAMSPORT man stumbled and fell down five flights of stairs, and when he landed at the bottom, instead of calling for arnica, he looked at his feet a moment, and then said: "Well, I hope you haven't any more objections to carrying my body about."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"IN India there are 'Ashtavadhanis.' They are persons who can think of eight separate and distinct subjects at one time," says the New Haven *Register*, "but if one of them accidentally sat on a hot stove-cover, we'll bet the other seven things would go out of his mind quicker than he'd rise up."

"WHY don't he come when the moon is full?" is the first line of a sentimental poem. We can only conceive two substantial reasons why he don't. The first is that probably it is not his desire, and secondly, it is possible that he is in the same condition the moon is.—*Oswego Record.*

A WATCH-DOG is a noble creature. A citizen of a Berkshire town bought one recently and the first night he had the animal it led him a two mile chase after the clergyman, who was attacked while coming in to call; and while they were away, three tramps cleaned out the old man's hen roost.—*Boston Post.*

"HERE, John, don't eat those crackers up,"
Said she with a hateful snap;
"They're some I saved on purpose
To put in the baby's pap."
"Well," said John, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,
"What makes you so cross about it, then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"

—Keokuk Constitution.

IN accents wild he sang:
If I could teach the nightingale
Three little notes to warble,
Then he should sing o'er hill and dale,
I love you, etc.

But she blandly reminded him. "You can't teach him, John; it's no use to try, but you could give a cow a lesson that would make him ashamed of himself." And then she added that though birds that can sing and won't sing, should be made to sing, birds that can't sing and will sing should be made to hush.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MANY kind-hearted people will regret to know that there is something the matter with our old friend Jupiter. Jupe has been ailing for some time. He is now working his way towards the sun, which is very unfortunate for the massive planet at this season of the year. But the trouble is a spot that came on the surface of that planet about a year ago and will not "out." This spot has puzzled Jupiter's family physicians, and is now causing the gravest anxiety to his friends. This little spot is only 20,000 miles in diameter and is red in color. Early history neglects to state whether Jupiter ever had the measles or not. There is a strong probability that this may be the unfortunate planet's first experience with the disease. On account of its age and size it may go hard with our voluminous friend.—*Detroit Free Press's Astronomer.*

How to Feed Pigs.

WE often hear complaints of very opposite character from those who start to rear Berkshire swine. One is that they get too fat and are tender, and often die, and also that they are no better than any other hog, for they don't look any better on the same kind of food, and are not a bit fatter. Two instances showing these extremes have come under my observation. One man fed his young pigs from about a month old on nearly pure pea meal and milk. They got fat, then ceased to grow, and then went lame on all fours, fairly foundered, and forever spoilt. The other party turned a pair of fine, thrifty young pigs in among some thirty wretched scrubs of mongrels; and he, too, fed them peas, but in such a small quantity that they were reduced to skeletons, for they would not fight for their small share with their coarse and more vicious brethren, and then this man said they were no better than common. By following a few simple hygienic rules the Berkshire can be raised as easily and in as healthy a condition as any other pig.

Never feed the young pigs on strong, concentrated food, such as ground corn, peas, or other grain, alone. Give milk (if obtainable) or water, with equal proportions of bran, shorts, and boiled potatoes, or other roots or vegetables; if the bran and shorts can be scalded, so much the better. If you must feed peas or corn meal, mix sparingly with the vegetable diet until the pig is four months old at least, when the grain may be increased. But all through the pig's life give him plenty of good roots, boiled or raw. In short, feed the pig generously, but not to excess, with a good, pure mixed diet, and then there will be neither sickness nor want of fertility. As the winter is the time that many hogs are ruined by injudicious feeding, these hints may be of service to beginners.—*Berkshire Bulletin.*

Serving Process in Ireland.

IT seems that the process-servers in Ireland now refuse to serve processes on the tenants except on receiving a fee of £1 for each process, and even then being escorted by a large force of constabulary. For the service of ten processes in one well-to-do village as many pounds were demanded, and must have been paid by the landlord had not his second son been home on leave from Aldershot. The young soldier, always ready for a little excitement, offered to effect the service for half the money. Driving to the end of the village, where his presence excited no suspicion, he walked to the other end, where he accosted the owner of the first house to be served, "Well, Martin, have you been getting much relief meal?" "Troth, Masther Albert, I am not getting my due," answered the worthy, in the corner of whose kitchen two full sacks attested the liberality of the committee. "Very well; you can give this paper to the parish priest and see if he can do any thing for you," the volunteer process-server resumed, handing him the paper folded. Martin was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and similar papers were handed to nine other grateful recipients. Just as the last was served the truth burst upon one who had opened and read the folded process. The race to the car was spirited, and when Master Albert obtains his company no bonfire will blaze in that village in honor of the event.—*London World.*

Religious.

IN GALILEE.

THE Master walked in Galilee,
Across the hills and by the sea,
And in whatever place He trod
He felt the passion of a God.

The twelve who deemed Him King of men
Longed for the conquering hour, when
The peasant's robe without a seam
Should be the purple of their dream.

Yet daily from His lips of love
Fell words their thoughts as far above
As wisdom's utmost treasure piled
Upon the stammering of a child.

Like frost on flower, like blight on bloom,
His speech to them of cross and tomb;
Nor could their grieving spirits see
One gleam of hope in Galilee.

What booted it that He should rise,
Were death to hide Him from their eyes?
What meant the promised throne divine,
Were earth to be an empty shrine?

Low drooped the skies above the band
Too dull the Lord to understand.
Alas! as slow of heart are we,
Abiding oft in Galilee.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June13—After the Resurrection. Matt. 28: 8-20
June20—Review of the Lessons.
June27—Lesson selected by the School.

"Which Temple Ye Are."

A MAN who fails to appreciate rightly the nature and value of the individual constitution which God has given him is in error and sin, whether he despises it because he is ignorant and brutal, or because, in his own opinion, he is wise and spiritual. Nothing in the Bible is more strongly stated than that the soul, mind and body of man are worthy only of the most honorable treatment. As though to leave no possible doubt in our minds that man, though fallen from an estate of innocence and sinlessness, is yet to regard his earthly nature as a holy gift of his Maker, he is told that his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost—a form of expression whose weight and whose distinctness of statement could not be increased. When we cease to respect ourselves we cease to respect God; and the loss of true self-respect is as truly a cause of sin as it is a consequence of it. If our souls are good for nothing, why did God create them, why did the Savior die for them, why does the Spirit sanctify them? If our minds are so dull and weak as to be worthy only of neglect and contempt, why do sacred and secular history, the demands of our best nature, and the whole law of growth in the universe, unite in demanding that we make the whole of life one long opportunity for education? If our bodies deserve no better treatment than the communist or the hysterical eremite bestows upon them, why do disease, and death, and sin that earns eternal death, follow so instantly in the train of serious violation of sound laws of hygiene? He reads his Bible wrong, and neglects the plainest admonitions on almost every page who deems that righteous repentance and self-abasement are synonymous with loss of self-respect and of a proper care of one's self.

If we would honor the giver, we must honor the gift. If we would show gratitude to God for the only engine wherewith we can work for good in this world, we must respect Him by respecting ourselves. Our souls are worthy of such treatment, and such only, as God has told us to give them. Our minds deserve the longest and sincerest care and training, that so they may be best fitted for God's work in the world. Our bodies will rise in swift and ruinous rebellion if we do not hold them in the service of Him who gave them; neither giving them over to wicked riot, nor chaining them in hopeless and degrading slavery. Respect for one's self is found not in self-murder, whether it be wrought by the brutal knave or by the misguided enthusiast who thinks that self-destruction is self-sacrifice. And just so far, in small things or great, as we forget that we owe a duty to ourselves—a duty in thought, word, act, or minutest personal possession—do we tend toward one extreme or the other. Not in drunkenness or rioting, not in selfish isolation or insulting contempt of all that we have and are, shall we fulfill God's will; but rather by such a spiritual and bodily self-respect as shall make us feel that we are not our own, but another's, and that in refusing to treat ourselves as we ought, we are stealing from God that which is His own.—*S. S. Times.*

The Circulation of the Bible.

THE work of distributing the Bible in all countries was continued during the past year on an extensive scale and at great cost. At its annual meeting on Thursday the American Bible Society, which, with the exception of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is the greatest agency for the diffusion of the Scriptures in the world, reported its receipts for the year as over $608,000. Of this sum more than $351,000 came from legacies and other gifts. Nearly three-fifths of the receipts, therefore, were expended in giving away Bibles.

The society issued during the year a total of 1,356,039 volumes, which contained the whole or parts of the Scriptures, and of these 272,179 were circulated in foreign lands. Since the society was organized, sixty-four years ago, its issues have amounted to more than 37,000,000.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which was established thirteen years earlier, has distributed about eighty or ninety millions of Bibles, Testaments, or portions; and if we add the number circulated by the five other leading Bible societies of the world—the Scotch, Hibernian, Prussian, Wurtemberg and Netherlands—we find that more than 150,000,000 of the Scriptures have been scattered over the world since the beginning of the century by these associations. And this enormous total does not represent the whole number issued, for there are seventy Bible Societies in the world, though many of them confine themselves to the distribution of the issues of those we have named, and private publishers have sent many millions of volumes into the market. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we estimated that 200,000,000 copies of the Bible or books of the Bible had already been issued from the press during the nineteenth century.

We see, therefore, that the dissemination of the Scriptures has been very thorough, and that of all the means used by the Protestant churches for the spread of Christianity the circulation of the text book on the faith has received the most attention.

The great American Bible Society has already translated the Scriptures into many tongues, but it is steadily proceeding in its work of making the Bible accessible in all languages whatsoever. Where there is no written language, its missionaries have constructed one for the purpose, the intent being to furnish the Scripture in his vernacular to every human creature, so that no one need be without the light of its sacred page. It is this aim that so greatly stimulates the devout to liberal contributions. A Bible for everybody is their watchward.

Last year the translation of the New Testament into Japanese was completed, and the work of translating the Old Testament was begun. The Japanese are taking much interest in our literature, according to all accounts, but recent reports from English and American professors engaged in their schools and colleges indicate that they show an avidity for our scientific theories rather than for our Christian theology. They are a very skeptical people, and the teachings of our modern philosophers have more fascination for their students than our religious dogmas. The New Testament, which, it is announced, is now ready for circulation in Japan in various styles of typography, has, therefore, been anticipated by the Western philosophy antagonistic to it.

The translation of the Bible into several of the colloquial languages of China has also gone on during the year, but the Chinese are also showing more interest in our concrete science than in our religion, and the work of spreading Christianity in that country has always been exceptionally difficult and comparatively fruitless. In their schools they are training young men to assist in the material development of China by the Chinese themselves, after the systems in use in the West, but they are no more inclined now to go to school to us to learn religion than they were when Christian missions first began their work in China.

The subjugated Zulus will soon have the Bible of their conquerors printed in the Zulu language. In India several denominations are co-operating in translating it into the Telugu dialect. A Portuguese version of the New Testament for Brazilian circulation has been completed during the year. Two of the Gospels in the Muskokee language are now in the press. Editions of the Reval-Esthonian and of the Dakota Bible have been printed. A part of Isaiah has been put into Mpongwe, and the Gospel of St. John into Dikele, while to the Spaniards a revised edition of the Psalms has been given.

Meantime the Bible Society refuses to touch the revised version of the English Scriptures, which is soon to be issued by the University presses of Great Britain. Its charter compels it to circulate the King James version, and its officers do not advise its alteration until it has been determined how the revision suits the churches. That is the decision they were bound to reach; *and it* is certain that, however great an improvement the revision may be over the Bible now in use, it will not be adopted by the Bible Societies except after a long struggle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Growth of Christianity.

NOW, I SAY the times are full of promise. I look over the earth and nearly everything is hopeful. Christianity is growing stronger. To-day there are more Bibles, more Sunday-school children, more teachers, more spiritual songs, more sermons than there ever were on any Sabbath since the light of the sun dawned on the Garden of Eden. Christianity is going over the earth. It is visiting heathen nations. It is taking idolatrous cannibals by the hand and raising them up. It is expunging demons and raising man to his full height of stature before the throne of God. Where are our inventors? Where sit power, wealth and learning? In Christian lands. All these are gathering around Christianity, and they make us hopeful for the future. We have our mission stations, we have our Bible translated. Our missionaries know the way to the very ends of the earth, and there have been more converts this year than in any other year since the Gospel was preached in Galilee. No danger of Christianity failing! No, no. It has taken the arts of the earth under her care. [Here the Bishop referred to the coming May festival, when the grandest compositions produced would be hallelujahs to Christianity, but the exact language could not be caught by the reporter.] Dispel all fear. There is no danger of Christianity. It is standing securely. The glory of God is on it. But you tell me that here and there is found a man who attacks it. That is a very good proof of its truth, for the inspired prophet said in the last days there shall be scoffers walking in their own ungodly lust. If there were no scoffers at Christianity I might doubt its truth. I know there are scoffers, and I hear them around, but they are few and far between. A lecturer might come and occupy a hall, but the churches are full; there are crowds that go to hear the Gospel. The Nations are gathering around the cross, and the beauty of our Lord Jesus Christ is attracting more and more. The church is established on the top of the mountain, and all Nations are flowing unto it.

Yes, flowing up hill! Yes, up the mountain side! When I was a boy I said: "That is false rhetoric, a mistake—flowing to the top of the mountain; it cannot be." I went to the workshop of a friend, and I saw in the dust a parcel of steel filings. And he had a magnet, and as he drew it near the steel filings they were attracted to it, and kissed the magnet. Then I said: "Give me a magnet large enough, place it on the mountain top, and it will draw all the nations unto it." That magnet is the Lord Jesus Christ, for He said: "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me." Blessed be God, we are beginning to see the fulfillment of the promise. God hasten the day speedily when gladness shall fill this earth and joy o'erspread our globe.—*Extract from a Recent Sermon by Bishop Simpson, at Cincinnati.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

It is six, the swallows twittered, and you're very late in rising—
If you really think of rising on this lovely morn at all—
For the great red sun is peeping over wood and hill and meadow,
And the unmilked cows are lowing in the dimly lighted stall.

Oh, ye robins, and ye swallows, thought I, throwing back the lattice,
Ye are noisy, joyous fellows, and you waken when you will;
Then I saw a dainty letter, bound in ribbon-grass and clover,
That the swallows had left swinging by the narrow window-sill.

Oh, the dainty, dainty letter, on an orange leaf, or lemon,
"Signed, "Your friend, the Queen of Roses," writ in characters of dew:
"You're invited to the garden, there's a good time there at seven,
And a place beside the apple-tree has been reserved for you.

"There'll be matings there, and marriages, of every flower and blossom;
Cross the brook behind the arbor, and come early if you can."
Oh, my thoughts they all went bounding, and my heart leaped in my bosom,
"And how sweetly she composes," I reflected as I ran.

There she sat, the queen of roses, with her virgins all about her,
While the lilacs and the apple blooms seemed waiting her command.
Oh, how lovely, oh, how gracious, she did smile on each new-comer!
Oh, how sweet she kissed the lilies as she took them by the hand!

Never had I seen her fairer than she was this happy morning,
Never knew her breath delicious half so boundless, half so rare;
Oh, she seemed a thing of heaven, with the dew upon her bosom,
And I wished I were some daffodil that I might kiss it there.

All at once the grass rows parted, and the sweetest notes were sounded,
There was music, there was odor, there was loving in the air,
And a hundred joyous gallants, robed in holiday apparel,
Danced beneath the lilac bushes with a hundred maidens fair.

There were tulips proud and yellow, with their great green spears beside them,
There were lilies grandly bowing to the rose queen as they came;
There were daffodils so stately, scenting all the air of heaven,
Joyous buds, and sleepy poppies, with their banners all aflame.

There were pansies robed in purple, marching o'er the apple blossoms,
And the foxgloves with their pages tripped coquettishly along;
And the violets and the daisies, in their bonnets blue and yellow,
Joined the marching and parading of th' innumerable throng.

All at once the dandelion blew three notes upon his trumpet;
Choose ye partners for the dancing, gallant knights and ladies fair;
And the honeysuckle courtesied to the young sweet-breathed clematis,
And remarked upon the sweetness of the blossoms in her hair.

"We're the tallest," said the tuberose to the iris standing nearest,
"And suppose that now, for instance, I should offer you my heart?"
"Oh, how sudden," cried the sly thing; "I am really quite embarrassed—
Unexpected, but pray do it, just to give the rest a start."

Then a daisy kissed a pansy, with its jacket brown and yellow,
And a crocus led a thistle to a seat beside the rose;
And the maybells grouped together, close beside the lady-slipper,
And commented on her beauty, and the splendor of her clothes.

"Oh, a market this for beauty," said a jasmine, gently clinging
To the strong arm of an orange, and a glance on him she threw;
"Why, you scarcely would believe it, but I've had this very morning
Twenty offers, and declined them, just to promanade with you."

So, in groupings or in couples, led each knight some gentle lady,
Led some fair companion blushing, past the windrows fresh and green,
And the sweet rose gave her blessing, and a kiss at times, it may be,
To the fairest brides, and sweetest, mortal eye hath ever seen.

Then again the grass it parted, and the sunshine it grew brighter,
Till it seemed as if the curtains of high heaven were withdrawn,
And each flower and bud and blossom pressed some fair one to its bosom,
As the bannered train danced gayly twixt the windrows on the lawn.

Oh, the musk-rose was so stately, and so stately was the queen rose,
And how sweetly smiled she on me as she whispered in my ear,
"Come again, you know you're welcome; come again, dear, for it may be
That our baby buds and blossoms will be *christened* here next year."

—*English Magazine.*

THE CAREER OF A PRAIRIE FARMER

When the farmer first went upon the prairie he was a lily-faced student fresh from college, very glib in his Latin and Greek and fond of demonstrating to open-mouthed rustics an ingenious algebraic problem in which one from one left two.

The prairie was at that time a rolling wilderness of sedgy "slews," grass, flowers, rosin-weed and rich black loam; a sea, with only two or three small arks of houses within its horizon; a whistling, shrubless plain, with a wonderful sky shifting over it. The sky comes very close to the prairie, as if it pitied the poor bald-headed thing and wanted to cover it. The prairie strongly influences a sensitive nature: It either intoxicates with a sense of vast freedom or smothers with a sense of utter desolation. It may represent the "jumping-off place" or a reduced map of eternity. It exhilarated the farmer.

He paid his inherited cash for a quarter section of it, built a plain frame dwelling, fenced his premises, planted trees and broke sod for his first crop. He also bought sheep, and turned them out to browse on the plenteous unclaimed pasture. Perhaps the farmer saw with prophetic eye the whole sloping plain of Illinois, with its wooded stream-courses and tufted groves, turned into a stock-paradise, the pasture-land depended upon by half a continent.

His young bride and his sister found the situation novel. They watched the spring prairie flush—there is no other word to express its sudden overspreading with tender shades of green—curdled with white, and make solid banks of yellow, margins of purple all around the slews, and pink acres of wild rose-bushes. Indian moccasins were there, growing mouth downward on the stem—a golden-colored shoe, now extinct or very rare—and miles of pale-yellow sensitive-plant with black stamens, which at a touch laid the fernlike fingers of its leaves together, curled up and closed its eyes as if swooning. The newcomers drove at hazard off the road through billows of rosin-weed and "nigger-head" which reached the horse's shoulders, finding in open spaces bunches of wild strawberries, or scaring off its hidden nest a hypocritical prairie-hen, that pretended to have a broken limb until she could lure a follower to a safe distance from her eggs, when she would sail up, the ablest bird in the air.

At evening they watched from their door the long-legged sandhill cranes dancing beside a distant slew. These meditative birds seemed to relax themselves by stepping a French four with much precision and enjoyment. It was like watching some weird pantomime of masked humans; they chasseed, they crossed and recrossed, they promenaded in couples, and gravely took position again. Dusk hid them and their Voudou-like performances beside the lagoon, and the cry of the small prairie-wolf could be heard afar off, for sound has miraculous scopo there, reminding the farmer to "pound" his flock well. "I couldn't think what Thomas meant," said an elder resident to the farmer's wife, "when he wrote back to me before I came here that he had to pound the sheep every night. Thinks I, 'What can the poor inoffensive things do to need poundin'? We never use stock in that way in Ohio.' But when I found he meant shut 'em up in a pen, 'Laws!' says I, 'why couldn't you say pen?'"

From the earth all around at intervals rose a rumbling, suction-like sound, as if whole bevies of village wives under ground—in some buried pre-historic town—were taxing the village pump for water; this was the thunder-pumper or bull-goose's vesper note, or perhaps his way of talking over the events of the day with the mate of his ground nest.

Earlier comers in the houses dotted here and there began to notice the young farmer. They reported with scorn that he carried an umbrella and wore gloves when he plowed. One prairie-breaker allowed him just a year to get out of there. The first neighbors who came to call also experienced injury from the afternoon costumes, the fair collars, cuffs and ribbons, of the farmer's "wimmin-folks." Solitary life and the ague tended at that time to make lovely woman forget her charms. Though the strangers received advances with great cordiality, they were so sharp a rebuke to the hideously-covered residents that one young woman went home declaring she was "just as good as any body, any how," and a great deal more which proved her chagrin. Few were the years during which this farmer's wife made trouble with her trousseau. When that was gone her purchases were long confined to the nearest village store, seven miles off, where the United States mail was delivered by hack twice a week; and the stock in this emporium was not calculated to stimulate vanity. But even a hired man, the first taken into their service, felt himself called upon to put down such sumptuousness of apparel; though his right to a seat at table with the family was not contested, and he used every thing about the house with the cheerful readiness of a master, there were things he disapproved of, and he left: he said, "Nobody needn't expect him to stand that there silk dress."

Still, the prairie-dwellers, once you enter their confidence, are the kindest of people. They saw this college-student stay and raise a very tolerable crop of sod corn, and his wimmin-folks show human kindness through their superior habits. So Sunday after Sunday strange vehicles were unhitched in his barnyard. Every body visited on Sunday. Not that they held the day in disrespect; it was their period, their breathing-point, after the commas of busy, monotonous week-days. They saw no better way to spend it than to put their chairs into the lumber wagon and themselves into clean linen and open prairie to see these or those folks. It was no uncommon thing for a house-wife, who had toiled slavishly in her limited *menage* all week, to cook a huge Sunday dinner, and boast afterward how many "tablefuls" she entertained. After this sacred hospitality was dispensed the men wandered to the barn whittling, or pasture-ward to examine the surface-wells and make untheological bets about stock; while the women clustered in different bedrooms, talking about their babies and examining with innocent freedom their hostess's shelves and wardrobe.

Very seldom some preacher came along and held forth in the school-house. If the weather was clement, he drew all the ends of the plain to him: the yard was surrounded with wagons, and the school-house overflowed with all the beauty, fashion and manly worth within a radius of twenty miles. School-houses had as distinct names as theaters in a city. One was the "Fidelity," another the "Woodbox," a third "Hope," besides the numberless ones taking name from the nearest family, with whom the teacher was expected to board. The preacher might be some enthusiastic divinity-student exploring the prairies, but he was usually that tireless itinerant who is forever carrying into waste places a rude apostolic grace and speech. After service the greater part of the congregation was separated into huge fragments and each piloted away to dinner by the nearest dwelling friends.

It was on one of these after-service occasions that the farmer's family found themselves in the domicile of Christian Decker. This excellent descendant of Holland peasantry had been on the ground long enough to raise a large family, principally sons, and to become what his neighbors termed "well fixed." He had a house of several rooms, a barn, besides rail stables roofed with fodder, full-grown orchards and a small farm under cultivation. The guests sat down in what was called on the prairie "the front room," the room of state, which contained the spare bed, the newest split-bottomed chairs, "the bureau"—if a family was so opulent as to possess such a piece of furniture—and yellow and scarlet pictures of Anna Maria, Prince Albert and the Sons of Temperance. How strange to think that the third generation from such an ancestral nest may possibly have a taste for rare engravings and pottery!

While the farmer's sister noted these flerid prints a door opened from another room; a young man stooped in the low doorway to enter, and was presented to the new family by a neighbor as "Mr. Decker."

Mr. Decker sat down, and again the door opened yielding a second young man, who was also presented by the officiating neighbor as "Mr. Decker."

Before he had found a chair a third young man, resembling his predecessors as much as they resembled each other, entered through the same door, and was introduced as "Mr. Decker."

Immediately behind came a fourth young man, who bowed and scraped his foot when he was also mentioned as "Mr. Decker."

Then a mere lad with his hair pasted to his forehead and a bright but uncomfortable expression, entered—like a bumblebee out of an exhaustless nest—and was introduced with the same solemnity as "Mr. Decker."

It seemed the woods were full of Mr. Deckers. The farmer's wife struggled with herself and assented to the first Mr. Decker's remark that "there was a right smart lot folks to meetin' this mornin': he see some there from as far off as Ash Grove." But again the same door opened and the tan-blond eldest son entered, and laughed good-naturedly without seeing any joke, as did all the family, when he acknowledged the final presentation as "Mr. Decker."

All the settlers were not so primitive. One or two grandees, hailing from the Eastern States or Chicago, set this raw civilization all agog by their advanced manner of living. They had comfortable residences with well-kept grounds, carriages—of heavy build for wrestling with bottomless prairie mud—gardeners, cooks, pianos, modern furniture. They were landed proprietors over thousands of acres, and had accomplished guests visiting them weeks at a time in the festival-like summer weather. They escaped from the monotony and winter desolation on long trips. To be called on by these families was distinction, to be on intimate terms with them was eminence; and such settlers as were not intimate got even with them by calling them by their first names—behind their backs. Not that this was an uncommon liberty, but when taken with a proud, stuck-up person it seemed to bring him down to the speaker's level at once, and to prove that he was no better than any body else. However, half the year there were long muddy miles between these arks of civilization and the aspiring settlers' bum-boats, which seemed to be forever riding huge tranced swells of the prairie.

After the farmer's crop was in he burnt off his land. In autumn the plain was a mass of tinder; down to the drying slews' hearts wire-grass and reeds grew rank; and every crackling weed was full of larvæ, left there to mature by the most stinging and unendurable of flies. The farmer therefore protected himself and his stock when he carefully set a brand to the grass himself, and kept the flying fire out of his fences. He burned prairie at night, though all day long a caravan of smoky phantoms trooped along the horizon. With a network of constellations drawn down so close to his head that it seemed with little effort he could pluck each star out of the sky, and that glowing furnace or lake of fire spreading at his feet, the farmer may have felt sublime emotions in intervals of beating down leaping flames.

But there were winter nights when the house shut itself like an ark, the doors creaking remonstrance if you opened them a few inches—when fires devoured coal and cornecobs like engines in that mid-ocean of snow. On such nights the farmer planned his future sheep-sheds and came in from feeding stock, muffled to the nose, to spend a long evening with Sophocles or in interviewing the gentle Plato. Those were days when the papers and magazines came a month late over blockaded roads, and book-shelves were drawn upon for the noble *Iliad*, Shakspeare, and even *Tristram Shandy*. Outside, a shoreless river of wind rushed through space. Its roar was terrible to inexperienced ears. But in time the farmer's wife and sister became so steeped in this constant flow, teasing in summer, sweeping and icy in winter, that they received a rich meerschaum tint, which the ague diligently infused with saffron.

The farmer hauled his fuel at convenient seasons from coal-fields to the southward, twenty-seven miles distant. He and his man started before daybreak, and were two days going and returning; they had sloughs and unbridged streams to ford; they lodged along the road or stayed over night in the county-seat, dipping once more into the excitements of civilization and the spectacle of a passing show at the town-hall. In the same laborious way the farmer disposed of his products.

Monotonous years set their marks on the family. That medallion-like clearness of profile which the farmer brought to his work became blunted, and the enthusiasm of his gaze turned to shrewdness. His fingers formed a natural glove of horny tan. He construed living markets to the neglect of dead languages, and as the hard-earned coin rolled toward him he buried it in spreading acres. The greed of the soil possessed him, and he was actually proud of being "land poor." He looked forward to the time when civilization would run to meet him and his dollars burst their loamy coffer. He now had huge barns and extensive sheep-sheds; he was becoming a master in the science of stock-farming. His fences beginning to fail, he had substituted Osage-orange hedge, guiding and trimming it until now it bounded and subdivided his possessions with lines of living green; and his neighbors began to plant hedge-fence also. The feasibility of making an artesian bore also began to occupy his mind, for his surface-wells were not all that could be desired; they were large holes some dozen feet deep in the oozy soil, with a slope at one side down which the cattle could go to drink. His various farms, excepting the fields he reserved about himself for stock, were parceled out to tenants, for whom he built the typical prairie-dwellings of the poorer classes—wooden frames covered with upright boards, made with due regard to the scarcity of lumber.

As for his family, habit becomes second nature, and they vegetated tranquilly enough, breaking the monotony with occasional journeys. Still, the farmer's sister was very glad of constant society, which promised to be congenial when Allie Jennings came from La Fayette to teach in the nearest school-house. The farmer's sister discovered her one Saturday afternoon on going across the meadow — carefully guarding against rattlesnakes—to carry some pretty thing to tenant Macher's children. The teacher stood outside, roving the prairie with her eye. Within, Mrs. Macher was giving the two rooms their special Saturday scrubbing; her cooking-stove, split-bottomed chairs, bedsteads, and even the kneading-board upon her flour-barrel, had already been cleaned and polished according to their needs, and her rosy German face shone with exercise. Still, it was a squalid place for a girl like Allie Jennings, though she was looking forward philosophically to the prospect of boarding in the small hive. She had an intense but very quiet face, and made no parade of being pretty and refined.

"And how do you like the prairie?" inquired the farmer's sister when they had begun their acquaintance.

"It presses me down and chokes me. But maybe I shall get used to it."

"Why, how can you feel so? When I first saw it I wanted to fly, it was so wide and free."

"But I have been brought up among trees; how can people live away from trees?"

"We have quite large maples around our house, and such a pretty catalpa-grove at one side! Brother planted locusts, but he cut most of them down; they grow fast, but they're such a nuisance!"

"It be better for her to board dare," said Mrs. Macher, smiling in the door, out of which she had just sent a cascade of scrubbing water; "we got so many chiltern and only two r-rooms."

In the end she did board there, and brought a pleasant, town-girlish atmosphere into the house. If she disliked her business, she performed it thoroughly, and the hands of the country children crowned her affectionately with roses and flag-lilies and the wild scarlet larkspur.

"Father is dead," she told the farmer's sister, "and there is a large family of us; and mother has little besides the home-property. I have to teach, and—I wanted to come away from town."

Why she wanted to come away appeared in the sequel.

She had been there some weeks—and had had many a good ride and mild adventure with the farmer's sister; many a skurry home from thunder-storms which suddenly bruised one side of a sunny sky to black-purple; many a delicious evening sitting on the eastern doorstone telling and hearing weird stories—when there came a Sunday which left her and the farmer's sister alone in the house. The farmer and his wife had ridden fifteen miles away to church and to spend the day; the hired girl, a tenant's daughter, had gone home, accompanied by her sweetheart, the hired man. Allie was not well; she lay on a sofa with her eyes shut, and the farmer's dainty sister was in the garden gathering carnation-pinks and roses for her.

This being very grateful employment, the young lady lingered, carrying her muslin train on her arm and looking off with half-shut eyes across the quivering landscape, thinking what a very lovely Sunday it was. The bleat of the sheep sounded close up to the sky.

A one-horse carriage stopped before the house, and a man alighted. At this the farmer's sister hastened softly in, but paused to leave off her sun-bonnet before going to open the door. Meanwhile, Allie had opened it and stood facing a fine-looking and importunate man.

At her silent distance the farmer's sister heard and saw all that passed in one swift minute.

"What do you want here?" inquired Allie in tones the prairie seemed effectually choking.

"I want to see you," replied the stranger eloquently. "Oh, Allie, let me explain to you—"

"You can't explain things away; they are as they are."

"But I could make you think better of me—"

She pushed the door as if to close it: "Go away; don't say another word to me."

"But, Allie—"

She shut the door and locked it. Then turning back, she dropped unconscious, and the farmer's sister put her on the sofa.

In the interval which it took to revive her the stranger was forgotten. Whether he drove away immediately or lingered about the house is not known. But he never saw Allie Jennings again. She went home to her mother in a few days, broken down by some influence weightier than the pressure of the prairie, leaving her plainly-told story to be put among the prairie legends. This man had been her accepted lover, when she discovered he had a wife living elsewhere. He had many excuses for his conduct, and he undoubtedly loved her with devotion, perhaps with veneration when she punished him—and herself—without flinching to the last. She died of a fever soon after returning to her mother, and whispered as she groped out of the world, "Oh, give my love *to every body I ever knew.*"

Very different silhouettes from this girl's stood out against the prairie horizon. There was Jack Weed, the bachelor hermit, leading his sheep to be salted—a sort of bareheaded Caliban with sunburnt hair and with his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows. He was big-lipped and low-browed, looking magnified by the prairie air, not unlike a giant walking abroad to catch a fat boy or fair maid for his next meal. But he caught neither, thought he might have done so, for early marriages were the rule upon the prairie, a young woman taking what was available if she could not exactly please herself, and a young man acting on a conviction that his twenty-first year, or often his eighteenth, entitled him to a partner and a place of his own. Land was cheap: if he had been a prudent laborer he could buy some and build his shanty. If his family suffered, it would be from their own thriftlessness, though all the luxuries he could afford them would be an occasional Sunday at a neighbor's, and, if they had an eye for such things, the wonderful mirage of towns thirty miles off, raised in the translucent morning sky until every chimney, steeple and massive block stood distinct.

There also was the silhouette of the man who held patents on farming-implements. Stopping his carriage on the country road, he swept the vast circle with his glass, pouncing at once on any economical contrivance which infringed on his patents. Thus John Ratliff was detected with a homemade horse-fork for storing hay, about which he had bragged to all the neighbors; and after paying his heavy fine he thought pensively of moving farther West until they had got done laughing.

As if he had been dreaming through fifteen years of slow prosperity, the farmer was roused by the great railroad excitement. Suddenly the old pastoral days of herding sheep, smiling at the queer mules' habits, taking refreshing drives after the semi-weekly mail, were gone, and feverish speculation succeeded them. The farmer threw himself with fervor into the contest for the road; instead of crossing his land, however, it merely skirted him on one side, but the station left him only a mile and a half in the cold. Immediately another railroad crossed the first, and in one night a village of wooden houses grew around the junction. Old settlers, tingling with this sudden charge from the world's battery, jumped up to contest the best lots with Eastern capitalists. Real estate rose hourly. Before the happy settlers could believe their eyes a monster flour-mill called for their grain, abolishing forever their long periodical journeys to the mill on Myersville Branch. Horse-power elevators entered the contest. A hotel with mansard roof and grand piazzas entertained thronging strangers, and a handsome bank rose up to treasure the new town's wealth. Latest styles in dry-goods flaunted before the eyes of the farmers' calico-clothed wives and daughters. Lumber-yards offered them building material from beyond the Lakes; three or four churches reached for them spiritually; enterprising people from a dozen States pressed in; and one whole autumn was a festival of prosperity, of excursions and of generous donations to the public good. The old, bilious settlers, who had worked long and hard to reclaim this plain, had killed the rattlesnakes and had shaken with the chills, set up as an aristocracy by right of precedence. They revelled in society, and every body revelled in buying and selling lots. Two enterprising young men started a paper over a saddler's shop while the first few buildings were rising, and in a few months they had a subscription-list which might have put old city dailies to the blush. The whole town hurried, the ancient settlers cantered. There was controversy between the north and south, the east and west, sides of the railroads, nobody knowing where business would focus itself. Long snakes of freight-trains slid across the prairie, lifting hissing heads, probably to the astonishment of the last rattlesnake. Mules that had borne being bogged in slews lifted their ears and brayed fearfully at the pert, irresistible passenger-engine and its glittering coaches.

Among the passengers left upon the new platform one day when the prairie distances were blue and amber, the town buzzing its loudest and the hotel-runners most vociferous, was a shabby woman. She had the hollow face and sprawled hands of a laboring woman whose health is broken, but whose spirit is not. Nobody accompanied her; her baggage was a bundle, and she stood beside it anxious and undecided.

"Hotel, ma'am?" sang a runner, giving her a side look as if doubtful of her resources, but in that seething time the capitalist frequently looked the seediest. "Hibbard House—first-class accommodations."

"I'm looking for my husband," she replied, with the plaintive and appealing confidence of women unaccustomed to travel. "He came out here a month or two ago, and I was to come as soon as he got a place. But I didn't get no word, and it made me so oneasy I started anyhow."

"First-class accommodations at the Hibbard House; your husband can find you there," suggested the runner, leading off his generous catch of guests.

But the lone woman stood still, squinting her troubled eyes in the sun as she looked over that palpitating land of promise. She represented years of hard work and hopeless poverty. Perhaps her ideas were not lofty; she never expected to be "independent rich," but had hoped they might make a "better livin'" in this new place.

"What's the matter, ma'am? Lost somethin'?" asked a platform lounger, turning his attention to her after the excitement of the train had passed, for no man is more chivalrous in intention than the prairie-dweller.

"Does any of you know a man by the name of Thomas Nolan?" she inquired timidly.

He turned to the others.

"Thomas Nolan?" said one. "There was a man buried here last week named Thomas Nolan. First person in the new graveyard."

They were startled by her head bumping the platform. When she came out of her long fainting-fit, surrounded by compassionate strangers, there was no bright ending to her story, such as writers are able to give to their tales of separation and suffering. He was dead, and under a hummock in the new cemetery. She found some work and melted silently into the new community.

Its prosperity marched on. The town was christened for the oldest inhabitant. Massive brick blocks grew in due solidity; modern pavements lifted it out of the waxy black soil; and, to the disgust of its old neighbors, who had plodded no farther since Chicago sprang into being much as this town did, it was soon incorporated and claiming to be the county-seat of a county of its own.

The farmer now had his market and telegraph-office at his door. Great windmills pumped water from the depths of the earth and sent it through pipes to his sheep-troughs. His tenants had grown in faithfulness and affection to him and the land. He was scarcely middle-aged, and a larger career called him. If he did not choose to turn his attention to State politics—as he did not—then there were great commercial transactions for him. And the house which should be the fitting exponent of his estate was to be built. As it rose from the leveled and cultivated spot on which sandhill cranes used to dance, who could blame the farmer if he congratulated himself on having so successfully obeyed the hackneyed injunction, "Go West, young man—go West and grow up with the country?"—*Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in Lippincott's Magazine for June.*

A Milky Sea.

The phenomenon of a milky sea has been known to occur in certain parts, but has not been very thoroughly scrutinized. Some have considered the luminous appearance in question an electrical effect in thunder storms; others have attributed it to cadaveric decomposition of marine animals and plants; others to abundant spawn, with fishes moving about in it. But the truth appears to be that it results from an accumulation of animalculæ capable of becoming phosphorescent, spontaneously or by friction. Some interesting information on the subject (of an exact character) has been lately published by Lieut. Pornain, of the French iron-clad L'Armide, which in February last met with a milky sea in the passage from Point de Galle to Aden. The nights of February 9, 10, 12 and 13 were characterized by the phenomenon in all its splendor, the ship during this time traversing 660 miles (1,100 kilometers) in a mean latitude of twelve degrees north, between the meridians of sixty-one degrees and fifty-one degrees east longitude. There was no thunderstorm, the sky was clear, the moon new, the barometer, thermometer and hygrometer were regular, and a gentle northeast monsoon was blowing. The temperature of the surface of the water was constant at twenty-five degrees. The sea was like a snow-covered field in a clear night, and all trace of undulations was lost sight of. The milky look was hardly disturbed by the motion of the ship and working of the screw (which shows that the layer had considerable thickness). By day all disappeared; but the hue of the sea was somewhat altered. Looked at attentively over the ship's side at night, the water was seen to contain an enormous number of luminous particles pressed close together, and more brilliant close to the side (where disturbed). Some four hundred of these corpuscles—one to two centimeters long—could be counted in a bucket holding ten liters of the water. Drawn out, these were seen to be of gelatinous substance, which quickly dried and disappeared, leaving a dark globule one millimeter in diameter, which, in the microscope, present a transparent ovoid animalcule, filled with eggs, and moving its fins and tentacles incessantly. A drop of water added to the dark globule brought back its luminosity; and when the creature was bruised in the hand it gave a bright mark, which was quickly extinguished and which had no smell. The milky water, kept all day and looked at in the dark, shows no luminosity, even though agitated; nor does the water procured by day and brought into darkness. It remains to be determined what causes the luminosity of these animalculæ, and information is also desirable as to the position of the various milky seas on the globe, the times of their appearance, whether they persist in the same place or not, etc. Several of the officers on board l'Armide had witnessed the phenomenon before, but never so brilliant or so continuous. The Armide, on going out, had passed thirty leagues further north in February, 1878, without encountering any thing of the kind.—*London Times.*

Czar Nicholas and His Doctor.

On the 2d of March, 1855, when it was known that the Czar Nicholas has died, a wild excitement, increasing from day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the more readily suspected because he was a German. Busy calumniators spread the news abroad in all circles that the guilt of the Emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian Doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Frankfort, were in the greatest terror, when their fear was removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that the present Czar Alexander had taken up the defense of the calumniated man, having called him into his presence, thanked him before the Court for his care of his father, and presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The Doctor, it appears, has left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his Imperial patient. Almost his only friends at Court besides the Czar himself were the heir to the throne and the Grand Duchess Helena. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand Duke Michael. When the Czar was taken ill Mandt's meaner foes whispered about that he would poison their master. The Grand Duchess Helena warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room. "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself with shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming 'Traitor!'" An excited conversation passed between them, and the Prince ended by saying: "On the day upon which the precious health of the Czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread."

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his Doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the Czar said: "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sir," replied the Doctor. "Then do not forget," observed the Emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 2d of March, Mandt had to tell the Czar the fateful news that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the Empress, his children and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name with a firm, clear voice. To the Empress he said: "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."—*London Globe.*

The oldest lawyer in the United States in active practice is Azgill Gibbs, of Rochester, N. Y., who in a few weeks will be ninety-three years of age. He is hale and hearty. He has had six sons, all of whom have been admitted to the bar, and three of whom are now in practice.

The "gem puzzle" has reached Germany, Bismarck has tried it, and in the German Reichstag one day recently almost every member was working at it.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

If some disappointed Democrat would yell "fraud," it might brighten things up a little for his party.

The Democrats are profoundly disgusted with the obstinacy of the Republicans at Chicago. They will be disgusted some more about the same trait in November.

Mr. Conkling takes his defeat in good temper, and says he is going to work his hardest this campaign. He predicts a Republican majority of 50,000 in New York. Let him accomplish that result, and the party that would not have him as a boss will praise him as one of the greatest of its leaders.

The nominations of Garfield and Arthur, have been well received throughout the country. The prairies of the West are a "blazing light" of enthusiasm for our popular standard bearers, and the people everywhere are a unit on these nominations, and will roll up such a victory in November next, that will astonish both friend and foe!

We congratulate brother Price, of the *Times*, upon the distinction conferred by the State Democratic Convention. He can make a "rattling good speech," and will no doubt be heard all over the district. Between him and Mr. Combs, of Garrett, Republican candidate for elector, and a live, enterprising politician, there will be a sharp contest to carry this end of Maryland.—*Frostburg Journal.*

The County Levy.

The County Commissioners, Mess. D. H. Friend, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater, Friday of last week completed the tax levy for 1880, which will be found on the opposite page of this issue. The levy for 1880 is fixed at 89 cents on every $100 of assessable property, a reduction of 2¾ cents from the levy of last year. The State tax is 18¾ cents, making a total of $1.07¾.

The decrease would have been much larger had it not been for the large expense incurred in the erection of bridges, over five thousand dollars having been expended in this way, or about 16 cents on every $100 of assessable property.

The First Gun.

Oregon leads the Garfield and Arthur Column of 1880. From away off in that northwestern corner of the great republic comes the news of a Democratic rout in the election which took place on Monday. The Republicans have elected three judges of the Supreme Court, have carried a majority of the legislature, and have chosen Mr. M. C. George to the Forty-seventh Congress. The average majorities are from eight hundred to a thousand. Mr George is the first member elected to the next Congress, and will take the seat of Mr. Whitcaker (Democrat), who now represents the State. The Democrats have carried the State ever since 1876, and now the Republicans have been victorious over both Democratic and Greenback tickets. The present governor, who is a Democrat, holds over until 1882, and there is no United Sates senator to be elected until that year; but Monday's triumph secures the three electoral votes of Oregon for Garfield and Arthur in November next.

The army worm is now ravaging portions of no less than six States—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, Virginia and Maryland.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

The Life and Record of the Republican Nominee.

The following sketch of General Garfield is from the pen of the well known correspondent Mr. E. V. Smalley, and originally appeared in the Philadelphia *Times:*

James Abraham Garfield was born November 19, 1831, in the township of Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, about fifteen miles from cleveland. His father, Abraham Garfield, came from New York, but, like his mother was of New England stock. James was the youngest of four children. The father died in 1833, leaving the family dependent upon a small farm and the exertions of the mother. There was nothing at out the eldest Garfield to distinguish him from the other plodding farmers of the rather sterile township of Orange. No one could discern any qualities in him which, transmitted to the next generation, might help to make a statesman, unless it was industry; but his wife, who is still living at an advanced age, was always fond of reading when she could get leisure from her hard household duties, and was a thoroughly capable woman, of strong will, stern principles, and more than average force of character. Of the children, no one besides James has made the slightest mark in the world. The eldest brother is a farmer in Michigan, and the two sisters are, I believe, farmers' wives. James had a tough time of it as a boy. He toiled hard on the farm early and late in summer and worked at the carpenter's bench in winter. The best of it was that he liked work. There was not a lazy hair on his head. He had an absorbing ambition to get an education, and the only road opened to this end seemed that of manual labor. Ready money was hard to get in those days. The Ohio Canal ran not far from where he lived, and, finding that the boatmen got their pay in cash, and earned better than he could make at farming or carpentry, he hired out as a driver on the tow-path, and soon got up to the dignity of holding the helm of a boat. Then he determined to ship as a sailor on the lakes, but an attack of fever and ague interfered with his plans. He was ill three months, and when he recovered he decided to go to a school called Geauga Academy, in an adjoining county. His mother had saved a small sum of money, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a stock of provisions. He hired a small room and cooked his own food to make his expenses as light as possible. He paid his own way after that, never calling on his mother for any more assistance. By working at the carpenter bench mornings and evenings and vacation times, and teaching country schools during the winter, he managed to attend the academy during the spring and fall terms and to save a little money toward going to college. He had excellent health, a robust frame and a capital memory and the attempt to combine mental and physical work, which has broken down many farmer boys ambitious to get an education, did not hurt him.

GARFIELD AT COLLEGE.

When he was 23 years of age he concluded he had about all there was to be had in the obscure cross-roads academy. He calculated that he had saved about half enough money to get through college, provided he could begin, as he hoped, with the junior year. He got a life insurance policy and assigned it to a gentleman as security for a loan to make up the amount he lacked. In the fall of 1854 he entered the junior class of Williams College, Massachusetts, and graduated in 1856 with the metaphysical honors of his class. I have seen a daguerreotype of him about this time. It represents a rather awkward youth, with a shock of light hair standing straight up from a big forehead, and a frank, thoughtful face, of a very marked German type. There is not a drop of German blood in the Garfield family, but his picture would be taken for some Fitz or Carl just over from the Fatherland.

Before he went to college Garfield had connected himself with the Disciples, a sect having a numerous membership in Eastern and Southern Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky, where its founder, Alexander Campbell, had traveled and preached. The principal peculiarities of the denomination are their refusal to formulate their beliefs into a creed, the independence of each congregation, the hospitality and fraternal feeling of the members of the lack of a regular ministry. When Garfield returned to Ohio it was natural that he should soon gravitate to the struggling little college of the young sect at Hiram, Portage county, near his boyhood's home. He became professor of Latin and Greek and threw himself with the energy and industry which are leading traits of his character into the work of building the institution. Before he had been two years in the professorship he was appointed president of the college. Hiram is a lonely country village, three miles from a railroad, built upon a high hill, overlooking twenty miles of cheese-making country to the Southward. It contains fifty or sixty houses clustered around the green, in the centre of which stands the homely red brick college structure. Plain living and high thinking was the order of things at Hiram College in those days. The teachers were poor, the pupils were poor, and the institution was poor, but there was a great deal of hard, faithful study done, and many ambitious plans formed. The young president taught, lectured and preached, and all the time studied as diligently as any acolyte in the temple of knowledge. Among the Disciples any one can preach who has a mind to, no ordination being required. From these Sunday discourses came the story that Garfield was at one time a minister. He never considered himself such, and never had any intention of finding a career in the pulpit. His ambition, if he had any outside of the school lay in the direction of law and politics.

HIS MARRIAGE.

During his professorship Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, whose acquaintance he had made while at the academy, where she was also a pupil. She was a quiet thoughtful girl, of a singularly sweet and refined disposition, fond of study and reading, possessing a warm heart and a mind with the capacity of steady growth. The marriage was a love affair on both sides, and has been a thoroughly happy one. Much of General Garfield's subsequent success in life may be attributed to the never-failing sympathy and intellectual companionship of his wife and the stimulus of a loving home circle. The young couple bought a neat little cottage fronting on the college campus and began their wedded life poor and in debt, but with brave hearts.

In 1859 the college president was elected to the State Senate from the counties of Portage and summit. He did not resign his presidency, because he looked upon a few months in the legislature as an episode not likely to change the course of his life. But the war came to alter all his plans. During the winter of 1861 he was active in the passage of measures for arming the State militia, and his eloquent and energy made him a conspicuous leader of the Union party. Early in the summer of 1861 he was elected colonel of an infantry regiment (the Forty-second) raised in Northern Ohio, many of the soldiers in which had been students at Hiram. He took the field in Eastern Kentucky, was soon put in command of a brigade, and, by making one of the hardest marches over made by recruits, surprised and rounted the rebel forces under Humphrey Marshall, at Piketon.

From Eastern Kentucky General Garfield was transferred to Louisville, and from that place hastened to join the army of General Buell, which he reached with his brigade in time to participate in the second day's fighting at Pittsburg Landing. He took part in the seige of Corinth and in the operations along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. In January, 1863, he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, and bore a prominent share in all the campaigns of Middle Tennessee in the spring and summer of that year. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga. For his conduct in that battle he was promoted to a major generalship. It is said that he wrote all the orders given to the army that day, and submitted them to General Rosecrans for approval, save one. The one he did not write was the fatal order to General Wood, which was so worded as not to correctly convey the meaning of the commanding general, and which caused the destruction of the right wing of the army,

ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

The congressional district in which Garfield lived was the one long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. The old anti-slavery champion grew careless of the arts of politics towards the end of his career and came to look upon a nomination and re-election as a matter of course. His over-confidence was taken advantage of in 1858 by an ambitious lawyer named Hutchins to carry a convention against him. The friends of Giddings never forgave Hutchins and cast about for a means of defeating him. The old man himself was comfortably quartered in his consulate at Montreal, and did not care to make a fight to get back to Congress. So his supporters made use of the popularity of General Garfield, and nominated him while he was in the field without asking his consent. That was in 1862. When he heard of the nomination Garfield reflected that it would be fifteen months before the Congress would meet to which he would be elected, and believeing, as did everyone else, that the war could not possibly last a year longer, concluded to accept. I have often heard him express regret that he did not help fight the war through, and say that he never would have left the army to go to Congress had he foreseen that the struggle would continue beyond the year 1863. He continued his military service up to the time Congress met.

On entering Congress in December, 1863, General Garfield was placed upon the Committee on Military Affairs with Schenck and Farnsworth, who were also fresh from the field. He took an active part in the debates of the House, and won a recognition which few new members succeed in gaining. He was not popular among his fellow-members during his first term. They thought him something of a pedant because he sometimes showed his scholarship in his speeches, and they were jealous of his prominence. His solid arguments and amiable social qualities enabled him to overcome this prejudice during his second term, and he became on terms of close friendship with the best men in both houses. His committee service during his second term was on the Ways and Means, which was quite to his taste, for it gave him an opportunity to prosecute the studies he had always felt a fondness for. He was a hard worker and a great reader in those days, going home with his arms full of books from the Congressional Library and sitting up late nights to read them. It was then that he laid the foundations of the convictions on the subject of national finance which he has since held to firmly amid all the storms of political agitation. He was renominated in 1864, without opposition; but in 1866 Mr. Hutchins, whom he had supplanted, made an effort to defeat him. Hutchins canvassed the district thoroughly, but the convention nominated Garfield by acclamation.

He has no opposition since in his own party. In 1872 the Liberals and Democrats united to beat him, but his majority was larger than ever. In 1874 the Greenbackers and Democrats combined and put up a popular soldier against him, but they made no impression on the result. The Ashtabula district, as it is generally called, is the most faithful to its representatives of any in the North. It has had but four members in half a century.

HIS WORKS IN CONGRESS.

In the Fortieth Congress General Garfield was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. In the Forty-first he was given the chairmanship of Banking and Currency, which he liked much better, because it was in the line of his financial studies. His next promotion was to the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, which he held until the Democrats came into power in the House in 1875. His chief work on that committee was a steady and judicious reduction of the expenses of the government. In all the political struggles in Congress he has borne a leading part, his clear, vigorous and moderate style of argument making him one of the most effective debaters in either house.

When James G. Blaine went to the Senate in 1877, the mantle of Republican leadership in the House was, by common consent, placed upon Garfield, and he has worn it ever since. In January last, General Garfield was elected to the Senate to the seat which will be vacated by Allen G. Thurman on the 4th of March, 1881. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus—an honor never given to any man of any party in the State of Ohio. Since his election he has been the recipient of many complimentary manifestations in Washington and in Ohio.

GARFIELD AS A LEADER.

As a leader in the House, he is more cautious and less dashing than Blaine, and his judicial turn of mind makes him too prone to look for two sides of a question for him to be an efficient partisan. When the issue fairly touches his convictions, however, he becomes thoroughly aroused and strikes tremendous blows. Blaine's tactics were to continually harass the enemy by sharp-shooting surprises and picket firing. Garfield waits for an opportunity to deliver a pitched battle, and his generalship is shown to best advantage when the fight is a fair one and waged on grounds where each party thinks itself strongest. Then his solid shot of argument are exceedingly effective. On the stump Garfield is one of the very best orators in the Republican party. He has a good voice, an air of evident sincerity, great clearness and vigor of statement, and a way of knitting his arguments together so as to make a speech deepen its impression on the mind of the hearer until the climax is reached.

Of his industry and studious habits a great deal might be said, but a single illustration will have to suffice here. Once during the busiest part of a very busy session at Washington I found him in his library, behind a big barricade of books. This was no unusual sight, but when I glanced at the volumes I saw they were all different editions of Horace, or books relating to that poet. "I find I am overworked and need recreation," said to General. "Now my theory is that the best way to test the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it at something quite outside of the ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems."

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

General Garfield has five children living and has lost two, who died in infancy. The two elder boys, Harry and James, are now at school in New Hampshire. Mary, or Molly, as everybody calls her, is a handsome, rosy-cheeked girl of about 12. The two younger boys are named Irwin and Abram. The General's mother is still living, and has long been a member of his family. She is an intelligent, energetic old lady, with a clear head and a strong will, who keeps well posted in the news of the day, and is very proud of her son's career, though more liberal of criticism than praise.

General Garfield's district lies in the extreme northeastern corner of Ohio, and now embraces the counties of Ashtabula, Trumbull, Geauga, Lake and Mahoning. His old home county of Portage was detached from it a year ago. With the exception of the coal and iron regions in the extreme southern part, the district is purely a rual one, and is inhabited by a population of pure New England ancestry. It is claimed that there is less illiteracy in proportion to the population than in any other district in the United States.

In person General Garfield is six feet high, broadshouldered, and strongly built. He has an unusually large head, that seems to be three-fourths forehead, light brown hair and beard; large, light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, is fond of broad-brimmed slouch hats and stout boots; eats heartily, cares nothing for luxurious living, is thoroughtly temperate in all respects save in that of brain-work, and is devoted to his wife and children, and very fond of his country home. Among men he is genial, approachable, companionable, and a remarkably entertaining talker.

Chester A. Arthur.

Gen. Chester A. Arthur, the Republican nominee for Vice-President, was born in Franklin, Co., Vt., Oct. 5th, 1830. His father was a Baptist clergyman who imigrated from Ireland in his 18th, year and died in 1875. Gen. Arthur was educated at Union College and graduated in the class of 49. After leaving college he taught a country school during 2 years in Vermont, and then, having managed by rigid economy, to save about $500, he started for New York city and entered the law office of ex-judge E. D. Culver as a student. During the early part of the war he was Quarter Master General of the State of New York.

During his term of office every present sent to him was immediately returned. Among others, a prominent clothing house offered him a magnificent uniform, and a printing house seat him a costly saddle and trappings. Both gifts were indignantly rejected. When Mr. Arthur became Quartermaster General he was poor. When his term expired he was poorer still. He had opportunities to make millions unquestioned. Contracts larger than the world had ever seen were at his disposal. He had to provide for the clothing, arming, and trans-portation of hundreds of thousands of men. Speaking of him at this period, a friend says; "So jealous was he of his integrity that I have known instances where he could have made thousands of dollars legitimately, and yet refused to do it on the ground that he was a public officer, and meant to be like Cæser's wife, above suspicion."

In 1871 Gen. Arthur was appointed Collector of the Port of New York and four years later was reappointed. He was removed by President Hayes in 1878 despite the fact that two special committees made searching investigation into his administration, and both reported them selves unable to find anything upon which to base a charge against him. In the pronunciamentos announcing the change, both President Hayes and Secretary Sherman bore official witness to the purity of his acts while in office. A petition for his retention was signed by every Judge of every court in the city, by all the prominent members of the Bar, and by nearly every important merchant in the collection district, but this General Arthur himself suppressed.

Since his removal, he has been engaged in the practice of law, and in the direction of Republican politics in the State, being Chairman of the Republican State Committee. In person he is over 6 feet in height, broad-shouldered, athletic, and handsome. He is a man of great culture and wide experience, an able lawyer, with refined tastes, and manners of the utmost geniality.

Garfield and Arthur Thirty Years Ago.

North Pownal, Bennington county, Vermont, formerly known as Whipple's Corners, is situated in the southwestern corner of the State, and by the usually traveled road one passes, in an hour's ride, from New York, through the corner of Vermont, by way of North Pownal, into the State of Massachusetts. In 1851, Chester A. Arthur, fresh from Union College, came to North Pownal, and for one summer taught the village school. About two years later, James A. Garfield, then a young student at Williams College, several miles distant, in order to obtain the necessary means to defray his expenses while pursuing his studies, came also to North Pownal, and established a writing school in the same room formerly occupied by Mr. Arthur, and taught classes in penmanship during the long winter evenings. Thus from a common starting point in early life, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, after years of manly toil, these distinguished men are, by the action of the Chicago convention, brought into close relationship before the nation and before the civilized world.—*Washington Star.*

Gross and Ridiculous Inconsistencies.

The Maryland Democrats are verbose, but their resolutions are worth reading for the gross and ridiculous inconsistencies with which they are crowded. In the face of the fact that the Democratic Congress has just passed a River and Harbor bill taking nearly twice as much money out of the treasury as the Republicans ever appropriated by a similar measure, they declare that the Democratic party "will check the present extravagance in the expenditure of public money." They charge the Republican party with bringing the country to the verge of ruin with its financial legislation, when they know perfectly well that it was only the firmness of that party which kept the Democrats from ruining the public credit and flooding the land with irredeemable paper money. Finally, they declare that they will never condone the fraud of 1876, and almost in the same breath express their confidence in Bayard, who advocated the Electoral Commission bill, and was a member of the commission.—*New York Tribune.*

Among the Masonic personals in the New York Sunday *Herald* was the following: "Brother James A. Garfield is a charter member of Pentalpha Lodge No. 23, and a member of Columbia Chapter No. 1, Columbia Commandery No. 2, and Mithras Lode of Perfection, A. and A. Rite, all of this city. Brother Chester A. Arthur is a member of all the Masonic bodies in New York city.

The State Convention.

This body met in Baltimore on Wednesday and acted as a sort of ratification meeting to carry into effect the wishes of those who have assumed control of party affairs in this State, and have enriched themselves upon party patronage and official plunder until in the exercise of the power thus acquired the very identity of the Democratic party has been swallowed up and lost in the *will* of a combination of men whose political records dare not be submitted to the scrutiny of an impartial investigation. We find no fault with the delegates selected to represent the Democracy of Maryland at Cincinnati. With but few exceptions they are representative men. But we do protest most earnestly against the cut-and-dry arrangement that characterized the proceedings of what was supposed to be a deliberative body composed of *men* with heads and intellects capable of acting and thinging for themselves. It is not a hopeful political sign when men *consent* beforehand to be used and driven like dull, unreasoning cattle, and strive for seats in a convention where their ambition to ascertain what some one else desires them to do, is only exceeded by the alacrity with which they perform what they are told. There is more discontent, dissatisfaction and demoralization in the Democratic camp in this State today than ever was known before at the grim imperialism of ring rule, and nothing but a distrust of Republican rule upon one side and a veneration for Democratic traditions upon the other holds Maryland solidly in the Democratic column. The faction that has so long controlled by practices as undemocratic as they are repugnant to decency is certain sooner or later to provoke an explosion that will tear the party from turret to foundation stone. Through the action of the men who have assumed the title of "managers" Western Maryland has been hopelessly lost to the Democracy, while other portions of the State have become debatable ground. The majority for Governor Hamilton last fall affords no criterion by which party strength in this State is to be determined, because around his banner every element of reform was gathered, and his overwhelming vote was an implied censure upon previous Democratic mismanagement. Misinterpreting the meaning of Gov. Hamilton's majority, the party has again been swung around into the old and rust-eaten grooves that necessitated a resort to the grossest frauds upon the ballot-box to save the party from overwhelming defeat in 1875. Is this the reliance of 1880? Are we to depend upon the Baltimore rough and ballot-box stuffer in November next? At any rate it would seem as if the self-appointed "managers" were indifferent as to the means to be adopted, so that the end left them in the control of the machine over which floated a banner smirched with fraud and corruption.—*Cumb. Leader, Democratic.*

TOOMBS ON GARFIELD'S NOMINATION.—About 7 o'clock last evening General Gordon and General Toombs met in a bevy of distinguished gentlemen in front of the Kimball House, and had a friendly chat over the news from Chicago.

"Gordon, what do think of Garfield's nominatisn?" asked General Toombs of Gen. Gordon.

"He is a strong man—one of the strongest men in the party, perhaps, with the exception of Washburne."

General Toombs—"I think so myself, but I dildn't know the d—d fools had so much sense as to nominate a man like him."

General Gordon — That is the trouble with them. They have too much sense in campaigning."

General Toombs—"well, these fellows who are going to Cincinnati have got to put up our best man to beat him."

General Gordon — "Yest, they must, indeed."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Speaking of the oft-repeated declaration that "if Tilden cannot carry New York no other Democaat can," the Washington *Star* says its true meaning is that if Tilden is defeated for the nomination he will see that the man who is nominated shall not have the electoral votes of New York. It says:

"The most hopeful and enthusiastic Democrat will not have the hardihood to deny the power of Mr. Tilden to throw the votes of New York against his party if he wishes to do so. He has absolute control of the party machinery in the State. His whispered commands are promptly obeyed by the State Committee, which is controlled by men who regard obedience to him as the first duty they owe to Democracy. No man ever had his political henchmen under such complete and absolute control as has Mr. Tilden."

The nomination of Garfield was a happy deliverance from the dangers and difficulties that beset the Republican party when its convention met. Representatives of the Republican party may always be relied upon to do what is best to be done.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Mutton at J. A. Enlow's, opposite the Depot.

—A good tailor can find a splendid opening for business in Oakland.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss has added a very handsome oval show case to his drug store.

—Rev. H. C. Sanford will preach at the Enlow school house next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Our next President passed thro,' Cumberland Tuesday moring on his way to Washington.

—Oakland will be largely represented in the Grantsville Suuday School Convention.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oaklaud, Md. a26-tf.

—The 5 cent counter is again in full blast at Legge's store, with a great many new and useful articles.

—Miss Mary Good returned to Oakland Saturday last, after an extended visit to friends in Wheeling W. Va.

—Mrs. Warren, wife of Thomas Warren, Esq., residing near Oakland, died suddenly Wednesday morning, aged about sixty years.

—The Hotels at Oakland and Deer Park were opened to the public on Tuesday. But few guests have as yet arrived.

—Major W. O. Ison, of the West Va. University is home for his vacation. He was re-elected to his position, but declined the place.

—The late heavy rains will give us an oat crop far above the average, and the grass crop will be up to if not beyond the average.

—For Sale—A Surveyor's outfit, consisting of compass, staff and chain, all in good order. Will be sold low for cash. Apply at this office. my 29-tf

—The Maryland delegation to the National Democratic convention at Cincinnati will leave Baltimore Saturday, 19th inst., and stop over Sunday at the Deer Park and Oakland Hotels.

—Edward, son of Judge John Coulehan, of the Orphans' Court, of Allegany county, aged twelve years, was drowned in the Potomac river at Cumberland Friday of last week, while bathing with several young companions.

—Mr. Arthur Townshend and W. C. Davis, of Oakland, and Mr. Delphey T. E. Casteel, of McHenry, who have been attending the West Virginia University, at Morgantown, are at home for the summer vacation.

—Mr. Lawson L. Loar will leave Oakland for Topeka, Kansas, next week, where he expects to engage in the mercantile business. Mr. Loar is a young man of correct habits and good business qualifications, and will undoubtedly succeed in his new home.

—The bridge, across the railroad, on Oak street, Oakland, after an examination by mechanics, has been declared by the corporate authorities to be unsafe, and has been closed against the passage of teams. A new one, probably of iron, will be constructed at once.

—The large stock of logs of the Lochiel Lumber Company at Bloomington, were seriously threatened by the flood Tuesday, and about 600 or 800 logs are reported to have been forced out and carried down as far as Davis' boom, near Piedmont, where they were caught.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Lefevre.

M. E. Church.--Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Death of Mrs. H. J. Johnson.

The following notice of the death of Mrs. H. J. Johnson is taken from the Cumberland *Times*, of June 10:

Last night at 9 o'clock there departed from the cares and sorrows of this world to join the blissful throng of saints in the heavenly realm, one of Cumberland's most esteemed ladies —one whose long illness has made her the object of tender solicitude for months, on the part of her many friends, and whose patient endurance of suffering has won the sympathies of every acquaintance.

Mrs. Alice Johnson was the daughter of Joseph Shriver, Esq., president of the First National bank, and was married early in December to Col. H. J. Johnson, postmaster of Cumberland. Though laboring under severe indisposition at the time of her marriage, it was hoped that as the spring opened she would be blessed with returning health; but alas! Death, who "loves a shining mark," had already claimed her as his own, and after a tedious and lingering illness of a few months, her spirit wended its flight to a better and happier clime.

Attention, Republicans.

A public meeting will be held at the clerk's office on Tuesday evening, June 21st, at 8.30 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a Garfield & Arthur campaign club. All persons who are in sympathy with such a movement are respectfully requested to be present.

MANY REPUBLICANS.

The Freshet.

The rains of Sunday and Monday nights raised the waters in this neighborhood to a greater height than they have ever attained, with one exception, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. But little damage was done near Oakland, but we hear of bridges having been carried away on Herrington and Muriey, and in all probability this has been the case on many of the smaller streams in the county.

Maryland State Teachers Association.

The State Teachers Association of Maryland will meet at Ocean City on the 6th, 7th and 8th of July next. Tickets of membership (50 cents) for teachers, school officers and friends, in Garrett county, may be obtained from Dr. E. H. Bartlett, County Examiner. These tickets are necessary to secure the reduced fare on railroads, steamboats and at hotel. The steamboat fare from Baltimore to Ocean City and return will be four dollars. Boarding at the Atlantic Hotel, $1 a day for the three days the Association is in session.

Meeting of Town Council.

A special meeting of the Town Council was held at the council chamber Monday evening, a full board present:

A petition was presented, muneriously signed by citizens and tax payers, praying for a reduction of the tax rate from 25 cents to 15 cents on the $100.

On motion of Commissioner J. W. Smith, it was unanimously decided that the rate should remain at 25 cents.

On motion the Bailiff was instructed to enforce, on and after June 18th, the ordinance prohibiting the runing at large in the corporate limits of horses, cattle and hogs; also to see that all side walks are repaired and put in a safe condition at once.

Basket Picnics.

There will be a Sunday School picnic held in the beautiful grove at Sunny Side, on July 5th, to which all are invited. Speaking, declamations and vocal music will be given by the scholars and others. In the way of refreshments there will be an abundance of ice cream, cakes, candies, lemonade, &c., to be sold for the benefit of the Sunny Side Sunday School, all of which will be sold at very reasonable rates. Come one, come all, and enjoy yourselves.

There will be a grand basket picnic held on the McHenry picnic ground on Saturday, July 3d. Plenty of amusement for all. Come one, come all, with full baskets.

A. S. SELL,
ABEL DEWITT,
A. S. SPEAR,
Committee of Arrangements.

A Delightful Excursion.

A party of Ladies and Gentlemen, limited in number, is now forming for a trip up the Great Lakes to Duluth, Minnesota. They leave Baltimore about July 20th, via Railroad to Pittsburg and Cleveland. Thence by Lake Superior Transit Company's Steamship to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Continuing by way of Buffalo and through Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, making the most magnificent sail in America. An opportunity will be given to all who desire them, to visit Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Port Huron, Mich., Mackinaw, Mich., the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior and all points of interest. Rates for round-trip will include board at first-class hotels and every necessary expense.

For particulars, address

O. J. WOOD,
Frederick, Md.

GRANTSVILLE, Md., June 14, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—Just a mile south of here, on the road leading to Oakland, lived and died William Wiland. He was sufficiently good and noted in his day and generation to have a word said to remind his survivors, and those who came since, of his usefulness, after the lapse of a quarter of a century since his death. He was a farmer in a small way, but a mechanic by nature—a mind ingenious and entirely pure—not strong or enterprising, but essentially good —yes, deeply pious, for many years foremost in his church. (Methodist.) Never wilfully absent from his class or pew. He was certainly a devoted churchman; and if he does not now realize the fruits of his known piety, there is great discouragement for those of us yet to go hence.

Whig in his politics, when it was honorable to be so, and no discredit to be a Democrat—of the Jackson and Cass stamp—for long years a Justice of the Peace, under different shades of government. Always just and pure in his judgments and acts and not often in error. He was often good-naturedly called "Billy Sharphead," on account of the peculiar shape of that organ.

But it was in an other shape that he was most conspicuous, and I do not hesitate to say useful. He had no pretentions to medicine generally, but prided himself in having a remedy for the cure of *cancer*, which he always said he got in the nature of a bequest from his father. In a long course of quiet practice (he never advertised) he became quite celebrated, and nearly at all times had patients at his home, or in Grantsville, often from remote parts of the country. Of course cases far gone he could not cure; neither can the ahlest physicians; but when a case came to him in its incipiency, or early stages, he most always went away cured. I remember an instance where a young man had a cancer fully developed on his lip. Dr. Wyland, although not two miles away, was passed by and the patient went to Baltimore fast as coaches (no railroads then) could carry him to see Prof. Smith. The great surgeon looked at the sore and said he could cure it by amputating the lip. The young man refused to submit to the operation, with an oath, and home he came fast as he went. Dr. "Sharphead" was good enough now to be consulted, and his scorching decoction availed of. An effectual cure was the result with but a very slight blemish to the member. Many other cures could be cited, but it is not necessary. His medicine was a powerful distillation of a combination of vegetable matters. In its application it would follow the roots and fibers of the disease to their extremities, and kill them, and in this way effect a cure. He never would confide the secret of his cancer medicine to any one outside his own family, and then only to one of his sons, near his death. He died some twenty-five years ago, poor in this world's goods, but leaving a good name, which has never been questioned or tarnished.

His son Joel, since the death of his father has been practicing his father's profession to some extent. We recall an amusing incident in his line of business some years ago. He and one of his neighbors got into a law suit over mutual accounts between them. The suit went to Allegany county court on appeal. One of the items, in Wiland's account was $10 for curing a cancer for the child of the defendant. The charge was resisted, and when the doctor was upon the stand as a witness, he was questioned as the components of his medicine. He refused to answer, but the court decided he must tell it, tho' it was a hereditary secret for nearly a hundred years. The answer came, about as willingly as a cat with her paw would pull chestnuts out of the fire. Joel however gained his case, and the $10 before a Jury. After the trial was over, he was twitted by being told, that his medicine was no longer a secret, that any one could then be a cancer doctor. He said no, that the good old gentleman, Mr. William W. McKaig, the lawyer opposed to him, bothered him so, with his questions, that he really forgot some of the most important ingredients.

Soon after the marriage of our subject, his wife became entirely blind. However they became the parents of a considerable family—most of whom are still living. And it is most astonishing what this sightless woman could do, or rather what she could not do, for really, I know of nothing that she could not do, that any ordinary woman with full sight could accomplish. I have seen her thread a needle—and quicker than a person with two good eyes—in the usual way except the seeing. I have also seen her sew, knit, make and mend garments, just as easily as any other woman. Her senses of feeling and hearing were wonderful indeed. I once called at her house, her husband being away, asked for a little writing paper, she took a handle of keys from her pocket, and walked to her husband's desk where there was a confusion of papers. She observed that some of them were written upon, and some not. She speedily separated the clean, from the other. This simple wonder was done by feeling alone, she was not only blind, but both eyes out of her head entirely. Another amusing incident to illustrate her accute ears. She had a number of daughters, and like others they had their visitors, among them a young man, to whom she had taken a strong dislike, and who had received notice not to repeat his calls, orders had to be obeyed, as they were peremtory, and indeed earnest. Things went on for some time satisfactorily. But one day the young man came that way, in a cold mountain storm. His nearly frozen manhood was tempted to steal into the interdicted house to thaw it by the cracking hickory fire in the big "chimney" and by the way not a bad institution for cold shins and feet. He knew his voice would be known if he opened his mouth, but mum was the order of the occasion; neither did he trust his natural walk, but thought he could "sneak to the fire," and thus beat the old women; but his cat-like step was immediately detected, and the old lady exclaimed "you——I know you by the walk; get out of my house." So he had to warm himself at a more welcome fireside. Mr. P. B. used to tell me this joke as he called it, upon himself, with much relish. But he tells it no more, for the past two years. The old lady is also dead. She died several years ago very old, and extreamly poor, but the county keep want from the dismal doom of this long afflicted person.

If you should consider this in any way useful, or edifying to your readers let them have it through the columns of THE REPUBLICAN.

GRANTSVILLE.

Buy None but the Genuine.

The Singer Sewing Machine is more popular than ever. The Sales last year were at the rate of over 1400 a day for every business day in the year, an excess over any previous year of 74,735 machines. The Old Reliable Singer is the strongest the simplest and the most durable machine ever constructed. Remember every real Singer has the company's stamp cast in the stand and on base of arm. Beware of counterfeits; the country is full of bogus machines claiming to be Singers. Machines sold on easy terms. For a genuine Singer Machine call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.
Oakland, Md.
Opposite Bishop's corner.

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Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY. 1880.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1880, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1880.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1	—Altamont	$400 00
" " 2	—Selbysport	400 00
" " 3	—Grantsville	500 00
" " 4	—Bloomington	450 00
" " 5	—Accident	400 00
" " 6	—Sang Run	400 00
" " 7	—Oakland	600 00
" " 8	—Ryan's Glades	400 00
" " 9	—Frostburg	90 00
Total		$3,640 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

John Riley, return judge 4 days	$8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Chas. T. West, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
L. H. Schoolfield, Clerk, 2 days	4 00
S W Friend, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Lucian Frazee, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno M. Miller, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Benj Griffith, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Kimmell Frazee, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Elias J Miller, return judge, 4 days	8 00
H M Chapman, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
August Bonig, " "	4 00
Henry Winterberg, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Frank Hill, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Harry Warnick, return judge, 4 days	8 00
David Michaels, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Thos Garvey, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Marcus W Fazenbaker, clerk, 2 days	4 00
George L. Michaels, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Emanuel Custer, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Geo Schlossnagle, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Jacob Becket, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Eli McMillen, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Henry Kahle, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Sines, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jeremiah H. Enlow, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Wm H Hoye, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Francis Sebold, clerk, 2 days	4 00
D H Friend, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Wilson Procter, return judge, 3 days	6 00
Geo L Bosley, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno A Delawder, " "	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Ephraim J. Fringer, clerk, 2 days	4 00

District No. 8.

John G C Riley, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Thompson, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
R G Saunders, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm H Grimes, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Francis Graham, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Jacob P McKenzie, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00
T J Peddicord, making general returns for county	5 00
Total	$255 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

William Sharpless	$ 2 00
Isaac Durbel	1 75
William Miller	12 00
R H Jamison, use W P Totten	9 55
Benjamin Griffith	3 00
S Hatter	1 80
A J Warnick, use P Hamill	22 95
A L Osbourn, use G S Hamill	20 70
Wm Hinebaugh	7 10
H Winterberg	1 80
Perry Welmer	1 95
A L Osbourn, use G A Shirer	13 00
E Droege	4 10
A L Osbourn, use H W Combs	16 65
R B Jamison	1 70
Total	$120 05

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Geo D White, use J Z Browning	$20 72
E A Browning; use Davis & Towns'd	1 75
F C Browning	6 20
A Boyer	14 75
David Durst	7 00
D J Beavers, use G S Hamill	12 25
J Fleagle	2 01
J S Johnson	9 00
F McKenzie	10 85
Total	$84 62

REGISTRARS, 1879.

R T Browning, room rent for 1878, use R B Jamison, use W P Totteb	$ 5 00
Wm H H Hall, administrator of E G Hall, dec'd, rent for Registrars' office, &c., 1877, use John Shatzer	6 55
R T Browning, use G S Hamill	49 00
Daniel Hinebaugh	37 50
Joshua Fazenbaker	49 00
Isaiah Fuller, use G W Blocher	49 00
W H Bernard	49 00
H O Hamill, use D E Offutt	44 20
Thos Browning, use Samuel Lawton	44 00
James H Rush	49 00
John Miller, rent of office	2 50
William F Deakins	49 00
Total	$433 75

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Johnson Brothers, 1878	$11 28
Johnson Brothers, 1879	9 36
Wilson Procter, 1877	35 36
Wilson Procter, 1878	34 73
J R Bishop, 1879	18 25
Julius Oester, 1879	12 40
Henry Warnick, 1877, 1878 and 1879	3 77
Lewis Lininger, 1879	18 56
Daniel Conneway, 1878	6 91
E Droege	49 85
Total	$200 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

A W Friend, 1 fox	$ 1 00
W R Getty, 1 fox	1 00
D H Friend, 1 fox	1 00
J S Johnson, 1 fox	1 00
J S Broadwater, 2 foxes and 1 cat	4 00
Jasper Harnthouse, 1 fox	1 00
M Bowser, 1 fox	1 00
John Conneway, 5 foxes	5 00
D H Loar, 1 fox	1 00
J Guard, 2 foxes	2 00
C F Frazee, 5 foxes	5 00
Isaac T Frazee, 8 foxes	8 00
Jas Bevnns & Bro., 6 foxes, and 1 cnt	8 00
John Sines, 1 cat	2 00
Davis & Townshend, 1 fox	1 00
P T Garthright, 11 foxes	11 00
C C Michnels, 6 foxes and 1 cat	8 00
J Z Browning, 2 foxes	2 00
Howard Griffith, 1 fox	1 00
C H Durst, 1 cat	2 00
J H Wilson and Bro., 1 fox	1 00
J W Boyer & Son, 3 foxes	3 00
A C Browning, 1 fox	1 00
Isadore Garlitz, 1 cat	2 00
George Legge, 1 fox and 1 cat	3 00
Simon Meyers, 1 fox	1 00
D E Offutt, 6 foxes and 1 cnt	8 00
J R Bishop, 26 foxes and 3 cats	32 00
Total	$117 00

[NOTE.—Owing to irregularities in the certificates, claims under this heading were rejected to the amount of about $200.]

BRIDGES.

T M Nelson, contractor Castleman's River bridge, use J. S. Jamison	$489 14
Same, use C H Durst	52 60
E H Fuller, building abutment, use Peter Nathan	94 00
King Iron Bridge company, contractors Sang Run bridge, use E Friend, of E	422 00
Same, use Eli McMillen	115 32
Same, order	600 00
Same, balance	723 70

LABORERS ON SAME.

E Friend, of E			3 50
C R Crawford, use of E Friend, of E			56 00
T Lowdermilk,	do		19 75
Jno Casteel,	do		0 25
W H Riley,	do		134 42
A F Collins,	do		54 50
L DeWitt,	do		3 50
N C Browning,	do		11 00
A F Collins,	do		18 00
Stephen Friend			9 00
C Liston			1 50
Elijah Hoye			20 50
A Friend			16 25
Joseph Frantz			11 25
Lloyd Chambers, use J. R. Bishop			13 50
William Hoye			51 25
John Friend			50
R Friend			1 00
Elijah Meyers, contractor Buffalo Run bridge			350 00
Fike bridge, use county commiss'rs			2,210 00
Total			$5,500 43

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Wm P Groves, Morgantown road	$ 15 00
S J Beachy, use N Slicer, Nation. r'd.	30 00
B Stelding, —— road	13 30
Jeremiah Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	16 43
Jonas Wass, balance on road account	1 00
John B Harmon, road leading from C Beachy's to Cunninghan's	50 00
John Barnes, road from Walter's to King's run	20 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm, to W. Va. line near Fairfax stone	75 00
Jas Paul, road from Mineral Spring to Winding Ridge	30 00
Jno S Combs, west mile National r'd.	50 00
Benj Miller, axman on J King road	2 00
John H Riley, opening new road	40 00
W H Chadderton, road balance	2 80
Henry Kolb, road balance	2 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm to W. Va. line, near Fairfax stone	100 00
J J Livingston, to opening new road from Bloomington to Backwoods	800 00
John B Harman, road from Mary Beachy's barn to Frankville	40 00
Theo Heckmann, opening new road	46 52
Wm R Barnthouse, Morgantown road near S K Freys	15 00
Samuel Falkner, road balance	8 00
Ed Harshbarger, road from Little Glade to Compton's S H	20 00
Wm Harvey, opening new road	19 75
Jos Frons, road from N W pike to Ryan's Glade road near J M White's	25 00
Jere Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	10 00
Jas Paul, road near Mineral Spring	50 00
W M Coddington, Procter road	100 00
Jno Sines, road from Deep Creek to Hoye's Run	20 00
W M Coddington, opening Liberty st	100 00
Total	$1,699 80

ROAD EXPENSES.

A B Shaw, surveyor			$10 00
W W Broadwater, examiner, 1 day			2 00
Jesse Michaels,	do	do	2 00
James Poland,	do	do	2 00
Wm Warnick, axman			2 00
John Harned, surveyor on road near Paugh's			10 00
P T Garthright, expenses for locating a road near Mineral Springs			5 00
Total			$33 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W R Getty, support Elizab'h Mayhew	$20 00
H G Davis & Bro, support Geo Woods	25 00
Jos Glotfelty, support Wm Hoover	20 00
August Bonig, support M. Durst	20 00
Jeremiah Guard, support Jos Welch	25 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	33 00
Davis & Townshend sup. Aug. King	10 00
J W Leo, support Nancy Lee	20 00
Jno E Gnagey, sup. Alfred Jenkins	10 00
Davis & Townshend, sup. Mary Merrill	15 00
Wm P Totten, support Wm Stevens	10 00
Chas Lense, sup't Elizabeth Mayhew	10 00
Jno E Thrasher, sup't Louisa Michael	18 00
George Goff, support John Frey	3 00
M T Brady, support Thos Brady	15 00
D E. Offutt, support Samuel Parks	10 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Davis & Townshend, sup't Geo. Goff	20 00
Wm Loraw, support Sarah Loraw	15 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	25 00
P T Garthright, sup't Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isaiah McKenzie, sup't Switzer child	15 00
M H Thomas, sup't Jacob Barnthouse	10 00
Davis & Townshend sup't Aug. King	15 00
Ira E Friend, sup't Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend, support crippled boy	20 00
Keller & Getty, support M Fay	15 00
Henry Cretzburg, support Jas Layton	10 00
Charles Lense, support Mrs Mayhew	30 00
Otho Speelman, support Ruth King	15 00
Total	$504 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimated to pay Judges per diem and mileage	$280 78
Wm L Rawlings, ex-Register	12 95
W H Hagans, register, use G S Hamill	110 00
Same, balance	59 02
Total	$442 75

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Thos Coddington, use W R Percy	$100 00
Same, use same	100 00
Same, use G S Hamill & W H Tower	150 00
Same, balance	150 81
Ed Manly, Sheriff Allegany county	2 00
George D White, use John Blamble	100 00
Same, use D E Offutt	100 00
Same, use John Shatzer	73 80
Same, balance	213 88
Total,	$990 49

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower use E Friend, of E	$325 00
W H Tower, balance	743 45
Total,	$1,069 35

HOSPITALS.

Montevue Hospital	$401 10
Maryland Hospital	214 58
Total,	$615 68

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	720 00
Total,	$1,720 00

CORONER'S INQUEST.

Benj Griffith, J P, on body of Mrs Nell	$4 00
Dr. E H Parsons, on body of Th Tracy	10 00
Total,	$14 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veitch, States' att'y, 8 felonies	$80 00
Same, 79 misdemeanors, $3 33	263 33
Peddicord & Combs, 1 felony,	10 00
Same, Same,	10 00
T J Peddicord, 5 misdemennors, use M L Scott,	16 66
J M Schley, 1 felony,	10 00
G S Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
Cox & Combs, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
J W Veitch, trial fees,	325 00
Peddicord and Combs, 1 trial fee,	20 00
Total,	$741 65

MISCELLANEOUS.

G A Shirer, work at court house,	$8 03
G W Legge, supplies for jail	10 15
Allegany Co, costs Johnson and Layman case,	560 00
H Winterberg, coffin for panper,	5 00
W Y Waltz, coal for court house & jail	8 35
Thos Coddington, supper for jury,	6 00
G A Shirer, work at Sheriffs house,	7 00
Jno Murphy, 1 testamentary law b'k	8 00
J Z Browning, col. 27 assessments, 1879	13 50
E Margroff, col. 30 assessments, 1879,	15 00
Jasper Guard, col. 23 assessments, 1879,	11 50
Drs. Keller & Getty, post mortem and professional services to paupers,	30 00
J M Crlui, making fence at jail,	2 62
Geo C Sturgiss, medicine for paupers,	38 80
H Z Shriver stationery, &c.,	11 20
C H Sincell, supplies for court house,	5 75
Chas Bolden, work at court house,	4 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail,	7 00
J Harned, making plats Beaty's Plains	8 00
Jno H. Cormany, coffin for pauper,	2 00
D E Offutt, supplies for c. h. and jail	11 86
Davis & Towns', bill sundries for c. h.	4 18
David Chambers, Janitor's salary, use Davis & Townshend,	167 00
Dr E H Parsons, prof. serv. pnuper,	4 00
G N Santemyer, digging cistern and grave, use John Grant,	22 50
Daily News, job work,	5 00
J S Johnson, hauling, &c. for C. H,	8 75
G F Richardson, coffin for pauper,	5 00
John Shatzer, pauper's coffin and furniture for court house,	10 00
G N Santemyer, use J R Bishop, planting trees at court house,	10 00
Dr J Lee McComas, prof. services to prisoners and paupers,	133 00
Dr Fundenberg, prof. services to Mrs Geo Rodeheaver, by contract,	10 00
By order of Board { Jasper Guard, deputy col, 1877, 12 assessments,	6 00
" Same, col. 1878, 22 assessments,	11 00
" E Margroff, col, 24 "	12 00
" J Z Browning, col, 24 "	12 00
L H Schoolfield, examining bridge,	2 00
Same coffin for pauper,	5 00
J M Jarboe, work at jail,	8 00
Medairy & Bowers, Stationery,	74 00
Lloyd Chambers, use W P Totten, building cistern,	20 00
W P Totten, coal, &c., for court house and jail,	122 06
Chris Mosser, repairing bridge,	3 00
Theo Beckman, building fence along public road,	31 60
H P Tasker, county printing, use N B Wayman,	300 00
Same, use D E Offutt,	140 50
J A Hayden, county printing, use E Beckman,	609 50
Same, from June, 1880 to June 1881,	700 00
H P Tasker, use D E Offutt,	200 00
J A Hayden, use G A Shirer,	100 00
Same balance,	125 00
John J Smith, county printing,	30 50
Total,	$3,683 65

SPECIAL ROAD LEVY.

National Road,	$570 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

County School Commissioners	$8,500 00

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent Fund,	$194 79

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,640 00
Election Expenses,	255 00
Magistrates' Fees,	120 05
Constables' Fees,	84 62
Registrar's Fees,	433 75
Fox and Cat Scalps,	117 00
Taxes Paid in Error,	200 47
Bridges,	5,500 43
Road Appropriations,	1,699 80
Road Expenses,	33 00
Pensions,	504 00
Orphans' Court,	442 75
Sheriff's Fees,	990 49
Clerk's Fees,	1,069 35
Hospitals,	615 68
Court House Fund,	1,720 00
Coroner's Inquest,	14 00
Attorneys' Fees,	741 65
Miscellaneous,	3,683 65
National Road,	570 00
Public Schools,	8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	194 79
Collectors' Commissions,	1,514 68
Total,	$32,645 16
Total assessment of Garrett Co.	$3,667,906 00
By 89 cents on each $100 assessable property,	$32,645 16

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which added to 89 cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.07¾ on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1880.

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

GENERAL.

A DETROIT mule accomplished the feat of kicking two men at once. Although they stood several feet apart, each received one of the beast's hind feet in his face.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, in the Audubon (Iowa) County Clerk's Office, one man applied for a copy of a decree of divorce from his former wife, and another man for a license to marry her. The former wished the latter joy, but sarcasm was detected in his tone.

AN Irish servant-girl who was sent by her master to the Post-office in Lewiston, Me., to deposit some letters and get his mail, took out his letters from the lock-box, and then carefully deposited the letters she had been told to mail. The next day, upon repeating her errand, she was very indignant at the Postmaster upon finding that the letters had not been sent to their destination.

DR. MILLER LUTHER, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Board of Charities, is prosecuting a number of Dunkards for stealing his grandfather's skull from a grave at Ephrata, a Dunkard village. It is said that they committed the depredation in obedience to a reputed witch, who told them that by performing certain ceremonies over that particular skull they would learn where some valuable papers were hidden.

TRADE in children is not unknown in Great Britain, as appears from an advertisement in the London *Evening Standard:* "To Clergymen, Heads of Schools, etc.—The principal of a school wishes to exchange her daughter, aged eleven, and her son, aged eight, for two girls, any age beyond thirteen; highest references given and required. Address ——, Bookstall, G. W. R., Leamington."

A NEGRO woman was entering the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, five years ago, with a ticket which she had purchased. Admission was denied, and an usher was ordered to put her off the premises. She resisted stoutly, and was considerably injured before the man finally ejected her. She sued for damages and got a verdict of $900. Mrs. John Drew, who manages the theater, contested the case to the utmost, but the Court of Appeals has finally sustained the verdict.

A BOY seven years old stood at the bar of a London Police Court. He had been arrested for picking ladies' pockets. The testimony showed that he had often left home on the same errand, and about $20 was found stitched in the lining of his coat. A small girl, his comrade, had $10. These children were skilled not only in theft, but in the means of concealing it. At their tender age they had become expert thieves. Should ladies wear pockets so open and so far behind as to become tempters of their fellow-creatures?

AMONG the arrivals in Berlin is a Swedish tourist, who has made his way to the Prussian capital in a very curious conveyance. This is no other than a carriage drawn by three dogs, which are expected to drag the man and his luggage, consisting of provisions and clothing and also fire-arms, all over the continent of Europe. The man has already traveled in his peculiar vehicle over a greater part of Norway, Swedon and Denmark, and is only now at the beginning of his tour, which he expects to last six months and to finish off by getting back to the north by way of Paris, Brussels and The Hague.

THE prepossessing appearance, gentlemanly manner and foreign accent of the man who called himself Carlo Corella, Botanist to the Court of Brazil, convinced a number of wealthy San Francisco ladies that he was truthful. He said to each that the failure of a remittance compelled him to sell some rare bulbs of Brazilian lilies which he had intended to present to Mrs. R. B. Hayes. "The flower," says the *Chronicle*, "was to be a great scarlet bell, with corn ruchings on the petals, a solferino fril around the pistil, and a whole bottle of perfumery in each stamen." He sold about fifty almost worthless bulbs at $4 each.

ANTHONY DE COSTA, of Fairhaven, Mass., owns an interesting old document, a deed from King Philip of Mount Hope, Chief Sachem of the Pokanakett tribe of Indians, conveying West's Island, in the Township of Dartmouth (now Fairhaven), to John Cooke, his heirs and assigns forever. Part of the deed (which is engrossed upon vellum and the writing legible) has been cut off, so that the amount of land conveyed or consideration received can not be ascertained. The deed was read in open court at Plymouth, Mass., on the 28th of August, 1666, and has attached the "mark" of Philip and other Indians.

Experimental Plots.

WE do not know of any thing whiten would be more interesting on a farm than a small experimental ground. New plants and seeds come into notice every year, but only a few knew which are most valuable, and the great public depends on the newspaper editor, some interested correspondent, or the reports of some agricultural society to tell him all about them. Finally, on the strength of what he reads, he invests considerable money in some article or another, plants considerable ground with it, and finds out only when too late that it is not at all suited to his climate or soil. It oftentimes happens that an article really good in a majority of cases is of very little value in some particular spot. This is just the sort of knowledge no paper or society can teach, but which a small experimental garden would readily supply.

At market, or when visiting friends, one often has a few seeds or roots given him which may be very useful to him, but which are lost chiefly because there is no spot assigned for the testing of these things. There is, indeed, a disposition in many cases to regard these presents of new things as bores, and they are often accepted because it is not thought courteous to wound a friend's feelings by refusing what he regards as somewhat of a treasure. But besides the pecuniary value which often results from trying experiments, there is a great amount of pleasure from watching things grow which we never saw before; and we are well assured that no one who established a small experimental ground on his farm could ever after be without it. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Government Collection of Snakes.

"IT is remarkable how people will take in wonderful snake stories," said one of the attaches of the Smithsonian Institution to the *Times* correspondent a few days since; "and yet many of the most remarkable of the stories are true." This conversation took place as I was being introduced to the snake family that spend their lives so lazily in the immense snake cage in the Smithsonian. In this glass case are snakes of nearly all kinds and dispositions. Some are exceedingly pleasant looking, while others will make an ordinary person shudder to look at them. These snakes are long and short, thick and thin, and of all colors, while some are apparently changing their colors all of the time. One of them has a bull-dog looking head, and is nearly as thick as a bologna sausage, and not over a couple of feet in length; while another, a whip snake, is not any thicker than a whip-cord, and is nearly six feet in length. These snakes are an interesting study to many; but the writer would rather look at something else. "I am satisfied," said the Smithsonian snakeologist, "that more people look at these snakes than any thing else in the museum. They appear to have a special fascination for ladies. I can't understand the reason, but it is a fact. Ladies will hang around the snake case longer and appear to be more interested than in the contents of any other case. A Bible man said to me the other day, in explanation of this, that probably Mother Eve's association with snakes, in allowing herself to be charmed into eating the forbidden fruit, had something to do with it. "Of course I do not know whether this is so or not, but you can see for yourself that the snake case is an attraction." As this talk was going on, a group of ladies were looking at the snakes as they crawled about and tangled themselves in an apparently inextricable knot. The snake case is covered with glass, so they can not get out of it. "Even if they did get out," said the Smithsonian attache, in an assuring manner, "they would do no harm, as we do not keep any poisonous reptiles in the cage. The janitors of the building handle them in cleaning out the cage. At first they were seared, but after assuring themselves that the snakes were not poisonous they took more kindly to it. As the snakes are such an attraction we are forced to cater to that taste, and consequently we are required to keep up our stock. Snakes are peculiar. They have a way of swallowing each other now and then that is surprising. Four days ago, one of them swallowed a snake that was larger than itself. After being dead in him for four days, it began to throw off gases in consequence of putrefaction, and the swallower was forced to throw him up, otherwise it would have killed him. Many of the snakes, that are not over four feet in length or over two inches around, can and do swallow small chickens or frogs alive. The larger ones swallow rabbits and rats. Nearly all that they eat is taken alive. After indulging in a lunch of this kind, they lay about in a half-dead-looking way for several months. Then as the occasion arises, they take in another meal, which lasts them as much longer. Now and then some of the janitors when they come in contact with a very gullible visitor to the Museum tell them the most wonderful stories, and they are swallowed easier than the snake swallows its meals. "Don't you know," said the Smithsonian boss snake charmer, growing enthusiastic, "that some ladies come here regularly to look at these snakes and miss one of them as soon as it is gone. We have a regular supply, so that as soon as one dies or is eaten up, we put another in its place, from the breeding-boxes that are kept in the cellar. Only yesterday we sent one of our men to Florida to catch some rattlers and to hunt up some new varieties. Yes, sometimes they catch them with their hands, but oftener with this kind of an instrument," pointing to a long pole on the end of which was a double-hooked prong, operated from the hand end, similar in looks to the long pole and cutting hooks used in trimming trees.

"The snake-gatherer goes about the lagoons or bayous in Florida in a skiff, and as he sees his game swimming about he just grabs them and puts them in his bag. Its a very simple thing to do. Oh, yes, there are plenty of snakes that are not found in the water. They are found in the woods, in clumps of trees, in hollows, or in decayed logs. They are caught in much the same way. Now, every man will not make a snake collector any more than every man will make an astronomer. But there are plenty of men, and women, too, whose special delight is in catching snakes. Here is a young fellow that goes by the name of "Snakey," and who is or was connected with Ford's Opera-house in this city as property man. He got his name for his success in catching snakes; and he has nearly always one or two in his pocket. There is also another young man, his name is Russell, about this city. He, too, always—or nearly always—has a snake in his pocket."

"We expect," said the speaker, "to have some beauties, soon, from Florida; some real fine specimens, and some of them the largest that have ever been seen. Our collection, being confined to non-poisonous varieties, is necessarily limited; but it is more satisfactory, because all can approach it without any feeling of danger or fright, except that which comes over many people by the bare mention or sight of snakes. Field snakes are, as a rule, uglier than snakes take to the water. The ordinary water snake feeds on frogs, snails, toads or worms. The rattlesnakes are found up among the broken rocks on the hill tops. It is easy enough to catch them if you have the nerve. In California some snake-takers make a living by furnishing them to the Chinese, who make medicine out of them."

"Men, then, as a rule, who come here, do not take kindly to snakes?" I asked.

"No, sir," replied the snake advocate, not one man in ten who comes in the building ever devotes five minutes to the snakes—while the other nine will simply take a passing look at them, and exclaim, 'Snakes! ain't they ugly?' and pass along, looking at the other cases. There was a jim-jam case in here the other day. The fellow had been drinking for some days, and saw snakes in his delirium, where no snakes existed. As he passed along here he looked at the snakes, and fairly howled,

"'I tell you I see snakes! and I am positive of it!'

"His friend who was with him said soothingly, not noticing the snake case:

"'Oh, no, Charley, you only imagine so.'

"'Look, then, and be convinced,' said Charley.

"His friend did look—and hurried out of the building, remarking, 'I didn't know that I had been drinking so hard.'"

"Yes, we buy all good specimens in the snake kingdom that are offered us, but we have no need of the ordinary varieties. More of them are offered than we want. We make plaster-casts of all kinds of snakes, and color them up to nature as you will see by this"—pointing out a handsomely prepared lot of plaster specimens. "This can be examined by many who can not look at the real thing, but a live snake has no terrors for those who like them. Indeed, it is the dead snake that affects them. Children, as a rule, do not take after the snakes; they are not interested in the stuffed birds or animals."

The Smithsonian collection of live snakes numbers about 300. Of stuffed snakes there are about 500, and of plaster casts several hundred.— *Washington Cor. Hartford Times.*

The Passion Play at Oberammergau.

ABOUT forty-six miles from Munich, in Upper Bavaria, in a district chiefly inhabited by wood-carvers, lies the village of Oberammergau—a place to which travelers in Europe during the coming season will be specially attracted. Between May 17 and September 26 the Oberammergau Passion Play—which has been performed every ten years since 1634—will be represented with all its pristine splendor. In 1633 a frightful plague invaded Oberammergau and the surrounding valley; and the mourning survivors pledged themselves, in thankfulness for its final cessation, to represent the sufferings of Jesus every ten years, and this pledge they have faithfully kept. In 1790 miracle plays were generally prohibited for various moral or social reasons, but special exception was made in regard to the people of Oberammergau. The theater in which the Passion Play will be given this year will accommodate about 5,000 persons. Perhaps it would more properly be called an amphitheater, as, with the exception of the stage and the upper row of seats, it is open to the sky. The price of seats varies from one mark (about twenty-four cents in value) to eight. All the expenses are borne by the parish and whatever profits remain after paying expenses, and setting aside a reserve fund, are devoted to local charities. There are some fifteen or twenty speaking parts in the play; the instrumental chorus includes about thirty; and over six hundred persons take part in the tableaux, some of them being little children not more than two or three years old. There are seventeen groups of types and tableaux, and much ingenuity is shown in the arrangement of these. The Old Testament types, which precede the tableaux, are explained by the chorus of singers. The dates fixed for these performances are chiefly on Sundays. With the exception of two, the actors are the same as in 1870. One of the former interpreters of the play has died; and the one who in 1870 took the part of the Virgin Mary has, according to the strict ideas of the people, become disqualified for assuming it, in consequence of her marriage. This strange Passion Play was probably first written by one of the Benedictines of Ettal—a monastery formerly near Oberammergau—although rewritten since. The libretto does not contain the music, and only gives the words of the chorus songs.—*Harper's Bazar.*

About Ambergris.

AMBERGRIS is supposed to be a morbid secretion of the liver of the spermaceti whale, found floating, or washed ashore, in Southern seas. It is a little lighter than water, and might be easily mistaken for a piece of the bark of a tree. On examination, however, it is found to be of a waxy nature, streaked with gray, yellow and black, and emitting a peculiar aromatic odor. It fuses at 140 to 150 degrees Fahr., and at a higher temperature gives out a white smoke, which condenses into a crystalline fatty matter. It is found all sizes, from one pound up to twenty or thirty; but occasionally pieces are picked up, or found in whales, weighing one or two hundred pounds.

Ambergris has been known from an early period, some pharmacopœias prescribing it for fevers and nervous complaints. It is sometimes mingled with the incense burned in Roman Catholic churches, and is also put in certain kinds of wine to improve the "bouquet." But the great use of ambergris is in the manufacture of perfumery. Not that its fragrance is either very powerful or pleasing; but it possesses the peculiar property of causing other ingredients to throw out their odors and make them more specific and durable. In this respect it bears a resemblance to the use of mordants in dyeing, without which the colors would fail to become permanent. Hence all the best perfumes contain ambergris, which is one reason of their costliness; and hence, also, the fact that home-made cologne, for instance, smells only of alcohol.

The costliness of ambergris is owing, of course, to its comparative scarcity and the uncertainty attending its discovery. It is, therefore, held more valuable than gold, ranging in price from twelve to twenty or more dollars an ounce. Thus it is not a little singular that two of the most precious products of the sea are the result of disease—pearls and ambergris. The discovery of even a small piece of ambergris helps materially to increase the profits of the voyage.

It may not be generally known that the headquarters of the world for ambergris is in Boston, one house having the monopoly of the business, and supplying the leading perfumers of Europe and America. Consequently, this establishment keeps a good supply always on hand, and there it was recently the writer's privilege to inspect a lump of the precious *disease*, which weighed one hundred and twenty-one pounds and was valued at the round sum of $22,000. —*Youth's Companion*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A BERLIN inventor has produced a new kind of cloth, consisting principally or entirely of sponge.

TO illustrate a recent lecture, M. Raoul Pictet coined a medallion weighing thirty-three pounds from frozen quicksilver.

UNDER the auspices of the King of the Belgians an establishment is to be formed in Eastern Africa for the capture and taming of elephants.

BY means of relays it is stated that London has frequently been placed in direct communication with Calcutta over 7,000 miles of wire.

IT has been a quite general belief that extremely cold winters exert a powerful effect in reducing the numbers of insects, but observations during the last two years show that cold produces little or no result as an insect destroyer.

TOUGHENED glass seems to be capable of a great variety of applications. Glass railway sleepers have already been tried, and now an English manufacturer proposes using this material for drain and water pipes, as well as for transparent bricks and several other articles.

MORE money is now being taken out of the mountains by hydraulic mining in Nevada County, Cal., than at this season for years. From a mine owned by A. A. Sargent, at Nevada, a quartz specimen was taken, the other day, which assayed $110. It was almost a solid piece of gold, showing very little quartz in it.

THE Hafner bank in the lake of Zurich is being minutely investigated by order of the town authorities. The remains of a pre-historic lacustral dwelling are being brought to light on this spot, in which have been discovered a quantity of coarse and fine clay vessels, coals, bronze instruments, etc. The piles upon which the old colony rested are particularly numerous.

A FRENCH physician, who has studied the effects of turpentine on some three hundred painters, arrives at the conclusion that the injurious effect produced by turpentine fumes can never be sufficiently severe as to cause death unless they are contained in a very confined space. With good ventilation no fears may be entertained of fatal effects from this cause.

TREATMENT OF MALARIAL FEVER.—The interesting and important statement is made in the medical journals of the treatment by means of iodine, of more than three hundred cases of intermittent fever successfully by Dr. Wadsworth, of Saltillo, Mexico. He has records of 260 of these cases, many of them being chronic, extending over various intervals of weeks or months. In the severe cases, ten to fifteen grains of quinine were given at first, followed by compound tincture of iodine, Mx. to Mxv.; in the severest cases arsenic was added. In every instance the paroxysm was arrested within twenty-four hours, and twelve doses, or four days of treatment, were sufficient to guarantee a cure, with the exception of six relapses on the fourteenth day, one on the twenty-first and one on the seventh.

AN EFFICIENT DISINFECTANT.—A disinfectant ingeniously composed of one part of rectified oil of turpentine and seven parts of benzine, with the addition of five drops of oil of verbena to each ounce, is recommended by Dr. Day, an Australian physician, for destroying the poison germs of small-pox, scarlet fever and other infectious diseases in hospitals. Its purifying and disinfecting properties are due, he says, to the power which is possessed by each of the ingredients of absorbing atmospheric oxygen and converting it into peroxide of hydrogen—a highly active oxidizing agent, and very similar in its nature to ozone. Articles of clothing, furniture, wall paper, carpeting, books, newspapers, letters, etc., may, it is stated, be completely saturated with it without receiving the slightest injury; and when it has been once freely applied to any rough or porous surface its action will be persistent for an almost indefinite period.

Some Strange Vocations.

A LADY resident of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third "merchand d'asticots" boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for his "children," as he calls them; altough, like other fond fathers, he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers.

This curious vocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lob-worms, cockspurs, ringtailed brandlings, and other worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in they are placed in properly selected moss, field-moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while "when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bait of india-rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon a hook." When this condition is attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm-merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden; the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Our Young Folks.

CONSTANCY.

LITTLE RUTH looked at her dolly one day,
Said: "Dolly, they wish me to give you away;
They say you are old, and I know it's quite true;
But, dolly, dear dolly, I can't part from you.

"Your color has faded, your nose is quite gone,
Yet I love you as well as the day you were born;
You've great cracks on your face, and scarcely a hair,
Yet, dolly, my dear, to me you are fair.

"Though you're hurt, darling dolly, too often, I fear,
But you are so brave that you won't shed a tear;
And although you've one arm, one leg and no nose,
You're dearer to me because of your woes.

"But what was the hardest and cruelest sting
Was that father once called you a horrid old thing;
He said, 'What a battered and wretched old fright!
Do take her away, pray, out of my sight.'

"And, dolly, he said that a new doll he'd buy;
To find me a nice one he really would try;
She would have two legs, and more than one arm;
I am sure that papa did not mean any harm.

"Pray what would they all say if I asked mamma
To go out and buy me a nice new papa,
Because father dear is old, bald and gray?
I should like very much to hear what he'd say."

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE STORY OF LIZBETH AND THE BABY.

ONE Monday morning last June I drew the chair up to my office desk, and prepared to begin my week's work. First, I opened and read the letters—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—O! too many to count; then I ent open all the newspapers—there were enough to paper the front of the building; and at last I came to a strange round parcel, and wondering what could be in that, I took off the pink string and wrappings that surrounded it, when out rolled a tin mustard box, with four holes punched in the lid. What to make of this I didn't know. I tried to twist off the cover, but it would not stir. Then I rapped it gently with a ruler, when, all of a sudden—pop! off came the lid, and out sprang a wad of cotton wool, and a queer little drab and yellow thing, three or four inches long, that squatted down among the papers. Four small legs, a big tail, a head with six horns, and a coat of many colors: that seemed to be all of it. I waited for it to move, but it kept still, so very still that I thonght it must be dead, so I gave it a poke with my pen handle, when "*Ptsch!*" away it ran, like a mouse, over papers and letters, down to the carpet, across the floor, and into a dark corner behind the safe.

Thus was I introdneed to "Lizbeth," the horned lizard, or horned toad, which my friend, the Professor, had sent me from Colorado.

I carried her home with me that night, and in a few days she came to be looked upon as one of the family. She took possession of one of the broad window-seats in the library, where she had a cigar-box for her house and a hickory twig for furniture. Here she spent most of her time. In the morning she lay in the sunshine, or clung to the window-sill to look out at the ailantus-tree opposite. She showed only one bad trait—she would not eat, and for five weeks she was never known to take any food or drink. But this didn't trouble her as much as it did the rest of us. She continued to look plump, and the Professor tells me that she could have fasted for six months without starving. One night I put four beetles in the cigar-box with her, fastening down the cover; in the morning they were gone, and from that time she had a good appetite, and devoted most of her waking hours to appeasing it with sneh flies, ants or beetles, as came within reach of her. I onee counted fifty flies that went into her mouth within as many minutes.

And she always was ready for contributions of insects, but they must be alive. If you took a fly by one wing and held it, buzzing, two or three inches from her mouth, suddenly out flashed a small stubby tongne, with a sort of mucilage on the end of it, and before you knew just what had happened, the fly was swallowed.

Lizbeth soon learned to recognize the members of the family, and would often follow us from room to room. She showed intelligence in many ways; we taught her several tricks, such as lying on her back as if dead, and sitting on her haunches with back against an inkstand, and demurely holding a tooth-pick in one of her small hands, and when hungry for a meal, she would come to us with open mouth, as a sign of readiness. She was always pleased to have her neck scratched, or to be held in one's hand, when she would snuggle down into the warm palm and go to sleep.

One day in September, three months after Lizbeth's arrival, a very important event happened. There came another tin mustard-box from the Professor, who was then with the Wheeler Exploring Expedition in California, and in it was a baby companion for Lizbeth—according to the Professor's standard of beauty, the prettiest creature alive. It was three inches long, and had five gold bands across its back, black shading just before each, and a beautiful white stomacher.

So now there were two heads that peeped out from the library window at the ailantus-tree, and two hungry mouths to fill with flies and beetles. Baby soon became the favorite. The color of her coat was prettier, and she had no horns on her head. You may wonder what Lizbeth's horns were for. I hardly know, unless as a substitute for a shovel in digging into the soil, but she used hers very skillfully to pry open the lid of her cigar-box.

Lizbeth was the livelier of the two. While a lady caller, one evening, was seated near the center-table, Lizbeth sprang out of a hat and alighted on her hand uttering a shrill "*Ptsch!*" and giving her a fright and hatred of the "beasts" (as she called them), from which she never fully recovered. A Danish gentleman, who visits us sometimes, nearly fainted when he first saw her approaching, and ever afterward, when he called he used to push his head through the half-open door, asking, "Where are dose reptiles?" and when told, he seated himself at the farthest corner of the room, and on the very edge of his chair, ready at the first appearance of Lizbeth or Baby to escape through the door.

It may be you would not have liked Lizbeth and the Baby at first sight. You might have thought them too much like toads. But if you could have seen the two as they climbed over my mother's sewing, while she sat at work, scrambling in and out her pockets, stopping now and then to wink or scratch their heads with the hind leg, or if you could have watched them follow her from room to room, scampering like mice and then falling asleep in a square of sunlight at her feet, I feel sure you would soon have been willing to hold their soft little bodies in your hand, that you might examine their many-colored coats, which were very pretty, looking like bits of Persian carpet surrounded by fringe.

There is one queer fact about the horned lizards' coats—they change their color to match the surface on which they live, thus resembling the chameleons, though having the queer power in a less degree. In traveling through Nevada and Colorado, one may see many colored varieties of the same species, the changes in tint taking place in accordance with similar shades of the soil. I have seen one that was pure white all over—an albino, perhaps. Why do you suppose Mother Nature gave them this singular power? I think there were two reasons. In the first place, they have no means of defense; they cannot bite nor sting nor scratch, but they crouch closely upon the soil, and lie so quietly that, if of the same color as the ground, it is next to impossible to catch sight of one until it stirs. When discovered, they will generally act as if dead, even though roughly handled. Dr. Coues says that they show special fear of dogs. On the approach of a dog, he says, they will raise themselves to the full length of their legs, puff out the body, open the mouth, and hiss violently. There is, no doubt, some special reason for this aversion. It may be that the coyote, the dog of the plains, includes horned lizards in his varied bill of fare, and that from this fact they instinctively recognize an enemy in all dogs.

In the second place, the gift of color mimiery helps the horned lizards to obtain food. Their legs are too short to enable them, like their cousins, the true lizards, to run down their prey, and knowing this, they adopt a different method. When an unlucky fly alights a few inches from what appears a mere bunch of earth, our little friend, with body compressed and movements so slow and regular as to be unnoticed, creeps close to the unsuspecting insect, and with a flash of the tongue secures the welcome morsel. Beetles it catches more easily, and when it is at home in the dry, sandy wastes west of the Great Plains, and in Texas, these form its chief food. The agreeable odor, like musk, which it emits when warm, is also a noteworthy fact, and this may have an influence in attracting insects. Aided by this and by sugar sprinkled around them, Lizbeth and Baby found no lack of prey during the warm weather.

Early in October, however, the weather changed, and there began to be a suggestion of snow in the air. They felt the cold keenly, and when the sun left the window, they would creep under the curtain tassel and lie there dormant all the afternoon. Then we brought them a large box, filled with loam and vegetable mold, and as the weather grew colder, they generally buried themselves, after breakfast, in the soft soil, leaving only their noses exposed, and slept there until breakfast-time next morning, when, if not too cold, they crept out to beg for a bug or a fly. And I was so afraid that before spring came their coats would change to the color of dirt, that I dug them up every little while to see whether they had changed already. And they had. Lizbeth's beautiful white stomacher became brown, and those gold spots on Baby's shoulders were getting to be very dull.

One bleak day in January, I carried them both, in my coat-pockets, to the studio of Mr. Church, the artist. I wanted him to draw their portraits. He made some pictures of them, but unfortunately Lizbeth took cold, and became quite ill. For two days she languished. She took no interest in anything. On the second day I thought I might divert her by letting her do some of her tricks with a tooth-pick. She took the tooth-pick in her little hands and breathed her last.

Troubles never come singly. On the next morning but one, I found Baby's box on the floor of the library; the dirt was scattered over the carpet, and, on her back, under the center-table, lay poor Baby! The kitten had been playing with her, had tumbled her about the room, had rolled on her, and pawed her and killed her!

Alas! Though the spring shall come, with many beetles and bugs in its train, it will bring me only sad remembrances of my little friends, the horned lizzards.—*George Houghton, in St. Nicholas.*

A Baboon Violinist.

A FEW days ago (writes a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*) the public of Munich saw the walls of their city covered with immense posters announcing the exhibition of a magnificent orang-outang that would play the "Carnival of Venice" on the violin. The baboon had great success for five days; the public agreed that he was the Paganini of baboons. The night of the sixth day a spectator was so indelicate as to stick a penknife into the baboon. The variations were more brilliant than ever. The nightingale whose eyes have mercilessly been put out sings more sweetly than when she enjoyeth Nature fair. Has steel the same effect on the baboon? The indelicate spectator was an inquisitive fellow; seeking the why and because of things has given the world a Newton; so the spectator, thinking that if a little pain, such as a penknife gives, increases talent, a good deal of pain might goad talent to genius. He seized the baboon's tail and pulled with a will. The tail was left in the puller's hands; the baboon's skin fell to the floor; hidden underneath it was the father of the showman. Do you pretend that the audience did not insist upon a return of their money?

Carpet-Shaking.

It is one of the chief articles of that mysterious household religion held by all earnest housewives that "all the carpets must come up every spring and fall." To men this is not only foolishness, but a frequent and literal stumbling-block. Take the "spare-room" carpet for examplo. The man of the house remembers that it was shaken last fall, and that since that time the spare-room has been used only four times. When, however, he remarks to his wife, "Of course, you're not going to take up the spare-room carpet?" she invariably replies, "Of course, I am," and inquires if he "wants to live in a perfect pig-pen." As a rule, no man of Anglo-Saxon origin does wish to inhabit either a perfect or an imperfect pig-pen, but it is seldom that the male mind can trace any necessary connection between living in a pig-pen and dispensing with the rite of shaking the spare-room carpet. Protests against carpet-shaking are, however, useless. Where a woman has once adopted the belief that all carpets must be taken up every spring and fall, she will remain firm in the faith in spite of all persuasions. When the spring time comes, gentle Annie, or Maria, as the case may be, takes her tack-hammer and a china saucer to hold the tacks, and then falling on her knees, performs the solemn ceremony of taking up the carpets with an unwavering faith in its efficacy which is both beautiful and pathetic.

The work of shaking carpets is by universal consent monopolized by colored men, and, together with preaching and whitewashing, constitutes one of the three leading colored industries. There is no doubt that, like the devout housewife, the colored man looks upon carpet-shaking in the light of a religious ceremony. This alone explains the solemn and reverential manner in which he does his work. He avoids with the utmost care all unseemly violence. He handles the carpet with manifest awe. Often he pauses and may be seen, with the edge of the carpet in his grasp, gazing on vacancy in rapt meditation. When he has finished shaking, he hangs the carpet over the fence or a convenient clothesline and gently taps it with a stick. This part of the ceremony is called "beating the carpet," but the colored man evidently regards it as a purely symbolic operation. He would not hurt the carpet for the world, and were he to beat his wife or small boy in the timid, reverential way in which he beats a carpet, his reputation as an energetic and faithful husband and father would be forever gone. The shaking and beating being ended, the colored man folds up the carpet, carries it into the house, collects four or five dollars for his services, and goes his way, while the housewife resumes her tack-hammer, puts down the carpet, and subsequently boasts to her husband, with a touch of self-righteousness, that her knees are black and blue, and that she don't believe she will be able to walk for a week.

In spite of all this trouble and labor, the last state of that carpet is little better than the first. It still yields its dust to the demand of the broom. It is still suspected of harboring moths, and its outward appearance is in no way improved. Most housewives have a secret and gnawing consciousness that carpet-shaking produces no material result, however much it may benefit the soul. There are few women who would not eagerly welcome any invention whereby the unsatisfactory carpet-shaking colored man should be superseded by really efficient carpet-shaking machinery. Such an alleged invention was recently brought to the knowledge of Mrs. Peters, of Westboro, N. H., and was hailed by that excellent woman with great enthusiasm.

The agent who sold Mrs. Peters the Columbian Carpet-shaking Machine explained to her the way in which it worked. The machine consisted of a large wire-gauge cylinder, in which a carpet could be placed, and which was revolved at a high speed by clock-work. Within the cylinder was a collection of flails and brushes, which, when put in motion by its revolution, thoroughly beat and swept the carpet. The agent asserted that his machine would "thoroughly remove all dust and extraneous substances from the texture of the carpet, would destroy moths and other deleterious insects, and would impart a beautiful gloss to the surface of any carpet, rug, or blanket, that might be submitted to its action." When he had tested its effect upon the parlor carpet, Mrs. Peters was so charmed that she bought the machine on the spot, and as soon as the agent had gone she took up the dining-room carpet, and put it in the cylinder.

For some reason the machine could not be made to work, and Mrs. Peters, thinking that there must be something wrong, took out the carpet and crept into the cylinder in order to see if any of the flails or brushes were out of order. Suddenly, and without the least warning, the diabolical machine began to work. The cylinder revolved with tremendous rapidity, and the flails and brushes did their whole duty. The machine could not be stopped until the clock-work had run down, and the agent had warranted it to run for twenty minutes. During that time the machine was busily occupied in removing all dust and extraneous substances from the texture of Mrs. Peters, in destroying all moths and other deleterious insects, and in imparting a beautiful gloss to Mrs. Peters's surface. In fact, it did every thing that the agent said that it would do, but when, four weeks later, Mrs. Peters was able to rise from her sick-bed, her first act was to hire a colored man to cart the machine down to the Connecticut River and throw it into the deepest available pool.

In spite of this impulsive and irritable conduct on the part of an otherwise estimable lady, the Columbia Carpet-shaking Machine may prove to be all that its agent claims for it, and may yet be a blessing to the housewife. If women will have carpets shaken, it is desirable that they should be well shaken, and if this machine really does meet this want, it ought to gain a lasting popularity among earnest and careful housewives.—*N. Y. Times.*

A lightning stroke went clear through a Clark County, Kentucky, school-house, killed a greyhound asleep under the floor, but left the twenty-five children unharmed.

HOME AND FARM.

Copperas mixed with whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

In almost all cases it is the universal experience that orchards are more certain to do well where the spot chosen is somewhat higher than the surrounding land.

Now and then a farmer may be found who annually sows an acre or two of barley. This grain is excellent when mixed with other sorts for feeding purposes. The two-rowed and four-rowed are the principal varieties sown.

On no account, when in health, should our domestic poultry have sulphur given them. Charcoal is very good, but should not be fed to the fowls. It should be given as other siuilar substances are. If conveniently broken the fowls will pick up and eat all they need, or ought to have. Give all food clean and cold.

Mix a half pint of vinegar and a half pint of milk. When they have formed a curd take the whites of five eggs and boil the whole together; sift into them sufficient quick-lime to make the whole into a paste. It is a good cement to hold broken glass and crockery.

Farmers who practice soiling would do well to remember that a field of clover furnishes a very large amount of green food, since two or three crops can be cut during the season. The scarlet clover is an excellent sort, sown in July it does well on almost any soil moderately fertile. The Bokhara clover affords excellent food for bees and is grown quite extensively by large apiarists.

A good recipe for sponge cake is said to be this: One pound of sugar, sifted; half pound of flour, rind of a lemon, grated, with the juice. Beat the yelks very light and mix them well with the sugar; add the lemon; beat them well together; add the whites, beaten stiff; shake the flour in very gently—should not be stirred when the flour is well mixed. If in one pan, two hours; if in two pans, one and a half hours.

Cure for Self-sucking Cow.—An Indiana farmer says a cow may be prevented from sucking herself by placing a pair of jointed bridle-bits in her mouth upon a head stall which passes over her head between the ears and horns. The bits do not prevent the cow from eating, but keep her from sucking. An improvement on the above is to use hollow bits which are perforated with holes, so that when the cow tries to suck her mouth is at once filled with air which passes through the bits.

Corn-Starch Pudding.—Four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one pint of milk, three ounces of butter, grated peel and juice of one lemon, two eggs, one-fourth pound of butter. Mix the corn-starch with cold milk till it makes a smooth paste. Put the rest of the milk into a farina kettle over the fire. When it reaches boiling point, stir in the corn-starch, stirring all the time. Boil twenty minutes and set aside to cool. Beat the eggs till very light. Stir the butter, sugar, lemon peel and juice to a cream; add the eggs, and stir all into the milk and corn-starch. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven one hour.

He Had Struck It Rich.

In a chair in the Lindell Hotel rotunda last night sat a queer-looking specimen. His hair was long, and his face was a stranger to a razor. He wore a new pair of pants, evidently just purchased, as the fold and shelf-marks were plainly visible, and in looking at them one could in imagination see the label which they bore in the shop—"This nobby pants, $2." A blue woolen shirt, a black dress-coat (very shiny) and a wide-brimmed slouch wool hat added to the general effect, while his rather heavy boots glistened with the effect of a late 10-cent shine. A cigar between his teeth was held at an angle of forty-five degrees, and he paid no attention to the adjacent spittoon in expectoration. The clerk, in reply to a question as to the identity of the odd-looking gentleman, said his name was registered as "Jos. K. Thompson, Pawtucket," and further he knew not, although he thought he was a miner from the West, and he had deposited in the hotel safe "a roll" of considerable magnitude.

The reporter approached Mr. Thompson and asked for a light for his cigar, which was readily granted, and the stranger also said he had been in the habit of paying fifty cents for a worse cigar than he could get in St. Louis for a nickel.

"The fact is," said Mr. Thompson, "I've been out West to some pretty hard districts for a long time, and the advantages and luxuries of living in a city like this strikes me like a pile-driver. It do for a fact."

"What part of the West have you been in?" asked the reporter.

"Mostly the Black Hills, and I've put in the time prospecting, and there's some pretty mineral out there, I tell you. Are you a judge of mineral?"

"I have seen some mineral," said the modest reporter.

"What do you think of that?" said Mr. Thompson, after producing from an inner pocket a magnificent specimen of gold-bearing quartz.

"It looks good."

"That came from the poorest claim I have got, and the ore I sold four weeks ago to a party of Boston gentlemen for $70,000. I have three others yet."

"Do you mean to say that you had three claims with that kind of mineral?" asked the reporter, with sudden respect for the woolen-shirted Croesus.

"Just that," said the miner. "And to convince you that I am giving you no taffy just cast your eyes over this." He produced a long wallet, rather greasy and redolent of bacon, and from its depths extracted a sight draft on Boston for $25,000.

The black figures were certainly a surprise to the reporter.

"Now I am going down to old Pawtucket to see my old mother, and then after buying her a house and making her comfortable for the rest of her life, I will go back to the 'Hills' and try and develop some of the claims in which I hold the only interest."

And this hardy miner puffed away at his cigar as happy as a king at the prospect of his return; and the reporter congratulated him upon his good luck, and came away rejoiced to see that his great good fortune had not spoiled him.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Black Walnut Famine.

According to the Des Moines *State Register* the lumber dealers of England are making a grand raid in Iowa and the other black walnut States and are fast taking from them the little of that timber that is left. The *Register* says: The traveler along the railroads of this State sees now, at nearly every important station, a little out-door steam saw-mill working away like mad, ripping up black walnut logs into great slabs. All over the West, in the black walnut belt, these little saw-mills are cutting up into a certain form of broad and thick slabs all the black walnut that can be got hold of. A large and wealthy corporation of Indianapolis men, co-operating with a company of English capitalists, are the proprietors of these mills. They have their buyers out at every little station and in the rural districts, and wherever the smallest patch of black walnut can be found. Two of these little mills are now tearing away at the city of Des Moines, another at Mitchellville, and all that we have left of this valuable timber in Polk County and Central Iowa is fast passing under their saws, coming out broad slabs and going thence directly on the cars on their way to England, where, in their greater wisdom the people have come to know that black walnut wood is already as valuable, because of its durability, beauty and growing scarcity, as mahogany. It is a general raid all over the West and our farmers, if they knew of the scheme, would not sell their walnut trees, as they are selling them now, for a mere tithe of what they are really worth.

The Suicidal Season.

With the return of the heated season and the blood fermentation incident thereto, the work of self-destruction on the part of the human family begins. The daily list of suicides has been largely augmented within the past week. Singular as it may seem, a fellow who can calmly sit down and contemplate his woes and his poverty in mid-winter, at a time when life is a bitter struggle, will incontinently blow off the top of his head as soon as the weather gets warm, food abundant and the demand for clothing limited. Life can be sustained much easier in the summer than in the winter, and one would naturally think that most discontented people would manage to shuffle off late in the fall, at the threshold of the expensive season, rather than at a time when nature smiles, the birds sing and strawberries retail at five cents a quart. The fact that they do not is evidence that the hot sun aggravates brain disorders, magnifies physical sufferings and produces bile.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

[Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital.]

It is said to be unwholesome, in all months that have not an R in their name, to eat an oyster. However, it is eminently proper and always seasonable to use Hamburg Drops—the great Liver and Blood Purifier. Mr. Jacob Iless, Normanville, Kan., writes: During the last year I was scarcely able to walk along. I suffered with serious derangement of the Liver and tried many different preparations without benefit. My neighbor, Mr. Adams, told me of Hamburg Drops. I bought a bottle and after its continued use I became better daily, and regained my former health. I shall always speak a good word for Hamburg Drops.

Fungoid Origin of Whooping Cough.—It is worthy of note that the fungoid origin of whooping cough, asserted some years since by M. Svetzerich, seems to be confirmed by the researches of M. Yschmar, who states that he has found certain lower organisms in the spittle of whooping-cough patients—organisms not met with in any other disease accompanied by cough and expectoration. He asserts, further, that the organisms in question are identical with those which, by their agglommeration, form the black points on the skins of oranges and the paring of certain fruits, especially apples. Thus, M. Yschmar, by innoculating rabbits with this dark matter, or even causing it to be inhaled by men, produced fits of coughing several days in duration, and presenting in every respect the peculiar characteristics of the convulsive whooping cough.

The engine of the train which went down with the Tay bridge has been raised, and the reversing bar shows that the engineer had no time to reverse his engine before he went over. The recent evidence shows that the train and bridge fell together, and before the former had left the track.

The members of a recently-elected Pennsylvania School Board are Isaac L. Eagle, Joel Fox and Samuel G. Bear.

A dangerous man—one who takes life cheerfully.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

Foreigners henceforward will have fewer opportunities to become acquainted with Russian literature, the Government having forbidden the exportation of Russian books without official permission, which is to be granted only after a careful perusal of the works.

Unit Rule.—Look out for Number One.—*Puck.*

A school-marm, who was kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterwards on the ground of hard times.

Nothing will please a girl so much as the information that a rival, who is trying to rob her of her best fellow, has got a pimple coming on her nose.—*Fulton Times.*

Mrs. Ellis, of Ithaca, N. Y., has one hundred and sixty canary birds all chirping away in the same room. She says she is low-spirited and keeps them to chirrup her existence.

Cross yung ones should be treated with a slipper to-day, and kandy in the distance.—*J. Billings.*

Now treat your girl with coolness and she'll like you all the better, and vanilla is the safest flavor.—*Boston Post.*

They say Mrs. Langtry can be more graceful in stubbing her toe than most women can in throwing a kiss.

William Dowd, of Fonda, N. Y., has been fined $178 for cruelty to a horse, and, as the animal was valued at only $150, he thinks the Justice was a little severe on him.

The new passenger coaches on the Erie Railroad are painted bright red, to the disguet of turkeye and cows along the line.

Engineers state that speeds of over sixty miles an hour are now common with many of the express trains in Great Britain.

"I'll let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A Prima Donna's Voice.

Nothing can compare with St. Jacob's Oil as a prompt cure for neuralgia and rheumatic pains, says Mme. Marie Salvotti, Prima Donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe.

Proclamation by the President.

Fault-finding is so seldom indulged in by those who use the medicines manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, that the President of that corporation, the Hon. R. V. Pierce, M. D., has issued a special request or proclamation to any and all persons, if there be any such, who may have taken or shall hereafter use any of the family medicines now made and sold by the said Association, in all countries of the world, and who have not derived full benefit from said medicines, that if they will write the said Association a description of their maladies the Faculty of the Dispensary will advise them with respect to the successful treatment of their diseases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all humors from the common blotch, pimple or eruption, to the worst scrofula or king's evil, and those virulent poisons that lurk in the system as a sequel or secondary affection resulting from badly-treated or neglected primary diseases. It also cures bronchial, throat and lung diseases. Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to cure female weaknesses and kindred affections. Extract of Smart Weed cures bowel affections, colds, and all painful, rheumatic and neuralgic affections. Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills), are the little-giant cathartic. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

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St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.

Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

D. A. McKINLAY,

Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

SAY The "Safety Window Fastening" is the boss selling article. Immense Profits. Terms free. C. M. Carnahan, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours the only one genuine. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CD. 676585 773

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GILT-EDGE

BUTTER MAKER

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 6 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a rich Golden Color the year round. 25 cents' worth will produce $3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with trade-mark of dairymaid, together with words "Gilt-Edge Butter Maker" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, ½ lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2½ lbs., $1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y.

[Trade-mark "Butter-Maker" Registered.]

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt. (Will send post paid.)

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A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures by a natural process of revitalization.

HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, who have been largely benefited, and to whom we refer by permission.

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Lutheran Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

THE OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT contains two months' supply, with inhaling apparatus and full directions for use.

SENT FREE a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures. Write for it. Address

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,

ADMINISTERED BY INHALATION. 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 8, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
MARION McKIMMEY,
JOHN BLAMBLE.

6 12 5

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

ISAAC SPICHER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.

JOSEPH N. SPIKER.
6 12 3 Executor.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the repairing of the bridge across the North Branch of the Potomac river at Kitzmillersville.

E. KITZMILLER,
JOHN H. RAFTER,
DANIEL WILSON.

6 12 5

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned, bearing date the 18th day of November, A. D., 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 536, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will on

Monday, the 28th day of June, A. D., 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., at Bush's saw mill, (near Ashby's ford, on the Youghiogheny River,) about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

"One Eclipse steam engine,

Number eight hundred and fifty-five, with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete, 1 saw mill, (Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut off saw with mandrel frame pulleys and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench, belt and oil can."

The above property is in good condition, only having been used about six months.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Je5-4w Trustee.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of John B. Brunt, for taxes due in the year 1878.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 21. Trials to July Term, 1880.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 25th day of May, A. D., 1880, that James Z. Browning, collector of taxes for First Collection District, in and for Garrett county for the year 1878, give notice, by the publication of a copy of this order, in two newspapers printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of June, A. D., 1880, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said John B. Brant, for taxes due by the said Brant for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning as said collector of taxes, to this court the 30th day of April last past, to be and appear in this court, on or before the 22d day of June next to show cause, if any they have, why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—test—
Je5-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, it being No. 3 Judicials to July term, 1880, of said court, being in a case wherein Johnson King is plaintiff and Zaccecus Gibson is defendant, I, the undersigned, George D. White, Sheriff of Garrett county, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, on the 10th day of May, 1880, all of the hereinafter described real and personal property, and all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in equity, of the said Zaccecus Gibson in and to the same. And I, the said George D. White, Sheriff as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that I will offer at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash,

On TUESDAY, the 22d day of June, 1880,

in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, all of the following property so seized and levied upon as aforesaid, to-wit:

All that lot or tract of land known and designated by its original metes and bounds as Military Lot No. 973, containing fifty acres of land, more or less, situated in district No. 7, about 2 miles south-east of Oakland and which is partially improved by a small frame house, it being the same lot of land that was heretofore sold by the said Johnson King to the said Zaccecus Gibson. Also fifty-three cross-ties on said land.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

GEO. D. WHITE,
my29-ts Sheriff.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
jo5 Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 321.

AN ACT to make valid and effectual and legalize the Official Acts and Proceedings of John T. Patterson, a Justice of the Peace of the Third Election District, of Garrett county, Maryland.

WHEREAS, John T. Patterson, of Garrett county, Maryland, was duly appointed a Justice of the Peace for said county, on the 16th day of April, A. D., 1878, to serve for the term of two years from the first day of May, 1878,

AND, WHEREAS, Said Patterson failed to qualify as such Justice, and in accordance with such appointment according to the requirements of the Constitution and the Laws of the State of Maryland, although he has continued to act as such Justice up to the present time.

AND, WHEREAS, Serious loss and inconvenience will result to sundry persons and the Public Generally from the illegality of the Official Acts and proceedings of said Patterson as Justice of the Peace aforesaid; Therefore,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Acts and proceedings of John T. Patterson, as one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, during the period in which he acted as such Justice and failed to qualify for the same as required by the Constitution and Laws of the State of Maryland be, and the same are hereby made as valid and to have the same effect and operation in law, as if the said John T. Patterson had qualified as such Justice in accordance with the Law, during the period aforesaid.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from its passage.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10, 1880.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
May 8-3w Secretary of the Senate.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 309.

AN ACT to change a portion of the dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county,

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the present dividing line between the Third and Fifth Election Districts of Garrett county, be changed so as to run as follows: Beginning at the top of Negro Mountain, where the road known as the Samuel Eagle mill road crosses said mountain, and running thence with the said road to the Westerman bridge over the Castleman river, thence with the said river to the point where it intersects the dividing line between Districts Number Three and Number One.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That after the passage of this act all voters residing west of this line, who heretofore voted at Grantsville, in District Number Three shall, after having been duly registered upon the Registration Books of Election District Number Five, be entitled to vote at all elections hereafter to be held at Accident in Election District No. Five.

HIRAM McCULLOUGH,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

HERMAN STUMP, JR.,
President of the Senate.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

EUGENE HIGGINS,
my0-t3 Secretary of the Senate.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
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☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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AND
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Jan. 30-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

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Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

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Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Aivey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Beil.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.
Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.
County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—G. W. Delawder.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, David Little, John Helbig, Edmund Jamison.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—Joseph M. Crim.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.
I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.
Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.
I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
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ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
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Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves,** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world, shall be unprovided by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $140 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

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1928 Pages. 3000 Engravings.
Four Pages Colored Plates.

Now added, a **SUPPLEMENT** of over **4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,** including such as have come into use during the past fifteen years—many of which have never before found a place in any English dictionary.

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Biographical Dictionary
of over **9700 NAMES**
of Noted Persons, ancient and modern, including many now living, giving Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession and Date of each.

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NEW EDITION contains a Supplement of over **4600** new words and meanings. Each new word in Supplement has been selected and defined with great care. With Biographical Dictionary, now added, of over **9700** names of Noted Persons.

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EDITION of the best Dictionary of the English Language ever published. Definitions have always been conceded to be better than in any other Dictionary. Illustrations, **3000,** about three times as many as in any other Dictionary. The Dict'y recommended by State Sup'ts of **35** States, and **50** College Pres'ts. In Schools,—about **32,000** have been placed in Public Schools in the U. S. Only English Dictionary containing a Biographical Dictionary,—this gives the name with Pronunciation, Nation, Profession and Date of over **9700** persons.

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1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

ATTENTION!

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MANUFACTURER OF
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Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.
All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.
I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.
All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.
Call and examine work and prices.
v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

Notice of Distribution.

The final distribution on the personal property of the estate of Holmes N. Wiley, deceased, has been declared by the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, Md. All persons holding claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly authenticated, on or before Saturday, July 3d, A. D. 1880, payable at the office of William Hinebaugh, in the town of Accidnet, Md.

THOMAS WILEY,
6 12 4 Administrator.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

In a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
SURVEYOR,
Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

One quarter acre lot improved by a good dwelling house, stable and other out buildings, on Liberty street, next door to the Lutheran parsonage. This property is offered for a short time for the small sum of $500 cash.

For information apply at this office. m6.

Something New in Selbysport!

A First-Class Country Store.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Selbysport and vicinity, that he has established a first-class country store in the town of Selbysport, where he proposes to keep constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, &c., &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

Feb. 14-3m

$1500 To $400 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je14-y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.43 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		11.59 P. M.
No. 10		4.42 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.47 P. M.
No. 3		11.51 P. M.
No. 5		6.51 A. M.
No. 7		5.29 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

Private Sale
OF
VALUABLE LAND

The undersigned as Attorney for John Swan, Esq., will offer at private sale, at his office in Oakland, the following property, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 401, 480, 487, 497, 1224, 1235, 1324, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1401, 1558, 1596, 1565, 1800, 1813, 1841, 1913.

And also as Attorney for Alexander C. Good, and Mary E. F. Good, his wife, all the right, title and estate of said Good and wife, in and to the following lands, to-wit:

Military Lots Nos. 31, 32, 33, 54, 62, 85, 258, 373, 477, 998, 1286, 1509, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1609, 1613, 1802, 1848, 1909, 1940, 1942, 2517, 2518, 2529, 3355, 3566, 3567, 4000, 216, 250, 1473, 1492, 2169, 1489, 1288, 2536.

Many of the above Lots are valuable and will be sold preemptorily.

TERMS CASH on day of sale.

The deeds will be signed by the parties themselves and all cost of conveyancing, &c., must be paid the purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH.

Attorney for John Swan and for A. C. Good and wife.
Sept. 20-tf.

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SAMUEL LAWTON.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880. NUMBER 18.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1880.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

21 Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed;

32 And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

36 They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?

34 Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

35 And the servant abideth not in the house forever: but the Son abideth ever.

36 If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

HOME READINGS.

M. Freedom through truth. John 8. 31-36.
Tu. Bondage voluntary. Rom. 6. 12-23.
W. Submissive, yet free. 1 Pet. 2. 11-17.
Th. Servants of corruption. 2 Pet. 2. 12-22.
F. Deliverance promised. Rom. 8. 1-11.
Sa. Freedom [illegible]
S. The Lord's freeman. 1 Cor. 8. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. Rom. 8. 2.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. FREEDOM IN OBEDIENCE, v. 31, 32; Psa. 119. 45. What is it to continue in Christ's word? What is implied in discipleship? What is meant by knowing the truth? How does the truth give freedom? Why is there greater freedom in obeying God's will than in doing wrong? Is true freedom consistent with total abstinence from strong drink? Why is a temperate person more free than one who is intemperate?

2. BONDAGE IN SIN, v. 33, 32; 2 Pet. 2. 19. What was the boast of the Jews? Was their declaration true? Give some instances of the bondage of Israel to foreign oppressors. What did Jesus say to them? How is every sinner a slave? To whom is the sinner a slave? What is said in Rom. 6. 16? How is this especially true of a drunkard? How are the chains of drunkenness fastened on men? How may we avoid them?

3. DELIVERANCE IN CHRIST, v. 35, 36; Gal. 4. 7. What is the privilege of the son, as compared with a servant? How does Paul illustrate it in Gal. 4. 30? What can the Son of God do for men? How is this freedom obtained? Rom. 8. 2. How may one in the bonds of intemperance become free? How may one who has become free from intemperance remain so? Gal. 5. 1.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson teach—1. The slavery of a sinner? 2. The liberty of a christian? 3. The means of freedom?

[From the Cumberland News.]

The National Road.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Every person who has read even primary history knows something of Braddock's road—that it was hastily made from Cumberland over the mountains in 1755, by Gen. Braddock as a military way in his disastrous expedition to reduce Fort Pitt. Before then it was a mere pathway for the footman and an occasional horseman to reach the frontier in trafficking with the Indians. This now historic road, when made, was of sufficient capacity to pass vehicles; but a mere removal of timbers and rocks—no engineering, grading or smoothing. But there was scarcely a wagon passed over it for the first thirty years. Such heavy articles as salt, iron, etc., were carried from the East to the West over the mountains on pack horses. Tradition (the oldest inhabitant can't reach back) tells how they went in convoys, single file, in this road. Did any of your readers ever see a pack saddle? I have a faint recollection of one seen many years ago—not very inviting to a lady or gentleman of our day.

As the eastern part of the country increased in wealth and population its accretions moved to the opposite direction over this route, and in time it became the most important thoroughfare in the country to the inviting West. Its lines in many places upon inspection can still be identified but upon general view in the timbered or cultivated lands it is not visible. Nearly full-grown trees now stand in its track in many places, where years ago I saw deep, narrow trenches. The mystery was, how did vehicles pass each other. But there were not many of them. A few years ago we partook of delicious cherries from a full grown tree in the centre of Braddock's road on the farm of Mr. Geo. F. Gepart. This now obliterated road was abandoned entirely over sixty years ago, and every tavern and building that once lined it has entirely disappeared. The Tomlinson Hotel, the most noted of all, built over a hundred years ago, was ruthlessly torn down about fifteen years ago. Its site, where a splendid family was reared, (and since all passed away) is now a truck patch.

After the organization of the general government in 1789, the tide from the East to the West, mainly over this way, increased steadily; so much so that the road became worn out and utterly inadequate to the public necessities. And this decayed public artery was the first to receive national treatment. As far back as [illegible] the year of the advent of great Clay into the United States Senate, Congress saw and acted on the necessity of making internal improvements. This year the sum of $30,000 was appropriated to open and make the "Cumberland road" from that point to the Ohio river. [illegible] this time on it was known as the "Cumberland road." In 1810, [illegible] appropriated to be expended between Cumberland and Brownsville, Pa. In 1811, $50,000 was appropriated to be applied between the same points; in 1812, $30,000 was used within the same limits, and in 1815 $30,000 in the same manner. In 1818 the sums of $59,884 and $200,000 for the Cumberland road generally. In 1820 $10,000 were appropriated preliminary to its extension from [illegible] West. In 1823 $[illegible] appropriated for the [illegible] between here and Wheeling. This law for the first time authorized a superintendent to be appointed by the President. I believe he was David Shriver, Esq. In 1825 $150,000 were given to be used between Canton and Zanesville, Ohio; in 1827 $30,000 between our city and Wheeling; in 1829 $100,000 to extend the road beyond Zanesville, Ohio; in 1831 the aggregate sum of $244,915.85 was appropriated for the same object in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; in 1832, $150,000 to be used east of the Ohio river. The law of 1833, chapter 79, is an assent to the act of Virginia, taking control of her part of the road. The act of 1834 appropriates $450,000 to be applied in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and $300,000 east of the Ohio river. In 1835, $200,000 in Ohio, $100,000 in Indiana and $346,186.58 for the road east of the Ohio. This was the last money appropriated by Congress for the road east of the Ohio river. Things were now tending westward strongly. In 1836 $200,000 were given to Ohio's part, $250,000 to Indiana and $150,000 to Illinois; in 1837 $190,000 to Ohio and $100,000 each to Indiana and Illinois, and in 1838 the sum of $150,000 was appropriated to each of these then rising States—that is, for the road within the limits of each State. Here Congress seems to have tied up its purse firmly, and never opened it again, so far as this object is concerned. Nearly all these sums spent east of the Ohio river came from the general funds of the government, but the money applied on the road in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois was taken entirely from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands within these States.

The "Cumberland road" commenced on the west side of Will's Creek, crossing Will's Mountain at Sandy Gap, following the general route of Braddock, first one one side, then on the other, rarely on the identical line. I suppose they had some awe of the British general's ill-luck, or rather bad generalship. It appears that Brownsville was the first objective point to be reached. The manner of construction was first to clear and grade the bed and then to closely overlay it with strong flat rocks, and upon this face or foundation, was placed a covering of coarsely broken stone, and earth, and thus completed was considered a very fine road. Technically, it was called the "Cumberland road," but popularly it was known as the National road, because it was the Nation's enterprise, and no man did so much for it as its great friend, Henry Clay. He was affectionately called its father, and many are the times he passed over it in his forty-five years of public service.

Its many prominent and costly stone bridges and culverts are all today as sound and safe as when built, except the parapet walls, which have nearly all been thrown down by what the law properly calls malicious persons. Although much repaired, these structures still have a despoiled appearance from such vandalism. Two of these, the Little and Big Crossings, about twenty miles apart, are very noted in their character, quite different from the order of bridge architecture of the present day. The former, which we passed over in our recent ride, with its immense semi-circle arch of great width and height, is a wonder in itself; and the oft-repeated query is, why all this immensity of cost and labor, when much less would have answered? The answer is, it was all right in 1815, but all wrong in 1880. In after years the superintendent, David Shriver, told of the anxiety he had about the success of this work. The great arch rested on a strong wooden structure, which was so arranged as to be thrown down by taking away a key, something like launching a vessel. The general impression was that when the woodwork was removed the grand archway would follow in a chaotic mass. The time was fixed for the grand ceremony—for they had such things in those days. The courageous superintendent had his own misgivings. Failure would be ruin to the great work as well as to himself. But the night before he and a few of his aids secretly removed the key, and in this way tested its safety. The day came and the launch was made in safety and to the satisfaction of the assembled multitude.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am still somewhere between the middle and conclusion of my theme, which, if you wish your many readers to have, you will give the space; but I fear it will be to the displacement of better matter.

OBSERVER.

A Picture of Palestine.

Nothing can well picture the desolation of much of it. Treeless it is for twenty or thirty miles together; forests which did exist thirty years ago (e. g., on Mount Carmel and Mount Tabor) are fast disappearing; rich plants of the finest garden soil asking to be cultivated, at best but scratched up a few inches deep in patches, with no hedges or boundaries; mountain terraces, natural or artificially formed, ready to be planted with vines, as the German colony are doing at the foot of Mount Carmel; the villages nothing but mud huts, dust dirt and squalor; the inhabitants with scarcely clothing enought for decency, their houses—ovens; large tracts without a horse or cow, sheep or dog; no pretence at roads except from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and this like a cart road over the ploughed field, the rest at best like sheep walks over the downs at Sussex, but for the most part like the dry bed of the most rocky river, where amid blocks of stone each makes his way at a foot pace as best he can, or on smooth, sloping rocks, or over loose stones thrown down from the old walls on either side, which no one offers a finger to remove; nothing upon wheels, not so much as a barrow, to be met with in a ride of over three hundred miles.

Everything is taxed; every fruit tree, so none now are planted; every cow or horse, &c.; every vegetable sold out of a private garden. Every egg is not taxed but taken by the government. In some places the taxes of the district are sold to the highest bidder. The farmer is unable to sell a measure of his corn till all has been collected in a head and the tax collector has set his sum upon it, from which there is no appeal. Double taxes are expected this year, because after three years of scarceness the harvest promises to be abundant.

Nothing like a farm-house is to be found far or near. If there were the owner is liable to have soldiers or revenue officers quartered upon him to be boarded and lodged at his expense. The towns are filthy in the extreme, none more so than Jerusalem itself, where, however, taxes are levied from every house for lighting and cleaning the streets, while a sprained ankle or splash into a hole of blackest dirt is sure to be the result of a momentary carelessness.

Nothing is done for the good or improvement of the people, or the land, by the government. Not only so, but every offer, and I heard of several made by private individuals or by companies, is at once refused unless a bribe be first given to the authorities.

This is a picture, I believe, in no way overdrawn, of that land which was once "flowing with milk and honey." What might it not become again with fair usage and good government? *Correspondence London Times.*

The Back-Pay Grab.

The back-pay "charge" is as baseless as anything can be. Mr. Garfield voted against the amendment to the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill providing for increased salaries in every form and at every stage. But, when the amendment was taken on in spite of him, he voted for the whole bill, as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, being in charge of it himself. In a speech in the House December 9, 1873, Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, said on this subject:

It matters not how many years of faithful service had been devoted to the country, nor how exalted a character for integrity had been builded up, this one act has been deemed an unpardonable crime. My distinguished friend from Ohio (Mr. Garfield), who struggled against it until in a conference report which he had resisted to the last it was brought before the House attached to one of the most important appropriation bills, and then, as all of us who are familiar with the facts most confidently believe (and it is but justice to him to say so here), voted for it in the conscientious discharge of his duty to his country, has fared no better than any one else.

Mr. Garfield was one of the first members of Congress to return the back pay, and the most earnest advocate of the bill repealing the increase. Speaking in reply to Alexander Stephens, who advocated still higher salaries, Mr. Garfield said:

One of the brighest and greatest men I know in this nation—a man who, perhaps, has done as much for its intellectual life as any other—told me not many months ago that he had made it the rule of his life to abandon any intellectual pursuit the moment it became commercially valuable, that others would be what he had discovered; that [illegible] work was above the line of commercial values, and when he brought down the great truths of science from the upper heights to the level of commercial values a thousand hands would be ready to take them and make them valuable in the markest of the world.

A voice—who was he?

Mr. Garfield—It was Agassiz. He entered upon his great career, not for the salary it gave him, for that was meagre compared with the pay of those in the lower walks of life; but he followed the promptings of his great nature and worked for the love of truth and for the instruction of mankind. Something of this spirit has pervaded the lives of the great men who did so much to build up and maintain our Republican institutions. And this spirit is, in my judgment, higher and worthier than that which the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) has described. To come immediately to the question before us, I join in no crimminations against those who used their right *to vote and act differently from myself on this subject.* But when the public says to me, and those associated with me, that we have, under constitutional law, given ourselves more pay than that public is willing to grant us, it would be indelicate and indecent in us on such a question to resist that public opinion.

Intelligent readers may judge whether Mr. Garfield in this speech exhibited the spirit of a salary-grabber or a sordid politician. He spoke simply as he has acted all his life through. He has not been a money-maker. He has not made money. Spite of his great abilities as a lawyer and a literary man, he is one of the poorest public men in the nation, and at the same time one of the most frugal, industrious and temperate.

The Points of Attack.

"1. It is true that General Garfield was assigned $2,000 of the stock of the Credit Mobilier; it is true that he received some dividends upon his investments, but there is nothing in the transaction which impeaches his integrity. The Credit Mobilier charges were brought to the attention of Congress in 1872, and in December of that year a committee consisting of three Republicans and two Democrats were appointed to investigate them. This committee immediately entered upon the discharge of its duties, and after exhausting all sources of evidence, on the 13th of February, 1873, submitted a *unanimous* report, recommending the expulsion of Oakes Ames and James Brooks, and entirely exonerating Mr. Garfield, Henry L. Dawes and the other Congressmen whose names had been mentioned in connection with the charges. The part of the report which relates to Mr. Garfield and the last mentioned congressmen is as follows: 'The committee do not find that either of the above named gentlemen, in connection with Mr. Ames, had any corrupt motive or purpose, or was aware that Mr. Ames had any; nor did either of them suppose that he was guilty of any impropriety or even indelicacy of becoming a purchaser of this stock. * * * The committee have not been able to find that any of these members of Congress have been affected in their official action in consequence of their interest in the Credit Mobilier stock. * * * The committee find nothing in the conduct of either of these members in taking this stock that called for any recommendation by the committee.'

"2. He did vote for the 'salary grab' clause of the bill which contained it. But that bill contained other provisions unexceptionable and vital to the administration of the government. Because it contained these vital provisions and not because of the 'grab' clause he voted for it, as did scores of others, both Democrats and Republicans, who were opposed to the 'grab.' But while he thus voted, unlike Speaker Randall and other purists of the Democratic party, *he refused to take a dollar of the money.* He allowed what the law gave him to remain in the treasury, and it is there still."

"3. It is also true that he acted as counsel for De Golyer while he was being investigated before the Board of Public Works of the city of Washington. He acted professionally and took his fee for his services. Other congressmen, Democrats as well as Republicans, who are supposed to have brains enough to be of any use to their clients, have served as counsel in other cases when they could do so without interfering with their congressional duties. But no one thought of finding fault with them for so doing, unless, for political reasons, they wished to smirch their characters as in the case of Senator Conkling, who was abused without [illegible] because he used his great gifts on the side of New York Central Railroad in its famous tax suit with the government."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

General Garfield.

General James A. Garfield has been selected to bear the Republican banner, not by us, for we had other preferences, but by those competent to choose, and who have chosen wisely and well. We know him so intimately here in his native State, where he has been woodchopper, school boy, school teacher, member of the legislature, general and member of Congress, and have been so familiar with the contentions around him as he has advanced from place to place, with talents that were always equal to the occasion, and good fortune that never failed him in any opportunity, that perhaps we are not in the best position to measure him and sum up the good and evil of him. As our readers may not need to be reminded, we have not been among those insensible to his faults or slow to speak of them—and we are aware that his record may be assailed at weak points; but we have to say of him now, as we said when he was a candidate for the Senate, that his entanglement in small transactions that have been largely advertised show, not the rascal, knowing every trick and covering every turn, designing wrong and conspiring for concealment, which is the character to be shunned and despised, but the awkwardness of inexperience and inaptitude in these affairs where acuteness is essential and smart men flourish. He was poor and had power, and, sensitive about his poverty, was anxious to be a practical man, not to be driven from public life like Senator Gordon; and those who were experts managed to involve him in affairs that his pursuits had not enabled him to understand, and that have subjected him to annoying misconstructions.

We dismiss all that is dust, and have to say that General Garfield is decidedly a man of brains and of extraordinary information in politics and literature, a hard student and close reasoner—in every way a large man, and sound at the core. He will grow upon the country as a candidate; his capacity will be found equal to all emergencies; his tact will not fail him in the trying times of the campaign; he will unite those who disbelieve in the expediency of intrusting all the departments of the government to the Democratic party; he will carry Ohio, Indiana and New York; he will be the next President of the United States of America, and he will never be a candidate for a third term.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

GROSS AND RIDICULOUS INCONSISTENCIES.—The Maryland Democrats are verbose, but their resolutions are worth reading for the gross and ridiculous inconsistencies with which they are crowded. In the face of the fact that the Democratic Congress has just passed a River and Harbor bill taking nearly twice as much money out of the treasury as the Republicans ever appropriated by a similar measure, they declare that the Democratic party "will check the present extravagance in the expenditure of public money." They charge the Republican party with bringing the country to the verge of ruin with its financial legislation, when they know perfectly well that it was only the firmness of that party which kept the Democrats from ruining the public credit and flooding the land with irredeemable paper money. Finally, they declare that they will never condone the fraud of 1876, and almost in the same breath express their confidence in Bayard, who advocated the Electoral Commission bill, and was a member of the commission.—*New York Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE apple-trees with bloom are all aglow—
Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
A laugh of Spring's delight!

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads, clustering thick, they shed
Their sweets to murm'ring bees,
And o'er hushed lanes and way-side fountains spread
Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
Their beautiful array:
And lonesome graves are sheltered, here and there,
With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on innumbered boughs
Pants with delicious breath;
O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair, smooth brows,
And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft, caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mong the branches lean,
Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

A rude wind blows, and, as the blossoms fall,
My heart is borne away:
Fainter and fainter tender voices call
Of my enamored May.

Fainter and fainter—oh, how strange it seems
With so much sweetness filled!
I go like one who dreams within his dreams
That, living, he is dead!
—*Horatio N. Power, in June Scribner.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

May 19, 1780, the Dark Day in New England.

IT was May 19, 1780, when darkness was at noonday over all New England. The phenomenon has never been explained. Dr. Tenney, in 1785, wrote to the Historical Society that the ability of the land had endeavored to present a cause, but, said he, "you will agree with me that no satisfactory solution has yet appeared." In similar language wrote Dr. Noah Webster in 1813. The theory of some, that it was smoke and ashes from forest fires, extensively ranging, was disproved. No fires in the forests could have been sufficient to spread a dense cloud over the whole of New England and even some parts of the Middle States. It came too suddenly, with no wind to carry it from one point to another. It was a darkness that settled down over an area of more than 300,000 square miles at the same time.

We publish a condensed account of this remarkable phenomenon, forwarded to us by D. T. Taylor, of Rouse's Point, N. Y., who wrote it for the Boston *Journal* in 1871:

"The year of 1780 was celebrated for its numerous auroral exhibitions in this latitude. They covered the midnight heavens with corruscations of red and silver, and streamed out like lightning, seeming, says one writer, fairly to flash warmth in the face. The winter preceding was marked by extraordinary severity. Snow lay on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of April. In December and January a storm continued for seven successive days, and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level in this single storm, and with drifts eight and ten feet high. Sheep were buried in the drifts for many days, and even men and animals perished with the cold. Long Island Sound was crossed by heavy artillery on the ice. Narrngansct Bay was froze over so hard that men traversed the ice from Providence to Newport in skating parties, and from Fall River to Newport loads of wood were conveyed on the ice through Bristol ferry.

"Previous to the 19th a vapor filled the air for several days. There was a smell of sulphur. The morning of the 19th was overcast with some clouds, and rain fell over the country, with lightning and thunder. Scarcely any motion was in the air; what wind there was came from the southwest. By nine o'clock in the forenoon, without previous warning, the darkness stole gradually on, with a luminous appearnnce near the horizon, as if the obscuring cloud had dropped down from overhead. There was a yellowness of the atmosphere that made clear silver assume a grass green hue. Then a dense, undefinnble vapor settled rapidly and without ærial movement over all the land and ocean from Pennsylvania to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the darkness it caused sinking by degrees until the sunlight was effectually shut out. Ordinary cloud it was not. The rapidity with which so large nn extent of country was enveloped precludes the possibility of supposing this to have been a natural cloud moving laterally. Besides this, the day was too calm to imagine such a thing. Down came the darkness thicker nnd thicker. By ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom. The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; the lurid look increased; few, if any, ordinnry clouds were visible. The sun, in disappearing, took on a brassy hue. The lurid, brassy color spread everywhere, above and below. The grass assumed the color of the sky, and all outdoors wore a sickly, weird and melancholy aspect—a dusky appearance as if seen through a smoked glass. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until threo in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful.

"The extent of the darkness was greater than is related of any other similar phenomenon on record, not excepting the celebrated dark days over Egypt and Judea. It reached south to the northern half of Pennsylvania, and from thence along the coast northeast to the wilds of Maine, eastwnrd to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out at sea 120 miles southeast of Boston, and undoubtedly much farther; west to the valloys of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, and north into undefined regions in Canada. Portland, Boston, Hartford, New York, West Point and Albany were affected by it. But the degrees of darkness differed in different places, the deepest night settling over New England. A tract of land and sea 800 miles in length and 400 miles in breadth, embracing an area of 320,000 square miles, was known to be covered by the cloud, and so far as can be ascertained, a population of 700,000 souls sat for a portion of the day and night in a gloom more or less profound and inexplicable.

"Just how dark the day was is attested by indisputable evidence. The hour and minute could not be discovered on the face of a clock or watch by persons of unimpaired eyesight. Candles became an absolute necessity both out doors and in, as it was impossible to transact ordinary business without them. Fires on the hearthstone shone as brightly as on a moonless November evening, and all dinner-tables were set with candles upon them as if it were the evening repast. The keenest eyes in doors could not see to read the common print. So far beyond any ordinnry fog was the effect that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours, or carried candles or lanterns to enable the perplexed driver to well see his way.

"And the brute and feathered creation seemed puzzled and agitated. The birds ceased to fly, and hid themselves in the branches of the trees. As the darkness increased they sang their evening songs as they do at twilight, and then became silent. Pigeons on the wing took to the shelter of the forest as they do at night. The whip-poor-will, as if it were truly night, cheerfully sang his song through the gloomy hours. Woodcocks, which are night birds, whistled as they only do in the night time. Bats came out of their hiding places and flew about. The fowls marched solemnly to their roosts as they do only at nightfall, and after cackling for a while over the mystery of so short a day, became still. Cocks crowed as is their custom at nightly intervals and the early breaking of day. Frogs peeped their evening concert, and dogs whined and howled and ran away as on the approach of an earthquake. The herds of cattle on New England's thousand hills sought the shelter of the shed or barn-yard, lowing as they came to the gate, and sheep huddled around the circle with heads inward—the invariable token of apprehended danger.

"On the human family the effect was still more curious and terrifying. The mechanic left his tools in the shop, the farmer his plow in the furrow, and each moved in silent and marveling mood toward the barn or dwelling. On the home threshold they were met by pale and anxious women, who tremblingly inquired, 'What is coming?' The alarmed traveler, seeking the sympathy of his fellow man as one impressed with a sense of impending peril, put up at the nearest house, and mingled his anxious questionings and forebodings with those of the family. Strong men met and spoke with surprise on their countenances, and little children peered timidly into the deepening gloom, and then sought the sheltering parental arms. Schools broke up in affright, and the wondering pupils scampered homeward with many expressions of childish fear. The inevitable candle shone out of the windows of all dwellings—every countenance gathered blackness—all hearts were filled with fear of an approaching, unparalleled storm, or the occurrence of a terrestrial convulsion; but it was not the blackness of the storm-cloud, such as sometimes, with frightful agitation, breaks over a single city; it was the silent spreading of the pall-cloth over the earth by strong, invisible hands. Many anecdotes of terror are related. In Boston, from the hours of 11 or 1 till 3 o'clock, business was generally suspended and shops were closed. At Groton, a court was in session in a meeting-house full of large windows, as was the old style of houses of worship; but at half-past eleven all faces began to wear a somber hue, whereupon magistrate and people followed suit with all New England and called for lighted candles.

"Connecticut went totally under the cloud. The journal of her House of Representatives puts on record the fact that 'None could see to read or write in the House, or even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or perceive any distinction of dress, etc., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the House till two o'clock, afternoon.' Amid the deepening gloom that wrapped about the State House, and set the lawgivers trembling with the apprehension that the Day of Judgment was nt hand, when the motion for adjournment was made, Colonel Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford, Conn., and State Councilor in the Legislative Chamber, at Hartford, said: 'I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought.'

"The darkness of the day having been succeeded an hour or two before evening by a partially clear sky and the shining of the sun, still obscured by the black and vapory mist, this interval was followed by a return of the obscuration with greater density, that rendered the first half of the night hideously dark beyond all former experience of probably a million of people who saw it."—*New York Observer.*

THE native Roman ladies are very handsome, tall and exquisitely formed; but, poor things, they can not enjoy the luxury of a short walking-dress. Their feet are the reverse of Cinderella's. It is their sole blemish.

JENNY LIND, the famus prima donna, is a member of the chorus of the Bach Society of London, of which Herr Goldschmidt, her husband, is the conductor.

FROM an Isabella grapevine, on the place of Mr. Quina, Pensacola, Fla., a leaf was plucked which measured thirteen inches across.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Milan for erecting statues of Bellini and Verdi in the Scala Theater, alongside those of Rossini and Donizetti.

A SERMON can be too short. It should be long enough for the women to take mental notes of all the new styles out. *New Haven Register.*

A PENNY saved is $64,000,000 earned, provided it is at compound interest for 1,800 years.

THE Chinese have apparently adopted Chinese titles. The Marquis Tseng is the Chinese special emissary to Russia

Matrimonial Missionaries.

PERSONS who have persuaded themselves that they have a mission are usually so laden with, so bent on, its fulfillment, as to interfere with the charm of their society. And their attractiveness is more or less diminished by the character of their mission, which, when in any way connected with the life or surroundings of their associates or acquaintances, is apt to be made tiresome. Matrimonial missionaries come within this category, and they are likely to be unflagging in prosentation of their views and the advantages of what they advocate. Naturally, most of them are women, and married women; for if they were not already wives, they would be restrained by delicacy from expressing themselves warmly in favor of what they had not tried, lest it might be suspected that they were over-willing for the experiment. But being wives they can not be accused—unless they chance to have marriageable daughters or relatives—of interested motives or studied designs. When their eulogies of wedlock can be referred to any personal cause, they are liable to be called, and not unjustly, match-makers, between whom and matrimonial missionaries there is so much difference that the two should never be confounded.

A match-maker may be said to be enlisted for a campaign; a matrimonial missionary is in for the war; and when the present war is over, for the next war, and the war after that. Her service, indeed, is for life. She will never cease to recommend marriage, generally and particularly, abstractly and concretely, in season and out of season. Her faith in the institution is unshaken and unshakable, whatever her outward observation or her received confidences may have been. She is an enthusiast on that point, and so interested in it as to be forever darting off from other topics to take up the one she loves.

It is the first duty and the last of every man and woman to get married. There is not, there can not be, any valid excuse for celibacy—not poverty, nor disease, nor disinclination, nor bad habits, nor want of affection; each or any of which is, in unbiased eyes, accounted an excellent reason. She knows better. Marriage is a panacea. If a young woman be an invalid, it will cure her. If a young man be dissipated, it will reform him. If he be poor, it will insure his pecuniary independence. If he be opposed on principle to the condition, or if he be convinced of his unfitness for it, experience will disclose his mistake. Does a young woman confess that she loves no one, has no such feelings as would warrant her in accepting a husband, she is told that this is all foolish romance; that when marriage comes, love follows, with happiness and all the rest.

The missionary is often fortunately wedded herself, which explains her tendency to misapprehension of marriages in general. Seeing the world through her own rosy spectacles, she can not believe that it does not reflect her happy state. You may mention any number of inharmonious alliances, of deep spiritual tragedies that have resulted from mis-mating, but she will not credit you. You have been misinformed, and if you assert your positive knowledge, your judgment has certainly been warped. She may concede that such a thing as connubial unhappiness exists, but it is clearly the fault of the parties themselves. They need not have been unhappy unless they were so resolved. The kind of marriage she recommends—she actually recommends any and every kind—would not and could not have such consequences. The whole globe may be wrong, but the divine institution, as she likes to name it, is unquestionably right, and even a very ill marriage is better, she is sure, than no marriage at all.

Even when the missionary is not such a wife as she claims that nearly all women are, when she is notoriously unsuited to her husband, and he to her, she is not less persevering and ardent in her labors. She contends for wedlock and its joys, whatever her private sufferings in the cause; she not only loses no opportunity to chant its praises; she turns all times into opportunity, and is as loyal to the thing that tortures her as if it brought her unending ecstacy. Perhaps she has such faith in what should be that she refuses absolutely to put trust in what is.

There are persons who think her impelled by malice; that, being wretched herself through matrimony, she would like to see others wretched by the same means. But they probably do her injustice. Her own sad experience does not mar her faith in, or her admiration for, wedlock. Having missed her destiny by some deficiency which may yet be made good, it would be a sovereign satisfaction to have her free friends enjoy what has by uncontrollable circumstance been denied to her. It is really benevolence which moves her connubial springs. She is more resigned to her domestic incompatibilities when she reflects that her tireless efforts have been expended in directing the mind of others in the path, as she conceives, of true felicity. Her personal disappointment is softened by the thought that the many have realized their radiant dreams.

She is absolutely sincere in her counsels and endeavors, and nobody acquainted with her will question her energy and resolution. She would not, could she have her way, leave a maiden or bachelor on earth. She would have the whole world arranged in conjugal pairs. She would admit no single people to her paradise; indeed, it would be vain, for, without marriage, there could be no paradise. Her confidence in unions under all circumstances may be beautiful; but her manner of expressing it is so ceaseless and frequently so inappropriate that she bores her acquaintances exceedingly. Even marriage may be worn threadbare as a theme; the interest of the subject, like the interest of the thing, may be exhausted.

It is more than embarrassing for single persons to be everlastingly urged to do what they have proved by their life they are opposed to doing. Despite their general respect for the missionary, they grow to hate her eternal solo on one string. There are here, and in every city, hundreds of estimable women whose society is made wearisome, though it might be delightful, by the perpetual parading of their hobby. If they but knew it, they frustrate their cherished purpose. Nothing is so likely to hinder marriage as to advise and advocate it. Wedlock goes, in a certain sense, by contraries. The missionaries err constitutionally. They have made many adversaries, but few converts. If they would serve hymen effectually, let them disavow the deity.—*N. Y. Times.*

Wedding Dresses.

CREAMY white satin is being used for the entire dress, with lace and tulle for trimmings. The dress worn by the Queen of Spain at her marriage, the Medicis corsage, and other picturesque models are copied, the only uniform features being the high corsage and the flowing train. The corsage is, strictly speaking, high in the back only, as the front is now invariably cut out in heart-shape or square, and filled in as much or as little as the wearer chooses with tulle and lace, and richly ornamented with the pearl passementeries that are now so fashionable. These beaded trimmings surround the open neck, and are placed straight down the top of the sleeves, being mounted there on net to make the front half of the sleeve transparent, while the thick satin is used under the arm. Lace and pearl applique work are festooned flatly on the front and side breadths, and clusters of white roses are used with fringe of orange blossoms and buds. The train is of three or four straight breadths left flowing free from the belt, and finished at the foot with plaitings of the satin beneath lace. Fuller trimmings of lace and plaitings are put on the front and side breadths than on the train. When combinations are preferred, large ball figures or else detached flowers are in the brocaded satin used for a court train, with a Medicis basque of brocade, and plain white satin for the elaborate front that simulates a petticoat. Fringes of white pearl edging quaintly cut basques, and poufs of satin on the sleeves, are on imported wedding dresses. Long scarf-like pieces of point lace are imported with lace trousseaux to be used first as bridal veils, and afterward as mantillas or as over-skirt drapery; the bride has one end of this scarf fastened far forward in her coiffure, then caught up on each shoulder, and falling thence low on the train of her dress.

Bridemaids wear simple and charming dresses of white muslin, with colored ribbons and Leghorn hats, in the English fashion, or else they have white Spanish lace veils draping the head like the mantillas of Spanish women. Dotted Swiss muslin was recently worn by the six bridemaids at a fashionable wedding. Pale blue satin ribbon belts and bows trimmed their square-necked basques and their round trains. Their hats were Leghorn, in Gainsborough shape, with blue ribbon and flowers outside, and blue velvet inside the brim. India muslin, with yards upon yards of Languedoc lace for trimming, was chosen for another group of attendants, while still others preferred the soft, clinging, white, transparent wool called religieuse veiling, trimmed with Spanish lace, and accompanied by Spanish mantillas fastened on with scarlet flowers. Imported dresses for bridesmaids are of white brocaded satin or of Lyons tulle, in many plaitings, with a border of satin-striped grenadine on each plaited flounce. A satin grenadine brocaded in daisy pattern, has the neck cut pointed in front, with diagonal soft folds of tulle inside, and at the back a high Medicis collar of Languedoc lace made to curve outward by means of fine white thread-like wires. The half-long sleeves are transparent down the upper half of the arm, and a jabot of the lace extends down this transparent space. White lilacs and pink roses are clustered together on the bust and on the lower part of the sleeves.

Pearl-colored brocaded satin with plain satin and point lace is again the favorite dress for the mother to wear when accompanying her daughter to the altar. There are, however, departures from this conventional color, and pale blue, gold broende, or very dark maroon with flounces of white lace, is worn.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Curious Russian Custom.

THE strange ceremony of plowing around a village in order to drive away the cattle plague recently took place in one of the villages of Russia. The *Russky Courier* describes it thus: "In the month of March the cattle plague broke out in the village of Ozersk, in the province of Kaluga. In a few days thirteen cows died, and the peasants were panic stricken. After warm discussions, it was decided to drive out the plague after the manner of our forefathers in similar emergencies—that is, by plowing around the village. On March 10, at midnight, all the women of the village assembled at a spot, to which were brought the things needed for that half pagan, half Christian ceremony, to-wit, a holy image, a plow, harness, a bag of sand, and a pail of tar. A strong young woman was harnessed to the plow, and, with the assistance of two other girls, proceeded to pull it along. A young girl carrying the holy image (*ikona*) headed the procession; she was followed by an old woman with the sand bag, who threw the sand right and left, the plowing party trying to cover the sand in plowing, while the woman with the tar pail besprinkled the soil with tar. A crowd of girls and women followed, each carrying some article with which to make a noise, scythes, tin cans, iron pans, boilers, basins, pokers, and other utensils. Though the noise made was indescribable, and the women's yelling and shouting incessant, they were ineffectual to frighten off the plague spirit, for its ravages in that village are undiminished."

A BOY fell into a vat of potash at Danielsonville, Mass., two years ago, and the skin of both legs was destroyed. A resort was had to skin-grafting, and over 2,000 bits of cuticle, from the boy's mother, the family coachman, and several accommodating neighbors, have been used. The result is completely successful.

WASPS' nests are frequently ignited by some chemical action, supposed to be that of the wax upon the paper-like substances of which the nests are formed. Spontaneous combustion of this nature is believed to have been the cause of many mysterious fires in hay-stacks and farmers' buildings.

Religious Reading.

ONE DAY.

ANOTHER day—One Day;
And that is all;
A gift from Heaven sent down;
Men deem it small.
The great sun rose, to bring another day;
Earth traveled far, and in no idle way,
That man might have, of life, another day.
All worlds, all suns, all spheres,
All seasons, months and years
Bring tribute; as to Kings
Are brought rich offerings.
The wealth of ages—story, precept, rhyme—
Are gifts to thee, thou latest son of Time.

It comes for good—One Day—
For highest good;
And for it man should pay
Real gratitude.
Days do not last; and this day, crowned the best,
Full soon will fade and softly sink to rest
In the rich chambers of the glowing west;
And all the wealth it brings
Is yours and mine. Proud Kings
Would lay their crowns in dust,
And let them idly rust,
If, when once past, the sacrifice would bring
One misspent day for one unhappy King.

It bringeth food—One Day—
And houses, lands.
It giveth eyes to see,
And willing hands,
And ears to hear, and friends, and loving words,
And sun and shade, and flocks and lowing herds,
And fruits and flowers, and song of many birds;
It lights up all the hills,
And deepest valleys tills
With life and light and air.
It sends good everywhere.
It lifts the ocean, with a loving hand,
And drops its waters on the thirsty land.

It opens doors—One Day—
Doors swinging wide
As human life can reach,
Or human pride
Can well desire. The realm of Thought is there,
A mighty kingdom, stretching wide and far
Beyond the light of moon, or sun, or star.
It opens this to thee,
Not as a mystery;
But something real, and fair
As costly temples are,
Built by great masters, with a faith sublime
That Art, like Thought, outlasts the touch of Time.

It giveth wings—One Day—
Wings for the soul
To speed its flight away
From pole to pole;
To girdle earth, and still unwearied rise
To greater heights, in clearer, fairer skies,
Until are seen the gates of Paradise.
Most holy, holy Day!
Bow down, O Soul, and pray.
The spot where thou dost stand
Is hallowed, and God's hand
Alone can guide thee through a single day.
Bow down, O Soul, and for this guidance pray.
—*Ira E. Sherman, in N. Y. Independent.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 20—Review of the Lessons.
June 27—Lesson selected by the School.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—The Creation.....Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-8
July 11—The Fall and the Promise.....Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—Cain and Abel.....Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 12
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

Purpose.

IT has been well said that there comes a time in the life of every person when it is necessary for him to decide whether he will drift down the tide, or take the oars and shape the direction of his course. And in a true sense the present moment is always the time when this duty exists. Though a change of purpose becomes more and more difficult as the years go by, and the tide of habit becomes stronger, and the arm becoms feebler and less competent to do its rightful work, yet no rational being is too young to be able to try to act with a reason for his actions, or too old to be bounden to an ever-present plan of conduct.

Notwithstanding all that is said and written about having a purpose in life, one can scarcely engage in a more saddening, and yet more stimulating, line of thought than to reflect upon the aimless way in which so many lives, of those in his circle of knowledge, are spent. And very fortunate or very self-confident must be the person who does not find in his own life ample material for correction in this same line of duty. If it is far too seldom that one looks at his life in the light of a full purpose to make it what it ought to be—a life with a plan—it is still rarer that there exists in the soul a constant determination to make the smallest actions of daily life conform to some determined purpose and some patient following of a clearly-perceived idea. It is easy enough to form a vague intention to accomplish great things some time, or to play on the thought that a good deal of life remains to us in which much can he done. Nor is it much harder to set before us a definite object toward which we may strive, or to form a general resolution of fidelity and devotion to the highest ideal. But it is quite another matter to keep that object or that ideal constantly in mind in such a way that it shall exercise a present and unceasing influence upon to-day's thoughts, words and deeds. "To-morrow," "sometime," "in the course of life"—these are expressions which are far pleasanter than such hard, blunt words as "now," "this very day," "always." And so it comes to pass that the man who is going to do something, somehow, practically joins hands with him who frankly confesses that he is never going to do anything, anyhow; and both come to a time when they are made to realize, with all the bitterness of utter disappointment, that the midnight hour has struck, or that, at best, but a few poor minutes of available time remain.

"It is of unspeakable advantage," says a wholesome and wiser writer, "to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our souls. This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues and diminishes that of our vices." It is the *habitual* good intention on which alone we can rely for progress in the Christian life as a whole, or in any one of its departments. A thing done with a right purpose is better than a thousand apparently right things done with no purpose at all; and this fact we cannot press too closely upon our minds and souls. We should ask ourselves what *is* the why and wherefore of our lives and their smallest parts. Why do we live where we do, or pursue the avocation in life which we profess to follow? What is the reason that we call ourselves Christians, or that we absent ourselves from church-going, and from religious thoughts and beliefs? Is there any particular cause for spending this very day in the way in which we are spending it? Is there any special reason why we should be doing what we are doing at this moment, instead of some one among ten thousand other things? Until we can answer such questions as these, we are living not foolishly, but wickedly; we are not only not builders, we are reckless destroyers. It is the ever-present sense of devotion to a *reason* for our actions that alone makes them good for anything—a reason strong and clear enough to make itself evident in beneficent results, and yet, at last, so closely interwoven with the whole spiritual fabric of our lives that we hardly stop to think of its existence.—*S. S. Times.*

Uganda's King—His Treatment of Missionaries.

APROPOS of the arrival in this country of three "ambassadors" from Mtesa, King of Uganda, in Central Africa, the following details concerning his treatment of the Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries may not be without interest. Our information is contained in a letter recently received from the Rev. Father Charmetaut, Director of the French Roman Catholic Missions in Africa, and, therefore, is written from a purely Roman Catholic point of view. M. Charmetant's information has been received in letters from Father Lourdel, in Rubaga, Mtesa's capital, and Father Livinhae, in Mtewe, another place in Uganda. When the Algerian missionaries reached Uganda, in the beginning of last year, they found the Protestant missionaries there already, they having gone by the Nile, and their journey being facilitated, according to Father Charmetant, by Gordon Pasha's influence. The English, on learning of the arrival of the French missionaries, used every effort with King Mtesa (this rests on the King's own statement) to persuade him not to receive the latter. But the King desired to see them and question them on their religion, as he has always done with strangers. Gradually he ceased to allow the Protestants to preach and read the Bible at the royal residence on Sundays, while he frequently invited the French missionaries to instruct him in the Catholic religion. He even declined to preside himself on July 8 last at a public conference at which were present the learned Arabs who had formerly converted Mtesa to Monotheism, and a Protestant catechist, educated by the English at Zanzibar, and left by Mr. Stanley. "Will the good-will of the peaceful monarch of Uganda," asks the reverend father, with good cause, "continue? The future alone can tell." This information, the reverend father tells us, reached the Church Missionary Society some time ago, as the English, by the "enormous subsidies," contributed by England to their missions, have been able to organize a regular postal service from the lakes to the coast. In fact, a complete reaction seems to have been effected with Mtesa, and especially in his surroundings, against the English, the latter, as we know, having been obliged to leave Uganda. The Protestant missionaries, however, Father Charmetant states, admit that this has not been the work of the Catholic missionaries, who remained on the best terms with the former; they attribute it to the Arab and Wangwana merchants from the coast, who were in open hostility with the Protestants, especially with Mr. Mackay, one of the leaders of the English mission. Father Lourdel, one of the Roman Catholic missionaries, attributes this new state of things to the susceptibility of the King, who imagines that the aim of the English is one day to annex his territories. A fresh arrival of Roman Catholic missionaries, on disembarking at Mtewe, on the Victoria Nyanza, were very cordially received by Mr. Stokes, one of the English missionaries, who told them he intended to leave Uganda on account of the increasingly cool attitude of the King toward the English. —*London Times.*

How Knights Are Made.

IN a recent volume Sir Stephen Lakeman gives the following account of his knighting:

"After a few words had passed, a cushion was brought and laid before me, and then another, on which there was a heavy-looking sword. Some one behind me whispered that I was to kneel—an operation by no means agreeable to a man before company. This I somewhat awkwardly did, and so remained, with my face bent toward her Majesty's feet, expecting every moment to feel the weight of the sword on my shoulder to indicate that the ceremony had begun, but nothing came. There was a dead silence. So I looked up and saw the Queen holding up the sword and directing an inquiring glance toward some one behind my back. Whoever that person was, he seemed to be a long time in answering. It was the Earl of Aberdeen. It was evident to me that her Majesty could not hold the sword over my head much longer. I asked what was wanted. 'Your Christian name,' her Majesty said. 'Stephen,' I replied; and down came the sword, missing the shoulder and striking the cushion! The ceremony, however, was complete without that, for her Majesty immediately said: 'Arise, Sir Stephen,' and held out her hand to kiss. I did kiss it, and felt in doing so that she had not many in her wide realm who would serve more devotedly than I if necessity required it. The cushions were removed; the Queen graciously smiled to all around and left the room, and we retired together through the long corridor before mentioned."

A RECENT autopsy on the body of a man in a Paris hospital revealed the fact that he had thirteen ribs, a discovery which is considered to have considerable biological interest as confirming some of Darwin's theories in regard to retrocession of type.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE YOUNG LOVE AND THE OLD.

O, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in Spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
O, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

O, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways,
When earth has lost its glory,
And Heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
O, the old love is sweet, dear,
That glids the Autumn day!

—*London Society.*

A LODGING-HOUSE MYSTERY.

It is not necessary for me to state the precise location of my lodgings, but I will merely inform the reader that I am one of a numerous family of fellow-lodgers, occupying rooms in an extensive establishment situated in the southern part of the city of San Francisco. An adventure which befell me recently in this abode I am about to relate to you. Altogether it has proved an adventure involved in inexplicable mystery. In vain I have endeavored to penetrate the mysterious shadow which shrouded from my view the solution of this wonderful secret. I have been baffled in every attempt made in that direction. My efforts to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the enigma have proved futile, and I can only relate the various incidents of my adventure, without offering any explanation of the strange web of mysticism and secrecy which surrounds it.

I was sitting alone in my apartment one evening, enjoying a cigar, and engaged in musing over various matters, which it is unnecessary for me to inflict upon the reader here. The gas was burning dimly, and, soothed by the narcotic influence of my cigar and the silence of the room, a drowsy feeling crept gradually over me, and I became lost in a half-sleeping, half-waking dream.

What followed I can not vouch for as a positive reality, though at the time I appeared perfectly conscious and in full possession of every faculty necessary to comprehend the situation. I can only relate the incident as it seemed to me to actually transpire, without attempting to account for the occurrence, or asserting any further belief in its reality than the impression conveyed by my own senses.

A low knock at the door sounded distinctly in my ears—a timid, hesitating knock, as proceeding from some person uncertain of the exact locality sought, or fearful of the manner in which such an intrusion might be received. Without turning my head, I responded to this appeal for admission by bidding the applicant to enter. The door opened slowly, and a rustling, sweeping sound, as of the skirts of a lady's dress, caused me to look up quickly.

Half startled, as by a sudden apparition, I beheld, standing quietly before me, a young lady probably twenty years of age, possessing a surpassing degree of loveliness, which failed not to excite my admiration even in that first moment of my surprise.

I can not describe her. No words of mine could convey to you an adequate impression of the extreme beauty or the inexpressible charm of her appearance; no pen of mine possesses the skill to justly describe her delicate features, her graceful form, her wonderful composure of face and bearing.

Bewildered, amazed, I could only staro at this beautiful being in utter silence. The marvelous deep blue eyes which regarded me so calmly, appeared to have cast over me a spell, and subjected me completely to their power by the witching influence of their expression and the wondrous charm of her presence.

After what had seemed a long pause of mingled doubt and perplexity, I succeeded in recovering my senses sufficiently to arise and offer my unknown visitor a chair; but with a wave of her slender white hand she declined to avail herself of the proffered courtesy, and, more bewildered than ever, I sank silently back in my own seat, awaiting at her pleasure the explanation of this unexpected visit from one who was certainly an entire stranger to me.

Her face was so quiet, so calm in its expression, and her large clear eyes shone so radiantly as they gazed into mine, that I remained lost in unutterable wonder. It was more like a dream than a waking reality, and yet my senses seemed as acute, my faculties of thought and speech and action as keen and decisive as at this present moment. Was it a spell, a vision, or was it actual reality? Was this beautiful apparition an imaginary creation of my own fancy, or was she a tangible fact?

Presently she spoke, and her voice, so soft and sweet and low, thrilled me like a strain of far-off, exquisite music. Yet there was something sad and mournful in the tones—some shadowy, half-defined expression of the speaker's nature.

"You do not know me," she said, "and yet we are not strangers. Years ago we were together in a distant land. You did not know me then, and yet you once spoke kindly to me, in an hour when a kind word was the greatest earthly blessing I could have received—when a kind friend was the boon that I prayed for and hoped for in vain; nay, not in vain, for your kind words were friendly to my ears, and yet—and yet by you they have long been forgotten. But not for me. They have dwelt in my heart's memory through all these long, sad years, and we have met again that I may thank you for them. Thank you—and die."

Her face seemed to pale to an almost unearthly whiteness as she uttered these last words, and yet the calm blue eyes shone as brightly and steadily as ever. Her white hand waived an adieu, and she vanished like some mysterious specter, how and whither I knew not.

I sprang to my feet. Every thing was quiet. I looked around. The room was vacant of human presence save my own. I opened the door and looked out into the long hall. No person was visible there except a young man letting himself into the room directly adjoining my own. He looked up at the sudden opening of my door, and for a moment his eyes encountered mine. A gas jet blazed directly over his head and illuminated his features as he paused for an instant regarding me. I started suddenly, with an exclamation of amazement on my lips, for his face was the face of the young girl who had just passed from my room. The next moment he had entered the department, and the door closed behind him.

I remained for a brief space irresolute, lost in utter bewilderment, then went back into my own room, more deeply perplexed than ever before in my life. What strange mystery was this, for which there was no accounting? The vision of the young girl seemed like a dream, but the face was a reality.

I sat down to ponder over this singular circumstance, and, sitting there, my eyes perceived, lying upon the floor, a card. I picked it up, and upon it read, in delicate feminine characters, "No. 83." Once more I started with astonishment. My own room was No. 82. The room adjoining, into which I beheld the young man enter, was No. 83. Then the vision of the young girl had indeed been no fancy. What I had beheld must have been an actual reality; and my strange visitor must have dropped this card, whether accidentally or by design I knew not.

And suddenly I took a bold resolve. I should never fathom the mystery by wasting the time in idle conjectures. I determined to explore it immediately, to penetrate the secret which seemed to deepen momentarily about the beautiful face I had beheld.

Once more I left my room, and this time approaching the door of No. 83, I knocked. It opened, and again that sweet, pale face beamed before me; again those calm, clear eyes looked into mine. But it was the form of the young man who appeared. The graceful female figure was gone, and the tall, slender but masculine outline was alone visible. And yet that face, so gentle and loving and sweet, remained unchanged. It was stamped upon my memory indelibly, and I could have sworn to its every feature.

I held out the card I had picked from the floor.

"You dropped this in my room, I believe, a few moments since; I have taken the liberty of disturbing you in order to return it."

He received it from my hand, glancing at me furtively the while from under the long lashes which half veiled those deep blue eyes. I watched him narrowly as he turned his gaze to the card and read the characters thereon written.

He looked up at me again presently, and spoke:

"You were mistaken, sir. I have never seen this card before. It appears to bear a number corresponding with that of my room; otherwise I know nothing of it."

That voice again—like the distant strain of music, so soft and low, and so unutterably sweet. He had spoken very quietly, and had looked at me very steadily with his calm blue eyes. I stood thus completely baffled in my design to obtain an explanation of the mystery, and utterly perplexed as to what course I should pursue. I appeared involved in a deeper and more bewildering maze than ever. A slight smile seemed to play across the young man's face as he observed my hesitation, and to linger there and light it up as a rare sunbeam from heaven. He stood looking at me in silence for a moment, and then said:

"We are strangers to each other, and yet we appear to be neighbors; why should we not be friends? Would you object to coming into my room and sitting with me for a while? I am lonely, and shall be glad of your company if you will do me the favor."

I accepted his invitation, and entered the room. It was an apartment similar to my own, but it contained one object which startled and amazed me. It was the portrait of a woman, and upon it my eyes became riveted as if fascinated. The same face of the girl who had appeared to me in my room—the face of the man beside me. The same, and yet not the same. Its expression appeared older and more careworn. Its eyes lacked the luster and the depth of the living and breathing objects I had beheld, and upon the canvas appeared to shed only a cold and vacant stare. And yet the resemblance was too vividly strong to admit of doubt. The same sweet and gentle features beamed down upon me from the wall, portrayed with a fidelity so accurate and lifelike that I seemed to be again in my own room, gazing upon the lovely face of the young girl as she stood before me.

The young man observed my eyes fixed upon the picture, and remarked:

"It is a portrait of my mother. No doubt you perceive the strong resemblance of my face to hers; it is something remarkable—the precise similarity of our features and expression. And yet I have never beheld her since the hour I was born."

I looked from the picture to him, inquiringly.

"She died at my birth," he added, "and so passed away out of my sight, and I might almost say, out of my memory, except for that portrait; for, having never known a mother's love or care, nothing remains by which I can recall her, save yonder painted picture of her face."

He sighed as he spoke and turned his eyes away. I watched him as he sat for a few moments in dead silence, with his head bent upon his hand, and only the profile of his pale face revealed to my view. Some moody abstraction seemed to have fallen upon him, for his tightly-compressed lips uttered not a word, and I saw his hands clenched in a kind of fierce, half-angry way, as though his mind was tormented with some bitter thoughts. A feeling of intense wonder and curiosity stole over me as I looked upon him. Who and what was he? Certainly I had never seen him before this night, for that face, once seen, was never forgotten. A desire to learn his history took possession of me, and yet, without actual rudeness, I could not accomplish such an object.

Presently he lifted his head, and the blue eyes looked once more into mine. With an effort, he seemed to throw aside the transient gleam which for this brief space had shadowed his features, and to warm into a more genial humor. And yet there was a trace of sadness lingering in his eyes, and his voice, when he spoke, was tinged with a half grateful melancholy.

"No doubt you consider me a strange being," he said, with a faint smile struggling to his lips for a second, and dying away again as he continued, "I have lived a lonely life for years, and am scarce fit for companionship with my fellow-beings. But I think the time is drawing near when my loneliness shall end. It has almost come. I think, perhaps, it is even here."

It was not that his words contained any remarkably mysterious import, but it was his manner, and the wild look which seemed to dwell at intervals in his eyes, that filled me with a vague alarm. I watched him more narrowly than ever with increased curiosity, and a vain effort to fathom the peculiar character of his disposition. For a few moments he remained quite silent again, wrapped in that gloomy abstraction, which seemed to draw a line between him and me, and which I dared not approach or attempt to destroy.

Suddenly he turned to me again and said, abruptly:

"An evil Fate is brooding over me. I can not escape it, strive as I may."

His look, his words, his manner, startled me violently, but I endeavored to laugh, and answer him lightly.

"You are wrong, my friend. I do not believe in Fate. Each man possesses the power to rule his own destiny, whether for good or evil, as he wills it."

"I doubt it. Could you rule an immortal spirit? Could you destroy an invisible phantom, that hovers continually about you in the air? Could you banish a hideous recollection that has haunted your memory for years? No, you could not. And that spirit, that phantom, that memory, combined, is the silent and inexorable fate that has gathered over my life and awaits to triumph over me in the end."

He had started to his feet, and was walking the floor rapidly, back and forth. A bright crimson glow had come to each pale cheek, and from his eyes seemed to flash some inward light that burned with a scorching flame. But, even as I sat watching him with mingled wonder and alarm, he calmed himself with a sudden effort, and resumed his chair opposite mine. Looking at me, with the mild expression once more returned to his eyes, he held out his hand, as he said, in a subdued voice:

"At least, let me thank you for the kindly interest you have manifested in me to-night, and for the kindly words you have spoken to a lonely being like myself—coming to me when kind words are the greatest earthly blessing I could have received; when a kind friend is the boon I have prayed for and hoped for so long in vain. Though you may forget them, I never shall; they will dwell in my memory through the brief space of life that yet remains."

I sat looking at him as he uttered these words, in a perfect stupor of amazement; for they were almost the exact repetition of those which the young girl, whose face was a perfect counterpart of his own, had appeared to deliver to me in my room that evening. What unaccountable coincidence was this which placed the words of my apparent vision in the mouth of this strange, this singular man? I was lost in unutterable wonder, while that sad, pale face seemed to shine upon me with the serene and gentle expression which I had first beheld in connection with the young girl of my dream.

Was it all, all a dream? Was I indeed awake even now, and possessed of my senses? Yes. This, at least, I could not doubt. And so I bade him good-night, turning back for a last lingering look at the sweet fair face and the calm blue eyes, and then returned to my room, bewildered, mystified, amazed.

But I was in no mood for quiet rest. So I lit a cigar, and strolled out for a night walk, pondering over the strange adventure which the evening had brought me. The air seemed hot and close, and the dark, invisible wings of the night brooded over the earth in deathly silence. I walked heartlessly and aimlessly about for a short time, and when I was nearing home at last I stopped for a moment at a street corner, to look after a slender figure with a muffled face, which flitted by me like a phantom of the night, noiselessly and swiftly. It disappeared in the darkness, and I turned home.

The following day brought with it new incidents and other subjects demanding my attention. I had almost forgotten my strange neighbor, until once more in my room at night I was startled and shocked at the perusal of the following paragraph in the evening paper:

FOUND DROWNED.—Early this morning a boatman discovered a human body floating in the Bay, off North Point. It was secured and conveyed to the Coroner's office, where it was discovered to be the remains of a young girl, about twenty years of age, clad in male garments. From papers found upon her person it was ascertained that for a long time previous she had disguised herself in masculine attire, and lived under the assumed name of Robert ——, occupying room No. 83, in a lodging-house on —— Street, in this city.

So totally unprepared had I been for this *denouement* of my adventure that for a time I was quite unable to collect my senses and realize that this catastrophe had befallen my singular friend of the previous evening. But at last I recovered myself sufficiently to hasten to the Coroner's office, and, obtaining admittance, I once more found myself looking down upon the beautiful face that had so vividly impressed itself upon my memory. It was white and cold in death now, but the serene and gentle expression was still there, and the sad smile seemed to linger lovingly upon the pale lips that had been closed to all eternity. The blue eyes were veiled in the long, last sleep; but there was a fascination in that calm, dead face that was even more irresistible than when in life. And, as I turned sadly away, I breathed a prayer for that poor, departed spirit that was destined never more to suffer in loneliness, or hope in vain through long and weary years for the kind word of a friend.

In the room which the dead girl had occupied in life was found a brief note, addressed to "her kind neighbor in No. 82," bestowing upon him the portrait of her sainted mother, which she trusted he would cherish and preserve in memory of the face of a dead and erring girl.

And as I write to-night the beautiful features beam down upon me from the wall; the calm, gentle face seems to assume an almost holy expression; the melancholy smile changes to the brilliant dawning of an everlasting peace. Hark! The voice of my vision! soft, sweet and low, thrilling me again with that strain of far-off, exquisite music.

So I lay down my pen, and the immortal face appears to me once more in my dreams.—*Golden Era.*

Cider and Apples.

In the food of vast numbers of people for several centuries the apple has played a great and satisfactory part. Of all the fruit which temperate climes afford it is at once the most wholesome and the most palatable. From its consumption when ripe no evil effects result; it is more digestible than the pear, safer than the gooseberry or cherry, and useful in a greater variety of ways than all its compeers put together. In early spring it adorns the field by its incomparable blossoms, enchanting the eye by its beauty, while it fills the air around with the most delicate of perfumes. Equally as the queen of the desert, and the cook's most constant friend, it has the highest claim to distinction. From its juice the wine of Devonshire is made; raw, it ekes out the breakfast of the laborer; roasted, it is unsurpassed in the delicious taste it affords; as the foundation of jams, jellies, tarts, and conserves innumerable, it holds an unrivaled place.

All kinds of experiments have been made with it, and each has been successful. It has figured conspicuously both as a meat and as a drink. In the thirteenth century, according to Guillaume Le Breton, the inhabitants of Normandy not only made cider their daily beverage, but were so jealous of their recipe of the grateful draught that they would neither send it away from their country nor let the secret out. When one sad day, however, the Normau harvest of apples fell short, and the good people of Normandy had to go further afield for the generous fruit which they loved so well, they found, to their horror, that their neighbors of Biscay had, by some means or other, discovered the secret of cider themselves, and were ready not only to sell the fruit but its product as well. Still, in Paris the people were sadly behindhand with the apple, and as late as the fifteenth century contented themselves with a sour kind of drink called "depense," made by steeping the fruit in water, of which the most that could be said was that it was as harmless as it was uninviting.

England had meanwhile made far greater progress in the use of the apple. We find it indeed, placed upon the menu of a dinner given somewhere about the year 1250, and being handed round to the guests "hot roasted, with white sugarplums upon it," in company with such other delicacies as roasted figs, sorrel, and rosemary, as a kind of preparation for the soup and fish which follow; while in a splendid pie, intended for royalty, which contained, among other delightful components, partridges, quail, thrushes, bacon, sour grapes, and skyiarks, it very properly held a prominent position. So good was it found in every situation afforded it that the crusaders mixed it with their beer, and while not forgetting juniper, resin, gentain, cinnamon, allspice, bread-crumbs, sage and laurel, chopped up the apple very fine, and by its aid filled up the cup. It was not, however, until the sixteenth century that, in the form of a pie unmixed with other fruit, it attained the dignity of a side dish, though from that time forward it deservedly ranked alone. —*London Telegraph.*

That Terrible Small Boy.

It was the small boy, says the Baltimore *American*, that tied the brace of baleful tomato-cans to a cur's tail and sent him down Charles Street in the height of the fashionable promenade. It was he who slung the two cats, tied together with a string at the tips of their caudal excrescences, over the door-knob of a wealthy citizen on Mount Vernon Place, thereby causing an uproar in the neighborhood from which it has not yet recovered; and many other sportive little jests may be laid at his door. Yesterday he turned up in a new place. He wanted some kite-cord and had not the wherewithal to purchase it, so he laid him about for the means to procure it. An idea struck in the center of his prolific brain, and having in his pocket a hoarded penny he hied him to a neighboring drug-store, where he asked for a cent's worth of licorice. Now, the small boy had with him a scraggy, mangy dog, which had been his playfellow from his earliest day, and to this hound's tail he attached strongly the end of the ball of cord which, as all know, rests in a case on every well-regulated merchant's counter. Having tied the string and fixed it so the cord would run easily off the ball—all while the druggist's back was turned—he gave his dog a kick and told him in harsh tones to "get out!" The dog got out at a full run down the street towards home, while the boy, with calm judgment, waited until he thought the dog had run three or four squares, and then cut the twine, the latter end of which shot out of the store in a twinkling, and receiving the licorice from the unsuspecting man, who had had to rummage around to find it, decamped quickly, and, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered around the corner, set out for the house, which he reached almost as soon as the dog, and gathered in his harvest of twine. It is also reasonable to suppose that he flew his kite.

An inventive genius filled a small tarlatan sack with a spoonful of cayenne pepper, and tacked it over the rat-hole. When the rat bounced out, his eyes were peppered by the sifting from the shaken sack. He squealed like a pig, and escaped. The whole tribe have since migrated.

CRUST COFFEE.—Wheat bread, browned thoroughly and slowly. Pour boiling water on, and let it stand ten or fifteen minutes.

Nursing the Sick.

With convalescence come manifold dangers that must be guarded against with jealous care. A single act of imprudence then may render unavailing all the watchful anxiety of the previous weeks.

Some of these dangers are common to all illnesses; others need only be apprehended in special diseases.

An invalid is peculiarly liable to take cold when first allowed to sit up.

The room should be slightly warmer than usual, the chair or couch on which he is to sit covered with a blanket, and he himself well wrapped in blankets and shawls. If possible, close-fitting flannels should be worn, and the feet must be covered with stockings. He should not be allowed to remain too long out of bed the first time, and it is well to have it warmed before he returns to it.

No visitors should be admitted, and all excitement should be avoided until he has had time to rest after the exertion.

Except those actually engaged in the care of the sufferer not more than one friend at once should ever be allowed to enter the sick-room. In some cases quiet is absolutely essential to recovery, and it is always desirable.

The visitor should sit where the invalid can see without being obliged to turn his head. No discussions or agitating subjects of conversation should be introduced. It is particularly desirable to avoid accounts of similar cases that have terminated fatally, or of miraculous cures that have been performed by another doctor in a marvelously short space of time.

It seems almost incredible that such stupidity can exist; yet kind-hearted, well-educated persons have been guilty of choosing just such depressing topics in their efforts to cheer an ailing friend.

The weakness and languor inseparable from long illness render convalescence sometimes a very tedious and trying time. The small stock of strength is unequal to the demands made upon it, and it should be husbanded in every possible way.

At night the invalid should have something to take the last thing before going to sleep; any light nourishment will answer—a cup of cocoa, beef-tea, or thin custard. A delicate sandwich and if stimulant is ordered, a glass of wine taken then will prevent exhaustion during sleep.

The early morning hours, from three to five, are the most trying of the twenty-four. The powers of life are at their lowest ebb, and should be re-enforced by food.

If it is impossible to heat any thing, a cold drink is better than nothing. Half a pint of milk, with the white of one egg beaten up in it, may be given. There is usually little appetite at this early hour, and something must be chosen that can be easily taken.

A small apparatus for use in the sick-room is sold by many apothecaries, and will be found very convenient. It consists of a small metal plate covered with wire gauze. Above it is a tripod large enough to support a tin cup that will hold a pint. The saucer is filled with alcohol, which, when lighted, will heat a cupful of fluid in a few minutes. There is, of course, no smoke or smell.

The room of a convalescent should be made to look as bright and cherry as possible. Trifling changes may be made in the arrangement of the furniture; a new picture, or one from another part of the house, hung where it can easily be seen by the invalid.

Illustrated newspapers or new books placed on the table, a few cut flowers, and one or two plants in bloom do much to brighten a room.

After typhoid fever and diphtheria it should be borne in mind that great danger to life exists for several weeks. The diet should be most carefully regulated, and no exertion whatever permitted.

In the latter disease, in scarlet fever and measles, cold is especially to be guarded against.

Fresh bed linen and underclothing must be warmed before being used, and all draughts jealously excluded.

After measles the eyes should not be used too soon for reading, writing, or sewing, else permanent injury to the sight may be the result.

Reading aloud should not be continued too long at one time. The strain upon the attention of the listener is fatiguing, and it is well to leave intervals of rest.

There should be a gradual return to the ordinary habits of every-day life.

Who that has been long ill does not remember the delicious feeling of returning strength and the joy of fully recovered health; the pleasure of the trip to the seaside or the mountains, accompanied, perhaps, by the dear face that has watched beside the sick-bed through so many weary days and nights with such constant, uncomplaining, unwearying love?

If the disease has been infectious, one thing remains to be done by those who remain at home, and that is thoroughly to disinfect the room and every article that has been used in it.

This is best effected by pasting over with strips of paper every crack about windows and doors, placing large dishes of chloride of lime on the floor, and pouring strong vinegar on them. The chloride gas that is generated is an effectual purifier. The vapor from burning sulphur is an excellent disinfectant; but the fumes bleach white any color exposed to them. It is understood that no one must remain in the room.

Every article of clothing that can not be washed should be destroyed. All that can be sent to the laundry should be washed in hot carbolic soapsuds in the proportion of one part of carbolic crystal to forty of water. The furniture should be cleansed in a solution of one part carbolic to twenty of water.

The mattresses and pillows should be made over, except in small-pox, when they must be burned.

The carpet should be scrubbed on both sides with carbolic acid. If these precautions are taken there will be no danger of communicating any disease. —*Miss E. R. Scovil, of the Massachusetts General Hospital.*

THE *Japan Gazette* states that the line of railway which has been in contemplation for some time past between Toklo and Mayebashi will soon be commenced. The surveys are completed, and it is said that the line will traverse a rich district, and is expected to prove a great benefit to the country.

GENERAL.

GEN. ROBERT PATTERSON, of Philadelphia, is ninety-two years old. He took part in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the late civil war.

IN Germany a man who has been a locomotive engineer for thirty years has just been retired on a pension, and the people of his native town propose giving him a reception.

A MOSCOW correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* describes the misery and starvation prevailing in the south and southeast of Russia as unknown in the memory of man. No food is to be got for the horses and cattle for any money, and the animals are consequently dying everywhere of starvation in the Transural Steppes and the Don Steppes.

A CONDUCTOR on a Pennsylvania railroad collected fare from a lady a few days since. After he passed on she remarked to a companion with her: "I wonder why he charged me this time; he never has before." The General Superintendent of the road was seated in the seat behind her. The conductor is now taking a vacation, and has plenty of time to reflect upon the policy of passing lady friends gratis.

ANDREW AIMERS, who was supposed to be the oldest printer in Great Britain, died at Edinburgh two or three weeks ago. He retired from work only two years ago, after having been a compositor for seventy-two years. He was long in the employment of Mr. Ballantyne, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and assisted in setting up the Waverley Novels. He was one of the persons who kept the secret of the authorship so carefully.

JAMES KINGSBURY went into a Providence gambling room with $10,000 in his pocket and an overdose of whisky in his stomach. His drunkenness enabled the sharpers to get his money quickly. After taking $1,200 by a pretense of winning it, they resorted to the more simple mode of grabbing it by the handful. A characteristic feature of the case was that one of the gamblers, who secured $1,500, had, when arrested, lost all but $500 playing against a Boston faro bank.

AMASA WILSEY, of Petaluma, Cal., dreamed last fall that he would die on May 1, 1880. The occurrence impressed him, though he affected to attach no importance to it, and he joined three life insurance societies, so as to leave his wife provided for in case of his death. On May 1 he was apparently in perfect health. A dinner was to have been given to him in the evening, to celebrate his escape from fulfillment of the dream. The party had just gathered, when he fell from his chair stricken by heart disease, and died in a few minutes.

JOHN and George Bond, brothers, fell in love with Miss Whitney, the daughter of their landlady, at Denver. She cared very little for either, but encouraged both, and they became jealous of one another. George lost his position as clerk in a store, and had time to stay in the house with the girl. John immediately abandoned work, so as to keep even with his rival. They courted Miss Whitney, she testified, about sixteen hours a day. Then she jilted them, and engaged herself to marry Mr. Smith. The brothers promptly combined to whip Mr. Smith half to death, and that was what made the matter public in a police court.

THE New York State Fish Commissioners are advocating the culture of carp. The experiments at the Government ponds in Washington have been very successful, fish that were put in there three years ago having grown much larger than in Europe under the same circumstances. They are an easy fish to raise. Any kind of a pond, no matter how restricted, can be used. Providing that the water is not too cold, carp thrive, no matter how impure it is. No natural water has been found too warm for them. They thrive on plants growing in the water, on boiled grain, or even offal. A pond may be dug in arable land and used for three or four years as a carp pond, after which the land may be again cultivated. They are excellent table fish.

AN example of the truth of the phrase, "the man who hesitates is lost," was given at Ottawa, Canada, the other day. A scow broke away from a tug just above the Chandiere Falls. Two men were on board, and it was evident to the horrified observers that only by jumping at once and swimming for the boom could they be saved. One man immediately sprang into the boiling current, and by desperate efforts reached the boom and was hauled up into a place of safety. The other was so terrified at the dreadful alternatives presented to him that he hesitated five seconds and then jumped. Those few seconds cost him his life. The swift current carried the struggling man over the falls and he disappeared forever.

THE number of the Transactions of the Odontological Society of Great Britain for March contains a photograph of a curious Hindoo bas-relief, representing a group of monkeys engaged in extracting a man's tooth. The unfortunate individual is bound, and the tooth is held in the grasp of a very primitive-looking extracting intrument (resembling somewhat the large claw of a crustacean), to which a small elephant is attached by means of tackles. The piece of sculpture was found in a ruined temple near Allahabad, known as the Stupa of Bharbut, and was more than 2,000 years old, the temple having been built about the year 200 B. C.

THE night police of Raleigh, N. C., have a queer companion on their rounds, it being a cat. Its peculiarities are thus described by the *Observer*: "For two years the cat has made it her duty to go with the officers every night and follow right at their heels just as far as they go. In wet weather or dry, or no matter how cold the night is, the animal makes a part of the police force. During the day she sleeps in the guard-house, but as soon as one o'clock comes, and the night force go on duty, she is all alertness and attention. If, in making the rounds, a dog makes a sally from a yard, or barks loudly, the prudent cat goes around the square and catches up with her companions again. She is a very sedate beast, never indulges in capers or wailings to the moon, but goes about her self-imposed duties with a business-like air and precision."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SECOND—JAS. E. HOOPER.
THIRD—R. R. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

The Sunday School Convention.

The fourth annual county Sunday School convention for Garrett county under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, was held at Grantsville Friday, Saturday and Sunday last. The people of Garrett county have become so deeply interested in this work that they look forward from the time one convention closes until the next one commences, with fond anticipations of pleasure. Four years ago, when the first convention of this character was held in this county, it was composed of a few earnest men who were anxious to promote the interests of the Sunday School work, but who really knew little of the difficulties of country Sunday Schools, and still less of the means by which those difficulties were to be overcome. But through discussions of the various questions that arose and a free interchange of opinions as to the best mode of overcoming the difficulties which presented themselves, the work has steadily progressed, schools have been organized in almost every neighborhood in the county, large numbers of officers and teachers are actively engaged, and hundreds of children have been brought under religious influences and moral training. To-day the Sunday school work is conceded to be one of paramount importance, and we are glad to be able to say that the people of Garrett county are fully alive to this fact. There was a time, and that time was not "in the long ago," when it was deemed a difficult undertaking to get up a Sunday school convention in this county, but that time has passed. There was a time, too, when it was difficult to procure homes for delegates, but that time too, has passed, and now wherever a convention is held, our people are ready to open their homes to all who are connected with this great work. It we say the convention which has just closed at Grantsville was a grand success, we feel that we express the truth very feebly indeed. It was, to all outward appearances at least, an overwhelming success, from every standpoint from which it can be viewed. The good people of Grantsville opened their hearts and their homes to delegates and visitors, and entertained them "right royally," and the effort seemed to be on the part of each to make all within his influence comfortable and contented. At every session of the convention, the church in which it was held was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the interest never flagged from the time the first session commenced until the close on Sunday night. We are confident we express the feeling of every one present at the closing of the convention when we say we were sad at parting with the friends with whom we had been so pleasantly associated for a few days. But notwithstanding our sadness we could not control the inevitable and the convention closed, and all that is left of the convention of 1880 is the good or evil which we have done. Let us hope that when the account is made up and the balance sheet of our lives is presented for inspection, the fact will appear that a great amount of good was accomplished at the Grantsville convention. These conventions have become a power for good in our county. The various protestant denominations meet and fraternize with one common object in view. No sectarian lines disturb the harmony of these proceedings, and we are constrained to say, "behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Then, too, our people are brought together from all sections of the county and a free interchange of thought and sentiment takes place, which would occur in no other way, because everything which comes within reach of one of these conventions seems to be, and we believe is, overshadowed by a holy influence and deeply religious sentiment. Whether we view the convention from a religious or a secular point we should give it our earnest support, for, as we have said, it is and will continue to be a power for good in our county. We cannot close this article without saying that our friends at Grantsville deserved success in their convention, for we have never seen a people manifest more generosity and liberality in caring for their friends, and we long for the time for the next convention to come, that we may in turn open our hearts and homes to them and show them how we appreciate their kindness. We cannot show them in any other way, for we have demonstrated in writing this that words fail us on this point.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER ON THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.—The *Baltimorean*, a staunch Democratic newspaper, in its issue of last week, refering editorially to the Chicago convention, has the following to say of the ticket:

"Of the ticket that has been put in the field, many opinions have been expressed, but the general impression seems to be that all things considered, it is a strong one. Undoubtedly Mr. Garfield will run much better than either Gen. Grant or Mr. Blaine would have done. He can count on the united support of the party, and all its different elements will naturally and easily come together again under his leadership. He is, moreover, a man of decided ability, and though there are dark spots on his record, the character of his private career is such as is likely to create a certain sympathy for and with him in the popular heart. A man who has bravely fought his way up from poverty and obscurity to a position of the greatest prominence by the unaided efforts of his own talents and industry will always have a strong hold upon the popular heart, and Mr. Garfield will run all the better for the fact that he has hewn out his own path in the world with his own hands."

The "dark spots" referred to by our contemporary are only such as are eagerly taken hold of and magnified by Democratic newspapers to smirch the good name of a man whose character is as spotless as that of any statesman in the land, and are colored for the purpose of making political capital for his opponent. The alleged "dark spots" on Gen. Garfield's character are those only of Democratic creation and will in the end have no effect on his prospects for election next November. The Democrats who have for years sat in Congress with Gen. Garfield know him to be a pure man, and recognize in him a most valliant and dangerous foeman.

The returns from Oregon are much fuller even than they have been hitherto reported. The Chairman of the Oregon Republican State Central Committee telegraphs that the majority on the State ticket is two thousand, the largest Republican majority ever given in that State. The Republicans have a majority of five on joint ballot in the legislature, which insures the election of a United States senator to succeed Glover, whose term will expire on the 4th day of March, 1883. George C. Gorham, one of the most disappointed of the Grant leaders, will start soon for California to work cheerfully, he says, for Garfield and Arthur. Referring to the alleged popularity of Justice Field on the Pacific coast, Mr. Gorman says that Garfield could beat him without any possible doubt, as whatever may be Justice Field's views on the Chinese question, he is closely allied to monopolies, which are hated on that coast.

The Democratic mud throwers are only soiling their own hands by their attempts to fling the old dirt at the Republican candidate which failed to stick when they first threw it years ago. They will not succeed in convincing the country that the man who has nine times been elected to Congress by the people of one of the most intelligent districts in the United States is dishonest. A sufficient answer to all their charges is found in the fact that, after twenty two years of arduous public service General Garfield's entire property consists of his home in Washington and his farm in Ohio, worth together about $15,000. Let the Democrats nominate one of their millionaire lawyers or railroad wreckers and go to the people if they dare on the personal honor of the two candidates.

The Democrats are clearly trying to force the Republicans into a defensive attitude before their own nomination is put forth. The plan won't work. The Republican party has fought too many genuine battles to throw up fortifications against the bombardment of a burst gun.

A Hot Campaign.

The campaign of 1880 has opened already. The Democratic nominations have not been made, it is true. But what difference will it make with the intelligent voters whether that party chooses one mask or another? We know what the party is. Its character, known and read of all men, written in letters of blood in the history of a civil war and of countless massacres and assassinations, has been shown by desperate efforts to break down the public credit and by local repudiation in almost every State under Democratic rule; by gigantic raids upon the public treasury called river and harbor bills and Southern claims; by the most infamous election frauds ever known in our history, and attempts to defeat the will of the people by bribery or usurpation after elections; and by half fulfilled revolutionary threats to stop the wheels of government unless all obstacles to free fraud can be swept away. With such knowledge of the character of the party, few men would trust it with any disguise whatever who would not trust it without any. The battle is between the party thus known and notorious, and the Republican party, which is made known both by its history and by its nomination. If there was a doubt whether one element or another would rule in and through the Republican party, if it should again be trusted, that doubt has been set at rest by the late Convention. The party unites heartily in support of a candidate who well represents its best elements, its most liberal thoughts, and its purest aims.

This is not to be an easy fight. Republicans had better put away that idea at once. Whether Democrats split or unite, whether they agree with Greenbackers or disagree, whether they put up a good ticket or a weak one, the fight is to be close and hard. The reason is that there will be no expression of public opinion in States casting within forty-seven electoral votes of the number necessary to elect. That a clear majority of all lawful voters in those very States, if free to express their will, would prefer the Republican ticket, we do not doubt. But many dare not vote, and if they vote their ballots will never be counted. It is folly to take into consideration at any stage of this campaign, the possibility of getting a single electoral vote from the South for Republican candidates, as of any serious importance. All Republicans may as well paste in their hats, for daily admonition throughout the campaign, this practical rule: Count it as certain that the Solid South will not give a single electoral vote to the loyal candidate, unless he is strong enough to go in without one.

If any conceivable fraud, however audacious, can raise a question as to the electoral vote of any Northern State, Democracs will resort to that fraud. This is not said in bitterness; it is the cold statement of a fact. Democrats have been taught to believe that they were cheated in 1876; they will stick at nothing to avenge what they claim, and many of them no doubt honestly believe, was a wrong. The difficulty is that the Democrats have only three Governors in Northern States—in New Jersey, Indiana, and Oregon—and even with all Independents, do not control either house of the Legislature in any Northern State except Indiana and Oregon, with the possible exception of the lower house in California. The three States in which there are Democratic Governors have twenty-seven electoral votes. There was a pretence of a Greenback Governor in Maine, with seven electoral votes, but care will be taken against fraud from that quarter. Even if false and fraudulent certificates could be obtained for Democratic electors from every State in which there is a Democratic Governor or the pretence of one, there would still remain Northern States having 197 electoral votes, or thirteen more than a majority. But the Republicans must carry every one of these States to avoid risk of fraud. They ought to carry every Northern State, Indiana and New Jersey included, as they have just carried Oregon.

It will not do to waste time, to throw away any opportunity, or to give the adversary the slighest chance of success. Organization ought to be made thorough and efficient at once, in every State, county and town. Lists of doubting voters ought to be prepared as early as possible, and steps taken to supply a sound Republican paper to every such voter at once. No other agency will prove so effective as this, if the thing is done at once before the minds of men have been turned in the wrong direction by partisan falsehood. Hull the money expended in great meetings and brass bands, if spent in this way, *and spent early*, will yield more votes than all the other agencies ever employed in any political campaign. Work of this sort should be done not only in doubtful but in the best Republican States. This is the time of all others to create majorities which will tell in the next Congress, and for many years thereafter. It is the time to fortify Republican States and Districts, so that they can by no possibility become doubtful for years to come.

It will not do to wait, either for directions or for means, until a distant National Committee can be reached. The Republican party won its grandest victories when it had to rely upon the efforts of individuals, each in his own locality, and the earnest missionary work then done created the stalwart and steady majorities which carried the loyal flag through the fires of a civil war. Begin that missionary work again! Begin it now, each man with his neighbors, in his own school district or block. Make it the business of this year to confront a solid and revolutionary South with a solid, loyal, and impregnable North.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Gun Spiked.

The following letter of Judge J. S. Black to Speaker Blaine is respectfully commended to those Democratic papers which have commenced a campaign of traduction against Gen. Garfield:

LETTER OF JUDGE BLACK.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15, 1873.

Hon. J. G. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives:

MY DEAR SIR:—From the beginning of the investigation concerning Mr. Ames' use of the Credit Mobelier I believed that General Garfield was free from all guilty connection with that business. This opinion was founded not merely on my confidence in his integrity, but on some especial knowledge of his case. I may have told you all about it in conversation, but I desire now to repeat it by way of reminder.

I assert unhesitatingly that whatever General Garfield may have done or forborne to do he acted in profound ignorance of the nature and character of the thing which Mr. Ames was proposing to sell. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was to be taken into a ring organization for the purpose of defrauding the public, nor did he know that the stock was in any manner connected with anything which came or could come, within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress. The case against him lacks the *scienter* which alone constitutes guilt.

In the winter of 1869-70 I told Gen. Garfield of the fact that his name was on Ames' list; that Ames charged him with being one of his distributee; explained to him the character, origin and objects of the Credit Mobelier; pointed out the connection it had with Congressional legislation, and showed him how impossible it was for a member of Congress to hold stock in it without bringing his private interests in conflict with his public duty. That all this was to him a perfectly new revelation I am as sure as I can be of such a fact, or of any fact which is capable of being proven only by moral circumstances. He told me then the whole story of Train's offer to him and Ames' subsequent solicitation and his own action in the premises, much as he details it to the committee. I do not undertake to reproduce the conversation, but the effect of it all was to convince me thoroughly that when he listened to Ames he was perfectly unconscious of anything evil. I watched carefully every word that fell from him on this point, and did not regard his narrative of the transaction in other respects with much interest, because in my view everything else was insignificant. I did not care whether he had made a bargain technically binding or not; his integrity depended upon the question whether he acted with his eyes open. If he had known the true character of the proposition made to him he would not have endured it, much less embraced it.

Now, couple this with Mr. Ames' admission that he gave no explanation whatever of the matter to Gen. Garfield, then reflect that not a particle of proof exists to show that he learned anything about it previous to his conversation with me, and I thing you will say that it is altogether unjust to put him on the list of those who knowingly and willfully joined the fraudulent association in question.

J. S. BLACK.

Grant at Galena.

John Russell Young, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who accompanied General Grant in his tour around the world, arrived here on Tuesday last, having accomplished a trip to Paris and back since leaving this coast. In view of rumors afloat to the effect that James Gordon Bennett was about to establish a transcontinental line of newspapers and other reports of like sensational character, all of which connected themselves with this second advent of Mr. Young, a *Chronicle* reporter called on him last evening at the Palace Hotel and delicately queried us to the inspiring cause of the visit.

"I have come," said Mr. Young, "to go through the south of the state and see various things that I was not able to see when I was here before, through press of business. I shall write a number of letters to the *Herald*, and make a visit, partly professional and partly one of pleasure. As to the establishment of the line of papers you mention, I heard of it as a joke, and know nothing whatever of it."

"When did you last see General Grant?"

"I called on him at Galena, and left there the day before the convention met. I see that some of the papers endowed my visit with some political meaning, but it was merely a social one. I was with him so long and regarded him so highly, that I desired to see him before I came West."

"What did he have to say of his prospects?"

"Nothing whatever. He rarely referred to it at all, and when he did, discussed it as a cold matter of news, in which he was not personally interested. He received no despatches, and appeared utterly unconcerned about the result. The last day I was there he received but two despatches—one from his son, announcing his return home, and one from Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister, in Washington. There were none from Chicago. Indeed, he had no communication with Conkling or Cameron. Conkling told me privately at Chicago that he had neither seen nor heard from Grant for four years, and Cameron said that he had neither seen nor heard from him since he went South. They took his fight in their hands, and carried it on independent of any communication with him."

"What was his feeling with regard to it?"

"Of that I know nothing. I imagine, however, that his controlling motive, as well as theirs, was the belief that he could harmonize the sectional differences in the South better than any other man. He went all through there, you know, made a number of speeches, and was received with a cordiality never before accorded any Northerner."

"Did the results at Chicago coincide with your anticipations?"

"I was not in a position to judge, having been away. Conkling and Cameron were very confident of nominating him. The plan originally was that the six senators, Conkling, Cameron, Logan, Edmunds, Boutwell and Carpenter should go there together in Grant's interest, and would carry great influence with them. Edmunds, who is a warm personal friend of Grant's, desired to head the delegation for him. It was only when his own state declared so enthusiastically for him that he concluded to stay away. If Cameron and Conkling had foreseen the combination on Garfield, who, by the way, was the only man on whom the anti-Grant interest could combine, they would have combined on Edmunds. The opposition to Grant in one direction, and a very important one, was Jay Gould, who threw all the railroad states against him. This came of a personal hostility between them, born of the gold business of several years ago. Cameron and Arthur did the quiet managing for Grant. Senator Jones was also very efficient."

"What does General Grant propose to do now?"

"His immediate intention is to visit his daughter in England, and he will go there this summer, probably. He lives simply, and spends most of his time riding around the country. He takes only two papers—the Galena *Gazette* and the *Inter-Ocean*—and apparently was not at all concerned about the convention. He will take no part in the canvass."

The National Democratic Conservative Convention met at Cincinnati Tuesday, and on Thursday nominated Gen. Hancock for President. At the time of going to press, Thursday at 2 p. m., no nomination had been made for Vice President.

The time has passed for the Elixirs,' Cordials etc., for the Baby, and Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is now the established and reliable remedy. Price 25 cents.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

COMMISSIONERS' MEETI'G.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 22, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, July 6th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them, at which time petitions or counter petitions will be considered why a change should not be made in the Grantsville road in District No. 6, near M. Gioffelly's. Persons interested will please attend this meeting.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
6 26 td. Clerk.

Normal School.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., June 23, 1880.

The Garrett county Normal School will be opened in Accident, on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, and continue for ten weeks. For terms of tuition &c., apply to Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Listonburg, Pa.

E. H. BARTLETT,
je 26-3 Secretary, &c.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the repairing of the bridge across the North Branch of the Potomac river at Kitzmillersville.

E. KITZMILLER,
JOHN H. RAFFER,
DANIEL WILSON.
6 12 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication

Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert vs. John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 189. Equity.

The object of this suit is to restrain the sale of certain property mentioned in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H Heckert to John Fitz, and Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee.

The bill shows that the said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert were engaged in the shook and stave business, as Bush & Heckert, and that sometime in the month of September, 1879, they contracted with a certain John Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to build and furnish them a steam engine of thirty horse power, one saw mill and fixtures, for which they were to pay the sum of $2,500, as follows: one steam engine and boiler complete, then owned and used by the complainants, which was agreed to be taken by the said Fitz at and for the sum of $500; $200 cash on delivery of said steam engine, saw mill and other articles, and for the balance, $1,800, the complainants were to give to the said Fitz their three promissory notes for $600 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively, and to secure the payment of said notes they agreed to give the said Fitz a lien upon said steam engine and mill.

The bill charges that the said Fitz, intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, conspired with certain persons unknown to the complainants and procured a steam engine of twenty-five horse power and delivered it to the complainants, stating and declaring to them that it was a thirty horse power engine manufactured by the said Fitz.

That the complainants, believing the representations of the said Fitz, received the said steam engine and saw mill, and fully complied with the terms of the contract by delivering to the said Fitz the steam engine agreed upon and paying him the sum of $200, and executed and delivered to him the three notes agreed upon and executed to a certain Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, of Garrett county, as trustee, a deed of trust upon the said steam engine, saw mill and other articles to secure the payment of said notes.

That the complainants took the said steam engine and saw mill and endeavored to do the work with it which they had purchased it to do and which they were assured by said Fitz it would do, and which an engine of 30 horse power ought to and will do, but failed to accomplish it.

That it was not until after working with it at a great disadvantage for several months that the complainants discovered certainly that the said engine was and is only a twenty-five horse power engine and built and manufactured by a certain Frick & Company.

That the complainants, after becoming convinced of this, informed the said Fitz thereof and requested him to pay back to them the amount paid on said engine, mill and other articles, and to take the same back; but the said Fitz, still intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, refused so to do.

That the complainants contracted for a thirty horse power engine, because a less power would not do their work. That they have been subjected to heavy losses in consequence of the failure of said Fitz to comply with the terms of his agreement. That the price agreed to be paid by the complainants is the full price of a thirty horse power engine, and that an engine of twenty-five horse power to all respects as good and valuable as the one furnished, could have been procured for much less money.

That one of the notes given by the complainants to Fitz fell due on May 13th, 1880, but having been cheated, deceived and defrauded and grossly damaged and injured by said Fitz, they refused to pay the same unless he would consent to a reduction of the sum claimed to the fair and just amount for which a steam engine of twenty-five horse power could have been purchased.

That upon the complainants' said refusal the said Fitz instructed the said Trustee to proceed to advertise and sell the said engine, saw mill and other articles, under said deed of trust, and that the said Trustee has advertised the said property for sale on the 26th of June, 1880.

That the complainants are and have ever been, willing to do everything that is fair and equitable in the premises, but they have been cheated, defrauded and overreached by the said John Fitz in this whole matter.

That the said Fitz and the said Frick & Co. are non residents of this state, and that the complainants have no adequate remedy for the grievances aforesaid, save through the interposition of the restraining power of this court by an injunction.

To the end that the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and the said John Fitz, may be retained and prohibited by the injunction of this court, from selling the said property and from taking any other or further steps to sell the same, and that the said John Fitz, may be restrained from assigning, transferring or in any manner disposing of the said promissory notes or either of them until the further order of this court in the premises. And that the said claim of the said John Fitz may be redeemed to a fair and just price for the engine, mill and other articles, so as aforesaid delivered by the said Fitz to the complainants.

The bill prays the Court to grant unto the complainants the writ of injunction enjoining and prohibiting the said John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord trustee from selling and offering for sale, the said property or any part thereof under the said deed of trust, and enjoining and prohibiting the said Fitz, from assigning or transferring the said notes or either of them until the further order of this court, and also the writ of supoena against the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and an Order of Publication giving notice to the said John Fitz, of the objects and purposes of this bill.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 24th day of June, 1880, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 30th day of July, 1880, giving notice to the said John Fitz, and warning him to appear in the court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 8th day of November, 1880, to show cause, if any they have, why an injunction should not be granted as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je 26-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 142. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Seiss, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je26-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Fine cigars and tobacco at Cheap John's.

—Gnagey takes all kinds of country produce in exchange for goods.

—Our summer visitors are coming in pretty rapidly this week.

—Miss Ella Peddicord is visiting friends in Woodberry, this State.

—Ice cold soda water at Cheap John's

—Go to John E. Gnagey's for your dry goods, groceries, notions, tobacco, &c.

—Miss Laura F. Stalnaker has returned home to spend her vacation.

—Tonic beer, Pints, 85 cents per dozen, at Cheap John's.

—The finest store room in Garrett county, with one exception, is Mr. John E. Gnagey's, at Accident.

—Cheap John will have a fine assortment of candies, cakes, canned goods, &c., this week.

—Mr. Archibald Leowenstein, and wife, formerly of Oakland, but now of Frostburg, were in attendance at the Sunday School convention.

—The railroad company has painted the buildings and otherwise improved the appearance about the depot in Oakland.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—A communication from Friendsville is crowded out this week. It will appear in our next.

—If you want agricultural implements, go to John E. Gnagey's, Accident.

—3 good cigars for 5 cents at Cheap John's

—Bailiff Chisholm is engaged in repairing the side walks and cleaning the streets of Oakland. A much needed work.

—For Sale—A Surveyor's outfit, consisting of compass, staff and chain, all in good order. Will be sold low for cash. Apply at this office. my 29 tf

—Accordeons, flags, drums, wagons and fancy goods at Cheap John's.

—Hon. William W. McKaig, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Cumberland, died at his residence in that city Monday last, in the 75th year of his age.

—Tonic beer, pop and soda water manufactured at Cheap John's, ice cold.

—Dr. John Daily, Dentist will visit Oakland, professionally on Monday July 5th, 1880, and remain a week or ten days. Office at the residence of W. A. Daily, corner of Third and Alder streets.

—The migratory quail, turned loose on the farm of Mr. William White, last Summer, by Dr. J. Lee McComas, have again made their appearance, and are nesting on the same ground as last year.

—The Baltimore *Gazette* says the Democratic nomination in this District rests between Cols. J. M. Schley, L. V. Baughman and H. Kyd Douglas, Mr. J. W. Veitch having drawn off for the purpose of running for judge in 1881.

—Mr. F. L. Morling, editor of the Woodberry *News*, stopped at Oakland, on his return from the Grantsville Sunday School convention. He was present at the meeting of the Good Templars Tuesday night. While here he was the guest of Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq.

—Mr. Daniel Chisholm has removed his drug store to the room formerly occupied by Mr. D. E. Offutt as a store room. He has had the room thoroughly renovated, painted and otherwise improved, and together with new silver mounted show cases, it now presents a handsome and inviting appearance.

—The delegates and visitors from Oakland to the Sunday School convention who stopped at the National Hotel, speak in the highest terms of the host and hostess of that excellent hotel, Mr. Nathaniel Silcer and wife, who were untiring in their efforts to make their guests comfortable.

—Mr. Michael Maroney, is prepared to supply saddle horses, wagons and buggies to our summer visitors and residents on the most reasonable terms. He has lately procured a wagon especially adapted to fishing excursions. He also has lately purchased one of the handsomest buggies in town. His stables are on High Street.

—A correspondent of the New York *Herald* recommends the use of salt to destroy the army worm. It is the cheapest and the most effectual remedy, as the worm is dissolved just as a snail is by a similar application. Salt sprinkled in the trenches dug to keep them out of a field will ensure their destruction.

—A paper in New Haven, Conn., sued a man for forty-three dollars, due for papers furnished. The defendant set up the plea that he had several times ordered the paper discontinued, but the court held that under the laws of the State and of the United States, a publisher may continue to send his paper until all delinquencies were settled up, and that the parties to whom the papers are sent are liable for all copies so sent, and judgment was rendered for the amount and costs.

Enterprise in Accident.

The new store room of Mr. John E. Gnagey, in Accident, is certainly a credit to the town, and is the largest and most elegant store room in the county, with one exception. The building is almost directly opposite his old stand, which enables him to use both rooms to advantage. His old store house is now used as an agricultural implement depot, where the farmers of the surrounding country can procure anything in that line, such as plows, plow points, shovel plows, hoes, forks, grain cradles, scythes, rakes, &c. Mr. G., has also made arrangements by which he can procure on short notice anything used on the farm, from a steam threasher to a harrow tooth. His stock of dry goods, clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes, groceries, queensware, &c., is very full and complete. In fact the people can get anything there that is usually kept in a first class country store. Call in and see his elegantly furnished store room and his elegant stock of goods, learn his prices, and we fell assured that you will find it to your advantage to deal with him.

Destructive Fires.

The dwelling house and barn of Mr. George Georich, in the Cove settlement near Accident, were totally destroyed by fire, on the night of the 11th instant, together with all of his furniture, farming implements, and a lot of hogs that were penned in the barn. The loss is estimated at $3,000. He has erected a temporary shelter for his family, and is proceeding to rebuild at once. His neighbors are kindly aiding him in procuring and hauling lumber. He had no insurance.

The dwelling house of Ira E. Friend, situated in Blooming Rose, Selbysport district was also destroyed by fire on Wednesday night of last week, together with the furniture, and all of the clothing of the family except such articles as they could procure in their hurried departure from the burning building. He also lost a large lot of buckwheat, buckwheat flour, wheat flour and corn meal, stored in the house, and only succeeded in getting his money and valuable papers from the house after receiving several burns about the head, face and hands. His loss is about $2,500, with no insurance. He will rebuild at once. Both fires were evidently the work of incendiaries.

Death of a Good Woman.

Hester A. Wilson was born in Preston county, W. Va., March, 1821, and died at her mother's home, at Wilsons Station, this county, June 11th, 1880. Sister Wilson joined the M. E. Church at the age of 18 years and lived a consistent christian life until God said: "It is enough, come up higher." She was a practical Christian, visiting the sick, cheering the sad, and, Martha like, careing for the wants of the heralds of the cross.

For some months prior to her death she was a great sufferer, expressing the belief from the beginning that the seeds of death were sown. Notwithstanding her own suffering she would often console her afflicted mother saying: "Let us put our trust in the Lord; He is only preparing us for that temple above, where the "sound of the hammer is not heard." Amid the most excruciating pains she would exclaim: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." She exhorted her friends not to grieve after her, but rather rejoice that she was released from this world of sorrow and affliction, to be "forever with the Lord."

A few moments before she expired she said to her mother: "If you have anything to say speak quickly for I have only a moment to live." After receiving a mother's blessing she fell asleep in Christ. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." May the Divine blessing rest upon the aged mother and the entire family.

Summer Visitors.

Among the many summer visitors now in Oakland are the following registered at the Glades Hotel, Col. John Daily, proprietor:

Washington—Gen. Payne and wife, nurse and child, Mrs. Sherman, T. F. McGuire.

Baltimore—E. Herbert Jones, John E. Howard, Mrs. Anna Hines, B. McGuire, Mrs. Hannah, Mrs. Thomas, S. Elliott, H. H. Boyd, J. G. Barry, John Staub.

Miscellaneous—C. L. Chase and wife, J. H. Greenwood, Ohio; R. J. Campbell, George Snyder, Wheeling; T. W. Taylor, H. FitzJohn, Pittsburgh, T. P. Reay, Mrs. Brown, Preston county, W. Va.; D. L. Taylor, Col. J. M. Schley, Robert McDonald, Cumberland; Mrs. General Crook, Mrs. Fannie D. Reed, Omaha; H. C. Haffner, Mrs. Morrill, Miss Graff, Philadelphia; J. S. Will, wife and son, J. Steel, McArthur, Ohio.

Proceedings of the Sunday School Convention.

Friday—The Convention assembled at 2½ o'clock, in the Lutheran church, and was called to order by Rev. J. J. Young, President of the last convention. After the opening exercises, reading of the Scriptures, singing and prayer, the President appointed a committee consisting of Rev. Wm. A. Baker, F. L. Morling and Dr. B. T. Keller to report officers for the convention. The Committee reported as follows: President, Rev. David Flanagan; Vice Presidents, Rev. J. J. Young, Dr. B. T. Keller and Rev. W. A. Baker; Secretaries, Wm. Hinebaugh and Henry Winterberg. Business Committee, C. J. Otto, Wm. A. Baker, John Shatzer. Treasurer, Eli Stanton. On motion the report was adopted, after which the Rev. J. J. Young delivered the address of welcome, which was responded to by Bro. F. L. Morling.

On motion, from 9 to 11½ o'clock, morning, 2½ to 5 in the afternoon and opening at 7½ o'clock in the evening were hours fixed for the sessions of the convention.

Reports of schools examined and names of delegates called, 16 answering to their names.

On motion of Bro. Morling, Bros. H. Wagner and Chas. Loewenstein were appointed ushers.

Friday evening.—Convention assembled at 7½ o'clock, and first half hour engaged in devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. J. T. Rossiter, after which the President, Rev. Flanagan occupied the chair and the regular order of business proceeded with. W. P. Townshend, per. sec. of the Garrett county S. S. convention was present and took charge, and was assisted by Bro. Winterberg. Minutes of afternoon session read and approved.

First question: "County Sunday Schools, their special needs and difficulties, and how to meet them?" was opened by Rev. J. M. Davis, and after singing hymn No. 2 in "Gospel Hymns" was followed by Bro. T. J. Peddicord on same question. Singing of hymn No. 89 as solo by Miss Chapman; discussion then continued by Bro. W. A. Baker, Rev. J. J. Young, Bro. John Jankey, Rev. Simmons, John Shatzer, F. L. Morling and a Brother Russell. Programme for morning session announced and convention adjourned with doxology, and benediction by Rev. J. M. Davis.

Saturday morning.—Convention met at 9 o'clock and occupied first half hour in devotional exercises conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis, after which proceeded with regular order of business. Roll of delegates called, 44 answering to their names. Minutes of last session read and approved; then singing of hymn "He will hide me."

Six additional reports of schools read, after which the discussion of the Second question, "How can we induce our Sunday School scholars to search the Scriptures more thoroughly?" was opened by the Rev. C. U. Heilman. Hymn No. 32 sung and discussion continued by Revs. W. A. Baker and J. M. Davis. Singing "We will wait till Jesus comes," followed by addresses on the question by Bros. W. M. Lohr, John Jankey, C. M. Miller, — Russell and T. J. Peddirord. Question box was then opened.

1st question. Should the Sunday School superintendent teach? Answered in the negative by C. J. Otto.

2nd question. How much time should be used in singing? Answered by Rev. J. M. Davis, who related the manner in which he conducted his school, confining the singing to a very short time.

3d question. Is the ticket system a good one? Answered by Rev. C. U. Heilman and C. J. Otto in the negative. Bro. C. M. Miller supported the affirmative.

4th question. How should the Berean Lesson Leaf be used? Answered by Rev. J. M. Davis, "that it should be used as a help, and not depended upon alone."

5th question. How to get the people to know their duty and feel an interest in the Sunday School? Answered by Rev. W. A. Baker, who said "the teacher should go to the families, visit them," &c.; also by Rev. J. J. Young, "to distribute Sunday School papers."

6th question. How can we get a member of the Sunday School who never gives to give? Spoken upon by Revs. Baker, Heilman and Simmons.

The time of adjournment having arrived, the further answering of questions was postponed until next session. The programme for afternoon meeting was read and the convention adjourned after singing the doxology, and benediction by Rev. C. U. Heilman.

Afternoon Session. — Devotional exercises, conducted by Bro. T. J. Peddicord were held from 2½ until 3 o'clock, when convention was called to order and business taken up. Minutes of morning session read and approved.

Rev. Wm. A. Baker read an essay on the the 3d question, "How should a Sunday School teacher appear before his class?" Singing of hymn No. 18 followed, and the discussion of the question continued by Rev. C. U. Heilman. Rev. David Flanagan opened the discussion of the 4th question, "The relation of parents of scholars to the Sunday School teachers," and was followed by Rev. A. G. Cook. Singing "By and by we shall see him." Discussion then continued by Bro. T. J. Peddicord and Revs. C. U. Heilman and John M. Davis.

Question box opened and 1st question, Should not parents accompany their children to and from the Sunday School to see that they go home and do no mischief on the way? answered in the affirmative by Revs. W. A. Baker and J. M. Davis.

2d question. How can we get the co-operation of parents in the Sunday School? Answered by Bro. Morling, "to visit them."

3d question. How can we make the Sunday School become interesting and successful? Answered by Rev. J. M. Davis, "to be interesting ourselves."

4th question. How can we get a man to come to the Sunday School every Sunday, and come in time? Answered by Rev. Wm. A. Baker, "to go after them."

5th question. The conversion of children is the object of Sabbath School teaching; how can this be most successfully accomplished? answered by Rev. W. A. Baker, "by having earnest, godly teachers."

6th question. How can the infants be most successfully taught when the whole school is conducted in one room? answered by Revs. John M. Davis and W. A. Baker, "to have a sufficient number of teachers, and keep them as much as possible separated from the other scholars."

7th question. When is the proper time to deliver and to take library books? answered by Rev. J. M. Davis and Bro. T. J. Peddicord, "let it suit the convenience of the schools."

8th question. Is it well to have a Union Sunday School in a small village? answered by Rev. C. U. Heilman, "not best when it can be avoided."

9th question. Should a Sunday School teacher be a good example to his class at all times and under all circumstances? answered by several persons in the affirmative.

The selection of a place to hold the next convention was on motion postponed until evening session. Singhymn "You must be born again."

President announced programme for evening and also for Sunday.

Convention then adjourned after singing doxology, and benediction by Rev. J. M. Davis.

Saturday evening.—Convention assembled at 7½ o'clock, and usual time occupied in devotional exercises conducted by Bro. F. L. Morling, after which regular programme was followed under direction of Bro. Morling. Singing of hymn No. 38. Same time was then devoted to a teachers' experience, song and praise meeting, which was participated in by Revs. C. U. Heilman and Jos. DeWitt. Singing, "Gospel Bells," after which Bros. Geo. E. Bishoff, John Jankey, Wm. Hinebaugh, G. J. Ferguson, — Eneas and Rev. J. J. Young engaged in this portion of the services, which were then brought to a close. Hymn No. 29 was then sung and was followed by the reading and approval of the minutes of the afternoon session.

On motion of Bro. John Shatzer and seconded by Rev. P. Hamill, Oakland was selected as the place of holding the next convention. Rev. P. Hamill addressed the convention while the question was pending and was followed by the reading of condensed report of the Sunday Schools in Garrett county, as reported to the convention.

Rev. J. M. Davis addressed the convention, after which the following resolutions were introduced and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the delegates be tendered to the citizens for their hospitalities and wholesouled christian welcome so freely and so generously given.

Resolved, That the thanks of the convention be tendered to the President and other officers of the convention for the able and courteous manner in which they have discharged their arduous duties.

Resolved, That the thanks of the entire audience be tendered to Miss Emma Chapman, and the ladies and gentlemen connected with her for the excellent music furnished during the sessions of the convention; that the thanks of the convention be tendered to the officers and members of the Lutheran church for the use of their church, and to Mr. William Broadwater for the use of his commodious building for Sunday services.

Resolved, That the thanks of the convention be tendered to Bros. W. A. Baker, J. T. Rossiter and F. L. Morling, of the Maryland Sunday School Union, and all the visiting members for the very efficient aid they have rendered and which has contributed so largely to the success of the convention.

Programme for Sunday read, and on motion, Dr. Keller was appointed to arrange for the accommodation of the children at Mr. Broadwater's building on Sunday. Adjourned after singing doxology, and benediction by Rev. J. J. Young.

Sunday morning.—Convention assembled at 9 o'clock in Wm. Broadwater's barn, which had been prepared for the occasion, and the delegates and Sunday Schools of Grantsville formed into and were conducted as one large School, under direction of Rev. Wm. A. Baker. Opened by singing "Jesus, lover of my soul." Short address by Rev. W. A. Baker. Singing, "Rock of Ages;" prayer by Rev. J. M. Davis; reading of 19th Psalm by F. L. Morling; singing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," after which the lesson, the 6th chap. of Matthew, 24-34 verses, was read by school and elucidated by Rev. W. A. Baker; singing "Praise God;" short address, J. M. Davis; singing, "Hiding in thee," and school dismissed with benediction by Rev. D. Flanagan.

At 10½ o'clock again assembled for worship and general church services. Singing by the choir, Miss Emma Chapman presiding at the organ. Hymn Christ for me, was then sung, followed by prayer by Rev. J. J. Young; morning lesson read by Rev. P. Hamill; singing, "Wonderful words of life" and "Only for thee." During this a collection amounting to $16 was taken up to defray expenses of convention. Rev. J. T. Rossiter, who was to have preached, being sick, the appointment was filled by Rev. C. U. Heilman, who selected as his text the 7th verse of the 6th chapter of Galatians, and delivered a very good and forcible sermon, after which he led the congregation in prayer. Singing "O land of rest," after which the services were closed with the doxology, and benediction by Rev. P. Hamill.

Sunday afternoon. — Children's meeting held in barn at 2½ o'clock, conducted by F. L. Morling; singing "He will hide me," followed by prayer by Rev. J. J. Young; singing "I will sing of my Redeemer;" reading of the 1st and 2d Psalms by Rev. David Flanagan; singing "Gospel Bells;" address by Rev. W. A. Baker; singing "Come we that love the Lord;" address by T. J. Peddicord; singing "Come, oh come to me," solo by Miss Emma Chapman, and chorus. Address by F. L. Morling. Singing "I'll stand by till the morning," Rev Wm. A. Baker then offered the following resolution;

Resolved, That the best thanks of this convention be tendered to Bro. Wm. Broadwater, for his kindness in granting the use of his building, and also to the friends who assisted him to prepare it for this occasion.

Adopted. Singing "Beulah land," followed by the doxology, and benediction by Rev. David Flanagan.

Sunday evening.—Convention assembled in the Lutheran church at 7½ o'clock, and for a short time was occupied in devotional exercises directed by Rev. J. J. Young, after which was held a Song and Bible Service, "The Prodigal Son," conducted by Rev. W. A. Baker, and engaged in by Revs. J. M. Davis, J. J. Young, C. U. Heilman and J. T. Rossiter and Bro. F. L. Morling. Service interspersed throughout with music by the choir, Miss E. Chapman organist, and afterwards Bro. T. J. Peddicord delivered the closing address of the convention.

Singing "Grant that we all may meet again," after which the convention adjourned with benediction by Rev. J. T. Rossiter.

Following is a list of the schools and number of teachers and scholars reported:

Swanton, 46; Oakland M E, 155; Pleasant Valley, 50; Fairfax, 35; Sang Run, 60; Bethesda Chapel, 71; Oakland E L, 142; Selbysport, 46; Johnstown, 132; Hileman Hill, 38; Elder Hill, 52; New Germany, 57; Trinity Reformed, 103; Glade Valley, 36; Blooming Rose, 53; Emanuel M E South, 56; Grantsville M E, 49; Bear Creek, 62; Werner, 57; Manadier Ridge, 49; Bethlehem, 54; Grantsville, 43; Ridgely, 32; Davis' Mills, 51; Deer Park Union, 67; Deer Park E L, 41; Accident, 151; Saint John's Cove, 67; Oakland Presbyterian, 86; Friendsville, 56; Frankville, 40; Emanuel E L, 67; McHenry, 46; Cherry Grove, 38; Middleford, 36; Grantsville Reformed, 43; Mt. Zion, 59. Number of schools reported, 37; number of schools that use uniform lesson leaves, 26; number that do not, 11; number of schools kept open entire year, 9; kept open part of the year, 28; number of officers estimated, 185; number of teachers reported; 278; scholars reported, 2,517; no. union schools, 12; number of M E schools, 12; no. M E South, 1; E L 6; United Brethren, 3; Presbyterian, 1; Reformed, 2; number of scholars united with church during the year, 91.

Ministers present—Wm A Baker, J T Rossiter, Mr Simmons, David Flanagan, J J Young, J M Davis, C U Heilman, H E Cook, Jos DeWitt, A C Hamill, P Hamill, G J Ferguson, Mr Merrill.

DELEGATES.

Middleford School, Chambers DeWitt, supt; Elias Merrill, David Warnick and Jacob Gregg.

Swanton, A C Hamill, supt; C M Miller, Hamlin Friend, Miss Mary Lansdale, Miss Annie Walker.

Bethesda Chapel, Uriah Merrill, supt; Perry Bowser, Simon Resh.

Sang Run, T J Lowdermilk, supt; E H Johnson, Elijah Hoye, Rufus Enlow.

Oakland E L, John Shatzer, supt; W D Hoye Laura Bush.

Elder Hill, G J Ferguson, supt; F Conneway, R Sterling.

Hileman Hill, P T Garthright, superintendent; J H Davis, Jas Paul.

Johnstown, Geo E Bishoff, supt; Jos DeWitt, H E Friend.

Selbysport, Thos B Welsh, supt; H M Frazee, S Kessler.

New Germany M E, J M Durst, supt; Samuel Wiland, F M Green.

Emanuel M E South, George A Crow, supt; A Murphy, H Durst.

Blooming Rose, William McCabe, supt; C W Friend.

Glade Valley, Johnson White, supt; Alex Lower, Wm Wonderly.

Trinity Reformed, C J Otto, supt; Asa Durst, W H Durst, Oliver Dorst.

Grantsville M E, Sam'l J Beachy, supt; David Durst, Jno T Patterson.

Werner Union, S Butler, supt; Jacob Nickelson, H W Durst.

Bear Creek, David Hostettler, supt; Austin Sheiener, Joel Deihl.

Grantsville E L, Henry Winterberg, supt; Frank Bill, J Wagner.

Manadier Ridge Isaac Metz, supt; James Broadwater.

Bethlehem, Benj Moon, supt; Geo Moon, Columbus Pangh.

St John's Cove, Wm M Lohr, supt; Lyman Frazee, P M Miller.

Accident E L, Wm Hinebaugh, supt; E H Glotfelty, Eli McMillen.

Deer Park E L, Jno Jankey, sup; Benj Thrasher W S Lantz.

Deer Park Union, David Enos, supt; Geo O Lee, Robert Cropp.

Davis' Mills, Geo W Kepler, supt; M V Flannigan, B S Coleman.

Ridgely, Henry Winterberg, supt; Levi Kinzinger, Moses Kemp.

Friendsville, D A Friend, supt; W H Steele, L H Cuppett.

Oakland Pres, W H Tower, supt; John A Grant, G S Hamill, Miss Addie Tower.

Frankville, F S Cline, supt; Thos McFadden and Mary E Cline.

Emmanuel E. L. Thomas H. Bildinger supt; Thos B Wiley.

Grantsville reformed, F C Meese, supt; Eli Stanton and Jos Glotfelty.

McHenry, Wm Fleegle, supt; Miss Mary M Lewis and J Kimmel Welch.

Oakland M E, John M Davis supt; Thos J Peddicord and J A Hayden.

Fairfax, Marrion McKimmey, supt; Geo. Mosser.

Pleasant Valley, David Enlow supt; Clark Deberry and J A Wise.

Cherry Grove, David M. Merrill, supt; Thomas Cherry and Wm Merrill.

Mount Zion, A J More, supt; J J Michael, G W Blocher and J H Anderson.

Baltimore, Maryland S S Union, Wm H Baker F L Morling and J T Rossiter.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 22 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

The last will and testament of Hester A. Wilson, late of Garrett county deceased, filed ratified, and confirmed.

A. F. Fike, executor of Christian Fike settled his 8th account, the same ratified and confirmed.

Carolina Frazee, Executrix of Wm. Hurden settled her first account, the same ratified and confirmed.

Henry and Isaac Thompson executors of Israel Thompson, settled their first account.

Letters testamentary were granted to Patrick Hamill on estate of Harriet Miller, deceased.

A. J. Fike, administrator of John W. Fike deceased, settled his second account, same ratified and confirmed.

The first account of John G. Steyer, administrator of John Steyer, which was settled in this court on June 19, ratified and confirmed.

Fourth account of Daniel and John T. Davis, administrators of John B. Davis, deceased which was settled in this court 19th of June, ratified and confirmed.

After the transaction of the minor business the court adjourned to meet Tuesday July 13th.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 21:

Peter Martin and wife to Anthony Shaffer, part of a tract called "Small Meadows," 50 acres: $250.

Elias P. Kerr to Rebecca H. Harbor, 1 acre of land; $100.

Elias P. Kerr to James R. Leeder, 1 acre and 92 perches of land; $10.

John Dailey and James R. Bishop and wife, to Patrick Hamill, their right, title and interest in and to 25 acres of land near Oakland; $250.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, June 20th, 1880.

Alexander H. Chronemus, Ell S Bond; Jas Connely, S F H Gillis, Darlington Hoopes, Miss Ruea Mattingly, 2, Owen Norris, Sallie A Owings, Fred W Porter, John F Staub, Miss Nana Slang, R A Wickersham, 4, Luther Williams.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

A Rare Chance.

I. W. Slonaker, agent for the Genuine Singer Machine, Oakland, Md., will sell machines on easy terms. Will sell you a Remington machine for $18, same as Mr. Offutt sells for $25. Office opposite Bishop's corner.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

Rocky Mountain Nights.

WHAT a somber world that of the pine woods is! None of the cheerfulness of the ash and maple groves—the alternation of sunlight and changing shadow, the rustling leaves and fragrant shrubbery underneath, the variety of foliage and bark to rest the eye and excite curiosity and delight. Only the straight, upright trunks, the colorless, dusty ground, the dense masses of dead green, each mass just like another, the scraggy skeletons of dead trees, all their bare limbs drooping in lamentation. The sound of the wind in the pines is equally grewsome. If the breeze be light you hear a low, melancholy monody; if stronger, a hushed sort of sighing. When the burricane lays his hand upon them, the groaning trees wail out in awful agony, and, racked beyond endurance, cast themselves headlong to the stony ground. At such times every particular fiber of the pine's body seems resonant with pain, and the straining branches literally shriek. This is not mere fancy, but something quite different from any thing to be observed in hard-wood forests. There the tempest roars; here it howls. I do not think the idea of the Bansbee spirits could have arisen elsewhere than among the pines; nor that any mythology growing up among people inhabiting these forests could have omitted such supernatural beings from its theogony.

But do not conclude that the gloom of the pine woods clouded our spirits. So many trees had fallen where our tents were pitched that the sun got down there, and at night the moon looked in upon us, rising weird through a vista of dead and lonely tree-tops. Then, too, the brook was always singing in our ears—absolutely singing! The incessant tumble of the water and boiling of the eddies makes a heavy undertone like the surf, but the breaking of the current over the higher rocks and leaping of the foam down the cataracts, produce a distinctly musical sound—a mystical ringing of sweet-toned bells. There is no mistaking this metallic melody, this clashing of tiny cymbals, and it must be this miniature blithe harmony which fine ears have heard on the beach in summer, where the surf broke gently.

But these are drowsy fancies, and one night of such sleepless dreaming is about all a healthy man can afford out of a whole trip; and if he is not a healthy man he had better not go into the Wind River Mountains at all.

Sometimes one is kept awake by worse disturbances than reveries, though not often. With complete composure, you sleep through a steady rain falling on the piece of canvas laid over your face, or in momentary expectation of being surprised by Indians. I have heard of a few camps in the old days having been run over by a stampede of buffaloes now and then, but this, fortunately, was rare. Now, few worse interruptions of this sort occur to rest than the tramping among the sleepers of mules, in their attempt to make some felonious attack upon the edible portion of the cargo, and this only occurs where pasturage is scant; once, camping near a Mexican pack-train of donkeys, we were thus greatly annoyed by those little brutes.

Now and then on the plains, coyotes venture close to camp, and, if they are very hungry, even come to the fireside in search of meat, and perhaps attempt to gnaw the straps off the saddle or boots your weary head reclines upon. Foiled in this, they adjourn to a respectful distance and set up prolonged and lugubrious howls, which either keep you awake altogether or attune your dreams to some horrible theme. Perhaps I ought not to use the plural, since one coyote's voice is capable of noise enough to simulate a whole pack. No doubt it often happens that when a score seem howling in shrill concert, there is really but a single wolf raining his quick-repeated and varied cries upon our unwilling ears. These small wolves are justly despised by all Western men; but the big gray wolves are a different matter. However, I never saw them but once.

While cougars and wolves and coyotes, and even Mexican *burros*, are rare infringers on the sacred privacy of your sleep, numerous "small deer" come to investigate the curious stranger who has stretched himself out in their domain. Rattlesnakes are extremely numerous over many parts of the West, and we used to fear that, with their love of warmth, they would seek the shelter of our bedding to escape the chill of the night; but I do not know of any such an unpleasant bed-fellow having been found by any of the survey people. I myself came pretty near to it, however, over on Cochetopa Creek, in Colorado, one night, when I unwittingly spread my blankets over a small hole in the ground. I snoozed on, unmindful of danger, but when I moved my bed in the morning, out from the hole crawled a huge rattler, whose doorway I had stopped up all night! He would better have stayed in, for big John of Oregon caught him by the tail and broke his stupid neck, before he had time to throw himself into a coil of vantage for the strike.

If you camp in the woods you are certain of late visitors in the shape of mice and the ubiquitous and squeaky ground-squirrels, whose nocturnal rambles lead them all over your bed-covers; often, indeed, their rapid, sharp-toed little feet scud across your cheek, and their furry tails trail athwart the bridge of your nose and brush the dew from your sealed eyelids. To the thousand insects rustling in the grass we never gave attention; and not even the most home-bred tender-foot ever *thought* of cotton in his ears! How thus could he hear all the pleasant, faint voices speaking through the night so close about him?

But I am dwelling too long upon this rare wakefulness in camp, rather than the ordinary and business-like repose of the night. One's sleep in the crisp air, after the fatigues of the hard day, is sound and serene. But the morning! Ah, that is the time that tries men's souls! In this land one would find it very unpleasantly cold to be with her when

——Joeand Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top.

You awake at daylight a little chilly, readjust your blankets, and want to go to sleep. The sun may pour forth from the "golden window of the East" and flood the world with limpid light; the stars may pale and the jet of the midnight sky be diluted to that deep and perfect morning blue into which you gaze to unmeasured depths; the air may become a pervading champagne, dry and delicate, every draught of which tingles the lungs and spurs the blood along the veins with joyous speed; the landscape may woo the eyes with airy undulations of prairie or snow-pointed pinnacles lifted sharply against the azure—yet sleep chains you. That very quality of the atmosphere which contributes to all this beauty and makes it so delicious to be awake makes it equally blessed to slumber. Lying there in the utterly open air, breathing the pure elixir of the untainted mountains, you come to think even the confinement of a flapping tent oppressive, and the ventilation of a sheltering spruce-bough bad.—*June Scribner.*

The Canker Worm in Orchards.

THIS insect has long been a great pest in the orchards of New England, but recently it began to move westward, and from present indications it will become more or less abundant in all the apple-growing regions of the North. Why it received the name of canker worm is unknown, though one of our early New England agricultural writers says it was so called from having the same effect upon apple trees as canker. In the "Georgical Dictionary," by Samuel Deane, D. D., published at Worcester, Mass., in 1790, we are informed that the canker worm had at that date been more or less destructive to the orchards of New England for more than fifty years, and, moreover, the same preventives and methods of destroying this pest were then in common use as at the present day. We seem to have made little progress in the way of lessening the number of these worms, or discovering means of destroying them, during the past hundred years, neither have we added much to our knowledge of their history. Dr. Deane tells us that they come from the ground about the first of May, and are so voracious that in a few weeks they destroy all the leaves of the tree, not only preventing it from bearing fruit, but causing it to sicken and die.

A few years later, in 1795, Prof. W. D. Peck published, among the papers of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, a history of this insect, giving it the scientific name of *Phalæna vernata*, although its generic name has been changed by later entomologists to *Anisopteryx*, of which, according to Prof. Riley, there are two species, one appearing in the spring and the other in the autumn. To these he has given the names of "spring canker-worm" and "fall canker-worm." Both, however, are the progeny of small moths, the females of which are wingless, and which, as they can not fly, have to crawl up the stems of the trees to deposit their eggs. These are laid in compact clusters of 100 or more on the bark or small twigs, being fastened in position by a strong glue-like substance. As soon as these eggs hatch, the worms crawl upon the young leaves and begin eating them, and in a few days the trees appear as though they had been scorched by fire, as many of the leaves will be only partly consumed, but still enough so to cause the remainder to turn brown and die. When the worms are fully grown they are ash-colored on the back, with black on the sides, and are nearly or quite an inch long. They feed about one month and then descend to the ground, burrowing into the earth three or four inches, where they form small cells, in which they undergo their transformation and remain until the following season.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Another Phenomenal American Girl.

MLLE. NEVADA, the young American artist, reported to have just made a successful debut as Amina, at Her Majesty's Theater, London, is well remembered as a child on the Pacific slope. She was born at a California mining camp, Alpha, now a small village in Nevada County, from which she has taken her stage name, her real name being Emma Wixon. Her father, Dr. Wixon, and his wife, having been reduced in fortune, opened a small inn at Alpha, where a daughter was born to them about 1857. One Fourth of July, when Emma was some four years old, the usual celebration was held there. After the rural brass band had executed in a doubled sense a national air, the child who, with her father, was standing near the musicians, seemed absorbed in their rude strains, and whispered, "Papa, papa, won't you ask the men to play that again?" They complied, of course, and before their notes had died away in the mountain air, the child began to sing, reproducing faithfully in tra-la-las what she had just heard. The assembled miners were delighted, naturally, and expressed their delight in ringing huzzas. They gave the little warbler the name of Pet, which long adhered to her. Her parents afterward removed to Virginia City, Nev., where her vocal talents were as carefully cultivated as they could be in such a place. Since then she has been studying in Europe at the best schools, and her friends have great hope of her lyric future. She is said to have shown indomitable perseverance and courage, and to richly deserve any success she may attain.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Long Freight Train.

SAID the tall, thin passenger:

"A freight conductor said a singular thing to me yesterday, that I don't more than half understand. I was down at the depot, looking at his train as it pulled in. I said to him:

"'Conductor, you have a very long train there.'

"And he looked at me and said:

"'Long? I should smile. Citizen, I tell you what; we've got every last car in that train we could crowd in between the locomotive and the caboose. If they'd given me another car, I'd have had to tie it on behind with a rope.'

"Now," continued the tall thin passenger, when the expressions of wonder had died away, "why could he not—"

But then he fell into a fit of musing and did not complete the sentence, and it was noticed that he did not again refer to the subject.—*Hawkeye Burdette.*

THE orange grove of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, at Mandarin, on the St. Johns, Florida, yielded last year $2,000 to the acre.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PARIS is fairly inundated with violets. Every lady one meets is covered with them, and the air is laden with the delicious perfume.

AN American, in the person of Lady Harcourt, is, for the first time, the wife of an English Cabinet Minister. She is a daughter of the late J. Lothrop Motley, the historian. Sir William had by his first wife one child, a son.

AT Bonn, on the 2d of May, was unveiled the Schumann memorial, raised in honor of the composer by his friends and admirers. Among those who were present at the ceremony were his widow, the local administrative and military personages, and all the musical notabilities from that part of Germany.

THE Czar, by the latest plan, will not go to Ems, his usual watering-place, this summer, but to some other German place, and will afterward visit Emperor William at Berlin, and probably be present at the autumn maneuvers of the Prussian corps of the Guards.

THE Duchess of Bedford, who is announced as the new Mistress of the Robes, is sister of Earl Delawarr and of Lady Derby. The Mistress of the Robes to a queen reguant corresponds with the office of groom of the stole to a king, and the post is the blue ribbon of feminine appointments in the royal household. It is the only court office held by a woman which now changes with the Ministry, and the Duchess is almost the only married woman about the Queen who is not a widow.

AT some tableaux vivants in a London house recently Mrs. Langtry appeared as Effie Deans. According to the London *Truth* she "was voted to have carried off the palm. If only pretty ladies would understand how beauty unadorned is most adorned they would eschew eminent milliners. In a flowered cotton bodice, a short blue skirt and her hair hanging down below her waist, the beauty *par excellence* of society was at her best."

HAWARDEN CASTLE, the residence of Mr. Gladstone, is situated about six miles from the City of Chester, on an estuary of the River Dee. It belongs to Mrs. Gladstone, who was Miss Catherine Glynne, and to whom it had come from her remote ancestor and Cromwell's Lord Chief Justice, Sergeant Glynne. Previous to his ownership it had been held for a long time by the Stanley family. The Castle itself is not more than a century old; though in the Park there are remains of the ancient residence the foundations of which are of great antiquity. Originally the estate was granted by William the Conquerer to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, the Earl of Chester.

Hygienic Reversion.

QUALITIES in animals which are the result of breeding tend to die out—that is, the animal reverts to his earlier and longer established characteristics. The mustangs of Mexico are descendants of domesticated horses, which, having wandered from the Spaniards, gradually reverted to their primitive type. The shorter the time in which new qualities have been cultivated, the stronger the reverential tendency.

It is somewhat the same hygienically. A person would have a perfectly healthy organism if the sum of the forces operating within his ancestors had always been on the side of physiological soundness. If such a one were attacked with disease from some external cause, his system would rapidly stimulate the disorder and revert to its wonted state.

This tendency to revert is weakened in proportion to the number of ancestors in whom morbid causes have operated. If the tendency to consumption, for instance, has been in a family for many generations, it has become an accumulated force, and can be extirpated from the family blood only be unremitting efforts, kept up through several generations. If it has come to one from outside causes simply, the tendency is weak, and is easily kept in abeyance, or it may be wholly killed out within a single lifetime.

As a general thing, the sick tend to get well; for the average of inherited vital forces exceeds that of the morbid. The vital forces thus preponderate from age to age because the less vigorous die early, leaving those to perpetuate the race in whom these forces have accumulated for numberless generations. Where morbid qualities inherited from one line may be strong they may be held in check by superior vital forces inherited from the other line, but these qualities may reappear in a grandchild, or, even leaping over two generations, in a great-grandchild. This is known as atavism.—*Youth's Companion.*

Artemus Ward on the Press.

I WANT the editers to cum to my show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. There is times when patience seizes to be virtuous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Horatio" (cotashun from Hamlick), sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who are both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my show and then axt me ten sents a line for puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed if I didn't down with the dust they'd wipe my show from the face of the earth. They sed the press was the Arkymedian Lever which moves the world. I put up to their extorshuns until they'd bled me so I was a mere shadder, and left in disgust.

It was a surtain town in Virginny, the mother of Presidents & things, that I was shaiunfully aboozed by a editer in human form. He set my show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly manajer; but when I, for the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to another offiss to git my handbills printed, what duz this passillanermus editer do but ebange his toon & abooze me like a lujun. He sed my wax-works was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itenerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the Kaneki Boy, but, on reflectin that he could pollish me much wuss in his paper, I glv it up. & I would here take occashun to advise peple when they run agin, as they sometimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you ne more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editers are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

Our Young Readers.

THE SCARECROW.

A TRUE STORY.

THE farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow, grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered, and torn—
O, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins, watching him day after day,
With heads on one side and eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this fellow our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! they saw no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

—*Celia Thaxter, in Wide Awake.*

THE GOOD SHOT.

ONCE there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a sling-shot, or a bow-and-arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or his mother's left eye-glass, or anything he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little bird who had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always wide open for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning.

Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back quick with a bit of some kind of food. And though she did not eat much herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want; not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on a wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all, but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing in a droll way. I think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her tumble over.

All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass near by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger.

But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again. And the next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest. And in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow mouth to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth still wide open and empty.

And so the good marksman had killed six birds at one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same?

If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it.—*Joseph Kirkland, in St. Nicholas.*

Patty's Swarm.

ONE day Patty ran into the house with her yellow hair a-tumble, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Mother, O mother!" she cried, her little brown hands fluttering like the wings of a bird. "The bees are swarming."

"*Sure?*" asked her mother, doubtfully. For, you see, Patty was the least bit in the world like the boy in the fable who cried, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. Not that she *meant* to be, but *so* many bees would fly about, making *such* a buzzing in the warm spring sunshine, that Patty was often quite certain that they were swarming when they hadn't any idea of it.

"And that is why Patty's mother asked her, in that doubtful way, "*Sure?*"

"Yes'm," said Patty, meekly.

Her mother stepped to the door. True enough, there was a roar like that of a very small water-fall in the air, and out over the bee-hives floated a little black cloud.

"I do believe they are," she said. "But they're not all out yet, I guess, and will not begin to light for some little time. Run down to Mr. Jessop's, Patty, and tell your father—no, I'll go"—with a smile—remembering that Patty had gone for her father once before when the bees were not swarming after all.

"May I go out and watch 'em, mother?" asked Patty, dancing heel and toe on the white kitchen floor.

"Yes; put on Aunt Nabby's shaker and don't go too near,"

So Patty got into Aunt Nabby's big shaker-bonnet, which was so much too large that you could not see her little round face, unless, feeling quite sure it was there, you stooped and peeped in; and the brown calico cape almost reached the hem of her short skirts.

Then Patty went out into the garden and sat down on a box by the cucumber bed.

She watched the dancing black swarm until her eyes grew heavy. The sun shone brightly, the west wind blew about her warm and soft and fragrant. The buzzing of many bees grew louder and louder, until it seemed to swallow up every other sound. Then the big shaker began to droop, and that was all Patty knew until—

"Patty! Patty, child! don't stir for your life!"

This was what called Patty out of dreamland, her father's voice, deep and hoarse.

At first she wondered where she was. There was a roar like distant thunder in her ears.

"Don't move, Patty dear. Don't lift your head!" *That* was her mother. The words sounded to Patty a great way off, and there was a tremble in them and a sob at the last. What *could* it mean?

Patty was frightened, but she was a brave little girl, and had always been taught to obey. So she sat very still, with scarcely the quiver of an eyelid, and presently she felt the big shaker gently lifted from her head.

"All right!" said her father.

And Patty looked up with a little cry to see the shaker—Aunt Nabby's shaker, truly, but bigger than ever with that great cluster of moving, buzzing bees hanging to it—disappear within an empty hive.

Then Patty laughed. "Did they light on my head?" she cried, jumping up. "What fun!"

But her mother took the little girl in her arms and carried her into the house, and cried over her. Mothers are such queer people.

"That shall be Patty's hive," said her father, coming in later; adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've heard of a bee in one's bonnet, but I never saw so many bees *on* a bonnet before."

"Nor I," said Patty, laughing still. "They shall make me some honey to pay for that."—*Ada Carleton, in Youth's Companion.*

Wisdom for Boys.

DO YOU wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Yield not to discouragements.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong
Watch carefully over your passions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use all your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Fixing Up.

IT takes a great many more things in these days to make people comfortable than it used to when I was young; but I must allow that I like to see pretty things around a house, scattered here and there, provided they do not cost more than a family can afford to pay for them. If people are ingenious, and can make nice things themselves, at home, it is a fine thing and nobody's business either; and it is probable that they enjoy making them full as much as they do seeing and using them after they are finished. And then, the idea that one can make such things, all themselves, with little expense, is certainly very satisfactory. I saw one of the neatest rooms furnished handsomely with an outlay of a very little money. I have seen furnishings that cost seventy-five dollars that did not look as elegant as the lixings in that great chamber; and that did not cost five dollars. Now, as the young couple were just starting in the world, and neither of them had a penny that they did not earn themselves, I thought how commendable it was that, instead of feeling sad and envious towards those who were better off, they should establish themselves so comfortably in their own pleasant home. They were so happy in doing it all that it seemed as if pleasant memories and happy thoughts were driven into their heads with every nail, and fastened there with each stitch. If all young folks would be content to begin life as they did, and only get what is needful to begin with and only allow such luxuries as they could afford or make themselves, it would do to get married; but when they all think they want the best of everything and a house full of it, too and run in debt to start with, they had better live single to the end of the chapter; for it would be but worry and botheration all the way through, and when too late, they would discover their mistake.—"*Grandmother,*" *in Rural New Yorker.*

THE editor of the Albany (N. Y.) *Argus* has a pointer bitch which catches fish by submerging her head and taking them with her mouth. She does this purely for sport, and does not eat or even hurt the fish.

ARTIFICIAL ostrich feathers made of silk floss on celluloid quills, look natural enough to fool the ostrich.

[Chicago Evening Journal.]

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Health In the Farm-house.

THIS is the season when fermentation is progressing rapidly, and vile odors are being generated to pollute the air and to disseminate the seeds of such infectious diseases as scarlet and typhoid fever, diphtheria, cholera, etc. Farmers are longer lived than any other class of citizens—statistics showing their average age at death for the last thirty-five years in Massachusetts as being 65.57 years, while the average of all other classes has been 51.15, and the average of mechanics laboring out of doors, the next longest lived class, has been 53.05, still it is a great mistake to suppose that the rural districts are more free from typhoid fever and other infectious diseases than are cities and large villages. The germs of typhoid fever especially, a disease which now causes about one-fifth of the deaths in Massachusetts, are generated from the sewage and other filth in and around the farm-house. The sewerage of cities has been so perfected, that in this respect they have the advantage over the country, and the largest number of deaths from filth diseases is now reported from the rural districts. Health is the great blessing of life, as, without this, other blessings can not be enjoyed; and farmers, long-lived though they are, must see to it that they do not fall behind other classes in the enjoyment of what Emerson calls "the first wealth." They must not sneer, as some of them are inclined to do, at the scientific investigations of the laws of health, calling them old women's notions, for these investigations have resulted in the prolonging of human life nearly fifty per cent. within the past three centuries. The Massachusetts Board of Health affirms that as large a proportion of the population of the earth now live to the age of seventy, as three hundred years ago lived to the age of forty-three. This may not all be attributed to a better understanding of the laws of health, as peace as well as science has had her victories in these centuries; but no intelligent man can doubt but that the advance in knowledge has largely constituted to the advance in the average of human life.

One of the great drawbacks to health in the farm-house is the storage of vegetables in the cellar. These, if stored in large piles in a warm cellar, will heat and give off a noxious effluvium in the winter, and if left till warm weather, will become very offensive and very likely will generate disease. Vegetables for stock should be stored in barn cellars, or if these are wanting, in pits or trenches dug in dry soil where they will keep much fresher than in any cellar. Those intended for family use may be put into the house cellar, but in this case the cellar must be kept as cool and well ventilated as possible, and cleaned out as early in the spring as the weather will permit. If any one has cabbages, or turnips, or onions in his cellar as late as May he should understand that he exposes his family to that terrible scourge, typhoid fever. A very perfect ventilation of the cellar at all seasons of the year may be effected by opening a hole into the chimney. In the large, old-fashioned chimneys resting on an arch into which the ashes were shoveled by taking up a tile in the corner of the fireplace, the best ventilation possible may be secured by removing this tile permanently, and letting the air of the cellar rush up the chimney, as it will so long as the chimney is heated. When fires are no longer necessary, and even before this, the cellar windows may be removed, and if the cellar occupies, as it should, the whole ground plot and windows on all sides, the ventilation will be perfect. In any event the old vegetables, with perhaps the exception of potatoes, should be taken out. Potatoes are not much inclined to decay at this season of the year, but should be looked over, sorted and chitted, and the small and rotten potatoes as also the sprouts and all rubbish of every kind, removed, and the cellar whitewashed. The kitchen of many a farm-house looks nice and tidy, while the cellar is full of disorder and filth. Such a farmer may not be guilty of murder prepense, but there is great danger that manslaughter, possibly parricide, may be laid to his charge.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Charles Lamb—Amusing Stories of the Stammering Humorist.

LAMB was invited to meet a somewhat mixed company. One was Mr. D——, a retired cheesemonger, who had been for years in some commission connected with the poor-laws. He was a pompous man, with a grand affection of having been born to the exalted position. At one time in the course of the dinner opinions ran at variance as to the proper methods of dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D—— assumed a very like manner. "Gentlemen," he said, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, lying back in his chair, and inflating his lungs to their utmost capacity—"Gentlemen, I should know what I am speaking of, with all my years in the public service, and with my opportunities for studying the dispositions of these miserable and troublesome paupers. Gentlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as they are and have been improvident. The time has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the milk of human kindness in my breast for these wretchs; but now"—and he paused for a moment in order to let the conclusion come more overwhelmingly—"N-now," broke in Lamb, with his poor, thin face all childish innocence—"n-now, Mr. D——, I sup-p-pose that m-milk is all m-made up into ch-ch-cheese!" Lamb received an invitation on a certain evening to be present at a breakfast at Rogers' the following morning, to meet a young author, whose first volume of poetry left the press that day. He went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room while it was vacant, Rogers not having come down, and none of the other guests having arrived. On a table lay a copy of the young poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw that it contained nothing of any special mark, and then in a few minutes yet remaining, amused himself by committing to memory three or four of the short poems it contained. The guests arrived—among them the young aspirant for honors. Some of the leading men of the London world of letters were among the number. Rogers descended, the young man was introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some literary matters came under discussion, pending the after-introduction of the young poet's book. With the gravest of faces, after a few moments, Lamb said: "I d-don't think, g-gentlemen, that I h-have over r-repeated to you one of my b-best poems. What s-say? Will you h-have it?" Nobody quite understood what was coming, but all could read the mischievous flash in the eye that was usually so kindly, and the demand for the poem was general. Lamb quietly repeated, word for word, one of the poems from the young man's book. The key was furnished to the rest, when they saw the young poet pale, then redden, and then fall back in his chair, as astonished as if thunderstruck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud cheers, clapping of hands, and demands for more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended not to remember any thing else that he had lately written, and then, under urging, repeated another, and yet another, of the poems from the young man's book—the budding poet manifesting symptoms of doubt whether he was himself, whether any thing on the earth was real, whether he had really written the poems that up to that time he had believed that he had—until he heard a man declaiming them, and claiming them for his own; a man who could not even have seen his unpublished book. Louder cheers, and a still louder demand for yet another. The fun, with all the "old uns" now thoroughly instructed, began to grow "fast and furious." Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting position, now rose and said:

"G-gentlemen, I have only been g-giving you s-some l-little bits of m-my p-poetry. But I h-have one p-poem that I am a little p-proud of. I wr-wrote it a g-good m-many years ago. This is h-how it begins:

"Of m-man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden t-tree, whose mortal t-taste
Brought d-death into the world, with all our woe——"

The recitation was doomed to go no further. For the previous few minutes the young poet, crazed with wonder, and yet aware that in some unaccountable manner he was being robbed—had simply been tearing his hair. But at this juncture he could restrain himself no longer. He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and burst out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat poem after poem of mine, claiming them for his own, and I have borne it. But when I hear him attempt to claim the opening lines of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'——"

That address, too, was doomed to be cut short like the recitation. Rogers averred that never, beneath his roof, with all the merry madness that that breakfast-table knew, had such a storm of laughter and applause gone over it, as finished that speech and sent the young man to his chair, for the time little less than an absolute maniac, under the pressure of Lamb's crowning atrocity.—*London Standard.*

Poultry on the Farm.

To keep poultry on the farm is economical. When a farmer keeps a herd of cows, a flock of sheep, together with horses and hogs, there is always room on the farm for a good stock of poultry. Even when all the cows, sheep and hogs are kept that there is room for, there is still room for poultry. It is almost a necessity for every family to keep a pig, in order that the refuse and house slops may be utilized; it is in the same sense that poultry are valuable—they are the scavengers of the farm. There is a class of fowls that require very much room on the farm. Still, they do not require room and attendance, and they may be kept in such a shiftless manner that they will be found unprofitable. All kinds of poultry may be kept, provided they may have the run of the barnyard; but they must be kept in such a manner as to prevent their ravages in garden and grain fields. Turkeys, ducks, geese and hens may be kept all summer without using one square yard of room available for any other purpose. Care should be observed, in providing for ducks and geese, that they may not have the privilege—for such they will deem it—of fouling the water required for the stock, or making themselves a nuisance in any other manner. Young chickens and turkeys will require some care for the first few weeks of their existence; after that they may be trusted to care for themselves to a great extent. Poultry may be raised and a flock of hens kept, producing eggs all summer without the outlay of one dollar for grain. Sour milk from the dairy is very good for young poultry, and there are many other articles of refuse on the farm that can be profitably used in the maintenance of fowls. Now, why is it that farmers do not indulge in the luxuries of fresh eggs daily during summer and also of fresh poultry more than they do? I know that it is too often the case that all the eggs produced on the farm are sold for groceries and other small items of household expenses. I know that too often all the poultry are sold to the butcher, and that sometimes the farmer does not taste a fresh egg or a chicken during the entire year. This is unwise. With a little care sufficient eggs can be produced not only to make a profitable item in the farmer's income, but also to enable him to gratify his taste for fresh eggs as well. Poultry may be produced as cheaply as any other class of meat.—*Boston Transcript.*

Brother Gardner Sits Down on the Politicians.

"To die for one's kentry am glorus," began the old man as he arose in his majesty, "but to live to plant beans and set out onions and raise 'taters am bettah still. I want to say now an' heah, befo' de polytical campaign opens, dat any member of dis club who neglects his garden patch to hurrah for any candydate or help along any boom will be walked up heah powerful sudden! Polyticks nebber yit put a dollar in any honest man's pocket, nor added an honest loaf of bread to any laborin' man's cupboard. De offis-hunter who will shake hands wid you an' buy vile whisky fur your stomach will to-morrow pass you coldly by an' see you want for bread. Let 'em alone. Let dem do de hurrahin', de boomin', de marchin' an' de drinkin', an' you'll have a bettah lookin' coat on yer back an' more respect fur yerself under yer vests. Dat's all jist now, but I shell keep de subjeck in pickle for a furder occashun."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME AND FARM.

ABERFFRAW CAKES.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, one pound flour; add the butter by degrees and work with the hand; roll out and cut with a glass.

IF there are iron stains upon marble, they can be taken out by moistening them with vitriol or oxalic acid. If they do not come out readily, leave the acid on for half an hour.

CURD PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiling milk on a pint and a half of buttermilk; strain and press the curd lightly; then beat well with one ounce of butter, one ounce of sugar, a teacupful of bread-crumbs and four eggs; bake in cups half an hour.

FOR furniture polish, take two parts sweet oil, one part alcohol; shake well before using. Apply with soft cotton cloth and rub dry, the more rubbing the better. If this mixture has stood for some time add more alcohol. This will clean and improve the appearance of any kind of furniture.

THE CURRANT WORM.—When this rascal begins operations he must be summarily dealt with, or he will soon ruin the finest bushes in the garden. The following mixture has never been known to fail: Dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of white hellebore in a pail of water, and sprinkle it on the bushes wherever you notice worms.

A WISCONSIN man has exporimented with potato seed for more than twenty years. He has concluded that it is best to plant small potatoes whole, selecting the most perfect specimens of the variety to be raised. He thinks if all would adopt this plan we would hear less of potatoes running out. He has planted the White Peachblow for twelve years or more, and the last crop was better than the first.

RASPBERRY TART WITH CREAM.—Roll out some thin puff paste and lap it in a patty-pan of what size you choose; put in raspberries; strew over them fine sugar; cover with a thin lid, and then bake. Cut it open, and have ready the following mixture warm: half a pint of cream, the yelks of two or three eggs well beaten, and a little sugar; and, when this is added to the tart, return it to the oven for five or six minutes.

THE parasite that causes gapes in fowl is of a red color and about three-quarters of an inch long. The remedies are numerous, but chiefly consist in removing the worms. One way is to moisten a feather from which all but the tip of the web has been stripped, with oil, salt water, or a weak solution of carbolic acid, introduce it into the windpipe, twist it around once or twice, and then withdraw it. A teaspoonful of sulphur mixed with a quart of corn meal and water, and fed to the fowls morning and eveuing, is also a good remedy.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—One coffeecupful of new milk, one of water, the beaten yelks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, one of salt, four tablespoonfuls of potato yeast, and sifted flour to make quite a stiff batter. Stir well and put in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning beat whites to a stiff froth and stir in. Bake on a griddle. These are excellent.

STRAWBERRY FARINA PUDDING.—Fill coffee-cups loosely with strawberries and pour over farina of a consistency thin enough to fill the interstices between the berries and yet thick enough to be firm when cool—three tablespoonfuls to a quart of milk is the quantity of farina I use. Turn out on to a flat dish or arrange in a glass dish. Eat with cream and sugar flavored as liked. This makes a pretty as well as healthful dessert.

CLOSETS and cupboards should be well ventilated, and this is a defect—ill-ventilation—that but few try to remedy or even think of. This can be remedied, however, in a very simple way. If possible, have perforations made through the back of the closet and a few in the door; when the wall of the closet can not be perforated, bore holes freely in the door at the top and bottom. To prevent dampness, with the accompanying unpleasantness and injurious effects of mildew in cupboards, a tray of quicklime should be kept and changed from time to time as the lime becomes slaked. This remedy will also be found useful in safes or muniment-rooms, the damp air of which is often destructive to valuable deeds and other conteuts.

A Visitor from South America Who Goes to the Ant.

A RECENT acquisition to the Zoological Garden is a young South American ant-eater, whose apartments are in one of the large cages in the elephant house. This is said to be as rare an animal as ever exhibited at the Zoo. The ant-eater is black in color, and when full-grown measures about eight feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The head is about a foot leng, the body four and the tail three feet more. The present one on exhibition is about half-grown, its head being about nine inches, and body and tail about twenty inches each in length. The body is covered with bushy hair, and the head is similar in many respects to the trunk of an elephant, only differing from it in color and shape, but having the bones of the nose and jaws elongated into a narrow tube, at the end of which is a little opening, given the name of a mouth, but devoid of all teeth. The eyes are placed low down. All its legs are clumsy-looking; the fore feet are provided with long, sharp claws, turned in under the foot, so that when the animal walks all the weight is borne on the outer edge of the foot. In South America the ant-eater is found east of the Andes and as far south as Paraguay. When it wants to feed it tears down the ant-hills with its long claws, and when the occupants pour out it captures them by the tongue, which grows to a great length, and which is covered with a glutinous saliva. Thousands of the little insects are eaten at a time in this way. This species of the animal is of a different order than the great ant-eater. One of its habits is to climb trees, which the latter class are loth to do, moving about but very little and remaining as quiet as can be. It is impossible to feed the one at the Zoo on its natural food, and as a recourse they give this specimen soft-boiled eggs and beef tea, which it partakes with evident relish.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE ship-canal which is to be made from the Bay of Kiel to Brunsbuttel, in the estuary of the Elb, will, it is estimated, cost about $20,000,000. It will have a uniform depth of twenty feet nine inches. Its width at the surface of the water will be 160 feet, and at the bottom sixty-four feet; and there will thus be no danger of the bank falling in. In such emergencies as will necessitate the transfer of iron-clads from the Baltic to the German Ocean without sailing round Denmark, it will be possible, by means of a peculiar system of locks and reservoirs, to increase the depth of the canal to twenty-six feet, and so permit the passage of the largest vessel at present in the German navy. It is thought that this great eugineering work, which must be of as much political as commercial importance, will be finished in six years.

CHARLES LAMB says a speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience, and he tells how, being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, said, "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

[St. Louis (Mo.) Times.]
Trouble in the Camp.

We are sure that it is nothing like as bad to have trouble in the camp as to have trouble in the stomach. Thus, Mr. M. J. Falk, Kansas City, Mo., speaks from experience: For many years I have been an extreme sufferer from Dyspepsia, and no physician could remove this chronic trouble. I finally resorted to the use of the Hamburg Drops, and have been helped wonderfully.

THREE HUNDRED New Yorkers of wealth and social position have bought one of the Thousand Islands, upon which they will build a hotel for their exclusive use.

$500 Reward—Catarrh Cure.

Some people would rather be humbugged than to get "value received" for their money. Hence it is that such persons run after this and that pretended cure for catarrh, forgetting that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is so positive in its effects that its former proprietor advertised it for years throughout the United States under a positive guarantee, offering $500 reward for an incurable case and was never called upon to pay this reward except in two cases. This remedy has acquired such a fame that a branch office has been established in London, Eng., to supply the foreign demand for it. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

UNABLE TO BREATHE THROUGH NOSE.

PORTLANDVILLE, Iowa, March 11th, 1879.
DR. R. V. PIERCE;
Dear Sir—Some time ago I bought a Douche, some of your Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Golden Medical Discovery and commenced to use them. The aches and pains as well as sore throat and catarrh from which I have been for so long a time a sufferer, have entirely left me with their use. I feel like a new man as well as look like one. For four years I was unable to breathe through my nose. From the use of the Catarrh Remedy I can now do so freely. Your medicines I know to be all that they are represented. Long live Dr. Pierce and the gentlemen connected with him. Gratefully yours,
WATSON SMITH.

Surest and Best.

The *Journal*, Battle Creek, Mich., thus puts it: "The surest, safest, best blood purifying medicine kuown is Warner's Safe Bitters in connection with Warner's Safe Pills. Regular practitioners prescribe them as a remedy for impure, poisoned blood."

IT is said that four million packages of Frazer's Axle Grease were sold in 1879; and we believe it.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

FEEBLE digestion, sick headache, dizziness and faintness cured by Malt Bitters.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic. The old reliable remedy now sells at one dollar.

C. GILBERT'S Starches are always pure.

ONE of the churches in St. Peter, Minn., has expelled every male member who belongs to a secret society.

A CAGE of tigers which was being transferred from the cars to a wagon at Binghamton, N. Y., tipped over. In less than three seconds there wasn't a human being within eyesight. No damage was done.

IN Germany fruit trees are planted on the sides of public roads, and are pruned and watched by the road-makers.

THE Stewart Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, will have no seats, but will be furnished with mats, upon which the worshipers may kneel.

GOSSIPS are the spies of life.

WHEN is a woman like a steam engine? When she's followed by sparks.

THE improved lamp-post is padded about the height that a fellow wants to rest his back, and is becoming popular.

A DENVER preacher told the wavereres in his congregation that they were like a man between two dog fights, uncertain which to take in.

THE White Mountain resorts are being connected by telephone.

THE usual gift of English bridegrooms to the bridemaids is an arrow brooch.

IRON has gone up so high that poor people cannot afford to have it in their blood now.—*Middletown Transcript.*

THARE iz no quicker nor more final way to use a man up than to stan1 one side and let him hav his own way.—*Josh Billings.*

YOUNG ladies are glad to learn that Spring has come to stay. Summer, to lie around loose, will soon follow.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PLEASE take notice: "The oldest inhabitant" is never a woman.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

A SMOOTH BORE—a life insurance agent.—*Lockport Union.*

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them at once to healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have testified to having been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY. Send for pamphlet to
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Prices, 75 cents and $1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.
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KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In case of Kidney Trouble it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."
Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."
C. S. Hogabon, of Berkshire, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it Acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and nervous disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.
One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
12 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

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FOR CHILLS AND FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES
CAUSED BY
Malarial Poisoning
OF THE BLOOD.
A Warranted Cure.
Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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A CHEMICAL MARVEL
Though a thousand leagues away
Seltzer's Tonic fountain foams,
We can drink the same to-day,
In our far-off Western homes.
Thanks to Chemistry's spell—
In an instant—presto! passt
Fresh as from the living well
Seltzer bubbles in the glass!
TARRANT'S FINE APERIENT
Gives the pure elixir birth,
Healthful as the fluid sent
Flashing from the breast of Earth.
Time and distance, what are they?
When Art thus can reproduce
Springs a thousand leagues away,
For the sick man's instant use!
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Saltville, Va., Feb. 20th, 1880.

SAY: It gives us pleasure to state that your paints have given the most perfect satisfaction. We painted two houses with GUTTA PERCHA PAINT, some two years ago, and are so well pleased with it that we shall use your paint on some twenty of our houses, occupied by our employes and managers.

Send for Sample Colors and Price List to
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St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
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Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver**, or **"Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

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The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are **scarcely larger than mustard seeds.**

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in regions of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** Sold by druggists.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY.

1880.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1880, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1880.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1—Altamont		$400 00
" " 2—Selbysport		400 00
" " 3—Grantsville		500 00
" " 4—Bloomington		450 00
" " 5—Accident		400 00
" " 6—Sang Run		400 00
" " 7—Oakland		600 00
" " 8—Ryna's Glades		400 00
" " 9—Frostburg		00 00
Total		$3,640 00

ELECTION EXPEFSES.

District No. 1.

John Riley, return judge 4 days	$8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Chas. T. West, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
L. H. Schoolfield, Clerk, 2 days	4 00
S W Friend, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Lucian Frazee, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno M. Miller, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Benj Griffith, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Khimnell Frazee, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Elias J Miller, return judge, 4 days	8 00
H M Chapman, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
August Bonig, " " "	4 00
Henry Winterberg, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Frank Bill, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Henry Warnick, return judge, 4 days	8 00
David Michaels, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Thos Garvey, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Marcus W Fazonbaker, clerk, 2 days	4 00
George L. Michaels, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Emanuel Custer, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Geo Schlossnagle, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Jacob Beckel, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Eli McMillen, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Henry Kahle, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Sines, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jeremiah H. Enlow, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Wm H Hoye, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Francis Sebold, clerk, 2 days	4 00
D H Friend, house rent,	5 00

District No. 7.

Wilson Procter, return judge, 3 days	6 00
Geo L Bosley, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno A Delawder, "	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Ephraim J. Fringer, clerk, 2 days	4 00

District No. 8.

John G C Riley, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Thompson, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
H G Sanders, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm H Grimes, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Francis Graham, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Jacob P McKenzie, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00
T J Peddicord, making general returns for county	5 00
Total	$255 00

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

William Sharpless	$ 2 00
Isaac Umbel	1 75
William Miller	12 00
R B Jamison, use W P Totten	9 55
Benjamin Griffith	3 00
S Butler	1 80
A J Warnick, use P Hamill	22 95
A L Osbourn, use G S Hamill	20 70
Wm Hinebaugh	7 10
H Winterberg	1 80
Perry Welmer	1 95
A L Osbourn, use G A Shirer	13 00
E Droege	4 10
A L Osbourn, use H W Combs	10 65
R B Jamison	1 70
Total	$120 05

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Geo D White, use J Z Browning	$20 72
E A Browning; use Duvis & Towns'd	1 75
F C Browning	6 20
A Boyer	14 75
David Durst	7 00
D J Beavers, use G S Hamill	12 25
J Pleagle	2 01
J S Johnson	9 00
F McKenzie	10 85
Total	$81 02

REGISTRARS, 1879.

R T Browning, room rent for 1878, use R B Jamison, use W P Totten	$ 5 00
Wm H H Hall, administrator of E G Hall, dec'd, rent for Registrars' office, &c., 1877, use John Shatzer	6 55
R T Browning, use G S Hamill	49 00
Daniel Hinebaugh	37 50
Joshua Fazenbaker, use G W Blocher	49 00
Isaiah Futler, use G W Blocher	49 00
W H Bernard	49 00
H O Hamill, use D E Offutt	44 20
Thos Browning, use Samuel Lawton	41 00
James H Rush	49 00
John Miller, rent of office	2 50
William F Deakins	49 00
Total	$435 75

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Johnson Brothers, 1878	$11 28
Johnson Brothers, 1870	9 36
Wilson Procter, 1877	35 36
Wilson Procter, 1878	31 73
J R Bishop, 1879	18 25
Julius Oester, 1879	12 40
Henry Warnick, 1877, 1878 and 1879	3 77
Lewis Lainger, 1879	18 50
Daniel Conneway, 1878	6 91
E Droege	40 85
Total	$200 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

A W Friend, 1 fox	$ 1 00
W R Getty, 1 fox	1 00
D H Friend, 1 fox	1 00
J S Johnson, 1 fox	1 00
J S Broadwater, 2 foxes and 1 cat	4 00
Jasper Burnthouse, 1 fox	1 00
M Bowser, 1 fox	1 00
John Conneway, 5 foxes	5 00
D H Loar, 1 fox	1 00
J Guard, 2 foxes	2 00
G F Frazee, 5 foxes	5 00
Isaac T Frazee, 8 foxes	8 00
Jas Bevans & Bro., 0 foxes, and 1 cat	8 00
John Sines, 1 cat	2 00
Davis & Townshend, 1 fox	1 00
P T Garthright, 11 foxes	11 00
C C Michaels, 0 foxes and 1 cat	8 00
J Z Browning, 2 foxes	2 00
Howard Griffith, 1 fox	1 00
C H Durst, 1 cat	2 00
J H Wilson and Bro., 1 fox	1 00
J W Boyer & Son, 3 foxes	3 00
A C Browning, 1 fox	1 00
Isadore Garlitz, 1 cat	2 00
George Legge, 1 fox and 1 cat	3 00
Simon Meyers, 1 fox	1 00
D E Offutt, 6 foxes and 1 cat	8 00
J R Bishop, 26 foxes and 3 cats	32 00
Total	$117 00

(NOTE.—Owing to irregularities in the certificates, claims under this heading were rejected to the amount of about $200.)

BRIDGES.

T M Nelson, contractor Castleman's River bridge, use J. S. Jamison	$489 14
Same, use C H Durst	52 00
E B Fuller, building abutment, use Peter Nathan	91 00
King Iron Bridge company, contractors Sang Run bridge, use E Friend, of E	422 00
Same, use Eli McMillen	115 32
Same, order	600 00
Same, balance	725 70

LABORERS ON SAME.

E Friend, of E		3 50
C R Crawford, use of E Friend, of E		56 00
T Lowdermilk,	do	19 75
Jno Casteel,	do	9 25
W H Riley,	do	134 42
A F Collins,	do	54 50
L DeWitt,	do	3 50
N C Browning,	do	11 00
A F Collins,	do	18 00
Stephen Friend		9 00
C Liston		1 50
Elijah Hoye		20 50
A Friend		16 25
Joseph Frantz		11 25
Lloyd Chambers, use J. R. Bishop		13 50
William Hoye		51 25
John Friend		50
R Friend		1 00
Elijah Meyers, contractor Buffalo Run bridge		350 00
Pike bridge, use county commiss'rs		2,210 00
Total		$5,500 43

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Wm P Groves, Morgantown road	$ 15 00
S J Beachy, use N Silcer, Nation. r'd	30 00
B Stelding, " road	13 30
Jeremiah Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	16 43
Jonas Wass, balance on road account	1 00
John B Harman, road leading from C Beachy's to Cunninghum's	50 00
John Barnes, road from Walter's to King's run	20 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm, to W Va. line near Fairfax stone	75 00
Jas Paul, road from Mineral Spring to Winding Ridge	30 00
Jno S Combs, west mile National r'd.	50 00
Benj Miller, axman on J King road	2 00
John H Riley, opening new road	40 00
W H Chadderton, road balance	2 80
Henry Kolb, road balance	2 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm to W. Va. line, near Fairfax stone	100 00
J J Livingston, to opening new road from Bloomington to Backwoods	800 00
John B Harman, road from Mary Beachy's barn to Frankville	40 00
Theo Beckman, opening new road	46 52
Wm R Barnthouse, Morgantown road near S K Freys	15 00
Samuel Falkner, road balance	6 00
Ed Harshbarger, road from Little Glade to Compton's	20 00
Wm Harvey, opening new road	19 75
Jos Lewis, road from N W pike to Ryan's Glade road near J M White's	25 00
Jere Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	10 00
Jas Paul, road near Mineral Spring	50 00
W M Coddington, Procter road	100 00
Jno Sines, road from Deep Creek to Hoye's Run	20 00
W M Coddington, opening Liberty st	100 00
Total	$1,699 80

ROAD EXPENSES.

A B Shaw, surveyor	$10 00
W W Broadwater, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Jesse Michaels, do do	2 00
James Poland, do do	2 00
Wm Warnick, axman	2 00
John Harned, surveyor on road near Pungh's	10 00
P T Garthright, expenses for locating a road near Mineral Springs	5 00
Total	$33 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W R Getty, support Elizab'h Mayhew	$20 00
H G Davis & Bro, support Geo Woods	25 00
Jos Glotfelty, support Wm Hoover	20 00
August Bonig, support M. Durst	20 00
Jeremiah Guard, support Jos Welch	25 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	53 00
Davis & Townshend sup. Aug. King	10 00
J W Lee, support Nancy Lee	20 00
Jno E Ginagey, sup. Alfred Jenkins	10 00
Davis & Townshend, sup. Mary Merrill	15 00
Wm P Totten, support Wm Stevens	10 00
Chas Lease, sup't Elizabeth Mayhew	10 00
Jno E Thrasher, sup't Louisa Michael	18 00
George Goff, support John Frey	3 00
M T Brady, support Thos Brady	15 00
D E. Offutt, support Samuel Parks	10 00
Davis & Townshend, sup't Geo. Goff	20 00
Wm Loraw, support Sarah Loraw	15 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	25 00
P T Garthright, sup't Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabel McKenzie, sup't Switzer child	15 00
M H Thomas, sup't Jacob Barnthouse	10 00
Davis & Townshend sup't Aug. King	15 00
Ira E Friend, sup't Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend, support crippled boy	20 00
Keller & Getty, support M Fay	15 00
Henry Cretzburg, support Jas Layton	10 00
Charles Lease, support Mrs Mayhue	30 00
Otho Speelman, support Ruth King	15 00
Total	$501 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimated to pay Judges per diem and mileage	$200 78
Wm L Rawlings, ex-Register	12 15
W H Hagans, register, use G S Hamill	110 00
Same, balance	59 02
Total	$442 75

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Thos Coddington, use W R Percy	$100 00
Same, use same	100 00
Same, use G S Hamill & W H Tower	150 00
Same, balance	150 81
Ed Manly, Sheriff Allegany county	2 00
George D White, use John Blamble	100 00
Same, use D E Offutt	100 00
Same, use John Shatzer	73 80
Same, balance	213 88
Total,	$990 49

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower use E Friend, of E	$325 90
W H Tower, balance	743 45
Total,	$1,069 35

HOSPITALS.

Montevue Hospital	$401 10
Maryland Hospital	214 58
Total,	$615 68

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	720 00
Total,	$1,720 00

CORONER'S INQUEST.

Benj Griffith, J P, on body of Mrs Nell	$4 00
Dr. E H Parsons, on body of Th Tracy	10 00
Total,	$14 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veitch, States' att'y, 8 felonies	$80 00
Same, 79 misdemeanors, $3 33	263 33
Peddicord & Combs, 1 felony,	10 00
Same,	10 00
T J Peddicord, 5 misdemeanors, use M L Scott,	16 66
J M Schley, 1 felony,	10 00
G S Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
Cox & Combs, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
J W Veitch, trial fees,	325 00
Peddicord and Combs, 1 trial fee,	20 00
Total,	$741 65

MISCELLANEOUS.

G A Shirer, work at court house,	$8 03
G W Legge, supplies for jail	10 15
Allegany Co, costs Johnson and Layman case	560 05
H Winterberg, coffin for pauper,	5 00
W Y Waltz, coal for court house & jail	8 35
Thos Coddington, supper for jury,	6 00
G A Shirer, work at Sheriffs house,	7 00
Jno Murphy, 1 testimentary law b'k	8 00
J Z Browning, col. 27 assessments, 1879	13 50
E Mergroff, col. 30 assessments, 1879,	15 00
Jasper Guard, col. 23 assessments, 1879,	11 50
Drs. Keller & Getty, post mortem and professional services to paupers,	30 00
J M Crim, making fence at jail,	2 62
Geo C Shrigley, medicine for paupers,	38 80
H Z Shriver stationery, &c.,	11 20
C H Sincell, supplies for court house,	5 75
Chas Bolden, work at court house,	1 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail,	7 00
J Harned, making plats Beaty's Plains	8 00
Jno B. Cormany, coffin for pauper,	2 00
D E Offutt, supplies for c. h. and jail	11 86
Davis & Townsh'd, bill sundries for c. h.	4 18
David Chambers, Janitor's salary, use Davis & Townshend,	167 00
Dr E H Parsons, prof. serv. pauper,	4 00
G N Santemyer, digging cistern and grave, use John Grant,	22 50
Daily News, job work,	5 00
J S Johnson, hauling, &c. for C. H,	8 75
G F Richardson, coffin for pauper,	5 00
John Shatzer, pauper's coffin and furniture for court house,	19 00
G N Santemyer, use J H Bishop, planting trees at court house,	10 00
Dr J Lee McComas, prof. services to prisoners and paupers,	133 00
Dr Fundenberg, prof. services to Mrs Geo Rodeheaver, by contract,	10 00
By order of Old board } Jasper Guard, deputy col, 1877, 12 assessments,	6 00
" " } Same, col. 1878, 22 assessments,	11 00
" " } E Margroff, col, 21 "	2 00
" " } J Z Browning, col, 21 "	12 00
L H Schoolfield, examining bridge,	2 00
Same coffin for pauper,	5 00
J M Jarboe, work at jail,	6 00
Medairy & Bowers, Stationery,	71 90
Lloyd Chambers, use W P Totten, building cistern,	20 00
W P Totten, cond, &c., for court house and jail,	122 03
Chris Mosser, repairing bridge,	3 00
Theo Beckman, building fence along public road,	31 60
H P Tasker, county printing, use N H Wayman,	300 00
Same, use D E Offutt,	140 50
J A Hayden, county printing, use R Beckman,	609 50
Same, from June, 1880 to June 1881,	700 00
H P Tasker, use D E Offutt,	200 00
J A Hayden, use G A Shirer,	100 00
Same balance,	125 00
John J Smith, county printing,	30 50
Total,	$3,083 65

SPECIAL ROAD LEVY.

National Road,	$570 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

County School Commissioners	$8,500 00

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent Fund,	$194 79

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,640 00
Election Expenses,	255 00
Magistrates' Fees,	120 05
Constables' Fees,	81 62
Registrar's Fees,	433 75
Fox and Cat Scalps,	117 00
Taxes Paid in Error,	200 47
Bridges,	5,500 43
Road Appropriations,	1,699 80
Road Expenses,	33 00
Pensions,	504 00
Orphans' Court,	442 75
Sheriff's Fees,	990 49
Clerk's Fees,	1,069 35
Hospitals,	615 68
Court House Fund,	1,720 00
Coroner's Inquest,	14 00
Attorneys' Fees,	741 65
Miscellaneous,	3,683 65
National Road,	570 00
Public Schools,	8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	194 79
Collectors' Commissions,	1,514 68
Total,	$32,645 10
Total assessment of Garrett Co.	$3,667,996 00
By 89 cents on each $100 assessable property,	$32,645 16

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which added to 89 cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.07¾ on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1880.

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned, bearing date the 15th day of November, A. D., 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 556, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will on

Monday, the 28th day of June, A. D., 1880,

at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., at Bush's saw mill, (near Ashby's ford, on the Youghiogheny River), about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

"One Eclipse steam engine,

Number eight hundred and fifty-five, with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete, 1 saw mill, (Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut off saw with mandrel frame pulleys and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench, belt and oil can."

The above property is in good condition, only having been used about six months.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
je5-4w Trustee.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of John B. Brant, for taxes due in the year 1878.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 21. Trials to July Term, 1880.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 25th day of May, A. D., 1880, that James Z. Browning, collector of taxes for First Collection District, in and for Garrett county for the year 1878, give notice, by the publication of a copy of this order, in two newspapers printed in Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of June, A. D., 1880, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said John B. Brant, for taxes due by the said Brant for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning as said collector of taxes, to this court the 30th day of April last past, to be and appear in this court, on or before the 22d day of June next to show cause, if any they have, why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—test—
je5-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 8, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
MARION McKIMMEY,
6 12 3 JOHN BLAMBLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.
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je21-v1

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

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ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. I make NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

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The final distribution on the personal property of the estate of Holmes N. Wiley, deceased, has been declared by the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, Md. All persons holding claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly authenticated, on or before Saturday, July 31, A. D. 1880, payable at the office of William Hinebaugh, in the town of Accident, Md.

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n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

ISAAC SPICHER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.

JOSEPH N. SPIKER,
6 12 3 Executor.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880. NUMBER 19.

Dr BULL'S

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SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1880.

THE CREATION.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The word of God opens with the record of the world's creation. When it took place, neither reason, science, nor revelation tells us; that it *must* have taken place is evident. Though written nearly thirty-five hundred years ago, the opening chapters of Scripture record with the conclusions of the latest science, which tells us: 1. That the universe must have had a beginning. 2. That at its beginning the earth must have been in disorder and darkness. 3. That there must have been light over the waste long before the sun was visible. 4. That the development of the earth to its present condition must have been by successive steps. 5. That these periods must have been very nearly, if not precisely, in the Mosaic order. 6. That man made his appearance on the earth at a comparatively late period in its history. 7. That [illegible] has taken place in the earth's crust. So much we know at present concerning the cosmogony or origin and formation of the earth. How could Moses have known it, thousands of years before modern science was born, and at a time when the wildest and most childish legends were related concerning the creation and constitution of nature? There could have been no other means of information than that of a revelation from on high. It may be that the picture of the creative periods was unfolded before his eyes; it may be that his pen was guided by a divine wisdom; but certain it is that he wrote the truth, for every new insight into astronomy, geology, chemistry, and the other sciences respecting matter, as well as into philology, ethnology, the sciences respecting man, brings new proofs of the honesty and veracity of his record.

Gen. 1. 1-3; 2. 4-8.

Memory Verses. 1-3.

1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

4 These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

5 And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

6 But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7 And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

8 And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

HOME READINGS.

M. The creation. Gen. 1. 1-3; 2 4-8.
Tu. The periods of creation. Gen. 1. 4 25.
W. The creation of man. Gen. 1. 25-31.
Th. The garden of Eden. Gen. 2. 9-25.
F. The works of God. Psa. 8. 1-9
S. The creation by Christ. Col. 1. 9-20.
S. The Word of God. John 1. 1 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Gen. 1. 1.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE WORD OF GOD, v. 1-3; John 1. 1-3.
How did the heavens and the earth come into being? GOLDEN TEXT.
Through whom was the work of creation wrought? Col. 1. 13, 16.
What was the condition of the earth after its creation?
What moved upon the waters?
How did the light first dawn?
What did the creation of light illustrate? 2 Cor. 4. 6.
What is Christ called in John 1. 9?

2. THE WORK OF GOD, v. 4-6; Psa. 33. 6.
In how many days or periods was the work of creation wrought? [ANS. SIX.]
Find from chapter 1 what was made on each of the six days.
How were the trees and plants supplied with water?
What did God say of the world when it was finished? Gen. 1. 31.
How does the work of creation display the wisdom and the love of God?
What is a greater work than that of creation? [ANS. The work of salvation from sin.]

3. THE LIFE FROM GOD v. 7, 8; Job 33; 4.
By whose hand was man made?
Of what was the first man's body made?
How did man receive a soul?
Where did God place man?
What work did God give to him? Gen. 2. 15.
What were the names of the first man and woman?
What power was given to Adam? Gen. 1 26.
Why do you suppose that the first man and woman were happy?
What leads to happiness?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—1. The power of God? 2. The goodness of God. 3. The honor of man?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—God the Creator.

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. It was a creation, a calling into being, not a shaping of matter already in existence. v. 1.
2. It was a divine creation, by the direct act of the divine creator. v. 1.
3. It was a universal creation; there was but One hand which fashioned all the universe.
4. It was a progressive creation; unfolding a divine order from chaos to Eden, from the lowest type to the highest. v. 2.
5. It was a germinal creation; every seed having its own reproductive principle in itself.
6. It was a complete creation: crowned by the formation of man, the ruler of the earth.

Garfield at the Helm.

BY J. M. STEWART.

Once more afloat, old Ship of State,
With boisterous seas before thee;
But hopes are high and hearts elate,
And victory hovers o'er thee.
The storm may beat, old ocean rave
And threaten to o'erwhelm;
But vain the rage of wind or wave
With Garfield at the helm!
Cast off! Three cheers! Set every sail
And nerve will tell and skill prevail
With Garfield at the helm!

Oft hast thou braved the troubled sea,
Good Ship, on many a billow!
But lonely rock or wreck-strewn lee
Was never yet thy pillow.
Though reef and rock spread out before,
And though the cruise be long,
Safe will thou reach the haven shore,
For thou art staunch and strong.
Cast off! Three cheers! Set every sail
And nerve will tell and skill prevail
With Garfield at the helm!

All hands aboard! No laggards now!
For threatening strife be ready;
Let gallant seamen man the bow—
Our pilot's brave and steady!
Yon distant banner marks our aim,
Flung out o'er freedom's towers;
Hark! did you hear that loud acclaim?
The victory is ours!
Cast off! Three cheers! Set every sail!
And nerve will tell and skill prevail
With Garfield at the helm!

Baltimore, June 8, 1880.

The Democratic Ticket.

By one of the sudden enthusiasms to which large conventions are liable, the Cincinnati convention has unexpectedly nominated Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, whom his own State declined to present, but allowed one of its members to present his candidacy to the convention as a personal privilege. His popularity in the South, owing to his conduct when military governor at New Orleans, and the anxiety of Southern delegates to show their willingness to support a Union general, started the boom which, on the second ballot yesterday and the third ballot of all the number taken, swept through the convention. Personally a man of genial manners, well liked by those who come in contact with him, and unique in being a famous Union general, and at the same time a Democrat, his was a name easy to hurrah over, and to draw an excited assemblage of politicians to its support. The question now presents itself: What are the elements of strength of his nomination? In the first place, it means the abandonment of the fraud pretence At the time when the Republican party have had done with the soldier cry it is taken up by the Democratic party. Some acute observer—Caleb Cushing, we believe—said during the war that one of its consequences would be that the country would be ruled for the next forty years by bullet-headed generals. The cynical remark had a good deal of truth in its presage of the popularity of military glory; but there have been plenty of indications that the country has had a surfeit of it as constituting a claim to important civil trusts. Its last force was expended in the Grant movement which failed; the Democratic party now take it up as the basis of their campaign. Gen. Hancock is nothing but a gallant soldier; his military reputation is a high one, but is of the second rank. He was an able corps commander, ranking with men like Warren, Sedgwick and Fitz John Porter, but below Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and McClellan. He is entirely unacquainted with legislative work and the methods of civil administration; and if elected, the tone of his administration will be imparted to it by those whom he shall choose for his advisers, and who will really run the executive branch of the government. His famous general order No. 40, which he issued when appointed military governor of the district including Louisiana and Texas, is understood to have been written for him by Judge Jere Black. His opinions upon the issues of the day are no better than those of any other man whose distinction is apart from politics. On such a subject as the financial question, for instance, he doubtless lacks the thorough understanding and force of conviction which would make his own personality a factor in determining the policy of the government. His conduct will be determined by circumstances and by the opinions of his advisers. If elected, he will be the figure-head of his nomination; not its motive force. He is not a leader of public opinion whose nomination embodies certain principles of government of which he is the known exponent, but is a follower of his party, with a reputation and popularity that are extraneous from civil affairs. His nomination is the appeal of the Democratic party to the soldier vote. In its final analysis it is not statesmanship, but demagogy. As a candidate, he is stronger than most of those named would have been but he is weaker than either Bayard or Hendricks, or perhaps Payne or Jewett. The aggressiveness of his candidacy will be chiefly in Pennsylvania, many of whose Union veterans served under him, and with whom he is very popular. It is already claimed in his behalf that Pennsylvania is now a doubtful State, but shrewd politicians will not rest much hope upon the chance of securing Pennsylvania to the Democratic column. The battle ground of the next campaign is still New York. The party that carries that State will in all probability secure the election, and there is no evidence that Hancock will have any more strength in that State than any other reputable party candidate. The nomination of English, of Indiana, for Vice President, gives strength to the ticket solely in that State, which is indispensable to the Democrats, but not at all so to the Republican party.—*Baltimore American.*

The Cumberland *Daily News* says: The debatable ground in this Presidential campaign will be comparatively limited.

The whole number of electoral votes is 369, of which 231 are cast by the Northern States, and 138 by the Southern. The number necessary to the choice of the President is 185.

There is a bare possibility that the Democrats will not carry Virginia. This will depend upon the action of Senator Mahone's party of Readjusters. But we prefer, in our calculation, to set down the "Solid South," with her 138 votes, on the side of Democracy. With these 138 votes, the Democratic candidate would require 47 in the Northern States to give him the 185 which are requisite to an election.

Here are the States that will be fought over inch by inch, and from which, if to be had anywhere, the necessary Democratic vote must be drawn:

New York	35	New Jersey	9
Connecticut	6	Indiana	15
Total			65

It will be seen that if the Democratic candidate could carry New York and Indiana, they would give 50 votes, or three more than the needed 47. Precisely the same result would follow if he could carry New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, though he lost Indiana. But it will be seen that even if he could obtain the 30 votes of Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana, he would be 17 short of the needed 47. Therefore, he must carry New York, or make up for its loss by getting the votes of some other Northern State or States.

This then, would seem to narrow the fight down to New York, and the Republicans will go into the contest in that State splendidly equipped, with strong candidates and a united party. We have the machinery of the State Republican, and Gen. Arthur is one of the shrewdest and most skillful politicians in the State. Are not our chances first-rate for a victory? We should unhesitatingly say yes.

Indiana in October.

The decision of the Indiana Supreme Court changes the whole aspect of the Presidential contest. Indiana becomes an October State again. Notwithstanding the large popular majority for the constitutional amendments by which the time of holding the State election was changed, the court declares the vote inoperative for technical reasons.

Indiana has been a doubtful State ever since the war. As in Ohio, the real contest has always been in the State elections just preceding the Presidential contests, and in October, 1868, the Republican majority was 961 in a total vote of 342,000; in October, 1872, the Democratic majority was 1,337 in a total vote of 377,000; and in October, 1876, when Williams, the present Governor, was elected, neither party had a majority, and the Democratic plurality was 5,084, in a total vote of 434,000. The fact that Williams was peculiarly popular with the Greenback voters, and well represented their opinions, drew to him nearly all the Democrats of that way of thinking, so that much the larger part of the 13,213 voters who nevertheless voted for the Greenback candidate against Williams were probably former Republicans. This year the Greenback notions have lost most of their force with Republican voters; the prosperity which has followed resumption has made the Republican party and its policy stronger than ever with the people; and the party is better organized and more harmonious than it has been for a long time. With an excellent State ticket, and with the advantage of General Garfield's popularity in Indiana, the Republicans were very hopeful of carrying the State next Fall, prior to the decision of the Court; and that decision, in which the will of a large majority of the people was set aside for partisan ends, has naturally made the Republicans still stronger.

If General Garfield was a "dark horse" in the sense that he was not a candidate for the nomination, he was not a "dark horse" in the sense that he was an obscure, negative man, whose strongest recommendation was that he had no record on matters on which public opinion is strongly divided. On the contrary, there is no man in the country who has rendered more constant and laborious public service, or whose opinions on all public questions are more fully and completely put upon record. As the leader of his party in the House of Representatives, he occupies the position which, under the English constitutional system, would entitle him to the Premiership. In his case, the candidate is indeed the platform, and makes any defect or shortcomings in that document a matter of small moment. There is accessible to everyone in the fields of the *Congressional Record* for the last seventeen years a vast body of his utterances, that will enable the policy of his administration to be estimated with a certainty which has never existed with regard to any other presidential candidate. In his speech nominating Mr. Sherman, after describing the work of the Republican party in developing our national industries, in overthrowing rebellion, in re establishing the Union upon the basis of the equality of all men before the law, and in settling the financial problems created by the exigencies of the war, General Garfield said: "We want a man whose life and opinions embody all these achievements. We want a man who, standing as it were on a mountain height, sees behind him all the achievements and in his heart all the love for the glories of our past, looks forward to meet the dangers to come" Just such a man—although he applied the sketch to another, for whom he labored with an unselfish loyalty which will appeal to the warm heart of the American people—is General Garfield himself.

LEE AND DAVIS.—In a communication from John W. Fairfax in the Alexandra (Va.) *Gazette*, the following occurs as a revelation:

"The seceded States lost life, liberty and Wealth for the want of nerve in Mr. Davis to make peace with President Lincoln Gen. R. E. Lee told me the night before we left Appomattox for our homes that he urged Mr. Davis, in the presence of the Secretary of War, when the commissioners went to Fortress Monroe to make peace upon any terms. Make peace; if you do not, so soon as the spring opens to enable Gen. Grant to move, he will break my lines at Petersburg and take Richmond. Mr. Davis said, 'I am afraid of the people.' In honor to the memory of Gen. R. E. Lee, I here state what he further said, to wit: "I believe Mr. Lincoln would have given us all we asked, except secession and slavery; but I believe he would have agreed to pay for the slaves at fair valuation. Mr. Davis never gave up the command of the army to me to do as I pleased, as was supposed; not until I wrote him from Petersburg that my lines were broken, then he wrote me, 'I will leave Richmond to-night; you do the best you can.' That was the first time he had given up the command to me to do as I thought best, leaving me to be sacrificed whilst he fled to take care of himself.' Here the good and great soldier became overcome, and I left him alone in his tent, where he had me called in, and he reviewed to me his course from the time he left the 'old army' up to his surrender. The fear of the people cost the lives and limbs of every one who was lost from the time of the meeting of the commissioners at Fortress Monroe up to the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox Courthouse."

The Democratic mud operators seem to forget that all their ammunition has been condemned as worthless. General Garfield's record as a statesman has been built up almost entirely since these old and feeble scandals were first published. In the face of them the Republicans of Ohio have continued to send him to Congress with larger and larger majorities, and their final verdict on them was the election of a Legislature whose Republican members voted unanimously to make him Senator. The opinion of friends and neighbors is likely to have full as much influence on the country as that of Democratic villifiers.

Garfield's Record.

At 14 he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At 16 he was a boatman on the Ohio canal.

At 18 he was studying in the Chester (O.) Seminary.

At 21 he was teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At 23 he entered Williams college.

At 26 he graduated from Williams with the highest honors of his class.

At 27 he was a tutor at Hiram college, Ohio.

At 28 he was principal of Hiram college.

At 29 he was a member of the Ohio Senate—the youngest member of that body.

At 30 he was colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment.

At 31 he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, helped General Buell in his fight at Pittsburg Landing, played a prominent part at the seige of Corinth and in the important movements along the Memphis & Charleston railroads.

At 32 he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaigns in Middle Tennessee and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of Major General.

At 33 he was in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At 48, having been continuously in Congress since he was 33, he was elected to the United States Senate.

At 49 he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

Good Indorsememts.

The editor of the Albany *Evening Journal* says, that one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church in the state of New York is a Democrat, strange as it may appear. When he heard that General Garfield was nominated he took occasion to say that he knew him, and admired him as one of the best and purest men in the republic. "And," said he, "I congratulate you upon the wisdom of the convention. Whatever others may do, you may be sure that at least one Democrat will vote for him." Another clergyman of Albany, who was a classmate with the General, said: "I am glad beyond expression, that the convention has nominated General Garfield. He is a pure and noble man, and has been pure and noble from his youth up. It would afford me great pleasure to say so publicly on any appropriate occasion. Indeed, I so admire the man and deem him to combine so many elements of true greatness and personal virtue, that I would be quite willing to make a speech in his favor at any time."

Such indorsements of good men are the highest tributes that could be awarded any public man in these days of loose morality. No Republican will ever have cause to regret the nomination of James A. Garfield, the gallant soldier, the splendid statesman and the noble man.

A great deal of public money and much time which the public pays dearly for have been spent by Democratic Senators in the silly attempt to prove that the negro exodus was caused by the Republican party's seeking to colonize voters in the North. A single question in Mr. Windom's speech on Monday disposed of the whole argument so laboriously constructed by Mr. Vorhees out of the testimony gathered by dint of great effort and the persuasive power of free trips to Washington. Why, asked Mr. Windom, did not the Republicans send the negro emigrants to the Democratic State of Indiana instead of to the strong Republican State of Kansas? Only a handful of colored refugees have gone to Indiana, while the bulk of the movement, as everybody knows, has directed itself to Kansas. The attempt of Mr. Lamar to prove that the negroes in the South are well treated and contented does not meet the point at issue. Why did thousands of colored people along the Lower Mississippi leave the places of their birth, and seek new homes in a strange land? Mr. Voorhes' explanation is exploded. What remains but the simple and reasonable one that poverty and bulldozers had made the lives of these poor people intolerable?

The *N. Y. Tribune* says if there is a single Republican who is not inclined to give a hearty support to the Chicago ticket, he is conspicuously successful in keeping himself concealed.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

REST.

KNITTING, busily knitting,
The dear old grandmother sits,
While through the window in sunshine
The lazy butterfly flits.
It lights on the well-worn Bible,
And sways its beautiful wings,
While the good old grandmother ponders
And sweetly, but feebly, sings.
The hollyhocks, tall and slender,
Stand close by the open door,
Like sentinels watchful and tender,
Their shadows thrown on the floor.
The blossoms tempt bees by their sweetness,
And blush in the light of the sun,
While birds, in their nests 'mid the treetops,
Cease caroling one by one.
And now she has finished the knitting,
And thinking of far-away lands
She watches the butterfly flitting,
And folded are grandmother's hands.

She dreams she hears little feet coming,
And all her faint pulses are stirred,
For loud o'er the sound of bees humming,
The voices of children are heard.
They troop up the garden path gaily,
And rush through the doorway in glee;
But soon, in demure satisfaction,
Are seated by grandmother's knee.
She tells them the old-time stories,
And presses them each to her breast,
Calls them "Grandmother's dear morning-glories,"
And no one knows which she loves best.
Her dreams change slowly to others
More sad, and yet they are bright,
For three little heads are all shining
Above her, like angels of light;
And six little fair hands are beckoning
And a bright golden gate opens wide,
Where her dearold companion stands waiting;
And gladly she walks by his side.

And thus, sweetly resting, they found her
That day at the setting of sun
With a halo of glory around her,
For grandmother's work was done!

—*Christian Union.*

HOW JONATHAN BEWITCHED THE CHICKENS.

"HURRAH! hurrah! Now for a long play-day; the school-master's a witch, and we are free;" and some twenty boys came flocking and tumbling out of the school-house door, and went swarming up the street. Not much like the boys of to-day, except for the noise, were these twenty youngsters of nearly two centuries ago, who skipped and ran up the streets of Boston, dressed in their long square-skirted coats, small clothes, long stockings, and low shoes with their cherished buckles of silver or brass. And very different from to-day were the streets through which they passed as they flocked homeward talking of the master.

"He'll have naught to do but learn of the Black Man now; they do say he rides his ferule and bunch of twigs high up in the air, like Mistress Hibbins used her broom-stick," cried William Bartholomew, the sneak of the school.

"He best have been switching thee with it, then," cried Jonathan Winthrop. "Thou never hast thy share of the whippings—does he, mates?" and frank-faced Jonathan turned to his companions.

"Truly thou and I, Jonathan, need not complain that we have not our share of the fun and the twigs," laughed Christopher Corwin, as he laid his arm on Jonathan's, and shrugged his shoulders at the thought of numerous beatings. For Jonathan Winthrop and Christopher Corwin, with their plots and pranks, were enough to make poor Master Halleck sell his soul to the Evil One, as report said he had done.

"His ferule was sharp as a knife," said over-grown Jo Tucker, the butt of the school.

"Truly," cried William Bartholomew, "sharper than thy wits, we doubt not; or thy knife either, for that was never known to cut aught."

"Keep thy tongue in thy head, Billy Mew; none ever said that was not sharp enough," put in Christopher Corwin.

"I do not believe he is a witch," said Samuel Shaddoc, a quiet boy, dressed in very plain drab clothes, and a wider brimmed hat than the others.

"Oh, doesn't thee?" cried several.

"Thou art but a Quaker thyself, and a Quaker's as bad as a witch any day," shouted Robert Pike.

"There, muddle thy stockings in yon mud puddle for that speech, thou water-loving Baptist," cried Christopher Corwin, as he jostled Baptist Bob in some water by the way.

"Hurrah for the witch, and a long play-day!" cried the boys.

"Peace! peace! ye noisy urchins!" said Magistrate Sewall, as he slipped suddenly from a doorway. "The master has imps of the earth as well as the air, I see. Get ye home less noisily, or we must need put ye in yonder prison with the master."

The awe of the magistrate's presence had the desired effect, and the crowd broke up in groups of two or three, and each took his way homeward quietly.

"Jonathan, doest thou believe the master dotted his i's and crossed his t's when he signed his name in the Black Man's book in the forest yonder?" said Christopher, as the two boys walked home together.

"Nay, I know not," said Jonathan, absently.

"Verily, I hope the Black Man cracked him across his knuckles, if he did not," said Christopher; and he thought of his own often aching fists.

"Chris, thou art too wise to believe the poor master's a witch," said Jonathan.

"Nay, how could I be, when the magistrates themselves, and all the wise men of the town, believe it?"

"Thou doest not believe the master stuck pins in Job Swinnerton's stomach?"

"Nay," laughed Chris; "the green apples from Deacon Gedney's orchard were the cause of his pain."

"But, Chris, I'm afraid it will go hard with the master, for all the boys but thou and I seem bent on making him a witch."

"Well, trouble not thyself about it. As Billy Mew says, if the master's a witch, we will have the longer play-day. To-morrow I go to my grandfather's, in Salem, and thou come over with thy father some day; it will be rare fun to see the witch children act."

"I'peradventure I may. It will be dull without thee, Chris; and with the rest of the boys making the master out a witch, they'll have no time for play."

"Well, take care of thyself, good fellow, and beware thou doest not provoke Dame Betty too far; she has a rare relish for calling people witches."

"Ay, that she has. There's a pail of water now at her door, and she's talking with our Debby, I doubt not: let's turn the bottom up to dry;" and in a wink the two boys were off for this bit of mischief.

In a few days all were off to Salem—Jonathan's father as one of the judges, the master to be tried for a witch, with those of the children whom he had afflicted as accusers, and jolly Chris to see the fun.

It was very lonesome for Jonathan at home, for he had no brothers or sisters, his mother was always sick, and Debby spent all her spare time talking with a crony across the way of the witch-woman, Bridget Bishop, then on trial for witchcraft.

So Jonathan made playmates of and amused himself with the chickens of the Rev. Deodat Parker, who lived next door. Now these chickens were the source of much pleasure to Jonathan, for the Winthrops had none, neither Jonathan nor Debby being deemed fit to be trusted with them; and Jonathan envied the Rev. Deodat Parker his yard full of staid old fowls and lively young chicks. Early in the spring Jonathan had loved to caress and cuddle up the little rolls of yellow and black down; but now that they were great stalking, ragged fowls, putting on all sorts of airs, they excited his ridicule, and he longed to tease them, and the last year's brood of clucking hens and crowing roosters, that didn't quite know what to make of these new-comers.

Once he would have gone over in the yard to play with and tease the chickens to his heart's content; but Dame Betty having traced the overturned pail and numerous other tricks to his door, he considered her an enemy in ambush, liable to fly out at any moment with a stout broom-stick or hot suds, and so wisely kept at a safe distance.

But, roosted on the fence, with a handful of corn, Jonathan's fears were at rest, and he fed the chickens, drove the old roosters utterly wild with long and loud crowing, and sometimes made a hasty jump into the yard to set two ruffled, ambitious roosters fighting.

Now Jonathan teased and bothered the poor fowls so continually that they began to grow afraid of him, and would not come when he called them, much to his indignation. But one day he thought of a plan, and went straightway to work at it.

First he went to his mother's work-basket and got a spool of thread, then to the meal chest for a handful of corn. Sitting down on the door-step, he tied long strings of thread to each grain of corn, then climbed the fence, and commenced what was fun for him, but misery for the poor chickens.

"Chick, chick," called Jonathan; and he threw his handful of corn to the ground. "Now I've got ye, ye disobliging things," said he to himself, as the stout old hens and pompous roosters pushed the young ones aside, and gobbled up the corn.

Then Jonathan gave a sudden jerk to his strings, that caused the poor chickens to feel more uncomfortable in their stomachs than they ever had before, and made the roosters dance, and the poor old hens tumble and bob around in all directions. Mischievous Jonathan sat and laughed until he tumbled off the fence, which broke the strings, and set the poor fowls free.

This mischief Jonathan carried on for a few days, until the wily chicks would not come to get the corn when they saw him, and he had to hide behind the fence until the poor things had swallowed their uncomfortable morsel, and then he would pop up to see the fun.

But Betty had her eyes on Master Jonathan, and one morning, while waiting on table, spoke her mind as follows:

"Master, I know not what's to be done with that brat Jonathan Winthrop; now that his father's away, he behaves more unseemly than wont. The master on trial yonder has made him a witch, and he has bewitched our chickens."

"Why for, my good Betty?"

"Why for? Why, they scream and fly away from him on first sight; and then he bewitches them nearer, and they are filled with pain seemingly, and flutter and fly about as if in great distress."

"Some of his pranks, I doubt not. I'll speak to him. Serve a fowl for dinner, Betty;" and the Rev. Deodat Parker rose from the table, evidently not crediting Betty's story.

Well, the fowl was served for dinner, and the minister and his wife ate heartily, likewise Dame Betty. But that night the minister had an uncomfortable time of it, for the fowl was a tough old hen, and didn't sit as quietly on the minister's stomach as she would on a nest full of eggs.

"To my thinking, that boy's a witch of the Black Man's own brewing," said Betty, the next morning. "He hath bewitched our chickens, for certain."

"Nonsense, Betty," said the minister and his good wife together.

"Verily, no nonsense," snapped back Dame Betty. "That hen was bewitched I killed and cooked yesterday, as the eating of it has proved to the master. Never hen had such legs, or was so hard to kill; and, hark ye! I could not keep water in the pot," said Betty, mysteriously.

"Verily, this is a matter to be looked into. Thou thinkest the boy a witch?" And the Rev. Deodat Parker, uncomfortable from his disturbed night, was more willing to believe.

And so, I can hardly tell how, in a short time it was whispered around that little Jonathan Winthrop was a witch, and had bewitched the Rev. Deodat Parker's chickens.

One day Dame Betty walked into the minister's study and said, "Master, come and see for thyself."

So the minister called his good wife, and the three took their station behind a closed blind. And there, sure enough, was Master Jonathan astride the fence, waving his hands in the air, in what seemed to them some dreadful incantation, while on the ground four old hens and one miserable rooster were bobbing and squawking like things bewitched.

Now, unfortunately, the minister and his good wife and old Betty could not see the strings in Jonathan's hands, and so immediately believed him a true witch.

"Deodat, it must be seen to," said Goodwife Parker.

"Yes, I will go at once for a magistrate." And the old gentleman hurried off with unseemly haste, and returned in a short time with two magistrates and a brother clergyman, all considerably out of breath as they took their station behind the blind to see the wonderful manifestations.

And Jonathan was at it yet. Owing to the chickens being so hard to catch, he prolonged the fun when he did catch them. As the solemn magistrates peeped out, Jonathan gave a jerk to his threads that made the poor fowls fly toward him, fluttering and squawking like mad; and as he let the thread out again they ran away with all their might, only to be twitched back by their tormentor, who laughed until he cried at their antics.

The two magistrates and brother clergyman were old, as nearly all men in office were in those days, and their eyes saw no strings either. So they had a long talk, and decided Jonathan had best be arrested and tried, lest he should bewitch people next.

But on that day little Deliverance Parker, the minister's granddaughter, who lived out beyond the town, came to make a visit at her grandfather's, and she was told by Danie Betty that she must not play with Jonathan Winthrop as she used to do, for he was a witch, and had bewitched their chickens. And then Dame Betty showed her, as she had many others, from behind the blinds, Jonathan as he was plaguing the poor fowls.

Now little Deliverance had sharp eyes, saw the strings plainly, and took in the trouble at once; but Betty was so set and stupid she could not convince her, and they would not let her tell Jonathan of his danger.

Fortunately matters came to a crisis this afternoon. The magistrates had been waiting for Jonathan's father to come home; but as he was kept so long at Salem, they took matters in their own hands, and brought Jonathan before quite an assembly in the minister's study.

The poor boy was so frightened at all the stern faces before him that he didn't know what to say to the charge, and grew so confused and flustered, they believed him guilty at once.

But little Deliverance waited until the magistrates had finished talking, and then walked straight before them, and began to speak.

"Verily, he is no witch. He only ties strings to the corn that the poor fowls eat, and by the aid of the strings pulls them about."

"Thou art mistaken, little one; we saw no strings," said the magistrates.

"Yes, but there were;" and little Deliverance was so positive, and by that time Jonathan had found his tongue and both children explained the affair so clearly, that the old magistrates looked rather foolish, and dismissed the case with a reprimand to Jonathan for wasting his time so foolishly. But some good came of the boy's prank after all. For his father, seeing how near Jonathan came being proved a witch, bestirred himself in favor of poor School-master Halleck, who was set free from prison in consequence.—*Mary Hicks, in Harper's Young People.*

Swine in Summer.

WE never fed old corn in mid-summer, and never should unless we were going to fatten before winter. As soon as pasture is ready we should turn the hogs in and let the pasture carry them through until growing corn is ready to feed them, which it will do handsomely. But the pasture should not be crowded—that is, it should be allowed to get a good start before any stock, and hogs especially, are turned into it. Great loss results from treading down the young, tender plants before they have fully established themselves; but when far enough advanced all that is necessary for hogs in addition to the pasture are salt and plenty of water. We would salt at least once a day. Grain is worse than useless; or, perhaps, a better expression would be that it is not needed, and feeding it is not only a waste, but in one sense it is injurious. If the animal has nothing but the pasture to depend upon it will depend upon it and do well, but where grain is fed the animal looks for it, and it will not depend so much or do so well upon the pasture. It seems scarcely necessary to suggest that shade is necessary, and yet hogs are not always provided with it. It is downright cruelty to expose a hog to the burning sun of the summer days, especially when shelter from the heat can be cheaply provided in so many ways. Provide some place where the animal can retire in the heat of the day. It will do better by a very large per cent. than if no shelter is provided. From the nature of the hog, it suffers easily from the heat, even when not in the condition which we call fat. It always has more or less fat about it. It is natural for it to lay on fat, and even when it is not getting what are classed as fat-producing foods, as compared with other animals it is fat; and the confining it during the summer to grass is partly for the purpose of creating as little fat as possible and building up a foundation for pork in the winter. But do the best we can, and still there will be enough fat about the animal to cause it to suffer greatly when exposed to the heat. Some provision should also be made for it to wallow. Very often the belief prevails that it is the love of the hog for filth that induces it to seek the mud. Never was there a greater mistake made. The hog does not love filth; it is in fact one of the cleanest animals in existence, if it has a chance to be. The reason that the hog seems filthy is because the owner is filthy. The animal is kept and fed in dirt, and to expect it to shun it when it can not get away from it, is an absurdity, and is laying the blame where it does not belong. But mud, in the strict meaning of the term, is not filth; and when used by the hog is the animal's method of taking a bath. The skin becomes hot and itchy and is frequently covered with a dandruff-like substance. In wallowing the mud acts medicinally, and when dried and rubbed off, either by scratching or lying down, the skin's surface is cleased.—*Western Rural.*

—A couplo in the backwoods of Michigan desired to marry, but they were not within reach of a clergyman or justice. There was not, in fact, a human being within twenty miles. So they wrote out as much of a marriage ecremony as they could remember, including affirmative responses, signed their names to the document, and pronounced themselves husband and wife

St. Louis Graphically Described.

IN Cincinnati and St. Louis it's the O. and M. Road. People here haven't time to call over such a string of vowels as "Ohio and Mississippi." Life here is too short to make a speech when one wishes to signify a mere name. So, on the stations the paint "O. and M." in big letters, and language is abbreviated and men's hearts are rejoiced. The O and M. runs free parlor cars to Louisville and St. Louis, and Captain Peabody, Superintendent of the Road, is a sample Cincinnatian who can make things lively socially, while keeping things correct financially.

In St. Louis you commence feeling the real Great West. You are on the buffalo and "Injun" side of the Mississippi. Freight cars for San Francisco are plentiful and people commence talking "bits" instead of dimes. There is room here to spread, and they do spread. Grass plats reserved for the children to play on in the public squares, and at eve the offspring of the "lower middle class" may by the hundred be seen rolling, tumbling and imbibing through the naked little pores of their naked and dusty little black and white feet the fresh earth magnetism of the green. St. Louis has honored herself in this respect above some other American cities and deserves to be called up higher. The mule in St. Louis throws out something more than a mere skirmish line, and one great sale-stable after another on Fifth Street is furnished for his accommodation.

Fine Custom-house, permanently unfinished, *a la* Hartford, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and many other cities. Frame houses outside the levee near the outskirts semi-amphibious, being built on platforms against a high river, the lower portion used for stable or storehouse. Dust on many streets averages two inches in thickness, and the same in mud when the water cart goes over it. Dust white, very fine. Soft coal smoke also makes its mark within and without the house, and an old St. Louis carpet walked over a few times in a pair of white stockings will leave the bottoms simply black. As to color, the standard of cleanliness in the heart of St. Louis can not be that of a New England city, for no amount of sweeping or scrubbing can overcome the tint distributed everywhere in the air. White petticoats and stockings in St. Louis streets keep fresh about one hour. Still, they are extensively worn, and wash bills, like the Prophet's gourd, swell largely in a single night. Children average well-shaped, robust limbs.

Gents' clothing, judging from prices in shop windows, as cheap as in New York. The Chinese wash-man, English sparrow, 99 and 5-cent store, $7 nickel watch and "Newport tie," ladies' shoe boom here also. Chart business directories of single streets are in vogue. Saloons, barber shops and furnishing stores open and active on Sunday. The natives as thus far encountered seem to speak German and English with equal fluency. To know but one of these languages in St. Louis is to be lingually lop-sided. Drinking water not crystalline, and somewhat cathartic in quality. Pavements largely brick, with occasional loosened disordered spaces suitable in the dark for sprained ankles and suits against the city for damages. Streets promptly named on the corner lamp shades; houses carefully numbered 100 to the square and no more, *a la* Philadelphia. Very convenient for the stranger, and St. Louis in this respect sets an example for Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore and New York. Strawberries three quarts for a quarter and gas $2.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. The gas meter in as bad repute here as elsewhere. The 10-cent Oriental parasol everywhere.

The St. Louisian advertises by the square yard in his favorite paper. The farther West the bigger the advertisement. The "boundless prairie" causes a like desire for room in every thing. The St. Louis saloon-keeper can draw as much froth in the 5-cent glass of beer as he of the New York excursion boat. Good butter seems universal. Bread ditto. More mud on the streets than in Paris—much more. Slate roofs common. The 5-cent piece always known as a "nickel." Best cuts of beef a shilling a pound at retail.

Street cars without bells, car horses in better condition than ours, car conductors in gray uniform, very civil, and will leave their car to deposit infants safely on the curbstone. Street water carts a tank on wheels, and they sprinkle a deluge from a New York point of view. Gentlemen here prompt in giving up car seats to ladies, and ladies as in other places, somewhat remiss in acknowledging the courtesy. It should be remembered that a man's legs, after an all day's labor, may be even weaker than a woman's after a three hour's shopping excursion, and that the common articles of politeness is as binding on one sex as the other. Hotel porticos one, two and three storied. Awnings of wood very lofty; perhaps the loftiest in the world. Numerous horse and mule sale stables, plentifully bestrewn with sawdust and filled with horse and mule buyers and sellers.—*P. Mulford, in N. Y. Graphic.*

Mrs. Goodington's Anniversary Reflections.

"WHENEVER Caravansary Week comes round," remarked Mrs. Goodington, looking over the specs that had become opaque from the tears that filled her eyes, "when Caravansary Week comes round, I can't keep my mind off of poor Daniel. How the dear man used to enjoy it! He was a Utilitarian, you know; but he used to say that every sex had something admirable about it; something that was worth irritating by the others. So he used to go everywhere, listening to one predomination in the forenoon and a third in the evening. And how the good man would talk of degeneration by faith, the vicar's condonement, and all those doctors' things! There's few men like Daniel!" In her abstraction the dear old soul looked hopefully on Tommy, thinking that perhaps he might "peramulate his father," as she expressed it, without noticing that he was cutting out some of the most intricate figures in her school-days' sampler.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE deaf can never have a hearing in court, and to the dumb man is denied the freedom of speech; and yet in all this the blind man sees no wrong.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Religious.

THE UNCHOSEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

I STOOD within the market-place;
The Lord drew nigh,
Chose laborers for His vineyard, but
He passed me by.
I longed that to my hand He would
Some task assign—
Yea, yearned with feverish hope to toil
'Mid tree and vine.

Again, at noon, He came. My lips
Gave joyful cry;
He looked on me one moment—then
Passed silent by.
I would have followed, but my feet
In irons were bound;
And the parched tongue could give for grief
No further sound.

Lone, and with sufferings oppressed,
I longed to die;
Gazed wistful at the chosen toil—
Why might not I?
Oh, privilege to labor, strive,
Be worn and spent!
Oh, blessed to be footsore,
If on message sent!

At eve, amid His laborers,
The Lord drew nigh;
Fain had I kissed His garment's hem
As passed He by.
A pause—His voice I heard give firm,
Yet sweet command:
"Bear him upon the shoulder—yea,
Unloose each band!"

I lay upon a river's breast—
The Lord was nigh:
His hand my head upbore:
I heaved no sigh.
But listened to the voice that said,
"Thou'rt not alone;
Thy meekness and thy tender love
To me are known.

"Angels within the market-place
Were ever nigh:
They to thy soul gave patience, as
I passed thee by.
Light were the toilers' pangs to those
Within thy breast!
Bear on, dark waves—bear on
To perfect rest!"

—*Margaret A. Brooks, in Californian Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 20—Review of the Lessons.
June 27—Lesson selected by the School.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—The Creation.....Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-8
July 11—The Fall and the Promise.....Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—Cain and Abel.....Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

The Call to the Nobler Life.

IT was a better thing to be the leader of the people, to become the hammer which should shiver the chains of slavery, to pioneer a herd of serfs into nationality, than to be a Midian shepherd tending Jethro's flocks. It was to this nobler duty God called Moses. Moses tried to dodge the duty through various excuses, but there was for him the plain call into higher service.

We are not shepherds in a Midian desert, but I am sure we are all living lives less noble than we ought. As there was higher service and opportunity for Moses, so is there for us. I do not mean higher in the sense of more conspicuous, but higher in the meaning of becoming larger, rounder, more beautiful, more beneficent, more Christ-like.

We ought to know more than we do. Once, on the New England coast, I asked an old fisherman how many fins a cod has. He could not tell me. He had never thought to notice. He had been catching cod all his life, but the only thing he knew about them was that they were cod—how to bait his hooks for them, the best time and places to catch them, that they were cod and were worth so many cents a pound, was postively all he knew. Yet in that humble craft of his there was a wonderful book of God opened before his eyes, if he would but read it. Fish are more than something to catch and feed on. They are thoughts of God, and it is worth our while to get even a glimmer of a Divine thought. Agassiz spent a large portion of his life in studying the thoughts of God inlaid into a fish-scale. And that fish-scale has been a narrow door into a wide and many-chambered knowledge. I fear that more of us are to be charged with the stupid ignobleness of this fisherman. Every man's occupation ought to be for him a door into large knowledge. Each man's work is for him the best chance and avenue toward the most useful knowledge. Hugh Muller, journeyman mason though he was, found the stones he hewed written all over with the Divine thoughts, and so skilled did he become in reading them that when he read the world listened. The great truth of God dips down into every man's occupation, how humble soever. The clerk who handles goods ought to find a library in them. He ought never to allow himself to look at them with dull eyes, as simply so many things to sell. Why, the method of their manufacture, the place and way of the growth of the rough material, the laws of political economy presiding over their production—those goods are suggestive of all these. And thus, before every man's eyes, God spreads some open books of knowledge and of culture. But too many of us are like the fisherman—handling our goods, exchanging our moneys, making our bargains, building our houses, with dull eyes, careful not that while we work we learn, but careful only that we *catch the fish*, make money, live well, and dream on through life with eyes shut to the wonder and the truth of God.

We ought to be more loving and self-sacrificing than we are. During the late financial crisis in New York I was reading of a most touching incident. She was a washer-woman, living in one of the northern cross streets; weeks in and weeks out straining for sixteen hours a day over the wash-tub. She supported by this hard work a decrepid husband and one child. She lived in a little six-roomed house, four of the rooms of which she rented, and so, with rent and washing, she managed to get along and have a few dollars laid away. Then the financial crisis struck the rainy day came, terrible with disastrous clouds. Every man of the four who rented her rooms was thrown out of work. Good, honest fellows, with their families around them, facing the problem of a livelihood. Every day they went out with shovel and with basket, wandering the long streets in quest of work, but coming back hopeless. Hopeless? Desperate—but for one ray of light gleaming into their darkness. "I forgive them the rent," says Ann, the washer-woman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure an' they've had but one meal a day for the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they made a few pennies shoveling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it and the children starving?" Through those five dark months Ann scrubbed and soaped and wrung; toiled over the hot irons, carried home the heavy clothes-basket, paying the rent for those four families, consecrating to them her little hard-earned capital, keeping those husbands and fathers back from God knows what extremity of reckless despair and crime. How Heaven's brightness gilds and glorifies that humble life. More of such a spirit do we all need surely, amid this toiling, suffering world; more of this sweet distraction from the self and loving attention to those around us. Thus will our lives get into chime with the great heart of Christ and become nobler.

We ought to be stronger than we are. Our wills ought not to be so much like reeds shaken even with the breath of zephyr. We should be steadier in duty. We should be firmer against temptation. We should be most resolute against bad habits. We should be more thoroughly fixed in good habits. We should be more panoplied with a soldierly boldness in our contest for the good against the bad.

Surely as really as he called Moses does God call us unto nobler life. Let us put away our excuses as Moses did at last. Let us heed the call. Let us with him, in the strength of God go forth into the lifted life. God will not fail us. He did not fail Moses. Midian shepherds merely let us be no longer.

"I count this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a clearer air and a broader view."

—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in Chicago Standard.*

Patience.

PATIENCE is better than wisdom: an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practice it; it is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it; but it is not every garden that grows the herbs to make it with. When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to murmur as for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a plow-boy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Savior should be patient themselves. Grin and bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain past is pleasure, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt, when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

When troubles come, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of Providence, that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.

How the wind never so fast,
It will lower at last.

If the door shall be shut, God will open another; if the pease do not yield well, the beans may; if one hen leaves her eggs, another will bring all her brood; there's a bright side to all things, and a good God everywhere. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on, and if there were not, it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water-gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to Providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must needs go to glory by the way of Weeping Cross; and as we were never promised that we should ride to Heaven in a feather-bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and, therefore, let us plow the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labor while others murmur.—*John Plowman.*

FLEITMAN has discovered that by adding one-eighth of one per cent. of magnesium to fused nickel or cobalt, these metals, whether cold or hot, are capable of being easily forged or rolled into sheets. Cobalt, alloyed with magnesium becomes very hard, and when polished surpasses nickel in luster and whiteness. Both the cobalt and the nickel, treated as above, remain untarnished when exposed to the atmosphere, and when cast in molds have the same properties as cast steel.

IN December, 1879, a tramp applied to Supervisor Woodruff, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., for lodging. Mr. Woodruff sent him to a hotel. Last week he returned, paid Mr. Woodruff the amount of the bill, and said he wanted his name crossed off the books of the town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

SUCCESS.

Who wins the race? The boy who strives
For victory solely, and derives
No pleasure from the racer's art,
Nor keen delight to play his part,
But, struggling for his dog or button,
Must bolt his triumph like a glutton?

Who wins the race? The maid who craves
That all her friends should be her slaves?
A warm look here, cold shoulder there,
Now waiting bliss and now despair!
Amid the herd her charms have smitten
Gives one a finger, ten the mitten!

Who wins the race? The man who pours
His every nerve where he adores,
Outstrips his foes at any rate
And gets the maid by efforts great,
So set on owning that he's blind
To hot or cold, to wet or wind?

The race—who wins it? It is he
Who loses, gains the loftier fee!
O boy, love racing, not the prize;
Love love, sweet girl, not lover's cries;
And, man, far sooner bear a hurt
Than stoop to wrangle for a flirt!

—*Charles DeKay, in June Scribner.*

HALLOWELL'S PRETTY SISTER.

Hallowell himself was my classmate at Harvard and is still my good friend; in fact, he and Jack Spenser and I have been cronies from the time of our fitting for college at Exeter until now.

When Spenser reached the eminence of being a Junior he felt himself to be a greater man than ever before or since—a state of mind which I am ready to say is not uncommon in members of that class. At that time he was by far the most grown-up looking of our set, and, from being chief base-ball player and foremost in the riots and frolics of the year before, he seemed to blossom out all at once into a famous ladies' man and something of a dandy. He grew wonderfully particular about his cravats and boots, not to mention the fit of his clothes and the color of his gloves; and that winter of our junior year he went to germans and to the assemblies and parties of every description. We missed Jack; for our old comrade, instead of showing his former interest in the subjects to which we gave our whole attention, showed no satisfaction even at being a Junior, seeming to ignore that conspicuous position entirely. He affected the company of society men in the class ahead, who, in consideration of his size and good manners, position and generosity and congenial tastes, treated him almost exactly as if he were a Senior. We teased him unmercifully, and were much interested in trying to keep track of his flirtations, and managed somehow or other to get the full particulars of his behavior and experiences on almost every occasion, to his annoyance—though he wisely concealed any feeling of this kind as much as possible. We liked him and we missed him, for he seemed to have no time nowadays for a stroll or a frolic in town, and he was almost never to be seen at any of the private spreads sometimes given of an evening. I must add that we almost missed the entertainments which he used to give the year before. His room was decorated with the trophies from the germans and photographs of his young lady friends, and there were always several notes of invitation ostentatiously displayed on the table and mantel. At last, when he had a pair of slippers given him by one girl and a gorgeous sofa-cushion came from another, (neither of which were made up), we almost lost hope of ever regaining his old interest and affection for us. Hallowell, Jack and I had been inseparable during our sophomore year, and Hallowell and I grew sad and angry by turns at being deserted, and finally gave up Jack despairingly and went on with our own fashion of living. Jack was as friendly as ever, and we saw him more or less, of course, though he had little time to spare for us.

Hallowell lived fifty or sixty miles from Boston, in a small country town where his family had a pleasant old place and lived in most charming fashion. His mother was dead, and his father, younger brother and sister had been abroad until within a month or two of the time of which I write, so Dick had spent his vacations with the family of an uncle who lived in New York. He had always spoken of our going to visit him, and it was odd to notice how much interest Jack Spenser manifested in carrying out the old plan, after Hallowell came home from the holiday vacation bringing with him a fascinating photograph of his sister Alice, of whom he seemed very fond, and had always spoken with such enthusiasm that we had frequently accused him of bragging. His room suddenly became much more interesting to Jack Spenser, who had a way of lounging about in an easy chair by the center-table, where the photograph stood in a blue velvet frame, looking at it admiringly; and once he went so far as to borrow it for a day or two. Finally when Hallowell asked us to go home with him to spend Washington's birthday, which came on Monday that year, his satisfaction was great; and Dick confided to me that he didn't believe Spenser cared any thing for going with us, it was only because he should meet Alice.

Just before the visit, a letter came to Dick to say that Mr. Hallowell and the younger brother Tom would be away, but it caused us no sorrow since Miss Hallowell's presence was the pleasure to which we looked forward most; and what could be better than spending a day or two at such a place as we imagined Hallowell's home to be? Fathers and younger brothers could be dispensed with easily.

I was a shy fellow then and half afraid of young ladies, but I also had admired the photograph, and Miss Hallowell and I had exchanged messages through her brother's letters, so it was not exactly like meeting an utter stranger. I must confess that I was a rival to Spenser in my elaborate preparations in the line of gloves and cravats, and I even went to the length of getting a new supply of unreasonably elegant pocket-handkerchiefs and a tight new pair of shoes; and I anxiously asked the advice of Spenser and several other class authorities concerning the relative becomingness of my hat or seal-skin cap. Altogether it was one of the most interesting and important occasions of my life. It seems at least twenty years ago!

Behold us at the station in Boston on Saturday, carrying the neatest of traveling bags, with primly rolled umbrellas! I saw with satisfaction that my collar was exactly the same shape as Spenser's, and Dick confided that he didn't know which of us looked the most of a swell. To tell the truth, we were perfectly satisfied with ourselves. It seemed odd that Dick should appear so unconcerned and act in such a matter-of-fact way; but then one must remember that it was his own sister, after all, whom we were to see, and we rather pitied him for losing so much. We felt that he missed a great deal; other peoples' sisters are always so much nicer than one's own!

It was early evening when we reached our stopping-place, and we were to have a drive of two or three miles. A man was waiting with a handsome double sleigh and pair of horses, and Dick took the reins with an air of delight. I felt a little shaky as we neared the house and as if I had left behind something important, and at last I settled down into a horrible dread that I had left all my new collars in a drawer at college. I could see that Jack Spenser's thoughts were with Miss Hallowell, but being more accustomed to society it evidently caused him no feeling of embarrassment, and he was probably sure of making a good impression. The house looked imposing, as we drove up the avenue, and there was a bright light shining out across the snow from the parlor windows where the shutters had not been drawn, and the big dog bounced down the steps to meet us as some one opened the hall door. Dick ushered us in politely, and after leaving our coats we went into a handsome library to warm ourselves at a bright wood-fire. Dick beamed with happiness, and told the men to tell Miss Alice that we had come, asking where she was.

John said we were to make ourselves comfortable, and added, "She has a very bad cold, Miss Alice has."

"Goodness! that's too bad!" said Dick, and I understood his sorry look, for he had told me she was delicate and often had these horrible colds, which made him uneasy, as there was consumption in the family. "I'll just run up-stairs," said he, and John walked away smiling, after telling us that supper would be ready in a short time, and that the gentlemen would find their rooms ready whenever they chose to go up-stairs. It was gratifying to be called a gentleman, for I had several older brothers and had never dared make any pretensions of being any thing but a boy. Jack took no notice of the compliment, probably being used to it. Looking at him as he stood on the rug before the fire, I had a sudden and great longing to be tall and entirely self-possessed, and was conscious that there was some advantage in being a society man. I looked at my hands which had been much battered by base-balls the summer before, and had suffered recently from crooks and strains in the gymnasium. Dick soon joined us, apparently in a very happy mood. His sister had not expected us so soon and we must therefore wait longer. He looked so glad to be at home again and had such a twinkle in his eyes!

"What a swell you are, Hallowell!" said Jack, admiringly. "This is a stunning house. Why didn't you ever put on airs? Jackson's house won't hold a candle to this, and he is always bragging, and forever lugging in something about the billiard room."

"We have a first-rate table upstairs," said Dick meekly; "we'll have a game after supper. Glad you like the look of things. I hope you'll have a decent sort of time, I'm sure, but I wish father were at home. It's pleasanter here in summer of course; and then the place has gone back every way, having been shut up so long. We'll have no end of fun if you'll come down in summer some time."

Just now we heard a footstep on the stairs, and our hearts beat quicker in anticipation of the lovely vision. Dick jumped up and rushed out into the hall, and we heard a loud kiss and they both laughed and talked a minute, and then Hallowell and the young lady came in. She was pretty and no doubt about it. Tall and slender, with dark eyes and light curly hair and a fresh complexion, and the pleasantest manner which put us at our ease at once. She evidently had a terrible cold and could speak only in a hoarse whisper, and her brother asked about it, and remonstrated with her in a fatherly manner for being out that afternoon in such a bitter cold wind. Supper was ready then, and we were as jolly and hungry a party as ever sat down together. Miss Hallowell did not talk much, but she was full of fun; and we told one story after another, and made ourselves agreeable, while she confessed she never had been hungrier in her life, and she hoped our appetites would keep hers company—to which task they were not unequal.

She devoted herself especially to Spenser—it was no shock to me, for I had supposed she would all the time—and she looked at him a great deal when he was not looking at her. Of course Spenser knew it, and his worst enemy could not have denied that he was a handsome fellow. At last we could eat no more, in spite of much urging and a fourth supply of fried oysters brought in smoking hot.

We went up to the billiard room and tried manfully to go through a game, but the balls were disorderly and we didn't succeed in getting interested; it was evident that Spenser's thoughts were elsewhere, and at last we went down stairs again. Miss Hallowell had gone upstairs with us at first, but had discovered that it was not warm enough and left us. It was such a jolly house to be in; one could not help having a good time. The very atmosphere was suggestive of comfort and late breakfasts and doing as one pleased. There seemed to be no restraint, and every thing was so comfortable and in such capital good taste! The servants whom we saw treated us with respect enough to satisfy even a Harvard Junior, and they seemed as full of fun and good nature as ourselves.

Presently Miss Hallowell called to us to come into the parlor.

"You're not going to leave me to myself all the evening," said she persuasively, "even if I am stupid? Mr. Spenser plays, I have heard, and I know you both sing; can't you give me some music?"

And thereupon Spenser, who was musical and who had a piano in his room at college, was delighted to play for some time, and then we sang some of the new tunes which Miss Alice hadn't heard and some of the old ones which she liked, and then she played for us—first some gay music, and afterward a plaintive tune which made me feel forsaken, and poor Spenser was quite overcome. I shouldn't like to say for certain that he kept his eyes wide open without winking until the tears came; but I happened to be watching him and it looked uncommonly like it. It's too bad to tell you that, for he is one of the best fellows in the world; but he was young and he wished to make a good impression, and he sat with his hand over his eyes looking at Miss Hallowell between his fingers. Such a heavenly look as he gave her when she stopped playing!—and he said so gently that it was just the kind of music that he liked. I had heard Dick say a great deal about her playing, and I must confess that, although I know nothing about it, it didn't strike me as being at all extraordinary. But she looked like a beauty, with the firelight making her eyes seem darker and her hair more golden, and I begged her to play something else. "I wish you could sing," said Dick, with great politeness considering that she was his sister, and then they laughed as if there were some joke, and she answered that she was sorry she couldn't, but he could see how hoarse she was. She left the piano and sat in a low chair in the shadow of a screen, as she complained that the firelight hurt her eyes. Jack moved a chair near hers and they entered upon a long conversation, and finally Dick and I adjourned to the library for a smoke, and talked over our own affairs in sensible fashion. I could see Miss Hallowell as she sat opposite the door; she looked pale and tired, and I began to feel sorry about the cold. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and I remember she had on a very dark blue silk dress with a white ruffle round her throat and a bright yellow gold chain just under it. There was something so pleasant and frank about her!—but sometimes she put on the little ways most girls have in talking to gentlemen—so conscious of themselves, and looking at you with that devoted little smile.

"Jack's in for it, sure enough," said Dick to me in an exultant whisper. "I hoped there'd be a flirtation. Did you ever see any thing done better in all your life?" and he shook with laughter—and then began to talk about something else.

I had no wish to change the subject and said, "I should think he would enjoy her, after having that stuck-up Miss Daneweight for a lady-love." (We somehow had never approved of any of poor Jack's flames.)

"Alice is a good-looking girl," said Dick in a matter-of-fact way. "You are n't hit yourself, are you Phil?"—and then he went on talking about running-jumps and standing-jumps, the giant-swing and other gymnasium affairs, and I wondered why his eyes twinkled so and why he seemed so full of the old Harry. He seemed so glad to be at home, and that made me feel blue, for I couldn't help thinking of my home, which only a year or two before had been broken up and which I missed terribly.

We sat before the fire some time, and at last I began to grow sleepy; for I had got up early that morning to do some studying—a most uncommon piece of behavior on my part—and between that and the journey, the drive and the supper, my eyes kept shutting up. I discovered my miserable state of mind to Dick, who said he was sleepy too and volunteered to keep me company. We listened a minute in the hall, and found that Jack was repeating poetry. He looked up at me in rather a shame-faced fashion when I said good-night to Miss Hallowell, and seemed more ill at ease than I ever had seen him. Dick said in a casual way that he should be down again presently, and we departed.

"Sentimental goose!" said he, when we were half way upstairs. "He'll be made fun of if he goes far on that tack. I said I was coming down again just to start him off. I'm afraid you've had a stupid evening, Phil; but Alice will be all right to-morrow and we'll have no end of fun."

I put in a remark not altogether complimentary to Spenser, for to tell the truth I was a little jealous and had a sense of being left out of sight. When we were in my room, Dick banged the door and rolled over and over on a wide sofa, laughing until he was almost in hysterics. I never had seen the fellow behave so in all the time I had known him. I laughed at first from sympathy, and finally I pounded him on the back and shook him and made him sit up, and then I gave my whole mind to finding out what the matter was.

"Oh, I can't tell you, old boy!" said he, gasping, "but it's such a go! I'm afraid I never can keep it until to-morrow. If we both knew it we should spoil it; but it is such fun, and you shall know to-morrow afternoon—" and my friend sat up and wiped his eyes, and told me if every thing wasn't all right in the room to sing out, and that I should be called for breakfast, and I mustn't tell Spenser that there was any joke coming off. I made another attempt to learn the secret, but Dick scurried away down-stairs in self-defense.

In half an hour or so, when I was just going off to sleep, Spenser opened the door of his room, which was next mine, and was evidently much elated.

"Hallo! you are not asleep?" said he. "Isn't it a larky place? I wish we were going to stay a month"—and he whistled a little, and moved about the room briskly, pulling his dressing-traps out of his traveling-bag.

With a great struggle against jealousy and sleepiness I said, "She is a stunner, isn't she, Spenser?" and he looked grateful for this sympathy and gave me his opinion of Miss Hallowell's charms in a most touchingly confidential manner.

"And the fact is," said he, "she is lonely here, and I don't wonder at it. There are no young ladies near, and she says she has grown up with her brothers. Of course she is awfully fond of Dick, but you know he is a little rough sometimes, and he seems only a boy to her"—and Jack looked at himself in the long dressing-glass as if there was Miss Hallowell's *beau ideal* of what a young gentleman ought to be. "She says she always has wished to see me, ever since Dick used to write about me at Exeter. She knows how to say a nice thing to a fellow, and she means every thing she says; you can tell she is not trying to stuff you. That's Daneweight's fashion."

"Then her sun has set, has it?" I asked, waking up a little.

"Don't be rough," said Jack placidly. "Did you see what stunning rings she wears?"

Next morning we had breakfast late, and had to hurry to get through in time to get to church. Spenser supposed Miss Hallowell was going, and I didn't care to stay at home alone; but when the sleigh came round and we walked out of the library dressed in our highest style, Dick said that Miss Hallowell would not be of the party. Jack evidently wished to stay at home to keep her company, but didn't dare to say so, as Dick seemed to have no such idea, and so we started off ruefully enough; but we had a long drive, and the gait of Mr. Hallowell's black horses proved a great consolation to me if not to Spenser, and we heard a capital sermon. After we came home we had an early dinner, and Miss Hallowell came down looking pale, so that we could tell that the headache had been genuine. Dick took me all over the house and showed me his guns and all his own special treasures, and then we went out to the stables. In the meantime Jack was with Miss Hallowell in the parlor. She had lost her color, and her cold seemed even worse, and I must confess she was not so pretty as she had been the evening before. It was a great disappointment to us that she was ill. Still she was so cordial and bright and kind that one could not help liking her. By and by Dick and I came in, and finding that Spenser was reading aloud we considerately went into the library. It had begun to snow and the wind was blowing tremendously, and there was no prospect of the walk we had been planning; so we took some books and tried to read, and then we began to smoke, Dick having brought out a generous supply of his father's cigars. We talked a little, but it was rather a dull afternoon. We could hear Spenser reading in the parlor; they were sitting in a bay-window out at the farther end. I couldn't help feeling that I was left out in the cold, and then it occurred to me that this was a good chance to find out Dick's secret. I had alluded to it frequently during the day, and he had hushed me and put me off every time. He said, "Wait until evening;" and I thought it was some plan for a trick or frolic, as he had showed marvelous ingenuity in such affairs at college. I was sure of something entertaining, and hoped in my inmost heart that he meant to tease Spenser.

"Come, tell me," said I, persuasively, and he laid down his book with a gleam of fun in his eyes and a doubtful look about the mouth.

"It's a shame it snows. I'm afraid it'll spoil the best of it, but I've a great mind to tell you. It is agony to keep it to myself. How the rascal has managed to keep it up so long I don't see. I haven't dared to look him in the face to-day. Hallo! what's that!"—and I followed him as he sprang to the window and saw a sleigh just coming up to the door. A young lady jumped out and ran up the steps covered with snow, while the man drove away toward the stable. Dick seemed convulsed, and I thought with joy that the *tete-a-tete* would be broken up.

The young lady had come into the hall, but Dick did not go out to receive her, and caught me by the arm and held me fast with a very funny expression.

The young lady called, "Boys! where are you?"—but nobody answered; and then we heard her go into the parlor, and Dick went to join her, dragging me with him.

The new-comer was unmistakably Miss Alice Hallowell herself, and she stood just inside the door, the picture of amazement, looking at the two people who sat at the further end of the room—Jack Spenser with his volume of poems open in his hand, and "Miss Hallowell" (or whoever she might be) in a big easy chair with a footstool and a cushion to lean against, playing with a pink rose-bud in the most sentimentally invalid fashion. I forgot to tell you that Spenser had carried "her" a bouquet of roses from Boston.

"Tom, you wretch!" said Miss Hallowell stamping her foot. "*Tom!* how dare you?"

Tom, with a sweet, tired little smile, put his hand into the pocket of his dark blue silk dress, and took out one of his sister's lace pocket handkerchiefs, which he held to his eyes, and then rose slowly and walked down the long parlor with short steps and a most effective sweep of his long skirts, caricaturing the young lady whom he had so skillfully represented until then. He paused at the door and said, "Good by, boys," in his natural voice, which sounded strangely grum and unladylike.

It was so absurd that even Jack Spenser laughed till he cried, and said he never had seen any thing so capitally done in his life.

He was very good tempered about it, and said he had had no suspicion, though there had been some things which had surprised him which he had supposed were owing to "Miss Hallowell's" being so much with "her" brothers. We had stood for a minute on the piazza before breakfast, and "she" had made a snowball and thrown it at a bird in a most boyish fashion. He had thought "her" hands rather large, and had come to the conclusion that the photograph was somewhat flattering, though he liked "her" very much. We all liked him all the better for owning up so bravely. I do not know whether he bribed Tom to secrecy regarding the conversations which had taken place; at any rate that young person had the grace to be silent.

He came down-stairs presently, wearing his own clothes—a slender, fair-haired boy of fifteen, with a wonderful likeness to his sister. He was at home on a vacation from his boarding-school, where the chief pleasure had been getting up plays, and he had distinguished himself in the young ladies' characters. He had always been a capital mimic since he was a little fellow, and it was surprising, after we had seen a little more of the real Miss Hallowell, to see how cleverly he had imitated her ways. The cold was a reality, and had been a great help to him—for one could not have any suspicions about his having lost his voice and being obliged to talk in a whisper, when he coughed so much.

I must confess that we found the true Miss Alice infinitely more entertaining than the false. The rest of our visit was so merry and we were so charmingly entertained, that we went back to college the most sorrowful persons imaginable, and were homesick at intervals for a month. The storm which began on Sunday was so violent that we were obliged to stay over until Tuesday, and of course we felt great satisfaction and only wished that it had lasted longer. It seemed that a friend whom Miss Hallowell had not seen for a long time was to spend Sunday with another friend who lived ten miles away, and they had persuaded her to stay with them until Sunday evening. When the storm came on she had started sooner, fearing she might be absent another night, and I dare say not feeling quite easy at the thought of leaving her brothers and their guests to their fate. Tom had not gone with his father on account of his cold, and when his sister's absence had been decided upon he had laid his plan.

Jack had not much to say about his society affairs for some time, and finally confessed to me that he was sure that a fellow needed to go into society, but he had rather overdone the thing. He and Hallowell and I were fast friends through our college course and are fast friends still. Jack and I made other visits at the Hallowell's, and perhaps it is no harm to tell you that he and Miss Hallowell are engaged and will be married in the fall. You see all this happened several years ago, and Jack will be through the law school this year.

Hallowell suggested the other day that they ought to ask Tom to be chief bridesmaid. That young man is in college himself now, and it is needless to say that he is one of the brightest lights of a class which is highly distinguished for its array of talent for music and the drama.—*Sarah O. Jewell, in Good Company.*

The Source of Woman's Strength.

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule, they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of the member of the family who has apparently gone to the bad? What mother and sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case. Without dwelling on the greater physical weakness of women in general, it is a fact that their brains are more easily deranged, and unless they change greatly they are apt to deteriorate in essential womanly qualities if thrown much or prominently before the world. They are seldom fitted to rule, emulation and jealousy being generally strong in their character, while their feelings and judgments are often rapid in the extreme. It is in the heart, therefore, that a woman will more especially feel the effects of Agnosticism, whether those effects be for good or evil. Her head may gain in grasp of logic and in clearness of view; but if her heart, with all its powers for good, is weakened and discouraged, she will gain little ultimately by the spread of the new views. When the heart is dispirited, or thrown back upon itself, the action that springs from it tends inevitably to fall lifeless to the ground.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Choosing a Profession.

Dr. Holland and others, who have been discussing the question of how a young man should choose a profession, can profit by the experience of a young man who promised his dying father that he would adopt a profession and that it should be one that his conscience told him he was fitted to fill. The old man died and the son began to consider what profession he should select. At first he though of the medical, but reflection convinced him that he never could go through the ordeal of fitting for it, as he handn't the nerve to rob a graveyard. Then he thought of the law, but as he became satisfied that he couldn't be friends on the street with the man who, in the court-room, called him a sniveling blackguard and whom he had hinted was an ex-train-wrecker, and moreover as he wasn't good at poker, he gave up that idea. He thought of the stage, but the conclusion that he shouldn't like to be fired at several times a week by the men with whose wives he had flirted, made him feel that he was unfitted for that profession. The church suggested itself. He might be a clergyman. But when he asked himself: "Do you like to play croquet?" conscience compelled him to admit that he detested the game. He was, therefore, unfitted for the church. But at last a happy thought struck him. He did not object to profanity; he was willing to yell at the top of his voice, he enjoyed a scuffle now and then, and he liked to wear diamonds and draw a big salary. The way was open to him to keep his promise to his father by becoming a professional man, and at the same time to do nothing that his conscience told him he was unfitted for. He pitches a curve ball.—*Boston Post.*

Millet is so fruitful that it will often yield a thousand seeds for one planted

GENERAL.

Jokers at Mills, Minn., got up a bogus telegram, announcing that Smith had won $10,000 in a lottery. Smith did not discover the truth until almost the entire male population had got drunk at his expense.

An enterprising member of the St. Louis Dental Association has discovered that George Washington wore a set of false teeth that cost him $500, though a much better set can now be had for $15. The teeth were made of ivory blocks set on a gold plate.

The New Haven *Journal* makes the curious statement that a post-mortem in the case of B. D. Purdy, Jr., of Canaan, Conn., "revealed the fact that his death was caused by a broken neck, and that he had been living in that condition for three years, as is supposed."

Dr. Hammond, of Minneapolis, was engaged to marry Miss Bly, but he made Miss Winter his wife instead. Nobody could guess why he changed his matrimonial plan, and the mystery was deepened by the fact that Miss Bly had nothing hard to say against him. The matter is clear now, for he has eloped with her after getting possession of his wife's $15,000.

An ostrich, long on exhibition in Rome, having been suffocated by thrusting its neck between the bars, there were found in its stomach four large stones, eleven smaller ones, seven nails, a necktie pin, an envelope, thirteen copper coins, fourteen beads, one French franc, two small keys, a piece of a handkerchief, a silver medal of the Pope, and the cross of an Italian order.

The London *Times* says that the Russian Nihilists carry about their persons the types with which they do their printing. If it is necessary to publish a proclamation or other document, the compositors meet in secret, and in the quickest possible way put in type the manuscript, and then print it from a hand press. When the necessary number of copies is ready, the press is taken to pieces and put into the pockets of the conspirators, who immediately return to their homes.

The ornithological editor of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* thus discourses on a friendless bird: "The bluejay, like the poor, we have always with us; and of all the conceited, arrogant, impudent coxcombs that ever were inflicted upon ornithology, he is the apex. Dressed in gaudy hat, with dirty feet, a Zouave's suit in which pale blue predominates, a countenance that would put a beggar to shame and a voice that needs sandpapering, he can make the most discordant noises that ever cleaved the air."

George W. Aldrich, of Wayne County, N. Y., has an Indian relic, plowed up on his farm, that has thus far defied the guesses of all who have seen it as to its use by the aborigines. It is of stone, nine inches in length, two inches in diameter at one end and running to a point at the other. Through the entire length of the thing is a groove one-half an inch across and the same depth at the largest end, coming to a point at the smaller end. It has a highly polished surface, which exhibits under a magnifying glass various hieroglyphics which are invisible to the naked eye.

Miss Beckwith, of England, is a plump young woman with great skill as a swimmer. Her latest effort was a thirty hours' swim in a huge tank. Before going into the water a committee of ladies ascertained that she wore nothing that could support her in the water. Then she began her task, and completed it successfully, giving many exhibitions of ornamental swimming. She took coffee and beef-tea from a floating table, and in the night amused herself by singing and reading. The latter process she accomplished by floating on her back and holding her book in both hands. This accomplished young person is likely to visit New York this summer.

It requires long practice and great skill to doff the hat to a lady on the street according to the approved Cockney code. As nearly as an observer can describe the accomplishment, it is about this. The nice young man recognizes the lady with a calm smile, passes her nine feet, raises his right elbow to a level with his shoulder, seizes his hat-rim between his thumb and forefinger, lifts it from his head, and with a spasmodic jerk brings it down in front of his face at a distance of three inches from the tip of his nose until the upper edge of the rim is on a level with his scarf-pin. He then restores his hat to his head and lowers his elbow to its normal position, and the accomplishment is accomplished.

Seasonable Hints for Young Ladies.

Now, girls, that you are going to the seaside for the summer, see that you return in the fall without your house-bleached complexions. Never mind a little tan if you can get a permanent blush of pure healthy blood-red on your cheeks with it. You are too much a house plant, and a hot-house plant at that, in the city, and that white face, if not a sallow one, proves it. Your limbs, young ladies—your, in fact, legs—are in far too many cases good for nothing save to help you get in and out of carriages. You can't walk any respectable distance. You laugh at the little, crippled feet of the Chinese women, yet, in point of fact, you are not much better off than they. You are too often crippled in the lungs with tight corsets, in the feet with tight shoes, and all about the waist and shoulders with those beautifully fitting tight dresses, made to wear but not to work in. Some of you are obliged to carry your arms in a position to suit the dress, for the arms must give way to the requirements of the dress and not the dress to the arms. You look well outside, but if a capable, honest doctor should make a truthful report of the condition of your motive, vital and other powers within you, it would be an awful story. Too many of you are really cripples, for a girl may be a cripple without being lame, halt or blind, although to an anatomical eye your gait now, fettered as you are from foot to neck, is very much that of a cripple. And if you go to the seaside only to dress for breakfast, lunch and dinner, only to walk from the hotel door to the beach, and always to be hauled about in a carriage when a mile or two of ground is to be traveled over, you will return cripples. Selah! and see to it and don't you forget it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

The Republican Congressional Convention to be Held at Oakland.

The Republican State central committee met in the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Wednesday, when there were present Chairman Stocksbridge and sixty members, all the counties but Anne Arundle being represented. H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., represented this county.

The time decided upon for the holding of the Congressional Convention for this district is September 2, and the place Oakland Md.

The Presidential Campaign.

The nomination by the Democracy at Cincinnati, of General Hancock as their candidate for the Presidency, practically opens the campaign of 1880. The representatives of the two great political parties have met, promulgated their declarations of principles and named their standard-bearers.

In the selection of General Garfield the Republicans have chosen wisely. He is a representative Republican. By his own effort he raised himself from poverty and obscurity, obtained a collegiate education, made for himself a good military record and was elected nine times in succession to a seat in the House of Representatives, and finally, last winter, to the United States Senate. In him we have the scholar, the soldier, the statesman, and he will command the full vote of his party.

Gen. Hancock, on the other hand, is not a representative Democrat; he has nothing in common with the aims, the tendencies and the underlying principles of the Democratic party. Most Democrats will doubtless vote for him, but in their secret heart a large majority of them would very much prefer voting for some one who fought on the other side, were it politic to do so. General Hancock is a good candidate in a passive sense; there is nothing specially against him. Garfield is a good candidate positively; there is not only nothing against his character, but a great deal in his favor; and when we come to judge the two men by their acheivements, by their capacity, by their fitness for the high office for which they have been nominated, laying aside all political bias, and taking into account their opportunities, ninety-nine men in a hundred will decide that Garfield is the better man of the two. As a mere choice, therefore, Garfield will have the advantage. But the campaign will be fought out, not on the personal popularity of the candidates, but on the principles they represent. The Democrats have had control of the lower House of Congress for the last five years, and of the Senate a year and a half, and the people know what to expect of them, if they get control of the Executive Department of the Government also. They have not forgotten the Democratic threat to "wipe out all war legislation," in other words, to "reform" the Government with the Rebel side up. They have not forgotten that Republicans in the Southern States have been driven out and shot out until Republicanism has been suppressed in that section. They have not forgotten the cipher dispatches, which prove the Democratic managers guilty, not only of acquiescence in the wholesale murder and intimidation by which Republicans in the South were prevented from voting, but that they made a persistent, systematic and determined effort to secure the Presidency by bribery and fraud, after they had failed to secure it by fraud and violence. The people will not fail to remember the financial record of the Democracy; how they devised every imaginable scheme to break down the credit of the Government and bring disaster and disgrace on the best financial system that the world has ever known: that they have been ever ready to sacrifice the best interests of the country to a temporary Democratic success. And, finally, the people will remember the effort of a Democratic Congress to repeal, and failing in this, to annul the necessary laws to secure, as far as possible, honest elections in the great cities. The loyal North will remember these things, and will oppose a solid South with a solid North.

General Hancock may be a fair enough man, but he is not immense enough to cover the sins of the Democratic party with his respectability, and he must certainly feel in bad company when he turns his back on the veterans who fought beside him in the late war, and lends his popularity and his influence to turn the government over in 1880, to the very men who sought to destroy it in 1861.

A Candidate for Defeat.

"For President, Major General W. S. Hancock."

This was the news that was sent all over the country on the day that the Democratic National Convention reached a nomination. Then was known who was to be again defeated. After 20 years of defeat, it would seem that the Democrats ought to be satisfied, and not try for more laurels of this kind, but it is otherwise, and they again bring out a man, who is deserving of a better fate.

A great deal might be said of Gen. Hancock. He was a good soldier, and now, after all the Democratic hue and cry about military rulers, they, with a strange disregard of all their previous opinions upon this point, come before the voters of the country with "a man on horseback." But does any one fail to see why he was nominated? Every one knows that it was done to catch the soldier vote. Vain hope. Of course it might be supposed that some would vote for General Hancock on the ground of friendship and associations. But—James A. Garfield was also a soldier. He also can control "soldier votes," for no one can question the fact of his popularity. If the Democrats expected to elect Major General W. S. Hancock, of the *Union* army, as a *Democrat*, on a *Democratic* ticket, by the votes of Union Republican soldiers, they will be grievously disappointed. The thing won't work.

'Tis very doubtful if General Hancock has the qualifications for a President, whatever may be his qualifications for the place he now occupies. He has been a soldier and nothing else, all his life, and has taken no part in politics. While he may be honest and well-meaning, even should it turn out that he was elected, he would have to rely partly, if not entirely, upon the advice of others; and what a chance that would be for unscrupulous Democrats. How they would flock around him, and hoodwink him so that he would be in no condition to wisely administer the affairs of the nation. On the other hand, Gen. Garfield has had a large experience in matters political. He has been in Congress for a long term of years, and has had abundant opportunities to inform himself upon all matters necessary to any position in the political world. It is not a fair comparison that a Democratic paper makes when it says: "What an insignificant figure the Ohio ex-Brigadier will cut beside the Pennsylvania Major General." It should be borne in mind that the Republican candidate was a Major General also, and was called from the field to take a seat in Congress, an honor that, Major General though he be, Hancock never had conferred upon him.

A great deal of bracing up is needed amongst the Democrats since the excitement of the closing scenes of the Convention has passed. The little reconciliation between the dissatisfied factions, that was magnified so extensively, is not what it was thought to be. The fact is, you can't most always sometimes tell all about these things. True, John Kelley and his delegates swore eternal fidelity to Hancock; and the immaculate Samuel Jones T. sent a congratulatory message. But can John Kelley work vigorously for the party that so unceremoniously and vindictively sat down upon him and his followers in the Convention? Hardly. Tilden, though by his declination, lost his opportunity, it is to be taken with a great deal of allowance, when he announces his appreciation of the candidate.

Taken altogether, the Democrats seem to have made a mistake. The nomination of Gen Hancock was unpremeditated and done in a moment of excitement, but unfortunately for the Democrats it is now too late for them to put up a stronger man.

The Vice President is *not* Thomas A. Hendricks, who desired the second place on the ticket, and it follows as matter of course that he will work to the best of his ability for the success of the ticket in Indiana, and of course the Democrats will carry the State. All this, and more the Democrats would fain believe themselves and take great pains to impress it upon the minds of the Republicans. But it won't do; it is a confession of weakness and uncertainty. And while the Democrats try to figure up for themselves a victory, and are trying to reconcile the various inconsistencies of the campaign, the Republicans are quietly working for the success which they know awaits them.

Hon. Milton G. Urner.

[From the Cumberland Daily News.]

Colonel Daniel C. Bruce, of this city, some time since wrote to Hon. Milton G. Urner, soliciting an expression of the latter's wishes in regard to the approaching congressional campaign. Rumor had it that Mr. Urner would and would not be a candidate, and his friends were in a state of uncertainty about the matter.

In a talk with the writer in Washington last March, Mr. Urner seemed inclined not to be a candidate again, and in a recent letter rested his wishes accordingly. All this time he was strongly importuned to run again, and he held the subject under advisement, sensibly preferring to not positively commit himself until necessary. The occasion to speak has come, and in his letter to Col. Bruce Mr. Urner states his willingness to serve his constituency again if they desire.

We have been permitted to make an extract from Mr. Urner's letter, in which, after referring to certain correspondence on the subject, he says:

"I feel I do not deserve the flattering expressions my friends have so kindly written me, nor do I agree with them that the interests of the party are dependent at all upon me; but, while I still prefer not to be nominated, and feel that my private interests require me to remain at home, I would not feel at liberty to decline to obey the will of my fellow-citizens should they again desire me to serve them. Yours truly,

MILTON G. URNER."

If Mr. Urner adheres to the above, and as he has deliberately expressed himself he is not likely to change his views, we consider that the nomination will be tendered him. It has for a long time been generally conceded that the nomination was his if he desired it, and we suppose it will now take that direction.

Mr. Urner has made a creditable record in Congres. He has not essayed any brilliant display, but in his speeches has shown that his views of public affairs are sound, and every vote on important matters has been correctly cast. This is particularly true of the financial question, when he alone of all the Maryland members of the House cast his vote for honest money.

With Mr. Urner for Congress, and our splendid presidential ticket, we can make a stirring, vigorous and successful campaign.

"We think the Democrats have made the same kind of a mistake in the selection of a candidate at Cincinnati as did the Whigs in 1852, at Baltimore, in the nomination of Gen. Scott. In each case the trained statesmen were set aside because they were statesmen and had made a record. The soldier was taken, not because he was a soldier, not in the spirit of hero worship, but simply and solely because he was not a statesman. The attempt to hurrah Gen. Scott into the Presidency was a flat failure. The hollowness of the enthusiasm of the brass band politicians was perfectly apparent to the people. The statesmen who had been set aside were hurt and sore that their services to the party and country were ignored, and that their very fame was looked upon as a weakness.

"The nomination of a noble soldier made from the most ignoble motives, the result of wretched rivalries, was the death knell of the Whig party. The nomination of Hancock came by reason of exactly similar political tactics and ballots. The result in our opinion will follow the parallel already pointed out. Nothing will be gained to the Democracy from ringing the changes upon the war record of their nominee, for the campaign will not turn upon war services.

"The questions with which they will have to deal will be those to which their candidate is as perfect a stranger as though he had been a resident of Canada. The injustice done to the leaders of Democratic opinion, those whose lives have been passed in the struggle to maintain its principles and its organization, will rankle in the minds of their followers. When defeat comes, as it certainly will, it will bring with it a disruption of the conflicting elements, which sought a meaningless nomination as the only method of escape from an unsolvable problem. The Democratic will follow the Whig party into dissolution never to rise again as anything but a memory. In this light the choice made yesterday becomes a blessing to the country." —*Washington Republican.*

President Hinsdale of Hiram College, tells "Gath" this tender little story of Garfield's life in Hiram:

"Garfield's oldest child died in this house. It was a daughter, and would now have been perhaps twenty-one years old. He had just come back from Chickamauga, and Stanton had made him a Major General. He was on his way to Washington, and had no change of clothing. He had not had time to get himself a new suit of clothes. You know well enough that he was not the man to take any vanity in a uniform. But when his child was dead, and he stayed over for the funeral, he had to wear that suit with the Major General's buttons on it. There was no photograph of the child to whom they were both tenderly attached, and there being in the town a traveling photographer's wagon, he was called upon to make a picture of the little child after death. Garfield took the little creature in his lap to hold it while they made the picture, and he told me that when he looked down on the cold face of his child his eyes fell on the buttons of the Major General, and he thought how little there was in the honors of the world."

A call has been issued for an Irish-American Republican convention to be held at Indianapolis on the 14th of July for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of Garfield and Arthur at Chicago and perfecting a national organization. The call recites and compares the history of the two great political parties, declares that Irishmen are inconsistent in accepting the doctrines of the Democrtic party, and justly points out that "the Republican party, in all its great achievements, has never advanced a principle nor enacted a statute in any way at variance with a single doctrino of that patriotic faith which has upheld the people of Ireland during their long and determined struggle for national autonomy." It concludes with the expression of the hope that the time will come when Irishmen, "having discovered the true character of their false guides of the Democratic party, will boldly espouse the banner of the Republican party under which, as a liberty loving people, they have always rightfully belonged."

General Garfield, when a young man, knew something of poverty. When he started as a teacher, says the Cleveland *Leader*, he was the owner of but "one suit, and that of jeans. Toward the end of the term the trousers became very thin, and while bending down one day he tore one of the knees nearly around. The chagrined teacher pinned it together as well as he was able, and that night made somewhat bitter complaint to Mrs. Stiles, where he was boarding, in regard to his poverty. 'Oh, never mind,' said the good woman, 'you can go to bed and one of the boys will bring down your pantaloons, and I will carefully darn the hole, so that it will be as good as new. When you get to be President you will forget all about such little things as that.'"

In keeping with time-serving policy, is the revival of the notion of nominating some military leader, such as Gen. McClellan or Gen. Hancock, an experiment once tried already, and crowned with signal failure; yet there are those in the political corral whose ears are sufficiently elongated to bray out obtrusively—"try it again." The failure of the experiment once ought to suffice, and would suffice with any but those conspicuous for their folly. Experience in the past ought to have taught them a lesson, but fools will not learn even in the school of experience. Though you should bray a fool in a mortar, yet would not his folly depart from him. The mortar-braying which the Democratic party has experienced in the last fifteen years ought to be sufficient for it for all time.—*Democratic Advocate, April 29th*, 1876.

The steamer Seawanhaka, plying between New York and Long Island resorts, caught fire at 4:30 Monday afternoon in East river, off Randall's Island. The fire spread rapidly, and all the passengrs had to jump into the water before the steamer grounded, 200 feet from land. Between 300 and 500 passengers were on board, and from 30 to 50 lives are believed to have been lost. Several passing steamers and row-boats from shore came to the rescue.

The population of Cumberland is 10,666, an increase of 2,610 over the census of 1870.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1880.

In view of the great rejoicing in the Democratic camp over the nomination of General Hancock, a Union soldier, for President, and of Wm. H. English, a "copper head" of the worst type for Vice President, I cannot resist the temptation to copy a few sentences from the *N. Y. Tribune* on the subject. It says: "Democrats are as happy as a baby with a new doll over their new ticket. It is not surprising. Two or three times before we have heard the same joyous congratulations after the nomination of a ticket, the same fierce yells of triumph and the same gushing pledges of unlimited majorities in all the doubtful States. But the season of rejoicing has always been followed by a dismal period of doubt, and afterwards by the sack-cloth and ashes of a great defeat." The Democrats are now in the period of exhileration. But it will not last long. The intentions, present and future, and the past history of Democracy is too well known to the loyal people of the North for them to be deceived by the appearance of a beloved Union soldier at the head of their ticket. While we love and honor General Hancock for his services during the Democratic Rebellion, we repudiate when he becomes the dupe and cats paw of the party he fought to conquer. I can say; gentlemen of the South we known you too well, everytime you open your mouths we see your flags, though your backs are covered with fleece. Though you have stolen one of our heaviest guns, and expect to turn it upon us, we will spike it, even before it is aimed. Republicans here see the blunder in Hancock's nomination, and it will not take it long to spread to every hamlet in the North.

Democracy in that anomaly it calls a "platform," makes another serious blunder when it demands "a tariff for revenue only." This is flat and without modification. What is it, and what means it. It is a doctrine popular at the South where manufactories do not thrive, and it means "free-trade" and death to the manufacturing interest of the North. Are the manufactures in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, and Indiana those so-called doubtful States, in favor of foreign competition in American markets? I think not. Can the Democratic party expect support from these interests, when that party has for one of its principles a doctrine fatal to them? It is not reasonable. I can say with confidence that this plank of "a tariff for revenue only," will drive many voters who have manufacturing interests into the Republican ranks, and make States called doubtful almost sure Republican. In its desire to-day to the South, the Northern Democrats have made another blunder. They cannot correct it. It is too late.

This city has never before known a heated term like the present one. The mercury is regularly and malignantly, day after day, in the neighborhood of 100°. But for a constant breeze which sweeps along our wide streets and avenues, gaining freshness as it comes up the river and across our innumerable parks, the city would be intolerable.

To-morrow is the last day in which pension claims can be filed to draw arrears or pension. All our agents here are working like beavers in the interest of their clients, and many thousand new claims will be filed to-day and to-morrow.

LOGAN.

The Boston *Herald* (Ind.) closes a review of the political situation in these words: "We are inclined to think that Garfield will grow upon the second sober thought of the people, because of his actual qualifications for the chief magistracy, and that Hancock will lose by the character of a part of his following and his lack of civil experience."

The *Post* (Rep.) says: "In some respects the nomination is a strong one. Hancock, a true, brave and patriotic soldier, unchallenged for fidelity to the Union, with no copperheadism, has been chosen on military grounds. He has no experience in civil life. Garfield is in striking contrast with him in this respect."

The pronounced opinion of the ablest physicians all over the country indicates that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy for all the sufferings of little children caused by wind colic, dysentery, diarrhœa or summer complaint. Price 25 cents.

Hancock made a good hurrah candidate, but the American voters are doing a heap of thinking this year, and the campaign is not to be won on the hurrah plan.

The Philadelphia *Press* says that Garfield was as gallant a soldier as Hancock, and is very much more of a statesman.

The Democratic cry against Grant twelve years ago was that he was the "man on horseback." How about Hancock?

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says the nomination is a weak one, not because the man is not strong in his way, but because the rank and file of the party never have been in sympathy with him and will not support him. His name will have no talismanic influence among the Bourbon herds in New York city, and will not call out the old Golden Circle men in Indiana. The fact of his nomination being in the nature of a concession to the strength of the Republican candidate, will aid the Republicans in making telling points against his party.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

JOHN E. GNAGEY,

OF ACCIDENT,

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Garrett county, that he has removed to his new store room, where he keeps constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, Agricultural Implements, &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

6 26 2m

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., JUNE 22, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Tuesday, July 6th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them, at which time petitions or counter petitions will be considered why a change should not be made in the Grantsville road in District No. 6, near M. Glotfelty's. Persons interested will please attend this meeting.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
6 26 td. Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

HARMON O. HESSEN

takes this means of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing, in a neat and substantial manner.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Good produce taken in exchange for work. Shop on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md. 7 3 3

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2551, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or COL. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-yr

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

Normal School.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., June 23, 1880.

The Garrett county Normal School will be opened in Accident, on MONDAY, AUGUST 20th, and continue for ten weeks. For terms of tuition &c., apply to Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Listonburg, Pa.

E. H. BARTLETT,
je 26-3 Secretary, &c.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 8, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
MARION McKIMMEY,
6 12 5 JOHN BLAMBLE.

PATENTS.

To Inventors and Manufactures.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

GILMORE & Co.

Solicitors of Patents & Attorneys at Law.

American & Foreign Patents.

No fees in advance, nor until a Patent is allowed. *No fees for making preliminary examinations.*

Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office. Infringement Suits in the different States, and all litigation appertaining to Patents or Inventions.

Send Stamp for Pamphlet of Sixty Pages.

GILMORE & CO.,
629 F. Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Rev. Henry P. Hamill is visiting his parents in this place.

—Gnagey takes all kinds of country produce in exchange for goods.

—Finest French candies at Chisholm's drug store.

—The County Commissioners will meet next Tuesday for the transaction of business.

—Choice cigars and tobacco at Chisholm's drug store.

—Mr. G. T. Gosorn, of the Government printing office, Washington City, was in town this week.

—Darby's caramels and fine candies at Chisholm's drug store.

—Mrs. J. S. Johnson, is visiting her sister near Johnstown, this county.

—Select assortment of finest toilet soaps at Chisholm's drug store.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Chisholm has the largest and best stock of drugs in the county.

—S. S. Marvin's superior soda biscuit, soda, lemon and Boston crackers and a variety of other cakes, fresh, at J. A. Enlow's opposite the Depot.

—The finest store room in Garrett county, with one exception, is Mr. John E. Gnagey's, at Accident.

—Stationery and blank books at Chisholm's.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell, who has been attending St. John's college, Annapolis, arrived home Thursday morning, to spend his vacation.

—French and common candies at Chisholm's drug store.

—If you want agricultural implements, go to John E. Gnagey's, Accident.

—For Sale—A Surveyor's outfit, consisting of compass, staff and chain, all in good order. Will be sold low for cash. Apply at this office. my 29-tf

—Dr. John Daily, Dentist will visit Oakland, professionally on Monday July 5th, 1880, and remain a week or ten days. Office at the residence of W. A. Daily, corner of Third and Alder streets.

—Buffalo Lithia Water at Chisholm's drug store.

—Died—At the residence of his father, in Oakland, Sunday June 27th, 1880, after a long and painful illness, Charles James Dailey, in the 34th year of his age.

—Squire Osbourn has removed his office to the rooms lately occupied by A. B. Gonder, Esq., on Alder street, and Mr. Gonder takes the rooms vacated by Mr. Osbourn, in the old Offutt building.

—The Commissioner's notice of meeting, published for the last two weeks, was incorrect as to date. It should have been *Tuesday*, June 6th, instead of Monday. It appears properly corrected on this page.

—J. W. Veitch Esq., exhibited, Monday last, ripe tomatoes raised in his garden this season. This is much earlier than we have ever known them to ripen heretofore in this vicinity. And then it beats Messrs G. W. Delawder and J. M. Jarboe, who usually carry off the palm on early vegetables.

—The following is a list of visitors sojourning at Hazelwood, near Oakland: A. F. Farrar and family, Galveston, Texas: Mrs. Simmons and family, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Dr. Hocking and family, Mrs. McCormack and family, U. S. Navy; Miss Phoebe Holmes, Miss Hiberna Barry, Miss Zelea Barry, Mr. Barry Miller, Miss Lizzie Miller, Mr. Benjamin Tanner.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. Lefevre.

New Law Firm.

By reference to the new advertisements on this page, it will be seen that a law co-partnership has been formed under the name of Veitch & Townshend. The members of this firm are so well and favorably known that we deem it unnecessary to say anything in their behalf. Business placed in their hands will be promptly attended to.

Organization of a Garfield and Arthur Club.

A Garfield and Arthur campaign club was organized in the County Clerk's office Friday evening of last week. The officers are as follows:

President—A. B. Woodcock.
Recording Sec.—W. H. Hagans.
Cor. Sec.—J. C. Dunham.
Treasurer—W. H. Tower.
Sergeant-at-Arms—J. S. Johnson.
Executive Committee—Thomas J. Peddicord, J. W. White, James A. Hayden, W. M. Coddington, John Shatzer.

The club will meet every Friday evening, at a place to be designated by a committee appointed to procure a room.

Military Encampment.

The Garrett Guards will go into camp near the court house, Oakland, Friday evening, July 3d, and break camp Monday. A detachment of the Cumberland Voltigeurs will be the guests of the Guards.

The following order has been issued for the government of the encampment:

HEADQUARTERS GARRETT GUARDS,
CAMP DAILEY, July 2d, 1880.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 27.

The following hours of service and roll call will be strictly observed during the encampment:

5 o'clock A. M.—Reveille.
5.30.—Roll Call.
6.—Surgeon's Call.
7.—Breakfast.
9.—Guard Mounting.
10.30.—Company Drill.
1 o'clock P. M.—Dinner.
3.—Company Drill.
6.—Supper.
7.—Dress Parade.
7.30—Retreat and Roll Call.
11.—Tattoo.
Sunday, 4 P. M.—Divine Service.

Officers and non commissioned officers will be responsible for the observance of this order.

By order of
E. H. WARDWELL,
Captain Commanding.

Items from Deer Park.

DEER PARK, June 30th, 1880.

The names registered at Deer Park Hotel are as follows:

Baltimore—H. Irvin Keyser and family, Mrs. Christine Marburg, Miss Amelia Marburg, Miss Emma Marburg, Theo. H. Marburg, William A. Marburg, John Stellman, C. Sullivan, C. K. Lord.

Washington—F. A. Richardson, G. W. Adams, A. S. Marburg, Th. C. Folger, Chas. S. Wilson.

New York—Dr. G. A. S. Krekbill, Fred L. Ormsted.

Annapolis—W. W. Hendrickson and wife.

Charles Hurd, West Va.; Orson Adams, Md.

A children's ball took place at Wing & Wing House, Deer Park, on Tuesday evening, June 29th, at which the little folks, under the care and direction of their elder friends, had a very lively and happy time, until one after another the little heads commenced "nid, nid, noddin' and dropping off to sleep." The juveniles present were:

Misses May Montell, Bessie Montell, Mr. Eddie Montell, Baltimore; Misses Mattie Davis, Katie Davis, Daisy Davis, Mary McCandlish, Mr. Lindsay McCandlish, Robbie McCandlish, Willie Davis, Tommie Davis, Josie Davis, Piedmont; Miss Annie Major, Washington; Miss M. Steele, Boston; Mr. Dana Kilburn, Annapolis; Mr. Frankie Schoolfield, Harry Schoolfield, Eddie Schoolfield, Deer Park.

The arrivals at Wing & Wing since the opening have been as follows:

Annapolis—Mrs. E. G. Claude, Capt. W. G. Kilburn, U. S. N., Mrs. Kilburn, Mr. Dana Kilburn.

Baltimore—Mrs. E. E. Montell, Misses May and Bessie Montell, infant and nurse, Mr. G. W. Brown.

Piedmont—Mr. John Sheridan, Mrs. Sheridan, Miss Katie Downey, Mr. U. B. McCandlish, Mrs. McCandlish, three children and nurse, Mr. F. Landstreet, Mrs. W. R. Davis, six children and nurse.

L. S. D.

The Census.

Tuesday the census enumerator for Selbysport district, Mr. R. B. White, filed the lists for his district in the office of clerk of the court Tower, and sat there during Tuesday and Wednesday for correction and revision of his list. The population of that district is 1,297. No other lists were filed up to Wednesday evening.

Mr. Wardwell, enumerator for Oakland district, reports the population of the town of Oakland at 944.

The lists will probably all be filled this week, and we will no doubt be able to give the entire result in the county next week.

Horse and Buggy Stolen.

About three weeks since a man giving the name of Dr. M. M. Pomeroy, hired a horse and buggy at Thomas Martin's livery stable in Oakland, and proposed to be gone one or two weeks. After an absence of more than a week, Mr. Martin's suplcions were aroused, by the arrival of a postal card from Pennsylvania stating that Pomeroy was badly wanted in that State. He immediately started his brother in pursuit, and at the time of going to press the Doctor had not been overtaken, although Mr. Martin was close upon his track.

Sunday School Organization.

ALTAMONT June 27, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—We desire space in your valuable paper to report the organization, as well as the progress of the Delawder Sunday School, which was organized on the first Sunday in May, when the following officers were elected:

Superintendent—James Singleton.
Asst. Supt.—C. C. Wheeler.
Secretary—Samuel W. Friend.
Treasurer—John Friend.
Missionaries—Mrs. Sarah A. Friend and Miss C. Friend.

The school now has an average attendance of 22, and increasing, and we hope to be represented in the next Sunday School convention.

OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL.

High Waters.

The following letter shows what great space is often taken up by individuals in order to state a simple fact:

FRIENDSVILLE, June 17th, 1880.

We communicate the following correct intelligence to the intellectual comprehension of the many readers of your weekly circular, which is vindictive of the more stupendous omnipotence of Great Jehovah, in the sudden variation of the temperture of the atmosphere from cold to heat and from heat to humidity. The past few weeks have been extremely warm, especially the 11th and 12th; when on the evening of the latter, the rain began to fall and continued showery until the evening of the 15, when its earnestness increased with greater rapidity unceasingly all night, swelling the furious turbulent billows of the old Youghiogheny to its utmost capacity, floating the enormous and weighty timber towards the iron city with its gigantic power and tremendous velocity, to the general amazement of the citizens, as has not been witnessed for twenty years. No serious damage has yet been ascertained, and once more the frantic, fluctuating billowy waters are calmly abating to the general gratification of the timorous inhabitants along its borders, and where only four days ago the little snail and tortoise may have traced its insignificant footprints in the sand and turf, to bathe its peculiar puny person by the effulgent dazzling aerial luminary. There the clamorous, merry yoemanry are now launching forth their fatal, silent hooks, frantically fastening the innocent, peaceful little water animal, drawing the same at will in abundance with great exultation. I must confess my inclinations never drifted along the water channels, neither through the brambly forest as a sportsman, I prefer a nobler pursuit.

Mr. Friend has surveyed the parsonage lot; hence the M. E. Pastor will soon read his title clear to a combustible inheritance, which is immovable, incomplete and from which he must soon pass away.

No further particulars at present. Excuse prolixity.

Abnormally, respectfully, yours,
ORIGINAL.

[From the Cumberland News.]

The National Road.

THIRD LETTER.

Editor News:—Notwithstanding the large sums of money appropriated for and expended on the National road about the year 1830 found it in a worn out and almost useless condition. Travel and traffic on it had increased heavily. Little of it was left except the rough stone bed. The old patching system of repairing here and there with a few broken stone and earth would not answer. It would wear and wash away suddenly. It was seen that some new system or plan had to be sought and adopted. The macademizing plan was decided upon and carried into effect. This was a system invented by John L. MacAdams, a distinguished engineer in road building, who acted about seventy five years ago. The mode of making such roads was to break up stone into the size of an egg and spread them over the bed to a considerable thickness, in this case nine inches, and then to have them packed and solidified by the usage of the road.

This great national enterprise was commenced about the year 1832, and was done under the supervision of the war department. Some of the most promising and talented young men of the army were especially selected as engineers, such as Lieut. Mansfield, Captains Delafield, McKee, Bliss, Hetzell, Williams, Colquit and Cass—all West Pointers, I believe. A word as to the whereabouts and fate of these choice young men. Mansfield gloriously fell at the battle of Antietam, a major general in the United States army; Williams fell at the storming of Monterey, in Mexico, and Colonel McKee at Beuna Vista, in the same country. Major Hetzell died on his return from the Mexican war, at Louisville. Gen. Delafield and Col. Bliss died but recently. Poor Colquit, of South Carolina, the coolest of them all in youth, resigned from the army, went into the rebellion and suicided before it was ended on account of some ill success. George W. Cass, a nephew of the great statesman of that name, still survives, and is, or was not long since, president of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad company, and lives in Pittsburgh.

During this reconstruction of the road its route by way of Green street and Sandy Gap was changed up Mechanic street and through the Narrows, and then on to the old burnt house, where it again connected with the old route. This change was made in 1834, and was a great improvement upon the old.

Limestone was quarried wherever it could be obtained and in some instances was drawn as much as ten miles by teams of four and six horses and strung along the way on each side, then reduced by sledgehammers to the size of about three or four pounds, and after that broken down to an egg size by small round hammers in the hands of laborers in a sitting position—very hard and tedious work; constantly exposed to the elements; the pay was good and men were happy. When the stone was thus broken and strung along in great rows on either side of the road, they were then spread with a horse rake over the whole bed. I believe the depth or thickness was 9 inches. It can be imagined the hardships heavily laden wagons would experience in passing over such a bottom. All sorts of strategies had to be resorted to in order to compel vehicles to pass over these impact stones. No doubt there was as much swearing done in those days by the teamsters as the Dutch soldiers did in Flanders. However, the road in time became packed and solidified, and as smooth as some of the avenues in Washington city. It was in its grandest days from about 1831 to, say 1845, the finest road in America, and in all probability in the world considering its length, reaching from Baltimore to or near St. Louis. None other in this country ever had such travel and traffic. The number of wagons, coaches, animals, and all other conceivable modes of travel over it daily when it was in its finest condition was almost fabulous. In the busy season there was a perfect throng all day long, and at night the many "taverns" would be overflowed with motley and jolly crowds. These were flush times indeed—money plenty, every body employed and happy.

The line of the Baltimore & Ohio road reached Cumberland from the east in the fall of 1842, and here it rested till 1853. In these nine years this famous road was a substitute for the present railroad to the Ohio river. We all thought the freight and people that went over the pike was amazing, and so it was at that time. The many warehouses in Cumberland in the spring and fall seasons would be choked with freight for the west. Sometimes weeks would elapse before it could be transported on account of a deficiency in transportation — large wagons and horses. There were a great many people who made wagoning a regular business, and in the busy seasons quite a number of small teams, called sharpshooters, would turn in for a few trips. These latter were held in great contempt by the old regulars, who would hardly take a glass of common whiskey with them, which could then be bought for fifteen cents per gallon and three cents per drink. Some of these old teamsters when home were pretty decent men, but when on the road they lived according to their code, which was a rough one, you may be sure. I cannot recollect a single survivor of them—all dead, like their business, which expired in 1853 by the extension of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to the Ohio river.

It should be staled that no toll was charged upon this until the Act of our General Assembly of 1831, which authorized not more than two toll gates upon it in Maryland. This Act also authorized the government to appoint a superintendent with a salary of $500. This was an office of great influence, and the possessor a kind of nabob in his way. The Act of 1835, chapter 305, further regulates the tolls. B.

Registration of Births, Marriages and Deaths.

To the Clerks of the County Courts of Maryland:

The Act of 1880, reorganizing the State Board of Health, constitutes the Secretary of said Board Superintendent of Vital Statistics, and makes it the duty of "all State and county officers, local health authorities and other persons charged with collecting or recording marriages, births and deaths in the State to report quarterly, on the first day of January, April, July and October, in each year, true and correct returns of the same to the said Superintendent of Vital Statistics."

I accordingly enclose you blanks for the purpose indicated in the Act and will be glad to receive the information with as much regularity as practicable. You will be duly credited with each return, which will be published in the report of the State Board of Health to the Legislature, a copy of which will be furnished your office when published.

Respectfully,

C. W. CHANCELLOR, M. D.,
Secretary State Board of Health and Superintendent Vital Statistics.
BALTIMORE, May. 1880.

To enable me to comply with the above as to births and deaths, I must exact a strict compliance of Sections 3, 4, 5, 6 and 12, of the Act of Assembly 1865, chapter 130, which are herewith appended.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court Garrett Co.

SEC. 3. Parents shall give notice of the facts herein required, to the clerk of the court of the county or city in which a birth or death may take place; every householder shall give such notice of every birth and death happening in his house; the eldest person next of kin shall give notice of the death of his kindred; the keeper of a prison, hospital, almshouse or other public institution, shall give notice of every birth and death happening among the persons under his charge; the person solemnizing or performing the marriage ceremony shall give such notice; any such person neglecting or refusing to give such notice for the space of six months after a birth, marriage or death, shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding five dollars.

SEC. 4. Any physician having attended a person during his or her last illness shall, when requested, within fifteen days after the decease of said person, forthwith furnish information of the duration of the last sickness, the disease of which the person died or cause of death, and the date of the decease as nearly as he can state the same.

SEC. 5. Every sexton, coroner, undertaker or other person having charge of the obsequies or funeral rites preliminary to the interment of the body of a stranger or friendless person, shall forthwith obtain and return to the clerk aforesaid of the county or city in which the deceased resided or the death occurred, the facts required by this Act, to be recorded by said officer concerning the deceased. Any person neglecting or refusing to make such return within one month thereafter, shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding $10.

SEC. 6. The notice required by sections three and five, according to section one may, for greater convenience be deposited with any justice of the peace residing in the election districts wherein the birth, marriage or death takes place. And it shall be the duty of the said justices of the peace to transmit the same to said clerk every three months.

The facts required by section one are as follows: The date of death, the name of the deceased, the sex, color, condition, (whether single, widowed or married) the age, the residence, the occupation, the place of death, the place of birth, the names and place of residence of the parents, the disease or cause of death, the place of burial.

SEC. 12. It shall be the duty of the clerks for the respective counties and the city of Baltimore to enforce by suit, in the name of the State, the recovery of the forfeitures and penalties imposed by sections three and 5 of this act.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 1:

Geo. D. White, sheriff, to Johnson King, lot No 973; $250.

Jeremiah Hanway and wife to Daniel Arnold, part of a tract known as "Red Oak Ridge," 50 acres; $150.

Jas. M. Schley, surviving trustee, to George and Buchanan Schley, the right, title and interest of all the parties in Equity cause No. 1793, Allegany county, in and to parts of a tract called "White Plains; consideration unnamed.

Lewis Lininger and wife to Jacob Shatzer, part of a tract of land called "Rich Hill," 200 acres; $650.

August Neil and wife to Lewis Neil, part of a tract of land called "Ex-postfasto." ½ acre; $10.

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the Garrett Guards held Monday evening last, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of Charles J. Dailey, an honorary member of the company. The following were submitted:

WHEREAS, Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst one of our number, Charles James Dailey, who though unable to take an active part, was in deep sympathy with us and aided us in various ways; and

WHEREAS, We feel desirous of expressing our respect and esteem for him whom we have known so long, and for whom we have always cherished feelings of regard; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the father and sisters of the deceased, our heartfelt sympathy in their recent bereavement; and at the same time, assure them of our respect for the memory of the one so recently buried.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased; and that they be published in the papers of the town.

Resolved, That the armory be draped for thirty days in respect to the memory of our deceased comrade.

JNO. A. DELAWDER,
R. H. THAYER,
H. ALLEN ISON,
Committee.

Election of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Alta Lodge K. of H., of Oakland, held Thursday evening of last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Dictator—Thomas Carr.
Vice Dictator—David Little.
Asst. " —John Compton.
Reporter—W. H. Tower.
Financial Rep.—A. G. Sturgiss.
Treasurer—Jas. A. Hayden.
Chaplain—Rev. J. M. Davis.
Guide—H. B. Wolfe.
Guardian—Samuel Lawton.
Sentinel—J. W. Veitch.

At a regular meeting of Shealtiel Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Oakland, held Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Noble Grand—G. W. Legge.
Vice Grand—H. W. Comts.
Secretary—J. A. Hayden.

—Go to John E. Gnagey's for your dry goods, groceries, notions, tobacco, &c.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. VEITCH, W. P. TOWNSHEND,

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

Order of Publication

Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert vs. John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 189. Equity.

The object of this suit is to restrain the sale of certain property mentioned in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H Heckert to John Fitz, and Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee.

The bill shows that the said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert were engaged in the shoeing and stove business, as Bush & Heckert, and that sometime in the month of September, 1879, they contracted with a certain John Fitz, of Marthasburg, W. Va., to build and furnish them a steam engine of thirty horse power, one saw mill and fixtures, for which they were to pay the sum of $2,500, as follows: one steam engine and boiler complete, then owned and used by the complainants, which was agreed to be taken by the said Fitz, at and for the sum of $500; $200 cash on delivery of said steam engine, saw mill and other articles, and for the balance, $1,800, the complainants were to give to the said Fitz their three promissory notes for $600 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively, and to secure the payment of said notes they agreed to give the said Fitz a lien upon said steam engine and mill.

The bill charges that the said Fitz, intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, conspired with certain persons unknown to the complainants and procured a steam engine of twenty-five horse power and delivered it to the complainants, stating and declaring to them that it was a thirty horse power engine manufactured by the said Fitz.

That the complainants, believing the representations of the said Fitz, received the said steam engine and saw mill, and fully complied with the terms of the contract by delivering to the said Fitz the steam engine as agreed upon and paying him the sum of $200, and executed and delivered to him the three notes agreed upon and executed to a certain Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, of Garrett county, as trustee, a deed of trust upon the said steam engine, saw mill and other articles to secure the payment of said notes.

That the complainants took the said steam engine and saw mill and endeavored to do the work with it which they had purchased it to do and which they were assured by said Fitz it would do, and which an engine of 30 horse power ought to and will do, but failed to accomplish it.

That it was not until after working with it at a great disadvantage for several months that the complainants discovered certainly that the said engine was and is only a twenty-five horse power engine and built and manufactured by a certain Frick & Company.

That the complainants, after becoming convinced of this, informed the said Fitz thereof and requested him to pay back to them the amount paid on said engine, mill and other articles, and to take the same back; but the said Fitz, still intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, refused so to do.

That the complainants contracted for a thirty horse power engine, because a less power would not do their work. That they have been subjected to heavy losses in consequence of the failure of said Fitz to comply with the terms of his agreement. That the price agreed to be paid by the complainants is the full price of a thirty horse power engine, and that an engine of twenty-five horse power in all respects as good and valuable as the one furnished, could have been procured for much less money.

That one of the notes given by the complainants to Fitz fell due on May 13th, 1880, but having been cheated, deceived and defrauded and grossly damaged and injured by said Fitz, they refused to pay the same unless he would consent to a reduction of the sum claimed to the fair and just amount for which a steam engine of twenty-five horse power could have been purchased.

That upon the complainants' said refusal the said Fitz instructed the said Trustee to proceed to advertise and sell the said engine, saw mill and other articles, under said deed of trust, and that the said trustee has advertised the said property for sale on the 28th of June, 1880.

That the complainants are and have ever been, willing to do everything that is fair and equitable in the premises, but they have been cheated, defrauded and overreached by the said John Fitz in this whole matter.

That the said Fitz and the said Frick & Co. are non residents of this State, and that the complainants have no adequate remedy for the grievances aforesaid, save through the interposition of the restraining power of this court or an injunction.

To the end that the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and the said John Fitz, may be restrained and prohibited by the injunction of this court, from selling the said property and from taking any other or further step or steps to sell the same, and that the said John Fitz, may be restrained from assigning, transferring or in any manner disposing of the said promissory notes or either of them until the further order of this court in the premises. And that the said claim of the said John Fitz may be reduced to a fair and just price for the engine, mill and other articles, so as aforesaid delivered by the said Fitz to the complainants.

The bill prays the Court to grant unto the complainants the writ of injunction enjoining and prohibiting the said John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord trustee from selling and offering for sale, the said property or any part thereof under the said deed of trust, and enjoining and prohibiting the said Fitz, from assigning or transferring the said notes or either of them until the further order of this court, and also the writ of supoena against the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and an Order of Publication giving notice to the said John Fitz, of the objects and purposes of this bill.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 24th day of June, 1880, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 20th day of July, 1880, giving notice to the said John Fitz, and warning him to appear in the court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 8th day of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why an injunction should not be granted as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
jo 26-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the repairing of the bridge across the North Branch of the Potomac river at Klizmillersville.

E. KITZMILLER,
JOHN H. RAFTER,
DANIEL WILSON.

6 12 5

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LORD RIPON, the new Viceroy of India, is the wealthiest man who ever held that office, it being generally regarded as a poor peer's prize.

THE Right Hon. Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen, just raised to the peerage, is fifty-one years old, educated at Eton and Oxford, and has been in Parliament since 1857. He is a magistrate, and has held several important offices under the Liberal Government. He is a scholar, and noted as a writer of children's books.

ONE of the most popular political cartoons in London represents Queen Victoria reluctantly giving her hand to be kissed by Gladstone, who is on his knee, while Lord Beaconsfield appears in the background with a very hurt look on his face. The likenesses are good, and the situation is further elucidated by the poet's words:

"Oh, 'tis 'ard to give the 'and
Where the 'art can nivvah be!"

THE *Golos* says that from April 23 to Sept. 3 of last year there were sent from the Moscow Central Prison to Siberia over eleven thousand prisoners. All of them went by the Nijny-Novgorod overland route. Over ten thousand were exiled for various terms, and one hundred and five condemned to hard labor in the Siberian mines. These prisoners were transported from Moscow by rail, the prisoners' train, carrying from three hundred to eight hundred persons, leaving the city every Monday.

TEWFIK, the new Khedive, is as economical as his sire was extravagant. He is correcting that sire's tendencies as much as possible. He discovered not long ago that the venerable gentleman had carried off a certain collection of coins valued at $80,000, which had been purchased with State money, and which should rightly have been left in Egypt. It is asserted that the Khedive intends to rebuke this want of ceremony by placidly subtracting the item from his father's allowance during the next twelve months.

CANON DUCKWORTH, who was formerly in love with one of the English princesses, and who was subsequently appointed by the Queen to a church-living in St. John's Wood, at a salary of $5,000, also to a deaconship in Westminster, has just thrown up his rich "situations" and gone off, nobody knows where. It is hinted that the Princess Louise, before her marriage, though the handsome Duckworth worth two of Lorne; but her mamma interfered and spoiled the romance.

THE other day there died in Paris a journeyman bookbinder who many may have been surprised to hear had been almost exclusively engaged during the last years of his life in working for Baron Rothschild. He was an artist like those of five hundred years ago, and he worked little, but what little he did was done superlatively well. He not only designed the most original patterns for book covers, but the simpler work of merely binding the pages of a book together with string and glue was performed with a skill that commended itself to the judgment even of superficial observers.

ALTHOUGH Queen Victoria confines her actual residence to Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral, she could, if she pleased, occupy St. James's, Hampton Court, Bushy Park, Kew, the White Lodge, Richmond Park, the Stud House, Hampton Court, Claremont, the Ranger's Home, Greenwich, Holyrood and Frogmore. It is strange that none of the radical reformers have attacked this multiplicity of palaces, which are maintained at the public expense. They are, however, nothing in number to those of Charles I. Charles II. began a splendid structure at Winchester, which is still standing, and also had a house at New Market. It is remarkable that the Kings of England always have had their residences quite in the south of England. During the early years of her reign Victoria had the Pavilion at Brighton in addition to the palaces enumerated.

Swearing Punished by Law.

Judge Pershing, of Schuylkill County, has just decided a case in his court which presents some almost forgotten features of the law of this State against swearing. John H. Bashore, an excitable and somewhat profane citizen of the county, on a recent occasion got off a volley of twenty-three separate and distinct oaths, for which he was arrested, taken before a Justice of the Peace, and, under the law of April 22, 1794, fined $16.08. This fine he refused to pay. He was committed to jail, and the case was taken before Judge Pershing on a writ of certiorari. The act of 1794 provides that:

"If any person of the age of sixteen years or upward shall profanely curse or swear by the name of God, Christ Jesus, or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending, being thereof convicted, shall forfeit and pay the sum of sixty-seven cents for every such profane curse or oath. . . . And whosoever of the age of sixteen years or upward shall curse or swear by any other name or thing than as aforesaid, and shall be convicted thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of forty cents for such curse or oath."

Exception was taken to the ruling of the Justice on the ground that the arrest of Bashore should have been by summons and not by warrant, and suit should have been brought by an individual informer instead of in the name of the Commonwealth. These exceptions were overruled, the decisions of the higher courts being that the action was properly brought. But the Justice failed to return the evidence taken before him, and this omission Judge Pershing decided to be fatal to the proceedings, and he thereupon reversed the decision of the magistrate. The point of the decision, however, is in the pithy conclusion with which Judge Pershing wound up his decision. He says:

"The general prevalence of profane swearing indicates that the statute under which this defendant was convicted had long been buried out of sight. Perhaps its resurrection in this case may accomplish some good, by showing those who have no regard for the law of God that the law of the land imposes on them a penalty of from forty to sixty-seven cents, to be followed by imprisonment, accompanied with a diet of bread and water, on refusal to pay for each and every time they pollute the atmosphere with profanity."—*Pittsburgh Post*

The Man Who Didn't Marry His Aunt.

THAT a man who marries his aunt should, sooner or later, get into court on that account, will hardly be doubted by moral and intelligent persons; but that a man who didn't marry his aunt should be the first, at least in this country, to bring the subject into legal discussion is a curious fact in jurisprudence. Men who do not marry their aunts are plenty as blackberries; the "woods is full of them." You can meet them by the thousands every day. They live next door to you. They are inmates of your family. The chances are many millions to one that you are one of them yourself. And yet how would you like to be obliged to pay $10,000 for the privilege of belonging to such an extensive sect. It is very much like paying a heavy fine for membership in the civilized races, or a bonus for the right of breathing the common air.

A NEW YORK jury at Lockport, however, thought it best to assess that sum on Dr. Crampton, of Mobile, because he didn't marry his aunt. If the verdict had been sustained by a higher court, and the same amount collected from every man who has not married his aunt, we could not only pay off the National debt, but have enough to pension paper-makers, wood-pulp Congressmen, Detroit millionaires who detest new railroads, and other objects of public charity.

Luckily, however, for the rest of us, this verdict has been reversed and the men who haven't married their aunts, and have no wish or purpose to marry their aunt, are relieved from the chance of having to pay roundly for so wholesome an abstinence. The circumstances are not altogether unfamiliar to the newspaper reader; but they may be briefly recapitulated.

When both were young and charming, Dr. Crampton and his aunt, or half aunt, six years younger, fell in love with each other in Alabama seven years ago. He was a physician, a man of education and persuasiveness, and in his capacity of doctor, lover, nephew and orator, overcame his aunt's scruples to the alliance. But the laws of Alabama, unfortunately, were not so susceptible to his logic or his charms, and he proposed evading them by marrying her in New York—in which State there is no express prohibition against such marriages—and then returning to live in Alabama. In 1877 she came to visit friends in Fairfield, Michigan, where her nephew called upon her and renewed his engagement. Then ensued a long silence which aroused such fears and anxiety in her mind that she became ill, from which, on receiving renewed assurance of his faithfulness, she recovered just in time to get a letter from her nephew lover, in which he asked God to bless his "dear aunt," and said he would always be her friend. The next week he married somebody else, and on his wedding journey visited Lockport, New York. Here his aunt sued him for $10,000 worth of breach of promise, and a verdict was rendered in her favor.

The Judge, however, Judge Wallace of the United States Court, permitted the jury to decide only the facts, and took the law into his own hands. He now grants the motion for a new trial, on the ground that in Alabama, where the marriage itself would be invalid, the promise is invalid, and the agreement to fulfill the promise in New York, where the marriage is not forbidden, can not make valid a promise given in Alabama. If a marriage of that sort, however repulsive, should be consummated in a State where it is not invalid, the courts would for the sake of the offspring and other circumstances growing out of the marriage be likely to recognize its validity; but where no other consequences than the damage to feelings and health ensue, it is contrary to morality and public policy for the courts in any way to recognize a promise of marriage between such relatives. If these two had become husband and wife, said the Judge, "they would have been regarded as joined in an unnatural union, and as victims of a corrupted moral taste, to be pitied and avoided, if not as objects of detestation." He thinks the aunt should consider herself fortunate that she had been saved from such a future by the selfish and perfidious conduct of the nephew.

As the majority of maiden aunts are married and settled with somebody else's nephews long before their own are capable of overcoming their scruples in such matters, and would if their scruples were assailed in that fashion, generally kiss or spank the offender, the decision is not of wide and practical value; but it is destined to make briefly famous the man who didn't marry his aunt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Benedict's New Industry.

Mrs. Benedict is, we presume, a widow. At any rate in the glimpse we have of her life no husband appears upon the scene, and as Mrs. Benedict has been engaged in what Mr. Darwin calls a struggle for existence the failure of her husband—if she has one—to make himself felt in that struggle reduces him to zero, so that we may safely regard the lady as a widow whether or not she owns a tombstone in the cemetery of the village in which she lives.

Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a rat-catcher, a new profession now fairly opened to women whom the tyranny of man excludes from the bar and from Congress, and one which Mrs. Benedict at least has made lucrative. There have been rat-catchers before, and in London there are men engaged in the business who will go into a dark cellar with a mysterious sack and by arts known only to themselves persuade innumerable rats to adjourn their wall meetings for a mass meeting inside the sack. So also there are various pastes, potions and powders sold in all cities, each of which is warranted to kill rats with certainty, and to be rather wholesome and invigorating than otherwise to any young children who may chance to make luncheon off the dishes prepared for the household vermin. The business of rat extermination, therefore, is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor at least in an important sense. She has raised it to the dignity of a profession; she has given a certain scientific character to its operations which places the business upon a level with analytical chemistry, or metallurgy, or the more delicate and precise parts of the mechanical engineer's work.

It has always been easy for house wives who were troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die upon the field of honor, so to speak—to wit, the kitchen floor. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill the rats without bringing unpleasant odors in the house. An erratic genius in New Hampshire once attempted to solve this problem by preparing an explosive compound which he believed would so completely and evenly distribute the material of which rats are made in the region round about as to obviate that difficulty, but his invention failed because American house walls are not commonly iron-clad, and the explosions were destructive of plastering.

Mrs. Benedict has solved the difficulty, and is entitled to the honor we give to an inventor and benefactor. She has found out how to induce rats to die in a neat and more or less regular circle on the kitchen floor or table. Like all inventors she is somewhat indebted to accident. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. She molded Cupids and other more or less ill-dressed heathen divinities, which the prevalent art temper of our people enabled her to sell among her neighbors. Complaint having been made of the fragility of these wares, Mrs. Benedict began a course of experiments with the hope of giving greater durability to her casts. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors, who rang her door-bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as chemists say. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make an experimental cast at once, and when the door-bell rung she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. The guests staid until late bed time, and when they bade her adieu Mrs. Benedict went to bed, without returning to the kitchen.

What happened in the night was this. A rat, sniffing the odor of flour, made his way up the legs of the table, to the top, where he was speedily joined by other foragers—his brethren. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was rather a dry supper, and water being at hand, as we have said, each rat turned from the savory dish of flour and plaster to slake his thirst with the water. Every body who has had to do with plaster of Paris will guess at once what happened. The water drunk first wetted the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technical phrase "set" it; that is to say, the plaster thus made into a paste instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach, making a cast of all its convolutions, a cast as rigid as any of the Psyches that Mrs. Benedict had intended to make. It is not difficult to believe that even a lively rat finds it uncomfortable to have a plaster cast of his stomach securely deposited in that useful receptacle for food, and the event proved that with such a cast in existence it is impossible for a rat to retreat even across a kitchen. The rats decided Mr. Mallock's question "Is Life Worth Living?" in the negative without quitting the table.

The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of making her fire, saw them and acted accordingly. That is to say, she screamed and climbed upon a chair. From that commanding position she studied the scene, and very soon made out a pretty accurate account to her own mind of what had happened. Like a wise woman she kept her secret and made profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests, and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had traveled that way. Then Mrs. Benedict advertised for agents to work up the business throughout the country, selling each the secret for a fair price. She no longer devotes herself to the making of mythological deities, having done a much better stroke of business in making plaster casts of rats' stomachs. She deserves a statue in plaster with flour in due proportion. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One egg, half a dinner (not breakfast) coffee cupful of sugar, and a quart cupful of sweet milk or cream; if milk, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, with a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, and sifted flower sufficient to make a batter thin, but not running. This will make two cakes in common sized pie-tin. Have ready, stemmed and layered in sugar since morning—if for dinner—two quarts of soft ripe berries. Split the cakes with a fork (run the sharp point of a knife round the edge first) while hot; dip the berries out of the juice, and place on the bottom crust; then drop pieces of butter on the berries, sprinkle with sugar, place on the top crust, and set in the oven a few minutes to melt the butter. Turn the juice into a tin, place on the stove to boil, making a sirup of it to come on the table as sauce for the cake when served. The cake should be timed so as to bring it on the table from the oven just as the family are sitting down to dinner, or a little after, in order to eat it warm and crisp.

AN English insurance company takes risks against breakdowns of engines and explosions of boilers. It is styled the "Engine and Boiler Insurance Company."

THE estate of the late Charles P. Williams, of Stonington, Conn., is appraised at $2,250,000, probably as large a sum as has ever been presented for probate in that State.

UNDERTAKERS are to hold a State convention at Utica, N. Y., chiefly for the purpose of devising ways of protecting themselves against debtors.

Our Young Folks.

GRANDMOTHER'S CAP.

WHAT has become of grandmother's cap
She spread with care on the grass one night,
Close by the blossoming lilac-bush,
To bleach in the dews and moon-beams white?

Has human malice or elfin guile
Plundered the gossamer web in play?
Or thoughtless winds from the east or west
Wafted it far from her sight away?

No answer comes to her faithful search,
From the earth-fields green or the sky-fields blue,
And what has become of her finest cap
Is grandmother's wonder the summer through.

The robins could tell; Dame Redbreast knows;
For at early dawn, one morning in May,
Seeking her building-stores, she came
Where the bleaching lace in the dew-drops lay.

She seized it, and flew with her helpful mate
To the half-made nest on the apple-tree,
Where they deftly wove it with twigs and straws,
Chatting and singing in frolicsome glee.

But when the lilac, lily and rose
Had bloomed and faded in restless sweet,
When summer birdlings were fledged and flown,
And autumn winds round the hill-tops beat,

From the leafless boughs of a gnarled old tree
A nest was hanging in ruins forlorn;
While a fluttering fragment of lace revealed
Grandmother's head-dress spoiled and torn.
—*M. E. N. Hathaway, in Wide-Awake.*

"FOR MAMMA'S SAKE."

A Story of Ned and His Dog.

THERE was no mistake about it. Ned and his mother were very poor, and decidedly uncomfortable. Ned was so tired of living in one little room, where all day long mamma sat by the window and sewed till the day-light faded away; and sometimes, too, both he and mamma went to bed rather hungry, and when the little boy used to pat his mother's thin cheeks lovingly, after a sweet baby fashion he had, he could often feel the tears in her eyes, when it was too dark for *his* bright blue eyes to look upon her face. There was a cunning little dog, Fido, Ned's only playmate, which also lived with them in that small room, and his chief occupation was the constant wagging of a very bushy tail, and a readiness to accept the slightest invitation for a frolic from his small master.

As for Fido's meals, he had grown so used to circumstances that I don't believe he even remembered the taste of a good juicy bone such as he used to have in Ned's old home before the days of poverty came. Never mind *what* brought about a change of circumstances in the family, but the change had come sadly enough, and Ned and mamma had only the memory of the times gone by to comfort them. Fido had been a puppy in those days—they were only two years back, after all—and if dogs can remember, no doubt this doggie longed for the green fields and sunny lanes in the pretty country town where he and Ned ran races together, and *never* were hungry. The little boy was only six years old then, and now, on the day before my story begins, mamma had celebrated his eighth birthday by buying him a tiny sugar angel with gauze wings, which filled Ned with awe and delight. Eat it? No, not he! it was far too lovely for that; so he suspended the angelic toy by a string, and it soared above Ned's bed day and night, keeping sweet watch over all things.

But to Fido, the shaggy-haired, pug-nosed companion of his days, and sharer of his discomforts, Ned's heart clung with a love unbounded. He laughed, and Fido laughed, or, that is to say, Fido *barked*, which meant a laugh, of course. Ned cried, and Fido also wept, if a drooping of ears and tail, and a decided downcast expression of countenance meant anything in the way of silent sympathy.

They were always together, and of the greatest comfort to one another, so that the "alley boys" (as they were called who lived by the tenement-house in which Ned lived) used to cry, jeeringly, whenever the little boy appeared for a breath of air. "How are you, Ned, and how is your dog?" or, to vary it occasionally, "How are you, doggie, and how is your Ned?"

I am telling this, so that my little readers can understand how hard it was for the little boy to do what he did, after a time, for mamma's sake.

It came about in this way. One afternoon late, when Mrs. Clarke had gone to carry home some work, and Ned and Fido were having a regular frolic on the floor, there came knocking at the door a Mrs. Malone, who collected the rent due from the several lodgers in the miserable building. With a frown on her face, when informed that Mrs. Clarke was out, the woman had bidden the boy tell his mother that "she'd wait no longer for the rent due her, and Mrs. Clarke might look out for herself."

Ned had cowered before her threatening face, but Fido, far from feeling any fear, had boldly barked at the intruder until he had nearly shaken his bushy tail from his small body. That made Mrs. Malone angry; and meeting Mrs. Clarke on the stairs, she repeated her threat to the weary, tired woman, who presently entered the room in tears.

Ned soon learned that the man from whom his mother had obtained sewing had dismissed some of his work-women, and Mrs. Clarke amongst them; and now indeed there seemed distress before them. The boy was too young to fully comprehend all his dear mother's woes, but his loving heart grew sad and thoughtful, and he stood mournfully by the window looking up into the sky, where he knew papa was so safely living. Poor little Fido sat silently beside his master, wondering what had happened to break up the frolic so suddenly; and altogether, while mamma prepared the simple supper, things were very quiet and sad.

"Have you got much money, mamma?" asked Ned at last.

His mother could not help smiling at the question so plaintively asked. "Enough for the rent, dear," she replied, trying to speak cheerily. "And to-morrow maybe I'll find some new work. Don't look so sad, my little Ned; we'll manage to get along in some way if we trust in the dear Father above. You know we must have courage, Ned, and not despair."

"But I can't be glad when you cry, mamma," said the boy; and straightway his soft cheek was laid against mamma's, and he comforted her with his kisses till she smiled again, and the tears were all dried.

The next day mamma went out early, leaving Ned and Fido to take care of the room. She little knew what plans had developed themselves in Ned's small head during the night, when the little fellow had been unable to sleep, and had tormented himself with wishing he was "a big boy, and could earn money for his poor mamma." No, indeed, she knew nothing of any plans on his part. So she had kissed his sweet lips, sighed to herself over his pale cheeks, and telling him that she would not be home until afternoon, and he would find luncheon for himself and Fido all lixed on the closet shelf, had gone out into the streets to look for work from store to store.

But Ned knew what he had to do before mamma's return, and no sooner had she gone than he brushed his curly head, made himself neat and clean, and lifted his Scotch cap from its peg behind the door. That was the signal for Fido to sit upon his hind legs and beg, as Ned had long before taught him, when preparing for a race in the street; and now he not only begged, but thumped his bushy tail impatiently against the floor, saying, dog fashion, "Come, *do* hurry up." He didn't appear to notice that his little master's face was sober this morning, and that once two big tears gathered in the blue eyes which were usually such merry eyes, as a boy's should be.

And finally, after Ned had written, in a very scrawly hand, "Dear mamma, Fido and I are going to take a walk just a little while," and placed the queer little note where his mother would see it if she came home before him, the two friends went down the narrow stairs, and through the alley into the street which led toward the City Hall. Fido looked inquiringly into his master's face to see what could be the reason that he walked so quietly along this morning, instead of, as heretofore, racing and chasing his four-footed little comrade from block to block. But Ned was swallowing several large lumps in his throat and had no heart for a frolic.

It was not long before the City Hall Square was reached; and a little timidly, now that he was in so large and strange a place alone, Ned seated himself upon the broad stone lower step of the great building, and lifted Fido in his arms. Then he mustered courage, and cried, feebly, although he fancied his voice was very loud and brave: "Anybody want to buy a dog? Dog to sell. Want a dog?"

But nobody seemed to hear him, and the noise of the streets frightened our poor little fellow into silence for a while. So he buried his face in Fido's shaggy back, and tried not to cry.

"Oh, my doggie Fido!" he murmured, "you've truly got to be sold. Oh, dear! it is awfully hard, and I'll 'most die without you. But you must be sold, 'cause mamma is so poor."

Fido wriggled about, and objected to being held in Ned's arms, when he wanted to frisk about on the broad pavement; and so he whined and snarled a little, and even ventured a growl—something very rare with gentle Fido. But Ned did not dare let him go, and so held the tighter until doggie tried the persuasive powers of his little tongue, and kissed his master's hand over and over again.

Then pretty soon a policeman came by and eyed Ned severely. That was a terrible scare for the youngster, and he said, eagerly, "Please, sir, I ain't doing anything. I'm only waiting to sell my dog, 'cause my mother's so poor."

The burly guardian of the peace laughed and went his way, and Ned breathed freely again. But somebody had chanced to hear his words—a boy of ten or twelve years—and he came near to look at the dog in Ned's arms.

"Will you buy him, boy?" asked Ned, earnestly. "I'll sell him *real* cheap; and, you see, I must take mamma some money to-day."

The boy was ready enough to make the purchase, but though he turned his pockets inside out, he could not rake and scrape from them more than the sum of one dollar.

"Here's all I've got," he said. "My grandpa gives me lots of money; but it's all spent but this, and you won't sell him for a dollar, I suppose?"

Ned's eyes sparkled. "Oh yes, I will, too," he replied. "Oh yes, indeed. A dollar is a hundred cents, and I never had so many cents in my life, boy. You may take him now. Only let me kiss him good-by, please."

His voice faltered a little toward the last, as he hugged the dog tightly to his heart, and the tears streamed presently from his brave eyes, in spite of all the winking and blinking to keep them back.

"Oh, my Fido! my own little doggie!" was all he could say, while the dog wagged his tail and wondered what the fuss was about.

"There, now you'll have to go," Ned said at last, smothering one more sob, and loosening his arms. "Take him, boy, please, quick as you can."

The boy promised to be very kind and good to Fido, and attempted to lift him from Ned's knee. But to this Fido would not agree, expressing his dislike of the new and extraordinary arrangement, which he couldn't comprehend, by a growl and short bark.

Ned apologized. "You see, I've had him an awful long time, ever since I was a *little* fellow, and I s'pose he don't want to leave me."

So the new master tied a string to Fido's collar, and Ned said, gravely, "Now, Fido, you smile and look pleasant, like a good dog;" and then the two old friends parted, Fido whining and tugging to break his string, and Ned wiping his eyes on his jacket sleeve as he hurried toward his lonely home.

He reached it just after mamma had come in, and his little note was in her hand. With a choking sob, he sprang into her arms, and thrust the dollar—small silver pieces—into her hand. "Take it, mamma—oh, take it quick!" he cried, and then came the explanation concerning his morning's work. It was told with many tears and sobs, in which mamma was not ashamed to join, as she folded her brave little son in her arms.

For her sake he had parted with his one loved treasure, and his reward was great when she kissed and called him her comfort and little helper. But she did not let him know how almost useless his sacrifice had been, since the dollar would go but a small way toward the relief of their necessities. Oh no, she let him feel happy in the thought that he "*had* helped dear mamma," and the thought went far toward softening the grief of parting with his pet.

So days went by, until one morning Mrs. Clarke decided to answer in person an advertisement that called for "A Housekeeper," and took her son with her, lest he should miss more than ever his old companion and playfellow.

The house to which they were directed was a large, handsome house, having beside the door a small gilt sign bearing the name of Dr. ——. A spruce black servant admitted them, and presently the doctor entered the room. Satisfactory arrangements were made, the gentleman not objecting to Ned, whose plaintive little face strangely attracted him. And with a heart full of joy and gratitude Mrs. Clarke rose to take her leave, until she could return and enter upon her duties. But a boy came whistling through the hall, and presently—oh, the joy of it!—what should rush, with a scamper and joyous bark, pell-mell upon little Ned, but his own Fido! Such a shout of gladness! and Ned sat fairly upon the floor, and hugged his dog again and again, while the boy—none other than the doctor's grandson—explained to the bewildered old gentleman that "this was the boy who had sold him the dog."

So now, you see, it all turns out happily, and henceforth Fido had *two* masters, both of whom he served, although I think the largest part of his canine heart was given to the old and first master.

And as for Ned, once in a while he asked mamma this question—not because it hadn't been answered over and over, but because it kept suggesting itself to his heart—"Oh, mamma, isn't it the funniest thing?"

And the reply was always, "Yes, Ned, it really is."—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young People.*

A Walk Across the Big Bridge.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the Providence *Journal* has been crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, and describes his impressions as follows: In our walk over the bridge we did not pass through these openings in the tower, but over the tower itself. The little temporary bridge consists of slats, three inches wide, placed two inches apart. As we ascended the tower, we could look down on "all creation" below, on the men who looked like pigmies, on the horse-cars and wagons which looked like toys. It required no little resolution to keep from feeling dizzy, and it was not particularly inspiring to dwell too much upon our lofty and sudden elevation. It was strange, too, what a comfort was to be found in the twisted wires which served as a railing and were within grasp on either side. Owing to the fervor with which this grasp was maintained, our gloves, which were comparatively new when we started, became in the course of the journey complete wrecks. From the anchor to the tower was by far the most perilous part. After that, one becomes accustomed to the great height and learns to take a bird's-eye view of things with comparative composure. Mr. Martin told us that men were much oftener overcome with dizziness than women. This is probably due not to the superiority women possess over men in maintaining their equilibrium, though possibly they may average better, but to the fact that few women start out on such an enterprise without having beforehand summoned their powers of endurance before them and impressed upon them the importance of the occasion; while the man, accustomed to do what he pleases, starts forth rashly, to turn back after the first few steps, or presses on to declare when he is half-way over that he would give every dollar that he possesses to be safe on land again. However, as we have just said, it is not so dreadful after the first ascent. The portion which is directly over the water does not impress you as being so high. The view is superb, with New York harbor at your feet and the two great cities with their miles of brick and mortar stretching away as far as the eye can reach on either shore, the trees with the May freshness of their foliage relieving what might otherwise be a dreary waste of houses. Way down below us is the East River with the busy ferry-boats, black with their crowds of passengers, many of whom are looking us and saying: "See! some one is way up there crossing the bridge." We were over an hour upon our pilgrimage before we again reached the ground on the New York shore, and emerged through the lofty arches of the New York anchorage.

A Warning to Naturalized Chinamen.

IT would not do for Charles Sing or any of the Chinamen of this town who have become citizens to go back to China. Those North Adams Chinamen who are contemplating taking out papers of naturalization this summer had better consider well the consequences if they ever think of paying a visit to their native country. According to decrees recently published by the authority of the Celestial Empire, any Chinaman who becomes a citizen of this country will fare hard. Should he fall into the hands of the Chinese authorities, he is to be instantly beheaded, a fate which is also to fall upon those who assisted him in denationalizing himself. The property of such miscreants, if they have any, is to be confiscated, and their wives and children are to be sold as slaves. The punishment, if stopped here, would be too mild to suit the enormity of the offense, so it is further added that if the offenders have parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters or grandchildren, these are to be banished to a distant part of the Empire, and if any one attempts to conceal the crime of which these are the penalties, or shelter and protect those entitled under these decrees to be punished, he or they are to be strangled, while an informant against such offenders is to be rewarded with the whole of their property.—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

THERE is a negro woman in Emanuel County known as Hannah Rountree, who, according to the Swainsboro *Herald*, was a grandmother at the age of twenty-six years. She gave birth to a girl when only thirteen years old, and the daughter, when about that age, became a mother herself.

THE DAIRY.

PHILADELPHIA is arresting numbers of oleomargarine swindlers—that's the right name for those who sell the stuff as butter for butter prices.

A COW should be as well fed while dry as when giving milk. She should now increase in flesh, so that sho may be able to give a greater flow of milk when milking time comes. To feed a dry cow the poor hay, or even think that straw is good enough, is poor policy, and the loss will show itself in the milk pail. Feed the cows well all the time.

IT is said that in the northern part of New York State a number of creameries and several Limburg cheese factories have not opened this spring for lack of milk. Many farmers in that section sold off one-half or two-thirds of their stock last fall before the rise in dairy products took place, and this season cows are so high, comparatively, that they cannot afford to buy. Hence a drought in milk.

TO KEEP milk clean while in the act of drawing it, the cow must be clean, her bag and teats washed and wiped before commencing to milk her, and the milkman's hands be then washed. After straining and setting, see that no foul air can come from any quarter to taint the milk; and for this we must be particularly careful, for such is often borne on a strong breeze fully a mile off or more from the place where it originated. It is, of course, presupposed that all vessels used for holding the milk are kept clean and entirely clear of every sort of odor. The writer has often seen the dairy house placed close to the cattle yard, poultry house, and, what is foulest of all, a dirty pig pen. No wonder where this is the case so much butter and cheese are sent to market not fit to be eaten.

MR. ELLSWORTH, as reported in the *American Cultivator*, says: "There are usually a few weeks during each season when butter is so plenty in our small markets that it is almost impossible to sell it at any fair price, when it may be packed in earthen jars, and be kept in good condition for family use. Take the butter in as good condition as I have described; press it into the jar compactly in a layer three inches in thickness; cut a piece of cloth of the size of the jar, wet it in strong brine, spreading it over this first layer, repeat the process with each succeeding layer until you have reached the top or within three-quarters of an inch. Now make a strong brine, to which add three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of powdered saltpeter; set in a cool, dry cellar; keep it covered with the brine until wanted, and it will cut out smoothly. But if butter is to be kept for a better market I would recommend putting it up in any sweet package or jar, direct from the churn in the granulated form, covering it with strong brine, and when wanted take it up and work it over like new butter.

Cleanse Immediately.

THERE is a good fraction of the success in butter-making dependent on the proper cleaning of dairy utensils. Some appear to think it will do just as well to wait a few hours before the milk-pails are washed and scalded; that the churn may stand a half or whole day before being washed and the germs of decay killed by heat; that the cream-pail may be used for several batches of cream before thorough cleansing, because sweet cream is going into it again; that the butter-worker may stand until you want to use it again before scalding, because it will be then freshly cleansed when you use it, etc.

There is altogether too much of this heedless way of carrying on butter-making. The nitrogenous portion of milk (casein) furnishes just the substance required for ferments, for the development of germs wholly inimical to pure milk or butter. These ferments remain in the crevices of wood, or the seams of tin vessels, and unless they are dislodged by immediate cleansing, it requires boiling or steaming for a considerable length of time to dislodge them. Every utensil, after each use, must be immediately cleansed if you wish to prevent taints in your milk, cream or butter. Wooden pails are now discarded from use by the patrons of cheese factories, because they cannot be trusted to properly cleanse them.

If they were immediately subjected to steam heat or boiling water after each use, they would be sweet, but this steam or boiling water requires to penetrate every pore. The dairymaid or operator cannot be too prompt in cleansing dairy utensils.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Cheese Making.

PROF. SHELDON, writing to the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "In the process of making cheese, the great bulk of the milk-sugar is not retained in the curd, but passes off in the whey; so it follows that if the whey is imperfectly got out, a too large portion of the milk-sugar is also retained in the cheese, and it is this that is the cause of sweet cheese. This sugar, too, or a portion of it, enters into fermentation in the cheese, forming, among other products, carbonic-acid gas, which, in trying to escape, causes the cheese to heave and become porous. An excess of whey causes annotto—that is used for coloring cheese—to be unequally distributed, so that the cheese is not of uniform color; or the lactic acid formed from the milk-sugar has a destructive effect on the coloring matter later on, causing it to fade and the cheese to become of a bad color. The presence of whey and the fermentation caused by the milk-sugar cause the cheese to decay without ripening, in a manner that makes it a very disagreeable and unhealthy article of food. The necessity of getting out all the moisture, over and above the quantity which the cheese may safely be allowed to retain, will now be apparent. This is effected, first, by the cutting off the curd; second, by pressure; and third, by a moderate amount of acidity, where such is employed. Acidity in cheese-making is the most effectual means of expelling the whey, but it must be employed with great caution, for, though it is a capital servant, it is a bad master."

IN the opinion of the Cincinnati *Gazette* the women want to vote because the ballot would be useful for curl papers.

HOME AND FARM.

OF all the products of the soil none are so prolific as weeds; 60,000 seeds have been counted upon one mullein stalk.

BROOMS should always be hung up and kerosene eans should always be set into an old tin dish whicb is past using for baking purposes.

SOWING for succession is a useful method of prolonging the season of many vegetables, and should be more generally practiced. By sowing beans, peas, corn, etc., at intervals of a week or so, these valuable vegetables may be had through the season.

SUMMER SALAD.—Three heads of lettuce, two handfuls cresses, one cucumber, pared and sliced thin, four radishes, also pared and cut up, three hard-boiled eggs, cut up into sixths. Cut lettuce and cresses with a sharp knife, and mix with the other vegetables in a bowl. Pour over them the above dressing (for lettuce and cress salad), and lay the sliced eggs on top.

GRAPEVINES one year old set this spring should grow only one shoot; let it be the strongest and best one put forth. Older vines recently set should not be allowed to bear this year. The young growing shoots of old vines should be tied up before they fall over or are broken by the winds; soft cotton twine or bast bark are the best for the purpose.

REFLECTION FROM LAMPS.—Never set the lamp upon a red table-cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp mat, put a piece of green cardboard under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

TO CLEAN A TEAPOT.—If a tin teapot has become brown inside, and the tea made in it tastes brackish, put in a little sal soda, soft soap and water, and boil. Have your dish-rag wrung out of hot water, pour the water out in a pan, put in your disb-clotb and wipe quickly. Pour tbe water back and boil again; repeat several times and it will all wipe off almost as brigbt as new.

RICE CAKE.—Eight beaten eggs, a pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter, a pound of rice ground very fine, a little salt, three tablespoonsful of milk and any flavoring liked. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, then tbe milk and salt, stirring in the rice last. Bake in small pans.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Take cold roast beef, cut it into thin slices about an inch and a half long. Take raw potatoes, peel them, and cut them into thin slices. Have ready a deep dish, lay some of the potatoes at the bottom, then a layer of beef, and so on till the dish is filled. Season it as you would chicken-pie, fill it with boiling water, cover it with a crust, and bake it.

A FRENCH paper relates the following experiment: A cow was milked three times a day for eleven days, and yielded 170 quarts of milk. With two milkings daily, she gave only 146 quarts in the same number of days. Analysis moreover showed tbat the milk in the first ease was richer in butter globules by more than one-seventh, than in the second case.

HARD SOAP.—Take three pounds of unslacked lime, six pounds of washing soda, four pailfuls of soft water, boiling hot, turned over the soda and lime; let it stand over night. In the morning pour it off; then put in six pounds of tallow and boil one hour and a half, stirring occasionally; then put in one pailful of cold water and boil half an hour; then put in two handfuls of salt, and let it stand until cold. Cut into bars and dry. If wanted to be striped and scented, melt and stir in anytbing you desire. For soft soap leave out tbe salt.

FOR burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with tbe air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and any thing which excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

A Serpent Cactus.

MR. S. J. SPRAY, Deputy United States Surveyor, found a unique specimen of the cacti family last Thursday, while surveying some claims near Grouse Mountain, Johnson's Gulch. The specimen is at present in the Colorado Mining Exchange, and has elicited no little comment in consequence of its rarity in this section, if not in all the cactus belt. The specimen above referred to is the only one found and recorded about here, and yet it is probably not an isolated type, absolutely. It was found upon the western declination of a butte or hogback, on a steep side-hill and under a warm shelter. It was coiled up like a serpent somewhat, with alternate concaves and convex curves, not unlike some patterns of lace. The diameter of the plant is not far from six inches, and the elongated measurement is twenty-seven inches. It has a central line or spine, from which on either side there projects at an acute angle, as an axle, the little cucumiform projections arise of very delicate proportions, and are hardly detected without a magnifying lens. These projections are sessile upon the main body of tbe pnltaceous growth, and these outer terminl are armed with a stiletto combination of the most delicate thorn known to this naturally hated plant. These tufts are composed of a number of fine points, and they feel in one way as soft as velvet plush, but upon tbe reverse direction are as thorny as the tbistle or teasel plant. The estimate, by actual calculation of the sectional inch, makes tbese in the number of the cucumiform cells about eighteen hundred from this specimen, and the spikes or thorns about twelve tbousand. There is no evidence of blossom, but the inference from this and other indications is that it is very young yet, and what its future may become will be revealed, as it is carefnlly potted and in good condition for development.—*Silver Cliff (Colo.) Prospect.*

PRETTY soon it will be needfu[illegible] a "color dictionary," for colors [illegible] growing numerous, and their names are as novel as the tints. "Waternixie" is a green which possesses the transparent hue of the waves before they are imbued with the detracting dullness of the waters near the shore. "Fabuleux" is an intense red, while "Austrian crackle" is a light orange-yellow; "clary" is a delicate straw-color, and "coucherde-soleil" is an orange-red. "Amourette" is a blush pink, "Eastern yellow" a marigold hue, and "humberta" a deep peach. The champion tint has been dubbed "heliotrope," and is a mixture of violet and mauve.

[St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press.]

WE incline to the opinion that it is not so much what a thing promises as the service it will render, that should control us in its selection. In indorsement of the worth of a popular remedy, Mr. Nicholas Krebel, St. Paul, Minn., observes: "By the use of the Hamburg Drops, I was completely cured of a severe and painful disease of the stomach, from which I feared I would not recover.

WE frequently hear a lady exclaim: "Oh, dear! I wish I were a man!" but we do not remember ever hearing a man wish himself a woman. No; man never dared allow his wishes to soar so high. He is content to admire rather than be the thing admired. N. B.—This is not taffy.

[Cincinnati Star.]

"UNDOUBTEDLY it is a remarkable medicine," says Stacey Hill, Esq., of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, Cincinnati. "I was limping about, hardly able to move, with Rheumatism in the hip, or Sciatica. Hearing of St. Jacob's Oil, I procured a bottle of it, and with the third application was able to go about with perfect ease and comfort.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, Poor Richard says: A life of laziness and leisure are two things.—*Franklin.*

National Treatment—Positive Cures.
Dr. R. V. Pierce, President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, is in earnest in selling his medicines under positive guarantees, and if anybody who purchases and uses any of these widely-celebrated remedies does not derive benefit therefrom, the Association would like to hear from that person with description of symptoms and history of case. Organized and incorporated, as the Association is, to teach medicine and surgery, and for the successful treatment of all chronic diseases, and managing annually thousands of cases through our original method of diagnosis without ever seeing the patients, and having also the largest sanitarium in the world for the accommodation of the more complicated cases, and also for surgical cases, the Faculty feel themselves prepared to undertake even the most discouraging cases. They resort to all the best remedial means known to modern medical science—neglecting nothing. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

Vote Taken.

Is cut from the *State Journal*, Springfield, Ill., the following: "Among the sick and disabled, a ballot taken in person and by proxy, resulted in form by a unanimous vote in favor of Warner's Safe Remedies."

TWO-THIRDS of all the Axle Grease used in the United States is made by the Frazer Lubricator Company. Buy the genuine.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

DROPSICAL SWELLING almost always ends in death, if unchecked. Hunt's Remedy cures it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

NURSING mothers and delicate females gain strength from Malt Bitters.

A YOUNG MAN of Hartford, Conn., was recently walking through the park in that city with a pair of low shoes on his feet and a pretty girl on his arm. As they stopped to talk on the margin of the pond, the girl slipped and fell into the water. Wetting his dainty feet was not to be thought of for an instant, but the young man was equal to the crisis. He ran after a policeman, who soon brought the girl to shore.

PROF. KARL F. KRAY, of Stephens Institute, declares that the molecule (the last analysis of matter) is about one five-hundred millionth of an inch wide. It is pleasant to have such a matter sett ed, so that when one is hungry he may know how many to order.—*Andrews' Queen.*

I. TOLDYOUSO is one of the most knowing men in the country, though to be sure he is a little late.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE pitcher that goes often to the beer house is broken at last. It is the same way with the catcher.

YOUR house is a perfect conservatory, Oldboy," admiringly remarked a friend, gazing at the beautiful windows, crowded with blooming plants. "Ah, yes," replied Oldboy, nervously glancing at a woman with her head swathed in a dust-cap, just coming from a step-ladder to fondle the bird dog with a mopstick. "Oh, yes; it's a regular hothouse."

MEN with diamond collar buttons find it too warm for neck scarfs.

"MY learned brother," says the Court, kindly, but significantly, to a young lawyer who is about to sum up his first case; "my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner time and that brevity is the soul of summing up." "May it please your Honor, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good judge." Judgment in his client's favor, with costs.

PRINTED for private circulation—counterfeit bank notes.

A DETROIT lady who had graduated at three seminaries tried to send a bandbox by telegraph the other day.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY 1880.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1880, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1880.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1—Altamont	$100 00
" " 2—Selbysport	400 00
" " 3—Grantsville	500 00
" " 4—Bloomington	450 00
" " 5—Accident	400 00
" " 6—Sang Run	400 00
" " 7—Oakland	600 00
" " 8—Ryan's Glades	400 00
" " 9—Frostburg	90 00
Total	$3,610 00

ELECTION EXPEFSES.

District No. 1.

John Riley, return judge 4 days	$8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Chas. T. West, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
L. B. Schoolfield, Clerk, 2 days	4 00
S W Friend, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Lucian Frazee, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno M. Miller, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Benj Griffith, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Kimmell Frazee, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Elias J Miller, return judge, 4 days	8 00
H M Chapman, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
August Bonig " " "	4 00
Henry Winterberg, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Frank Bill, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Henry Warnick, return judge, 4 days	8 00
David Michaels, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Thos Garvey, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Marcus W Fazenbaker, clerk, 2 days	4 00
George L. Michaels, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Emanuel Custer, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Geo Schlossnagle, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Jacob Becket, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Eli McMillen, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Henry Kahle, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Sines, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jeremiah H. Enlow, asso. judge 2 days	4 00
Wm H Hoye, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Francis Sebold, clerk, 2 days	4 00
D H Friend, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Wilson Procter, return judge, 3 days	6 00
Geo L. Bosley, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
Jno A Delawder, " "	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Ephraim J. Fringer, clerk, 2 days	4 00

District No. 8.

John G C Riley, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Henry Thompson, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
H G Sanders, associate judge, 2 days	4 00
James W White, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm H Grimes, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Francis Graham, return judge, 4 days	8 00
Jacob P McKenzie, asso. judge, 2 days	4 00
Michael Durst, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk, 2 days	4 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00
T J Peddicord, making general returns for county	5 00
Total	$255 00

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

William Sharpless	$ 2 00
Isaac Umbel	1 75
William Miller	12 00
R B Jamison, use W P Totten	9 55
Benjamin Griffith	3 00
S Butler	1 80
A J Warnick, use P Hamill	22 95
A L Osbourn, use G S Hamill	20 70
Wm Hinebaugh	7 10
H Winterberg	1 80
Perry Welmer	1 05
A L Osbourn, use G A Shirer	13 00
E Droege	4 10
A L Osbourn, use H W Combs	16 65
R B Jamison	1 70
Total	$120 05

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Geo D White, use J Z Browning	$20 72
E A Browning; use Davis & Towns'd	1 75
F C Browning	6 20
A Boyer	14 75
David Durst	7 00
D J Beavers, use G S Hamill	12 25
J Fleagle	2 01
J S Johnson	0 00
F McKenzie	10 85
Total	$81 62

REGISTRARS, 1879.

R T Browning, room rent for 1878, use R H Jamison, use W P Totten	$ 5 00
Wm H H Hall, administrator of E G Hall, dec'd, rent for Registrars' office, &c., 1877, use John Shatzer	6 55
R T Browning, use G S Hamill	49 00
Daniel Hinebaugh	37 50
Joshua Fazenbaker, use G W Bloeher	49 00
Isaiah Fuller, use G W Bloeher	49 00
W H Bernard	49 00
H O Hamill, use D E Offutt	44 20
Thos Browning, use Samuel Lawton	41 00
James H Rush	49 00
John Miller, rent of office	2 50
William F Deakins	49 00
Total	$433 75

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Johnson Brothers, 1878	$11 28
Johnson Brothers, 1879	9 36
Wilson Procter, 1877	35 36
Wilson Procter, 1878	31 73
J R Bishop, 1879	18 25
Julius Oester, 1879	12 40
Henry Warnick, 1877, 1878 and 1879	3 77
Lewis Lininger, 1879	18 66
Daniel Connewny, 1878	6 91
E Droege	49 85
Total	$200 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

A W Friend, 1 fox	$ 1 00
W R Getty, 1 fox	1 00
D H Friend, 1 fox	1 00
J S Johnson, 1 fox	1 00
J S Brondwater, 2 foxes and 1 cat	4 00
Jasper Barnthouse, 1 fox	1 00
M Bowser, 1 fox	1 00
John Conteway, 5 foxes	5 00
D H Loar, 1 fox	1 00
J Guard, 2 foxes	2 00
C F Frazee, 5 foxes	5 00
Isaac T Frazee, 8 foxes	8 00
Jas Bevans & Bro., 6 foxes, and 1 cat	8 00
John Sines, 1 cat	2 00
Davis & Townshend, 1 fox	1 00
P T Garthright, 11 foxes	11 00
C C Michaels, 6 foxes and 1 cat	8 00
J Z Browning, 2 foxes	2 00
Howard Griffith, 1 fox	1 00
C H Durst, 1 cat	2 00
J H Wilson and Bro., 1 fox	1 00
J W Boyer & Son, 3 foxes	3 00
A C Browning, 1 fox	1 00
Isadore Garlitz, 1 cat	2 00
George Legge, 1 fox and 1 cat	3 00
Simon Meyers, 1 fox	1 00
D E Offutt, 6 foxes and 1 cat	8 00
J R Bishop, 26 foxes and 3 cats	32 00
Total	$117 00

[NOTE.—Owing to irregularities in the certificates, claims under this heading were rejected to the amount of about $200.]

BRIDGES.

T M Nelson, contractor Castleman's River bridge, use J. S. Jamison	$189 11

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Same, use C H Durst	52 60
E B Fuller, building abutment, use Peter Nathan	94 00
King Iron bridge company, contractors Sang Run bridge, use E Friend, of E	422 00
Same, use Eli McMillen	115 32
Same, order	600 00
Same, balance	723 70

LABORERS ON SAME.

E Friend, of E		3 50
C R Crawford, use of E Friend, of E		56 00
T Lowdermilk,	do	10 75
Jno Casteel,	do	9 25
W H Riley,	do	134 42
A F Collins,	do	54 50
L DeWitt,	do	3 50
N C Browning,	do	11 00
A F Collins,	do	18 00
Stephen Friend		9 00
C Liston		1 50
Elijah Hoye		20 50
A Friend		16 25
Joseph Frantz		11 25
Lloyd Chambers, use J. R. Bishop		13 50
William Hoye		51 25
John Friend		50
R Friend		1 00
Elijah Meyers, contractor Buffalo Run bridge		350 00
Elke bridge, use county commiss'rs		2,210 00
Total		$5,500 43

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Wm P Groves, Morgantown road	$ 15 00
S J Beachy, use N Silcer, Nation. r'd.	90 00
B Steidling, ——— road	13 30
Jeremiah Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	10 43
Jonas Wass, balance on road account	1 00
John B Harman, road leading from C Beachy's to Cunningham's	50 00
John Barnes, road from Walter's to King's run	20 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm, to W. Va. line near Fairfax stone	75 00
Jas Paul, road from Mineral Spring to Winding Ridge	30 00
Jno S Combs, west mile National r'd.	50 00
Benj Miller, axman on J King road	2 00
John H Riley, opening new road	40 00
W H Chandlerton, road balance	3 80
Henry Kolb, road balance	2 00
Geo L Mosser, road from Wood farm to W. Va. line, near Fairfax stone	100 00
J J Livingston, to opening new road from Bloomington to Backwoods	800 00
John B Harman, road from Mary Beachy's barn to Frankville	40 00
Theo Beckman, opening new road	46 52
Wm R Barnthouse, Morgantown road near S K Freys	15 00
Samuel Fnikner, road balance	6 00
Ed Harshbarger, road from Little Glade to Compton's & H	20 00
Wm Harvey, opening new road	19 75
Jos Irons, road from N W pl. e to Ryan's Glade road near J M White's	25 00
Jere Bittner, road from Keeler Glade to West Virginia line	10 00
Jas Paul, road near Mineral Spring	50 00
W M Coddington, Procter road	100 00
Jno Sines, road from Deep Creek to Hoye's Run	20 00
W M Coddington, opening Liberty st	100 00
Total	$1,699 80

ROAD EXPENSES.

A B Shaw, surveyor	$10 00
W W Broadwater, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Jesse Michaels, do do	2 00
James Poland, do do	2 00
Wm Warnick, axman	2 00
John Harned, surveyor on road near Paugh's	10 00
P T Garthright, expenses for locating a road near Mineral Springs	5 00
Total	$33 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W R Getty, support Elizab'h Mayhew	$20 00
H O Davis & Bro, support Geo Woods	25 00
Jos Glotfelty, support Wm Hoover	20 00
August Bonig, support M. Durst	20 00
Jeremiah Bittner, support Jos Welch	25 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	33 00
Davis & Townshend sup. Aug. King	10 00
J W Lee, support Nancy Lee	20 00
Jno E Gnagey, sup. Alfred Jenkins	10 00
Davis & Townshend, sup. Mary Merrill	15 00
Wm P Totten, support Wm Stevens	10 00
Chas Lease, sup't Elizabeth Mayhew	10 00
Jno E Thrasher, sup't Louisa Miebnel	18 00
George Goff, support John Frey	8 00
M T Brady, support Thos Brady	15 00
D E. Offutt, support Samuel Parks	10 00
Davis & Townshend, sup't Geo. Goff	20 00
Wm Loraw, support Sarah Loraw	15 00
David Chambers, sup't Montra Moon	25 00
P T Garthright, sup't Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle, support Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabel McKenzie, sup't Switzer child	15 00
M H Thomas, sup't Jacob Barnthouse	10 00
Davis & Townshend sup't Aug. King	15 00
Ira E Friend, sup't Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend, support crippled boy	20 00
Keller & Getty, support M Fay	15 00
Henry Cretzburg, support Jas Layton	10 00
Charles Lease, support Mrs Mayhue	30 00
Otho Speelman, support Ruth King	15 00
Total	$501 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimated to pay Judges per diem and mileage	$280 78
Wm L Rawlings, ex-Register	12 95
W H Hagans, register, use G S Hamill	110 00
Same, balance	50 02
Total	$442 75

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Thos Coddington, use W R Percy	$100 00
Same, use same	160 00
Same, use G S Hamill & W H Tower	150 00
Same, balance	150 81
Ed Manly, Sheriff Allegany county	2 00
George D White, use John Blamble	100 00
Same, use D E Offutt	100 00
Same, use John Shatzer	73 80
Same, balance	213 88
Total,	$990 49

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower use E Friend, of E	$325 00
W H Tower, balance	743 45
Total,	$1,068 35

HOSPITALS.

Montevue Hospital	$401 10
Maryland Hospital	214 58
Total,	$615 68

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	720 00
Total,	$1,720 00

CORONER'S INQUEST.

Benj Griffith, J P, on body of Mrs Nell	$4 00
Dr. E H Parsons, on body of Th Tracy	10 00
Total,	$14 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veltch, States' att'y, 8 felonies	$80 00
Same, 70 misdemeanors, $3 33	233 33
Peddicord & Combs, 1 felony,	10 00
Same, Same,	10 00
T J Peddicord, 5 misdemeanors, use M L Scott,	16 65
J M Schley, 1 felony,	10 00
G S Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
Cox & Combs, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
J W Veltch, trial fees,	325 00
Peddicord and Combs, 1 trial fee,	20 00
Total,	$741 65

MISCELLANEOUS.

G A Shirer, work at court house,	$8 03
C W Legge, supplies for jail	10 15
Allegany Co, costs Johnson and Layman case,	500 00
H Winterberg, coffin for pauper,	5 00
W Y Waltz, coal for court house & jail	8 35
Thos Coddington, supper for jury,	6 00
G A Shirer, work at Sheriff's house,	7 00
Jno Murphy, 1 testamentary law b'k	8 00
J Z Browning, col. 27 assessments, 1879	13 50
E Margroff, col. 30 assessments, 1879,	15 00
Jasper Guard, col. 23 assessments, 1879,	11 50
Drs. Keller & Getty, post mortem and professional services to paupers,	30 00
J M Crim, making fence at jail,	2 62
Geo C Stargiss, medicine for paupers,	38 80
W Z Shriver, stationery, &c.,	11 27
C H Sincell, supplies for court house,	5 75

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thos Bolden, work at court house,	4 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail,	7 00
J Harned, making plats Beety's Plains	8 00
Jno B. Cormany, coffin for pauper,	2 00
D E Offutt, supplies for c. h. and jail	11 86
Davis & Towns', bill sundries for c. h.	4 18
David Chambers, Janitor's salary, use Davis & Townshend,	167 00
Dr E H Parsons, prof. serv. pauper,	4 00
G N Santemyer, digging cistern and grave, use John Grant,	22 50
Daily News, job work,	5 90
J S Johnson, hauling, &c. for C. H,	8 75
G F Richardson, coffin for pauper,	5 00
John Shatzer, pauper's coffin and furniture for court house,	10 00
G N Santemyer, use J R Bishop, planting trees at court house,	10 00
Dr J Lee McComas, prof. services to prisoners and paupers,	133 00
Dr Fundenberg, prof. services to Mrs Geo Rodeheaver, by contract,	10 00
By order of Jasper Guard, deputy col, 1877, 12 assessments,	0 00
Same, col. 1878, 22 assessments,	11 00
E Margroff, col, 21 "	2 00
J Z Browning, col, 21 "	12 00
L H Schoolfield, examining bridge,	2 00
Same coffin for pauper,	5 00
J M Jarboe, work at jail,	6 00
Medairy & Bowers, Stationery,	71 90
Lloyd Chambers, use W P Totten, building cistern,	20 00
W P Totten, coal, &c., for court house and jail,	122 06
Chris Mosser, repairing bridge,	3 00
Theo Beckman, building fence along public road,	31 60
H P Tasker, county printing, use N B Wayman,	300 00
Same, use D E Offutt,	140 50
J A Hayden, county printing, use R Beckman,	609 50
Same, from June, 1880 to June 1881,	700 00
H P Tasker, use D E Offutt,	200 00
J A Hayden, use G A Shirer,	100 00
Same balance,	125 00
John J Smith, county printing,	30 50
Total,	$5,688 65

SPECIAL ROAD LEVY.

National Road,	$570 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

County School Commissioners	$8,500 00

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent Fund,	$194 79

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,610 00
Election Expenses,	255 00
Magistrates' Fees,	120 05
Constables' Fees,	81 62
Registrar's Fees,	433 75
Fox and Cat Scalps,	117 00
Taxes Paid in Error,	200 47
Bridges,	5,500 43
Road Appropriations,	1,699 80
Road Expenses,	33 00
Orphans' Court,	504 00
Sheriff's Fees,	412 75
Clerk's Fees,	990 49
Hospitals,	615 68
Court House Fund,	1,720 00
Coroner's Inquest,	14 00
Attorneys' Fees,	741 65
Miscellaneous,	3,683 65
National Road,	570 00
Public Schools,	8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	194 79
Collectors' Commissions,	1,514 68
Total,	$32,645 16
Total assessment of Garrett Co.	$3,667,906 00
By 89 cents on each $100 assessable property,	$32,615 16

The State tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which added to 89 cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.07¾ on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1880.

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 22, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, July 6th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them, at which time petitions or counter petitions will be considered why a change should not be made in the Grantsville road in District No. 6, near M. Glotfelty's. Persons interested will please attend this meeting.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
6 26 td. Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 112. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Seiss, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
Je26-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
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Business Cards,
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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own house. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

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ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. I offer PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

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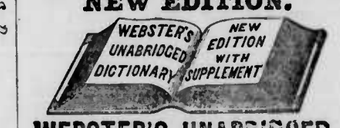

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All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.
v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

Notice of Distribution.

The final distribution on the personal property of the estate of Holmes N. Wiley, deceased, has been declared by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, Md. All persons holding claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly authenticated, on or before Saturday, July 3d, A. D. 1880, payable at the office of William Hinebaugh, in the town of Accident, Md.

THOMAS WILEY,
6 12 4 Administrator.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
SURVEYOR,
Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

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je5 Oakland, Md.

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☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

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OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
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Jan. 30-tf.

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offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

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Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
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OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,
Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the
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in a first-class manner.
FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.
☞ Shop near the Post Office.
Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of
ISAAC SPICHER,
late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.
6 12 3 JOSEPH N. SPIKER, Executor.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 0	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.17 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

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WOOLEN FACTORY.
The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of
CUSTOM WORK,
such as
Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,
at short notice
☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.
SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880. NUMBER 20.

Dr BULL'S

BABY

SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

GROCERIES, etc.

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Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

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Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE,
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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1880.

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The picture of our first parents, in the joy of purity, in the fullness of intercourse with God, under the leafy canopy of Eden, is soon marred. Within those holy recesses Satan crawls with hellish purpose, all too successful, as the woe of the world through the centuries declares. He resolves to stain the fairest of God's creations, to dim the lustre of the new-made world. He makes his attack upon the weaker of the pair, and sows in her mind distrust of God, and doubt of the justice of his command. He promises, in the path of disobedience, a new light and wisdom, which shall lift man up to the level of the divine nature. Under his allurements, and fascinated by the longing for knowledge, the woman [illegible] Satan's ally to tempt her husband, who [illegible] let the same confusion. At once the face of nature is changed; shame seizes upon them; and they attempt to veil themselves from the eyes of God and of themselves. God's voice, sounding in the tempest, fills them with terror, and his questions penetrate their guilty consciences. Each endeavors to evade the responsibility of the deed of disobedience; the man would censure the woman, nay, would censure even God, who gave him the woman; the woman casts the burden upon the serpent. But all are involved in one sin, each with individual accountability, and each receives a sentence. To the serpent a crawling form and an existence in the dust; to the evil spirit within the snake, an utter failure and a final destruction; to the woman, sorrow and pain in the life before her, though the hope of deliverance by a promised seed; and to the man, a life of labor after earthly objects, with death unsheathing its sword over him. Thus in one short hour did sin enter with all its woes and penalties.

Gen. 3. 1-15.

Memory Verses, 9-13.

1 Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

2 And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3 But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

4 And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die;

5 For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6 And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

7 And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

8 And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden.

9 And the LORD God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?

10 And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.

11 And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

12 And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

13 And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I eat.

14 And the LORD God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

15 And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

HOME READINGS.

M. The fall and the promise. Gen. 3. 1-15.
Tu. The penalty for sin. Gen. 3. 17-21.
W. The result of sin. Rom. 5. 12-21.
Th. The plan of salvation. Rom. 8. 1-17.
F. The condition of salvation. 1 John 1. 1-2. 2.
S. The need of forgiveness. Psa. 51. 1-19.
S. The blessedness of forgiveness. Psa. 32. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Rom. 5. 12.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE TEMPTATION, v. 1-5; Rev. 12. 9. By whom were our first parents tempted? Who was the real tempter? Rev. 12. 9. How did he commence his temptation? What was God's command to Adam and Eve? How did the tempter represent that command? What did Jesus say of Satan's character? John 8. 44. Who can aid us when we are tempted? Heb. 2. 18. How may we escape the power of Satan? James 4. 7.

2. THE FALL, v. 6-14; James 1. 14, 15. Who was the first in transgression? How did she lead her husband? What was the first result of their sin? How did sin affect the feeling of Adam and Eve toward God? Why were they afraid of God? Is it any use to try to hide from God? Psa. 139. 7. How did Adam try to excuse his sin? How did Eve try to excuse hers? Can we deceive God? Gal. 6. 7. Worst was the great consequence of Adam's sin? GOLDEN TEXT.

3. THE PROMISE, v. 15; Heb. 2. 14, 15. What was God's curse upon the serpent? Who are the seed of the serpent in the world? 1 John 3. 8. How do we see their enmity toward the good? Who is here promised to bruise the serpent's head? 1 John 3. 8. How did he overcome Satan?

Why Republibans will Carry Indiana.

Democrats are as happy as a baby with a new doll over their new ticket. It is not surprising. Two or three times before we have heard the same joyous congratulations after the nomination of a ticket, the same fierce yells of triumph and the same gushing pledges of unlimited majorities in all the doubtful States. But the season of rejoicing has always been followed by a dismal period of doubt, and afterwards by the sack-cloth and ashes of a great defeat. It pleases the Democrats to win all their National victories before the votes are counted, and no one will [illegible] about three weeks' pleasure. In [illegible] will begin to ask whether Hancock and English are not going to be defeated after all.

Reasons why this ticket ought not to succeed will be given hereafter in abundance. At present it may be well enough to suggest a few of the reasons why it will not succeed. The ticket is a very decent and creditable one, and the Democratic party deserves some praise for selecting a mask so respectable. Whether it will deceive anybody is quite a different question.

First, as to Indiana. Some time ago the fact was pointed out that the Democrats had trouble before them in that State. At the Cincinnati Convention their chosen delegates insisted that nothing except the nomination of Mr. Hendricks for President could make that State safe for them, and even that would probably have failed. On a test vote neither party has carried the State for many years, save by a slender majority. The Republicans are united to a remarkable degree upon a ticket of peculiar strength, while the Democrats have put up for Governor the most reckless and blatant Demagogue in the State. Add to this the fact that Constitutional Amendments adopted by 14,000 majority on a vote of the people have just been set aside for partisan ends by a Democratic Court. The chances were obviously much against the Democrats before the National ticket was nominated. Those Democrats were evidently well informed, and have a strong reason for their belief, who declared that their State could not be made safe for the Democratic ticket except by the nomination of Mr. Hendricks. For the Democrats had no reason to expect success unless they could give especial satisfaction to the Greenback vote.

General Hancock has no personal strength with the Democratic or Greenback voters of Indiana. Nothing is known of him to satisfy their notions on the financial questions. As a soldier, he will be objectionable to some copperheads, of whom Indiana has ever had many of the most malignant. His part in the Surratt affair will excite the hostility of some voters. But for the fact that he is the candidate of the party, he would not receive one-tenth of the votes that would be cast in Indiana for Mr. Hendricks. If it is expected to carry the State at all, therefore, it must be by the nomination of Mr. English.

But William H. English has for years been one of the most unpopular Democrats in that State. For eight years he had been a member of Congress when he was thrust aside in 1860. From that day to this he has had no part in public service, nor has his party ever supported him for any office. It has elected to Congress some strong and some weak men from the district in which he lives; has sent Hendricks, McDonald and Voorhees to the Senate; has set up as candidates for Governor McDonald, Williams and Landers; has voted in Democratic National Convention for some good and some poor candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; but never has made any effort to place Mr. English in any position of public trust or honor. The reason is not hard to find. National banks and bankers have been peculiarly unpopular among the Democrats of Indiana, but Mr. English organized and was President from 1863 to 1878 of the First National Bank of Indianapolis. Lenders of money upon bond and mortgage have been even more unpopular in Indiana than they usually are in agricultural States, for the disposition to pay debts has never been strongly developed among the Democrats of that State. But for twenty years Mr. English has been accumulating millions by the perfectly legitimate, but among Democrats of Indiana, intensely odious, occupation of lending money and foreclosing mortgages. Next to bankers and "usurers," the "bloated bondholders" and "coupon clippers" have been most hateful to the Indiana Democrats, but Mr. English has been a bondholder and a clipper all these years while the Democrats of Indiana have been launching their fiercest denunciations at that class of persons. And this is the candidate upon whom the party now relies for success in Indiana.

It would not be surprising, under the circumstances, if the Greenback ticket in Indiana should draw off a large Democratic vote. Mr. De La Matyr, the leader of that party, expresses without reserve his hostility to the nominations made by the Democrats, and his belief that they will be defeated. But if there should be a third ticket, it does not seem a majority in such a State and under such circumstances. Even in a clean division between the Republican and Democratic parties the disgust of Democratic voters with their own candidates must prove fatal. The fact is that Mr. English was nominated solely because he was rich, and it was hoped that he would furnish money for the campaign. But the painful report is now circulated that he is as close as he is rich, and is not a man who can be squeezed to any important extent. If this is true, the only reason for his nomination falls, but his personal unpopularity, and exceeding inappropriateness as a candidate for soft-money, debt-dodging and bank-hating voters will remain.—*New York Tribune.*

Gen. Hancock's Statesmanship.

The Democratic party presents General Hancock to the nation as being not only a gallant general, but as a great statesman. The sole portion of his career upon which they base the latter assertion is his administration of the Department of the Gulf after the war. This being the case, it will be interesting to examine into this administration to discover upon what these claims of statesmanship rest. Sensible men judge of a man's actions by what they are, and not what they profess to be. His supporters eulogize Gen. Hancock as the upholder of civil order against military misrule. Let us see what are the facts.

On August 28, 1867, President Johnson appointed General Hancock to the command of the Fifth district, which included the states of Louisiana and Texas. It was well known at the time that the appointment was in pursuance of a policy opposed to the reconstruction measures of Congress. The politicians got hold of the soldier and stuffed him with state sovereignty notions. He came to Washington before going to New Orleans, and stayed there a month arranging his plans, his chief advisers being ex Judge Campbell, of Louisiana; the Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black. At that time the rebel states were endeavoring, with the aid of the Democratic party, to regain their position in the Union, with their states governments precisely as they were when they seceded in 1861. The determination of the Republican party, which had behind it the approval and support of the nation, was that this restoration should be preceded by constitutional reforms, the accomplishment of which would be the justification of the war for the Union, with its immense cost in the blood and substance of her citizens. General Hancock threw himself into the arms of the party whose aim was to nullify the results of the war. His programme in Louisiana, was laid down for him before he started, and outlined in the Democratic press. His first step was to convene the old state legislature and to recognize its powers and authority. The legislature proceeded to frame a horrible Black Code, the effect of which would have been to degrade the freedom to a state of peonage that would have differed from slavery chiefly in the absence of the interest of owners in the care of their property, which was the chief protection of the slave from want and cruelty. The freedmen were compelled, on pain of imprisonment and sale, to make labor contracts for the year during the first ten days of January. The master was allowed to make deductions of the servant's wages for "injuries done to animals and agricultural implements committed to his care," thus making the negroes responsible for wear and tear. Deductions were to be made for "bad or negligent work," the master being the judge. For every act of "disobedience" a fine of $1 was imposed upon the offender; "disobedience" being a technical term made to include, besides "neglect of duty" and "leaving home without permission," such offences as "impudence," "swearing," "indecent language in the presence of the employer, his family or agent," or "quarreling or fighting with one another." The "agent," who will be better known by his title of overseer, is placed under no restrictions as to his own language or conduct, but the law would not tolerate any "impudence" from the freedmen to him. Similar measures were adopted in Texas, where the ex-Confederate General Throckmorton was elected governor, and the Union men were subjected to outrageous persecution. The effect of General Hancock's "statesmanship" was to subject the negro population to a harsh and bitter serfdom as a substitute for slavery, and to [illegible] triumphant disloyalty.

The case whose presentation to Gen. Grant was the immediate cause of Gen. Hancock's summary removal from the command of the department is interesting, as showing the sort of civil ordor which was set up and sustained by his "statesmanship." Acting in accordance with the Democratic theory that no great civil war had disturbed the relations between the Southern states and the national government, he refused to pay attention to the appeals and petitions of Union men, contenting himself with handing them over to the civil authorities, which, as a matter of fact, was simply betraying the writers into the hands of their enemies. A young man named Lindsey, a native Texan, whose family were Unionists, and who, when conscripted into the Confederate army, escaped to the North and joined the Union army, had with his father taken an active part in opposing the peonage laws and got up a petition to General Hancock citing instances of outrages perpetrated under them. This petition General Hancock referred to Governor Throckmorton, who in turn referred it to the county authorities, and the Lindseys became a shining mark for the persecutions of their neighbors. They abandoned their old home and removed to Atascosa county, over a hundred miles away, hoping to get out of trouble in this manner. But a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of the son on the charge of horse stealing, based upon the fact that during the war, when running away from the Confederate draft, he caught up a pony running wild on the prairie and made use of it to effect his escape. A warrant was also issued for the father's arrest as an accessory, and the two were brought back to Bell county and confined in the jail. A prominent lawyer, ex-Confederate Major T. T. Teal, drew up a statement of the facts, and endeavored to secure the interference of General Mason, who was in command of the district, on the ground that the arrest was fraudulent and was for the purpose of assassination. In accordance with Gen. Hancock's instructions, General Mason declined to interfere with the civil authorities, and so one night a Ku-klux party entered the jail and emptied their shot guns into the bodies of the two Lindseys. This was the culminating point of General Hancock's administration of the Department of the Gulf, for as soon as the details of the outrage were presented to General Grant, Hancock was translated to a field where he would have no opportunity to display his "statesmanship."

It has been the peculiarity of the Democratic party that, while they have manifested intense sensitiveness over various acts of the Republican party during the reconstruction period for which there was no express authority in the Constitution, they are callous in regard to the tremendous assault upon and infraction of the Constitution committed by the seceding states, which made necessary the assumption of the power necessary to effect the reformation of their political condition that was essential to a wise and just restoration of the Union. General Hancock allied himself to those whose foolish and distorted views of constitutional duty exposed the nation to great peril during Johnson's administration, and upon their measures and objects the nation has heretofore passed its emphatic condemnation. While that portion of General Hancock's career may be grateful to the Bourbon mass of the party, yet, if in the coming election he shall command only the support of those who endorse his statesmanship, he will find himself in a feeble minority in every Northern state. If the Democratic party is wise it will have as little as possible to say about Hancock's statesmanship, and base their appeals to popular support solely on his reputation as a soldier.—*Balto. American.*

Do young persons ever think how little it takes to stain their characters? A drop of ink is a very small thing, yet, dropped in a tumbler of clear water, it blackens the whole. And so the first oath, the first lie, the first wrong act or thought of evil, may seem trivial, but it leaves a stain upon the character. Look out for the *first* stain.

Opinions of General Garfield.

Gen. Rosencrans gives his opinion, which is published in a California paper:

"Garfield was a member of my military family during the early part of the war. When he came to my headquarters I must confess that I had a prejudice against him, as I understood he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that cast I was naturally opposed to. The more I saw of him the better I liked him, and finally I gave him the choice of a brigade or to become my chief of staff. He chose the latter. His views were large, and he was possessed of a thoroughly comprehensive mind. Late in the summer of 1863 he came to me one day and said that he had been asked to accept the Republican nomination for Congress [illegible] (Ohio) whether he ought to accept it, and whether he could do so honorably. I replied that I not only thought he could accept it with honor, but that I deemed it to be his duty to do so. 'The war is not yet over,' I said, 'nor will it be for some time to come. There will be many questions arising in Congress which require not alone statesmanlike treatment, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with military affairs will be needed, and for that and several other reasons you would, I believe, do equally as good service to this country in Congress as in the field.' I consider Garfield head and shoulders above any of the men named before the convention, and far superior to any of the political managers upon the floor."

Mr. Watterson, the thoroughly Democratic editor of that staunch Democratic paper, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says of Gen. Garfield:

"A large likeness of Hayes; a better because a brainier man; as amiable as Blaine and more plausable, though less intrepid; as smiling and smooth as Washburne; as cool and wary and painstaking as Sherman; almost as trained and acute as Edmunds; this new leader which destiny has raised up for the Republican party will unite it and poll its full strength, because he is the logical expression of its cool and canting morality; its pushing commercial spirit; its canny thrift and unheeding zeal in enterprises great and small; in one word, its genius for the commonplace."

Hon. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, who was promtnently named for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and who is an intimate personal friend of Gen. Garfield's, says of his personal probity:

"It isn't likely that I would continue to respect and admit to my intercourse any man whom I believed guilty of deliberate dishonor. No I have never examined the specific charges against Garfield, nor acquainted myself with his defense against them. From my knowledge of his character, however, I should be decidedly inclined to believe that he was deceived rather than guilty,—that his ignorance of business affairs and methods was to blame for any error. Nothing in his outward life denotes that he has profited by corruption. He lives economically. The present improvements on his house at Mentor—which may cost some $3,000—involve the most considerable expenditure his neighbors are aware of. No, no! With Gen. Garfield's political creed I am utterly a variance, but all this does not counsel me to an unconsidered assault upon that candidate's private honor."

The editor of the New York *Evangelist*, who, like Gen. Garfield, is an alumnus of Williams College, sums up his appreciate of the Republican nominee in the following forcible and convincing language:

"And now, if we were to sum up in one word the impression which he makes upon us, it would be that of his thorough manliness. He is every inch a man. There is something manly in his physique. Tall in person, broad chested and strong limbed, he has the figure of an athlete. His head is large and the expression of his face one of mingled intelligence—one in which we can detect no lines of craft and cunning, but which shows a frank and open nature, that scorns guile and trickery and deceit. If there be anything in physiognomy—if we can read the mind in the face—we should say. This is a true, brave, honest man, who would serve his country in any station, legislative or executive, with the same manly courage which he showed in the field.

"But there is more in his countenance even than intelligence and simplicity of character. There is another thing which goes with true manliness—great sweetness and gentleness, something which shows under a frame of iron a heart which we do not always find united with sterner qualities. It is a face, in short, which indicates one who is brave as a lion and gentle as a women. Such is the hero of the hour. We repeat, he is every inch a man—big brained, big breasted, and big hearted—a man to love as a companion, and to follow as a leader."

This is the sort of testimony, based on personal knowledge and given by an independent and disinterested witness, which will help form the judgments of intelligent and disinterested men of both parties.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

THE farmer stood at his open door,
Looked north, and south, and east, and west:
"Good wife, the swallows are back once more,
Back again to their last year's nest.
I'm off to the fields to speed the plow,
The birds are singing on every bough.

"The skies are dreaming of summer blue;
Trees are dreaming of rustling leaves;
And I have a dream—God make it true!—
Of standing corn, and of golden sheaves,
Of meadows green, and of new-made hay,
And reapers singing at dawn of day.

"Call all the boys; we must go a-field,
To speed the plow and cast the seed;
God bless the seed, and make it to yield
Plenty, both man and beast to feed!
God bless the seed, and speed the plow,
For birds are singing on every bough."

Then out with his boys the farmer went,
Into the fields the soft spring morn,
Sowing the seed with a glad content,
Singing, while sowing the good seed-corn,
"God bless the harrow, and bless the plow,
The corn, the wheat, and the barley mow!"

APPRECIATION.

"JUST what I have expected for about seven years," said Pauline Worthington, looking up from an open letter in her hand, with a frowning brow.

Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a silvery-haired old lady with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother. Essie is very ill with low nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock. Mother," and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped, "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He's killing her."

"Lina! he is your brother."

"I can see his faults if he is."

"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she was married, she was a lively sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former summer brightness! Now she is broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change."

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares, and—"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and president over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household care, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the gayety of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie," said Lina. "There lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not as good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have good cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina!"

"Because Louie and I theught it best not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me to go."

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen-mile drive to her brother's house. It was a house wherein an evil spirit of repining for fault-finding should not have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exoreise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the doctor's authority for saying that the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the older children and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he had carried his absurd habit of fault-finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a frown.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish-water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have had some gentle excuse—never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner-time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever any thing fit to eat on the table."

"One don't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared, emphatically, "it was not fit for a pig to live in."

Coming into it the next morning he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned till it shone, in the fall, and didn't make half the muss," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you remarked it was not fit for the pigs, I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and by his own angry statement, "She never had a decent stich of clothes, and did wish somebody would see to her."

Two days later a formidable dry-goods bill was presented at the store, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stich, and you wished some a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor, neglected child."

"Poor, neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves herself out over those children. I am sure I never saw any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's home with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for what he openly wished.

A chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of eight dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to "set like meal-bags," were bestowed upon a gardener, and a new set sent from a furnishing store. Harry's blocks were burned at the kitchen fire when Herbert, stepping upon one, said he "would not have such rubbish in the house." Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour later the stove was fired up to smothering heat, because he declared it "cold enough to freeze a polar bear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all shortcomings and put the housekeeping upon a perfect basis, Lina, in one month, nearly doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction, keeping actual account of every thing.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few minutes' private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely, "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home."

Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think she would sacrifice her own comfort for yours. So, if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently to keep things in order for you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and stranglo a laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instincts of a gentleman battling with the strong desire to tell Lina she would certainly drive him to the lunatic asylum by six months more of her model housekeeping.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly:

"You are entirely mistaken, Lina! I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert!" Lina cried, in well-feigned astonishment.

"I do not see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model housekeeper, and a perfect home angel—God bless her!"

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I can not believe it," was the low response.

"Can not believe it! Why?"

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unbroken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart. He spoke no word of self-defense as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had only spoken the truth. The habit of fault-finding, meeting no resistance in Essie's gentleness, had gained in force, till all its monstrosity stood plainly revealed in the experience of the past month.

In the days when Essie lay dangerously ill, there had been no self-reproach like this in her husband's sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home, an ample income, frequent social pleasure, many costly gifts, and loved her faithfully while poisoning her whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping, I will send her to mother and have Lina back again."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were unchecked in their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She has been very kind, and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home fairy like my Essie."

The quick glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert that one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needlework, her pale face grew bright with untold happiness. Gradually the careworn expression was obliterated by one of content, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six [illegible] later, told her mother on her return that by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and he lets her know it."

The Sunflower.

WE have lately met with a paragraph in several of our exchanges, recommending the planting of a sunflower seed in the middle of each hill of pole beans, so that the stalk of the sunflower, growing faster than the beans and always keeping a little ahead, would serve instead of a pole, saving to the grower considerable labor and expense. How this would work in practice we can not say, but we do know that for many uses the sunflower is a very valuable plant to raise. It grows very rapidly and when thickly planted around sink drains, privies and other unsightly and offensive places, it not only serves as a screen, but it also is said to have the property of absorbing malarious exhalations and purifying the atmosphere. The seeds are much relished by the poultry, and, if not fed too liberally, are very wholesome. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends the seeds as a cure for the heaves in horses, and says: A gentleman told me that there is nothing equal to sunflower seeds for that purpose. He had one bushel of the seeds ground with two bushels of oats, and gave a horse two quarts of tho mixed meal, wet in water, three times a day. He took tho time when the herse was not used at hard work. In two weeks not a sign of the heaves could he observed, and the horse looked as sleek and bright as if his hair had been oiled. He had cured two horses of his own of this distressing complaint, and recomended it to others who had experienced a like result. In cases of horse distemper and coughs it is an excellent remedy.—*Exchange.*

How Squirrels are Killed In Californula.

AT the Laurel Hill Cemetery, yesterday morning, the agent for a new squirrel, ant, and mole exterminator gave a test of his apparatus. The machine consists of a furnace constructed of galvanized iron, lined with fire clay, about twelve to twenty-four inches in size. On the inside of this furnace is a discharge pipe, passing from near the top down through the bottom. To this furnace is attached an air-pump by means of sectional tubes and elastic hose, which can be instantly adjusted for operation. A fire having been made in the furnace, and a poisonous compound dropped in, the top is securely closed, the chamber placed over the gopher or squirrel hole, and the air-forcing machine started, when all the smoke and poisonous vapors are forced down into the hole, killing, it is claimed, every thing animate with which it comes in contact. During the experiments at the cemetery yesterday sulphur was used, being dropped in the furnace in half-pound packages. When the apparatus was put in operation over one of these gopher holes, the ground for a radius of several hundred yards seemed animated by a series of miniature volcanoes, the sulphuric vapors belching forth from numerous undiscovered holes. About ten minutes' pumping serves to thoroughly impregnate the burrow and its connecting drifts with the poisonous fumes, and, it is presumed, to totally annihilate its inhabitants.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Big Elms in New England.

IN Deerfield, Mass., the Williams elm measures in circumference, at one foot from the ground, 26 feet; at four feet, 19 feet; at seven feet, 20 1-4 feet.

Another elm measures, at the same elevations, 27, 18 1-2, and 19 feet.

Another measures 22 1-2, 15 1-2, and 13 1-2. This last-named tree has a spread of 100 feet. The Williams elm measures in its spread at least 150 feet.

At Wethersfield, Conn., there is an elm tree which measures, at three feet and three inches from the ground, 22 feet 5 inches. The girth of this tree where the roots enter the ground is 55 feet 6 inches. Its main limbs are great trees in themselves. Thus, the circumference of the south branch is 16 feet 8 inches; of the east branch, 11 feet 6; of the north, 11 feet; northwest, 10 feet 3; of the west, 8 feet 7. From north to south the diameter of the spread is 150 feet; from east to west, 152 feet; and the circumference of the spread is 429 feet.—*Hartford Times.*

A LITTLE fellow of five going along the street with a dinner-pail is stopped by a kind-hearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."—*Albany Times.*

AH FOO WOO is a Boston Chinaman. His name sounds like the shivering of a woman when she gets out of bed on a winter morning and steps her bare feet on the oil-cloth.—*Rockland Courier.*

PITH AND POINT.

WHERE to go when short of money—Go to work.

SPARKING across a garden-fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

"I HAVE not the biggest show on earth," said Barnum to a caller recently. It was a tax assessor.

THE man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

THERE are no auctioneers in Italy. That's why all the big-voiced men sing in operas instead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CLERGYMAN: Of course, croquet is a gambling game. Don't you know you can't play it without putting up stakes.—*Boston Post.*

DUDLEY BUCK has composed a new song, entitled "The Proposal." It is probably written in the key of "Be mine, ah!"—*American Queen.*

"THERE," said a charming lady, with a naive expression, that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of chinaware, "that is my brick-bat cabinet."

FIGURES can not lie; but the New Orleans *Picayune* suggests that if a bad man knows how to use them they will help him cover up an embezzlement for a long time.

WHAT is the difference between a cranium and a hammock? One is a banged head and the other is a hanged bed.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

SOCIAL amenities: Papa (to Mabel, who has been to a juvenile party)—Did any one pay you any attentions, Mab? Mabel—I don't know. Papa—I mean, did any one talk to you, or dance with you? Mabel—Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A CHESTER County boy, aged twelve years, while returning from Sabbath-school, fell from the top of a fence and broke his arm. And this is the second time he had the same arm fractured, in falling from the same panel of fence, and in returning from Sunday-school. There is a moral in this—but bad little boys mustn't think it teaches that it is wrong to go to Sunday-school. The probabilities are that if this unfortunate boy had been returning from a game of base-ball or from fishing, instead of breaking his arm at each fall he would have broken his neck each time. The moral is, that he should creep under the fence instead of climbing over it.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Romance of Italy and Kansas.

SEVEN years ago a large musical audience in Boston was charmed by the first appearance and violin playing of a lovely little girl of thirteen years. Busy inquiry discovered that she was a Miss Bell, of Spenceport, near Rochester, New York, and was studying music in Boston. At every appearance afterwards such marked progress was noted both in voice and violin that her many friends insisted that she must go abroad. In due time she found herself a pupil in the Conservatory of Milan, the musical center of musical Italy, where her studies as both a violinist and vocalist were pursued with the greatest devotion. Among her teachers was Leonardo Campanari, one of the youngest but still the principal professor of the violin, a rare musical genius scarce twenty-one years old, who had concerted with Wilhemj and won medals, decorations and diplomas. With Miss Bell he learned the lesson of love, which was no hardship between a teacher of twenty-one and a charming pupil of nineteen—it resulted in a happy marriage. About this time death took away the husband of a dear sister in Kansas, and wishing to visit again her native land and sister, her young husband joined heartily in accompanying her. Arriving in Kansas she was a blessed and blessing companion to her afflicted sister, while strangely, the husband was violently attacked with the "Kansas fever," falling in love with the country, and willing to exchange all the art refinements of Italy for the natural delights of a home in the fresh new West. Since their visit here they have been blessed with their first, and a Kansas child. The limit for the visit has nearly expired, but there is reason to believe that their desire to make Kansas their permanent home will be gratified.—*Topeka Commonwealth.*

Locusts in Virginia.

THE seventeen-year locust is filling the hills and rich bottom lands of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia with its droning thunder, which is almost deafening at noon on a sunny day. The farmers have plenty of reasonable theories to account for its mysterious appearance and long absence. It has, they say, to make a journey to China and back, which takes eight years each way; or it is a part of the Egyptian host, lost in the Red Sea, which still live in some nether world, but are allowed every seventeen years to revisit these glimpses of the moon, and cry "Phar-a-oh! Phar-a-oh!" to arouse the remorse of their buried leader; or, it comes to foretell war, as may be seen by the most incredulous in the W on its wing. But the sole outcome of all impending disasters will be a downfall of dead limbs in August. This locust eats neither fruit nor vegetable, so far as can be discovered. It simply riddles the green new wood of the tapering limbs of trees to deposit its eggs. If these branches are burned and the ground plowed up our visitor will be longer in making his journey from China or the Red Sea.—*New York Tribune.*

Murder by Rats.

MR. GEORGE CLAYTON, residing in the village of Lansingburg, was the possessor of a white rat, of which he made a great pet, and kept him housed in a snug cage. Last night the pet rodent was foully murdered, and the evidence gleaned from a view of the surroundings this morning tends to show that the homicide was committed by other rodents of a darker hue that had not been petted. The box, or cage, of the pet rat had been literally gnawed to pieces, and the pet torn to pieces as the marks plainly show. There must have been quite a number of rats concerned in the murder, as the incisors of one or two could not have done the work in a week that was done last night.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press.*

Religious.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

O, HERMIT THRUSH! one August day
I heard from out thy golden throat
(Twas long ago and far away)
Thy song supernal fall and float.

A weary pilgrim by the road,
I deemed some passing seraph's strain
Fell, falling on my heavy load,
In Heavenly music sweet to pain.

'Twas long ago and far away;
The life I lived that hour has fled;
The pang that pierced, that summer day,
Has ceased to hurt, forever dead.

Yet lo! once more by leafy way
I hear thy solo, seraphic strain;
The pomp of all the summer day
Thrills with thy music sweet to pain.

It falls upon no weary load,
It touches hopes of holy birth;
I stand beside the bourgeoned road,
'Neath a new heaven, in a new earth.

What if youth's spring be early gone;
If joy be tardy, dawning late;
Thou singest of summer joys unknown,
Of higher heights. Lo! calm I wait.

Oh! bird from off Heaven's inmost shrine,
Adown to earth thou bearest to me
One note from out the Strain Divine,
Prophet of Love, of Life to be!

Yet further on, some later even,
I'll catch once more thy mateless strain,
Thou lonely messenger from Heaven,
Bearing its music sweet to pain.

'Twill reach me on my lowly road,
Thy call—Heaven's last—so far, so fine,
Lifting my heart from mortal load,
—*Mary Clemmer, in N. Y. Independent.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 27—Lesson selected by the School.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—The Creation.....Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-8
July 11—The Fall and the Promise.....Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—Cain and Abel.....Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

Robert Raikes.

IT is a good thing that the somewhat vague ideas as to Robert Raikes are to be cleared up in the minds of multitudes during this centennial year for Sunday-schools. Raikes was born in Gloucester, England, September 14, 1735, and during most of his life was editor of the Gloucester *Journal*, of which he became the sole proprietor at the age of twenty-two. He was always in comfortable circumstances, and after he retired from active life received an annuity of $1,500 from the paper. We first hear of him as a philanthropist showing great resolution and courage in behalf of the crowds of prisoners in Gloucester jail. He was, however, far more prominent than any other person in bringing Sunday-school work before the public (which was done largely through his paper), and in making Bible study on the Sabbath in connection with the churches a systematic and organized work.

We are not sure even that he himself was a teacher, but we know he exhibited a rare organizing faculty, visiting parents and children at their homes and urging their attendance. Looking backward it has long been admitted that it was a mistake to pay his teachers for their work, though even at this day few teachers could be found to do what they did without pay; for then schools met at ten in the morning, each scholar receiving personal instruction, mainly in reading and writing. According to Dr. Vincent, in the *S. S. Journal*, at twelve they were dismissed, but met again at one; and at the close of the afternoon preaching service they came back and recited the catechism, thus being kept at school and at church about six hours and a half. Such teachers earned their money several times over. But it became a costly system to sustain in this way, and in passing from the paid to the volunteer system, about thirty years after their establishment, the schools received a severe check. The work grew rapidly from the beginning, and we are told that in 1789, or only nine years after Raikes began his efforts, there were no less than 500,000 Sabbath-school scholars in Great Britain. These schools were at first almost purely missionary in their character, and even up to this date in Continental Europe the idea prevails that Sabbath-schools are mainly for the lower classes. In this country they encounter no such prejudice, and it is estimated that there are 7,000,000 of scholars in our American Sabbath-schools.

The death of Raikes occurred suddenly, April 5, 1811, at the age of seventy-five; and his remains lie in the family vault in St. Mary de Crypt Church, in Gloucester. We have no evidence that Raikes was what the world calls a brilliant man, or that he was a success as a public speaker, but his mind comprehended and grasped fully a great idea, and he showed remarkable executive power in carrying it out into practical results, so that he rightly comes down into history as one of the world's great benefactors.—*Congregationalist.*

Imaginary Disappointments.

NOT all the disappointments which men and women note in their life are disappointments which grow out of their failure to develop excellence of moral character, or to achieve some good work for others. The element of selfishness enters largely into the composition of those regrets which we dignify with the name of disappointments. We mourn because we have lost some personal advantage; because we have failed to win the fame or the money for which we hoped; or even because we have not won some unworthy triumph over a rival, or inflicted punishment upon the enemies who have wronged us.

Even in less directly selfish lamentations over what seem to be failures in one's past life, a man often looks back at the relations between success and failure with eyes blinded by misapprehension, and so grieves over what was, in fact, a blessing rather than a curse. He thinks only of the bright side of the thing which he has missed, and ignores the long line of certain or possible misfortunes which would have followed the attainment of the lost opportunity. Not all the things which "might have been" are things of beauty and blessing. We dwell with melancholy musings upon the bright things which we have failed to get, but we feel far too little gratitude for the failure and suffering which God has averted from us.

Indeed, the habit of coddling so-called disappointments may so grow upon us that we become utterly unable to distinguish between the true and the false, and finally get into a fretful and sinful mood, because of failures which, on the one hand, were real blessings, or, on the other, had no actual basis in fact. Especially is this true of the reflections which come with advancing years, as one thinks upon that which he is pleased to term a "lost youth." We are too prone to forget that the youthful measure of success is an untrustworthy one. With all the experience which comes with middle life, we will insist on looking at some by-gone disappointments from the foolish standpoint of callow inexperience. We throw the cloud of imagination over possibilities whose greatness increases as memory of their real nature diminishes. So one hears a well-to-do merchant sadly repeating some extravagant compliment elicited by a piece of school-boy declamation and intimate that, if he had only been a lawyer, the world would have been open to him. [illegible] is that a worthy and ill-paid minister occasionally permits himself to give a saddened thought to the great fortune he lost when he left the counting-room and began his classical studies. The same deceitful process of thought leads the quiet wife, whose work at home has been a noble and happy one, to conjure up the ghosts of what she might have been had she married the long-haired youth who used to quote Byron and Mrs. Hemans, and had she followed him in the paths of literary glory in which, to be sure, he never walked himself, but to which her guidance might have led him. There is no need of multiplying examples, for few are those persons who never find themselves in a frame of pensive meditation over some silly compliment they received when they were in their teens, or some crazy ambition which they once nursed in their unsettled brains.

Certainly there is enough sadness in the world, and in the happiest life, without increasing it by any grief that has no foundation outside of the imaginative faculty. If it is a sin to give place to prolonged lamentations over real woes, it is more sinful to mourn over those which are unreal. Musing over "disappointments" is downright ingratitude to God. If people could realize the essential wickedness of it, they would not be so ready to give way to it. For our mistakes and follies we may well have a godly repentance, but this is a very different thing from brooding over disappointments. If we have failed, let us amend our lives. If things have not been what we would have them, let us remember that God's hand leads us in failure and misfortune as well as in success and joy. Who shall dare look back on his life and say that it has not been led by One who rules wisely. The ancient proverb that tells us that we go up through difficulties to the stars may be read backward for those who vex their souls with ungrateful and wicked thoughts over imaginary disappointments. If we would go prowling around among the false stars of fancy instead of real stars reached by genuine endeavor, we may be sure that we shall only fall back among the thorns.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

The Bible.

THE Bible, aside from the factor of Divine agency in its authorship, is the insoluble enigma of the literary world. It well may be. It must be. Think of it! It is the oldest book upon the earth still read among men; going back beyond the Roman or the Greek literature; going further than any other, in parts of it, toward the time when the waters of the deluge subsided from the hills of Western Asia; farther than any other toward the very morning of creation, when the sons of God shouted for joy. Yet its vitality continues, and its power over the human mind remains unwasting.

It is a large book. It sets its stately front for two milleniums along the lines of chronology, history, biography, physiosophy and human science. It challenges assault at ten thousand points. It says to science: "Search the strata beneath, and the stars above, and find a God more equal to the problems of the universe than Him whom I reveal!" It says to philosophy, "Find anything in human nature, any power or any passion, any mean inclination or sublime possibility, of which I do not give the manifestation and the explanation?" Thus challenging assault and opening its line along the whole extent of it to any endeavor to overthrow it, it remains the most remarkable of books.—*Rev. Dr. Storrs.*

Wise Sayings.

IF you do not wish to trade with the devil, keep out of his shop.—*Thomas Fuller.*

OUR endeavors are in vain without God's blessing; yet in vain shall he challenge a blessing that endeavors not. Sloth is no less guilty than covetousness.—*Bishop Henshaw.*

IF ingratitude to parents be one of the basest exhibitions of human nature, who can measure the extent of the depravity which leads those who have received so much from Christianity to revile it, to labor for the destruction of its institutions, to dishonor it, and cast contempt upon its author, and even to strive to dethrone the God of the Universe.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

IT is a mistake to think that the good and beautiful are not at home on earth—that we are to entertain them as gods. No person ever walked the earth or lived in the homes of men who was too fair or too noble for his place. Goodness is not out of its element in this world. The very persons whom we say are too good for the world are those we need to make the world better. There was never yet kindness too kind for humanity, never goodness too good for mortals, never man or woman too high and pure for earth. Let us learn to say he or she is good enough to live. The world is for those who make it better.—*Church Union.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

TIT FOR TAT.

"GOOD-MORNIN', Miss Katie," said young
Mickle Fee;
"Good-mornin', again; it's yourself shure I
see,
Lookin' bloomin' as iver.' But Kate turned
away
As she said, "Mister Mickle, I wish you good-
day.
You're a heartless desaver—now don't spake
a word!
Pretty tales about you and that Norah I've
heard.
You know you danced with her the day of the
fair,
And praised her gray eyes and her very red
hair.
You called her an angel; quite in love with
her fell;
And at night, when you parted, you kissed
her as well!"
Then young Mickie gave a sly wink as he
said,
"I desaved her, my darlin'—this way turn
your head—
Yes, faith, I desaved her; my darlin', its
true;
For I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied
'twas you!

Yes, that's what I did;
Katie, it's true:
I shut both my eyes,
And fancied 'twas you!"

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye,
Mickle Fee,
You may desave her, but you don't desave
me—I'm not to be blarneyed. Mick, a word in your
ear:
You find better be off, for my dad's comin'
here."
"O, your dad's comin', is he? That's not him
I see
Now bobbin' behind that owld blackthorn-
tree!
For it's Paddy Mahen!" "O," said Kate, with
a sneer,
"You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie
dear.
And shure you are right; 'tis my own darlin'
Pat,
So take my advice, Mick, and get out of that;
For he's comin' to coort me. Now, listen, my
lad:
When that boy kisses me, O, won't you be
glad!
For, when his lips meet mine, why, what will
I do?
But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy it's
you!

That's what I'll do;
Mickie, it's true:
Shut both my eyes,
And fancy it's you!"

—*Tinsley's Magazine*

TRICKED AND TRACKED.

PART I.—TRICKED.

IT is now some years ago since an incident occurred in my life, which may possibly prove interesting to those who, like myself, are too easily imposed upon; and although, by the recital, I hold myself open to the ridicule of the mind masculine, which, by its own showing, is never duped or deceived by impostors, yet, in order to warn those of my own sex who are more readily wrought upon, I will narrate, as nearly as I can, a strange adventure which befell me during the winter of 1869.

I am the wife of an English officer, and, at the time of which I write, was residing in Paris. Late in June, my husband had received orders to be in readiness to sail with his regiment for C. the following month; but, as his absence was not likely to be of long duration, I had decided not to accompany him, and had determined to make Paris my headquarters during the time of our enforced separation.

The preparations for his departure had to be pressed forward with all expedition, and, as is so often the case when time is valuable, every possible difficulty seemed to crop up to hinder the progress of our work.

The culminating point at last arrived, when my husband's body-servant fell suddenly ill, and sent in his resignation the very week they were expecting to start. We at once made inquiries on all sides for a man competent of filling the vacant post. In this instance fortune favored us. Just as we were beginning to despair of success, a Frenchman, who spoke very tolerable English, applied for the situation; and his references being satisfactory, we hastily engaged him, heartily glad to have brought an unpleasant affair to so fortunate a conclusion.

Although I had many friends residing in Paris, I had no near relations I could ask to remain with me during my temporary exile; my husband's people all lived in Ireland, and, with the exception of a few scattered cousins, my only existing relative was one brother (some years younger than myself), to whom I was greatly attached, but who for years past had been a source of constant anxiety to me by reason of his wild and reckless manner of living. My husband had assisted him in numerous difficulties, but his patience had at last become exhausted; and he had had to tell my brother plainly and decisively, that only in case of extremity, such as an illness, which should really incapacitate him from work, or from some such urgent cause, would he supply him again with pecuniary help. Several letters passed between them at this period; then followed an interval of silence, which had remained unbroken up to the time of which I write. This naturally caused me much uneasiness at times; but I could only hope he had at length felt the necessity of putting his shoulder to the wheel, and was striving to regain the good name he had lost by his own foolish conduct.

Time passed slowly away. Many of my friends had returned to England for the winter, and I was more than ever alone; my husband had now been gone some months, and, although his letters began to breathe a vague hope of his return, I knew that some time must yet elapso before we should meet again. One evening (I remember it was the 22d of January), I was sitting by myself, vainly trying to get interested in the book I was reading, when a note was brought me by one of the servants of the hotel, who said the bearer was waiting my reply. The letter was neatly folded, and addressed in a woman's handwriting to "The Lady of Captain Ralph Branscombe," and was marked "Private." It was, however, rather a strange-looking document; and breaking the seal in a spirit of curiosity, I read the following:

"Madame—I write this to you on behalf of your brother, Monsieur Richard Willoughby, who lies at this house, dying. Would you see him alive, you must come at once—without hesitation. Madame, the gentleman is very sick—sick to death in mind and body; for he lies in fear of arrest, and worse than arrest, even in his dying state. He prays you ask your husband to assist him, as he promised, in this his last sore strait. No one but Captain Branscombo may accompany you, or know of your errand; you must bring with you fifty pounds in gold, if possible. English money will do, but not notes. Your escort will only be a little child, but he knows every turn of the way you will have to traverse. Come on foot—to drive might excite suspicion. Monsieur repeats no one but 'Ralph' may come with you; he is too ill to write any thing more than his name, which I inclose."

Here followed a few directions about the way we were to take, and an injunction to bring the letter to guide myself with. Then the name "Maria Toisseau." Inclosed was a scrap of paper bearing my brother's signature, which I saw at once was genuine.

I turned cold as I finished the perusal of this letter, but, commanding my voice as well as I was able, I bade the servant send the bearer to me at once. I was not left long in suspense; the door of the salon soon reopened, and a little figure appeared on the threshold. A fragile-looking boy, about eleven years of age, dressed in a dark blouse, which hung loosely about him, and wearing on his head a red knitted fisherman's cap, which was pulled down low on his forehead—a boy whose pale face was lighted up with large dark eyes, their long, drooping lashes sweeping his delicate cheeks. He shut the door softly behind him, and gave a swift searching glance around the room; then, as though abashed by my presence, he stood with downcast eyes, and his hands loosely folded before him, awaiting my questioning.

"My boy," I said, addressing him in French, "can you conduct me to this gentleman who is so ill?"

Again his dark eyes wandered about the room, as though to reassure himself that we were alone, and then he replied softly in English, though with a foreign accent.

"Surely, madame, I will; but it must be with all speed, or it will be a lost journey."

Telling him to wait for me where he was, I left the room, and hastened to prepare for my expedition. My heart sank within me at the idea of venturing out into the night with no other protector than the little child waiting below; but I nerved myself to perform the duty I felt had fallen across my path, and made up my mind to act as became a soldier's wife—fearlessly. I had about thirty sovereigns in my possession, as it happened; and making up the sum required as nearly as I could in French money, I placed it carefully in a small bag, which I hung on my arm. Dressing myself in a dark bonnet and traveling cloak, I descended quietly to my apartment, without giving intimation of my departure to any one. The child stood precisely as I had left him, with the light falling on his pale face, and his hands loosely locked in one another. I told him I was ready to start, and walked to the table by which I had been sitting to get the letter the woman had written, and which had caused me so much anxiety.

The boy then approached me, and, taking my hand in his cold ones, said, in a whispor, as his piteous eyes filled with tears:

"Madame, the gentleman bade me say to you, for the love of Heaven, and for the sake of your dead mother, bring the money."

I showed him the little sack I carried under my cloak, and he was satisfied; we then left the hotel silently, scarcely noticed by the servants busied about the entrance-hall. Once out in the open air, I seemed to breatho more freely; but my heart was too heavy for speaking, and we pursued our way in silence.

The noise of the traffic, the light of the shops streaming across our path, and the number of foot-passengers passing and repassing us, bewildered me at first, all unaccustomed as I was to walking through the streets so late; but we pressed steadily on through the ever-changing crowd, and people seemed too intent on their own business to take much heed of two wayfarers like ourselves. After a time we turned into a less frequented part of the town, and the lights became less brilliant and the streets more deserted. Suddenly the boy stopped, and seemed uncertain as to which road he should take. He paused a moment; then, turning to me, said:

"Madame, I feel I have missed my way a little; but my mother told me she would give some directions in her letter; will madame give it me that I may right myself?"

Without thinking, I handed him his mother's letter; and, standing beneath a neighboring lamp, he read over slowly the directions contained in the note; then, holding it still open in his hand, he resumed his walk, referring to it every now and then, as though still in doubt as to our whereabouts. There was a certain mysterious quiet about the neighborhood we were in that preyed upon my spirits—a certain silence I could not fathom; and my courage began to flag strangely as we continued our lonely road. I experienced a sensation of intense relief, therefore, when my young guide stopped suddenly before a tall, dark house in a quiet street, and I listened eagerly for an answer to his gentle tap at the closed door. A voice from within asked softly, in French: "How fares it, my son?" and in English, the boy answered: "Safely and fairly; open the door." The door was then unbarred and opened without the least noise, just wide enough to admit us; and we entered a hall lighted by a small lamp held by a tall woman poorly clad. The flickering flame of the lamp gave forth so dim a light that I could not distinguish her features, and she spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper. I inquired eagerly for my brother, and begged her to conduct me to him at once. She shook her head sadly, and then said:

"Ah, Madame, your coming may do great things for him; you will be able to ease the poor mind that runs on nothing but money, money, day and night, without ceasing."

She barred the door by which we had entered, and then preceded me up a broken staircase, the boy following us with the feeble oil-lamp. The house sounded hollow, and our footsteps echoed drearily as we went. Presently we stopped before the door of a room which I imagine to have been at the back of the house, and the woman, entering first, beckoned me to follow her.

In one corner of a large, almost empty apartment was a bed, shrouded by thick, dark curtains; in the grate a low charcoal fire was burning. I made at once for the corner where the bed was, and was about to undraw the curtains which concealed from my view the poor boy I had come so mysteriously to visit. Suddenly from behind me a cloth was tied tightly over the whole of my face, a strange burning sense of suffocation overspread my senses, and I remember nothing more; all was silence, darkness, a hideous blank, until I awoke in my bedroom at the Hotel de L., with my head aching strangely and a benumbed sensation pervading my whole frame. My maid, an English doctor with whom I was slightly acquainted, and another doctor who was a stranger to me, were anxiously watching for my return to consciousness. It was quite light, and the sun was shining into the room. As one by one the events of the preceding night rose before my mind, I was utterly at a loss to imagine how I had been rescued from that horrible house and brought back to the hotel in safety.

The story was soon told. The night porter, coming on duty at one o'clock, had found me lying on the steps leading to the side-door of the hotel, which opened into an unfrequented passage or street. Finding I was unconscious, he had summoned the day porter, who was waiting for him, to render assistance, and this man, knowing me by sight, identified me as a lady staying in the hotel. He at once roused the house. My maid (who was waiting up for me, wondering and alarmed at my prolonged absence) speedily procured the services of two medical men from the adjoining neighborhood, and they had since been using every method to restore me to consciousness, when I might perchance unfold the mystery of my strange return.

There was no trace of any violence having been used, nor any proof by which they could discover where I had been. The only thing they found upon me, which was not my own, was a handkerchief tightly clasped in my hand, on which were embroidered my brother Richard's initials, and which I at once recognized as having been worked by me some years previously for my unhappy brother. The money had, of course, all been taken; also the rings, brooch, and locket I had worn. My wedding ring was left, and the bag in which I had put the money was still hanging from my arm.

As soon as I was able I told the doctors all I could remember of the past night's experiences, and, at the conclusion of the recital, they both advised me to put the matter into the hands of the police. I entreated that this might be done as privately as possible; my brother's name being so much mixed up in the affair that outsiders would most probably be led to believe that he was an accomplice in the robbery, though in my own mind I felt certain he was more sinned against than sinning.

The Sergeant of Police who waited on me showed great interest in my adventure; but I could plainly see that, notwithstanding all his civility, his suspicions pointed at once to my brother as chief agent in the case. I could swear to the signature being genuine; the handkerchief, too, I recognized. Alas, it really seemed only too certain that my brother had at all events been the companion of these people, and must have discussed our affairs freely with them, even if he were not criminally concerned in the dark transaction.

The Parisian police made every effort to trace the offenders, but in vain; house after house was searched in the quarter to which I believed myself to have been taken, but no trace of the woman or child could be found. And so for a time the matter dropped.

PART II.—TRACKED.

Two years passed, and the night of my strange adventure in Paris had become almost like a dream to me. We left France after my husband's return from abroad, and, on his quitting the army, we took up our residence in London. I had meanwhile received several letters from my brother, written from the Cape, and, in answer to one I wrote him in reference to the robbery, he replied with the most solemn assertions of his entire ignorance of the transaction. I believed him; my husband was silent on the subject, and I felt thankful the Cape was so far off. We seldom referred to the circumstances before recorded, for I could not bear to recall the horrors of that evening in the dark, desolate house.

One morning, however, I was startled by my husband saying suddenly, as he looked up from a letter he was reading:

"I say, Madge, they think they have found a clew at last to your Parisian exploit; read that."

He passed me over an official-looking letter, and I read what follows:

BUREAU DE POLICE, PARIS.

TO CAPTAIN BRANSCOMBE:

Monsieur—We believe we have in custody the boy who acted so prominent a part in the robbery committed on Madame your wife, in January, 1869. He is concerned in an affair which bears a close resemblance to the one in which your lady was the victim. Will she come herself, and if she can, identify him, and thus help to clear up a matter which has long puzzled us all?"

(Signed) C.

The thought of proceeding in this case was at first very distasteful to me; but so much might be brought to light by my making the effort, that I resolved, by Ralph's advice, to face the disgreeable task; and, accordingly, we started for Paris that night.

I will not enter into the details of the case then under examination; suffice to say it was a robbery committed on the wife of Col. Styles, under circumstances closely resembling those of which I was the dupe. In this instance, however, a boy had been seized on suspicion, and it was this same boy I was called on to identify. I had much difficulty in the matter; although he had altered in the time that had elapsed since that memorable evening, there were still those remarkable eyes, with their long, drooping lashes, and the pale, delicate face, to bear witness to his identity; and without the least hesitation I declared him to be the same boy who had guided me to the house where I had been robbed on the evening of January 22, 1869.

The boy did not seem at all disconcerted at my recognition, and even smiled in a slightly supercilious manner, as though he felt himself secure from any discovery resulting from my identification. The authorities had been unable, as yet, to elicit any information from him; he baffled all their attempts at questioning him with a skill and cunning almost incredible in so young an offender. All at once I was surprised at an exclamation from my husband, who stood near me:

"Good heavens;" he said, half audibly, "I believe I see through the whole plan; what a blockhead I was not to have thought of it before! But it was neatly planned and carried out, by Jove it was!"

He crossed the hall to where Colonel Styles was sitting, and, after speaking to him for a few minutes in a low, hurried manner, he asked leave to call a witness, who, he believed, might throw some light on the matter in hand. Permission having been granted, he said in a loud voice:

"The man calling himself Jules Fetier, body servant to Colonel Styles, and now present in this hall, is requested to stand forward."

For the first time since our entrance the boy's face fell, and he looked perplexed and rather dismayed. There was a movement in the crowd, as though some one were trying to effect a departure from the door; but the attempt being promptly frustrated, I saw them lead into the witness-box the French servant who had accompanied my husband abroad, but who had left his service on his return to England. After some time passed in making inquiries, and eliciting very little from the cautious man before us, he was searched, and many letters of his present employer's were found upon him; and a pocket-book, which contained memoranda, proving a great deal against himself and his two accomplices—his wife and the boy in the dock before us. No one else seemed concerned in his fraudulent transactions.

On further search the whole system of his rognery was unfolded piece by piece. He would take service with gentlemen about to travel, imposing on their credulity with false references, and gaining their confidence by his well-trained demeanor and intelligent conversation. Once safely out of the country, he would commence his nefarious schemes, and, with the aid of his clever wife and child, carry them out successfully. Nothing was ever forgotten that could lead to the desired end. No fraud was started until the details had been thoroughly mastered by his accomplices, and the plan well matured. It is impossible to say how many people he had defrauded in different ways.

He had soon found out how matters stood between my husband and brother—partly from his own researches, and partly from a conversation he overheard between his master and a brother officer—and considering the situation a capital one for practicing his system upon, he had at once communicated with his wife, and unfolded his plans to her, sending her the signature abstracted from one of Richard's letters to act as a decoy; and also the handkerchief which Ralph happened to have taken among his own, to throw suspicion on my brother as being accessory to the robbery.

Before the examination concluded the Sergeant, who had been so long on the look-out for the perpetrators of the deed, asked my husband how he had recognized the boy as being the son of his former servant. Ralph laughed slightly as he replied:

"I believe I should have made the best detective of you all had I been on the spot. I thought I recalled the boy's features as being in some way familiar to me, but could not determine of whom he reminded me; however, as he stooped to speak to the warder, the mystery was revealed in a moment by a strange stroke of luck."

Turning to the boy, who had lost his courageous air, and was looking crestfallen and frightened, my husband bade him hold down his head. For the moment he refused; but on the order being peremptorily repeated, he obeyed reluctantly. From one side of his head to the other, contrasting strangely with his thick dark curls, was a streak of white hair, about half an inch wide, which shone like silver in the sunlight; then bidding the elder man remove the cap he wore, he bade him also stoop forward, which he did, with a muttered exclamation; and there again we saw the same strange white band shine out on his closely-cropped head.

No link seemed wanting to complete the chain of evidence against the offenders, and the elder was at length forced to admit that the proofs were too strong for him to battle against. He begged that his wife—to whom he seemed really attached—might be treated leniently, as she was slowly but surely dying from cancer; the statement was afterward proved to be correct, and the woman was removed to a hospital, where she lingered but a short time. The father and son were fully committed for trial, and duly found guilty. The sentences imposed upon them were of a severe nature, owing to the number of accusations brought against them.

I can only hope that when their term of imprisonment has expired, they may find people less easy to impose upon, and better able to resist their machinations than was "the lady of Captain Ralph Branscombe," who fell so easy a prey to their duplicity and cunning that memorable evening of January 22, 1869.
—*Time.*

Beauty Before Utility.

HUMBOLDT tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that the same woman who would not hesitate to leave her hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. Voyagers find that colored beads and trinkets are much more prized by wild tribes than are calicoes or broadcloths. And the anecdotes we have of the ways in which, when shirts and coats are given, savages turn them to some ludicrous display, show how completely the idea of ornament predominates over that of use. Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decoration.

A MASSACHUSETTS applicant for a marriage license described himself as "a circular sawyer."

On the Caloosahatchee—The Cattle Herders of Florida.

THE Caloosahatchee at this point (Fort Myers) is a deep and wide stream, affording easy navigation for ocean craft. From here eastward the river narrows, and drains an open prairie, or savanna country. This region is a vast cattle range, and inhabited only by herders and the remnants of the Seminoles. Some of these cattle raisers are wealthy, and pride themselves on their acquisitions. Cuba affords them a market, and their available wealth is mostly in Spanish doubloons, though a great deal of it is in Mexican dollars. The silver money is kept in sacks representing $50, $100, or $200, and never untied—passing from hand to hand for the amount marked on the tag. Every man is his own banker, and his coin is a good deal safer under his own roof than it would be in the custody of any bank. It would be impossible to rob one of these cattle men of his money and get away with it. The weight of the coin would prevent rapid flight, and there is no place to fly to, if flight were possible. Hemmed in by swamps and ocean there is no safety for him who would rob his neighbor, for he could not get away or make use at home of what was another's. If theft were attempted swift punishment would follow the offense. No useless Judge or superfluous jury would consume time in determining the magnitude of the crime. The offender would die with his boots on, and there would be no cumbering of a court record with the transaction.

The people of this region are honest from a desire to be so. Every body's house is open. The merchant, who is always his own clerk, leaves unclosed the door of his store when he goes to dinner. If a customer should come in during his absence and want a plug of tobacco, he would take the tobacco and leave the value of it in coin in its place. If he couldn't make the exact change at the time he would mention it afterward and square the account. There is no such thing known as cheating on the part of a merchant. He couldn't keep store if he was known to cheat, and he never attempts it. There is unlimited mutual confidence on the part of buyer and seller.

As an illustration of the strict integrity of these people I will relate an incident. A gentleman traveling with me lost a pocketbook containing several hundred dollars in paper and gold. The finder could have kept it and the loser been none the wiser, but he did not do so. He left it at a store for the owner, whoever he might be, and it was returned to its rightful possessor next day.

One of these "cattle kings," as the herders designate each other, is a miser, and lives in a miserable hut, with no company but dogs. He had boxes of doubloons in untold number secreted about his premises, has no visitors, and no neighbors, for, in addition to being a miser, he is a hermit. Perhaps fancy has credited him with more wealth than he actually possesses, but he is reputed the richest man in Florida, and marvelous stories are told of the gold and silver he has buried. As poorly as this miser cattle king lives, there are none of them who live much better. Bacon is their staple meat, and, with all their cattle, they have neither milk nor butter, and fresh beef but seldom. With a climate and soil that would produce fruits and vegetables the year round, they have nothing of the kind except what is gathered in a wild state. One or two families at Fort Myers have done something in the way of producing fruits, but elsewhere about here no efforts are made in this direction. Indolence marks all the movements of the people, and while they have few of the comforts of life they appear to have all they desire, and are as contented and happy as it is possible for people to be. The women are not excited about changes in fashion, and the men don't worry over fluctuations in stocks. Why disturb them in their bliss by leading them into new modes of life?

East of Fort Washington are the remains of ancient fortifications—works of the mound-building age in all probability. The imagination of some has discovered the bed of a ship canal in these works, but there is nothing to warrant the conclusion that the excavations were make for the purposes of navigation. The works appear to be the lines of defense for contending forces, or else the two forts were parts of a chain of fortifications designed to hold the country against an advancing enemy. The excavations are very old, as live oaks and other trees several hundred years old now grow where the ground was changed from its natural conformation. The archæologist can find a subject for study here as interesting as any afforded by the artificial mounds of the Western States.

The Caloosahatchee is a favorite home of the alligator. Thousands line its banks, basking in the hot sun of April. Deer are found in abundance, and bears and wild cats are too numerous to make the rearing of hogs or sheep possible except in enclosures. Fish of fine quality can be had for the catching. Birds of gaudy plumage and ravishing song enliven the forest, and bush and tree of exquisite flower and foliage make a picture on which the eye delights to linger. The climate is all that any one could desire, but when annoying insects of every conceivable variety are encountered by night and by day, against which there is no protection, I conclude that this part of Florida could not, by any possible process of transformation, be made to meet my views of Paradise.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Summer Weather.

THE calendar seems somehow to have gotten mixed and given us July in May. Our late cold spring has suddenly merged into the glory and beauty of full summer-tide, and nature has clothed herself in verdure as well advanced as though our spring had been warm and early. These lovely robes of varied green she will wear "every day and Sunday" while they grow richer and more beautiful till their change into crimson and russet and gold.

Now the question, how to keep cool, is ripe for discussion. As to our houses, from early morning till nine or ten o'clock, and from four or five till bed-time they should stand open, and be closed, if at all, in the middle of the day. The morning fire will suffice prudent housekeepers to do the chief part of the cooking for the day. Cold boiled meats, cold vegetables, cold desserts for dinner, when that meal comes in the middle of the day, are in order. Potatoes made into salad are not to be scorned by any lover of that vegetable. If a cup of hot tea or coffee is desired, it can be made on an oil stove, and such food as is prepared warm can be warmed over. But custom renders cold food as palatable as, and during hot weather even more palatable than, hot food is in cold weather. A little persistence on the part of the house mother will prove this the case, and the experiment is certainly worth trying. Farmers' wives who stew over the stove in mid-summer noons have a harder time of it than farmers do in the fields, and there is no necessity for this. Iced tea and coffee and milk are as delicious as hot tea and coffee when one's palate is accustomed to them.

As to keeping ourselves cool, the example of the inhabitants of tropical regions is full of instruction. They work in the early morning or late in the evening, and "lie by" during the noontides. It is not uncommon for every member of a Southern household to be sound asleep at three o'clock in the afternoon. This matter of sleeping in the day time and at any time is one of habit largely, and he or she who can knit up leisure minutes in this most profitable manner is fortunate indeed.

Great workers are invariably good sleepers. A free use of the bath is as essential to health as it is to cleanliness and comfort. A bathing house may be improvised of curtains put up in some convenient place, and furnished with a big wash-tub, if a bath-tub can not be procured, and with abundance of towels. A full bath before retiring will insure sound and refreshing sleep. The chill, if there is any, can be taken from the water by letting it stand in the sun. Every farm house should have its bathing house where laborers can find facilities for keeping themselves clean, or at least becoming so before retiring. The bath is a great civilizer and Christianizer. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The "washing of regeneration" rarely comes to those who are ignorant and neglectful of the use of soap and water.

The constant recurrence of summer annoyances in the shape of flies and mosquitoes and insects can be largely prevented by the use of netted windows, and of netted doors with springs attached to them. Wire netting is more expensive than cotton, but once purchased, lasts, if used with care, many years and insures immunity from that pest the house-fly, and that worst pest the mosquito. Long rods with strips of paper tied to one end are very effective in driving out flies, and a newspaper folded and applied to each remaining fly individually effectually disposes of them.

Every thing that can attract flies to or around the house should be carefully removed, and no breeding place for them be tolerated on the premises. Dry earth is a deodorizer as well as a disinfectant, and this plentifully used will absorb all odors of decay. Copperas water, lime water, chloride of lime, carbolic acid, borax, are necessities of summer household use, and wisely employed will keep drains and sinks and cellars perfectly sweet and wholesome and free from insects.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Destroying Weeds.

EVERY once in a while we read that the way to destroy noxious weeds is to haul loads of earth and cover the places where the weeds grow, a half foot or so deep. Sometimes these instructions are varied so as to read rubbish instead of earth, and then again rubbish is defined as straw, cornstalks, or even brush. Now we have no doubt in the world that weeds can be destroyed in that way. We know that weeds have to feed on air, and all that sort of thing, and that if they are smothered they can't breathe and if they can not breathe they die. All this is so plain to the thickest skull that one may feel perfectly safe in recommending it as something that will surely do. And yet we would like to know how many who recommend it have ever done so, or seen their plan tried by others. We very much doubt whether it was ever done. Some one may have noticed that under a brush-heap every thing was killed, and that after remaining a year, the brush-heap's removal would show the spot bare of all vegetation. If the recommendation ever had any ground at all it was surely this.

Our remedy for noxious weeds is thorough cultivation. If a piece of ground is full of briers, milk-weed, couch-grass, Sodom-apples, Canada-thistles, sorrel, toad-flax, or other miserable stuff that so often tries the mettle of our good farmers, let them put the ground in corn for a couple of years or so, keeping the cultivation going continually, and especially going in the earliest parts of the season, and the toughest character among these weeds will fail to stand the ordeal. If the hand-hoe can be spared to go in among the hills of corn occasionally, where the teeth of the harrow can not reach, or to cut off here and there one which the harrow may miss, a bad case may be cured in a single season. But, if this can not be done, a couple of successive years with a sharp-tooth cultivator among a corn-crop will generally do the business for the worst case that ever was.

Let any one who has a weedy field before him resolve, another season, to put the whole tract in corn and keep clean, and he will soon give up all the common ideas of smothering-out with deep layers of earth, cutting up in the full of the moon, putting salt upon their tops, or the many other recommendations started in the interest, it is believed, of laziness, but which really calls for more trouble and hard work than a thorough and systematic cleaning, such as we have indicated, does.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ACCORDING to the *Dublin Farm* new tinware rubbed with fresh lard and then thoroughly dried in a hot oven "may be used in water and remain bright and free from rust indefinitely."

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of water; mix soft and roll very thin; bake in a quick oven.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

It seems to be the policy of the Democrats in this campaign to subordinate all party issues to the one fact that their candidate, General Hancock, is a good soldier, and hence would be a good President, and that, because he was a good soldier, and, as they say, would make a good President, he ought, and shall be made President. Throwing aside all party issues, the question arises in the minds of intelligent voters, what qualities has this soldier, and what has he ever done, to recommend him as the proper man to manage this Nation. We cannot see one. As a General, he faithfully carried out, not campaigns of his own, but those of his superior's origination. He did this well, but no better than other Generals in the Army. There is nothing in his military career that indicates his ability to conceive and execute great measures or policies of civil or military government, there is nowhere shown that steadfastness of purpose, that fertility of recourse that distinguished General Grant, General Sherman and other great Generals. That he has good abilities to execute what others originate perfect, there is no doubt. But the President needs to be capable of more than that. He needs to be a statesman in its broadest sense, he needs to know and understand perfectly the people he is to govern and the operation of the government that is to govern them. Herein we believe General Hancock is at fault. As a statesman, what is his record? It is one of practical insubordination, of assertion of his own opinions and beliefs in opposition to those of the Constitutional powers of the land, and that too, at a time when the country was prostrated and in great danger. We refer to his record as Governor of Louisiana and Texas in 1867. There he showed plainly his sympathy with and belief in the doctrines it took four years to conquer. Is it safe, at this early day, to trust the Nation into the hands of such men? We do not believe it is. The Democrats better return to their old issues. Those of "fraud" and "reform." Upon them they can, at least, be consistent if not victorious.

Templeton, the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, judges that General Hancock is the weakest of all the Democratic aspirants for the Presidency; that he has demonstrated no talent for civil life, and that with the failure of Grant so recent in recollection—a failure which the Democrats themselves have done so much to enforce and emphasize with their followers—they are in no position to ask them to experiment further with an army officer.

The Indianoplis *Journal* looks at it in this logical light: Lincoln in early life was a flat boatman and rail splitter. Garfield was a canal boat driver. Lincoln afterward studied law, so did Garfield. Lincoln's first name was Abraham. Garfield's middle name is Abraham. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, so was Garfield. Lincoln was triumphantly elected, and so will Garfield be.

Political Notes.

The preliminary campaign of wind is about over.

General Hancock has no civil record; and his party has too much.

Can the sectional issue be buried by putting a Solid South on top of it?

Reports already come that English is as likely to tap his barrel freely as a turnip is to shed blood. This will chill the Reform ardor.

Can the good war record of Hancock lead the American people to condone the bad war record of his supporters? That is the question.

The Solid South is a power, but it has been defeated more than once by a greater power which will defeat it again in November—a solid Republican party.

Ex-Senator Gordon, of Georgia, is one of the Democrats who said that the Cincinnati ticket would not be as strong in three months as it was on the day it was made.

The bragging on Hancock at the present time is strongly reminded of the first week of the Greeley campaign. Democrats were then ready to bet anything that Greeley would be elected, but it somehow happened that he was not.

John C. New, who is a Republican, and was formerly the business partner of English, thinks that Garfield will probably carry Indiana, as the nomination of English is peculiarly offensive to Hendricks and the soft-money Democrats.

As contemporary Democratic accounts of the battle of Gettysburg would seem to indicate that Hancock surrounded the enemy all by himself, it is worth while mentioning that General Meade had something to do with that battle.

The poetry of Babyhood is turned into the blankest kind of prose when one has to walk the floor all night to the ceaseless music of a colic-suffering baby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup prevents all such scenes and troubles by its unfailing influence.

Democrats make a vast mistake when they imagine that the compliments paid by Republicans to General Hancock personally are an indication of Republican party weakness. The truth is that Republicans can afford, by reason of the strength of their position, to be courteous and fair.

Hancock is a good soldier and nothing more. But Garfield also proved his soldiership, and besides that is a trained statesman and legislator, a man familiar with all the needs of the country and thoroughly understanding its political and commercial currents. There can be no question as to which would make the safest president.

The Democrats talk in their platform about the "right of a free ballot, the right preservative of all rights," and after they have said it proceed to claim the South solid for their candidate. Well, a tissue ballot which one man can vote over 1,500 times in one day, as one did in Charleston not long ago, is certainly "free" enough. The able platform builder was shrewd enough to say "free" instead of "fair."

What does *The World* newspaper mean by putting quotation marks around Garfield's title of General? Is the idea meant to be conveyed one of contempt for the volunteer officer as compared with the regular army officer? If it is, there will be lively Republican hopes that all the other Democratic journals will adopt the style. There is an impression that the volunteer soldiers had something to do with saving the Union.

In their fear of trouble over the Surratt business, the Democrats have been comforting themselves with a statement going the rounds of the press that General Garfield was a member of the military court that sentenced her to death. This is not the fact. General Garfield had nothing to do with the Surratt case, direct or remote; and the only case involving the powers of a military court with which he had any connection was the famous Milligan case. In that case he was associated with Judge Jere Black as counsel for Milligan, and made a powerful argument before the United States Supreme Court denying the power of a military court to pass sentence of death upon a civilian.

Wade Hampton *is* a cool one. In his speech sustaining Hancock's nomination, he said: "In the name of South Carolina, that State which *was so overwhelming Republican* that we scarcely dared to count the Democratic vote, in behalf of that State I here pledge myself, if work, if zeal, if energy can do anything, that the people of South Carolina will give as large a Democratic majority as any other State in the Union." That means that the "niggers" will have a hot time of it if they try to vote; means that the Democrats "dare to count," their vote in this "overwhelmingly Republican" State because it is swollen by tissue ballots and rifle club bulldozing into a majority. Hampton's "work," "zeal," and "energy" simply stand for fresh "fun at the fair," and as pledged that the "best men and tool chests" will be on hand at the polls to secure that "free ballot which the Democratic platform so eloquently demands.

After all is said and done there is very little enthusiasm among the local Democracy over the nomination of Hancock. At first there were some signs of delight but the reaction has already set in and there is a "coolness" observable. On the contrary Republicans are in good spirits and confident of success, determined to do their best to secure the election of their noble and honored standard-bearer.

The New York *Herald* says that "One of the keenest of political observers suggests that Hancock's chief weakness in the struggle for the Presidency will be the fact that he is a representative of the West Point idea. The old jealousy between the volunteer and the regular army service is sure to be revived, and will deprive the Democrats of thousands of votes which, under the inspiration of simple patriotism, might count for the hero of Gettysburg. The enthusiasm over the name of Hancock, he thinks, was at flood-tide immediately after the nomination."

The Democratic Surrender.

The efforts of the Democrats to reconcile the nomination of General Hancock with the well defined policy of their party since the war would be amusing did they not reveal so clearly the immense sacrifice of principle which the attempt involves. Let us see in what this sacrifice consists. In the first place it implies the complete surrender of the Democratic position on the question of electing military men to civic officers. Up to the present time the Democratic organs have inveighed unceasingly against the military establishment, and have over and over again asserted that no army officer ought ever again to be elected to the Presidency of the United States. Their hostility, indeed, was so malignant that, but for the opposition of the Republican minority in Congress and the firmness of a Republican President, they would long ago have reduced the army to ten thousand men, and our frontier would at this moment be unprotected against Indian uprisings. Yet, notwithstanding all this, they have selected as their candidate for President a soldier whose whole life has been spent in the regular army, who is even more closely identified with military caste as it exists in this country than General Grant, and who in times past has not hesitated to oppose with all his influence every attempt on the part of the Democrats to cut down the military estshlishment. It is plain, therefore, that in giving him their support, the Democracy must recant their opinions concerning the unfitness of military men to hold high civic offices, as well as withdraw their demands for the reduction of the regular army. In the second place, the candidcay of General Hancock implies the sacrifice on the part of the Democrats of the fraud issue. As the New York *Sun* tersely put it on the morning of Hancock's nomination, the alternative presented to the Cincinnati convention was "Tilden, principle and victory; or, somebody else, no issue and defeat." By its refusal to nominate Mr. Tilden, the convention practically renounced its faith in the fraud issue, and dropped it out of the canvass. Considering that the party's entire stock in trade since 1876 has consisted of the allegation that its candidates were "counted out" by the Electoral Commission, this surrender may be said to include all the available assets of the party.

But as an offset to these sacrifices, we are told that the candidacy of General Hancock will settle forever the question of the loyalty of the Democratic party and drive the bloody shirt issue out of the canvass. The fact that nearly half of his strength on the first ballot came from the South is cited as indisputable that the Southern wing of Democracy has finally purged itself of the taint of secession. Accepting this as the truth—and we fervently pray that it be the truth—we are unable to see how the position of the Democratic party before the country is bettered thereby. To surrender one after the other the principles for which it has contended during the past twenty years and adopt those of the Republican party is but to confess, it seems to us, that the latter has been right all along, and to furnish the best of reasons why it should be continued in power. While all patriotic citizens, therefore, will rejoice that the Democrats have been brought at last to see the error of their ways and have been forced to nominate a Union general as a pledge of their loyality, the intelligent voter, we fancy, will still prefer to cast his ballot for the nominees of the party whose loyalty has never been doubted.—*Balto. American.*

Hancock and New York.

The Democrats, in 1876, carried only four Northern States—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. This was on the issue of Tilden and his wild promise of reform. In 1879, on a well-defined party issue, the Democrats lost all the Northern States. The main question before the Cincinnati convention was that of nominating a candidate who could carry New York, New Jersey and Indiana. Has the question been settled by the nomination of Hancock and English.

It is urged in behalf of Hancock that he a is soldier and a gentleman. These qualities, were he right on principle, would recommend him to a Republican constituency. but will they call out the entire enthusiasm of the men who roll up the big majorities in New York city? With the more respectable dyed-in-the-wool bourbons will Hancock's soldier record serve as a platform around which the old Seymour men and Tilden men will rally against the aroused and aggressive Republicans? Mr. Tilden caught many half-way Republicans by his reform chaff, and commanded the support of many Liberals because of the record he made as Governor. Hancock cannot appeal to any of these classes. Many Germans camped between the two parties were influenced toward Tilden because he was not a military man. This class cannot be expected to gravitate toward Hancock, because he is a military man.

With the floating vote in New York city principle counts for little, and the personality of a Democratic candidate for much. In 1864 McClellan was as well and favorably known in New York city and Brooklyn as is Hancock to-day. In the counties of New York city and Kings county Lincoln received 57,519 votes, and McClellan 99,435; majority for McClellan, 44,916. In the State outside those two counties Lincoln had 311,216 votes, and McClellan 262,551; majority for Lincoln, 48,665. Devotion to principle and enthusism for Lincoln called out a full Republican vote in the State at large and overcame the Democratic majorities in the two large cities.

In 1872 Greeley had in New York city and Kings county a majority of 26,907. But Grant came from the State at large, outside of New York city and Kings county, with a majority of 80,228, and had in the State a clear majority of over 53,000. Greeley failed to excite enthusiasm among the New York city bourbons, while Grant polled the full strength of his party.

In 1876 Tilden received in New city and Kings county 170,080 votes to 97,567 for Hayes; majority for Tilden, 72,513, or over 45,000 greater than Greeley's majority. In the State, outside of New York city and Kings county, Hayes had 391,640 votes, and Tilden 351,860; majority for Hayes nearly 40,000. Tilden carried New York city because his name was a power among the Democrats; and because his agents were masters of fraud and chicanery.

In 1879 Cornell had in New York city and Kings county 79,138 votes, Robinson 104,944, Kelly, 48,895. Robinson over Cornell, 25,806; Robinson and Kelly over Cornell, 74,701. In the State outside Cornell came to New York city and Kings county with 339,420 votes. Robinson with 270,846, Kelly with 28,671. Cornell's majority over Robinson, 68,383; over both Robinson and Kelly, 39,712. Can Hancock call out the full strength of the local factions in New York city and Kings county. There is no element in the candidacy of Hancock that makes him stronger than McClellan or Greeley, and among the Republican, Garfield, close identified as he has been with the Republican fight in Congress, will call out the full vote of the party.

Thus Hancock failing to get the full vote of the Democrats, and getting no strength at all from Republicans, and with a Republican Governor, Hancock will fall as far short of carrying New York as did McClellan or Greeley. Democratic policy is to-day as bad as it was in 1864 and 1868, and the Republicans will stand by Garfield as they stood by Lincoln and Grant.

The West Virginia Republican State convention in session at Grafton on Wednesday of last week, made the following nominations: For Governor, Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Monongalia county; superintendent of free schools. A. L. Purinton, Wood county; auditor, J. S. Cunningham, of Kanawha county; treasurer, Patrick Burke, of Monroe Co.; attorney general, G. B. Caldwell, of Ohio county; judge of the Supreme Court, Hon. Edwin Maxwell, of Harrison county.

On the same day, John A. Putchlason of Parkersburg, was nominated for Congress in the Wheeling district.

A large and enthusiastic Garfield and Arthur ratification meeting was held at the Concordia Opera House, which was addressed by the Hon. J. A. J. Creswell, Hon. J. Morrison Harris, Hon. Jno. L. Thomas and other distinguished Maryland Republicans.

Hon. Milton G. Urner.

By the publication of an extract, in a Cumberland paper, from a private letter written by Mr. Urner to a friend, we are glad to learn his willingness to accept a renomination for Congress, if the Republicans of this district so wish.

We say we are glad, not for Mr. Urner's sake, but for the sake of the Republican party of Western Maryland. Now, as on his first nomination, he does not put himself forward for the position. He does not log roll, nor pull wires to secure his nomination. He frankly says if he were to follow his personal inclination and the demands of private business he would decline, but that he does not feel at liberty to refuse a nomination, if the Republicans of the district in their free and untrammelled judgment should confer it again upon him. This is the proper way to talk and act and we respect and esteem him the more for it. At this time he is the best and most available candidate our party could possibly unite upon.

His record in Congress is without a mistake and altogether acceptable to his party. We regard Mr. Urner as a very able man, with few superiors in clearness of thought, and correctness of judgment. He is candid, honest and manly, and never hesitates to go where his convictions lead him. He is of the Gen. Garfield type of men, self-reliant, self made, and the authors of their good fortune.

Besides all this, it is fitting that he should run on the the ticket with Gen. Garfield, whom, to our certain knowledge, he esteems and admires over any other man in Congress, with whom he has been brought into legislative and personal contract. We again congratulate the Republicans of Western Maryland that they will be able to present such a man as Mr. Urner for the suffrages of our people. The best men of all parties ought, and as we believe, will largely vote for him—*Hagerstown Herald and Torch.*

Not Pleased with Hancock.

Mr. W. L. Royal, one of the Virginia delegates to Cincinnati, has written a letter to his paper, the Richmond *Commonwealth*, in which he says:

I have been warning the public through the columns of the *Commonwealth* for months against the danger of nominating a soldier. I have been urging upon it that the true strength of our fight was the fact that we are fighting for a government of civil law as against a government of force, and that to make a soldier our nominee was to emasculate in some degree the strength of our claim. The enthusiasm which we have witnessed here (and it has been something wonderful) since the nomination was made has not changed my opinion upon this point.

Holding these views, I was the last member of the Virginia delegation to consent to General Hancock's nomination, and I never did give my assent to it until he had received votes enough to nominate him. The pressure which I had to resist to this end was as much as I was able to endure. The call of the roll of states was hardly finished, when it was obvious that General Hancock would be nominated. Wisconsin, which had been divided, had moved to change her vote and make it solid for Hancock. This was the beginning of the general stampede. State after State arose and announced that her vote should be changed and made solid for Hancock. Every person in the immense hall was on his feet; cheers rent the air. The Louisiana banner, bearing a superb portrait of the General, was rushed to the stand and waved over it; the small banners that marked the location of the delegation from each State were snatched from their fastenings and carried forward by enthusiastic men, and gronped around the Louisiana banner; the whole enormous mass of human beings was absolutely mad. *There was no sense, no reason, no judgment anywhere.*

The members of the Virginia delegation, equally carried away by enthusiasm, wanted to have Virginia's vote declared unanimous for him. All of them except myself had agreed to it. My intimate friends on the delegation crowded around me and urged me by every consideration to come in. I refused to allow my judgment to be carried off its feet. At last I was told that he had received the necessary 492 votes, and therefore was nominated. I then told our chairman, Mr. Bocock, that he might announce that Virginia gave her 22 votes for him. The confusion was so great that Mr. Bocock could not get the attention of the Chair. He had to go to the desk. It then occurred to me that possibly there was a mistake, and I went to the clerk's desk and counted the vote, and found that he had received only 470 votes. I rushed to Mr. Bocock and got near enough to exclaim to him, just as he was about to announce Virginia as unanimous, that I refused to vote for General Hancock, and he accordingly cast her last ballot—twenty-one for Hancock and one for Field. Soon after that another State changed, and another, and he had the necessary number, whereupon I told Mr. Babcock that he might announce that Virginia as unanimous, and it was then done. *The Louisiana banner bearing the General's portrait being brought to the stand and waved in the face of the convention, caused the nomination.* A frenzy seized every one. Every one thought it indicated that he was nominated, whereas he lacked 150 votes. Every one was then in a hurry to have his vote changed for Hancock. But for this singular coincidence I do not believe Gen. Hancock would have been nominated.

Democratic Platform.

1. Freedom of the ballot to all Democrats, but absolute prohibition of suffrage to all freedmen and all other Republicans unless voting the Democratic ticket.

2. No military force at the polls to secure fair elections for all, but we will allow rifle clubs and all other organizations of white citizens to secure such a result as they may deem best for their own interest.

3. Law and constitutional liberty for all who think and act with the Democratic party.

4. The Republican party being the enemy to our freedom to do as we please, we justify any means to promote its extermination; and while condemning bloodshed or the assassination of any Democrats, we think it right to kill either the leaders or followers of the aforesaid Republican party.

5. In counting the returns all frauds that favor the Democratic candidate must be overlooked, but no such thing as a fraudulent count by Republicans shall ever be tolerated.

6. If a State sends two sets of electors to the electoral college, the *Democratic set* shall at all hazards be admitted, and we recommend our friends to steal a State in this way wherever they can.

7. Having nominated our candidates, we declare it *our intention to install them in office*, the great Republican party to the contrary notwithstanding.

8. When once in power we shall extend pensions to all soldiers of the rebellion or their representatives; and shall rescind the pensions now being paid to those who fought for the Union.

9. We shall restore all property confiscated from those who were engaged in the rebellion to its former owners—slave property to be included in this legal restitution or a fair equivalent for the value thereof to be paid to the former owners of such property.

10. The war debt of the Southern States must be paid, and the national debt apportioned amongst the so-called loyal States to be paid by them.

11. No Republicans shall any longer fill public offices unless they vote the Democratic ticket.

12. Decoration day for Union soldiers' graves shall no longer be a national holiday but the holiday shall be transferred to that set apart for the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead.

Dismay at the "Corners."

[From Nasby's Letter in The Toledo Blade.]

The nooze uv the nominashun uv the liberty-crushin freedom-strangliu' Garfield, wuz received at the Corners yisterday afternoon. Not one uv us hed antissipated it. We hed expected it wood be either Grant, Blaine or Sherman, and I hed spent two days in Louisville gittin together the necessary abuse to be used in the Deestrict agin them three men, but Garfield's nomination makes that labor all in vane. I can't beet Garfield by sayin that Grant wuz a horse theef or that Sherman wuz a bank robber and Blaine a railerode wrecker. I shel hev to either wate till our committees git up their scandals on Garfield, or invent some myself. I don't keer about it here in Kintucky, for it would be jest ez well to yoose the Grant matter for Garfield, but when I go over in Injeany where some of the Dimocracy at least, kin read, it wood be different. My people here are difficult to handle, tho not in the same way. When Grant's name was first perposed I spoke uv him ez bein connected with the whisky ring. Immejitly the Corners broke out ez one man in cheers fur him, and I hed difficulty to keep em from organizin a Grant klub on the spot. They admire a man who kin beat the the guverment in whisky. Deekin Pogram sed uv General Grant in Sunday Skool: "He which perdooses cheap whisky is greater than he who conquereth a confederacy." The old saint is, uv late, droppin into a habit uv mixin his scripter. Suthin he never does with his likker.

We have seen evidences of a disposition to parade before our people the time and place when General Hancock, in command of the Federal forces, overthrew the Confederate forces. We hope this may be discontinued. Our people have no hankering after crow, however it may be dished. The victories that General Hancock gained over our soldiers constitute no ground for appealing to them to vote for him. We were in earnest in that war, and its memories are tender and sacred to us. We are willing to refer his achievments for the purpose of showing that he always stood to his duty whatever might be the situation, that men may learn from the past what his course will be in the future. But over all else, the veil should be drawn.—*From the Richmond, Va., Commonwealth, (Dem.)*

If any trouble is attendant upon the Baby's teething, don't hesitate to use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is invaluable. Price 25 cents a bottle.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Miss Nellie Thompson, of Utah, is visiting her relatives in this place.

—Mr. Thos. Stanton is spending his vacation at Deer Park.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Mr. J. R. Bishop has laid a substantial side walk in front of his store and residence, on the corner of Second and Alder streets.

—Patrick Rasche, and Miss Nannie Rasche have returned home from Notre Dame College, Ind., to spend their vacation.

—Married.—At Oakland, Monday last, by Rev. B. Ison, Mr. Barney Ayreson and Miss Mary E. Carrico, both of Rowlesburg, W. Va.

—Mr. Thomas Martin, one of our energetic liverymen, has added another very fine carriage to his already large stock.

—Grasshoppers are doing great injury to the grass and wheat crops in Ryan's Glade, this county. Mr. Louis Nydegger's meadow has been almost intirely destroyed.

—Monday last a valuable oxen belonging to Mr. D. E. Offutt, was killed on the railroad near King's Crossing, between Oakland and Deer Park.

—Monday the Judges of the Circuit Court appointed Mr. Thomas H. Bittinger to fill the vacancy in the Garrett County School Board, occasioned by the removal of Mr. S. D. Yutzy to Pennsylvania.

—Mr. J. R. Gordon has been appointed general manager of the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels. Mr. Gordon has had considerable experience at Long Branch, Saratoga and Newport. Mr. W. F. Gale is still manager of the Queen City Hotel.

—The census enumerators for Accident, Sang Run, Frostburg and Altamont districts have filed their lists with Clerk Tower, in addition to Selbysport, reported last week. Four districts are yet to hear from. They will all be in next week when we will give the result.

—Mr. E. Randall, the evangelist, preached on the street in Oakland last Sunday, and proposes to preach again Saturday evening at 8 o'clock and Sunday afternoon at 4 and 7 o'clock. Mr. Randall desires us to say that he is badly in need of pecuniary assistance, and desires the people of Oakland, and our Summer guests, to contribute something toward helping him in his work. It it possible that Mr. Randall's preaching may reach cases that could not be reached by any other instrumentality.

Closing Out.

We are now closing out Ladies', Misses', Children's, Boys', shoes and hats, also Flowers, Feathers and general Millinery, at very low prices. Ladies' Trimmed Hats less than cost. We are offering great bargains, now is your time.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
July 8, '80. Oakland, Md.

Portrait Painting.

Mr. Evan Morgon, of Baltimore, has on exhibition at the post office a specimen of his work as a portrait painter. Mr. Morgan will be at Mr. Wilson Procter's for a short time, and while here will take orders. Old photographs of persons deceased copied and enlarged to any size, equal in finish to those from life.

The Crops.

The crops throughout this county will be much better than was anticipated a month ago. The late rains and good growing weather have combined to bring out the grass, oats and corn crops, which were backward, and they are now far beyond the average. The wheat crop will be the heavlest ever raised in the county, though it has been somewhat damaged by the rains.

The Campaign in Garrett.

The detachment of the Voltigeurs which left here for "Camp Dailey," Oakland, Garrett county, has had a lively time from all we can learn. The hospitality of the good people of Garrett is proverbial, and especially those in and around Oakland. Now, in a military camp where strict discipline is enforced and regular rations issued, where camp guard is mounted, sentry duties, etc. fulfilled it is hard for the soldier to fight against the temptations that beset him from *fair* tempters and tempting *fare*. The beauty and accomplishments of the fair daughters of our daughter (Garrett) renders them no ordinary foe to the peace of mind and ease of heart of our "bold soldier boys." And so thinks a friend who tells us that "sad havoc has been made in the Cumberland infantry by the ladies. The slaughter has been fearful, and when the Voltigeurs detachment reaches your city it will be necessary to have ambulances at the depot to convey the wounded to the hospital; wounded with Cupid's arrows."—*Cumberland Leader.*

"The Republican" for the Campaign.

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has over engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed, postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of FORTY CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

Novel Case.

On Tuesday morning, a novel and peculiar case, to this county, was disposed of by the Court, Judge Pearre on the bench. The circumstances are about as follows: Several years ago John C. Beachy, entered into an agreement to sell and convey to Moses Beachy, a tract of land lying near Grantsville, in satisfaction of a claim then due. Afterwards Moses Beachy, died and John C. refused to make a deed for the land. The children of the former by there guardian then brought such in Equity, for the specific performance of the contract, and on the 27th, day of January, 1879, obtained a decree therefor. John C., however refused to comply with the terms of the decree. The necessary legal steps then were taken, and he was brought before the Court, on a writ of attachment, and still refusing to make the deed as directed, he was committed to jail by the Judge to be kept in *close* custody by the Sheriff as provided by law, until he should obey the order of the Court. His reason for not doing so was that it would be in conflict with some conscientious scruples, and says that he will die before he will execute the deed.

Meeting of the County Commissioners.

The County Commissioners held a meeting Tuesday and Wednesday last. A full Board present.

The following are the only proceedings of interest:

E. Kitzmiller Daniel Wilson and Geo. F. Richardson were appointed Examiners, to confer with Examiners from West Virginia, to see if the public conveinence requires the building of a bridge over the North Branch of the Potomac river near Kitzmiller's Mill.

The following Judges of Election were appointed, the first named being the Return Judges:

District No. 1.—John Riley, Daniel Wilson, C. T. West.

No. 2.—Thomas H. Cuppett, Lucian Frazee, John M. Miller.

No. 3.—S. J. Beachy, W. H. Chapman, Charles O. Warnick.

No. 4.—Eli Merrill, Samuel Harshbarger, Thos. J. Michael.

No. 5.—Eli McMillen, Henry Feigh, Henry Zinkan.

No. 6.—Jacob Pysell, Henry Sines, Jeremiah Enlow.

No. 7.—G. W. Legge, Samuel Lawton, E. Jamison.

No. 8.—Wm. J. Wilson, Garrett V. Moon, Jas. W. Mason.

No. 9.—Michael Durst, Samuel Johnson, Isaac Winebrenner.

Wm. White, Geo. M. Mason, and Frank P. Arnold, were appointed Examiners to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the building of a bridge over Yough river near the mouth of Snowy creek.

Geo. W. Paugh was appointed Constable for District No. 1, vice F. C. Browning, resigned.

The bond of Mr. Paugh was filed and approved.

John Harned, Noah Pysell and Wm. DeWitt, were appointed Examiners on the proposed change in the Grantsville road.

Sunday School Pic-Nic.

Monday last was celebrated by the Sunny Side Sunday School, six miles south of Oakland, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, there was a good turn out of parents and children. A bountiful dinner was served, and ice cream and cake, of the best quality and in great quantity was furnished. A number of the scholars delivered declamations, and good music was furnished by the Sunday School choir. Addresses were belivered by Revs. Moore, Cline and J. M. Davis. The school is conducted by Miss Marion S. Hauser, and is in a flourishing condition.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Freeman D. Durst and Annie B. Glotfelty.

J. G. Ashby and Rachel O. Harvey.

Dongald McLean and Barbara Whitzell.

Lewis Van Sickle and Lucinda Schroyer.

H. A. Patton and Mollie E. Fuller.

The Fourth in Oakland.

Both Saturday and Monday were celebrated in this vicinity, in fact there was a continuation of festivities untill Tuesday night, when a grand military hop was given at the Oakland Hotel.

Saturday a pic-nic was held by the Catholic congregation of Oakland, in Mr. Carrigan's Summer garden, which was largely attended.

The Oakland Guards went into camp near the Court House, Friday evening, and on Saturday a detachment of the Cumberland Voltigeurs came up on the accommodation and joined in the encampment, being the guests of the Guards. The military proceedings are so fully described in the following letter to the Cumberland *News*, that we copy it entirely and indorse everything it contains:

OAKLAND, MD., July 6, '80.

ED. NEWS:—*Sir:* Since Saturday morning Oakland has been a scene of activity, due chiefly to the military encampment in the vicinity of the town and known as "Camp Dailey." The camp is named in honor of our esteemed fellow-townsman, John Dailey, Esq., quartermaster of the Garrett Guards, and is very prettily laid off. It is on a hill side and has ten tents, placed on two streets, named after the commanders of the two companies, namely, Johnson and Wardwell Avenues.

The encampment is under the command of Captain E. H. Wardwell, of the Guards, and in the discipline and arrangements recalls the days of 18 years ago, when civilians were called upon to perform the duties of old soldiers. The members of the respective companies seem to have inherited the patriotic spirit of the soldiers of the rebellion in so much that they submit to strict military duties without a murmur. Dress parade is held every evening on the green below the encampment and is witnessed by a large number of spectators. Both companies exhibit great proficiency in drill and reflect much credit upon their officers as well as the towns from which they come. The uniform of the Voltigeurs is exceedingly genteel and attractive, and Cumberland ought to be proud of its company. The conduct of the men is to be especially commended. It is usually customary for a lot of men turned loose for a frolic to be noisy, boisterous and not unfrequently intoxicated, but the Voltigeurs are noticeable for sobriety and gentlemenly deportment.

Owing to a recent domestic affliction Quartermaster Dailey has not been able to assume his position, and that duty has devolved on Surgeon Bartlett, who, if assurances are worth anything, clearly performs it satisfactorily to men and officers. Every endeavor has been made by him to give the "boys" a "royal time."

I am told an order has been issued by the adjutant-general of the State to organize a battalion in Western Maryland, which I hope will be done. The expense of this encampment was defrayed by the citizens, who responded liberally to the request of the officers of the Garrett Guards for subscriptions. A few days of camp life affords recreation to the members of the companies as well as instruction in military discipline and ought to be given annually, if at all possible.

The Voltigeurs will reach home to-morrow, sunburnt and healthy. They invariably express themselves pleased with their reception and treatment. We regret that they cannot remain longer with us, but hope to entertain the battalion of Western Maryland next year. ADIOS.

Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, July 6th, 1880.

Deer Park celebrated the Declaration of Independence on the 3rd. The Garrett Guards visited the village in the morning, accompanied by the Oakland Band, which discoursed some most excellent music before Wing and Wing House, and received thanks from the proprietor in the name of his numerous guests.

The Deer Park Sunday Schools intended holding a pic-nic on Monday, July 5th, but were obliged to give it up in consequence of the rainy day.

One of the young guests at Wing & Wing House, Master Upton Lindsay McCandlish, celebrated his birthday on Sunday, July 4th, having been born on the greatest day in our American century, July 4th, 1876. It is only necessary to add that he is not deficient in spirit or energy, and is as *independent* as his birthday.

Arrivals at Wing & Wing House since last week.

Washington, D. C.—Judge Harmon, Miss Fannie Harmon, Mrs. E. M. Wilson, Miss Kate Wilson, Mrs. E. J. Barden, Master Willie Barden, Mr. L. P. Elnolf, Mr. Will Elnolf, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gove, Mr. — Parker.

Lynchburg, Ohio—Mr. Benton Morrow, Mr. Jos. E. Troth.

Baltimore—Mr. E. E. Montell, Mrs. H. M. Jungnickel,

Philadelphia—Mr. Chas. McAleer.

Piedmont—Mr. N. Hocking, Mr. Will Shultice, Miss May Davis, Mr. Jacob Suter.

Circuit Court.

The July term (non jury) of the circuit court for this county, convened Monday, Judges Pearre and Motter on the Bench. No business of general interest was transacted. The court adjourned Tuesday morning.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 7:

Joel J. Miller and wife to Christian J. Miller, 6 acres of land adjoining Grantsville; $796.

Joel Miller, Sr., to Joel J. Miller, Jr., tract of land known as the "Stemer Farm:" $6.900.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to George O. Broadwater, part of a tract of land called "Montevue," 50 acres; $400.

George D. White, Sheriff, to Johnson King, lot No. 973, 50 acres; $250.

Johnson King and wife to George W. Fazenbaker lot No. 973, 50 acres; $250.

Peter Martin and wife to Frances A. Ward, lot No. 12 of the subdivisions of lot No. 57 in Oakland; $50.

John M. Schlossnagle and wife to J. Henry Schlossnagle, part of a tract of land called "White Oak Level," 60 acres and 97 perches; $10 and other considerations.

John M. Schlossnagle and others to Christopher Schlossnagle, part of a tract of land called "White Oak Level," 123 acres and 53 perches; $10 and other considerations.

Susanna Folk and Jonas J. Folk, to William R. Getty, tract of land called "War of Independence," 150 acres; $1,700.

Henry Lancaster to Thomas B. M. Welch, his interest in what is known as the George Riley farm; $400.

At the Garfield and Arthur ratification meeting in Frederick last week Capt. H. Clay Nalll, one of the speakers, adverted to the Congressional nomination and said:

Here we have a work to perform. [A voice from the audience—"Mr. Urner is the man to do it." [Cheers.] Yes; Mr. Urner is the man to do it. Nominate him and we will beat the Democrats worse than we did two years ago. With Garfield and Arthur and Urner for our ticket, we will sweep the Democratic party out of existence in Western Maryland.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

NASBY.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(in the State uv Kentucky,)
Joon 26, 1880.

The Corners is alluz being made the victim uv mistakes, wich will never end till we git rid uv Joe Bigler, or till our people git into the habit uv readin. On some accounts I wish our peeple did reed. They woodent make so many blunders, but on the other hand they woodent be so eesy to manage. It is a bad thing for Dimocrisy when people git to reedin and thinkin for theirselves.

Joe Bigler come around to Bascom's last nite and reportid that he hed advices from Cinsinnati, and that the nominashen uv Tilden and reform wuz a shoor thing. He sed the Southern Brigadiers hed so decidid, and that settled it.

Bleevin in the words uv this arch deseever, wich takes dellto in confusin us, I immejitly organized the Faithful into a meetin. I remarkt that we hed wunst more a candidate under wich we cood rally, without any feer uv results. We wuz, happily, rid uv the military element in Dimocratic pollytix, a element wich evry troo Dimocrat despised, unless it wuz clothed in gray.

"Wich uv us is ther," I remarkt "who does not remember the disgust with with the nominashen uv Micklellan inspired us, in 1864? We wuz then compelled to cast our ballots for a man which coodent help slawterin some uv our brothers, tho to do him jestis, I wood say that he did jest ez little uv it ez he cood. The Convenshen now in seshun don't make no sich mistake. Samt. J. Tilden hez ever bin the frend uv the South, and never drord no sword agin it. He wuz our friend, fust and last, and I shel never ceese to revere his name till I forgit the $450 he paid me for my vote at St. Loois four yeers ago. He is no bloo coted hireling wich went forth to destroy us, ez did Garfield, he is a man uv peece, which is wat we want the North to alluz nominate. In the South we hev different views. Then I moved the adopshen uv the follerin resolooshens:

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy uv Kentucky, now ez ever, deprecates the nominashen uv men for civil offses wich hev nothin but milltary records to back em.

Resolved, That holdin the late war to be an unprovoked assault upon the liberties uv the South, we rejoice that the Dimekratic Convenshun hez given us a candidate wich hez no military record to apologize for, and no blood uv the South to anser for.

Resolved, That the Corners, in the interest uv constitooshnel liberty and uv free Government, will give S. J. Tilden every vote in the precinct, and ef any nigger or Northern agitator in these parts uttempts to break our unanimity by voth for Garfield, thal his hed shel be broken promptly and to-wunst.

The resolooshens wuz past immejitly, and Bascom wuz so delited that he to wunst announst a suspenshun uv the rools, and remakt that in view uv the speedy openin of Tilden's barl, he wood also open a barl, and wood give credit to-nite, ef he glodi into bankrupcy to-morrer. Bascom does git deliteful strecks now and then.

Everything wuz now ez I wantid it. Bascom was tappin a fresh barl, and the Dimocrisy stood around in a state uv expectancy wich may be imagined but cannot be described. Our mouths wuz a wnterin fer the likker wich wuz to come. Bascom wuz a fillin the bottles to pass it around, when, jist at the most unforchoonit time, Pollock, the Illinoy disturber come in. That man is alluz a bird uv ill-omen.

"Bigler," sed he, "I hev jest receeved a telegram for Cinsinnati. It aint Tilden at all."

"Who is it," I demandid.

"Gineral Winfield S. Hancock," sed he, "a Fedrel soljer."

And he and Bigler walked out, Bigler leerin at me in the most feendish manner.

I am very seldom caught in a dilemma wich I can't git out uv, but this ruther staggered me, and it did the Dimocrisy assembled.

"Hancock!" growled Issaker Gavitt. "Why, Hancock wuz a soljer wich wuz at Gettysburg, and agin us."

"Hancock be d—d sed Deekin Pogram, "he fit agin us from first to last."

It took several minits to collect myself, wich I did while I wuz burnin the resolooshens wich we hed past. But I finally got my thots together.

"My frens," sed I, "don't be too fast. Come to think uv it, we wuz too fast to go to passin resolooshens till we knowd for sertin wat we wuz a resolootin about. We hev committid them resolooshens to the flames, and we won't pass no more till we hev wat the Convenshen actooally did, under the name uv the President and Sekretary. Then we will pass a set wich will re-affirm wat they hey dun with wreat cheerfulness and alakrity.

A Dimekrat's fust dooty is to obey his Convenshun, and to do wat his Convenshun direx him to do. I don't deny but wat my hart is somewat tried by the nominashen uv a Federal soljer wich bore arms agin us. But why shood we repine? Why so shood we question the wisdom uv the choice? Wich seckshun controled that Convenshun? Paws and reflect. Wuz it the North or the South? Ef the North, wat diffrence is ther betwixt an Northern Dimekrat and a Suthern one, anyhow? But the Northern Dimekrats didn't hev nothin to do with it. The Convenshun wuz controled entirely by the Solid South. The Brigadeers wuz all thur. Ther wuz Wade Hampton, uv blessed memory. Ther wuz all uv em. Ther wuz present every long-haired man wich hed bin prominent in the defense uv the South, either ez a delegait or ez a intlooenshel spectator. Bare this in mind, *ther wusn't a nigger delegait in the entire Convenshun*, NOT ONE! It wuz a Convenshun of white men, actin for white men, and in the interest of the white men's party.

"Does it make any difrence to the Corners who the ligger hed is that is put up? Not at all. The Corners wants a custon house and a postoffis, and the Corners wants her Suthern heroes penshund and tho losses uv the crooil war pade, and done ez quickly ez possible. The Corners, onto wich Bascom hez a morigage, wants releef in the shape uv money from the Federal Tresury, and that immejitly. We want our niggers back agin—we want the old system restored, and the Corners wants to rool this kentry ez it did wunst.

"Ef Hancock is the way, walk ye in it. Does any one suppose that Hancock, wich is to be elected, ef he is elected at all, by the solid South, is a goin back onto the solid South after his eleckshun? Does the ass know his master's crib? Is he a goin to turn and fend the hand wich feeds him?

"Are we so stoopid ez to spose that the Southern Brigadeers wich run the Cinsinnati Convenshun didn't know wat they wuz about? Hevin but one thing to do, do you spose they didn't go and do it? To win we hev got to kerry some Northern States, and wood it hev been polisy to hev put up a Brigadeer in gray to hev skeered the Northern Dimocrisy whose stumicks are still week? We kin forgive a Federal Gineral wich, for the sake uv beln President, is willin to undo ez a President all that he did ez a soljer. Wat he did ez a soljer is past—wat he will do ez a Preshlent is yet to come. We hev not gone back onto ourselves in nominatin him—ef he goes back upon hisself that is his own biznis.

"My friends, it is perfectly safe to tak any Fedrel soljer wich is willin to take a nominashen at the hands uv Suthern brigadeers, yoo bet yer life. And it is perfectly safe for us to swaller the resoloshens, no matter what they may be. They all pint one way. Ef they are for tariff or gin tariff they mean the old rool the glorious South. Miklellan, ef he hed bin electid, wood hev done jist ez well for us ez Jeffson Davis, and so will Hancock."

We adjourned with three cheers for Hancock and the platform, tho we hedn't receeved the platform and didn't know nothing about it. But ez in the case uv the nominashen, we know the men wich made it, and that is enuff.

Kentucky will role up a good old-fashioned Dimocratic majority, this Fall, shoor.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Exultant.

P. S.—Bascom is concerned about the barl. I satisfied that much doubting man by ashoorin him that Tilden's barl wood be opened jist the same. But the Nashnel Committy want to be in haste about fixin that. We kin take a candidate on trust, but the barl must be reality. We must know all about that, and for shoor.

P. V. N.

The control of the next Congress will be as ardently contested in this campaign as the Presidential election. There is a chance of a political tie in the Senate. Of the twenty-five Senators whose terms expire on the 4th of March next, eleven are Republicans and fourteen Democrats. Of the seats vacated by Republicans there is no doubt that in the case of ten Republicans will again fill them; and of the fourteen Democratic seats vacated, nine are sure to be again filled by Democrats. The seats over which there will be a serious contest will be those from California, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, and if the Republicans elect the senators from all these states, as they are quite likely to do, the next Senate will stand 38 Republicans and 37 Democrats and one Independent (David Davis). At present the Senate consists of 33 Republicans, 42 Democrats and one Independent. The chances of the Republicans for securing control of the House of Representatives are much better. The House at present consists of 293 members, divided as follows; 149 Democrats, 132 Republicans and 12 Greenbackers. The Republicans must gain fifteen seats above their present number in order to secure a majority, and there are a large number of seats now held by Democrats elected by a small plurality, which, if a strong Republican tide sets in, will be secured. The next President will have a House of Representatives politically in accord with him.

Mr. William Ward, of Grafton, W. V., was visiting his father-in-law, Mr. Chas. Bolden, several days this week.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & VELOLY.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

NINE departments of study; text-books furnished AT COST; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins SEPTEMBER 1st, 1880. Attendance last year from 21 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories.

***For catalogues and other information, apply to the President, J. R. THOMPSON, Morgantown West Va. 7 15 3m.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAVER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofor located from Altamont to the Burned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Luke Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. B. Browning, Luke Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. C. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. B. BROWNING.
L. A. STEMPLE.
7 10-5 F. C. BROWNING.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Baroness De Rothschild recently gave a ball in Paris which cost $22,000.

KING HUMBERT of Italy and "Unser Fritz" of Germany are warm personal friends.

FOREIGN ladies presented to the Queen do not kiss her hand, but merely courtesy and move off sideways so as not to turn their backs upon royalty.

THE Queen of Sweden is suffering so severely from a long-seated disease of the heart that only the slightest hopes of her final recovery are entertained at Stockholm.

LADY MARY HAMILTON, whom the Pope granted a divorce from the Prince of Monaco some time ago, is again married. The divorce was applied for that this marriage might take place.

AT the opening of every new Parliament in Italy each member receives a new medal commemorative of the occasion, struck specially at the royal mint. The medal for the fourteenth Parliament is now being coined.

IT is not safe to look like one of the professional London beauties. A lady was mobbed in Hyde Park, the other day, the crowd blocking up the walk in front of her chair, and some persons standing on the seats to look at her, and all because she resembled the Jersey Lily.

EARL COWPER, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has been very enthusiastically received in Dublin, is in the prime of life, with a most agreeable presence, and has the advantage of a princely fortune, with no family and a very handsome and charming wife. She is also a great sportswoman. Few men, it is said, can throw a salmon fly with more dexterity, and many stags have fallen to her Henri rifle on the Poiack Mount or in the Isle of Mull. There is not a better game shot in England than Lord Cowper.

THE monks of La Grande Chartreuse are said to be likely to seek a local habitation in the North of Ireland, in consequence of the laws obliging the religious orders to secure State authorization. The historic community will carry with them the mystery and manufacture of that exquisite liquor for which every amateur of the table has, some time or other, thanked the Brotherhood of St. Bruno. This liquor, of which they have guarded the secret so long and so closely, brings the order an annual revenue of many millions of francs, almost all of which is laid out in benefactions, the rule of the fraternity being extremely austere.

IT is stated that Mr. Gladstone has taken office in direct opposition to the advice of his medical advisers. This is probably the case. Other men have been Prime Ministers when past seventy, but they have not combined the functions of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that, too, after such a terrific strain as the Midlothian campaign. Had Mr. Gladstone been content to take office as Premier, with a seat in the Lords, there is no saying how long he might not have held the position so far as health is concerned, but it is highly improbable that he will now be able to do so. About seventeen years ago he broke down in a manner which for a brief while occasioned great alarm to his friends, although very little was publicly said about it, and showed one evening painful symptoms of an overwrought brain. Many of his friends hope, for the interests of himself and his party, that after this session he will be induced to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

The Ostrich's Digestive Powers.

OSTRICHES have so frequently given extraordinary proof of their immunity from indigestion that men have ceased to be surprised at the museums which are periodically removed from the stomachs of dead specimens. There is still, however, room for a good deal of astonishment and some reflection. In their anxiety to secure as much meat as they can in as short a time as possible, they swallow their food, and any foreign matter that may be adhering to it, precipitately, and are consequently very uncomfortable and melancholy. Birds are liable to the same affliction, and there is no mistaking the inconvenience, tending to low spirits, which our caged pets undergo when they have been overindulging in the pleasures of the table. The "sparrow-camel," however, hardly deserves to be called a bird, and it certainly is not a beast, so that analogies drawn from either order are scarcely applicable.

At the first settlement of the world, according to Oriental tradition, all the creatures upon it were called up by Allah to be taught their several habits of life and to have their places on the earth allotted to them. The birds appeared, "the total kinds of birds, in orderly array;" but the ostrich, seeing all the little feathered things go flying by, scorned to join them, and came to the conclusion that he could not be a bird. In his pride he disregarded the summons, saying to himself, "I suspect I am a beast." It was, however, the turn of the beasts next, and to the dismay of the ostrich he found that they had all of them four legs apiece; but, remarking that they had no plumes, he recovered his self-complacency. "It is evident now," said he, "that I am not a beast; so it is probable that I am an angel." When the beasts had dispersed, the ostrich found himself alone with the bat; and Allah, looking out upon the great parade-ground, saw these two standing together in expectation of a special summons; but he put a public affront upon them by pretending not to notice them, and retired without assigning either of them any fixed place in creation. The bat has been so ashamed of himself ever since that he only goes abroad whenever it is getting dark, and the ostrich withdrew into the solitude of the desert. There it behaves as it likes, and regardless of the proprieties. Though a bird, it has never tried to make a nest; and though not a beast it lows and roars like one. It lays eggs like a fowl, but crops the herbage like cattle, wears hair on its back though it has only two legs; and is altogether an irregular and self-opinionated person. That such a creature should go picnicing off an ironmonger's stock-in-trade is, therefore, no more than might be expected from its eccentric habits; and the pretence that it eats tenpenny nails to help its digestion can only be accepted as a discreditable evasion of the truth.

In Rome the other day an ostrich managed to suffocate itself by pushing its neck through between two bars, swallowing a bunch of keys that had been dropped outside, and then trying to get its head back again. The result was that it was choked, and on its stomach being examined for missing property the usual assortment of stones, nails, coins, and beads was discovered, with, however, the interesting addition of a silver medal of the Pope and the cross of an Italian order. By whom or when these honorable decorations were "conferred" upon the sparrow-camel, no one knows; but the ostrich, it seems, did its best to show its appreciation of the distinction accorded it, and swallowed both the medal and the order. It had no buttonhole from which to display its honors, but at all events it had a coat—to its stomach.—*London Telegraph.*

A Physician on the Profession.

IN the mushroom Republic of France, and in the effete monarchies of England, Austria and Germany, it takes four or five years to make a doctor, and then a man has to be an educated gentleman, a graduate in Arts or Sciences, before they begin to teach him medicine and surgery; while here, in the "best Government," *et cetera*, we take a plowhand, who hasn't wasted his youth in the unnecessary preliminaries of a college life, and convert him into a full-fledged practising physician after ten months of supposed study, and at the smallest possible expenditure of money and brains. We have a great deal more to be proud of; a great deal more to be thankful for than other nations. We not only have more railroads, more Indian difficulties, more telegraph poles, and more civil-service reforms than any other country, but we have more medical schools than all the rest of the world put together, and they are all worked to their fullest capacity. It has been said of them that they not only supply a demand but demand a supply, and they get it. In New York City alone, five hundred young doctors are annually turned loose upon an unsuspecting world, and each accession to that innumerable caravan, which is marching on, is followed by an increased activity in certain collateral lines of business. [Much laughter.] Germany can only afford one physician to every 3,000 inhabitants; Austria, one to every 2,500; and France only one to every 2,000; while in New York City there is one doctor and a half to every individual who pays a personal tax. [Laughter.] This is no exaggeration, and you will pardon the pride I feel in being such an important factor of my country's prosperity. [Derisive applause.]

And still, for all this, we are not appreciated. We are tolerated as a band of social Ishmaelites; every man's hand is against us, and the only consolation is that occasionally we get our hands on the other fellow, and then we try to make it lively for him. Even sacred history is not without a laugh at our excuse. The dignified editor of Chronicles, in writing of the last days of one of the kings, says: "And Asa, the king, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great. And Asa sought not the Lord in his sickness, but the physicians. And Asa slept with the fathers and was buried. [Much laughter.] I'll venture to say that the man who wrote that sarcasm was in the best of health at the time, or he never would have dared to do it; and when he did get old and had the dropsy in his feet, or the cramps, he sent for the nearest doctor just about as soon as he called on the Lord."—*From Dr. F. A. Wyeth's Speech at the "Burns' Dinner."*

The Marble Rocks of Central India.

A few miles off the road down the open and well-cultivated valley of the Narbada, in Central India, is a mighty river pent up into a third of its width, and for more than two miles boiling along between two sheer walls of pure white marble, a hundred feet in height, with here and there a seam of dark green or black volcanic rock, which enhances the purity of the marble like a setting of jet. What must be the charm, in a dusty Oriental land, of the coolness and quiet of those pure, cold rocks, and of the deep, blue, pellucid water. "The eye," says the traveler, "never wearies of the infinite variety of effect produced by the broken and reflected sunlight, now glancing from a pinnacle of snow-white marble reared against the deep blue of the sky, as from a point of silver, touching here and there with bright lights the prominence of the middle heights, and again losing itself in the soft blinish gray of their recesses. Still lower down the bases of the cliffs are almost lost in the hazy shadow, so that it is hard to tell at what point the rocks were melted into the water, from whose depths the same lights, in inverse order, are reflected as clear as above, but broken into a thousand quivering fragments in the swirl of the pool." This beautiful spot is infested with bees, which, if disturbed, many travelers have found very dangerous, and, indeed, on one occasion, they stung an intruder to death.

The Marble Rocks, like almost every object of great natural beauty, have been sanctified by the Brahmins, and many of the commonest legends transported hither. Across the chasm the monkey legions of Hanuman leaped on their way to Ceylon; the celestial elephant of India left his mighty footprint here in the white rock. Temples to the Siva crown the right bank of the cliff, and by the river's edge is a favorite *ghat* for the launching of the bodies of devout Hindoos into the waters of Mother Narbada, which are consequently polluted by the ghoul-like turtles, monstrous fishes, and repulsive crocodiles, that fatten on the ghastly provender thus provided for them.

THE endeavors to explain why the Semitic nations wrote from right to left has led to many curious speculations. Erlenmayer, for instance, accounts for their mode of writing by assuming that they were left-handed. But this is a hypothesis contrary to known fact. One of the most ancient of the books of the Bible mentions left-handedness as a physical peculiarity.

The Future of the Electric Railway.

IT is now nearly forty years since Professor Page's discoveries in electricity suggested to him the possibility of an electric railway; but in those days the costly galvanic battery was the only source of electricity available for such purposes, and his experimental electric locomotive was a practical failure. His power cost too much, and his machine labored under the disadvantage of having to carry a considerable load of battery cells, the action of which was materially interfered with by the jarring and oscillation of the train when its speed approached three or four miles an hour.

The development of dynamo-electric machines during recent years has so lessened the cost of electricity as a motive power as to remove the most serious obstacle to the success of Professor Page's experiments. During the same time the transmission of powerful currents of cheaply generated electricity, through conductors of considerable length, and the re-conversion of such currents into working force by economical motors, have become a matter of every-day occurrence. It is quite natural and appropriate therefore that the problem of electrical propulsion should again come to the front, this time with every prospect of a speedy solution.

The problem had so long been in abeyance that when Dr. Siemens set up his electrical merry-go-round in Berlin last year, most men were disposed to look upon him as the propounder of a radically novel idea, and the electric railway as the product of the latest speculative thought in this direction. And when Mr. Edison adopted the system for practical use not a few people thought that he had switched off from the line of practical work to play with a novel toy, the outcome purely of his experiments in electric lightning.

The electric railway, however, is not a plaything. It is a practical reality, though just now entering upon the stage of useful and economical development. It opens a field of invention and improvement as wide and profitable probably as was opened up by the first steam locomotive; and we have no doubt that during the next fifty years it may work as great changes in the processes and economies of life as steam railways have during the half century just past.

On the little electric railway set up by Dr. Siemens in Berlin, the locomotive obtained its power from a special electric conductor running between the car rails, the current being returned through the rails. Mr. Edison has simplified matters by throwing out the central cable as a needless expense. He makes the track itself the conductor, sending the current up one rail and down the other, the locomotive being operated by the current forming a circuit through it when proper connections are made.

For readers unfamiliar with electrical motors it may be necessary to say that the power for the running of the electric locomotive is generated by a stationary boiler and engine, and transformed into electricity by an electric generator at the central station. As was suggested by the elderly lady fearful of boiler explosions, the water is boiled at home, and that source of danger is removed from the list of travelers' risks. And as the efficiency of a stationary engine is several times greater than that of a locomotive engine, it is possible to convert the power of a stationary engine into electricity, transmit it to the locomotive upon the track, and there reconvert it into working force as economically as (if not much more economically than) power can be directly evolved by the combustion of coal in a locomotive furnace.

In the present stage of his experimental apparatus, Mr. Edison claims that he can realize in his locomotives seventy per cent. of the power applied to the electrical generator. The track is spiked to ties, as in the construction of an ordinary railway, and the loss of electricity in transmission is not more than five per cent., even when the track is wet. If there is no error in these figures, and we see no reason to suspect them, the economy of the electric railway is established. Its apparent advantages over steam roads are numerous. In the first place, the locomotive is light, comparatively inexpensive, and does not require a fireman or skilled engineer to run it. The lightness of the locomotive greatly relieves the track, which need not be nearly so strong and heavy for a given service. The wheels of the locomotive can be given any desired traction upon the rails, so that a light engine can pull a train up grades which are entirely impracticable with the ordinary locomotive. The track may therefore follow any ordinary road; and when the road is used purely for freighting, as in conveying ores from mines, the road may run where other roads would be quite impracticable.

For city use, the electric railway promises to be exceptionally useful, both for the conveyance of passengers and for carrying packages. Cars propelled and governed by electricity might supersede horse-cars on the surface roads; and, even if no cheaper, the sanitary advantages of the electric road, resulting from the disuse of horses, would be considerable. Indeed, it is not impossible that the city of the future may dispense with horses entirely for general trucking as well as for passenger traffic, the roads being laid with numerous lines of flat rails transmitting the power required for propelling carriages of every sort. The absence of noise, dust, friction, and the inevitable filth attending the use of horses, promises in the new dynamo-electric period a wonderful mitigation of the present evils of city life. On the elevated roads the lighter electric engines would be comparatively noiseless, and, unlike steam locomotives, would not be constantly pouring into the air sparks, cinders, and other offensive products of combustion; and the same power which propelled the cars would light them.

But, without attempting to forecast the distant future, it is easy to foresee abundant immediate applications of the new, silent, wholesome, and economical method of transmitting and applying energy. The mining regions of the West, as well as our Eastern coal mines, present unlimited opportunities for its employment in hauling ores out of the mines along the mountain ravines and over their precipitous sides. The experiment of plowing by electricity transmitted from a central generator was tried last year with encouraging success. The same plan would answer for the operation of cultivators and harvesters; and with a light, movable railway track, the same power would suffice to do the heavy hauling incident to farm work; and one of the great advantages of electric carriage would be shown here, as elsewhere, in the facility with which it can be operated at a distance. The wagon, loaded or empty, would need no driver, and could be trusted alone to pursue an even course between stations. By means of suspended cable-tracks the roughest regions could thus be safely and economically traversed either by small passenger cars, mail bags, or freight carriers; and the constant flow of evenly distributed small loads along such a line would aggregate as large a tonnage as is now transported over solid and costly roads in long but widely separated trains.

We have already experienced in the telegraph and the telephone the advantages of electricity as a carrier of thoughts and sounds. Who can tell but, when its capacities as a carrier of men and things have been fully developed, the electric telegraph and the telephone will be eclipsed in scope and utility by the electric road? Its possibilities are infinite; and it is the disposition of the men of these days to crowd the possible in every direction.—*Scientific American.*

Big Trout in the Rocky Mountains.

IN the month of July, 1868, I captured in the headwaters of the Gualupita River, in the Taos Mountains, New Mexico, in one morning's fishing, using a sixteen-ounce trout rod, made in St. Louis, fourteen speckled trout, the smallest of which weighed three pounds and two ounces, and the largest four pounds and fourteen ounces. I took these trout within half a mile, and the most of them from under an old beaver dam, using both fly and grasshopper.

In June, 1869, I took from the Rio Colorado Chicita, in the same mountains, a large number of trout from one to four pounds, where I do not believe any white man ever fished before. I was on a gold-hunting expedition in the Cimarron Valley, and had crossed the mountains for a hunt and fish with two companions. I had been fishing for some two hours with but little success, when I reached a spot on the stream that promised to be a perfect El Dorado, for my first cast gave me a fine fish, at least three pounds. For about one hundred yards the stream had narrowed and deepened, and was well covered by tall grass; my second cast gave me a chance of fastening to something that upset me mentally and physically, for I lost him in about two minutes, as I did my fly and snell. "He's a whopper," said I to myself, "and I'll get him before I go home." So I marked the spot, and, making a detour, I fished the stream for a mile, and took a turn until afternoon.

On returning I commenced trying to find my lost hook; of course, not the fish that took it. Fly after fly, grasshopper after grasshopper, moth, worm, every thing I could thing of did I bait with, but nothing but small fish. At last a happy thought struck me. I sat down and opened one of my largest fish; in his stomach I found pieces of a kind of root that I did not recognize as ever having seen before; they were about one-half inch in length, white, soft, and, on tasting, I found them sweet and aromatic. I concluded to try one of these pieces as a bait. I did so, and it was a success, for I struck a fish that took all my nerve and experience to take care of. For nearly one hour I did all I could to conquer him, and at last succeeded. And when I had landed him, by wading in a shallow place that I had coaxed him into, and laid him on the grass, I thought that it was a very whale in size. I took him to camp and weighed him. Now for the big part of it; he actually weighed nine pounds and fourteen ounces, and it was a trout—the biggest fish that had ever been seen in New Mexico. The natives and people who saw the fish pronounced it a true speckled trout.

The stream is at least 1,500 miles from sea water, 8,000 feet above the sea level, and 250 miles from any large stream, and is not more that fifteen feet wide, and varies from one to five feet deep.—*G. F. Simpson, in Chicago Field.*

Care of Newly-set Trees and Shrubs.

IN view of the drouth which prevails in many parts of the country and its unusual severity over extensive districts, we would suggest to those who have planted trees or shrubs the past spring that there is one method, and so far as we know, only one, by which they may be protected against injury or death from that cause. Surface watering has been shown to do more harm than good. The ground is made hard and compact, thus becoming a better conductor of heat while it becomes less pervious to air and moisture. A portion of the surface soil should be removed, and then pailful after pailful of water thrown in until the ground, to a depth of two feet and to a width about the stem of not less than three feet in diameter, has become saturated. Then, as soon as the water has disappeared from the surface, the removed soil should be well pulverized and returned. A covering of boards, straw or hay, or even of sand or gravel, may then be applied, and the tree or shrub, thus treated, will pass through ten days of additional drouth in safety.

As soon as rain comes to wet the earth thoroughly, we think it is better to remove the mulch. Nothing is then gained by permitting it to remain. Mellowing the surface soil about the trees, thus keeping it free from grass and weeds, is then the most that is needed. We would repeat that the present is the season when the female borer deposits her eggs on the stems of fruit trees, and the wash of lime, postash, sulphur, etc. (darkened with lampblack), should now be applied and re-applied during June and July, as soon as washed off by rain. —*Rural New Yorker.*

DR. S. M. PROTHERO, of Tennessee, says that there are but two active agents that produce decay of the teeth. They are acids and a vegetable parasite, the Leptothrix buccatis.

Our Young Folks.

FROM THE CRADLE.

THEY tell me I was born a long
Three months ago,
But whether they are right or wrong
I hardly know.
I sleep, I smile, I cannot crawl,
But I can cry—
At present I am rather small—
A babe am I.

The changing lights of sun and shade
Are baby toys;
The flowers and birds are not afraid
Of baby-boys.
Some day I'll wish that I could be
A bird and fly;
At present I can't wish—you see
A babe am I.

—*Frederick Locker, in Cornhill Magazine.*

THE DRIVER ANTS OF WEST AFRICA.

A LONG, long time ago, a very wise man said to the children and youth of his generation: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." Now, though I do not believe we have any "sluggards" among the active American boys and girls who read the New York *Observer*, I think they may attain considerable wisdom by considering the ways of some of the ants of West Africa. These little insects are very small, and yet so destructive to life and property that the natives of the country are sometimes obliged to take their wives and children and leave their houses to a band of these visitors, who "drive" everything away before them. What would happen if they remained? Why, hundreds and thousands of black ants, of three different sizes, would march into the door in a solid column about an inch wide, ransack every corner, carry off every bit of meat they could find, drive away the rats, mice, lizards, monkeys and fowls, and then climb upon the children, and opening their great wide jaws, close them with a sudden grasp of the flesh, fixing in their teeth with such force that sometimes they can only be withdrawn by cutting the body in two. They would then move their jaws from side to side till they meet, and such suffering be caused by their bites, that, as a great many always make the attack at once, in a short time they would kill children, poultry, sheep and even snakes of the largest description.

These "Visiting Ants," or "Drivers," generally make their visits at night, climbing on the beds in long streams, or dropping from the ceiling with their half-killed prey still grasped in their jaws. A missionary tells us that on one occasion his whole school was thus turned out of doors in the middle of the night, and he only found safety and repose by putting all the feet of the bedsteads into cups filled with vinegar and making the ceiling so tight that nothing could get through.

The Drivers live in communities of many millions in shallow excavations under the roots of trees, with none of the mechanical contrivances for which the *Termites*, or White Ants, are celebrated. They are a race of robbers, and live, as robbers do, in caves, hiding their prey in the loose gravel and fissures in the ground and crevices in rocks. In cloudy days and at night they sally out in a long, steady column, having first sent out small foraging parties to find out if there is a dead chicken or pig, or some other dead animal, within their reach. When the scouts come back again, instead of rushing at once to the prey, the largest class, or "soldiers," go to work and clear a path about an inch wide of every movable obstruction; dead leaves, sticks, small stones and grass are drawn out of the way, sometimes by an ant not quarter their size, sometimes by two or three working together. The next step in the way of preparation is the construction of an arched roof all along the path, under the shadow of which the workers may carry off their prey. If it is a sunny morning, this arch is composed of dirt cemented together by a fluid from their mouths, or if grass, sticks, etc., are in the path, these are joined with the muddy cement, much labor being thus saved. The object of this arch is to shield the workers from the heat of the African sun, whose power, especially if increased by reflection, is instantly fatal to them. Indeed, if they are delayed in their work till late in the morning, they will often break ranks and rest under the shade of weeds and bushes till the cool of evening again calls them out to complete their work. In cloudy days the arch is curiously composed of the bodies of the workers, the largest class planting their long legs firmly in the ground and grasping each other by the jaws and projecting antennæ till an arch of many ants in width is formed. This network is instantly broken if an alarm is given, the soldiers forming themselves in two lines of defense on each side of the workers, who go to and fro under the protecting shadow, carrying the heavy burdens of food, which still another class—having first pulled out the feathers—are busily cutting from the chicken, or whatever it may be, with the regularity and order of an army under strict military discipline.

Sometimes the inhabitants lose patience with these troublesome and ferocious neighbors, and attempt to get rid of them by burning out their home. Many thousands are thus killed, but the rest immediately set forth on a migration to more comfortable quarters in their usual regular and methodical manner, the smallest class carrying the baby ants and the provisions safely slung under their stomachs, and the larger marching as a body-guard on each side, or forming the protecting arch above their heads. While preparing for this migration, they take refuge on tree trunks, etc., climbing up on each other's backs in a very singular manner.

The missionary before alluded to says of one of these scenes: "From the lower limbs (four feet high) were festoons or lines of the size of a man's thumb, reaching to the plants and ground below, consisting entirely of these insects. One of these I saw in the act of formation, ant after ant coming down from above, extending their long limbs and opening wide their jaws, gradually lengthening out the living chain till it touched the broad leaf of a canna coccinea below. It now swung to and fro in the wind, the terminal ant meanwhile endeavoring to attach it by his jaws and legs to the leaf; not succeeding, another ant of the same class (the very largest) was seen to ascend the plant, and, fixing his hind legs firmly to the leaf, reach forth his forelegs, open wide his jaws and grasp his companion above, thus completing the most curious ladder in the world, upon which others were constantly ascending and descending, and holding free and ready communication with the upper and lower portions of the mass."

When the Drivers are traveling, if they come to a large stream of water, they go in another direction, but if it is small, they construct a bridge of their own bodies, in the same manner as the festoons or arches are built, over which the main body passes in safety. These little insects have a curious way of preserving themselves from being drowned during the inundations which sometimes cover up their homes during the "rainy season" for days together. At such times they come out of their hiding-places, throw themselves into a rounded ball, with the children, weaker ones, etc., in the center, and float about on the water till it subsides. But the Drivers can stand a good deal of drowning. They have been known to come to life again, with as much vitality and ferocity as ever, after being apparently drowned and kept under water six or even twelve hours. It seems almost impossible to kill them. The head of one of the largest class was cut off and kept twenty-six and a half hours, after which it opened its mouth, grasped a piece of newspaper, and bit the hand of the gentleman who described it, so powerfully as to meet its teeth under the skin, and continued for some time to wound and cut deeper and deeper, blood flowing from the wound at each thrust, while the body to which this wonderful head belonged continued to live for forty-eight hours longer.

There is no more ferocious insect known than the Drivers. They will attack anything that comes in their way, even biting into live coals and holding on till released by death. Every living thing in the country is afraid of them: dogs will jump over fences, and donkeys turn round so suddenly as to throw their masters, if they get sight of a column in the road, and the natives believe a large serpent, when he has strangled his prey, will hunt round for a nest of Drivers and offer them a large portion, in order to be left to gorge himself with the remainder in peace.

And yet these strange, ferocious ants cannot see; they have absolutely no eyes at all and seem to have very little sense of smell, while they hear with great acuteness; so, to secure their prey, they are forced to keep their scouts constantly wandering about, poking their long antennæ into rubbish heaps and corners, listening in all sorts of places and running to and fro to tell their companions of the discoveries they have made.—*M. E. Winslow, in N. Y. Observer.*

Some Leading Questions.

A YOUNG man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five-dollar bill on the desk of a Detroit lawyer the other day and said:

"I want to ask you a few leading questions."

"Go ahead," was the reply, *as the* money was quickly thrust out of sight.

"If I am engaged to a girl and I go back on her what can she do?"

"Sue you for breach of promise."

"But if she goes back on me what can I do?"

"Hunt up another."

"Um! Suppose I have presented her with a two-dollar fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?"

"Then she's so much ahead."

"If I believe that her infatuation for another is but a passing whim and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?"

"Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mud-puddle."

"Um! Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty shilling umbrella?"

"Then she'll keep dry."

"And her brother with an accordeon?"

"Then he'll worry the neighbors."

"Suppose, sir, I had, for the sake of making myself solid with the old man, presented him with sixteen dollars' worth of watch-dog?"

"He'll set him upon you if you have any trouble?"

"Um! Have I no redress?"

"Yes, sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections."

"I'll do it!"

"Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for twenty dollars."

"Um!"

"Um!"

"Come to think of it he is a bigger man than I am."

"Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him fifty dollars!"

"Um! I'll think of it."

"Um! Office hours from eight a. m. to six p. m."

And the young man troubled with inward agitation took himself out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pretty Story.

THE pigeons in the Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice, are said to be particularly fond of the pretty English girls who, with their gentle ways and sunny hair, contrast so strangely with the dark-eyed and languid Venetians. The birds will do very much for Indian corn when they are hungry, yet they only approach within half a foot of a man; but, dove-like as they are, they perch for consolation—and Indian corn—upon a woman. Early one morning an innocent fresh English girl came unsuspiciously to feed the pigeons. She had bought her present from one of the bright-eyed shoeless Bohemians who live in the sunshine; but scarcely had she opened her little packet before a cloud of birds environed her. They settled on her shoulder, on her hat and on her accommodating hand. They fed in couples and triplets out of her palm; they would have taken their breakfast from her mouth had she desired it, and perhaps no one was more astonished at her own powers of fascination than the fair-haired maid herself.

IT is an indictable crime to kill a turkey buzzard or carrion crow in Tennessee.

HOME AND FARM.

MORE and finer fruit can be secured by *heavy mulching* than by cultivation. Deep cultivation near the roots of small fruits is worse than entire neglect.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take four eggs, two coffee cups of sugar; beat the eggs and sugar well together; two coffee cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and two-thirds of a cup of boiling water; add the water last and lemon to flavor. This, though apparently very thin, will be a delicious cake.

SPRINKLING liberally with a solution of "one spoonful of coarse powdered saltpeter to a pail of water" proved, in the case of a correspondent of *Vick's Monthly*, "an admirable remedy" for the potato beetle, squash bugs and the maggots that work at the roots; also for other insects, besides invigorating all plants, especially roses."

TO WASH CORSETS.—Take out the steels; use hot water: one tablespoonful borax to every pail of water; place the corsets on the washboard and scrub well with a clean brush, using very little soap; do not boil the corsets, but if very yellow bleach in the sun; rinse well; rub in a little starch; iron when quite damp.

SWEET-PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Wash, pare and quarter ripe cucumbers, take out seeds, wash and place in strong brine for two days. Take out, place in cold, clear water for an hour, then throw into alum water—a lump the size of a hickory-nut to a gallon of water—for another hour. Make a sirup of a pint of good vinegar, a pound of white sugar and a tablespoonful each of broken cinnamon and cloves. Make enough of this sirup to cover the pieces, and boil until tender.

THERE seems to be a use for every thing, if we can only find out what it is. It has been discovered that even coffee-grounds are good for something. They are recommended as a valuable manure for garden plants. A San Francisco lady recently received some plants from Mexico, with the direction to fertilize them with waste coffee and coffee-grounds. The experiment was so successful that she tried the same treatment on roses, and the effect was a healthy and vigorous growth, and richer colored, better, and more abundant flowers.

CORN-STACH PUDDING. — Dissolve four tablespoonfuls corn-starch in a little cold milk, heat a quart of milk to boiling and stir this in and boil three minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and while still hot add one tablespoonful of butter. Set away until cold. Beat four eggs—whites and yelks separately—very light, add three-quarters of a cup of sugar and seasoning of nutmeg and cinnamon with them and stir into the corn-starch, beating thoroughly to a smooth custard. Turn into a buttered dish and bake half an hour. Serve cold with powdered sugar sifted over it.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk; the yelks of five eggs; three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, mixed smooth in half a teacupful of milk; a teacupful of sugar and any flavoring liked. Bring the milk to the boiling point, stir in the corn-starch, then the sugar, and lastly eggs. Draw to the back of the range and let thicken for two or three minutes. Be careful not to burn. Turn into a pudding dish and bake about half an hour. Beat whites to a stiff froth; stir in four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; flavor; spread over the pudding and return to the oven to brown.

A HEIFER will break easier when the calf is not allowed to suck. The mother will be more quiet and give milk down more freely if separated from the calf. The calf often makes the teats sore, which makes trouble when milking begins, and the mother will hold the milk back for the calf. She often considers the milker an intruder and repels the effort to milk, but when the calf is taken away as soon as dropped naturally inclines to the milker in the effort to relieve her udder. If the udder is badly caked it might be well to let the calf suck a few days, as its bunting will relieve the hardness. The milking should then be done at the time the calf is sucking, as the milk is flowing at this time and the cow will also become accustomed to the handling by the milker. It spoils a heifer to let the calf run with her.

WITH regard to measuring hay in bulk, the *Country Gentleman* says: Good timothy hay, packed solid in a stack or mow when settled under a superincumbent weight, will average 500 cubic feet to the ton. Early-cut hay packs more closely than dry and stiff hay cut late. Fine, flexible hay is more solid than coarse, coarse grass. The degree of dryness has something to do with the weight, a certain amount of moisture being safe, and gradually drying out in successive months of dry weather, yet the hay sometimes absorbs more moisture during long continued rains. Clover is much lighter than timothy, requiring 700 feet or more per ton.

Logging on the Androscoggin.

LAST Thursday night a few logs got hitched in deep water below the eighty-feet plunge of Rumford Falls, and before the river drivers could get their forces at work a formidable array of logs was gathered at that point. By Sunday 3,000,000 logs were snarled up at Rumford Falls. The news spread far and wide, and on Sunday probably one hundred people visited the scene, which was quite exciting. A large force of drivers were at work clearing the drive, but a boom broke above and let down 1,000,000 more. The scene at the foot of the falls was well worth seeing. Logs were piled up in every conceivable tangle, some of them thrust thirty feet above the surface of the water, and extending over several acres. But the most interesting spectacle was to observe the shooting logs at the foot of the fall. Here the water is about forty feet deep and the undertow is tremendous. As the logs at the surface were dislodged, those far below were relieved, and some of them were shot twenty-five feet into the air, as if projected from a columbiad. There are now twenty-four million of logs afloat for this city. Four boat crews are in charge of the rear drive. About seventy-five men are handling the cant-dogs and eating baked beans along the banks of the upper river just now.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

THE DAIRY.

THE English consumed last year 137,000,000 pounds of American cheese, as against 121,000,000 the previous year.

DENMARK exports more butter than the United States, although she has but one-twentieth as many cows as we, and it costs twice as much to produce butter there as here.

DR. HOWARD E. GATES analyzes the milk of each cow of the 150 kept at Echo Farm and when one is found falling below the proper standard she is at once eliminated from the herd.

THE *Grocer* thinks that if the dairy interest continues to increase as it has been doing heretofore, in a few years hence no other country need make butter and cheese, as this country will be able to supply the requirements of the world at a low rate and of a better quality than they can make it themselves.

WATER from a swamp is not good for cows to drink. It seriously affects the milk, and of course the butter made from it. Nor should they be allowed to drink from pools in which they stand, or in which their droppings are deposited. A great deal of the success of a dairy depends on a supply of good, pure water.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* declares that the use of borax for preserving butter is objectionable on account of its injurious effects upon the system. It has been used alone in packing butter at the rate of six to eight per cent. Before it is used for this purpose, some careful experiments should be made, but who will offer himself as a victim to test the injurious effect upon the digestive and urinary organs of this salt?

Testing Dairy Cows.

DAIRYMEN need often reminding of the things they should, but generally do not, do. We have often illustrated what occurs in so many herds—unprofitable dairying, for the want of individual tests of the cows in the herd. It almost passes belief that an intelligent dairyman could keep cows year after year without knowing whether they made or lost him money. But such is the fact; and a number of instances have occurred where dairymen, on a careful test of each individual cow, found that one-third of them did not pay for their keep, one-third paid a small profit over cost of keep, and the other third paid a handsome profit over all expenses. Now, is it not easy to see that such a dairyman would make much more from his one-third good cows than from his whole herd—say a herd of fifteen cows, five paying a good profit, five not even paying for their keep, and five paying a little more than their keep, but no profit; the bad cows just about balance the good ones, making the whole herd unprofitable? But the five good cows would require only one-third of the labor, and would pay at least double the clear profit.

There is a less reasonable excuse for keeping an unprofitable cow than most other things. For instance, raising a poor crop year after year, upon the same land, has but a poor apology; but it may be said that the land can't well be sold and that it may be improved, while the cow runs him deeper and deeper in debt, with no hope of amendment.

You may easily test the yield of milk from each cow, in weight, by hanging a spring scale at a convenient place in the stable, where the milk of each cow can be weighed and recorded one day in each week. A few weeks will serve to show the character of each cow with regard to quantity, and this will represent her value at the cheese factory, where the standard is weight. But if you keep a dairy for butter, nothing short of setting each cow's milk by itself for a short period and churning the cream will give the value of the cow for butter. The bulk or weight of cream does not test the butter it contains, as the cream is often so unequal in quality that the butter must be actually separated to test it. By preparing a small book with the name or number of each cow entered, and having a pencil attached to it, the weighing of each cow's milk will not occupy more than one minute, and certainly any dairyman can afford this minute once a week in consideration of learning the character of the cow.

When the dairyman has determined that a cow is unprofitable, he should get rid of her at the earliest opportunity. There will be different reasons for desiring to be rid of a cow. If butter is the product desired, a cow that gives a liberal quantity of milk may be quite undesirable, because the milk is very poor in cream; and in this case the cow should be sold to the patron of a cheese factory, to whom she will be valuable; but if the cow gives too small a quantity, of too poor a quality to be profitable, one of the best ways to get rid of her is to fatten her, by feeding with grain for that purpose. Feed her very generously, and milk her to pay the cost of fattening. This is often a profitable way to test a cow's capacity for improvement. If she is capable of improvement as a milker, such feeding will test it, and may occasionally show so marked an improvement as to warrant her being kept for further trial; but if she does not improve materially in milk, she will take on flesh and soon be ready for the butcher, while her milk will pay at least a large proportion of the cost of fattening. In this way a poor cow may be disposed of as beef without any real loss. Dairymen sometimes give cows a bad character when that character is the result of insufficient feeding. In a broad sense, the dairyman is wholly responsible for the character of his cows. In the first place, it is his duty to give all the food required to manufacture a large yield of milk, and to use his best endeavors to develop and enlarge the milk yield of his cows. By doing this for the young cows, for two seasons, and noting the yield of each for one day in the week, he may determine which ones are profitable and which ones unprofitable; and the unprofitable ones he can turn into beef at a good price, and need not keep a cow that does not yield a profit.

When dairymen shall give close attention to everything that relates to the management and welfare of their dairy herds—testing everything, both cows and food—we shall hear much less about losses in dairying.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

[Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.]

Yum! Yum!

Well has it been said that the delight experienced under certain conditions of life cannot be articulated, but can only be conveyed by the happy Americanism Yum! Yum!

We do not know if Mr. Chas. Maempel, Independence, O., said this; but he wrote: "About a year ago I was under a physician's treatment, and paid a doctor's bill of twenty dollars, without any benefit. One bottle of Hamburg Drops did me more good than all the 'doctoring.'"

—Two officers at Winnemucca, Nevada, found five tramps in a loaded and sealed car from the East. They were nearly dead with hunger and thirst, but said they intended, if let alone, to go through to California or die in the attempt.

[San Francisco Daily German Democrat.]

An Ex-Governor's Opinion.

The above-named journal recently contained the report of an interview between Ex-Governor Solomon and one of its reporters. The Governor had suffered for a long time with severe rheumatic pains which nothing would relieve. Friends advised the use of St. Jacob's Oil, and a half dozen applications banished the pains and lameness. "It gives me pleasure to recommend it whenever I can," said the Governor.

TOM DALE, Captain of the Canadian Cricket Club, who has been arrested for desertion from the British army on his arrival, with his team, in England, owes his trouble to too much matrimony. He left a wife in England when he came to America, but soon afterward married a woman of Natchez, Miss. The English wife followed him across the ocean and had him arrested for bigamy; but she consented, for pay, to his getting a divorce from her and marrying the Natchez wife over again. She assured him, also, that she had obtained a promise from Sir Garnet Wolseley that he could visit England without danger of punishment for desertion. This representation seems to have been false.

False Reasoning.

Suppose a machine should fail to perform its work, and the owner, instead of trying to ascertain the cause of failure and remedy it, should conclude to run right along, and argue that as the machine had heretofore come around all right it would soon be so again. If a general and permanent break-down ensued could anybody be blamed but himself? Now, precisely this way do people act and argue when the "human machine" is out of order. When the liver is "torpid" and bowels constipated every one knows that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets afford prompt and permanent relief. Yet some *guess* the "machine" will come around all right, and do nothing. Could any system of false reasoning be more pernicious? Suppose the blood be out of order and there be pimples, ulcers, or running sores with scrofulous tumors, swellings and general debility, and those thus affected should refuse to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, *guessing* that the blood would purify itself, could anybody be blamed but themselves, if a general and permanent break-down of health ensued? No remedy yet known equals the Discovery in curing all scrofulous, throat, bronchial and lung diseases. Sold by druggists.

Mistakes Should Be Corrected;

Particularly the practice of taking medicines into the system by way of the stomach for diseases of the Kidneys. It is an old treatment, well tried, and proven inefficient. The true method is absorption, as proven by the great success of DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

Unqualified Success.

The *Democrat*, Columbus, Ohio, in speaking of Warner's Safe Remedies, says: "Testimonials not numbered by hundreds, but by thousands, are in the hands of H. H. Warner & Co., all furnishing ample corroborative evidence that as a curative for specific diseases for which recommended are an unqualified and pronounced success."

THE Iron Mountain Cook Stove, manufactured by the Co-operative Stove Co., Cleveland, O., is the finest and in every respect the best in the world. Call and see it at nearest stove store.

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WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

THE genuine Frazer Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world, and we believe it.

ALWAYS get C. Gilbert's Linen Starch.

THE organ-grinder's back was to the procession and he didn't realize he was doing anything wrong in listing out of his instrument, the tune, "Good-bye, 'Liza Jane." But the man on the hearse and the chief mourner got down and thumped him about while the rest of the folks who were in the procession for the sake of the ride tried to make believe they were not laughing but weeping.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A VASSAR College girl read a paper to prove that Philolognyrch spelled Turner. Her argument was that phth, as in phthisis, is T; olo, as in colonel, is ur; gn, as in gnat, is n; yrrh, as in myrrh, is er.

A DISTINGUISHED Philadelphia preacher exchanged pulpits with a brother clergyman. Afterward meeting the sexton of his church, he asked him how he liked the strange minister. "Oh, very well, sir," was the reply; "but in his evening service he disposed of one hundred feet more gas than you usually do." It did not immediately occur to the preacher that the sexton's remark was based on an examination of the gas-meter in the cellar of the church.—*Harper's Drawer.*

DR. ROGERS, of Oakland, Cal., surmises that he has a villainous enemy, because the side of his house was blown out one night by dynamite.

A STRANGE story is related by a lady in the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*. One day she went into a store to purchase a pair of gloves. She tried on one or two pairs before becoming satisfied. A few days afterward she missed a valuable gold ring from her finger. Search was made for it without success, and it was finally given up as irrecoverably lost. At the expiration of nearly a year she went into the same store again on the same errand as before. In the finger of the first pair she tried on she found her long-lost ring, where she left it in drawing off the glove a year previous. She has agreed for a consideration not to publish the number and street of the shop, the shop-keeper on his part agreeing not to give up the number of the glove she wears.

THE Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* tells a story of a watch carried by a gentleman of that city, which was set October 1, 1879, and whose variation from standard sun time up to May 27, was only forty-five seconds.

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[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 1877.*]

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Normal School.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., June 23, 1880.

The Garrett county Normal School will be opened in Accident, on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, and continue for ten weeks. For terms of tuition &c., apply to Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Listonburg, Pa.

E. H. BARTLETT,
Je 26-3 Secretary, &c.

Order of Publication

Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert vs. John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 189. Equity.

The object of this suit is to restrain the sale of certain property mentioned in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H Heckert to John Fitz, and Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee.

The bill shows that the said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert were engaged in the shook and stave business, as Bush & Heckert, and that sometime in the month of September, 1879, they contracted with a certain John Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to build and furnish them a steam engine of thirty horse power, one saw mill and fixtures, for which they were to pay the sum of $2,500, as follows: one steam engine and boiler complete, then owned and used by the complainants, which was agreed to be taken by the said Fitz, at and for the sum of $500; $200 cash on delivery of said steam engine, saw mill and other articles, and for the balance, $1,800, the complainants were to give to the said Fitz their three promissory notes for $600 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively, and to secure the payment of said notes they agreed to give the said Fitz a lien upon said steam engine and mill.

The bill charges that the said Fitz, intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, conspired with certain persons unknown to the complainants and procured a steam engine of twenty-five horse power and delivered it to the complainants, stating and declaring to them that it was a thirty horse power engine manufactured by the said Fitz.

That the complainants, believing the representations of the said Fitz, received the said steam engine and saw mill, and fully complied with the terms of the contract by delivering to the said Fitz the steam engine as agreed upon and paying him the sum of $200, and executed and delivered to him the three notes agreed upon and executed to a certain Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, of Garrett county, as trustee, a deed of trust upon the said steam engine, saw mill and other articles to secure the payment of said notes.

That the complainants took the said steam engine and saw mill and endeavored to do the work with it which they had purchased it to do and which they were assured by said Fitz it would do, and which an engine of 30 horse power ought to and will do, but failed to accomplish it.

That it was not until after working with it at a great disadvantage for several months that the complainants discovered certainly that the said engine was and is only a twenty-five horse power engine and built and manufactured by a certain Frick & Company.

That the complainants, after becoming convinced of this, informed the said Fitz thereof and requested him to pay back to them the amount paid on said engine, mill and other articles, and to take the same back: but the said Fitz, still intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, refused so to do.

That the complainants contracted for a thirty horse power engine, because a less power would not do their work. That they have been subjected to heavy losses in consequence of the failure of said Fitz to comply with the terms of his agreement. That the price agreed to be paid by the complainants is the full price of a thirty horse power engine, and that an engine of twenty-five horse power in all respects as good and valuable as the one furnished, could have been procured for much less money.

That one of the notes given by the complainants to Fitz fell due on May 13th, 1880, but having been cheated, deceived and defrauded and grossly damaged and injured by said Fitz, they refused to pay the same unless he would consent to a reduction of the sum claimed to the fair and just amount for which a steam engine of twenty-five horse power could have been purchased.

That upon the complainants' said refusal the said Fitz instructed the said Trustee to proceed to advertise and sell the said engine, saw mill and other articles, under said deed of trust, and that the said trustee has advertised the said property for sale on the 28th of June, 1880.

That the complainants are and have ever been, willing to do everything that is fair and equitable in the premises, but they have been cheated, defrauded and overreached by the said John Fitz in this whole matter.

That the said Fitz and the said Frick & Co. are non residents of this State, and that the complainants have no adequate remedy for the grievances aforesaid, save through the interposition of the restraining power of this court by an injunction.

To the end that the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and the said John Fitz, may be restrained and prohibited by the injunction of this court, from selling the said property and from taking any other or further step or steps to sell the same, and that the said John Fitz, may be restrained from assigning transferring or in any manner disposing of the said promissory notes or either of them until the further order of this court in the premises. And that the said claim of the said John Fitz may be reduced to a fair and just price for the engine, mill and other articles, so as aforesaid delivered by the said Fitz to the complainants.

The bill prays the Court to grant unto the complainants the writ of injunction enjoining and prohibiting the said John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord trustee from selling and offering for sale, the said property or any part thereof under the said deed of trust, and enjoining and prohibiting the said Fitz, from assigning or transferring the said notes or either of them until the further order of this court, and also the writ of supoena against the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and an Order of Publication giving notice to the said John Fitz, of the objects and purposes of this bill.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 24th day of June, 1880, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 30th day of July, 1880, giving notice to the said John Fitz, and warning him to appear in the court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 8th day of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why an injunction should not be granted as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
Je 26-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 142. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Selbs, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
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Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the time of publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 3, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
SAMUEL McKIMMEY,
JOHN ELAMILLE.
6 12 5

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

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Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v-1n6 JOHN HELBIG.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,

SURVEYOR,

Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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AND
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 2t

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG

Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

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OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

ISAAC SPICHER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.

JOSEPH N. SPIKER.
6 12 3 Executor.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gnor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. [illegible] and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880. NUMBER 21.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

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JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1880.

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The human pair, sorrowing over their sin, yet cheered by the promise, find their home outside the guarded gates of Paradise. Their hopes arise as they look upon the face of their first-born, and soon a family, perhaps, a tribe, assembles with their parents around the altar of God. The elder son grows up to manhood, selfish, scornful, irreverent; the younger, gentle and believing. On an occasion of worship, each appears before God with his offering. Cain presents a thank-offering of fruits and grain; recognizing God's gifts, but not man's need of pardon. Abel comes with the sprinkled blood of a sacrifice, attesting his consciousness of sin and faith in a promised Redeemer. The divine approval rests upon Abel's offering; and Cain turns away with the lowering brow of wrath and hate toward his favored brother. The Almighty designs to expostulate with the sinner upon his conduct, and to warn him against the guilt which will follow in his course. But even the voice from heaven fails to reach his conscience; for in fierce anger Cain smites his innocent brother, who dies, the first of the noble martyrs. The divine inquiry, "Where is Abel thy brother?" receives a brutal reply; but the awful curse of the Most High, and the warning of his condemnation to a lonely, bitter life, pierce his soul with terror, and he receives a token of lengthened life and opportunity of repentance. Forth from the face of parents and relatives he goes to a distant place eastward, and there establishes a home for himself and his descendants.

Gen. 4. 3-15.

Memory Verses, 8-13.

3 And in progess of time it came to pass that Cain bronght of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the LORD

4 And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the LORD had respect unto Abel and to his offering:

5 But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6 And the LORD said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?

7 If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door; and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.

8 And Cain talked with Abel his brother; and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

9 And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?

10 And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

11 And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

12 When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

13 And Cain said unto the LORD, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

14 Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

15 And the LORD said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the LORD set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

HOME READINGS.

M. Cain and Abel. Gen. 4. 3-15.
Tu. The faith of Abel. Heb. 11. 1-16.
W. The blood of Abel. Matt. 23. 27-39.
Th. The blood of sprinkling. Heb. 12. 18-29.
F. The way of Cain. Judge 1-13.
S. The works of Cain. 1. John 3. 1-16.
S. The omniscience of God. Psa. 139. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. 1 John 3. 15.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

Unchangeable, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE FRUIT OF FAITH, v. 3, 4; Num. 18. 17. What does an offering to God show? [ANS. A sense of dependence on God and gratitude to him.] What was Cain's offering? Why did he present such an offering? v. 2. What was Abel's offering? To what great fact did it point? John 1. 29. How was Abel's offering better than Cain's? Heb. 11. 4. How did God regard Abel's offering? What is our sacrifice before God? 1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.

2. THE FRUIT OF WRATH, v. 5-8; James 1 15. How did God reward Cain's offering? What is shown by Prov. 21. 27? What ought Cain to have done when he was not accepted? Acts 8. 22. What was Cain's conduct? Against what enemy did God warn Cain? Why have we reason to dread the same enemy? How may we rule over sin? What was Cain's treatment of his brother? Why did he slay him? 1 John 3. 12. Who is a murderer in his heart? GOLDEN TEXT. Who is our brother in God's sight?

3. THE FRUIT OF SIN, v. 9-15; Num. 32. 23. What did God ask of Cain? How did Cain answer him, and what character did his answer show? Why is every one his brother's keeper? [ANS. Because God expects of us an interest in and help toward others.] For what did Abel's blood cry? What blood speaks better things than Abel's? Heb. 12. 24. What was God's curse on Cain? How did Cain feel when he received it? What is the consequence of sin? James 1. 15. Why did God set a mark on Cain? What did the mark show? How did it show God's mercy? [ANS. By giving Cain time to repent.]

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in does this lesson teach—1. That sin in heart tends to sin in life? 2. That sins are seen by God? 3. That sin surely brings punishment?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Human depravity.

A Letter from Petroleum V. Nasby Republished after Thirteen Years.

NOO ORLEANS, Dec. 16, 1867.

To His Eggslency A. Johnson,
President of the Yoonited States:

I found Noo Orleans in a tremor of joy. The principle bizniz citizens is again about the streets clapin their hands and hollerin "Hallelujer." The order of the grate and the good Hancock hez restored confidez in the bussins uv our friends and consternation in the breasts uv our enemies. Juries thank God, are no more polluted with niggers onto 'em. They are now drawd from the old citizens, many of wich served under Boregard in the late unpleasantness. Bizness therefore goes on without delay. Ez a sample of how much bizness is facilitated, I may mensher that in one court there waz 41 cases in wich niggers wuz plaintiffs, and 45 in which niggers wuz defendants. The tryin uv all these cases okepied 3 hours and 19 minutes, the verdics in the 44 cases being invariably for the defendunts and in the other 45 cases fur the plaintiffs. Uv the time specified, 2 hours and 23 minutes wuz consumed by the niggers in payin costs. It is a singular thing how wrong the niggers allus iz.

In addishun to this boon, the citizens uv Louisiana hed, I am happy to state, got back their habis copuses. General Hancock, with a courage wich I can't too highly commend, ashoored the people that so long as he had power here they should never again be deprived uv em.

In Texas affairs are going on as well ez cood be expected. The General's order fur holdin elecshuns gives general satisfacshun to our friends. The elecshuns are to be held only at county seats, wich, owin to the size uv the counties, will probably prevent a great many uv the niggers from attendin. Then whor a judge of elecshun can't sit, the civil authorities appoint another in his steed, instead of the military commander, wich our friends think will give us a majority on the elecshun boards; and, finally, thet wich pertickerlerly binds Gen. Hancock to us iz that part uv his order wich prohibits the military from bein at the polls. It is eggstremely probable that the Ethiopeans uv Amerikin desent will be genirally perswaded not to vote at all. The citizens uv Texas hev a way uv perswadin the niggers, when they aint unconstitooshunally interfered with, that will, I think, enshoor the triumph uv correct principles in that state. A native Texan, a gentleman who is now in New Orleans a-purchasin catridges fur 7-inch revolvers, to be used in reconstructin the state, gave me sich informashun az prekloded the necessity uv my goin personally to inspect.

The land owners of Texas, with an ardent desire to avoid distress in that states next winter, both fur themselves and the colored population, hev wisely determined that the niggers shell work whether or no, and in sich a way as to make their work profitable. They are going to form labor leagues, the object of wich is to extract from the nigger the labor that is layin dormant into him, at about $12 per month. They have unotooally pledged themselves to pay no more than $12 per month fur able-bodied niggers durin the workin season, deductin board and so forth fur their families; and, further, that no one will employ a nigger from another naborhood onless he kin show permishun from his last employer. They hev other rools for the proper regulashun uv this perverse people wich is hardly worth menshunin, but probably it would be as well.

One is that if the wages uv the nigger is more than is eat up by the family expenses, the nigger shell work it out the next season; and that the shuppies upon which they live shell be furnished by the employer, upon such terms as a committee uv employers in each deestrick shell agree.

To prevent mismanagement uv the soil by these undeveloped inteleks, and to enshoor their acceptance of these laws, it is also a party uv the leagrie that no land be leased or sold to anyone uv Afrikan blood, and that ez much uv the wages ez the employer considers proper to be retained in his hands.

They accept the situashun and acknowledge the bindin force uv emansipashun, but they must regulate labor themselves. It is thot that by livin faithfully to these regulashuns cheap cotton kin be agin produced in Texas. Ef this legislature is elected, ez we hope it will be, this code will be made a law; and, thank the Lord emansipashun wont mean nothing in Texas cept a change uv name.

I wood suggest that you, to wunst, take the last orders uv Gen. Hancock and make it the subject uv a messige to Congress. Detale in full the Genrals talk here, and add to it ez only you kin. Tell congriss the General is again to make the law the rool uv conduck, and that he proposes to uphold the corts and civil authorities, and will only yoose his military to these ends agin the niggers. Sling in here sutbin to the effeck that American liberty (which, in this country, is a pekooliyer variety of the pickle) is still an inheritance uv the white people, and shall allus be. Tell em that when a sitjer hez onlimited power in his hands, and refooses to use it for the purpose of satisfyin selfish ambishun, he presents a hefty sample uv virtoo under difficulties. I wood be well at this point to compare Hancock with Washington, makin the difference atween um merely nominal. Say that there may be officers in the army besides Hancock who imitates Washington, but you havent sot eyes onto em ez yit. Assert that Hancock is the first officer in command, sence the close uv the late unpleasantness, wat hez given utterans to sich sentimence in his orders, and demand that congris shell vote him a gold medil.

I sejest that this be done to wunst, for reasons which are obvious. We desire Hancock to continue in welldoin, but ez that well-doing in our behalf mite lead to his nominashun for the Presidency, it iz well enough to kill him off in that direckshen so soon as he is committed. Hence write. Don't let Seward diloot it, or Randall polifox it. Put in my naked idea, clothed in your terse and vigrus languidge, and yoo will hev done a good thing.

I repeated them to the leading members of the "Lost Cos Club," and the idee wuz rapcherously received. One member sejected it wasn't best, ez reely the thing was too absurd, but he voted ay on the proposishun, compromizin with himself by sayin that ef it wuz received ez he 'spozed it wood be it wuz eazy noff to swear that his Eggslency wuz drunk when he wrote it, wich woodent hurt him with his party at all.

Another, who is trooly a friend uv yoors, objected on the score that such settin up wood give Hancock the nominashen, but he waz laft to skorn. "Wat," said an old gray-headed member, "hez A. Johnon ever commended that he balnt killed?"

It waz yoonanimoosly resolved that yoo do it. In more heart than I have been for months, I subscribe myself,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Which is Postmaster).

The Principles of the Democratic Candidate.

We have watched our Democratic exchanges and carefully searched for the principles that General Hancock carries in his saddle valise. The result of our search can be summed up as follows:

On the subject of the currency, he is a magnificent looking fellow.

On the subject of the tariff, he is a splendid soldier.

On the subject of free trade he wears a brilliant uniform.

On the subject of river and harbor improvements he makes a grand appearance on horseback.

On state rights he appears well in his epaulets and brass buttons.

On civil service reform he has a fine military bearing.

On the so-called reform in the administration of the government he is a modern Murat.

On the Indian question he is the finest looking Indian fighter the country ever produced, notwithstanding that for every Indian killed it cost the government $4,500,000.

On the subject of hanging Mrs. Surratt he hung her in a soldier-like manner, but he would rather nothing be said about it.

On the Southern question he behaved like a gallant soldier, and made himself popular with every Ku-Klux, White Liner, bulldozer and ballothox stuffer.

On the subject of our foreign relations he wears a splendid mustache.

On the school question he is a handsome looking man.

On all other questions of public policy he has a martial bearing.

In some respects he resembles Jeff. Davis, the only difference being that he wears a corset, while Jeff. wore a petticoat.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Baby's cries are its only method of letting you know that it suffers and needs Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Garfield on War.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO, July 4.—The following is the speech in full of Gen. Garfield at the dedication of the Soldiers' monument yesterday;

Fellow-citizens—I cannot fail to respond on such an occasion of such a monument to such a cause sustained by such men. [Applause and cheers.] While I have listened to what my friend has said two questions have been sweeping through my heart. One was: "What does the monument mean?" and the other: "What will the monument teach?" Let me try and ask you for a moment to help me to answer what does the monument mean. Oh, the monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds and a world of tears and a world of glories. You know, thousands know, what it is to offer up your life to the country, and that is no small thing, as every soldier knows. Let me put the question to you: For a moment suppose your country, in the awfully embodied form of majestic law, should stand above you and say, "I want your life; come up here on the platform and offer it." How many would walk up before that majestic presence and say, "Here I am; take this life and use it for your great needs." [Applause.] And yet almost 2,000,000 of men made that answer, [applause] and a monument stands yonder to commemorate this answer.

That is one of the meanings. But, my friends, let me try you a little further. To give up life is much, for it is to give up wife and home and child and ambition; but let me test you this way further. Suppose this awfully majestic form should call out to you and say: "I ask you to give up health and drag yourself—not dead, but half alive—through a miserable existence for long years until you perish and die in your crippled and hopeless condition." I ask you to volunteer to do that, and it calls for a higher reach of patriotism and self-sacrifice; but hundreds of thousands of you soldiers did that. That is what the monument means also. But let me ask you to go one step further. Suppose your country should say, "Come here on this platform, and in my name and for my sake consent to be idiots [voice, Hear, hear!]; consent that your very brain and intellect shall be broken down into hopeless idiocy for my sake," how many could be found to make that venture? And yet thousands—and that with their eyes wide open to the horrible consequences—obeyed that call. And let me tell how 180,000 of our soldiers were prisoners of war, and many of them when death was stalking near, when famine was climbing up into their hearts and idiocy was threatening all that was left of their intellects, the gates of their prison stood open every day, if they would just desert their flag and enlist under the flag of the enemy; and out of the 180,000 not 2 per cent. even received the liberation from death, starvation, idiocy and all that might come to them; but they took all these horrors and all these sufferings in preference to going back upon the flag of this country and the glory of its truth. [Applause.] Great God! was ever such measures of patriotism reached by any man on this earth before? [Applause.] That is what our monument means. By the subtile chemistry that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were devoted, all the grief that was felt, at last crystallized itself into granite, rendered immortal the great truth for which they died [applause] and it stands there to-day, and that is what your monument means. Now, what does it teach? What will it teach?

Why, I remember the story of one of the old conquerors of Greece, who, when he had traveled in his boyhood over the battle-fields where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies, returning, he said, "These trophies of Miltiades will never let me sleep." Why, something had taught him from the chiseled stone a lesson that he could never forget, and, fellow-citizens, that silent sentinel that crowns that granite column will look down upon the boys that will walk these streets for generations to come, and will not let them sleep when their country calls them. [Applause.] More than the bugler on the field, from his dead lips will go out a call that the children of Lake county will hear after the grave has covered us all and our immediate children. That is the teaching of your monument. That is its lesson, and it is the lesson of endurance for what we believe, and it is the lesson of sacrifices for what we think. The lesson of heroism for what we mean to sustain, and that lesson cannot be lost to a people like this. It is not a lesson of revenge; it is not a lesson of wrath. It is the grand, sweet, broad lesson of the immortality of the truth that we hope will soon cover us with the grand sheknah of light and glory all parts of the republic, from the lakes to the gulf. [Applause.]

I once entered a house in old Massachusetts where over the doors were two crossed swords. One was the sword carried by the grandfather of its present owner on the field of Bunker Hill, and the other was the sword carried by the English grandsire of the wife on the same field, and on the other side of the conflict, under these crossed swords, in the restored harmony of domestic peace, lived a happy and contented and free family under the light of our Republican liberties. [Applause.] I trust the time is not far distant when, under the crossed swords and the locked shields of American North and South, our people shall sleep in peace and rise in liberty, love and harmony under the Union of our flag of the stars and stripes.

Democratic Reform.

The fourteenth plank in the Democratic platform congratulates the country upon the honesty and thrift of the Democratic Congress, which has reduced public expenditures forty millions a year. The country has heard them talk in that strain before. Previous to 1874 their criticism of Republican mistakes captivated many voters, and they were given a lease of power. Can anybody point to what they have done in the way of reform or good government? For five years they have had control of the House of Representatives and what is the result? Where have the people been benefited? Where is the better government? The last year the Republicans had control of the House the number of employees was 125, and the total expenditures of the House were $250,190.70. The employes of the present House have been increased to 173, and the expenditures to $265,838. What is witnessed here extends through all the branches of the government. During the last years the Republicans were in power in Congress the amount of the appropriations were steadily decreased each year. That was as certain as the reduction of the public debt. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, the expenditures of the government were $292,177,188.25, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, the last year the Republicans had control of the appropriations, they were $258,459,796.33, thus reducing the expenditures $33,717,390.92 in five years. Now, what have the Democrats done in five years they have been in office? For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, the appropriations were $238,660,008.93, an excellent start. The next year they were $236,964,526.80, but the next year they jumped to $266,917,883.53; the next year (June 30, 1880) to $297,860,237.17, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, the amount appropriated is $292,423,888.90, an increase of $52,759,824,891.97 in five years. That shows Democratic reform in the clearest light.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.—The Norwich (Connecticut) *Bulletin* says of the Democratic Presidential ticket:

"Whatever momentary enthusiasm and jubilation the Democrats may indulge in, we do not believe they will take any lasting satisfaction in the ticket nominated at Cincinnati. It is essentially weak in character. The only regard in which it varies from the dead level of worthlessness affords cause for grave alarm. But the ticket is weak not only in character but in availability. It has no special adaptability to any section except Indiana. Hancock cannot, in our opinion, carry his own State, Pennsylvania. He cannot carry New York. He cannot even carry Connecticut. We do no believe he can carry New Jersey. This makes his case utterly hopeless, even if English carries Indiana, which is very doubtful, the Republican Gubernatorial nomination there being particularly strong. The soldier vote, which some sanguine democrats expect, will not be given to this ticket. The true soldier will not vote for a comrade who, when the war ended, was willing to surrender that for which the war was fought. Of course, Hancock will have the solid South; and that is practically all. The Republicans have reason to feel perfectly assured of a success in this State and throughout this country next fall; and while the campaign will be warm and exciting, it is already easy to foresee Gen. Garfield's election."

An enterprising newspaper man in Washington, immediately after the nomination of Gen. Hancock, commenced collecting articles and speeches by Democratic writers and speakers on the danger of military rule, but he is not in the business now. When he had gathered in 200,000 paragraphs relating to "The Man on Horseback" and 350,586 on "The White House and West Point," he retired in utter disgust.

The ex-Confederate brigadiers will be a marvellous spectacle wearing the trefoil badge of Hancock's old army corps, if the Democracy adopts that for a campaign badge. But how about infringing upon the rights of the Republican veterans of the Second Corps, who are better entitled to wear it?

The Democratic argument for a change amounts to this: The Republican party has brought the country to the greatest prosperity it has ever known; therefore, it is wise to turn that party out and let us come in to enrich ourselves.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HILL OF LIFE.

WE only ask, my heart and I,
A little peace, a little rest;
We've traveled far, my heart and I,
And none responds to our request.
The hill of life is steep and high,
And thorns the grasses underlie,
We know it well—my heart and I.

We've had our foes, my heart and I;
We've had our loves, my heart and I,
Where friendship ends.
We've bid a hundred loves good-by,
We've seen a hundred friendships die,
Aye, that we have—my heart and I.

We've met with scorn, my heart and I;
We've met with praise;
When envy let his arrows fly
To mar our days,
We'd laugh to see them pass us by;
If cunning forged a subtle lie,
We would his fiendish arts defy,
And foil our foes—my heart and I.

When beauty, blushing sweet and shy,
Would, unaware,
Pierce my warm heart with glances sly,
We'd shun the snare.
Old trout avoid the angler's fly,
And faithless hearts would vainly try
To separate my heart and I.

Now here we are, my heart and I,
While far below
We hear the murmuring nation's cry,
And reap and sow;
We've sown and reaped, my heart and I,
And only ask in peace to die.
God grant us rest, my heart and I!
—*Irish Times.*

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

ON a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I accompany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the rails I had been commanded to make.

After reading it, he touched his hat, and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as he could provide for the long ride which lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundering along behind us; and I could but look admiringly at the man who stood so unflinchingly at his post, and in whose hand lay in reality all our lives.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose keen gray eyes never stirred from his post, either to right or to left, but whose cheery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minntes, to take on coal and water. As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young woman, holding a neatly-covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years of age.

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed, in delight; and, glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me. "I have only one day a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here with my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Mary's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fill the wife's bright blue eyes as she fondly kissed her husband good-by, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. You read so many book-stories of the people who make up your world, that you have not much time to look down to mine. There are people who think such as we have no time to love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, and—you'll tell me if I tire you?

"I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my duty when at my post, but fond of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right before we had gone far on our way.

"One evening, at a dance, I met Mary Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of a coquette in those days, though no more than natural, with all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head.

"I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart. The only question was, Would she turn me adrift, or give me hers for that she had stolen? It was many a week before I got up my courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife. Every moment off duty I would spend with her, until I grew to fancy she used to wateh and wait for my coming.

"But I was not without my jealous hours, for all that. How did I know how she spent the time, I was so constantly away from her?

"At last I heard of another dance, to be given on the night I would be off duty. I could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure she would know I would come for her and would go with no one else.

"But when the evening arrived, I found, when I called for her, that she had already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys his future happiness by it.

"My first words to Mary were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away, and her face grew white.

"'I did not know you were coming, John. How could I?'

"'You might have waited, then!' I exclaimed.

"'And stayed at home, perhaps, to have had you laugh at me, with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my escort, and believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter.'

"'As you will,' I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word 'Coquette!' between my teeth, and unheeding the little pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of dissipations with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not, as before, for so-called good will and good-fellowship, but to drown memory.

"I did not go near Mary for a month. To me it seemed a year. Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears my haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentant, to ask her forgiveness, and perhaps her love.

"On a long, lonely night ride I made up my mind to do this, though like a thousand devils, memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though taunting me in contrast to her purity; but with God's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and thought the hours would never drag along until I could find myself once more in her presence. She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—and yet there was a change. Ah, I learned it, all too soon! In those first few moments I told her the story of my life for the past few months, of what it had been before I knew her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flash was in her cheeks, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her lips faltered not.

"'John,' she said, 'I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you'—here a little tremble crept into her tone—'but I have almost ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I would fear for you, and fear and love can not go hand-in-hand.'

"'Stop!' I said. 'Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? O, Mary, do not be so cruel. Be my wife, and let me prove the stuff that is in me.'

"'No, John,' she answered, softly; but the blue eyes now raised to mine were swimming in tears. 'If you have seen the wrong, surely you will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me, prove yourself a man. It does not take a battle-field to make a hero.'

"'Prove yourself a man.' These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would else have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopelessness. What hope had I, in my daily routine of duty, of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of her words, something in her eye bad told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live and to withstand the daily temptations of my life.

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to C. We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us it seemed, a tiny speck of red fluttered on the track.

"I strained my eyes—I blew my whistle. What could it be? Merciful heaven! Another instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction.

"I whistled 'down brakes,' but, as I did so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"'Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at the peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that praying for you at home.'

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind me.

"'Take the engine!' I screamed to him. 'Good-by, Mary,' I whispered low to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, mangled? No! I looked down. It was safe, held within one strong arm, its red dress fluttering in the wind, its golden head close pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I can not tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall.

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped; the passengers came crowding about us, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I—stood dazed, bewildered, in their midst, the child tight-held within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this," throwing back his coat, and showing a gold medal.

"I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount, but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mother's grateful tears.

"The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, looking at it, than to me, who had no time to stop and think, but something more was in store for me. I was off duty, the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it all over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come to me of her own sweet will—some one who, from that moment, has been the sunshine of my home and heart.

"That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I trust I have not tired you."

But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand, whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo his Mary's words:

"It does not take a battle-field to make a hero."

One More Snake Story.

Two bark-peelers, Jason Cortright and Hiram Kirby, made a singular discovery in the woods near High Knob, Pa., last Thursday, says a local paper. They had been peeling bark in Monroe County, Pa., and were returning to their home in Delaware County, N. Y. Between Monroe County, where they were working, and High Knob the country is an almost unbroken wilderness, there being few clearings, and the road is a very lonely and crooked one. They left the bark woods where they had been laboring early in the morning and nothing marred their progress for some time, when they were startled by a fierce, rattling noise like that made by a rattlesnake. Kirby, who is an old lumberman, having lived his entire life among the mountains of Delaware County, N. Y., appeared wholly indifferent, and told Cortright they would hunt the rattler and dispatch it. Stepping to one side of the road into the thick underbrush, Kirby felt something strike his bootleg. Jumping back and casting his eyes in front of him, he discovered a monster rattlesnake coiled and ready to spring. The men retreated a few steps, and picking up several missiles approached to within a few feet of the reptile, which was still basking in the sunshine, and succeeded in killing it. It measured nearly seven feet and had sixteen rattles. Kirby tied a hickory with about the reptile's neck and the two lumbermen continued on their way toward home. They had gone less than a fourth of a mile when they were again startled by a rattling noise. Believing there was a rattlesnake den not far distant, they concluded to change their course somewhat. They went to the left of the road and in the direction of the "Knob." Every step they took seemed to bring them nearer to the noise, and they halted, and being tired sat down upon an elevated piece of ground to rest. While thus seated, several rattlesnakes passed through the brush a few feet in front of them. This aroused the travelers, for they knew there was no longer any doubt that they were in close proximity to a snake den. Stepping to the edge of the knoll and looking toward the bottom, a sight the like of which they had never before seen met their gaze. Coiled upon stones and sticks were scores of rattlesnakes. Cortright, who had a bitter dislike for snakes, suggested to his companion that they retrace their steps and leave the snakes undisturbed. Kirby, however, persuaded his companion to open a warfare. They gathered a heap of stones and opened the battle. With the dropping of the first stone among the reptiles, the noise and din that went up was almost deafening. The two lumbermen continued to pour a volley of missiles into the den, until what snakes they had not killed had made their escape into the rocks and underbrush. The victors then gathered up the dead snakes. The killed numbered eighteen, measuring from three and one-half to five and one-half feet in length. Cortright and Kirby then proceeded on their way home. The above den is an old and noted one, being the one at which the late "Sam" Holms, a celebrated snake-tamer, used to capture many of the reptiles he exhibited throughout the States. Many are killed at this den every summer.

—The Court Leet is one of those practically obsolete English institutions which for strange reasons are given a certain life and serve to mystify the student of British politics. At Penryn, recently, the Court Leet was held with all formality, including the appointments to the offices of weighers of bread, weighers and stampers of leather, coal meters, constables and registers of fairs. As the laws under which these offices were created passed out of existence or into disuse generations ago, the appointment of persons to fill them is a mere farce. The Court Leet itself is a survival from a state of municipal existence that has passed away, dating from a period when the municipality by its ancient charter owed "suit and service" to the Bishop of Exeter. The Court, its High Steward, the offices it fills and the regulation it makes for the coming year, are all anachronism and absurdities that would be swept away but for one circumstance. A cattle and pleasure fair is held in the town six times in the year. The ancient charter establishing the fair authorized the registrar of fairs appointed by the annual Court Leet to collect certain dues for the benefit of the municipal treasury. Those dues are of some importance, and as they can only be legally collected by the registrar, who can be appointed in no other way than at the Court Leet, and as that Court when it assembles is by the terms of the charter compelled to go through certain formalities and appoint certain officers, the entire mediæval mummery must be gone through with in order to collect tolls upon the cattle, sheep, pigs, candy stands, and side-shows making up the bi-monthly fairs. It is a good illustration of the fossilized condition of a great part of the institutions of England.

AN oil for lubricating small articles, and one that will remain fluid in varying temperatures, is thus described by the *Journal of Industry:* Take olive oil and dissolve it in boiling alcohol, add it drop by drop to the hot alcohol, until it is no longer taken into solution. Upon cooling, it will let fall crystals, and leave a considerable portion still fluid; the fluid part is to be poured off, filtered through a piece of white blotting paper, and either used in this form, or the alcohol may be distilled off for fresh processes, and the pure lubricating oil which will remain can be obtained for oiling watches and delicate machinery. This will not oxidize or gum up, and will remain perfectly fluid even when exposed to great cold.

PROFESSOR WALDO, of Yale College, has made a mathematical table, the object of which is to economize time in division and multiplication, and he estimates that between 40 and 75 per cent. can be saved.

Close Calls—How Near a Soldier Can Come to Death.

AT the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart and was stopped there by a song-book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three-quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared.

At Pittsburgh Landing a member of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry stooped down to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in this act a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dropped to the ground in halves.

At the second battle of Bull Run as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade a bullet struck the plug and glanced off and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in line of the ball was the head of a Lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust and had to be led to the rear.

At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the nature of his injury, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in the right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth, taking part of an upper tooth along. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed.

An object, no matter how trifling, will turn a bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bull-pen" there in which about five hundred bounty-jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion a prisoner made for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a Captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him the candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected and buried itself in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent, entered one behind it, passed between two men, and brought up against a camp-kettle.

There is in Detroit to-day a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed an exploding shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet to-day he is seemingly hale and hearty and walks without a limp.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hay-Making.

THE true art of hay-making consists in curing grass just up to the point at which it will do to put into the barn and no more, in order to arrest the loss of sugar and starch at the earliest possible moment. Grass quickly cured is, other things being equal, more nutritious than grass longer exposed to shifting winds and scorching sunshine.

Some farmers consider one good hay-day sufficient in which to expose the grass before being housed, while others require two and even three days. Some prefer to let it lie on the ground just as it is left by the mower; others cure it in the windrow, and still others cure it in the cock. This difference of practice in the method of curing results chiefly from the difference existing in the curing quality of the various grasses. Timothy, for example, cures more readily than herds grass, while the coarser grasses require still longer time than herds grass. Timothy will dry sufficiently in one day, if the weather be propitious. During the early part of the season two days are usually required for properly curing heavy grass. Later, when the grass is nearly ripe, it can be cured in one day.

Clover contains more water than other grasses, consequently it requires a longer time to cure it properly. Curing is better accomplished in the cock than in the sun, for the succulent leaves and tender blossoms of clover, if exposed to the scorching heat, are quickly browned and lose their sweetness.

A plan generally adopted, and probably as good as any, is mowing the clover in the morning and letting it lie long enough to get wilted, or until a wisp taken up and twisted will show no exudation of moisture. Turn it once in order to wilt the lower side of the swaths and then throw it up in small cocks. After standing in the cocks two, three or more days, according to the weather, the curing will have been affected gradually and a valuable quantity of fodder secured. Previous to storing in the barn the cock should be turned over and exposed in this inverted position to the sun for a few hours, so that the dampness may dry from the hay which lay close to the ground.

It ought always to be borne in mind that clover as it lies scattered by the mower will be greatly injured if the dew falls upon it. Clover hay will not shed rain, and hence when stacked out in the fields should be protected either with patent covers, thatching or a thick top-covering of wheat straw.

When it is required to let meadow hay remain in the cocks for an indefinite time great care should be exercised in properly forming the cocks in view of wet weather. First of all, do not make the cocks too large, but let them be as sharp at the top as possible, with the sides nearly perpendicular, and finally provide them with cloth caps. The covers, when properly secured, defy the hardest of storms and cost a comparatively small sum in consideration of their convenience and benefit.—*N. Y. World.*

Selecting Seed Corn.

IN the selection of seed corn there are, I think, certain rules which may be safely followed by growers of all sections, whether North or South. First, the ears chosen for seed should be sound and well filled out at the tips. Then, from among ears passing this examination, those should be selected having the greatest depth or length of kernel combined with smallness of cob. These two conditions should, I think, be constantly kept in mind as having a certain relation to each other. If we select ears supplying the former conditions only, we shall find our corn growing earlier, smaller and more flinty. If we regard the latter condition only, we shall find it growing larger but later and deficient in weight. In order to obtain the maximum yield the variety, whatever it be, should employ as long a time as possible in its growth and development, reaching the stage of perfect ripeness only at the verge of frost, and in selecting according to the above rules, I think the grower in each latitude will obtain the variety best suited to his soil and climate.

As is well known, every latitude has its own peculiar variations in respect to size of stalk, and depth and hardness of kernel; but the maximum yield per acre does not materially differ in all the great corn-growing sections, showing that there must be a relation between grain, stover and space occupied, and that only a certain amount of grain can be expected from a given area, no matter what the length and size of stalk or number and size of ears. But to obtain a maximum yield in a given locality, a variety adapted to that locality by long and careful selection must be employed. The flint varieties of the North and East will not reach their greatest perfection in the South and West, and *vice versa.*

The distance for planting should be in proportion to length of stalk, length of season, and length or depth of kernel, and all efforts toward improvement may be lost by planting too closely. In regard to length of ear, there does not seem to be much to be said, as the advantages in a long ear are not very apparent, particularly as length seems to be gained at the expense of thickness and depth of kernel. Two short ears to the stalk generally yield as much as one long one, and often more. But among dent varieties it is thought desirable to eliminate as much as possible the flinty tendency and select the rougher ears, and the duller creamy shades of color. Among the flint varieties it might be advisable to select those ears showing the dent, should any be found that are well filled out, thereby encouraging the tendency toward improvement in quality for feeding purposes, since the dent in the kernel means softness and sweetness. —*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Ennui.

ONE disease of modern society is what the French call *ennui.* It afflicts those who have nothing to do, because they are rich and selfish. Their moral lassitude begets such disgust with life that their favorite expression is Hamlet's words:

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable!"

This disease, however, is not confined to any age or nation. Alexander became its victim when he could find no further use for his army. The robber barons of the Rhine were disgusted with life when civilization compelled them to live as honest men should. A similar weariness with life was found, by an Englishman, afflicting the native rulers of India. Of one of them he tells a good story, illustrative of the disease.

A native gentleman had wealth, fame, and a long descent. A robber chief expelled him from his ancestral lands, and he became a wanderer. Drifting into the British Army, he did noble service during the mutiny. The robber warrior, on the contrary, fought against the English, and was ousted from his stolen lands. They were restored to their rightful owner, who frequently visited those with whom he had served in battle, and fought their victories over again. But growing less vivacious and cheerful, he was asked the cause. "There is peace now," said an English officer to him. "Nobody can turn you out of doors again."

"Ye-es, sahib!" answered the wearied man, slowly.

"You are ten times richer than you were. Your peasantry are better fed, better clothed."

"Ye-es, sahib!"

"You have justice, security, and education."

"Oh yes, it is very true! But life isn't half so funny as it used to be!"

The poor fellow was a victim of the weariness which attends the absence of care and of the necessity for exertion. When he was in danger of being robbed and cut to pieces, life was full of surprises to him. He was forced to exert himself. He had to keep his wits alive, and his body in training.

But with peace came security, and then life became monotonous. He slept every night in the same bed; nothing disturbed his slumbers; he was not surprised to find himself alive in the morning: therefore, "life isn't half so funny as it used to be."—*Youth's Companion.*

A NUMEROUS body of admirers are about erecting a statue in terra cotta to the distinguished graduate of Oxford, John Ruskin, in the drawing school of the University. The Duke of Wellington has stated that when his letters and correspondence were fully published a good many statues would be taken down. Ruskin need fear no such casualty.

GENERAL.

LIGHTNING tore the scalp of John Mealey, of Tionesta, Pa., completely off. He was killed.

"THE fact that women have no careers" is the London *World's* reason for much social discontent.

THE London pickpockets are very ill-bred. They tickle the noses of ladies who happen to be looking in at shop-windows and then rummage their pockets.

A DOG at Hartford, Conn., has acquired the odd trick, when wanting a bone, of taking a piece of paper in his mouth and offering it to any of the market hands. He seems to regard this in the nature of a draft on the meat bench, and it is seldom dishonored.

MRS. MARY JANE ROZELLE, of Oswego, N. Y., died at the age of 105 years and seven months. She was the second wife of Peter Rozelle, whom she married seventy-one years ago, and who died in 1864, aged 110. She has borne him fifteen children, nine of whom are now living.

IN Geneva, N. Y., lightning struck a horse in the mouth and passed through his body, killing him instantly. The groom, Edward Burke, who was sitting near by, was made perfectly insane, and ran about crying, "Cateb him, catch bim."

LIEUT. CLARK is about starting on an exploration of the Big Horn country in the Northwest, which is now little known, but is thought rich in soil and mineral deposits. The expedition is made by order of Gen. Sheridan, who has visited a part of the country and considers it very promising.

A MANATEE, or sea-cow, has been received in Charleston, which was recently captured in the St. Lucia River, in Southern Florida. The captors design taking it to Cincinnati, to be disposed of to the Zoological Garden, or for exhibition. It is about eight and a half feet long and weighs eight hundred pounds.

WILLIAM BINKLEY, East Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, Pa., went to his field the other day to hoe tobacco. He hung his coat and vest on the fence. In the vest pocket were $68 in money and a draft for $500. At the other end of the field a cow was grazing. The cow meandered up to the fence and ate the pocket-book, money, draft and all.

MR. WATROUS was inclined to break his engagement to marry Miss Swayne at Galveston, but she insisted that he should keep his promise. He said that he was willing to take his chance on the toss up of a cent—head to marry and tail not to marry. Miss Swayne consented. The cent was thrown and Mr. Watrous won. The girl, however, refused to abide by that decision, and has begun a lawsuit for damages.

DON'T lose your temper when something unlucky happens to you. A Hartford man dropped a beer glass (after emptying it). It broke. Without picking up what was left he inquired the damages, settled them on the spot and gave the glass a spiteful kick. Even a beer glass will turn when trodden upon, and that glass went through a four-dollar plate-glass window. Losing your temper at four dollars a time is an expensive recreation.

JUDGE JAMES GARLAND, of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg, Va., probably is the oldest public man who still works. He is over eighty-eight years of age. He practiced law fifty-eight years, and for ten years has been Judge of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg, and for eleven years he was in public life as a member of the Legislature or Congress. He is still sitting and patiently trying cases and delivering opinions, showing great vigor of mind and considerable physical force.

AT the present time there is a gentleman in the English diplomatic service who has labored more than twenty years to attain a Secretaryship of Legation, worth just £500 a year. These years were spent in being transferred from Paris to Madrid, Madrid to Rio Janeiro, Rio to the Hague, the Hague to Teheran, Teheran to Washington, Washington to Yeddo, thence to Rome and three other European capitals in succession. During four years of the time the gentleman in question was unpaid. During four more he was receiving a salary of £150 per annum.

Getting Out a Morning Newspaper.

SAYS Mr. Charles T. Congdon in his "Reminiscences of a Journalist" in the *N. Y. Tribune:*

Of the toil which a newspaper demands, of the unceasing attention which it exacts, of the judicious care which it desires, the great public of readers takes no account. Those who come to the breakfast table, more or less bilious, expect to find in their morning sheet something like perfection, and I do not mean to say that they are not right in expecting it. But when they glance hastily over the columns, and then judicially declare there is nothing in them, they may often forget there is every thing in them of importance which has happened in the world during the past twenty-four hours—that 50, 75, 100, may be 150 men toiled all night while these snap critics were sleeping, their heads, as Carlyle says, "full of the foolishest dreams"—worked to make up this great compendium, this map, the picture of a day, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns." It might lead the dissatisfied purchaser to revise his judgment if he could stand, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, in the composing-room of a great journal and witness the intense excitement, all kept well under in well-regulated offices, which characterizes the "make-up" of the sheet which he sometimes dismisses so contemptuously. The night editor, if then in a state to speak to any body rationally, might tell him that the great point was not so much what should go in as what should be left out. For there never was a morning paper yet which was big enough for all the matter prepared for it; and there never can be. The larger the sheet the more news will come to it—for every additional column three columns of intelligence, or of matter of some sort, will demand admission. Again, the rule is that there shall be no mistakes. It is inexorable, yet thrice happy is the journal in which it is never violated. There are more mistakes than the sagacious public ever finds out. Nowhere is a newspaper so criticised as in its own office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain, and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the poet his songs,
All unbidden blown
From the misty land that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings;—and their fame
Is his, and not his;—and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices parsue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write!"

—*Henry W. Longfellow, in Atlantic Monthly.*

HER WEDDING DRESS.

"STITCH, stitch, stitch, band and gusset and seam!—But what in the world shall I do for a wedding-dress?" cried Laura, suddenly, looking up from her sewing with a face of amused trouble at the other two.

Aunt Desire raised her eyes from her needle. "Be thankful enough for your weddin', child," she said, solemnly. "I've known girls as"—but here a glance of appeal from two soft eyes opposite sent her back to her tucks with her sentence unfinished.

"Thankful for my wedding, indeed!" sarcily returned unobservant Laura. "Not I! I leave the thankfulness to Arthur altogether, Aunt Desire."

"The lightheadedness of young girls nowadays is amazin'," sighed Aunt Desire. "'Twan't so in my time. Well, well, Laury, maybe when you're settled and got a young fam'ly 'round you——"

Laura made up her ruffling into a ball, and, throwing it at Aunt Desire, beat a precipitate retreat. Margaret followed her out.

"Come to my room, dear," she said. "I want to show you something."

Upstairs in her chamber Margaret led the way to a tall old cabinet-bureau, and taking out a key from her bosom, unlocked the deep drawer. On her knees there, her lips moving, she looked, Laura thought, almost as if she were praying.

Out of the cavernous recesses of this lower drawer she took a flat, square package, wrapped in folds of yellowish paper. From this dull envelope, like a butterfly from its chrysalis, came a flutter of white that made a kind of moonlight glimmer in the warm daylight of the window, as the folds of shining, undulating silk slipped over her arm. Laura gave a little scream of admiration.

"I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely, never! Why, Cynthia Wilson's was a cotton rag to it. You never got that here?"—she checked herself, and looked doubtfully at Margaret, whose fingers were stroking it softly, with something of that reverent tenderness with which one touches a garment of the dear dead.

"No," she answered, absently, "it came from far, far away." She looked up, and met her sister's eyes, when the past yielded to the present. "You know, Laura," she said, quietly, "I was to have been married once, at just about your age, too. He was a sailor, he was drowned."

Laura clasped her hands on her sister's shoulder, and the tears came into her eyes. She wondered at Margaret's calmness. To the quick girlish heart on the eve of a marriage-day, this trouble seemed utterly impossible to be lived through.

"The last time he came home," continued Margaret, after awhile, "he brought me this. I shall never need it now, you know," she half smiled, "and you do—"

"What!" interrupted Laura, "*I* rob you of the last thing he ever gave you, your own wedding-dress, too! Why, I would rather stand up to be married in white cotton at ninepence a yard," she ended, after her own fashion finishing with a smile what she had begun with a sigh.

"You need not feel like that about it, dear," said Margaret, fondly. "It is what I have meant all along, so it will give me no pain to see you wear it. I only wish you may be as happy in it as I once hoped to be."

"I wish I might be half as good!" cried Laura, the tears in her impulsive eyes again. But they were not from a very deep spring. Before long this new-old treasure, so opportunely sent, as it seemed, from over the seas to her, had become more a part of her own life-story than of her sister's, who, she thought, could not now care so very much, of course, or she would not have parted with it. Nor were Aunt Desire's answers by-and-by calculated to set her right, for the romance in Aunt Desire's nature was hidden under a most unromantic semblance, and she could not have talked sentiment to save her life. So it was in the most matter-of-fact way that she related the story, of which Laura's thoughtless girlhood had only the vaguest outlines, of the life of patient toil that went down suddenly without a parting word to love and hope, half a dozen years before.

"Oh, poor Margaret!" cried Laura, "and just before her wedding-day, too! What did she do?"

"Do!" sniffed Aunt Desire, "why, just that, kept doin', right along. She's found work enough to her hand, as folks mostly do if they'll only take notice. Why, where'd you hev ben yourself, child, ef it hadn't ben for her bringin'-up? a peeked little crétur I never thought to be makin' her weddin'-things for! And now you're your sister right over again—on the outside, at any rate."

"Now, if you're going to be impolite, Aunt Desire," cried Laura, rising with a flushed face at the sound of a footstep outside, "I shall go and complain to Arthur."

"And of course he'll take your part, right or wrong—now," said Aunt Desire, expressing, in one comprehensive sniff, some scorn and considerable sympathy. So she went on with her felling, while the lovers walked up and down outside, till it grew too dark even for plain seams, and Margaret came down to call Laura from the fragrant dusk of the porch, where the night air was getting heavy and damp.

Margaret and Laura Brooks were orphans in straitened circumstances. They had not always been poor, for their father had been a well-to-do farmer, whose crops and cattle had brought him in a good income. But a series of misfortunes culminated in his death, when it was found that mismanagement and a loose business method had so involved the comfortable property, that so far from there being any thing laid by for a rainy day, the most of the estate had to be sold to satisfy the creditors. Margaret was thus left with the house and a little piece of land wherewith to support herself and the young sister left in her charge. Nobody but Margaret ever could have managed it, said Aunt Desire—Aunt Desire, who knew all about the little household and its ways and means, and who had, in fact, been prime minister of that sovereign whom she delighted to honor, for near half a score of years. For it was when Margaret was left a motherless girl of fourteen that Desire Mallory had entered the Brooks family, to supplement with her experience the cares and pains of its slender young housekeeper. From that time she had remained through all the years and vicissitudes that followed, more loved and trusted constantly, till she had become rather the companion than the servant, in fact just "Aunt Desire," as she was always called. When Farmer Brooks died, Aunt Desire absolutely refused to go with the other "help," so that Margaret was forced, whether or not, to form a partnership for carrying on the little place, in which Aunt Desire was the Co. And a very efficient partner she proved, as a thoroughly capable Yankee woman, who understood almost every sort of work, from the labors of the garden and dairy to the cares of the house and the mysteries of the needle. So that between them they evolved a considerable degree of comfort from very small materials, and the four or five years succeeding the death of Mr. Brooks were happy ones in spite of bereavement and struggle.

At nineteen came the great trial of Margaret's young womanhood. Her sailor lover, as brave and honest a fellow as ever sailed blue water, went down on his last voyage, ship and crew and Captain lost, and never heard of more. Nothing was left to tell the tale but some wave-beaten fragments picked up by another vessel on a far-away tropic shore, and recognized as belonging to the unfortunate Petrel. It was then, above all, when the tidings reached the little New England town where the promised wife of the wrecked sailor sat happy over her work, waiting for the ship that never would come back, that Aunt Desire proved her right to the title of friend accorded her. No one but Margaret ever would know what depths of sympathy and thoughtful tenderness lay hidden beneath that commonplace seeming, as none but Aunt Desire would ever know in what bitter need of such ministrations Margaret stood. Reserved and quiet, she went through her conscientious round of daily duties, betraying to the ordinary eye but little of the suffering which tortured her life, until months of patient struggle had lived it down. She put self aside, and taking another affection into the vacant place in her heart, devoted herself entirely to her little sister. The child was delicate and capricious, and needed a guidance no less strong than loving. Such she had found in Margaret, under whose almost maternal care she had thriven, until now at eighteen she was, as her Aunt Desire had said, the very picture of her sister at the same age. But Laura's girlhood was to have a happier fate than Margaret's, for she was soon to be married to one whom she loved, a man in every respect an excellent match for her. To prepare suitably for this marriage, which in a worldly point was above what Laura's prospects would warrant, Margaret with a natural feeling was straining her small resources to their utmost. And now, as a crowning sacrifice, she had given the girl her own wedding-dress, the robe that was to have been the sign of such happiness and hopes fulfilled, that had been, instead, the token of so many pains and disappointments and sorrows bravely borne. And Laura took it with a tear that ended in a smile, not realizing, in her yet untroubled heart, all the strong pathos of the story that lay wrapped in those shining folds.

The next day after the gift witnessed the cutting off the breaths of the wedding-dress so opportunely come to light. Aunt Desire fairly groaned as the scissors ran through the silken folds, whether for sad associations or because of the sin of cutting up such costly material was not plain. Laura's eyes sparkled, as one by one the rich lengths rustled down on the sheet spread out for the purpose. Naturally it was a great occasion to her. She would scarcely let any one else touch the dress, and vowed that she would set every stitch in it with her own hand, which she was able to do, since, thanks to her sister's careful teaching, she was an adept in the intricacies of needlework.

"Now go away, Aunt Desire," she said with laughing impatience, when the last breadth had fallen on the white glittering heap, "take yourself off, please, and leave all this finery to me. The idea that any body can't manage her own wedding-dress! Why, it comes by nature."

"That's the way girl's think n'most always," answered Aunt Desire, reprovingly. "Any thing they've set their hearts on must come by natur', they make sure, but they don't always get the desire of their hearts. And 'pears to me you're over light-minded, Laury, considerin' all things. When you remember whose weddin'-dress this was to have been, I think you ought to receive it in fear and soberness."

"And I think," rejoined Laura with a pout of vexation, "that you needn't take me up like that, just because I don't wear a long face over my own wedding dress. Margaret never meant it so, I know, and certainly she's the one to mind, if any body."

"Well, I s'pose you're right, child," said Aunt Desire, with a sigh. "We've got our different ways of viewin' things, and one of us hain't no call to judge another. Only there's a time for all things, as the scriptur' says, and I don't want you to forget other folks's mournin' in your own rejoicin'."

"Well, I don't mean to," answered Laura. "Of course I know as well as you do that it was lovely of Margaret to give me her own wedding-dress. It is just like Margaret. But it isn't like her to want me to spoil her beautiful gift by crying my eyes out over it, so I shall show my gratitude by making it look just as nice as ever I can. So now go away, Aunt Desire, and make that visit to old Mrs. Wilkins you've been talking about all day. Margaret has the jelly ready, I know, for I tasted of it an hour ago on the pantry shelf."

"Well, well, I don't know as I can do any better," assented Aunt Desire, and with a parting caution to Laura concerning the wedding-dress, she went off on her visit of charity to a sick neighbor.

Left alone, Laura began matching the breadths and running them together. But presently a step was heard in the porch, and Arthur Dayton came in. Laura gave a little scream at sight of him, but he advanced nevertheless, full of embarrassing curiosity about "all those miles of white silk." Then he very improperly wanted to hold the scissors and thread the needle, till finally Laura, to get rid of what she called his "impertinent questions," sent him back again with a book to the porch. After which she settled to the work in hand.

It was a warm, languid afternoon, still with a silence made up of those many little summer sounds with which earth and air are instinct, and which seem to blend into the drowsiest stillness of all. The flutter of a bird among the leaves, the buzz of a bee in a blossom, the drone of a locust in the grass, came in an irregular mingled murmur to her ear. Through it all she could hear the rustle of Arthur's book as he turned a leaf, and more distantly, the tinkle of notes from the room where Margaret was running through some melody on the old piano. Laura listened with a sort of under-accompaniment of thought of her own, as the sounds stole in and out—

For thee I pine and sigh, Alleen Aroon.

"How can people live and wait on so, I wonder?—Dear me, how quickly Arthur has read that last page? There, that is a humming-bird in the honeysuckle, h-m-m-m!"——The buzz prolonged itself, and seemed to come from the needle in her hand, which grew into a long, slender bill darting in and out of the silken folds, her head bent lower, the hum crept up into her brain—and Laura was asleep.

Not for the space of forty winks, however, for when she woke with a start *Aileen Aroon* was still on the air, and outside was the rustle of Arthur's book. Arthur? ——But who then was this that held her close, his breath on her cheek, his voice in her ear? Not Arthur, surely, for at the scream Laura gave, Arthur came with one bound in through the porch window. Another step brought him to the intruder, but the latter, a tall, powerful man, caught and held him in a vise-like grasp, though without offering him any injury.

"Come, sheer off, messmate," he said with a frank smile, "when a man comes to see his sweetheart after six years out of a Christian country, you needn't jump at him like a tiger out of a jungle."

"But we will look for your sweetheart presently," answered Arthur, humoring what he supposed the man's crazy fancy. "This is *my* sweetheart, you know."

"*Your* sweetheart!" repeated the intruder, dropping his hold and facing around. "What, my own girl false to me after all these years? Didn't I find her making her wedding-dress, that I brought her home so long ago? Ah, my lass, we little thought, when we kissed good-by, that it was for so long! And did a dream tell you I was coming, after all, Margaret?"

"Margaret!" cried Laura, with a little scream, as he caught her hand again—"Why, Arthur, it is—He says Margaret!"

"What is it, Laura? Did you call me?" said Margaret, opening the door upon her name. "Arthur, is any thing the matter?" she continued, seeing the third figure, and the signs of excitement upon all.

The stranger turned around and faced her fully. She gave one start, then stood, dead-white, but without a word, looking at him. So they staid for what, to the two watching them, seemed a long time motionless and speechless, gazing straight into one another's eyes. Then the newcomer, with one glance around at Laura, said, "I don't know who you are, but this is my Margaret," and, putting his hand on her arm, led her through the door into the next room, leaving Laura and Arthur with the closed door between.

"Oh, Arthur," gasped Laura, "isn't it just like a novel? to come back after all these years!"

"But what is it all about?" asked Arthur, a little impatient of the mystery.

"Oh, don't you know? why, it is Margaret's sailor-lover, that was drowned," answered Laura, simply. Arthur laughed.

"Don't talk nonsense, child," he said, with fond superiority. "Is it a common thing in your experience for drowned men to come back again?"

"No, and that's what makes the wonder of it," replied Laura. Arthur laughed again, and raised his eyebrows.

"I did not know that Margaret had a story," he said presently. "She is so quiet, so—so altogether unsensational, that I never should have thought of romance and her together. She is too nice for the regulation novel heroine," he concluded, with a smile.

"She is the dearest and best girl in the world!" said Laura, warmly. "When she—she was so kind to me, yesterday," she went on with a blush and a falter, "she wished I might be as happy as she had hoped to be, and I told her I wished I might be half as good. And I do, Arthur, and I mean to try," she concluded, clasping her hands on his arm, and looking earnestly up in his face.

"It was not a bad wish, my darling," answered Arthur, stooping and kissing her. "Margaret is one of those women who know how to make homes and keep men in them. I am sure I shall be better all my life for having known her."

This was much for Arthur Dayton to say, for he was not given to warm praise, nor, indeed, to enthusiasm of any kind. But it was true that he had strongly felt the influence of Margaret's character, the firm yet gentle nature, the lovely, self-sacrificing disposition, the sweet and cheerful piety that made the house in which Margaret dwelt the abode of peace and happiness. That Laura might grow in these respects as like her sister as she already was in person had been Arthur's steady hope, for he believed them to be the surest foundation of home in the best sense of the word.

While they stood together thus, the door from the outer passage was opened, and Aunt Desire came in, just returned from the sick neighbor.

"Oh, Aunt Desire," Laura exclaimed, "such a thing has happened—you never would guess? Margaret's sailor has come back!"

"Land alive, child!" cried Aunt Desire, dropping into a chair. "Harry Payson? why, he was drowned six years ago!"

"Yes, I know," assented Laura, "but he has just come back, and—"

"Has the child seen a ghost?" half whispered Aunt Desire to herself.

"A ghost!" laughed Laura. "Why, Arthur saw him as well as I. A pretty substantial ghost! He rushed in here, and declared I was his sweetheart. I got such a fright, I thought he was crazy."

"He took you for your sister," said Aunt Desire, nodding her head. "And there you were sewing on your wedding-dress, the very same he—"

"Hush, do, Aunt Desire!" said Laura quickly, getting very red in the face, as she glanced at Arthur, whose eyes were beginning to open, and his mouth to form into a whistle, as he regarded the white heap on the floor. "Arthur, if you won't behave properly I shall leave the room now I declare," she pouted.

"Well, the ways of Providence are wonderful, and past findin' out," ejaculated Aunt Desire, as she rose from her chair, adding, "but I'm sure I don't know anybody that deserves such a miracle more than Margaret does." She stooped to pick up the white folds still lying on the sheet where they had fallen. "I s'pose I might as well take all this finery upstairs, whose ever it is," she said, and gathering the silk over her arm went out of the room, sighing under her breath, "The ways of Providence are wonderful!"

Arthur burst out laughing. "I never saw any thing like you New-England people," he said. Drowned men might be coming back every day, and you would not forget the washing and baking. I believe the genuine New-Englander takes the marvelous as the rule of life."

Laura, her humor still somewhat discomposed, was about to make some pettish rejoinder, when the door of the inner room opened, and Margaret and her sailor entered. But Margaret's face was as Laura had never yet seen it in all her life, and she just stood and gazed at her without a word.

"This is my little sister Laura, isn't it?" said Margaret's companion, advancing and taking her hand. "I suppose I may kiss you now without frightening you—if this gentleman doesn't object," he concluded with a sailor's half-shy boldness, turning toward Arthur, who smiled permission. "I shouldn't have come in, I know, in such a rude way as I did, but a man that's spent half-a-dozen years slaving among the savages loses his manners," he continued with a laugh. "And when I saw you sitting there so like the girl I left all those years ago, I seemed to forget everything else, somehow." He passed his hand over his eyes, then turned around and smiled a frank smile at Laura.

"I've come just in time to make my wedding-present, it seems," he said with a sparkle of his black eyes, "and I'll give you—with your consent, sir—the finest dress that ever a pretty girl stood up to be married in. But that one you were sewing on when I came in—why, you won't take it wrong, I know, if I say that Margaret, and nobody else, must wear that for a wedding dress. It's waited half-a-dozen years, like her and me, and we three won't part company in the end."

"How lucky that we are near the same height, Margaret!" said Laura, glad of some commonplace remark with which to approach this now, strange Margaret, whom she seemed to behold for the first time to-day.

Margaret smiled, and putting her arm around her, kissed her for answer.

"I don't quite know," said Arthur, holding out his hand to the other with a laugh, "where to begin to congratulate a man who has had hardships and adventures so completely out of my line, but I wish you happiness with all my heart."

"The same to you," was the answer. "And I think it's a pretty safe wish for both of us, considering all things," he added, looking around at the two girls, who stood leaning fondly together.

Meanwhile, up-stairs, Aunt Desire, who did not need that a joy should be personal, to be able to sympathize in it, was putting away the wedding-dress, smoothing down its folds with soft touches, while she murmured reverentially—

"The ways of Providence are mysterious, and past findin' out!"—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

AN almost perfect house has been lately disentombed at Pompeii. It is the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered. There are two atria and a very spacious peristyle, in the middle of which there is an ornamental fountain. There is also a complete bath, which must assist in clearing up some of the doubtful points concerning the arrangement of Roman baths. The paintings in the interior of the house were executed with considerable taste, and they are in good preservation. Those on the first floor, representing for the most part marine animals, are especially interesting. The frescoes also, which are contained in the wings of the building, are excellent representations of scenes from animal life.

A STRANGE blight has affected the oat crop in portions of Addison County, Vt., the ends of the growing grain for several inches looking as if killed by frost, while corn growing near by shows no evidence of frost.

Religious.

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart made bitter cry;
"I can do nothing! nothing!
So weak, alas! am I."

At eve a fainting traveler
Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The traveler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried, "Oh! Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master, softly,
"Well pleased with this am I;
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Then mayst not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—	The Creation	Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-8.
July 11—	The Fall and the Promise	Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—	Cain and Abel	Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—	The Covenant with Noah	Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—	The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10	
Aug. 8—	Abram and Lot	Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—	Abram and Melchizedek	Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—	The Covenant with Abram	Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—	Abraham's Intercession	Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—	Lot's Escape from Sodom	Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—	Trial of Abraham's Faith	Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—	Review of the Lessons.	
Sept. 25—	Lesson selected by the School.	

Worshiping the Golden Calf.

I WISH to show the suitability of my subject to this present time. I am sure it is not out of season. "Who is on the Lord's side!" let him come to Christ, and consecrate himself this day to Him. For first, the worship of the golden calf is pretty general now. Men are esteemed according to the amount of money they possess; indeed, we say a man is "worth so much." Though that man may not be worth a pair of old shoes, yet if he has a big house, a fair estate and a huge capital, he is said to be worth so much. Poor little creature! In many cases his worth might be written on his thumb nail. It is not the man that has worth; his house, his lands and his gold have the worth, but not the man. There is far too much bowing down and cringing before the golden calf in all classes of society. No end of dodges are tried to get a scraping of the creature's hoofs. Brother, you must sooner endure poverty than do a wrong thing for the sake of riches; and you must learn to value men for what the are, not for what they have. It needs not Christianity to tell you that some of the worthiest, noblest and most kingly earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; when you meet them love and honor them. On the other hand, you must know that some of the vilest of men have at times climbed to high places of wealth and power. Do not cringe to any man, but least of all bow to a mere money bag. Value men by their characters, and not by their positions. God grant that none of us ever may be found worshiping the golden calf. Yet to get into society the meanest things are done. I do not know what sort of a thing society may be, but I have heard that it is a very wonderful achievement to get into society; to have the privilege of enjoying the empty ceremonies and hollow shams of stupid splendor! To have the privilege of talking to those persons who spend more on their dress than on their religion. From what little I do know of this wonderful thing called society I have felt no ambition to partake in its felicities; and yet to get into this society I have seen men fling away their principles, forsake their friends, stifle their consciences, abandon their church fellowships and become traitors to their God. Forsooth they are successful in business, and hope to rank among the country families, and so they leave those who love them to entertain at lavish cost those who sneer at them. The Lord save those of you who are prosperous from being thus degraded. —*Spurgeon.*

Inward Strength.

MOST people number within the circle of their acquaintance, or have at some time been privileged to know, some person upon whom the woes and sins of this world seem to leave no stain. In sickness or in health, in misfortune or in joy, in temptation or in peacefulness, this person goes on his quiet way, doing good to all who come within his path, spending his quiet but unfailing strength in helpful works, and seemingly undisturbed by a tithe of the trials and temptations which fall into the way of other men and women. When we see such a person—strong and self-contained, and yet of a humble mind, of the truest spiritual nature, and utterly free from canting pride or hollow hypocrisy—we are inclined to say that he has been blessed more than the great majority of men, by the possession of a calm and deep spiritual nature, whose cool recesses are far removed from such petty annoyances and unendurable temptations and trials as follow us. He seems, in fact, *fitted* to do and to endure.

But could we know the real spiritual and moral life of this seemingly exceptional person, we should be sure to find that his nature was like ours, that his battles of soul were fierce and long, and that success came to him only after the bravest struggles and the sincerest prayer. Natural disposition may help a man to be easy-going and indifferent, but it can never help him to be really noble of soul. That strength of character which we recognize and revere, and which some foolishly assign to luck, or circumstance, or inherited disposition, is the mere outward showing of inward victory, that has come by the exertion of human strength, aided by the constantly-besought Divine assistance upon which every strong soul must rely. He who goes through the world more purely and nobly than other men does so because he wills to do so, and asks God to strengthen his constant effort. "How much mud and mire," says Hawthorne, "how many pools of unclean water, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world. Physically we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles and other discomforts of the soul's pathway." Those whose hearts and minds *are* above moral mud-puddles do not escape the contamination which befouls the feet of others by reason of any special permission to walk on a different plane, but because they have resolutely determined that it is better to hold themselves beyond and above the filth and the quicksands of life, no matter how constant be the effort and how hard the struggle.

When we note the life of a serene and trustful Christian man or woman, the poorest of all the occupations in which we may engage is to hunt for some merely external *excuse* for that life, in the line of natural disposition, or of favoring circumstance, or of accidental characteristic. The proper thing for us to do is to search, with all diligence, for the true and inner source of the excellence of such a life—for the hidden spring of its purity and truth, and the ways and means by which it is made strong and beautiful. Of one thing we may be sure, that every life that really deserves the names of manly and Christian has not earned them by any accident or series of accidents, but only by the exercise of all that is best in it, and by mending contests with foes without and within. Whatever safeguards may be thrown around innocence and purity of soul, whatever may be the varying circumstances of different lives, we ought never to forget that sin can steal into the heart immured and guarded as by convent walls; and that, on the other hand, the strength of resolute purpose can defend the spirit which is compelled to pass through blood and fire. Just as we cannot make ourselves great poets by imitating Shakespeare's collar or Dante's hood, so we cannot increase our strength of soul by noting, however carefully, the outward demeanor of this true man, or the forms of speech used by that noble woman. Their example will be worse than useless to us so long as we search for outward and accidental marks of the nobility which makes their lives notable. We can only profit by their excellence when, having discovered that they are just such men and women as we are, we begin to put into our own lives the unquenchable spirit and the undying effort by which theirs have been upbuilt.—*S. S. Times.*

A Hard Way.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard." Blot it out, if you can. Close up that book and you will see the evidence of that fact all around you. There is not a day passes but you can read in the pages of the daily papers, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

You go to the Tombs in New York City, and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court where the men are tried, right into the cell. I think the New York officials have not been noted for their piety in your time and mine, but they had put up there in iron letters on that bridge, "The way of the transgressor is hard." They know that is true. Blot it out, if you can. God Almighty said it. It is true. "The way of the transgressor is hard." On the other side of that bridge they put these words: "A Bridge of Sighs." I said to one of the officers, "What did they put that up there for?" He said that most of the young men (for most of the criminals are young men—"The wicked don't live out their days"—put that in with it)—he said most of the young men as they passed over that iron bridge went over it weeping. So they called it the Bridge of Sighs. "What made you put that other there: 'The way of the transgressor is hard?'" "Well," he said, "it is hard. I think, if you had anything to do with this prison, you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"—*D. L. Moody.*

Gems of Thought.

GOD hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

HEAVEN will pay for any loss we may suffer to gain it; but nothing can pay for the loss of Heaven.—*R. Baxter.*

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe.*

IT is interesting to notice how largely the Bible influences the literature of the day. Its phrases are so telling that they pass current everywhere. The most secular of newspapers are liberally sprinkled with them.

THE wealth of Heaven never perishes, never departs, never ceases, never brings with it care or envy or blame, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul, is without ill-will, heaps not up malice—all which things attend on earthly wealth. That honor lifts not men into folly, doth not make them puffed up, never ceases nor is dimmed. Again, the rest and delight of Heaven endureth continually; ever being immovable and immortal, one cannot find its end or limit. Nothing which comes to an end is much to be desired; whatever ceases, and to-day is and to-morrow is not, though it be very great, yet it seems little and contemptible. Then let us not cling to fleeting things which slip away and depart, but to those which are enduring and immovable.—*S. Chrysostom.*

AH SAM, the Mongolian cracksman, sent to the Nevada County Jail for fifteen days because he attempted to steal some goods from Naffziger's market one night by means of a hooked wire which he shoved between the bars of the gate, has been discharged from custody, his term having expired. As he left the bastile he shook hands with the jailer and under sheriff and told them they were very good men. "I suppose you will come back and see us some time, wont you?" asked Mr. Carter. Ah Sam made a painful effort to wink and remarked wisely: "Oh, no. Me welly good Chinaman now. Wicked part allee gone; allee cheatum, swearum, stealum, lieum, stay in jail; only good part he come out."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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" six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880.

Talk about Gen. Hancock being elected President! Why, the same shout was made about Gen. McClellan, a stronger man, and you know the result.

The bones of the 60,000 murdered men of Andersonville mutely protest against the exaltation of the South which murdered them, that will come through the success of the party that has placed Hancock in nomination.

A one armed soldier in the city of New York being asked if he would support Hancock, said: "There has been two Generals nominated, one is backed by the solid South, the other by the loyal North. I will support the latter.

The party that declared the war for the Union a failure and demanded that it should stop, now throws up its cap for one of the Union generals who helped to fight that war to a successful conclusion! How is that for consistency?

The *World* has discovered that Gen. Hancock should not resign from the army because it would look too much like "indelicate confidence in his election," and, therefore, is not to be thought of. This is as much as saying that while the organs are bragging about his certain success in November, he is to be allowed to cherish a private skepticism about it.

Hancock was educated at the public expense among the young aristocratic bloods at West Point. Garfield ate the bread of poverty, and labored for his education by working at the trade of carpenter, and driving mules on the tow path of the canal, assisted in addition by the scanty savings of his widowed mother. His low beginning, and triumphant advance, more nearly resemble the martyred Lincoln than any other prominent man.

The nomination of Hancock is merely a bid for the soldier vote. A few years ago the Democratic party and press denounced Hancock as a "Lincoln hireling," "Yankee Murder," &c. Now, as a "dodge," they nominate him, thinking that they can command the votes of the Union soldiers, the men whom they abused and vallfied during the war. It is too late in the day for this sudden expression of love by a party that opposed the success of the Union arms during the late rebellion.

Error is a hard plant,—*Tupper*. Verily. And nowhere is it thoroughly exemplified than in the Democratic party. It has landed the old thing upon breaker after breaker, until it has now no substantial toothold upon any part of the Republic save that which for generations was cursed by human slavery. In all the Northern States it has but three Governors—in New Jersey, Indiana and Oregon; and on the next deal they will be compelled to step down and out, and their places filled by Republicans. The way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

The New York *Sun* argues that the Republican party has been in power too long. It says that "the Republican party, than which in its inception and early history, there never was a more patriotic party, has passed into the control of men who seek to preserve it for ends very different from those for which it was founded, and far less worthy." There is, of course, such a thing as popular weariness of the continuance of one party in power, no matter how well and ably it may manage the public affairs; for the party in opposition has the opportunity of holding out magnificent inducements to the hopes of the people, the value of which can only be tested by putting them in office. But the peculiarity of the political situation now is that the Democratic party holds out nothing to public expectations except that which excites dismay and anxiety. As to what would be its course in regard to the tariff and finances there is doubt and nervousness, even among its leaders. Its position simply is that the Republican party has from the first been engaged in a wicked and unholy way upon the principles of State rights, and that through the persistent exhortations of the Democratic party the nation is at last being awakened to a sense of guilt and a desire to repent, and so it nominates a gallant general, now settled down to corpulent ease, and entirely inexperienced in legislation and politics, on the strength of his record in opposition to the reconstruction policy of the Republican party. It is true that that policy was approved by the nation: but, as Senator Beck says: "We propose to reverse that record." What the Democratic party holds out to the nation as the inducement it has to offer in this campaign is an opportunity for confessing past errors.

An English Estimate of Garfield.

[From the London News.]

A good many defects in the American Constitution are balanced by the opening which it affords for the unaided influence of sagacity and endurance. Such men as Abraham Lincoln undoubtedly was, and as James Garfield appears to be, make up for a good many constitutional flaws and a good many theoretic improprieties. Those are the men of whom Thucydides said that they and not walls made a state. They are not wanting in culture, as Lincoln showed by his celebrated funeral oration after the manner of Pericles; but they have more valuable qualities than culture can give. That the most cultivated men are not the most capable politicians is practically, if not technically, a truism. Mr. Garfield's career has been open to the inspection of his countrymen, and they probably know the worst as well as the best of him. His own state of Ohio first discovered his merits, and now they have been ascertained and appreciated by the general body of his party. Englishmen will be especially interested in knowing that the probable successor to Mr. Hayes is not affected with the absurd financial heresies to which many Republicans are prone He has always been a "hard-money man."

Senator Hoar summed up the situation capitally in the paragraph in his speech at the Faneuil Hall ratification meeting on Wednesday evening; "James A. Garfield is a representative of the Republican party. He represents its opinions, he represents its history, he represent its aspirations. What shall we say of his competitor? I would say nothing personal of General Hancock, but General Hancock is not the representative, he is the mask of the Democratic party. The one thing that you know of General Hancock is that he was a brave soldier in a war which the Democratic party pronounced a failure. In 1861, when one of the things he has done and well done had been accomplished, the men who have now put him in nomination pronounced that they were badly done and a failure. I think I have heard that when the rebel pickets were in an exposed position and the fire grew very hot, they used to think they could stop it by sticking up the uniform of a Union soldier, and this seems to be the Democratic plan for the coming campaign."

The Richmond *Dispatch*, Democrat, in commenting on the action of the Virginia readjusters' convention, says: "Gen. Mahone has chosen to put into the field a second ticket of so-called Hancock electors, and has thus provided in advance, so far as he had the power to do so, that the Hancock vote of Virginia shall in November next be so divided as that the Garfield electors will be chosen.

The Richmond *Commonwealth*, Democrat, says: "The only possible effect of putting a third ticket in the field will be to take off such a number of the Democratic voters from the regular Democratic ticket as to make the Republican electoral ticket receive a plurality.

The Democratic journals in the North are beginning to be alarmed at the political outlook in Virginia, and are calling loudly for a fusion of the Funders' and Readjusters' electoral tickets, so as to secure the solid electoral vote of the State for Hancock and English. None of them can tell, however, how such a result is to be effected; for, if anything is true of the relation of the two parties toward each other at the present moment, it is that they hate each other with a more uncompromising hatred than either feels toward the Republicans. The Staunton *Indicator*, in the kindness of its heart, proposes that the leaders of the rival parties submit their difficulties to the National Democratic Committee for arbitration; but to do this it will be necessary first to obtain the consent of the leaders themselves, and this, we venture to predict, will never be accorded. The Readjusters care much more for the preservation of their ascendancy in State affairs than the triumph of the Democratic party in national affairs, has provoked much comment both in the Southern and Northern papers; and the Richmond *Dispatch*, one of the ablest organs of the Funders' party, on the strength of this definition of the Readjusters' position, holds them up to scorn as "beautiful" specimens of Hancock men. If any one imagines, however, that the Funders, in the sense that they prefer the success of the Democratic party in the Presidential struggle to the triumph of their own electoral ticket, are more patriotic than the Readjusters, the most casual reading of the Funder journals will convince him of his error. Thus, the Richmond *Commonwealth*, a pronounced Funder organ, in its issue of Monday says: "We will see the State go for Garfield before we will vote for any of the spawn of the Mougrel convention." When such a spirit of unrelenting hate animates both Funders and Readjusters, what basis can be found for a fusion of the ticket? None whatever; and Republicans may at once dismiss all apprehensions that any coalition between the Funders and Readjusters will rob them of their present excellent prospect of carrying the State for Garfield and Arthur. To insure that result it is only necessary to inaugurate a vigorous and thorough campaign, and to this task the National Republican Committee should address itself as speedily as possible.

The Gag for Hancock.

That at the commencement of a great political campaign a nominee for the Presidency, even before writing his letter of acceptance, should be curtly told by perhaps the most powerful and certainly the ablest organ of his party to keep his mouth shut and throw away his pen, is phenomenal. Yet such is precisely the advise offered—we might almost say, the order issued—by Mr. Dana to General Hancock in the New York *Sun* of Saturday, and it is only the most positive symptoms so far evident of the intentions of the Democratic managers who have Hancock in charge to take care that his tongue is bridled throughout the canvass, and that his writings on political topics are to be submitted to a committee of revision, with full powers of emendation and correction, before the public is permitted to be instructed by their valuable teachings. We do not question the wisdom of thus holding the candidate in leading strings. On the contrary we consider it a master stroke of strategy. Ignorant as the soldier is of the principles of statesmanship and government, with no clearly defined ideas on the topics of finance, revenue, trade and commerce that form bones of contention between the parties, singularly unfortunate results to the Democracy might follow if he were allowed to blurt out his crude and undigested notions on any or all of these issues. Unless his characteristically overbearing temper, heightened by many years of military command, asserts a predominance over his cooler judgment, he must recognize the propriety of submitting himself to the tutelage of such men as Tilden and Dana and Wallace. But what is of more concern to the country is the question, what sort of an administration could be expected from a President who, even as a candidate, must consent to be clay in the hands of the potters? If now he can't be trusted to write or speak for himself, when only the success of a political party is at stake, what is to be looked for when the control of the nation is placed in his hands? No argument that has been advanced by Republicans against the fitness of Hancock for the executive office is no telling as the New York *Sun's* blunt admonition to him that he is a mere figurehead, or puppet, whose wires are to be pulled and whose voice is to be supplied by ventriloquists behind the scenes. And if this same puppet is to be lifted into the Presidential chair the farce must necessarily continue on that broader stage. Hancock may do the pomp and parade, and draw the salary of the position, but all his political movements would be virtually those of the Democratic Bourbons whom the country has again and again rejected. Can any one imagine Gen. Garfield being told that for the good of his party it is necessary to muzzle him?—*Balto. American.*

The Democratic Graveyard.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by General Garfield, August 4th, 1876, in the National House of Representatives:

Mr. Chairman, it is now to inquire as to the fitness of this Democratic party to take control of our great nation and its vast important interest for the next four years. I put the question to the gentleman from Mississippi, Mr. Lamar, what has the Democratic party done to merit that great trust? He tried to show in what respect it would not be dangerous. I ask him to show in what it would be safe. I affirm, and I believe I do not misrepresent the great Democratic party, that in the last sixteen years it has not advanced one great National idea that is not to-day exploded as dead as Julius Cæsar. And if any Democrat here will rise and name a great National doctrine his party has advanced within that time that is now alive and believed in, I will yield to him. [Applause.] In default of an answer I will attempt to prove my negative.

What were the great central doctrines of the Democratic party in the Presidential struggle of 1860? The followers of Breckenridge said slavery had a right to go wherever the Constitution goes. Do you believe that to-day? And is there a man on this continent that holds that doctrine to-day? Not one. The doctrine is dead and buried. The other wing of the Democracy held that slavery might be established in the Territories if the people wanted it. Does anybody hold that doctrine to-day? Dead, absolutely dead!

Come down to 1861. Your party, under the lead of Tilden and Vallandigham, declared the experiment of war to save the Union was a failure. Do you believe that doctrine to-day? That doctrine was shot to death by the guns of Farragut at Mobile, and driven in a tempest of fire from the valley of the Shenandoah by Sheridan less than a month after its birth at Chicago.

Come down to 1868. You declared the constitutional amendments revolutionary and void. Does any man on this floor to-day? If so, let him rise and declare it.

Do you believe in the doctrine of the Brodhead letter of 1868, that the so-called constitutional amendments should be disregarded? No; the gentleman from Mississippi accepts the results of the war! The Democratic doctrine of 1868 is dead!

I walk across that Democratic campaign ground as in a graveyard. Under my feet resounds the hollow echoes of the dead. There lies slavery, a black marble column at the head of its grave, on which I read: "Died in the flames of the civil war; loved in its life; lamented in its death; followed to its bier by its only mourner, the Democratic party, but dead!" And here is a double grave: "Sacred to the memory of squatter sovereignty. Died in the campaign of 1860." On the reverse side: "Sacred to the memory of squatter sovereignty. Died in the campaign of 1860." On the reverse side: Sacred to the memory of Dred Scott and the Breckinride doctrine. Both dead at the hands of Abraham Lincoln!" And here a monument of brimstone: "Sacred to the memory of the rebellion: The war against it is a failure. *Tilden et Vallandighum fecerunt*, A. D. 1861. Dead on the field of battle; shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. The doctrine of secession, of State sovereignty, dead." Expired in the flames of civil war, amidst the blazing rafters of the Confederacy, except that the modern Æneas, fleeing out of the flames of that ruin, bears on his back another Anchises of State sovereignty, and brings it here in the person of the honorable gentleman from the Appomattox district of Virginia (Mr. Tucker.) [Laughter.] All else is dead.

Now, gentleman, are you sad, are you sorry for these deaths? Are you glad that secession is dead? that slavery is dead? that squatter sovereignty is dead? that the doctrine of the failure of the war is dead? Then you are glad that you were outvoted in 1860, in 1864, in 1868 and in 1872. If you have tears to shed over these losses, shed them in the graveyard, but not in this house of living men. I know that many a Southern man rejoices that these issues are dead. The gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar) has clothed his joy with eloquence.

Now, gentleman, if you yourselves are glad that you have suffered defeat during the last sixteen years, will you not be equally glad when you suffer defeat next November? [Laughter.] But pardon that remark; I regret it; I should use no bravado.

Now, gentlemen, come with me for a moment into the camp of the Republican party, and review its career. Our central doctrine in 1860 was that slavery should never extend itself over another foot of American soil. Is that doctrine dead? It is folded away like a victorious banner; its truth is alive forevermore on this continent. In 1864 we declared we would put down rebellion and secession. And that doctrine lives, and will live when the second centennial has arrived. Freedom, national, universal and perpetual—our great constitutional amendments, are they alive or dead? Alive, thank the God that shields both Liberty and the Union. And our National credit? saved from the assaults of Pendleton; saved from the assaults of those who struck it later, rising higher and higher, at home and abroad; and only now in doubt lest its chief, its only enemy, the Democracy, should triumph in November.

Mr. Chairman, ought the Republican party to surrender its truncheon of command to the Democracy? The gentleman from Mississippi says if this were England the Ministry would go out in twenty-four hours with such a state of things as we have here. Ah, yes! that is an ordinary case of change of administration. But if this were England, what she would have done at the end of the war? England made one mistake such as the gentleman asks this country to make when she threw away the achievements of the grandest man that ever trod her highway of power. Oliver Cromwell had overthrown the throne of despotic power, and had lifted his country to a place of masterful greatness among the nations of the earth; and when, after his death, his great scepter was transferred to a weak though not unlenial hand, his country, in a moment of reactionary blindness, brought back the Stuarts. England did not recover from this folly until, in 1689, the Prince of Orange drove from her island the last of that weak and wicked line. Did she afterward repeat the blunder?

The outlook in Indiana is not at all satisfactory to the Democrats. They have had trouble enough to carry the State for several years past when the party was united and the current in their favor. Now, however, the drift of public opinion is against them, and there serious differences in their own ranks. *The New Albany Ledger-Standard*, one of the most influential organs the party has in the State, refuses to put the Democratic State ticket at the head of its columns, or give it any support. It bluntly tells its readers that if any of them choose to vote for Landers they can do so. Other organs of the party can hardly conceal their disgust at the nomination of English for Vice-President. His hard money record injures him with some, and his personal unpopularity with others. The *Indianapolis Sentinel* is said to feel particularly sore over his nomination and mentions his name as rarely as possible. Viewing the situation in an unprejudiced light, there seems to be very good grounds for the sanguine hopes of the Republicans.

Gov. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, shares the prevalent belief that Hancock's strength is waning. He does not believe that the Democratic party is one bit stronger to-day than it has been for fifteen years. "I don't believe," he assures a reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*, "that Hancock will poll any appreciable number of Republican votes, citizens' or soldiers'. The Democratic party weakens Hancock to a greater extent than he strengthens it. The combination can't win because the people will discover that the mixture of candidate and principle is incongruous. Over and above partisan politics there is a steady and true conviction that our present prosperity is the natural fruit of the policy of the Republican party. Garfield and Arthur will be elected."

As for Pennsylvania, the Governor says Hancock has not the slightest chance to carry it.

On the Wing.

ANTHONY HOUSE,
834 BROADWAY N. Y.
July 8th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—A small account of our trip might not be uninteresting, and so will give a hasty sketch. Our journey has been entirely without incident, we meeting with no adventures or difficulties. We remained at Everett, Pa., a pleasant little village of 1,200 inhabitants, over night, and in the morning took what is called the Huntington and Broadtop railroad for Philadelphia. It is a curious fact that from Cumberland to New York, following the route we took, there are no tunnels. There are plenty of bridges—good long ones, too—but no tunnels. We arrived at Philadelphia at 6:45 p. m. Wednesday, and took a stroll around the streets, but were too tired to do much, but in the morning, after a good nights rest—which, by the way, was not as refreshing as at Oakland, on account of the heat—we started in earnest, and soon came to a standstill at Wanamaker's Grand Depot. It would be a man of prudence that would keep his wife away from Wanamaker's, unless he has a large bank account, for it is almost impossible to go in without buying. Some idea of it may be formed of its size, as it covers an entire square, and employs 1,400 people, male and female. You can buy anything at this place that you desire. They have a lunch room fixed up where people from the country can eat their meals, or where any one can get a good square meal for a consideration.

Leaving Philadelphia at 4 p. m., you reach New York by 7 o'clock and cross from Jersey city to New York. We passed through Menlo Park, N. J., where the famous Thos. A. Edison lives. Some of the lamps with which he tried his last experiment, were still standing, "but gone out." The train did not stop. We crossed the Hudson to New York by ferry boat and passed in sight of Governor's Island, the head quarters of the would-be President.

In the evening we went to Printing House Square, to see the morning papers, but were not successful in getting into the *Tribune* building, but upon going to the *Sun* building the next day had no difficulty, and were shown up into the composing room, where 30 men were busy setting type, while many others were busily engaged in writing and arranging matters. The editor, Dana, never goes to the office at night, so we did not get to see him. We were then shown through the stereotype department. It is astonishing how quickly the cast is made. The *Sun* runs seven Bullock presses. It was too late to stay to see the printing part, as they did not begin until near 2 o'clock.

To-morrow we go to West Point and Saturday to Ocean Grove. The weather is exceedingly hot here, with no prospect of rain.

AL.

ON THE BEACH.
OCEAN GROVE, N. J.,
July 12, 1880.

Since my last we have arrived at the end of our journey, and, though we have not been here long, yet can give a slight description of the place.

I would state before though, that we had the pleasure of a trip to West Point. The intention was to go up on the boat, but through being directed to the wrong prier we missed it, and had to take the train, but by this circumstance we were enabled to see St. Patrick's Cathredral. It is certainly a magnificent building; is entirely of marble, and is not yet completed. The Cardinal's House will be just in the rear, and is now being built.

We had the good luck to see the great Samuel J. Tilden. He was standing in the depot at Yonkers, waiting for a train to New York, to attend the funeral of Col. Wm. T. Pelton, who died the day before.

At West Point, the cadets, about 300 in number, are in camp. I met an old acquaintance of mine, and asked him about Whittaker, the colored cadet. He is kept in his tent, under guard, and no one is allowed to see him. We returned to New York by boat, and had a splendid ride of three hours down the Hudson. After paying a short visit to Brooklyn and Greenwood Cemetery, and visiting Trinity church and several other places of interest in New York, we took the Steamer St. John for Sandy Hook, and thence by rail to Ocean Grove, where we arrived at 6 o'clock, just in time for a good supper, after which, a stroll to the Ocean was next in order. The sea was very still Saturday and yesterday till now, but to-day it is much rougher and look's fierce.

The attendance at Sunday School yesterday, was 1,175—a nice school—Dr. A. J. Kynett, of New York, preached in the morning to 3,000. A beach meeting of 1,500 was held at 6 o'clock. It was addressed by Bishops Warren and Horst, of the M. E. Church. At night, Dr. Spence, of Tennessee, preached, but the congregation was not so large.

No buggies, wagons or vehicles of any kind are allowed to run in Ocean Grove on Sunday, and no trains are run on that day. At Asbury Park, just across the lake, there are no such restrictions.

It is impossible to say how many people are here, I am almost afraid to put down any number for fear it would be thought too large, so will leave it unestimated.

Our first bath was taken this morning. The water was very pleasant, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were in. It is great fun to watch a large wave come in and flow over and knock down the bathers and to see them come up, eyes, ears and mouths full of water; but it does not deter them, for they are ready for another. Half-a-dozen life lines are stretched out to prevent people from being drowned or carried out to sea.

A large school of porpoises passed along the shore this morning; their appearance excited a good deal of curiosity. The weather is very warm and but for sea breeze, which is strong to-day, would be very uncomfortable.

As I write, the beach is covered with bathers and spectators. But as too much of a thing is enough, will close this.

Hastily,

AL.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. All work guaranteed. HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & TELOLY.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

NINE departments of study; text-books furnished AT COST; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins SEPTEMBER 1st, 1880. Attendance last year from 20 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories.

***For catalogues and other information, apply to the President, J. R. THOMPSON, Morgantown West Va. 7 15 3m.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—The yield of wheat in this county is larger than ever before.

—Airtight glass self sealing jars at J. A. Grant's.

—Mr. D. E. Offutt shipped about 10,000 pounds of wool to the eastern market this week.

—Maj. W. O. Ison, H. Allen Ison and mother, are spending a few weeks at Ocean Grove, N. J.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—A post office has been established at Frankville, this county, called "Floyd," with F. S. Cline, as Postmaster.

—Within the past week the hotels and boarding houses have been filling up rapidly, and now have almost as many guests as can be accommodated.

—Mr. Wm. M. Arnold, who has been attending the Baltimore College of Pharmacy for the past year, is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—Married—On Wednesday evening, June 30th, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Marianna, Lee county, Arkansas, by Rev. C. A. Bence, of the P. E. Church, Mr. R. D. Watson, and Miss Alice E. Bartlett, daughter of Dr. E. H. Bartlett, of Oakland, Md.

—Bulah Bell, infant daughter of I. W. and Susan Slonaker, died on Saturday, July the 10th, and was buried at Piedmont, West Va. "Death loves a shining mark." Little Bulah was an interesting and attractive child, and her early death is mourned, not only by fond parents, but by sympathizing friends. They "mourn not," however, "as those that have no hope." They known that this beautiful flower has been transplanted; to bloom forever in the Paradise of God, where they may again gaze upon its heavenly and unfading loveliness, with rapturous delight.

"A lovely bud, so soft and fair,
Called hence by early doom;
Just sent to show how so sweet a flower,
In Paradise could bloom."

The Population of Garrett.

The late census shows the population of this county to be 12,282 or about 50 per cent. of an increase in the last ten years. The population by districts is as follows: Altamont, 1,556; Selbysport, 1,297; Grantsville, 2,194; Bloomington, 1,499; Accident, 1,404; Sang Run, 777; Oakland, 2,111; Ryans Glade, 1,041; Frostburg, 403. Total, 12,282.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 15:

Robert J. Acock and others to Mary F. Nash, military lot No. 1,-694; $20 and other considerations.

Mary F. Nash to James P. Erskine; lots 3,305, 3,306, 3,307 and 3,-313; $10.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife to Hannah E. DeWitt, part of a tract of land known as the "Casteel Farm," 42 3-10 acres; $206.

Vote of Thanks.

The Sunny Side Sunday School, four miles South of Oakland, returns a unanimous vote of hearty thanks, to the committees that proved so efficient and prompt in the discharge of their duties for the Sunday School Picnic of the 5th, inst. celebrated by this school. A similar vote of thanks is returned to Revs. Moor, Clyne and Davis, for addresses delivered, making the occasion one of high interest. Gratitude is especially expressed to numerous friends and neighbors from other schools, showing great liberality, and giving encouragement by ready co-operation. The amount received was about $24,00. Excellent order prevailed.

MARION S. HAUSER, Supt.
S. J. YUTZY, Sec'y.

"The Republican" for the Campaign.

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated; and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed, postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of FORTY CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

Horse and Buggy Recovered.

In our issue of two weeks ago we noted the fact that a man giving the name of Dr. M. M. Pomroy, had procured a horse and buggy from Mr. Thomas Martin, of this place, and that a strong suspicion was felt that he intended to appropriate them to his own use. In answer to telegrams and notices by post, a few days since Mr. Martin received a dispatch stating that his property was at Louisa, Kentucky, near Charleston, W. Va. They had been abandoned by the doctor who was still at liberty. Mr. Martin started at once to receive his property, and will probably return early next week.

The First Garfield Club's Ratification Meeting.

A meeting of the First Garfield and Arthur club to ratify the Chicago nominations was held at the club's headquarters, Belvidere Hall, Saturday evening. The weather was excessively sultry and oppressive and at the hour of assembling, 8 o'clock, a heavy thunder storm threatened, but notwithstanding these unfavorable circumstances a very large majority of the members of the club and many other Republicans attended the meeting, and listened with great attention and enthusiastic admiration to the speeches. The orators were applauded to the echo with great heartiness and frequency, and it was remarked that a more enthusiastic political meeting has seldom been held in Cumberland. There were present a number of Democrats, who were occasionally moved to join the applause in spite of themselves. The meeting was called to order by Chairman Griffith, who in a few happy words introduced the first speaker, H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., of Garrett county, Presidential elector for the Sixth district of Maryland. Mr. Combs was suffering from hoarseness and at times spoke with difficulty, and held the attention of his hearers for over half an hour. He reviewed the action of the Chicago convention, congratulating his auditors and the party upon the happy issue of the deliberations of that body. He compared the two candidates with accuracy and fairness, bringing down the house by saying that the only point made by the Democrats in favor of their candidate was that he had fought to suppress the Democratic rebellion of 1861, and reminding them that Gen. Garfield did the same. He made a good hit in relating the experience of the Voltigeurs at Oakland last week, claiming that a good military record was not all that was necessary in a Presidential candidate. Mr. Combs concluded by comparing the record of the Democratic party with that of the Republican party—to the former's great detriment—which was received with enthusiastic applause.

Chairman Griffith next introduced Hon. T. J. Peddicord, a prominent and able member of the Oakland bar, formerly in affiliation with the Democratic party, and therefore the better able to review its history. Mr. Peddicord is a fluent speaker, using few gestures, and with nothing of the rant of the Democratic speaker, but with a simple, earnest delivery that most pleasingly impresses his hearers. He began his remarks by saying that he had read in a Baltimore paper that this was to be a meeting of "weak-kneed Republicans," and saying that if that was so he was the more glad he come; that weak-kneed Republicans and Democrats were the people to whom he most desired to talk. [Great applause.] He then made an able and scathing review of the record of the Democratic party, showing by figures that they had obtained control of Congress by fraud and intimidation and not by preponderance of votes, population, wealth, taxpaying, or intelligence, and intended to try to capture the executive departments of the government by the same means. Mr. Peddicord was listened to with profound attention, and was frequently applauded.

At the close of Mr. Peddicord's speech Mr. B. A. Richmond offered the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, The Republican party through its representatives at Chicago have lately put in nomination for President and Vice-President of the United States the Hon. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and the Hon Chester A. Arthur, of New York; and

WHEREAS, These candidates by their patriotism, their eminent ability and unspotted integrity, deserves and call for the unqualified support of all true Republicans; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Republicans her assembled, That we do heartily endorse those nominations, believing the Republican convention to have been especially wise and fortunate in their selection.

Resolved, That we do hereby pledge ourselves to use all honorable means in our power to assist in their triumphant election in November next.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted by a rousing vote, and the meeting adjourned.—*Cumb. News, Monday.*

School Trustees.

Appointed at May meeting of Garrett county School Board, to serve until May, 1881, or until their successors are appointed. Schools having only two Trustees, the vacancy will be filled subsequently. Trustees will hold a meeting and elect one of their number Chairman, notifying the Secretary of the School Board of such action. Two will constitute a quorum for transaction of business. Trustees will see that the Schools are numbered on the Registers according to the numbers accompanying this circular, and that the Teachers' Reports are also numbered. Schools not included in this list will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT, Secretary.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1.

Schoool No. 1—Deer Park.—E C Tillson, P M. Stemple, E Droege, Trustees.

No. 2.—Delawder School.—John Friend of N., Wm. J Rexrode, Herman Beckman, Trustees.

No. 3.—Little England.—Samuel England, W E. George, Trustees.

No. 4—Glendale.—George O'Brien, H O Hamill, Jas. L McRobie, Trustees.

No. 5—North Glade—John L. Fitzwater, E Howell, Theo. Beckman, Trustees.

No. 6.—Wilson School—J H Wilson, W H Wright, Michael T Brady, Trustees.

No. 7.—Swanton School.—A Fairall, C Murphy, Jas. F Friend, Trustees.

No. 8.—Frankville.—John McFadden, Jas. Berrean, Samuel Jones, Trustees.

No. 9.—Paugh School.—Andrew F McCrobie, John Paugh, Abraham Lee, Trustees.

No. 10.—Fairview.—Robt. C Wilson, John A Junkins, John H. Rafter, Trustees.

No. 11.—Titchnell.—Jos. Paugh, Wm. Tichnell, Trustees.

No. 12.—Mt. Zion—Wm. Sharpless, Henry Lee, F. R. Sharpless, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 2.

No. 1.—Elder Hill—Morgan Conneway, Mathew Frazee, Robt Sterling, Trustees.

No. 2.—Friendsville.—John T Garey, W A Coddington, Joab Friend, Trustees.

No. 3.—Selbysport.—John Frantz, H M Frazee, John Riley, Trustees.

No. 4.—Frazee Ridge.—S P Lewdermilk, Lucian Frazee, H B Demmitt, Trustees.

No. 5.—Mt. Holly or Rush School.—Jas. H Rush, Elijah Myers, Geo. D Frantz, Trustees.

No. 6.—Sandy Spring.—I Myers, J W Frantz, Trustees.

No. 7.—Ira Friend School.—Ira E Friend, Wm. Umbel, John H Friend Trustees.

No. 8.—Asher's Glade.—Isaac E Frazee, Elijah Thomas, Elisha Umbel, Trustees.

No. 9.—Mill Run.—Benj. H Green, Jonas Wass, Newton Guard, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 3.

No. 1.—Grantsville.—John T Patterson, Eli Stanton, A Bonig, Trustees.

No. 2.—Shade Run or Beachy.—J Farrell, Aaron Beachy, Henry H Miller.

No. 3.—Keyser Ridge.—S Butler, J Onle, Samuel Leechel, Trustees.

No. 4.—Lancaster or Pea Ridge.—J F Robeson, Hanson Brown, Andrew J Lancaster, Trustees.

No. 5.—McKenzie.—Leo McKenzie, Morgan Robeson, Christian Blocher.

No. 6.—Back Woods.—Ashford Warnick, John Warnick, Jas. A Bowers, Trustees.

No. 7.—New Germany.—J Wyland, Henry Broadwater, Archibald Warnick, Trustees.

No. 8.—Dorsey School—Jacob Fresh, Samuel S Durst, Pat. Dorsey, Trustees.

No. 9.—Wiley School.—Thomas J Stanton, Alex. Wiley, Andrew Pysell.

No. 10.—Munadier Ridge—Michael Custer, Charles Warnick, Josephus Broadwater, Trustees.

No. 11.—Levi Klinsinger, Moses Kamp, Christian Ginerich, Trustees.

No. 12.—Schrock School—Nimrod Glotfelty, Moses Schrock, D D Brenneman, Trustees.

No. 13.—Lohr School—P P Lohr, E Orndorf, John Spicher, Trustees.

No. 14.—Engle's Mills—Henry Yost, Jonas J Beachy, Samuel Custer, Trustees.

No. 15—Pope—B Anderson, Joshua Turner, Michael S Durst, Trustees.

No. 16—Compton—Edward Harshbarger, Ross Compton, W. H. Swanger Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4.

No. 1—Bigoming—E. Kemp., W. L. Rawlings, Andrew Mullen, Trustees.

No. 2—Chestnut Grove—W. H. Barnard, Joshua Tichnell, John G. Barnard, Trustees.

No. 3—Aaron Run—George G. Michaels, A. C. Duckworth, Jesse F. Fazenbaker, Trustees.

No. 4—Firm Rock—Marcus Fazenbaker, John D. Michael, Dennis Collins, Trustees.

No. 5—Magruder—Jos Inskeep, James Magruder, Rubert Russell, Trustees.

No. 6—Weir School—Simeon W Green, James Weir, Jacob Beeman, Trustees.

No. 7—Greeg School—W W Broadwater, Elias Merrill, Trustees.

No. 8—Wilt School—George O Broadwater, Theod. Wilt, John W Wilt, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 5.

School No. 1—Accident—Daniel Hinebaugh, V Kahle, Adam Garringer; Trustees.

No. 2—Fairview—Lewis Kahle, Henry Going, George Sporelline, Trustees.

No. 3—Flat Woods—N Spiker, Nelson McGlttegan, Geo. Keller, Trustees.

No. 4—Cove—John Camp, George Lohr, George Richter, Trustees.

No. 5—Bear Creek—Austin Spetcher, Jacob Mosser, David Hochstettler, Trustees.

No. 6—Miller School—S H Ryland, Daniel Boeghley, Jeremiah Strown, Trustees.

No. 7—Winding Ridge—George Hileman, James Paul, Jackson Fike, Trustees.

No. 8—Oak Hill—Abraham Turner, James W. Lee, Henry Schlosnagle, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 6.

No. 1—Deep Creek—Wright Thayer, Jonas Glotfelty, Thomas Wilburn, Trustees.

No. 2—McHenry—Samuel Specht, William Casteel, S A McCrobie, Trustees.

No. 3—Johnstown—M Mattingly, A C Dewitt, Joseph Yoder, Trustees.

No. 4—Sang Run—R T Browning, Amos Friend, D H Friend, Trustees.

No. 5—Pine Swamp—J M Frankhauser, Josiah Wolf, John E Otto.

No. 6—Bishoff—George E Bishoff, J M Lowdermilk, Brison Welch.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 7.

School No. 1—Oakland—Alex Osborn, W M Coddington, John W Smith, Trustees.

No. 2. Brant. E B Brant, Clark Deberry, Bowle Johnson, Trustees.

No. 3, Bray School, Location to be changed and Trustees supplied.

No. 4, Hutton's Switch, Jacob Cupp, Jno. Connell, Martin Hughes, Trustees.

No. 5, South Point, Wm White, John Thompson, S E Switzer, Trustees.

No. 6, Glade Valley, Benj. White, Thompson Lower, Trustees.

No. 7, Lindale, Henry Beekman, Christian Slabaugh, J Moon, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 8.

No. 1, Sunnyside, Francis Martin, Peter Garmer, Solomon Yutzy, Trustees.

No. 2, McMason, Benj. F Shaffer, Joseph Moon, Trustees.

No. 3, Abernathy or Wilson, G W Wilson, Daniel Conneway, Jas. W Abernathy, Trustees.

No. 4, Fairfax, Geo. L. Mosser, Wm. Arnold, M McKimmey, Trustees.

No. 5, Gauer, Joseph Kemp, John H Roth, Geo. H Gauer, Trustees.

No. 6, Shook Shop, H Thompson, Ephriam Kelso, Nath Harvey, Trustees.

No. 7, Bear Range, James W White, John G Steyer, Trustees.

No. 8, Oak Grove, John M White, W C Wilson, Trustees.

No. 9, Bethlehem, Joshua B Lipscomb, Garrett V Moon, James E Paugh, Trustees.

No. 10, Fort Pendleton, Wm. F Deakins, J Browning, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 9.

No. 1, Johnson School, Perry Weimer, George Crow, Jerry McKenzie, Trustees.

No. 2, Wilhelm, Aaron Wilhelm, Francis McKenzie, Trustees.

Mining Companies Must Pay in Cash.

The opinion of Judge Pearre in the suit of Shaffer & Munn vs. The Union Mining Company brought to test the validity of chap. 273, act of 1880, commonly called the "Current Money, Act," has been filed in the Circuit Court of Allegany county. The report covers about twenty-five pages of law cap paper. The Judge decides that the act of 1880, prohibiting companies from paying their men except in cash, is not obnoxious to constitutional objections, either under the State constitution or under the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It is not a special law within the meaning of the constitutional inhibition of special laws, where general laws are applicable. The provision of the Constitution prohibits special legislation in regard to persons, and not classes of persons or corporations. The legislature may find a law proper in regard to certain classes of corporations, and not as to others. The effect of this law is to prevent corporations from getting the benefit of the law as set off. The legislature had the power to do this. The act is constitutional, whether considered as a police regulation or as an exercise of the reserved power of the legislature to alter or amend the company's charter. It may well be doubted whether the company had any *power*, under its charter, to enter into such a contract, even prior to this act. To do so was to convert the company into a collecting agent, which was a line of business not contemplated by its charter. Corporations have no powers except those especially granted by their charters, or necessarily incident to the business they are authorized by their charters to conduct. Public policy may require that the company should pay in cash and not in merchandise. Of this the legislature is the sole judge. Judgment, for these reasons, was entered in favor of the defendant.

Boyd & McCleve, attorneys for the plaintiffs, have entered an appeal from Judge Pearre's decision in the case.

A Valuable Present.

Dr. J. Lee McComas was the recipient of a very elegant and valuable present, a few days ago in the shape of a fine gold watch. It appears that after the death of Mr. Charles James Dailey, his father Mr. John Dailey, in examining the papers left by his son, found a request from him that a watch, with a suitable inscription, which accompanied the request, be procured and presented to the Doctor, which request was fully carried out by his father. The watch is of the finest gold, and of the most elegant workmanship. It has the Doctor's monogram on the front of the outer case, and the date on the other, with the following inscription on the inner case: "To Dr. J. Lee McComas, from his grateful patient, C. J. Dailey, to whom he was so faithful."

Death of Col. D. C. Bruce.

Col. Daniel C. Bruce, collector of internal revenue, fourth Maryland district, died at Cumberland Thursday last, after a lingering illness, in his 71st year. Col. Bruce was born in Allegany county, Md., in 1809. His grandfather came to America from Scotland prior to the revolution. His mother was a daughter of Col John Cresap, nephew of the celebrated Captain Michael Cresap. The deceased was educated in Allegany county, and in early manhood went to Ohio, where he was engaged in public works as State superintendent. Returning to Allegany county, he became general superintendent of the Frostburg Coal Company, and held this position fourteen years; part of the time was a Chesapeake and Ohio canal director. After this he removed to Baltimore, and shortly after the commencement of the war was appointed to a position in the custom-house, but soon returned to Allegany county, and become superintendent of the Consolidation Coal Company. He was elected to the Legislature on the Republican ticket in 1866. After finishing his term there he returned to his farm, near Cumberland, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1872 he was appointed to succeed Hon. Francis Thomas as collector of the fourth revenue district, a position he has held ever since. He was one of the most active, prominent and respected men in Allegany county, and was well known throughout the State. He was a member of Emmanuel Episcopal Church. His wife, daughter of Meshach Frost, founder of Frostburg, survives him. He leaves two daughters and a son, Webster Bruce, who is deputy revenue collector.

Affairs in the Mines.

The situation in the mining region is especially interesting and critical at this time. The subject of the coal companies' circular, lately addressed to the miners, requires the most serious and careful consideration before final conclusions are reached. Last year the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company charged $1.85 per ton on coal to Locust Point. This spring the price was raised fifty cents per ton, or $2.35 to the same point. Last year the canal company charged 40 cents per ton tolls to Georgetown. This year the tolls were raised to 55 cents per ton. Last year the boatmen were getting from 75 to 85 cents per ton for carrying coal to Georgetown, a distance of 184 miles. This year they demanded $1.25 per ton, and compromised with the companies at $1.10 per ton. Now two of the principal companies—the Consolidated and Borden—refused to give more than $1 per ton, and the consequence is a strike among about 200 boatmen belonging to these two companies. The other companies are also anxious for a reduction to $1 per ton, but are still paying the agreed price, the shipments by canal are getting smaller and smaller every week. Before any action is taken for a reduction of freight and tolls, the miners are appealed to for a reduction in their wages from 65 cents to 50 cents per ton.

Naturally, the miners will object, unless every interest involved shall bear its proportionate share of a reduction in the cost of getting coal into market, so as to compete with the Clearfield region. Not the miners alone; not the boatmen alone, nor yet the canal or the railroads alone, but all together—all uniting in a general concession, and a general reduction all around. This would make the loss so light as to be almost imperceptible, and, according to the opinions of many, is the only reasonable solution of the difficulty. The policy that seems to be maintained is to force a reduction from one interest, while all the other interests are to maintain existing charges. What is sure to follow? A long, protracted and disastrous strike, that will effectually destroy the coal trade for the present season.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 13 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters of Administration C. T. A. were granted to John J. Brenneman, on estate of Jacob Brenneman, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary were granted to A. C. and Lewis C. Hamill, on estate of Henry Hamill, dec'd.

Wm. and Mary E. Chisholm, Administrators of James Chisholm, deceased, settled their 6th; and final account.

Adjourned to meet Tuesday, July 27th.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.
7 17-tf.

Strayed—Reward.

Strayed from Oakland, about July 3rd, a red heifer, eighteen months old. Any person giving information of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded by

ALEX. FLECKENSTEIN,
Oakland, Md.
7 17-3t.

FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the undersigned for the years 1878 and 1879, are requested to come forward within 60 days and settle, or they will have to settle, with an officer. It is impossible for me to leave my business to call on all persons owing me.

P. T. GARTHRIGT,
Mineral Springs, Md.
7 17 4t.

Estate of Jacob Brenneman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JACOB BRENNEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand, this 13th day of July, 1880.

JOHN J. BRENNEMAN,
Administrator, C. T. A.
7 17-3.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Arthur Campbell vs. Adam Sell.

No. 190 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this bill is to enforce the payment of a mechanics lien claim, filed by the complainant in this cause against an unfinished building, and a lot or piece of ground thereunto attached, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, of which the said Adam Sell is the reputed owner.

The bill alleges that on or about the first day of February, A. D. 1880, the complainant made a contract with a certain James S. Johnson, contractor, to dig a cellar and perform labor in attending stone mason in building cellar walls and foundation for a house on a lot or piece of ground of which Adam Sell is the reputed owner, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland. That he performed said contract, and completed his said work on the fourth day of March, A. D. 1880. That the said work was to have been paid for in cash upon the completion thereof, but that neither the said Adam Sell as the reputed owner nor the said James S. Johnson as contractor, has paid the complainants claim which is now over due. The bill further shows that after giving notice to the said Adam Sell as required by law, he did on the twenty-seventh day of April, A. D. 1880, file his claim as a lien against the said unfinished building and the ground attached thereto, according to the provisions of the code in such cases made and provided, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid, which said lien containing an accurate description of the location of said property. The bill further shows that the said lien claim is for the sum of twenty-three dollars, and fifty cents, which is due and owing to the complainant, and that Adam Sell, the reputed owner of said property is a non-resident of the State of Maryland. The bill then prays that a decree may be passed for the sale of the said property, and that from the proceeds of the said sale, the said lien claim of the complainant may be paid with interest thereon, and that an order of publication be granted against the said Adam Sell, warning him to appear in this court on some certain day to be therein named, to answer the bill of complaint, and to abide by and perform such decree or orders as may be passed in the premises, and for such other relief as his case may require.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order together with the objects and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 21st day of August, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendant in said bill and warning him to appear in this court on or before the 2nd Monday of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7. 17-4. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofore located from Altamont to the Barned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Lake Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. R. Browning, Lake Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. C. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. R. BROWNING.
L. A. STEMPLE.
F. C. BROWNING.
7 10 5*

Bogus Medical Colleges in Philadelphia.

FOR twelve or fifteen years Philadelphia has been the seat of a number of medical colleges that flooded the country with spurious diplomas. The Legislature of Pennsylvania tried, in 1872, to suppress the institutions, but failed, and they have been run ever since on legally issued charters. The authorities declared themselves powerless to stop it. Six months ago the city editor of the *Record*, John Norris, called the attention of Attorney-General Palmer to these concerns, and the grave necessity for their suppression. But the State had no evidence against them, and the Attorney-General had no money with which to proceed. Then the *Record* offered to advance the money to the Commonwealth upon promise of reimbursement by the State Legislature, and the work was begun. To-day it culminated in proceedings which will wipe out five spurious medical colleges, and in the arrest of John Buchanan, Dean of the American University at Philadelphia and the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania. He was also President of the National Eclectic Medical Association, which issued diplomas, and under the alias of James Murray, D. D., he acted as Dean of a concern issuing its diplomas as the Livingstone University of America. Two others of the faculty, Charles S. Polk and John J. Seggins, were arrested, and six others of the faculty are still at large, apparently out of the reach of the police.

The *Record* of to-morrow morning will publish a full *expose*. Its city editor has prepared evidence which it is alleged will show the sales of forty-two diplomas to various persons. He gives the names of eleven others to whom the diplomas were offered, and the names of eleven agents who were acting for Buchanan. The *Record* man himself set the trap which resulted in Buchanan's arrest. For $75 he obtained three medical diplomas, one in English from the the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, a regularly chartered institution, one from the American University of Philadelphia, in English, and another from the National Eclectic Medical Association.

One feature of the proceeding is that while the last named concern was organized in 1879, its diploma to the newspaper man is dated 1878. All purported to show that the newspaper man, under the name of Dr. John Fanning, of Tippecanoe County, Ind., studied medicine for three years, had attended two full courses of lectures, and had passed a satisfactory examination in each of the seven branches of medicine. Not satisfied with this evidence, he sent letters under the name of Dr. Geo. A. Dawson, apparently belonging to Chester Court House, S. C., asking for degrees. For $150 he obtained five degrees, two of Doctor of Medicine, one Doctor of Divinity, one Doctor of Laws, and one Doctor of Civil Law. The final letter in this transaction passed through the mail, Dr. Buchanan receipting for it. He also deposited the diplomas in the mail to be delivered to the spurious doctor in South Carolina. Special Postal Agent Barrett, Chief of Police Given, a Deputy United States Marshal, and the newspaper man walked into Buchanan's place this afternoon, arrested him, and then captured about half a ton of spurious diplomas with a mass of correspondence, showing the traffic in diplomas and the sale of about 3,000 sheepskins. Hearings will be held to-morrow, and proceedings will be started by the *Record* through the Attorney-General to wipe out five of the colleges. —*Philadelphia Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Capt. Yore's Encounter with a Grizzly.

THE train was delayed several hours. There were but half a dozen passengers all told, and they all got out on the little station platform. In looking down the valley from the station (Truckee is away up the mountains on the main line of the Central Pacific Railroad), we could see some kind of an animal coming down out of the timber and making its way over the top of the snow toward the river. It looked like a steer or a mule, and none of the travelers thought it was anything else.

The snow was four feet deep and frozen so hard that one could walk over the top without breaking through. Capt. Vincent Yore, of St. Louis, a man well known in steamboat circles both in St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and, in fact, all along the river, was one of the passengers. There is considerable of the dare-devil underneath his quiet demeanor, having run the upper Missouri in his early days, and attended many an Indian council along with Gen. Sherman when the General lived in St. Louis. Yore was returning from San Francisco, where he had been to settle some railroad business for St. Louis parties, and was fixed up neat and bright as a new pin. He spied the animal and said he thought it was a bear, and that if he had a gun he would go down and shoot it. We all laughed at him, for he did not look much like a bear hunter, and the station agent, a burly fellow with a red flannel shirt, and boots outside of his pants—a regular picture of a forty-niner—joined in, saying he would give him a gun if he wanted to shoot the grizzly. Capt. Yore was a good shot and could be cool under trying circumstances. The station agent, who was at once the express agent, ticket agent, baggage smasher, and everything combined, went into his little office and brought out a beautiful breech-loading rifle. Handing it to Yore, he said sarcastically, "Here's a gun." Capt. Yore took the gun and started toward the end of the platform. The passengers, of course, never dreamed he was in earnest.

The station agent called him back when he had gone down off the steps, and, bringing out a little rat-terrier dog of the light woolly Scotch pattern, said:

"Here, you'll want a dog when you go bear-hunting."

Capt. Yore turned back, picked up the dog, and, putting it under the flap of his coat, started down toward the bear. The grizzly had by this time got out far enough to be plainly seen, as he made his way across the narrow valley. He looked to be the size of a horse, and did not seem to care whether there was any body within a short distance of him or not. The Rocky Mountain grizzly is the largest and, when aroused, the most ferocious of all animals in western North America. Travelers on the Union and Central Pacific Railroad are familiar with the specimen that is caged on the platform at Lathrop, an eating station of the California end of the line. It has a foot like a "fifteenth amendment," and is as large as a Korry cow.

The bear kept quietly in his course, and Capt. Yoro went straight toward him. The station agent realized the danger Yore was in, and his anxiety was quickly communicated to the passengers. They got closer and closer, until they were only about the length of the train apart. Yore stopped, took out the little dog, and set him down. The terrier made for the bear at once, and, going behind him, bit him on the heel. The bear turned around to see what had scratched him on the foot, and the minute he turned Yore, who had been standing motionless, watching the bear as it came face toward him, brought the rifle up to his nose and flashed it at him. The bear immediately slapped himself on the shoulder with his paw and went toward the Captain. The passengers, who were watching him, were now wild with excitement.

"He has hit him," said the old Californians on the train, "and now he must look out for him." Yore never moved. The little snipe of a dog bit the bear on the heel again. Yore unloaded on him. The bear slapped himself on the other shoulder and straightened up as if to go quickly at Yore. Then the beast broke through the snow and most disappeared from our sight. He tumbled and rolled and walized around. The old Californians were almost breathless with fright. "The bear is trampling out a place to fight; run, run!" they screamed to Yore, but he stood motionless as a statue. The little dog flew around the top of the pit the bear had made and barked. Presently the bear put ont his head to get his assailant's position, and, fixing his eyes on Yore, he crawled up out of his holo in the snow. He had just steadied himself on his four legs when the dog bit him once more, and Yore let him have it again, quick as a flash, the moment he turned, and another time the grizzly slapped himself with his paw, indicating he had been hit. He started on a trot toward Yore, who now had four loads left in his rifle. Twice again the dog bit the bear, and at each time as he turned Yore unloaded into him, bringing his rifle up to his face as quicky as if he threw a weaver's shuttle. After he had fired the fourth load and the grizzly's pace was not slackened up much, as you could scarcely notice his limp, Yore turned to move back a few paces, and as he did so he broke through the snow and went down to his armpits. The passengers, expecting every moment to see the infuriated monster crush poor Yore, covered their eyes in perfect terror.

The bear had got within a few yards of Yore, and but a few seconds would decide it. Tho dog bit him again, and Yore, who had the rifle firmly sighted, poured it into him, two loads in quick succession, and stretched him, as he was almost at the end of the rifle. The whole thing occurred in less time than it takes to tell it. The passengers rushed down with a shout. They brought the huge carcass back in triumph.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Census-takers.

THE census-enumerator is a man to be pitied. The dogs fly at him; the Irish maid-of-all-work slams the door in his face; the suspicious and unintelligent foreigner orders him off the premises, with the vague idea that he means "draft," or "taxes;" and people who have education enough to know better insult him for doing his duty, and refuse to answer his questions. With disheartening regularity, Bridget resents the inquiry of her name as a personal affront, and curiosity as to her age is an offense not to be given. She replies sometimes with a string of flagrant and amusing falsehoods. The mistress is not unfrequently as insolent as the servant, and almost as great a liar. One of the enumerators is reported as expressing his conviction that out of a hundred women whom he had asked the prescribed question about age, not more than four or five had told the truth. Men of apparent respectability and position are as rude to the census-taker as the people of the lower classes. Fifth Avenue is quite as troublesome as Mulberry Street.

The work of the census has been so fully explained in the newspapers that nobody ought to be ignorant of what the Government requires in respect to it. The questions to be put involve no unnecessary scrutiny of private affairs, and the information collected by this agency is of the highest value to the whole community, as the basis of political and economical legislation. But a census to be of practical benefit to the country must be approximately accurate; and an incomplete, misleading enmeration may be worse than none at all. The law properly provides severe penalties for those who willfully obstruct the work; and if the enumerators continue to encounter such difficulties as have hitherto thwarted them, it will be necessary to make some conspicuous examples of obstinate offenders. The penalty for refusing to answer the questions of the census-takers, or for answering falsely, is a fine of $100. Proceedings have already been taken for the enforcement of this punishment in several instances. It is advisable to begin with a little wholesome severity, and perhaps the pressure of the court may well be applied to obstructionists in the upper as well as the lower ranks of society, until the obligations of the public are universally understood.

Intelligent citizens, who appreciate the importance of the work, can do a great deal to facilitate operations if they will see that when the enumerators call upon them they are promptly and fully answered. Every head of a household, when he goes out in the morning, should leave proper instructions with somebody in the family to furnish the required answers to the questions. The enumerators have a hard and disagreeable work to do for small pay, and no one ought to give them superfluous trouble.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To young housekeepers we would say that in cooking it is far better to have a few, very few, dishes delicately and carefully prepared than to provide more and have them less inviting.

Our Young Folks.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

Tho mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can.
That is why she is proud of her little man.
—*George Klingle, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESSIE'S COURAGE.

JESSIE lived in a pretty suburb of Boston. Her family were very ordinary people, in one sense of the word. They lived in a pleasant house on a pretty street, and had things neither better nor worse than their neighbors. But there was one object in the house that Jessie declared was the sweetest and prettiest and brightest in all the world. She loved it dearly and spent a great part of her time playing with it. It was an active, wide-awake brown-eyed, mischievous little fellow; perhaps I ought not to say "it" about him, for although he was still called "The Baby," Jessie's little brother Ben was now about three years old.

He was as full of fun as "an egg is of meat," as the up-country folks say, and his yellow head bobbed in and out of every room in the house from early morning until bedtime, when his voice filled the whole house at once with prolonged and indignant cries. For Benny hated to go to bed as badly as you do, and you know how bad *that* is, don't you, dear? Especially when there is company, and you know that Bridget has baked beautiful tarts and cakes all day on purpose for the evening treat? Why don't grown folks have treats before they shy the youngsters off to bed, I wonder?

But I was telling about Benny. He had a great many nice ways, and ever so many naughty ones, too, but Jessie didn't mind that! She loved him so much that she only thought he was cunning! and I have seen the time when I thought he was only cunning, too, although I ought to have known better, I suppose, for I am a grown-up old person. He came down into the parlor one evening, after he had been put in bed and we all supposed he was asleep. He was dressed in his little yellow flannel night suit, made with waist and drawers all together, and crawling out from under the piano when his mother had done singing, said in a very grave tone of voice, "I vant to make a speech!" We were all hushed in surprise, and he, coming out in front of a reverend gentleman for whom we felt a great deal of awe, said, "Boys want to be 'mused too!" and planked himself flatly in a chair.

Of course the little rogue was naughty to do it—but his speech was a success. He was "amused" to his heart's content for that one evening at least.

But there were some things he did which were not so pleasant for others. He would run away from home every chance he could get. The house was only three minutes' walk from the railroad depot, and on that great through line trains were constantly passing. Many a time have his dear mamma and Jessie and all the servants been seen to rush from the house, some in one direction and some in another, trying to hunt up that mischievous and trying little boy!

At last one of the bright ones in the family struck an idea. She was quite an artist, and she devised a sign, with the help of which she hoped to prevent Benny from getting out of the yard. The neighbors had shaken their sides with laughter over and over again, watching the wild performances of the family when the gate had been accidentally left open! She concluded to have the gate kept closed. For Benny could not open the gate. He was not tall enough, and his little fingers were not strong enough, although he often tried to do it, by tipping his cart up against it, and then getting up on the end, when the wheels would roll out and he would go down, and the pole would give him a severe knock on the head for his pains! When all this happened he was always as silent as a mouse, and not a whimper left his lips, no matter how badly he was hurt. Boys always keep still when they are planning something naughty. When you are very still indeed, I advise your mamma to hunt you up! So Benny's aunt—now don't suspect it is I—took a fine, smooth board, and painted in large handsome letters this motto:

PLEASE SHUT THE GATE,
FOR THE BABY RUNS AWAY.

Thomas then nailed the board onto the gate, and all the family felt very much more secure and comfortable.

They had not thought of what other thing might happen, but they soon found out. The house was situated on a street where a great many people passed. The gate soon became the center of attraction. People driving would stop their horses, look, read, laugh, and go along chuckling to themselves as if they had heard a new joke. Ladies on the opposite side of the street, walking perhaps for the purpose of hiring a house, and seeing this sign a little indistinctly, would come across, and getting nearer and nearer would begin to smile, then grin and finally laugh, either in a linified ladylike way, or loud and hearty, as if they fully appreciated it.

One old farmer and his wife drew up their fat gray mare, and he, handing the reins to his wife, said, "I du declare for't, if this 'ere house ain't fur sale! Du let me read the sign." Whereupon putting on a pair of big round glasses, he began to haw-haw until old Bess pricked up her ears, and his good wife was just as mad!—because she couldn't see herself, and he couldn't get breath to tell her. But as it happened, half of the gate was open that day, and he laboriously got down from his wagon and carefully shut it, like a good-natured old fellow as he was!

But as the old saying goes, it is no use to lock the barn after the horse is stolen, and in this case the little runaway had gone before the farmer drove by. Jessie was the first to miss him. She was only eight years old, but she was a thoughtful child for her age, and she had seen her dear mamma, and aunt and the servants so flurried and frightened many a time that she thought to herself, "This time I will not let my dear mamma be scared. I know Benny cannot be far away. I am sure I can find him myself. I will try." So slipping her hat on her head, she went out of the yard, and looked up and down the street with all her blue eyes.

Now the street, which ran down to the depot at one end, went straight up to the end of the town to a hill at the other, and then turning, ran over a high railroad-bridge which sprang from one high cliff of the hill across a "cut" to the other side. Jessie could see not a sign of Benny toward the depot; but up the street, away up so far that it was only by his scarlet sash that she knew him, she could see Benny "putting" for the turn in the road as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. With a bound and a feeling of mortal fear at her heart, Jessie sprang after him. It seemed to her as if everything happened in a minute. As she sped along she could hear the latest passenger train just puffing into the depot behind her—and, yes—there in the road was one of Benny's little silk garters, but she could not stop to pick it up. What if Benny should get to the bridge just as the train came along, and tumble off! He was liable to fall, any way, and the poor little chap knew so little of treacherous bridges that he might even run right off of his own accord. On, on she ran, her cheeks like fire, her hat flying off behind her, her forehead covered with bright little drops! But she thought nothing of herself. All her mind, her heart, were in her feet, and they were leaping after Benny! He was now out of sight. She came to a turn of the road, the bridge was before her—but Benny! where was he? She could not see him, but oh! she could hear him, screaming with fright and calling, "Mamma, sister, somebody! do tum help 'ittle Benny! Oh! oh—h—h!"

Jessie could see down the track as she ran to the side of the bridge. The roaring train was coming along toward her at a great speed. Where, oh! where was Benny? Jessie gave a great cry. There he was! hung by his petticoat to a great spike on the under edge of the bridge! There he was, tugging and and struggling to get himself off—and if he did! There were the shining rails forty feet below! There was the rushing train that would crush him into a horrible bleeding mass! All this rushed through her mind while she was acting. Laying herself flat out on the bridge, with only her head and arms over the edge, she said, gently, "Benny! keep still! Here is sister! Put up your arms and take her hands!" The little fellow was usually obedient, and he instantly did as he was bid. When she had him closely clutched by both hands Jessie began to have hope. She said a little prayer in her heart. It was this: "Dear Heavenly Father, give me strength to hang on!" That was all, but she felt as if she would be able to hang on a great while when she had finished it. But what was this? The train had come along more and more slowly. It finally stopped. A man jumped off and shouted, "Hold him, hold him! I'll be there in a minute!" and he began to climb the sides of the great embankment as fast as ever man could.

Benny by this time was sobbing, but not struggling. The spike still held his dress fast, so that his weight was not fully depending from Jessie's arms. She kept comforting and soothing him, while she trembled and wept herself, but still hung onto the little fat arms with a gentle but strong grip. Oh! it seemed ages before that kind fireman laid himself down flat beside her, and, reaching carefully out, grasped the clothing of the naughty runaway, and finally set him safely on his feet. But at last it was done, and before Jessie could get her breath to say more than "God bless you," he had sprang down the rocks again, and was soon on the engine steaming away!

Oh! what a time it made in the house and the neighborhood when the whole story was known! How proud and glad mamma was of her brave and sensible little daughter! How Benny himself began to understand his peril, and promised never, never to run away again. How papa hunted up the engineer's assistant, and by his money and influence made him a conductor on the road, and how I—that is, I mean, Benny's very bright aunt—hugged first one child and then the other, hardly knowing which she loved the most or was the most delighted to have safe home again! Jessie is a young lady now, and I presume—being sixteen and very particular about her hair and desirous of wearing a train—that she feels almost too grand to remember what she loftily calls the "doings of her childhood;" but Benny being only eleven, and still in the Grammar School, resents the least thing ever said against girls, and especially against his sister. I have known him to do what is called another very naughty thing; and that is to "pitch into" and beat a big bully who said "Hnh! your sister's got awful big feet and red arms!" And he answered, while knocking the saucy fellow's head on the turf, "Say anything against my sister, will you? You will, will you? I tell you those dear little feet and arms saved my life once, you coward! How do you feel now?"—*Cora S. Daniels, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

COUNT TOLSTOY, the late Russian Minister of Public Instruction, tried to establish a stupendous and all-pervasive system of espionage. He privately directed teachers and professors throughout the country to watch their scholars, and these were encouraged to watch their fathers, mothers and friends. But this attempt aroused such indignation throughout the empire that the Czar deemed it prudent to relieve the Count from his duties.

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Bogus Medical Colleges in Philadelphia.

FOR twelve or fifteen years Philadelphia has been the seat of a number of medical colleges that flooded the country with spurious diplomas. The Legislature of Pennsylvania tried, in 1872, to suppress the institutions, but failed, and they have been run ever since on legally issued charters. The authorities declared themselves powerless to stop it. Six months ago the city editor of the *Record*, John Norris, called the attention of Attorney-General Palmer to these concerns, and the grave necessity for their suppression. But the State had no evidence against them, and the Attorney-General had no money with which to proceed. Then the *Record* offered to advance the money to the Commonwealth upon promise of reimbursement by the State Legislature, and the work was begun. To-day it culminated in proceedings which will wipe out five spurious medical colleges, and in the arrest of John Buchanan, Dean of the American University at Philadelphia and the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania. He was also President of the National Eclectic Medical Association, which issued diplomas, and under the alias of James Murray, D. D., he acted as Dean of a concern issuing its diplomas as the Livingstone University of America. Two others of the faculty, Charles S. Polk and John J. Seggins, were arrested, and six others of the faculty are still at large, apparently out of the reach of the police.

The *Record* of to-morrow morning will publish a full *expose*. Its city editor has prepared evidence which it is alleged will show the sales of forty-two diplomas to various persons. He gives the names of eleven others to whom the diplomas were offered, and the names of eleven agents who were acting for Buchanan. The *Record* man himself set the trap which resulted in Buchanan's arrest. For $75 he obtained three medical diplomas, one in English from the the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, a regularly chartered institution, one from the American University of Philadelphia, in English, and another from the National Eclectic Medical Association.

One feature of the proceedlng is that while the last named concern was organized in 1879, its diploma to the newspaper man is dated 1878. All purported to show that the newspaper man, under the name of Dr. John Fanning, of Tippecanoe County, Ind., studied medicine for three years, had attended two full courses of lectures, and had passed a satisfactory examination in each of the seven branches of medicine. Not satisfied with this evidence, he sent letters under the name of Dr. Geo. A. Dawson, apparently belonging to Chester Court House, S. C., asking for degrees. For $150 he obtained five degrees, two of Doctor of Medicine, one Doctor of Divinity, one Doctor of Laws, and one Doctor of Civil Law. The final letter in this transaction passed through the mail, Dr. Buchanan receipting for it. He also deposited the diplomas in the mail to be delivered to the spurious doctor in South Carolina. Special Postal Agent Barrett, Chief of Police Given, a Deputy United States Marshal, and the newspaper man walked into Buchanan's place this afternoon, arrested him, and then captured about half a ton of spurious diplomas with a mass of correspondence, showing the traffic in diplomas and the sale of about 3,000 sheepskins. Hearings will be held to-morrow, and proceedings will be started by the *Record* through the Attorney-General to wipe out five of the colleges. —*Philadelphia Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Capt. Yore's Encounter with a Grizzly.

THE train was delayed several hours. There were but half a dozen passengers all told, and they all got out on the little station platform. In looking down the valley from the station (Truckee is away up the mountains on the main line of the Central Pacific Railroad), we could see some kind of an animal coming down out of the timber and making its way over the top of the snow toward the river. It looked like a steer or a mule, and none of the travelers thought it was anything else.

The snow was four feet deep and frozen so hard that one could walk over the top without breaking through. Capt. Vincent Yore, of St. Louis, a man well known in steamboat circles both in St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and, in fact, all along the river, was one of the passengers. There is considerable of the dare-devil underneath his quiet demeanor, having run the upper Missouri in his early days, and attended many an Indian council along with Gen. Sherman when the General lived in St. Louis. Yore was returning from San Francisco, where he had been to settle some railroad business for St. Louis parties, and was fixed up neat and bright as a new pin. He spied the animal and said he thought it was a bear, and that if he had a gun he would go down and shoot it. We all laughed at him, for he did not look much like a bear hunter, and the station agent, a burly follow with a red flannel shirt, and boots outside of his pants—a regular picture of a forty-niner—joined in, saying he would give him a gun if he wanted to shoot the grizzly. Capt. Yore was a good shot and could be cool under trying circumstances. The station agent, who was at once the express agent, ticket agent, baggage smasher, and everything combined, went into his little office and brought out a beautiful breech-loading rifle. Handing it to Yore, he said sarcastically, "Here's a gun." Capt. Yore took the gun and started toward the end of the platform. The passengers, of course, never dreamed he was in earnest.

The station agent called him back when he had gone down off the steps, and, bringing out a little rat-terrier dog of the light woolly Scotch pattern, said:

"Here, you'll want a dog when you go bear-hunting."

Capt. Yore turned back, picked up the dog, and, putting it under the flap of his coat, started down toward the bear. The grizzly had by this time got out far enough to be plainly seen, as he made his way across the narrow valley. He looked to be the size of a horse, and did not seem to care whether there was any body within a short distance of him or not. The Rocky Mountain grizzly is the largest and, when aroused, the most ferocious of all animals in western North America. Travelers on the Union and Central Pacific Railroad are familiar with the specimen that is caged on the platform at Lathrop, an eating station of the California end of the line. It has a foot like a "fifteenth amendment," and is as large as a Kerry cow.

The bear kept quietly in his course, and Capt. Yore went straight toward him. The station agent realized the danger Yore was in, and his anxiety was quickly communicated to the passengers. They got closer and closer, until they were only about the length of the train apart. Yore stopped, took out the little dog, and set him down. The terrier made for the bear at once, and, going behind him, bit him on the heel. The bear turned around to see what had scratched him on the foot, and the minute he turned Yore, who had been standing motionless, watching the bear as it came face toward him, brought the rifle up to his nose and flashed it at him. The bear immediately slapped himself on the shoulder with his paw and went toward the Captain. The passengers, who were watching him, were now wild with excitement.

"He has bit him," said the old Californians on the train, "and now he must look out for him." Yore never moved. The little snipe of a dog bit the bear on the heel again. Yore unloaded on him. The bear slapped himself on the other shoulder and straightened up as if to go quickly at Yore. Then the beast broke through the snow and most disappeared from our sight. He tumbled and rolled and waltzed around. The old Californians were almost breathless with fright. "The bear is trampling out a place to fight; run, run!" they screamed to Yore, but he stood motionless as a statue. The little dog flew around the top of the pit the bear had made and barked. Presently the bear put out his head to get his assailant's position, and, fixing his eyes on Yore, he crawled up out of his hole in the snow. He had just steadied himself on his four legs when the dog bit him once more, and Yore let him have it again, quick as a flash, the moment he turned, and another time the grizzly slapped himself with his paw, indicating he had been hit. He started on a trot toward Yore, who now had four loads left in his rifle. Twice again the dog bit the bear, and at each time as he turned Yore unloaded into him, bringing his rifle up to his face as quicky as if he threw a weaver's shuttle. After he had fired the fourth load and the grizzly's pace was not slackened up much, as you could scarcely notice his limp, Yore turned to move back a few paces, and as he did so he broke through the snow and went down to his armpits. The passengers, expecting every moment to see the infuriated monster crush poor Yore, covered their eyes in perfect terror.

The bear had got within a few yards of Yore, and but a few seconds would decide it. The dog bit him again, and Yore, who had the rifle firmly sighted, poured it into him, two loads in quick succession, and stretched him, as he was almost at the end of the rifle. The whole thing occurred in less time than it takes to tell it. The passengers rushed down with a shout. They brought the huge carcass back in triumph.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Census-takers.

THE census-enumerator is a man to be pitied. The dogs fly at him; the Irish maid-of-all-work slams the door in his face; the suspicious and unintelligent foreigner orders him off the premises, with the vague idea that he means "draft," or "taxes;" and people who have education enough to know better insult him for doing his duty, and refuse to answer his questions. With disheartening regularity, Bridget resents the inquiry of her name as a personal affront, and curiosity as to her age is an offense not to be given. She replies sometimes with a string of flagrant and amusing falsehoods. The mistress is not unfrequently as insolent as the servant, and almost as great a liar. One of the enumerators is reported as expressing his conviction that out of a hundred women whom he had asked the prescribed question about age, not more than four or five had told the truth. Men of apparent respectability and position are as rude to the censustaker as the people of the lower classes. Fifth Avenue is quite as troublesome as Mulberry Street.

The work of the census has been so fully explained in the newspapers that nobody ought to be ignorant of what the Government requires in respect to it. The questions to be put involve no unnecessary scrutiny of private affairs, and the information collected by this agency is of the highest value to the whole community, as the basis of political and economical legislation. But a census to be of practical benefit to the country must be approximately accurate; and an incomplete, misleading enumeration may be worse than none at all. The law properly provides severe penalties for those who willfully obstruct the work; and if the enumerators continue to encounter such difficulties as have hitherto thwarted them, it will be necessary to make some conspicuous examples of obstinate offenders. The penalty for refusing to answer the questions of the census-takers, or for answering falsely, is a fine of $100. Proceedings have already been taken for the enforcement of this punishment in several instances. It is advisable to begin with a little wholesome severity, and perhaps the pressure of the court may well be applied to obstructionists in the upper as well as the lower ranks of society, until the obligations of the public are universally understood.

Intelligent citizens, who appreciate the importance of the work, can do a great deal to facilitate operations if they will see that when the enumerators call upon them they are promptly and fully answered. Every head of a household, when he goes out in the morning, should leave proper instructions with somebody in the family to furnish the required answers to the questions. The enumerators have a hard and disagreeable work to do for small pay, and no one ought to give them superfluous trouble.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To young housekeepers we would say that in cooking it is far better to have a few, very few, dishes delicately and carefully prepared than to provide more and have them less inviting.

Our Young Folks.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hints for her spool which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can.
That is why she is proud of her little man.
—*George Klingle, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESSIE'S COURAGE.

JESSIE lived in a pretty suburb of Boston. Her family were very ordinary people, in one sense of the word. They lived in a pleasant house on a pretty street, and had things neither better nor worse than their neighbors. But there was one object in the house that Jessie declared was the sweetest and prettiest and brightest in all the world. She loved it dearly and spent a great part of her time playing with it. It was an active, wide-awake, brown-eyed, mischievous little fellow; perhaps I ought not to say "it" about him, for although he was still called "The Baby," Jessie's little brother Ben was now about three years old.

He was as full of fun as "an egg is of meat," as the up-country folks say, and his yellow head bobbed in and out of every room in the house from early morning until bedtime, when his voice filled the whole house at once with prolonged and indignant cries. For Benny hated to go to bed as badly as you do, and you know how bad *that* is, don't you, dear? Especially when there is company, and you know that Bridget has baked beautiful tarts and cakes all day on purpose for the evening treat? Why don't grown folks have treats before they shy the youngsters off to bed, I wonder?

But I was telling about Benny. He had a great many nice ways, and ever so many naughty ones, too, but Jessie didn't mind that! She loved him so much that she only thought he was cunning! and I have seen the time when I thought he was only cunning, too, although I ought to have known better, I suppose, for I am a grown-up old person. He came down into the parlor one evening, after he had been put in bed and we all supposed he was asleep. He was dressed in his little yellow flannel night suit, made with waist and drawers all together, and crawling out from under the piano when his mother had done singing, said in a very grave tone of voice, "I vant to mate a speech!" We were all hushed in surprise, and he, coming out in front of a reverend gentleman for whom we felt a great deal of awe, said, "Boys want to be 'mused too!" and planked himself flatly in a chair.

Of course the little rogue was naughty to do it—but his speech was a success. He was "amused" to his heart's content for that one evening at least.

But there were some things he did which were not so pleasant for others. He would run away from home every chance he could get. The house was only three minutes' walk from the railroad depot, and on that great through line trains were constantly passing. Many a time have his dear mamma and Jessie and all the servants been seen to rush from the house, some in one direction and some in another, trying to hunt up that mischievous and trying little boy!

At last one of the bright ones in the family struck an idea. She was quite an artist, and she devised a sign, with the help of which she hoped to prevent Benny from getting out of the yard. The neighbors had shaken their sides with laughter over and over again, watching the wild performances of the family when the gate had been accidentally left open! She concluded to have the gate kept closed. For Benny could not open the gate. He was not tall enough, and his little fingers were not strong enough, although he often tried to do it, by tipping his cart up against it, and then getting up on the end, when the wheels would roll out and he would go down, and the pole would give him a severe knock on the head for his pains! When all this happened he was always as silent as a mouse, and not a whimper left his lips, no matter how badly he was hurt. Boys always keep still when they are planning something naughty. When you are very still indeed, I advise your mamma to hunt you up! So Benny's aunt—now don't suspect it is I—took a fine, smooth board, and painted in large handsome letters this motto:

PLEASE SHUT THE GATE,
FOR THE BABY RUNS AWAY.

Thomas then nailed the board onto the gate, and all the family felt very much more secure and comfortable.

They had not thought of what other thing might happen, but they soon found out. The house was situated on a street where a great many people passed. The gate soon became the center of attraction. People driving would stop their horses, look, read, laugh, and go along chuckling to themselves as if they had heard a new joke. Ladies on the opposite side of the street, walking perhaps for the purpose of hiring a house, and seeing this sign a little indistinctly, would come across, and getting nearer and nearer would begin to smile, then grin and finally laugh, either in a finified ladylike way, or loud and hearty, as if they fully appreciated it.

One old farmer and his wife drew up their fat gray mare, and he, handing the reins to his wife, said, "I du declare for't, if this 'ere house ain't fur sale! Du let me read the sign." Whereupon putting on a pair of big round glasses, he began to haw-haw until old Bess pricked up her ears, and his good wife was just as mad!—because she couldn't see herself, and he couldn't get breath to tell her. But as it happened, half of the gate was open that day, and he laboriously got down from his wagon and carefully shut it, like a good-natured old fellow as he was!

But as the old saying goes, it is no use to lock the barn after the horse is stolen, and in this case the little runaway had gone before the farmer drove by. Jessie was the first to miss him. She was only eight years old, but she was a thoughtful child for her age, and she had seen her dear mamma, and aunt and the servants so flurried and frightened many a time that she thought to herself, "This time I will not let my dear mamma be scared. I know Benny cannot be far away. I am sure I can find him myself. I will try." So slipping her hat on her head, she went out of the yard, and looked up and down the street with all her blue eyes.

Now the street, which ran down to the depot at one end, went straight up to the end of the town to a hill at the other, and then turning, ran over a high railroad-bridge which sprang from one high cliff of the hill across a "cut" to the other side. Jessie could see not a sign of Benny toward the depot; but up the street, away up so far that it was only by his scarlet sash that she know him, she could see Benny "putting" for the turn in the road as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. With a bound and a feeling of mortal fear at her heart, Jessie sprang after him. It seemed to her as if everything happened in a minute. As she sped along she could hear the latest passenger train just pulling into the depot behind her—and, yes—there in the road was one of Benny's little silk garters, but she could not stop to pick it up. What if Benny should get to the bridge just as the train came along, and tumble off! He was liable to fall, any way, and the poor little chap knew so little of treacherous bridges that he might even run right off of his own accord. On, on she ran, her cheeks like fire, her hat flying off behind her, her forehead covered with bright little drops! But she thought nothing of herself. All her mind, her heart, were in her feet, and they were leaping after Benny! He was now out of sight. She came to a turn of the road, the bridge was before her—but Benny! where was he? She could not see him, but oh! she could hear him, screaming with fright and calling, "Mamma, sister, somebody! do tum help 'ittle Benny! Oh! oh—h—h!"

Jessie could see down the track as she ran to the side of the bridge. The roaring train was coming along toward her at a great speed. Where, oh! where was Benny? Jessie gave a great cry. There he was! hung by his petticoat to a great spike on the under edge of the bridge! There he was, tugging and and struggling to get himself off—and if he did! There were the shining rails forty feet below! There was the rushing train that would crush him into a horrible bleeding mass! All this rushed through her mind while she was acting. Laying herself flat out on the bridge, with only her head and arms over the edge, she said, gently, "Benny! keep still! Here is sister! Put up your arms and take her hands!" The little fellow was usually obedient, and he instantly did as he was bid. When she had him closely clutched by both hands Jessie began to have hope. She said a little prayer in her heart. It was this: "Dear Heavenly Father, give me strength to hang on!" That was all, but she felt as if she would be able to hang on a great while when she had finished it. But what was this? The train had come along more and more slowly. It finally stopped. A man jumped off and shouted, "Hold him, hold him! I'll be there in a minute!" and he began to climb the sides of the great embankment as fast as ever man could.

Benny by this time was sobbing, but not struggling. The spike still held his dress fast, so that his weight was not fully depending from Jessie's arms. She kept comforting and soothing him, while she trembled and wept herself, but still hung onto the little fat arms with a gentle but strong grip. Oh! it seemed ages before that kind fireman laid himself down flat beside her, and, reaching carefully out, grasped the clothing of the naughty runaway, and finally set him safely on his feet. But at last it was done, and before Jessie could get her breath to say more than "God bless you," he had sprang down the rocks again, and was soon on the engine steaming away!

Oh! what a time it made in the house and the neighborhood when the whole story was known! How proud and glad mamma was of her brave and sensible little daughter! How Benny himself began to understand his peril, and promised never, never to run away again. How papa hunted up the engineer's assistant, and by his money and influence made him a conductor on the road, and how I—that is, I mean, Benny's very bright aunt—hugged first one child and then the other, hardly knowing which she loved the most or was the most delighted to have safe home again! Jessie is a young lady now, and I presume—being sixteen and very particular about her hair and desirous of wearing a train—that she feels almost too grand to remember what she loftily calls the "doings of her childhood;" but Benny being only eleven, and still in the Grammar School, resents the least thing ever said against girls, and especially against his sister. I have known him to do what is called another very naughty thing; and that is to "pitch into" and beat a big bully who said "Huh! your sister's got awful big feet and red arms!" And he answered, while knocking the saucy fellow's head on the turf, "Say anything against my sister, will you? You will, will you? I tell you those dear little feet and arms saved my life once, you coward! How do you feel now?"—*Cora S. Daniels, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

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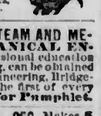
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Spare the Trees.

THE tree may be described as a rooted animal, whose function it is to equalize the electrical conditions of the atmosphere and the earth, to purify the air we breathe, to exhale large quantities of aqueous vapor, and, by so doing, to modify both the temperature and the dryness of that aerial ocean in which it expands its foliage, to check the evaporation of moisture from the soil, and to promote the conduction of water to it, and thus to assist in the formation of those subterranean springs which become the sources of perennial streams and majestic rivers.

When I say that a tree is a rooted animal, I do so advisedly. Its vital functions are analogous to ours. The spongioles at its roots select and absorb the food which it draws from the soil, in much the same way as that in which the lacteals of the human stomach act; this food is converted into sap, or blood, and its circulation is arterial and venous, like our own. The tree breathes, as we do, its leaves being its lungs; and the process of respiration is effected by means of the air-cells on the lower surface of the leaf, just as some insects breathe through the pores of their skin. In the hydrangea there are as many as sixteen thousand of these little air-holes in every square inch of the leaf, and in the yucca, or Adam's-needle, there are no less than forty thousand in the same space. Each of these inhales carbonic acid, and exhales oxygen, just as we inhale oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid. And a living tree maintains a uniformity of temperature, just as the human body does. It has its hours of sleep, as we have, and its period of growth, maturity, reproduction, and decay, as we have.

As an agent for the purification of the atmosphere, the value of the tree is incalculable. Professor Asa Gray, speaking of the Washington elm, at Cambridge, states that it is estimated to have produced an annual crop of seven millions of leaves, exposing a surface of five acres of foliage to the air. And as every inch of that foliage embraces many thousands of respiratory tubes, each incessantly engaged in giving off oxygen so long as it is exposed to the action of the light, we may imagine the beneficent part which a forest plays in relation to the supply of the vivifying principle for our own lungs and blood; and we may also estimate what we suffer, in the privation of it, by herding together in large cities, and breathing a poisoned or deteriorated atmosphere.

The influence of the forest on the humidity of the air and the earth is due to a variety of causes. In the first place, the tree, in respiration, while decomposing the carbonic acid, sets free a certain quantity of vapor. Not only so, but a portion of the moisture which is drawn up from the soil is given off by cutaneous transpiration, in the same way that vapor escapes from our bodies. In the second place, by sheltering the ground beneath them, shade trees protect it against solar irradiation. Thirdly, as trees—according to experiments which have been made in Europe—maintain at all seasons a constant mean temperature of 54° Fahrenheit, the vapor which is held in suspension by the atmosphere, when the heat of this is higher than that of the forest, coming in contact with the latter, is condensed, and falls in the shape of fine rain, or of "drip." This is a phenomenon constantly observable in wooded elevations, like the Dandenong Ranges, for example, and those pure ice-cold springs, which come leaping down the shaggy slopes of the mountains, making sweet music as they babble and gurgle, foam and eddy, in the green twilight of the lovely fern-tree cloister overhead, are but the vapor floating in the air, transmuted into sparkling runnels and stainless cataracts by the action of the gigantic eucalypti, which lift their lordly heads with such a majesty of mien above the crest of those purple hills.

Strip the ranges of their crown of glory, without replanting them, and each stream and creek would forthwith disappear. The winter rains would wash every inch of surface soil off the mountains; and then, when the bedrock had been stripped quite naked, a heavy fall of rain would rebound from the impervious declivities into the circumjacent valleys, and devastating inundations would denude these of their alluvium and sweep it into the sea. Instead of green pastures and blooming orchards, and fruitful vineyards and pleasant gardens, you would see a bare and arid plain, treeless and waterless, except in the winter, when a tropical down-pour would fill the otherwise dry beds of what are now permanent creeks with turbulent torrents.

France, with other countries, has more than once paid the penalty of this wholesale destruction of timber. Hillside forests were cut down; there was nothing to arrest the rain, and to conduct it through a mass of vegetable humus into the sub-soil, perforated and rendered permeable by the far-reaching roots of the trees, from whence it would find its way into under-ground reservoirs, constituting the fountain-heads of never-failing springs. And thus, when the snows melted, or when there was a heavy rain-fall, floods of disastrous violence occurred. That of 1840, in the valley of the Rhone, destroyed property of the value of seventy-two millions of francs. Those of 1846 occasioned a loss of forty-five millions of francs; that of May, 1856, laid a million of acres, including many towns and villages, under water in the valley of the Loire; while in the valley of the Rhone its effects are described as having been as calamitous as if the whole country had been occupied by an invading army; and the flood of 1875 was even more calamitous. More recently all Europe was moved by the afflicting narrative of the appalling inundations by which so large a portion of the Spanish province of Murcia was devastated. And here again outraged nature visited upon man the penalties of his own misdeeds. Warning voices were lifted up against the reckless war which was being everywhere waged against what little live timber yet remains in Spain, and the Government, the various municipalities, and the land-owners of the country were entreated to take some steps for the replantation of the mountain slopes; but it was all of no avail. The leading newspaper of Madrid in an excellent article on this subject has pointed out that the evils resulting from periods of protracted drought, alternating with heavy rain-falls, occasioning floods, are alarmingly on the increase, and an earnest appeal is addressed to the patriotism and public spirit of Spaniards to concert measures for rescuing the country from such perils.

Just before this frightful disaster, Hungary was visited by one of a similar character, attributable to a like cause, and attended with a correspondingly deplorable sacrifice of human life and valuable property. The county town Szegedin, a place containing nearly forty thousand inhabitants, was swept away in a few hours, and the swollen waters of the Theiss, augmented to the proportions of a lake, overwhelmed a busy and prosperous community by a general ruin. The Theiss rises in the Carpathians, and in those mountains, as elsewhere, the hand of the spoiler has been at work; the forests have been felled, without any systematic attempt at replantation, and outraged nature visits upon the heads of the malefactors the righteous retribution of their shameful rapine.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Economy of Strength.

ECONOMY of strength is quite as important as economy of time. There are many housekeepers who, if they work moderately, can keep upon their feet nearly all day, while if they were to hurry, they would be completely tired out in an hour. Those who are fortunate enough to possess the strength and health with which our grandmothers were blest, can do their housework as they please—if they choose to loiter all day, they can easily do two days' work the next—while their weaker sisters must keep their work from getting behind-hand. A little mental work will aid wonderfully, if rightly applied. Suppose that instead of going "down cellar" six separate times while preparing dinner, one should use a little forethought, and while getting the meat do all things possible? The butter can be placed on the plate and the cream turned into the pitcher; little hands and feet can be taught to do safely and carefully many errands that would greatly relieve weary mothers. If there are no little ones to aid, a large platter or even the dish-pan can be used to good advantage in carrying different things from the cellar. It is even very tiresome to be obliged to do much work after tea. So let the meat be cut and the potatoes brought in and perhaps pared during the intervals of preparing the meal. Let the basins and saucers that are soiled be immediately washed, and one will be relieved from an immense pan of dishes after supper. The same may be said of going up stairs, for passing back and forth, even over the easiest steps, is very tiresome, and one will be well repaid for economy.

Sometimes in the midst of housework one will be seized with a sudden fit of trembling, a headache, or an unaccountable weariness of the limbs. One knows that sitting or lying down for half an hour will relieve, but because the sweeping is not done, or possibly the dishes, thinks it must not be. I deem it purest folly to spend ten or twelve hours in pain and weariness, when one-twentieth that time spent in rest would prevent it. I do not call it indolence if one spends two forenoons at ironing, taking frequent rests, in which most or all the mending can be done. Neither do I think it wrong if the washing is not always done on Monday. I do not wish to advocate laziness, but I should like to tell every wife that it is due her husband and family that she make the best possible use of her strength—that it is not advisable to use it carelessly, for real comfort need not be sacrificed, though system and order may be slightly dethroned.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

"Eating Crow"—Origin of the Phrase.

INQUIRIES are made as to the origin of "eating crow," as used in modern politics. The first allusion to "eating crow" was made in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, a little more than a quarter of a century ago. It was a story of a summer boarding house-keeper on the Hudson, and of an indignant patron. Whenever the latter ventured to suggest that the spring chicken was rather tough, or that the roast beef must have been cut from the cow's hoofs, he was directly told that he was entirely "too particular," and that the autocrat of the table and the house could eat anything, even a crow. This settled the matter for the time being, but the boarder convinced against his will was of the same opinion still, at all events in regard to the quality of edibles placed before him. So often was the remark, "I kin eat anything; I kin eat a crow," brought down on his devoted head, that he finally resolved to try the old man. He went out gunning one day, and succeeded in bagging a very fine, fat old back crow. He went into the kitchen, and by dint of soft words and filthy lucre, induced the cook to allow him to prepare the crow for the table. He boiled it nicely, and it wasn't such a bad looking dish after all. His heart misgave him; the flinty old cuss would eat it after all. The cook was a Scotch woman and used snuff. He borrowed all she had and sprinkled it liberally over the crow, gave her another simmer, and then taking it on a salver brought it before his host, saying as he set it down, "Now, my dear sir, you have said a thousand times, if you have said it once, that you can eat crow. Here is one very carefully cooked." It is said that the old man turned pale for a moment, but braced himself against the back of his chair, and with "I kin eat crow," he began, cutting a good mouthful. He swallowed it, and then preparing for second onslaught, he looked his boarder straight in the eye, while he ejaculated, "I've eaten crow," and took his second portion. He lifted his hands mechanically, as if for a third onslaught, but dropped them quickly over the region of his stomach, and, rising hurriedly and unsteadily, retreated for the door, muttering as he went, "but dang me if I hanker arter it."

TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.—Dissolve one ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in one quart of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the purpose After the application of this solution, clean the cloth well with clear water; dry and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fiber.

HOME AND FARM.

FOR clothes that fade, use one ounce of sugar of lead in a pail of rain water. Soak over night.

NEVER make jelly in damp or cloudy weather—it will be neither firm nor clear.

CRACKER FRUIT PUDDING.—Six crackers pounded fine, one quart boiling milk, one spoonful flour, one cup brown sugar, six eggs, raisins and currants; all kinds of spice. Bake.

THE roup in fowls has been cured with sulphur applied as follows: Open the bill of the fowl and with a tube, which may be formed of paper, blow half a teaspoonful of sulphur down the throat. Three applications have been known to cure.

FEATHER pillows can be cleaned and purified without removing the feathers, by taking the pillows, laying them in the bath-tub, scrubbing them with a scrubbing brush dipped in a solution of two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to half a pail of warm water and rinse them thoroughly. Lay them out on the grass to dry, turning them frequently; and at the last pin them to the line for a number of days, and when quite dry beat them with a rod. This is to disentangle and lighten the feathers.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Take fine ripe cherries with stems on, and to each quart allow a pint of good vinegar and a coffeecupful of white sugar. Boil sugar and vinegar together ten minutes, skimming as needed. Pour cold over the cherries. Spice may be added if you please, but the stones give a pleasant flavor of themselves.

WOOD AND SOIL.—It is worth bearing in mind, that in wood of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil in which they grew. A tree that grows on wet, rich land, will be less solid and less durable for fuel and therefore of less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on a dry and pure soil. To the ordinary purchaser, oak is oak, and pine is pine; but for house use, the tree grown on dry upland, and standing apart from all others, is worth a great deal more.

DRY YEAST.—A large handful of hops, tie up in a cloth and place in a crock or bright stew pan; pour one and one-half quarts boiling water over them and steep 15 minutes; remove from fire, squeeze the water from the hops and lay them aside; put one quart flour, one tablespoonful of ginger and three of sugar into the hot water, which should be hot enough to thoroughly scald the flour; when cool, add a couple of cakes of good dry yeast; then stir the mixture frequently; every time it rises, stir it down again; let it stand over night; the next morning stir as before; when it is all a light foam, stir thick with corn meal; make into cakes and dry in the shade.

WE find in a Western exchange, raw eggs, shells and all, recommended as a remedy for scours in cattle. Pull out the tongue, crack the egg, clap it on the root of the tongue, and let go. Two or three are enough for a young calf; from that up to two dozen for a cow. It is the best cure for loss of cud. Keep a calf dry, feed regularly in time, quantity and temperature; feed no uncooked corn meal, and you will not be troubled with scours.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Gather your tomatoes when fully ripe, and wash them and mash them in some suitable vessel. Then place them in a kettle over a moderate fire, and when just warmed through, press a cullender down upon them, then dipping from the cullender all the watery juice possible. After boiling a short time, strain the mass through a wire sieve, just fine enough to retain the rind of the fruit; then return it to the kettle and boil it down to the desired consistency; some prefer it thin, as it retains more of the flavor, taking all care that it does not become scorched in the process. Heat the bottles you intend to use in a steamer to a boiling heat, and while they retain this heat fill them with sauce in a boiling state. Then cork them immediately with good corks, and place them where they will cool slowly.

SPEAKING of red clover at the Ontario Dairymen's Association, held in London, Ont., the Rev. W. F. Clark said: "I am an enthusiast in regard to red clover. It is the only crop that leaves the land better than it finds it; it also benefits the land when it matures its seed, and although this is contrary to the analogy of nature in other crops, there is not the slightest doubt but it is true of this. Still there seems to be a prejudice against it. It is said it taints the butter and makes poor hay. This is a mistake. Red clover would be found preferable to subsoiling in improving the land. While the subsoiler goes down but a few inches, the clover roots will go down several feet and improve the soil generally. As a fodder, clover is far ahead of sweet turnips."

Sanitary Sleeping.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON protests against the double bed. He maintains that the system of having beds in which two persons can sleep is always to some extent unhealthful. Each little child, even, should have its own little bed. No two children are constituted so as to require the same kind of bed-clothing and the same kind of bedding. "No children or persons can sleep under the same covering without one being the cause of some discomfort to the other, by movement, position or drag of clothing. Beyond these discomforts, however, there is the question of emanations from the breath. At some time or other the breath of one of the sleepers must, in some degree, affect the other; the breath is heavy, disagreeable; it may be so intolerable that in waking hours, when the senses are alive to it, it would be sickening soon after a short exposure to it. Here in bed, with the senses locked up, the disagreeable odor may not be realized; but assuredly, because it is not detected, it is not less injurious. Moreover, under the single bed system it is rendered impossible to place very old and very young people to sleep together. To the young this is a positive blessing, for there is no practice more deleterious to them than to sleep with the aged. The vital warmth that is so essential for their growth and development is robbed from them by the aged, and they are enfeebled at a time when they are least able to bear the enfeeblement."

THE DAIRY.

A CUBIC foot of water weighs 1,000 ounces; a cubic foot of milk weighs 8t7 ounces, and a foot of cream 780 ounces.

AN old dairyman recommends having a faucet in the bottom of the cream-jar, so as to draw off the watery portion of the cream without disturbing the rest, as it is this watery portion which becomes bitter, and imparts a bitter taste to the butter.

DAIRY BUTTER.—It may then be asked, what is defective in the methods usual on these farms where the grass is the sweetest, the freshest and the most abundant; where the water is the purest and where the crystal springs are the coldest; where, in fact, nature has done her part to the fullest? I should answer that the sole trouble is want of cleanliness; first, in milking, in which sufficient care is not used to clean the cows or the milker's hands; then in the management of the spring houses, where ventilation is scarcely thought of; then in freeing the butter from the buttermilk; after that in using poor salt—again a want of cleanliness, for impure salt is unclean—lastly, in packing and storing the butter. It is a seasonable thing for makers of dairy butter to ponder over these points, and see wherein they offend against this one needful virtue in dairying, perfect and entire cleanliness; to get rid of imperfect methods, and to practice only those which are perfect; to study over their system, in fact, and find out for themselves their defects.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

AN old farmer in the New York *Tribune* says: "A dairyman, speaking lately of the very best kind of hay for feeding his cows during the winter, places them according to their value in the following order: Red clover rowen, clover hay, fine English hay, herd's grass. These should be cut as soon as the earliest heads begin to blossom. I wonder he does not mention timothy and orchard grass; for if sowed thick and cut just before flowering they make excellent hay for milch cows as well as sheep. By herd's grass I suppose redtop is meant, as it bears the former name in some localities. But there are two other grasses better than either of the above to produce choice butter and to fatten stock rapidly, and these are June or blue grass and white clover. The late Mr. Clift, one of the best farmers in Putnam County, New York, paid particular attention to these two latter grasses for hay, considering that their mixture half and half, making up a ton of hay, was worth for butter and to fatten animals thrice that of most other hay; and although these did not produce over a third as great a weight per acre as timothy, still they were the most profitable to grow on suitable lands, and there were the additional considerations of less storage-room required and less labor in handling.

Remedy for Milk Fever.

DR. ROBERT JENNINGS, the noted Veterinary Surgeon, author of "Cattle and Their Diseases," etc., gives some valuable suggestions about milk fever in cows: "It is well known that this disease usually attacks the best cows, and is too often fatal on account of improper treatment. Do not, under any circumstances, purge or bleed your animals if you would have them live. We advise the following remedies, which can be obtained in any drug store—by proper use and nursing you will save two animals where you now save one: Sulphate of magnesia, one pound; Jamaica ginger, pulverized, two ounces: mix well and divide into six powders, one to be given three times a day, dissolved in a half pint of tepid water, alternating every six hours with one of the following powders: Chloride of potassa, one ounce; digitalis folio, pulverized, one-half ounce, tartaric antimony, one-half ounce; mix and divide into six powders. Place the cow in a large, well-ventilated box stall, well supplied with clean, dry straw and kept clean. If the weather is cold protect her with warm clothing. The milk should be frequently drawn off, and, when unable to rise, she should be turned occasionally, which will afford her temporary relief."

Feeding Sour Milk to Cows.

SOME maintain that feeding sour milk to cows affects their butter injuriously; but we never made sweeter or nicer butter than we have been turning out this spring when feeding sour milk to the cows from whose milk it was made. Last spring we did not feed it; but gave each sixteen pounds of hay and three quarts of oats and corn—cob taken out—ground together, and then the average yield of milk per cow was from thirteen to fourteen pounds per day. This spring we have been feeding the same amount of hay, two quarts of oats and corn ground together— cob again taken out—two quarts of wheat bran and the sour milk from the herd, and the average yield of each per day has been from twenty-one to twenty-two pounds of milk—an increase of over one-third. The cows are the same as last spring, with the addition of two others—one a cow we bought and which is thought no better than the rest, and the other a two-year-old heifer which gives from twenty-five to twenty-seven pounds of milk per day now. I don't expect the feeding of sour milk will make so much difference during the latter part of May, June and July, but, after that, I expect as great a difference as now. It is estimated that by using sour milk in this way, one cow more can be kept for every ten in the herd; but on this point I cannot speak definitely. We take our milk to a creamery, so there is no guess-work with regard to the weight.—*G. E. Nichols, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Stonewall Jackson's last dispatch written by his own hand in pencil, on a single sheet of English notepaper, is preserved in a case in the Virginia State Library. It was written to General Lee, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, where Jackson received his death wound. It is a short note, ending thus devoutly: "I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success."

—A suggestion to others who are annoyed: In a certain town in Maine, the exasperated owner of a corner store has put up a sign, reading as follows: "Wanted, ten of the laziest men in town, to loaf on this corner."

SIGNOR BELLACHINI, the renowned German prestidigitateur, one morning recently visited the Emperor William, with whom he is a great favorite, at his study overlooking the Linden avenue, and asked to be appointed "Royal Court Artist." "I will do it, Bellachini, if you will perform some extraordinarily-clever trick, worthy of the favor you ask," replied the Emperor. Bellachini immediately took up a pen, and handing it with some paper on the table to the Emperor, requested him to write, "Bellachini can do nothing at all." Neither pen nor ink would perform its functions. "Now then, sir, will you try with the same to write, "Bellachini is the Emperor's Court Artist?'" The second attempt was as sucessful as the first had been contrary, and Bellachini was at once, under the Emperor's own hand, made "Royal Court Artist."

DO NOT throw off hat and coat and sit in a draft because great beads of perspiration stand on your brow. Save doctor's bills by being prudent.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for July.*

THERE was a wild scene at a Jersey church the other Sunday. A sensational preacher had given out that he would talk on "The Lessons of the Narragansett Slaughter." There was a large congregation whom the preacher did his best to delight with horrors. He got along swimmingly until he cried "there never was a greater set of cowards than the officers and crew of the Narragansett proved themselves to be on that occasion." This sentiment was too much for one of the audience, who rose in his seat and roared: "That is a lie, and you are a liar." It was the Captain of the Narragansett who thus spoke, and for that freedom of speech he was carried off to a police station, but was discharged after a hearing of the case.

[Fort Wayne, (Ind.) Staats Zeitung.]

MR. R. SIGEL, from Monroeville, Ind., called the other day at our office, and informed us that he had read in our paper, of the Hamburg Drops, and had tested the real worth of the remedy. The case of Mrs. Sigel was declared a hopeless one by some of the best physicians. Having tried almost everything, she concluded also to use Hamburg Drops. With the use of the first bottle came relief, and about five bottles of the remedy cured Mrs. Sigel.

PROFESSIONAL pomposity is well taken off in the following anecdote: Shields, doctor, (looking learned and speaking slowly)—"Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar or incisor?" Jack (short and sharp)—"It is the upper tier on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster!"

[Cleveland, (Ohio) Plain Dealer.]

MR. N. K. MCDOLE, the well-known passenger agent of the Northern Transit Company, sounded this morning in our office the first note of Spring on his celebrated hand bugle. We are pleased to note that his right arm is all right again, thanks to St. Jacobs Oil.

"FATHER," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations that never give you a cent." The boy said the old man, then, was the "closest" relation he'd got.

A Busy Life.

The World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., is a great institution, having its auxiliary Invalid's Hotel, for accommodation of patients, costing its founder nearly half a million of dollars, and its branch in London, England, of similar proportions, where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets and other remedies are manufactured for the foreign trade, which extends to the East Indies, China and other far distant countries. All this mammoth business has been organized, systematized and built up by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has associated with himself as a Faculty, under the name of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a most competent staff of physicians and surgeons who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set lot of remedies but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a work on domestic medicine—entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at $1.50, and also to serve a term as State Senator and later as member of Congress. Surely he must be competent if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon "the recollections of a busy life."—*National Republican.*

THE Iron Mountain Cook Stove, manufactured by the Co-operative Stove Co., Cleveland, O., is the finest and in every respect the best in the world. Call and see it at nearest stove store.

WARNING to young people contemplating matrimony—brimstone is the end of all matches.

THE State of Virginia hires out five hundred and twenty-five of her convicts to work on her railroads and other public improvements, for whom the State receives twenty-five cents each a day.

CLERGYMAN to newly-wedded pair: "The marriage state imposes various duties. The husband must protect the wife, while the wife must follow the husband whithersoever he goes." Bride: "Lor' sir, can't that be altered in our case? My husband is going to be a country postman."

KICK your corn through a window-glass, and the pane is gone forever.

HE opened the door cautiously and poked his head in in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow. Inquired "Is this the editorial rinktum?" "The what?" my friend. "Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanktum or some such place where the editors live." "This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."—*Exchange.*

LIVERSTICK has been ill for some weeks, and Jones, meeting Smith, asks: "How's Liverstick, Smith—any better?" "Well," says Smith, "his physician is hopeful." "Yes, yes," responded Jones, "that's all very well; but is his undertaker hopeful? That's more to the purpose." Jones is such a peculiar fellow.

THE people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, the citizen replied: "Madam, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

"Ish dere some fedder here for me?" inquired a German at the general delivery window of the post-office the other day. "No, nuffin here," was the reply. "Vhell, dot is queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets sometimes dree fedders in one day, und I get none. I pays more taxes as he does, und I have never got one fedder yet. How come dose tings?"

The Literary Revolution.

The climax in cheap book-making has surely been reached in the twelve little books advertised elsewhere by the American Book Exchange, New York. They are worth getting merely as curiosities, even if they were not each of them intrinsically valuable. A great point to be commended in the "Revolution" publications is that they are all books of high literary character and worthy of universal circulation.

On Exhibition.

The "Record," Naples, N. Y., says: "Ever is on exhibition at Rochester, N. Y., and open, free to all, the thousands of testimonials H. H. Warner & Co. have on file."

UNMANLY MEN are they who have lost manhood's power. Hunt's Remedy quickly restores.

THE sales of the Frazer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

SUMMER COLDS AND COUGHS CURED BY
Allen's Lung Balsam.
ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS
AS A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MALT
UNFERMENTED
HUNDREDS OF PHYSICIANS throughout the United States have indorsed MALT BITTERS, prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY, as containing more of the elements of nourishment and strength than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors. They build up anew the nervous, osseous (bone) and muscular system. They enrich the blood and impart life and vigor to every function. There can be no want of sleep, no despondency, no debility for those who place their trust in this matchless Food Medicine. Sold everywhere.
MALT BITTERS COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
MALT AND HOPS
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WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
FOR CHILLS AND FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES
CAUSED BY
Malarial Poisoning
OF THE BLOOD.
A Warranted Cure.
Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RED RIVER VALLEY
2,000,000 Acres
Wheat Lands
best in the world, for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. Co.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
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LIVER
CATHARTIC.
Purely Vegetable. Cures all Bilious Diseases, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Blood.
WARRANTED in All Cases.
Ask your Druggist for this Medicine, also for testimonials.
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A FREE GIFT! I WILL MAIL A COPY OF MY "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE" Book, FREE, to any person who will send his name and post-office address, and two 3-cent stamps to pay postage. To any one suffering with CONSUMPTION, CATARRH, ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS, the information in this illustrated volume of 144 pages is invaluable. In the providence of God it has saved many useful lives. Address DR. N. H. WOLFE, 146 Smith St., Cincinnati, O.

St. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Normal School.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., June 21, 1880.

The Garrett county Normal School will be opened in Accident, on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, and continue for ten weeks. For terms of tuition &c., apply to Mr. J. T. Mitchell, Listonburg, Pa.

E. H. BARTLETT,
je 26-3 Secretary, &c.

Order of Publication

Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert vs. John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 189. Equity.

The object of this suit is to restrain the sale of certain property mentioned in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H Heckert to John Fitz, and Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee.

The bill shows that the said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert were engaged in the shook and stave business, as Bush & Heckert, and that sometime in the month of September, 1879, they contracted with a certain John Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to build and furnish them a steam engine of thirty horse power, one saw mill and fixtures, for which they were to pay the sum of $2,500, as follows: one steam engine and boiler complete, then owned and used by the complainants, which was agreed to be taken by the said Fitz, at and for the sum of $700; $200 cash on delivery of said steam engine, saw mill and other articles, and for the balance, $1,800, the complainants were to give to the said Fitz their three promissory notes for $600 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively, and to secure the payment of said notes they agreed to give the said Fitz a lien upon said steam engine and mill.

The bill charges that the said Fitz, intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, conspired with certain persons unknown to the complainants and procured a steam engine of twenty-five horse power and delivered it to the complainants, stating and declaring to them that it was a thirty horse power engine manufactured by the said Fitz.

That the complainants, believing the representations of the said Fitz, received the said steam engine and saw mill, and fully complied with the terms of the contract by delivering to the said Fitz the steam engine as agreed upon and paying him the sum of $200, and executed and delivered to him the three notes agreed upon and executed to a certain Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, of Garrett county, as trustee, a deed of trust upon the said steam engine, saw mill and other articles to secure the payment of said notes.

That the complainants took the said steam engine and saw mill and endeavored to do the work with it which they had purchased it to do and which they were assured by said Fitz it would do, and which an engine of 30 horse power ought to and will do, but failed to accomplish it.

That it was not until after working with it at a great disadvantage for several months that the complainants discovered certainly that the said engine was and is only a twenty-five horse power engine and built and manufactured by a certain Frick & Company.

That the complainants, after becoming convinced of this, informed the said Fitz thereof and requested him to pay back to them the amount paid on said engine, mill and other articles, and to take the same back; but the said Fitz, still intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, refused so to do.

That the complainants contracted for a thirty horse power engine, because a less power would not do their work. That they have been subjected to heavy losses in consequence of the failure of said Fitz to comply with the terms of his agreement. That the price agreed to be paid by the complainants is the full price of a thirty horse power engine, and that an engine of twenty-five horse power in all respects as good and valuable as the one furnished, could have been procured for much less money.

That one of the notes given by the complainants to Fitz fell due on May 13th, 1880, but having been cheated, deceived and defrauded and grossly damaged and injured by said Fitz, they refused to pay the same unless he would consent to a reduction of the sum claimed to be his and just amount for which a steam engine of twenty-five horse power could have been purchased.

That upon the complainants' said refusal the said Fitz instructed the said Trustee to proceed to advertise and sell the said engine, saw mill and other articles, under said deed of trust, and that the said trustee has advertised the said property for sale on the 28th of June, 1880.

That the complainants are and have ever been, willing to do everything that is fair and equitable in the premises, but they have been cheated, defrauded and overreached by the said John Fitz to this whole matter.

That the said Fitz and the said Frick & Co. are non residents of this State, and that the complainants have no adequate remedy for the grievances aforesaid, save through the interposition of the restraining power of this court by an injunction.

To the end that the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and the said John Fitz, may be restrained and prohibited by the injunction of this court, from selling the said property and from taking any other or further step or steps to sell the same, and that the said John Fitz, may be restrained from assigning transferring or in any manner disposing of the said promissory notes or either of them until the further order of this court in the premises. And that the said claim of the said John Fitz may be reduced to a fair and just price for the engine, mill and other articles, so as aforesaid delivered by the said Fitz to the complainants.

The bill prays the Court to grant unto the complainants the writ of injunction enjoining and prohibitting the said John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord trustee from selling and offering for sale, the said property or any part thereof under the said deed of trust, and enjoining and prohibiting the said Fitz, from assigning or transferring the said notes or either of them until the further order of this court, and also the writ of supoena against the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and an Order of Publication giving notice to the said John Fitz, of the objects and purposes of this bill.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 24th day of June, 1880, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 30th day of July, 1880, giving notice to the said John Fitz, and warning him to appear in the court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 8th day of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why an injunction should not be granted as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je 26-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

$1500 To $600 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je 11-y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

JOHN E. GNAGEY,

OF ACCIDENT,

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Garrett county, that he has removed to his new store room, where he keeps constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, Agricultural Implements, &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.
6 26 2m

BLACKSMITHING.

HARMON O. HESSEN

takes this means of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing, in a neat and substantial manner.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Good produce taken in exchange for work.
☞ Shop on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md. 7 3 3

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No fees in advance, nor until a Patent is allowed. *No fees for making preliminary examinations.*

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Send Stamp for Pamphlet of Sixty Pages.

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PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4017, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 142. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Seiss, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je26-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you, $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

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RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. le21-vl

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FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
Statements, &c.,
Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where last lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be long neglected by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information and cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
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WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Sand Run, in district No. 8, on a road known as the Mason Location, leading from the Captain Woods farm to the West Virginia line, near Fairfax Stone. Also for the erection of a bridge across Laurel Run on the same road.

GEO. L. MOSSER,
MARION McKINMEY,
JOHN BLAMBLE.
6 12 3

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.
v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
SURVEYOR,

Office in Wm. Merrill's drug store.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

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je5 Oakland, Md.

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W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
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AND
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Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY;
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel3-ly

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG

Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No 208 Smith Centre Street.
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Dr. Singleton Townshend

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OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

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H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Estate of Isaac Speicher, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Testamentary on the personal estate of

ISAAC SPICHER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of June, 1880.

JOSEPH N. SPICER,
6 12 3 Executor.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S. Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Konkel.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John William and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Brownlie & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, Jr. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886. NUMBER 22.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.

D. M. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 5 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Simonse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. ☞ also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. fall-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1886.

THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Between the events of our last lesson and of the present intervenes a period of more than fifteen centuries, one fourth of all human history. All the annals that remain of this world before the flood, from the sentence of Cain to the building of the ark, are found in less than fifty verses of the Bible. The young and vigorous blood of the race enable men to live through the centuries, so that those who heard the story of creation from the lips of Adam could relate it to the ears of Shem. There were warriors and conquerors, poets and musicians, artisans and builders in those archaic ages. But especially do we discern then, as in all history since, two classes of character; the holy children of God and the wicked seed of men. We mark the [illegible] power, and in faithfulness, while the other increased apace in every evil element, until the utter extinction of religion was threatened. God, whose eye is ever on the watch for the interests of his kingdom, saw that there was but one way to avert the catastrophe of a ruined world; the destruction of its evil elements, and a new start to the race under better auspices. He who holds all forces in his hand determined to let loose upon earth the storms of a deluge. He commanded his one faithful servant, Noah, to commence the building of a great ark, or floating chest, which should during its very construction, serve as a warning to the world. The man of God obeyed, though no signs of danger were at hand, and persevered in his task through the scoffs of the wicked around him for a hundred and twenty years, until at last the huge vessel stood finished upon the land. By divine command he placed within it pairs of all the animal life in the region inhabited by men, which may not have extended far beyond the borders of the Mesopotamian basin, and reaching up toward the Caspian on the north. Himself and his family then entered, and the door was shut. A fierce storm now began, with rain pouring from above, the rivers flooding around, and, perhaps, by a recession of the earth, the seas encroached upon the land, until every mountain top of the inhabited region was covered, and the dying wail of earth's last inhabitant was drowned in the roar of the tempest. Month after month passed by, until at last the strange ship grounded on some mountain in the Armenian district, and after a year spent within the walls of their wandering home, the patriarchal family emerged upon the desolate earth. Their first act was a sacrifice of thanksgiving and of consecration to God. As the smoke ascended from the earth, the rainbow spanned the arch of heaven, God's token of a covenant never again to destroy the human race by a flood.

Gen. 9. 8-19.

Memory Verses. 12-15.

8 And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying,

9 And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you:

10 And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that goes out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.

11 And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

12 And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations:

13 I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

14 And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud:

15 And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

16 And the bow shall be in the clouds; and I may look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.

17 And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

18 And the sons of Noah, that went forth of the ark, were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth: and Ham is the father of Canaan.

19 These are the three sons of Noah: and of them was the whole earth overspread.

HOME READINGS.

M. The covenant with Noah. Gen. 9, 8-19.
Tu. The command to Noah. Gen. 6. 5-22
W. The deluge. Gen. 7. 1-12.
Th. The offering of Noah. Gen. 8. 1-22.
F. The tempest stilled. Mar. 4. 30-41.
S. The refuge in trouble. Psa. 16. 1-11.
S. The mercy of God. Isa. 51. 4-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. Gen. 9. 13.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evils to remove,
And help our misery.

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

Through the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure:
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE COVENANT, v. 8-11; Deut. 7. 9.
What is a covenant? [ANS. An agreement between two parties.]
Who made this covenant?
What event had just taken place? Gen. 7. 23.
What promise did God make?
How has it been fulfilled?
How does it show his goodness and mercy?
What reason have we to believe that God will keep his covenant? Heb. 6. 18.
How will the world be destroyed? 2 Pet. 3. 6. 7.
What will be the future of the heavens and the earth? Rev. 21. 1.
Who shall dwell in that new heaven? Rev. 22. 14.

2. THE TOKEN, v. 12-19; Rev. 4. 3.
What is a token? [ANS. A sign or proof.]
For whose benefit did God give a token of his covenant?
What was the token?
Is it still a token of God's covenant?
Of what should it remind us when we see it?
What was seen around God's throne in the visions of Ezekiel and of John? Ezek. 1. 28; Rev. 4. 3.
Of what was this rainbow a token?
What should we give in return for it?
Who came out of the ark?
What became of the rest of mankind? Gen. 7. 23.
How did the earth again become inhabited?
How, then, should we regard all our fellowmen? [ANS. As brothers, members of one family.]

Gen. Garfield's Acceptance.

MENTOR, OHIO, July 12.—General Garfield has forwarded to Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, the following letter of acceptance of the nomination tendered him by the Republican national convention;

MENTOR, OHIO, July 10, '80.

DEAR SIR: On the evening of the 8th of June last I had the honor to receive from you in the presence of the committee of which you were chairman the official announcement that the Republican national convention at Chicago had that day nominated me for their candidate for President of the United States. I accept the nomination with gratitude for the confidence it implies and with a deep sense of the responsibilities it imposes. I cordially indorse the the principles set forth in the platform adopted by the convention. On nearly all the subjects of which it treats my opinions are on record among the published proceedings of Congress. I venture, however, to make special mention of some of the principal topics which are likely to become subjects of discussion, without reviewing the controversies which have been settled during the last twenty years and with no purpose or wish to revive the passions of the late war. It should be said that while Republicans fully recognize and will strenuously defend all the rights retained by the people and all the rights reserved to the States, they reject the pernicious doctrine of State supremacy which so long crippled the functions of the National government, and at one time brought the Union very near to destruction. They insist that the United States is a Nation with ample power of self-preservation; that its constitution and laws, made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme law of the land; that the right of the Nation to determine the method by which its own legislature shall be created cannot be surrendered without abrogating one of the fundamental powers of the government; that the National laws relating to the election of representatives in Congress shall neither be violated nor evaded; that every elector shall be permitted freely and without intimidation to cast his lawful ballot at such election and have it honestly counted and that the potency of his vote shall not be destroyed by the fraudulent vote of any other person. The best thoughts and energies of our people should be directed to those great questions of a National well-being in which all have a common interest. Such efforts will soonest restore perfect peace to those who were lately in arms against each other, for justice and good will will outlast passion; but it is certain the wounds of the war cannot be completely healed, and the spirit of brotherhood cannot fully pervade the whole country until every citizen, rich or poor, white or black, is secure in the free and equal enjoyment of every civil and political right guaranteed by the constitution and laws. Wherever the enjoyment of this is not secured discontent will prevail. Immigration will cease and the social and industrial forces will continue to be disturbed by the migration of laborers and the consequent diminution of prosperity. The National government should exercise all its constitutional authority to put an end to these evils, for all the people and all the States are members of one body, and no member can suffer without injury to all. The most serious evils which now afflict the South arise from the fact that there is not such freedom and toleration of political opinion that the minority party can exercise an effective and wholesome restraint upon the party in power. Without such restraint party rule becomes tyranical and corrupt. The prosperity which is made possible in the South by its great advantage of soil and climate will never be realized until every voter can freely and safely support any party he pleases. Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained. Its interests are entrusted to the States and the voluntary action of the people. Whatever help the Nation can justly afford should be generously given to aid the States in supporting common schools, but it would be unjust to our people and dangerous to our institutions to apply any portion of the revenues of the Nation or of the States to the support of sectarian school. The separation of the Church and the State in everything relating to taxation should be absolute. On the subject of National finances, my views have been so frequently and fully expressed that little is needed in the way of additional statement. The public debt is now so well secured and the rate of annual interest has been so reduced by refunding that rigid economy in expenditures and the faithful application of our surplus revenues to the payment of the principal of the debt will gradually but certainly free the people from its burdens and close with honor the financial chapter of the war. At the same time the government can provide for all its ordinary expenditures and discharge its sacred obligations to the soldiers of the Union and to the widows and orphans of those who fell in its defense. The resumption of specie payments, which the Republican party so courageously and successfully accomplished, has removed from the field of controversy many questions that long and seriously disturbed the credit of the government and the business of the country. Our paper currency is now as national as the flag and resumption has not only made it everywhere equal to coin, but has brought into use our store of gold and silver. The circulating medium is more abundant than ever before, and we need only to maintain the equality of all our dollars to insure to labor and capital a measure of value from the use of which no one can suffer loss. The great prosperity which the country now enjoying should not be endangered by any violent changes or doubtful financial experiments. In reference to our custom laws a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the treasury and will enable the labor and capital employed in our industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labor and capital of foreign producers. We legislate for the people of the United States, not for the whole word, and it is our glory that the American laborer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country cannot be independent unless its people, with their abundant natural resources, possess the requisite skill at any time to clothe, arm and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all the nesessary implements of labor. It was the manifest intention of the founders of the government to provide for the common defense, not by standing armies alone, but by rising among the people a greater army of artisans whose intelligence and skill should powerfully contribute to the safety and glory of the Nation. Fortunately for the interests of commerce, there is no longer any formidable opposition to appropriations for the improvement of our harbors and great navigable rivers, provided that the expenditures for that purpose are strictly limited to works of national importance. The Mississippi river, with its great tributories is of such vital importance to so many millions of people that the safety of its navigation requires exceptional consideration. In order to secure to the nation the control of all its waters President Jefferson negotiated the purchase of a vast territory extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific ocean. The wisdom of Congress should be invoked to devise some plan by which that great river shall cease to be a terror to those who dwell upon its banks and by which its shipping may safely carry the industrial products of twenty-five millions of people. The interests of agriculture, which is the basis of all our material prosperity and in which seven-twelfths of our population are engaged, as well as the interests of manufacturers and commerce, demand that the facilities for cheap transportation shall be increased by the use of all our great water courses. The material interests of this country, the traditions of its settlement and the sentiment of our people have led the government to offer the widest hospitality to emigrants who seek our shores for new and happier homes, willing to share the burdens as well as the benefits of our society, and intending that their posterity shall become an undistinguishable part of our population. The recent movement of the Chinese to our Pacific coast partakes but little of the qualities of such an emigration, either in its purposes or its results. It is too much like an importation to be welcomed without restriction, too much like an invasion to be looked upon without solicitude. We cannot consent to allow any forms of servile labor to be introduced among us under the guise of immigration.

Recognizing the gravity of this subject, the present administration, supported by Congress, has sent to China a commission of distinguished citizens, for the purpose of securing such a modification of the existing treaty as will prevent the evils likely to arise from the present situation. It is confidently believed that these diplomatic negotiations will be successful without the loss of commercial intercourse between the two powers, which promises a great increase of reciprocal trade and the enlargement of our markets.

Should these efforts fail it will be the duty of Congress to mitigate the evils already felt and prevent their increase by such restrictions as, without violence or injustice, will place upon a sure foundation the peace of our communities and the freedom and dignity of labor. The appointment of citizens to the various executive and judicial officers of the government is, perhaps, the most difficult of all duties which the constitution has imposed upon the executive. The convention wisely demands that Congress shall co operate with the executive departments in placing the civil service on a better basis. Experience has proved that with our frequent changes of administration no system of reform can be made effective and permanent without the aid of legislation. Appointments to the military and naval service are so regulated by law and custom as to leave but little ground of complaint. It may not be wise to make similar regulations by law for the civil service, but without invading the authority or necessary discretion of the executive, Congress should devise a method that will determine the tenure of office and greatly reduce the uncertainty which makes that service so insecure and unsatisfactory. Without depriving any officer of his rights as a citizen the government should require him to discharge all his official duties with intelligence, efficiency and faithfulness.

To select wisely from our vast population those who are best fitted for the many offices to be filled, requires an acquaintance far beyond the range of any one man. The executive should, therefore, seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice.

The doctrines announced by the Chicago convention are not the temporary devices of a party to attract votes and carry an election. They are deliberate convictions resulting from a careful study of the spirit of our institutions, the events of our history and the best impulses of our people. In my judgment these principles should control the legislation and administration of the government. In any event, they will guide my conduct until experience points out a better way. If elected it will be my purpose to enfore strict obedience to the constitution and the laws and to promote as best I may the interest and honor of the whole country, relying for support upon the wisdom of Congress, the intelligence and patriotism of the people and the favor of God. With great respect, I am very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

To Hon. George F. Hoar, Chairman of the Committee.

Contrasted Results.

The Democratic orators and editors are trying to make out that the Republicans have ruined the country.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, a government six per cent. bond sold for eighty-nine cents.

In 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, a government four per cent. bond sells for $1 08.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, a loan of $18,000,000 exhausted the maket for six months.

At the end of twenty years of Republican rule a loan of $150,000,000 was taken in a single day.

In twenty years of Republican rule we find:

An increase of population of fifty per cent.

An increase of general agricultural exports of 600 per cent.

An increase in exports of bread and bread stuffs of 650 per cent.

An increase of exports of manufactured articles of 225 per cent.

An increase of internal commerce of 700 per cent.

An increase of railway mileage of 187 per cent.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, Congress authorized a loan of $25,000,000 to pay current expenses.

In 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the Secretary of the Treasury pays $85,000,000 of debt contracted for a war brought on by a solid Democratic South, which now wants power again so as to stop the waving of that bloody shirt, the wearing of which is Hancock's chief glory and his whole available stock as a candidate for the Presidency.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, the balance of trade against the country was over $20,000,000.

On May 31, 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the balance of trade was over $162,000,000 in favor of the country.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule and teaching, there was very serious questions whether we had any nation, and the old public functionary in the White House, whose chief adviser was Jere Black, the man who now furnishes the statemanship for General Hancock, announced that there was "no power in the government to coerce a State," leaving the inference that Jeff Davis and Alec Stephens could send the country to the demnition bow-wows for all he could do to prevent it. After twenty years of Republican rule there is no doubt that we have a country, and Alec Stephens and Jere Black would give all they are worth to have the people forget that they ever questioned it.

The kind of ruin which five successive Republican administrations have inflicted upon the country, is just a little striking in view of the figures, and the people like it and call for more of the same sort, and are bound to have it, too.—*Washington Republican.*

It is noticeable that among two large and important classes of voters there is a total lack of enthusiasm for the Democratic ticket. The Germans and the workingmen are worse than silent on the subject. The antipathy to military rulers which the former class brought from their own country easily accounts for their aversion to Hancock. They left Germany to escape the tyranny of military rule. The workingmen find nothing to attract them in the record of either candidate on the ticket. Hancock, they are already told by their organs, is a "titled aristocrat," who was educated at the Government expense, and who has been in the Government pay for nearly forty years. Of English the same authorities say he "has made $2,000,000 without adding one cent to the actual wealth of the country," and has lent out his money to "his poor neighbors at 1 per cent. a month." This may be severe criticism, but that is not the point to be noticed. The fact that it is made is the important one.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IN A HAYFIELD.

BEFORE the mower's sweeping scythe
The dewy grasses bend and fall;
A group of children, gay and blithe,
Amid the hay keep carnival;
While rising high in azure sky,
The morning sun shines lovingly.

The flowers and grasses slowly fade,
And o'er their wreaths the children sigh;
A maiden sees in ev'ry blade
Emblems of hopes but born to die;
Yet in the sky, still rising high,
The golden sun shines lovingly.

The mower works with haggard eyes,
For bitter grief is in his breast;
A lark flies up with startled cries—
The scythe has swept away her nest;
Yet, risen high in deep blue sky,
The sun still shines on lovingly.

From lvied church the mourners go
(The sun is sinking in the west);
The mower Death has laid one low,
With fading flowers to be at rest;
Yet in the sky, 'mid smile and sigh,
The sun shines ever lovingly.
—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE BIG BOOTS.

THE ruins of that old country schoolhouse yet remain, a deformity by the roadside.

It had brick walls, and these are not entirely gone. A portion of the chimney, too, is still to be seen; while old foundation-stones, and bits of lath, and broken layers of mortar make the place desolate and forbidding. The wet, spongy farm-lot, in the rear, is no handsomer, nor the rude highway more attractive than was the case forty years ago.

It would seem as if country schoolhouses, like country grave-yards, were once begrudged the room required for them, and hence pushed into the most uninviting places.

Even now, in sleep, I sometimes dream of my school-days there, and of the little boy with the big boots—the sorrowful little boy, whom none of us knew enough to make happy. Boys are not really more cruel than men, but their well of kindness lies deep, and they leap over it and run around it without knowing how clear and sparkling its waters would be if drawn up.

I was a lad of eleven, the first and only winter of my attendance there. I am now more than fifty; and, in the review, that single winter seems as long to me as a dozen years. The incidents of youth have a consistency like that of pure gold, and the mind afterwards beats them out, so that they cover a very broad surface.

Mr. Tanner, the master, I would know in a moment, were he to rise up before me now; and the fresh-looking girl at the desk in the corner; and the blue-eyed country beauty, whose seat was by the window; and the freckled boys, and boys with tow hair; the big boys on the back seat, and the little boys on the front bench by the stove; I would recognize them every one, could some psychological wonder bring them back to me again, with the looks that they have long since shed, atom by atom, on the road of life.

There was one little fellow about my own age, whom, on my first day at school, I remarked as having a thoughtful and somewhat troubled face, and to be poorly dressed.

It was a cold day in November, and, at recess, some of the boys put on their overcoats. One of them, who had a very handsome garment of the kind, on taking it down from its nail in the entry, observed beside it an old faded coat, belonging to some one else. This he rudely grasped, and, with a jeering, cruel air, and derisive whoop, exclaimed—

"What rag is this?"

At the same time he threw it across the small entry and out upon the stone steps.

Another kicked it as it fell; while a third caught it up and ran with it, as if it were a kite or a banner. Presently, however, it was dropped, and, as the boys became somewhat scattered, I saw the little fellow of the reflective face hastily pick up the despised article and return it to the place where it had hung. As he turned away, his countenance was flushed, and he drew the back of his hand across his somewhat handsome eyes.

It was his coat, this was plain; and all my enjoyment of the recess was spoiled; for I thought how he must feel to be jeered at and insulted for what he could not help, and what had no doubt caused him much anxiety and mortification, even before any one had made it a subject of ridicule.

He did not put on the coat at that time, though he had worn it in the morning; but when the day was over, and all the children were making ready for home, as the bitter wind whistled past the door, he once more buttoned it around him; and I was glad to find that nothing was said, although some of the boys looked curiously at his threadbare attire, as if wondering how he could wear such clothes on the very first day of school. But I now observed that he had ill-fitting boots, much too large for his feet; and, although the coat escaped attack for the time, the boots did not.

"Boots! boots!" "What is the price of old leather?" "Who wants to take a sail in a mudscow?" were some of the unfeeling ejaculations that he was compelled to hear, as he started out upon the road with the others, who, after the manner of rude school-boys, sauntered or ran along, pushing each other into ditches, or throwing pebbles at gate-posts and trees.

The following day was still colder, and the boy came wrapped in his poor overcoat; but this had now ceased to attract particular attention; the big boots, which really made a remarkable appearance upon feet so small, becoming the butt instead.

They made a louder sound on the school-house floor than the boots of any other boy; and the sensitive heart of young Master Robert Brown (for this was the lad's name) told him so. There were enough others to tell him so, too. Oh, the cruelty of those sarcastic smiles and impudent glances!

One evening I told my parents of the boy with the big boots, who came from the other end of the district; and my mother replied that Robert Brown must be the son of that Mr. Brown who lived at the turn of the road, two miles off; and who, by intemperance, kept his whole family in misery.

Mrs. Brown, my mother said, was an excellent woman, and was always mending and fixing up her children's clothing; trying, in her careful, anxious way, to make something of nothing; and often, too, succeeding surprisingly well.

Robert, she added, had an elder brother, who had gone to sea; and perhaps the big boots might be a pair which he had left at home. The family had lately lost a little girl, Robert's sister, and were in affliction every way; and she hoped that I would never show by word or look that I noticed the clumsy boots or the threadbare coat.

And now I remembered hearing Robert say to himself, sobbingly, one day when the big boys had treated him ill—

"O little Mamie! little Mamie! I am glad you can not know of it!"

One day, not long after the commencement of the school, two of the committee called upon some business with the teacher; and at recess, some of the boys maliciously remarked that they had observed these officials smiling at Robert's big boots, as he stood in his class or shuffled along the floor.

This was not true, but it had its effect. The idea that grown-up men could regard him with derision for his patched jacket and his poor, clumsy boots, seemed to impress him with a feeling more forlorn than aught else had done.

How many leaden thoughts fell on his young heart! He recalled his father, a drunkard; his mother, so careful, so sorrowful, worn with work, so tender of himself; his little sister, asleep under the new mound, where his own and his mother's hands placed, every week, sad mosses and circlets of the pretty creeping-jenny—for it was all that they now could do; and then, in the midst of all, how inexpressibly dreadful to his mind seemed the taunts which poverty brought upon him. The coat upon which his mother had sewed at night, hoping that it might answer; the boots that she had dreaded to ask him to wear; the coarse dinner that the boys had made fun of at noon, as he took it from his pail; he thought of all these things more bitterly than ever; and, suddenly, at that recess, he was missed from among his school-fellows.

I found him stretched at full length on the damp ground, out of sight of his tormentors; and when I knelt by his side, and put my arm tenderly about him, his sobs were violent. He cried long and bitterly—all the more for this sympathy, so precious, so unexpected.

Presently, a number of school-boy faces peered over the fence that had hidden us from the common view; but after a moment's watching, they slunk away in shame.

I soon perceived that my schoolmates were talking earnestly among themselves, and saw also that some of the faces I had thought so cruel wore a look of repentance and sorrow.

The teacher's bell sounded, and we all thronged into school—Robert Brown the last. How sad he looked! The master asked no questions; but he must previously have observed something of the condition of things; for when school was over at night, he put his arm about Robert's neck, and asked him to remain for a few moments. Robert held me by the hand, and asked that I might remain also.

Then, when we three were alone, he told, at the master's request, the story of his troubles. How simply and how frankly he spoke, and what unstudied pathos there was in his words! The schoolmaster's eyes were full of tears; and, in answering the poor little boy, his voice became choked, and more than once he left a sentence unfinished. As to myself, I could not help weeping outright.

The next day Robert was absent. He had taken cold during the few minutes in which he lay on the wet ground, and as the weather was now stormy, his mother had not ventured to send him.

His absence afforded the master an opportunity of talking to the other pupils in a way which he could hardly have done had the little boy with the big boots been present.

My schoolfellows, had, however, already begun to think—begun to put themselves in Robert's place, and imagine how they would feel if their mothers, who so loved them, were poor and careworn, and sat up at night, trying to make old things answer for their dear boys, hoping that the other boys would not notice the difference, or at least would not speak of it;—to consider how it would be if, when they came to school, all this anxiety and toil and love were mocked by unfeeling voices, and all the dear things of home were insulted, through a senseless derision, by those who had the good fortune to possess parents who could buy them new coats, new mittens, and new boots. There is almost every thing in thinking, and at last the boys thought.

Master Tanner spoke kindly to them on the subject. Though he could be stern at times, there was now not one atom of severity in his tones.

His heart had no room for anger; but, as he spoke, he became eloquent. It was a soft, winning kind of eloquence; and the most thoughtless boy in the school was affected to tears.

Whether or not Robert's mother knew what had transpired, I can not tell; but the succeeding day he came again, wearing the same boots and coat as before. But the boys saw them not, or saw them only to feel a heartache, and a newborn sympathy for the poor little fellow who would not have worn them if he could have helped it. The tide of impulse had turned.

Nothing was overdone, but there was kindness of act and tone; and the big boys showed that they were doing what they could in a gentle, unobtrusive way, to make Robert forget that they had ever treated him ill.

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school. On Monday, Robert did not come, and we learned that he was ill with a fever. Tuesday was Christmas; and on the morning of that day, Mrs. Brown carried into the sick-room of her little boy a new pair of boots, and a complete suit of warm, handsome clothing, overcoat and all. Late on the previous evening, these articles had been left in her charge, to be a morning's surprise for the young patient.

That afternoon, a number of the school-boys called upon him, and I was of the party. The same boy who had tossed Robert's coat from its nail in the entry was one of us. Robert sat up in bed, and for a few moments, all his illness seemed to have departed. The new boots were where he could look at them constantly; the overcoat was also close to his hand, and so were all the other articles of the Christmas gift. The young visitors had seen all these things before Robert saw them, but they did not say so.

Oh, how unexpected had been such a token of sympathy! Nothing was said of the past; but the boys brought him nuts and sweetmeats, which, however, he must keep till he should be well; and they told him of a hundred things which he and they would do before the close of winter.

But the well day never came. He was very sick even then, and it was only the pleasant excitement, and the feeling that the old cause of sorrow had been all swallowed up in kindness, that made him appear momentarily better.

Only once after that I saw him alive; and the picture of his little pale face upon the pillow remains with me yet. His mother had placed the new boots where he could still see them, and the overcoat where he could touch it with his hand. When I entered, he rallied for a moment, and seemed almost well.

Putting his arm about me as I leaned over him, he said—

"I have seen little Mamie. She was here last night. I saw her just as she used to be. The school-boys—they didn't mean any harm, did they? only they didn't think. They like me now, and I like them."

And then he said something more of little Mamie, and something of getting well; but presently he seemed exhausted and partly lost. I cried softly to myself, for I could not help it.

The day following, we heard that he was no more. All the school-children were at the funeral. Master Tanner was there, too. The undertaker opened the little casket that held the dead, and we all came softly and looked down upon the white face.

Even the rudest of the boys wept aloud.

All the past came back—the scene with the overcoat in the entry, the jeers at the big boots, the distress of the poor boy as he flung himself upon the damp sward—all these things were remembered. And now, how pale and still he was! No wonder that the school-boys cried; no wonder that the master's face was wet with tears.

It was, as I have said, more than forty years ago; but in an old burial-ground, not far away, I could point out to my readers a small white stone, with Robert's name and age, and by its side another stone, inscribed to "Little Mamie." They were placed there by Robert's sailor brother, who, the same winter, returned from a long sea-voyage.

How often I look at these small memorials, and go back in spirit to the old school-house and that bleak November day, when the poor threadbare overcoat was flung contemptuously from its nail, and little Robert, in his ill-fitting boots, went, with a heart full of bitter distress, to pick up and replace that which he knew his mother had taken such care to brush and mend.

O dear little boy! how long the scene has been over—the cruelty, the heartache, the tears! But a lesson was learned at this winter term of the country school which reached away down into the lives of all the surviving actors in that small drama of the past.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Norwegian Horse.

THE horse was one of the prettiest, most docile creatures imaginable. But I had done with it. I loved the animal, and like the Irishman with his cow, could I have sent it over to England in a letter, it should have bid a long farewell to its mountain life. It was grazing quietly about a hundred yards away. Then, catching sight of us, it knew well enough what the invasion meant, and pricking up its ears and arching its neck, gave a slight neigh and began gently trotting up and down, its fine white mane and long tail fluttering in the breeze. It answered the master's call as obediently as a dog, and followed gently at his heels up to the cottage. We were soon ready and once more on the way. Now began a long, toilsome climb, which lasted until seven o'clock at night. I had never yet gone through any thing of the kind on horseback; I am not sure that I should care to attempt it again. Without ever encountering actual danger—thanks to the sure-footedness of the horse—we were often in what appeared such imminent peril that more than once I regretted the adventure and devoutly wished myself back again. For the pedestrians there was not even the appearance of risk, beyond the possibility of stones loosening from the heights and rolling down upon them. From the very beginning I noticed how wonderfully the horse piloted himself over the rough places and through impossible difficulties; exercising a skill and discrimination far greater than that of his rider. At length I gave it up to him and allowed him to take his own course. The sagacity of the animal was marvelous; the manner in which he would pause a moment at a troublesome spot, seem to pick out his way mentally, and then boldly taking it, never hesitate until it was over.—*The Argosy.*

Cultivation in Hot, Dry Weather.

THE stirring of the soil in the dryest, hottest weather is very useful. One may readily perceive this on an examination, in very dry weather, of the soil of a garden or field which has been frequently stirred and that under a sod or on a road. The former will be found moist, from the surface downward, while the latter will be hard and perfectly dry. On the return of wet weather the condition of the cultivated soil is favorable to the immediate absorption of the rain, while the hard soil by its dryness and hardness repels the water, which flows over and away from it without moistening it. This is a fact that may be studied with advantage, for one never learns any thing so well and remembers it so permanently as when he has personally investigated and seen it for himself.

THERE has just been discovered in the northern part of Sweden a mountain in which lies a vein of magnetic iron ore of unknown length, and more than a metre in depth.

How a Kansas Farmer was Bled by Sharpers.

WHILE Capt. Wm. Lee was sitting in his office at the Four Courts yesterday morning, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a countryman with a broad hat and jeans clothes stepped up to the railing in a dubious sort of way and said, "Good morning."

"Good morning," replied the Captain, wondering whether or not the newcomer was not one of the James boys who came to deliver himself up to the minions of the law. He was soon aware of the incorrectness of his supposition. The man said that he had a valise down at the express office, and that the people down there refused to give it to him until he could be identified, and as his home was nine hundred miles away, in the wilds of Kansas, he knew no one who could perform that service. He had no money. All the cash he had was contained in that valise; not a nickel to buy any thing to eat—and he was hungry.

"How much money have you got in the valise?" asked the officer.

"One thousand dollars," was the rather proud and hasty response.

"Where does it come from?"

"New York," the traveler replied, producing the express receipt and handing it to the Captain.

"And you say you live up in Kansas?" said the Captain, eyeing the man closely; "where 'bouts in Kansas?"

"Burdonville, Cowley County, sir."

"Harrison Straight; is that your name?" asked Capt. Lee, looking at the receipt which he held in his hand.

"Yes, sir."

"You've been to New York, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get this money?" was the next question.

Then followed a long story, which was subsequently related to the reporter by the Captain. Harrison Straight is a farmer, residing upon leased land. He had some little personal property, but was compelled to work hard for his living, and for the support of his wife and his two children. A year ago he received a peculiar sort of circular through the mails, marked confidential. The circular told of a New York firm who were ready and willing to lend money on easy conditions to honest farmers. For a very small sum of money, they would lend to each honest farmer one thousand dollars. The firm dealt entirely in "Surplus United States Treasury notes," that is, as the circular explained it, notes printed by the Treasury above the limit prescribed by law. It was claimed that the money was perfectly good, would pass any where, and was even good at the U. S. Treasury. However, the strictest secresy was enjoined, not to avoid the officers of the law, but to prevent the firm from being swindled by dishonest and lawless men. That this end might be accomplished he was told to destroy the circular when he had finished it. The farmer had often thought of being rich, but he knew there was little hope of his reaching that delightful state when he had no capital to commence with, and a good-sized family to support. He scorned any thing dishonest, but the scheme explained in the circular was plausible. He thought it best not to act rashly, and finally concluded to wait and think the matter over. He did so. Almost a year elapsed before any thing was done. Then came another circular more explicit than the first. It explained that the sum of one thousand dollars could be had for a cash deposit of $150. Straight determined to look further into the matter. He wrote a letter accordingly and addressed it to John A. Norris, 100 West Street, New York City, telling him to send him on $1,000 by express and he would turn over $150 for it on its arrival at the nearest railroad station.

A few weeks ago the reply came in the shape of a letter explaining that was not the way the firm transacted business. It was their custom to settle things in a personal way. If he wanted a favor of them he could probably get what he wanted by coming to New York. He would find J. A. Norris waiting for him at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Straight had no money, but he mortgaged all his personal property for $300 in cash and went to New York. He parted with his wife and children last Monday and arrived in New York Thursday. Norris was at the hotel on time. He took the farmer around to his office. The farmer did not know what street it was on. He handed over the $150 and saw the $1,000 in bright, crisp Treasury notes counted out before him. It was more money than he had ever seen before, and he felt rich. Norris said he would wrap the money in brown paper and put it in Straight's valise. So saying, he took up the money and valise with a happy smile and walked into the next room. Straight remained where he was. When Norris came back he said that it would be safer to send the valise by express; and, if Straight wanted it to go that way, he would go with him down to the express office and get it checked to St. Louis. This was agreed upon. The valise was checked, and that selfsame evening the farmer started on his way home.

Having heard this much of the story Capt. Lee sent Officer Wall to the express office with the receipt and an order for the valise. After a few minutes' absence Officer Wall came back and handed Capt. Lee the valise. It was opened in the presence of Straight, and to the surprise of Capt. Lee a neat package done up in brown paper was found among the contents just large enough to contain $1,000. The paper was strong and the cord well tied. Capt. Lee undid the bundle cautiously. As he untied the string and opened the paper the eyes of the farmer sparkled and his face twitched nervously. But a sudden change came over his countenance when the contents were fully disclosed, not because the bills were less bright or smaller in size than he had expected to find them, but because they were not there at all. The bundle was made up of about two thousand slips of newspaper cut after the pattern of a one-dollar bill. Not one cent was anywhere visible. The eye of the farmer soon caught sight of the following consoling letter inclosed in the bundle:

FRIEND STRAIGHT: Do not feel uneasy on account of the way we do business. All will be right. Take my word for it. There was a very suspicious looking man following us, and I thought it best to use caution. Go right on the train; my man will follow you and hand you the goods. You will find every thing all right. I had to do business in this way to test you, if you was as you promised; and if you are right you will find me the same. When my man hands you the goods, do not ask him any questions. He is instructed not to speak about the business. He will ride fifty miles with you; and, if you attempt to get off and use the goods, he will hand you your money back. Now, follow my advice, and all will be right. When you arrive home write and let me know how you are getting along—merely say all is well.

Yours as ever,
NORRIS, No. 17.

Of course it was now plain that Straight was the victim of a swindle. For several minutes he cried like a child, declaring that he was a ruined man, and that his wife and children were on the verge of starvation. He said that he expected something was wrong when the man said he would wrap the money up for him and went into the other room to do it, but on second thought he remembered that he was in a big city and he was satisfied there could be no fraud there. He did not think the police would allow dishonest people to live in cities.

When he returns home he will have traveled 1,800 miles by rail.

As the poor man had no money, Capt. Lee made arrangement to have him transported to his home free. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon Straight began to recover from his disappointment and excitement. Hunger grew upon him and his wants were reported to the Captain, who provided for him, and at the above hour the man was seen in Washington Park near the Four Courts enjoying a handful of sausage and bread, all oblivious to the din and confusion of the city, of the passers-by, and of the little birds that came around to gather the crumbs. He was probably digesting two things at once—his sausage and his experience.

Bicycling.

Bicycling is a fascinating sport. It gives a man an opportunity to dress and act more nearly like a circus rider than any other amusement tolerated by good society. When a man gets the bicycle fever he loses interest in all the other concerns of life and will not even abandon his machine to look at a dogfight. The Hon. Eggleston Egg was a victim of the craze and had it bad, but after he had used up several square yards of court-plaster and a gallon of arnica, in repairing the damages of a single-handed combat with his iron steed, he found that a bicycle was a difficult thing to handle and that he should have to call in help. He therefore employed as his assistant Mr. Gonus, a gentleman of great athletic development, who consented for a consideration to run behind the machine and hold it up, while Mr. Egg rode and turned the forward wheel. And they used to go tearing about the streets, much to the alarm of pedestrians, though they never did any worse damage than to break the back of a dog which charged upon them and got himself half through the forward wheel. The trouble came when one day they started down a long hill, and got to going so fast that Mr. Gonus was unable to hold back even a pound; indeed, he could barely keep his hands on the machine. At the foot of the hill was a swamp, and Gonus saw that if their speed wasn't checked they must go into it. As they reached the foot of the hill, he, with a mighty effort, succeeded in thrusting his foot into the back wheel of the machine, hoping his weight would check its speed. But it didn't. He was lifted up and hurled a somersault clear over Mr. Egg's head, and dove head down into the swamp. The next instant the latter gentleman, who had during the ride done nothing but wildly call upon Gonus to stop the machine, was plunged with the bicycle into the swamp beside Mr. Gonus. They fished themselves out and went home through back streets, and as Mr. Gonus stated that $90 wouldn't induce him to go within four rods of the bicycle again, Mr. Egg has given up riding it, and will hereafter transport himself about in a human manner.—*Boston Post.*

An Address Before the Limekiln Club.

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way Brother Gardner announced that Judge Affidavy Martin, late of Alabama, but now traveling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook, was present and desired to address the club. It was voted to hear the address, and after being received in due form and introduced, the Judge stood upon the platform and began:

"We mus' not look in de past fur our fuchur. No man kin tell what de nex' hun'erd y'ars will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole graveyards. What am our fuchur? Who kin tell what dis nashun will amount to if it keeps on in de way it hez begun? If any one had told you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befo' you wid a paper collah on my neck, you would have set him down as an assassin, yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben more dan dat. Fur de sum of fifty cents you kin have a brass watch-chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you kin work it in on a hoss trade for fifty dollars. Ef any body had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would button behind, what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am bo'n. Ebery time de minit hand takes a jump some body comes to the front wid a new sort o' stomach bitters or an improved rat-trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill leveled or a forest cleared. Such of us as kin remember back a hun'erd y'ars realize de change more dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in de fuchur will not be surprised to see jugs wid free handles, coffee-pots dat shet up like a jack-knife, rat-traps dat illuminate de house, an' rockin'-cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels."

The speaker closed amidst cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was given the seat of honor under the Bear-trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THIS is an easy way of detecting the purity or adulteration of a sample of wine: Dip a small sponge into the wine to be tested. Place the sponge then into a saucer, the bottom of which is covered with a small quantity of water. If the wine is pure, it will take from a quarter to half an hour before the water in the saucer becomes colored, but if the wine is not pure, the coloring of the water takes place immediately.

GENERAL.

THE orange crop of Florida will be fine this season.

FASHIONABLE religion now takes its regular summer vacation. About fifty clergymen left New York for Europe during a single week in June.

WHILE thousands of men, women and children bathe in the Great Salt Lake yearly, accidents from drowning are unknown.

THE Baltimore *American* says that the young ladies of the Normal School in that city a short time since sensibly discarded frizzes and puffs, etc., but soon became tired of the change and have resumed wearing them.

A CAT, evidently opposing the tradition of her race that there is no place like home, rode on a car-truck recently from Worcester, Mass., to Waterville, Me., where she arrived covered with dust and cinders, but still possessed of sufficient attractions to be adopted by a passenger.

A WORKMAN employed by the Telephone Company was engaged in erecting a wire on the roof of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, the other morning. While resting he fell asleep from the heat, and when discovered his body was partly over the edge of the roof. But for timely assistance he would have probably rolled over into the street, about one hundred feet below.

THE King of Dentists, as he calls himself, is a Philadelphia curiosity. He wears a jeweled crown and gorgeous robes, rides in a resplendent chariot, and extracts teeth without charge. While a glib-tongued attendant sounds his praises, the King takes out teeth for all who apply, sometimes pushing them out with the point of his sword. Then he sells an ache destroyer at fifty cents a bottle.

A COW, owned in Cambria County, Penn., has recently evinced extraordinary humility and kindness of disposition by accepting the care of seven young pigs which had been neglected by their lazy and shiftless mother. No cow could or would do more for her own offspring than this worthy creature does for these orphaned sucklings.

THE will of the late Mrs. Elizabeth R. Learned, of Oxford, Mass., who was a maiden lady sixty years old, and whose mother still lives at the age of ninety years, provides that after the mother's death the testator's property, some $10,000, shall be safely invested as a permanent fund, the net income of which shall be distributed annually to indigent widows, maiden ladies, and orphans who are actually legal inhabitants of Oxford, all such assistance to be without distinction of party or sect.

PAUL KUNKEL, who died a natural death at York, Pa., a few days ago, came dangerously near being hanged in 1864. A stranger begged a lodging at his house, and departed in the morning, leaving behind an umbrella and a pair of slippers. These were identified as belonging to a woman who had been robbed and murdered. Kunkel was indicted as the murderer, and his guilt was a foregone conclusion with most persons, nobody believing his story of the lodger, but in the nick of time the real criminal was discovered.

COLONEL GORDON, the Englishman famous for bravery in China, refused his appointment as a private secretary to the Viceroy of India. The Colonel is said to be a particularly eccentric man, and is so honest and clever in his own special line that his eccentricity is overlooked. On his last visit to England he was invited to dine with the Prince of Wales, and refused. It would be impossible for him to go, he said; he was always in bed at half-past nine; and he did not go.

MISS ALICE BENNETT, M. D., of Philadelphia, received from the old University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia at the recent commencement the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She wore a cap and gown. She is the first woman who has been graduated with any degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Bennett was recently elected female physician to have the entire charge of the female department of the new Hospital for the Insane in Pennsylvania, and she is the first woman who has been assigned to a duty of that kind. She has been a Professor in the Philadelphia Medical College for about five years.

A MODISTE in Fourteenth Street, New York, has on exhibition an elaborate satin gown, whose history can be traced, without a break, it is claimed, to its original wearer and owner, Queen Marie Antoinette. It is of pale yellow, or rather it was, for age has mellowed it to an old-gold hue; it is richly embroidered in clusters of flowers of natural color, which still retain their first brilliancy. The unfortunate queen's fondness for flowers is well known, and the models of the pansies and roses and carnations on this gown might have been chosen by her from the gardens of her favorite Petit Trianon.

TURKISH officers do not enjoy the consideration at home enjoyed by their profession elsewhere in Europe. A Turkish Captain is regarded by his senior officers with but little more respect than a private, and is sometimes struck by his Colonel or General in a moment of anger. Even a Major is barely secure from such treatment. The pay of an officer under the rank of General is very inadequate and irregularly received. The families of officers in garrisoned towns are generally with them, and the latter are often sorely pushed to feed their charges. They may be seen daily with baskets, returning from market, seedy and partially buttonless.

MISS ROSE HARDING, a young lady not yet out of her teens, and who resides in Pittsfield, Mass., says the Boston *Post*, is winning considerable applause in New York, where she is known in musical circles as the "Queen of Cornetists." She is a pupil of Arbuckle, who is teaching her a concert programme for next season, and says she will shortly be competent to fill any engagement offered her. Miss Harding plays every Sunday evening at Carmel Chapel, where throngs are charmed by her sweet music. She has gained such distinction already that her photographs may be seen at any photographic shop in New York. Arbuckle has taken a warm interest in his young pupil, and recently presented her with a silver mouth-piece and a gold-plated "mute." She is also a frequent and always welcome guest at his house.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

CLIFF ROSES.

PALE little sister of rich red roses,
Wild little sister of garden queens,
Art thou content that thy flower encloses
Here where the land to the ocean leans?

They, who're the lawns are soft and shaded,
Hold their court 'mid eyes that gaze;
Thou by the lone sea liv'st, and faded
Fall thy leaves in the salt sea sprays.

Smitten of every storm that blusters,
Crushed by the mouse avalanche,
Bravely still thy defiant clusters
Laugh from trickel and thorny branch.

Naught may we know of all thou knowest,
All that the soft wind brings to thee?
Under the cliff-top where thou growest
Sail the ships to the open sea.

Art not thou and thy flowers clinging
Ghosts of many a sad farewell,
Fluttering home from the ships, and bringing
Tidings for loving hearts to tell?

Or art thou, rather, a blithe fore-runner,
Blown by winds from the homeward ships,
A kiss, turned flower in the breath of summer,
A word that has quickened from eager lips?

Nay, though sweet as the longed-for hour,
Fair as the face that we yearn to see,
Nothing thou art but a simple flower,
Growing where God has planted thee.
—*F. W. Bourdillon, in the Spectator.*

IMP, OR ANGEL?

MY Aunt Urania is a woman of great energy and penetration. If she sets herself to discover a secret, she never rests until she has enlightened herself down to its inmost recesses. When my pretty friend Elizabeth Terry was holding us all in suspense as to her intentions with regard to the interesting widower who now spenks of her so affectionately as "my present wife" (significant not only of a certain past, but of a possible future), Aunt Urania invited the wary Elizabeth to take a long country drive. "And, my dear, I'll have it out of her, if we don't get back till midnight," she said. They were gone only two hours, and my aunt entered with a triumphant face, the grays all in a lather from the victorious haste of her return, while in strong contrast was Elizabeth's serene unconsciousness.

"How did you do it?" I inquired, at the first possible moment. "Did she confess it all?"

"Confess! my dear, not a word. She hasn't an idea that she has betrayed herself. I only asked her, quite casually, how many children Mr. Williams has, and she answered, '*Three*,' with *such* a look, *such* a sigh!"

The event proved my aunt's acuteness, and made her more than ever to us all an object of admiration and terror.

It was rather unfortunate for me that Aunt Urania put off her projected journey to Europe for six months—the six months which decided my fate in life. I should have enjoyed them much more, and managed my affairs much more smoothly, uninspected by her keen eyes, unadvised by her keener tongue. I shall always believe it showed a very persistent state of feeling both in Harry and me not to retire disconfited from so watchful a sentinel.

"Yes, of course, your attachment to the child is very natural, my dear," she would say, "as I said to Mrs. Dubois only yesterday. 'Nothing,' I said, 'can be more natural. Susan Bardmore, Henry Bent's first wife, was like a sister to my niece; no friends could be more intimate; and of course she feels very much for the little boy.'"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, aunty!" I exclaimed. "Henry Bent's *first* wife! I never heard that he had more than one!"

"Oh no, not *as yet*, my dear, but it is only a question of time; and pretty generally a very abrupt question, and short space allowed for an answer. Of course he must have somebody to look after that child; I never saw in all my life a child that needed it more. The most saucy, spoiled little wretch—a perfect little imp!"

"Aunty! He is a perfect little angel," said I. "As for care, Coralie keeps him in beautiful order, and he is entirely healthy and happy here in the country. And it is all very well to say, 'Of course he must have somebody to take care of the child, of course he must marry,' when you know that if he had no child, you would say, 'Of course he must marry, poor fellow! he is all alone: if he had even a child to care for, it would be different.' For my part," I added, "I *hate* second marriages."

"Oh, you do," said Aunt Urania; and then ensued a pause, broken by a thumping at my door with little closed fists.

"Let me in, let me in, Nora," said the dear little voice, in just his mother's old, sweet, imperative way. And the dancing eyes that laugh up at me out of that fair little face are Susie's very eyes. "I want you, my own Nora," said the darling. "There is a little calf in the barn, and papa says I may go to see it, but you must take me."

"Hoity-toity!" said Aunt Urania. "That is a pretty way to talk to a lady. *Must* take you, indeed."

"Papa didn't say just that, did he, Bardie?" I asked, annoyed to feel myself coloring under aunt's keen eye.

"He said I mustn't go unless I had the best of care; and I know he meant you, because Coralie is very careless; he said she was yesterday, when I got my boots wet. And the old cow butts at me if I go near her. So you must come, Nora, darling; Bardie wants you so bad!"

Who could resist those eyes?—that coaxing voice? I had followed just such eyes and voice all my life, and I followed them now.

So did Aunt Urania, with her most investigating spectacles perched on her nose.

"Well, Bardie," she remarked, cheerfully, "if you say we must, and papa says we must, why, we must."

Bardie stood stock-still, with an evil look on his face.

"I didn't mean you," he said.

"Oh, my dear little boy, that wasn't polite," I whispered; but he only gave me a hug, and turned to aunt with a seraphic smile.

"You'd better not go. The cow is quite a dangerous one," he said, in a very civil tone. "And she doesn't like red things; they make her furious. She just runs right at them and tosses them."

"What is the child talking about? Toss what? I'm not a red thing, I hope."

"About your legs," said Bardie, very distinctly. "You hold your dress up so high that the cow will get mad. I shouldn't wonder if she killed you."

Aunty vouchsafed no reply, but strode majestically on, scorning to veil by one-half inch of concession the somewhat unnecessary conspicuousness of her long scarlet stockings. Bardie looked at her very hard.

"A very cross dog lives in the barn," he remarked. "He bites people. Not young ladies, Nora darling, nor children—he is real good to little boys; but other people he bites."

I could not speak, and I did not dare to laugh. Aunty's face was awful.

"I am going to the barn," she said, briefly.

We made our way through the ducks and hens, skirting perilously a yard full of pigs, and tremblingly passing a small window in a shed, where protruded a great head, with short horns and soft, beautiful eyes, but a low rumbling note proclaimed that it was the bull, the terror of our field walks and grove picnics. Not that we had ever really encountered him in the body, but in the spirit he always seemed to haunt the next field, or be screened by the shadiest tree.

"Oh, Bardie, I don't like the looks of him," I whispered.

"Take hold of my hand; I'll take care of you," said the little knight; and we passed the monster, that looked yearningly at us in our freedom, and gave a resounding bellow that shuddered through and through me.

Bardie laughed at my fears.

"What are you 'fraid of, Nora sweet? He has got a big ring in his nose, and can't do any thing. Any body can lead him about. Papa said once that if you could only put a ring on a person, you could lead him by his nose."

"What's that?" said Aunt Urania, from behind.

We entered the barn, full to overflowing with sweet new hay, and fragrant with its perfume, and with the breath of the patient cow, that lay contentedly in her corner, with her head raised in watchful care of her little wenk-legged, scrawny offspring. I had never seen a very young calf before, and was disappointed.

"Yeal!" pronounced Aunt Urania. "And not particularly good at that, I should say."

Bardie did not understand the propheey.

"Isn't it lovely?" he cried. "I wish papa would buy it for me, the dearest little thing! What makes it look so funny and wet?"

"Its mother has been giving it something which is good for all little children, Bardie," said my aunt. "Particularly for little boys. A good licking!"

Bardie understood this time, and looked vengefully at her. Then snapping the fingers of his minute hand to the old dog, that lay near flapping a heavy good-natured tail against the hard boards, he uttered a low but perfectly distinct "St, boy!"

Up jumped the obedient Bruce with a clumsy leap, and ran, barking loudly, to the door, where he supposed the unseen enemy to be lurking. Aunt Urania fidgeted.

"Did you do that, you little rascal?" she asked, not quite sure, however, for she had been watching my successful effort to climb to the top of a great mountain of hay, where I now sat amid the fragrance of dried clover leaves, and felt in Paradise.

It was an admirable point of view, but not a convenient place to render assistance in an emergeney. And thus it happened that I could see the cow, gowing uneasy at the hubbub, rising to her feet, and finally, with a threatening look, advance a step or two with lowered horns. I could see it all, but was powerless to help, and could only scream,

"Aunty! Bardie! the cow! the cow!"

Quick as a wink Bardie slipped past the angry animal, and, as he expressed it, "shinned up" the haymow, where he perched himself triumphantly beside me. Dignity and age alike forbade the exercise of shinning to aunty, notwithstanding Bardie's opinion of her length of limb. She wavered, tried for one brief moment to "look the animal in the eye," but a forward movement on the cow's part put that idea to flight, and she turned and fled, pursued only a few steps by the disturbed mother, who "saw her to the door," with a loud moo of dismissal, echoed in distant thunder from the small window wherein gleamed the bull's excited eye; pursued also, I am ashamed to say, by a derisive laugh from Bardie, who stood on one leg, balancing himself with a pitchfork, and shrieked out, "I told you she hated red things. Isn't it fun!"

We snuggled down in the hay, and let the cow quiet herself by a vigorous return to her nursery duties, and then I whispered a little admonition to Bardie on the subject of his behavior to aunty. It was by no means the first time I had rebuked my small charge, and he took it very penitently; though when I found myself saying, "It isn't like mamma's little boy to act so," I came to a full stop, with a sudden remembrance of Susie's inveterate naughtiness when Aunt Urania was in the question.

He liked to hear about mamma, the sweet, bright, unknown image, whom nobody but I had ever brought to his mind, and he lay with his head in my lap, listening to my stories of our childish play and adventures, until the pleased smile grew vaguer and softer, and the long lashes drooped lower, and he slept, looking more than ever like a wandering cherub of heavenly rearing.

Then, as I sat, doubly prisoned by the foe beneath and the friend above, I heard a quick, unexpected footstep, and Henry Bent entered the barn with an amused and perturbed face.

The cow had settled to a comfortable nap, the flies droned in the sunshine, and in the quiet noon hush he would have turned away without discovering us, but that a low girlish giggle, of which I instantly felt ashamed, revealed our retreat.

He looked up, laughing. "Oh, there you are, safe enough; but where is my small boy?"

"Here too," I said, in a very low tone, and he vaulted upon the hay, and saw the pretty sleeping boy; and his face softened into the mingled sadness and brightness which I often noticed upon it as he looked at her child.

"I met Miss Scudamore just now with a terrible tale of danger and misbehavior. It is all right, I see. But what does possess the child to behave so badly to her? He is a perfect lamb with you."

"He has it by inheritance," I said, with a smile that ended in a sigh. "He never looks so like his mother as when the irresistible naughtiness comes over him, which Aunt Urania has the unfortunate talent for evoking."

The same smile was reflected in his face, the same sigh in his voice.

"True," he said; "you see, as I do, the wonderful likeness in every thing."

"Why do you never talk to him of Susie?" I said, with a desperate plunge into the difficult subject, for I had never before mentioned her name to him since the baby was left motherless. "It is not right, Harry, to let him grow up in ignorance of that sweetest of creatures. He is, as you say, her living image; he ought to know and love her, yet he hardly knew what the word mother meant until he came here to me."

"I could not, I could not," he answered, much moved. "I am glad you do. I knew you would do him good this summer. I can not tell you the comfort it is to me to have him in the country, and with you. I knew you must love the little fellow, for you loved his mother well."

"Loved her, yes," I said, my tears suddenly bursting forth. "I can't get used to doing without her, Harry; I can't get over it."

"I see," he said. "We are fellow-mourners, Nora."

The little head stirred; one or two of my tears had fallen on the sweet baby face, and wakened him. He sat up, and rubbed his eyes, amazed.

"What a funny place; what long cobwebs!" he said. "Oh, I remember now, the cow. Is she all right again? Why, papa, where did you come from?"

"I came from the city, Bardie. When I reached there this morning, I found the man I wanted to see was ill, and wouldn't come to town for three days, and so I posted back to you."

"That was right," said Bardie. "To me and Nora."

"Yes, to you and Nora," said Harry, with a kind smile at me. "But, Bardie, the first person I met was Miss Scudamore, who told me a very sad tale. I am afraid my little boy was very saucy and disrespectful."

"Oh, papa, it was too funny to see her run with her red stockings. I told her not to come. I told her the cow might kill her. But Miss Scudamore, why, she *scudded more* than ever," and he went into a fit of mirth at his first attempt at a pun.

I responded to the sally with a weak-minded laugh, but his father looked awful.

"No more of this, sir," he said, in a voice of strong displeasure. "If you can not behave properly to the ladies in this house, I will send you away with your nurse, and not let you come here again. I will not expose them to the pertness of a naughty little boy."

Bardie cowered under the severe glance, and clung to me. I looked piteous.

"Do not encourage him, Ellinor," said Harry, in a softer tone. "It is a great misfortune to a motherless child to grow up among strangers and servants, who spoil him, and then dislike him because he is spoiled." But he stroked the little penitent head, and then suggested that a hay-riek was not the coolest place on a summer noon, and that dinner must be nearly ready.

"Yes, papa; but first I want to ask you something. Will you take us, me and Nora, to drive this afternoon? The horses aren't haying to-day, and we want to go so much. Please do."

Harry laughed, and stole a glance at my face, which I dare say revealed annoyance as well as amusement.

"Not to-day, Bardie. I am going to take you over to the hotel to play croquet with the little Temples."

"Will you come too, Nora?" asked Bardie.

"No, dear; I called there last night," I said; and I drew a long breath at the idea of a quiet afternoon. Bardie safe, and Harry away—away for the long evening, my heart whispered. Sophy Temple and croquet, tea at the hotel, and a long evening walk, and who can tell what else! And, with a jealous pang for Susie, I thought, "If only I might have Bardie, I wouldn't care."

So, after Aunt Urania had settled herself for an afternoon nap, I changed my dress and rested awhile, watching from my window until I saw Harry and Bardie walking across the fields; Coralie followed, and I said to myself, "I thought so; he will be untrammeled!" and I carried my water-color box and sketching-stool out to a beautiful spot at the end of the rambling old garden, where a low stone wall divided the straggling flower borders from the pasture beyond. There were shady trees and soft overgrown clumps of bushes and undergrowth, so that the retreat, though not very far from the house, was entirely secluded, and it commanded a lovely little glimpse of wood and river, with soft blue hills beyond, and in the foreground the white spire of the village church shooting up through the greenery.

Such a quiet afternoon to sketch and paint! No little tormenting fingers to meddle and "joggle," no perpetual little tongue to ask unceasing questions: only the silence, and the summer music sweeter than silence; the soft whispers in the trees, the droning bees, the chirping bird; even the spring of the grasshopper in the grass at my feet was distinct in the golden hush. Yes, that hazy light was beautiful, the opportunity perfect. Why could I not make use of it? why could I not paint instead of sinking back, after a few listless efforts, with a heavy heart and clasped hands, and let the full weight of my lonely life fall on my spirit? My father, always away, glad to be free from any charge of me; Aunt Urania—well, she meant kindly, and was good to me, but what a bore! Susie, my chosen friend, my heart's sister, who had led and loved me from childhood, gone into the land of shadows, and none to take her place in my life forever. Even her sweet little boy would be taken from me no doubt before long, and given to some other woman—some Sophy Temple! And Harry— But just at that stage of my reverie, when I felt the choking in my throat, and the hot tears in my eyes, I heard the same well known step close beside me, and Harry Bent, flushed and breathless, threw himself on the ground at my feet.

"I thought I should find you in this lovely spot. May I not come too?" he entreated.

"I thought you had gone with Bardie."

"Yes, I left him there playing with the little Temples. I made a brief call on the ladies, and then gave Bardie the slip. I wanted to get back, and only hope he will not discover my retreat. Every body is lazy to-day except you, Nora. You have your work laid out in a very notable way, though after all I do not see that you have done much."

"Some days are unlucky," I answered. "I did not feel in the mood. But I will sketch now," and I began to work in earnest, partly to get rid of the searching eyes which seemed to read my troubled thoughts.

"Rest instead, Ellinor, and let us talk awhile."

"Yes, talk; but I can work too. I want to make this picture; the view is so lovely, it haunts me."

"Ah!" said Harry, "there is a picture which haunts me—a picture I lately saw, and I can think of nothing else: a woman, young, fair, and with the sweetest mother face; and a little child."

"A Madonna?"

"Perhaps so. The child was asleep. Such repose, such confidence in his whole attitude and expression! Evidently the one right spot on earth to him was his place in her arms. And she looked like a brooding dove. Nora, I can never tell you what I felt when I came upon you so suddenly to-day with my little sleeping boy, nor what a revelation from heaven came to my heart that thus it might be—must be. I said we were fellow-mourners: can we not be fellow-comforters?"

I could not speak; the sobs I had suppressed, the trouble I had been fighting, had their own way now.

He looked at me in doubt and distress. "What is it, dear Ellinor? Do I hurt you? do I shock you? Have you no heart to give me? No, I will not ask any thing now. Calm yourself, sweet child; rely upon me. I will not say another word, if it distresses you like this."

"I must speak," I cried with a desperate effort. "Harry, Harry, how can you ask such things of me, when you know that you can never care for any body again as you did for Susie?"

"I know," he answered.

"When you know that I am no more to be compared to her than this little common flower at my feet is to be compared to an exquisite half-blown rose, petal after petal laden with sweetness, down to its secret golden heart?"

"Yes," he answered, picking the little common flower and holding it to his lips. "It is not the rose. But it is heart's-ease. It has its own mission, its own perfume."

"And do not speak of Bardie," I cried, more passionately than ever. "Do not tempt me with him. I wish he and I could go away together to some secret place, and I could have him always."

"Dear, you may have him always. No other woman ever shall."

A long pause ensued. I determined to grow calmer before speaking again. It was so hushed that we could hear the stirring of some little rabbit in the bushes behind. He looked at me entreatingly. I shook my head.

"No, no, Harry; do not ask me, do not tempt me. I am not much of a girl, I know, but I am worth more than that. I ought to be first in the man's heart who marries me. No, do not speak. You know I can not be first with you, and so I can not marry you. Oh, dear!" I sighed, "there is nobody on earth with whom I am first, nobody who loves me best of all."

The stirring of the rabbit became violently excited, and, with a great crushing of leaves and parting of branches, and rending of little blouse, Bardie tore himself from his lair, and flung himself upon me. "Yes, yes, my darling Nora," he cried, with tears, kissing my head and face and hands, "I love you the best of all, my own Nora—I want you. Go away, papa. Marry me—marry Bardie, Nora dear!" and he threw his arms around me and buried his head in my neck.

"Yes, Nora," cried Harry, clasping his arms round us both, "marry Bardie; marry us both. We do want you; we can't possibly live without you. There is nobody on earth, there never will be, whom we love half so well. Sweet Nora, say yes, and make Bardie and me perfectly happy."

They had conquered. My heart yielded to both father and child, and I made a full surrender, with my head on Harry's shoulder, and my arms around his child, and my tears all kissed away; and a wonderful sense of home and belongings, and fullness and content, glowed through and through me, and I felt as if Susie's smile came down in the sunbeam, irradiating the whole scene, and blessing the new part I was to take in the lives which her death had left wrecked and stranded.

Aunt Urania came to meet us as we returned to the farm-house, putting on her spectacles of discovery as she came. But it needed no glasses to see what had happened. Dewy eyes, disheveled tresses, happy agitated faces, told the whole story, even without the help of the ecstatic child in a wofully torn blouse crowing over his victory, and hardly waiting to get within ear-shot before betraying the secret in his clear high voice:

"She's going to marry me, Miss Scuddymore; she promised she would." And then, as an after-thought, he added, "Oh, and papa too."—*Harper's Bazar.*

IT appears to have been a moist occasion, according to Mr. G. W. Smalley, when Madame Modjeska made her late debut at the Court Theater in London, royalty, nobility and gentry assisting. One lady did the extraordinary thing of crying "through nearly the whole performance," two hardened actresses "not only cried, but sobbed uncontrollably," the orchestra cried, and the stall-keepers were unable to hear out the play!

Two old partners were contemplating a separation of business interests, and asked their ancient chief clerk which store he would like to go into. Quite innocently he said: "A house divided against itself can not make two good stands." The dissolution was not effected.—*New York Herald.*

Religious.

WAITING.

THE busy turmoil of the world
Is far away to-night;
I rest within my quiet room,
With pleasant things in sight.

Beside me lies God's blessed Word,
And on its page I see
This line, marked by a loving hand,—
"*The truth shall make you free.*"

And then how sweet His promise is
For this my hour of need;
I can but trust such love as His,
And bless Him as I read—

For my dear Father knoweth well
What for His child is best,
And He may give me health again,
Or take me to my rest.

This world is pleasant, and the love
Of earthly friends is dear,
But there are more who love me well,
In Heaven, than are here.

So I will wait, with peaceful heart,
For life, or death, to come—
For life may give me work for Christ,
But death will take me home.
—*N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 11—The Fall and the Promise.....Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—Cain and Abel.....Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32:12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15:-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

Religion as a Living Power.

IT is only as it molds the character and controls the life that religion becomes a living power. As a mere system of dogmas, unfelt and unpracticed, it is to all intents and purposes a dead letter. In this aspect of it, it may deserve the indifference or contempt which its enemies sometimes exhibit. In proportion, however, as its doctrines are cordially embraced, intelligently understood and reduced to practice in daily life, religion becomes a vital and ever present reality amongst men, winning the admiration of the good and commanding the respect even of its enemies. Viewed in the last aspect it is far more of the reality in our Christian society than superficial observers are apt to think. In fact it may be questioned whether there is any other reality in the world so potential and so vital.

Let us notice for a moment some of the manifestations of this living and controlling power of evangelical religion. We shall find them not in one church alone, not in one class of Christians alone, but in all true Christian churches, among all sincere men and women of every name who have in any way come under the influence of Bible Christianity. We shall find that Christianity has its strongholds in society and gives daily manifestations of its power which it would be well for the skeptical rejectors of its claims to consider. There are three of these indications of vital influence which are exceedingly striking, as showing the degree in which Christianity has won its way to the hearts of men and triumphed in our modern society.

The first of these is seen in the worship of the Christian congregation. Whenever and wherever a congregation of Christian worshipers, large or small, is assembled on the Sabbath day, in city, town or country, there is the ocular demonstration of what Christianity is doing for men, there is the standing monument of the progress which it has made across the ages and across the earth. What is it that everywhere simultaneously draws these multitudes and holds together these attentive, interested and devout worshipers? Is it any feeble or inadequate power that has done this so long and is still doing it in every part of Christendom? If on any given Sabbath we could see all the Christian congregations in the world assembled in their places of sacred worship, with their solemn ordinances of prayer, of praise to God, of reading and expounding the Scriptures, and proclamation of the Gospel according to the last command of Christ, what an idea would this vision give us of that influence which has gone out over the earth, and is perpetually controlling the thoughts, the purposes, the plans of life and the actions of living men. None but the Divine mind is adequate to grasp this vision, to measure this influence, to understand this potential agency. And yet nothing less than this is the influence and the agency which Christianity is exerting in every land under heaven where the Gospel is preached, the Sabbath observed and the public worship of the congregation established. Can anything less than a great and vital power accomplish a result like this? No man can dispute the fact that it is accomplished. But the fact itself is a perpetual demonstration that the religion of Christ is not a mere dogma, not an abstract idea, not a dead letter, but a living reality amongst men.

A second indication of the living power of Christianity, perhaps even more potential than the foregoing, is seen in the home circle. The religion of Christ has its private not less than its public sanctuaries. Its influence in the great congregation is that of assembled multitudes actuated by the same spirit and combined for a definite object, the worship of God. But this is an influence exerted for the most part only one day in seven, sending its impulse through the week. But the religion of Christ covers all the duties of man and throws its salutary power over all days alike. Thus it erects its sanctuary in every household, it establishes its morning and evening worship at every family altar. It becomes a daily instructor and guide to the youth of each particular home circle; it makes the family a training school for Christ and for the Church; and it sheds over all the duties of life the fragrance of religious worship, the blessed influence of parental precept and example. Once a day at least, and for the most part twice, God's venerated Book is read in the hearing of the household group, the voice of beseeching prayer is lifted heavenward, and the sacred hymn with its notes of thanksgiving and praise gives unction to the sweet hour of prayer. We do not say that this picture of social devotion is always realized in every family circle. But it is in many, perhaps in thousands, in different parts of the land. This, at any rate, is the type and model of family worship which the Gospel aims to exemplify, and does exemplify in the degree to which Christian parents live up to their high vocation.

Now can any one fail to see that here is a strong influence exerted over the character and actions of Christian families which is as salutary and powerful as that which goes out from the weekly ministrations of the great congregation? It is, in fact, when we divide the great congregation into its constituent elements, the Christian families, and trace the public influences of the one through all the more private influences of the other, that religion may be said to exert its greatest power and to reach the very citadel of its strength. The triumph of Christianity is never more complete than when it is found to establish and control the Christian home of the people. All that is done and said in the great congregation is for the express purpose of molding the lives of the people in their Christian homes. These are the well-springs of Gospel influence. These are the very hiding-places of its power.

A third illustration of the living power of Christianity, still wider than either of those we have mentioned, is found in the inner life of the individual. There are thousands of persons belonging to no Christian congregation, having no Christian home of their own, and, perhaps, attending no house of God on the Sabbath, to whom, nevertheless, Christianity is a living power. They feel its influence in their deepest experience, it comes home to them as a sweet remembrance of the past, as a hope of relief for the future and as a consolation in the present. Sooner or later this experience comes home to almost every man. It comes with special power in the dark days of adversity, in the sad hour of bereavement, in the disappointments of business, in the privations of penury and want, in the gloom of sickness, in the approaches of old age and infirmity, in the bitter waters of death. At such seasons of trial what can a man do without religion? He may shake off all concern about it in times of health and prosperity, but the deepest experience of his soul will cry out for it long before he reaches the end of life, or if not before, certainly at the end. Will any one tell us that to all this numerous class outside of our churches and our Christian homes religion is not a vital reality, the Gospel of Christ is not a living power? In ten thousand such cases it is felt to be a living power, and the dying man, though no professor of religion, flies to it as as his only refuge and his greatest privilege. It is not the Christian only who bears witness to the fact that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. Every man reared in a Christian land has felt its power through life as a restraint on sinful passion, and most men have borne witness to its truth at the dying hour.—*Interior.*

Temper at Home.

I HAVE peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms," where the chairs are dead and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens," where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and the girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the hatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper, that make life joyous or miserable, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life of what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society, can make it, the opening stave of an everlasting psalm, the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—*John Hall, D. D.*

Choice Thoughts.

THE question of being a Christian is not how much a man knows or how much he believes, but how earnestly and conscientiously will he strive to forsake all that is evil, and cleave only to that which is good.—*Golden Rule.*

GOD walks with the simple; He reveals himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

SUPPOSING all the great points of atheism were formed into a kind of creed, I would fain ask whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith than any set of articles which they so violently oppose.—*Addison.*

ON the body of young Lockwood, who met his death by drowning at the time of the loss of the steamer Narragansett, was found a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." On the fly-leaf he had written, as if foreseeing his fate, these words, "If I go down with this boat to-night I should be ashamed to have this book found with me, were it not that I read it to refute its doctrines."

A Big Farm.

W. F. COURTNEY, Superintendent of the Mammoth Farm, owned by the Blalock Wheat-Growing Company of Washington Territory, consisting of thirty-three members, informed the Walla Walla *Watchman* that the farm contained 60,000 acres of land, 25,000 acres of which is good soil, now all under fence. A line road, leading from the place to the landing, has been built at a cost of $1,000. They are now breaking ground at an expense of $1.25 per acre, and in another year will be able to ship from three to four hundred thousand bushels of wheat.

A PROMISING youth recently surprised his father by asking: "Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
" six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

The Democratic Platform.

The Platform adopted by the Cincinnati Convention, is a very funny piece of literature, when we come to scrutinize it closely. It isn't much of a platform, but it contains the usual amount of bosh, and presumes to the usual extent on the general ignorance and forgetfulness of the people. The Democratic party has been standing still while the world has been moving, and the result has been they have had no definite principles of their own, so they wait and see what the Republicans propose, and then go against that. After opposing it four or five years until it becomes the settled policy of the country in spite of them, they adopt it as Democratic doctrine, and swear it is the very thing, and go for it with a hurrah. They have been so accustomed to getting into the nest that the Republicans have just vacated, that this year, they propose to take a new departure. They pledge themselves anew to the constitutional "doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party, as illustrated by the teaching, and example of a long line of Democratic Statesman and patriots."

Now, they pledge themselves to the doctrines and traditions of the *Democratic* party; they are not going to use any Republican thunder this time, but they are going back to the simon pure Democratic article, as taught by Democratic statesmen and patriots. Well, what are the tradltional doctrines of that fossil, the Democratic party?

Let us see. The "Divine Insttitution of slavery" was one of the doctrines taught by that "line" of patriots.

The proposition that a black man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect, is another of the tradltional doctrines referred to.

Nullification, repudiation, secession and rebellion are among the cherished doctrines to which the Democratic party pledges itself.

And thus we might go on enumerating until we should have a "line" almost as long as that of the statesmen and patriots referred to; but to dwell at length on the "doctrines" would necessitate the neglect of the "statesmen and patriots." We must not omit to mention a few names, which Democrats doubtless remember with especial pride and satisfactinn. There is, for instance, Floyd, who stole our guns, and munitions of war, and sent them South at the outbreak of the rebellion. And there stands Jeff. Davis, the most proud and commanding figure in the whole "line." And then, there is General Winder, who starved the Union prisoners at Andersonville, and Forrest who murdered the colored prisoners at Fort Pillow, and Yellow Fever Blackburn, will all be remembered with gratitude, to say nothing of Toombs, Ben Hill and the Sage of Cypher Alley, who figure as chief nincompoops.

No one will presume to question the reverence in which the Democracy hold those "doctrines and traditions," as well as the "statesmen and Patriots referred to," but it is a little surprising that they should frankly make the acknowledgment.

The third paragraph says: "Home rule; honest money—consisting of gold and silver and paper; the strict Maintenance of the public faith, State and National." Ah! what a change of heart! within the last four or five years the Democratic States have nearly all repudiated their debt, and the party has voted almost solidly for every wild financial vagary, and would have repudiated the National debt long ago if they only could.

"Fourth. The subordination of the military to the civil power." That is to say, the National Government must be confined to the civil; while "Ku-Klux" and "white leaguers" must be permitted to use the military power.

Fifth. They declare in favor of a free ballot as the right preservative of all rights. This is cool, especially, as no other party ever opposed the freedom of the ballot; the Republicans, though, would have it pure as well as free.

The seventh section refers to the fraud issue, and declares they will not "condone it."

Eight. They howl in concert over the administration of President Hayes.

Ninth. They condole with uncle Sammy, and let him down easy.

Tenth. "Free ships and a living chance for American commerce," but they say nothing about Letters of Marque and Reprisal whereby American commerce was driven from the seas.

Thirteenth. "The Democratic party is the friend of labor and laboring men—pleges itself to protect him. With a gad in its hand, as of old, we presume.

As before intimated, it is a very poor sort of a platform, and the party could doubtless have done better without any platform at all. As the party is known to have but one principle, and that is to get office, platforms serve but as a reminder of Democratic lack of principle.

With very little variation the Democratic party might appropriately adopt the language of Saint Paul and say "I have appeared all things unto all men that by all means I might save some"—of the offices. And in view of its past history, its present moral condition and its future political prospects, it might appropriately apply the language of Satan in Milton's "Paradise Lost," where after having accomplished the fall of Adam, he takes a retrospectivo view of himself and exclaims:

"Which way I look is Hell! myself am Hell,
And in the lowest depth a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

WHAT A "LEADER" THOUGHT ABOUT IT.—A prominent Democratic leader expressed himself as follows at the Cincinnati convention, just before the nomination of Gen. Hancock:

"Well, I've been a Democrat ever since I was a voter, and I have never known the party to fail to commit some infernal idiocy at critical points in its history. It has done one sensible thing in its career when it nominated Tilden, and it is my opinion that there never has been a time when it might not have succeeded by doing something equally sensible; but it would be just like the Democratic party to nominate Gen. Hancock, just when the soldier is played out, when the country has grown sick of military Presidents as such, and when the whole thing has been spewed out of its stomach; and for the Democratic party to come up fifteen years behind time to try to set up in business as a soldier's party." The look of mingled amusement and disgust on the face of the speaker was irresistibly ludicrous. "Well," said he, "there are no issues now-a-days but those of financial and political economy, and on every one of these the Democratic party has been so blanked unsound that I am ready to see the country in Republican hands for four years more."

The Republican campaign opens everywhere with far different auspices than it did four years ago. General Ben Harrison at the opening meeting of the state campaign in Indiana made a felicitous allusion to this, saying:

"In former campaigns we often addressed discouraged farmers and laborers out of employment, but in this canvass audiences assembled to hear you will be happy and prosperous. Barns all over Indiana are laughing in gleeful recognition of the goodness of Providence to our people. Labor is everywhere employed, and our people to-day are conspicuously contented and happy, and they recognize that much of this has come from the wise administration of our national finances by the Republican party. We enter the campaign under more favorably auspices than for many years, and we believe that we shall carry the Republican standard forward to victory in October."

A meeting of Union soldiers and sailors who favor Gen. Hancock's election, was called to meet at Raine's Hall, Baltimore, on Wednesday evening of last week. But five patriots put in an appearance and the Hancock boom, so far as the soldiers and sailors are concerned, was voted a dead failure.

They say that if Hancock is elected he will take his seat. Of course he will. And on the other hand, if he isn't elected, he wont.

Garcelon, of Maine, ought to write a letter in support of Hancock.

The Springfield *Republican* says that the visit of the Democratic committee to Mr. Tilden's house was the first wake on record where the corps received the mourners.

Democrats are not pleased with General Arthur's letter of acceptance, but as it was not written for them, that does not matter a great deal. It suits Republicans well enough.

When the returns of the November election are heard from, the Democrats will again resolve that "the war was a failuro" so far as bodlng any good to their party is concerned.

The New York *Herald* says of General Arthur's letter that it "is well written, clear in its argument and moderate in its rhetoric, and will enhance the national reputation of its author."

The Troy *Times* says that a personal friend of Senator Conkling's remarked: "You can look for a hotter campaign in this State than we ever had before, if Roscoe Conkling can make it hot."

Two or three Hancock organs have at last found out that Senator Conkling isn't sulking; that he does not intend to go to Europe, but that he does intend to stay at home and put in the hardest kind of hard work for Garfield and Arthus in New York. One of them even makes the admission that with Conkling to the front it will be difficult to get the vote of New York for electing a pair or epaulets President of the United States.

The Democratic papers, by great effort, are able here and there to find a renegade Republican who has come out for Hancock and they make a great blow about it, as if it really amounted to something. They don't say anything about the Democrats who are declaring for Garfield, however. There are a good many of these, one (Mr. Alexander Ferguson a prominent Democrat of Cincinnati) says that "the nomination of Hancock virtually disbands the Democratic party," and he therefore declares for Garfield.

Marshall Jewell is hard at work organizing the details of the Republican campaign, which, he says, is much farther advanced than it was at the same period of 1876. He says that Senator Conkling intends to take an active part in the campaign in New York, and that it, New Jersey and Connecticut will surely go Republican. In the last state Republican mayors have this year been elected, for the first time in a long term of years, in two of the largest cities, and the current of popular sentiment is running strong in favor of the Republican party.

Dr. Felton, the Independent Democratic congressman from the Seventh district of Georgia, in a speech in Marietta last week, referred to Garfield thus: "I know General Garfield personally, have been on the same committee with him, and he is a gentleman of good morals, social, clever, and has a grand intellect; intellectually he has no superior in the House. He is a good man, has a mind of inexhaustible resources, and I have not a word to say to detract from his integrity." This is the sort of thing the mud-throwers will not print.

Representative Republicans from every section of New York State were at the meeting of the State Executive Committee on Wednesday, and every man of them spoke confidently of the party prospects. As Senator Webster Wagner said, "There is more enthusiasm in the party than I have seen for years. It has always been hard to open the campaign with us, but this year everybody seems to have taken hold without waiting to be invited." Nobody could find out where all those soldiers votes are that are to be cast for Hancock.

The Greenville *News* is a little journal of barbarism published in South Carolina that has started out to rival Okalona *States* in political intolerance, while destitute of its vigor and point. It lays down the doctrine that all persons siding with the Republican party in State affairs should be proscribed by decent society. It says:

"In the South there is no question of politics. Within the States the only question is between honesty and intelligence, and corruption and debased ignorance. That is the sole issue, and the man who wilfully and deliberately sides with the latter against his own flesh and blood and State deserves worse than proscription and ostracism."

To vote against the pure party of onion skin ballots and red-shirt rifle clubs is the unpardonable sin in South Carolina.

A Record to be Proud of.

Now, as heretofore, the Republican party relies for public confidence mainly upon great services actually rendered. It has given the country prosperity and progress never before witnessed. No other claim to popular support can be greater. It has overcome obstacles deemed insuperable. Difficulties and dangers which, to many at home as well as to nearly all abroad, seemed certain to overwhelm the Republic, have been met and vanquished by the Republican party. It has earned this vast advantage over every competitor; it does not need to rely upon its promises alone, but can point to its deeds as its best vindication. Twenty years it has marched on unfaltering. Almost all the world believed that disunion was inevitable. The Republican party resisted and conquered. Even close to the end of the war the Democratic party solemnly resolved, as observers elsewhere began to fear, that the war was a failure; but the Republican party persisted until rebellion was crushed. The problem of reconstruction seemed insoluble to many, and there were wise men who predicted fifty years of anarchy and guerilla warfare; but the Republican party found means to force a conquered and sullen South to take an active part in the government which it had tried to destroy. Never before, since Governments were instituted among men, had a nation managed to restore the value of an irredeemable paper currency. But the Republican party undertook that task also, and finished it. The collapse of inflation caused tremendous losses, and the struggle for resumption caused immense sacrifices. Never before had any party, in a free Government, dared to propose such struggles and sacrifices without submitting to temporary defeat. Yet the Republican party led the nation onward to financial honor and prosperity, and never lost the power to carry out its measures.

This wonder-working party, for which no task has yet proved too difficult, has the right to point to the present condition of the country as proof of its fidelity, courage, and wisdom. When dangers have thickened, the party has dared to do right and to trust the people, and they have never failed to meet trust with trust. Where would the country be, politically, financially, or industrially, if disunion had prevailed? It is for the Democrats to say. Where would it have been if Democratic resistance to reconstruction had been permitted to grow into a guerilla warfare? What would have been the condition of business now if the Democrats led by Mr. Pendleton, had been able to pay the bond in greenbacks, as they preposed in 1872? What would now be the state of the public credit, if the solemnly-promised resumption had been defeated by Democratic success in 1876? Every capitalist and every workingman in the country knows what grand prosperity has resulted from the resumption of specie payments eighteen months ago; is there a single one who wishes that Democratic hostilities to resumption had prevailed at the last election? How many of our mills and factories, how many of our furnaces and mines, would now be in operation, if the blind hostility of Democrats to the present form of tariff had succeeded in causing a sudden, radical, and sweeping changes, three years ago? What the country is to-day the Republican party has made it. What sane man is sorry that the Republican party has conquered for twenty years, and so has had the power to make the country what it is?

Virtually, that is the question for 1880; is the country sorry that it has attained the wonderful prosperity which it enjoys? Mistakes are to be found on every hand, as in all human Government, and errors in the record of every year. But the country knows that in all the greater matters it owes its present condition to the courage, wisdom, and fidelity of the Republican party, and it will hesitate long before it decides to change. Any other party can promise. The Republicans have performed. Every pledge ever made by that party it has kept, even to the doing of so-called impossibilities, such as the suppression of rebellion, the pacification of the country, and the resumption of specie payments. It promises now to go forward in its work; to press still further reforms which it has begun, and to promote still further the prosperity of the country. The work is in the hands of men who have given proof of the wisdom of their plans. If they have done well thus far, so that the country is happier, more powerful, more prosperous, richer, and grander than ever before, will the people turn over their affairs to a party which has only promisses to offer?

If Democratic promises were proof of Democratic purposes, it would be rash to change. Incompetence and inexperience often do more mischief than downright knavery, as the last Democratic Congress has shown. But it is a notorious fact that the Democratic party has not respected its promises, nor made any effort to redeem them. Its successive declarations of "eternal principles" for last twenty years, if put together, would make the most absurd jumble of contradictions ever known. The party has been true to nothing except its anxiety for office. It proposes, even now, to tear up the tariff under which thousands of factories have been built, and hundreds of thousands of workmen have found employment; and yet the votes of Democrats of Congress show that the party has not the slightest idea what system of taxation it would adopt instead. It proposes "hard money," and yet votes of nine tenths of the Democrats in Congress show that the party does not wish gold dollars worth one hundred cents if it can get silver dollars worth ninety cents. Conservative men know what sort of Government we shall have, if the Republican party retains the power. It has been tried, and it leads to a grand prosperity. Wages are ample. Business is active, and the unemployed are few. Investments are safe, and the public credit is high. The banks repose full confidence in the integrity of the Government, and the depositors and holders of insurance policies know that funds invested in Government securities are safe. Men know that the Republican party means to promote and increase this solid prosperity, which gladdens the hearts both of rich and poor, of laborer and employer. But who can guess what may happen, if the Democratic party should have power to enact and carry out the vagaries which it has voted for in Congress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Gen. Arthur Accepts.

NEW YORK, July 18,—Gen C. A. Arthur, the Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency, has written a letter to Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, accepting the nomination. In it he says: "The authority of the national government to preserve from fraud elections at which its own officers are chosen, is a chief point on which the two parties are plainly and intensely opposed. Acts of Congress for ten years have in New York and elsewhere done much to curb the violence and wrong to which the ballot and the count have been again and again subjected, some times despoiling great cities, sometimes stifling the voice of a whole State, often seating, not only in Congress, but on the bench and in legislatures, numbers of men never chosen by the people. The Democratic party, since gaining possession of the two houses of Congress, has made these just laws the object of bitter, ceaseless assault, and despite all resistance has hedged them with restrictions cunningly contrived to baffle and paralyze them. The Republican party has strongly approved the refusal of its representatives to suffer the overthrow of statutes believed to be salutary and just. It has always insisted, and now insists, that the government of the United States of America is empowered and in duty bound to effectually protect the elections denoted by the constitution as national.

It is a suggestive and startling fact that the increased power derived from the enfranchisement of the race now denied its share in governing the country—wielded by those who lately sought the overthrow of the Government—is now the sole reliance to defeat the party which represented the sovereignty and nationality of the American people in the greatest crisis of our history. Republicans cherish none of the resentments which may have animated them during the actual conflict of arms. They long for a full and real reconciliation between the sections which were needlessly and lamentably at strife. They sincerely offer the hand of goodwill; but they ask in return a pledge of good faith. They deeply feel that the party whose career is so illustrious in great and patriotic achievement will not fulfil its destiny until peace and prosperity are established in all the land; nor until liberty of thought, conscience and action and equality of opportunity shall be not merely cold formalities of statutes, but living birth-rights, which the humblo may confidently claim, and the powerful dare not deny.

The resolution referring to the public service seems to me deserving of approval. Surely no man should be the incumbent of an office, the duties of which he is, for any cause, unfit to perform, who is lacking in the ability, fidelity and integrity which a proper administration of such office demands. This sentiment would doubtless meet with general acquiescence, but opinion has been widely divided upon the wisdom and practicability of the various reformatory schemes which have been suggested, and of certain proposed regulations covering appointments to public office. The efficiency of such regulations has been distrusted mainly because they have seemed to exalt mere educational and abstract tests above general business capacity and even special fitness for the particular work in hand. It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business. Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness. The tenure of office should be stable. Positions of responsibility should, so far as practicable, be filled by the promotion of worthy and efficient officers. The investigation of all complaints and the punishment of all official misconduct should be prompt and thorough. These views, which I have long held repeatedly declared and uniformly applied when called upon to act, I find embodied in the resolution which I approve. I will add that by the acceptance of public office, whether high or low, one does not, in my judgment, escape any of his responsibilities as a citizen, or lose or impair any of his rights as a citizen, and that he should enjoy absolute liberty to think and speak and act in political matters according to his own will and conscience, provided only that he honorably, faithfully and fully discharges all his official duties.

General Arthur indorses the resumption policy, and says every dollar of our money, whether of metal or paper, should stand the test of the world's fixed standard. He says the national government should encourage popular education so far as the Constitution permits; that such changes should be made in the present tariff and system of taxation as will relieve any overburdened industry or class, and enable our manufacturers and artisans to compete successfully with those of other lands, and that the government should aid works of internal improvement, national in their character, and promote the development of our water courses and harbors, wherever the general interests of commerce require.

In concluding, General Arthur says: There is danger in entrusting the control of the whole lawmaking power of the government to a party which has, in almost every Southern State, repudiated its obligations quite as sacred as those to which the faith of the nation now stands pledged.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE THIRD ARMY CORPS.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The following card from one of the officers of the Third Corps, which appears in a New York journal to-day, shows how that organization has been misrepresented in its political views. The Democratic press of the East has been trying to make much capital among the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac out of the assertion that the officers of the corps named were almost unanimous for Hancock: "On the 8th instant the Third Army Corps held their annual reunion at Cape May, N. J. A *Herald* reporter was present, and that evening telegraphed to his paper as follows: 'Most of the officers fought under Hancock, and out of the seventy who sat down to supper, over fifty expressed themselves privately in favor of the Democratic candidate for President.' From the fact that all questions of politics are rigidly excluded from among us at our annual gathering, this statement naturally excited a good deal of indignation, especially as it was known to be very wide of the truth, and next day a canvass was quietly instituted, with the result of showing that there were just *four* of us, and no more, who would vote for Hancock. I have been trying ever since over my own signature to induce the *Herald* to correct this misstatement, but thus far without success.

Thomas Rafferty, late Lieutenant Colonel, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, Third Army Corps.

REPUBLICANISM IN NORTH CAROLINA

NEW YORK, July, 19.—A. V. Lusk, United States District Attorney for the Western District of North Carolina, on a visit to this city, said this morning that the Republicans of his State did not consider the South altogether solid for Hancock and English. The Republicans had put an exceptionally strong ticket in the field for Governor, and would make a desperate fight at the polls. The idea of giving up the State beforehand, Mr. Lusk says, is preposterous. The Republicans have a majority, and will get their votes cast. Two or three times since the war the Republicans have carried the State. The Republican leaders intend to organize in each county and precinct, to make the campaign on the local government such as has not been done for years. They will thus get some Congressmen anyway, and will likely carry the State.

INAIANA DEMOCRATS FOR GARFIELD.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 15.—At the organization of the Garfield and Arthur club in this city Wednesday night, 141 persons signed the roll. Of these, nine have heretofore acted with the Democratic party. Their names are published, and they are well known. Another club was organized by the Republicans in the west end of the city the same night. Among the membership are six heretofore straightout Democrats, and one of the leading Greenbackers in the county, and a delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated Weaver. The latter was also a Democrat, and lost a leg in the rebel army. They all say Garfield is good enough for them. In the three other Republican clubs of the city and county there are several heretofore active Democrats. These may be straws. They certainly indicate how things are going in this part of Indiana.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Three good cigars for 5 cents, at Cheap John's.

—The pay car passed through Oakland on Wednesday.

—Square meals circus day, for 10 cts., at Cheap John's.

—Fresh Cheese, Cakes, and Bologna, on show day, at C. C. Michael's.

—Miss Maggie Peddicord is visiting relatives and friends in Howard and Baltimore counties.

—Mr. Thomas Martin returned to Oakland, Tuesday with his horse and buggy, which had been abandoned at Louisa, Kentucky, by Dr. Pomeroy.

—Preaching on the streets on Saturday evening at 9 o'clock and Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, by E. Randall.

—Cheap John has recently received a new silver mounted show case, which improves the appearance of his store room very much.

—C. C. Michael has a large stock of all goods usually kept in a first class store.

—200 sacks G. A. Salt for sale at Wm. T. Totten's Cheap Cash Store, Oakland, Md. a26-tf.

—Married—At New Germany, this county, July 18th, 1880, by Rev. B. Ison, Mr. Francis Durst and Miss Alice Bancord.

—At a regular meeting of Shealtiel Lodge I. O. O. F., Monday evening, Mr. H. W. Combs was elected and installed Vice Grand, *vice* Jas. S. Johnson, resigned.

—Well selected stock of French and Common Candies, at C. C. Michael's.

—Mr. Randall, the evangelists, has been engaged for some time in our town, in painting short scriptural texts in prominent places on the side walks and fences.

—Farmers in this vicinity complain that their oats crop will be ruined by the rust, and some have determined to plough under whole fields, so as to secure the growing crops as a fertilizer.

—Watermelons, Peaches, Cantaloupes, and Apples, on show day, at C. C. Michael's.

—A brakeman on the third division, named Charles A. Dunnington, a native of Buchanan, W. Va., fell between the cars at Cranberry at 2 o'clock Saturday morning and was killed.

—Persons attending the big show next Thursday, should call at Cheap John's for Mellons, Soda Water, Pop, Cakes, Candies, Cigars, Nuts, and a variety of other goods too numerous to mention.

—Visitors for Hazlewood Cottage arrived Wednesday, as follows: Mrs. Brenaman, Willie Brenaman, Mary Brenaman, Master E. McCormick, U. S. N., Miss Eliza McCormick, Mrs. Bell, Miss Imogene Bell, Mr. Mills, Washington.

—William Wallace Chisholm, formerly of this neighborhood, was murdered in Silver City, New Mexico, about the first of April last. Deceased was about 35 years of age, and has a brother, three sisters and a large number of relatives living in and near Oakland.

—The corporation authorities have been making improvements on the streets of Oakland, in the way of laying new side walks and grading the streets. The North end of Second street has been much improved, under the supervision of Mr. Thos. Bosley.

—Friday evening of last week, the large sash blind and flooring establishment of Geo. D. Landwehr, at Cumberland, Md., was totally destroyed by fire, together with a large amount of finished work and raw material. The loss is about $15,000, with an insurance of but $2,000. Mr. Landwehr will rebuild at once.

—A very severe storm visited Keyser, W. Va., last Friday morning of last week. The people had to cling to posts, fences, trees, or whatever they could get to hold to. The hail fell with tremendous force and was of considerable size, doing a great deal of damage to garden truck and grain. An empty housecar standing on the siding in the Baltimore and Ohio yards was lifted from the trucks and blown a distance of half a mile or more. Shade trees, fences and out-buildings were blown down.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by the Pastor.

M. E. Church—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by the Pastor.

The Concert.

The concert given by the "Sparkling Dewdrop Glee Club" of Oakland, at Dalley's Hotel Wednesday evening, was well attended, and those in attendance were well pleased with the entertainment. It is to be hoped that they will will give another concert in the near future. They deserve a liberal patronage.

"The Republican" for the Campaign

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed, postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of THIRTY CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

Robert Stickney's Big Show.

Will exhibit in Oakland July 29th, afternoon and evening. This is the one Show of America whose integrity has never been impeached; which never indulges in unfulfilled promises; never makes high-sounding and unmeant challenges, but gives every performance advertised, and thus justifies the press in passing its high encomiums upon and the people in extending their patronage to it. These, together with many additional reasons, constitute the motives which induce almost everybody to extend their patronage to Stickney's Immense Combined shows.

The following are among the minor causes referred to:

"Bob" Stickney has always been known to the public as a capable, honest, and therefore honorable gentleman. He employs none but first class artists; he supplies a superb Menagerie, and furnishes the most refined and moral entertainment ever placed under canvas. He employs none but those known to be possessed of strict sobriety; and profanity, vulgarity and obscenity are unknown qualities in this chaste institution. He makes no great street parade, preferring to display his powers in a legitimate manner before his congregated, comfortably seated and delighted audiences; and lastly, the cultivated character of those who patronize him gives sufficient indication of the success of the rules which he has instituted and is daily carrying to a conscientious completion.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

Friends: To you who have visited the numerous organizations with which I have been connected during the past few years, it is unnecessary to state that I shall use my utmost efforts to amuse you in the future as in the past. Those who have never seen me I refer to those who have, for a guarantee as to my willingness and ability to entertain my patrons. The efforts which I have put forth heretofore, while acting under the auspices of other parties, are now doubly augmented by my desire to show my friends—everybody—that while acting in my individual capacity, I am deserving of that which I ask—a heavy patronage. Entertaining the same high regard for all friends of true art which I have ever maintained, I have the honor to remain, most faithfully,

ROBERT STICKNEY.

Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, July 21, '80.

Deer Park continues lively and cheerful, notwithstanding the dampening effects of the constant rain.

A Sunday School pic-nic party from Keyser spent one day last week in the delightful grove near the Hotel.

Hon. S. B. Elkins, with his two daughters, Misses Sallie and Lizzie Elkins started a few days ago for a trip to Missouri and New Mexico.

Mr. L. A. Schoolfield and Miss Mary L. Schoolfield, of Baltimore, are visiting their relatives in Deer Park.

Arrivals at Wing & Wing House since last report are as follows:

Baltimore—Dr. E. M. Schaeffer, Mr. Morton Schaeffer, Miss Ellen Schaeffer, Miss Anna Wilkins.

Washington—Mr. Frank Major.

Meyersdale,—Mr. Henry Hocking.

Frostburg, Md.,—Mr. Alfred Croft.

L. S. D.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 22:

Richard S. McCulloh and wife to John P. Hubbart, et. al., all their interest in one undivided half of military lots Nos. 150, 152, 158, 163, 297, 366, 428, 431, 452, 1147, 1337, 1432, 1433, 1437, 1556, 1564 and 4048, and the whole of lots Nos. 1060 and 1077, also one undivided half of a tract called "Corunna," also all that part of a tract of land called "Banks Territory," also part of a tract called "Bank Lots; consideration ——

James Warren to Mary Ellen Warren, military lot 1233; $150.

James S. Johnson, Constable, to Thomas W. Crow, military lot No. 1489, $675.

Democratic Little Games.

The Democratic party has been scheming to return to power for twenty years, and the history of each Presidential nomination which it has made during that time shows that it has sought power only, without the slightest regard to principles or policy. It has asked for the confidence of the country merely as the Democratic party, and it has tried every "dodge" and trick, according to its view of the popular feeling of the moment. In 1864, at the darkest hour of the war, when the national resources and spirit were strained to the utmost, it declared the war a failure, and nominated a candidate who was professedly so. The response was the overwhelming re-election of Mr. Lincoln. In 1868, at the end of the war, counting upon a reaction of feeling, it nominated the most eminent of "Copperhead" sentiment. The response was the triumphant election of the General of the Union army. In 1872 the Democratic party fierce for success, threw over pretense of distinctive principle, and nominated an old protective Anti-slavery Whig. In response was the overwhelming re election of the Union General. In 1876 the Democratic party raised the cry of 'reform' and public virtue, and nominated an old Tammany politician who had broken with Tammany and Canal rings, but, by a reduced electoral majority, the party was again defeated.

In 1880 the Democratic party, having tried every other device, abjuring Copperheads and Antislavery Whigs and adroit politicians, nominates a soldier whose sole distinction was achieved in fighting battles which the Democratic party derided as failures, and hopes to renew the Whig campaign of 1840, and hurrah the candidate into the White House. But the trouble is deeper than the party seems to suppose. It is not the absurdity of the Democratic attempt to masquerade as a soldier party or a war-for-the-Union party, nor that of nominating a soldier as a symbol of the supremacy of the civil authority over the sword, both of which performances are ludicrous, but it is the deep distrust of the party itself. When the Democrats nominated the Republican Horace Greeley, who had not a political principle or conviction or tendency in common with those who selected him, the silly trick failed, because, however Mr Greeley might have been trusted, the party hands in which he would have been a puppet were absolutely distrusted. General Hancock is an amiable gentleman, but as President, from the very fact of his total and professional unfamiliarity with political affairs and men, he would be especially in the hands of his party managers. His strength as a candidate is precisely that of his party, and no more. He will get the vote of no man who does not prefer to see the government in Democratic hands.

Now there is much less disposition to confide in that party than there was in 1876. The cipher explosion of Tilden reform and public virtue; the significant revelations of Democratic views and plans made by the extra session; the Garcelon plot in Maine, and the Morgan bill for the electoral count; the natural and universal wish of reviving industrial prosperity not to make a violent change involving every kind of financial confusion and peril; and the evidence that the Republican party is not mastered by "bosses" who are profoundly distrusted — all these things incline public confidence to the Republican party, with an able, experienced and unblemished leader and statesman of its head, who will be no man's man, who is perfectly familiar with public affairs and men, who has been one of the most sagacious and most influential chiefs of the policy under which national prosperity has recovered itself, and who by universal consent is peculiarly fitted for the Presidency. Mr. Garfield's "record" greatly strengthens him, because upon all great questions he has been singularly sound, and yet independent and moderate. Gen. Hancock's utter want of 'record' except in a war which his party denounced, greatly weakens him, because it leaves him necessarily a prey to Democratic politicians.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Reactionary Schemes.

The following is an extract from the speech of the Hon. Albert T. Porter, Republican candidate for gorernor of Indiana, at the opening meeting of his canvass in Indianapolis on Wednesday last:

"Suppose they get into power. They will have a solid South, securing them three-fourths of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives, Texas will be divided into four states, according to the provisions in the old act of admission, and thus secure ten in place of two senators. Utah will be admitted with polygamy untouched, and two more secured. They will organize Indian Territory into a state, and secure two more. Thus they will push all their claims through Congress, payment of which is not forbidden by the constitutional amendments. But they will not stop here. The validity of these amendments cannot be maintained if the reconstruction acts shall be held void. The votes of the legislatures of the reconstructed states were essential to their adoption. One of the Democratic platforms pronounced all reconstruction acts unconstitutional and revolutionary and void. Now, it might be easy enough for a court composed of men believing in the doctrine of state's rights to hold, without violation of their consciences, that all these amendments are void. We know, from sad experience in our own state, how easily constitutional amendments, as we believe validly passed and sustained by an overwhelming majority, may be overthrown to meet seemingly even the small exigencies of party. Now, see how easily these amendments may be overthrown to meet the overwhelming demand of a section. The way is already prepared. A bill is now pending, introduced by Mr. Manning, of Alabama, to increase the judges of the Supreme Court to twenty one. Let the bill pass, and the South will require that at least three-fourths of the increase shall be appointed from the South. The cabinet, three-fourths Southern, will know how to select men whose sentiments are known beforehand on questions so vital. Upon an agreed case, like that in our own state, the amendments may be declared, in the language of the Democratic platform, unconstitutional, revolutionary and void. Judges who should thus decide would win honor in the South. Their memories would be canonized by the people, for they opened the hospitable door through which the whole flood of claims they believe just can be allowed. Believe me, this is no fancy sketch, no figment of the imagination, but a sober danger which we may now, successfully, but which, if we are listless and supine, may, before we know it, become an appalling one."

It is admitted that the decision of the Indiana Supreme Court, by which Indiana was brough back into the list of October states, was a partisan one; but already the Democratic managers begin to think that it was a bad thing for the party, after all. It is true that the state has not given a Republican majority since 1872, but if it should fail to give a Democratic majority, and a big one at that, the effect will be immensely damaging to Democratic chances in November. At the election of 1878 they carried the state by a majority of 14,113, but there were about 40,000 votes cast for the Greenback ticket, drawn much more largely from the Republican party than the Democratic. In 1879, when they had the personal popularity of Hendricks to help them and the credit and reputation of the Republican party was at its lowest, their majority was only a little over 5,000. At the time the last election was held there was a good deal of uneasiness in the West over the Resumption act. The Democrats and the Greenbackers were clamorous in their prediction of ruin from the attempt. Since then the Resumption act has been successfully carried into effect, and good times have come again. What effect these events will have upon the popular vote remain to be seen. Then, again, the administration of President Hayes has been undeniably clean and honest, and so there is no campaign ammunition of the kind that was used so effectively four years ago. When they think over such things as these the Democratic managers grow nervous and are inclined to curse the superfluous zeal of the state Supreme Court. It is not without good reason that Mr. Jewell expresses the belief that the Republicans will carry Indiana in October. That opinion is shared by many shrewd Democratic politicians.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* sketches the political career of Hon. Philo S. Orton, the life-long Democrat whose letter in support of Garfield and Arthur has created so much interest. He was at one time one of the most prominent lawyers in the state and is now a banker at Darlington. "In 1861 he was the Democratic candidate for attorney general of the state; in 1863 he was elected by the Democrats as the prosecuting attorney of Lafayette county; in 1864 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which nominated McClellan; in 1870 he was elected county judge by the Democrats; he was the Democratic candidate for circuit judge, and in 1876 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress. Nothing but a keen perception of the danger that threatens the nation could have compelled him to leave the Democratic party. The only time he ever revolted against his party was when it renominated Taylor for governor after the character of the man was known, in which he was joined by many other prominent Democrants. In his letter Judge Orton says what thousands of Northern Democrats thinks."

It accomplishes its object so quickly and so satisfactorily that its praises are in mouth of every mother. We refer to Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, *the* remedy for children's diseases. Sold for 25 cents.

A solid South and a divided North, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, is the Democratic idea of non-sectionalism.

The Real Tune of the Campaign.

A newspaper, moralizing upon the present canvass, judiciously observes: "The issue is not between Garfield and Hancock. It is between Republicanism and Democracy." This is about the wisest remark which we have seen upon the subject. This, after all, is not a contest between man and man. The point to be decided is, whether the Democratic party, after having steadily opposed the Republican policy, particularly and in detail, for years; after having been substantially upon the Southern side during the rebellion; after having set its face against every rational plan of reconstruction; after prolonged faction and partisanship constantly verging upon treason, shall now be put in full possession of the Government. Hancock may be an angel in epaulets, but he is the candidate of this party. His election will give it power. His defeat will send it back to the same place to which the people have over and over again consigned it. No Republican who has been such because he believed the Republican party to be a safeguard of the Republic will trust the Democracy any the more because Hancock is a handsome man.—*N. Y. Times.*

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, in a recent speech at Pittston, Pa., spoke thus of Gen. Garfield:

"A child of penury and want, fatherless and almost homeless in infancy, forced in his early manhood to earn his daily bread by daily toil, by manual labor in the workshop or the field, and later, as teacher in the schools, without the aid of wealth or family influence, he earned his way to honorable distinction among his fellow-men, and unaided and alone by his own inherent force of character he has climbed to the topmost round of the ladder that leans toward the sky. [Applause]. Whether as carpenter boy, day laborer on the canal or in the field, soldier at the front or statesman in the councils of the nation, he has always been faithful to liberty, country and right. [Applause.] Hancock was made by the Government. Garfield made himself."

HANCOCK-SURRATT.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—The point in the Surratt case against General Hancock is not the execution in which he was only carrying out orders, but the course which he pursued to prevent the recognition of a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Wylie, of the Supreme Court of this District, and served upon General Hancock by an officer of that court very early in the morning appointed for the execution. The facts in this matter have be referred to of late, but have not been printed either in detail or accurately. It is a case which shows that at that time, when Presidential ambition had not taken possession of Gen. Hancock's mind, he was not as much the champion of subordinating the military to the civil power as he now claims to be. The facts of the case are as follows: The night before the time fixed for the execution of Mrs. Surratt, her counsel having exhausted all other methods in their attempts to secure delay in her case, decided to apply to Judge Wylie, of the Supreme Court of the District, for a writ of habeas corpus, based upon the claim that as the courts were open and the war at an end, the trial by military commission was not legal. Judge Wylie was called up at two o'clock in the morning of the day of the execution, and after hearing the application, granted the writ directed to General Hancock and commanding him to produce the body of Mrs. Surratt at ten o'clock of the same day. This was served as speedily as possible on General Hancock, who, instead of bowing to the commands of the civil law, at once proceeded to lay the matter before the President with the view of devising some way of disregarding it by military power. President Johnson at once sent for Attorney General Speed and Judge Advocate General Holt, and a hasty conference was had, at which it was decided that General Hancock should appear in court without his prisoner and exhibit to Judge Wylie, endorsed on the back of the writ of habeas corpus which had been served on General Hancock, an order signed by President Johnson suspending the writ of habeas corpus in the District of Columbia. With this order on the writ, Gen. Hancock, with the Attorney General, appeared in court, and for a return read the order of the President. Of course, in the presence of Gen. Hancock and his military forces, there was nothing further that the courts, representing the civil power, could do, and the execution took place soon after Gen. Hancock withdrew from the court-room.

Thus, for the first time, as the result of Gen. Hancock's action, the writ of habeas corpus was suspended in the District of Columbia. During the entire period of the war it had not been deemed necessary to set it aside, nor after peace had come, until it was the only way open to prevent a civil court of high standing from inquiring whether a woman ought to be hung without any further hearing.

That Hancock should be beaten there is no doubt, and why he should not and cannot be elected the Albany *Evening Journal* gives four solid reasons, as follows:

I. He will be beaten because of his recognized unfitness for the position.

II. He will be beaten for the same reason that Tray came to grief—he is caught in bad company.

III. Hancock will be beaten because his opponent is infinitely better fitted for the Presidency.

IV. Hancock will be beaten because his opponent, in addition to being better fitted for the place, represents the grand old Republican party.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

7 17-4t.

Strayed—Reward.

Strayed from Oakland, about July 3rd, a red heifer, eighteen months old. Any person giving information of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded by

ALEX. FLECKENSTEIN,

7 17-3t. Oakland, Md.

FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the undersigned for the years 1878 and 1879, are requested to come forward within 60 days and settle, or they will have to settle with an officer. It is impossible for me to leave my business to call on all persons owing me.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

7 17 4t. Mineral Springs, Md.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

ROBERT STICKNEY'S

Big Show!

IMPERIAL CIRCUS

MONSTER MENAGERIE

Museum, Great Anglo-American Aggregation, and World of WONDERS.

Will Exhibit in Oakland,

Thursday, July 29, 1880,

Without any exception the most complete and finest equipped organization on the American Continent. Travels by Rail, with its own Train of Magnificent Cars.

The management have spared neither time nor expense in gathering together, from all parts of the globe, the most renowned Male and Female Artists.

Don't fail to be in time to see the GRAND FREE EXHIBITION, which positively takes place every day in front of our Immense Pavilion. The charming Italian Princess Incognito, Senorita Evalitta Carriala, in her flight in the clouds, is the most thrilling and exciting feat ever attempted by any living male or female. She never fails. So throw aside all care and toil, and bring your families. Two performances each day.

ADMISSION: Adults, 50 Cents.
Children under 9 years, 25 Cents.

Performance commence—Afternoon at 2 o'clock; Evening at 7:30. Doors open one hour earlier, in order to allow visitors to thoroughly examine our wonderful collection of animals, &c., before taking their seats.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofore located from Altamont to the Burned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Lake Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. R. Browning, Lake Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. C. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. R. BROWNING,
L. A. STEYPLE,
F. C. BROWNING.

7 10 5*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. COOMBS, late High Sheriff of Somersetshire, England, committed suicide in a delirium of grief at the loss of his wife, who had died twe days before.

THE reduction of the incomes of the landed gentry in England is sending many to economize abroad, where they can live in a style in which they would not like to live in England.

IN no court, says the London *Truth*, are more beautiful women to be seen than in England; but it is to be regretted that more pains are not taken to teach graceful walking. Even in a ballroom, what with high heels and tied-back skirts, the art of progression is far too much neglected by Englishwomen.

THE Duke of Portland has intimated his intention of returning ten per cent. at the next audit to his agricultural tenantry in Notts and Derbyshire. The Duke has returned twenty per cent. on his Bothal estate in Northumberland, the remission extending ever three quarters. Tho Duke of Bedford's remissions to his tenants during the last eighteen months amount to over £100,000.

CHALLEMEL LACOUR, the new Minister to Englnnd from France, is an ardent Republican. M. Leen Say, whem he succeeds, and who was only recently appointed, has been elected President of the Senate. He is supposed to share the Orlennist tendencies of his patron, Baron Rothschild, and, like him, though at a long distance, is celebrated for the excellence of his cuisine.

IN his recent speech in London Lord Rosebery referred to Lord Beaconsfield's late Government as—"I will not say the most brilliant Government that ever existed, I will not say even the most successful Government, but I will say the most richly-decorated Government that ever quitted office in this country, has become a thing of history."

THE late Minister of War to the Khedive of Egypt has become an Italian subject so as to place his property in Egypt under Italian protection. The property is said to have been given the ex-Minister by the Khedive in trust. The latter is naturally very indignant at the way in which he has been trapped, and vows vengeance against his false friend, forbids him to return to Egypt, and will doubtless confiscate his property if he has not the fear of Italy before his eyes.

THE Emperor William of Germany has formally announced the betrothal of his grandson, Prince William of Prussia, to the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sunderburg-Augustenburg. Prince William is the oldest son of the Crown Prince Frederick William, and, if he lives, will one day be King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. He marries yonng, having only passed his twenty-first birthday a few months ago.

The Crows in Convention.

JAMES HILLMAN, a respectabio and well-to-do farmer, living between Orwigsburg and Landingville, is the authority for tho following remarkable story: Mr. Hillman has on his farm fifteen acres of timber, which is joined by two other pieces of woodland of about the same size. One morning during the early part of last week Mr. Hillman's attention was attracted by large flocks of crows which came from the south, and as if by common cousent settled in the woods mentioned above. During the ensuing three days tho crows in the woods were reinforced by new arrivals, until several thousands were present, and the noiso they made attracted the attention of people for miles around. Sentinel crows were posted on the defences around the woods, and through them the approach of a man or boy was quickly communicated to the body of crows. The crows remained in this patch of woods until Monday morning, when they all left about the same time, taking their course of flight in a northwesterly direction. They left the woods in flocks containing two or three hundred each, at intervals of five or ten minutes, and the departure of one of these flocks was the signal for loud and prolonged cawing on the part of those remaining behind. They all departed in the same direction, and the last flock took to wing about an hour after the first started. Since then there has not been a crow seen in the neighborhood. Mr. Hillman says that during their stay in his woods the crows did not commit any depredations on the neighboring cornfields, and but few of them ever ventured beyond the confines of the timber.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Miner's Jornal.*

A Novel Invention for the Preservation of Life at Sea.

THE question of absolute safety on the Sound or ocean steamers is likely to be answered sooner than was expected. A patent has recently been issued, and is only waiting a proper opportunity to he developed, which is believed to meet all the conditions of safety and is likely to rob the sea of many of its horrors. It is a floating vessel in the shape of an inverted balloon, which is entirely covered, the entrance being by a man-hole in the upper part, reached from a platform wholly surrounding the vessel, and from which small iron ladders drop down to the water. Inside, arranged around the widest part, are seats and berths, and under the covered bottom is space for provisions. Ventilation is provided for by an ingenious and novel device. The boat is adapted for shoal or deep water by a ballast weight which is raised or lowered from within. It is furnished with keel and rudder. Its peculiar feature is its method of motion. This is automatic. It is obtained by wave or air wheels attached to shafts which are connected with a small propeller. The principle of the wheels is that whatever way the wind blows or the waves move the motion is always in the same direction and under the control of the rudder. The boat can be made of metal, and the size can be regulated by the needs of the vessel to which it belongs. It is proof against fire, always rides vertical, is easily dropped from the ship, and can be handled by any one who knows how to turn a crank. It is simple in construction and perfectly safe in the roughest sea. The inventor is the Rev. Dr. Haskins, of Cambridge. —*Boston Advertiser.*

Strange Wedding Customs.

A WRITER in the *International Review* gives the following account of the customs which prevail in the love-making and marriages of the Nocfours of New Guinea:

Among the islanders marriages are not made according to the inclination or by the free choice of the young people, but at the wish of their families, who consult their convenience alone when they affiance their children—most frequently at a very tender age. When the arrangement is completed the betrothed are forbidden to associate with each other. The etiquette which regulates the affair is very rigorous, and presses heavily upon the little fiancees. They are forbidden to look at each other, and it is enjoined upon the young girl so to arrange matters that her future husband can not see her. When they meet each other on the road—an accident which can not fall to occur occasionally—the girl, who rarely goes out alone, being warned by her companions, is bound to keep herself hidden behind a tree or bushes from the time that her future lord and master comes in sight until he has passed by. It happens often that the two are of the same company—for instance, when they cross from one island to another in the same boat. Then the childlike and simple courtesy which gives the law in these regions demands that they turn their backs, and look steadfastly in opposite directions. The betrothed must also avoid all contact with the members, both masculine and feminine, of the family into which they are about to enter. From the future father-in-law and the future mother-in-law they must guard themselves as from the plague. One day when Mr. Van Hasselt was in his school, one of the boys suddenly threw himself under the table, where he remained motionless. Not knowing what to think, the frightened teacher was rushing to the child, when his comrades called him back. "It is nothing," they said, "only his brother's future mother-in-law is going by!"

But let us return to the betrothals. Marriages in Nocfourian life are not celebrated without splendor and parade, although their wedding ceremonies are characterized by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted through the village. One woman, having seized her by the legs, carries her on her back; while another binds her arms as though she were a captive and leads her by a rope to the home of her betrothed. It is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class, everywhere conservative of the traditions of the past, has preserved. Marriages among the lower classes are differently conducted. In this case, the procession starts from the house of the bridegroom, who leads a crowd of relatives and friends, each one bearing a present. The procession begins to march at nightfall—for it must be made with torches, classical emblem of the hymeneal fires. On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, indicating that she does not dare to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and they are back to back, in the midst of a numerous assembly, the men on one side, the women on the other. . . . After the entertainment, the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and, keeping her back turned to the door, seeing which the husband also turns his back upon her. The whole night is spent in this manner. They sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, and without speaking a word. It is a veritable watch on their arms. If they grow sleepy, some one of the assistants, who take turns in doing this service, nudges them with his elbow; if they keep wide awake the bridal pair are assured of long life and a green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night, in order to repeat the performance the second night, and the third, and even the fourth, without being permitted to relinquish the siege. On the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the yonng people at last look each other full in the face. That suffices; the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly-wedded pair receive the customary congratulations. Not till the following night do the watchers leave them; and then the husband is bound in honor to slip away before dawn, since his bride can not be expected yet to endure a second time in broad daylight his terrible look. She will not dare to meet his gaze until after an interval of four more days and nights. So much modesty would not be suitable for slaves. They throw themselves into each other's arms, and all is done.

Value of Fodder Corn.

"GIVE me good corn fodder, meal and shorts fed with it, and I can make more and a better quality of milk than I can with the same quantity of grain with hay." This is the testimony of Mr. Wilbur, the proprietor of the well known "LeMont Farm" near Newport, R. I., and it is in general the testimony of all farmers who have made thorough trials of the feeding of fodder corn, in dairies where the manufacture of milk is the leading object. There has been, in previous years, some controversy as to the value of corn-stalks or fodder corn, (not exactly one and the same thing, however), but it has come to be quite generally settled now, and settled in favor of fodder corn as a most useful green feeding crop. But it has also been settled that, so far as the growing of this crop is concerned, it must be planted in drills and not sown broadcast, as has sometimes been the practice. These drills must be at least twenty inches apart, in order that sunlight and air may have free access to the growing plants, for where sown broadcast, the corn while growing does not obtain sufficient sun to mature or sweeten its juices, and, hence, is not desirable for food. Or, as it is put by the vegtable physiologists, all plants depend for their healthy growth and nutrition upon what is termed actinic light and heat, and upon access of air, and any plant which, in its growth, is deprived of these agencies, is abnormal, and not suited for the food of animals. Actual feeding experiments—the results of which have lately been given by Prof. Goessmann—tend to prove that in green fodder corn, there are in a digestible form 73 per cent. of the nitrogenous matter, 75 per cent. of the fat, 67 per cent. of the non-nitrogenous matter, and 72 per cent. of the cellulose or cellular matter. The rate of digestibility would be from 16 to 20 per cent. less in the dried state of the fodder; and the fodder from the sweet corn varieties is of far higher feeding value, pound for pound, over the yellow sorts, on account of the 8 to 12 per cent. of sugar which it contains.

Orchard grass, Hungarian and rye are used in considerable amount for green fodder purposes, and they have some advantages in this respect. But sweet corn is better than either, if properly sown in drills, because it is easily cultivated, may be planted at intervals as deemed best throughout the season, and is more conveniently cut and handled when wanted for the use of the stock. There is a disadvantage over the others in curing it for winter use, but our remarks have sole reference to its use in the green condition. Corn in drills, for fodder purposes, may be sown up to the middle of July at intervals of two weeks; and the farmer may at any sewing take advantage of the peculiarities of the season to sow more or less, on dry land or moist, as the occasion warrants. By this means he is able to supplement the short pastures of late summer, or to provide for a deficiency of the hay crop from certain fields, which the changes of the season may make probable. Taking advantage of these peculiarities will allow him to secure the comfort and health of his stock, and enhance his own profits.—*New England Farmer.*

The Pike's Peak Gold Excitement.

MEANWHILE, the story of the new discoveries of gold in Pike's Peak (for all the mountain region was known by that name, though the Peak itself was seventy-five miles from the diggings) hastened eastward, gathering marvels as it ran, and was attested by sundry goose-quills full of dust. Just following the financial distresses of '57, thousands of men were ready for any thing, and the spring of 1859 witnessed the beginning of such an emigration across the plains as had only been equaled by the wildest hours of the rush to California a decade before. Council Bluffs, Atchison, Kansas City and all the other outposts of civilization became filled with excited crowds hastily preparing for the two-months' journey across the plains, and an almost continuous procession of wagons of every description filed out from their streets to undergo the hardships and perils of that eager race to be first at the gold-fields. He who could not pay for the swift stage became driver or escort of a freight wagon, or followed along with his ambulance; while thousands rode on horseback, or walked, trundling their luggage in a hand-cart or wheelbarrow, or slung upon their backs. Those were the storied days when the motto "Pike's Peak or Bust" was inscribed on many a wagon-sheet by jubilant owners, and those also the days when the same wagons, hopelessly bogged in some treacherous fording of the Arkansas, or broken down among the rocks of a stony bit of butte-road, were grimly labeled, "Busted, by Thunder!"

The van-guard of this exodus reached the Platte in April, and it is estimated that nearly a hundred thousand persons followed during the summer. We are told that they were in the main from the better classes of men at home, but that nineteen-twentieths were entirely ignorant of gold-mining. Thousands were disappointed, of course, and a thin returning stream met but failed to discourage the new comers, who pressed across the weary, bone-marked plains, sure that their lot would be an exception to all the misfortunes described.

As soon as the snows were sufficiently melted, the Russells and others pushed into the mountains, reasoning that if these outer streams contained a sediment of drifted gold, the source of the riches must yet remain in the rocks whence the waters came. One party, under the leadership of J. H. Gregory, started up Clear Creek, to a point just above where Black Hawk now is, and began prospecting in the gulch. "He climbed the hill," says a written account of the incident, "where he believed the wash or gold-dirt would naturally come from, scraped away the grass and leaves and filled his gold-pan with dirt, and took it down to the gulch. Upon panning (washing) it down, there was about four dollars' worth of gold in it! He dropped his pan and immediately summoned all the gods of the universe to witness his astonishing triumph. That night he could not sleep."

Whether any immortals obeyed the summons the record fails to inform us, but it is certain that it was a very few days only before the rugged trails, slippery with ice and gagged with snow, became thronged with eager, though disheartened emigrants, fired with a new hope. Almost simultaneously, discoveries of rich bars and veins were made at Idaho Springs, Boulder, Golden, and elsewhere, and the mountains, from Estes Park to the Sangre de Cristo, began to be overrun with prospectors, while gold and silver ledges and placers were discovered so rapidly that no one could keep track of them, and thousands of claims were taken up on both sides and among the very summits of the Snowy Range under laws and regulations framed by the miners themselves. Valleys hitherto undisturbed, except by the light tread of the moccasin and the hardly timid game it followed; cliffs that had echoed to no other sound than the noise of the elements or the voices of bird and beast, now resounded with human energy and were despoiled by the ruthless shovel and ax. The sage-brush yielded place to wagon-tracks, and the splendid spruces were felled to lie docile in the walls of log cities that sprang into shape with the startled swiftness and decision of magic.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Scribner's Magazine.*

A DOG was seen tugging furiously at something floating in a stream at Ithaca, N. Y., but the weight was too heavy for him. A man ran to help him, and found that the object was a baby, which had just fallen into the water, and was still alive.

PITH AND POINT.

THE craze for old relics never gets down to boots and shoes. Once kicked off they are done with forever.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE young man looked pitiable last Sunday when, as he left the church door, his cane came apart and a fish-pole telescoped out of it.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

ALL the girls who can afford it now wave $75 painted fans, and it is utterly useless, even when the thermometer registers only sixty, to persuade them that it is quite cool and comfortable.—*Boston Post.*

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "It will be seen that the *rapprochement* between the *beau monde* of this country and the *elite* of Europe amounts to an *entente cordiale*." Would seven dollars per week induce the writer of that to come this way?—*Detroit Free Press.*

TWO children were engaged in a dispute as to the relative merits of their respective fathers. Finally one of them said in a tone of triumph: "Well, my papa is the bravest, any way; he 'listed in the war." "Huh, that's nothin'," was the disdainful rejoinder; "my papa 'listed three times in one year, and got a bounty every time."—*Rome Sentinel.*

"MOTHER says she'd like to borrow the evening paper and a quart of strawberries for tea and a little sugar to put on 'em. 'Cause we've got company and must put on some style." "Ask the folks over, company and all. We'll read a paper flour bag and munch on crackers in the back yard. Any thing to accommodate." A dendly feud dates from this simple conversation.—*New Haven Register.*

ONE day, when Father Noah was called upon for a speech, after eating rather heartily of pickled salmon, sardines, canned lobster and other luxuries from the cabin stores, he began with the witty remark, "I am too full for utterance." It was a good thing—so good, in fact, that it has lived through all the succeeding ages, and up to the present day no after-dinner eloquence has been considered complete without it. Our friend Jones, who has attended 3,461 dinner parties during his life, says he has heard it just that number of times. He looks upon it with love and veneration. It is such an old friend.—*Boston Transcript.*

Woman's Influence—A Touching Story.

CUMMINS CITY is still a crude metropolis. Society has not yet arrived at the white vest and lawn sociable period there. There is nothing to hamper any one or throw a tiresome restraint around him. You walk up and down the street without feeling that the vigilant eye of the policeman is upon you, and when you register at the leading hotel the proprietor don't ask how much baggage you have or insist upon it that your valise ought to be blown up with a quill to give it a robust appearance. Speaking of this hotel, however, brings to my mind a little incident which really belongs in here. There are two ladies at this place, the only ones in the city limits, if my memory serves me. One of these ladies owns a lot of poles or house-logs, which were, at the time of which I speak, on the dump, as it were, ready to be used in the construction of a new cabin. It seems that some of the male citizens of the corporation, without the fear of God or the Common Council of Cummins City, had been appropriating these logs from time to time until out of a good fair assortment there remained only a dejected little pile of culls. The owner had watched with great annoyance the gradual disappearance of her property from day to day, and it made her lose faith in the final redemption of all mankind. She became cynical and misanthropical, lost her interest in the future, and became low-spirited and unhappy. One day, however, after this thing had proceeded about far enough, she went to her trunk, and, taking out a large size navy revolver, the kind that sends so many Western men to their long home, she went out to where a group of men had scattered themselves out around camp to smoke. She wasn't a large woman at all, but these men respected her. Though they were only rough miners there in the wilderness, they recognized that she was a woman, and they recognized it almost at a glance, too. There she was alone among a wild group of men in the mountains, far from the protecting arm of the law and softening influences of metropolitan life, and yet the common feeling of gallantry implanted in the masculine breast was there. She indicated with a motion of her revolver that she desired to call the meeting to order. There seemed to be a general desire on the part of every man present to come to order just as soon as circumstances would permit. Then she made a short speech relative to the matter of house-logs, and suggested that unless a number of those articles, now invisible to the naked eye, were placed at a certain point or a certain amount of kopecks placed on file with the Chairman of the meeting within a specified time, perdition would be popping on Main Street in about two and one-half ticks of the chronometer. There didn't seem to be any desire on the part of the meeting to amend the motion or lay it on the table. Although it was arbitrary and imperative, and although an opportunity was given for a free expression of opinion, there didn't seem to be any desire to take advantage of it. A committee of three were appointed to carry out the suggestions of the Chair, and in about half an hour, the house-logs and kopecks having been placed on deposit at the places designated, the meeting broke up, subject to the call of the Chairman. It was not a very long session, but it was very harmonious—very harmonious and very orderly. There was no calling for the previous question or rising to a point of order. The pale-faced men who composed the Convention did not look to the casual observers as though they had come there to raise points for debate over parliamentary practice. They kept their eye on the speaker's desk and didn't interrupt each other or struggle to get the floor. It is wonderful this inherent strength of weakness, as I might say, which enables a woman amid a throng of reckless men to command their respect and obedience sometimes where main strength and awkwardness would not avail.—*Cor. Denver Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

DID YOU?

DID you ever go on sunny days the pretty flowers to pull,
And, kneeling in the meadow, fill your little apron full?
Did you ever see the daisies shine, and hear the birdies start,
Till you sometimes found it hard to tell the flowers and song apart?
And did you ever feel the breeze steal lightly to your cheek,
As if it loved you very much and had a word to speak?
Well, if you have known all these things so beautiful and wild,
I'm sure the birds and flowers and breeze have known a happy child.

—*St. Nicholas.*

SOME SMART BOYS OF BYBURY.

BYBURY village was quite famous, in my day, for its smart boys—about a dozen of them, pretty near of an age, bright scholars, good fellows generally, and wide awake for any enterprise.

There could be stories told about their adventures, their camping-out, their fishing and boating trips, their many doings on land and water; but I was not there to see. I was not one of them.

"Poor little Andy!" they called me, for I was a cripple. Perhaps it was because I could not run, nor climb, nor do anything, hardly, that I admired them the more.

Fourth of July was their great day, of course; it is the boys' day everywhere in this land of freedom. They began it by ringing a certain church bell the moment midnight struck, which was the signal for all the little cannons to blaze out. There were six churches in Bybury, and two of them had bells, which these youngsters had christened "Liberty Bell," and "Prohibition Bell." They were allowed to ring the former just as much as they pleased—and for that reason they did not care anything about it: they were forbidden to touch the other till sunrise of the Fourth—and for that reason they were determined to begin with it on the midnight before; and they always managed to do it.

Their only opposer was Captain Milliken, who had no motive in the world for the opposition, only once having said that he did not want it rung, he was bound to have his way—there are a good many such people. The boys liked the old gentlemen, but they determined not to be beaten; and when you take twelve boys against one man you may be sure that there's mischief ahead. His only right of refusal was in the fact that he was sexton, and also owned more pews in the meeting-house than any other man. However, from year to year the townspeople said, "Let them ring! It is a better way to celebrate than to use so much powder."

On this particular Fourth, Captain Milliken made great boasts that he had got the doors and windows so securely fastened that the boys would have to give it up. That being equal to a challenge, no boy of any spunk, and certainly no Bybury boy, would give it up. The evening before the Fourth there was a mysterious gathering in an unoccupied house near by; and to this rendezvous one of the big boys, Tom Milliken, the Captain's nephew, carried me on his back. "Because," said he, we want your help."

It turned out that they all intended to get about two hours' sleep on some old carriage robes which they spread on the floor and at half-past eleven sharp I was to call them and then wait orders.

It was a lovely night, warm, dewy, starry, but so still! The villagers had gone to bed early to have a little repose before the inevitable cannonading began—they always did at Bybury, for there was no sleep after midnight in that neighborhood till that set of boys had outgrown "celebrating." They seemed long hours to me, for, trusting to my known wakefulness, every boy of them had dropped off, and I sat curled up by a window with Tom's watch in my pocket, till the time slipped by.

Punctual to the moment I had them up; and after a whispered consultation they went out to try means of ingress, while I kept watch and was to signal if any one approached.

"It's no good to try, for the Commodore"—that was what they called him—"has been as good as his word. So now for it!" said Tom, at last, and pulling off his shoes and cap, he began to climb the lightning-rod.

If you do not know how the rods used to be put up on meeting-houses, you will not understand the foolhardiness of this proceeding. Instead of following the walls of the building—in which case the risk would have been fearful enough—the rod descended slanting in mid-air from the belfry, far out to the main building, so that for a long distance it was out in space, swaying at the least touch; then from the eaves it run down the side of the house, and then was supposed to be secured firmly in the ground. But this one had been broken off a yard or more at the bottom, so it was rather a shaky and uncertain thing at the best, besides being constructed in pieces which were hooked together in a loose way. It was rough and rusty, and about as large round as a man's thumb. Such was the ladder by which Tom Milliken proposed to climb up to the high bell tower, on the dark side of the church, with no light to guide him except what came from the stars.

Tom Milliken was not afraid of anything; but now, when the boys saw him slowly going up, hand over hand, in the darkness, they began to realize what a perilous feat it was, and begged in low voices:

"Tom! Tom! do come down! Let's give it up!"

But Tom whispered back, "Stop your noise! take care of my cap and shoes, and stop your noise!"

Not a word was spoken after that. Almost breathless the boys watched from below, holding fast the end of the rod to steady it, while I crept out and secured the cap and shoes. Meanwhile Tom gained the eaves, where he rested a few minutes before beginning the most dangerous part of the ascent. Slowly moving up, we saw his dark form against the sky; then we lost sight of him as he swung into the shadow; but in a moment he appeared climbing over the balustrade into the belfry.

I am sure we all felt like shouting our joy, but we kept silent and listened. Presently we heard him cautiously raising the trap door; then creaking down the narrow, shaky stairs, which had long been considered unsafe, but yet allowed to remain as they were; then he was blundering through the dark gallery; and at last he was fumbling at the hasp which secured the vestry door on the inside.

Then they all rushed in, and old "Prohibition Bell" was rung as it had never been rung before—"*Ding-dong, ding-dong,*" as fast it could go; it sounded on the still, midnight air, and was echoed back from the hills, rousing the whole village; heads were popped out of windows along the street, and suppressed laughter was heard, for everybody knew how confident the Commodore had been.

The boys had rung it furiously for about ten minutes, and the little cannons had begun to speak on every corner, when from my watch-window I spied a lantern in the Commodore's door-yard. In another minute I had scattered the ringers; and by the time he had appeared on the scene of action with the blacksmith, whom he had routed from his bed, there was not a boy visible, except the small fellows with their cannons on the nearest cross street, who were unable to tell him anything, simply because they did not know.

The culprits, however, were all within hearing, and lost not a word of the old gentleman's strong assertions, spoken loud on purpose for their ears, which he was shrewd enough to suppose were within hearing, that he would find out "who they are; and I'll prosecute every one of them to the fullest extent of the law."

The two men searched everywhere, even to the belfry, from which their lantern shone like a beacon, and they tried every window and looked into every pew; then, giving it up, the blacksmith put a padlock on the outer door, and they departed.

The boys gave them just time enough to get home; then, at my sign, they started up from their hiding-places, and the bell began to toll, deep, and strong and quick. Tom, who had planned for every possible contingency, had carried in his pocket, when he climbed up, a strong cord wound round a pebble to which one end was secured; the other he had tied to the clapper of the bell; then, unwinding, he had hurled the stone back down over the sheds; and now they were using this strong cord with a will.

The bell had boomed furiously for a few minutes, when the lantern appeared again in the Commodore's yard, and back he came with his companion. They found the church all right, not a window unfastened, and every door secure; so relocking the outer ones, they proceeded to an inspection of the sheds. But while they were still in the vestibule, bending over the inner lock, Tom had slipped in and hidden himself in the wood closet. It did not require much searching on the part of the men to find the cord, which they tried to break by their united efforts, and succeeded by sawing it along the edge of the roof.

And now the sexton was so sure that the bell would be at rest for the remainder of the night that he laughed at the blacksmith when he proposed that they should sit on the meeting-house steps with their lantern and watch till daybreak, which was not very far off. He dispersed the small boys, bidding them, "Go home and go to bed, and come come again at sunrise, and I'll ring the bell *myself*; and *you* may all ring till your hands are blistered. As for those rascals," raising his voice, "if they have broken so much as a pane of glass in this house, I will have the law on them to-morrow."

The boys had a pretty busy night of it, but they were not through yet. As soon as the familiar lantern had vanished in the Commodore's house, a window in the church was gently raised, a dark lantern in Tom's hand shone a moment, there was a good deal of climbing in and out, of low talking, and the sound of tools being used, and certain other sounds strongly suggesting that something was going on in the belfry. Then the boys dispersed just at daylight, agreeing to keep watch and see what happened next.

Promptly at sunrise came the sexton, and a crowd of small boys at his heels; a few men, too, had lounged along to the church steps, and looked in as he threw open the doors.

"And now," shouted the Commodore, "you may have all the ringing you want. This is early enough for all orderly folks!"

So the little fellows snatched at the rope, and jerked with all their might—with no result.

"Oh! clear out! said he, "and see *me* do it! There! *That's* the way to ring!" pulling with one vigorous sweep of his right arm, which drew the rope clear to the floor; and so he kept on for a minute or two, a puzzled expression coming over his face; then suddenly he called to the men outside. "Seems to me this bell don't ring, or else I have gone deaf all at once! Hey?"

"No," cried one of the small boys, "'tain't making no sound, Captain."

The Commodore pulled and tugged, then took off his coat and worked away till his face was in a blaze, and beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks.

"Those young rascals!" he said. "They must have tied the clapper." Upon which two men volunteered to go up and see. They soon returned with the intelligence that the clapper was "gone entirely." But the Commodore could not believe it, or was so obstinate that he *would* not till he had the evidence of his own eyes. Sure enough, gone it was.

Nor did it re-appear in its proper place till the next Saturday night. When the sexton went to ring for church Sunday morning, there it was, as if nothing had happened. Of course it made the talk of the town, and everybody thought that Bybury village had some rather remarkable boys. They were now given full permission to ring that bell as much as they wanted to at midnight before every coming Fourth of July as long as they lived; but, because they *could* do it, they did not care to, and never did after that memorable occasion. And their secret has been kept all of these years—the boys are now men—and nobody knows to this day who took that clapper off and put it on again.—*Wide-Awake.*

WHY is Hymen always represented as bearing a torch?" asks the Boston *Post*. That's easy enough. It is a hint as to who shall build the fires.

THE DAIRY.

THE butter globules in milk from farrow cows and cows nearly dry are smaller than from cows in flush of milk, and, in order to obtain all the butter, the cream from the former should be churned together, and the same of new milk cows.

IN England beef growing is never carried on singly, but milk is counted on as carefully as the meat; and, after a century of selection for the large milk dairies near London, and near other large towns, the high-cross Short-horn cow is used as the milk producer. This blood is there found satisfactory in milk production, as it is everywhere for meat production.

Cows giving milk should not be allowed to fall off in quantity from insufficient feed. It is more difficult to increase the flow of milk after a shrinkage from lack of full feed than to keep up a high activity of the secretion by artificial feed. When the habit of diminished milk secretion at a particular time of year is established, as it will be by repetition, it is not always easy to prevent it entirely by liberal feeding. The habit will also be transmitted to the offspring as a family characteristic that will diminish the value of the animal as a producer of milk. Give the cows extra feed so soon as the pasture begins to get short.

PROF. ARNOLD says: "The assertion is often made, and many people believe, that water washes out the flavor of the butter; but it only cleanses the butter of the buttermilk, sugar and milk acid which may adhere to it, just as clarifying sugar removes from it the foreign matters which modify its true flavor. The flavor of butter consists of fatty matter, which do not combine with water, therefore cannot be washed away by it. The effect of washing upon the keeping quality of butter depends upon the purity of the water with which the washing is done. If the water contains no foreign matter that will affect the butter, it will keep better for washing the buttermilk out than by kneading it out."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* says: "As a rule, by letting the calf suck two or three days and milking at the same time, and with patience and gentleness, heifers will become docile to the milker, and stand even quietly untied in the open yard to be milked. Occasionally comes the exception. In that case I loop a rope around the near hind leg above the ankle, and draw it back till it becomes impossible to bring it near the pail or to disquiet the milker milking with both hands. At first the animal kicks ferociously, but daily it grows less till all becomes 'quiet on the Potomac,' when it will do to make trial of the heifer without the rope. This is a humane and sovereign remedy for kicking heifers, also for those nervous cows that will kick on yearly farrowing."

How a Famous Cheese is Made.

PERHAPS the most justly celebrated cheese made on the Continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyere. This is made mostly in huts, called chalets, high up among the Alps, at the time during which the pastures on the mountain-sides are accessible, and the huts habitable, say from the melting of the snow in May to the end of September, when men and animals descend for the winter into the sheltered valleys thousands of feet below. The chalets are located in the midst of the mountain pastures on a spot safe from avalanches, and generally near to a small pond or spring of water, when such are available. Provisions from the valleys are carried up weekly to the chalets, and it is under such difficult and romantic circumstances that a cheese is made which for hundreds of years has been considered almost, if not quite, the best on the Continent.

The milk, partly skimmed, or not, according to the quality of cheese desired to be made, is put into a great kettle and swung on a crane over a gentle fire, where it is allowed to attain a temperature of seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, when the kettle is swung off the fire and rennet is added to the milk. When coagulation has advanced far enough the curd is cut into as fine pieces as is practicable with the large wooden knife which is used for the purpose. The kettle is then swung over the fire again, and the curd is taken up in small quantities in a porringer, and poured back through the fingers, whereby it is still more finely divided. Great importance is attached to this division of the curd, in order that each particle may be fully exposed to the action of the heat in the "cooking" process, which ensues up to a point when a temperature of ninety degrees has been attained. The kettle is then immediately swung off the fire, and the waste of curd and whey stirred for some fifteen minutes longer; and if the cooking has been properly performed, the particles of curd have the appearance of bursted grains of rice swimming in the whey. The curd is then collected in a cloth, and great care is taken to expel all the whey. The salting of the cheese is also considered a delicate and important process. The salt is rubbed from time to time on the outside of the cheese, care being taken to discern when enough shall have been absorbed. The Gruyere cheeses are commonly three feet in diameter, and weigh over one hundred pounds. A successful cheese of this kind is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the month, and it is filled with cavities about the size of a pea, one or two, say, in each square inch of cheese.—*Dairyman's Journal.*

THE census shows that several Massachusetts cities besides Boston have made rapid gains in population. Lowell, which in 1870 had 41,000, now has about 60,000. Lawrence has advanced in ten years from 28,921 to 38,500, and Lynn from 28,233 to nearly 40,000. Boston shows an increase of 130,000. The increase in the cities and manufacturing towns has not been made at the expense of the country towns and villages, which seem to hold their own.

"SIT DOWN!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," was the impudent answer. "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

AT the end of 1879 France had 14,120 miles of railroad.

Stories of Jacob Bright.

A story with a quaint old-world flavor about it is told of the Quaker cotton-spinner and his Solomon-like mode of delivering judgment in cases which his neighbors brought before him in an informal way. Some pigs belonging to a certain Mrs. Ann Jones used to be put out to feed on Cronkeyshaw Common; but, prompted by a desire for better fare, they were in the habit of straying into Mr. Bright's garden, much to the annoyance of the man-servant, Samuel Sherifl. Samuel expelled the swine from time to time in his own rough way and one day, his patience being exhausted, he gave one of the pigs such a tremendous blow with a stick as to render the hind legs of the animal completely useless. Mrs. Jones appealed to Mr. Bright to give her justice and Mr. Bright summoned Samuel, the pig and Mrs. Jones before him *in propria persona*, and after hearing all the evidence and considering the arguments brought forward on either side, summed up to the effect that Mrs. Jones had been to blame for permitting her pigs to trespass in the garden after repeated warnings and that Samuel had no right to deal the pig so hurtful a blow. His award was that the animal should be slaughtered and divided into two parts, Mrs. Jones to retain the undamaged half and Samuel to take the wounded half, paying Mrs. Jones for it **at the then market price of pork.** Mrs. Jones was thus insured of the value of the pig and, at the same time, Samuel, though ordered to pay a sum of money, had the satisfaction of having his money's worth of eating.

Mr. W. Robertson, who has written a biography of Mr. John Bright, tells how Mr. Jacob Bright would take his stand at the mill-gates on a winter's night, with a lantern in his hand and a thick overcoat wrapped tightly round him, and as his work people trooped out of the factory would give the children into the charge of their elders with instructions that they should be seen safe home. In taking his walks about the mill during working hours, it is also said, he was always armed with a supply of "Spanish juice," and if he heard any of the children coughing he would instantly take the confection from his pocket and present a goodly piece to the sufferer.

It was the custom of those days for overlookers to carry leather straps which they used freely upon the backs and shoulders of the children under their charge whenever they considered a corrective necessary, which, unfortunately, was very often. Mr. Jacob Bright, however, would never allow such an instrument to be introduced in his works, but in cases of neglect or disobedience the offenders were put out in a corner of the stairs until they showed signs of contrition. None could have been more kind or considerate toward factory children than he and no surer way of obtaining a holiday could be devised than sending a deputation of children to plead for it.—*London Society.*

SOME years ago the late Empress of Russia, while inspecting a girls' school in that country, asked one of the pupils "What is love?" Blushing deeply, and much embarrassed, the girl made no reply. Her teacher stepped forward, and bowing low to the Empress, informed her that "in my school no instruction is imparted to the pupils on this particular subject, and in all probability the girl does not even understand the meaning of the word your Majesty has deigned to pronounce." "That is much to be regretted," replied the Empress; "for woman's life is naught but love—first of all love for her parents; then love for her husband, and lastly love for her children. If these girls have acquired no just comprehension of love, they have been very badly prepared for the duties of life." Having thus expressed herself, the Empress left the school in manifest displeasure, and a few days later the teacher was dismissed by the Imperial Ministry of Education and Public Worship.

AN old Judge of the New York Supreme Court meeting a friend in a neighboring village exclaimed, "Why, what are you doing here?" "I'm at work, trying to make an honest living," was the reply. "Then you'll succeed," said the Judge "for you'll have no competition."

A LITTLE boy seeing an actress on the stage with her hair all banged and frizzed, said: "Ma, see how her hair sneezes."

—Prof. H. R. Palmer has recently received the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Chicago.

A BRIGHT little five-year old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and after looking at them for a moment she exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, see; the sheep all wear their hair banged."

EDWARD MORRIS has written an "Ode to Infancy," beginning as follows:

"O little child!
Stretched on thy mother's knee with steadfast gaze
And innocent aspect mild,
Viewing the novel scene in mute amaze."

Too much poetic license here, Edward. When a child is stretched on its mother's knees it doesn't view things in "mute amaze." Hardly. The series of howls that come from its throat would discomfit a hotel gong. And as for the "innocent aspect mild," it is not there—at least, it soon disappears.—*Norristown Herald.*

TWO DEAF mutes were married the other day in Chenango County, N. Y. It is pleasing to think that no harsh words will ever pass between them.

IF you lose your breath don't run to catch it, you can catch it sooner by standing still.

IN a little town near Providence the venerable pastor called on a pious family one evening and was invited to conduct family worship. The three-year-old pet of the family noticed, as the preacher was kneeling, that the sole of one of his boots was partially off at one end. The baby, who had been in a blacksmith shop watching them shoe horses, quietly ran and got a hammer and began to bang on the parson's shoe sole. The reverend brother kept on praying, but the rest of the family had to keep too much laugh in them to be much benefited thereby.

IT was ten years ago when Mrs. Nesbet, of Guilford, Ont., was struck by lightning and thrown from the buggy in which she was riding, but she survived to be killed by another stroke during a storm only a few days ago.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Very few Jacks will become dull boys if left to themselves.

WATER expands 1,700 times in becoming steam. Remember this and keep on the bow of the boat when you go on an excursion.

TROUBLE seems to be brewing between France and Italy over the question of the right of the former to obtain a footing in Tunis. The Italian press is doing its best to foment a squabble. Among other works of civilization the French have constructed, with the consent of the Bey of Tunis, lines of submarine telegraph between Tunis and the French colonies in Africa. The Italians desire to establish offices in Tunis and to use these cables. To this the French object, saying: "Lay all the cables you want yourselves, but don't interfere with ours." The Paris *Figaro* informs the Italians that they must be content to play second fiddle to France in a country in which she has already the upper hand by the right of being the first comer.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Miraculous Escape.

At the close of a course of lectures at Burlington lately, Prof. Tice was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill with Neuralgia of the chest, his pulse falling from 80 to 35, and physicians failed to relieve him. Thinking of St. Jacob's Oil, the professor ordered it to be applied on flannel and was instantaneously relieved; in one hour the pain was gone, and he left for his home in St. Louis.

ROBINSON (after a long whist bout at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know, 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

[Buffalo (N. Y.) Aurora.]

MRS. O. WIECKMANN, wife of the proprietor of this paper, says: "I can recommend Hamburg Drops most highly. I had suffered for six years with Salt Rheum in the face, and tried all known remedies to effect a cure. Now, after having taken the Hamburg Drops, the redness and itching have entirely disappeared, and I am well and strong again."

Alexander the Great

Wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines who have found it necessary to establish a branch of the World's Dispensary at London, England, in order to supply from that great commercial emporium these remedial blessings to foreign countries, where they are largely in demand, do not share the great conqueror's sentiments, as their conquests are of disease and have made happy not only the conqueror but the people who employ them. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all blood and skin diseases, scrofulous affections, swellings and internal soreness. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little-giant cathartic; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—woman's tonic and nervine; Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, the great remedy for colds and all bowel affections as diarrhœa, dysentery and flux. World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors, Buffalo and London.

Miraculous.

The *Herald and Globe*, Rutland, Vt., is the journal from which the following is clipped: "The cheapest, most successful tricks we know of are now being practiced, and are the miraculous cures now being effected in diseases such as Bright's Disease and Diabetes, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

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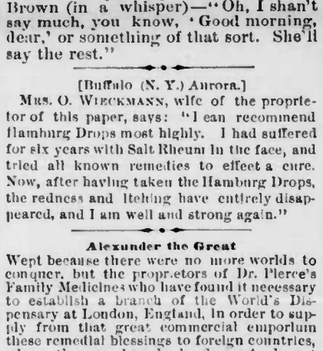

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Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. IV., p. 272.

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment,—what had been suggested by Dr. O. W. Holmes on his late visit,—'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma,' a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

"I have derived very great benefit from 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.'" C. F. OSBORNE, President Neptune Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the *N. Y. Independent.*

[Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 1877.]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest mercly of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.'" T. R. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

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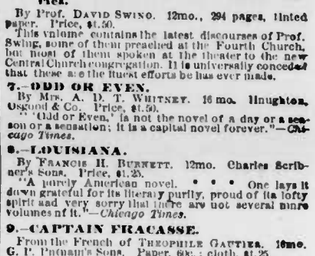

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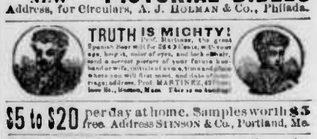

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Estate of Jacob Brenneman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JACOB BRENNEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand, this 13th day of July, 1880.

JOHN J. BRENNEMAN.
7 17-3. Administrator, C. T. A.

Order of Publication

Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert vs. John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 189. Equity.

The object of this suit is to restrain the sale of certain property mentioned in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert to John Fitz, and Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee.

The bill shows that the said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert were engaged in the shook and stave business, as Bush & Heckert, and that sometime in the month of September, 1879, they contracted with a certain John Fitz, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to build and furnish them a steam engine of thirty horse power, one saw mill and fixtures, for which they were to pay the sum of $2,500, as follows: one steam engine and boiler complete, then owned and used by the complainants, which was agreed to be taken by the said Fitz, at and for the sum of $700; $200 cash on delivery of said steam engine, saw mill and other articles, and for the balance, $1,800, the complainants were to give to the said Fitz their three promissory notes for $600 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively, and to secure the payment of said notes they agreed to give the said Fitz a lien upon said steam engine and mill.

The bill charges that the said Fitz, intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, conspired with certain persons unknown to the complainants and procured a steam engine of twenty-five horse power and delivered it to the complainants, stating and declaring to them that it was a thirty horse power engine manufactured by the said Fitz.

That the complainants, believing the representations of the said Fitz, received the said steam engine and saw mill, and fully complied with the terms of the contract by delivering to the said Fitz the steam engine as agreed upon and paying him the sum of $200, and executed and delivered to him the three notes agreed upon and executed to a certain Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, of Garrett county, as trustee, a deed of trust upon the said steam engine, saw mill and other articles to secure the payment of said notes.

That the complainants took the said steam engine and saw mill and endeavored to do the work with it which they had purchased it to do and which they were assured by said Fitz it would do, and which an engine of 30 horse power ought to and will do, but failed to accomplish it.

That it was not until after working with it at a great disadvantage for several months that the complainants discovered certainly that the said engine was and is only a twenty-five horse power engine and built and manufactured by a certain Frick & Company.

That the complainants, after becoming convinced of this, informed the said Fitz thereof and requested him to pay back to them the amount paid on said engine, mill and other articles, and to take the same back; but the said Fitz, still intending to cheat and defraud the complainants, refused so to do.

That the complainants contracted for a thirty horse power engine, because a less power would not do their work. That they have been subjected to heavy losses in consequence of the failure of said Fitz to comply with the terms of his agreement. That the price agreed to be paid by the complainants is the full price of a thirty horse power engine, and that an engine of twenty-five horse power in all respects as good and valuable as the one furnished, could have been procured for much less money.

That one of the notes given by the complainants to Fitz fell due on May 13th, 1880, but having been cheated, deceived and defrauded and grossly damaged and injured by said Fitz, they refused to pay the same unless he would consent to a reduction of the sum claimed to the fair and just amount for which a steam engine of twenty-five horse power could have been purchased.

That upon the complainants' said refusal the said Fitz instructed the said Trustee to proceed to advertise and sell the said engine, saw mill and other articles, under said deed of trust, and that the said Trustee has advertised the said property for sale on the 28th of June, 1880.

That the complainants are and have ever been, willing to do everything that is fair and equitable in the premises, but they have been cheated, defrauded and overreached by the said John Fitz in this whole matter.

That the said Fitz and the said Frick & Co. are non residents of this State, and that the complainants have no adequate remedy for the grievances aforesaid, save through the interposition of the restraining power of this court by an injunction.

To the end that the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and the said John Fitz, may be restrained and prohibited by the injunction of this court, from selling the said property and from taking any other or further step or steps to sell the same, and that the said John Fitz, may be restrained from assigning, transferring or in any manner disposing of the said promissory notes or either of them until the further order of this court in the premises. And that the said claim of the said John Fitz may be reduced to a fair and just price for the engine, mill and other articles, so as aforesaid delivered by the said Fitz to the complainants.

The bill prays the Court to grant unto the complainants the writ of injunction enjoining and prohibiting the said John Fitz and Thomas J. Peddicord trustee from selling and offering for sale, the said property or any part thereof under the said deed of trust, and enjoining and prohibiting the said Fitz, from assigning or transferring the said notes or either of them until the further order of this court, and also the writ of supoena against the said Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee as aforesaid, and an Order of Publication giving notice to the said John Fitz, of the objects and purposes of this bill.

It is therefore ordered by the court this 27th day of June, 1880, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 30th day of July, 1880, giving notice to the said John Fitz, and warning him to appear in the court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 8th day of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why an injunction should not be granted as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je 28-4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Arthur Campbell vs. Adam Sell.

No. 190 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this bill is to enforce the payment of a mechanics lien claim, filed by the complainant in this cause against an unfinished building, and a lot or piece of ground thereunto attached, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, of which the said Adam Sell is the reputed owner.

The bill alleges that on or about the first day of February, A. D. 1880, the complainant made a contract with a certain James S. Johnson, contractor, to dig a cellar and perform labor in attending stone mason in building cellar walls and foundation for a house on a lot or piece of ground of which Adam Sell is the reputed owner, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland. That he performed said contract and completed his said work on the fourth day of March, A. D. 1880. That the said work was to have been paid for in cash upon the completion thereof, but that neither the said Adam Sell as the reputed owner nor the said James S. Johnson as contractor, has paid the complainants claim which is now over due. The bill further shows that after giving notice to the said Adam Sell as required by law, he did on the twenty-seventh day of April, A. D. 1880, file his claim as a lien against the said unfinished building and the ground attached thereto, according to the provisions of the code in such cases made and provided, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid, which such lien containing an accurate description of the location of said property. The bill further shows that the said lien claim is for the sum of twenty-three dollars and fifty cents, which is due and owing to the complainant, and that Adam Sell, the reputed owner of said property is a non-resident of the State of Maryland. The bill then prays that a decree may be passed for the sale of the said property, and that from the proceeds of the said sale, the said lien claim of the complainant may be paid with interest thereon, and that an order of publication be granted against the said Adam Sell, warning him to appear in this court on some certain day to be therein named, to answer the bill of complaint, and to abide by such further and such decree or orders as may be passed in the premises, and for such other relief as his case may require.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order together with the objects and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 21st day of August, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendant in said bill and warning him to appear in this court on or before the 2nd Monday of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7. 17-4. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 192. Equity.

ORDERED. This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Seiss, Trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
je26-4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

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SAMUEL LAWTON.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

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Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Sinouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Boshey.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880. NUMBER 23.

Dr. BULL'S
BABY
SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1880.

THE CALL OF ABRAM.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

More than four centuries has passed away since the flood. The family of the ark have increased rapidly, and now throughout the East the germs of national life are springing. Around the unfinished tower of Babel a city and a kingdom have grown; afar in Egypt another, with organized government and a definite civilization. The Mesopotamian valley has its small cities, destined in after centuries to become centers of empire. Along the plains of Philistia and Sharon roam the Canaanites; on the heights of Zion Melchisedeck maintains the worship of the true God, while in the valley of the Jordan the corrupt cities of the plain are hasting to their doom. Despite the memories of the flood, the race is going downward once more in its old career of crime. Against Satan's power God provides a better plan. He chooses out of the families of earth the one in which he foresees the most of hope for the future centuries, and calls it, in the person of its progenitor Abram, away from the perils of evil association and idolatrous practice. The patriarch hears the call, and with his father and immediate relatives voyages up the stream of the Euphrates six hundred miles to Haran, where they pause until the death of the aged Terah. Then the journey is resumed. Abram and his family pass southward by Damascus, along a path already traveled, and at length reach the hills of Palestine, the Canaan of God's promise. Here they rest, and an altar rises beneath the oaks of Moreh, attesting Abram's faith in the word of God. The tent of the patriarch moves southward over the land, until a need of food drives the little settlement to take refuge upon the banks of the Nile, under the outstretched wings of Egypt.

Gen. 11. 31-12. 10.

Memory Verses, 1-3.

31 And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there.

32 And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years; and Terah died in Haran.

1 Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee:

2 And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing:

3 And bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.

4 So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

5 And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

6 And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land.

7 And the LORD appeared unto Abram, and said. Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

8 And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

9 And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the South.

10. And there was a famine in the land: and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land.

HOME READINGS.

M. The obedience of Abram, Gen. 11.31-12 10.

Tu. The obedience of Elijah. 1 Kings 17. 1-16.

W. The obedience of the disciples. Mark 1. 14-22.

Th. The obedience of the blind man. John 9. 1-15.

F. The obedience of Zaccheus. Luke 19. 1-10.

S. The obedience of Paul. Acts 26. 9-20.

S. The obedience of faith. Heb. 11. 8-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. Gen. 12. 3.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

God calling yet! shall I not arise?
Can I his loving voice dispise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

God calling yet? I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE WORD OF PROMISE, v. 31-33; Gal. 3, 14. Who was Terah? Josh. 24. 2. From what place did his family journey? What was their purpose? [ANS. To found a nation of true worshipers.] Where did they stop on their journey, and how long? What was God's call? What promise was given with it? Who besides Abram's family have an interest in this promise? GOLDEN TEXT. How has this been fulfilled? Gal. 3, 8. 14. What call does Christ give to us? Luke 14. 33.

2. THE LAND OF PROMISE, v. 4-10; Heb. 11. 8-10. How did Abram act after receiving God's call? Who went with Abram? What is said of his conduct in Heb. 11. 8? What people did Abram find in the land? What was God's promise to him after reaching Canaan? How did he show his faith in God? For what purpose did he build an altar? Through what sacrifice may we offer our prayers to God? What led Abram to leave Canaan? In what direction, and to what country did he journey?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—1. That God's call should be obeyed? 2. That God's promises are abundant? 3. That God's people will be blest?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. It was faith in a time of almost universal corruption and wandering from God. Josh. 24. 2. v. 1.

2. It was faith which was willing to renounce all things for the service of God. v. 1.

3. It was faith, enabling Him to make a long and tedious journey to a distant and unknown land. v. 31.

4. It was faith which persevered over every obstacle until duty was accomplished. v. 5.

"Attention, Hancock! S-h-h!"

Our Democratic friends are apparently possessed of a mortal fear lest their candidate should give way to his tongue—or pen—and let him loose upon expression. Early and late in season and out of season, they keep saying "S-h-h! Don't say a word! Beware the "interview." Throw away the ink-bottle and "swear the pen." He has his record to speak of; the one he made in Louisiana is on a spent issue, and it is always dangerous for a Democratic candidate to commit himself on any current question. So agile an acrobat as Hendricks got badly damaged by fooling with the financial question four years ago; and even that cancelled record of Hancock's has wounded himself fatally with a codicil on Southern war claims. These things our Democratic friends sadly remember. And they remember, too, what have the present Congress made with Democratic prospects when it allowed its large exuberant mouth to flow at the extra session. Experience has taught them the wisdom of silence; silence even when at their best, with their cunningest leaders at the front, and all things in their favor; silence much more with Hancock at the top of the ticket, English at the bottom, and the tide running strongly against them. Hence their constant "S-h-h!" They know their candidate, and know how necessary it is that they should both give their whole minds to holding their tongues.

It was Mr. Samuel Cox who, during a discussion of political questions at the last session, in which Republicans spoke freely and Democrats had the cunning to say nothing, disclosed the still-hunt programme in the taunt addressed to General Hawley: "Does it hurt you much to "kick at nothing?" The irrepressible Cox could not forbear indulgence in the forbidden luxury of slack-jaw to this extent. The plan now is to keep the party, and especially the candidates, from furnishing anything for the opposition to kick at. It is a remarkable fact, however, that with all their care, precaution, and all their experience of "putting their foot in it" whenever they open their mouths, they do blunder into speech, and, invariably to their own disadvantage. This was the case with Mr. George Ticknor Curtis at the Tammany Fourth-of-July-celebration. General Preston, of Kentucky, followed suit in a speech at Louisville which was so very frank that his party organs did not dare publish it. Mr. Nelson J. Waterbury, of this city, came in a little later with an interview that the Republican press is circulating widely, and Senator McDonald, of Indiana, soon after "gave away" the party in a notable speech at the Manhattan Club. These are only stray specimens of their folly. Before the campaign is over we shall have the stump fairly alive with them.

The truth is, the rhetoric of the party press and orators all revolves around the "grand and historic old party;" the orators and newspapers would be dull and dreary without the well-turned periods touching the past of Democracy; and these things, no matter how finely they sound, will not bear analysis. They have nothing but a historic name, and the history itself is damning. They are handicapped with a record that is respectable in nothing but its age, and its age is not that of old wine which ripens, but of the fish which offends the sense. Moreover, their candidate does not fit the record, and they are obliged either to forget the candidate when they brag of the record, or overlook the record when they paise the candidate. The absolute necessity for silence in these confusing circumstances is so plain and patent that the wayfaring orator, though loaded to the muzzle with mouth-filling phrases, ought to be able to see the mistake of permitting himself to go off. The beautiful thoughts concerning the historic party and the fires of Democracy on the altars of the country are boomerangs.

Still, there's a letter to be written; two, in fact—one by Hancock and one by English. That is a necessity of the situation, and under the circumstances a horrible necessity. General Hancock has refused to answer questions concerning the Surratt matter; has steadily held his tongue regarding the "Baldy" Smith story that he was ready to recognize Tilden as President in 1877, which procured him the nomination; and has strenuously avoided committing himself on any subject more important than the weather. But he must write a letter of acceptance; and he will be expected to say something in it. The party organs are shouting to him to cut it short; the shorter the better, they say. It is good advice; doubtless the poor man appreciates and would like to follow it. If he were to write it himself he would. But the danger is that the job may be intrusted to some old stager who cannot condense, or some complete letter-writer who, unlike the Democrats in Congress, will be sure to give the opposition "something to kick at." We shall presently see how it comes out. And then, when that is over, there will remain the danger of his giving something with his mouth.

An Irish Miner's Speech.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

Campaign Hall was the scene of a very successful demonstration last night, fully 1,500 people being in attendance upon the impromptu meeting at which members of the Irish-American Republican Convention were announced to speak. The proceedings throughout were characterized by an unbounded enthusiasm, every point made by the speakers being greeted with loud and spontaneous applause. The meeting was called to order by Thomas M. Sheany and Frank Ryan, of Evansville, who was called to the chair, was making the opening speech when Hon. Albert G. Porter, entered the hall. The arrival of Mr. Porter was hailed with great applause, and there were calls from all parts of the hall for a speech from "the people's candidate" for Governor. Mr. Porter had, however, come to the meeting simply as a listener, and after gracefully thanking the audience for the hearty reception accorded him, stated that it would give him much greater pleasure and be a greater pleasure and be a greater servive to the Republican party for the gentlemen in charge of the meeting to carry out the original programme. The speakers of the evening were Messrs. Ryan, Evansville; Mathew Gray, of Bainbridge; Morrison, of Illinois; Wood, of Warrick county, and Masterson, of St. Louis. The feature of the evening was the speech of Mr. Woods. He was introduced by the chair as Jim Woods, the Irish Hoosier, of Boonesville, in Warrick county, and his remarks, stenographically reported, were as follows:

"I have been a life-long Democrat. I have worked faithfully for the party. But I want to say right here to you laboring men, for it's you I want to talk to more especially—you mechanics, that have been working in the foundries here the two or three days when the heat has been enough to kill you—we're no bankers or bondholders, you know—[laughter]—that the question you have to think about is whether the laboring men and the Irishmen should vote for the Republican party or the Democratic party. [Cries of 'That's it,' and cheers.] And I have come to the conclusion within the last two weeks, that we ought to vote the Republican ticket, [loud cheers,] and I am going to tell you why. Now, what I tell you is this. That it is for every honest man, no matter where he comes from, or who he is, to see that he does not go wrong on this matter, and that other people do not go wrong. I feel that I have got a little honor and manhood left, although I know the Democratic papers will give me fits, [laughter,] for I am known everywhere down in my part of this State. Four years ago I was interested in the election of Tilden and Hendricks. They told us that their election meant economy and reform. [Laughter.] But one evening I began to look at it and think about it, and then I began to get weak-kneed, [great laughter,] and I have not got strong yet. [Renewed laughter and uproarious cheers.] Can't you keep those people quiet, Mr. Chairman? [Laughter.] If they don't mind they'll get my Irish spunk up. [Renewed laughter.] Now about this economy the Democrats are speaking about so much all over the land. They tell you they have saved over $40,000,000. They say they are the party of economy and reform, and that they have saved any amount of money. I tell you what I thought about it when I had read a little about it at home. I read what they were doing in Congress, and I found that there were vessels of the Navy that were built during the war, and that cost the country millions, that were allowed to become useless just for want of a little repairs; and yet there were hundreds of laborers who were scarcely able to get bread for their families, and many a man was hardly able to keep life in his wife and children, because they had to be discharged from the navy-yard just because there was no money to pay. Just because of this economy, in another part of the Government departments, the clerks, even a lot of poor girls, had to be discharged; and so the laboring men had to be discharged and thrown out of the employment so that the Democratic party might go before the country and show what they had done. This was what they called economy and reform.

"There are two parties that are asking us for their votes, and the question I asked myself was, which party am I going to take stock in? Which of these two sections will help the laboring men? I have come to the conclusion that if there is to be a solid South, I will vote with the solid North. [Loud cheers.] You remember, if you read about the Cincinnati Convention, that several gentlemen got up and promised the solid South. These Democrats claimed right along that they would have a solid South, and the Chairman appointed as Chairman of all the important committees some of the Southern men. These are facts that cannot be denied. Now I have this question to ask you, and whether you have been Republicans or Democrats, I want you to lay your prejudices aside. If I speak the truth, give me credit for it; if I tell you a lie; I don't wan't you to believe anything just because I say it; but read all about it for yourselves. Where are the emigrants that have come from the oppressed peoples of Europe? Where are they gone? To the South? or are they not in the North and Northwestern States? Ninety per cent of them are in the North. [Cheers.] And which was the party that got these Homestead laws under which they can come here and get along in life? They came from the Republican party. This is one reason why I am to vote the Republican ticket. [Loud cheers.] Now, I have another. Two years ago I was a delegate to the Democratic Convention from my county, and the Committee on Resolutions reported a platform in which they said they were in favor of the repeal of the Resumption act. That was another thing I began to get shaky about. [Laughter.] I knew just as well as possible that Sherman was going to come all right. [Cheers.] The Democrats said then that when the Resumption act went in force they were going to take out every bit of gold there was in the Treasury. But they never did it. [Laughter and cheers.] Now just look a little at these things. I can't give you any fine polished talk. I leave that to other people. I don't know much about grammar, but I can talk about these things, and I thank goodness for what I say is: Study well, and be careful before you cast your ballot. [Cheers.] Be sure that you know you are right. They tell you to join the Truth. I have been a little down South. I have traveled a good deal. They tell you there are plenty of places down there, but I know that in the South a poor man, no matter how hard he may try, stands a poor chance of getting along. The Northmen are the friends of the laboring man. [Cheers.] I have been thinking over this for a considerable length of time, and I think I am right. [Cheers.] And when I know I am right I don't allow any man to change me from my course.

"Now, you don't want to vote for any of these men that have no respect for any except at elections. [Cheers.] I heard a man say once, 'They never came to see me except at an election, and then they fetched me me in a carriage, and I was a gentleman.' [Laughter.] I only just want to say a few more words to you now, but you will hear from me again before this campaign is over. What I tell you now is this: Let every man consider himself a committee of one to work for the success of our ticket. [Cheers and cries of 'That's the way we'll do it.'] Don't go and talk about it, but do it. My fellow-countrymen, this Republican platform is large enough and broad enough and grand enough for every Irishman and every laboring man to stand upon. [Loud cheers.] This one thing we are going to do—you mark it: We are going to give the votes of the laboring men to their friend at Indianapolis—cheers—a man that has stood by them [renewed cheers] and has been their friend whenever they got into a difficulty and needed help to secure them their rights. [Loud cheers.] He has helped them many times, and the workingmen of this State are going to stay by him and give him a grand vote on the second Tuesday in October. [Cheers.] That man is Mr. Porter, [turning to where that gentleman was seated upon the stage and taking him by the hand, amid renewed and demonstrative cheers.] I hope he will succeed, and I will do all I can to get him elected. [Cries of "Bravo," "Good" and shouts of applause.] Gov. Porter—I feel like calling him Governor because I believe he will be—don't feel any difficulty about taking a man by the hand, even if he is a laboring man. He has stood by us in the time of difficulty. We will stand by him until the hour of the triumph. [Loud and long continued applause.] He is not a man who is capable of cheating the laboring man out of his rights or property. He helped us. Now we are going to pay him back. [Cries of "So we will."] We are going to stand by him. We are going to see him through this canvass, and I ask my fellow workmen to come right up and defeat any one that proposes to abuse him. He is no banker or usurer, [cheers and cries of 'That's one for Bill English,'] but he's a man that every one can support. Now, I think it is about time for me to stop. [Cries of 'Go on!'] There are some others to speak, and it would not be right or fair or honorable to take up too much of your time. You will hear from me again. I am going to take an active part in this canvass, for I feel the importance of coming out and staying out on the right side. It's no use for me to try to tell you what the Republican party has done for the land. It would take too much time. I ask you to give up your prejudices. I know I am right. Be assured that you are right. I have found out for myself on which side it is best for a laboring man to cast his vote, and that is in favor of the Republican party, and I am going to be very careful to do it. [Loud cheers.]

At the close of the meeting three cheers were given for Garfield and Arthur, Porter and Hanna, and the entire Republican ticket.

General Grant is too busy—and too sensible—to engage in the business of talking down the foolish rumors concerning himself which the Democratic papers manufactured in the dull season. But, having occasion to speak upon political matters, he had quietly disposed of perhaps the most absurd story ever concocted even by a Democratic newspaper, viz., that he was so angry at his defeat in the Chicago Convention that he would do nothing to aid the election of General Garfield. The idea was an insult equally to General Grant's intelligence and his honor, and was so remote from possibility that he has treated it, both by silence and now by speech, with the entire indigerence of the man who knows that no intelligent person can believe what is said of him. He says that he will give Garfield his "hearty support," and then adds these cordial words: "There is no reason why any Republican should not vote for Garfield. I know him to be a man of talent, thoroughly accomplished, and an upright man. I have nothing against General Hancock, but Garfield is the man for the office." This ought to show even the Democratic editors that Grant stands where every one else knew long ago that he stood. It is to be hoped that they are satisfied with the results of their enterprise.

Colonel Forney is said to be writing a campaign biography of General Hancock. To make it complete he should insert the following paragraph which appeared in *The Philadelphia Press* while it was under his editorial charge: "Hancock, a Johnson General, assumes command of the Fifth Military District—Louisiana—and forthwith down goes the colors of the Nation. A loyal meeting in Texas is assaulted by a mob of defiant traitors, and dispersed by violence. The leaders of this mob, when arrested by some honest officer, who forgot the new "policy" which now reigns at New Orleans, are released by Hancock, for that is virtually what his order amounted to, set at large by a Brigadier-General of the United States Army, a man uniformed in blue. Alas, for the loyal men of Texas, with Sheridan a thousand miles away!"

The New York *Sun* ventures to warn Hancock that "letter writing has killed greater, if not larger men than himself." What is the *Sun* afraid of.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A DEPARTING SHIP.

A cool, wide stretch of ocean lies,
Along the sunlit, shining land,
And cloudless depths of purple skies
Bend down on either hand.

Dim woods show dark on yonder height,
And gray rocks crown a rugged steep;
And glowing in the golden light
A ship sails o'er the deep.

I sit and wonder of her fate;—
To what far country is she bound;
If favoring winds will for her wait—
Or storms surge wildly round.

I gaze upon the tropic sea
That parts before her rapid way;
I hear the cyclones whistle free
Among the driving spray.

Far off, where burns the Southern Cross,
She rounds a tempest-haunted cape;
Black waves against its masses toss,
Black clouds its cold rocks drape.

Palm-crowned the distant islands lie,
The murmurous waves sing soft and low,
As, while the fragrant winds sweep by,
They slowly ebb and flow.

The shores are rich with radiant blooms;
And vague and deep the coral sprays
Amid the silent opal glooms
Their snowy whiteness raise.

Here, like a misty cloud that pales
When morning's glory through the night
Sends far its amber beams, her sails
Pass utterly from sight.

The lonely water sinks and swells,
The gray gulls linger near the shore;
Their low cries sound like sad farewells—
Will she come back no more?

—*Thomas S. Collier, in Good Company.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

I HAVE always been celebrated for my presence of mind in emergencies.

Grandfather used to say that he never had a girl who was not afraid of a mouse or a spider, and how mother's daughter ever came to be so brave he couldn't guess. That was before I married, and, of course, I have not become timid with advancing years.

I am Mrs. Jasper Jackman; my husband is, of course Mr. Jackman, and our place is known as Jackman's Nook. Nook, indeed! If there was a corner to the world, I should fancy it was put away in that, for it is the most out-of-the-way habitation that ever existed. It is indeed. You can't see it until you are within fifty feet of it for the trees and the nasty rocks.

"So romantic!" people say. I call it miserably lonesome.

Now you know I'm not the least bit nervous, but, having lived with father and mother and the rest all my life, I did not enjoy being shut up all alone like a—a—a—well, a hyena in a menagerie, while Mr. Jackman attended to business in town; and I often thought if housebreakers were to make an attack upon the house, what should I do, a poor little woman, with no one to call upon? for I count Bridget as a great cipher in every occasion of life that does not involve soap-suds.

I told Jasper that, absolutely, if I had known what a place Jackman Nook was, I was not sure but that I should have thought twice before refusing old Dr. Muligtawny, whose palatial residence is in Fifth Avenue, New York City, as of course every body knows.

However, after you have once said "yes" to the gentleman who pops the question to you, you may say "no" ever after to all other questions for all he cares, for he'll have his own way always.

Mother-in-law Jackman having made Jasper promise that I must live always at the Nook was considered unanswerable; and, after all what could we do? No one would hire or buy the place, and we had it on our hands. Of course, we lived there. I always knew that doing so would be the cause of my showing the presence of mind for which I am celebrated in my own family—if nowhere else. And so it came to pass.

One stormy night in November, in the year 1863—it was the 4th, I think, for baby was just one year old on the 1st, and there was some of the cake I had made for his "bressed ittle birfity birfday" still left in the pantry; and a cake of that size certainly never would last longer than that in our house. It was the most unpleasant day I ever remember to have lived through. The ground was soaked. The bare branches looked like so many skeletons, and the sky was the color Bridget's tin pans were when I first got down stairs this time last year.

In the city it would have been some fun to sit by the window and watch the folks go past, looking like so many drowned rats, but at the Nook (I should think it was a nook), there was nothing to be seen—nbsolutely nothing.

I had not a book which I had not read, and the note paper was out, for Jasper had forgotten to bring me some from the city, and I had finished all my sewing.

I spent my time as best I could; but how I did wish that the regiment which was encamped about half a mile away, was near enough for me to watch them drill—if they did drill in such weather. I'd thought them too near before on account of Bridget, whom I had caught a score of times talking to men in blue jackets at the gate, and wished them off to the seat of war, or anywhere else, over and over again; but that afternoon, what a relief they would have been!

I was the more lonely that Jasper had said that morning, "My dear, if it rains as it does now to-night, I shan't come home, but will stop at your father's." And how could I blame him in such weather? Yet it was dreadfully lonesome. If you are sociable with your servants they always presume upon it, and I do so love to talk.

Of course I watched the clouds with interest; if it should prove fair at last, Jasper, would come home, and if it rained he wouldn't.

Every now and then there would be a pretense of clearing off, and I began to hope for a pleasant sunset; but it was always a false pretense, and at teatime it poured as though there were going to be a second flood.

Biddy asked me, as it was so near the Hudson whether it wasn't likely to be a risin', and whether in that case "we wouldn't be drowned?" And I said "Yes." It was too bad, I know, but it was really some amusement on such a day to frighten the stupid girl.

I had my tea alone, and I do hate to have tea alone if any woman in the world hates it—and then I put baby to sleep in her cradle in the sitting-room, and took my knitting, and was as comfortable as I could be under the circumstances, when I bethought me of the morning's paper. I called Biddy to bring it to me, and she came to me at once.

"It's well-thought of, missus," she said, as she laid it in my lap. "It's yerself will be intherested wid the raidin'. There's accounts of the house-breakin' in it."

"Of what?" I ejaculated; and, though I assure you I'm not the least nervous, my heart was in my mouth for a moment.

"Of the house-breakin', mum, and how the thaves in the wurreld got into Misther Dinsmore's house, that's sittiated the same as this, neighboring nobody, and tuck all they could lay their hands on, to say nothin' of half-murderin' the ould gentleman. The saints be above us this night——"

There it was, sure enough, headed "A bold and outrageous attack upon the residence of Mr. Dinsmore!" I read it through, and then I said to myself:

"Jerusha Jackman, remember your presence of mind. Don't let it fail you in cases of emergency. Should a housebreaker take advantage of your solitude, let him find you prepared." It was as though some invisible what's-his-name had addressed me from the chimney. I answered, "I will!" and you can't imagine how bold I grew at once. I rehearsed all that I should do in case Biddy came to me in the night, saying, "Missus, there's some one in the cellar!"—all I should do if I found any body in the wardrobe when I retired, and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was prepared. I might wake up to find the spoons gone—I might be murdered in my bed; but it would not be unawares, and they would inscribe upon my tombstone the words: "She showed her presence of mind to the last." I felt quite self-possessed and happy, though I was certain—yes, morally certain—that something remarkable would happen before morning; that I should be, as it were, weighed in the balance and not found wanting before the sun arose. I did not feel like retiring early, and sat by the fire until the clock struck eleven. Then, just as the last stroke died away, Biddy came down from her bedroom like a red flannel ghost, with eyes and mouth wide open, and something of importance evidently on her mind. I put baby down in her cradle and arose, drawing myself up to my full height, and feeling that I was the only one to be depended on in this awful emergency.

"Bridget," said I, "how many are they? Is it one or more?"

"Mum?" said Bridget.

"The thieves I mean," said I.

"Oh, it isn't thaves, mum," said Biddy. "It's only that thafe of a wind that's took the roof clane off the chicken-house, and there's the wee bits iv chicks a starvin to death wid cowld."

"And in this dreadful rain, too," said I.

"It's clared off fine," said Biddy, "and the moon's up."

So it actually was, and I began to feel very brave.

"We must go out and put them in the wood-house," said I. And so saying, I tucked baby up in his blankets, and wrapping a shawl over my head, went out into the night air. It had grown very cold, but it was clear, as Biddy had said, and we paddled round in the mud catching the poor little chickens. We had them all at last, except one, and we heard its little voice—*swee, swee, swee*—somewhere, and of course could not be so heartless as to forsake it. And at last there it was, tangled up in some dead vines, and as cold as a lump of ice. By the time we gave it to its mother, who was very glad to see it, the clock struck twelve. Baby had been alone three-quarters of an hour.

"Muzzer's darling! sound asleep yet?" I said, as I went to the cradle. Merciful powers! shall I ever forget that moment? Baby was not there!

In a moment the truth flashed on my mind. Housebreakers had entered the dwelling in our absence, and stolen my treasure. Perhaps they were in the house yet, or some of them. I felt the strength of a tigress, and, leaving Biddy howling in the dining-room, rushed up stairs.

Sure enough, there was a light in my bed-room, and I peeped in. The moment I did so, I felt I was powerless. The robber who had stolen my baby was there, and the terribly muddy boots of another were sticking from under the bed; and, oh, horrors! another had got into it, and had hidden, as he imagined, under the quilts.

On my presence of mind depended the recovery of my child and my own life. In a moment the plan flashed upon me. There was but one door to the room, and the windows were high and barred, for I had contemplated the time when baby should be large enough to climb up and lean out. Noiselessly and suddenly I drew that door to and locked it on the outside; then, with the key in my hand, and trembling like an aspen leaf, I stole down stairs and cried to Bridget:

"I've locked them in; they shall give my baby back; come with me!" and away I went across the garden and down the road to the first house.

This was "Mulligan's Tavern," a very low place, indeed, shunned by all respectable folk; but I knew there were always men there who were afraid of nobody. The greatest brutes would not refuse aid to a woman at such a time.

As we came near I saw a light in one of the windows, and heard voices and loud laughter. It was no time for ceremony, so I burst the door open and ran in. There were four men playing cards, and old Mrs. Mulligan behind the bar.

"Oh! please excuse me," I cried; "but do come right away. There are housebreakers in my house, and they've stolen my baby."

"Sthole the baby?" cried old Mrs. Mulligan.

"Oh, do come," I implored.

"Go, Pat," said the old woman; "never mind the game. It's Missus Jackman; more betoken she's the next neighbors to us. Take yer pistols an' away wid ye, boys. An Missus, just take a drop o' sereechin' hot whiskey to knpe the life in ye."

Of course I refused the latter offer, but in a moment the men were on their feet, and I felt like blessing them—those half-savage creatures who had become my protectors.

I don't know how we got to the house or upstairs. I remember an awful tumult, a smell of gunpowder, oaths and shouts. Then there was silence—then a loud laugh.

"It's thrue, boys!" said old Mulligan's voice. "I know Misther Jackman, an' it's himself. It's a great mistake—that's all."

"A singular mistake to enter a man's house, and endeavor to shoot him in his own bed!" said a voice I knew to be my husband's; and at that I rushed into the room.

He was there, and so was baby, for he held her in his arms; and there, also, was Mulligan and his friends and their pistols, and half the furniture was broken and the stove upset. But as for the housebreakers, they— I began to see the truth. Mr. Mulligan was backing out.

"I'll lave Mrs. Jackman to explain," he said. "An' I'm proud I didn't kill ye, though it's out of friendship I'd have done it; for if yer own wife took ye for a housebreaker, how would I know better? The top of the night till ye, an' I'll lave the lady to explain."

Ah! I did really wish that the ground would open and swallow me. You see, my husband had come home while we were hunting up the chickens, and finding baby wide awake, had taken her up to bed and gone to sleep. And the robber under the bed was his muddy boots, with, of course, no feet in them; and well there were none, for they were riddled with bullet holes. Mr. Mulligan had fired at them, fortunately. When I thought of the awful danger Jasper and the baby had been in, I went into strong hysterics at once, and frightened Jasper so that he was glad to forgive me when I came to myself. It was a terrible mistake, and might have ended seriously, of course; but I will say now and always, that it was Jasper's fault, and that if he had been a housebreaker we might all have been thankful for my great presence of mind.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

A DRINK in the morning is for appetite. A dozen drinks, later in the day, are for another 'appy tight.—*N. O. Picayune.*

TRAMP: "Whose 'ouse is this, sir?" Gardener—"Squire Noakes's." Tramp—"Do you think I could get any thing there?" Gardener—"Well, I don't know. The last o' your sort got twenty-one days."—*London Punch.*

A YOUNG man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in the rain-storm, Tuesday afternoon, on Washington Street, and extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rain-beau. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-deer." Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.—*Boston Globe.*

AT an entertainment given lately by the Brie-a-Brae (juvenile) Club, a ten-year-old member was heard to aver that "he really did not care for this sort of thing; a cigarette and a quiet chat were more in his line. Those girls bored him; they went for every fellow so infernally violent now, he preferred to do his mashing himself; and, in fact, altogether, he liked 'em mellow—say about thirty or so—girls who knew what was what; no green gooseberries for him." A nice boy that for a small tea party.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

AH, there she stands. The pride of our life, the hope of our existence. Her ringlets hang upon her shoulders in careless droops, her great round eyes peering into the future, and the bloom in her cheeks fresh from Nature's own rouge box. Isn't she a darling? Well, yes, she is rather; but when she runs out to meet us and reminds us that we forgot to order up dinner, we wish that her childish voice wasn't pitched in that penetrating key that brings all the neighbors to the window to commiserate us on our forthcoming cracker-and-cheese repast.—*New Haven Register.*

A Lover of Shakspeare.

ONE of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Canon," and had been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He had no clear idea who Shakspeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the Fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that he wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "There's no use talkin'."

"Well, he wants them, and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a-settin' there, readin' a book called Shakspeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet. "Did you say—Shakspeare? Here, curse you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book, and take them oxen."

"Oh, no," said the man. "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim resolutely, "jest you take them oxen, and give me that book." And so the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakspeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the Princes in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled, in thunder tones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till I git my rifle, and I'll shoot the cursed scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakspeare.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

No Pension Wanted.

HE didn't look a bit like a patriot as he stood rubbing his back on a corner wall, but it isn't every body who can tell a patriot at first sight. They were talking about pensions, and all at once he woke up and said:

"Was I in the army? You bet I was! Didn't I have charge of one of the big guns in the trenches at Yorktown? Didn't I stand in the mud all day and sleep in a pond all night, and wasn't it that which twisted my legs out of shape with the rheumatics? And yet have I applied for a pension? Has any one seen me insidiously stretching forth a hand to grab at the vitals of this distressed country? Not a stretch—not a grab?"

No one had any thing to say, and presently he went on:

"In the army—humph! Who saved the day at Malvern Hill? Who killed seventeen of the enemy with his own hand? Who was decorated by sixteen medals and a cross by Gen. McClellan? And yet does any assassin charge me with making midnight visits to pension agents to swear that the hardships of the tented field have left me with only one lung and no liver at all? Hang a soldier who wouldn't sacrifice his liver for his glorious country!"

He burned up five or six matches in a vain effort to light the stump of a cigar and then growled out:

"I may look seedy now, but who led the Second Corps at Fair Oaks? Who captured three flags from the enemy with his own hand? Who was shot in four places and left for dead? And yet do I go whining around after the financial vitals of this glorious Republic? Not a whine! When I reach out my hand and ask Uncle Sam to come down, it will be when I have forgotten the teachings of a patriotic mother and the bravery of a veteran father!"

"Were you wounded?" inquired one of the group.

"Was I? Oh! no! I didn't get hit seventeen different times in three years! I am not carrying half an acre of scars down to my grave to attest my devotion to my country! And yet, what man dares charge me with a desire to skulk into the barn and rob the treasury cow of her feed—the feed she needs for her daily existence?"

"Won't you show us some of your scars?" inquired two or three at once.

"No, sir! I never show 'em except at reunions! There is no reunion here. This is simply a gathering of two bummers, a politician, a lame man, a nigger, and a soldier who has been in forty-six different battles, received seventeen wounds and doesn't want a pension. You wouldn't know the scar of a cannon ball from that of an old wood-saw, and you'd go off and say I got run through a threshing-machine! I am now going inside to drink alone to the prosperity of this great and glorious Union, and it won't do any of you any good to stand around the door."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Traveling Tyrant.

AMONG our leading fiends there is no one who surpasses in effective malignity the sleeping-car porter. It is his duty to attend to the discomfort of travelers and in the discharge thereof he displays an unwearied assiduity which has made countless thousands swear.

Every sleeping-car is nominally in charge of a special conductor, a gorgeous being, with an ornamented cap, who disappears from view when the train starts and is not seen again until morning. The real despot of the sleeping car is the colored porter, who, as soon the conductor has gone into another car to make himself comfortable, assumes unlimited authority. The moment it is dark, he puts his passengers to bed. No matter how anxious a traveler may be to sit up until 10 o'clock in order to pursue an innocent conversation with a young lady, the porter approaches him at 8 o'clock and remarks: "We want to take up the beds now, sah!" With the abjectness of spirit characteristic of American travelers, the unfortunate man never dreams of disputing the porter's authority, but promptly rises and balances himself uneasily against a neighboring berth while his bed is put in order. The object of the porter in thus requiring his passengers to go to bed at 8 o'clock is readily perceived. The sooner they are out of the way the sooner he can go to bed himself. What to him is the wail of the wretched traveler who is thrust into a stifling berth hours before he can by any possibility go to sleep? What cares he for the disappointment of the young man and the young woman who had expected to enjoy each other's society during the evening? He knows that if he orders the passengers to go to bed they will not dare to disobey him, and his own personal comfort is the only object which is dear to him.

As soon as the passengers are in bed the porter takes away their shoes, not necessarily with a view to blacking them, but as a guarantee that they will not venture to get out of bed without permission. These shoes he takes to his private den at the end of the car, where he spends a little time in mixing them, and then prepares for sleep. As a rule, the porter does not snore, because he holds that the duty of snoring properly belongs to the passengers. If, however, as sometimes happens, no passenger volunteers to snore, the porter demonstrates the fearful power of the African nose by snoring with a sustained vigor that no ordinary traveling nose can hope to emulate. Before going to sleep the porter has, of course, closed all the ventilators if it is summer, and stirred up the fires if it is winter, thus making sure that his victims shall suffer from heat and gain as little sleep as possible for their money. What with the heat and the noise the passengers rarely manage to fall asleep before 12 o'clock, by which time the porter, refreshed by his nap, rouses himself and begins his midnight round. He stops at every berth, and, shaking the sleeping passenger, wakes him up to ask him, "Was it you, sah, that was wanting to get out here?" Of course no one wants to get out, as the porter perfectly well knows, but it is a part of his fiendish system to wake every body at midnight, and thus prevent them from forgetting their miseries in sleep.

When his midnight round is finished the porter returns to his den and takes a sound nap. Long experience has taught him that a passenger who is waked up at midnight will fall asleep again at about 3 o'clock a. m. Accordingly he sleeps until nearly 4 o'clock, when he begins with malignant delight the process of getting his passengers out of bed. He informs every one that "We're most there, sah," without attaching the slightest meaning to the word "there," and then "We're wanting to put them beds away now, sah." The meek passenger, believing that he must be on the point of arriving at the station where breakfast is to be had, dresses hurriedly, spends half an hour in a general shoe exchange with his fellow-travelers, and then finds that he has at least three long hours to wait before he can have any breakfast. At this point he generally loses his patience and uses language in regard to sleeping-car porters which can not be defended by austere moralists; but, nevertheless, when the porter comes to him and demands fifty cents for having mixed the shoes, he pays him without daring to hint that he deserves the most ingenious death that the ablest inquisitor ever invented.

In no other country would the traveler meekly lie down and let the sleeping-car porter roll the wheels of his car over his prostrate neck. It would be easy to overthrow the tyrant. Who would be free themselves must kill the porter, says the poet. What would be simpler than for a band of determined passengers to seize the porter on his first intimation that they must go to bed, and to place him gagged and bound in the wood-box? Whenever a passenger should desire to have his bed made, the porter might be released long enough to perform that duty. He might be kept securely confined during the night, but the better course would be to drop him off the rear platform as soon as the last bed is made. This would render it certain that he would not make his midnight round and that the passengers would be able to sleep unmolested until a reasonable hour in the morning. A few years ago a brave Texan who had suffered much in sleeping-cars warned a porter not to make up the beds at eight o'clock. The porter paid no attention to the demand, but when, an hour later, the noble Texan dissected him with a bowie-knife and put a specimen of him in every berth, the wretch began to perceive the error of his ways. There would be obvious inconvenience in imitating the Texan's example, but it is mere nonsense to pretend that thirty strong and determined passengers can not at any time throw off the yoke of a sleeping-car porter, even without proceeding to the extremity of throwing him off the train.—*N. Y. Times.*

Rag Carpets.

A LADY of large experience in making these carpets says that her way of collecting materials for them, is as follows:

When a garment is laid aside for good, my practice is to rip it to pieces, wash thoroughly, and cut, sew and wind it into balls. I have a tight barrel, with a paper spread over the bottom, and a sprinkling of fine tobacco scattered over it. I put my balls in the barrel, and every spring cut the rags at my leisure. The children can sew and wind them just as well as any one. I sprinkle fine tobacco over the balls and tuck an old sheet over them, cover the barrel up tight, and it is all right till I get ready to add another contribution. In this way I get my rags ready and keep the house clear from an accumulation of old, dirty garments, that are a nuisance anyway.

In making a carpet I allow a pound and a quarter of rags to fill a yard of cloth; for a room twenty-five feet square I calculate to have about thirty-five or thirty-six pounds of rags. If there are any odds or ends left over they are woven into a rug that can be spread before stoves or doors. I never expend time or labor coloring my rags. The last carpet I made had rags enough for seventy-eight yards, and I never felt the labor at all; it was done at odd jobs, and I was astonished to find I had such a quantity finished. Allow three knots and a half of warp to the yard. The labor of reeling and coloring the warp is the hardest part of the work for me. I know ever so many people who color and pass a whole season over a carpet, but when it is done it is only a rag carpet. The prettiest one I ever saw was just brown and blue, narrow stripes of each, and shaded from dark to light; a little black was woven in to give the dark contrast. One reason why we enjoy rag carpets is this: We are not afraid to use them, and when one is worn out we can make another just as good. Sweeping carpets wears them out faster than using them, by half. A stiff broom should never be used on carpets; picking up shreds and bits is the best way, and brush the dust off with a soft brush.—*Western Rural.*

A Bitter Dose for a Niagara Hackman.

A NIAGARA FALLS hackman bargained with two young men to take them "all around" for a dollar. Returning to the railroad station, he insisted, as they all do, upon having more, and would be satisfied with nothing less than eight dollars. The money was paid under protest; but the young men, instead of leaving the place as they had intended, put up at a hotel with the apparent intention of remaining some time. The hackman was arrested, and after a delay of one day the case was tried, and the result was a judgment against him for the eight dollars, the hotel bill of the two young men, who by the way were lawyers, the value of the time they lost, together with costs, amounting to between forty and fifty dollars.—*Rochester Express.*

PROBABLY there is no public criminal so bitterly execrated by all mankind as the driver of a street sprinkling wagon. The other day on Market Street one of those blots upon our boasted civilization observed a fat old Dutchman standing with his back to the curbstone apparently absorbed in the enjoyment of his pipe. The sprinkling fiend sneaked up to within a few feet and deluged his victim's feet and pants with Spring Valley. The driver almost faluted with rage when the exultant chuckles of the bystanders apprised him that he had simply washed the dust from a cigar store sign.—*San Francisco Post.*

THE present British Parliament contains about 150 non-Episcopalians.

GENERAL.

UNDER the provisions of the new California Constitution the assessment roll of San Francisco for this year is increased $50,000,000.

A TRAMP in West Virginia stole a ride on a train, entering a refrigerator car, where he was shortly afterward locked up and nearly frozen to death.

THE Indians are reaping a rich harvest in the vicinity of Quilent, Washington Ter., by catching fur seals. The profits of one day's work frequently reaches $20. The skins are worth from $3 to $10 each, according to size and quality.

A GERMAN—Professor Siemering, of Berlin—has received the commission to execute the equestrian monument to George Washington, to be erected in Philadelphia. American, English, French, and Italian artists were also among the competitors.

A PARTY of seventy students and former students of Elmira, (N. Y.) Female College has started for the Lake Superior copper district. It is the thirtieth annual scientific and pleasure excursion made under the auspices of the college.

PATRICK KEARNEY, an Oregon pioneer, who in 1862 threw into the sea a bag of gold, the hard earnings of many years, to rescue a little girl from drowning, is still hard at work in a mine on the Pacific coast. He says that he does not regret the loss of the gold.

MANY American farmers have an idea that they must eat meat three times a day. This is a great mistake, especially in summer, when it would be far more for their health to eat fruit and vegetables, and less meat. An English laborer, who works as hard as the American, seldom has meat more than once a day, and often finds himself without it for days together.

THE Queen's baker having received the first barrel of flour of this year's American wheat crop, has presented a loaf thereof to her Majesty, and issues a circular to his customers saying that of the many wonders of the nineteenth century, to eat bread which is the result of an 1880 harvest in May, 1880, is not one of the least marvelous.

A LITTLE girl visiting friends at Melrose highlands, near Boston, while playing in the barn, fell from the hayloow into a stall, and impaled herself upon the horn of a cow, the horn passing through her cheek into her mouth. Luckily the cow was gentle, and the little sufferer, who was only five years old, was released without further injury.

THE British House of Commons has only seats enough for about two-thirds of the members, and a part of these are very undesirable. Ordinarily the attendance is very light, but Gladstone's administration has changed that. A member recently complained that another member had two hats and used one of them to reserve his seat while absent from the building.

A WEST POINT correspondent says that "a civilian who dares to cast a look at a girl engaged in conversation with a cadet is at once rebuked by a glance of the sterner kind, and told in words not expressed, but understood, that he is nothing but a contemptible citizen, a thousand of whom she can have at her feet at a beck or a nod, but her cadet, with a halo of prospective military glory about his head, is not to be easily duplicated."

ICEBERGS in great numbers have been encountered during the past three months by steamers plying between this country and Europe. These mountains of the sea greatly increase the dangers of crossing the Atlantic, for the officer of one steamer remarked that "the ocean seemed alive with them." One steamship, the Victoria, recently passed safely through a channel formed by icebergs towering high on either side. This event occurred about 180 miles southeast of Cape Race.

A FELLOW in Chico, Cal., went up into the *Record* office to clean out the establishment. About three minutes afterward a man was seen in the street with a pair of black eyes, a bloody nose, and a completely demoralized appearance. A passer-by, attracted by his condition, asked him what was the matter. "I went up to see if the editor who wrote that piece about me was up there." "Well," said the other, "did you see him?" "Yes," said the injured man, "he was in."

JOHN DUNN, who rules over all the border country that stretches in South Africa from the sea to the junction of the Tugela and Buffalo Rivers, wishes his territory to be called Dunnsland. He told Sir Garnet Wolseley recently that the Zulus, of whom there are ten thousand adult males under him, have returned to their agricultural pursuits, and that the young men are marrying freely and building huts. The guns left among them are gradually coming in, and no Zulu is allowed to have arms in his possession.

THE New York *Commercial* states that "it is rather a curious fact that girls seldom marry men belonging to their father's profession. There are exceptions, of course, but such we believe to be the general rule. The farmer's daughter fancies a city life, the city girl a country life, a soldier's daughter—Gen. Sherman's for example—affects the Navy, a sailor's, the Army. You do not often find that a minister's daughter marries a minister, or a doctor's a doctor. Editor's daughters, of course, know better than to marry editors, and a hotel-keeper's daughter generally waits a little."

A NEW BEDFORD (Conn.) druggist, Dr. Caldwell, met the other day a well-dressed man in New York who addressed him as Watkins. "You are mistaken," said the doctor, "My name is Caldwell, and I'm from New Bedford." The man apologized and went off. In a few minutes more another well-dressed man met the doctor and hailed him as Dr. Caldwell, of New Bedford, and said he himself was the nephew of the President of the Bank of Commerce in New Bedford. Dr. Caldwell said he was glad to meet him and walked along with him until they encountered a policeman, to whom the doctor turned over the bank-president's nephew. Together with the man who first addressed the doctor, he was sent up to Blackwell's Island for six months. The doctor had evidently read the papers and knew a rogue when he saw him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

SCENE IN A NEVADA COURT.

"HAVE you engaged, or do you depend
On a lawyer your case to defend?"
Thus to the prisoner spoke the Judge—
A good man, free from bias or grudge.

"I guess," was the polite reply,
"That, with the Court's permission, I
Will jest so-ter defend myself—
I ain't dead yit, nor laid on the shelf."

And then that prisoner grabb'd a stool,
And, with a look determined and cool,
He settled the Sheriff with one on the head—
The next thing done was to clear the shed;
And then, without the slightest remorse,
The rascal rode off on the Judge's gray horse.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

CLOSE QUARTERS.

You're hiding rebels in the house
Wi'out the leave o' me.
—*Scottish Ballad.*

I AM a Georgia gentleman, and served the South during those four crucial years which one side calls "our late struggle for independence," and the other stigmatizes as "the rebellion." In a skirmish before Fredericksburg I was taken prisoner, and was sent North with a squad of fellow-misfortunates to Point Lookout. Thence, after a while, a number of us were transferred to Fort Delaware. During the journey while the train was running at slack speed, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, I managed to jump off of it. I took the leap literally in the dark, not knowing where I was going to land, for it was growing dusk, and the day was the 2d of February. There was snow upon the ground, and I slipped as I struck the track, rolling over and over until I brought up in a snow-drift below a steep embankment, and saw the lights of the receding engine flashing around a curve in the road. As soon as I could rally my wits, I gathered myself up, and turned my face toward Baltimore.

After walking a few miles I saw the hazy glow that hangs at night over a large city. I had never been in Maryland. I had no friends and no acquaintances there. I had no money, and felt faint for want of food; but I knew that Baltimore was a sort of outwork to the Southern Confederacy, and that I was likely to find aid and sympathy amongst its women; while I knew likewise that I had better steer clear of any men I met, as most of those who favored the Confederate cause had gone already into the Southern army.

At Point Lookout I had observed several letters directed by some of our prisoners to Miss Fanny Lewis, 184 Reade Street, Baltimore. As I walked on I kept repeating this address over and over. I had no idea who Miss Fanny Lewis was, nor, for that matter, had my friends at Point Lookout, though they were in the habit of addressing her, according to the prison etiquette, as "My Dear Cousin." They only knew she was a charitable lady who sent boxes of good food and cast-off clothing to the prisoners, while they in return made rings for her out of their coat-buttons, and inlaid them with mother-of-pearl cut from their shirt studs.

I entered Baltimore toward the east, and presuming on the universality of that great law, "westward the course of fashion takes its way," I walked on until I found myself, about half-past nine o'clock in what seemed a fashionable quarter of the city. Presently I reached a church—a Roman Catholic church, I presumed, from the cross upon its front—and I observed that several ladies who came out of it had prayer-books with gilt crosses in their hands. I knew well enough that the Roman Catholic population of Baltimore was Southern *to a woman*, and almost to a man. I followed these ladies, and contrived to stop them without frightening them. I conclude they felt I was a gentleman by my address, and were not influenced by the clothes philosophy. I asked them to tell me the way to Reade Street. They gave me clear but brief directions. I raised my hat and walked on, striking the shadow whenever I could, and fearing the glance of a policeman. I made my way to Reade Street, and pulled the bell of 184. It was a house standing in a garden a little back from the street, and an alley ran along one side of the lot. An Irish servant-girl answered my summons. That was a good omen. Irish servant-girls were all sympathizers in their way.

"Can I see Miss Fanny Lewis for a moment?"

"No; Miss Fanny's sent off—gone away. The master is come home. Maybe our other Miss Fanny would do for ye."

"Let me see *her*," I said.

She opened the door of a sort of library or side sitting-room, turned up the gas and left me there. I looked at my torn clothes, my browned hands, my haggard face, and unshorn beard and hair; for there was a large mirror over the fireplace. As I stood waiting, I wondered what impression I should produce on that other Miss Fanny when she came.

Presently the door opened. A small blonde woman entered. She was about twenty-five, with a very pleasant face. She looked as frightened as I felt myself to be. Closing the door carefully, she came close up to me, without a word.

"Who are you?" she said, trembling.

"Madam," I answered, "I am Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service. I know Miss Fanny Lewis to be a lady very good to our poor fellows at Point Lookout. I know nobody in Baltimore. I come to ask your advice and protection." And I told her my story.

"Oh!" she cried, "I am the wrong lady; you expected to see my sister-in-law. You have run yourself into the greatest danger. My husband, Col. Lewis, has just received a staff appointment here, under the Major-General commanding in Baltimore. He does not allow me to have anything to do with treason or disaffection. He is a Federal officer."

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, taking my hat; "I will go away at once."

"No, no," she cried, wildly, running to the window as the bell rang. "It's too late; I hear my husband. That's him on horseback with his orderly. He has only been in Baltimore a few hours, and Fanny was sent away South before he came. Go in there—quick!" she added, as a man's footsteps sounded in the hall.

She opened an inner door, and I entered a sort of large closet or store-room. It had no window, but was lighted by a kind of fancy lattice-work at the top of the partition that divided it from the sitting-room. Besides the door through which I entered, it had two others. I softly tried them both, and found them fastened. The place was a sort of ante-room, now used as a store closet. It had shelves in it, and trunks and packing cases, broken articles of furniture, linen laid up in lavender, and ladies' dresses hung on pegs. It was lighted by a glimmer of gas from the sitting-room.

"My darling Fanny!" said a voice; and I heard kisses—kisses as natural as if the man had been a Southerner, and not a blood-thirsty Yank, whom I was bound to hate, to injure, and despise.

"Why, what's the matter, love?" I heard him say to her. "Have you had a chill? You are trembling all over. You look—I don't know how you look. What is it, my sweet Fan?"

"Nothing. What could it be?" she answered; but I knew, from the tremble in her voice, that she was unused to deceiving her colonel. I think, too, that he probably perceived that something lay concealed under her "nothing," for he did not press her to say more. He sat down, and I think he drew her toward him.

"This is comfortable," he said. "This is home. This is better than campaigning. I have had a worrying day. Claypole" (I judged that was his predecessor) "has left everything in disorder in his department, and that business of Fanny's has annoyed me beyond measure. It lays me open to suspicion, and I have had local politicians at me about it all day. How Fanny could have been so indiscreet, so unmindful of what was due to my position! She seems to have been forever doing something that hovered, to say the least of it, upon the verge of treason. I hope, my Fanny, you have had nothing to do with her proceedings."

"No, no, indeed!" cried his wife, vehemently, with an accent of sincerity. "I have always been so very careful, because—" Here she came to a sudden pause. I suppose the recollection that she had Major Dangerfield, of the Confederate service, hidden in her store closet, broke unpleasantly upon her.

She added, in a lower tone, and with a different accent, "I would not compromise you for the world."

"I wish Fanny had the same consideration. General S—— told me he was very sorry to have to send her through the lines, but that it had been absolutely necessary. A little more and she would have got herself into the Old Capitol Prison. The Union politicians of this place have a keen scent for disaffection. It seems a policeman has been detailed for some time past to watch this house, and they had a string of charges as long as my arm against her. Dear! dear! if women only would stick fast to women's work, and leave rebellion and politics alone!"

"I don't think Fanny meant any harm," said the wife, timidly. "She used to send things to the prisoners, but then that was allowed. She used to get lots of letters; but I don't know that she did anything worse."

"That is, she did not tell *you* all she did," said the Colonel. "Well, so far, I am obliged to her, for, if half I hear is true, she was steeped in petty treason. Most of it was petty nonsense—no good to the cause she wanted to serve. Her imprudence has made my own position here a very delicate one. I have written to the commanders of all the prisons not to forward to her any letters that may pass through their hands, and if any do arrive, you had better burn them without reading them unless you know the hand-writing."

Here came a loud ring at the front door. The Colonel and his wife moved instantly apart, and a man came into the room.

"Good-evening, Colonel. Good-evening, madam. I called to tell you, Colonel, that there's a dangerous character at large in Baltimore—a rebel agent on secret service—and the Provost-Marshal has given strict orders to secure him. If they catch him, they will hang him—*sure*. He has been traveling as a spy all through our Northern cities, and is now on his way back to the South with important papers and information. It was thought he might have come here to inquire about Miss Fanny. Has any such person been here, Mrs. Lewis?"

"No, sir," said the inexperienced equivocator, with a tremble in her tone.

"Have you had no stranger here this evening?" persisted the visitor.

The answer was inaudible.

"One word with you aside, Colonel," he said, as he rose to go, drawing Colonel Lewis outside the parlor door into the passage. "I don't want to be disagreeable to Mrs. Lewis, but (this between ourselves) the policeman on this beat says he saw a man answering the description come in this evening at your front door. I tell you because you would not like a domiciliary visit from the Provost-Marshal."

"Thank you, thank you. But I am sure you are mistaken. Mrs. Lewis is a lady of unspotted loyalty. If there be any thing wrong, it is the servants who are concerned."

"Colonel Lewis," said the visitor, in a stage whisper, "I don't like to destroy your confidence in Mrs. Lewis, but the gas was lighted in your parlor before the blinds were down, and the policeman saw him with Mrs. Lewis standing on the hearth-rug. I hope you'll find it all as right as you expect, I'm sure."

The Colonel walked to the front door with his visitor, and came back into the sitting-room. I knew that he was thinking, "There is no way of exit from this room but by the door that I came in by or the closet. She has the man in there."

"These local politicians are both low-bred and impertinent," he said, as he came back to her. "There would not be a man with a good coat on his back at large in Baltimore, if all their denunciations were listened to. Fanny, he thinks ill of you. He thinks you would compromise your husband. He says there is a policeman watching our front door."

"Oh, Arthur," cried poor Fanny, "I love you so dearly, indeed I do, and perhaps you will not believe me! Oh, why did— Did he say they would be sure to hang that man, that spy, if they arrested him?"

"Yes, and most justly. A spy deserves no mercy."

"Oh! but, Arthur, think of Andre."

"Well, Andre had no right to complain. It was the fate of war. It was the stern duty of Washington."

"Yes, dear, every body says so; but, Arthur, I have never been able to love Washington since I read that story. And the men who gave him up—all women always hate them."

"This is childishness, my dear wife. Would you rather have had West Point taken by the British, Arnold triumphant and rewarded, Washington condemned as the traitor?"

"No, no, of course not," she sobbed. "Oh, Arthur, when I was a child our cat had four yellow kittens. They lived under the porch, and were very wild. But one of them trusted me, and used to come out to me, and I was holding it in my arms one day, when our hired man came to me, all bloody, with his ax in his hand; my mother had said they must be killed, and he had cut off the heads of the other three kittens, and I gave him mine—I let him take it. I wake up even now sometimes at night and remember how cruel I was to that poor little yellow cat. It seems something like murder."

"Fanny, this is too foolish," said her husband.

"I know it, I know it," she replied. "But I really believe I should lose my reason if I had to do the same thing over again."

"Fanny," he said, sternly, "you forget yourself. I must remember my duty, whatever you do."

After this there was silence between them. At length the husband said:

"I have a long report to write to-night, Fanny, and accounts to cast up. I must sit up very late. My poor wife, go to bed."

"Yes, dear," she answered, submissively. I heard keys jingling in her basket as she moved across the floor.

"No, Fanny," said her husband, stopping her; "I may want something from the cellaret. Leave me your keys."

"You will kill yourself with hard work. Let us both go, love."

"No, no," said the Colonel. "Go yourself; you have a headache."

"No, Arthur," she answered. "If you sit up, I will stay too."

"It is of no use, Fanny."

"Still, I will stay here."

"If I am going to sit up," said the Colonel, "I want my slippers."

"Let me get them," she cried, eagerly. "Sit down."

"No, I'll get them myself. They are in the closet, I know. Is it locked? No. I see thrt it is not; the key is in the door."

He laid his hand upon the door handle of my place of confinement. For half a moment he hesitated to turn it. I heard Fanny sob. I think she caught him by the arm.

"Let me go, Fanny," he said, impatiently. "I *must*. You had better go away."

He threw the door wide open. The gaslight streamed in from the sitting-room. She rallied all her strength, and came in after him.

Nothing met their eyes but the dresses, the shelves, the rows of pickles and preserves, the broken furniture, the trunks, the linen in lavender. But standing opposite the door, with its hinges toward them, they may have seen a large Saratoga trunk, marked on the side, in big white letters, "MISS FANNY LEWIS." Its lid was not quite closed, the hasp having caught upon the rim.

The Colonel drew back. Poor Fanny perhaps fancied I had mysteriously disappeared.

They took the slippers from the floor, and went into the sitting-room. There I heard her coaxing him to go to bed; but there seemed some hardening of her husband's heart toward her, which chilled her pretty persuasions.

"Fanny," he said at last, "if you insist on sitting up with me, get me some paper and an inkstand from your chamber."

There was no resisting this request, which he made like a command to pick up her key basket, and he must again have checked her, for she exclaimed, "Oh! I forgot; I beg your pardon," and left the room.

The moment she was gone, I heard him rattle the keys. He put one or more of them into his pocket. I heard, too, a click, as if he were engaged in cocking his revolver. Then he remarked, aloud: "The store-room has no window. I have him safe. He must stay there until morning. If a brave man, he will keep quiet. Only a coward would take advantage of *her*."

He pulled out his watch. "Half-past twelve," he said, as Fanny came back again. What agony she may have felt as she left me without protection, and her husband exposed to my attack if I were armed!

"Here is paper and ink," she said.

"Now go to bed, darling."

"No, love; I will sit up here," and she took her place upon the sofa.

Meantime no words can adequately depict the discomforts of my situation. I knew perfectly well that the Colonel knew where I was, and that in good time he was going to dispose of me. I quite agreed with him that gratitude to Mrs. Lewis required me to keep still. I also knew that whatever plan he might be laying for my capture, was to be done in such a way as to spare his wife as much as possible. I thought that for her sake I had better let him work it his own way. I only trusted I should be able to prove to the Provost-Marshal that I was Major Dangerfield, and not the secret agent I was supposed to be. Meantime my physical sufferings were almost unbearable. In the empty Saratoga trunk my position was inexpressibly cramped and painful. I was perfectly conscious that the slightest noise I made would be heard by the husband and wife in the sitting-room, and I was unwilling to disturb any hope the latter might entertain that I was gone. My plan was to wait till she was out of the way, and then place myself at the disposal of her husband.

Meantime a solemn silence seemed to settle on the house and all the neighborhood. My nerves had become so excited that I could with difficulty keep myself from uttering involuntary cries. Hour after hour I heard the deep cathedral bell. Had it not been for the hope I entertained, in common with the Colonel, of saving Fanny's feelings from a shock, and her wifehood from suspicion, I should have come forth at once, and have made an end of my misery. Sometimes, as all around me seemed so still I fancied that the married pair had quitted the sitting-room. But I felt that if I tried to leave the house, watched as I knew it to be, my capture on her door-step would compromise her loyalty.

Time moved like eternity. At last the morning market wagons began moving, the dawn came peeping into my retreat. There was another violent pull at the street door bell. I heard the Colonel rouse himself to answer it. I heard Fanny start up to her feet, while a coarse voice called out loudly in the passage,

"What! up by peep of day, Colonel?"

"Yes; I had a report to write up. Claypole has left every thing in disorder."

"I thought I'd let you know, Colonel, that that spy we were talking of last night is in the hands of the Marshal. I was mistaken about his being seen about this place. The police got on the track of him last evening, and took him at that nest of secession, Mrs. Charles Garey's."

As the street door closed upon this visitor, I heard Fanny give a suppressed sob.

"Then he was not—him?" said her husband, careless of grammar at that supreme moment of reconciliation.

"No, no," she cried. "He said he was a poor prisoner who had jumped off the train."

"Poor little Fanny! brave little Fan!" said her husband, and I guessed, though I could not see, how he was comforting her. "Let this be a lesson to you not to play with treason. Henceforward leave it alone severely. You must be one with me, dear wife, and such things are not allowable in our position. Now go and call Bridget, and tell her to get breakfast. I must get to the office early. And, Fanny," he added, "tell her to slip down the alley the first thing, and tell Williams, who owns the dray, that when he has harnessed up his horse for his day's work, I wish him to back up to our side door. I am determined to get rid of every thing that belongs to my sister Fanny. I'll send her trunk away. I'll clear the house of treason and secession. Tell Bridget that I say so. It may be a warning to her, love."

In half an hour Bridget announced the dray.

"Send in my Orderly," said the Colonel, "and see if you can see any thing, around the corner, of the policeman."

As Bridget was executing this order, the Colonel entered the store-room, and closed the spring-lock of the trunk lid.

"Have you the key of Fanny's trunk, my love?"

"I don't know."

"Give it to me," he said, decidedly. "Since your man is *not the spy*, I share your treason for this once, that henceforth you may always side with me. Ha! policeman," he added, as he threw open the outer door of the store-room, which opened on the alley, "will you help the drayman and my Orderly to get this trunk of my sister's on the dray? She has been sent South, as you know, and I decline to keep her things. Yes, I suspect it may weigh over two hundred pounds. It is 'powerful heavy,' as you say. But that is the way always with ladies."

By this time I was hoisted on the dray.

"Now, Williams," said the Colonel to the drayman, "carry this trunk to Mrs. Legrand's. She is a friend of my sister's, and a very Seceesh lady. She will no doubt know what to do with it. Take the key, and desire her to open it the moment it arrives. She must find the way to send it to Miss Fanny if she thinks it necessary."

"All right, sah," cried the voice of the negro drayman.

I fainted, I suppose for want of air, and knew no more till I found myself surrounded by Southern Indies in the back parlor of a house well known for Southern sympathies and hospitality. I told my name and story, only admitting the adventures of the night in Colonel Lewis's store-room.

"But how on earth did you get here in Fanny Lewis's trunk? The drayman left the trunk and key, with the message that the trunk was to be unlocked immediately."

"Ah, ladies," I cried, "it is too dangerous a secret. I dare not breathe it into the ear of any one of you."

"But we know all kinds of dangerous secrets," pouted one fair lady.

"I have no doubt you do, and all Dixie knows that you can keep them; but this one you must not ask me."

"I declare I believe that Colonel Lewis himself had something to do with it."

"On my honor, ladies, I never saw Colonel Lewis in my life. What does he look like, anyhow?"

This question was never answered till about six years later, when I was introduced to Colonel Lewis on Pennsylvania Avenue. He took me to his house in Georgetown, where I met both the Fannys. It is no disparagement to Mrs. Lewis, nor is it base ingratitude, to say that I love the Southern Fanny best, for she has been my wife five years, and Colonel Lewis is my brother-in-law.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Flowers for Winter.

GARDENERS and florists advise that plants intended to grow through the summer and then to be removed to the house for winter blooming, should not be planted in the gardens out of the pots, in summer. If so treated, when taken up and potted in the fall, the leaves will fall off, leaving stunted, bare stalks, and it will take the plant nearly all winter to recover. On the contrary, put the plants in pots, small at first, and plunge them in the ground in the garden to the rim. The pots better be not quite full of earth, as they will have to be watered as though in the house, but not quite so copiously. As the plants grow transfer them every six or eight weeks to pots an inch larger, to give the roots more room. In this way fine, strong, thrifty plants can be had for winter blooming.

Our Young Folks.

A SUMMER SONG.

ROLY-POLY honey-bee,
Humming in the clover,
With the green leaves under you,
And the blue sky over,
Why are you so busy, pray?
Never still a minute,
Hovering now above a flower,
Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin red-breast,
Singing loud and cheerly,
From the pink-white apple-tree
In the morning early,
Tell me, is your merry song
Just for your own pleasure,
Poured from such a tiny throat,
Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,
By the way-side smiling,
Lifting up your happy face,
With such sweet beguiling,
Why are you so gayly clad—
Cloth of gold your raiment?
Do the sunshine and the dew
Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,
Lilies, cool and saintly,
Darling blue-eyed violets,
Pansies, hooded quaintly,
Sweet-peas that, like butterflies,
Dance the bright skies under,
Bloom ye for your own delight,
Or for ours, I wonder!
—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in St. Nicholas.*

THE PIG'S PENNY.

IT was the pig did it.

The bigger that pig grew, the more he squealed, and the less he seemed to like his pen.

Ben knew it, but for all that he wondered how it came to pass that he should find that pig in the village street, half way down to the tavern.

"Out of the pen into the barn-yard, and out of that into the street when the gate was open. Won't I have a time getting him home!"

There was little doubt of that, for the pig felt that it was his duty to root as he went, and he refused to walk quietly past any good opportunity to thrust his snub-nose into something.

Ben worked, and so did the pig.

"Hullo! What's that?"

The pig had turned up a clod of earth with something sticking on it, and Ben sprang forward to pick it up.

"It's a cent!"

It was round; it was made of copper; it was a coin of some kind; but it was black and grimy, and Ben rubbed hard to clean it.

"I never saw a cent like that before. I can't even read what it says on it."

"What have you found, Ben, my boy?"

"Guess it's a kind of a cent. The pig found it."

All the boys in the village knew old 'Squire Burchard, only they were half afraid of him. It was said he could read almost any kind of book, and that was a wonderful sort of man for any man to be.

"The pig found it? I declare! I guess I'll have to buy it of you."

"Don't you s'pose it 'll pass?"

"Well, yes, it might; but it 'll only buy a cent's worth. I'll give you more than that for it."

"Going to melt it over and make a new cent of it?"

"No, Ben, not so bad as that. I'll keep it to look at. It's a very old German coin, and I'm what they call a numismatist."

Ben listened hard over that word for a moment, and tried to repeat it.

"Rumismaties—I know; it's a good deal like what father says he has sometimes. Gets into his back and legs."

"Not quite, Ben; but it makes me gather up old coins, and put them in a glass case, and look at them."

"Father's is worse'n that; it takes him bad in rainy weather."

"Well, Ben, I'll give the pig or you, just as you say, a quarter of a dollar for that cent."

Ben's eyes fairly danced, but all he could manage to say was, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Guess I will."

"There it is, Ben. It's a new one. I don't care much for new ones. What'll you do with it?"

Ben hesitated only a moment, for he was turning the quarter over and over, and thinking of just the answer to the 'Squire's question.

"It's a puppy, sir. Mrs. Malone said I might have it for a quarter, and father said I couldn't buy it unless I found the money."

"It'll be the pig's puppy, then? All right; but you can't make pork of him."

The pig was driven home in a good deal of a hurry, without another chance given him to root for old coins; and when Ben's father came in from the corn field that night, there was Ben ready to meet him with the puppy.

"Got him, have you?"

Ben had to explain twice over about the old cent and the Squire.

"Oh, the pig did it. Well, Ben, I don't see what we want of another dog; though that is a real pretty one. Too many dogs in this village, anyhow."

The next day Ben's father went to town with a load of wheat, and Ben went with him.

He had not owned that puppy long enough to feel like leaving him at home, so the little lump of funny black curls and clumsiness had to go to town with him.

Ben's father was in the store, selling his wheat, and Ben was sitting on top of the load in the wagon, when a carriage with a lady in it was pulled up in the street beside it.

"Is that your puppy, my boy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you sell it? I want one for my little boy."

"It's a real nice puppy—"

"What will you sell him for?"

Ben did not feel at all like parting with his new pet, but he knew very well what his father thought about it. Still, it might save him the puppy if he asked a tremendous price for it.

"I'll take five dollars, ma'am."

"Bring him to me, then. It's just such a dog as I thought of buying."

It seemed to Ben a good deal as if he were dreaming; but he did as he was told, and climbed back to his perch on the heaped-up bags of wheat to wait for his father.

It was not long before he had sold the wheat and came out.

"Why, Ben, where's your puppy?"

"There he is, father."

"Why, if that ain't a five-dollar bill! You don't say so!"

Ben explained, and added, "The pig did it, father."

"Well, yes, the pig did it. It just beats me, though."

"He won't know what to do with a five-dollar bill."

"Nor you either. But soon's we can throw off this load we must drive on up town. There's to be a horse auction."

Ben knew what that meant, for his father knew all about horses, and was all the while buying and selling them. So it was not long before the wagon was empty, and Ben and his father made their way to where the horses were to be sold.

"There's a good many of 'em," said Ben's father, "but the whole lot isn't worth much. I guess there isn't anything here I want."

Not many people were bidding for the horses, and they were indeed a poor-looking lot; but pretty soon a gray horse was led out that limped badly, and was as thin as if he had been fed on wind. One man bid a dollar for him, and another bid two, and there was a good deal of fun made about it; but Ben's father had very quietly slipped down from the wagon, and taken a careful look at the lame horse.

For all that, Ben was a little surprised when the auctioneer's hammer fell, and he shouted, "Sold! for five dollars, to— What's your name, mister?"

"Ben Whittlesey."

Ben's father said that. But it wasn't his name. His name was Robert.

"Ben," said his father, when he came back to the wagon, "hand me that five-dollar bill. If I can get that horse home, I'll cure him in a fortnight. There's no great thing the matter with him."

There was trouble enough in making the poor lame animal limp so many miles, and they got home after dark; but that was just as well, for nobody saw the new horse, or had a chance to laugh at him or his owner.

"It's the pig's horse," said Ben.

Ben's father was as good as his word about curing the lameness, and plenty of oats and hay, and no work, and good care, did the rest. The man who sold the gray for five dollars would not have known him at the end of two weeks.

It was just about two weeks after that that Ben's father drove the pig's horse to town and back in a buggy, and with a nice new harness on. He stopped at the blacksmith's shop on his way home, and Mr. Corrigan, the blacksmith, seemed to take a great fancy to the gray.

"Just the nag I want, Mr. Whittlesey; only I've no ready cash to pay for him."

"I don't sell on credit, you know," said Mr. Whittlesey. "Anything to trade?"

"Nothing that I know of. Unless you care to take that vacant lot of mine next the tavern. 'Tisn't doing me any good. I had to take it for a debt, and I've paid taxes for it these three years."

"Will you swap even?"

"Yes, I might as well."

There was more talk, of course, before the trade was finished, but it came out all right in the end. Before the next day at noon Mr. Corrigan owned the pig's horse; but the deed of the town lot was made out in the name of Ben Whittlesey, and not of the pig.

"Father," said Ben, at the tea-table, "mayn't I let that pig out on the road every day?"

"No, Ben; all the pigs in the village can't root up another cent like that."

"He did it."

"Well, Ben, he did and he didn't. Do you know how he got the town lot for you?"

"Why, yes. Don't I?"

"Not quite. You saw him turn up the cent, and knew what to do with it; he didn't."

"Yes, father."

"And Squire Burchard saw the cent, and knew what to do with it; you didn't."

"Yes, father."

"And the lady saw your puppy, and knew what to do with it, and you didn't, nor I either. And I saw the gray horse, and knew what to do with him; the rest didn't."

"But I don't know what to do with the pig's town lot."

"No, nor Mr. Corrigan didn't, nor I either; but the man from town that's just bought the old tavern is going to build it over new, and want's to buy that lot to build on. I tell you what, Ben, my boy, there isn't much in this world that's worth having unless somebody comes along that knows what to do with it."

"Ben!" suddenly exclaimed his mother, as she looked out of the window, "there's that pig out in the garden!"

"Jump, Ben," said his father. "If he gets into your patch of musk-melons, he'll know just exactly what to do with them."

Before Ben got the pig out of the garden, the pig learned that Ben knew exactly what to do with a big stick.—*W. O. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.*

A Young Widow.

A CERTAIN census enumerator of this city called upon a woman the other day who resides not far from the Capitol, and propounded the usual questions as by law directed. The woman said she was a widow, her age was twenty-five and her husband died two years ago. The faithful recorder, on receiving the name of the woman's deceased husband and his occupation when alive, surmised that he must have been a relative, if not the same Mr. B—— who was a member of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New-York Volunteers during the war. A conversation ensued, when finally the enumerator innocently asked if her husband was the same Mr. B—— who died during the war, saying that he himself was a member of the same regiment, and that he was well acquainted with the man. The widow, in a modified tone, replied: "Oh, yes, but that was a long time ago." The amusing part of the affair is that the man has been dead about seventeen years, and if the woman is only twenty-five, she became a widow at the early age of eight years.—*Albany Argus.*

BOGUS temperance men in Central New York have been circulating pledges among the farmers who were anxious to reform. In a short time thereafter a promissory note would turn up for the reforming farmer to pay. Such heartless conduct is enough to make the victim take to drink.—*Albany Times.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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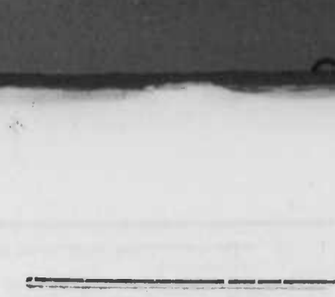

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SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880.

The Democratic party, despairing of success under the old flag of Bourbonism, hopes to sneak into power under cover of Hancock's military record.

The one armed Union soldier who said he was "for Garfield because the fellows who shot off my arm are for Hancock," had a very clear conception of the true issue in the Presidential fight.

The Boonsboro' *Odd Fellow*, Capt. John M. Mentzer, editor, will be removed to Hagerstown, this week. It will be the organ of the Blaine faction of the Republican party in that county.

The Democratic papers are making the blunder of publishing flattering reports of the condition of the crops. They will make no votes for their party by creating a feeling of contentment and prosperity.

The Chestertown *Transcript*, (Democratic) says the cuts at the heads of the editorial columns purporting to be the likeness of Hancock, looks "like a puffy-faced blear eyed proprietor of a lager beer saloon."

The men who opposed Grant because he was a military man are now asked to vote for Hancock, not because he ever framed or supported a Democratic measure, but because he is a soldier.

Some one truthfully says that behind General Hancock march all the Kuklux Klans, Knights of the White Camelia, men who starved our soldiers and the unpunished murderers of Union men and negroes in the South. A fine army truly for a man to lead who still wears the uniform of his country.

Hancock is simply a new experiment of a party that has tried many schemes for deceiving the people. He may carry the solid South, simply because the old Confederate leaders will it. But he will lose Indiana and New York, because as against the legislative and other governmental experience of General Garfield, he has only his military record to present to men who have professed for sixteen years to be violently opposed to all military men.

Commissioner Davenport was examined Friday week, before the Senate committee in New York, as to alleged fraudulent naturalization papers. He claimed that witnesses were regularly attached to the court for the purpose of swearing for applicants. He said that in one instance, on fraudulent papers of 1868, one man had been a witness for 2,162 applicants. He gave the names of men whom he alleged had been naturalized before being in the country six weeks, and said the number of persons who registered in New York on fraudulent papers in 1876 was 10,000, and in 1878 was reduced to 3,200. Of these latter only 1,200 voted. He denied conducting the affairs of his office in a partizan-like manner.

On one side is General Garfield thoroughly identified with the principles and measures of the Republican party. On the other side is the figure head, Hancock, making a vain endeavor to divert attention from the measures and principles of his party. It is a fight for principle, and men of principle will fight it to the end. Garfield is just the man to put Republican principles to the front in a way to attract attention, while Hancock is not the man to turn public attention away from Democratic policy.

Half-way, or disaffected Republicans—men who operate between the lines—will find in Garfield's generous nature, considerate action and tolerant spirit a motive to keep their faces in the right direction. They will find such Democrats as Generals Rosecrans and Ward speaking in the highest terms of his efficiency as a soldier and his character as a man; such Democrats as Alex. H. Stephens bearing willing testimony to his statesmanship and purity of motive; such Democrats as Jeremiah Black eager to concede his ability and to acknowledge his integrity.

The Boston *Traveller* says: "A prominent Republican, just returned from New York, and who had an opportunity to meet and talk with Governor Cornell on the prospects of the coming campaign, reports the Governor as full of confidence that the Republican ticket will sweep the Empire State. Governor Cornell dismisses as puerile and silly the stories as to the lukewarmness of General Grant's supporters in the late canvass for the Chicago nomination. They are united as one man, and earnest for the success of the ticket.

The New York *Sun* is forced to give up claiming Indiana for Hancock. It has lost heart about Virginia also, and now says that "to elect Hancock it may be necessary to carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut." Candid Democrats will not see much use in continuing the campaign under such prognostications. Only two of the States deemed necessary to Democratic success can even be classed as doubtful. Garfield is as sure of the vote of Pennsylvania and Connecticut as he is that of Vermont.

Hancock cannot change the spirit of the Democratic party. He cannot stretch his splendid record as a soldier, as he would a mantle, to cover all the sins of that party. His work at Gettysburg, placed side by side with the work of the Democrats in Congress, makes a painful contrast. Principles and motives come to the front, and leave the candidate in the rear. The party that nominates him is the party that made the fight against the election laws in Congress; is the party that organized the White League and rifle clubs in the South; is the party that hulli-dozed and disfranchised the colored people in Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisia. Hancock may lend himself to the party just as McClellan did, but he cannot alter its record, change its purpose, modify its programme, or save it from defeat. His fame as a Union General weighs little against the domination of men like Wade Hampton, Hamburg Butler, Ben Hill and others of that class.

General Hancock is a weak candidate, not because he is not strong in his way, but because the rank and file of the party never have been in sympathy with him, and will not support him. His name will have no talismanic influence among the Bourbon herds in New York City, and will not call out the old Golden Circle men in Indiana. The fact of his nomination being in the nature of a concession to the strength of the Republican candidate, will aid the Republicans in making telling points against his party. His personal record, standing in contrast with the record of the party leaders who push him to the front, is in the nature of a finger board directing public attention to the principles at stake in the contest. The spectacle of even so reputable a soldier as Gen. Hancock playing cat to pull the chestnuts of the Democratic monkey out of the fire may grieve the people in the old loyal States, but it will not excite their sympathis, or turn them aside from the merits of the contest.

The Duties of the President.

It is believed by many that it is an easy task to perform the duties of the President of the United States—that the only thing he has to do is to form a programme of policy which he desires to carry out and to call good and experienced men into his Cabinet to attend to the detail of the business, without meddling himself with its intricate complications. The experience I have gathered from personal observation, not only as a member of the legislative body, but also of the Cabinet, has convinced me that this is a great mistake.

I speak from experience when I say that most of the good things that have been done under this Administration, whatever merit the respective Cabinet Ministers may deserve for them, are no less due to the clear-headed and faithful support, frequently called the "amiable obstinacy," with which President Hayes stood behind them by warding off the opposition. It is for such reasons of inestimable benefit to an administration that the President should have had the experience of active work in legislative bodies, and especially in the Congress of the United States. It will require in a President a high degree of that intuitive genius with which but very few men in a century are endowed, to make his administration successful without that experience.

Now put, for the sake of argument in that most trying position General Hancock or any man trained exclusively to the walks of army life, of which he is so conspicuous an ornament—I mean a man not endowed with that intuitive genius which I have spoken of, and which even his most ardent friends, as I understand, do not claim for General Hancock—what has there been in the school of his past life to fit him for it?—*Carl Schurz's Indianapolis Speech.*

"Boys in Blue."

The Republican organization known as the "Boys in Blue" is again in the field and will work strenuously to secure the election of Garfield and Arthur. The association was started some years since and did good service in the campaign of 1876. In 1877 General Grant was made chairman of the organization, succeeding General Dix, who had resigned. In January last the officers commanding sections in the various States were instructed to organize actively for the Presidential campaign, and a week since General Grant was requested to take some action looking to have a general order issued to the entire association of the country. General Grant responded as follows;

MANITOU, COL., July 21, '80.

Colonel Drake DeKay, Adjutant General "Boys in Blue," New York City:

Publish order telegraphed. In my opinion the best interests of the whole country, North and South, demand the success of the ticket headed by Garfield and Arthur.

U. S. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS UNION VETERANS' UNION,
"BOYS IN BLUE,"
NEW YORK, July 22d, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

I. The members for each State of the National Committee of the Union Veterans' Union will at once proceed to organize the "Boys in Blue" in their respective States to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur.

II. The organization of "Boys in Blue" will report to the department commanders in their respective States. By order of

U. S. GRANT,
Commander in Chief "Boys in Blue."
DRAKE DEKAY, Adjutant General.

Immediately following this the New York branch of the Order issued the following address;

July 21, 1880.

To the Union Soldiers and Sailors of the State of New York:

It was your fortune to oppose insurrection, and to save your country in the pains of rebellion. War summoned you to the ranks; its end saw you return to the vocation of peace. But your work was not done. The enemy you had conquered in the field withstood you at the polls; and in three successive Presidential elections was your work in the war crowned with the affirmative suffrage of the Nation. A fourth election approaches, and effort is preparing to seize from you by deceit what other means have failed to reach. Your adversary is the same—the Democratic party. Its doctrines are the same—State rights, and the justification of secession and rebellion; hatred to the war; hostility to Union soldiers and Sailors; opposition to their claims upon their country for the relief of themselves, their widows and orphans. You did not trust the Democratic party during the war. Which of its acts since the surrender of Appomattox renders it worthy of your trust now? Its desperate fortunes compelled its nomination of a general of the Union army for the Presidency—a new figure-head, but the same old hulk! A thousand generals of the Union army received to its embraces could not palliate or annul the terrors and bloodshed with which the Democratic party has unitized and again sets in the field a solid South against the patriotic volunteers of the peace-loving North. The struggle is again upon us. It is our country that call. Let the name of no soldier or sailor be wanting the muster who marched or fought for the Union.

In the historic words of our great commander, "Push things."

YOUR COMRADES IN ARMS.

The question of effecting a compromise between the Readjusters and Funders in Virginia so as to leave but one Hancock and English electoral ticket in; the field continues to agitate the politicians both in and out of the State, but up to the present time no actual progress has been made in that direction. On the contrary, the Shenandoah movement, which was inaugurated with this purpose in view last week, appears to be equally offensive to the leaders and press of both parties, and each seems to regard it as a trap set by the other. Thus the Richmond *Commonwealth*, the special organ of the Funders, says of it: "This is the first we have heard of a movement of this sort, and we hope it will be the last we shall hear of it. If you want this State to go for Garfield, this is the way to carry it. Let matters alone, gentlemen; we are in 'a fair way for a settlement.' This is nothing but one of General Mahone's dodges to try and get a place in our party. It's the cry of a drowning and despairing man." The *Commonwealth* also vigorously opposes the plan proposed by the Petersburg *Index-Appeal*, namely to hold a primary election at once to determine which ticket will command the most votes in the State, and, consequently, which one should be voted for by all at the November election. Touching this plan, it gives as a sufficient reason for disapproving it the fact that "the Mahonites would not consent to it unless the negroes should be allowed to vote, and we could never consent to it if they were to be allowed to vote." The Readjusters organ, the Richmond *Whig*, also protests against any compromise, claiming that the Readjuster ticket can be elected by a plurality over both the Funder and Republican tickets. If there is anything in the present state of politics to justify the belief that the Democratic factions will be consolidated in support of a single set of electors, we fail to distinguish it. The opportunity for a Republican victory in the Old Dominion grows brighter hourly.

Stealing a State.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

The report of the legislative committee which investigated the plot to nullify the will of the people of Maine and steal the State government is before us, and we hope it will be widely circulated throughout the nation during the canvass. It is a very convincing document; in fact, so convincing that the Democratic members of the committee did not attempt a refutation of the facts revealed, and did not even attempt to question them. It is a document of less than fifty pages, in which is clearly summed up the matter abundantly proved in the testimony taken. It is especially valuable on account of several sheets which are in facsimile of the returns, doctored by erasures and forgeries while in the hands of Governor Garcelon and his Council.

Every essential allegation of criminality made in the report is convincingly supported by this exhibition of the papers. Thirty-seven Republican members of the legislature, every one of them fairly and legally elected, were counted out, and enough Democrats and Greenbackers were counted in to give the Fusionists a majority. The evidence shows that the conspiracy against the people was plotted beforehand; that against the Republicans every provision of law that could be wrested to the purpose was enforced, and the same provisions were not enforced against the Fusionists; that defects in the returns were not allowed to be remedied where the remedy would give an advantage to the Republicans, but that the members of Council went out of their way and violated the law to secure the correction of defects to assist the Fusionists; that while the Fusion returns went out to be revised by the town officials, the Republicans were denied any opportunity to examine for errors their returns. More than this, it is conclusively proved that correct returns from towns electing Republicans were changed at the State House to make a pretext for throwing them out, and that incorrect returns from towns electing Fusionists were changed to enable them to be counted. Forgeries are apparent to the least skilful eye examining the facsimile reproductions of the papers. The report is a clear, strong narrative of a shameless violation of official trust, contempt of law, corrupt malfeasance in office for partisan ends, and a despotic reversal of the result of an election.

This is not all. It shows that those members of Council who did this thing also put into their pockets extravagant and unwarranted sums of money, drawn from the State Treasury, charging the people whom they defrauded of their dearest rights more than any Republican administration had charged for honest services. Governor Garcelon drew money from the treasury for purposes unauthorized by law, and long after his term expired had to be called upon to refund money which he had drawn from the State treasury illegally and held after he ceased to be an official. All the most flagrant crimes charged by the Democrats against the carpet-bagger governments of the South are herein proved upon the Democrat Greenback administration in Maine, and the Democratic party condones them and defends and fraternizes with the guilty scoundrels as if they had done nothing reprehensible.

We said that the perpetrators of these iniquities were convicted by this investigation. How thoroughly convicted is shown by the fact that they would not appear to make explanations of the evidence given largely by their own party friends. The fusion members of the committee did not make an attempt, even by argument, to vindicate the good name of their party administration. We present their committee report in full, except the formal opening sentence: "Silence on the part of the undersigned would be construed as an assent to all the positions and conclusions of the majority report, as well as to the statement of facts. The undersigned are unwilling and unable to give their assent to all of the arguments and conclusions of such majority reports, *though they cannot deny that the recital of facts in the report is substantially in accordance with the evidence.* Mr. Wood, of the council of Governor Garcelon, was before the committee, *but he failed to explain the irregularities which had been proved.* Governor Garcelon also testified at a later period that he had no previous knowledge of much which had been shown by the testimony to need explanation. A letter, courteous in its language, was addressed by the clerk of the committee to each of the other members of Governor Garcelon's council, saying that an opportunity would be granted them to appear and testify. The undersigned regret that the members of the council have not seen fit *to appear and explain the irregularities which seem to exist.* The evidence being uncontradicted, the undersigned cannot mak a denial of the facts proved by it, and can only withhold their assent to the conclusions arrived at by the majority of the committee."

This is simply a confession of judgment. There is not a shadow of doubt that the Democratic-Greenback alliance in Maine did a year ago coolly plot to steal the government by a fraud as vile as the Democratic charge upon the Louisiana Returning Board. There is, however, this difference between Maine and Louisiana. The Louisiana board was authorized by law to purge the election returns, and their action is sustained by decrees of the Supreme Court of the State. The Maine returning board usurped the powers it exercised, and its action has been codemned by the Supreme Court of the State in three unanimous opinions. The coalition of these corrupt elements now forming will justly force the Maine fraud upon the attention af the whole people."

The Presidency a Trust, Not a Gift.

Is the Presidency like a presentation sword or a gift horse, or a donation of money, or a country house given to a victorious soldier to please him? If so, then simple justice would compel us to look for the most meritorious of our soldiers and reward them in the order of their merit; and, brave and skillful as General Hancock has been, there are others who have claims of a still higher order. Then, General Grant, having already been President, we should reward General Sherman and Lieutenant General Sheridan first before we come to the Major-General nominated by the Democratic party. Certainly, let us be grateful; but let us not degrade the highest and most responsible trust of the Republic to the level of a mere gift of gratitude. Let military heroes be lifted up to the highest rank in the service which belongs to the soldier. Let them be rewarded with the esteem of their countrymen; and, if need be, let wealth and luxury be showered upon them to brighten that life which they were ready to sacrifice for their country.

But let it never be forgotten that the Presidency is a trust that is due to no man; that nobody has ever earned it as a thing belonging to him, and that it should not be bestowed but for services rendered in the way of patriotic and enlightened statesship.

But above all things, the Presidency should never be pointed out as the attainable goal of ambition to the professional soldier. I certainly do not mean to depreciate the high character of the regular army. But I cannot refrain from saying that in a Republic like ours great care should be taken not to demoralize it by instilling political ambition into the minds of its officers. The army is there to obey the orders of the civil power under the law as it stands, without looking to the right or the left. And it will be an evil day for the Republic when we inspire the Generals of our army with the ambition to secure the highest power by paving the way to it with political pronunciamentos. I will not impute to General Hancock any such design. He may have meant ever so well when he issued General Order No. 40 which is now held up by a political party as his principal title to the Presidency. But you once establish such a precedent, and who knows how long it will be before you hear of other general orders issued for purposes somewhat similar to those for which they are now issued in Mexico? I am for the subordination of the military to the civil power. And therefore, I am for making Congressman Garfield President, and for letting General Hancock remain what he is, a General, always ready to draw a soldier's sword at the lawful command of the civil power.—*Carl Schurz's Indianapolis Speech.*

WHY HE SUPPORTS GARFIELD.—Henry W. Wilbur, editor of the Vineland (N. J.) *Independent*, and president of the Vineland Reform Club, with a membership of 1,300 persons, has declared for Garfield and Arthur. Mr. Wilbur supported Greeley in 1872 and Tilden in 1877. He has just published a letter giving his reasons for supporting the Republican nominees, which are as follows:

1st. President Hayes has given the people a clean administration, "and the independent and manly action of the late Chicago Convention, have demonstrated the ability of the Republican party to purify itself within, and has rendered any lessons *from* the Democratic school master unnecessary."

2d. The Democratic party, under the promise of reform, obtained control of Congress, and then gave its attention more to the spoils of office than to the duties of wise legislation.

3d. While professing disdain for extreme partisanship in office, the Democrats discharged well tried public servants who, as disabled soldiers, had claims upon the country, in order to make room for their own hirelings.

4th. While pledging itself to sound financial principles in its platforms, in Congress it cohabits with inflation and consorts with repudiation.

5th. As a party it is in sympathy with the rum power of the country.

6th. The Democracy, while pretending to be the anti military party of the country, nominated as its standard bearer a man whose only recommendation is his record as a soldier.

7th. The Democratic party is rapidly unmasking itself and showing that it is the old ass of State sovereignty and nullification it was before the war, simply clothed in the lion's skin of Reform.

It is for these reasons and because he fully believes the Republican party "best represents the moral impulse and enlightened purpose of the age," that he will work for and support its nominees.

The Democrats are making the wildest kind of calculations with reference to the vote of New York State, but those best informed have no hesitation in saying that the State will go for Garfield and Arthur. Vice President Wheeler gives his views on this point as follows:

"Everywhere I have been I find the Republicans confident of carrying the Empire State for Garfield and Arthur, and they adduce excellent reasons for their belief, and among them are these: The unison of all the elements of the party and the universal satisfaction with the nominations; a belief that Hancock cannot poll the vote that Tilden did in 1876; the fact that they have a Republican State Government and not an opposing Democratic Administration, as in 1876; that Conkling will make an earnest canvass for the ticket; that new charters have been passed for the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Albany which have provisions that assure an honest registration and an honest vote; that the new ballot law secures uniform ballots and precludes all tissue or irregularly printed ballots from being cast, and providing a heavy penalty for any violation of its provisions."

While the Republican canvass is proceeding with a vigor, unity and strength that presages success, the Democrats have not succeeded in reconciling the differences between their factions whose hostility is most virulent and unappeasable in the two States of essential importance to them—New York and Indiana. The New York *Sun*, which has already cruelly repudiated the Democratic notion of Hancock's peculiar availability by protesting against any "military nonsence in the campaign," now bluntly advises the Democratic factions of New York that they must make up their differences at once or they will lose the election. It says: "They may possibly elect Hancock if they are thoroughly united. But all the superfluous strength they have to throw away could be contained in a lady's thimble."

General Grant as commander of the famous Republican campaign organization, the Boys in Blue, has issued an order for the reorganization of that body for service in the Presidential canvass. A minimum of fifty men will constitute a company, and a minimum of six companies a regiment—all to be officered as in the regular army. Under this order, stirring address has been issued in New York to Union soldiers and sailors from which we extract the following pertinent sentences: "You did not trust the Democratic party during the war. Which of its acts since the surrender at Appomattox renders it worthy of your trust now? Its desperate fortunes compelled the nomination of a general of the Union army for the Presidency—a new figure-head, but the same old hulk."

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—Blotters for sale at this office.

—Choice cigars and stogies at J. A. Ehlow's.

—Memorial Church—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock by the pastor.

—See "Notice to Tax Payers" among our new advertisements.

—Mutton on Monday's and all through the week, at J. A. Enlow's.

—An elegant soda fountain has been placed in Chisholm's drug store.

—The Orphan's Court met Tuesday, but transacted no business of general interest. Adjourned to meet August 10th.

—All the private boarding houses in Oakland have as many guests as they can accommodate, and the hotels are well patronized.

—F. V. Thrall, eldest son of Dr. S. C. Thrall, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Cumberland, died in that city Saturday, after a short illness, aged 26 years.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, foreman of THE REPUBLICAN, has returned to his post of duty after an absence of three weeks at Ocean Grove, N. J.

—Fine fresh French and common candies at J. A. Enlow's.

—The jail now has two inmates, a colored man, charged with assault and battery and a white man, charged with larceny.

—The show arrived in Oakland, Wednesday evening. At the time of going to press, Thursday, 10 A. M., appearances looked favorable for a large crowd.

—A Hancock and English club was organized in Oakland Saturday night last, with the following officers. President, Dr. E. H. Barthett; Vice Presidents, W. P. Totten, G. S. Hamill, W. D. Burton, Henry Beckman, Edmund Jamison; Recording Secretary, L. H. Bell; corresponding Secretary J. J. Smith.

—Dr. Tanner would make a very successful country editor. If he can live on wind and water forty days and grow fat, it is presumable that he could grow rich on promises and snap his fingers in utter unconcern at delinquent subscribers and laugh them to scorn. After his experiment the editorial fraternity need not fear starvation. They can lay in a stock of wind and water and run a cheap edition. Whoop, la!—*Boonsboro Odd Fellow.*

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, July 31st, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

William Barner, G. W. Brown, L. J. Bearr, David Bentz, J. F. Bartley, J. J. Corby, H. C. Conway, A. V. Conway, Mary Danforth, Maggie Dougherty, M. A. Gorringer, C. W. Gorringer, Dr. Thos. Hilland, 2, David G. Hedges, Frank Hamilton, J. F. Hopkins, Mrs. Judge Hall, Mrs. Hilland, George Hank, Mrs. D. Holding, 2, Jno. S. Johnson, Jno. Jones, Irene Johnson, Fannie M. Lewis, Laura Murlock, Sarah McMullen, Minnie Monreau, Laura Modock, 2, W. D. Oussler, Henrietta Thomas, Com. Temple, U. S. N., A. C. Schell & Co., E. Schaeffer, 2, Wesley Swift, John W. Robinson, L. W. Roberts, Hattie Roberts, Ella Phillips, Henry Pangh, L. M. Powelt, Willie Vance, 2, Jennie Welch, M. J. Westmoreland, Arvilla Watts, Ellen Wilson.

R. THAYER, P. M.

DEER PARK, July 27th, 1880.

About noon yesterday the dwelling house occupied by Mr. Jacob Thrasher caught fire from a defective flue in the kitchen and threatened to destroy the entire building, but the citizens turned out in a body, quickly reached the spot, and by their exertions succeeded in saving the main part of the house. The loss was slight, as was also the damage to the furniture by its removal.

The Wing & Wingites enjoyed a sociable and pleasant little hop on last Thursday evening. With a very few exceptions only those were present who temporarily belong to the house, but as every room is at present occupied, there was no lack of "fair women or brave men," or of graceful dancers and elegant costumes. We noticed in one sett the silver-haired host dancing with one of his grand daughters, and apparently enjoying the sport as heartily as he did fifty years ago. The ball was kept up to a late hour, and when it closed with the good Old Virginia Reel, all the company entered into the spirit of it and danced their liveliest, then bade each other good night, tired and sleepy, but "gay and happy still."

Arrivals at Wing & Wing since last week:

Washington—Mr. John Hansen, Miss Grace Harmon.

Cumberland—Mr. W. G. Morris.

Lonneoning—Mr. and Mrs. Engleby and son. L. S. D.

"The Republican" for the Campaign,

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed, postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of **25** CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

More Improvements in Oakland.

The spirit of improvement has again taken hold of some of our citizens, and several large buildings will be erected during the summer and fall, among others the following may be noted:

A large and elegant two story residence by Mr. Geo. W. Legg, on Second Street, opposite the residence of Hon. P. Hamill. Size, front building, 38 by 23; rear building, 31 by 16.

A handsome two story residence by Mr. W. H. Tower, on the corner of First Street and Pennington Avenue, the front building to be 36 by 20 and the rear building, 34 by 16.

Messrs. Davis & Townshend also propose to remodel and enlarge their store building, on Second Street, by adding another story and increasing the depth to 45 feet.

These improvements will all be made under the immediate supervision of Capt. J. M. Jarboe.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 29:

Geo. Schley and others to James M. Schley, one undivided third part of certain lands in Garrett county; $2,500.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Patrick McAndrews, 5¼ acres of tract of land called "Cheviot Dale; $224.

Hanson Brown and wife to E. S. McKenzie, part of a tract of land called "Walnut Hills," 1 acre and 30¾ perches; $25.

Elizabeth Swanger to Harriet A. Swaner, part of a tract of land called "Merion," 5 acres and 65 perches; $37 84.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Ruth Cline, part of a tract called "Latent Worth," 31 acres; $100.

If there is any thing of which Democratic newspapers never tire it is striving to impress the public mind with the belief that the Republican party is responsible for the Electoral Commission bill. Here are facts: The electoral bill was introduced by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. It passed the Senate Jan. 25, 1877, and the House the following day. It was strongly opposed by the leading Republicans, but was supported by the Democrats, who now seek to decry what they themselves brought about. In the Senate 21 Republicans and 26 Democrats voted for the bill, and 16 Republicans and 1 Democrat against it. Among the Republicans voting against the bill were Blaine, Cameron, Conover, Hamlin, Morton, Sherman, Dorsey and others. Of those who did not vote 9 were Republicans and 1 a Democrat. Logan, Ferry, Anthony, Oglesby and Paddock were among the Republicans who did not vote. In the House only 32 Republicans voted for it, while 69 voted against and 7 refused to vote at all; 159 Democrats voted for it, 15 against it, and 7 did not vote. General Garfield, Frye, Hulburt, Barchard, and most of the leading Republicans in the House voted against the bill. It does not become the Democrats in good grace to charge the Republicans with this, because they did not succeed in stealing the Presidency.

EXPELLING AN INFIDEL MASON.—The Rev. Mr. Chainey, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Evansville, Ind., becoming infected with rationalistic views, recently startled his congregation by a declaration that he had lost his faith in God; that public prayer by him was mockery; that the hymn books of the church would serve a better purpose if sold for waste paper, and that, if he continued his ministry, it must be on that basis of belief. Mr. Chainey was a member of Reed Masonic Lodge, and for some years was its chaplain. He was arraigned before the lodge, his sermon was placed in evidence, and he was expelled for "un-Masonic conduct," in "uttering false thoughts, doubts and opinions." Two other Masons who indulged expressions of like belief are expecting to be expelled, and one has already been summoned for trial.

The Philadelphia *Record*, which is a Democratic paper, says:

"Connecticut is a doubtful State, with the probabilities in favor of the Republicans. In the election of Congressmen in 1878 the Republicans carried three of the four districts, the Democrats carrying the Second District by a coalition with the Greenbackers. The total vote of the State for Congressional candidates was 11,002 greater than for Governor, and the aggregate Republican pluralities were 2,858. At the State election last November for eleven Senators to hold their seats for two years, nine Republicans and two Democrats were chosen. The legislature now stands on joint ballot 156 Republicans, 107 Democrats and 2 Greenbackers and Independents. Ten Senators are to be elected this year in the place of 7 Republicans and 3 Democrats holding over, also 244 members of the lower house. That Legislature is to elect a United States Senator in place of Hon. William W. Eaton. If the Democrats succeed in choosing all ten of the new members—which is not probable—they will have to gain nineteen Representatives to have a bare majority on joint ballot. The exhibit therein given is not very encouraging to the Democrats."

A SOLDIER'S THOUGHT.—In a private letter from one of the noblest and bravest soldiers who went from Washington county to the war, served under Gen. Hancock, and came home maimed for life, he says under date of Washington, Pa., July 2d. "Seventeen years ago, this evening, I was dangerously wounded serving under a gallant commander, (whom all delighted to honor) while fighting rebels. Then there was a bloody chasm between our commander and those whom we fought. A few days ago that chasm was crossed, either by the commander or his foes; I am afraid he crossed over to the Solid South. Believing the latter I've bade him good-bye, because he goes to a place where I cannot follow him—and he always taught us never to surrender."—*Monongahela city Republican.*

There never was a law passed by Congress more stupid in its conception, or whose folly was sooner and more conclusively demonstrated, than the Silver bill. The people don't want the silver dollars, and hourly all over this broad land maledictions are poured out upon the fool Congress that sent the plague of the cart-wheel dollars. The Treasury Department labors to shove them on the people, but the people won't have them; and of the sixty millions that have been minted only sixteen millions of them have been gotten out, and forty-four millions are bulging out of the Treasury vaults so that there is distraction of mind over the subject of getting storage room for them. And yet the coinage still goes on at a rate of over two millions a month by the requirement of the absurd law which the country owes to the Democratic Congress.

The Virginia papers give little hope that the gulf between the two Democratic factions in that State will be bridged over. The funders spurn all advice looking toward a compromise, and have determined to make vigorous canvass of the State. Their State Committee has also peremptorily refuse to make any change or alteration in their electoral ticket. The Readjusters are quite as determined as their enemies, and propose to fight it out to the bitter end. The battle grows more acrimonious every day, and the chances of reconciliation more dim. The wail which goes up from the Democratic press all over the country shows how thoroughly scared the party is at this split in its ranks.

There is a striking similarity between the political situation in the country now and that in Ohio last Fall. Both parties in that State were confident of victory. Even so shrewd an observer as General Ewing had no doubt of his election, and expressed surprise at the serene confidence of the Republicans. But when the votes were counted, and the Democrats found themselves in a minority of over 17,000, they discovered the difference between confidence based on votes and on wind. Next November they will have a repetition of the same experience.

If the tramp and beggar ever had any reason for being, it has vanished now. The employment agencies report that there has been no such demand for labor, both skilled and unskilled, for a number of years as there is now, and the same word comes from Castle Garden. The man who begs in such times confesses his unwillingness to work, and should be treated accordingly.

All the Grant men seem sick.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

Oh, do they? You will find them in about the state of health they were at Vicksburg and when they marched through Georgia and halted at Appomattox. They are the liveliest lot of sick men you ever undertook to dose with Democratic pills.

A Passage of History.

We find in an exchange a vivid description of the terrible excitement in the city of New York when the news came of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the attempt upon the lives of his Cabinet—Tens of thousands of people were upon the street crazed with grief and indignation. Two men who were foolish enough to express satisfaction were put to death in an instant. The South was held responsible by the unthinking multitude for the deed, and the Democrats of the North came in for their share of malediction. We quote:

"By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets—the one dead, the other dying, one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!" They were not allowed to say it again! Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a loop halter pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while "Vengeance!" was the cry. On the right, suddenly the shout rose. "The *World!*" The *World!*" "The officer of the *World! World!*" "*World!*" and in a moment perhaps 8,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be excited. It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, "Seward is dying." Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. "Another telegram from Washington!" And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: "Fellow Citizens! Clouds and darkness are around about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds to the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face. Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward never reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. What might have happened if the surging and maddened mob had been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, "It is Gen. Garfield, of Ohio!"

READ WHAT A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN SAYS.—Congressman Springer, of Illinois, who is a Democrat of that stalwart species, made a speech at Sullivan, Indiana, on the 6th inst., in which he said:

"The Republican party has nominated for its candidate for President James A. Garfield of Ohio, [derisive laughter,] a man who has long been in public, long been the leader of his party, and who stands to-day the mightiest warrior of them all, the greatest Republican member of the lower House of Congress. [Sensation.] I know James A. Garfield by being with him in the lower House of Congress for years, and I know there is no Republican of that body abler than he. I see that the newspapers are making charges against his character, but, my friends, I cannot say to you that they are in any wise true. I have not read the reply to these charges by the Republican press; if they are true I do not know it, and you, my friends, know as much about them as I do.

"I must say to you, my friends, that I had hoped the good old Democratic party would select a civilian as its standard bearer in this campaign, as I think it would have been more preferable to us, certainly more preferable to me, than to have a man who is solely a military man.

"The President of the United States should be a man who knows all about civil affairs, who knows the regulations of the various departments, the management of the judiciary, legislative and executive departments, the department of state, which deals with foreign countries; the treasury department, with the millions of treasure; with civil service, with the great and rapidly growing commerce of the land, thereby bringing the greatest happiness to our people. I therefore thought the best interest of the people demanded a man who was experienced in civil affairs, and when our convention at Cincinnati nominated a purely military man, I must confess to you, my friends, I thought it would have been better to nominate one with some civil experience."

Is the country sick of its prosperity? Does it long to go back to the rule of that party under which the public credit sank to zero, and secession and civil war crowned a long career of sectional misrule, greed and aggressive? Would it not be well to look about and to look back, to see what the condition of the country is, and what it was when Democracy ceased to govern it, before deciding upon such a change?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1880.

It is becoming noticeable that many Democrats who have commercial and industrial interests are declaring their intention to support and vote for the Republican candidate. Not because they have any sympathy politically with that party, but because they deem it an act of business policy to secure their interest upon their present sound basis, and against that party that can bring only hard times and disaster. As one looks over the ground occupied by the two parties in this contest, he cannot but help being impressed with the belief that Democratic success would entail prostration of those industries which are now growing to be a source of wealth to the country, under the wise protection of the Republican policy. There is no denying the fact that the stability of the government, the continued prosperity of our infant manufactories and the maintenance of our present high credit abroad earnestly demand the election of Garfield. Every man now in doubt should bear in mind that if he decides with the Democrats, he decides against prosperity, against our successful financial policy, against the proper maintainance of our National credit, and in favor of a worse disaster than has ever before visited this country. He decides in favor of States Rights, he decides that the war was a failure, he decides that no man is entitled to vote according to his sentiments, if another man with a shot gun objects; he decides that the United States has no right to protect the purity of the ballot, nor to supervise its own elections. In fact, to every true and loyal man, there can be no choice in this contest. A vote for Garfield is a vote for liberty, law and justice.

It has been decided by the Congressional and National Republican Committees to hold a joint consultation on the 6th of August in New York, and to invite to it Republicans of prominence from all parts of the country. It is expected that General Garfield will be present.

The plan of action for the National campaign will then be completed in its smallest detail and the hard work of the campaign will begin and will be pushed forward with an energy that will astonish those Democrats who have been congratulating themselves upon Republican dissensions.

The failure of the Democrats to enlist the soldiers in the support of Hancock is now apparent to all, and with this failure goes the one pretext for Hancock's nomination. It has been found that the soldiers are determined to vote as they fought, and that though they are organizing it is in support of Garfield.

The people everywhere will note with satisfaction the reports from Memphis and other points South, that there will be no epidemic of Yellow fever this season.

LOGAN.

A CONFEDERATE APPLIES FOR A PENSION.—Anticipating a material change in the situation of affairs, and counting upon an early day when the blue and the gray will not only have flowers scattered over their graves, but that the survivors will be pensioned alike from the public treasury, Robt. Hanna, of Graham's Crossing, S. C., leads off with an application for a pension. Hanna's application, now on file in the Pension office, reads that he was in the rebel army, and never in any other, and in the service against his country lost an arm in 1864 while fighting in the ranks of the South Carolina troops. He bases his claim for a pension upon being a crippled soldier, holding that one side was as much in the right as the other, and those who wore the gray as worthy as those who wore the blue. It is quite evident from this individual's request that he believes faithfully that the Democrats will carry out their threats of a thorough reorganization of affairs should they ever secure absolute control of the government.

The financial issue will play a very important part in this campaign, and it is precisely the one upon which the Democratic party is incurably weak and the Republicans invincibly strong. Undoubtedly, the honest-money plank of the Cincinnati platform of 1880 is a vast improvement upon the demand of the St. Louis convention of four years ago for the repeal of the resumption act, to the enforcement of which by a Republican administration our present prosperity is mainly due; but it is only the logic of events that has coerced the Democracy into coming over to the right side of this issue. Their change of front does not result from conviction—it grows out of mere expediency, and they are but endeavoring to masquerade in Republican garments.

The leading preparations of Opium for the Baby are rapidly disappearing before the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Sold by all Druggists.

The Democrats are now boasting that they will inaugurate Hancock if they elect him. That is so, and the Republicans will help to inaugurate him if he is elected. This is their habit. But how was it in 1861, when the Democrats declared that Lincoln should not be inaugurated? The Republicans inaugurated him. In 1877 they had 100,000 lambs ready to prevent the inauguration of President Hayes, but he was inaugurated nevertheless, and so will Garfield be, for he will be elected.

The Republican Congressional committee anticipate that the Republicans will gain at least one district in Virginia, two in Louisiana, four in Ohio, three each in Pennsylvania and New York, one in Wisconsin, probably two, one in Minnesota, two in Illinois, one in Indian, one in Iowa, one in Maine and two in Missouri. This makes a total of twenty-two, and, if correct, would give the Republicans the control of the next House of Representatives.

The State ring met with a square, knock-down and drag-out defeat in the Cecil county primaries. Mr. Albert Constable, whose gallant fight against the ring in the legislature of 1876 will be well recollected, carried six out of the nine districts, although his opponent was supported by Senator Groome, Speaker McCullough, ex-Senator Knight and the whole power of the State ring.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hooppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

7 31 tf BOWIE JOHNSON.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osbourn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Alfred C. Brooke, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Franklin Shank, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said Franklin Shank, in and to all that tract or piece of land now owned, possessed and occupied by the said Franklin Shank, called "Part of Ferguson Farm," containing 55 acres of land, more or less,

And I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 23d day of August, 1880,

at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in Oakland, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

JAMES S. JOHNSON,
jy31tds Constable.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Mr. E. Murgroff, tax collector for this county, in order to give the tax payers an opportunity to pay their taxes, will be at

Selbysport, August 4th.
Sang Run, August 6th, at R. T. Browning's Mill.
Johnstown, August 7th.
Grantsville, August 9th.
Johnson's, (district No. 9) August 11th.
Bloomington, August 13th.
Altamont, August 17th.
Chisholm's Mill, August 19th.

The books for district No. 7 are at the store of Davis & Townshend, Oakland, who are authorized to collect the taxes for that district.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

7 17-4t.

Strayed—Reward.

Strayed from Oakland, about July 3rd, a red heifer, eighteen months old. Any person giving information of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded by

ALEX. FLECKENSTEIN,
7 17-3t. Oakland, Md.

FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the undersigned for the years 1878 and 1879, are requested to come forward within 60 days and settle, or they will have to settle with an officer. It is impossible for me to leave my business to call on all persons owing me.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
7 17 4t. Mineral Springs, Md.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5,

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YEDDY.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRINCE BISMARCK has entirely given up smoking, the doctors having pronounced tobacco an impediment to a cure of his nerves.

THE Marquis of Bute has been so pleased with his visit to Jorusalem that he has bought a house near the Mount of Olives, which he will fit up as an occasional residence.

AMONG the foreigners visiting Paris is the Princess of Austria, eldest daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain. She arrived with her suite, and took up her abode at the Hotel Baselewski, formerly the residenee of her mother.

IT is said that more than three millions of women in England and Wales are earning a living—or trying to earn one—in the various trades and industries. But their wages are so low that six years ago a society—the Women's Protection and Provident League—was organized to raise them.

THE ladies of the Court of St. James, during the season of official mourning for the late Empress of Russia, were ordered to wear for several days black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments, and afterward black dresses, with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers and ornaments, or gray or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers and ornaments.

THE group of trees near the statue of Achilles, at Hyde Park Corner, London, is the gathering place of fashion. Here Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Mrs. Wheeler, the beauties most in vogue, are wont to repose beneath the shade and assemble round them groups of their male admirers and female gossips, until each little narrow space between the trees becomes as gay and animated with the fluttering and chattering of visitors as the most brilliant salon in St. James's.

THE *Gaulois* says that on the eve of the late duel between Rochefort and Koechlin the former went to the play, and enjoyed it like a child, while the latter was equally light-hearted among his friends. When they met on the field next morning, Rochefort was very nervous, and seemed in haste to have the affair ended; he gnawed his moustache, twirled his imperial, and he could not stand still. M. Koechlin, on the other hand, was cold, impassible, and absolutely correct both in dress and in demeanor. After two minutes of fighting, Rochefort was wounded in the stomach, which shows how important it is to keep cool.

DURING the recent military review in Berlin the Emperor William, during a pause in the maneuvers, discovered standing beside the Greek Envoy the little daughter of the Queen of Greece, who was gazing with all a child's eagerness and delight at the grand scene before her. The Emperor quickly rode up to the spot, and, bending down from his horse, asked after her mamma, who was staying incognito in Berlin, and whether she was enjoying herself. The little lady, who is only five years old, answered in German, and quite a brisk conversation then followed in that language between her and the aged monarch.

How London Society Ladies Regulate the Duties of the Day.

IT is not given to every lady to be an early riser. The highest lady in the land, her Majesty, sets a good example in this respect, rising at 7 both in winter and summer, while the occupations of each hour of the day are arranged with a due appreciation of the valuo of time; hence she is able to undertako the heavy task of conscientiously reading over all papers and documents submitted for her signature, which she never appends without careful perusal of each, besides which she personally enters into a wido correspondenee, and, in addition to the hours devoted to official duties and to the hours given to walking, driving, paying and receiving visits, a portion of each day is set apart for reading of a varied character.

The generality of ladies usually rise between 8 and 9, and breakfast at 9:30 or 10. Immediately after breakfast orders are given for the day, the nursery and school-room are visited, notes and letters written and answered, invitations given and accepted; people are seen on business, whether for charitable objects or for domestic and household purposes, including modistes, bootmakers, etc.

The hours between 10 and 12 are passed by other ladies who have not the same responsibilities in any particular pursuit which they have elected to follow. Not long is given by most ladies to their toilet in dressing for riding, walking or driving, and at 12:30 they are usually ready for either of these amusements.

It is in the morning, from 12 to 2, that visits are paid to relations and intimate friends, and it is in these hours before luncheon that shopping of any real importance is done. The afternoon hours are passed in various ways. Ladies who ride in the morning do a little shopping before paying calls, as do others when too much engaged at home in the morning to admit of their going out for this purpose. Ladies who have young children usually go with them in the afternoon to their several classes for dancing, riding or French, and occasionally the children are taken by their mothers to morning performances from 3 to 5, or the children are taken for a drive around the park before it is crowded; or a mother gives an hour to her children before going out driving. Other ladies, who have no children, or who, if they have, give but little of their time to them, either constantly go out to luncheon themselves, or give luncheon parties at home, which fill up their time close to the hour for driving. Dressing for driving is with some ladies accomplished in a very expeditious manner, and they are fully equipped in ten minutes and ready within five minutes of the hour at which they have ordered their carriage. With others dressing for driving is a very elaborate affair, and their carriage is kept waiting by them for perhaps an hour while the finishing touches are being put to their coiffures.

Those ladies who have a round of 5 o'clock teas and garden parties in or out of London, or who patronize polo matches, lawn-tennis matches, cricket matches and shooting matches, etc., in the suburbs of London, whether at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, Lillie Bridge, Orlenns, Lord's or Prince's, do not appear in the afternoon drivo unless they take the park on their way, while card-leaving and calls are a heavy tax upon ladies' time in the season.

Dressing for dinner demands at least half an hour, and ladies usually return from party, park or match at 7:30. A dinner party at homo or a dinner party out follows, to be succeeded by one or two "at homes," or one or two balls, or by both ball and assembly. The opera or the play come in during each week for their share of attention, immediately after dinner, and the "at homo" or the ball follows. If an "at home" has concluded the evening's amusement, a lady may expect to rest at 1:30 a. m., but if a dance, hardly until 3 or 3:30 a. m. Thus leisure, as signifying freedom from business or hurry, vacancy of mind and convenience of time, is by no means the every day experience of ladies of fashion.—*The Queen.*

Census-Takers' Stories.

ONE hundred and sixty-eight men, visiting all the residences in St. Louis, could scarcely avoid coming across many curious and interesting facts and hearing numerous amusing adventures.

The enumerator for a Carondelet district says he came across a woman of 80 years of age who said that she and her parents were all born in that place. He found one family consisting of father and mother and five sons, and each member of the family was born in a different State. The most amusing case was that of an old French woman, who somehow imbibed the notion that the object of the census was to provide means for finding people who were lost. She had three sons somewhere in the country, but did not know where, and hoped the census-taker would send on their names to headquarters and have the lists overhauled that they might be found.

WOMEN'S AGES.

One census-taker said he had a great deal of trouble to get some women to report any thing near their real ages. They had an idea that the lists would be published, names, ages and all. One woman gave her age as 30 years and that of her husband at 45. There were several children, and after taking the younger ones he came to the eldest, whose age she gave as 21 years. "How is that?" inquired he, "were you only nine years old when that child was born?" The woman laughed, and said he had caught her nicely that time. She admitted that she was nineteen years old at the birth of the child, which made her forty years old now.

MISTAKEN FOR PEDDLERS.

One of the difficulties encountered by the enumerators arose from the frequency with which they were taken for picture peddlers, which the large, flat book carried by them gave some color to. It was no unusual thing for them on entering a house to be greeted by the wife with the exclamation "We don't want to buy no pictures here."

"But, madam, I am not selling pictures."

"Well, we don't want to buy nothing."

"Madam, I have nothing to sell. I am a census-taker."

"Well, we don't want no census nuther, so you can just git."

After a long explanation the woman comprehends what is wanted, and gives the desired information.

They are also frequently taken for assessors or tax agents, and one suburban enumerator says that several times when he was seen to enter one house the inmates of the neighboring ones either ran away or locked themselves in and refused to appear on any summons.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Extra Cure of Calves.

THERE is no labor, food or care which makes a better return than extra attention to calves. Too often they are unprovided with pasture, but are in a close lot or tied up, and have only limited rations of milk twice a day, without oats, meal or flaxseed. Healthy and thrifty animals with well rounded bodies, their happy looks and actions repay tenfold for their additional food and care. Besides, there is no wisdom in starving a calf all summer, freezing it all winter, and then complain because the poor thing is not able to make a respectable shadow.

Calves can be made to be worth $25 at a year old, by the aid of three dollars' extra food, or they can be worth only five dollars by neglect. On the one hand the owner ought to be deprived of sweet sleep at nights for his cruelty to such kind and innocent calves, and on the other ought to be and will be happy in viewing so noble and contented specimens of his tender care, and his neighbors will rejoice that the owner is able to pay his debts. There is too little oil-meal or flaxseed fed to calves. It is needed by them in their rapid development for bone or muscle. If farmers would raise and keep it for their own use, there is no cheaper or better food for calves, colts, horses, cows and even hogs. In winter especially, as more than 40 per cent. of it is heat and fat-producing food, it should be more generally used. The oilmeal is only the bran of the flaxseed, with all of the oil extracted which the most powerful iron presses can accomplish, leaving but little of the real virtues of the flaxseed in it. The seed is sold by farmers to the mills for 1 1-2 cents per pound, and then the refuse is sold by the mills at $30 per ton, or 1 1-2 cents per pound, when one pound of flaxseed is worth three of the meal. Farmers could mix one bushel of flaxseed to four of oats or corn and get them ground at feed mills, and they would have just what they want and their stock need. When the time comes that farmers are independent enough to have their own flaxseed, without being mortgaged to oil mills, then it will be possible for any one to buy flaxseed if he does not raise it. There are no farmers but should use some every year, while others should use largely.

But we are pleading now for present care of calves. If there is neither flaxseed nor oilmeal to be had, wheat middlings and corn meal are a good substitute. But stop that calf's bawling, relieve your own conscience, and replenish your depleted finances.—*Iowa State Register.*

Religious.

HELP.

THE world is full of labor,
It toils in weariness:
You cannot bear its burden,
But you can make it less.

A little child is trying
To lift a heavy load;
Go help the helpless toiler
Along the weary road.

A poor old, friendless woman
Is tottering on alone;
Her trembling strength has failed her,
Go offer her your own.

Though little be the action,
Its heart the Lord shall see,
And His shall be the witness:
"Ye did it unto Me."
—*Charles F. Richardson, in the Cross.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 18—Cain and Abel.....Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

Dr. Guthrie's Way.

WERE Dr. Guthrie living now the theological seminaries would surely levy on him for a course of lectures on preaching. The man who knew how to reach the heathen of the Cowgate with the same Gospel discourses that delighted the most learned church-goers of the Scotch Athens could have given priceless counsel to young ministers. Any one searching his memoirs for the explanation of his great pulpit success is arrested at once by two facts which stand out with most luminous distinctness. The first is the thoroughness in the preparation of his discourses. He was not only painstaking and diligent in gathering fresh and rich material for them, but he wrote out every sermon at length and then committed it to memory! He wrote it out because he believed that the preacher's message is of such supreme importance that it should have the most perfect form he can give it. Fluent beyond most men in extempore discourse he would not trust the uncertain inspiration of the moment to clothe or shape his thoughts. He committed the whole sermon to memory because he would on no conditions have the electric communication between his eyes and his hearers' broken by a manuscript. He deemed it absolutely impossible to move an audience as powerfully by reading a sermon as by speaking it. The reading, the meditation, the social intercourse, by means of which he supplied the reservoir from which he drew his rich material, had their own hours, and a full allowance of them, every day. But he gave the three or four best morning hours, six days in a week, wholly to the work of putting his sermon on paper and committing it to memory. That he might cultivate a speaking style in composition he wrote aloud, with an imaginary audience before him. That the words might have the more freshness for himself in the final utterance, and so be more likely to rouse his hearers, he committed in silence. This practice of committing was also of double service in testing his work. He found that the passage which did not stick to his memory easily did not, commonly, make much of an impression on his listeners. Therefore, in writing his sermons, he left every other page blank, that he might have ample space, in this further revision, for any changes that would make his statements more lucid, his descriptions more graphic, his appeals more pathetic—for filling it up, as he was wont to say, "with what would both strike and stick."

The other characteristic was his exceedingly effective use of illustrations. At the outset he seemed to have no greater gifts in this direction than most ministers. But he was quick to recognize what frequent and potent use the Old Testament prophets made of metaphors and stories in delivering their message, and to mark how freely He who spake as never man spake used parables, and analogies, and the incidents of daily life, to illustrate His discourses. He concluded that most other men and women were much of the same mind as the old lady who declared that the best parts of the Bible for her were "the likes." And he set himself with all determination to learn how to illustrate the truth—how to make his message clear, vivid, remembernble. His success was most complete. Illustrations of singular force and freshness came to him, as soon as he had trained himself to see them, from earth and air and sea, from the commonest experiences of daily life, from the most familiar pages of history. Kindled by them how the truth flamed as he held it before his hearers! The scenes which he depicted were so life-like that they sometimes seemed to stand in reality before all eyes. Speaking at one time of the perils of the impenitent life he described a shipwreck and the launching of a life-boat to save the imperiled crew. He made the tragic scene so real that a young naval officer, sitting in the congregation, jumped to his feet and began pulling off his coat to help man the life-boat, utterly forgetting where he was. President McCosh tells of a public meeting at which he himself was present in which Guthrie's stories and illustrations had alternately and repeatedly moved the people to laughter and to tears. At last a man rose from his seat, holding his aching sides while the tears were still undried on his cheeks, and said, "Please, Maister Guthrie, stop! We can stand this nae langer." But he was not by any means a mere story-teller. Sir William Hamilton pronounced him the best preacher he ever heard, and when some one in reply to this remark criticised him as not logical, the great logician answered, "He has the best kind of logic; there is but one step between his premise and conclusion."

Good Company does not say that all young ministers should take Dr. Guthrie as their model. But it begs to call their attention specially to the painstaking labor which was the price that great preacher gladly paid for the power of reaching men, and incidentally to the simple but vivid form in which he brought the truth home to them. In these days the best religious literature of the ages is, as never before, in reach of the people who sit in the pews. No minister can hold his own who does slouchy work in his sermons. He cannot expect his hearers to care much for his message if he does not care enough for it himself to put it in the best form he possibly can.

No more, on the other hand, can people who give their minister too much work to do expect him to do good work. While the changing times seem to demand more and more from the preacher every year in the way of pulpit preparation, they seem also to multiply the duties that rob him of the time and strength that he needs for such preparation. Dr. Guthrie himself during the earlier years of his ministry wrote and preached but one sermon a week. To write two sermons a week he pronounced, even in his old age, "a serious task for any man and an almost impossible task for a raw young man to do well." He quoted his friend and parishioner Hugh Miller, no mean judge in such matters, as expressing wonder how a minister could come forth Sunday after Sunday with even *one* good and finished discourse, and was much of the same opinion as Robert Hall in his answer to the question of some one who asked him how many sermons he thought a minister might get up each week. "If he is a deep thinker and great condenser," was Hall's reply, "he may get up one; if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half a dozen!" Happy is the minister who has Dr. Guthrie's knack for hard work and who does not find more hard work laid on him than he can possibly do.—*Good Company.*

Gems of Thought.

STRONG in the goodness of his cause, with his face to the throne of God and his foot on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world.

THE man who strives to put something into the world that shall make it better, not simply seeking to get the most possible out of it, never has his head bothered over the question whether life is worth living. It is the greedy life, and not the generous one, that has doubt as to the worth of existence.—*Golden Rule.*

WHEN death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity. This we should always bear in mind, and by keeping bitter words from our lips, drive them from our hearts. Love we can never regret, but hate may fill all our lives with bitterness. Then let us cultivate love, which is the "charity" of Christian good-will.

THOMAS-A-KEMPIS, who died just one hundred years before the German Reformation, is said to be the author of this prayer: "Give me a clear understanding against all error, a clean heart against all impurity, a right faith against all doubtfulness, a firm hope against all diffidence, fervent charity against all indifference and negligence, great patience against all disturbance, holy meditation against every filthy imagination, continual prayer against the devil's assaults, good occupation against the tiresomeness and drowsiness of the heart, and lastly, a devout remembrance of Thy holy passion against the wounding of the soul by vices. Assist me, O my God, with all these. Thy good gifts, and confirm me in all Thy holy words. Amen."

The Clerks Who Rise.

MANY clerks continue in subordinate positions all their lives, because they are of no special value to their employers. If a clerk wishes to rise, he must make his services so valuable to the house that they can't afford to do without them. It is not enough, in order to acquire this special value, to be handy and willing. He must also gain such a knowledge of the business as to be master of all its details.

Sir Joshua Walmsley, a rich merchant of Liverpool, began as a clerk on a salary of forty pounds a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man, determined to rise, set about acquiring a knowledge of grain. The man who had charge of the warehouses of the firm prided himself on knowing grain better than any one in Liverpool. Finding the clerk anxious to learn, the old warehouseman was willing to teach him. Twice a week, before breakfast, and long before office hours, they would go together to the stores and ships. "Old Peter," as he was called, would show his pupil samples of various kinds of grain. At first, the number bewildered the youth. But perseverance enabled him in time to master all the mysteries of grain, such as quality, weight, condition and origin. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts of grain, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and spreading them on a table, ask his pupil to tell all the characteristics of each sample. No one knew of these early lessons, and the employers wondered at their clerk's knowledge of the business. Customers soon found out that the youth knew more about grain than any one in the establishment, and consulted him. One day the firm's "traveler" and salesman resigned. It was the best position in their employ, and they at once promoted young Walmsley to it. His superior knowledge of the business justified their jumping him over the heads of the other clerks. The rise, though a great one, found the youth abundantly able to meet its responsibilities. He had so trained himself that his employers recognized his value. When the term of his clerkship expired, several others of partnership were made him, one of which he accepted. He rose to wealth and honor, because he made himself valuable to his employers.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE following composition has been turned out by an American scholar aged nine years: "A boy without a father is a norphan, without a mother, a double norphan, but is oftenest without a grandfather or a grandmother and then he is a norphanist."

PUTTING IT NEATLY.—Said the little pet of the household on her last birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma; but—I've been hoping it would be twius."

THE Emperor of Austria the other day visited a public school for girls in Prague. Entering one of the junior class-rooms, he found the children engaged in their French lessons. "Let the children translate something," said the Emperor. "What is the French for 'Long Live the Emperor?'" asked the obsequious schoolmaster of a little girl of ten. The girl stepped forward and wrote on the blackboard in a bold hand and with perfect orthography, "Vive l'Empereur!" "Now, give me the plural of that sentence," asked the Emperor. Without a moment's hesitation the child turned again to the board and added, "et l'Emperatrice!" A hearty laugh and an Imperial kiss were the most suitable reward for this youthful esprit.

[Portage (Wis.) State Register.]
An Incident of the War.

An incident like the following is always worthy of record: During a cavalry charge under Gen'l Kilpatrick, in North Carolina, in our late civil war, Mr. G. A. Selbach was thrown from his horse and received a severe sprain of the left wrist. He used various liniments for sixteen years, without effect, and was cured by a single bottle of St. Jacob's Oil.

THE Bangor *Commercial* refers to an esteemed contemporary as "A Himalayan Liar." This strikes us as quite a lofty flight of figurative newspaper compliment, and we commend it favorably to the notice of Mr. Kearney and the poets. Perhaps a neat addition might be made by alluding also to the person as an Amazonian horse-thief.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

[St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press.]
Cheap at any Price.

With this in view, Mr. L. Nippoldt, Woodbury, Minn., writes: If it should cost five dollars a bottle, I would still buy the Hamburg Drops. It cured me, and no price is too high.

—A Detroit boy found a railroad signal torpedo, and, placing it on his knee, he hammered it with a brick until it exploded, blowing away his leg.

He Still Lives.

Some years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., and London, was sent for to examine a terrible disease of the knee-joint, resulting in ulceration and extensive sloughing of the bone and tissues. The man's life had been despaired of by the previous attendants. Amputation of the thigh was promptly decided upon and skillfully performed by Dr. Pierce, and as after treatment to purify the blood and prevent a recurrence of the malady, the Doctor's Golden Medical Discovery was freely prescribed. The man's system was thoroughly purified and strengthened, he rapidly gained his health, the stump healing nicely, and he is to-day a happy man. This case was among the first in which this wonderful blood-purifier was tested. It has since manifested its wonderful power over the worst scrofulous and other blood diseases. Taken for a time it so purifies and strengthens the system as to strongly fortify it against the encroachments of diseases. Sold by druggists.

MIDDLEVILLE, Mich., Feb. 15th, 1879.
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Dear Sir—I would say that I have sold your medicines for seven years. The Golden Medical Discovery is the best cough remedy I have ever used, and in every case where I have recommended it it has cured. I have used it in my family for my children. It cures their colds and coughs in a day or two. My wife has used it several times when down sick. It invariably gives immediate relief. Its sale increases daily.
J. B. KESTER, Druggist.

The Duty of All.

The *Phonographh*, Atlanta, Georgia, talks as follows: "If sick with any of the diseases for which Warner's Safe Remedies are a specific, if old or young, it is the duty of all to take them, if anxious to be cured."

FEMALE WEAKNESSES and Prostration of the Nervous System are cured by HUNT'S REMEDY.

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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

THE earthquake was the original Shaker.

TECHNOLOGIST—Some friends and yourself wish to know the quickest way of becoming practical miners. Well, take your friend's money and your own and invest it in mining stocks; in a few weeks you may find yourselves minus.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SUNDAY morning Brown told his wife that he did not feel able to go to church, but that she might take the children and go, while he would see if he couldn't walk off the deadly feelings that came over him. The programme was carried out, and Brown came home feeling very much better; but now his wife is anxious to know why he had four angle worms in his coat pocket. Some women make themselves disagreeable by being so inquisitive.—*Boston Globe.*

TRAVELING costumes need not be very expensive. A linen duster and a fan about fills the bill.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ANDY SMITH is a Chicago burglar who pays his entire attention to drug stores. If he robs them at their selling price, one or two breaks will suffice to make him a millionaire.—*Boston Post.*

AN orator is like an umbrella only when he proceeds to spread himself.

"WELL, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now and have to set pretty well back by the stove; and there's old Miss Smithie, Widow Taff 'n Rylan's darters 'n Nabby Birt 'n all the rest setting in front of me with their mouths wide open a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, 'n what gets down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

STARCH is said to be explosive. It causes explosion in the family when the old man finds it has been left out of his collar.

"WHAT makes the sea salt?" said the teacher. And young America shouted, "The codfish that are in it."

THE man who was stage-struck had the driver arrested.—*Boston Transcript.*

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

M. DUMAS, the veteran French scientist, finds that, in his researches respecting the occlusion of gases, while silver imprisons oxygen, aluminum and magnesium specially retain hydrogen.

ON the French Eastern Railway Achard electric brakes are being tried, and are said to work satisfactorily. The electricity is not supplied by ordinary cells, but by Plante's accumulating battery.

PROFESSOR LIEBE contends that in the second diluvial period hills of Southern Bohemia and Moravia were the starting point from which the virgin forests invaded the great diluvial steppes of Central Europe to the north of the Alpine chain.

DR. BARNES, of San Diego, Cal., ascribes the singular mound formations covering the dry soil of that region to the effects of wind and certain low-lying, broad-branched plants with a large system of roots, among which is the *Rhus laurina*. These act as nuclei around which the winds collect dust, and the result is the hillocky appearance of the desert, which has puzzled many travelers.

A BELGIAN physician is reported to have ascertained, during a journey of observation and inquiry made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the very general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which has occasioned very considerable anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also from the military point of view.

POTATO flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining great importance in the arts. It is stated that in Lancashire, England, twenty thousand tons of it are sold annually, and it brings at present in Liverpool about double as much in the market as wheat flour. It is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and when precipitated with acid is turned into starch. When calcined it is employed as a dressing for silk.

DR. SAMUEL WILKS endeavors to prove that language in its broad meaning has its rudimentary frame-work in the lower animals. The parrot, he says, has a vocal apparatus of the most perfect kind, and it can gather through its ear the most delicate intonations of the human voice, which it can imitate perfectly by continued labor, and retain them in its memory. It is also able to associate words with the persons who have uttered them, and even invent sounds corresponding to those which are given out by objects in motion.

A FEW drops of nitrite of amyl have a powerful influence in restoring the functions of the heart in cases of drowning, hanging or fainting. It is suggested, therefore, that it should always be used whenever attempts are being made to restore to life an individual apparently dead, or when it is desirable to settle the question whether a person is really dead or not. Dr. Brunton says that in ascertaining death the nitrite of amyl might be used only with the test of tying a cord round the finger. If the circulation has entirely stopped, the part beyond the cord never becomes any thicker; but if the circulation continues, however slowly, the finger tip beyond the ligature will sooner or later begin to swell.

SAWDUST can be converted into a liquid wood, and, afterward, into a solid, flexible, and almost indestructible mass, which, when incorporated with animal matter, rolled and dried, can be used for the most delicate impressions, as well as for the formation of solid and durable articles, in the following manner: Immerse the dust of any kind of wood in dilute sulphuric acid, sufficiently strong to affect the fibers, for some days; the finer parts are then passed through a sieve, well stirred, and allowed to settle. Drain the liquid from the sediment, and mix the latter with a proportionate quantity of animal offal, similar to that used for glue. Roll the mass, pack it in molds and allow it to dry.

Boston Beans—The New England City's Favorite Dish.

THOUGH Boston has acquired some fame as a consumer of this eseulent, baked beans have been from time immemorial a favorite disb throughout New England. The sturdy men and women of generations ago, who braved dangers and hardsbips in planting an independent colony, added strength to their sinews and muscles by eating simple food, of wbich baked beans were a much cherished ingredient, and of all ancient dishes none have stood better the test of time and the caprices of the appetites of the people. But it is a little singular that, while New England is so large a consumer of baked beans, and New Englanders, more especially the residents of Boston, have acquired the mystery of cooking them perfectly, the dish is not in much favor elsewhere, and that the knowledge of baking them properly is exceedingly limited. It may be said that one circumstance is due to another—that is, that where it is not known how to bake beans properly, they are naturally not a popular article of diet. If the method and process of baking were patented, it could hardly be more exclusively held by New Englanders. In New York and other municipalities, a contempt is often expressed for the Athenian love for baked beans, and yet not long ago a fashionable clubhouse, on the occasion of a special gathering, sent by express to this city for twenty two-quart pots of Boston baked beans. This manner of obtaining a dish they affect to despise is frequently resorted to, with profit alike to the buyer and seller. An experienced baker of this city, being asked why baked beans were not as popular in New York as in Boston, said: "Because they don't know how to cook them. They don't soak them enough, boil them too much, and then take them out of the oven before they are half baked." "But it would be easy enough for them to learn how to cook them?" "Well, if it is, they don't learn. That much I know."

There is a lunch counter in one of the busiest sections of New York where genuine Boston baked beans are served, which is reported to be doing a thriving business. Travelers in the West and South have noticed in the windows of restaurants in cities and towns placards announcing Boston baked beans, but, on entering and eating a dish, find but little resemblance between it and the "home article." Custom has prescribed either Saturday night or Sunday morning as the "correct time" for eating baked beans, and the scene at the baker's then is the busiest of the week. Among the hundreds of bakers in the city there are but few who do not "put to soak" on Friday night from one to five barrels of beans, which added to the number cooked in private dwellings, will give one a conception of how well deserving is Boston of her fame as a bean-consuming city. A well informed gentleman estimates that the consumption of beans in Boston is about 200 barrels per week, or about 10,000 barrels per year. One reason why Boston baked beans are considered better than any others is that almost invariably they are baked in brick ovens over night. Besides baking a quantity to sell, the bakers, for the nominal sum of five cents per pot, receive and bake the beans that are prepared by their customers, thus adding materially to their own profit and the convenience of the public. It is a fact, certainly not universally known, that there is in Boston an establishment devoted exclusively to the baking of beans, entirely separate from a canning institution. It is the only establishment of the kind in the world, probably, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether it could live anywhere else. At all events, attempts have been made to establish similar institutions elsewhere, and nothing but failure has been the result, and it is now plain enough that a bean-eating community is requisite to support a bean-baking establishment. The success of the Boston bean bakery was assured from the start, and its enterprising proprietor has climbed up to wealth by the bean alone without assistance from the pole. Every night in the week the fire under the spacious brick oven is in full blast, and two teams are kept busy daily in delivering the pots and their smoking-hot contents. Of the customers of the bakery fully one-half are restaurant keepers, who pay 20 cents for two quarts of beans, and then retail them at 10, 15 and 25 cents per plate. The bakery consumes from 1,900 to 3,800 pounds of beans per week, and its oven has the capacity to bake 450 pots in a single night. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the bakery is located in a fashionable quarter of the city, within a stone's throw of Washington Street. In conclusion, it may be said that the Athenian fondness for baked beans continues to increase rather than to decrease, and that, in spite of what the world may say, Bostonians intend to have them Saturday nights or Sunday mornings. —*Boston Herald.*

Mark Twain's House and Work Room.

MARK TWAIN is a resident of Hartford, Conn., where he owns a pretty house which a writer in the Boston *Herald* thus describes: Ample grounds surround the large two-story brick house with many sharp gables and irregular projections, a most artistic architectural composition. The brick is of a brownish hue, varied with figures and bands of light red and black. Broad verandas flank two sides, widening out into a large outdoor hall, it might be called, near the conservatory. This airy hall is naturally a favorite resort for the family in the warm weather. Many of the rooms in the upper stories have delightfully cosey balconies opening out of them. The grounds are finely shaded with trees which, in places, thicken to a forest-like density; and great beeches and maples cluster around and overtop the house, giving the large windows grateful screens of cool greenery. The interior is arranged on a generous scale. Opposite the entrance to the large hall, with its handsome staircase and paneled ceiling, is the library, a beautiful, friendly-looking room. Book shelves cover the lower half of the wall space. Over the large fireplace, which is set in a stately chimney-piece of richly carved wood, is a brass plate with the inscription in old-English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Opposite the fireplace is the deep recess of a bay window, with a casement through which one may step down into the lawn. Among the pictures on the walls is Frank D. Millet's excellent portrait of Mr. Clemens, painted about four years ago. One end of the library opens into the large and beautiful conservatory, and beyond this is the veranda.

Mr. Clemens does not use his library for his study; this is in the billiard room in the third story, where the quietest kind of quiet surrounds him. It is a long room, with sloping sides formed by the roof. It is light and airy, and has three balconies adjacent—two large ones on either side and a small one at the end. One may step out into these through the regular doors, and is not obliged to stoop and creep through cramped window openings, bumping the head against the sliding sashes, which nearly destroy all utility in so many balconies, making them mere ornamental shams. Here in this room Mr. Clemens sits writing at a plain table, with the books he may wish to use for reference lying scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking any midday meal at all. He is merciless towards his own productions, and often destroys a whole day's labor as soon as it is written. He finds the final result more satisfactory by taking this course and beginning again than by trying to remodel what he considers a faulty manuscript. In this way he often does a certain piece of work over and over again, and at other times the first draft is sufficient and requires no revision. But, though an entire day's work may come to nought, he does not regard the time as wasted, but deems the practice essential to discipline. He has destroyed hundreds of pages of manuscript in this way. He has published scarcely a volume out of which at least two hundred manuscript pages have not been culled and committed to the waste-basket. From one volume he weeded out five hundred pages. He is an industrious worker, and during his recent European sojourn he kept up his literary labors persistently.

THERE is a report that Mrs. J. W. Mackey, of California, has offered to purchase the French crown jewels.

HOME AND FARM.

HOW TO PASTE LABELS ON TINS.—Pass a sponge saturated with muriatic acid over the tins, then use gum tragacanth paste.

CHALK or magnesia, rubbed on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and held near the fire will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

RESTORING DAMAGED VELVET.—To restore its original softness it must be thoroughly damped on the wrong side and then held over a very hot fire, care being taken not to let it touch the latter.

ECONOMICAL JELLY CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream-tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one and one-half cups of flour.

IRON or steel immersed in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda for a few minutes will not rust for years, not even when exposed to a damp atmosphere. A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting looking fresh and new. White varnish should be used on white matting. Use skim-milk for washing oil-cloths, instead of soap and water.

RICE CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-disb with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; pour in gravy or melted butter to fill the disb; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill all interstices and to cover the top thick. Bake it for one-half or three-quarters of an hour.

FISH PUDDING.—Three pounds of boiled fish; a large lump of butter; a tablespoonful of flour; two cups of fresh milk. When boiled it must cool a little. Add to it the yelks of seven eggs, the whites beaten, and stir it around; then add salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put it in a buttered dish, and cook for one hour in a pretty warm oven, and then serve. Sauce—Flour and butter and a little broth and capers. This will be found an excellent and toothsome dish.

FOR a nice simple dessert, place half a pint of rice in a little cold water, and boil until nearly soft. Pour into it a pint of rich milk, and boil again, stirring it all the time, till it is of the consistency of stiff mush. Sweeten with half a pound of sugar, and flavor with rose water or whatever you like. Place in molds dipped in cold water, and turn out when hard on a flat dish. Eat with cream and sugar, or preserves and cream.

ANALYSES made at the Connecticut Experimental Station show that fodder corn is very little inferior to the best and equal to inferior hay. They also show the beneficial effect of drill sowing and exposure to abundant light and heat. But corn grown in drills will always have more or less of imperfect ears upon it, which add much to its feeding value, and will cause it to surpass even clover hay in nutritive effect.

COLD MEAT TURNOVERS.—Make the dough as for soda biscuit, roll thin, and cut round as large as you like. In this put any kind of cold fresh meat or game, chopped fine, and well seasoned with catsup and sweet herbs, moistened well with melted butter and cream. Lay the meat on one side, turn over the other, and pinch down the edges. They can be baked in the oven or fried in hot lard, like doughnuts, and are very good hot or cold. Salt and pepper to the taste. These are very nice for picnics, and should be baked, as they keep fresher than these fried in lard.

ICED PUDDING.—Ingredients—Half-pound of sweet almonds, two ounces of bitter almonds, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, eight eggs, one and a half pints of milk. Mode—Blanch and dry the almonds thoroughly in a cloth, then pound them in a mortar until reduced to a smooth paste; add to the well-beaten eggs the sugar and milk; stir these ingredients over the fire until they thicken, but do not allow them to boil; then strain and put the mixture into the freezing can, surround it with ice and freeze it. When quite frozen, fill an iced pudding mold, put on the lid and keep the pudding in ice until required for the table; then turn it out on the dish and garnish it with a compote of any fruit that may be preferred, pouring a little over the top of the pudding.

PREPARING FRUITS FOR PRESERVING.—Boil cherries, moderately, five minutes; boil raspberries, moderately, six minutes; boil blackberries, moderately, six minutes; boil plums, moderately, ten minutes; boil strawberries, moderately, eight minutes; boil whortleberries five minutes; boil pie plant, sliced, ten minutes; boil small sour pears, whole, thirty minutes; boil Bartlett pears, in halves, twenty minutes; boil peaches, in halves, eight minutes; boil peaches, whole, fifteen minutes; boil pineapples, sliced half an inch thick, fifteen minutes; boil Siberian or crab apples, whole, twenty-five minutes; boil sour apples, quartered, ten minutes; boil ripe currants six minutes; boil wild grapes ten minutes; boil tomatoes twenty minutes. The amount of sugar to a quart jar should be: For cherries, six ounces; for raspberries, four ounces; for Lawton blackberries, six ounces; for wild blackberries, six ounces; for strawberries, eight ounces; for whortleberries, four ounces; for quinces, ten ounces; for small sour pears, whole, eight ounces; for wild grapes, eight ounces; for peaches, four ounces; for Bartlett pears, six ounces; for pineapples, six ounces; for Siberian or crab apples, eight ounces; for plums, eight ounces; for pie plant, ten ounces; for sour apples, quartered, six ounces; for ripe currants, eight ounces.

Experiences When Supposed to be Dead.

A GENTLEMAN of this city who was reported lost on the Narragansett has had an experience that is denied to most men. Some of his friends came on to the funeral, and were glad to find him alive. Dispatches in great numbers and various kinds were received and answered. He read letters of condolence written by friends to members of his family, and read an obituary notice that was to be printed about him. He also received the following: "Please send me a description of the body and clothing of the one claimed as yours; it may be that of my husband, who was lost in the collision, and is yet unheard from. Please inform immediately to relieve anxiety."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

THE DAIRY.

FIRST-CLASS BUTTER contains ten per cent. of water and six per cent. of salt, and one-half of one per cent. of cheesy matter.

EVERY dairyman should raise at least one-eighth of an acre of corn-fodder for each cow, to help the pasture through the dry season.

WHEN Danish butter was first introduced into Great Britain it did not rank as high in price as Cork butter, but now brings five cents per pound more than the latter article. This is the result of education. In 1864 the Government of Denmark commenced a special system of education for the girls in dairying.

BE careful about letting your cattle drink from ditches or from pools in which they are accustomed to stand, or in which their droppings are deposited. It is not only liable to injure the health of the stock, but it is also a fruitful cause of malarial and typhoid fevers among those who use the milk from cows thus watered. In the heated days of summer, pure, living water is the first necessity for stock.

AN Englishman or a Hollander might come over here, says the *Iowa State Register*, and go into our best dairy districts, and by time and painstaking, pick out a score of cows and export them to Europe, and astonish the natives there by the wonderful record they would make at the pail and the churn. We have but very little doubt that a man could collect together a herd of choice milking cows, natives of this country, and raise up a dairy of milkers that would be equal to any of the imported breeds. We know there are thousands of grand milk and butter cows here in this country that are worth for all practical purposes as much as the imported.

Storing Butter.

BUTTER is an exceedingly sensitive product, and, when it is to be stored for two to four months, great risk of loss is taken. The best butter is liable to be spoiled in a few days by exposure to bad air, or, it may be said, by exposure to any air of a temperature above fifty-five degrees. The important thing to do is to exclude the air. If we had a package that could easily be sealed air-tight and then placed in a storage-room not above sixty degrees, the finest butter might be kept indefinitely without injury. It is now well established that the air is filled with germs capable of destructive development in any fit medium. If butter were freed wholly from all casein and albumen, destructive fermentation could not occur; but we have no process of butter making by which the oil in milk can be separated in an absolutely pure state. It is therefore liable to rapid injury by contact with air.

The Danes put up their butter which is to be kept for an indefinite period in air-tight tin packages of five to ten pounds, and these again are packed in wooden cases. But the objection to tin is its liability to corrode; it would be much more appropriate to put the butter into small, air-tight glass packages, and pack these in safe wooden cases. It does seem as if this might be practically accomplished, and then no possible harm could come from contact with glass. The finest aroma and flavor of butter ought to be preserved, in this way, for years.

But at present the most practical way of excluding air from butter is to suspend the sacks of butter in brine. By surrounding the butter with strong brine the air is quite effectually excluded. This plan has been tried and found, practically, to work well.

One way is to stop churning the butter when it comes in small granules of the size of a wheat kernel to that of a pea, wash it, and then, without any working, place it in large tubs or barrels, made so as to hold brine; fill loosely with granulated butter, then saturate the whole with strong brine, and head up tight. This has been found months afterward to come out in the finest condition. Another way is to have straight tubs, slightly flaring at the top, and the butter, after being worked in the usual way, packed in a muslin sack, made two inches smaller than the tub. The upper head has a tight one and a half inch plug, the head is removed, the sack of butter placed in the tub, the head replaced and hoops tightly driven. Now, strong brine is introduced through the hole in the head, and the tub completely filled, when the plug is driven and the sack of butter is suspended in the brine and the air excluded. Butter may thus be kept in hot weather.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Our Milk-Producing Industry.

ONE of the most interesting papers read at the recent annual session of the National Butter, Egg and Cheese Association, was that of Mayor Lord, of Elgin, Ill., on "The Milk-Producing Industry of the United States." He said that it is estimated that there are 13,000,000 milch cows in the country, requiring the annual product of 52,000,000 acres of land for feed, giving employment to 650,000 men, and requiring the labor of 866,600 men. Estimating the cows at thirty dollars each, the horses eighty dollars and land at thirty dollars per acre, together with $200,000,000 for agricultural and dairy implements, and the total amount invested in the industry is $2,219,280,000. This is considerable more than the amount invested in banking and the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, which is $1,800,946,586. The cattle and horses will require two tons of hay annually or its equivalent. If it is estimated that 5,000,000 cows are fed with grain for winter dairying, and that the horses daily require six quarts of oats or corn during the year, they will consume 28,383,200 tons of hay, 84,370,000 bushels of corn meal, 85,370,000 bushels of oat-meal, 1,250,000 tons of bran, 30,000,000 bushels of corn, and 300,000 bushels of oats—of a total value of $358,459,400. To this should be added the labor of 650,000 men at twenty dollars per month, or $156,000,000, making the annual value of $514,459,400, or an average of $38,80 per cow.

A YOUNG lady in Lexington, Ky., found a snake a yard long in her bedroom.

IN Trenton, N. J., is a snapping-turtle which draws a child's express-wagon.

WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE

A POSITIVE REMEDY.

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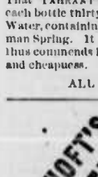

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A Good Story About Garfield.

One day I noticed a fugative slave come rushing into camp with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed my tent a moment when a regular bully of a fellow came riding, and with a volley of oaths began to ask after his "nigger," General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. The division commander was a sympatizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made the instuments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the darky was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen. I stated the case as fully as I could to General Garfield before handing him the order, but did not color my statement in any way. He took the order and deliberately wrote on it the following endorsement:

"I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for and deliver up any fugitive slave. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search."

I read the endorsement and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would that the General would be court-martialed. I told him my fears. He simply replied, "The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people on the Western Reserve of Ohio did not send my boys and myself down here to do that kind of business, and they will back me up in my action." He would not alter the endorsement, and the order was returned. Nothing ever came of the matter further.

Three months and more intervene between this and the election. That is a long time for a man who is "tickled to death" to keep still. Perils of casual callers, perils of disguised interviewers, perils of friendly correspondents, of inadvertence, and of over-confidence, will beset him constantly. And if experienced politicians like Tilden and Hendricks fell on them, how much greater is the danger of the inexperienced Hancock's "slopping over."

No wonder the manages stand over him with fingers on their lips saying "S-h-h-h!" The situation is a most trying one. The only thing to be done, so far as we can see, is to turn him over to the care of the wild Indian lately brought East by Tammany, with instructions to that untamed savage to keep his eye on him constantly, and if he ventures to open his mouth to tomahawk him on the spot. That would insure Hancock's silence, and utilize an unemployed Indian.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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***For catalogues and other information, apply to the President, J. R. THOMPSON, Morgantown West Va. 7 15 3m.

Estate of Jacob Brenneman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JACOB BRENNEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of July, 1880.

JOHN J. BRENNEMAN,
7 17-3. Administrator, C. T. A.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofor located from Altamont to the thirned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Lake Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. R. Browning, Lake Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. G. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. R. BROWNING.
L. A. STEMPLE.
F. G. BROWNING.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Arthur Campbell vs. Adam Sell.

No. 190 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this bill is to enforce the payment of a mechanics lien claim, filed by the complainant in this cause against an unfinished building, and a lot or piece of ground thereunto attached, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, of which the said Adam Sell is the reputed owner.

The bill alleges that on or about the first day of February, A. D. 1880, the complainant made a contract with a certain James S. Johnson, contractor, to dig a cellar and perform labor in attending stone mason in building cellar walls and foundation for a house on a lot or piece of ground of which Adam Sell is the reputed owner, situated in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland. That he performed said contract and completed his said work on the fourth day of March, A. D. 1880. That the said work was to have been paid for in cash upon the completion thereof, but that neither the said Adam Sell as the reputed owner nor the said James S. Johnson as contractor, has paid the complainants claim which is now over due. The bill further shows that after giving notice to the said Adam Sell as required by law, he did on the twenty-seventh day of April, A. D. 1880, file his claim as a lien against the said unfinished building and the ground attached thereto, according to the provisions of the code in such cases made and provided, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid, which such lien containing an accurate description of the location of said property. The bill further shows that the said lien claim is for the sum of twenty-three dollars and fifty cents, which is due and owing to the complainant, and that Adam Sell, the reputed owner of said property is a non-resident of the State of Maryland. The bill then prays that a decree may be passed for the sale of the said property, and that from the proceeds of the said sale, the said lien claim of the complainant may be paid with interest thereon, and that an order of publication be granted against the said Adam Sell, warning him to appear in this court on some certain day to be therein named, to answer the bill of complaint, and to abide by and perform such decree or order as may be passed in the premises, and for such other relief as his case may require.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order together with the objects and substance of the bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 21st day of August, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendant in said bill and warning him to appear in this court on or before the 2nd Monday of November, 1880, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7. 17-4. W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 142. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Selbs, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
Je26-1 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
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Good produce taken in exchange for work.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.2[illegible] A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.[illegible] A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
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at short notice

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SAMUEL LAWTON.
jo1 1m6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing Judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Wintersberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880. NUMBER 24.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1880.

ABRAM AND LOT.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Abram's journey into Egypt, unbidden by the Lord, brought nothing but trouble. The beauty of his wife attracted the admiration and desire of the king, and Abram, following the ways of the world, but forsaking his faith in God, endeavored to protect himself by a deception. He was detected and expelled from the country, with all his possessions. In regret for his error, he sought once more the neglected altar at Bethel, renewed his vows to God, and thenceforth lived in believing peace, a stranger to the allurements of the world, leaving all his interests in the hands of his Heavenly Friend. New troubles arise from worldly possession, which separate between the two pilgrims who have hitherto shared all their adversities. In the magnanimous spirit of faith, Abram leaves his younger companion to choose his own portion of the promised land. The greedy eyes of Lot rest upon the green fields and flowing waters and prosperous villages of the Jordan valley. He makes choice of Sodom's privileges, with all the dangers of Sodom's association, and descends to the low plane of worldliness, leaving Abram on the highlands of faith, alone with his God. The patriarch's unselfishness is rewarded by the divine promise, that he who has voluntarily surrendered the best of the land shall yet possess all, and in his countless seed occupy hill and vale, meadow and plain, from the river to the sea. Under a divine authority Abram henceforth treads the soil of the promised land as a king, fearless of Canaanite dwellers or foreign invaders. On the heights of Hebron, under the oaks of Mamre, he pitches his tent, and builds his altar, in confident communion with his Friend.

Gen. 13. 1-18.

Memory Verses, 14-18.

1 And Abram went up out of Egypt, he, and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south.

2 And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.

3 And he went on his journeys from the south even to Bethel, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, between Bethel and Hai;

4 Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first: and there Abram called on the name of the LORD.

5 And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents.

6 And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together.

7 And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle. And the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelt then in the land.

8 And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren.

9 Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.

10 And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, before the LORD destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the LORD, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar.

11 Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other.

12 Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom.

13 But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the LORD exceedingly.

14 And the LORD said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward:

15 For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever.

16 And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

17 Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee.

18 Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the LORD.

HOME READINGS.

M. Abram and Lot. Gen. 13. 1-18.
Tu. The evil of strife. Prov. 17. 1-14.
W. Strife among Christians. 1 Cor. 1. 1-15.
Th. Submission to wrong. Matt. 5. 38-48.
F. The example of Christ. Matt. 12. 19-29.
S. The example of apostles. Acts. 6. 1-15.
S. Like-mindedness and humility. Phil. 2. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Gen. 13. 8.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. CHOOSING FOR SELF, v. 1-13; 1 John 2. 15. What caused Abram to leave Egypt? Gen. 12. 50. Where did he go? What were his possessions? Who gave Abram his wealth? Gen. 24. 35. How should people use their riches? Prov. 3. 9. Did riches make Abram forget God? How did he show his fear of God? Who was Lot? Gen. 11. 31; 12. 5. What difficulty arose? How was a quarrel avoided? Which of the two showed the nobler character, and wherein? What is the blessing on the peacemakers? Matt. 5. 9. Why was Lot's choice not a good one? How may we avoid evil company?

2. RECEIVING FROM GOD, v. 14-18; Heb. 11. 12. What did God promise to Abram? How was his choice better than Lot's? What was God's promise concerning Abram's seed? How was it fulfilled? Heb. 11. 12. Where did Abram settle? How did he show his faith in God?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do you find—1. An example of generosity? 2. An example of peace-making? 3. An example of prayer?

Is "A Change" Wanted?

Change for sake of change is only desired by weak and silly creatures. The majority of the people are neither weak nor silly, though they may be mistaken in their anticipations. If they desire a change of parties in power we may be sure that they have in mind definite benefits which they think may thus be secured. But what are those benefits? Are they financial or industrial? Or do they concern the purity of civil administration; the treatment of the Southern States, the treatment of the colored race, the freedom of elections, "the subordination of the military to the civil power," or the foreign policy of the country? It is well, at the very threshold of a campaign, to examine what anticipations of benefit to result from a change are indulged, and whether they are reasonable.

Change of parties certainly would mean a change of financial policy. There are some persons who want changes as to money, some as to modes of taxation, and some as to the public debt. What benefits are promised or anticipated? As to money, the platform of the Democratic party promises no change whatever, but the past acts of the party promise a fatal one. As to taxation, the platform of the party promises a change which would be most injurious; but the past acts of the party promise a do-nothing policy, with continued agitation and threatening, but no change whatever.

If the country wants change of policy as to money, none is publicly promised by the Democratic party. All that it dares to propose—"honest money, consisting of gold and silver and paper convertible into coin on demand"—the country now has, thro' Republican measures and efforts which Democrats have stubbornly resisted and loudly denounced. On the face of things it is plain that the Democratic party knows that the country does not want any change in that respect, and therefore does not dare to propose any, but professes to abandon the hostility to Republican measures and policies which has marked its course hitherto. If there is to be any change, it is to be obtained by stealth, trickery and fraud, by getting power through false pretenses, and then using it contrary to pledges, and contrary to the confessed desire of the country to maintain the "honest money, convertible into coin on demand," which the Republican party has secured for the public good.

Yet it is certain that a large majority of active Democrats desire that very change, and hope to bring it about by the success of their party. For proof we have the votes of nine-tenths of the Democratic members of Congress, at each session for several years; the open alliance of the party with Greenback men who have the manhood and honesty to declare that they mean to effect great changes and are utterly hostile to the hard-money policy; the nomination, for most important offices to be filled next fall, of some of the wildest and most extreme soft-money men in the country, such as Landers, Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana; and the repeated declarations of the Democratic party in a large majority of the States. If a change in this direction is not desired by the Democratic party, then it is dishonest in its alliances and nominations; if it is desired, that party is trying to effect it by dishonest means and false pretences.

Those who want a reversal of the Republican policy, a repeal of resumption, an overthrow of the National banks, and an unlimited or greatly increased issue of paper not "convertible into coin on demand," or only into depreciated silver, are nearly all in the Democratic party. They cast three-fourths of its votes. They are working for the success of the party, knowing that, when it has succeeded, they can control it as they will, and can thus bring about the radical soft-money changes desired. The no-change or hard-money platform is a cheat. The party knew that it could not get power by the votes of New York, Connecticut or New Jersey if its real purposes were known, and hence tried to hide them.

The people are not in favor of this change, as the Democrats know. For the country has tried the Republican policy and now enjoys its grand results. Business thrives in every part of the country. More men are employed, at comfortable wages, than ever before under any administration; more employers get a fair return for their capital; more investors than ever before get satisfactory interest; more merchants than ever before can look back to good profits and forward to a large and healthy trade. Now the people decidedly do not want to change from this most desirable condition, which has come to them after years of struggling. They differed very widely as to the wisdom of the measures adopted by the Republicans, not because any part of the people did not desire prosperity, but because some believed that the measures chosen would not secure that end. The Republicans insisted that great prosperity would at once result from resumption, and the end proves that they were right. But whether the results were the best or not, the majority of the people do not want to change now that the desired end has been reached. If one wanted to migrate from Europe to America, and, though not a believer in the safety and excellence of a certain line, had been obliged to take it, he would hardly be silly enough to turn back, as soon as he had reached the American shore in safety and cross the pathless and perilous sea again, for the sole purpose of getting to America by a better line.

It is enough for practical men that they have got across in safety, and are on the firm land, where they wished to be. When the Democratic party or Greenback party insists that its boats are of better build or safer management, no sensible business man will consent on that account to go back upon the pathless sea of financial uncertainty. Prosperity is here, and the people are content to keep it—even if the Democratic politicians are not.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The War a Failure.

Please inform us who introduced the resolution in the Democratic convention held at Chicago in 1864 declaring the war a failure.

Answer.—The second resolution of the platform adopted by the convention declaring "that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war," and recommending a cessation of hostilities, was written by C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio. Saml J. Tilden was a member of the committee. A resolution, offered by Alex. Long, of Ohio, asking for suspension of draft until after the election, was not reported by the committee. Vallandigham's resolution but indicated the spirit of the convention. The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, said: "For over three years Lincoln had been calling for men, and they had been given. But with all the vast armies placed at his command, he had failed! *failed!!* FAILED!!! FAILED!!!! Such a failure had never before been known. Such destruction of human life had never been seen since the destruction of Sennacherib by the breath of the Almighty. And still the monster usurper wanted more men for his slaughter pens. * * * * Ever since the usurper, traitor and tyrant had occupied the Presidential chair, the Republican party had shouted, 'War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!' Blood had flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the monster was not quenched. His cry was for more blood." Such was the spirit of the harrangues which were poured out on every hand, throughout the sittings of the convention, and none can say how many of the vast gathering who yelled assent to such utterances knew that they were surrounded and mixed up with rebel officers fresh from Canada, who had been sent here expressly to co-operate with certain domestic traitors, high in office in the secret organization aforesaid, in the sudden muster of a force, mainly of "American Knights," locally known as "Illni," which should first liberate the 8,000 rebel captives then held in Camp Douglas, near this city; then rushing with rapidly augmenting numbers, to the achievement of a similar success at the prison camp near Indianapolis—thus raising the seige of Richmond and Atlanta by a fire in the rear. Through the extraordinary vigilance of Col. J. B. Sweet, then in command of Camp Douglas, the traitors were discovered and foiled in their attempt to inaugurate civil war in the North.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The election of Hancock involves all sorts of risks—financial, industrial, commercial and constitutional. The election of Garfield involves no risk of any kind, but is a guarantee of stability and continued prosperity. That is why Garfield will be elected.

The Republican Candidate.

[Atlantic Monthly for August.]

General Garfield's career illustrates in a remarkable degree the possibilities of American life to one born with a strong brain in a strong body, and gifted with industry, courage, perseverance and a high ambition. His father, a poor farmer, possessed of a few sterile acres and a large family, died when he was six years old. He had no well-to-do relatives to help him along. In fact he had no help save the counsels of a wise, resolute, religious mother, and no capital save what lay in his own head and heads. With the labor of his hands, put forth in the lower forms of honest toil, with the axe, the hoe, the carpenter's plane, and on the towpath of a canal, he gained the means to obtain such education as a rural academy afforded. Then, making a capital of his new store of knowledge, he taught country schools and got the means to take a higher course of study. Equipped with the training of a Massachusetts college, he opened for himself a path in life which began with the Latin and Greek professorship of an obscure school in Ohio, and broadened out until it led to a Major Generalship in the Union army, to a seat in Congress held for nine consecutive terms, to an election to the Senate by the unanimous choice of his party in the Ohio Legislature, and now to the Republican nomination for the Presidency. All these honors came to him without solicitation and without effort on his part to grasp them. So far as fate shaped his career in life, it was the career of a day laborer. High purposes, an indomitable will, a great capacity for work, fixed principles and good habits enabled him to compel fate, and change that career to one of conspicuous honor and usefulness. Every farmer boy cannot become a Major General, a Senator and a Presidential nominee, but the lesson of Garfield's life is that the institutions of this country place no obstacles in the way of the poorest lad who toils in the fields or workshop. It is a lesson full of encouragement and cheer. It shows that the country is not wholly given over to the rule of political rings, bosses and conspirators, and that one party at least is still strong enough and wise enough to "pluck from the nettle danger the flower safety," and to select for its leader a man whose worthiness and fitness is his only strength. It shows, too, that in spite of all the changes in our social fabric, brought about by the growth of great corporations and the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands, talent and manliness, unaided by money, can still win their way to the most exalted positions. The Presidency is not yet sold to the highest bidder, nor disposed of by a junta of selfish political schemers.

The Indiana Democracy is enduring great tribulations. English is a bitter dose to a large section of the party, and Landers, the wild-eyed shouter for unlimited greekbacks, who is their candidate for governor, is receiving side digs and back-handed licks from organs that have heretofore been faithful to the party. In order to secure Greenback help in the campaign a bargain was arranged, by the terms of which the Democrats were to support De La Matyr for Congress in return for help elsewhere from the Greenback party; but the negotiations have fallen through, a straight-out Democratic nomination has been made in De La Matyr's district, and in revenge the Greenbackers are now training their guns on Landers. The prospect has become so dubious for the Democracy that there is a good deal of anxious consideration of ways and means. Two plans are being quietly discussed; one is to hold an extra session of the legislature and order a special election for the adoption of the constitutional amendment, transfering the State election to October, thus undoing the profitless partisanship of the State Supreme Court; the other—which meets with more favor—is that Hendricks shall jump into the breach and lead the Indiana Democracy to victory. But Landers believes that Democratic salvation rests in him, and, under the circumstances, Hendricks would only bare his throat to the sacrificial knife by coming forward.

Walking matches all over the country have been the real style; but the "true agony" has been shown in those innumerable matches nightly walked by anxious fathers carrying crying babies. The remedy—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Garfield is again Nominated.

PITTSBURG, PA., July 29.—The Independent People's Labor Convention assembled at Sharon, Pa., yesterday for the purpose of selecting candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. W. H. Taylor, chairman of the national committee, called the convention to order. After a brief address the election for permanent officers was held, resulting in the selection for chairman, B. Smith, of Virginia, and secretary, John L. Jones, of Pittsburg. The Chair appointed J. R. Rogers, of Indiana; N. Venhany, of Connecticuot; R. Sullivan, of Indiana, a committee on credentials. They reported 15 States represented, each State being entitled to 15 votes. On motion of Mr. Jones, of New York, the convention went into nomination. Mr. Taylor, of Cleveland, presented the name of General James A. Garfield, which was seconded by Mr. Perkins, of Ohio. Mr. Jones, of New York, presented the name of General Hancock; seconded by Mr. Johnson, of Iowa. Mr. Linden, of Maine, presented the name of General Weaver. Mr. Spalding, of Iowa, seconded the nomination of Weaver. The ballot was as follows: Colorado, Garfield 8, Hancock 7; Connecticuit, Weaver 5, Garfield 10; Virginia, Hancock 15; Illinois, Garfield 13, Weaver 2; Indiana, Garfield 15; Iowa, Hancock 2, Garfield 13; Michigan, Garfield 12, Hancock 1, Weaver 2; Missouri, Hancock 9, Garfield 6; Maine, Hancock 1, Garfield 2, Weaver 12; New Jersey, Garfield 3, Weaver, 2, Hancock 10; Kentucky, Hancock 12, Garfield 3; Pennsylvania, Garfield 10, Hancock 2, Weaver 3; West Virginia, Hancock 10, Garfield 5; New York, Garfield 10, Hancock 5; Ohio, Garfield 15. The total vote cast was 225, Garfield receiving 25 majority over all. The nomination was then made unanimous. General Arthur was then nominated for vice president by acclamation, after which the convention adjourned, amidst great enthusiasm.

The Supremacy of Civil Law.

[From the Nation.]

We venture to suggest to our esteemed contemporaries who may be in want of subjects of campaign investigation the Milligan case, reported in the fourth volume of Wallace's Supreme Court Reports. Milligan was a "traitor," who was tried by military commission during the war, but within the limits of the State of Indiana, and sentenced to be hanged. That he was a bad man and richly deserved hanging there can be little doubt, but there was a question whether a man could be legally sentenced by a military commission within a jurisdiction in which there were civil courts sitting for trial of crimes and felonies of all kinds. The matter was brought before the Supreme Court at Washington, and many able counsel appeared and made arguments, among others General Garfield, in favor of Milligan. The case attracted much attention at the time, and the decision, which was that habeas corpus ought to issue, was generally regarded as a triumph for civil liberty. It brought to an end all trials by military commissions, and from that time (December, 1866), to this no Democrat has been hanged in the United States except after trial according to all the forms of law and a verdict by a jury. The widespread criminality prevailing among the Democrats made the decision of the utmost consequence to them, and it is singular to reflect that while it was through General Hancock that Mrs. Surratt was hanged, it was partly through the efforts of General Garfield that the practice of hanging Democrats by means of military commissions was brought to an end.

A letter signed "Southern Democrat," and published conspicuously in *The Memphis Avalanche*, contains these approved Southern declarations: "White men who dare to avow themselves here as Republicans should be promptly branded as the bitter and malignant enemies of the South. The name of every Northern man who presumes in this community aspire to office through Republican votes should be saturated with stench. As for the negroes, let them amuse themselves, if they will, by voting the Radical ticket. We have the 'count. We have a thousand good and true men whose brave ballots will be found equal to those of five thousand vile Radicals." This is infamous, but the avowal is honest. The South will do just what is here outlined, and if General Hancock is elected, he will owe his success to men who not only do this dirty work, but who are so hardened as to be rather proud of it.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY A GIRL BABY.

A little pink baby came with the dawn
And opened her eyes and cried:
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what will I do
In this great world so wide?

"I see around me giants tall,
That take me against my will,
And say with scorn: 'Tis only a girl,
There, there, my dear, be still.'

"Be still? I won't! I've a right to cry
At a welcome here like this;
'Tis a shame to treat a baby so—
A baby you ought to kiss.

"I am tired, so tired, I want to rest;
Come, giants, hush your noise;
I begin to feel, in my mother's arms,
I've as good a right as boys.

"And all outside let wild winds blow,
Through the clouds I see the skies;
The light of hope has come to my heart,
Through the blue of my mother's eyes.'

MISS MILDRED'S WARNING.

"There, girls!"

Elfrida Moore held aloft before us a dreadful image. "A house-made ghost," she called it, laughing at the terrific result of her half-hour of sedulous occupation.

It *was* horrible!

We had been reading, that afternoon, about the Princess Amelia, that ill-fated sister of Frederick, King of Prussia.

One thing brought up another. And when an allusion was made to the "Woman with the Broom," who was said to have haunted the Prussian palace, at that time, Elfrida sought a carpet-brush, with a long handle, in the closet at the head of the stairs, and, standing in the outer chamber, alone, began to dress it artistically in a sheet, by way of showing us her own idea of the phantom that troubled the rest of Prussia's Kings.

We girls were alone in the wing chamber, which had been allotted for our occupancy by Miss Mildred Fay, the owner of the lovely farm, and the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, in Western Pennsylvania, where, with our parents, and other friends, we were spending the early vacation months of the opening summer.

One other girl, Elfrida's first cousin, Evelyn Moore, shared the wing chamber with us.

She had now gone to the village, two miles distant, for the evening mail.

And Elfrida, who was somewhat envious of Evelyn's scholarship, social position and good looks, declared that she would leave her "woman with the broom" so near the door of our chamber, and in such a position, that it would inevitably fall against Evelyn, as soon as she entered, to bring our letters.

"She *says* that she is afraid of nothing—that she does not *believe* in ghosts or apparitions," she said to us. "Now let's try her courage. We will hide in the unfinished chamber, outside, where we can hear and see all that passes between her and my phantom."

While we were eying the image from a respectable distance, and feeling half afraid of the hideous face and flaming eyes, which Elfrida had drawn with a few touches of her crayon and a little phosphorus on the white surface of the sheet, a rustling sound and movement in the outer chamber made us all huddle together and strain our eyes fearfully toward its dusky entrance.

We all felt relieved, I think (I own that I did, for one), when our hostess, Miss Mildred, emerged from the gloom and entered our room without pausing to knock.

Elfrida tried to thrust the home-made ghost into a corner, quite out of sight. But it was useless to try and conceal from Miss Mildred's searchingly-comprehensive glance the helpless apparition.

"Which of you girls made this? Why did you make it?" she asked, holding it out at arm's length.

Elfrida told her.

"And please, Miss Mildred, don't tell Evelyn," she said coaxingly. "We only wish to find out whether she is *really* braver about such things than we are. She says she is; and she declared the other evening that the real 'woman with a broom' would not have frightened *her* in the least—if she had seen and heard her sweeping, I mean, in the passages of the royal palace."

"And did you believe her?" asked Miss Mildred, bending her keen, gray eyes on Elfrida's eager face.

"No; I did not," confessed Elfrida.

"Did you?"

Miss Mildred addressed us.

I owned that I had my doubts.

Marian Hurst, with a half-averted, timid look at the dreadful object, that was still held by our hostess, declared that she had no doubt whatever.

"No one could *help* feeling terrified at such a sight coming suddenly upon them," she averred.

"You are none of you without your fair share of common sense," said Miss Mildred. "And you can deliberately plan and aid and abet a deed like this!"

She tossed the image out into the dark, open chamber.

With an angry exclamation, Elfrida was springing after it; but she found herself held back by a strong hand.

"No, girls! That same thing has been done in this very house once before. Wait till I tell you what came of it before you try again to carry it out."

At the thought of hearing a story, Elfrida forgot her momentary anger, and crowded in beside us, near the chair at the window, where Miss Mildred had seated herself.

She looked at us very sadly. The half-light may have deceived me, but I thought then, and I still think, that her keen, gray eyes were full of tears, as she began to speak.

"I did not always live here by myself, girls, in the old homestead," she said. "Five-and-twenty years ago, my dear mother and father were here; and I had a darling brother, one year older than myself, named Oliver, and a sister younger than either of us, who was called Isadore, after the heroine of a story that my mother had read and liked very much, just before her birth.

"I was always tall, and thin, and gaunt, as you see me now, girls. I took after my father. He looked well enough, for a man, mind you. But his features and figure did not suit a girl, and I was always called 'homely' from a child.

"But Oliver was handsome like our mother. He had great blue eyes and curling brown hair, and the brightest color, and the sweetest smile. And Isadore was like him, only far more beautiful. You have seen her portrait down stairs."

"What! that lovely, that angelic child?" cried Elfrida, wonderingly. "I thought that was an artist's ideal picture!"

"It was the image of our Isadore at nine years of age," replied Miss Mildred, trying to cover the sudden break and tremble in her voice by a loud "Hem!"

"And at 16 she was far beyond that painting for beauty," continued Miss Mildred. "Strangers used to stop in the street to look at her, and to inquire who she was. But she appeared to know nothing and care nothing about her wonderful good looks. She was good and gentle, and always amiable, without the least apparent sign of vanity.

"'Ripe for heaven,' our good old minister used to say. I wish she might have gone there then!" said Miss Mildred, with a stifled groan.

"She did not die then!" exclaimed Elfrida. "I was so afraid you were going to tell us of her death."

"She did not die, God help her!" replied Miss Mildred, with a sigh so deep and sad that it was almost a groan. "Here in this very wing-chamber, my brother Oliver thought of it," she said, after a long pause. "Here he called me to help him decide how to carry out the plan. You see, girls, Isadore was like your friend Evelyn—she possessed great courage. She seemed to have no fear of any thing on earth. Oliver knew this; so did I. And neither of us expected any thing more than a hearty laugh at her expense, or at our own, when the evening frolic ended.

"It was Hallow Eve. Isadore and her dearest friend, a Miss Nancy Bruce (who lived then at the farm just below this one), had agreed to try fate with 'spells,' on that evening. They 'dared' each other to one thing and another, and finally Isadore pledged herself to go into the lonely old north rooms, with a candle, at nine o'clock that evening, and eat an apple before Grandmamma Thorne's great mirror that had been stored away there for safe-keeping for fifty years or more.

"You see, girls, the idea was, that her future husband's face was to appear to her, looking over her shoulders, in that mirror, as she stood before it, eating her apple.

"Well, Oliver overheard the girls planning this that afternoon, and he told me. And, as I said before, I helped him, here in this very room, that evening, while he disguised himself in a long white dress, and painted his face all over a deathly white, with heavy, frowning black eye-brows that met, forming a black arch across his forehead.

"It changed him terribly, and he looked so like a corpse in that shroud-like dress, that I was half-scared myself at him. But neither of us thought of *Isadore* being frightened.

"And so we stole into the north room, and contrived to get the mirror out of its frame. Oliver put his face into the vacant space. I hung a drapery around it, and charged him to keep perfectly still, and then stole away to watch for Isadore in the hall.

"In a few minutes she came down the stairs, with her candle and apple in her hands. She was smiling roguishly to herself as she opened the door of the north room and went in."

"And what happened?" asked Elfrida, eagerly, as Miss Mildred paused.

"Where was your mother? How could she let Isadore go into that dreadful room?" breathed Marian Hurst.

"Father and mother were both staying with a sick neighbor as watchers that night," said Miss Mildred; "and I watched and waited, in the outer hall, till Nancy Bruce came, crying, down stairs, to tell some one what they had planned to do, because she thought something awful had happened to keep Isadore so long in the north room.

"When Nancy saw me she caught hold of me and dragged me with her to the door of the north room. We went in. The candle was burning on the table. The apple had fallen to the floor. Beside it my brother Oliver was lying senseless, in a fit. His face looked like white fire, in the half-darkness. The poor foolish boy had rubbed phosphorus all over it, after I left him, to make it look still more ghastly and ghost-like.

"And Isadore—where was Isadore?" cried Marian Hurst, beginning to shiver with nervous dread.

"We found her huddled down in a heap in a distant corner, with her face turned to the wall. She knew no one. Oliver told us, long afterward, that she stood gazing at him in silence so long that he advanced his face toward her, through the mirror, meaning to play to offer her a kiss.

"The light, the life, the intelligence, all went out of her own face at that moment," he said. "She fled and crouched down in the corner; and he, believing that he had fatally injured her, fell fainting to the floor."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Elfrida. "Where is he now, Miss Mildred?"

"In heaven, I hope! He was one of our first volunteers from this town, and one of the first officers who was killed in the last war. They told me that he exposed his life in leading his men into action. I did not mourn for him, girls; I knew *how glad* he was to go. Our parents died heart-broken, one year from that fatal Hallowe'en."

"But, Isadore—where is she?" asked Elfrida, half fearfully.

"At the State Lunatic Asylum. At first, she seemed only idiotic, and I kept her at home, devoting my life to her, as some small return for the wrong that I had helped to work. But now she is a raging, raving, dangerous maniac! Oh, girls, there is nothing left now of the beautiful child, or of the lovely girl! It was all our fault!" said poor Miss Mildred, bursting into tears and hurrying out of the room.

Elfrida's eyes were wet, like ours, as she brought back and silently demolished the fearful "woman with a broom." And Evelyn Moore, returning an hour later with the letters, never knew why we girls greeted her so kindly and so lovingly upon that particular night.

—There are unhappy people who feel continually as if something is about to happen.

FEMININE FANCIES.

The Philadelphia *Mirror* thinks that the bathing-dress of 1880 is a good thing for some other fellow's sister to wear.

A Langtry hood looks easy enough to make, but woe betide the woman who tries to fashion it by folding an oblong piece of stuff together and hollowing it out in the neck! Every body will laugh at her, and her dreams of being followed by a murmur of "How stylish!" as she walks along will not be fulfilled.

Very little sunshades are prophesied in Paris. They are better as a protection for the face than the large umbrellas, for they have handles so short that they are necessarily held quite close to the countenance. When they come in fashion here the sensible woman will buy a dozen sun umbrellas for nothing, and be cool and happy for years.

These are a few of the ways in which English women use natural flowers: They make aprons of pink and white peonies and wear them with white gowns; drape pink satin with geraniums arranged in trellises; fringe blue satin with red and white double fuchsias, and place pockets of double narcissus on jersey tunics. The countess of Bective seems most ingenious in devising these decorations.

What refreshing young women are those who wear the gowns that appear in English advertisements! In one a wide-eyed damsel, slender, low-browed, with a neck like a column of ivory, stands in the opening between two curtains with a deep embroidered border, half raises one with her graceful arm, and turns to show her star-dotted gown falling stright to her feet, and looting wofully like her night gear, in spite of its slanting girdle and the big Porte fan that lies against it, drooping idly from the maiden's hand. In another picture is a long robe of black velvet with sleeves flecked with white, and inside of it is a girl who kneels in a deep window and looks out from the casement with a simply overpowering background of curtain for encouragement.

Mrs. Lynn Linton draws this little picture by way of illustrating the phrase "bad style:" "That bad style, moreover, was a thing so subtle that it could scarcely be explained. The girl was dressed as it would seem by the description unexceptionably; and yet the sum total was failure. Her gray merino was made with the profusion of flounces and trimmings dear to second-rate fashion, and trimmed largely with mock lace of a common kind and pattern. Round her neck she wore a blue tie—Bernard's locket slung on to a long streamer of blue ribbon of a lighter shade than her tie—and a row of white satin-stone beads with a cross depending. Her golden hair was dressed in multitudinous puffs and braids—a wonderful structure, through which were visible unsightly tracts of greenish-colored frizettes, rather destructive of the effect sought to be produced; her hat was an audacious but very picturesque Rubens, with a long white feather, a red rose, a mother-of-pearl buckle, and a skeletonized kind of aigrette as the artistic ornaments among the black lace and velvet with which it was trimmed; and her gloves were dark green, single-buttoned."

One of the summer fashions, as described by Clara Belle in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is a new laugh, which goes like this: "Te-he, te-he! ha, ha, ha! Oh-h-h-h-ha, ha, ha!" The directions are as follows: "A low and sly beginning is made with the 'te-he,' as though mirth was struggling inside to break out through maidenly reserve, and the mouth is kept tight closed, wile the eyes are opened wide, thus giving an expression of mingled demureness and mischievousness. Then follows the 'Ha-ha-ha,' higher and louder, with a parting of the lips to show the teeth, if they be white and regular. The 'Oh-h-h' comes next in a tone of surprise, reproof, or artless gayety, according to the nature of the thing laughed at, and the voice rises into a pretty little scream. The ensuing pause covers a sudden sense of the impropriety of making so much noise, the eyes are cast down, and a blush can in most instances be produced by holding the breath, with the lungs very fully inflated. The final 'Ha-ha-ha' is given as a crescendo, spiritedly, and without any show of restraint, like the outbursting hilarity of an unconventional milkmaid. This novelty in laughs is heard everywhere in the metropolis, and is sure to become popular at the summer resorts. With a little alteration it can be made to fit any mouth."

A Quaint French Town.

Dijon is celebrated for three manufactures—its pills, its mustard and its gingerbread; and the history of each is curious in the extreme. We will take the pills first. Without doubt the people who take most pills will be the first to make them wholesale, and the consumption of machine-made pills throughout the length and breadth of France is enormous. It was a happy thought of a successful French pill-maker, who, with the best intentions in the world, could hardly satisfy his customers, to have recourse to machinery. It must have flashed upon him like lightning that the clumsiest machine might turn off three times as many pills in a day as the most dexterous fingers, and now the process is so exact that some hundreds of thousands of pills are fabricated daily on the premises of the original inventor. This gentleman, Thevenot, a chemist of Dijon, gained a large fortune by his manufactory, and it is satisfactory to learn that his descendants are doing as prosperous a trade as himself. The hardness of the times in no degree affects the sale of pills. People will have their pet luxury at any cost, and so while they are ready to give up their horses and carriages and toilets, they retain their pill. I had the opportunity of conversing with several manufacturers in different branches of trade whilst at Dijon, and all complained of the slackness in trade. Only the fortunate fabricator of pills showed a cheerful countenance. Tar, chloroform, camphor, castor oil, oil of eucalyptus, are amongst the favorite ingredients. The process of pill-making by machinery is extremely rapid and neat. Thin layers, composed of gum, sugar and gelatine, are spread out in small pieces; the desired oil is then spread on the under layer, just as we put jam in a layer of paste; a second put on, the whole adhering like thin-covered pastry. This is now placed between two iron plates indented with little holes the size of the pill, two turns are given to it in what may be called a baking oven and out come the pills, each separating itself from its envelope, smooth, compact and hard as shot. In fact, they are like mince-pies in miniature. Any essence indissoluble in water can be manufactured into pills, and, of course, the economy upon hand labor is very great. The celebrated Dijon mustard is even more worthy of note as a manufacture. Its peculiar quality is a certain piquancy not found in any other mustard, of which there are deservedly celebrated manufacturers in several other places. The Dijon mustard is always sown on cleared charcoal beds in the neighboring forests, spaces difficult to utilize in any other way, as the young plants of green peas, potatoes, French beans and the like would inevitably be devoured by the rabbits, wild boars and other animals, who will on no account touch the mustard plant. The soil gives one peculiar flavor to the mustard; another is differently to be accounted for. The mustard when in powder is mixed with the juice of a new wine, lending that pleasant acidity with which we are familiar. But in order to obtain precisely the same degree of acidity, it is necessary that the grape be always in precisely the same state of unripeness, a degree more or less making all the difference. Amateurs of this celebrated condiment, of which the consumption is enormous in France and elsewhere, will like to have these few particulars concerning it. We next come to the no less famous Dijon gingerbread, or pain d'epice, of which most travelers carry a sample home for their little friends. The nonnettes, as these cakes are generally called, figure constantly on French dinner-tables with the dessert, but few people, perhaps, suspect their origin. The pain d'epice is made of honey, rye flour and spice, no treacle entering into its composition, as in our own gingerbread. But honey possesses, as we all know, besides its agreeable sweetness, a medicinal quality, rendering the pain d'epice as useful as it is ornamental on the family table. Its inventors were, oddly enough, neither bakers nor cooks, but the former grand seigneurs of Burgundy. These seigneurs set the example of curing disorders of frequent occurrence by means of palatable cakes; the bourgeoisie and, in their turn, the peasants followed their example. Huge bakeries of the pain d'epice were set up at Dijon. The bakers made large fortunes, and to this day it is as flourishing a trade as any in Dijon, seven large manufactories now existing there.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

The Tragic Ending of a Long Domestic Quarrel.

Abram Bills, of Parkinsville, Steuben County, N. Y., married his cousin, Catharine Bills, twenty-five years ago. He was a well-to-do farmer. Seven children were born to him. Then his wife's mother came from Germany and lived near them. Soon afterward trouble arose between Bills and his wife. She charged him with ill-treating her. She left him and prosecuted him for assault. Nothing was proved against Bills and he was acquitted. He and his wife became reconciled and lived together again. Soon afterward Bills' barn and other outbuildings were destroyed by fire. Mrs. Bills again left her husband. Her mother made a charge of assault against him. He was acquitted. His wife then declared that he had set fire to his own barn to get the insurance. She had him indicted. He was tried and honorably acquitted, not a particle of evidence being found against him. Mrs. Bills then began proceedings for limited divorce, to permit her to live apart from her husband, but compelling him to support her. She asked for the divorce on the ground of brutal and inhuman treatment. She could not establish her charge, and the divorce was not granted. Bills, however, was ruined by the costs of the persistent litigation that his wife and her mother carried on against him. He took all of his children but one and emigrated to Colorado to escape the persecutions of the wife and mother-in-law. This was seven years ago. He kept his whereabouts a secret. About a year ago Mrs. Bills found out by accident where he was living. She and her mother removed to Colorado, and took up their quarters near Bills' farm. He learned that they were near him, and feared that they intended to set his children against him. He went to their house. His wife was at dinner, with her mother and the son who had remained with her. Bills drew a revolver and shot his wife dead. He then shot himself. He lived long enough to write a letter to his father, who lives in Steuben County, giving the details of the tragedy. He justified himself for his act. Bills begged his father, who is a farmer in good circumstances, to leave any money or property that might have been his after his father's death to his four youngest children. Old Mr. Bills will take measures at once to have the children brought East.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Shingling Churches with Gold.

The Russian Government wastes millions of gold by spreading it on buildings, not only by the square yard, but by the square mile; and only lately it has been trying to borrow more money. This extravagance is noticed in some comments by a contemporary:

The report of Russia's wish to negotiate a new loan, and the undoubted fact of her paper ruble being now worth only fifty cents instead of seventy-five, suggests some curious ideas in connection with the magnificent church now being completed in Moscow, with a thick plating of gold on its dome and cross. This fashion of gilding church towers is universal in Russia, and it has been calculated that enough gold is thus lying idle to pay off the national debt. The Isaac Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, has a plating of gold three-quarters of an inch thick over the whole of a dome as large as that of St. Paul's, in London. The church of Our Lady of Kozen has a massive altar furniture of solid silver. During the great fire of Moscow, in 1812, the molten gold and silver were seen flowing like water from the burning churches; and the new addition to them which is about to be consecrated represents an outlay of fully fifteen million dollars.

Religious.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

Save to the fold the Shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day.
And thus my darlings come to me,
At last grown tired of their play;
And while the twilight shadows fall
O'er hill and meadow from above,
I draw my little lambkins safe
Within the fold of home and love.

O drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
O nodding heads! I understand;
'Tis time two little travelers start,
With mother's aid, for "slumber-land,"
So fold the dresses snug away,
And free the restless dainty feet
From shoe and stocking. Thus at last,
My little lambs, refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white, before me kneel
With folded hands. O Father, Thou
Who art the Shepherd of Thy flock,
Bow down Thine ear and listen now
To each low, childish prayer that these,
My children, offer up to Thee.
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so through all the silent hours
Which lie between the night and day,
They shall not fear, since from the fold
Thy love will drive all foes away.
Sleep, little ones, oh, sweetly sleep,
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;
And safe from slumber-land you come
Back to your mother's knee at last.
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 25—The Covenant with Noah.....Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

By virtue of its age and value and previous associations, this little prayer has become a classic. It must be very ancient, for who can tell when or by whom it was written? Thousands, from the silver-haired pilgrime to the lisping infant, sink to nightly slumber murmuring the simple petition. It has trembled on the lips of the dying. One instance was that of an old saint of eighty-six years, whose mind had so failed that he could not recognize his own daughter. "Very touching (says the relator) was the scene one night after retiring, as he called his daughter as if she were his mother, saying, like a little child, 'Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep.' She came near. He clasped his white, withered hands, and reverently said:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;'

then quietly fell asleep and woke in Heaven."

A distinguished Judge, who many years ago died in New York in extreme old age, said that his mother had taught the stanza to him in infancy, and that he never omitted it at night. John Quincy Adams made a similar assertion; and an old sea Captain declared that, even before he became a decided Christian, he never forgot it on turning in at night. An eminent Bishop, in addressing a Sunday-school, said that every night since his mother taught it to him when a babe at her knee he was accustomed to repeat it on retiring.

There is an *addendum* (by whom unknown) which brings in the Intercessor, giving a distinctively Christian tone to the lines:

"And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

From another unknown source is a companion prayer for morning, which may be welcome to some of your readers:

"Now I wake me out of sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before the eve,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul receive,
That I may with my Savior live. Amen."

—*Augusta B. Garrett, in Churchman.*

The Christianity of Every-Day Speech.

Those who have undertaken to lead Christian lives, and who are known to the world as having made confession of duties and obligations of high and unchanging character, are in constant danger of permitting themselves to forget the true nature of their obligations, and of being more or less influenced by the purposes and the sentiments of those who are not Christians at all. He who would constantly rise higher in the performance of Christian duty must constantly struggle so to rise; for in the Christian life there is rightly no such thing as stagnation or subsidence. When we are not positively and aggressively seeking to do right, and to be worthy of the Name we have named, we may be sure that our non-action will result in a practical acceptance of principles of thought and life which have been framed by the enemies of true religion. In our work and our play, our thought and our speech, and all the conduct of our daily lives, it cannot be doubted that, when we cease to shape our doings in obedience to our sense of what is right and wrong in the Christian sense, we fall at once to the level of those whose principles of living are essentially worldly and unchristian. It is hard to climb; it is easy to let go; and so it is that too many Christians practically throw the influence of their lives, or of a very large part of their lives, into the worldly and material side of the balance, and so destroy when it is their duty to upbuild, and follow the broad way of popular usage rather than the narrow one of individual duty.

Take, for instance, but one line of obligation—that of not conforming to low and unspiritual standards of speech. Are we always as careful as we ought to be in what we *say* about the religion we claim to believe? Do we always speak of it as a true and holy thing, about whose verity we have no doubt? Do we talk reverently of its Bible, its sacraments and other offices, its serving ministers, its gatherings and its places of worship? The non-Christian world has its own vocabulary of speech concerning all these things; do we ever adopt parts of that vocabulary as expressive of our own feelings, or, at any rate, of the feelings which, in our cowardly moments, we affect to have? We may be sure that there are plenty of people who are ready, and more than willing, to treasure up what we may lightly say of things which we profess to hold dear, and to try to justify the coldness and selfishness of their own unbelief by any lack of warmth or positiveness in our own expressions concerning the highest themes and the noblest duties. If by our daily speech we seem to express the conclusion that religion is a trivial and unimportant matter, that its creeds are outworn, its ministry an excrescence of bygone superstition, and its membership hypocritical and hollow-hearted, how is any body to know that in our heart of hearts we hold any higher view? If the world finds us willing to accept its standards and its utterances when we are on the street, what right have we to ask that it give us credit for any firmer faith or any devouter spiritual frame in our closets? We are measured, and we ought to be measured, by what we say, and by the manner in which our words are spoken. If our language in weaker hours, when consorting with the worldly-minded and unspiritual, betrays our higher purpose and our more trustful faith, we have no right to complain if we are ranked with unbelievers and with enemies of the cause which we pretend to follow. "He who is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." There is altogether too much scattering abroad by means of the worldly words which we seek to embody in Christian speech.

In order to refuse thus to adopt a lower scale of speech and action than that which we are bounden to hold, it is by no means necessary to adopt a "strait-laced" mode of conduct, or to fall into Pharisaic or monastic habits of seclusion, or to become morbidly sensitive concerning the relations between "the church and the world." Not by such means shall we rise toward the ideal Christian life, but by testing our thoughts, words and deeds by the simple question whether their true source is a constant desire to think, speak and act as in Christ's name, or whether they spring from no nobler purpose than a shifting desire to get along as easily as may be, by following the general current.—*S. S. Times.*

"Beareth All Things."

There are only a few who possess enough of the grace of charity to "bear all things." Occasionally we see one of this class, but like the "diamonds of Golconda," they are very rare, and not easily found.

We understand the term "beareth all things" as meaning those who possess so much of the Christ spirit that "nothing shall offend them" or turn them a moment from the path of duty. While others fret and mourn over the opposition and trial that meet them and stop in their spiritual journey—these keep onward in the narrow way, never halting or turning back. If others revile at them, they "revile not again," and still wear the same bright faces that ever beam with the light of eternal love. If human nature is ever perfectly subdued by grace it is exhibited by those who "bear all things" and "endure all things."

If there are any that "live above the clouds" upon whose lives eternal sunlight ever falls they are these. If there are any who ever live in the bright spring time of "eternal youth" there are these who possess so much of the greatest grace that they bear and endure all things for the Master's sake. For His sake, this is the great secret of a holy life. None can ever fail of becoming like Christ, who walk in the path of duty for His sake. All can learn to bear and endure, to hope and believe, when living a holy life for His sake. —*Mrs. M. A. Holt, in Baptist Weekly.*

Wise Sayings.

Heaven will pay for any loss we may suffer to gain it; but nothing can pay for the loss of Heaven.—*R. Baxter.*

If in a dark business we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of His providence, it is good to follow the light close lest we lose it by lagging behind.

We do not need to see wickedness around us to know that we are sinners. A man's conscience tells him that; and if everybody else were good, the man would feel his sins all the more.—*Golden Rule.*

We utterly mistake in our culture when we make our religion unamiable or our unamiableness undevout. The majestic and the lowly, the solemn and the gay, are to meet in humanity—to meet and mutually to relieve, soften, and to exalt each other.—*Dewey.*

The readiest way for a mediocre man to gain notoriety is for him to proclaim himself an infidel and attack the Bible. His blows may be as feeble as a hen's pecking, but they are sure to attract notice, because of the holy and tender regard in which what he assails is held by the noblest part of the race.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Self-love leads us to do certain things because we choose them for ourselves, although we would not do them at another's bidding, or from mere obedience. If things are our own originating we like them, but not when they come through other people. Self is forever seeking self, self-will and self-love; but if we were perfect in the love of God we should prefer to obey, because in obedience there is more of God and less of self.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Indestructibility of Muller.

This is capable of ready demonstration by preparing a couple of glass tubes of equal weight, each being filled with pure oxygen and containing a few particles of carbon, free from appreciable amount of ash; that prepared from the fine loaf sugar gives very good results. The tubes are of precisely equal weight, and are hermetically sealedy. By heating one of them the charcoal is caused to burn, and ultimately to disappear; the tube and contents, however, is of course found still to balance the other tube (which has not been heated) being of precisely the same weight as it was at first.—*Scientific American.*

Flirting fans is the new name given to fans shaped like a flower petal, and decorated with a group of flowers, or in the form of a heart with a blossom painted on them. A Spanish girl with a plain black fan will do more execution in five minutes than an American in five hours with one of these aids to flirtation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

(THE POSTMAN.)

THERE'S a little man in gray,
That many a time a day
Passes both up and down our quiet street;
He stops at every door—
The rich man's and the poor—
Then hurries on with quick unresting feet.

He does not care to speak
To men whom he must seek;
He never heeds how anxiously they wait;
He sees no watching eyes,
No looks of soft surprise;
Onward he goes like some calm careless Fate.

Within his hand he bears
A thousand hopes and cares,
Sealed tokens for the young, the old, the gay;
No word of Czar or King
Can half such changes bring;
No one is watched for like the man in gray.

The merchant risking gold
In ventures manifold;
The lover pining for his lady's grace;
Parents that fondly pray
For children far away;
The statesman plotting for some power or place;

The brave men fighting hard
For some well-earned reward,
And timid youths that only watch for bread—
All men, where'er they stay,
Watch for the man in gray,
And hear with beating hearts his rapid tread.

Be calm and cheerful all,
And do not fear his call;
Good fortune comes as easily as ill.
The little man in gray,
Though he call every day,
Can only bring whatever is God's will.

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

INTERPOSITIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

I.—LUPIRY.

IF I was you, Lupiry, I would n't try to do nothin' with it, bein' it's green—besides bein' a terrible scant pattern to make a genteel dress out of, and yaller and streaked in places. Green is terrible unlucky and no mistake. I was merried in green myself, and look at the run of luck I've had!" And Mrs. Smallidge, a doleful widow who "cut and basted" for all the female population of Rumney Four Corners, rolled her eyes upward as if calling upon heaven to bear witness to the woes that the green wedding-dress had drawn upon her head.

"I told Lupiry 't 'was a temptin' of Providence to hev a green dress, but she seems set upon it. Young folks has to learn by experience," remarked Lupiry's mother, who was also a widow and doleful. "And the poor child won't hev much, and Luke bein' app'inted to a city church where I expect they 're middlin' genteel she'd ought to make the most of what she's got. She's a master hand to calkilate, Lupiry is—takes after the Hopkins—but when she went up garret and fetched down Granny Hopkins' old green silk I was beat, for it's seventy years old if it's a minute."

Meanwhile Lupiry, a buxom damsel with the reddest of cheeks and the bluest of eyes, a "tip-tilted" nose and a prim little mouth which contradicted it, was holding Granny Hopkins' seventy-years-old green silk up to the light with her brow contracted into an anxious frown.

"I did n't want it for a wedding-dress. I am going to turn my turkeys and buy mo a lilac silk. Luke likes lilac. But I did hope this would do for something."

"They must be terrible worldly, for Methodists, down to Luke's church, if they expect the minister's wife to hev two silk dresses," said Lupiry's mother. "There's Mis' Elder Bemus, the relic' of a Presidin' Elder, she never had but one, and she's wore that every communion Sunday for nigh upon forty years, to say nothin' of love feasts and conferences, and it ain't wore out yet. And here's Lupiry wantin' to start out with two."

"I suppose I shall have to get along with only the lilac silk, but I do wish I could manage to squeeze a black cashmere out of my turkey money!"

"A black cashmere would be sweet pretty," said the dressmaker, "and laylock is a real genteel color and makes up pretty for a minister's wife, bein' kinder subdued; and silks is reasonable now, they say. I do hope you'll hev good luck with your turkeys, Lupiry. You'd ought to, you've took such care of 'em—and turkeys is dretful tender fowls. If Abner Ransom is a goin' to kerry 'em to market for you you'll be sure to get all they're wuth, for Abner is terrible sharp at a bargain. He was the one that made Elder Skilton take off so much for every rainy Sunday when he hadn't preached to but few folks. The Elder he was godly-given and didn't want no fuss so he done it, but some folks thought t'was mean. Bein' Abner hain't got no turkeys of his own to sell, I guess you'll get a good price for yourn. If you're agoin' to be merried in threo wecks there ain't no time to lose, and I'll be over early Friday mornin' to cut your laylock silk."

"I tell Lupiry I hope she ain't got her mind too much set upon vanities," said Lupiry's mother. "Merryin' is a terrible solum and responserble thing, pertikerly merryin' a minister."

"That is true, Sister Hopkins, and I do hope, as you say, that Lupiry's got a realizia' sense. Ministers is apt to be hearty and pertikler about their victuals. And the minister's family is expected to be given to hospertalerty, and the conference brethring do lot on somethin' more'n common in the way of victuals. And then the minister's wife, bein' looked to for an example, had ought to be industrious and savin'. There ain't no denyin' that Mis' Elder Bemus' keepin' a hired girl hendered her usefulness, if she did have eight children, and the nueralgy dretful, and the Elder always kinder sickly too. There's a sight more responserbilerty comes on the minister's wife if he is sickly. And, come to think of it, what a terrible great Adam's apple Luke Rankins has got, ain't he? Makes me think of Silas Spencer, that preacher over to Enfield when I was a girl and died of consumption before he was thirty. A man with an Adam's apple is terrible apt to have consumption, they say."

"I'm afraid Lupiry ain't got the gift for speakin' and prayin' in meetin' that she ought to hev," said Lupiry's mother, with a mournful shake of the head.

"A Methodist minister's wife had ought to hev them gifts as much as the minister himself. And as Mis' Elder Bemus used to say, she's got 'to know how to make her pie-crust short without no shortenin', and never offend nobody'. But don't you be discouraged, Lupiry! It ain't every girl that can get a minister, especially when girls is plenty and men is scarce, as they be now."

And with another assurance that she would be over bright and early Friday morning to cut the laylock silk, the dressmaker took her departure.

Lupiry did feel a little discouraged. Speaking in meeting and cooking up for the conference brethren were duties pertaining to her future lot upon which she had not cared to meditate deeply.

Just then Seth Jones, the dapper, curly-headed clerk in the village store, drove by, looking eagerly up at all the windows. Lupiry drew back, blushing.

"I do declare, I wish Seth was Luke or Luke was Seth, or—something!"

That was only a murmur in the depths of Lupira's inner consciousness, but she shuddered at her wickedness the next minute, and thought she must be "falling from grace."

It was such a "privilege" to be a minister's wife, her mother said.

Then she resolutely hanished from her mind the prayer-meetings and the conference brethren, and all the unpleasant aspects of the position which had been conjured up by Mrs. Smallidge's lively imagination, and reflected upon the agreeable ones—the lilac silk, the envy of the girls who had not been able to "get a minister," the "gentility" of the city church, and Luke always at hand to tell her how pretty she was. So she became cheerful again, and set her mind at work upon a mathematical problem which she had not failed to calculate at least once a day ever since Cleopatra, the great black turkey, hatched her wonderful brood of fifteen lusty young turkeys, so many turkeys at so much each, so many yards of silk at so much per yard.

Every day Lupiry's calculations grew more cheerful. So many more pounds of turkey, so many more yards of silk. If there was any thing that Lupiry hated it was "a scant pattern." Scant patterns of the good things of life were so common in her experience! Now, on the eve of the fateful day when Abner Ransom was to sell the turkeys, Lupiry calculated that there might even be a little money left for gloves and trimmings. Laces and ribbons floated before her eyes in dreams all night, and at the first peep of dawn she arose and hurried down to the poultry yard. The whole fifteen turkeys were to be slain and prepared for market before eight o'clock, and Lupiry wished to see them once more in life. Not that she had become attached to them, or felt any pity for their sad fate in being martyred for her gain—Lupiry kept too close an account of profit and loss to leave any margin for sentiment—but she wanted to assure herself once more that they were fat and well favored.

Poor Lupiry! She was only one of the innumerable company who, following in the footsteps of the far-famed milkmaid, reckon up the profits of their eggs before they get them to market, and are often destined to bitter disappointment. There lay the whole fifteen and Cleopatra, their mother, stark and stiff on the ground. They were not decapitated nor had their necks been wrung. Some distemper seemed to have carried them off "at one fell swoop."

Lupiry pinched herself to see if she were awake. It seemed so like an evil dream!

Ichabod came out of the barn door.

"P'isoned, and no mistake, Lupiry!" he remarked cheerfully. (Ichabod was one of the aggravating people who are cheerful under all circumstances.) "It don't seem as if nobody could have been so all-fired mean as to have done it a purpose. I expect they got hold of some of that last medicine of father's that he throwed out of the sett'n-room winder. Taint no use takin' on. 'Accerdents will happen in the best regerlated families.'"

And Ichabod went about the milking, whistling as gayly as if wedding dresses grew on every bush.

Lupiry sat down and cried. Granny Hopkins' green silk had proved too scanty, even if she could have braved the awful perils of wearing green; to be married in her old alpaca, which had been her best dress for more than a year, was not to be thought of. Matrimony without the lilac silk was not alluring to Lupiry. That had seemed to cover as with a mantle the unpleasant duties in store for her of which Mrs. Smallidge had reminded her, but they loomed up fearfully against the background of the old alpaca.

"I shall write to Luke this very day and tell him that we can't be married till spring. He won't like it, but I shouldn't want him to be ashamed of me—though I don't suppose he would notice what I had on, with his head always up in the clouds."

Just then Seth Jones drove by on his way to the store, and looked back so lingeringly that his horse ran into the fence and upset the wagon. Lupiry felt a little flutter of satisfaction at this mark of devotion, and she laughed as merrily at the catastrophe as if her matrimonial plans were not also upset. She wrote to Luke Rankins that day explaining the necessity of postponing their wedding until Spring.

"Luke is terrible eager and impatient," she remarked to her mother, as she read the answer to her letter, which had come after the smallest possible lapse of time. "He wants to buy my wedding dress himself, but I guess I have some pride if I am poor. He says he would rather marry me in my old buff calico than to have the wedding put off. Of course I like to have him think so much of me, but I do wish he cared a little more for appearances. He don't look half so genteel as—as some folks round here, if he does live in the city."

"That's what I call an interpersition of Providence," said Mrs. Smallidge to her crony, Mis' Elder Bemus, when she heard the news. "Lupiry Hopkins ain't more fit to merry a minister than I be to merry the Angel Gabrel. She ain't got no sprawl nor no faculty, and what's a minister's wife without them? Whoever p'isoned them turkeys was adoin' the Lord's work unbeknownst. You see if somethin' else don't happen by spring to keep them apart that the Lord hain't never jined together. Luke Rankins is terrible gawky, but he is smart and I've heard that they thought a sight of him in the city. If Lupiry Hopkins wanted him she'd better a'took him when she could get him without fussin' about a *trousso*, for some of them rich city girls will be settin' their caps for him, and you and I know what men be, Sister Bemus."

II.—LUKE.

He was tall and angular, had stooping shoulders, and wore his hair very long. He had very large bony hands, which he never knew exactly what to do with in society. He never sat down in the presence of others without becoming painfully embarrassed by the length of his legs, and eying them in a calculating way, as if he were trying to devise some plan for curtailing their proportions or getting them out of sight. He had a high and prominent forehead, near-sighted gray eyes peering through scholarly spectacles, a large Roman nose, and a very wide mouth which suggested humor and relieved his face of an oppressive solemnity.

But his congregation declared that in the pulpit, when he got fairly under way and forgot himself, he was neither ugly nor awkward. And not a few of the unmarried young ladies thought his appearance "very interesting."

Miss Una Whitefield, the Bishop's niece, when she met him at the Chinese mission school, thought that his head resembled Guido's head of St. Paul. The low brow and the leonine locks of the St. Paul were certainly not Luke's, but what a dreary and prosaic world would this be if no latitude were allowed to the imagination! Luke, on his part, when he first saw Miss Una, mentally quoted, "Her eyes, like the angels of the Lord, sang 'peace on earth, good will toward men.'" He almost fancied himself blest, like the prophets of old, with an angelic vision. How far puffs of golden hair and a white tulle bonnet will go toward the making of an angel, it is vain to consider, or how often dazzling purity of complexion and heavenly eyes are the masks of impurity and earthliness. It is sufficient that Miss Una Whitefield's angelic aspect was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and what Luke saw in her eyes came from the abundance of her heart.

He felt like sitting at her feet to be taught, rather than joining with her to teach the benighted Ah Sins, Hop Wards and Chin Wangs; and when one of the teachers jocosely congratulated her upon her celestial employment, Luke felt an unregenerate inclination to strangle him. For a man to venture upon such a pun in her presence seemed to him a striking proof of total depravity. How her pupils could regard her with such stolid indifference while she talked to them was a profound mystery to him. He was convinced that if she should utter such soft and persuasive accents to him he should fall down on his knees before her.

The unhappy result of the reverential admiration with which she inspired him was that his hands and legs became more hopelessly unmanageable than ever before, and he clutched so frantically at his long lock of hair that it threatened to come out by the roots. He blushed like a school-boy, and stammered a few commonplaces which seemed so insane as he remembered them that he was almost driven to despair.

It was the very next day after his meeting with Miss Whitefield that he received the letter from Lupiry announcing the decease of the turkeys, and the consequent necessity of postponing their wedding day. The letter seemed to startle Luke—to act as a sort of moral shower-bath. For the space of twenty-four hours he had been unconscious of Lupiry's existence. He drew himself up to his full height and walked across the room several times with long, determined strides.

"I can't have it postponed, not for a day!" he said. "We are far enough apart now; in six months more—"

And he firmly resolved to go no more to the Chinese mission school.

He kept his resolve—for the space of three weeks. During that time he had entreated Lupiry to be married even if it were in her old buff calico, and Lupiry had steadfastly refused. He had then resolved to improve Lupiry's mind in the time that must intervene before their wedding-day, and thus produce some congeniality of taste between them—having a hidden consciousness all the while that pouring water into a sieve would be a more hopeful task.

And Lupiry, reading the improving letters, sighed and wished that Luke's hair curled like Seth Jones'. She had observed that men with long straight hair were always dull and prosy; and the prospect of leading the woman's prayer-meeting and entertaining the conference brethren lay heavy on her soul.

At the end of those three weeks Luke had come to the conclusion that, considering his unusual facility in acquiring languages and the considerable command of the Chinese language which he had already gained, together with the scarcity of laborers in the vineyard, it was his duty to spend his Thursday evenings at the mission school. If temptations beset him there had he not sufficient manhood to resist them, with the divine aid which is never denied to the weak?

At first he decided that his only safety lay in avoiding the angelic vision altogether, and confined his attention strictly to the stolid, almond-eyed Celestials. But before long he became disgusted with his cowardice. Surely her companionship was helpful and elevating; was he so contemptibly weak that he could not enjoy it without being faithless to Lupiry? What an advantage her friendship would be to Lupiry, ignorant and inexperienced as she was. Clearly it was expedient that he and the angelic vision should be friends. How far he had been led toward this conclusion by a reproachful look in the vision's lovely eyes—as one would say "What have I done that you should refuse to be friends with me?"—it is unnecessary to inquire.

Luke did not think of doing so, although he knew that the human heart is deceitful above all things. He did think that Providence had given him an especial call to minister to the Chinese, he had become so absorbingly interested in the language, and had come to regard Chin Wang, who brought home his washing, as a man and brother. But he was also dimly conscious that the feverish longing for Thursday night which he felt in all the intervening week was scarcely to be accounted for by his devotion to "the heathen Chinee," and he never went to the mission school without previously fortifying himself by prayer and by writing one of the long, improving letters to Lupiry.

The Bishop suddenly felt a call to invite him to dinner, and Luke—being compelled by politeness to accept the invitation, of course—saw the angelic vision at the head of a glorified dinner table. What he ate Luke scarcely knew, and he was conscious of talking such drivel that he wondered why the Bishop did not make arrangements for his immediate removal to an asylum for the idiotic. The divinity was calm and self-possessed, and deeply interested in the Chinese question, the condition of the Methodist church in the South, and other grave subjects; but she had a way of slowly raising her long lashes and giving Luke a long look out of her wonderful eyes—which looks, Luke felt, were rapidly reducing him to utter imbecility.

After he went home that night, he added a postscript to his letter telling Lupiry that he needed her aid and companionship, and begging her not to allow such a petty consideration as dress to longer postpone their marriage. If he had not been a man he would have known that to call dress "a petty consideration" was more likely to hopelessly ruffle Lupiry's temper than to lead her to yield to his wish. She replied with considerable asperity that she had "proper pride" if he had n't, but she was going to keep the school at the South Corner, and should have earned money enough by spring to buy herself a decent wedding-dress. Jane Simpson had said that Methodists were never genteel, even in the city, and she would like to know if it was true. Luke groaned, and decided that the improving letters were a failure.

Sam Wa Kee was the most interesting pupil in the mission school. It was not only that, being very small of stature, lame, and possessed of a broken nose, he was easily distinguishable from the others—although that was no small point in his favor, as to a casual observer the others all looked exactly alike, and Luke peered at them through his spectacles in a hopelessly bewildered way, and was continually rebuking Ah Sin for the misdemeanors of Lung Wing, and *vice versa*. But Sam Wa Kee was also bright, wide-awake and as "'cute" as a Yankee. He showed a regard for his teachers which was especially touching in contrast with the stolid indifference of the others, and a discernment of spiritual things which was very encouraging. He was only sixteen, and all alone, the uncle with whom he had come to America having died. He earned a precarious livelihood by doing errands for his fellow-countrymen who were in the laundry business, until he was run over by a frightened horse and seriously injured. He displayed a frantic terror of the hospital, being possessed by the fancy that it was a place where they made people's bones into umbrella handles; and Luke, for whom he sent, at once had him removed to his own lodgings, and took care of him with the greatest devotion until he recovered. Then Miss Whitefield suddenly discovered that a Chinese servant was the one thing necessary to make her uncle's establishment, of which she was the mistress, complete, and at once installed Sam Wa Kee therein as hewer of wood, scourer of knives and kettles, and doer of errands, to his own delight and Luke's as well. For it was clearly the latter's duty to call now and then to see how his *protege* was getting on. And he did call often. Sam Wa Kee was apparently an unfailing source of interest. The friendship throve apace, and Lupiry received short letters instead of the long improving ones, until suddenly Luke's conscience awoke. He tore his hair and clothed himself in sackcloth and ashes, metaphorically speaking, and went and told Una Whitefield that he was engaged to be married to Lupiry Hopkins.

She listened with interest and gentle sympathy, as became her since he was her friend; but, except for a faint flush that came and went, she showed no trace of any emotion.

"She doesn't care! I was a vain idiot to fancy that she would," thought Luke, and was more miserable than before. For several weeks he did not go near the house, and at the mission school he avoided her as much as possible.

One day the Bishop told him that Una had come to a sudden determination to go to China as a missionary. She was to sail from New York in two weeks, with a party of missionaries who were returning from a visit to this country.

"There is work enough for her here—work that she is better fitted for, too, and I told her so," said the Bishop. "You had better come and talk to her, you might have more influence than I," —giving Luke a sly and scrutinizing glance.

Luke firmly resolved to be glad that another messenger had been called to carry the Gospel tidings to heathen lands. He also firmly resolved not to go to see her; and he walked around the square seven times the next day before he rang the door-bell at the Bishop's house. She was surrounded by friends, and he scarcely spoke to her. The next time that he went the same thing happened, but on the evening before she was to leave he lingered behind the others. She was as calm and self-possessed as ever; she even chatted gayly on indifferent subjects, but she would not meet his eyes until, as they were parting, she did at last raise her own—those lovely eyes that sang of "peace on earth, good will toward men" —and he saw that they were drowned in tears; then she snatched her hand from his, and vanished like a flash.

Poor Luke! nothing but true religion kept him from wishing in that moment that Lupiry Hopkins had never been born. He went home and spent the night "wrestling in prayer," and imbibing doses of theology, hot and strong; and he did not trust himself to say farewell to her again, although he could not resist the temptation of watching from a distance the train that bore her away.

Then he went home, "his heart within him like a stone," and found this letter awaiting him from Lupiry:

DEAR LUKE—I do feel awful ashamed to write you this letter, and when I read about men shooting themselves because their girls have jilted them I feel kind of worried, though I don't think you are that kind. And I don't want you to feel broken-hearted, nor think hard of me, for I have tried real hard all winter to help it—I mean to help feeling discouraged about being a minister's wife, and liking Seth Jones. I know its real wicked, and mother thinks I've fallen from grace—though Seth is a professor. He is a partner in the store now, and is able to keep his wife real genteel. Of course I know it ain't so genteel as being a minister's wife, besides being a great privilege. And I want you to pray for me. I want you to remember that there are other girls just as pretty and a good deal better than me, and one of these days you may love one just as well; and I do hope you 'll get a manager, for mother says that is what a minister ought to have.

Your friend, LUPIRY HOPKINS.

P. S.—Seth likes me just as I am, and does n't want me to read books or be elevated. I have got the lilac silk, and it is a beautiful shade, with gloves to match. We are going to be married in May. I did feel awful bad when my turkeys were poisoned so we could n't be married, but Seth says it was providential. I hope you will think so sometime, and not do any thing rash or dreadful, because you are a minister. L. H.

Luke's first sensation was one of happy relief; then came a bitter and unchristian feeling that Providence might have done its work a little earlier! It was maddening that his release should have come just too late. He was tempted to rush after Una, to telegraph, to do a dozen wild and ridiculous things. After forcing himself to deliberate calmly for ten minutes, he went in search of the Bishop, having resolved to open his heart to that worthy man, and see whether he could not devise some plan to prevent the whole earth from being put between him and the desire of his heart.

"Himself is not at home," responded an Irish serving maid to his inquiry for the Bishop. "It's for your riverence that Miss Una's jist after sendin'."

"*Miss Una?* Hasn't she gone?" cried Luke, thinking he must be dreaming.

"She couldn't go—all along of the young haythen! It's tuk sick he is, and scrachin' and scramin' bloody murther whin she'll lave him a minute. Whin she'd thry to go—and her thrunks all packed and the coachman waitin'—he wint purple in the yaller face iv him, the raskill, and his eyes stud out iv his head, and is it scrache he did? Sure they must be afther hearin' him in his own counthry! And it's too late intirely for the thrain now, and Miss Una thought maybe you'd be knowin' what to do for him. He wudn't lave the docther come near him, and the masther gone now for another Chinee to see will he know what's the mather iv him!"

While Bridget discoursed she led the way to Sam Wa Kee's room. He lay on the bed, with his almond eyes uprolled until but little more than the whites were visible, and his hands convulsively clutching Una's dress.

"I am so glad you have come!" said that young lady, a vivid blush leaping into her face. "I thought he was dying, but he seems better now."

A moment's inspection of Sam Wa Kee convinced Luke that he was not dying. The purple color of his face looked astonishingly like purple ink, and a suspicion was instantly aroused in Luke's mind that the "young haythen" had merely feigned illness to prevent Una, to whom he was devotedly attached, from going away, his repeated warnings that she would be boiled alive if she went to China not having produced the desired effect upon her.

Luke requested that he might be left alone with Sam Wa Kee; but he did not forget to thrust Lupiry's letter into Una's hand before she left the room.

When Luke and Sam Wa Kee were alone, that young Celestial sat up and tipped Luke a facetious wink out of the corner of one of his soft and guileless eyes. Whether Luke rebuked him for his deceit, or fell on his neck and embraced him, never transpired.

When he came out and told Una about it she said:

"Sometimes that boy has seemed like a little saint, and to-day he seems like a little fiend. I don't know what to think of him!"

"I'll tell you what I think he is," said Luke; "an interposition of Providence!"

For the first time in the course of their acquaintance the angelic vision's turn had come to be embarrassed. She blushed very red, looked down very hard, and finally hid her face in such a manner that her nose was grazed by Luke's coat buttons.

And Luke was master of the situation.—*Sophie Swett, in Good Company.*

Afloat on the High Seas.

SOME days ago a young telegraph clerk from Otranto, named Salvatore Montinari, was picked up on the high seas, at about an equal distance from the Italian and Dalmatian coasts, by the Russian bark Jenny, Capt. Hallstrom. Montinari, two days before his rescue, had hired a small boat with the intention of enjoying an afternoon's fishing, and had rowed himself out two or three miles, when one of the sudden gales that render Adriatic navigation so perilous arose, and, despite his desperate efforts to reach the shore, soon drove him out of sight of land. For nearly forty-eight hours he struggled against winds and waves and contrived to keep his tiny craft afloat, although he lost an oar early in his involuntary cruise and sustained severe hurts upon his head, right foot, chest and both hands. Toward sunset of the second day, when he had given up all hope of human aid, he espied afar off the smoke arising from a steamer's funnel. By almost superhuman effort he succeeded in approaching the steamer within hailing distance, and piteously implored its captain to take him on board. The latter, addressing him in French, asked him how much he would give to be saved, to which barbarous question Montinari replied: "Five thousand francs." "That is too little," rejoined his inhuman interlocutor, and the steamer proceeded on her way. Eleven hours later he was rescued by the Jenny, however, almost exhausted by fatigue, hunger and loss of blood, and was subsequently put ashore at Ivica, where he communicated the details of his dreadful adventure to the local authorities, and obtained their assistance to effect his return to his duties at Otranto.—*London Telegraph.*

LONDON *Truth* tells of seeing a lady at the theater who sat leaning in an æsthetic and disconsolately crumpled attitude against the side of her stall. Her head, which strongly resembled a disheveled cocoanut, was unkempt; her waist was under her arms, and several strings of blue-green beads threw the yellow of her cheeks and neck into strong relief.

GENERAL.

AFTER living a century, Bridget King, of Cooperstown, N. Y., was burned to death.

A ST. PAUL negro fell off a building thirty feet to the pavement, striking squarely on his head. He was all right in a day or two.

A MAN in a black mask entered St. Xavier's Convent, Providence, R. I., and tried to kiss a pretty nun. She screamed, and help just came in time.

ONE of the natural peculiarities of Nevada is an alkali grass which takes all the hair off of an animal. A horse or cow that runs in it for a month loses every bit of its coat.

BY betting in gloves ladies have a great advantage. If they lose, they pay in one-button pairs; if they win, they are paid in eight to eighteen-button pairs, according to the generosity of the male victim.

A MAN in Chicago makes a living as a searcher for lost things. He goes to places of public resort, such as parks where free concerts have been given, before daylight every morning, looking for accidentally dropped articles.

A BOY sank in a slough at Kearney, Neb., and called piteously for help. His two sisters understood the peril of venturing into the place, and tried to secure the aid of neighbors; but, finding that he was about to go down out of sight, they bravely attempted a rescue, and all were lost.

JOHN HALVEY and Mrs. Anthony, of Albion, Miss., made up their minds to elope. Each had a lawful consort and four children. They decided to take two of the young ones along, and drew lots, the woman winning as to which should make the choice. She took two of her own, of course.

AN authority on horsemanship says that it is folly for a lady to put herself into stays so tight that her figure is not flexible while she is on horseback. A stuffed doll, he says, should never be put on a horse, nor any woman who is not so loosely dressed that she can lace her own boots and put up her own back hair. While the lady is on horseback the circulation of her blood should never be impeded.

HERR HENRY LUSTIG has left a legacy of thirty thousand florins to the City of Vienna, on the condition that the sum should be placed at interest in the National Bank of Austria, and that neither interest nor capital shall be touched until it has accumulated to five millions of florins. It has been calculated that two hundred and thirty years must elapse before the money can be disposed of.

THE census in California indicates an increase of 250,000 in the aggregate population of the State. The population of San Francisco will be brought far below the estimates of the directories. The number of Chinese in that city has also been greatly overestimated. Some of the interior towns, such as Stockton, have receded in population during the decade.

AN insect called neen, of the *cocus* species, has been discovered in the District of Yucatan, Central America, which is capable of producing a species of India rubber. From the bodies of neens an oil exudes which has a high reputation for its curative properties. Exposed to heat it volatilizes, leaving a tough wax, which, when burnt, produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like a solution of India rubber.

THE best engraved portrait ever made of ex-Gov. William Allen, of Ohio, was the one generally used in his last campaign in that State. It was cut on a saw-blade, in the Ohio Penitentiary, by Charles Ulrich, a convict. Ulrich is one of the most skillful engravers in the country, but he has used his ability mainly in the work of counterfeiting. Having plenty of time to spare in prison, he made this picture from a photograph.

THE Treasury Department recently sent out 51,000 interest checks for the four per cent. loan, being the entire amount of checks. One check, which goes to William H. Vanderbilt, represents the interest on one-thirtieth part of the entire funded debt of the United States, and represents one-eleventh part of the registered loan. The other ten-elevenths are held by over 50,000 persons.

AS a sample of the past and present in railroading the following shows how much more perfect is the system in 1880 than that of 1866: In the latter year it took a passenger five days to go from New Orleans to New York, making the nine changes, and many of the changes necessitated a long walk from depot to depot. In 1869 it took four days, with two or three changes; in 1873, three and a half days, one change; in 1878, three days, one change, and now, in 1880, you can go in sixty hours and forty-five minutes, one change. Quite a difference in time, not to mention the difference in comfort also.

REPORTS from Standing Rock concerning the sun-dance held there recently are not creditable to Sioux civilization. One young warrior held out for fifty-six hours, and then fainted. He was hanging all that time by a stick run through the flesh of the back. He gave out before the flesh gave way. He was so grieved over his failure that he tried to butcher himself. The women cut the ears off the papooses and shaved their own nails up to the points of the fingers. This was the first sun-dance at Standing Rock.

A TIMOROUS lady in Providence, who is always looking under the bed for a man, went to the Post-office the other day with a friend to buy some postage stamps. As they stood there one of them noticed a man standing close by, but she didn't think he looked suspicious until afterward. She ordered what stamps she wanted, and, taking her pocket-book from a chatelaine by her side, she paid for them, and stepped to the opposite desk to attach them to letters. In a moment more she went back in a very excited manner and inquired for "that man who stood here." He had gone. "Well," said she, "he has taken my pocket-book and all there is in it," and she pointed ruefully to the open, empty chatelaine. "How much money was in it?" asked the clerk. She was too excited to tell, or for some reason didn't wish to do so. "What's that in your hand?" inquired the clerk. Looking at the hand indicated, she replied, "Oh, my, that's it."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 1880.

A Party of Principles or a Party of Shams?

If there is an honest man in the country, endowed with ordinary intelligence, who can conscientiously cast his vote to place the Democratic party in power, he must be strangely infatuated with the mere name, and not with the principles of his party, and he must be possessed, also, of an abiding faith in any possible leaven of good that it may contain, too strong to be shaken by any amount of duplicity, any number of falsehoods uttered or acted, or false positions taken.

Our Democratic friends have gotten along thus far with the campaign of 1880 without advocating a single solitary reason why the Republican party, which has administered the government well, should be turned out, and their opponents turned in. Their arguments amount to this: General Hancock did his duty to prevent the rebels and Democrats from breaking up the government in 1861, therefore the government ought to be turned over to the Democrats and rebels, with General Hancock as their figure-head, in 1881. Again they reason thus: The Democrats and rebels sought to destroy the government in 1861; they made war on it for four years, costing the country hundreds of thousands of its best lives and thousands of millions of treasure. The Republican party resisted the Democrats and rebels, and eventually succeeded in restoring the Union, which the Democrats now admit was right, and claim that because General Hancock assisted the Republican party in whipping them and restoring the Union, therefore all the Republicans ought to be turned out of office, and the Democrats and rebels put in, with General Hancock as their figure head.

Again, there were before the war, four millions of people in this country held as slaves, deprived of their liberty, and compelled against their will and without wages, to work for other people. The Democrats claimed that this system of labor was a "Divine institution," and must be fostered and perpetuated. The Republicans said it was all wrong, and that slavery could not be tolerated in this country. Now the Democrats admit that the Republicans were right and they were wrong—that slavery was not so "Divine" as they had supposed.

Having liberated the slaves against Democratic protest, both in the field and on the forum, the Republicans said that the freedman must have placed in his hand the ballot, so as to be able to protect himself, that in time he might become indeed a freeman. The Democrats said that this was all wrong—that it was subversive of the constitution; that untold evil would result from it. But the Republicans went on and gave him the ballot nevertheless. Now the Democrats say that the Republicans were right and they were wrong—that "the ballot is the right preservative of all rights," and that therefore the Republicans who conferred the right on the downtrodden and the poor, and insisted that all should have a right to exercise it, ought to be turned out, and the Democrats, who opposed this right, ought to be turned in, in order that they may defend and protect it.

During the rebellion, when the government was sorely pressed for means to prosecute the war, the Republican Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue a certain amount of Legal Tender currency wherewith to pay off the soldiers in the field and to purchase supplies and munitions of war. The Democrats said this was wrong—it was unconstitutional and they opposed it. The Republicans went on, however, in spite of Democratic opposition—a way they had of doing things—and issued the Greenbacks; and when the war was over, the Republican administration began to shape its policy looking to the redemption of the greenbacks, as it had given out at first, and even printed on the face of the notes a promise to redeem. But now the Democrats came forward and said they had been wrong at first and the Republicans had been right, but that the Republicans were now wrong and they were right, for although they had contended that greenbacks were unconstitutional and ought not to be issued in time of war, yet now that the war was over, the country should have no other sort of money; that notwithstanding the faith of the Nation was pledged to their redemption the National bonds and every species of debt should be paid in depreciated greenbacks. But the Republican party had never abandoned a cause, forsaken a principle or broken a pledge. They had made their mark high, and under the most favorable circumstances the task was a most difficult one. The Democratic party had inculcated her financial heresies so successfully that every foul bird came from abroad and took shelter under her banner. The strain was fearful, the effort was herculean, but in spite of Democratic opposition, in spite of that other fledgling, Greenbackism, in spite of the two combined, in spite of the hard times, brought about, chiefly, by Democratic pig-headedness and treachery, the Republican party made resumption an accomplished fact; and now the country is on the high tide of prosperity, such as her history has never known before. And now again the Democrats come forward and say that the Republicans were right and they were wrong, and that because the Republicans surmounted almost insuperable difficulties, the chief of which was the Democratic party, and made the country prosperous in spite of them, therefore, the Republicans who have done so well ought to be turned out and the Democrats turned in, who, by their own acknowledgement have had the strange fatality of getting on the wrong side of every prominent issue in the last 20 years.

Is it merely a long catalogue of coincidents, or is the Democratic party a public enemy—a standing threat to the peace, the prosperity, the perpetuity of the Union? They acknowledge biennially that they have been wrong and the Republicans right by shifting their position and trying to hedge in on Republican ground and by adopting more or less of the principles of the Republican party. Do they do this because they have been converted to Republican doctrines, or are they ready to sacrifice principle for the sake of office? Is the Democratic party a party of principles or a party of shams? An honest man will support an honest party. Can an honest man support the Democratic party? "That is the question."

The Letters of Acceptance.

The daily papers of last Saturday contain the letters of acceptance of Hancock and English. General Hancock accepts the doctrines of the Cincinnati Platform as those he has cherished in the past, and will maintain in the future. He does not enunciate a declaration of principles of his own as did McClellan, but he takes ground in advance of his party, conforming more nearly to the principles of the party that conquered the rebellion. He does not imitate the lofty patriotism of McClellan and say with him: "I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain," but he says "the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable." It will be remembered that the Democratic platform of 1868 denounced the Reconstruction acts as "usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void." It will also be remembered that General Hancock was prominently before the Democratic National Convention of that year as a candidate, but failed to secure the nomination. Afterwards he wrote a letter in which occur the following passages: "Those who suppose I do not acquiesce in the work of the Democratic National Convention, or that I do not sincerely desire the election of its nominees know very little of my character." "Were I to hesitate in its candid support I feel I should not only falsify my own record, but commit a crime against my country."

Then he vehemently declared the principles embodied in the Democratic platform of 1868 to be his own. Now he declares the Reconstruction Acts as embodied in the Constitutional amendments to be "inviolable." He evidently appreciates the necessity of convincing the people that no immediate danger of another Democratic rebellion will result from his election. He touches briefly on the fraud and force issue; "the bayonet," he says, "is not a fit instrument for collecting the ballots of freemen." What he means by this we cannot even surmise, as it has never been put to such use in this country, and besides, the bayonet will not begin to compare with the shot gun as an electioneering agency. But when he says "it is only by a full vote, a free ballot and fair count the people can rule in fact," we think we know what he is talking about. He evidently had in his mind's eye the forty thousand fraudulent Democratic votes by virtue of which the whole electoral ticket of New York State, as well as the State government, were given to the Democracy in 1868. He should have called more particular attention to the Democratic naturalization mills and Senator Wallace's coffee pot, but it is enough that he directs attention to the fraud. He also, doubtless, had reference to the Mississippi or shot gun plan; also to the South Carolina Hamburg and tissue ballot plan, as well as the Maine plan, which discloses more particularly the powers of enumeration of a Democratic returning board. He may also have heard of the Baltimore puddin tickets, by the liberal use of which Maryland has lately been four years under a fraudulent Democratic State Government. It is kind in Hancock thus to refresh our memories even with a slight reference to the wonderful variety of fraud of which the Democratic party is capable. They have on hand an assortment of frauds adapted to any latitude and every condition.

English devotes a considerable portion of his letter to an eulogy of Hancock, and it was discourteous in Hancock not to return the compliment. The remainder of his letter is devoted mainly to an argument endeavoring to show that the Democratic ticket ought to be elected simply for the sake of change.

In fact, the key note of the campaign, as disclosed by the letters of acceptance and the speeches of Democratic orators at the ratification meeting held in New York the other night, seems to be that the Republicans have had control of the government long enough and there ought to be a change simply for the sake of change. They indulge, of course, to the usual extent in general vague and indefinite charges, but they can bring nothing specific against the conduct of the Republican party and dare not oppose its general line of policy.

The call of the Oakland Democratic club meeting this week had the following heading:

"The enemy are in full retreat along the entire front."—Hancock to Meade.

The Democratic party have for their Presidential candidate the man who sent the above message to Gen. Meade, during the battle of Gettysburg. The Confederate forces on that day were fighting for the same doctrines that animate the Democratic party of to-day. General Hancock, however, occupied a different position on that day from what he does at present. Then he was fighting for the overthrow of secession. The Democrats had no love for him then; they had nothing but feelings of hatred for the man who was instrumental in destroying so many lives and injuring so many more; he was not the "Superb" with them then. Now, though Gen. Hancock occupies a position in the same army that fought against their principles, that does not recognize their doctrines, that has naught in common with them, the Democratic party places him on their ticket—wherefore? In order to secure the soldier vote. But will it not be a bitter pill for the "chivalrous sons of the South" to vote for him? Indeed it will, But the trick is not destined to succeed. Those who fought with Hancock cannot surrender with him. They cannot vote to place in power the party they fought to defeat. They cannot forget all they endured during four years of as bitter trial as ever fell to the lot of man, and by casting their ballots for Hancock and English, signify that what they strove for was all a mistake. The soldiers did not go thro' the war, and after enjoying the fruits of Republican rule, to renounce all their principles and vote for the Democratic party; the party that caused the war; that pronounced the war a failure; that well-nigh brought irretrievable ruin upon the country. The union soldiers fought for principles, and they don't propose to surrender their principles for the sake of voting for the man whom they followed, but who has now surrendered himself and suffered himself to be used by that party which he bravely fought against.

General Weaver, the Presidential candidate of the Greenback party was shocked at some of the things he heard in Alabama, and in a speech at Montgomery he used some pretty plain language. He said:

"I find it conceded everywhere in your State that the independent ticket will be elected in August if the people have a fair count. This and all other counties in the black belt are overwhelmingly against the Democratic party by more than three to one; yet I am told on all sides by most respectable persons that you uniformly count out by fraud the men who are honestly chosen and install in office the candidates who are confessedly defeated. This is the end of all free government."

He further said that he was on a tour of observation through the South, and added: "When I go North I intend to tell just what I have discovered here. I would rather you would send a bullet through my body this instant than that I should fail to warn my countrymen of the danger that threatens our free institutions from the striking down of the free ballot in Alabama or elsewhere." General Weaver, however, need not have made a trip South to discover that a free ballot does not exist in Alabama. The election returns tell that tale. And, by the way, General Weaver's own party have shown a violent repugnance to a free ballot in Maine, giving their aid to the Democrats without scruple in the perpetration of the most outrageous frauds ever known in this country.

Wade Hampton's Prophecy.

At a Democratic mass-meeting at Stauton, Virginia, a day or two ago, Senator Hampton said:

"If we elect the Democratic nominees the Republican party will go to pieces like a rope of sand. There mission is ended, if they ever had a mission. There is nothing that holds them together to-day save the cohesive power of the public plunder." The Democratic party is the party of peace and of union, that would blot out all sectional difference forever, and it has proved this in the nomination of Gen. Hancock at Cincinnati. There was but one feeling there among the Southern delegates. That feeling was expressed where we said to our Northern Democratic brethren, 'give us any available man.' They gave us that man and we have put it in the power of the people to elect the ticket. They can elect if they will. You will hear from one to-day who can speak for North Carolina. Governor Vance will confirm my words that we can carry the South, if you will carry Virginia. He has come, like me, to appeal to you not to forsake us in the hour of need. *Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. These are the same principles for which they fought, poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.*"

Comment is unnecessary

There are a good many reasons for the suspicion that the Republicans may carry Indiana in October. The Indianapolis *News*, a Hancock paper, states some of them when it criticises the decision of the Supreme Court of the State on the constitutional amendments in favor of the Democratic position. It says that the decision is going to redound to the advantage of the Republicans "to an extent that will more than compensate for the exclusion of Kentucky Democrats from our elections, which the first amendment would have effected. Its motive was suspiciously partisan. Its adoption was prematurely known by some means that cannot but discredit the integrity of the court. Its grounds were inconsistent and untenable. Its assumptions were fatally contradictory. All through and all over it bore the marks of having been constructed to cover an emergency, not to express a conviction. Such judicial work, or abuse, is sure to react against the influence that procures it."

"Little Johnny Davenport," as he is called by the Democratic press, and was once so addressed by a Democratic member of a congressional committee, is a man who is the special aversion of the Democracy—as well he may be, as it is his activity that prevents them from making New York a sure State by fraud. The Democratic press is now agitated because he has been allowed access to the census returns from New York city, in order to collect information as a check upon fraudulent registration and voting. This is all right, however. "The right to a free ballot is a right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States." Mr. Davenport is helping along the good work.

Some Interesting Facts.

In reply to a verbal inquiry by the Hon. Edward McPherson, Assistant Secretary of Treasury Upton has just issued an official letter which states that the loan negotiated by the Government under the last Democratic administration, just before the war, was a little more than $18,000,000, (I have not the published letter before me to give the exact figures,) of which amount not more than about $470,000 was borrowed by the Government at a less rate of interest than 10 per centum per annum and all the remainder at or above 12 per centum per annum. Besides, the bonds issued to secure this loan brought but about 88 per cent. of their face value. A portion of these bonds, the Assistant Secretary remarks, mature on the 1st day of January, 1881.

Now this is a strange commentary on Democratic administration of the Government. No great war had at that time transpired to pile up an immense debt against the Government, the interest on which alone amounted to several hundred millions of dollars annually before the able financiering of the present Secretary of Treasury reduced it about one-half; no pensions had to be paid to disabled Union soldiers or the widows and orphans of such, amounting to fifty or sixty millions more annually, nor had the country grown or developed so immensely as it has since the war, correspondingly increasing the current necessary expenses of the Government. Then only the ordinary expenses of conducting the Government had to be met, which were but meagre as compared with the similar expenses now.

But what a difference in the financial condition of the Government and its credit then and now, as shown in the above negotiation of its loan. Every one can comprehend the contrast. Then a small loan of less than $19,000,000 had to be negotiated at 12 per cent. interest, with bonds selling for only 89 per cent. of their face value; now bonds bearing but 4 per cent. interest per annum can be had only by paying more than two years' interest in advance in addition to their face value, and more than a thousand millions of dollars of the great war debt are secured by them!

I say every one can comprehend this vast difference in the credit of the Government under Democratic and Republican rule. Why did the Government have to pay so high a rate of interest for the loan of money then, and why should U. S. bonds, even at that rate, only bring 89 cents on the dollar—11 cents below par? Does it not clearly manifest the superiority of the Republican party's administration of the Government's finances over that of the Democratic party, all the advantages being in favor of the latter?

The most intricate part of the machinery of any Government is its finances, and unless they be in a healthy condition the whole machinery will be out of gear. This fact was fully experienced by our own Government at one period during the war, when it was hardly able nor could scarcely devise any means to pay the soldiers in the field and provide them with clothing, &c., and at the same time provide for the other expenses of the Government. But why the finances of this Government should have been in such a bad condition during the last administration of it by the Democratic party I am totally unable to divine. Certain it is, however, that the fact should cause persons to reflect whether or not it would be better to return that party to power. Every one, irrespective of party, has an interest in this question, for the prosperity of the whole country and every interest, private and individual as well as public, depends upon the settlement of the country's finances and its credit.

Senator Blaine was talking to Mr. Jewett one day last week, and in the course of the conversation he said: "It is not a question of victory with us, but the volume of our triumph. I strongly believe that the Union-loving, law-abiding, thrifty and honest people of the North will sweep every State into the Garfield column, and we shall fight for some of the Southern States. If they don't bulldoze our voters, refuse to count our ballots, or swamp us with tissue ballots, we shall carry some of the Southern States."

Although the resolutions adopted at the great Democratic ratification meeting in New York denounce the Republican party for "its ruinous and suicidal policy toward the commerce of the country," yet the returns show that Republican ruin is a very good sort of thing. A report on the foreign commerce of the United States just issued by the Bureau of Statistics shows that the exports of the country have increased during Republican rule from $219,553,833 in 1862, to $835,793,921 in 1880.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 3, 1880.

Judging from the opinions expressed here there is no question but that General Hancock's letter of acceptance took the Democrats completly by surprise, and was a bitter disappointment to many. That he should take so long to tell them so little is beyond their comprehension. One rumor has it that the delay was caused by the difficulty experienced in keeping English within prudential bounds. It is the general opinion here that the letter will strengthen the Republican campaign. Of English's letter little, can be said. It is a Democratic tirade of the lower order.

The great and so much talked of Hancock letter to General Sherman has made its appearance. Whether authentic or not is not known. Contrary to the usual interpretation of the Constitution General Hancock then held that the Presidential term expired on the third of March, and if the President was not inaugurated till the fourth or fifth, an interegnum must occur; and he apparently sounds General Sherman reminding him of the great responsibility that would rest upon him in such case, and hints very strongly that in his opinion Tilden was elected and would be inaugurated. The letter altogether sounds very much like the argument which Cassius used to Brutus when urging the assassination of Cesar. But it secured his nomination for the Presidency.

The debt statement issued to day shows the decrease of the public debt during the month of July to be $5,576,053.41, cash in the Treasury $98,890,405.20; legal tenders out-standing $346,681,016; debt less cash in the Treasury $1,936,596,211 93. The payments made from the Treasury by warrants during the month amounted to $20,453,449.08.

LOGAN.

One of the planks of the Democratic platform is that "the right to a free ballot is a right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States." In some parts of the South this is, however, interpreted to mean only the freedom to vote the Democratic ticket. A letter signed "Southern Democrat," and published conspicuously in the Memphis *Avalanche*, contains these declarations:

"White men who dare to avow themselves here as Republicans should be promptly branded as the bitter and malignant enemies of the South. The name of every Northern man who presumes in this community to aspire to office through Republican votes should be saturated with stench. As for the negroes, let them amuse themselves. If they will, by voting the Radical ticket. We have the count. We have a thousand good and true men whose brave ballots will be found equal to those of five thousand vile Radicals."

The Greenville (S. C.) *Daily News* refers to the proposition of the Republicans to nominate a State ticket in the following invective:

"We must judge the men who inspire the effort by their evident intentions. They either seek to inflict upon us a government that would be death to the State, or, in pure malice, are striving to destroy our peace, put man against man, and involve us again in wrath, turmoil and fear. We can have no feeling for those who threaten our existence and disturb our peace but bitter hatred. They have chosen to disturb the armistice that we, the victors and the powerful, have allowed. Let it be established no more. From now henceforth let there be no peace or toleration for the public enemies who have abused our magnanimity and spurned our forgiveness for past crimes. They have declared war against us. Let them have it as long as there is one of them. We do not advocate the use of the shot-gun or "bull-whip." We do advocate the full use of such means as we can use lawfully. We mean that the white skinned man who joins with the corrupt remains of the party of corruption in this State should be a social leper—shunned, despised and hated. We mean that the white-skinned man or negro who deliberately enters the fight for a Radical State ticket, will do so with the understanding that he will hereafter receive no favors or recognition from white men. Let them understand that there will be no employment for them where it is possible to avoid it; that there will be no credit given them; that from them the last farthing will be relentlessly exacted; that the kindness of masters will cease. With those Republicans who support Garfield and Arthur, the people of South Carolina have no quarrel. But the attempt to impose upon us another Radical State government will be as bitterly resented as it deserves, and those who participate in it will have cause to regret it the rest of their lives, unless we mistake the public temper."

General Hancock's letter is so much of a conundrum that the newspapers in the rural districts have not yet found out why it was written.

The hungry Democracy shouts: "Give us a change!" And a prosperous country responds: "Oh, give us a rest!"

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—Try Cheap John's fine cigars and smoking tobacco.

—The Band have received their uniform. It is a very neat one.

—Fine assortment of candies, fruits, &c., at Cheap John's.

—Dr. E. H. Parsons has removed to Bloomington, this county, to practice his profession.

—Dr. S. Townshend will be absent from Oakland for one week from Monday next.

—Mrs. Louisa Brewer, of Laurel Point, W. Va., was visiting her brother, Rev. B. Ison, this week.

—Hunyade Janos, Congress, Seltzer, Bethesda mineral waters at Cheap John's.

—An excellent portrait of our fellow townsman, D. E. Offutt, executed by Mr. Evan Morgan, was displayed this week, in the post-office.

—Tuft's Arctic soda fountain at Cheap John's. Tickets, 40 cents; good for 12 glasses pure ice cold soda water.

—A fire occurred at Keyser Tuesday morning, which destroyed Fraser Hall and the Keyser *Echo* printing office. Loss about $6,000; insurance $4,700.

—Mr. John E. Gnagey of Accident has just received a new and complete assortment of dry goods, boots and shoes, which will be sold low for cash or good country produce.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Memorial Church—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by the Pastor.

Kicked by a Horse.

Sunday evening last Mr. Fred Gortner, residing on the West Union road, four miles South of Oakland, was kicked in the face by a horse breaking his upper jaw and otherwise painfully injuring him. Dr. J. Lee McComas rendered surgical aid, and he is now doing well.

Granger Pic-Nic.

Cherry Creek Grange will hold their annual basket picnic on Thursday, August 19th, near the Red House. Able speakers invited. Croquet and other amusements. Strangers will not be allowed to sell provisions, &c. on the Grange picnic grounds. No liquor permitted.

Attention, Garrett Guards.

All the members of this command are earnestly requested to meet at the Armory, on this Saturday evening, August 7th, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is desired, as business of great importance will come before the company.

By order of
A. L. OSBORN,
1st Lieutenant.

The New Store at Selbysport.

Mr. Charles F. Frazee, merchant at Selbysport, desires to announce that he is keeping on hand a large stock of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, notions, clothing, salt, clover and timothy seed, plow points and land sides to suit all kinds of plows, all of which he will sell cheap for cash or good country produce. Call and examine his goods and prices.

Death of an Aged Woman.

Departed this life August 1st 1880, at the residence of E. P. Brant, her son-in-law. Mrs. Hannah Kight, aged 86 years, 8 months and 18 days.

Deceased had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for 50 years, and died with a lively hope of immortality beyond the grave. She had been a great sufferer for years but now is at rest.

Hosanna to Jesus on high
Another has entered His rest;
Another has 'scaped to the sky;
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 5:

A. Loewenstein and wife to Chas. Loewenstein, Lot No. 78 in Oakland; $400.

Margaret R. Graham to Curtin Graham and Sarah Wright, Lot No. 639; $5 and other considerations.

Wm. Brace, Trustee, to W. H. Robinson, Military Lot No 749; $274.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Barney Ayresman and Mary E. Carrico.

Geo. L. Ashby and Lottie J. Griffith.

Francis Durst and Alice Bancord.

Smith Brady and Celia B. Swan.

J. A. Heuline and M. J. Knotts.

Stephen Wilt and Rhoda S. Broadwater.

"The Republican" for the Campaign.

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed, postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of **25** CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

DEER PARK, Aug. 6d. 1880.

Senator Davis, with his usual public spirit, has had a direct road cut through to Eagle Rock, and will place a flight of stairs against the rock, thus making it a pleasant route and easy ascent, during the summer season, for excursionists who wish to enjoy a bird's eye view of our grand Mountain scenery.

Miss Kate Davis, while driving her pony phaeton, in company with her friend Miss Montague, met with an accident which came near being a serious one. Ascending the road to the Observatory, the horse commenced backing, became unmanageable and finally turned into the bush by the road side, breaking the phaeton and throwing out the two young ladies, who fortunately sustained no serious injury.

The only child of Mr. I. W. Hollen, of this place, an interesting little girl about a year and a-half old, died last week of cholera infantum.

A daughter of Mr. Rich'd Burke, who lives about two miles from our village, is very seriously ill with pulmonary disease and there is hardly a hope of her recovery. She is about twelve years old and such a general favorite that her parents have the sincere sympathy of all their neighbors. L. S. D.

The National Road.

(CONCLUDED.)

Ed. News:—No doubt readers and writer are weary of the articles on the subject of the National road. I propose to close the series on the subject of staging. Just what date coaches for the conveyance of travelers began I have not been able to ascertain—somewhere about the year 1815. The institution, or whatever it may be called, in the beginning was very crude and imperfect. Coaches in those days were called "turtle-back," on account of the roof resembling that reptile. They were very uncomfortable for traveling, but were about apace with the times. Stages were running between Cumberland and Baltimore some years before they commenced plying from here West. The Troy and Concord couches were very popular in after times and were called post coaches, I suppose, because they carried the United States mail. In their day they were thought to be as grand as Pullman's palace cars of these exquisite times. The first coach of the Troy pattern was sent here from Philadelphia by James Reeside, in the winter of 1820. It had been won by the owner upon a bet on the presidential election the previous year, and he intended President Jackson should be the first to ride in it from Cumberland to Washington to take his seat. Our townsman, Charles Howell, now 80 years of age, was the driver. The President elect came thus far in his own private conveyance, and a poor one at that. No doubt he was pleased with the finest vehicle he had ever seen, but "by the eternal" he would not ride to Washington in a free conveyance no matter how attractive and comfortable it might be. He would be under no obligations to any one. So his old shabby two-horse carriage not only took him to the seat of government but back to the Hermitage, eight years thereafter. However, Old Hickory unbent so far as to permit a portion of his family to christen the virgin coach which had been won on his own election.

These fine vehicles were built at Troy, New York, and Concord, New Hampshire, and cost about $500 to $600. They were very strong and durable, neatly upholstered inside, with three cross-wise seats, accommodating nine passengers inside and one or two outside with the driver in an emergency. The springs for years were quite a disideratum among coach builders. Thomas Shriver, who was largely interested in staging, brought his genius into play and invented the elliptical spring, which was a decided improvement on the old plan. L. B. Stockton and James Reeside were the pioneers in the business. Further on came the late Thomas Shriver, our highly respected townsman, Alpheus Beall, and some others whose names I do not now recall. The fare was about equal to car fare at the present time. At times there were opposition lines or companies, and the competition quite spirited; riding almost free—precisely like the railroad wars of our day.

Coach riding was a very pleasant mode of traveling during the summer season over the mountains, but the very reverse in the winter weather. Just think of a stage load of men and women in the mountains, with two or three feet of snow, thermometer many degrees below zero, without a particle of fire nearer than the next changing place. These changing places or relays, where fresh horses were employed in the place of the tired ones, were usually ten or twelve miles apart. The ordinary speed was about six or seven miles an hour, but in an emergency ten have been made. The greater volume of travel on the National road was for the years between 1842 and 1852. In the latter year the Baltimore and Ohio railroad reached the Ohio and made a grass plot of the pike. In the traveling season it was no extraordinary thing to see 100 people sent west from here in coaches per day. Stage owners made money and grew rich.

The stage drivers were a jolly set of men, proud of their situation, some of them of more importance in their own estimation than the Congressman or Cabinet minister riding in the coach below them. They were in some respect, at least, picked men, and their places much sought after; politics no test; religion not expected; a reasonable amount of profanity and a sprinkle of "Perry grove" no bar to employment; were expected to be reliable, and to possess a good share of knowledge in horse anatomy, to use the long whip gracefully, but not too much. One of the commandments was, "thou shalt not divvy," yet it was not any better kept than others of the decalogue. There are still a few of the veterans of the tin horn in our midst. In addition to the aged Howell we have Samuel Luman, the two Willisons and Jacob Shuck, all respectable and successful in life. I must not forget my old friend John Farrell, of Grantsville, now 84 years of age, but hale and hearty, comfortable in circumstances, greatly and deservedly respected by all. He retired from the "box" at least forty-five years ago and has been a farmer ever since.

Many of the greatest men of the nation passed over the road on their way to and from the seat of government. Clay, Cass, Benton, Corwin, Douglass, Bell and many other statesmen were familiar with this favorite highway. Four of the eight Western Presidents passed over it in coaches or private conveyances, viz: Jackson, Harrison, Polk and Taylor.

The writer recalls an incident in his unassuming life in reference to one of the Presidents. He then lived in the mountains of what is now Garrett county, and on an extreme winter day in February, 1819, then a very young man, he came to one of the many flourishing hotels on the road to find a conveyance to Cumberland in one of the daily coaches. Too late! they had all passed down for that day. Luckily in a short time a convoy of coaches came along with President Taylor and his party, on his way to Washington to take his seat, all under the marshalship of that most indefatigable Whig, Thos. Shriver, who, with some other Cumberlanders, had gone to the Ohio river to meet the Presidential party. Among them were statesmen, politicians and office-hunters, notably Col. Bullett, a brilliant editor from New Orleans, who was to occupy a relation to President Taylor something like that of Henry J. Raymond to Lincoln.

The road was a perfect glare of ice, and everything above ground literally plated with sleeted ice. The scenery was beautiful; to native mountaineers too common to be of much interest, but to a Southerner like General Taylor, who had never seen the like, it was a phenomenon. It so happened the writer was fortunate enough, without the expenditure of much cheek, to get a seat in one of the coaches, among those who were at least supposed to be great men. After a sumptuous dinner at the hotel the caravan started down a spur of Meadow mountain. The President was in the van, and the stages just danced and waltzed on the polished road, first on one side of the road and then on the other, with every sign of an immediate capsize, but the coaches were manned with the most expert of the whole corps of drivers. Shriver was in the rear and in the greatest trepidation for the safety of the President. He seemed to feel himself responsible for the security of the head of the nation. Down each hill and mountain his denuded head could be seen protruding through the window of his coach to see whether the Presidential car was still upon wheels or otherwise. The iron grey head of the general could almost with the same frequency be seen outside of his window, not to see after any body's safety, but to look upon what seemed to him an Arctic scenery. After a ride of many miles the last long slope was behind us and everything was safe. The anxious guardian drew a heavy sigh of relief, and no doubt uttered a devout prayer, because he had carried the President in safely over the first and last danger. At twilight the Narrows, two miles west of Cumberland, one of the boldest scenes on the Atlantic slope, were reached. The General assumed authority and ordered a halt, and out he would and did get. In the storm and snow, and looked at the giddy heights on either side of Will's Creek till he was content. He had seen nothing like it before, even in his campaigns in Northern Mexico. The President elect received quite a reception in our then small town, and the next morning he and his party left in the cars for Washington, where he died in July, 1850, scarcely a natural death. Had he been permitted to continue to live a "tented life" he would hardly have died at the age of 66. B.

Cumberland, Md.

Governor Hamilton's Position.

"Governor Hamilton is doing nothing now, and you think he is politically dead; but wait until the time comes, and he will show his teeth," said a prominent friend of Governor Hamilton the other day to one who had opposed the Governor's policy in the last legislature. Though the faction opposing Hamilton have control of everything (except the Governor's patronage); though they appear now as political Samsons in the political temple of this State, there are politicians acting with the ring who think that the probabilities point to the defeat of the managers next year. The congressional skirmish so far has developed the intense feeling against the ring in some sections of the State. Said a prominent ring politician yesterday, "I am afraid of the primaries for members of the legislature next year. We shall probably lose Southern Maryland, a great part of the Eastern Shore, Baltimore, Cecil and Carroll counties, and probably a number of the Western counties. They will raise the 'reform' cry against us, and Hamilton's friends will urge that the majority in the legislature was opposed to reform measures favored by the Governor, and they will rest the blame on us."

It has often been a matter of wonder how it was that one of the reform bills advocated by the Governor, and which passed the Senate and was believed to have passed the House, never reached the Governor. The bill abolished the law under which the Secretary of the Senate drew a salary of $1,200 a year for doing nothing; or, in other words, compiling the statistics of deaths in the State, which never were complied, and which work is now done by the secretary of the State Board of Health, who is paid for it. It has leaked out that the bill was stolen towards the close of the session—stolen from a member of the House, in whose possession it was at the time, and who was then drinking wine with others, and had probably partaken too freely of the cheering as well as inebriating stuff. The bill has never been heard from since, and Governor Hamilton is, no doubt, still waiting to append his signature thereto. — *Baltimore American, August 2d.*

One of the most annoying set-backs which the Democrats received during the recent session of Congress was when they passed resolutions lamenting the delay in the payment of bounties, back pay due discharged volunteer veterans, and demanding of the Secretary of the Treasury an explanation. The shallow attempt to throw the responsibility of the unjust delay upon the Republican administration was promptly met by the statement that the delay was solely due to the failure of a Democratic Congress to provide for their settlement without the delay complained of. This fact, together with the persistent refusal of the Democrats in Congress to provide a suitable clerical force to settle promptly the various pension claims, are now causing considerable annoyance to the party managers who, on the basis of a Union soldier candidate, are trying to get the soldier vote for the Democrats; but the violent way in which they refer to what they call this latest and biggest of blunders, does not help them much. The facts are there, and they find that the soldiers do not care to vote with the party that hinders the payment to them of their just dues.

Democracy is not quite so ferocious concerning national banks as it was, but it would still be awfully tickled if it could capture the capital of that Indianapolis institution, presided over by Mr. English.

The mass meeting at Woodstock, Va., on Saturday for the purpose of inaugurating a movement for the consolidation of the Funders' and Readjusters' electoral ticket, appears to have been a distressing failure. It was not countenanced by the presence of any party leader on either side; the Committee on Arrangements found it impossible to secure speakers of any political prominence, and all that could be done was to get a few signatures to a petition to the State executive committees of both wings, asking them to bring about a compromise on the basis of allowing the Funders and Readjusters each to name five electors on the new ticket and the National Democratic Committee to pick out the eleventh man. This petition will have about as much effect with the rival leaders as a circular signed by Hottentots. The Funders and Readjusters hate each other much more bitterly than do the Republicans, and both would rather see Virginia carried for Garfield and Arthur than for the rival faction, so that there is really no way of bringing about a compromise that would be mutually acceptable. Each party, indeed, claims that it is able to carry its electoral ticket, notwithstanding there are three tickets in the field, and with an obstinacy that cannot but be gratifying to Republicans, persists in quoting the figures of last year's election in support of their assertion. Of course, one of the two must be blundering; but in a game of bluff nothing wins after all like a good hand, and who holds the winning cards cannot be told until the hand has been called; so that nothing but the actual count of votes at the November election will fix the responsibility for the failure of the compromise propositions. Outside of Virginia, of course, the Democrats perceive clearly enough that disaster must result from this refusal of the Funders and Readjusters to subordinate state to national issues, but recent events show that they are powerless to effect harmony. As in a case of a quarrel between man and wife, to interfere is only to invite the blows of both antagonists. We wish the managers joy of the Kilkenny cats of politics.

The Detroit *Post and Tribune* reviews the nineteen years of imperishable achievements by the Republican party since the beginning of the war, and then comes at the Democrats with these pertinent questions:

What did they do as a party to suppress the rebellion?

What did they do to preserve the Union?

What did they do to emancipate the slave?

What did they do to protect the liberties and lives of loyal men in the South.

What did they do to prevent the South from re-enslaving the blacks?

What did they do to bring the South into harmony with the Constitution and Union?

What did they do to secure the passage of the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution?

What did they do for civil rights?

What did they do to suppress the "Ku Klux?"

What did they do to suppress the "white liners" of the South?

What did they do to prevent the scourging, outraging, and murder of black and white loyal men in the South?

What have they done for a pure and free ballot?

What have they done for free speech?

What have they done for a free press?

What have they done to enforce the laws in the South?

What have they done to enforce the collection of the public revenue in the South?

What have they done to preserve the fruits of the war?

What have they done to preserve the credit of the government?

What have they done to prevent inflation?

What have they done to promote resumption?

What have they done for an honest currency?

What have they done for an honest dollar?

What have they done for the protection of American industry?

In all these years, with all their golden opportunities, what has the Democratic party done to inspire the confidence of the American people?

The last financial operations of a Democratic administration were those of Buchanan, whose Secretary of the Treasury paid from 9 to 12 per cent. interest on loans. The excuse generally made for this depressed state of the national credit was the unsettled condition of the public affairs and the fear of civil war; but that this was not the cause is shown by the fact that after the war began the Republican administration sold $189,321,350 of 6 per cent. bonds at par in gold, and afterwards $140,091,750 of 73 per cent. bonds at par in gold. The weakness of the public credit under Buchanan's administration arose simply from mismanagement. For several years there had been annual deficits, and people were not prepared to lend money to a government that was not meeting even its current expenses.

THE SHOWINGS OF THE CENSUS.—The harvest of some of our principal crops and the prospects for the others should call forth the gratitude of the whole nation—ay, indeed, of the whole world, for we are looked to now for the deficiencies which may be experienced in other countries. The net result cannot show much less than 50,000,000, as against 38,500,000 in 1870. This is an increase of nearly 30 per cent. But our increase in wealth and production is far greater. In 1870 we had 52,900 miles of railroad, but in 1880 we have 86,900 miles, equal to an increase of 40 per cent. Our exports in 1870 amounted to $529,000,000 against $730,000,000 in 1879—an increase of nearly 38 per cent. The increase in coal production from 1869 to 1878 was over 60 per cent. Our agricultural exports in 1868 amounted to $320,000,000; in 1873 to $592,000,000—an increase of 85 per cent. The cereal product of the country in 1868 aggregated 1,450,789,000 bushels, including Indian corn. In 1878 the total was 2,368,000,000—an increase of 68 per cent. In 1865 the wheat crop was 148,500,000 bushels. In 1879 it was 440,000,000 bushels—an increase in fourteen years of nearly 200 per cent. From 1870 to 1878 the cotton crop rose from 3,000,000 to 5,316,000 bales—an increase of 70 per cent. The expansion of American manufactures has kept pace with the increase in agricultural productions; American cotton prints are selling in Manchester, American cutlery in Birmingham, and American watches in Paris and Liverpool. It may be startling to contemplate the number of mouths that will call for food in the near future, but in view of the above rate of production, the task of feeding them should not occasion any alarm.

The Democrats are wishing that there were a little more doubtfulness about Indiana.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brushy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

—AND—

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of the several Election Districts of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

Saturday, August 28th, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

for the purpose of electing FIVE DELEGATES from each district to attend a county convention to be held at Oakland on

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of electing THREE DELEGATES to represent Garrett county in a convention to be held at Oakland, on the 2d day of September, 1880, to nominate a candidate for the next National Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

The members of the district committees in the several districts are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

A. G. STURGISS,
W. O. McGOWIN,
H. E. FRIEND,
Committee.

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to all whom it may concern, that my wife HARRIET E. HARVEY, left my bed and board, on the 9th of January, 1880, and still remains away, without just cause or provocation, and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

CRAMPTON HARVEY.

Oakland, August 3d 1880. 3t.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Mr. E. Margroff, tax collector for this county, in order to give the tax payers an opportunity to pay their taxes, will be at

Johnstown, August 7th.
Grantsville, August 9th.
Johnson's, (district No. 9) August 11th.
Bloomington, August 13th.
Altamont, August 17th.
Chisholm's Mill, August 19th.

The books for district No. 7 are at the store of Davis & Townshend, Oakland, who are authorized to collect the taxes for that district.

PITH AND POINT.

We meet a great many warm friends during the heated term.—*Boston Transcript.*

When the rheumatism catches a man by the legs it is only trying to lay something up for a rainy day.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is no use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. When you see the thunder-clouds is the time to drink up the milk.—*Danbury News.*

Conscientious conductor (declining a tract which was offered him with his fare)—"Very much obliged, mum, but we ain't allowed to take any perquisites whatever, mum!"—*London Punch.*

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club; while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.—*Whitehall Times.*

Seventy-eight million lead pencils were used up in this country last year. All but one million were worn out by the idiots who left their names in railroad depots, church belfries and city hall towers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Philadelphia clerk who is somewhat smarter than his employer was heard to remark the other day, "Thank fortune, the boss has stopped advertising for the season! Now we will have a rest."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that baldheaded man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was baldheaded before I was a year old."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

One hour after an "old master" had painted the name of a patent medicine on a big rock a cow came along, licked it off, and died before sundown. When the simple name of a medicine kills a cow, human beings want to beware of the stuff itself. A cow was never killed by licking the name of a patent medicine in a newspaper, and no other kind can be recommended.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man, his wife and daughter, went into a lawyer's office recently to arrange for a mutual separation. The man had some education, but the woman was evidently illiterate. The lawyer asked what the difference between them was. The man replied: "Incompatibility of temper." The wife and daughter fell back in their chairs, threw up their hands and exclaimed, "Good heavens! only hear him."—*Rochester Express.*

Plantation Proverbs.—One-eyed mule can't be handled on de blind side. Moon may shine, but a lightered knot's mighty handy. De pig dat runs off wid de year er corn gets little mo' dan de cob. Licker talks mighty loud when it gits loose frum de jug. Sleepin' in de fence corner don't fetch Krismus in de kithen. 'Tween de bug and de beemartin taint hard to tell who's gwinter git ketched. De proudness un a man don't count w'en his head's cold. You'd se mo' er de mink ef he know'd whare de yard dog sleeps. Hungry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum. Trubbles in seasonin'. 'Simmons ain't good twell dey er fros-bit. Watch out w'en you er gittin' all you want. Fattening hog ain't in luck.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Comedy and Tragedy.

It is a matter of general observation that a comedy, especially if a society play, will assemble at a theater, a more refined audience than a tragedy will. The people gathered at a tragedy are probably not less intellectual than those drawn together to witness a comedy, but the latter come from a higher social level, and consist more noticeably of our wealthy, cultured, and what are called fashionable people. There are several reasons to account for this anomaly. A tragedy, to those who aspire, who suffer, who struggle, who have the bitterness of disappointment, who carry passionate yearnings and unspoken griefs, who instead of the darlings, are the forsaken of Fortune—to these a tragedy is often their own sympathetic cry of pain. The tumultuous passion of a play reflects their silent but keenly-experienced emotions. The grief within them that longs so often for voice discovers adequate expression; the very sympathy that is awakened for the hero is a reflected self-sympathy; and the surrender of the troubled soul under such conditions to the troubles of another becomes, not an addition, but a transposition of sorrows. As the great mass of mankind carry within them sharp discontents, those who are imaginative and sympathetic find in the passions of tragedy that relief and that pleasure we have described. But our "best people," so called, our men of wealth, success, fortune, and social culture, our men of ripe fruition, who stand approved and crowned in men's eyes—these have no hidden passions to awaken. They are for the most part busy with affairs, absorbed in professional or other duties, and are not susceptible to the influence of sentiment. Trained to subdue emotion, and to experience either disaster or success with well-bred calmness, they rather disdain the rant and convulsion of a tragedy-hero's passion. Smooth, calm, possessed, they have no sympathy with emotion that bursts out into a frenzy of words. All forms of mental violence are repulsive to their idea, opposed to their culture, foreign to their habits. Tragedy to them is little better than a picturesque riot, which is scarcely endurable. If they have sufficient literary tastes to care for poetry, they prefer the classical drama to the romantic. The smooth, polished and elegant declamation of Talma or Kemble might please them, but the frenzied passion of a robustious actor offends them to the soul.

A negro family near Montgomery, Ala., were taken ill, and a voudou doctor was called in. He said that snakes were the cause of the trouble, that their eggs were in the air and water about the place, and that he would destroy them for $100. His price was deemed too high. Then the doctor made a pass in the air with his hand, and showed two toy "Egytian snake eggs," of the kind familiar to children at the North. These had been floating imperceptibly in the air he said. He touched a match to them and uttered some gibberish, while the "snakes" were rapidly extending themselves. This was satisfactory proof of his knowledge and power, and he was paid the $100.

Good Crops Favor Fertility.

An amateur farmer of my acquaintance once remarked in conversation about a certain field: "It must be rich, for I sowed wheat there a few years ago and did not get five bushels per acre, and it has not borne any crop to exhaust it since. As the fertility has not gone from the soil it must be there still." This novel view of the good effect of a poor crop I am sure not one practical farmer in a hundred would have taken. The fact is pretty generally understood that good crops are presumptive evidence that the soil not only has been but is now rich, while a poor crop is presumptive evidence that the soil is sterile. It is true that crops take fertility from the soil, and a large crop takes more manurial elements than a small one. According to this theory, with land of the same fertility a succession of good crops should exhaust the soil more than a succession of poor ones. Yet practically I am satisfied that this is not the fact. There are more ways of exhausting fertility than by removing it in crops, and there are recuperative processes going on in all soils which are favored by good crops and hindered by poor ones. It is not the absolute amount of potash, lime and phosphates in the soil that counts for the use of crops, but only what is soluble and available. It is here that the advantage of the good crops comes in play. The shade over the ground which the good crop furnishes acts as a mulch, and makes the fertility beneath more soluble. The nakedness of a poor field tends to make it poorer. What is soluble is washed away by rains, and the remainder on heavy soils is locked in clods and lumps. I am not sure that the absolute decrease in fertility by a poor crop is not as great as by a good one.

The roots of a large plant's growth extend deeper and further than they do where the crop is poor. True, they exhaust fertility, but their decay in the soil is one of the most important of recuperative processes. What the plant gains from the subsoil is as much added to the fertility of the field as if it were drawn thither from another place. It effects even more than this, for roots which penetrate the subsoil allow air and warmth to go deeper, so that other plants suffer less from drought. So large a proportion of clover-roots go below the cultivated soil that clover is rightly regarded as a renovating crop. Practically a field that has grown a clover crop is richer than it was before. Yet analysis of clover ash will show that it has taken considerable of mineral fertility, especially of potash and lime, from the soil. But if we put on a crop after clover has been taken off, we find that there is more plant food available for use than before. It is probable that the clover gets some of its substance from the atmosphere. We know that the carbon of all plants is derived from the carbonic acid gas in the air. It is probable that with clover and other broad-leaved plants some of the nitrogen comes from the same source, if not directly through the leaves then indirectly under the leaves by conversion of nitrogen in the air to nitric acid and its absorption by the roots. In this way the dense shade of all big crops favors fertility because it favors the conversion of atmospheric nitrogen into available form for plant food. Then, too, if nitric acid is formed in the soil it will probably unite with potash or some other mineral element present, and render that also available. The shade of growing crops thus adds to the available fertility in two ways. It absolutely increases the amount of nitrogen in the soil, and it puts more of the mineral fertility in condition to be used.

In poor, thin grain there is a much larger proportion of valuable mineral elements than in that which is plump and good. There is as much gluten (nitrogen), as much phosphoric acid and lime in a grain of shrunken wheat as in a grain of plump wheat. The extra size of the latter is starch, which is only another form of carbon, and which exists in practically unlimited quantities. As there are more grains in a bushel of shrunken wheat than in a bushel of that which is plump, it is evident that bushel for bushel the poor grain exhausts the soil most. The farmer grows wheat for the flour, nature grows it for seed. Hence if the farmer does not apply enough food for plants, nature will scrimp it in the non-essentials for seed and develop it as fully as possible for reproduction. The thin, shrunken wheat will sprout more quickly than that which is plump and good. It will not make so strong a plant, because the starch of plump grain is the first plant food.

The exhaustive process of grain and fruit-growing is not in supplying what man chiefly requires. The bran of wheat which is used as feed for stock contains most of the phosphates. The seeds of apples and pears, the pits of cherries, plums and peaches which we throw away, exhaust the soil and the vitality of the tree far more than does the delicious fruit, which is mostly a compound of water and carbon. But this is entering on another subject. What I wish to impress is the importance of growing large crops, and of the very best quality, if we would increase or even maintain the fertility of the soil.—*Wm. J. Fowler, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

Sulgrave and the Washingtons.

The immediate ancestry of George Washington must be sought at Sulgrave, Northamptonshire. At Sulgrave was a monastery, and it was dissolved by Henry VIII. at the same time as the other religious houses. A large part of its estates was granted to the Washington family; and in the old Church of Sulgrave is a plate of brass with Lawrence Washington and his wife incised on it, and also his eight sons and nine daughters. Sulgrave is a pleasant, rural part of England, not far from Banbury and from Whittlebury Forest. The mansion of the Washingtons was probably at one time the priors' dwelling, and altered for their use. Part of it still remains, and is converted into a farm house; and in a buttery-hatch is a piece of stained glass with the Washington crest upon it. It is hoped that this picturesque relic may at some future time form a part of the present series. John Washington, of South Cave Castle, was the great-grandson of the lord of the manor of Sulgrave. South Cave Castle is reached by the railway that runs between York and Hull. Brough is the nearest station, and from there to South Cave is a walk or drive of three miles. The road is a pleasant one, and lies through a shaded lane, with here and there a long opening, and some comfortable dwellings set in dark evergreens. A road that runs to the right leads us to Hull and the village of Rowley, which is quite worth a visit, as it was the veritable parent of Rowley, Mass.; indeed all the inhabitants left Rowley, York, with their Vicar, and crossed the ocean to their new home. South Cave Castle is truly a delightful residence, and is well seen from the road. It has, of course, undergone some modernizing since the Washingtons resided there, but the dimensions are the same, and the pleasant park is circumscribed by the same boundaries. Plate-glass windows have superseded the old-fashioned mullions and leadlights; and paneled doors have been placed in frames, instead of the heavy ones studded with nail-heads; but an old engraving I saw in York gives the same walls and elms; and doubtless the rocks are lineally descended from those that heralded the springtime to John Washington.—*Belgravia.*

Fighting Alligators with Fire.

One winter I was shooting plumed herons on the great savannas at the head of Indian River, Florida. My guide was the well known Judge Connor, once a Methodist clergyman. One morning, while riding over the vast prairio on horseback, we met an alligator longer than the moral law. "Shoot him," said the Judge.

"Oh, no," I replied; "I don't want to kill him. The report of the gun will scare up every heron within a mile, and I shall get no plumes."

"But, blast my buttons," said the Judge, "he eats my hogs and the young calves on the range. Shoot him."

"No," I answered; "I've come twenty miles for plumes, and I don't intend to go back without them."

"Well," said Connor, 'you're the first Yankee I ever saw who won't pull a trigger on a gator."

"I'll take a look at him anyhow," I said, as I hitched my horse to a palmetto midway between two creeks. The grass was high and rank. As I walked toward the reptile he raised himself on his four legs, opened his jaws, puffed out his throat like a hullfrog, and made a noise like the humming of a huzz-saw. I stopped ten feet away, and stamped and shouted. The Judge sat upon his horse, watching the proceedings. The alligator did not quail. On the contrary, he squatted close to the ground, and began to creep toward me as a cat would creep toward a mouse. Walking back to the palmetto, I gathered five or six of its huge dried fans, held them toward my body, struck a match, and set them ablaze. The ugly monster watched me like a dragon. I held the fans down, hiding the blaze, and marched toward him. His huge mouth was open, and looked like a newly-bricked tunnel. Within reach, I suddenly raised the fans, and thrust the blazing mass in his throat. He closed his ponderous jaws, turned tail, and ran. Lighting a fresh fan, I ran around him, setting the coarse dry grass of the savanna on fire. He was encircled with flames. He raised his body, gazed at the fire with bloodshot eyes, and then shuffled himself into the wet sand, and calmly awaited the result. There was a fair breeze from the northeast. In three minutes the fire had swept over him, burrying him in the blackened grass. He remained as he had planted himself. I went through the smoke, and touched him with the barrels of the gun, but he did not move. He seemed dazed. Possibly he had fainted. I remounted the horse, and we rode off. A hundred yards away we looked back. The monster had recovered, and was traveling leisurely over the smoking savanna toward a little stream that pours into the head of Indian River.

Two years before this I had visited Lake Worth, twelve miles below Jupiter Light. At that time Charles Moore, a jolly beachcomber, was the only person living on the shore of the lake. We went through the arm of the Everglades, and deposited our camp equipage and provisions on the hard sand at the northern end of the lake. The sand was fringed with huge rushes. We had hauled our boat over the strip of sand separating the waters of the lake from the Everglades, intending to run down to Moore's cabin before sundown. The wind, however, died away, and we concluded to camp for the night. We found a clear spot in the scrub, a hundred feet back from the shore. Ridge poles and crotched posts indicated that it was a favorite camping ground for the Seminoles. On returning to the beach I found a twelve-foot alligator crawling toward our bag of pork. A score of companions were anchored off the rushes, and one or two were following in his wake. On hearing my footsteps the old fellow turned and faced me. Our guns lay on a chest within three feet of him, and we were cut off from our base of supplies. Moore and Hammond, a Pennsylvanian who had preempted land on the lake, joined me. We shouted and heaved ridge-poles at the savage scoundrel, but it was no go. He held the pass, and his companions were moving on the pork. Something must be done, or we would be left without provisions. My eyes fell on a bed of dry palmettoes that had been used by the Indians. To gather and set them ablaze was the work of a few seconds. With the flaming mass we advanced on the great lizards. In the light of the blaze they retreated to the lake. We suspended the bag of pork from a tree that hung over the bank, and in the morning the sand looked as though an army brigade had been throwing up trenches.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Rev. Dr. Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin, has completed an exhaustive discussion of the law that regulates fatigue in men and animals, when fatigue ensues as a result of work. He concludes that at the time when fatigue stops the work, the product of the total work done, into the rate at which it is performed, is a constant quantity. In other words, the result of muscular exertion is inversely proportional to the rate at which it is accomplished. Also, the quantity of work done varies as the square root of the time occupied in performing it.

HOME AND FARM.

A little saleratus is used in making hush, to prevent the slightly raw taste which corn meal has when hastily boiled.

Stale Bread Griddle Cakes.—Take stale bread, soak it in water till soft, strain off the water through a colander, beat the bread-crumbs lightly with a fork; to one quart of these soaked crumbs add one quart of milk, one quart of flour and four eggs. Bake on a griddle.

Currant Sauce.—Heat the currants slowly almost to a boil, and turn into a colander, allowing all the juice possible to drain off without pressing. Measure the fruit, and to each quart add one pound of sugar, one cupful of raisins, and water to thin the sauce. If one prefers plenty of water, it may be necessary to add more sugar.

One of the most useful implements that can be used upon the farm is the field-roller. It crushes the clods, levels and smooths the ground, and presses the earth firmly around the seed, causing it to sprout and grow much earlier. In very dry weather a good rolling of the ground will often cause seeds to grow which otherwise would not have germinated.

Lice on Animals.—Col. F. D. Curtis commends the following mixture to kill lice on animals: "Melt hog's lard or any hot grease, and in it dissolve salt one-third of the bulk of the grease; take as much grease as will be required to smear the animal all over, and into the mixture pour kerosene oil and stir it up. Two gills of the kerosene would be sufficient for a cow of ordinary size. One application completely cured the most stubborn case of lice on an old hog. It leaves the skin smooth and clean, removing the scurf and healing the irritation caused by the parasites. It is also excellent for galls and sores."

Cake-making Hints.—Cream the butter before adding the sugar. Cover cake with a paper cap when *first* put in the oven. A few drops of water in white of eggs will prevent their whipping to a stiff froth. When soda and cream-tartar are used, sift with flour the same as yeast powder. If more than two eggs are used beat separately. To secure tenderness and delicacy, the flour measure should always be rather on the side of scantiness. Beat fruit jelly to a paste before spreading between layers. Lard is better to grease cake tins with than table butter. If lard is objectionable, keep on hand a small quantity of unsalted butter.

Tea-drinkers now-a-days will do well to apply the following simple test to the tea purchased of their grocers: Turn out the infused leaves, and if they are found a good brown color, with fair substance, the tea will be wholesome; but if the leaves are black and of a rotten texture, with an oily appearance, the tea will not be fit to drink. The purer the tea, the more the distinctively brown color of the leaf strikes the attention. The mixing that is frequently adopted to reduce prices results in two kinds of leaves being supplied together. It is important to see that the leaves have the serrated or sawlike edges, without which no tea is genuine.

Quick Railroad Work.

A very remarkable piece of work, considering its magnitude and the short space of time in which it was accomplished, was done on Tuesday of last week on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad. This road was almost the last in the country which used the wide six-foot gauge, and it has for some time been the purpose of the management to change this to the standard gauge. In order to make the road standard gauge throughout, arrangements were made to have the rails between Cleveland and Leavittsburg moved toward each other 7 3-4 inches each, the distance necessary to accomplish the desired result. In order to do this a force of 2,000 men was stationed along the line on Monday night, allowing forty-five workmen to each five miles. The men slept during the night alongside the track, and at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning the work was begun. To expedite matters, as many spikes had been pulled beforehand as safety would admit, and, when the work began Tuesday morning, it consisted in pulling five spikes to the rail, moving the rail in and spiking it in full. The entire distance between Cleveland and Leavittsburg is 222 miles, in addition to which are 45 miles of side track, making a total of 267 miles. The labor of moving the rails, as above indicated, would, therefore, be very great, but notwithstanding every difficulty, so complete had been the arrangements, and so perfectly carried out, that the entire work was completed at 2:30 in the afternoon. Thus, the regular business of the road was hindered only ten hours and twenty minutes, as, at 2:20 in the afternoon, narrow-gauge stock was put on and business resumed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Hot Weather in Mexico.

The morning sun was dancing over the floor in double-shuffles as his Honor fell into the station, his face flushed, his hair wet, and his general look one of goneness.

"Bijah, did you ever see such a scorcher?" he faintly inquired, as he fanned himself with his hat.

"This 'ere weather," replied the old janitor, as he stood his broom in the corner, "is freezing compared to some that I experienced in Mexico. Why, Judge, I've seen it so hot in Santa Fe that ink boiled in the ink-stand while I was trying to write a letter to my mother. I was sunstruck seven times in one day while driving an ice wagon."

"Mr. Joy," said his Honor, as he rose up and moved to his desk, "I was in hopes your late illness would be taken by you as a solemn warning, and I am grieved to find you still treading that same old path.

"Wasn't I ever in Mexico?" demanded the old man, as his face grew red.

"We won't argue the case. I am sorry for you."

A bootblack behind the stove here began to grin. Bijah walked over and seized his hair and gave him a lift in the world and whispered in his ear:

"Boy, I want you to understand that I've been in more Mexicoes than you've got hairs on your scalp, and any more grins around here will lose you the top of your head!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

About Giving Offense.

The dread of giving offense, like the habit of taking it, says Mrs. Mulock-Craik, springs quite as often from self-esteem as from sensitiveness. Vain, self-engrossed people are apt to exaggerate the importance they are to other people, and so to have a nervous terror of "vexing" them; whereas a man of single mind, who does not trouble himself much about himself, never takes offense, and is therefore not apt to imagine he has given any. He goes straight on, neither turning to the right nor the left, does the best thing, so far as he sees it, and the kindly thing whenever it lies in his power; but beyond this he does not afflict himself much as to what people think of him. If they expect what they had no right to expect, exact more than they are justified in requiring, above all, take offense where he had no intention of giving any, then he altogether refuses to be victimized. He may make no great stir and present no obnoxious front—indeed, probably he considers the matter too small to fight about—but the victimizers can make nothing of him. He calmly goes on his way, "worrying" neither himself nor his neighbor on the matter. Life is too short for tempests in tea-pots, or, indeed, for any other unnecessary storms; we must just do our duty, and let it alone. But in this great question of doing one's duty, I think we can not too sharply draw the line between what is really our duty and what other people choose to suppose it is, probably each person having a different opinion on the subject. We are apt to start in life with a grand idea of self-sacrifice, and a heroic sense of the joy of it; aye, there is a joy, deeper than the selfish can ever understand, a delight keener than the pleasure-loving can ever know, in spending and being spent for our best-beloved, or even in the mere abstract help of the good and defense of the miserable—that "enthusiasm of humanity," as a great writer once called it, which is at the heart of all religion, the love of man springing from the love of God. Yet, alas! ere long we come to learn that there are sacrifices which turn out to be sheer mistakes, ruining ourselves and profiting nobody; that unselfishness, carried to an extreme, only makes other people selfish; that the "fear of man bringeth a snare," and to make ones whole life miserable through a weak dread of offending this person, who has no right to be offended, or of not doing one's duty to that person, who has the smallest claim to any duty at all, is—well, I will not call it wrong, because it is a failing that leans to virtue's side, but it is simply silly.

Why We Brag.

This is a time when, as Americans, we feel like doing a little boasting. One hundred and four years ago, when we declared ourselves to be a free and independent people, our population was less than three millions. To-day, according to General Walker's rough estimate, it is 48,000,000. Boston was then an insignificant village, so far as population was concerned, and New England had but a few scattering schools and two colleges. The entire country had but thirty-seven newspapers and the best of them were not equal to the worst weeklies printed today in the mushroom towns of the Rocky Mountain region. In 1789 we had but seventy-five postoffices and the mails were carried on horseback over 1,900 miles of road, at an expense of $32,000 per year. To-day we have 33,000 postoffices—and new ones are being established daily—and the mails are carried over 265,000 miles of post-roads, at an annual expense of $29,000,000. We have nearly a quarter of a million miles of telegraph wire. We have 141,629 school-houses, 63,082 churches, 792 daily newspapers and over 9,000 periodicals of all kinds. Our farms are valued at not less than $9,262,803,861, our farming implements at $336,878,423, and our live-stock at $1,525,276,437. Our farm products in a single year have brought us $2,447,538,658 and in the same time we have paid in farm wages $310,286,285. Our crops are bountiful—yes, enormous—and our exports have reached nearly $475,000,000 in a twelve-month. Our manufactories are prosperous. In cotton goods we challenge the world. In one year our 960 mills turned out cloth enough to encircle the earth twenty times if made into one piece, with still enough left to make every human a suit of clothes and furnish each with pieces for patching.—*Boston Post.*

In the height of the season, a queen bee lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in twenty-four hours.

If men would weigh their words well before talking there would not be so many heavy speeches.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

An Oil City man went fishing Saturday, and he came home with nothing but a little half pound bass. "Is that all you caught?" asked his friends. "That's all," replied the man. "How many bites did you have?" "None," exclaimed the fisherman, and the whole crowd cried, "He's found! he's found! Here is the honest fisherman." He'd have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn't broken through the crowd, and said: "See here, mister, yer gave me a bogus nickel for that air fish." And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.—*Derrick.*

Jones finds drinking like a fish makes his head swim.

Here, now, in favor of velocipedes. It is said a man has never been seen coming home drunk on a bicycle.

A young lady who has a Sunday-school class of rather bright boys, averaging between seven and nine years, requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon love. The lads obeyed her wish, and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular topic, such as "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Rising, he responded, "Songs of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse—'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.'"

A sermon should never be so short, in the opinion of the New Haven *Register*, that the women will not have time to take fashion notes.

Wall-Street Cynicism.—An anxious father was consulting one of the Wall-Street magnates as to what business he should put his son to. "My boy, sir," said he, "has had a first-rate education and is remarkably truthful." "I don't see much good in that," said the Wall-Street man, jingling the double eagles in his breeches pocket; "none of the successful men I know are truthful. Better make your boy an apothecary; that's the only business I know of where deceit does not pay in the long run."—*Hour.*

The Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some wags, who secreted themselves on the opposite side listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over him, when, scrambling out, he was heard to say: "Hech, sirs! it's an awful world this; a body canna say a thing in a joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

[Peoria (Ill.) Evening Review.]

Be Kind to Yourself.

It pays to be kind to everybody; but be kind to yourself all over, and especially to your stomach, which promptly resents ill treatment. Mr. Joseph Pfeller, Chicago, Ill., writes: I suffered with Indigestion and Constipation for a long time. After spending a large amount of money for doctors' bills, without obtaining relief, I used the Hamburg Drops, and was entirely cured thereby.

A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: "When a lethargic feeling pervades your system; when you have a disinclination to move about; when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive." This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were *lazy* when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was lazy.

[Moline (Ill.) Review.]

An Editor's Opinion.

This is to certify that I used St. Jacob's Oil for Rheumatism, and after three days' application was entirely relieved. I consider it a meritorious medicine for all forms of Rheumatism. R. H. Moore, Proprietor.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple or eruption.
Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or tetter.
One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
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Three to six bottles cure blotches among the hair.
Six to ten bottles cure running at the ears.
Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers.
Eight to twelve bottles cure the worst scrofula.
Sold by druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

How to Invest.

The *Democrat*, Goshen, N. Y., says: "It may not be improper here to add that health is accumulated, the sick made well, and a large interest of comfort and happiness secured by investing in 'Warner's Safe Remedies.'"

Ask your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

Wilhoft's Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

Consumptives gain in flesh, strength and spirits under a daily use of Malt Bitters.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

CREMATION appears to be making rapid progress in Germany. Fifteen cremations were performed last year at Gotha, and forty-eight bodies have been burned in Milan during the past three years.

EXPERIENCE has shown at the Petroleum Iron-works, Titusville, Pa., that a barrel of petroleum will generate heat sufficient for making a ton of iron, while a ton and a quarter of coal would be required for the same result.

M. MELSENS, of Paris, recommends, for the protection of workmen handling lead and mercury compounds, small daily doses of iodide of potassium. This salt, he says, dissolves the lead or mercurial compounds and effects their removal.

FROM the fact that the lower animals arrive at maturity much earlier than man, and the inferior races of men develop more rapidly than the superior, a French biologist infers that precocity indicates a low order of development.

WHEN the system begins to need nutriment, it sends a fluid from every portion of the body toward the stomach, where it accumulates in little reservoirs, the distension of which causes the sensation of hunger; the fuller they become the more hungry we are.

BY the use of a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda, Dr. Calantarieuto, of Scarborough, England, has been able to make a new skating surface, which costs far less than the ordinary artificial ice floors, and which can be readily repaired. When it is once laid it will remain serviceable for years.

A BILL has been introduced into the local Legislature of Montreal to incorporate a company to construct a tunnel between the north and south banks of the St. Lawrence at that city. The tunnel is to be used by provincial and American railways, as well as by vehicles and pedestrians. The capital is $5,000,000. Five years will be required for the completion of the work, if it is ever begun. The Grand Trunk is offering vigorous opposition in the interest of Victoria Bridge, of which it has a monopoly, and charges such high tolls that other means of outlet from the city are absolutely necessary.

DR. EDWYN ANDREW, of Shrewsbury, Eng., has pointed out the advantages in certain surgical and medical cases of employing medicated ice. He thought the cold was rendered more effective by being combined with the active principles of drugs and by freezing various medical solutions. In that manner ice might be rendered highly antiseptic, caustic or styptic. In medical cases, especially of the throat, stomach and hemorrhages from internal organs, ice might be thus pleasantly used to relieve symptoms, and at the same time convey medicine as food to the stomach, when the latter would resist them in any other way.

DR. LANDOTT, Assistant Director of the Ophthalmological Laboratory of the Sorbonne, Paris, has lately invented an instrument for measuring the distance to inaccessible objects. It is, in fact, a telemeter, and generally resembles the heliometer in principle, but differs therefrom in the fact that the mensuration is obtained by doubling the image of the object. This is effected by simpler means than in the heliometer, and consequently the instrument can be more readily applied to practical purposes. By this means the diameter of a rod at the top of a lofty building can be gauged to a hundredth part of a millimeter, and the distance of an inaccessible object in motion can be easily ascertained. It is expected that the instrument will be of great use in military operations.

Suicides.

THE period of suicide is upon us with all its melancholy and morbid accompaniments. We have no means of comparing the record of self-destruction this year with the records of years past, but it seems to us to be on the increase. Instances are brought to our notice with startling frequency. The number of those who have solved the problem "Is life worth living?" in the negative, and have cheated the census without leaving any apology behind, is startling. The *Times* of Philadelphia has made an enumeration and a classification of the suicides in that city since the 5th of April to the 22d of June, and publishes the names of twenty-four persons who have taken their destinies into their own hands and made the plunge boldly into the mysteries of the hereafter. It strikes us that that is an unusually large percentage of deaths to occur in that time by the choice and acts of individuals. In this list there were but three women, and usually the stronger sex seems to surrender more readily to the discouragements of life than the so-called dependent sex. They are more readily disheartened by obstacles, though perhaps they do not despair so soon when shame stares them in the face. Judged by the test of suicide statistics, there is more strength to the feminine will and more equipoise to the feminine character. Truly the women have as much to vex them. If their positive cares are less, which we doubt, they are more troubled by ennui, which is the most distracting of all maladies.

There is apparently hardly any age at which life is not likely to vex its possessor, and tempt him to part with it. In a single day, recently, two men over eighty, one in Hoboken and one in New York, put an end to their earthly existence, and it is frequently the case that men grow weary waiting for the delayed messenger of fate, and summon him by violent and unhallowed processes. A recent writer upon suicide, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, draws some very nice distinctions, between a voluntary and an involuntary ending of a person's life. Suicide he defines as the voluntary termination of one's own life, which is a very different thing from submission to, or acquiescence in, involuntary death, and he holds that the proximity of involuntary death does not furnish any excuse for voluntary. By this distinction he makes Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, who stood at the stake to be burned for heresy, suicides, because fastened to the body of each was a bag of powder placed there by friends, to bring their sufferings to a speedy termination. Arnold von Winkelried committed suicide when, with his own body, he broke the solid front of Austrian spears, and made way for liberty. But the writer would not condemn such acts of devotion, for he says: "It becomes clear, then, that suicide is sometimes not only justifiable, but praiseworthy; and men make that justification or praise dependent upon the motive with which life is surrendered. To determine whether the voluntary termination of life is reprehensible or laudable, an answer must first be given to the question whether the act is selfish or unselfish, whether the motive is egoistic or altruistic. If the object is to save others from suffering, the act is justifiable. If the object is merely to save one's self from suffering, the act is unjustifiable." We can not always judge of motives, but in at least ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the act is intended to save the one who commits it from suffering, and is therefore unjustifiable.—*Boston Post.*

Too Little To Do.

I AM always very sorry for those who have too little to do. They seem to me scarcely to have a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed. They might have been among the great and wise and good and famous in the world, but they have fallen back into the ranks of the *ignavum pecus*. Their liberation from the common cares and activities of life, on which, perhaps, they prided and planned themselves, is their drawback and their bane. It is even possible that it may help to kill them. A traveler who visited the Pitcairn Islanders in their lonely Pacific home found some of them dying of sheer old age when between fifty and sixty. They had too little to do. The rough fiber of life, for its due adjustment, needs a certain amount of work and worry—of working against the collar, of straining against wind and tide.

One day two strangers met at a little inn in the Isle of Wight. One was a medical man; the other was a man of letters, whose avocations gave him incessant work, and called him into all sorts of places. I expect that the same desire for repose had brought them through different paths to this same quiet haven of rest. In the morning the special correspondent—so we had better designate him—lay languidly on the grass, plucking buttercups and daisies, and gazing languidly into the blue depths of the sky. Charles James Fox used to say that there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book.

The medical man watched him. Those medical men often have a trick of watching every one. Their fellow-creatures are their books, and they get into the habit of scanning such pages very swiftly.

"Sir," said the medical man, "I should think that you were rather fond of lying on the grass and gathering daisies."

"Sir," was the answer, "I have a passion for it. I should like nothing better in life than to lie on the ground and to pluck the daisies."

"And yet, sir," was the rejoinder, "I have a strong idea that you are a man who goes about a great deal in the world, and takes an interest in a great many subjects."

"I go about a great deal too much, and work a great deal more than I like. If I had my choice in life, I should be all day long on the grass and pick daisies."

"Do you know, sir, what would be the probable result of your having too little to do?"

"Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To shut up work would probably be to close your existence."

And practically this is the kind of thing which does not happen so infrequently as might be supposed. It is always a dangerous crisis for the professional man who retires from the full tide of business without having learned the art of cultivating and enjoying leisure. Men of the highest professional eminence have found themselves absolutely stranded when they have passed from the condition of having too much to that of having too little to do. One might here tell tragic narratives of melancholy despair and suicide.

Her First Watch.

SHE comes to school a few minutes late. She walks up the aisle, and lays her note of excuse upon the teacher's desk. There is a smile curling the corners of her lips; she subdues it resolutely. Her eyes sparkle; she fixes their glance upon the floor. Her hands have an unusual tendency to fumble about the region of her belt. She represses it sternly, and drops them at her side. She passes back to her seat. Her carriage, her gait, her every motion, are pervaded by such an evident desire to appear unconscious, that her schoolmates glance up as she goes by to see if she has on a new dress. No, she has not. She takes her seat, and bends assiduously over her task. Her seat-mate turns and scrutinizes her keenly; her eyes stop at the belt; she gives a start, claps her hands noiselessly behind her desk, and looking at the teacher to see if she is observed, bends eagerly forward to examine. The owner of the mystery shakes her head with affected nonchalance; but the inquirer persists. At last she succeeds, and it is produced. A gold watch! They open it, shut it, examine its works, compare it with the school-clock, exchange pantomimic congratulations and explanations. Finally, they telegraph its existence to the neighboring girls by a series of nods and winks, unintelligible save to the initiated. At recess, all cluster round to express their admiration; the owner receives their bursts of approval with proud humility. During class, she yawns every five minutes, and then draws it out to see if it is not time for dismissal. On her way home, she compares it with every church-clock she passes. She holds it up to her ear to be sure it is going; she feels of her belt to be sure it is there. She times her walk to school; she times her dinner; she times her tea; she times her studies; she times the making of her toilet. She receives with derisive incredulity any suggestions that she may not take proper care of it. It lies beneath her pillow that night, and the next morning, she forgets to wind it up. The day after, she drops it, and it has to be taken to the jeweler to be repaired. By next week, she has resolved to wear it only on great occasions, and when she goes out of town.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE DAIRY.

A DECEPTION successfully practiced on a number of farmers is known as the "butter contract." A couple of well-dressed fellows drive up to the house of the expected victim and make an engagement with him to take all his butter for a year at a high price. A written agreement is then made and in due time the "contract" is returned in the form of a note held by a third party, which the farmer is obliged to pay.

REPLYING to the question, "where shall those who have no ice keep cream and butter this warm weather?" a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says: "Those who have wells in which the oaken bucket yet swings can suspend the can or pail therein. We have a spring in the cold water of which we submerge cans two feet long containing sweet milk. The cream rises in twelve hours and never sours therein. Our butter is firm, golden and of fine texture, whereas before we resorted to this method our butter was inferior during the heated terms. If butter or milk is kept in the cellar the walls should be whitewashed and the floor covered with several inches of sand, after thorough clearance of rubbish—old pork barrels, moldy boxes, etc.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA. — The first symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia are general dullness, hanging of the head, running at the mouth, nose and eyes, redness of the eyes and a slight cough. Next the milk shrinks suddenly, and cough becomes deeper and hollow, the animal breathes rapidly and with short jerky expirations, the breath is hot, the coat becomes rough, the back arched, and the appetite fails. The disease never appears spontaneously, but always by infection, and the stage of incubation is usually less than thirty days, but may extend to ninety days. There is no cure, and the only prevention is the immediate slaughtering of the sick cattle. This is the cheapest, as a recovered animal—and recovery is very rare—costs more to restore it than it is worth, leaving out of consideration the danger of infection.

A WOULD-BE wise correspondent of one of our city contemporaries, in giving advice about raising milch cows, says: "It spoils a heifer to let the calf run with her," and he also advocates taking the calf away from its mother immediately and never allowing it to suck. It is a pity that these wiseacres could not discover some way of raising calves without having cows at all, for, according to their theories, Nature does not understand the business she has undertaken, and it is all wrong to allow the offspring to obtain food as the Creator intended. Under such management as they advocate, it is no wonder that we hear so much about cows having garget or caked udder, of calves dying with scour and other unnatural ailments. No calf should be taken from its mother or weaned until it is two weeks old, and four weeks is still better for the health and good of both mother and offspring.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Suggestions to Dairymen.

WE, as manufacturers, want the full and hearty co-operation of every dairyman in endeavoring to get the best possible results from his milk with the least percentage of loss. Good cows, well fed and well watered, will produce good milk. Well watered means plenty of good, healthy water, from a running stream or good well. It is a notorious fact that poor water—or water from stagnant pools—is the cause of more taint in milk in the summer time than anything else. Salt, regularly given, adds to the quantity as well as the quality of milk. If it be possible, let your cows have access to plenty of shade during the hot days of summer, for many a can of milk is spoiled by a single pail-full drawn from a cow in an overheated condition. Do not hurry your cows. Do not allow your men to beat them, nor dogs to worry them. They will give more and better milk for the kindness bestowed on them. When your men come to milk, insist that they clean the bag and teats with water, if they need it, and then dry them before milking; and, for heaven's sake, don't allow them to drain the dirty mixture into the pail. Look to it that every pail, every strainer, every can, is washed in cold water first, and then most thoroughly with hot water, drained, and allowed to get the sun's rays upon them, if possible, for there is is no purifier like good, pure air and a bright sun.

Every dairy farmer should be provided with a good milk house, situated at a good distance from the cow stable, so that it may be free from the disagreeable odors that milk is always sure to absorb if left all night in the cow stable. If you have not running water in the milk-house, provide yourself with a good wind-mill pump. As soon as the milk is drawn, carry it at once to the milk-house. Have the water about your cans changed several times, and the milk stirred to prevent cream raising, until it is cooled to about sixty degrees for the night's milk and sixty-five degrees for the morning's. During all this time be sure and leave the can covers off, to allow the animal heat to escape. Do not mix your morning's and night's milk, but place them in separate cans, even if you have only a can altogether. Carry to the factory as soon after milking as it is cooled to the proper temperature, using, if possible, a spring wagon, to prevent too great churning of the milk on rough roads. Always cover your cans with a blanket—to protect the milk from the sun in summer and from the cold in winter.—*Charles S. Kilbourne.*

A CHICAGO young lady was trying on a bonnet, when she said, "Are these eights?" "No," said the clerk. "Have they cork soles?" she asked. "No," said he; "but you will wear the ribbons and flowers on the near side." "I knew these bonnets were rights and lefts," said she.

IS IT because her own lover proved so unsympathetic as husband that the mother looks with disfavor upon her daughter's ardent admirer? Or is it because she thinks it impossible that any other mortal he should equal in all husbandly virtues the darling man whose name she bears.

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Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. IV., p. 272.

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[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 1877.*]

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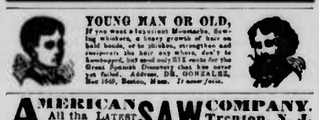

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Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

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12 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

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TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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Wheat Lands

best in the world for sale by the

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Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

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Thousands are waiting for the book. It contains steel portraits of the Candidates and other full-page engravings. Extra inducements offered to those selecting territory now.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours the only one genuine. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

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GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 780

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NO OTHER AMERICAN ORGANS HAVE BEEN AWARDED SUCH AT ANY.

PRICES $51, $57, $66, $84 TO $500 AND UPWARDS; ALSO FOR EASY PAYMENTS $5 PER MONTH FOR 12 MONTHS, OR $6.38 PER QUARTER FOR 10 QUARTERS, AND UPWARDS. CATALOGUES FREE.

"MUSICIANS GENERALLY REGARD THEM AS UNEQUALLED"—THEODORE THOMAS.

CABINET ORGANS

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., BOSTON NEW YORK & CHICAGO

A Republican President for another four years means a continuance of the present safe, conservative, honorable policy of the Government toward the business interests of the country. A Democratic President means heaven knows what, but certainly no good to those interests. A general upturning of the financial policy of the Government would be sure to follow the accession of the Democrats to power. They are pledged by their platform to destroy the protective tariff system. They are pledged by the speeches and votes of a majority of their leaders to abolish the national banks, and to play some dangerous pranks with the currency. A great reduction, if not an entire repeal, of the tax on whiskey and tobacco may be expected from them, to be followed of necessity by the laying of new taxes upon other articles to make up the deficit in the revenue. It is no wonder that prudent Democrats who have business interests at stake begin to wish for the defeat of their party.

It is the quiet vote which is going to elect Garfield. Men who think for themselves and make no proclamation of their purpose, are the ones whose votes make the majorities. They are business men and farmers, who are saying quietly among themselves: "Well, business is good now, and the country is prosperous. I think we had better vote in favor of keeping business good and increasing the general prosperity." The country is full of this kind of voters, and the louder the Democrats demand a change, the stronger becomes the public opposition to one.

The unholy alliance in Maine is an assured fact, if it was not so before. The Democratic and Greenback State Committee in secret sessions yesterday decided on fusion. The issue is made therefore, and the Democratic party shoulders all the infamies of Garcelon. There never was a campaign where the duty of honest men was clearer, and it will be strange if the election returns do not show that they saw it and did it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hooppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

7 31 tf BOWIE JOHNSON.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

7 17-4t.

Strayed—Reward.

Strayed from Oakland, about July 3rd, a red heifer, eighteen months old. Any person giving information of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded by

ALEX. FLECKENSTEIN,
7 17-3t. Oakland, Md.

FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to the undersigned for the years 1878 and 1879, are requested to come forward within 60 days and settle, or they will have to settle with an officer. It is impossible for me to leave my business to call on all persons owing me.

P. T. GARTHRIGT,
7 17 4t. Mineral Springs, Md.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5,

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YEOLY.

Estate of Jacob Brenneman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JACOB BRENNEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of July, 1880.

JOHN J. BRENNEMAN,
7 17-3. Administrator, C. T. A.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofor located from Altamont to the Burned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Lake Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. R. Browning, Lake Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. C. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. R. BROWNING,
L. A. STEMPLE,
F. C. BROWNING.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Alfred C. Brooke, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Franklin Shank, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said Franklin Shank, in and to all that tract or piece of land now owned, possessed and occupied by the said Franklin Shank, called "Part of Ferguson Farm," containing 55 acres of land, more or less,

And I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 23d day of August, 1880,

at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., in front of Goddington's Hotel in Oakland, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

JAMES S. JOHNSON,
jy31tds Coostable.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 980, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

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NINE departments of study; text-books furnished AT COST; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins SEPTEMBER 1st, 1880. Attendance last year from 21 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories.

**For catalogues and other information, apply to the President, J. R. THOMPSON, Morgantown West Va. 7 15 3m.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

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OF ACCIDENT,

Takes this method of announcing to the people of Garrett county, that he has removed to his new store room, where he keeps constantly on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, Agricultural Implements, &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

6 26 2m

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Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

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RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

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now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

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Envelopes,
Tags,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

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YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686*. Height 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell and Beatty's new Exciter or Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is not the very lowest Boure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Italy warranted for 6 years.

Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. Many unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. Those who know where I am fights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no exertion on my part will be spared throughout the entire civilized world, that I am protected by my celebrated trademarks. Leaving I certify that

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its moneys amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $150 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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ALSO
WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

ORDER NISI.

Barney Dilley, Administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Jesse W. Chaney.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 112. Equity.

ORDERED, This 21st day of June, A. D., 1880, by the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., that the sale made and reported by J. Frank Seiss, trustee for the sale of the real estate in said cause mentioned be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of July next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
je26-1 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ATTENTION!

JOHN HELBIG,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.,

Corner Oak and Second Sts., Oakland, Md.

Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

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je5 Oakland, Md.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

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(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of liens. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG

Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY in the City of Cumberland, Md., for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.

Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
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Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
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HARMON O. HESSEN

takes this means of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing, in a neat and substantial manner.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Good produce taken in exchange for work.

Shop on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md. 7 3 3

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.21 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

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at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. H. S. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880. NUMBER 25.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dolley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1880.

ABRAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Five years have passed by since the separation of Abram and Lot. The patriarch still dwells near Hebron, at peace with his neighbors, and in communion with his Friend. His nephew has drawn nearer still to Sodom, and at last taken up his residence within its walls, where ungodliness and crime riot unrestrained. The cities of the plain, after a period of subjection to a ruler beyond the Euphrates, have cast off his yoke. He summons his subject princes, and a wave of war suddenly rolls up the valley of the Jordan from the south; the insurrection is quelled, the cities of the plain are pillaged, and their inhabitants, except such as escape to the mountains, are carried away as the slaves of the conquerors. The victorious army, laden with spoils, begin their march homeward. But word has reached Abraham, in his tent at Hebron, that his nephew Lot and all his family have been carried captive by the marauders, and at once he undertakes his rescue. He calls together his own trusty servants, and the followers of the Canaanite chiefs near his camp; they follow in the track of the invaders, and at night fall upon their ungarded camp. The foes are discomfited, the booty regained, and Lot and his family are set free. On the return, Abram and his band passed the little city of Salem on the heights of Zion, whose king, the holy priest Melchizdek, comes forth to meet them with refreshment for the host and a blessing upon its leader. Abram pays honor to his priestly rank by a gift of one tenth of the spoil won from the enemy. Then appears the king of Sodom, fearful lest his people have only exchanged their slavery to one conqueror for that of another. He proposes that Abram shall retain all the spoils of Sodom, and merely let its people go free. The generous patriarch disdains to receive any reward for his services, and insists upon restoring all that the foes have captured, both persons and property, unwilling that his deed shall be sullied by one touch of selfish purpose.

Gen. 14. 12-21.

Memory Verses, 18-20.

12 And they took Lot, Abram's brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, and his goods, and departed.

13 And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew; for he dwelt in the plain of Mamre the Amorite, brother of Eschol, and brother of Aner; and these were confederate with Abram.

14 And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan.

15 And he divided himself against them, he and his servants, by night, and smote them, and pursued them unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus.

16 And he brought back all the goods, and also brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people.

17 And the king of Sodom went out to meet him after his return from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer, and of the kings that were with him at the valley of Shaveh, which is the king's dale.

18 And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God.

19 And blessed him, and said Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth;

20 And blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all.

21 And the king of Sodom said unto Abram, give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself.

22 And Abram said to the king of Sodom, I have lifted up mine hand unto the LORD, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth,

23 That I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take any thing that is thine, lest thou shouldest say I have made Abram rich.

24 Save only that which the young men have eaten, and the portion of the men which went with me, Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre, let them take their portion.

HOME READINGS.

M. Abram and Melchizedek. Gen. 14. 12-24.
Tu. The priesthood of Melchizedek. Psa. 110. 1-7.
W. The priesthood of Christ. Heb. 5. 1-4.
Th. The greatness of Melchizedek. Heb. 7. 1-10.
F. Our great High-priest. Heb. 7. 11-28.
S. The offering of gratitude. Psa. 116. 1-19.
S. The example of liberty. 2 Cor. 8. 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus, made an high priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. Heb. 6. 20.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

O thou eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead,
Our everlasting priest art thou
Pleading thy death for sinners now.

Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE VICTORY, v. 12-16; Isa. 21. 2, 3. What result came to Lot from dwelling among the wicked? v. 11, 12. How did Abram hear of Lot's captivity? Where was he then living? By what other name was this place known? Gen. 13. 18. What did Abram do? How did his conduct show tact and skill? What was the result of his pursuit? By whose favor was it successful? Psa. 144. 1.

2. THE BLESSING, v. 17-20; Heb. 7. 6, 7. Who went out to meet Abram and for what purpose? Who was Melchizedek? What two offices were united in him? What is said about him in Heb. 7. 1-3? How was he a type of Christ? Golden Text. What blessing did he bestow? How did Abram show him honor? What are "tithes?" [Ans. A tenth of one's possessions.] Who promised a tenth to God? Gen. 22. 28.

3. THE VOW, v. 21-24; 1 Thess. 5. 22. What did the king of Sodom propose? How did Abram answer him? Why was he unwilling to receive any thing from the king of Sodom? How did he show the principle of uprightness in character?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—1. An example of promptness in action? 2. An example of courage in war? 3. An example of generosity in giving?

Bright Prospects of Republican Success.

There is much boasting in Democratic organs, as usual. The campaign was commenced, and apparently is to be continued, entirely in the Chinese fashion on the Democratic side, with the gong as the principal weapon, and stink-pots as auxiliary. The Hancock movement began with a loud hurrah. Cool Republicans predicted that it would soon die out, and a candid and careful review of the situation to-day will show that there is really less ground for Democratic hope than there has been in any previous Presidential campaign since the war. In 1868, at this date, the Democrats had great hope on account of the supposed influence of President Johnson and the prominent Northern Republicans who had acted with him. In 1872, at a later date than this, Democratic leaders still expected to bring their followers in full force to the support of Mr. Greeley. In 1876, even to the end of the contest, there was the wildest confidence among Democrats of all grades. On the other hand, the Republicans have greater confidence, and greater reason for confidence, than they have had at a corresponding time in any other Presidential contest since the war. In 1868 they were in serious doubt as to the effect of Mr. Johnson's patronage and his conspicuous supporters. In 1872, at a later day than this, it was admitted by Gov. Jewell, who was then, as he is now, in an official position to know the situation, that there was serious danger of Republican defeat. In 1876, the stress of hard times, and the reputation of Mr. Tilden as a "Reformer," made such inroads among Republican voters that the result was doubtful to the end.

To day the Republicans have reason to believe that Garfield and Arthur will be elected. They know that in some States the fight will be close and hot. But men of cool heads and long experience, who have had part in five successive victories of the Republican party in Presidential elections, consider that the result is already assured, provided the party puts forth the proper efforts during the three months which remain. And they feel sure that those efforts will not be wanting.

There is a great deal of chatter about the Democratic hopes in nearly every Northern State. The naked truth is that Maine, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Indiana and California are the only Northern States in which the Democrats themselves really think that they have a possibility of success. If they talk of New Hampshire, it is to encourage their partisans to spend strength in a hopeless effort which, at the utmost, might possibly cut down Republican majorities. There is nothing else in their talk about Ohio, Pennsylvania or Illinois, and they well know it.

Maine will vote in September, and will give its opinion of the infamous fraud perpetrated there last year. The hard money Democrats and the soft-money Greenbackers of last year must unite to a man, in support of a particularly weak candidate for governor, who is hated by all the old Democrats, or the fusion has no chance of success. That unnatural and shameless union could not be effected under any circumstances. But it cannot be made now without serious loss of votes from two causes. The Greenback force has melted away under the warmth of prosperity which the Republican policy of resumption has caused. The decent voters of the opposition will not fail to rebuke the usurpation of last year. In such circumstances, the efforts which the Republicans of Maine never fail to make for their cause and their country ought to make their success certain.

Republican victory in Maine, a State called doubtful, may be followed in October by Republican victory in Indiana, the home of Mr. English. Even the Democrats now openly admit that his personal unpopularity is great. On the other hand there is an intense opposition to Mr. Landers, the wild fanatic who is the Democratic candidate for Governor, which has led to the serious question among Democratic leaders, whether all the risks run by his withdrawal are not preferable to his defeat. It was hoped that he and his Democratic friends would satisfy the Greenback voters, to whom the support of Mr. De La Matyr for Congress was promised; but Landers has not been able, if willing, to keep the pledge, and the Greenback organization is in open warfare against the attempted coalition. Cool Republicans believe that they can carry Indiana by a handsome majority, and that the Democratic and Greenback voters cannot be brought into the dishonorable alliance which some leaders have proposed.

If we go to November with Republican victories in Maine, Ohio and Indiana, what will follow? New York and New Jersey are doubtful. Even if both should by any mischance be carried by Democrats they could not gain the needed forty-seven votes, losing Indiana, Connecticut and California. Connecticut and California, essentially Republican States on National issues, are said by Republicans of the coolest judgment to be safe beyond peradventure. The swing and rush of previous Republican triumphs, those States should give handsome majorities. But those same previous victories will turn to the Republican side a large doubting vote in New York and New Jersey, will show the Greenback men the folly of helping Democrats to succeed, and will enkindle the enthusiasm of the Republicans for the final struggle. At this hour, three months before the election, we believe that it is decidedly probable, for the first time since the war, that every Northern State will vote for the Republican candidates.

No account is here made of the probability that the Republican party may carry one or more Southern States. "A fair vote and an honest count" will be needed, and that, it is needless to say, the Republicans will not get at Democratic hands if there is a prospect that a solid South can elect to the Presidency the ally of the White Leagues in 1868.—*New York Tribune.*

Southern Congressional Districts.

Mr. Horr, of Michigan, in a plain, common sense way called attention to this subject in his speech of June 1:

"Why, then, wonder that business men all over the country are tired of your methods and disgusted with your management. And just think this is done in the name of fair elections, by a party that has seated members here by the dozen, many of whose constituents dared not go to the polls. Have you ever examined the returns as shown by the Congressional Directory? Look at them and you will discover many curious facts. For example, you will find that there are three members who hold a seat in this House from Districts whose entire vote did not aggregate 3,000 each; there are five members where the entire vote was less than 4,000 each, and eight members where it was less than 5,000 in each district. Just think for a moment of such an election. Why, sir, there are eleven members here whose entire districts dont cast as many votes as were polled in the one district represented by my friend Mr. Anderson, from Kansas. Indeed the young State of Kansas alone, with its three representatives, cast just about as many votes as the old States of Alabama and Mississippi, with their fourteen members; and the new State of Michigan cast more votes than the three States of Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia combined. We have nine members; they have twenty three.

Thus I might go on repeating figures, but I have given enough for my purpose. Talk about free and fair elections! I would like to ask what has become of the voters in those districts. Why were they not at the polls? If there was no reign of terror, no intimidation down there, why did they not vote? What ailed them? Do you tell me there was no contest; that want of interest in the result caused such apathy? What gave them this lack of interest? How came it about that they so suddenly ceased to care for the result? I think Æsop tells us in one of his fables that once upon a time the animals had an election. Suppose they were to do so again, and it was agreed that all the animals in this country, wild and domestic, should have a free and fair ballot. Then suppose in one precinct you should locate the polling place in a den of wolves; how many lambs think you would attend that election? Cannot you see how suddenly they would all lose their interest in politics? Or suppose another voting place was located in a jungle of grizzly bears; how many cows, and oxen, think you, would go there to vote? Do you not think all the cattle thereabouts would lose their interest in the result? Then suppose you were to ask the wolves and the bears whether they had a quiet election in those precincts or not. How demure and how wise they would look as they informed you that there was not the least disturbance in the world; that the quiet was almost painful. Still, do you not think that the meager returns from those precincts would be sufficient evidence that the animals in that vicinity were not all represented?"

If the Baby is to have health, it must have sound and refreshing sleep. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup insures this. Price 25 cents a bottle.

He Will Vote as He Shot.

PHILADELPHIA, July 28.—A private soldier of Hancock's corps, at Greenville, Pa., having been requested to organize a Hancock club, responded as follows:

St. Clair Milholland, 3155 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 15th is at hand, asking for "my co-operation and assistance," with a view to organizing a "Hancock Club" in this place. I am compelled to state that there has been a club already formed in the town—immediately after news from Chicago was received. It was organized though as a "Garfield" club, and all old soldiers of this place, with one or two exceptions, belong to it. I was in Hancock's corps (the 2d) and served from Aug. 11, 1862, until May 31, 1865, and have an honorable discharge, but at this date don't propose to have my share of fighting go for naught. It is not Hancock personally that I object to, but it is the party that nominated him.

You also say that it is appropriate that the "great soldier of Gettysburg, who shed his blood upon our soil in defense of his native State, should receive our support." Very true; still thousands more beside Hancock "shed their blood" and, I doubt not, many greater than he.

As I said before, I am sorry that I can gather no material vote of soldiers in this place out of which to organize a Hancock club. They train in the other crowd. There are several here who are loud mouthed Hancock men, (not soldiers) some of whom during the war called Hancock's corps "Lincoln's hirelings," and who, when the draft was about to be made, shipped for Canada. And there are others who said of me when in the Andersonville prison pen, that I "ought to starve to death." Can I so far forget myself as to vote for the party which for four years tried to dissolve our Union? No! Hancock is good as a general, but he trains with a very bad crowd.

If my memory serves me right I think you were colonel of a regiment in our division, which was the red club. I belonged to Co. G, 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and if you wish to know more of me you can do so by addressing any of the officers of my regiment.

If I live until fall I shall vote as I shot.

Respectfully yours,
A. A. YEAKLE.

Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars on Garfield.

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 4, 1880.

To the Editor of the Pittsburgh Telegraph:

During my stay of a few days in your city I have frequently heard Democrats boast that they will elect their man; next, that they will carry New York; that Pennsylvania is doubtful, etc. As I intended to risk something on the result, I will make the following wager, and hope some of the "unterrified" will take me up.

First, I will bet $5,000 that Pennsylvania will give Garfield 20,000 majority.

Second, $5,000 that New York will give Garfield 5,000 majority.

Third, $15,000 that Garfield will be elected.

These amounts can be raised if desired. These bets must be taken by one individual, or by one individual representing a party—that is, there must be only two representatives to the transaction—myself and the taker.

Any one wishing to accept can find man and money both ready, by addressing, or calling on, from August 20th to 25 inclusive,

JOHN W. GOODMAN,
Seventh Avenue Hotel.

The following is Gen. Garfield's charming speech at Syracuse, New York, when on his way to New York city:

Fellow-citizens: When I was here two years ago you were busy debating the question whether you could force the hard times out of Syracuse with printing presses and flat money. But after deliberation you concluded to work your way out, to walk by the old road on which the guideboard stands whereon God wrote "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." You followed that road about a year longer and it brought you out to the high summit of prosperity which smiles and shines all over this great land of ours, and it smiles all the brighter because you deserve it by keeping faith and maintaining the truth of the multiplication table in your financial doctrine. [Applause.] I congratulate you that the same multiplication table that believed in two years ago in the darkness is true to-day when the sunlight of prosperity falls upon the land. [Great applause.] I congratulate you that you never went back on it, but believed it all the time, and that you are glad to-day that you stuck to the truth when it was doubted and denied. I thank you for coming here and letting me look in your faces again and will not detain you by a speech. [Long continued cheers.]

The Irish Soldiers for Garfield.

At a recent meeting of the Irish-American Republican Association of New York, Gen. Dennis F. Burke spoke of the political situation as follows:

Nineteen years ago the Democrats organized the rebellion, and it was my privilege to aid in its suppression. I had the honor to be in command of the famous Irish Brigade under General Hancock when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. I know General Hancock to be a generous soldier, but I love the principles of the great Republican party better than my old commander. I, my father and my grandfather believed in the freedom of our country and we suffered for it; and should not Irishmen who hold the same sentiments in Ireland on their arrival in this country join the party which believes in universal freedom? The first man in the British Isles who argued that negro slavery ought not to exist, was Daniel O'Connell. Hancock did a great deal to reduce the Democratic majority when for four and a half years he killed all the rebels he could in Virginia. There never was a rebel who was not a Democrat. It won't do for the Democrats to try and cover up their sins. Their miserable record of twenty years is known. The Democracy is marked with corruption, treason and everything that is foul in politics. The election of the Democratic ticket would mean the opening of all the old war issues, the disturbance of the financial system of the country, and the consequent disruption of business interests. I believe that the American Nation is possessed with common sense, and that the people will show that they do not desire a change in the Administration by electing the Republican candidates in next November.

The dissatisfaction of Indiana Democrats with their candidate for governor seems to be increasing. The New Albany *Ledger*, the principal Democratic journal in the southern part of the State, says: "Why not bounce Landers from the Democratic ticket? He will probably get bounced very high by Porter in October." This is a fair sample of the political aspect out there as related by gentlemen who pass through Washington. The latest intelligence is that Hon. Wm. Fleming, one of the present state officers of Indiana, and Democratic High Priest of the strong Democratic county of Allen, has stated recently that Indiana will go Republican by 10,000 or 12,000, and that it will not be safe for "the boys" to bet otherwise. As there are some distinguished representatives of the Indiana Democracy now said to be in jail for assisting in fraudulent voting in Indiana, it is thought that the success of the Democracy this fall in that State will not be as great as in 1876, when, it is estimated, they polled 30,000 fraudulent votes.

Why do English and Hancock both feel called upon to assure the country that they will stand by the Constitution? There was no need of such a pledge from the Republican candidates. The reason is obvious. If Hancock receives the necessary 185 votes to elect him, 138 of them will come from the South, and will be given through the violation of the Constitutional Amendments which which give the negro his rights as a freeman. Hancock can take his seat only because of a broken and despised Constitution—only through the success of principles which Wade Hampton assures the South are the "same as those for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years." The South will come into the next Congress with at least 30 of the 35 seats, which were assigned to it because of its negro vote, stolen for the Democratic party. How is Hancock going to keep the Constitution "inviolate" on that question? Will he recommend, if he is elected, that those seats be declared vacant through fraud?

The newly-organized Irish-American Republican Association in New York is starting well with its work. Similar associations have been formed in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany and Troy, and agents have been sent out to start others in every State. Flattering reports of progress are being daily received at headquarters. The Secretary says that "the idea is new, and has already become popular with the Irishmen. Before the cry was that there were no Irish Republicans; but we find that there are Irish Republicans, many of them, and they are good, sound Republicans, too."

New York *Tribune*: "If Wade Hampton will come North and repeat from the stump here his remark that Hancock represents the principles which Lee and Jackson fought for for four years, the Republicans will pay his expenses."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IF WE KNEW.

[A POEM doubtless familiar to most of our readers, but well worthy of republication and preservation.]

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these quiet, ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back,
To the hasty words and actions,
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced bird is flown;
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers have gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such homely
As adorns the mouth of—dear,
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us with sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

M. VERDAVIN'S CANDIDACY.

How the Representative of His Wife Was Elected to the Assembly.

I.

SHOULD you ever happen to visit the Department of Trois-Etoiles and mention the name of M. Verdavin, it is safe betting that your interlocutor, no matter who he may be, will exclaim:

"Verdavin! Well of all ambitious, intriguing men I ever met, Verdavin was the worst!"

However, now that the *vox populi* has pronounced upon my old friend, permit me to have the honor of introducing to you the real Verdavin, that you may compare him with Verdavin the legendary.

II.

Born of honest but not poor parents, Amedee—such was his name—had from his childhood up one single care, to live quietly and cosily on the 30,000 francs a year bequeathed him by his pa and ma. He had a cheery little town residence, a love of a country house; in spring he made a little trip to Paris, in summer he fished, in autumn he shot, in winter there was the club. Nothing could have been pleasanter.

Nevertheless Amadee perceived that something still was lacking in his life. He wanted some one to keep his accounts and oversee his expenditures. How was he to get rid of this business which threatened his idleness and placidity? He made up his mind to take a wife.

She whom he had chosen was a young girl of candid brow but full of resolution, a fact which had guided Verdavin in his selection. He had said to himself, "She will have will enough to see after all my business affairs, and I shall be saved any trouble in such matters."

III.

Yon moon that shone above, round as the crown of his hat, had not yet filled her horn six times after their marriage when one fine morning my lady summoned her husband, who hastened to her apartments, bearing in his hand a package of hooks to which he was attaching new lengths of line and gut.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Amedee, be so good as to listen to me. During the six months of our married life I have been studying your character and scrutinizing your aptitudes, for you know well that a man of your age and position can not rust in inglorious idleness."

"Why, bless me, Emmie, I thought my time was sufficiently occupied. For instance, just at this very moment, I was setting off for the brook, where I expected to get you a mess of fish for dinner that—"

"Amedee, be serious, I beg of you, if you can. I have been canvassing the whole subject thoroughly in my mind, and have found the one pursuit—"

"But, my dear, when I say that—"

"That one pursuit in which nowadays a man can rise to power and honor is politics."

"Politics! Heaven be praised, I never have gone in for politics, and, Heaven helping me, madame, I never will."

"In three weeks there will be a bye election in this department. I will, that is to say, you will, come forward as a candidate."

"But, dearest, you have not thought—"

"Yes, dear, I have thought it over in its every aspect. Indeed, I have prepared your address to the electors."

"The deuce you have!"

"Don't swear, Amedee; swearing offends the scrupulous voters. Do you think it is very agreeable for a woman to spend all her lifetime shut up in this poky old hole, absolutely unknown? The provinces do not make reputations, but they elect Deputies. What would I not give to hear people say as I passed, 'You see that pretty little woman in brown? She's the wife of our representative.'"

IV.

"Emmie, you are only jesting!"

"This, then, is the address you are to issue to the electors," and she read as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: At a time when the well-being—nay, the very existence—demands the harmonious union of all patriotic men, I feel it my duty to desire an opportunity of combating on the parliamentary field of battle for the regeneration of our beloved country. What I desire—what you must all desire—is Order in Liberty with Liberty in Order!

There were nearly three columns of this!

Next morning there began for the unhappy Verdavin a life the horrors of which it would be difficult to retrace. He, the friend of repose, the enemy of emotion!

For instance, one day madame said, "Amedee, I have drawn up a list of the leading residents of each parish in the constituency. We will call on the most prominent; you will write to the others."

"Seventeen hundred letters—I never could."

"You can easily hire secretaries. In half an hour we will set off on this indispensable journey."

For fifteen days the only man one seemed to meet on the roads, the steamboats, the cars, was the unhappy Verdavin, the candidate in spite of himself. In the pelting rain, in the broiling sun, everywhere went he. Every morning his wife drew up the programme for his day's journey; every night he had to bring home to her good and sufficient evidence that he had been at each place he claimed to have visited.

Grand outcome—the bronchitis, three mild sunstrokes, an incurable rheumatism and a confirmed gastric disease contracted through drinking prosperity to France with 346 electors daily.

V.

"Emmie," he at last gasped, like one about to faint, "I feel that my strength—"

"To-morrow," she said, relentlessly, "you will canvass the forty-seven parishes on this list."

And on all sides nothing was heard but exclamations of "What an ambitious chap that Verdavin is! Who ever saw any one like him!"

"Amedee," she said, next day, "your address has not been circulated widely enough. I have had 160,000 extra copies struck off and distributed."

"But, dear, printing comes ruinously expensive. This morning only I have paid one bill of sixteen thous—"

"You must also manage to have your name mentioned in connection with generous deeds. I have ordered six organs for as many churches in as many close parishes."

"S-i-x o-r-g-a-n-s! !"

"Yes, and twelve fire-engines for villages that are unprotected from the ravages of the destroying element and where there is a large floating vote. Imagine how grateful the poor people will be.

"But, Emmie, I can not make ducks and drakes—I mean church-organs and parish fire-engines—of my fortune."

"And do you count it for nothing, then, the glory of being a statesman? Besides, once in politics, you are sure of getting your money back an hundredfold."

"What a deuce of a fellow that Verdavin is!" said the outside world in awe-struck amazement and admiration; "he'll spend every franc he has before he'll let himself be beaten!"

VI.

One pleasant morning—it was just a week before the election—Madame aroused at early dawn M. Verdavin, who was still sleeping soundly, not having indeed returned from an exhausting journey to the back districts until 2 a. m.

"Amedee," she cried, "rouse yourself; the honor of our name has been vilely thrust under foot and trodden in the dust, and you must avenge it." And she handed the unhappy man a newspaper in which he read the following:

It is about time to have done with the brazen impudence of the charlatan who is trapesing round our streets and highways. This Verdavin, a fellow of the baser sort, seeks—but seeks in vain—to conceal his demagogic instincts. He demands "Liberty." We all know what that word means with him; behind it he prepares an ambuscade for property, the family, religion. This Verdavin, dealer in votes and haunter of low taverns, is nothing more nor less than a scalawag who has not even the courage of his incendiary opinions.

"But that is not all," said his wife, and handed him another journal in which he read:

Let the mask be torn off! Our intelligent voters will not let themselves be imposed upon by a Tartuffe of the gutters. M. Verdavin, a double-ender politician and a perfect nullity, pretends to array himself on the side of the cause of Order. It is under such a guise that the friends of despotism usually do their hellish work. This odious being, whom we will not further pollute our type by naming, has evidently been hired to complicate the situation by his candidacy. Let the electors rise in their might and sweep from the field this vain idiot.

Next morning Verdavin received a sword-thrust in the left arm from the Legitimist editor, and the day afterward one to match in the right arm from the Radical writer.

At last the day of election arrived. Verdavin had conducted his canvass with unsparing energy; his complicated disorders had given him a corpse-like appearance; he had spent three-quarters of his fortune; he carried both of his arms in slings.

But at night the prefect made the official declaration:

Elected—Verdavin, 23,672.

VII.

It was a week later when he entered the Chamber. His wife, radiant and rejoicing, was in one of the galleries. He had chosen a seat in the center—Order in Liberty, as it were.

He arrived in the middle of a debate, so as not to be unduly noticed.

Precisely at that instant a vote had been taken, and as he reached the center of the Chamber he heard the President declaring that, inasmuch as it was literally honeycombed with fraudulent practices, the Assembly thereby invalidated the election of M. Verdavin.

M. Verdavin fainted.

VIII.

Mme. Verdavin has brought an action for separation and the management of her own estate. The bill alleges that the aforesaid Amedee Verdavin is hopelessly possessed with the mania of political ambition.

And the public say of his wife: "Poor little woman, it is a wonder she didn't bring her action sooner. That confounded idiot must have spent three-quarters of her fortune with his senseless ideas of ambition!"—*From the French of Pierre Veron.*

—Prof. Thurston, testing pieces of the wire cable of the Fairmount suspension bridge, recently taken down at Philadelphia, after being in use about forty years, found the iron to be fully equal in tenacity, elasticity, and ductility to the best wire of the same size found in the market. This fact and similar results obtained by another experiment in 1878 led him to the important conclusion that iron subjected to the ordinary strains of properly-designed bridges does not deteriorate with age.

PITH AND POINT.

THE skillful watchmaker is the man for the hour.—*Boston Traveler.*

THE bee and mule are too tender-hearted to look upon suffering. They always turn their backs when they strike.—*Boston Transcript.*

A SYRACUSE grocer used to smoke his pipe while leaning against his kerosene barrel. His mail now goes to the Dead-Letter office.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately lay down and died.—*Philadelphia News.*

IF the President of the United States felt in proportion to his place as big as a policeman in his new uniform, he'd grow round-shouldered trying to dodge the clouds.—*Boston Courier.*

THE rooms of summer hotels are all front rooms, having windows looking directly upon the water, and into which a beautiful breeze blows from any direction, whether or not there is a dead calm. This is vouched for by every watering-place correspondent who writes for his board.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IT was the first experience a couple of Vermont men had enjoyed with a hammock, and the fellow who tried to step into it and then lie down, went over head first and got his nose rooted into the ground and scooped a lot of dirt into his mouth. On getting up he said to his friend: "Don't try it that way!" And his friend indignantly replied: "You bet I won't! Do you take me for a fool?"—*Boston Post.*

BENEATH a shady tree they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat;
They kissed, I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

A GENTLEMAN from the country arrived at a Galveston hotel the other day with his little boy. The little fellow had never seen anybody play operatic music, so when he peeped into the parlor and saw a lady leaning away back on a piano stool, pawing the instrument and whooping, "I am dying for some one to love me," he naturally became interested, and when his father came back to the hotel he told him there had been a woman fighting the piano. "Which got whipped?" asked the parent, smiling at the simplicity of the child. "She hollered," was the response.—*Galveston News.*

A Terrible Indian Onslaught Upon a Herd of Buffaloes.

AN officer of the regular Army, who left Fort Keogh, Montana, ten days ago, arrived in the city on Thursday evening, and is a guest of friends living on Prairie Avenue. The officer traveled by "buckboard" from the Yellowstone River to the end of the Northern Pacific Railroad, near the Little Missouri, and thence eastward by rail.

Couriers had arrived at the post before his departure, bringing the latest intelligence from the Crow Indians, who were then absent from the camp, or Agency, upon a grand buffalo hunt. The news brought in by the couriers was very exciting. They related that after riding over mountains for two days the Crows come upon a fine herd of buffaloes in a narrow valley near by the Yellowstone. There were four hundred Indians and four thousand buffaloes. The Crows had been forced by fear of starvation to take to the chase, and the keen hunger they were suffering only sharpened their eagerness for a tilt with their old fellow-nomads, the noble bisons. The game stampeded down the valley in the direction of the Yellowstone. The chase was hotly followed, half a hundred buffaloes biting the dust before the river was reached. One of the most vehement of the pursuers, who had distinguished himself for bravery in two or three fights with the Sioux, fell from his pony in the midst of the flying herd, and was trampled to death by the frantic beasts.

The Yellowstone, a roaring, rushing river even at the lowest tide, was booming with the regular summer freshet, the outpour of the melting snows in the high mountains. When the river was reached the game made a bold stand, and for a time it seemed doubtful which held the mastery; but the incessant fusilado from four hundred rifles, together with the desperate proximity of the formidable battalion, drove the herd in dismay into the roaring torrent. Beside themselves with the excitement of the moment, the Indians urged their ponies into the stream, unwilling that even a flood should spoil their frenzied sport or cut them off from their game. The terrific current, made tumultuous from the huge piles of rock here and there, in the channel, whirled buffaloes, ponies, and Indians along at a bewildering velocity, until the thousands of beasts were rolling and writhing in inextricable confusion. In the dizzy evolutions of horses and riders, the latter were left to struggle for themselves in the water, and to be jammed to death between the surging masses of drowning beasts. Some who foresaw the danger in time, and turned shoreward, found safety on terra firma, but those who ventured far enough to be embraced by the sweeping, resistless tide, and to become involved in the tangle of struggling animals, were all drowned. The story brought to the post was that thirty Indians and fifty ponies were drowned, besides five hundred or a thousand buffaloes.

Inquiry at military headquarters in this city elicited from Col. Sheridan the information, corroborative in part of the foregoing narrative, that the Crow Indians had eaten up all their food and had gone out after game. The dispatch conveying this intelligence to military headquarters gave no particulars, but intimated, that the Indians were desperately hungry.—*Chicago Times.*

Didn't Work Well.

MR. PIGWEED has had a terrible time of it. He resolved to set a pistol in his safe, before leaving home for the summer, so that when anybody opened the door of the receptacle the pistol would be discharged. However, it puzzled him a good deal to find a way to set the pistol with the door shut, and if he set it with the door open there was no way to make the thing go off when the door should be opened again. So he finally set up the pistol inside the safe and cocked it, and then putting his hand inside closed the door all but a crack, just sufficient to admit his wrist. Then he fixed a loop from the door to the pistol trigger, so that when the door was opened any wider the pistol would be discharged. Then he attempted to draw out his hand, but found that while he had left the door sufficiently open to accommodate his wrist it wouldn't let out his hand without being opened wider, and that would discharge the pistol into his stomach. There was nothing to do but to take off the loop and put on a little longer one, and when he attempted to do that, he found that though he had been able to attach the loop, he couldn't reach quite far enough to detach it again. Then the awfulness of his position came upon him. He was imprisoned and could only release himself at the price of a shot in the stomach. He began to scream wildly for help, and at last help came, and the first man who arrived was about to yank the door open before Pigweed could stop him, and it gave the victim's nerves a terrible shock. Finally they got smiths and tools and went to work to get in at the back of the safe and remove the pistol, and they had to work very carefully so as not to explode the pistol by the jar. It was an all-day job, but finally after Pigweed had nearly died from exhaustion, and his hair had begun to turn gray from fright, they got at the pistol and found that when he put it in there, Pigweed had forgotten to load it, so he might have yanked his hand out at any time.—*Boston Post.*

Amusement of a Rich But Eccentric New York Pulnter.

BANKERS and brokers were hurrying away from Wall Street at half-past three the other afternoon in haste to get to their homes, to the sea shore or the country; clerks, office boys and messengers were running to and fro. Wall and Broad Streets and Exchange Place were filled with a moving throng finishing up the work of the day. Just at this time two men came from the basement of No. 40 Broad Street. One was Mr. C. H. Dexter, the painter and carpenter, and the other one of his assistants. As soon as they reached the sidewalk the two men plunged their hands in their pockets, pulled them out filled with small coin, and began scattering the money broadcast, literally throwing it away. Almost as quickly as it is written a crowd of messenger boys and young clerks surrounded them. Fighting their way through the throng, the two men moved slowly towards Exchange Place, where they separated, one going up the narrow court towards New Street and Broadway, and the other up Broad Street in the direction of Wall Street. At every step their hands were dipped into capacious pockets, raised in the air a moment, and then came a little shower of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters. The crowd increased prodigiously. It was composed mostly of boys, and they struggled and fought good-naturedly, tumbling over and trampling upon each other in their eager scramble for the money. At the corner of Broad and Wall Streets the crowd and the excitement culminated. Here Mr. Dexter stood a few moments, a mob of about a thousand bustling, shouting youngsters about him, while he scattered half-dollars, dollars, and a few shining golden quarter-eagles in a little rain about him. Like the Scriptural rain, it fell upon the just and the unjust alike, for some of the big boys wickedly robbed the little fellows of coveted pieces. The rain was only a shower after all. In fifteen minutes it was over, and Mr. Dexter stepped into his carriage and was whirled away.

Rye Pasture.

IN the fall of the year, especially if it be dry, there is a great deficiency in fall pasture. Rye in many ways can be made to supply the deficiency. Under the old practice of corn cultivation, rye was frequently sown in the corn and plowed in the last time of going through the corn. But with the shovel plow corn was cultivated later than it is with the improved corn-cultivator. Corn is now ready and "laid by" on the best farms of Iowa, it being too tall for the cultivator. But if any one wants to sow a cornfield to rye, where the intention is to cut up the corn early and haul out for the cattle, and then use the rye pasture in the fall, a temporary return to the shovel plow can be done to shovel in the rye in the corn, in July or August. A correspondent inquires if the rye would injure the corn in earing. If sown in June it would be likely to be as injurious as a crop of fox-tail. But sown later, and plowed in as suggested, it would be early enough for fall pasture. It can be made valuable in aiding milch cows, as well as preparing other stock to go into the winter in fine condition. Too many farmers neglect the advantages which can be taken to provide the best food for stock at proper seasons. The practice of letting stock prosper and starve at alternate seasons has become a habit greatly to the injury of the profits of the farm. Study and search to know how the stock can be the cheapest and easiest way kept constantly growing and developing. There should be neither rest nor retrograde in the growth from birth to death.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Custer was the name of a Newfoundland dog that belonged to a New Jersey girl. "We trained him to hold the halter in his mouth and lead the horses away," she said. "He could carry two eggs in his huge mouth and never break one. He could turn a knob as well as any one, and on entering a room would always turn around and put his paw on the door to close it. If this failed, he would jump upon the door, taking care not to scratch with his nails. If any one sat down in the house without doffing his hat, Custer would steal stealthily up behind him and pull it off, then dropping it on the floor at the side of his chair would walk quietly away and lie down, as one who had performed a duty. We would wrap a few pennies in a paper and send him with it in his mouth to a store for candy, of which he was very fond. After delivering it to us he would stand expectantly by, wagging his tail and waiting for the sweet morsel he was sure to get. He was fond of milk, too, but would carry it faithfully to our pet lamb, and though he would glance lovingly into the pail occasionally, he was never known to betray our trust or steal one sip of the coveted beverage."

Religious.

OH, BRIGHT ARE THE GATES.

Oh, bright are the gates of the "Beautiful City,"
Oh, fair is that far-away shore,
Where world-weary hearts may find comfort and pity,
Where sorrow may meet us no more;
Where angels in glory
Repeat the glad story
Of Jesus, who died for a sin-stricken world.

Oh, "there" we may tarry forever and ever,
And sweet are the songs we may hear;
The voices of loved ones beyond the dark river
Like music may fall on the ear.
And the night never falls
On the glittering walls
Of the wonderful city of silver and gold.

Weep not for the world, but look upward in gladness,
Nor grope in this dark vale below;
There's rest for the heart that is burdened with sadness,
And balm for all trouble and wo.
Tho' false friends may grieve us,
The Lord will not leave us,
He loveth the lowly; He heedeth their prayer.
—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12:1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15:-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

"The Ups and Downs of Life."

IT is a very common idea that the discipline of life consists of its painful or rough experiences. Suffering and sorrow, disappointment and opposition, are the trials. The man whose course is all smooth we regard as having no trials. But this is a mistaken and very narrow view. The whole of life is a training-school. The tests of life are not all painful by any means, and the severest tests are not always those which press the hardest. The whole of life leaves its impress upon us. Its light and shade are equally needful to mature us, and we may pervert the light as well as the shade. It requires summer as well as winter, sunshine as well as frost, to mature the harvest. Some men are wrecked in prosperity, and some in adversity.

It is very rare to find that perfect poise of character which Paul described when he said he "knew how to abound, and how to be in want." He had learned to bear the contrasts of life, its winter and its summer, with entire evenness of temper. He could bear the heat and the cold of human experience without being made feverish by the one or being chilled by the other. A healthy body maintains the same temperature in the hottest rays of summer and the coldest blasts of winter. A healthy spirit will maintain a corresponding poise.

But very few are thus balanced. Very few can bear sudden elevation without being made dizzy and giddy. What we call good fortune is often the greatest misfortune that could happen. We read of fortunes falling to poor girls or hard-working men, and call them the favored ones; but we know that in nine cases out of ten this was the most unlucky event of their lives. But if a man can be thus suddenly lifted into a different condition and bear it—neither be puffed up by it nor lose his balance; neither break out into extravagance nor be betrayed into vice—there is the making of a King in him. Better than royal blood flows in his veins.

And there is equal peril in coming down. The peril is different, but none the less. It is no uncommon thing for a man to fall from affluence to poverty. There is a great deal to bear in such a change, more than one would think. It is not merely less money, smaller rooms, cheaper clothes and coarser food. This could be easily borne. But there is the entire change of one's condition and associations. Privileges are cut off, influence is lessened, friends fall away. It is hard for a man to see why his judgment is not as good now he is poor as when he was rich. Yet he finds it does not have the same weight. His word used to be listened to with such deference, and now it is heard with impatience, if at all. If a man could move in the same circle, enjoy the same regard and exert the same influence in his poverty as he did in his wealth, the change would not be so great; but we find

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes have flown.

It is hard to bear all this. There are thousands of beaten men who are beaten altogether, bankrupt in life as well as fortune, in spirit as well as purse. Some are broken in courage, and never take hold of life again; some are made sour and fault-finding, very Ishmaelites, with their hand against every man, and fancying every man's hand against them; some are made sensitive, suspicious and jealous, driving away the friends who would love to remain true.

But when a man can come down and bear all the results of it, and still be true to himself, still be a man, there is nobility in such a character of finer grain than sits in castle or hall. When a man can accept all the consequences of his change, and yet bear himself like a man, the grace of God reigns in that heart. I do not mean a man who goes about with defiance in his look, as if he would say, "I am as good as any of you yet;" nor a man who is broken by his misfortunes, and moves about with a meek, submissive air, as if he would ask pardon for being alive; but a man who calmly and resolutely meets the changed conditions of his lot, and does the best he can, "with malice toward none and charity toward all." There is a grandeur in such a character which surpasses brave exploits or daring deeds. It is the ruling of the spirit, which is better than taking a city.—*Richard Cordley.*

Missionary Statistics.

AT the eighty-sixth annual meeting of the London Missionary Society the Rev. Dr. Allon said:

I know that figures are the least eloquent part of the most prosaic speech that is delivered, and yet I wish to put before you just a few eloquent figures which I met with the other day in a very interesting little book on missions by my friend Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn. Eighty-six years ago there were in existence seven Protestant Missionary Societies, three of which had been working for nearly a century, two of these three being the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Moravian Missionary Society.

At the present there are 70 Protestant Missionary Societies; 27 of these belong to England, 18 belong to America, nine belong to Germany, nine belong to Holland and nine to Scandinavia. There are also Missionary Societies in our colonies, Australia, the Cape, the South Seas and elsewhere, which are working in hearty co-operation with the Protestant Missionary Societies of Europe or America. Eighty-six years ago 170 male missionaries were employed in connection with these Protestant missions, 100 of whom belonged to the Moravian Missionary Society; to-day there are 2,400 European and American missionaries, besides hundreds of native pastors; 1,600 in India alone, and 1,600 in the South Seas. There are 23,000 native catechists, and many thousands of Sunday-school teachers. Eighty-six years ago 50,000 heathen converts were reckoned; at the present time 1,560,000 converts from heathenism are computed in connection with our Christian missions. In the year 1878 alone, 60,000 were added to the converts of our Christian societies. Eighty-six years ago £50,000 were contributed for Protestant missions; at the present moment £1,250,000 are contributed—five times as much as the entire amount contributed by the Roman Propaganda. England contributes £700,000, and America contributes £300,000, Germany and Switzerland from £100,000 to £150,000. Eighty-six years ago seventy missionary schools were in existence. At the present time there are 12,000 missionary schools in existence, with 400,000 scholars, many of them high schools, grammar schools, giving instruction also to theological students. In India alone there are 2,500 missionary schools. In Madagascar our own society alone has 784 day-schools with 44,794 scholars. Eighty-six years ago, there were fifty translations of the Holy Scriptures, and about five millions of copies had been circulated; at the present moment there are 326 translations of the Holy Scriptures into various languages and dialects, and 148,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed.

Why, scarcely forty years ago—that is, in 1845—all the English and American missionaries in China assembled in Hong-Kong, and they numbered twelve. In Hong-Kong they had six converts. At the present moment there are in China 240 Protestant missionaries, 90 principal missionary stations, 500 out stations and some 12,000 or 14,000 Chinese communicants. In India alone there are 600 European missionaries and 430 central stations. In 1852 the converts in India were 128,000; at the present moment there are 460,000. The increase from 1851 to 1861 was 53 per cent.; the increase from 1861 to 1871 was 61 per cent., and during the last ten years the ratio of increase has been greater still. The last two years, especially, have witnessed an increase almost unparalleled, partly through the benevolent services that were rendered in connection with the famine. At this rate of progress alone, supposing it to be maintained, by the close of this century there will be 1,000,000 of Protestant converts in India.

Mutual Forbearance.

NO CHRISTIAN grace is likely to be called into play more frequently than that of mutual forbearance. If we resent every apparent injustice, demand the righting of every little wrong, and if all the other parties in the circle claim the same privilege, what miserable beings we shall all be, and how wretched life will become! We need to guard against a critical spirit. Some people carry microscopes fine enough to reveal a million animalcule in a drop of water, and with these they can find countless blemishes in the character and conduct even of the most saintly dwellers on the earth. There are others who are always watching for slights and grievances. They are suspicious of the motives and intentions of others. They are always imagining offenses, even where none were most remotely intended. This habit is directly at variance with the law of love, which thinketh no evil.—*Week-Day Religion.*

North Carolina Mountain Villages.

THE awful solitude of the forests is scarcely broken by them. Half of their unpainted, weather-beaten houses are always empty, the inmates having apparently died, or gone farther into these sleepy wildernesses and forgotten to come back. The roads leading to them are always over break-neck precipices and in scandalous disrepair, one generation putting off to another the mending of them. There is always a deserted mica mine on a neighboring height, shining like a fountain of silver gushing from the rock; there is always a stream which "would give a powerful yield of gold, only we folks don't count much on them one certain ways of makin' a livin'."

There are always one or two families of educated, well-bred people. They have little money, but they feel the need of it less here than any where else in the States. They live in roomy, wooden houses, the walls, ceilings and floors frequently made of a purplish, fine-grained poplar, which no Persian carpet or tapestry could rival in beauty; they buy no new books, but they have read the old ones until they are live friends; they never saw a Gerome or a Fortuny, but their windows open on dusky valleys, delicate in beauty as a dream, on rushing water-falls, on rainbow veils of mist floating over dizzy heights; they dress in homespun, and sit on wooden benches, but knowing nothing of fashions or bric-a-brac, their souls sit at ease and are quiet, and they never feel the aching void of an empty pocket. Our travelers were welcomed to many a room where trunks, the spinning-wheel, and the cooking-stove filled one side, and the bed and a portion of a Revolutionary ancestor the other, where flat-irons and silver goblets, Shakspeare and the blacking-brushes, amicably keep company on the mantel-shelf, but in which the fine quick wit and the grave courtesy of their hosts would have dwarfed the stateliest surroundings.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A SONG OF VACATION.

BLUE distance of mountain, white sparkle of sea,
And a song in the winds, amid maple and pine,
Over oat-field and rye-field, a ripple of glee,
And everywhere music, in rain or in shine;
Glad voices of children, sweet warble of birds,
And words to tunes wedded, and tunes without words;
Hurrah for vacation! vacation is here!
The hope and the crown of the beautiful year.

A truce to declensions, a rest from the verb,
That puzzle of puzzles in tongues which are new,
A search over hilltops and vale for the herb
Called "Heartsease," bright, blooming and spangled with dew.
Good-by to the schoolrooms, the books and the bells,
And away to the ocean, the streams and the dells;
Hurrah for vacation! vacation is here,
The joyous reward of the diligent year.

A pause to small fingers in climbing the scale;
For hours of practice take hours at ease,
Till the rose tints the cheek where the lily was pale,
And the limbs fairly long for a race with the breeze.
And oh for the brookside! and oh for the hay!
And oh for the orchard this blithe summer day!
Hurrah for vacation! vacation is here,
The merriest time in the fast-flitting year.

Turn, father, awhile from the ledger and tool,
And, mother, put by the torn jacket and gown;
You, too, need a play-spell in life's busy school,
A recess from labor in country or town.
There are mouths to be filled and wee feet to be shod,
Yet gather your strength by a stop on the road,
And take your vacation! just once in the year
Be glad with the bairns that vacation is here.

From the shadowy nooks in forest and wold,
From hedges thick set with the berry and brier,
From mornings of pearl, and from evenings of gold,
A soft invitation ascends, "Come up higher,
Shake off the world's dust, and forget the world's din,
To the house of your Father, in peace enter in;"
And thanks for vacation! vacation is here,
The charm and the feast of the bountiful year.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

THE FATAL FOURTH.

A Tragedy.

"FREDERIC," said my wife, in the tone of a dying martyr, "do you really mean to let our children have fireworks on the Fourth?"

"I do, my dear."

"Then I knew something dreadful will happen. Think of Tom."

"Tom is eleven years old. He must take his chances like other young scamps of his ilk."

"But, Frederic, there are Frank, and Bertie, and Jenny, and Lil, and the baby. Oh dear! I know something will happen." And my wife shook her head prophetically and sighed.

Here my sister-in-law, Wilhelmina, broke in.

"Never fear; your children will all be spared to grow up, Mary. Naughty children always live. For my part, I think fire-works are *fun*," she adds.

Now, Mina was a very emphatic young lady, with the most positive and unchangeable views on the conduct of life. Miss Italics, I used to call her, because she was all for emphasis, and yet she was such a small type of a girl.

"Mina, your tastes are entirely too loud," my wife said.

The young person tossed her saucy head, arched a pair of delicate eyebrows, then bounced up and went to the window, looking down an avenue that leads up to our country house. Now Mina never bounced up without jerking down the skirts of a small jacket she was fond of wearing. It was a sort of cut-away coat arrangement, with buttons behind, a bit of vest in front, a dash of white linen bosom, and a stand-up collar. To-day the rig was brown silk, with bits of gold-color peeping from mysterious linings, and cordings. Mina wore her fair hair short. She shook it out of cold water every morning, parted it on one side with masculine freedom; then putting in a pair of turquoise ear-rings, bought, with feminine coquetry, to match her eyes, she considered, in her own concise language, "that top piece fixed." Now Mina was a girl for which the days of good Walter Scott, that maker of heroines, would have furnished no model. Cooper's young hunters never bore such a maiden as Mina safely to the arms of her family. Hannah More would have used my sister-in-law simply as a frightful example. A French novelist would ascribe to her more wickedness than poor Mina would even know how to name, and then make a dazzling study. In short, Mina's contradictions in character would have bothered Shakspeare himself, and exhausted his subtle involutions of language in painting a creature at once so rude and so gentle, so bold and so shy, such a jolly fellow and such a very woman. She was the outgrowth of an unsettled social state, of a day when women, having struggled out of their old places, have not yet quite jostled comfortably into their new ones, and so, feeling a little insecure, they incline to be defiant. Mina belonged to a woman's club, where, in the daintiest of silks and the sweetest thing in lace, she talked of feminine ability in every department of severe labor and scientific research. On returning home she always went to bed with a headache, but was none the less ready to declare herself fit for marine service, or any other work commonly held proper for men only.

"If McAllister comes to spend the Fourth, he'll bring all sorts of fireworks," remarked this enthusiastic young woman, not disguising that she was looking out for McAllister down the avenue.

"Mina," said my wife, "don't speak of men without a decent prefix to their names; it isn't pretty."

"I don't want to be pretty," answers Mina; "I want to be clever and independent and *strong*." Here she shook all her bangles, and examined a pearl ring on her slender forefinger.

"You want to be mannish, don't you?" said I teasingly,

"Quite the contrary—I want to be *sensible*." Then, with a careless yawn, as if she had said a matter-of-course thing, she added, "I think I shall take up geology."

"You'd better be a nice womanly girl, and take up a husband," quoth her sister.

"*Take in*, you mean," I suggest, by way of revenge."

"Not at all," answers the ready little minx; "she means *take up*. Men can't arrive at any elevated position unless we *do* take 'em up."

"Oh, Aunt Billy," screamed Tom, rushing into the room, followed by Muff, our old terrier, a sleepy, superannuated pet, of which the children were very fond.

"Tom, don't call your aunt Billy," says my wife.

"Yes, he shall. My name is Wilhelmina, or William, and Billy is *good* for short. Go on, Tom."

"Aunt Billy, McAllister is coming from the station, and he's got his arms full of fire-works—Roman candles, and rockets, and pin-wheels, and *every thing*," says the excited Tom.

"Brave!" cries Mina.

"And Mr. Worth is with him, and ain't got so much as a cracker," adds Tom, with proper disgust.

"Humph! I never *did* like Mr. Worth," says Mina, sympathetically.

"He likes you, I bet, Aunt Billy; but you won't marry him, will you, Aunt Billy?" asks Tom, who was at that tender age when the small boy is quite jealous of the affections of a pretty aunt.

"Marry! Nonsense, child, I wouldn't marry *any* man," answers Mina, with very marked italics. "I have to make a career."

"What's that?" says Tom.

"Why, it's a—a—it's writing a great book, or painting a picture, or going on the stage, or— Well, it's showing a woman is just as clever as a man."

"But a woman ain't," says the ungallant Tom.

"You think so because you're only a child, and ignorant."

"I ain't ignorant neither," answers my eldest hope, whose grammar weakens as his zeal strengthens. "I say a woman can't lift a barrel of flour, and a man can. So."

"Like your father, Master Tom, you confound muscle with brains. A woman can do much *better* than lift a barrel of flour."

"Ho! women git scared," says Tom. "But never mind; you're a brick, Aunt Billy, and you sha'n't marry any body—not McAllister neither."

"Ah, now, Tom, I *might* marry McAllister."

"Gus McAllister is a fortune-hunter," I remarked, gravely.

"He's very handsome," says my perverse sister-in-law, "and has very judicious views on the Woman Question—hasn't he, Muff?" At this she pulls old Muff's ear, but having gone to sleep, he makes no sign.

"Humbug!" I exclaim. "He's trying to please you by humoring your follies. Now Worth is a man that—"

"That undertakes to make all the world accept his opinions."

"He is very moderate and reasonable," I say, warmly.

"He *isn't*," Miss Italics contradicts, flatly; "he stares a solemn disapproval of what he doesn't like."

"That was when you remarked you'd like to put on boys' clothes and run away to sea, wasn't it?"

"Never mind when it was;" and Mina flushes slightly, for Worth did subdue her that time by looking gravely straight into her blue eyes. "But I wouldn't marry a man who hasn't proper views on the Woman Question—a man like John Worth—if—if—"

"If he gave you the chance," I suggest, maliciously.

"How do you know he *hasn't* given me the chance?"

"Because he's a man of sense," I answer, knowing Mina will retort, and I shall get at the truth.

"Then the 'man of sense' has condescended to nonsense," says Mina, in scornful mockery.

"Nonsense? Oh, that's yourself, I suppose."

She noticed the slur by a look of ineffable contempt, and went on, helping her speech by a dramatic shake of bangles and bare arm: "And nonsense—*refused* him."

"Mina," exclaims her sister, "you ought to love a man like Worth. He'd make a sensible girl of you."

"Thanks for the implied compliment to the present state of my wits, Mrs. Mary. As to love, Arthur Helps lays down, as the first rule of advancing a career of distinguished public usefulness, 'Avoid engrossing affections.'"

"McAllister's brought lots o' pinwheels," screams Tom from the window, and calls out through the glass, "Hello!"

Muff barks, then goes to sleep within the same second. Mina jerks down the brown jacket snugly over her trim shoulders and waist, feels the little upright collar to make sure it's not askew, then lets her hand wander lightly over the ear-rings and the short fair curls, and, satisfied she is all right, turns to the door.

In comes McAllister ahead. "Oh, Mr. McAllister, I'm *so* glad to see you!" cries Miss Italics, with effusion; "and how good you are to bring fire-works! I *love* to hold a Roman candle while it fizzes off."

"A woman's dress is hardly safe near Roman candles," remarks Worth, as he bows and puts out his hand.

"Oh, are *you* here?" says Mina, by way of welcome; and in a minute she is lost in the embrasure of a window, unpacking endless varieties of rockets and "pieces." McAllister stoops over her shoulder, and the excited children, with Tom at their head, crowd about, poking little fingers into paper convolutions, to find out, as Bertie says, "whereabouts the bang-bang is w'apped up in 'em."

By-and by we all go to dinner, and, as usual, Mina drags the conversation toward what she calls the Woman Question. Her style of argument is not logical, and the sequence of her remarks is peculiar. She throws down the gauntlet in this fashion:

"Women as lawyers are cleverer than men, and I'm *glad of it*."

"They are, indeed," McAllister agrees. "Miss Brief, of Nevada, won a case for a man who, without doubt, murdered his wife."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," says Mina, snubbing McAllister, and hurting her own cause.

The young fellow strokes his blonde mustache, laughs, and tries not to look annoyed.

"But women *do* succeed in *all* professions," Mina goes on, aggressively. Then she looks at Worth, aiming to draw him into a discussion. He guards a grave silence.

McAllister says, "Of course."

"The President of our club has written a book," she says, looking directly at Worth.

"And an excellent one," he answers.

"Indeed! So you concede as much as that?" This with the utmost sarcasm.

"An excellent work," he continues. "It's on cookery."

"Oh!" Mina says, a little chagrined, "I didn't hear what the subject was." Then, without any provocation, she asserts, defiantly, "Well, George Eliot is a woman, and she writes better than *any* man."

"Oh, far better," McAllister agrees, eagerly.

"Nobody disputes George Eliot's ability, nor the ability of many other female writers," Worth says.

"Oh, indeed!"—again with sarcasm; "and what is it you *do* dispute, Mr. Worth?"

"Nothing. I hate dispute."

"But you despise the intellect of woman."

"Please say *women*," Worth requests. "The sort of rhetoric that gives *woman* in the singular reminds me of the stupid public speakers who, for lack of wit and power, keep pounding on some now-fangled phrase that catches the vulgar ear."

After a moment's pause, Mina flies at his eyes with a new assertion: "A woman ought to do every thing she knows how to do."

"When a woman, a man, or any other creature does what she, he, or it knows how to do, the work is worthy of respect," Worth says.

"Well, sir, and don't women do what they know how to do?"

"Some of them. A woman who is willing to learn an art or trade by the plodding processes that insure thoroughness is to be respected and encouraged. But too many women try to jump at results, and are impatient of discipline in work, then feel agrieved because their unskilled labor commands no reward. There's a large class, too, who only talk—talk eternally of their so-called inferior place in society, but really make no patient, continued exertion toward filling any of the positions that are occupied by men."

"Do you mean me?" asks Mina.

"How can I? During the past year you have studied German one month, book-keeping two weeks, porcelain-painting six weeks, botany about as long, logic—under my tuition—one hour. You have begun to write a story, and—"

"That will do," Mina says. "You mean I am too stupid to succeed with any thing."

"No, but like many young persons, you haven't the power of steady and consistent application.

"I've known boys as bad," Mina remarks, tartly.

"But boys are liable to be thrown upon the world and taught by privations and hard knocks."

"Perhaps *I* ought to be thrown upon the world, and taught by privations and hard knocks," Mina laughs, nervously, and tries to look careless.

For once Worth answers inconsistently.

"Women make a grand blunder in depreciating their own value—in straining after what they can't have, instead of cultivating what they have."

"And, in your opinion, have they *any thing*?" asks the sharp young lady.

"Yes; so much charm and so much power as women that a man wonders why she"—here Worth grew inaccurate in his numbers, and looking full at Mina, went on—"why she should be eternally trying to make an anomaly of herself by aping manners that are against her nature, and that she only keeps up in a spirit of bravado." Worth helped himself quietly to green peas; there was a little awkward silence. I felt Worth's chances were over, and Mina smiled sweetly on McAllister, who was flattering her most transparently.

At four o'clock the next morning—the Fourth of July—my son Frank, with a red soldier cap on his head, exploded a torpedo by my bedside, yelled, "I say, papa, it's Fourth o' July!" then danced out of the room like a wild Indian, poor old Muff barking madly at his heels. Bertie, aged five, and Jenny, a wise little woman of eight, I heard in a loud quarrel about fire-crackers on the front piazza.

"Oh dear!" sighed my wife, "something dreadful is sure to happen."

By breakfast-time Tom had become an ungovernable young brute, and could talk nothing but "soldiers," and "cannon," and "crackers in a barrel," and "rockets to-night." He had a face all powder-smeared, and very dirty hands. The younger imps followed his lead, and little Lil's pinafore was burned through in three places. Muff caught the spirit of the day, and jumped and barked as well as his infirmities permitted, retiring at intervals under the piazza steps and into shady corners to enjoy his frequent naps.

At the height of noonday heat the children formed a grand parade. Mina encouraged them from the midst of a heap of colored paper, which she cut into caps and belts and warlike rigging of all sorts. An express wagon brought Worth's contributions, in the shape of wooden swords, drums, fifes and endless fire-works.

"We thought you wasn't goin' to bring us nothin', Mr. Worth," says my eldest son, with that charming frankness and in that pure English peculiar to the gentle youth.

"Aunt Billy said you were 'too disgustingly prudent,'" says Jenny, who can spell long words.

"And Aunt Billy thald," screams Master Bertie, with all his curls in his eyes—"Aunt Billy thaid you wath an awful gooth."

"You see," answered Mr. Worth, placidly, and handing out the playthings, "how foolish and mistaken children can be."

Mina winced under his calm good-nature, then retired to a shady corner of the piazza, pinned a rose in McAllister's button-hole, and asked him to fan her. This appearing to have no effect on Worth, she called for fire-crackers, and with several bunches open in her lap, she held a fuse over them, and nonchalantly lighted single ones in her fingers.

"You'll set fire to your dress," said Worth.

"I'll take care of her," answered McAllister, sharply.

"If that dress should catch," continued Worth, "it wouldn't be easy to put it out." She wore a white muslin jacket to-day, with a sky-blue vest. Mina, by way of response, fired a cracker from her fingers.

"Brava!" exclaimed McAllister.

Worth turned away to answer Bertie, who whined, "When is we doin' to fire all the fings off?"

"When you take off all that paper stuff, you may come down to the foot of the garden, and I'll put some crackers in a barrel for you."

"There's a hogshead down there," shouted Tom—"a big dry hogshead lyin' on its side. Let's put lots in it."

"As many as you like," said Worth; "but take off those paper caps. They're dangerous."

"Nonsense," Mina interfered; "let the poor things wear their caps."

"Poor fings wear their caps!" echoes Bertie, looking aggrieved.

"Children," I ordered, "take off every bit of that paper immediately; and, Mina, you ought to be ashamed of teaching them to be fool-hardy and stubborn."

Miss Italics laughed, threw up a rose-bud, and caught it skillfully, while the whole troop of young imps tore down the garden path at Worth's heels.

Passing near Mina and McAllister a few minutes later I overheard her say, archly, "I should be a very hard wife to manage."

"You shall have your own way in every thing," the young fellow answered.

In desperation, I called Mina away. Taking her aside, I said, "Mina, Mina, take care what you do."

She laughed again in my very face, and answered, "I shall marry the man I like best in spite of *every body*." Then she jerked down that jacket with determination, felt the ear-rings and curls, and marched straight back to McAllister's side.

My wife shed tears of vexation, and declared: "Mina will make us all wretched if she marries that man. He wants her money."

I could only call the girl a perverse and silly creature, who deserved her fate. She had chosen a position where Worth, from the foot of the garden, could see her side face as she coquetted openly with McAllister.

After a little, Tom came tearing at full speed toward the house. Out of breath, he bounded up the piazza steps, crying, hoarsely, "He's killed, he's dead. Where's the ice-water?" then rushed for the dining-room.

"It's Bertie," screamed my wife; "its my darling. Oh, I knew something would happen." With the word Mary raced down the garden path. I was scared enough to run too, but Mina caught up with and passed us both. At a glance I saw the children were safe, though Mary still called wildly for her Bertie, who was roaring lustily under her very eyes, "He'th dead, he'th dead." Jenny explained through her sobs, "He's dead inside the hogshead."

Then, for the first, I noticed the old empty hogshead lying on its side, and from the open end protruded the feet of Mr. Worth, while smoke and the smell of powder poured out all around them.

Mina rushed to the fatal spot, and helped me to lay hold of Worth and drag him out. She had turned pale as death, and cried out, with delightful femine logic: "You're dead, dear. Forgive me." Then: "Don't die, John dear, don't die. I love you."

I was stooping over the body from the other side; the head was just emerging from the hogshead, and the face was turned toward me. It was uncommonly radiant for a corpse, and I heard the dead man whisper, "Hush! it's a blunder. I'm not hurt. Don't want to mortify her. Put me to bed," and John became rigid again.

McAllister drawing near, Mina cried out, savagely: "Don't touch him. *Nobody* but *me* shall touch him. John, dear John!" Then, sobbing, she bathed his face in the ice-water that Tom had just brought.

Bertie all this time never stopped howling, "He'th dead, he'th dead;" and Jenny hearing a profound but decorous sigh, said, "Yes, papa, our poor Muff is dead."

"Muff?" I questioned; "where? how?"

"In the hogshead," answered Tom. "We put crackers in it, and didn't know Muff had crawled inside for a nap. Mr. Worth went in to get him out."

"Oh!" sobbed Mina, "and killed himself with the powder smoke. Why don't you send that man for the doctor?" This last was to me, and indicating McAllister.

The suggestion cleared the situation for me, and, after drawing out the wooly heap that represented our deceased Muff, I politely requested McAllister to run for a doctor. He did so, but with a very bad grace.

Under the scare of seeing Worth lying still and speechless, the children were awe-struck. Only Bertie grieved aloud over Muff's lifeless body.

Covering John's face, I called Dennis, the gardener, who was safely stupid, and we carried the dead-weight to a couch in an upper room. Then John whispered, "Send her away," for Mina had followed close, all pale and grief-stricken. I told Mina to wait outside, and let me use means to restore him to consciousness; but she declared, with all her emphasis turned to a new use: "I *won't* leave him; I *won't*. I'll die too. Oh, I *know* he's dead. I *know* it."

"You go away," whispered Worth.

I went, and listened from outside. There were sobs and moans for a while; then came a great cry of joy, followed by a silence. Soon Mina appeared, all rosy and glad. "He's come to consciousness," she said, "and, and—"

"We are going to be married," added John, in a voice too strong for a man who had just escaped death.

The doctor arriving, of course found all the symptoms of recent asphyxia, while John cast queer glances at me over the leaned head.

McAllister caught a pleasure-train, and returned to the city with other tired-out and disgusted excursionists.

Later John felt able to sit on the piazza in the moonlight, depending on a firm grip of Mina's hand to keep him from a relapse.

My wife said, "I knew something was going to happen if the children had fire-works."

"But it's nothing dreadful," says Mina, in the softest of voices. "I told you I'd marry the man I liked best, and all the time I liked best the one who told me the truth, and didn't make a fool of me."

"But you refused him," I reminded her.

"Pshaw! that's nothing. I quarreled with him too, but I didn't mean it."

On the spot I gave up ever trying to understand the real feelings or real motives of any creature of Mina's sex.

They were married last week, and Mina has just been told that it was her own hasty outburst of affection that led to the dreadful asphyxia and its happy consequences. She says she wouldn't have married if she had known it. Arguing from precedents, of course she doesn't mean that.

The children knew nothing but the apparent facts. To insure prudence and obedience on festive occasions we have only to say, "Remember poor Uncle Worth and the Fourth of July." Like little Cæsars at mention of the ides of March, they all become sad and thoughtful, and consequently tractable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Scandinavian Drinking Bouts.

LEARNED commentators on the Northern antiquities help us to conjure up the scene of one of these drinking bouts. It is a bitter evening in winter; the war galleys have been laid up in ordinary for the season, and the time hangs heavy on the hands of the vikings. The better part of the morning passed in sleeping off the effects of the previous debauch; and, after breaking their fasts with unimpaired appetites, the listless warriors have roused themselves for exercise, and have been stretching their muscles over manly sports. All the same, the short day has dragged, and they have welcomed the heavy fall of the shadows. The feast has been spread in rude profusion; the huge salted joints have been picked to the bone and tossed to the hounds; the bare tables on the trestles have been cleared away, and the boisterous company, breathing hard after the meal, has settled itself down for an earnest carouse. Though the hall is lighted with numerous torches, it is no easy matter to distinguish objects, for the smoke from the fire blazing in the middle is curling up to the rafters of the lofty roof, in vain attempts to escape by the smoke holes. But all around the revelers are grouped on the rough benches, while at the end, on a dais above their followers, sit the chiefs in the places of honor. Tables may be dispensed with. The great horns, with the cup-bearers, or horn-bearers, in attending to replenish them, pass swiftly from hand to hand. There are toasts and "sentiments," and long-winded speeches as well, on solemn occasions of ceremony. The scalds sitting apart, their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," chant the memorable deeds of gods and heroes, and especially the feats of the present company, in interminable stanzas more or less melodious; and the fierce revelers chime in with the chorus till roof and rafters ring again. Naturally the fun grows fast and furious. Thanks to the form of the drinking vessels, there is no setting them down between pulls. It was the anticipation of the fashion of the hard drinkers of a later age, who guarded against heel-taps on the sly by knocking the bottoms of their glasses. It was the pride of those "jolly good fellows" of the North to take off the contents of the horn at a breath. The muddy ale and the headier mead must have muddled weaker or more delicate brains. As it was, there was little intelligence to be confused, and not much wit to be expelled, though, if the Sagas are to be trusted, those ease-hardened topers are to be credited occasionally with some bit of dry humor. But the warm blood grew better still as the liquor went coursing through the fevered veins, and quarrels began that led on to bloody feuds afterward, if comrades prevented their being settled on the spot. More than once in such a banqueting hall some epic in action had its sanguinary *denouement*—as when the Burgundians, prompted by the vengeance of Kriemhild, beset the heroes of the Niebelungenlied on the banks of the Danube; and after Rudiger, in the sublimity of his chivalry, had handed his shield to Hagen, there began "the slaughter grim and great."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Novelist's Secret.

A NOVEL in which the characters are carefully drawn, in which they act upon one another as they might do in familiar social life, is felt to be tame—the stimulus is wanting. The more contrasts we get between appearances and realities, prosperity and adversity, virtues and vices, happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, joy and despair, between yesterday and to-day, the more the tale answers to a demand; for whereas the happiness of real life consists in the fewness and moderation of these contrasts, the harmony of circumstances, the fitness of the man for his work and place, the gentle sequence of events, the novel pleases by showing life in a directly opposite aspect by crowding it with startling transitions, setting every condition cheek by jowl with its opposite, vulgarity with high place; virtuous seeming with inward depravity; by caricaturing the instability of earthly things, reducing the most assured position to a mere house of cards; by the constant contrast between what seems and what is. Of course contrasts, as stock in trade, cost the inferior artist very little. He regards them as self-acting; they are to impress by their own force and weight; but they are not the less a supreme test of power. The writer who can apprehend and portray all the features of a strong contrast of passion and feeling is master of his craft.

IN *Land and Water* we read: "In the elegant little weighing scales in which we can sit and have our weights taken at our railway stations and elsewhere we have a trustworthy index of health and the surest beacon to warn us against the approach of insidious diseases which steal on us unawares, and which, once having fastened upon us, are quite incurable. The reason of this is that the fat of our body is the first to come in health and the first to go in disease; so, by weighing every week we see that our store of fat is still with us, or that it is being inordinately consumed."

GENERAL.

ONE city heard from is satisfied with the new census. Lowell, Mass., has a larger number of inhabitants than anybody living there expected would be found.

W. H. VANDERBILT, it is announced authoritatively, pays for bringing the Alexandrian obelisk over. He stipulated that it should not cost over $75,000.

WM. BANKS, a noted Liverpool shipbuilder, has left $300,000 to his granddaughter, Susan Meyers, the wife of a laborer at Greenpoint, opposite New York city.

THE uncertainties of the theatrical business are illustrated by the fact that Miss Neilson, after a season of great success in the East, has been playing to almost empty houses in San Francisco.

TEN families will soon depart for Zaconia, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, under the direction of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Co-operative Colonization Society. They will settle under the Homestead Law.

A TRAMP consented to do a small job at digging post-holes at Carson, Nev., though labor was contrary to his custom. He returned to his employer's house in an hour, threw down his spade, and said he had changed his mind. He had found $130 worth of gold bars which some miner had buried.

LABOULAYE, President of the Franco-American Union, states that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty would be ready for erection in the harbor of New York in 1883, the centenary of the Treaty of Versailles, which concluded peace between England and America.

THE people of Maryland demand that the law against dueling be enforced. The people of neighboring States have got a notion of going to Maryland to fight their duels, and the results are very fatal to the cattle pastured near the places where the deadly combats take place.

A SOCIETY for prosecuting the systematic excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is in process of formation. Several Egyptologists have promised their support. Miss Edwards is contemplating a lecturing tour in the United States, with the object of assisting the fund.

A GREAT effort is being made to improve the dietary of the German soldiers. It is now recognized that it is not sufficient to merely supply a man with enough bread and meat to keep him alive, but that his bodily vigor, and consequently his efficiency as a soldier, will be increased if his diet partake of a more varied character, and if cooked in a more varied manner.

MISS SUSIE PEARY, seventeen years old, a student in the New York Normal College, recently swam from the foot of Ninety-sixth Street, North River, to the dock above Fort Lee, a distance of more than five miles. The tide and wind were against her. She has not been in the water for two years to swim any considerable distance. Before long she is to make a ten-mile swim up the Hudson to Yonkers.

MONS. LE PAGE RENOUF suggests that the ancient obelisks of Egypt might have been intended to serve as lightning conductors. The evidence is found in an inscription from the temple at Edfu, published by Brugsch-Bey in September, 1875. In the thirty-fourth line of this text "two large obelisks" are expressly said to have been constructed "for the purpose of cleaving asunder the storm-cloud of heaven."

OLD Mrs. Sheppard collects about $2,000 in rents every July at Dayton, Ohio, and puts the money in a bureau drawer. As she lives alone, the folly of keeping so much money by her was long ago explained to her. In 1878 masked robbers entered the house and took the treasure. In 1879 the robbery was repeated in precisely the same manner. This year she hid it carefully, but the rascals choked her until she told them where it was. She now promises to put the receipts for 1881 in the bank.

A BOY temporarily in charge of an elevator in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Savings Bank building, thought he would like to see the elevator work. He pulled the rope, and to his surprise the elevator ascended rapidly. Reaching the top it struck and reversed itself, breaking the starting rope, and the car descended rapidly to the bottom. When the car was raised the body of the engineer was found beneath it. He had been killed instantly.

THE Dumas family has always been remarkable for strength and address. One night at the play Gen Dumas, the grandfather of Dumas the younger, flung a man out of a stage box on to the stage. Dumas the elder was of Herculean strength, and Dumas the younger excels in all games of strength and skill. He is a master juggler, and he can put a frame of knives round a human head leaning against a board with the most consummate surety of hand. George Sand was a brilliant pupil of Dumas the younger, and in her later years she used to amuse herself for days with this perilous pastime.

THE agitation for seats for shop and saloon girls has taken practical shape in Scotland. Recently a staff of ladies made a tour of the chief warehouses and shops in the leading thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and made inquiries as to the accommodation in the desired direction. The subject had been agitated in a daily newspaper for some time back, and the committee found that in several instances shopkeepers and milliners had provided seats for their saleswomen, to be used during "the intervals of business." No fewer than 146 establishments were visited, and in only four instances were the ladies met with personal rudeness.

A LETTER from Bordeaux, France, gives a frightful account of the leech ponds ten miles from that city. The leeches are regularly fed with the blood of old horses, which are driven into the ponds, where the leeches suck them till they grow faint. Then they are taken out and allowed to graze in the fields till they regain a little strength, when they are again driven into the pond, and the process is repeated till at last they are dragged out, bloodless and dead. A well known English veterinary surgeon, who has done much to mitigate the horrors of some of the Continental veterinary schools, has taken this matter of the Bordeaux leech ponds in hand.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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" six months..... 75
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National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.
OF OHIO.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
OF NEW YORK.

ELECTORS FOR MARYLAND,
AT LARGE:
H. CLAY NAIL. J. C. MULLIKEN.

DISTRICTS:
FIRST—A. J. MOWBRAY.
SECOND—JAS. E. HOOPER.
THIRD—R. R. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMES.

SATURDAY AUGUST 14, 1880.

The *Wachter am Erie*, the most influential German paper in the northern part of Ohio, has deserted the Republicans and will support the Democratic national and State tickets. So has the Pittsburg *Volksblatt*. —*Democrat*, last week.

These papers have both been for years always found on the Democratic side, but being published in localities somewhat anti-Democratic, tho't it business to hide their real sentiments, by being recorded as "Independent." Their Democratic brethren should not expose them in this manner.

"True to the Union!"

In the 6th of a series of resolutions adopted by the Oakland Hancock & English Club, Monday night of last week, and published in the last issue of the *Democrat*, we find the following language:

That we utterly deny and repudiate the idea promulgated and sought to be foisted upon the people of the country, that the battles of the Union were fought and won by the Republicans of the country, and reiterate the fact of history that the Democratic party has ever been true to the Union.

Is that so? Let us look at the record of the parties from 1860, and note some of the undeniable facts therein disclosed.

Every State which seceded and rebelled in 1860 and 1861 is securely a Democratic State in 1880 by the votes of men who twenty years ago were secessionists and traitors. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heaven it enriches was a Democrat. Every man that starved Union soldiers, and refused them in the extremity of death a crust, was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated—was a Democrat. Every man that impaired the credit of the United States, every man that swore we would never pay the bonds, every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of the country's credit, every calumniator of his country's honor was a Democrat. Every man that cursed Lincoln because he issued the proclamation of emancipation—the grandest paper since the Declaration of Independence—every one of them was a Democrat. Every man that believed this glorious nation of ours is a confederation, every man that believed the old banner carried by our fathers through the revolution, through the war of 1812, carried by our brothers over the plains of Mexico, carried by our brothers over the fields of the rebellion, simply stood for a contract, simply stood for an agreement, was a Democrat. Every man who believed that any State could go out of the Union at its pleasure; every man that believed the grand fabric of the American government could be made to crumble instantly into dust at the touch of treason, was a Democrat. Every man that tried to spread small pox and yellow fever in the north as the instrumentalities of civilized war was a Democrat.

The Republican party possesses the great prestige of conducting the national government safely through the desperate struggle for its existence, and cannot be robbed of it by any statistics of how many loyal Democrats fought in the Union army. The proportion of ancient rebels who are Democrats to those who are Republicans, is at least twenty to one. It is vain for Democrats to attempt to hide these facts by now claiming "that the Democratic party has ever been true to the Union."

"A Free Ballot and Fair Count."

One of the best sentences in General Hancock's letter of acceptance, which left upon the mind the same impression of neatness and vacancy as a school-boy's copy-book, was that in which the candidate of the Democracy demanded "a full vote, free ballot and a fair count." It was an excellent sentiment, to which every Republican would heartily subscribe. But General Hancock's letter professed to be a statement of Democratic principles. With the platform to which it was a response it was an appeal to the country to trust the 80,000 offices of the Government in the hands of the Democratic party. The question for voters therefore is, not whether the declaration is a sound one, but whether, being put forth by the Democratic party, it is an honest one, or is a fraud and cheat. The answer is easy.

It is in the South that the Democratic party does its perfect work. There are no steadily Democratic States north of Delaware. In the South the party has gained complete control. In the South, therefore, it has had a noble opportunity to put into practice General Hancock's motto of "a full vote, free ballot and fair count." Has it done so? What are the facts? Let us look for a moment at this dark page in American history.

Even Democrats will admit that by the year 1872 the Democratic party was well organized in every Southern State. In Alabama, for example, in that year, the Democratic vote was only 10,000 less than it was in the election of 1878, two years ago. Yet this is the way in which the Republican party has prospered under the rule of the party of "a free ballot and fair count," the figures being the votes cast in the years named:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	79,441	90,272
1874	107,118	91,928
1876	102,002	68,230
1878	89,571	00,000

What became of the Republican party in Alabama in 1878? Is it said that they ran no ticket because defeat was inevitable? Are parties in the habit of doing this? Do Democrats give up voting in Vermont, or Republicans in Missouri? It was because the Republicans of Alabama had been taught by midnight murders and whippings, by social ostracism, and by the tyranny of employers, that the less they had to do with politics the better. This is the kind of "free ballot and fair count" the Alabama Republicans have enjoyed. It remains to be seen how much better they have fared in the election just held, under the new system which prefers cheating to bulldozing as being easier.

Take the case of Mississippi, where bulldozing was invented, and was made known to the world as "the Mississippi plan." These are the votes of the State from 1873 to the last election of a State ticket:

	Dem.	Rep.
1873	52,857	73,324
1876	112,173	52,705
1877	92,727	1,166

This is what the Republican party of Mississippi has come to through fear of Ku-Klux assassins, through the frauds of Democratic canvassers. And General Hancock has the assurance to prate to us about "a full vote, free ballot and fair count!"

Take the case of South Carolina, where the two parties were so evenly divided four years ago that it took four months to decide the electoral vote of the State. This is what the rifle clubs and tissue-ballots, the assassins and swindlers of the party led by Wade Hampton and Hamburg Butler, have done for the Republican party in South Carolina in two years:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	90,899	91,786
1878	119,550	213

It should be noticed that in spite of the notorious and universal use of the tissue-ballot in 1878, the Democratic vote shows an increase of only 28,000 votes. The Republican vote shows a decrease of 91,000 votes. Supposing for the sake of argument that the Democratic votes were honest, it would still be true that 63,000 votes were withheld from the ballot-boxes. Why this change in two years? Was it a sudden indifference on the part of the blacks, whose greatest pride it is that they are citizens and voters, or was it a chilling fear? Let the murderers and ballot-box stuffers who are the brightest ornaments of the South Carolina chivalry make answer, and then let General Hancock ponder awhile upon the beauties of their style of "a free ballot and fair count."

Almost every Southern State makes the same showing. Here is the record of Arkansas:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	38,415	41,681
1876	58,071	38,909
1878	88,728	00,000

The same is true in a lesser degree in Louisiana. There was no general election between 1876 and last year, and for the former year we take the official figures:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	70,630	75,134
1879	51,044	26,611

Every one of these States—and at least one other, Northern Carolina—would be Republican upon a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count. General Hancock knows it. Every Democrat knows it. But simply to serve the purposes of the illustration, let us say that these five States are fairly Republican. They give, all told, 39 electoral votes, which will honestly belong to James A. Garfield. The South could then give General Hancock only 99 electoral votes at best, and he could never by any possibility be President of the United States. By all means, let us have "a full vote, free ballot and fair count."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Business Records of Parties.

The statement of Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum in regard to the cost of the collection of revenue in his department during the last fiscal year, and during the four years ending July 1, furnishes a most substantial proof that the confidence which the people have in the economic, careful and honest administration of public affairs under the rule of the Republican party is not misplaced. The $123,000,000 collected from our Internal revenues during the past year has been turned into the treasury without the loss of a single dollar. The defalcations of revenue officials have been very few and for small amounts, which have all been made good by their sureties. In four years the internal revenue has amounted to over $467,000,000—nearly a fourth of the entire national debt—and of this not a dollar has been lost to the government through the knavery or carelessness of officials, or from any other cause. Official reports show that there is no other nation in the world, any department of whose civil service can show such a record as this. The cost of the collection of this immense revenue, including the expenses connected with the crushing ot the Illicit distillery business—chiefly confined to the Southern States—was but 35 per cent. In 1879 the cost wast 37 per cent., either figures being proportionally less than in any previous years, while formerly the proportionate cost was notoriously excessive. That the service has been efficient as well as honest is shown by the fact, notwithstanding the reduction of the tax on tobacco, the amount collected is greater by $10,000,000 than that for 1879, and is in excess of the estimates of the department.

These figures contrast very favorably with the public revenue sntistics under Democratic administrations. During General Jackson's administration $10.15 out ot every $1,000, were stolen from the public revenue; during Harrison's and Tyler's, $10.37; during Polk's, $8.34; during Pierce's, $5.16, and during Buchanan's, $7. On the other hand, the amount lost during Lincoln's administration was but $1.41 per $1,000. In Grant's first term the balance unaccounted for was reduced to 40 cents, and in his second term to 22, while during the first years of Hayes' administration the loss was but 20 cents per $1,000. The difference in financial management under Democratic and Republican administrations is, however, not confined to the collection of revenues. Under the Republicans purchases of bonds are made solely from the surplus revenues of the government. Before 1860, bonds having many years yet to run were purchased at high premiums from the balances in the treasury laid by for current expenses. In this way this balance was reduced from $22,000,000 in 1853 to $7,00,000 in 1858; and in 1859, within fifty days from the date of the last purchase, at 16 per cet. premium, of bonds having ten years to run, the government was forced to meet current expenses by a new issue of interest-bearing Treasury notes. It was these enormous losses and costs in the collection of revenues, deficits following each other year after year, and continual blunders in financial management, that broke down the public credit before the war, so that rates of interest now legal in no State in the Union had to be paid on public loans; while now the public credit is so high that there would be no difficulty in refunding outstanding bonds at 3½ per cent., which is very nearly the actual rate on 4 and 4½ per cent. at their present market rates. Those Democrats who feign to believe there is nothing in the fear which the business men of Boston, New York and other commercial centres have for a change of administration should study these comparisons carefully.—*Balto. American.*

The Independents.

[Boston Herald.]

Some weeks ago we called attention to the fact that Gen. Hancock's chances of gaining the votes of the independent electors of this country depended wholly upon his readiness to make a frank and clear statement of the civil policy he would pursue if elected President. Since that time he has written and made public his letter of acceptance, and now we are told that this is all that is to be expected from him in the way of affirmation and explanation. If this turns out to be true, we can only say that General Hancock and his political advisers are making an egregious political blunder—one which no amount of partisan zeal can fully offset. The independent voters of this country may or may not be a formidable number; but it is certain that where the parties are so nearly balanced in strength, they form a contingent with whose aid more than one doubtful State could be carried. Four years ago, in a very large number of instances, they supported Mr. Tilden, and helped to give him the majority vote that he obtained. In the present canvass their allegiance has not been settled. They have no great confidence in the leaders of the Republican party. They voted for Mr. Tilden in 1876 with a clear conscience, for they knew that if he was elected his policy would be of his own dictation. While Governor of the State of New York he showed by his actions that his personal force was sufficient to overcome opposition from party leaders. Now, if the Democrats had put in nomination at Cincinnati a man like Senator Bayard, there would have been a revival of this same feeling, for the Senator from Delaware has repeatedly exhibited his indifference to the claims of party when these led him across the boundary of principle.

But by nominating General Hancock the Democratic leaders placed the voters in a different position. As far as the question of loyalty to the Union was concerned, that was answered by putting him at the head of the ticket. But, as it happens, this is a subject upon which the independent voters entertain relatively no fears. Under no conceivable condition do they believe that the South would again attempt to secede. What these non-partisan citizens desire to know is what policy the candidate for the presidency intends to follow on the subject of the currency, the tariff, the civil service, the enforcement of the national laws in States where they may be set at defiance, and other questions of a kindred character. In a general way they know what Mr. Garfield would do, and to what extent the force of political expediency would move him; and, besides, the policy of the Republican party is pretty clearly defined, and though it might be a great deal better, it could also be considerably worse than it is. We wish to have some light thrown upon the method Gen. Hancock would adopt in handling the questions that are now uppermost in men's minds; not what he would do if he had been President five terms or three terms ago. Would he or would he not veto a bill that had a tendency to unduly inflate the currency? Would he favor or oppose a reform in the present tariff? How would he settle the antagonism that is growing up between the federal and State courts? In what way would he maintain the right of every citizen to vote and to have his vote honestly counted? What would he do as president to reform the civil service? To these and similar demands for intelligence, General Hancock makes not the slightest response. This is a fatal error; all the more so, that the party of which he is the candidate has no sustained record on which the public can depend. It has been on one side of the fence at one convention, and vaulted completely over it before the next. It has favored free trade and protection; hard money and soft money; a continuance in office during good behavior, and a division of the spoils among the victors; a free and honest ballot, and a shot-gun campaign. Which of these alternatives will they take up if they get into power? No one can tell, for there is no administrative record to appeal to. If Gen. Hancock is too timid to lay out a civil policy for his party, those who vote for him will simply be taking a leap in the dark. It may result satisfactorily to the country and it may be just the reverse. Both the good and evil of Mr. Garfield's administration could be predicated in advance; of General Hancock's nothing can be predicated, except that, from his unwillingness to speak, it may be judged that he is influenced by men who are much more likely to go wrong than to go right.

Speech of General Garfield at the Serenade by Boys in Blue in New York, August 6.

Comrades of the Boys in Blue and Fellow-citizens of New York:

I cannot look upon this great assembly and those old veterans that have marched past us and listen to the welcome from our comrade who has just spoken without remembering how great a thing it is to live in this Union and be a part of it. [Applause.] This is New York, and yonder toward the Battery, more than a hundred years ago, a young student of Columbia college was arguing the ideas of the American revolution and American union against the un-American loyalty to monarchy of his college president and professors. By-and-by he went into the patriot army was placed on the staff of Washington [cheers] to fight the battle of his country [cheers], and while in camp, before he was twenty-one years old, upon a drum-head he wrote a letter which contained every germ of the constitution of the United States. [Applause.] That student, soldier, statesman and great leader of thought, Alexander Hamilton, of New York, made this republic glorious by his thinking, and left his lasting impress upon New York, the foremost State of the Union. [Applause.] And here on this island, the scene of his early triumph, we gather to-night, soldiers of the new war representing the same ideas of union and glory, and adding to the column of the monument that Hamilton and Washington and the heroes of the revolution reared. Gentlemen, ideas outlive men; ideas outlive all things; and you who fought in the war for the union fought for immortal ideas, and by their might you crowned our war with victory. [Great applause.] But victory was worth nothing except for the fruits that were under it, in it and above it. We meet to-night as veterans and comrades to stand sacred guard around the truths for which we fought. [Loud and prolonged cheering.] And while we have life to meet and grasp the hand of a comrade we will stand by the great truths of the war. ["Good!" "good!" and loud cheers.] And, comrades, among the conviction of that war which have sunk deep in our hearts, there are some that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war itself. We gathered the boys from all our farms and shops and stores and schools and homes from all over the republic, and they went forth unknown to fame, but returned enrolled on the roster immortal heroes. [Great applause.] They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry at Agincourt, of whom he said:

> Who this day sheds his blood with me
> To-day shall be my brother;
> Were he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition.

And it did gentle the condition and elevate the heart of every working soldier who fought in it [applause], and he shall be our brother forevermore; and the thing we well remember—we well remember our allies who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began we looked behind the army of white rebels and saw 4,000,000 of black people condemned to toil as slaves for our enemies, and we found that the hearts of these 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. [Applause.] We have seen white men betray the flag and fight to kill the Union, but in all that long, dreary war we never saw a traitor in the black skin. [Great cheers.] Our prisoners escaping from the starvation of prison, fleeing to our lines by the light of the north star, never feared to enter the black man's cabin and ask for bread. ["Good, good," "That's so," and loud cheers.] In all that period of suffering and danger no Union soldier was ever betrayed by a black man or woman [applause], and now that we have made them free so long as we live we will stand by these black citizens. [Renewed applause.] We will stand by them until the sun of liberty fixed in the firmament of our constitution shall shine with equal rays upon every man, black or white, throughout the Union. [Cheers.] Now, fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, in this there is all the beneficence of eternal justice, and by this we will stand forever. [Great applause.] The great poet has said that in individual life we rise "on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," and the republic rises on the glorious achievements of its dead and living heroes to a higher and nobler national life. [Applause.] We must stand guard, over our past, as soldiers, as patriots, and over our country as common heritage of us all. [Applause.] I thank you, fellow citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent in my heart and life the great doctrines for which you fought, I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. [Applause.] In the strength of your hands, in the fervor of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all that betokens greatness of manhood and nobleness of character, the republic finds its security and glory. [Applause.] I do not enter upon controverted questions. The time, the place; the situation forbid it. I respect the traditions that require me to speak only of those themes which elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greeting. [Tremendous cheering.]

The independent papers are doing good work for Garfield. The Rochester *Herald* joins in with the *Nation* and the Boston *Herald* in this opinion: "We say frankly and freely that General Garfield is a candidate the Republicans may wisely honor and support; a man of large brain and heart, large experience in public life, strong convictions and clearly defined opinions, patriotic and useful both as a soldier and as a civilian, and one who, if elected, would make a good president."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 10, 1880.

Despatches received here from Alabama bring to light many facts concerning the frauds perpetrated at the recent State election there. The first report put the Democratic majority (?) at 60,000, later reports at 75,000, and it may go higher. Of course the size of the majority is at the option of the Supervisors. The machinery for producing Democratic majorities has been brought to a state of perfection in Alabama. The performance in one of the counties may be of interest to General Hancock. In that county the Republican supervisor, by accident of course, for the Democrats always see that the Republican judges are ignorant men, or idiots, was a man of intelligence. This judge insisted upon a fair count. But the Democrats immediately telegraphed for State troops. They came, drove every one from the polls, blew the lights out in the polling room, threw the Republican ballots upon the floor filled the boxes with Democratic votes, and returned a majority of 480. In other counties the polls opened late and closed early, many Republican voters being kept from casting their votes by the Democrats ahead of them. In others the Democrats voted at a side door, as early and as often as they pleased, while a long line of Republicans in front were kept waiting, or answering foolish questions put by the supervisors. There are other tricks equally infamous, that space does not permit me to account. General Hancock, who desires a "full vote, free ballot and fair count," should address a special letter to these Alabama Democrats. They do not seem to understand what he said about the bayonets not being a fit instrument to collect the votes of freemen. But then, perhaps, Hancock meant U. S. Bayonets, and thinks it a good thing if State bayonets are used to disperse Republican voters. Southern methods may aid the party in that section. But in doubtful Northern States, the effect can hardly advance the Democratic cause.

Don Piatt (Greenback editor of the *Capital*,) in speaking of Hancock's letter, says that he has fewer views than any prominent man he ever encountered. That he had hopes to hear from him upon various subjects that concerned the present interests of the country, the tariff, class legislation, the currency &c. &c., and then inquiries, "was this accident or design on the part of the Honorable H. Is he really wrestling with the issues of twenty years ago and dead now, or did the "superb" fear the loss of his own State in the event of his attacking any of her material interest? Don't have views, said a shrewd old Journalist to his more brilliant, but inexperienced junior. Views offend somebody. Have plenty of nerve with a little fornication in it and you will be sure of a circulation. The Honorable H. has only to add a little fornication to his letter to fill the bill. But then the Honorable H. is superb."

Hancock's nomination was so much better than the people were led to expect, that a large number of Republicans were at first inclined to hurrah, if not to vote for him. But the fact grows upon us day by day that the nearer Garfield is brought to the people, the more popular he becomes; while by the same process, Hancock is steadily losing in popular favor.

LOGAN.

Gen. Longstreet was as true to the South as the needle to the pole during the war. No braver man nor abler division commander was intrusted with duty, or performed it more faithfully. After the war was over he recognized its results, and declared his purpose to honestly live up to them. No sooner was this determination announced than his comrades in arms, and those whose homes he had defended, turned their backs upon him, and never was a man so persistently and perseveringly persecuted. He was denied all social recognition, and the bare mention of his name in Southern circles was received with a scornful sneer. His only fault was that he believed duty as well as policy demanded that the people of the South should accept the situation and adjust themselves to the changed condition of affairs. The same class of men who so cruelly persecuted Longstreet are now throwing up their hats for Hancock, the Union General, who is willing to lend his name to the followers of the cause for which Longstreet fought and bled. If they are sincere in their support of Hancock, with his letter of acceptance, declaring the results of the war a finality and the amendments to the Constitution inviolable, why was it that they denounced and ostracized Longstreet, who had declared for the same, and no more? This does not look exactly right, nor should the masses of the Southern people be misled by the pretense.—*Staunton Valley Virginian, Aug. 6.*

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—Attend the Mass Meeting.

—Thos. Martin's youngest child died Monday morning last.

—The business of the B. & O. R. R. at this time is very great.

—A Garfield and Arthur Club should be at once organized in every district in the county.

—Mr. R. S. Jamison has been very unwell for about two weeks. He is now much better.

—Excursion tickets to Oakland from nearly all points on the railroad are now issued by the company.

—Bring your "sisters, your cousins and your aunts" to the grand mass meeting in Oakland, September 2d.

—A Garfield and Arthur Glee Club was organized Tuesday, with Capt. J. M. Jarboe as leader.

—Work has been commenced on Davis & Townshend's store building and on W. H. Tower's and G. W. Legge's residences.

—Mr. A. S. Sell is erecting a dwelling house on the east end of Oak street. Mr. G. A. Spedden is doing the work.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Messrs. "Dod" Bell, Wm. A. Daily and Dr. S. Townshend were at Blackwater this week, on a fishing excursion.

—Miss Alice Hite, of Cumberland, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. B. Wolfe, returned home Saturday.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, it is stated, have in view the building of a large summer hotel at Frostburg.

—Peter Goodwin, postmaster at Barton, Allegany county, and his wife on Friday of last week celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

—The town council should see to the repairing of the board walks about town. Some of them are in a dangerous condition and may cause serious injury to pedestrians.

—The Garfield and Arthur campaign club of Oakland meets every Friday evening, in the court house. A good speech at every meeting. Ladies are especially invited to attend.

—The Orphans' Court met Tuesday, but transacted no business of general interest except the granting of letters of administration to A. B. Gonder, Esq., on the estate of Owen Costello, deceased.

—Every voter in the county should attend the monster mass meeting which will be held in Oakland September 2d. It will undoubtedly be the largest political meeting ever held in the county.

—As an evidence of the popularity of the Singer Sewing Machine, the agent at Oakland, Mr. I. W. Slonaker, informs us that two weeks ago he received 12 and this week 16 machines, all of which have been disposed of.

—The President on Monday appointed Mr. Webster Bruce as collector of internal revenue for the 4th Maryland District, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, the late Colonel D. C. Bruce. Mr. Bruce's application was endorsed by leading members of both political parties and his appointment to this position of importance and responsibility gives general satisfaction.

—Mrs. and Miss Halbritter, the wife and sister of Fred Halbritter, who lives about a mile this side of Tunneiton, were killed by No 10 Monday evening, while walking on the track near their home. They stepped from one track to the other to get out of the way of a freight train coming east, and got directly in front of the west bound express, which struck them and killed them instantly.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Stone Church—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Club Meeting.

The Garfield and Arthur campaign club was addressed Friday evening last, at the Court House, by Hon. Simon Wolf, of Washington, D. C. The house was well filled, the most noticeable feature being the presence of about forty ladies. Mr. Wolf is a very eloquent speaker, not of the spread-eagle kind, but a solid reasoner. His remarks were well received, and will no doubt be productive of good.

After the speaking the club transacted business looking forward to an active campaign in Garrett this fall.

The club meets every Friday evening, in the Court House, and will have speaking at every meeting.

"The Republican" for the Campaign,

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earnestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of **25** CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

Deer Park Items.

DEER PARK, Aug. 10th, 1880.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burke have the heartfelt sympathy of our whole community on the death of their lovely little daughter May, who was released from her intense suffering on Friday, August 6th, after having been a constant comfort and blessing to her parents and older brothers for eleven years and nine months. She was buried on Sunday, after impressive funeral services at the church, conducted by Rev. W. H. Clary. The coffin was loaded with most beautiful floral tributes, and a great number of sympathizing friends filled the church to overflowing and followed her to her last resting place, where she was tenderly placed in her quiet bed, surrounded by her weeping, lonely friends, to the soft melody of a sweet, solemn funeral hymn.

On last Wednesday, August 4th, a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Marley, of this place, died of erysipelas.

The guests at Wing and Wing had much amusement at a bowling match last week. The contestants numbered over a dozen, each one scoring for himself individually. There were six prizes given—three by the ladies to the gentlemen, for best, second best and worst players, and three by gentlemen to ladies, ditto. All had a lively time over the distribution of the very unique prizes, which were presented with racy, appropriate speeches, and accepted with overwhelming expressions of gratitude by the worthy recipients.

Rev. Andrew Getty, of Lattsburg, Pa., will preach in Deer Park church on Sunday, Aug. 22d, at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M.

Arrivals at Wing and Wing since last report:

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Pinkard and daughter, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mt. Vernon, O.; Mrs. A. Riley, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Henry Leussig, Baltimore, Md.

L. S. D.

MINERAL SPRING, Aug. 6, 1880.

EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:—Enclosed please find a few verses of poetry, which I wish you to find room for in your valuable paper. They are not put together very well yet they will suit the occasion for which they are intended.

(TUNE:—CASTLES IN THE AIR; or Twenty Years Ago.)

There was a bridge to build across the Yough
A year or two ago:
'Twas offered by the Commissioners,
And bid in very low.
Yet the right ones hadn't got the bridge,
Though it was very low;
They called the bid and tried it twice,
And found there was no show.

There are inquiries of how we can
Just do the work so low;
I'll tell you how that is, my friends:
We work and that's not slow.
We are working now with all our might,
Thinking it a dry snap;
And hope the Commissioners won't
Cut us off with a dry flap.

So Ike and Ben and Henry,
A shop did there erect,
And on the Seventeenth, at night,
By Jeminy down it went.
But who threw down the blacksmith shop,
We'd very much like to know?
Yet we'll find out in time, my friends,
And all of you shall, too.

There were half-round drills and various things
Were in the chest, we know,
But what we found was on the ground,
Way down the hill below.
Now just think how wise it was
On going to the church,
And stopping at the blacksmith shop,
And getting in a lurch.

So now boys, don't talk too much,
Your tales they do not bit,
For if you keep on a little while,
Your party is sure to split.
You had better pay the twenty down,
And have the thing kept still
Than have the news going round,
And out in the form of rills.

I pitied poor Ed so very much,
When I heard that he was hurt,
And thought that if it had only been
Some of the others' fate.
So David L. had better not
Make any more of those snaps,
That causes horses to run off,
And throws down blacksmith shops.

SHAKESPEARE.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., Aug. 7, 1880.

DEAR EDITOR:—Gen. Grant and his soldiers are going to make war again. Civil war, without arms, this time. Grant has never failed in any great enterprise. He has beaten the ex-rebel Gen. Lee, and I hope and trust, for the good of our country, he will beat Gen. Hancock at the polls this fall—Hancock, who is no statesman, but for whom the ex-rebel Jeff. Davis and Lee's army will vote. But we will vote with Gen. Grant's army for Garfield the statesman. Tell the Hancock Democrats that they might as well give it up when Gen. Grant and his army will take the field and the stump for our good government and our country against Hancock. God save our country, with James A. Garfield at the head of it.

PAUL BEACHY.

Disastrous Fire at Bloomington.

At 11 o'clock Saturday morning a large frame building belonging to the Lochiel lumber company, Bloomington, and occupied by Jos. Denning as a boarding house, caught fire from a stove pipe passing thro' the roof, and burned to the ground. The building was located near the lumber works and the oil shed and tool house, two large frame buildings, were also burned. No lumber was lost and the works were not damaged at all. Mr. Denning lost nearly all his furniture and many of the boarders their clothing. The only fire apparatus used in fighting the flames were Babcock extinguishers, which could not stop the flames after they had gained headway. The loss is said to be over $1,000.—*Cumberland News.*

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, August 12th, 1880.

E. R. Anthony, Jas. W. Abest, Laura Burris, Mrs. Willis Bosley, J. J. Bennett, Bradford Cheny, Mrs. Chas. Dawson, Kate Gallagher, David G. Hedges, 2, Samuel Hunter, Miss Hettie Harden, Asbury Haines, Harry Junkins, S. T. King, Ezra Koontz, Mrs. D. E. Linderborn, Jas. Meathe, (foreign) Bushrod Robinson, E. Randall, Miss M. Reilly, W. P. Shutt, D. V. Smith, Hennie Thomas, Jane Wolf, Wm. Vauns, Mrs. C. Wells, Mrs. Math. Welch, J. T. Ward, Frank Whitehair.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

No one need detract from the ability of Gen. Hancock as a soldier. He was educated by the Government, set apart, consecrated, and has been a paid officer during his life of service. He could not have been true to country and done less. He fought well at Gettysburgh but that does not make him a statesman. The old farmer who knew Frank Pierce intimately said "he was a nice man but spread him all over the country and he would spread almighty thin." Such may be true of Hancock. There is one question, the people would be glad to have Gen. Hancock answer. Who nominated him, and who his friends are upon whom he depends for an election? They think they now know, but as Sambo said, "Massa Hancock we wants to know which way your gun is pintin jest now."

General Hancock announces that the war ended fifteen years ago. There is eloquence in that single line. The writer of it knows whereof he speaks.—*Utica Observer.* No doubt of it. General Hancock, being a professional soldier, would very likely know it if any war was going on now, and, probably, his recollection of the close of the last war is pretty accurate. And he is very eloquent over a fact of that kind:

"Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

But when it comes to some of the disputed questions—the right of the National government to regulate the National elections, the tariff, finance, civil service, etc.,—the General's eloquence is not perceptible to the naked eye. That's the rub, mostly.—*Buffalo Express*

Like Weaver, Congressman De La Matyr has come back from Alabama with some new ideas. He says that he found the sectional feeling there much stronger than it is in the North, and he told the people that if they did not put it aside they would speedily make a solid North. With regard to his own State of Indiana, he judged that there would be a change. "The Democratic party has heretofore had a strong Greenback platform and has largely held the Greenback vote. A hard-money national platform and the nomination of English for Vice President place them now in harmony with the national bank idea, and they will lose a large vote."

The good people of Frederick Co., Maryland, took a vote on Tuesday of last week on the question of local option. There was unusual spirit in the contest, but the local optionists were defeated by a majority of 1,500, nearly one-half of which was obtained in Frederick city.

Pungent Political Paragraphs.

We will not be satisfied with less than 200 majority for Garfield and Arthur in Garrett this fall.

In this campaign Republicans are looking above Hancock and striking at the party that is behind him.

No Republican will complain of the receptions of General Garfield at the various towns he passed through on his way to New York.

The bayonet is not a fit instrument for the collection of the ballot. It gives the voter a chance to take to his heels. The shot-gun has a long range and is far more effective.—*Chicago Times, Ind. Dem.*

Does it ever occur to the minds of the Democrats that there is such a thing as some soldiers voting for General Garfield? Or is it given up that all soldiers, rebel and Union, will cast their ballots for Hancock?

If there is anything about the Democratic candidates or platform to attract workingmen the workingmen have not been able to discover it. Consequently, they are arraying themselves on the side of Garfield and the platform which protects their interests.

If the Democratic organs would print the "alleged" returns from Alabama and Hancock's resounding platitude about "a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count" in parallel columns, they would be likely to rouse the North to a better comprehension of the campaign for "reconciliation and change."

According to the Springfield *Republican*, the difference between the political situation now and in 1876 is, that then the Democrats were sure of Indiana and hoped to carry Ohio: now the Republicans are sure of Ohio and hope to carry Indiana, which is truthful as well as epigrammatic.

The funniest Democratic excuse for the emptiness of Hancock's letter is that he was hampered in expressing his views by the fact that President Hayes is commander-in-chief! It will be pretty hard work to stretch that excuse over his silence on the tariff and currency.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from Indianapolis, says: "One thing is certain, nobody wants English. The next fact is they don't want Landers. Between these two distasteful persons and the national necessity of a Democratic victory in this State in October, the party may be describing as standing in what Belvawney denominated 'a uncomfortable situation.'".

It is reported from Washington that Mr. Conkling is arranging a Southern campaign tour for General Grant in the interest of Gen. Garfield. It is thought that this step while it might not secure any Republican Electoral votes in the South would largely contribute to the election of some additional Republican Congressmen down there.

The Pension office is only twelve years behind its work in acting upon pension applications. This is one of the results of the statesmanship of the Democratic Congress, and its lazy indifference to the suggestions of the Commissioner, ceaselessly repeated for three years, for a reorganization of the Bureau. The imagination refuses to conceive where the work would be if it was at the mercy of Democratic officials as well as of Democratic Congressmen.

Why should Hancock be elected? That is the question his party failed to answer, and it is one on which his letter is silent. In fact, he gives a firstclass reason why he should not be elected when he declares that "it is only by a full vote, free ballot and a fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our Government." That declaration either means nothing, or else it means that his election can only be accomplished by a a violation of the theory of our Government.

The Boston *Herald*, whose leaning toward the Democratic party in the past cannot be questioned, says that "if General Hancock is too timid to lay out a civil policy for his party, those who vote for him will simply be taking a leap in the dark." And again that "both the good and evil of Mr. Garfield's administration could be predicted in advance, while of General Hancock's nothing can be predicted, except that, from his unwillingness to speak, it may be judged that he is influenced by men who are much more likely to go wrong than to go right."

There are signs of a Democratic panic over the outlook, and well there may be. Any experienced political observer can perceive plenty of indications that the country is not going to change parties in a time of so great prosperity as the present. It is in the air that the Republican party will be retained in power. The drift is all that way. Of course there is hard work for the Republicans to do, and they are preparing to do it. What they want to calculate for is sufficient hard work to secure a majority in Congress as well as to elect Garfield and Arthur. Both results can be accomplished, and both probably will be.

W. M. O. Dawson of the Kingwood *Journal* has been nominated for the Senate by acclamation by the Republicans of the Ninth Senatorial district, consisting of the counties of Preston and Monongalia.

Dr. Tanner, the Minneapolis faster, who began abstaining from food on the 28th day of June last, successfully completed his task at noon Saturday, and took a glass of milk as the first thing. He is now doing very well, and experences no serious injury from the undertaking. He proposes to write a book, embodying the history of his fast.

"The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is, the restoration of business trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money, and honest payment of all obligations, and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of any of these purposes is a public benefactor."—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

In his journey from New York city to Chautauqua, General Garfield passed through a section of the State whose vote will be very important in November, and the receptions which he met with all along the line were so enthusiastic, and were participated in by so great a number of people, as to thoroughly demonstrate his strength and popularity as a candidate. The heartiness with which he was greeted meant very much more than the mere curiosity of the throngs to see a leader in American statesmanship and the probable next President. General Garfield is so entirely a man of the people that his mingling with them in this Democratic fashion can only be objected to by captious and unreasoning critics.

Everywhere in the North the Republican canvass is showing intensity of feeling. The free voters never better understood the vital questions at issue. The efforts of the Democratic party to hide its terrible record behind its candidate, and silence the voices of the past, will prove a failure. History is too well understood and its facts too fully substantiated by the evidence of millions of living men, to make such an experiment a success. The country is prosperous and rapidly recovering from the great prostration produced by the rebellion of the Southern States, which now have the insolence to demand that the government be turned over to them. Why should the loyal people want a change?

A trade organ, the New York *Dry Goods Bulletin*, has even been brought into politics, and supports Garfield and Arthur because they are pledged to sustain the policy which has secured the present development of American industry. "The Democratic party," it says, "is not pledged to such purely American interests; and Hancock and English have no guide-post directing their way, if elected. For ourselves, we must select a known advantage, which grows daily more and more needful, and which has built up our commerce and manufactures, and we must decline to recognize that which is at least uncertain, and that may, by a single congressional enactment, injure, enfeeble or destroy our present prosperity."

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assyer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. EPLER'S
BAKERY & CONFECTIONARY

One Door South of Davis House, Oakland, Md.

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars always on hand. Also Homemade Blackberry, Raspberry and Wild Cherry Wine. Call in. 8 14 4w

FOR SALE

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

Lot No. 4 in Brant's Addition to Oakland. Central location. Address, with bid,

J. H. DORSEY,
aug 14 Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to all whom it may concern, that my wife HARRIET E. HARVEY, left my bed and board, on the 9th of January, 1880, and still remains away, without just cause or provocation, and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

CRAMPTON HARVEY.
Oakland, August 3d 1880. 3t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN RALLY!

GRAND MASS-MEETING
AT OAKLAND,

Thursday, Sept. 2d, 1880.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Prominent Speakers from abroad will deliver addresses.

The Oakland cornet band will furnish music for the occasion.

It is earnestly hoped that there may be a general turn out and that we may have the grandest meeting ever held in the county. Our party and our candidates are worthy of our best efforts.

Turn out in wagons, turn out on horseback, turn out on foot, and hear the questions of the day discussed.

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman County Committee.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned bearing date the 13th day of November, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 550, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will

ON MONDAY,
September 6th, 1880,

AT THE HOUR OF 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

at Bush's Saw Mill, (near Ashby's Ford on the Youghiogheny river) about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

One "Eclipse" Portable Steam Engine,

with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete.

Said engine was built by Frick & Co., at Waynesboro, Pa. The cylinder is eleven inches in diameter and sixteen inches stroke, the boiler is well proportioned and has ample fire-box and fifty-five two-inch tubes, and is, according to the sworn testimony of an expert, at least thirty horse power.

Also, One Saw Mill,

(Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut-off saw with mandrel frame and pulleys, and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench belt and oil can.

The above described engine and saw mill are nearly new and are declared (by Mr. Bush) to be first-class in every particular.

The said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert having failed to comply with their contract and having made default in the payments of the notes secured by the said deed of trust, the said property will be sold to satisfy the balance of purchase money now overdue. The Trustee will take pleasure in showing the property to any person desiring to examine it.

TERMS:—CASH ON DAY OF SALE.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
aug13 ts Trustee.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Con bs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
COAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilton is complainant and William H. Barnard and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer at public sale, in front of the store of Wm. L. Rawlings, in the town of

Bloomington, Garrett county,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., on the

8th day of September, A. D., 1880,

all that part, piece, parcel or tract of land called

"TYPEE,"

containing thirty three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river, and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE AS PRESCRIBED BY THE DECREE:—One-half CASH on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
aug14 tds Trustees.

Bridge Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to examine whether the public convenience requires the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny river, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby Mill Ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Virginia line, at or near the Nordick settlement, will meet at the place designated, on Thursday, September 16th, 1880, and perform their duty in the premises.

WM. WHITE,
G. M. MASON,
F. P. ARNOLD,
8 14 3t Examiners

The Cash-Shannon Duel In South Carolina.

THE quarrel of the year ended in Darlington County on Tuesday with the death of Col. Shannon. The story of the duel is a long one. Col. William M. Shannon, the man who was sinned against and yet slain, has been of prominence for many years. He was born in 1822 and graduated at South Carolina College in 1841, when he married the daughter of Gov. McWillie. After gaining good practice at the Kershaw bar he was sent to the State Legislature. He resigned his seat in that body to take command of a cavalry company in the Confederate service. Since the war he has been President of the Camden Bank, and found himself, at the age of 58, esteemed everywhere. Col. E. B. C. Casb, a planter in Chesterfield County, was in command of a regiment in Bohnhan's Brigade, C. S. A., and was known as a fearless officer. The duel grew out of a lawsuit against CApt. R. G. Ellerbe, Cash's brother-in-law. Capt. W. L. De Pass and Col. Shannon were the plaintiff's lawyers. It was charged by De Pass that Mrs. Casb, now deceased, had tried by questionable means to help her brother, Ellerbe, over legal difficulties, and, regarding this as an unbearable imputation against his wife, Cash, on the 22d of May, abruptly challenged De Pass to fight a duel. In reply, De Pass said that, though the challenge was "couched in language unwarranted by the code of honor among gentlemen," he nevertheless would be pleased to meet Cash at any time and any place. Getting wind of the duel, De Pass and his second were arrested, the others avoiding arrest. Shortly afterward arrangements were made to fight in North Carolina, but De Pass again was arrested. The second arrest led Cash to pubiish a card, in which he said that De Pass had brought about his own arrest; that De Pass was a coward, and that, being sick and disgusted at such conduct, he offered the public his "pistol-case in exchange for a horsewhip." This brought out a long reply from L. W. R. Blair, the letter being dated "Dixie's Retreat, June 19." In the letter Mr. Blair, who was De Pass's second, gave a minute account of De Pass's search for the dueling-ground and his misfortunes in falling into the hands of the officers.

On June 3 "The Camden and Kershaw County Anti-Dueling Association" was formed, with Judge Kershaw as President. The objects were declared to be to educate and organize "the public opinion and moral sense of the people to a true perception of the criminality of the wicked and pernicious practice;" to take measure to procure an adjustment of personal difficulties which might tend to inducе a duel, "and to use and enforce all legal means of preventing dueling."

Upon the formation of the Anti-Dueling Association Cash published an article in the *Carolina Sun* attacking the editor of the *News and Courier*, and ridiculing Camden. He laughed at the idea of such a club in "Camden, the Galway of the State." "Such an association," he wrote, "will be a bombproof to all the liars, slanderers and cowards in the place. Such men as Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Rutledge, Commodore Perry and Alexander Hamilton were thus maligned." In the meantime Ellerbe had challenged Col. Shannon, who had refused point blank to fight. Ellerbe then published Col. Shannon a "poltroon and coward," who had refused to go upon "the field of honor." A few weeks ago Cash challenged the old Colonel, who was persuaded by friends not to fight. A few days ago, goaded on by the very persistence of his enemies, he sent Cash a challenge, which was at once accepted.

Shortly before two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the gentlemen met in a grove at Du Bose's Bridge, in Darlington County. Col. Cash being deaf in one ear requested that the signal to fire be given by the discharge of a pistol, which was agreed to. Col. Shannon fired first, his ball striking the ground near Col. Cash's feet. Col. Cash then fired, the ball passing through Col. Shannon's heart. Death was instantaneous. Col. Cash has since been arrested on a warrant from the Coroner of Kershaw County.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The New Evolution in Mosquitoes.

WITH improved ordnance has come the iron-clad ship, and now, for a reason like that which displaced the old-fashioned vessels of wood, we must give up, it is to be feared, our mosquito bars.

When an enemy penetrates your defenses it is clear you have no resource except to set up defenses that he can not penetrate. Yet how is this to be done? Amazing and indeed incredible as it may seem, the tiny black pest that has come to enliven this remarkable summer is actually able to go through the ordinary mesh of mosquito netting. The creature has evoluted in the direction of diminution. He has grown small by degrees and excruciatingly less. By some diabolical instinct, or through the teachings perhaps of a long line of astute mosquitoes who have lived and grown gray in the past, the wretch has contrived to make himself compact, so as to laugh to scorn our most ingenious devices. He is an india-rubber or telescope mosquito, who rolls himself within himself, but whose capacity in the way of torture is no whit impaired by his new and artful endowment. Formerly we gazed upon him from within with ironical complacency as he skurried up and down the mettings, giving forth, indeed, his trump of menace and defiance, but tinctured, withal, with a certain accent of despair. We were masters of the situation then, and felt as safe as Macbeth in Dunsinane before the fatal wood of Birnam heralded his fate by beginning to move. The enemy could no more touch us than the small boy who flattens his nose on the window-pane can touch the cates and dainties that make his mouth water inside. But those happy days have passed, and how are we to return to them? Are we to submit to the fiend, the tormentor, the incomparable master of petty agony without a blow? This is out of the question, and yet for the time we seem to be utterly without resource. When the fierce foe tears and poisons you at his own sweet will, slipping to and fro through your nets with a grace as airy as that of an acrobat who goes through a hoop; and when your chemist tells you, with a look of altogether inexplicable triumph, that there is really no remedy for mosquito bites, and no prophylactic against them; in these circumstances your strait is becoming serious. The laurel crown, the purse of Fortunatus, and the thanks of millions living and yet to be, await the fortunate discoverer who shall falsify your chemist's statement and put an end to his mysterious satisfaction forever. Yet the years roll by, and clever Americans who can manifestly invent every thing else have invented no real armor against their tiniest but most virulent foe. Let us console ourselves with the hope that the very extremity we bewail may inspire the coming man, and that thus out of our stinging nettle of danger may be plucked the budding flower of safety.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

An Expressman Who Survives with Three Bullets in His Head.

As a specimen of human vitality, says the Boston *Herald*—a man who seems to be utterly proof against powder and bullets—probably North Adams possesses the champion of the world. The Western man, whom the *Herald* told about a few months since as having survived a dislocated neck, and the murderer who had to be extinguished on a Connecticut scaffold twelve hours after he had pierced himself through the heart, furnish no more remarkable instances of the occasional tenacity of life than does Mr. Thomas A. Halpine, the North Adams agent of the American Express Company. For nearly ten years he has survived and attended to business with no less than three large bullets buried in his head to such a depth as to be beyond the reach and rescue of the most skillful surgeons in the country. It was on the night of the 16th of January, 1871, that he was attacked while engaged as an express messenger between Albany and Boston, and his assailant was an old-time Boston and Albany baggagemaster (and subsequently an expressmen between Springfield and Boston), popularly known as "Yank" Filkins. "On the evening named," says Halpine in a modest way, "I went to the office and made preparations for my usual trip to Boston. It was a clear, bright moonlight night, and I was feeling unusually cheerful and happy, as this was the last trip in the week, and the next was my week off. My wife and myself had promised ourselves several little pleasure trips during the coming week, and as I left home that night I said to her: 'This is my last trip, you know,' little dreaming what was in store for me. When I got into the car I found the stove was smoking, so I opened both doors to let out the smoke, and they remained open for several minutes. Just as the train started from the depot I heard a noise, and, looking up, discovered a man coming into the car. He said: 'Hello! is that you?" At first I thought it was Woodward, the other messenger on the route, and I inquired: 'Where are you going, Woodward?' He replied: 'Oh, just across the river.' I had not taken a look at him until this reply, but the unfamiliar tone of his voice caused me to look up again, when I saw he was a stranger. Upon this I said: 'I do not know you. I never saw you before. What is your name?' 'Jones,' said he, 'and I have run a great many trips for this company.' Then he inquired, 'Where do you make your first stop?' Thinking he was an old expressman, and a friend of Woodward's, only going across the river, and without the remotest idea that there was any thing wrong about him, I turned my head and commenced looking over my waybills, when bang went a pistol and down I went. In an instant I knew what Jones was, but it was too late. I was down and the blood was spouting from my mouth. My thoughts flew rapidly; and I knew in a few minutes we would be in at the East Albany depot, and I thought if I could get hold of him I could hold on until we got there. I arose on my knees, and, looking up, saw he was standing right over me with his pistol pointed at my head. Instantly I heard the report, saw the flash, and down I went again. While lying on my back he stooped over, and, placing the muzzle of the pistol close to my ear, fired a third time. That fixed me, and I was unconscious for a few minutes. When I came to the train was standing still. By a tremendous effort I got on my feet, walked to the center of the car and seized the bell-rope, thinking to ring the bell on the engine and attract attention; but I had not sufficient strength and fell to the floor. I, however, managed to crawl to the door, which 'Jones' had left open when he jumped out. I tried to shout, but could not. Just then the engineer was getting upon his engine, and looking back, saw my head come out of the door. He came back and found me insensible. I knew that I had been shot three times in the head, and the last shot I thought had blown my head all to pieces. The remembrance of it is horrible. The first shot entered on the right side below the ear and middle of my neck. It passed through and lodged under the left jawbone. The second shot entered my head just under the right eye, and the third entered my right ear, and none of the balls have been extracted." When Mr. Halpine had somewhat recovered from the shock he gave a description of his assassin to Conductor Sargent and Baggagemaster Colson, and a few days afterwards Filkins was arrested. Suspicion, however, was first directed to him on account of his movements and the tracing of the purchase of the fatal pistol. He was sent to the State-prison, but subsequently escaped. Halpine, as already intimated, fully recovered, and experiences no ill effects from the cargo of ammunition in his brain, except in very stormy weather. He believes, with many others, that Filkins is yet alive, and faintly cherishes the hope of some time meeting him.

A Determined Suicide.

THE fact that suicide requires, and must require, a high degree of physical courage, at least, is too often overlooked and too often denied. One of yesterday's cases of self-destruction was as good an illustration of this, supposing the man to have been sane, as could be desired. The engineer on the New York and New Haven train discovered a man standing quietly on the track ahead of the engine, with his back to it. When the engineer whistled, after trying in vain to stop the train, this determined suicide turned about, faced the engine and calmly waited to be hurled into eternity.—*New York Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

RESTING PLACES.

A MEADOW for the little lambs,
A honey hive for bees;
And pretty nests for singing birds
Among the leafy trees.
There's rest for all the little ones,
In one place or another;
But who has half so sweet a place,
As baby with her mother.

The little chickens cuddle close
Beneath the old hen's wing;
Peep! peep! they say, we're not afraid
Of dark or anything.
So safe and snug they nestle there,
The one beside the other;
But safer, happier by far,
Is baby with her mother.

PEEP.

ANOTHER story, my darling, and this time about Peep! Well, jump up into my lap, and we will travel back through many years of time, to one pleasant afternoon in May. Laura, my little girl friend who lived next door, and I were seated on a small box close by the pasture gate. We were tired of playing Spanish bull fights, for the gentle old cow would only wink her eyes at our wildest capers and brightest red shawls; we were tired, too, of playing tight-rope walkers on the green fence that separated the pasture from the garden, and were puzzling our small heads to decide what we should do next. Suddenly I espied something moving on the other side of the field, and jumping up I cried, "Oh, Laura, what are those little yellow specks over there? Let's go and see." Away we trotted, and what do you suppose we found? Why a lot of the dearest chickies you ever saw. The naughty little things had crept in through a hole under the fence, and had run away from their mamma, who was anxiously calling to them from the other side "Cut! Cut!"—"Come! Come!" How they did run and peep as we came upon them! They all scrabbled under the fence as quick as they could, except one wee fellow who was so frightened that he ran off in the wrong direction. Then Laura got on one side of him, I on the other, and before long we had our little prize safe in my small apron. Dear me, how we did cuddle our precious little yellow puff-ball so that he would not miss his mamma, and very contented he seemed with our devotion. Then we started for the house, taking turns in carrying our baby chicken, which we had determined to own in partnership.

When we reached there Laura took him in charge, while I found an old starch-box, and nailed a piece of mosquito-netting across the front. This made the nicest house for our dear chickie. We stowed him carefully away in it with a quantity of cotton for a nest, and a dish of corn-meal for his dinner. "What shall we call him, Alice?" asked Laura, but before I could answer the saucy fellow replied for himself "Peep." So Peep he was christened from that day forth.

Peep grew very fast, and before long he had a great many small feathers on his wings and tail, of which he was very proud. He was so tame that he would follow me all about the house; even up the stairs; though he did not like to do this, and would scold me for not carrying him. Peep thought the nicest place to take a nap was in my pocket, and into that he would creep just as often as he could get a chance. One time I forgot all about the little mischief, and went down town with him fast asleep in my pocket. As soon as I went into a store, however, Peep, who had been aroused from his slumbers, commenced to scold loudly at being disturbed. I was so embarrassed by the surprised looks of the people about that I trotted out of the store as quickly as possible, and took the naughty fellow home.

Before long the summer came, and Laura said she would take care of Peep while I was away. Laura and her mamma lived with her grandma, a dear little old lady who disliked pets of all kinds; so Laura kept Peep carefully out of her way. But one morning just after breakfast, when they were all at prayers, naughty Master Peep get out of his house and walked off all by himself on an exploring expedition. He marched into the sitting room, and as everyone was kneeling down with their eyes tight shut nobody saw the runaway. Master Peep's sharp eyes soon espied a bright ribbon on grandma's cap. "I wonder if it is good to eat?" thought he to himself, with his head inquisitively cocked on one side; "Guess I'll go and see." So up hopped the saucy fellow right on to grandma's back, marched up to her cap, and began to peck at it with all his might. Grandma, feeling this funny twitching of her cap, and thinking it was one of the kittens that lived in the kitchen, put up her hand to push it off. She grasped naughty Peep by one hand and began to pull him down. Oh! how he did shout with indignation, and scratched and flapped at grandma in the most shocking manner. Grandma's eyes opened very wide when she saw him, but she quietly got up and put him out of doors without a word. Then she came back, glanced rather severely at Laura's shaking shoulders, and went on with prayers as if nothing had happened.

After this Master Peep was banished to the barnyard to live with the other chickens. Nevertheless he always felt himself to be their superior, and whenever he was tired he would come into the kitchen, curl up on old Bruno's, the Newfoundland's, back, and go sound asleep. But one time, alas for poor Peep, he dug his claws a little too hard into Bruno's side. This was more than the patient dog could bear, and he grabbed Master Peep by the neck to shake better manners into him. But Bruno, though he did not mean to, shook all the life out of his little friend; and when he put him down, poor Peep gave one last gasp and expired. He was buried in the garden with Laura for chief mourner, as I was still away from home. And this was the sad end of Master Peep.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Sea-Side Adventure.

AS RELATED IN A LETTER FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL CLYTEMNESTRA, WHOM SHE LEFT AT HOME.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, July, 1880.

MY DEAREST CLYTEMNESTRA: Do you miss me? and are you wondering why I do not write? Well, my dear, writing is an impossibility when one is at the sea-shore. You never knew such times as we are having all day long. I must tell you, first of all, of an adventure that befell me yesterday—not *me* exactly, either; it *most* befell Lucille, the beautiful Paris doll that Fanny Bell was so proud of; and well she might be, for a handsomer creature never walked. You remember her, of course; the lovely Mademoiselle Lucille, as she was called, that being the French for Miss, for it would never do to call her plain Lucille, such a fine young lady as she was, just from France, with all the airs and graces that belong to Paris, the politest city in the world. It's no great wonder she was proud—Lucille, I mean—for I'm afraid most of us would be if we looked like her. Such hair as she had, all natural curls down below her waist; and such a *nelegant* wardrobe, or "trooso," as Fanny calls it. Perhaps I haven't spelled trooso right, but please excuse it; indeed, *you* wouldn't know whether it was right or wrong, you are such a poor little ignorant thing. I'm ashamed of myself for neglecting your education as I have done, when I see the dolls here, and realize how much they know. Just as soon as I get home, we'll begin with regular lessons every day. It isn't *your* fault, you sweet lamb, that you don't know anything. *I* am the only one to blame, and I'll try to make up for lost time when I come home.

But, dear me, how I do run on, without telling you a word of the adventure. The "sad sea waves" put all sorts of ideas into my mind and I get terribly confused. I heard a lady sing last night about the "sad sea waves," and I think it sounds prettier than "the ocean"—don't you? Well, to begin at the beginning: Yesterday morning Fanny Bell, Dora Mason, and I went down to the beach as usual, Mademoiselle Lucille walking along by her mamma, just like a real live beautiful child. We scooped holes in the warm sand, and made caves, and then we built the Pyramids. *They* are in Egypt, you know, curiosities that people go to see; but we make them of sand so that they look just exactly like the pictures, "Sfinks" and all. Perhaps you don't know what the "Sfinks" is, but I will tell you some day, when I begin your education, my poor Clytemnestra.

Well, at last we wanted to go round the point to pick some wild morning-glories, so we sat Lucille up on a kind of throne behind the Pyramids, and left her. We were only gone a little bit of a while, but what do think? when we came back the tide was in, and the sad sea waves had washed away Pyramids, Sfinks, Lucille, and all! Oh, the despair we were in! Poor Fanny jumped right up and down, and screeched, and then sinking down upon the sand, as the story-books say, "she buried her face in her hands, and wept as if her heart would break." All at once I saw something bobbing around, and if there wasn't Lucille about four feet from the shore, fastened to a rock by the flounce of her pink satin dress! Fanny shrieked aloud, but Dora and I seized a pole, and after working a long, long time, we managed to fish her out of the water.

Lucille is frightfully pale to-day, and her curls are gone forever. She is a bald-headed "faded beauty," as a gentleman truly said when he saw her this morning. When I look at her, and remember how fine she used to think herself, I can't help saying, "Well, my dear, 'pride must have a fall.'" I pity her, though, from the very bottom of my heart, for it must be dreadful to be so changed, and all of a sudden, too. I guess we sha'n't have to be so particular any more about calling her "Mademoiselle."

I can not be thankful enough that I left you at home, my sweet Clytie. The sea-shore is a lovely place for children who know how to take care of themselves, but 'tis dreadful dangerous for *dolls.*

And now good-night, my pet.

Your loving mamma,

BESSIE MAYNARD.

P. S.—Dora has just come in to say that Fanny has changed Mademoiselle's name, and hereafter she is to be called "Jane." Poor thing!—*Harper's Young People.*

Three Strata of Cities.

IT is well known by all students of geology that our earth has been growing thicker by the gradual deposit of mineral and other matter in the bottom of oceans and great inland lakes. Some of these deposits in past ages, called the Silurian and red sand-stone, are many thousand feet in thickness. The highest mountains are the youngest in the world's history, because they lifted up with them this greater thickness of earth, which did not exist when the older mountains were forced upward.

Prof. Schliemann, in his explorations on the site of old Troy, dug through three tiers of cities. The upper one was evidently modern, and its relics belong to a recent civilization. The second, Prof. Schliemann believes to be the Troy of Homer, for it is full of relics of weapons described by Homer, and of household vessels mentioned in the Iliad. The third city belongs to prehistoric times, when barbarism prevailed, and stone weapons and utensils were in use, like those found in ancient caverns and in the sunken villages of Swiss lakes.

We can understand how strata are formed at the bottom of the ocean, or how Pompeii was buried by the eruption of Vesuvius. But it is not so easy to explain how cities are buried over a hundred feet deep by the slow working of natural laws.—*Youth's Companion.*

How to Ventilate a Room.

WE are still idiotic house builders in the matter of securing constant renewal of fresh air, so much needed in summer. What proportion of rooms can be swept through and through by an air current? Not more than one in ten. The majority of our apartments are closets. Rooms with doors or windows all on one side become receptacles for stagnant air. If a stream is dammed up, the result is stagnant water. If any portion of a lake is walled up from the action of the winds, the result is the same. The ocean of air in which we live is subject to the same law. Constant agitation purifies air as well as water. Air is food as well as bread, and when it becomes stale, as it now is in thousands of New York houses, disease and debility are the result.—*Graphic.*

A Valuable Discovery.

The London *Times* gives a most interesting account of a scientific invention by Mr. George Bower and his son, the latter of whom has improved his father's work. It has been known for some years that a coating of magnetic oxide of iron, produced upon a surface of metallic iron, will protect the iron from all atmospheric influences. Moisture will not act upon it at all, and nothing short of red heat will affect the coating. Two or three years ago Professor Barff succeeded in producing such a coating upon iron by means of superheated steam, but the appearance of the iron so covered was such as to forbid its being employed for any purpose where that was a consideration. The new process, devised by Mr. Bower and perfected by his son, accomplishes the object of protecting the metallic surface, and at the same time producing a beautiful French-gray tint, which obviates the necessity of painting the articles treated. The process, which is not secret, consists in heating the articles to be coated in a closed chamber by means of carbouic oxide, heated air being made to enter the chamber for the double purpose of burning the gas and for combining with the iron. The excess of air, after burning the carbonic oxide gas, combines with the iron, forming first the magnetic oxide, and then the hydrated sesquioxide, or common iron rust. By shutting off the supply of air until only enough is admitted to burn the carbouic oxide, the rust is converted into the magnetic oxide. The process is repeated until the film is sufficiently thick for the purpose of protection. The application of this invention has been undertaken on a large scale, the chamber where the oxidization is now carried on being large enough to contain about a ton of miscellaneous articles. The value of the invention, and of the method of applying it, is no longer a matter of doubt, the severest tests having been made of the iron coated. The earliest experiments only produced a film that would peel from the metal; but by the new method a coating is made which is inseparable from the metal. Inasmuch as the cost of oxidization is less than that of a coat of paint, it has become evident that the next generation, at least, may be happy with cheap and indestructible iron.

A Longish Canal.

Commodore Marshall Parks, of Virginia, is preparing a map showing the present condition of the inland navigation of the United States east of and including the Mississippi River. He says that by a moderate expenditure of money a continuous inland channel, free from the dangers of Hatteras, could be made from New York to Florida, thence across the Peninsula of Florida, utilizing the present inside route to New Orleans, up the Mississippi River through the Michigan Canal to the lakes, from Buffalo by Erie canal to Albany and by river to New York; thus making an entire circuit of the United States east of the Mississippi River for steamboats, torpedo boats and transports. Commodore Parks designed and constructed the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal which unites the waters of Chesapeake Bay near Norfolk with the sounds of North Carolina. By the construction of the fourteen miles of this canal the inland navigation was extended 1,800 miles. There is no tow path on this canal, steam only being used. It has practically solved the problem of the use of steam on canals and its extension further south, as may be seen from the above will be of very great service to the country.

A Lady's Startling Adventure.

Mrs. Cannon, wife of Mr. Will Cannon, of the Robinsonville neighborhood, was on her way home from church on horseback last Friday evening, when she felt something stick her in the face, and supposing it to be a limb of a tree threw up her hand to ward it off. While undressing for bed after her arrival at home, she was horrified to find a rattlesnake in the sleeve of her dress. The reptile dropped out on the floor and was killed. The lady had not previously felt much inconvenience from the slight abrasion on her face, but it now commenced swelling and became so painful that a physician was called in to attend her. It is supposed the snake had taken refuge in the tree and that it bit her and transferred itself to her sleeve as she rode under it. When we last heard from Mrs. Cannon she was still suffering some pain, but it was hoped she would soon recover.—*Waco (Tex.) Examiner.*

THE man who hanged himself died of his own free will and a cord.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE old maid who exclaimed, "My life has been a deserted waist," can readily be believed.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

IT is very funny that the country mosquitoes get such early information of the coming of the boarder from the city. The farmer, his wife, children and friends will swear before you leave home that there is not a mosquito within six miles of the place, and when you get there and meet a big fellow, with his whistle under his wing, all ready for a little blood, the farmer will say: "Now, that's funny; we hain't seen a mosquito before this season. You must have brought 'em with you."—*Boston Globe.*

A SENSITIVE reporter is the wrong man in the write place.—*Hackensack Republican.*

THE difference between cheek and brass is said to be that cheek asks for anything anytime without the sign of a blush. Brass comes up and takes it without asking.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

NEW way to "know (all about) thyself"—Get a Presidential nomination.—*Puck.*

THAT blessed baby had been howling in the street-car for nine blocks, until everybody else in the car had escaped except a bald-headed old Galvestonian, who rubbed the top of his dome of thought, scowled, stamped, fumed and gave other evidences of being annoyed. "I hope the baby don't disturb you, sir," said the mother, pleasantly. "No, madam, it does not," he said, savagely gritting his teeth. "I am so glad. I was afraid it did—little tootsy, wootsy, yum, yum, yum." "No, madam, it don't disturb me," he said more savagely. "Little tootsy fiddlestcks only disturbs people in the adjoining county. It has made a chattering idiot of me five blocks ago."—*Galveston News.*

SETS things right—The hen.

IT has been shown that it takes talent to get into a hammock without at the same time getting out of it on the other side.—*N. O. Lagayane.*

[Sandusky (Ohio) Daily Register.]

Personal.

Mr. H. Lulay, Sullield, Ohio, writes: Fifteen years my wife suffered with liver disease. I paid an immense amount of money to the doctor, but without any benefit to her. Last year she began to use Hamburg Drops, since which time we have had no occasion for doctors.

"DOES the cistern ever give out?" asked the gentleman who wanted to rent the house. "Never but once, and that was before they kept beer for sale in the corner grocery."—*Galveston News.*

[Peck's Sun.]

"WE are going to do something we have never done before, and that is deliberately and unsolicited to puff a patent medicine. We want to say that we indorse, personally, all that is said of St. Jacobs Oil. We have tried it for rheumatism and neuralgia, and it has given instant relief."

THE only way to bring up a child is to show him what a good life is by living it yourself. The old Scotchman was right when he said, "Trot feyther, trot mither; how can foal amble."

Not Open to Argument.

The testimony of the *Sunday Herald*, Rochester, N. Y., is taken from their columns, and is to the effect "that Warner's Safe Remedies are a positive cure for diseases for which they are specifics, there is no disputing; neither is there the 'Ghost' of a chance to cast into being a negative to so positive an operation."

"New Fangled Notions"

May not work injury to people when they relate to matters of little consequence, but when entertained as to what we shall take when afflicted with serious disease, they may lead to dear experience. Don't therefore trifle with diseases of the blood manifested by eruptions, blotches, scrofulous and other swellings and grave symptoms, but take that well-tested and efficacious remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age. If the bowels are very costive use also Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little sugar-coated pills.)

CURES FEVER AND AGUE.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Jo Daviess Co., Ill., March 31st, 1879.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I write this to inform you that my child, one year old, has been permanently cured of the fever and ague in a week's time, and the use of but half a bottle of your Golden Medical Discovery. My wife, a long sufferer from liver complaint and biliousness, by the use of the Discovery and Pellets has been entirely relieved. The Discovery has never disappointed us for coughs and colds.

Yours truly, JAMES STRICKELL.

Northern Ohio Fair.

Attention is called to the announcement of the Northern Ohio Fair Association of Cleveland. Their tenth Annual Fair will be held from Sept. 6th to 10th inclusive.

ALL respectable dealers sell Frazer Axle Grease, because it is the Genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

NERVOUS, sleepless and overworked find rest and nourishment in Malt Bitters.

"PREJUDICES rule the vulgar crowd," but Hunt's Remedy rules Urinary diseases.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house, and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

RED RIVER VALLEY
2,000,000 Acres
Wheat Lands
best in the world, for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

MALT
UNFERMENTED

DYSPEPSIA is the prevailing malady of civilized life. It lies at the bottom of one-half our misery. It is the rock upon which many of our business ventures have split. It clouds the mind, weakens the body, and preys upon the vitality. Where shall we find relief from this morbid, melancholy misery? MALT BITTERS! A Food Medicine, builds up enfeebled digestion, regulates the flow of the gastric juices, dissolves and assimilates every article of diet, and cures a thousand morbid forms assumed by Dyspepsia. Prepared by the MALT BITTERS COMPANY. Sold everywhere.

MALT BITTERS COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

MALT AND HOPS
BITTERS

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours the only one genuine. By mail, 62. Andrew Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured.

When Doctors Disagree, Let Common Sense Decide.

MANY of the directions for regulating household labor are so widely dissimilar that young housekeepers find it difficult to judge which to select as the most reliable. We are surprised, in examining household magazines and receipt books, to note the numerous conflicting statements coming, as many of them do, from those who stand as model managers and most reliable authorities.

Not many weeks ago a young and inexperienced but conscientious housekeeper came to us in the lowest depths of despondency. One of her "guides" described the mode of doing certain important things, as she thought, very sensibly and clearly. Another gave rules wide apart from the first. For instance, one advised in washing white flannel to make a strong suds in boiling hot water, leave the flannel soaking in it until the water is just cool enough to be used without burning the hands. Then wash and throw at once into a tub of boiling water in which a little blaing has been stirred. Shake up and down with a clothes-stick till cool enough to put through the wringer twice, snap, pull in shape, and hang on the line evenly, changing it on the line several times; then fold tightly, before very dry, for an hour, and press while damp, drawing it into shape while pressing. All very correct, we should say, except putting through a wringer. That injures flannel, in our judgment, making it hard and knotty.

But the next authority she consulted was very explicit in directing that flannels must be soaked over night in cold water, then wrung into a cool suds, rinsed in cold water, and if fair, left out over night to bleach.

This advice, we, for one, should most certainly object to, and feel that our flannels were yellowed, shrunk, and in every way greatly injured; and yet these directions are given by one who is recognized as good authority.

The young lady had the misfortune to spill some grease on the carpet. She flies to her books of instruction to learn how to remedy the disaster, and one tells her to lift the carpet, stretch it on a clean floor, pour on boiling water plentifully and with a stiff brush scrub the carpet very thoroughly; pour on more boiling water and scrub again, then rinse, and wiping the floor dry, stretch the carpet on the line to drain, then nail it down while wet to prevent shrinking; raise all the windows, if a sunshiny day, and tying a coarse dry towel on a broom go over the carpet many times to absorb as much of the water as can be done, changing the wet towel to a dry one often; then leave the carpet to dry.

Another advises soapsuds with ammonia, only raising the carpet to lay some old cloth underneath to absorb the grease. Then scrub the grease spot with this suds and, if needful to hold the colors, put in half a cup of beef's gall. As soon as the grease disappears rinse and with old soft cloths rub till nearly dry.

Another assures you that any quantity of oil or grease can be extracted from a carpet by laying dry buckwheat flour on the spot plentifully, and removing it to add fresh clean buckwheat flour as often as necessary. When the grease disappears brush all the flour off into a dustpan and the carpet will be as good as new—but, never wet the carpet to take out grease spots.

The first direction we think ruinous to any carpet but some old rag carpet, the second very good advice, but the third the best of all and entirely safe.

Now, mystified by many conflicting rules (and we have only given a small sample), what can an inexperienced housewife do? We know of no better advice than to let the good common sense, which in a true-hearted, sensible wife develops rapidly in times of responsibility, come to the front; not to discard rules that are laid down for a housekeeper's guide, but to weigh them calmly and accept or discard independently as careful trial of each shall determine. It is true that economy must be kept in mind, while allowing young, untried, common sense the privilege of experimenting, but with care little need be wasted. Some trials may not give satisfaction, but if one experiments on a small scale in matters of food there will seldom be a dish prepared that can not be eaten with a degree of comfort. In cleaning, repairing, rejuvenating articles, try only a little spot at a time; or make a spot—which is better—on some old rag that will be no loss if thrown away. That will give a good chance of trying several ways before deciding which will be the most effective on that which can not be thrown away.

But why should there be so many conflicting statements? We certainly know how it has originated in several instances. Many have written on household affairs who have never had practical knowledge. They see the workings only from the outside—the surface work. They do not know how much time or thought the mistress of this domain gives to the work, what mistakes are made, or what remedies applied to prevent the mistake being known. Sometimes mistakes in cook-books occur by accident. We recall a receipt in a cook-book that used to be very popular that will clearly show our meaning. The dish was arrow-root pudding, and part of the direction read as follows: "To one pint arrow-root add half a cup of sweet milk; beat it smooth and free from lumps, till like cream!" Any cook, and most housekeepers will understand the impossibility of following that direction and the utter absurdity of it. It would be impossible to even moisten a pint of arrow-root with only a half cup of milk. And many a young housekeeper has grieved over her lack of success when trying to follow this rule. We desire to comfort these young matrons whose mistakes arise often from no fault of their own, but from a lack of practical knowledge in those who attempt to teach; and we also would show those who try to follow books as housekeeping guides that they must bring to their aid their own judgment and common sense in testing the lessons taught by the most able treatises on Domestic Economy.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

THE Prince of Wales spoke of himself as a "citizen" of Great Britain at a public dinner in London, and was vigorously cheered for his good-fellowship.

HOME AND FARM.

TAPIOCA CUP PUDDING.—This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake it in a cup for 15 minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it, or a few fresh raspberries.

PAPERED WALLS are cleaned by being wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread with the crust on and rub them down with this. Begin at the top and go straight down.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—To one pound of grated cocoanut allow one pint of milk and six ounces of sugar; beat well the yolks of six eggs, and stir them alternately in the milk with the cocoanut and sugar. Put into a pail or pitcher, set it into boiling water and stir all the time till very smooth and thick; as soon as it comes to a hard boil take it off and serve in cups or tumblers.

ICE CREAMS.—To make lemon ice-cream take one quart of cream, two lemons (the juice of one and the grated peel of one and a half) and two cups of sugar. Sweeten the cream, beat the lemon gradually into it, and put it at once into the freezer. The freezer should be the best patent one you can procure, there being several, we believe, and all very nearly alike in merit. Freeze rapidly, or the acid will turn the milk. Use rock-salt, not common salt. Orange ice-cream may be made in the same way. For pineapple ice-cream, take one quart of cream, one large, ripe pineapple, and one pound of powdered sugar. Slice the pineapple thin, and scatter the sugar between the slices; cover it and let the fruit steep three hours. Then cut, or chop it up in the sugar, and strain it through a hair-sieve, or bag of double, coarse lace. Beat gradually into the cream, and freeze as rapidly as possible. Peach ice-cream may be made in the same way, with two or three handfuls of freshly-cut bits of the fruit stirred in when the cream is half frozen.

A STARVED tree, like a starved man, must be fed a little at a time. All the functions are weak in such a condition, and must be strengthened by exercise. By degrees the old wood should be replaced with new growth. Large limbs must not be removed until there is a return of vigor. It is like amputating a human limb, and can only be done safely when there is strength enough to bear the shock. It will take several seasons to bring about the process of renewal, but mean time the old trees will bear more fruit; until they will astonish the owner with the crops they yield. Long before a new orchard can become remunerative, an old one may be made to renew its youth and pay handsomely for the outlay of time and trouble expended on it. A person who has never tried this process can hardly believe how effectually and successfully it can be accomplished. Trees of fifty or sixty years' standing may be thoroughly rejuvenated by proper treatment, and however aged it may be, a tree will seldom fail to respond to careful attention.

SPRAINED PASTERN.—To compel a lame animal to stand on the affected limb, is both cruel and unreasonable, and is apt to retard recovery and cause serious complications. If the animal is shod, remove the shoes of both hind feet. Apply some coarse woolen rags around the pastern, and keep these constantly wet with cold water, during two or three days. Then apply some stimulant, such as heartshorn, liniment, twice daily, during a week, after which give the horse liberty on pasturage during a month. During treatment, the horse should not be removed from the stable for any purpose; and he should be allowed to stand on his legs as he pleases, the advice of quacks and officious blacksmiths notwithstanding. Severe sprains of the pastern, if not allowed ample time for recovery, are very apt to result in the formation of ringbone.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Chickens kept in cleanly places and fed on proper food will never be troubled with gapes. The cause of the disease is a worm that affixes itself to the windpipe, which causes the chicken to make the peculiar motion that gives the disease the name. The cryst of this worm is to be found on the grass or moist ground where fowls have been kept, without due regard to cleanliness and proper food and drink. The disease is usually prevalent in midsummer, as the hot weather is conducive to the spoiling of food and the uncleanliness of coops. Various remedies are recommended. Some remove the worm by holding the chick with its mouth open, and with a bit of feather or a fine horse hair, or a fine wire put down its throat and twisted about, detach it from its place. The feather should be dipped in turpentine. A little alum dissolved in their drinking water often effects a cure. Some pour turpentine on pine shavings, and put them, with the chicks, in a box where the fumes prove too much for the worm. The coops should be removed to a clean place and sulphur and ashes dusted where the disease has been, in order to destroy the cryst or germ of the worm.

Feeding Calves.

EVERY one who has had the care of calves has experienced the trouble of their sucking each other in various ways. An agricultural writer gives the following practical advice on the subject:

There is some discussion as to the advantage of putting cows in stanchions, but there is no question of the advantage of having stanchions for calves when they are fed. Calves running at large will suck ears and receive injury from the pernicious habit, and besides it is a very annoying job to feed a lot of pushing, slobbering varmints; but a row of stanchions holds them all in place, prevents the fast drinkers from robbing the slower ones, guards against upsetting pails, any number can be fed at once and are kept from molesution by those awaiting their turn, and best of all, if not liberated until their mouths are dried off, there is no sucking each other's ears after meals. A calf requires about four inches for its neck, and but a short time is needed to make the necessary stanchions, and any farmer can make them, if he don't care for style, as we know by experience. In summer the stanchions can be placed in the pasture fence.

THE DAIRY.

ASA TEFT, of Stockton, N. Y., makes an average of over 300 pounds of butter per annum from each of his cows.

THE butter globules in milk from farrow cows and cows nearly dry are smaller than from cows in flush of milk, and, in order to obtain all the butter, the cream from the former should be churned together, and the same of new milk cows.

IF you want a choice cow, says the *Iowa Madisonian*, you must raise her yourself. There is a good deal in the breed, but more in the breeder. As to breeds you have three choices—the Jersey, the Short-horn and the Holstein. If you take the Jersey, you must count on your steer calves being fit only for veal. If you take the Short-horn you must see to it that you get into a family that has not been bred for beef exclusively.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Dairyman*, writing from Colorado, says that one acre of alfalfa is sufficient to keep two cows if used with care, and that it will yield two or three times as much value as wheat, oats or corn. When alfalfa is grown for cows, enough should be sown to feed the cows for six weeks, when the first cut will be ready again. One acre has supplied seven cows for four to six weeks, and then the first part cut was ready for a second cutting. Where crops are irrigated, four or even five cuttings may be made in one season. Had it not been for alfalfa many cows and horses in Colorado would have starved for want of fodder, the present very dry season.

The Home Market for Cheese.

ENGLAND imported last year four pounds of American cheese for every individual of the population. Estimating on the usual basis of five persons in a family, this would give an average consumption of 20 pounds of foreign cheese for each family. If we estimate the native production at four times the quantity imported (a very low estimate), this would give 100 pounds of cheese in the aggregate to each family per annum, or 20 pounds to each individual. If the consumption here were equal to that in England, we should use very nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds of cheese yearly, which, with the amount exported, would require a production of 1,150,000,000 pounds. Our present total product is less than 300,000,000 pounds.

The question then occurs, how can we induce our people to eat half a pound of cheese per week per head. This seems to be a very small requirement and a very moderate allowance which any person with a moderately good appetite could very easily and very profitably consume. It is certainly not the capacity that is wanting, but the desire. How then can this desire for cheese be stimulated up to the point required for the consumption of six or seven times as much cheese as is now eaten? There are some ways and methods that occur to a person of practical business acquirements, and of these the principal ones are: first, to make a really good and attractive article; and second, to acquaint the public with the fact that it can be procured at a reasonable price.

It was said of old that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." It is equally true in our days, and we, "the children of light," the honest, upright, industrious, skillful, but modest and retiring dairymen, may take a lesson from "the children of this world," the quacks, the humbugs, the confidence-men, and all those whose individual possession of "cheek" would supply the whole world of dairymen with a stock in trade and leave a large surplus to draw upon for emergencies; the Barnums, the Wall Street sharks and others "who draw all men unto them." They simply put their light, not under a bushel, but upon a hill, where it can be seen, and set forth their business so that every man, woman and child may know of it. Let us take a line and a precept from the lightning-rod man, the "strawberry tree" peddler, and others who canvass from house to house and find customers wherever they call. Why should not those who have a legitimate business, and whose mission is to do good and serve a useful purpose, use those means which, made to serve a good end, are honorable and effective? Let dairymen send out samples of their product to every village store and even canvass the towns and cities, making arrangements with grocers and others to retail their goods. If these are well made—of whatever quality they may be, and whether full cream, half cream, or skim—once they are introduced the work is done, the demand has been created, the desire has been evoked, the want has been made known.

The value of cheese as an article of food needs no elaborate demonstration; it speaks for itself, and if once the children even could be made acquainted with it they would "cry for more," and the parents would soon join in the demand. But it will not do to send out to our foreign customers the best cheese, and supply home consumers with the skims, the off-flavored, the huffy and the tainted refuse. To find a really good cheese at a grocery store is very difficult, and the wonder is that the mean stuff there retailed finds any sale at all. The fact, indeed, that it sells, argues that good cheese would go off with great rapidity, and that the required increase of six hundred per cent. on our present home consumption would soon be reached.

This business is in the hands of the dairymen themselves, and if they will first reform their practice and offer no poor cheese to the consumer (except a pig), and, in fact, make no poor cheese, be thoroughly honest to themselves and do themselves perfect justice, not belying their own skill and business capacity, and use the ordinary business methods of attracting customers and of keeping them when they have been secured, the result will surpass their most sanguine expectations, and prove to them that the ancient adage to the effect that "a man is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people" is in no wise applicable to them.—*A Western Farmer, in the Country Gentleman.*

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When Doctors Disagree, Let Common Sense Decide.

MANY of the directions for regulating household labor are so widely dissimilar that young housekeepers find it difficult to judge which to select as the most reliable. We are surprised, in examining household magazines and receipt books, to note the numerous conflicting statements coming, as many of them do, from those who stand as model managers and most reliable authorities.

Not many weeks ago a young and inexperienced but conscientious housekeeper came to us in the lowest depths of despondency. One of her "guides" described the mode of doing certain important things, as she thought, very sensibly and clearly. Another gave rules wide apart from the first. For instance, one advised in washing white flannel to make a strong suds in boiling hot water, leave the flannel soaking in it until the water is just cool enough to be used without burning the hands. Then wash and throw at once into a tub of boiling water in which a little bluing has been stirred. Shake up and down with a clothes-stick till cool enough to put through the wringer twice, snap, pull in shape, and hang on the line evenly, changing it on the line several times; then fold tightly, before very dry, for an hour, and press while damp, drawing it into shape while pressing. All very correct, we should say, except putting through a wringer. That injures flannel, in our judgment, making it hard and knotty.

But the next authority she consulted was very explicit in directing that flannels must be soaked over night in cold water, then wrung into a cool suds, rinsed in cold water, and if fair, left out over night to bleach.

This advice, we, for one, should most certainly object to, and feel that our flannels were yellowed, shrunk, and in every way greatly injured; and yet these directions are given by one who is recognized as good authority.

The young lady had the misfortune to spill some grease on the carpet. She flies to her books of instruction to learn how to remedy the disaster, and one tells her to lift the carpet, stretch it on a clean floor, pour on boiling water plentifully and with a stiff brush scrub the carpet very thoroughly; pour on more boiling water and scrub again, then rinse, and wiping the floor dry, stretch the carpet on the line to drain, then nail it down while wet to prevent shrinking; raise all the windows, if a sunshiny day, and tying a coarse dry towel on a broom go over the carpet many times to absorb as much of the water as can be done, changing the wet towel to a dry one often; then leave the carpet to dry.

Another advises soapsuds with ammonia, only raising the carpet to lay some old cloth underneath to absorb the grease. Then scrub the grease spot with this suds and, if needful to hold the colors, put in half a cup of beef's gall. As soon as the grease disappears rinse and with old soft cloths rub till nearly dry.

Another assures you that any quantity of oil or grease can be extracted from a carpet by laying dry buckwheat flour on the spot plentifully, and removing it to add fresh clean buckwheat flour as often as necessary. When the grease disappears brush all the flour off into a dustpan and the carpet will be as good as new—but, never wet the carpet to take out grease spots.

The first direction we think ruinous to any carpet but some old rag carpet, the second very good advice, but the third the best of all and entirely safe.

Now, mystified by many conflicting rules (and we have only given a small sample), what can an inexperienced housewife do? We know of no better advice than to let the good common sense, which in a true-hearted, sensible wife develops rapidly in times of responsibility, come to the front; not to discard rules that are laid down for a housekeeper's guide, but to weigh them calmly and accept or discard independently as careful trial of each shall determine. It is true that economy must be kept in mind, while allowing young, untried, common sense the privilege of experimenting, but with care little need be wasted. Some trials may not give satisfaction, but if one experiments on a small scale in matters of food there will seldom be a dish prepared that can not be eaten with a degree of comfort. In cleaning, repairing, rejuvenating articles, try only a little spot at a time; or make a spot—which is better—on some old rag that will be no loss if thrown away. That will give a good chance of trying several ways before deciding which will be the most effective on that which can not be thrown away.

But why should there be so many conflicting statements? We certainly know how it has originated in several instances. Many have written on household affairs who have never had practical knowledge. They see the workings only from the outside—the surface work. They do not know how much time or thought the mistress of this domain gives to the work, what mistakes are made, or what remedies applied to prevent the mistake being known. Sometimes mistakes in cook-books occur by accident. We recall a receipt in a cook-book that used to be very popular that will clearly show our meaning. The dish was arrow-root pudding, and part of the direction read as follows: "To one pint arrow-root add half a cup of sweet milk; beat it smooth and free from lumps, till like cream!" Any cook, and most housekeepers will understand the impossibility of following that direction and the utter absurdity of it. It would be impossible to even moisten a pint of arrow-root with only a half cup of milk. And many a young housekeeper has grieved over her lack of success when trying to follow this rule. We desire to comfort these young matrons whose mistakes arise often from no fault of their own, but from a lack of practical knowledge in those who attempt to teach; and we also would show those who try to follow books as housekeeping guides that they must bring to their aid their own judgment and common sense in testing the lessons taught by the most able treatises on Domestic Economy.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

THE Prince of Wales spoke of himself as a "citizen" of Great Britain at a public dinner in London, and was vigorously cheered for his good-fellowship.

HOME AND FARM.

TAPIOCA CUP PUDDING.—This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake it in a cup for 15 minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it, or a few fresh raspberries.

PAPERED WALLS are cleaned by being wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread with the crust on and rub them down with this. Begin at the top and go straight down.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—To one pound of grated cocoanut allow one pint of milk and six ounces of sugar; beat well the yelks of six eggs, and stir them alternately in the milk with the cocoanut and sugar. Put into a pail or pitcher, set it into boiling water and stir all the time till very smooth and thick; as soon as it comes to a hard boil take it off and serve in cups or tumblers.

ICE CREAMS.—To make lemon ice-cream take one quart of cream, two lemons (the juice of one and the grated peel of one and a half) and two cups of sugar. Sweeten the cream, beat the lemon gradually into it, and put it at once into the freezer. The freezer should be the best patent one you can procure, there being several, we believe, and all very nearly alike in merit. Freeze rapidly, or the acid will turn the milk. Use rock-salt, not common salt. Orange ice-cream may be made in the same way. For pineapple ice-cream, take one quart of cream, one large, ripe pineapple, and one pound of powdered sugar. Slice the pineapple thin, and scatter the sugar between the slices; cover it and let the fruit steep three hours. Then cut, or chop it up in the sugar, and strain it through a hair-sieve, or bag of double, coarse lace. Beat gradually into the cream, and freeze as rapidly as possible. Peach ice-cream may be made in the same way, with two or three handfuls of freshly-cut bits of the fruit stirred in when the cream is half frozen.

A STARVED tree, like a starved man, must be fed a little at a time. All the functions are weak in such a condition, and must be strengthened by exercise. By degrees the old wood should be replaced with new growth. Large limbs must not be removed until there is a return of vigor. It is like amputating a human limb, and can only be done safely when there is strength enough to bear the shock. It will take several seasons to bring about the process of renewal, but mean time the old trees will bear more fruit; until they will astonish the owner with the crops they yield. Long before a new orchard can become remunerative, an old one may be made to renew its youth and pay handsomely for the outlay of time and trouble expended on it. A person who has never tried this process can hardly believe how effectually and successfully it can be accomplished. Trees of fifty or sixty years' standing may be thoroughly rejuvenated by proper treatment, and however aged it may be, a tree will seldom fail to respond to careful attention.

SPRAINED PASTERN.—To compel a lame animal to stand on the affected limb, is both cruel and unreasonable, and is apt to retard recovery and cause serious complications. If the animal is shod, remove the shoes of both hind feet. Apply some coarse woolen rags around the pastern, and keep these constantly wet with cold water, during two or three days. Then apply some stimulant, such as heartshorn, liniment, twice daily, during a week, after which give the horse liberty on pasturage during a month. During treatment, the horse should not be removed from the stable for any purpose; and he should be allowed to stand on his legs as he pleases, the advice of quacks and officious blacksmiths notwithstanding. Severe sprains of the pastern, if not allowed ample time for recovery, are very apt to result in the formation of ring-bone.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Chickens kept in cleanly places and fed on proper food will never be troubled with gapes. The cause of the disease is a worm that affixes itself to the windpipe, which causes the chicken to make the peculiar motion that gives the disease the name. The cryst of this worm is to be found on the grass or moist ground where fowls have been kept, without due regard to cleanliness and proper food and drink. The disease is usually prevalent in midsummer, as the hot weather is conducive to the spoiling of food and the uncleanliness of coops. Various remedies are recommended. Some remove the worm by holding the chick with its mouth open, and with a bit of feather or a fine horse hair, or a fine wire put down its throat and twisted about, detach it from its place. The feather should be dipped in turpentine. A little alum dissolved in their drinking water often effects a cure. Some pour turpentine on pine shavings, and put them, with the chicks, in a box where the fumes prove too much for the worm. The coops should be removed to a clean place and sulphur and ashes dusted where the disease has been, in order to destroy the cryst or germ of the worm.

Feeding Calves.

EVERY one who has had the care of calves has experienced the trouble of their sucking each other in various ways. An agricultural writer gives the following practical advice on the subject:

There is some discussion as to the advantage of putting cows in stanchions, but there is no question of the advantage of having stanchions for calves when they are fed. Calves running at large will suck ears and receive injury from the pernicious habit, and besides it is a very annoying job to feed a lot of pushing, slobbering varmints; but a row of stanchions holds them all in place, prevents the fast drinkers from robbing the slower ones, guards against upsetting pails, any number can be fed at once and are kept from molestation by those awaiting their turn, and best of all, if not liberated until their mouths are dried off, there is no sucking each other's ears after meals. A calf requires about four inches for its neck, and but a short time is needed to make the necessary stanchions, and any farmer can make them, if he don't care for style, as we know by experience. In summer the stanchions can be placed in the pasture fence.

THE DAIRY.

ASA TEFT, of Stockton, N. Y., makes an average of over 300 pounds of butter per annum from each of his cows.

THE butter globules in milk from farrow cows and cows nearly dry are smaller than from cows in flush of milk, and, in order to obtain all the butter, the cream from the former should be churned together, and the same of new milk cows.

IF you want a choice cow, says the *Iowa Madisonian*, you must raise her yourself. There is a good deal in the breed, but more in the breeder. As to breeds you have three choices—the Jersey, the Short-horn and the Holstein. If you take the Jersey, you must count on your steer calves being lit only for veal. If you take the Short-horn you must see to it that you get into a family that has not been bred for beef exclusively.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Dairyman*, writing from Colorado, says that one acre of alfalfa is sufficient to keep two cows if used with care, and that it will yield two or three times as much value as wheat, oats or corn. When alfalfa is grown for cows, enough should be sown to feed the cows for six weeks; when the first cut will be ready again. One acre has supplied seven cows for four to six weeks, and then the first part cut was ready for a second cutting. Where crops are irrigated, four or even five cuttings may be made in one season. Had it not been for alfalfa many cows and horses in Colorado would have starved for want of fodder, the present very dry season.

The Home Market for Cheese.

ENGLAND imported last year four pounds of American cheese for every individual of the population. Estimating on the usual basis of five persons in a family, this would give an average consumption of 20 pounds of foreign cheese for each family. If we estimate the native production at four times the quantity imported (a very low estimate), this would give 100 pounds of cheese in the aggregate to each family per annum, or 20 pounds to each individual. If the consumption here were equal to that in England, we should use very nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds of cheese yearly, which, with the amount exported, would require a production of 1,150,000,000 pounds. Our present total product is less than 300,000,000 pounds.

The question then occurs, how can we induce our people to eat half a pound of cheese per week per head. This seems to be a very small requirement and a very moderate allowance which any person with a moderately good appetite could very easily and very profitably consume. It is certainly not the capacity that is wanting, but the desire. How then can this desire for cheese be stimulated up to the point required for the consumption of six or seven times as much cheese as is now eaten? There are some ways and methods that occur to a person of practical business acquirements, and of these the principal ones are: first, to make a really good and attractive article; and second, to acquaint the public with the fact that it can be procured at a reasonable price.

It was said of old that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." It is equally true in our days, and we, "the children of light," the honest, upright, industrious, skillful, but modest and retiring dairymen, may take a lesson from "the children of this world," the quacks, the humbugs, the confidence-men, and all those whose individual possession of "cheek" would supply the whole world of dairymen with a stock in trade and leave a large surplus to draw upon for emergencies; the Barnums, the Wall Street sharks and others "who draw all men unto them." They simply put their light, not under a bushel, but upon a hill, where it can be seen, and set forth their business so that every man, woman and child may know of it. Let us take a line and a precept from the lightning-rod man, the "strawberry tree" peddler, and others who canvass from house to house and find customers wherever they call. Why should not those who have a legitimate business, and whose mission is to do good and serve a useful purpose, use those means which, made to serve a good end, are honorable and effective? Let dairymen send out samples of their product to every village store and even canvass the towns and cities, making arrangements with grocers and others to retail their goods. If these are well made—of whatever quality they may be, and whether full cream, half cream, or skim—once they are introduced the work is done, the demand has been created, the desire has been evoked, the want has been made known.

The value of cheese as an article of food needs no elaborate demonstration; it speaks for itself, and if once the children even could be made acquainted with it they would "cry for more," and the parents would soon join in the demand. But it will not do to send out to our foreign customers the best cheese, and supply home consumers with the skims, the off-flavored, the huffy and the tainted refuse. To find a really good cheese at a grocery store is very difficult, and the wonder is that the mean stuff there retailed finds any sale at all. The fact, indeed, that it sells, argues that good cheese would go off with great rapidity, and that the required increase of six hundred per cent. on our present home consumption would soon be reached.

This business is in the hands of the dairymen themselves, and if they will first reform their practice and offer no poor cheese to the consumer (except a pig), and, in fact, make no poor cheese, be thoroughly honest to themselves and do themselves perfect justice, not belying their own skill and business capacity, and use the ordinary business methods of attracting customers and of keeping them when they have been secured, the result will surpass their most sanguine expectations, and prove to them that the ancient adage to the effect that "a man is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people" is in no wise applicable to them.—*A Western Farmer, in the Country Gentleman.*

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
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GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.
$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 781

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

That solid 50,000 and upward Democratic majority in Alabama is partially accounted for by General Weaver, the Greenback candidate for President. On his way back from his canvass of the State he gave the Editor of *The Wheeling Intelligencer* an account of Democratic methods of conducting an election. "There has not been," he said, "an election worthy of the name in Alabama for years. Their voting is a farce throughout. They openly adopt every corrupt plan to solidify the different precincts for the Democratic party; and they invariably succeed. In the Black Belt, where the Republicans have three voters to the Democrats one, the Democratic judges of election simply destroy the tickets and supply their own. Their arrangements for doing this are bold and ingenious. The law requires that the party having a minority shall have a representative among the judges. When one can be found a blind negro is chosen. When none is at hand, either a Republican is bribed to serve their ends, or a mercenary Democrat is induced to identify himself with the Republican party solely for that purpose. The the ballot box is elevated above the heads of the voters in such a way that after the ticket is intrusted to the judges a person outside cannot see what disposition is made of it. It is, therefore, easy to destroy a ticket and substitute another, and I am soberly and credibly informed that this is deliberately done to a shameful extent, apparent to the most doubting." General Weaver says the Democrats openly boast of this infamous business, and joke over the fact that sometimes, after all the "stuffing," they have to "fix up the returns" after the count. He adds: "I used to think Tilden was fairly elected, but he was not.'

The Vicksburg *Herald* is worried lest such matters as the Alabama election will hurt Hancock's chances in the North. "Some," it says, "of our most eloquent and ablest speakers should be sent North. Lamar and Wade Hampton ought to go to Indiana right now. John Ellis, Hooker and Randall Gibson and many others might be spared. In addition to sending speakers, we should guard against the few violent, silly Bourbons in our midst. The Okolona *States*, the Yazoo *Herald* and papers of that sort ought to be requested to aid Hancock by keeping civil tongues in their heads. This small, dangerous minority of fire-eaters in the South ought to be controlled, les they commit some fatal blunder."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

—AND—

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of the several Election Districts of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

Saturday, August 28th, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

for the purpose of electing FIVE DELEGATES from each district to attend a county convention to be held at Oakland on

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of electing THREE DELEGATES to represent Garrett county in a convention to be held at Oakland, on the 2d day of September, 1880, to nominate a candidate for the next National Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

The members of the district committees in the several districts are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

A. G. STURGISS,
W. O. McGOWIN,
H. E. FRIEND,
Committee.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

7 17-4t.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

2 Iy Call and see us.

KILBOW & YEIDLY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osborn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Alfred C. Brooke, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Franklin Shank, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said Franklin Shank, in and to all that tract or piece of land now owned, possessed and occupied by the said Franklin Shank, called "Part of Ferguson Farm," containing 55 acres of land, more or less,

And I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 23d day of August, 1880,

at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in Oakland, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

JAMES S. JOHNSON,
jy31tds Constable.

FARM FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hooppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

7 31 tf BOWIE JOHNSON.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the county Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires that the road heretofor located from Altamont to the Burned School House, on the Hooppole road, should be changed and relocated as follows: To change the location from the Paradise line to the South West corner of Lake Wood's lane, the change being through the lands of J. R. Browning, Lake Woods, Dr. S. P. Smith and F. C. Browning, and about three-fourths of a mile in length.

J. R. BROWNING.
L. A. STEMPLE.
F. C. BROWNING.

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***For catalogues and other information, apply to the President, J. R. THOMPSON, Morgantown West Va. 7 15 3m.

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OF ACCIDENT,

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and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

6 26 2m

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For price and terms apply at

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of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

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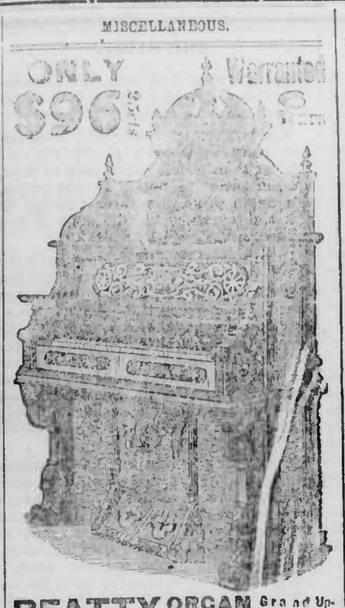

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have it set tested in your own house. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Now is the time to get the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

Of every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful House in America. Have sold more instruments than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The cash sales of my factory for the last 6 months, if many cents each, would reach the enormous aggregate of $ Come through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that poverty, from my factory to the consumer, the entire capital of which, half a million pounds sterling, is my own, and intrusted with its 2000 employees, to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of responsibility. 16 VOLUMES for $125, 325 pages, 21 colored engravings. Beware of imitations. Illustrated Book sent, gives information and terms. (Please cut this out.) Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Good produce taken in exchange for work.

*** Shop on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md. 7 3 3

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
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at short notice

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SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. F. W. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seahold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880. NUMBER 26.

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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MICHAEL MARONEY. Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicinty. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1880.

THE COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The character of Abram has been fully tested by experience of life in all its phases and the time has now come for a full, direct and specific revelation of the divine purposes concerning himself and his family. The Almighty speaks to him for the first time by an audible voice, at night, in words of encouragement and promise, (v. 1.) The patriarch's faith is so full, and his communion with God is so complete; that he ventures to ask how the promise of a seed can be fulfilled to one in his aged and lonely condition. (v 2, 3.) He is then bidden to walk forth from his tent, and behold the stars beaming in the Oriental heavens, and hears the promise that so many shall be the number of his descendants: (v. 4, 5.) Though the promise was far beyond the range of human expectation; in the face of natural laws, and as yet unverified by any token; the patriarch receives it in simple, undoubting faith, which God recognizes as the ground of acceptance. (v. 6.) He is now commanded to prepare for a covenant, according to its most solemn forms. (v. 7-9.) The animals for an offering are slain, divided asunder, and the several members placed side by side, part against part. All day long the patriarch watches the sacrifice, driving from it the hovering birds of prey. (v. 10, 11.) Darkness comes on, and with it a strange sleep, and a solemn awe over Abram's soul; while a Voice proclaims to him the future of his family through the centuries intervening until the fulfillment of the promise. (v. 12-16.) Suddenly a supernatural light illumines the place of the sacrifice; a furnace with its column of smoke and a burning lamp, pass between the portions of the offering, the visible token that God has entered into covenant relations with man. Once again the promise is given that the land in its widest boundaries, from the banks of the Euphrates to the border of Egypt, shall become the heritage of Abram's children. (v. 18.)

Gen. 15. 1-18.

Memory Verses. 5-7.

1 After these things the word of the LORD came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.

2 And Abram said, LORD God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus?

3 And Abram said, Behold, to me thou hast given no seed; and lo, one born in my house is mine heir.

4 And, behold, the word of the LORD came unto him, saying, This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir.

5 And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be.

6 And he believed in the LORD; and he counted it to him for righteousness.

7 And he said unto him, I am the LORD that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it.

8 And he said, LORD God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?

9 And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon.

10 And he took unto him all these; and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another: but the birds divided he not.

11 And when the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away.

12 And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him.

13 And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years;

14 And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance.

15 And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

16 But in the fourth generation they shall come hither again: for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full.

17 And it came to pass, that, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces.

18 In that same day the LORD made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates.

HOME READINGS.

M. The covenant with Abram. Gen. 15. 1-18.
Tu. The faith of Abraham. Rom. 4: 1-13.
W. The children of Abraham. Gal. 3. 1-12.
Th. The power of Faith. Matt. 17. 14-27.
F. The reward of faith. John 6. 25-47.
S. The blessedness of faith. Psa. 105. 1-15.
S. The requirement of faith. John 12. 35-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. 4: 3.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, by oath, to Abraham's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.

That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain.

Till thou into my soul inquire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou will, be done."

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE STARRY HOST, v. 1-7; Deut. 10 22.
How did God speak to Abraham, and what did he say?
How was God Abram's shield?
What reward had he promised to give?
How does Psa. 5, 12, illustrate this promise?
How did God's promises seem to Abram to lack fulfillment?
What direct promise did God give him?
How did God show to Abram the number of his descendants?
How did Abram receive the promise? Rom. 4. 20-22.
How did God honor his faith? GOLDEN TEXT?

2. THE SLAIN SACRIFICE, v. 8-12; Jer. 34. 18.
What were the forms of the covenant?
What was its purpose? [ANS. To mark or beloken an agreement.]
What fell on Abram in the evening?
Who revealed himself to Abram in the sleep?
Why did God give personal revelations then as he does not now? [ANS. Because we have the written word.]

3. THE SMOKING FURNACE, v. 13-18; Heb. 12. 20.
What future events were revealed to Abram?
How was this fulfilled? Exod. 12. 40.
How was v. 14 fulfilled? Deut. 6. 23.
What was the promise concerning Abram's life?
How did his history illustrate Psa. 37. 37?
Why was not the land given at once to Abram?
How did God show his covenant with him?

A Solid Republican Phalanx.

There has never been more hearty and genuine confidence, among Republican managers and leaders, than appears to day. It is their habit to compare notes with each other in private, with the cold calculation of associated chess-players. They learn from Maine that the Democrats and Fusionists can be certainly beaten. They learn from Indiana that the success of Landers and English is hardly a possibility. They learn from Ohio that Republican victory is assured; and from West Virginia that Republican prospects are bright. They know that signs are brighter in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut than they have been at a corresponding date before any previous Presidential election, and they know that Republican victories in October will transform into Republican States in November every close Northern State. In a word, they separate with the light of victory on their faces.

What have the Democrats counted upon? Day by day, and week after week, they have told each other that General Grant and Secretary Sherman, Senators Blaine, Conkling, Cameron and Logan, and other Republican leaders, would play the sulks. These men, Democrats hoped and said every day, were going to give the Rebel Democracy a victory, because their personal preferences had not been in all respects consulted. The conference held last week has completely disposed of that lie. The Republican party has never been more thoroughly and heartily united than it is to-day. It galls the Democrats to admit the fact, but it is true. They have built such extravagant hopes upon the possibility of Republican dissensions that a proof of Republican unity comes upon them like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

Herein is the difference of parties. Some Republicans thought much would come out of the quarrel between Kelly and Tilden. Much may, perhaps. But cold headed Republicans have never estimated that possibility as worth a single vote. On the contrary, the Democrats have been continually claiming States which they could not hope to carry unless by Republican discords and wranglings. The discords vanish when Republicans come face to face. But the Democratic party well knows that it would give more money than would enable Mr. Barnum to buy seven thousand "mules." If it could be sure of the electoral vote of a single doubtful October State.

The fight opens in favor of the Republicans. Their nominations unite their votes; Democratic nominations send a great many Democratic voters to the rear with the colic. Back among the voters there are two thoughts which hold sway, and will ride the storm. The people do not want a change, for they are prosperous now. They are not willing to put the mastery of the country into the hands of the reactionary and revolutionary Democrats, and have a lingering notion that those who saved the Union had better rule it yet a little longer. The conference ends with bright prospects of Republican victory in every Northern State. But behind it is a stalwart and stern Republican feeling which would have marched over any Republican leaders who had wavered or hesitated.

Connecticut is called a doubtful State. But the coldest and best political calculator in the State said, on Tuesday night. "We shall have a hard fight, and need all the aid in speakers, documents, and the like, which the Committee can give. But we shall carry Connecticut." Maine is a doubtful State, but Mr. Blaine's estimate of the situation in Maine was given Thursday. New York is a doubtful State, but Governor Cornell, though unable to be here on Thursday, said with emphasis that day, in conversation at Saratoga, that the prospect for the Republicans looked particularly bright in New York, especially because substantial business and intelligent workingmen of both parties were making it known that they did not want a change. The party, he said, was most thoroughly and heartily united, and had reason to expect a grand success. So it goes. Simon Cameron said on Thursday that there was no reason to doubt the success of Garfield in Pennsylvania by a large majority, and he believed Garfield would surely be elected. Republicans of every shade and class claim that a victory in Indiana and Ohio is assured, with proper effort. It will not be won by the confidence and enthusiasm of the hour. It will take close organization, attention to the minutest details, a school-district canvass, the hardest work. It is no boy's play, no affair of a holiday hurrah. *But it will be done!—N. Y. Tribune.*

Narrowing Down the Issue.

A stranger to American politics would be likely to get the impression from reading the Democratic journals of the present day, that the history of the Democratic party is identical with the record of its presidential nominee, so scrupulously do they avoid any allusion to the attitude of the party at a time when the characteristics that make General Hancock an available candidate now were anything but popular with the "unterrified." The General's gallant defence of the Union; his prompt acceptance of the constitutional amendments; his repudiation of the doctrine of secession, and his uncompromising opposition to everything looking to a reversal of the results of the war—these are the attributes which the Democratic organs dwell upon and with which they endeavor to cloak the real nature and purpose of the canvass. We shall not quarrel with them touching anything that they may have to say concerning the patriotism and loyalty of General Hancock, for the stronger their testimony on this point the wider becomes the gulf which separates them from him. To show to the world that their nominee was true to his country in the perilous times of the rebellion is simply to remind the public that they were false to it then. To glorify his obedience to the constitutional amendments is but to revive the recollection of their own malignant and persistent opposition to these decrees. To emphasize his hostility to the methods which gave occasion to the bloody shirt outcry is merely to redirect attention to their own malevolent persecution of the colored voter. In a word, the more fully the light is turned on the Democratic nominee the darker becomes by contrast the record of the party itself. If at this late day anything were needed to establish the insincerity of the Democracy, this adulation of a candidate whose chief virtue is that he co-operated with the Republican party in putting down the rebellion which the Democrats precipitated, would furnish all-sufficient confirmation of the fact. This insincerity, despite the efforts of the Democratic press to make light of it, is certain to tell heavily against the Bourbons before the canvass is over; and it is, indeed, the most important consideration in the struggle. It narrows down the contest to an issue between the records of the parties, and appeals to the voters of the country to pronounce judgment on a trial of fact concerning which they are already well informed. Demagogues may try to evade the issue by representing General Hancock as the incarnation of the party's principles; but no intelligent citizen is likely to be bamboozled by such a palpable perversion of the truth; and if the campaign should be conducted in accordance with such an expectation, it would inevitably come to a more disastrous conclusion than that of 1872, when Horace Greeley suffered martyrdom at the hands of his false friends. Indeed, the political situation is closely analogous at the present moment to that of eight years ago. Now, as then, the Democracy have stultified themselves in their craving for success, and are wholly dependent upon the personal popularity of their candidate for the victory which they hope to achieve. Now, as then, they have set up as their mouth-piece a candidate whose previous utterances give the lie direct to their own professions. It was said for Horace Greeley in 1872 that his conduct in going bail for the President of the Confederacy entitled him to the votes of the Southern Democrats, just as, in 1880, it is urged in General Hancock's behalf that his recognition of civil rights in Louisiana entitles him to Confederate support. The double face is as apparent in the conduct of the managers now as then. Here, in the North, it is the brave Union general that we are called upon to adore; in the South it is the upholder of the cherished States rights doctrine that is exhibited for public admiration. This policy proved a dismal failure in 1872, and that failure will be repeated in 1880—not because the people doubt Hancock's personal integrity or are disposed to belittle his services in the war, but simply for the reason that, as in the case of Mr. Greeley, they see clearly that individual rectitude would be powerless to withstand the plots and intrigues of a party that cares so little for its own principles as to be willing to throw them overboard at any time to avert shipwreck. It is the dishonesty and deceit of the party that prevented its return to power in 1872, and it is its double-dealing that is handicapping it so heavily in the present struggle. The managers affect not to realize the situation, but they will discover before election day that, while a strong party may sometimes be able to carry a weak nominee, it is impossible for a strong candidate to save a moribund party.—*Balto. American.*

Speech of Maj. Wm. McKinley, Jr., at the Garfield Reception, in New York, Aug. 6th.

Fellow-citizens:

Whatever may be the result of the election in New York, I want you to understand that the State of Ohio will declare for Garfield by over 40,000 majority. [Cheers.] What reason is there that the Democratic party should succeed? It is said that there should be a change. [A voice, "They are hungry."] Yes, the Democrats are hungry; they are eager to get at the public crib.

The Democrats say that they want a change. Now, suppose that they have a change, what will you get by it? Who can tell me what is the policy of the Democratic party; they advocate soft money in Maine and Indiana; hard money in New York. In fact the Democrats want all the money they can get. The Democratic party never proposed anything. It has simply forever been opposed to the Republican party. They opposed the war, and in 1864 declared that it was a failure. Now they say the war is over and that this is the era of peace. They oppose us, we whip them, and then they come up and thank us for whipping them. They opposed the greenback, which went with your armies to victory. Then they declared it was the best currency the world ever saw. They opposed the resumption of specie payment, and the House passed measures intended to defeat it, and had it not been for a loyal Senate the purpose might have succeeded.

After resumption has been accomplished the Democratic party in its Cincinnati platform congratulates the country upon its happy financial condition. [Laughter and applause.] They opposed the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; they protested that those amendments should never become parts of the constitution. Now they declare that those Amendments are just as sacred and inviolable as any part of the Constitution. We propose everything; they oppose everything. If we should beat them in November [A voice "We will."] then they will come up to us say that on the whole it was probably the best thing that could have happened. [Laughter.]

What then, I say, will you gain by the success of the Democratic party? What are the principles and policy of the Democratic party? [A voice—"They haven't any."] What is the policy—I repeat it—of the Democratic party? No man knows. At the Academy of Music in this city the other evening you could not have found out. Tilden was there to represent an honest count. [Loud laughter.] Samuel Randall was there to represent free trade, and worst of all Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was there to represent hard money. [Long laughter and cheers.] No, we owe no thanks to the Democratic party that the country now has an honest dollar. The greenback which it bridled, but which went with you and shared with your bayonets the honors of victory, is now a noble currency. It holds it head way up in the light; it knows that its redeemer liveth [applause] and that redeemer is the Republican party. Gold, silver and greenbacks now move along side by side, upholding the financial integrity of the country. But I asked awhile ago what were the principles of the Democratic party. The question reminds me of a story of the days of the circuit rider. An old Methodist preacher had in his circuit four routes; of these three were agreeable and pleasant, but the other difficult and dangerous. He had to climb a high hill by a narrow road, which was bordered by a steep precipice and overhung by a large tree, which seemed to threaten him every time he passed. One day, in going over this road, Satan appeared to him and commanded him to bow down and worship him. The minister refused and explained that he was a Methodist preacher and could not do it. Then Satan promised to do any three things the preacher might ask him if he only would fall down and worship him. The minister looked at the hill and the tree; hesitated, and finally consented. The first thing to be done was the removal of the hill. Satan spoke, and lo! the hill became at once a level plane. The tree was then torn up by the roots and flung far down into the abyss. The old preacher paused in alarm; he had only one chance more and he tried to think of the most difficult thing in the world. Finally his face brightened; he looked up and said, "Mr. Satan, tell me the principles of the Democratic party." Satan grew black with rage, and replied: "You've got me, old man; that can't be done." [Uproarious laughter.]

In closing I want to say one word about a free ballot for a free people. They tell us the work of the Republican party has been done. But the mission of that party will never be ended until every citizen of the Republic shall have the right to think, to speak and to vote just as he pleases. [Great applause.] Not until then will the mission of the Republican party be fulfilled. Let us make one more grand effort to support those who helped to preserve the safety and honor of the Republic. [Great applause.]

The "returns" from Alabama do not continue to come in with that promptness which they displayed the morning after election. These back counties, which it usually takes a week to hear from, came to the front with sonorous majorities for reconciliation which were given with the positiveness of official reports. It was noticeable, furthermore, that all the majorities were in round numbers, such as 350, 1,200, 1,000, 1,800, etc., while the whole Democratic majority in the State was put down at 60,000. It was impossible that accurate returns could have been received so soon. The simple fact was that the vote cast had no connection with the vote counted. The result was known as well before election as it was after. The South received the news with wild delight, and is now a good deal astonished because the North has declined to receive it in the same spirit.

Connecticut Republicans have acted wisely in putting into the field a ticket of such extraordinary strength that its election is a foregone conclusion. The subordination of individual ambition to the good of the party was so complete that when Bigelow, of New Haven obtained a majority of six votes over his principal competitor, Gen. Bulkeley, of Hartford, the latter's friends joined in nominating Bigelow by acclamation, although he was still a good ways off from a majority of the whole, and then General Bulkeley accepted the second place on the ticket—that of lieutenant governor. Thus Hartford and New Haven, the rival political centers, are both represented on the ticket by their most popular men, and the Republican canvass will possess a strength and energy superior to anything that has been known in Connecticut. The skies look bright in the East.

General Hancock insists on the maintenance of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Constitution amendments, but the Columbia (S. C.) *Register*, a paper of some authority in the Democratic party, declares that they shall only be carried out as authoritative parts of the organic laws "until they shall have been declared otherwise by the formal means provided under the Constitution for the solution of such questions, or until the people of the United States shall see fit to amend or abolish them." What this language really means is that, in the opinion of the *Register*, a Democratic Supreme Court will declare the amendments or the manner of their adoption to be unconstitutional.

"It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to subvert the rights of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest constitutions and wisest laws are useless. It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our Government. Take this foundation away and the whole structure falls."—*Hancock's Letter.*

Where does force and fraud prevail but in the South? Where is a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count denied but in the South? Such a stinging rebuke as the above from the pen of Hancock surely ought to set the Southern people to serious thinking.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LORD DUNDREARY ON GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

"THE B's and the D's and the C's, my lord,
Have all gone to the country to-day:
Shall I pack your traps for to-merrow, my lord?"
"Well, th-that is the wegular way.
I think the c-countwy's a gweat mistake,
For there's nothing at all to see;
The wivers are all of them just a-alike,
And one twee's like another twee."

"But, my lord, the country is patronized
By Fashion and Wealth and Wit."
"Yes, so Dundweawy must notice it, too,
Which is wather the worst of it.
There'll be horses to dwive, a-and wambles to take,
And the mountains—don't have any stairs,
And howwid untidy dinners to eat,
Without any tables or chairs."

"Join the bachelor's fishing-club, my lord."
"And go twamping about in the wain!
I twied that experiment on mythelf,
A-and I never will twy it again."
"Then perhaps you will take your gun, my lord?"
"No, I-I think I would wather not;
The birds are so quick a-a fellah must miss,
For he never has time for a shot.

"Better pack plenty of fine dwess suits,
I-I shall follow the ladies awound."
"My lord—I hope you'll excuse the remark—
But I think that is dangerous ground.
You are very susceptible, my lord,
And the ladies admire you so!"
"The dear little cweachinws! of courth they do;
I think it's my whiskerth, you know.

"I-I make them a pwesent of my heart,
For I'd wather have Love's wosy ch-chains
Than to fall in a wiver after a-a fish,
Or go sh-shooting, and blow out my bwains.
So order a dozen new suits to-night,
A-and the countwy I'll twy to endure.
The Gov'ment ought to look after th-the places;
It needs some impwoving, I'm sure.

"If they'd cut down the twees and build it up,
And instead of the bwambly lanes,
Have weg'lar stweets n-and elegant stores,
Lots of banks, hotels, and twains,
And bwing a nice opewa twoop from Fwance,
It would be vewy pleasant, n-no doubt;
But why people go to the countwy now,
No fellah, I-I think, can make out."

MRS. BLYSTER'S ROMANCE.

MRS. SIMS' boarding school was a high building and it stood on a hill. My room was in its third story and I had often sat looking out over the city from its "sightly" windows (as Peggy, the maid, called them). The hill was nearly conical in shape and terraced on two sides, my side being one of them. At the foot of the hill ran a broad, handsome street, and on a prominent corner of this street, in plain sight from my windows, stood a large, rambling old mansion, about which we girls had woven many a romance. We wondered who lived there. Ladies and gentlemen promenaded through its pleasant grounds; carriages rolled up to its wide gateway many times every day; professional-looking gentlemen went in and out of it. What could it be?

One day I found out. There was great excitement that day in Mrs. Sims' boarding school. I had been feeling ill for some days. My head ached and my tongue was dry and hot. The Doctor said at last that I had the scarlet fever and must be removed at once. "Better take her home," he said. "She isn't fairly sick yet."

"Home!" groaned Mrs. Sims; "Doctor, she lives in India!"

"Good gracious!" said the Doctor, and he scratched his head thoughtfully. At last he said: "I have it! Here's Dr. Dolby's hospital right down here—just the place for her." So I was wrapped up and driven to "Dr. Dolby's Hospital" which proved to be no other than the dear, rambling, romantic old house which, with its wildly overgrown but delightful shrubbery, had so long been the object of our speculations.

They put me to bed in a large, quiet room. The open fire looked wonderfully pleasant. A quaint, old-fashioned tea service, with cherubs and gillyflowers and various other incongruous designs on it in blue, sat appetizingly on the round table at my bedside. Three or four easy-chairs were mingled among the others, and in one of them, after I was nicely "tucked up" and ready to go to sleep, I beheld—yawning already and casting wistful eyes toward her own white cot near by—my buxom nurse, Mrs. Blyster, who had been engaged expressly for me.

How fat and good-natured she looked! And how the white cot creaked when she finally sought repose!

The next morning I was worse, and for several days I tossed in delirium and pain, but by a week more the fever began to abate and Mrs. Blyster said, reassuringly:

"You hain't dead yet, miss, and what's more you hain't a goin' to be—not with Sarah Blyster to see to ye!" Then good Sarah Blyster gave me a motherly kiss on my forehead, fumbled over my already painfully tucked in bedclothing in an attempt to express still more forcibly her affectionate zeal for my welfare, and sat down with a sort of good-natured grunt at the back window.

I closed my eyes and was just about falling asleep when I was roused by a half-suppressed sob.

"What's the matter?" I said, faintly. To see happy Mrs. Blyster sobbing and in tears was too much for me.

"She's dead, miss; the woman 't lives in the little house back. They're a hoyin' her funeral this blessed minute."

"A friend of yours?" I was impressed almost to tears myself by Sarah Blyster's manner.

"Law, no!" said that lady, starting up and assuming her own radiant countenance again. "And what I'm a whinin' around here and givin' you the blues for, I'm sure I don't know. Cheer up, Sarah Blyster, cheer up!"

I smiled faintly and soon dropped off into the nap which Mrs. Blyster's sob had interrupted.

A day or two after Mrs. Blyster was "snivelin'," as she expressed it, again by the back window. I was stronger and better now, and asked, cheerfully:

"Not another funeral, I hope, Mrs. Blyster?"

"No," said that worthy lady, still unable to attain her wonted sereuity; "but there's a boy—her boy, I s'pose—a-workin' much inside, and he—and he—he's a shakin' out her clo'es and a-foldin' 'em up, and it does seem 's if some o' the female relatives oughter be a-helpin' of 'im."

Surely it did. There was considerable pathos in the way of stating it, in spite of the "female relatives," which only showed that Mrs. Blyster had mingled much in scenes of woe herself and knew how they ought to be conducted.

"I wouldn't look that way," I said, soothingly; "try the other window."

"I did," said Mrs. Blyster, "but my eyes would go that way somehow—everything shows so plain from here. There was a black alpaca, as good as new. I see her out in it the very day I come here to take care of you. She took sick the very next day, I reckon, for I see her curtain was down and the doctor there, and now I think she's dead, and there's that alpaca dress a remindin' *them!*" And Mrs. Blyster sobbed again.

I had been sitting up for some time. "I'll lie down now, Mrs. Blyster," I said, hoping to divert the good creature from her sorrowful reflections. And in arranging my bed and getting the cherubs and gillyflowers set in order for my tea she forgot the alpaca dress and its departed owner.

But only temporarily, for, two or three days after, sitting solemnly and almost tearfully again at the window, she began in the tone which people use when they are telling the "partiendars."

"You jest orter see them, miss"—for I had utterly refused to glance in the direction of the grief-stricken house—"it's so touchin' like. He's a-siftin' the the ashes now, miss. She done it that first day we come. She had on an old caliker—they give it to the woman next door afterward; and then she slicked up her kitchen and put on the alpaca and went out a-callin' or somethin'. She seemed to think a lot of her neighbors and they of her. I see they had a houseful at the funeral."

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, quite out of patience with Sarah Blyster's prying disposition. "You shouldn't be looking in at their windows, Mrs. Blyster; it isn't polite."

"Humph!" said the good soul, with some spirit, "I ain't a-lookin' in at their windows. I see it all without lookin'; can't help seein', they're so close and low like; and I've seen a sight o' trouble and death, and it ain't to me as it is to a giddy young thing like you," and with this "crusher" Mrs. Blyster went out to take my tray.

The next day the Doctor sent her out to take a walk and she came in radiant.

"I went by the front o' that little house, you know, where she died a fortnit ago. Jest as clean, you never see! Them two men must a' sorubbed the steps and front theirselves. An' such a nice rag carpet on the front-room floor, an' the clock a tickin' on the mantelshelf. My! it must be awful lonesome without her!" And Mrs. Blyster drew her face down dolefully.

Ah, la! Mrs. Blyster's heart was getting enlisted. The dear old house, if it was only a hospital, was not going to be without its romance after all.

"He goes to his shop every mornin'," said Mrs. Blyster, irrelevantly, as she brightened up the firo a day or two later.

"He? Who?" I asked, stupidly.

Mrs. Blyster started like a child caught at the cookies.

"I jest see that man over there," and she nodded in the direction of the back window. "I see him a splittin' some kin'lins an' then a goin' off to his work. I rayther guess he's a carpenter, but mebbe its a mason, or mebbe its a shoemaker."

"Sure enough!" I rejoined. "But what difference does it make to you, Mrs. Blyster?"

"Law!" said Mrs. Blyster, bridling; "you haven't no interest in your fellow-bein's. Now here's a poor man, as likely a man as I've seen this many a long day, gone and a-lost his wife—the dearest creetur to him prob'ly in the world." And Mrs. Blyster's voice choked up. "And you haven't no more sympathy with him than nothin' in the world."

There was an eloquence of reproach in this which quite silenced me—though I feebly protested my innocence—and the subject was dropped.

Sunday, however, was the grand day for Mrs. Blyster's observation, for then the "inexpressive he"—it was a real trial to her that she did not know his name—was at home all day. She speculated on his name a great deal.

"There's a bearin' about his mien," said that lady with some sentiment, "that seems to sorter show he hain't got no common name; now I know he hain't got no common name; now I know he ain't got no name like Smith."

"I'm afraid we never shall know," I said, soberly; "I'm getting well very fast, Mrs. Blyster."

"Yes you be!" said the good soul, giving me an affectionate hug. "Yes you be; an' I'm glad enough if it do put me out of a job. But likely the doctor 'll get me here again.

"Oh, yes!" I said; "but what do you think that man's name is now?"

Mrs. Blyster returned to the subject with evident alacrity.

"Likely 'taint nothin' like Perkins?" sho said interrogatively. The Perkinses were a great family, who lived near by in a grand mansion.

"You know I haven't seen him," I said, half ashamed of drawing out the dear, old creature just for my own amusement. "Perhaps it might be Crippen." The Crippens lived further down the street and, though not so aristocratic as the Perkinses, had still claims to consideration.

"That just about suits him," said good Mrs. Blyster, with some enthusiasm. "Mr. Crippen! That sounds quite like him. I declare I'm ashamed at my age, but rainy as 'tis I could really almost put on my gums and go out. I feel so kinder anxious to git hold of his name."

I couldn't help laughing. "Mrs. Blyster," I said, "I do hope you will know some day, and if I ever find out I'll tell you."

Something in my manner quite injured her feelings.

"I 'spose you think I'm silly," she said, in a hurt way; "but, indeed, he's a very nice man."

"I know he is, dear Mrs. Blyster," I said penitently. "And I'm every bit in earnest, and I want you to promise to make me some of that famous toast of yours to-night. Alas! I fear I shan't have much more of it"—for I was almost well. This cleared good Mrs. Blyster's face in a moment, and she hastened to set out the cherubs and gillyflowers and ran to get the toaster.

Two days later I was to go. The bills were paid and the carrisge was ordered, and Sarah Blyster and I were sitting before the pleasant fire having a farewell chat, when suddenly in burst one of the maids.

"Mrs. Blyster," she said, in an agitated voice, "the Doctor wants you right away. There's a carpenter lives back here on the little back street, and he's fell off a roof. Oh! it's awful. I saw him, and mebbe he'll get well an' mebbe he won't."

Mrs. Blyster's rosy face grew perceptibly paler and her comfortable hand felt cold as it touched mine.

"It's him, miss. Mr. Crip——" she checked herself, "but likely that ain't his name. And, miss, I do believe there's a Providence in it, and hero I'm a-goin' to find out his name without a-havin' to put on my gums at all; but, mercy!" for she had suddenly realized that this was no time to ruminate, "I hope he ain't a-goin' to die. He ain't if good nursin' 'll a-save him! Good-by, miss—yes, I'll call up to Simses sometimes. Bless your heart," and Mrs. Blyster was gone.

So I went back again to school. The fever had not spread and every thing was as quiet and stupid as over. Sometimes letters came, and I spent the vacation with my mother's friends in a distant place. I forgot almost that I had ever had the scarlet fever or had been under the care of good, efficient Mrs. Blyster. The fall term began and Thanksgiving was close upon us when Peggy entered my room one day and handed me a card upon which was printed, "Mrs. Sarah Blyster."

Then it all came back to me, and I rushed into the reception room to give the good creature a loving embrace—which quite upset her, and made her wipe her kindly susceptible eyes—and to ask, the first thing: "How's the carpenter that was hurt?"

Mrs. Blyster blushed violently and said with a simper:

"You hain't a-forgot, sure's I live."

"Of course I haven't," I said, warmly. "I take a great deal of interest in my fellow beings, in spite of your thinking I don't. How is he?"

"Law, miss, he wan't hurt so awful bad; still," raising her eyebrows and looking serious, "he *was* pretty sick for a while, and he broke a leetle bone in his foot, which makes him rather lame."

"But what's his name?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"That's *it*," said Mrs. Blyster, impressively. "Wasn't it strange enough you should a-said Crippen? I knew 'twant no common name, and it ain't. It's Crimpton; now don't that sound mostly like Crippen?"

"It does, indeed," I said, trying to look as amazed as I felt that I ought to. "But how did you get along?"

"Oh!" blushing again, "we got along first-rate, and that's what I come to tell you. We—that is—well, miss—I declare," and good Mrs. Blyster looked like a fifteen-year-old girl with her first beau, "I come a-expectin' to ask you if you would do us the honor, you havin' a-known all the circumstances from the start, to—to—"

"To what?" I cried, as interested as Mrs. Blyster herself.

"Well, if you must know—its a pleasant room you know, with the rag carpet and clock a-tickin', and we're goin to be married there Thanksgivin' day. 'Tain't been a year yet, but he needs me, bein' lame, you know—and mebbe you'll come to the weddin."

You may be sure that I went.

The Araucano Indians—Chili's Native Foe.

THE Araucano Indians occupy the southeasterly portion of the Chilian territory, bordering the Andes. They have never been conquered, and continual skirmishes take place between them and the Chilian troops on the line, where there has never been peace since Chili became free from Spanish rule. A line of forts, garrisoned, is maintained on the borders, and every few years the line is suddenly advanced into the interior, driving the Araucano back and taking possession of his lands. This advance is followed up by settlers, who purchase large haciendas of the Government. So far, the acquired possessions have proved excellent for agriculture and grazing purposes. Some of them are covered with fine forest trees, but no mines or minerals of importance have been discovered, and nothing seems to verify the reports of wonderful gold and silver deposits. The Indians have resisted all efforts to civilize them, and the Catholic Church has failed to subdue their stubborn will or establish a church and missionaries among them. Upon one occasion a young prisoner was taught Latin, educated by the Church, and made a curate. He eventually asked permission, and obtained it, to visit his people, but failed to return. Some years afterward he was again taken prisoner, fighting bravely with his people. Being recognized, he was once more placed in the hands of the priests. He lived but little over a year after his second capture, and died pining for his home and of a broken heart. It is asserted that they worship the sun, and believe in evil spirits, somewhat after the manner of worship of the old Incas.

So little is known of the Araucano Indians and their customs that but one attempt has been made to publish an account of them, and it has since been found out that the work was full of errors and misrepresentations. But very slight information can be obtained of their history, and they are very reticent regarding their own customs, mode of living and religion. They purposely mislead one when questioned, and no two of them agree in their accounts. They rarely admit strangers into their territories, though occasionally a trader penetrates a short distance to some friendly cacique (or chief) who may treat him with open hospitality; but, upon the least suspicions or want of confidence, the trader's goods are stolen and his life sacrificed to savage cruelties. Of course, few like to run these risks even for money. The men are well-built, strong and healthy, of average height, brave, of cruel dispositions and treacherous; their complexions of a copper color. The women are small, and with ugly, coarse features and large mouths. Both sexes have coarse black hair and beautiful white teeth. It is said that one tribe exists of lighter complexion and lighter hair, the tradition being that they are descendants of a long-since German colony; but this is doubtful, as no traces are left of the language or customs of such predecessors. —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

GENERAL.

A FRENCHMAN who has traveled all over the world says that the American people are the most serious he ever encountered.

TWO MEN were recently arrested in Keyport, N. J., for using profane language in the streets, and each was fined $3.00 for the offense.

THERE is said to be an apple tree on the premises of William Plymire, in Washington County, Pa., which bears nine varieties, some of which are now ripe, while others will not ripen until late in the fall.

MRS. HANNAH HALLETT, P. T. Barnum's mother-in-law, lives near Bridgeport, has good health, is deaf in one ear, can read the finest print without specs, is a great teller of stories to children, is cheerful, and ninety-five years old.

THE bodies of fully two hundred persons drowned in Cayuga Lake within forty years have never been recovered. Various explanatory theories have been advanced, a late one being that the rocky bottom of the lake has many cavities in which the remains lodge.

AT weddings among the nobility of Samoa the numerous relatives of the bride are presented with roast pigs, three hundred having been given on a recent occasion. In return the relatives of the bride give mats fringed with feathers, some of them being valued at $1,000 each.

A CONCERT was given at Mechanics' Hall, in Boston, lately, remarkable from the facts that the night was warm and the seats in the audience room had been recently varnished. The concert was interesting, the varnish melted, and the critic says the audience was "riveted—literally glued to their seats."

A CORRESPONDENT telegraphs from Madrid that "Prince Demidoff, who recently sold his estate of San Donato, has just lost at play, in one night, $1,000,000. The winners were Messrs. Beutern, Boblinski and young Count Schouvaloff. The game was baccarat, and was played at the Yacht Club."

FOR forty years a centenarian exsoldier, who recently died in a Russian village, was stone blind. He continued his business of tailor up to the day of his death, threading his needle by means of his tongue. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish the denominations of bank notes with his fingers.

THE two maps made by Joliet, co-discoverer of the Mississippi, to illustrate his journeyings have never yet been printed. A third map, however, which is regarded as of earlier date than the others, has just been published by M. Gabriel Gravier, President of the Norman Geographical Society, and author of several works dealing with early American explorations.

INDIGNATION among the passengers in a railroad car is reported because a lady let her pug dog drink out of the tin cup attached to the water-cooler. She replied to a remonstrance by assuring that her dog's lips were cleaner than those of the tobacco-chewing man who objected. He retorted that he could whip any man who would become her champion, but nobody volunteered.

THE Soldiers' Daughters' Home is an interesting British charity, twenty-five years old. More than eight hundred soldiers' daughters have been reared within its walls, and three hundred and fifty have been placed out as schoolmistresses and other teachers or in domestic service. Of the girls admitted during the last year fifteen were daughters of soldiers who were killed or who died during the war in South Africa.

MISS GOODSELL, of New York City, heroically saved four other ladies from drowning in the Passaic River the other evening. Their boat was capsized by a collision with another, and the occupants of both were thrown into the water. Two men swam to the shore, and Miss Goodsell, by personally swimming to the shore with Mrs. Olsell, saved the latter's life. Then she swam back in the darkness, and by her efforts managed to get the remainder ashore, when all fell exhausted.

AMONG the patients at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, is Miss Lucy Osborn, a young woman who carries on her head an artificial scalp. It has taken six years to construct this scalp. The material for building the scalp has been furnished by 100 volunteers, and 14,000 different pieces have entered into its construction. Miss Osborn belongs to New Bedford, Conn., and lost her natural scalp by the catching of its luxuriant curls in the revolving shaft of a button factory where she worked.

IN this season of boating and bathing it is well to remember that, in a late communication to the French Academy, Professor Fort declared that he had restored to life a child of three years old by using artificial respiration, without becoming discouraged, for four hours, not having begun for three and a half hours after apparent death. Some time before, Dr. Fournol, of Billancourt, resuscitated a person one hour after being taken from the water by the same means faithfully applied.

IN a St. Louis saloon there is an apparatus intended ostensibly for designating the weight a person can lift. Attached to the machine, and concealed in the wall, is a galvanic battery, which the barkeeper behind the counter can turn on in an instant. An innocent and unsuspecting Chinaman was bantered to test his strength. John answered, "Me pullee im allee samee likee you," and after the other had pulled 290, the Chinaman caught the knob. The current of electricity was turned on, and the Celestial demonstrated his ability to dance the Highland fling. He swore to never pull anything again except his queue.

THE Empire of Austria is composed to-day of the following countries, all of which have at some time enjoyed corporate existence: Archduchy of Austria, Duchy of Salzburg, Duchy of Styria, Principality of the Tyrol, Trent and the Trentine, Kingdom of Bohemia, Margravate of Moravia, Duchy of Silesia, Kingdom of Gallicia and Lodomeria, Kingdom of Illyria, Kingdom of Dalmatia, Republic of Ragusa, Bocche di Cattaro and the Primorie, Kingdom of Crotia and Slavonia, the Military Confines the Voivedina and Banat, Kingdom of Hungary proper, Principality of Transylvania, Sandjaoks of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Novi-Bazar (Raschia).

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO WORK.

COME along, for the work is ready;
Rough it may be—rough, tough and hard;
But—fourteen years old, stout, bold and steady—
Life's game's beginning, lad. Play your card.
Come along.

Mother stands at the door-step crying:
Well, but she has a brave heart, too;
She'll try to be glad—there's naught like trying.
She's proud of having a son like you.
Come along.

Young as she is, her hair is whitening:
She has plowed through seas of sorrow deep.
When she looks in your face her eyes seem brightening—
Oh, shame, if ever you make them weep!
Come along.

Bravo, lad! How the brown cheek flushes!
Ready to do as much as you can?
I have always faith in a boy that blushes—
None will blush for him when he's a man.
Come along.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

BROWNIE'S FIRST CALL UPON THE SICK.

A FEW days ago Brownie was sitting on the floor quietly playing with her toys while her mamma was talking with two ladies, when her attention was suddenly arrested by hearing one of the ladies say:

"I understand that Mrs. Barns has been quite sick."

Brownie immediately thought of the party she had attended at Mrs. Barns' a few weeks before; and as one of her sisters had just recovered from a three weeks' illness she at once became doubly interested. She thought she ought to go and call upon Mrs. Barns, as so many had called upon her sister when she was sick.

She sprang up, and was just about to ask her mamma's permission when it occurred to her that her mamma had repeatedly told her she must not interrupt her when she was talking.

She thought she would ask one of her sisters. She ran into the sitting-room, but they were not there. Then she went into the kitchen. Bridget was out, but on a chair she saw Bridget's large straw sun-hat. She concluded to go without permission; so she put the hat on, and was going out of the kitchen door when she happened to think that a number of ladies and young girls had brought her sister something to eat during her illness.

She went to the pantry, and there she saw two large tin pans of molasses cake that Bridget had just baked. She took one cake up in her arms and started off.

Mrs. Barns was sitting in a rocking-chair by the bedside, when she thought she heard the patter of little feet on the stairs.

Looking around, she saw a child standing in the doorway. She could not imagine who it was, for the hat quite covered her face and shoulders.

Brownie set the cake on the floor, and, while holding up the broad rim of the hat in front with both hands, said:

"I comed right in, you see. Sister said our door-bell was a perfec' nuisance when she was sick, so I 'spect yours is, too."

She then took up the cake, and, setting it on Mrs. Barns' lap, said, smilingly:

"I bringed you a cake for your sickness."

"Well, Brownie, this is very kind of you," said Mrs. Barns.

Brownie sat down on a hassock at Mrs. Barns' feet, and, looking up in her face, said:

"I 'spect you feel pretty forlorn."

"I have felt very badly, but I am almost well now. I am sure this cake will do me a great deal of good."

"Of course it will," said Brownie. "If you had a knife," she continued, "you could cut us both a piece."

"I have a knife here on the stand. This is the best cake I've had since I've been sick. It does taste so good!" said Mrs. Barns.

"Bidget makes very good cake," said Brownie, while eating a piece. "Do you have our doctor?"

"I don't know whether we have the same one or not. What is the name of your doctor?" asked Mrs. Barns.

"Oh, he is des named Doctor. He has got white hair, and gold on his cane. But I wouldn't 'vise you to take his med'cine. Sister says his powders taste horrid! horrid! But let me tell you something," and Brownie took hold of Mrs. Barns' hand; "if you *have* to take it, if you *must* take it, if they *make* you take it, why, may be my mamma will give you a boofnl jumping-rope, if you des swallow it without making any fuss about it. Mamma gave sister one."

She then stooped down, and, while picking up some crumbs of bread, said,

"Are you going to take a ride as soon as you are able to get well?"

"Yes, I want to go out riding as soon as I possibly can."

"Well, I'll tell you des what to do," said Brownie. "You go to the livney stable, right by the Methdis Church, and they'll give you a carriage. Then you des come for me and I'll take you. Only I can't drive, you must 'member."

"I will certainly take you with me, Brownie, the very first time that I am able to take a ride."

"Has the minister been hero to see you yet?" Brownie asked.

"No; I guess he don't know that I am sick," replied Mrs. Barns.

"That's 'cause you didn't send him word," said Brownie, earnestly. "Mamma says when you are sick, if you want your min'ster to comed and see you, you must send him word; 'cause he ain't 'speeted to know who all is sick in a church des as full as full. He prayed, too. Our min'ster is des the best Christian! We all like him."

Brownie then took the knife and handing it to Mrs. Barns, said:

"I think we could both eat another piece of cake; don't you?"

"Without the least difficulty," answered Mrs. Barns, smiling.

While she was cutting the cake Brownie got up, and, leaning on Mrs. Barns' shoulder, said:

"Have you had to have a muskard graft on the back of your neck yet?"

"No, Brownie, I have not."

"You better be glad. You wouldn't like it pretty good. Sister says they burn awfull awfull! But if the doctor says you *must* have it on, it won't do any good for you to cry about it. You'll des have to have it. Mamma says, and papa, too, that when you have a doctor you must do des what he tells you to."

Brownie then picked up the hat, which she had thrown on the floor when she came in.

"This ain't my straw hat. It is Bidget's. It is too large for me; but that don't make no diffnence. I dess I'll go home now. Oh! are you going to have another party for little children again?"

"I don't think I'll have one very soon. Why, Brownie?"

"Oh, nothing; only I can come when you do have another one. You'll 'vite that little lame girl again, won't you?"

"Certainly I will," replied Mrs. Barns.

"She has got a booful dress to wear now when she comes. You know my other dress—not this one I don't mean—well, my mamma made it all bran new for her, and crimmed it with blue crimmings, and it des fits her as nice as niee can be." Brownie then laid her hand on Mrs. Barns' head, and while fondly stroking her hair, said, in a pleading tone:

"Please 'vite litle Chickery, this time, too."

"Who is Chickery, Brownie?"

"Oh! des little poor Chickery. She lives 'round our torner. She is blind, you know. She can't see a spec'led bit of anything. And she ain't never been 'vited to a party in all her live days. She telled me so. I'll bring her when the party is. I'll take hold of her hand, else all the wagons will runned right over her, 'cause she can't see no wagon. I'll be des as careful of her as carefnl. Her mamma is dead, and her papa speaks very eross to her. But you better b'lieve we never do. She comes to my house lots of times. We des send for her. Sometimes she stays two or free days with us. Poor little Chickery!"

"Yes, Brownie, Chickery shall be invited. And for your sake I think I'll have another party very soon. You are a good little girl. You are so kind to the sick, the poor and the blind. God will greatly bless you," said Mrs. Barns, kissing her again and again.

"Of course you must be good to the sick and the blind, 'cause they can't take of theirselves," said Brownie, putting on the hat. "Good-by."

"Good-by, darling; I have enjoyed your call very much, indeed."

When Brownie was half-way down the stairs, she cried out:

"Mrs. Barns, you musn't get 'scouraged. Papa says it hurts you to get 'scouraged when you are sick. And if that cake don't make your sickness well you needn't be 'fraid to send for me, 'cause I can comed mos' any time."—*Christian Union.*

The Fourth of July.

IN Philadelphia an estimate was made of the accidents and injuries resulting from the use of fire-crackers, pistols, etc., on the last July 4th, and the results were as follows:

Killed by the discharge of cannon, guns and pistols, ten; seriously wounded, thirty; amputations of arm or leg from injuries received, six; killed by fires resulting from fire-crackers, etc., four; slightly injured, one hundred and four; houses burned, five. This list of casualties was nearly doubled in New York. In both cities heavy showers put an end to the rejoicing early in the afternoon, and in Philadelphia shooting of crackers or pistols was prohibited by law, or the number of deaths and accidents would have been much larger.

It is quite time that our boys and young men asked themselves seriously concerning this matter, "Does it pay?" Is the delight of making a noise—a taste which we share with the macaw and the ape—enough to compensate for this annual slaughter of life and happiness all over the country? Is there no more rational way of celebrating the National birthday?

A city clergyman, before the last Fourth of July, proposed to the children of his parish to form an Anti-Powder Association. The money which they would have spent on crackers, powder, pin-wheels, etc., was put in a common fund, and an excursion organized to the seashore, to which each contributor had the right to invite one poor little child chosen by himself. The day was a happy, merry one; as happy for the children who gave the unwonted pleasure to the forlorn little waifs, as to those who received it. Instead of death and suffering, the holiday brought a breath of life and health, and the enjoyment of Heavenly charity to them all.

If children continue to abuse the day, it is because grown people neglect to show them a better way to keep it than by this senseless, dangerous hubbub which custom has sanctioned so long.—*Youth's Companion.*

Besieged by a Bear.

A few days since G. W. Colby, the prominent rancher of Nord, had an adventure in the mountains which gave proof to the saying that bear-hunting is all right so long as you hunt the bear, but it's mighty poor sport when the bear hunts you. He had taken his family to one of his ranches near the Butte meadows for a short season of rest, and being an ardent sportsman he took along a splendid gun, some dogs and plenty of ammunition. For two or three days he tramped around the hills, but found the game rather scarce. But on his next hunt he had all the sport he wanted, and seasoned with just enough excitement to make it interesting. He had gone out late in the afternoon and in a few moments managed to bag a good-sized bear. While gloating over his prize he was horrified to hear some furious growls, and, turning round, saw not ten feet distant another huge "varmint" making straight for him. He instantly dropped his gun and shinned up a small sapling with all the agility of a monkey. The bear had him treed, and after snuffling the dead body of its mate he gave some frightful yells and came to the tree and camped for the night. It was a case of siege, and things looked squally. The night was cold and dark, and Mr. Colby's position was anything but agreeable, but he froze to his elevated perch like grim death to the negro. He was kept there all night and well along into the next day, when his tyrant became frightened at something and left for the brush. Mr. Colby at once left the spot and now looks for smaller game.—*Chico (Col.) Enterprise.*

SAILORS have a hard time of it. They are always in a mess.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BEE.

"A COTTAGER leaned whispering by her hives,
Telling her bees some news, as they lit down
And entered, one by one, their waxen town."
—*Jean Ingelow's "On the Borders of Cannock Chase."*

And presently a boe, a great big golden bee,
That appeared to be the watch-dog of the treasury,
Shot like a ball from out the waxen town,
And on the nose of cottager serenely sat him down,
Saying: "Excuse this liberty, O pretty maid divine,
But I have news to tell thee, in return for news of thine."
The maiden didn't linger long a-whispering to the bees;
But struck a frightful galopade, her hair upon the breeze,
And the howls that she emitted, as she danced and pranced and ran,
Were heard, the neighbors tell me, clear from Beersheba to Dan.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

THE sunlight on a waveless sea,
In softened radiance fadeth slowly,
The folded flower, the mist-crowned tree,
Proclaim the gathering twilight holy.

It is the hour when Passion bows:
A solemn stillness round us lingers;
And on our wildly-throbbing brows
We feel the touch of angel fingers.

It is the hour when lovers fond
(For Love its native air is breathing)
Drape with fair hopes Life's dreary beyond,
Gay garlands for the future wreathing.

It is the hour when in far land,
The wanderer, tired of ceaseless roaming,
Longs for the clasp of kindred hand,
And the dear home enwrapt in gloaming.

It is the hour when mankind hears,
Amid Earth's mingled moans and laughter,
Chords which will swell when unborn years
Are buried in the great Hereafter.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

SYLVIA'S SUITORS.

SYLVIA ENGLES folded the letter she had just written, and put it in the envelope. Then she arose from her chair, put on her hat and sacque, and so opened the letter and read the last pages over.

"You need not wonder," she read, "why I prefer to spend October at the sea-shore. If you were here—I wish you were—you would rather wonder why all the world is not of my mind. But I am glad it isn't. I'd like another woman to help entertain the two learned men who also sojourn here, but I should object to the world. One of the charms of the place is my sense of proprietary right in the ocean. For me the tides come and go; for me the sea breaks and rolls; mine are the sunsets and white caps, and mine, O Rachel, the spoil and the plunder! For know, my dear, that I do not stay only for the fine weather and the ocean, nor for good comradeship, but for mosses! Never again will you say you are tired of 'Miss Engles' cowslip china.' It, Rachel, has had its day! It is to be succeeded by mosses, sea weeds, *algæ*. They will be the rage! I am determined upon *that*. You and your fashionable friends can make conversation, as you sip your chocolate, upon the variety and delicacy of my designs. No plate is to have its duplicate, no cup its fellow. I shall not paint very many, but I warrant you they'll be expensive! You will go wild when you see my designs, but you need not hope to buy any of my china. It will be dear, too dear! Still, as you are going to be married, you shall have a *tete-a-tete* set. In the mean time, won't you stop at my studio and tell the janitor that I will be home the 1st of November? You might suggest some dusting up. As ever,

"S. E."

"Now," said Sylvia, "Rachel will have news to tell," and then she put on her gloves, and started for the post-office.

As she walked along Atlantic Avenue, and then down one of the cross streets toward the ocean, she thought the place looked as if it had been desolated by the plague. The stores, the hotels, the pleasant sunny cottages, were all closed and silent. No one was to be seen upon the long and sandy streets. On some of the avenues were rows of forlorn and dingy bath-houses, moved away from the beach and from winter tides. The long board walk by the shore, the pavilions, which at their best suggested Sampson Brass's summer-house, were gone, and the very signs of gay life silenced made the place doubly desolate.

But Sylvia was too full of vitality to feel depressed, and indeed rather enjoyed the loneliness that left her free and happy.

She was pretty, she had abundant interests in her life, and she had half made up her mind to marry. She was not young for she was thirty-six; but she had had a very good time, and she meant never to have a bad one. She had once lived abroad, and had studied art in Rome and Paris, and she was wise in technical terms, and knew all about the schools; and when she wrote pretty little poems she turned them with many a neat allusion to both Dante and Raphael. She was never worried because she could not paint great pictures, and when she was in Paris she used to go among the studios, and without any envy admire ambitious Americans working at Pompeiian interiors and Arabs at prayer. When she came home she refused all pupils, and applied herself to painting little girls. Her pictures sold, but with mildness; yet her day of triumph came. It came with "decorative art," and a panel and a tea-service established her reputation, and made Sylvia the fashion. After this all was easy.

The man she thought of marrying was Professor Arnold. He was a widower with one child, and Sylvia had now been at the sea-shore for two months with them. She had always meant to marry, and any one could see that this would be a suitable match. He had position and money, and Sylvia liked both, and thought she deserved both. The child, little Josie, was fond of her, and she liked to have the tender little creature depend on her, run after her, and play the tyrant over her.

When Sylvia reached the beach she found Josie busy making a well in the sand, while Dr. Kennedy walked up and down. His long ulster was buttoned over his slender, tall figure, and he wore a huge blue and white scarf tied over his hat to protect his ears.

"Oh, here you come!" he cried. "I have been watching for you. Just come here, Miss Sylvia. Now look over the water. What do you see?"

Sylvia went to him. "I see the waves breaking on the shore," she replied. "It is high tide, but the breakers are not rough. It is a tranquil sea."

"What else?" he asked—"no ships, no boats, no gulls?"

"Only water and sky."

"Now look along the shore."

"I see sand—a long, level stretch of gray sand."

"And the sky?"

"There are clouds. They are white and many-piled. The sky is soft and blue, and over there," pointing, "the sunset colors are reflected from the west."

"Then," said he impressively, "look at that child! You have not mentioned her—a mere speck of humanity, a creature not three feet high, a small bit of color, red and white; and yet she is all we see between here and Portugal! Think of it! Nearly four thousand miles of space, and hers the only life in sight! Miss Sylvia," and the Doctor's voice deepened, "this is what I call—solitude!"

"And you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I like it, as the Frenchman did, when I have a pleasant companion with whom to share it."

"Very well," said Sylvia, taking out her watch, "if I come under that head, I will stay with you fifty-three minutes. By that time Thomas will be ready to sound his gong for supper, and the Professor will be walking on the porch looking for us."

"Suppose, then," said the Doctor, "that we sit down by the anchor. I don't like this wind, and I have a shawl there."

The anchor, which in the summer was attached to a bathing-line, was now drawn up on the shore, and deeply imbedded in the sand made a snug recess, of which Sylvia was fond. The Doctor hung his shawl upon the arms of the anchor, and offered Sylvia the cosy, tapestried seat; but she, declining it, sat in the open air, and he went far back in the shelter.

"*This*," he said, "I call comfort! And now Miss Sylvia, when are you going away?"

"In two weeks," she said.

"And the Professor a week after. I shall be lonely! See here, Miss Sylvia, why don't you stay here all winter? You have no idea how charming it is. No ice, no snow, the air a visible tonic—exhilarating, sparkling! You could paint and get new inspirations. Stay, Sylvia, stay."

"The inspirations would not be of much use here," said Sylvia; "and do you suppose Mr. Reimer would take a panel in exchange for my board?"

"But, my dear, said the Doctor, "an artist is free. He need not live in his shop—his studio, I mean. Paint your pictures here, and send them to your agent."

"Pictures?" said Sylvia. "It is teacups! If fashion patronizes me, I must be on hand. You ought to see me receive, Doctor," she went on. "I wear a long, monkish brown gown, and on it is many a spot of paint. My studio is lovely, and I give æsthetic teas sometimes. I can fancy you at one! Will you come?

"Nonsense!" said he, flushing. "How frivolous you try to make yourself! I wonder you paint at all."

"I don't" said Sylvia. "I wouldn't like to be no more than the basket handle; I know too well all the joys of Independence! Still, you see, I haven't money, so I earn it."

"That is just it!" cried the Doctor, coming a little way out of his niche. "You work because you must have a living. Very good. And your occupation is genteel and lady-like."

"Don't say 'genteel'!" cried Sylvia.

"That is a very good word. Would respectable be any better? No? Well, this is what I meant to say—a pretty, domestic women like you ought to get married. In fact, you ought to have been married some time ago."

"How do you know I am domestic?" said Sylvia, slightly coloring, and ignoring his last remark. "Artists are generally considered Bohemian rather than domestic."

"Oh, but you are not an out-and-out artist."

"Indeed I am!" cried Sylvia. "I haven't much genius, but you don't suppose I spend my life painting tea-cups? I paint pictures, and I exhibit them, and, what is more to the purpose, I sell them."

"I don't doubt it," said the Doctor, "but all the same you ought to get married. There's that child's father; why don't he marry?"

"I am sure I don't know;" and now Sylvia did really color.

"He ought to do it," pursued the relentless Doctor. "That child can not be properly brought up by servants, and he has no sisters. Do you know, Miss Sylvia—now, I suppose you'll get mad!—I had a great mind to advise him to ask you. It seems a pity for him to lose the chance of so good a mother for Josie. You see I have an observant nature, and I have watched you with her. You are fond of her, you have pleasant little ways with her, and she is certainly fond of you. Yes, you would make a very good mother for her."

Sylvia laughed at this. She did not mean to betray any feeling again.

"The reason why I am so candid, and perhaps abrupt—you do think me abrupt?"

"I do," said Sylvia.

"Well, the reason is that the matter is a little involved. When I first thought of it, you and the Professor were digging a cave for the child in the sand, and she was jumping about in high glee. Do you remember?"

Yes, Sylvia remembered it very well.

"It was a pretty picture, I thought, and it flashed on me that the Professor would be blind if he did not see what he ought to do. Ask you to marry him, I mean."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," said Sylvia coolly.

"Oh, but that isn't all!" the Doctor continued, pushing the scarf off his ears. "You don't understand yet how the matter is involved. When I went back to the hotel it occurred to me that I was a very great fool. I had much better ask you to marry me. I am sure I need a good wife."

"Very well," said Sylvia, with admirable gravity.

"Still, you see," he said, "it seemed rather mean not to give him the chance. It is of course obvious that he needs the wife the most—on account of the little girl, you know. My first thought referred to his marrying you, and that gives him, you see, a sort of pre-emption claim."

"I am not sure of that," replied Sylvia. "Don't they give patents, or something of the sort, for the first idea?"

"Then," said the Doctor eagerly, "you would be willing to let me ask you?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I wish I knew what you mean—would you refuse— But no, I won't do it. I really think he ought to have the first chance. The little girl is to be considered, you know."

"Is it Josie who is the first object?" said Sylvia. "If that is so, I might adopt her. That would make it all right, and none of us be worried."

"Her father wouldn't part with her; but I am thinking of the welfare of all. By George, Miss Sylvia, I wish I knew your Eng; or rather I wish the Professor did, I'd like Chang myself! Of course Arnold knows nothing of this. I thought I had best speak to you first. I was afraid he would not explain the situation.—not as I would."

"I don't believe he could," replied she.

"Well," said the Doctor, "what have you to say?"

"I can not say anything," she answered.

"You can not?" repeated the Doctor.

"I could offer an opinion, I suppose," said Sylvia; "but you see I can't, under the circumstances, make it a personal matter yet."

"You mean," the Doctor said, "that neither of us has yet asked you?"

"Exactly," Sylvia answered.

"Very well, then. Now, suppose before we go any further, that we see just where we stand in the present position of affairs. In the first place,—because it would perhaps, not be proper to refer to the Professor's personal matters at this moment,—do you think you could marry me?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "I am very sure I couldn't."

"That is frank," he said, looking gently pleased. "I like that. It is business-like and helps us to clear the way. Now, why couldn't you?"

"For one thing, I don't care enough for you, and for another I never thought of it."

"Very good. But we will now suppose you might waive the second reason, and I could try to persuade you out of the first. So then, what are your objections likely to be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

"No," said Sylvia; "to tell you the honest truth, I know nothing about it."

"You don't!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Then I'll tell you. We are good Quaker stock. We came over with William Penn. We are in every history of Pennsylvania ever written. If you ask for family, you can't do better. We are an Arch Street Quaker family. I am not poor. I like my profession, and if I need more money I will practice again. Could you be satisfied with seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars a year?"

"Perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I am not young—I am forty-six; but the Professor is still older, so that point is not to be considered."

"Oh, yes it is!" exclaimed Sylvia. "We are not considering this matter relatively; the Professor is not under discussion."

"True enough," replied the Doctor, "that is a fact to be remembered. Well, you think of what I said," and the Doctor got up and began to fold the shawl. "And of course you understand that, although we approach the matter from a practical side, I love you. I should not wish to marry a woman to whom I was not attached."

"I will remember," Sylvia replied, taking hold of the other end of the shawl, and helping him to fold it. The Doctor then drew his scarf over his ears. They called Josie, who was busy carrying water to her well, and liberally baptising herself as she trotted back and forth.

"Now," said the Doctor, as they drew near the house, and the Professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to *who?*" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

"'We agreed'!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idiot!"

The Doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the house.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to herself, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Reimer would stop that dreadful old fiddle and go sit with them.

Then she half turned to go herself, but she was not sure. Perhaps the Doctor would make an umpire of her, and ask her for a ruling on the spot. And yet it was absurd in her to hesitate. She would get her sewing, and go in as if nothing had happened. She wished Josie had not gone to bed. She wished her tea-cups were all in China. She wished— At that moment the door opened, and the Professor looked out.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard footsteps as I passed, and I wondered who it could be. I did not think of you for a moment. And then I never knew you to walk on this side of the house. It is more sheltered, but you can not see the ocean."

"Oh, I don't care for the ocean to-night," replied Sylvia, "and I am just going upstairs."

"Don't go yet," said the Professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house nearly all day, and I am tired of house air."

Sylvia hesitated. "Very well," she said, "but I can not stay long."

So the Professor put on his hat and coat and joined her.

"Shall we not go round to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the Doctor will see you and call you in. He thinks night air bad for the neuralgia."

"I have no neuralgia. Have you?"

"No, but he has. I don't know, however, but that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a *very* peculiar person, Miss Sylvia?"

"He certainly is. But do tell me, Professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know just what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solemn vagueness of sea, shore, and sky will be lost. Wouldn't it be dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg with the sun shining at midnight, just as regularly as at home. But as I was saying about the Doctor—"

"Don't let us discuss the Doctor," said Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people, and any way I must go in."

The Professor gently laid his hand on her arm, and Sylvia at once shook it off.

"Miss Sylvia," he began, "between us—not from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge—you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean.

"A better person than Felix Kennedy does not live," the Professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with judgment."

"But I *am* sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevaricate," said the Professor. "Believe me, you had better listen to me."

"I wish I knew just what you are going to say"—but then Sylvia paused and blushed.

"I am not going to say anything frightful. You are safe in listening to me. I am not as obtuse as Kennedy seems to think. It would be a very obtuse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insensible to your charming nature."

"Yes I dare say," said Sylvia, a little absently, "but I must go in now. It is cold."

"I would like," said the Professor, not heeding this, "to be frank with you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Why I never knew such frank people! It is terrible. If you want to please me, do be a little reticent."

"I want to please you," the Professor said briskly, "but I do want to tell you something. Do you know, I have been planning, vaguely, but hopefully, to take you home with me."

"I wouldn't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that?" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps,—I once thought I would, but now,—why nothing on earth would tempt me!"

"You wrong me, Miss Sylvia," said the Professor. "I meant to leave you free. I meant you to have your studio, your own friends, your own pursuits. Had I lived in New York, I should not have hesitated to speak to you; but I did not like to ask you to go to Boston, and leave so much behind you."

"That proves," said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, "how little men understand women. Do you suppose I would hesitate to follow any one I loved to the North Pole? Boston, indeed! Why, I wouldn't have put it in the balance!"

"But see how you excite yourself," said the Professor; "I really don't deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive lady."

"Oh, I am not sensitive," said Sylvia. "Ask the Doctor if I am."

"Pardon me," he replied, "but you are. I knew I had no right to disturb your useful, happy life; but Josie loves you so well, your influence over her is so good, that I thought you might consent to become her governess."

"Oh!" cried Sylvia, and she walked quickly down the porch.

"The position in Boston, you understand, is very honorable; and in my family, and with your own social talents"—

"Spare me your compliments," interrupted Sylvia, who felt curiously enough at this moment. "I can assure you that I never mean to be a governess, but I do love Josie."

"I know you do. But, not to take up the second point, I have now other views. Let me fasten on your shawl more closely; you are cold."

"No, indeed," Sylvia replied, "I am hot!"

"Now," said the Professor, still speaking gently and evenly, "I have changed my mind. I still want you to go to Boston, but I want to marry you. Forgive me if I am abrupt. I meant to break this to you more politely, but the Doctor is in a torpedo condition. I am forced to seem rough and inconsiderate, but I have learned to love you dearly. I could forgive you anything. You could not offend me. Miss Sylvia,"—and here he took hold of her arm again—"tell me you forgive me? If you are angry with me now, may I not sometime again plead my cause? In a month? May I not come then to you?"

Sylvia laughed,—she could not help it,—but the Professor's face grew red.

"It is very funny," she said.

"It is very provoking," retorted the Professor. "I will never, never forgive Kennedy! If he had not precipitated matters, you would not have been offended with me, and you might have given me a hearing, at least."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't,—that is, I should have had but one answer for you," said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. "But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I suited"—

"Don't scoff," said the Professor. "I am deeply in earnest, and"—

"Good-night!" cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it—"good-night!"

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Josie; but about noon there was a knock at her door which she answered in person. It was the Doctor.

"I thought, perhaps"—he began; and then noticing her books and dresses on the bed, "By George you are not packing up!"

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Didn't the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon tram."

"Driven away!" ejaculated the Doctor. "By Jove, it is too bad!"

"Letters," said Sylvia gravely—"important letters."

"I dare say," said he, "and the mail not yet in! Tell me, are you offended?"

Sylvia made no reply.

"You couldn't be offended with Arnold," he said; "he is too gentle to offend any one. But I—I am a bear! Will you forgive me?"

Sylvia hesitated a half moment before she took the hand he offered. "One of you," she said impulsively, "did not mean to offend. I am sure of that."

"Yes, I know," he answered, in a melancholy tone; "he never does. But then, neither did I. The mischief is I do all the things I don't mean and don't want to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you don't really mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvia.

"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the Professor badly. You ought to be decently polite to him. And there is Josie—you must not forget her. You ought to answer one of us."

"I have but one to answer," said Sylvia, putting her hand on the knob of the door, "and I wouldn't mind being treated with a little decent politeness myself."

"Yes, yes," and the Doctor looked a little blank. "But somehow I can not realize that I have cut myself off, by being so very considerate. It *was* rather stupid now, wasn't it?"

"The whole affair is stupid," Sylvia replied. "But won't you please go away, and let me finish my packing? I don't want to be left, and I hate to hurry."

The Doctor put his foot against the door to keep her from closing it. "Tell me one thing," he said, with a good deal of entreaty in his voice: "you are not going to refuse both of us?"

"I am not going to accept both of you—not the same day; and I do wish you would remember that you have never asked me. Now do go, that's a good fellow."

"But, Miss Sylvia," and the Doctor's face grew eager, "you will—say you will—you must! Oh, Miss Sylvia, *don't* accept your first offer!"

"That is mean!" said Sylvia, and her face was the same color as the Doctor's, and both were red. "I thought you were going to be so chivalrous, and all that stuff, and here—"

"But you don't love him," said the Doctor, as she paused, "and of course you mean to love the man you marry."

"I certainly do; but how do you know I don't?" said the incoherent Sylvia, and she at once began to rub a spot on the door with her finger.

At that moment Mrs. Reimer, armed with brush and dust-pan, came down the hall.

"See here!" cried the Doctor, turning quickly, "won't you—that's a good woman—won't you throw an old shoe after me?"

At this Sylvia gave his foot a violous little push with her own, and banged her door shut.

"Do you know," and the Doctor's solemn manner impressed his landlady, "that I am awfully sorry for the Professor?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that anything has happened to him!" she exclaimed.

"No, not exactly," he replied. "But I am sorry all the same. He'll be terribly cut up. You see, he was so sure. Now I wasn't. I don't deserve it, and he did. And there's Josie, too! I am awfully sorry!"

"Well, you don't look so," said Mrs. Reimer, going her way. "If ever I saw a man who was in a very good humor, you look like that man."—*Louise Stockton, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Learning to Swim.

"THAT's a fact," said Mr. Hopkins, as he laid down his paper the other evening, "every man, woman and child in the country ought to know how to swim. No one can tell what minute he will be upset, blown up or knocked overboard. Amanda, I'm going to learn you how to swim."

"Learn me?" queried the wife, as she paused in her sewing.

"Yes, you. Your life is very precious to me, and I don't want you to lose it because you can't swim ashore when an accident takes place. I can swim like a duck myself, and I feel guilty to think we've been married twenty-one years and yet you'd go to the bottom like a stone if you'd fall overboard."

"Why, I never had the least fear," she replied. "There is always some hero around to rescue a lady."

"No one wants to depend on heroes. Of course, I'd jump into the water to save a lady, but there are lots of men who wouldn't. Stand up, Amanda, and let me give you the motions of swimming. Now, then, put your hands so, push them forward so, take a sweep and bring them back so. See how easy it's done? You mustn't forget to kick every time you move your arms."

She went through the motions several times, but so awkwardly that he called out:

"That isn't the way! The motions ought to be perfectly natural. Now imagine that you are out on an excursion."

"Yes."

"You lean over the rail to view some floating object."

"Yes."

"You suddenly grow dizzy and tumble headlong into the river. Now what motions would you make as you rose to the surface? What would you do?"

"Well, if a hero jumped in after me I'd lean my head on his shoulder like this and let him put his right arm around my waist and support me until help arrived."

"Hero be-hanged! A hero would look nice holding up 190 pounds, wouldn't he?"

"He'd look as nice as you would! I don't believe you could keep your head above water to save your life."

"I couldn't, eh! Then I won't learn you a single stroke about swimming!"

"Then you needn't!"

"And if any man ever jumps overbonrd and rescues you I'll punch his head!"

"And if you ever jump in after anybody I know I'll have to pay their funeral expenses out of my share of this property!"

"Very well," said Mr. Hopkins as he put on his coat, "I see I'm not wanted in my own house. If I am not home tonight it won't do you any good to telephone me at the office, for I shall have the wire grounded!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A young lady, who has studied all the "ologies" at Vassar, wants to know if the crack of a rifle is where they put the powder in.

GLASS should be washed in cold water, which gives it a brighter and cleaner look than when cleansed with warm water.

Religious.

THE KISS OF WORSHIP.

THEY tell us of a race
In far-off lands,
Who, in old pagan days,
Would kiss their hands
And fling upon the air
Their homage, so
That round them everywhere
The gods might know
How, in the symbols spread
Before their eyes,
Beneath and overhead,
In seas and skies,
Behind each natural law
They felt the sign
And owned in all they saw
The touch divine.
And, lest through oversight
Some power should miss
The reverence deemed his right,
They flung their kiss
Of worship on the wind,
Thus to be blown
Wher'er its wings could find
For gods a throne.

We of a later race,
Who walk on heights
That from the dwelling-place
Of Him who lights
With floods of radiancy
Our paths, each one,
Till like the angel we
Stand in the sun,
Do we, with lifted hands
And loyal mouth,
Thus over seas and lands—
East, west, north, south—
Fling worship on the track
Of winds abroad,
Till all around comes back
The echo "*God*"?
And, lest we chance to fall
In full acclaim
Of tributes that veil
The holiest Name,
Do we send Love, whose wing
No space debars,
Beyond the luminous ring
Of outmost stars,
To drop with breathless bliss
Of homage sweet
Faith's wide-flung, rapturous kiss
About His feet?

—*Margaret J. Preston, in N. Y. Independent.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 8—Abram and Lot.....Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek.....Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram.....Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

NO MAN preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart.—*Owen.*

THE mild splendors of the rising sun, the ruddy, glowing tents of the evening, the moon's calm radiance in a serene night—all these swell our bosoms with pleasures; but sweeter, still sweeter, my son, is the recollection of a benevolent deed.—*Gessner.*

IF men and women would only arise every morning with the firm purpose to live better than they did the day before, and every day take a step forward by the experience of the past and the help of the ever-present Spirit, how few would fail in life's duties, or become unworthy of its rewards!—*Golden Rule.*

PATIENCE is the endurance of any evil, out of the love of God, as the will of God. The offices of patience are as varied as the ills of life. We have need of it with ourselves and with others; with those above and below us, and with equals; with those who love us, and those who love us not; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden trouble, and under daily burdens; disappointments as to weather or the breaking of the heart; in weariness of body, in wearing of soul; in our own failure, and others' failure to us. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for love of Him, and keep still and motionless not to offend Him.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE daily life of every one of us teems with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battlefield or fire or wreck. For we are born into a state of war; with falsehood and disease and wrong and misery, in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within calling on us to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against these. And in this life-long fight, to be waged by every one of us single-handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to truth—the most rare and difficult of all human qualities. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection, asks ever more and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness always rising higher and higher. And this great lesson we learn from Christ's life, the more earnestly and faithfully we study it.—*Hughes' Manliness of Christ.*

Christian Courtesy.

THERE is courtesy and there is Christian courtesy. There is a courtesy that can be put on and left off to suit circumstances. There is a courtesy that is an essential part of the individual and can no more be left off than the delicate complexion or the mild blue eye.

The contrast between the elegant toilet worn at an evening party and the slovenly one in which the same individual appears at breakfast-table next morning is often no greater than the contrast between the manners of the individual on the two occasions. In fact, the contrast between society dress and home dress is often not so great as between society manners and home manners. The assumed courtesy controls in the parlor, but not in the dining or supper room, for often in society the signal for refreshments is only the signal for the removal of masks. This kind of courtesy is only mask. We have seen, even in the "best society," a scramble for best seats and best dishes, not unlike what is seen about the swine's trough at feeding time. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost."

This assumed courtesy runs no risk of getting soiled in the kitchen for the mistress who has worn it in the parlor puts its off when it becomes necessary to give orders about meals or cooking. It is worn with customers, but not employees. It will not be injured in the ears, or in crowds, whether about the door of church or amusement hall, for it is not worn in railway travel or in crowds. Men and women would be ashamed to be seen without it by acquaintances, but care not how many strangers see them in all their native and naked boorishness. On the street, on cars, at hotels, and in all places of public resort, the language of conduct is, "I don't know you, and what do I care for you! I am not going to sacrifice anything, or take pains for anybody whom I don't know." This kind of courtesy is more common than is to be desired.

Christian courtesy, or, if you please, true courtesy, is the outworking, under all circumstances and in all relations, of genuine love. Peter hits it when he says, "Live as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." It is a readiness to take pains that another may have comfort, and it matters not who that other may be. There may or there may not be an observance of rules of etiquette. There may or there may not be elegance of manners and grace of movement. True politeness goes deeper and has its roots in character, in unvarying principles. No man or woman can be really uncourteous when controlled by an affectionate interest in those by whom surrounded. The old squaw had the genuine article when she secretly poured some tea into her dish, sweetened it, and with kind look gave it to the captive white woman brought into camp. It was not particularly pleasant to see her stirring the tea with her filthy finger, but even this did not prevent the deed being one of true courtesy. We shall never forget the carefulness with which one of the roughest men,—rough in dress, and rough in speech, and awkward in movement—laid the first shovelfuls of gravel upon a little coffin in the Western backwoods. In a solicitude in the feelings of others we read the true gentleman, and what are clothes and manners in comparison? Very naturally we prefer the nicely-bound book, with unsoiled pages, to the one with cover torn, leaves dog-eared and stained; but that which gives chief value is what is on the pages. It were more pleasing to see a loving heart manifesting its sweetness in gracefulness of motion and neatness of dress, and in accordance with the general rules of society; but what are these, after all, compared with the contents and outworkings of the heart? The teacher of etiquette and grace may, indeed, polish a diamond; he may also manufacture an imitation out of worthless paste; he may give ease to bashfulness, or put a mask on selfishness. Let the diamonds be polished if possible, but better an unpolished diamond than a cheap imitation. Let there be etiquette and grace if possible, but better ignorance of rules and awkwardness, with love in the heart, than mean selfishness with fair exterior.—*Golden Rule.*

Very Suggestive.

A HARTFORD daily paper contained the following: At a weekly prayer-meeting lately of a church not a thousand miles from Hartford, one of the brethren related a vision he had, in which two brethren in that church met in Heaven, and one of them incidentally remarked that he came from earth. The other immediately caught at the idea, and said with much interest: "Indeed! I also came from earth." A replied: "Is that so? Say, from what portion of the earth did you come?" B answered: "From the United States of America." The other replied: "Ah! you did. I also came from there. How happy I am to meet you and make your acquaintance. Now, pray tell me from which of the States you came." B said: "I came from the good old State of Connecticut, the land of steady habits." More interested than ever, A exclaimed: "Is it possible? If you will believe me I also came from that State." Here he proceeded to inquire: "Excuse me, but may I ask further: From what place in Connecticut did you come?" "Certainly," B responded: "I came from ——." More astonished still, A exclaimed: "How strange! Why, I came from there, too, and lived there during all my sojourn on earth, and yet we never made each other's acquaintance." The next inquiry was: "With what particular church in —— were you connected?" B replied: "With Rev. Mr. ——'s church." Astonished, A exclaimed: "Is it possible? I was a member of that church, and yet we never became acquainted or ever yet spoke with each other." The two brethren implored each other's forgiveness, and asked God to help them set aside earthly distinctions and to live more in the spirit of Christian fellowship.

Useless Anxieties.

IT is better to go to bed to-night thanking God for what he has helped us to-day than asking him to help us do as much more to-morrow. "Give us this day our daily bread;" three is nothing in the Lord's prayer about to-morrow. It is Christian to feel as the night traveler does, who knows that the road before his feet will become light just as fast as it is illuminated by the candle which he carries and which moves as he moves. How much we admire serenity becomes evident by reflecting how impossible it would be to conceive of Jesus Christ as worrying. One instance of Christ's worrying would break the power of the gospel, and we weaken it when we do worry. The mirage makes distant things seem more beautiful than they are. Why should not the heart be as generous as the eye? But anxiety is a chill that strikes back from to-morrow into to-day. It multiplies ill, and at the same time subtracts comfort. It doubles evils and halves joys, and so quadruples life's duties. It divides our power and doubles our burden. It spoils our work and spoils us. Anxiety as to how we are going to get along to-morrow wears out more lives than considering how we are getting along to-day. And to-day's failures brought about by to-day's worry go far towards breaking us down by to-morrow's burdens when they come. The days all fit into each other. To-day's success is half parent to to-morrow's success; and failure too often genders after its kind. And so life is, after all, a matter of to-day—"Give us this day our daily bread." Each moment is a crisis, and all eternity is the child of time. That life is blessed that is made up of days that are manly, and that day is manly whose moments are severally filled with the strength of God.—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

PRINCE CAMPBELE, the new Secretary of the Italian Legation at Washington, is a bachelor, not yet thirty, and speaks English well.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY AUGUST 21, 1880.

Notice to Registrars of Voters.

We desire to call the attention of the Registrars of Voters of this county to the fact that at the April meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, a contract was entered into with the editor of THE REPUBLICAN in which we agreed to do all the "printing and publishing for the county, for and in consideration of the sum of $700," to be levied to us at the annual June levy, 1880. This contract covers every class of publications required, that can be done in one nowspaper, and *all* the blanks and hand bills required for the different departments of the county. Under the above contract we stand ready to do all printing and publishing required by the Registrars of Voters, and hereby request them to send their lists to this office, where the work will be done promptly and well. If this work is done at any other office, bills will be presented and the county will be expected to pay them, whereas if the lists are sent to this office the work will be done without any additional cost to the tax payors of the county.

The Duty of the Hour.

An imperative duty devolves upon every well wisher of his country to lay aside all personal preferences and prejudices and make common cause against the common enemy of his country, the Democratic party. They loudly proclaim now that the United States is not a Nation, and while they preteud to acquiesce in the results of the war their opposition to the best interests of the country has never failed to show itself whenever there was a prospect of being able to do mischief. Suppose for a moment, the policy of the Democratic party in any one instance in the last twenty-five years had been sustained, what would have been the disastrous result to the country? Democratic platforms, orators and papers always take it for granted that everybody is so ignorant or so forgetful that they can cram any sort of absurd nonsense down their throats, without question, they may choose. One of the favorite diversions now of that party of false pretences, is to whine about the glories of the Republic when under Democratic rule. The last Democratic administration went out of power twenty years ago. Prior to that time the country had been almost exclusively under Democratic control for thirty years, and when twice the Whigs elected a President the public policy was dictated to a large extent by the Democracy.

What did that party do in all those years, a repetition of which would be such a boon to the country? Did they, by precept or example, seek to inspire in the minds and hearts of the people a reverence for and devotion to the Union? On the contrary, since the days of Calhoun they were sedulously inculcating the doctrine of State supremacy and preparing for the intended rebellion. Instead of devoting their attention to the encouragement of manufacturing enterprise, home industry and internal improvements, the attention of a large class of people was devoted to breeding slaves and our states manship to the acquisition of slave territory and the extension of slavery. Did they give the country a safe and stable currency?

Everybody old enough remembers the old Democrat wild cat banking system, the heavy losses sustained by himself or neighbor by the breaking of banks, counterfeits without number, and the inevitable shave of 5 to 30 per cent. on notes a little way from home; a good counterfeit on a New York bank at home being preferred to the genuine paper of Southern and Western banks. Does anybody pine for a restoration of the old Democratic banking system?

The general prosperity of the country did not begin to compare with that of the present day. The laboring man gets 50 per cent. more now for a day's wages, and the purchasing power of the dollar of to-day is fifty per cent. greater than it was 40 years ago. In consequence of the short sighted policy of Democratic free trade, we had but little mining and manufacturing population; hence but little demand for the products of the farm. Good 3 year old steers sold at from $8 to $25 per head, and other home products proportionately low. Money was scarce and hard to get and of uncertain value when obtained; hence the disposition to hoard gold and silver, another great disadvantage to the country.

In time of peace, with no public debt, the credit of the country ran so low under the last Democratic administration that United States 6 per cent. bonds sold in the market at 89 cents on the dollar; in other words, the credit of the Government was so bad that it was compelled to pay 15 per cent. for sufficient money to defray current expenses; and these are the times and this the sort of glory the Democracy promise the people if they will only give them the reins. Did the policy of the old time Democracy tend to promote peace and harmony throughout the land? On the contrary, it was a standing threat for years that if they could not have their way in all matters of public policy, they would dissolve the Union. Members who dared oppose the slave power were stricken down in the halls of Congress, border ruffians, cut throats and murderers were sent into Kansas to overawe the legal voters and stuff the ballot boxes with pro-slavery tickets, and in spite of the large free-soil majority, force Kansas into the Union a slave State. The bludgeon, the revolver and the bowie knife were law and there was no peace in the land. These were Democratic methods of government then and the shot gun policy, by which Republicanism is suppressed to day wherever it dare be employed, attest that they are Democratic methods still.

When at last the country grew tired of Democratic outrages and general rottenness and elected a Republican president, the Democratic administration sent our ships of war to foreign seas, and our cannon and material of war to Southern forts and expired in blood and darkness. And from that time onward through the war, when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, neither the voice nor the arm of the Democratic party was ever raised in defence of the Nation. Since the war the policy of the Democracy has invariably been calculated to bring reproach and disgrace on the Government. And yet they have the hardihood to point to their past and assure the people of a recurrence of former "glories" if they will only give them the power.

The greatest act of charity the Democratic party could ask of the people, would be to forget its past, to sponge out its record. There is nothing in its history to emulate, nothing to be proud of, nothing to remember but with shame and humiliation. Under Democratic auspices, the American eagle with clipped pinions, drooped in fear and trepidation, but now, proudly conscious of power, he mounts and soars on strong swift wings. Since the Democratic incubus has been shaken off the country it has bounded forward in material prosperity at a rate scarcely dreamed of in the dead days of slavery and Democratic misrule.

The Republican policy of protection to home industry has called thousands of furnaces and mills and factories into being all over the country. Millions of hands find employment at good wages and are thus enabled to build up for themselves happy homes. The farmer finds ready sale for the various products of the farm, and everybody is contented and prosperous.

Now the Democrats come around with their free trade and thin "traditions" and ask the people to give the reins of government into their hands and let them grow fat off the public pickings and stealings, while the country goes to the dogs.

The people are not arrant fools and they will protect their interests, and the interests of the country at large, by voting for Garfield, who will be the next President as sure as water runs and the sun shines.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is a Garfield man. So are all the rest of the leading Massachusetts Independent Republicans.—*Wash. Star.*

Hon. A. B. Lamberton, the Democratic candidate for Congress, a few years ago in the Rochester (N. Y.) District, has come out for Garfield.

Captain Wm. B. W. Hallett has resigned his membership of the Democratic City Committee of Providence, R. I., having decided to act with the Republicans henceforth.

Representative Jorgensen, of Virginia, says the chances for a coalition of the Funders and Readjusters are anything but brilliant, and there is an increasing probability that the Republican electoral ticket will sweep the field.

The Pittsburg *Commercial* says there is a prospect of gaining two Republican members of Congress in West Virginia. There is a bolt in the First district against Mr. Wilson, the well known Democratic representative.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* is sorry that Wade Hampton made those injudicious remarks at Staunton, and he probably would have been more discreet if he had known that there were any reporters around taking notes.

Does anybody suppose that the election of Hancock, which would be the triumph of Solid Southern ideas of a free vote and a fair count, would break up the Solid South and put an end to sectionalism? Do men abandon principles at the moment of their triumph?

Why don't the Democrats call a conference? It would give the solid Southern statesmen a chance to show Hancock that if the bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen the shotgun in the hands of a bulldozer is a useful instrument in scattering them.

A Democratic paper shouts, "Alabama lands the column." Yes, and there is not an honest Democrat in the land who will not be ashamed to follow. "Of free men and free speech" it is the veriest mockery; and the thinking men of the great free North, who like honesty and fair play, will not care to "keep step" with bulldozers, bloodhound chasers, and the shot-gun brigades who are thus placed at the head of the column.

Candidate English writes to a friend that only the importation of negro voters, frauds, and the use of vast sums of money can give the Republicans in Indiana a ghost of a chance of carrying the State. Nevertheless, Democrats as well as Republicans concede that the outlook for the Hoosier Bourbons is tolerably blue, and they are saddened by the thought that if the State goes Republican that fact will be due in a considerable measure to Democratic blundering. In the first place, there was a national Democratic blunder in the nomination of such a close-fisted person as English on the national ticket; but the nomination of Landers for governor was a greater one; and greater still was the State Supreme Court's decision throwing the election back to October, in the face of the amendment adopted by the majority of the people, making the day for State elections coincident with the national elections in November. The Democrats themselves have been able to offer no excuse for this decision, and its evident partisan character has not only injured the standing of the party in other States, but has aroused the spirit of indignation among the better classes of Indianians of both parties to such an extent that the Bourbon leaders have come to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor, and are now making efforts to undo this wrong. At the behest of the Democratic managers, who now perceive the short-sightedness of their policy, the State Supreme Court will meet next week to hear arguments on a motion for the reopening of the constitutional amendment case; and it is given out beforehand that there is no doubt that the preliminary motion will be granted, and that, in due process of time, the former judgment will be reversed, and the amendment declared to have been legally adopted by the people. This, of course, will throw the State election over to November. The defeat of the Democrats in Indiana in October would be a death-blow to Democratic hopes in November, in the Northern States, and greatly increase the chances that Florida and North Carolina, and perhaps other Southern States, will go Republican. It is to prevent such a catastrophe that the Democratic Supreme Court of Indiana is again called upon to drag its besmeared ermine through partisan mire, and undo the shameful work of three months ago; but this very act is a confession that the Hoosier Democrats are doubtful of carrying their own State.—*Balto. American.*

Mr. Blaine's Views on Resumption and its Enemies.

[From Senator Blaine's Speech at Bath, Me. Monday, August 9.]

We came out of the war with a debt that was discouragingly large, and with a currency dangerously depreciated. To provide for the reduction of the debt and the restoration of the currency to the specie standard was the great work of statesmanship that devolved upon the Republican party. At every step in this gigantic undertaking the Democratic party, the present supporters of General Hancock, have presented themselves as an obstruction and a hindrance. The three great enactments that brought a sound currency to the people were, first, the act to strengthen the public credit in 1879; second, the act to provide for the refunding of the public debt in 1870; and third, the act for the resumption of specie payment passed in 1875. Against every one of those measures the Democratic party offered a stern resistance. I believe I am entirely accurate in saying that in neither branch of Congress did any of these great and essential measures receive the support of a single Democratic vote.

Messrs. Thurman and Bayard, the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress, united in a vigorous opposition to these measures. When the act of 1869, declaring that the United States would pay its obligations in the money of the world, was pending, Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard both voted for a proposition to pay off the public debt at the rate represented by its coin value at the time the loans were negotiated, declaring in the amendment they supported was the just measure of the obligation of the United States; and when the amendment was rejected, Mr. Thurman offered and Mr. Bayard voted for an amendment excepting the five twenty bonds, then more than half the public debt, from any obligation of coin payment. Had the policy advocated by Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard and the whole Democratic party been sustained, the public debt would have been paid off at from 38 to 65 cents on the dollar; the nation would have been dishonored and its public credit forever blasted. The proposition maintained by the Democratic party at that time was more sweeping in its terms and more disastrous in its certain consequences than any of the modern Greenback heresies.

The second great measures to which I have referred was the funding act of July 14, 1870. That statute, under whose beneficent operations such relief has come to the taxpayers of the United States, was opposed at every step by the entire Democratic party in Congress—Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard, as usual, in the lead. The provision exempting bonds from taxation was absolutely essential to funding the debt at a low rate of interest. Yet Mr. Bayard offered and advocated an amendment striking out this provision from the law, and all the Democrats in Congress voted with him. Mr. Bayard further advocated the substitution of the old State bank system for the national bank system—a measure fraught with merciless disaster to the whole financial and commercial community. Happily the Republican party was able to defeat this destructive proposition, and the funding act of July 14, 1870, was placed on the statute book. At the time of its passage seven-eights of the public debt was bearing 6 per cent. interest; to-day scarcely one eighth of the debt bears that rate, and next year, if the Republican policy is preserved, all the remainder of the sixes will be funded at 4 per cent. When the war closed the annual interest of the public debt exceeded $150,000,000; to-day, under the financial policy of the Republican party, the annual interest is less than $80,000,000.

The third and crowning measure of the Republican financial policy was the act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payments, passed by the Republican party over the united opposition of the Democrats, but a single Democratic senator or representative voting for it, and a year and a-half after its passage the Democratic party, in national convention, by a unanimous vote demanded the repeal of the Resumption act; and if there be one prominent Democrat in the United States who separated himself from his party on that question, his name has escaped my observation. I have not singled out Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard in any offensive sense, but simply as the leaders of the Democratic party, and the record shows that every step taken for the restoration of specie payment and the better adjustment of the natsonal debt has been opposed, hindered and obstructed by both these eminent senators, and by all their followers; nor is it in the light of to-day any exaggeration to say that if the policy advocated by them had been adopted, the business of the country would still be in confusion, the national credit would have receive a fatal blow, and all effort at steady progress and orderly development of the great business and commercial interest of the country would have been vain and fruitless.

If the measures I have quoted and the records I have referred to correctly depict the course of the Democratic party in the past, what might you expect from it in the future? And in the light of this experience, and in full view of these facts, I ask all the voters of Maine, and of the whole Union, so far as my voice can reach them, whether they think the financial policy that has proved so brilliantly successful should now be placed under the control of men who were its bitterest opponents, or whether it had better be kept in the hands of its friends. Among these friends none stronger, abler, more zealous or more consistent can be found than James A. Garfield. Never, by word or deed, so far as I know, has Gen. Hancock ever made any expression on the subject. His letter of acceptance is discreetly, or, as I should say, indiscreetly, silent in regard to this great subject; as, indeed, it is in reference to all matters of administration that may come up for judgment before a president of the United States.

The Solid South.

EUTAW, GREEN CO. ALA.
August 7, 1880.

Sir—I claim descent from one, and connection with another, of the most honorable Union-Whig families of this State, all of whom were opposed to and voted against secession. Yet at the breaking out of the war I promptly joined the army of General Lee, and served till the close of the rebellion, receiving a number of wounds in the service; and, pointing to my civil and military record, I challenge the respect of all Southern men. In 1875, after Alabama, by fraud and the white-line-race issue, was seized by the Democratic party, my sense of honor and justice revolted, and I openly espoused the cause of the Republican party. For this crime (?) I am to day a stranger and an allen among the friends of my youth and my companions in arms.

I have the honor to be a member of the State Republican Executive Committee, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of the Sixth Congressional District and chairman of our County Republican Committee. I had the honor to represent my county in the late State Republican Convention and my district as a delegate to the late National Republican Convention at Chicago.

On the 10th day of July I went to the town of Pleasant Ridge, in this county, to make a Republican speech. Soon after I began a crowd of white Democrats, several with opened knives and large sticks in their hands, came up and immediately began to interrupt me, so that I could scarcely utter two sentences consecutively. I remonstrated, assuring them that they were injuring their own cause by such a course, and distinctly announcing to them that I did not desire to array one race against the other, but simply to break down the white-line-race issue raised by the Democratic party; and yet, while reading a letter published on August 14, 1879, in the Eutaw *Whig* (Democratic paper), I was stopped, forbidden by them to read the letter, and cursed and abused repeatedly in the vilest terms; and one of their number declared that they were all Democrats, and that I should not abuse the Democratic party. The accuracy of this statement is admitted by the Eutaw *Mirror*, another Democratic paper published here, on July 20, 1880.

But this is not all. They cursed my little seven-year-old boy, who stood dumb with fright before them. Moreover, I was obliged to desist in my effort to speak, and was assured by Mr. Wm. Harlan, an aged gentleman, that I was in great personal danger; and, but for his protection, I am fully satisfied that I should have sustained serious, if not fatal, injury. The newspaper, the *Mirror*, in commenting on the affair says: "That which seems to have given most offence was a statement which Mr. Bird is said to have made to the effect that the Democrats lay in the shade all the year, and then cheated the negroes out of all they made." Thereupon the editor indites a long leader, calculated to inflame the passions of men. The charge against me is a miserable untruth. I simply read from the Eutaw *Whig* the following sentence: "The effort seems to have been, with every recent legislature, to perfect the laws touching agriculture that the monied man could shut his eyes and sleep the year out, and then gobble up all the laborers made." This explanation was made to the editor, who engaged to do me justice in his columns, but has so far failed to do so.

On the 2d inst. we had here what Republicans foolishly expected would be an election, but which proved to be a hollow count. This county, in which the Republicans are better organized than they have been for years, and which gave Hayes and Wheeler 1,631 majority, was turned over to the Democrats. At one box, where we had three respectable gentlemen (two of whom were Democrats) to inspect the tickets and see them delivered into the hands of the managers, our 618 Republican ballots on the final count turned out to be only 313, the balance going to swell the Democratic vote; so that this box, that gives Hayes and Wheeler 525 majority, is now counted Democratic by 15 majority. At another box, where five competent witnesses inspected every ticket carefully, and where every voter marched singly to the box with his ticket in full view and placed it into the hands of the managers, our 280 votes "panned out" only 79. Of these tickets 190 were rejected, as we are informed, because they were not folded, when the truth is that I folded ever one with my own hands, except 135. These are samples of the miserable travesty upon fair elections. This is the terrible mode in which the South has been made solid.

Sir, we are to-day existing under a despotism more dreadful than the Russian autocracy. Here, in our native land, the man, who is devoted to the Whig principles of his fathers, dares not give utterance to his views, for fear of studied persecution and ridiculous proscription. No good Samaritan goes to him, to "bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." He is pilloried in the public press. He who dares rebel against this cruel oligarchy, writes, in burning characters over his door, that terrible inscription: "Who enters here, leaves Hope behind." His lintels and door posts are spattered with the blood of his sacrificed reputation, and friendly feet turn away from the fated place in instinctive dread of the socially destructive fires that flame up on his hospitable threshold. The forked tongue of slander pursues him and his innocent family; and, be the hapless man never so virtuous, drunken libertines, ignorant upstarts and social outcasts, by abusing him, seek and gain a semi-respectability and a sure passport to Democratic society.

WINFIELD S. BIRD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17, 1880.

Hancock in his letter seems to have directed his thoughts like the hunter who shot at an unknown beast to hit it if it were a bear but to miss it if it were a cow. The first part of the letter says "the 13th, 14th and 15th, amendments to the Constitution embodying the results of the war, for the Union are inviolable. If called to the Presidency, I shall deem it my duty to resit with all my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the Constitution which in every article, section, and amendment is the supreme law of the land." This part is intended to catch Republican voters if they are bears, and to miss the State rights unreconstructed defiant Democrats, who still denounce the amendments as Republican outrages.

The fourth section of article 14 of the Constitution reads: "The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions, and bounties for service in suppressing insurrection or rebellion shall not be questioned. But neither United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or any obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void." This is strong Republican doctrine and the Democrats of the State of California refused to ratify it, and the Democratic Legislature of Ohio and New Jersey when they came into power rescinded the ratification by those States previously made, and the Democratic States of Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky, rejected it. Hancock has sugar coated the pill and will they now swallow it? wouldn't it be a good idea for the people before they entrust the Democrats with control of the country to require Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey to ratify that clause at least of the Constitution to show their sincerity?

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LOGAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
" six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
OF OHIO.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
OF NEW YORK.

ELECTORS FOR MARYLAND,
AT LARGE:
H. CLAY NAIL. J. C. MULLIKEN.

DISTRICTS:
FIRST—A. J. MOWBRAY.
SECOND—JAS. E. HOOPER.
THIRD—R. R. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY AUGUST 21, 1880.

Notice to Registrars of Voters.

We desire to call the attention of the Registrars of Voters of this county to the fact that at the April meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, a contract was entered into with the editor of THE REPUBLICAN in which we agreed to do all the "printing and publishing for the county, for and in consideration of the sum of $700," to be levied to us at the annual June levy, 1880. This contract covers every class of publications required, that can be done in one newspaper, and *all* the blanks and hand bills required for the different departments of the county. Under the above contract we stand ready to do all printing and publishing required by the Registrars of Voters, and hereby request them to send their lists to this office, where the work will be done promptly and well. If this work is done at any other office, bills will be presented and the county will be expected to pay them, whereas if the lists are sent to this office the work will be done without any additional cost to the tax payors of the county.

The Duty of the Hour.

An imperative duty devolves upon every well wisher of his country to lay aside all personal preferences and prejudices and make common cause against the common enemy of his country, the Democratic party. They loudly proclaim now that the United States is not a Nation, and while they pretend to acquiesce in the results of the war their opposition to the best interests of the country has never failed to show itself whenever there was a prospect of being able to do mischief. Suppose for a moment, the policy of the Democratic party in any one instance in the last twenty-five years had been sustained, what would have been the disastrous result to the country? Democratic platforms, orators and papers always take it for granted that everybody is so ignorant or so forgetful that they can cram any sort of absurd nonsense down their throats, without question, they may choose. One of the favorite diversions now of that party of false pretences, is to whine about the glories of the Republic when under Democratic rule. The last Democratic administration went out of power twenty years ago. Prior to that time the country had been almost exclusively under Democratic control for thirty years, and when twice the Whigs elected a President the public policy was dictated to a large extent by the Democracy.

What did that party do in all those years, a repetition of which would be such a boon to the country? Did they, by precept or example, seek to inspire in the minds and hearts of the people a reverence for and devotion to the Union? On the contrary, since the days of Calhoun they were sedulously inculcating the doctrine of State supremacy and preparing for the intended rebellion. Instead of devoting their attention to the encouragement of manufacturing enterprise, home industry and internal improvements, the attention of a large class of people was devoted to breeding slaves and our states statesmanship to the acquisition of slave territory and the extension of slavery. Did they give the country a safe and stable currency?

Everyhody old enough remembers the old Democrat wild cat banking system, the heavy losses sustained by himself or neighbor by the breaking of banks, counterfeits without number, and the inevitable shave of 5 to 30 per cent. on notes a little way from home; a good counterfeit on a New York bank at home being preferred to the genuine paper of Southern and Western banks. Does anybody pine for a restoration of the old Democratic banking system?

The general prosperity of the country did not begin to compare with that of the present day. The laboring man gets 50 per cent. more now for a day's wages, and the purchasing power of the dollar of to-day is fifty per cent. greater than it was 40 years ago. In consequence of the short sighted policy of Democratic free trade, we had but little mining and manufacturing population; hence but little demand for the products of the farm. Good 3 year old steers sold at from $8 to $25 per head, and other home products proportionately low. Money was scarce and hard to get and of uncertain value when obtained; hence the disposition to hoard gold and silver, another great disadvantage to the country.

In time of peace, with no public debt, the credit of the country ran so low under the last Democratic administration that United States 6 per cent. bonds sold in the market at 89 cents on the dollar; in other words, the credit of the Government was so bad that it was compelled to pay 15 per cent. for sufficient money to defray current expenses; and these are the times and this the sort of glory the Democracy promise the people if they will only give them the reins. Did the policy of the old time Democracy tend to promote peace and harmony throughout the land? On the contrary, it was a standing threat for years that if they could not have their way in all matters of public policy, they would dissolve the Union. Members who dared oppose the slave power were stricken down in the halls of Congress, border ruffians, cut throats and murderers were sent into Kansas to overawe the legal voters and stuff the ballot boxes with pro-slavery tickets, and in spite of the large free-soil majority, force Kansas into the Union a slave State. The bludgeon, the revolver and the bowie knife were law and there was no peace in the land. These were Democratic methods of government then and the shot gun policy, by which Republicanism is suppressed to day wherever it dare be employed, attest that they are Democratic methods still.

When at last the country grew tired of Democratic outrages and general rottenness and elected a Republican president, the Democratic administration sent our ships of war to foreign seas, and our cannon and material of war to Southern forts and expired in blood and darkness. And from that time onward through the war, when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, neither the voice nor the arm of the Democratic party was ever raised in defence of the Nation. Since the war the policy of the Democracy has invariably been calculated to bring reproach and disgrace on the Government. And yet they have the hardihood to point to their past and assure the people of a recurrence of former "glories" if they will only give them the power.

The greatest act of charity the Democratic party could ask of the people, would be to forget its past, to sponge out its record. There is nothing in its history to emulate, nothing to be proud of, nothing to remember but with shame and humiliation. Under Democratic auspices, the American eagle with clipped pinions, drooped in fear and trepidation, but now, proudly conscious of power, he mounts and soars on strong swift wings. Since the Democratic incubus has been shaken off the country it has bounded forward in material prosperity at a rate scarcely dreamed of in the dead days of slavery and Democratic misrule.

The Republican policy of protection to home industry has called thousands of furnaces and mills and factories into being all over the country. Millions of hands find employment at good wages and are thus enabled to build up for themselves happy homes. The farmer finds ready sale for the various products of the farm, and everybody is contented and prosperous.

Now the Democrats come around with their free trade and thin "traditions" and ask the people to give the reins of government into their hands and let them grow fat off the public pickings and stealings, while the country goes to the dogs.

The people are not arrant fools and they will protect their interests, and the interests of the country at large, by voting for Garfield, who will be the next President as sure as water runs and the sun shines.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is a Garfield man. So are all the rest of the leading Massachusetts Independent Republicans.—*Wash. Star.*

Hon. A. B. Lamberton, the Democratic candidate for Congress, a few years ago in the Rochester (N. Y.) District, has come out for Garfield.

Captain Wm. B. W. Hallett has resigned his membership of the Democratic City Committee of Providence, R. I., having decided to act with the Republicans henceforth.

Representative Jorgensen, of Virginia, says the chances for a coalition of the Funders and Readjusters are anything but brilliant, and there is an increasing probability that the Republican electoral ticket will sweep the field.

The Pittsburg *Commercial* says there is a prospect of gaining two Republican members of Congress in West Virginia. There is a hoit in the First district against Mr. Wilson, the well known Democratic representative.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* is sorry that Wade Hampton made those injudicious remarks at Staunton, and he probably would have been more discreet if he had known that there were any reporters around taking notes.

Does anybody suppose that the election of Hancock, which would be the triumph of Solid Southern ideas of a free vote and a fair count, would break up the Solid South and put an end to sectionalism? Do men abandon principles at the moment of their triumph?

Why don't the Democrats call a conference? It would give the solid Southern statesmen a chance to show Hancock that if the bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen the shotgun in the hands of a bulldozer is a useful instrument in scattering them.

A Democratic paper shouts, "Alabama lands the column." Yes, and there is not an honest Democrat in the land who will not be ashamed to follow. "Of free men and free speech" it is the veriest mockery; and the thinking men of the great free North, who like honesty and fair play, will not care to "keep step" with bulldozers, bloodhound chasers, and the shot-gun brigades who are thus placed at the head of the column.

Candidate English writes to a friend that only the importation of negro voters, frauds, and the use of vast sums of money can give the Republicans in Indiana a ghost of a chance of carrying the State. Nevertheless, Democrats as well as Republicans concede that the outlook for the Hoosier Bourbons is tolerably blue, and they are saddened by the thought that if the State goes Republican that fact will be due in a considerable measure to Democratic blundering. In the first place, there was a national Democratic blunder in the nomination of such a close-fisted person as English on the national ticket; but the nomination of Landers for governor was a greater one; and greater still was the State Supreme Court's decision throwing the election back to October, in the face of the amendment adopted by the majority of the people, making the day for State elections coincident with the national elections in November. The Democrats themselves have been able to offer no excuse for this decision, and its evident partisan character has not only injured the standing of the party in other States, but has aroused the spirit of indignation among the better classes of Indianians of both parties to such an extent that the Bourbon leaders have come to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor, and are now making efforts to undo this wrong. At the behest of the Democratic managers, who now perceive the short-sightedness of their policy, the State Supreme Court will meet next week to hear arguments on a motion for the reopening of the constitutional amendment case; and it is given out beforehand that there is no doubt that the preliminary motion will be granted, and that, in due process of time, the former judgment will be reversed, and the amendment declared to have been legally adopted by the people. This, of course, will throw the State election over to November. The defeat of the Democrats in Indiana in October would be a death-blow to Democratic hopes in November, in the Northern States, and greatly increase the chances that Florida and North Carolina, and perhaps other Southern States, will go Republican. It is to prevent such a catastrophe that the Democratic Supreme Court of Indiana is again called upon to drag its besmeared ermine through partisan mire, and undo the shameful work of three months ago; but this very act is a confession that the Hoosier Democrats are doubtful of carrying their own State.—*Balto. American.*

Mr. Blaine's Views on Resumption and its Enemies.

[From Senator Blaine's Speech at Bath, Me. Monday, August 9.]

We came out of the war with a debt that was discouragingly large, and with a currency dangerously depreciated. To provide for the reduction of the debt and the restoration of the currency to the specie standard was the great work of statesmanship that devolved upon the Republican party. At every step in this gigantic undertaking the Democratic party, the present supporters of General Hancock, have presented themselves as an obstruction and a hindrance. The three great enactments that brought a sound currency to the people were, first, the act to strengthen the public credit in 1879; second, the act to provide for the refunding of the public debt in 1870; and third, the act for the resumption of specie payment passed in 1875. Against every one of those measures the Democratic party offered a stern resistance. I believe I am entirely accurate in saying that in neither branch of Congress did any of these great and essential measures receive the support of a single Democratic vote.

Messrs. Thurman and Bayard, the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress, united in a vigorous opposition to these measures. When the act of 1869, declaring that the United States would pay its obligations in the money of the world, was pending, Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard both voted for a proposition to pay off the public debt at the rate represented by its coin value at the time the loans were negotiated, declaring in the amendment they supported was the just measure of the obligation of the United States; and when the amendment was rejected, Mr. Thurman offered and Mr. Bayard voted for an amendment excepting the five twenty bonds, then more than half the public debt, from any obligation of coin payment. Had the policy advocated by Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard and the whole Democratic party been sustained, the public debt would have been paid off at from 38 to 65 cents on the dollar; the nation would have been dishonored and its public credit forever blasted. The proposition maintained by the Democratic party at that time was more sweeping in its terms and more disastrous in its certain consequences than any of the modern Greenback heresies.

The second great measures to which I have referred was the funding act of July 14, 1870. That statute, under whose beneficent operations such relief has come to the taxpayers of the United States, was opposed at every step by the entire Democratic party in Congress—Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard, as usual, in the lead. The provision exempting bonds from taxation was absolutely essential to funding the debt at a low rate of interest. Yet Mr. Bayard offered and advocated an amendment striking out this provision from the law, and all the Democrats in Congress voted with him. Mr. Bayard further advocated the substitution of the old State bank system for the national bank system—a measure fraught with merciless disaster to the whole financial and commercial community. Happily the Republican party was able to defeat this destructive proposition, and the funding act of July 14, 1870, was placed on the statute book. At the time of its passage seven-eighths of the public debt was bearing 6 per cent. interest; to-day scarcely one eighth of the debt bears that rate, and next year, if the Republican policy is preserved, all the remainder of the sixes will be funded at 4 per cent. When the war closed the annual interest of the public debt exceeded $150,000,000; to-day, under the financial policy of the Republican party, the annual interest is less than $80,000,000.

The third and crowning measure of the Republican financial policy was the act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payments, passed by the Republican party over the united opposition of the Democrats, but a single Democratic senator or representative voting for it, and a year and a-half after its passage the Democratic party, in national convention, by a unanimous vote demanded the repeal of the Resumption act; and if there be one prominent Democrat in the United States who separated himself from his party on that question, his name has escaped my observation. I have not singled out Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard in any offensive sense, but simply as the leaders of the Democratic party, and the record shows that every step taken for the restoration of specie payment and the better adjustment of the natsonal debt has been opposed, hindered and obstructed by both these eminent senators, and by all their followers; nor is it in the light of to-day any exaggeration to say that if the policy advocated by them had been adopted, the business of the country would still be in confusion, the national credit would have received a fatal blow, and all effort at steady progress and orderly development of the great business and commercial interest of the country would have been vain and fruitless.

If the measures I have quoted and the records I have referred to correctly depict the course of the Democratic party in the past, what might you expect from it in the future? And in the light of this experience, and in full view of these facts, I ask all the voters of Maine, and of the whole Union, so far as my voice can reach them, whether they think the financial policy that has proved so brilliantly successful should now be placed under the control of men who were its bitterest opponents, or whether it had better be kept in the hands of its friends. Among these friends none stronger, abler, more zealous or more consistent can be found than James A. Garfield. Never, by word or deed, so far as I know, has Gen. Hancock ever made any expression on the subject. His letter of acceptance is discreetly, or, as I should say, indiscreetly, silent in regard to this great subject, as, indeed, it is in reference to all matters of administration that may come up for judgment before a president of the United States.

The Solid South.

EUTAW, GREEN CO. ALA.
August 7, 1880.

Sir—I claim descent from one, and connection with another, of the most honorable Union-Whig families of this State, all of whom were opposed to and voted against secession. Yet at the breaking out of the war I promptly joined the army of General Lee, and served till the close of the rebellion, receiving a number of wounds in the service; and, pointing to my civil and military record, I challenge the respect of all Southern men. In 1875, after Alabama, by fraud and the white-line-race issue, was seized by the Democratic party, my sense of honor and justice revolted, and I openly espoused the cause of the Republican party. For this crime (?) I am to day a stranger and an allen among the friends of my youth and my companions in arms.

I have the honor to be a member of the State Republican Executive Committee, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of the Sixth Congressional District and chairman of our County Republican Committee. I had the honor to represent my county in the late State Republican Convention and my district as a delegate to the late National Republican Convention at Chicago.

On the 10th day of July I went to the town of Pleasant Ridge, in this county, to make a Republican speech. Soon after I began a crowd of white Democrats, several with opened knives and large sticks in their hands, came up and immediately began to interrupt me, so that I could scarcely utter two sentences consecutively. I remonstrated, assuring them that they were injuring their own cause by such a course, and distinctly announcing to them that I did not desire to array one race against the other, but simply to break down the white-line-race issue raised by the Democratic party; and yet, while reading a letter published on August 14, 1879, in the Eutaw *Whig* (Democratic paper), I was stopped, forbidden by them to read the letter, and cursed and abused repeatedly in the vilest terms; and one of their number declared that they were all Democrats, and that I should not abuse the Democratic party. The accuracy of this statement is admitted by the Eutaw *Mirror*, another Democratic paper published here, on July 20, 1880.

But this is not all. They cursed my little seven-year-old boy, who stood dumb with fright before them. Moreover, I was obliged to desist in my effort to speak, and was assured by Mr. Wm. Horton, an aged gentleman, that I was in great personal danger; and, but for his protection, I am fully satisfied that I should have sustained serious, if not fatal, injury. The newspaper, the *Mirror*, in commenting on the affair says: "That which seems to have given most offence was a statement which Mr. Bird is said to have made to the effect that the Democrats lay in the shade all the year, and then cheated the negroes out of all they made." Thereupon the editor indites a long leader, calculated to inflame the passions of men. The charge against me is a miserable untruth. I simply read from the Eutaw *Whig* the following sentence: "The effort seems to have been, with every recent legislature, to perfect the laws touching agriculture that the monied man could shut his eyes and sleep the year out, and then gobble up all the laborers made." This explanation was made to the editor, who engaged to do me justice in his columns, but has so far failed to do so.

On the 2d inst. we had here what Republicans foolishly expected would be an election, but which proved to be a hollow count. This county, in which the Republicans are better organized than they have been for years, and which gave Hayes and Wheeler 1,631 majority, was turned over to the Democrats. At one box, where we had three respectable gentlemen (two of whom were Democrats) to inspect the tickets and see them delivered into the hands of the managers, our 618 Republican ballots on the final count turned out to be only 343, the balance going to swell the Democratic vote; so that this box, that gives Hayes and Wheeler 525 majority, is now counted Democratic by 15 majority. At another box, where five competent witnesses inspected every ticket carefully, and where every voter marched singly to the box with his ticket in full view and placed it into the hands of the managers, our 280 votes "passed out" only 79. Of these tickets 190 were rejected, as we are informed, because they were not folded, when the truth is that I folded ever one with my own hands, except 135. These are samples of the miserable travesty upon fair elections. This is the terrible mode in which the South has been made solid.

Sir, we are to-day existing under a despotism more dreadful than the Russian autocracy. Here, in our native land, the man, who is devoted to the Whig principles of his fathers, dares not give utterance to his views, for fear of studied persecution and ridiculous proscription. No good Samaritan goes to him, to "bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." He is pilloried in the public press. He who dares rebel against this cruel oligarchy, writes, in burning characters over his door, that terrible inscription: "Who enters here, leaves Hope behind." His lintels and door posts are spattered with the blood of his sacrificed reputation, and friendly feet turn away from the fated place in instinctive dread of the socially-destructive fires that flame up on his hospitable threshold. The forked tongue of slander pursues him and his innocent family; and, be the hapless man never so virtuous, drunken libertines, ignorant upstarts and social outcasts, by abusing him, seek and gain a semi-respectability and a sure passport to Democratic society.

WINFIELD S. BIRD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 17, 1880.

Hancock in his letter seems to have directed his thoughts like the hunter who shot at an unknown beast to hit it if it were a bear but to miss it if it were a cow. The first part of the letter says "the 13th, 14th and 15th, amendments to the Constitution embodying the results of the war, for the Union are inviolable. If called to the Presidency, I shall deem it my duty to resit with all my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the Constitution which in every article, section, and amendment is the supreme law of the land." This part is intended to catch Republican voters if they are bears, and to miss the State rights unreconstructed defiant Democrats, who still denounce the amendments as Republican outrages.

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LOGAN.

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—The Oakland Garfield & Arthur Club meets every Friday evening.

—Fresh crackers and cakes direct from S. S. Marvin's ovens, at J. A. Enlow's.

—Miss Maggie Hagans, of Uniontown, Pa., is visiting at her brother's, Mr. W. H. Hagans.

—Mr. Wm. A. Dally has gone to Baltimore to engage as drummer for a firm in that city.

—A new boardwalk is being laid on the west side of Third street, between Oak and Alder.

—The Catholic church is being improved in appearance by the application of a coat of paint.

—Miss Katie Townshend left Oakland Friday for visit to relatives and friends in Monndsville, W. Va.

—Rev. J. J. Yoting, of Accident, preached in the Lutheran church, in this place, Monday evening.

—Rev. Mr. Downey, of Carlisle Presbytery, occupied the pulpit at the Stone church Sunday night.

—Mrs. E. E. Ison and son Willey returned to Oakland from their seaside trip Wednesday evening.

—The District Conference of the Oakland district, held its session at Brandonville, W. Va., this week.

—Mr. J. B. Randall, of McArthur, Ohio, arrived in Oakland Friday evening. He will remain with us several weeks.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Attention is called to the farm advertised in another column on this page. This is a rare chance for a young man to procure a home.

—Joseph Fullerton, M. D., of Volcano, W. Va., made a flying visit to Oakland Saturday night, departing Monday afternoon. While here he was the guest of Mr. D. H. Loar.

—A quartet of blind singers gave an entertainment of sacred song Sunday afternoon, in the M. E. church in this place, and an instrumental and vocal concert, in the same church, Monday night.

—William Graham Martin departed this life August 9th, 1880, aged six weeks and five days.

Dearest baby, thou hast left us;
We the loss most deeply feel.
But 'tis God that hath berett us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

—Monday morning Jas. Barber, a miner employed in the New Central's Midlothian mine left his car to adjust a portion of the running gear in front, and it ran over him, inflicting injuries from which he shortly after died. He lived at Pompey Smash, was 45 years old and unmarried.

—Mr. W. P. Totten has staked off the ground and will at once commence the erection of a residence on his lot near the depot. The front building will be 40 by 18 feet and the rear building 22 by 15 feet, and two stories in height. Mr. George A. Spedden will superintend the erection of the house.

—On Saturday last a large hawk, having a small bird in its talons, entered the door of the residence of Francis Martin, residing a few miles south of Oakland. The hawk made an attempt to escape by the window, but was seized by Miss Lizzie Martin and promptly despatched.

—Died—At the residence of John A. Edgar, near Deep Creek, this county, of cholera infantum, Bessie, daughter of Mrs. Catharine Facht. Little Bessie was one of those bright sunbeams which are rarely allowed to remain in this wicked world. Her Beauty and bright smile attracted friend and stranger alike. The sorrowing mother and friends find consolation in the belief that their darling is now with the angels and that all her sufferings are o'er.

Little Bessie was our darling,
Pride and joy of all our hearts at home;
All too soon was she in starting
For the golden city 'mong the angels there to roam.

ALLAN.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Lefevre.

Odd-Fellow's Pic-Nic.

The Odd-Fellows of Grafton propose holding a picnic at Oakland Thursday next. It is expected that a large crowd will be in attendance.

Club Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the Oakland Garfield and Arthur Club last Friday night, Benjamin A. Richmond, Esq., of Cumberland, addressed the Club. He spoke for more than an hour, his subject being the records of the two parties for the past twenty years. The address was well received. The club meets every Friday evening at the Court House.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, Dentist, of Westernport, will visit Oakland on Monday, August 30th and remain one week. Rooms at Wm. A. Daily's. td.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Second quarterly meeting of the United Brethren in Christ convenes at South Point on the 28th and 29th of August, Dr. Warner presiding. Come one, come all. Also bring your baskets, as we intend to have a basket meeting.

R. M. MOORE, P. C.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 17:

Henry Kamp to A. C. DeWitt, part of Military Lot 1681, 20 acres; $500.

Sophia, Amos W. Savage and others to Adam Garringer and Wm. Hinelmagh, part of a tract of land called "High Water Resurveyed," 140 acres; $212.

"The Republican" for the Campaign.

The present political campaign will doubtless be one of the most important, as well as earliestly contested ones in which the country has ever engaged. THE REPUBLICAN will present its readers with the issues of the campaign, calmly, frankly and dispassionately stated, and will from week to week furnish an accurate record of the news of the canvass as it progresses. The Campaign REPUBLICAN should be read by every voter in the county, and in order that it may be placed within the reach of all, it will be mailed postage prepaid, from this time until the 13th of November, for the low price of **25** CENTS. We ask the co-operation of every Republican voter in the county in our endeavor to place the Campaign REPUBLICAN in every man's hands in Garrett county, and to aid us in disseminating the truth among the people. Make up clubs, and forward the names at once, accompanied by the cash—*the price for the campaign being strictly in advance.*

Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Aug. 17th, 1880

Nothing new or uncommon this week. A large granary is in process of building by Davis & Co., whose crop of oats will be an extensive one.

Mrs. Jus. Leigh Jones and daughter, Mrs. Lida Davis and son, of Richmond, Va., Mrs. Ebert, Master S. Ebert and Miss Ella Warfield, of Baltimore, are at present visiting Senator Davis and family.

Arrivals at Wing & Wing since last report:

Mr. Warren Weiant, Mr. Miles Weiant, Newark, O.; Mr. Chas. F. Collins, Boston, Mass.; Mr. R. H. Hoffman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Olin Hoffman, Keyser, W. Va.; Prof. J. J. Stutzman, Washington, D. C.; Mr. H. S. Salisbury, Mr. A. M. Lewis and daughter, Mrs. Freeman, Miss Freeman, Vienna, Va.

List of Jurors for September Court.

Judge Pearre Monday selected the following Jurors for the September term of the Circuit Court:

District No. 1.—David Enas, A. J. Stoelmeyer, Jas. E. Paugh, Thomas Miller, A. C. Hamill.

No. 2.—Isaiah Miller, Charles Liston, Wm. McCabe, Uhram M. Frazee, John Riley, Samuel Lowdermilk, Isaac M. Imbel.

No. 3.—John H. Wegman, Wm. Crow, Patrick Dorsey, William C. Broadwater, Timothy Miller, Peter G. Stark, John Bender, Thomas J. Stanton, Nathaniel Slicer, Wm. C. Cunningham, John Mellinger, Elias Weitzell.

No. 4.—John L. Michael, Floyd S. Cline, Philip Klipstein, Wm. L. Rawlings, W. H. Bernard, James Weir, Chas. Bernard, Philip Michael, David Evans.

No. 5.—Geo. Schlassnagle, Henry Kamp, Valentine Kahl, Thomas Tuney.

No. 6.—George E. Bishoff, Jacob Pysell.

No. 7.—James B. King, John W. Smith, John A. Delawder.

No. 8.—Wm. Haun, James W. White, Wm. Arnold, M. C. Best.

No. 9.—William Robinson, Jacob McKenzie.

Accident Items.

ACCIDENT, MD., Aug. 16, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The people of this thriving town should feel encouraged. Evidences of its improvement are multiplying on all sides; the carpenter's hammer and the painter's brush have been busy all summer. New houses, new fences, a liberal use of paint and whitewash have done their good work, which ought to serve as encouragement for others to go and do likewise.

The new parsonage erected here for the Lutheran minister is about completed and presents a very attractive appearance and reflects credit upon all concerned in its erection. The house is large, well arranged and nicely finished in every respect. To Mr. John Ault, the builder, is due a great deal of credit. He furnished the plan drawn to a scale, managed the work of building and finished all the carpenter work in good style. The financial part of the work, which involved the getting all the supplies together and the supervision of the work generally, was intrusted to Mr. Eli McMillen, the Accident member of the building committee, who devoted about all his time to the matter during its erection. The people here seem to be much pleased with their pastor, Rev. J. J. Young, and we hope that it may be their good fortune to retain him for years to come.

Our Normal School in the hands of Professors Mitchell and DeWitt, is improving in numbers rapidly and we look to see a large school. The school now numbers about 40 to 45, and more to come. All the branches required by the State Board are here taught, and we hope to see the school a permanent affair. The location cannot be surpassed, and at the present rate of increase the school will come to be one among the best in the State.

Mr. Gnagey and Mr. Boyer are adding to the appearance of the town very much by their improvements, and now if the night brigade will see that all the old wagons and boards are removed from Front street, the town will look much better.

Respectfully,

EUGENIE.

Order or Anarchy.

COUNTRY, Aug. 11th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN, *Dear Sir:*—In a recent number of the *Democrat*, under the caption of "Republic or Empire," I read some startling assertions in regard to the purposes and tendencies of the Republican party and their presidential candidate. It seems to be the object of the *Democrat* to create the impression that there is danger of drifting into an empire under Republican rule.

If the article had been headed "Order or Anarchy," it might have had some significance with reference to the tendencies of the two political parties; but to assume that Republicans are not as loyal to Republican institutions as the members of any other party is to assume what ninety nine men in every hundred will not believe.

In refereuce to Garfield's letter of acceptance, it says: "His assertion that this is a nation is one of the political heresies that has clung to ac iously to the Republican party." The Republican party pleads guilty to the charge, and is not a little proud that her record bears testimony to its truthfulness.

We had supposed that question had been settled on the field of strife. A number of States, acting on the assumption that this is not a nation, proceeded to pass ordinances of secession, and in advocacy of the doctrine of States' rights, fired upon and insulted the National flag, and thus begun the war. It was contended on the one side that this was a Nation, and on the other side that it was a confederacy to be broken at will, until in time the National cause prevailed, and I think it was for a while conceded, even by Democrats, that this was a Nation.

Passing by the nonsensical claptrap about soldiers at the polls and the absurd assertion that "no one unconstitutional measure has ever failed to receive his (Garfield's) support" for what they are worth, I read further on: "If this is a nation, what made it so? Whence came its powers? Is not the power derived from the consent of the governed?" Establish the doctrine that there is no authority except by the consent of the governed—that is, by the consent of everybody—and all law, order and authority are at once stricken down. A portion of the people refuse to pay taxes; how are you going to compel them without their consent? The citizens of Garrett county refuse to pay State taxes; how is the State going to persuade them? Is this the issue after all? Is it a part of the tactics of the Democracy thus to infuse the poison of States' rights and the rights of secession into the minds of the rising generation? We had supposed that the pernicious doctrine that this is not a Nation had cost the country enough already, and if this is the question to be answered in November let the issue be fairly stated, let the lines be clearly drawn and the answer will be given in no uncertain voice.

By all means let the Democratic papers come out and declare their principles thus boldly, so that the people may know what is to be the meaning of a Democratic triumph in November, and the answer will come with such vivid distinctness that the wayfaring man, though he be a Democratic editor, will not misunderstand it.

"*No National authority, States Rights, and Free Fraud*" would be a grand rallying cry for the traditional Democracy. It would infuse new life into the old petrified mummy and the people would know just what they are voting for. I would suggest the propriety of inscribing the above motto on all Hancock and English banners.

Yours,

INQUIRING VOTER.

General Garfield on the Stump.

Gen. Garfield delivered a stump speech in Cleveland last October. It was a magnificent piece of popular oratory. Every sentence struck with the force of a trip-hammer. We subjoin its closing appeal to young men. We do not know where to look for anything equally effective in touching pathos, irresistible humor, and stirring eloquence;

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

"Now, fellow citizens, a word before I leave you, on the eve of the holy day of God—a fit moment to consecrate ourselves finally to the great work of next Tuesday morning. I see in this great audience tonight a great many young men, young men who are about to cast their first vote. I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a brilliant thing said by a boy up in one of our northwestern counties. He said to me, 'General, I have a great mind to vote the Democratic ticket.' That was not the brilliant thing. [Laughter.] I said to him, 'Why?' 'Why,' said he, 'my father is a Republican and my brothers are Republicans, and I am a Republican all over, but I want to be an independent man, and I don't want anybody to say, "That fellow votes the Republican ticket just because his dad does,"' and I have half a mind to vote the Democrat ticket to prove my independence.' I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have some independence of his own.

"Now, I tell you, young man, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket even if he does vote it. [Laughter.] But let me give you this one word of advice as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead. [Applause.] If you are at all inclined to pitch it among the Democratic people and with that party, let me go with you for a moment while we survey the ground where I hope you will not shortly lie. [Laughter.] It is a sad place, young man, for you to put your young life into. It is to me far more like a grave yard than a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with the graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. [Laughter.] Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it, and I read, 'Sacred to the memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott Decision.' A million and a half of Democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years—died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln and here it lies. [Applause.] Young man, that is not the place for you.

"But look a little farther. Here is another monument—a black tomb—and beside it, as our distinguished friend said, there towers to the sky a monument of four million pairs of human fetters taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its little headstone this: 'Sacred to the memory of human slavery.' For forty years of its infamous life the Democratic party taught that it was divine—God's institution. They defended it, they stood around it, they followed it to its grave as a mourner. But here it lies, dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] Dead by the power of the Republican party. [Applause.] Dead by the justice of Almighty God. [Great applause and cheers.] Don't camp there, young man.

"But here is another—a little brimstone tomb [laughter]—and I read across its yellow face in lurid bloody lines, these words: 'Sacred to the memory of State Sovereignty and Secession.' Twelve millions of Democrats mustered around it in arms to keep it alive, but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. [Applause.] Here it lies, its shrine burnt to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning Confederacy. [Applause.] It is dead. I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy night air to look at such a place. [Laughter.]

"But just before I leave it I discover a new made grave, a little mound—short. The grass has hardly sprouted over it, and all around it I see torn pieces of paper with the word 'fiat' on them [laughter] and I look down in curiosity, wondering what the little grave is, and I read on it, 'Sacred to the memory of the Rag Baby [laughter], nursed in the brain of all the fanaticism of the world [laughter], rocked by Thomas Ewing, Geo. H. Pendleton, Samuel Cary, and a few others throughout the land.' But it died on the 1st of January, 1879, and the one hundred and forty millions of gold that God made, and not that power, lie upon its little carcass to keep it down forever. [Prolonged applause.]

"Oh, young man, come out of that! [Laughter.] That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out, and come over into this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom [Amen], of all that is glorious under these night stars,

"Is there any death here in our camp? Yes! yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and of liberty forever.

"But there are no dead issues here. Hang out our banner from under the blue sky this night until it shall sweep the green turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read away up under the stars the inscription we have written on it, lo! these twenty-five years.

"Twenty-five years ago the Republican party was married to Liberty, and this is our silver wedding, fellow citizens. [Great applause.] A worthily married pair love each other better on the day of their silver wedding than on the day of their first espousals, and we are truer to Liberty to-day and dearer to God than we were when we spoke our first word of liberty. Read away up under the sky across our starry banner that first word we uttered 25 years ago! What is it? 'Slavery shall never extend over another foot of the territories of the great West.' [Applause.] Is that dead or alive? Alive, thank God, for evermore! [Applause.] And truer to night than it was the hour it was written! [Applause.] Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose. To-night it is equal with the stars—immortal history and immortal truth. [Applause.]

"Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated our blood and our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars. Come there, young man, and put in your life where all is living, and nothing is dead but the heroes who defended it! [Applause.] I think these young men will do that, ['Of course they will!']

"Gentlemen, we are closing this memorable campaign. We have got our enemies on the run everywhere. [Laughter] And all you have to do in this noble old city, this capital of the Western Reserve, is to follow them up and finish by snowing the rebellion under once more. We stand on an isthmus. This year and next is the narrow isthmus between us and perpetual victory. If you can win now, and win in 1880, then the very stars in their courses will fight for us. [Applause.] The census will do the work, and will give us thirty more freemen of the North in our Congress which will make up for the rebellion of the South. [Great applause.] We are posted here, as the Greeks were posted at Thermopylæ, to meet this one great barbarian, Xerxes, of the isthmus. Stand in your places, men of Ohio! Fight this battle, win this victory, and then one more puts you in safety forever!"

When the Fusion Legislature of Maine "adjourned" last winter it was to meet on August 5. The date has come and gone, but the men whom Garcelon and his gang of burglars counted in have made no attempt to reassemble as a legislature. If they are still proud of that exploit for a free count it is strange they should have allowed so good an opportunity to slip by unimproved of bringing their case freshly before the people on the opening of the campaign. Perhaps the Republicans can be depended upon to keep it fresh enough.

The Democratic papers are howling mad because the enthusiams of the people has called out a series of speeches from General Garfield. It is something they dare not do with their candidate. They dare not let him open his mouth. He is muzzled tighter than a Spitz or Newfoundland in dog days. It is this fact that makes them doubly mad. Republicans will be glad to see the muzzle removed from the "superb," and hear his opinions upon the great questions about which the people are thinking. Don't be over modest.

Thousands upon thousands of children die annually of those diseases incident to early childhood; whereas, if Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup were used in time, their lives would, in all probability be saved.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

Lot No. 4 in Brant's Addition to Oakland. Central location. Address, with bid,

J. H. DORSEY,
aug 11 Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.

Bridge Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to examine whether the public convenience requires the erection of a bridge across the Youghlogheny river, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby Mill Ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Virginia line, at or near the Nordick settlement, will meet at the place designated, on Thursday, September 16th, 1880, and perform their duty in the premises.

WM. WHITE,
G. M. MASON,
F. P. ARNOLD,
8 14 5t Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., AUG. 18, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, September 13th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
8 21 td. Clerk.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.
August 21-3m.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *viz* Bayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browling Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

A RARE CHANCE

To Secure a Home.

As agent for the owner I offer for sale on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, four tracts of land, situated on the Hooppole road about six miles from Oakland, adjoining the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin and Joseph Spiker and others. No. 1 contains 265 acres, No. 2 contains 220 acres, No. 4, 251 acres, No. 7, 223 acres. These lands are of the

BEST QUALITY

in Garrett county. Each tract has a stream of water running through it and springs of cool water are in each. For further information apply to this office.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249 which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration, for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit at the residence of R. J. Browning.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence, near Johnsou's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th days of September, from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 6 p. m. 1880

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.
BENJAMIN H. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.
DANIEL BINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.
WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.
W. F. DEAKNIS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.
DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to all whom it may concern, that my wife HARRIET E. HARVEY, left my bed and board, on the 9th of January, 1880, and still remains away, without just cause or provocation, and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

CRAMPTON HARVEY.
Oakland, August 3d 1880. 3t.

MRS. EPLER'S

BAKERY & CONFECTIONARY

One Door South of Davis House,
Oakland, Md.

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars always on hand. Call in. 8 14 4

The Flags of France.

A FEW facts about the flags of France may not come amiss at this time. She has had many, from the blue cloak of St. Martin, adopted in 498 by Clovis as his standard. There were a number of devices for centuries, the red flag of St. Davis, also those of white and blue, each inscribed with various emblems. The white flag ceased in 1790, and on Oct. 20 of that year M. Menon's proposition to make the tri-color the flag of the navy was adopted, Lafayette some time previously having induced the Paris Commune to accept that combination. On July 17, 1789, the tri-color was blessed at the Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, each of the flags then distributed bearing the words: "Discipline and Obedience." According to Peiffer it would appear that the tri-color originated with Louis XVI. himself. He says that in 1784 he invited forty farmers to dine at Court, and when they had been seated he bade the courtiers present, including one Bishop, "to take napkins and serve our fathers." In memory of this event a trophy was erected bearing the effigy of the King above representations of the three estates, the nobility by a noble in silver and white, the clergy by a Bishop in red, and the commoners by n farmer in blue. The Restoration brought back the white flags strewn with lilies and ornamented with the escutcheon of France, the eagles being replaced with spear-heads. These colors were presented by Louis XVIII. and his brother to the troops Sept. 7, 1804. On June 1, 1814, Napoleon and his brother gave the eagles back to the troops, who swore henceforth never to recognize another rallying-point, and to defend the emblems. But on March 27, 1816, Louis XVIII. distributed his white flags again, and truly an old soldier might have remarked with Talleyrand, when asked how many oaths he had taken, "This is my thirteenth—I hope it may be the last." The Commune of 1830 adopted a black and red flag, but in three days it was replaced by the tri-color, and on Aug. 19 of that year thirty-two flags were given to 60,000 of the National Guard by Lafayette, who received them from Louis Philippe. A Gallic cock surmounted each of these flags. There have been various other distributions of flags, from that of the Provisional Government on April 23, 1848, to that of "The Emperor Napoleon III."

A Convict by Choice.

A PRISONER sent to the Eastern Penitentiary, several days ago, on the charge of attempted felony, can show a record probably unmatched by any man in the prison. According to his own story, he is about forty-five years old now. He is a robust fellow, with a magnificent flowing beard and good physique. He is a man with whom prison life evidently agrees, and he does not hesitate to avow that there is nothing to equal it. He is a native of Wurtemburg, Germany, and his name is Michael Kahl, although every time he goes to prison it is under a different alias. This will be his sixth term in the Eastern Penitentiary, and he has already served nine times in the County Prison. He came over to this country at the time when the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, visited these shores. Out of a residence of twenty-five years in this country Kahl has passed twenty-three years in prisons. He is a humorous chap, and as soon as his name was taken down he asked to be put into his old cell. He is an indefatigable worker and prefers to be alone. Talking about the advantages of prison life over struggling for an existence outside, he jocularly said: "Why, look at me; I'm a shoemaker. If I was working for somebody in the city I'd have to go after my work and drag it home and then back again when it was finished, and then I'd have to hunt up my victuals. Now all that bother I don't have. Here a man brings me my work and comes for it when it is finished. I have my meals brought to me just as if I was in a hotel. What more does a fellow want? It's a good thing that the poor devils of shoeys (shoemakers) outside don't know about the fine living I have out here or they'd all be trying to get in here."

He is a prisoner of ugly temper, however. Although he had been in prison so often, he escaped detection at Fifth and Chestnut Streets when arraigned the last time, but was identified in court by Detective Miller. He had gone into an unoccupied house on Vine Street on July 5th to prospect around. While in there a band passed down the street. His curiosity overpowered him and he looked out of the window. He was seen, and as the house had been robbed of gas-fixtures recently he was suspected and arrested.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Dangers to Life from Bee Stings.

IT is a disadvantage of civilization that it shows us the dangers to which life is exposed. Every year presents us with a new peril, and the latest is always the least expected. French men of science are now preaching a crusade against the industrious race of bees. Not only are they destructive to property, but they are actually dangerous to human life. The Prefect of the Paris police has been appealed to. M. Delpech has drawn up a formidable brief, and is precise in his statements and clamorous in his demands. It seems that bee-keeping is lucrative in the neighborhood of Paris, and that so also is the distillery of spirits and the refinery of sugar. Moreover, wherever there are sugar-works the bees are active and abundant. At Say, for instance, the loss attributable to them is estimated at £1,000 a year. M. Delpech gives facts and figures. At another refinery the number of bees killed daily amounted to twenty-two gallons full. He himself saw a large glass of sirup drunk up in two hours. As to loss of life he is equally circumstantial. He gives a full list of people who died of bee stings in the course of the year. Most of the cases occurred in America, but many are furnished by France and some by Germany. The death is very painful, and in some cases extremely sudden. At Chemnitz, in Hungary, a peasant stung while cutting a branch of a tree, died on the spot. At Chester, in Pennsylvania, a farmer examining some hives, was stung, fell at once into a state of syncope, and died within a quarter of an hour. In another case twenty-five minutes elapsed between the wound and its fatal consequence. M. Delpech accordingly appeals to the Prefect for the protection of the police, and what he asks is that the keeping of bees may be placed in the category of dangerous occupations. The fourth Georgic of Virgil may be read with a new interest.—*London Daily News.*

Thirty-Nine Days Without Food.

DR. TANNER'S attempt to demonstrate how long a man can go without tasting food calls to mind the crazy freak of an inmate of the Sangamon County Jail last summer. A *Post* reporter called at the jail this morning, and through an interview with Jailer Higgins gleaned the following facts in regard to this marvelous case: A man named Bartholomew Longnann was confined in the County Jail on a charge of larceny, but when the case came to trial he was discharged. The fact of his imprisonment seemed to weigh heavily on his mind. He had been employed on a farm near the city as a laborer previous to his confinement, but when set at liberty he wandered about the streets, and finally commenced to preach on the street corners. His sermons were wild and rambling, and were generally received with yells and hoots by the gamins who chiefly made up his audience. His efforts to Christianize the loafers, newsboys and bootblacks finally became a nuisance, and he was taken in one night by the police, tried on a charge of vagrancy and sent to the County Jail for one hundred days under the vag law. This was in the latter part of last August. After being in jail a few days it became evident to the officials that he was partially deranged. He would talk on no subject but religion, and was continually exhorting his fellow-prisoners to turn from their crooked paths and join him on his road to heaven. Some three weeks after his incarceration he conceived the notion that it was his duty to begin a long term of fasting. So he announced to the Jailer that in the next thirty-nine days he would be at no expense to the county for food, as it was his intention not to put a morsel of grub to his lips during that period. Accordingly the next day Longnann refused to eat his rations. And so with the next, and the next—until seventeen days went by and the prisoner had not swallowed a crumb. His fellow-prisoners scoffed at first, but when the days went on and the prisoner uncomplainingly saw them eat their food, their jeering turned into wonder—not to say awe, for Longnann stoutly protested that the power of God was sustaining him in the effort. A few times each day the prisoner would drink moderately of water, but tasted nothing else. He retained his strength surprisingly, growing but little thinner, and walked about the corridors as though he dieted sumptuously every day.

When the seventeenth day came, which was September 25, the authorities at the jail became somewhat alarmed, and, taking council in the matter, the poor wretch was set at liberty, thinking that once outside the prison bars, his reason would resume its sway, and the long fast be broken. But this was not the case. Longnann had not yet finished his penance. Being too weak to work, and too poor to pay for lodging, he immediately went to police headquarters, and, securing a bunk to sleep in, went on with his fast the same as before, until he had completed the time that he contracted to—actually living thirty-nine days without tasting food. When the time was up he went up town to a restaurant and surprised his lonesome stomach with a light meal, eating very sparingly and with none of the manner of a man who was frightfully hungry. The long fast or the first meal seemed to have cured him of his religious frenzy. He hung about the city a few days, apparently but little weakened by his starving process, and then, gathering his little effects together, tramped out of town. The matter created considerable excitement at the time among those who were acquainted with the circumstances, and the *Post* presents it now to show that Dr. Tanner's task is not an impossible one.—*Springfield (Ill.) Post.*

The Education of English Girls.

ENGLISH girls are taught—or were in my time—by a kind of system which tends to multiply "accomplishments" rather than useful knowledge. A certain routine of teaching is gone through, and you come out of the school-room with a society varnish intended to do duty until marriage, at which period custom allows you to dispense with surface accomplishments, and devote yourself to the realities of life, mitigated as they are for the well-to-do. On the other hand, the moral atmosphere of the English home education is superior to that of American education in general. Girls are less forward and more respectful; they grow into women more slowly and ripen better; they are physically stronger, and therefore have simpler tastes; and as to society, they do not know what it means before at least the age of seventeen or eighteen. American girls have certain advantages, however, which custom denies young Englishwomen of good position: they are not forced by an unwritten law to go into society and play their part in it, while the English girl has no choice. The "upper ten thousand" must marry or become "blue stockings" before the world agrees to let them alone. A young married woman may, if she choose, plead home duties as an excuse for a quiet, useful, pleasant, and studious life, uninterrupted by any but the necessary "county" civilities, which are not very burdensome; but young girls are not supposed to have such duties. Parents, even when sick themselves, are loth to let the chances of the London season pass by their daughters, and depute any safe chaperon, the nearest female relation if possible, to take their girls to all the balls and parties. The rudimentary education furnished to women of the higher classes has perhaps something to do with the prevalence of "fastness" among a part of them, while to others it becomes the base of a real, later self-education, the growth of reading, observation, and thought.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A HADDONFIELD (Cape May) sign reads: "Is cream salon cakes, pretzells and canddy and cigars oisters and lodging and horses wattered constantly on hand."

Saturdays and Sundays a Barber and the Rest of the Time a Lawyer.

THE other day a tall young man dressed in a tight-fitting, long-tailed broadcloth coat with pants to match, stood up in Judge Dennison's court and argued a case for a client in a logical way. The lawyers who sat around were inclined to smile at the efforts of the young man to swing the jury, but he paid attention to no one. His rather long legs and arms he kept moving as he made a clear analytical statement of the facts in the case, while to give color and effect to his remarks he held the index finger of his right hand extended, at times pointing it at his client, and then at parties on the other side. There was something about the young man that attracted the attention of an old court attendant, who ventured to ask who he was.

A lawyer, old in the business and, like too many, eager to run down the efforts of a new aspirant for legal honors, said: "That fellow? Why, he's a barber. He works in a shop down on the corner of Sixth and Wash Streets."

A reporter who happened to hear this statement, upon the first opportunity asked the young attorney described above if he was really a barber. His answer was as direct as his speech to the jury. It was in the words of Burns, and was something about a man being a man for all that.

"You're a barber, and yet practising law, how comes that?" the reporter asked.

"I'll tell you," the young man said. "I have studied law for three years. But when I began I was very poor and had a young wife to care for and had to work and study too. I learned how to shave people when I was a boy, and the last three years I have done work in a barber shop on Saturday nights and Sundays."

"What did you do during the week?" interrupted the reporter.

"I got a lot of bills to collect for several parties, and I used what spare time I had in trying to collect them. I made a little money in that way, but it was hard work, I tell you."

"If you worked like this, what time did you get to study?"

"I studied at night, reading sometimes until away on in the morning."

"Is this your first case?"

"Oh, no. Since I have been reading law I have appeared in thirty-five cases, and won all of them but one. Of course, none of them were important cases, and nearly all of them were in Justice of the Peace or police courts."

"I suppose your brother lawyers often laugh at you, for practising the law and the tonsorial profession at the same time?"

"They do. They laugh at me all the time. Didn't you notice them laughing this morning? I did; I notice every thing that's going on. But their laughing doesn't bother me in the least. I work at the barber's trade still, and as it's an honest calling I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. Several young friends of mine have advised me to give up the barber business, but I can't afford to just yet. I did quit collecting some time ago, and in a little while I'll quit shaving people's faces and do nothing but shave clients."

The young man hails from San Antonio, Texas.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Summer Diet.

OUR bodily comfort—I had almost said our very existence—depends upon the adaptation of our wearing apparel to the changes of temperature which accompany the various seasons of the year. Thus we doff our cloaks, overcoats, and heavy flannels as summer comes on, recognizing the fact that the body manufactures enough heat within itself to maintain its normal temperature. But most of us are too hot during the summer, in spite of all the change in clothing; and we suggest that our comfort might be increased by a little attention to our summer diet.

Some one has divided mankind into two classes: those who live to eat, and those who eat to live. The first class are a law unto themselves, or at least frame their own rules of diet, which become a mere matter of taste; and we leave them to their own destruction while we address ourselves to those who eat to live.

For all practical purposes our articles of food may be divided into the tissue-producing and the fat-producing classes. The fat-producing are those which tend to increase the heat of the body; and most of the tissue-producing articles, or those which form muscle, bone, nervo, etc., become fat-producing when taken to excess. In fact the two classes so run into each other and blend together that it is hard to say, in many cases, where the one ends and the other begins. Thus milk, which is the most perfect tissue-producing food we know of, containing as it does the elements of every tissue in the body, becomes fat-producing when taken to excess, as we so often see in the case of infants. While this is the fact yet there are certain articles which are specially fat and and heat-producing, such as animal fats, animal oils and farinaceous foods—as potatoes, corn, beans, etc. The popular idea that oatmeal is so heating we consider erroneous. We never think of feeding our horses corn in the summer, and we do right, corn is heating. We give them oats, for oats give strength and are at the same time relaxing. Any food that relaxes the system is not heat-producing unless taken to excess, and not always then. What we want, then, during the hot months is relaxing food. Does not Dame Nature teach the same lesson? In the early spring she gives us the "greens," and veal as a substitute for beef. During the cold weather we become sufeited and the blood is clogged with too much fatty material, hence the *malaise* which every one experiences as warm weather approaches. Our fathers recognized this fact, and would be bled every spring. They were not so far out of the way, after all, only we think we know a more excellent way by which to accomplish the same end.

In order not to surfeit ourselves, and at the same time lead a more comfortable existence during the summer, we would advise everybody, in the first place, to eat less. We all eat too much. Where one person starves to death, the thousand die directly or indirectly from over-eating. It is an excellent rule always to rise from the table feeling that you could eat more. Our needs in the way of food in the summer are amazingly small and simple. Always, and especially in hot weather, should we avoid a multiplicity of dishes. The appetite should not be tempted by too great a variety, or stimulated with condiments. The succulent articles should predominate; lettuce or beet-tops, with a vegetable oil or cream and egg dressing; strawberries, currants, and raspberries; and, for meat, lamb, with peas. But it is not our aim to suggest individual dishes. We want to impress upon the reader the necessity of not overeating, and thus enable him to avoid disease and discomfort.—*W. H. Vail, M. D., in the Christian Union.*

A Scotch Faster.

A SCOTTISH lady happened to be conversing with a *Courier-Journal* reporter the other day, when the subject of Dr. Tanner's fasting came up. She did not think the Tanner experiment wonderful. Then she went on to tell of a case of fasting in Scotland. The river Clyde one day broke through its bed, and the water rushed into the mines below. A number of miners were drowned, the suddenness of the flood cutting off all escape. One miner got into an old shaft that had been abandoned, and here he found himself safe from water. A worse fate, however, now stared him in the face. It was impossible for him to climb out, nor could he make himself heard. There seemed no possible means of communication with the world above. At the end of sixty days some slow-going person of an inquiring turn took it into his head to examine the old shaft, as he felt a little curiosity to know whether the waters of the Clyde had found their way there. Tying a piece of lead to a rope, this investigating person let it down into the shaft, and he thought after he had lowered it that he could hear a human voice, but the tones came faintly, and he might have misheard. After a while he hauled up the lead, and was surprised to find a piece of clothing attached to it. The poor wretch below was still alive, and had managed to make this sign. Assistance was immediately called, men were lowered into the shaft, and the starving man was brought to the surface nearly dead. He had been all the time without food, but had been within reach of water, and had tenaciously clung to the hope that he would be rescued. It was thought that the unfortunate man would lose his life, but with careful nursing he at length recovered to tell his remarkable story, and to be the wonder of his day.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Silk Handkerchief Dresses.

THE novelty introduced into the season is the Parisian costume made of handkerchiefs of silk about the quality of thin Surah or foulard. At present they are imported by the modistes only, and are not seen in the large furnishing stores. Several of these dresses have been sent to Newport and other seaside resorts, where they are said to rival the Jersey suits as the conspicuous novelties of summer wardrobes. The best qualities are twilled and soft like Surah, and the center of the handkerchief is usually changeable, while the border is stripes or plaids made up of the colors that are mingled in the center. Odd contrasts are also used in these colors; thus red is made to change with dark blue or green, or pale blue combines with old gold, while violet and buff are together. Sometimes a Scotch plaid border trims a handkerchief of solid color. The way of making these dresses is also quaint and old-fashioned, and they are worn with a great deal of lace about the neck, wrists, and front of the corsage. The pointed waists are shirred in the front and back to the ends of the long sharp points, and there is also fullness shirred on the shoulders. A fichu collar of the silk adds still more to this appearance of fullness. The large silk handkerchief is then cut diagonally, and one of the three-cornered pieces is attached on each side, making a point far below the hips, while a space is left in front for the shirred point of the waist. The back is full and straight, with deep shirring on the single flounce. The entire front breadth, which is narrow, is covered with clusters of shirring. The wide Languedoc lace is made creamy, and, indeed, often quite yellow, to make it look like "real" old lace. It is put on in gathers instead of the stiff pleatings used last year, and is allowed to fall about in easy neglige fashion, making an irregular jabot down the front of the waist, and loose frills on the sleeves and neck.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Rattlesnake Snared.

L. B. RATHBURN, a farmer residing near Cherokee, has in his employ four or five Italians engaged in chopping wood. Ground-squirrels being very plentiful in the neighborhood of the camp of these men, and being a very destructive animal on the grain fields of Mr. Rathburn, the Italian gentlemen set their wits to work to discover a mode to capture them; and this was the plan they adopted: They found the holes in which the squirrels burrowed, and drove a solid stake close to the mouth of each hole. They then took a piece of small-sized wire and fastened one end securely to each stake, made a sort of slip-noose at the other end, which they placed directly in the mouth of each hole. The result was, when Mr. Squirrel attempted to emerge from his hiding-place, he would run his head directly into the noose, and that was the last of Mr. Squirrel. As many as eighteen of the little vexatious animals were caught in this manner in one day. The trappers, however, discovered one soggy old chap, as they thought, who baffled their ingenuity, and for the purpose of ensnaring him they rigged up three of their nooses and placed them into the hole occupied by the wary animal, thinking that if he passed through one or two of them, he would be caught by the third one. Judge of their astonishment on finding securely fastened within two of the nooses, instead of a squirrel, an immense rattlesnake, wearing on his nether end sixteen rattles. The snake was fastened tightly by two of the nooses, and was soon dispatched by the trappers. Mr. R. says rattlesnakes are very abundant in his neighborhood; that several have been killed near his place within the past few weeks.—*North San Juan (N. M.) Times.*

[Wausau (Wis.) Central Wisconsin.]

We love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. And the famous author might have added—old medicines, because of their known worth. In a late communication, Mr. Eustace Sauer, Modina, Mo., thus speaks of an Old German Household Remedy: I prize Hamburg Drops very highly. I had suffered for seven years with a severe disease of the liver. I vainly expended a great deal of money upon physicians and for medicines. I concluded to use Hamburg Drops. The trial was crowned with the highest success, as I am to-day healthier than I have been for years.

AT Dieppe, in France, the following notice has been issued by the police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which often remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly."

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A Councilman's Recommendation.

In Cleveland, the Councilman from the Fifth Ward, J. Jackson Smith, Esq., recently recommended St. Jacobs Oil to a prominent politician, who was a martyr to rheumatic pains, and who by its use was entirely cured.

THIS is the season when the draft which comes in through an open door makes many a man shudder. Particularly if it is a sight draft and is brought in by a bank collector.

DR. FOOTE'S *Health Monthly* for August says Russian physicians use powdered cockroaches successfully in cases of dropsy. The remedy has the merit of being inexpensive and plentiful.

IT is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" was used was when Archimedes sat down on a tack for which he had been looking nearly twenty minutes.

THERE are 12,500 doctors in Russia, and yet the country continues to keep pretty healthy.

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I was persuaded to try your Golden Medical Discovery, and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
WILLIAM RYDER,
87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE regular Frazer Axle Grease saves money for the consumer. The light colored or yellow looses the spokes.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

GOES without saying—A deaf mute.

BROWN'S landlady passed him a dish of vegetables at the dinner-table and he helped himself to about two spoonfuls, almost bankrupting the dish, when she said to him, with a smile on her face and ire in her eye: "Those are new potatoes, Mr. Brown, and some of the other boarders may want some." "Beg your pardon," choked Brown, in surprise, as two or three effected an unpleasant lodgment in his windpipe; "I thought they were peas," and then he finished his dinner hurriedly. Brown is now hunting around for another boarding-place.—*Boston Globe.*

A HARD case—The shell of a tortoise.

SOUTH AFRICA, being much afflicted with Boers, is not a good country to start a newspaper in.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE promises of some men always remain shall owe.

PRESIDENTIAL candidates have as many lives as a cat, or will have before all their biographers get through.—*Lowell Courier.*

DON'T you believe that when a modern belle has done up her false hair, she has done her lute, eh?—*Corry Press.*

ON a tramp—rags.—*Boston Transcript.*

TWO Galveston ladies met. Says No. 1: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I've no idea." "I heard that when your husband was sick and not expected to live you went to a picnic." "It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."—*Galveston News.*

MEN who live in glass houses should be conservatory in their opinions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NOVEL for the season—"The Three Musketeers."—*Graphic.*

WELL POSTED—a telegraph line.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

PEDESTRIANISM is what tries men's soles.—*Steubenville Herald.*

CUTTING a swell—lancing a boil.—*Rome Sentinel.*

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BLOOD PURIFIER,

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Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Heartburn, Depression of Spirits, Sores, Boils, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Foul Breath, and all Diseases arising from Impure Blood.

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The *Sunday Tribune*, Rochester, N. Y., in one of its issues prints the following: "The proprietors (of Warner's Safe Remedies), each and all, are men born here, and here have lived the whole period of their stay on earth, and are men who have the unbounded confidence of all who know them."

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"I was in my brother Tom's wheat, about a week ago, and I really believe there is one third more wheat where it was drilled with your Points. Tom told me he had measured some rows and found *sixty-three* heads in the same length of row against *forty-two* of the old way of drilling. B. CLAYTON,
"Pres. Citizens' National Bank of Middleton, Del., and Farmer."

"I got five bushels to the acre more wheat, where I drilled with your Points, than with the old style. I gave them a fair test, showing you no favor.
"JOSHUA CLAYTON, Jr., Mt. Pleasant, Del."

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A GERMAN physician asserts that railway employees are more liable to affections of the spinal chord than other men.

IT is reported that in the Azores the entrance of smoke into the conservatories has been found to hasten the flowering of certain plants.

THE Delaware peach crop this season will, it is estimated, reach 4,000,000 baskets, and the growers will make a profit of over $1,500,000. The crop for 1875, which was the largest ever known, reached 7,000,000 baskets.

IT is stated that adulterated sugar may be detected by a very simple test. A little pure sugar is taken in the mouth, and when dissolved is replaced by a little of the suspected article. If the latter contains starch, glucose or chloride of tin, a distinctly bitter tasto will be present.

EXPERIMENTS with the solar engine are yet being made by M. Mouchot, in Algeria. With a concave mirror twelve feet in diameter, he concentrates the heat of the sun upon a small boiler, within which he obtains a steam pressure of about 120 pounds in an hour's time. In the preparation of chemicals he makes a practical use of the heat from the boiler.

"COMMON sense," says Prof. Huxley, "is science exactly so far as it fulfills the ideal of common sense; that is, sees facts as they are, or at any rate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment. And science is simply common sense at its best; that is, rigidly accurate in observation and merciless to fallacy in logic."

A COMMITTEE has been formed in Hamburg for the purpose of arranging for an International Agricultural Exhibition, to be held in that city in 1882. The first and only exhibition of this kind held there was in 1863. In the new exhibition the main object will be to secure as large a show as possible of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, of German as well as of foreign origin; but other kinds of agricultural produce and agricultural machinery are to be included in the programme.

ON the slopes of Amethyst Mountain, in the Yellowstone Park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in hight. Some lying down are of immense size. The series of sandstone and conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than 5,000 feet thiek, forming a vertieal mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have been formed by the rotting of the wood they are filled with crystals of amethyst and quartz.

INSECTS, although having no voice, possess the power of occasioning sounds by certain movements which to some extent are characteristics of the various species. The shrill, trumpet sound of the mosquito and the busy hum of bees and flies are produced by the rapid motion of the wings while flying. The harsh shriek of the grasshopper is caused by the friction of the legs against the wings. The chirp of the cricket is produced by rubbing the wing cases against each other. The ominous click of the "death watch" is caused by the jaws in the act of masticating.

Hunting in England.

I HAD not the good fortune to see a hunting field,—only some cub-hunting; but even that was made a pretty sight by the horses, and the light crimson coats of the riders, and the action of the hounds. But I did not mourn my loss greatly in this respect; for I shall not hesitate to sink myself very low in the estimation of some of my Yorkshire friends by confessing that the only interest that a fox-hunt would have for me would be the show, and that, fond as I am of riding, I should enjoy it in any way better than in risking my neck in the chase of a little red beast with a bushy tail. The excitement and the pleasure of hunting tigers, or bears, or wolves, or boars, I can not only understand, but sympathize with heartily; but that twenty or thirty grown men on horseback should follow a pack of hounds in chase of a little creature about as big as a cat seems to me a proceeding so essentially absurd and preposterous that I can not think of it with patience. Still worse, and with the addition of most inhuman (I wish that I could say unmanly) cruelty, seems the coursing of the hare. That men should go out with hounds to find pleasure in the flight, in mortal terror, of the most timid and harmless of dumb creatures is to me quite inexplicable. Shooting hares is one thing, coursing them quite another. I know that there are no wild beasts left in England but hares and foxes, and that field sports are delightful and invigorating. If country gentlemen must have field sports, and there are only foxes and hares left for them to hunt, I suppose that foxes and hares must be hunted. But it would seem that men might get open-air exercise and excitement in a more humane and reasonable way.

As to fox-hunting, however, with all that we read about it in English novels and other books we have hardly a just appreciation of its importance as an English "institution." It is also a religion. It comes next to the British constitution and the Church of England. Hunting men talk of it with an earnestness and a solemnity which is infinitely amusing to an "outsider." To hunt well, or, as the phrase there is, to ride well to hounds, is an accomplishment, like the mastery of an art or of a science, or like distinction in literature. I do not believe there are ten men in any thousand in England, whatever their success in other respects, who would not prize, if they could attain, the added distinction of being good fox-hunters. Years ago an English lady, a Yorkshire woman, writing to me of Louis Napoleon, after telling me this and that of him in terms of admiration, added, "And he rode well to hounds; and somehow if a man rides well to hounds he is pretty sure to be a good fellow." I could not see the *sequitur*. But perhaps if I had been born and bred in Yorkshire I could have discovered the connection between good-fellowship and a good seat in the saddle—between a sound heart and a bold and wary rider.—*Richard Grant White, in Atlantic Monthly.*

HOME AND FARM.

TO CLEAN brushes and sponges use spirits of ammonia and hot water. Wash them well and shake the water out, drying on a coarse towel with the bristles downward. Little or no soap is needed.

"NEVER put a particle of soap about your silverware," says the proprietor of an old silver establishment, "if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub it."

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Four eggs, yelks beaten separately, with four tablespoonfuls of flour until very light. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and mix gradually one quart of rich milk with the batter. Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth and stir in last. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

A GENTLEMAN at the head of a large fruit-drying establishment states that fruit sliced very thin across the axis, placed on a tray in the sun, and covered with thin muslin (not mosquito netting,) will present an appearance closely resembling that prepared by evaporation and bleached by sulphur fumes.

IN making soup, it is better to boil the vegetables separately from the meat and strain both meat and vegetable water, and mince the vegetables before putting them with the so strained liquors. Soups are more wholesome, and far more palatable for hot weather, than meats, but a good piece of meat is required to make nourishing soup.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLE.—One peck of tomatoes, three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of cinnamon, one-half ounce of ginger root. Slice the tomatoes, scald the vinegar, sugar and spices together, pour over the tomatoes hot. Leave twenty-hours, then put all over the fire and cook ten minutes, then take out tomatoes, cook down the juice and pour over.

A WHOLE afternoon at the recent convention at Lansing, of the Michigan Sheep-breeders' and Wool-growers' Association, was given up to a debate on the question of washing sheep, and the result was an almost unanimous verdict to the effect that the practice is not only useless and barbarous, but unprofitable, taking into account the often fatal effect on fine animals thus shocked by being forced into the water.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Place a pan of clabbered sour milk over the fire and let it become well scalded; then pour it into a clean cloth and squeeze out all the water, leaving the clabber quite dry. Put this into a bowl and work it with the hands, making it a little moist by adding cream. Add also a little butter and enough salt to season well. Mold out in small balls or serve it in one large cake, as may be desired. A much richer cheese may be made by substituting buttermilk that has just come from the churn in place of clabbered milk. Be careful that the milk does not boil when it is placed on the stove. It wants to scald only.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Germantown *Telegraph* says that a most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is insured all winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water.

ROCK CAKES.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of flour, mix in a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, half a pound of currants or sultanas, one ounce of candied peel finely chopped, the grated peel of half a lemon, and a large pinch of baking powder. Beat two eggs for a minute, mix the other ingredients into a paste with them. In order that the cakes may have a rocky shape, the paste must be very stiff; if it is too moist, the cakes will be flat. If, however, the two eggs are not sufficient to work up the paste, a few drops of milk may be added. Flour a baking-sheet with your fingers, put little pieces of the cake at equal distances, taking care to drop them on lightly, so that they will retain their proper shape.

Order on the Farm.

MANY farmers fail in making their farms profitable for want of order. Whether on a small farm where the work is all done by the owner, or on a large farm where several hands are employed, there must be an early and a regular hour for rising in the morning. Each hand or man should know the evening previous just what he is to do in the morning, and if possible for the entire day. If chores are his first employment, then he can go at them without waiting for orders. If he is to use a team, he can have it fed, curried and harnessed ready. The wagon or implement he is to use can be oiled and in place ready to hitch to. The proprietor must make stories short with common callers, and yet courteous. He can also by a judicious system and study of the situation encourage any superior or ambitious help to excel in their labors. Be always at home to direct, aid, and counsel in all departments. Discourage all careless and loose practices. Strive to cultivate and continue a good feeling between laborer and employer. Have stated times, and rigidly enforce them, for meals, for milking, for commencing the regular work and for retiring from the field. Make the farm produce superior crops, and raise the best stock of all kinds. All kinds of produce of the garden, orchard, vineyard, dairy or farm should be put up honestly, but in the most attractive style for market.

If business or pleasure take you from the farm, let the family know the precise hour you will return. And let them by your punctuality know that your engagements are reliable. Make all worthy hands, or boys on the farm, or female help in the house feel that they are your equals in rights and respectability. Order, harmony and punctuality are important for success in any enterprise.—*Iowa State Register.*

THE DAIRY.

BLOODY MILK.—The *Rural New Yorker* says: "Cows coming in are not generally over-fed by dairymen, but as soon as calved, a grave error is often made in the sudden change to a rich food, which in many instances will give rise to some disease of the mammary gland by over-stimulation. Cows with large udders are liable to bruise the gland by lying on stones and setting up inflammation of the part injured—hence bloody milk. Treatment—Place the animal in a poor pasture and feed on laxative food. Bathe the udder with cold water and give one to one and one-half pounds of epsom salts."

ONE of the latest swindles noticed is the following, clipped from the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*. It comes this time as a "butter contract:" "A couple of well-dressed fellows drive up to the house of the expected victim and make an engagement with him to take all his butter for a year at a high price. A written agreement is then made, and in due time the "contract" is returned in the form of a note held by a third party, which the farmer is obliged to pay. The safest plan is to make no written contracts with strangers who thus suddenly turn up and of whom nothing is known."

DESPITE the very high butter produce of some cows reported from time to time, the average butter produce of the United States is much below what might be expected. Prof. Atwood, in referring to the exaggerations abroad in reference to the production of butter in the country, says in a communication to the *Country Gentleman:* "The average of Orange County, N. Y., is only 186 pounds per cow. For the whole country, deplorable as the fact is, the average butter product cannot be over 125 pounds a year for each cow, and is more likely to be as low as 120 pounds. Seven millions of cows would then produce 840,000,000 pounds of butter annually." Does not Canada, as well as the States, need more careful selection of dairy stock?

BITTER cream, says the *Rural New Yorker*, may be caused by the cow eating bitter weeds, as rag weed, boneset, willow leaves and twigs, etc. Or it may be caused by the cow being injuriously affected by the hot weather, or by impure water. Or it may be caused by a fungus growth in the cream when kept in a cellar that is not well aired or has anything moldy in it. Or the cream may be kept too long, or the churning may be too long continued. If the bitterness is supposed to be from any cause without the cow, a good pinch of saltpeter in each pan of milk may change it. If it is within the cow give her half an ounce of saltpeter once a day, for two or three days; this will help to carry off the impurities through the kidneys. Other causes may be removed or prevented.

IT does not follow that because a cow is of pure breed and fine symmetry it is the most profitable to the farmer or dairyman. A mixed breed is generally more satisfactory and advantageous taking into account the outlay. A correspondent of the *Delaware County Record* says that he bought an old cow of a dealer for $26.50, including calf, the latter being immediately sold for $5.25. The mother was turned into a small field and fed about three quarts of wheat-bran. In a little over the five succeeding months she made 139 pounds of butter, and before the expiration of six months she was sold for $75. It would have been difficult to have picked out an animal of an elaborate pedigree that would have proved so profitable in the same time.

Take Care of the Milkers.

THE care of cows during the hot season is one of prime importanee to the dairyman. This is the season when they necessarily shrink in the quantity of milk given unless properly fed and looked after. The results attained by those who take pains to keep up the flow of milk in their herds show that it pays to supplement the food taken in pastures by regular feeding in the stables. You cannot get milk unless the animal has food to make it from. When pastrauge is short and scarce, and it takes about all the animal can crop to sustain life, extra food is a necessity if a respectable yield of milk is expected. Nutritious soiling with whatever the farmer happens to have, whether corn or oats or rye, will do much toward sustaining the flow. It is even more profitable to feed grain or shorts or meal-cake when pasturage is thin than to allow the cows to dry up. Drink should be given at regular times. Twice a day, when the cows are brought up to be milked morning and evening, is often enough even in the hottest weather, and frequently they will drink only once. The food upon which they live contains from sixty to eighty per cent. of water, and this succulence supplies a large portion of the moisture needed. If cattle are watered in this way at a trough or brook of clear running water, they will not need water in the pasture where it is often swamp water or otherwise impure and filthy. Extra feeding also allows cattle to lie down in the shade during the hottest part of the day, which is a desirable thing. It has been said that excessive heat is more injurious to a milch cow than short feed. Shade in the pasture is therefore almost a necessity during the hottest part of the summer. Flies also are extremely irritating to cattle at this season, and there seems to be no means of avoiding them. If the farmer is lucky enough to own land bordering upon a large creek or stream, the cows can go into the water and stand for a time, switching the water up to their backs with their tails and thus keeping themselves comparatively free from annoyance of insects. But as this is not often the ease, the giving of extra feed will permit the stock to rest a portion of the time, and the exertion is not so great in driving off the flies as when they are obliged to crop the pasture and whisk their tails at the same time. In fact too good care of cattle is impossible at this time of year, and the man who makes the most out of his herd is the one who treats them with the greatest generosity.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

IT is the truthful Bangor *Commercial* which reports that the mackerel are so thick in Penobscot Bay that they have to jump out of water to find room enough to turn around in.

KNOCKING a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.

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Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. IV., p. 272.

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[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 1877.*]

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Curiosities. To illustrate and demonstrate the superior literary and typographical character of our books, notwithstanding prices are low beyond comparison with the cheapest books ever before published, we publish twelve books in pamphlet form and send postpaid as follows. As mere curiosities they are worth obtaining by every one, even if they were not intrinsically valuable. As might be expected, they are selling by the million. All the following are unabridged, and none of them are in type smaller than brevier. Nearly all of them have heretofore been published by other houses at from $1.00 to $1.25 each. Macaulay's "Life of Frederick the Great," Carlyle's "Life of Robert Burns," Thos. Hughes' "Manliness of Christ," John Stuart Mills' "Chapters on Socialism," Mary Queen of Scott's Life, by Lamartine, "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer"—short, thrilling, laughable, pathetic stories—each complete, price three cents. "The Light of Asia," by Edwin Arnold; "Baron Munchausen's Travels and Surprising Adventures," "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving; "Sketch Book" (complete), "Stories and Ballads for Young Folk," illustrated, by Ellen Tracy Alden, each five cents. Closing the list is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," price six cents; and "Private Theatricals" (humorous stories, not plays), by author of "Sparrowgrass Papers," price, two cents.

Books, 5 Cents.

6 Cents—2 Cents.

Notwithstanding the amazingly low prices of these pamphlets, they pay us a good profit. The Literary Revolution does not humbug people by pretense of philanthropy. People who have sense enough to appreciate good books are generally honest enough to be willing to pay for them, and they can afford to pay when prices are low as the Revolution makes them. In this connection it is proper to mention a few facts.

Stop Thief! Some millionaire publishers have been adding to our fame and multiplying our friends by selling us prints. They pay (when they please) foreign authors a copyright. One of them charged you $1.00 for Hughes' "Manliness of Christ"—we sell it to you for 3 cents. How much of the 97 cents difference did Hughes get, do you think? Another published Gladden's "Life of Christ," for $1.00—our price is 50 cents. How much did Dr. Gladden get of the $.50 difference? His letter to us says "nothing." Scribner's Monthly attacked us recently, calling us cheap John Publishers. The same electrotypers and printers that do their work are working also for us, and you want to look more beautiful than are some authors, but the Methodist Book Concern has refused us space even in the advertising columns of its several christian Advocates. Why? Our books are so cheap they contrast with and injure the sale of theirs. We reduced Smith's "Bible Dictionary" from $3.00 to 50 cents, Kitto's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature" from $10.00 to $2.00, and Young's "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," from $5.00 to $2.00. The people may pronounce the verdict who is guilty of wrong-doing—we, or the millionaire publishers.

General Grant. want of an international copyright is a wrong to foreign authors, American publishers are to blame that there is none, and could influence the passing of such a law quickly if they chose to do so. We believe that the author of a book is as much entitled to absolute property in it the world over as is the author of any other product of the hand or brain. We vote for a law to give him such ownership, and The Literary Revolution more than all other influences is forcing the consent of millionaire publishers to the passing of such a law. But there is plenty of room for the talk of high prices being the necessary result of copyright. Five cents copyright on a book would give an author $5,000 on a book that would sell 100,000 copies; and a book intended for the masses that will not sell 100,000 if put at a reasonable price does not deserve to be published at all. And the really standard books that the masses want ought to sell and will sell a million copies each easily when The Literary Revolution has achieved its final victories and made the masses readers of good books. And a million books, paying copyright of even one cent each would give an author $10,000, which is more than ten times what the average successful author now gets. But Bunyan, Goldsmith, Burns and Virgil are no longer wanting copyrights. If the Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbon, De Foe, Plutarch and Æsop ceased to receive it long before the days of The Literary Revolution. We do pay five to fifteen cents copyright on several of our books to American authors who have the right to it, and we are paying regular salaries, many thousand dollars a year, to writers in our service.

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Library of Universal Knowledge, 21 vols., $10.50.	Manchanson and Gulliver's Travels, illus., 50 cents.
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Macaulay's Life and Letters, 50 cents.	Acme Library of Modern Classics, 50 cents.
Macaulay's Essays and Poems, 3 vols., $1.80.	American Patriotism, 50 cents.
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN RALLY!

GRAND MASS-MEETING

AT OAKLAND,

Thursday, Sept. 2d, 1880.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Prominent Speakers from abroad will deliver addresses.

The Oakland cornet band will furnish music for the occasion.

It is earnestly hoped that there may be a general turn out and that we may have the grandest meeting ever held in the county. Our party and our candidates are worthy of our best efforts.

Turn out in wagons, turn out on horseback, turn out on foot, and hear the questions of the day discussed.

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman County Committee.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned bearing date the 13th day of November, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 594, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will

ON MONDAY,

September 6th, 1880,

AT THE HOUR OF 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

at Bush's Saw Mill, (near Ashby's Ford on the Youghiogheny river) about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

One "Eclipse" Portable Steam Engine,

with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete.

Said engine was built by Frick & Co., at Waynesboro,' Pa. The cylinder is eleven inches in diameter and sixteen inches stroke, the boiler is well proportioned and has a simple fire-box and fifty-five two-inch tubes, and is, according to the sworn testimony of an expert, at least thirty horse power.

Also, One Saw Mill,

(Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut-off saw with mandrel frame and pulleys, and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench bell and oil can.

The above described engine and saw mill are nearly new and are declared (by Mr. Bush) to be first class in every particular.

The said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert having failed to comply with their contract and having made default in the payments of the notes secured by the said deed of trust, the said property will be sold to satisfy the balance of purchase money now overdue. The Trustee will take pleasure in showing the property to any person desiring to examine it.

TERMS:—CASH ON DAY OF SALE.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
aug13 ts Trustee.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

COAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilliton is complainant and William H. Barnard and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer at public sale, in front of the store of Wm. L. Rawlings, in the town of

Bloomington, Garrett county,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., on the

8th day of September, A. D., 1880,

all that part, piece, parcel or tract of land called

"TYPEE,"

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river, and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE AS PRESCRIBED BY THE DECREE:—One-half CASH on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
aug14 tds Trustees.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

7 17-4t.

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. All work warranted. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

—AND—

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of the several Election Districts of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

Saturday, August 28th, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

for the purpose of electing FIVE DELEGATES from each district to attend a county convention to be held at Oakland on

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of electing THREE DELEGATES to represent Garrett county in a convention to be held at Oakland, on the 2d day of September, 1880, to nominate a candidate for the next National Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

The members of the district committees in the several districts are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

A. G. STURGISS,
W. O. McGOWIN,
H. E. FRIEND,
Committee.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Swan's Run, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles South of Oakland.

JOHN G. KNAUER,
SOLOMON YUTZY,
JOSEPH MOON.

7 10-5,

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Alexander L. Osburn, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of Alfred C. Brooke, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Franklin Shank, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said Franklin Shank, in and to all that tract or piece of land now owned, possessed and occupied by the said Franklin Shank, called "Part of Ferguson Farm," containing 55 acres of land, more or less.

And I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 23d day of August, 1880,

at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel in Oakland, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

JAMES S. JOHNSON,
jy31tds Constable.

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For price and terms apply at

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. None unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The small sales enable me to build the best Organs. Since my present return from an extended tour through the Continents of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be supplied by any celebrated instruments. Having recently been

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of my own city, and intrusted with its affairs amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PLAN ☜ for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

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He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

6 26 2m

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I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hoppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

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Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Good produce taken in exchange for work.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W.H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osburn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

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2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880. NUMBER 27.

Dr BULL'S

BABY

SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1880.

ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Fifteen years has passed by since the night of God's great covenant, and still the tent of the patriarch is pitched under the oaks of Mamre. The promise has been renewed, the token of circumcision has been established, and the old name, Abram has given place to the new name ABRAHAM. At noon like three persons, bearing the form of men, but the aspect of angels, appear at the patriarch's tent. He entertains them with courteous hospitality, and spreads for them a feast beneath the shading branches of the oak, then listens with rejoicing faith to the promise of a son, the heir of the covenant. The strangers rose up to depart, with their faces set firmly but sorrowfully toward the low-lying plain of the Jordan and the wicked cities. Two of them pass on their way, but the Third, on whose brow sits the stamp of Deity, pauses to reveal to his faithful friend their errand. It is to behold the crimes of the cities, whose cry ascends the heavens, and to execute vengeance. At once the man of God is moved to intercede for the devoted people. Humbly, yet boldly, he presents his plea for mercy, urging that there may be within their walls fifty righteous men, for whose sake the city should be spared. The Almighty pledges his word that if his omniscient eyes behold so many, the sword of justice shall be sheathed. Emboldened by his success, Abram prays that should five be wanting to the full number, mercy may still be extended, and again his prayer is heard. Forty, thirty, twenty righteous men are named as possible and still God promises forbearance. At last he reaches the line beyond which not even mercy itself might pass, when God declares that for ten righteous men, he will spare the wicked cities. The Divine Man then enters upon his way toward the cities, and Abraham turns sadly toward his tent.

Gen. 18. 16-33.

Memory Verses, 24-26.

16 And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.

17 And the LORD said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do;

18 Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?

19 For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the LORD, to do justice and judgment; that the LORD may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.

20 And the LORD said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous,

21 I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know.

22 And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom; but Abraham stood yet before the LORD.

23 And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

24 Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?

25 That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

26 And the LORD said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

27 And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the LORD, which am but dust and ashes:

28 Peradventure five shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.

29 And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake.

30 And he said unto him, O let not the LORD be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it, if I find thirty there.

31 And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the LORD: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

32 And he said, O let not the LORD be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure there shall be ten found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

33 And the LORD went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham; and Abraham returned unto his place.

HOME READINGS.

M. The Intercession of Abraham. Gen. 18. 16-33.
Tu. The Intercession of Judah. Gen. 44. 14-34.
W. The Intercession of Moses. Exod. 32. 11-35.
Th. The Intercession of Samuel. 1 Sam. 7. 1-12.
F. The Intercession of David. 2 Sam. 24. 10-25.
S. The Intercession of Christ. John 17. 1-26.
S. The Intercession of the Spirit. Rom. 8. 15-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7. 25.

LESSON HYMN. H. M.

Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands,
He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE TRUSTED SERVANT, v. 16-19: Psa. 25. 14.
Who were "the men" referred to in verse 16? [ANS. Angels from God.]
What did their looking toward Sodom mean?
What new name is given to Abram in this lesson?
When was his name changed? Gen. 17. 5.
Why did God reveal his purpose to Abraham?
What is the meaning of Psa. 25. 14?
How does Christ deal with his disciples? John 15. 15.
What duty of parents is here shown?
How should children receive such teaching?

2. THE WICKED CITY, v. 20-22; Jer. 17. 10.
Where were the cities here named?
What is meant by their "cry?"
For what does all sin cry to God?
What is meant by God's going down to see?
Does God see all things? Heb. 4. 13.
How then should we act?

3. THE FERVENT PLEADING, v. 23-33; Luke 18. 1.
Why did Abraham desire to save Sodom?
What was his request for the city?
How was it received?
For what did he then ask?
How did he continue his prayer?
How did he illustrate Luke 18. 1?
How were his prayers regarded?
How did this illustrate James 5. 16?
How may we be encouraged to pray?
Wherein was Abraham a type of Christ?

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fighting for Principles.

What are the principles Lee and Jackson fought for? The question has instant practical importance for every Northern citizen. For Wade Hampton, who represents the Solid South with its 138 electoral votes gained mainly by fraud, publicly asserts that the Democrats of the South are contending for "the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years." These 138 electoral votes give a possibility of success, if any Northern States are of the same mind. What, then, are the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought, and for which a Northern State will vote, if it votes with the Solid South?

The right of secession was the principle for which Lee and Jackson professedly contended. Any State, they claimed, could dissolve the Union at its pleasure. A simple resolution to secede, adopted by the temporary majority of the people or their representatives in any State, was enough to rend all ties between the people of that State and the United States. Against that doctrine of secession the loyal people of this country raised powerful armies, spent money by the thousand millions, and sacrificed the lives of two hundred thousand patriots. Are they to vote that they were wrong? Will the people of a Northern State vote that the blood and treasure of the North were spent in an unholy and unjust effort? Will they mark with dishonor the graves of the brave men who died that the Nation might live?

Secession had a cause. The principle for which the Southern States seceded was one of the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought. Secession was to preserve slavery. The right of white men to hold black men and women in bondage, and to treat them in every respect as cattle, was the principle for which the Southern States seceded. The iron hoofs and wheels of war have passed over the institution of slavery, and it is dead. Every foot of the soil of these United States has been made sacred to freedom by a Constitutional Amendment. Nevertheless, it seems, we have to fight the battle over again, for the Democratic party is still contending for "the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years." Does the South still fancy that it can restore negro slavery? Apparently. Civil rights are denied to the colored race. Social freedom is denied. Political rights, especially, though guaranteed by the Constitution, are completely denied to these unhappy people who were once slaves. Democratic papers at the South boldly declare that the negro race is doomed to extinction or slavery; that it can continue to exist at the South only as a servile and enslaved race. But is this one of the principles for which any Northern State is ready to vote?

The Democratic party, we may as well remember, has never yet consented to the extinction of slavery. In some places and at some times, its platforms recognize abolition as a fact accomplished, but not as a fact irrevocable and irreversible. There is not a trace of proof that the Democratic party, if it should gain power again, would not revoke enfranchisement, undo abolition, and remand the colored people, by various legal devices which Democratic States can easily contrive, to a condition of slavery. The acts passed by Southern Legislatures, immediately after the war, would have remanded the colored race to virtual slavery, as we all know, and they were therefore revoked and held void by the loyal Congress of that day. Since the Democratic party came into power it has never been able to pass an act for such a purpose over a Presidential veto, and therefore has refrained from the disclosure of its real purpose. But is there a shred of evidence that such acts would not be quickly passed if a President could be got to sign them?

Really, we cannot guess how far reaction may go, if it once begins. When the little stream, not bigger than a man's finger, trickles through the great dam, it looks harmless enough. Yet everybody knows that it will gain power, if left unchecked, tear away the most ponderous masonry, and to wreck industry and destroy life for many miles below. Democratic reaction is of the same nature. It crawls through the crevices of the Constitution very humbly at first, but it lacks only the confidence of power to sweep away all the Amendments, and the Constitution itself. Wade Hampton did not talk timidly or wildly. He knew the spirit and purpose of the people to whom he spoke. Democrats find no fault with his utterance, except that it was "indiscreet." He spoke the feeling of his party, but spoke it too soon. More cunning Democrats would have waited until a Democratic President had been elected, but, thanks to Hampton, Northern men can see just what a Democratic vote really means. It means, as he truly says, a triumph of the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years. Northern men will look into the matter. Before they vote they will consider what were the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought, and how far Democratic reaction may go, if it once has a chance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Gems of Southern Sentiment.

LEE ANOTHER WASHINGTON.

[From the Richmond Dispatch.]

Lee and Stonewall Jackson represented in the late war in this country the cause that was upheld in the War of the Revolution by Washington and Hamliton.

THE FATE OF THE BLACKS.

[From the Meridan (Miss.) Mercury.]

We would like to engrave a prophecy on stone to be read of generations in the future. *The negro in these States will be slave again or cease to be.* His sole refuge from extinction will be in slavery to the white man.

FIGHTING FOR WHAT LEE FOUGHT FOR.

[From Wade Hampton's speech at Staunton.]

Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. *These are the same principles for which they fought for four years.* Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.

NORTHERN MEN MUST TAKE BACK SEATS.

[From the Memphis Avalanche.]

We must have but one party, and that the Democratic party. White men who dare to avow themselves here as Republicans should be promptly branded as the bitter and malignant enemies of the South. The name of every Northern man who presumes in this community to aspire to office upon Republican votes should be saturated with stench. We can spare all such, and would caution them to be careful to keep away. We must put an end forever to this shameless effrontery of Northern men and Republicans aspiring to office in the South. They must keep back seats and very quiet ones, or get out.

NO INDEPENDENCE TOLERATED.

[From Senator Butler's speech.]

Look at Longstreet! He was begged and implored not to persevere in his course, but he drifted on and on, and floundered deeper into the mire, until he landed hard and fast in the Republican slough. And what has he gained? SCORN, OSTRACISM, ODIUM, ILL-WILL—WORSE THAN ALL, THE CONTEMPT OF THE MEN WHO STOOD BY HIM UNDER THE SHOWER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. He forfeited the opinion of all honest men for the sake of an office, and he began an Independent.

THE CONFEDERACY STILL EXISTS.

[From a Speech of a Democratic Orator in Alabama.]

"The Confederacy still exists, my friends, and Jeff Davis, the best friend we ever had, is yet our President and devoted to our interests, and if Hancock is elected, and we have no doubt he will be, YOU WILL BE PAID FOR ALL PROPERTY YOU HAVE LOST through Radical rule, and you must stand by the great Democratic party, for a Solid South will now give us entire control of the General Government and we can redress all our wrongs."

A wealthy gentleman living in Cincinnati, offers to bet $5,000 that New York will go Republican next fall; $5,000 more that Indiana will follow suit, and still another $5,000 that the Republicans will carry every Northern State. So far his offer has not been accepted.—*Exchange.*

Democratic Responsibility for the Rebellion.

[From a Speech delivered by Gen. Garfield in the House of Representatives, Mar. 14, 1870.]

My friend from Indiana (Mr. Niblack) is not himself an extreme partisan. But he has said some things just now which deserve an answer. He says that if the glory of the war belongs to the Republican party, then the results of the war, the expenditures of the war, and the burdens laid upon the people in consequence of the war, fall also to our share. A part of this statement I indorse. But, Mr. Chairman, I desire to ask that gentleman and his party a question. Suppose that in the year 1861 every Democrat north of the Potomac and the Ohio had followed the lead of Grant, and Douglas, and Dickinson, and Tod, and all the other great lights of the Democratic party, had thrown away the Democratic name and said that they would be Democrats no longer, as we said we would be Republicans no longer, but all would be Union men, and stand together around the flag until the rebellion had been put under our feet. I desire to ask the gentlemen, if these things had happened how long the war would have lasted, how much the war would have cost? I do not hesitate to say that it could not have lasted a month, and the expenditures of the war would never have exceeded $10,000,000. I say, as a matter of current history, that it was the great hope of the rebels of the South that the assistance of the Democratic party of the North would divide our forces and overcome our efforts; that at the ballot box the Democrats at home would help the cause which they were maintaining in the field. It was that, and that alone, which protracted the war and created our immense debt.

I come, therefore, to the door of your party, gentlemen on the other side, and I lay down at your threshold every dollar of the debt, every item of the stupendous total which expresses the great cost of the war; and I say if you had followed Douglas there would have been no debt, no blood, no burden.

Votes Out of Nothing.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle, Ind.]

Is there not something very supicious in the vote of Alabama? Gen. Grant had a majority in Alabama of nearly eleven thousand in 1872. Four years later Mr. Tilden's majority was nearly thirty four thousand. That was a remarkable change. Now we have seventy thousand majority. Does anybody believe there were thirty thousand unimproved votes in Alabama in 1876? We are free to say we do not. But there is a way to demonstrate the truth. Take St. Clair county. In 1870, there were polled in that county 1,629, votes—it now gives a Democratic majority of 1,600. Etowah, another county that in '76 mustered a total of 1,646 votes, now certificates to a thousand Democratic majority. Chilton county, which in '76 had but 1,141 votes, rolls up a Democratic majority of 1,800. That is pumping very freely, indeed. Why stop short of 2,000 when the counting machinery was in such good order? But there is Downdes county again, with its 27,000 population, three-fourths black. In 1872 its total vote was 4,864, Republican majority, 3,054; in 1876, total vote, 5,461; Republican majority, 3,843; in 1880, total vote not known, because not counted, *Democratic* majority, 1,200! And in Perry county, where the blacks out-number the whites more than two to one, and which gave upwads of 2,000 Republican majority in 1872 and '76, comes up cheerfully with its 1,400 Democratic majority. When we look over the returns from Alabama we are convinced there is one place where bricks may be made without straw, and that is in Alabama, where they manufacture votes out of nothing.

It is announced by the Democrats that the Republicans have resolved on a sectional campaign. The honor of originating that kind of a campaign belongs to the Democrats. They declared their purpose to make it when they claimed the 138 electoral votes of the South solid for their ticket, and the 75,000 bogus majority is the first fruit of the plan. The Republicans have merely accepted the challenge to stand up once more against the infamous principles which Wade Hampton declares are the same as those for which the South fought for four years. It is the Democratic party which has raised the sectional flag, and it is that party which is destined to go down in defeat under it.

Although many bets are being offered by Independents and Republicans that Hancock will not carry a single Northern State, and very few of them are being taken, it is not worth while to place too much confidence in the guesses of sporting men; but a careful review of the field in the cold light of the electoral returns from the different States shows that Hancock has a very up-hill job on his hands, to get the necessary 185 electoral votes. If Garfield carries all the Northern States he will have 222 electoral votes. Without New York he will have 187, while if he loses, instead, Indiana, Connecticut Maine, Oregon and California, he will still have 185. Or if he loses New York, Connecticut and Indiana, but carries Virginia and New Jersey, he will have 186. On the other hand, Hancock cannot be elected without the votes of the solid South, with those of New York and Indiana; New York, New Jersey and Connecticut or Oregon; or Indiana, Connecticut, Maine, California, Oregon and Nevada, to get 187 votes. The combinations of the actual figures all seem to be against the Democratic candidate.

The reflection must be humiliating to the mind of such a pure and loyal statesman as General Hancock is alleged to be, that as the candidate of his party it is incumbent upon him to proclaim his loyalty to the Government, and to give the assurance that all the amendments to the Constitution will be protected and enforced if he should become the Chief Magistrate. The amendments to the Constitution are just as much a part of the instrument as the first article is a part of it, and why should General Hancock come out and give assurance of his support of those amendments? why should not General Garfield have done the same thing? Because it was unnecessary. Everybody knows that the amendments will be respected by the Republican party, while Gen. Hancock thinks it essential to record a promise that the Democrats will do the same thing. He knows it is necessary to proclaim his party's loyalty, for the record is against it.

If the South has entered upon a deliberate conspiracy to falsify the census, as now seems apparent, the growth of "sectionalism" in the North will be fast and furious. This is a matter of National concern. Stuffing ballot-boxes is bad enough, but that is partially a local offence. To carry the principle into the census will be to convince the North that the South is not to be trusted in any manner; that the sole policy is to get power at any cost of principle. In fact, the effect of the suspicions about the census is already apparent. Men who have hesitated to believe that the South would ever seek to have its claims paid, or to be remunerated for its freed slaves, now declare that a section which will commit crimes like these would be guilty of anything, even to robbing the Treasury.

The Bounding Banning has actually been renominated for Congress by the Democrats of the IId Ohio District. This is a great victory for a full ballot. Banning was shown to have been elected by repeaters in 1876, when his bogus majority was 75. The proof was so indisputable that his party did not dare to renominate him in 1878, although he was very blatent in demanding a "vindication." Hancock's bold stand for a full ballot has evidently braced them up to the job this year. His nomination harmonizes the Northern and Southern Democracy, and makes both wings one in a desire to purify the ballot-box by throwing out enough Republican votes and throwing in enough Democratic votes to secure a majority for reconciliation and change. The Southern part of the experiment will succeed, but Banning will fail to hold his end up.

The Indiana Democrats are scared—that's evident. For the trouble they are in they can thank Hendricks. He induced the Supreme Court of the State to declare unconstitutional the amendment changing election day from October to November. The decision was made while the National Democratic Convention was in session, and was designed to impress upon that gathering the importance of putting Hendricks at the head of the ticket. The Convention failed to be impressed further than to put English at the tail. Now it appears that the State is likely to go Republican in October, and thus insure the election of Garfield. For once in his life, therefore, Hendricks didn't straddle. He put both feet down on the wrong side, and tipped the whole party up.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MIDSUMMER.

WHITE as a blossom is the kerchief quaint,
Over her sumptuous shoulders lightly laid;
Fairer than any picture men could paint,
In the cool orchard's fragrant light and shade.

She stands and waits: some pensive dream enfolds
Her beauty sweet, and bows her radiant head;
The delicate pale roses that she holds
Seem to have borrowed of her cheek their red.

She waits, like some superb but drooping flower,
To feel the touch of morning and the sun,
And o'er her head the glowing petals shower,
And to her feet the shifting sunbeams run.

I follow to her feet their pathway fine,
And while my voice the charmed silence breaks,
What startled splendors from her deep eyes shine!
Into what glory my rich flower awakes!

—*Celia Thaxter, in Scribner's Monthly.*

DUELING AT HEIDELBERG.

Brutal Sword Combats Between German Students Graphically Described by an Eye-witness—A Pastime More Barbarous than the Bull-Fights of Spain.

IT seems one duel had taken place before our arrival. It did not matter; the results were before us. One of the contestants, partly naked, was half-reclining in a chair while a surgeon was shaving the hair from the top of his head in order to patch up several ugly-looking sword cuts. Two or three students were washing the blood from his face and body; one of them with small sponges was sopping the blood that was flowing freely from some ghastly wounds on the cheeks and forehead. One cheek was entirely laid open, and a deep cut went diagonally across the forehead, from which branched off several smaller cuts. The lobe of one ear had disappeared and a downward stroke had split the nose, which was dripping blood like a leaking pump. I will not describe him further. It was a terrible sight. I should have said that he could not have lived half an hour; but there was no danger of death, and I was told that as soon as the present wounds should heal, he would probably be engaged in another duel. The other duelist had not suffered so badly. He was already dressed, and had nearly got through with the finishing touches from the surgeon's hands. His head was bandaged and several strips of sticking-plaster adorned his face in zig-zag courses across his cheeks and forehead. In the afternoon I saw him promenading on the Leopold Strasse, evidently proud of his disfigured face.

Passing the hospital room, in which we did not tarry long to scrutinize, we entered the dueling hall, a large, high room about fifty feet long, thirty wide. The second duel was in progress, of which we had been forewarned by hearing the clash of swords in the outer room. Had I not been anticipating a bloody and brutal spectacle, the sight so suddenly revealed to me would have staggered my nerves. At one end of the hall and facing each other were the two duelists engaged in what appeared to be a deadly combat. The face of one was so covered with blood that I could not recognize his features. The red gore was dropping from his nose and chin, and red streams were trickling down his bare back and staining his shirt and trousers with a crimson hue. The other duelist, although his face was bloody, had evidently not been so badly punished as his adversary. He had only received, so far, two or three slight cuts on his face from which blood was flowing down his bosom. Each wore aprons originally made from some white material that looked as if they had seen long service in a slaughter-house, and so they had, for they were almost black with the human gore that had accumulated from many a previous duel. Their heads were bare and their faces unprotected, save by black steel goggles without glasses which covered their eyes. Heavy wrappings of silk—layer upon layer—were wound around their necks, and their sword-arms were incased in thick shields or sleeves, wadded or padded with cotton so that the sharpest blade could not penetrate them. Aside from these precautions, they were at the mercy of each other's swords.

While making these hurried observations and endeavoring to fully comprehend the ghastly scene, the duel was fiercely raging. It was no child's play, as I had once supposed it to be. Both combatants were about thirty years of age, athletes in size and strength, and had been practising for years under skilled professors for such an occasion as this. They were in terrible earnest, and their long sharp swords played over each other's heads with lightning-like rapidity, but so skillfully were the blows parried that most of the wounds were only caused by the bending or the breaking of the blades. The moment a sword became disabled, which was constantly occurring, the seconds interfered and cried "Halt!" and the uplifted arms came to a rest. While waiting for fresh weapons the members of their respective corps gathered about them, some bringing wine or water for them to drink, others wiping the flowing blood from their wounds or faces with wet sponges, and assisting the surgeon to hastily bind up some deep-cut wounds with lint or impromptu bandages. Soon as fresh swords, which had been sharpened like razors, were brought and placed in their hands, there was no ceremony or waiting. The seconds gave the signal and the two men sprang forward at each other like blood-hounds. Steel clashed against steel again, sparks flew as if from a blacksmith's forge, and tufts of hair, cut as if by invisible hands, were wafted long distances from each other's heads. Occasionally a spurt of blood would tell that a bad wound had been given, and the seconds would interfere while the surgeons could examine and hastily quench the flowing current. The duelist who first attracted my attention by his gory face was evidently getting the worst of the battle. At every encounter he received fresh wounds, and imagination could not picture a worse sight than he presented. Blood was flowing down his face and body like rain, and forming little pools in the sawdust that was scattered around his feet. The scene reminded me of the bull-fights that I had witnessed in Spain, only this was the more brutal and inhuman of the two. It seemed every moment as if the man would from the loss of blood fall back dead in the arms of his comrades, who were watching the conflict with terrible eagerness and suspense. But not for a moment did he show signs of weakness, or a disposition to give up the combat. Two or three times he signaled for a rest that his friends might wipe the blood that had gathered in his eyes and blinded his sight. A glass of water that was held to his lips became as red as port wine from the blood that flowed into it from his face, but I noticed that he drank it all the same. His adversary, it was evident, was at the end to be the champion, although he had received some bad cuts, one of which came near severing his nose. He was the superior swordsman, and had given five wounds where he had received one. The man opposite him, the bloody man, was to be the "under dog in the fight." The contest had lasted thirty minutes—it seemed hours, and would have continued until one had been killed had not the two surgeons interfered and ended the fight. They examined carefully the wounds of the "under dog" and found them so serious that the fight was pronounced at an end, and the two gladiators, leaning and partly supported on the arms of their brother students, were led out into the hospital to have their wounds dressed.

Thus ended the second duel, which was fought by a member of the white-cap and one of the green-cap corps. The third duel, which was next to take place, was to be between a red-cap and a green-cap. There are five separate corps in the university, which are designated in the streets by the color of their caps—the whites, reds, blues, greens and yellows. Among the 800 or 900 students in Heidelberg only about sixty belong to them. The white-caps are the most numerous, and they number about sixteen. The corps are very aristocratic and very select. The members are supposed to belong to the nobility and to the best German families, with only the best blue blood flowing through their veins. To become a member it requires as much influence, diplomacy and red tape as to belong to the most select of the London clubs. Whoever is admitted is under the necessity of fighting duels—that is, they are not under the necessity, but, if they don't fight, they are tabooed as cowards, and Heidelberg would become an uncomfortable place of residence. If they don't volunteer, the president of a corps volunteers them, or rather appoints them to meet adversaries, and then there is no showing the white feather; they must fight, and they do. In the dueling hall all the members of the different corps, with one or two exceptions, were present. They all appeared to be over twenty-five years of age, and physically were splendid looking fellows. I don't think there were half a dozen among them whose faces did not bear evidence of these bloody conflicts. Their cheeks and foreheads were scarred and furrowed by deep welts criss-crossing each other, and occasionally furrowing down through the mouth and chin. I observed that the noses of two or three had been grafted on and had badly healed. They were all seated around the hall; those who were not administering to the wounded in the outer room were seated at their respective tables, each corps by itself, drinking wine and eating their lunches. Two or three German girls were tending a refreshment table at the end of the hall, and appeared to take no more interest in the duels than they would in chicken fights.

The waiting for the third duel was long and tedious. The sword-sharpener, an old gray-headed man, came into the hall two or three times bearing freshly-ground weapons which he placed in convenient positions. Another man came and scattered fresh saw-dust to cover the blood where the last duelists had stood, that those who were to follow might not "stand on slippery places." It was like the little episode in the Spanish bull-fights when the arena has been cleared of the dead bull and horses and occasionally the dead bull-fighter, and the attendants come in with rakes and saw-dust to obliterate the traces of the bloody conflict. Through the open door of the hospital-room I could see the surgeons and students washing the bloody bodies and patching up the wounds of the two who had just fought, while others were dressing and preparing the two who were next to measure swords.

Ere long I heard the noise of hurried footsteps, and the two men came striding into the hall, each surrounded by several friends and a surgeon supporting their sword arms. The first glance at them, with their black goggles, muffled throats, etc., reminded me of professional divers with their armor on ready for service. There was no waiting or hesitating; in a moment the men were placed in position, swords placed in their hands, the signal given and the bloody work began in earnest. I was told that this was an "affair of honor" and that some affront or imagined insult was to be canceled or wiped out with blood. It seemed an uneven match. One was a tall, powerful athlete, while his adversary was small and below the ordinary stature. But, in sword duels, the victory is more apt to go with the smaller and more agile of the two. There were several short and sharp encounters, in which the contest was about evenly balanced. Both were splendid swordsmen, and their skillful strokes and thrusts were watched by their friends with intense interest. Each received three or four slight cuts, but it was difficult to determine which drew the first blood. Several times their swords were disabled and fresh ones called for. Once the sword of the large man broke in the center, and the flying end came whizzing past me and struck a student in the chest who was standing by my side. He jumped as if shot, but fortunately was not injured. Finally the small man received a blow on the head which was to end the day's "sport." Although twenty feet distant, I heard the sword strike the skull with a peculiar thud, which I knew had a terrible meaning. A large lock of hair fell to the floor from his head, and I could see by the twitching of his body, and the partial closing of his eyes through the steel goggles that the blow had nearly stunned him. In a moment his face was covered with blood, which flowed freely down his body, and formed a pool in the sawdust at his feet. The seconds instantly cried "halt," and the surgeons and the friends of the wounded man rushed forward and caught him in their arms. His wound after a hasty examination was pronounced serious, and he was led away, weak and tottering, to the hospital. The duel, which was now at an end, had lasted less than ten minutes. I think most of the students regretted that it was so quickly terminated. Those who did not belong to the corps of the wounded student soon left the building and hurried away to Heidelberg for their dinners. It was after 1 o'clock and we were all anxious to get back to our hotels. Passing through the hospital we saw the young man stretched out on a reclining chair, the two surgeons and several students busy at work over him. The surgeons had partly shaved the head and were sewing up a ghastly scalp wound that extended several inches across the skull. We hastened down stairs, jumped into our waiting carriage and drove away.

Among the sixty or seventy English and American students at Heidelberg none of them belong to the fighting corps. They are not cowards either. It is known that if occasion requires they can fight their own way, but they have no desire that their good-looking faces shall be hacked and chopped up like dog's meat and be disfigured ever after. Not long ago an American student had a slight quarrel with one of the fighting corps students and received from him a challenge. Being the challenged party the American had the choice of weapons. He sent word to the German by a friend that he would meet him the next morning at six o'clock at a place outside of the city, and the weapons should be navy revolvers (he had a good pair) at ten paces. The German and his friends concluded it would not be a good day for duels and the matter was dropped. A student here was reading me an extract of a letter he had recently received from his father in Kentucky. As near as I can remember, this is the substance of it:

DEAR BOY: I hear that they have sword duels in Heidelberg, and that many of the students engage in them. I do not believe in the barbarous practice of dueling, but there are times when one has to fight or be branded a coward. You know that our family does not belong to the latter class. Should occasion require, which I trust will not happen, never choose swords—only cowards and Frenchmen use those weapons. Choose pistols or rifles, which mean business. Never show yourself in your native town with a sword scratch on your person. From your affectionate

FATHER.

The young man asked me what I thought of that doctrine. I told him I did not believe in either the sword scratch or the hole made by the pistol ball.—*Heidelberg Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Infected Water.

ON the 19th of January, 1879, there was a sudden outbreak of typhoid fever at Caterham, Eng., and on the 20th a similar outbreak at Redhill, a town eight miles distant. There were forty-nine cases of this fever within a fortnight; and by the end of February, in both places there were three hundred and five, of which fourteen were fatal. The patients were scattered over a wide area, and were confined to no particular class. The localities had previously been remarkably free from disease. The Government Board of Health instituted a thorough investigation into the cause of this outbreak. All ordinary causes—sewage, milk-supply and personal infection, etc.—had to be set aside, since, in all these particulars, the families had little in common. It was, however, at length found that most of the persons affected had their water-supply from the mains of the Caterham Waterworks; that others who were attacked spent the days at the houses where this water was used, and drank of it; that at the Caterham Lunatic Asylum, with two thousand inmates, and at the Caterham Barracks, with five hundred soldiers, both of which had a different water supply, not a case occurred; nor a case at Reigate, which belongs to the same sanitary district with Redhill, but is supplied with water from a different source. It was plain that the Caterham Water-works were somehow the cause of the epidemic. But that it should be so, was a mystery. At length it was found that one of the workmen employed in establishing an underground connection between the existing wells and a new bore, had been suffering from a mild form of enteric (typhoid) fever. The excrements of this patient had been allowed to pass into the water, and were thence distributed through the company's water-system.

The facts here given indicate that the cause of the many cases of typhoid fever in the towns mentioned, was the poison germs in the water that had been polluted by this workman. They convey a lesson to every householder, and to every person who has the care of a typhoid patient.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Unobserving Witness.

THERE was a case in Justice Alley yesterday in which the lawyer for the plaintiff had a sudden drop. It was a matter of trespass, and the defendant's only witness was an old man. He stated that he rode along a certain highway with defendant, held the horses while defendant got down, but he saw no act of trespass.

"You say you rode down to the Corners with him?" queried the lawyer.

"Yes."

"When he came to the plaintiff's farm he got out, didn't he?"

"I think it was about there."

"And he entered a field?"

"I don't know."

"You don't. Wasn't it broad daylight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you turn away your head so as not to see him?"

"No, sir."

"Was your face toward him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you testify that you didn't see him enter the field?"

"No, I didn't see him."

"Did you want to?"

"I did."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I am blind."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PAUL BOYTON'S next voyage will be from Fort Benton, on the upper waters of the Missouri, to St. Louis, a distance of almost 3,000 miles.

An International View of the Obelisk.

THE much-talked-of obelisk has arrived from Alexandria, and this country will soon possess a relic, duly set up, whose age and associations may really cause curiosity to yield to awe and humility. How it was quarried, moved and erected, this huge block of stone, 70 feet long and 150 tons in weight, more than 3,000 years ago, is a marvel; a marvel like to that of the pyramids and of many ruins. If one were to study this really monumental stone for an afternoon, and were then to hear anew the famous lecture on "The Lost Arts," he might feel for the time that progress is not always an uninterrupted forward movement and that the inventions and discoveries of which we moderns boast ourselves are, perhaps, in part, only recoveries of what this hoary old world of ours had once, but let slip.

However, we have possession of the stone and it will become one in the list of permanent metropolitan "sights."

England also has her obelisk. The contrast between the methods adopted by representatives of the two nations in getting home their treasure is a notable one, and curiously illustrates a difference in the national habits. The English, thinking the stone could most readily be transported if it were a squared timber, proceeded to make it as nearly that as possible by boxing it up; then it was started, to float through the Mediterranean in tow of a steamer. It was a queer undertaking, not without boldness, of course, and when the cable informed us that the steamer had abandoned its burden in the Bay of Biscay hardly anybody was surprised at so natural a failure; but the surprise came when the abandoned stone, having refused to be wrecked, was taken in tow by another steamer and triumphantly brought to London, giving rise to an unprecedented case of claim for salvage. The affair challenged admiration for boldness, but the boldness was entirely in the line of old methods. Now appear the Americans on the scene, and they become original as well as bold, and apply to the novel problem a method equally novel. Working their stone along a temporary way down to the water until they had it on a sort of pontoon on which it was comparatively manageable, the next step in its transportation is to get it on the ship. This they do by getting it in the ship. Raising the ship by means of a dry-dock until the deck where the column is to rest is at the same level with the column as it lies on the pontoon, they proceed to cut a hole in the steamer's bow, then shove the block on board by means of a temporary railway, reducing friction by the familiar device of using cannon balls. The same balls are in the ship now with the stone, and the latter will be again landed by simply reversing the process; once on shore, the transporting and elevating are matters of detail, and the work is all done.

The suggestion of interest is that this difference of procedure illustrates the boldness of method in this country. In our agriculture, factories of all sorts, Government, finances, and every department of activity, Americans adopt—more accurately, devise—methods which violate custom, but have the advantage of being direct adaptations of means to end. If the typical American makes pins, he sees no reason why machinery should not stick the pins on the paper as well as do all the rest, and he forthwith produces machinery to do it; he is not satisfied with driving nails with a hammer, but invents a "nail gun" to set them into the wood at a single stroke. His disregard for existing methods is utter, and yet it is not disrespect (in the positive sense) so much as it is the absence of respect. He entirely fails to perceive, and positively refuses to admit that anything is entitled to consideration merely because it exists; it must exist for something. He is half inclined, however, to believe that whatever is, is wrong, prima facie; but, at least, nothing that is counts in his estimation as worth retaining if anything quicker, more direct or more effectual as a link between means and end can be found to supplant it. The Englishman is disposed to give the old way at least the benefit of a doubt, and to cleave to it until the better has been demonstrated; the American is rather inclined to try the new any way, and he strikes out for himself in new directions on all sides. Hence he is the most migratory of all mankind who pretend to have fixed habitations. Cities spring up like Jonah's gourd, and geography becomes a study which has to be closely followed in order to keep up with the times.—*New York Financial Chronicle.*

An Old Sicilian Town.

IT is a very old place, with narrow streets going up and down by means of wide, stone paved stairs, which prevent any carriages. The walls of the houses, which are never more than two stories high, seemed crumbling to dust, and reminded us more of Pompeii as it looks now than any other old town; the interiors were mere dark holes, crowded by a rural population. There is but one object of antiquity, a church, of which the walls and most of the columns once belonged to a temple of Vesta. There is an old tradition about this temple and the progenitors of the people of this town which is worth relating:

During the many centuries of decay of the Roman Empire, the strict religious laws and customs were so far relaxed that whenever any one of the vestal virgins was discovered faithless to her vows, instead of being buried alive, according to the old law, she was relegated to this temple of Vesta on Mt. Eryx, where, at length, she and others like her intermarried with the priests and people of the place, who were of Trojan origin. From their union descended the present population. This, of course, is a mere tradition, yet it is supported by a very curious physiological fact. The natives of this mountain town have more of the old Roman type of face and person than any of the other two millions of people that inhabit Sicily. The women are famous for their beauty, their fair complexions, long necks, large black eyes, and superb busts. There are also many blondes with blue eyes among them—a type never seen in the true Sicilian race.

We had heard this story, and were anxious to observe the female part of the population; but as we walked, or rather climbed, up and down the steps of the streets, we saw none but men and very old women sitting in front of their dismal house doors.

There were shops where they sold oil, contained in just such huge clay jars as one sees at Pompeii; public cooks frying their meats at the threshold of their front doors; lamps, both of clay and bronze, of Pompeian shape; bread on the bakers' counters of the precise pattern as that found carbonized at Pompeii; and many other thing reminded us of that old Roman town—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Panama Hats.

NOW THAT the summer season is on us, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn something about the origin and manufacture of Panama hats. This is given by Dr. Seeman, in an interesting article on the vegetation of the Isthmus of Panama, in the *Journal of Botany.* An indigenous production, he says, deserving of especial notice, is the "Jipijapa" (*Carludovica palmata*, R. and P.), a palm-like plant, of whose unexpanded leaves the far-famed "Panama hats" are plaited. This species of *Carludovica* is distinguished from all others by being terrestrial, never climbing, and bearing fan-shaped leaves. The leaves are from six to fourteen feet high, and their lamina about four feet across. The spathe appears toward the end of the dry season, in February and March. In the Isthmus the plant is called "Portorico," and also "Jipijapa," but the latter appellation is the more common, and is diffused all along the coast as far as Peru and Chili; while in Ecuador a whole district derives its name from it. The plant is common in Panama and Darien, especially in half-shady places, but its geographical range is by no means confined to them. It is found all along the western shores of New Granada and Ecuador; and has been found even at Salnngo, where, however, it seems to reach its most southern limit, thus extending over twelve degrees of latitude from north to south. The Jipijapa, or Panama hats, are principally manufactured in Veraquas and Western Panama. Not all, however, known in commerce by that name are plaited in the Isthmus; by far a greater proportion being made in Manta, Monte Christi, and other parts of Ecuador. The hats are worn almost in the whole American continent, and the West Indies, and would probably be equally used in Europe did not their high price (varying from $2 to $150) prevent their importation. They are distinguished from all others by consisting only of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black, but by washing with soap and water, besmearing them with lime juice, or any other acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored. So little is known about these hats, that it may not be out of place to give an account of their manufacture. The "straw" (paja), previous to plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they unfold, all their ribs and coarser veins removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days. The straw is now ready for use, and in this state sent to different places, especially to Peru, where the Indians manufacture from it those beautiful cigar cases, which sometimes bring as high as $30 each. The plaiting of the hats is very troublesome. It commences at the crown and finishes at the brim. The hats are made on a block, which is placed upon the knees, and requires to be constantly pressed with the breast. According to their quality, more or less time is occupied in their completion—the coarser ones may be finished in two or three days, while the finest may take as many months. The best times for plaiting are the morning hours and the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day and in dry clear weather, the straw is apt to break, and this, when the hat is finished, is betrayed by knots, and much diminishes the value.

Concerning Clover.

WHILE a large class of the farming community hold to the opinion that clover is better and more surely sown in the spring, this work is much of it done during the late summer and autumn. A considerable proportion of the clover sown at all seasons is mixed with timothy and other grasses. When thus associated on mowing lots the full benefit of the clover is not realized in the majority of cases, because care was not observed to sow with it varieties which blossom at about the same time. The clover in consequence goes to seed before the later grasses are ready for the mowing machine. Even under these conditions the clover has not been without value. Its long tap roots have put the ground in condition to be readily acted upon by air and moisture. They have also added to its fertility. Among grasses which blossom simultaneously with clover, and therefore adapted to seeding with it on meadow lands, are meadow fescue, perennial rye grass, Kentucky blue grass and Italian rye grass.

Clover makes an excellent crop when sown alone, especially on light sandy soils. The practice of sowing clover with a grain crop is, however, a very common one. Concerning the desirability of this general custom there exists a wide diversity of opinion. Some cultivators contend that clover sown in the spring with grain succeeds better than that which is sown alone, because the grain grows quickly and shades the tender plants from the sun. Opponents to the practice contend with equal energy that the clover crop is liable to a greater risk of being lost when the grain is cut and the plants are exposed. Dr. Harlan recommends sowing buckwheat with clover when it is desired to grow only the latter. The buckwheat will afford shade while the clover is feeble, and if cut when in blossom and permitted to remain on the land will also mulch the clover and prove of great advantage to the crop. Whenever and however clover may be sown it is important that there exist considerable moisture in the surface soil at the time of sowing.—*N. Y. World.*

GENERAL.

A LONDON firm advertises that it has for sale one of the identical stamps by which George III. attempted to impose the obnoxious tax on teas imported into British America.

NATURAL caverns of large size, one at least being six hundred feet long, have been discovered at West Harptree, near Wells, Somersetshire, England. It is hinted that the investigations have revealed matters of great interest to antiquarians and archæologists.

THERE are now less than two hundred boys in the Massachusetts Reform School, and but a small portion of the new building is required or used. This is the smallest number there has been for several years, and the number at one time reached six hundred.

SOME one has undertaken the business of lion-breeding at Bond, in Algeria, in order to supply menageries and zoological gardens with specimens of the king of beasts, for which there is a great and growing demand. The extirpation of the lion in a wild state in Algeria, from a variety of causes, is only a question of a very short time.

CALIFORNIA gold-hunters have invaded the wilds of Sonora, one of the northern States of Mexico, where the American has been known only by tradition and the customs of the seventeenth century have been preserved with a Chinese hatred of improvements. Rich treasures of gold are said to have been found, and an exodus of California miners is expected.

RENNIE NASH had lain abed for several years at South Hadley, Mass., helpless with rheumatism. The physicians could do nothing for him. He lately sent for a Connecticut colored woman who had the reputation of being wonderfully effective in prayer. She touched his forehead with oil, laid her hands on his shoulders, and prayed three hours continuously for his cure. Then he got up and walked. The staid Northampton *Gazette* tells the story and vouches for its truth.

GEORGE W. PARSHALL, a Rochester (N. Y.) bird-fancier, has been at infinite trouble to get the national red, white and blue represented by three birds, which will live peaceably in the same cage. He has finally secured birds of the same size and which eat the same kind of seed, the red bird being a species known as the Napoleon, from South America, the blue an indigo bird from the same country, and the white a sparrow from Java.

THE late Sultan of Morocco was one day rowing on a lake with the ladies of his harem. The boat upset, and two men, at the peril of their lives, saved the whole party. "To have seen his Majesty in such an undignified position, and moreover with his ladies," writes Captain Colville, "was a crime punishable only by death. The unfortunate men were accordingly walled up in a small room and left to starve or die of suffocation. Their skeletons were found while some repairs were being made in the palace on the present Sultan's accession."

CERTAIN Dutch naturalists are testing the ability of the domestic cat to act as postman. Selecting Linik for their headquarters, they thence dispatch a number of cats, securely tied up in woolen bags, to the neighboring villages, where they are freed from confinement and turned loose, with neat packets of letters securely strapped to their backs. At once their domestic instincts come into full play, and they swiftly flee homeward with unswerving directness. Of the thirty-seven cats thus constrained to serve their country, not one has hitherto failed to fulfill its postal functions with excellent punctuality.

Why Our Meadows Run Out.

THAT our grass lands are less permanent than at an earlier period of history, is a fact which is evident to every one. Probably no farm topic is more eagerly discussed by the farming class than the grass question. It is conceded that grass is the foundation stone of profitable farming, and when it becomes more unreliable every year, there is abundant cause for alarm and a strong desire to investigate the subject. The cause in some instances is no doubt due to our unpropitious seasons; still it can not be charged wholly to that, neither are insects the whole cause of our trouble. On good lands, well fertilized and carefully seeded, grass dies out from some cause much sooner than formerly, and pastures gradually fall and fill up with weeds.

May not our changed methods of farming have something to do with it? About twenty years ago, mowers came into use in this section. Meadows were cleaned up and smoothed for the cutter-bar, and I think increased in acreage. Before this, haying was a long job to most farmers; but after the introduction of mowers came sulky-rakes, horse-forks, etc., until now haying is accomplished in at least half the time, and on most large farms, in one-third the time it once took. Then it became customary to cut hay at an earlier stage of maturity, and mow a second crop of grass, and to sow crops for soiling stock in the fall, instead of pasturing meadows. Out of all this, can not we find a partial cause for the deterioration of our grass lands? In the time before machinery rendered haying a short job, it was customary to mow one year where we finished the previous year; going over the meadows in rotation as it were. A part was cut early, and a part, by force of circumstances, was permitted to ripen each year and scatter its seed on the ground. The grass was cut with a sharp, clean cut, and would start up after cutting sooner than now when it is torn off by dull mowers. Then its roots were not crushed by heavy cogged wheels, which cover in mowing one-eighth to one-sixth of the ground. It was not scratched by steel rake teeth. In short, our meadows were treated in a manner as nearly as possible in accordance with nature's laws.

So with our pastures in early days. Meadows were very seldom mowed more than once, and the aftergrowth was always fed off by stock, which gave the pastures a chance to grow up in the fall and re-seed themselves every year, to say nothing of being better protected from the winter winds. Putting all these things together, do they not in a great degree account for the fact that grass lands are less permanent than formerly?—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

IN THE PLOWING.

CARVE the furrow, cut it even,
Carve the furrow, broad and clean;
'Neath the smiling summer heaven
Turn the herbage fresh and green.

Gee, my beauties, haw, my gentles,
Patient bend beneath the yoke;
Where the violet's color mantles
Cut a broad and even stroke.

Brown as pools in twilight meadows
Are your eyes, my faithful Bright,
Like the moon through purple shadows
Gleams your crescent pure and white.

Now your comrade, Buck, in bending
Bows his fair and noble crest,
And the dewlaps, low descending,
Sweep the shews of his breast.

And his muscles swell in sloping,
As spring torrents rise and flow,
When they cease their downward groping
From a mountain side of snow.

Deep your fetlocks sink, my beauty,
In the soft and loamy soil.
Ah, you do your honest duty,
Yours is good and Christian toil.

And your breath is like to clover,
When the dew lies thick at morn,
While I turn the furrow over,
Thinking of the yield of corn.

Or perchance of how she wandered
Down the lane that sunny day;
And of how I blushed and pondered,
When she joked in accents gay.

And, old Bright, she stroked your shoulder,
Praised your soft and gentle eyes,
But you scarcely did behold her,
Gazing with bovine surprise.

She is better than the oxen,
Fairer than the sky or ground;
Though she is a little vixen,
Her young cheek is red and round.

And she seems to flit before me,
Mocking when I fain would speak;
And a faintness stealeth o'er me
And my heart is woman-weak.

How can men of bone and muscle
Lose their manhood near a girl?
Ah! it costs a mighty hussle
To break the meshes of a curl.

Yet she might be tamed with loving,
Wildest colts are broke to hand;
These the thoughts my soul is proving
As I stride across the land.

All the day I dream of kneeling;
Would she spurn me from her path,
With a heightened color stealing,
Kill me with a little laugh?

Ah, the tongue so keen and tripping,
Could I win it for a while,
I would venture without slipping
Thus to lure her and beguile.

I am slow, and sadly stammer,
All my ways are country-bred;
And that city chap's fine grammar
Sure has turned her little head.

How can I endure it longer?
In my homespun I will go,
And in words sincere, if stronger,
All my heart to her I'll show.

Stand there, Bright, within the furrow
While I venture on my luck;
Steady, you must share my sorrow
If I fail, my gentle Buck.

Shall we tread the path together,
One in heart, in faith unbroke;
Glad in bright and stormy weather
Still to pull within one yoke?

O'er my labors of the roughest
I have never whined nor cried,
But this job it is the toughest
That a plowman ever tried.

—*Augusta Larned, in N. Y. Evening Post.*

A CLEVER DOCTOR.

ABOUT twenty years ago the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert, a clergyman of the Church of England, found that his health was growing infirm, a moral and physical languor seemed to take possession of him; that English melancholy which comes, no one knows why or wherefore, and he could not shake it off. Young, rich, handsome, eloquent, sure of preferment in the Church—what was the matter with the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert?

He did what all Englishmen do when other remedies fail—he crossed the Channel.

He thought he would seek the rays of the sun, that luminary, so scarce in England. Perhaps it was the sun that he needed.

So one fine day he sailed for France, and soon found himself at Rouen, where he stayed for some days, taking every morning a walk around the Cathedral, carrying a volume of Dante under his arm.

One afternoon he walked up the Mont St. Catherine, and seating himself on the grass gravely devoted himself to the Divine Comedy. He had scarcely lost himself in Dante's stately measure when a stranger approached and with the most perfect courtesy addressed him, asking if he were an Englishman, and, if so, if he would perruit a few minutes' conversation.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said the stranger, smiling, "and I always seize every opportunity to talk to an Englishman."

"You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely; "sit down, Monsieur."

Resting on the turf, with a glorious view before them, the two young men soon found themselves talking glibly of the news of the day, of Dante, of religion, politics and the weather. The Frenchman was very agreeable, well educated and up to the times on all points; he immediately told Mr. Lambert that he was a Doctor and practicing his profession at Rouen.

It was natural that the young clergyman should speak to him of his own case, which he did freely, asking the Doctor's advice.

The Doctor became extremely interested, and, upon examining Mr. Lambert's tongue and pulse, gave him a prescription.

They walked together to Rouen, and Mr. Lambert then noticed that the Doctor had a beautiful white dog, a pointer, which gamboled around his master's heels.

They separated as they reached the city, the Doctor to go and see his patients, the clergyman to seek an apothecary, where he got his prescription prepared.

The next morning the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert was better. The Doctor's prescription had made him sleep. It had given him strength, he felt an appetite for breakfast. Months of treatment in London at the hands of the best physicians had not done this for him.

He wished to thank and to remunerate the Doctor, when he remembered that he did not know his name. Instinct told him, however, that he might meet him again on the Mont St. Catherine. So with renewed hope, health, energy, he walked again to the top of the hill. In five minutes he was joined by the French Doctor and his dog, who came bounding along with his pointer nose in the grass.

The two men greeted each other with smiles, and shook hands cordially.

"You have saved my life, Doctor," said Mr. Lambert, with unusual enthusiasm. "Not at all, not at all, my dear friend," said the Doctor; "I only gave you a tonic, which also made you sleep. I found out (what none of my English brethren in medicine seem to have found out) that you have nothing the matter with you! Your system needs a little jogging, that is all. Railroad travel, my dear friend, will soon set you up. Now I dare say you have been leading a very easy and sedentary life; now, haven't you?"

"It is true, I have."

"Take my advice, travel, ride day and night; take no medicine, excepting these sirups, which I will give you; seek adventure, lead a more varied existenec, and my friend—you are all right!"

Now came the delicate question of money, and the Englishman felt for the proverbial guinea.

He tendered it to the French Doctor, who laughingly pushed it away, with a very soft well-formed hand.

"Never—never," said he; "for so slight a service, permit me to make my advice a return for 'a lesson in English conversation!'"

It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back into his pocket.

"Doctor," said he, in a low voice, hesitatingly, "I am an Englishman, and I hate to be under an obligation; you have lifted a load off my heart, which has hung there for six months; you have made a new man of me. Now allow me to be of seme service to you. I leave here by rail, at one o'clock tomorrow morning, for Paris; until then I am at your service—and forever after. Can I do anything for you?"

The Doctor reflected a moment, and looked at his dog.

"I don't know, indeed; and yet I do happen to think of one thing. You might save me a journey to Paris, which, with my engagements, is just now inconvenient. But it is asking too much, perhaps."

"What—how—too much?" said the clergyman.

"Well, I have a number of sick people under my charge, whom I treat for diseases of the brain. One of these is a very rich woman, who is slightly deranged. I hoped to have cured her. Unhappily she has determined to return to Paris, and I have no authority to detain her. I perceive that she will fret until this caprice is gratified. I must go with her to place her in charge of her friends, and I have been putting off from day to day, because I can not leave my other patients, the duty of taking her home. Now, if you would escort her, it would be a real service," said the Doctor.

"My dear sir, a crazy young woman, at one o'clock at night, and I a clergyman of the Church of England," said Mr. Lambert, forgetting his late gratitude.

"Oh, she is forty-six, my dear sir, and her mania is a very quiet one. She looks and acts like a sheep, poor woman, and she will scarcely speak to a stranger. I do not know that she will go with you. The hour is rather early—one in the morning—but still, I might ask her, and it will be a real favor to me."

"Bring her along, Doctor!" said the clergyman, ashamed of his own reluctance; "bring her along—a *sheep* and *forty-six*; I will take care of your patient to Paris!"

Talking in this way they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the Doctor gave his card to Mr. Lambert.

"*Au revoir*," said he, "and perhaps *adieu*, my dear sir. Let me hear from you from time to time; and I hope if we ever meet again, that you will retain, as I shall do, an agreeable recollection of our acquaintance. I may not see you again, as my friend may not be willing to go with you—*adieu!*"

Mr. Lambert glanced at the Doctor's card, feeling anew the embarrassment of the possible night journey with an insane woman, and regretting his promise, in spite of his gratitude.

He read on the card—

"Dr. de La Belle, rue Antoine; No. Eleven."

Mr. Lambert walked through the rue Antoine and stopped at No. Eleven. It was a large, handsome house, with the announcement in black letters on a brass plate, *Docteur de La Belle*.

On arriving at his hotel he asked the landlord if he knew of Dr. de La Belle.

"I believe, sir," said the man, civilly, "that he is the best physician in Rouen."

At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Lambert waited with some anxiety in the depot the arrival of the train. Dr. de La Belle had not arrived. The English clergyman rubbed his hands with great satisfaction—for he did not care for this particular responsibility—when some one touched him slightly on the shoulder.

It was the Doctor.

Seated on a bench was a lady in black, with her veil tightly drawn over her face.

"I have taken a coupe," said the Doctor, "so you will not be incommoded by other travelers. Here is Mademoiselle's purse, ticket, and little traveling satchel; perhaps she will need something. Have the kindness to show her ticket to the conductor. I have telegraphed to Paris to her friends, who will meet her at the station. She is as quiet as a dove. Should you find her agitated, give her a drop of this essence on sugar; here is the bottle. Monsieur Lambert, Mademoiselle!"

He then helped along the invalid lady, and put her in the corner of the coupe. He then, after arranging her with great kindness, stepped out, held Mr. Lambert by the hands and talked with French effusion, as the officials hurried passengers out and in.

"I trust you will have no trouble, *adieu*," said he, giving a final word of kindness to his fair patient, and arranging her footstool.

"Oh, no! I dare say not," said Mr. Lambert, bowing to the lady, and taking his seat by her side. "But what a powerful odor there is in the coupe—will it not disturb the lady?"

"Oh, no! I think not," said Dr. de La Belle; "I broke a bottle of cologne as I was helping her in. It will all disappear in a few moments."

The train departed; and Mr. Lambert, who felt exceedingly wide-awake, and who found Dr. de La Belle's cologue very strong, tried to draw his fair friend into conversation. She was separated from him by a high basket of flowers, the Doctor's last attention.

The poor insane woman would not answer a word, and from her immovable calm the Doctor concluded that she was asleep.

When they arrived at Paris, he determined that she should speak.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a loud voice, "do awake and listen to me; I must leave you for a moment to go find your friends."

He sought a long time but could not find anybody who wanted a lady from Rouen.

He came back to the carriage very discontentedly, when, to his intense astonishment, he found a crowd around the compartment where the lady still sat. He went forward to see what was the cause of the excitement.

"Are you the man who traveled from Ronen in this coupe?" said a policeman.

"Yes."

"Do you know that this lady is *dead*? You have poisened her with prussie acid! She has been dead four hours!" and the populace groaned.

The clergyman was speechless with horror. He tried to clear himself with all the earnestness of an innocent man, but his story was a most improbable one. The police found on him the purse of the poor woman, and a bottle containing prussic acid!

It was the little bottle which Dr. de La Belle had forced upon him in the train.

Mr. Lambert, stunned, half dead, allowed himself to be carried to prison without resistance—he was past that. A day later he said:

"Take me to Rouen; I will unmask the villain; he can never face me!"

Two Sergeants de Ville, with other employees of the police in plain clothes, attended this dangerous criminal to Rouen in the railway, and drove to the house of Dr. de La Belle. Mr. Lambert was sure that at the sight of his face the assassin Doctor would confess all.

Dr. de La Belle was engaged at the moment, and kept them some time waiting. When at last the police began to be troubled, the head Sergeant bade them be calm. "The house is guarded," said he, "he can not escape."

Presently there entered a calm, elderly gentleman, with spectacles, which he removed as he looked at them.

"I beg pardon for keeping you waiting," said he, "but did you want me? I am Dr. de La Belle."

Mr. Lambert trembled from head to foot. An abyss opened before him, of which he could not see the bottom. This was not at all the man whom he had met on Mont St. Catherine.

"You are not Dr. de La Belle at all!" said the unhappy man.

"I think that I can prove that I am," said the suave old Doctor, smiling.

Alas! everything was against him. The English clergyman had fallen into the most terrible snare, laid by a most accomplished villain.

They returned to Paris.

"I wish I could meet him again with his white dog," said Mr. Lambert, throwing his hands in air.

"White dog, did you say?" asked the Sergeant de Ville.

Some weeks passed, and the police became convinced that Mr. Lambert was innocent, but they were yet waiting for the real villain.

Mr. Lambert was taken blindfolded, and in the night, to a house, he knew not in what street, where he, however, was well lodged, and where he was allowed to read and write, but was strictly watched.

Shortly after his new incarceration, a valet arrived with his clothes, and asked him respectfully to make his toilet. A Sergeant escorted him to a close carriage, and drove toward the Champs Elysees.

"Look at every body who passes," said he.

Mr. Lambert looked at everybody, but saw nothing.

The next day the Sergeant, elegantly dressed, came again, in an open carriage, and, by the side of the coachman, sat a white pointer dog.

Mr. Lambert turned pale.

"You have seen that dog before?" said the Sergeant.

"*It is his dog*," said Mr. Lambert.

"Keep calm, and look about you," said the policeman.

But they looked in vain. They saw no master for the dog.

"On the night that crime was committed this dog was found in Rouen, without a master," said the Sergeant de Ville.

Later, the prisoner was requested to make an evening toilet, and was escorted to a grand ball in a magnificent house in one of the best parts of Paris.

"You are serving the ends of justice," said the Sergeant to him. "Be patient and observe the guests."

He was presented to the lady of the house, who received him very graciously, and who introduced him to her young daughter. He talked with her and looked at the guests, but saw nothing.

Another week passed. He went to another ball, in the same company; his young host, Monsieur de F., seated himself beside him, and drew carelessly before them the curtains of a large window, which filled half the room.

It was not not long before Mr. Lambert heard the well known voice of the Sergeant of Police (who, in the most irreproachable of black coats and white ties, looked like a Conde or a Montmorenci) talking to a gentleman near him, of hunting.

"It is a long time since I have followed the hounds," answered the gentleman.

Mr. Lambert darted from his seat. "It is he!" said he. "It is Dr. de La Belle."

"Be silent," said Monsieur de F., "be silent," and he held him in his seat by main force.

In a moment they were rejoined by the Sergeant de Ville.

"I have heard him! It is his voice," said Mr. Lambert, trembling all over.

"Perhaps we are still wrong," said that imperturbable individual. "Stay here without moving. I will draw the curtain; look at every one who enters with a lady on his arm; when the suspected passes, press my arm without a word."

"Is it Monsieur de Bocage?" asked the host, in a low voice of the officer. "Probably," said the policeman: "he was the lover of the unfortunate Blanche Villiers."

At this moment poor Lambert, peeping from behind the curtain, saw the well-known smiling face and jaunty figure of the Doctor of Rouen pass, with a young lady on his arm. He gripped the arm of the officer.

"*It is he*," said he, choking. The Sergeant de Ville drew the curtain quickly. "The chain is complete," said he; "we only wait for the dog. Mr. Lambert, your imprisonment will be short. One visit more, and you are free!"

The next day a close carriage with the white pointer tied under the seat, called for Mr. Lambert.

"I shall conduct you to his door, but you must enter alone," said the friendly Sergeant. "You are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" said the Englishman. "I only desire to kill him."

"No, no personal violence, please. You would spoil a very pretty job!" said the officer. "Coachman, drive to the house of Monsieur de Bocage, Avenue Josephine."

When Mr. Lambert, pale as death, rang the bell of the inner door, M. de Bocage, a Parisian swell, just putting on his gloves, opened it himself.

He started back, horrified, but soon composed himself.

"You wish to see me, sir?" said he.

"Yes, you wretched murderer!" said the Honorable and Reverend Lambert. "*I do wish to see you!*"

Monsieur de Bocage retreated several steps.

"You are mad," said he.

"I have come to unmask you, villain!"

"You are deceived, my brave gentleman," said M. de Bocage, and reaching behind him he caught up a pistol and discharged it full in the face of the Englishman.

At this noise, and the fall of the clergyman, who was stunned and blinded for a moment, the two Sergeants and several policemen entered the room, accompanied by a white pointer, who leaped up and caressed Monsieur de Bocage.

"Down, Thanor, down!" said the murderer, forgetting himself.

"The chain is complete," said the Sergeant, joyfully.

"Monsieur de Bocage, alias Dr. de La Belle, you stand charged with the murder of Mademoiselle Blanche Villiers, in a coupe of the railway, which left Rouen at one o'clock at night on the 13th inst., a crime which you sought to affix to this gentleman. (Throw a pitcher of water in his face; the pistol ball was drawn this morning, whilst Monsieur de Bocage took his chocolate—he is not hurt.)"

So saying, the Sergeant revived the Englishman, and took Monsieur de Bocage from his luxurious chamber, toward twenty years of the galleys.

The wretch looked back.

"It was you, Thanor, after all," said he, caressing the white pointer.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, encouragingly. "Had you but remembered to give the poor thing a pill of strychnine!"

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert returned home much better. He had certainly taken the advice of his unknown medical adviser, and had varied his usual life considerably. He never traveled in a coupe at night again with veiled ladies, nor did he ever quite get over the horror of having ridden from Rouen to Paris with a corpse.

He had the curiosity to take the Doctor's prescription to an apothecary in London, who analyzed it.

"A powerful stimulant, sir," said he; "we should not recommend you to use it very frequently. Still, in extreme cases of depression, it might be well."

Mr. Lambert never lost his admiration of the French police. They were, he thought, a very accomplished set of actors.—*Translated from the French for the Boston Traveller.*

How to be Weatherwise.

JOHN H. TICE, the weather prophet of St. Louis, gives the following directions to those who aspire to be weatherwise:

As everybody is interested in the weather so each one should qualify himself or herself to read the sky, and to interpret the meaning of the winds, sky and clouds.

An intensely blue and serene sky indicates heavy rains and severe storms in from twelve to forty-eight hours. A gray, hazy sky indicates a continuous dry and generally hot weather.

A southeast wind indicates the existence of a low barometer, if not a storm center in the northwest. The aspects of the sky and clouds will tell whether it means mischief or not. An almost immediate cessation of rain may be expected as soon as the northwest wind sets in. It matters not what the aspects of the sky are when the west wind sets in, fair weather will ensue it, and continue from three to four days. The passage of a storm center from the gulf and southeastward of our locality is a partial exception only so far that it clears off more tardily.

There are really but two primary kinds of clouds, namely, (1) those that float at a great height above the earth's surface, and (2) those that float low. Those that float high, say from six to nine miles, are of a fibrous and gauzy structure; they are hence called cirrus, that is, hair or tuft clouds. The clouds that form in the lower strata of the atmosphere, say from one to three miles above the earth, are irregular in structure, and of a more or less nodular form. They are called the cumulus, that is the heap or pile cloud.

While the cirrus remains nebular in structure and indistinctly defined against the sky no rain need be expected. Under the low barometer, however, they develop by accretion, become smooth and compact in structure and much enlarged in volume. They now sink lower and become sharply defined against the blue sky. Rain may now be expected, especially if they unite with the cumulus forming the nimbus or rain cloud. If the cirrus, instead of forming the nimbus, reascends, it dissipates, and no rain need be expected until it lowers again, which generally is in twenty-four hours.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been that the sky was green,
and the grass serenely blue;
It might have been that grapes on thorns, and
figs on thistles, grew;
It might have been that rainbows before the
showers came;
It might have been that lambs were fierce,
and bears and tigers tame;
It might have been that cold would melt, and
summer heat would freeze;
It might have been that ships at sea would sail
against the breeze—
And there may be worlds unknown, dear,
where we would find the change
From all that we have seen or heard, to others
just as strange—
But it never could be wise, dear, in haste to
act or speak;
It never could be noble to harm the poor and
weak;
It never could be kind, dear, to give a needless
pain;
It never could be honest, dear, to sin for
greed of gain;
And there could not be a world, dear, while
God is true above,
Where right and wrong were governed by any
law but love.

—*Kate Lawrence, in Wide-Awake.*

JOHNNY'S POCKETS.

"NOT a pocket, sir; not a pocket in that whole suit!"

Johnny's face was the picture of dismay.

"Why, Aunt Jane, what shall I do without them?" he said, in a slow, bewildered way.

"You wont be likely to raise toads about your person, or be caught walking into church looking as though you had a pumpkin on each hip."

"But, my handkerchiefs, Aunt Jane?"

Aunt Jane smiled grimly.

"Handkerchiefs, indeed! How long did you ever keep one before it was lost, and when were you ever known to use one? No; I came to the conclusion, before I decided to make this suit up without pockets, that a handkerchief with you was—a—a *supernumerary*."

This silenced him. Aunt Jane was in the habit of quenching with long words his small attempts at argument. He was carrying several at the present moment undigested in his busy little brain, a burden and a perplexity. So he walked away dejectedly in his new clothes, and Aunt Jane returned to her clear-starching with a triumphant smile.

"Hullo, Johnny!" called Willie Brent, from the middle of the street, as Johnny was passing through the gate. "Lend me your knife, please; see I have broken mine."

Johnny's hands instinctively sought the outer seams of his trousers. Then he blushed, stammered, and the hands fell despairingly beside him.

"I—I left it in my other clothes," he said, in a low voice.

This was true, but Willie regarded him with a slight expression of wonder in his handsome face.

"Your clothes *are* new, aren't they?" he said, pleasantly, noticing them for the first time. "You look fine, Johnny."

Johnny's heart sank. What if Willie knew the hollow cheat they were! He glanced down guiltily at the miserable sham pocket-flaps on the jacket and vest. How could he bear to have the boys discover his condition? How long could he conceal it? Who would be the first to find it out, and what would the boys think, and say, and do, if they knew? These were a few of the questions that began to torment him. He would beg Aunt Jane to let him wear his old mended suit—but she would not consent to this, for she sat up nights lately hurrying to finish these clothes, and he had heard her say that she was "ashamed of her life" to have him seen going to school in those shabby garments.

Will went on up the street, and Johnny wandered away aimlessly by himself. The further he went, and the longer he mused, the more sharply he realized his disagreeable plight.

He clasped his hands above his head and walked, he folded them over his breast and walked, and tried to forget—and couldn't! Then he tried to comfort himself with useless arguments.

Might not a boy live and even enjoy himself tolerably well without pockets? Aunt Jane was right about the handkerchiefs. He never needed one. His slate-pencil was tied to his slate in his drawer at school, where he kept his lead-pencil, his pens and his rubber, that he might have room in his pockets for more precious things.

But alas, and alas! After long and serious debate with himself, he remained unreconciled.

A week passed away. The scholars at school all noticed the change that had come over little Johnny Blake, and wondered at it.

"Don't you see, Amy," asked Will Brent of his sister, "how different he is? He hasn't played ball once this week; he wouldn't go fishing yesterday; he mopes by himself half of the time, and he says he isn't sick either."

Amy Brent, a motherly girl of fourteen, opened wide her blue eyes and regarded her brother thoughtfully.

"But he was always quiet, Willie," she said.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Will, somewhat impatiently. "But I know Johnny Blake well enough. You watch him, and you'll see what I mean."

And Amy watched—and saw—more than Willie had seen, more than Johnny would ever have told; for she discovered his secret.

At the close of another week, she drew her brother aside one evening at home.

"Can you keep a secret, Will?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes," he answered, without hesitation, much impressed by her manner. And then and there she unfolded a well-matured plan in which he was to assist—a plan requiring no small coolness and skill, and considerable daring, but which immediately met with his full and hearty approval.

Meanwhile Johnny Blake had declined perceptibly in flesh and spirits. From a rosy, happy boy, never noisy and obtrusive, but busy and healthy in mind and body, he became a listless solitary.

In school he was still faithful and patient at his studies, but out of school he avoided his playmates all that was possible, and one wish became uppermost in his heart—to conceal his disgrace, for as such he had come to regard it—from the world.

To Aunt Jane the change was not yet apparent. If he was a trifle quieter than usual, she congratulated herself upon his improvement. She gave him full credit for being better than the average boy, and if he could have been kept out of all kinds of dirt and play, and mischief of even the most harmless sort, if he could have been so "improved" as never to forget, nor blunder, nor "bother," he would have been a boy after her own heart. Johnny stood very much in awe of Aunt Jane. He performed the small duties she required of him quietly and obediently, never thought of confiding a trouble to her, and regarded her smallest word as unchangeable. What he thought of her largest one it would be hard to tell.

And now two weeks had passed away. It was ten o'clock of a pleasant moonlit night. Johnny had lain awake long after retiring for the night, gazing through his open chamber-window at the clear, soft sky. Aunt Jane had frequently cautioned him against leaving his window up, for it was just over the low roof of the wood-shed, and once, in the middle of the night, when Will Brent had slept with him, two strange cats had bounced in, tearing and fighting each other, and awakened the whole house. But this was one of the many injunctions that Johnny sometimes "forgot." To-night he had been thinking over a great many things, and at last he fell to wondering if it were quite right to let the affair of the pockets acquire the proportions it had assumed. It had all come over him afresh, how entirely his life at school and among his friends was changing, and he tried to resolve that he would rise above it. But how? He tried to imagine how Will Brent would have laughed off such a calamity and made the best of it. But Will was two years older than he, and then such a thing could never have happened to Will, for he had a mother; and mothers never made their boys' clothes without pockets. Such a thing was never heard of before, nor read of, in all the annals of boyhood. Johnny's heart was very sad. He fell asleep, at last, still unreconciled.

He was awakened by some one's pronouncing his name, in a loud, squeaky whisper. He opened his eyes in slow bewilderment. The moon was still shining brightly, and there, close beside his bed was the queerest figure! A little, bent, and humped old woman, in a peaked and ruffled cap, looking at him through great, shining spectacles, and smiling at him in a calm, superior way.

"Johnny," she said, in a curious whisper, "I am your fairy godmother, and I will take your clothes away, and put some pockets in them, and bring them back long before morning, if you will be still, and say nothing to-night. Promise, with a nod, quick; if you speak, the charm will break!"

Johnny had read a great deal about fairy godmothers, and believed in them. He gave the nod, and watched the strange creature disappear noiselessly through the window with his clothes. He seemed to be still in some enchanted land of sleep. It did not seem strange to him that this thing should be, with the moon shining on the floor, and his dreams thick about him. He had not stirred in bed, nor moved his head on the pillow, and he remembered no more until the morning sun was shining in his eyes, and Aunt Jane was calling him to breakfast.

He jumped out of bed. There were his clothes hanging upon a chair, exactly as he had left them.

He took them up with a puzzled, incredulous smile, at the thought of his strangely vivid dream; but he could not resist peering under the pocket-flaps of his jacket.

He sat down suddenly on the side of the bed, rubbed his eyes, winked hard, and looked again.

There were pockets under the flaps!

He sat as if stunned. He looked through the window into the bright, glad sky. The swallows were darting and twittering, the robins were singing aloud for joy: and a pure, deep and blessed thankfulness began to well up in his heart. He examined the garments over one by one. There were *seven* pockets in all; two side-pockets and a breast-pocket in the jacket, two in the vest, and two in the trousers!

He could hardly keep the tears back, or refrain from singing aloud with the gay robins; but he dressed and went down to breakfast with a new light in his eyes, which Aunt Jane did not see. How could he tell Aunt Jane? And nobody else in the world had ever known! So he kept this new joy to himself, as he had kept his trouble, regaining his lost rosiness and growing happier every hour, until, at last, he came home from school one day in such a state of bulge, that Aunt Jane, who had beheld him from afar, pounced upon him with wonder passing description, and he felt that concealment was no longer possible.

Then he told her the whole, straightforward story, as it had taken form in his simple, believing heart, and she knew that he spoke the truth. She had learned long ago to put absolute trust in his word.

She held him off at arm's length, and looked into his eyes a full minute, in utter, dumb astonishment.

"To whom have you been complaining about your not having pockets?" she demanded, when she could speak.

"To nobody, Aunt Jane. I never let a soul know. I—was ashamed."

And she knew that this, too, was true.

After taking a long time in which to become composed, and to think the matter over, she found herself so far from any possible solution of the matter that she was half-disposed to accept Johnny's explanation as the only one.

"At any rate, it's no use to make a fuss over anything you can't locate," she said, one evening, half to herself, as she was re-examining the mysterious pockets. "These pockets are good drilling, and they're put in strong and neat enough, but this work is no tailor's manipulation!"

"If—if a fairy godmother did it, it would be *woman*ipulation, wouldn't it, Aunt Jane?" said Johnny. "And that's a longer word still."—*Anna B. Averill, in St. Nicholas.*

A ROCKFORD girl had her corset torn off by a stroke of lightning and was uninjured, but the young man who called to borrow a book had his right arm shattered, and a piece of corset steel blown into his liver. He said he didn't know how she was loaded.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
OF OHIO.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
OF NEW YORK.

ELECTORS FOR MARYLAND,
AT LARGE:
H. CLAY NAIL. J. C. MULLIKEN.

DISTRICTS:
FIRST—A. J. MOWBRAY.
SECOND—JAS. E. HOOPER.
THIRD—R. H. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

SATURDAY AUGUST 28, 1880.

One hundred Irish Democrats joined the Republican club at a mass meeting in Burlington, Vt., last week.

From Democratic sources it has been learned that Porter Sheldon, of Jamestown, N. Y., an elector on the Tilden ticket in 1876, has declared his intention of supporting Garfield and Arthur.

John W. Shea, a lawyer of Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y., who has acted with the Democratic and Greenback party for years, has written a letter resigning from the State Greenback Committee and his chairmanship of the County Committee of that party. He will support Garfield and Arthur.

We respectfully refer the editor of the *Democrat* to an extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives by General Garfield March 14th, 1870, and published on the first page of this issue, as an answor to his labored effort of last week to provo that the Democratic party was always "true to the Union."

Gen. Hancock might issue a bulletin to the Southern brethren couched in this taking way: "A free ballot, a full vote and a fair count—'nevertheless, it will be more discreet to put a limit to the size of the majority. I order, therefore, that in every Southern State the reconciliation, anti-sectional majority be kept under 10,000.'"

Democratic bosses in several sections of South Carolina have made overtures to the Republicans, proposing that, if the Republicans will put up no candidates for county and State officers, the Democrats will protect them in their right to select Republican presidential electors. It is said that the proposition has been accepted in half a dozen or more counties, the colored men preferring to exercise a part of their rights rather than none.

The New York *Sun* is now moaning over the Democratic split in Virginia, and admitting that if it is kept up till November "there is hardly a doubt that the eleven electoral votes of that State will be given to Garfield." The *Sun* also figures it out that if the South, Virginia excepted, gives Hancock only 127 votes, he cannot possibly get the other necessary 58 in the North and West.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of a visit from John W. Veitch, Esq., formerly a citizen of this county, but now a resident of Garrett. It is understood that the name of this gentleman will be presented for the nomination for Congress in this District, and from what we can learn by conversation with leading Democrats from all sections of the county we are convinced that our delegates to the Hagerstown convention will carry out the wishes of a majority of the party by giving him their votes. —*Garrett Sentinel.*

Alabama Frauds.

WASHINGTON, August 20.—The *National View*, the Greenback-Labor organ of this city, will, to-morrow, publish a letter to the editor from Alabama, containing an extract from a letter written to J. H. Randall, of that State, by a friend in another county, concerning intimidation and violence. The writer, after referring to the report that Randall had been killed at Shuhuda, and describing the rejoicings of the Democrats over the rumor, adds: "I was attacked, abused and threatened at the polls, which were controlled by about one hundred bulldozers, for expressing an opinion against their conduct. On Thursday night, after the election, they assembled near my house, threw fire-brands into the yard, and threatened me with violence, and told me that I should and must leave, nearly frightening my family to death by keeping up a frightful yelling until past midnight. They intimidated freedmen, counted us out and counted themselves in. I presume many other counties are like this. We beat them by five hundred majority, but they counted us out by two hundred majority, making a change of seven hundred votes. We need and must have United States marshals here to secure a fair election in November next, I am now in danger of mob violence any night, but shall stand my ground until killed. You could not come here again; they would murder you."

Mr. Randall, after assuring the editor of *The View* of the perfect reliability of the writer of the above letter, says that nothing that can should be left undone to squelch the Democratic Hancock and English aristocracy vote of the solid South, concluding as follows: "Must we be ruled over by a President such as it selects, and have all the departments of the governments presided over by its bulldozing leeches. May the cup of bitterness be passed from us; but if it be necessary to open the eyes of the intelligent people of this country and bring them to their senses, so they will rise and wipe out the remnant of a federal and effete aristocracy going mad, let it come."

Mr. Randall is a vigorous worker in the Greenback cause, but is honest enough to present matters in their true light in his voluntary statements of the State of affairs in the South.

HOW THE STATE WAS CARRIED.

The address just issued by the Republican State committee of Alabama furnishes details of the means by which the Democrats have piled up a majority of 50,000 in a State where they are in a minority, if a free, fair ballot were allowed. It states that when the Democrats came into power in 1874 the election laws in force, which furnished proper safeguards, were just and equitable, with respect to the rights of all. The ballots were required to be numbered to correspond with the number opposite to the name of the voter on the poll list. It was a fair law, with provisions to correct all errors by a board of supervisors. The Democrats were dissatisfied, though they carried the State by a meagre majority, to attain which a reign of terror had been instituted. In Sumter county Billings was assassinated. The mail train on the Alabama and Chatanooga railroad was stopped by a band of armed men in open day and Mail Agent Ivy was murdered for having declared that 'Billings' murderers should be brought to justice. At Spring Hill, Barbour county, the ballots were destroyed and in an attempt to shoot the Republican supervisor, Judge Keels, his little son was murdered. The murderers have never been punished, but, on the contrary, rewarded with offices in the county made Democratic by this reign of terror. Armed bands of men rode through the streets of Mobile, murdering inoffensive colored men, while military guards in the rebel gray were stationed at every polling place. Notwithstanding this terrorism, the white and black Republicans had polled a vote of 96,000, and to prevent a repetition the election laws were reformed. The new law abolished all the safeguards formerly provided, but created opportunities for fraud by allowing the ballots to remain in the hands of one inspector for sixty days, who was then to destroy them unless a contest was commenced. The bare return was all the evidence before the Board of Supervisors, and no penalty was provided against the inspector if he doctored the ballots to agree with the return or destroyed them before the proper time. A contest in Alabama would be the greatest conceivable farce, if made by a Republican. The law requiring the ballots to be numbered having aided the Federal courts to bring to punishment several hundred of the Democratic managers for manifest frauds, who were made to languish in jail and suffer the hardships of restaurant fare, paid for by a sympathizing people, the law was again reformed. The numbering was abolished, the ballots to be all of the same size, and no mark or device upon them so that one kind could be distinguished from the other. At the late election the rights of the Republican minority were entirely disregarded. The managers were all Democrats, though the law requires that both parties should be represented. The address relates the occurrences at McGhee's switch, to which place the Governor despatched a military guard, and while it was there the candle by which the count was proceeding was *accidentally* put out, and when it was relighted the Republican ballots were scattered over the floor and Democratic tickets substituted, so that the count when completed showed 132 Republican to 540 Democratic. The Republicans had polled 672 votes by actual count. Before the light was put out 116 Republican and 59 Democratic votes had been counted, but afterwards only 16 Republican appeared, while 484 were Democratic. This is a specimen of the frauds throughout the State. At Snow Hill, in Wilcox county, where by the census taken in June last there were only 132 whites over twenty-one years of age, the Democrats returned 599 votes. At Allentown precinct there were 347 votes, while the census reports gave but 62 whites of the legal age. In Lowndes county, which has a legitimate Republican majority of 3,000, the Democrats returned a majority of 2,000, though the Republicans never voted more solidly than on that occasion. In Green county the Republican candidate for probate judge was elected by over 2,000 majority, but the office of the sheriff was broken into, a box with 420 Republican majority stolen, and, with other frauds, the Democratic candidate was declared elected by 27 majority. In this county the poll lists of the Republican voters were kept by intelligent men, and the actual suppression of the Republican votes amounted to 1834. The address concludes with the assertion that Alabama is Republican by 20,000 majority if the votes which are put in the ballot box are honestly counted; but the facts established at the late election show the purposes of the entire Democratic party—of Alabama at least—to ignore, disregard and nullify the late constitutional amendments by disfranchising the entire colored population of the State. The action of an entire community in engaging in, accepting or justifying frauds of the character which have been detailed, cannot be ascribed to depravity, for a whole community cannot be morally depraved. The truth is that the people are as much opposed to negro suffrage now as they ever were, and, while professedly accepting the constitutional amendments, do not regard it as an offence morally to take advantage of the timidity and ignorance of the negro to nullify his vote. It is only upon this theory that participation of otherwise honorable men in these frauds, or acceptance of the results of the frauds by men of that character can be accounted for. While this view may lessen the turpitude of the acts committed before their own consciences, it does not lessen the fear and distrust which the people of the nation should feel at the domination of the country by people who can bring themselves to so feel and act. An earnest and manful struggle for a fair, full and free election has just ended; the votes of nearly 100,000 true and loyal men have been overthrown by the bold and shameless frauds (that can and will be guarded against in November) of a few hundred election managers, whose consciences and fears are hushed, and whose hopes are excited by "the wild, sweet music of the rebel yell;" but

"The mill can never grind
With the water that has passed."

"But now the solid South has nominated Gen. Hancock, a man who fought against us." [Gov. Hamilton, in his speech at Bladensburg, Aug. 12.

Who does the Governor mean by "us?" At Gettysburg in July, 1863, Gen. Hancock fought very bravely against the rebels, and helped to drive them into the brush. At different other times and places during the rebellion Gen. Hancock fought against the Rebels, who were organized into armies and a so-called Confederacy, to break up the Union. Gen. Hancock fought against and took an active part in helping to hang a lot of miserable conspirators and assassins of President Lincoln. And at sundry and divers other times and places General Hancock fought against Knights of the Golden Circle, copperheads, traitors, rebels, bushwhackers, &c. Was Gov. Hamilton any of these? Who does he mean by "us?"—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

A revival of the negro exodus is reported from St. Louis. About forty colored emigrants arrive every day, and are cared for by the Relief Committee, which predicts that during the next two months ten thousand of the victims of the Solid South will turn their faces toward the free, fertile West. They want to find a land where the "free ballot and fair count" of which General Hancock writes so beautifully is a reality.

Purging the Registration Lists.

The Republican State Executive Committee will meet in a few days to make arrangements for the campaign. The Republicans have made up their minds to make a vigorous fight in this State, and within the next ten days the Republican headquarters will be opened in the central section of the city, and a force of clerks employed. The committee has already received from the Republican National Committee about fifty thousand copies of campaign documents to be distributed throughout the State. The disposition of the committee and Republicans generally is to expend very little money in banners, large meetings, etc., but in more effective ways. During the coming week formal application will be made to Judge Bond for the appointment of United States supervisors of registration, and members of the Republican party state that care will be taken that the best men are recommended for these positions. It is proposed that the registration this year shall not be a farce. Lists of names of dead men and non-residents now adorning so many pages of the registration will be presented to the registers of voters, together with a request that they be omitted from the registration lists. At any other time such a request from a committee of citizens would be met with contempt. At present, however, the citizens making this request count upon the support of Governor Hamilton. There are thousands upon thousands of Democrats in this city and State who would like to see the books purged of the names of men who have no existence, but they want others to take the initiative. Governor Hamilton has committed himself to a fair registration. The registers of voters know it and tremble.

Some months since, after the appointment of registers of voters, and when, in a circle of acquaintance, the discussion turned upon a fair registration, and some person expressed the opinion that it could not be had under some of the men appointed, Governor Hamilton, bringing down his hand with great force on the table, exclaimed: "By the Continental, sir, there shall be a fair registration, or the heads of those fellows shall come off! Is it possible that the names of men who have no business on the lists are retained there by the registers? Is it possible! Is it possible! It is an outrage, sir; a shame and an outrage, sir. We can have nothing of that sort. We can't afford it, sir. The people won't stand it. Away with such devices! It won't do, sir. Well, well, well—I don't propose to tolerate it for a moment, sir; not for a moment. Why, sir, this thing can't last. What will the people think of us?" Many of the present registers were confirmed against the will of the Governor, who sent them to the Senate at the time fixed by law, adding a request that no action be taken on them until a new registration bill was passed. The Senate heard the communication and—confirmed the registers. Some of them had served before, and the Governor intended to hear charges against them; but it was found that, after appointing them, the executive could not hear charges for offences committed under former administrations.

The Republicans propose to make a thorough revision of the lists. It will then be the duty of the registers to hear evidence as to the right of the names to remain on the books. If the registers decline to take up the matter, charges will be formally presented to the Governor against the recalcitrant registers.

The well known fact that the "doctored" lists are used in the primaries to defeat an opposition faction makes the work upon which the Republican party will enter of great interest to the Democrats. A very great number of the latter will support the Republicans in this move. The fraudulent registration lists have become so notorious that the Democratic party in the last campaign was compelled to insert a plank in the platform promising a new registration of voters. But this was a campaign promise—made only to be broken after the election. At Barnum's the other evening Governor Hamilton, in a private talk, gave unmistakable evidence that he would hereafter not be deluded by campaign promises. He knows better than that now. But the Governor insists that he is not a politician, and therefore, if he was deceived, it was not his fault.—*Balto. American*, 23d.

An Ohio republican of some prominence, says he called upon General Garfield at Mentor, Ohio, during the past week, and had a very free conversation with him in regarded to the political situation. Gen. Garfield said he considered Indiana the key to the November election, and that unless the Republicans are badly deceived in their calculations the State will be carried by them in October. The Republicans have never been as well organized there as now, and a very complete canvass of every school district in the State gives them something over three thousand majority. With a full vote Gen. Garfield said he entertained no doubt as to the ability of the Republicans to carry the State in October, and with Ohio and Indiana in the Republican column he would consider his own election assured.

Hancock and Garfield.

Gen. Hancock represents no policy, no principle, no issue, nothing but the party which has nominated him, and he will be supported by those only who think that the public welfare would be promoted by bringing the Democratic party into power. General Garfield stands for the best sentiment of the party which has been identified with the patriotism, the intelligence, the free industry, the progressive spirit of the country. General Hancock represents a party without a programme or a policy, and with the most damaging traditions. That party has eminent leaders, but General Hancock is not one of them. If he has views upon public questions, they are not known. He is, of course, wholly without civil experience, except that of a military Governor. He is a worthy gentleman, whose life has been passed in the military service, and whose election as President would be a leap in the dark.

General Garfield on the other hand, is not only a citizen soldier of distinction, but a statesman of wide and varied experience and sagacity, of unusual knowledge and tact, a leader of his party by signal ability, and a gentleman of unblemished character. If the office of Chief Magistrate of the Union requires civil ability and especial knowledge, wide experience and courage, matured convictions upon public principles and policy, familiarity with public affairs and public men, as well as perfect personal rectitude and intelligent sympathy with the ideas and purposes and tendency of a great political party, General Garfield is peculiarly the candidate for those who wish to know what their votes mean. Gen. Hancock is the respectable candidate of the Democratic party; but how has the Democratic party deserved the respect or confidence of the country.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Democratic National Platform of 1868 contained the following paragraph:

"The reconstruction acts of Congress (which were based upon the above amendments and alone could make them operative) as such, are usurpations and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void."

Gen. Hancock endorsed this same Democratic platform in the following language:

"Those who suppose that I do not acquiesce in the work of the National Democratic Convention know very little of my character."

In his letter of acceptance Gen. Hancock says:

"The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the result of the war for the Union, are inviolable."

Thus it will be seen that in 1868 the "Superb" in effect says that the reconstruction acts of Congress "are usurpations unconstitutional, revolutionary and void," and in 1880, with the Democratic nomination in his grasp, in order to catch the votes of Republicans, he endorses the reconstruction acts of Congress and says they are "inviolable." This inconsistency on the part of Hancock, if nothing else, entitled him to the Democratic nomination. Like his party he blows hot and cold as occasion requires.

Each week's crop reports so far have been better than those of the week before, and there is no longer a possibility that unforeseen calamities can prevent the aggregate of this year's crops, especially from the Northwest, being greater than last year's unequalled crop. The railroads, too, continue to increase their freight transportation business, and exports are rapidly increasing. The exports from New York last week amounted to $9,369,772, over $2,000,000 more than during the corresponding week in 1879, and the increase for the first seven months of the year was over $54,000,000. The course of foreign exchange, as a consequence of these exports, during the past two months, has been almost identical with that of July and August, 1879, and there is now nothing to indicate any change in the current of commercial exchanges during the coming fall season; hence it is evident that the movement of gold to New York from England and France, which began nearly a month ago, will in all probability continue until the close of the year, as it did last season. On account of the scarcity of notes, this gold is much needed, and that portion of it in bullion or foreign coin will be taken to Philadelphia and minted as rapidly as possible. From a financial and commercial point of view, the condition of the country, it will be seen, is unusually prosperous.

If people are careful regarding the quality of food they consume, how much more careful should they be in respect to medicine, and particularly so with their young children. Nothing better than Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup can be used for the diseases of babyhood. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 21, 1880.

Now that the Republican forces are organized, and are hard at work, the progress made must be gratifying to every Republican in the land. Our leaders, unlike those of the Democracy encourage no over-weening confidence of success. They impressed upon us the necessity for work and we see the wisdom of their action. We can carry Maine. Republicans there are working to win and they will do it. The fusion there is a disgrace, a filthy sore upon our body politic, and the people of Maine are enjoying the services of that eminent physician Jas. G. Blaine, and he will cure it. Victory always follows an earnest Republican canvass. Now we hear much Democratic bragging about Ohio and Indiana. "Brag is a good dog," but Republicans win their victories by work, and I say enough when I say they are working in Indiana and Ohio. New York is not quite ready yet. The Republicans are, however, at their guns, ready for the Democratic bugle call. They are better organized, more united than the Democrats. They have the advantage. By hard work we have won the advantage everywhere. Will the voters keep it. When I say they will, it is because I have confidence in the Republican party. The propects in Indiana, are brighter than ever. The Republican organization in that State is the most thorough ever made. Every school district has its Committee of five trusty men, who has made out lists of all the doubtful voters, and send to them suitable campaign documents. A count has been recently made by these school district Committees, and forwarded to the State Central Committee. From it, Republicans there are warranted in predicting a majority of 5,000 in both the October and November election.

LOGAN.

A short time ago Mr. J. P. Dixon, a brother of Mr. H. M. Dixon, who was murdered about a year since at Yazoo, Mississippi, because he had the audacity to be an independent candidate for office against the Democratic nominee, visited Yazoo for the purpose of looking after some of the affairs of his murdered brother. On his return to Washington he gave an account of the treatment he received, the advice given him and the sentiments he heard expressed during his stay at Yazoo. We copy the following:

The Yazoo *Herald* noticed his arrival, and also his political views and informed him, editorially, that such opinions were not wanted there. Even one of the most conservative farmers on the river, about three miles above, Nathaniel Ingraham by name, gave him the same warning while Dixon was making a social call on the family.

"I like you, personally," he said, "but we can't have men here who talk as you do, and say that you hope and believe that Garfield will be elected. We don't intend that any votes shall be cast for Garfield here, and if you feel as you talk you had better return North."

Mr. Dixon says that half a dozen colored men cannot get together on the street without an interruption from the white Democrats, who declare to them that they shall not discuss politics, and forbid them to mention the Republican National ticket. He adds that it was the general expression of the Democrats in Yazoo whom he met that no votes should be cast for Garfield there and that no discussion involving any support of the Republicans should be allowed.

Bob Toombs is blurting out some of his valuable opinions again. He is willing to support Hancock because "We cannot put in one of our own men this time, and have to take a Yank.' That being the case, let us take one who is less 'blue-bellied' than the rest of them. You may depend upon it that, Yank or no Yank, if elected, the old boys of the South will see that he does the fair thing by them. In other words, he will run the machine to suit them, or they will run the thing themselves." Mr. Toombs' charming frankness is what most especially conduces to his influence and importance in public affairs.

Encouraging news comes from Pennsylvania. Mr. Cessna, chairman of the Republican State Committee, says that in each of the several counties of that State, already heard from, there have been accessions to the Republican ranks of from forty to fifty soldiers who previously voted the Democratic ticket. Evidently the party that is fighting "for the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought," cannot deceive the veterans by putting up a Union General for a figurehead.

Somewhere in the unexplored bowels of the world's great mountain ranges there may be a deposit of mineral in rugged immensity and lightning proof hardness surpassing the cheek of some folks in various districts who want to run for Congress. But the eye of man hath not beheld it.—*Frostburg Journal.*

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—Rain has been plentiful lately.

—Remember the primaries to day.

—Notice the advertisements in this issue.

—Miss Maggie Smouse has returned to Oakland from Pennsylvania.

—Let all turn out to the grand mass meeting on Thursday, at Oakland.

—That welcome visitor, the pay car, passed through Oakland Friday morning.

—Miss Emma Tavenner, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is visiting at Rev. B. Ison's.

—The corporation authorities have been grading and improving generally several streets of the town.

—The observatory at the beer garden is in an unsafe condition. Persons going on it should be careful.

—Sufferers from hay fever should read the article on that disease, in another column.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 1m

—In the list of Jurors published last week, the name of A. C. Hamill was published by mistake. It should have been A. C. Browning.

—Died—Sunday, Aug. 22nd, 1880, at 10.30 A. M., William Poxton, infant son of Mary Bell and Otho W. Heiskell, aged four months and one day.

—Revs. Ison and Sanford, and Messrs. T. J. Peddicord, J. A. Hayden, W. H. Hagans and W. P. Townshend, were at Cranberry on business Wednesday.

—Married—At the residence of the groom, August 15th, 1880, by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, Mr. Wm. H. Riley and Miss Alice Vansickle, both of Garrett county, Md.

—But two real estate transfers this week, Mary J. Stanton and others to Thos. J. Stanton, military lot Nos. 2372 and 2375, 100 acres, $100; John Spiker and wife to George J. Spiker, military lot No. 936; $5 &c.

—Some animal, supposed by some to have been a wolf, attacked a flock of sheep belonging to Mr. H. G. Sanders, residing near the Red House, in this county, Friday night of last week, and killed three, and badly crippled three.

—The Orphans' Court met Tuesday, but transacted no business except the settlement of the final account of John W. Gary, guardian of John W. Russ, and the granting of letters of Administration to A. J. Fike on the estate of Elizabeth Fike, deceased.

—The concert given by the Spark Hug Dew Drop Glee Club at the Oakland Hotel Friday evening, was not well attended, owing to the time not being well understood and the inclement evening. The programme was well rendered. We understand that they intend giving another concert shortly.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock, by the pastor.

M. E. Church—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. F. C. Sanford.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, Dentist, of Westernport, will visit Oakland on Monday, August 30th and remain one week. Rooms at Wm. A. Daily's. td.

The Pic-Nic at Oakland.

The Odd-Fellows' Pic-nic at Oakland Thursday, under the auspices of the Odd Fellows of Grafton was a pleasant affair, participated in by near eight hundred people, an excursion train from Grafton bringing about 500.

An Aged Woman Wanders from Home.

Mrs. Shaffer, aged *ninety-eight*, who has been making her home with her son, Mr. Charles Shaffer, residing one mile west of Oakland, on the B. & O. R. R., wandered from home Sunday morning last, and though search was made that afternoon and night, she was not found until about noon Monday, when she was discovered on a rock in the middle of the Youghlogheny river, about 2 miles from her home, by Mr. David Delawder and a compadion, who were fishing. When they first saw her on the rock they were not satisfied whether it was a human being or an animal, owing to the distance, but while looking at the object it swayed to and fro several times and fell into the water. Mr. Delawder at once made his way to the point and found the old lady, just in time to save her from drowning. She was conveyed to her home, and has now somewhat recovered from the exposure and fasting. It is supposed that in her wanderings in the night, she came to the river and tried to cross, and getting beyond her depth, climbed upon the rock, and remained there until found the next day.

Killed by a Locomotive.

A man named Matthew Morris, about fifty years of age, said to be a resident of Barracksville, W. Va., on the Fourth Division of the B. & O. R. R., was struck by engine No. 35, drawing No. 5, express, going east, due here at 6:57, in 58 cut, near Hutton's Switch, Saturday morning, and instantly killed. It appears that Morris, accompanied by his wife and daughter, the latter aged about 12 or 13 years, were walking on the track, and to get out of the way of a freight train, stepped on the south track, only a few rods in front of the express, which was running at a very rapid rate. The approaching train was discovered by the wife and daughter, who barely escaped, but the husband and father was crushed beneath the engine. The train was stopped and the mangled remains and wife and daughter taken on board and brought to Oakland. A coffin was procured by the railroad officials and the remains and wife and daughter were sent to Barracksville on No. 10, that afternoon. Through the exertions of Mr. G. W. Delawder, agent at this station, a handsome collection was made up for the bereaved ones, whose appearance indicated that they were very poor.

Distressing Occurrence.

Wednesday morning our citizens were startled by the intelligence that Mr. John Riley, residing on his farm, about a mile west of Deer Park, had committed suicide by hanging. From Mr. Adam Enas, who first discovered the body we learned the following facts:

Mr. Enas returned from Deer Park about 9.30 Wednesday morning, and went into the barn to put up his horse and found the lifeless body of Mr. Riley hanging to a beam. He had placed a ladder against the side of the barn and after adjusting the rope to the beam and around his neck, swung off. An inquest was held by 'Squire Droege and a verdict rendered that he had come to his death by his own hand. Mr. Riley was between 80 and 81 years of age and had been despondent, to a greater or less extent, ever since the death of his wife, about four years ago, and this trouble, and sickness, it is supposed led to the commission of the act. He appeared to be in as good spirits as usual on the morning of the suicide and there was nothing to lead any to the belief that he intended doing himself any violence.

The Band Pic-Nic.

OAKLAND, Md., Aug. 25, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—"From the fulness of the heart," it is said, "the mouth speaketh." I am so enthused, delighted and gratified at a trip "over the hills and far away," to Ft. Pendleton, that I can't refrain from telling to all around what a jolly pleasant time we had. The trip I refer to is one indulged in by the Oakland Cornet Band, by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Deakins, the genial and hospitable proprietors of the delightful summer resort known as Ft. Pendleton.

The morning foreboded rain, but with a determination to go and be happy for one day at least, we impressed upon Mr. Jamison's mind our utter disregard for any cause so trivial interfering with our arrangements, so promptly at 8 o'clock, "Muns" appeared skillfully manipulating the the "ribbons" over his four spirited horses, the "Government" and "Sewell" bringing up the rear in a single buggy.

A drive of two hours brought us to the summit of the Great Backbone, where we alighted from the vehicle, and proceeded with instruments in hand to a point a few yards from the main road, where one of the finest views in the State, probably, is obtained. A lovely and extended valley, dotted here and there with farms, stretched away at our feet, and on beyond, the hills and mountains of West Virginia and Pennsylvania rose majestically one above another. We were truly inspired, and the grand old hills and forests rang again as we played "Hail Columbia, Happy Land." We left this grandly beautiful spot rather reluctantly and proceeded on our way, thinking

> "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

when our reverie suddenly ends and Ft. Pendleton is before us. We announced our arrival by playing "Hold the Fort." An honest, hearty mountain welcome greeted us, and later a most substantial and thoroughly enjoyable dinner was served by fair and willing hands, the lady guests of the hotel acting as waiters, Miss Ross and Miss Cassin especially being indefatigable in their efforts to serve and please. The grosser part of our nature was not alone considered, as at each plate an exquisite little boquet had been placed.

I wonder if somebody or something hadn't put it into Mrs. Deakins' mind, that the O. C. B. was fond of chicken? From the hugely piled up dishes, there must have been an unusual number slaughtered. May be Mrs. D. imagined we were all Methodist preachers, or preachers' sons and provided accordingly.

We will not take up your space in saying anything of the fine scenery, the location of the Fort &c., for you are likely familiar with it.

At 5 o'clock, we started for Oakland, feeling that our day had been charmingly spent, and all we could have desired, and that Ft. Pendleton would always be a pleasant memory.

BASSO.

Hay Fever.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Aug. 24th.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The hay fever season has fairly arrived, commencing from the 10th to the 20th of August and ending with the appearance of cool weather. Like the yellow fever, it is killed by the first sharp frost. I have thought a few suggestions from a sufferer might possibly be of some interest to a portion of your readers, at least.

Whether the malady be an old or new one, the physicians with all their learning do not appear to be able to comprehend or control it. As yet they have not given us any specific remedy, and not much in the way of a palliative. So a person who has grappled with ten or more annual attacks from the disease can tell and understand more about it than any other person with such experience.

Why it is called hay fever is difficult to understand. The name does not designate its nature or traits. It is not attended with any fever of a general character, but there is considerable irritation and even inflamation with the party affected by it. Catarrh is more appropriate and describes the ill fairly. Daniel Webster, who was afflicted with it for many years and who died at the close of the season in 1852, (not from it's effects, however,) called it by this name. He lived in great dread of its yearly attacks, and his published private correspondence contains many gloomy letters about his old enemy, as he called it. His description is better than any other I have yet seen, not excepting Beecher's. He always, whether at Marshfield or Washington, flew to his native mountains in New Hampshire and there, to use his own language, battled with it till its retreat. He said once the fastnesses of Virginia were tried, but he was badly worsted. At any rate, after reading his description, I know what was the matter at the first attack in 1871. Since then it has made its appearance on the 20th of August with as much certainty as a tax bill. This year it stole a half day because I ventured out the previous afternoon in a weedy field, in the hot sun.

There are many theories as to the cause and origin of the disease, but none that can be considered authentic. The one most favored is, that it is caused by the pollen of ripened vegetation, which pervades the atmosphere at this season of the year. But as it is breathed by all alike, with this impurity in it, why is it that all are not afflicted in the same way? Only about one in a thousand appears to be a victim. However, it is to be supposed, only those susceptible take it. It is to be noted that it does not select for victims exclusively those of frail constitutions. There are persons of both sexes with otherwise good constitutions, who take the hay fever. When it runs its course and is subdued by "King Frost," you feel no more of its ills till the next season. I saw a doctor several years ago with it, who told me when it passed off he was "as hearty as a dog." However, as to myself in the off season I am occasionally liable to fits of sneezing and weeping at the eyes, which does not give much inconvenience.

The symptoms and traits of the hay fever are severe fits of sneezing, profuse weeping at the nose and eyes—the latter very sore and inflamed. Imagine some fiend to dash a handful of sand in your eyes, and the results therefrom; then you will have a bad case, so far as that feature of it is concerned. In two of my attacks, for about ten days, I could not read a line of print or write a sentence, so painful and inflamed were those organs. My only relief was to lie down and cover them up with a cloth saturated with cold water. The eyes are the greatest sufferers. This little article is written with half-dozen reliefs, though the disease at present is more bearable than at other times. In very bad cases, in their worst stages, the patient is taken with asthma, racking cough and an affection of the whole glandular system system; in fine, with all the indications of a far gone case of consumption. Rest and sleep are out of the question. I have seen persons who had to sit in their chair most of the night. Yet this whole train of miseries will disappear with the coming of the longed-for cold snap. They come suddenly and leave speedily when the master comes. This is portrature of a bad case, but the majority are not so severe. It might be further said that a general relaxation of the whole system follows, and in a great degree the solidity of the tissue of the body is gone.

There is no permanent cure for the hay fever up to this time—only palliatives. A great many remedies have been tried, but without success. The inhalation into the nostrils of all manner of vapors and powders; several years ago the injection of a solution of quinine was thought to be a remedy, but that has been discarded. The next was Cod Liver Oil, to be taken commencing several months in advance of the attack. The remedy is about as ineffectual as it is disagreeable. The latest remedy is Pond's Extract, a solution to be had at any drug store, applied by throwing it up the nose frequently till it finds its way into the throat. I have used this simple mixture since last year with good effect—last season was the mildest since its appearance. This is not a cure—it will only ease the trouble.

Hot sun and impure atmosphere are the worst of all enemies. Then common sense will tell you to avoid and get away from both. Yes, go to the top of the highest mountain you are able to reach before your day, and there eat what you please, and do what you like, and your catarrh will not amount to a respectable autumn cold. Oakland and Deer Park are favorite summer resorts, but I know of no spot with purer and more crisp air, than is found at the Old Stone House, three miles east of Grantsville. At that delightful mountain prairie you can have your wonted frost in each month, except June and July, and sometimes even then. Give all noxious weeds a wide margin, such as the rag, jimpson, worm and smart weeds; they will put one to sneezing, blowing and wiping the eyes in a very short time—at least it is so here. Keep away from smoke of all kinds, especially the gas and smoke from steam engines—it is rank poison; nothing worse except the rays of the hot sun. The flow of mucus from the nose and eyes is considerable and it becomes poisonous after it has become absorbed in your pocket handkerchief. Change this little article of necessity frequently; get a soft sponge and apply cold water to the affected parts often—whenever the spells come on—and you will find comfort from its use. I carry a sponge in one pocket and a handkerchief in the other; cover yourself with an umbrella whenever you go out into the hot sun. When the body is slackened and open, the rays of the sun appear to dart clear through the frail resistance.

These suggestions come from an unprofessional hand, and if they carry any other merit than good intentions, it is from personal experience and observation alone.

PATIENT.

Attention Republicans.

It having been mutually agreed between the Republicans of District No. 8 of North and South side of the mountain that the south side should select three delegates and the north side two delegates, to represent district No. 8 in the County Convention of the party,

Notice is hereby given to the Republican voters of District No. 8 living on the north side of the mountain, that a primary meeting will be held at the Red House, August 28th, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting two delegates to represent with three delegates from the south side of the mountain, District No. 8, in the county convention to be held in Oakland, September 1st, 1880.

S. J. YUTZY,
District Committee.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, August 28th, 1880.

Charles Barke, 1st National Bank, John T. Baker, John Camps, Wm. M. Davis, Christian Feevy, J. B. Frey, Patrick Feeny, Ella Hart Kate Hughes, John L. Jones, Joseph Jenkins, Miss Sara Morrill, M. C. Miller, John Ryan McKee, P. A. McIntyre, Miss M. R. Lyons, Marie Malnaux, J. J. Pemberton, James E. Paugh, Michael F. Robie, Mary E. Scott, Ellen Sullivan, Thos. A. Stewart, Lucinda Shank, Dr. Tyson, Wm. D. Vanbuskirk, Carrie Weiskoff, Florence Willson, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Miss Nellie White.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

It is announced by the Democrats that the Republicans have resolved on a sectional campaign. The honor of originating that kind of a campaign belongs to the Democrats. They declared their purpose to make it when they claimed the 138 electoral votes of the South solid for their ticket, and the 75,000 bogus majority in Alabama is the first fruit of the plan. The Republicans have merely accepted the challenge to stand up once more against the infamous principles which Wade Hampton declares are the same as those for which the South fought for four years. It is the Democratic party which has raised the sectional flag, and it is that party which is destined to go down in defeat under it.

David D. Bruce, one of the most prominent lawyers at the Pittsburgh bar, and a life-long Democrat, who has always voted the Democratic ticket on national issues, and was one of their most effective stump speakers, has come out for Garfield and Arthur. In a recent interview with the reporter of one of the city papers he said, that he was not seeking public notice, and did not want a fuss made in the newspapers over his change. In answer to queries he wrote out the following: "I don't see any use of making a fuss about nothing. We have good money, the tariff is all right, and must be high under our heavy debt. The times are improving; the country has been very sick since the panic, and is now fast convalescing, and I don't want to see her get a backset."

Republicans must be missionaries in this campaign. From this time to to the close of the contest every Republican who knows what the Democratic party was and is, ought to make it his business to see that all new voters shall also know. The main duty this year is to seek out all the voters who do not know what the Democratic party really is, and to tell them. Not with epithets; not with wordy denunciation; but with simple and honest recital of facts, which the loyal men of 1861 know full well. Then, if any voter wants to cast his vote for such a party, let him do so with his eyes open.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

known to the world.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS

Cure Indigestion, remove disfigurements from the face and purify the blood. They are a healthful stimulant to digestion and always sharpen the appetite.

WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE.

Adds vigor to the system by strengthening the shattered nerves and bringing a calm and soothing influence as the result. It is a valuable narcotic, and gives no ill effects even if an overdose is taken.

All the above-named remedies are for sale by Druggists in every part of the land. Try them.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

CAN MAKE $5 PER DAY SELLING OUR NEW
Platform Family Scale

Weighs accurately up to 25 lbs. Its handsome appearance sells it at sight to housekeepers. Retail price $2. Other Family Scales weighing 25 lbs. cannot be bought for less than $5. A regular BOOM FOR AGENTS.

Exclusive territory given. Terms and rapid sales surprise old Agents. Send for particulars. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., 192 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

C. GILBERT'S STARCH

THE
ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,
OR
Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.
BY
T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

A RARE CHANCE
To Secure a Home.

As agent for the owner I offer for sale on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, four tracts of land, situated on the Hooppole road about six miles from Oakland, adjoining the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin and Joseph Spiker and others. No. 1 contains 28 acres, No. 2 contains 201 acres, No. 4, 24 acres, No. 7, 23 acres. These lands are of the

BEST QUALITY

in Garrett county. Each tract has a stream of water running through it and springs of cool water are in each. For further information apply to this office.

ENW ADVERTISEMENT.

REPUBLICAN RALLY!

GRAND MASS-MEETING

AT OAKLAND,

Thursday, Sept. 2d, 1880.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Prominent Speakers from abroad will deliver addresses.

The Oakland cornet band will furnish music for the occasion.

It is earnestly hoped, that there may be a general turn out and that we may have the grandest meeting ever held in the county. Our party and our candidates are worthy of our best efforts.

Turn out in wagons, turn out on horseback, turn out on foot, and hear the questions of the day discussed.

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman County Committee.

Trustee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustees will sell at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock P. M.,

ON THURSDAY,

23 day of September, 1880,

all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Claggett died seized, containing

696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Claget, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Sochet and others. A plat and description of the land will be exhibited on the day of sale. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest

SUGAR AND MAPLE TIMBER,

red oak, white oak, spruce, chestnut and poplar, &c.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his, her or their notes for the deferred payments, with security to be approved by the trustees.

Z. S. CLAGGETT,
GEO. W. SMITH,
au. 28 td Trustees.

Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1880.

A. J. FIKE.
8 28 3. Administrator.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETI'G.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 18, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, September 13th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
8 21 td. Clerk.

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m.

CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

How a Disaster was Averted—A Thrilling Incident of Railroad Travel.

THE following incident, related by Mr. Henry Waterman, a practical railroad man and inventor, says the Hudson (N. Y.) *Republican*, illustrates what presence of mind will accomplish in time of great danger. Mr. Waterman said that in the year 1871 he was at work in the railroad shop at Greenbush upon some of his locomotive improvements, and was in the habit of riding home to Hudson each evening upon a locomotive. It was his practice to jump upon the engine and place himself upon the fireman's seat, on the left side of the cab. On one occasion, as he was about to get up on the engine, he met Mr. McQueen, Superintendent of the Schenectady Locomotive Works, and, upon his invitation, concluded to ride to Hudson with that gentleman in one of the passenger cars. A short time previous to this Mr. McQueen had built and placed upon the road a new locomotive called the Tobin, which he was very proud of. She was placed in charge of William Lewis, engineer, and had been running but a few days. The Tobin was at the time attached to the evening up train. Arriving at a point near Schodack Station, Mr. Waterman remarked to Mr. McQueen: "Right here we are in the habit of passing Lewis," at the same time holding his watch in his hand. "Our train sped along," said Mr. Waterman, "until Lewis was five minutes behind his usual time, a fact which was commented upon as being singular. All at once the sharp, shrill signal of danger was blown, the patent brakes flew to their work, and in a few seconds our train was at a standstill. Thinking that the up train was wrecked, and that we were stopped on that account, myself and McQueen rushed to the door of the car, jumped off, and discovered that instead of the up train it was the engine of our own train that was wrecked. We heard the water escaping from the boiler, and upon running up forward, we found that one of the driving-wheels had been broken from the axle and lay upon the track, covering both rails. The imminent danger to the up train, which was expected every moment, was comprehended at a glance. It was very dark, and a driving-wheel weighing about 3,000 pounds was firmly lodged on the track. What was to be done? Thinking and doing had to be done quickly, and so thoroughly frightened were the passengers and train hands that they seemed to be demoralized." Said Mr. Waterman to our reporter: "I took charge of affairs. Calling for a red light to send down the track to stop Lewis, I was horrified to hear from the lips of the brakeman that the flying water from the wrecked locomotive had put out the red light! I took from my pocket a red silk handkerchief, which I always carry, and seizing a common lantern I wrapped it about the globe and shouted to Mr. McQueen to take a man with him, crawl under the wreck amid steam and water, and go quickly down the track to stop Lewis, at the same time saying that I would attend to things here. Calling to the fireman who was on the engine, to hand me pinch-bar, I told him to stay on his engine and put out the fire. The importance of this was that the engine had a heavy fire at the time and the boiler was losing water rapidly, as the accident had knocked off the parallel rods, and they, in dashing about, had in turn knocked off the check valve. Taking the pinch-bar I made my way back to where the heavy driving-wheel lay upon the up track. Placing the bar under the wheel, I exerted much strength upon it that, under the great excitement I was laboring under, which gave me unusual nerve, the bar was badly sprung; but I got the wheel sliding and soon had it rolling down the bank, and I assure you it was a great relief, as danger to the up train was now past. I was as weak as a child after the reaction set in. In case Lewis had not received the warning, I was aware that my only safety would be in diving under the passenger car to the other side of the track; but under the excitement, I did not hesitate about taking any chances. When the obstruction was removed, I looked up and saw that Lewis had stopped his train just at the head of the other train. On going up to him he was complaining loudly of the treatment he had received, his face being covered with blood. It appeared that Mr. McQueen and the man with him, on going down the track with the hastily prepared red light, were fearful that the light would not prove effectual in signaling Lewis, and they each picked up a handful of gravel, and, as Lewis passed by, hurled the gravel at the glass windows in front of the cab. Lewis had noticed the signal, however, and had his face up close to the window, the result being that the small stones broke the glass and cut his face, as stated." Mr. Waterman says that not over three minutes could have elapsed from the time the train on which he was a passenger was brought to a standstill before the up train also came to a stop at the head of the wrecked locomotive.

Organized Farmers.

THE benefits to be derived from organized farmers' clubs, alliances or granges, are not by dictatorial demand or formal resolutions. But such clubs must by research and critical observation find out where the fault is, and remedy the evil by rational principles. Farmers can not expect to have their proportional influence, or hold the more important offices unless they are qualified for them. Instead of complaining they must present themselves with soundly educated minds, capable of directing human affairs. It is neither the classical scholar just from the schools, nor the farmer who may be thoroughly drilled in all of the operations of the farm, that is qualified for the various positions of public life. The scholar and the farmer have higher, broader and more practical lessons to learn. The theory of the scholar is not antagonistic to a successful life, but a most reliable helper and guide in attaining to the practical. Nor are the practical lessons of the farmer a bar to his progress in attaining a useful knowledge of the applied sciences. The scholar and the farmer must seek to know wherein he is deficient and apply the remedy. The farmers' clubs and alliances are just the schools for self-examination. If a farmer feels and sees he is unprepared to transact business in the club successfully, or that he is unable to communicate his knowledge and views freely, he can see exactly where he needs improvement, and if he then fails to apply the remedy he has no right to complain of being ruled by other professions. To succeed farmers must clothe themselves with the power to grapple successfully with the various classes of society with which they will be constantly confronted in public life. Clubs if they do not set about the work of preparing their members for such service as public men are called upon to perform, are of little use. If they meet with the sole object of consulting about the process of raising a larger crop of potatoes, they will never have the power to do good in society, and their limited capacities will seldom if ever be called into use. The main object of the alliance should be to make it a school of polish in the practical lessons of life. As the best scholars have found, too often to their sorrow, that they can not step from the school into practical life, neither can the farmer, who has been drilled on the farm in all of the science of breeding, feeding or marketing successfully, expect to be a successful legislator without close and severe discipline in the address, the tact, familiarity with the rules and the readiness of speech demanded for such positions. So if a farmer attaches himself to a club or alliance and declines to take an active part in its deliberations, or contemns all established rules and usages in its deliberations, he is of no use to the club, and is spending his own time to no profit. The alliance only wants earnest, active, intelligent farmers in each county, who are willing to prepare themselves for greater influence in society, and the duties of higher positions in the State and Nation.—*Iowa State Register*.

They Wanted to Live in the Stars.

VERY near us sat two young people. He wore the face of a man who shaves three times a day, and that white necktie had never seen the starlight before. There was pearl powder on the shoulder of his coat, and a tender, dreamy look in her lovely eyes. They sat and looked up at the stars, and they didn't care for any solitary thing any nearer to this earth. "Mortimer," she murmured softly—"Mortimer,"—his name appeared to be Mortimer, though I couldn't learn whether it was his front name or his after name—"Mortimer, dear," she said, "if we could only live apart from this busy and sordid, unsympathetic world, in one of yon glittering orbs of golden radiance, living apart from all else, only for each other, forgetting the base things of earthly life, the coarse greed of the world and its animal instincts, that would be our heaven, would it not, dear?"

And Mortimer, he said that it would. "There, heart of my own," he said, and his voice trembled with earnestness, "my own darling Ethel, through all the [illegible] the Greenback cause, but is honest enough to present matters in their true light in his voluntary statements the State of affairs in the South.

HOW THE STATE WAS CARRIED.

The address just issued by the Republican State committee of Alabama furnishes details of the means which the Democrats have piled a majority of 50,000 in a State here they are in a minority, If a fair ballot were allowed. It states that when the Democrats came into power in 1874 the election laws in force, which furnished proper safeguards, were just and equitable, with respect to the rights of all. The lists were required to be numbered to correspond with the number opposite to the name of the voter on the poll list. It was a fair law, with provisions to correct all errors by a board of supervisors. The Democrats were dissatisfied, though they carried the State by a meagre majority, to gain which a reign of terror had been instituted. In Sumter county Billings was assassinated. The mail train on the Alabama and Chatanooga railroad was stopped by a band of armed men in open day and Mail Agent Ivy was murdered for having declared that Billings' murderers [illegible] that the aspiring mortal who lives in a plane so elevated that he requires the use of a telescope when he wants to look down at the rest of us. And if he ever wants board at your humble table, charge him $15 a week, and feed him lots of soup, or you'll lose money on him. —*Burdette, in the Hawkeye.*

Encouragement to Scientists.

THE Treasurer of the Franklin Institute has in his charge the sum of $1,000, which has been deposited by Uriah A. Boyden, of Boston, to be awarded as a premium to any resident of North America or of the West India Islands who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light and other physical rays are or are not transmitted with the same velocity. Each competitor will be required to transmit to the Secretary of the Institute before the first day of January next a memoir describing in detail the apparatus, mode of experimenting and the result. These memoirs will be submitted to three judges, to be appointed by the Board of Managers of the Institute, and who are to be citizens of the United States of competent scientific ability. Should the judges think proper they may require the experiments described in any of the memoirs to be repeated in their presence. Every memoir must be anonymous, but must have some motto or sign by which it may be designated, and must also be accompanied by a sealed envelope, indorsed on the outside with the same motto or sign, and to contain the name and address of the author of the memoir.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IF we would measure our happiness by the condition of those below us, instead of above us, we should find ourselves very well off.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Charleston, S. C., is about to place drink-troughs for animals in the various streets of that city.

The Chinese Weakness for Red Ink and Autographs.

CHINESE customs are very peculiar, and present an inexhaustible fund of surprises. Among the most curious is the fondness of the Chinese for the use of red as their official color. In China imperial edicts are traced with red ink—their distinctive tint—and are regarded with the greatest veneration, which, by-the-way, is by no means always the case with similar official productions in Europe. The use of red ink is, with a few exceptions, reserved to the Emperor, as was that of purple paper to the Byzantine potentates in the seventh and eighth centuries. The edicts, or simple acts, signed by the Son of Heaven, have ever been held in deep respect in the Celestial empire. An instance in point: An ambassador once sent by Louis XIV, as the bearer of presents to Kang-Hi, called at the palace one morning to inquire after his Majesty's health. An officer of the court took the envoy's message, and returned with a square bit of paper laconically inscribed, in red ink of course, with the words: "I (Kang-Hi) am quite well." For some time a brisk competition continued among Chinese autograph collectors for this precious missive, which finally became the property of an ultra-loyal subject for the modest sum of $250.

In the early days of the Chinese empire the sovereigns did not trouble themselves to regularly sign official documents, but used to dip the thumb and forefinger in a cup of red ink, after which the wet digits were applied to the paper, the finger-marks serving as signatures. After the fingers had thus been used, the rest of the ink was wiped off on the flowing silk robes, just as many slovenly individuals of the present dry their pens on their coats. The higher mandarins also got into the habit of signing in this primitive fashion, and with their crimsoned fingers used to trace an indescribable hieroglyphic on papers submitted to them. Others even went further. After immersing the palm of the hands in the fluid, they "dabbed" it on the paper, and thus affixed their signatures. This latter custom was not peculiar to China, being also practiced by all the early sovereigns of the East. Hence the reason why an open hand at the head of all Mohammedan state papers represents the signature of the Grand Seignor. Sultan Amurah III., who lived in the fourteenth century, was a solitary exception to this rule. He used the figure of a leopard instead of an open hand.

The passion of the Chinese for the possession of the signatures of the Emperor or his mandarins is such that, in default of any thing better, many of the inhabitants of the Flowery Land have their autocrat's initials—in red—on their fans. These articles of luxury, it must be remembered, are essential portions of the national costume. Whether the weather be hot or cold, in rain and snow alike, every comme il faut Chinaman must never be unprovided with his fan. And it is natural enough, human nature being much the same everywhere, that fans bearing the imperial initials are specially in favor. The Chinese are, besides, ardent autograph collectors. In Europe an artist will make a present of a painting from his brush to a valued or honored friend, while an author presents his literary production. In China the highest token of esteem on the part of one of its inhabitants is his autograph. When the first interview between M. de Lagrenee, the French ambassador, and the high commissioner, Ki-ing, took place at Macao, in 1844, the latter offered to Louis Philippe's envoy and the principal members of his embassy some fans, which might have possibly been worth two cents apiece. They were, however, really regarded as presents of the highest value by their donors, because his highness Ki-ing, himself, had written a few lines on them in crimson ink.

Cost of Fences.

GEORGE M. WHITAKER, in his lecture on "Neglected Trifles," makes the following statement of facts concerning fences: In New Hampshire the original cost of the fences is equal to twice the value of all the stock in the State, including horses, and the annual tax upon the farms for repairs of fences would nearly wipe out all the State tax in one year.

The Connecticut farmers pay one million dollars annually for the maintenance of fences, and farms are offered in market for less money than would be required in building the fences which surround and divide them. With such facts in view, people in many places are beginning to see that fences are too costly, as well as frequently unnecessary, while their removal often improves the appearance of the town. One of the pleasantest features of the landscape at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, is the entire absence of roadside fences against cultivated fields and mowing lands, and so well does the idea of dispensing with fences take hold of the farmers in the immediate vicinity of the College, that many of them are following the example set by the early founders of that institution, and are laying their own grounds open to the highway, thus adding much to the beauty of the landscape, besides saving a great bill of expense to themselves. One of the first things which the rich feel is necessary for their country homes is, that the view should extend over the landscape without the ugly interruption of a fence. This natural feeling is shared also by those who are not rich, but, like many other things which exist simply from the prejudices of habit, it has heretofore been considered impossible to realize. To-day, however, by the slow process of generations, civilized men have become so imbued with a love of order and law, that the fence should disappear from the landscape as the draw bridge and moat have disappeared from the modern mansion.

Alluding to the little patches of green frequently seen at the centers of our country towns and designated as the "common," he says: "But what is more incongruous than to see a small green surrounded by a glaring white belt of timber solid enough for a fortification, the most showy feature in the prospect when it should have been the least? It shows as poor taste as it would be to attach an elephant to a trotting sulky. I do not believe the Almighty ever created the delicate tints of the grass to play second fiddle to a great coarse fence. Green roadsides, neat flower gardens, well kept shrubbery and shade trees are infinitely preferable, in the way of village decoration to pine pickets. But if fences must be maintained along the village street, let them be built to correspond with the surroundings. A row of rough boards in front of a nice cottage, a line of posts in all degrees of rectitude, a gate that refuses to fit the place intended for it, a picket or two counted out, the paint worn off, are among the little things that give the stranger a feeling that there is a something that is repulsive about the village he is visiting." While we hold on to our fence system let us keep those which we have in good repair, and tidy.—*New England Farmer.*

Antidote for Rattlesnake Bite.

DR. J. H. JOHNSON, of Center Point, Kerr County, sends us the following antidote for the bite of the poisonous rattlesnake:

Potassium iodii, four grains.
Hydrargyri, chloridi corrosivi, two grains.
Bromidi, five drachms.
The Doctor says:

Ten drops of this mixture, taken with a tablespoonful of brandy or wine, constitute a dose, to be repeated if necessary—which means should any swelling return in the space of an hour, there should be a repetition of the dose.

Dr. Johnson says further:

With this antidote and spirits of ammonia applied externally, I should have no apprehension in doing the same as Dr. Bibron did, in his experiment before the Academy of Sciences of Paris. He allowed a rattlesnake to bite him on the lips and cheeks, and then by taking the antidote discovered by him prevented all alarming symptoms, and, in fact, suffered no inconvenience therefrom. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, U. S. A., and I believe now residing in Philadelphia, was stationed at Fort Riley in 1857. He made many experiments with Bibron's antidote on animals, and with complete success, which he reported in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* of March, 1858. One case I will give as stated by Dr. Hammond: "Heinrich Brandt, hospital steward, was bitten on the 2d of July, 1857, on the index finger of the right hand by a large rattlesnake, which he was in the act of putting in a jar for preservation. The snake inflicted a very deep wound, and hung by his fangs to the finger until detached. I administered ten drops of Bibron's antidote. Forty minutes after giving the first, the pain and swelling returned, attended with considerable throbbing. I repeated the medicine, and in less than five minutes the finger had regained its natural appearance, and all pain and swelling had vanished. He remained cured."—*San Antonio Express.*

An Apache Arrow.

THE following story of an Apache arrow, which made itself felt sixteen years after striking its victim, is told by the Virginia City (Nev.) *Chronicle:*

In the year 1864 George Peasland was a member of the California Volunteers, a cavalry regiment commanded by Col. Cremony, who commanded a campaign against the Apaches in Arizona. During one of the numerous fights with these murderous savages, Peasland was struck in the abdomen by a poison arrow and very nearly lost his life, which was saved only by the immediate application of remedies learned by Cromony during his long intercourse with the Indians. The effects of the poison remained in his system, however, manifesting themselves most disagreeably at times, and causing him intense suffering. Peasland is now employed as night watchman at the Virginia and Truckee depot in this city. Last night, while walking along the track near Union Street, he was suddenly seized with a terrible pain in the side and abdomen, which had the effect of completely paralyzing his lower extremities and causing him to fall between the rails. He was utterly unable to move from the spot, and was in danger of perishing from cold. But he finally summoned sufficient strength to gather some stones that lay within reach and throw them against the depot saloon on the corner, thus attracting the attention of persons inside, who came to his assistance and removed him to the railroad depot. He was found there this morning, on the floor, writhing with pain and in a state bordering on insanity. Dr. Bergstein was summoned and succeeded in quieting the unfortunate man by administering hypodermic injections of morphine.

The Charming Toilets of Saratoga Belles.

OF the Saratoga toilets a correspondent of the Chicago *Times* says: One could easily imagine himself living at one of the Trianons in the days of the famous Watteau himself, so beautifully made and so picturesque in their combinations are the toilets of the ladies who have come here, but the fabrics of their robings are not of the antique by any manner of means. One frane a meter instead of the hundred is about the cost of the majority of the pretty vanities seen upon the young and the youngish women of Saratoga. The pomps are left exclusively to the dowagers, to whom in truth they really belong. Indeed many sets of young ladies must have made studies of the famous historic pictures at Versailles or they could never have so grouped themselves in the factors of their pretty kirtles and petticoats, hats and hosiery, fan and slippers. An immense, unwired soft straw hat, bent and pinched, or drooping into quaint outline, is tied about with a Swiss muslin sash that is tipped at each end with a flounce of lace. A bunch of flowers, a gorgeous bird, a garland of Marguerites, violets, clover or poppies, illuminates the head of this lassie of today, and she has a score or more of these head dresses to give variety to the gardens and to mark the days of the week, and perhaps of the month also. Fans, the new Japanese floriated ones in gold and bronze, and in silver and bronze, with fine lacquered sticks, and Japanese parasols, make the gardens, verandas and the streets to glow like a tropical paradise. Some of the ladies have betaken themselves to Alpine stocks with gay parasols upon them.

A GENTLEMAN never will insult any one, and a loafer can not.

Religious.

"*BELOVED, THINK IT NOT STRANGE.*"

I. PETER. IV, 12.

"THINK it not strange." No, over all the land
Hopes fade, prayers fail, hearts break,
And dear ones o'er death's lone and shadowy strand
Their silent pathway take.

But when on us the blow descends, swift smiting,
We cannot help a moan;
As heart and nerve cry with the pain of parting
Us from our own.

And strange it seems that o'er our happy circle
The specter hand could glide,
And snatch that one whose life, whose looks, whose loving,
All earth was naught beside.

O! fiery trial that closely folds around us,
O! furnace of afflictions, bitter pain,
O! heart-sick watch beside our dead, who never
Give love for love again!

And saddest still of all the weary yearning
Through the long, lonely months and years,
The hearts that ache though lips may keep their smiling,
Eyes dim with unshed tears.

But still o'er broken hope and grave fresh-yawning
There sounds, "Rejoice, O heart!"
"Wherefore?" we cry, in bitterness of anguish.
"With Christ ye bear your part.

"And when, in the full splendor of His glory,
He stands before you, Savior, King revealed,
Ye may be glad with an exceeding joy,
And find your sorrow healed."

O! weary heart, take strength, through dark affliction
Ye only enter on the path He trod,
And 'neath the crown of sorrow's benediction
There waits the full and perfect peace of God.

—*Ella Thomas, in Christian at Work.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek ..... Gen. 14: 13-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram ..... Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession ..... Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom ..... Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith ..... Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

No God---No Hope.

AS RIVERS polish pebbles into ever-increasing brightness, so the stream of Time keeps common truths attractive by polishing them into newness, giving to trite things a perpetual novelty. This sentiment is illustrated by the effect of time upon the apostolic truism that to be without God is to be without hope in the world. When the world was young, and, therefore, fresh in its faith, this was an accepted fact which no skepticism cared to deny. If any daringly surrendered God, they thereby also, and consciously, gave up those hopes of which God is the source. It has been reserved for these days to claim the possibility of a religion without a God and a hope without its divine inspiration. And yet, however practically useful Mr. Mill may think a religion without a God would be, he is not so absurd as to claim for it any value as to that which may be beyond. His God of humanity can give no hope for any possibility which may lie beyond the grave. From the very conception of Christian hope, as being the expectation of religious good in this world and the next, he who has no God can have no such hope. For the objects of hope, if not divinely revealed, may be a fancy or a sentiment, but nothing more. Only Columbus could tell the court of Isabella of the beauties of the new world. He alone had been there. Only God who is in the eternal light can tell us of the landscape on which it falls.

The hopelessness of skepticism is, therefore, essential to it. Longfellow, in opening "Hyperion," says: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. It leaves darkness behind." Of course those who have stricken the sun from the heavens of their thought, have darkness as the result. When Clifford, the great mathematician, lay a-dying, he said: "I have lived to see the sun shining out of an empty sky. The great companion is dead." Who can fail to see the hopelessness apparent in these frank words? Or in these of the world-wearied Byron: "I have no conception of any existance which duration would not make tiresome." The visions of Olympus which the old Greeks enjoyed brought them no hope of any personal share in that splendid dream of immortality, or supplied it with such conditions as took away its glory and desirability. The inscriptions on heathen tombs are in marked and wonderful contrast with those in the catacombs. The former breathe only of death and sorrow in such words as these: "My heart is broken;" "my life has gone out." The latter breathe triumph in every word and every rudely carved symbol.

The most remarkable of modern attempts to revive somewhat of the poetic beauty of a heathen religion is to be found in Edwin Arnold's brilliant poem, "The Light of Asia." But through it—even as it is colored by the Christian atmosphere—falls the same dreary shadow. In speaking of Nirvana—the Buddhist heaven—which however, is nothing but extinction, the poet puts it sadly thus:

"The dew is on the lotus,
Rise Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
The sunrise comes,
The dew-drop slips into the shining sea,"

How perfectly the gloom of these words accords with the last results of skeptical science. Strauss affirmed he was going into darkness. A great Frenchman dying said he was going into the great "Perhaps," and a recent philosopher, resigning himself apathetically to a godless philosophy, finds consolation in the thought that the time will come when the idea of immortality will be a burdensome thought for which we will cease to long! Over against such words let the great apostle's triumph be rung, "I know whom I have believed," and "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown," and it becomes apparent that a godless system carries hope down with it as the sinking of a boat quenches all her lights, and that faith and hope together, like twin eagles, soar high above every earthly disaster.

Those, then, who have God should have hope. That means more than a preparation for death. It means a preparation for life. He who has God has always reason for hopefulness. Despondency is alien to the spirit of religion. As if God could not compensate us for all earthly losses or trials. A great many people trust they have Christian hope enough to die by, who have not enough to live by. The demands of eternity exhaust all their stock of hope. They have none to fill time with a sweet trust and content. When Christian was sinking into the deep waters of Jordan, and was crying out that the waves were going over him, Hopeful sustained him by calling out, "Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom and it is good." The bottom is always firm to those who have God, and their lives and words and faces should show it. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." What cheer the prophetic light of a Christian hope diffuses. In no way can we so well commend the Gospel as by shewing it transfigured in our faces by the light of a good hope. Let skeptics live and die in gloom. It is the inevitable outcome of their logic. But a gloomy Christian dishonors the fountain of hope. All Heaven and earth are his, and the combined beauty of both should flood his life and well to his lips and beam in his countenance. —*Interior (Chicago).*

Leisure In Life.

THE leisure which the summer vacation brings to many men and women is as thirstily desired as it is often cheerfully abandoned. We wonder how many are passing through the experience now of awkward use of what has so long seemed the one thing to be desired. After the toil, the escape from the city and care, and the first long draught of welcome freedom, there comes inevitably to many a sense of restlessness and uneasiness, as if a gift had been placed in their hands the value of which they surmised but could not apply. Is it strange that people who know no leisure moments in the busy months should find the sudden possession an unfamiliar one? They know, perhaps, how to fill a holiday with enjoyment, but they have not learned how to use a vacation. We suggest to such one use of their enforced leisure which may prove finally of great advantage. Let them consider, now that they have time to sit down and think, whether it may not be possible to order their lives for the working part of the year so as to secure a more even distribution of their leisure. A month of Sundays would scarcely compensate for the loss of thirty Sundays at intervals of seven days each; and leisure, rightly understood, is the Sunday-spirit in a man's life.

Men talk about the hurry and drive of the world as if it were something fateful to which they must yield helplessly, and there might easily be a fretful protest against it, which would be a childish opposition. But surely there is possible a quiet independence of mind, which guards jealously the right to one's self, and we insist that it is the part of wisdom for every one to use the utmost resolution and contrivance to secure a part—be it ever so small—of every day for stillness and abstraction from busy life.

We owe to our decorous habits of religion the enforced rest of Sunday, and we contend that it is no unworthy use of religion which makes it also the daily refuge of the busy man or woman. Let one but fence in a half hour even of the day, and guard it from intrusion, giving it to contemplation and devotion, and the influence of this holy leisure will so extend itself into the day that the time will come to many when room will be found also for other leisure than that which is religious—when the work of the day will not be a tyrant from which the soul escapes, panting, once a year, but an occupation which makes room beside itself for the higher engagements, which bring rest and order and the sweet charities of life. We claim for every one a true independence which will put an end to this violent yearly reaction, with its momentary relief and subsequent vacuum; but it can be secured for each only by individual protest and steady resolution. We cannot organize leisure half so effectively as by the uncombined effort of many individual wills.—*Churchman.*

A Handful of Leaves.

Our water failed the other day. We could see it running into the reservoir on the hillside, and running over; but not a drop came through the pipes at the kitchen, at the barn or in the shrubbery. No water here, but plenty over there. What is the matter? We took up section after section of the pipe and examined it. In the section nearest the reservoir we found a bunch of leaves. They had got in through the filter, somehow, and, rolling together, formed a ball large enough to fill the pipe and stop the flow of water. Nothing but leaves; leaves that had fallen, sere and dead, from the trees where once they had shimmered in the sun and dallied with the breeze. Any one seeing those leaves as the winds tossed them, or as they floated on the stream, might have said: "Well, they are worthless, it is true, but they do no harm." Yet by drifting into the water-pipe, they did do harm.

There are people like those leaves. They seem to be negative in character, nobodies in influence. They claim that at any rate they do not do any harm in the world. But we can not accede to that claim. They are always drifting in the way. By their very indifference and inertia they obstruct the progress of society. The Christian who aims to be ornamental rather than useful, whose ideal of the Gospel is foliage and not fruit, who is self-complacent if no charge of gross immorality or flagrant uncharitableness can be brought against him, would be startled if he could see, as God sees, how he hinders the work of the Church and the Spirit. He ought to be one of the channels through which the water of life reaches the perishing. But, instead of furnishing that water, he stops its flowing. With his withered leaves he fills up the pipe, and he will find himself condemned in the great day for a criminal and deadly inefficiency! It is easy to float, and drifting where the current draws is pleasanter than breasting it. But the leg that drifts into the flume of the mill, and into the buckets of the water-wheel, may do a great deal of harm. And so may the driftwood in our churches.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

HOME AND FARM.

GLOSSY SKIN.—Pour in a pint of bran sufficient boiling water to cover it. Let stand until cold and then bathe the face with it, only patting the skin with a soft towel to dry it.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Good, sour, juicy apples; pare, core, and halve. Make dough as for soda biscuits, adding a little more lard; then roll out, put in your apple halves, sweeten to taste; then cover apple and sugar with dough, lay the dumpling in the bread-pan smooth side up, first buttering your pan; put a small bit of butter on the top of each dumpling and sprinkle a handful of sugar over all. Bake one hour.

SOAP SUDS.—No wise woman who has flowers in her house or garden will throw away her soap suds. They are a most valuable fertilizer for flowers, and especially for the verbena. If this floral favorite is plentifully watered with soap suds and its seed vessels picked off it will flower profusely. Soap suds are good for vines and currant bushes and fruit trees; indeed, they are the food for plants corresponding to milk for animals, and it is very wasteful to throw them away if there are plants anywhere within reach that may be benefited by them.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Take a deep pudding-dish and butter it; cover the bottom and sides with thin slices of bread, white or brown, then a layer of pared and cut apples or pears, or both, mixed with any other fruit you fancy; then sprinkle some sugar; then a layer of bread in slices or bits; then fruit, and so on until the dish is full. Lay thin slices of bread over; fill up with any fruit-juice, or water, lacking this; cover with a plate and bake in a slow oven four hours. Hot or cold, it is most delicious. Any sauce would spoil it.

SELECTING SEED CORN.—It is as important to make a good selection of the seed that is to produce the next crop, as it is to choose the live stock that will grow the future herd. The selection should not be left until the time of husking, but be done now. Go through a portion of the field and select those that are well eared and unusually vigorous—in fact, the best the field affords—and give them an extra chance for further development by removing the other stalks from the hill. Any thing that will increase the vitality and perfect the development of the grain that is to be planted for the next season's crop, should not be forgotten. We should seek for stalks with one good ear, rather than those with two small ones.

AN old farmer in the New York *Tribune* says: "How absurd are the stories of fleeces of wool weighing all the way from 20 to 40 pounds, shorn from animals not weighing perhaps over 100 to 150! I wonder any agricultural paper that has the least regard for its reputation will ever allow such weights to be recorded in its columns. Such reports are grossly false, and ought to be scouted by the whole community. These fleeces are full of filth, dirt, yolk and grease; cleanse them thoroughly, which must be done before the wool can be manufactured, and they will not give over one-fourth to one-fifth the weight of the fleece in the dirt. That is to say, one represented by the owner of the sheep as weighing 20 pounds would not turn out of clean wool over 4 to 5 pounds; one of 30 pounds, 6 to 7 pounds; and one of 40 pounds, 8 to 10 pounds. On the strength of the reports of such heavy fleeces breeders often sell their sheep to the ignorant and unsuspecting at extra high prices. Is this any better than rank swindling?"

DON'T imagine that it makes no difference how your chickens have been brought up. Don't suppose that they will be good anyhow. Chickens have been carefully dressed, deliciously stuffed, and yet they were not fit to eat. There was a flavor about them that no soda rinsings could cleanse and no seasoning conceal. These were chickens that had picked up their living round pig styes and other unclean places. A chicken may be spoiled in dressing it to cook. If killed with a full crop, and allowed to lie for hours before it is "drawn" or relieved of its internal organs, it gets an unpleasant flavor. Fowls should be caught and shut up without food for twelve hours before they are beheaded. Then the crop and intestines will be empty, and the task of picking and dressing it will be greatly lessened. Old fowls are not necessarily tough—only cook them long enough. They are more tender twenty-four hours after they are killed than if eaten immediately.

A Sad Episode in the Lime-kiln Club.

ANOTHER member of the Lime-kiln Club has joined the silent procession which is ever marching with noiseless step upon the broad highway from earth to eternity. A communication from Wilmington, Del., signed by a Justice of the Peace and three Constables, gave the information that Asphaltum Sylvester, an honorary member of the Club, had been fonnd dead in a field. As soon as the reading was finished, Col. Pendulum Jones arose and began:

"MISSER CHA'RMAN: De tear leaps unbidden to my eye at de sad informashun dat anodder good man has passed from airth away. Brudder Sylvester was a man widout a single fault. He was up——"

"Brudder Jones will please sot down while I furnish a leetlo more informashun on dis suhjeck," interrnpted Brother Gardner. "Now, den, I knew de deceased fur many long y'ars. He was simply a colored man, same as de rest of us. He wasn't any mo' truly good dan any odder pusson. Fact am, he was pow'ful mean 'bont a great many fings, an' none too good in any. He was foun' dead in a field. Keep your eyes on dat. He was foun' dead in a field, an' jes' behin' him was a bag o' watermelons, an' jes' in front o' him was a spring-gun. Dat's how he was foun' dead in a field! Dat's de truly good sort of a man he was! I agree dat no man should speak ill of de dead, but dis Club am no pnffin' machine to kiver up dead men's rascalities. Sich kind o' work is looked fur in Congress, an' am taken fur what it's wuth. Let it be understood, now an' forever dat any member of this Club who gits, in front of a spring-gun in a melon patch, or drops down in front of a smoke-house doah, am not gwine to be eulogized heah as a hero who lost his life while tryin' to tow a burnin' steamboat ashore. As men lib so may men speak of dem."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DAIRY.

THE Aylesbury (England) Dairy Company offer prizes to farmers whose milk supply stands highest in quality between October and March 31, the tests to be made at the company's laboratory, Bayswater, by a skilled chemist, whose whole time, the *British Medical Journal* says, "will be given to the study of the conditions under which the best qualities of milk are produced, and the variations noticeable at the different seasons of the year in relation to the food made use of and to the other scientific conditions involved in the production of milk, cream and butter."

BARLEY is an excellent food for cows, producing good and rich milk. It can be mixed with shorts in equal proportions. But it will pay you better to sell the barley and buy corn, as barley brings more for forty-five pounds than corn does for sixty pounds in the market. A cow may have four pounds of corn or barley meal and four pounds of shorts daily; if she is a good milker she will pay better for this than for half as much. But as no one can say what effect the feed will have on any particular cow, it is well to try different quantities, beginning at two quarts at a feed, and varying up or down until the capacity of each cow is known.

GOOD cheese is always close-grained, ents smooth, but has a slight regular roughness of surface, yields to the pressure of the finger, breaks easily, but does not crumble, has a smooth, elastic rind, breaks down mellow and rich, but with no harsh feeling between the thumb and the finger, dissolves readily in the mouth, but has no strong or rank flavor, and leaves a relishable taste. Most people like such cheese, but seldom getting it, they fancy that cheese has for them no special relish. If only such cheese were thrown on the market the home consumption would double in a year, and in a few years it would be ten-fold what it now is. It is a great mistake to keep home consumers feeding upon the interior grades of cheese, and it is a greater mistake to make cheese of oleomargarine, or in any way increase the amount of the inferior grades.

Experiments in Butter-Making.

THE first annual report of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell University contains a statement by Prof. L. B. Arnold of the results of a series of experiments to ascertain the effect of the oxygen of the air on cream with respect to churning and the quality of the butter.

The first experiment was with morning's milk. Two litres of milk were placed in a bottle holding four litres, the space above was filled with oxygen, and the bottle shaken to saturate the milk with the gas. The bottle was then closed with a ground-glass stopper, and set aside in a temperature of 62.6 degs. Fahr. Another bottle was prepared with carbonic acid gas above the milk in place of oxygen, and set aside with the first one. After forty-eight hours all the cream had risen in both samples, and both were a little sour. One-half of the sour milk was drawn from the bottom of the bottles with a siphon, and the remaining cream and milk were churned by shaking the bottles. Of the result the report says:

"In the bottle containing oxygen, butter began to appear in eighteen minutes, and it was taken out in twenty-four minutes. In the bottle containing carbonic acid, butter began to appear in twenty-eight minutes, and was taken out in thirty-five minutes, the butter not gathering quite so readily as in the other bottle. The product in the two cases was unlike; that from the cream kept under oxygen had a lively, rich and delicious flavor, while that from cream under carbonic acid, from which oxygen was excluded, had a comparatively insipid flavor, and more of a greasy taste as well as feel, when melting in the mouth. To test the reality of this difference I went into another room and had samples of each brought in several times for me to place them, which was done every time at once, and unerringly. Salt was applied to each at the usual rate for keeping butter, and the parcels were wrapped in white paper and set in a cool room, and occasionally examined. There being no fire in the room through the cold weather the temperature was low and the change slow, and neither sample was entirely spoiled at the end of three months. The one from milk under carbonic acid began first to show change, and at the end of the time was badly tainted, while the sample from milk under oxygen was very little changed; the difference in quality which appeared at first steadily grew wider.

A similar test with night's milk of the same day showed nearly the same results in the production and quality of the butter. In the bottle containing oxygen, butter began to appear in eleven and a half minutes, and was taken up in sixteen minutes. In that containing carbonic acid the butter, as before, was slower in coming, and had a much lower flavor than the other. The samples were set without salt in the laboratory, where the temperature was sixty-eight degrees to seventy-four degrees Fahr. In two weeks the carbonic acid butter began to mold and to undergo a material change, becoming strong and greasy, and in a month was entirely spoiled. The oxygenized specimen, on the contrary, showed but little change after six weeks, and in three months did not mold as much as the other had done in two weeks.

Other experiments with milk from the same lot showed that milk when left standing in the open air churned better and produced butter superior to that placed under carbonic acid—that is, from which oxygen was excluded—but not equal to that mixed with oxygen. In every instance, the flavor of the butter was higher when the milk was exposed to oxygen than when it was not.

The practical inferences from these interesting experiments are: 1, that milk fats improve in flavor under a short exposure to the oxygen of pure air; 2, that butter made from milk thus exposed gains in keeping qualities; 3, that the greater ease with which cream will churn when it has acquired some age is not alone due to the effect of acidity, but to the action of the air upon it.

ONLY a question of time—Asking the hour.

[Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Sentinel.]

A Fortunate Indorsee.

It is our observation that not every one who "backs his neighbor's paper," always escapes with his purse untouched. But there are occasions where a man can give his indorsement and convey a benefit all around. Mr. A. W. Wetzel, of Nauvoo, Ill., suffered for years with Dyspepsia, and used all kinds of medicine in vain, until he tried the Hamburg Drops which quickly cured him. He now warmly indorses this wonderful remedy.

A GEOGRAPHY recitation in Nevada must be interesting. Just imagine a school boy standing up and gravely rattling off the following before a Committee of the Board of Education: "Buttermilk Canyon is in the Paradise Mountains, northwest from Eden, about ten miles from Gouge-eye, on the road leading from Limburger to Whoop-em-up, by the way of Bell-town, Lay-'em-out and Hungry, and just over the mountains from Bung-eye and Knock-em-stiff."

[Chicago Tribune.]

A Greater Discovery than Electricity.

I have spent over two thousand dollars, said J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chicago, to cure my wife of Rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment and other remedies failed to effect. I regard it as a greater discovery than eletricity and a boon to the human race.

THE recent report of the French Minister of Justice for 1878 shows that the number of judicial separations decreed in that year was greater than ever before, 3,277 cases having been before the tribunals. In 2,802 cases the demand for separation was made by wives. With regard to the causes of separation, in nearly 3,000 cases the motive alleged was cruelty or neglect.

THE editor who calls on his girl the oftenest attends the most press excursions.

The Greatest in the World.

Without a question Buffalo, N. Y., can boast of the largest and most complete private Sanitarium in the world. The Invalids' Hotel was founded by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has represented his district as State Senator and in Congress, and is known throughout the United States as the originator of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and who has also become widely celebrated in the treatment of chronic diseases. The erection of this mammoth home for invalids was made necessary by the large number of afflicted who flocked to Buffalo from all parts of the United States to consult Dr. Pierce and the eminent medical gentlemen associated with him as the faculty of this celebrated institution. The establishment is said to have cost nearly a half million of dollars, and is furnished with every appliance and facility for the cure of chronic ailments. A correspondingly large branch institution is located in London, England. The whole concern is owned and operated by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which the original Dr. Pierce is President—his brother, an uncle, and other eminent medical gentlemen taking part in the treatment of cases. In treating cases they are not at all confined to the narrow limits of prescribing the justly-celebrated remedies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or any other set remedies, however good, but have resort to the whole range of the *Materia Medica*, as well as to Turkish and other baths, Swedish movements and other approved remedies and methods of cure.

Good Advice.

The *Daily Advertiser*, St. Albans, Vermont, has the following: "We feel sure that if such of our friends as are sufferers from diseases of Kidneys and Liver would but use Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, they would be benefited.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249 which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follow:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration, for the Second Election District will sit at his res dence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit at the rasidence of R. J. Browning.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for th Eighth Elec ion District will sit at his residence Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence, near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th days of September, from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 6 p. m. 1880

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.
BENJAMIN H. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.
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Officer Registration Sixth District.
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Officer Registratioo Seventh District.
W. F. DEAKNIS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.
DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust from Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert, to the undersigned bearing date the 13th day of November, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 556, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, and under instructions from John Fitz, I will

ON MONDAY,

September 6th, 1880,

AT THE HOUR OF 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

at Bush's Saw Mill, (near Ashby's Ford on the Youghlogheny river) about four miles from Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

One "Eclipse" Portable Steam Engine,

with its boiler, pumps and attachments complete.

Said engine was built by Frick & Co., at Waynesboro, Pa. The cylinder is eleven inches in diameter and sixteen inches stroke, the boiler is well proportioned and has ample fire-box and fifty-five two-inch tubes, and is, according to the sworn testimony of an expert, at least thirty horse power.

Also, One Saw Mill,

(Fitz's) with carriage twenty-five feet long, complete with simultaneous head-blocks and ways fifty feet long, one fifty-six inch patent circular saw, one main belt for engine and mill, one cut-off saw with mandrel frame and pulleys, and rollers, rakes, poker, wrench belt and oil can.

The above described engine and saw mill are nearly new and are declared (by Mr. Bush) to be first class in every particular.

The said Theodore Bush and John H. Heckert having failed to comply with their contract and having made default in the payments of the notes secured by the said deed of trust, the said property will be sold to satisfy the balance of purchase money now overdue. The Trustee will take pleasure in showing the property to any person desiring to examine it.

TERMS:—CASH ON DAY OF SALE.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
aug13 ts Trustee.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Con bs.]

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OF VALUABLE

COAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilliton is complainant and William H. Barnard and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer at public sale, in front of the store of Wm. L. Rawlings, in the town of

Bloomington, Garrett county,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., on the

8th day of September, A. D., 1880,

all that part, piece, parcel or tract of land called

"TYPEE,"

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river, and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE AS PRESCRIBED BY THE DECREE:—One-half CASH on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
aug14 tds Trustees.

For Sale or Rent,

Fifty acres of land near Oakland, and two Dwellings, Barn, Carriage House and ample Stabling. Apply on premises.

E. A. KILBOURN.

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

—AND—

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of the several Election Districts of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

Saturday, August 28th, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

for the purpose of electing FIVE DELEGATES from each district to attend a county convention to be held at Oakland on

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of electing THREE DELEGATES to represent Garrett county in a convention to be held at Oakland, on the 2d day of September, 1880, to nominate a candidate for the next National Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

The members of the district committees in the several districts are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

A. G. STURGISS,
W. O. McGOWIN,
H. E. FRIFND,
Committee.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Rossell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Brawing Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

Bridge Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to examine whether the public convenience requires the erection of a bridge across the Youghlogheny river, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby Mill Ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Virginia line, at or near the Nordick settlement, will meet at the place designated, on Thursday, September 16th, 1880, and perform their duty in the premises.

WM. WHITE,
G. M. MASON,
F. P. ARNOLD,
8 14 5t. Examiners.

PATENTS.

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Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panneled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it in your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞Every Organ sold, sells others.☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where I at it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Piano and Organs, free

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Takes this method of announcing to the people of Garrett county, that he has removed to his new store room, where he keeps constantly on hand

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Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Tobaccos, Agricultural Implements, &c.,

and in fact everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store.

He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

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I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hoppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

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FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 15..2, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-3m

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Call and examine work and prices.

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Bread, Cakes, Pies, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars always on hand. Call in. 8 14 4

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

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Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. H. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880. NUMBER 29.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

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WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md jan1-y

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1880.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

A quarter of a century has passed away since the destruction of the cities of the plain, and now we find the tent of the patriarch pitched at Beersheba, on the border between the desert and the land of promise. The promise of a son has been fulfilled, and Isaac has now grown up to youth, perhaps to young manhood, the delight of his aged parents, and the hope of the world for the coming centuries. Abraham is dwelling at peace with his Philistine neighbors, passing gently into a quiet, serene old age, and still strong and vigorous, though one hundred and twenty-five years old. Suddenly, there comes to him a strange, a terrible command, to offer up his son Isaac as a burnt-offering. We can see that it was as a test of the patriarch's faith, and a prefiguration of a greater sacrifice on Calvary; but all its mysteries were veiled from him, to whom it was simply a summons to slay the son of his old age, and [illegible] tions so many times, that he could not doubt the reality and the authority of its commands. Yet his prompt and calm obedience seems strange until we learn its secret inspiration, recorded twenty centuries afterward in Heb. 11. 19, in the faith that God would raise him from the dead, since in Isaac rested the fulfillment of the promises. This confidence in God's power and promise alone could nerve the father to lay his "only son" upon the altar, and to raise the sacrificial knife above his breast. At the moment when his faith is shown triumphant over the severest test, when his obedience to the divine will has been proved complete, when the type of the Atonement has been presented, God's voice is heard once more, the child of promise is preserved, and the patriarch is honored by the tokens of God's choicest favor.

Gen. 22. 1-14.

Memory Verses. 11-14.

1 And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am.

2 And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3 And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

4 Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5 And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

6 And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

7 And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?

8 And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering; so they went both of them together.

9 And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

10 And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

11 And the Angel of the LORD called unto him out of heaven, and said Abraham, Abraham; and he said, Here am I.

12 And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only *son*, from me.

13 And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold before him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.

14 And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovahjireh; as it is said to this day, in the mount of the LORD it shall be seen.

HOME READINGS.

M. Trial of Abraham's faith. Gen. 22. 1-14.
Tu. The triumph of faith. Heb. 11. 17-30.
W. Faith shown by works. James 2. 14-24.
Th. Love shown by obedience. John 14. 12-24.
F. The obedience of Paul. Acts 20. 17-32.
S. An overcoming faith. Rev. 3. 1-13.
S. The reward of faith. John 12. 20-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now I know that thou fearest God, Gen. 22. 12.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by His obedience showed;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

His son the father offered up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A GIFT TO GOD, v. 1-10; Heb. 11. 17-19.
What did God do to Abraham?
What is the meaning here of the word "tempt?" [ANS. Try or test.]
What was God's purpose? [ANS. To show the strength of Abraham's faith in him.]
What is said in 1 Peter. 1. 7?
Who was Isaac?
What did God command concerning him?
Where was the land of Moriah? [ANS. Probably near Jebus or Salem, afterward Jerusalem.]
How did Abraham show a prompt obedience?
What is said in Psa. 119. 60?
What does Jesus say in Matt. 10. 37?
What did Abraham do when they saw the place?
What did Isaac say?
What was Abraham's answer?
What did Abraham do at the mountain?
Why was Abraham ready to slay his son? Heb. 11. 17-19.
2. A GIFT FROM GOD, v. 11-14; Heb. 11. 19.
How was the sacrifice interrupted?
Why did God prevent the slaying of Isaac?
How did God honor Abraham's faith and obedience? GOLDEN TEXT.
What was offered in place of Isaac?
Of what was this event a type? Phil. 2. 8.
How was the event commemorated?
Why was this name given to the place?
How were Isaac's meekness and submission shown in this event?
What should we give to God? Rom. 1. 12.

What Practical Men Want Now.

The fatal mistake of nearly all estimates as to the probable votes of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey next fall is that the temper of business men is not sufficiently considered. There has not been a contest for twenty years in which the interests of merchants, manufacturers, artisans, laboring men, investors and bankers were more clearly involved than in the one now pending. Not for twenty years have such voters shown a keener appreciation of those interests, or a stronger disposition to protect them. In short, this is emphatically a business men's fight. They will take good care that it does not go against them in States where their influence is as great as it is in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

To-day there is great prosperity in the land. Men may have differed widely as to the wisdom of Republican measures. They may differ widely now as to the extent to which wise legislation has caused the existing prosperity. They do not differ about one thing; practical men want no overturning of the conditions under which that prosperity has come to pass. Whether they were inflationists or hard-money men two years ago, they want no meddling with the currency now. Whether they have been Protectionists or Free Traders in theory, practical men insist with great earnestness that they want no meddling with the tariff at this time. Some have favored and others opposed the National banking system in times past. But they stand together as one man in declaring that they want no such financial earthquake as would be brought about by the uprooting of the banking system which the Democrats have persistently attempted. Business men do not want a change. If they have power to prevent it, there will be no risk of a change, such as Democratic success would threaten, in the financial, industrial and commercial policy of the country. This is practical common sense—not to begin to overturn things, just when affairs are going well.

The sagacity of Mr. Tilden will hardly be questioned by his own party. Four years ago he addressed himself especially to the need of a change, which was then strongly felt in business circles. Confidence in his business ability gave him the votes of many thousand Republicans in the doubtful Eastern States. But Mr. Tilden himself predicted that the return to specie payments would be followed by a period of great prosperity, during which it would be impossible to induce the country to vote for a change. The prosperity has come. And the Democratic party, during the past four years, has been doing almost everything in its power to make a change dreaded by business men. It has voted by overwhelming majorities for an overthrow of the banking system. It has tried to inflate and debase the currency and to prevent resumption. It has labored to set aside and virtually repudiate solemn public pledges upon which the National credit has been so grandly uplifted. It has struggled year after year to batter down the tariff, so that a flood of foreign goods might come in unchecked. Moreover, that party has not only tried to meddle at the wrong time, but it has proposed not a single wise measure. Every intelligent Free Trader in the country has condemned the crude, rash and destructive bills which the Democrats have proposed. Every competent bi-mettalist on both sides of the ocean has condemned the blundering course with regard to silver coinage, in which a Democratic Congress persists. Its currency bills have been laughed at by Democratic statesmen and cursed by Democratic business men. Its clamor against the National banks, and its refusal to lift from them unreasonable taxes, while throwing away one-third of the tax on tobacco, have caused sober and practical Democrats by the thousand to ask themselves, "Do we dare to trust our party to manage the finances?"

Practical men do not want a change at this time. If they did, it would not be the sort of change which Democrats in power would give us. They are talking with each other, and with their workingmen and neighbors. In their stores and shops they are using arguments which will have weight. The country is not going to throw away its prosperity, just when it has come at last after five years of weary waiting, merely in order to give a new set of politicians fat offices.—*New York Tribune.*

[From the Toledo Blade.]

The Trouble in the Democratic Camp and How Mr. Nasby Settled It.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, (Which is in the State of Noo York,) Aug. 23, 1880.

Yisterday wuz the most eggscitin time we ever hed on the Island. I hev bin in many a tite place in my life, but never in so tite a one ez this. It was close timo when I deserted from the Looisianer Pelikins and wuz bein shot at by the Pelikins from behind and the Fedrals from the front, which is the normal condition uv a Northern Dimekrat; and I wuz in some trouble wen I wuz President uv the United Trust and Confidence Company, and wuz pursood by a infooriated mob, but them escapes pale into insignificance compared with the [illegible] I undergoed yisterday.

[illegible] the day we set apart, Hancock and me, to receeve delegashuns wich we do wunst a week. This is alluz our tryin day, and I hev to be in Ginral Hancock's room to assist him. He is very much in need uv a Statesman, and I serve him in that capacity.

The delegashuns come all to once, an ther wuz a purty mix. The first that got awjence wuz from Injeany.

The cheerman remarkt that his devoshun to Dimocrisy and his admiration uv Ginral Hancock, our standard-barer, wuz sublime. He pledged Injeany to the nominee, by a very large majority, onless our frends in Kentucky disappointed us, wich they wood not. But he come to lay before the President that is to be, the views uv the Dimocrisy uv Injeany, showin wat Dimocrisy is in that State. Wat the Dimocrisy uv Injeany wantid wuz a totlo destruckshun uv the Nashnel banks, and an onlimited ishoo uv greenbax by the General Government. The Dimocrisy uv Injeany, ez wun man, demandid fiat money, and all they wantid uv it.

The Ginral remarkt that he hedn't hed time to give much attenshun to the question uv finance, but he hed no doubt that the Injeany polisy wuz the kerrect thing. He pledged himself, ef electid, to devote some spare afternoon to the study uv finance an hed no doubt uv his doin the right thing.

The Noo York delegashun remarkt that they hed a word to say ez to wat Dimorrisy wuz. Dimocrisy in Noo York meant a gold basis, and the continyooance uv the National banks, and no fiat money. Fiat money meant repoodiashen, rooin—

The Injeany man remarkt that he'd be dam ef any bloatid bondholder, wich hed got rich off the labor uv the boundin West shood dictate to him. Ef the Dimocrisy wanted Injeany they must come to Injeany's idee.

The Noo Yorker retortid that no Injeany repudiashunist shood dictate to the Dimocrisy uv Noo York.

Ginral Hancock remarkt thet ez he hed sed afore, he hedn't given the subjeck that keerful attenshun wich its importance demands, but—

The Pennsylvany delegation broke in. Wat the Dimocrisy uv Pennsylvany wanted and must hev, wuz a high pertective tariff, and without it—

Ginral Hancock remarkt that he hed never given the tariff question any attenshun, but ez soon ez he got thro with Nashnel Bankin and Finance, after tho eleckshun, he wood study it. He hed already procoored all the necessary books on the subjick.

The Illinoy delegashun swore that they wood hev no tariffs. Dimocricy meant free trade, and no graspin monepolis shood come here in the name uv Dimocrisy, and—

Teers wuz a fillin the Ginral's eyes, when I interfered. It wuz high time, for ther wuz six more delegashuns to speak, all from diffrent parts uv the kentry, and I foresaw wat a terrible season ther wood be ef oil wuzn't poured onto the troubled waters.

"Gentleman," said I, "a word ef you please, in season. You are all, doubtless, good Dimekrats, but yoo ain't none uv yoo got the proper noshun uv wat Dimocrisy reely does mean. Dimocrisy is a comprehensive word, and kivers a great deal of ground. Our Injeany friend wants onlimited money—he may cherish his noshun and still be a good Dimekrat. Our Noo York friend wants hard money—he shel cherish his belcef. The Ginral and me hev no dejeckshuns. Likewise ez to the tariff and free trade. There is room for all, and plenty to spare for all other beleefs.

"But the primary, central, controllin ijee uv Dimocrisy, is Postoffis. That is the central sun—the great inspirin ijee, wich swallers up and drowns out all the rest. For twenty long years we hev bin fastin, with the Government granary in full vew, and it is a time to put an end to it.

"Wat is a tariff compared to our holdin the puss strings uv the Nashen? Wat is the tariff question ez compared with the Custom houses and the Furrin Mishns? Ginral Hancock may not be learned on these questions, but he knows enuff to sign his name to commishns, and that is the fust rekisit uv a Dimekratic President.

"We are perfeckly willin that yoo shel hev yoor diffrences, but in the intiest uv Post Offis we wood sejest that yoo defer any menshun uv em till after the eleckshun. Then the Ginral and me are porfeckly willin that yoo shel fite over em all yoo choose. It will then be a matter uv perfeck indiffrence to us wat Dimocrisy means. Possibly, when each uv yoo goes home with his commishn in his pockit, you will be able to see things diffrent, and these questions won't look so important to yoo, ez they do now.

"What the Dimocrisy wants is success. We want the Post Offises, and the other places. Prinsipple is a mighty good thing to talk about, but Post Offis is the end we are aimin at.

"Gentlemen, go home. Advokate in poor respective localities watever polisy will git the most votes, and when we hev cast anker in the harbor uv success, and we hev the froots uv victry safely hived, there will be time enough to discuss these trifling matters. Let our watch word be everywhere, "Hancock and a post-offis!"

The little speech hed the desired effeck, for every man uv em realized the fact that he cood never git a smell uv a place under anybody but Hancock, and every one uv em pocketed his platform, and all agreed that I hed presentid the matter in a statesmanlike way. Likewise every man uv em coincided with Ginral Hancock's viers on the leadin ishoos that hed bin menshund, and pledged him their harty support.

It's a great thing to be a statesman.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Pacificator.)

The death of Ouray, (or Arrow,) the famous chief of the Tabeguacho band of Ute Indians, and at one time head chief of the Ute Nation, is announced. Little was popularly known of Ouray prior to the massacre at the White River Agency, Colorado, in September last, when Agent Meeker and several other men were slaughtered. At that time Ouray and his band had left his agency at Los Pinos on a two months' hunt, but as soon as he heard of the massacre he returned and sent an order to the chiefs at the White River Agency to cease hostilities against the white people. He also entered heartily into the proposed plan for punishing the guilty Indians, and was of much service to the government in checking the disturbance. His services were highly appreciated by the government, and in his report for 1879 the commissioner of Indian affairs said: "The services thus far rendered by Ouray have been of inestimable value, and while the White River Utes have shown the very worst aspect of savage life, Ouray has shown courage and humanity and virtues of the better type, which should somewhat relieve the name of Ute from the odium cast upon it by the northern bands, for whose brutal and barbarous acts, whatever the provocation, no justification can be found."

If credit is due to Hancock for his services in the war, how much greater honor belongs to Garfield for his share in that contest? It will be a precedent fraught with danger to confer the highest civic office on a professional soldier. The history of Republican France under the Napoleons teaches that lesson. Neither Washington, Jackson, Harrison, nor Taylor were professional soldiers. Nor even was Gen. Grant; for the commencement of the war found him following the peaceful paths of business. Only one professional soldier ever was a candidate for the office of President. His name was Winfield Scott—and he was beaten. The Democratic candidate is named after him. While the American people honor and respect its professional soldiery, that is not the material out of which they have chosen to make their Presidents.

It may please the Democrats to know that the Republicans are uncommonly well satisfied with the political outlook. This is confidential and authentic.

What A Change Means.

Gen. Anson G. McCook in a speech last week in New York city, said: A change of administration in March, 1881, will mean much more in my judgment than the going out of the Republican and the coming in of the Democratic party. It will mean that a party which for twenty years has unsuccessfully appealed to you for confidence and support has at last been put in place and power. It will mean that Southern ideas of legislation will prevail in this country. It will mean an unwise modification or the entire repeal of our present tariff, and the striking of a deadly blow at American industries and the rights of the American laboring man.

If the Democratic platform adopted at Cincinnati on that subject means anything at all it means that. It means that under the new order of things the fires will go out in your forges and that the spindles will stand still in your mills and factories. It will mean the reopening of all the wild and foolish financial theories that heretofore have been held in check. It will mean in my judgment the payment of hundreds of millions of dollars of the Southern war claims now before Congress. It may mean; I do not say that it will, the pensioning of Rebel soldiers and sailors. Beyond that are still greater dangers before us. The validity of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States cannot be maintained for a moment if the reconstruction acts are declared unconstitutional. In 1868 the Democratic party, in National Convention assembled, solemnly declared that the reconstruction acts were unconstitutional and therefore void; and whatever may be the opinion of individual members of the Democratic party, we have no reason to believe that as a party there has been any serious or decided change of heart on this vital and important question.

A correspondent writing of the progress of the canvass in Maine says: In spite of the fact that there is little hope left the Fusionists, the fight will be continued from the stump during the next two weeks with a vigor and bitterness hardly ever before known in Maine. Hundreds of speakers on both sides, nearly all of National reputation, will reach every part of the State with their voices in the next 10 or 12 days, but they will effect nothing that has not already been as good as settled. The opposition seeks now to keep the Republican majority down as low as possible, but it is growing larger day by day. Senator Blaine has as yet made no prediction of more than three thousand majority, but those around him say that he has reason to expect somewhere near three times that figure, but that he wants to be safe in his predictions. The Democrats recognizing their defeat are hedging on the statement that anything less than fifteen or sixteen thousand Republican majority would be a moral defeat. Considering that the Republicans have had no such majority in the State since 1877 this is ridiculous.

A favorite argument of the Democratic speakers and writers is, that the good times are due solely to the grace of God, without any instrumentality on the part of the Republican party. Suppose it be conceded that the Republican party had nothing to do with the establishment of the national banking system, the passage of the public credit act, the reduction of the principal and interest of the public debt, the passage and execution of the Resumption act, and that the measures that gave security and solidity to our finances and gave confidence and precision to business enterprise came of their own accord; without the employment of human agency—what help can that afford the Democratic party? If the country is happy and prosperous—and it is—why have a change?—*Balto. American.*

The National Veteran club of Washington city has issued a circular showing that the Democratic claim to be friendly to soldiers is entirely false. The vote in the House on bill 4,234, for allowing arrearages of pensions to soldiers, or their widows, daughters, or mothers, was as follows: Republicans, 116 ayes, no nays; Democrats, 48 ayes, 61 nays. In the Senate—Republicans, 26 ayes, no nays; Democrats, 18 ayes, 4 nays, showing that every vote cast against the bill was by the Democrats.

As was to be expected, the Southern census stuffers, like the Southern ballot box stuffers, bungled the job. They are too zealous for reconciliation and change, and overdo the business every time.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And the chanted melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as the babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through—
'Tis a fairy that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind that sings in the chimney."

—*Bret Harte.*

A MUTUAL BENEFIT;

Or, The Independent American Girl.

A YOUNG girl, "thrown on the world!' her own living to make and no recognized qualifications for such a duty! What was to be done?

Ella Vincent sat asking herself: "What shall I do?" It is a question which so many girls in and just beyond their teens have been obliged to ask themselves during the last seven lean years—"What shall I do for a living?"

"Bess, I've made up my mind," Ella Vincent said one morning to her married sister. "I am not going to wait here for any lover, possible or impossible, to propose to me. I have a growing conviction that for a woman to marry for the mere purpose of getting a home, is doing wrong. Then there are so many who have married 'just for a home,' who have no home after all except what they themselves earn. A dear price most of them pay for their homes! No, I do not propose to sell myself so long as I have a sound body, a fair mind, two hands, two feet, and five senses."

"Well, what do you propose doing?" asked her sister.

"I am going out to service."

Her sister looked up incredulously.

"'You surely do not mean it, Ella."

"I do mean it, Bess."

"To service! O Ella, not that."

"Yes, just that and nothing else! Why not that, pray? Shall I set up as a seamstress at lifty cents a day, idle half the time at that, and a board bill coming in every unengaged day like a malicious fate? Besides, I could not sit still all day, day after day. It would kill me. I've counted the seamstresses and dressmakers in this village of fifteen hundred souls. There are twenty-three dressmakers and twenty-six seamstresses of whom I know. Then the teachers, if both sexes are included, are more numerous still. There are from two to five of them in every third or fourth family. I am not qualified for a teacher, and I don't think it worth while, as I have no passion for the work to go through the struggle of the studies first and the competition afterward.

"You might start a select primary school," suggested her sister.

"Ten scholars on an average at five dollars apiece. That would be a hundred dollars a year—not enough to pay my board. If I did sponge on my friends during vacations, where would my clothing come from? Then I should have my own clothes to wash and iron, and, as mother used to say, it is as easy washing and ironing for three or four as it is for one."

"Another milliner's store is needed here," pursued Mrs. Bess, with a troubled brow. "If you only had the funds you might do well at that."

"If! Yes. Well, I haven't the funds and I can not whistle them here. If I had three to five hundred at my disposal, I doubt if I should care to run the risks of a new establishment. There would be rents, credit, etc., and I should be as worn and worried as you are in two or three years—and then the board-bill, too! That is such a giant in the way of poor girls! If I boarded myself I should have hypo and dyspepsia both in a little while. Now, in some one's kitchen—yes, Bess in the kitchen. I have not the assurance to believe I'd make a success as a parlor servant. I would get in the kitchen from $1,50 to $2.50 a week and my *board*, and a 'home' week in and week out; no cankering cares; considerable time to myself, and work at which I would feel at home."

"But think how it would sound, Ella."

"I can not help the sound. I can not afford to struggle for years through some foreign element for the sake of the sound. What will any body care whether I am 'respectable' or not, so long as *they* haven't the thing to do, it won't hurt their feelings a particle. They will rather enjoy my having to do it; so then, Sis, both myself and everybody will be suited by my going out to service."

"I will not be suited at all by it," said Mrs. Bess.

"Which is better? to have a good, healthy, happy sister at service and independent of all the world, except one family, and that family dependent a good deal upon her, for I mean to make my mark in my line, Bess, or to have that sister a miserable, half-famished, discontented, round-shouldered seamstress or factory girl, or lace-worker, who would have to depend on you or your husband for shelter half the time, and whose board-bill you would have to 'take out in work' whether you could afford to or not?"

The result of this sensible decision of Ella Vincent was an advertisement in the local paper that week.

"An American girl desires a position as kitchen servant. Is a good cook and understands all kinds of housework. Apply, by letter, to the editor of this paper."

To this, in less than a week, Ella received fifteen applications. She accepted the first offer, as it was from an entire stranger.

"I have lived here all my life," she said to her sister, "and to go among those who have always known me, will be more vexing than to be with perfect strangers. Some of my old friends would snub me, some would pity; others would be exceedingly condescending, and my employers would fancy that I would expect privileges which they might not feel willing to accord. I am going to be an ordinary servant in one sense, and a Bible one too; diligent in business, not an eye servant. At any rate, I shall have an easier conscience and a lighter heart than if I depended on you or married for money or a home."

Minnie Grey, aged thirteen, reading the paper, came to the notice inserted by Ella Vincent. Minnie always read every line in the papers, advertisements and all, therefore she alighted upon what one or two of the others had missed.

"Mother, hasn't this the true ring in it?" she asked; and as her mother listened she read the first article among the *Wants*.

"Oh, dear! I don't know," said Mrs. Grey, in a discouraged tone. "She may not know how to cook, after all, and her ironing may be like the last Bridget's—not fit to be seen. Somehow these ignorant people seem to think they can do the very things they know the least about."

"But perhaps this one is not ignorant," suggested Gracie, the eldest daughter.

"It is likely she is; for American girls who can teach or do other things are not very apt to go out to service. Even if she can read and write well, she is probably gifted with superabundant curiosity, and will make herself mistress of the contents of our letters, notes and bills. Or she may be such a lover of trashy literature as to neglect her duties for the dime novel or the four-dollar-a-year *Weekly Cancer*." And discouraged Mrs. Grey leaned wearily back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Well, mamma, she could not possibly be worse than the last Bridget."

"Well, perhaps it will do no harm to try," sighed Mrs. Grey, as though from a new girl she expected only new trials. "I can not make a drudge of myself. To take care of your own room and mine is as much as I can expect of you schoolgirls at present. I believe I will write to this American girl."

Minnie ran for pen, ink and port-folio for her mother.

"She *may* be too fine for a common servant girl," said the doubting mother, "she may expect to help entertain our company, play on the piano, take her meals with us, and be a sort of chief adviser in family matters."

"Oh, if she attempts such airs you can very readily dismiss her," said Grace. "At any rate you must have somebody before next Friday, papa says, or you will be ill with fretting and working so hard."

"She says 'kitchen servant'" remarked Minnie, glancing at the paper.

"Ah, yes," reflected Mrs. Grey, taking the newspaper from her daughter and reading the notice carefully.

"It is not to *assist* in the housework, or in any place not menial: Yes, I rather like the sound of it. I'll engage her by the week at present; offer her two dollars and give her to understand that she is to use her head as well as her hands."

So Mrs. Grey was the first to write, and Ella Vincent, expecting no better offer and well satisfied with that, accepted it at once.

It was soon evident to the family that their new help was neither ignorant nor silly. She was quiet, unobtrusive, neat, tasteful, always interested in her work, and always good-natured and polite. She called the young ladies "Miss Grace," and "Miss Minnie," quite as respectfully as any inferior servant would have done, until, at the request of the two and with the ready permission of their mother, the prefix was dropped. But even then when speaking of them to others she preferred to seem less familiar.

"I have never yet seen Ella make her finger into a hook and stick it inside the sugar-bowl when she passes it," said Gracie, one day, about a month after Ella's advent among them. "Her nails are always as clean as a lady's, and she is quite dainty in her ways. I like her."

"And she does not smuggle tea, coffee, butter, fruit and other luxuries by the pound out of the house to her relations," said Mr. Grey. "The grocery bill is less this month than it has been in an age; less than it was during the four weeks Bridget and I were here alone."

"Is such the fact?" inquired surprised Mrs. Grey. "It is a great relief to me to have some one who cares how things are done, and who takes a pride in seeing that every thing is attended to in the right time, too. Yes, it is a positive luxury to have a girl like her around. We ought to show our appreciation of her intelligent services by increasing her wages. She saves two or three dollars' worth of worry every week, and I believe she is perfectly trustworthy."

"I'll try her," exclaimed Minnie. "I'll try her on my portfolio or one or two of my letters. I'll leave them in the kitchen or on the walk with a piece of thread or a tiny straw inside."

"Don't you feel a little ashamed to propose such a trick, Minnie," asked her father, "after her kindness to you in helping you in your fractions and preparing, of her own accord, that surprise for you on your birthday?"

"No, papa, I do not feel ashamed, because I do not think she would read my notes any sooner than she would take my pocket-book. It is only proving her, you see, just as I prove my sums. She said the other day it was good to prove all things, then we would have no doubts."

"You may not be far from being just, Minnie," added the father. "It is well to know whom we can trust in these times."

So Ella was "proved" by this little girl who, by having seen so much deceit, was rendered suspicious and distrustful; and she was found honorable as well as honest and capable.

She has been with the Greys nearly five years; is happy and contented; has earned more than her wages—one-half of which she has laid up—she has earned the respect and esteem of the Greys and of all their friends and her own, and proved herself a self-respecting, independent, honorable girl. She has "made her mark" in her line.

She has also her full share of gentlemanly gentlemen admirers, but is in no haste to wed. She is taking plenty of time in which to choose rightly, and expects when she marries to have enough saved to furnish the home of her own, which her husband must be thrifty enough to provide. Grace and Minnie love and treat her as an elder sister; and Mr. Grey says, as his wife is twenty per cent. happier since she has reigned in their kitchen, he ventures to offer twenty dollars toward the furnishing of Ella's future parlor for every additional year she remains with them.

So she has a home and friends, health, happiness and prosperity, and a respectability that is by no means cheap. In what better way could she have "earned her living" or made a place for herself in the world?—*N. Y. Witness.*

Curing Tobacco.

THE important question yet to be answered is how our tobacco may be cured so as to insure good color, and yet escape the danger from "pole-burning." Many different opinions exist on the subject, but it is the common belief that tobacco can have too much air during the process of curing, for rapid drying tends to produce light colors, which are not usually desirable.

The difficulty in the process lies in governing the ventilation, so that the tobacco will dry slowly, and yet not "pole-burn." Much depends on the weather, it is true, yet if the natural laws which govern the curing were thoroughly understood, we might escape loss from "pole-sweat" at all times by producing artificial ventilation. Tobacco is most likely to pole-burn during the first three weeks after it is hung on the poles. It usually occurs in hot, muggy weather, when there is little air stirring; therefore it is our custom to keep the tobacco barn open as much as possible during such weather, and closed correspondingly tight in dry, windy weather.

That the manner of drying has much to do in the proper curing of tobacco, I have proved by experiment. I took two plants of equal size and stages of growth, and hung one of them in a dry, open chamber where air circulated freely. The other was hung in a damp cellar. The result of the experiment proved the advantage of gradual curing. The quality of the leaf cured in the cellar was far superior, at least as far as color is concerned, being much darker and finer in color. The loss in this county during some seasons from "pole-burning," unquestionably amounts to many thousands of dollars. This loss, I believe, might be avoided, if our growers knew just how and when to produce artificial ventilation in their tobacco barns. We need to know at just what stage of the thermometer and barometer the burning commences, and how to secure ventilation to avoid it. As a preventive for "pole-burning," I would avoid hanging very close, placing no more than twenty-two pairs of plants on a fourteen-foot pole.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Messina Quail.

THE following is a good description of the Messina quail now being imported into many of the States by sportsmen. The habits and appearance of the bird are as follows: In size it is about one-half as large as the European partridge (perdix cinerea), and three-fifths as large as our "quail" (partridge) (Ortyx Virginianus); is very compactly built, with great speed in running, and a powerful and long continued flight, enabling it to cross large bodies of water in its migration. The bill is longer and more slender than in our Ortyx Virginianus. The color is brown, striped with reddish yellow on the upper parts of the body; the head is darker than the back, the throat reddish brown, and the region of the crop reddish yellow. A pale yellowish line passes from the base of the upper mandible over the eye and down the sides of the neck across the throat, where it is banded by two narrow dark brown lines. The blackish brown primary quills are spotted with reddish yellow in such a manner as to form stripes. The first quills have also a narrow yellow border. The reddish yellow tail feathers have white shafts, and are spotted with black at their edges. The length is seven and one-half inches, and expanse of wing thirteen inches. The tail is one and three-quarter inches long. This is the male. In the female all these colors are apparently indistinct. The bird is vey hardy. As a feed bird it is excellent, and in Europe esteemed a great delicacy. It lies well before the dog and gives fine sport for the sportsman, and he who kills them on the wing must be quick and true. The species is very prolific, and, under favorable conditions, it is expected they will become one of the bird features of this locality. The nest is made on the ground like the partridge, and fourteen or fifteen white eggs are deposited.

A Royal Joke.

IT is reported in the *Kleine* journal that the German Emperor, after a while spent in the new barracks of the Second Guard Dragoons, in the Pinierstrasse, a few days ago, continued a while chatting with the officers in the mess-room to write a few words with a chalk pencil upon the tunic of the senior regimental Captain, unperceived by that officer. This done, his Majesty left the room, laughing heartily, accompanied by the Colonel of the regiment, Prince Frederick, of Hohenzollern, whereupon the senior staff officer present walked up to Capt. Von S., and, to his utter consternation, proceeded to unfasten and remove his epaulets. Unconscious of having committed any dereliction of duty, Von S. remained motionless while the ominous operation was being performed, but his painful perplexity gave place to jubilant exultation when the Lieutenant-Colonel produced a pair of Major's epaulets and dexterously buttoned them to his shoulders.

The words hastily scribbled by the Emperor upon Capt. Von S——'s uniform were: "Zum Major Befoerdert"—"Promoted to Major"—and the subsequent details of the general surprise had been arranged by his Majesty beforehand with their executant. It is said that in his rejoicing at his unexpected advancement, the newly-made Major called up the senior non-commissioned officer of his squadron and said to him: "Sergeant-Major, the squadron is relieved from duty for to-day. Let the men have as much to drink as they please. I pay for all."—*London Telegraph.*

A LIGHTNING-ROD is attractive in its way.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

GENERAL.

MRS. LANGTRY wears no ornaments.

THE King of Denmark is suffering from lumbago.

THERE are about 13,000 distinct charitable foundations in London in connection with the city parishes.

GUATEMALA has opened her pioneer railroad, a line of about thirty miles, from the port of San Jose to Escuintla in the interior, with great rejoicing.

THE London *Lancet* says that thirty-eight strokes a minute dangerously overtax an oarsman, and do not produce the greatest amount of power in him. About twenty-eight are right.

Two young men of New Haven have made a bet on the Presidential election. The loser is to stay for two hours at one of the principal street corners of the city, black the boots of all the passers-by who want the job done, and the proceeds are to go to the New Haven Asylum.

THE Jersey Belle, owned by a Mr. Ellms, of Scituate, Mass., is claimed to be the best "butter cow" living. She is described as being a beautiful animal of a rich yellow fawn-color, diversified with white, weighing nine hundred and fifty pounds, and yielding over seven hundred pounds of butter in a year.

AN interesting curiosity is a letter written by Martha Washington from Mount Vernon on the 6th of April, 1762, and owned by Mrs. J. Reid of Andover, Mass. In it Mrs. Washington acknowledges the receipt of some "syder," speaks of her own and Mr. Washington's "helth," and begs her friend to whom she is writing to "except" her love.

A NOCTURNAL sham sea-fight is shortly to be executed by the German Navy off the coast at Rugen on a grand scale. It will be in the presence of the Crown Prince, who attends by a special command of his father, the Emperor. Electric lights are to be put in use, lighting up the sea for many miles round. The iron-clad squadron will take part in the maneuver.

DR. STERNBURG, of the United States Army, who has made a specialty of filth diseases in New Orleans and Havana, exposed the fallacy of the popular notion that because a foul odor had existed for years there was no danger. "It is," he said, "a powder magazine into which the spark of cholera, diphtheria and malaria might fall at any time. The germ of typhoid was developed under such circumstances."

MR. BELL, the inventor of the telephone that bears his name, is only thirty-two years old. He has made a great fortune out of the invention, and has enriched his father-in-law, Mr. Hubbard, of Boston, who put money into it, and who is now getting up companies in London to introduce the telephone into India, China, Japan and Egypt.

WHILE a boy was driving the cows to pasture in Wallingford, Conn., the other day, he saw a fox sleeping. Throwing a stone, he hit the animal on the head, and, supposing he had killed it, took it by the hind legs. He had gone but a short distance when the fox began biting his fingers. He then dashed the animal's head against a stone wall, killing it instantly.

MEAGHER COUNTY, Montana, has a wonderful cave. An arched passage thirty feet wide, many feet high, and seventy feet long conducts the visitor to a spacious apartment sixty feet in width and one hundred feet in length. From this room passages open on all sides into other chambers, one of which is estimated to be one hundred feet square, with a dome-shaped ceiling rising to a height of eighty feet.

BERKS, Pa., claims the largest chestnut tree in the county. It is growing on the farm belonging to the estate of Solomon Merkel, in Rockland Township, and measures thirty-eight feet four inches in circumference; the lowest limbs are fifteen feet from the ground, and measure fourteen feet in circumference at the base. The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about seventeen cords of wood. It still yields about three bushels of chestnuts annually.

NEWFOUNDLAND is determined to have a railroad across its 350 miles of width, and the surveys are now in progress so that an estimate of the cost can be submitted to the next meeting of the Legislature. The British Government has declined to guarantee a loan for the road, and accordingly the expense will become a direct tax on the people. Their burdens are now only $5.36 per head, and an additional taxation of 44 cents per capita will meet the interest on the outlay for the projected railway, which will open up vast tracts of settlement and mining lands.

When the Circus Invades the Town.

THE small boy is in a ferment. Two circuses are coming, and how can he live till it is all over? If these were simply circuses after the conventional meaning he might stand the pressure, but when one is the "monarch of modern mammoths," and the other is the "largest tented exhibition in the world," and "the largest and best circus under the sun and positively the most gigantic menagerie in the world," the small boy is simply reduced to that state wherein he doesn't know which end he stands on. Some of the gamins are sure of entering the canvas in a legitimate way; they have parents with money enough to afford the "luxury," and who will be glad to go "just to take the children;" but there are others who can not go unless they crawl under the tent or run some other life-imperiling risk to get into the charmed places—so that, in any event, the world of parenthood is in a feverish condition just now. But everything will come out all right. The circuses will come and go and a great many people will have a good time. Let us be frank about it, we older people—we like the circus about as well as the children. It is something that makes every man and woman a boy and girl again for a time, and it isn't a very bad institution that can do that. We have kept our eye on the outside crowd since these "only" great shows began to placard our walls, and we are sure we have detected as much absorption on the part of our adult population as among the juveniles—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Our Young Folks.

OUR YEAR.

JANUARY so bleak and drear,
With icy breath and snow-clad wing,
First reigns supreme; then leaves his throne
For airs not milder than his own—
Who only can his praises sing.

Then February brings with her
No balmy airs, or fragrant flowers;
But blasts so wild, that thro' the trees,
They rudely blow, and scatter leaves,
That once were green from sun and showers.

But March winds now are whistling loud,
And passing by they leave their trace
Of chilly air and frost work fine,
Upon our panes; which Father Time,
With magic wand, will soon efface.

Next come the gentle April showers,
Which clothe the fields in garbs of green,
While in the meadow, flowers bright
Spring up from darkness into light,
And are rob'd in their brightest sheen.

But April soon gives way to May,
Who comes with dainty, graceful tread,
And brings rich buds and blossoms rare,
With balmy days, both bright and fair,
And sunny skies above her head.

And May to June, with roses crowned,
Who brings the clear and pebbly brooks,
The leafy trees, the summer birds,
Whose singing o'er the wood is heard,
From every deep, sequestered nook.

July beams down upon us next,
With kindly smiles and cheerful face,
Her blazing sun, so warm and bright,
And skies of blue with fleecy white,
No lowering cloud in them we trace.

But August now bids July haste,
And leave for her the sultry sun,
That makes the dainty flowers fold
Their petals bright, of red and gold—
And then her fleeting race is run.

The month of harvest time has come!
September, with her golden glow
Of autumn leaves, with berries red,
In graceful wreaths twined round her head,
And festive garlands hanging low.

October's sun now floods the sky,
With streaks of red, both rich and light;
But soon to fade and pass away,
Like man's fleet winged and sunny day,
Yet glows the deeper in its might.

October's sun has ceased to shine
And flood the sky with crimson bright,
November, dreary queen, has come,
To gather her broad harvest home,
And wield her scepter, now, with might.

December, saddest queen of all,
Your time to reign has come!
But soon in death your eyes will close,
And you will gather sweet repose—
While angel forms will bear you home!

—*A Little Girl, in New York Tribune.*

THE "DARNING-NEEDLE."

THE darning-needle has the wise family name *Libellulidæ*, the plain English of which is dragon-fly. It doesn't object to either of these names, or even to the common name of darning-needle, if you only don't associate it with anything stiff or blind. It is really no clumsy affair. There is not a stiff joint in its body, and as for seeing things, why, bless your eyes! it is a perfect marvel. You never saw anything more wonderful. It would take your bright-eyed, smart little Johnny six hours—the longest, busiest hours he ever spent in his life—just to count the eyes of the dragon-fly. Twenty-four thousand eyes! Just think of a little chap with twelve thousand eyes to your one. He can look to the right and to the left, down and up, backward and forward, toward all points of the compass at the same instant of time. Who can tell all that he sees? Wouldn't you like to borrow his eyes for about ten minutes?

The dragon-fly is not only marvelous on account of its vast number of eyes, but it is curious in many ways. There are about two hundred known species, some of which are very beautiful. The largest and most brilliant kinds are found on the Amazon River. "Some of them," says a traveler, "with green or crimson bodies seven inches long, and their elegant, lace-like wings tipped with white or yellow."

The dragon-fly is the most ferocious of all insects, and he has for this reason been called the "devil's darning-needle," but it is better to drop the big adjective and not call hard names. Yet he is truly the greatest cannibal of the insect world. He dines with keenest relish upon his many cousins, has a special appetite for tender young mosquitoes, and does not hesitate to devour the prettiest, loveliest butterflies or any of the family relatives that he is able to catch.

All the little fellows are afraid of him, but it is useless to try to escape him. Even the swift mosquito, with its three thousand vibrations of the wing a minute, cannot outfly this terrible, swift dragon.

He takes his meals while on the wing—a whole insect at one swallow—and you can hardly guess how many victims are served up for a good "square meal." Quite a little swarm is needed for his dinner, and he is always ready to make way with all the scattering ones that he finds for lunch between meals.

The dragon-fly knows all the ways of the world. He can dart backward just as well as forward, and fly sideways just as well as any other way, and so there is no chance to get out of his way. When he once goes for his victim, it is all over with it.

Naturalists have been greatly interested in this insect, and have studied its habits closely from its babyhood up.

Mrs. Dragon is a firm believer in the use of plenty of water in bringing up her babies, so all her little ones begin life in an aquatic nursery. From the leaf of a water-plant, in which they are at first cuddled up, they come out with rough-looking, grub-like bodies, having six sprawling legs. They find themselves all alone in the world. Their mother has gone and left them, and they have no one to provide them with their "bread and dinner." They must stir themselves and "grub it for a living." But they have such a stupid, lubber-heel look, that no one would think they knew enough to take care of themselves. On their head is something that looks like a hood, and this is drawn over their faces as though they were ashamed.

But this hood is only their natural head-dress. These little water-nymphs don't really wear their hoods for bonnets to keep them from taking cold, but they are really masks, and very curious ones, too. This mask is made of hinges, slides and hooks, and it is their trap to get a living. When they see something which they would relish for dinner, the hinges spring open, the slides shove out, and the hooks cling in, and in one instant of time their prey is secured. And that is the way these dumpish-looking little chaps "go a-fishing." You surely would never call them dull fellows if you should once see the lively way they serve up refreshments. Quicker than we can tell it, they pack their lunch-baskets from capsized gnat and mosquito-boats, and they overtake the swift little tadpoles and serve them up in "smacking good" meat-pies.

Perhaps you would like to know how these little fellows get about so fast. Neither fins nor paddles of any kind are used in chasing their prey, nor to help them handle it when caught. But to get about they have a way of their own, and, a few years ago, a British war vessel was built to go by a method like theirs.

You may have read that Benjamin Franklin once had an idea that a boat could be made with a pump in the stern, by which water could be drawn in and pumped out with such force as to propel the boat along. But the ingenious Franklin, although he could coax lightning from the clouds and make it obey him, had to give up the idea of pumping boats about. And here is just where this little grub beats the great philosopher. In the stern of his little worm-skiu boat he has a pump that works like a charm. When the little nymph wants to go on an exploring voyage his clever little muscles instantly set the pump at work, and away shoots the boat like a rocket, while at the prow of the boat is the masked pirate, always ready for his booty. He is very voracious, and banquets on multitudes of little creatures during the one year of his grub life.

At the end of the year, the little pump-boat that has served him so well is anchored to a water-plant, and in two hours Jack, the sailor-grub, starts out on another voyage.

But this is an aerial trip. He hoists sail, unfolding four lovely wings of gauze, and speeds away into the air, the rich-robed monarch of the insect world.

To every enemy of insects the dragon-fly is a friend, for what uncounted hosts of water-insects does the swift boat of this pirate overtake before it comes to shore, and what swarms and swarms of little animal life have been buried in that one grave—the voracious, never-satisfied, long stomach of the great insect dragon!

But only insects have reason to fear him; and he generally proves quite sociable with the boys and girls who cross his path, knowing himself well insured against capture by his swift-darting wings and myriad eyes. You will find him much more difficult to catch than his Cousin Butterfly, but when you go fishing he will flit along the bank in front of you as you wade through marshy places, or hover above the tangle of drift-wood near which you have dropped your line, as if he enjoyed your company. Now and then, perhaps, he will even poise gracefully for a moment above your outstretched rod, or silently settle on the very same leg on which you are seated, and almost within reach of your hand. Make the slightest motion to entrap him, and see how quickly he is gone! Yet he does not go far, returning sometimes to the very spot from which you drove him away. Be sure, then, that at least some hundreds of his thousand eyes are on you; but, though he is such a terror to his own tribe and kindred, he is at peace with all mankind, and you may become acquainted with this beautiful but fierce darning-needle with as much safety as with the homely, stupid one in grandmother's stocking-basket.—*St. Nicholas.*

Interesting to Smokers.

MM. Le Bon and Noel presented, the other day, in the French Academy, three flasks containing the following products extracted from tobacco smoke: 1. Prussic acid; 2. An alkaloid of agreeable odor but dangerous to breathe, and as poisonous as nicotine; 3. Aromatic principles still undetermined, but contributing, with the alkaloid mentioned, to give tobacco smoke its perfume. The alkaloid in question is thought to be identical with a compound—collidine—the existence of which has been observed in distillation of various organic substances, but whose physiological and toxical properties have been overlooked. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

A PART of the crew of the lost ship, the Mathilde, are supposed to be starving on Socorro Island, in the Pacific. Considerable red tape had to be cut before a Government vessel could be sent to the rescue, and before a sailing craft was finally started from San Francisco, Sir Thomas Hesketh, who was in the harbor with his steam yacht Lancashire Witch, dispatched her forthwith. The President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce wrote Sir Thomas as follows: "The missing persons are Americans, yet our Government, either from apathy or the exactions of red tape, does not appear to have taken adequate steps for their rescue."

OURY BILLMIRE disappeared from Baltimore, last October, with $600 belonging to the church of which he was Treasurer. He was set down as a runaway thief, though a few friends maintained his integrity. His wife received a letter from him, a few days ago, in which he told a marvelous tale of being kidnaped, robbed and put aboard a sailing vessel bound for California. Whether he is a lunatic, a rascal or a truthful victim is a question.

A TORONTO patent medicine man recently ruined the sale of his "Pulmonic Balsam" by publishing a testimonial from a man who asserted that "his wife, who had not been able to speak above a whisper for five years, had her voice completely restored by the use of one bottle." When the Toronto man realized the effect of the publication, he wrung his hands and said: "An enemy hath done this thing."

IT is claimed that the new passenger train lately placed on the Great Northern Railway of England makes the most rapid speed of any in the world. The trip from London to Leeds, a distance of 176 miles, is accomplished in three and three-quarter hours—an average rate of forty-nine miles an hour.

JOHN THOMAS, a native of Albemarle, Va., is the father of thirty-two children. He has been twice married, and twenty-one daughters were born to him before a son.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

From the wide desert and the ancient river,
From where the old gods dwelt, in silence deep,
From mystic fields of ever and forever,
Where ghosts forgotten, soundless vigil keep,
An alien drifts into our modern city,
Flouts solemn up our hundred masted Bay,
Majestic, exiled, comes to gaze with pity
Upon the strife and heat of our to-day.

So long, so vague, so far, this mighty Needle
Hath memory ceaching! Centuries ago,
Ages ere Cleopatra bent to wheedle
The brave, weak Roman, at her feet so low.
Yes, centuries and cycles nearer morning,
When Ar was in the womb, when Time was new,
Hands strong to build and touch too fine for scorning
Upreared this shaft; its emblems legends drew.

It guarded rites then seeming all immortal,
As chanting priests bowed meekly to the sun;
Its monumental glory marked the portal
Where death had captive led a sceptered one.
What hath it missed, of strange in stately story?
What secrets heard not, blown o'er Nubian sands?
What modish anachronisms brings this hoary
Old World adornment to these Western lands?

Now, lifted high, our marvel of an hour,
'Twill catch the eyes of lovers, saunt'ring by,
And add its romance to *their* halcyon dower
Of poetry, beneath youth's glowing sky;
And near it, steam, with magic shuttles flying,
Small breathless serve the imperial needs of Trade;
And throbbing looms and sturdy hammers plying,
Unresting toil, beneath its antique shade.

And half with sorrow is our welcome blended'
Fair obelisk that finds Manhattan Isle
A resting place at last. How unattended
By aught suggestive of thy distant Nile.
The keel-plowed seas, the wind had sped thee over,
Must oft have echoed to thy fruitless moan,
If Neith or Amun or one phantom lover,
Imprisoned, tarry in thy sculptured stone.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in the N. Y. Independent.*

BROWN'S WIFE.

"Two thousand a year, a nice house and garden, and forcing pits that produced the finest pines in England—that's what the last census but one cost me," remarked my friend Brown, as we sat sipping our wine in his hospitable mansion after the ladies had left us.

When a man makes a remark like the foregoing one, it invariably means that he has some story or anecdote ready, which will explain his apparently ambiguous words, and is hoping he will be asked to repeat it. I was not so unfriendly as to misunderstand the hint, and inquired, with due surprise and interest, how the census of 18— came to be such a costly affair to Brown.

"Ah," replied my friend, "that's a long story (I had thought it would be): but it's a true one, all the same. But for that blessed census paper, Minnie and I would have stepped into a snug little fortune twenty years ago. You know, I suppose, that I was left an orphan very early in life, and that my old uncle, my only surviving relative, adopted me. You did'nt know it? Well, you do now, then. My poor mother was my uncle's only sister; they had been left fairly well off by their parents. My uncle embarked his money in business and grew rich; my mother married in opposition to his wishes, lived a miserable life for six years, and then was left a penniless widow, with one child—myself. My father, whom I don't remember, lived just long enough to break his wife's heart and gamble away her fortune—she only returned to her brother's house to die. It must be confessed that my uncle's experiences of matrimony, as seen in his sister's case, were not encouraging; perhaps this was the reason of his settling down into the confirmed old bachelor that he did. He had loved his sister extremely—there was a considerable difference in age between them—and he had been her guardian and protector till the day of her ill-starred marriage. That produced a coolness; but he opened his heart and home to her in her trouble, and accepted the charge of her orphan child. I was brought up in his house, educated at his expense. I believe he was really fond of me after his fashion; but the one great trouble of his life had soured him. He never recovered the loss of his sister; he never forgave the memory of her husband, the man who had stolen her from him.

"'You'll have every thing here one day, William,' he would say, in moments of rare expansion, 'and I hope you'll keep things together as I've done. But remember, don't make a fool of yourself, and marry. Look at your poor mother's lot; why, if she hadn't thrown herself away she might have been alive and happy now. None but fools, sir, fools or knaves, go and get married.'

"I listened dutifully enough. My temptations to commit the sin of matrimony were small. We had no visitors at Clapham except a business friend or two of my uncle, generally old bachelors like himself. Mrs. Corbet, the housekeeper, encouraged my uncle in his solitary habits. It would have been a sad misfortune to her had he been converted from his anti-matrimonial views, and led to install a mistress at the Lawn. Mrs. Corbet had a good situation and she knew it. She had lived with my uncle a great many years, and was a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty or thereabouts, almost a lady in appearance and manner. My uncle had a great opinion of her; I had not. From my childish days I knew she had regarded me with jealousy and aversion, although concealed under a studied smoothness of manner. She was a widow with one son, a youth some years younger than myself. I believe she looked on me as the great obstacle to this boy's fortune. I do not think she could have cherished the idea of ever inducing my uncle to marry her; but I am sure she fancied that if he were quite alone in the world he would be as likely to bequeath his money to his faithful housekeeper as to leave it to the hospitals. Then her darling, her idol, would be a rich man. I will do her the justice to say that it was rather for the sake of her son than herself that she coveted the old man's money. A cold-hearted woman, not too scrupulous in compassing her ends, she yet loved that boy—a somewhat graceless youth—with an intense devotion. But for me she might have been able to make him rich. Children are keen observers; and Mrs. Corbet's stifled dislike was no secret to me in my boyhood, although I did not think my uncle perceived it. As I grew up she disliked me yet more; it was gall and wormwood to think of me as my uncle's heir.

"But when I was just twenty-five a new era opened in my life. It began in a very commonplace fashion; some new lodgers came into the rooms over mine. I think I should have hardly observed this fact had not their predecessor been a noisy medical student; and the blissful lull that took place after his departure induced me to inquire one day, when I paid my rent, if the upstairs rooms were now tenanted at all. Yes, they were; a widow lady and her daughter had taken the rooms; I should find them quiet neighbors. 'I suppose so,' I said, carelessly, thinking that at least they would not bring home a party of noisy students late at night; and then I thought no more of the new lodgers. But after that day I constantly met them on the stairs as I was going to my work; two slender figures in deep mourning, each carrying what looked like a roll of music, whence I inferred they went out giving lessons.

"I suppose it was the monotony of my life that made me observe any trifle that varied it; but I began sometimes to think a little about my fellow-lodgers. I did not even know their names, and of course had never addressed them; but one day, in descending the stairs, the young lady had dropped her roll of music, and I picked it up and returned it, receiving a 'Thank you,' in what struck me was the sweetest voice I had ever heard. After that I ventured to lift my hat when we encountered each other on the staircase, and the ladies would bow in return; but there was something in their manner that checked any attempt at further acquaintanceship. 'Quite the ladies, and hold themselves rather high,' my landlady informed me, 'although they went out teaching. Mrs. Morton was a clergyman's widow, and obliged to do something for herself. Very regular with their rent, like yourself, sir.'

"I can not trace how that casual meeting with my fellow-lodgers grew to be a feature in my day's engagements; but, although our greeting was a silent one, I should have been sorry somehow had I gone out too early or too late to encounter these black-veiled figures. I was sure they were very poor; neatly as they were always dressed, I could see their garments were well worn, and they worked very hard. They often came home later than I did from business, and sometimes when I was returning from the rare dissipation of a visit to the theater, I could see the light still burning in the sitting room above mine. My garrulous landlady informed me that the ladies 'did a sight of writing' when they were at home; whence I inferred that they occupied themselves either with copying or some such employment in their leisure time. Thus passed some months. Then came a change. Only the younger lady went out daily. After observing this I inquired of the landlady if Mrs. Morton were indisposed. Yes, the poor lady was 'queerish,' and miss had persuaded her to keep at home for a day or two. Meeting Miss Morton on the stairs next day, I ventured to inquire after her mother, and was answered gently and courteously, but not in a manner that encouraged further advances. My fellow-lodgers were decidedly reserved.

"However, having broken the ice, I regularly inquired after the sick lady every time I met the younger one, and was surprised to find how the sweet face, momentarily lifted to mine in reply, dwelt in my memory all day.

Mrs. Morton did not get better; anxious lines were showing themselves in the daughter's face, and my landlady told me that she thought Miss Morton was working too hard. I was really becoming interested in my neighbors, engaged in lighting the battle of life, so hard to lonely women. I could see it was the old sad story—illness bringing increased expenses, and means failing to meet them, the poor girl working double to supply the mother's failing powers. Strangers as they were to me, I pitied and sympathized with them.

"One evening my musings were interrupted by a tap at my door, and on opening it, to my extreme surprise, I found Miss Morton on the threshold. In brief, agitated words she apologized for her intrusion, but her mother was taken so suddenly worse, the landlady and servant were out, she was afraid to leave the invalid; would I pardon the liberty, and—'I will go for the Doctor at once,' I cried, seizing my hat and hurrying off before the poor girl could stammer out her apologies and thanks, and being fortunate enough to find that gentleman at home, we soon returned together. Of course I did not accompany him up stairs, but, after some interval, he came to my room.

"'Are these ladies relatives or friends of yours?' he inquired.

"I explained that they were not.

"'I fear the case is a hopeless one,' he said gravely.

"'If they have friends they should be communicated with at once. The young lady does not realize the danger, but I believe Mrs. Morton is sinking rapidly. It is a case of low fever, not infectious, but a very bad type; I should say greatly induced by overwork of some kind, and probably augmented by insufficient nourishment.'

"I hinted that the ladies were not too well off. 'Probably, very probably,' said the Doctor (he was a kind-hearted man, but cases of genteel poverty were so common in his experience that his interest in them had somewhat dulled) 'I will look in again to-morrow; but, I repeat, if the ladies have any friends, they ought to be communicated with.' I found means of conveying this opinion as gently as possible to Miss Morton afterward, and at the same time requesting her to employ my services in any way they could be of use. She thanked me with the same gentle reserve of manner. I was very good, but there was nothing she required.

"But the weeks went by, and I gradually acquired a slight intimacy with her. Mrs. Morton lingered on steadily declining. I dared not offer any assistance that looked like pecuniary aid; but I used to bring daily gifts of fruit and flowers to the dying woman (I am afraid I said they were presents to me from the Clapham hot-houses), and I went on errands; and once—the night before poor Mrs. Morton died—I finished some copying that Minnie had promised to send to the publishers that day, and could not quit her mother's pillow to complete.

"Poor, gentle Minnie! those days of trouble brought us much together. I soon learnt all her little story. Obliged to leave the pretty country vicarage after her father's death—coming to London, hoping to be able to earn a living with her mother—working hard, living scantily—it is the old, old tale of hundreds of poor women, well born, well educated, left alone in the world, without assistance, to fight their way as best they can. The Mortons had no friends in England. Mr. Morton's brother had emigrated years ago and settled in Australia. Minnie had not heard of him for a long time, and did not know his address. Mrs. Morton had been an orphan. A cousin of her father's was the only person Minnie could apply to for either advice or assistance; but he was a hard, cold man with a large family, very unlikely to do much. Nevertheless, when poor Mrs. Morton died, Minnie did write to him, asking, not for pecuniary help, but for employment; perhaps he could obtain her a situation as governess or companion. His reply came the day of the funeral. I had made the simple arrangements, and now Minnie and the kind-hearted landlady (who had accompanied her on her sad journey) had returned, I went up-stairs to see if I could be of any further service. I found Minnie weeping bitterly, and she at last showed me her cousin's letter.

"The writer was willing to advance the sum for a steerage passage to Sydney, and trust to 'your gratitude and sense of honesty to repay me out of your first earnings.' Once arrived in the colony, Minnie would doubtless be able to discover traces of her uncle, or obtain some employment. Anyhow, she would be cheaply off her cousin's hands. 'A steerage passage,' and to arrive friendless in an unknown country—and the man had young daughters of his own! I looked at the fair, delicate girl. Minnie had born up bravely for a long time, but a sense of her utter desolation seemed to fall on her now.

"'Oh, what shall I do?' she cried piteously.

"I took her cold little hand. 'Do not take a steerage passage to Australia. Stay in England and—marry me.'

"Of course it was a foolish business. I always acknowledge that, though neither of us ever regretted it for a second afterward. It seems like a bad moral to our imprudence that our marriage should have been such an exceptionally happy one; but there—so it was. After all, we had seen a great deal of each other during those weeks of Mrs. Morton's illness, and had grown more intimately acquainted with each other's character and disposition in this intercourse than we could have done during a whole London season's parties. It was seeing the deep unselfish affection that existed between Minnie and her mother that first opened my eyes to the loneliness of my own lot. No one had ever loved me after this manner. My uncle had conferred benefits on me, but I never could recall hearing an endearing word from his lips, nor observed him to show a symptom of affection for me. Had he done so, I might have acted more openly toward him; but he had never cared to win my confidence, and I therefore had less scruple in withholding it.

"We were married quietly about a month after Mrs. Morton's death; Minnie in her deep mourning, our good landlady our only wedding guest. It happened to be the time of my usual annual holiday, and I took my bride to a quiet little watering place on the Normandy coast, where we spent three weeks of such peaceful happiness that I really believe that I forgot all about my uncle and his probable feelings when he heard of my marriage.

"I did not despair; all my life hitherto I had been obedient to his wishes; he had never paid a bill for me, nor received a complaint from an employer. Surely he might overlook the one instance in which I had run counter to his will, especially when he heard all the circumstances and saw Minnie. I had worked myself into quite a sanguine frame of mind, when I one day received a summons to Clapham. Uncle John rarely wrote letters, but he now sent a brief line inviting, or rather requiring, me to stay with him a week or so, as he was laid up with the gout, and dull. I could go to and fro to my work; he only wanted me to play cribbage in the evening.

"I duly arrived at Clapham, and discovered that the gout was affecting Uncle John disagreeably. Never had I seen him worse tempered. He had been six months at Buxton, and the change had done him no good; it had been an expensive trip, and he was angry with himself for having gone, and the doctors for having sent him. Then, as ill-luck would have it, the son of a city acquaintance had just made an imprudent marriage against his father's wishes, and Uncle John was very full of it, and expected me to join in his condemnations. Now, as I was just as great a sinner myself, I could hardly in conscience anathematize young Robinson, and my lack of sympathy irritated my uncle.

"The weary days dragged by. I had been at Clapham three weeks, and had not found a single opportunity for disclosing my fatal secret. Sometimes I managed to get a hasty glimpse of Minnie while in town for my work, but I was heartily sick of separation, and often half resolved to speak out boldly to my uncle and end this wretched state of suspense.

"Fate was about unexpectedly to grant my wish. The census paper had arrived, and Mrs. Corbet one day reminded my uncle that it would be called for that morning, and was not yet filled up. It was one of Uncle John's worst days; the gout was in his right hand, and he could not write. I was summoned to act as secretary; my uncle was testy—he liked to do every thing himself. I was to fill up the paper under his eye, to make sure I committed no blunders, and was elaborately instructed where to write, etc. Alas, the first glance at that fatal paper sent my wits astray! Not alone did a prying government desire to know the age and sex of its subjects; they must also reveal if they were married or single! And I was to fill this up at my Uncle John's elbow! With a vain attempt to put off the evil day I wrote the required particulars regarding Uncle John and Mrs. Corbet as slowly as possible and then paused.

"'Hadn't I better put down the servants' names next?' I asked feebly.

"'Servants? Pshaw! Put yourself next.'

"'But I ought to fill up the census in London,' I urged, with a sudden hope. 'This is not my actual home.'

"'You slept here last night, idiot, didn't you?' said Uncle John, who had waxed irritable at my slow caligraphy; 'and you've been here three weeks as well. What's the fool staring at! You know your name and age, don't you? Fill it in here, under Mrs. Corbet's, only you're single.'

"Was I? I rapidly debated what was best to be done. I believed dire pains and penalties were attached to a fraudulent filling up of the census, but I would cheerfully have taken my chance of being detected by the Government did I describe myself as a bachelor. That risk was not a very serious one. But, on the other hand, I could not write a statement under Uncle John's own eye that I might have to disavow next day; at the same time this was clearly not a moment to reveal my marriage.

"'Can't you write your own name?' cried Uncle John, wrathfully; and, as I still lingered, chance came to my aid. The Doctor arrived. I hailed him as a beneficent genius.

"'This paper, will be called for to-day, sir,' I said, seizing it; 'perhaps while you are engaged with Mr. Jones. I will take it down stairs and finish filling in the servants' names;' and, without waiting for a reply, I hurried off, feeling as if I had escaped a precipice.

"I called up the servants, filled in their names and my own (truthfully, of course), and lingered in the hall till the messenger called, consigning the precious document to him with my own hands to escape prying eyes. Alas, I neglected one precaution; I did not see him out of the garden! The danger I had escaped had really given me such a shock that I thought I would light a cigar and take a quiet stroll in the shrubbery to calm my nerves. Well, it had ended right at last, but I resolved to take the very earliest opportunity of making my confession; this state of concealment was growing unbearable.

"'Please, Mr. William, your uncle wants to speak to you at once,' Mrs. Corbet interrupted my reflections.

"There was a look of malicious triumph in her face that alarmed me. I threw away my cigar and followed her in trepidation. Yes, my worst fears were realized; there sat my uncle, almost speechless with rage, the fatal census paper open before him, demanding in a choking voice the meaning of 'this—this disgraceful statement!'

"I shall always think Mrs. Corbet had suspected my secret. Perhaps she had friends in London who knew of my marriage. Any way, it was at her suggestion that the messenger was recalled before he got clear of the garden to enable my uncle to make sure I had filled up the paper properly. Thus the secret was disclosed.

"I need not dwell on the scene that followed. Another hour saw me on my road homeward, no longer oppressed by a secret, certainly, but at the same time devoid of all further expectations from Uncle John. I never saw him again. Next day came a parcel containing all the small personal possessions I had left at Clapham, also a check for £50 in a blank envelope, and this closed my intercourse with my uncle.

"I did not accept my banishment without a struggle. I wrote, Minnie wrote; our letters were returned to us unopened. Then I tried calling in person at the house, but could not get admittance; my uncle was not well enough to receive visitors.

"Three months afterward I saw the announcement of his death in the *Times* and received a formal invitation to the funeral from the family solicitor. I went, and remained to hear the will read; as I expected, my name was not mentioned. The document (dated the day after the filling up of that fatal census) bequeathed everything unreservedly to his faithful and attached friend and housekeeper, Mary Corbet.

"Many people advised me to dispute the will on the ground of 'undue influence;' but I was too poor to embark in a costly lawsuit; and besides, my uncle's prejudice against marriage was so well known, that it could not be denied that I had wounded him in his tenderest point by marrying Minnie, and might have expected to be disinherited in consequence. Old Mr. Williams, the solicitor, told me that he had often tried to put in a good word for me during my uncle's illness; but Mrs. Corbet watched him so closely that it was impossible to speak to him in private, and of course her influence was all against my interests.

"Fifty thousand pounds and the house and grounds was a good deal to lose; but a chancery suit is a terrible thing for a poor man to embark upon, and there seemed great doubt if I should succeed in gaining a verdict after all. So I decided to let Mrs. Corbet retain her ill-gotten spoils. They did her very little good after all, her worthless son ran through her money and went to the dogs a good deal faster as a rich man than he was doing as a poor one. I don't know what became of him at last; Mrs. Corbet died, a poor woman, about six years ago. She left Minnie a little plate and jewelry, all that remained of Uncle John's things. I suppose her conscience was not quite easy about that will.

"And how did we get on? Well, that fifty pounds tided us over the terrible time when Minnie's life hung on a thread, and I thought I was to buy my boy with the loss of my wife. When Minnie got strong again and the baby was flourishing, we were both too happy to trouble much about Uncle John's money. Then I began to work in earnest, as I had never done before. Just at that time Messrs. Hardie wanted to send a clerk abroad on some rather difficult and delicate business. They offered me the work. I was fortunate enough to execute it to their entire satisfaction, and on my return was promoted to a higher post and a better salary.

"We had a struggle for some years, but altogether we prospered. I rose at Messrs. Hardie's; Minnie was the queen of good managers. I don't know, taking every thing into consideration, that Uncle John's money would have made us much happier.

"After we had been married some years, and were getting on tolerably in the world, Minnie's long lost uncle came back from Australia a rich man. He was so pleased to find us doing so well, and not wanting any assistance from him, that he left us a snug little legacy when he died that just enabled me to purchase a partner's share in my employers' business, and, as you see, if we're not actually rich now, we're not in poverty. Still, I shall always say the census cost me £50,000."

"Or rather, Mrs. Brown did," I remarked, slily.

"Ah," said Brown, with a softening light on his good-humored, middle-aged face, "in that case I got full value for my money."—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Wolf Teeth in Horses.

The so-called wolf teeth are in themselves harmless enough, yet the popular prejudice has a foundation which it would be well for horsemen not to ignore. Most diseases of the eyes occur at that period of life when the milk-teeth are being most rapidly shed and the permanent teeth coming up. To suppose that a horse suffers nothing when cutting his teeth, is a great mistake, as is shown by the frequently slow and painful mastication of some young animals, by the dropping of food occasionally in a half-chewed condition, and by the heat, redness, swelling of the palate and gums. The red, swollen and tender state of the roof of the mouth behind the front teeth, familiarly known as "lampas," is but an indication of this teething trouble; and in not a few instances it renders the animal feverish, weak, and, by virtue of the general congestion of the head, strongly predisposed to inflammation of the eyes. The wolf teeth are in the mouth during the greater part of this period of teething, and are usualy shed toward its completion; so that once it is hinted that these are the cause of the trouble with the eyes, the owner, looking into the mouth, seems to find ample confirmation of the statement. The wolf teeth are, however, the most harmless in the mouth, having long ago reached their full development, and are but slightly inserted in their sockets; while the great and dangerous irritation attends on the cutting of the large grinding teeth, and, in the male, of the tushes. The presence of the wolf teeth in the mouth at this time is an accident, and not an injury. The temporary recovery often following their removal would have taken place all the same had they been left in the mouth, and a later attack is just as likely as if they were present. The excitement attendant on teething is natural; what we should guard against is its excess. Any costiveness of the bowels should be corrected by the feeding, or, if necessary, by one oz. Glauber's salt daily. Teeth pressing painfully beneath tense, resistent, painful gums, indicate the need of the lancet; teeth entangled on the crowns of their successors should be removed; all excessive swelling, redness, and tenderness of the gums demand lancing; and, finally, all unnecessary excitement or exhaustion should be avoided.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

He Wanted to be Vindicated.

It was plain to see as soon as he entered the sanctum that he was mad about something. Very likely his name had been mentioned in the proceedings of the Recorder's Court in connection with the charge of inebriation. He was laboring under intense mental excitement. It was some time before he could control himself enough to speak.

"I—have—come—to—see—about—this—Recorder's—Court—business," he gasped painfully.

"It's the rule to publish the names of all those who get drunk and are fined. Can't make any exception in your case."

"That's not what I am complaining of. I want my name in the paper as having been drunk; but you got my initials wrong. I am going to run for a city office, and I wanted to use that issue of the *News* as a campaign document. It would have made me popular with the boys, and here you go and get my name wrong, and some other fellow will get credit for it."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to be vindicated. I want you to come out in a card stating it was me, John Snooks, and not Isaac Snooks, as you have it, who got drunk and smashed a gas-lamp. I want it to be understood by the voters that I was the man whom six policemen took three-quarters of an hour to take to the lock-up, a distance of only 150 yards. I've been slandered, and if I am not put before the public in my true light I'll bring suit for damages. That's what I got drunk for, was to get my name in the paper so people would know I am duly qualified.—*Galveston News.*

Ancient American Giants.

The Rev. Stephen Bowers notes, in the Kansas City *Review of Science*, the opening of an interesting mound in Brush Creek Township, Ohio. The mound was opened by the Historical Society of the township, under the immediate supervision of Dr. J. F. Everhart, of Zanesville. It measured sixty-four by thirty-five feet at the summit, gradually sloping in every direction, and was eight feet in height. There was found in it a sort of clay coffin including the skeleton of a woman measuring eight feet in length. Within this coffin was found also the skeleton of a child about three and a half feet in length, and an image that crumbled when exposed to the atmosphere. In another grave was found the skeleton of a man and woman, the former measuring nine and the latter eight feet in length. In a third grave occurred two skeletons, male and female, measuring respectively nine feet four inches and eigth feet. Seven other skeletons were found in the mound, the smallest of which measured eight feet, while others reached the enormous length of ten feet. They were buried singly or each in separate graves. Resting against one of the coffins was an engraved stone tablet (now in Cincinnati), from the characters on which Dr. Everhart and Mr. Bowers are led to conclude that this giant race were sun-worshipers.

Put salt in the water in which eggs are poached.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Iron is rolled so thin at the Pittsburgh (Pa.) rolling mills that 10,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. It is as flexible as tissue paper, and quite as thin.

It would seem that the entire absence of sunlight on the deep-sea bottom has the same effect as the darkness of caves, in reducing to a rudimentary condition the eyes of its inhabitants.

Increased attention to the laws of health has considerably reduced the death rate in London during recent years. The chief sanitary evil of the metropolis now is an impure water supply, to secure immunity from which the health authorities are striving.

Stephen D. Field, of New York, a nephew of Cyrus W. Field, has patented an invention for applying electricity as a motive power on both surface and elevated railroads, and his patents are said to antedate all other claims. The elevated roads will test his motor and adopt it if it works successfully. The important feature in this invention is that an attachment is provided which will render collisions impossible, each train automatically preserving a safe distance from that following it. The brakes are to be operated by the same electrical currents which propel the motor.

Dr. Phipson has proposed a new method of solving the question of a cheap household light. He has succeeded, with a comparatively feeble electric current, in perceptibly increasing the phosphorescence of certain bodies which are made faintly light by the rays of the sun. He incloses in a Geissler tube, containing a gas in more or less rarefied condition, a phosphorescent body, the sulphuret of barium, for instance. By causing a constant current of a certain intensity to pass through the tube, he obtains a uniform and an agreeable light, at an expense which he estimates to be less than that of gas-light.

Much attention has been directed to some new processes for producing a cheap gas by the decomposition of water, which, in the form of steam, is brought in contact with incandescent carbon. The reports made by the scientific press state that the experiments lately made in this direction in Sweden and Russia have been attended with favorable results, and various scientific authorities, some of them Government officials, declare that the gas has been employed for welding wrought iron, for smelting in crucibles, both pig-iron and steel, the effect being very satisfactory in respect to the heating power of the gas. For illumination, this kind of gas is claimed to possess some peculiar advantages. When used for this purpose, the gas is conducted through a vessel filled with cotton moistened with benzine.

Wild Birds and the British Constitution.

The British Parliament has passed a law for the protection of wild animals; but, as "boys" are the chief enemies of wild birds, the punishment, like children's books, is adapted to their infant capacity. They are to be "reprimanded." As a general rule boys most inclined to shy a stick or chuck a stone at wild birds, are not overburdened with reverence, and the law has defined with comical exactness the conduct which shall imply that the reprimand has not been duly and dutifully received by the criminal. If, when reprimanded, he "shall, by laughing, whistling, dancing, cocking snooks, turning cart-wheels, or otherwise signify his contempt for the justices and their reprimand, it shall be lawful for the Court to require the attendance of his mother, grandmother, aunt or other female relative intrusted with the charge of him to make inquiries of them as to the way in which he has been brought up and as to where he is expected to go to." The law further defines its definitions by enacting that laughing shall include "grimacing, 'mugging' or any voluntary contortion that shall appear disrespectful to the Court;" dancing shall include "performing the 'frog hornpipe'" or "any movements of the lower limbs unaccompanied by change of place and which the Judges shall deem unnecessary to locomotion;" "cocking snooks" "shall mean 'taking a sight' or the pressing or placing of the thumb or thumbs of either hand or both hands over or against the nose and the stretching forth or extending of the fingers of such hand or hands, and shall further include any gesture indicative of contempt," and "turning cartwheels" shall "include standing on the hands or head, whether with or without the support of a wall or other perpendicular or horizontal support for the feet."

With these statutes before him, the British boy as well as the British magistrate can hardly fail to detect and comprehend those minute fractures of the British Constitution which, if not repaired in time, might end in bringing the whole thing down upon their unlucky heads. Under the ægis of such a law, not only will the wild birds find shelter, but the estates of the realm perceive new security in the painstaking conscientiousness of the British law-givers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mother's Bad Instruction.

A little girl stood on the steps of the Arcade awaiting the arrival of a stage which would convey her across Washington Bridge. Her mother was near by to see her safely off, and had given her the amount of the fare, which for her would be ten cents, as she was more than twelve years of age. While waiting she saw some peaches opposite and asked for pennies to buy some, and the instruction from the mother was, "Buy the peaches with one-half of your money, and when you give your fare to the driver say you are eleven."

Soon after little Frank got off the horse-car, and immediately purchased some peanuts, and while giving some of them to another boy, said, "I cheated the driver when I told him I would be eleven in September, and kept my money for peanuts." Thus early in life children are learning to tell falsehoods. In the first instance, by obeying the instructions of the mother, the child obtained the much coveted fruit, and was also quick to learn that the mother approved of the lie. The boy had learned his cheating from an evil associate.—*Providence (R. I.) Press.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY SEPT. 11, 1880.

On June 26, 1878, the Democratic State convention of Ohio resolved "that we demand the absolute repeal of the resumption act." Now the Democrats think that resumption, secured by Republican wisdom, is a pretty good thing.

Mr. George N. Santemeyer, of Oakland, who has recently returned from a visit to relatives in Fayette and Westmoreland counties, Penn., reports great enthusiasm among the Republicans in the coke regions, and that many Democrats there propose to vote the Republican ticket this fall on account of the Democratic free trade platform.

"A Tariff for Revenue Only."--What it Means.

The 13th plank in the Democratic platform says: "The Democratic party is the friend of labor and the laboring man, and pledges itself to protect him alike from the cormorant and the commune."

Now let us determine the value of a Democratic pledge. In the third paragraph it declares in favor of "a tariff for revenue only."

It may not be generally known by our readers that a change in the present tariff will materially effect the interests of every citizen of the United States who buys, or sells, or labors for wages. It may not be generally known by laboring men, that before the war, when the country was under Democratic control, we had "a tariff for revenue only," and that almost every class and variety of goods we consumed were manufactured in England. Our railroad iron, our cutlery, our hardware of whatever sort, were manufactured in England. Almost every variety of textile fabric was manufactured in Europe, and why? England was the "workshop of the world." Her manufacturing establishments were old and well fortified. They had every facility for the cheap production of goods; immense wealth, low wages, cheap material and ample facilities for cheap transportation; and they were fully alive to their interests. The consequence was if a manufacturing enterprise should spring up in America, threatening competition with foreign production, the foreigner, having the advantage of ample capital, trained or skilled labor and low wages, was able to undersell the American manufacturer and drive him to the wall; but when the field was clear prices went up again. Compare the prices paid for a few varieties of staple goods twenty years ago with the prices of to-day, and it will be found that they are 50 per cent. lower now than they were then.

Again, compare the wages of to-day with wages twenty years ago, and it will be found that wages range about 50 per cent. higher now. We see the effect of it all around us. People live better, dress better, are educating themselves and their children better, there are fewer Sheriff's sales, business of every kind is safer, and there is more general thrift and security and prosperity on every hand. The poor man has an easier time getting along in the world, and why? In the first place, when the Republicans got control of the Government they placed a sufficient tariff on imported goods to enable American manufacturers to compete with those of foreign countries, and the result was that manufacturing interests and business enterprises sprang up all over the country, giving employment at good wages to every laborer in the land.

The hard times encountered in getting back from an inflated currency to a specie basis gave us a backset, but we are now on solid ground once more, and appear to be entering upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. But to appease our Southern brethren, who have always been jealous of Northern thrift and enterprise, the Democrats propose to strike down our tariff and open the floodgates of commerce to every product of foreign lands. Our manufacturing interests, which are as yet comparatively in their infancy, would be brought into ruinous competition with the rich and powerful corporations of England, and other countries, and the result would be that half the furnaces and mills and factories and workshops in this country would be closed.

"A tariff for revenue only" means the destruction of half the business enterprises in this country. It means the discharge of a large army of artisans and laborers, who are now earning good wages, and their reduction to vagrancy. It means, to a large extent, the destruction of our coal interests, for when the workshops are closed there will be little use for coal. It means a low price and a poor market for the products of the soil; for when the shops and mines are closed there will be no one earning money to buy with. A tariff for revenue only means five to ten dollars off of every hundred pounds of wool the farmer produces. It means 25 per cent. off of every bushel of wheat and corn and a similar reduction on every pound of beef, and pork and mutton that the American farmer produces. It means a similar reduction in the wages of labor, and it means, ultimately, an increased price for all classes of goods and merchandise; for when the destruction of American manufactures shall have been consumated, then foreigners can put prices up to what they were prior to the present protective policy. This is the meaning of "a tariff for revenue only." The Solid South could thus destroy the prosperity of the North effectually. They dictate, and their craven tools, the Democrats and Copperheads of the North, are but too ready to acquiesce in their desires.

Political Notes.

Indiana has been thoroughly canvassed and will give a Republican majority in October of at least 5,000.

R. S. Mason, who in 1878 was the Greenback candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania and received 100,000 votes for that office, comes out for Garfield and Arthur.

Wm. H. English, Democratic candidate for Vice President, has foreclosed on 187 mortgages since the beginning of 1875, has recorded 81 Sheriff's deeds in the last four years and has acquired 77 tax titles in the same time. Truly the "poor man's friend."

The workingmen's club in Brooklyn have left the Democratic party, and have given in their adhesion to the Republican party, with 300 votes.

Young man, choose ye which party you will serve—the one whose policy is to disrupt, disintegrate and degrade the nation—or the one whose aim is to bind up, cement, magnify and ennoble her civilization, and place her where she legitimately belongs, in the forefront of the freest, the proudest and the most exalted of the nations of the earth.

General Bates, of Illinois, has left the Greenback party and declared for Garfield.

The Democratic campaign began with a great farce and will end in a great fizzle.

The Democratic platform says: "The Democratic party is the friend of labor and the laboring man," and yet they announce as one of their cardinal principles that they are in favor of "a tariff for revenue only," which would close up half the mills and furnaces and factories in the country, and throw one-half the laboring men out of employment and set them adrift as vagrants over the land.

A long course of criminal incompetency and imbecility; then the rebellion. Opposition to reconstruction acts, opposition to manhood suffrage, opposition to the act to strengthen the public credit in 1869, opposition to the act to refund the National debt at a lower rate of interest in 1870, opposition of the Resumption act in 1875, opposition to a tariff protecting home industry, the advocate of free trade, free money, free fraud and a free count; and such is the record of the Democratic party. Hoorah for Hancock!

Ex-Governor Clark, of Pennsylvania, is out in a letter for Garfield.

The flattest thing out.—A Democratic argument.

One vote and three counts is the new substitute for the Mississippi plan.

What the Democrats need just now above all things, is a certificate of loyalty.

Wanted by the Democracy—Some one with sufficient engenuity—a sort of political Edison—to invent some sort of excuse for a sensible man to vote the Democratic ticket.

A Republican campaign club was organized at Staunton, Va., last week, with eighty-two members, twenty-three of whom had previously been Democrats. Wade Hampton's speech is bringing forth fruit already.

A more complete canvass of a state has never been made than that which the Republican managers have just completed of the voters of Indiana, and the claim is that it insures victory in October by at least 5,000 majority.

The following are the resolutions adopted at the Congressional Convention last Thursday:

1st. The Republicans of the Sixth Congressional district of Maryland in convention assembled, heartily approve the platform adopted by the National Republican convention at Chicago.

2nd. We cordially indorse the nominees of that convention and pledge them our earnest support and call upon all good citizens to unite in electing them to the offices for which they have been nominated.

3rd. We recognize Jas. A. Garfield as one of the ablest representatives of those principles which the Republican party has always so consistently maintained, to wit: The unity of the Nation; the supremacy of the constitution; the equality of the citizens; its efficient financial system; the sacred obligation to honestly liquidate the public debt; the protection of American industries. These principles are essential to the safety of the Nation and the welfare of the people, and their advocacy and maintenance by the Republicans in the face of persistent Democratic opposition has secured to the Nation its present unprecedented prosperity.

4th. Our candidate for President, more than any other public man, has contributed to the support of these principles by his unswerving and untiring advocacy of them in Congress, and we point with unbounded pride to his record upon these subjects as an absolute guarantee of what his administration will be.

5th. That the "Solid South," not content with unblushing frauds upon the ballot, accomplished by savage cruelty and systematic terrorism, now seeks, by gross frauds upon the census, to cover her waste places, shunned by the immigrant, and to perpetuate the power stolen by the tissue ballot count.

6th. That the returns from Alabama giving a Democratic majority of 90,000 are a sad commentary upon the empty platitudes in Gen. Hancock's letter of acceptance, calling for "a free ballot, a full vote and a fair count," and convincingly demonstrates the hollowness of Democratic promises and professions.

7th. That the purity and efficiency of the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes deserves the unqualified commendation of the people of the United States, and his firm resistance to Democratic measures tending to overthrow the salutary legislation of the Republican party for the preservation of the purity of the ballot-box by his manly exercise of the veto power, demands the undounded admiration of all those who believe that a free ballot is the right preservative of all rights.

8th. That in the Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick county, our present able and efficient representative, we have a man who has been faithful in every respect during his first term, we, therefore, cordially endorse his record in Congress, which has redeemed every promise made by him in the canvass of 1878.

Mr. Harry L. Taggart, the vice president of the Philadelphia Protective Tariff club, which will have over ten thousand members before October 1, writes thus to a friend in Washington: "The Hancock boom is playing out rapidly in Eastern Pennsylvania. Garfield's majority in the State will be an immense one. The protection plank assures success and is aiding the Republicans amazingly. Many Democratic manufacturers in Philadelphia have asked their workmen to vote the Republican ticket, otherwise their factories will have to close under Democratic rule in obedience to its free trade platform."

Pennsylvania Politics.

WASHINGTON, September 5.—A gentleman who arrived here to-day from Pennsylvania, who has been carefully watching the progress of political affairs in that State for the past six weeks, reports that the Democrats are seriously disturbed over the continued increase of Republican strength. Two months ago the Democrats jubilantly declared that a turn in the political tide was soon to occur in their favor, and everywhere the the mere mention of Hancock's name was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. It is not so now. Hancock's name fails to excite even the slightest ripple. The laboring class in the State is disposed to swell the Republican vote largely, and there are other indications showing that the Republican majority will be the heaviest yet polled. Another cause for anxiety, and one which is looked upon with indignant apprehension by the Democrats, is the publication of a letter from a Democratic congressman of the State, in reply to a Union soldier's application for a pension. This letter, which will throw additional light upon the rebel character of the Democratic party, is as follows:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 23, 1880.

"*Dear Sir*—Your favor was received. I would most cheerfully introduce and urge the passage of a bill such as you suggest, but with the present Democratic House pension bills do not have much favor. It has become almost impossible to get consideration of such a bill at all, and when considered, its chance of passing the House is very remote, and the rebel general who is at the head of the Pension Committee in the Senate is still more averse to allowing any such bills to pass. It would not be at all probable, therefore, that the bill could be got through.

"Very truly,
F. E. BELTZHOOVER."

The gentleman just arrived here says that the letter has thrown the Pennsylvania Democracy into a state of utmost consternation, and while some are inclined to doubt its authenticity, those who are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Beltzhoover sadly confess their belief that he wrote it. Among the latter is ex-Representative Stonger. Mr. Beltzhoover, when questioned about it, spoke evasively, and finally said that if he did write it he had no recollection of the fact. There is no occasion, however, for any doubt about the matter. Mr. Beltzhoover wrote it, and the Democrats are loud in their indignant denunciations of him.

The state of affairs in Indiana is causing great uneasiness to the Democrats, as they realize that if this State goes Republican in October the result of the campaign will be practically settled. Landers is a heavy load to carry, and the Democratic opposition to him is active and implacable. Then also the good times are a great stumbling-block to the Democrats. Workingmen are busily employed at fair wages, and cannot be made to see the reason of a change. The Louisville *Courier Journal* circulates very largely in Southern Indiana, and its free trade editorials are making plenty of Republican votes among the workingmen. Notwithstanding all the money that English has made by his mortgage foreclosures and his willingness to spend it in this campaign, the Democratic prospect in that Democratic State is very dubious. Meanwhile, whatever the result in Indiana, the Republican canvass in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, which are the debatable States, will go briskly and energetically forward. No fear is felt in regard to the Pacific slope, although after the Maine election is over, Senator Blaine will take the stump in that region, where his popularity is unbounded and his influence very great.

At a recent meeting at Ehlrid, Pa., Mr. H. C. Chisholm, son of Judge Chisholm, who was brutally murdered in Mississippi in 1877 by Democrats, was one of the speakers. When he arose to address the audience he placed his hand on his heart and said: "My Republicanism lies here. It was paid for by the blood of my father, my brother and my sister, who were murdered by Democrats. Can you blame me for being a Republican?"

The Republican Congressional Convention held at Oakland Thursday re-nominated by acclamation Hon. M. G. Urner for Congress. This was expected. His election two years ago by an unusually large majority, his record in Congress and party usage, combined to invest him with a prestige which could not be fairly overlooked. He is an excellent gentleman and sufficiently popular to inspire his opponent with a great deal of anxiety.—*Frostburg Journal.*

The *Christian Union*, a religious paper, in urging its readers to vote for Garfield, says: "If Gen. Garfield is elected, he will be the first President of the United States, since Washington's time, who has been, or is a professing Christian, and member of the Evangelical Church of Christ.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 7, 1880.

The Democrats are still crying out for a "change." In the campaign of 1876, Mr. Tilden said that after the resumption of specie payments, the country would enter upon a period of great prosperity, during which the people would not vote for a "change." It has come, not as Tilden wished, however. There are many reasons why the Republican party should remain in power. Should the Democratic party elect its President and hold its present majority in Congress, in what manner would they administer the great interests that would devolve upon them? The past record of that party does not answer the question satisfactorily. It is not denied that the Republican party has brought great prosperity to the people of the country. With the Democrats in power, and a consequent change of policy, it is not reasonable to suppose that prosperity would continue. It is plain that any change would surely be injurious to the public welfare. But suppose they made none, would the country derive any advantage by being kept in a state of suspense from November until March, and for many months thereafter? It would surely be injurious to all our industries and business. We have assurances that upon the accession to power of the Democratic party, sundry and alarming "changes" would be attempted. The tariff would be tinkered, new fangled experiments with the banks, the currency, and the public debt would be ventured upon, and a "spirited foreign policy," would involve us in war with Spain, England, Mexico and Central America. Business would be restricted and embarrassed, and the great wave of prosperity on which we are now floating, would recede, and leave us stranded, perhaps for years upon the sands of National adversity.

But the past course of the Republican party, the fruits of its labors we now enjoy, is an ample, a complete guarantee and guide for the future. The people would know what to expect, business would go on uninterrupted, and would seek new fields for enterprise without fear of damaging policies, of hostile politicians or parties. These considerations, and many more, should be sufficient to determine those who waver; a vote for Garfield is a vote for prosperity and for National prosperity.

LOGAN.

The Baltimore *American* publishes a comparison between the registration lists in that city, the vote at the last municipal election and the recent census returns of population. The table foots up as follows: Vote of 1877, 47,092; registered voters, 84,-12g; males over twenty years old, as returned by the census enumerators, 88,096. In the number of males over twenty years of age there is necessarily a large number who are not voters, including those between twenty and twenty one years old, the unnaturalized and the large number of thoughtless men who never register.; yet it is shown that the number of registered voters in some of the wards is larger than the number of males over twenty years as given by the census. In the Fourth ward, which always manages to give stunning Democratic majorities, there are 3,017 voters on the registration list, while the census enumerator could find in the ward only 2,649 males who were over twenty years of age, or 368 more voters than males above twenty. The Eighth ward, which never fails to be the banner ward when Democratic majorities are needed, manages to have 3,811 voters by the registration lists, but the census gives it only 3,508 males above twenty years of age, a difference of 313. The Ninth ward, however, another ward distinguished for its Democratic ballot victories, carries off the palm. It has always been expected that the "boys" in this ward were too zealous for their party and the census has shown this to be true. The registry list gives her 3,-282 voters, but the census man could find only 2,283 males above twenty, being a difference of 989, the latter being an excess of voters above the male population above twenty. The Thirteenth ward has three hundred more voters on the registration list than males above twenty, the Fourteenth 333, and the Fifteenth 546. The latter is probable necessary to give the ward to the Democratic party, as without these bogus votes it would certainly be Republican. The Twentieth ward has 231 more votes than male population above twenty. During the approaching registration application will be made to the registers of voters to strike out the names of these bogus voters, but, we opine, with little probability of success.

To mothers whose children are weeping. Sweet and balmy slumber secured for the little ones, and coughs and colds rapidly banished by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Good News from Vermont.

BURLINGTON, VT., Sept. 8.—One hundred and fifty towns have been heard from, and give a Republican majority of 17,000. On this basis the Republican majority over all will be about 22,500 and their plurality about 27,000. The legislature will have but one Democratic Senator and the House is overwhelmingly Republican.

This is a gain of 5,000 over the last general election. The effect of this splendid victory will be felt in Maine next week and throughout the country in November.

Williamsport, Penn., Sept. 2.—At the election to-day for City Recorder, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Dietrick, S. M. Smith, Republican, was elected by 571 majority over Judge Huston Hepburn, Democrat. This was a gain of 521 over Governor Hoyt's majority in 1878. This city is for a solid "North." As goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union.—*New York Herald.*

RYANS GLADES Sept. 5th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN—*Dear Sir*:—I, with all the readers of the REPUBLICAN, as well as those of the *Democrat*, have been not a little astonished at the claims made by the *Democrat*, and the officers of the Oakland Hancock and English club, that the Democratic party furnished the statesmen and soldiers that conquered the rebellion.

In the first place, what war legislation did any Democratic statesman introduce? Did any of the war measures looking to a vigorous prosecution of the war, originate with Democratic statesmen? On the contrary they opposed and denounced every such measure.

We all know that several Democratic "statesmen" were expelled from Congress on account of their treasonable acts and sentiments.

We know that that eminent "statesman" Vallandigham of Ohio was taken up by the Democrats and run for Governor because he was a blantant out spoken rebel, and had on that account been sent over the lines into the confedreacy by President Lincoln.

We know too that in the State conventions during the progress of the war, Democratic platforms denounced the war measures of the Government, and their general tenor was to discourage rather than encourage the prosecution of the war.

This a matter of history as well, that the National, Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1864, declared the war a failure, and demanded a cessation of hostile ties.

We also remember that nine out of every ten Democrats we met were either out spoken against the war for the Union, or were sullen and had nothing to say. The writer of this letter remembers more occasions than one, where he met Democratic acquaintance whom he regarded as friendly, but who did not deign to speak to him because he wore the National uniform; and that during the war and for years afterwards Union Soldiers were treated as enemies. It is well known that Democrats and Rebels were synonymous terms in this part of the country, and Democrats generally did nothing to support or encourage the struggle for the Union, but they actually desired the success of the Rebels. If they wore a badge it was of gray, if they cheered it was for Jeff. Davis, if their sons enlisted it was in the Rebel Army.

It may be true that a number of original Democrats fought for the Union, such as Grant and many others, but when the Democrats became Rebels those of them that had any self respect left the party, and joined the Republicans.

There is one infallible mark in-dexing Democratic sentiment: No Democrat ever names his child for a Union general, unless he had disgraced himself as in the case of McClellan. There are in Democratic families, plenty of Lees, Floyds, Simses and Forests, but never a Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan.

But what is the use to multiply evidence to prove what everybody knows. Everyboy, great and small, Unionist and Rebel, Republican and Democrat wise men and fools know perfectly well that the Democrats did not conquer the rebellion, but did a great deal more for it than against it. How many of the officers of the campaign club of Oakland did anything to assist in the suppression of the Rebellion? And on the other hand how many of them gave it countenance and encouragement or were actually engaged in its service? Will the *Democrat* inform us? Will the Editor say where his sympathies were during the war? and as the *Democrat* insists that this is not a Nation, will it tell its readers on which side it will be found in case the Southern States secede again. Democrats are greatly in need of a certificate of loyalty, but in the name of decency somebody else ought to make it out and sign it.

Yours very truly.

ONE OF THE BOYS THAT WORE THE BLUE.

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—The Circuit Court for this county convenes Monday.

—Miss Laura Stalnaker returned to Westminster College Monday last.

The County Commissioners will meet for the transaction of business Monday.

—Miss Katie Townshend has returned from her visit to Moundsville, W. Va.

—Mrs. T. Pickerpaugh, of Morgantown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss.

—Miss Fannie Brown, of Cumberland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Chisholm.

—Rev. Mr. Boyle and family, of Alexandria, Va., have been visiting at Mr. J. W. Veitch's.

—Thomas Bell was painfully burned on the left hand by an explosion of powder, Saturday last, in Offutt's Hall.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Tatten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Miss Kate Brown, who has been spending some time in Oakland, returned to Cumberland Thursday evening of last week.

—Peter Gortner, Esq., residing six miles South of Oakland, gathered from one stalk of buckwheat raised on his farm this season, 1,800 grains. This is hard to beat.

—Democratic primaries were held in this county Saturday last. We have been unable to get a list of delegates for publication. Mr. Veitch's supporters claim the county.

—Opening at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store, Handsome stock of fall and winter millinery goods, hats and bonnets, flowers, feathers, fringes, rouchings, nets, ties, &c.

—Persons attending court next week, should call at the harness manufactory of Mr. Helbig and examine the work on hand. We take pleasure in recommending their work, and the Messrs. Bell will take pleasure in waiting on them.

—Mr. S. M. Haller, special agent to obtain the mining statistics of Western Maryland, and part of Western Pennsylvania, for the census, was in Oakland last week. Mr. Haller stated that he had about completed his work in this county.

—Died—Near Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., Sept. 6th, 1880, George W. Hileman, aged 55 years. Bro. Hileman had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for 30 years. For about 18 years he had held the position of class leader. His end was glorious. He rejoiced to the last in hope of glory. At his request the funeral services were conducted by the writer. He has left a wife, two sons and a number of other relatives to mourn. May they meet him in heaven. N. L. B.

Persons Attending Court

Will find on hand at Richardson's, near the Depot, a full line of fresh and nice goods, cakes, candy, fruits, nuts, tobacco, cigars, &c., &c. Give us a call.

Public Sale.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Wilson Procter, in this issue. Mr. Procter offers for sale somejfine horses and cattle, a large lot of farming implements, and all of his household furniture. Remember the date Friday, September 17th.

A Slight Fire in Oakland.

Monday evening about 9 o'clock, a lamp exploded in a sleeping room in Mr. Thayer's boarding house, setting fire to the room, and before it was extinguished had burned the window blinds, the clothing of the lady occupant, and considerabley damaged a dressing bureau. No one was in the room at the time of the explosion.

Attention, Garrett Guards.

All members are requested to attend a meeting of the company to be held at the Armory on Saturday evening, 11th inst., at 7.30 o'clock. Important business will be transacted. Members having any of the company's property in their possession will turn it in by that evening.

By order of the Captain.

P. A. CHISHOLM, 1st Sergt.

New Store Room and New Goods.

Davis & Townshend's new store room is about finished, and presents the handsomest front in Oakland. The store room has been very materially enlarged and otherwise improved. This firm have recently received a large stock of new goods, and desire their friends, and the public generally, to call and see them. Persons attending court should call and examine their line of clothing, boots and shoes, &c. They keep a general line of goods, and will sell very low for cash or good produce.

Notice.

All persons having bonafide claims against me are requested to present the same for immediate payment. Persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle previous to October 1st, 1880.

R. G. RICHARDSON.

COUNTRY August 28th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN :—*Dear Sir.*—Myself, with quite a number of like minded inquirers, have been watching the campaign as conducted on the side of our Democratic friends, with the, (as yet,) vain hope that some solid arguments might be adduced showing why the Democratic party under the lead of Hancock ought to be trusted rather than the Republican party under Garfield. We don't want froth and fury, we want solid sense; this being lacking we propose to vote as we shot; at the common enemy.

Yours truly.

INQUIRING VOTER.

Pole Raising.

A mass meeting and pole raising was held at Selbysport Saturday afternoon last. The pole is a handsome one and stands 91 feet above ground.

The meeting was called to order by Wm. Ryland, Esq., and the following officers were chosen :

President—Isaac Myers.

Vice President—George Dunham, C. F. Frazee, J. E. Frazee, Coleman Friend, John T. Geary, John Swalp, and Kimmell Frazee.

Secretary—E. J. Stuck.

There was a large attendance at the meeting, and stirring speeches were made by Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs. We expect a good report from Selbysport on the 2d of November.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Sept. 11th, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

Clarance Altcheson, Lavita Brady, Pola Core, Algernon Chalmers, W. E. Davis, Nicholas Francis, Mrs. James Hoban, Hetty Harder, Page Howard, Bridget Kelley, M. G. Lesley, Jane McAndrews, George W. Maton, 2, F. L. Moore, J. Scott McClave, J. C. Plant, John Shankholter, 2, W. C. Shankholter, James C. Sprigg, Com. Temple, U. S. N., Taylor, C. W., Emanuel Troutman, Carrie Theis, Chas. T. Westcott, Mrs. R. A. Whitmire.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Allegany County Democrats.

The Democratic Convention for Allegany county, met in Cumberland Tuesday, all of the districts being represented.

Before going into nomination for delegates Wm. Broderick, a delegate from east Lonaconing, arose with a paper in his hand which he desired that the secretary should read. It was understood that the paper was condemnatory of Mr. W. M. Price, Democratic Presidential Elector, from this district and asking the State Committee to strike his name from the ticket. This was opposed by the canal wing of the party, amid much confusion, and the chairman decided that the paper could not be read. The following delegates were elected:

James E. Ellegood, Alex. King, A. Willison; Thos. E. Gonder, F. M. Granlich, Jr., C. J. Sanders, S. Bradley, James Wilson, and G. W. Wingert.

A resolution was passed instructing the delegation to vote for Col. Schley.

Accident Items.

ACCIDENT, Sept. 6th, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN :—There was held here on Sabbath last quite an interesting missionary meeting. Some 4 or 5 congregations were represented, members of the German Lutheran Church from Berlin, Cumberland and Lonaconing, were present as well as their pastors. Rev. Lauderbach conducted the morning services and Rev. Mull the afternoon services, both being assisted by the pastor local, Rev. Mr. Fleckenstein. Owing to the large number of people the exercises were held out of doors, Mr. Michael Menhorn kindly furnishing his pleasant orchard for the purpose. The collections for missionary purposes amounted to about fifty dollars.

A serious runaway occurred at Engle's Mills on Monday evening last. A horse belonging to Mr. Fred Crouse, which was hitched to a light spring wagon, became unmanagable and in his endevors to control the horse, Mr. Crouse was thrown from the wagon and very seriously injured. His family were upon the point of getting into the wagon when the horse started, and in consequence had a narrow escape. The wagon was upset and broken and the horse somewhat injured.

Mr. Buckalew, the new miller at Engle's Mills, is a minister of the German Baptist Church, and is preaching regularly in the different churches of the denomination. The Cove congregation of the same denomination have erected a handsome new church, which was lately dedicated. Rev. Jeremiah Beeghly, Bishop of the German Baptist Church, has been quite ill for a long time but is now recovering his health. Mr. Beeghly's many friends are anxiously awaiting the return of his health that he may again resume his duties as minister resident.

Mr. John Ault, we regret to say, has left town and the string band of which he seemed to be the head and front languishes. Mr. Ault seeks "fresh fields and pastures new." Life at Accident we fear is too monotonous.

Dr. A. F. Sphicher, who is at present absent from town on a visit, expects to leave Accident about the 20th, inst. He goes to New York city to continue his medical studies in the Hospital of that city. He expects to remain some seven or eight months and will attend the Lectures of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a department of the justly celebrated Columbia College of New York.

Fruit of all description is very abundant in this vicinity, apples pears and peaches especially being very plenty.

Mr. John Gnagy has purchased a new fruit dryer which promises to be a most excellent affair. Several of our farmers who have examined them pronounced them a success and expect to order through Mr. Gnagy.

From all accounts the Republican mass meeting and pole raising at Selbysport was quite a success. The big Democratic pole advertised to go up at Mill Run on the same day refused to raise.

Respectfully,

FAX.

From Selbysport.

SELBYSPORT, MD., Sept. 7, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN :—You will please give us space in your valuable paper for a few items from our district on the political status of the day. The Republicans here are awakening to the issues of the hour; and as the result of their enthusiasm, on last Saturday they erected a beautiful Garfield and Arthur pole, 95 feet high, and launched the glorious "old Stars and Stripes" to the breeze. The meeting was pleasantly entertained by Messrs. Peddicord and Combs on the issues of the day, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. But lo! in the midst of our enthusiasm, we turn and cast the eye just across the hill. In the direction of Mill Run, where we behold a different set of men, of different political faith, preparing to raise a Hancock and English Pole, and when all was ready they took hold with a will; but the "strength" of the Democracy was not equal to the occasion, and the pole was lowered to the ground. They then solicited the services of one "Joe," a staunch Republican, who, taking in the situation, consented to loan them the "strong arm" of a Republican. So all hands took hold, and when the pole was seemingly up out of danger one of the number named "Rip Van Winkle" remarked: "We could have put it up without the aid of a d—d Republican," whereupon Joe loosed his hold and gave "Rip Van" a slight touch of the aforesaid strong arm, while in the meantime the pole swung round and lodged in the forks of a sugar tree, where it still reclines, as a fit emblem of the Democracy after November next. And now three hearty cheers for Garfield, Arthur and Urner, and we are done for the present.

OBSERVER.

Wants No Change.

Mr. Richard Hasbarek, the able editor of the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, who has been supporting the Democratic party, is in this campaign doing valuable service for Garfield. In a late issue of his valuable paper, he says:

"The present good times constitute the great advantage which Republicans have in this Presidential campaign. If times were bad, the blame would be laid on the ruling party. If the various branches of business were depressed, people would demand a political change in the hope of bringing about an improvement. But times are better than they have been for years. Business goes on well. Factories are active. Workingmen have employment. Public opinion, therefore, opposes a change of government. 'Let well enough alone' will be the conclusion that will decide this election. The people are contented with the result of the Republican financial policy, and will not, therefore, be induced to try new experiments. We know what we have. We do not know what would come in case of a change of government. Such a change might be damaging and dangerous, especially when the position assumed by a large number of the Democratic party leaders is remembered—a position they still partly maintain. It is not to be expected that the people will turn suddenly from the good they have proved to the bad that is untried. There exists no wish for a change. There is, perhaps, a fear of one. This feeling will be sufficient of itself to decide the election in favor of the Republican Presidential candidate."

Court Docket--September Term.

ORIGINALS.

No. 1. Richard Graham vs. Lovelace Gorsuch and Borden Mining company. Grove for plaintiff.

No. 2. Synthia Marvill by her next friend and husband George Marvill, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiff.

3. Zebedee Warner vs. Daniel Hendrickson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

4. Sarah Ann Moses by her next friend Arthur Foundling, vs. David Evans. Sloan for plaintiff.

5. Wm. D. Gill vs. Theodore Bush. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

6. Same vs. John H. Heckert. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

7. Virginia Reich vs. Geo. Layman. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

8. John L. Browning, Jane H. Browning, et. al., vs. Moses Tichnell, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

9. Same vs. Bishop Nine, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

10. Same vs. Albert Shahan, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

11. Solomon Howell and Laishley Wenver co-partners, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Howell & Weaver, vs. John Richardson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

12. Newton B. Wayman vs. Peter Martin. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

13. Newton B. Wayman vs. John F. Browning. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

14. Levi Teats vs. George W. Ward, replevin. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

15. Wm. Frey vs. Simon Wolf. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

16. Mary E. F. Good and Alex. C. Good, her husband, use Chas. M. Miller, vs. Thos. A. Neihkin and wife. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

17. Jonathan Fichtner vs. Chas. H. Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff.

18. Same vs. Lewis Bush and son. Hamill for plaintiff.

19. Wm. R. Getty vs. Jno. L. Browning. Hamill for plaintiff.

20. Susanah Morrell by her next friend and husband L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

21. John A. Delawder vs. Geo. D. White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

22. Cordilia E. Delawder by her next friend and husband, Jno. A. Delawder, vs. George D. White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

23. State of Md., use of D. E. Offutt, vs. James Z. Browning, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

24. State of Md., use D. E. Offutt, vs. Jasper Gnard, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

25. Andrew J. Merrill vs. Lochiel Lumber Mining Manufacturing and Improvement Company of Allegany county. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff.

APPEALS.

No. 1. Henry K. Wilt vs. Jonathan Baker Veitch for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee.

2. B. & O. R. R. Co., Garnishees of James A. Buckalew, vs. Washington Mosely, use of Henry I. Shively. Boyd and McCleve for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee.

3. Lewis Bush and Theodore Bush, trading and doing business as L. Bush & Son. vs. Jno. W. Stemple. Veitch for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee.

4. George W. Lohr and Josiah Smearmond, executors of the last will and testament of John Smearmond, deceased, vs. Ellen Bowser and Joseph Bowser, her husband. Peddicord & Combs for appellants. Hamill for appellee.

5. Oliver C. Fazenbaker vs. Devries, Young & Co. Peddicord & Combs for appellant.

6. Same vs. Wm. R. Brown & Co. Peddicord & Combs for appellant.

7. John A. Grant vs. W. A. Dailey. Peddicord & Combs for appellant.

8. Jno. Barnes vs. Henry C. Coddington, use D. E. Offutt.

9. Same vs. same.

TRIALS.

No. 1. State of Maryland, use of John Miller, Jr., vs. B. F. Hoye, et. al. Peddicord for plaintiff. Gordon for defendants.

2. B. & O. R. R. Co. vs. Joseph B. Ford. Boyd & McCleave for plaintiff. Gordon & Son for defendants.

3. Same vs. same. Boyd & McClenve for plaintiffs. Gordon & Son for defendants.

4. State of Maryland use of Joseph King, use of Ingnhy King, vs. Thornton Gilpin, et. al. Veitch, Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Price & Hamill for defendants.

5. J. McLure Mason vs. Jacob P. Gauer. Peddicord & Gonder for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

6. John Spiker vs. Susannah & Mary Russel, and Henry Russell, proper parties. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch & Cox for defendant.

7. State of Maryland vs. J. Z. Browning, et. al. Schley & Boyd for plaintiff, Peddicord & Hamill for defendants.

8. Samuel A. Moore vs. Samuel Specht. Peddicord for plaintiff, Cox for defendant.

9. Levi Comp vs. Darnard Stiding. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for defts.

10. Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Frank McKinzie, Seias & Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

11. Samuel W. Friend vs. George Hill, Jr. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

12. Same vs. George Hill, Sr. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

13. George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixon. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

14. Edward K. Hyndman and Daniel Jones vs. Patrick Hamill and Andrew J. Warnick ejectment. Gordon, Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Hamill, Veitch and Peddicord for defendants.

15. Matilda Creutzburg by Henry Creutzburg, her husband and next friend, and Sarah A. Raby by her next friend Charles E. Raby, vs. William Raby. Ejectment. Veitch for plaintiff. Peddicord for defendant.

16. Richard S. McCulloh vs. Abraham A. McNoble. Peddicord for plaintiff.

17 Richard S. McCulloh vs. Henry Tasker. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defend't.

18 Madison Blackburn vs. Frederick Yeager. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

19 John L. Browning, et al, vs Jos Adair, et al. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch and Hamill for defendants.

20 Crampton Harvey vs. James W. Abernathy. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

21 Joel Willand vs James Bowser, garnishee of Simeon Biddinger. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

22 Henry Rowland and Samuel Bynrd, claimants, vs Jacob Snyder and Harman W. Hessen. Cox for plaintiffs, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

23 Eli Stanton, et al, vs Francis McKinzie, Hamill for plaintiffs, Veitch for defend'ts.

24 Thomas B. Franiz and Henry Franze, executors of John Franiz, deceased, vs Henry A Rasche. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

25 Same vs John Helbig. Hamill for plaintiff, Gonder for defendant.

26 J. Lee McComas vs Mariah E. Davis, administrator of Henry Davis, deceased. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiffs Hamill for defendant.

27 John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, executors Lewis Swalp, deceased. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

28 Hannah Ashby by Jesse J. Ashby, her husband and next friend vs Peter P. Lohr. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

29 Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

30 Hornee Resley, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F. Deakins and Loo M. Deakins. Price and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defd'ts.

31 Peter McClurg vs Wm. Ryland, Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

32 Mortimer C. Totten vs Wm. M. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

33 John Schlossnagle vs A. Jackson Fike, et al. Price and Willison for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

34 Thomas A. Nethkin vs White McWilliams. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

35 Virlinda Cunninghmm by her next friend George L. Layman vs. The School Commissioners of Garrett county. Grove for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

36 Second Nat. Bank of Cumberland, Maryland vs Hiram P Tasker, Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

37 State of Maryland, use of John W Veitch vs Jas. Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

38 Same, vs Jasper Guard, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

39 Same vs Edward Margroff, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defend'ts.

40 William Devries, Christian Devries, Wm R Devries and Solomon Kimmell, partners trading as Wm Devries & Co. vs Oliver C Fazenbaker. Blackiston and Ellegood for plaintiffs, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

41 John A Horner and others, trading as John A Horner & Co. vs Oliver C Fazenbaker. Blackiston and Ellegood for plaintiffs, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

42 John H. Blackburn by his next friend Madison Blackburn, vs Christian F. Gemsenveager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

43 Wm. T Briscoe vs Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

44 John H Briscoe vs. Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

45 Edward T Briscoe vs Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

46 Elizabeth C Billingsley by her next friend, James H Billingsley vs James A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

47 Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and John Miller her husband, attachment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendants.

48 Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and Jno. Miller, her husband. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendants.

49 Melchoir J Miller vs White McWilliams-attachment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

50 Same vs same. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

51 State of Maryland, use of Johnson King, vs Thornton Gilpin, et al. Veitch, Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Price and Hamill for defendants.

58 Wm A Loraw, use Adair & Vickery vs John L Browning, et al. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord for defendant.

59 Patrick Dorsey vs Casper Schratman, et al, Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, no appearance for defendants.

60 H C Watts & Co, vs John S Combs and H Wheeler Combs, executors of Wm Combs deceased. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

61 Helen J Hessen, claimant, vs Jacob Snyder and Herman W Hessen. Cox for plaintiff, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for defts.

62 Wm R Getty vs Christian Blocker and wife. Hamill for plaintiff, no appearance for defendant.

63 Wm Ryland vs Peter McCleery. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defts.

64 George Hill, Jr., vs Samuel W. Friend. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

Henry Schmulback & Co vs Warren M Coddington. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch and Townshend for defendant.

66 Elias P. Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

67 A Jackson Fike vs John M Schlossnagle. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Price and Willison for defendant.

68 Johnson King vs Zacheus Gibson. Hamill for plaintiff, Semmes for defendant.

69 John Wm Hart and Adah A Comp vs Daniel E Offutt, ejectment. Brace and Richmond for plaintiffs, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

70 Eva C Tasker, claimant, vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch for plaintiff, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

71 J. McLure Mason vs Alex Fleckenstein, ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes and Hamill for defendant.

72 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig, ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes and Hamill for defendant.

73 Same vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes, Hamill, Veitch and Townshend for defendant.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

1 State vs Normnn B Lee; indictment; larceny. Veitch States Attorney.

2 State vs Norel Moses indictment larceny. Veitch for State.

3 State vs Sandy Talbot; assault and battery; indictment. Veitch for State.

4 State vs Wm Fairall; assault and battery; indictment. Veitch for State.

5 State vs Solomon Harvey; bastardy; indictment. Veitch for State.

6 State vs Henry O Hamill, obstructing public road; indictment. Veitch for State.

7 State vs White McWilliams; assault and battery; presentment. Veitch for State.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

1 State vs Geo W Will, larceny; indictment. Veitch for State, Combs for defend't.

2 State vs James B Dorsey; bastardy; indictment. Veitch for State, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

3 State vs Zaca Sloan, assault with intent to kill. Veitch for State, Cox for defendant.

4 State vs Henry Boelner; presentment. Veitch for State, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

5 State vs John Barnes; bastardy; indictment. Veitch for State, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS!

A meeting of the citizens of Oakland is called at the court house on Saturday, September 18th, 1880, at 8 o'clock p. m., to take into consideration the matter of rebuilding the Davis bridge, on Oak street.

By order Board Corporation Commissioners.

KING DELAWDER, Clerk.

sep 11-t2

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern :

The public are hereby notified not to trust or harbor my son, James W. Paugh on my account, as I will pay no debts of his contracting; he being free and at liberty to do and act for himself.

SARAH PAUGH

Sept. 4, 1880. 4t.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The undersigned will sell at his residence near Oakland, on

Friday, 17th day of September,

without reserve, the following property, sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

Two Bay Horses,
One Roan Horse,
One Black Mare and Colt,
One Bay Mare, 4 years old,
5 Milch Cows, (one with calf a few days old,)
3 Spring Calves,
Four Yearlings,
About 300 dozen Oats,
88 dozen Wheat,
77 dozen Rye,
About 7 acres Corn, (standing,)
Potatoes in the ground,
One 2 horse wagon and harness,
One cart and harness,
One express wagon, (pole and shaft,)
One Rockaway and harness,
One Mowing machine,
One Horse rake,
One sleigh and three sleds,

Plows, harrows, forks, shovels, axes, &c.

All the furniture contained in the house, consisting of feather beds, hair and husk mattrasses, bolsters, pillows, blankets, sheets, counterpanes, pillow slips, tables, bureaus, bedsteads, chairs, sofas, stands, looking-glasses, carpets, glass, queens and stone-ware, cooking and heating stoves, kitchen furniture and many other articles not necessary to enumerate.

TERMS CASH.

WILSON PROCTER.

John B. Brant, auctioneer.

☞ If the weather proves unfavorable, the sale will be postponed until the Saturday and Monday following.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEES' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from George Percy, and Alice E. Percy, his wife, to C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, dated the 9th day of February, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 230, one of the land record books for Garrett county, the undersigned, as mortgagees named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of Mr. Daniel Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, the 4th day of October, 1880,

at 11½ o'clock, a. m., all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George Percy and Alice E. Percy, (the same being a one-fourth interest) of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND,

together with the improvements thereon, situated and lying in Garrett county and State of Maryland, in the Bang Run District of said county, about fourteen miles northwest of the town of Oakland, and near the West Virginia line, the said property being the same tract or pieces or parts of tracts of land which was patented by the State of Maryland to Elijah Friend and George Percy on the 19th day of December, 1856, and is contained within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning for the outlines thereof, at a stake standing at the beginning place of the original lot No. 1961, and running thence with the first and second lines thereof south 174 perches west 45 perches, then leaving said original lot and running with the western range of Lot No. 1962 south 180 perches to a tract of land called "The Diadem," and with this tract west 40 perches to the line dividing the State of Maryland from the State of Virginia, (now West Virginia) and with this line north 1,280 perches to the end of the third line of a tract of land called "Evansland," surveyed for John Evans the 10th of March, 1854, and reversing this line east 40 perches to the beginning of a tract of land called "Yough Manor" resurveyed for General John Swan, and reversing the given line of this tract, south 794 perches to the beginning of said given line, thence with the western range of Lot No. 1960, south 132 perches to the end of first or third line of the original, and with the given line thereof east 45 perches to the beginning, containing 368 15-16 acres of land, more or less.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE CASH on the day of sale.

C. F. HETZEL,
JOHN G. BAUER,
Mortgagees.

Blackiston & Ellegood, Cumberland, Md. attorneys for mortgagees. sep 11-td

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659: that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he has not resided upon or in the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said Bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep. 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS.—THE LIFE OF GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, By his personal friend, MAJOR BUNDY, Editor *N. Y. Mail*, is the only edition to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed and bound. "The best."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*. "The neatest."—*N. Y. Herald*. "The most useful, sensible and satisfactory."—*N. Y. Tribune*. Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. **Active Agents Wanted.** Liberal terms. Send $1.00 *at once* for complete outfit. A. S. HARNES & Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. 29-4

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work uguaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 18, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, September 13th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

8 21 td.

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Destruction of Prof. Mommsen's Library and Manuscripts.

THE sad tidings of the terrible loss sustained by Prof. Mommsen have caused such genuine regret throughout the whole of Germany as has seldom been witnessed on a like occasion. All party feelings have been laid aside, and even the Professor's political antagonists, however dissatisfied with his outspoken Liberalism, could not help joining in the universal commiseration. The eminent scholar, residing with his large family in a small villa situated in one of the fashionable suburbs, had been studying until an advanced hour of the night over a copy of some important Roman inscriptions, when sleep overpowered him. He awoke at about three in the morning, put out the gas and was going to retire, when he, by some inadvertence, dropped a burning match, with which he had lit the candle, on a thick carpet. The fire thus produced must have been smoldering for some time before it was discovered by some workmen employed in a neighboring manufactory. An alarm was immediately given, but too late to save the treasured library from the ravages of the destructive element.

Prof. Mommsen, almost beside himself, could with the utmost difficulty be withheld from rushing into the flames in the vain hope of rescuing some of the precious documents hoarded on his shelves. He was particularly anxious to get hold of those invaluable parchments handed down from remote antiquity, and lent to him as a special favor by the Papal authorities, or the libraries at Paris, Vienna or Berlin, for the purpose of being included in his grand work on "Roman Inscriptions," nearly finished when the awful conflagration put such a sudden stop to the labors of many years. An eye-witness, who saw the Professor just after the discovery of the fire, relates that he never beheld any thing more touching than his agonizing grief. The poor old man seemed to have lost all self-control. When the endeavors of his family to remove him from the scene of the disaster failed, the police had to insist upon his retiring. Notwithstanding all efforts to keep him out of danger, he received several severe wounds which it will take long to heal.

Besides the above mentioned work on "Roman Inscriptions," all the materials for a continuation of his famous "History of Rome," designed to describe the time of the first Emperors, have been utterly lost. By a singular coincidence Professor Mommsen has undergone the same trial as Niebuhr, his great predecessor in the Professorship of History in the University of Berlin, whose library in his old age also fell a prey to the devouring element. Unlike Niebuhr, who could never quite recover the shock of that fatal night, Professor Mommsen, with a really wonderful elasticity of mind, has already in great measure regained his composure, and speaks with confidence of repairing speedily the destruction of the fruits of his long researches. The Emperor, as well as the Crown Prince, the latter of whom was one of the Professor's pupils, sympathetically inquired about his condition. I should not be surprised if royal apartments were placed at his disposal to enable him to pursue his studies in quiet.

Thousands and thousands have flocked to Charlottenburg to look at Mommsen's half-burnt house and gardens, strewn with the ashes of so many valuable records of the past. The burning of Mummsen's library will doubtless give rise to active discussions of the question as to whether such irreparable documents, if intrusted by the Vatican and other governments to a private individual, be he ever so renowned, should not be minutely copied by some chemical or other process, so that the originals need never leave their safe depositories.—*Berlin Cor. London Globe.*

Crabbed Sport.

TO CRAB, you tie a sinker and a piece of meat to the end of a line, and fling it overboard. You may have as many lines as you please, and almost any sort of a line will answer. About four feet is a good crabbing depth of water. A station a little removed from the mouth of a creek is good for crabs. A little practice will tell you when the crab engages the meat on the bottom. You feel him wriggle and haul back a little. The bits of meat may be as large as a large fist. You haul up gently, and if when near the water's surface you see his crabship on the meat, for he is loth to let go of a good thing when he's got it, you insert the crab net under bait, crab and all and land him in the boat. The battle then commences. If you have no covered box or crab car, you will land your crab in the boat's bottom. He will be loth to let go the net with his claws. The more you shake the net the less inclined is he to let go. He has peculiar ideas on the subject. A crab and a pig are much alike. If you want them to do a certain thing you must give them an impression that you don't want them to do it. If you hold the net quite still and look afar off with a far-off look in your eyes, as if you had forgotten all about crabs and were reveling in the mysteries of the Concord School of Philosophers, the crab will scorn you as a foe unworthy of him, relax his hold of the net and drop into the crab car. If there is no crab car and he drops into the boat's bottom, he will charge violently around, brandishing his nippers in the air and laying hold of the first tender thing he finds. If it's a leg or a toe, it's all the same to him. To think with him is to act, and to act is to nip. The second crab thus caught and deposited will complicate matters still more, and the third, fourth and fifth will complicate and intensify them. Because, when you continue to fish for crabs at the bottom of the bay, the crabs on board will continue fishing for such members as you may happen to have lying around loose in the bottom of the boat. It's then the sport becomes exexciting. Bites above and bites below. The more crabs you haul in the more exciting becomes the sport. Even the crabs seem to relish it. By the time you have caught forty or fifty, covering entirely the boat's bottom, and hinting by sundry nips that they disapprove of your remaining seated in their presence, it will be time to haul your boat's anchor from the blue mud and ooze in which it has sunk, and after smearing a gallon or more on your white starched vest, to turn your bark's prow homeward and engage in the still more difficult problem of getting those crabs ashore. The last operation is that of cremating the crabs in boiling water. In picking them up alive the wise man useth a pair of tongs, but the simple pass on with their fingers and are punished. It's horrible barbarous to boil the poor creatures alive or rather boil them till they're dead, but it cooks them and kills them by one operation, and after all it's the quickest way of killing them. There's no getting a crab out of his shell to murder him. You can't knock him in the head, because he has no definite head. He's about as vital in one place as another and not very vital anywhere. Crabs are in locomotion double-enders and reversible. When they go forward they go backward or vice versa, and their front is their rear or also vice versa. But their bite is much worse than their bark. —*New York Graphic.*

The Intelligence of Horses.

STREET-CAR horses have apparently a very monotonous sort of life. One day is so much like another, that like the human animal under the same conditions, it would seem that their faculties would become deadened and the slightest evidence of intelligence impossible. There is not much stimulus to mental activity in a life of plodding on a street-car track and yet instances are known where horses have taken a lively interest in the road, the methods of carrying on the business, and especially that portion of it which involves their time and labor. They have thought it all out and have actually been able to tell the number of trips assigned for their day's labor, and when it ends. When a horse is able to tell how much work is required of him each day, and when his day ends, the achievement passes beyond the range of mere animal instinct and attains the plane of reason and intelligence. Horse-car drivers tell marvelous stories of the intelligence displayed by the animals under their charge. A driver on one of the Fourteenth Street cars is strongly of the opinion that horses know how to count. If this rather unusual statement is questioned, the driver simply says: "Well, if they don't, how are you going to explain this?" and then he goes on to say that each car makes nineteen trips per day. There are four horses used, three making five trips. At the end of each trip, the car is driven into the stables and then turned upon the turning-table. After the car is turned the horses are changed if it is the proper time, before the car starts back on the trip. The horses will make the four trips, going in and out of the stable without any difficulty. At the end of the fifth trip, if for any reason it is necessary to send the car back, it is almost impossible to get the horse out of the stable. He holds back, resists, and it requires the united exertions of several men before the animal can be induced to move. The horse has kept strict account of the trips and knows that he has finished his day's work, and ought to go to his stall. The same thing occurs if the attempt is made to make the horse that has only four trips take an additional one. With the drivers and stable men, who frequently witness such exhibitions, there is a firm belief in the mathematical ability of horses. The street-car men also tell an interesting yarn about the hill horse that works on the hill between New York Avenue and H Street. His time for stopping work is very irregular, and he is sometimes taken to the stables with one car and sometimes with another. But the horse knows perfectly well when it is the intention to take him to the stable, and when he comes to the top of the hill, instead of stopping, he starts off on a run. If the time for his going home was at all regular this singular intelligence might be explained, but whether it is early or late, the horse knows when he is going home. Until that time he plods along steadily and has never been known to make a mistake. One of the drivers explains it by the fact that the boy who has the horse in charge usually sits on the dash board, with feet on the ontside, while going up the hill. But when the boy is going all the way to the stables he gets all the way in from the front platform. The horse sees that the boy has drawn his legs in instead of dangling them on the outside, and, by the inductive process of reasoning, he concludes that it is time to go home. He accordingly goes. Another horse always shies when he passes a certain corner after dark, because some four or five years ago he was frightened at that place.—*Washington (D. C.) Post.*

The Celebrated Barebone Brothers.

IF readers of Walter Scott's "Woodstock" are led to suppose that Merciful Strickalthrow and Gracebehere Humgudgeon are fair samples of names borne by the Puritans during the times of their ascendancy, they may not be very far wrong; but it is by no means difficult to overshoot the mark and look on mere extravagances as the ordinary result of a system. The man whose name is most commonly associated with the Rump Parliament had, it seems, three brothers, of whom one was called Fear-God Barebone. Of the two others one was designated "Jesus-Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone," and the other "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone." Whether these names were used at their baptism we can not say; but "Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith" appears to have been in existence in 1829, and, if parochial registers may be taken as evidence, the length of a child's name was by no means an insuperable hindrance to the bestowal of it at the font, although for the needs of daily life such names were usually reduced to the first or the last syllable, the brother of Praise-God being thus, for instance, familiarly known as Dr. Damned Barebone.—*The Saturday Review.*

A COMBINED spy-glass and cane is now possible by a recent invention of Mr. Theodore Geiger, of Stuttgart. It consists simply of a concave eye-lens and a convex object-glass, each fastened by a clamp to the cane, with their axes in the same line. The longer focus than usual of the object-glass, and the space required between the lenses, necessitates a greater power than in ordinary field-glasses. The lenses are from 18 to 28 inches apart, and the object-glass is focused by sliding it along the cane to the right point.

Religious.

THE RICH-POOR MAN.

REV. ii: 9.

I HEAR no ring of golden coin,
I see no rich estate,
I hold no title from the crown,
No peace among the great.

The haughty pass me rudely by,
And scorn the ground I tread,
The dust from Dives' chariot wheels
Falls daily on my head.

But I can well forbear to blame,
Where pity should prevail;
They cannot see the wealth in store
For me, within the vail.

I'll not avenge the rude affront,
Nor wish them aught of ill;
I'll not despise the hoarded wealth,
But I can pity still.

They hold the choicest earth can give,
The best it can provide;
I have enough for present need,
And I have Heaven beside.

Yes, I can pity Dives' lot,
How rich soe'er it be,
And wish for him the best I can—
That he were poor like me.

If Dives' gold were mine instead,
And his my poverty,
Perhaps I should be proud like him,
And he might pity me.

He holds a treasure good and fair,
As all God's treasures be;
The Hand that dealt his portion out
His given time to me.

I wish he knew the gift of God,
I wish he'd learn to do
The will of Him who gave his wealth—
He might have Heaven, too.

I want sometimes, and weakly ask
For what gold can secure;
But when I think of Heaven again,
I'm glad that I am poor.

I might be wiser than my kind,
But God knows how 'twould be
If I had gold, and so He gave
Just what was best for me.
—*Rev. G. F. Hunting, in Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession.....Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

THE STILL HOUR.

THE truest life is that which dares to stand in the street in broad daylight. The truest and holiest religion is that which shuns no self-revelation. Never so sharply as now did the world demand that all that is most sacred shall also be most open. Spiritual seances that can be held only in the dark are distrusted. So is a religion that boasts no victories, save those of the closet and the still hour. Let men bow in worship as they will behind colored cathedral lights. When they emerge from the low doors they at once pass into the presence of an unsparing light. The world turns electric flashes upon them. It severely discounts, or utterly rejects all inner raptures that cannot be translated into honesty, integrity and kindness. Not only must our religion bear this test and submit to rude and unsympathetic measurements from people who cannot understand what is best in it, but it must demonstrate its capacity to grow, not only in the closet but in the world. The world expects the soul's most delicate feelings to take root and flourish in the crowded street.

Now to meet such tests so rudely and unrelentingly applied to Christian conduct there must be deep Christian experience. And he is a very foolish Christian who flies into the gale of the world's temptations and criticisms without a firm hold on God and a deep knowledge of himself. That hold, that knowledge, can be secured not in the rattle of the street, not in the whirls of business or the storms of temptation. Religion is indeed an action—a movement—a vast brotherhood that sends us swiftly toward our kind, but behind these, its high endeavors and noble manifestations, is the mountain where Moses was, the solitude of the heart's communion with self and with God.

Self-knowledge is the twilight gloom out of which rise all true prayers. "The intellect," says Aristotle, "is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity." It is profoundly true of the soul. Its action is its life. But there is no well-directed action without knowledge, "man reveals God," Jacob says. To a knowledge of God, therefore a knowledge of self is of prime importance.

The more should it be insisted upon because so many external subjects of study invite attention that that which is nearest at home is likely to be overlooked. We are great travelers, but with most of us there is an "undiscovered country" not far away. We are too busy or too indifferent, or too timid to make the acquaintance of ourselves. Some lessons can be learned in a class or in a crowd; but the heart is shy of its secrets and retreats from observation. It will be heard only when other voices are hushed. But it needs to be heard. Let none of us dare the world till we have confronted our souls. One half hour each day spent in self review may determine all the world-battles of that day. The very beginning of religion is this self-knowledge, and the nurse of self-knowledge is solitude. Nothing should be allowed to draw the Christian from the still hour. Our knowledge of ourselves conditions for us the strength of faith and the language of prayer. Only by such knowledge does the need of God become real, and that need, clearly conceived, is the bed-rock of all worship and all enduring service. In the moments of the day, most empty of the world, the soul should seek the possible wealth of meditation. A great essayist says: "If thou fill thy brain with Boston and New York, with fashions and covetousness, and wilt stimulate thy jaded senses with wine and French coffee, thou shalt find no radiance of wisdom in the lonely waste of the pine woods." So it may be said of the soul. Before Boston or New York get thee, seek the lonely waste of secret self-examination, and in it seek that moral stimulant and support for which every day brings such ready demands.

And yet how little of the still hour we have; how increased are the difficulties in our tense life of getting it; specially how little time and patience do we have for deliberate, sustained meditation which has characterized all the strong saints of the Lord! We can hold ourselves resolutely to our books or our business through hours of unbroken tension, but how little strength we have for that hour where God is sole company. Spiritual feeling can come in a flash! Tears can be extemporized. We can get pathetic or jubilant on the wave of an occasion. A revival or a providence may bring us these, like a dash of rain; but the growth of character must come through the truth, and truth is apprehended by the patience of the mind, and that unbroken reflection which comes only when the world is shut out.

We live in a time when truth of every kind is being thrust at us. Across pulpits and platforms and printed pages it moves before us like a continuous panorama. So we become indolent of personal search. We imagine we can get it on the wing. Enough to save us will somehow filter into our life without personal effort. But only the truth earnestly sought becomes bread for the soul.

Busy people will read these lines and wonder perhaps how in breathless days the time is to be found for this leisurely spiritual reflection. And yet if we would not have our days like a desert, in some way this must be done. The world must stand back while we talk with ourselves and with God. Only so can the soul get strength. Moses in the mountain received his commission and strength to carry it. In the darkness of a lonely night the angels came to Jacob. Elijah in the desert got encouragement to stand before Jezebel. John the Baptist in the wilderness learned how to preach unflinchingly to Herod. And so always. God holds Himself in a fine reserve above the passing whirl of things, but the thoughts that go out after Him in solitary venture, the faith that pursues Him through silence, the love that leans on Him when no other love is nigh, shall find Him. A Christian who dares to meditate will find the fruit of it, and all the world will know it.

"Separated from the world, his breast
Will deeply take and strongly keep
The print of Heaven."
—*Interior.*

Words Fitly Spoken.

ONE day, during the trying financial troubles, through which our country has passed, a New York merchant sat in his counting-room studying how to steer his bark amid the threatening breakers.

An intimate associate of his entered, who was also suffering reverses. He was about forty years of age; possessed of a noble form and great business capacity. Without noticing the offered salutation of the merchant in the counting room, the visitor broke forth in the following language:

"Well, I am going to give up; it is no use to struggle any longer. I thought I had got through the worst of it, and had already weathered the point, but the blow has come. My notes have gone to protest; my credit is ruined. I have just left my store for good, and the next you hear of me will be from the morgue."

The merchant was astonished and bewildered at these words spoken by his associate. He sprang up, and forgetting his own troubles for the moment, seized the hand of his desponding friend, and shouted aloud:

"Why, man, what is the matter with you? Are you a coward? Have you forgotten your wife and children? Have you forgotten God? Do you believe that God will permit anything to come upon His people that He will not give them strength to bear? You—a professing Christian in the prime of life! how can *you* turn your back upon wife, children and God, because you have been disappointed in business?"

He dropped into a vacant chair and sat in silence a few minutes; presently he arose, and with tears, said:

"I thank you. You have saved me. I will never be guilty of this again!"

He returned to his business, made a favorable arrangement with his creditors, and was saved.

How much may be accomplished by a few brave words from one who cherishes an unshaken trust in God's overruling providence! The beneficial results are two-fold—an unconscious deliverance from our own depression, and the rescue of others from a similar condition, possibly from suicide itself.

Never go gloomily, man, with a mind!
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we take with a tear.
All will be bright,
Look to the light.
Morning was ever the daughter of night.
Cheerily, then, cheer up!
—*Christian Advocate.*

Choice Selections.

MONEY spent on myself may be a a mill-stone about my neck; money spent on others may give me wings like the eagles.

MEN trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precept is therefore slow and tedious, while that of example is summary and effectual.

LET us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

IT is reported that Dr. T. L. Cuyler said, at the recent completion of the twentieth year of his pastorate in Brooklyn, that he had never allowed a day to pass without a visit to some family, and a talk with some one on personal religion. He has received three thousand and fifty nine members.

MY own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living allnities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries, and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire flaming out all the meanings and glorious truths.—*Horace Bushnell.*

ALL sinful pleasure is followed by a terrible reaction. The soul is driven to feed upon itself. The man who quaffs the foaming glass, and laughs, and shouts, and sings till midnight, will awake in the morning with a headache and a feeling of gloominess bordering on despair. You have read of ships crews being out in open boats for several days, and at last becoming so hungry that they devoured each other. But these men who spend their nights in rollicking mirth, whether it be over the sparkling bowl or the exciting game, are far more brutal and savage, for they feed upon themselves.—*Rev. Dwight Spencer.*

A Touching Ceremony.

Marquis Tseng, the Chinese diplomatist, when he arrived at Berlin, on his way to St. Petersburg, had a suite of three secretaries, three attaches, a physician, an interpreter and thirteen servants and occupied the same apartments in the Kaiserhof Hotel in which Lord Beaconsfield resided during the Congress. He was received at the station by Li-Fong-Pao, the Chinese ambassador at the German court and on arriving at the hotel the two ambassadors went through the ceremony of saluting each other. They folded their hands, fell on their knees and threw themselves on the ground with outstretched arms. The doors of the room were then closed and the ambassadors remained together for about half an hour, after which the doors were opened and the members of the two embassies saluted each other in the same manner as their chiefs. They also exchanged their visiting cards, strips of red paper a foot long and half a foot broad.

[Pottsville (Pa.) Evening Chronicle.]

For sixteen years, writes Mr. Joseph Alber, of this place, I had suffered with Dyspepsia, and spent many a dollar to find relief, but in vain. I was advised by Mr. F. Altstadt to take Hamburg Drops. I had taken scarcely one of the little bottles before I felt better and soon got well altogether. I am now a warm advocate of Hamburg Drops.

THE following telephonic dialogue occurred the other day between one of the bright boys in an Exchange Place insurance agency and a Mr. R—— who was a loser by one of the late fires: "Hullo, Mr. R——." "Hullo." "We shall have to get out those papers today." "All right; shall I have to swear to them?" "Yes." "Can't I swear by telephone?" Here the conversation was interrupted by the sharp voice of the female operator of the line, who said, "No you can't swear by telephone or use any bad language at all." And then an audible grin went over the line from either end.

[Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.]

Capt. Henry M. Holzworth, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, O., says: St. Jacobs Oil gives surprising relief, does a world of good and conquers pain. It completely cured me of Rheumatism.

—Chicago has a new industry, a hospital for diseased and orphan birds. Mrs. A. F. Moir is the chief physician and matron of the institution, and is also head nurse and instructor-in-chief to young birds. There are medical and surgical wards, an asylum for the blind, and an orphan department.

No Cure No Pay.

Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines are guaranteed to cure, for particulars see wrappers and pamphlets. They are reliable, have not sprung into popularity in a week or month and gone out of favor as rapidly, but being sustained by merit, have won a world-wide reputation, necessitating a branch in London, to supply foreign countries, while the home sales are enormous throughout the United States. Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, preventing fevers, and curing all skin and scrofulous affections, stimulating the liver to action, relieving biliousness, and curing consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs. If the bowels are costive take Pierce's Pellets (little pills.) Both sold by druggists.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 5, 1879.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION:

Gentlemen—For years I have been a great sufferer. My trouble first started with terrible ague chills and constipations. This left me in 1873 with a racking cough and frequent bleedings from the lungs. Since this time I have been continually doctoring, consulting physicians without number. From them I received no benefit or encouragement. The most noted physicians of our city who last visited me expressed their opinions in the brief but hopeless words, "Take good care of yourself the few days you have to live, we cannot help you." I grew steadily worse under their treatment. One day, through reading your Memorandum Book, I learned of the Golden Medical Discovery. With but little hope of relief, I purchased a bottle and took it. To my surprise and satisfaction it did me more good than all the drugs I had taken the year around. I am now steadily using it with benefit and recommend it to all to be just what it is advertised.

Sincerely yours, JAMES P. MCGRATH,
50 Wight Street.

Wonderful to Contemplate.

From the columns of the *Republican*, Springfield, Mass., is taken the following: "It is a settled fact that 'Warner's Safe Remedies' are all they are represented to be by the proprietors, H. H. Warner & Co. The way they go into the habitations of those afflicted with diseases for which recommended is truly wonderful to contemplate."

Frazer Axle Grease.

Best in the world. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co., at Chicago, New York and St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

"THE medicine that has cured me,
Is the famous HUNT'S REM-E-DEE."

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

DEAF lady: "What's his name?" Young lady: "Augustus Tyler." The deaf lady: "Bless me, what a name! 'Busthis Biler!' Eliza, you must be making fun for me."

WHEN you meet a young man who is smoking a cigar it is your duty to stop him, and say: Young man, that cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, virodine, picoline and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdockic acid. He may stick to the cigar, but you have done your duty in the premises.—*Boston Post.*

OF 155 women observed on the street cars yesterday, 113 stuck out their tongues when they unclasped their pocket-books.—*Andrews' Queen.*

IN an old and faded manuscript book, written a century ago, we find the following wise answer to the query, Why do not poets and printers succeed as well in business as brewers?—"Because poets and printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have a stomach, but one has a head."—*Exchange.*

THE Hartford *Courant* says lightning has struck more oil this summer than all the rest of the operators.

DEAN SWIFT called at a house in Cavan, where the lady overdid his welcome, saying: "Will you have an apple pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry pie, sir? Will you have a currant pie, sir? Will you have a cherry pie, sir? Will you have a plum pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon pie, sir?" At last, wearied with her words, he said, "Any pie, madam, but a magpie."

THE other day a Louisville *Courier Journal* man was thus accosted by a fellow-sufferer: "This weather calls to mind the witty paragraph about Nero, who, when he saw one of his victims burning, had better taste, it is said, than to go up to him and say, 'Is it hot enough for you now, old fellow?'"

ARE you lost, my little fellow? asked a gentleman of a four-year-old one day in Rochester. "No," he sobbed in reply; "b-but m-my mother is."

Vassar College.

The continued existence and steady growth of any institution of learning proves two things: First, executive ability of the highest order, which makes itself felt not only in the upper stratum of collegiate affairs, but throughout the structure down to the feeblest by-law; and second, that spirit of liberality and far-sightedness which tends to keep abreast of to-day.

The munificence of the founder of Vassar College would have been vain without these conditions, and that she is what she is, proves the worth of those shoulders upon which fell the responsibilities born of this generous philanthropy. The college situated at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., bears the same relation to the higher education of young women, as do Yale and Harvard to that of men. A glance through the catalogue discovers a course of study male possible for young ladies only by the founding of this institution. Standing amid her two hundred acres, with miles of walks, her lake and other facilities for out-of-door exercise, her newly-erected laboratories and cabinets, her library and reading-room, museum of natural history, astronomical observatory and her gallery of art, she is a monument alike of the splendid liberality of her founder and the equally splendid achievement on the part of the Vassars of to-day.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
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FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MALT
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BITTERS
A Marvellous Blood, Brain and Nerve Food.

There is no greater Blood Producer and Life sustaining Principle in the world of foods or medicines than MALT BITTERS, prepared from *Unfermented Malt, Hops, Calisaya*, etc. They feed the body and the brain, enrich the blood, solidify the bones, harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, cheer the mind, induce sleep, perfect digestion, regulate the stomach and bowels, cleanse the liver and kidneys, and vitalize with NEW LIFE every fluid of the body. Beware of imitations similarly named. Look for the COMPANY'S SIGNATURE, which appears plainly on the label of every bottle. Sold everywhere. MALT BITTERS COMPANY, BOSTON.

FOR THE HAIR,
BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.
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Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Beautifully Illuminated Floral Hand Book free. Send address to JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

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SELTZER
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TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.
The Healthful Seltzer Water for a hundred years or more. Has been held of all earth's fountains, the most potent to restore;
But why across the ocean this boon of Nature bring
When the sick man in his chamber can extemporize the Spring?
The bottled Seltzer Water—so our leading chemists say—
Parts with half its healing virtues, and turns vapid on the way;
While TARRANT'S RARE APERIENT, from a Powder changed to foam,
Is an Instantaneous Seltzer Spring in every sufferer's Home.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
FOR CHILLS AND FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES
CAUSED BY
Malarial Poisoning
OF THE BLOOD.
A Warranted Cure.
Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

For BOWEL COMPLAINTS use
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER!
Sold by all Druggists.
As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for external and internal uses, especially as a Regulator of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED!

THE DAIRY.

A ROUGH, noisy cow boy, or worthless cur or dog, may seriously diminish the milk of a good cow. The cow should never be worried by a dog, driven fast to or from a pasture, frightened or treated harshly.

THE quantity of butter depends fully as much upon the quality as upon the quantity of the milk. An exchange has an account of two cows, one of which gave sixteen quarts of milk, while the other gave only ten; yet the latter's milk made the most butter, week after week.

THE Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that the attempts of oleomargarine manufacturers to convince the public that beef tallow, or "suet," as tallow is usually called by the compounders, is just as good as butter, are very absurd. The difference between good butter and the cleanest specimens of the oleomargarine mixture is "heaven-wide."

THE Maryland *Farmer*, Baltimore, gives the following as the result of an experiment in France: "A cow was milked three times a day for eleven days, and yielded 170 quarts of milk; with two milkings daily, she gave only 146 quarts in the same number of days. Analysis moreover showed that the milk in the first case was richer in butter globules by more than one-seventh, than in the second case."

KENTUCKY blue grass is the best of all pasture grasses and makes the richest milk and butter. But it does better when mixed with other grass than when sown alone. A good mixture is, one bushel of blue grass, one bushel of red top, six pounds of timothy and eight pounds of red clover. When the timothy and clover have run out the blue grass will fill the ground. As it spreads from the roots, it is not so easily injured as timothy, and soon forms a thick sod. —*Exchange.*

Setting Milk for Butter.

DO NOT in butter making set your milk in an atmosphere of too high or too low temperature. If too high, it will sour too quick and before all the cream is risen. If too low, you will injure the quality of the cream and its product. You all know, at least all housekeepers know, that if meat is put on ice or in a refrigerator and reduced to a low temperature, it will soon taint when exposed to the atmosphere of a higher temperature. It is so with all animal products, and with butter and cheese, which are animal products. Let everything be done as nearly as possible at a temperature ranging between fifty-five and sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit.

There is no better temperature than sixty degrees for setting milk. Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has demonstrated by repeated experiments that more cream can be got from the milk at a temperature ranging from fifty to sixty degrees than any other. If it goes below fifty degrees the yield diminishes until thirty-two degrees, or freezing point is reached, at which point the least cream is obtained. So if it goes above sixty degrees there is a loss of cream. I say this, notwithstanding all the fine-spun theories and numerous inventions for raising cream rapidly by chilling the milk. There is a difference between cream raised in an honest way and the froth raised under forced and unnatural circumstances.

Half the butter in the country—and I do not know but a larger proportion—is spoiled by letting the milk stand too long before skimming, and the product is still further injured by letting the cream stand still longer before churning. Milk should be skimmed, when set in a room kept at a temperature of sixty degrees, as it begins to get fairly sour, or just as it begins to thicken on the bottom of the pan. If it stands longer there is a loss of quality without any compensating gain in quantity. The cream should be churned at once. The longer it stands the greater will be the loss of aroma from decomposition and evaporation of the volatile flavoring oils. Only the slightest acidity, if any, should be permitted in the cream before it is churned. Yet it is a common thing for people to let the milk lopper before it is skimmed, and to allow the cream to stand until quite sour before churning. Nothing but bad-flavored and rapidly-decaying butter can be made of such cream. Yet, I have seen cream standing with mold on it and serum filling the cracks of the creamery. Is it any wonder that there is so much poor butter in the market?

The milk must be set in a clean atmosphere for butter, or worked in a clean atmosphere if for cheese. There must be no exposure of milk, butter or curd to a foul atmosphere.—*T. D. Curtis, in N. Y. World.*

Mixed Milk.

THE following from the *Cultivator* seems to show that the milk of different breeds of cows cannot be profitably mixed:

"A Whately dairyman, owning twelve cows, mostly Jerseys, remarked, upon putting his cream into the large churn, that there was cream sufficient in quantity to produce sixty or seventy-five pounds of butter. Yet, upon churning and weighing the product there were found to be but thirty-eight pounds. The next week he kept the milk and cream of his grade Jerseys and Shorthorns separate, churning eight days' cream instead of seven, as in the first experiment. However, he was gratified at securing eighty-two and a half pounds of butter. A friend and townsman, who, last winter, kept nineteen cows grade Jerseys and Shorthorns found that his animals were not making the usual returns in butter, the yield in butter being about five pounds per cow weekly. Finally, he set the milk of each cow separately, with the result that he hadn't a cow that yielded less than six pounds. If these facts really prove what they seem to, a good many farmers are losing a large amount of butter every week by churning the cream of a number of different breeds together. The results of other experiments may not be so decided. Some other reason may explain the different results."

WELL SUPPLIED—The temperance man.

Repelling Borers.

NOTICING an inquiry concerning the efficacy of a wash recommended for borers in apple trees, I will relate my experience: In the spring of 1868 we set out an orchard of 400 trees, which did well, growing almost too fast. Everything was right except the presence of borers. It seemed as though they would ruin that orchard. Some springs it would take the best part of two weeks to get them out of the trees. A number of trees were so eaten that the wind blew them over. Finally I entreated that the trees might be washed. My husband said they might be washed if I would only attend to the matter myself; there was too much to do, and the men could not be hindered. Since the matter has fallen into my hands, I employ a woman to go over them faithfully twice per year—early in June and early in November—and I am happy to say that borers are scarce in our orchard, and have been so for the past three years.

The trees are first washed with lime and ashes, mixed with water to the consistency of common whitewash—using the strongest wood ashes I have, which come from an open fireplace. I am very particular to wash the whole length of the trunk, well up into the limbs, as the borer we have here injures the bark on the trunk of the tree, killing great patches of it. After the trees are treated in this manner, I mix another wash for the base of the trees, made somewhat as follows: Half a bucketful of fresh cow manure, one cupful of turpentine, two or three quarts of soft soap, and water enough to make it of the right consistency, are mixed together. This makes one bucketful when ready to carry to the orchard. This mixture I have put faithfully round the base of the tree, about six inches wide, having the earth removed for that purpose.

This year, having read about carbolic acid, I added a little of that, as I am always delighted to hear of any thing to add to the wash which is likely to be disagreeable to insects. Nothing short of washing twice a year will do any good in this section. Let any one examine their trees in the fall, and they will find the little borers hatching and ready to commence eating into the trees. At least that is my experience, or rather it used to be. A bunch of turkey feathers is a convenient brush for the foot of the tree.

Since we have had the trees washed in this way, the rabbits have not troubled them, although I am not quite sure but that a couple of hounds which we purchased about that time had some part in the credit of keeping the rabbits away. One spring we had fifty of these trees badly girdled by rabbits. A plaster made of fresh cow manure and clay, mixed together with a hoe, applied to the trees, and tied on with strips of cloth, saved all but two of them.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A Pennsylvania Woman's Success in Raising Silk-Worms.

ABOUT 60,000 silk-worms are at work on the farm of Frank Graff, in Birmingham, Delaware County, Penn., and right lively, too, some of them being almost done, and straw-colored cocoons are piling up thick and fast. The worms are being supervised by Miss Martha Hamilton, living at Mr. Graff's, and she flatters herself that for her first attempt she is doing remarkably well. She bought the eggs, and after they had hatched, at which time they are as fine as a hair and have to be lifted about with a camel's-hair brush, immediately proceeded to feed them mulberry leaves. Their growth is very rapid, and in six weeks' time they are of full size, being nearly three inches long. They are perfectly ravenous in their appetite, and it is no small job to find food enough for them, and the country for miles around was scoured in search of mulberry trees, which, as is well known, are not numerous in that vicinity. When the whole mass would begin their feast on the leaves the noise made by them sounded like rain falling on the roof.

While feeding, the worm is of a light green color and is soft as velvet to the touch. Along the body are nine small breathing holes. The insects, as might be imagined from their eating powers, have strong serrated jaws, which soon eat through a leaf. Some of the worms have escaped from their mistress and gotten upon the roof of the barn and are there spinning away at their cocoons. The silk while in the worm is a gum exuded in two strands. These unite and form one thread of silk. The worm in starting its cocoon first makes an outer covering of floss silk, within which they spin the silk, bending the head and body up and down the crossing to every side, entirely surrounding the body, as a protection against the wind and cold. Thus in making a covering for itself this insect makes the covering for thousands of gayly-attired women of all ages and in every clime. The cocoon made, the worm passes into a chrysalis state and comes forth a moth-fly to lay eggs and then die. Thus does the race continue.

The silk-grower, however, if he wants the eggs, allows the worm to go through all these stages; but if he wants the silk he "chokes" the worm while in the chrysalis state, for if it is allowed to eat its way out the thread of the silk is broken and valueless. The chrysalis is "choked," or in other words killed, by heating it over a fire or throwing it into boiling water. The labor attending this silk industry is not a light one, and whether there is any money in it remains to be seen. Mrs. Fogg, at Kennett Square, Chester County, is also raising silk-worms, but only has about 3,000 of them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CARDINAL MANNING has decided that the English pilgrims to Lourdes shall leave England in the first or second week in September, so as to arrive at the shrine on the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, which falls on the 8th of September, or within its octave.

THE site selected for the memorial to the late Prince Louis Napoleon in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is the space between the pillars of the nave in the south aisle, near the monument to Queen Victoria's late father, the Duke of Kent.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is said to have been seriously ill in Madrid for some time, his physicians giving no hope of his recovery.

When to Plant Fruit Trees.

MANY farmers postpone planting fruit trees and grape-vines till they are in a condition to do it in an extensive and systematic manner. They choose to do without fruit till they can put out a sufficient number of trees to constitute a large orchard. They defer the time when they can enjoy grapes and wine till they are so situated that they can plant and tend a good sized vineyard. Some do not plant vines and fruit trees when they commence to improve a farm, because they have not the spare means with which to procure necessary stock, while others wait till they have a considerable body of land in good condition for an orchard and vineyard. They are desirous of commencing fruit-raising on a large scale.

The best time to prepare for raising fruit is when one commences to improve a farm. If he has only sufficient means to purchase one apple, pear and cherry tree, and a single grape-vine, let these be procured, set out in good locations, and properly taken care of. They will begin to bear in a few years, and long before the owner is prepared to plant his extensive orchard and vineyard, he will have a considerable amount of fruit of his own raising. There are few farmers so poor that they can not purchase half a dozen trees each year, and if these are well cultivated they will soon supply a family with fruit. By rooting the cuttings taken from a single grape-vine one may soon have a large number of vines and a good supply of grapes almost without cost.

By planting a few trees, vines and bushes each year a farmer gradually becomes accustomed to their care, and learns much from experience which he can not derive from books. By managing a few trees and vines he will learn how to take proper care of a large orchard and vineyard. There are many other advantages in commencing fruit-raising on a limited scale. A few trees, vines and bushes are likely to receive very good attention, as they require but comparatively little cultivation. With a large orchard, vineyard or garden of small fruit, the case is different. They demand constant labor, often for a week at a time, and this amount of labor can not well be spared from the cultivation of annual crops. As a consequence, the fruit trees and vines are neglected.

It is by no means necessary to wait till one has a large plot of land prepared for an orchard or vineyard before commencing to set out trees and vines. There is economy in the labor required in cultivation to have trees and vines arranged in long rows, but the best results are not generally obtained when the planting is done in that way. Not only the largest, but the most vigorous, long-lived, and productive fruit trees and vines are generally found standing alone. Their roots extend a long distance and obtain a sufficient supply of nourishment. Their growth is not retarded by want of air or sunlight. Every portion of them being visible, they are likely to be kept well pruned and free from insects. When a tree or vine stands in an isolated position the sun strikes the soil immediately upon the roots and causes it to put out leaves and blossoms early in the spring. A perfect ripening of the fruit is also insured.

There are generally nooks, corners, and small spaces about the farm buildings, which are not cultivated, on which trees and vines can be planted to excellent advantage. A grape-vine set out where the wash water can be poured about it will make a very vigorous growth and be very productive. A tree planted near the termination of the drain from the sinks or cellar will rarely fail to attain a very large size and to be very productive. There are often unsightly holes near the farm buildings that might be filled with manure, bones, and rubbish, and converted into admirable places for producing grapes. Peach trees will often do well when planted in places sheltered by buildings, though the climate may be too severe for them to endure when planted on portions of the farm which are exposed to the cold winds.

The banks of ravines and streams are excellent locations for planting fruit trees, which very rarely fail to do well. The drainage is always excellent, and in the case of banks of streams there is water within easy reach of the roots. Trees planted on the banks of streams are not liable to suffer from either an excess or scarcity of moisture. Streams from whatever source derived carry along a considerable amount of fertilizing material that trees on their banks appropriate. Trees growing on the banks of streams are almost invariably thrifty and productive. They benefit the streams themselves by preventing the washing of the banks and retarding the evaporation of the water. As the land on the banks of streams and ravines is valueless for purposes of cultivation, the growth of trees upon them is an absolute gain.

A stream or ravine skirted by fruit trees or grapevines presents a very beautiful appearance, and does much to improve the looks of a farm. Apple trees of the more stately varieties afford very good shade for stock, especially for sheep. Apple trees will do well when planted on ground that is too broken or rocky to be plowed. It may be necessary to be at considerable pains in making a hole in which to place the roots, but as the land is nearly valueless for other purposes the production of valuable trees will more than compensate for the labor required. In the Eastern States a large proportion of the best apple and pear trees are found on land so broken or rocky that it was never devoted to cultivated crops.—*Chicago Times.*

PRINCE VICTOR, the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, has just attained his eighteenth year, and with it his majority, according to the custom of his house. He is still studying at the Lycee Charlemagne, and next year will probably present himself for admission to St. Cyr, the famous military school of France. The Prince is described as studious and intelligent. He is tall and of strong build, and partial to field sports, at which he is an adept.

THE Emperor William is now in excellent health, and, instead of declining, appears to be gaining in strength and vigor. He has been maintaining as strict an incognito as possible at Ems, where he drank the water and took a walk regularly at 8:30 every morning.

HOME AND FARM.

MIXED husbandry has great advantages. The farmer who grows something of every thing adapted to his locality will be safer and in the long run will save more than he who devotes his energies and land mainly to one or two crops.

THE *Massachusetts Ploughman* says: "Last year our agricultural societies awarded for trotting horses $7,725.45, and for objects not strictly agricultural $10,303.37, while for experiments on manure the trifle of $207 only was offered."

LICE ON SWINE.—A mixture of lard and Scotch snuff rubbed along the back and behind the ears will soon destroy the lice. Kerosene rubbed on with a woolen rag wherever lice are seen will destroy them. Two or three applications are necessary in any case, as some eggs may hatch.

THE *Prairie Farmer* wisely advises farmers to eat more mutton and less pork. It declares that mutton is the cheapest and the healthiest kind of meat, and, with the exception of poultry, the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be disposed of before it spoils.

THE simplest method for sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water, to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe off and after a few hours set it on the hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone, corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary.

SMOTHERED CHICKENS.—Cut the chickens in the back, lay them flat in a dripping-pan with one cup of water; let them stew in the oven until they begin to get tender, take them out and season with salt and pepper; rub together one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter; spread all over the chickens; put back in the oven, baste well, and when tender and nicely browned take out of the dripping-pan; mix with the gravy in the pan one cup of thickened milk with a little flour; put on the stove and let it scald up well and pour over the chickens; parsley chopped fine is a nice addition to the gravy.

THE VALUE OF SKIM MILK.—From numerous practical tests in feeding it has been found that skimmed milk at a quarter of a cent a pound will be equal to corn at one cent a pound; so that where corn costs 56 cents a bushel, skimmed milk may be worth half-a-cent a quart; but the milk is more easily digestible and contains more nitrogen than the corn, and by adding the two together in the right proportions, the milk adds to the nutritive value of the corn. Besides pork made from corn and milk is of better quality and worth more than corn fed.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Wash and *wipe* (this to prevent the addition of any liquid) one bushel of just-ripe tomatoes, cut into pieces and put over the fire to heat. When cooked sufficiently to strain put through a fine sieve. Allow two ounces each of whole black pepper, cloves and allspice—then tie in a thin muslin bag—add one ounce each of ground mace and cinnamon, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and a cupful and a half of salt, stirring the ground spice into the tomatoes. Boil until reduced a little more than one-third. I can not specify the time required to boil down, because it varies with the quality of the tomatoes. When cold, bottle and tie down the corks.

SALT BOXES.—It is very easy to keep a supply of salt in an open box in a shed where cattle can have free access to it. It requires but little ingenuity to erect a salt-box in a pasture so that its contents will not be wasted. All that is required is a hanging roof that can be moved by the heads of cattle and sheep. When cattle have a supply of salt always within their reach they will never eat so much at any time as to render them uncomfortable. Salt is not a luxury, but a necessity, and it should be supplied without stint. Animals know better than their owners do how often they require salt. Any stock owner would object to being allowed to taste salt but once a week.

A Fight Between Savages.

THERE is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in Bear Chief's band of Piegan Indians. Some of the young Piegan bucks thirsted for blood. Their tribe having been in an "amicable" humor toward the whites ever since Col. Baker killed half of them, on the Yellowstone, ten years since, the young men have grown up in sloth, and have known not the delights of scalping the pale face. Ennuied by this enforced tameness of their career, and eager to taste the joys so graphically portrayed by the aged story-tellers of their tribe, fourteen of these young men, disregarding the advice of their elders, donned the paraphernalia of war, mounted their best ponies, and rode forth to war. They journeyed but two days when they came to the Sioux camp, between the Yellowstone and Musselshell Rivers, and their spirits, like those of Tennyson's hero, rose within them, as they thought of the daring deeds they were about to do, and which should be the pride of their tribe for all time. The camp of the Sioux contained about two hundred warriors, but was so concealed by the gully in which it was situated that the Piegans were very incautious in their approach, and were discovered by two mounted scouts, one of whom was shot down, the other making his way in safety to his tribe and giving the alarm. In a minute two hundred yelling demons, mounted on fleet horses, surrounded the helpless Piegans. Two of the latter succeeded in making their escape, but twelve held their enemies at bay, working their Winchesters with deadly precision, until their ammunition gave out. Then there was a fierce charge, a hand-to-hand conflict with knives and tomahawks of a few minutes' duration, and the twelve Piegans were literally cut to pieces, the Sioux, in their great rage at the desperate defense made by their brave opponents, out-doing themselves in their deviltry. Bear Chief is said to have perfected a plan for revenge, notwithstanding his depression at the loss of his two sons, who led the party which came to grief.—*Helena (Montana) Cor. Chicago Times.*

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1.—SIX LITTLE COOKS.
By Miss KIRKLAND. Price $1.00.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between J. R. Bishop and O. W. Heiskell in the mercantile business in Oakland, Md., under the firm and style of J. R. Bishop & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Persons knowing themselves indebted to the above firm will please call and settle. The business will hereafter be conducted by O. W. Heiskell & Co. at the old stand.

J. R. BISHOP.
O. W. HEISKELL.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 1, 1880.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm of J. R. Bishop & Co., I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for the new firm of O. W. Heiskell & Co.

sep 4-3 J. R. BISHOP.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein William H. Sheib is complainant, and Richard G. Richardson and John Richardson are defendants, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale on the premises now occupied by Richard G. Richardson, near the B. and O. R. R. depot, in Oakland, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., on the

27th day of September, 1880,

all the personal property which is described in a mortgage from Richard G. Richardson to John Richardson, dated May 12th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, folio 330, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, to-wit:

A large lot of canned goods, tobacco, cigars; cakes, candies and nuts, stationery, coffee, sugar, tea, soaps, fishing tackle, toys, fireworks, ammunition, brackets, bracket saw, two show cases, lamps, one glass case, 2 pair scales, and many other articles in said stock of merchandise too numerous to mention, together with all the fixtures to said stock; also *One ice cream freezer,*

One 7 1/3 Octave Piano,

(rosewood finish,) One Portable melodeon,

One Ingrain carpet, one set wood chairs, one walnut bedstead, one walnut bureau, one walnut wash stand, one heating stove, one rag carpet.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, CASH on the day of sale. No property delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
se 4-td Trustees.

Trustee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustees, will sell at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock P. M.,

ON THURSDAY.

23 day of September, 1880,

all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Claggett died seized, containing

696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Claggett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knichl, Peter Camp, Samuel Loehel and others. A plat and description of the land will be exhibited on the day of sale. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest

SUGAR AND MAPLE TIMBER,

red oak, white oak, spruce, chestnut and poplar, &c.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his, her or their notes for the deferred payments, with security to be approved by the trustees.

Z. S. CLAGGETT,
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Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of August, 1880.

A. J. FIKE,
8 28 3. Administrator.

ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEES' SALE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein Thomas B. Wiley and others are complainants, and Mariah Wilburn and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer, at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of three o'clock P. M.

On the 20th day of September

A. D. 1880, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

Military Lot No. 2330.

This lot is improved by a dwelling house, barn and necessary outbuildings. It is well watered and is all under cultivation, and enclosed by a good fence, except three or four acres. Also, at the same time and place, by virtue of the authority aforesaid, we will sell all those tracts of land known as

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

containing one hundred acres of land, more or less. These two lots are unimproved and are valuable chiefly for the timber upon them.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree, are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months, and one-third in two years from the day of sale. The purchaser to give his single bills for the deferred payments, with surety to be approved by the trustees, said single bills to bear interest from date. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
8 28 td Trustees.

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with entnusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

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Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, *via* Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browing Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

Bridge Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to examine whether the public convenience requires the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny river, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby Mill Ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Virginia line, at or near the Nordick settlement, will meet at the place designated, on Thursday, September 16th, 1880, and perform their duty in the premises.

WM. WHITE,
G. M. MASON,
F. P. ARNOLD,
8 14 5t Examiners.

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Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted 6 years.

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ELECTED MAYOR

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He proposes to sell as cheap for cash as any store in the county, and will pay the highest market prices for produce.

Call and examine his goods and prices. He will take pleasure in showing you his goods, whether you may wish to purchase or not.

6 26 2m

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I desire to rent my farm, two miles North of Oakland, on the Hooppole road, to a good tenant. Possession given immediately, that fall crops may be planted.

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240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.13 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880. NUMBER 30.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1880.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

M. The creation and fall. Gen. 1. 1-3; 2, 4-8; 3, 1-15.
Tu. Cain and Abel. Gen. 4, 3-15.
W. The covenant and call. Gen. 9, 8-19; 12, 1-10.
Th. Abram and Lot. Gen. 13, 1-18.
F. The blessing and covenant. Gen. 14, 12-24; 15, 1-18.
S. Abraham and Sodom. Gen. 18, 16-33; 19, 12-26.
S. Trial of Abraham's faith. Gen. 21, 1-14.

LESSON HYMN C. M.

O Thou within whose arms of love
Reposed the infant race—
Who from its early vision veiled
The shining of thy face—
We bless thee for the clearer sight,
The precious power to prove
That through the ages thou art God,
And through the ages, Love.

O Love! unfailing, though the stars
From out their courses fall;
Thine are the everlasting arms
Forever folding all.

Thine is the overshining light,
The underlying strength,
Which none may fathom to its depth,
Or follow to its length.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. State the TOPICAL TITLES, GOLDEN TEXTS and OUTLINES of the eleven lessons.

II. State and explain the DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.

III. State the facts of the lessons in their relation to the following PERSONS:

Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Lot.

IV. State the facts that occurred at the following PLACES:—

Eden, Lesson I. Shiem, Lesson VII.
Ur, Lesson V. Sodom, Lesson IX, X.
Bethel, Lesson V, VI. Moriah, Lesson XI.

V. How do these lessons point out the following DUTIES TO GOD?

Obedience, Lessons II, XI.
Thankfulness, Lessons IV, X.
Faith, Lessons V, VIII.
Prayer, Lessons V, IX.

A Democratic Survey.

The Chicago *News*, a Democratic newspaper, but which does not believe in the "principles for which Lee and Jackson fought," sums up the political situation as follows:

A fair survey of the pending political contest will show that the Democrats are fighting at great odds. They have a clean candidate—one for whom the great North has none but the kindliest feelings of gratitude and respect. In the candidature of this Union soldier they present one idea which the body of the people approve, viz: the reunion of the sections, the joining of the North and South in the closest relationship of amity. Apart from this, the Democratic party is a fraud. Its managers steadfastly refuse to give the country any sufficient assurance that Gen. Hancock's candidature means a new departure—an abandonment of the Jeffersonian heresy of State's rights, and acquiescence in the results of the war, or an awakening in the South of the spirit of loyalty to the General Government. *Per contra*, Mr Barnum and his fellow-managers devote their massive lungs to yelling for "a change," when, from either a financial or social standpoint the public sees no great need of a change; and Wade Hampton, as a representative Democrat of the South, assures the people of Virginia that the election of Hancock means a victory for the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought. From all which we are forced to conclude that Hancock's defeat is threatened by the attitude of his managers, rather than by any act of his own.

It pleases the so called independent press to sniff at the Republican fears of a Solid Southern ascendancy, and to say that the Republicans themselves have no faith in their own charges and are only making them for campaign purposes. The same sniffers were in a similar state of mind when the Maine conspiracy was foretold, but they had nothing to say when the plot was unfolded. Nothing which has been charged against the South is more preposterous or more disgraceful to us as Americans than this Maine business was. Yet the Democrats not only stooped to that meanness, but declines to be ashamed of it to-day, and defends it on the stump and supports its perpetrators for office. Has the South shown any finer feelings of honor? Is it preposterous to say that a section which will stuff ballot boxes and stuff the census will be too high-toned to get its claims paid out of the Treasury and to demand remuneration for its slaves?

Senator Allison, an excellent authority on the politics of Iowa, says the Republican majority in that State will reach 50,000 in case the Democrats and Greenbackers unite, and will go much higher if they do not. Iowa is always a sure Republican State, but this information is important because the causes which are at work to produce such a big majority there will bring out a big Republican vote in the close States. The Republican canvass in all parts of the country proceeds upon broad, well-defined National issues, and its effects will not be manifest in streaks and spots.

Bourbon Ballads--No. 64.

Song of General Wade Hampton.

Rally! rally! Boys in gray!
Drive the Yankee pickets in!
Rally for the C. S. A.—
If we charge the foe to-day,
As we did of old, we may
Win.

Once again the bugles clear
War's stern purposes avow;
Vanished armies reappear,
And the Lost Cause, ever dear,
Rises from its coffin here,
Now.

Charge as charged our cavalry
Stand as Stonewall Jackson did!
Make the Federal hirelings flee!
Vote as Forrest, Pickett, Bee,
Beauregarde and Robert Lee
Would.

The fame of deathless deeds
Gentlemen were born to rule—
So the great principle as when
Victory marched with Buford's men,
And we had our prison pen
Full.

Pensions for Confederate dead—
Pensions for our heroes maimed!
If we do not honors shed
On our brave who fought and bled,
Democrats should bow the head,
Shamed.

No vote counts unless 'tis white!
Backed by bullets ballots tell—
Tissue-ballots for the right!
If the nigs are put to flight
We can rule the Nation quite
Well.

Hancock's our decoy-duck! Three-Fourths of all the gallant gone
Who will vote for him to be
President, fought under Lee;
So he'll knuckle down to we
Uns.

Hancock with his Union gun;
English with his mortgage! [Mem:
Let the reader, just for fun,
Notice, when their term is done,
And he'll see the South has run
Them.]

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Principles of Lee and Jackson.

What are they? That is the phase of this interesting Hampton case which still remains to be discussed. General Hampton assures us that he did not mean by his famous declaration that the right of peaceable secession was still on trial. He regards that as settled. The eminent Democrats who testify to the accuracy of his remark, "these are the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years," declare that they regard it as settled also. *The Tribune*, speaking for Northern Republicans, freely admits that it is of the same opinion. This being so, it becomes a question of great interest to known what the "principles" are which Senator Hampton considers to be still unsettled.

General Wade Hampton was a delegate from South Carolina to the National Democratic Convention which met in New York City, July 4, 1868, and nominated Seymour and Blair. He was a member of the Committee on Resolutions, and was a prominent actor int he Convention. He returned to South Carolina after the nominations were made, and reached Charleston on July 24. On the evening of that day a magnificent demonstration was made in his honor. The account which that staunch old Calhoun organ. *The Charleston Mercury*, gives of it is stirring reading even at this time. "Once more," it exclaimed, "the heart of Carolina beats. Once more the people of Carolina feel that they are a people. The splendid enthusiasm of last night was the first exhibition of popular emotion since the close of the war." A platform was erected in the open air, hearing on its front the Hancockian inscription, "The Constitution and the Union." The General was received with uproarious cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. What he understood by the "Constitution and the Union" was clearly indicated by the speech which followed. In quoting from that speech we use extracts from the report of *The Charleston Mercury*, the same having been taken from that reputable Bourbon newspaper and inserted by Colonel John W. Forney in *Forney's Weekly Press* of August 1, 1868. We trust this combination of authorities, a Bourbon organ and the biographer of General Hancock, will be sufficient to establish the fact that the speech was not the "forgery of an obscure newspaper writer." The speech was also reproduced in *The Tribune* on the same date, and was accompanied by some vigorous comments from Horace Greeley.

General Hampton's speech was made up almost entirely of a graphic account of his experience as a member of the Committee on Resolutions. He said that the first thing he demanded was a declaration that the right of suffrage was purely a matter of State legislation, and belonged to the State Governments that existed up to 1865. The reception of that proposition he thus described:

Some doubts, however, were expressed of the policy of such a declaration. Gentlemen from the North, South, East and West all showed the greatest disposition to act in harmony. I am free to confess that they met us everywhere with cordiality and good will. *In fact they declared their willingness to give us everything we could desire, but they begged us to remember that they had a great fight to make at the North, and they therefore besought us not to load the platform with a weight that they could not carry against the prejudices which they had to encounter. Help them once to gain the power, and they would, do their utmost to relieve the Southern States and restore to us the Union and Constitution as it had existed previous to the war.*

This astonishing declaration defines one "principle" which the war had not settled. It is one for which Lee and Jackson fought, and the bulldozing and ballot-box stuffing in the South show that it is on trial to-day. The General continued, showing us how he "down reacked for the Union:

I could not fail to reciprocate their kindness, and I felt that I represented my people in so doing. I, therefore, withdrew my resolution, and consented to that offered by the distinguished Bayard, of Delaware, that "suffrage was a matter for State legislation," provided they would allow me to add three words. They agreed to this, *and I then added the clause which you will find embodied in the platform: "And we declare that the reconstruction acts are unconstitutional revolutionary and void." That is my plank in the platform.* The great Democratic party being pledged to that declaration, I wanted nothing else. I could wait in patience for their triumph, to show us how it was to be worked out in their own good time. *That the right of suffrage belongs to the States is a policy that suits us. When I presented that proposition, every member of the committee (and the warmest men in it were from the North) came forward and pledged themselves to carry it out to the end.*

And it was this same proposition that General Hancock pledged himself to carry out to the end in his famous letter to S. T. Glover, on July 17, 1868. The pledge stands good to-day. If it did not General Hancock would not be running for the Presidency as the candidate of a party which bases its sole hope of success on the right of suffrage so belonging to the States that the Solid South can strifle it at will. The whole Democratic party keeps its pledge by sustaining ballot-box stuffing and false counting, and the Northern Democrats are, as in 1868, the "warmest men in it." Their fidelity to this pledge is sufficient proof that they are also true to that other compact: "Help them once to gain the power, and they would do their utmost to relieve the Southern States and restore to us the Union and the Constitution as it had existed previous to the war."

These are the "same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years." This is the record which Wade Hampton calls attention to as proof of his consistent efforts for "reconciling the animosities caused by the late war." The North is not in favor of that kind of reconciliation. It believes, with General Garfield: "The war for the Union was right—everlastingly right; the war against the Union was wrong—forever wrong!" Reconciliation on any other basis than that is surrender to traitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Gen. Torbert's Political Legacy.

From the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, Sept. 7.

Soon after the nomination of Gen. Hancock it was announced in the Democratic papers that Gen. A. T. A. Torbert would support Gen. Hancock, from motives of personal friendship. This statement caused Augustus C. Lindsley, of Somerville, who was a private soldier in Torbert's brigade, to write to his old commander and learn the truth. The following is a copy of the reply he received:

MILFORD, Del., Aug. 17, 1880.

Mr. Augustus C. Lindsley:

DEAR SIR:—On my return home yesterday from Colorado I found your kind letter of July 20. I am always glad to hear from one of the old First New Jersey Brigade, and you talk to the point politically, just as the old brigade used to fight. I have known Gen. Hancock for 25 years and like him, but I can't stand the company, politically, that he is with. I hope no Republican of the old brigade will desert Garfield, for this fight is about as important as any we had between 1860 and 1865. I wish our friends in New Jersey every success for the national and State ticket. Your friend and old comrade.

A. T. A. TORBERT.

This is an open letter to the survivors of the old First New Jersey Brigade, and is probably the last politically utterance of the gallant Torbert. It was written on the 17th of August. On the 25th he sailed for Havana, and three days afterward his body was found on the coast of Florida.

A Fable for the Hour.

Once upon a time there was a personage called Uncle Samuel—the same who was reported to be "rich enough to give us all a farm," and from whom certain of his children expected at one time a donation of 40 acres of land and a mule each. Now this Uncle had for many years a horse that could run tremendously on election days, named "Dem," but spent all the rest of his time eating oats out of the public crib. The old brute was chiefly made up of appetite and legs, and he devoured provender until Uncle Samuel couldn't rest, and so a good many attempts were made to get rid of him, but once in four years, a parcel of men who owned a parcel of black servants would come in and rub him down and straddle a new groom upon his back, and so, in what they called the Presidential races, old "Dem" kept coming in ahead, keeping possession of Uncle Samuel's stable and eating all the fodder as before.

But old "Dem" felt his oats too much and grew vicious. Presently he began to tear down the fences on Uncle Samuel's farm, and some of the tenants took it into their heads that Uncle Samuel didn't own the farms, anyway. A number of them banded together and declared that each one could do as he liked with his farm, although it was only rented, and resolved to have nothing more to do with Uncle Samuel, but to build a big barn of their own for old "Dem" to come and eat in as long as he liked, without the trouble of running very hard in order to win the races; for they declared that no other horse should run against him.

This was just what suited old "Dem," and he was willing enough to go, but before starting he indulged in a grand tantrum, and kicked his stall all to pieces, and he knocked off all the doors of the barn, and tipped over all the barrels of oats, and finally managed to set the whole concern afire, and then he trotted off to the secession stable, with his head and tail in the air, and snorted so loud that he frightened Ben. Butler and several others who had groomed him a little at one time or another, but did not seem to realize how badly he could behave.

There being nothing left of old "Dem" in Uncle Samuel's dominions but an evil odor, which some called a "putrid reminiscence," of course he lost no time in getting a new horse, and his name was "Rep." Now "Rep" was a horse that obeyed his master, and didn't tear down fences or kick stables to pieces, and although he ran mightily on occasions he did not always have to be headed towards the cribs in order to get him to do anything. He bore his master's soldiers into the war against the rebellious tenants; drew his plow in the field where the grain grew, and hauled rails to mend the broken fences; nay, he bore the great rail-splitter himself from farm to farm, until at length all the fences were restored and made good and strong as they were before they were torn down. Uncle Samuel did not forget the good work that "Rep" had done, and so he put him in his stable, (which had been rebuilt) gave him a striped blanket with some stars in one corner, and took him out for a race once in a while, and gave him plenty of exercise all the year round.

The other day a man with a blue coat on came into the yard leading a quadruped all covered by a military blanket, and stumped Uncle Sam to change horses. The Uncle lifted a corner of the rag and exclaimed, "I know this ugly beast well enough—it's old 'Dem' that raised hob with me so many years ago. He's got the hind legs of a kangaroo, the fore legs of a giraffe, the back of a camel, the stomach of an ostrich and the mouth of a crocodile. I've had enough of him; and besides, my horse 'Rep' is good enough for me."

"But," said the man in blue, "you've had 'Rep' for twenty years. It's a good plan to change once in a while."

"Well," said Uncle Samuel, "I had 'Dem' most of the time for thirty years, and I think I know his gait. He knocked everything to flinders when he left, and I wouldn't trust him again."

"It's all in the rider," said the man in blue; "I know just how to manage him. The old fellow looks rather bad because he has been away from the crib so long, but just let him get filled up once and you'll see how fine he looks. I wear long spurs, and he's good for a race yet."

"That may be," quoth Uncle Samuel, "but I have got an Ohio boy named Jim who knows how to manage a horse pretty well—and a mule too, for that matter—for he used to drive on a tow path, and I think that I'll keep 'Rep' under his charge for a few years. He is a horse that I can find no fault with—old 'Rep' is, and has never acted badly. 'Dem' was an ugly vicious horse when I had him, and I don't care to try him again. Good day."

Reasons Why.

"Why should I vote the Republican ticket?" asks the young man who has just reached his majority, and is desirous of making a conscientious choice between the two parties which solicit his ballot. Here are a few reasons why:

Because the Republican party is the only party which has no cause to be ashamed of its past record.

Because it began its existence by resisting the extension of the curse of human slavery to the free Territories of the West.

Because it fought a four years' war to save the Union from being barken into fragments, and conquered the most formidable rebellion known to history.

Because it emancipated four millions of slaves, and gave them the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which the Declation of Independence pronounced to be the inalienable right of all mankind.

Because by an amendment to the Constitution it forbade the States to deprive any citizen of the ballot on account of the color of his skin, thus making suffrage national and impartial.

Because, in a struggle of ten years' duration, it steadfastly and successfully defended the National honor against the assaults of repudiators, and put the credit of the United States on a par with that of the other great civilized nations of the world.

Because it made good the Nation's promise to the holders of its greenback notes that they should be redeemed in coin, bringing the whole volume of the paper currency up to par with gold by the passage of the resumption act, in spite of the persistent hostility of the Democrats.

Because it provided the country with the safest and best banking system known to the world, and rescued it from the evils of the former irresponsible State banking system.

Because it has always honored labor and has recognized its rights to comfort and education, by a tariff which protects the American workingman against the competition of the pauperized laborers of Europe.

Because it believes in the education of the masses, and has given free schools to fourteen States of the Union which had no system for general, impartial education until after the reconstruction which followed the war.

Because it has warmly maintained the results of the war, and constantly asserted and defended the great principles of nationality, liberty and equality.

Because it stands to-day for a pure ballot uncontrolled by intimidation and undefiled by fraud, and for government by the freely expressed will of the majority.

Because it is the party of ideas, principles and progress, and embraces in its ranks a large majority of the men of intelligence, culture, enterprise, and high character in every Northern community.

Because the party which saved the Republic from disruption, and made it free, strong, honest, and honored of all nations, can best be trusted to manage its Government and mould its destinies.

Judge Houston, the Republican candidate for Congress in Delaware, is intimate with Hancock, and called on him shortly after his nomination. A reporter asked him if he would be willing to trust Hancock as President, and he made this answer: "I should not be afraid to fully trust Gen. Hancock, but I think that at this time any change in the national administration would be unwise. It would affect business interests and disturb the commerce of the country." It is not Hancock, but the party behind him that is untrustworthy.

One of the pleasantest fruits of the victory in Vermont is the gain of a Congressman by the retirement of Mr. Bradley Barlow. The Republican vote in the district will be about twice that of the Democrats and Nationals combined.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storm of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life is like a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the luster that dances there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life hath a fair and a sunshine face,
But Love is the beauty that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
The sweetest cheeks are paled with sorrow,
And blush to-day may be blanched to-morrow;
Then heedless over of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

—*Benjamin Armstrong.*

THE BLUE SILK DRESS.

"I DON'T see what I'm to do for a dress to wear at Aunt Ruth's party," said Laura Corwin, fretfully. "I do wish I could have things like other folks for once—just to see how it would seem."

"Why can't you wear your white muslin, with new ribbons or flowers?" asked Mrs. Corwin, quietly.

"And set up for 'sweet simplicity,'" said Laura, scornfully; "not if I never go anywhere! I must have something else, or I shall not be decent."

Mrs. Corwin leaned back in her chair, one hand enveloped in a stocking she was darning, and pondered the old—yet ever new—problem: How to make a new thing out of old ones.

"How would it do to get a little of something new and make up with your old pink silk?"

"It would be simply horrid! Decided colors are old-fashioned, and I should look as though I came out of the ark. Besides, I shan't have enough left of my hundred dollars to buy a yard of cotton cloth, after I have paid for my ticket to New York."

"Well, I'm sorry, dear, but I don't see what we can do," said Mrs. Corwin, sighing. "I'm sure you've made Aunt Ruth's money go as far as money could."

"I'd rather not go at all—for my part—than to go shabby," went on Laura.

"Perhaps you had better not try to make the visit then," said Mrs. Corwin. "She did not make it a point, you know."

"I suppose I could give it up—of course," said Laura crossly. "I generally do have to give up every thing I want; I never have any thing as I like it; I never go anywhere as other girls do"—and with this speech she threw down her sewing, and flounced out of the room.

Mrs. Corwin resumed her darning without a word, but a deep sigh fell on the ear of her other daughter Katie, who sat reading by the window, and had taken no part in the conversation.

"What is it, mother?" she asked.

"Nothing, dear, except that Laura is so unhappy about her dress. I should like to have her able to get all that she wants for once, just to show her that happiness does not really depend on it, even for her."

"I suppose it is hard," said Katie thoughtfully, "she's so fond of dressing, and she wants to have a pleasant visit. It's different with me," she went on, "it doesn't make any difference what I wear; but Laura is really pretty when she is dressed, and she doesn't care for books or pictures as I do."

"You'll have a nice time in New York," said her mother smiling. "Your aunt is as fond of pictures as you are. She has some beautiful ones herself, besides a splendid library!"

"Oh!" said Katie eagerly, "how I shall enjoy them, and the Exhibition, and—every thing. I wish Laura was ready to go to-morrow."

"Have you spent all your money?" asked Mrs. Corwin.

"No; I want to get some books when I go there, a few—for my own."

Aunt Ruth lived in New York city, and had not seen her two nieces since they were little children. She was a queer personage, and always doing some thing unexpected. Having allowed Laura and Katie to grow up without seeing her, she had suddenly waked up to remember them, and had sent each a hundred dollars to use exactly as she liked, but accompanied by an invitation to spend a few weeks at her house.

The invitation was as unusual as the gift, and trips to New York were very unusual indeed in the lives of these girls; in fact, neither of them had ever seen that city, and each in her own way was full of anticipations and dreams of the visit.

At the tea-table that evening, Laura astonished the family by announcing to the family that she should not go to New York. There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Well," said she in explanation, "I haven't money enough to dress decently while I'm there, I know very well how countrified I shall look and feel, and I would rather stay at home till the end of time, than be mortified to death about my looks."

"But my dear," remonstrated papa, "You have accepted, and Aunt Ruth will think very strange of it."

"I don't care if she does," said Laura snappishly.

"But I'm sure you will look well enough," said mamma, "you have two new dresses, and one or two old ones that look nicely."

"But I haven't a single thing to wear to the party," said Laura. "I won't wear an old summer dress, as Katie will. If I can't be like other folks I'll stay at home—there!"

Mamma sighed, and papa looked grieved.

Katie said nothing, but she noticed Laura's red eyes, and she knew that this visit had been her hope and dream for years. She was a generous soul, and never could bear to see any one unhappy, and a thought flashed into her mind.

"What if I stay at home and let her go!" It brought a pang, for she thought of the books, the pictures, the thousand wonders the city holds for the little country girl. She too had longed to go, all her life.

"But Laura doesn't care for books as I do," urged her generous impulse, "she has no pleasures except in society and going about, while I can forget my disappointment in a book. It is hard, too," went on the invisible monitor, "she is pretty, fond of dress and society, and she has never been out in the world at all."

All the evening the contest went on in her heart, while her eyes were bent on her book. All night she tossed and tumbled, and in the morning announced her decision while they were dressing.

"Laura, I'm decided not to go to New York, and I'll give you the money for a party dress."

Laura turned quickly from the glass where she stood arranging her hair.

"What's that for?" she said sharply.

"Well," said Katie, "I think perhaps you care more for it than I do. I don't care for society any way, you know, and the pictures and books and authors I want to see, will wait. My turn may come some day."

"O well; if you don't care to go," Laura said eagerly, "I shall be very glad to have it, for I do want to go awfully. I'll get a blue silk I saw yesterday at Mason's, a lovely shade, and I won't have Miss Steel make it; I'll take it to New York, and have it made stylish"—and so, selfishly full of her own pleasure, she accepted, without even a thank-you, Katie's hard self-denial.

Katie felt a sharp pang, but she had not expected gratitude in Laura. The worst was to tell mamma, and get her consent, for she did not wish Laura's selfishness to be humored. Papa positively objected, but Katie pleaded so earnestly, that finding her really set upon it, he gave unwilling consent.

The dress was bought. Laura's trunk was packed, and in high spirits, with all the remainder of Katie's hundred dollars in her purse, she started for New York, while Katie buried herself deeper than ever in the books that were to be consolation as well as society to her.

"Where's Katie?" was Aunt Ruth's first question, when Laura entered her door.

"She preferred to stay at home. She doesn't care for much but books, you know," said Laura hastily.

"But when I sent the money I think she might have humored an old auntie enough to make her a visit," said queer Aunt Ruth, who persisted in knowing a reason.

"Well, she bought some books, I believe, and some clothes," said Laura, carelessly, looking with eager delight on the elegant furnishings of her aunt's house, thinking how happy she should be always to live in such a beautiful place, and rejoicing in the fancy of how well her blue silk would look here. To Katie's self-denial, and her aunt's misunderstanding of it, she gave not a thought.

No more was said about Katie. Aunt Ruth made up her mind that she had deliberately preferred to spend her money for books and clothes, and not to come and see her, and a hard feeling against her was planted in her heart from that hour.

With Laura she was delighted, for that young lady dressed to suit herself, and, being besides loaded with presents by her aunt, and treated to society and rare gayeties, had not a wish ungratified, and consequently was amiable and apparently as lovely as one could wish.

Much as she enjoyed her aunt's house, there was one place she did not like to visit, and that was the library. It was a large room, somber with dark woods and rich bindings, with a cheerful open fire, plenty of comfortable reading chairs, and shelves upon shelves of choice and valuable books.

Somehow she could never come into this room without a vision of Katie reveling in its delights, and in spite of the crust of selfishness over her heart, it proved a most uncomfortable visitor there. Thoughts of her unselfish sister would rise before her, and for hours she could not forget them. Katie sitting alone in their dingy room longing for pictures and choice books, and all beautiful things, as she well knew she did; Katie cheerfully giving up all the anticipated delights of her visit that *she* might make a display on one evening; Katie losing the affection of her aunt on her account; herself loaded with presents, and Katie's poor little money in her purse.

Do what she would she could not drive these thoughts away. She got a better view of the real Laura than she ever had before, and the picture did not please her.

When the long expected evening arrived, and Laura put on the coveted silk dress, made in style and enriched by some old lace of her aunt's; and when at last that doting lady clasped on her neck and wrists a lovely set of pearls to complete the costume; the thought of Katie and her sacrifice, and her own selfishness, spoiled all the pleasure which had cost so much.

This was made worse during the evening by her introduction to people whose names stood high in the literary world, and to see whom would be to Katie the greatest happiness she could conceive. Laura's cup turned to bitter waters in her hand.

The next day she astonished her aunt by bursting into tears of shame and repentance, and telling the whole story of her complainings, and Katie's generosity, and begging her to let her go home and ask Katie to forgive her.

But Aunt Ruth was one of those persons—not few, alas!—who never change their mind. She was pleased with Laura, and she would not believe her account of herself.

"Say what you will, Laura," she said firmly, "I shall never believe that Katie really wanted to see me—never."

Now Laura began to see that the evil she had done was even greater than she had feared. She begged harder to go home, and at last Aunt Ruth gave consent, though she declared it was only to please her, and not on Katie's account.

Now little reader, of course you expect nothing less than that the old aunt should seek out Katie, and overwhelm her with kindness, and she would be paid a thousand times for her self-denial.

But in real life things don't always turn out so nicely; errors and mistakes don't always correct themselves. Aunt Ruth never forgave Katie, never again invited her to her house.

Every year she invited Laura alone. It was hard for Katie, but after all she had her reward. Laura fought her selfishness constantly, and became a loving, thoughtful sister.

And when Aunt Ruth died, she divided her property among all her many nieces—excepting Katie. This made opportunity for Laura's last crowning act of penitence, for though the whole sum would have enabled her to go abroad and travel with a party of her friends—which was the desire of her heart—half of it would not furnish sufficient income to do this. Yet she instantly divided her legacy into halves, and insisted on Katie's accepting one.

Laura's fight was a long one, and as long as she lived she kept the blue silk dress hanging among her other dresses, as she said, that every time she saw it she might remember the dragon of selfishness she had to fight.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Tunnel Under the English Channel.

THE preliminary excavations for this enterprise are being actively pushed forward at Sangatte, near Calais, at a spot where the cliffs have an altitude of seventy feet above the level of the sea at high water. A point has been chosen where the rocks of gray chalk will have to be traversed by the tunnel come to show their heads at the surface of the soil. On the opposite shore similar borings have been begun, so that the works are proceeding simultaneously. The soundings that have been made during the last few years demonstrate that the base of the Channel consists of a compact mass of chalk, resting on banks of slate. This mass, which is easy enough to pierce, is said at the same time to resist filtration sufficiently. It would, therefore, present a substance excellently adapted for perforation. But what yet remains to be proved is whether the succession of these chalk layers will not disclose some irregularities or ruptures which would render the enterprise impossible.

The shaft at Sangatte has now reached a depth of nearly 200 feet, or about 130 feet below the level of high water. It has a width of ten feet, and is lined with oak, so that the water can not penetrate very freely, not more than seventeen gallons a minute. This water is not salt, which is thought to prove that the layers hitherto transversed have their point of contact sufficiently far from the shore to prevent the sea from ascending the shaft. It is intended to sink to a depth of 300 feet, and then a gallery will be excavated in the direction of England. Up to the present the engineers are highly satisfied with the results obtained, as no irregularities have been discovered, which is considered a good augury for the success of the enterprise. It is impossible, however, to proceed at a quicker rate than twenty inches a day. Nevertheless, in eighteen months or two years enough progress will have been made to arrive at a perfect understanding about the possibility of the undertaking. It is stated that the work will not fail through lack of funds. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Challenge to Tanner.

THE following letter, which probably should more fittingly appear in our sporting department, has just been received by the editor of the *Post*. It explains itself:

EDITOR POST—Sir: Perceiving that the telegraphic dispatches contain voluminous accounts of the progress of Dr. Tanner's alleged starvation feat, I write on behalf of self and friends to make the following proposition. If the Doctor really means business, and is prepared to prove that his attempt is ingenuine one, and not a mere piece of claptrap for sensational purposes, let him accept any one of the following matches:

The writer, at present an inmate of Mrs. Didimus's "plain boarding-house," on Desvisadero Street, will wager $500 a side that he can exist more consecutive days on

One cup weak bean coffee,
Two plates gristle hash,
One slice machine-made pie,

Per diem, than Dr. Tanner or any other person in the United States.

A fellow-boarder at the same house will wager a like sum that he can fast longer on

One small burnt ram chop,
One spoonful chilled buckshot peas,
One patent rubber sirloin steak,

Than the Doctor, or any other person, not a boarder at the same house, that can be produced.

It is all very well to boast about powers of abstinence when one has nothing whatever to oppress, or disarrange the stomach, but Tanner's present performance is, comparatively, an insignificant exhibition of real endurance. Old Major Gridley, who has boarded with Mrs. Didimus for the past eighteen years, authorizes me to add that he will pay the Doctor's expenses to this city, and wager him ten thousand dollars to five thousand that he (the Major) will eat at the rate of ten per day more of a peculiar cast-iron breed of apple-dumplings, prepared by Mrs. D., than will that physician—the Major, as an offset to long practice, to be handicapped with the addition of some of said lady's butter-sauce of the highest rank.

If Dr. T—— will accept all or any one of the above propositions, we shall be glad to hear from him by wire, when measures will be at once taken to secure the Pavilion, provide stakeholders, umpires, etc.

We mean business, and the Doctor, if he expects to get away with the Champion Starvation Belt, or Indigestion Cup, must put up or shut up.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE STUFFEY,
1959 Devisadero Street, S. F.

We hope the Doctor will go in. Shakespeare says a Tanner will last nine years, so the contest will be an exciting one. We wish Mrs. Didimus to understand, however, that we are in no manner responsible for the above.—*San Francisco Post.*

Living Forty-Two Days on Cider.

MRS. HANNAH BENT, of East Boston, was kept alive forty-two days during a recent illness by moistening her mouth with cider. Her stomach could not endure tea, coffee, milk, or even water, and it is doubtful whether it ever received more than a spoonful of the cider with which her mouth was moistened. Something broke in her stomach, which gave her relief, and she gradually recovered, and is now in the enjoyment of her usual health. She was attended during her forty-two days' fast by Mrs. Cummings, who states positively that nothing but cider entered Mrs. Bent's mouth during that time. It is believed that abstinence from food saved her life.—*Boston Traveler.*

RIPE TOMATO PICKLES.—Do not scald, pare with a sharp knife. Put into a jar and pour over hot, spiced vinegar. Cover over with paper dipped in flour paste.

PITH AND POINT.

POTATO vines are dangerous nowadays, because they are loaded with slugs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THEY say Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders out of their shoe-strings.—*St. Louis Paper.*

THE coming campaign promises to be a hot one. In this city alone thirteen men have already had their noses singed by coal oil torches.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

PEOPLE who sleep late in the morning miss the sight of a beautiful sunrise. And then, again, those who retire early cheat themselves out of the sight of a beautiful midnight moon.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WALK through some of the dirty scums of the great metropolis and you can realize the force of the words, "The man who enters here leaves soap behind."—*Whitehall Times.*

A MAN named Onion lives in a neighboring town. There is reason to believe he is a man of sense.—*Rome Sentinel.* Wrong. He is continually getting in a stew, and is in bad odor among his fellows.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

AN ostrich recently swallowed fifteen stones, seven nails, a necktie, an envelope, thirteen coins, fourteen beads, two keys, a handkerchief, a medal, and a gold cross, and then it died from an effort to look cross-eyed.—*Boston Post.*

PEOPLE who find it absolutely impossible to stand it at home when the mercury barely reaches the nineties, find it cool and invigorating at summer resorts where it is necessary to put the thermometer in an ice chest to keep it down to a hundred.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

THEY were not very dressy little girls, these two. They belonged to the barefooted, sun-bonneted class that have good health and dirty faces. But one day the younger appeared with genteel little shoes, embroidered stockings, a suit of bunting and a showy leghorn hat. As she paraded herself before her playmate, she completely captured her. "Why, you look like some rich young one," was the exclamation of delight; "but you won't play with me any more," and the tears began to wash a clean furrow adown her cheeks. "Oh, yes I will. My mother won't care," said little good heart, and she did play with her. But her mother cared. It took three days and a good whipping to get that new suit clean.—*New Haven Register.*

The Late Miss Neilson.

IT is not too much to say that the announcement of Miss Neilson's death shocks the whole English dramatic world. Those who have witnessed her incomparable impersonations will deeply lament an event which renders a repetition of that exquisite pleasure forever impossible. Those who have never enjoyed that pleasure may well lament, even more deeply, what is to them, indeed, an irreparable loss. The finest Shakspearian actress, not only of our age, but of any age, has made her final adieux and gone down to darkness and the worm. The black curtain has fallen upon a long, yet far too short, series of triumphs which, highly as they were appreciated when their heroine was living, will be far more highly appreciated now that she is dead.

The Shakspearian fame of Sarah Siddons rests solely upon her Lady Macbeth. The Shakspearian fame of Adelaide Neilson rests upon broader, if not better, foundations; upon Juliet, Viola, Imogen, Isabella and Rosalind. In this range of characters she never has had, and we believe never will have, a rival near the throne. She is the only woman who has seemed to have an instinctive and thorough knowledge of Shakspeare's noblest women. She did not *act* them; she *was* them. She threw her whole soul into these splendid creations, and it may be said that she re-created them; for certainly until her day they never lived and breathed and burned upon the stage. There have been other Juliets, Violas, Imogens, Isabellas and Rosalinds; but the best of them were poor and weak compared with hers. Mentally and physically she was pre-eminently fitted for her task, and her rare equipment in brain and beauty was supplemented by an indomitable energy worthy of the strongest masculine nature. She always played up to the full extent of her powers; always did all she could do—and was then dissatisfied because her grandest efforts fell short of her ideal. The threadbare quotation is peculiarly applicable in this case: "Take her for all-in-all, we shall never look upon her like again."

Miss Neilson's sudden death was not entirely unexpected to her friends. To one of them she remarked, on her last visit to St. Louis, that she "was rapidly wearing out through the tremendous strain upon her nervous system, and must leave the stage very soon or risk a complete breakdown." Her physicians had so advised, and her own sensations confirm their opinion. The last season in America taxed her failing strength beyond its limits, and more than once, she said, she "would gladly have given up the profits of a two weeks' engagement for a single night's rest." That such a matchless artist should perish in her prime, leaving no successor, is nothing less than a public calamity.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

A Peculiar Case.

A SINGULAR lawsuit has been commenced in France. At Toulouse, on the night when the Jesuits were to be expelled, the door of their retreat was found barred and locked. The police did all they could, but their efforts were unavailing. It was easy to find a locksmith, but it was not easy to get him to work. The Jesuits of Toulouse were popular, and the middle classes had almost a superstitious dread of taking any definite part in their expulsion. The chief locksmith of the town declined the job, but eventually picked the lock, and the police got in and the Jesuits were turned out. Since that night the locksmith, who had a very good business before, has lost all his clients. They have deserted his shop and patronized his rival, and have told him in so many words the cause of their conduct. He protested, but it was no use to protest, and now he has sought the tribunals to protect him from the consequences of what they compelled him to do.

Our Young Folks.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Ha! now I have caught you, my burglar!
Come, what have you got to say?
What shall be done with a rogue like you,
For the mischief you've wrought to-day?
Searching my drawers, and spilling
Their contents upon the floor;
Having a beautiful time with things
You never have found before!

And what have those little fingers
Unrolled from that linen wrap?
"A little doll's dress, so tumidy and long;
And a dolly's dear little cap";
And a pair of little "blue sockses,"
Just ready for Dolly's feet;
And a cloak and hood and a tiny bib?
Oh! won't Miss Dolly look sweet!

But wait a minute, my darling—
You golden-haired burglar small;
Those treasures, I'll have you understand,
Weren't meant for a dolly at all,
But just for a little live baby,
Dimpled and blue-eyed and fair;
And that little blue cap sat daintily, too,
On the rings of golden hair.

And those "sockses"—the feet that wore them
Were warm, and were soft and white
And restless, like some other feet I know,
From early morning till night.
Who was that little live dolly?
Come hither and look in the glass;
And see how the golden-haired baby has grown
To a four-year-old rogue of a lass.

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

NO!

"NO!" CLEAR, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in the school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, for to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his has as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

The short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is often a sweet and loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

A Word to You, Young Man.

FIRST: Be honest. By which we do not mean, simply, not to steal. That goes without saying. The young man who, before his beard is grown, thinks it clever to cheat his tailor, or to sneak out of his little debts at college, has already laid a sure foundation of ill-fortune. Nothing is known so quickly or sticks to a man so long as the reputation of dishonesty. It is the mock of mildew which eats and grows blacker and spreads from year to year. Boys are ludicrously blind to the lengthening shadow which these faults of sharp-dealing and lying in their earliest years throw down their whole future. In a year or two they will be asking for patronage from the public or a chance in the business world, and they will find that in damaging their character they have already squandered their only capital. No merchant would take a boy, even as porter, into his employ who was not known to be honest. We take it for granted our boys are honest, in the coarser meaning of the term. But there is a finer honesty that enters into a man's nature and lifts him above his fellows. He is no sneak nor sham, neither to his companions, his God, nor even to himself. He does not sham a virtue which he has not; he does not imitate any other man's character; but he tries to go to the bottom of his own to clear it and lift it up.

As the boy begins so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of the truth already counts friends who will last all his life and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams. Ready for you in your early manhood there are plenty of pleasures waiting for you to conquer—applause, money, society, this and that kind of philosophy or faith. Take nothing on trust; weigh it, see what it is worth. You will have rough disappointments, but you will come to the granite underneath at last.

We have said nothing about your religion. Your creed matters little—Baptist, Presbyterian, Churchman; for if you are the sincere, earnest man we mean, you will come at last, down through all professions, all experiences, to the Almighty Good and Order which underlies them all. You will discover for yourself that every sincere and earnest man must build on that or on the shifting sand. There is no other choice in life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Punctuality.

SOME one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before the time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Abercorn. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited knew it, of course. Well, the hour arrived, and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the Marquis and this one guest to table. The Marquis was punctual, if only one of the others was.

By-and-by another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the Marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have got wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No *doubt* his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi River and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon service. I traveled through the Upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where he lived, out toward the border, I heard of his great feat. The border men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is any one too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time in class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slip-shod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to a wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

Washington's way was the best. The Marquis of Abercorn was in the right. That Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and, if you can, be a little ahead of it, and you will never repent of the habit of punctuality.—*Golden Days.*

To Find the Day of the Week.

SEVERAL correspondents of the *English Mechanic* have been giving rules for finding on what day of the week any particular date occurs. One of the simplest of these methods is purely numerical, and not too complicated to be easily remembered and worked out mentally. First of all there is a constant for the style—6 for new style, or all dates after September 14, 1752. Next there is a constant for each month. There are 1, 4, 4, 0, 2, 5, 0, 3, 6, 1, 4, 6; on leap year the constant for January and February is one less, or 0, 3. Then multiply the century by 5, and add one-fourth, omitting fractions. Next add one-fourth to the odd years over the century; and finally add the day of the month. Divide the total by 7, and the remainder will show the day of the week. As an example, let it be required to find out on what day of the week January 1, 1881 will fall. The process is as follows:

Constant, N. S.	6
Constant for month	1
Century (18) multiplied by 5, plus one-fourth	90
Odd years 81 plus one-fourth	101
Day of month	1
	203

This divided by 7 leaves 0 or 7 for a remainder, which shows that it will be the last day of the week, or Saturday. For old style the constant is four, and the number of the century is multiplied by 6. The rest of the process is the same as for new style.

A NEW YORK man who jumped into the river and cut his throat while in the water was rescued. If he could also have managed to have taken poison and blown his brains out while he was about it, he might have succeeded in destroying his life.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storm of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life is like a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the luster that dances there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life hath a fair and a sunshine face,
But Love is the beauty that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
The sweetest cheeks are paled with sorrow,
And blush to-day may be blanched to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

—*Benjamin Armstrong.*

THE BLUE SILK DRESS.

"I don't see what I'm to do for a dress to wear at Aunt Ruth's party," said Laura Corwin, fretfully. "I do wish I could have things like other folks for once—just to see how it would seem."

"Why can't you wear your white muslin, with new ribbons or flowers?" asked Mrs. Corwin, quietly.

"And set up for 'sweet simplicity,'" said Laura, scornfully; "not if I never go anywhere! I must have something else, or I shall not be decent."

Mrs. Corwin leaned back in her chair, one hand enveloped in a stocking she was darning, and pondered the old—yet ever new—problem: How to make a new thing out of old ones.

"How would it do to get a little of something new and make up with your old pink silk?"

"It would be simply horrid! Decided colors are old-fashioned, and I should look as though I came out of the ark. Besides, I shan't have enough left of my hundred dollars to buy a yard of cotton cloth, after I have paid for my ticket to New York."

"Well, I'm sorry, dear, but I don't see what we can do," said Mrs. Corwin, sighing. "I'm sure you've made Aunt Ruth's money go as far as money could."

"I'd rather not go at all—for my part—than to go shabby," went on Laura.

"Perhaps you had better not try to make the visit then," said Mrs. Corwin. "She did not make it a point, you know."

"I suppose I could give it up—of course," said Laura crossly. "I generally do have to give up every thing I want; I never have any thing as I like it; I never go anywhere as other girls do"—and with this speech she threw down her sewing, and flounced out of the room.

Mrs. Corwin resumed her darning without a word, but a deep sigh fell on the ear of her other daughter Katie, who sat reading by the window, and had taken no part in the conversation.

"What is it, mother?" she asked.

"Nothing, dear, except that Laura is so unhappy about her dress. I should like to have her able to get all that she wants for once, just to show her that happiness does not really depend on it, even for her."

"I suppose it is hard," said Katie thoughtfully, "she's so fond of dressing, and she wants to have a pleasant visit. It's different with me," she went on, "it doesn't make any difference what I wear; but Laura is really pretty when she is dressed, and she doesn't care for books or pictures as I do."

"You'll have a nice time in New York," said her mother smiling. "Your aunt is as fond of pictures as you are. She has some beautiful ones herself, besides a splendid library!"

"Oh!" said Katie eagerly, "how I shall enjoy them, and the Exhibition, and—every thing. I wish Laura was ready to go to-morrow."

"Have you spent all your money?" asked Mrs. Corwin.

"No; I want to get some books when I go there, a few—for my own."

Aunt Ruth lived in New York city, and had not seen her two nieces since they were little children. She was a queer personage, and always doing some thing unexpected. Having allowed Laura and Katie to grow up without seeing her, she had suddenly waked up to remember them, and had sent each a hundred dollars to use exactly as she liked, but accompanied by an invitation to spend a few weeks at her house.

The invitation was as unusual as the gift, and trips to New York were very unusual indeed in the lives of these girls; in fact, neither of them had ever seen that city, and each in her own way was full of anticipations and dreams of the visit.

At the tea-table that evening, Laura astonished the family by announcing to the family that she should not go to New York. There was a general exclamation of surprise.

"Well," said she in explanation, "I haven't money enough to dress decently while I'm there, I know very well how countrified I shall look and feel, and I would rather stay at home till the end of time, than be mortified to death about my looks."

"But my dear," remonstrated papa, "You have accepted, and Aunt Ruth will think very strange of it."

"I don't care if she does," said Laura snappishly.

"But I'm sure you will look well enough," said mamma, "you have two new dresses, and one or two old ones that look nicely."

"But I haven't a single thing to wear to the party," said Laura. "I won't wear an old summer dress, as Katie will. If I can't be like other folks I'll stay at home—there!"

Mamma sighed, and papa looked grieved.

Katie said nothing, but she noticed Laura's red eyes, and she knew that this visit had been her hope and dream for years. She was a generous soul, and never could bear to see any one unhappy, and a thought flashed into her mind.

"What if I stay at home and let her go!" It brought a pang, for she thought of the books, the pictures, the thousand wonders the city holds for the little country girl. She too had longed to go, all her life.

"But Laura doesn't care for books as I do," urged her generous impulse, "she has no pleasures except in society and going about, while I can forget my disappointment in a book. It is hard, too," went on the invisible monitor, "she is pretty, fond of dress and society, and she has never been out in the world at all."

All the evening the contest went on in her heart, while her eyes were bent on her book. All night she tossed and tumbled, and in the morning announced her decision while they were dressing.

"Laura, I'm decided not to go to New York, and I'll give you the money for a party dress."

Laura turned quickly from the glass where she stood arranging her hair.

"What's that for?" she said sharply.

"Well," said Katie, "I think perhaps you care more for it than I do. I don't care for society any way, you know, and the pictures and books and authors I want to see, will wait. My turn may come some day."

"O well; if you don't care to go," Laura said eagerly, "I shall be very glad to have it, for I do want to go awfully. I'll get a blue silk I saw yesterday at Mason's, a lovely shade, and I won't have Miss Steel make it; I'll take it to New York, and have it made stylish"—and so, selfishly full of her own pleasure, she accepted, without even a thank-you, Katie's hard self-denial.

Katie felt a sharp pang, but she had not expected gratitude in Laura. The worst was to tell mamma, and get her consent, for she did not wish Laura's selfishness to be humored. Papa positively objected, but Katie pleaded so earnestly, that finding her really set upon it, he gave unwilling consent.

The dress was bought, Laura's trunk was packed, and in high spirits, with all the remainder of Katie's hundred dollars in her purse, she started for New York, while Katie buried herself deeper than ever in the books that were to be consolation as well as society to her.

"Where's Katie?" was Aunt Ruth's first question, when Laura entered her door.

"She preferred to stay at home. She doesn't care for much but books, you know," said Laura hastily.

"But when I sent the money I think she might have humored an old auntie enough to make her a visit," said queer Aunt Ruth, who persisted in knowing a reason.

"Well, she bought some books, I believe, and some clothes," said Laura, carelessly, looking with eager delight on the elegant furnishings of her aunt's house, thinking how happy she should be always to live in such a beautiful place, and rejoicing in the fancy of how well her blue silk would look here. To Katie's self-denial, and her aunt's misunderstanding of it, she gave not a thought.

No more was said about Katie. Aunt Ruth made up her mind that she had deliberately preferred to spend her money for books and clothes, and not to come and see her, and a hard feeling against her was planted in her heart from that hour.

With Laura she was delighted, for that young lady dressed to suit herself, and, being besides loaded with presents by her aunt, and treated to society and rare gayeties, had not a wish ungratified, and consequently was amiable and apparently as lovely as one could wish.

Much as she enjoyed her aunt's house, there was one place she did not like to visit, and that was the library. It was a large room, somber with dark woods and rich bindings, with a cheerful open fire, plenty of comfortable reading chairs, and shelves upon shelves of choice and valuable books.

Somehow she could never come into this room without a vision of Katie reveling in its delights, and in spite of the crust of selfishness over her heart, it proved a most uncomfortable visitor there. Thoughts of her unselfish sister would rise before her, and for hours she could not forget them. Katie sitting alone in their dingy room longing for pictures and choice books, and all beautiful things, as she well knew she did; Katie cheerfully giving up all the anticipated delights of her visit that *she* might make a display on one evening; Katie losing the affection of her aunt on her account; herself loaded with presents, and Katie's poor little money in her purse.

Do what she would she could not drive these thoughts away. She got a better view of the real Laura than she ever had before, and the picture did not please her.

When the long expected evening arrived, and Laura put on the coveted silk dress, made in style and enriched by some old lace of her aunt's; and when at last that doting lady clasped on her neck and wrists a lovely set of pearls to complete the costume; the thought of Katie and her sacrifice, and her own selfishness, spoiled all the pleasure which had cost so much.

This was made worse during the evening by her introduction to people whose names stood high in the literary world, and to see whom would be to Katie the greatest happiness she could conceive. Laura's cup turned to bitter waters in her hand.

The next day she astonished her aunt by bursting into tears of shame and repentance, and telling the whole story of her complainings, and Katie's generosity, and begging her to let her go home and ask Katie to forgive her.

But Aunt Ruth was one of those persons—not few, alas!—who never change their mind. She was pleased with Laura, and she would not believe her account of herself.

"Say what you will, Laura," she said firmly, "I shall never believe that Katie really wanted to see me—never."

Now Laura began to see that the evil she had done was even greater than she had feared. She begged harder to go home, and at last Aunt Ruth gave consent, though she declared it was only to please her, and not on Katie's account.

Now little reader, of course you expect nothing less than that the old aunt should seek out Katie, and overwhelm her with kindness, and she would be paid a thousand times for her self-denial.

But in real life things don't always turn out so nicely; errors and mistakes don't always correct themselves. Aunt Ruth never forgave Katie, never again invited her to her house.

Every year she invited Laura alone. It was hard for Katie, but after all she had her reward. Laura fought her selfishness constantly, and became a loving, thoughtful sister.

And when Aunt Ruth died, she divided her property among all her many nieces—excepting Katie. This made opportunity for Laura's last crowning act of penitence, for though the whole sum would have enabled her to go abroad and travel with a party of her friends—which was the desire of her heart—half of it would not furnish sufficient income to do this. Yet she instantly divided her legacy into halves, and insisted on Katie's accepting one.

Laura's fight was a long one, and as long as she lived she kept the blue silk dress hanging among her other dresses, as she said, that every time she saw it she might remember the dragon of selfishness she had to fight.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Tunnel Under the English Channel.

The preliminary excavations for this enterprise are being actively pushed forward at Sangatte, near Calais, at spot where the cliffs have an altitude seventy feet above the level of the sea at high water. A point has been chosen where the rocks of gray chalk will have to be traversed by the tunnel come to show their heads at the surface of the soil. On the opposite shore similar borings have been begun, so that the works are proceeding simultaneously. The soundings that have been made during the last few years demonstrate that the base of the Channel consists of a compact mass of chalk, resting on banks of slate. This mass, which is easy enough to pierce, is said at the same time to resist filtration sufficiently. It would, therefore, present a substance excellently adapted for perforation. But what yet remains to be proved is whether the succession of these chalk layers will not disclose some irregularities or ruptures which would render the enterprise impossible.

The shaft at Sangatte has now reached a depth of nearly 200 feet, or about 130 feet below the level of high water. It has a width of ten feet, and is lined with oak, so that the water can not penetrate very freely, not more than seventeen gallons a minute. This water is not salt, which is thought to prove that the layers hitherto transversed have their point of contact sufficiently far from the shore to prevent the sea from ascending the shaft. It is intended to sink to a depth of 300 feet, and then a gallery will be excavated in the direction of England. Up to the present the engineers are highly satisfied with the results obtained, as no irregularities have been discovered, which is considered a good augury for the success of the enterprise. It is impossible, however, to proceed at a quicker rate than twenty inches a day. Nevertheless, in eighteen months or two years enough progress will have been made to arrive at a perfect understanding about the possibility of the undertaking. It is stated that the work will not fail through lack of funds. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Challenge to Tanner.

The following letter, which probably should more fittingly appear in our sporting department, has just been received by the editor of the *Post*. It explains itself:

Editor Post—Sir: Perceiving that the telegraphic dispatches contain voluminous accounts of the progress of Dr. Tanner's alleged starvation feat, I write on behalf of self and friends to make the following proposition. If the Doctor really means business, and is prepared to prove that his attempt is a genuine one, and not a mere piece of claptrap for sensational purposes, let him accept any one of the following matches:

The writer, at present an inmate of Mrs. Didimus's "plain boarding-house," on Devisadero Street, will wager $500 a side that he can exist more consecutive days on

One cup weak bean coffee,
Two plates gristle hash,
One slice machine-made pie,

Per diem, than Dr. Tanner or any other person in the United States.

A fellow-boarder at the same house will wager a like sum that he can last longer on

One small burnt ram chop,
One spoonful chilled buckshot peas,
One patent rubber sirloin steak,

Than the Doctor, or any other person, not a boarder at the same house, that can be produced.

It is all very well to boast about powers of abstinence when one has nothing whatever to oppress, or disarrange the stomach, but Tanner's present performance is, comparatively, an insignificant exhibition of real endurance. Old Major Gridley, who has boarded with Mrs. Didimus for the past eighteen years, authorizes me to add that he will pay the Doctor's expenses to this city, and wager him ten thousand dollars to five thousand that he (the Major) will eat at the rate of ten per day more of a peculiar cast-iron breed of apple-dumplings, prepared by Mrs. D., than will that physician—the Major, as an offset to long practice, to be handicapped with the addition of some of said lady's butter-sauce of the highest rank.

If Dr. T—— will accept all or any one of the above propositions, we shall be glad to hear from him by wire, when measures will be at once taken to secure the Pavilion, provide stakeholders, umpires, etc.

We mean business, and the Doctor, if he expects to get away with the Champion Starvation Belt, or Indigestion Cup, must put up or shut up.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE STUFFEY,
1959 Devisadero Street, S. F.

We hope the Doctor will go in. Shakespeare says a Tanner will last nine years, so the contest will be an exciting one. We wish Mrs. Didimus to understand, however, that we are in no manner responsible for the above.—*San Francisco Post.*

Living Forty-Two Days on Cider.

Mrs. Hannah Bent, of East Boston, was kept alive forty-two days during a recent illness by moistening her mouth with cider. Her stomach could not endure tea, coffee, milk, or even water, and it is doubtful whether it ever received more than a spoonful of the cider with which her mouth was moistened. Something broke in her stomach, which gave her relief, and she gradually recovered, and is now in the enjoyment of her usual health. She was attended during her forty-two days' fast by Mrs. Cummings, who states positively that nothing but cider entered Mrs. Bent's mouth during that time. It is believed that abstinence from food saved her life.—*Boston Traveler.*

Ripe Tomato Pickles.—Do not scald, pare with a sharp knife. Put into a jar and pour over hot, spiced vinegar. Cover over with paper dipped in flour paste.

PITH AND POINT.

Potato vines are dangerous nowadays, because they are loaded with slugs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

They say Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders out of their shoe-strings.—*St. Louis Paper.*

The coming campaign promises to be a hot one. In this city alone thirteen men have already had their noses singed by coal oil torches.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

People who sleep late in the morning miss the sight of a beautiful sunrise. And then, again, those who retire early cheat themselves out of the sight of a beautiful midnight moon.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Walk through some of the dirty scums of the great metropolis and you can realize the force of the words, "The man who enters here leaves soap behind."—*Whitehall Times.*

A man named Onion lives in a neighboring town. There is reason to believe he is a man of sense.—*Rome Sentinel.* Wrong. He is continually getting in a stew, and is in bad odor among his fellows.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An ostrich recently swallowed fifteen stones, seven nails, a necktie, an envelope, thirteen coins, fourteen beads, two keys, a handkerchief, a medal, and a gold cross, and then it died from an effort to look cross-eyed.—*Boston Post.*

People who find it absolutely impossible to stand it at home when the mercury barely reaches the nineties, find it cool and invigorating at summer resorts where it is necessary to put the thermometer in an ice chest to keep it down to a hundred.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

They were not very dressy little girls, these two. They belonged to the barefooted, sun-bonneted class that have good health and dirty faces. But one day the younger appeared with genteel little shoes, embroidered stockings, a suit of bunting and a showy leghorn hat. As she paraded herself before her playmate, she completely captured her. "Why, you look like some rich young one," was the exclamation of delight; "but you won't play with me any more," and the tears began to wash a clean furrow adown her cheeks. "Oh, yes I will. My mother won't care," said little good heart, and she did play with her. But her mother cared. It took three days and a good whipping to get that new suit clean.—*New Haven Register.*

The Late Miss Neilson.

It is not too much to say that the announcement of Miss Neilson's death shocks the whole English dramatic world. Those who have witnessed her incomparable impersonations will deeply lament an event which renders a repetition of that exquisite pleasure forever impossible. Those who have never enjoyed that pleasure may well lament, even more deeply, what is to them, indeed, an irreparable loss. The finest Shakespearian actress, not only of our age, but of any age, has made her final adieux and gone down to darkness and the worm. The black curtain has fallen upon a long, yet far too short, series of triumphs which, highly as they were appreciated when their heroine was living, will be far more highly appreciated now that she is dead.

The Shakspearian fame of Sarah Siddons rests solely upon her Lady Macbeth. The Shakspearian fame of Adelaide Neilson rests upon broader, if not better, foundations; upon Juliet, Viola, Imogen, Isabella and Rosalind. In this range of characters she never has had, and we believe never will have, a rival near the throne. She is the only woman who has seemed to have an instinctive and thorough knowledge of Shakspeare's noblest women. She did not *act* them; she *was* them. She threw her whole soul into these splendid creations, and it may be said that she re-created them; for certainly until her day they never lived and breathed and burned upon the stage. There have been other Juliets, Violas, Imogens, Isabellas and Rosalinds; but the best of them were poor and weak compared with hers. Mentally and physically she was pre-eminently fitted for her task, and her rare equipment in brain and beauty was supplemented by an indomitable energy worthy of the strongest masculine nature. She always played up to the full extent of her powers; always did all she could do—and was then dissatisfied because her grandest efforts fell short of her ideal. The threadbare quotation is peculiarly applicable in this case: "Take her for all-in-all, we shall never look upon her like again."

Miss Neilson's sudden death was not entirely unexpected to her friends. To one of them she remarked, on her last visit to St. Louis, that she "was rapidly wearing out through the tremendous strain upon her nervous system, and must leave the stage very soon or risk a complete breakdown." Her physicians had so advised, and her own sensations confirm their opinion. The last season in America taxed her failing strength beyond its limits, and more than once, she said, she "would gladly have given up the profits of a two weeks' engagement for a single night's rest." That such a matchless artist should perish in her prime, leaving no successor, is nothing less than a public calamity.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

A Peculiar Case.

A singular lawsuit has been commenced in France. At Toulouse, on the night when the Jesuits were to be expelled, the door of their retreat was found barred and locked. The police did all they could, but their efforts were unavailing. It was easy to find a locksmith, but it was not easy to get him to work. The Jesuits of Toulouse were popular, and the middle classes had almost a superstitious dread of taking any definite part in their expulsion. The chief locksmith of the town declined the job, but eventually picked the lock, and the police got in and the Jesuits were turned out. Since that night the locksmith, who had a very good business before, has lost all his clients. They have deserted his shop and patronized his rival, and have told him in so many words the cause of their conduct. He protested, but it was no use to protest, and now he has sought the tribunals to protect him from the consequences of what they compelled him to do.

Our Young Folks.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Ha! now I have caught you, my burglar!
Come, what have you got to say?
What shall be done with a rogue like you,
For the mischief you've wrought to-day?
Scorching my drawers, and spilling
Their contents upon the floor;
Having a beautiful time with things
You never have found before!

And what have those little fingers
Unrolled from that linen wrap?
"A little doll's dress, so tumbly and long;
And a dolly's dear little cap";
And a pair of little "blue sockses,"
Just ready for Dolly's feet;
And a cloak and hood and a tiny bib?
Oh! won't Miss Dolly look sweet!

But wait a minute, my darling—
You golden-haired burglar small;
Those treasures, I'll have you understand,
Weren't meant for a dolly at all,
But just for a little live baby,
Dimpled and blue-eyed and fair;
And that little luce cap sat daintily, too,
On the rings of golden hair.

And those "sockses"—the feet that wore them
Were warm, and were soft and white
And restless, like some other feet I know,
From early morning till night.
Who was that little live dolly?
Come hither and look in the glass;
And see how the golden-haired baby has grown
To a four-year-old rogue of a lass.

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

NO!

"No!" Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in the school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true: and if you wish to see Ned come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, for to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his has as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

The short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I know you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is often a sweet and loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

A Word to You, Young Man.

First: Be honest. By which we do not mean, simply, not to steal. That goes without saying. The young man who, before his beard is grown, thinks it clever to cheat his tailor, or to sneak out of his little debts at college, has already laid a sure foundation of ill-fortune. Nothing is known so quickly or sticks to a man so long as the reputation of dishonesty. It is the fleck of mildew which eats and grows blacker and spreads from year to year. Boys are famously blind to the lengthening shadow which these faults of sharp-dealing and lying in their earliest years throw down their whole future. In a year or two they will be asking for patronage from the public or a chance in the business world, and they will find that in damaging their character they have already squandered their only capital. No merchant would take a boy, even as porter, into his employ who was not known to be honest. We take it for granted our boys are honest, in the coarser meaning of the term. But there is a finer honesty that enters into a man's nature and lifts him above his fellows. He is no sneak nor sham, neither to his companions, his God, nor even to himself. He does not sham a virtue which he has not; he does not imitate any other man's character; but he tries to go to the bottom of his own to clear it and lift it up.

As the boy begins so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of the truth already counts friends who will last all his life and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams. Ready for you in your early manhood there are plenty of pleasures waiting for you to conquer—applause, money, society, this and that kind of philosophy or faith. Take nothing on trust; weigh it, see what it is worth. You will have rough disappointments, but you will come to the granite underneath at last.

We have said nothing about your religion. Your creed matters little—Baptist, Presbyterian, Churchman; for if you are the sincere, earnest man we mean, you will come at last, down through all professions, all experiences, to the Almighty Good and Order which underlies them all. You will discover for yourself that every sincere and earnest man must build on that or on the shifting sand. There is no other choice in life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Punctuality.

Some one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before the time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Abercorn. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited knew it, of course. Well, the hour arrived, and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the Marquis and this one guest to table. The Marquis was punctual, if only one of the others was.

By-and-by another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the Marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have got wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No doubt his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi River and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon service. I traveled through the Upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where he lived, out toward the border, I heard of his great feat. The border men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is any one too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time in class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slip-shod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to a wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

Washington's way was the best. The Marquis of Abercorn was in the right. That Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and, if you can, be a little ahead of it, and you will never repent of the habit of punctuality.—*Golden Days.*

To Find the Day of the Week.

Several correspondents of the *English Mechanic* have been giving rules for finding on what day of the week any particular date occurs. One of the simplest of these methods is purely numerical, and not too complicated to be easily remembered and worked out mentally. First of all there is a constant for the style—6 for new style, or all dates after September 14, 1752. Next there is a constant for each month. There are 1, 4, 4, 0, 2, 5, 0, 3, 6, 1, 4, 6; on leap year the constant for January and February is one less, or 0, 3. Then multiply the century by 5, and add one-fourth, omitting fractions. Next add one-fourth to the old years over the century; and finally add the day of the month. Divide the total by 7, and the remainder will show the day of the week. As an example, let it be required to find out on what day of the week January 1, 1881 will fall. The process is as follows:

Constant, N. S.	6
Constant for month	1
Century (18) multiplied by 5, plus one-fourth	90
Odd years (81) plus one-fourth	101
Day of month	1
	203

This divided by 7 leaves 0 or 7 for a remainder, which shows that it will be the last day of the week, or Saturday. For old style the constant is four, and the number of the century is multiplied by 6. The rest of the process is the same as for new style.

A New York man who jumped into the river and cut his throat while in the water was rescued. If he could also have managed to have taken poison and blown his brains out while he was about it, he might have succeeded in destroying his life.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

[*Hoosier Dialect.*]

THEY ain't no style about 'em
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em
Would be lonesomer and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shudder
Than like mournin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em, 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em!
And I'll tell you when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em.
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know?

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hands when she wuz dead.

But as I wuz a sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin'—
But I wouldn't be without 'em!
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin' bird 'ut noses
In the roses of the rich!

—*James W. Riley, in the N. Y. Sun.*

THE PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD.

THE walls of the suite of rooms were hung with pictures of all sizes and subjects. The tables were covered with prints, statuets, and gems, and curiosities of art. The guests of both sexes were numerous, representing art, literature, beauty and fashion.

"Hartley," exclaimed an elderly, grizzled artist, tapping a younger brother of the brush on the shoulder, "come and look at this portrait. As it is in your line I should like your opinion."

"Isn't it in my line too, Gray?" asked a youthful aspirant to Burlington fame.

"Yours, my dear Colt? Yours, I thought, was always below the line," laughed the elder, "and I fear, there it will always remain. Come, Hartley."

Linking his arm in that of the other, he drew him toward the wall.

Leonard Hartley, a tall, well-looking, gentlemanly man, the possessor of a much-envied superb red-brown beard, though only thirty, had already made a tolerable renown as a portrait painter. Halting before the likeness—that of a dark, handsome lady of forty—he had been brought to criticise, he regarded it for some moments in silence.

"Well?" queried Gray.

"Well, I should say it's a good portrait, unmistakably resembling the original, be she whom she may; but I don't like it."

"Exactly. It wants firmness of touch—the flesh-tints need more transparency."

"It's not that. To me it seems one of F's best; but there is something about it that makes me shudder, as if it were uncanny."

"That's curious," remarked Gray.

"Very. No picture ever had such an effect on me before. It's fancy, I suppose. Who is the lady?"

"Who was she, rather."

"Is she, then, no longer living?"

"Not six months ago F. painted this picture from a dead model."

"Good Heaven!" And Leonard Hartley's cheek absolutely turned pale as he retreated from the portrait. "That, then, accounts for my feeling."

"Why, what a sensitive fellow you are!" laughed his companion. "F. got two hundred dollars for doing it."

"Had they paid me five hundred I wouldn't have painted it!" was the response. "Come away; the likeness seems to cast a gloom over this corner of the room."

The above conversation had been partly overheard by a fine-looking old gentleman with silvery hair, and his daughter, a lovely, bright-eyed girl, of nineteen, who leaned on his arm. As the artists moved to another part of the room, the others approached the portrait, the old gentleman regarding it curiously, and the girl with awe.

"After death!" she murmured. "It—it is unpleasant: isn't it, papa? But I should never have detected it as did that gentleman. Who is he?"

"Leonard Hartley, my love, the well-known portrait painter."

"Really?" and the girl's violet eyes followed the artist with admiration. "Papa, if I ever have my portrait painted, I should like Mr. Hartley to do it."

"Well, pet, so he shall. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Mabel. I hate those cold brown photographs. I'll get to speak to him to-night,"

"No, no, papa!" laughed the girl, her delicate complexion flushing as she tightened her hold on her companion's arm. "I was only jesting. You must, dear, be content with the photographs, for I could never undergo the ordeal of sitting for my portrait. If it's ever done, it must be while I am asleep. By the way," she added, merrily, "some persons, they say, look best when they are asleep."

"If they don't open their mouths and snore, pet. Well, then, I am not to speak to Hartley?"

"No, please, papa; I could not think of such a thing. What is that picture yonder? Let us get closer."

A minute after they were engulfed in the crowd, becoming part of it.

Six weeks had elapsed since the above little episode at the *conversazione*, when, one evening, returning from his club dinner to his studio, Leonard Hartley found a visitor awaiting him.

He was elderly, with long silvery hair, and in appearance and manner the perfect gentleman. He was seated in the midst of the studio's paraphernalia, on an old oak fifteenth century chair, with his face resting on his hands.

So noiselessly had the artist entered, or so profound were the visitor's meditations, that his arrival was not observed. Therefore after a few seconds' stare of wonderment, the artist coughed.

The visitor, starting, looked up; then, rising to his feet, with a courteous, apologetic bow, said, "Ten thousand pardons, Mr. Hartley. I—I fear I must have dozed. Calling ten minutes ago, and your servant saying you would speedily return, he was kind enough to permit me to wait, my business being rather pressing."

"He did perfectly right, sir," said the artist.

"Excuse me; let me introduce myself," put in the visitor. "Your servant placed my card there."

Leonard Hartley, taking it up, read—"Mr. John Kesteven, Belgrave Square."

"I suppose, Mr. Kesteven," remarked he, bowing slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction, "the business that has favored me with this visit is professional?"

"Exactly—perfectly," replied the old gentleman, passing one hand hesitatingly over the other. "Yes, quite professional. In fact, I want you to do me the favor of taking a portrait at once."

"Your own, may I ask?"

"Mine? Oh, no! My daughter's—my only child's. She is very beautiful—worthy, I assure you, of any artist's brush!"

"I do not doubt that for a moment. The only thing is the time. I have already many engagements."

"I will pay any thing if you'll put them aside for me," broke in the visitor, earnestly. "Yes; the only thing *is* the time." His eyes wandered toward a dark corner where the lay figure was dancing a ghastly minuet by itself. "Listen to the circumstances, and you shall judge! I can only say your price shall be mine!"

Rather curious, for there seemed a singular restlessness in his guest, Leonard Hartley, drawing his chair nearer, prepared to listen.

Mr. Kesteven moved his hands together, opened them, looked at them both sides, as if doubtful of their cleanliness, then began: "The truth is, Mr. Hartley, my daughter has a rooted aversion to having her portrait taken—or rather, to the trying ordeal of the necessity of sittings; consequently, I—she is my only child, and I am perhaps foolishly fond of her"—again a pause and a scrutiny of the well-kept hands—"I wish it to be done without her knowing. In fact, it *must* be done so, or not at all!"

"That, Mr. Kesteven, is a difficulty through which I confess I do not see my way," said Leonard Hartley, smiling.

"Oh, it will be easy," was the quick response. "Singularly enough, my—my daughter's own words suggested the means. Mr. Hartley, do you remember the *conversazione* six weeks ago?"

"Certainly!"

"It was there, then, that my daughter remarked she should like you to paint her portrait, if any one did; but she added, 'If I am ever to have it taken, it must be in my sleep, when I do not know what is going on.'"

"A singular fancy," smiled the artist.

"It is; but one that, for the sake of having a likeness of her, the only being I have to love," went on the visitor, still restlessly, "I would yield to at any cost. Now my daughter has not been well lately. She is delicate; that makes me nervous. Perhaps you perceive it? To insure her rest an opiate is administered to her every day after dinner. We make it live now, when she has a long sleep—a sound sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room. There is no fear of her waking. Would you, Mr. Hartley, consent to humor her desire, and take her likeness then?"

Leonard Hartley paused, considering.

"You see, for a good portrait, so much rests on expression," he said.

"I am aware of that; therefore I have come to a good painter." And Mr. Kesteven bowed, "You shall have help, Mr. Heartley, from her dear dead mother's miniature, taken when at her age. The eyes, the expression, are Mabel's own! Stay. Pardon me: I have yet one other thing to ask. Could you, in four evenings—making the hours as long as you please—take the likeness sufficiently to finish it from recollection and the miniature's aid."

The artist answered that he could; and finally, the terms, handsome ones, never demurred at by Mr. Kesteven, being settled, it was arranged that Leonard Hartley should make his first visit the next evening.

"Well, if there was ever a stranger whim than this!" he reflected, as easel, colors, canvas having been sent during the day, a little before the appointed hour he proceeded to Belgrave Square.

Reaching his destination he was at once ushered into the library, where he found Mr. Kesteven waiting.

"Mr. Hartley," exclaimed the old man, pressing his hand warmly, "I shall never forget your kindness. Ah, when you are married, with children of your own, you'll know what a father's love is; but I trust it will not be for a daughter so delicate, poor girl, as mine. If you see me moved, know that is the cause. Now, if you please, we will go."

Opening the door Mr. Kesteven led the way on up to the thickly-carpeted stairs, and showed the artist into the drawing-room. The soft, subdued light burning there displayed the tasteful elegance of the furniture. But Leonard Hartley's eyes went quickly to the couch. He could not help starting as he beheld lying on it in quiet slumber one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen.

Her complexion was of singular fairness, while the bloom on her cheeks was as delicate as a fresh blown rose. Her hair, of a soft gold brown, was braided back, and apparently confined by a cluster of forget-me-nots. She was in evening dress, and lay, the ivory lids with their long silken lashes closed, with one hand lightly on her bosom, the other by her side. As the father had said, that sweet face was worthy any painter's brush; and Leonard Hartley felt, despite the singularity of the circumstances, that here he would exceed his best.

The easel and other artistic requirements had already been placed, and Leonard Hartley, after arranging them as he desired with the aid of a gray-headed butler, who moved as noiselessly on tip-toe as if his young mistress's slumber had been of the lightest, at once set to work.

In a low chair a few feet behind him sat Mr. Kesteven; but rarely did the two exchange even a whispered word. The old man kept his head resting on his hand, save when the artist was conscious that he had risen, and was looking over his shoulder.

For an hour, engrossed by his subject, Leonard Hartley worked vigorously. Already in outline the lovely features began dimly to look out from the canvas. But as the next hour stole on the silence began to oppress him.

Glancing round, he saw the old man still in the same position. The stillness became almost unbearable, made more torturing by the monotonous ticking of a clock somewhere in the room.

At the end of the second hour he could support it no longer, and closed the sitting.

"You'll come to-morrow?" inquired Mr. Kesteven, wistfully.

"Of course," smiled the artist. "A compact is a compact. This is the strangest whim for a young lady I ever heard of. I could succeed so much better were your daughter awake."

"I know—I know; but, as I told you, that's impossible. Will you make the four evenings suffice, for on the fifth my daughter and I leave here."

"Oh, yes, I can take the canvas home, if your footman will call a cab," remarked the artist. "By the help of the miniature I can work upon it at my studio to-morrow, and get it advanced before the evening."

The cab was fetched, and Leonard Hartley, with the portrait, got in.

"Well, I'm glad one sitting is over," he reflected. "I never felt anything so awfully depressing. 'Pon my word, if the girl were ugly I would even now throw up the whole thing. But she is so beautiful—beautiful enough to be forgiven any absurdity. Still, I'm glad to be in the open air again."

He drew a long breath of relief; but the depression of that silent sitting was not easily to be shaken off.

It kept with him all the evening; it held possession of him when asleep, in the shape of nightmare dreams, from which he arose next morning but little refreshed.

"What an idiot I am!" he thought. "A too sensitive nature is certainly a curse. Well," he laughed, "in me its balanced by a not too amiable temper. One ought to counteract the other. Let's look at my work."

Going into the studio, he went to the portrait he had placed upon the easel.

"It is lovely—beautiful! What delicate curves!" he exclaimed. "Never have I had a more charming model. The very look seems to give inspiration."

And seizing the brush he set to work throwing all his soul into the task.

The second evening was a repetition of the first, only the oppression to the artist was greater.

There was something awful in the stillness that surrounded the sleeping girl.

Leonard Hartley grew nervous.

He started if his brushes clicked against his pallet.

Faint heats came over him, though the month was December.

Once he had to lean back and wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

Mr. Kesteven, rising, quitted the room, and returned speedily with wine.

"Excuse my previous forgetfulness, Mr. Hartley," he whispered. "At this time I have much to occupy my thoughts."

He placed the decanter and glass by the artist, who thankfully filled the latter and drank.

It brought nerve, and he proceeded, refreshed.

The portrait had now made wonderful progress. The likeness was unmistakable. The lips curved with a smile, the eyes shewn forth in animation. The father was delighted.

"Wonderful—exquisite!" he exclaimed with emotion, as he gazed upon it. "It is herself, Mr. Hartley. I can never sufficiently thank you. You have made me your debtor for life."

When the artist left that night he was worse than on the previous one. He wandered restlessly through the streets, loth to go back to the solitude of his chambers. He seemed to dread to be alone, craved for the sight of moving, animated life, and plenty of light.

Once he asked himself if he were in love with his sleeping beauty, as he could never get her out of his thoughts. But he laughed at the idea.

No; it was the singular stillness and heavy air of that drawing-room and all its surroundings, that was the cause—nothing else.

The third evening was worse than either of the preceding two, or Leonard Hartley was growing more irritable under the strain upon his nerves. He felt that he should like to cry out—perhaps with an oath—at the gray-haired butler who moved about like some inhabitant from the other world.

But he put restraint on himself, reflecting with satisfaction that there was but one more sitting, and then he would be free.

"After that, she and her father are going away," he mused—"I wonder where? I should like to see her again when her eyes are open. It would be pleasant to feel their light shine on one."

The fourth and last evening arrived. Like those who hasten to get a not congenial task over, Leonard Hartley was a few minutes earlier than usual.

Every thing, however, was ready. Every thing the same as previously, only Mr. Kesteven's manner was altered. It was hurried, restless, nervous, and he asked the artist if a shorter sitting would suffice that night.

"An hour would be enough," answered Leonard Hartley, by no means reluctantly; and thinking, "I suppose the old gentleman dreads his daughter's waking and detecting his little plot. I wish she would; I should like to see her out of that awful sleep."

The painting had not proceeded a quarter of an hour when the ghostly butler, gliding in, whispered something to his master, who, excusing his absence for a brief space to the artist, hurriedly left the room.

No sooner had he gone than Leonard Hartley threw down his brush. It was the first time he had ever been left even for a moment with the sleeping girl, and an irresistible impulse was upon him to take a closer inspection.

Rising, after a cautious glance back at the door, he approached the couch.

Why did he halt half-way, the color falling from his face, and that expression, half doubt, half fear, in his eyes?

A moment he stood, the beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Then, seizing the lamp from the table, he advanced, trembling, and leaned over the sleeper.

His hand touched hers.

It was icy cold.

Looking closer, what was revealed to him?

The color on the cheek was artificial! the muscles of the mouth were drawn!

Leonard Hartley, with a cry of horror, reeled back.

"Great Heaven!" he cried; "it is not sleep—it's death!"

Staggering, he could at first do no more than, placing the lamp on the table, stand gazing upon the girl.

He had been tricked,—duped!

Then, suddenly, he remembered Mr. Kesteven's words:

"Mr. Hartley, do you remember the *conversazione* six weeks ago?"

Of course, he did!

He saw it all now.

His words respecting the portrait of the dead Gray had taken him to see had been overheard, and, aware of his repugnance, this horrible, ghastly trick had been put upon him.

For a brief while loathing, horror, blended with fierce indignation, raged within him.

How should he meet his employer on his return? How could he give his anger vent in the presence of his dead child?

Yet Hartley vowed never to put brush again to that portrait, and religiously kept his word.

Stay!

And a sensation of humiliation came over him.

Was he right after all.

Was he not duping himself?—making a terrible mistake?

If so, into what an unpleasant position might it lead him?

Mr. Kesteven had said his child was under the influence of opiates.

That *might* account for the cold—though the artist did not think it.

If *so*, how absurd would have been his anger?

But *if not*? Then would it be justifiable; almost—he did not know this deception would be actionable.

How decide?

Seizing a penknife from the table, pulling it open—regardless, in his anger, of the consequences—approaching the girl, he ran the keen blade into her arm.

How white it was!

Would blood come? Pray Heaven, yes!

No!—though, almost unconsciously, he had pressed the flesh—not the faintest sign!

It was, then not sleep—but death!

With a cry of horror and indignation, Leonard Hartley, turning, dashed toward the door.

On the way his foot struck against a low stool, he stumbled forward, and threw out his hands to catch some support. His right clutched but the table cloth, and he fell, bringing the vases, books, and the lamp crashing after him.

All was darkness.

He was alone with the dead!

Only for a space. There were hurrying feet in the passage; the door was thrown wide, and the artist heard Mr. Kesteven's voice exclaiming, in accents of terror and alarm, "Good gracious! what has happened? Darkness! Clark, run, run, bring a light! Oh, Heaven! what can it be? Mr. Hartley, where are you?"

"Here, sir," replied the artist, gathering himself up from the floor, as the ghostly butler glided in with a light. "I beg to say, Mr. Kesteven"—he began, then paused abruptly, his eyes dilated by amaze, as, naturally, they turned to the couch.

There was his model, truly. But sitting up, pushing her pretty brown hair back with her little hands, in a half-awakened way.

"It was only a sleep, after all. What an idiot I have made of myself!" he thought; then again stopped, for, sweet and musical the girl's young tones reached him.

"Papa, dear," they said, vaguely, "where am I? What is it?"

A cry so strange, so full of joy, from the father, drew the artist's attention to him. He was flying across the room like a madman, and in a second he had caught the girl to his heart.

"Mabel, Mabel! my darling pet!" he ejaculated. "Oh, Heaven, I thank thee! My own, still my own Mabel!"

Whatever did it all mean?

The bewildered artist was asking himself that question for the third time, when he received a rather rough push on the shoulder, while a voice whispered, "For goodness sake, sir, get out of this! don't you understand?"

"Understand?," repeated Hartley, gazing from the speaker to the old man and his child. "I can't say I do."

"Then get out into the next drawing-room all the same, sir. Master wouldn't have dear Miss Mabel know for worlds."

The speaker was the butler—no longer a ghostly butler, but the most life-like and energetic of butlers. With no respect for easel, colors and canvas, he bundled them all into the back drawing-room, pushing the amazed artist after. Then, swift as a lamplighter, he lighted the candles in the wall branches, kicked the table-cloth and fragments under the table, then said, in the tones of quietest unconcern, "The doctor, sir, said he'd wait and see you down stairs."

After which, this singular butler came into the back drawing-room, dropped the dividing curtains, sank into a chair and rocked himself to and fro, half laughing, half crying, gasped through the handkerchief he was forcing into his mouth, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Who would have thought it? Oh, my master, what a day for him! To think to-morrow she might have gone, and it 'ud have been too late!"

"In the name of all that is wise," cried the artist, shaking him roughly, "tell me what this means, you old idiot? I came here to take the likeness of a sleeping girl. I fancy, instead of sleep, it is death——"

"That's it, sir—that's it!" broke in the butler; "that's what poor master and all of us thought—even the doctor. Poor Miss Mabel went off cold and stiff, quite sudden, and every one said she was dead. So my master, who hadn't got no likeness of his darling, except them brown, colorless things, thought, before the ground took her away from him forever— But here, sir, is master himself."

Mr. Kesteven came hurriedly between the curtains.

"Clark," he said, "send Mrs. Gros to Miss Mabel at once. Tell her her mistress believes she has had a long fainting fit. Bid her hide both day and date from my child. That was a wise hint of yours, Clark, about the doctor. Thank you."

Then, with a face full of contrition, yet quivering with the undercurrent of that great joy, Mr. Kesteven turned to the artist.

"Mr. Hartley, of course you have guessed the truth. How can I ask—how can I ever hope you will forgive the cruel deception I put upon you to carry out the living wish of a supposed dead daughter? I feel you will never experience but anger toward me, though no man in this world do I respect and love more than you!"

"Mr. Kesteven!" ejaculated the artist, surprised, also moved, by the old gentleman's earnest manner and apology.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley—love; for to you I owe my daughter's life. There is an incision in her arm from which the blood is running freely. It was not there to-day. You alone could have made it—did you not?"

"I did; in a moment of impulse, or indignation!" answered the artist, coloring to the temples. "After I had done it I regretted the act; but the result has been so happy ——"

"Mr. Hartley," cried Mr. Kesteven, seizing his hand, "Heaven inspired you! Tell me, I pray, what occurred after I left the room."

It was nearly an hour later when the artist returned home, with the consciousness of a strange elation, caused probably by Mr. Kesteven's praise and gratitude.

The first thing he did was to take a brush full of sepia and obliterate the entire portrait of the supposed dead.

"No," he reflected; "if I paint that lovely face it must be afresh, and from a living model. This would always give me the horrors, from the idea of what might have been but for my fear."

He did paint Mabel Kesteven from her own bright, happy self, for the sittings were arranged during the Christmas dinner at which Mr. Kesteven insisted the artist should make one.

The professional visits led to those of friendship, and the result was probably what had been guessed, that Leonard Hartley wooed and won the lovely girl whom, by accident, he had rescued from the tomb.

St. Julien, the California Trotting Wonder.

AN intimate friend of Mr. Joseph S. Dunning, of Denton, Orange County, N. Y., who raised St. Julien and his full brother, St. Reno, and who sold the former to Mr. James Galway, then of Goshen, for $600, said yesterday:

"St. Julien was a natural-born trotter; he never knew how to strike any other gait. I spent many a day with Mr. Dunning, and I know all about the horse, and Hickok never would have bought him if he was not just what I tell you. Of course, St. Julien is a wonder, and his full brother, St. Reno, now owned, I think, by Dr. H. A. Pooler, owner of the Goshen Driving Park, and being handled by the man, if any one, who made St. Julien a trotter—Billy Sargeant—is likely to be another. Now, if you want the full history of the early life of St. Julien, which has never been published, I can give it to you. Joe Dunning raised both horses on his farm between Denton and Middletown, this county. There is about one year between their ages, and Volunteer is their father. Both horses were driven together in a team for a long time, doing farm work, road driving and marketing. They were then colts, and Joe Dunning had no idea that he had such valuable trotters. Neither was nervous to speak of. Indeed—and especially St. Julien—they were as docile and quiet as colts could possibly be. One of the principal features of the team's daily work was driving milk to the railroad station. This was how St. Julien was broken to harness, and it was about the first work he ever did; in fact, it was, I think, a milk wagon that he first hauled along the road behind him, and, too, when he was but a colt. Many a time I have driven the team to the station with milk myself, and St. Julien never thought of striking any thing but a trot. He never showed the least sign of skittishness, and what is more, never wobbled all over the road like colts generally do. He trotted square and level, and always straight ahead.

"I remember once, when visiting Joe, we started out to go off to see a friend several miles away. We drove St. Julien. The night was frightfully dark, and it was impossible to see the horse in front of us. Now, if there had been any nervousness about him, do you suppose we'd started? We hadn't the least trouble with him. And so it was always with St. Julien until Joe Dunning sold him. The horse was more like an old mare, steady and reliable, than like a frisky, fretful and unmanageable young colt. Nature made St. Julien a level, honest trotter, and if any one is to be credited with developing the speed that was in him, Sargeant is the man. Every horseman who saw him trot the first year he went on the turf knew this.

"Why, his performances that year speak for themselves. Just look at it. It was the first time he was ever in races. He started the big circuit under the guidance of Sargeant, who made for his owner, Mr. Galway, at least $20,000 that year in seven or eight races. I kept track of the horse after his debut at Cleveland until he had trotted six races, and in all of them he took first money. And mind you he won them all in three straight heats and in no race did he make a skip or even a 'hitch.' Don't that stamp him as a natural trotter? Like Goldsmith Maid, some of the best of American trotters have made their records by skipping and 'hitching,' but St. Julien never in his life trotted any other way than like a machine.

"Mr. Galway, who bought St. Julien of Joe Dunning, made a fortune out of him in one year. It said St. Julien is the only horse that sold for the same price, or less, who ever coined so much money for his owner in one year."—*Cor. New York Sun.*

A Novelty in Coats.

A CURIOSITY in mechanism was shown us to-day at a tailoring establishment, in the shape of a seamless, close-fitting coat. The back, fore part, side, body and collar are of one solid piece of goods the only seam visible in the body of the coat being on the shoulder, while the ordinary coat has the above-named pieces cut separate, to be joined together. To more thoroughly carry out the idea, the revers and the sleeves are also cut whole. This garment was made to the order of a customer, and is as completely adapted to the figure as any garment can be.—*Hartford, Conn., Evening Post.*

GENERAL.

W. H. VANDERBILT, the owner of Maud S, it is reported, has purchased St. Julien for $50,000.

THERE have been twenty-six John Smiths in the Massachusetts State prison since its establishment in 1855.

THERE is a party in Milford, Mass., who says he can live comfortably and contentedly on twelve cents a week. His diet consists of crackers and milk principally.

THE London *Graphic* attributes the scream of a woman partly to vulgarity and partly to vanity. It says that no well-bred woman screams, but only those who morbidly wish to attract attention.

WHILE a woman in Farmersville, N. Y., was assisting her son to hold a sheep he was shearing the animal suddenly kicked, struck the shears and drove them into the unfortunate woman's neck, severing the jugular vein, causing speedy death.

So many spurious St. Bernard dogs are nowadays offered for sale that the superior in charge of the hospice on Mount St. Bernard has decreed that hereafter a register of all dogs born there or on Mount Simplon shall be kept, with a minute description of the animals, and the names of their purchasers.

A PHILADELPHIA cigarmaker tired of his trade, resolved to become a physician, and went to little further preparation for his chosen profession than to put up a sign beside his door. Among his first patients was a child who had the scarlet fever, but he pronounced the disease cholera infantum, and caused death by wrong treatment. He is under arrest.

A LARGE number of black ants being driven from a sugar bowl, soon returned. To try their ingenuity the housekeeper suspended the bowl by a string from the ceiling. The ants tried to reach it by standing on each other's back, but the pyramid fell down as fast as it was raised. Soon afterward she saw them descending the string and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar.

THE denizens of New York City may now look forward to the prospect of peaceful slumbers, undisturbed by the nightly howls of the feline race. The Board of Aldermen have passed what will be known as the "cat ordinance," which orders the capture and destruction of all the cats at large "in any of the public street, lanes, alleys, highways, parks, or other places within the corporate limits of the city of New York."

IN Russia the railways are so many separate thread lines, no network being formed. Thus two lines are instanced which run parallel to each other for nearly 500 miles and have no connection. The result is that to get from one town to another almost in the same latitude a long journey north has to be made, and then a return to the south; the two sides of the triangle between Tzaritsyn, on the Volga, and Kharkoff, via Orel, measuring some 750 miles, while as the crow flies the distance between the two towns is not more than 375 miles.

THE Chinese army is variously estimated, some placing it as low as 50,000 men, while other accounts raise it to 200,000 men already in the field. Some critics, who profess to speak from personal knowledge, praise highly the efficiency of the Celestial battalions, which, with very few exceptions, have for field officers military experts who learned the trade of war in the armies of England or France, the system of organization and tactics being the same as that existing in the armies of the republic.

A HUNGARIAN engineer, having determined to put an end to his life, bought a pistol, got very drunk and locked himself in a private room of a hotel in the town. He pressed the muzzle of the weapon against his left breast and pulled the trigger. The usual explosion followed and the would-be suicide fell to the ground, where he lay patiently for several minutes waiting for death. But he did not die. On the contrary he got better and better until finally in sheer despair he sent for a doctor to ask why he had not died. He soon found out the truth. The bullet with which he had intended to kill himself was in his watch pocket. He had shot with powder and wadding.

BAGGAGE is not a pleasant thing to handle in California. The Contra Costa *Gazette* says: A few days ago a trunk was put off the cars at Lathrop, and some powder sifted out of the bottom on the platform. A lighted cigar stump was thrown down, which ignited the powder and caused an explosion in the trunk, which was completely destroyed. Recently, when overhauling lost baggage previous to an annual sale, an old valise that had been banged about the room for months was found to contain two immense giant powder cartridges with caps adjusted. Two revolvers loaded and capped fell out of a roll of blankets not long after.

ILLINOIS still leads all the other States in the number of its miles of railroads. This position Illinois has occupied since 1870, at which time it passed Pennsylvania, which previously had been the leading railroad State. The railway mileage of the former State is 7,578; Pennsylvania comes second, with 6,068 miles; New York follows close behind, with 6,008 miles; Ohio is fourth, having 5,521 miles; Iowa 11th, with 4,779 miles; and Indiana sixth, with 4,336 miles; Missouri, Michigan, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Texas, Georgia and California follow in the order named. There is no State or Territory which is totally devoid of railroads, though Montana Territory can boast of but ten miles of completed road.

AN English naturalist, while preserving ants and spiders in bottles of alcohol, met with a touching exhibition that caused him to forego further experiments. He wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded her legs upon her body and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year $1 50
" six months 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

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SATURDAY SEPT. 18, 1880.

Mass-Meetings and Pole Raisings.

There will be a Republican mass meeting and pole raising held at Cranesville, on Saturday Sept. 25th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The meeting will be addressed by Messrs. Thomas J. Peddicord, H. Wheeler Combs and others.

There will also be a meeting of the same character at Kitzmillersville, on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 23, which will be addressed by Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq.

The Maine Election.

The result of the election in Maine is still in doubt as to the Governor. The Congressional delegation stands the same as last year. The Republicans have both branches of the Legislature by good majorities. If the election of Governor goes to that body Davis, Republican, will be elected.

Col. Schley Nominated.

The Democratic Congressional Convention at Hagerstown Wednesday last nominated Col. Schey for Congress on the first ballot. The vote was as follows: Allegany, 5 for Schley; Frederick, 6 for Schley, Garrott, 2 for Douglas, (Bartlett and Johnson,) and one for Schley, (Browning); Montgomery, 4 for Blair; Washington, 6 for Douglas. The total vote stood; Schley 12; Douglas, 7; Blair, 4.

Hon. John Ritchie said in his speech that "we don't seem to have our grasp upon the government; it seems to be beyond us." Well, the fact is, the Democratic grasp does seem rather slight, and the people propose that it shall continue even as now. Why should they change?

"Good times come not alone to Republicans." The above from the speech of Monday night, is eminently true. The Democratic party is a sharer in the prosperity and progress of the country; and though the Republican party brought all this about, yet Democrats are not content with sharing and being benefited by it; but since everything has got to going on finely, though they opposed the Resumption Act, they want to turn out the Republicans and take charge themselves. Everything is lovely, prosperity reigns, the government is moving along smoothly, every one (save hungry Democrats) is contented and happy, and where is the force in changing? What is the necessity? Would the Democrats improve matters? Hardly, for they haven't the knack of it, and as the Republicans have been and are doing so well, the people purpose that they shall continue in power. Why should they change?

The Illustration of the late fast of Dr. Tanner, as applied to the Republican party, don't seem to fit, as it were. The Democrats have been fasting for lo! these many years, and it would be a pity to break that fast now. There is great danger, if they should get into power, that they would upset the whole concern, for a person that has been denied necessaries, generally overdoes the thing when he gets at what he desires. The Republicans have been in their places for so long, that they do well. Besides, it is poor policy to trade off a party that is doing the best for the country that can be done, for one that can't, and wouldn't if it could, do what is right and proper. The Democrats have been standing to one side for so long that they have gotten out of the way of running the government; and yet they want the people to turn out the Republicans, and put them, the Democrats, who could not correctly, in every sense of the word, administer the government, in power. And for what reason? Simply and solely because "the Republicans have been in power for 20 years, and a change is needed." The true reason is that the Democrats are very hungry, and they want "a change" from Republican rule and Republican wisdom in administering affairs, to Democratic ruin, misrule and gorging. But the people don't see things in the same way as do Democrats. Why should they change?

Some Questions.

The Democratic speaker at the Court House Monday night made a very cunning speech. If Republicans were men who never read the newspapers and never did any thinking for themselves, it might mislead some. Or if they had just come upon the scene of action and knew nothing for themselves of the occurrences of the past twenty-five years, some converts might be made. But Republicans were not born yesterday.

Mr. Ritchie said that "we want a government that will protect the humblest citizen of the republic, throwing around him its protecting arm." Did he have in mind the murder of Judge Chisholm and his son and daughter in Mississippi, or was he thinking of the shooting of defenceless negroes in the South because they would not vote the Democratic ticket?

He referred to the immense revenues of the government, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, necessarily handled by Republican officials, but why did he not tell us that the revenues are collected by these Republican officials with a loss so small that no Democratic administration can furnish a parallel?

He made allusion to the bayonet at the polls. Why did he not tell us if his preference was for the shot gun? Or does he think *tissue ballots* and *counted-in* majorities equally effective and less revolting and scandalous?

In endeavoring to smirch the reputation of Gen. Garfield, why did he not explain the letter written by that out-and-out Democrat, Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, exculpating General Garfield from blame in regard to the Credit Mobilier?

He wants the "big ledgers of the Government" open to inspection. Doesn't he know, or does he think that we don't know that these ledgers *are* open to inspection? Why didn't he tell us of Senator Davis' investigations at the Treasury Department, and whether he found anything to repay the country for the thousands of dollars spent in "investigating?"

And finally, why did he not tell us which of the two is the *representative* American—Hancock, the professional soldier, educated at West Point at public expense, or Garfield, the soldier-statesman, who has worked his way by his own merits from the condition of a poor boy to that of Senator-elect to the Congress of the *U. S!*"

N.

The Irish-American Republican Association last month sent out an address to the Irish-American residents of the United States, accompanied by a call for a convention to meet at Saratoga, September, 27th. Up to this time the responses indicate a large attendance. The main object of this convention will be to devise the best means of disseminating the principles of the Republican party among the thousands of intelligent and educated young Irishmen who, during the past ten or fifteen years, have been constantly arriving in America.

Samuel Minerd, a life-long Democrat of Westmorland county, Pa., joined a Garfield club lately and gave as a reason for his act the fact that he "had cut hundreds of cords of wood for twenty-five cents a cord and took his pay in store orders under Democratic administration of affairs. He now has four sons voters, who were earning good wages and paid in good money, and others might do as they pleased, but for him and his household they wanted to take no risks of a change, and were one and all for Garfield."

Too Much at Risk.

The function in this campaign of the portion of the press which dignifies its lack of earnestness by the name of independent journalism has been to deride the fears expressed by the party papers and orators and to inculcate a happy indifferentism as to the issue of the campaign. The sun shines, the grass grows and men are busy and prosperous. A change of administration is a thing always incident to a government by parties, and cannot be pronounced as essentially dangerous without depreciating the dignity and stability of the political institutions of the country. Expressions of fear for the safety of the nation are, therefore, mere campaign bugaboos which sensible men will not trouble themselves about. The best thought in both parties is in substantial agreement upon all issues of material concern to the welfare of the country, and the controlling tendencies of whatever administration the verdict of the nation may give us will be intelligent and conservative. The complacency and indifference which are manifested by this species of comment may so easily pass for calmness and impartiality that it merits consideration.

It would be unjust to the Republican party to so belittle its achievements as to express any doubt of their solidity and permanence, but the political development of this country has not yet reached such a point that differences of administrative policy not involving questions of political economy or national authority alone divide the two parties, as in England. Here we have warring constitutional theories, and the structural arrangements upon which rest all the movements of our industries and commerce are the subjects of dispute and contention. The course of the Republican party in dealing with these subjects is open to criticism on many points, and has exhibited marked aberrations from sound principles, but the fact remains that it has made progress and has demonstrated its competency to deal with them. At the same time it has not yet completed the work with sufficient thoroughness that a change can be made without great danger. Democratic papers and orators having had their favorite argument of hard times taken away by the prevailing prosperity, are now fond of crediting it simply to the goodness of God without the intervention of any political instrumentality. Although the absurdity of this is apparent, yet the extent to which it has been due to Republican party measures is not fully appreciated, and there is a corresponding lack of a proper estimation of the dangers of a change of party control.

The chief agency in the rapid development of the agricultural resources of the country has been the national homestead laws. This was a distinctly Republican measure, opposed and several times defeated by the slavery party in Congress, and which when carried through Congress by the pressure of public opinion in 1860 was vetoed by President Buchanan. It became a law during the first regular session of Congress under President Lincoln's administration, and under its provisions over fifty-four million acres have been entered by actual settlers. The opposition of the Republican party to the extension of slavery into the territories and the passage of the free homestead law has been influential to an extent difficult to estimate in causing the wonderful expansion of the area of agriculture that has taken place during the last twenty years, raising a country, which a little more than twenty years ago was by corn trade statisticians in England excluded from consideration as a reliable source of supply, to the position of being the food store-house of the civilized world.

There is no likelihood that the policy of the Republican party in this respect will be abandoned. With the abolition of slavery the special motive of the Democratic party in opposing the opening of the public lands to preemption by actual settlers has passed away, and in its last national platform it has introduced a plank guaranteeing "the public lands to actual settlers." Against another powerful agent of private enterprise and public prosperity—the national banking system—it has steadily waged war. Certain striking results obtained by means of the system have been often pointed out; but, although these address the imagination more vividly, yet they are really of minor importance. The funding transactions of the government, which are without a parallel in financial history, were made possible by the existence of the national banks, which, holding about one-fifth of the national debt, presented a sure market for the low-rate bonds substituted for the called issues. The facilities afforded by the banks were also of the highest utility in effecting the resumption of specie payments. But the great merit and highest value of the system has been the incomparable facility given by it to domestic exchanges. Under the old State bank system the transactions of commerce were constantly impeded by the lack of a national note circulation. An immense brokerage charge was imposed upon the industry of the country by the existence of so many local currencies. The Comptroller of the Currency has estimated the average cost of Southern and Western exchange on New York in 1859 as not less than from 1 to 1½ per cent., which at present would amount to a charge upon internal commerce of about sixty millions annually. The losses to creditors and shareholders of the old State banks were enormous. The loss to noteholders is estimated to have been 5 per cent. annually upon the total amount of outstanding circulation. In the year 1841 alone 55 banks, with an aggregate capital of $67,030,265 and $23,577,752, failed, losing their entire capital in almost every instance. During the three years ending January 1, 1879, the losses occasioned by failures of State and savings banks and private bankers are estimated at $32,616,661, while the losses occasioned by all the failures of national banks since the establishment of the system are only $6,240,149, none of which fell, of course, upon noteholders. The influence of the national banking system in aiding the progress of the nation has been very great.

In the tariff legislation of the Republican party, open as it is to criticism, an intelligence and a consistency is displayed that associates with Republican supremacy the hope and promise of the wisest settlement of this class of problems. The industrial activities of the country have expanded immensely under the operation of Republican tariff laws, and at the same time some disposition has been shown to avoid undue burdens to consumers for the purpose of protecting special industries. During five years previous to the establishment of Democratic control in the House, large reductions of duties and internal revenue taxes were made, while since then the whole customs duty abolished has been the quinine import and the taxes on whisky and tobacco have been reduced. The great danger to be feared in tariff legislation is violent change. The existing tariff needs revision, but in practical legislation no blank tablet is ever presented in which the best theoretic design may be traced, and the effect of disturbance of existing adjustments must always be taken into account in dealing with matters of this sort.

Here, then, are matters of vital importance to the interests of the country, in regard to which there is nothing to be hoped and much to be feared from the Democratic party. As it formulates no policy, announces no plans of legislation, we may only speculate as to what it will do. It is plain that the interests involved are too important to be entrusted to inconsiderate hands. The resumption of specie payments is so far an equalization of value between gold and paper, and not a redemption of the government's long dishonored demand notes. The policy of let alone will not be enough to give permanency to the resumption, so that gentlemen who entertain Democratic sentiments, while compelled to approve Republican fiscal management cannot soothe themselves by the thought that Gen. Hancock if elected would be able to hold the Becks, Blands, and Ewings in check by his veto power. Careful legislation on these subjects will be necessary, and of this there is no hope save in the ascendancy of the Republican party. Political change is gradual, and there is no population in the world so fertile of resource and ingenious in expedient for escaping the consequences of bad economic legislation as our own, and yet, after all allowance has been made, the business risk of turning over the control of the government to the motley and clamorous mob, whom a common appetite for spoils gather under the Democratic banner, are too great to be depreciated.—*Baltimore American.*

When Garfield was President of Hiram College, he presided one day over a college exhibition in a large tent. Among the audience there were some rough fellows who proceeded to cut the guy ropes. Garfield was summoned and remonstrated. They defied him. An old student says he never shall forget what followed. The president paused a moment, and then approached two of the ruffians, who were six footers, seized them by their collars and fairly lifted and dragged them from the grounds, when the rest took to their heels in dismay. The president then retired to the tent as composedly as if nothing had happened but amid the cheers and laughter of his pupils.

The demand for "change" did not strike Vermont very heavily. If it keeps on this way the Democrats won't even get small change.

Thoughts on the Situation.

[From the Baltimore county Union.]

We sometimes hear people say, "oh, the country will be safe under Democratic rule, and the rights of all citizens are safe, because the amendments to the constitution guarantee to every citizen of the United States *equal rights.*" That is very true, but let us looks further; there may be "breakers" ahead. It is a well known fact that there are a class of men in the Democratic party—men of great influence, too—who have never admitted that the amendments to the constitution are constitutional. For proof of which I need only refer you to the National Democratic platform of 1868, where you will find the following: "The reconstruction acts of Congress (which were based upon the above amendments and alone could make them—the amendments—operative) as such, are *usurpations* and *unconstitutional, revolutionary* and *void.*" Now if that representative body of Democrats that framed that platform considered and declared the laws made the amendments operative usurpations and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void, is it not reasonable to believe that they considered the amendments themselves unconstitutional, revolutionary and void? And is it not reasonable to believe that the Democrats will, *practically*, legislate them out of existence?

Some one may say that according to the constitution it requires the consent of three-fourths of States to alter or amend the constitution and that three-fourths of the States would not agree to abolish them. The Democratic party declared in 1868 that it was the reconstructive acts alone that made the amendments operative and if that be the case it does not require the consent of three-fourths or even one-half of the States to abolish them, but simply a majority of Congress to repeal the reconstruction laws to render them inoperative and void. But then we are told that if Gen. Hancock is elected the amendments are safe, for he has so declared in his letter of acceptance. That is true, but Gen Hancock has never said that he would not give his assent to the repeal of the reconstruction acts which make the amendments operative; on the contrary he has said of the platform of the Democratic party in 1868, which declared the reconstruction acts unconstitutional. "Those who suppose that I do not acquiesce in the work of the National Democratic Convention know very little of my character."

After the reconstruction acts are disposed of by Congress if the amendments are still in the way plans for getting entirely rid of them are already matured, one of which is to obtain control of the Supreme Court and have said Court declare the amendments unconstitutional. Some one may say, "The Supreme Court is composed of nine Judges, seven of whom are Republicans, and they hold their office for life, and consequently it would not declare the amendments unconstitutional." That is true; as at present constituted the Court would sustain its former decision, but Congress has the power to increase the number of Judges, and on the 26th, of last January Mr. Manning, of Mississippi, introduced a bill to make the Court consist of twenty-one Judges. This bill passed a second reading and has been referred to a committee that is friendly to its passage, and if the Democrats carry this election it will be reported and passed, and a Democratic President will not be expected to appoint any Republican Judges, but on the contrary he will undoubtedly appoint twelve Democrats, which will give the Democratic party the necessary two-thirds.

One of the Independent journals that has been forming opinions from the signs of the times is the Springfield *Republican*, and its conclusions are that: "There is a general disposition, highly ominous to the Democrats, on the part of the Independent press of the country to predict Garfield's election. Barring the New York *Sun* and the Philadelphia *Times*, there is scarcely a prominent newspaper the country over which makes even a pretence of independence that does not talk of the Democratic cause as a losing one."

The efforts of the Democratic party to extract comfort out of the result of the Vermont election would be amusing but for the pain which the effort evidently costs them. It requires a great deal of cheek, pucker and wind to whistle down a majority of 26,000 votes; and we observe that the more discreet of the party organs maintain a dignified silence on the subject.

Chairman Jewell, of the Republican National committee, has struck the keynote of the situation in saying to an interviewer:

I believe the result in Maine will arouse the business men of the country to a realization of the dangers of a possible Democratic success, and will lead to a greater and more effective work than would have been done without it.

Workingmen! Look to your interests and save doctor bills by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14, 1880.

On the 24th of October 1876, Mr. Tilden found it a political necessity to make the public announcement, that should he be elected to the Presidency, no rebel debt should be assumed or paid, no claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave be allowed, the cotton tax should not be refunded &c. An immense pressure is being brought to bear upon General Hancock to make a like announcement, so far without success. The General says the constitutional amendments are a sufficient obstacle to the payment of these claims. But why did Tilden think it necessary to make his announcement in 1876, those amendments were as much in force then as now. The fact is, every one at that time (1876) knew a determined effort would be made by the South, in the event of Tilden's election, to secure payment for Rebel war losses, and Mr. Tilden, aware of the effect of this determination upon the loyal sentiment of the North, found it necessary to set his face against them. In this campaign we find the same preparations being made at the South to secure payment for these claims, and Hancock refuses to follow the good example set by Tilden. Hancock was nominated by the "Solid South," he was its favorite candidate, and as Nasby says, "he can't go back onto us." It is safe to predict that with Hancock in the White House, a Democratic majority in Congress, every Southern rebel claim, that is not directly in violation of actual law, will be paid, and paid by an increase of tax upon Northern industries. Democratic success means more than is seen upon its face. It means the prostration of Northern industries and consequent impoverishment of every man having capital invested in them. Striking deeper; Democratic success will take from his mouth the bread of every Northern mechanic who depends upon these manufacturers and business men for employment.

A Gentleman prominent in Pennsylvania politics, in an interview here this week says in substance, that the defection of Republicans on account of Hancock's nomination, claimed by the Democrats, does not exist, and that Pennsylvania will give her usual Republican majority. He says the Democrats are making a strong fight to secure the legislature to return Senator Wallace to the Senate, but that the chances are against them, and that the Republicans will secure the legislature. He says that Cameron has not yet been doing much because he is away. He has now returned to Harrisburgh and will enter the campaign with his usual vigor. The same gentleman thinks Garfield's chances good, but says that victory will not come to the Republicans except by hard work. It is now settled that Senator Conkling will make his first speech of the campaign in New York city on Friday the 17th. The Senator will then proceed West, meet General Grant in Ohio, where the General will preside over a meeting at which the Senator will speak. General Grant will then come East and place himself at the disposal of the Republican National Committee, and Senator Conkling will do campaign work in the West.

Soldiers who have applied for, or are receiving pensions, should before voting the Democratic ticket, give the letter of Democratic Congressman Beltzhoover serious consideration. This gentleman says, in writing to a constituent, in relation to a pension claim "with the present Democratic House, pension bills do not have much favor," and "the Rebel General at the head of the Pension Committee in the Senate is still more averse to allowing such bills to pass." What chance will the Union soldier have to secure their rights with Democrats in complete control of the Government. None at all.

LOGAN.

It is a forcible illustration of the confidence imposed by the party leaders in General Garfield, that no attempts have been made by them to keep him from making speeches or writing letters. It has been a generally accepted axiom among politicians, that the candidate should keep his mouth tightly closed, and that his pen should be used only in signing checks to defray campaign purposes. In the present campaign, however, the rule has been applied only to the Democratic candidate, the warnings having been commenced by the Philadelphia *Times* and New York *Sun*, which urged Hancock to shorten his letter of acceptance; and since the publication of that document not an utterance from his lips nor a word from his pen has been given to the public. On the other hand, General Garfield has spoken to several large assemblages, and though entire eschewing politics, the good common sense of the man shines out so strongly in all he says, that the managers realize that the more he talks the stronger he becomes with the masses.

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—The Deer Park Hotel closed for the season on Saturday.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell has returned to St. John's College, Annapolis.

—Mr. Joslah Summers killed during the past summer 265 rattlesnakes.

—The Garfield and Arthur Club of Oakland, was addressed Friday evening of last week, by W. H. Tower, Esq.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Lieut. D. M. Mason, who has been absent from Oakland for some months, engaged in business, returned here Saturday night. He was met at the train by a detachment of the Guards.

—We are requested to announce that the Garrett Guards will meet on every Tuesday and Saturday evenings, for drill, at 7.30 o'clock, and all members are requested to attend regularly.

—There will be a pic-nic at South Point School House, near Oakland, on Friday afternoon, Sept. 24th. A festival will be held at the school house in the evening, the proceeds for the benefit of the church. All are cordially invited to be present.

—Married—At the bride's residence, near the Red House, this county, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. John A. Gager to Mrs. Ann Maria Hauser, both of this county. The pastor's bairn was well remembered with a copious supply of cake.

—Mr. George M. Serpell has been appointed Master of Transportation of the Pittsburgh division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The gentleman has been engineer and road master of the division for many years, and will make an efficient officer.—*Uniontown (Pa.) Standard.*

—The Democrats made another failure Saturday last at Cranberry in an endeavor to raise a pole. When the pole was at an angle of about forty five degrees it broke in two and fell to the ground. This makes three failures of the kind in a radius of twenty-five miles from Oakland.

—Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, as a freight train was coming east, the train broke loose near Webster's Switch, a short distance west of Oakland. The train was stopped and the hinder portion not being checked, ran into the forward part, wrecking 5 or 6 cars, killing about 12 cattle and slightly injuring one of the brakemen.

—John G. Barnard died at his home in Garrett county, Md., on the 7th day of September, 1880, aged 59 years, 11 months and 6 days, after a lingering illness of six years. He was regarded by all who knew him as a worthy citizen, and he was a worthy and acceptable member of the United Brethren church for many years.

—Monday evening the members of the Grantsville Hancock and English Club, who were mostly stopping at Mr. Carr's Hotel, decided to march to the court house in a body, but their numbers being small, they requested the Grantsville Republicans present to join in with them, for the reason, we presume, of increasing the number and adding an air of respectability to the delegation. But the hard hearted Republicans refuse to grant their request.

—The proposed raising of a Democratic pole and flag at Lonaconing on Friday of last week, proved to be a failure from the breaking of a chain, causing the splice of the pole to come apart and also break near the top. The proceedings were witnessed by a large crowd, the brass band attracting people of all stripes of politics, but nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion, except the breaking of the pole.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by the pastor.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Lutheran Church.—Congregational meeting at 10½ A. M., and preaching by Rev. John M. Davis at 7½ P. M.

Circuit Court.

The September term of the Circuit Court was convened Monday morning at 10 o'clock, with Judges Alvey, Pearre and Motter on the bench. Wm. L. Rawlings, Esq., was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury. The usual charge was delivered to the Grand Jury by Judge Alvey.

As so few cases will be disposed of before going to press this week, we have concluded not to report any until next week, when the proceedings will be published in full.

Commissioners Meeting.

The County Commissioners met in their office Monday morning, a full Board present.

David Durst, Constable of district No 3, offered his resignation, which was accepted, and Philip Durst was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Board adjourned Wednesday evening, the most of their time having been taken up in examining and passing upon road accounts.

Democratic Meeting.

The Democratic meeting at the Court House Monday evening was a rather tame affair. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Oakland Hancock and English Club, and was presided over by Dr. E. H. Bartlett. Hon. John Ritchie was the orator of the occasion, who spoke for more than an hour, the burthen of his remarks being an endeavor to show the advantages (to the Democrats) of a change in the national administration. The address was mild, as was also the applause. The court house was comfortably filled, owing in a great measure to the large attendance at the September term of the Circuit Court, now in session.

DEER PARK, Sept. 11, 1880.

We are reminded forcibly by the state of the thermometer that summer has indeed taken her departure. There was a white frost last Saturday morning, which fortunately did little damage to our crops, but from present appearances a heavier one will soon be here.

Messrs. Davis & Co. have thrashed about 7,000 bushels of oats with Mr. Ed. Browning's steam thrasher.

Mr. E. C. Tillson has withdrawn his resignation as express and freight agent, at the request of the company, and employs Mr. Albert Droege, of this place as assistant.

Arrivals at Wing & Wing:

Mr. Wm. B. Hocking, Lonaconing, Md.; Mr. Alex. W. Hocking, Frostburg, Md.; G. Dailey, Philadelphia; E. J. Fredlock, Piedmont, W. Va.; A. Smith, Parkersburg, W. Va.; M. Neville, Grant county, W. Va.; Mrs. Griggs, Mrs. Wrenn and three children, Chicago, Ill.

L. S. D.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic County Convention to select three delegates and three alternates to the Congressional Convention which met in Hagerstown Wednesday, assembled in the court house in Oakland Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. W. R. Getty, chairman of the county committee.

W. H. Barnard was chosen temporary chairman and E. A. Browning temporary secretary.

A committee of one from each district was appointed on credentials, permanent organization, rules, &c., as follows:

No. 1, E. F. Droege; No. 2, E. M. Friend; No. 3, Dr. B. F. Keller; No. 4, W. A. Brydon; No. 5, Wm. Hinebaugh; No. 6, R. T. Browning; No. 7, G. S. Hamill; No. 8, H. A. Shaffer; No. 9, Joshua Johnson.

The committee retired and after a short absence returned and reported the following delegates entitled to sit in the convention:

District No. 1.—E. F. Droege, A. J. Wilson, Robert Hend, William Sharpless, Henry Seisk.

No. 2.—Jere Guard, Jasper Guard, Benj. Green, E. M. Friend, Otho Speelman.

No. 3.—W. R. Getty, B. F. Keller, Henry Smouse, Henry Warner, Jr., Frank McKinzie.

No. 4.—W. H. Barnard, W. A. Brydon, W. L. Rawlings, Thomas Garvey, Geo. T. Michaels.

No. 5.—Wm. Hinebaugh, Adam Garringer, Henry F. Lininger, Conrad Fratz, Christian Snyder.

No. 6.—Wm. DeWitt, John Kitzmiller, Henry Sines, E. A. Browning, R. T. Browning.

No. 7.—Thos. H. Carr, G. S. Hamill, A. B. Gonder, King Delawder, Wm. Browning.

No. 8.—Jeremiah Browning, Jas. W. Mason, M. C. Best, H. A. Shaffer, Stephen Grimes.

No. 9.—Samuel Johnson, Joshua Johnson, Henry Fazenbaker.

The report recommended that the temporary officers be made permanent and that the rules governing the last House of Delegates be adopted as far as practicable. The report was adopted.

Nominations for delegates were made as follows: Dr. E. H. Bartlett, No. 7; Samuel Johnson, No. 9; C. M. Miller, No. 1; R. T. Browning, No. 6; Jasper Guard, No. 2; Hon. P. Hamill, No. 7. On motion the nominations were closed and a vote was taken with the following result:

Bartlett—1, 4, 7, 8, 9—5.
Miller—1, 4, 8, 9—4.
Johnson—1, 4, 7, 8, 9—5.
Guard—2, 3, 5, 6—4.
Hamill—2, 3, 5, 6—4.
Browning—2, 3, 5, 6, 7—5.

Messrs. Bartlett, Johnson and Browning were declared the delegates.

On motion, Messrs. Hamill, Miller and Guard were declared the alternates, and the Convention adjourned.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 16:

John Spiker and wife to Geo. J. Spiker, military lot No. 936; $5 and other considerations.

George and Peter Rover to Amanda Warner, 38 acres and 60 perches of land, $200.

Joseph R. Anderson and wife, to Jacob W. Michaels and others, part of "Cheviot Dale Corrected," 61¾ acres; $493.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to John G. Barnard and J. B. Funk, lot in Deer Park, with improvements, $300.

RYAN'S GLADES, Sept. 14, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I do not see a Democrat paper often, for which I hope to be forgiven. I do not know whether the Oakland Hancock and English campaign club has been indulging again in the innocent pastime of making out for themselves a new certificate of loyalty. I have nothing particular to write about this time, but I would like to say to the readers of THE REPUBLICAN, who don't need any certificate, that No. 8 is going to give the Democrats the "gosh darndest" blackest eye you ever saw. I refer, of course, to their political eye. The Republicans in this corner did their duty in more than one sense, you will discover, for we have been bringing up quite a respectable number of young voters, nearly all the right stripe, and more coming on.

If you want to do any figuring on the "probable" Republican majority in Garrett, you can put it down at 50 in No. 8.

Nearly everybody is taking THE REPUBLICAN, and it does them good.

Very truly,

BOY THAT WORE THE BLUE.

COUNTRY, Sept. 14th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—When our Democratic friends nominated General Hancock at Cincinnati, I, like a great many other voters who wear their political robes loosely about them, determined if possible to vote for the right man this time, without regard to preconceived political bias. With that end in view, I have been browsing round among the newspapers of the day, to see if I could discover any good substantial reason for casting a vote for a good man but against a good party. Hancock has done well for his country, but the question to decide is, will the country be safer under the control of Hancock and the party that propose to elect him, than under Garfield and his supporters.

I believe both men to be sound, and disposed to do the best they can for the country. Garfield has had the largest experience in statesmanship, but the country owes a debt of gratitude to Hancock for his noble defence of the Union. The question then naturally reverts to the principles which animate the two opposing parties.

This is not a time for men to act without careful consideration, they should lay aside, so far may be, party predilections, and vote for their country.

The Bureau of Statistics in Washington furnishes the information, that of the vast revenues of the country, the South pays but about 11 per cent, and about 90 per cent. of what she does pay is derived from spirits and tobacco; and it has been an open secret for some years, that the Democratic party, and especially the Southern, or governing wing of it, is opposed to the tax, both on spirits and tobacco. Therefore if the Democratic party gets full control of the Government, they will doubtless repeal the tax on those articles of Southern consumption, and then the South would contribute but a very small share of the revenues of the government. While the South would contribute but about 2 per cent. of the revenues, she would have virtually the disbursement of the whole. We know that the South has a large capacity for the consumption of Government appropriations. She wants appropriations for Rivers, and Harbors, Levees, and for captured cotton, and other property destroyed during the war, and, possibly if there should be nothing to hinder, she might ask payment for slaves. The North would have nothing to do but stand off and foot the bills, as the South would be perfectly willing to run the government machine.

There can scarcely be a doubt in any rational mind that the South expects to control the whole country as she now controls the Southern States. The plan appears to be to repeal the election laws, and then with the Solid South they will only need Indiana and New York to give the South a perpetual majority. With the election laws repealed New York city could be depended upon to give any majority necessary to overcome an adverse majority in the State. The Democratic party could concentrate all its energies on those two Northern States, and having 10 additional Supreme Court Judges of their own choosing, as well as the Legislative and Executive departments of government, nothing but revolution could ever unseat them from power. I would not detract from General Hancock's well-earned fame, but the results of a Democratic triumph are too far-reaching, and the consequences too appalling to command the support of prudent men. The risk appears to be too great. Therefore, I should on that account, be compelled to support the Republican candidate, even if what the Democrats say of him were true, which fortunately for the Republicans and the country is not believed by any body who is not wilfully demented. The line of policy is foreshadowed in the conduct of the Democracy in the South. Good citizens who have consciences, and the good of the country at heart, will not assist by their votes to extend the policy of force and fraud.

Yours, truly,

INQUIRING VOTER.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Mr. Nasby Imitates the Example of Wade Hampton.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(In the State uv Kentucky)
Aug. 27, 1880.

I sigh ez did the late Henry A. Wise, uv Virginny, for a kentry in wich ther ain't no newspaper. Noospapers and skools is wat kills the Dimekratic party. They can't get along together nohow. Wat the Dimocrisy wants is a seckshun in wich ther ain't no noospaper, ceptin them wich is published by authority, and whose contense is soopervised by a commity before publicashen.

Two weeks ago we hed a meetin at the Cross Roads to reconsile a difference that hed unfortunately sprung up in the ranks uv the Dimocrisy. The trouble wuz this:

The Corners hed ishood its bonds to build a Court House and a Markit House and other improvements wich Bascom hed tuk, he bein the prinsiple capitalist. He bought em up at about 10 cents on the dollar, and holds em to-day.

Now comes the trouble. The citizens don't want to pay the bonds at all. They hold that they hev the buildings, but that there is some legal flaw in the contract, wich don't compel em to pay, and they perpose to take advantige uv it.

Immejitly ther wuz a split among the citizens. Them wich holds the bonds insists thet sumthing shood be paid onto em, and them wich don't hold em, but hev to pay taxes, insists that they shan't pay anything.

The questiod hez gone into politix, and the result is two tikets hobie to be nominated, and the Dimekratic party divided.

It wuz my duty to prevent this, and I called the Corners together, and made a speech to em. I hed the meetin house dekoruted the same ez I alluz do on important occashuns. I hed on the pulpit the skulls of the Federal soljers from Bull Run, the thigh bones uv the Fedrel soljers starved at Andersonville, and the skeleton of the nigger killed at Fort Pillow.

"Friends," said I, "In the presence uv these reliks I implore you to pause. Wat is bonds, wat is taxes, compared to a Dimekratic triumf? Yoo are quarrelin over purely lokle ishoos. Before yoo divide and endanger a Dimekratic triumf consider wat Lee would hev done, wat Jackson wood hev done hed they bin in yoor places. Remember that the principles we are fitin fur to-day are the principles they fit fur, that the idees underlying the Confederacy did not die with the surrender uv Lee, but that they are in eggsistence now, and that this eleckshun decides whether the South or the North triumfs."

I went on in this way an hour, and finally got the people satisfied to settle the matter without any trouble, and went home feelin good.

Now wat happened? There happened to be present that nite a cousin uv a farmer in the naberhood, who is the editor uv a Radikal paper in Injeany. That feend took down in short hand my entire speech, and he sent it to his paper in Injeany and published it in full, with Illustrashuns of the bones uv the Fedrel soljers, and everything connected with the meetin. And the Republican press uv the North is using it to show that the old Rebel sperit is not ded yit.

This is what bothers me. Wat rite hez that man to send a speech North that wuz intended solely for the South?

I didn't want that speech publisht in Injeany. It was intendid for Southern consumpshen only. It wuz made for the Corners and for the Corners only. It is a trubble with Dimocrisy, that you hev to hev speeches for every different lokality. Ef I make a speech at the Corners I don't want it sent up into Injeany or Ohio, and red there, for Dimocrisy at the Corners and Dimocrisy in the North is two distink things.

I don't know ez it will do me eny good to deny it, ez Wade Hampton does, for the cussid speech wuz reported in full, and is kerrect. But it is raisin blazes with us. It is bein yoosed to show that we uv the South hev not lost eny uv our old idees, and the worry uv it is that it does show the very thing.

Hereafter when I make a speech I shell be shoor that their aint eny reporters or noosepaper men men present, ceptin such ez are in our interest. Hereafter I shel hev the report uv my speeches revised by myself afore they are printed, and I shel know where they are goin.

Then things will be safe. This trouble hez worried me more than anything doorin the campane.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (in trouble).

Democratic Opinion of Garfield.

The whole stock in trade of the average Democratic newspaper of today is the effort to blacken the reputation of the Republican nominee for the Presidency. This being the case it is pleasing to be able to refer to Democratic authority to prove that he is a man of unimpeachable character and one every way qualified for the high office. In 1876 Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks, of Indiana, who that year was the Democratic nominee for Vice President, said of General Garfield:

"I will tell you whom I think the Republicans should nominate and whom I consider their strongest man; he is a true man, a man of principle, an honest man, and would make a good President for us all. Personally I consider him the best man you could nominate. I refer to General James A. Garfield, of Ohio."

Don Piatt, the rampant Democratic editor of the Washington *Capitol*, says:

"Garfield holds to-day the honored position of being the only poor man among the political leaders."

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the leading Democratic newspaper of the South, says of Garfield:

"He would not do a dishonest act for his own sake or its own sake."

The New York *World*, the leading Hancock paper of the country, in 1872, said of Garfield:

"General Garfield, of Ohio, is a Republican of Republicans, but it is his simple due, which we gladly pay him, to admit that he has done more than any other single member of his party, during the last session of Congress, to show that it is not absolutely impossible for a man to act with a Congressional majority and yet to keep his self respect and the respect of honest men."

And then last but not least we quote from our beloved "Jere"—beg pardon, Hon. Jeremiah S.—who says:

"Your expressed determination to see that Gen. Garfield shall be defended against all unjust aspersions upon his personal character is equally pleasant reading to me. I have been his devoted friend for many years, and I am resolved that I never will believe that he does not deserve that affection I have bestowed upon him."

GEN. HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG—A "Constant Reader" asks: "How many Union generals took part in the battle of Gettysburg?" Only one, and he is still living. His name is Winfield Scott Hancock. General Hancock fought that battle single-handed, without the assistance of either officers or privates. It was a herculean task, and whenever the General got a leg or an arm shot off, or the top of his head carried away by a shell from a rebel gun, he naturally felt discouraged, and was on the point of surrendering to the enemy; but, suddenly remembering that the future success of the Democratic party depended upon a victory, he became endowed with fresh courage and almost superhuman strength, and dashed into the jaws of death, and mowed down regiment after regiment, until the gore of the enemy fairly sizzled upon his heated sword. The manner in which the brave General surrounded a Confederate division, or surprised a regiment of cavalry, and took them all prisoners, was a spectacle that would have filled the breast of a lover of his country with admiration and gratitude; but, unfortunately, the entire Union army—save General Hancock, who won the battle, and thereby saved the Union—fled at the first fire of the rebels, and were, therefore, not present to witness the heroic deeds of the man who is now running for President of the United States. We learn these facts from our esteemed Democratic contemporaries, who, of course, wouldn't lie about a little thing like that.

Mr. Conkling says in his letter: "The Democratic nominee for President is an honorable man, and therefore he will not try to defraud the party whose nomination he has accepted of the results implied by success." This will strike poor General Hancock as being very grim humor indeed.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brushy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS!

A meeting of the citizens of Oakland is called at the court house on Saturday, September 18th, 1880, at 8 o'clock p. m., to take into consideration the matter of rebuilding the Davis bridge, on Oak street.

By order Board Corporation Commissioners.

KING DELAWDER, Clerk.

sep 11-12

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 4th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

9 18 td.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN,
A. C. DUCKWORTH.

9 18 5.

JAMES W. LEATHERS,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.

Smouse Building, two doors east of Cheap John's, Oakland, Md. 9 18 4

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner whatever, upon the lands of the undersigned. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

sep 18-13 ALBERT COMBS.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

The public are hereby notified not to trust or harbor my son, James W. Paugh on my account, as I will pay no debts of his contracting; he being free and at liberty to do and act for himself,

SARAH PAUGH.

Sept. 4, 1880. 4t.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659; that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 31 day of October, A. D. 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said Bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS.—THE LIFE OF GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, By his personal friend, MAJOR BUNTY, Editor *N. Y. Mail*, is the only edition to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed and bound. "The best."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*. "The neatest." *N. Y. Herald*. "The most useful, sensible and satisfactory."—*N. Y. Tribune*. Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. **Active Agents Wanted.** Liberal terms. Send $1.50 *at once* for complete outfit. A. S. BARNES & Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. 26-4

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a brick House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m.

CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GEORGE PEABODY'S London poor fund has increased from $2,500,000 to $3,500,000.

THE Empress of Austria, in addition to her skill as a horsewoman, is said to handle the foils well and gracefully.

SARA BERNHARDT has deposited in the London and Westminster Bank $35,000, the proceeds of her visit to London.

THE Duke of Westminster has an income of nearly $15,000 a day, most of his wealth being in real estate in London.

A LETTER in Queen Elizabeth's own handwriting, beautifully clean and clear, has been sold at Leipsic for three hundred marks.

THE best looking horses on the Bois at Paris are those of the Countess Mikholska, a Russian lady, who handles the ribbons in reckless Cossack fashion.

A COMPANY with a capital of $12,000,000 is to erect in the gardens of the Palais Royal, Paris, a vast establishment in the style of the London Alhambra.

THE Empress of Germany seldom appears in anything but black, except on state occasions, it being a tenet of her toilet that after a certain age black is the only wear for ladies.

AT a fruit and flower tent at a fashionable London entertainment one beautiful young married lady sold a buttonhole boquet for $50. One or two gentlemen collected much money by charging five shillings to point out and name the professional beauties.

MRS. LANGTRY is no longer called the Jersey Lily; society has given her another pet name—"The Amber Witch." She is said to be lovelier than ever, and is gazed at in public places as if she were a queen or a prima donna. At the Atalanta fete, where she wore a gown of old-gold satin trimmed with shaded poppies, one old lady seated herself opposite the Amber Witch's stall and deliberately taking out her opera glasses stared at the famous beauty for an hour.

MRS. J. W. MACKEY recently gave a breakfast to a select number of American friends at her cottage at Trouville, on the coast of France. On this occasion the costliness of the table service and decorations reminds one of the Arabian Nights. Not only gold, silver, and priceless porcelain were used, but amber, coral, and precious stones were pressed into the service. Ices were served on crystal plates inlaid with uncut gems; wines and liqueurs sparkled in flasks of amber, or were contained in flagons of gold, cloisonne, and enamel: while the tiny cups in which tea and coffee were handed were probably each worth a nugget.

History of the Beard.

IN the earliest Pagan times the primitive deities were represented with majestic beards. In France they played a great role from the reign of Pharamond downward. Under Clovis, indeed, the beard of the King was an object of peculiar veneration, and, indeed, every individual was more or less sensitive regarding his beard. It is related that after the great battle of Tolbiac, Clovis sent a deputation to the defeated Alaric requesting him to come and touch the victor's beard as a token of allinnce. Far from accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, the enraged King of the Huns seized the Frankish emissaries by their beards and hauled them out of the room by their revered locks. The unfortunnte envoys returned rather crestfallen to Clovis, narrated what had happened, and swore "on their beards" to avenge the affront. In subsequent reigns the beard was the object of numerous enactments, and the fashion of wearing it was changed as frequently. Sometimes it was worn long, sometimes close-clipped, now peaked, now plaited, or even decorated with pearls and gold trinkets.

Even in the sacred atmosphere of Rome itself beards were the object of considerable discussion. Different Popes laid down different rules on the subject. One Pontiff enacted that no beards were to be worn; another as stringently directed that the razor was never to be applied to the chin. Saints Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Jerome, and Chrysostom engaged in vehement controversies about the mode of wearing the hair about the face in the fourteenth century. In France the final triumph of beards dates from the Renaissnnce, when the example set by the great nrtists, who largely indulged in these appendages, was closely followed by the sovereign and other magnates of the land. Under Henry III shaven chins were the mode, the mustache being worn long and drooping. During Henry IV's reign beards, cut square, came again into fashion, and mustaches were curled; while under Louis XIV beards were again tabooed, and the mustache alone worn, and in the two following reigns the razor was in full use. Under the Republican *regime*, as also under those of the Empire and Restoration, no beards were grown. They came in again, however, with the Revolution of 1830, in company with many other changes of costume, etc., and at the present day no universal rule exists on the matter.—*London Globe.*

Men's Dress.

THE New York *Graphic* takes up this line of discussion: "Man's apparel, as well as woman's, is open to improvement. His regular everyday attire is not a free, unfettered working dress. It is too stiff. There is too much starch and pasteboard for comfort or free play of limb. Any dress impeding the working of any part of the body is directly unhealthful. The proof that man's dress is to some extent a shackle is the fact and custom that if there's anything to do demanding muscular exercise, he must pull off not only his coat but his collar, cravat and sometimes shirt. Our pedestrians, our base ball players, our polo players, our yachtsmen on duty, all in order to do their best are obliged to strip themselves of portions of their conventional attire. If this be necessary for the fullest muscular exertion of a few hours, why is it not equally necessary for any hour? How much weakness and disease may be indirectly developed by clogs to physical exertion, by undue pressure and handaging, by cramped feet and necks, by everything that fetters motion and respiration?"

A Most Remarkable Case.

MICHAEL CAREY, a driver in the employ of the St. Louis Transfer Company, has had an experience which no other man in this city can boast of. He has carried a knife-blade two and three-quarter inches in length in his head for twenty-three years, and is to-day well and hearty, and as stout a man as ever held the lines over a span of draught horses in the land. The case is a remarkable one, baffling the medical and surgical profession.

In the fall of 1857 Carey had a difficulty with a man who has since died, and whose name is suppressed for that reason. During the fight this man plunged the blade of a pocket-knife into the side of Carey's head, about two inches to the right of and on a line with the right eye. The force of the blow was such as to break the blade square at the handle. Carey was stunned and had to be carried to a drug store near by for treatment. The druggist made a hasty examination of his injuries and decided they were not serious. The particular cut made by the knife-blade was covered over with a piece of court-plaster, and in due course of time Carey was out attending to his business, much to the surprise of his assailant, who had been boasting that he had "fixed him." Carey noticed no bad effects from the wound except at rare intervals, when what he took to be neuralgic pains would dart through that side of his face and head.

About three weeks ago Carey noticed that when he raised his right arm in putting the harness on his horses a sharp pain would be felt. This pain increased in violence at every successive raising of the arm, until he was compelled to consult his physician, Dr. Kane, who resides on Nineteenth and Morgan Streets. Dr. Kane prescribed the usual remedy, but it failed of its purpose, the patient suffering more and more each day. Day before yesterday the Doctor called to see Carey at his residence, No. 1541 North Second Street, and in making a very careful examination in order to ascertain if possible the real cause of the excruciating pains complained of, discovered, to his intense surprise, a sharp-pointed bit of metal protruding through the skin near Carey's collar-bone. Carey was unable to account for the presence of any thing of the kind, the occurrence of twenty-three years before having passed out of his mind—at least in connection with any pain he was suffering. On discovering the point, Dr. Kane returned to his office, procured his instruments and again called upon Carey. This time he performed a surgical operation which resulted in his taking from the spot indicated the knife-blade referred to. On seeing the rusty blade, Carey at once recalled the light of 1857, and then, for the first time, narrated the circumstances to his physician. To say that the Doctor was astonished does not half express it; he was dumfounded. He will make a special study of the case with a view of preparing a paper for submission to the medical society.—*St. Louis Times.*

The Remarkable Activity in Railroad Building.

MORE miles of new railroad were laid last year in the United States than in any year since 1873, the increase of mileage being 4,721 miles. Statistics of the new railways now in process of construction, or which have been projected, indicate that the increase for the present year will much exceed that for 1879. They have been gathered by the *Railway Age*.

That journal gives reports of 287 railway enterprises undertaken or projected during the first half of the year, which show a contemplated mileage of the enormous total of over 20,000 miles. Of this aggregate 1,700 miles of track have been laid, 8,000 miles are in process of construction, and projects for the laying of 10,850 miles are announced.

This railway building extends into almost every State of the Union, and with few exceptions the projected roads are entirely legitimate, and their completion is probable. The proposed lines are, as a rule, intended to develop new regions which stand in great need of transportation facilities, and many of them are built by strong companies as feeders to their existing systems.

In Canada also there is promise of activity in railroad construction. Negotiations have been nearly completed with an English syndicate, with the object of forming a company with a capital of $100,000,000 to construct the whole of the railway across British North America to the Pacific. A land grant of 50,000,000 acres is offered as a subsidy.

Our Mexican neighbors, too, nre likely to get during the next few years very considerable additions to their railroad system, though of the many projects which have been discussed but few are in a condition to promise substantial results. There are two, however, which are actually to be prosecuted, and upon which work has already been begun. According to the *Financial Chronicle*, both the Sonora Railway and the Mexican Central Railway are now to be vigorously pushed forward to completion. They are controlled by capitalists of this country interested in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, who have organized the companies under the Massachusetts law which grants authority to construct roads in foreign countries.

The Sonora Railway is to run from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, northeastwardly to the Arizona frontier, there to connect with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, which is being extended to meet it. The subscribed capital is $1,200,000, and it is expected that eighty-six miles will be completed before the first of March.

The Mexican Central project embraces a line from the City of Mexico to El Paso, with branches to Laredo in one direction, and to the western coast in another. Already over a million dollars have been expended on it, and $5,400,000 subscribed to the capital stock. A money subsidy of $15,000 a mile is given to the Mexican Central on the portion of the line from Mexico to Leon, a distance of 262 miles. The remainder of the line, from Leon to El Paso, is to be constructed according to a contract which requires the final approval of the Mexican President.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, which is extending its line to El Paso, has recently laid out a scheme for a connection with the City of Mexico over substantially the same route as that fixed upon by the Mexican Central. The Sonora Railway and the Mexican Central Railway are, however, the two enterprises which are now actually showing results, and from which the most is to be expected. We therefore see that this is to be a year of remarkable progress in railway extension on this continent.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Reminiscence of Niagara Falls.

ONE morning, soon after daybreak, nearly twenty years ago, the early risers at the Falls discovered something moving on a huge old log or trunk of a tree which for years had shown itself above the boiling rapids on the American side, having been caught by and become firmly wedged into the rocks on its way toward the Falls. Looking downward from the bridge, this log was and still is in full sight, in the fiercest part of the rapids, considerably nearer the small island on the American side of Goat Island than to the American shore. The moving object was soon found to be a man, and it was evident that his boat had been carried over the Falls during the night, while he himself had miraculously been cast against the log, by which he had managed to stop his fearful rush toward death. Dispatches were immediately sent to Buffalo to the Coast Life-saving Station, and Capt. Dorr hastened to Niagara by a special train, carrying with him two metallic lifeboats, and plans to save the man were concerted. But, before the arrangements were completed, the news had been spread abroad, and many thousands of persons had reached the Falls by special trains. Goat Island, the bridge, the American shore, the roofs and windows of all adjacent buildings and the branches of trees were covered with anxious and horrified spectators.

The first attempt at rescue was by means of a Francis metallic lifeboat attached to a cable which was slacked off from the bridge opposite the log, and guided by side ropes. The boat had not got far from the bridge when the fierce rapids seized it, turned it round and round, and appeared endeavoring to crush in its sides. The strong cable snapped like a whip-cord, and the poor fellow who had been watching the effort made for his rescue saw the boat whirled past him and carried over the Falls, as if in mockery of his would-be rescuers. Considerable time was then consumed in deliberating on a new plan, and it was proposed to fasten a cable to some building on the American side, to carry it over to the island until it would sag near the log, and then to rescue the man by means of a basket hung on the cable by rings, and to be let down and pulled in by means of smaller ropes. The materials for this experiment could not be procured, so at last it was determined to send down a strongly constructed raft in the same manner as the lifeboat had been launched, and if it reached the man in safety, to ease it over toward the small island, from whence his rescue would be comparatively easy. The raft was built, but it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before all was ready. The day had passed without the flight of time being heeded. The excitement was intense. Men and women, who had stood for hours without food, were painfully agitated. The raft moved. It withstood bravely the wild assaults of the angry rapids. It neared the log. The man stood up and waved his arms. The raft came within his reach and he got on to it, eat the food, drunk a small quantity of weak brandy and water that had been put aboard, and fastened himself by the lashings which had been prepared and the intent of which he understood. Then the raft was cautiously and steadily moved toward the island, with its precious freight. The people shouted and many wept from overwrought feeling. Suddenly the raft came to a stand. The rope was taut! It had caught in a rock. To attempt to force it was to risk its parting, and the fatal consequences could not be misunderstood. The poor victim seemed to take in the situation and to grow desperate. He unfastened the lashings, stood up, made a spring from the raft in the direction of the island, and was in the foaming waters. Instantly he struck out for the island. He seemed to be a powerful swimmer, and thousands of men and women held their breath in horrified suspense. He appeared to near the island in his desperate efforts. Then arose the cry. "He's saved! he's saved!"

But suddenly those on the bridge, who could see more distinctly from their location, became aware that the space between the island and the swimmer's head was gradually widening. There was another dreadful moment of suspense, and then the unpitying rapids seized their prey, and apparently making sport of the efforts that had been resorted to to snatch him from their grasp, twisted him around and whirled him along until they hurried him over the precipice. As the poor fellow went over a singular effect was observable. The vast body of falling water curves over the edge of the Falls like a huge wheel, and as the body was shot forward by the force of the current, it seemed to leap completely out of the water, the feet being visible, before it took the terrible plunge. The deathlike silence that had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a fearful cry—a sound mingling a wail, a howl and a shriek in one. Many strong men as well as women fainted. They had witnessed a tragedy more intense in its painfulness than any the drama could present, and one not likely to be soon forgotten.—*New York Hour.*

THE craze of the American small boy is to cut his initials into every thing cutable. When he grows up to manhood, he becomes more modest, and is satisfied to have his full name hidden away daily in the reading columns of all the newspapers throughout the United States.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The route for the new short line between St Paul and Minneapolis has been selected, and work will be commenced at once by the engineers of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba road. When in operation it will reduce the time between the two cities to less than twenty minutes.

—The best way to keep meat in hot weather is to keep it on the hoof.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

QUICKSILVER may be readily frozen by placing a small quantity of it along with anhydrous ether in the decanter used for freezing water of a Carre's freezing machine, and exhausting in the usual manner.

THE "fifteen" puzzle has been brought to the attention of so learned a body as the Royal Society, Edinburgh. At a recent meeting, Prof. Tait sent in a note on the theory of the puzzle, and gave a rule for determining whether a particular arrangement was solvable or not.

THE probable fact that certain liquids may be dissolved in gases is one of the late remarkable discoveries in chemical science. On compressing a mixture of five volumes of carbon dioxide and one volume of air, Cailletet found that the former at first liquefies, but that as the pressure is increased to 150 or 200 atmospheres, the liquid is gradually lessened until it finally disappears altogether, being dissolved by the gas.

WITH a new "radiograph" for recording the intensity of the sun's radiation, Mr. D. Winstanley has observed a curious "thermal twilight." The instrument shows a rise in the temperature before sunrise, owing to solar radiation. A more remarkable circumstance, however, is that a fall of temperature being indicated a little after sunset, the index mysteriously rises just before midnight and sinks again, although the sun is then directly over the opposite hemisphere.

AN important branch of trade has sprung up in the discovery that pita, a sort of cotton or flax vegetable, can be woven into excellent cloth. Bales sent to England have been experimented upon, and beautiful handkerchiefs, and cloth, soft as silk, made from pita, returned to Mexico. The color is beautiful and the material durable. There are vast fields of pita in its natural condition, in the States of Vera Cruz, Tamaulipas and Tabasco. The Mexican *Revista* considers this discovery more important than the discovery of a gold mine.

DR. WERNER SIEMENS and the German Postmaster-General have founded an Electro-Technical Society in Berlin. The former stated at a recent meeting that his new electro-dynamic machine had been so improved by Herr Von Hefner that its action is actually cheaper than the locomotive for short distances. He proposes, therefore, to construct light overhead rails, along which carriages would be propelled by the new engine. The dynamic engine is also applicable to locomotives in order to increase their tractive power.

A SERIES of papers have been commenced in *La Nature* by M. Tissandier. It is meant to show how physical truths may be demonstrated by very simple means. The first paper treats on pneumatics. Among the experiments, many of which are old, is one in which some paper is burnt in a carafe full of air. After it has burnt a few seconds, a hard-boiled egg with the shell off, is placed at its mouth. The egg is pressed inward by the atmosphere (the combustion having caused a partial vacuum), it gets more and more elongated, and at length wholly enters the bottle, with a slight detonation.

The Most Perfect Example of Christian Architecture.

ON September 4, 1842, nearly six hundred years after the first foundation stone of the Cologne Cathedral had been laid, the King himself [Frederick William IV.] laid the second, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of civil and ecclesiastical potentates, and a vast concourse of spectators, amid all the grandest musical and ceremonial splendors of Roman Catholic worship. From that day forward the work proceeded steadily, and was taken up as a matter of national and indeed of European interest. The Queen of England was among the royal contributors, and herself assisted to place a bracket in the center arch of the north front. The present Emperor has not, we believe, shown less zeal in the matter than his predecessor, and it is certainly unfortunate that the existing religious complications of Germany should prevent his taking as prominent a part in the consecration of the completed fabric as the late King took in the laying of the new foundation stone some forty years ago.

On the architectural and ornamental details of the building we have no space to enter here. To our own taste, we must confess, the immense height has always seemed to require a greater length for the due proportion and effect of a Gothic church. Nor does it impress us, as a whole, with the same awful solemnity as some of the older cathedrals, both in the North and South of Europe. But it would be ungracious at this moment to indulge in criticism in recording the completion of what has been called "the most perfect example of the most perfect period of Christian architecture," and which is unique alike in its structure and its history. According to a Protestant Prussian official, quoted by Dr. Doellinger in his "Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches," it is destined to be no less unique in its prophetic import. "I am certain," he wrote, "that the time will come, before the newly inserted stones are molded, when a common Te Deum will be sung in the Cathedral of Cologne."

Certainly there has been something remarkable, and most unexampled, in the friendly co-operation during so many years of German Catholics and Protestants, headed by their Protestant sovereign in carrying this great national work to its completion. But there are no signs yet visible of the *Culturkampf* ending in a feast of reconciliation within the walls of the newly consecrated nave. Meanwhile Cologne, which has been called "the Rome of the North," may be congratulated on possessing a cathedral, differing widely indeed in style, as befits a northern clime, but not unworthy, for beauty of detail and magnificence of proportion, to take rank even with St. Peter's.—*London Saturday Review.*

THE amount of soda water with wink sirup in it that is consumed these days is simply incredible.—*Lockport Union.*

Religious.

IN THE DARK.

MIDNIGHT brooded weird and lone;
Nothing broke the wanny gloom
Save the drowsy monotone
Of the clock, as, one by one,
From its steady hands the minutes fell into my silent room.

Close beside the larger bed
Stood the cradle in its place;
Mid its blankets, softly spread,
Lay the baby's golden head,
And his light breath, coming, going, gently fanned against my face.

Something in the darkness stirred,
Warmly nestling at my side
Like a little sleepy bird.
"Mamma!" very low the word.
Hush and darkness made the narrow space between us seem so wide.

Then I murmured, as he lay,
"Mamma's close beside you, dear;
Soon the night will go away,
By and by it will be day,
In the morning when my baby wakens mamma will be here."

Wandering fingers toward me crept;
"Mamma, let me hold your hand."
Clasping it he soothed and slept;
Clasping his I could have wept,
Humbled by that perfect trust which needed not to understand.

Years have passed me by since then;
Long the little bed has stood
Empty, silent, yet, again,
Throbbing deeper than my pain,
Comes the tender voice to banish every bitter, doubting mood.

Through the voiceless hush of death,
Through life's midnight dark and dim,
Turning unto Christ, who saith,
To each seeking soul, "Have faith,"
Heavenward I reach my longing, groping human hands to Him.

Does He take them? Ay, He does!
All the chasm deep and wide
Spanning by His love that flows
Freely for all human woes,
I shall wake in Heaven's bright morning with my baby by my side.
—*Caroline Leslie, in Christian Union.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom.....Gen. 19: 12-26
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith.....Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

The Mountaineer's Advice.

A LADY unused to the rough traveling of a mountain land went thither to make her home, and received from one of her new friends this bit of advice. She had been telling of her faintness when guiding her horse through a deep ford where the waters ran swiftly and the roar was incessant, and said she feared she would never be able to overcome the abject physical terror which dominated her whenever she found herself in the strong current midway between the banks.

"Oh! yes, you will," said her companion. "Just take a leaf in your mouth and chew it, and as you ride across, keep your eyes on the other side."

When I heard this, I thought there was a lesson in it for myself and perhaps for others. The leaf in the mouth, a simple thing and at first glance unnecessary, nevertheless had a meaning, and I soon discerned it—occupation, diversion for the mind from an unreasoning fear, something to attract attention from fright and peril half unconsciously. The look over and beyond the flood was emblematic of the power of faith, which enables us to go forward, no matter how environed with difficulties, because we are not dwelling so much on the present distress as on the joy that is set before us.

How often we are encompassed, beset and thoroughly perplexed by the contrary circumstances of our lives! Going up stream is hard work when everything about is combining to drag us down. You are a young Christian, and have resolved by the help of your Divine Savior to live singly and consistently for Him. But your home influences tend to worldliness, to money-making, to securing social position, or to stepping higher in the sight of men. They who love you most tenderly set stumbling-blocks in your path, and your household affections strive against your spirituality. Do not grieve about it. Take the leaf in your mouth. It may be the leaf of Bible study. A sweet verse in the morning, read, thought over and assimilated, is a wonderful onward helper. It may be the leaf of unobtrusive humility, for you are tempted to pride and Pharisaism more than you are aware. It may be the leaf of gentle effort for the Master, in the flower mission, in the invalid's chamber, in the daily homely housework, or in the Sunday-school. Take the leaf, and remember to keep your eyes on the other side—the bright side—where the day dawns and the shadows flee away. You are the head of a family, or you are a man in a place of responsibility, with others depending on you for direction. You cannot swerve by a hair's breadth from your integrity without doing irreparable injury to many interests. Sometimes you are pressed and pulled and harassed in ways which nobody suspects. Neither your wife nor your business partner nor the people you meet as you go to and fro, your pastor nor your intimate friend, suspects the peril you are facing. It turns you giddy and sick, but they go gayly on, for your mountain torrent is to them as a silvern brook in a green pasture. Do not despair. Take the leaf in your mouth, the leaf of prevailing prayer, the leaf of stubborn honesty or the leaf of brave self-assertion, and look, till your weary eyes grow clear and your feeble heart grows confident, to the other side where all is peace and safety.

We ford the most dangerous places in life alone. Others may be near us, but there is solitude sometimes in the midst of company. None of us, however easily and harmoniously adjusted in our various relations, can be assured that the ease will continue. We may yet have to dwell among the rocks, and hear the cataracts but a little way off. Let us heed the advice of the mountaineer.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Christian Intelligencer.*

The Substance of Religion.

THE blessed end of right believing is right living. "The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." Sound doctrine is valuable, because it tends to make sound hearts and lives. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If his beliefs are right, his character is more apt to be righteous than if they are false. He labors at an immense disadvantage who strives to be Christ-like while he holds un-Christian beliefs. It is probable that some who have no opportunity of knowing Christ's doctrine may have the spirit of faith and the purpose of righteousness. We are taught that on this ground many of the heathen will be saved. But it is very doubtful whether any who know and reject Christ's doctrine have the substance of His religion, because it is doubtful whether they are conscientious in their unbelief.

And yet the fact that a man believes the doctrines of Christianity is no sure guarantee that he has the Christian character. "The devils believe also, and tremble." We should, therefore, place more emphasis on the life than on the doctrine, and only emphasize the doctrine for the sake of its influence on the life. Too many dwell upon the doctrine for its own sake, to the neglect of the end for which it was given. One heresy of opinion has been made to offset a hundred excellences of character. And on the other hand, an orthodox belief has been made to condone many offenses against morality. We should remember that Christ placed the greater emphasis on the spirit and deeds of men. In His description of the judgment day, the "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," was not said to those who had merely prophesied in His name; but to those who had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and visited those who were sick and in prison. God judges men by what they are and what they do, and not exclusively by what they think. To His eye, who sees all things as they are, the spirit and deeds of love are worth more than a thousand dogmas.

The substance of the Christian religion is not intellectual belief about anything whatever. It is Christ-likeness. For the character of Jesus is the religion of Jesus. His teachings were chiefly the expression in speech and conduct of His own personal qualities. He did not, like a mere philosopher, set forth a theory about things outside of human experience. He taught by His words and acts the supreme blessedness of right living. Everywhere His words and His life go together; they speak with one voice. So far as a man understands the character of Christ—not the metaphysical relation of the Divine and human elements in Him, but the motives, the temper, the spirit in which He lived—so far he understands the Christian religion. And only so far as he is of like disposition is he a Christian. "Christ within," purifying the heart and life, is the substance of religion.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A Devout Act.

A SINGLE thought sometimes decides the destiny of life for good or for evil. A very striking illustration of this truth is given in the recent biography of Horace Bushnell.

When Mr. Bushnell was a young man, an instructor in Yale College—very successful and popular—there was a period of general religious interest in Hartford. Most of the tutors and professors in the college were personally interested in the work; but Mr. Bushnell and a circle of young men, whom he greatly influenced, stood doubtfully aloof. The prevalent tone of feeling was very earnest and impressive, and Mr. Bushnell began to feel that it involved serious personal responsibility to him.

Under this feeling he shut himself in his room to conscientiously consider what he ought to do. He faced his doubts bravely and honestly.

"Is there any truth that I do believe?" said he to himself.

"Yes, there is this one; there is certainly a distinction of right and wrong, that I have never doubted, and I do not see how I can doubt it. If that is so, have I ever taken the principle of right for my law?

"I have done right things as men speak; have I ever thrown my life out on the principle to become all it requires of me?

"No, I have not; consciously I have not. Then here is something for me to do. No matter what becomes of my questions; nothing ought to come of them if I cannot take a principle so inevitably true, and live in it!"

He kneeled down in his room and prayed in deep sincerity to the God who had before been but dimly seen by him, to help him.

The prayer was answered. He was influenced, as God always influences and helps those who sincerely seek Him. When he rose from his knees, it was with a new light in his soul and a new purpose in life.

He called the young men to his chamber who had been influenced by his friendship, and told them what he had done, and that his life in the future must be given to the service of a Divine Master. They were impressed, and went with him to the church. What followed, so far as the young men were concerned, I do not know, but out of this devout and conscientious purpose grew the noble, pure and helpful life, which in Dr. Bushnell all must admire, however any of us may differ from him in religious theory and doctrine.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gems of Thought.

FANCY runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.—*Thomas Fuller.*

WHAT real happiness there would be in this world if every body made the best of what they have and were thankful.—*Golden Rule.*

GOD puts forth His hand toward us that we should put forth ours toward Him; God takes hold of us that we should take hold of Him.

DO YOU believe in God? Dare you not trust yourself like a child to Him? What is your belief worth if it has not taught you that blessed central truth of all—that He is your Father?

IF students were as much engaged to seek knowledge from God as they are to gain information from books, it would have a most happy influence in bringing about a better state of things among mankind.—*Rev. Joseph Emerson.*

THE characters of Christians differ. It is the peculiarity of the life of the Savior to impart different gifts, and a different selection of gifts to different believers, so that while all have a family likeness to the Master, yet they are "not like to like," but "like in difference."—*Rev. Charles Butcher, D. D.*

HOME AND FARM.

COOL rain water and soda will take machine oil out of washable goods.

ROSE WATER.—Procure a glass bottle with wide mouth and ground glass stopper, fill two-thirds full with deodorized alcohol, and add rose leaves until no more can be forced into the bottle. Let stand several months, keeping air tight, strain when the virtue has left the leaves. White roses are best.

THE best way to fry fish is to first fry some slices of salt pork, then roll the pieces of fish in fine Indian meal and fry in the pork gravy. About three slices of pork for a medium sized fish. Whitefish needs less fat than almost any other.

THE meaning of the word "soiling," as understood among cattle feeders, is the practice of confining animals to the stake or small lots, and feeding them on green clover, corn, grass, etc., cut as needed, and not allowing the stock to graze on the ground where the food grows.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—Boil a large egg plant in plenty of water until it is perfectly tender, trying it with a straw; let it stand in the colander to drain until cold; then peel, cut open, and take out the seed; mash carefully with a gill of milk, two eggs, a dessertspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, half a grated nutmeg, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of very fine bread-crumbs. Bake half an hour in a quick oven; a slow oven spoils it.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—To one pound of grated cocoanut allow one pint of milk and six ounces of sugar; beat well the yelks of six eggs, and stir them alternately in the milk with the cocoanut and sugar. Put into a pail or pitcher; set it into boiling water and stir all the time till very smooth and thick; as soon as it comes to a hard boil take it off and serve in cups and tumblers.

FOURTEEN years ago J. M. Sterling, of Monroe, Mich., placed two gateposts of white oak in front of his residence. When they were set, he bored into the top of each, with an inch and a half auger, a hole three inches deep, filled it with common salt, tightly plugged it, and capped the posts. A recent examination of the posts proved that they were as sound from top to bottom as when they were placed in position.

LITTLE PLUM CAKES TO KEEP LONG.—Dry one pound of flour, and mix with six ounces of finely powdered sugar; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add to it three eggs well beaten, half a pound of currants, washed and nicely dried, and the flour and sugar; beat all for some time, then dredge flour on tin plates, and drop the batter on them the size of a walnut. If properly mixed, it will be a stiff paste. Bake in a brisk oven.

SUMMER APPLES.—T. T. Lyon, President of the Michigan Pomological Society, gives the following list of the best summer apples: Early Harvest, the earliest, followed closely by Carolina Red June, next Early Strawberry and Summer Rose which ripen nearly together, then Primate. Early Joe ripens late in August and early in September, and Garden Royal follows it closely. Carolina Red June is a handsome summer apple when fair, but we have found it so affected with black mildew as to be nearly worthless. The Sweet Bough is the best enrly sweet variety, ripening after the earliest above named.

Green Crops as Manure.

ON a recent visit to Mr. E. P. Roe's small-fruit farm at Cornwall-on-Hudson, we observed that wherever a crop or plantation had been removed, buckwheat was growing. This, Mr. Roe explained, would be spaded under at the proper time. It was, he thought, a cheap and profitable means of fertilizing the soil and rendering it loose and friable. Clover would be better still, but required more time than could be spared on a place like his. He also forks under all the weeds on his farm, instead of hoeing them down, thus restoring to the soil what they have taken from it, and adding to it whatever elements they may have drawn from the atmosphere. Some interesting facts bearing upon the value of such a mode of increasing the productive power of land are given by a correspondent of the *Practical Farmer*, who says:

I seeded land last year which I designated for potatoes. This year I sowed rye after cultinating my corn for the last time; but the seed not holding out, there was a three-cornered strip of short rows which was not seeded. This spring, about the 20th of May, as the rye commenced to head and was standing knee-high to the horse, I plowed it under, using a chain to draw it nicely under the furrow; but I noticed then that the part with no rye on was becoming foul with weeds, and through the summer the outlines of this vacant place showed very distinctly in the potato-tops not being as green, and smaller than on the rest of the field, and the yield was not as good there, though the balance of the field yielded so well that it was evident that the green manuring had been very good for them. After harvesting two fields of winter grain, I found that the clover seeding on them had failed; so I cultivated these fields and sowed them to rye about the middle of August, and it was a pleasure all the fall for me to see the clean and green appearance of these fields as they compared with the foul condition of most of the stubble fields in this section (for nearly all the clover on them failed to grow on account of an early summer's drought). These fields gave about two months' pasturing for a hundred sheep, leaving them (the sheep as well as the field) apparently all the better for it. We all think clover to be the best of all to plow under for green manuring, but many times, either from the failure of clover or the want of time enough to grow it, the farmer could improve his land materially and cheaply by sowing it to buckwheat, or oats, or rye, for plowing under instead. The opportunities for putting in such crops will be found by the farmer after he has once seen the advantage of them, and how cheaply and quickly they can be grown. This green manuring, as far as it can be practised, is done much cheaper than by any other plan. Besides, it keeps the land sheltered and clean from the harvest of one crop to the time of putting it into another.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

On the Science and Chemistry of Butter Making.

THERE is no other branch of business either mechanical or agricultural where there is such a diversity of methods and implements used, as in butter making. Every dairyman has his own views how cream should be handled, what style of churn will make the best butter, and how the butter should be finished. There is not one dairyman in a thousand that has ever studied the chemistry of butter so that he can tell why he prefers his method to that of others. Again they cannot agree upon the merits of different packages of butter, for each one has a cultivated taste derived by eating a certain grade of butter. Now, when butter is judged by its flavor and odor alone it is no wonder that there is such dissatisfaction at fairs where premiums are given on butter. Now, if the keeping qualities were included with its flavor and odor, and a microscope was used to ascertain the per cent. of whole globules it contains, then dairymen would know what essential points butter must have to be called perfect. Many of our creameries make as fine flavored butter as perhaps ever can be produced when it is new, but if it is kept six or twelve months, it has lost its fine flavor. What this country needs most in the improvements in dairying is to learn the art of making gilt-edged butter that can be kept for years without deteriorating. The question arises how can it be done? There is but one answer. Dairymen must furnish rich well flavored milk and churn it before the butter globules receive any taint, and machinery that will disrobe the globules and leave them as perfect in form as well cleaned clover seed; then finish the butter without washing the globules; then dairymen will be as far advanced in their art as millers are in theirs. Millers have spent millions of dollars in the past few years to perfect machinery that would not injure the form of the flour globules while being separated from each other, and have revolutionized the art of making flour, so that no fancy flour is made by the old style machinery. The quality of bread depends much upon the per cent. of whole flour globules it contains, for all the broken ones sour, while the whole ones raise the bread. It does not injure the flavor of butter by destroying the form of the butter globule while churning, if the butter is consumed while new; neither does it injure the flavor of a hard apple by bruising it if it is not kept too long.

Dairymen, with their thousands of patented churns have not got one that will preserve a larger per cent. of the oil globules than the old dash churn, such as was used before this country was discovered. Although dairymen have spent millions of dollars trying to learn the art of making butter for long keeping, there are various causes why they have failed. The chief one is they could not get machinery to disrobe the butter globules without destroying the form of at least eighty-five per cent.; then when they had finished the butter it would not contain more than from one to five per cent. Now it is no wonder to any one that has made the chemistry of butter a study that such butter could not be kept for years without deteriorating. One of the chief causes why inventors of dairy implements have not perfected a patent churn is a false theory that has been believed for ages—that is that the pellicles were worn off while churning, and milk or cream must receive either pressure, or friction, or violence in some manner to wear them off, n theory I challenge anyone to prove in any manner. The writer has been a farmer and builder of flouring mills and inventor of dairy implements off and on for thirty years; has made the chemistry of both flour and butter a practical study, and until within the past year supposed the pellicle was worn off while churning. Since then I have discarded that theory and adopted the theory that the pellicle is removed either by pressing or rubbing the globule so as to destroy its natural form and break the pellicle, or by mingling air through the milk.—*Moses Hutchinson, in American Dairy-man.*

A Standard-Test for Good Butter.

AS MANAGED at present there is absolutely no value or significance, either as information or as a guide to inquiring dairymen who desire to raise the quality of their goods, to see the simple announcement that John Jones received the prize for butter at the dairy fair, unaccompanied by any description of manufacture; and if the inquiring reporter should seek to find that useful information, the chances are that Mr. Jones would not be prepared to give any definite answers, further than "about so and so," or "this and that," and the public who maintain, and give either directly or indirectly, by gate fees, the financial standing that draws exhibitors together, is defrauded from the very information that it is their right to know.

In the judging of live stock, a scald of rules have, by common consent, been agreed upon, and by this rigid scale the awards are made, and in the awarding of prizes at the dairy exhibits a no less rigid observance should be made, and actual processes submitted, so that the dairyman could have something tangible to guide him, and aid in not only instituting comparisons, but enable him to observe conditions, and apply such to his own manufactures as the necessities of the case would seem to demand. These rules need not be extensive, but the points of color, flavor, texture, keeping qualities, grain, could be indicated by numbers, and if the announcement of the prizes indicated by the points and accompanied by the process of manufacture were both given, the dairy interests of this country would be far better served, and an incentive given to desirable progress.

TOM OCHILTREE was years ago a partner with his father in the law business, at Galveston, Texas. The old gentleman went away for a few days, and on returning found stretched across the office an immense sign-board, on which was painted in huge letters: "T. P. Ochiltree and Father. Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law."

THE beginning and end of a chicken's life—Hatchet.

IN the pleasant little Rhenish town of Biberich there lives a horse of preternatural sagacity, whose method of dealing with an inebriate master has achieved a well-merited celebrity. Whenever the latter appears incapable of finding his way from the wine shop to his dwelling the horse watchfully follows him hard at heel, and, applying its forehead to his back whenever he is about to stagger out of his homeward path, gently thrusts him forward in the right direction, nor ceases its timely ministrations until it has succeeded in propelling him to his own door.

[Columbus Evening Dispatch.]

Plenty of Money.

Plenty of money secures leisure and buys pleasure; but will not always restore health when lost. Mr. H. Luray, Suffield, O., writes: My wife was afflicted with Liver Complaint for fifteen years, and could not find any relief, with the aid of all the physicians we consulted. I concluded to try the Hamburg Drops. My wife was cured, and since that day we have not seen a physician in our house.

LEONIDAS was one of the original dead-heads. He had the pass at Thermopylæ.

[Holly (Mich.) Register.]

THE wife of Rev. A. A. Allen had been afflicted with Rheumatism for the past six years; she tried St. Jacobs Oil one evening, which relieved her of all pain, and she rested in peace for the night. One bottle cured her.

Forgetfulness of People.

We would not, by enticing headings and other devices, lead you into reading of the virtues possessed by Pierce's Celebrated Medicines were it not that we are aware of the forgetfulness of people, and that must be our excuse, dear reader, for again telling you that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is without an equal as a blood-purifier. It cures all humors, from the common blotch, pimple, or eruption, to the very worst scrofula, fever sore or ulcer. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are a pleasant but efficient cathartic. Sold by druggists.

ST. CLOUD HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20, 1879. Hon. R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

Dear Doctor—I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets for liver complaint and general debility. It is impossible to express the gratitude I feel. It is simply wonderful the effect your medicines have had upon me. I am in every way a thousand per cent. better. I am, yours gratefully,

J. C. DAVIDSON.

"Bona Fide."

The following is taken from the columns of the *York Daily*, York, Pa.: "The testimonials in possession of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, are not manufactured to order, are "Bona Fide," and have attached date, time, place and signature of the writers thereof."

"MORE food and less medicine, more of nourishment and strength, less of the debilitating influence of drugs is what our exhausted constitutions require," said Baron Liebig, when he perfected the composition of the "Malt Bitters," prepared by Malt Bitters Co.

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WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

A MAN who would not die in springtime may be killed by a fall.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A DR. ELDRIDGE, of Lewiston, Me., proposes to fast forty days. He claims that he can subsist on magnetism to be drawn from those who have full stomachs. This may be the secret of Dr. Tanner's foodless grip on life. Shaking hands with a man who has been to dinner is regarded as a hearty meal by the new philosophers.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"CANADIAN hemlock forests are being rapidly destroyed for their bark." Why not destroy a few dogs? There is as much bark in a dog as there is in a forest.—*New Haven Register.*

IF you don't get a letter from your girl every week, Mr. Horace Maynard is the man to whom you must complain about it now.—*Chicago Times.*

YOU put blinders on a horse, so that he can see scarcely anything that is going on about him, and then blame him for trembling and jumping and startling to run at every little noise. You forget how frightened you were when, with blinded eyes, you were initiated into the awful mysteries of the High Mightiful Lodge of Unbiased and Superincumbent Chinwaggers. And why shouldn't a horse be frightened as easily as a donkey?—*Boston Transcript.*

THE oyster's yachting is now over.—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE are two distinct kinds of boys in this world—the human boy and the boy who exists in Sunday-school books.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

AN eloquent editor, on vacation, writes to his paper: "We never weary of gazing out over the vast expanse of the sea, of watching the varying fields which bend above and the white ships gliding to and fro like noiseless spirits in the deep." Shake, brother. You have won our respect. Ordinary men would have been watching the new styles of bathing dresses and the noisy sprits that splash with them in the deep. An editor, thank Heaven, is a moral being.—*Graphic.*

THE man who looks for big peaches at the bottom of a basket is too confiding for this tricky world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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BLOOD PURIFIER,

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HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

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Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
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Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

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Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to

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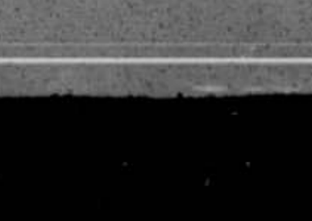

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all **Humors**, from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple**, or **Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands**.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness."** As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs**, and early stages of **Consumption**, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For **Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Blasted feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head**, take **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets**. Sold by druggists.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between J. R. Bishop and O. W. Heiskell in the mercantile business in Oakland, Md., under the firm and style of J. R. Bishop & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Persons knowing themselves indebted to the above firm will please call and settle. The business will hereafter be conducted by O. W. Heiskell & Co. at the old stand.

J. R. BISHOP.
O. W. HEISKELL.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 1, 1880.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm of J. R. Bishop & Co., I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for the new firm of O. W. Heiskell & Co.

sep 4-3 J. R. BISHOP.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein William H. Sheib is complainant, and Richard G. Richardson and John Richardson are defendants, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale on the premises now occupied by Richard G. Richardson, near the B. and O. R. R. depot, in Oakland, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., on the

27th day of September, 1880,

all the personal property which is described in a mortgage from Richard G. Richardson to John Richardson, dated May 12th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 330, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, to-wit:

A large lot of canned goods, tobacco, cigars, cakes, candies and nuts, stationery, coffee, sugar, tea, soaps, fishing tackle, toys, fireworks, ammunition, brackets, bracket saw, two show cases, lamps, one glass case, 2 pair scales, and many other articles in said stock of merchandise too numerous to mention, together with all the fixtures to said stock; also *One ice cream freezer,*

One 7 1/3 Octave Piano,

(rosewood finish,) One Portable melodeon,

One Ingrain carpet, one set wood chairs, one walnut bedstead, one walnut bureau, one walnut wash stand, one heating stove, one rag carpet.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, CASH on the day of sale. No property delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
se 4-td Trustees.

Trustee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustees, will sell at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, at 2 o'clock P. M.,

ON THURSDAY.

23 day of September, 1880,

all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Claggett died seized, containing

696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Claggett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Lochel and others. A plat and desertption of the land will be exhibited on the day of sale. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest

SUGAR AND MAPLE TIMBER,

red oak, white oak, spruce, chestnut and poplar, &c.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give his, her or their notes for the deferred payments, with security to be approved by the trustees.

Z. S. CLAGGETT,
GEO. W. SMITH,
au. 28 td Trustees.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-y1

Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of August, 1880.

A. J. FIKE.
8 28 3. Administrator.

ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

MORTGAGEES' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from George Percy, and Alice E. Percy, his wife, to C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, dated the 9th day of February, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 230, one of the land record books for Garrett county, the undersigned, as mortgagees named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of Mr. Daniel Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, the 4th day of October, 1880,

at 11½ o'clock, a. m., all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George Percy and Alice E. Percy, (the same being a one-fourth interest) of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND,

together with the improvements thereon, situated and lying in Garrett county and State of Maryland, in the Sang Run District of said county, about fourteen miles northwest of the town of Oakland, and near the West Virginia line, the said property being the same tract or pieces or parts of tracts of land which was patented by the State of Maryland to Elijah Friend and George Percy on the 19th day of December, 1850, and is contained within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning for the outlines thereof, at a stake standing at the beginning piece of the original lot No. 1461, and running thence with the first and second lines thereof south 171 perches west 45 perches, then leaving said original lot and running with the western range of Lot No. 1462 south 180 perches to a tract of land called "The Diadem," and with this tract west 40 perches to the line dividing the State of Maryland from the State of Virginia, (now West Virginia) and with this line north 1,280 perches to the end of the third line of a tract of land called "Evansland," surveyed for John Evans the 10th of March, 1851, and reversing this line east 40 perches to the beginning of a tract of land called "Yough Manor" resurveyed for General John Swan, and reversing the given line of this tract, south 794 perches to the beginning of said given line, thence with the western range of Lot No. 1460, south 132 perches to the end of last or third line of the original, and with the given line thereof east 45 perches to the beginning, containing 368 15-16 acres of land, more or less.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE CASH on the day of sale.

C. F. HETZEL,
JOHN G. BAUER,
Mortgagees.

Blackiston & Ellegood, Cumberland, Md. attorneys for mortgagees. sep 11-td

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEES' SALE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein Thomas B. Wiley and others are complainants, and Marinh Wilburn and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer, at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of three o'clock P. M.

On the 20th day of September

A. D. 1880, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

Military Lot No. 2330.

This lot is improved by a dwelling house, barn and necessary outbuildings. It is well watered and is all under cultivation, and enclosed by a good fence, except three or four acres. Also, at the same time and place, by virtue of the authority aforesaid, we will sell all those tracts of land known as

Milltary Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

containing one hundred acres of land, more or less. These two lots are unimproved and are valuable chiefly for the timber upon them.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree, are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months, and one-third in two years from the day of sale. The purchaser to give his single bills for the deferred payments, with surety to be approved by the trustees, said single bills to bear interest from date. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
8 28 td Trustees.

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

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The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and; inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
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Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, via Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browing road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

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NEW FALL GOODS!

—:o:—

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

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DRY GOODS,

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Hardware,

Ready-Made Clothing,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

for cash or good country produce.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

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BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 5 ft. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves,** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it on your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest factory, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sunshines no where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world, shall be over-supplied by my celebrated Instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about rest of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

Bridge Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to examine whether the public convenience requires the erection of a bridge across the Youghiogheny river, near the mouth of Snowy Creek, at the Ashby Mill Ford, on the road leading from Oakland to the West Virginia line, at or near the Nonick settlement, will meet at the place designated, on Thursday, September 16th, 1880, and perform their duty in the premises.

WM. WHITE,
G. M. MASON,
F. P. ARNOLD,
8 14 5t Examiners.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald.* For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

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$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. jnly3-yr

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MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
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Work done in the best and most substantial manner, from the very best material and by first-class workmen.

All kinds of finished leather always on hand and for sale.

I have every facility for doing work as cheap as it can be done anywhere, and I will not be undersold.

All kinds of grain taken in exchange for work.

Call and examine work and prices.

v4n6 JOHN HELBIG.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

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OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880. NUMBER 31.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1880.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

1 Cor. 9. 24-27.

Memory Verses, 24-27.

24 Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

25 And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown but we an incorruptible.

26 I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

27 But I keep under my body and bring it into submission; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.

HOME READINGS.

M. The race and the prize. 1 Cor. 9. 24-27.
Tu. Sobriety commanded. 1 Thess. 5. 5-21.
W. Undefiled by drink. Dan. 1. 8-17.
Th. Decadent social customs. Jer. 35. 1-19.
F. Destroyed through drink. Lev. 10. 1-11.
S. Consequences of defilement. 1 Cor. 3. 16-23.
S. Fruit of the Spirit. Eph. 5. 8-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body. Rom. 6. 12.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE CONTEST, v. 24. To what contest was Paul referring? Where was this contest held and for what purpose? Of what did Paul use it as an illustration? How does it exhibit the Christian life? What was the prize of the Grecian contest? How many could obtain it? What are the foes with which we must wrestle?

2. THE CONDITION, v. 25, 29. What was required of those who took part, in these contests? What is here meant by the word "temperate?" What is true gospel temperance? What is the effect of strong drink on the body? What is its effect upon the character? How does it effect us in the Christian race? What is our duty in respect to all hinderances? Heb. 12. 1. What is the difference between our reward and those of the ancient wrestlers? How should our Christian warfare be maintained? v. 26. Why should we make religion the "one thing" of our lives?

3. THE CONQUEST, v. 27. What conquest does Paul here mention? What is the result of that conquest? Against what do we need to watch? What danger did Paul anticipate? What does this show us as to our own danger? Against what appetite especially do we need to guard? Why should we abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we learn from this lesson—
1. That self-denial is a requisite for success?
2. That bodily appetites need to be watched and held in check?
3. That those who have once been free may yet fall?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The reward of endeavor.

Toombs is wiser than Hampton and Beltzhoover. He does not deny his letter, in which he uttered the following vital truths: "You may depend upon it, sir, that Yank or no Yank, if elected the old boys of the South will see to it that Hancock does the fair thing by them. In other words, he will run the machine to suit them, or they will run the thing themselves. They are not going to be played wilbany longer." That chimes in very well with Congressman Aiken's declaration that the Southern body of the Democratic party is tired of being wagged by its Northern Democratic tail. They furnish the votes and purpose to do the bossing.

Gen. Garfield, in his old fashioned farm house at Mentor, Ohio, sees everybody who calls, and gives every one a hearty welcome. His house is as accessible as his nature is frank and open. Gen. Hancock sits in his elegant furnished private office on Governor's Island, furnished by the Government, and receives visitors only on three days in the week, and during limited hours. Sentries and soldiers are to the front, rear, right and left of his quarters, and the visitor is pointed the way to his apartment with a bayonet. Yet Democrats say Garfield is a type of centralization and monarchism, while Hancock represents true Democracy and civil law.

Chairman Morrow, of the Republican State Committee of California, who is now on his way east, brings very encouraging news from the Pacific slope, which, he says, is sure to go Republican this fall. The vote of the Workingmen's party, he thinks, will be divided between Hancock and Weaver, leaving the Republicans a handsome plurality. General Garfield's attitude on the Chinese question, seems to have inspired the Californians with confidence, while the Chinese plank in the Democratic platform is looked upon as a mere make-shift that really binds the party to no policy whatever.

Thousands of soldiers poured into the South from Vermont to fight for the preservation of the Union and on Tuesday of last week they voted almost as a unit for the party that saved it. They will be found equally united against Hancock in November, as will be found four-fifths of their comrades in every Northern State. It is the Boys in Gray, and not the Boys in Blue, that enthuse for the "Hero of Gettysburg" this year.

How New York Will Go.

The Democrats of this State are going to unite—after a fashion. Nothing else was to be expected. Republicans have been warned from the first, that they should not count upon any division among Democrats as to the Presidential ticket. Their union may not be complete or hearty; it is not, and will not be. But it will serve to poll nearly the full party vote for a single electoral ticket. In some quarters there will be coldness; in some lack of energy; in some incompetent management; the shrewdest and most experienced workers having "gone fishing"; and in others, possibly, a limited and private sort of treachery. The Democratic party cannot put forth its full strength, under existing circumstances, in this city or State. But it will not fall far short of its full party vote and it would be folly for Republicans to expect anything less than its full vote.

Once more the attempt is made to beat the Republicans of New York by much sounding of gongs. Because the Democrats are united, it is said, New York is sure to give 30,000 Democratic majority. The principal object of this clatter is to dishearten Republican workers and to carry off the floating vote. But is there any truth in Democratic claims? Mr. Tilden had 32,742 majority in this State four years ago, it is true. But it is notorious that he had the support of many thousand Republicans who fancied that the "Reform Governor would make a good President, or who were discontented because of hard times, and wanted "a change." No intelligent man imagines that General Hancock has inherited Mr. Tilden's personal following, or that the men who wanted a change because times were hard in 1876, will want a change because times are good in 1880. The attitude of parties has wholly altered since 1876. The Solid South, the performances of Southern Brigadiers, the extra session, and the revolutionary threats and attempts of the Democratic party, and its manifest incompetence, have completely changed the situation, as all recent elections show. The one thing certain is that Democracy has no right to expect in this State anything near the majority which Mr. Tilden obtained.

Last year, with the largest vote ever polled in New York, except in 1876, the Republicans elected all their State officers except one. The vote for Wadsworth, for Controller, was 438,253, and the vote for Olcott 432,325; Republican plurality nearly 6,000. The vote for Governor Cornell was 418,567, so that nearly 20,000 votes were cast against him that were cast for other Republican candidates, and the combined votes for Robinson and Kelly was about 20,000 greater than the vote for other Democratic State officers. Hence many Republicans voted for one of the Democratic candidates. But the Democrats were united as to other offices, and their double-headed organization, and the fierce rivalry of factions, enabled them to get out their vote more fully than they could have done otherwise. As there was some dissatisfaction which led many Republicans to vote against some of their candidates, so many others stayed at home. It is altogether probable, therefore, that the Democratic vote was more fully cast than the Republican; of the 115,000 voters who voted for President in 1876 but not in 1879, there is every reason to believe that a majority were Republicans.

On the returns of 1879, then, the Republicans have a right to claim a majority in this State against a united Democracy. But last year all the influence and patronage of the State government was against them. The same influence and patronage are now in their hands, and shrewd Democratic managers have counted the control of the State government worth more than 10,000 votes. But again, the last Legislature passed several important acts to guard against fraud at elections. The enforcement of these acts, it will be found, is worth thousands of votes to the Republican party. And again, the machinery of elections, both in New York and in Brooklyn, is now so far in Republican hands that much can be done to prevent fraudulent voting. Nor will the Federal Supervisor, who has been making a study of the census returns be found inactive or powerless.

The Republicans of New York can carry this State, if they choose, against the united Democratic party, even if it brings out every vote and does its utmost. That it will not bring out every vote, nor do its utmost, there is good reason for believing. But the duty of Republicans is to make the result absolutely certain by the most resolute and untiring efforts. They cannot afford to lose this State by negligence. For in that event a fraudulent count in Indiana, or New Jersey, or both, might imperil not only the result of the election, but the peace of the country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Will the South Rule?

The Democrats deny that, should they be restored to power, the South would shape the legislation of the country. Let us see. Let us judge the future by the past.

Who repealed the tariff of 1842 and wrecked the industries of the North? The Democratic party, at the dictation of the South.

Who forced the war with Mexico in order that the area of slavery might be extended? The Democratic party, at the dictation of the South.

Who defeated the Wilmot proviso, which provided that the territory acquired by the conquest of Mexico, should be forever free? The Democratic party, at the dictation of the South.

Who repealed the Missouri compromise, when its repeal was in the interest of slavery? The Democratic party, at the dictation of the South.

Who passed the fugitive slave law, the most infamous enactment of the world's legislation? The Democratic party, at the dictation of the South.

Who vetoed the homestead bill, which gave lands in the West to actual settlers at the nominal price of $1.25 an acre? James Buchanan, at the dictation of the South.

Who ordered U. S. troops to disperse the Free State Legislature of Kansas? Franklin Pierce, at the dictation of the South.

Who decided in the Dred Scott case that slaves were *things*, "who had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them?" The Democratic Supreme Court, at the dictation of the South.

Who bribed members of Congress and editors of newspapers to favor in the interests of slavery, the Lecompton bill? The Democratic administration of James Buchanan.

Who declared in a message to Congress that Congress had no power to coerce the rebellious States? James Buchanan.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that when the Democratic party was in power the South ruled with an iron will. When it could rule no longer it seceded. The Democratic party is in power in both branches of Congress to-day, and the South rules there. The chairmen of nearly all the committees of Congress and a majority of the members are from the South. A Southern Congressman has declared that the last vestige of war legislation shall be wiped from the statute books. Elect a Democratic President and the rule of the South will be absolute over the whole country. It cannot be otherwise. Southern Democratic members of Congress predominate numerically. They control the caucus and the caucus controls legislation.

The industrial classes of the north, those who work in our great manufacturing establishments, in our coal and ore mines and about our coke ovens, are interested more deeply than they perhaps know in preventing the South from shaping the legislation of the country. Why? Because the South is now and always has been opposed to a protective tariff. When, after secession, the representatives of the Southern States met in 1861 at Montgomery, Ala., to organize the Confederate government they modeled their constitution after that of 1787, with the exceptions that it recognized slavery, and *forbade protective tariffs*. The laboring man who votes for the restoration to power of the Democratic party votes directly against his own interests. There is no escape from this conclusion. Let our Democratic readers examine the matter for themselves and see if we have not told the truth exactly.—*Uniontown (Pa.) Standard.*

Let every laboring man bear strictly in mind that "*a tariff for revenue only*" means to build up workshops and manufacturing establishments in Europe, in place of this country. And if they wish to accomplish this unfortunate result and throw themselves out of lucrative employment, let them vote the Democratic ticket. But if they wish to continue the era of prosperity and plenty that obtain at present, and for which they are indebted to the Republican party, let them vote for Garfield and Arthur.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Reconciliation and Good Feeling.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(In the State uv Kentucky)
Sept. 4, 1880.

The South hez, probably, the most forgivinest and placable people on the face uv the known errth.

While the South is feerfully high strung and sensitive, its people are the most reasonable in the world, and the easiest tetched by a sense uv wat is jestis. Jestis is the Southern man's best holt.

If there's any differences uv opinyun betwixt the North and the South, it is entirely the fault uv the North. The North is made up uv a stubborn, [illegible] toward the South hez bin marked by a brootality that is past beleef.

All the trouble that hez ensood, from the beginnin, hez bin commensed by the North, continyood by the North, and, ef it is eternal, the North hez it to anser for.

When the South wanted to extend slavery over the Territories the trouble begun. To hev stopped it then wood hev bin an easy thing. All the North hed to do wuz to withdraw its opposishen, and let the South alone.

When the North nominated the feend Linkin the South protestid. Ef the North hed heedid that pertest, and let Breckinridge have gone in, all trouble would hev bin avoidid.

When the South pertestid again the rane uv Linkin and fired upon Fort Sumpter, the North cood hev avoidid enraging the South by lettin uv em alone. But ez ef bent upon trouble it raised armies and opposed the South.

Doorin the bloody and fratricidle struggle the South was willin at any time to end it, but the North wuz in the way. It refoozed to lay down its arms, and finally the hoomlliated South hed to submit.

Even at this late day the South is still willing to forgive, even ef it can't forget.

The way is simple. All the North hez got to do is to repair the damages done by its hard hartedness and stiff-neckednis. Let Garfield be withdrawn from the field at wunst, and let Hancock hev a walk over. Let the South control the Government ez it yoost to.

There can't be no troo Yoonyun so long ez there are seckshunal lines. Let seckshunal lines be obliterated by mergin the North into the South, by wipin out the North entirely. Ef ther ain't no North, there kin be nothing to fite about.

With the entire North in yoonity with the entire South, there wouki be sich a harmony as wood make angels weep.

We shood hev no more dispools, and the South wood administer the Government to its satisfackshun, and hev nothin whatever to complane uv.

We want yoonity, and wat I hev indicated is the certain road to it.

Let the North make a imurejit commensement. Let it abandon Garfeeld and turn all its forces to Hancock.

Give us back our niggers, and give us sich appropriashens ez we need. For the further sekoority uv States' Rites give the South the full swing it yoosed to hev.

We are tired uv this everlastin hi-feelin, this unbrotherly bad blood that hez egsisted so long.

Do away with it. I pledge my life and my sakred honor that the South will bury the hatchet, and never resurrect it, ef all that she wants now, and sich things ez she may deside she wants hereafter, is given to her.

If there is any more bad blood the North is cleerly responsible for it.

Ez a proper starter for a complete recunsillashun I wood perpose a reunion uv the soljers North and South, to be held on the field of the first Boll Run. The reunion shood be presided over by Jefferson Davis, and the committees shood be made up uv the Confederit regiments wich made the most honorable record, and Wade Hampton shood be the principal orator. This wood be a glorious opportunity for the South to show its forgivenis and the North to show its repentance.

Wat I want is a heelin uv old sores, and a wipin out uy old bitternisses, and I know uv nothin that wood so soothe the Southern sole, and do so much toward quenchin the smouthering fires wich Northern arrogance hev kept alive at the South.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Pacificator.

P. S.—I wish Hancock wuz a trifle more uv a man than he is. He's got opinyuns enuff, but he's got more opinyun's than he hez nolledge. He ain't heavy in proportion to the party by which nominatid him. I find it thunderin hard work to sing a long metre hym to a short metre toon. But I spose ef he is electid he will learn suthin about government matters. Anyhow the kentry may depend upon it that he will alluz hev me to lean onto.

P. V. N.

The "true inwardness" of the Hagerstown convention is being developed, and as the facts come out it is shown that the canal people had a very "close call." They went into the convention with the 5 votes of Allegany and the 3 of Frederick 1 short of the number necessary to nominate. They worked most industriously to secure that vote, and at times seemed almost at the point of failure. They finally made a combined attack on Mr. R. T. Browning, and by persistent persuasive methods secured his vote, although by the act he deserted his county's choice, (Mr. Veitch.) In order to effect their purpose Col. Baughman was withdrawn, and thereby Col. Schley secured the necessary number of votes. In retiring from the contest Col. Baughman is reported to have said that his whole and sole object "was to prevent Gov. Hamilton naming the man." This the governor was laboring for, and was willing the nominee should be either Blair, Veitch or Alvey, and if Schley had not been nominated on the first ballot, and Browning had stood by Veitch or done what his (Veitch's) friends desired, the 3 votes of Garrett, 5 of Washington and 4 of Montgomery would have been thrown in favor of one of the above-named gentlemen and made him the nominee. Luck and accident backed the hard work of the canal people and they won the victory.

There was a good deal of bitterness over the outcome. Browning was roundly denounced for his course, and it is thought he will be not a little embarrassed to explain himself to his constituents. Col. Baughman is said to have preferred Maj. Douglas to Col. Schley, but it was not positively known the Washington county delegation would throw a vote to that gentlemen, although it was only designed as a compliment.

Gov. Hamilton is very mad over the result. He was for anybody to beat the canal, and labored hard with his county delegation to induce them to go direct for a pronounced anti-canal man, but out of compliment to a friend and neighbor the delegates decided to give Maj. Douglas at least one vote. As it turns out this made no difference in the result, but the governor could not "hold his grip" on his county in the convention.

Of course we shall hear much talk about "harmony," and the "healing of dissensions," etc., but it is an open secret that the Hugerstown convention left in its trail many sore heads and sad hearts—indeed, few less than the convention which nominated Peter. The result in the District will be the same. Mr. Urner will be triumphantly elected, and Col. Schley will be relegated to the limbo of defeated canal candidates.—*Cumb. News, 17th.*

General Hancock says the bayonet is not a fit instrument with which to collect the votes of freemen. In a special despatch from Anderson, S. C., to the Charleston *News and Courier* occurs the following: "The Democratic mass meeting here to-day was a great success. There were 2,153 mounted red shirts in line and two companies of artillery." On this the Cincinnati *Commercial* remarks: "The two thousand mounted red shirts were simply a brigade of Confederate cavalry whose business it is to maintain martial law, so that the Republican majority in South Carolina dare not show themselves at the polls. This is the conservatism of assassination."

The Republicans have not the slightest anxiety lest any of their number shall "blurt." They have nothing to conceal, and are not seeking for a "change" in the Constitution or elsewhere.

The Democratic party in Congress increased the public expenditures $41,000,000 in five years, and boasts of its economy. That is one thing the country will vote to change.

Always keep the bottle handy,
Do not place it out of sight,
For it cured our little Andy,
Who was coughing day and night,
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A NOT UNPLEASANT DISCORD.

SURE never yet two lovers lived,
Since first shone moon and sun,
Whose "souls knew but a single thought,
Whose fond hearts beat as one,"
As nearly as do Ralph's and mine,
So many, many things
Delight us both. Our fav'rite flow'rs
Are those that summer brings;
We read and love the self-same books;
One poet we adore;
One song above all other songs
We practice o'er and o'er.

And yet upon one subject wo
Must always disagree;
I will not yield the slightest jot,
And just as firm is he.
It is which is the higher type
Of beauty, dark or fair.
"The brown for me," says Ralph, while I
For "blue and gold" declare.
And this discordant note we struck
The first week that we met,
And I've no doubt a score of years
Will find it sounding yet.
'Tis strange; but then Ralph's very blonde,
And I—well, I'm brunette.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

PHILIP GRANGER'S LOVE-LETTERS.

THE widow Daly, Postmistress in the town of Camden, New York, laid down the package of letters she was sorting, and turned to her daughter, with a troubled expression on her face.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked pretty Mary Daly, who acted as assistant to her mother, and was busily stamping letters for the next mail.

"Why, here is another of those pretty letters for Philip Granger. They have kept coming for the last six months, and no one ever calls for them."

Mrs. Daly had once been much better off. Her husband had been a lawyer in excellent practice, when the war broke out; but he had joined the army; had risen to the rank of colonel; and then had been killed in battle, leaving her and his only child penniless. Her friends had interested themselves for her, and procured her the position of Postmistress; and the rather scanty emoluments of this office, added to her still scantier pension, was all she had to live on. But she put a brave face on things, as did her daughter, and though sometimes she sighed when she thought of the past, she never repined.

"I can not find," continued the mother, "that there is any such person in town. The writing is so clear and good, and the envelope is so white and neat—and always sealed with wax, with the initial H on the seal—that somehow, to my mind they are the prettiest letters that come into the office. Yet, I have to send them, one after another, to the Dead-letter office; and it just makes me sad to think how disappointed he must be at not getting them, and she at not getting any answer; for they are plainly love-letters."

"Why, mother," laughed Mary, "you are making quite a romance of the affair. Perhaps they are not love-letters after all, but only mere business letters."

"Don't tell me," returned Mrs. Daly. "I am just as certain these are love-letters, as that I am standing in the post-office this blessed minute. Care! *She* cares any way, or she wouldn't write so regularly; and if *he* don't, he ought to be ashamed of himself—that's all."

"Is there no way in which you could notify her that her letters are not delivered?" suggested Mary. "Couldn't you tell the postmaster of whatever town they come from, that they are never called for? It is just possible he might ascertain the writer."

"I thought of that," answered her mother; "but she is evidently moving from place to place; scarce two of the letters bear the same post-mark! No, I don't see any way to help them, poor souls; but I am very sorry," and with this return to her original statement, Mrs. Daly went back to her task, and the conversation dropped.

But the subject was not forgotten by her, or her daughter; and often, as week after week passed, and the little white dainty missives continued to arrive, the two women would lay them sadly away, until the appointed time came to forward them to the Dead-letter office.

Even when Mary, that autumn, accepted the invitation of a former school friend to make her a long visit, the letters were not forgotten, one of her parting injunctions to her mother being to be sure and write to her whether they were called for.

Mary's journey was a long one, and she was weary of the incessant whirr of the cars, long before she reached her destination. The book, with which she had provided herself, was less interesting than she had anticipated, and she laid it aside, and tried to amuse herself by observing her fellow-travelers.

There was the inevitable fretting-baby, and nerveus mother; and half-a-dozen giggling girls trying their best to attract the attention of some rather flashy individuals, who from their manner and conversation probably belonged to the *genus* "drummer." Several staid old travelers, occupied with their newspapers, completed the assortment, with the exception of a pleasant-looking old lady, who sat directly opposite Mary, and who glanced up quickly, whenever conductor or brakeman opened the door. Mary had observed a gentleman, apparently her husband, with her, a short time before, and was idly wondering what had become of him, when he entered the car, accompanied by one whom Mary mentally pronounced the finest looking man she had ever seen.

"Was I gone too long?" he said to his wife; "the fact is I met my old friend, Philip Granger, in the smoking-car, and have brought him to make your acquaintance."

Mary's thoughts were in a whirl. Had she misunderstood the name? But no, for quite clearly, in a momentary lull of the noise of the train, she heard the lady's response to her husband's introduction:

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Granger." Could it indeed be that she thus accidentally discovered the owner of the letters? But it was hardly likely, for they were all addressed to Camden, New York, and this man had never, as far as her mother could discover, been in the town. Perhaps, however, he did not wish to claim the letters. Or he might have been there under an assumed name. Mary finally decided that this could not be the case; the frank, manly face before her, the pleasant, genial voice, were utterly at variance with such a supposition. It must be some other Philip Granger, and endeavoring to satisfy herself with this idea, she turned to her book.

But after awhile, the lady's voice was again audible.

"Where are you residing now, Mr. Granger?" she said. The answer was distinct. "I have been in Camden, New Jersey, for several months."

Like a flash, the whole truth burst on Mary's mind. This *was* the identical Philip Granger, and his fair correspondent had addressed her letters to Camden, New York, instead of Camden, New Jersey! Without stopping a moment to consider how strange her conduct would appear, Mary sprang from her seat, and crossing the aisle of the car, addressed the gentleman.

"Excuse me, but is not your name Philip Granger?" she said eagerly.

The stranger rose, and answered politely, though evidently surprised, "Yes, that is my name. Pardon me that I do not recollect yours."

"Oh, you never knew it," Mary replied, simply. "I am the daughter of the Postmistress in Camden, New York, and letters have come there, for several months past, addressed to Philip Granger; and we never could find him. I overheard your name, and your remark that you lived in Camden, New Jersey, and thought I ought to tell you about the letters, for perhaps they might be for you.

"Indeed, I am exceedingly obliged to you," answered the young man, earnestly, and with an admiring glance at the blushing face before him. "The letters are doubtless from my sister, who is traveling with her husband, through the Southern States. I imagined that she never received my letters, as she and her husband do not remain long in one place, but I never thought of the possibility of hers being mis-directed."

Mary was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction, on hearing that the letters were only from a sister. Yet what difference could it make to her? But Mr. Granger was again speaking.

"If you would kindly favor me with your name," he said, "and allow me to introduce my friend and his wife, perhaps your journey would be less tedious and lonely."

Mary gave her name with some confusion, for she now, for the first, noticed the inquiring glances of Mr. and Mrs. Layton. But Mr. Granger's introduction and explanation met with a most cordial response, and Mary soon found herself chatting confidentially with Mrs. Layton, and telling all the particulars of how she and her mother had pitied the unknown writer of the letters; particulars to which Mrs. Layton laughingly called Mr. Granger's attention.

Then they discovered that Bessie Grey, whom Mary was going to visit, was quite well known to them, Bessie's mother being a dear friend of Mrs. Layton. Both lived in the same town. Presently, Mr. Layton announced that he had prevailed on Mr. Granger to relinquish his plan of going further, and to make them, instead, a long promised visit. Mrs. Layton smiled quietly to herself, as she remembered how, a few minutes before, Mr. Granger had declared it impossible to change his arrangements, even sufficiently to remain over night.

That very evening, Mary had removed her traveling dress, and substituted a simple gown of merino, and was sitting with her friend, and her friend's mother, and a young gentleman who had called to see Bessie, and whom Bessie had introduced, with blushes, when Mr. Granger was announced. The evening passed delightfully; indeed, Mary thought no evening had ever been so delightful. There was music, instrumental as well as vocal; for Mr. Granger proved to have a noble baritone. It was quite ten o'clock when the two gentlemen rose to go. Mary found that she had been making plans, and promising excursions; and Mr. Granger, on leaving, promised himself the pleasure of calling soon again.

"Very soon, I hope," Mrs. Grey had said; "to-morrow, in fact; for we want you, and Mr. Taylor here, to dine with us. Quietly, you know. Only you, and Mr. Taylor, and the girls, and Mr. Grey and myself."

So, at six the next evening, Mr. Granger made his appearance. In his impatience, he was the first arrival, and, it must be confessed, a little in advance of the time; for Bessie had not yet come down to the drawing-room; but Mary and Mrs. Grey were there, fortunately, sitting waiting on the broad divan, on the opposite side of the room from the fire-place. If Mary had thought Mr. Granger handsome in his traveling suit, he seemed infinitely more so in his evening costume, which became him as it becomes few men. On his part, he could hardly realize that the elegantly-attired young lady, who looked up with such entire ease and unconscious grace, was the simply-dressed, rather shy girl, whom he had met, the day before, in the cars, and afterward called on.

It would be useless to try to chronicle the days and evenings that succeeded. There were visits to places of interest, excursions to the neighboring metropolis, dinners at the Greys' or Laytons', concerts, musical parties, receptions, balls. How swiftly the days passed. How happy these days were! Then there were walks in the country, outside of the little town, for the vicinity was beautiful with varied hill and dale; and in these walks, somehow, Bessie and Mr. Taylor fell behind, and Mary and Mr. Granger were left alone ahead.

It was in one of these excursions when the other pair were almost out of sight, so far had they lingered in the rear, that the words were spoken, that bound Mary to become her companion's wife, before the year was out. Never, Mary thought, had any lover ever spoken so eloquently; never could lover, she still believes, speak as eloquently.

When Mary returned home, the day after, she was escorted by Mr. Granger, who went, as he assured the delighted Mrs. Daly, not only to claim such of the letters as had not been sent to the Dead-letter office, but to ask for a greater treasure, her daughter's hand. "Her heart, I hope," he said, "I have already,"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Daly, often afterward, "I always knew there was some reason why I took such an uncommon interest in those letters. I used to think them love-letters. And so, perhaps, in one sense, they were," she would add, with a smile of triumph, "since they led to Mary's marriage with Philip, the happiest that ever was.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

A Tribute to Adelaide Neilsen.

WHATEVER may have been the vicissitudes, trials, mistakes, and sorrows of her past, she was by nature a woman of pure domestic tastes—affectionate, gentle, confiding and true; and she would have made that home very happy, with the husband she had chosen. It is no secret to a few of her friends (it need not be a secret to any body now) that she was soon to be avowed the wife of Edward Compton, who acted with her during her farewell American tour, and who must now endure the awful affliction of seeing the sods laid upon her grave. The story of her successes on the London stage and all over Great Britain, and of her four visits to America, need not be rehearsed. There may come a time for that in another form. But it will not be amiss to note, with some slight emphasis, the fact of her youth, as it is seen when coupled with such noble and brilliant achievement. She was, to have done so much, a very young woman. She was in this sense a prodigy—and whatever were her faults or errors, it is remarkable that she bore so well the always perilous burdens of early triumph and the incense of a world's admiration. She had the intuitions of genius and also its quick sensibility and wild temperament. She was largely ruled by her imagination and her feelings and had neither the prudence of selfishness nor the craft of experience. Such a nature might easily go to shipwreck or ruin. She outrode all the storms of a passionate, wayward youth and anchored safe at last in the haven of duty. Her image, as it arises in memory now, is not that of the actress who stormed the citadel of all hearts in the delirium of Juliet, or dazzled with the witchery of Rosalind's glee or Viola's tender grace; but it is that of the grave, sweet woman, who, playing softly in the twilight, sang—in that rich, tremulous, touching voice—an anthem that paraphrases the words of Christ: "With all your sorrows I am made partaker, and I am acquainted with all your griefs."—*William Winter, in New York Tribune.*

Mike O'Malley's Record.

THOUSANDS there are who know Mike O'Malley, the oil-cloth peddler. Mike is a good, honest fellow, but he does love strong drink. Time and again has he taken the pledge and time and again has he broken it. Wednesday last Mike got very much under the influence, and while under it challenged all Fourth Street to come and see him. Only one man answered the call, and he was a police officer, who got the best of the battle. When Mike was brought face to face with Judge Denison yesterday morning he had nothing to say. His Honor asked the Clerk for a copy of Mike's record, and it was furnished him. Here it is:

MIKE O'MALLEY.

1878, February 4, drunk on the streets	$3
1878, March 1, drunk on the streets	3
1878, March 13, drunk on the streets	3
1878, May 6, drunk on the streets	3
1878, June 3, drunk on the streets	3
1878, June 27, drunk on the streets	3
1878, July 5, drunk on the streets	3
1878, August 7, drunk on the streets	3
1878, August 27, drunk on the streets	3
1878, September 21, drunk on the streets	3
1878, December 16, drunk on the streets	3
1879, March 7, drunk on the streets	3
1879, July 21, drunk on the streets	3
1879, August 5, drunk on the streets	3
1879, August 27, drunk on the streets	3
1879, September 15, drunk on the streets	3
1879, September 22, drunk on the streets	3
1879, October 13, drunk on the streets	3
1879, October 14, drunk on the streets	3
1879, November 17, drunk on the streets	3
1880, March 1, drunk on the streets	3
1880, May 31, drunk on the streets	3
1880, July 24, drunk on the streets	3

His Honor looked at the record closely. He saw that Mike had never been arrested in January. Mike explained this fact by telling how on every New Year's Day he took the pledge and kept it just as long as he could keep it. Just as an experiment his Honor changed Mike's punishment, assessing a $20 line in the case. Poor Mike had not so much money in the world, and so went to the Workhouse with the rest.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Some Scenes In Great Benin.

IN May, 1838, Messrs Moffat and Smith, surgeons on board a merchant schooner, went to the city of Great Benin, wishing to open, or rather to re-open, trade. The latter, a "very promising young man," died of a dysentery caught by being drenched with rain. They were horrified to see a trench full of bodies at which the turkey-buzzards were tugging, and "two corpses in a sitting position." These victims had probably been dispatched with a formal message announcing the arrival of strangers to the King's father in Ghostland. The same unpleasant spectacle was offered August, 1862, when I visited Benin, accompanied by Lieut. Stokes, of her Majesty's ship Bloodhound, and Dr. Henry. In the tall, rank herbage, on the right of the path leading into the city, appeared the figure of a fine young man, bare to the waist, with arms extended and wrists fastened to a scaffold framework of peeled wands, poles and stakes planted behind him. For a moment we thought that the wretch might be alive; a few steps convinced us of our mistake. He had been crucified after the African fashion, seated on a rough wooden stool, with a white calico cloth veiling the lower limbs. Between the ankles stood an uncouth image of yellow clay, concerning which the frightened natives who accompanied us would not speak. A rope of liano, in negro-English called a "tie-tie," bound tight around the neck to a stake behind, had been the immediate cause of death. The features still showed strangulation, and the sacrifice was so fresh that, though the flies were there, the turkey-buzzards had not found the eyes. The blackness of the skin and the general appearance proved that the sufferer was a slave. No emotion whatever, save holding the nose, was shown by the crowds of Beninese, men and women, who passed by; nor was there any expression of astonishment when I returned to sketch the victim.—*Capt. Burton, in the Cornhill Magazine.*

—A dog will stick by a man, no matter how poor the man may have become, and no matter if every body else has forsaken him. But perhaps the dog doesn't knew any better.

The Inauguration of General Harrison.

THE inauguration of General Harrison as President, on Thursday, the 4th of March, 1841, was attended by an immense concourse of people from all parts of the country. The morning broke somewhat cloudily, and the horizon seemed to betoken snow or rain. A salute of twenty-six guns (the number of States then in the Union) was fired at sunrise, and the avenues and streets soon presented an animated appearance. Mounted marshals galloped to and fro, political clubs were hastening to the positions assigned them, bands perfomed patriotic airs, and nearly every one wore a Tippecanoe badge.

At ten o'clock a procession was formed, which escorted the President-elect from his temporary residence to the Treasury Department, and thence along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. There were no regular troops on parade, but the uniformed militia companies of the District of Columbia performed escort duty in a very creditable manner. A carriage presented by the Whigs of Baltimore, and drawn by four horses, had been provided for General Harrison, but he preferred to ride on horseback, as the Roman emperors passed along the Appian Way, and the old hero made a fine appearance, mounted on a spirited white charger, attended by a staff of mounted marshals. Although the weather was chilly, the General refused to wear an overcoat, and rode with his hat in his hand, bowing acknowledgments of the cheers of the multitudes on the sidewalks. Behind the President-elect came Tippecanoe clubs and other political associations, with music, badges and banners. The club from Prince George County, Maryland, had in its ranks a large platform on wheels, drawn by six white horses, on which was a power-loom from the Laurel factory, with operatives at work under the direction of their superintendent, General Horace Capron. Several of the clubs escorted large log-cabins on wheels, decked with suitable inscriptions, cider barrels, 'coon-skins, and various frontier articles. A feature of the procession was the students of the Jesuits' College at Georgetown, who appeared in uniform, headed by their faculty, and carrying a beautiful banner.

The Senate-chamber at the Capitol was meanwhile filled to overflowing, and nearly all of the prominent dignitaries of the country were present. On one side, Scott, Gaines, Macomb and Wool were the leaders of a brilliant group of officers in full uniform, calling up associations connected with our proud days of triumph, whilst on the opposite side of the hall were the nominated members of the Cabinet, inspiring anguries not less cheering of future prosperity and glory. The diplomatic corps made a striking appearance, half covered with the richest embroidery in gold and silver and the insignia of their various orders, while near them, and in strong contrast with them, were the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, wearing black silk robes.

At twelve o'clock John Tyler, Vice-President-elect, took his oath of office, and was escorted to the chair, where he delivered his brief inaugural address with great dignity. Soon after he had concluded General Harrison entered the Senate-chamber and took the seat assigned for him. His bodily health appeared to be perfect, and there was an alertness in his movements which was quite astonishing, considering his advanced age, the multiplied hardships through which he had passed, and the fatigues he had lately undergone.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Useful Family Clock.

MR. DARIUS L. GOFF has at his home on Walcott Street a remarkable clock. The clock in the first place has a history, being an heirloom of the Carpenter family of Rehoboth, in whose possession it has been for at least two hundred years, and perhaps longer. It came in possession of Mr. Goff a few years ago, he being a connection of the family, and since his ownership of it it has developed powers which for two centuries had lain dormant and unknown. It is an old-style, tall clock, and occupies a position in the front hall of Mr. Goff's house, where it regulates the entire household. The clock never requires winding, the front door as it is opened and shut during the day performing that work. Within the dial is also an ingenious mechanism by which the light in the front hall is turned up as darkness approaches, and again is lowered as the orthodox bedtime draws nigh. As morning dawns, and it is time that the servants bestirred themselves, the faithful clock rings a bell in the back hall, summoning them to their daily labors. An hour later a bell in the front hall warns the family that it is time to rise, and a half hour still later another peal of the bell summons them to breakfast. Beside these arrangements, the clock is connected with another in Mr. Goff's sleeping-room, whereby the two are struck simultaneously. All these ingenious attachments, in which of course the aid of electricity is invoked, are the invention of Mr. Goff himself. Among other things he has invented a very serviceable machine, which is in use in the braid factory in which he is interested, for winding the braid upon the spool or core. In the office of the company is also a thermometer with electrical attachment so arranged that a bell is rung when the temperature of the room is above or below a certain point.—*Pawtucket (R. I.) letter to Providence Journal.*

The Influence of the Watermelon.

BOTH the School of Philosophy of Concord and Gen. Le Duc forwarded communications to the Limekiln Club, inquiring what influence watermelons had been found to exert on the feelings of members of the club. The query calling for a general discussion, the members were asked to give their views.

Sorghum Harris said that one big watermelon had cured him of consumption after the doctors had told him that he must die.

Nevertheless Brown had always noticed that whenever anybody around the market gave him a melon he had scarcely devoured it before he had an almost uncontrollable desire to go out and steal a larger and riper one. He believed that the watermelon had done more to tempt the colored race to steal than all other fruit combined.

The Rev. Penstock said that watermelon always had a soothing influence on him, and the bigger the melon the greater the soothe.

It was just the other way with Carnivorous White. After eating his fill of the lusicous fruit he always felt like going in with the Mayor to break up a ward caucus.

More than a score of opinions were advanced pro and con, and the President finally closed the discussion by saying:

"De Seckretary will announce to de effeck dat de club am unable to agree on de pertickler effeck produced on de mental an' fizical system, but it at de same time advises de public at large not to let a single mellyon go to waste in dis kentry for de want of pickin' up."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fall and Winter Fashions.

THE styles of wraps and mantles are so varied, the individual taste of each fair wearer can assert itself and yet find its result within the limits of the *mode*. Coats, in jacket shape, will be worn, as well as dolmans and circulars; and ulsters—that "last, best gift to woman"—will be as popular as ever. Fitted with pockets and a gayly-lined hood, and closely resembling a complete costume, they are invaluable and almost a necessity.

In mantles, the shapes are similar to those of the spring, and are fastened in front with strings which confine the long tab ends. These ends are heavily trimmed with jet embroidery to keep them in place. The mantles are elegantly lined with twilled silk and satin of heliotrope and old gold, and elaborately trimmed with jet embroidery and lace, with fringes of mixed jet and silk. Gilt is also introduced into the fringe.

The "jersey"—a garment which was made fashionable in London by the Princess of Wales, and then worn in Paris—bids fair to be equally popular with our young ladies and married belles. It is smooth-fitting, of heavy woven silk, buttons or laces at the back, and comes in all fashionable shades. With a hood it is a little more appropriate for a street garment.

A cashmere jacket, elegantly trimmed with jet, and laced at the back, is similar in effect, and is also the present style.

Black silk jackets, with cuffs, collars and *revers* of black velvet, either plain or illuminated, will be found useful and stylish, as well as pretty.

Jackets or deep basques of Persian brocade, made perfectly plain, with handsome buttons for ornaments, are very stylish for young ladies, and are worn with plain skirts of velvet or silk.

Bonnets for autumn wear will be of coarse straw, either white, black, old-gold, or fancy-mixed. Later in the season uncut velvet will be much used in the formation of bonnets, which will be worn larger and more in the coal-scuttle shape, made so familiar to us in the old fashions of our grandmothers. Straws are making their appearance already, with very wide poke brims, lined with gay colors in satin and trimmed with large bows of ribbon, which exceeds in variety and elegance anything manufactured in that line for a long period; indeed, the change in ribbons is more manifest than in dress material even. They are in every shade, or, rather, mixed shades, and in their patterns run threads of gold and silver, rendering them both costly and gorgeous. The width varies from three to five inches, and they are figured, diagonally striped and polka dotted, as well as striped both through the length and width. Old-gold satin ribbons are shown polka dotted in gilt, and polka dots and stripes of velvet also are shown on a surface of satin. Elegant dark ribbons, in Oriental shades, and mixed tones, heavily threaded with gilt, compete with the gayer Japanese styles, which show birds, landscapes and flowers. Tulips and clover-leaves, birds and sprays of flowers are also shown, faithfully reproduced, and diagonal stripes of velvet cross a satin background, filled in with spots of gold. Wide crimson plush with a narrow border is seen, and a very rich ribbon is a soft cardinal satin, with old-gold diagonal on the other side. The revival of an old and pretty style is shown in a very narrow satin ribbon, sprigged, at intervals, with small gay figures, and a border of white gauze on each side, closely imitating lace These are intended to plait as trimmings. Another exquisite ribbon, intended more for trimming dresses, is a wide two-inch galloon, closely resembling frosted gold and silver. Other shades, as rose-pink, and changeable green and scarlet, are produced, as well as heliotrope in all its shades. Sash ribbons, for children, are also shown, in all shades of satin, both plain and figured. Gros-grain sashes are no longer worn.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

A New Cure For Nihilism.

COUNT LORIS MELIKOFF, on receiving the appointment to the high position he holds, resolved to put an end to Nihilism in a practical, business-like manner. One of the first steps consisted in opening negotiations with two Nihilists of high rank, who were confined at Fort Paul. After personally communicating with the prisoners he released them from confinement. At the same time they received a pledge from Count Melikoff that the persons whose names had been divulged as being prominent among the Nihilists should not be harmed in any way whatsoever. Count Melikoff adhered to the pledge, and it enabled him still further to penetrate into the secrets of other persons. The question was how further to employ these persons, who belonged to that intelligent but indigent class of persons so numerous throughout Russia, in order to render them harmless. One after the other the persons were secretly invited to enter into arrangements in good Russian fashion. No one had a knowledge of the other's doings or whereabouts. By far the larger number of persons were sent out of the country in secrecy as political agents to Roumelia, Servia, Greece and Constantinople; while others were retained on stipends until an opportunity for employment should offer. They may be seen moving about freely. In conversation with others they profess to favor Panslavism to the last; but they assert it is essential for Russia to solve the problem of forming a union among all Slavs; that being accomplished, the great measure of reform may be attempted.

GENERAL.

AT some of the fashionable funerals in New York two or three furniture wagons had to be hired to carry the floral decorations to the cemetery.

A BEE-STING caused the horses of Mrs. O. W. Wilsen and Miss McGaghey's carriage to plunge down a steep bank at Newcastle, Cal. The ladies escaped with slight injuries, but the horses were killed and the buggy wrecked.

THE passes of officials of the State railways in India are made of gold or silver. The General Manager, who has the freedom of all the lines, wears a gold pass on his watch-chain, about the size of a $20 gold piece. His subordinates wear silver.

THE port of Guaymas, the Mexican terminus of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, on the Pacific coast, is all aboom with bustling preparations for the great changes so close at hand. Property has advanced 300 per cent., and hundreds of Italians are grading the roadways, depots and wharves.

A LADY at White Sulphur Springs, when asked by a reporter for a description of her dress, said: "I don't wear a very handsome costume, but I have the nicest husband and two of the sweetest children in the room." For sound sense and happy fortune she deserves to rank with the mother of the Gracchi.

AT a ball given on board ship by the officers of the British war vessels Calcutta and Excellent, the decks were put into good condition for dancing by sailors, who, before the arrival of the guests, danced on them some hours with vigor to the music of whistles and other instruments played by the officers quite *a la Pinafore*.

THE widow of Charles De Long, formerly a minister to Japan, has a cup and saucer which were presented to her husband by the Mikado. They are of jade, a dark green ware, regarded by the Japanese as possessing miraculous powers. They are valued at about $1,000. A Chinese visitor stole them from Mrs. De Long, in San Francisco, but she found them in a pottery store.

FROM Mayor Harrison's speech at Chicago, on the occasion of the dinner given by visiting Baltimore Masons: "Baltimore was the first large city I ever saw. As a boy I went to it. Walking along Baltimore Street, seeing its beautiful women, oh, how I wished I were a man! I did not visit it again for long years. A little while ago I went to it. Gray hairs were upon me. I walked along Baltimore Street and saw its women, and said, "Oh, how I wish I were a boy!"

THE annual number of deaths among persons engaged in sorting camel's hair, alpaca and mohair wool is so large as to have led to an inquiry into the causes of such mortality. The inhalation of dust and fine hair, as well as the exhalations of decomposing animal matter, produce a low form of pneumonia, which becomes rapidly fatal. Of nine woolsorters in the same room, three died within about a month of each other after a short illness. They had previously been healthy men and lived miles apart.

THERE is a story that the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Sutherland were once traveling together by rail, when a commercial traveler entered the carriage. The new comer took his share in general conversation till one of *the* peers got out at a station. The commercial traveler then asked his companion if he knew who the "party" was, and enlightened exclaimed, "Dear me! was that really the Duke of ——? Just think of his talking in that there affable way to a couple of little cads like you and me!"

THOSE who attend church services sometimes suffer annoyance from a failure to catch the number of the hymn by reason of the imperfect enunciation of the clergyman. In the First Methodist Episcopal Church in New Haven, Conn., the numbers of the hymns to be sung are posted in neat gilt figures on one of the central pillars of the organ front. The present pastor of that church is a model in distinctness of utterance, but if any auditor, from a defective sense of hearing or other cause, should fail to understand the number, he has only to glance at the figures on the organ.

IN the spring of 1873 some intelligent women of a New England village announced that on a day named there would be the best dinner they could prepare for men who would come for a day's tree planting. The result was the setting out of thirty trees. The year 1874 was dry, and anxiety was felt about the trees. A few were cared for by those who lived near to them, but twenty-three remained to be looked after. Twelve women induced a man to send his horse with a water barrel, and with their own hands they gave to each tree a barrel, and saved it. This is a proceeding which deserves wide imitation.

A FUNNY scene took place not long ago in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Elcho rose at the same moment to present petitions. After the usual amount of courtesy between the two gentlemen, each offering to give way to the other, Lord Elcho sat down and Mr. Gladstone had his turn first. Thereupon he presented a long petition from tenant-farmers of Haddingtonshire, Lord Elcho's constituency, against the hares and rabbits bill. This raised a laugh, for the noble lord is a most sturdy opponent of the bill. But the laugh had hardly died away when Lord Elcho rose in his turn and presented a petition *against* the bill from Sir Thomas Gladstone, the Prime Minister's oldest brother. It is needless to say that the House saw the fun of the incident and made the most of it.

Effect of Music.

CLINICAL Professor (surrounded by medical students at the bedside of a patient)—"What is your profession?"

Patient—"A musician, sir."

Professor (turning to his pupils)—"As you see, gentlemen, this poor man has an affection of the lungs. Here is an opportunity of proving to you the truth of all that I have told you so frequently in the lecture-room, viz., that the fatigue and the effort of the respiratory organs in blowing a musical instrument are frequently the cause of the illness from which this man is suffering." Then again addressing the sick person: "What instrument do you play?"

Patient—"The cymbals and the big drum, sir."—[Tableau.]

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A FIELD LILY.

Up on the moors, where rocks and moss make room
For a small pool to lurk and hide away,
A tall Field Lily waved her scarlet plume
And waxed in grace and beauty day by day.

Each morning saw her higher, fairer grown;
Each evening deepened her resplendent hue;
Stately and bright she stood and smiled alone
And held her chalice out to sun and dew.

Day by day she smiled there, heeding not
That the hot summer waned and waxed apace;
Dream-folded, like the Lady of Shalott,
Unconscious of her loneliness and grace.

At last her petals fell, the bare, green stem
Alone remained where the red plume had tossed,
And Summer laughed, regardless that a gem
From off her vesture had been dropped and lost.

Was, then, the Lily wasted? Ah! no waste
Nature's sweet sovereignty permits or knows;
Her hand unerring planned, directed, placed
Exactly where each subject blossom grows.

The pool was happier that it glassed a flower;
Ills dark face quickened with a kindly beam,
And not a cloud floated the hill-top o'er
But smiled to see the Lily in her dream.

What though her brief day found its speedy eve
Unseen, unpraised by human voice and eye;
The Lily had her friends to love, to grieve—
Had lived her life and was content to die.

—*Susan Coolidge, in the N. Y. Independent.*

EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE.

A Tale of the Pacific.

Of the group commonly called the Santa Barbara Islands, so near the main-land that on the map they seem mere crumbs of the Pacific coast, little is known even by Californians. Scarcely an American but has read of the tropical islands where the mythical Robinson Crusoe was wrecked, yet few persons know that over the desolate steeps of a nearer island of the same vast sea hang the mystery, the horror and the pathos of a story of a captive woman; a story, if it could be fully told, more thrilling than that of Crusoe, inasmuch as one is fiction, the other fact; one, the supposed exploits of a hardy man, the other, the real desolation of a suffering woman; one, the tale of a mariner whom the waters flung against his will into a summer-land, the other, of one who voluntarily breasted the waves, and fought death, in response to the highest love of which the human heart is capable.

In the year 1835, Isaac Sparks and Lewis L. Burton, Americans, chartered a schooner of twenty tons' burthen, for otter-hunting on the lower California coast. The vessel was owned by a a rich Spaniard of Monterey, and was commanded by Captain Charley Hubbard. The schooner bore the name *Peor es Nada*, and she started out of Santa Barbara harbor on a fine April morning, followed by the eyes of the entire population. In those times the sight of a sailing vessel was not an every-day occurrence. It drew the men to the beach, the women to the casements, and attracted the friars from their usual meditative gaze on ground or book. For hours previous to the departure of the schooner, the curving stretch of sand had been alive with racing horsemen and lazy pedestrians, exchanging, in Spanish, words of praise concerning their visitor.

After a successful cruise, the *Peor es Nada* came, three months later, into the more southerly harbor of San Pedro, unloaded her pelts, and immediately, under direction of Capt. Williams, Collector of the Port, set sail for San Nicolas to bring the islanders to the main-land, in accordance with the will of the church fathers. Before they reached their destination a sudden gale came up, rising almost to the severity of a tempest. The winds—which by the Santa Ynez Mountains are deflected from the valleys of the southern coast—struck with full force upon the upper end of San Nicolas, lashing the shoal waters into fury, and shooting the spray in volleys through the picturesque carvings of the low cliffs. The landing was effected with difficulty. The wind increased in violence. The weather became so boisterous as to endanger the safety of the vessel. No time was wasted. The islanders, some twenty in number, were hurried into the boats and all speed was made to reach the schooner.

In the excitement and confusion of the final abandonment of their home, it was not known until they were on the ship that a child had been left behind. The mother supposed it to have been carried aboard in the arms of an old sailor. She frantically implored the men to return. The Captain replied that they must get to a place of safety; after the storm—to-morrow, perhaps—they would come back for the baby. Finding that they were going out to sea, the young mother became desperate, and, despite all efforts to detain her, jumped overboard and struck out through the kelpy waters for the shore. She was a widow, between twenty and thirty years of age, of medium height and fine form; her complexion was light, and her hair of a dark rich brown. No attempt was made to rescue her, and in a moment she was lost in the seething waves. The ship, already under headway, staggered through the storm; the affrighted islanders huddled together on deck, and fear shut every other emotion for the time from their hearts.

After an adventurous voyage, the *Peor es Nada* eventually reached San Pedro, where the exiles were landed. Some of them were sent to Los Angelos, fifteen miles back from the coast; some were put to work in the neighboring mission of San Gabriel; two of the women were soon married to wealthy men of Los Angelos.

It was the intention of Captain Hubbard to return to San Nicolas immediately, to see if the woman or child were living. But the schooner had orders to come direct to Santa Barbara, to take George Nidiver and a party of otter-hunters to Santa Rosa Island; afterward, carry from Monterey a cargo of timber to San Francisco. The boat was in urgent demand along the coast, and these two trips were imperative before a second visit could be made to San Nicolas. Delaying their errand of humanity and justice a few weeks, they lost it forever; for on that very trip the *Peor es Nada* capsized at the entrance to the Golden Gate. The men were washed ashore in an almost exhausted condition, and the schooner drifted out to sea. It was reported long after, though without confirmation, to have been picked up by a Russian ship.

After the loss of the Monterey schooner, there was no craft of any kind larger than the canoes and fishing-boats on the lower coast. No one cared to attempt a passage of seventy miles to San Nicolas in an open boat, and after a time the excitement and interest faded out. Those who at first had been most solicitous that assistance should be sent, settled into the belief that the couple had perished during the days of waiting; the remainder of the community, never having believed that the woman had reached shore through the storm, were indifferent, supposing that the child had died soon after the tragic death of the mother.

Their uncertain fate lay heavy on the more tender-hearted of the Mission fathers; but it was not until 1850 that Father Gonzales found an emissary to search for the lost. Thomas Jeffries had come into possession of a small schooner, and was offered $200 should he find and bring the woman or child to Santa Barbara alive. Fifteen years having passed since the abandonment of the island and no one having visited the spot during that time, the probability of the death of the parties was universally accepted, although no actual proof of death had been sought or found.

But when Thomas Jeffries's boat was seen, at the close of a balmy day of midwinter, coming up the bay without the signal he was to have displayed provided his search had been successful, the matter was settled. Groups of persons congregated on the sands. Some watched from shore the small craft fold her wings and settle to rest on the mirror-like water, others put off in canoes to meet the boatmen, and gossip concerning the trip. Jeffries had found no trace of living beings on the island, and whether the woman had been beaten to death in the surf, or died after gaining the land, would probably never be known. The schooner was left idly rocking close to shore; sailors and landsmen strolled slowly up to the town. Night mantled the moaning waters, and the great deep was left in possession of another secret.

The return of Jeffries brought up the incident which by some had been almost forgotten. For a few hours, little was talked of save the heroic young mother and her child in the sea-girt isle.

Time passed swiftly on, and in the dreamy full contentment of the land the dead woman of San Nicolas slipped from mind, and thought, and speech.

Tom Jeffries's visit to San Nicolas was the theme of more than one day's gossip. The island he described as seven or eight miles long, by three or four in width; the body of the land near six hundred feet above the beach, the plateau falling in steep gulches to the sea. So fabulous were his yarns, that the interest of the other hunters was aroused, and early in the following year a boat was fitted out, and George Nidiver, accompanied by Thomas Jeffries and a crew of Indians, started on an otter hunt to the wonderful otter-beds seventy miles away.

A landing was effected near the southern end of the island, and, climbing the cliffs to see where the otter lay, they had a magnificent view of the islands to the north and east.

The otter-hunters did not linger long on the cliff, for on one side they found the rocks swarming with black seal, thousands of them mingling their sharp bark with the heavy roar of sea-lions. The otter were thick on the reefs, and a stranded whale lay in the edge of the crinkling surf. The party remained six weeks in camp on the beach.

Before the schooner left the vicinity of San Nicolas, a terrible storm arose, lasting for eight days, carrying away a mast and dragging the anchor, so that another had to be improvised of a bag filled with stone. During the tempest, a sailor fancied he saw a human figure on the headland of the island. Through the washes of spray it seemed to be running up and down the edge of the plateau, beckoning and shouting. The Captain was called, but the apparition had vanished. On the eighth day, the schooner was enabled to run over to San Miguel, and from there to Santa Barbara, where the sailor's story of the beckoning ghost of San Nicolas haunted for a long time the dreams of the superstitious on shore.

A second cruise of the otter-hunters failed to bring any additional news of the phantom of the sea. Everything on land was just as before; not a leaf had been disturbed, not a track was found.

In July, 1853, the otter-men made a third trip to San Nicolas, anchored off the northeast side, and established a camp on shore. The party consisted of Captain Nidiver, a fisherman named Carl Detman, who went among sailors by the *sobriquet* of Charlie Brown, an Irish cook and a crew of Mission Indians.

The evening after their arrival, Nidiver and Brown strolled several miles down the beach, enjoying their pipes and discussing plans for work. It was one of those limpid nights, such as California knows—a night when the stars shine large and warm from the low sky, when the moon burns with an amber blaze, and fragrance is in the air.

As the comrades were about to retrace their steps, Nidiver stopped, looked quickly about him, then stooped and closely examined something on the ground. In the weird moonlight, plainly outlined on the lonely shore, was the print of a slender, naked foot.

"The woman of San Nicolas! My God, she is living!"

He lifted his voice, and shouted in Spanish that friends were come to rescue her. Overcome by the conviction that the lost woman must have been near when he was in camp two years before—that it was not a creation of fancy, but a living being, they had seen in the storm—the Captain ran to and fro, calling, looking and swearing by turns. Hours were spent by the two men in search, but in vain.

The next day, Nidiver found a basket of rushes hanging in a tree. It contained bone needles, thread made of sinews, shell fish-hooks, ornaments, and a partially completed robe of birds' plumage, made of small squares neatly matched and sewed together. Nidiver proposed replacing the things, but Brown scattered them about, saying that, if they were picked up, it would be proof that the owner had visited the spot. Inland they discovered several circular, roofless inclosures, made of woven brush. Near these shelters were poles, with dried meat hanging from elevated cross-pieces. The grass was growing in the pens, and nothing indicated their recent habitation. In fissures of perpendicular rocks near the springs were wedged dried fish and seals' blubber; but no sign of the near presence of the hermitess.

After several days, the men abandoned the chase. There was no doubt that some one had been on the island very lately. Either the woman, or the child grown to womanhood, had lived there, or, perhaps, both mother and child had survived until recently. But they must have been dead months at least. The footprint was older than at first supposed. The robe had not been replaced in the tree. The captive perchance died of despair after they left her beckoning in the storm.

After that, the fishing went on for weeks, and they were about returning home, when Nidiver said he believed a person was hiding on the island. If she was living he was bound to find her. If dead, he would find her body if he had to scrape the island inch by inch. This provoked a laugh of derision. Of course the wild dogs had devoured her remains. But Nidiver was convinced that the woman was afraid; had concealed herself, possibly on the opposite side of the island, where the shore was precipitous, difficult of access, containing perhaps gulches and caves unknown to them. The men murmured at the delay, were incredulous as to the success of the raid, rebelled at the long tramps over a wild country.

The old Captain was firm; suitable preparations were made, and the entire force of otter-men started on their final hunt for a ghost. Near the head of the island they came across the bone house Jeffries had described. Rushes were skillfully interlaced in the rib frame-work, an olla and old basket were near the door. It stood amidst untrampled weeds. After several days' march, a dangerous climb over slippery rocks brought Brown to a spot where there were fresh footprints. He followed them up the cliffs until they were lost in the thick moss that covered the ground. Walking further he found a piece of driftwood, from which he concluded the person had been to the beach for fire-wood, and dropped the faggot on her way home. From a high point on the ridge he saw the men moving about below. Then his eye caught a small object a long way off on the hills. It appeared like a crow at first glance, but it moved about in a singular manner. Advancing toward it stealthily, he was dumfounded to find that it was the head of a woman, barely visible above the low woven-brush sides of her roofless retreat in the brush.

As Brown drew nearer, a pack of dogs reclining close to the woman growled; but without looking around the woman uttered a peculiar cry which silenced them, and they ran away to the hills. Brown halted within a few yards of her, and, himself unseen, watched every movement within the hut. Inside the inclosure was a mound of grass, woven baskets full of things, and a rude knife made of a piece of iron hoop, thrust into a wooden handle. A fire smoldered near, and a pile of bones lay in the ashes. The complexion of the woman was much fairer than the ordinary Indian, her personal appearance pleasing, features regular, her hair, thick and brown, falling about her shoulders in a tangled mat. From the time Brown arrived within hearing, she kept up a continual talking to herself. She was leaning forward, shading her eyes with her hand, watching the men crossing the flat below her dwelling. After looking at them with an anxiety impossible to be depicted, she crouched in terror, but immediately started up as if to run. The men on the flat had not seen her, and Brown, putting his hat on the ramrod of his gun, alternately lifted and lowered it to attract their attention, then by signs he intimated that the woman was found, and they should spread out so as to catch her if she tried to escape. Before the men reached the knoll, Brown stepped around in sight and spoke. She gave a frightened look into his face, ran a few steps, but, instantly controlling herself, stood still, and addressed him in an unknown tongue. She seemed to be between forty and fifty years of age, in fine physical condition, erect, with well formed neck and arms and unwrinkled face. She was dressed in a tunic-shaped garment made of birds' plumage; low in the neck, sleeveless, and reaching to the ankle. The dress was similar to the one found in the tree. As the men came up, she greeted them each in the way she had met Brown, and with a simple dignity, not without its effect on both Indians and white men, made them welcome and set about preparing food for them from her scanty store. The meal consisted of roasted roots, called by Californians *carcomites*; but when was there known a more touching hospitality?

Among the Indian crew there were several dialects spoken, but none of the party were able to converse with their hostess, or understand a word she uttered, and they were forced to try and make her know by signs that she was expected to go with them. Brown went through the motion of packing her things in baskets, shouldering them, and walking toward the beach. She comprehended instantly, and made preparations to depart. Her effects were neatly placed in pack-baskets, one of which she swung over her back, and, taking a burning stick from the fire, she started with a firm tread after the Indians to the shore. Beside the load the female Crusoe carried, Nidiver and Brown had their arms full. Upon reaching the boat, she entered without hesitation, going forward to the bow, kneeling and holding to either side. When the schooner was reached, she went aboard without any trouble, sat down near the stove in the cabin, and quietly watched the men in their work on board. To replace her feather dress, which he wished to preserve, Brown made her a petticoat of ticking; and with a man's cotton shirt and gay neckerchief, her semi-civilized dress was complete. While Brown was sewing she watched him closely, and laughed at his manner of using a needle. She showed him that her way was to puncture the cloth with her bone needle, or awl, and then put the thread through the perforations. She signified that she wished to try a threaded needle, and Brown good-naturedly gave her sewing materials, but she could not thread the needle. Brown prepared it, and gave her an old cloak of Nidiver's to mend, and, while she took her first lesson in sewing, she told her teacher on shipboard, by signs, portions of her life on the island.

She had from time to time seen ships pass, but none came to take her off. She watched as long as she could see them, and, after they were out of sight, she threw herself on the ground and cried, but after a time she walked over the island until she forgot about it and could smile again. She had also seen people on the beach several times. She was afraid and hid until they were gone, and then wept because she had not made herself known. She said that he had taken her by surprise and she could not run, and she was glad because he would take her to her people; her people had gone away with white men in a ship. Brown understood by her signs that at the time of the desertion of the island she had a nursing baby, which she represented by sucking her finger, and placing her arm in position of holding an infant at the breast; she waved her hand over the sea, to indicate that the ship sailed away, calling back "*Manana*" (to-morrow), then she could not find her child, and wept until she was very ill, and lay prostrate for days, in a bed of plants resembling cabbage, and called by Californians "*Sola Santa.*" She had nothing to eat but the leaves. When she revived somewhat, she crawled to a spring, and after a time, as her strength returned, she made a fire by rapidly rubbing a pointed stick along the groove of a flat stick until a spark was struck. It was a difficult task, and she was careful not to let her fire go out; she took brands with her on trips, and covered the home fire with ashes to preserve it.

She lived during her captivity on fish, seals' blubber, roots and shell-fish; and the birds, whose skins she secured for clothing, were sea-birds, which she caught at night off their roosts in the seams of the crags. The bush inclosures she made for a screen from the winds, and as a protection while asleep from wild animals. She made frequent excursions over the island from her main dwelling, which was a large cave on the north side of San Nicolas. She kept dried meat at each camping-station; the food in the crevices by the springs was for the time when, from sickness or old age, she would only be able to crawl to the water and live on what she had there stored out of reach of the dogs.

That the woman had faith in a supreme power was evidenced soon after the schooner set sail from the fishing-grounds. A gale overtook them, and the passenger made signs that she would stop the wind. With her face turned in the direction from which the storm came, she muttered words of prayer until the wind had abated, then turned with a beaming countenance and motioned that her prayer had been answered. They anchored under the lee of Santa Cruz, where the woman was highly interested in seeing another island than her own. When they approached the shores of Santa Barbara, an ox-team passed along the beach. The stranger was completely bewildered. Capt. Nidiver's son, who had been on the lookout for his father's sail, rode down to the landing on a handsome little bronco. The islander, who had just stepped ashore was wild with delight. She touched the horse and examined the lad, talking rapidly, and if the sailors turned away, calling to them to come back and look. Then she tried to represent the novel sight by putting two fingers of her right hand over the thumb of her left, moving them to imitate the horse walking.

Captain Nidiver conducted the woman to his home, and put her in charge of his Spanish wife. The news spreading, Father Gonzales, of Santa Barbara Mission, came to see her; many persons gathered from the ranches round about, and the house was crowded constantly. The brig Fremont came into port soon after, and the Captain offered Nidiver the half of what he would make if he would allow her to be exhibited in San Francisco. This offer was refused, and also another from a Captain Trussil. Mrs. Nidiver would not hear of the friendless creature being made a show for the curious.

The bereft mother evinced the greatest fondness for Mrs. Nidiver's children, caressing and playing with them by the hour, and telling the lady, by signs, that when she swam back to the shore her baby was gone, and she believed the dogs had eaten it. She went over, again and again, her grief at its loss; her frantic search for it, even after it had been gone a long time; her dread of being alone; her hope, for years, of rescue, and at last the despair that in time became resignation.

The visitors sometimes gave her presents, which she put aside until the donors had departed, seeming to know by intuition that they would be offended if she refused to accept them; but as soon as the guests were gone she called the little children, and distributed her gifts among them, laughing if they were pleased, and happy in their joy.

A few days after her arrival, Father Antonio Jimeno sent for Indians from the missions of San Fernando and Santa Ynez, in hope of finding some one who could converse with the islander. At that time there were Indians living in Los Angelos County, belonging to the Tepimaros, who, it was said, had in former years communication with the San Nicolas Indians. But neither these, nor those from Santa Buena Ventura, or Santa Barbara, could understand her, or make themselves understood. In less than two decades after the little hand had left San Nicolas, there whereabouts could not be discovered. They were a mere drop in the stream of serfs known by the general name of Mission Indians. Beyond a few words, nothing was ever known of her tongue. A hide she called *to-co* (*to*-kay); a man, *nache* (nah-chey); the sky, *te*-gua (tay-gwah); the body, *pinche*, (pin-oo-chey). She learned a few Spanish words: *pan* (bread), *papas*, (potatoes), *caballo* (horse). Sometimes she called Captain Nidiver in Spanish, *tata*, (father), sometimes *nana* (mother).

The gentleness, modesty and tact of the untutored wild woman of the Pacific were so foreign to ideas of the savage nature, that some parties believed that she was not an Indian, but a person of distinction cast away by shipwreck and adopted by the Islanders before their removal from their home. Others were certain, from her evident refinement, that she had not been long alone, but had drifted to San Nicolas after the Indian woman perished in the surf, and had by mistake been taken for the original savage. The old sailors who rescued her affirm that she was an Indian, the same who jumped from the schooner to save her child. The representative of a lost tribe, she stands out from the Indians of the coast, the possessor of noble and distinctive traits; provident, cleanly, tasteful, amiable, imitative, considerate, and with a maternal devotion which civilization has never surpassed.

She was greatly disappointed when none of her kindred were found. She drooped under civilization; she missed the out-door life of her island camp. After a few weeks she became too weak to walk; she was carried on to the porch every day in a chair. She dozed in the sunshine, while the children played around her. She was patient and cheerful, looking eagerly into every new face for recognition, and sometimes singing softly to herself. Mrs. Nidiver hoped a return to her old diet would help her. She procured seal's meat, and roasted it in ashes. When the sick woman saw it, she patted her nurse's hands affectionately, but could not eat the food. She fell from her chair one morning, and remained insensible for hours. Seeing the approach of death, Mrs. Nidiver sent for a priest to baptize her protege. At first he refused, not knowing but that she had been baptized previously, although the burden of proof was against it. At length, heeding the kind Catholic lady's distress, he consented to administer the rite, conditionally. As she was breathing her last, the sign of the cross was pressed on her cold brow, and the unknown and nameless creature was christened by Father Sanchez, in the beautiful Spanish "Juana Maria." In a walled cemetery, from whose portals gleam ghastly skull and cross-bones, close to the Santa Barbara Mission, under the shelter of the tower, is the neglected grave of a devoted mother, the heroine of San Nicolas.

The abandonment of San Nicolas occurred forty-six years ago. The survivor of eighteen years' solitary captivity arrived in Santa Barbara the 8th of September, 1853. Captain Nidiver's house, where the stranger died, stands in sight of the ocean, and can be pointed out by any school-boy in town. Nidiver and his wife are living, and their son George follows the sea, as his father did before him. Carl Detman, or Charlie Brown, as he is called by the old sailors, may be found any day where the retired boatmen congregate. Thomas Jeffries walks the streets in blouse, wide hat, and flowing gray hair. Dr. Brinkerhoff, who attended the woman of San Nicolas, is a well known physician of the city. Father Gonzales died a few years ago, after a continuous residence of more than a quarter of a century in the Mission. For a long time he was partially paralyzed, and was carried about in a chair. I remember him as a little dark man, with eyes that blazed unnaturally from sunken sockets, his appearance rendered more startling by a white turban bound around his head. He is buried under the floor of the old chapel. The rambling mansion on State Street, known as the Park Hotel, may have sheltered tourists who read this account. It was the first brick house built in Santa Barbara, and was the private residence of Isaac Sparks, the lessee of the sail-boat from which, in 1835, the woman jumped overboard. "Burton's Mound," a picturesque knoll, threaded by rows of olive trees, belongs to Lewis L. Burton, another lessee of the *Peor es Nada*. A lady in San Francisco has some of the islander's needles. Nidiver and Brown retain her curious water-tight baskets. The Mission fathers sent her feather robes to Rome. They were made of the satiny plumage of the green cormorant, the feathers pointing downward, and so skillfully matched as to seem one continuous sheen of changeful luster.

The record of baptism is in the church register. Her grave will be pointed out to any one by the Franciscan brothers on the hill.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Health of Children.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a sermon recently on the training of children, from which we extract the following:

Under this general head of health, parents need instruction against the early forcing of their children. It may be bad to force a child prematurely into industries; but children seldom suffer from this cause except in extreme cases. The law of nature is stronger than the law of man in that regard, for the most part. Still, the early forcing of children into industry has been such as to require restraint; and the wisest legislative enactments are those which control factories. But there is one part of the forcing of children which legislation can not very well interfere with, and that is where parents have premature angels born into their families; where parents think, as many do, that they have geniuses born unto them, and where the temptation is so strong to make prodigies of them. Blessed are they who have children so fast that they have no time to pamper any of them. Blessed are they who do not set their affections upon one child, to make him a marvel of early knowledge, of early musical attainments, and of all things under heaven, of early piety. When God made children he made them to be children until they had outgrown childhood; and the attempt to force them in any direction beyond what is proper to that particular time is a violation not only of the law of nature but of the law of common sense and the law of love itself. When, therefore, children are born with large heads it should be the duty of parents to keep those children's heads down. If your children are born with prematurely inquiring minds, bring up their bodies as fast and as far as you possibly can. Where the head largely predominates in children the brain will slay them. The very first diseases in the cases of children whose heads predominate will be diseases of nervous sensibility or morbidity.

So we see that death takes the best, the most charming, the most beautiful children. Hence early genius is a thing not to be rejoiced over but to be afraid of. See that your children are kept down to animal conditions so that the brain shall not destroy them. Do not force them. If there is one thing that public sentiment might very well be restrained about, it is this. Bringing out five-year-old Mozarts and Handels, bringing out boy preachers, and all such monstrosities, is a thing that appeals to the morbid admiration of communities; and people flock to see them; and it is remunerative to the vanity, or to the pocket, or both, of the parents. So, very soon, the child is pumped dry, and he grows up a fool, or else he dies—which is the better alternative of the two.

Our Young Folks.

MAKING A MAN.

Every boy *desires* to become a man.

The superior size of the man, his superior strength and independence, as well as his apparent business advantages, assume the shapes of immense importance to the active imagination of boyhood.

Every boy *expects* to become a man.

From time to time he repeatedly counts over the number of years that will elapse before he is twenty-one.

Quite early in boyhood, the pleasure taken in these "counts" seems greater than in the closing years of his minority. As he gets up higher and higher in his "teens," strange to say, the boy finds his anticipations of being his own master afford him less pleasure than when ten years younger.

He begins to realize that the pleasures of boyhood were brighter because they were so free from the shadows of responsibility; that, after all, it is quite a pleasant thing to possess and enjoy the comforts of a home, without feeling compelled to look after the taxes, or the rent, and perhaps make constant exertion to keep the interest paid up.

He finds it convenient to go to father or mother for all, or part, of the money when he wants a new suit, instead of having to work week after week for somebody who feels very little interest in him, and perhaps then be put off month after month without his pay.

As the boy draws near the time when he is to be considered a man, he perceives that when young men try to get situations, or start into business for themselves, a great many questions are asked about their qualifications, their morals, their past reputation and habits. He finds that some young men, with the best of recommendations, must try a whole year before they succeed in getting a creditable situation, even at a low salary—perhaps four or five dollars a week—scarcely more than enough to pay board.

He realizes that if the young man attempts to start into some business for himself, all others in the same line of business consider him an intruder, who may injure their interests, and they resist his progress by making finer display, by cutting down prices and by diverting from him the patronage.

As the boy draws near manhood, he perceives these unpleasant realities. The beginner, with limited capital and small experience, cannot sustain the strain of losses; nevertheless, he is the first one pounced upon by the beggars who never think of working for their living, and by the frauds who make it a business to buy all they can and get the advantage of all the labor they can, with no intention of paying for them; and although he is now a man, he finds that fortune does not pour money into his hands in the wonderful manner he had read of in fairy tales; but bills must be promptly met, or goods seized, rent must be paid, or levy will be made, license and taxes must be liquidated, and unless he is extremely economical, he will not have enough means left to buy himself even one plain suit a year, while he was accustomed to having two suits every six months when a boy.

What *kind of a man* are you making?

When young men start out in life they need capital. Their father or some friends may be enabled to loan them some money to start into business; but if they are indolent, loving ease rather than work, seeking pleasure instead of attending to duty; if they are careless in regard to small matters and neglect their opportunities to advance their interests; if they are extravagant in their habits and spend money faster than it is earned—it can make little difference whether their capital is small or great; it will be squandered—such men are "failures."

If a young man has cultivated a fondness for theaters, horse-racing, card-playing, drinking and gambling, he has developed into what is called a "fast man"—a man shunned by all good and worthy society—he is a victim of self-ruin. If a young man is a spendthrift, and wastes money upon unworthy objects, and to replenish his supplies manages to procure money that does not belong to him by robbing his employer, embezzling public funds, or forging drafts to be cashed, he also wrecks his manhood and degrades himself to the level of a "jail-bird."

If a man is too lazy to make his living, or having acquired money, spends it so freely he has nothing left to live on, but must be kept by his friends, that man becomes a "sponge;" if he has no friends who will feed and clothe him, but must go from stranger to stranger for sustenance, he is a "beggar;" if he can't do this, it is but a step to the poor-house, and he is a "pauper."

On the other hand, if a young man has acquired habits of industry, economy and sobriety, and has built up for himself a good, substantial moral character, with high ambition and noble purposes, he makes a worthy, successful, respected, honorable citizen—reliable and useful in every relation of life, trusted and revered by all who know him—he is a "manly man."

Who makes the man?

The boy does. But the boy must be helped. Whenever a boy is induced to attend to his work, when he has work to attend to, and attend to lessons when he has lessons to learn, he is being helped to form the industrious habits that shall make him a successful man. Every time a boy is induced to save his money instead of spending it for candy, kites, or other trifles, he is being helped to form habits of economy that shall aid him to become a provident, and perhaps a wealthy, man.

When a boy is taught to appreciate his own home (if it be not an immoral one) instead of renegading from house to house, seeking all sorts of companions, that boy is being helped to form stability of character and a love for a home of his own—and he'll never be without one.

When a boy is denied the gratification of a transient whim, he is being helped to develop the quality of self-denial that shall be the ready helper of his economy, and give him acquiring or building-up capacity.

Whenever a boy is induced to obey the reasonable authority of parents, guardians and teachers, he is forming the habit of obedience to the civil laws of the land when he becomes a man, and learning to cherish an appreciation for the rights and welfare of society. And thus it is that a boy who has the right kind of stuff in him is helped to "make a man" of himself.—*George B. H. Swayze, in Golden Days.*

How the Geese Saved the Baby.

John Evans was raking hay in a field on the south side of his cottage, while his wife was in the dairy printing butter for market. Little Elsy, their two-year-old baby, was playing with blocks on the sitting-room floor, and old Robin Hood, the dog, was asleep on the grass close by the door that opened on the lawn.

The sky was almost cloudless, and the sun blazed warm in the fields.

"Just the weather to make the corn grow," said John Evans, resting a quarter of a minute, and looking contentedly over the wall at his flourishing corn blades, already two good inches at least above those of his rich neighbor, Mr. Haverly.

"Elsy is safe," said Barbara, the trim little house-maid. "I might as well knead up the bread." And she whisked through the sitting-room so fast and with so little noise that Elsy only looked up to see if a bird had flown in over the low half-door.

Tired of her blocks at last, Elsy went and tugged at the door, and made the latch rattle. Robin opened one eye—the one toward the house—and half-cocked an ear. But Elsy kept up the rattle long enough for him to get used to it, and drawing his tail closer under his nose, he ceased paying any attention to the child. He knew she was behind the door. He had done his full duty by standing on his hind-legs against it, and looking to see what she was about before he settled himself for his nap. She rattled the latch every day, but she had never been able to lift it—he needn't have *that* on his mind. So, by-and-by, when the crown of her little white head showed itself above the door Robin was dozing away, more sleepy than ever.

She had pushed her block-box close to the sill, and stepped on it to take another view of the latch. For Elsy was enterprising, and had no more idea than have other two-year-old babies of remaining in ignorance of any new and untried danger. Of course she succeeded at last, and so easily that she pushed the door open and let herself backward down the steps without waking the dog.

The oldest mother goose in the barnyard was as energetic as Elsy. She quacked about among her neighbors until she collected the whole flock, and then matronized them down to the big shallow pond in front of the house. They pottered a good deal on the way among mud-puddles, for there had been a shower the night before.

Dame Evans pottered, too, in the dairy, but that was because pretty Miss Ruth Haverly called to bespeak some of the butter before it should be sent to market, and was trying her hands at the printing. Very soft, white hands they were, and Mrs. Evans enjoyed watching them.

"There," she said, "that one is a beauty!" as Ruth turned one of the yellow balls into a dish. But she never would have allowed anybody else to meddle so with her butter. A spot on the dairy shelf would have been as great a crime as a speck on the snow-white kerchief crossed on her bosom. But no thought would she have taken of the butter, nor even of the dainty Miss Ruth, had she known what Elsy was doing. Nor would Barbara have cared so much about the bread. She was singing and did not hear Elsy fumbling with the door-latch.

But the child had trotted by Robin Hood, down the long path, all the way to the river, and was so pleased at the feat that she laughed aloud. It was the first chance she had ever had to get alone to the river. Somebody had always been on hand to pull her away just in time to save her feet from touching the water. Now they touched it in comfort, and little cool ripples washed over the toes of her stockings—she had pulled her shoes off long ago in the house. She ran up and down the edge of the water a few times, and then began picking up sticks and stray leaves to throw into it. Higher and higher her spirits rose with the sport. If it had not been for Barbara's song Robin would surely have heard Elsy shout. But Robin was lazy in his old age, and was actually snoring. Elsy spied a pretty goose-feather and gave it a toss. The breeze carried it farther out on the water than the small maid intended. But she was fearless, and catching at some cat-tails growing on the bank, she waded in after her feather.

She stumbled over the uneven bottom, and the stones hurt her soft little feet. Down she went, head and all under water, just as the geese came, ready at last for their swim. When they saw Elsy splashing about, they thought she was trespassing. Or perhaps they understood perfectly well that the river, although safe for them, was a dangerous place for the innocent baby. Who knows? Certain it was that, as Elsy went down under the water, the geese flapped their wings, and made a tremendous racket. They made such a noise as never had been heard in the place before. They wakened old Robin at last, and brought him quick as a flash to his post of duty. Oh, he could make noise enough then, to be sure! He could tear round the house like a hurricane, dash down the path and into the water, seize little Elsy's dress, and hold her head above the surface until her father came to the rescue, plunged into the river, and in another minute had borne his darling safely to land. Her bright eyes were closed, and her form lay quite senseless against her father's bosom, while Robin looked up to be sure she was safe, and Barbara ran terrified from the house, her singing silenced at last.

But Elsy opened her eyes again before long. Joy greeted the little life saved, and the mother half smothered old Robin with kisses, in spite of his dripping coat, which utterly ruined her kerchief.

John Evans and his good dame would never have cheated a mouse of its due, yet they petted and honored old Robin as long as he lived, and told children and grandchildren hundreds of times how it was he saved Elsy, when, as sure as anything, the whole credit was due to the geese.—*Mrs. L. G. Morse, in Harper's Young People.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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" six months..... 75

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National Republican Ticket.

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FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
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SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

FOR CONGRESS—SIXTH DISTRICT.
HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY SEPT. 25, 1880.

We have received an invitation to participate in Baltimore's sesquicentennial celebration, on the 11th to the 15th of October.

It is noteworthy that the fusion gains in Maine were in the cities. The returns from the remote and inaccessible counties have been favorable to the Republicans.

The Democrats of Arkansas, true to their party record elsewhere, repudiated their State debt at the late election. Give them a chance and they will repudiate the National debt also.

Both parties in Maryland are anxious for a change. The Republicans want a change in the government of Maryland and the Democrats want a change in the government of the Nation.

The Virginia Funders and Readjusters held a meeting last week with a view to uniting on one electoral ticket for Hancock in that State, but nothing was accomplished. It looks very much as though the vote of that State will be thrown for Garfield.

It seems that the Democratic nominating convention of the 2d Congressional dist. was a little too "previous" in nominating Dr. Shaw. The Dr., strange as it may seem, now declines the nomination and the circus will have to be gone through with again.

The Maine Greenbackers held their State convention at Portland Tuesday. There was much opposition to a Fusion with the Democrats in the electoral ticket, but, the measure being carried, Solon Chase and a large number of delegates held a convention at another hall and chose a full set of Greenback electors. The feeling between the factions is very bitter.

The Value of a Democratic Pledge.

When the control of the United States Senate passed into the hands of the Democrats, they gave out word that Union soldiers on the pay rolls of the Senate, as clerks and other employes, should not be disturbed in their places, except for just cause. But in obedience to the demands of the hungry horde of Democratic place hunters, anxious to serve the country, seventy-nine Union soldiers were discharged and eighty-seven rebel soldiers appointed in their places.

Among the number of discharged Union soldiers we note the following: J. T. Wilson, lower jaw bone shot away; Hudson Decker, disabled in both hands; S. L. Wilson, lost both legs; C. E. Demar, wounded five times, lost an arm, &c., &c.

But notwithstanding the avowed intention to protect the veterans of the Union and retain them in their places, knowing as they surely did, how unpopular the act would be in the North, yet whenever an ex-rebel came along with his credentials, showing what he had done and suffered in his efforts to destroy the Government, Democratic human nature could not resist the touching appeal, and the crippled Union soldier went out and the rebel went in. For example, there was Colonel L. H. Fitzhugh, of Texas; besides having been a colonel in the rebel army, he had taken such a fiendish delight in the assassination of President Lincoln that he named his son after the assassin; he was accordingly made Doorkeeper in the House of Representatives.

It will be observed that they appointed a larger number of ex Confederates than they discharged Unionists. In the House of Representatives, where the Democrats have had control the last five years, the number of clerks and employes has increased from 125, the number employed during the last year of Republican control, to 173; and their pay has increased from $194,190 a year, to $207,798 a year, or $13,600 a year more than when under Republican control. The records furnish significant commentaries on the honesty of Democratic pledges, as well as their ridiculous claims to economy in public expenditures.

It is true they have manifested a zeal worthy of a better cause in their efforts to hunt down and discharge the defenders of the Union and Republicans generally, and have not hesitated to cripple the public service if they could but succeed in discharging Republicans from office; but whenever they have had the power they have appointed a greater number of Democrats and ex-Confederates in their places.

Nobody ever heard of Democrats abolishing an office to be filled by Democrats, or of their discharging Democratic officials because they had nothing to do.

They claim that the Government has the appointing of 100,000 officers. If they should get control of the appointing power and increase officers at the rate they have in the Senate and House of Representatives, instead of a hundred thousand, there will be a hundred and forty thousand officers, and every one of them an ex-Confederate or some other style of Democrat.

The defenders of the Union, maimed for life though they be, must be cast adrift to make room for men whose sole claim to public confidence is that they did their best to overthrow the Government of their country.

The Peril of Democratic Ascendency.

But we are told General Hancock would watch them! An angel might watch a tiger; a child might attempt to divide a beefsteak with a bloodhound; a lamb might lie down with a lion, but the lamb would lie inside. The peril of Democratic ascendency in all the branches of the government is deeper rooted than any measure within the scope of existing public measures. Statesmen abroad talk of "the balance of power," and of "changing the map of Europe." These sayings mean not much more than might easily occur here.

The resolution admitting Texas to the Union in 1847 provided for erecting out of Texas four additional States. The area and population are both sufficient. The area is 274,000 square miles, the population a million and a half. Such a proceeding would add eight to the number of Southern Senators, and add to Southern power in the electoral college. From New Mexico and other territories, whose traditions and prejudices have descended from slave holding influences, several new States may also be made. Schemes exist, not in embryo, but far advanced, to obtain "a slice of Mexico." Cattle stealing on the Rio Grande border has been and is a fruitful occasion for incursion into Mexico. Special cavalry regiments of unusual size have been raised and stationed on the Texan frontier. It is an open secret that not long ago much exertion and alertness were needed to keep us out of another Mexican war.

Without violating the constitution or transcending the usages of the republic, at least seven new States could be brought in, and in the case of some of them a very plausable case could be made. The project would become a high party measure. Its success would assure complete Democratic ascendency in the Nation for a generation at least. It would put the government not merely in the hands of the Democratic party, but of the Southern Democratic party.

Why should not this be done? Who and what is to prevent it if the Democratic party is elected? The Northern wing could never resist the Southern wing in Congress were these new States brought forward for admission. The Northern wing never could, never will and never can withstand the pressure of the far stronger South wing. Gravitation and arithmetic make such resistance impossible, just as a pound cannot outweigh a ton, just as one man cannot outnumber a regiment. The past is pitiful in its warnings in this behalf. Despite pledges and Northern indignation, Northern Democrats in Congress united in voting down the Wilmot proviso in order to make California a slave State; united in voting for the fugitive slave law; united in the mighty perfidy which overthrew the Missouri compromise in order to fasten slavery on Kansas and other States, and united in defeating the homestead law—all at the behest of the Southern majority.

Mr. Van Buren at last, like Macbeth, would "go no further in this bloody business," and political destruction was his reward. Mr. Douglass at last made a brave stand against sectional aggression, and he was hunted to his grave. Caucus is king, and the avenging angel is hardly more inexorable in decree, or more unerring in retribution.—*Senator Conkling's New York Speech.*

Gen. Hancock's Congratulations.

New York Evening Post.

A dispatch from a candidate for President in the middle of a canvass to a candidate for Governor of a State, congratulating him "on the glorious results of his campaign," is, we believe, something without precedent. The words of General Hancock's message to Mr. Plaisted have a flavor of partisan slang; and the whole proceeding will be regarded with curiosity, surprise and regret by members of either party who have observed the excellent taste shown by Gen. Hancock since his nomination.

A strong motive would naturally be suspected for so questionable an act. If Gen. Hancock desired to say something on the questions of the day which he had before omitted he might take such an occasion to say it. There is nothing of this in the dispatch. So far as it makes good any omissions of his letter of acceptance it does so only by inference; and what it supplies is of very doubtful value.

Upon what ground does Gen. Hancock telegraph his congratulations? Upon the supposed election of a Greenbacker as Governor of a State of the East—a part of the country which heretofore has stood as bulwark against financial heresy. Upon the assumed success of a reckless and visionary faction which, if it could have its way, would turn our commercial and industrial system topsy turvy. How do "glorious results" such as these accord with the professions of the Cincinnati platform which Gen. Hancock has approved, particularly the declaration in favor of "honest money?" The congratulations are founded upon the return to Congress of those preposterous, persons, Murch and Ladd, the representation of Maine at Washington by a delegation of which two-fifths are for fiat money and kindred absurdities. The congratulations are founded further upon a popular vote which in effect approves the scandalous frauds perpetrated in last year's election by Governor Garcelon and his companions. How do "glorious results" such as these accord with General Hancock's demand in his letter of acceptance for "a full vote, free ballot and fair count."

The striking feature of the Maine result is that the Greenback vote shows greater stubbornness than anybody expected. In Vermont, the Republicans had to deal with Democrats, and defeated them decisively. In Maine, they had to deal mainly with the Greenback party, and have made but slight gains. The Democrats take to themselves the glory of a fight which they had neither the sincerity nor the pluck to make. The Greenback party, however wild and erroneous its beliefs, does believe something, and is in dead earnest about it, and it has incomparable more power and endurance, therefore, than a party which has no bond of union except greed for office. As the vote in Maine was almost a repetition of the vote in 1879, town for town and county for county, it is certain that about 48,000 Greenback voters and about 22,000 Democratic voters of last year composed the Fusion party, but the proportion of vigor, energy, aggressiveness and sincerity on the Greenback side was altogether greater. In short, both the big end and the fighting end of the Fusion was the Greenback end, and the Republicans of other States may be assured that it will not do to neglect the Greenback force as an important element in the Presidential contest. Not having any victories of their own to shout over, the supporters of Hancock have been disposed to shout over a supposed victory won by the supporters of Weaver. But before the campaign ends they may have occasion to look at the matter in a different light.

In New York and Connecticut, an aggressive, vigorous and resolute Greenback movement will draw off as in Maine, at least five Democratic for one Republican voter. In his speech in New York city on Monday night, General Weaver stated emphatically that there would be no fusion on electoral tickets with any other party, in Maine or any other State. The surprising power which the Greenback party has shown in Maine has been largely due, it is true, to industrial and business conditions peculiar to that State. The great flood-tide of prosperity, which has lifted business in other States, has hardly reached Maine as yet, and it would be a mistake to suppose that the desire for "a change" will be found as strong elsewhere as there. But the Democratic party cannot hope to win if the Greenback workers show as much zeal and energy in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut as they have shown in Maine. As to Indiana, it remains to be seen whether the voters of Greenback opinions will promote the election of the usurer and "bloated bondholder," Mr. English.

There is another element to be noticed in the returns from Maine. The Prohibitionists had nominated a candidate for Governor, who states that he urged all his friends to vote for the Fusion candidates in order to defeat the Republicans. The returns show clearly that almost all of them did so. Prior to the election it was thought that this faction might control as much as 1,500 or 2,000 votes; if it did, the result in the State is entirely due to its peculiar course. Perhaps a sincere and zealous Prohibitionist can explain to himself why he should aid the triumph of the free-liquor party in a State election, but there are not many Democrats or Greenbackers who will expect the aid of voters of that class in a National contest. When Maine votes for Presidential electorals in November, the Prohibitionists who were Republicans will hardly be found voting for General Hancock against General Garfield, and their votes would evidently suffice to turn the scale in Maine, even if the Greenback and Democratic voters should remain united as to electors. With a separate Greenback electoral ticket, which General Weaver declares will be supported, the State will cast its electoral vote for General Garfield beyond a doubt.

What Does He Mean?

General Hancock telegraphed to Mr. Plaisted, the Fusionist claimant for the Maine governorship, on Wednesday, as follows: "Accept my congratulations on the glorious results of your campaign. It will inspire our friends with confidence, and strengthen them in the preliminary battles which remain to be fought elsewhere, and which need all of our forces." It is not inappropriate, perhaps, that a gentleman who revels in the title of "The Superb" should speak of election results as "glorious;" but precisely what he means when he describes the supposed victory of the Fusionists as such is not so clear. The declaration of principles on which the campaign was conducted was that of the Greenback party—the Democrats having dispensed with a platform at their own State convention—and it included among other resolutions one denouncing the national banking system and demanding that the greenback should be made "a full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private," and another advocating the unlimited coinage of silver. Does General Hancock, then, in congratulating Mr. Plaisted on the glorious results of his campaign mean to express his pleasure at the triumph of soft-money heresies? The business men of the country, we fancy, will be specially interested in getting an answer to this question. In the second place, what does General Hancock mean by saying that the election of a Greenback governor in Maine will inspire his friends with confidence in the preliminary battles—that is to say, in the Ohio and Indiana campaigns? General Weaver, who is the regular candidate of the Greenbackers for the presidency, might with great propriety make such an assertion; but unless the rag-money party and the Democratic party are one and the same in the present canvass we do not see with what justice General Hancock can make such a claim. Is it true, then, that the two parties have pooled their issues in Indiana and Ohio as well as in Maine? We fancy the business men of the country will be interested in getting an answer to this question also. Hitherto our Democratic friends have bitterly resented the assertion of the Republican press that the success of their ticket would prove a serious blow to the business interests of the country and have reiterated their professions of devotion to hard-money doctrines with great vehemence. Yet here we have their candidate for the Presidency declaring virtually that the interests of the two parties are identical. It is an instructive spectacle.—*Baltimore American.*

Mr. New, member of the National Republican Committee from Indiana, backs his assertion that the state will go Republican with a bet of $10,000 on the result.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21, 1880.

The Independent Republican State Committee of New York has issued an address in favor of the Republican candidates. Its reasons for supporting Garfield are good, and I will give a few of them. "The attitude of the Democratic party is wholly negative. It's utterances, together with the use of its majority power in Congress, prove its incapacity to interest itself in any vital political or economical question. It's candidate's letter deals only with propositions which are universally accepted, and is therefore meaningless irrelevant. It urges change merely for the sake of change. But while the Government is respectably administered, it is a pre-requisite for change that the opposition should have an honest, positive and intelligible policy. The Democratic party has no such policy. The abuses upon which it dwells occured many years ago, and have for the most part ceased to exist." * * * "Under Republican auspices specie payments were resumed and a large reduction of the principle and interest of the public debt effected. Most of the opposition to these measures and most of the dishonest financial schemes in Congress have emenated from the Democratic party." The address abounds in good points, and I regret I have not room to give it entire. In conclusion it says; we believe the friends of good Government have more to hope for from the Republican party, than from the Democratic; that General Garfield would make a better President than General Hancock; and then it would be unwise to trust a party while it is still uncertain of it's own policy or convictions.

Senator Conkling made his first speech of the campaign in New York city last week. His presentation of the Republican issues in this campaign was an able and convincing one. The Senator now starts West, where he will speak in Ohio and Indiana.

General Weaver has learned a good lesson from his Southern experiences, and one that Republicans wil profit by. He has heretofore voted with the Democrats in Congress for the repeal of the election lasw, but his Southern experience has changed his opinion. He says if the Lord will forgive him for such folly in the past he will not be guilty of such a thing in the future.

Secretary Schurz lately returned to the city from his extended Western tour, expresses the opinion that the election of Garfield will be brought about in a great measure by the votes and influence of the business men of the country. A clerk in the Secretary's Department whose father is connected with a large manufacturing firm in New York, says that of the sixty one attaches of the establishment who voted for Tilden in 1876, all this year will vote for Garfield. This is not because they are Republicans, but because they apprehend a change will militate against business prosperity. These men are right, and if the working men of the country will view the matter in this light it will place Garfield's election beyond a shadow of a doubt.

The "glorious result" despatch of General Hancock to General Plaisted is of more significance than would at first appear. Hancock had not up to the sending of this despatch committed himself to any financial policy. But taking his endorsement of the Democratic repudiation platform of 1868, and this despatch congratulating a Greenbacker upon his then supposed election, certainly places General Hancock in a position of accord with him. The business men of the country will thank the "Superb" for revealing to them the fact that he is now, and has been for at least twelve years, for all they know, identified with the enemies of the public credit, and specie payments.

LOGAN.

Gen. James B. Weaver, the Greenback nominee for President of the United States, has transmitted the following telegram to Gen. H. M. Plaisted, at Bangor, Maine:

I congratulate you on the grand fight you have made in Maine for the National Greenback Labor party. It will inspire our friends with confidence and strengthen them for the great battles which remain to be fought. I hope you are elected. It is most amusing to see the Democratic leaders masquerading behind the Greenback party and calling our victory a Democratic "boom." They fail to tell the public that you were nominated as a straight Greenbacker, and that a Democrat could not have carried the State by 40,000. They fail also to state that they requested you to make pledges to them when they gave you their endorsement, and that you peremptorily declined; that their State Central committee requested you to withdraw as a candidate, and that you declined to do that also. The Democrats in Maine showed their good sense by voting the Greenback ticket. Let us all rejoice!

(Signed) JAMES B. WEAVER.

"The cry is still they come!" The business Democrats of the country are now wheeling into the Republican column, and one of that class will compensate for the loss of forty Forneys and Ben Butlers. The business men of the country begin to scent the real danger that lurks behind Democratic success at this time and are putting their money and efforts where they will do the most good. Among the late accessions to our ranks we find Hon. Smith Ely a life-long Democrat and uncle of ex-Mayor Ely of New York. He has declared for Garfield and Arthur. Mr. Ely lives at Ely, Vt., where he has large mining interests and a monthly pay-roll of $11,000. He recently sent $500 to the Vermont central committee for campaign purposes, and declared that he would rather give $50,000 than have Hancock elected, for that means free trade or a tariff reduced to the detriment of his business interests.

The squabble between the Democrats and the Greenbackers as to which did the best work in Maine is very comical, but the Greenbackers are correct in claiming that it was principally their victory. Lee Crandall, secretary of the National Committee of the Greenbackers, has fired a shot at Senator Wallace by sending him this despatch in reference to the Democratic glorification meeting in Washington: "In behalf of the National Greenback Labor party permit me to express my gratification at the unsolicited and magnanimous act of the Democracy of this city in celebrating the victory which our party gained over the hard-money oligarchy in the State of Maine, and to say that it shall ever remain engraved upon our memories as one of the most gracious acts of the gallant but retiring Democratic party."

Lee Crandall, secretary of the Greenback National Committee, said the other day, in response to an interviewer. "You may rest assured there will be no fusion in Maine or anywhere else in November. We are going it alone, sink or swim. That's Weaver's motto and choice; in fact, we are a unit upon the question, and all talk to the contrary is the result of a misapprehension. In proof of what I say, we have just in Maryland placed an entire electoral and State ticket in the field, and shall do it all over the country." We can add our evidence that the might of the rag-baby ticket in Maryland is making the world seem a desert *and* life profitless to the leaders of the other parties.

The statement made by some of the Democratic organs that the returns of the Maine election are held back by the Republicans for the purpose of fraudulent manipulation is quite amusing, in view of the fact that the delayed returns are those of Democratic towns, where the Fusionists have full control of the election machinery, and that it is less than a year since the Greenbackers and Democrats were detected and defeated in an effort to secure a Fusionist majority in the legislature by barefaced alternations of the official count.

Most of the Prohibitionists in Maine exhibited the usual sagacity that characterizes that party in politics. Because the Republicans would not go the extent they wished on the liquor question, they turned around and voted the free whiskey ticket.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Jas. M. Schley.

Never has the community had a greater shock than the announcement last evening of the sudden demise of Mrs. Ellen Schley, wife of Col. James M. Schley, which melancholy event took place at her residence on Washington street, at about half-past seven o'clock. Mrs. Schley had been visiting a neighbor, and had left for her home about a quarter past seven o'clock, in apparently good health and her usual cheerfulness. Shortly after reaching her house she remarked to Miss Rose Deveemon, who was her guest, that she was feeling very unwell, and went up stairs. Miss Deveemon followed her, and found her seated on a chair in her room, violently ill and gasping for breath. An alarm was given and Dr. M. A. R. F. Carr, the family physician, sent for, but before he reached the spot—about twenty minutes after—Mrs. Schley was no more, having died in less than fifteen minutes after the attack. Dr. Carr is not able to state with exactness the cause of her death, but from his knowledge of her health and the circumstances is of the opinion that it was heart disease.

Col. Schley was out of the city, but a few minutes after his wife's death a telegram came from him saying that he would arrive here on the 10 p. m. train. He was met at the depot by Rev. Dr. S. C. Thrall, Dr. Carr and Messrs. W. E. Weber and J. W. Thomas, and the sad news broken to him as gently as possible. Dr. Thrall performed the melancholy office, and Col. Schley was greatly prostrated.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

LOCAL NEWS.

25 CENTS will secure THE REPUBLICAN for the campaign. Send in clubs from each post office in the county.

—The acorn mast is very heavy in this vicinity.

—Frank Arnold, Esq., has gone to Lonaconing to work.

—The B. & O. Hotel at this place closed Tuesday.

—Dr. W. H. Smith, of Hancock, this State, is visiting at Rev. B. Ison's.

—Wm. C. Davis left Sunday evening for Meadville, Pa., to attend the Allegany College.

—About $1,200 was realized at the sale of the personal property of Mr. Wilson Procter, Friday last.

—"Si" Serivens, in the employ of Mr. H. B. Wolf, had his left hand severely cut on Saturday last.

—Cloaks! Cloaks!! Large assortment of Ladies' Cloaks just received at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

—Mr. John Shatzer is sinking a well on his lot on Fifth Street. Messrs. Ross and Cammbell are doing the work.

—Hon. R T. Browning left Sunday evening, for a short visit to relatives and friends in Illinois.

—Mrs. T. J. Peddicord and daughter Maggie returned to Oakland Wednesday evening from the trip to Eastern Maryland.

—George W. Shoaker and Wm. Davis, of Hampshire county, W. Va., were visiting at I. W. Shoaker's last week,

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Heiskell & Co. are making extensive improvements in their store building. The store room will be enlarged to about double its present size.

—Mr. Wilson Procter left Oakland Saturday morning last for Baltimore, where he proposes to take an his residence. The people of this community are sorry to lose so valuable a citizen. A large number of his friends accompanied him to the depot.

—Arrivals at Hazelwood the last week: Lieut. Arnold and family, U. S. N., Mrs. Clark, Miss Mary Boarman, Miss Alice Heath, Mrs. Rose, Washington; Mrs. Scammell, Miss Owings, England.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Oakland Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week, Rev. H. C. Sanford presiding. W. P. Townshend Esq., read an Essay, and Lida Scott, of Ohio, aged 7 years, sang two songs, which were well received by a large audience.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford, followed by the administration of the Sacrament.

Cool, Shady Cow Pasture.

There is an impression possessing the minds of many farmers that there is only one profitable place for a forest tree, and that is in the "wood lot." To them a tree in a pasture is "a plant out of place," and therefore a weed, to be rooted out and destroyed. But there are good reasons why the cleared fields should not be entirely destitute of trees. In the first place, they add greatly to the appearance of the whole farm, making it more attractive, and therefore of greater value. A shady pasture is a comfort to the farm stock that is kept within its boundaries. The domestic animals—the horses, the cows, the sheep and pigs, which we as farmers care for and feed, because they provide for our wants, are more than mere machines for our thoughtless running—they are living creatures possessing capacities for pleasure and pain, and therefore demand at our hands the kindest treatment. But there is another side to this question. The well cared for animal is the one that pays the best returns. Looked at with the practical dollars and cents view, that care which best provides for the wants of the animal is the most remunerative. Every blow received by a cow at the hands of thoughtless help, costs the owners of the cow something either in milk, or flesh, or both. All pain does not result from violence, and discomfort of exposure to the sun of a mid summer day in an open, unshaded field, it will not require a long experience to convince him of it. Man is not the only creature capable of being sunstruck. There are often low places in a pasture field in which a small stream flows—places where trees will grow vigorously, and still be out of the way should the pasture be turned into a grain field, because the land is not tillable. It is in just such secluded and shaded places as these that the farm stock loves to escape from the intolerable heat of the sun's rays on a mid summer mid-day—*Exchange.*

Court Proceedings.

The September Term of the Circuit Court, which convened Sept. 13th, adjourned Thursday last. The Grand Jury was discharged Thursday of last week, a part of the Petit Jury on Tuesday last and the balance on Thursday.

Following are the proceedings in full:

ORIGINALS.

No. 1. Richard Graham vs. Lovelace Gorsuch and Borden Mining company. Grove for plaintiff. Boyd and McClenve for defendant.

No. 2. Synthia Marvill by her next friend and husband George Marvill, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiff.

3. Zebedee Warner vs. Daniel Hendrickson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

4. Sarah Ann Moses by her next friend Arthur Foundling, vs. David Evans. Sloan for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

5. Wm. D. Gill vs. Theodore Bush. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Settled.

6. Same vs. John B. Heckert. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Settled.

7. Virginia Hench vs. Geo. Layman. Vetch & Townshend for plaintiff.

8. John L. Browning, Jane H. Browning, et. al., vs. Moses Purnell, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

9. Same vs. Bishop Nine, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

10. Same vs. Albert Statham, ejectment. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

11. Solomon Howell and Lambley Weaver co-partners, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Howell & Weaver, vs. John Richardson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

12. Newton B. Wayman vs. Peter Martin. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Vetch and Townshend for defendant.

13. Newton B. Wayman vs. John F. Browning. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

14. Levi Feaks vs. George W. Ward, replevin. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Vetch and Townshend for defendant.

15. Wm. Frey vs. Simon Wolf. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

16. Mary E. F. Good and Alex. C. Good, her husband, use Chas. M. Miller, vs. Thos. A. Nethkin and wife. Vetch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

17. Jonathan Fletcher vs. Chas. H. Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff. Vetch and Townshend and Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

18. Same vs. Lewis Bush and son. Hamill for plaintiff. Vetch and Townshend for defendant.

19. Wm. R. Getty vs. Jno. L. Brown. Hamill for plaintiff.

20. Susanah Morrell by her next friend and husband L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Vetch & Townshend for defendant.

21. John A. Delawder vs. Geo. D. White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

22. Corilla E. Delawder by her next friend and husband, Jno. A. Delawder, vs. George D. White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

23. State of Md., use of D. E. Offutt, vs. James Z. Browning, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

24. State of Md., use D. E. Offutt, vs. Jasper Guard, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

25. Andrew J. Merrill vs. Lochiel Lumber Mining Manufacturing and Improvement Company of Allegany county. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff. Boyd and McClevy for defendant.

APPEALS.

No. 1. Henry K. Witt vs. Jonathan Baker Veitch for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee. Verdict for appeice for $70.

2. B. & O. R. R. Co., Garnishees of James A. Buckalew, vs. Washington Mosely, use of Henry J. Shipley. Boyd and McCleve for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee. Settled without prejudice, each party to pay their own costs.

3. Lewis Bush and Theodore Bush, trading and doing business as L. Bush & Son, vs. Jno. W. Stemple. Vetch for appellant. Peddicord & Combs for appellee. Judgment affirmed by consent.

4. George W. Lohr and Josiah Smearmond, executors of the last will and testament of John Smearmond, deceased, vs. Ellen Bowser and Joseph Bowser, her husband. Peddicord & Combs for appellants. Hamill for appellee. Continued.

5. Oliver C. Fazenbaker vs. Devries, Young & Co. Peddicord & Combs for appellant. Judgment affirmed under rule.

6. Same vs. Wm. R. Brown & Co. Peddicord & Combs for appellant. Same.

7. John A. Grant vs. W. A. Talley. Peddicord & Combs for appellant. Judgment reversed.

8. Jno. Barnes vs. Henry C. Coddington, use D. E. Offutt. Judgment reversed.

9. Same vs. same. Judgment reversed

TRIALS.

No. 1. State of Maryland, use of John Miller, Jr., vs. B. F. Hoye, et. al. Peddicord for plaintiff. Gordon for defendants. Verdict for defendant.

2. B. & O. R. R Co. vs. Joseph B. Ford, Boyd & McClenve for plaintiff. Gordon & Son for defendants. Dismissed.

3. Same vs. same. Boyd & McCleave for plaintiffs. Gordon & Son for defendants. Dismissed.

4. State of Maryland use of Joseph King, use of Tugby King, vs. Thornton Gilpin, et. al. Veitch, Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Price & Hamill for defendants. Continued.

5. J. McClure Mason vs. Jacob P. Gauer. Peddicord & Gonder for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

6. John Spiker vs. Susannah & Mary Russel, and Henry Russell, proper parties. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch & Cox for defendant. Continued by agreement.

7. State of Maryland vs. J. Z. Browning, et. al. Schley & Boyd for plaintiff, Peddicord & Hamill for defendants. Non pros under rule.

8. Samuel A. Moore vs. Samuel Specht. Peddicord for plaintiff, Cox for defendant. Continued.

9. Levi Comp vs. Barnard Stilling. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for def't. Continued by agreement

10. Barney Dilley, administrafor of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Frank McKinzie. Selss & Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued

11. Samuel W. Friend vs. George Hill, Jr. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Enjoined and continued.

12. Same vs. George Hill, Sr. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill & Semmes for defendant. Same.

13. George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixson. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued by agreement.

14. Edward K. Dyndman and Daniel Jones vs. Patrick Hamill and Andrew J. Warnick, ejectment. Gordon, Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Hamill, Veitch and Peddicord for defendants. Continued with leave to amend

15. Matilda Creuzburg by Henry Creutzburg, her husband and next friend, and Sarah A. Raby by her next friend Charles E. Raby, vs. William Raby. Ejectment. Veitch for plaintiff. Peddicord for defendant. Judgment for land claimed in declaration.

16. Richard S. McCulloh vs. Abraham A. Mellohle. Peddicord for plaintiff. Continued.

17. Richard S. McCulloh vs. Henry Tasker. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defend't. Continued.

18. Madison Blackburn vs. Frederick Yeager. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued.

19. John L. Browning, et al, vs. Jos Adair, et al. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch and Hamill for defendants. Continued.

20. Crampton Harvey vs. James W. Abernathy. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

21. Joel Willand vs. James Bowser, garnishee of Stipeon Biddinger. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

22. Henry Rowland and Samuel Byard, claimants, vs. Jacob Snyder and Harmon W. Hessen. Cox for plaintiff, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Verdict for claimants.

23. Eli Stanton, et al, vs. Francis McKinzie, Hamill for plaintiffs. Veitch for defend'ts. Judgment for plaintiffs.

24. Thomas H. Frantz and Henry Frazee, executors of John Frantz, deceased, vs. Henry A Rusche. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Removed to Allegany.

25. Same vs. John Hebig. Hamill for plaintiff, Gonder for defendant. Continued.

26. J. Lee McCombs vs. Martha E. Davis, administrator of Henry Davis, deceased. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Dismissed.

27. John S. Combs vs. Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, executors Lewis Swalp, deceased. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Referred and continued.

28. Hannah Ashby by Jesse J. Ashby, her husband and next friend vs. Peter P. Lohr. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

29. Daniel Yommer vs. Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

30. Horace Resley, use of John H. Young, vs. Wm. F. Deaklns and Lou M. Deaklns. Price and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defd't. Continued.

31. Peter McClurg vs. Wm. Ryland. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Continued.

32. Mortimer C. Totten vs. Wm. M. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Continued.

33. John Schlossnagle vs. A. Jackson Fike et al. Price and Whittson for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Verdict for plaintiff, damages $5.

34. Thomas A. Nethkin vs. Willie McWilliams. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

35. Varinda Cunningham by her next friend George L. Layman vs. The School Commissioners of Garrett county. Grove for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Non prossed.

36. Second Nat. Bank of Cumberland, Maryland vs. Hiram P Tasker. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

37. State of Maryland, use of John W Veitch vs. Jas. Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Judgment under rule and continued for extension.

38. Same, vs. Jasper Guard, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Same.

39. Same vs. Edward Margruff, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defend'ts. Continued.

40. William Devries, Christian Devries, Wm R Devries and Solomon Klimmell, partners trading as Wm Devries & Co. vs. Oliver C Fazenbaker. Blackiston and Ellegood for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Judgment for plaintiff.

41. John A Horner and others, trading as John A Horner & Co. vs. Oliver C Fazenbaker. Blackiston and Ellegood for plaintiffs, Peddicord and Combs for def'ndant. Same.

42. John H. Blackburn by his next friend Madison Blackburn, vs. Christian F. Gemsonyenger. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued.

43. Wm. T Briscoe vs. Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Continued.

44. John H Briscoe vs. Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Continued.

45. Edward T Briscoe vs. Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Continued.

46. Elizabeth C Billingsley by her next friend, James H Billingsley vs. James A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Contd.

47. Melchoir J Miller vs. Harriet A Miller and John Miller her husband, attachment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendants. Attachment quashed.

48. Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and Jno. Miller, her husband. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendants. Non prossed as to Harriet A, and leave to amend as to John, and continued.

49. Melchoir J Miller vs White McWilliams-attachment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Judgment of condemnation.

50. Same vs same. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

51. State of Maryland, use of Johnson King, vs Thornton Gilpin, et al. Veitch, Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Price and Hamill for defendants. Dismissed.

52. State of Maryland, use of Mary E. King, vs Thornton, Johnson and Thompson Lower, Veitch, Peddicord and Combs for Plaintiffs, Price and Hamill for defendants. Judgment for plaintiff for $253,95

53. State use of Charlott E. Williams. Same defendants, same Att'y's, and same verdict.

54. State use Alfred King vs same defendants, same attys, and same verdict.

55. State use Sarah E King, same defendants, same attorneys and same verdict.

56. State use Ann A L Thrasher. Same defendants, same attorneys and same verdict.

57. State use Amy E Kimmell. Same defendants, same attorneys and same verdict.

58. Wm A Loraw, use Adair & Vickery vs John L Browning, et al. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord for defendant. Continued.

59. Patrick Dorsey vs Casper Schramm, et al, Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, no appearance for defendants. Satisfied.

60. H C Watts & Co, vs John S Combs and H Wheeler Combs, executors of Wm Combs deceased. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Continued.

61. Helen J Hessen, claimant, vs Jacob Snyder and Herman W Hessen. Cox for plaintiff, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for def'ts. Judgment for claimants.

62. Wm R Getty vs Christian Blocker and Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, no appearance for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

63. Wm Ryland vs Peter McCleery. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for d'ft. Continued.

64. George Hill, Jr. vs Samuel W. Friend. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for $100.

65. Henry Scammback & Co vs Warren M Coddington. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch and Townshend for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

66. Silas P. Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued and order for warrant of resurvey.

67. A Jackson Fike vs John M Schlossnagle. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Price and Willison for defendant. Continued.

68. Johnson King vs Zaccheus Gibson. Hamill for plaintiff, Semmes for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

69. John Wm Hart and Adam A Comp vs Daniel E Offutt, ejectment, Brace and Richmond for plaintiffs, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Removed to Allegany.

70. Eva C Tasker, claimant, vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch for plaintiff, Hamill, Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Continued.

71. J. McClure Mason vs Alex Fleckenstein, ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes and Hamill for defendant. Continued and order for resurvey.

72. J McClure Mason vs John Helbig, ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes and Hamill for defendant. Same.

73. Same vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Semmes, Hamill, Veitch and Townshend for defendant. Continued.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

1 State vs Norman B Lee; indictment; larceny. Veitch States Attorney. Continued.

2 State vs Noret Moses Indictment larceny. Veitch for State. Renewal.

3 State vs Sandy Talbot; assault and battery; Indictment. Veitch for State. Renewal.

4 State vs Wm Fidrall; assault and battery; Indictment. Veitch for State. Plea guilty, fined $12 and costs.

5 State vs Solomon Harvey; bastardy; Indictment. Veitch for State. Plea guilty. Traverser entered into recognizance.

6 State vs Henry O Hamill, obstructing public road; Indictment. Veitch for State. Continued.

7 State vs White McWilliams; assault and battery; presentment. Veitch for State. Jury trial; not guilty.

12 State vs John Helm; indictment, larceny. Veitch for State, Combs for defendant. Jury trial; verdict guilty; sentenced to penitentiary 18 months.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

1 State vs Geo W Wilt, larceny; Indictment. Veitch for State, Combs for defend't. Jury trial; not guilty.

2 State vs James B Dorsey; bastardy; Indictment. Veitch for State, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Indictment quashed on motion of States' attorney.

3 State vs Zuea Sloan, assault with intent to kill. Veitch for State, Cox for defendant. Continued.

4 State vs Henry Boetner; presentment. Veitch for State, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Settled by order States' Attorney.

5 State vs John Barnes; bastardy; Indictment. Veitch for State, Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

SWANTON, MD., Sept. 17th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In reading the article from Ryan's Glades in your issue of September 11th, my mind very naturally recalled a speech I recently read in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in which the speaker gave his reasons why he was a Republican. He said: "I am opposed to the Democratic party, and I will tell you why. Every ordinance of secession ever drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that tried to tear down the old flag was a Democrat. Every man that starved Union soldiers, refusing them a crust in the extremity of death, was a Democrat. The man that assassinated President Lincoln was a Democrat; every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man that was glad that the noblest President ever elected was dead, was a Democrat; every man that wanted the privilege of whipping another man to make him work for nothing and pay him with lashes on his naked back, was a Democrat; every man that raised bloodhounds to pursue human beings, was a Democrat; every man that clutched babies from the breasts of shrieking, shuddering, crouching mothers and sold them into slavery, was a Democrat; every man that impaired the credit of the United States was a Democrat; every man that swore he would never pay the bonds, every man that swore he never would redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of his country's credit, calumniator of his country's honor, was a Democrat. Every man that resisted the draft, every man that hid in the bushes and shot at Union men simply because they were endeavoring to enforce the laws of their country, was a Democrat; every man that cursed Lincoln because he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, was a Democrat; every man who believed that a State could go out of the Union at its pleasure, every man who believed that the grand fabric of American Government could be made to crumble into dust at the touch of treason, was a Democrat; every man that helped to burn Orphan Asylums in the city of New York was a Democrat; every man that tried to fire New York, although he knew that thousands would perish, and that the great serpents of flame, leaping from one building to another, would clutch children from their mother's arms—yes, every wretch that did it was a Democrat. Recollect it; every man that tried to spread small-pox and yellow fever in the North, was a Democrat. Soldiers, every scar that you have on your heroic bodies was given you by a *Democrat.*"

And now sir, without comment, I place the above at your disposal. Only let me say, any man who can vote the Democratic ticket after reading the above, I for one, envy not, but rather pity his judgment.

Yours, very truly,

W. E. G.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Sept. 25th, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

Hon. Geo W. Brent, William M. Brown, Wm. I. Brown, C. S. Clothier, Mrs. Emma Diens, J. H. Drummond, Mrs. Matilda Jones, Mrs. W. W. Johnston, Wm. H. Knepp, Lloyd Kline, Miss M. R. Lyons, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. A. H. McCay, Mrs. J. Frank Milner, Joseph Powell, Chas. Remur, Theodore Sopp, Lewis Stump, Henrietta Thomas, E. D. Williams, John Zimmerman.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Mr. Edward McPherson, secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, has obtained from the Treasury Department a reply to a series of questions in regard to the trade, industry, revenues, and general business of the country, from which we condense the following:

The total number of freight cars employed on all the railroads in the United States is 423,013 cars, of which number 31,248, or 7.4 per cent. are employed on railroads in the Southern States.

About 7 per cent. of the tonnage of the vessels employed in the internal commerce of the United States, is owned in the Southern States.

The records of the Bureau of Statistics show that of the total value of the exports of merchandise from the United States during the last fiscal year, the South contributed 22½ per cent., of which value from the Southern States, cotton composed 84 per cent.

The cotton shipped to the Northern States, as well as exported from the South to foreign countries, appears to be moved chiefly by Northern capital.

The value of imports of merchandise into the United States during the year ending June 30th, 1880, amounted to $667,953,302, of which amount about 2½ per cent. was imported at ports south of the Potomac river.

The total revenue of the government from customs during the year ended June 30th, 1879, amounted to $138,281,048, of which $2,306,368, or 1.6 per cent. was collected at Southern ports.

The internal receipts of the United States during the last fiscal year amounted to $117,000,000, of which $20,000,000 or 17 per cent. was collected in the Southern States.

The census of 1870 shows that the value of products of mining amounted to $152,598,991, of which amount $4,996,052 was the product of the Southern States.

Of Bank loans and circulation, about 7 per cent. were by Banks situated in the Southern States.

The total amount collected from customs and internal revenue in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1880, amounted to $255,129,269, of which amount $22,637,723, or about 11¼ per cent. of the total revenues of the country was collected in the Southern States. All the revenue collected in the Southern States, except $3,322,976, was derived from spirits and tobacco. Take off the tax from spirits and tobacco, and the Solid South would contribute but about 1½ per cent. of the revenues of the Government. This tax will doubtless be repealed or greatly modified, if through the election of Hancock the Solid South should get control of the Government. In the event of Hancock's election, the Solid South without contributing materially to the support of the government would have, not only the disbursement of Government revenues, but the vast manufacturing and industrial interests of the North would be completely at their mercy.

Prudent men, of whatever political belief, should pause before casting a vote that would inflict so great a wrong on the country as placing it under the domination of a section which, owing to its irresponsible condition, would naturally care less for the country's welfare than for the loaves and fishes.

Attorney General Devens asks a question that is well worth considering. In brief, it is this: If it is so difficult now to punish crime and fraud against the United States, in the Southern States, what would be the condition of the South if the National Government should pass under the control of ex-Rebels?

There is a good prospect that the Republican party will gain a district in Louisiana at the coming congressional election. The impudent Acklen is so unpopular that if he gets the nomination he will be inevitably defeated; and if he does not get the nomination he will run independent and cut into the Democratic vote.

IN MEMORY.

Died, at his home in Oakland, Md., on Monday evening at 9 o'clock, Joseph A., son of Mr. and Mrs. David Little, aged 19 years, 6 months and three days.

Very suddenly and quite unexpectedly our young friend was called away. Having been sick for only three or four days, no one thought of being called on so soon to follow him to his long resting place. He was a young man well known and liked; a good and loving son, one who loved his parents and was loved by them. He had always attended church and was a member for three years of the Presbyterian church. He was a good Sabbath School scholar and was there whenever it was possible, and was loved by his teachers. His life and early death is an example and a warning to all. He believed the precious promises of God's word; while his death at so young an age is a warning to all of the need of early seeking a better life. As we say farewell, we offer our sympathy to his parents and brothers and sisters. Though they have felt the hand of the great Father, they know he has only taken away his own, to dwell in his heavenly home, where shall no more sorrow or be weary, but join the throng "Who cast their crowns before the Lamb.

Sorrow fills our hearts to-day,
Grief for one departed;
For our son so young and dear,
Who from us is parted.
Short his sickness and his pain;
Quick the angel Death did come;
As a friend to him he came,
Not a terror, as to some.
And now his place with us is vacant,
We cannot see his face,
But he's better there than here,
Resting in that holy place.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best Book to sell. **THE HISTORY of the BIBLE.** SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING [22 x 28 inches.] FREE to every subscriber. Agents are making $25 to $100 per week. Send for special terms to [Ex. 1847.] HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN. 825-4w

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sep. 21, 1880.

Examination of teachers for the public schools of Garrett county, will take place in

ACCIDENT, Wednesday and Thursday, October 6th and 7th, OAKLAND, Friday and Saturday, 8th and 9th.

Examination to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. It is expected that all will be present at the opening exercises.

E. H. BARTLETT,
sep. 25 t2 Examiner.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

The public are hereby notified not to trust or harbor my son, James W. Paugh on my account, as I will pay no debts of his contracting; he being free and at liberty to do and act for himself.

SARAH PAUGH.

Sept. 4, 1880. 4t.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS.—THE LIFE OF GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, By his personal friend, MAJOR DUNN, Editor *N. Y. Mail*, is the only edition to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed and bound. "The best."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.* "The neatest."—*N. Y. Herald.* "The most useful, sensible and satisfactory."—*N. Y. Tribune.* Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. **Active Agents Wanted.** Liberal terms. Send $1.00 at once for complete outfit. A. S. BARNES & Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. 29-4

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD, YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1878, chapter 249 which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for two successive days, commencing the first Monday of October, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration, for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday at his residence and at the residence of R. T. Browning on Tuesday.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence, near Johnson's.

On MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 4th and 5th, 1880,
from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 6 p. m.,

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.
BENJAMIN H. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.
DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.
WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.
W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.
DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Garrett county, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Michael Cunningham to A. R. Blackiston, dated the 23d day of August, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 827, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, Md., assigned to Wm. R. Percy, trustee, on the 24th day of August, 1878, the undersigned as such assignee, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, in front of

Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.,

ON SATURDAY,

the 16th day of October, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.,

the following real estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: All that tract or part of a tract of land called

'William and Mary,'

lying near the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, Md.,

Containing about 1,200 Acres,

being the same tract described in a deed from George Forbes, Sr., and wife to said Michael Cunningham, dated May 19th, 1873, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 365, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. About one-third of this tract of land is

HEAVILY TIMBERED

with good oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE:

CASH ON THE DAY OF SALE or upon the ratification thereof by the Court.

WM. R. PERCY,
9 25 td TRUSTEE.

PITH AND POINT.

PARTY leaders are all well enough, but the wheel-horses must do the most important work.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ALL youths are not fitted for a college education. It is not best to make a one-story brain try to carry a three-story education.—*Whitehall Times.*

MAN alone can whistle. Thank goodness!—*Boston Transcript.* But he can also whistle when not alone. Thank badness!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DONA ANA RAFAELS, a very rich Cuban lady, is at Saratoga, and she makes all the men want to go to Cuba. Several are already bound to have Ana.—*Boston Post.*

THE ablest way in which to disguise a peach is to inclose it between two crusts and try to call the combination a "pie." It spoils the peach, and, as for the crusts, the man who invented them spoiled the flour when he did so.—*New Haven Register.*

AN Oil City maiden, who had just recovered from a two-days' attack of green-apple cramps, recited in public the other night that touching poem, "Go feel what I have felt," with such emphasis that it brought tears to the eyes of the green-grocer.—*Derrick.*

"I NOW have something for a rainy day," said old Mr. Snifkin the other evening, as he entered the room and greeted his family. "A windfall, a windfall," screamed Mrs. Snifkin in an ecstacy of mental paralysis. "No, no," he responded quietly, as he drew his slippers from under the sofa, "it's an umbrella."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

ONCE in a while a poet rises to the supreme height of his vocation and strikes a genuine chord. Hear this one:

> I think the song that's sweetest
> Is the one that's never sung.

Oh, that this couplet could be wedged cross-ways in the throat of the amateur individual who imagines his voice is—is—anything but what it is.—*New Haven Register.*

GIRLS who have become slaves to the demon of ice-cream should read carefully this little gem by one of our most noted poets, and reflect on the fate that awaits them. Two kinds of ice-cream are evidently what ailed her:

> All pale and wan my little love
> Doth in her chamber lie,
> While Night looks coldly from above
> With weird, Cyclopean eye."
>
> —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is your programme full, Miss Beetle-crusher?" asked a young man of a Western damsel who had struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an "order of dancing" in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the Sitting Sun. "Waal, I guess not! I haint had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice-cream, an' they don't go far toward filling my programme, I can tell you.—*Boston Commercial.*

OUR Sarah Jane just dotes on botany. How that girl does love to analyze, to be sure! My! how she will tear the posies to pieces! Meeting her, the other day, with a joyous light in her eye and a mess of flowers and leaves in her apron, she told us she had been analyzing—as though there were any need of her telling that! Why, that girl's always analyzing! She had been analyzing, she said, a very fine specimen of the "symplocarpus, a genus of the perennial, aquatic, acaulescent herbs, belonging to the order *Lamnaceæ*. Its spadix," she remarked, "is oval, covered with purple flowers." Now, that sounded grand enough; but, bless you, sir, if you'll believe it, the girl had been tearing skunk-cabbage to pieces! Yes, that girl dotes on botany, and no mistake!—*Boston Transcript.*

Billmire's Voyage---Strange Story of a Baltimore Man.

W. H. O. BILLMIRE, the sexton of Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, who disappeared last October with several thousand dollars which he had collected from the pew-renters, arrived home to-day, to the great surprise of his friends and the authorities, who had been anxiously looking for him as a defaulter and absconder. Billmire had been sexton of the church for many years, was a communicant, and was looked upon as a consistent Christian up to the time of his disappearance. To-day he related his experience to a member of the church and to the civil authorities, which, if true, entitles him to public sympathy. His narrative, however, has several glaring inconsistencies, and it is probable that the ex-sexton will be compelled to substantiate the truth of his statements in a court of law. In conversation with the correspondent of the *Sun* to-day, Billmire gave in detail the history of his experience, which is substantially as follows:

On the night of his disappearance he had in his possession about $3,000 belonging to the church, which he had collected from members of the congregation for pew rents. This money he took to a lodge meeting, and while there received a note informing him that his brother had been injured by a fall at Locust Point, was in a dying condition, and wished to see him. Billmire says that he was also informed that a hack was waiting at Barnum's Hotel to take him to his brother. He hurried to where the hack was waiting, and what followed is best told in his own words:

"I was accosted by a man who wished to know if I was Mr. Billmire. I told him that was my name. He said he had been waiting some time for me, and was glad I had come. I asked him how my brother was hurt, and he told me in a very polite manner to step into the hack and he would tell me all about it on our way down to Locust Point. I noticed, as I stepped in, that there was another man inside, and that the blind was down over the door. He gave orders to drive to Locust Point as fast as possible. He began to tell me how my brother was hurt, and said that when he left him he was under the influence of chloroform. He asked me if I did not detect the smell of it on him. This happened on the lonely part of the road after leaving Federal Hill going to Locust Point. I leaned forward as he held his hand out to smell, when the man beside me hit me on my head with some heavy instrument, I suppose a billy, and knocked me on the opposite seat. I struggled and fought with great strength, and was only overcome by a handkerchief saturated with chloroform thrown around my face. When I revived I found myself on board a vessel, and upon examination discovered that I had been robbed of every article of value on my person. After a while the cabin where I was lying was entered by a man who, in answer to questions, said that I had been put on the vessel which was on Chesapeake Bay, by my friends, who said that I had killed a man in Baltimore in a fight. After the vessel got out into the ocean I was taken with brain fever, and when I recovered I found that I was on board another vessel which had picked me up adrift in an open boat at sea. This was the ship Antioch, Capt. Weeks, bound for Hong Kong."

Billmire says he was treated well by Capt. Weeks, who allowed him to help the steward do the cooking for the ship's crew. They reached Hong Kong on Jan. 10, 1880, and, loading with rice, sailed for Victoria, British Columbia, where they arrived on June 4 last, and Capt. Weeks furnished him with a suit of clothes. He had previously given him £5. He started from Victoria for San Francisco, where arrived on June 8. Four days after reaching Victoria he wrote to his wife in this city, giving a brief outline of his adventures, which substantially agrees with the above.

Harry Billmire, a son of the missing man, while fishing in Jones's Falls, last May, fell overboard and was drowned before assistance could be rendered, and his death was unknown to his father before his arrival here. He accounts for the length of time between his arrival in San Fancisco and his arrival here by saying that he was penniless and had to work his way to Baltimore. Many members of the church credit Billmire's story. He has a wife and five children living.—*Baltimore Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Former Siege of Candahar.

IN consequence of the great interest taken in the present siege of Candahar and the recent attempt to storm it made by Ayoob Khan, a sketch of the former siege of 1842 will be read with attention:

In November, 1842, affairs were in a peaceful condition at Candahar, although there was some trouble at Cabul. While things were in this satisfactory state it was decided to reduce the garrison and to send an English brigade and three of the native regiments back to India under the command of Colonel Maclaren. The brigade had even commenced its march toward Quetta when alarming news from the north necessitated its immediate recall, and, instead of proceeding to their homes in the plains of Scinde, the Sepoys advanced northward with the intention of reinforcing Elphinstone at Cabul. For unknown reasons Maclaren, after a month's absence, abandoned the attempt of marching on Cabul and returned to Candahar, thus raising the garrison to its original strength. The consequences of this blunder were very serious, for, had he persisted in his advance, not only Ghazni would have been saved but the final catastrophe at Cabul might have been averted. Before the year 1841 closed it was evident that the English garrison at Candahar was environed by enemies. At this crisis Candahar, intrusted to General Nott and Major Rawlinson, stood forth as a rock amid troubled waters, in face of the hostility of the powerful tribes of Western Afghanistan.

In January an Afghan army approached Candahar and pitched their camp at the village of Killa-Chuk, on the Argandab. Nott marched out with the greater part of his force and immediately attacked the enemy. The Afghans were completely defeated and suffered severe loss. Although successful in the field, the position of the English at Candahar became more perilous than before in consequence of the declared hostility of the Durani clans. Early in March Rawlinson took the final precaution of clearing the city of its Afghan inhabitants. Only 1,000 families were permitted to remain. No sooner had this been done than Nott again took the field, leaving Rawlinson in charge of the city. During three days Nott kept up a running fight with the Afghans, and by that time he had drawn a considerable distance away from Candahar. The Afghan troops were at once led back by a circuitous route to Candahar in the hope of surprising and overwhelming the small garrison. Rawlins at once sent messengers post haste to inform General Nott. During three hours that night a contest raged at the Herat gate, where the Afghans were forcing an entrance, and scarcely less severely at the Cabul and Shikapore gates; but toward midnight the Ghazis could not be brought again to the charge and the Afghans retired, baffled by the skill and determination of the small body of men under the command of Majors Rawlinson and Lane.

During these later months great preparations had been in progress in Scinde for the reinforcement of the Candahar army. A brigade under General England had been formed and sent through the Bolan to Quetta before the close of March. Unfortunately, General England did not prove equal to the occasion, and when a show of resistance was made to his advance at Haekalzae, he at once gave up the attempt and retired to Quetta. General England made another attempt, but it is only necessary to add that General Nott's forces cleared the neighborhood of Candahar of the enemy in the course of the following spring. In June every thing was in readiness for the withdrawal of the English forces from Candahar; but Nott, with his two European regiments, retired northward by way of Ghazni and Cabul. In that journey he was completely successful, defeating the enemy in two pitched encounters, capturing the fortress of Ghazni, and reaching Cabul only two days later than General Pollock, who had advanced from Jellalabad. The salient point of difference between General Nott's defense of Candahar and that of General Primrose appears to be that, whereas the former held the city in its entirety, the latter has been compelled to abandon the city and concentrate his force in the citadel. General Nott, with a larger body of troops, was able to hold his ground mainly by clearing the city of its Afghan inhabitants, and, as General Primrose was unable to perform a similar task, there was no alternative to placing his force in as advantageous a position for defense as possible. For this reason there is mere ground for anxiety now than there was in 1842, and a greater necessity in proportion to hurry up reinforcements.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

DURHAM, N. C., expects to handle 18,000,000 pounds of this year's tobacco crop.

PHOSPHORESCENT writing-paper is a late novelty. Writing done upon it can be easily read in the dark.

DURING the year 1879 the earnings of railroads in the United States were over $529,000,000, or nearly double the entire revenue of the National Government.

ACCORDING to the superintendent of a factory in Canada, where paper is manufactured from wood, the paper, so improved has the process become, can be made ready for use six hours after the cutting of the tree.

LIME has never been found in a native state; it is always united to an acid, as to the carbonic in chalk. By subjecting chalk or limestone to a red heat it is freed from the acid, and the lime is left in a state of purity.

FLORIDA fruit-growers are beginning to cultivate the lemon with a great deal of care, and with such good results that it is believed that in a little while longer this State will furnish almost as many lemons to the trade as she now does oranges.

THE pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which determines the thickness of paper to the one-thousandth part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper, now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or any thing else to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

JAPANESE paper air-cushions are said to have some advantages over those made of rubber. They may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use; they will not stick together as rubber does after it is wet, and for pillows they are better because they have no odor. Their strength is very great; a man weighing 160 pounds may stand upon one without bursting it. They are said to be water-proof, and to make excellent life-preservers.

AN improved method of stopping engines, says the *Electrician*, has recently been devised. The main object of the device is to enable any child or unskilled person in any part of a mill to stop the engine in case of accident. The action is exceedingly simple. By touching a spring similar to the spring of an electric bell, an electric ball is set in motion. The ball drops and shuts one of the valves, which prevents the steam from escaping, and the engine is brought to a standstill.

BUT few people comparatively have any idea of the amount of timber used in the construction of a single railroad. It yearly takes 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand on our railroads, for which on an average the contractors get 55 cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. Contractors, of course, buy pieces of timber land as near to the proposed line of road as possible, paying for the timber an average of about $20 per acre, or giving the proprietor 10 cents for every tie got out. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and twelve ties to the tree.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has declared warfare on bangs.

COMMUNISTIC pamphlets have been discovered in circulation in the German army; and the authorities are investigating the matter.

THE father of Mrs. Langtry, the "professional beauty," is said to be in serious financial difficulties in the Island of Jersey, of which he is Dean.

MR. W. E. FORSTER appears in Parliament nowadays gayly attired in a light-hued waistcoat, a blue tie and a pair of picturesque striped trousers.

IN London during the past year ninety-seven licensed victualers were cautioned for having defective and unstamped weights and measures, and five were convicted of such offenses.

COUNT HENRY VON ARNIM, who was declared by the State Court at Berlin guilty of treason in contumaciam, desires a rehearing of his case, and has expressed readiness to submit himself to Prussian jurisdiction.

THE Princess of Wales becomes very tired while rushing from the dutiful discharge of public appearance from one place to another. She is constantly compelled to appear before a mob of sight-seers while standing in the mob of officious attendants.

THE American colony in Paris is smaller than at any previous time in twenty years. It costs twice as much now to live in Paris as in America in the same style. Formerly it cost double Paris prices in America. There is nothing now cheaper in France except apparel, and only parts of that.

ENGLISH ladies in Portugal play lawn-tennis in flowing Eastern trousers, laced at the ankle. There is a bright-colored, square bodice, without sleeves, and tied at the waist, and a loosely-laced skirt comes nearly to the knee. It is an adaptation of the country costume in which are Moorish features.

WOMEN are not to be employed in preparing the statistical returns relating to the English census. The Registrar-General could not make the arrangements which would have been necessary for their employment at the central office, and placing them in a separate house would have made it difficult to superintend their work.

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says the measure of dissatisfaction felt in high quarters at the proposed marriage of Lady Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Bartlett is indicated in the refusal of the use of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, for the ceremony, despite the great desire of the Baroness that it shall be celebrated there.

—A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he: "Thar's sumthin' in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."

—Lots of people are willing to rob Peter to pay Paul, only they get tired when their job is half done. They neglect to pay Paul.

Ole Bull's Pennsylvania Colony.

In the year 1852 Ole Bull purchased a tract of 120,000 acres of land in Stewardson Township, Potter County, which adjoins McKean on the east, and attempted to found a Norwegian colony. The locality is thirty-two miles southeast of Coudersport, the county seat, on Kettle Creek, on the Germania and Jersey Shore turnpike. At the time of Bull's purchase it was wild and mountainous. To persude his countrymen to cross the ocean he told them seductive stories of the picturesque locality. He represented that it was similar in character to their Norwegian home and that in America they should receive farms at nominal figures. Several hundred came to the new Norway and settled at Oleona, the name given to the settlement by Bull. The great violinist and founder of the colony started the erection of a castle at a point on the mountain side that commanded a prospect of the surrounding country for many miles, embracing Oleona. A peculiarity of the locality is the convergence of five ranges of mountains. To build his castle Bull was compelled to have lumber conveyed a distance of twenty miles. Many thousands of dollars were expended in leveling the surroundings and making roadways up the mountain. The castle, of course, was never occupied because it was never completed. While work was yet in progress upon it Bull gave a grand reception one night to the colonists, during which he enchanted them with his marvelous melody. In less than two years, however, his fanciful scheme was abandoned and the violinist's fortune wasted. Failing to gain a subsistence by agriculture, the colonists established a whetstone factory, but discontent was already among them. This spirit was increased and kept alive by lumberman who visited Oleona and told the Norwegians of the better condition of people elsewhere. In less than two years nearly all the residents of the colony had departed. Henry Anderson, Bull's principal agent, still resides at Oleona, and has a comfortable fortune. The footsteps of decay have left little of the castle remaining, but there are farmers in Potter County who still hold Ole Bull's obligations for labor done during the days of the colony's existence. Curiosity hunters frequently visit the ground and the remnants of the castle are covered with the initials of persons from all parts of the country who have viewed the scenes made historic by Bull's extravagant scheme. The great violinist recovered from his financial difficulties and married a German lady in Wisconsin, where he had a beautiful home. It was only a few weeks ago that he sailed for Europe. Bull was a tall, majestic-looking man, with flowing white hair and polished manners.—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

A CAMBRIDGE mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before: it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother come from Chelsea and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turkles and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get em in my trunk."

—Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, conducts a regular clinic at the hospital, has a pleasant manner, large gray eyes with dark lashes and dark hair.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An Unpleasant Youthful Recollection.

From early youth I had been a sufferer with severe headache, writes C. W. Eck, Esq., proprietor of the St. Louis, Mo., *St. Louis Co-Waechter*. Many remedies, by the use of which I endeavored to obtain relief, proved ineffectual. At last some friends recommended the Hamburg Drops to me; and since I used them I feel better than ever, and no sign of the old headache has appeared again.

[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]

Mr. C. O'CALLAHAN, of 171 Sycamore street, is another grateful witness to the infallible power of St. Jacobs Oil, which he tells us has made a new man of him.

BRICK DUST DEPOSIT is a symptom of serious Kidney Disease. Hunt's Remedy cures it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

THE man must be polished who would reflect so as not to offend.—*Boston Transcript.*

A VERY respectable eternity might be made up of the time killed by idlers in this world.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"OH, look at the donkey! he's been destroying that hill of corn!" exclaimed Mrs. Suburban, in dismay. "Confound him!" said the husband, flinging a stick at the animal, "he's a corn-summit ass!" The scream that Mrs. S. emitted, previous to going off in a faint, frightened the beast more than her husband's stick.—*Boston Transcript.*

"HEAD it up," is the latest bit of gentility, and the man who says it wishes you to stop talking.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SPELLING reform is greatly needed in Russia. Nine-tenths of the Russian language looks as if it had the jim jams.—*Chicago Times.*

DO YOU know flies play "tag?" You watch a cluster of them some drowsy afternoon as they circle and dart under the chandelier and you will see them at the game. They play just as boys do. They keep going pretty much all the time, and lunge forward to trap each other or dodge aside to avoid each other with marvelous rapidity. Once in a while one will go and sit down for a moment, too tired to play any longer, unless another fly should happen to get pretty near him with his back turned. Then he will dash forward and hit the unwary one a rap that takes away his breath, and then sail off and laugh like a lunatic over it. Then some one of the number will get his back up and go off in a huff. The whole performance is dreadfully natural.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

"IS IT cheaper to board or keep house?" asks a young wife. It is cheaper to move.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE writer who suggested the advantage of taking time by the forelock, forgot that he was bald-headed.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"STRIVE to make a good impression wherever you go," said Jones, as he pulled his foot out of the mud.—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is well known that fashion in woman's costume is a most sordid and merciless speculation which, while it hoards the wealth of a Nation, robbing toil and poverty of their pittance, consumes human energies, perverts all functions, occupies the most of woman's time, makes her a specimen of folly, and beguiles her to all this by appeals to her vanity and assurances of that approval and love which is her bane, and should be her disgust.—*Mrs. Tillotson, in Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for September.*

THE advantage of good manners to the individual who happens to possess them is very often overlooked, and the success of a man in life is wrongly attributed to luck when it should have been ascribed simply to his affability and politeness. A hundred anecdotes have been related which prove the fallacy of the common idea and show how men have been "made" by manners; but perhaps not any of them exceeds in interest that of two notable English characters—Raleigh, whose cloak is familiar to every child-reader of history, and Marlborough, whose tremendous victories might never have enriched our military annals had he not first earned Court favor and promotion by his consummate address.

Made New Again.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D:

I have used your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—"*made new again*," are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I can never be too thankful to those who recommended your medicines, for I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work. I desire to make this statement in order that those suffering may not despair until they have given your remedies a trial.

Yours resp'y, MRS. WM. D. RYCKMAN.

Dividend-Paying.

The following is found in the columns of the *Standard*, New Bedford, Mass.: "Parties, after using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, pronounce it the best dividend-paying (in health and happiness) property they ever handled."

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

THE Fraser Axle Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

St. Jacobs Oil

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MALT BITTERS

Malt Bitters Company

In MALT BITTERS all the hopes of the sick and suffering may be realized. The bone and muscle producing MALT, the nerve quieting HOP, the superb tonic and malarial antidote CALISAYA, and other precious vegetable substances are combined, *without fermentation*, thus creating the purest and richest Nourishing Agent in the world for the Weak, Convalescent, Overworked, Nervous, Melancholy, and Sleepless. They feed the Body and the Brain, regulate the Stomach and Bowels, cleanse the Liver and Kidneys, increase the Appetite and enrich the Blood. For Consumptives, Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, Sickly Children and the Aged, they are vastly superior to every other preparation of malt or medicine. Beware of imitations similarly named. Look for the COMPANY'S SIGNATURE, which appears plainly on the label of every bottle. Sold everywhere.

Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

GREAT CAMPAIGN BOOK. 1880. Agents Wanted. Garfield, Hancock and Weaver. 480 pages; 35 engravings. Price $1.25. With Political Compendium. Send for circulars to F. C. BLISS & Co., Newark, N. J.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 73 Best Selling Articles in the world; 1 sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

For BOWEL COMPLAINTS use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER! Sold by all Druggists.

As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for external and internal uses, especially as a Regulator of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

More than one-half of American ailments arise from disordered Kidneys or Liver. These organs are the governors that regulate the entire system and while they are seldom painful themselves, most diseases have their origin in them. The only discovery which has ever been made in the scientific or medical world that is a certain remedy for all such troubles is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It will cure Bright's Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel and all diseases of the Urinary Organs. For Female Complaints it is invaluable. For sale by all druggists.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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Abstemiousness as a Cure-All.

DR. J. FRANK PERRY, a prominent Boston physician, in an interview regarding the Tanner fast, told a *Herald* representative:

If a person would find out just what his system craves, and what his digestive organs can deal with profitably and successfully, and take that food never in excess of these conditions, then, the medical fraternity would find a great part of their occupation gone. Nine-tenths of all the pains and aches, the disorders, cardiac affections, melancholies, irregularities—call them or class them as one may—result from overloaded, overtaxed digestive organs. A 200-pound man, doing a hard day's work, mental and physical, every day, will find that, with a bit of steak the size of his two fingers, a single slice of toast, and one cup of coffee or tea at a meal, "day in and day out"—reference is now made to quantity and not to kinds or qualities—he can do more work, keep up to the maximum his strength and general health, and actually increase constantly in buoyancy of spirits and freedom of bodily powers. The testimony is universal and absolutely uniform wherever this experiment is tried. Of course, there must be a remedy for defective health, a foundation of soundness upon which to build the new structure of daily life, but these will be more readily attained in conjunction with the practice of abstemiousness, and the reform itself largely contains the conditions of its own success.

Without doubt the body, habituated to indulgences unlimited, will rebel for a time against the establishment of such a reformation; but the struggle will be short, and soon the matter will be decided in a perfectly natural way. Even the method of eating will become revolutionized. Nature has ordained that even in the process of mastication of food there is satisfaction of the natural appetite, and one who is observing in this respect may be surprised at the developments of his own experiment. A half pound of beefsteak bolted in the ordinary boarding-house style—"family style" would be equally descriptive—is almost certain to be the precursor of an olla podrida of meats and vegetables, and condiments and pastry, the share of which falling to one man ought to be sufficient to victual a neighborhood for a time—many of the articles ought never to be eaten at all by sensible, conscientious persons. But a bit of nicely-broiled steak, eaten by a person who knows very well that, when that is dispatched, his meal is ended, and also means to make the most of the eating, will be disposed of in a far different manner. It will be thoroughly and slowly masticated, the eater "keeping time" with his table companions, and there will be plenty of lively and pleasant conversation and by-play between the mouthfuls. Once used to such meals and such disposition of them, the sensible man, who eats to live, will forget he has a stomach, or at least he will never know anything of its existence through those disagreeable reminders which torture humanity daily and hourly, and frustrate half the effective work of the world.

Col. Scott's Model Barn.

AN *American* reporter, in his rambles over the county, ran across "Woodburn," the beautiful residence of Col. Thomas A. Scott, near Darby, and would like to say a word about Mr. Scott's new barn and its many conveniences. The barn was completed in March last and cost nearly ten thousand dollars, and in architectural style can not be excelled. The carriage or coach room is at the extreme eastern portion of the building, and has capacity for nine coaches. There are about eight vehicles in it, which cost from $800 to $1,500 apiece. The coach house has six large windows with shutters, and the ceiling has fancy tissue paper, "fly-catchers," nicely arranged and cut in a tasty and beautiful manner. The harness room has twelve separate cases with glass fronts, and not a particle of dust can get to any of the harness. There is telephonic communication from the harness room to the mansion house, from whence the coachman's orders are received. A peculiar beam with projecting crosses is used as a holder, in cleaning and blackening. The stable has accommodations for twelve head of horses. At present it has ten horses, two donkeys and one pony. The ten upright posts, near the horses, and forming a part of the stalls, are carefully covered with straw plaits, for about four feet from the ground. The flooring of the entire first story of the barn is of granite, but immediately under the horses are wooden false floors, laid upon the stone. These come out and are cleaned twice a week. Just at the edge of the false floor is a perforated iron strip about a foot wide and level with the stone floor, which allows all liquid to pass through. Just back of this is a straw plait about a yard wide and which is covered with loose straw, forming bedding. Just back of this plait a pretty cocoanut carpet is laid, and is kept as clean as though it were a parlor. It is put down at 8 a. m. and taken up at 5 p. m. An iron watering trough is placed against the wall, still further back. The "fly-catcher" paper is neatly arranged overhead in all the stable. In front of the horses is a space five feet wide, and from here the horses are fed. Spoutings come down from the various bins in the second story. These are fitted with a patent gauge attachment which measures just four quarts of feed. There is one large stall set apart for sick horses. In the upper story I found a bath-room and water closet, nicely lighted with gas; four bed-rooms, elegantly furnished, and numerous bins, admirably arranged for the purposes intended. Joseph Staddon, formerly coachman for Baron Rothschild, London, has charge of the stable. The stable is built of brick and finished throughout the interior with yellow pine, oiled.—*Media (Pa.) American.*

Children's Diet.

FIVE old women about a quilt! Can the pen of one give a tithe of their conversation record? Let us attempt but a part of it. Mrs. Green began the tournament.

"I hain't seen ye a month o' Sundays, Miss Walker; where do ye keep yerself?"

"Why, I've ben to hum. 'Tain't real handy to take to baby-tendin' when ye git along in yoars a spell; but there don't seem to be nobody else to take care of Bezy's babe but me. Bezy's as pernickity as a woman about the child; he won't lemme give it a speck o' nothin' but red cow's milk, an' he's nigh about seven months old, an' he'd oughter set in lap to the table, an' take a taste o' vittles along with us. My land! my children used to set to an' grab things as quick as ever I fetched 'em where they could. Little Jemimy was the greatest hand for biled cabbage ye ever did see; an' pork! how that child would holler for fried pork! There wa'nt no peace to the wicked till she got it; she'd ha' been a splendid child if she'd lived; but the summer complaint was dreadful prevalent that year, an' it took her off in the wink of an eye, as ye may say; allers doos the healthy children. Then my Samwell, why, he was the greatest hand for pickles that ever was; he'd git a hunk o' fried steak into one leetle hand an' a pickle into t'other, an' he would crow an' squeal. Cuttin' of his stomach teeth was the end o'him; got 'em too early, was took with convulsions, an' died right off. An' the twins: well, they favored beans—baked beans an' minute-puddin'; they was eighteen months old when they died, an' they eet toast an' cider like good fellers only the day they was took sick; we'd hed buckwheats an' tree molasses for brenkfust that day, an' I expect they'd eet so much sweet it kinder made 'em squeamy, so 't the hard cider jest hed the right tang. Poor little creturs! mabbe 'twas the billous colic a-comin' on made 'em dry; anyway they was awful sick with 't, an' they died a Sunday week, for they was took of a Sunday, an'—"

Miss Polly Paine, a short, plump old maid, gently interrupted here; she thought Widow Walker had occupied the floor long enough.

"But, say, what do you give it red cow's milk for? I never knowed there was any great o' virtoo in red cows."

"Sakes alive!" Here Semanthy House, Deacon House's wife, took up the thread of conversation. "I want to know ef ye didn't? Why, red's the powerfulest thing! You jest put a red flannel round your throat, an' it won't never be sore; an' a red string in your ears 'll keep off fever, every body knows; but then I don't hold to fetchin' up a child on milk altogether; they won't never make old bones that way. I b'lieve in hearty vittles for every body. Pic's real hearty ef ye make it good, an, so's cheese, when ye can't git butcher's-meat. I b'lieve I could stan' it the year round on pie an' cheese an' baked beans."

"Well, ye see," pottered on Mrs. Walker, who seized a chance to begin again, "Bezy he won't hear to no reason; he claims he knows more about fetchin' up children than I do, spite of my hevin' hed four on 'em: he speaks about their all dyin' off, an' says he wants his'n to live—a-flyin' in the face of Providence, as ye may say, for we all know folks die by the dispensations of Providence, an' mortal man can't say, 'Why do ye so?' to the Lord; but I don't know but what brother Bezy thinks he can; he sets dreadful loose to religion, 'specially doctrines an' sech"—*From "Amandar," by Rose Terry Cooke, in Harper's Magazine.*

Pernicious Literature.

THE bookstands are laden with cheap literature of a kind seemingly produced for the purpose of making boys grow up into bad men, and the supply is increasing monthly despite the protests which appear in the press and occasionally from the pulpit. What the pulpit has done toward the suppression of trashy literature would probably have been greater had the invectives of clergymen not been generally so sweeping as to be ineffective, fiction of all kinds being sometimes assailed; but that what the press has said has been liberal enough, and that it has been followed by no result is proof that a demand exists which must be supplied and that the remedy for bad literature is good literature. The average American boy will have something to read, and conscienceless publishers have profited by this knowledge to produce highly-sea-oned cheap romances which attract the youth immensely and the effect of which can be only corruption. In imitations of the "Lakeside" and "Seaside" libraries, which within the past year or so have grown so popular, there is now issued by an Eastern firm a five-cent library, the different works in which are chiefly impossible detective stories or incredible tales of the far West. The boy reader is not discriminating, and is seized with a wild desire to pattern after the hero of the latest of these works he has chanced to read. Scores of boys, ranging in age all the way from eight to fifteen years, have stuffed their pockets with edibles from the pantry, obtained an armament of an old pistol and a few rounds of ammunition, and left St. Louis with the intention of becoming "boy-avengers," or something of the sort, and of totally exterminating what few remain of the Indians. These bold marauders, after tramping three or four miles out in the suburbs, or stealing a night's ride on the cars, generally return in a day or two, having learned something; but the lesson is not permanent, and the next time perhaps they pattern their exploits after those of "The Boy Detective," who accomplished wonders by becoming intimate with thieves and ruffians. Here the imitative experience is more pleasant, and foolish boys become blackguards from associations which would never have been formed but for the influence of trashy literature. The cheap novels for boys may not openly inculcate vice, but the effect is nearly the same. The heroes are impossible characters who do impossible things, and to older people the whole plot is merely ridiculous, but boys are not critical, and the silly romance is law and gospel to them. In these books the hero is rarely described as studying hard or working hard and attaining success in a legitimate way. The inference the boy gets from the story is that he need not labor for a livelihood, and that it is the easiest thing possible to get along in the world by numerous smart exploits. The evil such stuff causes can only be guessed at, but it can scarcely be overestimated, and any practical device for the suppression of this class of juvenile literature would be a blessing to the country. There is no law against trash, though, and how the boys are to be saved from their enemies among the publishers is a problem.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

THE DAIRY.

A QUART of milk for every six inhabitants is the rule by which the amount of milk required to supply the population of any city is calculated.

IF oleomargarine, says the London *Live Stock Journal*, acts as a spur to our dairymaids, causing them to improve the quality and condition of the butter they make, it will fill a not altogether ignoble mission.

COPPERAS has no odor itself, but absorbs and disinfects the atmosphere of a room rapidly. If every dairyman would keep a little of it dissolved in water in his milk-room, changing it every day or two, it would repay the cost.

WHEN cows gnaw fence-boards and pick up filthy matters, they are troubled with indigestion, and this causes their so-called depraved appetite. To remedy this, give a pint of linseed-oil, and repeat it the next day. Then give a tablespoonful of salt daily until the cow does not care for it. The trouble is caused by pasture or feed that is deficient in some nutritive quality, and a few good feeds of wheat or rye bran might be useful for them.—*Exchange.*

AN old dairyman says during the heat of summer the cow should be milked three times a day, at regular intervals—about five o'clock in the morning, one in the afternoon and nine in the evening. The quantity of milk and butter is considerably increased, and the quality improved, by this practice. The milk is injured by remaining in the udder through the heat of the day, and the cow is made uncomfortable, which, of necessity, diminishes her usefulness. When cows are milked but twice a day in hot weather the udder becomes too much heated and feverish, and the milk is in a similar condition—the cream seems to be melted, the milk soon becomes sour, the cream does not rise well, and the butter is soft and oily. These difficulties, almost universally attending butter-making, during the summer months, are mostly overcome by the practice of milking three times a day, and the cow being near at hand it is a small matter to adopt this practice."

SOME cows will not, or rather cannot, give rich, yellow butter, and some can. It is an attribute of the cows and not of the feed given to them. Coloring the butter is not objectionable in the slightest degree if the coloring is pure. Carrot juice is subject to decomposition and is, therefore, not so good as the preparations of annotto. Annotto is a vegetable product, and is not only harmless, but useful, as it adds to the flavor as well as the appearance of the butter. If it were not that the purchasers and consumers of the butter insist on having it of a certain color, knowing that this color is artificial, and paying more for it so colored, producers would be under no obligation to color it. It is foolish or stupid to persist in opposing an innocent popular fashion or taste, more especially when it hurts no one and pleases the multitude. But in this case the eaters of butter are right and their critics are wrong, for butter well colored is positively better for it.—*Exchange.*

Management of Dairy Stock.

IN a paper on this subject, recently read by Dr. A. S. Heath before the New York Farmers' Club, many valuable suggestions were made upon the subject of feeding dairy stock.

Grass causes the most liberal secretions of delicious milk. But this condition of young, succulent and plentiful grass cannot be relied upon as alone sufficient food for the largest milk production for more than sixty days of the whole year. The rest of the three hundred and five days the cows must have extra feed. This must consist of the different kinds of fodder for the different seasons. In the early season, green rye, green oats, earlier and later roots, green corn and hay. But green corn cannot be profitably fed till in early tassel, nor should corn meal be fed in hot weather, nor for the same reason should cotton-seed meal and linseed cake be fed until the cool or cold season, for less animated heat is required to be supplied to the cow.

Pure water and salt must be supplied to milch cows ad libitum, as eighty-seven per cent. of the milk consists of water, and where salt is sparingly supplied the digestive powers of the cow are enfeebled, and the milk is defective in keeping quality, and probably, also, in quantity and quality.

Care, kindness, quiet, moderate exercise, regular and judicious feeding are all important factors in milk supply.

The largest percentage of flavor in cheese and butter is found in young grasses, but in very young fodder-corn these essential qualities—caseine, butter, sugar and aroma—are deficient, but improve up to the time of early flowering, when the sweet-corn fodder is at its best, and should be fed with shorts or bran sprinkled over the cut and wilted fodder.

Green oats is a good soiling crop, and bran is an admirable food in a slop. It produces a large quantity of milk, and it can be fed with safety in the hottest weather. Meal may be added to bran as the weather becomes cooler.

Milk removes much phosphate of lime, and the pastures should be sown with ground bones or rock phosphate of lime. Wool removes sulphur, and therefore sheep pastures are improved by plaster or sulphate of lime. Ashes and salt are of the highest value to pastures. But when the pastures have too far failed, it is better economy to plow them up as fast as possible, and sow them to pasture grasses and seed to oats, to shade the young shoots and tender roots. Meadows may be pastured in the dry season after the crop has been removed, but never in the early spring or late fall. The air supplies most of the organic matter, and thus helps to keep the land good when we sell off part of the products, which are a part of the farm or soil itself. Good milk requires good sound food, and a large yield of milk requires a large supply of good sound food.

Warm and airy stables, great cleanliness with the animal and her products, judicious feeding of cows, and feeding of pastures, are the indispensable means to supply milk in quality, quantity, and soundness capable of resisting decay.

EVERY person in America writes an average of twenty letters per year.

HOME AND FARM.

No soap that injures the hands should ever be used for clothing; it is sure to do harm in the end.

GOATS ought always to be kept in large stables, because they will face fire, and horses will follow them out, though they would not go by themselves.

PUFFS.—Two cups milk, two cups flour, two eggs, a little salt. Beat the whites separately, and add the last thing. Bake in muffin-rings or cups. This is sufficient for eight cups.

A COAT of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and make them last three times as long.

DRY WASH.—To clean white Shetland shawls, put the soiled article into a large bowl, throw over it half a teacupful of flour, "dry," rub thoroughly, as if washing, and then thoroughly shake out the flour. If the article is not clean, repeat the process in clean flour. Articles cleaned by this process will retain a new look as long as there is one thread left.

MUFFINS.—Two eggs, one pint flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teacup milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and a little salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together. In another dish beat the yelks of the eggs, add the milk and butter, then the flour, then the beaten whites. Beat well together and bake in gem irons in a hot oven.

DRYING FRUITS.—Families of farmers engaged in drying fruits are reminded that the solar heat is not sufficiently intense to destroy insect eggs that may have been deposited in the fruit when green, or in the process of drying. If put in a moderately warm oven for ten minutes all parasites and their eggs would be destroyed. In countries where fruits are extensively dried the treatment is practiced generally.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—To two gallons of peeled and sliced tomatoes put five tablespoons of mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two and a half even tablespoons of black pepper, two of allspice, two of cloves, one gill of salt, one quart of chopped onions, two quarts of brown sugar, five pints of vinegar. Beat the spice, and boil all well together to the consistency of marmalade. Be careful not to let it burn or discolor.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.—One quart of rich milk and as much sweet cream; four cups of sugar, six eggs, one quart of very ripe peaches, pared and cut small. Make as in directions for self-freezing ice-cream, but stir in the peaches just before closing the freezer for the second time, beating them well into the congealing cream. Unless they are very sweet, you would do well to dredge them in sugar before they go in.

FRUIT PIE.—A simple thing to speak of, but if all ladies have their pies "run out" as I have, they will not think a remedy so simple after all. For raspberry, blackberry, juicy green apple, etc., spread the under crust with butter, then sprinkle thickly with sugar, then flour; put the flour under the berries, then sprinkle with sugar again, and bake slowly. By this means one can have the goodness of the pie *in* the pie, instead of the oven.

DAMSON PRESERVE.—To four pounds of damsons put three pounds of sugar; prick each damson with a needle; dissolve the sugar with a half pint of water, and put on the fire. When it simmers, put in as many damsons as will lie on top of it; when they open take them out and lay them on a dish, and put others in, and so on until all have been in; then put them all in the kettle together, and let them stew until done. Put them in jars, and seal them.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cut the citron in thin slices, pare off the outside rind and take out all the seeds, put in the preserve kettle with water enough to cover it; boil till it can be pierced easily with a fork, skim it out and strain the water, placing it back in the kettle; allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of citron; dissolve the sugar in the liquor; cut three or four lemons into it and let it boil till it is as thick as required, then put in the citron and boil; when it is transparent, then it is done; if boiled too long the citron will be tough.

Raising Field Beans.

AT a recent meeting of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, held at Chatham, Mr. P. J. McKindley gave his experience in bean culture: He said that this was peculiarly the bean-growing district of Canada, and the area of bean culture was limited even within the district. Beans succeeded best on sandy loam with clay subsoil, or on a gravely loam with porous subsoil, and the land must be well drained; the best mode of preparing the land was to plow in the fall, harrow in the spring, and perhaps roll down and cultivate with a gang plow; the oftener it was harrowed and cultivated the less trouble would there be with weeds; the best time to plant was from the 5th to the 10th of June, thus allowing the weeds to start their growth, so that they were killed before the crop was sown; beans were sometimes grown successive years on the same land, but the practice was a bad one; thirty bushels per acre was a good average yield, and the price was about $1 25 per bushel; plowing sod in the fall or spring for beans was the next best thing to summer fallowing for fall wheat, and they got the two crops for about the labor of one; the total cost of planting beans per acre would be about $14; the principal market for them was the United States, though our own lumbermen used a good many, the medium-sized bean was more profitable than either the small variety or the marrow-fat; the bean crop was not considered any more exhaustive than barley or wheat; they had no machines for cutting two rows of beans at a time, and they were left in small bunches; the threshing was often done with a flail, but the concave of the common threshing machine could be adjusted to thresh them; the straw made excellent food for sheep; the bean did not suffer from insects or disease to any extent, but sometimes the blossom would blight if the weather was very hot; late beans produced the heaviest crops, but there was a good deal of risk in harvesting them, and they had often to be hand-picked.

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The Literary Revolution.

In January, 1879, The Literary Revolution was inaugurated by the publication of one small volume. In September, 1880, its list, published and in preparation, comprises over 130 volumes of standard books. It gives employment to about 500 hands, is actually overrun to purchasers over three tons of books a day, or over 1,000 tons a year, and is so far from able to fill all orders that additional buildings have just been leased, machinery purchased, and other steps necessary taken to double the present product within the next sixty days. To meet the popular demand for the coming twelve months at least 2,000,000 volumes will be required. The almost 2,000 Tons of wonderful success which the Revolution has achieved is doubtless to be attributed to its leading principles, which are: I. Publish only books of real merit. II. What is worth reading is worth preserving. All books are neatly and strongly bound. III. Work on the basis of the present cost of making books, which is very much less than it was a few years ago. IV. Books have commonly been considered luxuries; in a free republic they ought to be considered necessities, and the masses will buy good books by the million if prices are placed within reach. V. To make $1.00 and a friend is better than to make $5.00 only, and 1000 books sold at a profit of $1.00 each gives a profit of only $1,000, while 1,000,000 books sold at a profit of one cent each gives a profit of $10,000; and it is more pleasure as well as more profit to sell the million. The most important publication thus far undertaken—indeed the most important work ever published in this country—will be that every intelligent person wants in his library, is the Library of Universal Knowledge. It is a verbatim reprint of the last London edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, with copious additions by American editors, about 15,000 topics being added to the original work. It will contain, complete, about 10 per cent more than Appleton's and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopedia, though costing but a fraction of the price of either. The publication of a large type edition of the Library of Universal Knowledge is just begun, vol. 1. being issued September 1. Two or more volumes will be issued each month till the whole is completed in 18 vols. octavo of nearly 1,000 pages each. The price of the large type edition in cloth binding is $1.50 per volume; bound in half Russia, gilt top, price $1.50 per volume. According to our usual custom, special reduction in price is made to early purchasers, and during the month of September only orders for volumes I., II., or III., either or all, will be received at the nominal price of 45 cents per volume for the cloth, 55 cents per volume for the half Russia, gilt top. As a portion of the Library of Universal Knowledge, the Chambers's Encyclopedia is also published separately, complete in 15 volumes of clear nonpareil type, and sold, bound in cloth, for the nominal price of $7.50, or in half Russia, gilt top, for $15.00. In this style 12 vols. have already been issued, vol. 13 will be ready September 10, and Vols. 14 and 15 a few days thereafter. On this also special terms are given to early purchasers, the price being to those ordering before received during September $6.75 for the set complete in cloth, $13.50 for the half Russia gilt top. The volumes already issued will be sent at once by express, and the remainder when completed in October. The Review of New Enterprises and Accomplishments during September in Religion we shall endeavor to make a feature of, and will also publish new victories. During September we shall complete to "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," the great "Webster Unabridged" of religious literature, and a 50 cent edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary. In Biography, two volumes added to our Acme Library of Biography contain 10 vols. selected from the famous English Men of Letters series, at little more than one-tenth the cost heretofore. In Poetry we shall soon have the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, translated by Pope, and a large type edition of Shakespeare. In History a cheap edition of the celebrated Froissart's Chronicles, with over 120 illustrations. In Fiction, Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." In Juvenile, "Karl in Queerland," profusely illustrated. The cost of making books diminishes in large degree as their number is multiplied. Many of our books are selling in so much larger quantities than we anticipated that we find it in our power to considerably reduce their price, and we do it with a great deal of pleasure. Among those so reduced are the histories of Macaulay and Gibbon, Taine, Rollin, Josephus, Modern Classics, Milton, Virgil, Dante, Koran, Bunyan, Crusoe, and several others.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between J. R. Bishop and O. W. Heiskell in the merchantile business in Oakland, Md., under the firm and style of J. R. Bishop & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent Persons knowing themselves indebted to the above firm will please call and settle. The business will hereafter be conducted by O W. Heiskell & Co. at the old stand.

J. R. BISHOP.
O. W. HEISKELL.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 1, 1880.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm of J. R. Bishop & Co., I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for the new firm of O. W. Heiskell & Co

sep 4-3 J. R. BISHOP.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein William H. Sheib is complainant, and Richard G. Richardson and John Richardson are defendants, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale on the premises now occupied by Richard G. Richardson, near the B. and O. R. R. depot, in Oakland, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., on the

27th day of September, 1880,

all the personal property which is described in a mortgage from Richard G. Richardson to John Richardson, dated May 12th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 230, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, to-wit:

A large lot of canned goods, tobacco, cigars, cakes, candies and nuts, stationery, coffee, sugar, tea, soaps, fishing tackle, toys, fireworks, ammunition, brackets, bracket saw, two show cases, lamps, one glass case, 2 pair scales, and many other articles in said stock of merchandise too numerous to mention, together with all the fixtures to said stock; also *One ice-cream freezer,*

One 7 1/3 Octave Piano,

(rosewood finish,) One Portable melodeon,

One Ingrain carpet, one set wood chairs, one walnut bedstead, one walnut bureau, one walnut wash stand, one heating stove, one rag carpet.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, CASH on the day of sale. No property delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
se 4-td Trustees.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659; that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said Bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep. 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN.
9 18 5. A. C. DUCKWORTH.

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Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 21th day of August, 1880.

A. J. FIKE.
Administrator.

ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

MORTGAGEES' SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from George Percy, and Alice E. Percy, his wife, to C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, dated the 9th day of February, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 209, one of the land record books for Garrett county, the undersigned, as mortgagees named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of Mr. Daniel Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, the 4th day of October, 1880,

at 11½ o'clock, a. m., all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George Percy and Alice E. Percy, (the same being a one-fourth interest) of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND,

together with the improvements thereon, situated and lying in Garrett county and State of Maryland, in the Sang Run District of said county, about fourteen miles northwest of the town of Oakland, and near the West Virginia line, the said property being the same tract or pieces or parts of tracts of land which was patented by the State of Maryland to Elijah Friend and George Percy on the 19th day of December, 1856, and is contained within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning for the outlines thereof, at a stake standing at the beginning place of the original lot No. 1461, and running thence with the first and second lines thereof south 174 perches west 15 perches, then leaving said original lot and running with the western range of Lot No. 1462 south 180 perches to a tract of land called "The Diadem," and with this tract west 49 perches to the line dividing the State of Maryland from the State of Virginia, (now West Virginia) and with this line north 1,280 perches to the end of the third line of a tract of land called "Evansland," surveyed for John Evans the 10th of March, 1851, and reversing this line east 40 perches to the beginning of a tract of land called "Yough Manor" resurveyed for General John Swan, and reversing the given line of this tract, south 794 perches to the beginning of said given line, thence with the western range of Lot No. 1460, south 132 perches to the end of last or third line of the original, and with the given line thereof east 45 perches to the beginning, containing 368 15-16 acres of land, more or less.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE CASH on the day of sale.

C. F. HETZEL,
JOHN G. BAUER,
Mortgagees.

Blackiston & Ellegood, Cumberland, Md. attorneys for mortgagees. sep 11-td

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 4th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
9 18 td. Clerk.

JAMES W. LEATHERS,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
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Smouse Building, two doors east of Cheap John's, Oakland, Md. 9 18 4

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner whatever, upon the lands of the undersigned. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

sep 18-13 ALBERT COMBS.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, via Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browing Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 4n6

PITH AND POINT.

PARTY leaders are all well enough, but the wheel-horses must do the most important work.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ALL youths are not fitted for a college education. It is not best to make a one-story brain try to carry a three-story education.—*Whitehall Times.*

MAN alone can whistle. Thank goodness!—*Boston Transcript.* But he can also whistle when not alone. Thank badness!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DONA ANA RAFAELS, a very rich Cuban lady, is at Saratoga, and she makes all the men want to go to Cuba. Several are already bound to have Ana.—*Boston Post.*

THE ablest way in which to disguise a peach is to inclose it between two crusts and try to call the combination a "pie." It spoils the peach, and, as for the crusts, the man who invented them spoiled the flour when he did so.—*New Haven Register.*

AN Oil City maiden, who had just recovered from a two-days' attack of green-apple cramps, recited in public the other night that touching poem, "Go feel what I have felt," with such emphasis that it brought tears to the eyes of the green-grocer.—*Derrick.*

"I NOW have something for a rainy day," said old Mr. Snifkin the other evening, as he entered the room and greeted his family. "A windfall, a windfall," screamed Mrs. Snifkin in an ecstacy of mental paralysis. "No, no," he responded quietly, as he drew his slippers from under the sofa, "it's an umbrella."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

ONCE in a while a poet rises to the supreme height of his vocation and strikes a genuine chord. Hear this one:

> I think the song that's sweetest
> Is the one that's never sung.

Oh, that this couplet could be wedged cross-ways in the throat of the amateur individual who imagines his voice is—is—anything but what it is.—*New Haven Register.*

GIRLS who have become slaves to the demon of ice-cream should read carefully this little gem by one of our most noted poets, and reflect on the fate that awaits them. Two kinds of ice-cream are evidently what ailed her:

> All pale and wan my little love
> Doth in her chamber lie,
> While Night looks coldly from above
> With weird, Cyclopean eye."
> —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is your programme full, Miss Beetle-crusher?" asked a young man of a Western damsel who had struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an "order of dancing" in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the Sitting Sun. "Waal, I guess not! I haint had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice-cream, an' they don't go far toward filling my programme, I can tell you.—*Boston Commercial.*

OUR Sarah Jane just dotes on botany. How that girl does love to analyze, to be sure! My! how she will tear the posies to pieces! Meeting her, the other day, with a joyous light in her eye and a mess of flowers and leaves in her apron, she told us she had been analyzing—as though there were any need of her telling that! Why, that girl's always analyzing! She had been analyzing, she said, a very fine specimen of the "symplocarpus, a genus of the perennial, aquatic, acaulescent herbs, belonging to the order *Lamnaceæ*. Its spadix," she remarked, "is oval, covered with purple flowers." Now, that sounded grand enough; but, bless you, sir, if you'll believe it, the girl had been tearing skunk-cabbage to pieces! Yes, that girl dotes on botany, and no mistake!—*Boston Transcript.*

Billmire's Voyage---Strange Story of a Baltimore Man.

W. H. O. BILLMIRE, the sexton of Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, who disappeared last October with several thousand dollars which he had collected from the pew-renters, arrived home to-day, to the great surprise of his friends and the authorities, who had been anxiously looking for him as a defaulter and absconder. Billmire had been sexton of the church for many years, was a communicant, and was looked upon as a consistent Christian up to the time of his disappearance. To-day he related his experience to a member of the church and to the civil authorities, which, if true, entitles him to public sympathy. His narrative, however, has several glaring inconsistencies, and it is probable that the ex-sexton will be compelled to substantiate the truth of his statements in a court of law. In conversation with the correspondent of the *Sun* to-day, Billmire gave in detail the history of his experience, which is substantially as follows:

On the night of his disappearance he had in his possession about $3,000 belonging to the church, which he had collected from members of the congregation for pew rents. This money he took to a lodge meeting, and while there received a note informing him that his brother had been injured by a fall at Locust Point, was in a dying condition, and wished to see him. Billmire says that he was also informed that a hack was waiting at Barnum's Hotel to take him to his brother. He hurried to where the hack was waiting, and what followed is best told in his own words:

"I was accosted by a man who wished to know if I was Mr. Billmire. I told him that was my name. He said he had been waiting some time for me, and was glad I had come. I asked him how my brother was hurt, and he told me in a very polite manner to step into the hack and he would tell me all about it on our way down to Locust Point. I noticed, as I stepped in, that there was another man inside, and that the blind was down over the door. He gave orders to drive to Locust Point as fast as possible. He began to tell me how my brother was hurt, and said that when he left him he was under the influence of chloroform. He asked me if I did not detect the smell of it on him. This happened on the lonely part of the road after leaving Federal Hill going to Locust Point. I leaned forward as he held his hand out to smell, when the man beside me hit me on my head with some heavy instrument, I suppose a billy, and knocked me on the opposite seat. I struggled and fought with great strength, and was only overcome by a handkerchief saturated with chloroform thrown around my face. When I revived I found myself on board a vessel, and upon examination discovered that I had been robbed of every article of value on my person. After a while the cabin where I was lying was entered by a man who, in answer to questions, said that I had been put on the vessel which was on Chesapeake Bay, by my friends, who said that I had killed a man in Baltimore in a fight. After the vessel got out into the ocean I was taken with brain fever, and when I recovered I found that I was on board another vessel which had picked me up adrift in an open boat at sea. This was the ship Antioch, Capt. Weeks, bound for Hong Kong."

Billmire says he was treated well by Capt. Weeks, who allowed him to help the steward do the cooking for the ship's crew. They reached Hong Kong on Jan. 10, 1880, and, loading with rice, sailed for Victoria, British Columbia, where they arrived on June 4 last, and Capt. Weeks furnished him with a suit of clothes. He had previously given him £5. He started from Victoria for San Francisco, where arrived on June 8. Four days after reaching Victoria he wrote to his wife in this city, giving a brief outline of his adventures, which substantially agrees with the above.

Harry Billmire, a son of the missing man, while fishing in Jones's Falls, last May, fell overboard and was drowned before assistance could be rendered, and his death was unknown to his father before his arrival here. He accounts for the length of time between his arrival in San Fancisco and his arrival here by saying that he was penniless and had to work his way to Baltimore. Many members of the church credit Billmire's story. He has a wife and five children living.—*Baltimore Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Former Siege of Candahar.

IN consequence of the great interest taken in the present siege of Candahar and the recent attempt to storm it made by Ayoob Khan, a sketch of the former siege of 1842 will be read with attention:

In November, 1842, affairs were in a peaceful condition at Candahar, although there was some trouble at Cabul. While things were in this satisfactory state it was decided to reduce the garrison and to send an English brigade and three of the native regiments back to India under the command of Colonel Maclaren. The brigade had even commenced its march toward Quetta when alarming news from the north necessitated its immediate recall, and, instead of proceeding to their homes in the plains of Scinde, the Sepoys advanced northward with the intention of reinforcing Elphinstone at Cabul. For unknown reasons Maclaren, after a month's absence, abandoned the attempt of marching on Cabul and returned to Candahar, thus raising the garrison to its original strength. The consequences of this blunder were very serious, for, had he persisted in his advance, not only Ghazni would have been saved but the final catastrophe at Cabul might have been averted. Before the year 1841 closed it was evident that the English garrison at Candahar was environed by enemies. At this crisis Candahar, intrusted to General Nott and Major Rawlinson, stood forth as a rock amid troubled waters, in face of the hostility of the powerful tribes of Western Afghanistan.

In January an Afghan army approached Candahar and pitched their camp at the village of Killa-Chuk, on the Argandab: Nott marched out with the greater part of his force and immediately attacked the enemy. The Afghans were completely defeated and suffered severe loss. Although successful in the field, the position of the English at Candahar became more perilous than before in consequence of the declared hostility of the Durani clans. Early in March Rawlinson took the final precaution of clearing the city of its Afghan inhabitants. Only 1,000 families were permitted to remain. No sooner had this been done than Nott again took the field, leaving Rawlinson in charge of the city. During three days Nott kept up a running fight with the Afghans, and by that time he had drawn a considerable distance away from Candahar. The Afghan troops were at once led back by a circuitous route to Candahar in the hope of surprising and overwhelming the small garrison. Rawlins at once sent messengers post haste to inform General Nott. During three hours that night a contest raged at the Herat gate, where the Afghans were forcing an entrance, and scarcely less severely at the Cabul and Shikapore gates; but toward midnight the Ghazis could not be brought again to the charge and the Afghans retired, baffled by the skill and determination of the small body of men under the command of Majors Rawlinson and Lane.

During these later months great preparations had been in progress in Scinde for the reinforcement of the Candahar army. A brigade under General England had been formed and sent through the Bolan to Quetta before the close of March. Unfortunately, General England did not prove equal to the occasion, and when a show of resistance was made to his advance at Haekalzae, he at once gave up the attempt and retired to Quetta. General England made another attempt, but it is only necessary to add that General Nott's forces cleared the neighborhood of Candahar of the enemy in the course of the following spring. In June every thing was in readiness for the withdrawal of the English forces from Candahar; but Nott, with his two European regiments, retired northward by way of Ghazni and Cabul. In that journey he was completely successful, defeating the enemy in two pitched encounters, capturing the fortress of Ghazni, and reaching Cabul only two days later than General Pollock, who had advanced from Jellalabad. The salient point of difference between General Nott's defense of Candahar and that of General Primrose appears to be that, whereas the former held the city in its entirety, the latter has been compelled to abandon the city and concentrate his force in the citadel. General Nott, with a larger body of troops, was able to hold his ground mainly by clearing the city of its Afghan inhabitants, and, as General Primrose was unable to perform a similar task, there was no alternative to placing his force in as advantageous a position for defense as possible. For this reason there is more ground for anxiety now than there was in 1842, and a greater necessity in proportion to hurry up reinforcements.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

DURHAM, N. C., expects to handle 18,000,000 pounds of this year's tobacco crop.

PHOSPHORESCENT writing-paper is a late novelty. Writing done upon it can be easily read in the dark.

DURING the year 1879 the earnings of railroads in the United States were over $529,000,000, or nearly double the entire revenue of the National Government.

ACCORDING to the superintendent of a factory in Canada, where paper is manufactured from wood, the paper, so improved has the process become, can be made ready for use six hours after the cutting of the tree.

LIME has never been found in a native state; it is always united to an acid, as to the carbonic in chalk. By subjecting chalk or limestone to a red heat it is freed from the acid, and the lime is left in a state of purity.

FLORIDA fruit-growers are beginning to cultivate the lemon with a great deal of care, and with such good results that it is believed that in a little while longer this State will furnish almost as many lemons to the trade as she now does oranges.

THE pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which determines the thickness of paper to the one-thousandth part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper, now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or any thing else to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

JAPANESE paper air-cushions are said to have some advantages over those made of rubber. They may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use; they will not stick together as rubber does after it is wet, and for pillows they are better because they have no odor. Their strength is very great; a man weighing 160 pounds may stand upon one without bursting it. They are said to be water-proof, and to make excellent life-preservers.

AN improved method of stopping engines, says the *Electrician*, has recently been devised. The main object of the device is to enable any child or unskilled person in any part of a mill to stop the engine in case of accident. The action is exceedingly simple. By touching a spring similar to the spring of an electric bell, an electric ball is set in motion. The ball drops and shuts one of the valves, which prevents the steam from escaping, and the engine is brought to a standstill.

BUT few people comparatively have any idea of the amount of timber used in the construction of a single railroad. It yearly takes 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand on our railroads, for which on an average the contractors get 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. Contractors, of course, buy pieces of timber land as near to the proposed line of road as possible, paying for the timber an average of about $20 per acre, or giving the proprietor 10 cents for every tie got out. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 ties to the acre and twelve ties to the tree.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has declared warfare on bangs.

COMMUNISTIC pamphlets have been discovered in circulation in the German army; and the authorities are investigating the matter.

THE father of Mrs. Langtry, the "professional beauty," is said to be in serious financial difficulties in the Island of Jersey, of which he is Dean.

MR. W. E. FORSTER appears in Parliament nowadays gayly attired in a light-hued waistcoat, a blue tie and a pair of picturesque striped trousers.

IN London during the past year ninety seven licensed victualers were cautioned for having defective and unstamped weights and measures, and five were convicted of such offenses.

COUNT HENRY VON ARNIM, who was declared by the State Court at Berlin guilty of treason in contumaciam, desires a rehearing of his case, and has expressed readiness to submit himself to Prussian jurisdiction.

THE Princess of Wales becomes very tired while rushing from the dutiful discharge of public appearance from one place to another. She is constantly compelled to appear before a mob of sightseers while standing in the mob of officious attendants.

THE American colony in Paris is smaller than at any previous time in twenty years. It costs twice as much now to live in Paris as in America in the same style. Formerly it cost double Paris prices in America. There is nothing now cheaper in France except apparel, and only parts of that.

ENGLISH ladies in Portugal play lawn-tennis in flowing Eastern trousers, laced at the ankle. There is a bright-colored, square bodice, without sleeves, and tied at the waist, and a loosely-laced skirt comes nearly to the knee. It is an adaptation of the country costume in which are Moorish features.

WOMEN are not to be employed in preparing the statistical returns relating to the English census. The Registrar-General could not make the arrangements which would have been necessary for their employment at the central office, and placing them in a separate house would have made it difficult to superintend their work.

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says the measure of dissatisfaction felt in high quarters at the proposed marriage of Lady Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Bartlett is indicated in the refusal of the use of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, for the ceremony, despite the great desire of the Baroness that it shall be celebrated there.

—A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he: "That's sumthin' in that ar cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."

—Lots of people are willing to rob Peter to pay Paul, only they get tired when their job is half done. They neglect to pay Paul.

Ole Bull's Pennsylvania Celony.

In the year 1852 Ole Bull purchased a tract of 120,000 acres of land in Stewardson Township, Potter County, which adjoins McKean on the east, and attempted to found a Norwegian colony. The locality is thirty-two miles southeast of Condersport, the county seat, on Kettle Creek, on the Germania and Jersey Shore turnpike. At the time of Bull's purchase it was wild and mountainous. To persuade his countrymen to cross the ocean he told them seductive stories of the picturesque locality. He represented that it was similar in character to their Norwegian home and that in America they should receive farms at nominal figures. Several hundred came to the new Norway and settled at Oleona, the name given to the settlement by Bull. The great violinist and founder of the colony started the erection of a castle at a point on the mountain side that commanded a prospect of the surrounding country for many miles, embracing Oleona. A peculiarity of the locality is the couvergence of five ranges of mountains. To build his castle Bull was compelled to have lumber conveyed a distance of twenty miles. Many thousands of dollars were expended in leveling the surroundings and making roadways up the mountain. The castle, of course, was never occupied because it was never completed. While work was yet in progress upon it Bull gave a grand reception one night to the colonists, during which he enchanted them with his marvelous melody. In less than two years, however, his fanciful scheme was abandoned and the violinist's fortune wasted. Failing to gain a subsistence by agriculture, the colonists established a whetstone factory, but discontent was already among them. This spirit was increased and kept alive by lumberman who visited Oleona and told the Norwegians of the better condition of people elsewhere. In less than two years nearly all the residents of the colony had departed. Henry Anderson, Bull's principal agent, still resides at Oleona, and has a comfortable fortune. The footsteps of decay have left little of the castle remaining, but there are farmers in Potter County who still hold Ole Bull's obligations for labor done during the days of the colony's existence. Curiosity hunters frequently visit the ground and the remnants of the castle are covered with the initials of persons from all parts of the country who have viewed the scenes made historic by Bull's extravagant scheme. The great violinist recovered from his financial difficulties and married a German lady in Wisconsin, where he had a beautiful home. It was only a few weeks ago that he sailed for Europe. Bull was a tall, majestic-looking man, with flowing white hair and polished manners.—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

A CAMBRIDGE mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before: it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother come from Chelsea and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turkles and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get em in my trunk."

—Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, conducts a regular clinic at the hospital, has a pleasant manner, large gray eyes with dark lashes and dark hair.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An Unpleasant Youthful Recollection.

From early youth I had been a sufferer with severe headache, writes C. W. Eck, Esq., proprietor of the St. Louis, Mo., *St. Louis Cowaechter*. Many remedies, by the use of which I endeavored to obtain relief, proved ineffectual. At last some friends recommended the Hamburg Drops to me; and since I used them I feel better than ever, and no sign of the old headache has appeared again.

[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]

Mr. C. O'CALLAHAN, of 171 Sycamore street, is another grateful witness to the infallible power of St. Jacobs Oil, which he tells us has made a new man of him.

BRICK DUST DEPOSIT is a symptom of serious Kidney Disease. Hunt's Remedy cures it.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

THE man must be polished who would reflect so as not to offend.—*Boston Transcript.*

A VERY respectable eternity might be made up of the time killed by idlers in this world.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"OH, look at the donkey! he's been destroying that hill of corn!" exclaimed Mrs. Suburban, in dismay. "Confound him!" said the husband, flinging a stick at the animal, "he's a corn-summit ass!" The scream that Mrs. S. emitted, previous to going off in a faint, frightened the beast more than her husband's stick.—*Boston Transcript.*

"HEAD it up," is the latest bit of gentility, and the man who says it wishes you to stop talking.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SPELLING reform is greatly needed in Russia. Nine-tenths of the Russian language looks as if it had the jim jams.—*Chicago Times.*

DO YOU know flies play "tag?" You watch a cluster of them some drowsy afternoon as they circle and dart under the chandelier and you will see them at the game. They play just as boys do. They keep going pretty much all the time, and lunge forward to trap each other or dodge aside to avoid each other with marvelous rapidity. Once in a while one will go and sit down for a moment, too tired to play any longer, unless another fly should happen to get pretty near him with his back turned. Then he will dash forward and hit the unwary one a rap that takes away his breath, and then sail off and laugh like a lunatic over it. Then some one of the number will get his back up and go off in a huff. The whole performance is dreadfully natural.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

"IS IT cheaper to board or keep house?" asks a young wife. It is cheaper to move.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE writer who suggested the advantage of taking time by the forelock, forgot that he was bald-headed.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"STRIVE to make a good impression wherever you go," said Jones, as he pulled his foot out of the mud.—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is well known that fashion in woman's costume is a most sordid and merciless speculation which, while it hoards the wealth of a Nation, robbing toil and poverty of their pittance, consumes human energies, perverts all functions, occupies the most of woman's time, makes her a specimen of folly, and beguiles her to all this by appeals to her vanity and assurances of that approval and love which is her bane, and should be her disgust.—*Mrs. Tillotson, in Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for September.*

THE advantage of good manners to the individual who happens to possess them is very often overlooked, and the success of a man in life is wrongly attributed to luck when it should have been ascribed simply to his affability and politeness. A hundred anecdotes have been related which prove the fallacy of the common idea and show how men have been "made" by manners; but perhaps not any of them exceeds in interest that of two notable English characters—Raleigh, whose cloak is familiar to every child-reader of history, and Marlborough, whose tremendous victories might never have enriched our military annals had he not first earned Court favor and promotion by his consummate address.

Made New Again.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D:

I have used your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—"*made new again*," are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I can never be too thankful to those who recommended your medicines, for I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work. I desire to make this statement in order that those suffering may not despair until they have given your remedies a trial.

Yours resp'y, MRS. WM. D. RYCKMAN.

Dividend-Paying.

The following is found in the columns of the *Standard*, New Bedford, Mass.: "Parties, after using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, pronounce it the best dividend-paying (in health and happiness) property they ever handled."

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.

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MALT BITTERS

Malt Bitters Company

In MALT BITTERS all the hopes of the sick and suffering may be realized. The bone and muscle producing MALT, the nerve quieting HOP, the superb tonic and malarial antidote CALISAYA, and other precious vegetable substances are combined, *without fermentation*, thus creating the purest and richest Nourishing Agent in the world for the Weak, Convalescent, Overworked, Nervous, Melancholy, and sleepless. They feed the Body and the Brain, regulate the Stomach and Bowels, cleanse the Liver and Kidneys, increase the Appetite and enrich the Blood. For Consumptives, Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, Sickly Children and the Aged, they are vastly superior to every other preparation of malt or medicine. Beware of imitations similarly named. Look for the COMPANY'S SIGNATURE, which appears plainly on the label of every bottle. Sold everywhere.

Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

GREAT CAMPAIGN BOOK, 1880. Agents Wanted. Garfield, Hancock and Wenver. 480 pages; 35 engravings. Price $1.25. With Political Compendium. Send for circulars to F. C. BLISS & Co., Newark, N. J.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 72 Best Selling Articles in the world; a sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

For BOWEL COMPLAINTS use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER! Sold by all Druggists.

As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for external and internal use, especially as a Regulator of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED!

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

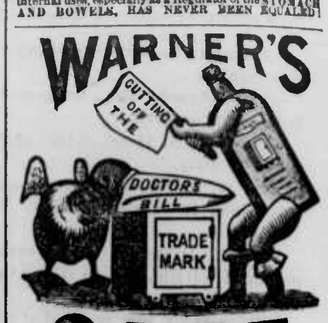

More than one-half of American ailments arise from disordered Kidneys or Liver. These organs are the governors that regulate the entire system and while they are seldom painful themselves, most diseases have their origin in them. The only discovery which has ever been made in the scientific or medical worlds that is a certain remedy for all such troubles is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It will cure Bright's Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel and all diseases of the Urinary Organs. For Female Complaints it is invaluable. For sale by all druggists.

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Abstemiousness as a Cure-All.

DR. J. FRANK PERRY, a prominent Boston physician, in an interview regarding the Tanner fast, told a *Herald* representative:

If a person would find out just what his system craves, and what his digestive organs can deal with profitably and successfully, and take that food never in excess of these conditions, then, the medical fraternity would find a great part of their occupation gone. Nine-tenths of all the pains and aches, the disorders, cardiac affections, melancholies, irregularities—call them or class them as one may—result from overloaded, overtaxed digestive organs. A 200-pound man, doing a hard day's work, mental and physical, every day, will find that, with a bit of steak the size of his two fingers, a single slice of toast, and one cup of coffee or tea at a meal, "day in and day out"—reference is now made to quantity and not to kinds or qualities—he can do more work, keep up to the maximum his strength and general health, and actually increase constantly in buoyancy of spirits and freedom of bodily powers. The testimony is universal and absolutely uniform wherever this experiment is tried. Of course, there must be a remedy for defective health, a foundation of soundness upon which to build the new structure of daily life, but these will be more readily attained in conjunction with the practice of abstemiousness, and the reform itself largely contains the conditions of its own success.

Without doubt the body, habituated to indulgences unlimited, will rebel for a time against the establishment of such a reformation; but the struggle will be short, and soon the matter will be decided in a perfectly natural way. Even the method of eating will become revolutionized. Nature has ordained that even in the process of mastication of food there is satisfaction of the natural appetite, and one who is observing in this respect may be surprised at the developments of his own experiment. A half pound of beefsteak bolted in the ordinary boarding-house style—"family style" would be equally descriptive—is almost certain to be the precursor of an olla podrida of meats and vegetables, and condiments and pastry, the share of which falling to one man ought to be sufficient to victual a neighborhood for a time—many of the articles ought never to be eaten at all by sensible, conscientious persons. But a bit of nicely-broiled steak, eaten by a person who knows very well that, when that is dispatched, his meal is ended, and also means to make the most of the eating, will be disposed of in a far different manner. It will be thoroughly and slowly masticated, the eater "keeping time" with his table companions, and there will be plenty of lively and pleasant conversation and by-play between the mouthfuls. Once used to such meals and such disposition of them, the sensible man, who eats to live, will forget he has a stomach, or at least he will never know anything of its existence through those disagreeable reminders which torture humanity daily and hourly, and frustrate half the effective work of the world.

Col. Scott's Model Barn.

AN *American* reporter, in his rambles over the county, ran across "Woodburn," the beautiful residence of Col. Thomas A. Scott, near Darby, and would like to say a word about Mr. Scott's new barn and its many conveniences. The barn was completed in March last and cost nearly ten thousand dollars, and in architectural style can not be excelled. The carriage or coach room is at the extreme eastern portion of the building, and has capacity for nine coaches. There are about eight vehicles in it, which cost from $800 to $1,500 apiece. The coach house has six large windows with shutters, and the ceiling has fancy tissue paper, "fly-catchers," nicely arranged and cut in a tasty and beautiful manner. The harness room has twelve separate cases with glass fronts, and not a particle of dust can get to any of the harness. There is telephonic communication from the harness room to the mansion house, from whence the coachman's orders are received. A peculiar beam with projecting crosses is used as a holder, in cleaning and blackening. The stable has accommodations for twelve head of horses. At present it has ten horses, two donkeys and one pony. The ten upright posts, near the horses, and forming a part of the stalls, are carefully covered with straw plaits, for about four feet from the ground. The flooring of the entire first story of the barn is of granite, but immediately under the horses are wooden false floors, laid upon the stone. These come out and are cleaned twice a week. Just at the edge of the false floor is a perforated iron strip about a foot wide and level with the stone floor, which allows all liquid to pass through. Just back of this is a straw plait about a yard wide and which is covered with loose straw, forming bedding. Just back of this plait a pretty cocoanut carpet is laid, and is kept as clean as though it were a parlor. It is put down at 8 a. m. and taken up at 5 p. m. An iron watering trough is placed against the wall, still further back. The "fly-catcher" paper is neatly arranged overhead in all the stable. In front of the horses is a space five feet wide, and from here the horses are fed. Spoutings come down from the various bins in the second story. These are fitted with a patent gauge attachment which measures just four quarts of feed. There is one large stall set apart for sick horses. In the upper story I found a bath-room and water closet, nicely lighted with gas; four bed-rooms, elegantly furnished, and numerous bins, admirably arranged for the purposes intended. Joseph Staddon, formerly coachman for Baron Rothschild, London, has charge of the stable. The stable is built of brick and finished throughout the interior with yellow pine, oiled.—*Media (Pa.) American.*

Children's Diet.

FIVE old women about a quilt! Can the pen of one give a tithe of their conversation record? Let us attempt but a part of it. Mrs. Green began the tournament.

"I hain't seen ye a month o' Sundays, Miss Walker; where do ye keep yerself?"

"Why, I've ben to hum. 'Tain't real handy to take to baby-tendin' when ye git along in years a spell; but there don't seem to be nobody else to take care of Bezy's babe but me. Bezy's as pernickity as a woman about the child; he won't lemme give it a speck o' nothin' but red cow's milk, an' he's nigh about seven months old, an' he'd oughter set in lap to the table, an' take a taste o' vittles along with us. My land! my children used to set to an' grab things as quick as ever I fetched 'em where they could. Little Jemimy was the greatest hand for biled cabbage ye ever did see; an' pork! how that child would holler for fried pork! There wa'nt no peace to the wicked till she got it; she'd ha' been a splendid child if she'd lived; but the summer complaint was dreadful prevalent that year, an' it took her off in the wink of an eye, as ye may say; allers doos the healthy children. Then my Samwell, why, he was the greatest hand for pickles that ever was; he'd git a hunk o' fried steak into one leetle hand an' a pickle into t'other, an' he would crow an' squeal. Cuttin' of his stomach teeth was the end o'him; got 'em too early, was took with convulsions, an' died right off. An' the twins: well, they favored beans—baked beans an' minute-puddiu'; they was eighteen months old when they died, an' they eet toast an' cider like good fellers only the day they was took sick; we'd hed buckwheats an' tree molasses for breakfast that day, an' I expect they'd eet so much sweet it kinder made 'em squeamy, so 't the hard cider jest hed the right tang. Poor little creturs! mabbe 'twas the bilions colic a-comin' on made 'em dry; anyway they was awful sick with 't, an' they died a Sunday week, for they was took of a Sunday, an'—"

Miss Polly Paine, a short, plump old maid, gently interrupted here; she thought Widow Walker had occupied the floor long enough.

"But, say, what do you give it red cow's milk for? I never knowed there was any great o' virtoo in red cows."

"Sakes allve!" Here Semanthy House, Deacon House's wife, took up the thread of conversation. "I want to know ef ye didn't? Why, red's the powerfulest thing! You jest put a red flannel round your throat, an' it won't never be sore; an' a red string in your ears 'll keep off fever, every body knows; but then I don't hold to fetchin' up a child on milk altogether; they won't never make old bones that way. I b'lieve in hearty vittles for every body. Pie's real hearty ef ye make it good, an, so's cheese, when ye can't git butcher's-meat. I b'lieve I could stan' it the year round on pie an' cheese an' baked beans."

"Well, yo see," pottered on Mrs. Walker, who seized a chance to begin again, "Bezy he won't hear to no reason; he claims he knows more about fetchin' up children than I do, spite of my hevin' hed four on 'em: he speaks about their all dyin' off, an' says he wants his'n to live—a-flyin' in the face of Providence, as ye may say, for we all know folks die by the dispensations of Providence, an' mortal man can't say, 'Why do ye so?' to the Lord; but I don't know but what brother Bezy thinks he can; he sets dreadful loose to religion, 'specially doctrines an' sech"—*From "Amandar," by Rose Terry Cooke, in Harper's Magazine.*

Pernicious Literature.

THE bookstands are laden with cheap literature of a kind seemingly produced for the purpose of making boys grow up into bad men, and the supply is increasing monthly despite the protests which appear in the press and occasionally from the pulpit. What the pulpit has done toward the suppression of trashy literature would probably have been greater had the invectives of clergymen not been generally so sweeping as to be ineffective, fiction of all kinds being sometimes assailed; but that what the press has said has been liberal enough, and that it has been followed by no result is proof that a demand exists which must be supplied and that the remedy for bad literature is good literature. The average American boy will have something to read, and conscienceless publishers have profited by this knowledge to produce highly-sea-oned cheap romances which attract the youth immensely and the effect of which can be only corruption. In imitations of the "Lakeside" and "Seaside" libraries, which within the past year or so have grown so popular, there is now issued by an Eastern firm a five-cent library, the different works in which are chiefly impossible detective stories or incredible tales of the far West. The boy reader is not discriminating, and is seized with a wild desire to pattern after the hero of the latest of these works he has chanced to read. Scores of boys, ranging in age all the way from eight to fifteen years, have stuffed their pockets with edibles from the pantry, obtained an armament of an old pistol and a few rounds of ammunition, and left St. Louis with the intention of becoming "boy-avengers," or something of the sort, and of totally exterminating what few remain of the Indians. These bold marauders, after tramping three or four miles out in the suburbs, or stealing a night's ride on the cars, generally return in a day or two, having learned something; but the lesson is not permanent, and the next time perhaps they pattern their exploits after those of "The Boy Detective," who accomplished wonders by becoming intimate with thieves and ruffians. Here the imitative experience is more pleasant, and foolish boys become blackguards from associations which would never have been formed but for the influence of trashy literature. The cheap novels for boys may not openly inculcate vice, but the effect is nearly the same. The heroes are impossible characters who do impossible things, and to older people the whole plot is merely ridiculous, but boys are not critical, and the silly romance is law and gospel to them. In these books the hero is rarely described as studying hard or working hard and attaining success in a legitimate way. The inference the boy gets from the story is that he need not labor for a livelihood, and that it is the easiest thing possible to get along in the world by numerous smart exploits. The evil such stuff causes can only be guessed at, but it can scarcely be overestimated, and any practical device for the suppression of this class of juvenile literature would be a blessing to the country. There is no law against trash, though, and how the boys are to be saved from their enemies among the publishers is a problem.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

THE DAIRY.

A QUART of milk for every six inhabitants is the rule by which the amount of milk required to supply the population of any city is calculated.

IF oleomargarine, says the London *Live Stock Journal*, acts as a spur to our dairymaids, causing them to improve the quality and condition of the butter they make, it will fill a not altogether ignoble mission.

COPPERAS has no odor itself, but absorbs and disinfects the atmosphere of a room rapidly. If every dairyman would keep a little of it dissolved in water in his milk-room, changing it every day or two, it would repay the cost.

WHEN cows gnaw fence-boards and pick up filthy matters, they are troubled with indigestion, and this causes their so-called depraved appetite. To remedy this, give a pint of linseed-oil, and repeat it the next day. Then give a tablespoonful of salt daily until the cow does not care for it. The trouble is caused by pasture or feed that is deficient in some nutritive quality, and a few good feeds of wheat or rye bran might be useful for them.—*Exchange.*

AN old dairyman says during the heat of summer the cow should be milked three times a day, at regular intervals—about five o'clock in the morning, one in the afternoon and nine in the evening. The quantity of milk and butter is considerably increased, and the quality improved, by this practice. The milk is injured by remaining in the udder through the heat of the day, and the cow is made uncomfortable, which, of necessity, diminishes her usefulness. When cows are milked but twice a day in hot weather the udder becomes too much heated and feverish, and the milk is in a similar condition—the cream seems to be melted, the milk soon becomes sour, the cream does not rise well, and the butter is soft and oily. These difficulties, almost universally attending butter-making, during the summer months, are mostly overcome by the practice of milking three times a day, and the cow being near at hand it is a small matter to adopt this practice."

SOME cows will not, or rather cannot, give rich, yellow butter, and some can. It is an attribute of the cows and not of the feed given to them. Coloring the butter is not objectionable in the slightest degree if the coloring is pure. Carrot juice is subject to decomposition and is, therefore, not so good as the preparations of annotto. Annotto is a vegetable product, and is not only harmless, but useful, as it adds to the flavor as well as the appearance of the butter. If it were not that the purchasers and consumers of the butter insist on having it of a certain color, knowing that this color is artificial, and paying more for it so colored, producers would be under no obligation to color it. It is foolish or stupid to persist in opposing an innocent popular fashion or taste, more especially when it hurts no one and pleases the multitude. But in this case the eaters of butter are right and their critics are wrong, for butter well colored is positively better for it.—*Exchange.*

Management of Dairy Stock.

IN a paper on this subject, recently read by Dr. A. S. Heath before the New York Farmers' Club, many valuable suggestions were made upon the subject of feeding dairy stock.

Grass causes the most liberal secretions of delicious milk. But this condition of young, succulent and plentiful grass cannot be relied upon as alone sufficient food for the largest milk production for more than sixty days of the whole year. The rest of the three hundred and five days the cows must have extra feed. This must consist of the different kinds of fodder for the different seasons. In the early season, green rye, green oats, earlier and later roots, green corn and hay. But green corn cannot be profitably fed till in early tassel, nor should corn meal be fed in hot weather, nor for the same reason should cotton-seed meal and linseed cake be fed until the cool or cold season, for less animated heat is required to be supplied to the cow.

Pure water and salt must be supplied to milch cows ad libitum, as eighty-seven per cent. of the milk consists of water, and where salt is sparingly supplied the digestive powers of the cow are enfeebled, and the milk is defective in keeping quality, and probably, also, in quantity and quality.

Care, kindness, quiet, moderate exercise, regular and judicious feeding are all important factors in milk supply.

The largest percentage of flavor in cheese and butter is found in young grasses, but in very young fodder-corn these essential qualities—caseine, butter, sugar and aroma—are deficient, but improve up to the time of early flowering, when the sweet-corn fodder is at its best, and should be fed with shorts or bran sprinkled over the cut and wilted fodder.

Green oats is a good soiling crop, and bran is an admirable food in a slop. It produces a large quantity of milk, and it can be fed with safety in the hottest weather. Meal may be added to bran as the weather becomes cooler.

Milk removes much phosphate of lime, and the pastures should be sown with ground bones or rock phosphate of lime. Wool removes sulphur, and therefore sheep pastures are improved by plaster or sulphate of lime. Ashes and salt are of the highest value to pastures. But when the pastures have too far failed, it is better economy to plow them up as fast as possible, and sow them to pasture grasses and seed to oats, to shade the young shoots and tender roots. Meadows may be pastured in the dry season after the crop has been removed, but never in the early spring or late fall. The air supplies most of the organic matter, and thus helps to keep the land good when we sell off part of the products, which are a part of the farm or soil itself. Good milk requires good sound food, and a large yield of milk requires a large supply of good sound food.

Warm and airy stables, great cleanliness with the animal and her products, judicious feeding of cows, and feeding of pastures, are the indispensable means to supply milk in quality, quantity, and soundness capable of resisting decay.

EVERY person in America writes an average of twenty letters per year.

HOME AND FARM.

No soap that injures the hands should ever be used for clothing; it is sure to do harm in the end.

GOATS ought always to be kept in large stables, because they will face fire, and horses will follow them out, though they would not go by themselves.

PUFFS.—Two cups milk, two cups flour, two eggs, a little salt. Beat the whites separately, and add the last thing. Bake in muffin-rings or cups. This is sufficient for eight cups.

A COAT of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and make them last three times as long.

DRY WASH.—To clean white Shetland shawls, put the soiled article into a large bowl, throw over it half a teacupful of flour, "dry," rub thoroughly, as if washing, and then thoroughly shake out the flour. If the article is not clean, repeat the process in clean flour. Articles cleaned by this process will retain a new look as long as there is one thread left.

MUFFINS.—Two eggs, one pint flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teacup milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and a little salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together. In another dish beat the yelks of the eggs, add the milk and butter, then the flour, then the beaten whites. Beat well together and bake in gem irons in a hot oven.

DRYING FRUITS.—Families of farmers engaged in drying fruits are reminded that the solar heat is not sufficiently intense to destroy insect eggs that may have been deposited in the fruit when green, or in the process of drying. If put in a moderately warm oven for ten minutes all parasites and their eggs would be destroyed. In countries where fruits are extensively dried the treatment is practiced generally.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—To two gallons of peeled and sliced tomatoes put five tablespoons of mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two and a half even tablespoons of black pepper, two of allspice, two of cloves, one gill of salt, one quart of chopped onions, two quarts of brown sugar, five pints of vinegar. Beat the spice, and boil all well together to the consistency of marmalade. Be careful not to let it burn or discolor.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.—One quart of rich milk and as much sweet cream; four cups of sugar, six eggs, one quart of very ripe peaches, pared and cut small. Make as in directions for self-freezing ice-cream, but stir in the peaches just before closing the freezer for the second time, beating them well into the congealing cream. Unless they are very sweet, you would do well to dredge them in sugar before they go in.

FRUIT PIE.—A simple thing to speak of, but if all ladies have their pies "run out" as I have, they will not think a remedy so simple after all. For raspberry, blackberry, juicy green apple, etc., spread the under crust with butter, then sprinkle thickly with sugar, then flour; put the flour under the berries, then sprinkle with sugar again, and bake slowly. By this means one can have the goodness of the pie *in* the pie, instead of the oven.

DAMSON PRESERVE.—To four pounds of damsons put three pounds of sugar; prick each damson with a needle; dissolve the sugar with a half pint of water, and put on the fire. When it simmers, put in as many damsons as will lie on top of it; when they open take them out and lay them on a dish, and put others in, and so on until all have been in; then put them all in the kettle together, and let them stew until done. Put them in jars, and seal them.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cut the citron in thin slices, pare off the outside rind and take out all the seeds, put In the preserve kettle with water enough to cover it; boil till it can be pierced easily with a fork, skim it out and strain the water, placing it back in the kettle; allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of citron; dissolve the sugar in the liquor; cut three or four lemons into it and let it boil till it is as thick as required, then put in the citron and boil; when it is transparent, then it is done; if boiled too long the citron will be tough.

Raising Field Beans.

AT a recent meeting of the Ontario Agricultural Commission, held at Chatham, Mr. P. J. McKindley gave his experience in bean culture: He said that this was peculiarly the bean-growing district of Canada, and the area of bean culture was limited even within the district. Beans succeeded best on sandy loam with clay subsoil, or on a gravely loam with porous subsoil, and the land must be well drained; the best mode of preparing the land was to plow in the fall, harrow in the spring, and perhaps roll down and cultivate with a gang plow; the oftener it was harrowed and cultivated the less trouble would there be with weeds; the best time to plant was from the 5th to the 10th of June, thus allowing the weeds to start their growth, so that they were killed before the crop was sown; beans were sometimes grown successive years on the same land, but the practice was a bad one; thirty bushels per acre was a good average yield, and the price was about $1 25 per bushel; plowing sod in the fall or spring for beans was the next best thing to summer fallowing for fall wheat, and they got the two crops for about the labor of one; the total cost of planting beans per acre would be about $14; the principal market for them was the United States, though our own lumbermen used a good many, the medium-sized bean was more profitable than either the small variety or the marrow-fat; the bean crop was not considered any more exhaustive than barley or wheat; they had no machines for cutting two rows of beans at a time, and they were left in small bunches; the threshing was often done with a flail, but the concave of the common threshing machine could be adjusted to thresh them; the straw made excellent food for sheep; the bean did not suffer from insects or disease to any extent, but sometimes the blossom would blight if the weather was very hot; late beans produced the heaviest crops, but there was a good deal of risk in harvesting them, and they had often to be hand-picked.

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The Literary Revolution.

In January, 1879, The Literary Revolution was inaugurated by the publication of one small volume. In September, 1880, its list, published and in preparation, comprises over 120 volumes of standard books. It gives employment to about 500 hands, is actually delivering to purchasers over three tons of books a day, or over 1,000 tons a year, and is so far from able to fill all orders that additional buildings have just been leased, machinery purchased, and other steps necessary taken to double the present product within the next sixty days. To meet the popular demand for 2,000,000 and probably 3,000,000 volumes, and thereby secure the coming twelve months at least 2,000,000 volumes will be required. The almost wonderful success which the Revolution has achieved is doubtless to be attributed to its leading principles, which are: I. Publish only books of real merit. II. What is worth reading is worth preserving—books which is very much less than it was a few years ago. IV. Books have commonly been considered luxuries; it is a free work on the basis of the present cost of making books by the million if prices are placed within reach. V. To make $1.00 and a friend is better than to make $5.00 only, and 1000 books sold at a profit of $1.00 each gives a profit of $1,000, while 1,000,000 books sold at a profit of one cent each gives a profit of $10,000: and it is more pleasure as well as more profit to sell the million. The most important publication thus far undertaken—indeed the most important work ever published in this country—a work that every intelligent person wants in his library, is the Library of Universal Knowledge. It is a verbatim reprint of the last London edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, with copious additions by American editors, about 15,000 topics being added. It is to the original work. It will contain, complete, about 10 per cent more than Appleton's and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopædia, though costing but a fraction of the price of either. The publication of a large type edition of the Library of Universal Knowledge is just begun, vol. 1. being issued September 1. Two or more volumes will be issued each month till the whole is completed in 16 vols. octavo of nearly 1,000 pages each. The price of the large type edition in cloth binding is $1.00 per volume; bound in half Russia, gilt top, price $1.50 per volume. According to our usual custom, special reduction in price is made to early purchasers, and during the month of September only orders for volumes 1., II., or III., either or all, will be received at the nominal price of 45 cents per volume for the cloth, 75 cents per volume for the half Russia, gilt top. As a portion of the Library of Universal Knowledge, the Chambers's Encyclopædia is also published separately, complete in 15 volumes of clear nonpareil type, and well bound in cloth, for the nominal price of $7.50, or in half Russia, gilt top, for $10.00. In this style 12 vols. have already been issued, vol. 13 will be ready September 10, and Vols. 14 and 15 a few days thereafter. On this also special terms are given to early purchasers, the price being to those whose orders are received during September $6.75 for the set complete in cloth, $13.50 for the half Russia gilt top. The volumes already issued will be sent at once by express, and the remainder when completed in October. The Revolution is always undertaking new enterprises and accomplishing new things, but perhaps nothing September in Religion will surpass the great "Webster Unabridged" of religious literature, and a 50 cent "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," the great "Webster Unabridged" of religious literature, and a 50 cent edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary. In Biography, two volumes added to our Acme Library of Biography contain 10 vols. selected from the famous English Men of Letters series, at little more than one-tenth the cost heretofore. In Poetry we shall soon have the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, translated by Pope, and a large type edition of Shakespeare. In Fiction, a cheap edition of the celebrated Froissart's Chronicles, with over 120 illustrations. In Fiction, Scott's "Ivanhoe" and Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." In Juvenile, "Karl in Queerland," profusely illustrated. The cost of making books diminishes in large degree as their number is multiplied. Many of our books are selling in much larger quantities than we anticipated that we find it in our power to considerably reduce their prices, and we do it with a great deal of pleasure. Among those so reduced are the histories of Macaulay and Gibbon, Taine, Rollin, Josephus, Modern Classics, Milton, Virgil, Dante, Koran, Bunyan, Crusoe, and several others.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between J. R. Bishop and O. W. Heiskell in the merchantile business in Oakland, Md., under the firm and style of J. R. Bishop & Co., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Persons knowing themselves indebted to the above firm will please call and settle. The business will hereafter be conducted by O. W. Heiskell & Co. at the old stand.

J. R. BISHOP.
O. W. HEISKELL.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 1, 1880.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm of J. R. Bishop & Co., I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for the new firm of O. W. Heiskell & Co.

sep 4-3 J. R. BISHOP.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein William H. Shelb is complainant, and Richard G. Richardson and John Richardson are defendants, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale on the premises now occupied by Richard G. Richardson, near the B. and O. R. R. depot, in Oakland, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., on the

27th day of September, 1880,

all the personal property which is described in a mortgage from Richard G. Richardson to John Richardson, dated May 12th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 230, &c., one of the land records for Garrett county, to-wit:

A large lot of canned goods, tobacco, cigars, cakes, candies and nuts, stationery, coffee, sugar, tea, soups, fishing tackle, toys, fireworks, ammunition, brackets, bracket saw, two show cases, lamps, one glass case, 2 pair scales, and many other articles in said stock of merchandise too numerous to mention, together with all the fixtures to said stock; also *One ice-cream freezer,*

One 7⅓ Octave Piano,

(rosewood finish,) One Portable melodeon,

One Ingrain carpet, one set wood chairs, one walnut bedstead, one walnut bureau, one walnut wash stand, one heating stove, one rag carpet.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, CASH on the day of sale. No property delivered until terms of sale are complied with.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
se 4-td Trustees.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659; that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and containing the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep. 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN,
9 18 5. A. C. DUCKWORTH.

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Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1880.

A. I. FIKE.
3. Administrator.

ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

MORTGAGEES' SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from George Percy, and Alice E. Percy, his wife, to C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, dated the 9th day of February, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 29, one of the land record books for Garrett county, the undersigned, as mortgagees named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of Mr. Daniel Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, the 4th day of October, 1880,

at 11½ o'clock, a. m., all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George Percy and Alice E. Percy, (the same being a one-fourth interest) of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND,

together with the improvements thereon, situated and lying in Garrett county and State of Maryland, in the Sang Run District of said county, about fourteen miles north west of the town of Oakland, and near the West Virginia line, the said property being the same tract or pieces or parts of tracts of land which was patented by the State of Maryland to Elijah Friend and George Percy on the 19th day of December, 1856, and is contained within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning for the outlines thereof, at a stake standing at the beginning place of the original lot No. 1461, and running thence with the first and second lines thereof south 174 perches west 45 perches, then leaving said original lot and running with the western range of Lot No. 1462 south 180 perches to a tract of land called "The Dindem," and with this tract west 49 perches to the line dividing the State of Maryland from the State of Virginia, (now West Virginia) and with this line north 1,280 perches to the end of the third line of a tract of land called "Evansland," surveyed for John Evans the 10th of March, 1854, and reversing this line east 40 perches to the beginning of a tract of land called "Yough Manor" resurveyed for General John Swan, and reversing the given line of this tract, south 794 perches to the beginning of said given line, thence with the western range of Lot No. 1460, south 132 perches to the end of last or third line of the original, and with the given line thereof east 45 perches to the beginning, containing 368 15-16 acres of land, more or less.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE CASH on the day of sale.

C. F. HETZEL,
JOHN G. BAUER,
Mortgagees.

Hinckiston & Ellegood, Cumberland, Md. Attorneys for mortgagees. sep 11-td

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 4th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
9 18 td. Clerk.

JAMES W. LEATHERS,
MANUFACTURER OF
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
COLLARS, WHIPS, &c.

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Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner whatever, upon the lands of the undersigned. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

sep 18-t3 ALBERT COMBS.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, via Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Browning Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 3t Examiners.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880. NUMBER 32.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1880.

ISAAC'S PROSPERITY.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The princely Abraham has been gathered to his fathers, and rests beside Sarah in the tomb on the hillside of Hebron. The thoughtful Isaac is now the inheritor of his father's ample wealth, and of his richer covenant-promises. We see the tents of the chosen family outspread over the plains of the south, and watched with jealous eyes by their Philistine neighbors; the two sons of Isaac and Rebecca, Esau, the impetuous hunter, and Jacob, mingling his father's gentleness with his mother's craft; the wells, surrounded by the striving shepherds; the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep scattered over the plain; and the altar, rising in the midst of the encampment, with its sacrificial smoke bearing heavenward the testimony of faith and the incense of prayer. We watch with interest the successive changes of the camp from plain to valley, and from valley to the desert-border, for on that family thread hangs the hope of the world, and the promise of redemption to mankind.

Gen. 26, 12-25.

Memory Verses, 23-25.

12 Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year an hundred fold: and the LORD blessed him.

13 And the man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great.

14 For he had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants: and the Philistines envied him.

15 For all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them and filled them with earth.

16 And Abimelech said unto Isaac, Go from us; for thou art much mightier than we.

17 And Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there.

18 And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them.

19 And Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water.

20 And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well Esek, because they strove with him.

21 And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it Sitnah.

22 And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, For now the LORD hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.

23 And he went up from thence to Beersheba.

24 And the LORD appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake.

25 And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the LORD, and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isaac's prosperity. Gen. 26. 12-25.
Tu. The promise of Isaac. Gen. 18. 1-10.
W. The death of Sarah. Gen. 23. 1-20.
Th. The servant's errand. Gen. 24. 10-28.
F. The marriage of Isaac. Gen. 24. 50-67.
S. The covenant with Abimelech. Gen. 26. 26-35.
S. True prosperity. Psa. 62. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. Prov. 10. 22.

LESSON HYMN C. M.

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O be that refuge mine!

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE MAN OF PROSPERITY, v. 12-24; Prov. 10. 22.
Who was Isaac?
At what place was he living? v. 6.
What people were dwelling near him?
In what did his prosperity consist?
From whom comes prosperity? GOLDEN TEXT.
What drawback to his enjoyment is named in verse 14?
How does this illustrate Eccles. 4. 4?
What are the dangers of riches? 1 Timothy 6. 9.

2. THE MAN OF PEACE, v. 15-21; Matt. 5. 39.
How did the Philistines show their dislike toward Isaac?
Why are wells very important in Eastern countries? [ANS. On account of the hot climate, and the scarcity of rain.]
What was the purpose of the Philistines in doing this wrong?
Who was Abimelech? v. 1.
What did he command Isaac to do?
How did Isaac show meekness of character?
What is the blessing upon the meek? Matt. 5. 5.
How did Isaac show honor to his father's memory?
What is the commandment concerning this? Exod. 20. 12.
How did the Philistines treat Isaac?
How did he act toward them?
What is Christ's command in Matt. 5. 39?
How did he obtain peace?
Where did he finally settle?

3. THE MAN OF PRAYER, v. 24, 25; Isa. 41. 10.
What blessing did Isaac receive?
What is encouragement in Heb. 13. 5, 6?
How did Isaac show his faith in God?
What is the vow of the Psalmist in Psa. 116. 17?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How may we learn from this lesson—1. That God gives prosperity? 2. That we should seek for peace? 3. That we should have a place for prayer?

We should depend upon God, and at the same time be energetic in labors, sowing the seed and trusting God for the harvest v. 12.

We should utilize all the endeavors and successes of the past, and give due honor to them, seeking fresh water from the wells of the fathers. v. 15, 18.

The Principles of Lee and Jackson—For the use of Schools.

We have on our table a "New School History of the United States of America," by J. S. Blackburn, Principal of Potomac Academy, Alexandria, Virginia, and W. N. McDonald, A. M., Principal of the Male High School of Louisville, Kentucky. It is published by Wm. J. C. Dulany & Co., Baltimore. The copy before us is dated 1880, and purports to be of the "eleventh edition revised." We may fairly assume, therefore, that it enjoys an extensive circulation in the region for which it is manifestly written, and that it sets forth the latest yearnings for fraternity and conciliation. The authors believe that theirs is the only school history of the United States which meets "the demands of the present occasion."

Their object was not merely to furnish Southern schools with a book in which the gallantry of Southern soldiers should receive its due recognition, but to teach the young that the Southern cause was eternally right, and that the Southern people are now crushed under a vile despotism. The South was beaten by a variety of errors and accidents; but nothing whatever has been settled by the war; not slavery; not even secession. Such a history can have no other tendency, of course, than to encourage the next generation to try the Lost Cause again; and that we do not doubt is what the teachers all over the South who have distributed ten editions, and now call for an eleventh, hope and expect from it. Messrs. Blackburn and McDonald begin with a zealous defence of slavery in colonial days, as the "natural condition of the African," and a "means of spreading the blessings of Christianity." It is true that there was in some places a "sentimental prejudice and Oglethorpe, in his Georgia plantation, prohibited slavery and rum. Under this policy, however, "the colony languished," and there was no prosperity in Georgia till the restrictions were repealed "and the inhabitants were permitted to enjoy all the rights and privileges pertaining to the citizens of the other colonies." Virginia was settled by gentlemen; the Puritan colonists of New England, on the contrary, belonged to the lower classes; hated their "social and official superiors;" and provoked the severity of the English Government by "their open defiance of all legitimate authority." In the framing of the Constitution, the South "waived her right to a full representation of her slaves," agreeing that only three-fifths of them should be counted, though none of them were allowed to vote; and she "consented to enter a Government in which the North had a controlling majority," only because she expected soon to outstrip the North. The nullification measures of 1832 would have led to "civil war between South Carolina and the General Government," if Mr. Clay had not carried a compromise measure, which "was accepted by Mr. Calhoun." The North, however, after persuading South Carolina not to fight, soon "violated her pledge." If General Jackson should hear this he would turn over in his grave. The history of the struggle for the extension of slavery is told briefly, but with the set purpose of showing, in defiance of facts, that the North was perpetually breaking pledges and invading Southern rights. The Missouri Compromise was "clearly unconstitutional," and therefore it was rightly repealed—as soon as the South had got all she could out of it.

The Republican party "was entirely *sectional* in its principles, and had no adherents in the slave States." The assent of the South to the exclusion of slavery from the Northwest Territory was a great mistake, since that developed "sectional antagonism." We ought to have had slavery everywhere, and then there would have been no sectionalism. "The politicians," "thirsting for distinction at any price," "sought that eminence which they had failed to get in an honorable way, by appealing to the more selfish and more violent passions of the people;" and the consequence was the election of "Abraham Lincoln, a sectional candidate," as President of the United States. "A large portion of the Southern people regarded his election under the circumstances as a virtual commencement of hostilities. They asserted that for years they had been prevented by mob violence from enjoying their constitutional rights in the North; that the spirit of abolitionism would now, under the countenance, and by means of, General power, assume the aggressive; and that it was time for them to abandon a Government which had fallen into the hands of their avowed enemies." It was alleged that the right of secession was a necessary part of the sovereignty of each State, and that "the property, lives, and liberty of the citizens were threated by the aggressive aspect of the incoming Administration." The authors of this school-book plainly intimate that the reasonings and assumptions of the Southern people were entirely right. The Southern Senators and Representatives who left their seats in Congress to take part in the Rebellion were "driven to this last resort of despair by their political enemies;" and their petitions, like their threats, were answered by "looks of animosity."

In the narrative of military operations the confederates are so victorious against overwhelming odds that the final surrender at Appomattox becomes incomprehensible. The Federal hordes are almost invariably routed by a handful of heroes. Wade Hampton is perpetually putting Sheridan to flight. Hood regularly beats Sherman. Hancock is never mentioned; the battle of Williamsburg, where McClellan says that Hancock's behavior was so brilliant, and Forney says that Hancock entered "a sort of unconscious vestibule," is converted into a disgraceful defeat of the Federal forces; Rosecrans was thrashed at Stone River; Lee thrashed Grant all the way thro' the Wilderness; Gettysburg was a drawn battle; Butler at New Orleans "used the most studied modes of tyranny and torture to bow the heads and break the hearts of the defenceless citizens"; he and his officers pillaged private houses; and he informed the city by a general order "that all females who in any way manifested sympathy for the South would be exposed to the insolence of his soldiers," an order for which, "by the common consent of Europe and America," he received the name of "Beast." At the second battle of Manassas, the Federal commander was "an officer by the name of John Pope"; his troops ran away, and he himself never stopped until he found himself safe in Washington. While the Northern army is being massacred at Fredericksburg, "the hero Burnside is sitting upon a commanding eminence two miles in the rear, and across the river, calmly viewing the scene through his telescope. Colonel Ellsworth was "a famous rough and circus rider."

The North recruited her armies by hiring "European mercenaries." "The South had nothing but her gallant children to put in the field, and thus she was condemned to stake her most precious jewels against *the trash of Europe*." The South was a nation of cavaliers, "peculiarly fitted by blood, climate, institutions, and education to contend in defence of their rights with a world in arms." At the North, "handsome youths joined the army for the privilege of wearing the buttons," and every petty officer found himself a hero." "A respectable portion of the Democratic party at the North were opposed to the war, and never ceased to cry out against it. To suppress this opposition harsh measures were resorted to by the Federal authorities, and many of the anti-war leaders were imprisoned. The opposition culminated, however, when an attempt was made to fill up the ranks by means of a general draft."

The Northern soldiers being represented in general as base hirelings, the authors of this disgraceful book naturally find nothing to praise in the Northern commanders. It is a fact that they have not one word of appreciation even for the purely military achievements of our greatest leaders; not one word to show that Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan, or Meade, or Farragut, or Foote, or David D. Porter, or Gillmore, or Dupont, or George H. Thomas, or Rosecrans, ever did anything remarkable. Several of these historic names are not mentioned; and as a rule all subordinate officers on the Northern side, no matter what their record—Hancock, for instance, Kearney, Sumner, W. F. Smith, Sedgwick, Franklin, Reynolds, McPherson, Warren, Custer—are passed unnoticed. In the cases of Grant, Sherman, Farragut and Lincoln—certainly four of the greatest figures in the history of our time—the injustice of silence is carried so far as to be ludicrous. Very different is the treatment accorded to the leaders of the South. They are all heroes of the first magnitude. Lee was not only a great general and a good man, but "he was an officer of the United States Army above reproach." Jefferson Davis was "no extremist (!), yet resolute in defence of the rights of his section." The South could not have been conquered if she had not been weakened by internal dissensions: "In the history of the world, a *united* people, struggling for liberty, have *never* been subjugated."

It is of little consequence that Messrs. Blackburn and McDonald, and many like them, entertain the animosities which are displayed in this book. It is of great consequence that false views of history and revolutionary theories of politics are taught in the Southern schools; that the rising generation is educated to repent the wickedness and follies of its fathers; that the peace and justice we have bought at so great a price are thus secretly imperilled by the irreconcilable fanatics to whom the South sees fit to trust the training of the young.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mr. Burchard's bill, appropriating $40,000,000 for the payment of arrears of pensions, was introduced February 3, 1879. It received the votes of 108 Republicans and 32 Democrats, and of the Democrats only *three* were from the States of the Confederacy. Against it were 78 Democrats and 3 Republicans. A two-thirds vote being required under the rules, the bill was lost. Mr. Sparks introduced two weeks later the bill which was finally passed. It appropriated $25,000,000. Only *three* Democrats from the Confederacy voted for it in the House, and they were joined by 62 Northern Democrats and 118 Republicans. Against it stood *one* Republican, and the phalanx of 66 Democrats, including almost the entire rebel representation. The most significant votes, however, were in the Senate. Here it was proposed by Mr. Shields, of Missouri, to extend the benefits of the bill to veterans of the Mexican war, with the obvious purpose of taking in Confederates who had forfeited their claims by participation in the rebellion. 28 Democrats voted for this amendment and only 2 against it; 8 Republicans voted for it, and 19 against it; and of the 28 Democrats, 21 were from the rebel or border States, and only 7 from the North. Senator Mitchell then proposed to add to the amendment a proviso excluding Confederate soldiers from its benefits: 24 voted yea, all Republicans; 26 voted nay, of whom 24 were Democrats. Next, Senator Hoar moved a proviso that no pension should be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis—who would clearly be entitled to a pension by Shields' amendment—and *against this proviso the Democrats voted in a solid body*. One Republican voted against it, and 23 for it, and it was carried by a majority of one. When the question now recurrred on the Shields amendment with the Jefferson Davis proviso attached to it, ten of the Democrats who had sustained the amendment without that incumberance appear to have so far lost interest in it with its new restriction that they abstained from voting, and so the amendment was lost. On the passing of the bill in the Senate there were only three negative votes—all Democratic, and when it went back to the House for final action, after certain amendments of detail by the Senate, *all* the negative votes (61 in number) were Democratic; 45 being from the rebel States, 13 from the border States, and 3 from the North.

We are not arguing now either for or against the policy of the back pension bill; but the Democrats have called attention to their votes upon it as a contradiction of Mr. Beltzhoover's complaint, and we have shown by the record that those votes corroborate his complaint in every particular. It is quite true, as he states, that the Confederate influence which rules in the caucus and the committees is averse to pensioning the soldiers of the Union. It is also true that the Confederate influence is in favor of pensioning rebels, not even excepting Jefferson Davis. And yet the Democratic party—which has become to-day exactly what it was in the time of James Buchanan, a Southern party with a Northern appendage—has the effrontery in the face of these facts to appeal to the soldier vote. It has set up as its candidate one of the most distinguished of the heroes of Gettysburg, and because he has unwisely accepted the nomination, it asks the wounded veterans of that historic field to keep in power the Confederate Brigadiers who shot them in the battle, and are now voting at Washington not to pay them pensions.

The South Carolina Census Frauds.

WASHINGTON, September 23.—In political circles here much interest is felt in the forthcoming reports of the special agents of the census who visited South Carolina to make an investigation of the alleged census frauds in that State. At the Census Bureau officials are extremely reticent, and it is impossible to get any information whatever bearing upon this question. A number of private letters have been received from different parts of the State of South Carolina which give some idea of the manner in which figures have been manipulated to produce such astonishing results. It is stated in these letters that in some districts the enumerators have added in some instances as many as five persons to a family by taking the patronymic, and adding to it such given names as struck their fancies, and in other cases creating families and households, who are dubbed with some name having such a local significance as would be calculated to banish suspicion. To further cover up these latter frauds the statistical portion of the census was doctored to show that these mythical persons were farmers, and had raised crops of the various products grown in those portions of the State, and which are included in the census. In view of all the facts, it is generally believed that the investigations of the special agents have developed sufficient evidences of crookedness in the manipulation of the census in South Carolina as will compel the Superintendent of the Census to take some decided action in the premises.

Why is the North more solid now than it was in 1872 or 1876? The answer is simple. In 1872 the South had had no opportunity to show what its course would be if it were trusted with power. In 1876 the people's eyes were opened a little way by the conduct of a Democratic Congress one year. But in 1880 the situation is entirely different. There have been Democratic Congresses for five years, and the record is this: Persistent opposition to resumption; persistent opposition to honest money; persistent attacks on the public credit; persistent refusal to pass an amendment forbidding the payment of thousands of millions of Southern claims; persistent opposition to the payment of pensions for Union soldiers; persistent and successful efforts to turn Union soldiers out of office and put Confederates in their places; persistent efforts to destroy all the safeguards for pure elections; persistent efforts to coerce the Executive and nullify the laws; and a grand total in the increase of public expenditures of $41,000,000. That is the record the party, composed mainly of the Solid South, comes before the people with and asks to be trusted with power.

Intolerance of free action and of equal rights in political or even business affairs is too patent and flagrant to be denied or doubted. One glance at Southern elections proves ostracism, tyranny and wrong in monstrous proportions. In 1868 eight Southern States gave majorities for Grant. In 1872 seven States did the same thing. Their Republican vote was very large. Only four years afterward 260,000 of these votes disappeared from the count. In the nine other Southern State, in the same four years 300,000 Republican votes disappeared from the returns also, making an absence of 560,000 votes. Most of these stifled votes were the votes of men who had been slaves—freedmen only just crowned with the crown of American citizenship, and proud and eager—more proud and eager than the most of us—to exercise the right to vote. Does any sane man doubt that they would have voted if they could, or that those who dared and could did vote, and that their votes were not honestly counted? If any man does doubt it, let him look at the spectacle presented in individual States.—*Senator Conkling's New York Speech.*

Judge Wright, of Georgia, who is brave enough to defend the Kuklux-Klan, says he wishes he could put a hundred thousand negro votes into Massachusetts and let the people see how they would like it. To this Judge Tourgee says Judge Wright cannot comprehend that while in Georgia the objection to these voters is that they are negroes, in Massachusetts the objection would be that they are ignorant, and that there would be quite as much opposition to the importation of a hundred thousand ignorant white voters from Georgia, "whom that State could furnish with equal readiness."

The Republican

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

MA.

A CHARMING little tiddy iddy bit of mother' bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy den, a kiss,
A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

PA.

So that's the little fellow! H'm! A healthy-looking chap,
Another mouth to feed, as sure as fate!
No, wife, I *don't* consider that his coming's a mishap,
But still I *could* have done with less than eight.

BROTHER.

My eye! Is that the baby? What a jolly little pup!
But I say, ma, wherever is it's nose?
And I say, father, by-and-by, when he gets more grown up,
He'll wear my worn-out jackets, I suppose.

UNCLE.

Another? Well, thunk goodness, *I* am not a married mich.
What! Don't I think him pretty? No I don't.
To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best you can;
Don't think that *I'll* assist you—for I won't!

DOCTOR.

How are we getting on to-day? I trust we soon shall mend.
We mustn't think we're strong just yet, you know;
We'd better take a something which this afternoon I'll send.
And let me see—hum!—ha!—Ah, yes—just so.

NURSE.

He's lovely, that he is, umm! See them sturdy littin legs!
He's twice the size of Lady Smither's third;
And when he comes a-cutting of his little too-sey-pegs,
He'll be a mun, he will, upon my word.

NEIGHBOR.

Oh, yes, dear, he *looks* healthy, but you mustn't trust to that—
I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash,
But when I see a tender babe, so ruddy, strong and fat,
I—look, dear, on his face! Is that a rash?

MA (*de capo*).

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss,
A pretty darling itsy witsy thing!

—*London Fun.*

THE NEW ENGINEER OF THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

ALONG the single track of the Valley Railroad trudged a merry, brown-faced Italian, singing as he went. In one hand he carried a stout stick to which was fastened a platform about a foot and a half square, while with the other he held the end of a tiny chain attached to the collar of a small South-American monkey, perched upon his shoulder. In spite of his gay scarlet jacket, with its tarnished gilt military trimmings, Jocko looked very sad. Perhaps he was thinking of the good times he used to have scampering about with troops of merry playmates in his native Brazilian forests or jabbering with his neighbors the toucans, the parrots and the long-tailed macaws.

Just then his master came in sight of the car-house at the end of the road. The engine, with its steam up, was standing ready to back down the track to the station, and quite a crowd of small boys and road hands were lounging around, waiting for the starting.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Italian aloud, hurrying with all his might. "Now, Jocko, perhaps we haf a shance to make a leetle penny!"

In a moment more he had planted his staff firmly in the ground, and pulling a parcel from under his ragged coat, took out a soldier's cap, which he clapped on Jocko's head, and a tiny toy gun, which he placed in the monkey's brown paw, and then stood him on the platform, ready to show off the clever tricks which he had taught him.

"Shoulder arms! Present arms! Carry arms! Load! Fire! Scharge bayonet!" shouted the merry Italian, at short intervals, holding up a stick threateningly.

Jocko obeyed, with the most soldier-like air possible. The small boys screamed with delight, and made up faces and capered about, acting a good deal more monkey-like than did Jocko, who stood up as stiff as a poker and as dignified as a Roman Senator.

Jocko hated small boys. In the first place, he thought if it were not for them he might live in peace, and not have to go through with those odious tricks, for if all the people in the world were grown up, they would have neither the time nor the taste for such nonsense. And, in the second place, small boys seemed born without mercy, for when he had played soldier again and again, until his back and limbs were sore and stiff, the greedy creatures never failed to ask for more.

The Italian pulled off Jocko's military coat and cap, and, opening the bundle a second time, took out a short brown petticoat and red waist, and white cap with a big frill around the front of it, and put them on the monkey, who scolded and jabbered away as if he was utterly disgusted at such folly. Then a little broom was given him, and he had to go through the motions of sweeping over and over again. But when he passed the hat around and heard the chink of the pennies, he felt better-natured, for he knew that so much money meant a good supper for that night.

"Jump in here," said the engineer, beckoning to the monkey's master. "I'll take you down to the station. Perhaps you'll have a chance to pick up a few pennies there."

The Italian clambered up the side of the engine, and Jocko sat perched on his shoulder, watching with his inquisitive, sharp little eyes the pulling out of the throttle-valve, and every movement made by the engineer.

At the station, the Italian had just fixed the stand to the platform, ready to show off Jocko's accomplishments, when a tremendous clatter was heard, and a horse with a pony phaeton, in which were a lady and two little children, dashed up the street at a furious pace. The engineer and fireman left their places, and all the men about the station ran toward the road, hoping to stop the horse as he came along. Even the Italian, in the excitement of the moment, forgot Jocko and darted off like a deer.

Finding himself alone, Jocko jumped down from the stand and scrambled up the side of the engine, and hopping on

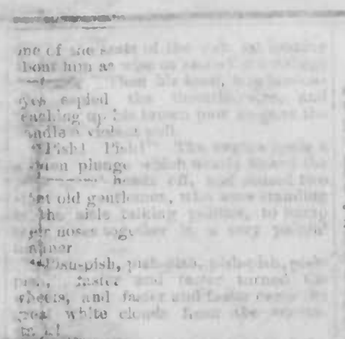

lireman came very near losing their places for leaving their engine, but when the Superintendent found out that the runaway horse which the engineer's strong hand had seized was his own, and that the lady and two little girls in the phneton were his wife and youngest children, he let the men off with a mild rebuke nnd some good advice.

Jocko led a happy and peaceful life, becoming a great favorite with the railroad hands, who petted him, nnd took him by turns to ride on the engines, and always spoke of him as the "new engineer of the Valley Railrond."

But the smart little fellow was never after allowed to be alone on the engine, ns on the day when he made his first trial-trip.—*Emma W. Demeritt, in St. Nicholas.*

THE Chilinn *Times* tells a story about a flag. The Second Chilinn Regiment lost their colors at the battle of Tarapaca, and meeting in the battle of Tacna a portion of the force which was opposed to them in that fight, resolved to recapture their standard if it still existed, or failing that, to capture one from the enemy. They failed in both particulars, nlthough some eighteen small flags fell into their hands, but no regimental colors, as the allies, instead of them, carried small flags into the fight. Some time after the battle of Tnena, however, the lost colors were found in one of the churches, and were returned to the regiment amid much rejoicing.

Two men rode up on harnessed horses to a circus ticket-wagon at Louisville, hitched the beasts to it, nnd dashed off with the vehicle, in which were the Treasurer and $1,500. The showmen gave quick chase, and regained the treasure, but the robbers escaped.

Two sisters while waltzing on the deck of a canal-boat opposite Cornwall, N. Y., stumbled on a coil of rope, fell overboard, and were drowned.

ALTHOUGH her mind is still cloudy, the Empress Carlotta has so improved as to be able to talk rati

nld Lost His Eye-brows.

n has no eye-brows. "Yes," er a few days ago, "and if of the United States Sut in the matter of the pay- Union Pacific Railroad had vorable to him, he would s life at the same time. his all staked on Union Pastock hnd been worked up out 66. The lower court n his favor and it was with ty that the result of the aprnited. The rumor got Street that the decision of ove would be adverse to hese adverse rumors so ld that it was hard for him t. A private telegraph ed from Washington with in Mr. Gould's office and e room adjoining the Suhamber. The day the dehe rendered was an excituld. The operators sent s as they were read, and e the nervousness caused tedious opinions telech Gould had no interest. up for hours and hours. excited that he was al. At length the operatthat the reading of the Union Pacific Railway ommenced. The first began to come over the as a merc history of the t him off,' cried Mr. him whether the decicourt is affirmed.' The waited with breathless Dodge says that Mr. his chair, as pale as a those about him were for fear that if the derse Mr. Gould would floor a dead man. the shock proved could bear. The ed that the decision of ad been affirmed. Mr. letely prostrated, alion gave him millions. to his home in Fifth ng sickness followed. out, including his eyenature never restored. t but that Mr. Gould killed by an adverse stock would surely)."

timate of Mr. Gould?" est operator who was t. He stops at nothplan thought out, and ccessful, because he s will rule. I do not feel like ng business when Gould is in the He is wildly vindictive, and to make him power felt in a quiet the ambition for a e old Commodore nderbilt acknowledge his power, and gave him great satisfaction when the old Commodore, who had exhausted the vocabulary upon Gould, was obliged to hold a conference with him about their holdings in Western Union. Mr. Gould's ambition now seems to be to become the railroad monarch of the world. Socially he seems to have no aspirations, and he seems to care little what estimate the upper ten puts upon him. I had a hearty laugh over Keene's interview in the *Sun* where he said that Gould whined over his losses and had to be fed from his chair when he was unfortunate, and begged for mercy from those who got temporarily the upper hand of him. These are not Mr. Gould's characteristics at all. He can take his losses as good as any man."

"Is Mr. Gould in the market now?"

"I do not think he is. When he does turn he will be on the short side. He has a large surplus of money about when he wants to bear the market, which he draws in and puts out as he wishes to play fast and loose with the market.—*New York Cor. St. Louis Republican.*

How "Jenkins" Gets In His Work a Saratoga.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Saratoga letter says: A society journal has a representative here, whose zeal in the cause has run away with his discretion. Unfortunately for him, he conceived the idea that acquaintance with the misses of ladies was a sufficient introduction to their enrers, and also endly intimacy. He is supreme confidence in himself and his profession, that he never supposed that his familiarities were objectionable, or his compliments misplaced. He labors under the impression that ladies who come to Saratoga are on exhibition, and are legitimate subjects for portraiture, and that he has the same right to discuss the dry-goods worn by them as he would have to go to the opening of a merchant, and then write out the toilets there exhibited. It never entered his head that delicacy was one of the essentials for successful Jenkinism. He concluded that, if ladies could stand the fulsome flattery expressed in bad English and worse taste that appears every Sunday in a pink sodety paper, and of which thousands of copies are sold, certainly he would enhance the sale of the paper he represented by going after ladies in the most business-like manner, and performing his duties by wholesale. Lest he should overlook any of the aspirants for insertion in his journal, he studied the registers of all the hotels, and sent to the rooms of the ladies a circular. The card is double, and got up on the style of bills of fare. The card is dated from the editorial rooms in New York, and reads thus:

I have the honor to respectfully ask that you will furnish Mr. B. E. Fanning, my regular Saratoga reporter, with a detailed description of the costumes you intend wearing at the Grand Union hop and the ball to take place at the United States Hotel on Wednesday. A very full and elaborate report of the affair, with the toilets worn, incidents, etc., will be published in the next number of the ——, which may be found at all news-stands on Saturday next. The following are submitted as sample descriptions, which may prove helpful to you in framing your own:

"Mrs. M. W. Williams, of 650 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich., was attired in a blue-black silk, made *en princesse* and *en traine*. The corsage was cut square and filled in with handsome point lace. The trimmings of this pretty toilet were seed pearls and point lace. The costume was imported."

Now let us pause and review the advantages of this gratuitous advertisement. In the first place, the world is informed of the existence of the young lady and the minute address of the number of her residence, the city and State, are so circumstantial that any stranger desiring to open a matrimonial or any other style of correspondence will have no difficulty in so doing. Then, too, the young lady is instructed as to the acceptable style of composition, and may herself become a society correspondent. The opportunity is also afforded her of drawing upon her imagination for expensive dressing. She may call her cashmere or French bunting silk or satin, and her cotton lace point; glass beads may read pearls.

But here is another style:

"Mrs. J. C. Jones, of Fifth Avenue, New York, was richly dressed in black silk, *en traine*, with trimmings of black thread-lace and velvet."

Several other styles are submitted, all equally elegant. A hand with finger points to the following request:

"Please send your description at your earliest convenience, sealed, to Mr. B. E. Fanning, care of any hotel in Saratoga. Inasmuch as there will be many ladies present who have not received one of these cards, Mr. Fanning will attend the affair and secure as many descriptions of the toilets as possible. It is respectfully suggested that the full name, as well as the residence, be given, for example: Mrs. J. Fred. Wilson, of 260 Lanwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York, was attired in etc., etc.

A note addressed to Mr. Fanning, care of any hotel in Saratoga, will secure a personal interview, if desired.

Only think of it! The reporter admitted to the most confidential relations! Mr. Fanning, with note-book and pencil, walked in and out of the hotels and coolly surveyed ladies as they passed, and wrote them down, as though there was to be a public auction and he was taking an inventory of all salable articles.

There has been a "wumpus," a "wiot" and indignation meetings, and loud protests at the hotels, for some ladies do not tolerate the business while others are afraid to acknowledge that they are tickled to death at reading their names in the papers and having their clothes described. Mr. Fanning pursues the even tenor of his way, and the —— enjoys a large sale.

A North German Village.

THE village of Y—— is only one of the thousands with which the country is literally *peppered*. It possesses most of the qualities, good, bad and otherwise, which they share in common, at least in this province. At a distance they are picturesque; but if one desires to preserve one's illusions, one must not come too near. They do look well in pictures—rude cottages, filthy puddles and all; but then artists can not, and would not, paint the *smells*. This particular village consists of a hundred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old thatched with straw, the new with tiles. They are not unsightly in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in orchards, hedges and gardens, but their surroundings are abominable. Before each door is a huge dung-hill (*mit Respect zu sagen*), where hens and swine dispute the territory, and evil-smelling green puddles, where geese, ducks and dirty children whose hair is bleached white with exposure to the sun, paddle together in placid bliss from morn till dewy eve. So far from trying to keep such necessary adjuncts of agricultural life as dung-hills, etc., etc., out of sight, as is our American custom, they are here given the *place d'honneur*, and I fancy the family pretensions to *rank* are gauged in accordance with the more or less rapid accumulations of these manure heaps.

Old men and women, beyond more active service, sit in the door-ways and keep the feathered and unfeathered bipeds within bounds. Their faces are brown and wrinkled, like dried pears, their bodies bent and shriveled, but their tongues wag vigorously, and they knit incessantly, both sexes, upon coarse woolen socks. There is no church at Y——, the people attending service at a neighboring village. The dignitary of the place seemed to be the school-master, whose cottage was distinguishable from the rest by an air of superior neatness and the presence of a pretty garden full of well-cared-for flowers. There is here, as in all villages, a green where the peasants meet for recreation, windmills on every little hill-top, and a well-filled, dreary old churchyard, which for barrenness would vie with any New England country burying-ground. There are no shops, not even a bakery, all purchases being made in the distant town. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

Swimming.

EVERY boy and girl should be taught to swim, and be trained to it. Most boys learn of themselves, while the reverse is true of most girls. This latter fact is a grave mistake. The mistake is more serious now than formerly, because so large a portion of our population spend weeks or months every year at our watering-places; and because travel on river, lake and ocean, and sailing in boats and yachts for pleasure, has increased to such an extent. For these reasons, as well as others, a knowledge of the art has become a necessity. The lives that were recently lost in consequence of the collisions and burning of steamboats, might most of them have been saved, had all of the passengers known how to swim. The mere consciousness of ability to swim and the feeling of familiarity with deep water that it creates, would either prevent or greatly diminish the panics that are so disastrous in cases of accidents on the sea. Besides this, the inability to swim of persons who are in the water when a disaster has occurred, greatly imperils the lives of those who can swim, and are abundantly able to care for themselves; for the swimmers are often overpowered by the wild clinging to them of the luckless persons who are drowning near by. The time to learn to swim is in childhood and youth, and every parent should see to it that all his children become experts in the art. It is an easy art to learn. There are people who live in boats whose *babies* even swim like kittens. But swimming is really a most healthful exercise. No other surpasses it. It exercises at once hands, arms, legs, feet, diaphragm, chest and lungs. At the same time all its surroundings are exhilarating, while the cool water not only cleanses the surface of the skin, but tones up and invigorates the whole system.—*Youth's Companion.*

—That rock and rye was a favorite tipple in the olden days we know from the fact that David put a little rock in his sling.

PITH AND POINT.

YOU may set it down as a settled fact that the boy who doesn't feel like breaking the last pane of glass left in the window of an old house will grow up to be a milk-and-water man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SARA BERNHARDT has ordered forty-seven different toilets for her American engagement. American women who don't know a word of French will have no difficulty in understanding them.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"GOOD morning," remarked two gentlemen as they stepped up to the bar. "Mornin', gentlemen; what'll it be?" asked the barkeeper. "Well, I'll take a Han-cocktail," said one. "Give me a ei-Gar-field," said the other. And then they both laughed and said it was a very good joke.—*Albany Journal.*

MANY a father's pride is shocked and many a mother's heart bleeds a little as their boy "up at grandpa's" writes his little scrawl home, "This is the bos plae, I lik living hear better than to home," and they inwardly vow never to be harsh with the little fellow when he comes back. Make home the "boss" plnce for your children, even if they seem to be "boss" of it.—*New Haven Register.*

EVERY paper we take up tells us that the Duchess of Edinburgh has had the measles. These king folks are bound to have every thing that is going; thnt's true enough, but they needn't be so all-fired stuck up about it. Guess some of us on this side the water have had just as good an article of measles as the Duchess.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Concord philosophers in discussion have tackled "History of Philosophy." After they get through with that they will wrestle with "The Philosophy of History." This will lead back to the starting point. It was ever thus since eats first chased their own tnils in search of information.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HE was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he, "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do indeed. I'd do any thing to see him elected." "Then never let any body know ho saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.—*Galveston News.*

The Yankee Who Blew Up The Chilian Transport Loa.

As I sit in the shade of the starboard railing writing this, says the Callao correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, I see the Blanco and Huascar putting slowly out from under cover of San Lorenzo point, and know that they will steam up to within a respectable distance of the shore guns, open fire, and after a shot or two retire to their old anchorage. There, already, a white puff leaves the Huascar's side, and by the time this sentence is finished the boom of the report will have reached my ears. The Chilians have the best ordnance, and, which is of much more consequence, have Americans to handle it. Nor is the other side without its recruits from soldiers of fortune hailing from the United States. The last exploit by one of these has created a considerable stir, and has already been referred to as the disaster to the Loa. It occurred the day before we arrived here, but every one is full of the affair, and these are some of the facts, all of which may not have reached you by telegraph: On the 24th of last month the Chilian transport Loa brought four hundred and six Peruvian soldiers—somehow or other the officers do not turn up again—to Callao, and after landing them took her place among the blockaders. The day before yesterday afternoon the Loa, while patrolling the coast between San Lorenzo and Ancon, saw a boat beating about the Hormigas de Terra. The craft's movements were so suspicious that the Loa lowered two boats and gave chase, when the occupant took to a small canoe he had in tow of the large boat, and using his paddle vigorously escaped to the shore. The Chilians found their prize to be a launch containing vegetables and garden stuff of all descriptions—a perfect bonanza for a vessel on the blockade. No time was lost in towing the prize alongside the transport, nor was any lost in transferring the welcome contents to her deck. It took actually about ten minutes to get the vegetables on board, and every thing was out excepting a bag of potatoes, which lay in the bottom of the boat. This they had hooked on to and were hauling away, when it seemed as if the fuse of a thunderbolt had been touched. A great mass of flame appeared to rise out of the very sea and envelop the Loa, which at that moment was in front of the last of the neutral vessels at anchor to leeward of the bay. Immediately afterwards a second explosion was heard, less heavy than the first, and the doomed vessel was covered up and completely hidden by dense clouds of black smoke. When the smoke cleared away those on board the yet shaking vessels in the bay saw the Loa immovable and apparently undamaged, when suddenly she appeared to stagger and reel, her bows rose in the air and with a great plunge she went down, stern foremost, leaving only an immense volume of steam hanging like a pall over her watery grave. The water was not deep enough to totally engulf the Loa and the tops of her two masts remained visible, with some of the crew clinging to them. That crew had numbered one hundred and eighty, officers and men, and though they all went down in her some floated to the surface and were picked up by the English corvette Penguin and boats from the other neutral vessels of war to the number of about thirty as they were struggling in the water. A Chilian transport, then eight miles off, steered to the scene of the disaster at full speed and received the saved, nearly all of whom, however, were wounded. It was dynamite under that fatal bag of potatoes. The business was engineered by a down-Easter named Col. Williams, who holds rank in the Peruvian army, and who may congratulate himself upon the successful achievement of as smart a murdering war trick as is on record. It may also be some satisfaction to him to read that the opinion of those forming the flower of maritime war powers is unanimous that it was cleverly done.

The Sorrowful Man From Columbus.

AT the Union Depot the other morning Officer Button observed a tall, long-legged stranger, who seemed to be clothed mostly in a linen duster, wipe his eyes and blow his nose like one suffering mental distress, and he approached and asked the cause.

"Oh, lots of things," replied the man, as he shook out his handkerchief. "Is there a camp-meeting anywhere around here?"

"Not that I know of."

"And don't they have any prayer-meetings here in the day-time?"

"No."

"There isn't any body around the depot who makes a specialty of singing Gospel hymns, is there?"

"Don't know of any body. Has your wife run away?"

"No; I never had one."

"Lost your wallet?"

"No; I never carry a wallet."

"Any body abused you?"

"No; every body is very kind to me."

"Then why this sorrow and these tears? Strong men do not weep without strong cause."

"I weep—I weep because the world is cold—because it is wicked—because human nature has become suspicious. I weep, because another sun has risen on the evil passions of men."

"Are you naturally sorrowful?"

"I am. I sometimes wish I wasn't that way. How long before the Lake Shore train goes?"

"About twelve minutes."

"Then I will spend eleven minutes in further weeping. Have you a private room in which I can sit and cry?"

"Say, old man, what's your lay?" asked the officer after looking him over.

"My lay is weeping. I am the sorrowful man from Columbus."

"That's too thin. What's the particular racket this morning?"

"Won't you give me away?" asked the man after a fresh dig at his eyes.

"No."

"I'm dead broke and I want to get to Toledo. The conductor who goes out on this train stands over there, and I'm weeping for his benefit. He has already remarked my grief, and he wonders what ails me. When he asks for my ticket I'll either be a missionary who weeps over the avariee of railroad corporations and appeal to his charity, or a country parson who lost his money on the confidence game. Now let me weep some more."

He wept some more, and then said:

"It's the best lay in the world. It's an hundred times ahead of cheek or riding on the springs, and it costs me nothing and is always ready. I cried my way from Columbus to Indianapolis, went from there to Chicago, and then sobbed myself along to Detroit. I now weep that I may see Toledo, and I shall depend upon emotion to scoot me through to Columbus in good style. I will now edge along towards the conductor and give way to an extra burst of mingled grief and contrition. Ta-ta, old blue coat—don't give away a man who couldn't raise a nickel if his eyes should give out to-morrow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Strange Irish Disease.

OUR rest over, we prepared for our heat round the hill sides, first, at the earnest entreaty of one of our followers, backed by Wheelan, placing a piece of bread in our pockets. "Never mind, sure your honor might want it agen the 'feur gurthe,'" explained the man. The "feur gurthe" is by no means an imaginary complaint. When walking in the mountains the strongest man is liable to its attack. The person unlucky enough to fall under its influence becomes suddenly faint and unable to walk. One mouthful of food restores his strength at once. If no food is taken he dies in a few hours. The person attacked may not have been hungry at the time; he may have eaten but a short time before; but if he is seized with the faintness he must eat or die. I know one man whose life was saved by finding in his pocket a few crumbs of oaten cake. The name is composed of two Irish words—*feur*, grass, and *gurth*, hunger: the country people believing that the complaint is induced by walking on an unknown plant to which they give the name hungry-grass.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Rapid Courtship at Saratoga.

A YOUNG gentleman from New York saw a certain young lady at one of Lothian's morning concerts and fell desperately in love with her; he sought her name, and subsequently an introduction, courted her diligently for two days, and upon the third was able to introduce her as his affianced wife. The gentleman is very fine-looking, but comparatively poor, while the lady is really one of the handsomest that has been seen here this summer, and, besides being the child of very wealthy parents, is said to be as modest and amiable as she is beautiful. The lady also resides in New York and has been summering with her parents at the Grand Union, but her lover's finances compelled him to take a less pretentious place, and he is a guest at one of the smaller hotels. We are in possession of the names of the parties, but are requested not to make them public.—*Saratoga Sun.*

His Own Surgeon.

THAT Gen. Sickles is alive to-day is due only to his great presence of mind. When he fell on the field of Gettysburg he fainted. Recovering consciousness, but half dazed, he found he was completely away from the hope of immediate help, and that blood was gushing from his leg in jets, showing that an artery was severed. Painfully rising himself until he found his handkerchief, he tied it around the wound in such a way as to stop the flow, and, in order to secure additional tightening, ran his sword-handle under the handkerchief, and with all his power twisted it around and held it so until the surgeon came on the battle-field. Like most persons, he had read directions of what was necessary to be done in such emergencies, but unlike most persons, he was cool and collected enough to put his reading into practice when the emergency came.—*Olive Logan, in San Francisco Call.*

—"Strive to make a good impression wherever you go," said Jones, as he pulled his foot out of the mud.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THIS IS WHY.

SOME go smiling through the gray time,
Under naked, songless bowers;
Some go mourning all the May time,
Mid the laughing leaves and flowers.
Why is this,
Rosy Bliss
Comes to kiss Winter gray?
Why, ah! why
Doth Sorrow sigh
On the lap of lovely May?

Happy Love, with song and smiling,
Through the withered woodland goes;
Hapless Love hath no beguiling
From the redbreast of the rose.
This is why
Woods may sigh,
Flowers die and hearts be gay:
This alas!
The pigeons pass
That leaves us mourning all the May.
—*Alfred Graves, in Littell's Living Age.*

A ROMANCE OF AVENUE A.

THE noblest place that man can die
Is where he dies for man.

PART I.—THE INTRODUCTION.

A genuine metropolitan Bohemian sees so many different qualities of inhumanity and mixes in so many different strata of society, that romances are every-day episodes in his eventful and somewhat erratic career, and I therefore make no apology or explanation for the following tragic *genre*, which I have written out just as it occurred. The *dramatis personæ* were all known to me, and much of the acting in the tragedy was done under my eye. There are heroes and heroes. My hero, a rough, uneducated laboring man, takes a position in the latter class. He gave his life for another, when the sacrifice required an exercise of the noblest qualities of humanity.

The scene of my story is laid in the American metropolis, and most of the action takes place in a tenement house situated on that great street of tenement houses, Avenue A. All the characters and the historian lived together; occupying between them one flat of a tenement house nine stories high. Our flat was the seventh from the ground, and being the only lodgers on that floor we speedily became well acquainted. Being a bachelor, I occupied the front room, which was study, reception-room, kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartment. My next-door neighbors were an elderly Irish woman with her two sons, Patsy and Teddy Horley. They occupied three rooms. The two back rooms had as an occupant one of the loveliest little maidens it was ever my good fortune to meet. I think she came originally from Massachusetts. She worked at shirt-making in a large Canal Street establishment, and her name was written on the pay-roll as Alice Layne. The Horleys and Miss Layne had been neighbors some time when I became an inmate of the house, and were already quite intimate.

Patsy Horley was the oldest of the brothers, large formed, red-headed, and with irregular, homely features. He was heavily freckled, and I never saw him during a six months' acquaintance time that he didn't have a three days' growth of red stubble on his face. He had large gray eyes, and these were the most striking of his facial organs. They had but one expression—unswerving honesty in their every flash. Patsy was a member of the corner "gang," and frequently came home much the worse for liquor, which grieved his old mother sorely. She was a blunt, plain-spoken woman, 60 years old, fat, and much given to a "weakness" in all parts of her body, which prevented the possibility of labor. So she was content to sit by the window all day long knitting at a never-finished blue woolen stocking. Her "byes" were very good to her. Teddy gave her all his earnings. Patsy most all. Teddy was the reverse of his brother. He was six feet in his socks, finely proportioned, handsome. His eyes were black, his hair and mustache bark brown, but curly. He was considerable of a dandy and "dressed up" every night after work. There was a deep affection existing between these brothers. They loved each other, and this devotion was apparent in every act of their lives.

Miss Alice Layne was, as I have before stated, a lonely little maiden, pretty, and with a tender heart, susceptible to the slightest variation of life's compass. Less than a week after taking up my quarters in the front room I made a discovery. Alice Layne was in love with Patsy Horley and Teddy Horley was in love with Alice Layne. It was an interesting study to watch the various phases of this cross passion, and I never tired of it. It was very evident to me that Patsy Horley admired the little shirt-maker, but he kept the secret safely locked in his great big heart, and only took it out at odd moments when he thought no one would notice the treasure to gloat over it and adore it and worship it as his mother did the figure of the Virgin at the head of her bed. I don't suppose the honest fellow ever dreamed that his love was returned. How could he when he so blindly worshiped the superior physical gifts of his young brother. For Patsy was very proud of handsome Teddy, and never tired of praising him. Alice, with a woman's intuition, saw the noble in Patsy's character, and although Teddy's good looks and fine dress and "flowers" made an impression upon her it was only a transitory one, which vanished as soon as she caught sight of Patsy's big, homely face and honest gray eyes. Like all good-looking men, Teddy Horley was just the least bit conceited, and he imagined that it was only necessary to declare his passion to find himself in undisturbed possession of Alice's heart.

One warm afternoon I was lying on a lounge in my room, endeavoring to interest myself in the "Light of Asia." Mrs. Horley was down stairs visiting a neighbor, and I was noddling over the poem, when Alice Layne tripped up the stairs and entered her apartments. I heard her singing softly to herself as she made preparations for supper, and, misanthrope that I am, envied her that bird-like lightness of heart which trilled through every measure of the song. I was brooding over the melancholy past, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stairs and Patsy Horley, in his rough working clothes, and a little under the influence of liquor, opened the door of the room adjoining mine and threw himself heavily on the bed. He got up directly, opened a little window over the door which separated the two rooms, took a drink of water and lay down again. It may be well to mention that this chamber was a dark room, and was occupied by the brothers as a sleeping apartment. A few minutes after this Teddy Horley bounded up the steps and entered the living-room, which was between the dark chamber and his mother's bedroom. Finding his mother absent, he crossed the hall and knocked at Miss Layne's door. The little maiden hushed her song and opened it.

"Oh, Teddy, it's you, is it?" she said.

"Sure it is, swateness. Who else could it be?"

"I thought it was Patsy," she said, tantalizingly.

Then there was a struggle, a stifled scream, and a smack, smack of lips. The noise disturbed tipsy Patsy, and he rose from his bed and opened the door entering into the hallway. The scuffle outside continued and there was more smacking. Presently Alice cried:

"Oh, Teddy Horley, you're perfectly horrid, and I don't like you one bit, there!"

"Now, darlint!" began Teddy.

"Don't darlint me; I don't like you. You are better looking and finer dressed than Patsy, but he is a thousand times better than you."

"Perhaps ye're in airnest," said Teddy, a little passionately. "There's many a thrue work spoken in jest."

"Well, I am in earnest. I do like Patsy, and if he'd ask me to marry him this day, I'd jump at the chance. So there, now, you have the truth."

Then the door was slammed, and I heard Teddy walking slowly back into his mother's room. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when I cried "Come in," Patsy's freckled face appeared on the threshold. I spoke to him kindly and invited him to have a chair. He sat down, and I saw that what he had heard had sobered him. After a moment's silence he cleared his throat and began:

"Did ye hear what she said?"

"Yes, Patsy," I replied.

"An' do ye belaive she manes it?" he continued, eagerly.

"I have no doubt of it."

"God bless her swate soul! I'm not the man for her, an' I niver to't she cared for me. If I could only bring meself to belaive it's thrue, I'd be a different man."

He sat in silence for some time and then rose to go. When he reached the door he turned and said:

"I was a bit dhrunk when I come home to-night. It's hard work beyont here in the tunnel, but I sware to ye that afther to-night there'll never a drap of pwhisky pass my lips."

I bade him good night and God speed in this new-formed resolution, and he shook my hand warmly. Mrs. Horley came home and she and Patsy had supper together. Teddy was out. I took a short walk that evening, and coming home passed Patsy and Alice on one of the cross-streets walking together, arm in arm. I did not hear what they were saying, but felt convinced Patsy had declared his love and been made happy with Alice's acknowledgment that the passion was reciprocated.

The next morning Patsy came to my room before he went to his work. He seized my hand, and a look of supreme happiness shot from his gray eyes.

"She sez she'll have me, sor," he said, "an' we'll be married ez soon ez I get through work on the tunnel. I'm a happy man, but for wan thing—it's Teddy. Poor bye, he takes it to heart, an' is not himself at all. God knows I'm his brother, an' would rather lose me roight hand than bring harm to him."

"Oh, that will be all right. He'll get over his disappointment in a few days," I said, to console him.

"I wish I could think so," he said, moving toward the door, and these were the last words I ever heard the poor fellow utter.

PART II.—THE CATASTROPHE.

Every reader of the *Free Press* has heard of the terrible tunnel disaster, the details of which electrified the whole country. Teddy and Patsy Horley were employed in the tunnel as laborers, and worked side by side in the same relief. The morning of my last interview with poor Patsy, they went to their work as usual, and for the first time in their lives spoke never a word of kindly cheer or brotherly badinage as they walked swiftly through the streets. The better to make plain what follows, it will be necessary to say that the entrance to the tunnel proper, on the New York side, is through a circular, perpendicular shaft, thirty feet in diameter, and about sixty feet deep. This is a working shaft, the bottom of which is used for the reception of waste matter, as it is excavated, and before it is taken away. Thirty feet below the surface of the ground is an "air lock," which is the sole means of communication between the tunnel and the outer air. It is necessary to keep the air inside the tunnel sufficiently compressed to maintain a pressure of seventeen pounds to the square inch, and the "air lock" serves a similar purpose to the lock of a canal, equalizing the pressure of the air to those passing in or out, as a canal lock balances the level of the water. As a matter of course, there are two doors, one at each end of this lock, only one of which can be opened at once, while the lock itself is fifteen feet long by six feet and six inches wide, allowing for the passage, in case of necessity, of thirty men at once.

As they were preparing to go down the shaft that morning Patsy turned to his brother and whispered:

"It's a quare feelin' I have in me this mornin', Teddy. May the blissed Vorgin protect us from harm."

Teddy laughed. "It's the pwhisky," he said, and turned away, not so quick that his eye didn't meet the reproachful flash that fell from his brother's great gray orbs. Afterwards that look haunted him, and made the misery of life all the harder to bear.

Twenty-eight men composed a relief, and the work of excavation moved along smoothly until noon. Then the squad was divided. Fourteen men went to lunch; the remainder worked on. In half an hour the first squad was heard advancing and the others threw down their tools and prepared to leave the tunnel. Patsy was in the first squad, Teddy in the second. The men returning had passed inside through the air-lock and the others had quit their posts preparatory to leaving. It is probable that if they had delayed this for even a minute, the accident would not have happened, for the fatal leak, which was discovered just too late, might easily have been stopped if discovered in time. As the two squads met just at the moment of shifting, a peculiar hissing sound was heard, with which all were familiar. It meant a leak, and a leak meant death!

"Back and stop the leak!" shouted the Superintendent, and the order was obeyed almost before it was given.

As many as could get there jumped for the place, where all knew the danger was greatest. The brothers worked side by side.

"It's the maneing of the quare feelin', Teddy," cried Patsy, as they both plied pick and shovel. "May the Vorgin save us!"

The joining of the temporary roof of the tunnel with the wall of the shaft was necessarily imperfect. It was intended to make all secure with a three-foot wall of brick and cement, but it was impossible to set the foundation of the brick work until after the circle of the tunnel should be completed, so that this imperfect jointure was continually watched. With reasonable diligence it was easy to keep it closed, and the material to close it was plenty and at hand. The chinks were stopped with the silt, of which the river bottom is largely composed—a clayey mud, of the consistency of putty—and a man should have been at this part watching the chink.

No pen can describe the terrible struggle which followed. It lasted scarcely two minutes. The men were nerved by a full knowledge of the great danger of their position. Not a man but knew that he carried his life in his hands whenever he went to work, and not a man failed to know that the supreme moment had come. All worked well. The brothers did the work of ten men.

It was too late!

The leak that one man could have stopped if he had been there at the right moment was now wide enough for the foul current of corruption and death to flow in from the river bottom, and the only safety lay in flight. Between the spot where they were and the open air there were two locked doors, only one of which could be opened at once. The little rift above their heads became a chasm. The compressed air escaped until there was no longer pressure enough from within to maintain the portion of unfinished work. The electric light by which they worked was extinguished, and darkness added its terrors to their great misery.

In the confusion the brothers, who had instinctively clasped hands when the water and mud poured in upon them, were separated. Patsy reached out his hand and it was clutched by some one in the darkness.

"To the caison!" shouted the Superintendent, and the men rushed pell mell toward this only avenue of escape. He was standing by the inner door of the air-lock, and threw it open for the men to pass through.

"Quick, boys!" he cried. "Get into the lock!" And instead of passing in among the first he stood by the door helping one after another in.

Six men passed, among them Patsy Horley. He looked around and called loudly for Teddy. There was no response. The seventh man was passing through. He pushed by him into the tunnel.

"Teddy bye!" he cried.

"Here!" shouted a voice at his side.

"Get through quick!" he said, and pushed his brother through.

He would have followed him but another of the men stepped in front of him, and he helped him into the lock. This man was almost through when the awful weight of the mud and water fell against the door, pinning him so fast that nothing could have freed him in time.

The door was fast. One man was fastened in the doorway between the other nineteen and their last chance of life. The eight in the lock were thus almost lost, for there was no longer a chance to close the inner door, and the flood was closing on them. Swiftly the water rushed into the lock; it rose knee deep where they stood, and the air was compressed by all the pressure of the rise above them in the little chamber, the door of which was securely fastened against them. They could not open this door, nor could they break it from the inside. But in the lock were two dead lights of massive glass, eight inches in diameter, and these the men knew were to be broken as a last resort.

"My God! the water is gaining on us," said one; "what shall we do?"

"Kape cool, men, kape cool!" answered a voice from the river side of the tunnel. Teddy rushed to the bull's eye and looked through. There stood Patsy and the Superintendent side by side, their faces white as death.

"Keep cool," cried the Superintendent through the crack of the door; "nothing can be gained by excitement."

"But shure, sor, the wather is gainin' on us, and we can't open the door into the shaft."

"The water is covering me up," moaned the poor fellow who was crushed by the door. "Can't you get me out of this?"

Teddy caught him by the neck, and several others sprang to his assistance. They pulled and tugged, but it was no use. Every moment was agony to the poor man, and he would beg piteously to be let alone. The water got higher and higher.

"They'll have to shtop the crack, sor," said Patsy, and the Superintendent, his white lips moving in prayer, nodded his head.

"Take off your clothes, men, and stop the crack of the door," he added.

Some one said that that would cut off what little communication there was between them.

"Niver moind us, min," said brave Patsy, "it's your only chance."

"But then—" began Teddy, who was in tears.

"Do as you are ordered," cried the Superintendent sharply.

The men sprang forward, and Patsy reached his great freckled hand through the crack.

"Good-bye, Teddy," he said chokingly. "Tell the mother I died loike a brave man. An'—Alice—"

He could say no more, and in a moment the men had patched the crack in the door with their clothes, and the r
id increase of the water was checked

"Can you pray?" whispered the
perintendent, as his hand tightened
Patsy's.

"Blessed Mary, save us!" sobbed
Irishman.

Teddy ran to the bull's eye and loo
through. He saw the Superintend
and his brother standing side by
peering in at him. The faces of b
men were pale, and were only a
feet above the water that gurgled at
them. He heard Patsy's mutte
prayer, and a deep groan burst from
lips.

"Patsy, brother!" he shouted.

Patsy smiled, and nodded his hea

"Be kind to Alice," he said,
then, raising his voice, shouted "By
open the outside bull's eye!"

"Yes, knock out the bull's eye; kr
it out, I say," commanded the s
voice of the Superintendent.

The men in the air lock knew tha
obey this order meant sudden and
death to their companions, and t
hesitated. Again it come:

"Knock out the bull's eye!" and t
the stern voice of the Superintend
faltered a little as it added, "and
what you can for the rest of us!"

Blow upon blow fell upon the th
glass, and was answered from the
side by two men who had by this t
arrived with crowbars. The glass f
out and the cold air rushed in.

"God take us to him and protect
wife and babies!" muttered the Su
intendent, and his hand closed tigh
on Patsy's.

"Poor Alice!" was all the latter co
articulate through his sobs. Instincti
ly the eyes of both men met, and th
souls stood side by side.

The outside door was started a litt
and suddenly flew open. With the ru
of air came the rush of water. The dc
behind gave way, and the living, t
dead, and the dying were hauled out t
ward the working shaft. The bodies
all in the inner tunnel must have caug
in the outer door. Only Patsy Horley
came out with the rush of water. Tw
of the men seized his body, and th
whole party hurried up the ladder to t
ground.

Then, and only then, had the t
men an opportunity to pause and refl
that behind them, beneath the wa
that boiled and seethed in the dim lig
of the tunnel, were the bodies of th
dead comrades and the brave Super
tendent.

PART III.—THE END.

Professional business called me
Brooklyn the day of the accident, n
when I returned to the tenement hou
in Avenue A, they were making prep
rations to wake p[illegible] Patsy Horle
body.

He was terribly c[illegible]shed and mang
by the rapid rush of water, and o
lived two hours after he was taken
of the shaft. He was conscious, and
fellow workmen carried him tende
home, Teddy following, weepi
bitterly. They laid the wounded m
upon the bed, and a doctor minister
to his sufferings. The wails of the po
mother were heart-rending. Patsy h
been lying with his eyes closed, but
finally opened them and asked f
Teddy. The brother knelt by the bedsi
and great sobs shook his frame.

"Ba a mon, Teddy," whispered Pats
"Sind for Alice and the praiste!"

When the little shirt-maker was l
weeping into the room, Patsy asked th
they be left alone, and over that la
interview let us draw a veil. Final
some one stole into the room and fou
them clasped in each other's arm
Patsy was sinking fast, and the pric
approached the bedside and admin
tered to him the last rites of the chure
Then the dying man was propped up
bed. He called Teddy and Alice to th
bedside and made them join hands.

"I'm a dead mon," he said huskil
"Promish me, both of yeez, that yo
be thrue to aich other!"

Both bowed their heads. He beckon
for the priest and whispered a few wor
in his ear.

A smile of thankfulness beautified th
homely face of Patsy as the last wor
of the impressive service fell from th
priest's lips, and stretching out his han
he died before any could reach him.—*D
troit Free Press.*

The Colorado Woodsman.

THE least known of Colorado charac
ters is the woodsman. Now and the
he makes his presence evident by act
like one of last winter, when, musterin
150 of his comrades, he rode at night t
Golden, took the Hayward murderers
from the jail, and left them hanging to
a convenient bridge; but he soon re-
lapses into his former obscurity. His
individuality is as genuine as that of
the cattle man or miner, from whose
ranks his are often, for various reasons,
recruited. Dense growths of pine cov-
ered, and in many places still cover, the
greater part of the mountains. Here
the lumber mills were placed, and here
the woodcutter made his home in de-
fiance of law. The treatment of timber
lands can hardly be regarded as suc-
cessful in this part of the world. No
man could legally cut wood or secure
title to his claim if he settled on this
land. It lay there, the paradise of
squatters, the secure abode of lawless-
ness. Government not being willing to
sell it or give it away, the sovereign
people took the matter into their own
hands. Needing wood, they took it, and
if a valuable piece was "jumped" some
one might count on being shot. Occa-
sionally an over-zealous supporter of
Government or the railroad companies
would prosecute the offenders, thirty or
fifty at a time, for violation of the tim-
ber laws. No jury was ever found to
convict these men, and, on their re-
lease, they took care to make things so
hot for the informer that he left the
country or kept silence for the future.
Had the lands been offered for sale
they would have found ready purchasers,
but the plan of withholding them has
led to much careless destruction of their
trees.

The woodsman's wants are few. His
log cabin is built in a few days, a big
fireplace saves the expense of a stove, a
few boards nailed to the wall make a
bedstead, boxes take the place of furni-
ture, and two or three shelves support
the kitchen implements. When he has
all these he considers himself a man of
property, and entitled to look for a wife.
N. Y. Sun.

merchants, editors, ministers e[illegible]
with their wives, met together by invi-
tation to celebrate the dedication din-
ner? You see, they had not invited
Bonny: nobody expected him; so at
first nobody noticed him as he slipped
noiselessly in.

The tables seemed so full of people
that Bonny had to walk up the room to
find a place. A queer hush fell on the
clatter and the chatter. People dropped
their forks. They watched this little
figure with the sunny hair, the happy
face, the shabby shoes, the tumbled
check apron, that dragged after it the
well-nigh forgotten red cape, and at
last mounting into an empty chair,
said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and in
a very clear voice, "I want dinner,
please."

Bonny glanced round him. He
thought everybody looked pleased, and
catching the eye of a lady who bent to-
ward him, he smiled back a shy, friend-
ly smile.

This lady was the first to speak to
him. She crossed eagerly over and
said, "May I sit beside you, dear? I
knew a little boy once with yellow hair
like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had
tears in her soft eyes now.

"I like your hair best," he answered,
half timidly, half frankly. The lady's
hair was very dark, and she wore in it
a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May
I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout
gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he
began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake
hands, little stranger. So you came to
my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was
rather afraid of the loud-voiced man;
but the lady whom he was not afraid
of said, re-assuringly, "This is the
man who gives the dinner, little one;
this is his house; he'll be very good to
you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then, and re-
plied, simply, "I came; I was hungry,
and I came."

The host cleared his throat, and said,
heartily, while he patted Bonny's curls,
"Well, I didn't expect you, that's a
fact; but we'll give you just as good a
dinner, for all that. A dinner?—I'll
warrant you we will: and upon my
word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather
think the Metropolis Hotel is honored
to have the chance."

Never, never had Bonny imagined
such a dinner as he ate that day. The
lady who sat by his side cut up the
chicken, and helped him choose among
the lavish dainties that the host kept
insisting on having brought for him to
taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he
never in this world could be hungry
again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he
told his new friend, the lady, all she
asked him about his sick father, his
tired mother, the little tenement that
was like the kettle that all boiled away,
and the big family that crammed it so
full when gathered together. But one
thing neither the lady, nor her husband,
who filled Bonny's pocket with pennies,
nor the host, could succeed in finding
out from him.

This was where the little fellow be-
longed, and how to return him to his
home.

Street and number he knew naught
about. What was his name? "Bonny
Laddie." His father's name? "Oh,
John." What kind of work did his
father do? "Oh, nothing; father is
sick." He had no clear ideas associated
with any calling except with Nickie's,
as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddled papers, and that
Bonny would when he was bigger, he
was very positive about.

"Well, then," suggested the host,
"we'll try the newsboys. We'll just
have Laddie standing by the door
when they go past, and maybe he can
pick out this brother of his from the lot."

The company sat for a long time round
the tables. Bonny kept still, listening
and wondering, though he understood
little of the speeches and the toasts.
Once all eyes were again turned to-
ward Bonny.

A gentleman rose and said, "Ladies
and gentlemen, I beg to propose the
health of the first guest of the Metropo-
lis Hotel, who, though uninvited, has
given the patriarch of this palace the
privilege of entertaining an angel una-
wares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the
looks bent upon him. With one hand
full of nuts and bonbons, the other in
his heavy pocket, and a face of perfect
peace, the little guest of the Metropo-
lis Hotel lay fast asleep in his chair.

He was rosily awake again by the
time the newsboys were crying out
their evening papers.

"Come and watch for Nickie," coaxed
the host; and with Bonny's small, warm hand in his own he
stepped out on the broad granite slab
in front of the hotel.

"That isn't Nickie—nor that—nor
that," Bonny kept saying at first.
"Oh, Nickie!" he shouted, suddenly;
and, plunging forth into the street,
tumbled against a small boy in big
trousers and an overgrown cap, whose
bundle of papers looked much fatter
than he did.

Astonished Nickie, who had not been
home since morning, could scarcely be-
lieve his senses at first, as he stared at
his little brother through the dusk, the
fog, and the rain-drops that now began
to fall. However, he could answer all
the questions that Laddie had been un-
able to satisfy, and in a very short in-
terval a carriage had been summoned,
the host had stowed away in it a capa-
cious basket hastily filled with choice
remnants from the feast, and Bonny
Laddie was rolling toward his home in
charge of the gentle stranger lady and
her husband.

The stranger lady, promising Bonny
to come again, made haste to go away,
but before going she had time to won-
der at something she saw. Why did
Bonny's tired but blithe-looking mother
give the lady's husband such a sad, al-
most fearful, look? Why did he seem
confused, and going over to the sick
man, said, "I will reconsider that mat-
ter, John. You may rest easy?"

Afterward she understood. When
John's master had that afternoon curt-
ly refused Mrs. Donald's petition, and
let her go away disappointed and dis-
tressed, her patient waiting and her
earnest pleading having been in vain,
he had considered himself right, from
the stand-point of his own interest.
But then he had known nothing of the
clean, crowded household, and nothing
of this yellow-haired laddie who re-
minded him of another little yellow-
haired laddie who had been taken from
him.—*Ella M. Baker, in Harper's Young People.*

THE REPUBLICAN

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY OCT. 2, 1880.

Gen. Grant has issued an order to soldiers and sailors, veterans of the war, informing them of the meeting to be held in Indianapolis on October 7th.

Ex-chief Justice Daniel Agnew, of Pennsylvania, who was the Greenback candidate for supreme judge of the State two years ago, has declared for Garfield and Arthur.

The English manufacturers are all solid for Hancock, for they believe that Democratic success means death to American industries and a revival of British trade. They have subscribed $50,000 for the Democratic in the Indiana campaign.

The old "fraud" yell is having an inning, and it is a pity that Tilden is not in position to lift it himself. The party should remember that in not re-nominating Tilden they declared that when they yell "fraud" they lie.

"Have you heard from Maine?" asks a Democrat of a Republican. "Yes. Those Greenbackers up there seem to be raising thunder. They've swallowed the entire Democratic party, and came mighty near beating us."

The Republican demonstration of Saturday evening last in Philadelphia, was probably the grandest affair of the kind ever held in this country. There were about 100,000 men in line, about 8,000 of the number being veteran soldiers of the war.

The Democrats are so hard run for campaign material, in the absence of Democratic victories, that they claim Maine, which elected a Greenback Governor and two Congressmen, a victory for them, when they didn't elect a single one, the remaining Congressmen being elected by Republicans. Our Democratic friends in Oakland shouldn't hoist a Maine streamer for a Greenback victory.

The nomination of Col. Sebley has not been received with that cordiality and favor among Democrats in this county which presages success. The fact that the nomination was dictated by the Ring Democracy has driven a very large class of respectable Democrats who somehow, obstinately refuse to follow the leadership of Mr. Gorman and his friends.—*Baltimore Times.*

Among the senators who have introduced measures to prevent the payment of rebel claims are Butler, Beck, Butler, Call, Davis, Garland, Gordon, Hereford, Hill, Jones, Morgan and Wes[t] Southern or border States. Hancock truthfully says, "They insulted the honor and in[sulted] our people."

The Maine humiliation of the Democrats is the 1876 business over again. "claim everything, and if you don't get it yell fraud." The leaders a few people in 1876, but they can't fool

RYAN'S GLEN, Sept. 22, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I see the *Democrat* has been treating its readers to another of its characteristic perversions of history. History, by the way, is a dangerous thing for a Democrat to grapple with; it calls up so many damaging reminiscences. The *Democrat's* method of treating history is as bewildering as it is unique; and were it not for the high standard of intelligence, and the general, particular and minute knowledge of the average Democratic voter on all subjects connected with the political history of the country, we might have cause to fear that its fellcitous effusions would be shed on them in vain.

For my own part I admit frankly, but with great humility, that it has shaken Rollins' Rules," "Bibles," "John Brown," "Bunker chief," "Harper's Ferry," "Habeas Corpus," "military prisons," "Mrs. Surratt," "Andy Johnson," "Hancock" and the devil, intermingled and mixed together in such a grand inimitable way, as to compel my admiration, but to awe understanding. I console myself, however, with the reflection that the Democratic readers will know all about it, or at least, charitably believe it means something.

Now then, for instance, if the *Democrat* would adopt a style something like the following, it would be both understood and believed:

"When Kansas was being settled by Republicans, the Democratic leaders hired bands of lawless men known as 'border ruffians,' who came from every Southern State, to ... te, drive out or kill, all Northern settlers opposed to slavery; and what they could not accomplish by violence, they were to secure by fraudulently stuffing the ballot boxes. But so well did the Republicans defend themselves with 'Sharpe's rifles' that the 'Jayhawkers' were driven off, and Kansas was finally admitted as a free State.

"Although slavery has now been abolished, yet, even to-day, the Democrats are such enemies to freedom and free institutions that they bewail the defeat of slavery in Kansas.

"In 1859, a lunatic by the name of John Brown believed he was called to set the slaves at liberty. He invaded the Sovereign State of Virginia with a battallion of three men. The slaves would not go with him, and being attacked, he took refuge in an old brick machine shop, where he kept the flower of the Virginia chivalry at bay two or three days, until the door was battered in by a company of U. S. Marines, and he was taken out more dead than alive, and although he expatiated his folly on a Virginia gallows, yet the Democrats are so enamored of slavery, and hate liberty with such an uncompromising intensity, and they are so hard run for political issue, that they are constrained to rake among the embers of the past, to try to make capital for a pack of unrepentant rebels who now seek to rule the government they lately tried, but failed, to destroy.

"A Democratic Judge of the Supreme Court rendered an opinion that a 'black man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect,' which decision was set aside by the Republicans; and to-day the Democrats are such bitter enemies to freedom and free institutions that they openly denounce the Republicans in unmeasured terms, for removing this relic of barbarism.

"The war coming on, the country swarmed with rebel spies and Democratic sympathizers with treason.

"The Government was compelled in self-defense, to keep some of them in prison to keep them from the death penalty, which was their due, and yet the leaders of the Democratic party are such uncompromising enemies to the country—they are so grieved that this necessary precaution saved the country from dissolution, that they cannot find language to express their abhorrence of the Republican Executive for adopting it.

"A number of Democrats and rebels, among them a Mrs. Surratt, entered into a conspiracy to assassinate the President of the United States, the Vice President and all the heads of departments. They succeeded in killing the President and cutting the throat of the Secretary of State, but their plan miscarried in some of its details, and the country was not left entirely without a government, and the Democrats so admire those cutthroats and midnight assassins, and hate the man who defeated the rebellion with such intense and undying hatred, that they never tire of reiterating the old stale, rebel lie, that one of the conspirators hung for this great crime was innocent.

"The Democratic party not only fought four years to destroy the Union, but has since opposed every measure calculated to improve the credit of the Government, to sustain its honor or contribute to the prosperity of the country. They are the apologists of lawlessness and of unnumbered crimes and countless political murders, and being entirely destitute of principles they are trying to secure possession of the government by lying for it; they are running this campaign on 'lies, lurid lies,' and yet they talk about 'law and order.'"

If the *Democrat* will treat its readers to a few breadsides of this sort of history, it will, in the first place, be easily understood, and in the second place, it will have earned the proud distinction of being the only Democratic paper in the country that has dared to tell the truth.

Yours, very truly,
ONE OF THE BOYS THAT WORE THE BLUE.

The Book of Abominations.

I have received from the accomplished secretary of the National Democratic committee their campaign Text Book, and, as mercantile men write, I can say, "contents noted."

The five hundred and odd closely printed pages make up a pitiable exhibition of *Samrandallism*. As the Democracy, through that degrading process, is left without a reason, based on any principle or policy, why the Government should be transferred from the rule of the Republican party to that of the Democratic organization, the leaders are driven to the lowest and meanest mudflinging ever known to our dirty political arena.

It dares not touch upon any great question now agitating the mind of the public, such as currency, banking, tariff, railroad monopoly, or the hundred and one grievances that now burden the people; for its own record, under Samrandallism, is so bad that it would excite ridicule, and sink itself yet deeper in the contempt of the public.

This resort to personal defamation, founded on the falsehood of garbled evidence, is a necessity. The party that is reduced to belief in a name and the hope of an office; that has nominated a rooster in epaulets for President and a national banker for Vice, and fights therefore like mercenaries under an alien banner, can do nothing but publish a Text Book that no Democratic leader possessed of a particle of self-respect dare use.

It is a significant fact that while Hendricks, Blackburn, Thurman, Judge Black, Alexander H. Stephens, H. B. Payne and the great majority give the lie openly to the mass of the vile rot of this Text Book, only two have been found willing to soil their tongues with its vile matter. One is the Hon. S. S. Cox and the other Aleck Long of Ohio.

I cannot blame the one nor the other. Aleck has an old account to settle. When the motion to expel him from Congress for treasonable utterances was before the House, Garfield made a bitter attack on him. Aleck has bided his time, and now comes back at his enemy. As for our friend little S. S., he attributes his failure in public life to that adjective that now proceedes his name. He mistakes the cause. It is not brevity of stature so much a smallness of soul that has been in his way to promotion. The Hon. S. S. is sharp, witty, learned and eloquent, but he's not generous, nor even just.—*Don Piatt in Washington Capitol, Ind. Dem.*

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—The continued reports from Virginia of ultimate Republican gains in November are beginning to attract the gravest attention of Democrats in the North, and schemes are being prepared to check what promises to be a copious outpouring of Republican strength. It is rumored here that in a few days a number of the heaviest Democratic guns will be sent post haste to Virginia to fire off campaign oratory in every direction. Democratic newspapers have already commenced to sound the alarm, and are vigorously endeavoring to change the present aspect of affairs. A Virginia congressman now in this city informed your correspondent to-night that the Readjusters are too solidly organized and too determined to be interfered with at this late stage of the campaign. Republicans are flocking around the Readjusters' standard daily. Similar views are expressed in leading Southern newspapers, and it is believed here that any effort on the part of the Democracy to disarrange matters now will most undoubtedly result in a disastrous failure.

Since the opening of the Presidential campaign there has been a strong feeling in Republican circles in favor of making a fight in some of the Southern States, especially in Florida. For several weeks past Republican managers here have been in correspondence with prominent Republicans in Florida, who have gone carefully over the ground. A letter received here to-day from Cedar Keys says that it would be perfectly possible to make a successful fight in the November election, as the party in the State is thoroughly organized, and it is only necessary that the proper aid in the matter of money and speakers be given by the national committee to make Florida a very doubtful State for the Democratic column. The writer goes on to say that the only difficulty to be met with in the way of a complete Republican success would be the probable action of the returning board, which would necessarily be composed of Democratic State officials; but that with hard work such a majority could be rolled up as would completely counteract the partisan complexion of that body and render decidedly dangerous anything like a manipulation of the returns.

SARATOGA, September 27.—The Irish-American Republican Convention met here to-day, 121 Assembly districts being represented. Stephen Moffett, of Clinton county, was made permanent chairman. A series of resolutions endorsing the national Republican platform in its entirety were adopted, and an address was issued.

A series of resolutions were adopted endorsing the Republican platform and candidates and urging all Irishmen to vote for them, and not allow British gold, which is being freely circulated in this country for that purpose, to effect the election of Democratic and free trade candidates.

Baltimore's Sesqui-Centennial.

Active preparations are being made for the celebration of Baltimore city's 150th anniversary, which commences Monday, October 11th. Large sums of money are being subscribed and everything indicates that the affair will be one of magnificent proportions. The following is the official programme of the celebration as adopted by the committee:

Monday.—Illustration of the history and progress of the city of Baltimore by allegorical tableaux, procession of the German associations, the trades and industrial and mechanical interests, an oration by Col. J. Thomas Scharf, in the English, and Col. Frederick Raine, in the German language, at the Schuetzen Park.

Tuesday.—Morning—Parade of the order of Masons, Knights Templar and the public and private school children. Afternoon — Meeting of the Historial Society at the Academy of Music, with oration, tableaux and music.

Wednesday—Parade of the State, city, and visiting military organizations, city and visiting fire departments, police departments, letter-carriers and telegraph messenger boys.

Thursday—Parade of the Knights of Pythias, Catholic knights, and all of our benevolent, religious, social, medical, temperance societies and orders.

Friday—Parade of the I. O. O. F., Red men, Hargugari society, Heptasophs, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Independent Order of Mechanics, Druids, Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, and all other secret orders and societies.

Saturday—Parade of colored Masons, and all colored social and benevolent organizations, societies and orders.

Tuesday, October 19.—General illumination of the city and pyrotechnic display in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Baltimore city and the 99th anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The comparative influences of successes of the contending parties upon the stock market is well illustrated by the effect of the elections in Maine and Vermont. The effect of the Vermont election was to stiffen the prices of all government securities. The 4 and 4½ per cents then reached their highest point, the 4½s selling at 111, and the 4s at 110½. The news from Maine, however, produced a sort of panic in the stock market; all securities went down, and government bonds have kept going down in proportion as the apprehension of a possible Democratic triumph in November has increased. This has been especially the case in regard to the long dates, which are the real tests of the government's credit. Saturday last there was a further decline of 1 to 1½ per cent., the 4½s closing at 108½, and the 4s selling down to 108¾

THE ALABAMA 95,000 FRAUD CONFESSED.—The *True Issue*, of Birmingham, Alabama, which paper bears at its head the names of the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President, in its leading editorial says:

"None as yet have given the true reason for the vote in Alabama. It is not necessary, however, that they should print it for the enlightment of the people; they already know it and regret that it exists. They realize the fact and regret it also, that great damage has been done to General Hancock in his race for the Presidency by the put-up majority of 95,000. The cry of 'fraud' has been raised by a cheated and wronged people, and is repeated throughout the land, and it is telling fearfully against him in the North, and blighting, we fear, chances that were bright up to the time the manipulators handled that iniquity that disgraces the legislation of the last session—the new election law. Twenty to twenty-five thousand majority would have been enough to fully secure the offices of the State. What may the people hope from a party that so outrages them and their rights? Nothing but woe to them and the country."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 28, 1880.

General Hancock says: "I regret you are disturbed by that bugbear, Southern War Claims." * * * Bugbear is good. It is for the Republican cause that General Hancock sees in $2,000,000,000 of rebel war claims only a "bugbear." I can safely say that in November the General will find the loyal people of this country not quite ready or willing to take his statement, and believe these claims mere "bugbears." There is enough of the reality about them to frighten not only Mr. Cook, to whom this letter is addressed, but also the General himself. That "nobody expects or wants such unnatural action," is false, as every intelligent reader of the time knows. The General ignors the fact that millions of dollars of these claims have been filed in Congress, by the very men now most ardent in his support. That the South fully expects remuneration for her war losses, and is determined to have it if Hancock is elected no one with knowledge of Southern politics for a moment doubts. Then, too, the political necessity that compelled Hancock to write this letter proves that the subject is something of importance even to Democrats themselves. The letter in fact, is merely an assurance that we need have no fear of an actual and great danger, and a very weak and unsatisfactory assurance at that. It may be of interest to the people to know why this letter was written. The secret is that certain prominent Democratic Capitalists from whom large contributions were expected to the Democratic fund, became alarmed at the decline in Government bonds after the Maine election. They served notice that no contributions from them would be forthcoming unless immediate steps were taken to remove public distrust as to the payment of rebel claims. It was then made known to General Hancock that some explicit pledge from him was necessary. But mindful of the outburst of Southern indignation and disgust which followed Tilden's *positive* declaration in 1876, the General has so worded his letter, and it can be noticed by a careful reading of it, that his followers can entertain widely divergent opinions as to the *classes of claims by him proscribed*. The letter will not have the soothing tendency intended by it, and will arouse anew the feeling of alarm on this claim question.

A Union soldier enticed into support of Hancock early in the campaign, gives the following reasons for withdrawn from his support and coming out for Garfield, and I believe he speaks the prevailing sentiment among the soldiers. He says among other things. I was also led to believe that the Republican leaders were responsible for the delay in the settlement and payment of thousands of claims of soldiers for pensions. I asserted with you that an administration that would not make haste to recognize the rights of those who had sacrificed in war everything that was dear to them for their country's sake was unworthy of our support. I was told by you and others that the election of General Hancock would secure the prompt payment of these claims, and bring peace and prosperity to the whole country. But, my dear sir, I find these promises a delusion and a snare. I find that the bitterness and hate engendered by the war has not only been intensified by the action of the Southern leaders, but that the principles which we thought settled in that terrible conflict are now declared by them to be the same for which they fought.

You will remember that a Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania has exposed the cause of the delay and given the reason why the sick and disabled Union soldiers of the country are deprived of the rights which the Government owes them.

Confronted by facts like these, I can no longer give my support to General Hancock. I know, if elected, he will owe his election to the Southern vote.

If he is a true man he cannot be ungrateful to those who have given him power. The Wade Hamptons will be his trusted advisers. The Southern statesman will shape the policy of his administration. The loyal Union soldier will then meet a defeat such as he never knew on any battlefield. The "lost cause" will be practically won. I can no longer consent to be a party to so great a wrong. You will, therefore, please erase my name from your roll. I shall continue to vote as I fought.

LOGAN.

General Weaver says the Maine Fusion ticket won't come within 20,000 votes of being elected at the November election.

Gen. Weaver and Denis Kearney have congratulated Solon Chase on his refusal to fuse with the Maine Democrats.

LOCAL NEWS.

—REGISTER.

—Mr. John Stahl is having his house shingled.

—Mrs. G. S. Hamill has been visiting at Kingwood.

—Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss is at Morgantown on a visit.

—All should attend the mass-meetings advertised in this issue.

—Mrs. W. H. Tower has been visiting relatives and friends at Pennsboro', W. Va.

—Mr. Jas. M. Litzinger, of Grafton, paid a visit to Oakland this week.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas offers for sale a young Cotswold Buck. Price $10.

—Mr. A. C. Good and Miss Mary left Oakland for St. Louis Wednesday evening.

—Rev. S. E. Jones, of Weston, W. Va., paid a brief visit to Rev. B. Ison last week.

—Mrs. Hesser and daughter Georgie, of Grafton, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Wagner's.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Mrs. S. L. Townshend and son Ellsworth left Oakland Tuesday for a visit to relatives and friends in Doddridge county, W. Va.

—Complaint is made by residents of the upper portion of town, that their street lamps are not regularly lighted.

—Mrs. John G. Knauer left at this office a few days ago a head of cabbage, trimmed ready for the table, which weighed 14 pounds.

—Gov. Hamilton has appointed Mr. J. W. Veltch, of this county, as aid on his staff, with rank of Colonel. Small favors to Western Maryland thankfully received.

New Firm.

James Bell & Son have opened a new Saddlery and Harness manufactory, in the old Offutt building, where they would be pleased to see their friends and former customers. Mr. Lloyd H. Bell, the junior member of the firm has just returned from Wheeling with a large lot of No. 1 harness leather, hardware and manufactured articles, and the firm is now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line. Call and see their work when you come to town.

Republican Rallies.

The Republican mass meeting and pole raising at Kitzmillersville, on Thursday afternoon of last week, was largely attended. Mr. E. Kitzmiller presided, and H. Wheeler Combs, Presidential Elector, was the orator. Mr. Combs spoke for over two hours. The pole raised on the occasion was 86 feet above ground. The flag was made by the ladies of the neighborhood, and is a very handsome one.

There was also a meeting held at Cranesville Saturday afternoon last, which was attended by at least 400 people from this and Preston county, W. Va. Mr. Peddicord, of Oakland, spoke for about two hours.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 28 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters of Administration were granted to John H. Riley upon the estate of John Riley Sr., deceased.

Considerable business of minor importance was transacted by the court, after which it adjourned to meet Tuesday, October 12th.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 30:

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to Jas. E. Paugh, part of "Emancipation," being Military Lots Nos. 1706 and 1707, containing 50 acres; $1,000.

Eli S. McKinzie and wife to F. T. Wilhelm, part of "Walnut Hills," 30¼ perches; $25.

Noah Humbertson and wife to Benjamin W. Hoff, one acre of land; $12.

Norman Jacobs to J. W. Newman, Lots Nos. 6 and 7 of a tract called "Bear Camp."

Wilson Procter to Deborah Procter and Mary McCullough, Military Lot No. 868; also Lots Nos. 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, and part of a tract "The Wilderness Shall Smile," $10,000.

Wilson Procter to Elizabeth Procter, Lots Nos. 38, 39, 40, 41, 42 and 60 in Wilson's First Addition to the town of Oakland; $600.

Jackson Cooper and wife to Elizabeth Maley, Military Lot No. 1085. $95.25.

Wm. F. Caldwell and wife to Mrs. A. S. Stull, lot of ground situated in the town of Deer Park.

Fatal Accident.

Thursday morning of last week Joseph Jenkins, a fireman at Mr. A. Hinebaugh's steam saw mill, on Muddy creek, this county, while adjusting some part of the machinery, was caught in the cog wheels and so severely injured that he died the next day. His right arm was mashed from the elbow down, his left hand mashed, the flesh torn from one of his legs, and his face terribly cut. Deceased was about 35 years of age, and leaves a wife and six small children in a destitute condition. They should not be allowed to suffer. Persons desiring to aid this poor family, can leave their contributions at Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, and they will be properly applied.

Republicans, don't fail to register.

Killed on the Railroad.

Michael V. Kildow, an old and highly respected citizen of Oakland, was killed Thursday, of last week, under the following circumstances: He was working with the bridge gang B. & O. R. R., R. V. Haskins, foreman, on the Flat Run bridge, 1½ miles west of Mannington, W. Va., and about 11½ o'clock they started on a hand car for dinner. They had proceeded but a short distance, when rounding a curve in the road, they saw the waytrain approaching at a high rate of speed. The word was given by the foreman to jump, and they all succeeded in getting from the car except the deceased, who was struck by the approaching engine and so badly injured that he died in about two hours. The remains were brought to Oakland that night and interred in the Odd Fellows cemetery. Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, after services at his late residence, conducted by Revs. H. C. Sanford and Jno. M. Davis, his late comrades of the bridge gang's of R. V. Haskins and W. T. Brown, acting as pall bearers.

The deceased was one of our best citizens, and had been in the employ of the road for about 30 years. He had a $1000 policy in the B. & O. Relief Association. Deceased was in the 62d year of his age and leaves a wife, 5 children and an adopted daughter to mourn their loss. May he rest in peace.

Registration.

The officers of registration throughout the county, will again open their offices on Monday, the 4th of October and will remain open until 6 o'clock, Tuesday evening, for the purpose of correcting the list by striking therefrom the names of such who are disqualified and adding thereto those who shall become qualified prior to the election. At the recent sitting of the Registers there was quite a large number registered, and there are doubtless many who failed to apply for registration. To all such we have to say that this will be their last opportunity, and if these fail to register on either of the above mentioned days they will be debarred from voting on election day. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote, but in order to do so it is absolutely necessary to have their names duly registered. Those who have removed from one election district to another since the last registration, must have their names transferred to the books of the district in which they are at present, otherwise they cannot vote. We trust the Republicans in the several districts will attend to this matter, and see that every Republican in their respective districts is properly registered. Don't forget the time! The Registers meet on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th of October, which will be their last session previous to the coming election.

A Big Show Worth Going to See.

The time will probably never come in the history of the human race when the people will get tired of visiting a good first class entertainment under canvas. We have just received word from the agent of the Great Inter Ocean, a new show composed of a dozen or more consolidated into one, and creating a perfect furore in the world of amusements, that the entire vast consolidation is to exhibit in Oakland, on Thursday October 14th, and gives two full and complete performance on that day. This show was named in honor of the Chicago Daily of the same name, and right well does the namesake keep faith with the public in all it advertises to perform. The wonderful Electriet light is one of the numerous features of the Inter-Ocean, and it is said to be by far the finest of the kind ever seen in any show in the world.

The public like enterprise, new life and enthusiasm, and from appearances these are just the qualities that conspire to make a success of the Inter Ocean, and why it is patronized daily by the largest crowds that ever witnessed any show. The beautiful Electric light exhibited by this show is said to be the finest in the country, and will no doubt, be the means of calling out a big crowd to see it.

DEER PARK, Sept. 28, 1880.

Considerable building going on in our place this fall. An addition has been made to the railroad and express office, thus giving passengers a comfortable waiting room. A large hay and cattle shed has just been completed near Davis & Co's No. 4 barn, and the foundation of a house for Capt. Geo. Harrison has been laid on the lot opposite the residence of Mrs. Graham.

Mrs. Maggie Reinhardt has recently been visiting her friends in Deer Park.

Mrs. E. F. Riggs has returned from a visit to her sister, near Washington.

Miss Annie Graham is visiting friends in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Arrivals at Wing & Wing:

G. W. Clothier, Pennsylvania; C. S. Hurd, Ironton, W. Va.; George Hubbard, Wheeling; Miss Jennie Hocking, Piedmont, W. Va.; Miss Ellie Valliant, E. E. Montell, Baltimore; John J. Ryder, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

L. S. D.

Mr. Benjamin F. Butler is now cavorting around the country delivering Democratic speeches ostensibly, as he says, with a view of securing the rights of the colored people in the South, but in reality, more for the purpose of revenging himself upon the Republican party for throwing him overboard. Among the Democratic leaders there exists a painful absence of that cordiality in receiving the prodigal wanderer back again into full fellows ip which to a man, even of General Butler's thickness of skin, must be anything but an agreeable experience.

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.—Having had an opportunity to test the excellent qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, I hesitate not to say it is the best remedy I have ever used in my family.—Rev. William Chapman, Pastor M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and corotive powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A Mason & Hamlin Organ,

Cheap for Cash. For price, &c., enquire of J. Ed. Kildow, or at this office. oct. 2 3t

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2d day of November, 1880,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and also for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors.

GEO. D. WHITE,
tde Sheriff.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas B. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Wilburn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
oc2-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best Book to sell. THE HISTORY of the BIBLE.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING [22 x 28 inches,] FREE to every subscriber. Agents are making $25 to $100 per week. Send for special terms to

[Es. 1847.] HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN. s25-4w

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sep. 21, 1880.

Examination of teachers for the public schools of Garrett county, will take place in

ACCIDENT, Wednesday and Thursday, October 6th and 7th, OAKLAND, Friday and Saturday, 8th and 9th.

Examination to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. It is expected that all will be present at the opening exercises.

E. H. BARTLETT,
sep. 25-t2 Examiner.

Garfield, Arthur, Urner and Victory!

Grand Republican MASS-MEETINGS

For Garrett county,

will be held as follows:

Grantsville, Oct. 7th, 2 p. m.
Forks, October 7th, 7 p. m.
Accident, Oct, 8th, 2 p. m.
McHenry, Oct. 8th, 7 p. m.
Bloomington, Oct. 9, 2 p. m.
Oakland, Oct. 11th, 2 p. m.

These meetings will be addressed by Hon. Milton G. Urner, candidate for Congress, H. Wheeler Combs, candidate for Presidential Elector, Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and others.

Let there be a grand rally at each of the above meetings. All friends of "good times," "honest money," national integrity and our country's prosperity are earnestly invited to attend.

The district committees of the several districts will please make all necessary arrangements for the meetings in their respective districts.

Meetings at other points in the county will be announced as soon as arrangements are completed.

By order

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman State Central Committee for Garrett Co.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Garrett county, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Michael Cunningham to A. H. Blackiston, dated the 23d day of August, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 927, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, Md., assigned to Wm. R. Percy, trustee, on the 24th day of August, 1878, the undersigned as such assignee, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, in front of

Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.,

ON SATURDAY,

the 16th day of October, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.,

the following real estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: All that tract or part of a tract of land called

'William and Mary,'

lying near the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, Md.,

Containing about 1,200 Acres,

being the same tract described in a deed from George Forbes, Sr., and wife to said Michael Cunningham, dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 305, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. About one-third of this tract of land is

HEAVILY TIMBERED

with good oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE:

CASH ON THE DAY OF SALE or upon the ratification thereof by the Court.

WM. R. PERCY,
9 25 td TRUSTEE.

Estate of John Riley, Sr., Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H. RILEY,
9 2 t Administrator.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

For twenty times the Best Entertainment You Ever Saw in Your Life, which will positively Exhibit at

OAKLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14,

—SEE—

THE GREAT INTER-OCEAN,

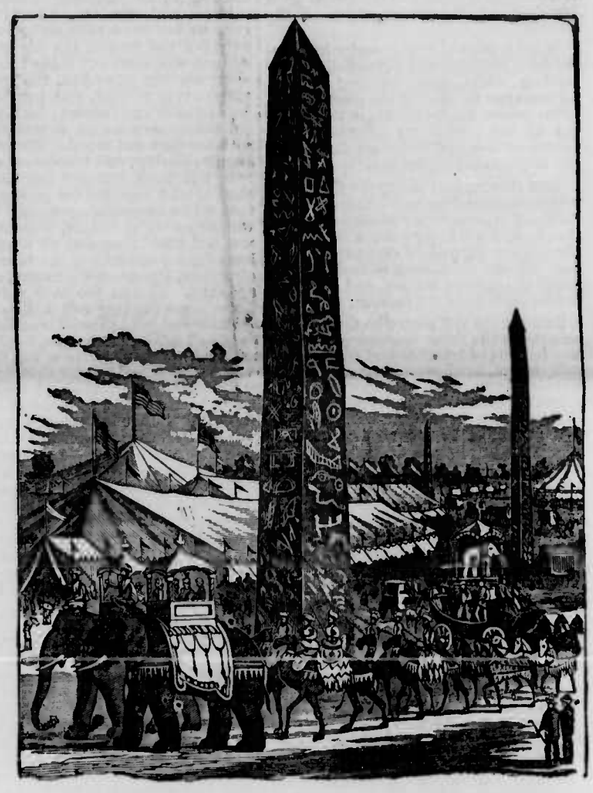

Twelve times the largest Railway Show on earth. Two Grand, Full and Complete entertainments will be given—Afternoon and evening on that day.

Giving 20 times the Best Entertainment of any Show that ever traveled for only FIFTY CENTS admission to the 12 Great Shows. $50,000 freely forfeited if this is not true. No other show in the world can make such a truthful assertion. All other showmen in the country jealous of the enviable reputation and unparalleled career of the

Great INTER-OCEAN,

Which is composed of the Leading Characteristic Features of *Twelve Traveling Museums! Twelve First-Class Circuses! Twelve Grand Menageries! Six Acres of Patent French Water-Proof Pavilions Brilliantly Illuminated Day and Night above the brightness of the Sun, with a*

$50,000 ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The finest in the world, generating an intense, but soft and dazzling light equal in power to 165,000 gas jets, and giving to the entire series of arenic and equestrian performances an indescribable charm—well worth going 200 miles to see. And positively seen in no other show.

Behold the Unchallenged Catalogue of Illustrious Names Contained in the Great Twelve-Fold Consolidation.

1. Batchelor and Doris' Great Railroad Show.
2. O'Brien's Great Traveling World's Fair.
3. Souller's Hippodrome and Parisian Circus.
4. L. B. Lent's Famous New York Circus.
5. Campbell's Zoological Institute and Imperial Circus.
6. Henderson's Egyptian Caravan and Oriental Circus.
7. Gardenhire's Fiji Cannibal's and North American Indians.
8. Prof. Ward's Conservatory of Beasts and Birds.
9. Wood's Traveling Museum of Living Wonders.
10. Mullet's Aquarium of Marine Monsters.
11. Sanger's Great London Circus. All consolidated with
12. THE GREAT INTER-OCEAN.

Twelve times the Largest Railway Show on earth. Among the innumerable attractions seen in no other show on earth are the Twenty Posed Performing War Elephants, including the Gigantic War Elephant EMPRESS, nearly 12 feet high and 131 years old. Also "Theodorus," the White Elephant. Positively the first and only white elephant ever exhibited in the United States or in any other show in the world. $10,000 freely forfeited if this is not so.

THREE BRASS AND REED BANDS.

Gigantic Sea-Lions and Elephants.

A Circus of the World's great artists. Every feature strictly moral and first-class. Every artist a bright particular star. Among the leading special features is a fac simile of Cleopatra's needle, 30 feet high. Eight Zulu Kafre Giants, 8 feet 6 inches high. Two hundred Arabian ring horses. $25,000 challenge open to the entire world to produce their equal. $12,000 troupe of educated Dogs. The $50,000 Stud of educated Stallions. A troupe of Royal Egyptian Jugglers. Fifty of the most famous Athletes. Fifty of the most brilliant Acrobats. Fifty of the best male and female riders on earth.

$56,000 ELECTRIC LIGHT illuminates the whole. Nothing old. No worn out feature, but more that is positively new, fresh, brilliant, novel, sensational and astounding than all other shows in America combined.

40 UNIFORMED MUSICIANS.

Admission to all only 50 cents. Children Half Price. Reserved Seats 25 cents Extra.

☞ Excursion trains will run on the day of exhibition to accommodate those living at a distance.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Prince of Wales's life is insured for $200,000. His annual premium on this sum is $4,000.

THE Empress Eugenie will leave England in the autumn to take up her permanent residence at her chateau in Switzerland, which was the home of the third Emperor's mother after the Bourbon restoration.

Two French noblemen, the Comte des Isnard and the Marquis de Grille, were recently sentenced to ten days' imprisonment at Avignon for threatening a Government official in the discharge of his duty during the expulsion of the Jesuits.

WHILE Mrs. Langtry and other professional beauties and royal ladies were holding stalls, and carrying round Champagne for sale by the glass at fabulous prices, for the benefit of the sufferers by the loss of the Atlanta, a poor woman whose husband went down with the ship committed suicide.

THE Hungarian nobility do things on a sumptuous scale of expenditure. Count Emanuel Andrassy is building a private theater at his country seat, and another Hungarian proprietor of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land has followed the general fashion, and built one to seat eight hundred persons.

THE Knight of Kerry, who died lately, was one of the three remaining hereditary knights of Ireland, and was baronetted but a little while ago. He has probably done more to relieve distress in Ireland than any other person. The Irish terminus of the Atlantic cable is on a portion of his estate of Valentia Island.

SIX county prisons were sold by auction at the Home Office, London, under the Prisons act. It now turns out that one of these establishments, the prison at Mold, has been purchased for the French Jesuits. The price was $100,000. The intention is to convert the building into an educational establishment.

THE Duke of Norfolk is the ranking Duke of all England, excepting only royal Dukes, such as Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. He is the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Chief Butler of England, an Earl of Arundel, the thirty-sixth in line, and as Duke of Norfolk the fifteenth in generation or succession.

PRINCE VICTOR, the present heir to the Napoleonic pretensions, is a comely, well-grown lad, who has seen little of the world except at the theaters and at his aunt Mathilde's. His expenditures are closely examined, and their largest item is his horses and riding lessons. He is truthful, obstinate, reticent, and modest, and in his father's presence does not speak till he is spoken to.

A BERLIN paper says that in view of the inefficacy of former decrees against dueling in the German Universities the Magistrates of Leipzig and Berlin have determined to make all students liable to the jurisdiction of the ordinary Police Courts and have augmented the penalties for the offence. It is believed that the other university towns of Germany will concur in these measures, and that the practice will soon be stamped out.

German Students' Duels.

TO-DAY, says a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Halle, I have seen vivisection; but it was voluntary vivisection—I mean some German students fighting duels and making butcher's meat of each other's faces. One of our friends came in at seven o'clock and said that three droskies full of corps students had gone off in the morning, so we finished our coffee as soon as possible, and walked off to the Restauration-place, where this noble and gallant sport goes on. We went into a beer garden, in which was a shed (used for music). Groups of students and other men and boys were seated about under the trees at tables; the students of the fighting corps, known by their little colored caps, were in the house or sauntering about, for there had been one duel, and the faces were being sewed up. Presently a crowd walked out of the house, and every one ran to the shed and looked in. The combatants were not corps students, and therefore not such practiced hands. They came forward, bandaged up, with great ugly shields over their bodies, spectacles over their eyes, and the right arm twice the natural size, by reason of the wrappings. They looked extremely uncomfortable, pale and trembling. The students hold up their right arm before starting, for they may never lower them below the shoulder. Every thing is now ready. A couple of seconds stand behind and hold their swords. "On guard!" "Let loose!" They begin to slash. They fight very badly, slashing at one another as hard as they can; the swords are old, hacked, soft iron things. After some four strokes "Halt" is cried. Blood is drawn; then they go at it again, after every four or five hits fresh blood being drawn, and the swords being straightened afresh. So they go on, and the spectacle gets more and more horrible. The blood at first comes trickling down the face on to the collar, a great hairy thing, which soon becomes sopping; then it falls on the shirt, the breast of which becomes also sopping. On and on they go, getting very nervously excited, so that one man can scarcely gulp in the water which they give him wherewith to wash his mouth. There are a hundred or more spectators, among whom are two or three women and a little girl and boy. A lot of corps students stand round with ugly, seamed faces. One tall, small-headed fellow, with face covered with scars, keeps the time. At last it is decided that they have fought enough, and they go out; but there are five more to follow, so we stop for another bout. This time they are two corps students, practiced fighters—one with a red, the other with a green cap. They have never known one another, but they soon get worked up into frenzy. This duel is even more horrible than the last. One of the combatants is a big, vulgar-looking fellow, his face already nastily scarred. The other a little lame man with a fair-sized mustache. These slash away some dozen times before they hit. It is announced that the duel is to last thirty minutes, unless a bad hit is made. Again a few small cuts come first, and then more and more. The big man has his hip cut again, and his forehead and cheek; the little man is even worse. Soon after each round the doctor has to sop up their faces with a sponge. The blood pours down; some students standing by drink beer and eat bread and sausage. They get so tired that after each round they lean down or sink into chairs, their right arms being still held out. They slash so fearfully hard that their swords strike fire and get bent into semicircles. It is so hideous that I can not look, but turn away, squeeze tight my eyes, and only hear the continued cries, "On guard!" "Make ready!" "Off!" and then the clashing of swords, until a dull thump is heard and men cry, "Halt!" This goes on for more than an hour. I can only see the face of the big man; its ugliness surpasses anything I have ever seen; his big lips open, the lower one purple, very blonted, and hanging; the nose swollen and bloated; the face a dull red color, save where it was streaked with the dark red blood. His eyes were goggly, staring, and bloodshot, and his hair had been brought over his forehead to stick together the gashes. With such a face he stood limp against a chair, with drooping shoulders, slouching figure, and blood dropping all about him, from the matted hair to the blood-dripping nose, the streaming mouth, and the red shirt. At last the little man gave the other what they call a deep cut on the forehead, and the end is announced; the small fellow was beaten, for he was too weak to go on. I now for the first time see his face; I never saw any thing so dreadful. Supported by some students, he hobbled off, more than half his face literally one sheet of blood; the mustache crimson, the black hair raised, the collar and breastplate covered with wet and half-congealed blood, and underneath the remains of former contests. As he walked off I felt such disgust as I never remembered feeling before. But I am glad to have seen this dueling. No doubt it requires a considerable amount of pluck; but any thing so utterly and unspeakably hideous I have never before seen.

Wide Awake on a Sleeper.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER contributes to the last number of *Good Company* a sketch of his ride in the Pullman sleepers on his way from Connecticut to Chicago. When he awoke from his first night's rest on the sleeper, it was early morning in Eastern New York, and the coach had stopped in front of a farm house.

The occupants of the house and stables gave no signs of awakening. Perhaps they heard in their morning doze the accustomed whirr and halt of the Pacific Express at that hour, but didn't give a thought to the freight of immortal souls at their door, that car load of beauty and wealth, and, perhaps, genious, certainly of ambition, which would never pass that way again. Then he wonders who in the house would be astir first, the hired man arousing the maids by the clatter of his big boots on the stairs, or the kitchen maid stealing down and flinging open the back door opening upon the orchard to sniff the blooming clover; "or would the old farmer come grunting out of his chamber on the lower floor, throw a weather eye to the east from the front porch, and then stump about to rouse the sluggish household? The day depends upon the beginning, and how would the family life begin this morning? Perhaps the young lady, home on her vacation from Vassar, was at this moment peeping through the blinds of the second-story window, taking the scent of the honeysuckle, the blossoms of which she could reach by leaning a little over the sill. It is out of just such retreats that the raving beauties come. Perhaps her brother—who is not to be called if he sleeps till noon—has brought a comrade home with him from Union, and the co-education of the sexes will go on after all in the Mohawk farm-house.

"Perhaps the young lady was listening—in semi-consciousness on her snowy pillow—to the bewildering and inspiring overture of a hundred birds in the clump of maples on the slope below her window. The air was full of this concert in the silence that ensued on the pause of the train, and it was this jubilant bird-singing that caused me to raise the curtain. Of course, I had no premonition of this charming family, whose acquaintance I should never make. A low stone wall ran along the roadside, supporting the terrace, and draped in vines fresh with dew. It was an emblem to me of the solidity and grace of this retiring family.

"I was beginning to build upon this idea, and regretting that some of the most attractive places in this world are to us only water-stations, places of departure, when the creak of the couplings and the jerk of the car announced the jar and the swing of our continued travel, and the young woman from Vassar became like any other sweet girl graduate, whose aggregate existence in the world fills us with a gentle pain at the brevity of time and the want of opportunity.

"I know of no other place like the lower berth of a sleeping-car for meditation, dozing and happiness in the early morning. To look at the flying landscape from your pillow is not the same thing as looking at it when you sit upright. You do not seem to be hastening forward yourself, but the world is coming to meet you, and coming in a hurry. You feel that you are being jerked onward, but you see the clouds, the masses of trees, the farm houses and the fences rushing the other way, in a kind of commotion that is urgent. The liveliness and the stir of preparation that I had noticed in the upper sky while we tarried with the birds and the Vassar girl, now all took one direction. The trees were as mobile as the clouds. The strip of sky and earth visible was extended in depth to me but narrowed, flattened, if I may say so, and become panoramic in character like a strip of canvas rapidly drawing along. And every moment as it fled by the shadows were growing fainter and the light in the East was vulgarizing the scene, till the illusion of a newly-created earth was quite gone and I recognized the world as I knew it, possessed and utilized, actually named, every foot of it, as such a country or such a town, or such a street and road. The world was astir. Man had come upon the scene. How much manhood and independence was there in these farm houses and villages we were encountering with every revolution of the wheel?"

Religious.

THE BORDER LAND.

In fleshy weakness as abed I lie,
And through the casement catch the gentle swing
Of emerald boughs against the sapphire sky,
And list the sweet wild birds their vespers sing,

I have no wish but my tired soul to lay
Upon the bosom of the Good and Great;
To fold my hands in meek content and say,
"Well, if Thou bid'st to come—well, it to wait."

One word, "Forgive," embraces all past years,
With praise for present gifts my heart runs o'er,
While through the mist of silent, tranquil tears
Gleams the far vision of a golden door.

Stands it ajar for me this summer night?
To greet me there are my lost angels met?
Am I soon to share their pure delight?
Hark! a soft voice responsive saith, "Not yet.

"Go back once more a simple child to school—
The world's wide battle school of toil and heat;
Follow no law but Christ's most loving rule,
And bring each day new tropales to His feet:

"Some selfish alm subdued, dark passion slain,
Some sweet forgiveness of a bitter wrong,
One tender solace of a brother's pain,
Some sorrow bravely borne in duty strong.

"And aye the more you wrestle on to know,
And knowing, walk the path the Master trod,
Your all of hope in lowlier humage throw
Upon the mercy of the perfect God."

Ah, yes! When sickness unto death goes by,
The border land should be a holy place—
A glorious mount of parse 'twixt earth and sky,
Whose liner airs give souls a deeper grace.

So be it henceforth in chastened mood
To wear my lengthened years, forgetting never
The Pisgah height where I this night have stood,
And glimpsed afar the home beyond the river.

—*Good Words.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 3—Isaac's Prosperity.....Gen. 26: 12-25
Oct. 10—Jacob and Esau.....Gen. 27: 22-40
Oct. 17—Jacob at Bethel.....Gen. 28: 10-2
Oct. 24—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.....Gen. 32: 9-2; 2-30
Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37: 1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison.....Gen. 39: 21; 40: 1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler...Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

One Human Mistake.

ONE gross mistake stumbled into by some men is that they do not recognize the full size of religion as a factor for good in the world. They find themselves born into a world which religion has mellowed and brightened for many centuries; but they do not stop to consider that the world has not been always as good as it is now, and that its improvement has been steadily commensurate with the growth of Christian ideas. They come to maturity and find themselves, and people generally, doing business on, or near, the precepts of the Bible; but they do not credit the Book with the spread and popularity of the only fundamental principles by which mankind can successfully do business. They have no thought but that they have come into a kingdom of fair-dealing made by man, where the principle of "mine and thine," honesty and commercial kindness have always prevailed. It never occurs to the objecting class that every cycle of reform making pleasant the paths of men, increasing physical comforts, quickening and augmenting moral and mental ideas into great and abiding power, has had religion as its radius. They fail to reflect that no great reform has ever become permanent whose movers forgot God and left the Bible out of the corner-stone. The irreligious and thoughtless do not see that the power brought into the world by Christ is the great upward motive power among men to-day, and that Christianity is the soul of all society worth living in. If they will train their intellectual telescope upon the idolatrous and barbarous spots of earth where Christ is still a stranger, and compare what they see in the distance with the scene lying at their feet, they will straightway become believers in Christianity as the friend of their kind, if not in Christ as their personal Savior for two worlds. They are the children of noble parentage, but they do not stop to trace back their genealogy. The children of Christianity are many more than the children of Christians. We recognize in religion a large moral influence over the irreligious.

There is a class of moral objectors to the Christian Church, whose ungrateful words against any human institution would beget some device to compel justice. Yet, while they forever hurl stones in the face of their benefactress, she prays for them and smilingly invites them forward to the seat for anxious souls. If they ever see a Christian society in error, they attribute it not to human weakness, but call it a fault of the Christian system. If ever they detect a church-member in sin, they magnify the sin to twice the size at which they see the same act in another man, and spread its color over the local church or entire denomination in present, or late, fellowship with the offender. Yet they by action strangely make the true confession which they will not set to the music of utterance. They would not live and trust for family safety in any community whence the Christian church had been expelled. Seeking a new home, their first inquiry is into the existence and condition of the church in that quarter; they know that schools are poor and peace uncertain where the people do not worship God. There are very few men so practically obtuse that they do not prefer that their children associate with those of Christian families as every way more desirable companions than those whose parents erect no altar to the living God. And while those who are perpetually fishing for motes in neighboring eyes always declare that Christians are stingy and cheat in trade, they usually go in search of some Christian of fat purse to bend the subscription list for a brass band and fireworks on the Fourth, or for a town-pump; and they prefer to buy goods of the merchant who has the reputation of being a Christian.

Men may err, but Christianity cannot. A phase of this mistake which men make is that they confound one or more men with the religion they profess. They condemn the Master and His household for the misconduct of the servant. They estimate the capacity of the Creator by the weakness of the creature. They catch in hand the spray of Niagara, then shout to the world that they have baffled the power of the great falls. Still the comparison is weak, and God is not so jostled on His throne of eternal truth, justice and purity by the misconduct of a man as is the mighty cataract diverted from its mission by the clutching away of a handful of its mist. See God in that which makes mightily for man's good; but do not think to measure God with the tape-line which tests the stature of man.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Choice Selections.

THANKSGIVING is good, thanks living is better.—*Henry.*

HABIT which is the power by which evil rules us, is only strong in a vacant life.

THERE cannot be earnest prayer without some amount of faith. He that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

HOW BEAUTIFULLY it is ordered that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens.—*G. A. Sala.*

A MISSIONARY'S goods lay upon the wharf in a heathen land; they could not be removed for several hours; he asked a bystander where he could find a man to watch his things. The heathen replied, your goods are perfectly safe, as there is not a Christian within twenty miles of here. That man got his idea of Christianity from profane and drunken sailors, and not from missionaries, who are the best of men. Thus many of the false notions about religion come from intercourse with the few bad men who profess religion, and not from the great majority of righteous men and women.

IT often happens that a hidden grief or purely personal trouble is permitted to canker and corrode a suffering soul, when, if it were confided to some sympathetic and helpful friend, its destructiveness would be greatly mitigated or wholly taken away. Nor is all this injury, from lack of sympathy, to be laid to the charge of those who do not seek out the sufferer and tender him words of cheer. A great deal of silently-endured sorrow, which eats away the courage and the joy of the distressed one, is distinctly the fault of the sufferer himself. We have no right to feel that no one cares for us or for our troubles, until we have put such a feeling to some practical test. Nor have we any business to conclude that because people do not perceive and seek out that which we are doing our best to hide from them, they are, therefore, cruelly indifferent to our welfare. Many a man and woman goes in lonely woe to a saddened old age, when one intimation of need would have brought a wealth of friendly sympathy and warm-hearted aid. Do not forget that there is a duty of asking for help, as well as a duty of proffering it.—*S. S. Times.*

Quiet, Earnest Service.

CONSPICUOUS leaders seem to be growing more rare. Our Poet-laureate laments.

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more,"

and Wadsworth sings, positively,

"Great men have been among us;
Hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom better none;"

and sighing for dead genius he cries,

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need for thee."

It may seem so to some, and yet, probably, the need is rather for useful, humble, quiet work. Look upon the green fields of England. Whence comes their fertility and garden-like beauty? It is a thousand years that is seen in these fields and meadows. It is the fruitfulness that comes after generations of tillage that we reap every autumn. But it is not to conspicuous men we are indebted in the main for this. Who first banked out the tide? Who first drove the plowshare through the barren soil? Who first cleared the forest and leveled the roads? Who has kept up the continuity of culture? Celt, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Englishman—they are gone and their names have perished with them, and their graves we know not, yet their work abides. It is there to-day in the grassy mead and cornfield verdant with promise, and orchard gay every spring time with snowy and purple blossom, and in all the varied advantages of cultured soil. So it is, too, in our common arts, in the laws by which we speak, and the melodies that thrill our souls, a dead and forgotten generation aids us and blesses us, and makes our life happier, freer, grander, though we know them not. Why sigh, then, for conspicuous service and place? We can not all catch and command the attention of the world, need not desire to do so. God's eye is upon us all. He sees us, and he is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and love which we show toward His name. Do your daily duty in His fear. Seek out and save the perishing. Bless the world around you. Care not if man disregard you; God remembers all who fear Him. He rewards us not according to our distinctions, our fame, or even our success, but according to our work. Eternity makes all right, redeems the inequality, and rights the wrongs of time. Care not for waving banners on the hill-top if God opens a path of homely, quiet usefulness. Besides, in true Christian service we follow unseen leadership. Banner-men are but exceptionally needed. The Captain is always with us, but we see Him not. It is thus what the world calls a soldier's battle we are to fight. Human generalship is not required so much as that each should fight with the eye fixed on Him whom the world hath not seen nor can see.—*Rev. Thomas Goadby.*

A Surprised Sexton.

Last Saturday night an incident occurred in a certain church on Penn Avenue, East End, that was decidedly exciting and unpleasant for the sexton, and perhaps will be for the congregation. Upon opening the church Saturday night for the purpose of putting things in proper shape for the service yesterday, he saw something that resembled a cat flit across the floor in front of him. Without thinking he closed the door so that the intruder could not escape. There's where he made a mistake, but he was determined that the identity of the strange-looking creature should be known to him if for nothing but personal curiosity, and subsequent events furnished another illustration of how people's curiosity sometimes leads them into trouble. Seizing a broom that was standing in a corner, it being the only available weapon at the time, he walked about cautiously until the object was spied crouched under one of the seats. He struck at it with the formidable weapon, but he missed the creature and it ran to another part of the room. He followed with alacrity and struck out with the broom viciously; but the thing was too quick for him and dodged about to another part of the room. A third time did the sexton renew the assault, and it would have been better for him if he hadn't done so, for in a minute or so the atmosphere in the room became so unpleasant to his olfactory organs that he was as active in getting out into the fresh air as he was in doing battle. Subsequent developments reveal the fact that the strange object was a skunk that had got into the room nobody knows how. There are animals that will show fight when attacked, and this cat seems to belong to that class. The sexton, no doubt, is firmly of the belief that he was fighting against bigger odds than he anticipated at the start. The broom did the mischief. The incident was kept very quiet, and an effort was made not to have it spread, but it leaked out and a *Dispatch* reporter got it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

[Hoboken Democrat.]
Headaches of To-day.

We refer to those peculiar, throbbing pains, which seem to fill the head to the exclusion of everything else. Such a headache troubled Mrs. A. Ettanger, Plainfield, N. J. She says: I suffered for sixteen years with a painful nervous headache, and I consulted many physicians in vain. Some time ago I received by chance a *Hamburg Family Almanac*, read the testimonials in favor of Hamburg Drops and bought a bottle for trial. The effect was so beneficial that I continued its use. Before many weeks had passed I was cured, and now keep this wonderful remedy constantly on hand.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]
Brooklyn's Beautiful Buildings.

David Acker, Esq., Sup't of Building Dep't, Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies that among his men the St. Jacobs Oil has been used for various complaints with the highest satisfaction.

McFLANNERY heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked—"A 2 be 9 countenance! Fhwat a face, to be sure."

Great Distress

Is often suddenly experienced from an attack of cramp in the stomach, colic or other painful affections for the relief of which nothing is superior to Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water-Pepper, compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, and anodyne gums. For diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody-flux, cholera-morbus, its warming, soothing astringent and heating properties render it a perfect specific, unsurpassed as an anodyne and stimulating embrocation or liniment. Should be kept in every family. Sold by druggists at fifty cents.

Evidence Corroborated.

The *Sun*, Indianapolis, Ind., has the following: "Testimonials not numbered by hundreds, but by thousands, are in hands of H. H. Warner & Co., all furnishing ample corroborative evidence that as a curative, for specific diseases for which recommended, Warner's Safe Remedies are an unqualified and pronounced success."

Ladies.

Ladies who have linen to mark should use Payson's Indelible Ink. It is the best. Inquire of any Druggist or Stationer, or a sample can be sent you for 30c. post-paid by addressing F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

"MALT BITTERS" are a Blood, Brain and Nerve Food, peculiarly adapted to, and warmly recommended by, our druggists and physicians for General Debility, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Hysteria, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Emaciation and Dropsy.

ALL respectable dealers sell Frazer Axle Grease, because it is the Genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

DOES a person become stone blind who is petrified with astonishment?

"NOT much, but every little helps," says the Philadelphia newspaper man who has been left $700,000. That amount of money would look large to almost everybody except newspaper men, who make as much every week of their lives.—*Chicago Times.*

NO PUMPKIN which thinks anything of its size will fail to attend the State Fair.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE other morning a Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for?" asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out all mine old umprellas, and I feel so glad ash never vash. Dish rainy vedder was a pleasing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooths ache so bad I vants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot." And as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—*Galveston News.*

A SHILLING'S worth of pork is of more real value than a dollar's worth of flattery.

WHY we travel.—X. returns from a month's jaunt, gets out of his dusty clothing, puts on his dressing-gown, and falls luxuriously into his easy-chair with the remark: "My son, I have traveled 1,200 miles for this one minute."—*French Paper.*

IS IT good morals to file the teeth of a seventeen-year-old horse and sell him for a nine-year-old?

ONE-HALF of the road belongs to the other wagon.

PEOPLE often get mad at those who cut them on the street. This is getting angry for a slight cause.—*Boston Post.*

THE man who knows his own rights will never trespass upon those of his neighbor.

A DISHONEST fruit dealer's aim is to pack six quarts of peaches in a four-quart basket and sell them for a peck.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For Sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.
Prices, 75 cents and $1.25 (large size).

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SYRUP.

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours the only one genuine. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Prince of Wales's life is insured for $200,000. His annual premium on this sum is $4,000.

THE Empress Eugenie will leave England in the autumn to take up her permanent residence at her chateau in Switzerland, which was the home of the third Emperor's mother after the Bourbon restoration.

TWO French noblemen, the Comte des Isuard and the Marquis de Grille, were recently sentenced to ten days' imprisonment at Avignon for threatening a Government official in the discharge of his duty during the expulsion of the Jesuits.

WHILE Mrs. Langtry and other professional beauties and royal ladies were holding stalls, and carrying round Champagne for sale by the glass at fabulous prices, for the benefit of the sufferers by the loss of the Atlanta, a poor woman whose husband went down with the ship committed suicide.

THE Hungarian nobility do things on a sumptuous scale of expenditure. Count Emanuel Andrassy is building a private theater at his country seat, and another Hungarian proprietor of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land has followed the general fashion, and built one to seat eight hundred persons.

THE Knight of Kerry, who died lately, was one of the three remaining hereditary knights of Ireland, and was baronetted but a little while ago. He has probably done more to relieve distress in Ireland than any other person. The Irish terminus of the Atlantic cable is on a portion of his estate of Valentia Island.

SIX county prisons were sold by auction at the Home Office, London, under the Prisons act. It now turns out that one of these establishments, the prison at Meld, has been purchased for the French Jesuits. The price was $100,000. The intention is to convert the building into an educational establishment.

THE Duke of Norfolk is the ranking Duke of all England, excepting only royal Dukes, such as Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. He is the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Chief Butler of England, an Earl of Arundel, the thirty-sixth in line, and as Duke of Norfolk the fifteenth in generation or succession.

PRINCE VICTOR, the present heir to the Napoleonic pretensions, is a comely, well-grown lad, who has seen little of the world except at the theaters and at his aunt Mathilde's. His expenditures are closely examined, and their largest item is his horses and riding lessons. He is truthful, obstinate, reticent, and modest, and in his father's presence does not speak till he is spoken to.

A BERLIN paper says that in view of the inefficacy of former decrees against dueling in the German Universities the Magistrates of Leipzig and Berlin have determined to make all students liable to the jurisdiction of the ordinary Police Courts and have augmented the penalties for the offence. It is believed that the other university towns of Germany will concur in these measures, and that the practice will soon be stamped out.

German Students' Duels.

TO-DAY, says a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Halle, I have seen vivisection; but it was voluntary vivisection—I mean some German students fighting duels and making butcher's meat of each other's faces. One of our friends came in at seven o'clock and said that three droskies full of corps students had gone off in the morning, so we finished our coffee as soon as possible, and walked off to the Restauration-place, where this noble and gallant sport goes on. We went into a beer garden, in which was a shed (used for music). Groups of students and other men and boys were seated about under the trees at tables; the students of the fighting corps, known by their little colored caps, were in the house or sauntering about, for there had been one duel, and the faces were being sewed up. Presently a crowd walked out of the house, and every one ran to the shed and looked in. The combatants were not corps students, and therefore not such practiced hands. They came forward, bandaged up, with great ugly shields over their bodies, spectacles over their eyes, and the right arm twice the natural size, by reason of the wrappings. They looked extremely uncomfortable, pale and trembling. The students hold up their right arm before starting, for they may never lower them below the shoulder. Every thing is now ready. A couple of seconds stand behind and hold their swords. "On guard!" "Let loose!" They begin to slash. They fight very badly, slashing at one another as hard as they can; the swords are old, hacked, soft iron things. After some four strokes "Halt" is cried. Blood is drawn; then they go at it again, after every four or five hits fresh blood being drawn, and the swords being straightened afresh. So they go on, and the spectacle gets more and more horrible. The blood at first comes trickling down the face on to the collar, a great hairy thing, which soon becomes sopping; then it falls on the shirt, the breast of which becomes also sopping. On and on they go, getting very nervously excited, so that one man can scarcely gulp in the water which they give him wherewith to wash his mouth. There are a hundred or more spectators, among whom are two or three women and a little girl and boy. A lot of corps students stand round with ugly, seamed faces. One tall, small-headed fellow, with face covered with scars, keeps the time. At last it is decided that they have fought enough, and they go out; but there are five more to follow, so we stop for another bout. This time they are two corps students, practiced fighters—one with a red, the other with a green cap. They have never known one another, but they soon get worked up into frenzy. This duel is even more horrible than the last. One of the combatants is a big, vulgar-looking fellow, his face already nastily scarred. The other a little lame man with a fair-sized mustache. These slash away some dozen times before they hit. It is announced that the duel is to last thirty minutes, unless a bad hit is made. Again a few small cuts come first, and then more and more. The big man has his hip cut again, and his forehead and cheek; the little man is even worse. Soon after each round the doctor has to sop up their faces with a sponge. The blood pours down; some students standing by drink beer and eat bread and sausage. They get so tired that after each round they lean down or sink into chairs, their right arms being still held out. They slash so fearfully hard that their swords strike fire and get bent into semicircles. It is so hideous that I can not look, but turn away, squeeze tight my eyes, and only hear the continued cries, "On guard!" "Make ready!" "Off!" and then the clashing of swords, until a dull thump is heard and men cry, "Halt!" This goes on for more than an hour. I can only see the face of the big man; its ugliness surpasses any thing I have ever seen; his big lips open, the lower one purple, very bloated, and hanging; the nose swollen and bloated; the face a dull red color, save where it was streaked with the dark red blood. His eyes were goggly, staring, and bloodshot, and his hair had been brought over his forehead to stick together the gashes. With such a face he stood limp against a chair, with drooping shoulders, sloneking figure, and blood dropping all about him, from the matted hair to the blood-dripping nose, the streaming mouth, and the red shirt. At last the little man gave the other what they call a deep cut on the forehead, and the end is announced; the small fellow was beaten, for he was too weak to go on. I now for the first time see his face; I never saw any thing so dreadful. Supported by some students, he hobbled off, more than half his face literally one sheet of blood; the mustache crimson, the black hair raised, the collar and breastplate covered with wet and half-congealed blood, and underneath the remains of former contests. As he walked off I felt such disgust as I never remembered feeling before. But I am glad to have seen this dueling. No doubt it requires a considerable amount of pluck; but any thing so utterly and unspeakably hideous I have never before seen.

Wide Awake on a Sleeper.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER contributes to the last number of *Good Company* a sketch of his ride in the Pullman sleepers on his way from Connecticut to Chicago. When he awoke from his first night's rest on the sleeper, it was early morning in Eastern New York, and the coach had stopped in front of a farm house.

The occupants of the house and stables gave no signs of awakening. Perhaps they heard in their morning doze the accustomed whirr and halt of the Pacific Express at that hour, but didn't give a thought to the freight of immortal souls at their door, that car load of beauty and wealth, and, perhaps, genious, certainly of ambition, which would never pass that way again. Then he wonders who in the house would be astir first, the hired man arousing the maids by the clatter of his big boots on the stairs, or the kitchen maid stealing down and flinging open the back door opening upon the orchard to sniff the blooming clover; "or would the old farmer come grunting out of his chamber on the lower floor, throw a weather eye to the east from the front porch, and then stump about to rouse the sluggish household? The day depends upon the beginning, and how would the family life begin this morning? Perhaps the young lady, home on her vacation from Vassar, was at this moment peeping through the blinds of the second-story window, taking the scent of the honeysuckle, the blossoms of which she could reach by leaning a little over the sill. It is out of just such retreats that the raving beauties come. Perhaps her brother—who is not to be called if he sleeps till noon—has brought a comrade home with him from Union, and the co-education of the sexes will go on after all in the Mohawk farm-house.

"Perhaps the young lady was listening—in semi-consciousness on her snowy pillow—to the bewildering and inspiring overture of a hundred birds in the clump of maples on the slope below her window. The air was full of this concert in the silence that ensued on the pause of the train, and it was this jubilant bird-singing that caused me to raise the curtain. Of course, I had no premonition of this charming family, whose acquaintance I should never make. A low stone wall ran along the roadside, supporting the terrace, and draped in vines fresh with dew. It was an emblem to me of the solidity and grace of this retiring family.

"I was beginning to build upon this idea, and regretting that some of the most attractive places in this world are to us only water-stations, places of departure, when the creak of the couplings and the jerk of the car announced the jar and the swing of our continued travel, and the young woman from Vassar became like any other sweet girl graduate, whose aggregate existence in the world fills us with a gentle pain at the brevity of time and the want of opportunity.

"I know of no other place like the lower berth of a sleeping-car for meditation, dozing and happiness in the early morning. To look at the flying landscape from your pillow is not the same thing as looking at it when you sit upright. You do not seem to be hastening forward yourself, but the world is coming to meet you, and coming in a hurry. You feel that you are being jerked onward, but you see the clouds, the masses of trees, the farm houses and the fences rushing the other way, in a kind of commotion that is urgent. The liveliness and the stir of preparation that I had noticed in the upper sky while we tarried with the birds and the Vassar girl, now all took one direction. The trees were as mobile as the clouds. The strip of sky and earth visible was extended in depth to me but narrowed, flattened, if I may say so, and become panoramic in character like a strip of canvas rapidly drawing along. And every moment as it fled by the shadows were growing fainter and the light in the East was vulgarizing the scene, till the illusion of a newly-created earth was quite gone and I recognized the world as I knew it, possessed and utilized, actually named, every foot of it, as such a country or such a town, or such a street and road. The world was astir. Man had come upon the scene. How much manhood and independence was there in these farm houses and villages we were encountering with every revolution of the wheel?"

Religious.

THE BORDER LAND.

In fleshy weakness as abed I lie,
And through the ensuient catch the gentle swing
Of emerald boughs against the sapphire sky,
And list the sweet wild birds their vespers sing,

I have no wish but my tired soul to lay
Upon the bosom of the Good and Great;
To fold my hands in meek content and say,
"Well, if Thou bid'st to come—well, it to wait."

One word, "Forgive," embraces all past years,
With praise for present gifts my heart runs o'er,
While through the midst of silent, tranquil tears
Gleams the far vision of a golden door.

Stands it ajar for me this summer night?
To greet me there are my lost angels met?
Am I soon to share their pure delight?
Hark! a soft voice responsive saith, "Not yet.

"Go back once more a simple child to school—
The world's wide battle school of toil and heat;
Follow no law but Christ's most loving rule,
And bring each day new tropaies to His feet:

"Some selfish aim subdued, dark passion slain,
Some sweet forgiveness of a bitter wrong,
Some tender solace of a brother's pain,
Some sorrow bravely borne in duty strong.

"And aye the more you wrestle on to know,
And knowing, walk the path the Master trod,
Your nil of hope in lowlier homage throw
Upon the mercy of the perfect God."

Ah, yes! When sickness unto death goes by,
The border land should be a holy place—
A glorious mount of pause 'twixt earth and sky,
Whose liner airs give souls a deeper grace.

So be it henceforth in chastened mood
To wear my lengthened years, forgetting never
The Pisgah height where I this night have stood,
And glimpsed afar the home beyond the river.

—*Good Words.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 25—Lesson selected by the School.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 3—Isaac's Prosperity.....Gen. 26: 12-25
Oct. 10—Jacob and Esau.....Gen. 27: 22-40
Oct. 17—Jacob at Bethel.....Gen. 28: 10-2
Oct. 24—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.....Gen. 32: 9-2; 2-30
Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37: 1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison....Gen. 39: 21; 40: 1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 41: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph..Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

One Human Mistake.

ONE gross mistake stumbled into by some men is that they do not recognize the full size of religion as a factor for good in the world. They had themselves born into a world which religion has mellowed and brightened for many centuries; but they do not stop to consider that the world has not been always as good as it is now, and that its improvement has been steadily commensurate with the growth of Christian ideas. They come to maturity and find themselves, and people generally, doing business on, or near, the precepts of the Bible; but they do not credit the Book with the spread and popularity of the only fundamental principles by which mankind can successfully do business. They have no thought but that they have come into a kingdom of fair-dealing made by man, where the principle of "mine and thine," honesty and commercial kindness have always prevailed. It never occurs to the objecting class that every cycle of reform making pleasant the paths of men, increasing physical comforts, quickening and augmenting moral and mental ideas into great and abiding power, has had religion as its radius. They fail to reflect that no great reform has ever become permanent whose movers forgot God and left the Bible out of the corner-stone. The irreligious and thoughtless do not see that the power brought into the world by Christ is the great upward motive power among men to-day, and that Christianity is the soul of all society worth living in. If they will train their intellectual telescope upon the idolatrous and barbarous spots of earth where Christ is still a stranger, and compare what they see in the distance with the scene lying at their feet, they will straightway become believers in Christianity as the friend of their kind, if not in Christ as their personal Savior for two worlds. They are the children of noble parentage, but they do not stop to trace back their genealogy. The children of Christianity are many more than the children of Christians. We recognize in religion a large moral influence over the irreligious.

There is a class of moral objectors to the Christian Church, whose ungrateful words against any human institution would beget some device to compel justice. Yet, while they forever hurl stones in the face of their benefactress, she prays for them and smilingly invites them forward to the seat for anxious souls. If they ever see a Christian society in error, they attribute it not to human weakness, but call it a fault of the Christian system. If ever they detect a church-member in sin, they magnify the sin to twice the size at which they see the same act in another man, and spread its color over the local church or entire denomination in present, or late, fellowship with the offender. Yet they by action strangely make the true confession which they will not set to the music of utterance. They would not live and trust for family safety in any community whence the Christian church had been expelled. Seeking a new home, their first inquiry is into the existence and condition of the church in that quarter; they know that schools are poor and peace uncertain where the people do not worship God. There are very few men so practically obtuse that they do not prefer that their children associate with those of Christian families as every way more desirable companions than those whose parents erect no altar to the living God. And while those who are perpetually fishing for motes in neighboring eyes always declare that Christians are stingy and cheat in trade, they usually go in search of some Christian of fat purse to head the subscription list for a brass band and fireworks on the Fourth, or for a town-pump; and they prefer to buy goods of the merchant who has the reputation of being a Christian.

Men may err, but Christianity cannot. A phase of this mistake which men make is that they confound one or more men with the religion they profess. They condemn the Master and His household for the misconduct of the servant. They estimate the capacity of the Creator by the weakness of the creature. They catch in hand the spray of Niagara, then shout to the world that they have balled the power of the great falls. Still the comparison is weak, and God is not so jostled on His throne of eternal truth, justice and purity by the misconduct of a man as is the mighty cataract diverted from its mission by the clutching away of a handful of its mist. See God in that which makes mightily for man's good; but do not think to measure God with the tape-line which tests the stature of man.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Choice Selections.

THANKSGIVING is good, thanks living is better.—*Henry.*

HABIT which is the power by which evil rules us, is only strong in a vacant life.

THERE cannot be earnest prayer without some amount of faith. He that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

HOW BEAUTIFULLY it is ordered that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens.—*G. A. Sala.*

A MISSIONARY'S goods lay upon the wharf in a heathen land; they could not be removed for several hours; he asked a bystander where he could find a man to watch his things. The heathen replied, your goods are perfectly safe, as there is not a Christian within twenty miles of here. That man got his idea of Christianity from profane and drunken sailors, and not from missionaries, who are the best of men. Thus many of the false notions about religion come from intercourse with the few bad men who profess religion, and not from the great majority of righteous men and women.

IT often happens that a hidden grief or purely personal trouble is permitted to canker and corrode a suffering soul, when, if it were confided to some sympathetic and helpful friend, its destructiveness would be greatly mitigated or wholly taken away. Nor is all this injury, from lack of sympathy, to be laid to the charge of those who do not seek out the sufferer and tender him words of cheer. A great deal of silently-endured sorrow, which eats away the courage and the joy of the distressed one, is distinctly the fault of the sufferer himself. We have no right to feel that no one cares for us or for our troubles, until we have put such a feeling to some practical test. Nor have we any business to conclude that because people do not perceive and seek out that which we are doing our best to hide from them, they are, therefore, cruelly indifferent to our welfare. Many a man and woman goes in lonely woe to a saddened old age, when one intimation of need would have brought a wealth of friendly sympathy and warm-hearted aid. Do not forget that there is a duty of asking for help, as well as a duty of proffering it.—*S. S. Times.*

Quiet, Earnest Service.

CONSPICUOUS leaders seem to be growing more rare. Our Poet-laureate laments.

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more,"

and Wadsworth sings, positively,

"Great men have been among us;
Hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom better none;"

and sighing for dead genius he cries,

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need for thee."

It may seem so to some, and yet, probably, the need is rather for useful, humble, quiet work. Look upon the green fields of England. Whence comes their fertility and garden-like beauty? It is a thousand years that is seen in these fields and meadows. It is the fruitfulness that comes after generations of tillage that we reap every autumn. But it is not to conspicuous men we are indebted in the main for this. Who first banked out the tide? Who first drove the plowshare through the barren soil? Who first cleared the forest and leveled the roads? Who has kept up the continuity of culture? Celt, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Englishman—they are gone and their names have perished with them, and their graves we know not, yet their work abides. It is there to-day in the grassy mead and cornfield verdant with promise, and orchard gay every spring time with snowy and purple blossom, and in all the varied advantages of cultured soil. So it is, too, in our common arts, in the laws by which we speak, and the melodies that thrill our souls, a dead and forgotten generation aids us and blesses us, and makes our life happier, freer, grander, though we know them not. Why sigh, then, for conspicuous service and place? We can not all catch and command the attention of the world, need not desire to do so. God's eye is upon us all. He sees us, and he is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and love which we show toward His name. Do your daily duty in His fear. Seek out and save the perishing. Bless the world around you. Care not if man disregard you; God remembers all who fear Him. He rewards us not according to our distinctions, our fame, or even our success, but according to our work. Eternity makes all right, redeems the inequality, and rights the wrongs of time. Care not for waving banners on the hill-top if God opens a path of homely, quiet usefulness. Besides, in true Christian service we follow unseen leadership. Banner-men are but exceptionally needed. The Captain is always with us, but we see Him not. It is thus what the world calls a soldier's battle we are to fight. Human generalship is not required so much as that each should fight with the eye fixed on Him whom the world hath not seen nor can see.—*Rev. Thomas Goadby.*

A Surprised Sexton.

Last Saturday night an incident occurred in a certain church on Penn Avenue, East End, that was decidedly exciting and unpleasant for the sexton, and perhaps will be for the congregation. Upon opening the church Saturday night for the purpose of putting things in proper shape for the service yesterday, he saw something that resembled a cat lit across the floor in front of him. Without thinking he closed the door so that the intruder could not escape. There's where he made a mistake, but he was determined that the identity of the strange-looking creature should be known to him if for nothing but personal curiosity, and subsequent events furnished another illustration of how people's curiosity sometimes leads them into trouble. Seizing a broom that was standing in a corner, it being the only available weapon at the time, he walked about cautiously until the object was spied crouched under one of the seats. He struck at it with the formidable weapon, but he missed the creature and it ran to another part of the room. He followed with alacrity and struck out with the broom viciously; but the thing was too quick for him and dodged about to another part of the room. A third time did the sexton renew the assault, and it would have been better for him if he hadn't done so, for in a minute or so the atmosphere in the room became so unpleasant to his olfactory organs that he was as active in getting out into the fresh air as he was in doing battle. Subsequent developments reveal the fact that the strange object was a skunk that had got into the room nobody knows how. There are animals that will show light when attacked, and this cat seems to belong to that class. The sexton, no doubt, is firmly of the belief that he was fighting against bigger odds than he anticipated at the start. The broom did the mischief. The incident was kept very quiet, and an effort was made not to have it spread, but it leaked out and a *Dispatch* reporter got it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

[Hoboken Democrat.]

Headaches of To-day.

We refer to those peculiar, throbbing pains, which seem to fill the head to the exclusion of everything else. Such a headache troubled Mrs. A. Ettanger, Plainfield, N. J. She says: I suffered for sixteen years with a painful nervous headache, and I consulted many physicians in vain. Some time ago I received by chance a *Hamburg Family Almanac*, read the testimonials in favor of Hamburg Drops and bought a bottle for trial. The effect was so beneficial that I continued its use. Before many weeks had passed I was cured, and now keep this wonderful remedy constantly on hand.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Brooklyn's Beautiful Buildings.

David Acker, Esq., Sup't of Building Dep't, Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies that among his men the St. Jacobs Oil has been used for various complaints with the highest satisfaction.

McFLANNERY heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked—"A 2 be 9 countenance! Fhwat a face, to be sure."

Great Distress

Is often suddenly experienced from an attack of cramp in the stomach, colic or other painful affection for the relief of which nothing is superior to Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water-Pepper, compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, and anodyne gums. For diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody-flux, cholera-morbus, its warming, soothing astringent and heating properties render it a perfect specific, unsurpassed as an anodyne and stimulating embrocation or liniment. Should be kept in every family. Sold by druggists at fifty cents.

Evidence Corroborated.

The *Sun*, Indianapolis, Ind., has the following: "Testimonials not numbered by hundreds, but by thousands, are in hands of H. H. Warner & Co., all furnishing ample corroborative evidence that as a curative, for specific diseases for which recommended, Warner's Safe Remedies are an unqualified and pronounced success."

Ladies.

Ladies who have risen to mark should use Payson's Indelible Ink. It is the best. Inquire of any Druggist or Stationer, or a sample can be sent you for 30c. post-paid by addressing F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

"MALT BITTERS" are a Blood, Brain and Nerve Food, peculiarly adapted to, and warmly recommended by, our druggists and physicians for General Debility, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Hysteria, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Emaciation and Dropsy.

ALL respectable dealers sell Frazer Axle Grease, because it is the Genuine and gives perfect satisfaction.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

WILDOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

DOES a person become stone blind who is petrified with astonishment?

"NOT much, but every little helps," says the Philadelphia newspaper man who has been left $700,000. That amount of money would look large to almost every body except newspaper men, who make as much every week of their lives.—*Chicago Times.*

NO PUMPKIN which thinks anything of its size will fail to attend the State Fair.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE other morning a Galveston merchant was seen standing in his store with his face tied up and smiling like a house on fire. "What are you grinning for?" asked a passer-by. "I choost sold out all mine old umprellas, and I feel so glad ash never vash. Ilish rainy vedder was a plessing." "What's the matter with your jaw?" "My tooths ache so pad I vants to die. Dot rainy vedder always makes dot." And as his thoughts went back to the sale of the umbrellas he put his hand up to the jaw and laughed, and swore and stamped and smiled until people passing mistook him for a lunatic.—*Galveston News.*

A SHILLING'S worth of pork is of more real value than a dollar's worth of flattery.

WHY we travel.—X. returns from a month's jaunt, gets out of his dusty clothing, puts on his dressing-gown, and falls luxuriously into his easy-chair with the remark: "My son, I have traveled 1,200 miles for this one minute."—*French Paper.*

IS IT good morals to file the teeth of a seventeen-year-old horse and sell him for a nine-year-old?

ONE-HALF of the road belongs to the other wagon.

PEOPLE often get mad at those who cut them on the street. This is getting angry for a slight cause.—*Boston Post.*

THE man who knows his own rights will never trespass upon those of his neighbor.

A DISHONEST fruit dealer's aim is to pack six quarts of peaches in a four-quart basket and sell them for a peck.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY is quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Ours the only one genuine. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

PARLIAMENT in England has increased the grant for scientific purposes from $5,000 to $25,000.

GERMANY added 1,102 miles of road to its railroad system last year, and of these the Government built 793 miles.

MARINE glue is made by melting together one part of unvulcanized caoutchoue, previously softened or dissolved in coal naphtha, and two parts of shellac.

A GERMAN mixture for the removal of ink-spots and writing on paper consists of alum, auber, sulphur and saltpeter, one part of each in fine powder, mixed.

THE quantity of actual moisture raised in the shape of vapor from the surface of the sea alone has been supposed to be no less than 80,000 cubic miles annually, or nearly 164 miles per day.

THE company in Florida that has been experimenting with palmetto for making paper has met with such gratifying success that it will erect about twenty paper-mills in the State, where palmetto trees grow in abundance and where the transportation facilities are good.

IT has recently been shown that if dynamite is poured into water, the sand falls to the bottom, and the nitro-glycerine floats on the surface, and explodes with its usual violence if the temperature is slightly increased. This will explain the cause of many of the serious explosions with dynamite when used in wet holes.

THE following easy method of drilling glass is given in a technical journal: Stick a piece of clay or putty on the part where you wish to make the hole. Make a hole in the putty the size you want the hole, reaching to the glass of course. Into this hole pour a little molten lead, when, unless it is very thick glass, the piece will immediately drop out.

IF the earth could be suddenly stopped in her orbit and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun, under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the central fire in about four months. But such is the compass of her orbit, that, to make its circuit in a year, she has to move nearly nineteen miles a second, or more than fifty times faster than the swiftest rifle ball, and, in moving twenty miles, her path deviates from perfect straightness by less than one-eighth of an inch.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a simple apparatus for the use of bathers who can not swim. Inflated India-rubber bags support the swimmer, and enable him to sit upright with head and shoulders above water, so that he can propel himself. The principal novelty of this contrivance lies in the propelling device, which is constructed so as to collapse when pulled forward, and to spread open when pushed back, like a duck's foot when swimming. The propellers are suspended by chains or cords attached to the buoying jacket.

A LARGE refrigerating building has been built near Smithfield Market, London's greatest market, in which the owners will test the possibility of keeping beef forty days, the time of passage from Australia; and if successful they will fit several steamers with their apparatus. The temperature is to be kept evenly at 33 degrees by chemically-made ice, the machinery costing but $5,000, including a gas engine of eight-horse power, which runs at a cost of $10 a day, the ice costing twenty cents a ton. The same process will be tested at Boston before the warm weather is over, with a view to its application to Atlantic steamers. If meat can be brought to England from Australia, American shippers will meet with lively competition.

Off and On the Stage.

NYM CRINKLE says, in the Sunnyside *Press*, that the best acting he ever saw Adelaide Neilson do was between the acts. He called upon her one afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and while there three enormous baskets of flowers were sent by the wife of a millionaire banker. The actress was to choose the one that should be sent up to her upon the stage in the evening. She was severely critical, turned them around, and finally, with delightful disdain, thought "that one would do." That night after the second act of "Romeo and Juliet" she was recalled. While bowing at the footlight, there was a stir in the aisle, and two ushers made their way to the orchestra with the ponderous and beautiful basket of flowers. "I never saw any thing so spontaneous," says the writer, "so childishly natural and so unspeakably charming as was her astonishment at the gift. She looked at it with her handsome eyes filled with surprise, and then she looked at the audience as if there must be some mistake and the gift could not be intended for so unworthy an artist as herself. The audience encouraged her by applause and she clasped her hands and peered over its edge and trembled a little with the force of the unexpected honor. Then she picked it up, and, beaming like a morning star, flowers and actress went off in one variegated mass of loveliness. I never saw her do any thing which for high art compared with that."

How to Interest the Boys.

IT has been a subject of frequent discussion, how to interest the young folks in agriculture. Doubtless much of the importance given to this subject has been gratuitous and undeserved, for the natural succession of the young men to the farms and labors of their retiring fathers does not seem to go by default, excepting in those places where there is nothing to be gained by the hardest labor but the hardest kind of a living from worn out and infertile fields. From such farms the young men naturally enough escape to the fertile West, but upon those where fair industry returns a bountiful reward and every comfort surrounds the homestead, there the young men remain and continue the work which has been begun by their fathers. But there is a method of making farm life attractive to boys and of interesting them so much in rural affairs as to draw them to the farm again in mature life, it may be after years of absence, while engaged in prosperous business in cities. Such a method has been put in practice by that exemplary institution known as the Elmira Farmers' Club. This club has offered prizes for the best plot of corn planted and tended wholly by boys under 16 years of age. The competition thus entered into by a large number of farmers' boys has created unusual enthusiasm and may prove to be the turning point in forming the courses of their future lives. When boys of 16 attend a farmers' club as the most interested of visitors, it may be safe to set it down that those boys will be farmers, and probably good, solid, enterprising and successful ones. It is an example for the widest imitation. Boys become such men as they are made by the circumstances into which they are brought. It would be a fortunate thing for farmers, if there were more such exemplary farmers' clubs as that of Elmira.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Only a Century Ago.

VERY strange does it appear to us to turn from our numerous miles of well-laid rails, and our swiftly-flashing locomotives, to the wagons of a century ago. Yet those who avail themselves of such humble means of locomotion had their dangers to encounter. On March 5, 1780, as the Stamford wagon was getting well on the road to Hertford, and the day was beginning to dawn, a fire suddenly broke out, and so swift and destructive was its progress that in a very short time all was consumed except a barrel of porter and the bottom and one wheel of the wagon. The passengers and drivers were severely scorched in attempting to save the goods, which were of considerable value, the damage being estimated at £1,000. On the 31st of the same month a London wagon was consumed in a similar way; the explosion of a cask of spirit insured the sudden and complete destruction of the merchandise, valued at about £2,000. Both accidents resulted from the lanterns being left in the baskets, and the candles burning down to the sockets.

Terribly severe were the laws of a hundred years ago, and they yield no uncertain testimony of the inhumanity of the age. Prisoners were whipped, both publicly and in private without the weaker sex receiving any favor. Burning in the hand was still resorted to, and a terrible example of the injustice of the pillory is recorded, where a man named Read was so fearfully abused by the mob that he died upon the spot. No wonder the people were callous and hardened! We read some sad items of news in 1880, but we are not shocked by such paragraphs as this: "On January 19, the following malefactors were executed at Tyburn: Hugh Mulvey, John Whiley, and John Woodmore, for stealing two silk gowns, two pair of stays, and other things; John Howell, for stealing silk handkerchiefs and other goods; and William Kent, for robbing one of His Majesty's messengers of his watch and money. They behaved exceedingly penitent, wept much, and were terribly agitated and shocked at their approaching dissolution. These unfortunate youths were all very young, the eldest not exceeding twenty-three years of age.—*London Paper.*

The Loves of Low Quong Kow and Chun Chogyook.

ON the 10th inst. the usual quiet of the Chinese Consulate was broken into by the sudden advent of a young Chinese girl who had just made her escape from a band of high-binders and threw herself upon the protection of the Consul, explaining to him at the same time that there was a young Chinese merchant, by name Low Quong Kow, who was trying to get her for a wife and she was anxious to marry him, and these high-binders were preventing her from doing so. Thereupon the Consul sent her to the Mission Presbyterian Home on Sacramento Street, and instituted inquiries regarding the character of Low Quong Kow. Finding all satisfactory, and that he was abundantly able to take care of the girl, whose name was Chun Chogyook, he brought them together in his private office three days ago and after having procured a marriage license he sent for the Rev. Otis Gibson. At the request of the Consul, Mr. Gibson subjected the man to a rigid examination as to whether he already had a wife here or in China and his ability to support a wife, all of which questions were answered satisfactorily. Then the girl was questioned as to her object in marrying him. She replied that she loved him, and besides she wanted some one to take care of her. The ceremony was then performed in true Christian style, though in the Chinese dialect, in the presence of the entire Chinese legation and several visitors who happened to be calling at the Consulate at the time. After the marriage rites the young husband took his bride to her new home on Stockton Street, which he had provided for her reception.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sleeping Six Months.

SCARCELY less astonishing than Dr. Tanner's recent feat of fasting is the condition of a young lady, the daughter of the Mayor of Grambke, a village near Bremen, who is said to have been fast asleep since the second week in January, with the exception of a few hours of semi-wakefulness at intervals of from six to eight weeks. It appears that she lies, plunged in a profound slumber and entirely unconscious of all that goes on around her, night and day, reclining on her right side, warmly covered up and with a light gauze spread over her head. Nourishment, chiefly in a liquid form, is daily administered to her, which she swallows without awaking for a second. She is a pretty, slender girl, of a pallid complexion, but she does not lose in weight during her trances of from forty to sixty days, and when awake exhibits a cheerful disposition and an eager desire to perform such small household tasks as her strength enables her to fulfill. Her father is a well-to-do man, who has consulted several eminent medical men in the hope of discovering some remedy for his daughter's abnormal condition, which entails serious inconvenience and constant anxiety upon the other members of his family, but all efforts hitherto made to keep the unlucky girl awake have resulted in total failure. Since the case of the sleeping Uhlan at Potsdam no such interesting subject for study and observation on the part of the faculty has arisen as that of the strangely somnolent Burgomaster's daughter of Grambke.—*London Telegraph.*

HOME AND FARM.

PORK can be made cheaper in summer than in winter.

THIN spots in grass fields sow with grass seed and scratch them in with a harrow, and give a light dressing with some fine manure.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—One dozen of large green cucumbers (grated), one pint of grated onions and one pint of grated horse-radish. Put in a jar, and season with cloves and pepper; scald vinegar and pour on hot.

PAN PIE.—Line a deep tin with pie-crust; fill with the best tart apples; cut thin slices of pork and lay over the top; sweeten with half brown sugar and the best molasses; a little salt and sprinkle of allspice. Bake three hours in a slow oven.

HOVEN, OR BLOAT.—The German method of curing cattle is to pour several bucketfuls of cold water over the backs of the animals, and placing a piece of garlic in their throats. Half a teacupful of common baking soda, if dissolved in water and given in the form of a drench, is said to be equally as effective.

DISEASE FROM COW'S MILK.—According to the experiments of Dr. Bollinger, the milk of cows suffering from tubercular disease is capable of communicating this affection to human beings. As five per cent. of cows, when advanced in life, suffer from this disease, the danger is considerable. Boiling the milk is not a safeguard.

RUSK.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, half-cup butter, half-pint milk, one-third cup yeast. Beat eggs and sugar together, and mix soft with a little flour. Let them stand over night, and in the morning mix again. When light, make into biscuit, let them rise again, then bake. When taken from the oven, brush the top with milk and sugar.

IN THE LAUNDRY.—Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved. Beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

CANNED PEARS.—For the finer varieties, such as the Bartlett or Seckel, prepare a sirup, allowing a pint of water and a quarter-pound of sugar to a quart of fruit. Drop each pear, after it is pared, into a pan of clear water. When the sirup has come to a fast boil, put in the pears carefully, not to bruise them, and boil them until they look clear and can be easily pierced with a fork. Have the cans rolled in hot water, pack with the pears and fill to overflowing with the scalding sirup, which must be kept on the fire all the while, and seal. Apples may be treated in the same way.

ANY family can replenish their vinegar keg indefinitely. Put all the paring and cores of sound fruit, scraps of tomatoes, scum and rinsings of preserving kettles, and the pulp remaining in the jelly press, into a stone jar, cover with warm water, tie a thin cloth over the top, and set it in the sun in summer; in cold weather, near the stove. At the end of two weeks strain the liquid through a bag, and pour it into the keg through a funnel, first drawing out some of the good vinegar for immediate use. Where much fruit is used, the refuse portion will be amply sufficient for keeping a plentiful supply of vinegar on hand.

Castor Oil the Best Lubricant.

MR. S. H. SMITH asks if castor oil is not too glutinous for the best service for wagon grease and for use on machinery. For watches it would be; but a brief reflection on the character of friction under common conditions will convince Mr. Smith that an oil which will remain in the journal instead of leaking out is the most desirable. In all kinds of coarser machinery, such as steam engines, mowing-machines, etc., the greater part of the friction arises from the imperfections of the workmanship, the binding of the bearings from being thrown out of line with the shaft, and the accidental pressure of foreign substances, so that resistance offered by the mere stickiness of the lubricating substance becomes of no importance.

A great difficulty with all tyros in the use of machinery is the wasting of oil by its too profuse use. It often happens that a bearing will heat when supplied with too much oil that will run cool when served with the proper quantity. The reason is that when the lubricator is partly worn it becomes, as Mr. Smith says, sticky; it resists removal; it remains tenaciously between the shaft and its bearing; whereas too much of it, usually thin and limpid, serves to "wash the bearing" and let the parts into closer contact. In the working of mowing-machines this point may be exemplified. In grass land, where flying dust is at the minimum, the machine should be kept oiled just sufficiently so that the shafts will show an oily film as seen through the oil holes, and the slightest appearance of fresh oil at the ends of the boxes; any more is an injury. While in use for mowing grain, where dust is usually considered very destructive, all parts should be kept oiled so freely as to keep the bearings always well washed—that is, oil continually working out—then the grit can not work in.

Castor oil is not used largely in machinery in this country because of its cost, but as a lubricant for all coarse machinery it can hardly be excelled. It is especially adapted for light buggies, and the writer has run a buggy over fifty miles with one oiling, and on examination found the axles in splendid condition, probably good for twenty-five miles more—steel axles close fitted. If Mr. Smith will note the wrench the bearing gets every time the wheel is turned from its course he will probably be convinced that he wants an oil of coherence enough to withstand considerable pressure and *stay there*. The writer is an engineer of practical service, and believes he speaks from experience as well as observation when he advises Mr. Smith and all others who have nicely fitted buggies to use nothing but castor oil as a lubricant on them.—*An Engineer, in N. Y. Tribune.*

THE DAIRY.

THE make of cheese in New York so far is fully one-third less than last year, and in some cases one-half less.

MILK cans are being discussed widely in the farm journals, and the conclusion being reached that the eight inch can is all that is needed, on which there is no patent. The main point is to get the milk into sufficiently cold water; that is everything.—*Trucr Clipper.*

THE dairy schools of Denmark are of a most effective character. They include a farm, cow and the best dairy appliances. The pupils are taught oracularly and practically. They are taught what to do and how to do it in lectures, and then how to do it in the cow-house and the dairy.

MANUFACTURE OF BUTTER.—Prof. L. B. Arnold gives a detailed statement of experiments made to determine the agency of the oxygen of the air on the separation of butter from milk and cream. Omitting the careful details for securing a reliable result, we can only state in general that vessels containing oxygen with the cream, gave butter by agitation in eighteen minutes, while another vessel with carbonic acid confined with the cream required twenty-eight minutes of agitation to produce butter. The product in the two cases was unlike; that from cream under oxygen had a lively, rich and delicious flavor, while that from under carbonic acid was insipid and had a greasy taste. The former kept well, the latter soon became tainted. The quantity of butter was the same in each case. We are not informed what chemical difference appeared whether the butter was obtained from fresh milk or from cream forty-eight hours old.

THE New York *Times* says: "Of the different methods of setting milk for cream that the writer has used, there seems to be little to choose between them excepting as regards the convenience of use. The deep-can system is valuable when one has a plentiful supply of cold running water, and it raises the cream in a more liquid state and mixed with a certain portion of milk. The shallow-pan system, especially when used in a refrigerating closet, raises thick cream, which gives more butter for the same quantity of cream raised in deep cans, but not more butter for the same quantity of milk. Thick cream needs to be diluted with milk before it is churned, so that nothing is gained on account of the thick cream for butter-making. But the shallow pans and dry setting in a refrigerator can be used anywhere and therefore is more generally useful than the deep cans, otherwise there is nothing to choose between any good method with either system."

BUTTER to be kept any length of time should be made with the greatest possible care and with an eye particularly to the exclusion of every drop of buttermilk. To accomplish this to the greatest perfection the churn should be stopped while the butter is in the granular form, certainly no larger than peas, and a little earlier if possible. Draw off the buttermilk and wash through changes of fresh water at a temperature not higher than sixty-three degrees several times and until the water runs off perfectly clear. Not less than three-fourths of an ounce of salt to the pound of butter should be added after the water has been all worked out. The second working, at the end of four hours after the first, and just enough to remove any mottled or streaky appearance to the butter; pack immediately and see that the packing is solid, without fissures or cracks of butter. The tub or firkin should be thoroughly soaked in hot brine and packed while the wood is wet, though it should be allowed to cool off before the butter is put in.—*American Dairyman.*

Winter Dairying.

THE better class of livers in the United States are beginning to demand good fresh butter instead of the salted article which has hitherto been eaten through the winter months. In consequence those farmers who try to please the palate by producing a sweet, nutty-tasting commodity, will reap their reward by receiving a remunerating price. Setting aside fancy prices it is certain that a good fair rate will always be paid for butter which can be depended upon to come to hand weekly in uniform quality. The best butter-maker in the United States fails unless the cows are fed properly, therefore, there must be the right sort of food. The hay should be made from grass cut when in bloom, and this alone will do, but some corn meal and wheat bran will increase the cream and add to the rich flavor of the butter. Also the use of carrots will cause a greater flow of milk and there will be then the peculiarly fresh taste which characterizes butter when cows are in good pasture in June. Of course comfortable stabling, cleanliness and exercise in a sheltered yard will be requisite for full success. The cows should have their calves in September or thereabout, and the heifer calves from all good milkers should be raised, which can be done on the skimmed milk.

In the autumn there is no forage or food of any kind, better for milch cows as a help to failing pasture than pumpkins. I have used them freely for years with the best results, and find the fear of the seeds all nonsense. At the present time I have a fine lot growing among the corn and about three acres planted near the barn, which together will be sufficient to last till Christmas if I can secure a portion of them from frost. After the pumpkins are gone, carrots are better than any other variety of roots, and if fed till grass comes again there need be no loss of quality in the butter. The quantity of the milk will be equal to the best grass season, and will depend upon the cows. Any man having common sense, and managing properly, can obtain double the average given by cows of the kind usually met with, if he will buy good ones and breed from none but deep milkers, and from bulls which are from a deep milking strain.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—Monie cloths of fine, pure wool, and in stylish colors, are offered for winter dresses. They are a yard wide.

—Jet will be worn to excess this winter.

THREE OF THE BEST BOOKS FOR
SINGING CLASSES.

THE TEMPLE.
$1, or $9 per dozen. By DR. W. O. PERKINS.
Such a full sized book as the above has this advantage over a smaller one: After you have been through its excellent elementary course, have sung its cheerful Songs and Glees, its Spiritual Songs, its Hymns, Tunes and Anthems, you have on hand a large collection which is just the thing for Choir practice, and also for Home singing. Dr. Perkins is well known as one of our most skilful compilers.

THE VOICE OF WORSHIP.
$1, or $9 per dozen. By L. O. EMERSON.
This book covers precisely the same ground as does the TEMPLE, and people will use one or the other as they fancy the music or the style of this or the other excellent composer. Mr. Emerson's books are known in every household and every school, and each new book is intended to be an advance over those that preceded it.

JOHNSON'S METHOD FOR SINGING CLASSES.
60 Cts., or $6 per dozen. By A. N. JOHNSON.
No writer excels this one in the perfect clearness and simplicity of his explanations and the thoroughness of all his work. The teacher who uses this method needs to have in his hand the CHORUS CHOIR INSTRUCTION BOOK ($1.25), by the same author. The pages correspond, and the larger book gives directions for the use of the smaller.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Boston.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

Is made from a simple Tropical Leaf and is a POSITIVE remedy for Pain in the Back, Severe Headaches, Dizziness, Inflamed Eyes, Bloating, Night Sweats, Torpid Liver, Painful Urination, Gravel, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary Organs. It is a safe and certain cure for Leucorrhea, Womb Diseases and all Female Complaints. As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that make the blood.

The largest bottle in the market. Price, $1.25. For sale by Druggists and all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?
BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.
KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.
One package will make six qts of medicine.
TRY IT NOW!
Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
Burlington, Vt.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ETIQUETTE AND BUSINESS
This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable work on Etiquette and Business and Social Forms. It tells how to perform all the various duties of life, and how to appear to the best advantage on all occasions. Agents Wanted.—Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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For marking any fabric with a common pen. Without a preparation. Established 50 years. Sales now larger than ever. Ask also for Dayson's Combination.
Sold by all Druggists, Stationers, News Agents and Fancy Goods Dealers. Samples 30 and 50 cts. post paid. Agents wanted. F. H. STODDARD & CO., Northampton, Mass.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD.
If you want a luxuriant Mustache, flowing whiskers, a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to thicken, strengthen and lengthen the hair any where, don't be humbugged, but send 50 cts. (or for the finest Breech Developer made) for your set by mail. Address, DR. GONZALES, Box 1650, Boston, Mass. It never fails.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN STEAM AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING. A thorough professional education and a desirable situation on graduating, can be obtained at the National Institute of Steam Engineering, Bridgeport, Conn. A new class formed on the first of every month of 1880. No vacations. Send for Pamphlet.

CONSTIPATION PILES Trial package of Medicine FREE. Send for it. Address, BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., CHURCHVILLE, N.Y. CURED! CURED!

FOR SALE—ENGINE AND BOILER.—The nicest and cheapest upright 6-horse engine and boiler in Northern Ohio. FOREST CITY MACHINERY DEPOT, 48 Merwin St., Cleveland, O.

GREAT CAMPAIGN BOOK. 1880. Agents Wanted. Garfield, Hancock and Weaver. 400 pages; 35 engravings. Price $1.25. With Political Compendium. Send for circulars to F. C. Bliss & Co., Newark, N. J.

YOUNG MEN learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. BAUMBACH, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

MRS. POTTS'
Cold-Handle Sad Iron.

FOR SALE BY
THE HARDWARE TRADE.

Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press

Price, $3.00.

For Seeding and Extracting Juice
FROM
ALL FRUITS AND BERRIES.
EVERY FAMILY NEEDS ONE.
Send for a Catalogue, Free.
ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
FOR CHILLS AND FEVER AND ALL DISEASES
CAUSED BY
Malarial Poisoning
OF THE BLOOD.
A Warranted Cure.
Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RED RIVER VALLEY
2,000,000 Acres
Wheat Lands
best in the world, for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Centuries of Triumph

Over Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Bowel Complaints, and various febrile and nervous disorders has immortalized the Seltzer Spa, and these victories are now repeated throughout the world by Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, containing all the elements and producing all the happy results of the Great German Spring. Thirty to forty doses Sparkling Aperient to each bottle.

The Miniature Gun, only $1

The barrel and stock are heavily plated. Handsome ornamented handle. This gun is breech-loading, 22 calibre, and is made on new and approved principles. Pat. April 6, 1880. Thousands sold already! All the boys in the country can own this elegant single-barrel gun and have lots of fun this fall and winter. Cheapest in the world! SPECIAL OFFER. For special reasons we agree on receipt of only $1, to express a Miniature Gun inclosed in a neat box to any reader of this paper. 2 for $1.75. This offer good for 60 days only, and may never appear again. ORDER AT ONCE! W. B. THOMPSON & CO., 58 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

TUTT'S PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED 4 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; 4 samples free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

EARPHONES The Deaf made to hear. Address S. NORTH Syracuse, N.Y.

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 788

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Blotch, Pimple, or Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.
Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.
If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.
In the cure of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs, and early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets
The "Little Giant" Cathartic.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds.
Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Nicated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Sold by druggists.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249 which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for two successive days, commencing the first Monday of October, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follow:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration, for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident,

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday at his residence and at the residence of R. T. Browning on Tuesday.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence, near Johnson's.

On MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 4th and 5th, 1880,

from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 6 p. m.,

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.
BENJAMIN H. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.
DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.
WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.
W. F. DEAKNS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.
DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.
August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to-wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659: that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN.
9 18 5. A. C. BUCKWORTH.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

Estate of Elizabeth Fike, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH FIKE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of Febrary next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1880.

A. J. FIKE.
D. Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEES' SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from George Percy, and Alice E. Percy, his wife, to C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, dated the 9th day of February, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 299, one of the land record books for Garrett county, the undersigned, as mortgagees named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of Mr. Daniel Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

On Monday, the 4th day of October, 1880,

at 11¼ o'clock, a. m., all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George Percy and Alice E. Percy, (the same being a one-fourth interest) of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND,

together with the improvements thereon, situated and lying in Garrett county and State of Maryland, in the Sang Run District of said county, about fourteen miles northwest of the town of Oakland, and near the West Virginia line, the said property being the same tract or pieces or parts of tracts of land which was patented by the State of Maryland to Elijah Friend and George Percy on the 19th day of December, 1856, and is contained within the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning for the outlines thereof, at a stake standing at the beginning place of the original lot No. 1461, and running thence with the first and second lines thereof south 171 perches west 45 perches, then leaving said original lot and running with the western range of Lot No. 1462 south 180 perches to a tract of land called "The Diadem," and with this tract west 49 perches to the line dividing the State of Maryland from the State of Virginia, (now West Virginia) and with this line north 1,280 perches to the end of the third line of a tract of land called "Evansland," surveyed for John Evans the 10th of March, 1851, and reversing this line east 40 perches to the beginning of a tract of land called "Yough Manor" resurveyed for General John Swan, and reversing the given line of this tract, south 791 perches to the beginning of said given line, thence with the western range of Lot No. 1460, south 132 perches to the end of last or third line of the original, and with the given line thereof east 45 perches to the beginning, containing 368 15-16 acres of land, more or less.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE CASH on the day of sale.

C. F. HETZEL,
JOHN G. BAUER,
Mortgagees.

Blackiston & Ellegood, Cumberland, Md. attorneys for mortgagees. sep 11-td

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 4th, 1880,

for the transaction of any business that may come before them.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
9 18 td. Clerk.

JAMES W. LEATHERS,

MANUFACTURER OF

Harness, Saddles, Bridles,

COLLARS, WHIPS, &c,

Smouse Building, two doors east of Cheap John's, Oakland, Md. 9 18 4

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner whatever, upon the lands of the undersigned. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

sep 18-t3 ALBERT COMBS.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with entnusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morrocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by William White, John T. Bowers and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the end of Ezekiel Totten's land and running thence on or near the old road to west end of Wm. White's lane, through the lands of George Spiker, John Haun, John Spiker, Henry Russell, J. T. Bowers, William White and Peter Martin, via Hayes' ford, on Cherry Creek, and old Ashby foot bridge on the Yough river, and intersecting the Bowlag Road at or near the Ashby orchard, will meet on the premises on Monday, September 27th, 1880, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

NATHAN CASTEEL,
STEPHEN BROWNING,
HENRY BECKMAN,
8 21 5t Examiners.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

O. W. HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

NEW FALL GOODS!

—:o:—

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

consisting, in part, of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries,

Queensware,

Hardware,

Ready-Made Clothing,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

for cash or good country produce.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

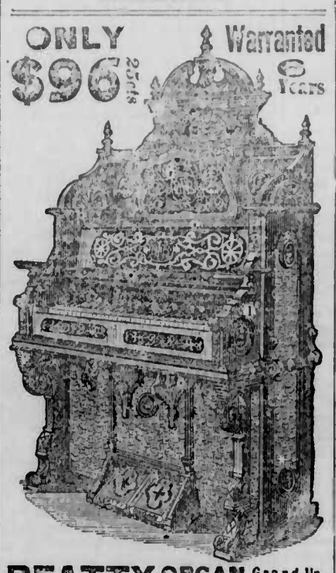

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 5½ in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves,** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be represented by my celebrated instruments. Lasting prosperity to

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $175, $195, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper giving information about Pianos and Organs, free

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Washington, New Jersey.

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HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

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The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald.* For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

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PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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A GOOD SAW-MILL,

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OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MITTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.61 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.23 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving, at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880. NUMBER 33.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1880.

JACOB AND ESAU.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Isaac is now in extreme old age, and expecting soon to be called to his long home. He determines to award the birthright privileges to his son Esau though Esau had already shown himself unworthy of their possession from his contemptuous barter of them. Gen. 25. 34. But by a successful conspiracy his purpose is thwarted, Jacob receives the blessing meant for Esau, and the elder son too late sorrows over his loss. In this transaction all parties acted wrongly, and all suffered the results of their wrong action. Isaac either failed to heed the divine premonition given before the birth of his children, (Gen. 25. 23.) or else undertook to thwart it for the gratification of a blind partiality, and saw his plans come to naught. Rebekah, his wife, with remembrance of the oracle, and with deeper insight into the character of her sons, knew that Jacob was the heir of the promise, but stooped to forward the divine will by fraud. She should have been open in her remonstrance with her husband, and then left the result with God, who has a thousand ways to accomplish his purpose. For her sin she suffered the agony of parting forever with her best beloved son. Esau had despised his birthright, had married from the heathen world around, and was rightly punished in the loss of the privileges which he never appreciated. Jacob, for assenting to, and assenting in, the plot, suffered results which ran through a life-time, in a wandering life, and in sorrows over his own children. Yet of the two brothers his was the more truly righteous nature, choosing present loss for future gain, and realizing the value of the covenant-blessings.

Gen. 27. 22-40.

Memory Verses, 38-40.

22 And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him, and said, The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

23 And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's; so he blessed him.

24 And he said, Art thou my very son Esau? And he said, I am.

25 And he said, Bring it near to me, and I will eat of my son's venison, that my soul may bless thee. And he brought it near to him, and he did eat: and he brought him wine, and he drank.

26 And his father Isaac said unto him, Come near now, and kiss me, my son.

27 And he came near and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the LORD hath blessed.

28 Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine:

29 Let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethern, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee: cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee.

30 And it came to pass, as soon as Isaac had made an end of blessing Jacob, and Jacob was yet scarce gone out from the presence of Isaac his father, that Esau his brother came in from his hunting.

31 And he also had made savory meat, and brought it unto his father, and said unto his father, Let my father arise and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me.

32 And Isaac his father said unto him, Who art thou? And he said, I am thy son, thy first-born, Esau.

33 And Isaac trembled very exceedingly, and said, Who? where is he that hath taken venison, and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him? yea, and he shall be blessed.

34 And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father!

35 And he said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing.

36 And he said, Is not he rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing. And he said, Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?

37 And Isaac answered and said unto Esau, Behold I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants, and with corn and wine have I sustained him: and what shall I do now unto thee, my son?

38 And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father! And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept.

39 And Isaac his father answered and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above.

40 And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

HOME READINGS.

M. The birthright blessing. Gen. 27. 20-40.
Tu. The birthright sold. Gen. 25. 27-34.
W. The deception. Gen. 27. 1-21.
Th. The unavailing sorrow. Heb. 12. 1-17.
F. The brother's anger. Gen. 27. 41-28. 5.
S. The scorner's fate. Prov. 1. 20-33.
S. The dweller in the holy hill. Psa. 15. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil. Prov. 4. 27.

LESSON HYMN C. M.

The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. THE BLESSING OF JACOB, v. 22-29; 1 Thess 5. 22.
Who were Jacob and Esau? v. 5. 6.
Which of these was Isaac's favorite son? Gen. 25. 28.
Was it right for him to favor one son above another?
What did Isaac propose to give Esau?
What claim did Jacob have to the blessing? Gen. 25. 33, 34.
How did he undertake to win the blessing? v. 18. 19.
What was wrong in this act?
What is said in Prov. 12. 22?
What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT?
What was the result of Jacob's falsehood?
What was the blessing which he obtained?
2. THE BLESSING OF ESAU, v. 30-40; Heb. 11. 20
When did Esau come to his father?
What then took place?
Did Isaac change the blessing which had been given by mistake?
What was Esau's conduct?
Why did he deserve to lose his birthright? Gen. 25. 34.
What blessing was given to him?
How did he soon show that his sorrow was not true repentance? Gen. 27. 41.
What is said in 1 John 3. 15?

"For Revenue Only."

Not a tariff to protect American industry or to benefit American labor, but a tariff for revenue only, is what the Democrats propose to enact if the people put them in power. The solitary purpose of tariff legislation, they say, should be to obtain money. The principle of their tariff plank is about the same that the old Yorkshire farmer inculcated in his dying advice to his son: "Sammy," said he to the young man, "get money; get it honestly if you can, but, Sammy, get money." The Democrats are even worse than the farmer. They do not qualify their declaration. They do not say they will regard the interests of the manufacturers and workingmen if possible. They propose to get money from the custom houses no matter what may be the consequences. In former times they were much more guarded in their demands for a revenue tariff. Thus in 1868 their platform favored a "tariff for revenue and such equal taxation under the internal revenue laws as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures." In 1872 they proposed to refer the whole question of the tariff to the Congressional districts, treating it as a local matter. In 1876 they said that "all custom house taxation should be for revenue only," thus taking the same ground they now occupy, but with a trick of phraseology which made the issue a little less clear than it is this year. Emboldened by the solidity of the South, they threw off at Cincinnati all pretence of regard for the welfare of the great army of mechanics, artisans and operatives who gain a livelihood from protected industries, and demanded in the fewest words possible "a tariff for revenue only." The *only* is like the "stinger" on the end of a whip lash—it gives snap to the whole phrase. There is no misunderstanding the meaning of it.

The Democratic party cracks this sentence about the ears of the workingmen, and says in effect: "No more protection for you fellows if we get in power. You have got to compete with the labor of the old World. We are going to adopt a tariff to raise money and for no other purpose. If low duties will produce more money than high duties we shall make them low, no matter if every shop and factory in the country has to close its doors. Revenue only is what we are after. We don't care what becomes of you. If you can't live on lower wages, go West and dig for your bread." Some of the workingmen who are blindly attached to the Democratic party, hug the delusion that this programme of a revenue tariff will never be carried out in practice. It was carried out after the Democrats got in power in 1846. The Whig protective tariff of 1842 was destroyed, and deplorable consequences followed to the manufacturing industries of the country. The Southern ideal has always been high prices for cotton and low prices for food products and manufactured articles. Southern statesmen would like to drive the mechanics of the East to the prairies of the West to raise cheap "hog and hominy" for the cotton States, and at the same time encourage the importation of foreign goods by a low schedule of duties. This was the political economy of Calhoun, and his followers believe in it to day as firmly as did his admiring contemporaries. Ever since the Democratic party got its organization and name, in the days of General Jackson, Democratic supremacy in the Government has produced a low tariff and brought distress to manufacturing enterprises. Why should anybody think a different result will follow now, in face of the plain declaration of the Cincinnati platform? The man whose wages depend upon the success of an industry that has grown up under the protective system, or whose capital is invested in such an industry, is his own dupe if he imagines that a Democratic victory will not injure his own interests. The Democratic party has given him fair notice of what it intends to do with the tariff, and all its past career shows that it will carry out its threat.

There is but one course for the workingmen to pursue if they want to save from destruction the means by which they gain their daily bread—they must defeat the Democratic party. At the bidding of the former slave-drivers of the South, it has aimed a blow at the forges, furnaces, mills, shops, and factories that give them employment. They must ward off that blow or it will crush them. When the busy wheels stop turning, and the tall chimneys cease smoking and the furnace fires go out, the grim spectre of poverty will sit down by their hearthstones. They are menaced with a great danger. Nothing will assure them of safety but the triumph of the Republican party, which adopted the system of protection to American labor, and has maintained it for almost a score of years.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What if the Tail Breaks?

From time to time, as General Hancock's campaign letters and telegrams have have made public doubtless the shrewder heads in his party have felt inclined to repeat to him the New York *Sun's* advice to shut his mouth and throw his pen away. His congratulation of Plaisted on the Greenback success in Maine was a most maladroit outburst, and his recent "rebel claims" letter will not heighten the General's reputation for political shrewdness. The great cause of Southern disaffection for Tilden—and to this General Hancock owes his own nomination—was the former's letter on war claims, published in the campaign four years ago. But persons who regard party principle and public honesty as more important than the spoils of office will have their respect for the General increased by the bluff, soldierly frankness with which he speaks on the subject. There is nothing doubtful in the tone of his utterance. He is squarely opposed to paying rebel war claims, and will veto all bills proposing such payment. Yet, nevertheless, it is a fact that there are Southern claims to the amount of upwards of $300,000,000 pending before Congress and in the departments. It is not to be presumed that the people preferring these claims made them up and presented them without expectation of ever getting anything in satisfaction of them. It is not to be supposed that people would make a business of acting as the solicitors of such agents unless there was something in the business, and finally, Mr. Tilden's letter of four years ago and the letter of General Hancock's, just published, recognize the subject as one on which the public has a right to demand assurances. General Hancock advances to the front, salutes the public and says: "Yes, we know that it is so, but I give you the word of a soldier and a gentleman, that I will veto all such bills." The situation recalls an incident in one of the stories of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Two Scotchmen were out hunting, when one of them entered the cave of a bear. Before he could get out the bear got back, and the other hunter, who had remained outside, had only time to grab him by the tail as he was disappearing through the entrance. The Scotchman inside, seeing the light suddenly cut off from him, shouted: "Sawney, what's the matter?" His comrade, too much occupied to talk, pantingly replied: "If the tail breaks you'll find out what's the matter!" The nation, alarmed by the cutting off of the sunshine of prosperity by the huge mass of Southern pretensions, asks for some assurance of safety, and General Hancock can only say that he will faithfully hold the party back by the tail. But what if the tail breaks?

The hopes of persons whose prejudices are in favor of Democratic success while their better judgment makes them aware that the true interests of the country lie in the maintenance of specie payments, the national banking system and in the protection of industrial interests from revolutionary tariff changes, are all based upon the strength of General Hancock's grip on the tail. But may not the leaders of the party find ways to grind his knuckles or so soft-soap him that the tail will slip through? And what of positive good can come from an administration whose functions will simply be to hold back against the party? Unfortunately the condition of affairs is not such that it will be sufficient for General Hancock to surround himself with able cabinet officers and successfully obstruct bad legislation. The value of the greenback has been equalized with that of gold; but the greenback problem is not disposed of. While tariff revolution has as yet been prevented and may still be, yet the duty of tariff revision remains. We have a splendid national banking system, but in a few years the majority of the charters will expire, and the banks will stand in need of certain reliefs before they will multiply to the extent which some sections of the country require. There is a deal of work to be done calling for affirmative statesmanship, and General Hancock, who can speak only for himself and not for the chaotic mass of conflicting opinions that he calls his party, can give the public no assurance on that point. With all due respect to the good faith of the General and the strength of his grip, the nation will scarcely care to be placed in the predicament of the Scotchman in the cave.—*Baltimore American.*

Now that the early enthusiams of our Democratic friends over what they supposed was a victory for them in Maine has exhausted itself, and they have settled down to take such comfort as they may out of the fact that the Republicans at any rate did not make the great gains they expected, it may be well to consider just what significance an election in Maine has. Two years ago Maine gave the country just such a surprise as that of a fortnight ago. In 1877 the Republicans had polled over 52 per cent of the total vote and elected their Governor by more than 11,000 majority. In September, 1878, like lightning out of a clear sky came the news on election night that the Republican candidate for Governor was in a minority on the total vote and there had been no election by the people. Later it appeared that the Republican ticket had polled only about 45 per cent of the whole vote and was in a minority of over 12,000 votes, while the allied Greenbackers and Democrats had a majority of 12 on joint ballot in the Legislature, which gave them the State officers. Some people can remember with what howls of triumph the Democrats all over the country received this news, and how they prognosticated from it sweeping successes for their party in Ohio and Indiana in October and in all the States voting in November. They were much more jubilant and confident then than they have been over their present escape. Well, after all their talk about the tidal wave beginning in Maine and sweeping the country, increasing their majority in Congress and annihilating the Republicans, what happened? Just this: In Ohio, which in 1877 had gone Democratic by over 22,000 plurality, the Republicans carried the State by a plurality of 3,154; in Indiana, where at the previous election they lacked about 8,000 of a majority over all, they were in a minority on the full vote of over 25,000; in all the Northern States there were great Republican gains in November. Connecticut was redeemed with the gain of a Republican United States Senator, and the Democratic majority in Congress, which, on the heels of the Maine election, they claimed would be largely increased, was considerably reduced, and all along the line Republicans were rejoicing over their great and almost unexpected successes. The affect of the Maine election was very different from what the Democrats had so confidently hoped and predicted. This year, though the result in that State has been a falling off in the Fusion majority of over 12,000 votes since 1878, and a slight reduction in the majority of their combined vote of last year, which was about 500, there has been the same skylarking and high goings on among our Democratic friends as in 1878. This year, as two years ago, they are predicting the most sweeping Democratic successes in the other States on the strength of what they have done in Maine. Is there any good reason or sound basis for this exuberance? Is not the effect of their grand victory upon the country in 1879 a just criterion of the probable effect of this election, which can hardly be called a victory, but is more properly a hairbreath escape? If the effect of 12,000 Fusion majority in Maine in 1878 was to increase Republican and diminish Democratic majorities everywhere in the North and West, and sensibly diminish the Democratic majority in Congress, does it seem probable that the loss of that entire majority and the election of a Fusion Governor by a bare plurality will influence any more powerfully the results in other States? If the Republicans were not stampeded by their great defeat two years ago, is it likely they will be by this almost drawn battle? But then our Democratic friends always did have a way of "hallooing before they were out of the woods."

General Hancock says: "When rebellion was crushed, the heresy of secession in every form and in every incident went down forever." Wade Hampton is a better exponent of the feelings and determination of the people of the South than General Hancock. He says that "they are now for the same principles for which Lee and Jackson fought."

Republican Achievements.

Gen. Tom Young in a recent speech near Cincinnati, summed up the achievements of the Republican party, briefly and tersely thus:

"They conquered the rebellion.

They preserved the Union.

They were merciful to the captured rebels.

They disbanded and restored the vast army to a peace footing.

They adopted the Constitutional amendments giving freedom, the franchise and civil rights to the slaves.

They cared for the soldiers and sailors of the Union.

They cared for the widows and orphans.

They found war and restored peace.

They found slavery and they gave freedom.

They abolished the "wildcat" currency of the States.

They gave the people the best secured currency in the world.

They have saved the people from the loss of millions of dollars each year in broken bank bills.

They have saved the people millions of dollars each year by making the currency of equal value in every part of the country.

They have restored the credit of the Government.

They have reduced the int bearing debt of the Nation $627,194.

They have reduced the annual terest charges from $120,677,697 $79,633,981—a saving of $71,348,716 year.

They have maintained the National faith and honor.

They passed the Resumption Act.

They defeated inflation and opposed "flat money."

They made the greenback worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

They have fostered American industries.

They have fostered American mechanics.

They have collected the public revenues at a less percentage of loss than ever before.

They have handled the moneys of the Government at a less percentage of loss than ever before.

They have secured peace to the country at home and abroad.

They have made the name 'American' respected in all quarters of the world."

As against all this what has the Democratic party done to entitle it to the confidence of the people? Nothing! Absolutely and unqualifiedly nothing! They opposed all the above measures with all the bitterness and ability they could summon and are to-day opposing every step being made by the Republican party to elevate the Nation, and better the condition of the people. The Democratic party will never be forgiven for bringing on the rebellion, and not until the present generation has passed away will it be safe to entrust them with power.

CHEERED FOR JEFF. DAVIS.—During the exercises in the Cemetery at Sharpsburg last Friday, some unreconstructed rebels, with no brains and less descretion, so far forgot the proprieties of the occasion as to propose three cheers for Jeff. Davis. Hardly had the gray-backs opened their mouths before some one struck one of them over the mouth, and before his body reached the ground he received half a dozen blows. He was roughly handled for a moments, and may be thankful that he got off without having his head broken. His companion beat a hasty retreat as soon as the engagement commenced and thus saved his hide. This, we believe, is the only incident that occurred during the whole day in which the spirit of rebellion manifested itself. At least we have not heard of any. It was a bad place among so many old veterans for such manifestations of disloyalty, and we rejoice heartily that it was promptly rebuked.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

Only a few years ago Lyman Trumbull now the Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois, and the eulogist of that party, declared in a public speech, that "the Democratic party has never yet done an act that would commend it to the favorable consideration of the people of the United States; but, on the contrary, its traditions and its acts are now, and ever have been, a standing menace to the progress and civilization of the nineteenth century." That was one of the greatest truths that Trumbull ever uttered, and yet now he has become the champion of this enemy of "progress and civilization." But like Forney and Ben Butler his conscience is very elastic and like them he is always open to purchase.

Unequaled in effectiveness, unapproached in cheapness and unrivalled in popularity is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents per bottle.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FARMER BEN'S THEORY.

"I TELL ye, it's nonsense," said Farmer Ben,
"This farmin' by books and rules,
And sendin' the boys to learn that stuff
At the agricultural schools.
Rotation o' crops and analysis!
Talk that to a young baboon!
But ye needn't be tellin' yer science to me,
For I believe in the moon.

"If ye plant yer corn on the goin' moon,
And put up the line for crows,
You'll find it will bear, and yer wheat will, too,
If it's decent land where 't grows.
But potatoes, now, are a different thing,
They want to grow down, that is plain;
And don't ye see you must plant for that
When the moon is on the wane.

"So in plantin' and hoein' and hayin' time
It is well to have an eye
On the hang of the moon—ye know ye can tell
A wet moon from a dry.
And as to hayin', you wise ones now
Are cuttin' yer grass too soon;
If you want it to spend, just wait till it's ripe,
And mow on the full o' the moon.

"And when all the harvest work is done,
And the butcherin' times come round,
Though yer hogs may be lookin' the very best,
And as fat as hogs are found,
You will find yer pork all shriveled and shrunk
When it comes to the table at noon—
All fried to rags—if it wasn't killed
At the right time of the moon.

"With the farmer's meetin's and granges now
Folks can talk till all is blue;
But don't ye be swellerin' all ye hear,
For there ain't mor'n half on't true.
They are tryin' to make me change my views
[illegible] no such coon;
[illegible] on in the sate old way,
farm by the moon."

ATRICK'S DIAMOND RING.

nths ago last November, Warwickshire, England, w days with my cousin, Immediately after my escorted up to my room, vn to the drawing-room, id Mrs. Patton, Horace's per—his duenna, as he was aer—and Mr. Fitzpatrick, the parish. Mrs. Patton I She was a most amusing dignity and jollity, and we friends in the world, though declared that I did nothing of her. Mr. Fitzpatrick I en before; for, during my ts he had always happened ome. He was a tall, portly, leman, with a rather florid and a magnificent head of hite hair, the effect of which ed by a pair of bushy and ack eyebrows. He greeted dially; and as soon as we l at the dinner-table, I dis- his forte was conversation, and his noble monologue. I have heard some good, steady talkers in my time, but I am prepared to back Mr. Fitzpatrick against any of them.

I noticed during dinner that, as is the habit of some widowers, he wore a wedding ring, which had presumably been his wife's; and over this another ring, of the kind usually worn by ladies, in which set three very handsome brilliants. After dinner, when Mrs. Patton had retired, the conversation, somehow or other, took a turn in the direction of precious stones, and Horace, who at last managed to get in a word or two, said something about the difficulty of distinguishing, in the absence of tests, a true stone from a really well-executed imitation, and took from his waistcoat pocket a manufactured diamond which I certainly should have pronounced genuine. For purposes of comparison, Mr. Fitzpatrick slipped from his finger the ring of which I have just spoken, and after it had been examined and replaced, he said: "There is a curious story connected with that ring, Mr. Mason; I dare say you have heard it?"

"I've heard something about it," said Horace, "but I don't know all the particulars; and I don't think my cousin has heard anything of it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "I may as well tell it to you, if you care to hear it. The story begins and ends a long time ago. It is forty years this very month since I became engaged to be married. I was then a curate, and had not much money to spare; but I had just received a legacy of rather less than a hundred pounds, and in a fit of extravagance hardly excusable, even in a lover of five-and-twenty, I spent the whole of it and a few pounds more, in purchasing a ring for my future wife. We expected the engagement to be a long one; but the rector of his parish died suddenly, and my great uncle, in whose gift the living was, presented me to it. The rector's death took place in February. I read myself in on Easter Sunday, and on the first of June we were married. I suppose every newly-married husband and wife think themselves the happiest people in the world; but I honestly believe that we really were so. We had not only each other, but we had everything else that we could possibly desire; a larger income than we needed, work that was thoroughly congenial to both of us, a few real friends, a number of pleasant acquaintances, and an utter freedom from all anxiety.

"This unalloyed happiness lasted for six months, when my wife's health failed in a mysterious manner. She began to be subject to strange fits of languor, physical depression and drowsiness, which gradually became longer and more frequent. I had advice at once; but the doctors seemed completely at sea. The organs, they said, were perfectly sound; and though the action of the heart was not quite so strong as it ought to be, there was absolutely nothing to account for the symptoms. At all events, they could only recommend tonics, gentle open air exercise, and an occasional stimulant. In spite of them all, however, my wife grew worse and worse. At last she took to her bed, and she had not been in bed a week, when one evening I left her, apparently much the same as usual, and went into my study to spend a couple of hours over my next Sunday morning's sermon. I had been down stairs only about three-quarters of an hour, when my wife's sister, who had been sitting with her during my absence, burst into the room and threw herself upon me, exclaiming: 'O, James! she's dead! Our darling Kate's dead!'"

"You can imagine the shock she gave me; but it never occurred to me to imagine that what she said was really true. I thought nothing but that the strain of anxiety had been too much for the poor girl, and that she had temporarily lost her reason. I did my best to calm her, and soon succeeded; for she began to talk so lucidly that I was compelled not only to listen, but to heed. She said that she and one of the servants had been watching by my wife, who was apparently sleeping peacefully, when they had both been startled by a peculiar change in her countenance. They listened for the sound of her breathing, but heard nothing. They had then held a hand-mirror to her mouth, but it remained unclouded. They had felt for the pulsation of her heart, but it had ceased to beat, and her body was deathly cold. The servant had gone to tell one of the men to saddle a horse and ride for the nearest doctor, while she had come to tell the terrible news, and bid me be calm. Calm was out of the question. I tore myself away and rushed up stairs. They were idiots—they were demented; but still there was a haunting fear which I must dispel for myself. And yet I was so sure that my wife could not be dead, that I summoned sufficient presence of mind to open the door gently, and walk softly to the bed. I leaned over it, and said, not loudly, but distinctly: 'Kate, darling, are you asleep?'

"But before I had spoken the last word I was convinced. I had seen death often, and was sure that I knew it too well not to recognize it at a glance. I now shrieked instead of whispering; but there was no answer, and I flung myself full length upon the bed in voiceless agony. I must have become almost or entirely unconscious; for I never knew of the doctor's presence in the room until I felt his hand upon my arm. He said: 'My dear Mr. Fitzpatrick, you must try and bear it like a man and a Christian; for your wife is dead; she has been dead more than an hour.'

"How I felt I can not tell you. I was prostrate with grief; and prostrate I remained for three days. The necessary preparations for the funeral were made by my wife's brother, and I really was unaware of what had been done. On the evening of the third day I heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairs, and I felt rather than knew that they were footsteps of the men who had come to close up the coffin. I heard the door open; then for a few minutes there was silence; and then I heard other and lighter footsteps descending, followed by a tap at the study door. I said: 'Come in;' and when the door opened, I saw it was an old nurse of my wife who had come to see her living, and had found her dead. 'If you please, sir,' she said, giving my wife the old familiar name, 'they can not get the rings off Miss Kate's fingers, and they want to know what they must do.'

"I had been apathetic; but in a moment I was enraged, and I shouted: 'Leave them on!' in tones which made the poor woman beat a terrified retreat. I was completely unnerved by what seemed an outrage upon the remains that were so dear and so sacred to me; but I could not move to make a more effectual protest, and I soon sank into the lethargy from which I had been aroused. The night passed, as the preceding nights had passed, sleeplessly and wearily. I rose at dawn, and sat in the study until noon, when they came to tell me that the time for the funeral had come, and that I must follow my wife to her last home.

"You won't know the rectory well, Mr. Browne," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, addressing himself directly to me; "but you must have passed it. The front door, as you will remember, opens to the turnpike road; but there is also another door with two glass panels, which opens directly into the churchyard. My wife was in the habit of using this door very frequently, for there ran from it a path which crossed the churchyard and ended in a stile, which was just opposite the gates of the grange, then rented by the Hardings, who were her oldest friends. When she had returned and found the door fastened, which sometimes happened, she had been used to let me know she was there by a peculiar tap, and I had always gone to let her in. It was out of this door—which somehow seemed to belong to her, and out of which she had often tripped so gayly—that I followed her corpse; and as it was closed gently behind me, I think I fully realized for the first time, what a changed thing my life must henceforth be. The service was gone through; I heard the clods fall upon the coffin, and returned to the house that was now so awfully solitary. The vicar of the next parish, who had performed the last sad offices for my wife, returned with me, and tried his best to bring me to myself; but I refused to be comforted. At last he left me, and I was glad to be alone; for in solitude I could feel my wife was somewhere near me.

"They brought me food; but I could eat nothing. The hours passed slowly; but I took no note of them. I did not even know it was dark until one of the maids came and asked if she should light the lamp. I let her do it; and then mechanically took a book down from the shelf and tried to read. It was only a mockery of reading, but it acted as a sort of narcotic; and I had dropped into a doze, when I was aroused by a knocking at my door, sharp and decisive, as if the person knocking was not asking but demanding entrance. Just as the knock came, the clock struck twelve, and I knew that I must have been sleeping for nearly three hours. I got up from my chair, opened the door, and inquired what was wanted of me. Standing in the lighted hall were three indoor servants and the old nurse; and the faces of all were absolutely blanched with terror. One of the girls in an agony of fright, caught hold of my sleeve and pointed out: 'O, sir, do come!'

"I shook her off somewhat roughly, and, addressing the nurse, said: 'What's the meaning of this?'

"She was clearly as frightened as the others, but more self-possessed, and she replied: 'If you please, sir, Jane and Margaret say that their mistress is standing at the side door, tapping on the glass; and that they will leave the house if you do not come and see.'

"I called them fools and bade them go to bed; but they crowded behind me as I hastily crossed the hall and strode down the short corridor to the side door. I approached the door; and I must confess that my blood ran cold as I distinctly heard the well-known tap, and thought I saw something white behind the glass panels. I turned my eyes to the bolt, which I drew back and flung the door wide open. If I were to live for a millennium, I could never forget the sight I saw then. There stood my wife, with bright open eyes, a flushed face, dishevelled hair, and her night-dress stained with large patches of blood!

"'James,' she said, 'don't be frightened; it is I.' She may have said more; but this was all I heard. They told me that I gasped, 'Kate, my Kate!' and fell down senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed. My wife, dressed as she used to be dressed, was sitting by my side; and I looked around and wondered whether I had been awakened from some horrible nightmare. At last the reality of the events of the past few days came back to me—my wife's illness, her death, her strange return from the world of spirits. When I summoned strength for the task, I asked what it all meant, and though she could tell but little, that little was enough to solve the mystery. She said she had felt as if she were being rather roughly awakened from sleep; and that when she became thoroughly aroused, she found she was sitting up in an open coffin at the bottom of a grave, with the blood running quickly from a deep cut in her ring-finger. The grave was shallow, and she had managed to climb out, when she discovered that she was not twenty yards from the door by which she was accustomed to enter the house. She made her way to it; and we knew the rest.

"It had been a curious case of trance, catalepsy, or whatever name men of science may give to those inexplicable simulations of death in which all the functions seem to be arrested while the vital principle remains intact. She had been restored to conscious animation by the cut given to her finger by the ruffian whose cupidity had tempted him to a deed from which many a hardy scoundrel would have shrunk. The perpetrator was of course one of the undertaker's men, who had been struck by the glitter of the gems in the diamond ring; and who, to obtain it, did not hesitate to violate the sanctity of the grave, and even to mutilate a corpse."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what an overpowering story. Was the rascal ever caught?"

"No; he disappeared, and nothing was heard of him."

"And your wife? What effect had it on her?"

"Curiously enough, her general health became better from that dreadful day; but I think her nervous system must have received a permanent strain, for she entirely lost the physical courage which she had possessed in an extraordinary degree for a woman; and about two years afterward she became subject to attacks of asthma, which is, I believe, a complaint that often has its origin in some nervous shock. She lived, however, to be over fifty, and was bright and cheerful to the last, though she had been a confirmed invalid for five years before her death."

Ghastly Villages of Unburied Dead.

LIEUT. HAND, of the Arctic whaler's relief vessel Thomas Gorwin, recently returned from the Northern seas, told a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter:

"On the second day out from St. Michaels we reached St. Lawrence Island, where it was reported a famine had swept away nearly the whole population during the previous year. The island is ninety miles long from east to west. We steamed along close in by the shore, working our way through the ice. At last the settlements were reached and each one that was visited presented the same dreary scene of death and desolation. Not a sign of life was to be seen any where. Not a solitary dog or rat was to be found about any of the rude huts; but in front of the houses, in a ghastly row, lay the dead bodies of those who had succumbed to the terrible hunger. They had lain there for fifteen months, and we were probably the first to look upon them. Their clothes had rotted off the bodies, but the forms were preserved by the cold so that they looked like mummies. The skin had drawn tight over their emaciated faces and forms, and looked like ancient parchment. So perfectly had the dry air preserved them that we could distinguish the bodies of the women from the men by the deep tattoo marks on the chin, which is one of the peculiar styles of feminine face ornament. In a few houses bodies were found in various postures, just as they fell in the last agony of solitary death. As long as there were any survivors to perform the service the corpses were placed in the regular rows in front of the huts. At one place we found fifty bodies side by side, some being the remains of little children, while others were the corpses of old people.

"The usual litter and refuse which surrounds the Esquimaux huts were lacking, and there was not a scrap left of any kind of food. The cleanly-gnawed bones showed that they had eaten their dogs; they had even devoured the rats which infested the village; they had chewed up the old bits of walrus-hide—every thing which would satisfy the cravings of hunger. At last they had perished miserably, dying by inches, with no hope of succor and no chance of escape. At least 500 of the poor wretches suffered this hideous death. To explain this terrible famine, which was as unusual as it was fatal, it must be added that the season was one of unparalleled severity. The natives of this island were large, robust men and expert hunters and fishermen. But like most of their race they were improvident and made no provision for such a winter. The cold set in early and without interruption. The mercury was forty degrees below zero for weeks at a time. The cold and the violent storms prevented them from going out on the ice to catch walrus and seal—their main dependence for food in the winter. Their scanty stock of meat was soon exhausted; they were many miles from Siberia and could not have reached it alive in the face of the bitter wind. At the northwest end of the island we found a settlement of about two hundred and fifty people. These had suffered severely by the famine, only about one-half the original colony having survived. They had had a larger stock of provisions than their unfortunate neighbors and thus escaped utter annihilation.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE British Parliament will be asked to vote $7,500 for new furniture for Mr. Gladstone's official residence in London.

NOTWITHSTANDING his impoverished treasury the Sultan gave Lady Layard a diamond worth $35,000 on her departure from Constantinople.

COUNT ARNIM has applied for a suspension of the sentence of eight months' imprisonment for retaining diplomatic documents, in order that he may return to Germany and take his trial on the charge of high treason, for which he was condemned by default to five years' imprisonment.

THE Superior of the Alsatian Jesuits will be permitted to remain in Paris, and will be recognized as a regular priest, and the other Alsatian Jesuits as his curates. This is a concession to the Alsatian Catholics, who left their country rather than live there under German rule.

A LONDON correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial* says of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who is to marry Lady Burdett-Coutts: "A friend of mine met him recently, and found the young gentleman ecstatic at the prospect before him. 'He pretends' (these are my friend's own words) 'that he is really in love with the old girl.'"

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has just received a gift of a drawing-room table from some poor London workmen whose tools she replaced after a disastrous fire in the factory where they were employed. It is a handsome piece of furniture, elaborately inlaid, and the Baroness made a little speech of thanks to the workmen. She was accompanied by Sir Francis and Lady Burdett, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.

THE Queen of the Belgians is a fine whip, and wherever she goes her phaeton and four beautiful ponies go with her. Driving with her daughter Stephanie lately at Bruges, she was stopped in Breydel street by a policeman, as there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and traffic is permitted only in one direction. The Queen smilingly suggested that no vehicle was in sight, so mightn't she go? But the man was inexorable, and the Queen put back.

SCHLIEMANN is going to dig at Orchomenus next winter. This Boeotian city was a big place in the time of the Trojan war, according to Homer, and was destroyed by wars and rebuilt several times, as most of the ancient cities were, but has been ruins for nigh 2,000 years. It was a very musical place, and the poets and musicians gathered from all Greece to its festival in honor of the Graces, as such people go now to the Cincinnati or Boston festival.

How Some Women Have Carved Out Their Fortunes.

A WOMAN (shall I say lady?)—she had had her own pleasant home, had kept a servant, and lived a pleasant, cared-for life—lost her husband; not by death, but by the wickedness of another woman; and in her distress begged a gentleman friend who had often visited her husband and herself in their home to tell her what she could do for the support of herself and child.

"I know nothing," she remarked; "I can not even embroider; all I know is how to keep my own little home and take care of baby."

The gentleman thought a moment. "Mrs. Blank," said he at last, "you make a most delicious kind of dumpling; I have eaten it at your house; it would make your fortune in a restaurant; why do you not open a lunch-room in a business neighborhood? I will be your security to a certain extent, for I am certain you will succeed. Make one or two specialties, among them my dumpling."

The idea struck her favorably—she acted upon it. She made delicious fritters, waffles, and some dishes that are rarely found good at a restaurant. Her one room, with a little kitchen at the back, had to be enlarged. Large parties of gentlemen would come in, attracted by the fame of her puddings, her waffles, her oyster fritters, and her old-fashioned fried chicken, with which she always served currant-jelly of her own making. The lunch-room grew into a restaurant for dinner and lunch parties in a fashionable quarter, where she comes in a coupe and takes the money, but no longer makes the fritters or the waffles, and fried chicken has been banished from the bill of fare. But a shabby-looking man shuffles in every day, takes his seat in an obscure corner, and eats his dinner free; no bill is ever handed him, and if, on a rare occasion, the mistress of the house meets, she does not speak to him. The employees suppose him to be a poor and disgraced relation, for they have been ordered to attend to his wants, and if he is ill, care for him; but they do not know he was once the husband of the reserved, self-contained woman they know as a wealthy proprietor, or that she began her self-supporting life on the strength of knowing how to make a dumpling, and with barely a thousand cents, much less dollars, as capital.

One of the most novel and interesting ventures made by a woman with a thousand dollars or thereabouts, was by putting it in a laundry. She was a large, healthy, handsome, and especially what would be called a wholesome-looking woman, with one daughter. She had been well reared and educated, and her friends expressed at first both surprise and disgust at her choice of a profession. But she had thought the matter out for herself, and was determined to work it out. Her daughter was sensible like herself, and happy at the prospect of having a home with her mother, rather than taking a place in a store.

The lady—she was a lady—set herself up with a washing-machine and a small mangle. She offered her services for families' or gentlemen's washing. Her beginnings were very small, but she used improved methods, and soon became in great demand by gentlemen, who found their clothing washed in a superior manner, and so well cared for by buttons put on and occasional stitches taken, that better prices were volunteered than they had been accustomed to pay. Help she had for the roughest work, but she always sorted and superintended the soaking and other processes herself, her daughter keeping the books and helping a little maid up-stairs to do the work of their own apartments.

It is rather a sorry, but it is a true termination to the story, to state that the daughter finally married one of their wealthy and admiring customers—a widower—who could not have been actuated by the desire to always have his shirts washed under the same aupices, for he insisted on the establishment being broken up, and took his wife and mother-in-law both to Europe. I saw their names in the passenger lists the other day.—*Jennie June, in Demorest's Monthly.*

The Monkey in its Domestic Relations.

IN India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four-handed folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the crow wakes up and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he has slept all night, the old monkey creeps down the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth and scratches himself contemplatively. Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and, whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up, one by one, to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though repeated exactly every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats seem all to be in the joke of "taking in mamma." But mamma was young herself not very long ago, and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with the profoundest unconcern, and, as she dismisses one "cleaned" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business-like and serious manner possible. The youngsters know their turn quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stilling their satisfaction at the way "so-and-so is doing it," and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp the tail, the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek, and throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters, at the way it is imposing on the old lady. But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and the knots out of its fur, pokes its fingers into its ears and looks at each of his toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on his face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief, those who have been already cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming farce, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity. The old lady, however, has her joke too, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and nimble as her offspring are she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ears" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the nuts before the hut doors are pushed down, and women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out; and while they scour the pots with dust, exchange between songs the compliments of the morning. The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparations for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has plenty of patience, and in the end, when the crow has stolen a little, and the dog has had its morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "bhunder ogue," the monkey people, and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.—*London Telegraph.*

Knowledge in Old Times.

SOME of the early nations attained a knowledge of science and skill in art which were lost in the subsequent ages. Wendell Phillips's famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" ought to make us modest, and less inclined to boast of our own superiority. In a recent lecture before the Geographical Society, Judge Daly paid a high tribute to the knowledge of the old Babylonians. They were well acquainted with the heavens, catalogued the stars, and named the constellations. They traced the sun's course through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and divided time into weeks, months and years.

They speculated on the connections of the weather with the changes of the heavenly bodies, and thought the phases of the moon had a subtle influence. They noted the spots on the sun, and seemed to have possessed telescopes, as Layard found a crystal lens among the ruins of Nineveh. It is interesting to know that they had a seventh day of rest, corresponding to our Sabbath, and enacted rigorous rules for keeping it.

Poison Ivy.

THE poison ivy is very poisonous to some persons; they are poisoned by not touching it at all, or even it is said passing near it, while others may handle it without being afflicted by the contact in the least. The poisonous property of the plant is owing to a volatile acid; its effect is an acute inflammation of the skin, often accompanied by a great swelling. The effects remain sometimes for months, before the poison is completely removed from the system. The usual remedies are cooling purgatives and an external application of lead water. An application of a solution of hops has been known to prove an effectual remedy when all other remedies failed. The plant has sometimes been mistaken for Virginia creeper, to which it bears no slight resemblance. The distinguishing feature is, that the poison ivy has leaves of three leaflets; whereas the Virginia creepers' leaves have five leaflets. Persons have been poisoned by mistaking the poisonous for the harmless species. This plant is of the genus *Rhus* or sumach. There is also an upright plant that is poisonous.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

GENERAL.

NATCHEZ has three colored women over 100 years old.

MAGNOLIA, N. C., is a fragrant place. A resident there has 281,000 tuberoses in bloom.

THE eastern part of Central Africa is to be explored and Italian interests maintained there.

THE Chang family are the Smiths of China, and fill almost half the space in the Celestial city directories.

IT is estimated that one of the fallen stalagmites in the Luray Cave of Virginia was forty centuries in forming.

GEORGE TUCKER, an inmate of Auburn (N. Y.) Prison, has just inherited $12,000. His sentence will expire in 1885.

THREE men were about to cut a watermelon in a saloon at Athens, Ga., when it exploded with a loud noise, sending fragments flying all over the room. One man had an eye destroyed by the explosion.

WITHIN a circle drawn with a radius of sixteen miles, with the public buildings of Philadelphia as a center, there are over a million inhabitants. A similar treatment of New York would show a population of two millions.

A MAN condemned to four years' imprisonment at Cusano, Italy, starved himself to death. From the day of his sentence he refused to take food, and, no compulsion being resorted to, he died at the end of thirty days.

A NEWPORT woman at a prayer meeting turned to her husband and whispered: "Father is very sick, and we must go home." Though they had left him well, it was only by the most active exertions that he was kept from dying of cholera morbus.

IN cutting down a large willow tree in the old town cemetery at Newburgh, N. Y., a few days ago, a marble footstone was found imbedded in the trunk two feet from the surface of the ground. The tree in growing had picked up the foot-stone and drawn it from the earth.

MARIE MASCAL took a walk in New Orleans with a rival of the man whom she was soon to marry, in order to tell him that he must cease his attentions. Her affianced husband saw them together, and, refusing to hear her explanation, peremptorily broke his engagement. She therefore desired to die, and tried to throw herself before a locomotive, but she slipped on some wet grass, and only lost a leg. Her lover is now convinced of her loyalty, and will marry her.

A BLIND beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Peres, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his month. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 20,000 francs in bonds of the Orleans Railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

The Treasury Violin.

HERE is a story told by a Berlin correspondent of Ole Bull, which will be read now with interest:

Gaspar da Salo, the only violin-maker who can be called the equal of Joseph Ganderius, lived and worked at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He had made a violin with so much care, and was himself so satisfied with his work, that he desired Benvenuto Cellini to carve the neck. The head of the instrument is formed by a lovely cherub's face, which is supported by a smaller head and bust of a maiden, the features being of exquisite workmanship. The rest of the neck is most beautifully cut and gilded, and the colors are clear and bright, though they are now over three hundred years old, as the instrument was made in 1532. The wood from which Gaspar da Salo chose his material grew on the mountains between Brescia and Verona, where it was so finely developed by the even temperature prevailing there, that the veins of the wood are exactly an even distance apart. The mountains near Brescia are entirely denuded of trees. It is impossible to find such trees elsewhere, and the instruments of this master are unique in this respect, and can not be imitated. Cardinal Aldebrandini bought Gaspar da Salo's and Benvenuto Cellini's violin for three thousand ducats, and presented it to the Treasury of Innspruck, from which it got its name of the "Treasury Violin," which it has since retained. When Innspruck was invaded by the French in 1809, it came into the possession of a soldier, who gave it over to Rhaczek for the insignificant sum of four hundred gulden. In 1839 Ole Bull visited Rhaczek, saw the violin, and bid all he possessed for the instrument, offering as well the proceeds of the concerts he was then giving in Vienna. "Give me the fourth of Vienna, and then we will see," was Rhaczek's reply. But he promised the artist if he ever parted with it he should have the preference. Two years later, in Liepsic, Liszt and Mendelssohn were dining with Ole Bull, and, while they sat at a table, the servant brought an envelope bearing a great seal, which the host put one side. "Open your letter," cried Liszt, "it has a large seal, and may be important." It proved to be from the son of Rhaczek, and imparted the news of his father's death, and that "a clause of his will directed that the Treasury violin should be sent to Ole Bull." The delighted artist told the good news to his friends. "What a wonderful violin it must be to cost so much money," said Mendelssohn. "We must play the Kreutzer Sonata together the first time you use it in public." When the instrument came it was found that there was no bar in it, and it had, therefore, never been played upon. As soon as possible it was put in order, and, as Mendelssohn had suggested, it was consecrated to art by the playing of Beethoven's sonata.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT."

"AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the fortunned Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valleys, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God!'

"As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring huntsmen, they loose from their hats, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime, it has become quite dark.

"'Good-night!' at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest."

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'Tis the sweet "Alpine horn," when the night is descending
To brood o'r the homes where the cottagers dwell;
And the sweet *Ranz des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence—'tis evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking—
"*Praise the Lord God, evermore!—evermore!*"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the mountains repeating,
In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till even the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,
And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing,
It rolls like a paean of triumph above,
Till every grand summit and tall peak is singing,
While bathed in the smile and the halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered duty!
Solemn, instructive, its noble refrain:
What an exquisite scene, when God's rainbow of beauty
Speaks the language of promise to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset has faded
From cloud-piercing heights, and the stars twinkle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," repeated
To every lone dwelling with musical shout!

The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and wedding aright:
When fondly the accents—"Hail, neighbor and brother!"
Melt in the broad air with—"Good-night, friend, g-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t!"

—*George Bancroft Griffith, in St. Nicholas.*

A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY,

And What Came of It.

"WHERE are you going, Nellie?"

It was a woman of apparently some sixty years, who asked this question of a young girl who stood before a small mirror adjusting her hat.

"Don't know," was the sulky answer.

"You will be to home 'fore dark, won't yer?" continued the woman, whom we shall call Mrs. Melton, as she raised her spectacled eyes to the girl's face, in a gaze that she meant should be pleading, but which was decidedly reproachful.

"Don't know whether I shall or not. I haven't made up my mind 'bout what I s'll do so far ahead." was the muttered answer, as the girl gave her head a contemptuous toss.

"You know I s'll be worried 'bout ye, Nellie, if yer not 'n the house afore dark."

To this Miss Nellie deigned no reply, except to flash a defiant glance at Mrs. Melton through the little mirror. Gathering her black and white worsted shawl about her pretty shoulders, she crossed the big, old-fashioned kitchen, and passed out of the door, which opened upon the porch, as they called it. Said porch consisting only of a rough board floor and a rude bench built under a fine maple tree, which grew in the angle formed by the ell and the main body of the house.

Mrs. Melton followed her, with her eyes, through the open door, as she moved briskly along the path running westward through the green field, to the main road half a mile distant. The sinking sun cast a golden glow over the landscape, toning down distinctive colors, and so blending the hues of earth and sky that the little figure of the girl, clad in dark contrasting hues, became a prominent feature in the near view. This golden glory also had the effect of heightening and beautifying her tiny form. Mrs. Melton, however, saw nothing of this. She had no eye for the varied pictures that nature was continually presenting to her careless gaze. She looked at the grand amphitheater of hills, and searched the gorgeous clouds piled high behind, simply to determine what the weather was to be, so far as it had to do with her laying plans for farm-work. Work, work. This was the key-note of her every thought and every act from one year's end to another. At this moment she was looking simply at the girl, not at what was beyond, or around her, in order to make sure that she was well beyond hearing before she freed her mind to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dales, who had heard the colloquy between herself and "Nell." "Nell" was what she invariably called her, except on the rare occasions when she was moved to make a pretense of fondness or solicitude for the girl. Pretenses of this kind were all worse than lost upon Nell, however, for she held the utmost contempt for every thing of the sort, and she did not hesitate in expressing it, usually.

"It does beat all how that girl carries on," began Mrs. Melton, presently. "I never thought I should raise up a girl to be so sassy as she is."

"How old is she?"

"Jest seventeen; an' Mell Lynn—he's the man's son who lives right across the field, in that smart lookin', white house yonder. There 'tis—you can see it right through the winder. See what a nice, big barn, all clapboarded an' painted brown. They got it brimful o' hay, too, this summer. There ain't a better farm for hay in the State o' Maine than theirn is—'cept mebbe, it's mine. I can't 'low that mine is to be beat by these diggin's, of I do live in an old, yaller, two-story house with a flat roof. I've got just as good a barn as old Lynn has got, only it's shingled instead o' clapboarded, an' it's whitewashed instead o' bein' painted brown. But I've got a good stock o' cattle, an' I've got money at interest, too, though I don't tell o' that ter every one," and Mrs. Melton winked at her sister-in-law in a patronizing way. "But, as I was sayin'," she continued, "this Mell Lynn—yer see he's the only child o' the Lynns over yonder, he's been a makin' b'lieve court Nell for nearly a year—that is, he's come here every day, an' sometimes two or three times; an' they've sot out on the porch, under the maple tree, till nine or ten o'clock of evenin's. An' then we'd hear, arterwards how he'd be galavantin' with the girls down to the village every chance he could get. An' when the boys that work for me would tell Nell on't she'd be just good for nothin', an' her eyes would look all red an' swelled from cryin' till she see Mell, an' he'd palaver her over, an' make her believe he'd never cared a jack-straw for the rest o' the girls.

"Talk to her? I guess I've talked and talked till she jest told me I might talk till doomsday and it wouldn't do any good. I told her Mell Lynn wouldn't marry a girl that belonged to such poor trash as she did. Why, bless your soul! when I took that girl, she hadn't a rag o' close fit to be seen—not a cloak nor bonnet of any kind 'cept a pink calico and sun bonnet. Her father was drunk when I went after her, an' her mother was as shiftless a lookin' soul as you ever sot eyes on. But Nell turned out to be smart as a steel trap; of she hadn't a been I shouldn't a kept her till tilds day, I tell ye. Why, she was only five years old when I got her, an' she could do lots o' chores then—yes, Nell is smart, if she is a sassy trollop. When she was little and I could put the stick on her, I could keep her in her place; but sence she's been agoin' with that feller I couldn't make her pay any attention to a word I said."

"You took her at such an early age that it would be quite natural for her to regard you as a mother. It may be that there is some fault—in—your—management. We are none of us quite perfect in wisdom yet, you know," and Mrs. Dales looked up at her sister-in-law with a pleasant smile.

"As for my management of Nell," said Mrs. Melton sharply, while she clicked her knitting needles with increased vigor, "I have treated her as well as my father and mother treated me, or any o' the rest o' the family. They made us mind, and what is more, they made us work. They never told us to do a thing twice; if we didn't mind the first command, the rod came next; an' it warn't long a comin', I tell ye."

Though Mrs. Dales never looked up from her sewing, she felt the full force of the nod and wink which emphasized Mrs. Melton's concluding remark; it was all conveyed in the tone of her voice.

"And you can see no fault in this sort of treatment?" she mildly queried, after a little interval, as she raised her calm blue eyes to meet the sharp, nervous gaze of Mrs. Melton. She knew she was probing the self-complacency of her sister-in-law, but she was willing to risk this in order to learn something of the influence which had been brought to bear upon Nell in whom she had become interested, during the few days she had been visiting in Mrs. Melton's family.

Mrs. Melton paused in her knitting and settled herself back in her arm-chair with an extremely self-satisfied air, as she said:

"Wall, you know what a likely family my folks raised. Every one on 'em is well off. They're great workers and save every cent. To be sure, they're not great for gettin' married an' havin' a house full o' young ones to take care on. Only me an' James, that's your man, out of a family o' nine was fool enough to marry. Wish I had children, do you say? Wall, now, I didn't used ter want any; but I've thought sence Mr. Melton died, nigh on ter two years ago, an' sence Nell carried on so, that 'twould a been a fine thing if I had some one o' my own flesh an' blood to take care on me in my old age, an' heir my property. I can't help rememberin' that when I'm gone, them as I don't care nothin' about will git my hard-earned savin's, an' scatter 'em to the four winds of heaven, mebbe."

Mrs. Melton sighed and looked out of the open window at the harvesters at work in her fertile fields, with reflective sadness.

"Yes," she slowly resumed, "every one on us own nice facus, every one 'cept your man," turning to Mrs. Dales. "He's the poorest o' the lot. He never was quite like the others; he was the youngest, and was softer like—allers wanted to be givin' away all he could lay his hands on. We older ones could beg from him his very last mouthful. But he was only a baby when our mother died, and, mebbe, we girls were more tender of him than mother was to us. She never spent any time foolin' over her young ones. She had too much work to do. She never was known to kiss one on us."

Mrs. Dales looked up in astonishment. "It can not be," she murmured.

"Fact. I was the oldest, an' of she'd ever kissed one on us I should a been likely to know it. We warnt fussed over, as young ones are now-days. We had corn-bread and porridge 'nough to make us tough and stout, an' close 'nough ter keep us from sufferin' over much. For the rest, 'twas work, work, 'cept a few weeks in the winter time, when we was sent to school. We learned ter read an' write an' cipher—an' that's all I've ever had any particular need o' knowin'. Now, I've done as well, an' even better, by Nell than that, an you can see that she don't even thank me for't. I'm sure, instead o' feelin' myself ter blame for not doin' better by her, I think I've done a blessed sight better'n she ever deserved. The sassy trollop."

"But, don't you think," said Mrs. Dales, "that if you had treated Nell more lovingly when she was small and craved love, as all children do, that she would have been more attached to you, and would have treated you more considerately now? I have noticed that she does not seem to have the slightest affection for you."

"No," Mrs. Melton replied, "she don't appear to have the least atom of feeling for me now, an' never did. She's allers been high-tempered and head-strong, an' nothin' but the stick would ever keep her in her place; now she's got so big I can't use that, she's jest gone wild. If she was my own child I'd warm her back with it now. Why, I know of one of us had dared ter talk to my father or mother as she does to me, they'd 'a' took the horse-whip to us."

"Well, for my part, I think you have used the stick altogether too freely," said Mrs. Dales, with more warmth than she had yet shown. "Children are not dogs who will love us when we ill treat them. That love begets love is an unalterable law, and in none of the relations of life is it more strikingly noticeable than in our relations with children. I believe that we reap what we sow. If we treat children kindly during the helpless years of their childhood, we shall receive kindness in return. But if we abuse our power when they are too young to resist us, what can we expect but that they will be indifferent to our wishes as they grow older. We can win a child's love, or we can repress it. Nothing is more easy than the former for an affectionate nature; but a person who has no inherent love for the little ones who fall to their care, can, by studied kindness and unvarying gentleness of manner toward them, in time bind their tender hearts to themselves in a strong and and enduring attachment. Children crave love as naturally as plants crave sunlight, and they become mentally dwarfed when deprived of it."

"Humph! I don't see what all this fine talk has to do with me and Nell," broke in Mrs. Melton, sarcastically. "I didn't have her when she was a baby, if them's the kind o' young ones you're a talkin' about. I took her at five, and she was an impudent little jade at that age."

"She had, doubtless, been neglected from earliest infancy; but, to apply my remarks particularly to your case, I will say in plain words that if you had cultivated her affections, drawn out her love by unceasing kindness and patience and sympathy during all the long years that you have had her under your care, she would, no doubt, have treated you now with loving devotion. Of course, you know from your own experience that it is natural for us to love one who is good to us; and it is equally natural for us to try to make that loved one happy."

"Wall, I dunno 'bout that," said Mrs. Melton, with a forced laugh. "I never loved any body over much, I guess. It ain't the nature of our family to do so, I reckon. Leastwise, I never thought much about whether I loved any body. Sich things allers seemed to me kind o' soft."

"On the contrary, the word 'love' to me has grander, holier meanings than any word I ever heard or ever expect to hear," said Mrs. Dales, with earnestness impressing every lineament of her fair, round face. "How can it be otherwise, when I am assured in that Book that you and I prize above all others, that 'God is Love?'"

Mrs. Melton cast down her eyes in silence, and Mrs. Dales presently resumed.

"It is only through love that we can hope to attain any permanent hold upon the heart of any human being—even of those nearest to us. Those who are forced by circumstances into close association with us, but who inwardly rebel, will flee from our presence at the earliest opportunity. Pardon me for my plain speaking, but, to my view, you have done Nell a lasting injury in failing to direct the emotional nature of the girl into natural and healthy channels. She is, as you can see, of an impetuous, ardent temperament. Her heart must have been, under your stern treatment, like a pent up volcano. And when she met this young man, the first person in all the world, I presume, who ever offered her the love her soul craved, there was a tumultuous over-flow of the long-concealed passions of her stormy nature. She was, as you say, seemingly crazed. Every other interest was immediately lost sight of. The new bliss of feeling herself beloved was as ecstatic as to defy concealment. She was rendered incapable of even pretending to be her former self."

"La, how you do take on!" was the cold shower that Mrs. Dales's enthusiastic spirit received at this point. "You raelly make Nell out ter be a wonderful cretur—the sassy jade."

"Really, Mrs. Melton, I do not think you understand the girl."

"Wall, I don't keer 'f I don't—the sassy trollop!"

Mrs. Dales's only reply was a deep sigh, and Mrs. Melton, evidently not caring to pursue the subject further, carefully rolled up her knitting, then arose and commenced brisk preparations for supper.

That night, though Mrs. Dales retired at nine o'clock, as was the custom in this New England farm-house, she could not sleep. She lay thinking of Nell, and wondering where she could be so late in the evening alone; for the hours sped on, and when the old clock in the kitchen struck eleven she had not returned.

Presently, however, she heard footsteps upon the path leading to the back porch, and, softly pushing aside the curtain, she looked out, and saw, in the moonlight, Nell, in the company of a young man, whom she took to be Mell Lynn, approaching.

"Oh, if that were my daughter," she thought, "what would I do! So young, and ignorant, and loving that, I fear, unworthy fellow. Heaven protect her!"

It seemed as if the minutes were hours that Mrs. Dales waited for the whispering beneath her window to cease. She could hardly restrain herself from calling the girl to come in. But when, at length, the clock called out the midnight hour, the soft click of the door-latch and the sound of retreating footsteps indicated that the couple had parted. A few moments later, as Nell crept softly past the door, she heard a stifled sob. "Poor girl," thought the kind-hearted woman, "she is in trouble and has not one soul to confide in, or advise her. I wish she would let me help her in some way."

The next morning Nell did not come down stairs at her usual hour to assist in getting breakfast, and when Mrs. Melton started to call her, Mrs. Dales offered to go instead. She found her with her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and looking as if she had not slept a moment all night. When she saw Mrs. Dales she covered her face with the bed-clothes, and remained in sullen silence. But the good woman was not thus to be discouraged from trying to comfort the disconsolate creature. She seated herself on the edge of the bed and commenced stroking, with her soft, magnetic fingers the bit of her forehead that was visible above the bed-clothes, trying to soothe her at the same time with words of tenderness and sympathy. But the girl made no other response to the kindness of her new friend than by now and then bursting into fresh sobs. By and by Mrs. Dales left her, but only to return after a little space with a tray upon which she had arranged quite a tempting breakfast. This she urged Nell to eat in her most persuasive voice and manner; but she would neither taste a morsel, nor would she speak. She was, to say the least, most disagreeably sullen. Mrs. Dales's persistent kindness and forbearance, however, were equal to her stubbornness. In truth, she felt such a keen sympathy for the poor young creature's poignant grief, and, withal, was harrassed by such fear that she would commit some rash and desperate act, that she never thought of resenting any repulse she might receive from the thoughtless and imprudent "child," as she called her.

Of the immediate cause of her trouble, Mrs. Dales had not the slightest inkling, beyond the various surmises which naturally arose in her mind, until, when the day was well advanced, one of the farm boys who had been to the village of an errand, brought the news that Mell Lynn was going to be married that very evening. His bride to be was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and was also the village school-teacher. Mrs. Dales drew a long breath of relief, as she heard this news. In her heart, she thanked God that Nell was thus to be freed from the unhappy thralldom of this unprincipled fellow's society. She mentally resolved to guard the girl with unceasing vigilance until she should become more accustomed to her disappointment, or until her mind should be able to adjust itself to the changed conditions of her life.

She had too clear an insight into human hearts to indulge any fears of Nell's broodling for any great length of time over her unfortunate attachment. She felt sure that after a few days her thoroughly healthy physique and elastic spirits would be able to throw off the incubus that was weighing now so heavily upon her heart, and to a somewhat alarming degree, bewildering her mind.

As the day waned, and the early hours of evening wore on, Mrs. Dales felt the increasing necessity of, by some means or other, inducing Nell to sleep. She was every hour growing more delirious and feverish.

"She must sleep," she said to herself, as she went to a little medicine-chest which she always kept near at hand, and taking out a small vial, she poured therefrom a white powder, which she prevailed on Nell to swallow in the cold water she was constantly begging for.

Mrs. Dales watched anxiously till she saw her patient sink into a heavy, unbroken slumber; and then, as it was drawing toward midnight of this, the second night of her vigil, she lay down beside her and slept.

It was long after the sun was up the next morning when Nell awoke. Mrs. Dales, who was sitting in a low rocker by her bed-side, noticed with satisfaction that a calm, intelligent look shone in the round black eyes which had glittered with delirious excitement the day previous; also that the cheek, which had been burning with fever, was now pale and cool. Her mind seemed not to revert at once to her trouble, for the first words she spoke had all the old impetuous ring.

"Oh, dear! I'm half starved!" she exclaimed with a yawn; "I do feel so—so somehow at my stomach." But the next moment the past came rushing in upon her, and suddenly throwing up her brown hands, she clasped them over her forehead tightly, murmuring in accents of real pain, "Oh, dear, dear."

Mrs. Dales quietly handed her some gruel she had already at hand, and when Nell had partaken of all that she desired, which, however, was but little, she began to unfold a plan which she had been maturing the last two days concerning her future.

"I want you to get well right away," said Mrs. Dales, cheerfully: "for I have made up my mind to take you home with me, if you are willing to go."

Nell opened her eyes wide, and stared at Mrs. Dales incredulously.

"What in the world do you want of me?" she exclaimed.

"Listen, and I will tell you all about it," replied Mrs. Dales, pleased that she was able to call her thoughts from her trouble for a moment. "I live in a pleasant village in Western Massachusetts, where there are nice schools; and having obtained the consent of Mrs. Melton to part with you, I propose to take you to my home and have you go to school for two or three years—perhaps longer, if you desire."

"How can I pay you?" questioned Nell, still staring at her friend doubtfully.

"I ask no pay except such as you will like to give me in helping about the house. I have no family except my husband, and it will be a pleasure to have a young person in our house. I shall be disappointed if you do not decide to go with me," and Mrs. Dales looked at the young girl questioningly.

"I'll go anywhere you are a mind to take me, if it's to the end o' the earth," said Nell desperately; then burst into a fresh passion of tears.

And so it came about that when Mrs. Dales started for home a few days later, she was accompanied by Nell, who still showed traces of her recent struggle in the somewhat haggard expression of her countenance, and in her unusually subdued demeanor. It was no easy task that our friend had set herself to perform, in reforming, or rather, remodeling the character of her *protege*. To teach her to concentrate her wandering thoughts upon her books, to refine her language and manners, was a work and a care that nothing short of a dominant desire to benefit the girl would have induced her to persevere in. In her secret soul, she oft-times, during the first year, felt well nigh discouraged at Nell's waywardness and lack of interest in her new occupations. But as, by slow degrees, affection for her benefactress strengthened in her breast, and confidence in her superior judgment grew into a governing force, she became more docile under restraint, and put forth honest efforts to master lessons assigned her.

At the close of the first year, looking backward, Mrs. Dales could see that there had been a positive improvement: though she was, at the same time, forced to admit that it, by no means, equaled her hopes. But the fact had long ago sunk deep into her heart that faithful, persevering endeavor in the pursuit of a worthy purpose, must bring about something akin to adequate results, either in the near or remote future. This truth had encouraged her to undertake and carry through many a noble work in the long years gone by; and it did not fail her now. If she could not succeed in helping Nell to be the truly refined and cultivated woman she desired, she would still strive to bring about the little improvement which was possible year by year. And so she persevered in her unselfish labors for seven long years—until her brown hair showed plentiful threads of white, her blue eye had lost something of its brightness, and her fair complexion was marred by the lines and sallowness of age.

To Nell, the years had brought even greater changes. In truth, the girl of seventeen was hardly recognizable in the matured woman of twenty-four. Seven years of uninterrupted study, and constant association with a strong and noble character, such as Mrs. Dales possessed, had proven efficient means in aiding her intellectual and moral forces to attain a high degree of development. To the rude charms of her early girlhood were, at length, added refinement of thought and manner; and, to Mrs. Dales's great satisfaction, the indefinable graces of mental culture lent to her presence their unrivaled influence.

It was a happy day to both Nell and her benefactress when the Faculty of the Seminary, where she had been a student four years, granted to her her hard-earned diploma. But a still greater and wholly unexpected pleasure was in store for them in the note that came, a week later, from the trustees who had witnessed Nell's examination, offering her the position of teacher where she had been so recently a pupil. This mark of confidence in Nell's ability and acquirements was a complete surprise to Mrs. Dales, and it seemed to her generous soul a greater reward than she deserved for the part she had taken in shaping her course.

It was at the close of the spring term that this offer came to Nell, so that she was to have a vacation, which she very much needed, before she entered upon her new vocation in the early autumn. It was during this vacation that Mrs. Dales was surprised by receiving a visit from our old acquaintance, Mrs. Melton. It was by no means a pleasure to Nell to again meet her old mistress, whom she had not seen since she left the farm, seven years previous; she treated her courteously, however, as she was bound to do any one who came to the home of her friend. That Mrs. Melton had grown decrepid, and wrinkled, and gray, since they last met, was evident at a glance, to Nell, but it was also equally evident, as soon as she began to speak that her tongue had lost none of its sharpness.

"La, me!" she began, as soon as she had laid aside her bonnet and was comfortably seated in a big easy-chair which Mrs. Dales had, with difficulty, induced her to accept—She "wasn't used ter sich things," she said.

"Sakes alive! How master quaar things do turn out in this world. Here's our little brown-skinned Nell (starling at Nell through her spectacles) bleached out nigh 'bout as white as a pond-lily, and lookin' fine as a fiddle. An' there's Mell Lynn, a shiftless, drinkin' spendthrift, an' his wife an' young ones lookin' like town charges. If Nell ony knows enough now," turning to Mrs. Dales who sat by, "ter go on a-keepin' school an' lay up her money instead o' gittin' married, she can byme-bye have a good home o' her own, and not have any man to thank for't. But, Lord-a-massy, the fust thing you'll know, it'll be all cut an' dried that she's ter marry some o' those 'ere teacher fellers. Is the head one o' the 'Cademy a married man?" she asked, looking straight at Nell.

Nell's stammered "No" was accompanied by such a vivid blush that Mrs. Melton burst into a loud laugh.

"Wall, wall," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak for laughing, as she turned to Mrs. Dales, "of t ain't hit the nail on the head this time, I'll miss my guess. Sure as peas an' beans, that gal is dead in love with that feller a'ready."

"And well she may be," said Mrs. Dales with spirit, as the door closed upon Nell's retreating figure, "for she has been engaged to Mr. Waite these three months. They would have been married this summer, had I not advised her to teach for a year or so. I thought it would be a good discipline for her, and a valuable experience in many respects. Mr. Waite is a very estimable man some five years her senior, and I am wholly satisfied with her prospects. But, Nell is worthy to be the wife of the noblest of men," and Mrs. Dales looked straight into the black eyes of her sister-in-law, with a curious expression. Mrs. Melton evidently understood the meaning, for she answered disdainfully:

"I 'low you think so. Some folks are allers master wall satisfied with the upshot o' their own doin's."—*Woman's Journal.*

A False Prophet.

FOR the last two years a well-to-do manufacturer named Issajeff, residing at No. 281 of the Ligovka, St. Petersburg, has enjoyed among his friends and acquaintances the reputation of being a prophet sent from heaven for the especial purpose of announcing the exact date of the Redeemer's final reappearance upon earth, preparatory to the Last Judgment and general winding-up of mundane affairs. Ever since his gifts of prescience first obtained recognition, Issajeff—Angliee Isaiah—has been so profuse of prophecy that his vaticinations, carefully taken down and collected by his admirers, already fill four large quarto volumes, recently dedicated by him to the venerable Metropolitan Isidor, who has subnitted them to the inspection of M. Janischeff, Director of the Ecclesiastical Academy. But until about a fortnight ago Issajeff had maintained a discreet silence with respect to the great event, the foretelling of which he alleged to be his peculiar mission. One day, however, he informed his followers that the end of all things had been fixed for the 15th inst., and proceeded to prove his own faith in that vaticination by selling his manufactory, houses, etc., and distributing the produce of their sale among the poor. His example was strictly followed by his disciples, who, in accordance with his special instructions, stripped to their shirts early on the morning of the 15th, and in that uncommonly light marching order waited patiently all day long for the sounding of the last trump. As nothing of the sort came to pass, Issajeff's impoverished flock has renounced its belief in that prophet's predictions, all but nine unchangedly faithful sheep, who still regard him as divinely inspired, and to whom he continues to foretell future events as freely as ever.—*London Telegraph.*

A COLONY of 3,000 German Mennonites from Southern Russia is to settle in Delaware, where 5,000 acres of land have been bought for it.

Our Young Folks.

IF I WERE A FAIRY.

If I were a fairy slight and small,
Say about as tall
As a span-worm forming the letter O,
What do you think I would do? I know!
In the bell of the lily I'd rock and swing,
Twitter and sing;
And, taking the gold-dust under me,
I'd splash the hips of the buzzing bee,
That he might have meal to make his bread,
With honey spread,
For his thousand babies all in rows,
Each in a bandbox up to his nose.

I'd count the curls of the hyacinth
By the fallen plinth,
And make them glossy with morning dew
By sunrise tinted with purple and blue;
And out of the sunset sky I'd get
For the violet
Yellow and red, and dark marine,
And purples deep, and a tender green;
And all night long, as they lay in sleep,
I would paint and steep
Their velvet cheeks in a hundred dyes,
That well they might open great staring eyes.

Unseen I would come where the tired nuts tug
At a heavy slug,
With my eye-beard lance I'd push it along,
And they'd think, "All at once we are wondrous strong!"
In the nest of the robin, under the eaves
Of the apple-leaves,
I'd drop a worm in the gaping throats
That answer my chirp of the mother's notes.
When bonny Miss Harebell thirsts in vain
For a drop of rain,
I would fill at the brook my shining cap
And lay it all dripping in her lap.

Oh, what would I do as a fairy small?
I cannot tell all;
But I would do much with a right good will;
To all things good, and to nothing ill.
And I'd laugh and skip, like a bird on wing,
Twitter and sing,
And make boys and girls, and birds and flowers,
All say, "What a lovely world is ours!"

Well, what if I am not quite so small?
I can do it all
In my own sweet house by the same good will,
No fairy, but something nobler still.

—*George S. Burleigh, in Nursery.*

CUDJO, THE KLEPTOMANIAC.

A True Story.

CUDJO first opened his eyes on this beautiful world in an airy home at the top of a big cottonwood tree. In that retired spot, where the cradle was rocked by every breeze, and nothing could keep off the warm sun, Cudjo's father and mother had built a comfortable residence, of sticks and other suitable materials.

The cottonwood tree stood on the grounds of a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Kent. The first thing that came to disturb the happy life in the tree was—a railroad. The men began to cut it down, and at the first alarm, the parent crows, after circling around a few times, became frightened and flew away; and when the sturdy tree fell, with a terrific crash, every young crow in the nest, except one, was killed by the fall. That one was found by Dan, who named him Cudjo, and carried him carefully home. It must be admitted that he was not particularly attractive. He was nearly all mouth, there being only enough bird attached to open it frightfully. He was too young to be afraid. His only feeling in those early days was hunger. Dan was determined he should not starve, so he fed him three times a day, a whole egg each time. He would drop the raw egg into the big mouth, there would be a gurgle or two, and it would be swallowed, and the bird would appear satisfied for a while. On this food Master Cudjo grew rapidly, and before long had a fine glossy black feather coat of his own, and was promoted from egg to meat diet. He had his regular meals at the kitchen door, as did also the dog, but he most enjoyed eating dinner with the family, when he would take his place on the table, and select to suit his fancy. If any person tried to drive him away, he would bite the fingers; and if his leaving was insisted upon he would snatch a fork or spoon and fly away with it. When he did this the article was lost, for he would not return till he had hidden it somewhere.

He was a very bright fellow. He soon learned his name, and would come when called, unless it was grandmother who spoke. He always had a suspicion that her intentions were not agreeable, for she was in the habit of sweeping him out of the room with a broom—an insult that no crow of spirit could be expected to endure. When she called him, therefore, Cudjo would walk out with great dignity. He seemed to have a desire to improve his mind, for often when a book was left open on the table he would take his stand by it, and look it over with the greatest gravity and earnestness, as though he was studying something very serious and important. He was fond of Kate, and would follow her around like a dog, catching hold of her dress, and trying to play with her; but to his little master he gave the whole of his crowish heart. He would sit on his knee by the hour, and poke his treasures into his pockets and between his vest buttons, with confidential little croaks, rub his glossy head against his cheek, and in every way show his warm affection.

One day, after a good deal of poking and fussing, he left between Dan's vest-buttons a two-dollar bill. Where the bill came from no member of the family knew or could discover.

With all his solemn manners, Cudjo had some fun in him, and could appreciate a joke. One day, when he had no particular business on hand, he happened to see a man in a neighboring garden at work. The man wore a broad-rimmed straw hat, and Cudjo evidently thought he would have some fun. He flew across the field, and alighting on the rim, began running round and round the man's head. Naturally the laborer put up his hands to drive off the intruder, when Master Cudjo pounced upon it, bit his finger, and resumed his ring performances. Again the man tried to shake him off, and again his finger received a nip that was not agreeable, for the crow's hard beak brought blood every time it bit. At last he ran for help, crying that an insane bird was on his hat. As soon as help came near, Cudjo quietly flew up into a tree, with an air that said as plain as words, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Another day an organ-grinder stopped at the door, and began to grind out his doleful music. Cudjo did not care much for that, but the man carried a monkey dressed in red coat and cap, and this queer-looking object attracted the bird's earnest attention. He turned his head one side and then the other, looked at him with the right eye and then with the left, but plainly could not decide to what species the strange animal belonged. He looked on quietly, however, till the poor little creature took off his cap and made a low bow. The bird evidently regarded that as a personal affront, for quick as a flash he swooped down, snatched the offensive cap from the astonished and alarmed monkey, and flew into a tree. Neither coaxing nor scolding could ever induce him to return anything he had once seized, so the family paid the enraged organ-grinder the price he set upon the cap, and the monkey went off bare-headed, though I don't suppose he felt badly about that.

Cudjo had strong fancies, and taking a dislike to a young lady visiting at the house, he resolved to play a joke on her. One morning there was a great hue and cry through the house; Uncle John—an elderly gentleman—had lost his false teeth. They had been stolen from the bureau, and the house was searched, and everybody questioned without success. Cudjo, meanwhile, sat grimly perched on top of the book-case, and heard all the excitement. But he only jerked his trim head on one side, and looked saucy, as he always did. At last the loss was laid to him, as was every loss in the house, generally, I must admit, with good reason. The turmoil subsided somehow; Uncle John was waited upon in the solitude of his chamber, took his breakfast with a spoon, and meditated a visit to the dentist; while the young lady dressed for the street, and started out on a shopping expedition. At the first place she stopped, wanting something from a small bag which she wore at her side, she pulled out her handkerchief, and, to her horror, there rolled out on to the counter, before the astonished faces of the clerks, the missing set of false teeth.

One day Mr. Kent brought home a very large, thick photograph [illegible] with places for large pictures. [illegible] seemed to trouble Cudjo, who apparently thought the holes ought [illegible] and that the duty fell t[illegible] So one day he was very bu[illegible] about the house, an[illegible] to feed the rabbit f[illegible] ed what importan[illegible] eupied the naug[illegible] Dan found his [illegible] bits killed, ar[illegible] Of course, h[illegible] that Cudjo was guilty one [illegible] bodies w[illegible] till some[illegible] album. There, between the [illegible] he h[illegible] found [illegible] sticking [illegible] sequently [illegible]

The worst [illegible] be told; he w[illegible] tenderly called a[illegible] is, he had an inte[illegible] propriate to his ow[illegible] that struck his fancy—[illegible] but not so polite, name[illegible] ency. Being strong and[illegible] generally succeeded, though[illegible] use he seemed to have, was [illegible] away. He had the regular misc[illegible] of hoarding. The neighbors all [illegible] him so, if he came into a house, through door or window, no one ventured to touch him, but all stood back while he looked around and selected what he chose, a thimble, a kitting-needle, a piece of money, a silver spoon, or anything, and carried it off to his hiding place.

For a long time the place where Cudjo hid his treasures could not be found, but one day a mound was discovered under the piazza, and its contents taken out. Should you like to know what a crow would consider worth hiding away so carefully? Let me tell you a few of the things; a six-bladed knife; a cross that had been blessed by the Bishop (and belonging to a servant girl); some copper cents; a glass eye from the stuffed owl; a small china dog from the mantel; bits of glass from a kaleidoscope; a silver spoon or two; a fine-toothed comb, and a gold ring. Was not that a variety?

The most inveterate enemies that Cudjo ever had were the negroes on the place, and their feelings were fully reciprocated by him. The house-servants hated him, because he always flew at their feet, and barefooted they would go, in warm weather. Perhaps he thought it improper, or possibly he thought the color of their skin an insulting attempt to imitate his own glossy hue; however it was, he tormented them without ceasing.

One day a woman brought a child to visit the cook. It strayed away, and nothing was thought of it, until suddenly there arose a terrific row. It sounded like a furious light; the savage "caw" of the crow was heard mingled with the shrieks of a child. The whole family rushed toward the room whence the sounds came, and found the child driven into a corner, and half frightened out of its wits, while Cudjo had fairly surrounded it. He was prancing across in front of it with his most savage air, feathers ruffled up, and ready for war. Now and then he would pounce on the little girl's feet, while the child held up her hands and screamed.

He was usually cunning enough to keep himself from injury, but once he made a terrible mistake. He saw some beautiful red things in the kitchen, that cook seemed to prize, and he resolved to have one. At a favorable moment he pounced upon one and swallowed it in an instant. It was a red pepper, and it was not long before Cudjo saw his error. It began to burn inside; he became uneasy; and soon he flew around as though he was crazy, squawking, and gasping, and at last he fell down as though dead. He received no sympathy from cook, who remembered his sharp bill.

"It's good fur yo'l good fur yo'!" she said, between her laughing; "yo' done fool yo'self!"

He recovered after a while, but he was now five years old, and his career drew near a close.

My little hero fell a victim at last, to his curiosity and his thievish inclinations. He found one day, in the cellar, a lot of soft cement, intended for a floor, and so made that it would grow almost as hard and solid as stone. Cudjo could not carry off such soft, unmanageable stuff, so what must he do but—eat it! Alas! It hardened in his stomach, and put an end to all his mischief.

—*Olive Thorne, in Youth's Companion.*

NEW ORLEANS claims to be the cleanest and healthiest city in the Union. She is said to have a temperature the maximum of which is lower than that of Louisville, Cincinnati and other more Northern towns.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR CONGRESS—SIXTH DISTRICT.
HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY OCT. 9, 1880.

Virginia Democrats are worrying over the revival of the Republican spirit in that State. A vigorous Republican canvass may capture at least several members of Congress, even if it does not secure the electoral vote for Garfield and Arthur.

Over one billion of claims stand ready to be paid so soon as the Solid South can, as Congressman Ellis puts it, "achieve" the Senate, the House and the Executive. Is the North ready to run the risk of a "change" like that?

Gen. Hancock has written two apologies for the Democratic party—one his letter of acceptance, the other his "Rebel claims" letter. General Hancock virtually says: I know there is danger from the party I represent, but I will go its bail and see that it behaves itself for four years."

There is a great deal of foolish talking going on in both parties about third-rate men for Congress. Mr. Urner is just as good a man as the Republicans can put up; besides he is entitled to the nomination; hence, nobody but a man like Judge Alvey would stand any chance of beating him.—*Frostburg Journal, July 31.*

In 1856 the National platform of the Democratic party said: "The time has come for the people of the United States to declare in favor of free seas, and progressive free trade throughout the world."

1868: "A tariff for revenue upon foreign imports."

1876: "We demand that all Custom House taxation shall be only for revenue.

1880: "A tariff for revenue only."

About the only things the Democratic party has been consistent on for the last 20 years, are free trade and States' rights.

Contrary to expectation the Republicans of Arkansas have been successful, and the Repudiation Amendment has been defeated (on a direct vote) by a majority of 1,500. The record of Arkansas, like that of almost every other Southern State, is already black with repudiation, and it is owing to the labors of the Republican party that the State has been spared this additional dishonor. This is as good a time as any to remember that the Republicans of Arkansas organized the campaign against this amendment, and carried it through almost entirely without Democratic help. Only three Democrats of any prominence aided them and these were not seconded by either the local leaders or the masses of the party. The gain for the reputation of the South, as compared with the grand total of repudiation already committed, is not great, but the credit should be placed where it belongs.

Will the "truthful" and "well-informed" editor of the *Democrat* claim this as a Democratic victory?

It is the duty of every Republican in the county from now until election day to make every vote possible for the Republican candidates. If this duty is persistently performed we shall succeed in largely increasing our majority. The fact that the business of the country is better, more economically conducted now than ever before in the history of the Nation, should induce every patriot to vote the Republican ticket.

There is now reported to be 7,000 majority against the repudiating amendment in Arkansas. The Democratic majority for State officers was about 60,000. The Republican vote was cast solidly against the amendment, and amounted to about 40,000. It follows, therefore, that out of 100,000 Democrats, 66,500 voted in favor of repudiation. Carry the news to Hancock and his Democratic backers —*Cumb. News.*

E. H. Fay, the Superintendent of Public Education in Louisiana, refuses to introduce the "Government Class Book" into the schools, because, although he admires it very much in other respects, "yet it contains many statements which are not borne out by a strict construction of the Constitution of the United States; and the heresy now so popular in some sections, is one that I, at least, am unwilling to be taught to the children of Louisiana, for it is not true, if the early fathers of the Constitution knew whereof they affirmed."

Gloversville, New York, is an extensive manufacturing town and the people there having become excited on the position of the two parties with reference to the question of the tariff, posters have been printed and extensively circulated, containing the following warning, which presents the question to the voter squarely, without any prejudice:

MANUFACTURERS and WORKINGMEN
Which is to Your Interest.
"A Tariff for Revenue Only"
(Democratic Platform, 1880,)
or
A tariff that will so discriminate as to Favor American Labor?
(Republican Platform, 1880.)

General Hancock says that "imputations of disloyalty used to be made against Democrats even when they were in arms defending their country." This is not true. Many patriotic Democrats did go into the army, a large majority of whom came out of it Republicans, and are so today. The loyalty of these men was never questioned or "impugned," but the loyalty of the Democratic party, as an organization, *was* questioned, and the fact of its disloyalty proven by its own acts. Search the proceedings of all of their conventions during the war, and no resolution condemning it can be found—but, on the contrary, the measures of the Government to suppress it were denounced by them.

The Democratic cry of "down with a tariff for protection," with its compassion cry "give us a tariff only for revenue" has opened up the private treasuries of the British free traders. Already their gold has found its way into the campaign funds of the Democratic National Committee, and is being used to purchase votes for the Democratic candidates. Are we to fight for the interests of British manufacturers, or for those originated and upheld by American talent and labor? The question answers itself. Let every true American see that British gold shall be powerless in controlling our elections. We are contending for the welfare of American homes, and must uphold our own manufacturers.—*Frederick Examiner.*

The following is a list of the several parties' candidates for Congress in Maryland. It is complete except in the Second District, where Mr. Talbott will undoubtedly be nominated by the Democrats:

First District.—Republican, Dr. W. A. Smith; Democratic, G. W. Covington.

Second District.—Republican, Col. E. H. Webster; Greenback, E. A. Treadway.

Third District.—Republican, Joshua Horner, Jr.; Democratic, F. S. Hobbitzell; Greenback, J. H. W. Onion.

Fourth District.—Republican, Geo. C. Maund; Democratic, R. M. McLane; Greenback, S. W. Pierce.

Fifth District.—Republican, W. R. Witmer; Democratic, A. G. Chapman; Greenback, O. N. Bryan.

Sixth District.—Republican, Milton G. Urner; Democratic, J. M. Schley; Greenback, Martin Sener.

NOT FOR HANCOCK.—United States Senator Jones, of Nevada, denounces as "a stupid invention of the enemy, without shadow of foundation in fact," the report telegraphed from Washington that he had determined to support Hancock. He says in his judgment "the best interests of the whole country will be promoted by the continuance of the Republican party in power and imperilled by the success of the Democracy.

Late Elections--Republican Gains.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF MAINE.

PORTLAND, Oct. 4.—The official returns show that the legislature which will elect a United States Senator, stands: Senate, Republicans, 22; fusionists, 9. House, Republicans, 85, fusionists 66. Republican majority on joint ballot, 39. The constitutional amendment providing for the election of governor by a plurality vote is adopted by 41,719 majority. The official returns for governor will not be canvassed till January, and it is probable that Gen. Plaisted will be found to have a small plurality for governor. But there are 1,470 votes returned for Plaisted under different given names. If these, or a portion even, are thrown out, Davis, Republican will be elected Governor. If the rule that Gov. Garcelon and his council adopted is followed then Davis will surely be elected; but the prospect now is that Plaisted will win. It is among the political gossip that Eugene Hale will soon leave the State and go to Michigan to attend to the estate of the late Senator Chandler, his father-in-law; that Congressman Reed will be the candidate for United States Senator, and that Frye will continue in the lower House of Congress. It is well known that Mr. Hamlin will not be a candidate for re-election. He expressed his intention quite a year ago of retiring to private life, but he was called into the campaign last year and this, but now retires without doubt.

LARGE REPUBLICAN GAINS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Connecticut town elections held yesterday resulted as follows: Norwalk, Republicans 106 majority, instead of 47 Democratic majority the year before; Norwich, Republicans 400 majority; Meridian, Republicans 350 majority; a gain over last year of 100. Hartford was carried by the Republicans, with the exception of the town clerk. Returns from 76 towns show that the Republicans have carried 46, the Democrats 24, and 6 are equally divided. Large Republican majorities in Hartford, New Britian, Meridian, New London and Norwich, and Republican gains in the control of boards of registration among towns are claimed to indicate favorable results for the Republican ticket in the State in November.

A special to the *Evening Post* from Hartford, Conn., says: We have returns from one hundred and forty-six towns. The Republicans have carried 81, the Democrats 46 and 19 are divided. The Republicans have made a net gain of about 25 towns as compared with the election of 1879.

REPUBLICAN GAINS IN DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Oct. 5.—The election for inspectors and assessors took place throughout this State today, and was closely and hotly contested. Very few returns are in, but in Wilmington the Republicans have won by 117 majority on the vote for inspector, while the Democrats win by eighteen majority on the vote for assessors.

English Help to Hancock.

Do we want British interference in the election of an American President? Are our voters satisfied to have English political organizations undertaking to influence their votes? Is the wish of an English manufacturer, for instance, a good reason why an Irishman in America should vote for a tariff for revenue only?

There are ugly rumors in the air as to the extent to which this English meddling in our affairs is now being carried. Whether they are true or not, this open statement by a staff writer in the paper at John Bright's home, *The Rochdale Observer*, is, at any rate, curiously suggestive. It appeared so lately as in the issue of Saturday, Sept. 11, 1880:

Some of our Republican friends in the United States are turning upon Mr Thomas Bayley Potter with respect to the present movement of the Cobden Club for free trade in the United States. He has even been accused of going to America last autumn as the agent of the British manufacturers, who are seeking to profit by the attempt to break down the American tariff. I am told that Mr. Potter has made answer to some friends who have brought the allegations under his notice, and has told them that as he sought by all the means in his power, during the American War of Secession, to turn the minds of Englishmen in the direction of American union and emancipation, so he feels it to be his duty to do what he can for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon people and the community of nations to turn the minds of the people of America from the stupid and selfish fallacy of Protection to those sound and righteous principles of Free Trade which in the end must benefit every people. But the conflict is running rather high, and in the fierceness of the battle we must expect some hard things to be said.

Yes, probably you must. But suppose we undertook, through political emissaries and by other contributions, to take part in an English election for members of Parliament? What would be likely to say? Would Englishmen be greatly drawn to the side we should try to sustain.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Shorter Catechism.

Indianapolis Journal.

UNCLE SAM—Gen. Hancock, you say you would like to be President?

GEN. HANCOCK—Yes, sir, if you please.

U. S.—You seem to be supported by the Solid South.

Gen. H.—But I am in favor of a free ballot and a fair count.

U. S.—You were in command of New Orleans in 1867. Were you then a friend of the Democrats, who were killing, or of the Republicans, who were killed?

Gen. H.—I was in favor of the civil power as against the military.

U. S.—When Congress passes a law, is it the supreme law of the land?

Gen. H.—Yes, if it is constitutional.

U. S.—How is the constitutionality determined?

Gen. H.—The final jurisdiction is in the Supreme Court.

U. S.—Is it not rather in a National Democratic Convention?

Gen. H.—No, sir.

U. S.—Had the reconstruction measures of Congress been declared unconstitutional in July, 1868?

Gen. H.—No, sir.

U. S.—Were they not binding upon all, until so declared?

Gen. H.—Yes, sir.

U. S.—Did not the Democratic National Convention declare these laws revolutionary?

Gen. H.—Yes, sir.

U. S.—And unconstitutional?

Gen. H.—Yes, sir.

U. S.—And void?

Gen. H.—Yes, sir.

U. S.—Did you stand by those measures as the supreme law of the land, or did you concur in the declaration of the Rebels they were enacted to restrain?

Gen. H.—I indorsed the Democratic platform to which you allude.

U. S.—You say you upheld the civil power above the military?

Gen. H.—Yes, sir.

U. S.—Is Congress the military power?

Gen. H.—No, sir.

U. S.—Is the Democratic party convention of Rebels and Copperheads the civil power?

Gen. H.—No, sir.

U. S.—And yet you admit that, as between an act of Congress and a Democratic platform, you sustained the latter?

Gen. H.—Well, it does look that way.

U. S.—You can go down.

Senator Blaine put it this way in his speech in Philadelphia: "My old friend Colonel Forney seems to think that General Hancock should have full liberty to let the rebels into Pennsylvania in 1880, because he gallantly aided in keeping them out in 1863; that General Hancock should have the right to place all the great material and industrial interests of Pennsylvania under the control of the Southern Democracy now because seventeen years ago he drew his sword to keep the very same men from despoiling and destroying the State. We Republicans think differently. We believe it only to be the part of common prudence and common wisdom to refuse to put the Government under the control of the men who so lately sought its destruction. Those who never rebelled against the Union are surely more to be trusted than those who only ceased rebellion when forced thereto by the strong arm of the Government. The citizens who were loyal in the hour of the Nation's sorest trial believe that those who won at Gettysburg are safer depositories of power than those who lost on that memorable field. And as to General Hancock himself they only regret that he has changed sides, and that he is now leading the host which he then repulsed and sought to destroy."

Connecticut can safely be counted as a Republican State in November. The republican gain of twenty-five towns in the county and municipal elections on Monday can scarcely be interpreted in any other way. Connecticut is a great manufacturing commonwealth, and it is also thoroughly imbued with honest money principles. The free-trade plank in the Democratic national platform and Gen. Hancock's despatch of congratulation to Plaisted on the supposed big-baby victory in Maine were a death blow to the Connecticut Democracy. And New Jersey stands in the same position as the second of the New England States. Like Connecticut, it has its multifarious industries whose prosperity has been nursed by the Republican policy of protection, and that employ thousands upon thousands of workingmen who will adhere to the party that has made each dollar of their wages worth one hundred cents. With Connecticut and New Jersey thus secured, it is not to be forgotten that the handicraftsmen and laborers of New York have an equal interest in the perpetuation of good times through the prolonged supremacy of the party that has done them this inestimable service. The beneficiaries of specie payments are not foolish enough to trust their future to Gen. Hancock and his slush-money friends.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5, 1880.

The great Republican argument in this campaign is the danger of disaster that would come upon all classes of business, the prostration that would overtake all our industries, and the numberless other dangers that would menace the country if a change is made of the parties in power. The Democrats bring forward to controvert this argument the ridiculous one that our prosperity has nothing to do with politics and that the present well being of the country is not because of the Republican party, but in spite of it. Whether this argument is meant for those who are Democrats anyhow, or to convert votes, it is hard to decide. Plain it is, though, that all thinking men acquainted with the history of Congress since 1875, will ask themselves, before listening to Democratic speakers: "could we have had the same prosperity had our opposite policy been adopted?" and, "can we return this prosperity with a reversal of the present policy, as the Democrats propose?" These are questions the Democratic stump speakers cannot give satisfactory answer to. Behind a change lurks deadly peril. Let the people beware lest they see it too late.

Reports are received here continually that the canvass in the Southern States is not being vigorously prosecuted by the Democrats, that there is extreme confidence on the part of the Democrats. It is well known that they have no legal majority to give them such confidence, and it is naturally inferred that the Bourbon managers rest secure in their ability to count the votes as they please. In North Carolina, for instance, the Democratic Legislature appoints all the County and other officers; the power of counting or throwing out votes is vested in a State Returning Board consisting of six Democrats and one Republican. Such, and worse, methods existing in the Southern States can't but help making good the promises of Southern leaders to give Hancock the Solid South.

Reports are received here that the hostility to Mr. English among the Democrats of Indiana is rapidly increasing. It is said that his treatment of gentlemen visiting the State to aid in the campaign, is shably in the extreme. His treatment of strangers has been such that many declare that were it not for Hancock, they would leave the State. General Slocum of New York who went to Indiana at the special request of Mr. English is much enraged at the treatment he has received. He says Mr. English has never invited him to his House and has not shown him decent attention. "My opinion of English, says the General, "is that he is a d—d hog." The election in Indiana takes place a week from to-day, perhaps before this letter is read the result will be known. But at this writing it can be safely said that the Republicans enter upon the last days of the canvass with increased confidence and with better prospects. Republicans hope to win, but see no grounds upon which to base a certainty. Indiana, it must be remembered, is a Democratic State, and gave the Democrats a good majority in 1876. If we succeed in lowering their '76 majority, we should be satisfied.

The Second Exhibition of our National fair Association opens to-day. This enterprise bids fair to be a splendid success. All the leading industries and interests of the country are exhibited under appropriate heads, and a visit to the grounds strongly reminds of the late Centennial at Philadelphia. There will be some famous trotting at the Fair Grounds. St. Julien is here, and other celebrated horses.

In the not probable event of Hancock's election, Judge Jere Black will be his Attorney General. Judge Black furnished Buchanan with legal counsel when the South was in power last. He is sound on the Constitution as it was before the War.

LOGAN.

False Cry of Economy.

The Democrats have a great deal to say about the economy practiced by the Democratic Congress. Secretary Sherman has completely exposed this deception. He says:

"The Democratic party for more than five years has had control of one branch of Congress, and for nearly two years of both branches. What has it done or proposed to do to benefit the public, or to evince any disposition to bring about reform? It set out with a great pretense of reducing the expenditures of the government. It clipped here and there the salaries of clerks, or reduced their numbers, and in some cases seriously obstructed public business. It withheld necessary appropriations for a time to show a reduction of expenses, but was compelled to make them good by deficiency bills. I have before me a table showing the appropriations that have been made by Congress each year, for each branch of the service since 1873. In 1875, the last year in which the Republicans had a majority in both houses, the appropriations made for the fiscal year 1876, were $147,714,940. At the next session the Democrats controlled the House, and by refusing to appropriate for some of the most necessary expenses of the Government, reduced the appropriations to $124,122,010, and the following year, in order to coerce the president by a failure to pass the army bill and to provide for other necessary expenses, they reduced the appropriations to $88,356,983; but the following session, to make good these deficiencies, and to repair the faults committed, they appropriated $172,016,809, being $25,000,000 more than was appropriated in 1876; and in 1880 they appropriated $162,404,647; and for 1881 they have appropriated $154,118,218, or $7,000,000 more than the appropriations made the last year the Republicans controlled the house. The appropriations made for the current fiscal year, by a Democratic Congress, in a time when the currency is upon a specie standard, are as large as in the year 1873, made by a Republican Congress when our currency was at a discount of 12 per cent., and when the Government was paying large war claims. Thus it appears that the boasted economy of a Democratic House, in a time of profound peace, in spite of large reductions made by a Republican administration, has resulted in an increase of appropriations from year to year."

A Hancock Veteran No Longer.

Upon the organization of your club I was among the first to sign its roll and pledge my support to General Hancock. At that time I firmly believed that such a course was not only patriotic, but that his election would do away with the sectional issues which have distracted the country since the war. I was also led to believe that the Republican leaders were responsible for the delay in the settlement and payment of thousands of claims, of soldiers for pensions. I asserted that an administration that would not make haste to recognize the rights of those who had sacrificed in war everything that was dear to them for their country's sake, was unworthy of our support. I was told by you and others that the election of General Hancock would secure the prompt payment of all these claims, and bring peace and prosperity to the whole country. But, my dear sir, I find those promises a delusion and a snare. I find that the bitterness and hate engendered by the war has not only been intensified by the action of the Southern leaders, but that the principles which we thought were settled in that terrible conflict are now declared by them to be the same for which they fought. You remember that one of their most respected and influential men, a Senator of the United States, who during the war was a traitor to the flag which we both defended, in a speech delivered in Virginia in July last in order to influence the Southern *people to* vote for General Hancock, said:

"Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. These are the same principles for which they fought for four years. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket."

You will also remember that a Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania has exposed the cause of the delay, and given the reasons why the sick and disabled Union soldiers of the country are deprived of the rights which the Government owe them.

Confronted by facts like these, I can no longer give my support to General Hancock. I know, if elected, he will owe his elevation to the Southern vote.

If he is a true man he cannot be ungrateful to those who have given him power. The Wade Hamptons will be his trusted advisers. The Southern statesmen will shape the policy of his Administration. The loyal Union soldier will then meet a defeat such as he never knew on any battlefield. The "lost cause" will be practically won. I can no longer consent to be a party to so great a wrong. You will therefore please erase my name from your roll I shall continue to vote as I fought.

Respectfully yours,
GEN. H. A. KNAPP.
56th Regt., N. Y. Vols.
Middletown, Sept. 20 1880.

WASHINGTON, October 2.—Private telegrams from Ohio and Indiana were received here to-day by various parties, and the general tenor was favorable to Republican successes in those States. There was no effort at boasting or nothing likely to create false hopes in the despatches, but the sentiment was simply that the party managers are performing good work and are more watchful than were those who managed affairs in Maine. Senators Allison and Ingalls, now in this city, are both of the opinion that the States will be carried after a hard fight, but in each the majorities will be small. Judge Porter writes that his canvass for the governorship of Indiana is progressing satisfactorily. He frankly admits that the prospect was not encouraging at the outset, but matters are gradually assuming a more cheerful aspect, and the people out there are beginning to see that the Democrats are becoming completely demoralized through the personal contentions of their leaders, and are determined to break away in many instances from such dissentions rule. Postmaster General Maynard left here for Indiana to-night, but if all reports are true there will be very little work for him to do. Indeed, he looks upon the trip himself as almost unnecessary. In a little chat with your correspondent this afternoon he said that but for the fact that he had given his promise to certain organizations in Indiana to address them he would have remained here.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Read our new advertisements.

—Large quanities of chestnuts are being shipped from this place.

—Miss H. M. Robinson has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Ison.

—Messrs. T. W. Crane and James Deberry started for Creston, Iowa, Monday morning.

—Mrs. E. E. Chisholm and sister have returned from a visit to Bloomington.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas offers for sale a young Cotswold Buck. Price $10.

—A military company has been formed at Lonaconing, call the "Watkins Rifles." This makes three companies for Allegany county.

—Hog cholera is prevailing along the Savage river in this county, and is especially fatal in the Broadwater settlement.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—A large number of the citizens of Oakland will visit the Baltimore Sesqui-Centennial next week. The Oakland Cornet Band will probably go.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., left Oakland Wednesday for Cumberland, where he will join Mr. Urner in his campaign through this and Allegany counties.

—Mr. Henry Feigh, residing near Accident, informed us a few days since, that he had raised a few years ago a stalk of buckwheat which yielded 3,884 grains.

—Mr. B. F. Crane left at this office specimens of the "20 ounce," or "Red Streak d Apple," weighing 15 ounces and measuring 13 inches in circumference.

—Bailiff Chisholm has put up a substantial new railing and side walk on the North side of the railroad cut, from the Smouse building to the *Democrat* building.

—Persons attending the big show next Thursday, should call and see Messrs. Bell's new Saddlery and harness manufactory, in the old Offutt building. They guarantee their material and workmanship to be equal to any in the State, and superior to any in Oakland.

—All soldiers of the late war, residing in this county, who propose to support Garfield and Arthur, will please send their name, rank and regiment to Mr. A. G. Sturgiss. We desire to publish a list of the same before the election, and wish to have it as complete as possible.

—The County Commissioners held a session Monday and Tuesday. The only business transacted of general interest was the appointment of J. Z. Browning, return judge for district No. I, vice John Riley, deceased, and the re-appointment of David Chambers janitor of the court house, at $12.50 per month.

Died—At the residence of her husband, in Oakland, Sunday, October 3d, Mrs. Phoebe Delawder, aged 44 years, 5 months and 21 days. The remains were interred Tuesday, the burial services being conducted by Revs. B. Ison and John M. Davis. Deceased was highly respected in this community. A husband and four children are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and mother.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7½ o'clock, by the pastor.

Republican Rally in No. 8.

There will be a Republican meeting at Calvert's Shook Shop, in Ryan's Glades, Saturday evening, October 16th, at 7 o'clock. Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., will address the meeting.

A Good Farm Gate.

William Faherty has on exhibition in Oakland, one of the celebrated Brown Farm Gates, for which he is acting as agent for this county. This is one of the most convenient and inexpensive gates we have ever seen. Call and see it when you come to town.

A Greater than Barnum's.

Wonders have long ceased to be wonders. There is nothing now that astonishes the multitude. Days for running wild with excitement do not come as often as they did in times gone by. Such an enterprise as that organized by the millionaire proprietors of the Great Inter-Ocean, said to be twelve times the largest Railway show on earth, a few years ago would fairly cause to be turned around, the heads of half the nation. They have, however, in spite of this marvelous revolution of public sentiment, wherein nothing any longer astonishes, succeeded in making more of a stir in the amusement world, than is healthy for the financial pulse of opposition shows. This mammoth, twelve-fold consolidation with its six acres of patent French water-proof Pavilions, brilliantly illuminated day and night, above the brightness of the sun, with a $50,000 Electric Light; its colossal museum, menagerie, aquarium and classic circus; its twenty posed performing elephants, including the gigantic war elephant Empress, nearly twelve feet high and one hundred and thirty-one years old; also Theodorus, the white elephant; Zula Kafre Giants, eight feet high; its two hundred Arabian ring horses; its monster group of twenty Sea-Lions and Sea Elephants; a circus of one hundred of the world's great artists; its $12,000 troupe of educated dogs; its $50,000 stud of educated stallions, a troupe of royal Egyptian jugglers, fifty famous athletes, fifty brilliant acrobats, fifty of the best male and female riders known to the profession; its three great chariot Bands of forty uniformed musicians, and in fact its thousands of attractions and scores of the most celebrated equestrians known to the arena, will all be exhibited in Oakland, on Thursday, October 14th, on which occasion, we have no doubt, there will be in attendance the largest crowd ever seen in any show since the war.

Large Apples.

We have received large specimens of apples from Noah Pysell, of the Flat Woods settlement, this county, measuring 13½ inches in circumference and weighing 17 ounces. These specimens were of the King of Thomkins county variety.

Also, from Henry Feigh, near Accident, specimens of the Northern Spy and other varieties, of the same size and weight, and from Samuel Crane, of Hutton's Switch, a very fine specimen.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 6:

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Samuel Jones, part of "Republic," containing 105 acres; $630.

Joshua M. Friend and wife to D. A. Friend, part of "Resurvey on Blooming Rose," containing 2 acres; $16.

Joshua M. Friend and wife to D. A. Friend, part of "Grim's Point," containing 100 acres; $475.

Texas Locals.

TEXAS, Sept. 30th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—Peace prevails in this section. Rev. R. M. Moore was called to the house of Mr. John J. Wills, last Sunday, to join in matrimony Mr. Wotring and Miss Shuttlesworth. After marriage they started for their home near Aurora. It has been said that Rev. Mr. Moore charges five dollars as a marriage fee. This is not the case. He never makes a charge.

Rev. W. Y. Cline commences a protracted meeting at the Red House on the 3d of October.

The way some Christians act we would suppose there were walls and partitions in heaven, and we all wanted the best place, and were afraid of being excluded by others.

Miss Media Roth has returned from visiting friends and relatives at Cranberry and Aurora.

Miss Minerva Holten is visiting relatives in Harrison county.

PACE TUA.

What the Democrats Thought of a Military President.

Just now the Democratic party profess great love for Generals, and a profound respect for military men as candidates for President. It was not always so, and would not be so now, if it was not for the fact that they are running one at the head of their ticket, and are exceedingly anxious to elect him. It is only another proof of their total lack of principle and that they are ure all things to all men for the sake of the spoils of office. There is no principle with them in their canvass: It it only a hungering after change—a change of place from that of waiting outside to that of filling their empty maws at the expense of the government.

Here are a few specimens of the kind of talk they used to make eight years ago:

Grant is not fit to be the President of a free people. *No military man is.* The customs of the regular army are the customs of *tyrants*. No people can remain free who allow military heroes to become their rulers. Grant is nothing but what war has made him. He has had no civil experience; never was so much as a constable. For a free people to make him President is as unwise as for a Christian people to elect an atheist as their preacher. War is murder, robbery and arson. This is the profession of military men. Soldiers are necessary evils in the time of war, *and unnecessary evils in time of peace.*

No, the election of a Regular army General as President of a Free People is an act of *insanity*. The record of the Democratic party on this subject is old and consistent. Jefferson opposed Military men for Presidents. So did all of our revolutionary fathers. Washington was only a Volunteer General. The Democrats have never elected a Regular Army General President; and we never voted for but one and that was McClellan; and unless we become *fools* and *false* to *liberty* and to *our principles* we will *never* vote for *another*. Look at our Democratic Presidents: Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce and Buchana. Only two generals among them, Jackson and Pierce, and both of these were volunteers, with large experience as statesmen, and small experience as soldiers.

I warn this free land of ours against any man educated at West Point. West Point is the *School of Tyrants*. It is a School where men are trained to be *Masters*. It is a School where arbitrary and absolute *despotism* is the *chief law*. To elect a West Point soldier President is like going *into a lion's den*. Grant was first Colonel, then Brigadier General, then Major General, then Lieutenant General, and then full General, and then President, and now he wants to be President a second term; and I now warn you, if you elect him again, you will never have a chance to vote for another President. Grant is bound to be King.

No nation that worships a *military uniform* can long remain free. No nation that kisses a bloody sword can live long without a King. God gave the Israelites a King as a punishment. He may punish us for our crimes by making Grant a King.

Let us take warning. The Democrats offer you a statesman. The Republicans offer you a man whose only claim to greatness is the number of fields he has filled with human corpses, and these corpses his own countrymen. Grant's victories were won over his fellow Americans. No such man can be trusted.

Beware of West Point. Beware of the Regular Army. Beware of Military Heroes. Through these agencies all the free institutions of the past lost their liberties.

If you are tired of being free, and tired of voting for President, and want to have a master, vote for *military men*; but if you love freedom vote for a *Statesman*.

This was Democratic talk in 1872. Only change the names, and it will suit the present campaign very well, so far as we are concerned.—*Odd Fellow*

Rebel Claims.

The Mason (Mich) *News* of Sept. 9, 1880, says: "In the *Grand Rapids Weekly Democrat*, of August 15, appeared a review of a recent speech of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, in which the Senator spoke strongly of the danger of the allowance of rebel claims, amounting to millions of dollars, in case of Hancock's election. The *Democrat* article cited the fourth section of the XIVth Amendment to the Constitution as interposing an insuperable barrier to the payment of rebel claims, and claimed that Senator Edmunds delivered the speech in question, well knowing the fact. We cut out the article and enclosed it with a short letter to Mr. Edmunds, and promptly received the following reply":

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 30, 1880.

"DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 18th came just as I was going out of town. I fear the editor of the *Grand Rapids Democrat* is not very hungry to find out exactly what the 4th section of XIVth Amendment covers in point of law.

"The Rebel claims referred to are not claims of rebels for aiding the rebellion, but for property, amounting altogether to hundreds, and probably thousands of millions, taken or destroyed by armies of the United States, and therefore the moment the test of loyalty of any claimant is repealed the claim of the Rebel stands exactly like the claim of any other citizen of the Government on account of its action, and not on account of the action of the rebel authorities.

"The Democrats in Coogress have tried time after time to repeal the distinction in respect of claims of loyal and disloyal persons, and they have bills now pending in the Senate to effect that object, and they will effect it by a solid or nearly solid Democratic vote the moment they get possession of all the departments of the Government.

"As to rebel pensions, the editor of the *Democrat*, if he will reflect a little, will, I am sure, agree that a pension does not in any case fall within the description of 'any debt or obligation,' and if so, it is not within the prohibition of XIVth Amendment. A pension is and always has been granted upon the ground or bounty of gratitude and not of legal obligation. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the constitution does not stand in the way of Congress pensioning every rebel soldier or soldier's widow and children, or, indeed, every other rebel, if it pleases.

"I will not reciprocate the epithets of this worthy editor.

"Very truly yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

"V. J. TEFFT, ESQ., Mason, Ingham Co., Mich.

"No period since the republic was formed has offered such boundless assurances of success to thrift as the present; and it would be the wildest folly to disturb the magnificent prospect by entrusting the government to a party that has no defined ideas of legislation in either finance or commerce." This is a very sensible paragraph contained in the address of the Michigan State Republican Committee.

Change for the Sake of Change.

The Detroit *Tribune*, being in an inquiring mood, asks divers and sundry questions in regard to a "change for the sake of a change" of a Demo-Confed for a Republican administration. Says that paper:

If a change is desirable there must be a reason for it. If there is such a reason, what is it? If change will improve the condition of anything or anybody, whose will it improve, and how will it do it? These are the things that thoughtful voters will ask:

Will change help me?

Will change help my neighbor?

Will change increase the wages of mechanics and laborers?

Will change secure a better price to farmers and producers?

Will change make employment more certain?

Will change increase the profits of merchants and manufacturers?

Will change make the collection of debts easier?

Will change make it easier to borrow money?

Will change lower the rates of interest?

Will change promote the starting of new factories, railroads and enterprises?

Will change give us a better currency?

Will change establish the national credit on a sounder basis?

Will change increase the flow of gold now pouring into our lap from the Old World?

Will change give us officers who will do better than handle all the moneys of the government with only the loss of one-third of a cent on $1,000.

Will change give us purer elections?

Will change encourage a national sentiment and love of country among the people?

Will change enforce the amendments to the Constitution more surely?

Will change add more stability to the government?

If change will do no good for these things, what good will it do?

And if it can do no possible good, why should we risk the hazard of a change?

Democratic Predictions.

They predicted that secession surely would be peaceable.

They predicted that the States would not respond to President Lincoln's call for militia.

They predicted that the militia would refuse to cross the Potomac and invade Virginia.

They predicted that money could not be raised in order to sustain the army.

They predicted that the people would not take the greenback.

They predicted that the greenback dollar would be valueless as rags.

They predicted that grass would grow in the streets of New York.

They predicted that France and England would form an alliance with the South in order to secure cotton.

They predicted that a poverty stricken people in the North would compel the government to terminate the war.

They predicted that Grant would not capture Richmond.

They predicted that the war for the Union would be a failure.

They predicted that the Confederacy would never be overthrown.

They predicted that the people would never consent to emancipation.

They predicted that the people would never ratify the amendments to the Constitution.

They predicted that the freed negroes would surely become a race of paupers.

They predicted that the people would never permit black men at the ballot box.

They predicted that the war would terminate in a vast standing army and a military dictator.

They predicted that the child was unborn who would live to see gold or silver returned to the currency of the country.

They predicted that the interest on the vast public debt could never be paid.

They predicted that specie payments would not be resumed on the 1st of January, 1879.

They predicted that the resumption of specie payments would bring universal disaster and ruin upon the business and mercantile industries of the country.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The Studebakers', proprietors of immense wagon manufactories at South Bend, and the De Pauws of plate glass works, who have heretofore been Democrats, come out in public letters declaring their intention to vote and use their influence for Garfield at the next election. A tariff for revenue alone, such as the Democratic platform calls for, will be so ruinous to the manufacturing interests of the country, that they feel themselves compelled to wage war against the party with which they were formerly identified.

The hungry, starving Democratic party is crying out. "A change; give us a change."

A busy and prosperous and contented country, "What for?

There appear to be some heart-burnings in Frederick over the result of the Democratic convention in the Sixth district. The Hagerstown *Herald* says:

"Our esteemed cotemporary, the *Mail*, felt called upon in its last issue to take the edition of the *Citizen*, the Democratic organ of Frederick county, across its paternal knee and administer a severe chastisement. A vigorous response from so promising a child of Democracy as Mr. Baughman may be looked for next week. From this little exhibition of domestic infelicity which suddenly and unexpectedly crops out of this stage of the campaign, we gather that the nomination made by the Hagerstown convention was not so satisfactory in all particulars as it might have been. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If the Democrats are not pleased with the result of the convention, we can inform them the Republicans are highly gratified."

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

10 9 1f PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

Notice to Poultry Raisers.

The undersigned has for sale a very fine lot of Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Prices reasonable. Address, S. D. YODER,

09-1 Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 56. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veltch, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
oct 9td Auditor.

Valuable Real Estate

—AT—

PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Kaiehl, Peter Camp, Samuel Lehtel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oct9-4w

ORDER NISI.

C. F. Hetzel and Jno. G. Bauer, vs. George Percy and Alice E. Percy.

No. 196 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered this 6th day of October, 1880, that the sale made and reported by C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, mortgagees, of the real estate described in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $200.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
oct9-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas B. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Wilburn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
oct2-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best Book to sell. THE HISTORY of the BIBLE. SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING [22 x 28 inches,] FREE to every subscriber. Agents are making $5 to $100 per week. Send for special terms to [Est. 1867.] HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN. s25-4w

Garfield, Arthur, Urner and Victory!

Grand Republican

MASS-MEETINGS

For Garrett county,

will be held as follows:

Bloomington, Oct. 9, 2 p. m.
Oakland, Oct. 11th, 2 p. m.

These meetings will be addressed by Hon. Milton G. Urner, candidate for Congress, H. Wheeler Combs, candidate for Presidential Elector, Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and others.

Let there be a grand rally at each of the above meetings. All friends of "good times," "honest money," national integrity and our country's prosperity are earnestly invited to attend.

The district committees of the several districts will please make all necessary arrangements for the meetings in their respective districts.

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By order

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman State Central Committee for Garrett Co.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Garrett county, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Michael Cunningham to A. H. Blackiston, dated the 23d day of August, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 927, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, Md., assigned to Wm. R. Percy, trustee, on the 21th day of August, 1878, the undersigned as such assignee, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, in front of

Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.,

ON SATURDAY,

the 16th day of October, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.,

the following real estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: All that tract or part of a tract of land called

'William and Mary,'

lying near the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, Md.,

Containing about 1,200 Acres,

being the same tract described in a deed from George Forbes, Sr., and wife to said Michael Cunningham, dated May 10th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 305, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. About one-third of this tract of land is

HEAVILY TIMBERED

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TERMS OF SALE:

CASH ON THE DAY OF SALE or upon the ratification thereof by the Court.

WM. R. PERCY,
9 25 ld TRUSTEE.

Estate of John Riley, Sr., Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H. RILEY,
9 23 Administrator.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Read our new advertisements.

—Large quanities of chestnuts are being shipped from this place.

—Miss H. M. Robinson has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Ison.

—Messrs. T. W. Crane and James Deberry started for Creston, Iowa, Monday morning.

—Mrs. E. E. Chisholm and sister have returned from a visit to Bloomington.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas offers for sale a young Cotswold Buck. Price $10.

—A military company has been formed at Lonaconing, call the "Watkins Rifles." This makes three companies for Allegany county.

—Hog cholera is prevailing along the Savage river in this county, and is especially fatal in the Broadwater settlement.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—A large number of the citizens of Oakland will visit the Baltimore Sesqui-Centennial next week. The Oakland Cornet Band will probably go.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., left Oakland Wednesday for Cumberland, where he will join Mr. Urner in his campaign through this and Allegany counties.

—Mr. Henry Feigh, residing near Accident, informed us a few days since, that he had raised a few years ago a stalk of buckwheat which yielded 3,884 grains.

—Mr. B. F. Crane left at this office specimens of the "20 ounce," or "Red Streak d Apple," weighing 15 ounces and measuring 13 inches in circumference.

—Bailiff Chisholm has put up a substantial new railing and side walk on the North side of the railroad cut, from the Smouse building to the *Democrat* building.

—Persons attending the big show next Thursday, should call and see Messrs. Bell's new Saddlery and harness manufactory, in the old Offutt building. They guarantee their material and workmanship to be equal to any in the State, and superior to any in Oakland.

—All soldiers of the late war, residing in this county, who propose to support Garfield and Arthur, will please send their name, rank and regiment to Mr. A. G. Sturgiss. We desire to publish a list of the same before the election, and wish to have it as complete as possible.

—The County Commissioners held a session Monday and Tuesday. The only business transacted of general interest was the appointment of J. Z. Browning, return judge for district No. 1, vice John Riley, deceased, and the re-appointment of David Chambers janitor of the court house, at $12.50 per month.

Died—At the residence of her husband, in Oakland, Sunday, October 3d, Mrs. Phoebe Delawder, aged 44 years, 5 months and 21 days. The remains were interred Tuesday, the burial services being conducted by Revs. B. Ison and John M. Davis. Deceased was highly respected in this community. A husband and four children are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and mother.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. H. C. Sanford.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the evening at 7½ o'clock, by the pastor.

Republican Rally in No. 8.

There will be a Republican meeting at Calvert's Shook Shop, in Ryan's Glades, Saturday evening, October 16th, at 7 o'clock. Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., will address the meeting.

A Good Farm Gate.

William Faherty has on exhibition in Oakland, one of the celebrated Brown Farm Gates, for which he is acting as agent for this county. This is one of the most convenient and inexpensive gates we have ever seen. Call and see it when you come to town.

A Greater than Barnum's.

Wonders have long ceased to be wonders. There is nothing now that astonishes the multitude. Days for running wild with excitement do not come as often as they did in times gone by. Such an enterprise as that organized by the millionaire proprietors of the Great Inter-Ocean, said to be twelve times the largest Railway show on earth, a few years ago would fairly cause to be turned around, the heads of half the nation. They have, however, in spite of this marvelous revolution of public sentiment, wherein nothing any longer astonishes, succeeded in making more of a stir in the amusement world, than is healthy for the financial pulse of opposition shows. This mammoth, twelve-fold consolidation with its six acres of patent French water-proof Pavilions, brilliantly illuminated day and night, above the brightness of the sun, with a $50,000 Electric Light; its colossal museum, menagerie, aquarium and classic circus; its twenty posed performing elephants, including the gigantic war elephant Empress, nearly twelve feet high and one hundred and thirty-one years old; also Theodorus, the white elephant; Zuia Kafro Giants, eight feet high; its two hundred Arabian ring horses; its monster group of twenty Sea-Lions and Sea Elephants; a circus of one hundred of the world's great artists; its $12,000 troupe of educated dogs; its $50,000 stud of educated stallions, a troupe of royal Egyptian jugglers, fifty famous athletes, fifty brilliant acrobats, fifty of the best male and female riders known to the profession; its three great chariot Bands of forty uniformed musicians, and in fact its thousands of attractions and scores of the most celebrated equestrians known to the arena, will all be exhibited in Oakland, on Thursday, October 14th, on which occasion, we have no doubt, there will be in attendance the largest crowd ever seen in any show since the war.

Large Apples.

We have received large specimens of apples from Noah Pysell, of the Flat Woods settlement, this county, measuring 13½ inches in circumference and weighing 17 ounces. These specimens were of the King of Thomkins county variety.

Also, from Henry Feigh, near Accident, specimens of the Northern Spy and other varieties, of the same size and weight, and from Samuel Crane, of Hutton's Switch, a very fine specimen.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 6:

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Samuel Jones, part of "Republic," containing 105 acres; $630.

Joshua M. Friend and wife to D. A. Friend, part of "Resurvey on Blooming Rose," containing 2 acres; $16.

Joshua M. Friend and wife to D. A. Friend, part of "Grim's Point," containing 100 acres; $475.

Texas Locals.

TEXAS, Sept. 30th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—Peace prevails in this section. Rev. R. M. Moore was called to the house of Mr. John J. Wills, last Sunday, to join in matrimony Mr. Wotring and Miss Shuttlesworth. After marriage they started for their home near Aurora. It has been said that Rev. Mr. Moore charges five dollars as a marriage fee. This is not the case. He never makes a charge.

Rev. W. Y. Cline commences a protracted meeting at the Red House on the 3d of October.

The way some Christians act we would suppose there were walls and partitions in heaven, and we all wanted the best place, and were afraid of being excluded by others.

Miss Media Roth has returned from visiting friends and relatives at Cranberry and Aurora.

Miss Minerva Hollen is visiting relatives in Harrison county.

PACE TUA.

What the Democrats Thought of a Military President.

Just now the Democratic party profess great love for Generals, and a profound respect for military men as candidates for President. It was not always so, and would not be so now, if it was not for the fact that they are running one at the head of their ticket, and are exceedingly anxious to elect him. It is only another proof of their total lack of principle and that they are are all things to all men for the sake of the spoils of office. There is no principle with them in their canvass: it it only a hungering after change—a change of place from that of waiting outside to that of filling their empty maws at the expense of the government.

Here are a few specimens of the kind of talk they used to make eight years ago:

Grant is not fit to be the President of a free people. *No military man is.* The customs of the regular army are the customs of *tyrants.* No people can remain free who allow military heroes to become their rulers. Grant is nothing but what war has made him. He has had no civil experience; never was so much as a constable. For a free people to make him President is as unwise as for a Christian people to elect an atheist as their preacher. War is murder, robbery and arson. This is the profession of military men. Soldiers are necessary evils in the time of war, *and unnecessary evils in time of peace.*

No, the election of a Regular army General as President of a Free People is an act of *insanity.* The record of the Democratic party on this subject is old and consistent. Jefferson opposed Military men for Presidents. So did all of our revolutionary fathers. Washington was only a Volunteer General. The Democrats have never elected a Regular Army General President; and we never voted for but one and that was McClellan; and unless we become *fools* and *false* to *liberty* and to *our principles* we will *never* vote for *another.* Look at our Democratic Presidents: Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce and Buchana. Only two generals among them, Jackson and Pierce, and both of these were volunteers, with large experience as statesmen, and small experience as soldiers.

I warn this free land of ours against any man educated at West Point. West Point is the *School of Tyrants.* It is a School where men are trained to be *Masters.* It is a School where arbitrary and absolute *despotism* is the *chief law.* To elect a West Point soldier President is like going *into a lion's den.* Grant was first Colonel, then Brigadier General, then Major General, then Lieutenant General, and then full General, and then President, and now he wants to be President a second term; and I now warn you, if you elect him again, you will never have a chance to vote for another President. Grant is bound to be King.

No nation that worships a *military uniform* can long remain free. No nation that kisses a bloody sword can live long without a King. God gave the Israelites a King as a punishment. He may punish us for our crimes by making Grant a King.

Let us take warning. The Democrats offer you a statesman. The Republicans offer you a man whose only claim to greatness is the number of fields he has filled with human corpses, and these corpses his own countrymen. Grant's victories were won over his fellow Americans. No such man can be trusted.

Beware of West Point. Beware of the Regular Army. Beware of Military Heroes. Through these agencies all the free nations of the past lost their liberties.

If you are tired of being free, and tired of voting for President, and want to have a master, vote for *military men*; but if you love freedom vote for a *Statesman.*

This was Democratic talk in 1872. Only change the names, and it will suit the present campaign very well, so far as we are concerned.—*Odd Fellow*

Rebel Claims.

The Mason (Mich) *News* of Sept. 9, 1880, says: "In the *Grand Rapids Weekly Democrat*, of August 15, appeared a review of a recent speech of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, in which the Senator spoke strongly of the danger of the allowance of rebel claims, amounting to millions of dollars, in case of Hancock's election. The *Democrat* article cited the fourth section of the XIVth Amendment to the Constitution as interposing an insuperable barrier to the payment of rebel claims, and claimed that Senator Edmunds delivered the speech in question, well knowing the fact. We cut out the article and enclosed it with a short letter to Mr. Edmunds, and promptly received the following reply":

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 30, 1880.

"DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 18th came just as I was going out of town. I fear the editor of the *Grand Rapids Democrat* is not very hungry to find out exactly what the 4th section of XIVth Amendment covers in point of law.

"The Rebel claims referred to are not claims of rebels for aiding the rebellion, but for property, amounting altogether to hundreds, and probably thousands of millions, taken or destroyed by armies of the United States, and therefore the moment the test of loyalty of any claimant is repealed the claim of the Rebel stands exactly like the claim of any other citizen of the Government on account of its action, and not on account of the action of the rebel authorities.

"The Democrats in Congress have tried time after time to repeal the distinction in respect of claims of loyal and disloyal persons, and they have bills now pending in the Senate to effect that object, and they will effect it by a solid or nearly solid Democratic vote the moment they get possession of all the departments of the Government.

"As to rebel pensions, the editor of the *Democrat*, if he will reflect a little, will, I am sure, agree that a pension does not in any case fall within the description of 'any debt or obligation,' and if so, it is not within the prohibition of XIVth Amendment. A pension is and always has been granted upon the ground or bounty of gratitude and not of legal obligation. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the constitution does not stand in the way of Congress pensioning every rebel soldier or soldier's widow and children, or, indeed, every other rebel, if it pleases.

"I will not reciprocate the epithets of this worthy editor.

"Very truly yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

"V. J. TEFFT, ESQ., Mason, Ingham Co., Mich.

"No period since the republic was formed has offered such boundless assurances of success to thrift as the present; and it would be the wildest folly to disturb the magnificent prospect by entrusting the government to a party that has no defined ideas of legislation in either finance or commerce." This is a very sensible paragraph contained in the address of the Michigan State Republican Committee.

Change for the Sake of Change.

The Detroit *Tribune*, being in an inquiring mood, asks divers and sundry questions in regard to a "change for the sake of a change" of a Demo-Confed for a Republican administration. Says that paper:

If a change is desirable there must be a reason for it. If there is such a reason, what is it? If change will improve the condition of anything or anybody, whose will it improve, and how will it do it? These are the things that thoughtful voters will ask:

Will change help me?

Will change help my neighbor?

Will change increase the wages of mechanics and laborers?

Will change secure a better price to farmers and producers?

Will change make employment more certain?

Will change increase the profits of merchants and manufacturers?

Will change make the collection of debts easier?

Will change make it easier to borrow money?

Will change lower the rates of interest?

Will change promote the starting of new factories, railroads and enterprises?

Will change give us a better currency?

Will change establish the national credit on a sounder basis?

Will change increase the flow of gold now pouring into our lap from the Old World?

Will change give us officers who will do better than handle all the moneys of the government with only the loss of one-third of a cent on $1,000.

Will change give us purer elections?

Will change encourage a national sentiment and love of country among the people?

Will change enforce the amendments to the Constitution more surely?

Will change add more stability to the government?

If change will do no good for these things, what good will it do?

And if it can do no possible good, why should we risk the hazard of a change?

Democratic Predictions.

They predicted that secession surely would be peaceable.

They predicted that the States would not respond to President Lincoln's call for militia.

They predicted that the militia would refuse to cross the Potomac and invade Virginia.

They predicted that money could not be raised in order to sustain the army.

They predicted that the people would not take the greenback.

They predicted that the greenback dollar would be valueless as rags.

They predicted that grass would grow in the streets of New York.

They predicted that France and England would form an alliance with the South in order to secure cotton.

They predicted that a poverty sticken people in the North would compel the government to terminate the war.

They predicted that Grant would not capture Richmond.

They predicted that the war for the Union would be a failure.

They predicted that the Confederacy would never be overthrown.

They predicted that the people would never consent to emancipation.

They predicted that the people would never ratify the amendments to the Constitution.

They predicted that the freed negroes would surely become a race of paupers.

They predicted that the people would never permit black men at the ballot box.

They predicted that the war would terminate in a vast standing army and a military dictator.

They predicted that the child was unborn who would live to see gold or silver returned to the currency of the country.

They predicted that the interest on the vast public debt could never be paid.

They predicted that specie payments would not be resumed on the 1st of January, 1879.

They predicted that the resumption of specie payments would bring universal disaster and ruin upon the business and mercantile industries of the country.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The Sturdebakers', proprietors of immense wagon manufactories at South Bend, and the De Pauws of plate glass works, who have heretofore been Democrats, come out in public letters declaring their intention to vote and use their influence for Garfield at the next election. A tariff for revenue alone, such as the Democratic platform calls for, will be so ruinous to the manufacturing interests of the country, that they feel themselves compelled to wage war against the party with which they were formerly identified.

The hungry, starving Democratic party is crying out. "A change; give us a change."

A busy and prosperous and contented country, "What for?

There appear to be some heart-burnings in Frederick over the result of the Democratic convention in the Sixth district. The Hagerstown *Herald* says:

"Our esteemed cotemporary, the *Mail*, felt called upon in its last issue to take the edition of the *Citizen*, the Democratic organ of Frederick county, across its paternal knee and administer a severe chastisement. A vigorous response from so promising a child of Democracy as Mr. Baughman may be looked for next week. From this little exhibition of domestic infelicity which suddenly and unexpectedly crops out of this stage of the campaign, we gather that the nomination made by the Hagerstown convention was not so satisfactory in all particulars as it might have been. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If the Democrats are not pleased with the result of the convention, we can inform them the Republicans are highly gratified."

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
10 9 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.
oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

Notice to Poultry Raisers.

The undersigned has for sale a very fine lot of Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Prices reasonable. Address, S. D. YODER,
09-1 Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 56. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veitch, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
oct 9td Auditor.

Valuable Real Estate

—AT—

PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Lichtel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oct9-4w

ORDER NISI.

C. F. Helzel and Jno. G. Bauer, vs. George Percy and Alice E. Percy.

No. 196 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered this 6th day of October, 1880, that the sale made and reported by C. F. Helzel and John G. Bauer, mortgagees, of the real estate described in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $200.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
oct9-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas H. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Wilburn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

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Grand Republican

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The district committees of the several districts will please make all necessary arrangements for the meetings in their respective districts.

Meetings at other points in the county will be announced as soon as arrangements are completed.

By order

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman State Central Committee for Garrett Co.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett county, Md.

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Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.,

ON SATURDAY,

the 16th day of October, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.,

the following real estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: All that tract or part of a tract of land called

'William and Mary,'

lying near the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, Md.,

Containing about 1,200 Acres,

being the same tract described in a deed from George Forbes, Sr., and wife to said Michael Cunningham, dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 305, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. About one-third of this tract of land is

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CASH ON THE DAY OF SALE or upon the ratification thereof by the Court.

WM. R. PERCY,
9 25 td TRUSTEE.

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THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H. RILEY,
9 23 Administrator.

PITH AND POINT.

"THE growth of corn depends a great deal upon where it is planted," remarked farmer Jogilt to his city friend. "Now, I have many acres and still wish for more." "Ah," sadly replied the visitor, "I have only one acher, but wish it were less."—*Hackensack Republican.*

THERE are more ways than one to keep a husband home evenings. The wife might put up a cask of beer in one corner of the dining-room, cover the floor with sand, and hire two or three dirty fellows to fill the room full of smoke from vile cigars. A woman with any sort of tact can make home as pleasant and cheerful as a beer saloon.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Well, I declare, I don't know what to preserve this fall!" exclaimed Mrs. Fussabout; "peaches is high and plums isn't worth putting up and quinces is as bad as hive sirup." There is no knowing how long she would have gone on, if Mr. F. had not suggested that she might preserve her temper for want of any thing better. Then she stopped. But he didn't. He left.—*Boston Transcript.*

THINGS a man never forgets—his first smb, the first girl he ever kissed, his first night at the theater, his first pair of pants, the man who tipped him when he was at boy, his sensations upon smoking his first cigar, the nights when he used to kick his heels for two hours at the circus door, how much better he might have done in the world had he followed some other occupation, and, if he is a true man—his mother.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

BE kind to the soap agent. He has a father, perhaps, and a mother, who knew him in his innocent youth. Perhaps even now, in some Western village, fond hearts are beating for him, and sweet lips breathe love's dearest prayers for his welfare. Therefore, lay him down tenderly, fold his hands peacefully on his breast, and close his eyes gently as you put him to rest under the branches of the weeping willow, where the birds carol all through the summer days their softest songs. But plant him deep—plant him deep.—*Danbury News.*

IT is the man with only one suit of clothes and a small salary, my son, who has to be polite and agreeable and a rigid, faultless observer of the strictest points and forms of etiquette. The man worth $50,000 may tramp on your corns, walk across your wife's train, and eat pie with a knife, and it is all right; his standing in society isn't affected by it. But you—don't you, on your present salary, attempt to drink soup out of the side of your plate, if you wan't to marry an heiress. You can't afford to act that way just yet.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Beriberi"—A Terrible Tropical Disease.

THE Brazilian man-of-war *Vital d'Oliveira*, which arrived in this port about a week ago, brought with her a terrible tropical disease. It is the malady known to medical men as "beriberi," is of East Indian origin, and no cases of it having ever before been encountered in this country or Europe, but little is known of it by local practitioners. Probably there is not one in the city who has ever seen a case of it before this week, and their only knowledge of it is that obtained from text-books, most of which also are equally in the dark regarding it, as shown by their silence. In view of the interest taken by leading practitioners and by the public in the disease, a *Chronicle* reporter on Sunday visited the Marine Hospital, where the patients suffering from the malady are being treated. It is generally conceded by the physicians, who have carefully watched every symptom of the disease since the men have been placed in the hospital, that there is not the slightest foundation for alarm or danger of contagion, and they also express themselves as highly indignant at the account given by a contemporaneous morning sheet, with the ridiculous statement in reference to the death of the patients, and also at the tone of the article, apparently written with a view to create alarm among the public generally. Dr. E. Hiebersmith, the physician in charge of the hospital, states that he has made a close study of the disease, and it is no more contagious than scurvy, and it will affect only these men, who no doubt contracted it while in Japan, where it is well known. The disease, he believes, may be cured, although it is stated that the general average of death would be thirty-five per cent. The Doctor is closely examining the patients, using every process known to medical science to aid him in discovering the true nature of the malady.

The reporter, in company with several leading physicians who happened to be present, entered the ward where the patients are being treated. The room is long, well lighted, and well ventilated. Along both sides of the ward are neat iron bedsteads, kept scrupulously clean, which the dark-visaged patients have occupied. There are eighteen of the marines and sailors of the Brazilian man-of-war *Vital d'Oliveira* in the hospital, and all but four are able to walk about; and on the arrival of the visitors most of them were sitting on the porch outside the ward, enjoying the pleasant, sunny afternoon. The men are all well developed, and look well enough; it is only on approaching them and scrutinizing them closely, that anything out of the ordinary can be detected. Their gait is trembling, and in some cases they totter along. The expression of the face, however, is the safest indication that a mysterious disease has bound them in its poisonous grasp. Their swarthy, intelligent faces bear upon them the stamp of an almost pathetic pleading for help. The flesh is in no case discolored, nor is there any other sign of disease, save the [illegible] of countenance. [illegible] any signs of emaciation, nor does any part of the body betray, by mark or appearance, the presence of disease. During the reporter's visit one of the patients was disrobed and thoroughly examined by the following physicians, who have taken a deep interest in the cases: Drs. Hirschfelder, Adler, Kahn and Hiebersmith. The patient was a man of moderate size, with muscles well developed, chest broad and deep, and gave evidence of being an unusually strong man. Yet so weak was he from the effects of the disease that he could hardly turn in his bed without assistance. His respiratory powers were weak and fitful, and although in no pain, apparently, the touch of the physician at the muscles seemed to make him wince. The treatment followed by Dr. Hiebersmith is of a tonic and supporting kind, but the recovery is in all cases slow and of long duration. The men are of a superior kind, being unusually neat and clean in their clothing, and they are highly spoken of by those who wait upon them, being extremely grateful for anything that is done for them. From what can be ascertained they have been fed on proper food and have been well taken care of; but the weather during their trip in the Orient has been foggy and wet, as well as extremely warm. The physicians, therefore, conclude that climatic influences have much to do with the strange disease.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

He Was With Perry.

I FOUND an old man at Put-in-Bay the other day who knew all about Perry, and who claimed no little share of credit in the great victory. As we sat on a bench in the shade in front of the Bebee House the old man led off with:

"Yes, I knew Commodore Perry. He and I were boys together, and we loved each other. I might have been a Commodore, too, and licked the British, but my tastes all ran to poetry. Perry was a mighty generous man, and if he was sitting where you are he wouldn't rest easy until he had asked me to take something."

I took the hint and asked him if I should bring him a glass of water, but he shook his head in a solemn way and continued:

"Perry was different from most young men. If he went out to hook melons or peaches, he went alone. He didn't seem to care for big watch-chains and fine clothes, and he never got mashed on an actress. He didn't assume a freezing dignity, but yet he was a hard man to work up to when you wanted to borrow five dollars. Did you ask me to step over to the Bazaar and take a glass of catawba, or was it the moan of the waves on the shore?"

I "waved" the question by asking him if he saw the naval battle off the bay.

"Saw it! Why, I was there!" he indignantly replied. "I met the Commodore up at Erie a few days before, and nothing would do but I must take a little trip with him. I remember that he put his arms around me and said: 'Peleg, my boy, come and sail the briny deep with me, and I'll give you six kinds of liquor to drink.' That's what he said, sir, and I couldn't refuse him. You didn't ask me to go over to the Bazaar, did you?"

I didn't. I said that he must be a pretty old citizen to have participated in Perry's light.

"Yes, purty old," he sighed. "I was 115 years old the tenth day of last month. I was saying to myself the other day that I'd got to quit running out nights with the boys. The fight took place over here to the left, just over the wine house on Bass Island, and after it was over we sailed in here and put in the drinks. That's why they call it Put-in-Bay. I am awful dry about this time o' day."

I offered to pour some water over him to wet him up, but he sweetly declined, and looked across the rolling bay and said:

"When we caught sight of the British fleet off there, the Commodore left it to me whether we should run or fight. The odds were against us, but I wanted to see a little fun, and so I advised him to pitch in. Just as true as you sit there, if I had said run, our fleet would have skulked away without firing a shot. I never got any credit for it, but I never asked it. An American citizen should receive no praise for doing his duty. That's the kind of a Dutch oven I am. You never drink wine, do you?"

I told him I never did except on holidays; and after he had counted up the weeks to Thanksgiving, he dreamily continued:

"Perry wanted me to take command of the ship, but I refused. I wanted to be free to do a little shooting on my own account. As soon as I gave the word we bore down on the British, and the fight began. Perry was as white as a ghost; and this American nation can never be too thankful that I was there to brace him up. It was just about such a hot day as to-day, and I was just about as dry as I am now. You haven't a dime about you, eh?"

I assured him that I hadn't had a cent in my pocket for over six months, and he wiped away a tear of sympathy, and went on:

"I tell you, Smith's hair stood up when he saw us coming down on him?"

"Smith?"

"Yes, Smith, the commander of the British fleet. Guess you never read up on the fight, did you? We didn't give him no chance to buy us off, but slambanged away as fast as we could load and fire, and you know the result. When the fight was over and Perry realized our good fortune he threw his arms around me and cried like a child. Yes, he cried like a child, and then we took a drink. Couldn't you stand the Bazaar man off for a couple of inebriates?"

I couldn't. I was a stranger and I lacked cheek. Then I asked him about that famous dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"All bush—every word bosh," he replied. "I was the bearer of that dispatch myself, and I was leaning on Perry's shoulder when he wrote it. It read as follows: 'I have licked Smith out of his boots, and whatever the bearer wants to drink can be charged to my account.' That's it, word for word. You never carry a bottle with you, eh?"

I gave him my neuralgia remedy, but he threw it after me and hit me in the back after taking one swallow. I don't want to be suspicious of human nature, but yet I believe that old man wasn't exactly what he ought to be.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

IT has at last been discovered how to make malleable nickel on a large scale for commercial purposes.

AN extensive coal-bed, capable of yielding 3,000,000 pounds daily, is now being worked near Kisgashe, Japan.

IT is estimated that $75,000,000 worth of oysters will be sold in the United States during the next eight months.

THE yield of this year' Cuban sugar crop has been about 545,400 tons, against 680,000 tons last year, showing a decrease of about 20 per cent.

IRON is fast becoming one of the important products of the South. Georgia now produces 100,000 tons of pig-iron per annum, and it is asserted that the ores of Tennessee and Alabama can be worked at a greater profit than the British ores of Cleveland. The development of the iron industry in Virginia has received a great impetus during the past year, and in various portions of the South the hidden wealth in iron is undoubtedly enormous.

A WATCHMAKER of Copenhagen has obviated the necessity of winding up the regulator from which the electric clocks of that city take their time. By suitable mechanism he cuts off from time to time the stream of electrity which comes from the battery, and brings an electro-magnet to bear upon the relaxed main-spring in such a way as to renew its tension instantaneously, and this apparently "perpetual motion" sort of action continues so long as the batteries connected with the works of the regulator are supplied with acid.

PANDERMITE, a new boracic mineral, is described by C. G. Warnford Lock in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. He says that, through its geographical position, abundance, cheapness of working, and easy manipulation, it is certainly destined in a great measure to rule the markets of Europe. The new field lies on the Tchinar-sou, a small stream feeding the Rhyndacus River, whose outlet is in the Sea of Marmora, near the port of Panderma, on the Asiatic shore. It occupies an area of twenty square miles, and the stratum has been found to be forty-five feet deep. As will be observed, the name of the mineral is derived from that of the port.

A NEW signal for communication between the conductor and engineer, to take the place of the bell-rope, is being tested on the Pensylvania Road. It is connected with the automatic air-brakes. A light cord runs along the side of each car, a slight pull on which operates an air whistle on the engine, while a slight escape of air in the car attachment assures the conductor that his signal has been heard, thus avoiding the necessity of the engineer responding with the steam whistle. It also saves the trouble of connecting the bell-rope in shifting cars, the connection with one car to another being made through the hose couplings of the air-brakes.

Queen Bess at Seventeen.

WHEN Elizabeth was 17 she was mistress of a liberal establishment, and her education was well-nigh finished. From her "Household Book" we are let into the secret of her expenditure. Her income was equal to some £30,000 of our money, and permitted her to live in a state becoming her rank. Like many persons whose intellectual powers are well developed, the Princess was a *gourmet*, and a large portion of her handsome allowance was spent on good living. Wheat could bought in those days at 20s. a quarter, yet the bakehouse of her Royal Highness cost her over £200, or £1,200 of our money. The expense of her kitchen came to nearly £600; poultry cost her over £300; wax and candles are entered at £350; coals and wood came to £200; her "sauce" (a comprehensive item including vegetables), stands at £20; beer and wine cost her over £300; the wages and liveries of her retainers are charged at over £400. She was waited on by 13 gentlemen of the body, to each of whom was presented a coat which cost 40s.; when we remember that money in those days is represented by six times the amount at the present time, we shall find that Elizabeth spent upon her household expenditure no less than some fifteen thousand a year. Some of the items entered in her household book strike us as very small compared with the sums she spent upon poultry and wax lights. Her charities of the year are put down at £7 15s. 8d., nearly a third of what she spent upon "sauce." The "court milliner" of the period must have found her Royal Highness one of the shabbiest of her customers, for the Princess was indifferent to the charms of dress, and we read that "the maidenly apparel which she used in her brother's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks." Husbands who are called upon to settle the "little bills" of the great milliners of to-day, would only be too happy to find such a modest item in their wives' accounts as the following: "To making a pair of upper bodies for her Grace, 12d.; lining, 15d.; silk, 4d.;" even multiply this expenditure by six, and it can scarcely be considered alarming for a Princess of the blood. Elizabeth could, however, occasionally launch forth, for we see that sometimes she paid 30s. a yard for black velvet, or £9 of our present money.—*Temple Bar.*

The Drum Major.

HIS feet rose and fell with the regularity of quartz crushers; his bearskin was as towering and as fluffy as a cat's tail in spring time. His gauntleted left hand was glued to his hip, and his gauntleted right hand to his staff, sawing right and left for dear life. Then he reached the second line of review and prepared to salute. First he raised the staff shoulder high and wobbled it four times like the walking-beam of an engine. Then he reversed it and gave one gilderfluke to the right and two flabdabs to the left, twirled the knob seven times, hung the staff twenty feet in the air, and made a motion as if he were going to turn a triple somersault before it came down again. Instead of this, however, he caught it deftly, tucked it under his right arm, shot out his left horizontally, crooked his elbow and laid the back of his hand on his brow. And he did all this with such skill, rapidity and pride that the small boy cried: "O, looker him, Jimmy! My eye! don't he look like a biled lobster nor nothin'!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Turkish Domestic Life.

Every Turk leads two lives. He may be in the society of Europeans during six hours of every day. He is then well dressed, vivacious, perhaps intelligent. But this part of his life is not the part which forms his motives. It is not then that the final causes are at work which govern his acts. His life, when he is in the busy whirl of the world, is superficial and unreal. How artificial it is can be seen in the alacrity with which, on his return to his harem, he lays off the broadcloth clothes of his public existence and dons the white baggy trousers, the open-necked vest and the long gown dear to his heart. He is only ready to be at ease when he releases his feet from patent leather and from stockings and thrusts them into unheeled slippers. Then he is himself, for he is at home. The harem is to every Turk his haven of refuge. To it he may flee from every care. About the harem cling all the sweetest associations of his life. All his best feelings find exercise in that sacred place. His mother, perhaps, is there, or his sisters. There only he enjoys the prattle of his children. There alone in all the world can the tired man find the balm of sympathy. There he has his books and can study in peace if he will. There he enjoys the riches of his splendid flower-garden. In the domain of the women, with hills and vales and moon touched sea before his eyes, he dreams away his summer evenings under the subtle spell of nature. And here he meets the controlling influences of his life. The women of the harem, mother sisters and wives, wait upon the man coming wearily home from his struggle with life. They are to him humble servants or merry companions, as his mood is. They please him with his children, or leave him alone with his books, at his behest. Sooner or later, however, they assert their woman's right of talking on serious topics and then they have him at their mercy. Now these women who make the home of the Turk are rarely his equals in mental acquirements. No question of blood rules the selection of wives among the Turks. A woman born in a mud hovel often rules in a Pasha's palace. At the very best, Turkish women rarely have any education beyond the primer. They believe in signs and wonders; in the active ageucy of evil spirits; in the existence of a great dragon who periodically attempts to swallow the moon; in charms and incantations. In short, they are as superstitious as they can be after centuries of hereditary ignorance. But they are positive in opinion and intolerant of opposition. Moreover, they are, above all things else, ardent and bigoted Mohammedans. Such are the intellectual surroundings of the Turk during that part of his life which he loves. And when the women of his house turn the conversation upon public affairs the poor man is helpless in their hands, because he knows the futility of logic in such discussion. Often a Pasha meets at home a petition which he has refused in his office, and yielding to sheer importunity on the part of his women, he rewards the shrewdness of the man who has found means to invoke such aids. Often it has happened that the Pasha disappoints an Ambassador, and violates his promise to support a new measure because the women of his household object to the deviation from custom. He must yield to his home circle or break with them entirely. These women are under no influences by which their opinions may be changed. They live in a world of their own and are entirely unaware of an existence preferable to their own, and know nothing of that outside world to which they are simply curiosities of antique origin.

This glance at the home life of the Turk and its influence upon him leaves little to hope from the Turks in the direction of voluntary abandonment of all systems and practices.—*Henry O. Dwight, in Harper's Magazine.*

[Akron Beacon.]

OUR well-known fellow citizen, Mr. E. Steinbacher, one of Akron's oldest merchants and the leading druggist of this section, informed the writer that without exception the sale of the Hamburg Drops was the most satisfactory of anything he had ever sold, and that the unprecedented demand was due solely to its merits. Such emphatic expressions need no comment on our part.

DR. AMBROSE LAWRENCE, of Boston, has an embalmed Egyptian asp, some twelve inches long, probably about 3,000 years old.

NERVOUS, WORN-OUT WOMEN, having peculiar symptoms, should not fail to try Hunt's Remedy.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

THE human face is not beautiful when the blush is on the nose.

AN Englishman says that, to be perfect, an Irish girl should always have a touch of the brogue; it adds an additional piquancy to her conversation.

Why am I sad? The golden-rod
Blooms in the reaper's track;
The autumn breeze is sweet although
It sings a coronach!
In June the woods were not more fair,
The sea was not more blue,
The mountains blended in the sky
With no more lovely hue.
Why am I sad? An awful dread
Haunts me and will not down;
I fear my summer girl will meet
My other girl in town.—*Graphic.*

STOPPING a busy man on the street and taking up his time is simply highway robbery.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"CLOTHE me in dreams," begins a recent poem. Later from the author: Postpone it on account of the weather.—*Chicago Times.*

WHY is kissing an unwilling Irish girl like ascending Mount Vesuvius? Because it is hard work to get at the mouth of the crater.

"YES," said Mr. Profundity, "it is the silent forces in nature that are the most potent. It is the silent strength of gravity that binds the world together; it is the silent power of light that gives life and beauty to all things; it is the silent stream that is deepest; it is—" "It is the still sow that gets the most swill," Mrs. P. put in, seeing her liege lord had got to the end of his rope and similes. It was kind of her, but it somehow spoiled the effect of his dissertation.—*Boston Transcript.*

ANY vender of cabbages may congratulate himself upon having arrived at the dignity of head salesman.—*Boston Advertiser.*

"LET's salve the best thing you've got for a cut," said the boy to the doctor. And the doctor gave him one with his whip.—*Hawkeye.*

WHAT is the difference between a misrepresentation and a fact? One is a perversion of fact, the other a version per fact.

The Awful Dress Coat.

The conventional dress coat has been called the "swallow-tail," the "steel pen," the "claw hammer," the "two tined" and other picturesque and somewhat opprobrious names. It has been a fashionable but never a much loved garment and there is a certain popularity about the man who, despite the demands of society, boasts that he never owned one. The great majority of men who possess a dress coat, not being very wealthy and not being able to purchase one every year, are unhappy. It cannot be laid aside like a wedding dress and looked at in solitary moments on rainy days, because if it is packed away it comes from the press with an unused apperance, indicating that the wearer has not been invited out much. Many men, especially if they have a dress coat grow stouter or thinner every year, so that the dress coat, being a very sensitive thing, not amenable to tucks or wise repairs, resents the insult by making the wearer appear ridiculous; and perhaps a man is never so absurd as when he gaspingly and sheepishly says to a crowd of thinner persons, "Does anybody want to buy a dress coat?"—*Exchange.*

[Boston Daily Globe.]

New England Personal.

Edwin A. Wadleigh, Esq., Clerk Superior Court, Boston, Mass., adds his name to the joyous army using and recommending St. Jacobs Oil. He certifies to a cure by the Great German Remedy of neuralgia and rheumatic pains in his family.

—Old-fashioned neckerchiefs are very popular with the ladies.

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, Illinois.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged eighteen, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing, as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your Discovery for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. She took the Discovery last fall. Very truly yours, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN.

Confident, Reliable.

In writing of the "Warner's Safe Remedies," of which H. H. Warner & Co. are proprietors, the *Evening Dispatch*, York, Pa., says: "We say all this that is good of them as we have a perfect faith in the efficiency of their preparations and unbounded faith in the truth of all that is said good of them."

THE regular Frazer Axle Grease saves money for the consumer. The light colored or yellow loosens the spokes.

Diabetes positively cured. Address G. S. Robinson, M. D., Providence, Lackawanna Co., Pa.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

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A CHEMICAL MARVEL

Though a thousand leagues away
Seltzer's Tonic fountain foams,
We can drink the same to-day,
In our far-off Western homes.
Thanks to Chemistry's spell—
In an instant—presto! pass!
Fresh as from the living well
Seltzer bubbles in the glass!
TARRANT'S PURE APERIENT
Gives the rare elixir birth,
Healthful as the fluid sent
Flashing from the breast of Earth.
Time and distance, what are they?
When Art this can reprodnce
Springs a thousand leagues away,
For the sick man's instant ease!
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Is made from a simple Tropical Leaf and is a POSITIVE remedy for Pain in the Back, Severe Headaches, Dizziness, Inflamed Eyes, Bloating, Night Sweats, Torpid Liver, Painful Urination, Gravel, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary Organs. It is a safe and certain cure for Leucorrhea, Womb Diseases and all Female Complaints. As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that make the blood.

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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Business Ha[illegible]

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Business Habits of Farmers.

Were the business habits of merchants and manufacturers as bad as those of most farmers, a large proportion of them would fail within a year. As a rule, farmers have no system in conducting their business operations. They contract obligations without specifying any exact time when they are to meet them. Many of them give notes in a very reckless sort of manner, and make no memorandum of the time they become due. When presented for payment they affect considerable surprise and resort to various subterfuges to obtain an extension of the time of payment. They generally object to giving a new note, though they are well aware that it is very difficult to raise money on the old one, as few persons wish to invest in an overdue obligation to pay money. Most farmers are offended if a person holding their note sells it. They think such an act implies a sort of disrespect or furnishes evidence that the seller does not presume that it will be paid at maturity. Some are angry if the holder of these notes negotiates them, for the reason, as they affirm, that they do not want their neighbors to know that they have outstanding obligations.

In making contracts for labor it is very unusual for them to specify any definite time for payment. It is for this reason that women dislike to work in farm-houses and men prefer to work elsewhere than on farms. In a city or large town a woman who does cooking or housework expects her wages at the end of every week, and generally receives them. In shops, manufactories, printing offices, commercial establishments, and in most other places where men work in cities and large towns they receive their wages in cash on completing a week's labor. Some railroads and other corporations pay at the end of a month, instead of at the end of a week, but they have a definite time for paying for the services of their employees. These latter know what they are to expect, and when to expect it, and are seldom disappointed. This system of paying at the end of definite periods has much to do in causing both men and women to prefer labor in the city instead of in the country. Farmers are losers in consequence of their method of dealing with their employees. They would get work done much cheaper if they paid for it at regular periods. They would also get better work. Any person will labor more faithfully, more energetically, and more contentedly if he is sure of his pay at the end of a day, week, or month. Pay-day is a great stimulus to exertion.

The hired help of farmers is sometimes "accommodated," as the expression is, with an order on the store where the employer has a running account. This order is, however, no equivalent for cash. It allows the holder of it to "trade it out" at a place he might never patronize if he had the cash wherewith to purchase goods. The holder of an order on a country trader is virtually obliged to take what he can and in the store at the price demanded for it. The articles may not be what the person wants, either in style or quality, but they are the only ones to be obtained by means of the order. Even if they suit the purchaser, the price demanded for them will ordinarily exceed the cash price, for the time when they are to be paid for is very indefinite. Men and women employed on farms like to exercise their own taste and judgment about purchasing goods as well as other persons do. It is for their interest no less than their pleasure to have the money they earn to spend when and where they please. If they are of frugal habits they are more likely to save money when paid their wages regularly. The farmer is benefited quite as much as his employees by prompt, regular payment of wages.

The system of dealing with traders and mechanics pursued by most farmers is very objectionable and unbusiness like. It consists in having a running account kept by the latter of all the articles sold, made, or repaired. A duplicate is rarely kept by the former, who is generally astonished at the amount of every bill that is presented for payment. Accounts grow very rapidly, especially when different members of a family are allowed to add to them. When goods or services are obtained on credit, the matter of price seems to be of secondary importance. Persons are careful about how much they pay when they count out the money for it, but if payment is to be delayed for an indefinite time they are not very particular. In fact the person who obtains goods or services on credit is not in a condition to have much to say about the price. He is receiving an equivalent for money, but instead of money he only gives a promise of it. For the same reason he is debarred from making very thorough examination of the quality of goods or work. The long and the short of the whole matter is, a large amount of very poor goods is generally obtained when they are charged up in a running account.

If a farmer has not the capital to bridge over the time before crops or stock are ready for the market, he will be obliged to hire money or obtain necessary supplies on credit. Undoubtedly the best course is to hire the money if it can be obtained at a reasonable rate. This will enable him to purchase goods at the lowest price they can be obtained. It will also keep him from asking any favors, as obtaining money from a capitalist is in the line of regular business. If he can not procure money at a reasonable rate of interest, he will be obliged to obtain goods on credit. But in doing so he should conform to business principles. He should inform the persons with whom he trades of the probable time when he can pay the bills against him. If he trades with a grocer, butcher, or dry-goods merchant, he should keep a pass-book and have the amount and price of every purchase entered in it, with the date, at the same time it is charged in the books of the seller. This arrangement, which requires but little trouble or expense, will obviate all misunderstandings and enable the purchaser at any time to see exactly how his accounts stand.

Uncertainty in the time of meeting obligations is one of the leading characteristics of the ordinary farmer's method of doing business. A farmer of considerable wealth always wants it understood that he is "good for the money." And he does not seem to think that it should make any very great difference if an obligation is not met in time. If he is pressed to fix a time for making a payment he will name the very uncertain one—"Just after harvest." One of the leading causes of failures among country merchants is the unreliability of their patrons, who are chiefly farmers, to pay their bills at definite times. This the merchant obligates himself to do. But if his customers fail to pay him he is at the mercy of his city creditors. Many farmers construe the words "Just after harvest" to mean almost any thing they like. They may mean after grain is harvested and threshed, after corn is gathered, husked, and shelled, or after the prices offered for these articles meet their views. They will insist that they should not be obliged to sell their crops, which they have worked so hard to raise, at a sacrifice, and they seemingly care little about the sacrifices others are obliged to make on their account.

Correct business habits are as important to farmers, in proportion to the magnitude of their operations, as they are to merchants, manufacturers and contractors. Not only their success, but the success of the persons with whom they have dealings, depend on them. Every person who has business transactions of any kind should meet obligations with promtness. Unless this is done infinite trouble is caused all parties concerned. Good business habits are elements of success to the farmer, and as many fail for want of them as from any cause. Prompt payments on the part of farmers tend to keep business moving in the neighborhood where they live, and assist in the business prosperity of the entire country. The high prices farmers pay, not only for family supplies, but for everything they require in their places, from lightning-rods to drain-tile, are largely due to the various iniquities connected with the credit system, and to the failure, on one pretense or another, to meet obligations when they are due. Selling goods without security, to parties who propose to pay for them at their convenience, calls for high prices.—*Chicago Times.*

To Prevent Horses Interfering.

A great number of horses are in the habit of striking one leg against another, and a good deal of ingenuity has been at different times exercised in search of a remedy for this very troublesome practice. Both fore and hind legs are subject to cutting, the latter perhaps most frequently; but in them it is confined to the fetlock joint, whereas in the fore leg the horse may hit either the fetlock, the leg just above the pastern, or just under the knee, where it is called a speedy cut, from its occurring chiefly in fast action. It is desirable, before applying a remedy, to ascertain, if possible, the cause, and the part which strikes, whether the shoe or the foot, and if the latter, what part of it. Many horses strike from weakness, and cease to do so when they gain health and condition. This is more particularly observable with young horses. Others cut from a faulty conformation of the limbs, which are sometimes too close to each other; and sometimes the toe is turned too much out or too much in; when the toe is turned in, the horse usually cuts under the knee. The object to be kept in view, in shoeing such horses, must be to remedy, as much as we can, the faulty action, and to remove, if possible, the part which cuts. The part of the foot which strikes is generally that between the toe and the inside quarter, sometimes the inside quarter itself, but very rarely the heel of the shoe. If the horse turns his toe in, in all probability he wears the inside of the shoe most; and, if so, it should be made much thicker than the outside. If the contrary, the outside heel should be made thicker than the inside. The shoe should be beveled off, on the inside quarter, which should also be free from nails. If the horse strikes only with one foot, apply a shoe with a thicker inside heel to the foot of the limb that is struck. In the hind legs we often find that a three-quarter shoe will prevent cutting when other plans fail; for here the part that cuts is not situated so far forward as in the fore feet, so that the removal of the iron altogether from the inside quarter will often accomplish our aim. It sometimes happens that every plan we can adopt will not prevent cutting, and then the only resource is the adoption of boots or straps.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The *Prairie Farmer* gives the following recipe for removing a film on a horse's eye: Dissolve four grains of nitrate of silver in four ounces of distilled water, and apply, by means of a camel's hair pencil, a portion between the eyelids, morning and evening. If, however, this so-called film consists of a well-defined scar after a wound on the surface of the eye-ball, or if the film is over half a year's standing, there can be but small hopes of its removal. A gradual diminution or disappearance, would, in a curable case, begin between the second and fifth week after treatment has begun. The above solution may be used alternately with the following, so that every other week one of the two remedies is used: Take half a drachm of sulphate of zinc, one drachm of diacetate of lead, and twenty ounces of soft water; mix. Open the eyelids gently, and by means of a piece of soft sponge, apply a portion twice daily.

The *Northwestern Lumberman* mentions an experiment which may have important results for lumbermen and grist-millers. Sawdust and bran, compressed at little cost into a space which will much reduce the cost of their transportation. Into a block of compressed sawdust an eight-penny nail was driven so firmly that it broke in the attempt to draw it. Yet the block was easily friable. Three pecks of bran were compressed into a roll six inches long by six inches in diameter, capable of enduring much handling, yet easily broken up by the fingers. The process will probably bring sawdust largely into use for bedding horses, and will reduce the cost of bran to consumers distant from the mills.

A scheme of African exploration is said to be under consideration in Portugal, which, if carried into execution, will probably result in the achievement of the most important geographical work. It is proposed that two expeditions should start simultaneously from the Portuguese possessions on the east and west coasts of Africa, and, after founding a series of scientific and commercial stations along their line of route, meet at some point in the interior.

HOME AND FARM.

When strawberry plants are set in rows three feet apart and a foot apart in the rows, it requires 14,520 for an acre.

Never allow a mudhole to remain about a well. If your water is muddy and impure throw in a peck of lime to purify it. If animalculæ appear in the water throw in a half gallon of salt to make them settle to the bottom.

Tea, whether black or green, English-breakfast or Oolong, should never be allowed to boil. English-breakfast will bear a little longer steeping, but any delicately flavored tea, to be enjoyed in perfection, should be made as quickly as possible.

Lemon Custard.—Take the juice of three lemons, with four ounces of fine sugar; heat a pint of cream scalding hot; pour it through a tea-pot, holding the vessel a yard high; the lemon-juice should be put into a soup plate. The custard is best made ten or twelve hours before using.

Pickled Onions.—Select small silver-skinned onions, remove with a knife all the outer skins, so that each onion will be perfectly white and clean. Put them in brine that will float an egg, for three days; bring vinegar to boiling point, add a little mace and whole red peppers (or sprinkle with cayenne, adding bits of horseradish and cinnamon bark, with a few cloves), and pour it hot over the onions, well drained from brine.

Eggplant is prepared for cooking by first cutting the plant into slices without paring off the skin, then sprinkle pepper and salt between the slices and cover with a plate. Let remain an hour, then dip each slice separately first into beaten egg, then into fine bread or cracker crumbs. Cook in a spider or sauce-pan to a light brown in just enough hot lard or butter to keep from sticking to the pan during the process of cooking.

How to Candy Fruit.—When finished in the sirup, put a layer into a new sieve, and plunge it suddenly into hot water to take off the sirup that hangs about it; put it into a napkin before the fire to drain, and then do some more in a sieve; have ready sifted double refined sugar, which sift over the fruit on all sides till white; set it on the shallow end of sieves in a slightly warmed oven, and turn it over two or three times; it must not be cold till dry; watch it very carefully.

Every gardener or farmer should raise his own onion, parsnip, cabbage, turnip, salsify and beet seed, as well as save seed from his choicest cucumbers, squashes, tomatoes and melons. Gather them in paper bags of a size to suit the quantity desired, and then at once label before storing them. The room for seeds enough to supply the needs of a large garden will hardly be missed, and the culture is not at all troublesome. In this way an annual outlay of five to ten dollars is saved, and good, fresh seed made a certainty.

Peaches with Rice.—Take some peaches and cut them in halves; simmer them in a sirup for half an hour, then drain, and when cold arrange them on a dish round a shape of rice made as follows: Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla; when quite done put it into a basin to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold mix it with the rice. Beat up to a froth a gill of cream, with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard; fill a mold with the mixture and set it on ice. When moderately iced turn it out on a dish and serve.

Stirring the Soil.

Now is a favorable time to discuss the subject of stirring the soil deep and often in time of severe drought, to benefit the crops. Most of our professional farmers are of the opinion that deep and frequent stirring of the soil in time of a sharp drought tends to lessen the amount of moisture in the soil. From personal application of the hoe the past season, I have come to a different conclusion. I find that where I had used the hoe the most frequently, the ground is the softest, and plants are the best and mature better than where the ground is but seldom worked over with the hoe.

This brings to mind when I was a boy at home on my father's farm, a pious old neighbor, who, for several years in succession, on the same piece of ground, without manure, raised a very large crop of corn, and it was a common remark with the people: "What splendid corn Mr. S. most always has on that ground;" but the good old man was always at work with his hoe, stirring the ground, and often to be heard praying in his field of corn. My mother told me that his praying in his corn made it grow, but, (not wishing to detract any thing from the efficacy of prayer,) I have come to the conclusion that the frequent stirring of the soil had very much to do with the yield of corn.

I am aware that the argument is used that frequent stirring of the earth lessens the amount of moisture, and, consequently, is an injury to the plants grown in the soil in time of drought. I believe this argument is based on the fact that we stir hay, grain, and all substances, to lessen the amount of moisture, for preservation, but this is not, in my opinion, a correct comparison, for we stir the ground and compost heap to hasten decomposition, and, by exposure, better fit it to receive and retain the rain and moisture from the atmosphere, and more readily convey it to the roots of the plants. When the farmer is driven from his field of corn or potatoes, when hoeing, by a smart shower of rain, he says to his man, "won't it soak in good where we hoed last?" That, in my opinion, is the fact in the case. The new hoed field will take in very much more of the rainfall and dew, at night, than the crusted field.

The man who feeds the grain into the threshing machine, wets a piece of sponge and places it over his mouth and nose, that he may breathe the easier. The earth is a sponge, and the plants, and the corn, and the grain, and every green thing is breathing through it. You compress the sponge on the mouth and nose of the man at the machine, and you kill the man; you compress the earth to the plants, and you destroy their vitality.—*New England Farmer.*

THE DAIRY.

In Saxony dairies, milk is kept from souring by passing a thin iron chain through the milk pans, the end of which chain are kept constantly in cold water.

Every dairyman should bear this in mind that poor butter or cheese is always the first to feel the effects of a dull market. The best products are always inquired for, even on the poorest markets.

A mixture of one-third clover hay with timothy and redtop is recommended for any kind of stock. This mixture, it is said, will produce more milk, more growth and more fat in stock than clean timothy and redtop.

Can we not, asks the *Live-Stock Journal*, invent a simple and easily-constructed package for butter, which may be sealed air-tight and easily opened? Glass is, probably, the best material from which to make it, as it is light and strong, permits no soakage and imbibes no taints. Such a package can be encased in wood to protect it. There must surely be some easy way of making a self-sealing glass package for butter, when they are so extensively and successfully used for fruit. Three-fourths of the bad butter in market is spoiled after packing.

Milk fever is a disease of the blood consequent upon a disordered circulation and is a sort of apoplexy, the brain being inflamed and congested and the nervous system prostrated. Usually a cow affected with this disease lies still, with the head on the flank, but sometimes dashes the head about violently. Mild cases alone are amenable to treatment, which should be to give a strong purgative—sixteen to twenty ounces of epsom salts, with half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, light feeding and rest in a dark, clean, cool, quiet stable. —*Exchange.*

Making the Most of Milk.

During the past two or three seasons of low prices of dairy produce, it has become a matter of greater importance to dairymen to know how to dispose of their skim milk to the best advantage. Taking one year with another, the relative price of butter and cheese is about the same, but with this difference: we find that if the milk is worked into butter, the skim milk, if fed to calves and hogs, is worth from four to eight dollars per cow, varying with the quantity of milk given and the price of calves and of pork; while if worked into cheese the value of the feed is lost, as the whey is worth but little if any more than the trouble of drawing it from the factory. When milk has been worked in factories, as a large part of it is here, the difference between working it into butter or cheese is the difference in the value of the feed, as above stated. The result is that nearly all of the factories built within the last two years have been butter factories. In this town there will be about eighteen or twenty factories running this season, and all but three will make butter. Two years ago a factory in this vicinity, with about 800 cows, run on butter and cheese both, making half-skim cheese. They used the large open pan, had a large supply of cold running water, and during the cold weather of the fall made a very good showing in results, but failed to give satisfaction to patrons in the general summing up of the season, as was indicated by the loss of more than half of the patrons last year and by only running on butter last season.

The difficulty in this case, as in all others where cheese is attempted to be made from skimmed or partially skimmed milk that has been set in pan, is that the milk cannot be cooled quickly enough, and has to stand so long to allow even a part of the cream to rise, and that when put into the vat and warmed up to the point fit for the reception of the rennet, it has already advanced so far toward decomposition that the best quality of even a skim-cheese cannot be obtained from it. The question whether to skim or not to skim has been very much discussed, and dealers have decided that it is not best nor profitable to skim. But if dairymen who have been making butter or cheese for the last three years without any profit, and hardly able to make the ends meet, can be made to see handsome profits in it, they will be likely to skim. The experience of the last year has done much here to settle that point. In 1878, one factory in this county was run with the submerged cans, letting the milk stand twelve hours at a low temperature, taking off all the cream. The skim milk was then made into cheese, which sold for about $1,500.

By submerging the milk in cold water at about forty-five degrees, the cream can all be removed in a few hours, and the milk is found to be in excellent condition to be worked into cheese, all progress towards fermentation and decay having been effectually stopped by its low temperature and exclusion from atmospheric influences. By this system of raising cream the quantity of cream is much larger than by the old way, but, by letting it stand only long enough to get slightly acidified, the buttermilk can be put into the cheese, which adds considerable to the quantity. The amount of money received for 100 pounds of milk, when made into butter alone, by the patrons of factories here last season, varied from sixty-five to seventy-seven cents; and on the sales of September and October milk in some instances went as high as $1.10 to $1.17. In one factory, in which butter alone was made during the forepart of the season, they began running on skim-cheese some time in August, and from then until the close of the season each 100 pounds of milk netted the patrons $1.49. Another factory that was running in the same way until into December, for some time had been netting its patrons $1.75 per 100 pounds of milk, from which was made four and a half pounds of butter and eight pounds of cheese; the cheese selling for seven cents per pound. When 100 pounds of pure skim milk can be manufactured and sold for fifty-six cents it is disposed of to better advantage than it can be in any other way. I can see no reason why any daryman with a sufficient amount of milk to make a cheese cannot, by adopting this system, produce as good or better results.—*S. H. Wires, in N. Y. Tribune.*

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ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

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Order of Publication.

Susaonah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vneate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth dny of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659: that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being su indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said lnnd to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The Bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complninant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the compin nant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of Septe nber, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object nod substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said Bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep. 11-1w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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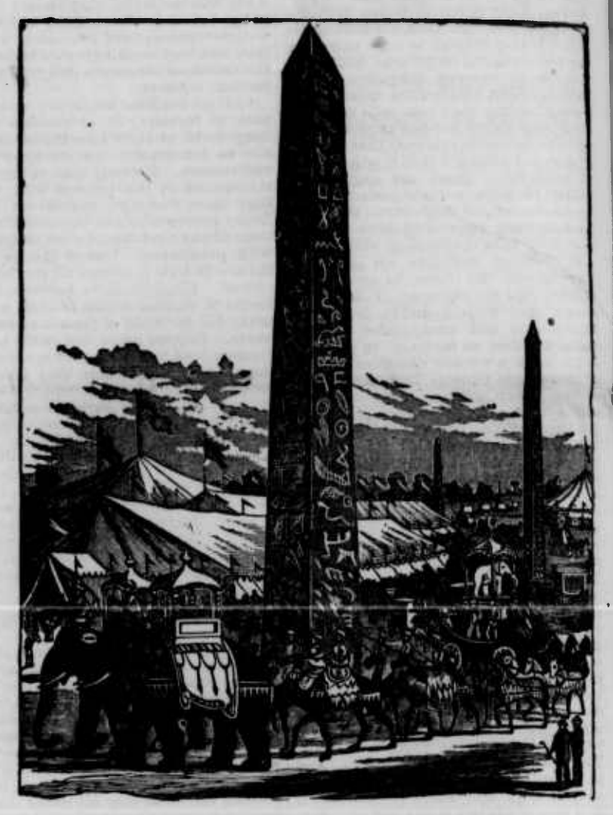

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS. Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly opp. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1880.

JACOB AT BETHEL.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The first result of Jacob's treachery in obtaining the blessing is the indignation of his brother Esau. To escape the arrow of the fierce hunter, Jacob is compelled to fly from his home, through lone and unfriendly lands to relatives nearly five hundred miles to the northward. Night finds him upon the lonely hills of Bethel, where long before Abraham had reared his altar. He pillows his head upon a heap of stones, and sleeps after his weary journey. In his slumbers a vision rises before his eyes; a stairs mantled with glory, reaching from the footstool to the throne; celestial visitants passing up and down on infinistries of mercy to the sons of men, and above all the awful form of the Unseen. God meets him face to face, not to rebuke him for his deed of deceit, but to melt his heart and win his loyal services by words of promise. The old covenant made with Abraham and Isaac he now hears renewed with himself, enlarged in its scope and defined in its provisions, and with wondering joy learns that he, in all his unworthiness, is the heritor of the patriarchal promises. The morning breaks over the hills of Bethel, and Jacob's vow is recorded before high heaven, while the consecrating oil drops upon his stony pillow, that henceforth the God of Bethel shall be his God, and of all his gains a tenth shall be consecrated to the divine service upon the altar.

Gen. 28. 10-22

Memory Verses, 12-16.

10 And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

11 And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12 And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13 And, behold, The LORD stood above it and said, I am the LORD God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14 And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15 And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

16 And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not.

17 And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

18 And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for an altar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19 And he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

20 And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on,

21 So that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the LORD be my God:

22 And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

HOME READINGS.

M. God's appearance to Jacob. Gen. 28. 10-22.
Tu. God's appearance to Eliphaz. Job. 4. 7-21.
W. God's appearance to Moses. Exod. 3. 1-15.
Th. God's appearance to Samuel. 1 Sam. 3. 1-21.
F. God's appearance to Elijah. 1 Kings 19. 1-18.
S. God's appearance to Isaiah. Isa. 6. 1-13.
S. God's appearance to John. Rev. 4. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. Gen. 28. 15.

LESSON HYMN C. M.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feel in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

THE VISION, v. 10-12; Heb. 1. 14. By what direction did Jacob journey? [See map.] What relatives of his family were living at Haran? Gen. 29. 4, 5, 10. At what place did he stop? See v. 19. What events had already occurred at the same place? Gen. 12. 8; 13. 3, 4. What did Jacob do at Bethel? How did he illustrate Psa. 4. 8? What was his dream? How was the vision an encouragement to Jacob? Of what was it a prophecy? John 1 51.

2. THE VOICE, v. 13-15; Gen. 48. 3. Whose voice was it? What did God say? Whom did God declare himself to be? What did he promise concerning the land? What was the promise concerning Jacob's descendants? How was this fulfilled? Num. 23. 10. What was the promise to all the earth? How was it renewed by Christ? Matt. 8. 11. What did God promise to Jacob for himself? Who may enjoy the same privilege? Heb. 13. 5.

3. THE VOW, v. 16-22; Psa. 116. 12-14. How did Jacob feel when he awaked? How did he mark the place? What is the meaning of the name "Bethel?" [Ans. The house of God.] What was Jacob's vow. How did he fulfill it afterward? Gen. 35. 6, 7. What gifts did he promise? What does Paul say about giving in 2 Cor. 9. 7.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we taught in this lesson.—1. That God is near us when we are alone? 2. That God will help us when we need? 3. That God's promises should be gratefully remembered.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The presence of God.

God meets men who are sinners, that he may transform them into saints, v. 10.

God meets men oftenest when they are alone with none to break in upon the communion of the soul with himself. v. 11.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Mr. Nasby Makes a Pathetic Appeal to the Democracy of the North.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(In the State uv Kentucky.)
September 27, 1880.

Ef the Dimocrisy uv the North cood only realize the condition the Dimocrisy uv the South is in they wood put on ther armor, and never lay it off till the last vote wuz polled.

The condishn uv the South is pitiable in the eggstreme, and onless immejit releef is extended nobody kin be answerable for the consekenses.

The mountins is full uv distillers, wich is bein huntid by a tranikle government. The rites uv the citizens uv the South to manufakter ther corn into whisky, and sell that wisky without paying any tax onto it, is disputed. Federal revenoo agents, backed up by armed men, is a scourn the mountins, and when a moon shiner is caught, his likker is confiskated, and his still destroyed. It wood be soothin ef the likker wuz brot down to the villages and distributid to the citizens, but it is not. The heds uv the barls are crooelly stove in, and the preshus flooid is drank by the non appreciativ earth, wich hez no bowels that need it.

Over 30,000 gallons hev bin thus distroyed within ten miles uv the Corners this year. Think uv the Dimocrats that this likker wood hev made! Think uv the comfort that likker wood hev bin to me and Deekin Pogram!

But it is lost forever.

We want a Congris that will keep the tax on likker, but we want a President and a Treasury Department that will not collect the tax in the South. Ef the tax was removed the North would undersell us, and destry this revenoo, but by making the North pay the tax and hevin revenoo officers that wood not collect in the South, this industry cood be maintained.

We want the tax on terbacco repecled entirely, ceptin on sich varieties ez they raise in the North. Our Northern friends must remember that the heaviest tax we pay is on terbacco, and it bears heavily onto our people. The impoverished South needs a heap uv nussin, jist now, and this would be a help for us, only sekkon to a proper arrangement uv the likker interest.

Then we must hev the offises. The Dimocrisy uv the South lost their labor when the feend and goriller, Linkin, emansipatid the niggers, and the Southern gentleman is altogether too hawty to perform manyoocl labor hisself. Next to livin off uv nigger labor, he is adaptid to holdin light and easy offises, where the labor isn't too hefty, and the pay is ample. The offises is all in the hands uv the Radikels now, and we langish. All our interests langish. Not bein Postmaster, I hev no money to spend at Bascom's, and he mourns. Not bein collector, Mr. Pelter hez bin obliged to put a mortgage on his farm in favor uv Bascom, which Bascom does not want, ez he hez to pay cash for likker in Louisville.

We want these places ourselves, and must hev em.

Then we want to be shoor uv bein free from any interference with our system uv labor. We perpose to hev the nigger back to his normal condishon in some shape or another, wich we kin never do so long ez ablishnists are at the hed uv things in Washington, and the Government is controlled by a Radikel Congris.

It ain't necessary for me to refer to the payment uv our claims for losses durin the war, and the penshunin uv our Confedrit heroes. That is the very first thing to be done, for wat the South needs is capittle.

We hev now claims before Congris wich amounts to several billions, and we must hev a Congris wich will pay them claims, and a President wich won't veto the bills. We are sufferin for this money. Deekin Pogram hez a claim in for a hundred mules that Morgan ceezed and the poor old man on the verge uv the grave, wants the money. I hev a claim in for a penshun for servis in the Looizeaner Pelikins, and I want it to smooth my pathway to the toom.

We shan't be hard upon the Government. We shel want a part uv it cash down, and the balance in bonds. To make the down payment the Government kin ishoo greenbax, wich by increasin the volumn of the currency wood stimoolate trade, and the bonds mite run furever ef interest wuz promptly paid. Yoo see we are reasonable. We don't wish to embarrass nobody.

Pay these claims, penshun our sojers, and give us sich appropriashuns ez we want and the South will be loyal to the government so long ez it hez a government bond left. Is it likely we'd ever rebel agin a government on the interest uv whose debt we wuz livin, and which we controlled? There is but one way uv soothin the Southern hart and pacifyin the Southern soul.

Dimekrats of the North, to you we appele. You see the fix we are in. If a Southern planter cood go to work like a Northern farmer it wood be diffrent. We mite then rekooperate purselves. But it can't be did. We are a pround, goverin, roolin race, and must be cared for ez sich. It wuz the North that took away our niggers, and the North must take ther place.

The South holds out its hands too yoo. See that we are not disappointed agin.

PETROLEUM V. NASAY,
(Manager for Hancock.)

P. S.—Bascom hez jist returned from Injeany, where he went to see the Dimekratic State Committee to see ef he cooden't indoose em to send some money into Kentucky. English sternly refoosed, but said ho shood pay sich Kentuckians ez come over to Injeany to vote liberally and even generously. Bascom don't like it. What good is Dimocrisy to him, he sez, ef they don't send money to where he is. He sez he can't go over to Injeany and start a bar. He wooden't vote for English ef he cood help it.

Speech of General Grant.

Gen. Grant presided at the great Republican gathering at Warren, Ohio, on the 28th inst., and spoke as follows: "I am a Republican as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party, seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen Southern States, and localities in some other States, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is the reason why I am a Republican. But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property, the public credit and the payment of the debts of the government, State, county or municipality so far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this; if it does, it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, or as many Northern Democrats as can testify to their sorrow. I am a Republican, as between existing parties, because it fosters the production of the field and farm, and of manufactories and it encourages general education of the poor as well as the rich. The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power. The Republican party is a party of progress and of liberty towards its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their condition, the ignorant to educate their children to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and in fine it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

Ladies and gentlemen, do you believe this can be truthfully said in the greater part of the fourteen States of this Union to day which the Democratic party controls absolutely? The Republican party is a party of principles, the same principles prevailing wherever it has a foothold. The Democratic party is united on but one thing, and that is getting control of the government in all its branches. It is for internal improvement at the expense of the government in one section and against this in another. It favors repudiation of solemn obligations in one section and honest payment of its debts in another (where public opinion will not tolerate another view). It favors flat money in one place and good money in another. Finally, it favors the pooling of all issues not favored by the Republicans to the end that it may secure the one principle upon which the party is a most harmonious unit, namely, gaining control of the government in all its branches. I have been in some part of every State lately in rebellion within the last year. I was most hospitably received at every place where I stopped. My receptions were not by the Union class alone, but by all classes, without distinction. I had free talk with many who were against us in the war and who have been against the Republican party ever since. They were in all instances reasonable men, judged by what they said. I believed then, and believe now, that they sincerely want a breaking up in this solid South political condition. They see that it is to their pecuniary interest as well as to their happiness that there should be harmony and confidence between all sections. They want to break away from the slavery which binds them to a party name. They want a pretext that enough of them can unite upon to make it respectable. Once started the solid South will go as Ku Kluxism did before, and as admirably told by Judge Tourgee in his "Fool's Errand." When the break comes those who start it will be astonished to find how many of their friends have been in favor of it for a long time, and have only been waiting to see some one take the lead. This desirable solution can only be attained by the defeat and continued defeat of the Democratic party as now constituted."

Quaker Ballots.

WILMINGTON, O., October 7.—The religious Society of Friends, through its members, furnishes a large proportion of the population of this (Clinton) county. They are good, quite peaceable and peace loving citizens; plain in their habits, extremely conscientious in their opinions, frugal, industrious and generally well-to-do. As a rule they eschew politics, but their natural good sense and love of right have led them almost universally to quietly attend the polls on election day, vote the Republican ticket, and as quietly return to their homes again. Their national organ, the *Christian Worker* is published at New Vienna, this county, and has an immense circulation, not only in this county, but in all the countries throughout the world wherever members of the Society reside, and wielding a great influence. For a few years past a large number of Friends have been voting for the candidates on the Prohibition ticket. Where this great Society stands this year is very fairly shadowed forth by the following, which appeared in the last number of the *Christian Worker*:

HOW SHALL WE VOTE?

A few weeks ago we published a communication from a friend in New York, who holds that in the present condition of affairs in our Nation it will be best to vote for Garfield for President at the coming election. In this week's issue we give rather a long communication from our earnest Prohibition friend, Lorenzo Stubbs, who favors voting an independent Prohibition ticket.

As the *Christian Worker* is not a political paper, we do not propose to allow the continuance of the discussion through our columns. In warm political times like the present it would be likely to run into party feeling, and might somewhat alienate warm friends. We propose now to leave our Intelligent readers to decide for themselves how they will vote. We do not believe in the principle of doing evil that good may come. We do not believe in choosing the least of two evils, but when a man does the best he can under the circumstances, it is not doing evil at all, but a positive good.

Garfield was not the choice of the politicians. He did not secure the nomination by wire pulling and political intriguing. We regard his nomination as providential. It is very rare, indeed, that so good a man is put in nomination for so important an office. Those who are nearest him and know most of him speak of him as a remarkably pure and conscientious man, of fixed religious and temperance habits. We regard the issues which hang upon the result of the pending Presidential election as momentous, that the interests of the Indians, the freedmen and the *peace* and prosperity of the country depend largely upon the election of Garfield.

These are our honest convictions, and so believing we hold it to be our duty to vote in accordance with these sentiments, altough we are not a politician, and take but little interest in political matters, only so far as moral and religious questions may be involved.

DANIEL HILL,
Editor Christian Worker.

What Democratic Success Means.

I.—The subordination of the Republic to the supremacy of the so-called "Sovereign" States, and the surrender of National sovereignty.

II.—The readoption of the pusillanimous doctrine of the last Democratic Administration under James Buchanan, that the United States have no constitutional power to prevent secession, and hence no constitutional power to maintain their existence.

III.—A radical change in the present admirable financial policy of the government and the substitution of untried financial experiments by untried men.

IV.—The destruction of the National banking system and the substitution of State banks, or of promissory notes, issued under the assumed authority of the General government, whose volume and value will depend upon the result of the ayes and nays on a vote in Congress.

V.—Placing the debt of the Nation for payment in the hands of men all of whom vehemently opposed the resumption of specie payments, and a large majority of whom have elected to repudiate the debts of their own States, or have favored the Pendleton plan of National repudiation.

VI.—Putting an end to the policy of protection to American manufactories and American labor, and reducing the Nation to a state of dependence upon foreign countries for the necessaries of life.

VII.—The continuance of intimidation, terrorism and acts of violence toward the colored citizens of the South, and the refusal of employment, under penalty of starvation, to all who presume to vote with the party that gave them their freedom.

VII.—And therefore, the continued disfranchisement of the race in defiance of the supreme law and authority of the National Government.

IX.—Reversing the verdict of Gettysburg and Appomattox, and the verdict of the war; reversing the solemn judgment of the American people, and making the "Lost Cause" the victorious cause.

X.—The continuance of ballot-box pollution, in the use of tissue-ballots and the false and fraudulent counting of lawful votes actually deposited.

XI.—The elevation to the chief places of power in the Union of all in the South most serviceable and most conspicuous in the war for the Union's destruction.

XII.—The placing in the hands of the late insurgents of the power to reorganize the Supreme Court of the United States in the interest of State Sovereignty and secession, and the probable adoption by that Court of the theory distinctly justifying secession in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, which assert that the State is to be the judge "of the mode and measure of redress" in all cases of "infractions" of the "compact" on the part of the National Government.

XII.—Making the indorsers of these treasonable resolutions, which were readopted in the National Democratic platform of 1856, the indorsers of nullification in 1832 and the promoters of and actors in secession in 1861, the guardians of the Nation, which their acts and teachings, unchecked, would have three times destroyed.

XIV.—The elevation to our most exalted office, requiring the most varied knowledge and largest attainments, of a military officer without training or experience in civil affairs who has no knowledge of the science of Government, of political history, or of constitutional law.

XV.—Rising to the dignity of Vice President, and successor apparent to the Chief Magistracy, a defender of the assassin Brooks, and a supporter of slavery, who has since exhibited his love of oppression by grinding the poor and ejecting them from their almost entirely paid for homes.

XVI.—Finally, Democratic success means putting the Capital of the Union and its Government in the peaceable possession of those enemies from whom they were kept, for four years of open war, only by the expenditure of six billions of money, and almost a million of lives.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Advices from Philadelphia indicate that a strong effort will be made to defeat the re-election of Speaker Randall. A member of the Republican State Central Committee says that the march of improvement in Philadelphia in Mr. Randall's district has had the effect to drive out that element which formed the chief voting strength of the Democrats, and that from this cause the Democratic majority has been much reduced; that in view of the bitterness existing between Senator Wallace and the Speaker, it is a well known fact that the former is very much disposed to leave Mr. Randall to rely solely upon his own resources in the contest, and it is the purpose of the Republicans to take advantage of this combination of circumstances, and they have strong hopes of the election of their candidate by a small majority.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher,

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WITH LOVE.

SWEET are the days
With love,
The summer days
With love;
All heaven and earth do move
In sweet accord with love,
And prove
'Tis only wise to love
With love.

Trill! trill! bright bird,
With love,
Trill, gentle mate,
With love!
The air is quick with song,
In which the whole day long
They prove
'Tis only sweet to live
With love.

All skies are bright
With love,
All cares are light
With love;
For faithful love's sweet sake,
All burdens that we take
But prove
It is a joy to live
With love.

—D. H. R. Goodale, in Christian Union.

HOW EMILY SAVED HER FATHER'S PROPERTY.

EMILY VANE lived with her father in a great old country farmhouse. Her mother had died when she was born, and she was her father's only companion, a merry, fearless girl of ten, with a spirit of adventure that was always getting her into mischief. Her father loved her dearly, taking her into all his confidences, talking to her of all his labors and pleasures, and treating her as the little mistress of his farm, while her brightness and thoughtfulness for others endeared her to all its occupants.

The farmhouse had been an old fashioned manor in its day, and on its ruins were built most of the barns, granaries and outbuildings which abutted on the modern house, a stiff Dutch structure, like a great cube of red brick dark with age. The front door opened into a passage that pierced through the house, and ended by another door which led to the farmyard. On either side of the front door were two high narrow windows, and above them on the second floor were five equally narrow and stiff. Heavy cornices hung over these windows, from whence rose the steep roof, covered with undulating red tiles. The roof was surmounted by a kind of turret house of wood, eight or ten feet square, with windows on all its four sides. The little chamber in this turret was called the observatory, and was reached by a trap-door through the ceiling of the great garret which was formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by another trap-door that entered into Mr. Vane's room. There was just space enough in the observatory for Mr. Vane's writing-desk, and here he kept his accounts and wrote his letters, which were infrequent; while samples of corn, and indescribable odds and ends were to be found in the dozen drawers of his old-fashioned and commodious escritoire. Against the walls hung rusty guns and pistols, an old sword that had been handed down in the family from Revolutonary times, different agricultural implements, a disused saddle, and an ancient pair of bellows. The windows commanded an extensive view of the farm lands, from whence Mr. Vane could exercise a distant supervision over his men.

He was a kind-hearted, easy young man, unsuspicious to a fault, which had caused him to fall into some careless ways, not over-wise, but hallowed by their antiquity. Such a one was the habit he had of bringing his rent money, the day before rent was due, from the bank in town, and depositing it in his desk in the observatory over night. As all the farm servants and laborers had lived with him for many years, and knew his ways as well as he did himself, it never occurred to him that this careless habit might be a temptation to any among their number for robbery, for the custom was one of long standing, and openly alluded to by every one.

The evening my story opens, Mr. Vane had just returned from his trip to the bank, from whence he had brought his rent money in weighty silver dollars tied up in a leather bag. All the farm hands were sitting at their supper in the big old-fashioned kitchen, where Emily was waiting her father's arrival to take her supper with him. As he came in, catching his little girl in his arms, and saying a cheery word to those nearest him, Emily noticed that the leather bag he was swinging in his hand was empty.

"O! father," she said, "where is your money?"

"Where is the money, little Missie! Why, as I climbed the observatory to get the keys I had left there in the morning, the bag caught in the end of the desk, and tumbled all the money into the drawer, where it may lie, for it's too dark to gather it together again to-night, and any way it's safe enough."

As there was a hush throughout the room when Mr. Vane entered it, every body heard the question and its answer, and in another hour's time Emily had given her father her good-night kiss and hug, and had gone to her own little room. But not to sleep, for she was singularly restless that night, and lay long awake hearing the servants mounting to their rooms, and the noises of closing the house for the night. She could distinguish her father's step barring the two doors of the passage, and ascending in his turn, stopping a moment outside her door to listen if all was safe and well, before he retired to his own room. Still she lay awake and restless, thinking, as the house grew quiet and still, of all she had done that day, and of all she intended to do the next. How Hannah had promised they should go away to the trout brook and fish there, so she had been cutting a new, beautifully long and straight rod for the occasion, which she had taken into her sanctum in the old attic to finish off and tie her line to. And where was the knife she had been cutting and trimming it with, she thought suddenly with a start! The beautiful, sharp, new knife, that her father had brought her from town six weeks ago, and that she loved so fondly? How careless to have left it on the floor of the attic! Of course no one would go there and get it, but it was wide open, and the pretty bright blade would rust in the damp night air. What would she not give to go and get it? Could she not do so even now? But no, father would not like her going to the attic alone at night. She must try and forget it and go to sleep. But how much she would like to see how the attic looks in the bright moonlight that shines into her room. To creep in unawares on the dolls, and see if they really are alive in the night, and talk, and give parties, as Shadrach, the stable man has told her! There can be no harm in going. Every one is fast asleep in the house, and she can't sleep. How she hates to lie awake! The old Dutch clock on the stairs struck midnight.

Emily stepped gently out of bed, and stole to the window. How sharply outlined the shadows were, how bright the moonlight. Every now and again great clouds coursing over the sky would hide the moon, and then it would shine out in renewed brilliancy and splendor. But there was a big bank of gray clouds under which it would soon disappear, and then it would be too dark to go to the attic. Now or never, thought Emily, as she slipped into her little dressing-gown, and thrust her bare feet into her soft wool slippers.

To get to the attic she did not have to go through the house, for it was situated in the old manor building whose gables abutted on the modern house, and between which a bridge-passage had been built, which opened directly out of Emily's room by an outer door. This door was called her private front door, and was locked by a big key and bolts from within. The other end of the bridge-passage rested on the second floor landing of the manor, from which the attic was reached by a long flight of stairs.

This attic, the delight of Emily's heart, where she kept all her treasures, and did all her best-loved work, was a rambling garret room, with great mullioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these big windows looked out to the west, and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the building, for it contained only a rough sash. The base of this little window—it was some five feet in height—was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house: while between the cornice and the window-sill was a space of about a yard. The old house was quite deserted and disused, save as Emily's play-room, and what had once been the hall was now an accumulation of rubbish, gardening tools, and out-door implements, or castaway pieces of furniture, in fact a catch-all for all sorts, and a heterogeneous collection it was. The little girl turned the key in the lock of her front door. It moved so silently and easily, that she could not help slipping back the bolts and cautiously opening the door. The thought of being afraid never entered her head. She was a very courageous child, and knew nothing to be afraid of. She was thinking only of reseuing her beloved knife from possible rust; and there it lay, its blade looking very blue in the moonlight, when she reached the attic. She picked it up from beside the fishing-rod, rubbing and polishing it on her sleeve and shutting it, vowing never to be so careless again. Then she looked around the room. How strange every thing looked; very black, or very bright, the great mullions making huge stripes of shadow over the floor. After feasting her eyes at the big windows, she turned to the little ones. Opposite her rose the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the observatory, its windows glistening and shining just as though there were a candle in the room. Emily turned to go down to her bed again, for she was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when she saw the window of the observatory that was nearest to her slowly open. She was spell-bound more with astonishment than fear, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised, and a man cautiously got out. He moved blunderingly and awkwardly, as though he had his hands tied. Then he began to descend the slanting roof very slowly and warily. Leaning back against the tiles, he lodged his feet and elbows in their projections, advancing inch by inch on his journey, with his hands still before him. Suddenly the moon, which had been partially hidden by a fleecy cloud, shone out bright and strong, and the little girl had only time to recognize the man's features, before a bank of dark clouds hid it again. But she had seen enough., The man was Silas Cole, a laborer on the farm, who had come to the house only a few weeks back, and although looking like a tramp, no one in the country knowing anything about him, had been kindly received by Mr. Vane, and given work and lodging. His fellow-laborers had once or twice complained of his being a drunkard, but he had promised amendment, and had been kept on. Emily saw it all now. What the man was doing was clear enough. He had been in the kitchen when her father had indiscreetly answered her indiscreet question, and had resolved on possessing himself of the money. He had concealed himself in the garret, passing through Mr. Vane's room before he went to bed, and when all was still in the house had mounted into the observatory to rob his benefactor. He knew the premises well enough to be aware that if he could descend the roof, and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farmyard, and so make his way off without going near the sleeping community, or fear of rousing them. All this flashed through Emily's mind, as she stood watching the dim figure as he crept heedfully downward, holding his spoils in his hands before him, and showing, as he drew nearer to the little girl, a set stupid look, as though he were even then half drunk.

Lower, lower, lower, he came with her father's property clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, only a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing now between her and the robber but the abyss between the two buildings. She was completely hidden in the dark corner of the window, watching with a fascinated gaze every movement that brought him nearer and nearer to her, her heart beating wildly, and her feet chained to the spot. The man reached the cornice in safety, and stood up for a second before he stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to roof, and in a moment was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran around the wall outside.

Up to this time Emily had simply watched. She had not thought what to do. She was too frightened to run away for help, and yet she knew that if she would save her father's property it must be done now. As he paused before clambering over the sash, holding out his hands, with their spoil within them, she struck them with all her strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what her weak blow never could have done. The startled man's hands parted, and the silver rolled over the floor. With a muttered curse he clutched at the child's arm as she darted from the window, and held her like a vise. Had not his power been crippled by his dangerous position the little girl would have stood but a sorry chance against him. Being obliged to steady himself with one arm, he could only use the other to hold her with. With that one arm he held her, and raised his knee to step into the room. But he could not hold her, struggling violently as she was, and enter the room, too, so he contrived to imprison her slender wrist in his huge hand, and grasp the sash with it at the same time, and in another instant would have been in the room. All this time Emily did not scream; she felt too intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, to utter a sound. Her left hand was prisoned. In her right her cherished knife was clasped. She was desperate at that moment, and all the nerve and spunk within her was roused. She lifted the knife to her mouth, tore open the blade with her teeth, and quick as a flash she cut at the huge wrist of her foe, as though she would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window and fell. She heard the dull heavy thud of his body as it struck on the ground below. Her left arm was covered with the hot blood she had shed; as she turned to run and rouse the house, a sick feeling overcame her, her nerves gave way, she staggered, and fell fainting on the bright silver money she had saved. When she came to herself after lying senseless for several hours, it was with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something, she hardly knew what, and it was not for some time that she remembered what had happened. It was still dark, but below the window she could make out the indistinct form of her antagonist lying on the ground. Slowly she returned to her deserted chamber, and passed through it to her father's room, where she told the tale.

The house being roused they found the thief alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall as to be perfectly helpless. The gash of the knife had done him no serious harm—it was a bad cut, but no more—while it had doubtless saved the courageous girl's life and her father's property.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Drumming Up Trade.

YOUNG Bummelhans has just been discharged by his employer, old Two-percent. The facts are as follows: Bummelhans has just returned from a trip over the State. His trip had been very satisfactory to himself, perhaps, but not so to his employer. He had spent a great deal of money in buggy rides, and one thing and another, and had taken very few orders. When Bummelhans called in to see the old man the latter was as mad as the mischief. He said: "I don't believe you makes any effort to sell goots. Ven I vash a drummer I always sold goots to de merchants no matter ven dey don't want any. I made de acquaintance von everypody." Bummelhans came very near replying that it was the reputation of his principal that prevented him from selling anything, but he restrained himself. "How did you use to manage to sell goods when you were a drummer?" "I vill show you all about dat. Schoost you sits down in chairs. You pees a coontry merchant. I plays now de drummer." "All right," says Bummelhans, "I'll be a country merchant, and I'll show you how they do." Bummelhans pretended to be writing at his desk, and old Twopercent came up from one side bowing and scraping. "Goot morning. Can't I sell you some goots?" "Who the dickens are you?" says Bummelhans, looking up. "I travels for de Galveston house of Twopercent." "You do, do you? So you travel for that infernal old thief, do you? Take that!" and to impress upon his employer the difficulties of drumming up trade, Bummelhans kicked the old man four or five times, pushed him up in a corner and choked him for a while, and told the old gentleman, who was speechless with *bona fide* rage, "If you ever come in here again I'll not leave a whole bone in your carcass."—*Galveston News.*

The Chinese Queue.

A WOMAN'S necklace and bracelets illustrate the familiar saying, "Time changes, and we change with it." They are the survival of the era when woman, treated as a slave, was handcuffed and wore an iron collar. The Chinese queue, or plait of hair, coiled on the head, was once a badge of servitude imposed by the Manchees when they took the country. The origin of the appendage has long since been forgotten, and a Chinaman now values his queue as he values his life. To be without one is a social disgrace.

A Chinese gentleman was once riding through Shanghai in a jinnyrickshaw, the two-wheeled carriage drawn by a coolie, which China has imported from Japan. A jolt or two caused his plait to fall from his head and over the side of the carriage. The end, the queue being long, was soon caught in the axle, which gradually wound it up. The unfortunate man shouted to the coolie to stop. He, thinking the shouts were commands to hasten, went faster and faster. Just as the poor fellow was being dragged out of the carriage, an English sailor saw the plight he was in. Drawing his knife, he cut the queue from the Chinaman's head. Jack thought he had done a kindly act, and was not a little surprised to receive curses instead of thanks. He had saved the man's life, but disgraced him in the eyes of his fellows.—*Youth's Companion.*

—They were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

PITH AND POINT.

A COMPOSITOR who can not agree with his wife says he must have taken her out of the wrong font.—*Puck.*

THE most entertaining writers on poultry are the men who look at hens' teeth to discover their age.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To check is to stop, except in case of a traveler's baggage, which is checked to make it go.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PROFESSOR WINCHELL says that there were men before Adam. Let the Professor back his opinion by giving us their names.—*Graphic.*

MORE than 2,000 pupils in the public schools of Davenport are studying German. This is all right, only we have often noticed that public school German is distressingly like Connecticut French. —*Hawkeye.*

"AND that's where the farmer and I differ," said Smiley, as he submitted a number eleven foot to the chiropodist; "he contemplates his broad acres with pleasure, while I contemplate mine—and swear."—*Boston Transcript.*

"CHARITY begins at home," said Mrs. Crouse, when she bought a pair of silk stockings for her oldest daughter, and reproved the servant for giving stale bread to the woman at the area door.—*Boston Globe.*

THE Smith family at Peapack, N. J., had their annual reunion Wednesday. We congratulate them. Dynasties may rise and fall; parties may come and go; but the Smith family shall not fail till humanity passes from the planet to return no more.—*Boston Post.*

AMONG the effects of a New Yorker who committed suicide were 114 scarf-pins. It is suspected that he took his life because he didn't own 115. A base, craving desire for scarf-pins will wreck a young man's character and destroy his mental equilibrium sooner or later. Shun the scarf-pin as you would a poisonous viper.—*Norristown Herald.*

"OH, pshaw!" petulantly exclaimed Miss Lydia Languish, looking up from the last new novel, in response to a summons from her mother to come and assist in preparing dinner. "Oh, pshaw! I am just where Edward de Courcey Montalbert is about to propose to the Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Claire, and I wish dinners had never been invented!" And the look of supreme disgust that flashed from her eyes showed that she meant it.

Lime-kiln Club Proceedings.

A LATE inventory of the effects of the Club by the keeper of the Bear-trap shows that it is possessed of the following extra valuable relics: A silver mug once owned by John Quincy Adams; a cocked hat worn by Napoleon; a sword with which Shakspeare killed a bear; a bowie-knife carried by the Maid of Orleans; several burdock leaves gathered on the field of Waterloo; George Washington's favorite boot-jack; a coat-tail which once graced the person of Cicero; the spoon with which Diogenes ate his last pudding and milk; a boot worn by Falstaff; a bottle of the soft soap used by William Penn when getting his claws on Indian lands, and the only and the identical two-gallon jug which held the whisky belonging to Lord Howe during his stay in America. Any one having in his possession the horse-pistol with which Martin Luther was shot can hear of a purchaser by addressing the Club.

THE SICK.

The Committee on the Sick reported that Hanover Small, a local member living on Kentucky Street, was lying seriously ill, the result of eating three watermelons, two muskmelous, six apples, three or four pears, a dozen plums, two turnips, part of a head of cabbage and three hearty meals in about twenty hours. He was feeling very quiet and humble-minded, and hoped the Club would grant the pecuniary relief provided for such emergencies.

"All de money dat Brudder Small squeezes outer dis Club won't buy 'nuff white string to harness up a 'skeeter," replied Brother Gardner, as he passed along the report. "When a member of dis Club emagines dat he was built fur de purpose of chawin' up de products of dis kentry inside of one full day he mus' make his own arrangements to take keer of his own stomach. I'll gin dat chap a short lectur' on de subjeck of gastric juices de nex' time he puts in an appearance here."

A SELF-SACRIFICING MEMBER.

Thunderbolt Stevens here claimed the attention of the chair, and asked if he was mistaken in believing that seventy-two members of the Club scratched their chilblains in that hall in unison during the month of February. Being informed that the figures were entirely correct he went on to say that the matter had received his earnest attention for several months past. Early in the spring he had determined to either invent an instrument by which scratching the soles of the feet would be made a joyful recreation from the burdensome cares of life, or do away with the necessity for using any thing of the sort. The latter idea was the one he had been at work on. He had been experimenting on the soles of his own feet, and he had struck it rich. After trying tar, glue, rosin, pitch, lime-water, clay, acids and various other things, he had invented a compound which would not only drive out old chilblains, but discourage all new comers. He took this early opportunity of announcing his discovery and held himself ready to put all the feet in the club in good walking-match condition free of charge.

On motion of Col. Hooper Andrews a vote of thanks was tendered Brother Stevens, and he was given the privilege of moving his stool six feet nearer the Bear-trap.

THE GLEE CLUB.

Each member of the Glee Club dropped a troche into his mouth, and the hall was filled with the strains of "The New Long Ago," written by Blackberry Stevens. The first verse runs as follows:

Whar' am de cash dat I spent long ago,
Long, long ago—long ago?
Whar' am de house dat I once used to rent,
Long, long ago—long ago?

—Detroit Free Press.

—There is one man who has perfect confidence in his wife. Dr. Ruth, the celebrated California shot, allows his wife to shoot glass balls out of his mouth.

Religious.

A QUAKER SERMON.

IT was the First-Day Meeting,
And the group of gathered folk
Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell;
No sound the silence broke,

Until, in her place on the woman's side,
With a sweet and tender face
That bore the pure and peaceful sign
Of the inward spirit's grace,

A white-haired woman rose with the word
That was laid on her heart to say—
The word that the gathered people
Were waiting that sunny day.

"Sister Tabitha all to pieces
My best china teapot broke,
But I kept my soul in patience,
Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all; and down with the sunshine
The silence again fell sweet,
Till the elder people gave the sign
That the service was complete.

Do you say that the hour was wasted?
That the sermon was trivial, vain,
Textless, devoid of logic,
Unthrilled by one eloquent strain?

Not so; for that Gospel is sweetest
That is won through life's fret and its pain,
That softens the jar of its friction,
And lightens the stress of its strain.

And the love that is over the erring,
The peace untouched by surprise,
The quiet that keeps its sweet patience,
Are dear in the Master's eyes.

While many a rhetorician
Might learn from this homily brief
A truth that the wearied people
Would hail as a glad relief—

That the lesson is most enduring
Close to life's practical lines,
And not the length but the fitness
The heart of the hearer inclines.

And we all in our plain home duties
Find the thought in this First-Day word,
That the least of our trials and triumphs
Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.

—Christian at Work.

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 3—Isaac's Prosperity.....Gen. 26: 12-25
Oct. 10—Jacob and Esau.....Gen. 27: 22-40
Oct. 17—Jacob at Bethel.....Gen. 28: 10-2
Oct. 24—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer
.....Gen. 32: 9-2; 2-30
Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt
.....Gen. 37: 1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison....Gen. 39: 21; 40: 1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

The Sailor-Preacher.

PERHAPS the most remarkable Boston clergyman, during the last fifty years, was Father Taylor. He was a sailor-preacher, and pre-eminently the preacher to sailors.

Until the war of 1812 his life was passed at sea. The vessel on which he was serving having been captured by the British, he was confined in Dartmoor prison. There he learned to read.

The first book he read was the Bible. It was with the young sailor as with the old prophet—the word was in his heart as a burning fire shut up in his bones. He could not keep silent. Forthwith, he preached to his fellow-prisoners.

Joining the Methodists, he became an itinerant preacher. From the fact that the Bishop sent him to the most unpromising places, he was known as the "breaking-up plow."

At last he was sent to Boston to preach to sailors. His natural oratory attracted all classes of hearers. Men of culture and ladies of refinement jostled with "Poor Jack" for seats in Taylor's Bethel.

One day Dr. Tuckerman, the philanthropist, was lamenting that he could not find the assistant he needed to help him in preaching to the poor. "Why don't you look among my people," said Dr. Channing, "and see if you can't find another Taylor?"

"Another Taylor!" exclaimed Dr. Tuckerman; "as well look for another Homer."

In his way, that is, in the power to move the conscience and heart, the sailor-preacher was as rare a genius as Homer or Demosthenes. Uninstructed in books—save in the Book which to know is itself an education—he seemed intuitively to apprehend the truth the congregation needed to hear, and the most effective way of putting it.

An incident told by Miss Peabody, in her "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing," sets forth the moral genius of the preacher who could make a Jack tar weep, and terrify a Boston lawyer.

One Sunday morning, as Father Taylor was going into the pulpit, some one put in his hand a slip of paper, with the request that he would preach from the text written on it: "God created man in His own image."

"This is a great text!" said the preacher. "I never saw, before this moment, how great! Man is the image of God—bodily, mentally, heartily, politically, spiritually!"

He then proceeded, for an hour and a half, to illustrate each of these "images" with a richness of metaphor that made each head of the sermon a poem. "It was," says Miss Peabody, "the greatest outburst of human genius that I ever heard."

In the afternoon, discoursing from the same text, he described man as sin had made him. Each listener felt that the orator who had exalted him in the morning was now sweeping him into the lower depths of sadness. "This evening," said the preacher, in concluding, "we will ask if man can recover the image of God, and how."

It is not strange that Dr. Channing, to whom the discourses were reported, should exclaim, "But you do not mean to say that all this was said in one day?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, who had occupied all the afternoon, "and it will take me all the evening to finish."

Dr. Channing then understood his friend Tuckerman's allusion when he suggested the finding of "another Homer."—*Youth's Companion.*

Life's Opportunity.

LIFE is, in a great degree, what we make it. We are not to sit passively to the end of life. That will come in God's own time; but we are to strive with a mighty strength of purpose to make of ourselves examples of goodness, wisdom, integrity and high moral courage, so that, when the end shall come, we shall feel we have not lived in vain. And how shall we succeed if we pass by, heedlessly, life's precious opportunities? We would not enforce upon our readers the necessity of grasping great opportunities alone; far from it; for do not the little drops of water make the broad, restless ocean? And where the desert, but for the little grains of sand? So it is that little opportunities for doing good, little lessons that may at present seem unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life.

Our facilities for exercising an influence over others are so many and so great that it is difficult to conceive how two persons may sit and converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and every man who critically examines his intellectual and moral state will observe that, however short his interview with another person may be, it has had an effect upon him. And this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it; but we have probably left impressions on some minds which will never be erased. And this influence and constancy have often great power; a single instance of advice, reproof, caution, or encouragement, may decide the question of a man's respectability, usefulness and happiness for a life time. How important, then, that we improve every opportunity to make our lives a blessing to others.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Gems of Thought.

THE Christian is not ruined by living in the world, but by the world living in him.

THE best way to do good is to do it, as opportunity offers, and not say or think much about it.—*Golden Rule.*

MEN will never knew us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works which are visible to them.—*Church Union.*

GOOD temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

LIFE is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything for us to do.

HOW MUCH larger would life be if men would start aright and never let go the one purpose of making all they can of themselves in the world.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.—*F. W. Faber.*

THE faith to which the Scriptures attach such momentous consequences and ascribe such glorious exploits is a practical habit, which, like every other, is strengthened and increased by continual exercise. It is nourished by meditation, by prayer and by the devout perusal of the Scriptures.—*Robert Hall.*

The Women at the Sepulcher.

ON that ominous Saturday the gates of Heaven seemed closed. The hopes of the disciples seemed quenched by the dark adumbration that shadowed everything. Christ's body was in the grave; His spirit gone to a world untraversed and unseen. If ever there was an hour when man might despair, this was the hour. Now, to contrast with all this our position and privilege is to emphasize our obligation to bring a deeper, more pervasive and inspiring love, a more loyal attachment, and a victorious joy. He who was dead is alive again, alive for evermore. On His head are many crowns. He will guide us even to the gates of the Celestial City. The Marys brought sweet spices. We bring praise and the joy of triumph, an adoring desire to do His work—such as they could not bring.

A consecration like this makes life truly sacramental. They did what they could in bringing the spices and ointment. Out of their small endeavor came illustrious revelations which changed all things. Out of our small endeavor may come an energy which will irradiate and crystallize all service, so that life shall take a glory to itself which we receive from above.—*Dr. R. S. Storrs, in "Homiletic Monthly."*

The Twenty-third Psalm.

THIS Psalm witnesses how close to the youthful heart the consciousness of God must have been which could thus transform and glorify the little things which were so familiar. We can feel, in a kind of lazy play of sentiment, the fitness of the shepherd's life to suggest thoughts of God—because it is not our life. But it needs both a meditative habit and a devout heart to feel that the trivialities of our own daily tasks speak to us of Him. The heavens touch the earth on the horizon of our vision, but it always seems furthest to the sky from the spot where we stand. To the Psalmist, however, as in higher ways to his Son and Lord, all things around him were full of God, and as the majesties of nature, so the trivialities of man's works—shepherds and fishermen—were solemn with deep meanings and shadows of the Heavenly. With such lofty thoughts he fed his youth.—*Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

Speaking the Truth.

THE members of our body never do other than speak truth one to another, when free from any foreign influence, such as anodyne. The tongue never tells the body that bitter tastes sweet; the eye never carries to the brain an incorrect vision; the hand will not declare the thing it toucheth to be other than what it is. Thus should it be with every member of the community—in business transactions as well as social converse. Especially in the mystical body of Christ—the Church—should "speak every man truth with his neighbor, for we are members one of another." So careful ought Christians to be, because we are "Every one members one of another," that this rule never be trangressed, that at all times a careful watch should be maintained that we sin not with our tongue by speaking any untruth of another.—*The Appeal.*

THE hard-worked expressmen who handle so many huge trunks during these busy fall days, says *Harper's Bazar*, might be glad to know the secret of two wealthy young ladies who traveled in Europe. With the aid of a single shawl-strap they condensed all their baggage during a five months' tour into one hand parcel, and always, at table d'hote or in traveling, were particularly well dressed and presentable. Exactly how it was done it would take a lady to describe, but it was done, and the fact that the tour of Europe can be made by a lady, always well dressed, with the aid of only one shawl-strap and a light hand bag, is worth knowing.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE LITTLE PIRATES.

A FROWN was on Farmer Allen's brow
As he sat in the doorway's ample shade;
His ear was pierced by a childish row
Wafted from where his children played.
"Kitty," he called, "go find those boys,
And tell them to stop that horrid noise."

Kitty—their mutiny—went softly out,
Meaning to cuddle with a smile and a kiss,
But when they met her with such a shout,
She sternly said, "Boys, you'll pay for this;
Your father is under the cherry-tree
Just as angry as he can be!"

Two little mouths were pursed in grieve
That had just been made into kissing shape,
Four little fat hands made believe
To squeeze some tears from the winking eyes.
"Let's go and live in a cave," said Ben—
"Let's," said Bob, "and be pirate men!"

The shadows westering down the sky
Fell cool and soft on the old farm house,
The farmer waited and wondered why
Every thing was as still as a mouse;
"Come, Bobbie and Ben, my little men,
It's time you were in the house again."

Silence! save from the twittering trees,
Alive with the good-night song of birds,
The hum of the honey-laden bees,
These were the only sounds he heard.
Somehow it seemed so lonely then
Without the noise of his little men!

Kitty was setting the table out—
Bowls of milk and the whitest bread—
Waiting to hear her babies shout;
She missed each curly, bobbing head.
"Come to your supper, boys," she cried,
Ah! only an echo voice replied.

Long they searched for the missing ones,
Ere fears for the truants their hearts assailed;
The farmer looked for his little sons,
While friends and neighbors their loss bewailed.
They sought by meadow and wood all night
And had found them not at morning light.

Then to her nest beneath the roof
The mother went with her tears and pain
"Father in Heaven, stand not aloof,
Give me my precious ones again!"
And far away—where the old well lay—
She heard a cry at the break of day.

Down, like some mother-bird, she flew
Away through the garden's tangled weeds,
Down through the sparkling morning dew,
Where the old well her purpose speeds,
Down to its shaft—there all is dark
And silent, too, in the grim depths—dark!

Only some sick bird's wailing cry?
But Kitty's voice rings cheerily out,
"Mother is coming!" the summer sky
Catches it up in a gladsome shout.
Old iron chain, will you bear the strain,
And bring her out of the depths again?

Safe in their mother's arms they lie,
Safe in their nest beneath the roof;
"We didn't mean to," is Bobbie's cry,
"To father and mother's sweet reproof.
We only went to be pirate men,
And couldn't get out," said sturdy Ben.

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

HOW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

"IF you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the tip of his first finger, "you won't go to the Brownrigs' ball."

"And why not?" asked his companion, irritably.

"Well, I really wouldn't, you know," said Mr. Wilding, giving up his struggle with the impossible, and laying the refractory paper-knife upon the table—"for a variety of reasons. Girls play the very mischief with you, and you know what trouble it gave me to get you out of your last scrape. There are four Brownrig girls, aren't there? And they are all pretty?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Snooks, sulkily. "There's safety in a multitude. I can't marry 'em all, can I?"

"Happily, no! Though, if the laws of your land did not forbid it, I am inclined to think you might try to accomplish even that. Still, be advised, Snooks, and be conspicuous by your absence at the Brownrigs' 'small and early.' Papa Brownrig, when incensed, is not nice; and you know you are decidedly *épris* with Miss Katie."

"No, I am not," said Snooks, with decision; "not a bit of it. Though I allow she is a handsome girl and has lovely eyes. Hasn't she, now?"

"I don't know. As a rule, I never look into a woman's eyes. I consider it a rudeness as well as a *bêtise*," said Wilding, earnestly, telling his lie without a blush. "Never mind her eyes. If," warningly, "you *must* go to this ball, at least try to forget that she has any eyes at all. If you don't, you will propose to her, to a moral."

"One would think that I was a raw schoolboy," said young Snooks, wrathfully. "Do you think that I can't look at a woman without committing myself? Do I look like a fool?"

Whatever Mr. Wilding thought at that moment he kept it to himself. Before he spoke next he and his conscience had agreed to dissemble.

"My dear fellow, do not let us even hint at such a thing," he said, amiably. "I only meant that you were slightly—very slightly—susceptible, and that Miss Katie has a certain amount of pleasing power, and that—I positively *would* give up this ball if I——"

"Are you going?" broke in Snooks, impatiently.

"Well, yes, I dare say I shall look in about twelve."

"Then *I* shall look in with you," said Snooks, defiantly.

"Fact is, the fellow wants to spoon her himself, and don't see the force of being cut out," said he to himself, complacently, as he ran down the steps of Wilding's stairs.

Beyond all question the Brownrigs' ball was a decided success. The rooms were filled to overflowing, the staircases were choked, the heat was intolerable. Sir Thomas and Lady Higgins had actually put in an appearance after all, and the supper, if uneatable, was, I assure you, very expensive. No pains or money had been spared; every thing was what the mistress of the house called "rug regal;" and all the Miss Brownrigs looked as charming as any one could desire.

There were four of them. There was Katie, the second daughter—Snooks's friend, and the possessor of the lovely eyes. And they were lovely: large, "and dark, and true, and tender," like the North, according to the Laureate; "black as sloes," said her fond if slightly oppressive mother, and of the languid, melting order.

Then there was Hetty, the eldest girl, who, if her eyes were not dark as midnight, had at least the dearest little nose in the world. A pure Greek feature, perfect in every respect, ignorant of colds in the head, that made one long to tell her (only she would have blushed, they were all nicely brought up) about Dudu and her Pliedian appendage.

Then came Georgie—"George the third," as she was playfully termed in the bosom of her family—who, if she had neither nose nor eyes like her sisters, had certainly a prettier mouth than either. A sweet little kissable rosebud of a mouth, that pouted and laughed alternately, and did considerable execution.

And, finally, there was Lily. A tall, pale girl, with blue eyes, a tinely cut chin, and a good deal of determination all round.

Katie's eyes were larger, darker, and (when she looked at Snooks and thought of his thousands) more melting than ever that night. Her dress, if slightly *bizarre*, was intensely becoming. Snooks, for the first half hour, kept himself bravely aloof from her fascinations, declined to notice her reproachful glances and languishing *œillades;* and for reward, was wretched. Finally, being driven into a corner during a fatal set of lanciers, he met her eyes, saw, and was conquered. She would dance the next with him? Yes, (coldly.) And the next? Yes, (more gently.) And the ninth—he can see she is disengaged for it? Yes, (this time quite warmly.)

An hour later the deed was done. Some capital champagne, a dark avenue, (I believe there were some Chinese lanterns there originally, but a kind wind had blown them out,) and a soft, little hand, slipped into his, did the work; and Miss Katie had promised, bashfully, but with unmistakable willingness, to be the future Mrs. Snooks. Whether it was Snooks or the property pertaining to Snooks she most affected, deponent sayeth not.

When, however, her betrothed found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him. He went, as he usually did when in a sorry case, in search of Wilding; and having discovered him, took him into a side room, and, shutting the door, confronted him with a rather pale face.

"So the eyes were too many for you," said Mr. Wilding, calmly, after a deliberate examination of the face before him. "I told you how it would be."

"That's the sort of a thing any fellow might say," returned Snooks, pathetically. "I didn't think *you* would have been so aggravating. And just when you see I'm down on my luck, too. Yes, I've been and gone and done it."

"Mother *will* be pleased," quoted his friend and law adviser, with a shrug. "So, by the bye, will be your father. They both regard nothing so highly as birth. I suppose Miss Brownrig can lay claim to some decent breeding?"

"The old chap is a cornchandler, you know that; at least, he used to be," said Snooks, with a groan.

"O, indeed! And a very charming business, too, I make no doubt. Leads up to quite a train of ideas. Corn, wheat, staff of life, quaint old mill, and rustic bridge in the distance; miller sitting on it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownrig ever wore a white hat? And if so—why? Don't all speak at once. Well, well, she is a very pretty girl. Such eyes, you know! I really congratulate you, my dear fellow."

"Wilding," desperately, "can't you do something? I—I don't know how it happened. It was the champagne, I suppose, and of course you know she *is* pretty; but I don't want to marry any one, and I know the governor wouldn't hear of it."

"He will have to hear of it now, won't he?" asked Wilding unfeelingly.

"He would go out of his mind if such a thing was even hinted to him," declared Snooks, wildly. "Try to help me out of it, Wilding, can't you?"

"I don't see what there is to do, except marry her. I only hope Lady Snooks and Miss Cornchandler will get on. And you should think of her beauty, you know: doubtless it will console you when Sir Peter cuts you off with the customary shilling."

"I suppose I had better cut my throat and put an end to it," said Snooks, dismally, and then—overcome, no doubt, by the melancholy of this suggestion—he breaks down and gives way to tears.

"I say, don't do that, you know," exclaimed Wilding, indignantly. "Weeping all over the place won't improve matters, and will only make you look a worse fool than nature intended, when you go out of the room. If you *have* put your foot in it, at least try to bear misfortune like a man. Look here," angrily, "if you are going to keep up this hideous boohooing I'll leave the room, and you, too, to your fate. It's downright indecent. They will hear you in the next house if you don't moderate your grief."

As the nearest house was a quarter of a mile off, this was severe.

"I shouldn't care if they heard me in the next town," said Mr. Snooks, who was quite too far gone for shame.

"There is just one chance for you, and only one," said Wilding, slowly. "I have an idea, and you must either follow it, or—go to the altar."

"I'll follow any thing," eagerly. "What is it?"

"You have proposed to Miss Katie," solemnly. "Now go and *propose to the other three!*"

As Wilding gave vent to his idea he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.

"I'll do it," said Snooks, valiantly, drying his eyes and giving his breast a tragic tap, "whatever comes of it."

Going into the hall, he saw Hetty standing near an entrance; a little way beyond her was Katie, conversing with a tall and lanky youth. Not daring to glance in the direction of the latter, who plainly expected him to come straight to her on the wings of love, he turned and asked Hetty to dance.

They danced, and then (it was a custom with the ball-goers in that mild suburban neighborhood) he drew her out under the gleaming stars and up the dark avenue that a few minutes since was the scene of her sister's happiness.

There he proposed in due form, and was again accepted. Hetty's conduct, indeed, was perhaps a degree more pronounced than Katie's, because she laid her head upon his shoulder, and he felt he was by all the laws of sentiment bound to kiss her. Her nose looked lovely in the pale moonlight; so I dare say he did not find the fulfilling of this law difficult.

After that he had some more, a good deal more, champagne; and then he proposed to Miss Georgie, who also consented to be his. There now remained but one other step to be taken. He crossed the room, and asked the youngest Miss Brownrig to dance. He was getting rather mixed by this time, and was on the very point of asking her to marry him instead, so customary had the question grown to him now. Miss Lily, however, declined to dance, on the plea that she was tired, and could exert herself no more that night. With questionable taste he pressed the matter, and begged her to give him one, just one. At this she told him frankly she did not admire his style of dancing, which of course ended the conversation. So he asked her to come for a stroll instead; and, having arrived at the momentous spot, delivered himself of the ornate speech that had already done duty three times that night. I forget what it was, but I know it wound up with the declaration that he adored her and wanted to marry her.

"It's extremely good of you, I'm sure," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, calmly. "But, uncivil as I fear it must sound, *I* don't want to marry *you*."

"Don't you, by Jove!" said Snooks, hastily. "Well, that's awfully ki— No, no!" pulling himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, you know; I mean it's awfully horrid, you know. In fact," warming to his work through sheer gratitude, "you have made me miserable forever; you've broken my heart."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frivolously. "Let us hope time will mend it. I'm not very sure you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it *is* kind, my refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go in and say good-night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne, and it's trying to the constitution."

Snooks took the hint, bid farewell to Mrs. Brownrig, who, to his heated imagination, appeared to regard him already with a moist and motherly eye, and, taking Wilding's arm, drew him out of the house.

"Well?" said the latter, interrogatively.

"I don't know whether it is well or ill," returned he, gloomily. "But I followed your advice, and proposed to 'em all."

"And they accepted you?"

"Tho most of 'em. But Lily, the youngest, she——"

"I always said she was a sensible girl," put in Mr. Wilding, *sotto voce*.

"Did you!" with much surprise. "Well, she refused me; sort of said she wouldn't have me at any price. So you see you were wrong!"

"I always knew she was one of the most intelligent girls I ever met," Mr. Wilding repeated, in a tone so decided that his companion for once had sufficient sense to refrain from demanding an explanation.

The next morning as Katie Brownrig turned the angle of the hall that led to her father's sanctum (whither a sense of filial duty beckoned her) she almost ran into the arms of her three sisters, all converging toward the same spot from different directions. Simultaneously they entered Mr. Brownrig's study. (He called it a library; but that word is too often profaned for me to profane it, so I shall draw the line at study.) But to return. Miss Lily, being the youngest, was of course the first to raise her voice.

"I had a proposal last night, papa, and I have come to tell you about it," said she, in a tone replete with triumph.

It is so sweet to the mind of youth to outdo its elders. But "on this occasion only" the elders refused to be outdone. They each and all betrayed a smile of inward satisfaction, and then they gave way to speech.

"No!" they said in a breath. They did not mean to doubt or be impolite; they only meant surprise.

"The curate," said Hetty, in a composed but plainly contemptuous whisper. It was a stage whisper.

"Old Major Sterne," said Miss Georgie, promptly.

"Perhaps Henry Simms," suggested Katie, with some sympathy. Then turning to her father she said, with a conscious blush, "It is very strange, papa, but I, too, had a proposal last night."

"And so had I!" exclaimed Georgie and Hetty, in a breath.

"Eh!" said papa, pushing up his spectacles. He was fat and pudgy, with sandy hair and a flabby nose. He was a powerful man, too, and one unpleasant to come to open quarrel with. Proposals in the Brownrig family were few and far between—in fact curiosities—and so much luck, as the girls described, falling into one day, overpowered him.

"One at a time; my breath is not what it used to be," he said, addressing Katie. (If he had said *breadth*, it would have been equally true, as his mother—if she was to be believed—always declared he was a lean baby.) "May I ask the name of your lover?"

"Mr. Snooks," said she, with downcast eyes and a timid smile. She took up the corner of a cherry-colored bow that adorned her gown, and fell to admiring it, through what she fondly thought was bashfulness.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Georgie, angrily.

"What a disgraceful untruth!" cried Hetty, rudely. "Mr. Snooks proposed to me, to *me*, last night, and I accepted him."

"What is it you say? O, I am going out of my mind; my senses are deserting me," said Georgie, putting her hands to her head with a dramatic gesture. "Or is it a dream that he asked *me* to marry him, and that I, too, said 'yes?'"

"*I* seldom visit the clouds," said Lily, with a short but bitter laugh. "And I certainly know he made *me* a noble offer of his hand and heart; both which treasures I declined."

"Where?" demanded the other three, as through with one mouth.

"In the laurel avenue!"

At this they all groaned aloud.

"Perfidious monster!" said Hetty from her heart.

"Am I to understand," began Mr. Brownrig, with suppressed but evident fury, "that this—this—unmitigated scoundrel asked you *all* to marry him last night?"

"If we speak the truth, *yes*," replied the girls, dismally.

"He was drunk," said papa, savagely.

"I can't believe it," said Katie, who was dissolved in tears—in fact, "like Niobe, *all* tears"—by this time. "Nothing could be nicer than the way he did it. His language was perfect, and so thoroughly from the—*heart*."

"He addressd me in a most honorable, upright, and Christian fashion," said Hetty. "I am sure he meant every word he said."

She was thinking uneasily of that kiss in the moonlight. *Could* any one have seen her? Was old Major Sterne anywhere about at the moment?

"I certainly considered his manner strange, not a bit like what one reads," said Georgie, honestly; "but I thought of the title and the property, and I said yes, directly."

"*I* thought him the very greatest muff I ever spoke to," broke in Miss Lily, with decision. "I refused him without a moment's hesitation, and told him to go home. I'm sure it was well I did. I dare say if he had stayed here much longer, he would have proposed to mamma next, and afterward to the upper housemaid. I agree with you, papa, the champagne was too much for him."

"I—I think he is fond of me," said Katie, in a trembling tone. Her fingers are not playing with the cherry-colored bow now, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.

"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride."

"Perhaps he is mad," said Hetty, vaguely. Just at that moment, as a salve to her wounded vanity, she would have been glad to believe him so.

"No, my dear," declared Lily, calmly; "he has no brains worth turning."

"He said something, papa, about calling to-day at four o'clock," said Katie, very faintly.

"Then I shall sit here till four," returned Mr. Brownrig in an awful tone. "I shall sit here until *five;* and then I shall get up, and go out and find that young man, and give him such a horsewhipping as I warrant you he never got before in all his life."

"Don't be too hard on him, papa," entreated Katie, weakly.

"*I* shan't, my dear, but my whip will," said papa, grimly.

So he waited until five; he waited till half-past five; and then he took up a certain heavy gold-knobbed whip that lay stretched on the table as though in readiness, and sallied forth in search of Snooks's rooms. And he found them, and Snooks, too—in bed, suffering from a severe catarrh, caught, I presume, in the laurel avenue.

And no man knows what he did to Snooks. But at least he gave him an increased desire for his bed, because for a fortnight afterward he never stirred out of it.

When Mr. Wilding heard of all this, I regret to say he gave way to noisy mirth in the privacy of his chambers; and was actually caught by his washerwoman—who peeped through the keyhole—performing a wild dance in the middle of the floor.—*London Society.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LONDON society will act unitedly to snub professional beauties. It is a beautiful fight as it stands, in which the ugly and worthy will have a chance. The beauties will not be invited to parties, and in that case the young men will not care to go.

ACCORDING to London *Truth* the life of the Prince of Wales is insured by a number of speculative persons, as are the lives of many other prominent personages. Large sums were paid by several offices after the death of Prince Albert.

DRUNKENNESS is said to be greatly on the increase in London. Ten years ago the persons arrested for drunkenness or for being drunk and disorderly numbered 21,625, whereas last year they had increased to 33,892, or by nearly fifty-seven per cent.

IT is understood that when the Empress Eugenie goes to her future home in Switzerland this autumn the remains of her husband and son will be removed to the oratory attached to the chateau. All the furniture of her English house not taken with her will be distributed among friends, nothing being allowed to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer.

IT now appears that the resignation of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the command of the Russian Imperial Guard was a compulsory process, he having gone into a scheme by which the Czar was charged £20,000 ($100,000) extra by the builders of the Livadia steam yacht, which amount was given to the Grand Duke.

ON the occasion of his marriage the Crown Prince of Austria will receive from the aristocracy of Vienna a present of a magnificent album, each leaf of which will contain drawings and water-color copies of the most celebrated and best known paintings. About $75,000 have been subscribed toward the purchase of this present.

A LATE Berlin journal publishes a list of the women filling the function of diplomatists under the Government of Russia. Of these there are Ministers Plenipotentiary at Berlin, two at Rome, and two at Vienna. There are several other Russian women, members of the Imperial family, circulating in the minor courts of Germany charged with diplomatic functions of a nature more or less delicate.

M. BENAZET, whose revenues came from the gamblers at Baden, left some six million pounds to his widow. She was forty years old, and presently became insane. Being treated successfully by a young physician named Thulie, she settled eight thousand pounds a year on him, married him, and made him so comfortable that he was able to enter the political field with success.

MR. ASHMEAD BARTLETT and his affianced wife, Lady Burdett-Coutts, as seen riding together, caused Olive Logan to write to the Philadelphia *Times* as follows: "What a contrast! He a fresh, blooming youth of eight-and-twenty, erect, gay, the full sap of life bounding freely through his veins, attested by his sparkling eye, his peachy cheek, his ruby lip; she, shriveled unto decrepitude, dressed sensibly, as befits her age, in a black poko bonnet, beside whose somber lack of style the headgear of some Quakeresses is gay and extravagant in form and color; her shoulders wrapped in a dark woolen shawl."

Our Young Folks.

BABY'S FIRST WALK ALL ALONE.

"COME, my baby, all alone!"
Was so long a baby-journey ever known?
All the way, so wide and bare,
From the table to the chair;
'Tis no wonder he should linger
Holding onto papa's finger,
Though his mother beckons there
From her throne,
With, "Come, baby, all alone!"

"Come, my baby, all alone!"
Were such mingled doubt and daring ever shown?
Now he drops his hold, and then
Closer clings to it again;
Now he steps out with a shiver,
As one tries a rapid river,
And shrinks back, and wonders when,
Taller grown,
Baby shall go all alone.

"Here comes baby, all alone!"
Was a more victorious bravery ever known?
Right across the trackless space
The small feet have won their race;
And he tosses back thereafter
Such a peal of ringing laughter!
It laughs out from every face,
Proud to own
"Baby has gone all alone!"

Back goes baby all alone,
Oh what inches, all at once, has baby grown!
Back and forth, with merry cries,
Like a little bird he flies;
First to father, then to mother,
Then to sister, then to brother,
Greeting each with laughing eyes.
Bravely done!
Shout for baby, every one!

—*George S. Burleigh, in Nursery.*

HOW THE SETTLERS OF WALPOLE DEFENDED THEMSELVES.

BEAUTIFUL the green meadows, the surrounding hills and the distant mountains forming the landscape in Walpole, N. H., which Colonel Benjamin Bellows and John Kilburn gazed upon on the banks of the Connecticut River in 1749. They had built their log houses with loop-holes in the walls through which they could fire upon the Indians in case they were attacked. Though peace had been agreed upon between France and England, the people who lived along the frontier felt no security, for the French in Canada were continually urging the Indians to commit depredations on the English. It was a short and easy journey from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, to the valley of the Connecticut, and the Indians who sold their furs to the French were frequent visitors to the settlements along the Connecticut.

One of the Indians who visited John Kilburn was called Captain Philip. He had been baptized and christened by the Jesuit priests at the Indian village of St. Francis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, half-way from Montreal to Quebec. The St. Francis tribe were called Christian Indians. There were rumors that war would break out again between England and France. Before war was declared hostilities began.

It was in the spring of 1755 that Captain Philip made a visit to John Kilburn's house with some beaver skins for sale. He wanted powder, bullets and flints for pay. While he was trading, Captain Philip was running his eyes over the house, looking at the thick timbers, the loop-holes in the walls. When he had finished his trade he visited the other houses in the settlement. He was kindly treated. The settlers never mistrusted that he was taking observations for future use.

August came. The settlers heard that war had begun, and knew that the French and Indians might be upon them at any moment. They strengthened their block-houses. No one went into the field to work alone. They always carried their guns with them. They had some faithful watch-dogs which always growled when Indians were about. There were nearly forty men in the settlement. They were stout-hearted, and were determined not to be driven out by the French and Indians. They appointed Colonel Bellows to be their leader. He had a suspicion that Indians were about.

"We must have a supply of meal, so that in case we are attacked we shall have something to eat," he said.

The settlers filled each a bag with corn, shouldered them, and then, in single file, each man carrying his gun, they marched to the grist-mill which they had erected, ground the corn into meal, shouldered the sacks once more, and started homeward, their faithful watch-dogs trotting in advance, paying no attention to squirrels or partridges, or game of that sort.

Suddenly the dogs came back, growling, the hair on their backs in a ruff.

"There are Indians about. Throw down your sacks," said Colonel Bellows.

The men threw their sacks on the ground, dropped into the ferns, and looked to the priming of their guns. The ferns were tall, and completely concealed them. Colonel Bellows suspected that the Indians had laid an ambuscade at a narrow place in the path which they must pass. He crept slowly forward to see what he could discover, careful not to break a twig or make any noise. He crept to the top of a little hill, peeped through the ferns, and discovered a great number of Indians, nearly two hundred, crouching behind trees, or lying on the ground, waiting for the white men to enter the trap. He made his way back to his men, issued his orders in a whisper, and all crawled through the ferns toward the Indians till they were only a few rods from them.

All were ready. Every man sprang to his feet, and yelled as loud as he could, "Ili-ya hi-ya!" it was a terrific howl.

The next moment not a settler was to seen; all had dropped upon the ground, and were concealed by the ferns.

In an instant every Indian was on his feet, firing his gun, but hitting nobody.

There was an answering flash from the ferns, each settler taking aim, and the Indians sprang into the air, or fell headlong before the bullets.

The red men outnumbered the settlers five to one, but were so astounded by the surprise that, picking up the wounded, they made a hasty retreat into a swamp, and the settlers made all haste to their block-house, anticipating an attack. Not one of them had been injured.

This body of Indians was a part of a band of more than three hundred, led by Captain Philip, who had come from Canada with the expectation of wiping out the settlements along the Connecticut, and of returning to Canada with many prisoners and no end of scalps. It was at the pleasantest season of the year. The woods were full of game, and with the provisions they would get in the settlements which they intended to destroy they would have an abundance of food.

Captain Philip, with the rest of the Indians, was creeping stealthily through the woods toward John Kilburn's house. Mr. Kilburn and his son John, Mr. Pike and his son, were out in the field reaping wheat, their guns close at hand. Mr. Kilburn had trained his dog to scour the woods, and the faithful animal ever had his eyes and ears open, and was sniffing the wind if a wolf or bear was about. On this afternoon in August the dog came running in with his hair in a ruff, and growling.

"Indians," said Mr. Kilburn. The men and boys seized their guns, ran for the house, and had just time to get inside and bar the door when Captain Philip and nearly two hundred Indians made their appearance.

The Indians staid at a safe distance, and so did Captain Philip, though he came near enough to talk.

"Come out, old John! come out, young John! I give you good quarter," he shouted.

There were only the two men, the two boys, Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter and four children, in the house, with three hundred Indians attacking them, but John Kilburn was not in the least frightened—not he. Neither was Mrs. Kilburn, nor her son or daughter. They had several extra guns; Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter knew how to load them. They would rather die than be taken prisoners. The Indians had no cannon, and their bullets would not go through the stout timbers. Only by burning the house would they be able to get in.

"Get you gone, you rascal, or I'll quarter you!" was the defiant answer that John Kilburn shouted through one of the loop-holes to Captain Philip, as the latter went back to the dark crowd of savages, who set up the war-whoop.

"They yell like so many devils," said John Kilburn; but he was not in the least disturbed by the howling.

Then the bullets began to come through the shingles on the roof, and strike against the timbers.

The Indians surrounded the house, but there were loop-holes on each side. Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Pike took two of the sides, and the two boys the others. Bang! bang! went the guns of Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Pike. Bang! bang! went the boys' guns. They could fire at a rest, and take deliberate aim. The Indians could not see the muzzles of the guns, and the moment one of the red men peeped from behind a tree his skull was in danger.

One by one they fell, which enraged them all the more, and they crept nearer, firing rapidly, riddling the shingles, hoping, quite likely, that a bullet might glance down from the roof and hit those inside.

"The roof looks like a sieve," said John Kilburn, as he looked up and saw the holes.

Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter were loading the extra guns the while, and handing them to the men and boys, who kept up such a rapid fire that the Indians came to the conclusion that there were a large number of men in the house.

"We shall soon be out of bullets," said Mrs. Kilburn.

A thought came: Why not catch the bullets that were coming through the roof? The balls had nearly spent their force when they came through, and they hung up a blanket with thick folds, which stopped them entirely; and the girl, gathering them as they fell harmlessly upon the floor, put them into a ladle, melted them and ran new bullets, which soon were whizzing through the air, and doing damage to the enemy.

All through the afternoon the fight goes on, the Indians aiming at the loop-holes. Their bullets pepper the logs around them. One comes in and inflicts a ghastly wound in Mr. Pike's thigh, but the Indians do not know it, and the brave defense is kept up till the Indians, foiled in all their efforts, defeated, with several of their number dead and many wounded from the volleys fired by Colonel Bellows and his men, and by those in the house, set Mr. Kilburn's wheat on fire, kill his cattle, bury their dead and slink away, not having taken a scalp or a prisoner. They have only wounded one man.

When everything goes well with the Indian he can be very brave, but when the tide is against him he quickly loses courage and becomes disheartened, and so Captain Philip made his way back to Canada, very much crestfallen at the repulse he had received at the hands of two men, a woman, two boys and a brave-hearted girl.—*Charles C. Coffin, in Harper's Young People.*

American Triumphs in England.

At the recent meeting of the British Association of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. Cowper, the President, referred in his address to some of the cases in which American and other manufacturers beat the English in their own market.

"Sewing-machines," he said, "ought to be made here, and I urged English makers, years since, to go in thoroughly for making every part accurately and by machinery, so as to fit together at once without 'fitting;' but I could not get this carried out, and now sewing-machines come from America literally by millions, though labor is dearer metal is dearer and there are upward of 3,000 miles of carriage against them. But 'machine manufacture' is cheaper and better than 'hand making.' With regard to common pumps, they are now imported from America by thousands, and are sold here without being commonly known to be American; clocks and watches also come in immense numbers, some of them very cheap and common while others are very well made. Another trade, nearer perhaps to most of us, is that of rolled iron girders, which, I am sorry to say, are coming by hundreds and thousands from Belgium; indeed, almost every house that is now built in London with rolled iron girders is supplied from Belgium."

CHOCOLATE, the flour of the cocoanut, was first introduced into England from Mexico in the year 1520, and soon after became a favorite beverage in the London coffee-houses.

THE Chilian warriors know beans when they attack Llmas.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75

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First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

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National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.
OF OHIO.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
OF NEW YORK.

ELECTORS FOR MARYLAND,
AT LARGE:
H. CLAY NAIL. J. C. MULLIKEN.

DISTRICTS:
FIRST—A. J. MOWBRAY.
SECOND—JAS. E. HOOPER.
THIRD—R. R. WATTS.
FOURTH—JEHU B. ASKEW.
FIFTH—S. E. MUDD.
SIXTH—H. W. COMBS.

FOR CONGRESS—SIXTH DISTRICT.
HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY OCT. 16, 1880.

Barbecue and Mass-Meeting.

There will be a Grand Barbecue and Mass-Meeting at Selbysport, Saturday afternoon, October 23d, at 2 o'clock. Eloquent speakers will address the meeting. It is proposed to make this the grandest meeting ever held in the county.

The result of the elections in Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia has been a grand victory for the Republicans. Later dispatches give Indiana to the Republicans by a majority of from 5,000 to 8,000.

Heavy firing is now heard all along the Republican line, and it means a grand and crowning Republican victory in November.

Simultaneously with the arrival of Col. Schley and his party in Oakland, Friday last, came the "$329" idiot. The people in this community are generally of opinion that it was an even "$500."

A tariff for revenue only.—*Democratic Platform*, 1880.

The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past and shall endeavor to maintain in the future.—*Hancock's Letter of Acceptance.*

The Campaign in Garrett.

The meetings held in this county during last week and Monday of this week, were all well attended, and very enthusiastic. We had hoped to have had reports from all of them. We have, however received accounts of but too, Grantsville and the Forks. We are informed by persons who were present that the meetings at Accident and McHenry were large and enthusiastic. Mr. Urner has made many new friends in this county, and will receive a handsome majority on the 2d of November.

Our friends who have been through Garrett county report the Republicans up there as being active and enthusiastic. Garrett will do her full duty to Mr. Urner. Last fall the Republicans of Garrett elected their entire ticket, a circumstance we believe that did not occur elsewhere in the entire State. That glorious victory was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—*Cumb. News.*

The Democratic meeting at Oakland Saturday last came very near being an entire failure. The Oakland Cornet Band was employed to drum up the faithful to the court house. After playing several airs there, without any show of a crowd, they were ordered to Dalley's hotel, where the Democracy succeeded in getting together about fifty people. Col. Schley is too unpopular in this county to get up any enthusiasm, and he will be buried under an adverse ballot on Nov. 2d beyond the hope of resurrection.

We were astonished to see the *Times* revamping from the Frederick *Citizen* a lot of silly falsehoods about Mr. Urner's youthful political proclivities. These stories were started at the time of Mr. Urner's candidacy two years ago, and were then as now regarded as very weak and very mean electioneering devices. We shall once more, and probably finally dispose of them briefly.

The *Citizen*, as copied by the *Times* says Mr. Urner "led Lieutenant Dorsey through the Federal lines with one hundred and fifty head of cattle, which were safely landed in the Confederate camp." We have the authority of Mr. Urner himself for the declaration that the above is *an unqualified falsehood!*

The *Citizen* further says of Mr. Urner: "He was a rebel sympathizer almost up to the time the Radical party nominated him for State's attorney."

We further state upon Mr. Urner's authority that he voted for Lincoln in 1864. This was *three years* before Mr. Urner was nominated by the Republicans for State's attorney. And even admitted that Mr. Urner was earlier "a rebel sympathizer," his vote for Mr. Lincoln, the grandest and noblest character of modern history, and the patron saint of Republicans, made him a full member of the Church. And now he is in full fellowship with the best of us.—*Camb. News.*

We were not at all astonished to see the falsehoods above referred to copied by the Oakland *Democrat*. It seems to take especial delight in publishing such stuff, and in mud-slinging generally.

Brag.

It needs but a slight examination of the opposition press to show the tactics wherewith the Hancock campaign is managed. Scarcely an issue from the N. Y. *World* down to the cross roads sheet, but what contains the alleged desertion of some Republican to the Hancock party. We have said alleged, for the reason that out of all the mass of names heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, investigation shows not one in twenty to have been a Republican. "The game" is still kept up, and will be until the guns of the Republic have shot their bastard rooster to death. The reason is plain. Hancock cannot be elected by Democratic votes alone, and reinforcements must be announced even though falsehood must be called to the rescue. Senator Jones, of Nevada, a wealthy gentleman by the way, without his knowledge and consent of course was paraded as a convert. The presumption on the part of some of the hungry was, that Jones would come down handsomely with a million or two. But "alas, the joys that fortune brings"—it was the usual Democratic lie. Senator Jones was not for Hancock, but for Garfield. The game is one of falsehood, bluster and brag, and reveals the desperate straits to which the party has been driven.

Give Us A Change.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

Uncle Sam, who has been off fishing, returns and calls up his bookkeeper—

Uncle Sam—Well, how do things go?

Bookkeeper—The books look splendid.

U. S.—Balance of trade all right?

B.—Millions of foreign gold pour in every week.

U. S.—Paying off the debt, eh?

B.—Yes, at the rate of ten or twelve millions a month.

U. S.—National credit good?

B.—Gilt-edged. You can borrow all you want at 3½ per cent.

U. S.—People employed generally?

B.—Factories can hardly fill their orders this fall.

U. S.—The currency is solid I suppose?

B.—Every dollar is as good as gold.

U. S.—Agriculture growing up with the country?

B. (smiling)—Well, rather. You should see the mountains of products going abroad. The farmers can hardly find anything to get up a good-natured grumble about.

U. S.—How's politics?

B.—Hot; red hot.

U. S.—That seems a little odd. What is the bone of contention?

B.—The Democrats want a change.

U. S.—Is their candidate then a great statesman of vast experience?

B.—Not at all. He don't know as much about politics as the average citizen. He has been a soldier from boyhood. I doubt if he has cast a dozen votes in his life, which has been bounded by the camp and the barracks.

U. S. (getting red in the face)—What kind of a change do they want?

B.—They don't say. They are as quiet about that as mice, just as they were in Congress last session.

U. S. (bringing down his cane with a thump—This is the rottenest proposition yet. If I jump into the dark for a change when I am better off than I ever was before, and better off than any other nation in the world, write me down as the boss lunatic of all history.

The pastors of the evangelical churches of the District of Columbia have issued "a call to prayer" for the success of the right in the coming Presidential contest and for the continued prosperity of the country.

VICTORY!

Great Republican Gains.

Yesterday's Elections.

The returns of yesterday's elections in Ohio and Indiana are not so full as might be desired, but enough is known to fill Republicans with hope and confidence in the people's verdict next month. In Ohio the whole Republican State ticket is elected by a handsome majority, estimated as high as 23,000, while again of six Congressmen is probable, among them one from the district now represented by Frank Hurd, one of the ablest Democrats in Ohio's delegation. "The bounding Banning" has failed to get back into the House, and Mr. Butterworth is triumphantly returned. The splendid majorities in Cincinnati and Columbus afford especial gratification to Republicans. The Buckeye State has spoken, and her words are unmistakable.

That Indiana was regarded on all hands as "doubtful" at midnight will be a bitter disappointment to the Democrats. Their victory there, if victory they have, will be without fruit, as the figures will be so small as to fail to encourage the "trimmers" or to dismay the Republicans.

Now for November!

OHIO.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 12, 11:30 p. m.—M. Halstead, of the *Commercial*, claims a Republican majority in Ohio of 23,000, and a gain of six Congressmen in the State.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 12, 11:30 p. m.—The Republican State Central committee claim the election of at least thirteen Congressmen—a gain of four.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 12, midnight.—Returns from 577 townships and precincts shows a Republican net gain of 2,346.

In Springfield the Republican majority is 835, a gain of 271 over last year.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—The election to day has been quiet and peaceful. The vote is very large, and the result doubtful. The gain in this city over the vote of 1876 is 1,800 and in 55 precincts heard from 3,272.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, Oct. 12, 9:10 p. m.—The largest vote ever known in this city was polled to-day. Party lines were drawn very close, and it is impossible to give an estimate. One township in Preston county gives Sturgiss, Republican, for governor 68 majority. Scattering returns indicate Republican gains.

WHEELING, Oct. 12. 11.30 p. m.—The vote in this State was very large. The result will not be known to-night, but the Democratic majority is greatly reduced.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK, N. J., October 12.—The city election to-day resulted in an average Republican majority of 2,500. The German vote is strongly Republican.

The Republicans gain the Sixth, Tenth, Thirteenth and Fifteenth wards.

The Democrats carried the city last October by 3,200, and in November by 2,000 majority.

AROUSE FOR GARFIELD.—The rich Republicans of New York are aroused, and are bestirring themselves as they should have done early in the campaign. The amount of money that the Democrats, have raised from speculators who expect to recover their contributions ten fold by stock fluctuations in case Hancock is elected; from the British manufacturers, who want our tariff laws repealed, and from the solid South, which expects to be reimbursed ten thousand fold by the payment of claims, has been one hundred times as great as the Republicans have obtained. But the wealthy men who have investments that will be impoverish by Democratic success see danger, and are coming to the aid of the Republican Committee. A correspondent says that at the recent meeting of the Union League to raise money, "old men who had not voted for years, and who never before attended political meetings, pounded the desks with their fists, and slapped their pockets in terror at the thought of Hancock's election."

Milton G. Urner.

The Republican candidate for Congress has been a resident of our city for more than a score of years, during which time his character for honesty, probity, careful attention to his professional duties, faithful performance of all the duties of citizenship, and high-toned morality has been shown in every act of his life. Accepting the principles of the Republican party as his own, he has found it a pleasure to do battle for them in an open, chivalric way, never descending to abuse of those who differed from him politically but, on the contrary, by his fair, manly course adding to any Democrats to his numerous friends. When elected to Congress by a very handsome majority two years since, he took his seat with an earnest determination to do his duty toward his county and his people. His Congressional career has been marked by close attention to business and a diligent application to the study of the important questions that come up for the consideration of his colleagues and himself. He has always shown by his votes and his speeches that he was a safe man to whom could be entrusted with confidence the public business.

Such is Mr. Urner's past record. He has proven himself a man who can be trusted. The people will show their opinion of those who would defame his record, by casting their votes for him and returning him to Congress as his own successor. The rebuke at the ballot-box will be the proper answer to those who are now throwing mud at this excellent citizen.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Starving Ireland.

Judge Morrissey, who is an Irishman, delivered a telling speech in Cincinnati on the tariff question. Among other things said by him were the following: "There are two parties in this country, one of them actually in favor of free trade, the other in favor of protecting the industries of America against all the world. The speaker, while born in a foreign country, considers himself an American, and as an American he was a protectionists. The Democratic party is the party favoring free trade, or, as that party has declared, in favor of a tariff for revenue only. Under the tariff system of the Republican party $190,000,000 annually is paid on goods imported to this country by Great Britain, Germany, France and other countries. Take this tariff off and we will have to go down in our pockets and pay this great sum to the Government ourselves for the army and navy, and other branches of our Government must be maintained. The speaker then spoke at some length regarding the rise of free trade doctrine in England and Belgium, and the low wages paid in those countries, and he said the only way for the workingmen of this country to prevent their reduction to the plane of the workingmen of England or Belgium was to take a firm stand by the principles of the Republican party. He then went on to say that the tariff was adopted in the days of Washington and had ever since been the principal source of revenue to the country. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and all those Democratic lights of other days, by whom the Democrats swear to day, were protectionists, and can anyone tell why that party to day has departed so far from the principles of the founders of that party? The doctrine of free trade was the most pernicious of the way. As an example the speaker referred to his native Ireland, saying that in 1782 the Irish Parliament created a tariff. The result was that for twenty years Ireland was the most prosperous country on the face of the globe, but England, jealous of Ireland's growing prosperity, forced free trade upon that country, and the result every one knows. In 1880, with protection, the most prosperous country of Europe; in 1847 and 1879 with free trade, starvation, suffering and death.

If any man is so strongly attached to the Democratic party that he cannot vote to protect his own interests, that man is fit for nothing but to be a Democrat. The speaker said if the Republican party were to abandon its stand upon this question to-morrow, he would cease to be a Republican. The tariff cannot be abolished without ruining the country, and the speaker could not see how any man could vote for a party which advocated that course.

The Second Democratic Convention of the 2d Congressional district met at Havredegrace on Wednesday of last week, and went through the form of nominating another candidate for Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Shaw. The only candidate before the convention was Mr. Talbott and of course little or no interest was manifested. He was nominated by acclamation and the convention adjourned.

Colonel Ingersoll on Hancock's Pledge.

From a recent speech in Illinois.

He certifies to the American people that he will veto any law that the party may pass for the payment of Southern claims. How did he ever come to suspect that his party would pass such a law? [Laughter and prolonged applause.] Garfield has written no better that he will veto a law to pay Southern claims. It is not a little strange that the candidate has to certify to his party. [Laughter and cheers.] As a rule, in this country, the party has always certified to the candidate. [Applause.] If General Garfield would certify that he would veto a certain law if it was passed by the Republican party, the whole party would feel insulted. [Cries of "Hear!" "Hear!" and loud applause.] We would say to him: "We will take care of ourselves; when you became President exercise your power as in your discretion you believe you ought, but do not certify to the moral character of the Republican party." [Applause.] Why did Hancock think it necessary to certify to their character? Because he knew it is bad. [Laughter.] He really thought the American people had more confidence in him than in the Democratic party; for that reason he steps to the front and says to the country: "I will not allow these ragamuffins behind me [Laughter]; I will not allow these rebels who placed me in power—I will not allow them to pass a law that I don't want." [Laughter and applause.] He says, "I admit, they are bad; look at them. [Renewed laughter.] I admit you cannot trust them; but between this hungry horde and the American people I promise to throw the shield of my veto." He says, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will protect you from this party. [Laughter.] All I want of these men is to make me President, and then I will protect you and let them go to the devil. [Laughter and applause.] General Hancock might die (laughter); death might veto him. [Roars of laughter.] From the grave he could not carry out his promise, and who would come in then? Mr. English. Death has never elected a good President in the United States, yet death has always made a frightful mistake. [Laughter and applause.] Read the letter of acceptance made by Mr. English, and tell me whether you are willing to trust that man. Read his history—a man who has done nothing but loan money, take deeds of trust on the 'life, liberty, and pursuits of happiness" of the people, and then foreclose the deed.

The letter of General Hancock on Southern claims and the manner in which the Democratic press and orators are proclaiming that it settles the question forever, recall to mind very forcibly a resolution adopted by the Democratic National Convention which nominated Franklin Pierce in 1852. That Convention, after resolving that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery in the States and promising to abide by and adhere to the compromise measures of 1850, passed this resolution: "Resolved, That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made." That was a finality on the slavery question, was it not? Just as much a finality as Hancock's letter on Southern claims. The Democrats came into power by an overwhelming majority on this express promise, to resist all attempts at renewing the agitation of the slavery question. They had ample power to fulfil their promise. Did they do it? Almost the first act of the Democratic Congress which was elected on the strength of the above assurance was the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The first thing done under the promise to consider the compromise measures of 1850 a finality was a movement to repeal the compromise of 1820 and open the Territories to slavery. This was the way they fulfilled their solemn promise to resist all attempts at renewing the agitation of the slavery question. The election that was to settle the question forever was only the signal for reopening it. This is the same old party, and this settlement of Southern claims is precisely like its settlement of the slavery agitation. It binds no one. It ought not to deceive any one. If after being trusted on their solemn promise to resist all attempts at slavery agitation, they opened an agitation that ran for thirteen years, and thro' four of those years was accompanied by a bloody war, what may we expect if we trust them once more on this kindred subject of Southern claims? Nothing less than a deluge of claims that will bankrupt the Treasury. The trouble with this party is that it tells lies. It never does what it agrees to. It has never done anything it promised to since 1852—and it never will. They want to close the agitation of the question of Southern claims now just as they closed the slavery agitation in 1852. Can we afford to let them do it?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1880.

John I Davenport, Chief Supervisor of Elections in New York city is, Republicans will be glad to learn, determined to do his full duty under the law in protecting the ballot boxes from fraud at the Presidential election, despite the threats of John Kelly and his Tammany roughs to resist him by force. It is not the honest Democratic vote that gives Mr. Davenport so much trouble, but the fraudulent voting that he wishes to prevent, and upon which the New York City Democrats depend to overcome the honest Republican majority in that State. John Kelley and his associates well know that with an honest ballot in New York City, the State will surely give a Republican majority of 40,000, hence when Mr. Davenport adopts energetic methods, and closely supervises the registration of voters to prevent fraud, Kelly becomes much enraged, and threatens all sorts of wickedness against him. The great dispute between these prominent decibles, one of an honest ballot, and the other of a dishonest one, is concerning the registration of voters. It will be remembered that in 1868, thousands of illegal naturalizatian papers were issued to foreigners who voted the Democratic ticket upon them. Mr. Davenport is now endeavoring to capture these papers and to refuse registration upon them. In his action upon this and other matters of like character, Mr. Davenport has behind the authority of the law and the power of the Federal Government.

It is rumored here that General Hancock is becoming insane from worry and anxiety over the campaign. If we are to judge by the contradictory statements he has made, we might with all fairness believe the report to have good foundation. Recently in conversation with a reporter the General said in relation to the tariff. "I will never favor anything that interferes with the manufacturing or industrial interests of the country. They will have as much protection under a Democratic as under a Republican administration." On another occasion in 1879, the General wrote. "If I were nominated by a party I would govern by it's platform." This sounds rather strange and no sane man would hardly contradict himself in such manner, especially as he is now the Democratic candidate upon a Free Trade platform. He says he will protect American Industries, and also that he will be governed by the *platform* of his party. If Free Trade *protects*, and protection prostrates, then we will be happy to believe Hancock sound in mind. But until that time is at hand, we shall give Madam Rumor the benefit of the doubt. Secretary Schurz is announced for five speeches next week, one in New Jersey, three in New York, and one in Connecticut. The Secretary is doing splendid work in this campaign.

The Democratic Committee has discharged all it's men at work in the Capital sending off documents. Let us now hope that the march of the country will improve.

Tilden the great defrauded has been heard from. He says. "It was my opinion in 1876 that if all the Ohio Democracy had known and believed in the strength of their cause, Ohio would have been carried by the Democratic ticket." The old man evidently wishes he had made an attempt to buy mules or steel rails in Ohio in 1876. He repents his lack of wisdom, and keeps Barnum there now with a big barrell of money. Hancock's chances of becoming President seems to be narrowing down to Barnum's Shrewdness in purchasing votes, and Kelly's ability to knock down Supervisors of election.

LOGAN.

It is plain that the leading Democrats of the South don't like the position Hancock has taken on the question of "Rebel claims." In a recent speech in Warren county, North Carolina, U. S. Senator Vance said:

"The South asks no bold and unfair thing when she demands her rightful compensation for homes destroyed, farms laid waste and pillaged, property stolen, and slaves released by the Yankee plunderers who lived upon us and then refused us bounty. And it is time that the whole North should understand this. It is time that the North should understand that it must atone, as far as it can, for all the South has suffered in body, pocket and soul. Our time is coming, boys, and the long purgatory that we have gone through will only make our paradise the brighter when we get there."

Every mechanic and working man who is a live to his own interests will vote the Republican ticket this Fall. There never was a time in the history of the country when the worker could live so easily and well as now. A change means contraction in business, the stoppage of enterprise and the ruin of everything in which the workingman has an interest.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The public schools of Garrett county commences Monday.

—Mrs. Mary Blue, of Grafton, W. Va., is visiting friends in Oakland.

—A heifer belonging to Mr, Jas, Ball was killed on the Proctor crossing Wednesday morning.

—Dr. J. Lee McCumas offers for sale a young Cotswold Buck. Price $10.

—Grant, the three year old son of Jas. A. Hayden, was painfully scalded on the arms and stomach Monday evening.

—Owing to sickness in the editor's family, this issue has been somewhat neglected in the local and editorial departments.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Mrs. Catharine Teats, of Cranesville, W. Va., raised 30 odd squashes 1 weighing 44 lbs., and another 34 lbs., the rest medium size.

—Gilmore, a six year old son of Mr. A. B. Woodcock, of this place, fell from the bridge in front of the Davis House on Wednesday, a distance of about twenty feet, sustaining serious injuries.

—Mr. Edwin Glotfelty, residing near Johnstown, this county, left at our office, Tuesday last an apple of the King of Thompkins County variety, which weighed 19½ ounces, and measured 14½ inches in circumference. This is the largest specimen we have ever received.

Republican Rally to No. 8.

There will be a Republican meeting at Calvert's Shook Shop, in Ryan's Glades, Saturday evening, October 16th, at 7 o'clock. Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., will address the meeting.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 12 inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kouken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Josiah Smeanmand and George W. Lohr, executors of John Smeanmand, settled their first account.

Court adjourned to meet October 26th.

Heiskell & Co's. New Store Room.

Heiskell & Co. have just completed the remodling of their store room, and they have made a vast improvement. The room now occupies the entire Alder Street front of the Bishop building, and is 52 feet long 19 feet wide, with a wareroom running the entire length and 12 feet wide. They have made an entrance to the store room on the corner of Second and Alder, and to the wareroom on Second Street. The carpenter work was done by Messrs. J. W. Smith, W. D. Burton, A. C. Bronke and Geo. A. Spedden, and the plastering by the Messrs. Arnold.

Oakland and the Baltimore Centennial.

Oakland was well represented at Baltimore during the week. Sunday evening the B. & O. R. R. employees took a special train, arriving in Baltimore Monday morning in time to take part in the first day's parade, returning Tuesday morning. Tuesday morning a detachment of the Garrett Guards, under command of Capt. Wardwell, accompanied by the Oakland Cornet Band, took the No. 5, Express. They participated in the grand military parade Wednesday, returning to Oakland Thursday morning. A great many other citizens of our town and vicinity were present during the week.

Vote Your Sentiments.

Last Tuesday afternoon Mr. David Lynn, a well-known Cumberland Democrat, marched a large squad of colored men, (employees of the new railroad,) temporary residents of this section, to the registration office in district No. 15 and had them registered one after another. Our Republicans began to "smell a mice," and a number gathered about the office. Prominent among them was Senator John S. Combs, who, mounting the office steps, began making a speech. The colored men gathered around him instantly and listened very attentively. Mr. Combs told them that no matter who had them registered, they should come forward to the polls on election day and vote their sentiments like men, and those sentiments would be for Garfield, Arthur and Urner. There was some question as to the illegality of registering them, and the Senator told them he would be pained to see any of them cast an illegal vote on election day. This little speech opened the eyes of the colored men, and it is thought will be productive of much good for the Republicans. Between forty and fifty names were registered.—*Lonaconing Times.*

GRANTSVILLE, Oct. 8, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The Mass Meeting here yesterday was a grand success. So many being present that it was found necessary to bring in extra seats to accommodate the audience. A number of ladies graced the meeting with their presence.

The meeting was organized by electing our venerable townsman, Esqutre Patterson, Chairman, C. J. Otto, Esq., Secretary.

The chairman, in a few complimentary remarks introduced as the first speaker H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., candidate for Elector on the Republican ticket, who spoke on the issues of the day in his usual forcible and pleasing manner, eliciting applause and laughter. Mr. Combs throws hot shot in the Democratic camp, and will always get a good audience in Grantsville. Mr. Combs spoke about three quarters of an hour, and then left for the Forks to open the meeting there, leaving Messrs. Urner and Torbert to follow him after closing at this place.

The chairman then introduced Hon. Milton G. Urner, our present able representative in Congress, and our *very* popular candidate for re-election. Mr. Urner spoke for a little over an hour, demonstrating in clear and logical argument that our country does not need a change. Mr. Urner engaged the attention of his audience from the beginning and holds it to the end, and there is no doubt but that he will lead Col. Schley by a very handsome majority at the coming election. He impresses the people with his candor and honesty, and makes them all feel that he is one of them. His frank and cordial manner is in striking contrast with the haughty style and bearing of Col. Schley. Urner is a great favorite with us, and will receive a hearty endorsement at the polls.

Major H. R. Torbert was then introduced, and in his happy and inimitable style entertained us for an hour. His speech was reasoning, dispassionate, logical, sparkling at times with brilliant wit, and convulsing his audience at times with laughter with a well told humorous anecdote. Long may the Major live and may it be our good fortune to hear him again. A hearty welcome always awaits him at Grantsville. The day was a telling one for Garfield, Arthur and Urner. Messrs. Urner and Torbert left our town about six o'clock for Forks, when they will close the meeting opened by Mr. Combs, and we have no doubt the good work of these gentlemen will be evidenced at the polls in November. Grantsville is alive to its interests, and will give a good majority for the Republican ticket.

REPUBLICAN.

FORKS, October 8th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I write to give you a brief account of our mass-meeting here last night, knowing that the good news from here will be gratifying to you, and encouraging to Republican voters throughout the county.

In accordance with the call of our Central Committee, the school house was crowded at 7:30; P. M., with earnest Republicans, there being among them some few Democrats.

H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., of your town, was introduced by the Chairman, Thos. H. Biddinger, Esq. Mr. Combs stated in opening that Hon. Milton G. Urner was coming from Grantsville to address them, and he would occupy the time until he arrived. As the other speakers were delayed on the road, Mr. C. spoke over two hours and instead of the audience being tired and impatient when the other speakers arrived, all were in a good humor and would have listened for several hours longer. Combs is a wheel horse and a great favorite with the people of the Forks. Major Torbert arrived sometime before Mr. Urner, and occupied the time in a very excellent speech, speaking not as long as we would have wished but with telling effect, and all will be glad to greet the Major should he ever favor us again. Mr. Urner's arrival was greeted with applause and enthusiasm, and his speech was attentively listened to and greatly applauded. His candor and honesty greatly impressed his hearers, and his strong arguments were convincing and telling. Mr. Urner is very popular here, and every Republican is going to give an earnest of his professions by his vote on election day. The people feel that in voting for Mr. Urner they are voting for a man whom they can always approach, who will give every attention to their wishes and interests, who having been a farm boy and a farmer's son can appreciate the needs of the people. Mr. Urner makes no professions of being "the poor mans friend," but his honest face and free manners are a sufficient guarantee without any professions.

Messrs Urner, Torbert and Combs were entertained by our esteemed citizen, Adam Hammon, leaving early this A. M., Messrs Urner and Combs for Accident, where they speak at 2 P. M., and Major Torbert for Lonaconing where he speaks at 7 P. M. Every one present at our meeting was entirely satisfied, and the Forks will do good work this fall.

Yours with confidence,
"HOPE."

"Drive On! They've Got Out."

[From the New York Tribune.]

This is a very remarkable lot of "supes" that is marching across the stage and back behind the scenes and over again, trying to pass itself off as a procession of Hancock Republicans. There must be somewhere from six to ten of them in all—all major-generals and no enlisted men, and all either making speeches or writing letters to the newspapers, every mother's son of them being chiefly anxious to illuminate himself and dwell as long as possible in the public eye. It's funnier than Humpty Dumpty. When a man with a brass drum gets so wrapped up in his own music that he marches straight on all alone, fancying that he leads a procession, he is simply amusing, but when he puts on the airs of a drum major and tries to pass himself off for a whole procession, when down at the bottom of his heart he knows there's only one of him—or less—he becomes irresistible. That's a show that provokes Homeric laughter. And what shall be said of it when his employer stands by and with a serious countenance assures the audience that he really is a procession, and that there are several hundred of him with torches, banners, transparencies and positive political convictions? This is the case of "Colonel" Henry Hercules Hadley, who is trying to pass himself off for 1,300 Hancock Republicans, and thinks he will soon be 2,500 while his Democratic employers stand by and say, "Oh it's quite clear that there are at least 1,300 of him now, and he's rapidly increasing."

Then the sort of men they are! And the reasons they give for leaving the Republicans! And the serious way in which they do it! Just look at it! The final argument against General Garfield, the Republican candidate, the one upon which the whole opposition to him has at last been centred, that is he is not a man of integrity. They say that he sold himself for $329, and they have chalked the figures all over the country in testimony of their belief in his personal dishonesty. Upon this argument against him, who are these people who are so shocked that they cannot abide the idea of this bad man being elected President? Who are these sincere and upright souls that have stepped down and out of the Republican party because its candidate is so corrupt? Why, here is Colonel John W. Forney, of Philadelphia. He is not entirely unknown to the people of this country. He is quite well known in Philadelphia. Say it in Philadelphia that John W. Forney can't vote for Garfield because he doubts his integrity. Say just that; no more. There is not a man who knows him there, or anywhere else, whose face wouldn't broaden to a grin at the suggestion. Then there's General Benjamin F. Butler. Could any audience keep its countenance at his appearance in the procession? And "Boss" Shepherd, of Washington! He is another who with his hand upon his heart protests against Garfield. His sensitive soul is shocked too at the tought of having a corrupt man for President. Does that defection need any particular comment? Close on his heels, with a blue streak behind him, comes Mallett, blaspheming in polysyllables and protesting with polyglot oaths combining seven or eight orders of architecure, that he cannot support Garfield. And there is not a cut stone of all that he has drawn three or four prices for and put in public buildings in the past ten years that would not, out of the very ugliness in which he has set it, actually smile at that spectacle.

And then there is "Colonel" Henry Hercules Hadley, not so well known as the others, but known in insurance circles, and better known to the general public now than he was before the *Tribune* illuminated his career—he cannot vote for Garfield because he has no confidence in his honesty. It must be said for this remarkable person that the one thing about him that is funnier than his idea of the number of people he is, is the reason he gives for voting for Hancock. He feels that he cannot trust Garfield. This is so good a thing that the victims of his operations in insurance and other enterprises will, it they have any sense of humor, forgive him all he owes them. Well, these are the principal men of the Hancock Republicans; the "Supes" playing they are a procession. It is only necessary to name them. They cannot vote for Garfield. They have left the Republican party. Very well. The party will try and bear up under it.

"Passengers in this 'bus will do well to look out for their pocket-books," said a London policeman at the door of a crowded omnibus; "there are two members of the 'swell mob' in here." "If that's the case," said a nervous young man in a white choker, who looked like a clergyman "I will get out. I cannot risk my reputation in such company." "And I," said a respectable looking old gentleman with gold-headed cane and spectacles, "have too much about me to stand the chances of being robbed." And so both alighted. Then the policeman said: "Drive on; they've both got out." The Republican party can drive on in comfort now—several persons have "got out."

History of the Tariff Laws.

[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

It was in 1824 that the first high protective tariff was enacted, under the presidency of James Madison. Under its fostering influence manufacturing establishments sprang into being all through this State, New York and New England. This tariff was increased in 1828 under John Quincy Adams, and the workshops and manufactories multiplied and flourished more than ever. But in 1832, when the Democracy came into power with Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, had the act passed nullifying the law of Congress requiring duties to be collected. War was threatened in South Carolina, and Senator Henry Clay, in order to avert trouble, got up his famous compromise tariff bill, which provided a sliding scale for the gradual reduction of the tariff to a mere revenue standard, the time for it to fall being fixed at five years. Down it slid till finally it became a tariff for revenue purposes only. Terrible depression ensued and on came full tilt the memorable panic of 1837, which closed most of our mills and factories, throwing thousands of workmen out of employment and causing terrible destitution and suffering. This state of things lasted till 1840, when a Presidential election came along, and the suffering people hurled the Democracy from power, seating William Henry Harrison in the Presidential chair, succeeding that pronounced freetrader and great Democrat, Martin Van Buren. Under Harrison's administration the protective tariff was restored in 1842, and the long closed mills and workshops reopened, others sprang into existence and prosperous times returned. But in 1844 the Democrats succeeded in regaining power with James K. Polk, another free trader, and the free trade or low revenue tariff of 1846 was enacted. What followed in this State plenty of workingmen now living in Pittsburgh well remember. In this one State over 40,000 men were thrown out of employment by the closing of over 200 factories, rolling mills and glass houses. The state of affairs was terrible and the poverty of the working class never reached a lower stage in this country. The manufacturers in order to compete with the pauper labor of Europe were compelled to reduce wages to starvation rates. Not content with this horrible condition of affairs a Democratic Congress in 1857 reduced the small tariff to a still lower rate, bringing about the great panic of 1857. All our gold flowed to Europe, the country was drained of money, the workshops and mills were all closed. Immediately on the return of the Republican party to power the tariff of 1861 was passed. We all know what an impetus the industries of the country received then, how wages rapidly increased. We had another panic in 1873, resulting from the great difference in value between the great volume of paper currency, forced into circulation by the war, and gold. Under a Republican administration resumption has been accomplished, paper money is as good as gold, and the workingmen never made better wages or were more prosperous than now. This has all accomplished despite the determined opposition of the Democratic party to every measure that has aided in bringing about this condition of affairs. If the Republican party continues in power there is no reason to doubt that this condition of affairs will continue, but if Hancock is elected, and the Democratic party controlling, as it does now, both branches of Congress, carries out the principles enunciated in its platform and enacts a low wages revenue tariff, look out for trouble. I do not believe the workingmen of America are prepared to turn their backs on their friends and give the reins of power to the Democrats. They will have to bear the consequences if they do."

Speaking of the Rebel Claims that General Hancock proposes to veto, the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"The claims, so far as they have been actually presented and appear in records of Congress, amount to $2,591,312,827. This is exclusive of the claims filed in the Courts or Departments or the claims for rebel pensions and of the whole class of claims covered by the prohibition of the Fourteenth Amendment. They have been carefully made out and preserved these many years. They are supported by affidavits, and lack nothing but a few lines of legislation to give them a present cash value."

Personal and Political.

Forty years ago last month Winfield S. Hancock, then a light-haired blue-eyed, pudgey little boy, went into bright buttons and a new coat at the military academy of West Point, as a cadet. His destiny was to be educated, clothed, fed and trained for the service of his country. In four years he graduated, was commissioned as a second lieutenant and sent to his regiment to be clothed fed and salaried as an officer of the army of the United States. For eight years and seven months as second lieutenant, for two years and eight months as first lieutenant, and for six years as captain he braved the danger of camp life in peace, and endured the hardships of beans and hard tack, bacon and military discipline in the service of this country. He drilled the awkward squad, was officer of the day in sash and sword; and after more than twenty years of patient endurance of camp and barrack life he became a major general—first of volunteers, and then of the regular army. He served through the war a subordinate, but not unsuccessful, service, and was once slightly wounded in a battle. For this service he has drawn from the government in pay and allowances, the sum of one hundred and sixty-five thousand, nine hundred and eighty-one dollars. To this add the extra allowances, commutations, etceteras, and so forths, while commanding in the field, and General Hancock has, from first to last been paid the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. He has been well paid, well fed, well housed, well clothed, till now, in the prime of manhood, he draws, for annual compensation, the sum of nine thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. He weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. He lives in superb style at Governor's Island. He has horses, servants, ambulances, and rations. Take his career, all in all, he has been uncommonly well treated by the country, and has illustrated the fact that Republics are not always ungrateful. If he shall fail to become President of the United States he will not have cause to reproach the country for any deep ingratitude. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Governor's Island, thus describes the present surroundings of Gen. Hancock:

The general occupies sixty-four acres of land, worth, if it were sold for city residences, about fifteen million dollars. Governor's Island has ceased to be of any value as a defense for the city or harbor. It is simply used as the residence of some pet commanding general. A gun fired from Governor's Island at a passing ship would go crashing into the heart of Brooklyn. If a public enemy should ever get within reach of Governor's Island, with the new improvement in longe range guns, he could send a shell through the Astor House, Trinity Church, the Stock Exchange or the Sub-Treasury. Here on his fifteen million dollar farm, surrounded by several hundred servants, the tax payers of America support General Hancock. Here seventy soldiers make General Hancock's Garden, dig in his front yard, trim his grape vines and wait upon him as if he were a king. At his command is a steam yacht, with steam always up, ready to take the general over to Delmonico's to dinner, or down to Coney Island for a sea bath or a flirtation with the ladies. Though we live in times of peace, everything around Gen. Hancock is on a war footing. An armed sentinel stalks up and down in front of his private residence all day long, and on through the weary night. What for, nobody knows, but, tired and jaded, in sunshine and storm, this poor soldier must walk up and down before his great master. No ordinary citizen can see the general. An orderly, buttoned up and baking in a regulation uniform, receives your card. A haughty chief of staff examines it, and, if your clothes are good enough, he will permit you to stand before the general a moment while he sits, listens and waves you away. The ordinary farmer, with his face browned and hands calloused with honest toil, would never be allowed to enter the presence of the commanding general. The first thought as you look at the General is that he must be Barnum's fat boy grown old. His face is gross and sensual. His cheeks puff out like the fat boy's, and then his whole head grows smaller till your eyes rest on his forehead, which is low and narrow. The General is a great eater and a liberal drinker. He takes wine at every meal, and whiskey whenever he feels like it. High living and liberal drinking have given him a flabby, sensual double chin, which hangs down and rests over his washed down shirt collar. The General is fifty-nine years old. He wears a white military moustache, and weighs about two hundred and fifty. He is not a good talker, and never succeeded in making the simplest semi public speech. He is lazy, phlegmatic, and does nothing but eat, drink, and enjoy himself sensually. He never reads books. If he were not a Major General he would be a country landlord, who sits around and lets his wife do the cooking, while his son attends to the bar. If elected President, he will do nothing himself. He will simply be a lump of dough in the hands of the rebel brigadiers of the "Solid South."

Life is full of sorrows and disappointments, but the most sanguine hopes of all those who try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, are always realized. It never disappoints. Price 25 cents.

The Boys in Blue Parade.

NEW YORK, October 11.—Vast crowds gathered in the upper part of the city at an early hour this evening to witness the parade and demonstration in honor of General Grant. Positions from which to view the pageant were held at a premium, as high as $13 being paid in one instance. In the neighborhood of Washington Square the streets were almost impassable. The Bankers and Brokers' Republican Club, numbering 3,000 men, led the column, which did not move till shortly before nine o'clock. Following was one of the most brilliant features of the parade—the Republican Invincibles, of Philadelphia. They were nearly 1,500 strong.

"Representatives of various business firms in the city to the number of 1,800 and 600 insurance men took part in the procession. The Stock and Produce Exchanges were also largely represented, as well as several trades. The entire procession was not in motion until 11 p. m. Gen. Grant entered the reviewing stand near the Worth mansion in Madison Square leaning on the arm of Gen. Arthur, and both were accorded an enthusiastic reception. Accompanying the General were ex-Minister E. A. Staughton, Secretary Evarts, Judge Noah Davis, Dr. J. P. Newmun, Hon. Marshall Jewell, and others, and the stand was crowded with distinguished persons. The decorations of buildings in the vicinity were fine and illuminated with electric lights. Between 40,000 and 50,000 men passed in review.

An Indignant Greenbacker on Democratic Cheek.

The eagerness of the Democrats to appropriate the fruit of the Greenbackers' victories, and their undisguised attempt to buy out what they cannot bully, has aroused the indignation of the party, and its organs are prodding the Bourbons unmercifully. *The Indianapolis Sun*, the organ of the Indiana Greenbackers, gives some home thrust which will make even the hide-bound Democrats quiver with pain. It pertinently asks: "What is the meaning of the desperate scheming of the Democratic leaders? They have been out of power for the last twenty years, and they are as fully determined to regain control of the Government in 1880 as they were to overthrow it in 1860. General Hancock was not nominated because they admired his generalship, but because they believed they could use him as a blind to march into Washington in his rear, since they had failed to march into the Capitol in his front in 1863." The Democratic desire to fuse it treats in this scriptul way: "When heaven and hell form a copartnership, then may we consider the Democratic proposition to fuse. Please tell us what good law the Democratic party has passed? Did they free the four millions of slaves? Did they respect and obey the laws they had enacted? Have they at any period of their history given us a sound currency and homes on the public land? They never passed a law when in power in favor of the poor, but passed many laws to aid them. In robbing every black man, women and child in the land. When did they befriend labor?"

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformity successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders, arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

ENW ADVERTISEMENTS

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
109 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, mattresses, carpets, &c., &c.
net 9 tf JOHN SHATZER.

Notice to Poultry Raisers.

The undersigned has for sale a very fine lot of Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Prices reasonable. Address, S. D. YODER,
Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.
oct8-4

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Rhode House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE.

GENERAL.

GERSTER'S baby is sung to sleep with $1,000 songs.

FORTY years ago a woman deposited $15 in the Middletown, Vt., savings bank, and now eight children receive $98.96 each as the product of that well laid nest-egg.

THE car of Juggernaut was not drawn through the streets this year, on account, the natives say, of the negligence of government officials, and the omission defers its next appearance for twelve years.

THE mints of France belong to private corporations, but coin money under the supervision of the national authorities. Any one possessing silver or gold can have it coined. The five-franc piece in silver is the only standard national silver money, the other pieces being mere bullion for market convenience.

IN a Deaf Mutes' Convention at Boston there was a pantomimic row over the charge of their President that soliciting agents had kept back 10 per cent. of $4,500 collected for the proposed home. The scene was a strange one—400 persons earnestly and excitedly gesticulating at each other without an audible word.

THE famous dry-goods establishment of the Louvre, Paris, is a heavy loser by shoplifters, who conduct their operations with such skill as to generally defy detection. A fortnight ago, however, twenty-six articles were found in possession of a young woman who proved to be the keeper of a small dry-goods store.

AN eccentric Englishman, long a resident of Paris, has just committed suicide, after having devoted twenty years to a strange mania. Every six months he had a coffin made for himself. Each was too long, too short, or uncomfortable in some way, until the last proved perfect. Having no further object in life, he killed himself.

IN some foreign countries certain bridges and monuments, if not consecrated to suicide, are largely used for that purpose; and a similar setting apart is evidently sought by some people for Niagara Falls. Mr. Knapp, of Utica, who both shot himself and plunged over the Falls, took needless precautions, for he could not have survived the plunge alone.

"As the American," says the Rev. David Swing of Chicago, "can out-chew and out-spit and out-talk the rest of the world, so can he out-swear the residue of humanity. Sitting behind two gentlemen for a day, as our train glided along from St. Paul toward Chicago, the words 'by God' came back to me 700 times, when bedtime made me quit counting."

AN old English miser named Rhodes, who began making money as a rubbish gatherer, and lived and died in squalor, has bequeathed $300,000 between the Royal Free Hospital, London, and the National Lifeboat Institution, leaving his relations penniless. The will stands, but the Charities have given the five next of kin $5,250.

DALYE-LAMA, the earthly god of Thibet, lately became seriously ill. The priest applied to the Emperor for the appointment of a new divinity. The candidate has to present himself to the dying Dalye-Lama, who transmits to him his divine soul, which has thus been passed down from the founder of the Thibet religion, Dzon-Lpa. The yearly income of the deity of Thibet is said to be over $1,000,000. He occupies a palace, in which are more than a hundred golden idols.

A NOVEL election bet is reported as having been made by Hartford political opponents. The loser is to black boots at a designated corner for two hours on a given day, the proceeds of his work to go to the orphan asylum. The agreement also provides that all moneys collected shall be given to the asylum; that no change shall in any case be given to the party paying for the shine; and that the one who does the work shall provide himself with a bottle of dressing with which to black ladies' boots.

"THE milk is the white blood," say the Chinamen, and on this ground they abhor using milk and all the products of the dairy. In some stores of the largest Chinese cities there is milk for sale, but it is not the milk of beasts and is used for babes and old persons. Those of the European residents who insist upon getting milk for their coffee, commonly get that of swine. "A Frenchman," says a French magazine, "who lived in China with his family kept his own cow. His servant, a Chinaman, stole the milk in order to sell it to Europeans. At last his thefts were discovered, and he was forced to drink the cow's milk. That was the most dreadful punishment to which a Chinaman could be subjected, and that servant never dared to steal the milk afterward."

A Happy Wedding and How it was Brought About.

ONE of the most interesting weddings that has ever taken place in this city, says the Lexington (Ky.) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, came off here at two o'clock this afternoon, at the church of the Rev. Dr. Walker, known as Hill Street Methodist Church. One week since, a dapper, quick-spoken, bright-faced Massachusetts man put in an appearance here, and the first question known to have been asked was: "Where is the *Daily Press* office?" When the question was answered, away he put to find it, and, when entering, said: "I am from Providence, R. I., and have brought you copies of each of the daily papers, and many of the New York papers, which, I hope are in advance of the mails." His open, bright, direct manner attracted attention, which ripened into confidence and to some extent personal regard. This was the last known of him to the public for several days, when it became a matter of common talk that Miss Fannie Brown was to be married within a day or two to a Mr. Daniel Bruce, Jr., of Providence, R. I. Miss Fannie's position in society warranted some of our best people in taking an interest in her, and they began at once to inquire, "Who is Mr. Bruce?" Away the story went until at last some old crone, with a memory never at fault, called attention to an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Press* July 6th and later, to the following effect:

"A gentleman with no bad habits, in good circumstances, doing a good business and making money, but not rich, desiring to marry, but not seeing among his acquaintances any lady whom he prefers above all others, wishes to correspond with a view to marriage with a young lady of the following description: Must be of good family, unquestionable character, kind and affectionate, good singer or good pianist, smart and intelligent, good form, good conversationalist and about twenty-five years of age. Advertiser is sincere and wishes no foolish correspondence. Address Ernest Elmwood, Providence, R. I."

Two and two at once made four; the story took a new turn; the gossips prognosticated evil, and the young lady's friends, old and young, flocked to see her in scores; but not a word was said of Ernest Elmwood. The wedding came off, the church was filled with the friends of the bride, mainly members of the same church, and the pastor pronounced the marriage ceremony with peculiar solemnity and unction. The bride and groom have now gone to their home in the East, but the talking ones of the city are still on tiptoe to know more, and the names of Daniel Bruce and Ernest Elmwood are by many regarded as synonymous terms. The young lady will answer the description to a jot. She is modest, refined, cultivated in the arts and accomplished in all departments of music. Mr. Bruce is a bright-faced man of forty years of age, with the appearance of twenty-six, is a druggist at Providence, R. I., was a soldier of four years during the war with a commission of Captain of Cavalry, and is so open and pleasant in his manner as to have gained the confidence of all who have met him. But the end is not yet. The question now is, are Daniel Bruce, Jr., and Ernest Elmwood identical? And, if so, is this to be the end of Providential wife-getting in Kentucky? Many young ladies who are cognizant of the facts in the case are excited, and it is intimated that the advertisement columns of the press will in the future be watched by the fair sex with particular interest.

The American Girl who Married a Mexican General.

A DESCRIPTION of the house in which Gen. Trevino and his bride are located, and some other matters, may be interesting to your readers. The house is elegantly and tastefully furnished, and has a spacious courtyard, lined with trees, flowers, and shrubbery. All the rooms are large and well ventilated. Stables and carriage-house are attached. The house fronts south 120 feet, with a depth of 210 feet. It is one story and built on the side of a hill. The servants' quarters are entirely separate from the main building, and when the front door is locked all is closed. It is so constructed that its inhabitants can see what is going on in any part of it, especially in the servants' quarters.

On the evening of the 8th, day of arrival, the band of the Second Cavalry and the Twenty-ninth Infantry serenaded the General and lady. The bands consolidated for the occasion, and numbered forty-two pieces. The streets were crowded as long as the bands played.

On Wednesday a ball was given at the Casino of Monterey in honor of Gen. Trevino and lady, at which the wealth and beauty of the city were present. The music for the ball was by a string band, and during the intervals between the dances the Twenty-ninth Infantry band played sweetly in the courtyard of the Casino. Dancing commenced at 10 p. m., and continued until 4 a. m., excepting the interval devoted to supper. The health of the bride and groom was drunk, and Senator Francisco Sada delivered a poem dedicated to the bride. Don Ignacio Galindo made a very neat speech.

On Monday, the 16th inst., the ceremony of civil marriage took place in the salon of the General's house by Judge Melchoa Villareal, with the necessary number of witnesses. Last night a ball was given at El Teatro del Progreso, in honor of Gen. Trevino and lady, by the Governor and the civil and military dignitaries of the State and republic. The ball opened with a quadrille, Mrs. Trevino dancing with the Governor, and the General with Miss Lola Marquin. The ladies were superbly dressed. The theater was handsomely decorated, and the floor for dancing carpeted. About 5,000 lights, red, green, and white, illuminated the theater and supper room.

The carpet, a dark Brussels, was dotted with gold leaf, which had been sprinkled over it. The private boxes were filled. The view from the door was like peeping into fairyland. I am told that the attendance at this ball was greater than at any ball that has been given in this city for the last eight or ten years. In the danza about one hundred and fifty couples occupied the floor.

No hats were lost or exchanged. The supper and wines were excellent, and plenty for all. As a generous expenditure, a bar was open during the ball, free to all, where you could obtain any thing you wished, from champagne down to mescal. About 4 a. m. the music ceases, lights are put out, and the grand ball belongs to the past.—*Monterey Cor. San Antonio Express.*

—The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: "A cross-eyed old fellow, with his chin and throat muffled in a luxurious crop of hair, got off a Maine Central train in Auburn a few days ago. He deliberately fished a chunk of chalk from his breeches pocket and marked a good-sized white cross on one of the cars. He then asked the way to the "pump," and took a drink. When he got back to the train, some one asked him why he put the chalk mark on the car. "My wife told me," said he, "not to git off the train at all, for fear I might git in the wrong keers. I thought I'd put a mark on the train so I should know it was the right one."

DENNYS, District Superintendent of Police in the Damoh district in the central provinces of India, recently captured a cobra, and held it in his right hand while he pointed out to some friends the poison fangs. By a sudden effort the reptile darted its head forward just far enough to touch the point of the index finger of Dennys' left hand. Despite every effort to save his life, he died in three hours.

RAWHIDES make the best pulleys.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

SILKS are "weighted" in Europe in a far larger proportion than cotton—sometimes up to 400 per cent.

TRICHINÆ are by no means confined to pork. Two French soldiers died lately of trichinosis contracted by eating geese. Dr. Glendenning has detected the dangerous parasites in a pike caught near Ostend.

THE Pullman Palace Car Company proposes to do away with the old style of silver or nickel plate for the trimmings of its cars and to substitute oreide, which will resemble a fire gilt finish, wear like gold and not tarnish.

EXPERIMENTS with a solar engine are being made by M. Mouchot in Algeria. With a concave mirror twelve feet in diameter he concentrates the heat of the sun upon a small boiler, within which he obtains a steam pressure of about one hundred and twenty pounds in an hour's time. In the preparation of chemicals he makes a practical use of the heat from the boiler.

THERE are now nine departments of the Government devoted in part or wholly to researches in pure and applied science—the geological survey, the coast and geodetic survey, the naval observatory, the National Museum, the department of agriculture, the entomological commission, the tenth census, with its special agencies for the study of the natural resources of the country, the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology and the commission of fish and fisheries.

THE London *Musical World* speaks of the advantage of the use of gold in the construction of musical instruments. Of the four metals distinguished as capable of being hardened to spring temper, and in that state possessing more or less power of vibration—steel, brass, nickel and gold—none equals gold, if combined with copper or silver, for ductility and power of vibration. An experiment was made in the use of gold wire for the strings of the piano with marked results. Not only was the tone considerably increased, but its quality was materially improved. It has also been used in other instruments with equal success. The extra expense can hardly be weighed against the advantages gained by its use.

THE Providence (R. I.) *Journal* prophesies a brilliant future for the milk-weed, whose "seeds yield a finer oil than linseed. Its gum can be used in place of India-rubber, and from its floss a fabric resembling Irish poplin has been made, while the young shoots are used in the spring by some people instead of asparagus, which they resemble in flavor." It forgets the chief use, or abuse, to which the milk-weed can be put. The earliest Sanskrit Vedas tell us of the famous *soma* drink, the water of life, which gave immortality to the gods and prophetic power to men, and which was made from the juice of the milk-weed plant, bruised and beaten up and fermented with grain.

Electrical Storms.

THE narrow escape which the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris recently had from destruction by lightning, and the unusual frequency of thunder storms in various parts of Europe, are attracting attention. During the summer the British isles have suffered severely, and the hail, which often accompanies electrical disturbances, has played sad havoc with the kitchen gardens in the neighborhood of London, and with the glass under which the rarer kinds of flowers, fruits, and vegetables are grown. From all parts of France come reports of extraordinary disturbances, and earthquakes have been remarkably frequent during the present year. Unfortunately the damages have not been confined to the vegetable kingdom. An electrician who has published a book on electric storms and the best method of averting their dangers gives some figures showing the loss of life caused by lightning in Europe and Russia. During the first half of the last decade 1,452 men and 818 women were killed, and 4,092 conflagrations took place. In Prussia, from 1869 to 1877, 1,004 deaths by lightning occurred. In Austria, during a period of eight years, 1,700 lives were lost, and 40,000 fires were caused. The French have suffered less from the "bolts from heaven," for in the last ten years only 880 have been killed by lightning, of whom 243 were women. The English returns are incomplete, but it is estimated that on an average 100 Englishmen are killed every year by lightning. The almost total neglect of the use of lightning-rods in England is remarkable. This carelessness seems the more reprehensible when the words of Fuller, the church historian, are called to mind. In 1665 he wrote: "There was scarce a great abbey in England which at last was not burned down by lightning from Heaven." Yet at the present time St. Paul's alone, of all the public edifices in the United Kingdom, is thoroughly protected. Many of the lofty spires of the cathredals have no conductors at all, and not one of them is safe. Several parts of Windsor Castle, which from its exposed situation is particularly liable to be struck, are unprovided with lightning-rods.—*New York Sun.*

A Water Telescope.

ACCORDING to *Land and Water* the Norwegian fishermen always carry with them on their expeditions a kind of telescope called a water telescope. This is a tube three or four feet long, with an eye piece at one end. The other end, which is open, is placed in the water over the edge of the boat, and a little practice easily enables the observer to distinguish objects at a depth of from ten to fifteen fathoms. The fishermen are thus enabled to discover shoals which would otherwise go unnoticed. They then give the signal, their comrades surround them with seines, and they frequently make wonderful hauls in places and under circumstances that would never have been suspected but for the use of the telescope. Mr. Frank Buckland recommends the instrument to the English and Scotch herring fishers.

THE Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain held its annual meeting at Dusseldorf this year, in accordance to an invitation issued by about thirty of the leading German iron works. Great disappointment was felt, however, because Messrs. Krupp, the well known cannon manufacturers, refused to allow the English visitors to inspect their works.

The Cotton Crop---How it is to be Moved and Where it is Consumed.

The cotton crop of 1879, thus far the largest ever grown, amounts to 5,757,397 bales, according to the *Financial Chronicle*, which is usually accepted as the authority on that matter. Its annual review differs less than 3,000 bales this year from the official statement of the National Cotton Exchange, which reports a crop of 5,760,131 bales. In any case, the crop was much the largest ever produced in this country, for, even after making allowance for Southern consumption not then reported, the largest crop before the war was less than 5,000,000 bales, and the only other crop exceeding that quantity was that of 1878, viz., 5,073,531 bales. This year, too, the quantity taken both by Northern and Southern mills has been larger than ever, 1,624,805 bales by Northern and 179,000 bales by Southern spinners. It is estimated by the *Chronicle* that the consumption in this country reached 1,760,000 bales, and the calculations of that journal indicate that the profit of manufacturers during the year has been about one cent on print cloths and about 1.60 cents on standard sheetings per yard. The advance in price, however, though beneficial to the manufacturer as respects the goods sold in this country, has apparently checked the exports of cotton goods, for the reported exports for the year ending June 30 amounted to 106,579,723 yards, against 129,197,377 yards for the preceding year.

The exports of raw cotton, however, have been exceedingly large, notwithstanding the advanced price at which a large part of the crop was marketed. In December, 1878, low midland uplands sold at eight seven-eights cents per pound, and a large part of that crop was sold at prices ranging below ten cents, but the price was above twelve cents from December 1, 1879, until the middle of April, 1880, when a great part of the crop had been sold, and did not drop below eleven cents until the latter part of July. Yet the quantity exported from the crop of 1879, according to the *Chronicle*, was 3,865,620 bales, against 3,467,565 bales for the year preceding—an increase of nearly 400,000 bales, or 11.4 per cent. The increase in domestic consumption, as estimated, was only 135,000 bales, or 8.3 per cent., but the increase in quantity taken by American mills was over 15 per cent. It is possible that the estimates of consumption are too low. The value of the crop reported was about $212,000,000—a sum which has been largely exceeded when a smaller quantity was marketed at a higher price. The value of wheat and flour exported during the year was $225,879,502, so that cotton is no longer king, though it contributes very largely to the national wealth. Another item of interest in the annual report concerns the route by which cotton is moved. Five years ago only 461,751 bales were moved overland by rail, or about one-eighth of the crop. During the past year 1,181,147 bales have been moved overland, or more than one-fifth of the crop. This freight is peculiarly desirable and valuable for the railroads, and competition in securing it has been very sharp. As the overland movement increases steadily and rapidly, it is probable that rates for transportation of cotton may hereafter be considerably reduced, especially if an unusually large crop causes a further decline in price.

The crop of 1880 promises to be even larger than that of 1879, although it is by no means out of danger as yet, and the weather has been unfavorable in some sections of late. From the acreage and condition some weeks ago, it was thought that an increase of about 10 per cent. in the yield might be expected, but later news has inclined dealers to look for a somewhat less liberal yield. There are some who doubt whether the production of 1879 will be exceeded, but the general opinion appears to be that the crop will hardly fall below six million bales, and may largely exceed that quantity.—*New York Tribune.*

—There is a grand work and a big field open for all who want to see the human family first well-born, and then well taken care of by parents, teachers, physicians and, finally by themselves.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for October.*

—Griddle Cakes.—One quart sour milk—buttermilk is best; two slices dry bread, softened with hot water. When cool stir into the milk; add a little salt, then flour to make rather thin batter. Last, add one teaspoon soda.

—Hoods appear on many sacques, as well as on cloaks and mantles.

THE indigestible character of young beef is supposed to have suggested the phrase, "Come weal, come woe."—*New Haven Register.*

"INQUIRING READER" is informed that the Clearing House is not connected with the Weather Bureau.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A GENTLEMANLY young oyster opener asked a rural customer if he would take his raw oysters on the half shell. The customer seemed to think there might be something mean and small about that style, and he said: "Half of the shell be hanged! Set up the whole thing."—*N. O. Picayune.*

YOUNG Mr. Latehours was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own, "and why?" he repeated, imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oil-cloth, "because then you would only come around once every 1,500 years." He didn't say anything until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth that "by the dads, it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again." But by that time the poor girl was in bed and sound asleep.—*Hawkeye.*

THE spring chicken changes to the fall hen, but the transition makes no change on the restaurant bill of fare.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ISN'T it funny? The man who has about forty-seven hairs growing on his face is always possessed to wear a full beard, and goes about with a countenance like a thinly settled huckleberry pasture; while the man that can beat Aaron of old clean out of sight with a full beard shaves close two or a week, and the rest of the time his face looks like a sheet of N. 4 emery paper. They are each reaching for the impossible, and miss it by a hair.—*New Haven Register.*

What the Hall Boy Says.

That cheap boarders give the most trouble.

That the pompous boarder is almost always very impecunious.

That bachelors give much more trouble than married men in hotels.

That travelers who give away old clothes are now few and far between.

That the best clerks are those who have the least to say of themselves.

That the average hotel detective is not worth his salt, much less his wages.

That the fellow to be watched is he who wants a big check cashed immediately upon arrival.

That Boston families always want a room where the carpets harmonize with the furniture.

That very few hotels keep up the reading rooms in the style which patrons have reason to expect.

That female boarders who laugh and chat with the servants are the kind who purloin soap and towels.

That hall boys come into possession of a great many secrets in the course of their varied hotel experience.

That country people's amusement is ringing the electric bell and asking a variety of ridiculous questions.

That as a rule the toothpick stealers are not boarders, but men who enter the hotel ostensibly to inquire for friends.—*Hotel Mail.*

[Jackson Patriot.]

A Reminiscence of 1874.

In 1874, Dr. Jacob Meyer, Saint Louis, Mich., gave the following opinion: The Hamburg Drops deserve to be recommended. I have prescribed them for irregularities of the liver, disorders of the stomach and diseases originating from these disturbances, and have observed the most satisfactory results. The Drops also cure constipation in a short time.

—Doing nothing is the most slavish toil ever imposed on any one.

[Detroit, Western Home Journal.]

ST. JACOBS OIL is an excellent medicine. Have used it in our household with great benefit.

—Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

"And the Leaves Were for the Healing of the Nations."

This is fully exemplified in the demonstration that so common a pasture weed as smartweed, or water-pepper, possesses medicinal properties which when combined with essence of Jamaica Ginger and other efficacious vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. It constitutes a most potent remedy for bowel affections as diarrhœa, dysentery, flux, etc. It is also an efficacious medicine for colds, and to break up fevers and inflammatory attacks, and for the alleviation of pain. Every family should keep a supply of it. 50 cents by druggists.

A Warning.

Coughs are caused by the changeable weather of autumn, and, if neglected, are apt to continue all winter. If cured now the lungs will gain strength to withstand the severe trial of winter and spring. Piso's Cure is the best remedy. Fifty cent bottles are sold for 25 cents.

Deserve a Monument.

The *Standard*, Syracuse, N. Y., is the journal from which the following extract is cut: "That the proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies are entitled to a monument is unmistakably true. It is an indisputable fact that these parties must be and are looked upon as Good Samaritans."

FOR Consumptives, Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, Sickly Children and the Debility of Age, Malt Bitters, prepared by the Malt Bitters Company, are the purest and richest nourishing agent in foods or medicine ever compounded.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK is the best for marking linen. Sample will be sent post-paid for 30c. by F. H. Stoddard, Northampton, Mass.

EVERY Farmer and Teamster should know that Frazer Axle Grease cures sore necks and scratches on horses. Buy it anywhere.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

ASK your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

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HUNT'S REMEDY

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HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

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HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the cause that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

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The Great Corner in Pork and the Man Who Engineered It.

Of all the men who have cornered the Chicago market, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, Philip D. Armour, the manager of the present gigantic pork deal, is the most thoroughly disliked by the "boys." He is one of the severest men on the Board. Hutchinson, Lyon, Sturges, and other old operators who have in their day run corners, always had a little mercy on their victims, but with Armour it is different. He demands the fulfillment of the bond, even to the pound of flesh.

Mr. Armour, who is of Scotch descent, is about fifty years of age, well preserved and quite portly in appearance. He was brought up on a farm, but when a young man entered into business in Milwaukee. From there he removed to Chicago about fifteen years ago. He lives in affluence in the southern part of the city, has a cultivated musical taste, and supports the choir in a leading south-side church. The Armour house, of which he is the head, is really a quadruple one. Chicago, on account of its business importance, is the headquarters, but there are extensive branches in Milwaukee, Kansas City, and New York, each being under the personal direction of some member of the firm. The capital of the firm actively employed is variously estimated at from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000. It is by all odds the most extensive packing and provision house in the world. Its ability to control means in its business is plainly shown by past corners in pork and corn, and the present one in pork and meats. Armour has made most of his money since 1870 in packing pork and handling grain, and in extensive speculations in both of these articles. He is largely interested in wheat now. Besides his deals in pork and wheat, it is believed that on the first of the present month he got control of the lard market. Although he has as yet failed to display his strength in that line, it is known that he recently checked out over $1,000,000 for lard delivered to him on September contracts.

The present corner grew out of the ill feeling engendered by Armour's losses in bulling property after the opening of the regular packing season in 1879. At that time Armour had made up his mind from personal observation in Europe and extensive correspondence that hog products should rule high in sympathy with breadstuffs, on account of the light condition of stocks in England and on the Continent. He labored to advance prices, but was oversold by the trade, who, being influenced in their operations by the large packing in progress during the winter, and the large stock of hogs available for summer cutting, were free sellers. His losses from the steady depression in the market which this state of affairs brought about are said to have been very heavy. To recover some part of the money dropped by him, he, at the close of the packing season, obtained control of all the winter-cut meats in this market, amounting to several millions of pounds. His holdings at one time were not less than 40,000,000 pounds. After getting control of the meat deal, which occurred in March last, he gradually bought up pork, and by the middle of May he had complete control of that article also. Pork being the leading speculative article in the provision line, Mr. Armour found no trouble in obtaining all the option contracts necessary to make his pork transaction a profitable one. Since May he has steadily squeezed the market, and has advanced prices from about $9 to $17.75 per barrel.

After Armour obtained control of the cash meat and pork—and it might truthfully be said of the entire provision market—he did not sit down and wait to sell, but established agencies in every place of importance between the Missouri River and the Gulf of Mexico, and in all the English and Continental markets, and worked off the better part of the product on hand at saving prices. He has opened these agencies to such an extent as badly to cripple the provision brokerage business in Chicago.

This great deal will probably wind up by the opening of the regular packing season on Nov. 1, but its effects will be felt for some time longer. Since the house of Armour went into the corner it is estimated that it has handled 600,000 barrels of cash and option pork, its not profit being not less than $3 a barrel.

Mr. Ira A. Paine's Remarkable Shooting Feats.

Yesterday afternoon, says the Detroit *Free Press*, Ira A. Paine gave a private exhibition of his abilities as a marksman before a score or more of invited guests, and it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the kind ever given in the world. Among the guests was T. C. Banks, business manager and one of the editors of the *Forest and Stream*, a paper devoted to the interests of the sportsmen of America. Mr. Banks is familiar with all of the famous achievements with firearms, having been immediately interested in some of them, and at the close of Mr. Paine's work he pronounced it one of the most remarkable exhibitions he had ever witnessed.

The shooting was done on the river bank back of the Park House, Hamtramck, where the sun's rays were strong, and where the wind had an interest in whatever was going on. There was no seeking of shelter, no trick-loaded shells or prepared powder, cracked glass balls or other illegitimate methods sometimes adopted by exhibition marksmen.

Mr. Paine began his work by shooting with an ordinary double-barreled shotgun or breech-loading fowling piece, at glass balls thrown by his assistant in any and every direction, and as rapidly and as far as possible. After breaking every ball thus thrown, Mr. Paine shot at balls thrown high in the air and broke them first at the point where the upward flight stopped, then after they had fallen half way to the ground, and finally when within three feet of the ground.

If the marksman exhibited his steadiness of nerve and correct eyesight in the above feats, he made those facts trebly manifest in the second part of the programme, which was shooting with a regulation single-barrel dueling pistol. All shots were made at ten paces, the first object being a block of wood, two inches square, which he centered with the bullet and sent spinning through the air. Then he shot at a crab-apple about an inch in diameter, which was suspended on a wire hung in front of the face of the target board. Next his assistant, Joseph Jacques, a 16-year-old boy, who lives in this city, held an ordinary lead-pencil before the target board, and Mr. Paine sent a bullet which broke the lead-pencil in halves. A peanut, not more than an inch in length, was strapped in an upright position to the top of young Jacques' head, and at the first shot the nut was cut in two. An ordinary grape hanging by a thread and swinging before the target board was next hit with a pistol ball, after which a dozen balls were put through as many postage-stamps on envelopes taken from the spectators and held between the thumb and finger of young Jacques. All of these feats were vociferously applauded, the spectators being at a loss to account for the shooter's marvelous aim. Still Mr. Paine had another feat more incomprehensible than all. His assistant placed an ordinary business card against the target board with the edge of the card—not more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick—toward the shooter. Then Mr. Paine, with the dueling pistol, took a long, unerring aim and, at the first shot, hit the card on the edge, cutting it in exact halves. The feats with the dueling pistol closed with the shooting of a cork from a stone bottle without injuring the bottle or spilling its contents.

With an army revolver Mr. Paine exhibited several very dexterous shots, for which he was heartily applauded. His assistant standing thirty feet away tossed glass balls at him, and he shot them before they could hit him. Then Mr. Paine threw the balls himself and broke them with the revolver before they could reach the ground. With a small rifle such as is used in shooting-galleries Mr. Paine broke balls thrown at him and away from him.

With a Winchester rifle, a most serviceable weapon and not particularly easy to handle with accuracy, Paine shot double balls thrown into the air, breaking both of them, and put twelve shots into a six-inch target in eight seconds. He then performed the most difficult shot known to rifle practice, viz., the ricochet shot with glass balls. A glass ball is placed upon the ground, and the rifleman, by shooting into the ground, under the ball, throws the globe into the air four or five feet and before the ball falls to the ground it is broken by a second shot. To do this not only requires nice judgment in hitting the ground in such a way that the ball will not be broken, but the emptied shell must be thrown out of the rifle and another cartridge must be thrown in its place before the second shot which breaks the ball, can be made. Hence, great quickness, nerve and faultless aim are necessary. Mr. Paine successfully made two ricochet shots, ending the fancy shot programme.

About a third of a mile from the shooting ground was a red spar buoy, looking to the spectators to be the size of a lead-pencil. Wishing to see what Mr. Paine could do at long range, requests were made that he would shoot at the buoy. The marksman unhesitatingly complied, explaining first, however, that he would be obliged to guess at the elevation, as his rifle was not fixed for long-range shooting. The first shot went several hundred feet beyond the buoy, the second one went about 200 feet beyond the spar, and the third one alighted within fifty feet of the object. All were line shots. The fourth shot dropped alongside of and bespattered the buoy with water raised by the shot.

Then reloading the rifle with sixteen cartridges, Mr. Paine said he would get up a little squall around the buoy, and, firing in rapid succession, the sixteen shots were sent around and within from six inches to two feet of the buoy, causing the water to fairly jump. Thus ended a most entertaining and surprising exhibition of what may be accomplished with firearms.

The Wild Woman of Montana.

Interesting accounts reach us of the wild woman upon the Missouri Valley. Dennis Sullivan, who was out with a party berrying last week, came suddenly upon her. He was within twenty steps of her and had a good look in her face, which appeared lean and rather coarse-featured. She was dressed in light clothes, and her hair he describes as being of a brown color and quite long, hanging over her shoulders, reaching below her old, badly torn sun-bonnet. When first discovered she was half hid behind a cliff of rocks, from which she ushered with such a deafening scream that Mr. Sullivan's horse became so frightened as to be unmanageable for several moments, after which he undertook to give chase, but the horse refused to go near the fleeing woman. Dismounting he made chase on foot, and taking a near cut over the hill, he came close up to her, when she turned toward him with her hands raised, making such a loud and tenor-like screeching noise that he had not the courage to proceed further, but turned away, leaving the curious feminine mistress of the woods and wilderness-like canon, through which she fled with unusual quickness. The subject of organizing a party to scour the country and capture the wild stranger is being agitated.—*Montana Husbandman.*

To Keep Grapes.—Select nice fresh clusters, and cut the end of the stem smooth, and dip into melted sealing wax; then put it in cotton batting; pack them away in wooden boxes; keep them in a dry, cool place. In this way they will keep fresh all winter. Another way—Take full bunches, ripe and perfect; seal the end that is cut from the vine so that no air can get in, or the juice of the stem run out, and let them stand one day after sealing, so as to be sure they are perfectly sealed (if not they will shrivel up); then pack in boxes of dry sawdust, and keep in a cool place; they will keep nicely all winter without losing their flavor; in packing, do not crowd the bunches; sprinkle the sawdust over the bottom of the box, then lay the grapes carefully, a bunch at a time, all over the box, then sawdust and grapes, alternately, until the box is full.

At certain places in Virginis, along the Pamunky River, where there are great numbers of fresh water mussels, it is impossible to raise ducks, because at low water the ducklings are caught by the mussels, and held until drowned by the rising tide.

HOME AND FARM.

The best way to move old strawberry plants is to wait till after a heavy rain when the ground is "soaking" wet, and take up clumps of them with the ground attached and carry them where you want them.

Military Puddings. — Chop very finely one-half pound of suet, mix with it one-half pound of bread crumbs, and the same quantity of moist sugar; mince the rind of a lemon, and strain the juice; mix these ingredients well, and put the mixture into small buttered cups, and bake for rather more than half an hour; turn them out on a dish, and serve with lemon sauce. The above ingredients may be made into small balls, and boiled for about half an hour. They should be served with the same sauce as when baked.

Baked Ham.—Make a thick paste of flour and water (not boiled), and cover the entire ham with it, bone and all; put in a pan, on a spider, or two muffin-rings, or any thing that will keep it an inch from the bottom, and bake in a hot oven; if a small ham, fifteen minutes for each pound; if large, twenty minutes; the oven should be hot when put in. The paste forms a hard crust around the ham, and the skin comes off with it. Try this, and you will never cook a ham in any other way.

In one quarter of a minute a dahlia that is all purple can be changed, so that every petal shall be tipped yellow. This is simply done by burning some brimstone, and holding the flowers a few seconds in the fumes. The change is instantaneous; and where there was no fancy-tipped dahlia, it astonished every body who did not know it and saw the metamorphosis. Other flowers are subject to change by the fumes of brimstone, which discharges the color wherever it reaches. The experiment is easily tried by lighting a few lucifer matches.—*American Cultivator.*

Fine German Pudding.—Pour half half a pint of boiling milk upon one pound bread crumbs; beat up one-quarter pound fresh butter to a cream; add to it the yelks of ten eggs, well beaten; drain the milk from the bread, and add the bread, with one-quarter pound pounded sugar and the grated peel of a lemon; whip the whites of the ten eggs into a solid froth, and add them the last thing; butter a cloth, and put the pudding in, tying it loose, as it will swell out a good deal; plunge it into boiling water; boil one hour. Some persons add one-quarter pound jar raisins, slit and stoned.

Corn loses one-fifth by drying and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents a bushel than at $1 a bushel in the following summer, and the wheat at $1.25 in December is equal to $1.50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost, together with the shrinkage, there is but little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than 33 per cent.

A practical Vermonter tells the *American Cultivator* how to "burn a chimney out." He chose a rainy day. There had so much soot accumulated that it made a very hot fire, but by giving only a little draught the burning was safely performed. Although the day was still the fire roared like an engine, and red-hot cinders fell hissing upon the wet roof, showing the terrible result that would have followed had the chimney taken fire on a dry and windy day.

Borrowing.

There are some people to whom borrowing seems as natural as breathing; who might almost be said to make a profession of it; who appear to have a decided preference for the goods with which the gods provide others; who are never so well satisfied as when using the tools of another; who feel more secure from the assaults of the weather under another's umbrella, better mounted on a friend's horse, better dressed in another's finery; who would sooner borrow a book than read their own; who might naturally be supposed to hanker after another man's shoes. It does not by any means follow that the ready borrower is always the willing lender. Farmer Roughenough may have used his neighbor's harness as long as it would hold together, but if it is hinted that he should make a return with his new plow, he begins to feel as if some imposition were being practiced upon him; for the first time in his life, perhaps, he begins to look through the spectacles of the lender. There is the person who borrows of you in order to be on intimate terms; the one who borrows only to oblige, not to seem superior to his neighbors; he who borrows car tickets and postage stamps—things too tritling to make an impression on his robust intellect; who damages whatever is lent him, and pays no attention to the fact; who will bring your horse home lamed, as if that were the normal condition of horses, return your umbrella with broken ribs, your books with finger-prints and pencil-marks. The borrower has usually a bad memory, and a worse conscience: the fact of his being obliged to borrow at all arises generally from improvidence, a lack of forethought, or an abuse of his own property; and he who takes no care of his own will hardly be scrupulous in the care of another's. In the mean time we encounter not only those who borrow your personal effects and your household Penates, but your opinions, your witticisms, which they kindly pass off as their own; who "never think of thinking for themselves at all," since it is so much easier to adopt somebody else's thoughts, with the advantage of not being expected to return them. Doubtless the borrower was sent into the world to discipline those whom his tricks and ways irritate; and it is barely possible that if the soul of the good housekeeper were not wrung at times by the temporary surrender of some possession into heedless hands, she might also be found among the number of those who piece out their own negligence and wastefulness by taking advantage of the better management of their friends. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Manufacturers of plasters know enough to advertise. That is the only way to make any thing draw well.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE DAIRY.

A gentleman being asked what was the great point in cheesemaking, answered: "knowing when to dip." By what he meant to say: "Knowing when to salt." There is another point equally essential, and that is to get the whey out of the curds and also out of the cheese. The first can be done by fine cutting and a few other close points; the second by proper hooping and pressing, both of which are much neglected.

Difficult Churning.—When milk or cream is permitted to become sour until whey separates, the butter is hard to churn, for the reason that the fat is made into an emulsion by mixture with the lactic acid and some alcohol which exists in the milk. The cream then foams in the churn or the small butter will not gather. The best thing to do then is to put into the churn a quart of ice-cold water with a teaspoouful of soda dissolved in it. But it is better to prevent this by keeping the milk and cream cold, churning before the cream is too sour, or by adding a little soda or salt to the cream and stirring it.

Considerable more white cheese is being made in New York State this year than ever before, for the reason that it has usually been in good demand and brought a slightly better price than colored. But the fact is that white cheese must be very perfect in order to fetch the best price. If it is at all faulty, it will not be worth as much by one to two cents per pound as colored cheese of the same grade. The market to which white cheese goes is a very critical one, and the slightest imperfections are noticed and have a serious bearing upon price. London and Manchester are the two principal markets for the sale of white cheese, and shippers say that there is a surplus this year which can not be used in those cities. This makes them more critical than ever, and places the makers of white stock at a great disadvantage unless their cheese is of the very choicest quality.

American Dairy Produce.

Our readers will be curious to see what Messrs. Read and Pell, of the English agricultural commission, have to say about dairy matters in this country. We reproduce herewith a portion of their report. They first speak of butter, and very properly disparage the general quality of that article as made here. Yet they allow that "great strides have been made of late to improve its manufacture, and since the establishment of creameries a much more scientific management of the dairy has become general. For some time past a battle has been raging between shallow and deep milk pans. The prevalent idea that a moderately even temperature was necessary for securing the largest amount of the best cream has been seriously challenged, and it is attempted to demonstrate that a consistent low temperature, but little above freezing, secures the most rapid and effectual development of cream. The shallow pans have been discarded, and deep circular tins, nineteen inches by eight, immersed in running water supplemented with ice, are now used in some of the best dairies. At this low temperature it is asserted that more cream rises in twelve hours than by the old plan in thirty-six. It is conteuded not only that there is a great saving of trouble and that space is economized, but that the skim-milk, especially in hot weather, is ever so much better."

They also comment upon the willingness, "it may be even called ready eagerness, with which the American farmer welcomes all things new. Any novelty, however revolutionary to existing plans and ideas, is sure to find admirers and may expect a fair trial. The rapidity with which these new systems of dairy management have spread, would astonish many English farmers, who, especially in diary districts, are proverbially slow to change. But there seemed in America a reaction already setting in once more in favor of shallow pans. At the New York dairy fair held last December there was a model of an improved dairy upon the old principle of flat tins which found many admirers especially among the farmers' wives. But there appears to be a general consensus of opinion in favor of a cool temperature for the milk even in winter. Here again the abundance of cheap ice is all in favor of American producers. A dairy partially under ground supplied with running water, finds most favor in the States. Where these advantages are not obtainable, a better system of ventilating the dairy might do someting to improve the general quality of the butter. The other features of dairy management seem fairly good."

Coming to our cheese interests, they remark that "cheese factories seem more common than creameries, and their success until the remarkable fall in the price of cheese eighteen months ago has been very general. While the great bulk of American butter is no doubt poor, the chief part of the cheese is now decidedly good. None of it is really first-class cheese, and it is all exported or consumed when it is very fresh. Some efforts are now being made to introduce the manufacture of different kinds of European cheeses into the States, but they can hardly be said to have been yet adopted to any great extent. The bulk of American cheese is of one uniform make, of a like quality, color and shape. Very little cheese is eaten in America. The amount made is 300,000,000 pounds, and of that quantity fully 40 per cent. is exported, while the amount of butter made is estimated at 1,000,000,000 pounds and only a little over 2 per cent. is sent abroad. The home consumption of butter is therefore considerable, and the absence of any great export demand may result from its general inferior quality. It is startling to find the prices paid for good butter by rich people in the great cities. While the common run of butter in the market may be bought for 10d. per pound, 2s per pound is sometimes charged for a supply all the year round, and as much as a dollar per pound is paid in a few instances. In all the dairies where these fancy prices are obtained, the butter is made from fresh cream, and the greatest care is observed in feeding the cows with the best varieties of food, the cows preferred being mostly those of the Channel Island breeds."—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

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Order of Publication.

Susannah Morrell, by her next friend and husband, L. Morrell, vs. Sampson Custer et. al.

No. 195. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this suit is to vacate and annul two deeds, one from Sampson Custer and wife to Albert M. Robinson, and one from Albert M. Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, and subject the lands described in said deeds to sale for the payment of claims due to the complainant.

The Bill states that heretofore, to wit, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1874, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and wife conveyed to Sampson Custer four military lots Nos. 1656, 1657, 1658 and 1659; that after said conveyance was made the said Sampson Custer became indebted to the complainant in the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; that being so indebted to the complainant, the said Custer and wife conveyed the said land to Albert M. Robinson, and that the said Albert M. Robinson re-conveyed the said lands to Minerva J. Custer, wife of the said Sampson Custer; that said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, were made with the intent to hinder, delay and defraud creditors. The bill further states that the said Custer has no property out of which the complainant can make her claim, and that he is insolvent apart from the lands described in said deeds. The Bill then prays that the said deeds from Custer and wife to Robinson and the said deed from Robinson to Minerva J. Custer, may be vacated and annulled and that a decree may be passed subjecting said lands to sale for the payment of the complainant's said claim, and contains the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the said Albert M. Robinson.

It is therefore ordered by the court this sixth day of Septe ber, A. D. 1880, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 3d day of October, A. D., 1880, giving notice to the defendant, Albert M. Robinson, in said Bill, warning him to appear in this court, by person or by solicitor, on or before the first Monday in January, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
sep 11-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

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A Mason & Hamlin Organ,

Cheap for Cash. For price, &c., enquire of J. Ed. Kildow, or at this office. oct 2 3t

NEW FALL GOODS!

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O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

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DRY GOODS,

Groceries,

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Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

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Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

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ONLY $96 Warranted 6 Years

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 6 in. **Three Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat desk. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an Instrument by Agents, since years ago about $350.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have full trial for a year in your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, I do offer just the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Dolly's name is not here, you see. ☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. Many unsolicited testimonials than any contemporary. Have ordered more Organs over the entire world. Thousands now using have had them by Instruments. Since last year I returned from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I have ordered built and sent to me at my own expense, the entire product of the Factories of my celebrated Instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its monies amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW STYLES for '80, '81, '82, now ready. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about Pianos and Organs. Tells how to buy, when to buy, and where to buy. Sent free. Mailed to any address. Reading Circular free. Write me before buying elsewhere. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.13 A. M.
No. 6		9.15 A. M.
No. 8		11.59 P. M.
No. 10		4.12 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.47 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		6.57 A. M.
No. 7		5:20 P. M.
Way		10.32 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morrocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.
August 21-3m.

CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2d day of November, 1880,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and also for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors.

GEO. D. WHITE,
tde Sheriff.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett county, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Michael Cunningham to A. H. Buckingham, dated the 23d day of August, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 927, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, Md., assigned to Wm. R. Percy, trustee, on the 20th day of August, 1878, the undersigned as such assignee, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, in front of

Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.,

ON SATURDAY,

the 16th day of October, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.,

the following real estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: All that tract or part of a tract of land called

'William and Mary,'

lying near the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, Md.,

Containing about 1,200 Acres,

being the same tract described in a deed from George Forbes, Sr., and wife to said Michael Cunningham, dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 365, one of the land records of Garrett county, Md. About one-third of this tract of land is

HEAVILY TIMBERED

with good oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE:

CASH ON THE DAY OF SALE or upon the ratification thereof by the Court.

WM. R. PERCY,
9 25 td *TRUSTEE.*

Valuable Real Estate
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Kuhnle, Peter Camp, Sargent Lenhart and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with black, sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spanish chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oct9-4w

ORDER NISI.

C. F. Hefzel and Jno. G. Bauer, vs. George Percy and Alice E. Percy.

No. 196 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered this 6th day of October, 1880, that the sale made and reported by C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, mortgagees, of the real estate described in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $200.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
oct9-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas H. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Williams and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
oct2-4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 56. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veitch, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
oct 9td Auditor.

Estate of John Riley, Sr., Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H RILEY,
9 23 Administrator.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880. NUMBER 35.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak Sts.

D. H. LOAH, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-13

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicnity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md jan1-y

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1880.

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

More than twenty years, perhaps as many as forty years, have passed away since that memorable night when Jacob slept upon the heights of Bethel, and the morning after, when he forded the Jordan staff in hand. Those years have been spent in Haran, at the home of his uncle Laban, and now he is returning to his own land, no more the solitary wanderer, but the chieftan of a clan, with abundant wealth of camels, sheep and oxen, two wives and eleven sons. He has sent onward his company over the brook Jabbok, east of Jordan, and lingers alone in the shadows for an hour of communion with his God. Suddenly a Form confronts him, and an unseen antagonist wrestles with him for mastery. Though nigh a century in age, Jacob is in full strength, and meets grasp with grasp. At first he supposes his foe to be a man like himself, perhaps his dreaded brother Esau. But suddenly the unknown invisible One touches with his finger Jacob's thigh, and in an instant that joint, with its muscle, the strongest in the body, is thrown from its socket. Jacob now recognizes that he is face to face with One more than man. Yet he does not let go his hold, but clings, helpless yet determined, upon the Form before him. With tears and supplications (Hos. 12. 4.) he now beseeches a blessing, and with the soul of a conqueror he maintains his grasp until it is bestowed, and with it a new name, "The Prince of God." The morning breaks, and Jacob, halting, yet rejoicing, goes upon his way, no longer fearing man, since he has been victorious with God.

Gen. 32. 9-12; 22, 30.

Memory Verses, 28-30.

9 And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the LORD which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee:

10 I am not worthy of the least of all the truth, which thou hast showed to thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.

11 Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.

12 And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.

22 And he rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two women-servants, and his eleven sons, and passed over the ford Jabbok.

23 And he took them, and sent them over the brook, and sent over that he had.

24 And Jacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

25 And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him.

26 And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

27 And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

28 And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

29 And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

30 And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

ROME READINGS.

M. Jacob's prayer answered. Gen. 32. 9-12, 22-30.
Tu. Moses' prayer answered. Exod. 33. 7-21.
W. Gideon's prayer answered. Judges 6. 21-40.
Th. Hezekiah's prayer answered. 2 Kings 20. 1-11.
F. Daniel's prayer answered. Dan. 9. 15-27.
S. Peter's prayer answered. Acts 9. 32-43.
S. Cornelius' prayer answered. Acts 10. 1-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Luke 18. 1.

LESSON HYMN. L. M. 6 l.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

In vain thou struggiest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know,

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. PRAYER, v. 9-12, 22, 23; Psa. 50, 15. How long after the events of the last lesson is the date of this lesson? [ANS. Twenty-one years.] Where had Jacob been during these years? Hos. 12, 12. Where was he now going? Gen. 31. 18. What news had he just received? Gen. 32. 6. Why did the news cause alarm and fear to Jacob? What should we do in trouble? Psa. 50. 15. What was Jacob's prayer? What promises did he plead? What thanks did he offer? How did he illustrate Phil. 4. 6?

2. PERSISTENCE, v. 24-26; 1 Thess. 5. 17. Where was Jacob at this time? v. 22. Why did he desire to be alone? Matt. 8. 6. Who met him there? Who was this Man? v. 30. How did he show divine power? How did Jacob show persistence? How did he illustrate the Golden Text?

3. POWER, v. 27-30; Hosea 12. 3-5. What power with God did Jacob possess? Who gave him that power? What new name was given to him? What did this name mean? [ANS. A prince of God.] What did Jacob ask? How was he answered? By what name did he call the place? What does the word "Peniel" mean? [ANS. The face of God.] In whom may we see God? John 14. 9.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—1. An example of earnestness in prayer? 2. An example of persistence in prayer? 3. An example of success in prayer?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The power of prayer.

Those who pray with power plead God's promises as the ground of their petition.

Those who pray with power approach God in deep humility of soul, conscious of their own unworthiness.

Those who pray with power do not forget to praise God for the blessings which he has bestowed.

The Solid South.

If Gen. Hancock is elected to the Presidency it will be by the vote of every Southern State with the addition of narrow majorities in two or three of the Northern States. We do not here criticise the South for being solid; we do not criticise the methods by which this political solidity has been obtained; we say nothing of the suspicious circumstance that in six years the Republican vote of Arkansas has been reduced from 41,373 to 115; of Mississippi from 82,175 to 1,158; of Alabama from 90,272 to nothing; we say nothing of the terrorism in Louisiana and the tissue paper ballots in South Carolina, and the frank avowals in the more outspoken organs of the South that the negro may vote so long as the white men count the votes. We simply note the undisputed fact that if Gen. Hancock is elected at all it will be by the vote of the solid South. If two or three Southern States should break from the alliance there would be no possibility of the triumph of the Democratic party.

Nor do we discuss the question here as to the responsibility for the present sectional campaign. That responsibility is about equally divided between the two parties. It the party had accepted President Hayes' policy in good faith, and entered four years ago on the work of canvassing the South in local and congressional elections, there would be no solid South to-day. If the Democratic party had accepted his policy in good faith and the South had responded to his generous confidence with equal generosity, there would be no solid South to-day. He gave both parties the opportunity to bury the dead controversy.

However the solid South has been caused, whoever is responsible for it, the fact remains that upon its solidity the success of the Democratic party depends; that the American voter is in effect asked to hand over the control of the United States government to the States so recently in rebellion against it. It is not strange that the independent voter hesitates about complying with this request.

We say that he is asked to hand over the control of the government to the South, and we say so advisedly. For it is of the essence of a representative government that it should represent the voters who have elected and who stand behind the administration. Neither Gen. Garfield nor Gen. Hancock is invited to become a dictator. The business of the President is to execute the will and carry out in government the principles of the party which has chosen him. Gen. Hancock, if elected, cannot do otherwise than carry out a Southern policy; he would have no right to do otherwise. If the North chooses the President the North will determine the policy of the government; if the South chooses the President the South will have the same right to determine the policy of the government. The question, therefore, for the Independent voter to consider is whether he is prepared to have the South control the government even for four years.

In considering this question the intelligent Independent voter will lay aside at once all groundless fears of a new rebellion, and re-establishment of slavery, the substitution of a system of peonage, or a general bankruptcy of the treasury by a payment of a billion or so of dollars in Southern claims. He will not be frightened by a beating of the tom tom. The Chinese method of war fare is quite in fashion with the political organs of both sides; it makes a great noise, and to a certain extent furnishes funny reading, but makes no great number of votes. The danger from Southern supremacy is less terrific but more real.

"The Southern States," says Senator Bayard in his New York speech, "are solid for local self-government in each State, uninterfered with by extraneous power." This language is ambiguous, as are most political utterances, but it is easily interpreted by history. Mr. Lossing, the most living American historian, tells our readers what was the significance of the famous resolutions of 1798; and he shows how even Mr. Jefferson was unable to resist the pressure of his own party and section in favor of a doctrine of States Rights, in which he was never, in his inmost convictions, a believer. We may believe with Gen. Hancock that when "rebellion was crushed the heresy of secession in every form and in every incident went down forever. On the contrary, the Democratic party explicitly pledged itself to "uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798;" and in 1880 it impliedly reasserted that pledge in the declaration: "We pledge ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party." The most fundamental question that can address itself to the independent voter is this: Are we a Nation, or a mere congeries of States? Which is supreme—the State or the Nation? Which in the last resort is to determine doubtful and disputed questions between the State and the U. S. Government—the State or the National courts? South Carolina will not repeat in this country her attempt to secede; but she does repeat her claim to arrest U. S. marshals attempting to enforce internal revenue laws, and to forbid U. S. officials from protecting the ballot-box in U. S. elections.

That the South will not repeat civil war may be taken for granted; but there is not the least reason to think that the South believes in the right of the Nation to exercise national sovereignty, to control the great railroad lines of travel, to protect the several States from the march of pestilence, to secure universal education for all its citizens, to maintain and protect a national banking system, to secure the purity of national elections, to protect its officers in the discharge of their official duties against States interference, with or without forms of law, to guard every citizen, whatever his color or condition, in every part of the country and from every form of oppression. On the contrary, Democratic resolutions, Democratic speeches, Democratic newspapers and Democratic legislation all unite to deny, if not the organic integrity, at least the real supremacy of the Nation. Are they right? is the question that is fundamental. Till we have finally and forever established that the Nation is a Nation, we cannot even consider what it may go forward to do and to be. This is the dividing of the ways this Fall; and the danger from a solid South is that not of secession of Southern claims, but the danger of a four years' halt, perhaps a much longer one, in our march toward a national unity, a national sovereignty, a national supremacy, which are the essential conditions to national progress and greatness and to the firm establishment on this continent of a government of the people, for the people and by the people.—*Christian Union.*

Judge Pierrepont hit the nail on the head when he said in his late speech "if the Solid South had 185 electoral votes instead of 138, do you for one moment suppose that they would have nominated Hancock?" There is only one answer to this question, and every intelligent American knows it. Parties usually select candidates because they represent the principles of the organization, but the Democracy have not been in that line of business for years. They nominated Hancock, not because he seemed to represent their principles, but because they hoped his record as a Union soldier would misrepresent them sufficiently to catch votes for the party. They needed a decoy duck. If the Solid South had enough electoral votes to elect a President, we should have seen a real and bold representative of the Southern spirit nominated at Cincinnati. It might have been Wade Hampton or Mr. Lamar. Gen. Hancock is to be paraded before the election as the Union soldier; after election he will be promptly put under the orders of the solid South. And those orders will be obeyed. A truer word was never spoken than Judge Pierrepont's reminder that, once give the South control of the government with its hundred thousand appointments, and the servile support of Northern Democrats will never be wanting. The voter who thinks that the Northern Democracy would resist any violent or revolutionary action by the South is feeding himself with wind. The Southern Democrats have always been the masters, and always will be.

Hancock's views on the tariff still fail to find recognition in Democratic journals. The Republican journals, with that magnanimity which ever distinguishes them, are sparing no exertions to give those remarkable observations that wide circulation which their unusual merit entitles them to. There are evidences that the public is estimating them at their full value.

What Republican Success Means.

I. Republican success means that the present prosperity of the country, resulting so largely from Republican legislative and executive action, shall not be interrupted.

II. That the present honest collection of the revenue, so faithful that but one-third of one cent out of every $1,000 collected, when $11.71 of each $1,000 collected was stolen under Van Buren, shall be unchanged.

III. That every mill and factory shall be kept in operation, and every home industry fostered, so that mechanics and laborers may continue to be paid liberal wages, and the Nation be made independent of foreign powers in times of both peace and war.

IV. The continuance and permanence of the National banking system, with its stable, redeemable currency of uniform value throughout every Territory and State, whose full value is secured by the deposit of Government bonds beyond the possibility of loss.

V. The enjoyment of absolute freedom of conscience and of speech in every State and community, North and South, and the ceaseless protection of free speech by the Courts and by every officer and every department of the Government.

VI. Perfect protection to all American citizens in the uncontrolled exercise of the right of suffrage, so that the fountain of power in a Republic shall not be corrupted at its source.

VII. The ample guarantee of protection to human life every hour and everywhere with the whole force of the Army and Navy, if need be, to sustain the civil authorities in the discharge of this first and most imperative duty of a Government.

VIII. The payment in currency of the world of the whole indebtedness of the United States, as pledged by Congress, implied by contract and required by universal civilized usage.

IX. The faithful fulfilment of all pledges and obligations to the defenders of the Union and their families, and the prompt payment of whatever pensions may now be or may hereafter become due.

X. The elimination from American politics of the fatal heresy of State Sovereignty and its legitimate offspring, Secession, and the crowning of our nationality by the judicial proclamation of the fact that the only sovereign or independent State on the continent, known to internal or constitutional law, is the Republic itself.

XI. Greater permanency in every branch of the Civil Service, so that offices may be filled not for the benefit of individuals, but for the greatest number, and the public business transacted by those best qualified by knowledge and experience to transact it.

XII. The preservation inviolate of the results of the war for National existence; that the cause represented by Lincoln be deemed eternally right, and that represented by Davis everlastingly wrong; that patriotism be preferred to treason, and the Republic's defenders to its destroyers.

XIII. The elevation to the Chief Magistracy of a scholar, a man of learning and trained statesman of eighteen years' continuous Congressional service, who was three times the choice of his party in Congress for Speaker, their unanimous choice for the Electoral Commission, and who, by nature, culture and education, is the peer of any candidate of any party for the Presidency since the foundation of the Government. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Solid for Hancock.

Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, in the opening of his speech at Cooper Institute in New York Wednesday evening of last week, spoke these impressive and truthful words: "The Democratic orators and the Democratic press boastfully tell you that the South is solid for Hancock. Well, it was solid for secession; solid for Jeff Davis! There is not a loyal State solid for Hancock. Every Northern State is either very doubtful or else certain for Garfield. If there is a free vote and a fair count every Northern State will declare for Garfield. What does it mean, that the South is so solid for Hancock, and that not many at the North are for him, except those who sympathized with secession? It bodes evil to the Republic if you let him be elected."

Why is the South solid for Hancock. Let General Toombs, a rebel Brigadier who fought to divide and destroy this Union, tell: "We cannot put one of our own men in this time, and have to take a Yank."

The shot gun has made the South solid for Hancock.

The South is solid for Hancock because they expect to use him, if elected, for their own selfish ends and to restore to them what they lost in the the four years fight on the field.

"You may depend upon it, sir," says the unreconstructed Brigadier Toombs, "that 'Yank' or no 'Yank,' if elected, the old boys of the South will see that Hancock does the fair thing by them."

In other words, the "Solid South" will run the machine if Hancock is elected, and will run it in the interests of the "Solid South." And that is why the "Solid South" is solid for Hancock.

The Hon. Samuel S. Cox, of New York, is being hauled over the coals on account of the two large bags full of empty envelopes bearing his frank which were recently sent to the Democratic committee at Washington, principally for the purpose of sending campaign documents free through the mails. Mr. Cox denies all knowledge of the bags and their contents, which are, however, detained by the postoffice authorities on the charge that they are contraband matter. In addition to these there are some more bags filled with franked envelopes detained by the postal authorities, the franks on the envelopes being by the following senators and representatives: Wallace, of Pennsylvania; Call, of Florida; Clymer and Ryan, of Pennsylvania; Blackburn, of Kentucky; Dunn, of Arkansas. These bags, containing the unfranked envelopes, were sent from Washington to New York, the necessary autographs were there written on the envelopes, and the bags marked "Pub. Docs. Free;" and with the name of Senator Wallace on the wooden tag attached to the bag, were returned to the capital, having made the round trip to New York and back as free matter and in violation of the laws of the country. Mr. Cox is emphatic in his denial of any participation in the fraud, but it is thought very curious that his frank could have been obtained to several hundred envelopes without his knowing the purpose for which it was intended.

An impressive address to the workingmen of the Mahoning Valley was published at Youngstown, Ohio Monday. It was signed by capitalists and manufacturers representing $20,000,000, and by committees of workingmen representing 6,000 workingmen of all grades. It represented the uprising of the labor interests of that busy section against the free-trade, labor-destroying tendencies of the Democratic party. In their portion of the address the employers declare that they support the Republican ticket because the Republican party is the only party before the people that has openly declared for the protection of American industry; because the Democratic party is pledged to free trade; because under a protective tariff wages are good, while free-trade would close the factories and rolling mills and bring widespread ruin to the Valley. In response to this address the laborers say in their part of the document: "The mills and furnaces are all running full tilt. We have steady work and good wages. Why should we vote for a change?" Why, indeed.

The German Democrats in New York city are deserting the party so far as local politics are concerned. At a meeting of German American Democratic organizations on Saturday a resolution was passed for the holding of a convention to nominate a local ticket, as the "negotiations of the leaders of both factions of the Democratic party were not such as to inspire confidence, and utterly derogatory to that dignity of representative government." A serious defection amongst the Germans would be a severe blow to the party, and with anything like a fair election would be apt to put Tammany out of office.

Of all the ridiculous lies thus far circulated by the cheap Democratic press of the country the most transparent is the one that Gen. Garfield may be withdrawn from the Republican ticket and Gen. Grant substituted! It looks very much like "dying men catching at straws" when they give publicity to such nonsense. The Republicans are entirely satisfied with their nominee and will show their confidence in him and in the party by electing him on the 2d of November next.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, 1863—*BEUTELSBACH*, 1880.

"Yah, I shpeaks English a leetle; perhaps you shpenks petter der German."
"No, not a word."—"Vell, den, Meester it is hardt forto be conderstandt
I vos drei yahr in your country, I fights in der army mit Sherman—
Twentiet Illinois Infantry—figbtin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?"—"Vell, I tell you
Shoost how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty und landt in Nei-York;
I shpends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospidde1 Bellevue;
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" "Yah, svansig, apout; und der beoples
Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork dey hafe none for to geef;
Efery one laughs; but I holds my head ope shoost so high as der steeples.
Only dot vur comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout? don't say?
I was there too—wait a minute—your beer glass is empty already,
Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain—der sky vos all smoky and huzy,
Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night—
But—I don't care to say mooch apont it. Der poys called me foolish and crazy,
Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shoost right.

"But I dink's I vood do dot thing over again, shoost der same, and no matter
Vot any man say."—"Well, let's hear it—you needn't mind talking to me,
For I was there, too, as I tell you—and Lor! how the bullets did patter
Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening,
Shoost before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a hurrah,
Der roar of der guns, it vos orful."—"Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening,
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen,
Und dinks dot I hear somepody callin'—a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater for Gott's sake'—I saw his pelt-blate glisten,
Oonder der moonlight, on der barapet, shust outside."

"I drow my canteen over to ver he lie, but he answer
Dot his left hand vos gone und his right arm broke mit a fall;
Den I slump ofer, und gife him a drink, but shust as I ran, Sir,
Bang! come a sharpshooter's bullet, und dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him, you befriended—
The reb, I mean—what beeame of him? Did he ever come 'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strenght vos all ended
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der ground."

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name und says he: 'Yacob Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day if both of us leefs,
I shows you I dont vorget'—but he most bafe died, de poor feller.
I nefer hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only always I got de saddlsfacshun ofe knowin'—
Shtop! vots der matter? Here take some peer, you're vite as a sheet—
Shteady! your handt on my shoulder! my goofness! I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses avay und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handt. Vot! der left von gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle?—a Tennessee regiment? —dot's mighty queer—
Perhaps after all you're—"—"Yes, Yacob, God bless you old fellow, I told you
I'd never—no never forget you. I told you I'd come, *and I'm here.*"

—*George L. Catlin, in the N. Y. Tribune.*

Stuttgart, Aug., 1880.

NOT A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

"Come in!" said a voice, half choking with sobs.

"Why, what has happened, my dear?" said a sweet-toned, gentle woman, as she opened the door of a dainty room opening on one side upon the exciting life of Paris and on the other toward the restful groves of Fontainebleau in the distance.

"It's hateful here," said the first speaker, a beautiful young woman of perhaps twenty, who lay weeping on the lounge. "I want to go back to America. I wish I'd never been married. We had promised to go this morning to Versailles with a party of friends, and because it looked like rain Mr. James refused to go. I plead and begged, but he has a fearful will, and we both got angry, and he has left the house. I didn't suppose I could get so provoked with a person I have really loved."

"And do love now," said the gentle woman, who took the hand of the excited young wife.

"No, I don't, Mrs. Chester. I wouldn't care if I never saw Wilbur James again. I should think his first desire in life, after taking me from a lovely home, would be to make me happy. He likes his own way, and that is all he cares for, and he simply has the physical power to carry it out, but that begets no love. I'm glad he knows I hate him, for I told him so this morning. What right has he to tell me what I shall do and what I shall not? If he had been kind and gentle I would have done any thing for him, but when he takes authority upon himself I hate him."

"But it might be worse," suggested Mrs. Chester. "What if he drank, or was profane or immoral? Life is never perfect for anybody, and your lot, my dear, is bliss compared to that of many women. But for Mr. James's will he would probably lose half his force of character."

"I wouldn't care if he weren't smart at all," said the indignant girl, "if he wouldn't use so much control. I never was governed and I never will be. Not one man in a hundred knows how to be gentle with a wife. He frets at the slightest things, never confides in her, and soon their lives grow apart. Do you think Wilbur would have acted like this before we were married? He would have said, 'I fear it will not be wise to go, but I will consult your pleasure.' And my heart was set upon going to Versailles with those friends, and I had promised."

And the pretty, self-willed wife broke out afresh in her sobbing.

"And why did Mr. James leave you?" said Mrs. Chester.

"I suppose because I told him I hated him, and would go back to America as soon as I could. I suppose he loves me, though he treats me like a child, and I will not be governed, and that's the end of it."

Hetty James was a petted girl who, naturally amiable, had been indulged in her every wish by very fond parents. She had wedded, as most girls do, expecting to find perfection, and had awakened to the fact that marriage has duties as well as pleasures; that for most of us, whether men or women, it becomes necessary to adjust our plans or desires to others' needs; to have no will of our own unless stern principle is involved. Love is, in its best sense, a sacrifice, yet one that pays.

No man marries with the plan of giving his whole life to selfish ends, whether it be to pleasure or even study or philanthropy, and ever makes life a success. That end is attained only by considerate thought for others, little attentions such as one gives constantly in the formalities of social life, and grateful appreciation. The man who lives for self, had better a thousand times remain unmarried than to tie another into bondage. The woman who has only her own personal ambition in view usually proves a curse rather than a blessing. To live for others is the only true life in society, the church, but, most of all, in the home, and failure to do it has been the ruin of tens of thousands.

"You don't think it mended matters to tell Wilbur James you hated him," said Mrs. Chester.

"No," said the young wife, slowly.

"Let me tell you an incident in my life, Hetty, of which I rarely speak, but which has taught me a lesson, such a one as I pray may not come to many. Ten years ago, when I married Mr. Chester, I was very much like you. Both my husband and myself had strong, ungoverned wills, and were quick in temper. When our baby was two years old a friend came to visit us, and together we planned for a day's excursion.

"'I wouldn't take the child,' said Mr. Chester; 'the jaunt will be a long, tiresome one, and I would rather you would not go.'

"'But I have promised,' I said, 'and, besides, it won't harm me at all or the baby either.'

"Words soon passed between us, and then tears came, but the stormy debate ended with the assertion on my part that I would go, and take the baby, too, come what would."

Hetty's eyes opened in astonishment as she looked at the gentle woman before her.

"It was a warm but windy and disagreeable day, one of those in the late spring when you are dressed too warmly for summer and too thinly for the cold, and get tired easily. I had a sense of dissatisfaction when Mr. Chester left the house, half angered at him and half at myself, yet I had said I was going, and I should lose any power I had if I gave up now. That day I shall never forget. The baby grew tired and fretted, and my heart and body both ached. Those long hours when I tried to be cheerful, even jubilant, with my friend, I should be glad to efface from my memory. My husband met me kindly at tea, but there was a gulf between us.

"That night our baby was restless and feverish, and the next day and the next he grew worse. My husband was well-nigh delirious with grief. This was our only child, and I imprudently had been the cause of his illness. He failed rapidly. It is agony to live over again those baby-moanings as he looked up into my blanched face, appealing for ease from his pain. With clasped hands, the past forgotten, Mr. Chester and I knelt beside our darling child, saw the eyes close with a long, last look for help which we could not give, and then asked each other's forgiveness and God's.

"That week aged me more than all the years that have come since then, but I learned a valuable lesson at a bitter cost. Other perplexing times have come in life, but I have learned to say, as I overlooked them or perhaps yielded some point, 'It isn't a matter of life and death,' so it has not paid to have dissension or be self-willed. I have found that most things come right and best with a little waiting. There are only a few matters in life that are of vast importance, and in minor things what does it signify whose will is law? Not that a woman should always be the one to yield. Kind reasoning usually makes one sex as ready to surrender as the other, but where no principle is involved peace is the better way at almost any cost. Gentleness is as mellowing as sunlight in its influence. Few persons can be driven in this world; almost all can be led. Try the motto I have had for years graven on my heart, 'It isn't a matter of life and death.'"

"I see," said Hetty, "where the mistake lies. But I never can ask Wilbur's forgiveness. I never can humble myself like that. He ought to ask mine."

"O Hetty, Hetty! the world will be a rough one if pride masters you like that. Good-by, my child."

And Mrs. Chester, still young, but rich with life's experience, went out of the dainty room and left the young wife alone.

After all, Wilbur James was a noble man, she said to herself—too willful at times. But who has not faults? She had left father and mother for him, and the molding of his character was largely in her hands. If she kept his affection she might develop him about as she chose. Could she really ask his forgiveness?

Just then a slight knock was heard. The door opened, and before she had time to reason with herself she had said,

"Wilbur, I don't hate you. I'm so sorry;" and this time the tears were of love rather than bitterness.

And Mr. James did just what ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done, folded her to his breast, and said,

"I'll take all the blame, Hetty, I was hasty. We will go to Versailles some sunny day and invite the friends to go with us."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A serious interruption of diplomatic relations has occurred between France and the Vatican. The estrangement has arisen out of the clerical policy of the French Government, especially toward the Jesuits. Matters are said to have gone so far that the French representative of the Vatican has been practically recalled, while the Nuncio at Paris has demanded his papers.

Scenes in Chinatown, San Francisco.

Chinatown lies in the very heart of San Francisco, and in coming from the most fashionable quarter to the business portion you pass through it. They are the same bustling, pig-tailed phantoms in black cambric you see every day in Denver, only they seem to be in legion. It is a singular fact, although what we have here are really the scum of their own country, in passing through the town you hear no loud talk, no broiling harangues, no obscene invectives, like one experiences in the haunts of the lower strata of any other nationality.

Although 8 o'clock in the evening, manufacturers and traders had not ceased their labors for the day. Through the well lighted shop-windows you could see the watchmaker, with his eye-glass screwed into his almond-shaped orb, busy at his trade. A hundred machines were noisily pounding away on shoes. Fifty tailors in a room that was so low you could not stand upright (having run a floor through the center of the apartment to utilize room), are still plying their needles. Standing at a desk was an amanuensis inditing a letter, perhaps a love epistle, to some tawny maiden down below. How rapidly and gracefully he formed the characters with a pointed brush, making a stroke like the scratch of a eambric-needle or widening to a heavy shade, always writing from right to left. The "author" looked on with rapt delight not unmingled with deferential awe.

Next door was a barber-shop. The craft with us have not arrived at the same degree of perfection they have with them. No Chinaman is too poor to be barbered at least once a fortnight. The shops vary in size and price, according to the aristocracy of their customers. Under the hands of this tonsorial artist was sitting a man, his head lopped on one side, his mouth wide open, and eyes half shut, and about as imbecile and repulsive an expression as one would wish to contemplate.

Does a man, whether Caucasian or Mongolian, betray the animal instincts stronger when he is being barbered than ordinarily? Who has not marked the striking resemblance of a man in a barber's chair, his face lathered, his eyes half closed, with a dreamy, sensuous look of abandon, to a pig rolled to his nose in a mud-hole, or the ecstatic bliss of a cow gravitating back and forth against a convenient stake, wrapped in the luxury of a good scratch? The former is as lost to the ludicrousness of his appearance to the passer-by as is either of the latter. From the array of finely-pointed instruments spread before him you would think him a dentist. But, as for that matter, he cleans the teeth, takes a fine hook and digs out their ears, nails, shaves their heads, brushes and plaits the cue (not forgetting to twine in a rag at the end, to give it a tony length), and last, but not least, takes a fine wire and cotton, and lifts the eye-lid and cleans the ball of the eye. He is not paid by the job, but by the hour, and when a Chinaman sets out to be barbered he counts it among the delights of his life, and means it to last as long as he can afford. A week at the theater, an opium smoke, and an expensive shave are the luxuries for which he toils weeks.

Every little spare nook and cranny along the street was occupied by fruit and edible venders. You could put the average stock in trade in a pint cup, and yet the venders had the most satisfied mercantile air imaginable. They were constantly employed making choice morsels out of butternuts and thin slices of cocoanut tied each side. Dried fruit, watermelon seeds, heaped on tiny dishes, sticks of sugar-cane, and candies filled with scented water and musk were among the delicacies.

We often indulge in the trite remark "a penny saved," etc., but for the true inwardness of concentrated economy commend me to the Chinese. There is no waste matter about a hog in a Chinese market, save the bristles and toe-nails, the brains, heart, liver, entrails and kidneys forming Celestial dainties. So with fish, every thing save the head and scales being eaten.

We dropped into a drug store, their physicians being a combination of herb and old school. No homeopathic doses for them. They were weighing out a fierce compound, consisting of roots and minerals, the delicate little dose weighing before steeping two pounds. It would probably make with the liquid added a moderate sized tub full. There is nothing in the calendar of filthy things too nasty for the doctors to prescribe or the patients too credulous to take, even to the grated toe-nail of a dead man. And yet there is a "Chineso dealer" that counts numerous white patients among his patrons.

We called at a fashionable restaurant. Some wealthy tea merchants were to entertain a delegation of noted countrymen that evening. The first floor was in the throes of cuisine agony for so great an occasion. Buns baked a light brown, with guests' insignia of rank burned on the top; little pyramids of cherries, plums and sliced oranges were erected on sauce dishes, one dish forming a course. Heaps of thin cakes and pickles were on all sides. The refreshment rooms were up stairs, the first room being for commoners, the second for a little higher grade, the third for aristocracy. In the latter an open scroll work of gilded iron ran up the sides and across the top, from which hung a silken curtain dividing the apartment. The smaller portion was for the musicians, who discoursed a most hideous jargon of sounds while the guests ate. On a raised dais was a most exquisite china and gilt opium pipe, with tubes, so that they could take a smoke at the end of the repast. The other half of the room was hung with highly-colored maps and pictures, and furnished with quaintly carved chairs and tables in ebony and gilt. Covers were laid for six at a table, and consisted simply of ivory chop-sticks, three plates (the size of an individual butter dish), in choice China and a wine glass holding a tablespoonful. We indulged in a cup of delicious tea served in odd cups with covers, and partook sparingly of some dried fruit. Some chopped fiddle strings every one declared looked tempting, but no one had any appetite.

The guests arrived before we left, and were preceded by the host, who ushered them in with much ceremony and overwhelming salams. They were handsomely attired in blue broadcloth, tastefully corded with black, and wore the red button of rank and opulence upon their caps. After the ceremonies they settled down to easy chit-chat and seemed to bubble over with humor and wit, which, of course, was lost on our uneducated ears, but was greeted by shouts of applause by them. The next amusing thing was the waiter, who was so much inflated with the awfulness of the occasion that he would swell into the room with an immense server, holding it as if bent to the ground with the weight of good things, in the center of which would repose, like an Island in mid-ocean, a single sauce-dish of rice and meat.

From this place we meandered up the alleys and saw the dens where they "hit at the joint," and saw rooms ten by twelve, where were in bunks swung one above another sleeping twenty human beings. The foulness and filth of these Chinese quarters can not be described. We could appreciate the joke told by a policeman who accompanied us of a Chinaman who died in hot weather and remained two weeks before he discovered him. He excused himself on the ground that he "had not noticed any difference in the smell of the house."—*Cor. Denver Tribune.*

The Anti-Turkish Naval Demonstration.

The present naval demonstration, though more than sufficient for bombarding Dulcigno, can hardly be considered as a very adequate representation of the naval prowess of the participants. The programme given by the *Diritto*, of Rome, the Ministerial organ, shows that England, Italy, France, and Russia contribute three vessels each; Austria, two; Germany, one.

England sends the ironclads Alexandra, Temeraire and Monarch. They are good ships, but only three out of many. The Alexandra and Temeraire are casemate ships, built of iron, respectively 325 and 285 feet long, 64 and 62 feet wide, about 27 feet each in maximum draught, and having respectively 9,492 and 8,412 tons' displacement. The Alexandra has 13 1-2 inches greatest and six inches least thickness of armor; the Temeraire has 12 1-2 inches greatest and seven inches least thickness. Both have 9 3-4 inches backing for the armor. The Monarch is a sea-going turret ship, a trifle longer than either of the others and a little narrower, with about the same draught, and nearly the Temeraire's displacement. But she has only 8 1-2 inches greatest and only five inches least thickness of armor. All three vessels have high speed—the Temeraire 14 1-2 knots, and the two others about 15. The Alexandra carries two 12-inch and ten 10-inch Woolwich guns; the Temeraire four of each calibre; the Monarch, four 12-inch, two 9-inch, and one 7-inch.

Italy is represented by the Palestro, Venezia, and Venetta. The two former, the principal ones, are 265 and 250 feet in length, 58 in breadth, and 25 in draught; they are of 5,780 and 5,700 tons' displacement, and have a speed, respectively, of 12 and 13 knots. But the former has only 8 5-8 inches greatest and 6 inches least thickness of armor, and the latter has only 6 and 4 inches; each has about two feet of wood backing. The Palestro carries one 11-inch and four 10-inch guns; the Venezia, eight 10-inch and one 9-inch. These are powerful ships; but they are enormously inferior both in armament and armor to Italy's Duilio.

France sends the Friedland, Suffren, and Hirondelle. The latter is an old-type wooden steam erniser, of a thousand tons. The two former are fighting ships of 8,164 and 7,360 tons, casemated, with 6 inches least and, respectively, about 10 and 8 inches greatest thickness of armor. They have the good speed of thirteen and fourteen knots. The Friedland carries eight 10 3-4 and eight 5 1-2 inch guns; the Suffren carries fourteen guns, of which four are 10 3-4 inch. They are both good representatives, but not the most formidable of the French navy.

Austria's Prinz Eugen and Kaiser are casemate frigates of 5,810 and 8,550 tons, 6 1-4 and 8 inches greatest thickness of armor, and 12 1-2 and 13 knots speed. The Kaiser carries ten 9-inch Armstrongs, and the Prinz Eugen carries eight 8 1-4 Krupps. Russia's contribution is the Askjold, Svetlana, and Elborus. The latter is a small paddle gunboat of the Black Sea fleet; the other two are of the Baltic fleet. The Svetlana is a frigate of 3,202 tons and eighteen guns; the Askjold, a corvette of 2,402 tons and fourteen guns. Both are unarmored, but Russia has many armored vessels, some of considerable size and power. Germany, also, has powerful ironclads, but, according to the *Diritto's* statement, is to be represented only by the Victoria, which is a second-class wooden corvette of 1,760 tons, but having high speed.—*New York Sun.*

Thieves Nailed Up in a Car.

When the 10 o'clock incoming train of the Hudson River Railroad stopped at Tarrytown yesterday morning, the conductor, John Burke, discovered that the hasp on the door of one car was broken. He called a brakemen, and, on examination, found several other cars broken open. Sliding back the door of the last car, which contained potatoes, he saw three heads. He closed the door quickly, and, sending for a hammer and nails, nailed it up securely. The train then proceeded to this city, and at Fifty-first street it stopped and was boarded by Policeman Tennis and Tracy. They were informed by the conductor that three burglars were nailed up in one of the cars. At the depot in Thirty-third Street it was found that the prisoners had cut a hole over a foot large in the side of the car with knives, thus hoping to escape. It took the officers over an hour to release them from the car, so firmly had it been fastened. A crowd of over a thousand persons followed the trio to the Twenty-second Precinct Station-house. There they described themselves as George Ashley and Thomas Ashley, of Greenbush, N. Y., and John Burke, of East Albany. Thomas was only thirteen years of age, but the other two were young men. They are suspected of being members of a band of car thieves.—*New York Herald.*

In one of the mines at Georgia's Creek, Md., a driver at work sixty feet under ground was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

PITH AND POINT.

A bad habit—a seedy coat.

A regular slaver—A cooper.

It is twice the fun to hunt for frogs that it is to fish for fish, and many of the wise men of this country are finding it out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Scene in an oyster house: "See here, these oysters are spoiled." "That's all right; I put in twice as many on that account."—*Boston Globe.*

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code and advise all men desiring to avoid a breach-of-promise suit to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.—*Boston Post.*

When Miss Snodkins found out, the other day, that lime does n't grow on the lime tree, she exclaimed, "Well, I never!" Now she wants to know where they dig pickled limes.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Would you like to wash your hands before dinner?" asked the host, pointing to the conveniences. "No, certainly not," responded the guest. "Great Scott, man, do you suppose I eat with my fingers?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Little Boy—"Mamma, I want a stick of candy." Clever Mamma—"Which do you want—the stick or the candy?" Little Boy—"Which would you take, mamma?" Clever Mamma—"The stick, of course." Little Boy—"Well, mamma, you can have the stick—I'll take the candy!"—*Philadelphia Item.*

A tramp gave a woman living in the suburbs of Galveston some impudence. So she rushed in and came out again with a shot-gun. She did not see the tramp at first, but he rushed out into the street in plain view and told her to shoot, which she did, and missed him, of course. He went up the street smiling, and remarked to his confederate: "That was a close call. If she had fired without seeing where I was, she would have plugged me certain, but as soon as she drawed down on me I felt that my time hadn't come yet. I've been there five times before." It is singular that it is impossible for a woman to fire off a gun without shutting her eyes and turning her head away.—*Galveston News.*

The Origin of the Shylock Legend.

Professor Graetz, the eminent Jewish scholar, has written a series of articles on the origin of the Shylock legend, the first of which appears in the August number of the *German Repository for Judaic History and Science.* The first trace of it, says the author, is to be found in Herbers' French versification of "Dolopathos, or the Seven Wise Men of Rome," made for one of the Kings of France. There we find that a rich vassal of a knight, one whose legs had been cut off by the order of his feudal superior, offered the latter a loan of 100 marks, on the condition that if this amount were not paid by a fixed time the vassal should have the right of cutting out a piece of the knight's flesh. The knight having succeeded in his purpose with the money, forgot altogether to pay it. The vassal out of revenge insisted upon his right. The Judge, who was none else than the knight's bride in disguise, pronounced that the flesh should be cut out, but no more and no less than stipulated, otherwise the creditor would forfeit his life. Herbers makes the remark that this is an old story, which the monk Jehans de Haute-Selve translated into Latin. The same story has passed into the "Gesta Romanorum" in another form. The first writer who introduced a Jew of Mestre as the creditor was Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, in his collection of tales entitled "Pecorone," composed in 1378. Shakspeare, says Professor Graetz, has undoubtedly made use of "Pecorone," as is admitted by nearly all Shakspeare scholars. Professor Delius, of Bonn, gives in his edition of "The Merchant of Venice" an English translation of "Pecorone," which Shakspeare might have known. The difference, however, that in "Pecorone" the Jew is of Mestre, near Venice, and Shylock, of Venice, is explained by Professor Graetz by the supposition that Fiorentino avoided giving offense to the Jews of Venice, where very probably a rich community existed in the fourteenth century, while Shakspeare chose Venice as a famous town instead of the obscure Mestre. It is curious enough that the Shylock legend is also in Eastern literature, if Malone may be trusted. Whether the origin of the legend is Eastern or Western opinions vary.—*New York Graphic.*

How a Kindly Lady Befriended a Lonely Girl.

There are few points in the city where more curious sights can be seen than at the Union Depot, where the hub-bub and rush is never ended. One of these occurred a few evenings ago. Trains were arriving and departing and the engines were switching about the yards. The platform was crowded with passengers and their friends. Just inside the door of the baggage-room, near the east end of the depot building, sat a young girl about ten years of age, neatly but not costly attired in deep mourning dress. She sat upon a coffin and was crying bitterly. All the passers-by, who happened to look into the room, saw her, but none paid any further attention or made any effort to satisfy their curiosity more than to inquire of by-standers who knew no more than themselves. Among those at the depot was a lady who keeps a store at No. 826 North Fourth Street. The lady approached the girl, who was an utter stranger, and asked her name and the cause of her grief. Seemingly surprised at the kindly inquiry, the girl looked up and said: "My name is Annie McDonald. I am on my way home to Chicago with my brother's corpse, and I find myself in St. Louis without a dollar or a friend, and what I'm to do God only knows. I thought when I started from Topeka I had enough money, but it is all gone now." A conversation ensued and the lady left to make inquiries of the officials. She returned in a few minutes. The cost of the ticket for the girl and transportation expenses amounted to a little over $50. The lady who required of the girl to keep her name a secret, furnished the requisite amount, made the necessary arrangements, and the girl again started on her sad trip.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Gen. Roberts, the hero of Afghanistan, is an Irishman.

The Crystalline Conservatory of the Mammoth Cave.

What words can picture forth the beauty of Cleveland's Cabinet? Wyandot and other caverns may have galleries like it in kind, but none to be compared with it either in extent or symmetry. We loiter beneath spotless arches of fifty feet span, where the fancy is at once enlivened and bewildered by a mimicry of every flower that grows in the garden, forest or prairie, from the modest daisy to the flaunting helianthus.

Select for examination a single one of these enchanting blossoms, the "oulopholites" of the mineralogist. Consider the charms of this queenly rose that has unfolded its petals in Mary's Bower. From a central stem gracefully curl countless crystals fibrous and pellucid; each tiny crystal in itself is a study; each fascicle of curved prisms is wonderful; and the whole creation is a miracle of beauty.

Now imagine this mimic flower multiplied from one to a hundred, a thousand, a myriad! Move down the dazzling vista, as if in a dream of Elysium—not for a few yards, or rods, but for two miles. All is virgin white, except here and there a little patch of gray limestone, or a spot bronzed by some metallic stain, or, again, as we purposely vary the lovely monotony by burning colored lights. Midway is a great cross overhead, formed by the natural grouping of stone rosettes. Floral clusters, bouquets, wreaths, garlands, embellish nearly every foot of the ceiling and walls; while the very soil sparkles with trodden jewels. The pendulous fringes of the night-blooming cereus are rivaled by the snowy plumes that float from rifts and crevices, forever safe from the withering glare of daylight. Clumps of lilies, palo pansies, blanched tulips, drooping fuchsias, sprays of asters, spikes of tuberoses, wax-leaved magnolias—but why exhaust the botanical catalogue? The fancy finds every gem of the green-house and parterre in this crystalline conservatory. Earlier visitors (Professor Locke in 1842, and Bayard Taylor in 1855) describe long sprays, like stalks of celery, running vines, and branches of a chandelier; but it has been impossble to guard such exquisite formations from covetous fingers. Happily the subtle forces of nature are still at work, slowly replacing by fresh productions what has gone to the mineralogist's cabinet or the amateur's *etagere.*—*H. C. Hovey, in Scribner's Monthly.*

The Codfish and the Clam—A Fable.

A Codfish was one day sailing around in search of some one who might be inclined to a religious dispute, when he came across a Clam. That was in the days when Codfish put on a heap of airs over the Clam tribe, and this particular fish stuck up his nose at that particular Clam and began:

"Here you are, grubbing away on this same old sand-bank for a living, while I have journey over a thousand miles in the last four weeks."

"I am quite content," replied the Clam, "I am rather near-sighted, slow on foot, and Nature did not intend me to travel far. Neither of us makes more than a living, and I am satisfied if you are."

"Yes, but you have such an outlandish shape," sneered the Cod. "Why, there's neither head, nor tail, nor legs, nor arms to you. Your eyes are scarcely to be seen, and one little grin for a cent would spit your whole face open."

"My eyes are plenty large enough to see that no two fish in the ocean agree," tartly replied the Clam, "and, seeing this, I have no cause to smile. What you say about my form is true, but I make good chowder, for all that, and I have no bones to trouble the throats of humanity."

"Well, I'm thankful that I wasn't born to begin and end my days in a sand-bank. I go everywhere. I take in all the free lunches. Small fish fear me, and big ones can't catch me. See how I glide around."

The Cod took a circle around to show off, stood on his head, flourished his tail, and then asked:

"Can any of the Clam family do half of that?"

"As I said before," replied the Clam, "we were not cut out for either orators or acrobats. What I can do I try to do well. What I can't do I let alone and don't worry over."

At that moment a fish-hook nicely baited dropped down between them.

"Now, if you only had a little more mouth you could get enough at one gulp to last you all day," remarked the Cod as he eyed the bait. "As it is, you may stand by and see me take in that banquet. Just see what mouth will do for one in this world."

He opened his mouth, made a dive for the bait, and was about to wink at the Clam with his left eye when he was suddenly pulled out of the water and landed in a boat.

"I think," mused the Clam as he closed his shell, "that it is a great deal nicer to be a Clam on a sand bank than a Cod in a fish boat, but I'll be 'open' to argument next flood time."

Moral—It is every thing in knowing when to shut up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Egg in a Pocket.

A week or two since one of the superintendents of the hands engaged at the rock quarry, about three miles from Rock Point, in Pender County found the egg of a terrapin concealed beneath a fragment of rock. He secured the egg and handed it to Mr. Thomas Williams, Chief Superintendent, for examination. Mr. Williams, being busy at the time, put the egg in his pocket until he could spare the time to constitute himself an "investigating committee" on the subject of terrapin eggs. Being thus pigeonholed, in accordance with general principles, the matter was forgotten until after the lapse of many days, and was then only brought to notice by searching his pocket for some article that he usually carried there, when he discovered, not a terrapin egg, but a terrapin alive and kicking. Whether Mr. Williams feels any strong maternal regard toward the terrapin or not, we are not prepared to state.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Review.*

The betrothal bracelet now sometimes takes the place of the engagement ring, and is worn on the left arm.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THE SONGBIRDS' DEPARTURE.

AROUND the cedars on the lawn
The evening mists are early drawn,
On each its coilwebs' glittering bells
At noon of autumn's cold breath tells;
The woods their golden mantle wear
To grace the passing of the year;
Saddest of all, resounds no trill
From blithesome warblers—all are still.

The cuckoo long ago has fled,
The blackcap chilled his sable head,
The whitethroat sought more sunny climes,
The fearful swallow left betimes;
O'er barren moor or stubble bright
The wood-wren wings her silent flight,
While many a whistle from the skies
Marks where the plover southward flies.

What guides these birds to warmer lands?
Doth chance impose such strict commands?
Did myriad races die before
Survivors sought a foreign shore?
Not so; Creative Love impressed
Upon their natures His behest,
And still, obedient, they observe
The charge, nor from His purpose swerve.

We grieve, but lasting song would cloy
Capacities of sober joy;
And though we mourn the silent bands
Of birds which flit to stranger lands,
Brighter the welcome we extend
Next April to each well-known friend,
And more we long 'mid winter's snow
To hear new songs when lilies blow.
—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

"BAD PEPPERS."

I.

"YOU see, I want to strike down to Bad Peppers."

These words were pronounced by the third person at my right on the bench. The bench, it must be explained was covered with red velvet, and situated in the cabin of a steamer. And the steamer was the Weser, bound for Bremen.

I could not imagine at the moment what "Bad Peppers" meant; and the remark—uttered at our first dinner on board—came out with such ludicrous distinctness, in the midst of the clatter at table, that I made haste to observe the individual from whom it proceeded. I beheld a rough but impressive head, with cheeks of a settled red, and beetling grizzly hair, looking out over the board in a dogged, half-perplexed, but good-humored way, though the owner of the head was evidently unconscious that he had said any thing open to comment. He was a man, I should say, of forty-six; but as I looked at him now in the glare of the sky-light above, there was so marked a simplicity and frankness in his face that I could not help imagining the short gray curls turned to golden brown, and feeling the momentary pity that comes over one in looking at an elderly person who reminds one of childhood, yet is so hopelessly far removed from it. I felt a little sorry for a man with this kind of a face attempting so large a task as crossing the ocean to Europe, and I was a little amused at the idea, too.

He was talking earnestly to my handsome friend Fearloe, who sat on this side of him; but I observed that he was watched with a certain patronizing scrutiny by a young German opposite.

"Yes, you see I couldn't get rid of this rheumatism anywhere," he continued, "and so I took a friend's advice and started for Europe. They say that Bad Peppers will fix up the worst case you ever saw better than any amount of medicine. Anyway, I'm going to try it."

Peppers as a cure for rheumatism! What could he mean? And if this was to be the remedy, why go to Europe to try it? But he proceeded:

"And that's the reason, you see, why I want to strike right down to Bad Peppers."

The mystery began to grow less opaque. Possibly he might mean by "strike down" that he wished to reduce his diet to the utrillo in question; but I thought it more likely that Bad Peppers was a place which he had made his objective point. I determined to ask Fearloe at the earliest opportunity, and therefore drew him away as soon as dinner was over.

"Who is your new acquaintance?" I inquired.

"He reports himself as Steven Steavens, a wholesale grocer from Philadelphia."

"And he's going to Europe to cure his rheumatism? Europe ought to be flattered, certainly," said I; and I am afraid we both laughed rather scornfully at our unsuspecting fellow-traveler, who was pacing another part of the deck with a fierce meerschaum pipe in his mouth. "But tell me what he means by this Bad Peppers. Is it a place? I'm sure I never heard of one by that name."

"Of course," said Fearloe, "it's a place, but that isn't the right name. He means a resort of some note for invalids in the canton of St. Gall, Switzerland—Bad Pfeiffers, or Pfeiffers's Baths—south of the Lake of Constance, and near the Rhine: a very picturesque spot, too."

"You've been there, then?"

"Yes," answered Fearloe, who, I may remark by the way, had been nearly everywhere—out of America. He was one of those Yankees of the later generation who are born with a genius for belying their own nationality.

"You speak so well of the place," I continued, after a pause, "that I've a great mind to 'strike down' there myself. Do you advise it?"

"By all means, Middleby, after you've seen the Exposition. Paris will be hot, and you will need a change of some sort."

"I hope it won't be a change to rheumatism," I replied, with another laugh. I had not noticed that Steavens had come nearer to us as I spoke; but the word "rheumatism" seemed to attract him, and roused the only association with the Old World which he as yet enjoyed.

"You gentlemen have been to Europe before?" he said, advancing, and taking me in with a half-inquiring nod, as if my acquaintance with so foreign-looking a person as Fearloe was sufficient guarantee of my experience in traveling. "Now I would consider it a favor, gentlemen, if you would come down with me to the smoking-room. We can have a little something to drink, and then we can talk this thing over."

Fearloe smiled condescendingly.

In the smoking-room we found the young German who had cast his critical eye upon Steavens at dinner. He introduced himself as Herr Scharlach.

"Ain't from Philadelphia, are you?" queried Steavens, in a friendly tone, implying that the other probably was from that city. "We have a good many Germans there."

"No," said Scharlach, "Brazil."

"Now, here," said our confiding acquaintance, after we had pledged one another in several mild beverages suited to a first day out on the briny deep—"here's a list of places my friend made out that I want to kind of take in on my way to the springs and back." And he produced from his pocket-book a narrow, crumpled white paper, on which were penciled the weighty names of Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Antwerp, Heidelberg and Munich. I give them in the order in which they occurred. "I suppose that's all right, ain't it?" he concluded, glancing at each of us in turn, as if the success of his tour depended on our good opinion.

"Why, yes," said Fearloe, "the places are all right, but you'll have to travel a good deal to include them all. I don't see how you're to get at them on the way to the baths."

"Oh, of course I shall have to branch off a little; but then the distances over there don't compare with ours," continued Steavens, hopefully.

"I'm not so sure of that," rejoined my friend, with a malicious air of there being some slight room for doubt. "Your first jaunt, from Paris to Rome, will be five hundred miles—five times as far as from Philadelphia to New York. After that you must count at least a thousand to Madrid, a thousand more from there to Vienna, and then twelve hundred, or over, to St. Petersburg." Steavens almost turned pale. He hastily set down the glass which he was carrying to his lips. "Besides," continued Fearloe, "you can't go to Rome at all before winter."

"Hold on!" cried the other, looking as if the sense of solid reality were slipping away from him. "Has any body got a map here? Let's settle one thing at a time. You know what I want to do first is to strike down to Bad Peppers. I'd like to settle just how that stands."

Scharlach immediately went to his state-room and returned promptly with a large and perfect map of the Continent, showing all the railroads and post-roads. Seeing this, I was tempted to make some sarcastic remark about his thorough German equipment; but I remembered Sedan, and shuddered. He was soon busily engaged in tracing out certain lines of travel with his long pink finger, the nail of which was whitish, and edged with black—according strangely with the Prussian national colors. I thought Scharlach took a peculiar interest in Pfeiffers, and seemed oddly familiar with it. He furnished our fellow-passenger with full details about the place; how it was situated on the Tamina River—which Steavens, with a friendly reminiscence of New York politics, instantly transformed into "Tammany" River.

There is hardly a circle more merciless in its criticisms than a body of first-cabin passengers on one of the European steamers; and Steavens soon became an object of amusement to most of us. His simplicity, openness, and perfectly good-humored, almost joyous, ignorance, made him an easy prey. But he proved to be a "good sailor," and was very gallant toward the ladies. The strangest part of it was that they rather liked him, and took his side against our covert ridicule. I suppose I must admit that this, instead of altering our opinions concerning him, only added a slight bitterness to a spirit of fun which would otherwise have been quite innocent; and we got into a way of looking at him with sarcastic hostility. When I say "we" I refer more particularly to Fearloe, the German, Scharlach, and myself, who, having been thrown with him more than the others on the first day of the voyage, regarded him as a sort of comic exhibition under our special supervision.

This rather absurd bond of union between us led to some degree of intimacy with Scharlach, who disclosed—greatly to the enhancement of our interest in Steavens's journey—that he, likewise, was going to Pfeiffers. His errand, moreover, was a romantic one. Five years before, he had fallen in love with the orphaned niece of a rich merchant in Berlin; but feeling his cause to be hopeless, at least as regarded the girl's uncle, so long as he had nothing but his personal appearance and a very elaborate education to support his suit, Scharlach had preferred to retain the hold of friendship while starting out to better his condition; and accordingly he had never made a positive declaration of his passion, but had gone to Brazil, where he succeeded in gaining a moderately handsome fortune. His friends had kept him informed of Fraulein Raslaff's movements. As yet she had not married, from which he augured hopefully for his future; but her uncle had become an invalid, and they were now about resorting to Pfeiffers for his health, whither Scharlach, of course, purposed following them in order to learn his fate.

He requested us urgently to say nothing about this to any of our fellow-voyagers, and we even kept the secret of his destination from Steavens. But that could not prevent Fearloe and myself from privately talking over Scharlach's prospects a little. My own opinion was that such cool self-possession as his course showed might not impress a woman so favorably as it did us, and I said I was by no means sure that Scharlach would win, after all. Fearloe did not agree with me here, and stroked his beard with an air of restrained certainty as he replied: "I see, Middleby, you fancy that women want something more startlingly romantic than that. But they are very practical, too; and I think you'll find Miss Raslaff will appreciate such sensible devotion as this of our Brazilian emigrant." As I have said, Fearloe knew the effect he could produce on women, and was proud of it, and when he uttered this remark it was plain that he thought he had settled the question.

II.

As I left the steamer at Southampton, and went up to London for a few days, I parted with Steavens before the voyage was completed. It was nearly a week later that I met Fearloe again, in Paris. We went together to dine at a neat little two-franc place in the Rue St. Honore, which we had formerly haunted, and during dinner he suddenly asked, with a roguish look, "Who do you think I saw yesterday?—Steavens!" And Fearloe here bent his head, bathing his beard in laughter. "Do you know he has been in Paris three days and hasn't gone near the Exposition."

"Well, that shows a healthy independence," said I. "Is he studying the Louvre?"

"No," was the answer; "he has discovered something far more important than the Louvre or the Exposition—something which seems to reward him for the whole trip."

"What can that be?" I queried rather blankly.

"He has discovered," said Fearloe, "that Paris is the place to buy shirts in!"

I did not happen to meet Steavens while in Paris; but in August I finally acted on Fearloe's hint aboard ship, and went to Pfeiffers myself, where I found not only our enthusiast in shirts, but also Scharlach and Miss Raslaff, together with that young lady's uncle, a shriveled little old man, who had the air of being put away to keep in his thick white hair and whiskers, like a dried beetle in cotton-wool. To the rest of us, indeed, the old gentleman was of no more account than a beetle, and appeared to have as little influence on the lives around him as an insect might. But, as a matter of fact, though he was so nearly dead, and scarcely stirred a limb, he clutched three lives in his faded fingers, and held them fast there—his niece's life, Scharlach's life, and Steavens's life. For I was not long in discovering that my rheumatic pilgrim had fallen in love with Fraulein Raslaff almost at first sight. He himself took good care that I should not remain blind to the fact. He drew me aside, and pouring his tale into my ear, though with somewhat more reserve than he had shown on the steamer in discussing his plans of travel.

I said to him merely, "Have you spoken to her?"

"I've tried to feel my way," was his reply. "But that uncle of hers—he's an old potato-bug, sir. He's worse than a potato-bug. I don't know what to call him. He won't let any one come near her, and yet he don't seem to take any pleasure in her himself. He looks just about dead, but I tell you it's only shamming: the minute another man talks to Miss Raslaff he wakes up; it puts life into him, and he flies around sharp.

"Then it's only the uncle that troubles you?" I queried. "You don't feel afraid of Scharlach?"

Steavens paused, looking anxious for an instant. Then the child-like expression which I had marked on my first glimpse of him came out strongly again. "Do you think he'd be mean enough to stand in my way?" he asked.

"But suppose you are standing in his," I returned.

Steavens apparently considered this an unnatural view to take. "Scharlach can get along by himself all right," he asserted. "He might be disappointed, and it wouldn't ruin him. But me—why, take me, and what am I without her?" I must admit that this humbleness touched me with its pathos, and I began to range myself on Steavens's side. Then he concluded, without any pathos at all, "Well, I've got as good a right to try as he has, anyway, and I'm bound to win in the end."

At length, wishing to soften a possible disappointment, I thought I ought to tell him how long Scharlach had been hoping to gain Miss Raslaff's heart. The information startled him considerably; but after a few moments' silence he struck me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, here we are. He's rich and I'm rich: let her choose between us for something else. If he hadn't made any money out there, I'd say to him, 'Here, my man, I've got the best of you, so I'll stand by, and you can just walk in and try your chances first.' But seeing we are neck and neck on that, I don't know that there's anything to do but go ahead."

And go ahead he assuredly did from that hour. He astounded the old uncle by remonstrating with him directly against his supervision of Miss Raslaff. "It isn't fair," he said. "You don't know how to manage things in this country. I don't say a woman ought to vote; but anyway she ought to listen to a man who wants to tell her what he thinks of her. Do you suppose I could tell you?" (With a glance by no means politic in its contempt at the desiccated little figure before him.) "And how am I to talk to her about it when you are around?" The result of this attack, which he made in the old man; and the next day Steavens was asked to meet Miss Raslaff and her uncle in their salon, to receive from the young woman herself a confirmation of her uncle's objection to receiving any attentions from him. The girl was pale, but composed and very beautiful. I could not make out whether or not she had taken any fancy to my brusque compatriot, but she acted her part firmly. When at last she said, in pure English, "My uncle is right; you must not seek my acquaintance any more—more ardently; let us be quite as we were before." I declare so sweet a suspicion of a blush came over her cheeks and her voice died away so delicately, like a soft echo heard among the very hills around us, that I almost fell in love with her myself. A great change instantly came over Steavens. All his jauntiness, his unreserve, his child-like confidence, were extinguished at a blow. After a moment he collected his voice, and said, with great gentleness, "Miss Raslaff, I will never do anything you ask me not to, so far as speaking is concerned; but that won't prevent my thinking about you just as much as ever, and I shall keep just as near the place where you stay as I can."

This was the end of the interview, and I thought my countryman had the best of it.

It so happened that Scharlach that very day came to me with his tale of despair. Thinking the field was his own, after Steavens's discomfiture, he had formally proposed for Miss Raslaff's hand, and had been rejected. He could not understand it. He had addressed the young lady with her uncle's permission, and she had refused him. I gathered from what he said that he had pressed his claim as a matter of right, that he considered himself to have bought her love by long patience and the accumulation of a competence, and had put forward this theory with undue bluntness; for he confessed that she had dismissed him with a cold anger and disdain that left no hope. We were sitting on the great stone steps hewn in the height above the hotel as he told me this. "No," he cried, springing to his feet, at the end, in a sort of fury. "If she had shown heat of temper, I might have kept up hope. But she petrified me with her contempt. I am no better than these rocks. And it was that fool from America, that friend of yours," he added, fiercely, turning upon me all at once, as if I were an enemy—"it was he that did this.

a novelty, and because her uncle opposes it, that she has taken a fancy to him, and thrown aside the man who was a slave to her for eight years. That's it, I am sure. Take him away! Take your American away!"

III.

Fearloe knew nothing of these events, having gone to Egypt for the winter. But more than a year afterward, when I had been at home for some time, I was one day telling a lady at a dinner party something about Steavens's eccentricities and absurdities, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I have heard of that man before! Your friend Mr. Fearloe was telling me about him."

I was decidedly annoyed by this, because I had frequently made an anecdote of Steavens with great effect, and now here was Fearloe spoiling my fun by telling it in advance. I questioned my companion at dinner, to see if I could learn any thing more about that part of his history, but I could get no information on that subject. My irritation continued all the evening, for it is no slight matter when a man who painfully hoards materials for small conversation, and uses them frequently, finds an insidious friend depriving him of them. But I had an ample revenge upon Fearloe afterward, as you shall see. When I next saw him, which was some months later, he had an experience to recount which certainly put him at my mercy. I will tell it in his own words.

"I was staying at North Conway for a few days, late in July, and there was a most beautiful woman there. I hardly know whether to call her girl or woman, Middleby, there was such an immortal freshness about her face and figure, combined with a reflective sadness that showed she had had more than a girl's experience. I have always cared more for foreign women, though, than for our own; and this girl or woman was a German, so I was doubly taken with her. Her name was set down on the register as—Well, I won't tell you what the name was, just at present, but it was registered in such a way that I couldn't tell whether she was maid, wife, or widow. I fixed on the last, in my own mind, from her wearing black. There was no one with her; none of the people in the hotel, with whom I talked, knew any thing about her. There could be no question that she was rich; but that was all I could find out concerning her.

"It was a delicate business, as you can imagine, to make her acquaintance in the face of such a state of things; but I managed it, fortunately, through doing her a little service on the 'piazza,' and from that I went on to press my society upon her cautiously. In a few days we were on very good terms, and took a few of the customary walks and drives in the neighborhood, with other persons at first, and then alone. I was puzzled to find her so easy as to this, being a foreigner; but I believe I convinced her of my trustworthiness, and she must have found out easily, from my acquaintances in the place, just who I was. Then she seemed to have outgrown foreign p[illegible] way; and I confess, besi[illegible] counted for it at the time b[illegible] had begun to make some i[illegible] her.

"I determined there s[illegible] doubt about it.

"It was the evening bef[illegible] excursion," he then went o[illegible] were sitting on a retired pa[illegible] just about sunset. Every [illegible] was rarely beautiful I [illegible] get that scene. It c[illegible] with a kind of surpri[illegible] that we could have any thing [illegible] and I began contrasting it [illegible] wanted to hint something al[illegible] there, you know—lead up in[illegible] my intended declaration i[illegible] So it was natural that, in tal[illegible] side, and the voyage, and a[illegible] begin to tell her about that [illegible] Weser when we went over, [illegible] vens."

"Miserable man!" I ex[illegible] point, remembering my dis[illegible] dinner. "You told her, and [illegible] she was some one I had alrea[illegible] before?"

Fearloe glared at me in a[illegible] slowly smiled in a melancho[illegible] shook his head. "Don't be [illegible] dleby," he said; "and pleas[illegible] rupt me. I fancy I know s[illegible] about Steavens than you've e[illegible] particular time I'm describ[illegible] surprised to find that my liste[illegible] to enter into the fun of the t[illegible] mention his name, yet I almos[illegible] knew something about the m[illegible] didn't relish the absurd side o[illegible] I'd give her a proper dose of [illegible] went on to impart what I had [illegible] a desperate love affair of his at[illegible] and this, by-the-bye, is news[illegible] dleby."

"Not quite," I said, with a[illegible] must be kept in mind that Fe[illegible] claimed a joint ownership in [illegible] comic spectacle, and I was [illegible] other kind of property in h[illegible] mental one.)

"No!" rejoined Fearloe, rat[illegible] but cool. "Well, then, you ca[illegible] flat I felt on finding that the b[illegible] romantic episode didn't seem [illegible] much more than the rest I had [illegible] him.

"'You seem rather to despi[illegible] patriot,' she said, when I had telling her what I had heard about his rivalry with Scharlach for the favor of a young lady whom they met at the baths. 'But why shouldn't he feel the same love and devotion that another might, even if he were not the most accomplished of the nation?'

"I answered, 'Ah, that is like you, to defend a man for holding a generous sentiment. It is to be hoped you would be equally kind in judging a less out-and-out American who dared to love one of your race.' (I imagined she blushed just there.) 'But if you had seen this man Steavens, you would understand just how I look at him. You don't know much yet about such raw specimens of my kind.'

"The fact is, Middleby, I put something of a sneer into my words. I was angry at her liking the man even in fancy. However, I finished my story.

"'He certainly was very devoted:' I admitted that. 'He was quite as brave as the other man.'"

"No braver, you think?" asked she, quietly, with a tone I did not comprehend.

"'You shall decide,' said I. 'The sequel was this: My German gentleman, Scharlach, got perfectly raving mad, I'm told. He looked upon the lady as his absolute right, and couldn't be quieted, while Steavens behaved so calmly that he began to get on terms with the lady and her uncle again, even after his rebuff. If you have ever been at Pfeiffers,' I said to her, 'you know the gorge of the Tamina; but you can't guess what's coming. It happened, one day, that Steavens went in there, when Scharlach had already gone to the spring, and was coming back along the footbridge.' I can tell you, Middleby, she looked interested when I came to this—just as you do now. She was startled, too. 'Now, by the strangest coincidence, the obdurate uncle and his niece also went down there shortly afterward, not knowing that either of the rivals was in the cave. They had gone some little way along the dangerous path, when they heard a terrible shout, like the cry of a wild man. They tried to make haste forward to see what it meant, after the first moment of terror, and came in sight of the two men just in time. Scharlach was making a rush upon Steavens, who stood perfectly still, with a pale face, but resolute and terribly stern.

"'He braced himself as well as he could. The shock came. There was a stout, short struggle, and suddenly Scharlach went over, plunging toward the rough torrent full of rocks, and was lost.'

"'Then, Middleby, you should have seen that woman's eyes as she sat there in the twilight. How they flashed, as she rose in her chair! Yet there was an intense pain in her expression. 'This is too terrible, she said. 'But no; I must speak now. Mr. Fearloe, did the person who told you this story also tell you how, when Scharlach fell, Steven tried to hold him—tried to save the man who had just been seeking his life? Ah, there his true and great nobility was seen!'

"'Good heavens, madam,' cried I, 'who are you? You saw them? Then you must be—'

"Just then, Middleby, the coach from the station had come up, and the passengers were getting out. Madame was exclaiming, without heed to my questions, 'Oh, I can not bear this! That scene all comes back to me. Steven! Steven! why are you not here?' And, as if in answer to her words, the man came up behind her with his traveling-bag in his hand. I felt as if lightning had struck me! But to her, calmness returned in an instant. She rose, and with her arm in his she said, coldly, 'Steven, do you remember Mr. Fearloe?' He recalled me at once, and started to take my hand. But she checked him, and said to him, while looking at me like ice, 'Ah, it's a pity you remember him, for you must learn now to forget him!' And with that she wheeled away, carrying him with her."

"It was Miss Raslaff," I cried. "And how did it happen you didn't know her?"

"I had forgotten the name. Ah, my boy, I have been fearfully punished. I had a conceited contempt for that man, and see how it has been visited on me."

"Then she has married him?"

"By this time, yes. She clung to her savage old uncle till he died, then came over to marry Steavens, though by condition of the will she must forfeit all her uncle's money in doing so."

"Fearloe," I remarked, after a pause, "I think we will neither of us relate our funny encounter with Steavens any more. What did we, with all our fancied supremacy, gain by going to Europe, compared with this man? After all, it was a real inspiration of his to 'strike right down to Bad Peppers!'"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Betrayed by the Truth.

THE very amiable and worthy occupant of the position of British Vice-Consul at a port in the far East had often expressed to his American fellow-residents his desire to visit their country, and make himself acquainted with their institutions. His ideas of the West had been formed by a perusal of the works of Cooper, and it is to be feared that his interlocutors had purposely abstained from disturbing his somewhat highly colored expectations. Finally a furlough came to him, and he made ready to carry out his cherished plan of a trip home by way of the Pacific Ocean and the United States. Introductions were given him to trusty practical jokers in San Francisco, which he presented, on arrival, with expressions of vehement desire to encounter Indians and hunt buffaloes. This, he was told, would be easy, as both abounded in the neighborhood of the Cliff House, and the peaceful and prosaic suburb of Oakland. An expedition was planned and carried out, and the British brother, armed to the teeth, performed great deeds in the encounter with "practicable" Indians and buffaloes—furnished, it was whispered, by a theater and a circus menagerie. Exulting in the praise of his American friends, and covered with glory, he departed for New York and England. His fame stood him in good stead at dinners and other social gatherings during his entire vacation, and preceded him on his return to his post, and made him quite a hero among his fellow exiles. No American could find it in his heart to disturb it, and all might have gone well to this day had he only confined himself to his character of amateur Leatherstocking. One day, however, a countryman of his came to a "Yankee" and denounced this hero. "Just think of that M——," said he, "trying to sell us. By Jove! I never heard in all my life, you know, such atrocious stories as he has been telling us. What do you think he tried to make us believe? It is all very fine to have shot no end of Indians and buffaloes. Of course, you know, where there are so many as there are in San Francisco and New Hampshire and Niagara, and all those places, a plucky fellow might do that. But he has actually tried to make us believe the most extraordinary story that you have ever heard about your country, you know. He says that he went to a place called Chicago, and he went to draw some money from a bank, and found that they had raised it up and were moving it, with all the fellows inside, you know, going on with their work! I say! just fancy the cheek of the fellow, supposing he could make us believe that!" Alas! the one true story which the poor Consul told had proved his undoing.—*A. A. Hayes, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.*

THE total valuation of San Francisco is $353,524,326.

Our Young Folks.

SWEET SUMMER'S GONE.

THERE'S a purple tint on the woodland leaves,
And the winds are up all day;
There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves,
And it seems to sadly say:
"Sweet summer's gone away!"

In the wrinkled brook no roses peep;
And the bees no longer stray;
And the butterflies have gone to sleep:
And the locust trills all day,
Sweet summer's gone away!

On the browning fields the spider spins
Where the lambs no longer play;
And the cricket now his chirp begins:
And the quail is whistling gay,
Sweet summer's gone away!

There are loving arms for baby dear,
Though the skies are chill and gray,
And a cozy home-nest all the year,
And sweet kisses every day,
Though summer's gone away.
—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

A MOTHER'S LETTER FROM HOME.

My Darling Mamma:

PAPA says I may write and tell you that we are all well and you must enjoy yourself and not worry about us for we are getting along splendidly.

That's just what he told me to write, and he has directed an envelope all ready for me to put the letter in. But I don't see what he means by saying we are all well, for there's a lot of things the matter with us. There's measles, and mumps, and malaria, and if there were any more sicknesses that began with M, I guess we would have them, too.

Grandma—she's got the malaria; that's the prettiest name, and I think it's the prettiest-looking sickness. It makes her face yellow, but it don't puff her out like mumps. Edith and me think it makes her cross. Do grown folks get cross when they are sick just like children? She takes Queeneen to break up chills, she says, but I am afraid she will break up herself, for she shakes as if she would fly to pieces some days. I think she's got all the malaria there is in the house for none of the rest of us have had any; but there was measles enough to go round, and we've all had 'em except me. I suppose I should have had some of them, too, but grandma says I had 'em nine years ago when I was only a year old.

Billy, the boy that carries newspapers, brought us the mumps, and we aint much obliged to him. I asked him what he wore his face in worsted comferable for, an' he said 'cansed he'd got a corn behind his ears, and then he asked me if I saw anything green, but of course I couldn't through his big comferable. Anyhow, I don't believe it was green corn in the middle of winter. Hannah said, the next to-morrow, when she saw him, that 'twas mumps, an' he 'had no business to come here, and she said, "You'll catch it, Miss, for talking to that naughty boy in the hall when you was told not to!" I did catch it, too, and I wish I hadn't talked to him, for my mumps was awful, but they are most better now. Once I sneezed while I had them, and I thought I had torn off both ears and turned my nose wrong side out, it hurt so; but I hadn't.

This is a picture of Edith, with both her mumps.

EDITH AND HER MUMPS.

She took them from me, grandma says, but I don't see how she could, for I kept 'em till long after hers began. They said she was only going to have 'em on one side, but she was most through with the measles so she had room enough to have 'em on both sides just like me.

You know I can't draw as well as papa, because he is a celebrated artist, but I thought it would be a comfort to you to see how she looks.

Jimmy and Josey have each got a mump apiece, and they are dreadfully measled too. Their faces are as red as red can be, and the little spots on them are redder still, and their mumps are all red and speckled too. Isn't it funny? Perhaps it's because they are twins. I've drawed a portrait of them, and if I had time I'd paint it, too, so you could see how bright their measles is.

JOSEY AND JIMMY AND THEIR TWO SICKNESSES.

Your canary bird isn't well, and we've took him out of the nursery. It can't be malaria because he is yellower than grandma, anyhow, and couldn't get any worse; and I don't suppose it's measles, because the feathers take up too much room; and if it's mumps, it will have to be a very small kind or else they will be bigger than he is.

THE BABY.

This is the baby's birthday. She is eighteen months old, and she's got two mumps and lots of measles. Grandma says they've come out splendid. I should think they had. I don't believe there's half a one left inside of her, and she's as cross as cross; she goes *yaou, yaou, yaou, waou, waou, waou*, and she keeps knocking her mumps axidentiealy, all the time, and then she just hollers—my, how she hollers!

The picture a little way back is a picture of her. The dot is her nose, she is so swelled up that it looks like a little red button.

I've made up some poetry for you to put in your Ortograff album. It begins:

We are all in the dumps
Because of the mumps.
That swells up in bumps,
And gives us big humps,
And will not bear any thumps,
. . . . . trumps
. . . . . gumps
. . . . . lumps
. . . . . crumps

That's far as I could make up the lines, but I know lots more words that rhyme, so I've written them down for you to make up some lines to yourself.

Grandma sends love and says I am not to write anything that will worry you, so I guess I had better stop now for fear I shall. I hope your cough is better, and you don't have to take Drover's powders to make you sleep.

Your very affectionately daughter,
MAIE HUNGERFORD.

P. S.—Hannah says the canary is going to moult. I don't know as that is any better than to mump, but I dare say we shall all moult if he does, because it begins with M like our other complaints and I suppose it's catching—everything seems to be.

2. P. S.—I forgot to say that the spots on the twins' legs isn't meant for measles—it's buttons on their boots.

3. P. S.—If I didn't spell all the words right it is because you wasn't here to tell me how, and grandma's bizzy, and Hannah don't know. Have you learned how to speak Marseilles yet? The people must be very stupid not to use the American language when it's so much easier than any other. Give my love to Uncle Joe. Does he livo in a nice house in Marseilles, and do his little girls dress like us, or wear high caps and white sleeves like the children in papa's picture of the market?—*Wide-Awake.*

The Help Yourself Society.

I COULD not help stopping in the midst of my writing just now, to watch some little sparrows on the poreh roof just outside my window. It is a regular feeding place for them, for we scatter crumbs there every day, just for the pleasure of their company. Even the baby has caught the spirit. He is something like

"That bad little girl of Dunee
Who never would finish her crust."

So he saves his for the sparrows. It is raining and Lonie's last crust is beautifully soaked, just on the edge of the roof. Down came an old mother-sparrow and four great baby-sparrows. I never should have known they were her babies only for their actions, for they were as big as she was and a great deal fatter. They never offered to touch the bread, but all sat in a row screaming at their mother to wait upon them, with their mouths wide open.

There was no reason in the world why they should not help themselves, only that they always had been fed by her. They were not patient children, but each seemed to be crying out "Me first, mother, me first!" in such a distracting way, that the poor mother seemed quite confused in her efforts to satisfy them. They would hop before one another, and catch the crumbs from each other's mouths in a very greedy way; and if the mother tried to eat a bite; most likely they snatched that up, too. No wonder she was very thin and looked tired, at least I thought so. She flew off with a bite of bread to a tamarack tree near by, to eat it in peace, but three greedy children pursued her. The fourth stayed by the bread, and it was funny to see his attempts at helping himself. He would dive his bill into the bread and then jump back as if it had burned him.

I have seen some great children about as helpless and exacting, and their poor mothers usually looked thin and weary and troubled. From morning till night you will hear such questions as "Mother, where is my history?" "Mother, won't you sew on my shoe-buttons?" "Mother, won't you sew a button on my jacket?" "Can't you put up my luncheon, I am in such a hurry?" Every one of those things the boys and girls could have done quite as well for themselves if they had only thought so. There is no reason why a boy should not learn to sew on a jacket-button as well as his sister. It is not half so hard as learning to skate or whittle. Boys and girls, if you wish your beloved mother to live long and happily with you, join at once the "Help Yourself Society."—*Baptist Weekly.*

How a Skillful Swimmer May Easily be Drowned.

We read frequently of the drowning of good swimmers, who suddenly sink in the water without any apparent cause. The common explanation of such an accident is that the swimmer is seized with cramp; but an English naval officer offers a different solution of the phenomenon. He bases his theory on his own experience. His ship was lying for a long time off Aden Harbor, and it was the practice for cricketing parties to swim from the vessel to the shore every evening, having their clothes sent in a small boat. Of course there was a race to see who would get to the beach first. The writer in the course of a sharp struggle for the lead opened his mouth to breathe, and some of the spray flying in the wind got into his throat and took the passage down the trachea. "I could neither," he says, "get any breath in nor any out, and I soon began to feel I was dying on the top of the water. There must have been a dozen men close to me, but I could not speak, much less call to them. I kept swimming on for the shore. In about thirty seconds my senses began to leave me. I ceased swimming, and my legs went down, when luckily for me they touched the bottom; a violent jump helped me to cough up the drop of water. I staggered on shore and fell quite exhausted on the beach, much to the surprise of all the men with me." It is the opinion of this gentleman that many fatal accidents to swimmers are due simply to a drop of water in the windpipe. A conclusive proof that they are not due to cramp is the fact that a man rescued within two minutes of sinking in this mysterious manner is always found to be beyond all hope of resuscitation.—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Philadelphia has voted that the opening of the Pennsylvania State Fair on Sunday was sinful.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR CONGRESS—SIXTH DISTRICT.
HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY OCT. 23, 1880.

Mass-Meeting at Grantsville.

There will be a Republican Mass-Meeting at Grantsville,

Saturday afternoon, October 30th,

at 2 o'clock. Good speakers will be in attendance. See bills for particulars.

Go to Work.

There is work for every Republican in this county to do from now till election day. A patriotic duty appeals to every Republican to put out his best efforts between now and the 2d of November. Speeches and meetings, great and small, are all well enough in their way, and should be held, but the energetic, effective *work* that will get the votes in the box must be performed by individual effort. There are are a good many Republicans in this county who have not been voting for years. There are others who are indifferent about it. These people will not vote unless somebody brings them out. If every Republican will feel it his duty to speak to his neighbor and friends upon the subject and get them interested and induce them to speak to others, or if he will drop a note or a postal card to every one he can think of who may be indifferent about it, the effect will be manifest when the ballots are counted. Don't forget that the most important voters this time are those who don't come unless they are looked up and brought out. Look them all up and see that they are brought to the polls. You can do no more effective work for the country than to see that every Republican casts a vote in November. Any valuable political information should be immediately communicated to the chairman of the county committee or to some other prominent member of the party, in order that it may be used as circumstances may dictate.

It was Alexander H. Stephens who told his Democratic brethren five months ago that if they went to throwing mud at Garfield they would surely elect him. The attenuated Georgian seems to have the gift of prophecy.

Senator Dorsey of the Republican National Committee said to a reporter of the New York *Post* on Saturday last that he had no more doubt that Garfield would carry every Northern State than he had that the sun would rise on election day.

The assertions that the elections in Ohio and Indiana were carried by fraud and bribery are ludicrous. They were carried through the common sense of the people, who had the great issues of the moment clearly placed before them. It cost money to do this, of course, but it was money legitimately and judiciously expended.

It is said the Democrats were beaten in Indiana by the importation into that State of Southern negroes to vote the Republican ticket! This is a purile, baby plea. Are not the Indiana Democrats men capable of lawfully maintaining their rights?

Beaten by negroes! It is the last thing they ought to own, and they should be ashamed to concede it.—*N. Y. Sun, Democrat.*

Since the October elections, the Democrats have shown very little disposition to put any money on their candidate; but a fortnight ago they were taking a great deal of satisfaction in the fact that the Republicans are not betting upon Garfield. The Cumberland *News*, remarking upon this fact, says the "Republican party never was a gamblers' and sporting men's party. We do not see any signs of decadence in the fact that it has not become so now."

The Baltimore *Sun's* Wall street (N. Y.) correspondent telegraphs as follows under date of October 13th:

"It was a busy day in stocks. Ohio and Indiana were construed, without waiting further returns, to mean no change in the financial policy of the government for four years at least. What wonder, then, that the 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds rose nearly 2 per cent., or the equivalent of fourteen million dollars on the whole amount outstanding, or that stocks rose from 1 to 5 per cent?

The New York *Herald* pretends to be an independent paper but has a very strong leaning towards Hancock. In a recent issue it said:

"In one of the Republican journals we read the other day an appeal to the friends of a high protective tariff to rally to Garfield because if the Democrats should carry the election they would lower the duties—*and this is undoubtedly true.* Those who think a high protective tariff wise or necessary, ought to support the Republican ticket. That party is the party of protection, and protectionists everywhere, if they are sensible, will support it."

The Indianapolis *News*, an independent paper, has the following to say about Democratic Chairman Barnum's charge that the Republican victory in Indiana was the result of bribery, corruption, intimidation, etc.:

He lies in his throat. The honest, law-abiding citizens of Indiana were aroused, and a more square, fair, full, free election was never held under the sun than was held in this State on Tuesday, and it was honestly counted, too, and the result is the exact expression of the will of the people. The country at large should know that Mr. Barnum, who came here to capture a State by his political smartness, is alone in his cry of fraud. Decent Democrats do not join in that chorus at all. They know full well its falsehood. They do not have to go outside of their own party to find the causes of their defeat, and we wish to tell the people of this country that here in Indiana, except among a few ignoramuses, all agree that the result of the election is the honest expression of the will of the people.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, like the New York *Herald*, recognizes the coming doom of the Democracy. It acknowledges that "the Indiana election was a revolution." Why? Because, as it says:

A change of 20,000 votes to the Republican party within two years in so closely contested a State is significant of the final overthrow of the Democratic party. This revolution not only means the defeat of Hancock in November, but it means the disbandment of the Democratic organization, to be followed by the disruption of the Republican party and the reconstruction of parties on new issues. The disintegration of the Southern wing of the Democratic party is now far advanced in nearly every Southern State. With reasonable certainty of electing Hancock, the Southern Democrats would have stuck to the national ticket until the 2d of November, and cast 138 electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. But the unexpected and overwhelming disaster in Indian will paralyze Southern Democrats. The 138 Southern electoral votes cannot now be counted as secure for Hancock. Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Florida may now be counted as doubtful States.

The *N. Y. Sun*, Democratic, of Monday last contained a double leaded editorial declaring that the whole Democratic campaign has been a series of blunders. The greatest blunder was the failure to renominate Tilden. It says: "This illustrious man the Democratic party thought it could dispense with as a candidate. There is a word of one syllable, with two O's in it, which might not inappropriately be inserted here. The party nominated General Hancock, a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds; but Hancock is not Tilden. Then, as a crowning act of folly, the party went into the State of Thomas A. Hendricks and took another man for vice President. Any other name than that of Hendricks would have been folly enough, but, to go one step further, they had to take a man with the most odious reputation as a skinflint to overcome." The article virtually admits that the ticket is beaten already.

After the Vermont election, government long date bonds—the 4½ and 4 per cents—touched their highest point, the former selling up to 111⅛ 111⅛ and the latter to 110½. Immediately upon the result of the Maine election being known prices fell ⅛ to ¼ per cent.; and gradually, as the depressing influence of the result came to be felt, and caused serious apprehensions of a change in the administration of the government and the revolutionizing of its financial policy, the market value of these securities continued to shrink, until the 4½s declined from 111⅛ to 108⅜, and the 4 per cents from 110½ to 107½, a decline of nearly 3 per cent. for the former, and 3¾ per cent. for the latter in a little over one month. But since the Republican success in Ohio and Indiana has been established, dispelling the apprehensions of the business community as to the varied interests of the country, confidence has been restored and governments have steadily improved, the advance up to Friday since Ohio and Indiana cast their votes being 2 per cent. for the 4½s and 2½ per cent. for the 4s. And, as if to emphasize the value of the moneyed interest of the country, we find that the short date bonds of the government are tending downward, on the theory that the continuance in power of a Republican administration means a continuance of its past policy in the prompt and steady payment of these bonds before their maturity, through the process of refunding. In other words the credit of the government improves just in proportion as the conviction strengthens that James A. Garfield is to be our next president.

The New York *Herald* has read the handwriting on the wall and has made a clean flop over to the winning side. Speaking of the result in Indiana, it says:

Democrats may affect to undervalue this signal defeat, but they know perfectly well that it is fatal to their hopes of carrying that State for Hancock. Why did they take their candidate for the Vice Presidency from Indiana? For the sole reason that they deemed success in that State in October needful to the election of their ticket. They did not misjudge as to the importance of the Indiana election, although they made an unfortunate selection of an Indiana candidate. Their deep sense of the necessity of keeping Indiana in October was also attested by their herculean exertions to carry the State. It will not do for them to say now that the result in Indiana is of little consequence. They staked too much on it to belittle it after the State has gone against them. The pretence that they have any chance of recovering it in November after losing it by so heavy a majority in October is gasconading bravado. They can expect nothing of the kind. Indiana is irretrievably lost.

It is becoming more and more apparent that General Hancock's letters have done more harm than good in his party. Thus, in commenting upon his rebel claims letter, the Columbus (S. C.) *Register* says:

"It seems to us that the New York *World*, with its array of Southern governors and 'statesmen,' makes an entirely unnecessary parade over Gen. Hancock's rebel claims. We [illegible] time because [illegible] in response to [illegible] and Gen. [illegible] chance, that [illegible] foot on it and [illegible] But, nevertheless, the [illegible] pleased us at [illegible] that we remember [illegible] the presidency [illegible] measure which might [illegible] pass Congress [illegible] an election. It seems to [illegible] prehend the [illegible] intended by the framers of the Constitution to be [illegible] by the chief executive, and [illegible] for the purpose of protecting the Constitution against [illegible] When, therefore, any claim, after the deliberate examination of the committees of both houses, should pass these bodies as worthy of payment, should [illegible] upon himself to [illegible] and without more [illegible] short of the word [illegible] characterize such conduct [illegible] a mere candidate for office [illegible] yond this and [illegible] on a whole class [illegible] as odious, whatever merit any individual case might present to the people's representatives, and under to hold the veto power as the sword of Damocles over any and all such claims, whether Congress in its strictly appointed sphere of duty, should find them of unquestionable merit or not, we are inclined to think [illegible] arrogance as well as presumption."

The *N. Y. Herald* says that Democratic prospects in New York are "gloomy enough," and that the tariff issue is dead against the Democracy both in New Jersey and Connecticut. It says of these States:

They are manufacturing States; the tariff issue, which was urged by the Republicans with success in the later stages of the canvass in Ohio and Indiana, will be more potent in Connecticut and New Jersey, where manufacturers bear an altogether larger proportion to the general industry. The Democratic national platform which tolerates "a tariff for revenue only" will be pretty sure to defeat the party in such States as New Jersey and Connecticut, whose prosperity is bound up with their manufactures.

Hon. Milton G. Urner.—The Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick city, is the Republican member of the National House, from the Sixth Maryland District. We know him well. He is a first class man, able, zealous, honorable, useful and patriotic. Senators Conking, Edmunds, Blaine, Cameron, Carpenter and others, hold Mr. Urner in high estimation. The President speaks warmly of him, and in all of the Departments no man stands better. Letters from various points in the Sixth District furnish the gratifying assurance that Mr. Urner will be returned by an increased majority. This announcement should bring joy to every patriotic heart, because Mr. Urner cannot be spared from the National Councils.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

Two hundred and ninety one for Garfield and Arthur and 138 for Hancock and English may be the result of the voting of the Electoral colleges. Majority of the solid North over "the solid South," 93. The sectional issue does not do for the South. During the war it did not have men or money enough to insure success. In Presidential elections it has not votes enough to elect its candidate. Let us hope that this is the last sectional canvass this country will ever see. There ought to be and there certainly are questions on which parties can contest for the approval of the country without dividing on an imaginary geographical line, which, since the abolition of slavery, has no meaning. If Southern statesmen were wise, they would permit the solid South to dissolve at the earliest practicable moment.

Congressman Blackburn, made this manly tribute to Garfield in a recent speech at Upper Sandusky, Ohio: "I don't mean to speak unkindly of General Garfield; I don't mean to speak in disparagement of that gentleman; I know him well. For six years past I have served upon the floor of the same house of Congress with him. We are members of the same committee. Our relations are close and pleasant and friendly. I believe—and I say it here as I say it everywhere—I believe that he has no superior in point of intellect, culture or power within the limits of his party. I believe he has as broad a brain, and an intellect as big, as any man you can find within the limits of that party whose candidate he is." Now let some booming change idiot chalk a 329 over that and see if it will obscure it.

Zebulon B. Vance, who fought in the Confederate army, and made a remark, if we are not mistaken, about fighting until "h—l is so full of Yankees that their legs stick out of the windows," is a better authority upon Southern sentiment than General Hancock. General Hancock insists that "nobody wants or expects such unnatural action" as the payment of rebel claims. But Senator Vance says the South "asks" from the North compensation for "homes destroyed, farms laid waste and pillaged, property stolen and slaves released." This is a pretty large bill, Gen. Hancock. It seems to show a very definite want and an enormous expectation. Which of these men, will the sensible Northern voter conclude, is telling the truth?

Protection is best for everybody. Free trade would stop our workshops and send millions of money out of the country. Protection keeps it at home. $400,000,000 annually paid to American *workmen* is paid again to American *farmers*. If it were sent out of the country by free trade, American workmen would not have to spend and American farmers would not get it.

The New York *Sun* says: "It is reported that when W. H. English, of Indiana, Democratic candidate for Vice President, learned of the great Democratic defeat in his own State on Tuesday he brought down his hand and exclaimed: 'I would not have had this happen for a dollar.'"

It now appears that in Indiana the entire Republican ticket has been elected, while Porter's plurality will fall much short of eight thousand, the Legislature has confessedly gone Republican. It is the biggest thing on record, and, we may add, the most unexpected.

The New York *Herald* says that General Hancock's letter on the tariff is unsatisfactory; "that the Republicans are getting the full benefit of their recently begun frankness on the tariff question; the Democrats are losing votes at both ends by their efforts at facing two ways."

[illegible] use I Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and pronounce it the best medicine [illegible] A case of consumption here [illegible] cured by its use. We cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Jeffries, Roberts & Co., South Boston, Va., November 17, 1875.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19, 1880.

The Paterson *Guardian*, a Democratic paper of New Jersey, fearing that the attitude of the Democratic party upon the tariff question might lose to them the State, sought an interview with General Hancock, in the hope that his statemanlike utterances might allay any and all apprehensions. General Hancock started out with the idea that the Government had got to receive support. That one of the ways to raise the necessary revenue was tariff, and that that would of course, afford all the protection needed. Warming up to his subject he said, "the tariff question is a local question." They brought it up in my native place in Pennsylvania, but "it is a question that the general Government seldom cares to interfere with." It is impossible to conceive how much ignorance can be compressed into so short a sentence as the above. This interview staggered the Democracy, and not a Democratic paper published it or in any way alluded to it. Hon. Senator Randolph from New Jersey, alarmed at the situation addressed a letter to the General, expressing his belief that his sentiments on that subject had been misrepresented, and desired his views upon the subject for publication. In his reply General H. did not seem to comprehend the object of the Senator's letter. He thought the statement of his views as expressed in the "*Guardian*" were sufficiently explicit, and wondered that the people of New Jersey needed any further explanation. He then said that money would have to be raised to carry on the Government as "long as human nature lasts." The idea is an absurd one and does him no credit as a man of sense. He further says, "so far as we (Democrats) are concerned, all talk about free *trade* is *folly*, and favors a tariff that shall be "incidentally protective." So far, therefore, as any glimmering of intelligence is to be discovered in what he has said upon the tariff, he considers the Democratic doctrine of free trade as folly and favors a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, which is the doctrine of the Republican party, and always has been. All we desire is to raise a revenue and in so doing afford protection to our industries. The ignorance displayed by the General upon this vital subject will satisfy many before in doubt, that Hancock is no man to govern the destinies of this great Nation.

The New York *Tribune* recognizing the danger of the times, appeals to Republicans every where to relax no effort until success is wholly theirs. It warns them that the Democrats are now desperate, and will stop at no crime, if there by Hancock can be placed in the White House, and that Barnum has promised to show the Republicans some new "tricks" before November 2nd. The Indiana victory, though, a great one, does not at all decide the contest, there is urgent need for hard work *now*. The election is but a few days ahead, Republicans everywhere should interest themselves personally in the last days of the canvass. Remember it is not the speeches and processions that alone win the victories, but the quiet work done among friends and neighbors. The majority, can and should be made so great that no Democratic Congressman will dare dispute it.

LOGAN.

It is the general Democratic opinion that there is nothing discouraging in the result of last Tuesday's election. Perhaps not, but the Knoxville *Dispatch*, Democratic organ of East Tennessee says: "It is calculated to induce an intolerable heaviness, and a collapse of the under jaw."

TELEGRAPHIC.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Everything indicates activity at the Republican headquarters to-day. Arrangements have been made to open the fight in the State on Monday next, and from that time until the close of the polls in November, will be witnessed one of the most aggressive campaigns ever tought in this State.

Reports from almost every county in the State indicate Democratic demoralization, and the Republicans are confidently claiming 60,000 majority for Garfield. The betting, which was 2 to 1 on Hancock before the Tuesday election, has changed to 3 to 1.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 18.—Gen. Garfield received five hundred Germans at Mentor to-day, and made an interesting address, in which he said the Saxons planted the principles of liberty in England, and the mingling of races here made a strong result. He referred to the completion of the Cologne Cathedral, and its dedication to peace by the Emperor William. He hoped all came to this country to make it their home, and to build institutions that would be imperishable.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—There is still considerable discussion going on here as to the real cause of the Democratic defeats in Ohio and Indiana. It is most generally attributed to the successful manner in which the tariff question was placed before the people, but there are still other theories advanced which are claimed to have been equally effective. One of these, clearly expressed to your correspondent to-day by Dr. Thomas Norton, a liberal Democrat of Albany, N. Y., is worthy of consideration. This gentleman for two months has been a close observer of the campaign in the October States, and within the last six weeks traveled in all sections of Ohio and Indiana. He attended various political meetings, and mingled with all classes, and says he was satisfied ten days before the polls were opened that the Republicans would be victorious—not because of their strong arguments upon financial and tariff questions, or the vigorous fight against sectionalism, but because of the peace and prosperity which the people seemed to enjoy, and which they have learned to respect and covet. They are and have been enjoying a season of plenty, which has taken many years to bring about, and they do not hesitate in expressing their decided objections to a change. Dr. Norton further stated that, though he has never voted any but the Democratic ticket, he will vote for Garfield in November, because, like the farmers and manufactures of the west, he prefers prosperity and comfort, and those blessings which the people of his native town place before any consideration of party.

WASHINGTON, October 15.—Some days ago the Washington *Post*, Stilson Hutchins's paper, threw down the gauntlet in the following terms of characteristic Democratic bravado:

"As we understand the Republican managers, they propose to make Indiana the Presidential battle-ground. It is to be left to a Democratic State to decide between Hancock and Garfield.

"We accept the proposition and its attendant circumstances. If Indiana goes Republican two weeks from to-day, we will give the election up. If it goes Democratic, the Republicans, of course, will do the same. Now let us hear from Indiana."

Indiana now having been heard from, it is only fair to suppose that the *Post* will give up the fight. It has not been heard from on the subject, however, for a day or two.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—At both of the political headquarters to-day the determination is expressed to press the fight more vigorously than ever in all the Northern and Pacific States. There has been no abatement of ardor or energy shown. New subscriptions to the campaign funds are coming in, and the services of speakers are accepted as fast as tendered. The event of the week at Republican headquarters was the presence this morning of Senator Dorsey and Mr. Gorman, Mr. Filley and John C. New, of the committee, who arrived late last night. They were warmly congratulated. Mr. Dorsey was thanked for his generalship, and the others for their difficult services. They informed the committee that the machinery whereby the Republicans had won last Tuesday was left in the same vigorous working order as before the election, and that they confidently expect 15,000 majority for Garfield in Indiana in November. All four complain of fatigue, and the effect of arduous labor.

WASHINGTON, October 19.—The latest intelligence received here from many parts of Virginia indicates clearly that amongst the masses of both the Funders and the Readjusters all hope of a compromise has been abandoned, and the issue will be squarely made in the approaching election with three electoral tickets in the field. A prominent Funder who arrived here this evening says that no consolation can be derived from the reported interviews of General Mahone and Speaker Randall at Philadelphia, as no concessions could be obtained from the former, except upon such terms as the straightout Democrats or Funders would never agree to.

When asked as to the probable result of a triangular fight in the coming election he said: "Well, the only trouble we have had to face is the doubtful aspect of the Democratic campaign since the elections in Indiana and Ohio. Had the former State been carried by the Democrats, Mahone would have realized that his only hope would have been in identifying himself with the election of Hancock by the withdrawal of the Readjuster electoral ticket. As matters now appear, I should not be surprised to see a combination made between the Republicans and the Readjusters, which will probably be sprung the eleventh hour, and the result will be to give the electoral vote of Virginia to Garfield."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas has been in Baltimore for the past week.

—Fresh pork, sausage and fresh fish at Wolfe's meat shop.

—Mr. John Barnes left several fine apples at this office last week.

—Mr. Tower's new residence is rapidly approaching completion.

—Heiskell & Co. are receiving a large lot of new goods of every description.

—Prof. R. G. Richardson has removed to Piedmont, W. Va. We are sorry he could not remain with us.

—The circus last Thursday was attended by about 3,000 people. The performance was said to be very poor.

—Revs. B. Ison and H. C. Sanford have been attending the session of the West Virginia Conference, at Huntingdon, West Va.

—The first snow of the season visited this place Tuesday, being six days earlier than last year and thirteen days earlier than in 1878.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 11-4m

—The Oakland public school opened Monday, with Mr. J. T. Mitchell as principal, and Miss Martha Casteel and Mr. Titus Delawder as assistants.

—Supervisor Coddington has completed the grading of Liberty street to the new Procter road, and he did a good piece of work. "Gum" knows how to make roads.

—The apple crop in Ryan's Glade was unusually good this season. Mr. N. B. Harvey raised a variety called the Pound Apple, measuring 14 inches in circumference.

—The Republican demonstration at Lonaconing, Friday night of last week, was one of the largest and most spirited meetings ever held in the mining regions. It is estimated that there were fully 1,000 persons present. The meeting was addressed by Hon. M. G. Urner, H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., and others.

—The Garrett Guards have never received a dollar from the State, and the members furnish their own uniforms, which are now old, and which accounts for their appearance. The company is made up of fine looking young farmers from Western Maryland, and they certainly deserve a little more attention from the authorities. Twelve of their men would not parade on account of their lack of suitable uniforms. Their appearance elicited marks of approval on all sides.—*Baltimore American, Oct. 14th.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. B. Ison.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. Trump, of Manchester, Md.

Conference Items.

The session of the West Virginia Conference, recently closed, was held at Huntington, W. Va., and was presided over by Bishop Peck. We have been unable to get a list of the appointments, but from a private letter received the following appointments for part of Oakland District:

Oakland—S. E. Jones.
Deer Park—N. L. Baumgardner.
Brandonville—F. G. W. Ford.
Selbysport—Gilbert Rogers.
Evansville—D. Cool.

Rev. Mr. Sanford goes to Charleston District as presiding elder.

Dr. Fullerton returns to Moundsville.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 20:

Jonas Mosser and wife to Annie Boyer, part of a tract of land containing 27 acres and 25 perches; $675.

Patrick Hamill and wife to Eliza Morgan, Military Lot No. 1861; $700.

Mass-Meeting and Pole Raising.

MARKLEYSBURG, PA., Oct. 16, 1880.

The Republicans erected two very nice poles in the above place on last Saturday. They stand about 100 feet high, one on each side of the street, one in honor of Ohio's and the other in honor of Indiana's grand Republican victory. There are streamers on each pole, and the Stars & Stripes float in triumph over the middle of the street. There were between six and seven hundred people present. The meeting was addressed by B. A. Feichtner, M. D., Hon. Wm. Parshid and Rev. Father P. S. Hersy, Catholic priest. There were two bands of music present and six Garfield and Arthur Clubs, from Brandonville, Kingwood, Glade Farms, etc. It was the rumor among the Democrats that the Republicans couldn't get men enough in Markleysburg to raise one pole, but they whistle a different tune now.

Great enthusiasm prevailed thro'out the meeting. We hope the Republicans will not forget to turn out on the Second day of November and cast their ballots in favor of Garfield and Arthur, and thus help to swell the Republican majorities.

REPUBLICAN.

RYAN'S GLADES, Oct. 16th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The Republicans had a very pleasant meeting at the Shook Shop, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the mud.

The meeting was organized by the selection of Mr. W. J. Wilson as President; Mr. Garrett V. Moon as Vice President and Mr. J. W. Lee as Secretary.

A vigilance committee, composed of the following gentlemen was appointed for this district: M. S. Harvey, C. L. Paugh, G. V. Moon, J. W. Lee, G. W. Wilson, W. J. Wilson, George Knauer.

Mr Peddicord then favored the meeting with a very able address, paying particular attention to the past history of the Democratic party. Mr. Peddicord stands very high in the estimation of the Republicans of No. 8.

OLD HICKORY.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

A Democratic Prayer.

O Lord, we know it were vain to dissemble before Thee. We have been deceiving the people, lo, these many years, but to day we face our doom. Help us now, O Lord we beseech Thee; but if, as seems, the Lord be far removed from us, then, O Satan, thou who art ever with us, deliver us. We are no respector of Gods any more than of principles, and unto whatsoever power we can successfully appeal, in this our hour of sorest need, we willingly bow down. We believe, O Lord, that we are thy chosen people, "born to rule;" and O Satan, we know that our terms with thee have ever been the most amicable. It is in sorrow, Lord, and in sadness, that we revert to the "patriarchal" days, when we could "wallop" our niggers, O Lord, to our heart's content; when we were clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day; we toiled not, neither did we spin. We said to one slave "git," and he got; to another, "come," and he came. We lived in ease and affluence, and if we played and lost, we could sell men and women, and continue our game, O Lord, as was well pleasing in Thy sight.

But, Lord, in a fatal hour, whose inscrutable mysteries we cannot fathom, the vile "radicals" elected a President, and, O Lord, we could not stand that, so we rebelled. Thou knowest the rest. We fought long and well. We killed a great many "Yanks," O Lord, and we wish we had killed twice as many more—enough to have given us the victory, but they were too many for us in the end, and we had to go under.

When the war ended, our slaves were gone, our occupation as rulers was gone, and O Lord, we had to make our living as other people do. We have been, politically speaking, starving "away on the mountains so cold." We have hung shivering on the "ragged edge of despair." We have "appeared all things unto all men that by all means we might save some"—of the offices. *What have we not done to secure the offices!*

When the "radicals" proposed manhood suffrage, we believed the people were as selfish as ourselves, and opposed it. When they proposed to strengthen the public credit, we believed them dishonest and opposed it. When they proposed to redeem their promise to pay, we again believed that the people were not honest. We spoke against resumption, O Lord, we wrote against it, and we voted against it, thinking if the hard times continued we could surely "achieve the executive." But now, Lord, dishonesty is not going to win and we must make-believe that we are the honest party. But this is a perverse, a hard-hearted, a stiff-necked and gain saying people; they even remember, O Lord, one year what we did and said the year previous. They read us by our acts and not by our words. O, if the people would *only* take our word! We have done about everything to succeed that the imagination could conceive of. We have corrupted the public morals by bribery; we voted forty thousand fraudulent votes in a single State, O Lord, in one year; we have committed thousands of political murders in the Sunny South; by violence and fraud we have suppressed a million "radical votes; when it was not expedient to kill "radicals," O Lord, to carry a State, we stuffed the ballot boxes with tissue ballots; in Maryland, O Lord, we used "puddin'" tickets, and thus cheated the "radicals," and conservatives of our own party, out of the man they elected. In Maine, O Lord, only last winter, we counted out thirty-six legally elected members of the Legislature. We had fifteen States "solid" and hoped by "solid" lying to "achieve" the rest. We nominated a Union general, and we have unceasingly shouted hosannas to Hancock, hoping thus to divert the popular gaze from our own black record, and to ride into power on a great big wind boom. Everything seemed to favor us, O Lord, only the honesty, the intelligence and thrift of the people; these have been against us.

We had a corruption fund of unexampled magnitude to influence the October States, especially Indiana. More than two hundred and forty thousand dollars had gone there, O Lord, to turn the people from the error of their way, and "persuade" them to vote the Democratic ticket. Our press, our speakers have left no indecent thing undone to excite the ignorant against the "radical" candidate, for thou knowest, O Lord, that we are especially great in nastiness. But O Lord, we are stricken with a great grief; clouds and darkness encompass us; a midnight voice comes over the wires, with lightning for its messenger, proclaiming Hancock a "dead cock," and our hopes blasted, withered, are scattered to the winds of heaven. Ohio is gone, Indiana is gone with a quarter of a million of our money, and West Virginia, one of the "solid" is almost slipped away from us and will go in November, and it is clear as noonday that salt-petre can't save us. Our brethren with long visages and adaverous mein, in silence hunt their holes. We are about to embark on a long voyage up Salt River, and be Thou with us, comfort us, keep us from lying, make us better citizens, make us true to our pledges, and if Thou canst make of us a true, honest patriotic party, ceaseless praises and adoration will be due unto Thee, world without end.

Sherman Vs. Hampton.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Secretary Sherman to-day furnished for publication the following correspondence, consisting of four letters which have passed between himself and Senator Hampton, of South Carolina:

DAGGER'S SPRINGS, Sept. 17, 1880.

Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury:

Sir—Some days ago I saw a report of your speech at the conference held by the National Republican Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and you were quoted as having used the following: "And now you are asked to surrender all you have done into the hands of Wade Hampton and the Ku Klux and the little segment in the South that is called the Democratic party." May I ask if you osed these words, and if you did so, did you mean to connect me directly or indirectly with what was known as the Ku-Klux Klan. I request an early reply, addressed to me, care of Augustus Schell, Esq., New York. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21, 1880.

Hon. Wade Hampton, Care Augustus Schell, New York:

Sir—Your note of the 27th inst. is received, in which you inquire whether, at the conference held by the National Republican Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, I used the language attributed to me, as follows:

"And now you are asked to surrender all you have done into the hands of Wade Hampton and the Ku-Klux and the little segment in the North that is called the Democratic party."

In reply, I have to advise you that while I do not remember the precise language, I presume the reporter correctly stated, in a condensed way, his idea of what I said. I no doubt spoke of you as a leading representative of the Democratic party in the South, and referred to the Ku Klux as a representative of the secret agencies by which the Democrats have subverted the civil and political rights of the Republicans of the South. I did not connect you personally with the Ku Klux Klan. Indeed, I knew that you had in one or two important instances resisted and defeated its worst impulses.

I appreciate the force of [illegible] which makes you shrink from being named in connection with it. Still, you and your associates, the leading men in the South, now enjoy the benefits of political power derived from the atrocities of the Ku-Klux Klan, in which phrase I include all the numerous alias by which it has from time to time been known in the South. Your power in the Southern States rest upon actual crimes from murder to the meanest form of ballot-box stuffing, committed by the Ku-Klux Klan and its kindred associates, and, as you know, some of the worst of them committed since 1877, when you and they gave the most solemn assurances of protection to the freemen of the South. These crimes are all aimed at the civil and political rights of Republicans in the South, and, as I believe, but for these agencies the very State that you represent, as well as many other States in the South, would be represented both in the Senate and House by Republicans. But for these crimes, the boast attributed to you that the one hundred and thirty-eight solid Southern votes would be cast for the Democratic ticket, would be but idle vaporing; but now we feel that it is a sober truth. While I have no reason to believe that you or your Northern associates personally participated in the offences I have named; yet, while you and they enjoy the fruits of these crimes, you may, in logic and morals be classed as I classed you—as joint copartners with the Ku-klux Klan in a policy which thus far has been successful in seizing political power in the South, and which it is hoped by the aid of the small segment of the Democratic party in the North, may be extended to all departments of the government. It is in this sense that I spoke of you, the Ku-klux Klan and the Northern Democratic party. Permit me, in conclusion, while frankly answering your question to say that the most fatal policy for the South would be by such agencies as I have mentioned to secure again political ascendancy in this country; for I assure you that the manhood and independence of the North will certainly continue the struggle until every Republican in the South shall have free and unrestricted enjoyment of equal, civil and political privileges, including a fair vote, a fair count, free speech and free press, and the agitation made necessary to secure such results may greatly affect injuriously the interests of the people of the South. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN SHERMAN.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Oct. 1, '80.

Sir—Your letter has been received and as you do not disclaim the language to which I called your attention, I have only to say that in using it you uttered what was absolutely false, and what you knew to be false. My address will be Columbus, S. C.

I am your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18, 1880.

Hon. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C:

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 1st instant, handed me unopened by Mr. C. McKinley, a few moments ago, after my return from the West. I had this morning read what purported to be an extract of a speech made by you, published in the Charleston *News and Courier*, and upon your general reputation as a gentleman had denied that you had made such a speech or written such a letter as is attributed to you in that paper. What I stated to you in my letter of September 21st I believe to be true notwithstanding your denials, and it can be shown to be true by the public records and as a matter of history. As you had, long before your letter was delivered to me, seen proper to make a public statement of your views of the correspondence, I shall give it to the press without note or comment, and let the public decide between us.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN.

Business Men at Mentor.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 15.—An excursion party filling thirteen cars went to Mentor to-day, under the auspices of the Cleveland Republican Business Men's Club, to congratulate General Garfield on the result of the October elections. Georgie H. Ely, president of the club, made a speech to which Gen. Garfield responded as follows:

Mr. ——, and Gentlemen of Cleveland:

This is a new situation, and new sensations and suggestions arise with it. I should be altogether unworthy of this State and my native country if I did not feel sensibility at this expression of your confidence, and at greater, more magnificent exhibition of your understanding of what the great contest now pending in this country means in relation to our prosperity. You are business men of Cleveland, and that means a great deal; you are citizens of Ohio, and that means more; you are citizens of the Republic, and that means a great deal more; and in your threefold capacity I greet you, and thank you for this demonstration of your confidence. Let me speak a moment about these three thoughts. You are business men. Suppose, not this yard full alone, but all the business men of America were assembled together, what would they do? Rather, what would they not do if they got from the eternal powers an insurance policy that four years to come there should be no disturbance in the great forces that play upon the business prosperity of this people? The power that could underwrite such a policy to you would call from you no sacrifice in a mere business sense than you ever made under any circumstances. Now, no such guaranty will be given you by the superhuman power, but while frosts, pestilence, tempests, and all the great accidents that come to us without are beyond our power to prevent it, are beyond our reach, yet there is a great political organization in this country that can give you a policy written by its faith and its own hand, against all the evils that can come to you from bad legislation and the reckless wickedness of bad finance. For such a business insurance, the business men of Cleveland and the business men of America are manifestly willing to make some effort and bear some sacrifice, and that, I take it, is the business meaning of this assemblage here to-day. Now, the second thought I had was: You are citizens of Ohio, and you are living illustrations of the first children of the pioneers who planted Ohio. When your fathers were born Ohio was unknown except as a trackless wilderness, and yet where the smoke from not a dozen white men's cabins ascended to the sky in all this territory, now three and a-quarter millions of happy people, prosperous, honorable and successful, are living and guiding the destinies of a people as great in numbers and wealth as all who inhabited the thirteen colonies when our father won their independence. What a spectacle is that! And all this prosperity was won by the simple, plain, straightforward process of downright hard work. That was what did it. Labor first laid out on the raw materials that God made, and then capital, which is only another name for crystalized labor saved up, protected and saved by the strong arms of equal and just and honest laws. Now that is Ohio. Well, now there is a third, and larger thought. Proud as you are of what you have been and what you have done for Cleveland, for Ohio; yet your pride rises at a little piece of banting—a flag with stars and stripes upon it; that speaks of a great continent, with a government that covers it from sea to sea, from the lakes to the gulf, and that you, as citizens of that Republic, have a right to walk on every foot of it as the equal of any man that lives anywhere, and that the score of black men that I see here and there have just as good a right as the whitest of us all. Now, these are the thoughts that come to me as I look upon these Cuyahoga faces.

"You are in the midst of a great contest, gentlemen. On that contest—on the struggle of it; on the issue of it; on my relation to it—I say nothing. For the time being I am out of politics, but I am with you; and now, gentlemen, I thank you for coming here. I thank you for these wise and earnest words of encouragement which your chairman has spoken, and I thank you for your purpose of standing by your fate to the end, let it lead us whereyer it will."

Gen. Hancock and his party have lost each other in the mazes of the tariff labyrinth, out of which there issue distressful cries for a common meeting point. Senator Randolph is so old and shrewd a politician that his blunder in inviting the candidate to explain to the people of the country how little he knows of questions of political economy, is inconceivable and the Democrats may tender him all the thanks they please for his exploit. We do not know that any situation in politics could be more absurd than this one. The declaration of the Cincinnati platform was in favor of "a tariff for revenue only." That little word "only" is not a difficult one to understand—it has no mystical double significance. In this connection it means that the Democracy expresses its desire for a tariff solely and singly for the purpose of raising the government revenue, and that if it elects General Hancock and preserves a majority in Congress it will so legislate as to wipe out the American practice of protection to native industries. Moreover, Gen. Hancock, in his letter to Blanton Duncan, written when he was sounded as to whether he would accept a Greenback nomination to the presidency, said that he would of course endorse the platform of any party from which he should accept a nomination. Thus, in taking the gift proffered him by the Cincinnati convention, he bound himself to support its free trade dogma, and there is no word in his letter of acceptance to indicate that that dogma was distasteful to him. It was only when actual proof made it apparent that the Democratic party was cutting its own throat in Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut by its avowed hostility to protection, that Gen. Hancock, at the reckless instigation of Senator Randolph, coolly undertakes to revise the national platform and place it on a par with Republican economical doctrine. Where in the document to which he so recently subscribed does he find even the slighest implication that "a tariff for revenue only" means "a tariff for revenue and incidental protection"? His juggling with the English language will not persuade any of the artisan voters of the United States that defeat has changed the tariff notions of the party managers who have their "superb" candidate in charge.—*Balto American.*

Mr. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, predicted that October was "likely to be dreary in the extreme," and the Democracy will now take him up as the wisest prophet of the age.

Just at this moment the Democrats are confounded and dismayed by their defeat in Ohio and Indiana, but they will be sure to partially recover their confidence before the day of the Presidential election, and their organs are already predicting that the loss of the October States will have the same effect upon them that the Greenback Democratic victory in Maine had upon the Republicans—inspire them to greater and better directed effort. We doubt very much whether this will be the case, for there is really no likeness between the situation of the Republican party after Plaisted's victory in Maine and that of the Democratic party now, after the defeat of Landers in Indiana. But, in any event, it is clear that, so far from retiring on their laurels at this stage of the canvass, the Republicans should rush the fighting harder than ever in the States where the battle has already commenced, and advance the line into States where hitherto no effort whatever has been made to dislodge the enemy. An active canvass ought now to be made, for instance, in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and perhaps South Carolina. In the last named State, the Greenbackers have recently made an unexpected show of strength, and there is but little doubt that the Republicans could elect their ticket by a handsome plurality—providing, of course, that they are permitted to vote, and that their votes are counted. That their right to suffrage would be recognized is rather doubtful, we must confess; but it is the duty of the party to test the question. In Virginia, the outlook is really brilliant, and nothing but the complete surrender of the Funders to the Readjusters, and their acceptance of the latter's ticket, can prevent the electoral vote of the State from being thrown for Garfield. Florida is naturally Republican, and the good news from the North will have such a vivifying influence upon the leaders in that State that, with a little help from the North, they would have no difficulty in recovering their lost ground. All these things are worthy attentive consideration on the part of Chairmen Jewell and Hubbell, and should receive it without delay.

The winter has closed in early in the North and West. Snow to the depth of thirty inches fell near Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday. Whole orchards of young trees have been destroyed and barns crushed in by the snow. Not for many years has such a fall of snow in October been known.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Notice to Poultry Fanciers.

The undersigned, on Dunghill farm 5 miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale a very fine lot of large Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, at reasonable prices. Address, S. D. YODER,
o8-4 Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
10 9 6f PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.
oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 56. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veitch, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND.
oct 9td Auditor.

Estate of John Riley, Sr., Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H. RILEY,
9 2 1 Administrator.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas has been in Baltimore for the past week.

—Fresh pork, sausage and fresh fish at Wolfe's meat shop.

—Mr. John Barnes left several fine apples at this office last week.

—Mr. Tower's new residence is rapidly approaching completion.

—Heiskell & Co. are receiving a large lot of new goods of every description.

—Prof. R. G. Richardson has removed to Piedmont, W. Va. We are sorry he could not remain with us.

—The circus last Thursday was attended by about 3,000 people. The performance was said to be very poor.

—Revs. B. Ison and H. C. Sanford have been attending the session of the West Virginia Conference, at Huntingdon, West Va.

—The first snow of the season visited this place Tuesday, being six days earlier than last year and thirteen days earlier than in 1878.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 11 4m

—The Oakland public school opened Monday, with Mr. J. T. Mitchell as principal, and Miss Martha Casteel and Mr. Titus Delawder as assistants.

—Supervisor Coldington has completed the grading of Liberty street to the new Procter road, and he did a good piece of work. "Gum" knows how to make roads.

—The apple crop in Ryan's Glade was unusually good this season. Mr. N. B. Harvey raised a variety called the Pound Apple, measuring 14 inches in circumference.

—The Republican demonstration at Lonaconing, Friday night of last week, was one of the largest and most spirited meetings ever held in the mining regions. It is estimated that there were fully 1,000 persons present. The meeting was addressed by Hon. M. G. Urner, H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., and others.

—The Garrett Guards have never received a dollar from the State, and the members furnish their own uniforms, which are now old, and which accounts for their appearance. The company is made up of fine looking young farmers from Western Maryland, and they certainly deserve a little more attention from the authorities. Twelve of their men would not parade on account of their lack of suitable uniforms. Their appearance elicited marks of approval on all sides.—*Baltimore American, Oct. 14th.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. B. Ison.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. Trump, of Manchester, Md.

Conference Items.

The session of the West Virginia Conference, recently closed, was held at Huntington, W. Va., and was presided over by Bishop Peck. We have been unable to get a list of the appointments, but from a private letter received the following appointments for part of Oakland District:

Oakland—S. E. Jones.
Deer Park—N. L. Baumgardner.
Brandonville—F. G. W. Ford.
Selbysport—Gilbert Rogers.
Evansville—D. Cool.

Rev. Mr. Sanford goes to Charleston District as presiding elder.

Dr. Fullerton returns to Moundsville.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 20:

Jonas Mosser and wife to Annie Boyer, part of a tract of land containing 27 acres and 25 perches; $675.

Patrick Hamill and wife to Eliza Morgan, Military Lot No. 1861; $700.

Mass-Meeting and Pole Raising.

MARKLEYSBURG, PA., Oct. 16, 1880.

The Republicans erected two very nice poles in the above place on last Saturday. They stand about 100 feet high, one on each side of the street, one in honor of Ohio's and the other in honor of Indiana's grand Republican victory. There are streamers on each pole, and the Stars & Stripes float in triumph over the middle of the street. There were between six and seven hundred people present. The meeting was addressed by B. A. Feichtner, M. D., Hon. Wm. Parshal and Rev. Father P. S. Hersy, Catholic priest. There were two bands of music present and six Garfield and Arthur Clubs, from Brandonville, Kingwood, Glade Farms, etc. It was the rumor among the Democrats that the Republicans couldn't get men enough in Markleysburg to raise one pole, but they whistle a different tune now.

Great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting. We hope the Republicans will not forget to turn out on the Second day of November and cast their ballots in favor of Garfield and Arthur, and thus help to swell the Republican majorities.

REPUBLICAN.

RYAN'S GLADES, Oct. 16th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The Republicans had a very pleasant meeting at the Shook Shop, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the mud.

The meeting was organized by the selection of Mr. W. J. Wilson as President, Mr. Garrett V. Moon as Vice President and Mr. J. W. Lee as Secretary.

A vigilance committee, composed of the following gentlemen was appointed for this district: M. S. Harvey, C. L. Paugh, G. V. Moon, J. W. Lee, G. W. Wilson, W. J. Wilson, George Knauer.

Mr Peddicord then favored the meeting with a very able address, paying particular attention to the past history of the Democratic party. Mr. Peddicord stands very high in the estimation of the Republicans of No. 8.

OLD HICKORY.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

A Democratic Prayer.

O Lord, we know it were vain to dissemble before Thee. We have been deceiving the people, lo, these many years, but to day we face our doom. Help us now, O Lord we beseech Thee; but if, as seems, the Lord be far removed from us, then, O Satan, thou who art ever with us, deliver us. We are no respector of Gods any more than of principles, and unto whatsoever power we can successfully appeal, in this our hour of sorest need, we willingly bow down. We believe, O Lord, that we are thy chosen people, "born to rule;" and O Satan, we know that our terms with thee have ever been the most amicable. It is in sorrow, Lord, and in sadness, that we revert to the "patriarchal" days, when we could "wallop" our niggers, O Lord, to our heart's content; when we were clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day; we toiled not, neither did we spin. We said to one slave "git," and he got; to another, "come," and he came. We lived in ease and affluence, and if we played and lost, we could sell men and women, and continue our game, O Lord, as was well pleasing in Thy sight.

But, Lord, in a fatal hour, whose inscrutable mysteries we cannot fathom, the vile "radicals" elected a President, and, O Lord, we could not stand that, so we rebelled. Thou knowest the rest. We fought long and well. We killed a great many "Yanks," O Lord, and we wish we had killed twice as many more—enough to have given us the victory, but they were too many for us in the end, and we had to go under.

When the war ended, our slaves were gone, our occupation as rulers was gone, and O Lord, we had to make our living as other people do. We have been, politically speaking, starving "away on the mountains so cold." We have hung shivering on the "ragged edge of despair." We have "appeared all things unto all men that by all means we might save some"—of the offices. *What have we not done to secure the offices!*

When the "radicals" proposed manhood suffrage, we believed the people were as selfish as ourselves, and opposed it. When they proposed to strengthen the public credit, we believed them dishonest and opposed it. When they proposed to redeem their promise to pay, we again believed that the people were not honest. We spoke against resumption, O Lord, we wrote against it, and we voted against it, thinking if the hard times continued we could surely "achieve the executive." But now, Lord, dishonesty is not going to win and we must make believe that we are the honest party. But this is a perverse, a hard-hearted, a stiff-necked and gain saying people; they even remember, O Lord, one year what we did and said the year previous. They read us by our acts and not by our words. O, if the people would *only* take our word! We have done about everything to succeed that the imagination could conceive of. We have corrupted the public morals by bribery; we voted forty thousand fraudulent votes in a single State, O Lord, in one year; we have committed thousands of political murders in the Sunny South; by violence and fraud we have suppressed a million "radical votes; when it was not expedient to kill "radicals," O Lord, to carry a State, we stuffed the ballot boxes with tissue ballots; in Maryland, O Lord, we used "puddin'" tickets, and thus cheated the "radicals," and conservatives of our own party, out of the man they elected. In Maine, O Lord, only last winter, we counted out thirty-six legally elected members of the Legislature. We had fifteen States "solid" and hoped by "solid" lying to "achieve" the rest. We nominated a Union general, and we have unceasingly shouted hosannas to Hancock, hoping thus to divert the popular gaze from our own black record, and to ride into power on a great big wind boom. Everything seemed to favor us, O Lord, only the honesty, the intelligence and thrift of the people; these have been against us.

We had a corruption fund of unexampled magnitude to influence the October States, especially Indiana. More than two hundred and forty thousand dollars had gone there, O Lord, to turn the people from the error of their way, and "persuade" them to vote the Democratic ticket. Our press, our speakers have left no indecent thing undone to excite the ignorant against the "radical" candidate, for thou knowest, O Lord, that we are especially great in nastiness. But O Lord, we are stricken with a great grief; clouds and darkness encompass us; a midnight voice comes over the wires, with lightning for its messenger, proclaiming Hancock a "dead cock," and our hopes blasted, withered, are scattered to the winds of heaven. Ohio is gone, Indiana is gone with a quarter of a million of our money, and West Virginia, one of the "solid" is almost slipped away from us and will go in November, and it is clear as noonday that salt-petre can't save us. Our brethren with long visages and cadaverous mein, in silence hunt their holes. We are about to embark on a long voyage up Salt River, and be Thou with us, comfort us, keep us from lying, make us better citizens, make us true to our pledges, and if Thou canst make of us a true, honest patriotic party, ceaseless praises and adoration will be due unto Thee, world without end.

Sherman Vs. Hampton.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Secretary Sherman to-day furnished for publication the following correspondence, consisting of four letters which have passed between himself and Senator Hampton, of South Carolina:

DAGGER'S SPRINGS, Sept. 17, 1880.

Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury:

Sir—Some days ago I saw a report of your speech at the conference held by the National Republican Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and you were quoted as having used the following: "And now you are asked to surrender all you have done into the hands of Wade Hampton and the Ku Klux and the little segment in the South that is called the Democratic party." May I ask if you used these words, and if you did so, did you mean to connect me directly or indirectly with what was known as the Ku-Klux Klan. I request an early reply, addressed to me, care of Augustus Schell, Esq., New York. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21, 1880.

Hon. Wade Hampton, Care Augustus Schell, New York:

Sir—Your note of the 27th inst. is received, in which you inquire whether, at the conference held by the National Republican Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel New York, I used the language attributed to me, as follows:

"And now you are asked to surrender all you have done into the hands of Wade Hampton and the Ku-Klux and the little segment in the North that is called the Democratic party."

In reply, I have to advise you that while I do not remember the precise language, I presume the reporter correctly stated, in a condensed way, his idea of what I said. I no doubt spoke of you as a leading representative of the Democratic party in the South, and referred to the Ku Klux as a representative of the barbarous agencies by which the Democrats have subverted the civil and political rights of the Republicans of the South. I did not connect you personally with the Ku Klux Klan. Indeed, I knew that you had done one or two important instances resisted and defeated its worst impulses.

I appreciate the sense of honor which makes you shrink from being named in connection with it. Still, you and your associates, the leading men in the South, now enjoy the benefits of political power derived from the atrocities of the Ku-Klux Klan, in which phase I include all the numerous alias by which it has from time to time been known in the South. Your power in the Southern States rest upon actual crimes from murder to the meanest form of ballot-box stuffing, committed by the Ku-Klux Klan and its kindred associates, and, as you know, some of the worst of them committed since 1877, when you and they gave the most solemn assurances of protection to the freemen of the South. These crimes are all almost at the civil and political rights of Republicans in the South, and, as I believe, but for these agencies the very State that you represent, as well as many other States in the South, would be represented both in the Senate and House by Republicans. But for these crimes, the boast attributed to you that the one hundred and thirty-eight solid Southern votes would be cast for the Democratic ticket, would be but idle vaporing; but now we feel that it is a sober truth. While I have no reason to believe that you or your Northern associates personally participated in the offences I have named; yet, while you and they enjoy the fruits of these crimes, you may, in logic and morals be classed as I classed you—as joint copartners with the Ku-klux Klan in a policy which thus far has been successful in seizing political power in the South, and which it is hoped by the aid of the small segment of the Democratic party in the North, may be extended to all departments of the government. It is in this sense that I spoke of you, the Ku-klux Klan and the Northern Democratic party. Permit me, in conclusion, while frankly answering your question to say that the most fatal policy for the South would be by such agencies as I have mentioned to secure again political ascendancy in this country; for I assure you that the manhood and independence of the North will certainly continue the struggle until every Republican in the South shall have free and unrestricted enjoyment of equal, civil and political privileges, including a fair vote, a fair count, free speech and free press, and the agitation made necessary to secure such results may greatly affect injuriously the interests of the people of the South. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN SHERMAN.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Oct. 1, '80.

Sir—Your letter has been received and as you do not disclaim the language to which I called your attention, I have only to say that in using it you uttered what was absolutely false, and what you knew to be false. My address will be Columbus, S. C.

I am your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18, 1880.

Hon. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C:

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 1st instant, handed me unopened by Mr. C. McKinley, a few moments ago, after my return from the West. I had this morning read what purported to be an extract of a speech made by you, published in the Charleston *News and Courier*, and upon your general reputation as a gentleman had denied that you had made such a speech or written such a letter as is attributed to you in that paper. What I stated to you in my letter of September 21st I believe to be true notwithstanding your denials, and it can be shown to be true by the public records and as a matter of history. As you had, long before your letter was delivered to me, seen proper to make a public statement of your views of the correspondence, I shall give it to the press without note or comment, and let the public decide between us.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN.

Business Men at Mentor.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 15.—An excursion party filling thirteen cars went to Mentor to-day, under the auspices of the Cleveland Republican Business Men's Club, to congratulate General Garfield on the result of the October elections. George H. Ely, president of the club, made a speech to which Gen. Garfield responded as follows:

Mr. ——, and Gentlemen of Cleveland:

This is a new situation, and new sensations and suggestions arise with it. I should be altogether unworthy of my State and my native country if I did not feel sensibility at this expression of your confidence, and at this greener, more magnificent exhibition of your understanding of what the great contest now pending in this country means in relation to our prosperity. You are business men of Cleveland, and that means a great deal; you are citizens of Ohio, and that means more; you are citizens of the Republic, and that means a great deal more; and in your threefold capacity I greet you, and thank you for this demonstration of your confidence. Let me speak a moment about these three thoughts. You are business men. Suppose, not this yard full alone, but all the business men of America were assembled together, what would they do? Rather, what would they not do if they got from the eternal powers an insurance policy that four years to come there should be no disturbance in the great forces that play upon the business prosperity of this people? The power that could underwrite such a policy to you would call from you no sacrifice in a mere business sense than you ever made under any circumstances. Now, no such guaranty will be given you by the supernatural power, but while frosts, pestilence, tempests, and all the great accidents that come to us without are power to prevent it, are beyond our reach, yet there is a great political organization in this country that can give you a policy written by its faith and its own hand, against all the evils that can come to you from bad legislation and the reckless wickedness of bad finance. For such a business insurance, the business men of Cleveland and the business men of America are manifestly willing to make some effort and bear some sacrifice, and that, I take it, is the business meaning of this assemblage here to-day. Now, the second thought I had was: You are citizens of Ohio, and you are living illustrations of the first children of the pioneers who planted Ohio. When your fathers were born Ohio was unknown except as a trackless wilderness, and yet where the smoke from not a dozen white men's cabins ascended to the sky in all this territory, now three and a-quarter millions of happy people, prosperous, honorable and successful, are living and guiding the destinies of a people as great in numbers and wealth as all who inhabited the thirteen colonies when our father won their independence. What a spectacle is that! And all this prosperity was won by the simple, plain, straightforward process of downright hard work. That was what did it. Labor first laid out on the raw materials that God made, and then capital, which is only another name for crystalized labor saved up, protected and saved by the strong arms of equal and just and honest laws. Now that is Ohio. Well, now there is a third, and larger thought. Proud as you are of what you have been and what you have done for Cleveland, for Ohio; yet your pride rises at a little piece of bunting—a flag with stars and stripes upon it; that speaks of a great continent, with a government that covers it from sea to sea, from the lakes to the gulf, and that you, as citizens of that Republic, have a right to walk on every foot of it as the equal of any man that lives anywhere, and that the score of black men that I see here and there have just as good a right as the whitest of us all. Now, these are the thoughts that come to me as I look upon these Cuyahoga faces.

"You are in the midst of a great contest, gentlemen. On that contest—on the struggle of it; on the issue of it; on my relation to it—I say nothing. For the time being I am out of politics, but I am with you; and now, gentlemen, I thank you for coming here. I thank you for these wise and earnest words of encouragement which your chairman has spoken, and I thank you for your purpose of standing by your fate to the end, let it lead us wherever it will."

Gen. Hancock and his party have lost each other in the mazes of the tariff labyrinth, out of which there issue distressful cries for a common meeting point. Senator Randolph is so old and shrewd a politician that his blunder in inviting the candidate to explain to the people of the country how little he knows of questions of political economy, is inconceivable and the Democrats may tender him all the thanks they please for his exploit. We do not know that any situation in politics could be more absurd than this one. The declaration of the Cincinnati platform was in favor of "a tariff for revenue only." That little word "only" is not a difficult one to understand—it has no mystical double significance. In this connection it means that the Democracy expresses its desire for a tariff solely and singly for the purpose of raising the government revenue, and that if it elects General Hancock and preserves a majority in Congress it will so legislate as to wipe out the American practice of protection to native industries. Moreover, Gen. Hancock, in his letter to Blanton Duncan, written when he was sounded as to whether he would accept a Greenback nomination to the presidency, said that he would of course endorse the platform of any party from which he should accept a nomination. Thus, in taking the gift proffered him by the Cincinnati convention, he bound himself to support its free trade dogma, and there is no word in his letter of acceptance to indicate that that dogma was distasteful to him. It was only when actual proof made it apparent that the Democratic party was cutting its own throat in Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut by its avowed hostility to protection, that Gen. Hancock, at the luckless instigation of Senator Randolph, coolly undertakes to revise the national platform and place it on a par with Republican economical doctrine. Where in the document to which he so recently subscribed does he find even the slightest implication that "a tariff for revenue only" means "a tariff for revenue and incidental protection"? His juggling with the English language will not persuade any of the artisan voters of the United States that defeat has changed the tariff notions of the party managers who have their "superb" candidate in charge.—*Buffalo American.*

Mr. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, predicted that October was "likely to be dreary in the extreme," and the Democracy will now take him up as the wisest prophet of the age.

Just at this moment the Democrats are confounded and dismayed by their defeat in Ohio and Indiana, but they will be sure to partially recover their confidence before the day of the Presidential election, and their organs are already predicting that the loss of the October States will have the same effect upon them that the Greenback Democratic victory in Maine had upon the Republicans—inspire them to greater and better directed effort. We doubt very much whether this will be the case, for there is really no likeness between the situation of the Republican party after Plaisted's victory in Maine and that of the Democratic party now, after the defeat of Landers in Indiana. But, in any event, it is clear that, so far from retiring on their laurels at this stage of the canvass, the Republicans should push the fighting harder than ever in the States where the battle has already commenced, and advance the line into States where hitherto no effort whatever has been made to dislodge the enemy. An active canvass ought now to be made, for instance, in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and perhaps South Carolina. In the last named State, the Greenbackers have recently made an unexpected show of strength, and there is but little doubt that the Republicans could elect their ticket by a handsome plurality—providing, of course, that they are permitted to vote, and that their votes are counted. That their right to suffrage would be recognized is rather doubtful, we must confess; but it is the duty of the party to test the question. In Virginia, the outlook is really brilliant, and nothing but the complete surrender of the Funders to the Readjusters, and their acceptance of the latter's ticket, can prevent the electoral vote of the State from being thrown for Garfield. Florida is naturally Republican, and the good news from the North will have such a vivifying influence upon the leaders in that State that, with a little help from the North, they would have no difficulty in recovering their lost ground. All these things are worthy attentive consideration on the part of Chairmen Jewell and Hubbell, and should receive it without delay.

The winter has closed in early in the North and West. Snow to the depth of thirty inches fell near Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday. Whole orchards of young trees have been destroyed and barns crushed in by the snow. Not for many years has such a fall of snow in October been known.

Various Causes--

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brushy, weakly or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Notice to Poultry Fanciers.

The undersigned, on Dunghill farm 5 miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale a very fine lot of large Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, at reasonable prices. Address, S. D. YODER, Grantsville, Garrett county, Md. 09-4

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 10 9 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c. oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 60. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veach, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND. oct 9td Auditor.

Estate of John Riley, Sr., Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN RILEY, Sr.,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of September, 1880.

JOHN H. RILEY, Administrator. 9 2 1

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

The Turkish Question.

This is not merely the apparently insignificant one whether the town of Dulcigno shall be ceded to Montenegro, whether the Grecian boundary shall be moved a few miles to the north, whether, even, Eastern Roumelia shall be permitted to follow her natural instincts and unite with Bulgaria in a Bulgarian State; it is whether the power of the Caliph shall be renewed, the whole Mohammedan world united under one head, all the fierce fanaticism of the sixth and seventh centuries revived in Eastern Europe, Asia Minor, and perhaps India and Africa.

The Caliph is the successor of Mohammed—the word means Vicar, or successor—and he thus stands in the same relation to the Mohammedan religion that the Pope does to Roman Catholic Christianity. In Mohammedan theories he is invested with quite as great authority, regarded with quite as great reverence, and obeyed with quite as unquestioning zeal. But the Mohammedan world has been rent by contests between rival caliphs as the Western world by conflicts between rival popes. The Sultan of Turkey has long claimed to be the Caliph; and this claim, gradually fallen into abeyance, the present Sultan is endeavoring to re-establish. He is fighting not for a strip of Grecian territory, but for a *quasi* papal authority over Asia, India, Africa. For the Sultan as the civil ruler of Turkey the Mohammedans of the rest of the world would not draw a sword nor march a mile; for the authority of the Caliph as the Mohammedan Pope they are ready to battle and, if need be, die. And the Ulemas, the Mohammedan priesthood, the pagan Jesuits of Turkey, are ready to stimulate their fanaticism and to direct it whenever opportunity shall offer any prospect of success.

Three years ago the present Sultan was put into his office by a clique of ministers who expected to use him as their tool. He had been educated among the Ulemas, and possesses all the fanaticism, all the narrowness and all the bigotry, without the courage, of the fiercest of the Mohammedan hierarchy. Thus his religious instincts stimulated his political shrewdness; he perceived that the road to power lay in a reassertion and re-establishment of the power and authority of the Caliph; that if this could be reasserted and re-established it would not only give him absolute authority in his own Turkish Empire, but throughout the Mohammedan world. Within eighteen months he had concentrated the whole power of the Turkish Government in his own hands; the "tool" was the master; and from that time all his energies have been directed to regaining the larger authority of Caliph, with its consequent supremacy over Asia Minor, Central Asia, India and Africa. Hence the announcement of the Grand Council of Ulema that the Sultan reigns as Caliph; hence the repeated murders of Christians in and around Constantinople, so far with absolute impunity; hence the occasional threats of a "religious war" with which Turkey kept the Beaconsfield Administration in fear for India.

Now the war of words has accomplished all that it can accomplish. The Sultan has, by his identification of himself with the Mohammedan hierarchy, attained once more a hold on the Arabians and the Indians; but his supremacy with them depends upon the question whether he is able to resist Europe. If he yields to European influence, that is, to Christianity, he resigns all hope of the power of the Caliphate. If, on the contrary, he can show that he is able to defy or to defeat Europe, he will regain the lost position of the Sultans as Caliphs. And that means a great deal; it means that all through Asia Minor there will be a revival of Mohammedan fanaticism; it means general massacres of the Christians; it means that in India and Central Asia the whole influence of the Mohammedan population will be raised against the English Government to overthrow the English dominion in India; it means a general return to the state of things of one hundred years ago.

The indications are that England has at her head a statesman who so reads the Turkish Question; but it is not so clear that it is so read by the rest of Europe. Austria has a monomaniacal dread of Russian influence in the East, and fears any change lest it be a change for the worse. It is the policy of Vienna to let Turkey in Europe die a natural death. France and Germany are watching each other, each chiefly anxious that the other shall get no advantage through Eastern complications and alliances, and that it shall not itself become involved in a distant war and so endanger its own frontier. Russia has her watchful eye open to the possibilities of gaining a water way through the Bosphorus to the Mediterranean Sea. The one power that is interested in preventing the Sultan from regaining the power of the Caliph is England, for the one power whose Indian supremacy would be endangered by a revival and concentration of Mohammedanism is England. It is England's diplomacy which has brought the allied fleet together in Ragusa harbor; it is the English Vice-Admiral who commands it; it is English determination which keeps it there. For England has at the head of her government a man who will act alone if he can not act in alliance, and who will not, if he can prevent it, see a Mohammedan uprising throughout the East, with all the frightful calamities which would certainly follow if this pale horse, whose rider is Death and whose train is Hell, were once let loose to ride forth in Asia, India and Africa.—*Christian Union.*

Collegiate Waiters.

The fact that students at leading New England colleges during their summer vacations earn money to continue their education by serving as waiters in White Mountain hotels is sometimes noticed by the newspapers with derision and rarely with an appreciation of the fact that these gentlemen are proving themselves possessed of the noblest characteristics by being so ambitious for mental cultivation as to be willing to make so great a sacrifice of false pride to earn the means to procure it. I honor them for it. Their manners, according to my observation, are perfect and stamp them unmistakably as gentlemen. They do not risk a snub by any self-assertion, but are as attentive to one's wants at table as the best trained waiters I have ever seen any where. I can not see why it is not just as romantic, too, for a graduate of Harvard, now a student at its Divinity School, to be discovered in a head waiter at a hotel, as for an Italian nobleman to be found out serving as a waiter at Delmonico's. The story of one of the latter, so discovered by New York society a few years ago, is still fresh in the memories of all. "Leaders of ton" took him up, and he finally married the daughter of a wealthy resident physician in New York. But then society considered his serving in what is usually thought a menial situation an interesting eccentricity of a foreign nobleman, and some of the same people who petted him would be loftily indifferent to, if not contemptuous of, the American who proves his innate nobility by accepting such service not incognito but openly, not one bit ashamed that he does it from necessity, not choice. I think the comparison is in favor of our own countrymen so far as I can judge of the motives of the two. I have seen at one of the hotels I have visited this week a Harvard graduate and divinity student in the position named above. His refined and intellectual face and his graceful manners so unmistakably indicated that he was superior to those usually seen in like employment that our party made the inquiries which led to our receiving the information about him I have given.

I wanted to talk to him, but felt the same hesitation in seeking a conversation unintroduced that I would had I met him among the invited guests at a party, so only spoke to him regarding seats at table. To have opened a conversation would have implied an assertion of superiority on my part which I was far from feeling. I think a man or woman so situated has as much right to snub those who attempt patronage as any society swells, male or female, have to keep intruders at a distance. The cold look of well-bred indifference to my advances would pain me more from the former than the glare of affected disdain of the latter.

Landlords tell me that the college waiters are the most efficient they have ever had and never give them any trouble at all. They are fine-looking young men, physically well-developed as well as mentally.—*Miss Grundy, in Philadelphia Times.*

Out-of-Door Games.

One of the most significant signs of a change in our social habits is the announcements which meet us at every turn of archery contests, croquet matches and lawn tennis tournaments. No summering place in the North is held to be furnished this year unless it has a tennis court and a field for archery. In the South the usual tournaments have been held, but in these the exercise is confined to men. The ladies watch the gallant knights on fiery steeds dash mainly at a ring with a long stick, and their only part in the pastime is to smile and look pretty, and crown the victor afterward, according to the old-fashioned role of women, which may be picturesque and romantic and emotional, but which, assuredly does not strengthen their legs, lungs or stomachs. Tennis, croquet and archery are games for women as for men, and they will do much, we prophesy, to give us a race of healthier women as wives and mothers for the next generation.

A long step has been taken by modern women in proper, physical development. Increasing familiarity with the models of beauty in sculpture and painting has done away with tight lacing; an educated woman to whom the figure of the Medicean Venus or Diana of the Louvre is familiar as her own would be ashamed to appear with the distorted, wasp-like waist of which her mother was so vain. City mothers know enough of hygiene and physiology, too, to teach their girls gymnastics, rowing, riding, skating, as well as dancing. Perhaps the most perfect examples of physical health in the country are to be found among the children of the higher classes in this city, Philadelphia and Boston, to whose bodily development knowledge and wealth have done all that is possible. Out-door games are among the most efficient aids in this physical education. Presently our women will be able to ride and walk with as much energy and good results to their health as their English cousins.—*New York Tribune.*

The Sad Sequel to an Elopement.

A special from Kingston, N. Y., to the St. Louis *Republican*, says: The suicide of Carrie Barton, near Rock Village, this county, on Friday, is the sequel to a romantic though melancholy history. She was the daughter of Capt. Jas. Barton, at one time a leading business man of New Orleans. During the late war Capt. Barton served with distinction in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he removed to Lafayette County, Mo. Carrie grew up to be an intelligent and refined young woman. Among her admirers was **Charles Thornton, a worthy young man,** whose father was highly respected and wealthy. The young couple became ardently attached to each other, but Carrie's parents were adverse to his attentions, being desirous that their daughter should wed a suitor of their own selection. Carrie was determined to marry Thornton or remain single. An elopement and secret marriage was agreed upon. Two months ago they left their parental roofs, deciding to come to New York, where Carrie had relatives. At St. Louis they were married and then continued their journey East. For about six weeks the young couple stopped at the residence of Mr. P. D. Griswold, an uncle of the bride. About a week ago Thornton's money gave out and both husband and wife were afraid to communicate with their parents for fear of a storm of parental indignation. Young Thornton brooded over his troubles, and on Tuesday last left his wife, since which time nothing has been seen or heard of him. On Friday the young bride took a dose of strychnine and in less than an hour was a corpse. Her remains have been forwarded to the home of her parents.

—At Millwood, Pa., a traveling agent named Wilson, while standing in the depot, had his shoes torn to shreds by lightning which struck the stove-pipe and ran across the floor. He was not hurt.

GENERAL.

It now takes $14 in Turkish money to pay for staying over night at a Turkish hotel.

The new colony of the Cumberland plateau in Tennessee, in which Thomas Hughes is interested with a company of English and American philanthropists, has been named appropriately Rugby. The road to the town will be finished soon, and a formal opening is to take place. A lawn-tennis court has already been established.

The art of dressing in the commonest materials, and yet looking superior to other women, is studied by fashionable Parisians. Fourteen ladies recently entered into competition, and the prize was awarded to a dress made of that coarse sacking used for packing purposes, trimmed somewhat incongruously with Valenciennes lace and floral embroidery on a gold ground, parasol and shoes to match. The experiment, however, was decidedly expensive, for though the dress itself cost a mere nothing, the lace was worth $300, the handle of the parasol cost $120 and the embroidery $160, not to speak of the shoes.

Mr. Geo. W. Morris, the conductor on the Indianapolis and St. Louis road, who met with a horrible death the other day, was conversing with a newspaper man a short time since and remarked he had traveled over 50,000 miles since entering the service of the Indianapolis and St. Louis, and had been in several accidents, but had never yet been injured. As the engine whistled for the next station, Mr. Morris arose, and remarked thoughtfully: "In our business it comes sooner or later to us all, and I can't say how soon I may be a victim." He told the truth. It seems but a question of time with train men. "It comes sooner or later to all."

Once more it was supposed not to be loaded. A son of Mr. Wells, of Riverhead, on Long Island, fifteen years old, pointed a pistol at his brother, who was two years his senior, and pulled the trigger, "as he had often done before." He pulled it once too often, the charge with which the pistol really was loaded exploded, and the elder boy fell dead. It is reported that the weapon had been a familiar plaything about the house, because "no one suspected that it was loaded." That the mere absence of suspicion sufficed and that nobody took pains to be certain that it was not loaded would seem to be incredible folly, were not such cases common.

A plainly dressed little lady from San Francisco recently appeared at a California watering place and was snubbed by all the ladies. She sent home for her best dresses and all her diamonds. After her trunks arrived she went to breakfast in a magnificent morning dress made by Worth, and profusely ornamented with diamonds, and her two little children were dressed in the height of fashion. Every body seemed anxious to make amends for past slights, but she was extremely distant to one and all. She cut them in this way for a week, then packed up her nine Saratoga trunks and sent them home, and resumed her plain and comfortable vacation clothes.

Telling Bad News.

One of the hardest things on earth to do is to break sad news to people. You never can tell exactly how it is going to strike them. They may faint, or they may go into a paroxysm of grief, or they may stand it with stony calmness. But generally they do what you least expect, and that is why it makes it so hard to tackle them. A Northern New Hampshire Deacon had a very embarrassing time of it recently when on one of these sad errands. He called upon a bereaved citizen, and, assuming an expression of countenance sufficiently lugubrious to dull the edge of a jackknife, said: "My dear friend, don't be alarmed." Immediately the citizen, who had up to that moment shewn no sign of alarm, began to look scared. Such is the contrariness of human nature. The Deacon continued: "This is a world of sorrow and tribulation, and we ought to nerve ourselves to bear its ills." "Deacon, what're you driving at?" asked the now thoroughly aroused citizen. "It's always a hard duty to be the bearer of ill news," said the Deacon. "Yes, yes! Go on," cried the citizen, growing more nervous every instant. "Can you stand news of bereavement?" asked the Deacon. "Good heavens, I'll try! Is it very bad? Do tell me what it is?" exclaimed the pale and trembling man. "You won't faint?" "No, no! But if you keep me in this suspense I shall!" And the citizen was in such a state of scare that he shook all over and was as white as a sheet. "Well, bear it with Christian resignation, my dear friend," said the Deacon. "Your mother-in-law—now don't lose your self-control—your mother-in-law is dead." The look of horrified anxiety, grief and despair passed from the citizen's face. A look of supreme disgust took its place. "You great idiot," he cried, "have you palavered around all this time to tell me that? Don't you know any better than to come here and frighten me this way? By Jove, sir, you acted so durned melancholy and awful that you scared me most to death. I thought mebbe a team had run over my dog and broke his back!" The Deacon went home disgusted.—*Boston Post.*

A Japanese School-Girl.

Among the list of passengers who arrived last Tuesday on the China steamer was a young Japanese lady by the name of Minci Yabu, who is on her way to a college in the East to perfect herself in English. Miss Yabu belongs to the nobility of Japan. Her father, Sanefusa Yabu, is a high official in a department of the imperial household. She was born in the old capital of Kioto, and although but sixteen years of age has some renown in her native country as a poetess. Added to this accomplishment she possesses that of an artist, devoting much of her time to landscape painting. She is already a graduate of the Tokio Girls' Normal (English) School. She left here, in company with her friends, in the Eastern bound train last Friday morning for the East, where she will remain three years. In appearance Miss Yabu is extremely petite, being much below the medium, of light complexion, fascinating black eyes, and the bright, cheerful countenance which is generally found in ladies of rank of Japan.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A newspaper in the Persian tongue is to be published in London, for dissemination in Persian speaking countries.

The London pilgrimage to Lourdes is postponed. Cardinal Manning has expressed an opinion that it would be liable to a political interpretation.

The latest artistic craze in England is for dresses made of house flannel. The effect of these is better than might be expected. The color is usually a cool yellow.

The Italian Government is to put up a monument to King Victor Emanuel whose cost will amount to something more than a million and a quarter of dollars.

Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria is the very long name of the very little daughter of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. She is to be called Princess Wilhelmina, and as a girl can have no pretensions to the throne of Holland.

American advertising agents in Italy have made it necessary to put up notices to "post no bills" on the very walls of the remains of Pompeii, and when a tourist sees one of these notices the chances are that he'll exclaim, "Things in those days were about as they are now."

Of the two most eminent dogs of the day, Prince Bismark's Tyras and Victor Hugo's Senat, the latter has just died, full of years and honors, and received interment in the grounds of Hauteville House. With him was buried the silver collar presented him by his master, whose faithful companion he had been through long years of exile.

The Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph and his Belgian bride will pass the first years of their married life in one of the most ancient and imposing castles in Europe, the castle on the Hradschin, that rises abruptly from the Moldau and towers above the City of Prague. A part of the castle is being remodeled and handsomely refurnished for their reception.

The Princess of Wales is a picture of modest good taste as she walks the deck of her husband's yacht. She always wears a plainly-made dress of some dark color, with a sailor's hat, or a close soft hat, which is exceedingly becoming to her. Her little daughters are dressed in black serges or simple cottons, and sailor's hats always crown their long, fair hair.

At the Orleans Railroad Station in Paris, the other day, 8,000 pilgrims were gathered for a trip to Lourdes. A large number were crippled and bedridden. The station was blocked up with stretchers and mattresses upon which emaciated and helpless forms were reclining. Babes abounded, and their wan and scared faces were pitiable. The incapable numbered one-fourth of the entire band.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Japanese horseshoes are made of straw-mats and so slightly fastened to the animals' feet that the principal streets in the cities are strewn with cast-off sandals of the ponies.

The locomotives used on the railroads of the United States are doing the work of 29,000,000 horses, while the census of 1870 aggregates horses of all ages at less than 9,000,000.

It is estimated that Minnesota requires five million pounds of twine to bind its wheat crop, and the Farmers' Board of Trade recommends home manufacture, and the cultivation of hemp for that purpose.

Nutmegs grow upon a tree from 25 to 30 feet high, which bears a fruit resembling in form and size the seekel pear. When ripe the outer shell of this fruit breaks, revealing an inner case of bright red, known to commerce as mace. This in its turn is removed, and the nutmeg is found inclosed in a third shell, harder than either of the others.

A discovery has just been made by M. Toussaint, a professor in the veterinary school at Toulouse, by which he has succeeded in inoculating animals with vaccine taken from an infected one, and rendering them proof against epidemics, such as pleuro-pneumonia, etc. M. Pasteur, it is well known, was successful in vaccinating poultry, and thus preserving them from the attack of what is known as chicken cholera.

A mixture of sulphur and grease has been in use for some time as a lubricant for the bearings of heavy shafting. Sulphur alone, as is well known, has the effect, when properly introduced, of cooling a hot bearing. But why sulphur should so act has not been well understood. Von Heeren offers this explanation: Fine metallic dust is formed when a journal becomes hot, and this dust, combining with the sulphur, produces a soft and greasy compound of a decidedly antifrictional character.

The coloring principle of the indigo plant is contained in the stems and leaves, which yield a colorless liquid changed by fermentation into the familiar dye. About two months after the plants are sown they produce a pale red flower. They are then cut, thrown into large stone vats, covered with water and held down by heavy weights. Fermentation begins in about twelve or fourteen hours; the whole mass appears to be boiling and bubbles of purple air arise. When this process is finished the liquid is drawn off into another vat and violently stirred to precipitate the coloring matter which is left to settle. Again the water is drawn off, leaving the indigo, which is dried and prepared for export.

Maj. Majendi, in speaking of the ignition of gunpowder by simple percussion, says: "There is ample testimony that gunpowder can be exploded by a blow with comparative ease, the fact being that the temperature at which gunpowder explodes (about 540 to 560 degrees) is readily reached by percussion or friction if the powder be so placed that there is no absorption of the energy by the cushioning of the blow, and this temperature is a long way within that at which heat becomes visible. Copper tools may be made to give out sparks. I have had much experience of this in some experiments which I made. The great thing for young men to avoid, whatever tools they use, is the exercise of force beyond what is absolutely necessary, or disaster may follow."

Religious.

IN THE FOURTH WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

Lo, in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smile in their teeth;
The hoarse winds chafe beneath
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won half-way.
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless huddled fright
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us, that strain
Over life's moaning main,
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not Thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low:
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved hands
For church-yard rest.

Then, soft as in the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
Fly snowflakes made,
Stilling each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

—*Good Words.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 10—Jacob and Esau.....Gen. 27: 22-40
Oct. 17—Jacob at Bethel.....Gen. 28: 10-2
Oct. 24—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.....Gen. 32: 9-2; 2-30
Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37: 1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison....Gen. 39: 21; 40: 1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph..Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Self-Abnegation.

When, two or three years ago, in our religious gatherings we sung the lines.

"Oh! to be nothing, nothing
But simply to lie at His feet,
A broken, empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet,

the sentiment was received in some quarters with derision. It was said sarcastically, "what has such cities as New York, Boston, or Chicago in common with such self-abnegation?" "The age," it was declared, is "self-assertive, and the thought of this hymn is utterly foreign to its spirit and its life." Unquestionably the criticism has some foundation in fact; but admitting this to be correct, it does not condemn the sentiment of the hymn, but rather the temper of our times. Unhappy are we if our civilization has so materialized us that no room can be found for the generous devotion of self to a worthy and sublime enterprise, if there is nothing higher for a man on earth than the zealous promotion of his own worldly interests. Christ not only rebukes, but also hates the essential folly of such a theory. In His turn He remonstrates with humanity, in substance saying: "Be merciful to thyself; for whosoever will *save* his life shall *lose* it." What the Savior taught upon this point has not only been reiterated by His disciples, but even some of the heathen have recognized its essential soundness. With a clearness that may well put to shame the boasted broadness and discernment of our age, it was perceived by several of the wiser pagans that to be *something* life must be *nothing*, and that to *save* it it must be *lost*. One of these writers I quote, and only one, and he a representative of that Asiatic thought which some restless minds are seeking in our day to array against Christianity, who elaborated into a philosophy what Jesus delivered as an apothegm. I refer to Lau-Tsze, the Chinese, who was contemporary with Confucius, and who excelled that celebrated personage in the grandeur of his teachings. Six hundred years before Christ he gave utterance to the following sentiment: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others the more he is increased." On which sentiment the translator and editor of his works offers the following:

"A man there was though some did count him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had."

In another place this ancient sage exclaims: "He who bears the reproach of his country shall be called the lord of the land. He who bears the calamities of his country shall be called the king of the world." . . . "He that makes mars. He that grasps loses. The sage makes nothing, therefore he mars nothing." . . . "When he wishes to be before the people he must, in his person, keep behind them. When he wishes to be above the people he must, in his language, keep below them." He also declared "that he that is diminished shall succeed," and to him may be traced the pregnant suggestion, expressed by Oken, "Zero is the essence of mathematics." Just as we are able by the sign "0" to make the most abstruse and complicated calculations, so when a man descends to that sign of nothingness is he able to rise to the sublimest heights of potency and greatness. As zero is the very substance of mathematical science, so self-denial is the very substance of personal usefulness. Or, as the Talmud has it: "Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; whosoever runs from greatness, greatness follows him." Which is just equal to saying: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it."—*From a Recent Sermon by George C. Lorimer, D.D., Chicago.*

Mr. Moody's Schools for Boys and Girls.

The gift of $25,000 for the establishment of an institution for boys at Northfield, Mass., announced by Mr. Moody near the close of the convocation last week, and at the dedication of the fine building just erected for his school for girls, was, it is understood, from Hiram Camp, Esq., of this city. The school for boys will be operated on the same plan as the school for girls, which has been for some time in successful operation, and now, with its new building, which is as fine as the theological buildings of Yale in all respects, much greater success is anticipated. At the beginning of the year a fine brick building was erected for the recitations; but the house occupied as a home being inadequate to the needs of the institution, the next term reopens in this new structure, which is beautifully situated on an eminence, and is three stories high, with fifty rooms. Mr. Camp heads the list of trustees of the new institution, appointed by Mr. Moody, as stated in the girls' school circular, the remarks applying equally as to the objects of the new school. "It is the object of those interested in the establishment of this seminary to afford opportunity for those girls whose means will not allow them to attend the schools now in progress. If this object can be gained in a purely Christian home, and a thoroughly practical education be given, and if the girls shall go forth equipped for a noble, Christian womanhood, the desire of its friends will be gratified. * * * The Bible is intended to form the basis not only of the belief, but of the life, of the institution."—*New Haven Journal.*

What Is Life?

This question was raised by the scientists assembled at Boston last week, and it must be confessed that little was done toward answering it. "Life," says the retiring President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "represents simply the sum of the phenomena exhibited by a living being." "Life is all that cannot be explained by chemistry and physics," he says in the next sentence; but if what chemistry and physics can explain is not life, then the first definition is not true. Many of the phenomena of a living being are explainable by these sciences; so that really the residuum of the sum of the phenomena of living beings, which residuum cannot be scientifically explained, is life. If materialistic science cannot explain the phenomena of life is it not absurd that students of such science should be continually defining what life is, and what it is not? Says ex-President Barker of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "Life is now universally regarded as a phenomenon of matter, and hence as having no separate existence." What splendid logic! Has a piece of flint or broken pottery, or a clod of clay, life? If not, why did not this philosopher say that life is a phenomenon of "some" matter? Does it logically follow that because life is a phenomenon intimately related to some matter, that it is therefore non-existent except in such relation? Not at all. "Mud is now universally regarded as a phenomenon of swamps, and hence as having no separate existence," is a proposition identical except as to one term, and just as logical as that of ex-President Barker; that is, it is not in the least logical, but a mere absurdity.

Although, as the wise ex-President says, we cannot tell what life is, we can say and prove that there is a great probability that there is such a thing as life disconnected with matter, and that its relations to matter are rather exceptional than universal. A seed loses its life in process of time, and will no longer germinate. What has gone? Certainly not the germ, the albumen, the oil, nor any physical atom, part or particle of weight; yet the seed is dead. On the contrary, a seed that has life, when planted, has the ability to assimilate to itself and transform dead matter into a living organism. Barn-yard manure becomes beans, beets, corn, potatoes, capsicums, the cerulean corolla of the morning-glory, the fragrance of the mignonette or of the dianthus. Without the seed, barn-yard manure was never known to change into garden vegetables. The true and scientific fact is simply that life must exist before it can be exhibited in connection with matter. Dead matter is never transformed into living matter except through the agency of matter which already contains life. The most crucial experiments of Bastian, and which he claimed showed that life of low grades was producible spontaneously, have all been shown by Tyndall and others to be fallacious. Living bodies universally have their origin in living bodies, and it is an unvarying condition that bodies should be living in order to give life to dead matter. When life has gone out of an organism, it has no longer power to change the form of dead matter, but of itself begins straightway to dissolve into the elements which chemistry and physics alone may explain.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

The Germination of Unripe Seeds.

Many instances have been put on record by different observers of unripe seed germinating, and several botanists have conducted extensive series of experiments in raising plants from seeds in different stages of development. At first sight it seems rather surprising that an imperfectly-formed embryo should grow into as vigorous a plant as a mature one, but when we understand the general plan of growth in plants the phenomenon is intelligible. Thus, ferns actually develop from a single detached cell. This property of premature germination may be taken advantage of in practice in propagating plants that do not fully ripen their seeds in our climate. A rather longer period elapses before unripe seeds actually germinate, but frequently the progeny is equal to the best from mature seed. Formerly it was supposed that only ex-albuminous seeds would germinate when unripe, but M. Sagot, a Frenchman, succeeded in germinating green grain of wheat in which the albumen was soft, semi-liquid, and milky, and several other experimenters have raised different cereals from grain collected a fortnight to three weeks before the crops from which it was taken were ripe. Although the practice of sowing unripe seeds is not likely to become general, and would not be profitable under ordinary circumstances, it might be useful to know, in the case of a rare plant suddenly dying before its seeds were mature, that there was a possibility of their germinating, and thus preventing the loss of, may be, a valuable plant.—*Ladies' Floral Cabinet.*

HOME AND FARM.

BAD drivers generally spoil good horses.

MUCILAGE applied to a fresh cut, and the wound then wrapped with paper and a coat of mucilage applied to the paper, will be sufficient protection till the wound is healed.

CIDER made very late in the season and stored in a cool place will keep sweet, because active fermentation is prevented. If it is rich and sweet when it comes from the press, and care is exercised in making it from good, sound apples, it will not become sour if kept in a moderately cool cellar in a tight cask or in bottles.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Place one dozen cocoanut balls (procured from any confectioner) in a pudding-dish, and over them pour, while it is hot, a boiled custard made of one quart of milk, the yelks of five and the whites of three eggs well beaten, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, (a little more or less to suit the individual taste,) one tablespoonful of corn starch, wet with a little cold milk, stirred in carefully to prevent lumping, and two teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla; have the two remaining whites beaten stiff, with a little sugar added; spread over the top of the custard and set into the oven to brown slightly; then put the pudding aside to cool. It should be perfectly cold when eaten.

A WRITER in the *Ohio Farmer* says that he is not an old wheat raiser, but has not lived these last few years to no purpose, and thinks he has struck the keynote of success in raising wheat, in a thorough fitting of the soil before sowing the seed, and he is convinced that a poor piece of land, dragged, rolled, and then rolled until the ground is as mellow as an "ash heap," will produce a better yield of wheat than a rich piece of land poorly plowed, half dragged and the seed scattered among the lumps and clods, and a portion of it without covering or any chance to germinate or obtain a hold.

MINCED FOWL.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl and cut off the white meat, which mince finely without any skin or bone; but put the bone and skin into a stewpan with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up. Add nearly a pint of water. Let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs and chop them small; mix them with the fowl, and salt, pepper and mace according to taste; put in the gravy, also half a teaspoonful of very finely-minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two tablespoonsful of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer cayenne to white pepper.

BOILED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Grate a quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate, and put in a half pint of hot water on the stove to dissolve; it need not boil, but requires occasional stirring; beat up four eggs, yelks and whites together, with half a pound of pulverized sugar, and pour over it a quart of boiled milk; then stir in the chocolate; strain the whole through a fine sieve, put back on the fire, and stir continually with a wooden spoon till it thickens, which it will do in about three to five minutes; when cool enough put in the bowl it is to be served in, and keep on ice till you are ready to use.

To Keep Seed Pure.

WE have the oft repeated testimony of many farmers, who have tried the experiment, that changing the locality of seed increases the productiveness of many kind of crops. It is therefore reasonable (although the why and wherefore is not generally understood) that there is something in it, although, after all, I think that equally good if not better results may be obtained by a judicious system of selection, culture and rotation on different sections of the same farm. It is my opinion, corroborated by experience and observation, that a system of selecting seed and planting only the most perfect of its kind, would obviate all difficulty and complaint of poor crops and seed, arising from this source. For example, in planting potatoes, plant none less in size (and those whole) than a hen's egg, and no overgrown tubers, and follow this with a regular rotation, not growing related crops on the same ground oftener than once in three to five years. Select the best, most perfect kernels of wheat, sowing only such; also the best and most perfect of all kinds of seeds, taking pains to save from the best representatives of the variety. Instead of deterioration, as we often hear, improvement in both quantity and quality will then result. I know farmers who, instead of pursuing such a course, sell the best because it brings a better price in market, and then they go to others for seed, or plant such as is left of their own after the best is disposed of, and then complain that their crops deteriorate, whereas, had they pursued the course indicated above, in a few years their crops, as well as their purses, would greatly improve.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Preachers and Health.

THE New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* writes: "Our preachers as a profession are very healthy, and it is for this reason that the death of Adams has occasioned such general notice. It is looked on as an unusual thing for a preacher to be laid up from work. Life insurance companies always prefer risks on this class, and perhaps their temperate habits have much to do with their longivity. Looking at the profession, the following brief record may be given: Among the Baptists William R. Williams stands prominent. He has been preaching for more than forty years, and is now seventy-six. Vermilye, the senior Reformed Dutch pastor is seventy-seven. Fifty-five years have elapsed since his ordination. The senior Tyng is now in his eighty-first year, and it is fifty-nine years since he entered the ministry. These men belong to the retired list. There are, however, instances of working clergy who have reached a mature age. Elbert S. Porter, of the Reformed Church, is sixty. Ormiston is but a year younger, and Chambers is sixty-one."

THE DAIRY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says that a simple remedy for warts on animals is the application of muriatic acid. Small warts can be safely cut from a cow's udder and killed by a drop of muriatic acid applied with the point of a small stick. He has also removed flat warts the size of a twenty-five cents piece from the inside of a horse's leg by carefully scraping off the top and applying muriatic acid in the same way.

WATER is one of the best of deodorizers. It has great absorbing capacity; and fresh water running through a milk-room keeps it free from odors. Standing water soon becomes charged with odors and then gives them off again. Water used in a milk-room to cool the milk is a great purifier, but must not be permitted to stand more than twelve hours before being renewed.

"I HEARD not long ago," says a correspondent of the *National Live Stock Journal*, "of the way in which a remarkable record was got for a cow. A gentleman called to see the herd and was shown, with great pride, the cow in question, and told of her immense yield of milk for two months after calving. He examined the animal closely and could not find in her traces of such great milking qualities. He left; but was around the next morning at milking time, and was rather astonished at the small quantity of milk which the Pride of the Stable gave. After subjecting the milker to a close examination, he learned that she had been fed all the grain, in the form of slop, which she would swill down three times a day for the two months of her milking trial. The record was got and the result (minus any mention of slop) given, for the admiration of a confiding public.

EVERY dairy utensil should be of tin. No wooden vessel should be used in milking, as the wood absorbs milk which sours in the pores and there curdles and every particle of curdled milk, whether effected by rennet or by acidity, like the leaven of yeast, is an active agent for souring other milk. As curd of milk is hardened by heat and made insoluble, dairy utensils should first be washed with cold water and soap and when thoroughly cleaned they may then be scalded. Curd is dissolved by alkili and the alkali of the soap not only removes the grease of the milk but also any particles of milk which by accident may have been retained in a crevice or corner and there soured or curdled. To make the cleaning of dairy vessels more easy it is well to have no sharp corners but to have all the joints made round, and this may be done easily if one has the milk pails made to order.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Hints to Dairymen.

THE most enterprising and successful dairymen carry on what is known as winter dairying. Every one cannot make butter in winter, and the majority of dairymen are compelled to do their business in the summer season. But no one is obliged to sell his product as soon as it is made unless it is so made that immediate sale is necessary to preserve it from deterioration. If butter is well made and well packed it may be kept for six months with perfect safety, and some experts are convinced that the best-made butter ripens and improves in flavor by keeping, because the particular essential oils which give the aroma to good butter become slowly developed when the latter is perfectly well packed and preserved from the atmosphere. Manufacturers of goods rarely or never crowd their products on the market as soon as they are ready for sale. They watch the markets, and the selling of their goods is one of the most important parts of their business. Their profits depend in a great measure on selling at the right time and holding off at the wrong time. It should be so with the dairyman. But he cannot hold off unless his butter is so well made and packed that it may be kept over for weeks or months without injury. Fall-trade butter, from the fresh growth of grass which is now beginning to spring, as the cool, dewy nights and seasonable showers occur, is of as choice a quality as any. The success of the dairy business depends upon excellence of product and sales made when the highest prices are current. Doubtless the mere suggestion of these points will draw mature consideration to them from our interested readers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Curing Room.

THE "just how" to cure cheese is a still unsettled controversy, but a few facts have been established, and among these the demonstration that "The flavors peculiar to the best factory cheese are only developed in a warm, airy place. A curing room should not, however, be kept so dry that the cheese will lose its water very rapidly, as in this case, although a high flavor may be obtained, the casein will not be thoroughly broken down, and the cheese will be hard and indigestible. The breaking down of the casein appears to be caused by some agent contained in the rennet, which in many particulars resembles an organized ferment, that acts very slowly when the amount of water present in the cheese is less than the casein, and stops its action entirely when the casein is in large excess. A good illustration of the fact that cheese will not cure when deprived of a large part of its water is furnished by the formation of the rind, this being composed of a thin layer of casein which has partially dried before the curing has made much progress. A rind will not form on a cheese kept in a moist atmosphere, nor on the cut surface of a cured cheese. I believe that lack of water is the chief reason why cheese made from skimmed milk is so difficult to cure. Analyses show that, although the percentage of water is usually high in such cheese, the ratio of water to casein is much less than in cheese made from whole milk."

—Light is one of the most effective agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. Take the airiest and sunniest room in the house for the living room.

—Cords, both beaded and plain, will be largely used in trimming polonaises and outside wraps this fall.

—Hoods appear on many sacques, as well as on cloaks and mantles.

The Last Tidings of Sir John Franklin.

The return of the party under Lieutenant Schwatka from their search for Sir John Franklin's long lost Arctic records probably closes the expeditionary efforts to recover these historic relics. From the days of Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose tragic fate in 1554 thrilled the civilized world with the horror of Polar night, no explorer has excited the interest and sympathy felt to this day in Franklin. Although the greatest of modern navigators perished before he had traced the "Northwest Passage" to its Asiatic terminus at Behring Strait, the honor of its discovery by consent of geographers belongs to the Commander of the Erebus and Terror. In 1851 McClure in the Investigator, actually fought his way from Behring Strait over a large part of the passage, and when compelled to leave his ship completed the journey to the Atlantic shores on foot. But geographers, despite the large array of valuable information and physical data brought by McClure, McClintock and many others from the regions traversed by Franklin, have always been inconsolable for the loss of his records and the written remains of his expedition. After thousands of miles of sledging and nearly two years spent in interrogating the native around the very narrow circle of Franklin's final labors, Lieutenant Schwatka has confirmed the chief conclusions reached by the McClintock search expedition of 1858, and also added many relics to the precious collection secured.

But the chief point established by Lieuteuant Schwatka is that the Erebus and Terror, after they were abandoned by Franklin's men, April 22, 1848, drifted much further south—one of them having certainly gone down near Grant Point, on Adelaide Peninsula, south of King William's Land. The failure of so many explorers to find the records and observations of the Erebus and Terror and the improbability that when forced to leave their ships the explorers were able to carry more than what was needed for their sustenance, suggest that the records were left on board the ships. This is now corroborated by the discovery of Lieutenant Schwatka, that after the ships were deserted a portion of the survivors returned to one of the ships and were in her when she went down near Grant Point. They left the ships after Franklin's death in charge of Captain Crozier, and probably returned for the trifling remnant of provisions left on board. Their vessels had only been provisioned, McClintock says, till 1848, and their long and unforeseen imprisonment of eighteen months in the ice west of King William's Land must have reduced them to great extremities. The party returning to the ship had they any precious documents would doubtless have deposited them in a stone cairn on the west side of that island. But as yet no token pointing to the existence of such a deposit has come to light. We are consequently shut up to the conclusion that the only remains of the Franklin expedition that can give the world the story of his sufferings and triumphs lies buried beneath the waves of the Arctic Ocean nevermore to see the light.—*St Louis Republican.*

Found by a Photograph.

A poor woman had an only daughter who wandered from her and was brought as low as sin could bring her. Her Scotch mother's heart yearned after her daughter, and she tried by all means to discover her whereabouts, that she might invite her home. All her efforts were for a time unsuccessful. At length she hit upon a rather strange expedient. Getting a number of her daughter's photographs—taken from one in her possession—she went with them to the town and neighborhood where she thought it most likely her daughter would be found. Here she asked some of the shop-keepers to put one of the portraits in their windows and beneath each she wrote the words, "Come home." All promised to do what they could to assist her. The photographs were put in the windows and people gathered round to look at the strange words beneath the picture. At length a poor worn woman came and pressing through the crowd looked at the photograph and read the words. None but herself could tell that she was the person from whom it was taken, sin had so marred and ruined her. She remembered the happy days when in her innocence she was fair and lovely, and the thought of it and her home and her mother's love in thus seeking her, broke her heart. She resolved to return and did.

"REST assured," said the life-insurance agent to his victim.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

"TEACH your boy to think for himself!" exclaims Bob Ingersoll. Don't you do it, huh. The minute you differ with the old man he'll boot-jack you.

INDIAN war whoops are on the outskirts of civilization.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THERE was a very poetical man lived out on South Hill, who has since died, to the great delight of his neighbors. When he was engaged he laughed with joy and said it was the noon tide of his happiness. Then when he was married he said it was the moon tide, and by and by when she got her divoree, because he was always saying things like that, he said it was untied. And that is the reason why his neighbors were all glad when he soon died.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.—*Somerville Journal.*

TELL me, lady, what is sweetest—
What, of all things, the completest?
'Tis the kiss of him we love most.
Nay, 'tis the kiss of her we love most.
Nay, 'tis two kisses. Here true bliss is.
This, fair lady, is the sweetest—
This, of all things, the completest.
—*Scribner's Bric-a-brac.*

WHAT will be the popular puzzle this winter?—*Troy Times.* Guess it will be how to stand the coal man off.

"DARLING, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."—*Puck.*

A THEATRICAL criticism in the London *Times* contains this interesting piece of grammatical construction: "Her success would, in his opinion, cast a stain upon the good name of the girl whom he desires to make his wife that could never be wiped out."

ONE swallow may not make a spring, but too many swallows, in one direction, will cause a fall.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IT is very sad to know that Mr. Tennyson, who writes so beautifully about the sweet-smelling violets and blushing roses, chews plug tobacco, but he does.

Different Forms of Feeding.

In Vienna I was quite used to seeing elbows on the table, knife and fork alternately inserted half-way down the throat, but here in Bohemia the elbows are extended at an angle of forty-five degrees and both knife and fork raised to the mouth at once. Ladies as well as gentlemen perform these gymnasties, their chairs tipped forward, their noses down to their plates. I once told an Austrian Countess that the only improvement I could suggest for her dining-table was "to place a trough around it." Here in Bohemia I would do away with a table and retain the trough alone.—*Octavia Herald.*

[Albany Evening Mail.]

A Fatal Omission.

"Do you know that neither of the platforms suits me," said one of our old subscribers to us the other day. "As both parties seem to want health, strength and long life more than anything else, they cannot do better than have the Hamburg Drops and St. Jacobs Oil planks included. With these they can weather all storms, political and domestic as well as dyspeptic and rheumatic." His logic was good and convinced us.

—Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

[Allentown Democrat.]

LAUBACH, the Hamilton street druggist, last week sold at retail *two hundred and thirteen* bottles of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, whose curative powers over Rheumatism the papers say so much of now-a-days.

A Happy Restoration.

I can truly say that I owe my present existence and happy restoration to the hopes and joys of life, to the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and I say to every one suffering from any manner of kidney, liver or urinary trouble, "Use this remedy and recover." W. E. SANFORD.
HOLLEY, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1880.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, CONSULTING PHYSICIAN to the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., has resigned his seat in Congress that he may hereafter devote his whole time and attention to those applying to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION for the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

THE sales of the Frazer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

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In one pure medium that combines the three.
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are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcoholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)
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A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures by a natural process of revitalization.
HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.
HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, who have been largely benefited, and to whom we refer by permission.
IS STRONGLY ENDORSED: "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Lutheran Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Real Estate

—AT—

PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Lichtel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Clagett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oc9-1w

ORDER NISI.

C. F. Hetzel and Jno. G. Bauer, vs. George Percy and Alice E. Percy.

No. 190 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered this 6th day of October, 1880, that the sale made and reported by C. F. Hetzel and John G. Bauer, mortgagees, of the real estate described in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $200.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
oc9-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas B. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Wilburn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
oc2-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN.
9 18 5. A. C. DUCKWORTH.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

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H. B. WOLFE,

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Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

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Attorneys at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

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Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4017, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or PUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

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WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 13 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses, one of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

je26 THIS OFFICE

O. W. HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

NEW FALL GOODS!

—:o:—

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

consisting, in part, of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries,

Queensware,

Hardware,

Ready-Made Clothing,

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Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

for cash or good country produce.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONLY $96 2/3

Warranted 6 Years

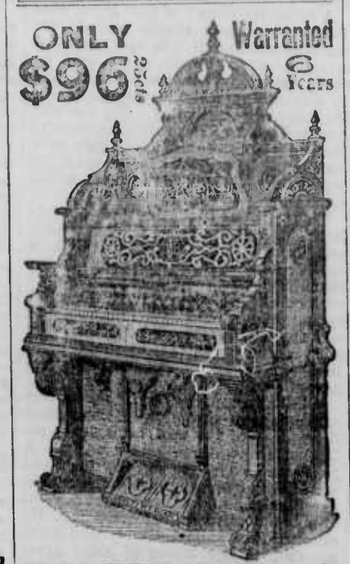

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 54in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Case, highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $300.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it in your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, paying freight both ways. Remember, I do offer it at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More Excellence in Construction than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The cash price to here list is but my instrument is. $ more every year; return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no other Instrument with equal merit the entire civilized world shall be sold cheaper than by

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and interested with its 80,000 amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information and prices of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.13 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	4.12 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and, inspire with entusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morrocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2d day of November, 1880,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and also for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors.

GEO. D. WHITE,
tde Sheriff.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt, and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Bradwater.

Clerks—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1	Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2	J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3	Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4	A. J. Wurnick and A. J. Michaels.
5	Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6	R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7	R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8	Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9	Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No.	1	H. O. Hamill.
	2	Benj. H. Green.
	3	Isaiah Fuller.
	4	W. H. Bernard.
	5	Daniel Hinebaugh.
	6	Thomas Browning.
	7	W. H. Hall.
	8	W. F. Deakins.
	9	Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge. No. 574. K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880. NUMBER 36.

Dr. BULL'S

COUGH

SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY. Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

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WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1880.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

It is eleven years since Jacob returned to the land of Canaan with his family. His sojourn near Sechem is marked by the ancient well, which still remains a memorial, not only of Jacob, but of his greater Son. John 4. 6. From thence he removes to Bethel, with its fragrant recollections. There the covenant is formally renewed, and the family of Israel become the consecrated followers of God. Still southward moves the encampment, passing the sacred heights of Moriah, and pausing by the wayside at Bethlehem to drop the tears and build the pillar over the new-made grave of Rachel. At last his tents are pitched upon the familiar hillside of Hebron, near the cave which covers the dust of Abraham, and where beside him the venerable form of Isaac soon shall rest. His vast flocks, watched by his ten sturdy sons, roam over the plains of central Canaan. The two children of his departed Rachel are by his side, Joseph, a gentle, noble youth, already showing the token of integrity and capacity, and Benjamin, a little child, playing around the tent. Suddenly a new sorrow crushes his already broken heart. His sons bring home a mantle of many colors, torn and blood-stained, telling to Jacob its own tale of Joseph's death by some wild beast. Yet afar under the shadow of the Egyptian palaces walks his son, living, but wearing the dress of a slave.

Gen. 37. 1-5; 23-36.

Memory Verses, 32-35.

1 And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan.

2 These are the generations of Jacob: Joseph being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives: and Joseph bro't unto his father their evil report.

3 Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors.

4 And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

5 And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren; and they hated him yet the more.

23 And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him.

24 And they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

25 And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites, came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery, and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

26 And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

27 Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

28 Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

29 And Reuben returned unto the pit; and behold Joseph was not in the pit: and he rent his clothes.

30 And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not: and I, whither shall I go?

31 And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood:

32 And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

33 And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him: Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

34 And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

35 And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

36 And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

HOME READINGS.

M. The dreams of Joseph. Gen. 37. 1-11.
Tu. The wrongs of Joseph. Gen. 37. 12-22.
W. The selling of Joseph. Gen. 37. 23-36.
Th. The prayer of the troubled. Psa. 69. 1-17.
F. The song of the believer. Psa. 37. 1-23.
S. The sufferings of Christ. John 19. 12-24.
S. The purpose of God, Acts. 7. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who is able to stand before envy. Prov. 27. 4.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. BELOVED, v. 1-3; Prov. 4. 3. How long a time intervened between the events of the last lesson and of the present one? [ANS. Eleven years.] Where was Jacob now living? v. 11. Who was Joseph? Why was he beloved by his father? Was it right for Jacob to make him a favorite? How did Joseph act toward his brothers?

2. ENVIED, v. 4, 5; I John 3. 15. How did Joseph's brothers feel toward him? What led them to this feeling? What is the advice in Eph. 6. 4? What was Joseph's dream? v. 6, 7. What future events did it show? Gen. 42. 6, 9. How were his brothers affected by it?

3. BETRAYED, v. 23-28; Matt. 26. 14, 15. How and where did Joseph meet his brethren? v. 12-17. How did they feel when they saw him? v. 17, 20. How did they illustrate Psa. 37. 32. What did they do to him? How did he receive their cruel treatment? Gen. 42. 21. What showed their hardness of heart? v. 25. What did they eat? How did they dispose of Joseph? What is said in the Golden Text?

A Good Man Weighing 250.

By this scornful appellation, a paper which has more brains and convictions than a mere Democration organ, calls General Hancock. The New York *Sun*, the author of this name, has given several nicknames that stick. One of its weapons of attack is to impale its intended victim with some offensive epithet, and repeat it and reiterate it day after day until the public is sick of it; but sometimes by sheer force of repetition the name is remembered. When, therefore, the New York *Sun* gave up the Democratic campaign as lost, it prepared itself for defeat by abusing the Democratic leaders, the campaign and the candidate. Seeking to be as severe as possible, it called General Hancock "a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds." This was not done for the purpose of making the avoirdupois of General Hancock a campaign issue, but was intended to convey the suggestion that Hancock's brain had suffered a fatty degeneration. Surely even the political opponents of Hancock must feel a sort of pity for him now. He has placed himself in a position where he cannot shelter his bulky form from the kicks of his own party. He who when a Union soldier, weighing 180 lbs., stood victorious over "Democratic principles" and the "lost cause" and the "solid South," must now when his belt has grown larger and his tonnage heavier, submit patiently to their scoffs and recalcitrations.

The Democrats having no principles to stand on, sought to cover up their discordant and wrangling factions with the shadow of a great name. They selected Hancock as the largest name at their disposal. There was a signer of the Declaration of Independence by that name. Hancock had fought bravely in the Union army. He had written a letter containing some trite and undisputed common-places about civil and military authority. And in their utter dearth of great men the Democrats chose a big man for a great one; they mistook avoirdupois for weight of judgment, and length of waistband for depth of thought. How were the Democrats to know any better? They have no man in the party large enough to use as the yard-stick to measure a great man with. It was thus a very natural blunder which they made when they picked up Hancock for a great man. And now that they find that Hancock, heavy as he is, is not quite ponderous enough to walk over on the solid South and make the whole North tilt up, they are angry with him and call his nomination "a blunder."

Perhaps, however, the Democratic leaders were shrewder than is supposed. They have a certain low cunning which serves their ordinary uses for statesmanship; and what they wanted in their nominee, was not a man truly great, but one only seemingly so—a man with a great name and great moral platitudes, who, while being a "superb" figurehead, would be putty in their hands. If this were their purpose, they perhaps chose well. The solid South might hide behind his record as a Union soldier, the rag baby, the silver lunacy, the Lost Cause, the communist, the free trader—all the isms, in short, that want "a change," might shelter themselves behind the broad name of Hancock and mould him to their wishes. But this is to speculate on possibilities which will not happen. The Indiana election pricked the bubble of Hancock's inflated pretensions, and leaves him in a collapsed State. He is now a mere dead weight on Democratic hands, or as they call him in their bitterness of spirit "a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds."—*Balto. American.*

A Connecticut Democratic newspaper prints a list of "Leading Business Men of Connecticut who favor Hancock," with the startling conundrum over it. Are these men fools?" We commend to the curious inquirer the answer said to have been made not long ago by a Supervisor Court Judge in that State to a lawyer, who, in his impatience at an adverse ruling of the Court, cried out: "Does your Honor think I'm a fool?" "That," said the Judge blandly, "is hardly a proper inquiry to be addressed to the Court. It is a question of fact, and should go to the jury."

Wade Hampton is very anxious to shoot somebody, and the rest of the Democratic party is very anxious for somebody to shoot him. Why don't he shoot himself and make the whole party happy?

Hon. Milton G. Urner.

We ask the people of the 6th Congressional district of Maryland to vote for Milton G. Urner on the 2nd day of November next. We do this because he is one of the best representatives our district has ever had in Congress. He is in favor of all the best interests of the people. There is not a mechanic or laboring man within its limits whose comfort and happiness will not be promoted by the policy Mr. Urner advocates, and which he and his Republican compeers will carry out in the next Congress of the United States.

He is in favor of honest money, solid money of the most endurable kind, and whose value the fiat of this nor any other government can neither make nor unmake.

The first men who suffer from a depreciated currency is the mechanic and the laboring man. Whenever there is money afloat in any community not as valuable as gold or silver, the capitalist and manufacturer who employs labor will be sure to purchase that money at less than par in gold, and pass it off to their employees at its full face value. He therefore does not receive an honest day's value for an honest day's or week's work. He is cheated outright by just the difference between the value of the depreciated and the real gold or silver dollar. Does not every mechanic and laboring man know that this is literally and absolutely true?

Mr. Urner is in favor of a solid currency, one that is always equal in value in gold or silver to what it purports to represent. Vote for him and you vote for honest pay, for honest labor. The capitalist should also vote for Mr. Urner and the Republican party and its policy. He is in favor of paying off the national debt, but against paying for the loss of slaves or rebel war claims, which if done, would keep poor and impoverish this country for ten generations to come. It is enough to pay off an honest debt we were compelled to contract to save the constitution and the country from destruction by a Democratic rebellion, without being compelled to pay all the private losses Democrats may have sustained in the unholy attempt to dissever and destroy the Union. Vote for Milton G. Urner and you vote against all the danger to be apprehended from this source and from every other source of Democratic extravagance, misrule and wastefulness of the people's money, such as we have in our own State under Democratic domination.

Again, Milton G. Urner is a man of the people. A poor boy, who, like Garfield, educated and made himself the peer of the best and foremost men in the land in point of culture and success. Vote for him by all means and thus do yourself an honor and a benefit as well as your State and country.

The Democratic party as a national organization is dead, or will be so, surely and without hope of resurrection after the 2nd day of November next.

The election in Indiana and Ohio on the 12th inst., settled that fact and the Democratic leaders know it. Therefore why vote for a representative of a dead party with all its dead issues? Come out from the dead host of Democrats, and put yourself in line with living Republicanism, with all its grand principles and high purposes. Do this and you will be happy and honored; refuse to do it and you will go out of the world "unwept, unhonored and unsung." *Hagerstown Herald and Torch.*

Ohio and Indiana.

Last week we pointed out that as Indiana had long been a Democratic State, it was only fair to expect Democratic success in the State election, but that a reduction in the Democratic majority would show a change most promising for the Republicans, while actual Republican success would indicate almost unmistakably the election of General Garfield. The actual result is amazing and inspiring. The Republicans have carried Ohio by the largest majority since 1872, probably more than 20,000, while in Indiana, which has been steadily Democratic, the Republican victory is complete, and secures a United States Senator.

This is a most significant fact. It is another evidence of the general good sense which is the assumption of popular government. It shows that the people of this country, who paid so vast and precious a price for the preservation of the Union, and for the maintenance of equal rights as its perpetual corner stone, are not ready to intrust the control of the government to those who sought its destruction, nor the protection of equal rights to those who have always scorned them. It shows that when a country is at peace at home and abroad, when labor is everywhere profitably employed and liberally paid, when industry and enterprise are universally active, and when the administration of the government is able, honest, economical, and pure beyond reproach, the intelligence of the country does not desire a change which involves neither the promise nor the chance of improvement.

No man who recalls the fierce contest of the rebellion, who has read history intelligently, and who has watched closely the situation of this country since the war, but must feel his heart swelling with exultation at every sign of national fidelity to the great principles which conquered in the struggle, and at the evident popular determination to go steadily forward, and not backward. The result of the elections in Ohio and Indiana is a verdict of honor to the administration, of renewed confidence in a party which is swayed by its better impulses, and of scorn the for wretched slanders of General Garfield, which have been the material of the campaign against him. The unquestionable majority of the people of the United States hold unchangeably to the principles and purposes which triumphed at Gettysburg. It is not they who falter; it is General Hancock who has changed. —*Harper's Weekly.*

The Tune Changed.

Democratic "Love-Feasts" were in vogue only a few weeks ago, and the tune they sang was of a gleeful character.

Funeral wakes have taken the place of love-feasts, and of course they must change their hymns and tunes to suit the altered condition of things.

For an opening anthem we would suggest—

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

This one would also be suitable:

"Behold the Western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom."

After a short season of silent meditation upon the mutations of time and the uncertainty of all Democratic calculations, the words of Rev. Wm. Henry Hurlburt, a Unitarian minister of Boston, who went to Indiana to help the Democrats to win the victory, might be a little consoling. It was written many years ago when he must have foreseen this very hour in a vision:

With weary hearts we ask
Some rest in which our souls may cease
From life's perplexing task.
We weep—yet none is found;
We weep—yet hopes grow faint,
And deeper in its mournful sound
Goes up our wild complaint.

We haven't a doubt that is just the way the Democrats feel. The chastening rod has fallen heavily and rapidly upon their bared backs, and it must be grievous. But it will do you good.

Here is another, by the same author, might be squandered on Democrats with some profit.

We will not faint; if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

True, the Patent Democrats can stand a heap. They survived the McClellan rout and swallowed the Greeley crow without killing them quite dead. But flesh and blood can't stand everything.

The "solid South" and the 329 puke seem to sour in their stomachs, and this may be the death of the old hunker. And so, perhaps, there is a better hymn for their case than any of the above. Try a bar or two of this:

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation on the dead.

Desert your evil ways, throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and there may be some escape for you from eternal destruction. It is a desperate case, however, and we can't hold out much encouragement. We tremble for the future of Bourbon Democracy.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

The Frozen Smile.

How queer a frozen smile looks! Particularly when it is on a great political party that's e'enamost tickled to death over a piece of smartness that turns out suddenly not to be so smart. Here not ten days ago was the great Democratic party, with chalk in its hand and a guffaw broad as the continent on its face, writing up and down the land "329," and howling itself red in the face over the stupendous [illegible]

of it. Not that there's anything funny in the figures, or the suggestion they intend, but some people have a strange notion that if they keep saying anything—no matter what—it becomes funny by repetition. This kind of wit is cheap enough to be universal. It is the chief feature of some newspapers. But one morning, while these humorists were swinging their chalk on high, and the irresistible wits in the newspapers were just throwing themselves into convulsions over the columns of short pargraphs they were working up with "329" in each, there came some figures of vaster volume and more momentous sound out of two Western States. They arrested the arm of the chalker: the pen of the pargrapher stood still; the loose chin of the stump orator grated and stuck and stood still on its shambling hinge.

In an instant they all sat in the core and centre of a thousand Arctic winters; they congealed without a shiver. The peripatetic with his chalk, half bent to the sidewalk, over the unfinished "32—"; the pargrapher with pendant pencil over his 329th "three twenty n—"; and the stump humorist cut off at "three twent—" in the middle of his mirth; all stark and stiff with staring eyeballs and a frozen grin. Queer spectacle! And will they ever thaw? Perhaps so, if we wait. And will they go right on from where they left off? Probably not. The peripatetic will more likely finish his "32—" with a ?; the paragrapher will state, not as a joke but as a matter of news, that the thermometer has been standing at 329 degrees below zero; and the humorous stumper, as his law falls loose and he sees the returns, will finish *his* "three twenty—" in German, with the rising inflection—"Nein?" And then perhaps somebody—Senator Randolph, for instance—will say: "This comes of Free Trade. We must come out for Protection—from the draft." —*N. Y. Tribune.*

The remarkable Republican victory in Indiana will go farther toward restoring the control of the United States Senate to the party than even the enthusiasts had anticipated. There are twenty-five senators whose terms will expire on March 4, 1881, and of these eleven are Republicans and fourteen are Democrats. The Republicans are Both, of California; Hamlin, of Maine; Davis, of Massachusetts; Baldwin, of Michigan; McMillan, of Minnesota; Bruce, of Mississippi; Paddock, of Nebraska; Burnside, of Rhode Island; Hoar, of Massachusetts; Edmunds, of Vermont, and Augus Cameron, of Wisconsin. The Democrats are Eaton, of Connecticut; Jones, of Florida; McDonald, of Indiana; Bayard, of Delaware; Whyte, of Maryland; Cockrell, of Missouri; Randolph, of New Jersey; Kernan, of New York; Thurman, of Ohio; Wallace, of Pennsylvania; Bayley, of Tennessee; Maxey, of Texas; Withers, of Virginia, and Hereford, of West Virginia. A Republican successor to Mr. Thurman has already been elected in the person of General Garfield, but as he will be called to the higher duties of the presidency, some one else will have to be chosen for the senatorship. The other Democrats who will give way to Republicans are Messrs. Kernan, Wallace, Eaton, Randolph and McDonald. This would represent a Republican gain of six; but Democratic bulldozing and fraud in Mississippi will give Mr. Bruce's seat to a Democrat, so that the certain gain will be only five. Counting Judge Davis as a Democrat, as he has recently dropped on that side of the fence, the Senate now stands 43 to 33 in favor of the Democrats; but the indicated change will bring it exactly 38 to 38, and place the deciding vote in the hands of Vice President Arthur. Yet there are still other contingencies to consider that might possibly create a Republican majority. As the bearing of Judge Davis' adipose tissue is usually toward the winning side, it would not be a dazzling surprise if he resolved himself over to Republicanism once more; and nobody seems to know what will be the course of General Mahone, who succeeds Mr. Withers. There are just those two chances of reversing the control of the Senate; but the outlook with regard to the House of Representatives is still more hopeful. The Republicans have already gained six members in Ohio, two in Indiana and one in Oregon. If the Democrats do not make large gains, the Republicans will need but one more to secure the House; and they can safely rely on picking up a half dozen from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, Wisconsin and Virginia. It would be a happy thing to have a Republican Senate and House ready to greet President Garfield's inaugural

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"THERE IS A NATURAL BODY."

IMMORTAL is my friend, I know:
Not summer's hurl nor winter's snow,
Nor depth of earth could turn to nought
So much of life and love and thought.

And yet that form I did intrust
To kindred earth, the dust to dust,
And thither still my thoughts will tend,
As if to find my vanished friend.

Sacred the robe, the faded glove,
Once worn by one we used to love;
Dead warriors in their armor live,
And in their relics saints survive:

And there I tenderly laid down
The hands that fondly clasped my own—
The eyes that knew and answered
With many a meaning, loving sign—

The lips familiar with my name,
That freely called me and I came—
The breast that harbored all good-will,
The loving heart now cold and still.

O sheltering Earth, henceforth defend
All thou hast garnered of my friend,
Against the wintry tempest's beat,
Against the summer's scorching heat.

Within thine all-embracing breast
Is hid one more forsaken nest,
While in the sky, with folded wings,
The bird that left it sits and sings.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE'S STORY.

SHORTLY after the Crimean war an individual, whose right arm was incased in splints and hung in a sling, entered a magnificent jewelry shop, the proprietor of which was a Mr. James Green. The stranger had that in his appearance which is generally styled *distingue:* his carriage and garb revealed the military veteran, and his manners the finished gentleman. At the door halted an elegant cabriolet, and the good taste of its owner was made apparent by the plain but neat livery of the groom and the choice trappings of the handsome blooded horse.

The stranger stated that he was desirous of procuring a complete silver table-service, rich, solid and elegant, with but little ornamentation. Could Mr. Green prepare such a one for him? The goldsmith answered, of course, in the affirmative, and showed several patterns to his visitor, who then described very minutely the style in which he wished the articles to be made, and asked by what time they could be got ready. At the same time he insisted on punctuality, saying he must use the set at a reception he would soon give at his new residence in Leicester Square. Green promised to have it done in three weeks, and then the two parties discussed the terms.

The jeweler very carefully made all his calculations and demanded £1,200. The stranger reflected a few moments, then said he had determined upon getting a service at a cost of £1,500, and requested Mr. Green to add as many more pieces to the set as would fix the price at that sum. Mr. Green thanked the gentleman for this mark of confidence, and inquired of him to whose recommendation he owed his patronage.

"No one has recommended you to me," replied the stranger.

The jeweler looked up in surprise. The stranger, who had hitherto worn an air of dignity almost amounting to austerity, now became more friendly and continued:

"I am a solder. I have served for years in India, and more recently in the Crimea. At Balaklava I received a severe wound in my right arm and hand, which will perhaps disable the member for life. My patronage you owe to your parents, grandparents, and in fact to the whole line of your ancestors."

The jeweler was amazed and bewildered. His parents and other ancestors had long been dead, and could not have referred the soldier to him. The latter apparently enjoyed Mr. Green's perplexity, and smilingly continued: "I will make myself clearer. When, in consequence of this unfortunate wound"—here a sudden twinge in his arm made him start painfully—"I was compelled to leave the service, I resolved to settle down in London. While riding out the other day my attention was attracted by the appearance of your splendidly-furnished shop, but more so by the name of your sign, for mine is precisely the same. To this simple circumstance you owe the present visit of Col. James Green, of the Grenadier Guards."

The jeweler expressed his delight at the honor of being the namesake of so distinguished a warrior, and after a few more phrases of this sort the conversation reverted to the business in hand.

"May I now inform you," said the jeweler, with some hesitation, "of the conditions which must generally be complied with previous to making a sale?"

"No," said the Colonel, sharply, "I have my own way of doing business. You and I do not know each other; and, although my order is not an uncommonly large one, still it amounts to a sum with which you can not credit a stranger. I will therefore pay you £100 cash down for a surety, the remaining £1,400 when I call for the service."

Mr. Green accepted the proffer with profuse thanks.

"You need not thank me," the officer interrupted. "As I remarked, I always have a way of my own, from which I never like to deviate. Now do me the favor and take my portemonnaie from my coat-pocket; my unfortunate Balaklava wound—" the Colonel again winced with pain—"has lamed my right arm and hand completely."

Mr. Green expressed his sympathy in the warmest terms, carefully pulled the portemonnaie from the veteran's coat-pocket, opened it at the latter's desire, and from four or five new £100 notes took one, which the Colonel requested him to keep. Mr. Green wrote off a receipt and placed it in the pocket-book, which he very carefully restored to its resting-place. He then assisted the Colonel to enter the carriage, and the groom—Col. Green could not drive on account of his injured arm—rapidly drove off in the direction of Leicester Square. The jeweler, though much overjoyed, was a cautious business man, and, notwithstanding the considerable deposit, proceeded to make his safety certain.

In the "War List" he readily found the name and rank of his customer, just as he had been given; and from the estate agent who rented out the splendid mansion in Leicester Square he had ascertained that it had recently been occupied by Col. James Green, of the Guards, and that the latter had brought the most excellent recommendations from his banker and sundry other distinguished personages.

In the course of three weeks, at the end of which the set was to be done, the Colonel often came into the shop to see how the work was going on, and always discoursed so affably with the goldsmith that the latter could not find sufficient words of praise for his genial customer when speaking to others about him. At last the service was completed. It was placed upon a large table in the counting-room, and covered with a cloth of blue velvet. Punctually at the stipulated time in the afternoon, Col. Green entered the shop, his elegant cabriolet with the blooded horse remaining before the door in care of the groom.

The officer stepped into the counting-room, and Mr. Green, swelling with pride, removed the velvet cloth from the service. The Colonel, though usually a quiet man, declared that it surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and greatly insisted upon paying the entire £1,500, and also upon the jeweler retaining the deposited £100 as a douceur for the satisfaction he had given.

"You owe me no thanks, my dear Mr. Green," warmly said the Colonel to the delighted goldsmith. "Give me your hand, and again receive my heartfelt acknowledgment for this superb masterpiece."

The jeweler's beaming countenance on grasping his namesake's hand "can be better imagined than described."

"Now to business," said the Colonel. "Be so kind as to take out my pocket-book and count off your £1,500, for I do not wish to tarry a moment before showing your *chef d'œuvre* to my wife."

The jeweler hastened to comply. He took from the officer's breast coat-pocket a card-case, a set of ivory tablets and a silk purse, through whose meshes glittered some five or six sovereigns—but no pocket-book. Upon the Colonel's request, he then examined all of his pockets. The search was futile.

"Strange! incomprehensible! Could I have lost it or been robbed?" muttered the Colonel, audibly, perplexed and provoked. "What o'clock is it?" he suddenly asked.

"Twenty minutes to five."

"Good; it is time enough. You must make yourself serviceable to me once more, my dear Mr. Green, and act as my secretary. You know I can not use my right hand. Will you have the goodness to write a few lines for me to my wife?"

With these words the Colonel stepped to the jeweler's desk, on which lay some writing paper printed with the name of the firm. Taking a sheet, he placed it before the jeweler, saying: "This will do; my wife knows that I am here." He then dictated, and the jeweler wrote:

MY DEAR WIFE: Have the goodness to send me at once £1,500 through the bearer. You know where the money is kept. I am in immediate need of it; therefore do not detain the messenger, who is a trustworthy person.

Your affectionate husband,
JAMES GREEN.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, after perusing the epistle. "Michael," he cried, stepping to the door and calling the groom, "take this letter, ride home as fast you can, and return at once to this place with that which my wife will give you."

The groom took the letter, bowed, and quickly rode off.

Fifteen minutes, half an hour, nearly an hour passed away, and Michael did not return. The Colonel waxed impatient, and wished that he had gone in person for the money. The jeweler essayed to tranquilize him but ineffectually.

"I have always regarded the fellow as honest and trustworthy," said the Colonel, "and have on several occasions intrusted him with large sums of money, though, it is true, never with as much as this time. Fifteen hundred pounds may have proved too strong a temptation for him." Pulling out his magnificent gold watch, he continued: "I wait just seven and a half minutes longer, for that is exactly the time it takes him to drive hither from Leicester Square."

The seven and a half minutes were gone, and the groom had not come. The Colonel could contain himself no longer.

"Do me the favor, Mr. Green, to call a cab," he said, in the greatest impatience. "I shall go home myself, and will return within half an hour."

The cab was soon at the door.

"Quick to Leicester Square!" cried the Colonel to the coachman. "A half-crown extra if you will drive well."

The cab drove off as rapidly as the horse could go. The goldsmith, in the meantime, had the service packed up, and waited for his patron's return. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The Colonel did not come. Something unusual must have detained him; but the jeweler felt no anxiety, for had he not still the service and a deposit of £100?

Tired of waiting at last, he closed his shop at half-after nine and went home. His wife, who had been long expecting him, had grown sleepy, and was slumbering peacefully on a sofa. An open letter lay in her lap. Mr. Green stepped lightly to her side, intending to wake her with a kiss, when his eyes fell upon the letter.

"What is this?" he cried, dumfounded, as he recognized his own handwriting and the letter which he had just written for the Colonel.

The reader can readily guess the sequel and the connection.

True, there existed a Col. Green who had served in India and the Crimea, and had been wounded at Balaklava, who had rented the house in Leicester Square, and who possessed a considerable fortune; but, alas? he was not the Col. Green who had ordered the silver service. Heaven knows by what means the sharpers had gained knowledge of all the facts and circumstances upon which they constructed their admirably ingenious plan.

The man who personated groom, of course, was an accomplice, and the letter which Mr. James Green had penned for the pseudo Col. James Green was delivered by him to the jeweler's wife, who did not hesitate a minute to deliver to him the £1,500, because she recognized her husband's hand-writing upon the paper stamped with the name of the jewelry firm. Who the sly rogues were never came to light.

The Beautiful Ornaments Unearthed from Ancient Tombs Near Naples.

LAST June we were courteously invited by Baron Spinelli to pay a visit to his casino, near Cancello (a station within three-quarters of an hour from Naples), which he has made into a museum for all the valuable objects he has gathered from the crowded part of the metropolis of Suersula already excavated. Passing through fields rich in produce, and meadows crowded with young buffaloes and scented with sweet clover, we arrived at the simple old country house, which leans against an old medieval tower.

Ascending a broad staircase, lined with rows of amphoræ, we entered a suite of spacious rooms filled with cases and tables crowded with rare objects. It was difficult to believe that such a quantity and variety had been found in a piece of ground not more than about two acres in extent. We saw vases, scarabei, ornaments for the neck, bracelets, rings, brooches, on exactly the same principle as the modern safety-pin—the sheath which guards the point being, however, very long—some with several ends of threads, upon which hung a few remaining beads, still adhering; and various large ornaments, the use of which it has not yet been possible to ascertain. Some of the most splendid are the things found in the most ancient graves. They consist of articles made of bronze, particularly personal ornaments. They are all of exquisite finish of workmanship, though very primitive in their figurative decoration when it exceeds a mere straight or waving line.

Several bracelets which Baron Spinelli caused to be polished shine with a deep luster like that of red gold, and still possess their elasticity. Some were found composed for the most part of pure gold. It seems as if the *aurochaleo* so praised by Pliny and others had been rediscovered. In only one place has a similar metal been found, that is, in Corinth; the celebrated mirror with the representation of Korinthos and Leukas is made of the same material. The appearance of these bracelets is, when in an oxidized condition, exactly similar to that of oxidized bronze, but the metal of the bracelets is considerably heavier. In Naples the dealers in antiquities made a good business by selling all that they possessed of a similar shape to those eager to have and wear such ornaments; but no one could change the nature of the common bronze, or give to object of a different material the beautiful luster and elasticity of those made of "Spinelli's metal," as it has been called in Naples. Among other things taken from the tombs of the first period we noticed large pieces of amber, generally perforated.

One beautiful vase, taken from one of the tufa tombs, was a Greek *lekythos*, the lower part covered with a fine shining black glaze, the upper with a coat of excessively fine white clay, upon which figures in outline were designed with exquisite delicacy. There is only one vase, found at Nola, which can compare with it, the celebrated vase with the representation of Anesidorus. Another vase which contained the ashes of some fatty substance was one from the manufactory of Hieron, the first of that make found with two names inscribed upon it, indicating that Makron, its maker, worked in Athens in the *atelier* of Hieron. It is the only one of its kind and epoch till now found at Suersuln, and it would be premature to draw from its presence there any chronological conclusion. It might well be that such a vase had come into the possession in later ages of one far from the country of its manufacture. A curious object was a cup with a cover ornamented with figures, inside which was the remains of a balance in miniature; perhaps a toy. The arms and supports of the balance were of wood, well preserved; the plates were made of the two halves of a nut. The bracelets were always found in pairs, and generally still encircling the bones of the skeleton.

From the fact that fragments of linen may sometimes be seen adhering to the inner side of the ornaments, it may be inferred that when the corpse had been clothed in a kind of long-sleeved shirt, the bracelets we put on outside, so as not to be hidden by the dress. They are mostly of a spiral shape, like a serpent, and often wind several times around the arm. They are so elastic that they can be drawn out to a great length. Many rings are also spiral, and so long that they must almost have covered the finger, like the rings worn in such numbers by the Neapolitan women. No arms of bronze were found at Suersula, and few of iron—several knives and daggers and perhaps some lance-heads. The objects from the oldest and therefore most interesting period give evidence of a people little advanced in the art of design, yet well-to-do, and not only accustomed to adorn themselves with the metal ornaments brought there by Greek ships, but also to pride themselves on giving a rich trousseau to their dead on their departure from this world, and on omitting no prescribed religious rite. How strange it was, in that rural and lonely villa, to ponder on the remains of so distant an age! How vividly they reminded us that the fair country around Naples has been, ages and ages ago, peopled, devastated, and repeopled; as rich in native productions twenty-three centuries ago as now—perhaps richer. Every step taken in the *Campagna felice* is a step over graves. —*Cor. London Daily News.*

The Morocco of To-day.

MOROCCO is so nearly barbarous, at least so nearly semi-civilized, that it seldom has any relation to European politics. But the present Morocco Conference, with the announcement of the determination of the Sultan to punish all who may be guilty of wronging non-Mohammedan subjects, has drawn attention to a country which few foreigners visit, and with which Americans have very little acquaintance. Morocco, or Marocco, is called by the natives Maghrib-el-Aksa, meaning the extreme west; it includes the three former kingdoms of Maghrib, Fez and Tafilet; contains from 260,000 to 270,000 (English) square miles, and a population variously estimated at from 3,000,000 to 8,000,000. The country is generally mountainous—the Atlas Mountains traverse it in several parallel ranges from southwest to northeast—but it has many level tracts. Between the central range of Atlas and the sea, the climate is temperate, but in the southeast extremes of heat and cold prevail, and rain never falls. The inhabitants consist, like those of Barbary in general, of Moors, Berbers, Arabs, negroes and Jews, with a diversified offspring of promiscuous miscegenation. More than two-thirds of them are Moors—these are a mixture of the Mauri, of Arabs, Romans, Numidians and Phœnicians—the other third consisting of Berbers, Jews (350,000) and negroes. There are very few Europeans there, and there is very little inducement for them to go thither, since the civilization is very low, many of the Berbers being little less than savages. The theology of the land is Mohammedan. The native negroes are increased by slaves introduced from Soudan. For convenient administration the country is subdivided into thirty-three governments or districts, each under the supervision of a caid, whose principal business is to collect the imposts. The semi-independent tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the Sultan's authority. The Government is absolutely despotic, and in the absence of written laws the will of the Sultan (called by Europeans and Americans the Emperor of Morocco) and of his subordinates is equivalent to law. Public officials chiefly support themselves by practicing extortion on their inferiors, and are in turn robbed by their superiors. The Sultan is styled by his subjects Prince of Believers and Vicegerent of God on Earth, the title being hereditary in the male line, though not necessarily descending to the eldest son. Learning to read and write and to recite portions of the Koran is considered education, which to this extent is pretty generally acquired. Printing is unknown, and the arts and sciences are well-nigh null. The sole industries of any consequence are the manufacture of caps, fine silks and leather, in which last the people excel. The army numbers between 20,000 and 30,000 men, half of them negroes and there is besides a body of militia, 90,000 to 100,000 strong, which is occasionally called out. The navy is insignificant, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was piratical and very formidable.

St. Bernard Dogs.

THE breed of St. Bernard dogs is a very old one indeed in its native Switzerland. The monks of the order of St. Bernard, when they first settled in their monastery to carry on there their work of self-denying mercy, found that they could hardly go on with it unless they could find some hand of efficient helpers; accordingly they began to search out and train certain large, powerful dogs of the country. Experience soon proved that the worthy fathers had chosen their friends aright; constant companionship with men developed in the dogs an intelligence which fell little short of reason; firm but gentle discipline showed him to be capable of the most complete self-restraint; he exhibited a vast capacity for attaching himself to individuals; his perfect temper made him a safe and trustworthy guardian for a woman or a child. Thus year after year the St. Bernard lived on in his mountain home doing noble work there.

The chief reason, perhaps, why he has so quickly made his way in general society is his singular aptitude for family life. In spite of his immense size, he is, most essentially, a house pet; he is a born gentleman in all his tastes and habits; a very little training will give him the most perfect manners; his heavy body renders him not at all averse to sedentary hours of dozing and meditation upon a hearth-rug; his fine placid temper makes him an excellent children's playfellow. He is also, by nature, a friend of man and a lover of man's company; that is what enables him to do, with such generous free-will, his work of mercy among the mountain snows; and that is what causes him, in domestic life, to be never so happy as when he is sitting in a room filled with people, or lying close to his master's side. His extreme sociability is, indeed, at times, somewhat of a trial to his neighbors, for if for any casual reason he is banished from the house for a while to shed or stables, his loud and prolonged lamentations and his angry, impatient barks cause the air for no small distance round to be filled with any thing but sweet harmonies.

There are two distinct breeds of St. Bernard dogs—the rough and the smooth. The monks prefer the smooth, because in their mountain excursions the movements of these short-haired dogs are, of course, less impeded by congealed ice and snow hanging about them in stiffening clots and lumps than those of their thicker-coated brethren; but in other countries they enjoy about equal popularity. There is certainly a great charm for the touch of master or mistress in passing the hand through a rough St. Bernard's coat: rough though it is called, it is like fingering a vast mass of the richest and finest silk. On the other hand, if he is taken out for a winter country walk, he comes home with a dress of plastered mud that his smooth relation would never have to wear.

A St. Bernard dog should be from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches high, and should measure in length, from muzzle to tip of tail, some six feet; his color should be a tawny orange mixed with white. In the smooth breed a white collar round the neck is regarded as a mark of good family and pure blood. In the rough breed the orange should be of a very deep hue. The points of a real St. Bernard are immense, very strong, wide paws, huge limbs, deep lips, a broad head, large drooping ears, brown eyes, which, though not very big and full, atone for their want of size by their depth of thoughtful intelligence, and a long curling tail, which is always in active, talkative movement, and which, when its owner is in high spirits, imperils greatly the safety of glass and china on bracket or side-board. To these marks of aristocracy are added, by some people knowing in the breed, dew-claws on the hind feet, but judges differ as to whether these latter are or are not indispensably necessary. For a dog of his size and strength, the St. Bernard needs careful feeding; if overcrammed, or allowed to overcram himself, which he will do, like all the canine family, he is liable to bad attacks of indigestion.

—Worth one hundred cents on the dollar—a good nose.

GENERAL.

UNDERTAKERS are now calling themselves "funeral directors." The world moves.

THE widow of President Polk is living at the old homestead in Nashville, and is remarkably vivacious for her years.

CHOW-PHYA-BHAMM-WONGESI, the Siamese Ambassador in Paris, is to receive a civilized decoration as Commander of the Legion of Honor.

A CIRCUS company didn't pay salaries, and one of the riders put an attachment on the center-pole of the tent, for the amount due him, while the show was in Kingston, N. Y., the other day. He might just as well have taken the backbone of the manager.

THE death of Phineas Buntnall, of Buffalo, N. Y., in his eighty-eighth year, closes a long and eventful life in the local history of Buffalo. Mr. Buntnall was noted for his size and strength. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, and has lived in Buffalo since it was but a village, in 1819.

A HUNGARIAN officer named Szerkremeshy swam across the Platten Sea. The distance was twenty English miles, and the time seventeen hours. The swimmer did not suffer from exhaustion, and frequently conversed with the occupants of a boat which accompanied him. The only refreshment taken was a little wine.

THE commission that was appointed to choose nurses for the royal infant at Madrid selected five young women of the Province of Santander, all of very dark complexion. The one who attracted the most attention, Leocadin Fernandez, is said to be of the highest type of Arab beauty, with large soft eyes and glossy hair.

SOME days ago a letter was received at the Kingston (Canada) post-office, addressed "Ema Grashion, Agent, Kingston." The question arose who is "Ema Grashion?" After the conundrum had occupied official minds for some time, a happy thought solved the difficulty by suggesting that the letter was not for a woman, but for the emigration agent at Kingston.

A RECENT visitor to Fiji says: "There is a wonderful amount of comfort to be found in a native house of a good class, if a traveler have the true instincts of one. The wish of Henry IV. for his people is here realized. There are no beggars, and the pot is never empty. I never yet entered a house where the pot was not on the fire, and the yams, bread-fruit, sweet potatoes, or taro preparing for the family."

THE natives of the Orkney Islands are said to enjoy good health and to live long. For these blessings they are indebted entirely to the bracing climate and to their own healthy out-door occupations. A young woman from one of these islands was asked lately whether her people were generally long livers. With unconscious naivete she replied, "Yes, they live to a great age; there's no doctor on the island."

THE Hartford (Conn.) County Superior Court has granted the petition of Henry Ratz of Thompsonville, praying that his name be changed to Henry Raites. It was shown by the petitioner that his peculiar name was the cause of a great deal of annoyance to himself and members of his family. Mischievous neighbors spoke of him and his wife as the "old rats," and the children as "little rats," some going further and teasing them by calling them "mice."

THE daughter of an official in high life in Vienna recently wore several times a superb dress of dark green material, trimmed with wreaths of leaves in another and lighter shade of green. During the season the beautiful complexion of the young lady underwent a sudden change, and was ruined by a painful and offensive eruption. After a time her physician, baffled by the symptoms, thought of the dress, had it subjected to a chemical examination, and found enough arsenic in the coloring to produce all the mischief, and a great deal more.

A WEDDING which was to have taken place at the South End, Boston, has been indefinitely postponed, the expected bridegroom, John Worth Jordan, proving to be a married man. He kept his wife and daughter out of sight, sending them to Washington to live part of the time, dressed in faultless attire, and boarded at the St. James Hotel. Representing that he was a Lieutenant in the Navy, he courted and won a young woman of good family, worth $500,000 in her own right. The appearance of his wife and child on the scene spoiled his plans.

IT is a curious fact that the locomotive which, with its train, went down with the Tay bridge, is now running regularly between Glasgow and Edinburgh. For three months it lady in the bottom of the Tay, but when it was brought up it was found uninjured, except the funnel, dome and weather-board, which had to be renewed. She ran on her own wheels to Glasgow, just as she came out of her long bath. Strange feelings might arise in the traveler's breast on learning that his train was drawn by that engine—but there is a locomotive engineer, it is said, in this country running regularly upon a railway upon which he was one time the cause of a most terrible disaster.

He Lost His Bet.

IT is not surprising that a large crowd should have collected, that ladies were shocked and policemen scandalized by the appearance in the Strand, near the Vaudeville Theater, at midnight on Tuesday, of a young man, dressed in a suit of bed-chintz of various colors. A high-crowned hat completed the costume of this fantastic individual, whose eyebrows were painted black, while the lower part of his face was daubed with red, and who carried an umbrella in one hand and a rifle in the other, in addition to a sword and pistol in his waist-belt. The young man was arrested, and when charged the following morning at Bow Street with "disorderly conduct," his defense was that he had made a bet of £5 with a friend, seemingly as brainless as himself, that he would walk from the Criterion to the Gaiety Theater in any costume which his friend might prescribe, without being molested by the police. Mr. Vaughn sternly reprehended this inopportune masquerader, and ordered him to find one surety in £20 for his good behavior for six months.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Pope's new journal and organ, he *Aurora*, started at Rome, January 1, 1879, has reached a circulation of 5,000, and is now considered firmly established. It is contributed to by personages in the Vatican.

THE night population of the city of London, consisting chiefly of caretakers of property and the humbler classes, is 113,387, while the number of persons resorting thither daily for business purposes, and not included in the above, is 509,611.

THE Princess of Wales when at Sandringham has little tea parties for which she herself makes the butter in a silver churn, and spreads it on slices of bread which she cuts with her own hands. While she is at her work she wears a chintz dress and a little white apron.

FOR some time past the Prussian Board of Works has been engaged in digging up the old Berlin Schloss Platz in search of two missing Brandenburg Electors. Their remains are wanted to complete the set of defunct Prussian monarchs, for the reception of whose ashes a splendid mausoleum is to be constructed.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS gives a pleasant picture of the Pope as he saw him during his recent visit in Rome. "He welcomed me heartily," says the Archbishop, "and made me feel at home. He is about 70 years of age, tall and erect, of a very thin figure. His face is perfectly pale—as pale as Cardinal Manning's. His countenance shows great intellect, a happy blending of gentleness and force of character. He has a benign countenance."

THE oldest infantry regiment in the Austrian army celebrated, on the 21st of August, the 250th anniversary of its enrollment. It bears the name of "Prince George of Saxony, No. 11," and was raised in Bohemia in 1630, during the "Thirty Years' War." The regiment is at present quartered in Herzegovina. The day was celebrated by a grand banquet given by the officers, while the soldiers had a sort of historical masquerade, illustrating the career of the regiment.

THE most wonderful apparitions are alleged to have been seen at the chapel of Knockmore, within five miles of Ballina, in Ireland, since Sunday, Sept. 4. Dozens of people attest in the strongest manner to having seen various wonderful visions much of the same description as those said to have been seen at Knock, sixteen miles distant. Thousands throng the chapel and grounds night and day, and the greatest excitement prevails. The priest can scarcely control the rush, and it is hardly possible to enter the chapel.

THE Swiss girls as well as the Swiss women are industrious. "I saw the other day," says a correspondent, what would have made a choice subject for a painter—a little, white-haired thing of about three, sitting on the road-side beside her sister, asleep, with her head on the latter's knee; and the elder one, who could hardly have been seven, knitting industriously over the little head. Both were comfortably dressed, perfectly clean, and rather better favored than one mostly sees. Although only within some miles' distance of the mendicant Oberland, I have been begged to—only by one old woman."

In a Whale's Mouth and Escaped with His Life.

HERE I met Capt. Wood, who has been in a whale's mouth. After edging carefully toward the matter, a friend induced him to tell about it—probably for the ten thousandth time.

"Yes, I was standing in the bow of the boat, with the iron in my hand," said he, "looking around for his majesty, for I thought we had given him his death-blow. Suddenly up he came right ahead of me, and he struck the boat underneath with his prolonged lower jaw, knocking it out from under me, and I fell straight over into his mouth."

"What did you think then?" asked a listener, as the Captain paused.

"Thought I was a goner," answered the Captain, "especially when he shut his mouth on me. But he was, fortunately, in the agonies of death, too worried to think of me, and after giving me one savage crunch, he blowed me out of his mouth, covered with blood. I at once struck out for the boat."

"And when they picked him up they thought he was killed," said another Captain; "though, after a good while, he recovered, with the ugly wounds that you see." There was a scar some inches long across Capt. Wood's scalp, and a great lump on his side was visible under his coat.

"What did you think when you were in his mouth, and knew where you were?" asked another bystander.

"Thought he'd yield about eight barrel," said Capt. Wood, turning over his quid and calmly firing at the box of sawdust.—*Nantucket Cor. Indianapolis Journal.*

Words of Praise.

DON'T be afraid to praise your friends if they deserve it. Most people like honeyed words; but there are those who crave appreciation. They have no satisfaction in hearing that any of their purchases are rich and beautiful; that a specimen of their handiwork is handsome and stylish; that their words are eloquent, their writings are finished and forceful, and their actions notable and brilliant; that everybody likes them, and that they are the best and brightest in all the community. Praise of this kind gives them no comfort, and is perhaps distasteful to them. But they are glad to be assured by one who is evidently sincere and discerning, that they have shown good taste in what they have selected or designed; that their words are wise and timely; and that they are seen to mean what they said; that they evinced a refined sentiment and lofty purpose in all that they had attempted or did; that, indeed, they have an ideal worth having, and which they are perseveringly striving to reach. If you want to please the commoner sort of people, speak words of praise as freely as you can with truth. If you want to help and gratify the noble-minded few, you must be appreciative of their character and their holiest strivings, and speak accordingly. They care less for praise than appreciation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates o have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

IN A CORNFIELD.

A GREAT brown field where the planters go,
Steadily walking to and fro,
And each one carries a broad, bright hoe:

At every stroke of the flashing blade,
A bed in the waiting earth is made,
And there the kernels of corn are laid.

Ten days—and green is each long, straight row
That show where the tiny corn-blades grow;
And then the plow must begin to go.

For the weeds are ready to play their part
Like evil thoughts in the human heart,
That never wait for the good to start.

Twenty days more; and the field that was bare
Now looks like a meadow, wide and fair,
As the corn leaves wave in the changing air.

Yet fourscore days—and the forests stand
In tall, straight ranks like an army grand,
On the self-same spot of brown bare land.

And the columns are clothed in fine array
Of nodding plumes and of tassels gay,
And swords of green that have grown in a day.

Of the wonderful mystery who can tell?
For this no less is a miracle,
That every year is wrought so well.

We talk of the sun, the air and the rain,
And the action of heat on the soil and grain,
But the reasoning yet is far from plain.

This beauty must bow to the frost and snow,
And soon the stubble alone will show
Where the stately corn plants proudly grow.

For the time of gathering in is near,
And the ripened stalks and the golden ear
Are the full reward for the toilsome year.

—*Country Gentleman.*

THE VERMONT SCHOOL-'US.

The Observations of a Lightning-rod Agent.

In my travels with my lightning-rod buggy, I frequently had occasion to stop, especially in those densely shaded, circuitous Vermont mountain roads, and inquire my way. I rarely found the farm-houses inhabited. That is to say, during week days. I have passed by farm-house after farm-house and have not noticed a single individual in the yard, at the window, or in the road near by. There may have been some one in the rear of the house, but they always kept themselves decidedly out of my sight and hearing. I do not say this from any desire to reflect upon the singular absence of a desire to purchase lightning-rods, nor do I, in this connection, care to go out of my way to praise the astuteness of the native "Varmounter"—I mention it as a fact. So it happened that I frequently drew up my gorgeously-painted buggy in front of the school-house, or "school-'us," as it is more generally termed. The school ma'am would come out—generally a pretty, fresh-faced little woman of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts. She would always fail to understand me at first, always say "Haow?"—always come, after a little, and stand, placing one of her chubby hands upon the wheel-tire, and end by talking me half to death. I well remember a fresh June day in 1877; I had driven my jaded horse down the river from Bellows Falls, and desired to impress upon the intelligent citizens of a little town to the northwest of Brattleboro the importance of my patent rod. I knew I should have to turn off the main road somewhere, and exactly where was what I wished to determine.

The day was exquisite. The mountains freshly and richly green. The grand old river rushed full and strong with its spring freshness. The air was in itself inspiring. I had driven at least forty miles already and had sold but one rod, but I was fresh and felt as jolly as the little trout-stream which danced in the sunlight down the hill-side between the great trees, and under the little rattling wooden bridge over which I drove. I came to a little red school-'us, with its woodshed attachment, and pulled up.

The children, only four, were breaking out of school. They endeavored to keep up the traditional school-boy custom of romping and shouting as they broke out. They romped and shouted as if there were sixteen of them instead of four. One of the four did not shout, however; he was a tall, handsome fellow, of, I should have said, five and twenty. He was "considerable sticked up," as they say, having upon his head a fashionable round hat, carrying a jaunty cane and wearing a pair of curious knee-breeches. He had a very good-natured, benevolent smile on his face, and had, I discovered, been distributing coppers to his three companions, two little sun-burnt girls and a boy. He blushed a little, this old boy, when I looked at him. Perhaps it was because he thought I looked at him knowingly—in fact my face was on a broad grin. I thought it was extremely probable that this was one of the school-ma'am's many "beaus, as was a courtin'" her. He looked too genteel for the schoolmaster himself. As he came near me I could see he was a handsome, strong, healthy sun-browned fellow, with a faint attempt at a mustache. He was, however, a little short and curt with me. He said that there was little demand for lightning-rods that way, and directed me in as few words as possible toward the road I wished to take. I got out and pretended to fumble about the harness a little, for I was very desirous of seeing the school-ma'am when she came out. My waiting seemed to make the young fellow irritable. "She is very pretty!" I laughed to myself, and indeed such was the case.

Up in the Green Mountain State they boast of three things; women, horses, and maple-sugar. I am no judge at all of maple-sugar, a fair judge of horses, but if I pride myself upon any thing it is my ability to appreciate and rightly estimate feminine beauty.

The girl who came out from the school-'us, and stood for a moment locking its thick oaken door, was one of those bright, charming persons who, if a little out of place as a steady-going school-ma'am, yet was decidedly interesting, as I could see. She was blushing, too, a little, or rather her face preserved a steady healthful redness. It was evidently a love affair, this—out among the beautiful hills and winding river. As the girl turned, I saw at once that I should have to rank her high, as a very charming, beautiful person, with a graceful, easy carriage, a laughing face, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a rosebud mouth. Not what, when I temled store in Boston, we used to call a "refined beauty," but beauty nevertheless—healthful, gay, charming.

She rolled up her eyes, and laughed when she saw me and the painted lightning-rod buggy.

"Oh," she said, "I declare! what a magnificent conveyance!"

I attributed these words to her "superior" education. I wished she had used others. However, I said, in reply:

"Yes, it is rather magnificent—won't you get in and try it?" I had not the least idea she would accept my invitation.

"Certainly," she said, laughing, "if you'll drive my way!"

The young man looked angry enough to kill me.

"There is a seat behind—for you," I said, desiring to mollify him a little.

"Oh curse your seat behind!" he said.

"Then you can walk, I guess!" laughed the girl—but she was a little angry, too. She evidently did not like his swearing.

"Thanks!" replied the young man. "That is what I intend to do." And he turned on his heel and walked off.

The school-ma'am looked a little disconcerted. However, she got in, and before we had gone very far her joyous, healthful nature had reasserted itself. Before we had gone a mile she began to tell me a good deal about herself. She told me that there was a family from the city stopping over at W——, across the river. That the young man was one of them—the son, that he was a Harvard student. That he was very nice, that he was a very fine Latin scholar, and that he was giving her lessons. She told me that he advised her to take up Greek as well and that she was debating this, and intended to ask the advice of the village minister. That she was very fond of school-teaching, that it did not take very much of her time, and that she had plenty of time to devote to society.

She had hardly finished telling me what she was fond of in her quick, voluble, pretty way, when we came to an inviting-looking farm-house by the side of the road; whose lawn sloped down to the river. Here the school-ma'am requested me to stop.

"I board here," she said. "Isn't it beautiful?"

I gazed down the valley upon the distant smoky hills to the southward. "It is beautiful," I said; "but," resolved not to lose my identity, "it's an awful place for thunder storms!"

"You're right!" she replied, "why! that reminds me. You spoke of the way to T——, we've passed the road long since. I am very sorry!"

The horse stopped in front of the door. He looked very much used up. I had driven him very hard the past week, urging him indifferently up and down the steep roads in search of buyers.

"I am very glad!" I replied. "If I can I will remain here over night, my horse is nearly used up.

The school-ma'am gladly assented. I put my horse up in the large, ample barn, and came into the house. The school-ma'am was up-stairs somewhere. The two old maids who received me soon left me alone in the solemn parlor. In a short time the school-ma'am, whom I now knew as Miss Newman, entered, prettier than ever, in a dark dress and some bright ribbons.

"Do you care to take a short walk before tea?" she asked. I rose gladly, we went out into the tender six o'clock slanting sunlight. There were some clouds in the west, delicate, golden-tinted. She led me down to a knoll above the river; past an apple orchard whose white blossoms were now largely sprinkled upon the ground beneath. We looked down upon the slow moving river. A bend in its bank turned the dark water to the west. The bend was lined by a beach of yellow sand. Opposite rose a huge, unwieldy mass of earth, miscalled, as Miss Newman said, "Mt. Spear." I "branched out" and talked of the beauty of the scene. At last Miss Newman laughed a little and said:

"And yet—you're a lightning-rod man!" Then we heard a horn blow and went up to the house.

When we returned to the farm-house, we found three old men washing their faces at the pump. They appeared to be farm-hands. Each was over 70. One of them looked up and said, "Whar's brother William?"

"I dunno," replied the one next to him, "unless he's a-plantin' them beans."

"I'll run and fetch him," said Miss Newman, going toward the garden.

"He's hard o' hearin'," said the first speaker. "Ef he want fetched he'd keep a-workin' till 'twas too dark. You be a-sellin' lightnin'-rods, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm traveling about trying to sell a few."

"Ye can't sell none here!" said the second man. "Our haouse was struck thirty-three years ago, an' lightnin' never strikes twice in the same spot."

I took out of my pocket a small volume of "Incidents." I read him the sad account of Mr. Higgins, of South Wilbraham. I read feelingly of the neglectful lack of rods upon Mr. Higgins's house and barn. I then gave in glowing detail the description of the lightning as it played about the bed of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, the trundle-bed of their twin children, and the final disappearance of the lightning in a new batch of bread, which was placed upon the kitchen table. I gave as well the interesting details of the funeral, with the remarks at the burying-ground, of Rev. Jonas Childs. But the old men shook their heads.

"Brother William may conclude to buy," said one of them; "Brother William may conclude that the haouse needs a rod, but I eal'late we don't think so."

I closed my book of "Incidents" sadly. One of the old maids came out to us, where we were standing near the pumps.

"Haow's mother?" asked one of the old men.

"She's perty comfortable this evenin'," replied the old maid.

"Don't believe she'll fetch through this time."

"She's a goin' to fetch through—an' you know it, Silas!"

"She haint! Mother's on her las' legs an' you know thet, Cynthy, as well as I do!"

"Come, naow," said another of the old men, moving toward the house, "yeou two is allers titin' over mother. Mother never gets daown sick but what yeou two gets quarr'lin' over her. Ef she fetches through, she'll fetch through. Ef she don't she won't, thet's the end on't."

Miss Newman came up at this moment, followed by Brother William. Brother William was a little older than his brothers, and somewhat more bent. But he seemed to be very "spry," and carried a hoe over his shoulder. We went in to supper.

The school-ma'am and I kept up a pretty lively conversation during the evening meal. After it was over, one of the old maids said to me: "P'raps you'd like to see mother—your smart 'talk' 'ud int'rest her, I 'xpect."

I was ushered into an upper chamber, which had a close, shut-up odor about it. Seated in an arm chair near an open window was a young woman of three and thirty or thereabouts, who bore a striking resemblance to Miss Newman. She was very thin and pale. Her wan face bore evidence of a late stage of consumption.

Before her upon the window-sill stood a vase of flowers, wild June roses. The view from her window was of the distant hazy southern hills. Her cheeks flushed a little as I entered, and two round red spots remained there during the time I sat with her. She could only speak in a whisper. Altogether there was something inexpressibly sad in the pretty, delicate, drawn face.

"You may think mother's rather young," said Cynthy explanatorily, in a whisper after we were seated. "But father married four times. This is his fourth. We all thought thet she wouldn't live long, when she first came to the haouse. But father got kinder struck with her, and would hev his way. Nothin' would hender him. He fetched her home, and 'twant long afor he died and left her a relick. But she won't be a relick long oniess she fetches through."

At that moment the school-ma'am entered the room and went up to the sick woman and kissed her. Their features were so similar that it seemed an allegorical picture, when they were near each other, of life and death.

"Miss Newman is her sister," said Cynthy. "Thet's haow she's here, but she's very independent. She pays her board."

It was a bright moonlight night. I strolled out into the road, not without a certain unconscious desire of catching a glimpse of the fresh-faced school-ma'am somewhere. I lighted a cigar—being now out of sight of the group of old, yet energetic brothers.

I came over a little ascent, and stood a moment upon the brow of the hill; at the foot was a watering-trough, half-hid behind some overhanging boughs. The moonlight fell across the watering-trough between the branches of a huge elm. In the broad white light stood a girl; near her a man in those peculiar trousers I have since learned were called knickerbockers. I saw his arm about her waist—and I, being of course transfixed with horror so that I could not move—saw him kiss her twice! I was near enough to hear what they said. The girl—it was none other than the school-ma'am, held a tin drinking-cup in her hand. She had filled it from the little spout above the trough.

"Well" he said, "you know it now—I love you. Don't you believe me? Don't you know it? Why have I been hanging around the last three weeks? Why was it—that day in church—then that day at the Sunday-school picnic—then those many days when I came to the school-house——"

"You don't really mean it!" she replied, in a trembling voice. "You never mean any thing!" Mary Newman burst into tears.

They were standing quite near the trough.

"I do mean it," said he; "I do love you—and when I graduate——"

A whiff of the blue smoke of my cigar, caught on a light breeze, floated down to them. The school-ma'am scented the strange odor. The young fellow certainly was not smoking.

"Oh," she cried through her tears, "I'm so frightened! There's a man around."

As quickly as possible I walked back to the house without their seeing me. I finished my cigar, and resumed my seat on the settle by the old well. "So ho!" I thought. "The school-ma'am and the student are making it up between them! Is he in earnest? Is he honest? Is he square?"

"Mother Nancy, naow, she wan't no slouch, either!" Jonas was saying, as I resumed my seat.

"Wa'al," replied Brother William, "Mother Nancy was smart, but, after all, takin' things all raound from first to last, Mother 'Tury was 'beout the the likeliest as father hed. She, naow, she could get up at four o'clock, help milk the eaows, get breakfast for all on us eighteen children, do all the work 'beout the haouse without no extry help."

"Why—don't you—elope?" I suggested to her after tea.

"That is what he says," she said, through her tears. "But I'm afraid!"

"You can meet at the school-'us. I will have a minister there; you can be married; I will drive you on to, say, Brattleboro, right afterward. He can sit up behind!"

"Oh, it would be glorious!" she cried, clapping her hands, "to outwit that horrid old Amos!"

The school-ma'am taught a little Sunday-school class at the school-'us Sabbath afternoons. That Sabbath afternoon following, the little boys and girls—eight of them, saw an unusual ceremony. The Knickerbocker gentleman was there, but in a very handsome suit. The children were not astonished at him, however, for he was often there Sunday afternoons, and all other afternoons in fact, as soon as school was out. They thought him the School Commissioner—in fact, he told them so in joke. But they were awe struck at the appearance of Rev. Mr. Robinson, riding up in a red-wheeled lightning-rod buggy, much too gayly decorated for his prim black ministerial suit. They looked at their teacher, whom they loved not a little, and were not entirely reassured by her blushing face.

The lesson was just over as we came up—Rev. Mr. Robinson and I. The young Harvard student was walking anxiously up and down in front of the school-'us. He seemed relieved when he saw us. I got out and hitched my horse to the fence.

The children were sitting on the well-worn wooden benches, with staring eyes and open mouths, as we entered. The poor school-ma'am seemed very much affected. It was her wish that her children might be witnesses to the marriage. She was taking them up in her arms and kissing them one by one and crying. They had never seen a wedding, although they had been present at many a funeral. Hence it was considered safe, as they would not understand the proceedings subsequent to the lesson, that they should be present. The school-ma'am wore her lavender colored silk, and looked even prettier than ever, if that were possible. They were married in front of her old teacher's desk before the little platform, where she had spent so many of her days, and where, too, she had first learned to love. They had no ring. The ceremony was somewhat hasty, and soon over. The fee was paid (an unusually large one), the blessing given, and (the most important afterpiece), a kiss of congratulation from her humble servant.

I got into the buggy, the school-ma'am kissed the children for the last time, locked the old door, gave the key to the minister, who (a kindly, benevolent gentleman) was to walk to the Sargents and announce, gently as possible, the marriage.

She got in by my side. The handsome student got up behind (he was quite willing to do so now). We rode rapidly away, and the little Vermont school-'us disappeared behind the hills forever.—*Josiah Judson, in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Longfellow's Home.

NAHANT, about an hour's ride from Boston, is quiet, sequestered, and perfectly charming—so writes a correspondent of the *Parisian*. Here the favored few live, and no sound of the world's busy motion corrupts the lazy, delightful hours. Of course the most distinguished inhabitant of Nahant is Professor Henry W. Longfellow. A roomy, old-fashioned house serves as abode to the great poet and his brother-in-law, Mr. T. G. Appleton. The house is usually filled; first with Longfellow's immediate family, next Mr. Nathan Appleton, whom you all will remember in Paris, and the invited guest or guests—and there is always some one to share the Appletons' hospitality. In the hour that precedes dinner there is much conversation, and what a literary feast! The Professor tells the best stories of any one I know. He is entertaining, gracious, and a perfect courtier. Then we all seek the shade of the terrace. One end is called "Juliet's Balcony;" here the sun rises in mid-day heavens, here it sets, and on one little corner the wooing moonlight throws its silver glances. The beautiful yacht, the Alice, dances on the waters, and a number of smaller vessels dot the sea far and near. The house stands back from the shore and the grounds run down to the water's edge. The wealth of shrubs, vines and wild flowers is exeessive, and rarely does one see so much verdure near so rocky a coast. The view is indeseribably beautiful at all times, and I can not wonder that the romantic nature of Longfellow should choose such a summer home.—*Home Journal.*

Manners Two Hundred Years Ago.

A CURIOUS little book, called "The Rules of Civility," which was published in 1675, throws amusing light on the manners of our ancestors two centuries ago. "Being in discourse with a man," we read on one page, "'tis no less than ridiculous to pull him by the buttons, to play with his band-strings, belt or coat, or to punch him now and then on the stomach." Again: "It argues negleet and to under-value a man to sleep when he is discoursing or reading; therefore, good manners demand it to be forbid; besides, something may happen in the act that may offend, as snoring, sweating, gaping or dribbling." More explicit are the rules for behaving at the table: "In eating, observe to let your hands be clean. Feed not with both hands, nor keep your knife in your hands. Dip not your fingers in the sauce, nor lick them when you have done. If you have occasion to sneeze or cough, take your hat or put your napkin before your face. Drink not with your mouth full or unwiped, nor so long that you are forced to breathe in the glass." There are rules also for the drawing-room: "If a person of quality be in the company of ladies, 'tis too juvenile and light to play with them, to toss or tumble them, to kiss them by surprise, to force away their hoods, their fans, their ruffs. It is unhandsome among ladies, or any other serious company, to throw off one's cloak, to pull off one's perruke, to cut one's nails, to tie one's garter, to change shoes if they pinch, to call for one's slippers to be at ease, to sing between the teeth, or to drum with one's fingers."

—The Brooklyn *Union Argus'* definition of sociability—Meet and drink.

Our Young Folks.

AN EASILY-SOLVED RIDDLE.

RIDDLE *me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!*
Who will unravel my riddle for me?
A monster, a terrible monster it seems—
Did I see it while waking, or only in dreams?—
That flies on its track
With a crash and a thwack
And a roar as of thunder and lightning, good lack!
One eye in its head
Glowing brilliant and red,
'Twas a thing to look at with fear and dread!
With a mouth that feeds upon coal and coke,
And a breath that belches out flame and smoke;
With a body so long, and thick, and black,
And a bell right fastened above its back—
It was tougher to look at than bone and gristle.
And whenever it spoke it could only whistle!
Twelve great feet, both black and strong,
Carried its terrible frame along—
Six on the left and six on the right,
Running together with all their might,
With a mighty sound as if winds were rushing
And tempests crushing;
With a monstrous rumbling
And awful grumbling;
With a mighty wheezing
Of breathing and sneezing;
With a whistle and squeak,
And a snort and a shriek,
And a terrible pother
Of noise and of bother;
With a wonderful rattle, and din, and shaking
As if every bone in its body were aching;
With a jerk on heels and a bounce on toes—
This is the way that the monster goes!
But in spite of its strength and noise and size
The creature is really kind and wise;
At a single touch, or a single click,
He'll go like a rocket, or stop like a stick;
He'll carry some hundreds of boys or more
Out to a picnic, or down to the shore;
If girls just ask him, the jolly old duffer
Will drop them at grandma's in time for their supper;
Give him a drink, and just tighten his girth,
He'll bring you your friends from the ends of the earth;
Give him his favorite meal of coals,
And fast and as far as the telegraph poles
He'll bring you sweet oranges up from the south,
Grapes from the east that will melt in your mouth,
Wine from the south that will fly to your head,
Corn for your muffins and wheat for your bread—
Everything beautiful, precious and sweet,
Everything wondrous to see and to eat,
Everything useful to sell and to buy,
This monster will bring in the wink of an eye:
Now Riddle me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!
Who will unravel this riddle for me?

—*Wide-Awake.*

SAVING AND WASTING TIME.

WHEN people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost every one has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all, many times in the course of a year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy as long as they, are sure to be behind-hand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule is, not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the other, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it.

Another help to save time, is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle if you are wasting not only time but eye-sight and materials. Work must be to some purpose to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day than to be reading trash or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work, "red with the blood of murdered time." Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might, whether it be croquet, or arithmetic, or base-ball, or worsted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying "*Sum, es, est,*" and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:

"I always find something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."—*Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas,*

The Story that Was Told to Meta Rose.

"NOW, META ROSE," said Mamie, to the flaxen-haired dolly, "if you will sit very still, and not muss your pink dress, I will tell you a story.

"It isn't a wrong story, Meta Rose, and it isn't a made-up story. It's just a really, truly story, about what happened to a little girl; are you listening, Meta Rose?" giving the pink-robed lassie a little shake.

"Well, once on a time there was a little girl about as big as me. She lived in a pretty house, with her papa and mamma and her big brother and sister; but she wasn't a bit happy, no, not a single bit!

"All the little girls in story-books have golden curls, and most all real little girls have light brown hair or black hair; but this little girl's hair wasn't like anybody else's—it was red! Just think of that, Meta Rose! What should you do if your hair was red, instead of light and fluffy?

"But this little girl wouldn't have felt so very bad about it, only her mamma wouldn't let her wear it long and crimped like the other little girls she played with. No, her papa took her to the barber's one day, and he cut it off just as close with some horrid, great scissors, and then he brushed it down smooth and tight without putting the least mite of curl in it, and the little girl went home and cried and cried and cried!

"And her brother said, 'What makes you cry, Red-Top?' and that made her cry all the harder. And that's all about her hair!

"Then this little girl's nose wasn't straight and pretty, so folks wouldn't keep talking about it, like other little girls' noses. It was real short and turned up at the end, and everybody that came to see her mamma said, 'Where did she get such a pug nose?'

"And when her sister got mad at her she called her 'Puggy,' which made the little girl feel real bad, and sometimes when her sister wasn't looking she'd cry. And that's all about her nose!

"This little girl's face wasn't all nice and white, with just pink cheeks, like yours, Meta Rose. It was freckled all over, and she could never run out doors without her hat, like other little girls, for her mamma'd always say:

"'Don't forget your hat! I believe I must make that child a sun-bonnet; she's getting so freckled she won't be fit to be seen.'

"Sometimes her papa called her Spotty, for fun; but it never was funny a bit, Meta Rose. And that's all about her freckles!

"Then there was one other dreadful thing that made the little girl feel so bad, and that was—she was fat!

"Everybody said, 'What a little dump you are!' and one day her sister said, 'Come, little Fatty, run up stairs and get my book;' and when the little girl got up stairs she went and hid in the garret and cried and cried!

"Big folks don't seem to think little girls have any feelings, Meta Rose, and they keep hurting them every day.

"When I get to be big and see anybody with red hair and freckles and a little pug nose and real fat, I'll say, 'You're just a darling, and I love you as well as if you had yellow, curly hair and looked like other little girls;' and then won't that little girl be glad!

"But nobody knows that this little girl cares if they do call her Spotty and Puggy and Red-Top, because she's so pre-oud that she laughs as hard when it's all cry inside. And that's the end of the story, Meta Rose, and it's every word true."

Mamie's hair is just as bright a color as it was on the day she told her dolly this long story about herself, and it will be many months before it will be long enough to fall in glossy waves over her plump shoulders.

But she does not seem to be unhappy about it any more, for her brother never calls her Red-Top now.

Her dimpled face shows as many freckles as it used, but papa never reminds his little girl of them by calling her Spotty. No one would suppose he ever noticed them.

Her rotly-poly figure has grown no more slender since that day, and her nose turns up as abruptly as ever; but the nicknames of Fatty and Puggy seem to be forgotten, and the little girl is as light-hearted and merry as any of her fair-haired, freckleless playmates.

It may be that somebody stole softly up-stairs one afternoon and overheard the story that was told to Meta Rose.—*Mabel C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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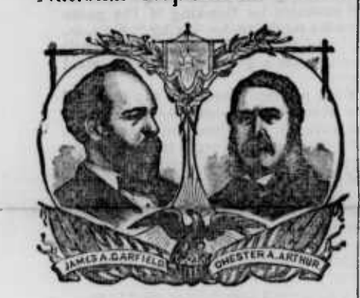

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HON. MILTON G. URNER,
OF FREDERICK COUNTY.

SATURDAY, OCT 30, 1880.

Don't Trade.

We understand that Democrats are proposing to Republicans that they will vote for Garfield if the Republicans will vote for Schley. Don't do it. We do not expect to carry the State but we do intend to elect Urner. His election cannot be secured by such trading.

The Close of the Canvass.

This is the last week of the Presidential canvass. Next Tuesday comes the election. There is every indication that the Republicans are adding to their strength every day, and there are corresponding indications that the Democratic managers are feeling very much discouraged, if not wholly desperate, over their prospects. Their use of the forged letter purporting to have been written by General Garfield shows how eagerly and recklessly they clutch at everything that affords a shadow of a chance for arresting the stampede from their ranks now going on all over the North.

There is an encouraging prospect that the Republicans will carry every Northern State. The canvass in New York is developing immense changes in their favor. Senator Conkling is quoted as predicting a Republican majority of 50,000. And still the good work goes on, and will go on, conquering and to conquer.

Turn Out.

Some of our most estimable citizens, belonging to the Dunker Church, seem disposed to take little or no part in politics; but they should remember that the stability of our government depends on the election of good men, and their civil and religious liberty depends on good government.

No member of their church was forced to take up arms on the Union side during the war, but a little South of here, where the rebels had the sway, they had to flee to the mountains and hide in the woods, or be driven into the rebel army. They were incarcerated in prisons, some of their bright lights were murdered in cold blood for no other crime only that they believed in the Union of their fathers; others who had set their faces towards the land of the free were hunted down and shot like wild beasts.

If the Republicans retain control of the government you will have peace, and your civil and religious liberties will be respected. But if the late rebels control the government, which they will if the Democracy elect their man, you have no guarantee—no one can predict what will be the final result. Turn out then, friends, and assist in electing Mr. Urner, a good man for Congress, and Generals Garfield and Arthur, two good men to administer the Government.

Political Notes.

Don't resign, English. The whole country wants a whack at you.

The Republican canvass of New York State shows a majority of 14,100.

Anywhere from 30,000 to 50,000 are the figures claimed for Garfield in Pennsylvania.

New Third National Bank notes, of Cumberland, are plentiful in Garrett county at this time.

Republicans, go and see your neighbors and try to induce them to vote for the Republican nominees.

The Bold Democracy braces up and says; "Who's afraid?" You are, gentlemen. You're afraid of your own platform.

The Chicago *Times*, which zealously supports Hancock, declines to aid and abet the "Chinese letter" forgery. It denounces it as a very stupid piece of business.

Chairman Jewell has a serious notion to propose to Chairman Barnum that he move to make Garfield's election unanimous.

Go to the polls early on Tuesday next, and deposit your ballot for the Republican nominees, and devote the balance of the day in getting your friends to the polls.

It is ably remarked by several dumbfounded Democratic editors that the disaster in Indiana will solidify the New York Democratic vote. It will—by boiling it down.

Republicans, go to the Polls early, and stay there until they close. Give one day of earnest work to your country, and you will be rewarded by victory. Our prospects of success are splendid, and if we are active our *Victory* will be complete.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "There is more joy in the Republican party over one State that comes back to the fold than over a dozen States that never left it. Hence Ohio is partially neglected in the general joy over Indiana."

At the pool rooms in New York the betting is dull and limited. It is two to one on the general result, and two to one on New York State, but it is money left to be wagered on Garfield, and the bookmakers say nobody wants it.

The Democratic majority in West Virginia now appears to be but 5,000, instead of 8,000, as was generally conceded on the day after the recent election. In 1876 it was 14,000, and the Republicans are congratulating themselves on having pulled down the figures by 9,000 votes.

Talk for Schley! The Democratic Presidential candidates do not need talking for in this State.—*Cumberland Alleganian.*

Yes, it will require a good deal of talking down here to make Democrats stomach a ring pet.—*Rockville Montgomerian.* (*Ind.*)

Ho! my comrades, see the signal,
Waving in the sky,
Hear the shouts from Maine to 'Fornia,
Victory is nigh.
Hold the fort, for Garfield's coming,
Ohio signals still,
Send the answer through the Union,
Indiana says "She will."

Business is booming once more, now that Indiana and Ohio show that Garfield will be elected. It is simple self-defence for every business man to go to the polls, and take as many doubtful and indifferent voters as he can with him, in order to head off any possibility of a close result and a possible conflict after election. A disputed Presidential succession would make short work with business prosperity.

The present attitude of the Democratic press toward that ticket's Vice President is something after the style of the fond mother who in company whispers to the small boy, who has been misbehaving himself, smiling blandly the while, "Just wait till I get you home, sir!" So they all seem to be putting a brave face on, but whispering to English, "Just you wait until after November; Oh, just you wait!"

Every Republican has a duty to perform on Election Day. He must not only vote himself, but must see that the careless and indifferent do likewise. We must do our part. We must work unceasingly until the polls close on Tuesday evening. The sun must not go down on an unpolled Republican vote. We must meet our opponents at every point. If each Republican in Garrett county does his whole duty on Tuesday, we will roll up a handsome majority.

It is pleasant to rejoice over the signal victory in the West. The laugh we have had has been wholesome and justifiable. The great duty now is to keep the enemy in flight. We believe they are thoroughly demoralized, and cannot pull themselves together in the brief time remaining before the decisive battle. They certainly cannot if we keep "pushing things." The worst blow that we can now give the Democrats is to show them that we have not given up working, have not sat down in fancied security to laugh over their discomforture.

The Break Beginning.

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche*, a Democratic paper, talks in this strain:

"The Indiana election was a revolution. A change of 20,000 votes to the Republican party within two years in so closely contested a State is significant of the final overthrow of the Democratic party. This revolution not only means the defeat of Hancock in November, but it means the disbandment of the Democratic organization, to be followed by the disruption of the Republican party and the reconstruction of parties on new issues. The disintegration of the Southern wing of the Democratic party is now far advanced in nearly every Southern State. With a reasonable certainty of electing Hancock the Southern Democrats would have stuck to the national ticket until the 2d of November, and cast 138 electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. But the unexpected and overwhelming disaster in Indiana will paralyze Southern Democrats. The 138 electoral votes cannot now be counted as secure for Hancock. Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Florida may now be counted as doubtful States. The change of opinion developed by the result of Wednesday's election in Indiana has fairly stunned the Southern Democrats. They see in that result a solid North for Garfield. As an independent journal, the *Avalanche* deems it unnecessary to disguise the full extent and the far-reaching consequences of the great Democratic disaster. In the presence of a political solid North the political solid South will disappear. There are now two solid sectional parties. There will continue to be two of these sectional parties until one of them takes the lead in the work of disbandment. The Indiana verdict demands that the political solid South shall be the first to disband, and if the Democrats of the South are wise they will gracefully acknowledge the verdict with the full assurance that with the final disappearance of the solid South the solid North also finally disappears.

If anything were needed to complete the list of Democratic blunders in this campaign it would be the silly idea of employing some clumsy forger to write a letter purporting to come from Garfield, in which he is made to maintain the theory of unlimited Chinese immigration and cheap labor. The fraud was so utterly stupid, so certain of detection, that it seems incredible that ordinarily intelligent men, such as those who are associated with Mr. Barnum in the management of the campaign could have been induced to father it. Leaving out of the question the morality of the scheme, any moderately clever scoundrel could have improved upon the method of its execution. One of the grossest mistakes was to address the letter to an imaginary personage, when there might easily have been selected as its alleged recipient some good, loyal Democrat who would have sworn through thick and thin that General Garfield did address such a missive to him. Another blunder was in not having the forgery prepared by a better expert in the imitation of handwriting, and one who could also construct sentences in the pure English that is characteristic of everything that Garfield has written or spoken. But the crowning error consisted in cancelling the stamp upon the envelope with the representation of a die that was not in use at the Washington postoffice at the date when the letter purported to have been mailed—January 23d, 1880. The cancellation was made by the counterfeit of a stamp that was not brought into use until April 13 of this year, which conclusively shows that the forgery is something recent, and has probably been conceived within the last two weeks. There are plenty of convicted felons in the penitentiaries of the land who could have planned for Mr. Barnum something infinitely more clever than this forgery.

That a Catholic newspaper of Democratic tendencies, which the New York *Tablet* is, should talk so far out of the ordinary rut as it does this week is somewhat astonishing. It says: "The astounding result of the elections in Indiana and Ohio have demonstrated two things, namely: That the people are ahead of the politicians, and that the Irish have smashed the traces that fettered them to the party machine. * * * We do not advise them to vote the Republican, the Democratic, or Greenback ticket—far be it from us to attempt to dictate to any one how he shall vote—but we repeat what we have before asserted, namely, that until the Irish vote independently of party dictation and party leaders, they will never command that respect and attention in American politics to which their numbers and intelligence entitle them."

'Twas meet thou was the first to know
Indiana,
And from the jungle start the foe,
Indiana;
'Twas meet thy hand should lay them low,
God lives and reigns: 'tis ever so!
Indiana.

Under the bright October sun,
Indiana,
The noble deed was nobly done,
Indiana;
The battle fought, the battle won!
WE'LL FINISH THAT SO WELL BEGUN,
Indiana.

AMERICAN GOODS IN AUSTRALIA.—The American manufacturers whose goods were put on exhibition at the international fairs at Melbourne and Sydney, in Australia, have reason to be gratified by the success that has attended their enterprise. American railway machinery, agricultural machinery and implements, iron work of various kinds, including cutlery, and also that great variety of things known to the trade under the general name of notions, are meeting with a steadily increasing demand in the Australian markets. A large dealer in Melbourne writes to the London *Ironmonger* that whereas twenty years ago American and other foreign goods constituted not more than five per cent. of her stock, they now amount to from twenty to twenty-five per cent. The Victorian *Review*, commenting on the recent international exhibitions, remarks that "American manufacturers are a perpetual source of wonder and instruction to the foreign observer. In perfection of machinery, scientific division of labor and completeness of execution there is nothing in the world beside to be compared with them." Orders have been received in this country for railway locomotives, bridges and weighing machinery. Boston is shipping to Australia metal goods, and a great variety of other articles, while many other kinds of American goods are reaching Australia through English houses.

"Colonel" H. H. Hadley, the bogus Republican and bogus insurance manager and speculator, is making speeches in which he says "this is the first time in the history of the country that a man has been a candidate for President whose personal honor has been questioned." He is wrong, as usual. Since 1844, when they called Henry Clay a gambler and denounced Theodore Frelinghuysen as "the President of a d——d Bible society and a d——d hypocrite," the Democrats have "questioned the personal honor" of every candidate opposed to them; and there has not been a campaign in which the slums have not vomited forth their low-browed rascals to deluge Whig and Republican candidates with the sort of abuse that has been poured out on General Garfield, while confidence men like this fellow rolled up their eyes on the stump at their personal characters. It is true there was never a campaign in which the Democrats made [blackguardism sole weapon as in this one; and how well that sort of campaigning pays they have just learned in the news from Ohio and Indiana.

Democratic newspapers which have not had the life entirely knocked out of them are growing military. They talk of desperate struggles. They foreshadow a tremendous battle which is to come off in a fortnight. They call upon all their friends to arm for the conflict. They passionately suggest a daring and aggressive policy. All this talk amounts to nothing, and those who indulge in it know that it amounts to nothing. Mere words and wind will not elect anybody. Simple gabble of this sort will not even gracefully cover a retreat. The great point for a party is to get the people upon its side; unless it can do that, no amount of military metaphor will help it. If the Democrats find that whistling keeps up their courage, let them whistle—there is nothing in the statutes nor in the Constitution which forbids the indulgence. But whistling isn't voting, any more than affidavits are lobsters.

What is the value of a Hancock pledge? He announced, in his letter of acceptance, that the principles of the Democratic party were those he had cherished in the past and should do his best to maintain in the future. That was a formal and distinct pledge. He now says in a muddled way that he shall do nothing to intertere with protection to American labor. Which pledge will he keep? The former one he made to his whole party; but he coolly breaks it when he finds it will cost him votes. Can a man who breaks one pledge be depended upon to keep another? What is his Southern claims letter worth in the light of these tariff contortions? General Grant was right—he is crazy to be President, and will make or break any sort of a pledge which he thinks will help elect him.

"There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican."—*Gen. Grant's speech at Cleveland, O., Sept. 28, 1880.*

Here is plain enough talk. President Chadbourne, of Williams College, made a speech at Quincy, Mass., on Saturday, in which he said: "I have been a manufacturer for over twenty years; my partner is a Democrat, but such is my feeling regarding the disastrous results to business which I believe will follow Hancock's election that I have made my partner this offer: To have our property fairly appraised before election, and then, if Garfield triumphs, I will buy his interest at 10 per cent. advance upon the appraised; but if Hancock becomes President, I will gladly sell him my portion at 10 per cent. under the appraised. I make that offer, not for effect, but as a square business proposition."

Secretary Evarts made a speech in New York on Wednesday evening, in the course of which he remarked that there was left to Gen. Hancock but one more letter to write, namely as follows to Wm. H. English:

My Dear Sir—There seems to be an impression prevailing in the minds of some of my countrymen that I am running on the same ticket with you. I am astonished that anybody should credit such a bugbear. For myself, I denounce it. There also seems to be an impression that I am running on the Democratic platform. I am too sound an American too ever do that. This is the last letter that I shall write, and the last that I was ever expected to write. [Laughter.]

Reports having lately reached the National Towpath club that there is likely to be attempted a considerable importation of over zealous Democrats from the cities of Washington and Georgetown into the adjacent sixth Maryland district to deposit illegal votes at the coming election, in the hope of defeating Mr. Urner, the Republican candidate for Congress, the club, with characteristic wide-awake vigor, has appointed committees of active and trusty members and provided funds to ferret out the rascals and prevent or punish their frauds.

Connecticut is now coming into prominence as a State to be fought over. The Democratic canvass continues as follows: The State Democratic and three or four of the Congressmen Republican. The Republican canvass refuses to allow even the one Congressman to the Democracy, but claims all four, and the State Republican. Jewell still claims 10,000 majority for Garfield in Connecticut, while Barnum says the State will go 5,000 Democratic.

New York *Herald*—The Republicans have gained the preliminary battle of the campaign and won it as handsomely as unexpectedly; but the decisive contest is yet to come. They will almost certainly gain that too; all the signs now favor them; but they ought not to win it by a "scratch." If they are wise, prompt and active they can make their success and the Democratic defeat overwhelming, and all the legitimate and important interests of the country require that it shall be that.

An extraordinary meeting was held on Friday evening at Redington, Pa., where the Coloraine iron works are situated. The speakers made their addresses from a platform built over the mouth of a furnace in the casting house, which is to be put in blast on the day that the election of Garfield is assured. If defeated, the furnace will remain cold. Many of the Democratic workingmen in attendance have been converted by this method of showing the importance of protection to the workers in iron.

We trust that it is not necessary to remind any Republican at this late day of the great importance of having a FULL Republican vote polled on Tuesday, the 2nd of November. Every man must recollect numerous instances of good men being defeated for want of a vote or two, when he could count perhaps half a dozen of his neighbors who entertained political sentiments similar to his own, who did not go to the polls. We say then POLL EVERY VOTE.

S. W. Johnson, manager of the estate of Garner & Co., of New York, representing several millions of dollars, and including the largest calico print works in the United States, if not in the world, has lately come over to the Republican party from the Democrats, and is now an active worker for Garfield and Arthur.

The latest report set afloat to cheer the drooping Democratic spirit is that Uncle Samuel Tilden is coming in with his barrel and his brains to take charge of the campaign, but it is too much of a forlorn hope now for even that veteran politician to successfully lead.

Be wise in time and procure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which always cures Coughs and Colds, and prevents consumption. Price 25 cts. a bottle.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Special Correspondence to The Republican.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26, 1880.

The Democratic organs are trying to prove that General Hancock is a protectionist standing upon a free trade platform, at the same time they are denouncing Garfield as a free trader, who is running on a protection platform. It is safe to predict, that if the Democrats ever nominate another Presidential ticket they will not put under him a "free trade" platform.

While speaking on the tariff, it may be of interest to compare the Democratic platform on that subject with the Constitution of the Confederacy. The third section of the Democratic platform adopted at Cincinnati June 24th, 1880 says: "The strict maintenance of the public faith, State and National, and a tariff for revenue only." The Constitution of the Confederate States of America, Article 1, section 8, says: "Nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign Nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry." This section was the price to be paid the manufacturers of England for their aid during the war, and this promise is now, if possible, to be redeemed by the Democrats of to-day by "a tariff for revenue only."

Colonel Lee Crandall, editor of the *National View*, the Greenback organ here, is in receipt of intelligence from Indiana Greenbackers denouncing the proposed fusion scheme with the Democrats. They manifest the greatest bitterness and hostility towards the party of English and Landers, and are bent now on vengance simply for the sake of De La Matyr. To the Democratic party they owe the defeat of their chief oracle, and they cannot forget it. They resent the overtures of the Democrats as evidence of unblushing affrontry.

The Democrats, alarmed for the safety of Virginia's electoral vote, are endeavoring to elicit comfort from General Mahone's recent visit to Philadelphia. I have knowledge that these visits are of no political importance, and that there can be no fusion of Democrats in Virginia.

A good deal has been written about General Hancock at the battle of Gettysburg, and his friends are highly indignant that any one should dare to question the assertion that General Hancock is the true hero of that famous and important battle. The Democrats of to-day do not hesitate to put in this claim and challenge proof to the contrary. If General Hancock ever deserved the credit of the victory at Gettysburg it seems strange that his Democratic friends in the Senate and in the House of the thirty-eight Congress, when a resolution was offered and passed, thanking Meade, Hooker, Howard and other Generals, failed to put in a claim for Hancock, or to even mention his name when the resolution was under discussion.

The good work accomplished by the vigorous "tariff card" campaign in New York, and other States, is beyond calculation. It has placed the dangers of Democratic rule before the laboring man, in a plain straightforward manner, and has convinced thousands of working men, that "free trade" means starvation.

LOGAN.

The Morris county (N. J.) *Chronicle*, heretofore a Democratic paper, is out for the Republican ticket on the tariff issue. New Jersey Republicans are making a magnificent canvass of that great industrial State, while the Democratic campaign lags.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Real Estate
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Grantsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Lechlel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oc9-4w

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mrs. J. W. Veitch is visiting at Frederick, this State.

—Mr. M. L. Scott is erecting an addition to his dwelling house.

—We confidently look to Accident for a majority of 20 next Tuesday.

—Go to the polls early, vote, and then see that your neighbors come out.

—Sang Run gave a majority of 63 last year. Don't allow it to be less this year.

—Messrs. Peddicord, Combs, Hamill and Veitch are attending the Allegany county court this week.

—Davis & Townshend have shipped in the last 10 days 13,619 pounds of buckwheat flour.

—Died—At his residence near Oakland, Oct. 26th 1880, James Caton, in the 79th year of his age.

—We hope to see Oakland district redeemed next week. Let every Republican turn out and it is done.

—Immense quantities of buckwheat flour, potatoes, butter and game are being shipped from Oakland.

—Heiskell & Co. shipped a saddle of venison this week, which weighed 72 pounds. Shuemm Harvey killed the deer.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Mr. Emanuel Custer, of Johnstown, this county, raised a radish this season which measured 31 inches in circumference.

—Married—On Tuesday last, at the residence of Rev. B. Ison, Mr. Solomon C. Rorabaugh and Miss Susan B. Barger, both of Grant Co., W. Va.

—Mr. J. G. Pearre, son of Judge Pearre, of Cumberland, and Miss Gertie Hayes, of Morgantown, W. Va., were married in Pennsylvania a few days since.

—Republicans, if any of our voters are, through sickness or other causes, unable to get to the polls, feel it your duty to go after them with your horse or buggy. We want every vote out.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by the pastor.

M. E. Church—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M.

Shook Mill Burned.

Theodore Bush's shook mill, situated about 4 miles west of Oakland, was burned Tuesday night last. The building, wood work about the machinery, belts, saws, &c., were entirely destroyed or so damaged as to render them useless. The loss is about $1,000. The fire was undoubtedly incendiary.

Dramatic Entertainment.

Horry Pease and his unequalled dramatic company, will give an entertainment at Dailey's Hotel, Oakland, Friday and Saturday evenings, 29th and 30th, appearing in "Kathleen, or a Dream of St. Patrick's Eve." Popular prices of admission. They are well spoken of by the press.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 23d, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

Sarah Atwood, 2, A. R. Brown, jr., James Branagan, Marion Barry, Mrs. Laura Davis, Samuel Hoffman, Mrs. John Hopper, Thos. M. Kilroy, H. C. Luttgerding, P. T. Little, W. Miller, Julia Mahoney, Thos. E. Reeves, 2, Theo. Sopp, Rev. S. Stouffer, Alex. Smith.

R. THAYER, P. M.

SELBYSPORT, Oct. 25th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—It has been reported about Accident and elsewhere that I have changed my coat and color. The man that circulated this report is a liar. This is plain talk, but I will prove it. I was born and raised a Republican, and will not squeal now.

Yours, &c.,
E. J. STUCK.

Pole Raising.

A pole raising and mass meeting was held at Mr. John G. Knauer's, in district No. 8, Saturday last. The meeting was organized by the selection of Mr. Henry G. Sanders as President, Mr. John T. Moon as vice President, and Mr. Albert Combs as Secretary. The meeting was ably addressed by H. Wheller Combs, Presidential Elector. The pole is 65 feet high, and floats a flag 5 by 7½ feet. The blue in this flag was originally in a flag raised on Mr. Knauer's premises in Baltimore county in 1861, when it was almost worth a man's life to display the American flag, and indeed Mr. Knauer was firedat by a Democrat, and narrowly escaped being murdered, in his own yard, for the grave offense of being a Union man. The meeting was well attended. No. 8 proposes to give her biggest majority next week.

"BOYS IN BLUE."

Garfield and Arthur Veteran Association of Garrett county, Md.

Who propose to vote to "sustain the same principles for which they fought for four years."

The undersigned, late Volunteers, desiring to show our adhesion to the principles for which we left our homes and endured privations; and believing that the principles for which we enlisted are the ones represented by the Republican party, we hereby pledge our hearty support to the late Volunteer General James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur, the Republican standard bearers:

J. Len McComas, Asst. Surg., U. S. A.
Geo W Wilson, 1st Lieut, 3d W. Va. V C.
Wm R Jarboe, Capt 30 Md V I
J M Jarboe, 3Vt Capt 10th Va. I.
Jas A Hayden, Capt & Bvt Maj 11th P R V C.
S E Flower, prin musician, 12th W Va V I.
Geo N Sauntenoyer, private, 6th W Va I.
H Lower, Ord Sergt, 6th W Va I.
A G Sturgiss, Sergt, 177th O V I.
W H Hagans, Sergt, 16th Pa Cav.
Nason McAllister, 11th P R V C.
D Chambers, 3d Md B.
J S Johnson, private, 2d Md V I.
G W Legge, commissary sergt, 3d Md I.
G L Bosley, private, 6th W Va I.
E D Kepner, private, 6th W Va I.
J O Michael, corp, 4th Md V I.
M B Ross, private, 7th W Va I.
Edward Race, Sergt, 122d Ills V I.
Henry Haskell, private, 3d Va Cav.
Michael Maroney, private, 3d Va Cav.
John Rice, private, 1st D C C V.
Samuel Bosley, private, 3d Md V I.
H F Harvey, corp, 6th W Va I and 1st U S C.
Samuel Wolf private, 6th W Va I.
Louis Nydegger, private, 16th W Va I V.
John Piebler, corp, 14th W Va V I.
Wm A Loraw, private, 6th W Va V I.
Bowie Johnson, Lieut, 3th Md I.
Thos H Bittinger, private, 2d Md I.
John N Ervin, private, 3d Md I.
Chas Bolden, private, 6th W V I.
Jesse Wehner, private, 178th O V I.
Alex Sincair, private, 6th Va I.
G W Enzenbaker, private, 2d Md I.
John T Moon, bugler, 3d Va Cav.
A J Stotlemyer, qr m sergt, 22d Pa V Cav.
Benjamin F Harvey, private, 3d Va Cav.
Edward Margroff, private, 5th Md I.
Henry Kamp, private, 5th Md I.
Jos Frantz, private, 2d Md I.
Thomas Wilburn, private, 171st Pa V I.
David W Fraker, color bearer, 6th W Va V C.
Albert P Wilburn, private, 78th O V I.
B F Sower, private, 6th W Va I.
Alex Chisholm, private, 6th W Va I.
D S Will, sergt, 6th W Va Cav.
James W White, capt,
James B King, private, 6th W Va I.
Arch C King, private, 6th W Va I.
John W Lee, sergt, 6th W Va I.
Elisha Harvey, private, 6th W Va I.
H G Saunders, private, 3d Va Cav.
Henry E Friend, corp, 3d P H B Md V I.
Elijah Friend, private, "
Emanuel Custer, private, "
Chas A Friend, " "
Asbury Wolf, corp, 6th W V I.
Jno Fred Clare, private, 6th W Va I.
Cornumby Brobst, private,
David Engles, private, 3d Md I.
Isaac Metz, corp, 3d Md I.
James K Arndt, private, 2d Md I.
Patterson Engle, " 3d "
Henry Myers, " 2d "
Conrad Myers, private, Cod'n Cav.
Wm E Friend, sergeant, 14th W Va I.
Robert C Wilson, private, 3d Md Vol.
John Frey, " 6th W Va I.
R T Wilburn, " 3d Md H B I.
Peter Stark, " "
Geo H McKinzie, " 2d "
H C Fowler, " 14th Pa Cav.
Noah Biddinger, " 2d Md Vol Cav.
W H Swaringer, " 1st "
Benjamin Shepp, " 3d "
Philip Lewis, " "
Henry Lewis, sergt, 3d Md I.
William Meeks, private, 2d Md I.
Thos Hayes, private, 6th Md V. I.
W Scott Pew, corp, 49th Pa V I.
Samuel A McCrobie, private, 6th Va V I.
Joseph E Lint, corp, 6th W Va cav.
Samuel J Lint, private, 22d Pa V I.
Wm Hyland, private, 3d Md I.
W H H Friend, 2d Lieut, 3d Md V I.
Norman Lee, private, 5th Md V I.
Ira E. Friend, 1st sergt, 3d Md V I.
Alfred Sisler, private, 3d Md V I.
Jno Spencer, " "
Saml Vanskiele, " "
Lewis Vanskiele, " "
Calvin Uphold, " "
D H Friend, " "
Henry Lewis, " "
Alfred Ricord, " "
Jere Biddinger, " "
Thomas Riley, " "
Lucian Teats, " "
A Pike, " "
W H Thomas, " 6th Pa Art.
Saml Lowdermilk, " "
Milton Lowdermilk, " "
Lloyd Lowdermilk, " "
Isaac Myers, sergt, 3d Md I.
Wm R Barnthouse, private, 3d Md I.
Thomas Savage " "
A J Pike, " "
Henry Brown, " "
B F Friend, " "
D A Friend, " "
J T Gary, " "
A C Friend " 2d Md I.
A B Woodcock, sergt major, 3d Md V I.
Wm Wilson, private, 6th Va I.
John Sowers, private, 3d Md V I.
C C Michael, private, 6th W Va I.

RYAN'S GLADES, Oct. 25th, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN, *Dear Sir:*—For the last two or three weeks my time has been so completely occupied by private affairs and in rejoicing over the victories in Indiana and Ohio that I have had no time to report the condition of things in this, the banner Republican district of Garrett. Garfield stock is booming and the Hancock boom is flat, very flat. Somebody has called the attention of the *Democrat* to my last letter in THE REPUBLICAN, and it is feeling badly about it. I can assure the *Democrat* it is not alone in its new-born grief. I have been there and know how to sympathize with it. I have not read a leading article in its columns since the campaign opened, but, to quote its own dignified language, I have felt that the "writer was either a fool or imagined himself addressing an audience of idiots." It is highly gratifying to note the result of the campaign of mud-slinging and lies in Indiana and Ohio. But the Democrats had no principles to defend and the only thing they could do was to organize a campaign of vituperation and slander; and all honest men are rejoiced at the answer given in the late elections. There is not a bright spot in the Democratic record for the last twenty-five years—not a page in its history but is black with crimes and treachery and political blunders. It never appeals to the better impulses of human nature, but to their baser passions and prejudices. They do not believe in the honesty or the intelligence of the people, but imagine they can cram any sort of stuff down their throats.

The last number of the *Democrat* says "for four years the Democracy have had control of both Houses of Congress." Here it is as far from the truth as it generally is, as they "achieved" the Senate only last March a year, and instead of doing anything to make times better they did all they could to destroy confidence and hinder resumption. About the only legislation they considered worthy of them was an effort to repeal the laws to prevent fraudulent voting.

If their efforts to repeal the resumption act and to flood the country with irredeemable paper currency and 85 per cent. silver did anything to promote good times, then they are entitled to the credit of it.

But before closing I must notice briefly an illusion made by the *Democrat* some weeks ago to "Ryan's Glades," wherein it says it has the "proof, and will furnish interesting reading in the local campaign next year," or something to that effect. "Ryan's Glades" asks no favors of the *Democrat*, only to kindly confine itself to the truth.

We see what has been the sad fate of loyal men in the Southern States, even when protected by the National authority, and if by the election of Hancock that protection be withdrawn, the *Democrat* hopes, perhaps, to extend the dominion of the Democracy by introducing purely Democratic methods here. Are its reflections on the loyal men of Ryan's Glades to be interpreted as a threat to introduce the Mississippi plan after the country shall have been delivered to Southern rebels and Northern copperheads?

Next Tuesday the mud-slingers and traders in calumny will be invited to step to the rear. They have been tried, and the country will get along awhile without them. In the memorable language of Zach Chandler, "*mene, mene, tekel upharsin* is written all over their brow."

Truly and respectfully,
ONE OF THE BOYS THAT WORE THE BLUE.

The Poor Man's Friends.

The members of the Democratic party are very especial friends to the poor. Let us see. Hancock; well, he was never in contact with the poor. He don't know much about them; but English, their candidate for vice President, has been a great friend to the poor. He has been in the habit of loaning money to them, if their mortgage was sufficient, and after squeezing all the money he could get out of them, foreclosing the mortgage and taking their property likewise. He has thus acquired 181 pieces of real estate in the last five years. He has also, acquired titles to nearly as many more poor men's homes, by deeds of trust, and by sneaking round and buying up tax titles. The Democrats are so careful of the poor that they want to strike down the tariff which protects them from competition with half-fed, half-paid labor of Europe; so they don't want the poor man to work you see. While the Democrats don't want the poor to work they are willing for them to pay taxes though. In most of the States under Democratic control, the poor man has to pay a tax on his head; and they generally see to it that he keeps the roads in good repair for the rich to drive over, without receiving any compensation for it. In the lower counties of Maryland road working is compulsory, but in Western Maryland where the Republicans control, the poor man gets paid for working the public roads.

If you want to change this go and vote for Hancock, and English the great forecloser, and for Schley, who is also said to be "the poor man's friend."

But poor man, if you've got good sense I think you will not ask for a change.

INQUIRING VOTER.

What is the difference between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection? The workingman, who has a tremendous interest in this question, should not allow himself to be cheated by Democratic pretences that there is no difference. A tariff for revenue means a tax on articles which are not produced in this country, as tea and coffee. A tariff for protection means a tax on articles which come into competition with American manufactures. The former means the destruction of American manufactures; the latter means their perpetuation. When Hancock talks about a tariff for revenue only being "incidentally protective," he talks nonsense.

Vote the Republican ticket until every man in the Nation, entitled to a vote, can cast just one vote at each election, for which party he pleases, without fear or molestation, and have it honestly counted, and you will feel conscious of having done your duty as a citizen. U. S. GRANT.

The Candidates and the Tariff.

An esteemed correspondent writes to inform us that the Democrats in his neighborhood charge that General Garfield "always votes in Congres for free trade," and that he is "a member of the Cobden Club," and asks for our opinion as to the tariff issue in the campaign. The questions of our correspondent cover a good deal of ground, but we shall answer them as briefly as possible.

It is true that General Garfield was elected an honorary member of the organization in England known as the Cobden Club—a club of liberal principles, and which holds as part of its creed "free trade." But Gen. Garfield is not responsible for its views, nor has he ever endorsed them. The safe way of getting at Gen. Garfield's opinions is listening to what he says, and, better still, by observing what he has done. In Congress debates, and in the labors of committees, his work, his influence, his oratory and his vote, have always been in favor of affording to American industries such protection as would enable them to maintain themselves against the competitions of old world cheap labor. He thus favors American manufacturers as against foreign, and American wages as against the pittance paid to laborers and artisans in the old world. In Gen. Garfield's letter accepting the presidential nomination he wrote: "In reference to our customs laws, a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the Treasury, and will enable the labor and capital employed in our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labor and capital of foreign producers." In writing thus Gen. Garfield planted himself on the Republican platform, which declares that "duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor." In the report made by Gen. Garfield on "the hoop-band and scroll-iron duties," in May, 1880, and his powerful speech on the dangerous Democratic Tariff bill of 1878, General Garfield showed his mastery of the subject, and his statesmanlike grasp of the needs of American manufacture, and American labor and wages.

Turning from this clear and consistent view of the Republican party and its candidate to the Democratic party and its candidate, we find only confusion of thought, astounding ignorance of facts, and yet a strange hostility to the protection of American industry and to paying fair wages to American labor. The "Wood Tariff Bill," brought in by a Democratic leader in a Democratic House of Representatives, had it become law, would have struck a deadly blow at American industry. It was an effort to destroy protection and establish a tariff for revenue. When, therefore, the Cincinnati Democratic Convention by a unanimous vote declared in favor of a tariff for revenue only, it was one point upon which the Democracy were united, so far as they unite on anything. It agreed in hostility to what they called "*the present villianous tariff.*" Upon that platform they placed General Hancock, who accepted it as a part of Democratic doctrine.

But like a clap of thunder came the election in Indiana. Now, as Indiana is rather a producing than a manufacturing State, it was the place where "free trade" was supposed to be strongest. Yet the Republican victory showed that the common sense and experience of the masses, strengthened by observation of the prosperity of the country under the "present tariff," was opposed to free trade. If opposed in agricultural Indiana, how would the workingmen vote in manufacturing Connecticut, New York and New Jersey? There was a consternation in the Democratic ranks that extended even to their chief. Hancock lost his head, and tried to crawfish out of free trade; and as Hancock was not accustomed to get scared and crawfish, he did it very awkwardly. His tariff letter showed his utter ignorance of trade and protection as clearly as Garfield's record had showed his mastery of the business. It is no disgrace to a soldier that he does not understand tariff; the only disgrace belongs to the Democrats who put a soldier in such an absurd position. They went back on their principles in nominating a soldier; then they made that soldier ridiculous; and now they make him the apologist for their blunders, the mask to cover their designs, and the adversary of American industries and fair wages. Only one thing remains—to secure his crushing defeat.—*Balto. American.*

The official majority of Porter for Governor of Indiana is 7,141. In 1878 the Democratic plurality was 14,113, making a Republican gain in two years of 21,254.

The Democrats cried for a change, but nobody can induce them to be satisfied with the one they got in Indiana.

Why He Flopped.

Mr. John Lanahan, the scrap-iron dealer, of Pittsburg, Pa., has joined the Republican ranks, and gives the following reasons for doing so: "It having recently been stated in the daily papers that I had flopped to the Republican party, although the publication was made without my knowledge or consent, I do not contradict it, but cheerfully indorse it. It is but right that I should assign reasons for taking this step, and I will explain to the best of my ability. I have been thirty years in this country, and have always voted with the Democrats. I now admit that I never gave the subject of politics the consideration its importance required but I have recently reasoned with myself, and the result is, I have concluded to cast my vote for Garfield. I am convinced that a change in the national administration would throw us back to the financial and commercial depression from which we are now gradually and surely recovering. The Republicans accuse us Irish Catholics of being controlled by a few intriguing politicians, and I think it is true in many instances. The laboring men often vote for these designing fellows without at all considering their fitness for the offices to which they aspire. I am at a loss to know what claim the Democratic party has on our suffrages, and why they should get our undivided support. The reason assigned by many is that the Republican party is composed of old Know-Nothings. Let us look into this. In 1851, in St. Louis, Louisville, and New Orleans, Catholics were deliberately murdered on the streets because of their religion. Then why should we ally ourselves so faithfully to the Southerners? Really, I can see no good reason why we should not all be Republicans. That party has never made an attempt on our lives. On the contrary, it has, through various enterprises, given us the means to sustain and enjoy life. I am in favor of giving the Republican party a fair share of the Irish Catholic vote. By so doing we will do more than has ever yet been done to separate religion and politics. I have not been influenced to flop by the promise or hope of an office, but I have my business in view, the nature of which brings me in contact with our heaviest capitalists. All of these I find upholding Republican principles. My friends, their knowledge of what best conduces to our prosperity is undoubted, and it is our duty at this critical time to espouse the cause they uphold. I wish to impress upon my toiling countrymen that I am no bireling or office seeker, and that I am above giving them advice that would prove detrimental to themselves and families. I am honestly convinced that it is my duty to support the iron interests. So it is the duty of all who live in this great manufacturing district. We have fair times, a sound currency, no soup houses—as we had under Democratic rule—and there is no call for a change. It is full time that Hibernia's gallant sons would study their interests and vote with the Republicans. Let us show the rebel brigadiers that we understand the situation, and devote our energies to the work of saving the nation."

The Difference Well Explained.

General Grant, in the course of a few remarks at a Republican meeting in Jersey City on Thursday evening of last week, said that after this campaign is over the Democratic party will find it just as much to their advantage to have been beaten as it can be to the Republican party to have beaten them. He said further:

The Republican party never asks anything for itself which it does not grant to others. If we have three to one in a precinct we do not forbid a ballot to the fourth man, but we allow him to come up and vote just as he pleases, and we count the vote just as he casts it.

Now, all we ask for our carpet-baggers, the colored race, and all others, is that they shall be allowed to vote, and not turned out of their homes or ostracised. This is all we ask. If the Democrats beat us on this issue, we are willing to accept the beating. The beauty of such a system as we have is, if a bad government gets into power it can be changed at the next election, but if the shot gun policy is adopted, a bad government may be perpetuated in the South forever.

Judge Morell, of Orange county, N. J., who has been twice elected to the bench by Democrats, gives the following reasons for leaving that party: "The traditions of the Democratic party were against the nomination of a man who was simply a soldier without any civil record; the utterances of General Hancock had shown his want of training in state matters; the administration of an independent Republican, President Hayes, had brought this country to an era of great prosperity; his study of the speeches and public career of General Garfield had convinced him that the same methods would be continued under his administration and the country would escape an undesirable change."

A Ruinous Democratic Policy.

Hon. D. J. Morrell, the head of the Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown, Pa., has addressed a letter on the tariff question to the Philadelphia *Times*, in which he speaks of David A. Wells, the author of the free trade plank of the Democratic platform, as the Benedict Arnold of American industrial history, and says that "this chronic threat and insult of American workingmen, which is common to all Democratic and Confederate platforms, has been repeated once too often, as the recent elections in Indiana and Ohio have clearly shown, and as the course of the canvass in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and all Industrial States makes constantly more evident.

The workingmen and business men are getting from under the dead fall of the Democratic platform, and and defeat stares the party in the face. Hence the sudden zeal for protection and the Eaton Commission bill. Hence the blundering letters on the tariff by General Hancock, who first swallowed his party platform whole—"a tariff for revenue only" and all; then regards the tariff as "a local question with which the general government seldom interferes;" and finally announces himself as in favor of a tariff for incidental protection. Hence the senseless assaults upon Gen. Garfield's tariff record, and the fraudulent claim that Hancock is a better tariff man than Garfield; just as once before the people were told that Polk was a better tariff man than Clay. This is a stale swindle, and will not win.

Mr. Morrell adds that at his own works he has posted the platforms of the two parties, and finds that nothing more than this silent argument is sufficient to convince the employes as to how they should vote.

Hall's Vegetable Silician Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assyer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE OF ESTRAYS.

State of Maryland, Garrett county, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this the 2d day of October, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, personally appeared William H. H. Friend, of District No. 2, of the county aforesaid, and made oath in due form of law, that there is one yearling trespassing on his enclosure, all red, with slits in left ear, medium sized bell, with chain around the neck to hold the bell.

Sworn before
oct 30-4 JOHN M. KESSLER, J. P.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA

Estate of George W. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. HILEMAN,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of October, 1880.

DAVID HILEMAN,
10 30 3 Administrator.

Notice to Poultry Fanciers.

The undersigned, on Bunghill farm 5 miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale a very fine lot of large Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, at reasonable prices. Address,

S. D. YODER,
Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.
oct-4

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

10 9 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, mattrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Samuel Specht vs. his creditors.

No. 56. Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Creditors of Samuel Specht are hereby notified to file their claims with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, properly authenticated, on or before the first day of November, 1880, as I shall on that day state an account in the above cause, distributing the fund in the hands of J. W. Veitch, trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
oct 9td Auditor.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PITH AND POINT.

THE man who sighs: "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.—*Detroit Free Press.*

J. H. W. ONION is a candidate for Congress from Maryland. Onion is a strong nomination. Hence these tears. —*Boston Transcript.*

THERE was a small boy had some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder,
He succeeded so well
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam chowder.
—*Yale Record.*

WHEN the impatient public intimates that Edison's electric light is a failure, does the i. p. ever stop to think that there are stars from which light requires 6,000 years to reach our globe? Edison may be one of those stars.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant and said: "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue, either," was the quiet rejoinder.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A GALVESTON school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked to the boy, "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."—*Galveston News.*

SWEETLY sings a nineteenth century poet: "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on a plenty of lint. Or, hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A MANUFACTORY for turning out boneless codfish has been established in Boston. It is an industry that should be encouraged, and it should also be persuaded to include shad in its products. If it can capture all the shad in our rivers, remove the bones and then replace the fish in the waters, it will have accomplished a greater work in the cause of religion than if it had built a cathedral costing $10,000,000. A boneless shad would not encourage profane thoughts at the breakfast table and make more backsliders in a month than could be reconverted in a year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Curiosities of Canine Nomenclature.

A WOMAN got into a Cass Avenue car yesterday, accompanied by five children and a lot of bundles and baskets, which she at once distributed among the feet of the passengers. Then she turned to the eldest of the children and asked, breathlessly:

"Where's Julia and Horace?"

"They're comin', ma, all right."

The car went slowly on and barely stopped at the top of the hill to admit a little black alpaca woman, who was greeted noisily with:

"Where's Horace?"

"Oh, he's comin'. Gimme a seat—he'll ketch up directly."

The passengers were beginning to get interested in the numerals of the family, and the car had moved on a block or two further when there was a sudden commotion among the new-comers, and they all screeched in chorus:

"Why, there's Horace!"

Shades of the Latin poets! Horace was a long, lean, hungry cur—a "yellow dorg"—and as he came tumbling in, hard-breathed and dusty, the passengers drew up their feet and determined to be civil to that one member of the family at least.

Down on the banks of the Detroit River on the Canada side there is a picturesque little cabin where a numerous colored family live in that sweet abandon of nature for which such people are famous; when the evening meal of mush and milk is smoking on the board—literally a board—the turbaned mother of the young barbarians appears in the doorway, and shading her perspiring brow looks off into the sunset with a view hallo, as follows:

"Albert Ed-ward—*Corn*wallis—Wellington—Vic-toria! come right yere to yer supper this blessed minit!"

In an incredibly short space of time the pickaninnies appear on the home-stretch, and the one that makes the best time getting in is Victoria, a little, howling, bandy-legged dog that was "raised with the other chillen."

What's in a name? Romeo and Juliet are a pair of Yorkshire hounds, owned by Mr. Lincoln, of this city. The imperial Cæsars of dogdom are found every where. Marc Antony makes night hideous on Woodbridge Street.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart see—

Cleopatra, an imported grayhound, has her name curtailed by usage to Cleo, but on the books of the bench it rhymes forth in all its queenly dignity.

At the last dog-show in New York City the kennel in which Lady Jane Grey was domiciled was marked "dangerous," as her ladyship did not like strangers. Mrs. Partington named her dog "Moreover," from the Bible, "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

The dogs of war, dogs of history, and dogs of poetry furnish many curious and some familiar names. "Maida," Sir Walter Scott's gigantic hound, has been copied so often from Landseer's original painting that even her features are familiar. And what child does not know of the faithful Gelert, who killed the wolf by the cradle of his master's sleeping child, and was himself sacrificed before he could explain that the child was safe under its overturned bed?

O, where does the faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home
A lion in the chase
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Trowbridge begins his fine poem "The Vagabonds:"

We are two travelers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog.

"Bob" was a dog belonging to a fire company of London, and was accustomed to run up ladders into burning houses; he, too, has been immortalized in verse:

Show me where poor Bob is buried;
I should like to see his grave.

"Me dog Schneider" runs through the memories we keep of Jefferson with a wonderfully sweet thrill.

There are names sacred to dogs. Boz was a favorite name for English dogs thirty years ago. Rover is always a popular name for mastiffs. Prince, Lion, Tiger, Ponto and Carlo have long been names familiar to the watch-dog tribe. Fido and Jip are pet names for spaniels. Dora, the child-wife of David Copperfield, and her little dog Jip, make the prettiest picture of the book; Jip sitting on two legs on the hated account book which that prig David insisted on Dora's studying; and then the last sad glimpse of the two friends.

"I couldn't have any other dog but Jip," said Dora; "it would be so unkind to Jip."

Oh! Jip it may be never again.

"He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out, and with a plaintive cry is dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Life of a Sponge.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says: To procure a living marine sponge is not very easy; but the fresh water sponges are common enough, and will answer our purpose just as well. They may be procured in almost any slow-flowing river, and are adherent to twigs and similar objects that have remained in the water for some length of time. Take one of these sponges, the smaller the better, and place it in a glass vessel. A common watch-glass will answer the purpose admirably. Presently distinct currents will be perceptible in the water, especially if a little carmine or indigo be dissolved in it. Prussian blue is poisonous, but the "blue" used by the laundress is safe enough. Carmine, however, is, in my opinion, better than any blue tint, as it is prettier in general effect, and the particles are so transparent that they do not become opaque when collected together. When the currents are fairly established the magnifying glass will exhibit a wonderful phase of animal life.

The whole of the surface of the sponge is covered with little prominences, having at the tip of each a tolerably large aperture. Through this hole the colored water pours outward with a steady rush, causing the currents which have made themselves visible. But how did these colored particles, which rush out with such force, get into the sponge at all? A more powerful lens will solve the problem. The whole of the surface is studded with innumerable little holes, piercing through the gelatinous membrane, and admitting the water into the interior of the sponge. A section of the sponge will show that these little holes lead into canals which travel in every direction through the substance of the sponge and finally lead to the large apertures through which the water is ejected. Every now and then the current will stop, and all the tiny orifices are closed, without even a mark to show where they had been. Presently it begins again, and then it will be seen that the former orifices are not reopened, but that fresh apertures are developed as they are wanted.

Now we may ask ourselves how these larger apertures are kept open, and to answer the question we must call chemistry to our aid. In some sponges we can use the blow-pipe; but as a general rule some strong acid or alkali will destroy the whole of the animal matter. If the residuum be examined with the microscope, a vast number of glassy spicules will be seen, varying in shape, size and color with the kind of sponge. Some of them look exactly as if they were made of pink and white sugar candy, and all children to whom I have shown them have expressed regret at their inability to eat such tempting objects.

Those of the ordinary sponge have the most striking resemblance to the "crow's-feet," or "caltrops," which were once used to impede the progress of cavalry. It is said that these spicules vary according to the substance on which the sponge is fixed, as well as in the species; but I have had no opportunity of testing this theory, and content myself with mentioning it. The structure of the ordinary marine and fresh-water sponges having been carefully studied, zoologists set about the very necessary task of classifying them. Considering the nature of the subject, this was no easy task, and almost as many systems were promulgated as there were zoologists to write about them.

A Smart Boy.

THAT quality which leads parents to praise their children is, if accompanied by kindness to them at home, very beautiful. It is always better to encourage children than to be constantly degrading them with surly abuse. To be sure, a child may be made slightly conceited, and sometimes even painfully obtrusive, but praise is mainly better than blame; and it is not always a bad sign when a man, though a bore, asks Theodore Thomas to "Come up to Yonkers some time and hear my daughter play 'The Bouncing Blue Bells;'" or entertains Wendell Phillips or Edwin Booth at the sea-side with an imitation of how his son recites "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." He is probably a good father. He will come up to you and say: "Here is a good thing for your paper. My twelve-year-old boy is very smart. Come up some evening and just listen to his jokes. Why, last night I took home a package of molasses taffy candy, and he said: 'Ma, that's taffy.' Now, he has never heard the slang phrase about giving any one taffy, so it shows that he jumped to it himself. He said, 'Ma, that's taffy.' She looked at me with a queer smile, and shook her head; but I couldn't hold in. I just bust. Ma, she couldn't stand it; she yelled till the tears rolled down. Said I, 'Ma, that's taffy;' and away she went again, and I almost rolled off my chair. It's a good one, and I give your paper the first chance before I tell it down at the store."—*New York Herald.*

—According to the researches of Dr. Brush, the milk of ruminants, when swallowed, is coagulated by the acids of the stomach into a hard mass. Hence calves, lambs, etc., which have taken no food but the milk of their mothers, always chew the cud. Animals which do not ruminate consequently find a difficulty in digesting the milk of ruminant species. On the other hand human milk, and that of mares, asses and other non-ruminant animals, coagulates into small granular or flocculent masses, which are easily digested.

—No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Co-operation in Farming.

IN almost every department of labor there is more co-operation than in any former time. The reverse of this, however, is true of the business of farming. In the early days of the settlement of the Eastern States it was very common for farmers to unite in doing nearly every kind of work. If a farmer wished to build a log-house, to dig a cellar, or clear a piece of land, several of his neighbors turned out and assisted in doing the work that could with difficulty be performed by one man. In breaking new ground it was customary "to join teams." During haying and harvesting it was common to "change work." Men who became experts in any department of labor, as stacking hay and grain, performed all that kind of work in the neighborhood, and were compensated by persons who were skillful in some other operations, as sowing grain and grass seed, slaughtering animals, or grafting trees. The farmers enjoyed working together, and generally believed that they accomplished more than when they worked by themselves. Sometimes all the farmers in a neighborhood turned out and formed a "bee," for the purpose of killing hogs, husking corn, or moving a building. By doing so they changed hard work into sport.

In those old times farmers' wives resorted to co-operation in performing much of their work. They "changed milk" in order to lessen the labor of making cheese. This plan enabled them to make larger cheese than when only the milk produced on one farm was worked up in the house. It also obviated the necessity of obtaining a large number of vats for making curd and presses for forming the cheese. They often united in the manufacture of various kinds of cloth. It was then the fashion to have "quilting bees" and "apple bees." All these "bees" were attended by sports, games and a general good time. Doing work without the aid of machinery, they continued to do it expeditiously by means of co-operation, and found pleasure in each other's society. The absence of machines and other labor-saving appliances rendered co-operation among farmers necessary.

The introduction of machinery has contributed to favor co-operation in almost all the mechanical pursuits. It appears to have had the contrary effect in farming. Since the introduction of machinery we seldom find farmers uniting to do any kind of work except that of thrashing grain. There is no more "joining teams" or "changing work," except in the one instance referred to. The "corn-shucking" and the "quilting bee" live only in history. Every farmer works for himself. He has little or no intercourse with his neighbors. He does not co-operate with any persons engaged in the same kind of employment. He puts a barbed wire fence about his farm instead of a Chinese wall, but it answers the purpose equally well. He prides himself on being an independent farmer. In truth, he is too independent for his own good, socially or otherwise.

A large amount of expense might be saved if ten or twenty farmers would unite in the purchase of tools that are only employed during limited periods of the year. One field-roller is sufficient to do all the work required of it on twenty farms of the average size. It can be conveyed from one place to another without difficulty, and will last fifty years if properly taken care of. One breaking-plow, one grain-drill, one broadcast seeder, one post-driver, one fence wire stretcher, one corn-planter, one stump-extractor are amply sufficient to do all the work each was designed to perform on five sections of land, whether it belongs to one individual or to several, and it seems to be the height of folly for each owner of a small farm to own them all for the sole purpose of doing the work on his place. The cost of these tools is very considerable, while the annual outlay for storage and taxes is large. They require the same amount of care whether they are kept in use several weeks or only a few days in every year. The taxes and insurance amount to the same whether they are employed during a large or small portion of the season.

Objections can of course be raised against the plan of farmers uniting to own and use costly agricultural implements in common. It is unquestionably true that several might wish and not find it convenient to use the same implement on the same day. But the difficulties in these cases could be readily adjusted. The care and disposition of the tools could be given to one person or to a committee chosen by all the joint owners, who should receive applications and give the use of the implement to those persons who could employ them without much inconvenience to others. As a rule each farm implement remains idle about half of each day on account of the inability of a team to operate it a longer time. If one farmer uses it constantly during the forenoon another may attach a fresh team to it and use it constantly during the afternoon. In respect to keeping costly machinery constantly occupied, manufacturers "are wiser in their generation" than farmers are. They not unfrequently employ two sets of hands to manage the same machine, so that one may eat, rest and sleep while the other is at work. By so doing they save the expense of one shop and one set of machinery, and also save paying a large sum for taxes and insurance. It is a fact well known to the farmers of every neighborhood that some one person generally acquires greater skill in the use of particular implements than any one of his neighbors. When this is the case there is economy in allowing him to operate the machine that he can manage to so excellent advantage. He can take it from one farm to another, on the same day or on different days, and use on it the teams each farmer provides. The more frequently one uses a machine the better his management of it becomes, and, as a consequence, the larger is the amount of work accomplished. Good work as well as much work is the result of allowing one person to operate a machine till he becomes very proficient in its employment. As to the machine itself, it receives less damage at the hands of one than at the hands of many, some of whom are very awkward and bungling in the use of tools of every kind. Many a man who plows a straight furrow cuts a very crooked swath. The person who builds a fine hay-stack may fail in sowing grass-seed. There are many persons who should never be intrusted with the use of a mower or harvester. They can accomplish little with it, and are very likely to injure themselves or the machine itself by awkwardness or carelessness.

There are many other ways in which farmers may save much and add much to the comfort of their families by co-operative efforts. There is considerable expense attending building and filling an ice-house of sufficient capacity to supply a family. If, however, ten farmers unite in building and filling an ice-house the expense to each will be trifling. The labor of ten men and teams during one day in winter will be sufficient to fill it. If it is located on a public road or at the intersection of two roads the trouble of obtaining a supply of ice for each family will be trifling. To prevent wastage as far as possible, it should be opened at a certain hour in the morning or evening of each day, and kept closed the remainder of the time. If desirable the ice-house may be used for storing fresh meats and poultry during the summer. Much can be accomplished by means of co-operation in supplying farms, houses and stables with water. In many instances water may be conveyed from a single spring to the houses, stables and pastures of half a dozen farmers. All that is wanted are suitable pipes laid below the frost line and terminating where the water is desired. One main may be sufficient to conduct the water the entire distance. From this main service pipes may extend to as many places as the water is needed for stock or domestic purposes. An artesian well is generally too costly a luxury for an ordinary farmer to indulge in, but in many places an artesian well may be made to supply all the water required on several farms. The expense of conveying water in wooden or metal pipes is trifling, but the convenience of the arrangement can only be appreciated by persons who have enjoyed the advantages of hydrant water in cities, and are then compelled to raise it from a deep well by means of a bucket or a pump. In many cases a pump operated by wind power will raise all the water required on several farms. Half or three-fourths of the expense of digging wells and erecting pumping works might be saved if farmers would unite in obtaining a supply of water.—*Chicago Times.*

Some Types of Western Girls.

SITTING over there in a corner of the porch, says a Chautauqua Lake correspondent, is the typical Pittsburgh girl. She dresses well, but not so elaborately as some of her sisters from other places; she goes in for brains, money, handsome masculine admirers and personal comfort; she is good-looking or pretty, but is not beautiful, as a rule; she has a carriage or buggy at home and knows how to row and ride; she flirts with enthusiasm and has a goodly following of beaux, but she rarely marries until she is past twenty. Lazily rocking to and fro in that big chair is the Cleveland girl. She is wonderfully vivacious; her piquancy is something marvelous and electrical in its effect. She is exceedingly pretty, and frequently has the rarest kind of American beauty. She is quiet in dress, but has a style and knack in wearing her costumes that makes her the envy of her sex here. This faculty enables her to always appear fresh and dainty without frequent changes in apparel. She reads a great deal, talks well, flirts in a *dolce far niente* way, that is as becoming to her as her cloth robes. She is independent in opinion, knows something about politics from an Ohio stand-point. She deals frankly with the men of her acquaintance, is shy about making friends of strangers, and dances divinely. The girl who is laughing and talking rapidly with the gentleman who is promenading with her is from Columbus, O. She wears a great many showy dresses, knows every body, is good hearted, easy to become acquainted with at this sort of place, talks a great deal about her school-life and her conquests, and does not like the Cleveland girl. The Buffalo girl is pretty and interesting, and has ideas. She does not know how to dress well, because she admires obstreperous colors. She dances well, flirts as though she enjoyed it hugely, and marries a man with a great deal of money—if she can. The Indianapolis girl is jolly, affable and kind-hearted. She is moderate in her ambitions, likes autograph albums, and wears nice, tasteful dresses. The Louisville girl is full of dash and vim, dresses nobbily, and has many marvelous suits. She has a pretty Southern accent, and is a general favorite. One of the best types of Ohio womanhood is the Warren girl. She is modest, shy, extremely pretty, quiet but stylish in dress, exquisite in figure, charming in face and conversation, and mows down the other sex without apparent effort or desire. She is good and womanly, and "knows heaps."

The Cost in Men of the Afghan War.

A RETURN has been made to the House of Commons of the numbers killed or dead of disease, or invalided in each of the three armies operating beyond the Indus, in the late campaign in Afghanistan (1878 9), from the date of the advance beyond our frontier into the Khyber Pass, up to the return across the Indus of the regiments ordered back at the close of the operations in the field. The numbers are given per regiment, troop and battery, and the casualities of the three armies appear separately. The abstract at the close, shows that eight European and two native officers were killed in action, and two European officers died of their wounds; 14 European and 21 native officers died of disease; 62 European officers and 43 native officers were invalided. Total casualities among officers—European 86, natives 66. Among the British troops 17 men were killed in action, 3 died of their wounds, 315 of disease and 1,176 were invalided—total, 1,511. Among the native troops 75 were killed in action, 23 died of their wounds, 1,129 of disease and 1,586 were invalided—total, 2,813. The grand total of casualties among men was thus 4,324; including officers too, 4,446.—*London Times.*

DR. TANNER crops up in the pages of nearly every English periodical, and will be referred to in every new encyclopædia and thousands of medical works. If he has not got money, he has got in six weeks as world-wide a reputation as Wellington or Byron in as many years.

Religious.

FOR GOOD OR ILL?

ONLY a word
Yet it bore on its holy breath
A message that God had given
To kindly warn from the ways of Death—
And a soul was led to Heaven.

Only a word!
Spoken in scorn by lips that smiled,
But a haunting doubt's black shade
Was cast in the trusting heart of a child,
And a life-long darkness made.

Only a word!
Yet there lay in its heart, enshrined
Like the germ in a tiny seed,
A thought that fell in an earnest mind
And grew to a noble deed.

Only a word!
No more widely the ocean parts
Land from land with its ebb and flow
Than one false word severed kindly hearts
That loved, in the long ago.

Only a word!
The whispered "amen" of a prayer—
But it flew like a swift-winged dove,
From the stormy depths of a soul's despair,
To the Father's heart of love.

Only a word!
Oh, choose it wisely, weigh it well;
Send it forth with love and faith;
It may be the message one word can tell
Will rescue a soul from death.
—*Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 24—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer ..... Gen. 32: 9-2; 2-30
Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt ..... Gen. 37: 1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison ..... Gen. 39: 21; 40: 1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler ..... Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren ..... Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh ..... Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob ..... Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph ..... Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Country and City Pastorates.

MINISTERS in the rural districts, and any number of pastors in our villages and towns, have a great yearning for city pulpits. The notion prevails that a church in a great metropolis, like New York, or in a city like Brooklyn, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or Chicago, or some other important center of population, presents the most inviting field for Christian labor and for the widest ministerial influence. Under this impression, the feeling is cherished by most of the young men in our theological seminaries, and by scores of village pastors that nothing is more to be desired either for usefulness or happiness than their advancement (?) to a city church. Seeing a few of their classmates and early associates in the ministry holding these positions of superior eminence, (?) while they are left to occupy humbler fields, they are, at times, tempted to envy them their success, and they secretly sigh for similar promotion.

We do not mean to intimate that city pulpits offer no advantages to preachers. A man adapted to the wants of a great city, and able to exert an influence on its crowded population, holds a very important position. But not less important are the opportunities of usefulness offered by comparatively small and obscure fields of labor.

In the matter of congregations, we could name scores in villages and towns, with which, for size and intelligence, those of most city churches will bear no comparison. Very recently we were supplying a pulpit less than fifty miles from New York, whose pastor had gone to preach for a church in an Eastern city, and on that occasion we found an assembly much larger than was present on the same day at any Baptist church in New York. Nor is this an exceptional case. We could cite many more of the same kind in proof of the fact that "a wide field of usefulness" and opportunities for "reaching the masses" are not advantages confined to the crowded populations of cities. In such communities, moreover, it will be found that a pastor's influence reaches beyond his own people. He is recognized, as few city pastor's are, in a circle that extends beyond the limits of his own congregation, and his worth and work are appreciated by a multitude that seldom or never attend upon his ministry.

In this light, it is manifest that many village pastors who are coveting city pulpits are greatly mistaken in their notion of the superior advantages of a settlement in a city; and, with more correct and comprehensive views of the situation, brethren anxious to occupy metropolitan pulpits would discover it to be much wiser for them to cultivate contentment, and to take heed to the apostle's counsel, to "abide in the same calling wherein they are called."

It is not to be doubted, that, at the present day, a certain order of pulpit talent is required by our city churches, and that the interests of the common cause often demands that peculiar gifts should be secured for positions to which they are especially adapted. When this is the case, there arises a necessity for a change in the pastoral relation, involving no little self-denial on the part of some of our rural churches, and the transfer of relations, under such circumstances, seems to be a dictate of duty on the part of pastors who are thus summoned to other spheres of service. But in all other cases the usefulness and happiness of ministers who are successfully serving churches in more retired places will be found to be greatly promoted by a better appreciation of the fields of labor to which they should recognize themselves as appointed by the Great Head of the Church.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Extemporizing in the Pulpit.

THEY make a great mistake who suppose that extempore preaching has been the law with all great preachers; in fact, we may almost go so far as to say the reverse has been the case. Extemporizing will often be exposed to difficulties which only a very honest mind can overcome and make the best of. When Father Taylor, the American preacher, once lost himself and became bewildered in the course of his sermon, he extricated himself by the exclamation, "I have lost the track of the nominative case, my brethren, but one thing I know, I am bound for the kingdom!" and the frankness of the confession would be sure to save him from suffering in the esteem of his audience. But the more stately and dignified masters, it is very obvious, cannot deliver themselves in that way.

The most singular instance of this kind in our memory is the case of a very distinguished man to whom we loved to listen in our boyhood, a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy or beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into divisions, but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having traveled through, so far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself and said, "I—I forget the the third division!" He turned around to the organist, "Organist, strike up a verse." He gave out a line of a hyma, and while the organ was playing and people singing, he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "is not that singular?" And he proceeded to show how it was that he lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way to talk upon the law of association of ideas, and the mystery and marvels of retentiveness and memory as a proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all.

A similar anecdote has often been told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was urged, "Oh come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!" And so Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he, also, having got through two beads of his discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly—thirdly—I've forgotten what was thirdly!" he said; and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting. "Brother Harris, what was thirdly?" Harris looked up and said "So and so." "Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.—*Sunday at Home.*

Peace.

THE believer's peace is like a river for continuance. Look at it, rising a little brook among the mosses of a lone green hill; by and by it leaps as a rugged cataract; anon it flows along that fair valley where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—with hum of pleasant music the brook turns the village mill. Hearken to its changeful hum as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed, or leaps adown the wheel or sports in eddies where the trees bend down their branches to kiss the current. Anon the streamlet has become a river, and bears upon its flood full many a craft. Then its bosom swells, bridges with noble arches span it, and, grown vaster still, it becomes a stream broad enough to be an arm to old father ocean, pouring its water-floods into the mighty main. The river abides the lapse of ages; it is no evanescent, moving cloud, or transient rain-flood, but in all its stages it is permanent.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

Evermore, throughout all generations, the river speedeth to its destined place. Such is the peace of the Christian. He has always reason for comfort. He has not a consolation like a swollen torrent, which is dried up under the hot sun of adversity; but peace in his rightful possession at all times. Ever is the river in its place. And ever thus, come night, come what will, the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep the Christian's heart and mind, through Jesus Christ.—*Spurgeon.*

Wise Sayings.

THE book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that.—*Dr. McOsh.*

GOD will excuse our prayers for ourselves whenever we are prevented from them by being occupied by such good works as will entitle us to the prayers of others.—*Church Union.*

THE heart is that which God principally respects in our access to Him; and universal internal sincerity of heart is required of all those who draw nigh to Him in His holy worship.—*Dr. Owen.*

THE Supreme Being seems to be distant from those who have no wish to attain knowledge respecting Him, and He seems to be very near those who feel a wish to know Him.—*Yajar Veda.*

TRUE REST.—
"Self-ease is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace."

THE Christianity which is a divine life, a divine inspiration and a divine hope is so inexpressibly dear to so many people, it is such a help to them in the struggle with their grosser natures, it gives to life and death so stupendous a meaning, it is such a comfort in trouble and sorrow and burden-bearing, that we should need to be inhuman not to regard the efforts aimed at its overthrow as aimed at the dearest interests of the human race. To pretend that an infidel's opinions are sacred to him in any such way as Christianity is sacred to a Christian is to trifle most inexcusably with holy things.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE electoral statistics of Europe have been collected by the *Bund* of Berne. In number of electors France stands at the head of the list with 9,691,000. Next comes Germany, with 8,523,000; and then England, with 2,719,000; Austria, with 1,242,000, and Switzerland, Italy, Portugal and Belgium in the order given. The number of electors for every hundred inhabitants in the various countries is: France, 26.3; Switzerland, 24.2; Germany, 20.2; England, 11.5; Austria, 5.9; Portugal, 5.4; Italy, 2.2; Belgium, 1.8. The statistics for Spain are wanting. Another table shows the percentage of the electors who have voted, England being here omitted. Out of every hundred electors France polls 76, Belgium (Senate) 69, (Deputies) 71, Austria and Portugal 66, Germany 62, and Italy 59.

THE word "welcome" on the door-mat, or worked in silk floss and framed to hang on the wall, does not always mean that the relatives, even unto the third or fourth generation, may come in at all times and make themselves perfectly at home.

HOME AND FARM.

GOOD flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires for the best breed of chickens. The Cochins and Brahmas are of large size and are good layers. Plymouth Rocks are equally desirable. The Leghorns and Spanish are superior layers. A farmer better keep but one kind.—*Iowa State Register.*

EGG DRINK.—The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Halahan, and is very palatable and agreeable: "Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk, one pint; water, one pint; sugar, to make it palatable; boil, and let it cool; drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless."

MR. ROBERT HALL, the leading live-stock salesman of London and Liverpool, said in a recent speech in Toronto, that he preferred to have hogs straight on the back, with good, short noses, well formed jowls, and well formed back of the jowls. Length was desirable in a pig for the English market, because it affored a large amount of good mixed bacon. The taste for bacon was changing in England. More lean and less fat was now desired. To obtain pork of fine flavor, pigs should have vegetables as well as corn to eat.

CHARCOAL, laid flat while cold on a burn, will cause the pain to abate. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so porous that it absorbs and condenses gases most readily. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred cubic inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is known as "proud flesh" it is invaluable. It hurts no texture, injures no color, and is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant.

WINTERING GERANIUMS.—In the absence of a green-house the next best position is the sunny window of a cool room. If too much heat is given the plants will incline to grow spindling, and if a superfluity of water is applied they will frequently decay. The happy medium of both moisture and temperature is what will bring the most pleasing results. Pot singly, in rather small pots, and cut the tops well back. If the plants are not too large place several in a shallow box, with plenty of drainage. Deep pits, covered with sash, will preserve geraniums during ordinary winters in the Middle States, but great care must be observed to give plenty of air during mild days, as an excess of damp is destructive.

ALMOST every farmer prefers putting his hand to a bright plow, says the *World*, which turns the furrow with comparative ease to both team and driver, than one weather-beaten, and dulled with the previous season's dirt, and yet many dollars dwindle imperceptibly but surely away each year, and farmers annually grumble, all because of the careless handling of farm machinery. With one accord, reapers and mowers, seed-drills, plows and harrows are suffered to remain where last employed, to bear the action of pelting storms and drying winds. The repairs required the following season will cost more than the building of a shed or tool house, or the arrangement of a place for them in out-houses already erected.

Noble Traders.

IT is well known that many French noblemen do not hesitate to sell wines of famous vintage, and make a handsome profit by the transaction. They practice other methods of money-getting which are not so aristocratic. There was one Duke, a millionaire a dozen times over, who sold his game, the poor, thrifty man, as eagerly as though he had been a simple poacher, and retailed the fruit of his country seat at St. Cloud like a kitchen gardener of the Plain of Gennevilliers. He also sent to market baptized milk—he was a pious man, the noble Duke—furnished by his two cows. Another grand seigneur, a Marquis, drives a thriving business in loaning out silver-plate for weddings and dinner parties in town. It is the family plate which he puts to this use, and the pieces ornamented with his coat-of-arms graces the tables of title-worshiping commoners. There is also a Baron who is the "inventor and propagator of the matrimonial profession." Do you want a wife, not too mature, not too sentimental? Address, in all confidence, any of the branches of the house, Paris, London or Vienna. Deposit one hundred francs or one thousand francs, according to circumstances, plus a commission of five per cent. on the lady's dot. Once in a while the house has to sue delinquent patrons; usually, however, the excellent Baron gets his fee, as his splendid chateau at St. Cloud testifies. He has rivals, though, in the persons of certain Marquises, Countesses and Baronesses, who are trying to draw away trade from him by cutting under his rates; they are satisfied with a deposit of fifty francs or even of twenty-five francs, and charge a commission of only three per cent. on the dot. Then there is a noble Countess who leases small houses and furnishes them for the accommodation of English and American travelers, making a handsome profit thereby. Note that the Countess is very rich, and that her husband gives her an allowance for her toilet that would comfortably support an entire family. Three of the most elegant and distinguished ladies of Paris, whose names are constantly recurring in the society news of the journals, have formed a company of the most original kind, and keep shop, their confidential agent doing duty as shopman. They furnish the wares—nothing else than their cast-off dresses and toilet knick-knacks of which they have become tired. It is said that these ladies are doing a capital business, and that sometimes, in the intimacy of the boudoir, they graciously exhibit their account books for the inspection of particular friends. The book of heraldry includes the names of many pretty traders like these.—*Paris Letter.*

DAIRY ITEMS.

THE statement of the Elgin *Advocate*, recently published in this column, that the make of cheese in New York is fully one-third less than last year, is contradicted by the Utica *Herald*, which says, judging from reports received from the chief cheese producing districts of the State, the make will certainly equal, and probably exceed that of last year.

PACK SOME BUTTER.—This is a good month in which to pack some butter for winter use. Extra pains should be taken to work out every particle of butter milk. The best and purest salt should be used. Pack in the best firkins, pails, or crocks and put a clean, white cover over it; on this put a heavy coating of salt and set the package in the spring house or cellar, where the air is untainted by decaying vegetables or obnoxious odors of any kind.

GOATS FOR CHURNING.—Those persons who have tried them say that goats are the best of all animals for this purpose. Being natural climbers, the up-hill movement on the power used for driving the churn, does, not tire them as it does other animals; in fact, they rather like the work as being special fun for them. Fewer or more goats can be put on to the tread power to operate it as a less or greater churning may require. As goats will subsist on coarser herbage than any other grazing animal, they are doubtless the most economical of all to use for churning; and those who have dairies of only a moderate size cannot do better than to use them for this purpose. If, in addition, they select them from milking breeds, they will be well repaid for their keep from this alone. Goat-milk cheese is a delicious article when properly made, and commands a high price in the European markets, being considered there a great luxury. Goats make handsome teams to draw children's wagons and sleighs, and are much sought after for this work. It will thus be seen that the goat can be utilized both profitably and pleasantly for quite a variety of purposes.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Exports of Butter versus Oleomargarine.

A communication was recently addressed to Secretary Sherman by the President of the New York Produce Exchange, at the request of merchants in the butter trade, asking that clearances of oleomargarine should be distinguished in Custom House returns from those of butter. The following reply has been received:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF STATISTICS,
September 28, 1880.

P. H. Parker, Esq., President New York Produce Exchange, New York City:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 23d inst., addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury has been referred to this Bureau. Recognizing the importance to the dairy interests of the country of correct statistics of actual butter, as distinguished from oleomargarine and other substitutes, I have already given attention to the matter, and will in due time, inform you of what has been done. The statistics of our domestic exports now give the quantities and values of butter separately from those of oleomargarine. I find that there were returned to this Bureau, as exported from the port of New York during the year ended June 30, 1880, of

	Lbs.	Value.
Butter	31,061,610	$5,179,071
Oleomargarine	18,883,359	2,581,317

* * * * * * *

A complaint similar to yours was found in a circular of Mr. Lloyd I. Seaman, dated New York, August 28, 1880, stating that the reported exports of butter by the United States clearing department in the custom house were false—one-half of it being oleomargarine. This statement being referred to the Collector at New York for investigation and report, that officer, under date of the 14th instant, reports "that the report to the press for the period in question has been verified by a re-examination of the manifests on file as sworn to by the shippers." The difficulty appears to be, not in a want on the part of the customs officers to co-operate in the furnishing of correct export statistics, but in the fraudulent description of oleomargarine as butter in the sworn manifests. You will greatly facilitate my endeavor to secure to us data of the butter export if you will kindly send to me copies of any State laws or city ordinances or rules adopted by the New York produce exchange in regard to distinguishing between oleomargarine and butter. I shall be happy also to receive from you any suggestions as to the best practical methods by means of which the customs officers may discover false entries of oleomagarine in the outward manifests.

* * * * * * *

I am, sir, very respectfully,
JOSEPH NIMMO, Jr., Chief of Bureau.

The *Bulletin* states that the contents of the above letter were communicated by Mr. Parker to several leading members in the butter trade, and they all expressed their gratification at the attention given to the matter at Washington. It was stated that measures would be taken to procure the data called for by Mr. Nimmo, and to furnish him with all the additional information necessary in order to bring about the desired reform.

Management of Dairy Stock.

The common cows of the country are treated unfairly by writers on cattle, generally. Epithets designed to reflect severely and unjustly, are used by those who ought to be honest with the cows that supplied them in infancy with a good and generous supply of milk, cream and butter. The truth is that the so-called *scrub dunghill* are *grades*, and very frequently grades from ancestors of right royal blood. In fact, there would be fewer *scrubs* if the general cow was treated better—housed better, fed better, handled better. These are elements which help greatly to make up the good and profitable dairy stock for cheese, butter or milk production. If we depend upon the common stock we must weed out the weedy and only cherish and keep the best. A good cow of any herd or breed ought to pay a fair interest on her cost and keeping; otherwise she should be discharged—should be sent to the butcher. Where the dairy stock is raised—and this is the quickest and surest way to create, improve and perfect a dairy—only good cows' calves should be raised, and the sire of calves should be a son and grand-son of good cows. The law of selection is potential in results. By this plan we have seen dairies of great excellence from common stock. Common stock is, in such a relation, hardly fair to the improved herd, for indeed, if we have been thorough, every cow in the dairy should be an uncommonly good animal.—*American Dairyman.*

—A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

—Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it.

Ice-Scooped Rocks in Lake Erie.

Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, is about twenty-two miles north of the City of Sandusky, O. Of limestone formation, a series of reefs stretch off the south and east shores to a distance of from two to four miles, making it a favorite resort for the black bass.

An interesting feature of this island, on the south side, is the beach of limestone that in some places stretches along the shore in unbroken continuity for two or three hundred yards. This beach, stretching back from the water's edge about forty yards, presents the appearance of having been submitted to the action of a gigantic plane that had done its work thoroughly, leaving no uneveness on its surface. An interesting peculiarity in regard to this limestone beach is the fact that numerous grooves have been scooped out of the solid rock, some from two to fifteen feet wide and of an average depth of two feet. These grooves, the sides and bottom of which are as smooth as paving stones, look as if they had been scooped out by an immense gouge. At other places may be observed numerous smaller grooves and lines; some mere scratches. What is most astonishing about these grooves and lines is that all are as exactly straight as if they had been ruled, crossing, recrossing and intersecting each other and forming every possible angle. These lines trend from the northwest to the southeast and from the northeast to the southwest. I have never met with the like before, although, perhaps, it may be common enough; at any rate, it would be of considerable interest to a geologist. The only theory that I can advance is that during that portion of geologic time called the glacial period, this limestone beach formed the bed of a sea higher elevated than the surrounding bed. Immense icebergs that had formed part of enormous glaciers, had become detached from some mainland. To the base of these masses of rocks had adhered. In the passage of the icebergs over the softer stone of this elevated bed, these grooves had been scooped out by the masses of rock adhering to the bases of the bergs. —*Chicago Field.*

[Zanesville Times.]
Never Missed.

Many of our readers may be benefited by the following reliable statement from Messrs. A. Hellman & Son, the well-known Druggists of this city, who write: We have sold thousands of bottles of that valued medicine—Hamburg Drops—and every bottle that we have sold has always cured. It never missed. We recommend it as the best medicine we ever sold, and could furnish statements of cures sufficient to fill the largest paper printed.

—A London druggist has hit the popular taste for good bargains. In his window he displays a card which says: "Come in and get twelve emeties for one shilling."

[Jackson (Minn.) Republic.]

UNCLE SAMUEL HALL says that St. Jacobs Oil has limbered up his limbs and he is now ready for that foot race on the Fourth. We are ready, too, Uncle. You did the fair thing when you notified us in advance that you had used "St. Jacobs." We can prepare accordingly.

You can live on Malt, sleep on Hops, resist ague and malaria with Calisaya, and enrich the blood with Iron. In short, you can find new life in MALT BITTERS, made of unfermented Malt, Hops, Calisaya and Iron, as every druggist will tell you.

Ladies.

Ladies who have linen to mark should use Payson's Indelible Ink. It is the best. Inquire of any Druggist or Stationer, or a sample can be sent you for 30c. post-paid by addressing F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Best in the world. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co., at Chicago, New York and St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

TAKE Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

OF course you always get the best butter milk from goats.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"I WANT something to take up my mind, you know," said Mrs. Jones. "Is a cambric needle too big, dear?" was the unfeeling reply. The brute!—*Boston Transcript.*

A FEW facts not so generally known as they should be: A watch fitted with a second hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch. Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients. Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master. An ungrammatical Judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence. Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen. A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.—*Judy.*

A HORSE laugh may be "Hay, hay."—*Rome Sentinel.* Neigh, Neigh.—*New Haven Register.*

WHAT interest does distance charge for lending his enchantment to the view, and is there any difference in the several States? —*Puck.*

THE gorgeousness of numerous red noses gives emphasis to the well-known remark that "all that glitters is not gold."—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

THE team attached to the family carriage of a rich Galveston family ran away a few days ago. The lady and her daughter were in the carriage and the street was full of vehicles. She asked the coachman if he could stop the team. He said he could not, but he thought he could steer it. "Then," she said, leaning back with great composure, "run us into some fashionable turn-out. I want to be thrown into good company." Fortunately the team was halted just as it was about to demolish a swill-cart.—*Galveston News.*

G. A. SALA thinks that "a genuine New Yorker with plenty of money would drink pearls dissolved in nectar or rubies boiled in ambrosia if Mr. Delmonico kept those articles on hand."

WHEN a young man returns from a summer tour without his trunk you may know that he has had trouble with some of the rascally hotel keepers on the road.—*N. O. Picayune*

For FEVER and AGUE use
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER!
Sold by all Druggists.
There is no remedy held in greater esteem. Persons traveling should keep it by them.
$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.
$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr's True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY,
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
The accumulated evidence of nearly thirty years show that the Bitters is a certain remedy for malarial disease, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness, counteracts a tendency to gout, rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble, and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
ABSOLUTE
CURE FOR DANDRUFF.
BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
CURES BALDNESS
AND SCALD HEAD.
Beautifully Illuminated Floral Hand Book free. Send address to JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

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COUGH
SYRUP
For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

MILLIONS OF PLANTS and BULBS.
30 ACRES ALL FLOWERS.
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Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For particulars apply to
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SAFE

KIDNEY-LIVER
CURE
is made from a simple Tropical Leaf and is a POSITIVE remedy for Pain in the Back, Severe Headaches, Dizziness, Inflamed Eyes, Bloating, Night Sweats, Torpid Liver, Painful Urination, Gravel, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary Organs. It is a safe and certain cure for Leucorrhea, Womb Diseases and all Female Complaints. As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that make the blood.
The largest bottle in the market. Price, $1.25. For sale by Druggists and all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
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WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
FOR CHILLS AND FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES
CAUSED BY
Malarial Poisoning
OF THE BLOOD.
A Warranted Cure.
Price, $1.00.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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SELTZER
APERIENT
Those terrible Headaches generated by obstructed secretions, and to which ladies are especially subject, can always be relieved, and their recurrence prevented, by the use of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.
PROCURABLE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

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PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
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Are ready this season with important improvements. FOR LARGE CHURCHES, splendid organs, with great power and variety, at $375, $480, $600, and less prices; FOR SMALLER CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, &c., $61 to $200 and upwards; SUPERB DRAWING ROOM STYLES at $330 to $900, and upwards; A GREAT VARIETY of SMALLER ORGANS of equal excellence, though less capacity, or in plain cases, at $51 to $300 and upwards. Also furnished FOR MONTHLY OR QUARTERLY PAYMENTS, $5 and upwards.
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Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press
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KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
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Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of Kidney Trouble it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."
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IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?
Because it Acts on the LIVER, the BOWELS and the KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and nervous disorders.
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Warranted to cure. Circulars free. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, by AMERICAN PAD CO., 356 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Blotch, Pimple, or Eruption, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.
Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.
If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it affects perfect and radical cures.
In the cure of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs, and early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets
The "Little Giant" Cathartic.
No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pellets (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds.
Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Sold by druggists.
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Valuable Real Estate

—AT—

PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Henle Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Gramsville and Petersburgh, adjoining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knicht, Peter Camp, Samuel Lachiel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Claggett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oc9-tw

ORDER NISI.

C. F. Hetzel and Jno. G. Baner, vs. George Percy and Allee E. Percy.

No. 196 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

It is hereby ordered this 6th day of October, 1880, that the sale made and reported by C. F. Hetzel and John G. Baner, mortgagees, of the real estate described in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $200.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
oc9-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Thomas B. Wiley and others, vs. Mariah Wilburn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 185. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, this 28th day of September, A. D., 1880, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of October, A. D., 1880, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 28th day of October, A. D. 1880.

The report states the amount of sales to be eight hundred and twenty-five dollars.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test—
oc2-3w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the town of Bloomington and running thro' the lands of W. A. Brydon, the North Branch Coal Company, the Empire Coal Company, and D. S. Jones, and others, to the Empire coal company's Mine, a distance of about one mile.

W. A. SOMERVILLE,
ANDREW MULLEN,
9 18 5. A. C. DUCKWORTH.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. le21-yr

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Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation [illegible] healthy climate, [illegible]

For [illegible], &c., apply to

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

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(Lower Floor.)

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DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

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OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work ngaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

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Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassluetts, Cassimeres, Flanneis and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar n box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses, [illegible] the other [illegible] the rear.

For price and terms apply at

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O. W. HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

NEW FALL GOODS!

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O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

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DRY GOODS,

Groceries,

Queensware,

Hardware,

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BOOTS AND SHOES

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

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Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

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ONLY $96 2515

Warranted 6 Years

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves,** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it as your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More excellented testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be any nearer to me by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.43 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		11.59 P. M.
No. 10		4.42 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.47 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		6.57 A. M.
No. 7		5:29 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent.

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with entusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morrocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office. August 21-3m.

CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2d day of November, 1880,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and also for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors.

GEO. D. WHITE,
tde Sheriff.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 134—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880. NUMBER 37.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. E. H. PARSONS, offers his professional services o the people of Oakland and vicinity. Office in the old Offutt building. 3 8 3m

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Snouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md jan-y

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1880.

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Eleven years of sorrow have darkened the old age of Jacob and eleven years of slavery have altered the boy Joseph to a noble young man of twenty-eight. His industry, capacity and fidelity have won for him the confidence of his master, and the affairs of the whole estate are in his hands. Suddenly by a false and wicked accusation, he is degraded from his position of trust, and cast within the walls of a prison. But the chill air of a dungeon cannot quell his buoyant nature nor break his trust in God. He retains in the very lowest condition all the ability and integrity of other days, and by his cheerful submission to his hard lot wins the confidence of his keeper. Above all, his father's God brightens the dark cell with the divine presence, and bestows a blessing on his servant's toil. Suddenly two companions in trouble come to share his lot, courtiers who have found that the favor of kings is deceitful, and who, from standing by the royal table, have been doomed to a dungeon. Joseph marks their sorrowful faces, and finds that a strange dream has come to each, and that there is no man to interpret its meaning. Confident in his God, he bids his fellow-prisoners tell their dreams, and then by inspiration he declares their meanings. Within three days the monitions are fulfilled: one of Joseph's companions stands once more at Pharaoh's board in honor, while the other swings lifeless from the gallows tree.

Gen. 39. 21-23; 40. 1-8.

Memory Verses, 21-23.

But the LORD was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison.

22 And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there he was the doer of it.

23 The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the LORD was with him, and that which he did, the LORD made it to prosper.

1 And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt.

2 And Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers.

3 And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound.

4 And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them: and they continued a season in ward.

5 And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt which were bound in the prison.

6 And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad.

7 And he asked Pharaoh's officers, that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly today?

8 And they said unto him, We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it. And Joseph said unto them, Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you.

HOME READINGS.

M. Joseph in prison. Gen. 39. 21-40. 8.
Tu. Samuel in the temple. 1 Sam. 3, 1-21.
W. David at the court. 1 Sam. 18. 1-6.
Th. Peter in prison. Acts 12. 1-19.
F. Paul and Silas in prison. Acts 16. 19-40.
S. Joyfulness in prison. Phil. 1. 12-26.
S. Blessings for the persecuted. Matt. 5, 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. Psa. 37. 7.

LESSON HYMN. 11.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand."

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A FAVORITE, v. 21-23; Psa. 105. 46.
Where was Joseph at this time?
How long was it after he had been sold into Egypt? [ANS. Eleven years.]
In whose household was he a slave? Gen 39. 1.
Who was with Joseph in the prison?
What followed from God's presence?
How does Joseph's history illustrate Prov. 16. 7?
What favor was shown to Joseph by the prison?
What is taught in Psa. 112. 4?
Can you name any other good men of the Bible who were in prison?
How did the keeper show confidence in Joseph?
Why were his doings prosperous?
Why did not God cause him to be released at once from prison? Gen. 45. 5-8
2. A FRIEND, v. 1-3; Psa. 76. 10.
Who were sent into the prison with Joseph?
What was the cause of their imprisonment?
What duty was given to Joseph in relation to them?
What came to each of them in the night?
Why did God often reveal the future by dreams? ANS. [Because there was then no Bible to men.]
How did Joseph show friendliness toward his fellow-prisoners?
What did they tell him?
How did Joseph answer them?
How did this show his trust in God?
What was the butler's dream, and its interpretation? v. 16-19.
How were they both fulfilled? v. 20-23.
How long after this was Joseph in the prison? Gen. 41. 1.
How does the lesson illustrate the GOLDEN TEXT?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How do we learn from this lesson—1. That good people may meet with trouble? 2. That God will be with them in trouble? 3. That we should be hopeful to others in trouble?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Faith in God.

1. Trouble comes to God's people, no less than to his enemies. v. 21.

2. Trouble sometimes falls upon God's followers as the result of their fidelity to conscience. v. 21.

3. Trouble cannot keep the soul from the enjoyment of God's presence. v. 21.

Joaquin Miller in Wall Street.

[From the November Californian.]

Last spring I received a letter from the editor of the chief London magazine asking me to write him an article to be entitled "A Week in Wall Street."

I knew nothing whatever of Wall Street then. I resolved, however, to oblige my friend. I went into Wall Street at once to get the desired information and experience.

This was six months ago. I have just got back. I have not yet written a line of that article. But I have material enough to write a book bigger than Macaulay's "History of England." I know all I want to know about Wall Street. And if you will pardon the digression, I may add that I am getting bald-headed.

Finding but little interest in this great maelstrom of excitement without taking part, I, under the advice of my broker bought a little Wabash. I bought Wabash because it was the first stock on the list which I could distinguish from the mass of two hundred names. And I came to remember it because I had been born on its banks, as it were. Indeed, on the very banks of the Wabash river I have seen my father furrow the field for corn in the spring, while my mother followed after, dropping the corn in the furrow; while three little boys toddled after, myself among the number, and covered the grain that lay in the squares of the mellow earth. And so it was with a touch of tenderness that I bought Wabash, and became one of the eager party holding on to the tape, watching, waiting the turn of fortune's wheel.

She did not betray me. My stock began to move upward from the first. It was not so dull now. How interesting it all was! I called the click of the "ticker" the pulse and heart-beat of the nation. If the land was healthy and prosperous, the pulse beat high and buoyant. If the land was threatened with drouth, short crops, or misfortune of any kind, the pulse was low, feverish and dull. It was like a poem.

I had now an interest in the prosperity of the land beyond a sentiment. I was a part owner in the one hundred thousand miles of railways in America. From that day forth I studied the geography of my country as never before. My little uptown room in the fourth story was lined with maps of American railways. In less than a week I could quote the opening or closing price of half the stock on the list.

How patiently I held on to the tape along with the other timid and hopeful little lambs! We would exchange opinions, encourage each other, and lay great plans for the future. We became very confidential, our little knot around that "ticker;" and when one of our set lost money he had our honest sympathy. They were pleasant days, these first, for stocks went up steadily, and it seemed at last, when and where I had least expected it, I was to make a fortune without either care or toil. I am perfectly certain that in those few weeks I grew to be a better man.

At last I closed out. I had in my hand more than ten thousand dollars. I had not invested so many hundred. What scribe had ever been so fortunate! Stocks still advanced. It seemed as if they would never stop going up.

I sat down and tried for days to decide what to do. Coolly, deliberately, and after as much and mature thought as I am capable of, I went back to Wall Street with my money. I had no use for ten thousand dollars. I had great use for fifty thousand. I beg myself in satisfaction now, to remember that I thought not so much of myself as of my friends at this time. I could get on with that sum well. But away out on the great, gold shore of the vast west sea I wanted to build a home, a city. I would gather about me the dear spirits of old. In some sweet spot where there were woods and cool waters, a warm sun and prolific soil, we would meet and build a city—a city of refuge—where every Bohemian might come and have a home, rest, peace, plenty, so long as he or she should live or care to stay. I even drew up a plan of my city, and framed a few brief laws for its government. I named it Utopia.

On returning to Wall Street I chose three different brokers—one a "bull" house, one a "bear" house, and one a "conservative" house. By this I hoped to get all sorts of opinions. I got them.

With my "bears" I sold St. Paul short. There was talk of rust, grasshoppers, rains, floods. St. Paul would tumble to the centre. It had already advanced from eighteen to sixty-nine. I sold at sixty-nine, seventy and seventy-one.

With the "bulls" I bought Pacific Mail. No danger of grasshoppers on Pacific Mail. No drouth, no floods or rust! Pacific Mail had fallen from sixty-two, and would surely go back up to eighty. I bought Pacific Mail, and sat down to wait for it to up and St. Paul to go down.

Things began to move my way. I began to work vigorously on the plans for my city. I had arranged to bring my dear old parents away from the Far West wilds of Oregon, where they had dwelt for a quarter of a century. They had never seen the great city. Now they should see it, hear the mighty preachers, and sail on the Atlantic.

How life widened out! I had an interest now in every ship that sailed. The flow of money to or from the land was to me of vital concern. All commerce was as rich with interest to me now as the poetry of Homer. At 10 o'clock sharp I found myself holding on to the tape, waiting to see if I had grown richer or poorer through the night. All day, till the hammer fell, I stood with my finger on the pulse of commerce.

How did I come out? Oh! Well, I was short of St. Paul and long of Pacific Mail. I expected Pacific Mail to go up, and St. Paul to go down. They did, and I had $21,000. But that was not enough to build a city with. I held on.

One day it was rumored that the rust was not so bad in St. Paul after all. It began to start up! Pacific Mail began to shoot down. It was said the Chinese had established an opposition line. I tell you it takes a big man to sit on two benches at a time. Ten to one he will spill himself between the two just as sure as he attempts it.

I sold some St. Paul and bought more Pacific Mail; but all to no purpose. They kept right on. Then I got out of Pacific Mail at the lowest figure it touched, and bought Wabash. I began to flounder and got frightened. I sold and bought and bought and sold. I frequently saw in the papers that I was getting rich in Wall Street, and kept on working like a beaver. The end was only a question of time.

One day my broker took me by the sleeve, and led me like a lamb as I was aside. My fun was over. And Utopia is indeed Utopia.

No one with so little money ever entered Wall Street under better advantages. All men were kind and good. I think no man there ever attempted to mislead me. But it is simply impossible to make money there, and keep it. Let me mention here that during my six months there I paid my brokers in commissions eleven thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars! These commissions alone will devour any possible profits.

Of course, it is not a pleasant thing to admit one's self beaten. But if this brief history of my venture in this dangerous land will diminish at all that tired and anxious army of tape holders who waste their shekels, their days, and their strength in vain waiting—why, I willingly bear the reproach.

And, after all, I lost but little, having but little to lose. And I learned so much, having so much to learn.

Early Maturity of Beef Cattle.

The importance of bringing cattle up to a given point fit for the shambles at an earlier age than has heretofore been practiced has so far had its effect as to induce one of the agricultural societies at the West, in its future exhibition of fat cattle, to limit the contest to cattle not over three years old. The tendency of the best English breeders has been for a long time in the same direction, the early maturity of beef animals being considered the most profitable system of feeding. It was readily understood that it was cheaper to produce a given weight of beef at thirty months, than it was to produce the same weight at forty-eight months; and breeders were not long in finding this out. Likewise they learned that they could mature beef at two years old, have it in as fine a condition and receive nearly the same price for it that they could by feeding it three years. If so, why should they not do it?

Mr. Henry Evershed, one of the most intelligent of the younger English writers on points in live stock feeding and management, was the first to describe this system of feeding, which he did in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* for 1878, [Part. I, of vol. 15, second series, page 152,] in an account of cattle feeding in the shires of Surrey and Sussex.

But this product obtained the name of "*baby beef*," and a Boston cotemporary, from whom we copy, has given a condensed statement from the details of Mr. Evershed's report, a summary of eighteen steers and heifers, grade Shorthorns, that had been bred to early maturity. They were killed at from eleven to eighteen and a-half months old, the best of them reaching a return of $1.44 per week. Their weight was from 840 pounds to 1,305 pounds. Some of the steers, sixteen months old, dressed 600 pounds to the quarter, and carried 190 pounds of rough fat. The testimony of the butchers was that they were "full of fat, finely grained, and of very superior flavor," and "remarkably ripe, handsome carcasses of beef." One of the advantages of handling this young beef is, that it can be kept six months without any deterioration of quality. A bullock fat at fifteen months can be killed, or it can be kept nine months for a better market, and continue thriving and growing heavier. Young bullock fattened from birth never make meat quite so rapidly as they do during the period from fifteen months old to something under two years; indeed, they might be kept over many markets and still be kept gaining. A fat ox, on the other hand, from three to four years old, cannot be kept over without loss. The system of early maturing beef has reached such perfection in England and on the continent, and is coming so much into favor, that the steers of the Devon, Herefords, Shorthorn, and some local breeds, at a little over two years old, make an average of 1,536 pounds, and give an average gain of from 1.60 to 2.02 pounds per day.

In our country but comparatively little attention has been given to this matter. Still, the reports of the fat stock shows at Chicago for 1878 and 1879 give some facts of great interest bearing upon the subject. From these reports it appears that the average weight of ten steers (whose age was under two years) was 1,365 pounds, and that they had made an average gain of nearly two pounds per day. But this result was reached only by means of the *best feeding of the animals while young*, and thus American feeding confirms the best English practice, that, under proper conditions, profitable weight may be obtained at two years of age, and that young beef, in the words of Mr. Evershed, above quoted, "need not be unripe, that it need not shrink unduly in cooking, and need not be innutritious."

Some remarkable examples of the early maturity of beef animals have been given in the agricultural journals from time to time. The famous steer "Uncle Abe," fattened in New York, reached a weight of 1,616 pounds at two years of age, and could have been sold at a profit any time up to then; but he was kept till four years of age, at which time his weight was 2,630 pounds. The feed of this steer was milk of the dam for the first three months, and after ten days a quart of meal or oats per days; second three months, meal gradually increased to two quarts a day, and thereafter the food increased to meet the wants of the growing animal. The "Ellsworth Twins," grown in Illinois, weighed, together, at two years of age, 3,305 pounds, a gain of about one and a-half pounds a day. The first summer they were fed on sour milk, oil cake meal, and grass; and, after the first six months they were fed upon hay, grass or corn in the open air, and never stabled. Mr. E. W. Stewart, a most intelligent American stockman, says that an examination of the condition of feeding of thirty-nine animals in different countries seems to fix the standard of growth at two pounds per day for the first two years, so that under a good system of feeding it may be safely calculated to reach an average of 1,450 pounds in two years.

The examples given above are Western examples, and not such as can be adopted, without conditions, as the standard for Eastern feeders. But do not the facts show that the growing of early beef throughout the North may be practiced with reasonable prospect of profit? Our farmers have been trying to feed to too great an age; they have thought beef under four years of age could not be made to pay. Has not a great mistake been made in this respect? And cannot the production of "baby beef" be made a profitable line of farming here?

Bishop Haven's Happy Death.

From the Boston Herald.

To a friend he said: "The first Sunday in the New Year I shall spend in glory." So real was this "glory" to the man who was so soon to enter it that he and his widowed sister, Mrs. Cox, spoke together of the message which he was to take from her to her husband. "Gilbert, you know what I told you to tell Wilbur?" "Yes," was his reply, "I will remember it all, and will deliver your message." To his friend Dr. Upham he said: "Preach a whole Christ, a whole Gospel, a whole Heaven, a whole hell, a whole Bible." To another he said: "Stand by the old Church." Then, refering to his own experience, he said: "It is so delightful dying—it is so pleasant—so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in His arms. I cannot see the river of death—there is no river—it is all light—I am floating away from earth up into heaven—I am gliding away unto God." One of his friends inquired of him: "Is it all right." "Yes," said he; and again, "I have not a cloud over my mind; I believe the Gospel all through," with a characteristic emphasis on the "all through."

"After all his visitors had retired he said: "Now we are alone, and must have a little time with our own family. Here are my two sisters, my two children. Where is my mother?" And when she was brought in they stood in a circle around his bed in order that he might see them all. But his sight was failing, and, looking around the circle, he said: "Are we all alone?" And on being satisfied upon this point, he gave the last of himself away to God, and to those on earth whom he loved the best; taking their hands one by one and saying, "This is my dear, dearest mother: Mamie, my little sunbeam—dear, pretty one; Willie, my noble son;" and then recurred the name which he was ever whispering in the intervals of conversation: "Precious Jesus; blessed Jesus."

There was another name also—the name of her who had been a constant presence in his soul, though for fourteen years she had also been a presence among the angels of God.

On the night before his election to the episcopate, being in the company of a few choice friends, he said: "I would willingly start and make a pilgrimage around the earth on foot to spend one hour with my Mary"; and when he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weary labors and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself, in spite of sickness and sorrow and pain, for all these long, lonesome years, he said: "After I have seen the Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thousand years with my head in the lap of my Mary."

Why are There any Unmarried Women?

One of the greatest social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who never get married. Some say it is owing to the excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and the figures show there are as many men in it as women. Men do not marry because it is said, they cannot afford it. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually married her because of her poverty. There are cold-blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife, unless assured of a liberal income, but some are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to woman's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel on the sex. As a rule, they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection and covers up every fault. So far as men and women are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are women waiting for husbands and not getting them. They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and under proper training they would make excellent wives and mothers, but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.—*Golden Era.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE MISTAKEN MOTH.

'MID the summer flush of roses,
Red and white,
Such a damsel fair, a very
Pretty sight;
Till a butterfly, so smart,
With a flutter and a dart,
Kissed her mouth, and made her start
In a fright.

"Oh, forgive me!" begged the insect,
"If you please;
I assure you that I didn't
Mean to tease.
I but took your rosebud lip
For the rose wherein I dip
All its honey sweet to sip
At mine ease."

Said the beauty, to the moth,
"You may try
To excuse your forward conduct,
Sir, but I
Wish it clearly understood
That such roses are too good
To be kissed by every rude
Butterfly!"

UNCLE BENT'S GREAT BOWLDER.

"GOOD-MORNING, Uncle Bent! I've come over to see if you can give me a job."

Uncle Bent stood looking at a huge bowlder in a field beside the house. He was something of a bowlder himself; well-rounded, massy, hard, with a jaw as set and firm as if it had been modeled out of the granite hills.

He turned and looked at his nephew, and a grim smile flickered like April sunshine over the compact, gray visage.

Wallace Bent was as little like his uncle as a boy of the same name and race could well be. There was nothing of the bowlder about *him*. He was small and rather delicate, yet with a certain decision and strength in his plain, honest face.

He saw the slightly derisive smile, and was conscious of looking very puny indeed in the eyes of his stern relative. He blushed, and, aware that such evidence of weakness would not tend at all to raise him in the old man's estimation, blushed redder still.

"Want a job, do you? I declare!" said Uncle Bent. "What do you think you can do?"

"I should think there might be a good many things about your place, or your mill, or your store, that I might do," Wallace replied, with awkward diffidence. "Any way, mother said I ought to apply to you before going to any one else. I've got to do something now, you know; I'm not going to let her support me, now I can support myself."

"Yes, I thought both of you ought to come to that conclusion long ago," said the old man. "A poor boy like you ought to have been put to earning his living sooner."

"I suppose so," Wallace assented. "But mother wanted to keep me in school as long as possible."

"You're a pretty good scholar, I hear," said Uncle Bent; "but what good will that ever do ye? You haven't the means to go through college and take a profession."

"That's true; but I believe a little education will be good for me, whatever I do for a living," said Wallace, with a firm and intelligent look, quite forgetting his blushes. "That may be a mistake. But I am ready to go to work now. And I thought I would please mother by calling on you."

Uncle Bent was greatly annoyed, for he said to himself, "If I hire a nephew, and a poor widow's son, I shall have to favor him, and pay him wages, or folks will talk. Boys that work for me must be *tough!* I don't want anything to do with *him!*"

Then he said aloud, "But you are kind o' weakly! You ain't stubbid enough to take hold and do real work! You always have been puny!"

It was Wallace's turn to smile. "You blame me for not having gone to work before; and now you say I am not able to work."

Uncle Bent wasn't pleased to be convicted of inconsisteney in this easy, off-hand way by a school-boy nephew.

"There may be some things you can do," he said; "but my work is *man's work*. I have man's work enough, if you could do that."

"I am sure I can do some thing at it, and I don't expect more pay than I can earn."

Uncle Bent was afraid he had already said too much. "I shall have the family on my hands if I give him the least encouragement; that's what the widow wants!" thought he. So he hastened to reply to the boy's last remark.

"Here's a man's job, right here. I want to build a barn; and I've been wondering how I should get rid of this bowlder. If you want to tackle that, you can!"

As the rock was large, and Wallace looked quite small beside it, the old man smiled again at the grotesqueness of the proposal.

"Very well," Wallace replied, "I'll take hold if you'll pay me by the week."

"No, no!" cried Uncle Bent, growing good-natured over what he considered a capital joke. "Take it by the job, and then you can be as long as you please about it. Lift a little in the forenoon, sit down in the shadow of it and eat your dinner, then lift a little more in the afternoon."

"What shall I do with it when I take it away?" Wallace asked.

"I don't care; only get it off from my place."

"And what do you propose to give for the job?"

"Ten dollars," said the old man, promptly, for he had already calculated that it would cost much more than that to drill the rock and break it up with blasting powder.

"I'll think about it," said Wallace, after a little hesitation.

Uncle Bent laughed. But there was something in the boy's face he didn't understand.

"He can't be in earnest," he said to himself, and he thought it wise to add, "I'll give you six weeks to do it in; say, till the first of June."

"All right," said the boy. "Meanwhile, isn't there some other little job you'd like to have me try my hand at? There's all that brush back there which the woodchoppers have left; wouldn't you like to have me take that away?"

"Yes."

"What will you give?"

"Nothing!" said the old man, shortly.

"That isn't very large pay," the boy replied.

"I knew it," said his uncle. "The brush can be burnt right where it is, and the ashes are worth someting on the land. Besides, some of the large limbs will cut up into good wood."

"Well," Wallace replied, after a little meditation, "I'll take the bowlder, uncle; and I'll burn the brush-heaps on your land, and leave you the ashes. You shall give me ten dollars for the rock, and what wood I choose to cut out of the brush. Is that fair?

"Well, fair enough," the old man was obliged to admit. "But if you are in earnest, I must say you are a blamed fool!"

"That's my lookout," laughed Wallace, starting to walk toward the brush-heaps.

"And see here!" cried his uncle, "you are not to damage the trees, or endanger the corded wood by your fires."

"Of course not," consented Wallace, without looking back.

"He talks that way just to carry out the joke," thought Uncle Bent. "He don't act like it, though. See here!" he again called out, "I suppose you know there's only one way of moving this rock?"

"You suggested lifting," said Wallace, smiling over his shoulder.

"It will take a quantity of powder, and a good many days' work," said the old man, anxious to get at the boy's real intentions.

"I haven't any money to buy powder, or to hire men; so I shall have to try other means," Wallace replied.

"Do you mean it?" cried his uncle, growing astonished.

"I am going to try," said Wallace.

"But what—how—how are you going to manage?"

"I can't say until I have studied into the matter a little." And again Wallace walked on toward the woods.

Uncle Bent also went off, irritated and puzzled. He was really inclined to set the boy down for a fool; and he was confirmed in this opinion, on coming out again after dinner, and finding what Wallace had been doing.

He had got another boy to help him; a tall, gawky fellow, whom Uncle Bent recognized as Simple Jack—one of those weak-minded youths who are to be found in almost any village. He was dragging brush from the land and placing it in piles near the bowlder.

"Go'n' to have some fun," he said, when the old man asked him what he was about.

"What sort of fun?" Uncle Bent inquired.

"Go'n' to make a big fire, an' burn up the rock," replied Simple Jack.

"Burn up the rock!" growled the old man, with angry impatience. "That nephew of mine is certainly a fool, and he has taken another fool into company!"

He walked off toward the woods, where he saw Wallace disentangling the brush-heaps.

The boy looked up from his work, wiped his brow under his old hat-brim, and turned a red and sweaty face toward his uncle.

"So! yon're going to burn up the bowlder, are you?" cried the old man, with somewhat savage sareasm. "That's a bright idee?"

"I didn't say I was going to burn it up," Wallace replied, embarrassed and nettled.

"Simple Jack says so."

"Simple Jack isn't the boss of this job."

Wallace gave a pull at a large branch; and then added in a rather dry, drawling tone, "But I won't dispute what he says. I've been thinking about that bowlder a good deal, uncle. I can't tell yet what I'm going to do, for I'm not sure my experiment will succed."

"Well, mabby you know what you're about; but I doubt it." And with a scowl and a puzzled expression, the old man went off to his mill.

He thought a good deal that afternoon about bowlders, his brother's poor widow and his nephew Wallace, Simple Jack and the problem of using fire to remove rocks. He finally became so worked up by his thoughts that he left his business at an unusually early hour and went home.

His mind was not at all relieved to find that the boys had actually built a raging fire of brush against a broad side of the rock.

Nor, I must say, was Wallace at all pleased to see his uncle approaching. The critical moment in his experiment had arrived; and, although he felt reasonably certain of success, the old man's presence made him nervous.

But then, he reflected, it would be pleasant to have him there to witness his triumph.

Wallace was adding bits of dry brush to the fire immediately beside the rock, while Simple Jack was bringing water from Uncle Bent's well and filling tubs.

"What's the water for?" the old man demanded of the tall, awkward youth.

"To put out the rock when it burns too fast," replied Simple Jack, lugging his pails. "Goin' to have great fun!"

"So you're re'ly trying the fire!" cried Uncle Bent, approaching the scene of the experiment. "I don't see that the bowlder has burnt up much yet!"

"No, not yet. It is getting pretty hot, though, and we have plenty more brush, you see," replied Wallace.

"It will be some time before you need the water if it is to put the rock out when it burns too fast, as Jack says," observed the sareastic old man.

"Jack don't get things quite right, though I've tried to explain them to him," replied Wallace. "We shall need the water pretty soon, I think. That will do, Jack! Now stand by that tub, and do just as I tell you."

There was a tub on each side of the fire, which was now rapidly dying away. Instead of replenishing the fire, Wallace hauled what was left of it quickly away from the rock with an iron rake.

"Now dash on!" he cried; and set the example of throwing water from one of the tubs upon the heated face of the porous rock.

Jack hurled water from the other tub. It was cold water from the well. As it struck the bowlder, it hissed and steamed furiously.

Uncle Bent stepped back, to avoid getting spattered. He had hardly stationed himself at a safe distance when he was startled by a succession of sharp reports. *Crack—crack—crack-crack!*

"I van!" he cried; "the bowlder is flying to pieces!"

Crack—crack—again. Then, after a little while, the reports grew dull, and ceased. But, in the meanwhile, flakes and masses of the rock had broken away and fallen; some light fragments flying across the fire, and lighting at his feet.

"Stop now!" cried Wallace. "Save the water, and put on the brush again!"

He shoved what was left of the fire back against the rock, and in a short time there was another brave blaze.

"I declare, nephew," said Uncle Bent (he had never called him *nephew* before), "I believe you'll do it!"

"I know I shall," laughed the excited Wallace. "It's only the surface of the rock that's cooled by the water, and we'll have it heated up again soon."

"But what made you think of it?" Uncle Bent wished to know.

"Why, I knew perfectly well that heat expands all such substances, while cold contracts them again; and when they expand suddenly and unequally, they break. And once, when our class in natural philosophy was reciting, the teacher told us how, when the great fire was in Boston, granite fronts flew to pieces, espectally if a column of water struck them when they were hot. I remembered it when you said you wanted to get rid of the bowlder; and when I saw that the rock was quite porous, and saw also the brush-heaps, I concluded I would take the job."

Uncle Bent had conceived a sudden respect for his nephew. That respect was heightened considerably four days later, when he went out to look at the completely demolished bowlder, and the following dialogue occurred:

"Well, nephew, you've got some pretty good heaps of stone here. I'll save you the further trouble of taking them away."

"But I don't want you to save me the trouble," said Wallace.

"What do you mean to do with 'em?" Uncle Bent asked in some surprise.

"Sell 'em!" said Wallace.

"Sell 'em?" echoed the old man. "What are they good for?"

"Good for wall-stone; especially for the foundation of a barn—if any body is going to build one right on the spot." And Wallace turned up a keen eye at his uncle.

"You mean *I* am to buy 'em of you?"

"They are worth more to you than to any body else. But if you don't want them, I've talked with the carpenters; I know who will take them."

Uncle Bent was astonished, but not displeased.

"Well, what do you ask for 'em?"

"Mr. Wilson looked at them this forenoon; he said they were worth ten dollars to you—he would give me five, and haul them away."

"Well, well, nephew! it's a sharp bargain you are driving with your old uncle! But it's all right. You shall have your ten dollars for breaking up the rock, and ten more for the rock now it is broken. And I'll tell you what! Come and work for me. You may choose your own place—in the store or in the mill. I guess a boy with such a head as yours on his shoulders can be made useful."

"You are too late," replied the nephew. "I've just engaged myself to a friend of Mr. Wilson's. I am going to be an architect."—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

A Storm on the Sun.

OBSERVERS of the sun found indications of intense commotion on the 11th, 12th and 13th of August. The sun-spots were many, large and active, and protuberances shot up their rose-colored tongues with increased force and velocity from the surface. The earth made instantaneous response to the solar storm. A magnetic disturbance suddenly began accompanied by an unusual exhibition of earth currents. The magnetic variations were frequent and large, and the earth currents continuous and strong. It is years since the Greenwich Observatory has recorded magnetic disturbances of equal magnitude, and it sends forth a timely warning to telegraph engineers, and especially to those concerned in laying submarine cables, that earth currents may now become frequent as compared with the quietness of recent years. A superb exhibition of aurora accompanied the magnetic disturbance. An observer at the Stoneyhurst Observatory describes it as recalling the magnificent displays of 1869, 1870, and 1871, while the play of the magnets was one of the most violent ever recorded at that observatory. The auroral display was extensively observed in England and Scotland. One observer describes it as an outburst of streamers, appearing like wavy, swaying curtains frem the zenith to near the horizon, with the loveliest green tints near the zenith. Another writes that the streaks extended from horizon to zenith, the color being principally pale blue with a reddish tinge. Another paints the display as a brilliant band of white light followed by streamers, each streamer fading away before the sueceeding one became very bright. Still another records a glowing celestial picture of the northern horizon skirted by a bright white haze, terminating in an ill-defined arch, from which sprang a large number of broad streamers, stretching toward the zenith.

The same phenomenon was seen by American observers, although it did not receive the attention bestowed upon it by European observers. It is evident, however, that the epoch of grand auroras and magnetic storms has returned, and that our northern skies for months to come will probably be lighted with auroral flames. More earnestly than ever arises the question of the cause of the sun-spot cycle and its intimate connection with electric and magnetic phenomena. No one doubts that the commotion in the solar orb is reflected on the earth in the flashes of auroral light and the erratic movements of the magnetic needle. We can see the cause and note the effect. But no one, if the theory of the disturbing influence of the great planets is rejected, has found the clew to the secret of sun-spots. We can only grope in darkness while we wait for persistent searchers to solve the problem, and admire with mingled reverence and awe the mighty power with which the sun sways his retinue of worlds, and the strength of the sympathetic cord by which each planet in the system reflects in auroral light and disturbed magnetism the abnormal condition of the great central orb.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

The Cruelty With Which the Nihilists are Treated.

A SHORT account of the celebrated casemates of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the Nihilists are confined immediately after their arrest, will, I have no doubt, be perused with interest by our readers. The writer, a St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* obtained access to the casemates by a special order from one of the Grand Dukes, whose name he naturally suppresses. The sight of the order when presented, was by no means acceptable to the commandant of the fortress, but as it was peremptory, he had no alternative but to comply.

The casemates, it appears, are hollowed out under the Neva, and directly under the ramparts. Their only window, a little square hole, protected by a thick barred grating, rises but a few inches above the level of the river. A staircase of about ten steps leads down to them, and as the aid-de-camp who acted as guide remarked, in a jocular tone: "Many go down, but few come up again." It would seem that the climate is not favorable to revolutionists. At stated distances there are iron doors opening into halls filled with sentinels, who, with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet, keep watch and ward over the unhappy tenants of the cells which open upon them. The doors of the cells, also of iron, are very low.

As for the tiny prisons, they are very narrow quarters, square, with stone walls and floors, and fearfully damp, the water constantly dropping about in all directions. A chair, a table and a pallet of white wood form the only furniture. One of the pallets was found to be covered with a bed of straw horribly foul, bnt even this, poor luxury as it was, must be considered an exception. The prisoners, the writer learned, were fed on a soup made of salted cabbage and black bread. On grand occasions, however, they were sometimes treated to a bit of meat and a tcharka, or glassful of brandy.

The visitor was allowed entrance to a few of the cells. Their tenants were pale; they rose as he entered, according to order, but regarded him with a fixed look of despair. On some of the walls characters had been traced with a pointed instrument. One of the phrases ran thus:

"My poor mother, you doubtless know that your innocent son is buried alive in this vault."

The guide interfered and prevented the writer from reading more. He was shown the great cell in which was incarcerated the Princess Tarskanova, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, who fell a victim to her rival, the Empress Catharine II., grandmother of the present Czar. This unhappy woman perished in the cell under the most dramatic circumstances. The Neva, swollen by the melted snow, suddenly rose, and the rushing torrent, dashing with overwhelming strength against the tiny window, broke it and filled the cell with water. The Princess was drowned.

The cells of the great State criminals are lined with mattresses, and rings of iron are fixed in the walls, to which many of them are bound when they are not straight-waist-coated. The guide informed the writer, among other things, that these unhappy men were asked every quarter of an hour if they were present. Whenever they failed to reply they were barbarously punished. He also states that in the wall of the Emperor's room there is an invisible door, communicating with an invisible passage, very narrow, and leading to a subterrranean gallery, hollowed out under the Neva. The gallery leads to the fortress, and in case of a revolution or of imminent peril, the Czar could disappear in a few seconds from the Winter Palace, and a few minutes after find himself in perfect safety in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the guns of which could in a short time reduce St. Petersburg to ruins.

The palace of the Czar Paul I., which is now the Engineer's School, was similarly provided; but when the assassins entered his room, he had not time to flee, and was struck down at the very moment when he was about to disappear behind the secret door, which was already open.

Singing and Dancing Girls.

OF the queer callings to be noticed is that of the "Geysha," or singing and dancing girl. Geyshas may be hired at a few minntes' notice in all the great towns of the Empire. As a rule, they are comely, modest damsels, although in obedience to the refined taste of a certain class of foreigners, a school possessing as little of one quality as of the other has sprung up. To the ceremonial feasts of rich men singing and dancing girls are the invariable appendages, and are not unfrequently treated rather as guests than as hired servants. As a rule they perform in pairs, one playing the guitar while the other sings or dances; but quartets and choruses may be had for payment. It is never etiquette to treat them as professionals; the hint for performing should be given incidentally, and on no account is the payment for their services to be made openly, but is to be pushed under their rice-bowl in a piece of paper, so that it is discovered as it were by accident. With the Geyshas proper often come the dancing girls, so-called, although "posturers" would be a more correct expression, inasmuch as Japanese dancing consists entirely of a series of graceful ankle and hand-twisting positions, quite independent of any musical accompaniment. Good singing and dancing girls earn large sums of money, and famous ones must be booked beforehand; but in their performances, whether of singing or posturing, there is very little to charm the European sense, and a very few minntes suffices to render the performance very boring.—*All the Year Round.*

IT is but a little more than a hundred years since a candidate for the decree of Master of Arts at Harvard took the affirmative on a paper gravely discussing the question, "When the shadow went back on the sun-dial of Hezekiah, did the shadows go back on all sun-dials?"

SOME Chinamen fitted up boats and made a contract with the canning firms to fish for salmon off British Columbia. The boats drifted empty ashore on the day after, and the Chinamen were never afterward seen. The white fishermen had murdered them.

Our Young Folks.

ANNA AND ELLA AND THE "FONDLIN'."

"I THINK I'll leave her asleep here—it is so cool and pleasant, and I'll hear her if she cries. She's sure to sleep two hours, she always does—dear little rosebud! There never was a baby like her!" So baby's carriage was left on the front piazza with baby lying fast asleep in it.

Young Mrs. Hall stood a moment at the door before going to her room, and congratulated herself at being nearly settled, for they had just moved to the village. "I will rest for fifteen minutes, and then dress for papa, and come down here to sit by baby till she wakes."

Two hours later the young mother woke with a start from the sound sleep into which she had fallen. "My baby!" was her first thought, "but she must be asleep, or I would have heard her." Not a moment was lost, for though she would not acknowledge it to herself, Mrs. Hall was very nneasy. Down she ran, saying, to reassure herself, "What a nervous little woman I am! One would think this was my first baby instead of my third." As she stepped out on the piazza it felt empty and deserted, and—where was the carriage?

She ran around to the kitchen—Bridget had heard her darling and taken her, carriage and all. "Give me the baby, Bridget," she called, "I'm ready for her."

"The baby, mum! Shure, I've niver heard a sonnd of her but wanst this afternoon! She was crying pretty hard, but my hands was in the dough, and I heard you wheel her on the front piazza, and then she was quite quiet."

Mrs. Hall sank down on the steps. "O, Bridget, it was not me! Baby is gone!"

"Oh, shure you're fuling, mum! Who'd take the baby?"

The poor mother could only burst into tears; then with a feeling that something must be done, she sent Bridget on one side and she went the other, to ask the neighbors if they had seen any one taking the baby off. But every one had been sitting with closed blinds or sleeping, and not one had heard or seen the darling. Poor little mother! It seemed impossible to meet her husband and the two boys, who were coming home that night after a long visit at grandmamma's.

How the time went by Mrs. Hall never knew, till John and the boys came and heard the dreadful tidings.

"Depend upon it, you'll get her back," said John, hoping no one would be so foolish as to mention Charlie Ross just then. "If she were older it would be different, but she'll cry and raise a row, and they'll bring her back. I'll have posters all over the village before nine o'clock, and we'll find her before morning."

Up and down the street all were talking on the same subject. "Those new people, you know, that have moved into the Kirby cottage. They've lost their baby!"

"Why, shocking! How did it happen?"

"Left it on the front piazza!"

"Well! Who ever thought," etc., etc.

The Halls might have lived for years in the village with hardly a friend, for it was noted as a place where strangers were treated in anything but a cordial manner, but her sorrow and agony drew out every one's tenderness, and each tried to comfort and help find the little one. But—what comfort could one give?

"I would so much rather she had died," moaned the poor mother.

"Don't say that, Nellie," said her husband. "I can't feel quite desperate. She's such a cunning little morsel—somebody that was baby-hungry has kept her awhile; but we'll get her back, please God, safe and sound."

CHAPTER II.

"If only we had a baby—dolls ain't any good, they're such make-believes!" and Ella dragged her beloved Susy Ann by one arm through the dust as if she despised her.

"And we could wheel a baby in a carriage. Pshaw! there's plenty of babies that haven't any mothers. Ma might get one of 'em."

"But I don't believe she'd buy a carriage—you know she never can afford anything nowadays."

"I don't care! If I could find a baby that didn't belong to anybody, I'd take it home, and when mother once saw it she'd keep it."

On trudged the two little girls. They were going nowhere in particular. Anna, the oldest, loved to stroll off to the new and prettier part of the village, and as Ella was Anna's devoted follower, she went on unquestioningly. Suddenly both children stopped and listened. "It's a baby!" said Anna, enthusiastically.

"It is, sure's anything! And the poor little thing's crying! Let's find it."

Following the sound, the children turned down a side street, and then saw that the sobs and cries proceeded from a pretty little baby carriage on the piazza of the second house.

"Poor little thing! Let's go and speak to her," said Ella. The baby, at sight of the two little sunbonnets, stopped crying and smiled, stretching out her hands.

"Oh, the dear little thing! Let's wheel her a little." Back and forth the children rolled her, and baby, soothed by the motion, dropped into another doze.

"Ella," said Anna, "I mean to take this baby home!"

"Oh, Anna! 'Tain't yours!"

Anna had some uneasy questionings of her own, but she stifled them. "I don't care! The folks here don't want her, or they wouldn't leave her crying out on the stoop. She's a 'fondlin',' I do b'lieve!"

Ella had never heard of foundlings, but Anna's tone carried conviction with it. "Anyhow we can just give her a little ride and bring her back. You see if anybody cared, they wouldn't let us do this. You just lift the front wheels, and I'll get her down on the sidewalk. There! Ain't she just lovely? And what a pretty carriage!"

"If they don't want the baby, anyhow they wouldn't give us the carriage."

"I tell you we're only going to show her to mother, so hold your tongue!"

Ah, Anna's voice was not often as sharp as that, and somehow though they had the baby and the beautiful carriage, the children were not half as happy as they expected. It was a long walk home, for they lived at the very other end of the village, and by the time they had reached the little cottage baby was awake and beginning to feel hungry, giving impatient little cries, and looking piteously into the strange brown eyes that looked out of the white sunbonnets, instead of the bright blue ones she longed to see. To crown their perplexities mamma was out when they arrived home, and when they lifted baby out of her carriage she cried aloud from fright and hunger.

"Oh, dear! If mother'd only come!" sighed Ella, while Anna began to wish she had not been so very sure the baby was a foundling—her clothes did not look as if she were neglected!

In the midst of baby's loudest screams Mrs. Reed came home, and heard with consternation of what her little girls had done. The first thing was to make the poor little stranger comfortable, and that took time. By-and-by, after she had swallowed a cup of arrow-root, baby sat up and cooed and laughed. In spite of her anxiety on the mother's account, Mrs. Reed and the little girls enjoyed a few moments of the sweet baby talk, but soon the mother, remembering what agony that other mother must be suffering, said:

"Now, Anna, you and Ella must go straight to the house you took the baby from, and tell them where she is. I will keep her quiet till you come back. Make haste now, for the mother must be nearly dead with fright. Are you sure you know the house?"

"Oh yes, mother! It was a gray house with brown blinds and a low stoop—only two steps up—and the folks had been moving, for there was a big box"—

"Well, well! Only hurry off. Go as fast as you can."

Off went the children, Ella half crying at leaving the baby, but Anna too well aware of the mischief she had done to care for anything half so much as to find the poor mother. "This is the quickest way," she said, and hurried on. Her very anxiety confused her, and after a long walk she could find no such house as she had described to her mother. At almost every corner one or the other would think they saw a gray house or a big box on the side-walk, so they turned and twisted till they were fairly bewildered, and at last, after walking for nearly two hours, they reached home, and with sobs and cries told their mother they could not find the right house.

The baby was asleep again, and Mrs. Reed, without waiting to give the children their supper or eat herself, started out. She inquired of several people if they had heard of a lost baby, but they were at the very further end of the town, and the news had not reached them.

"The paper comes out to-morrow—I'll advertise," thought the widow, and then hurried to the office of the *Democrat and Eagle*.

As she entered a gentleman was coming out. "I'll pay double," he was saying, "to have the posters all over the village by nine o'clock. I promised my wife, who is half crazy"—

"Oh, sir," cried Mrs. Reed, "is't her baby?"

"Yes, do you know anything?"

"I have it safe and sound."

"Thank God! Come home with me"—and seizing Mrs. Reed's hand, Mr. Hall thrust her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive full speed for home.

In another half hour Mrs. Hall was standing between the two penitent little girls, with her baby in her arms. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Reed would have punished Anna, but Mrs. Hall insisted that she was as much to blame for leaving her baby on the front stoop, and that it was punishment enough for the poor little girls to have their "foudlin'" taken from them.

The happy father and mother lay awake almost all night, too excited to sleep, and there in the darkness Mr. Hall told his wife that he was going to bring home a nurse for baby.

"Oh, John, if you'll only trust me again! I'm nurse enough. I don't like a great Irish girl—you can't trust them."

"Oh, I don't mean an Irish girl, my dear," said John, with a queer smile which in the darkness his wife could not see.

CHAPTER III.

"I wan't a dog I can trust—that has been trained to watch a thing, and not let any one but its owner touch it."

"Ere's your hanimal! A better critter never was found. Watch that, Dash!" said the dog fancier, throwing a glove on the ground. "Now, sir, you try to pick that up."

Mr. Hall stooped, but a fierce, low growl, evidently with plenty of bite behind it, warned him off.

"Take care of that till I come back, Dash," and the two left the dog alone. After a saunter through the building they came back to find Dash sitting motionless beside the glove.

"Is he fond of children.

"Yes, sir but most of all a baby. You see, he was brought up with a baby, sir. They were poor folks, but it most killed 'em to sell Dash, only I paid a good price for him, and they needed money badly."

"What do you ask?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

After a little bargaining Mr. Hall walked off, and that evening baby was shown her new nurse. Mamma and the boys were delighted, while poor Dash seemed to think his first baby had come back, and barked and whined for joy.

All through the hot summer baby took her naps on the shady piazza, but close by her carriage lay her big black dog, and no stranger dare step near the sleeping infant. Two little girls, though, often came and played with the dog and baby, and Anna and Ella had many a happy afternoon with "Anna's Fondlin'," as Mr. Hall called baby Belle.—*Hope Ledyard, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

MR. JAMES W. MACKEY, the bonanza millionnaire, is a collector of agates. When Mrs. Hayes and her traveling companions inspected Mrs. Mackey's collection, during their visit to Virginia City, Nev., they each received a handsome specimen as a present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

IS IT ALL THERE STILL?

AMONG the poor children who were sent into the country last year by the Children's Week Association was one little waif who in all her life before had never seen any thing pleasanter than the noisy, dirty streets of the lower portion of the city. Sickening of a fatal disease, the scenes of that one bright week haunted her, and she begged to see the farmer's wife in whose care she had been; and when the good woman entered the have garret where the little sufferer lay, the child cried out feverishly, "Is it all there?" and wanted to hear about every place and creature she had there seen. The kind woman took the child back with her into the country, where, in the midst of loving care, surrounded by the beauty of early summer, she peacefully died.

She sat where the great elm's shadow
Across the doorway fell;
She heard the drip of the bucket
In the hollow of the well,

The pleasant rasp from the garden
Of busy spade and hoe,
Beyond, in the sunny meadows,
Her mates ran to and fro.

The chirping robin on the bough
Was for one moment still,
Deep dipping into cherries' wine
His thirsting yellow bill.

A whirl of pale gold butterflies
Alighting on the stone,
With flicker of their filmy wings,
In galvering silence shone.

Thousands of them in the meadows
Before her mates had flown:
I know not if she understood
These were for her alone.

At eve, when the cows and children
Came home from the field and vale,
In the wonder of the sunset,
The child sat dumb and pale.

They clamored for the evening meal;
She neither asked nor stirred,
But took what the housewife gave her,
And ate without a word.

Such morns and noons and nights were hers
For six glad summer days;
Then back to the city's groping life
Of dearth and fret and frays.

Six breathless days of mute delight,
And then—the blinding pall!
Six days!—and just to think for whom
The good God made it all!

. . . . . .

She lay where the dull wall's shadow
Fell on her bed of straw,
With the largest eyes in the thinnest
Face that you ever saw.

"Is it all there still?" she murmured,
And wrung her feeble hands—
"The woods, and the long bright meadows,
The door where the elm-tree stands?

"Do the cows come home when the sunset
Makes that great fire at nigh?
Do they give you pails and pails of milk?
Is it just as sweet and white?

"When I've been selling my papers,
I've tried to see it all;
But I couldn't, for the dirty street,
The noise, the dingy wall—

"They staid with me always—always;
They shut field and sky.
Tell me, those things you planted,
Did they come up by-and-by?

"The stream that ran by the road-side,
The lambs asleep on the hill,
I want so much—so much—to know
If it is all there still."

"Why shouldn't you come to it, my child?"
The kindly housewife said;
And soon the shadow of the elm
Fell on that patient head.

The farmer took the wasted hand
Upon his own broad palm,
And cleared his throat ere he could say,
"You're welcome to the farm."

He held her while the good wife milked
The sleek and healthy kine,
He made her pleasant seats beneath
The oak and fragrant pine,

And carried her from place to place.
She seldom spoke a word,
But smiled and gazed, and grew, he said,
"No heftier'n a bird."

Of summer's scents and sights and sounds
The child's soul drank its fill,
Till berries darkened on their vine
By field and wood and hill.

And then, one night—the sun had built
Its great fire in the west—
"Yes, I have seen it all," she sighed,
"And now I want to rest."

O Life, so bright when thou art free!
In bonds, so drear and dim!
Who frees thee to one little child
Hath loosed its bonds from Him!
—*Z. B. Gustafson, in Harper's Magazine.*

SNEDEKOR'S LITTLE MYSTERY.

I SELDOM enjoy more comfort than once or twice a year when I am seated in my friend, Tom Durand's cosy dining-room, absorbing the quiet luxury of its elegance, watching the blushes come and go on the face of his handsome wife, and talk over old times. Tom is a man who has had a plan in life, which he has always persisted in working out, one way or another. At twenty-five he was a poorly-paid reporter on a morning newspaper; two years later he held the managing editor's position, and at thirty-three he obtained supreme control of the journal and a large portion of its valuable stock. Then he married Elaine DeVere, an exquisitely perfected woman, to whom, as will be seen, I introduced him.

Whenever we are together, and our conversation takes a retrospective turn, I think there is no time in our past that we recall oftener than those happy-go-lucky Bohemian years when we were beginning at the bottom of the ladder and fighting poverty with a box of steel pens and an inkstand. In fact, there is a tender, dreamy, an indefinable look, perhaps, in Elaine's large blue eyes that always suggests Snedekor; and when one thinks of him all the rest follows as a natural sequence. There were seven or eight of us representing at the police headquarters the leading newspapers, and Snedekor to a stranger would have been the most noticeable among us. Already several years past middle age and reserved, he was certainly out of place with a set of rollicking young fellows, as every one was aware; yet whenever he happened to be absent at night, I think we all missed him a great deal. He used to come in on tip-toe and shamble up to his desk timidly, as though he were ashamed of himself. Finally, after he had put away a faded silk umbrella, changed a well-worn coat for a blouse, and succeeded in lighting his pipe to suit himself, he would fall to chronicling the day's news on large sheets of brown paper, with a nervous rapidity, which now and then excited much noiseless merriment on the part of the others present. Occasionally, whenever he might pause to relight his pipe or to rest a moment, if he caught the drift of the story or general conversation going on, perhaps he would venture to contribute a few words. He had traveled in Europe, when a young man; and he had some odd bits of experience in a mountain pass, a French diligence, and Swiss inn, that he liked to tell about. He had been out on the Plains, also, as an army surgeon, and could recount a thrilling adventure or two in connection with the Indians. But he had a way of resting his elbow on the desk and propping his head up with one hand, while looking vacantly beyond, and dropping his voice, as though speaking to himself, that was tedious to the listener. "Yes, to be sure," he would frequently say, in conclusion, "that was over twenty years ago—twenty years ago. We can't always be young, Mr. Durand."

He preferred Durand to any of the others of us, and usually addressed himself to him, if he were in the room. When going home after the night's work, he always took care, too, to shake hands with him very formally before leaving. Tom was recalling this recently, and bringing to mind the old gentleman (he seemed an old gentleman to us) preparing to depart for the night. First, he would ransack a large drawer in his desk ten minutes or more, in search of a pin for his collar. Then he spent some time putting back the hundred and one miscellaneous articles which he kept topsy-turvy in this receptacle—such as clay pipes, a dilapidated volume of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," needles and thread, newspaper clippings, an opera-glass, and a brace of large navy pistols, with belt, and sheets. Following these preliminaries were the precautions taken against footpads, garroters, and robbers in general, by loading his weapons and buckling them on. "A man is safer out among the wild Indians, Mr. Durand," he used to say, "than on the streets of this city after midnight." Then, tipping his old beaver hat over his eyes and turning up his coat-collar, to give himself a mysterious and dangerous appearance, he would take the opera-glass in his hand (probably for reconnoitering around dark corners), and sally forth, using his umbrella as a cane.

At the end of six months, or about that time, from the first night he joined us, we found that there was a little mystery in connection with his past, which he preferred should remain uninvestigated. Some of us had always noticed that he was particularly interested in every dispatch that came to the Chief of Police respecting missing people, and once he had even declared that he believed it quite possible to find any one who had disappeared, if the search were begun immediately.

"Why, I have sometimes thought," he said, with a little burst of enthusiasm, "that any case of the kind might be worked out, like an unknown algebraic quantity. Let x represent the missing person, and the method for unraveling the equation and finding x may be sought from the given facts by pure logical reasoning. Nearly every great discovery in science has been wrought out that way, gentlemen," pushing the tobacco into his pipe and looking at all of us appealingly. "If we could only have one or two detectives who in their profession were great geniuses, like Kepler or Newton, on one would be able to find an undiscoverable place in the world. Why, they'd hunt him out even in the African Desert."

"But there is the sea," suggested one of our associates, named Manette. "How could they strain that?"

"There would be no need of straining it. No, no. If they could determine conclusively that the missing person was in it, it would be enough, I think." Then, running his fingers through his straggling gray beard and coloring a little: "There are many, sir—a great many—who might be thankful even for that discovery."

On the occasion referred to, at the end of six months, a brief telegram came in one night, among several others, stating that an elderly lady, fashionably dressed, had died on the street in a lit and been taken to the nearest police station. "Name, Armitage. Nothing more yet known about her," the message concluded. One after another made a note of the fact in his slips devoted to casualties and passed the telegram on to the next man. When it came to Snedekor, however, he stared at it as though it were quite an unusual item, turned very pale all at once, and then startled every body by falling on the floor in a swoon.

We all sprang toward him. Durand made haste to bring the water-pitcher and some one else hurriedly threw up the windows; but the old gentleman recovered himself immediately.

"It's all a mystery now, sure enough," he said, sitting up and holding his head with both hands. "Dead! Dead!"

After a few moments he managed to stand, buckle on his pistols and put on his coat, notwithstanding he was all of a tremor.

"I'm bothered a little sometimes with a diseased heart, gentlemen," looking from one to another. "It's an old enemy. But don't let me disturb you. All I need is the fresh air. I will go out and walk a little."

A half hour later, it occurred to Durand—perhaps by way of professional zeal, perhaps not—that it might be worth while to ascertain fuller particulars respecting the death of the lady named Armitage; and, having made a significant nod to me, I hastened to accompany him on his walk to the police station where she had been carried. We both suspected that Snedekor had gone there, and we were not mistaken. As we went in under the red and blue light, he hurried past us into the darkness, with a surprised and frightened face.

From that moment none of us saw or heard of him again. Another attache of the journal he represented was sent, after a day or two, to take his place among us; and, though we wondered a good deal what had become of him and what the mystery was that troubled him, no one took any pains to satisfy his curiosity about either. In a few days, moreover, it fell in Durand's way to spend a month or more traveling with a Presidential candidate, and in mine to visit London, to inform the public respecting certain diplomatic affairs—an undertaking that will always retain a pleasant place in my memory, because accident made me acquainted with Miss De Vere, on my return voyage. A week and a half of delightful, unalloyed happiness is an event not easily forgotten by any one.

Sometime even now, after all the years that are buried, sitting at Tom's cheery hearth, I lose the drift of the conversation, while limning out of my memory a portrait of his companion as I first saw her—a tall, graceful, queenly woman, with the imprint on her fair young face of generations of refinement, culture and gentle blood. Even the dainty bonnet, concealing, gypsy-wise, her pretty blonde head; the silk robe, edged with fur and caught at the throat with a ruby brooch; or the small white hand, waving adieu to departing friends from the ship's side, have been held in mind. During most of the voyage the ocean was undisturbed by storms, and many of the nights were made enchanting by a clear, calm sky, with a full moon. We frequently stood at the ship's side, talking, perhaps, of the glories of the Old World, of whatever the moment suggested; and now and then, when her light, merry laugh drew attention in our direction, I fancied there was not a little envy lurking in the eyes of my fellow-passengers, loitering on the deck alone.

"I am not very certain," she said, one night, when we were within two days' sail of our destination—"I am not very certain that I shall be contented in America hereafter. It seems an age since I went abroad."

"But you will find that home is home, perhaps, be it ever so homely."

"Yes, perhaps," looking across the moon-lit waves, soberly. "A very dear relative has died lately, though, and I shall find every thing changed. I have been studying at the Conservatory in Milan during the past two years, where she was with me until three months ago. Then she returned, and the next I heard was that she had died suddenly. Just think of it!" she said, with a shudder, while tears appeared in her eyes. "She died on the street, with no one near her but strangers."

Another evening of this voyage that clings to my memory is the last one before we separated. Many of the passengers, having heard it whispered about by an Italian professor of music that Miss De Vere was a soprano of great promise—in fact, a distinguished pupil of an eminent friend of his—were anxious to hear her sing; and, on the score of his intimacy with her instructor, he begged a thousand pardons for his boldness, and then besought her to allow him to lead her to the piano.

It was all only an episode of pleasant memories for me, however. As soon as we sighted land, everything was bustle and confusion. I saw her a few minutes after the steamer had arrived, and presented my friend Durand. Then she joined an old lady, who had been awaiting her, took leave of me hastily, and was gone.

"What a sensitive, handsome face!" said Durand. "Tell me all about her, old fellow."

But there was very little to tell. I had been introduced to her by the Captain, had wished that the voyage might be prolonged a year, and had parted from her without any expectations of ever meeting her again. It is quite probable, too, that I never should, had it not turned out—had it not been for Snedekor. Just at this this time, luckily for Durand, if not for me, the old gentleman again began to excite our interest. While busy over our desks a night or two after my return, an old colored man opened the door cautiously and came in.

"Does any ob de gemmen know a gemman by de name ob Snedekor?" he asked, holding a rusty old hat in his hand and looking from one to another nervously.

"Yes," said Durand, nodding.

"Well, he am bery sick, sar, an' I'se ben thinkin' p'haps one ob you'd come an' see him."

"What's the matter with him?" asked some one—Mannette, I believed.

"Oh! he's clean gwone wid fever, sar; an' de trouble an' worry hab driv him wild, I suspec'."

Durand threw down his pen, and, taking up his hat and stick, said that he would go. Where was Mr. Snedekor living?

"Jus' a step 'cross de city, sar. Only a step. Come along wid me, sar, an' I'll bring you right to de place," said the old fellow, much pleased, shuffling out.

The step proved to be a mile or more, though, and led to a part of the city which had begun to decay long since. Halting, finally, in front of a tumble-down old building, the first story of which appeared to be a barber's shop, the negro fumbled under a shutter some moments and produced a key.

"You mustn't let him know, sar," he said in a low voice, "that I fetched you all de way for to see him. 'Cause he'd be a heep stirred up. Jus' kinder make it as if you'd dropped into my shop ob your own free will, you know. He's proud's Lucifer."

"Very well," said Durand. "I understand."

After entering the barber-shop, the old negro lighted a small kerosene lamp, and led the way among the chairs and furniture to the rear, where a door opened into a hall. Then Durand followed him up a couple of flights of rickety stairs, and paused to listen as he did. Some one was playing softly and uncertainly on a flute. Durand fancied also that he heard a woman singing in a subdued voice, as though she was rocking a child. The old negro coughed and feigned to misplace his foot against the stairs when starting to go up another flight, and both the singing and the playing of the flute ceased at once. At the landing he hesitated again before opening a door that faced them.

"Jus' a minute, sar," he said, "while I looks in."

As he did so, however, Durand could not help catching a glimpse of the trail of a woman's dress disappearing suddenly at an inner door. He heard Snedekor also demand fretfully to know who was coming.

"A gemman ob de press wishes to see you, Massa Rob," said the negro. "He's come all de way from de shop up de stairs for to see you."

"A gentleman of the press!" returned Snedekor, raising up from his bed, confused and bewildered.

"Yes, Mr. Snedekor, it is I," said Durand, stepping into the room. "I am very sorry to find you ill."

The old gentleman stared at him vacantly without replying. His face had become sadly emaciated and his eyes hollow and sunken. The hand he finally reached out to Durand also was pitifully withered and feeble.

"It's about over with, Mr. Durand, about over with, you see," he whispered, huskily, sinking back and burying his face in the pillow.

"Massa Rob, Massa Rob," said the negro, gently, bending over him, "neber mind, now; neber mind thinkin' 'bout dat. De world am full ob trouble anyhow."

"Trouble?" repeated Snedekor, querulously, turning his face toward him. "Dick, am I any trouble to you? Did you say I was a trouble?"

"Lord-a-massy, no, Massa Rob; no more'n a little bit a chile! There, there, jus' you res' a little, while I gwo out for de med'cine and de gemman warms hisself by de fire."

Durand sat down in front of the open fire at the opposite side of the room, and when Snedekor dropped asleep, ventured to look around. The place was a portion of an attic, and had originally been used, as the large skylights showed, by a photographer. The furniture had been brought together from some second-hand dealer's, and consisted of broken chairs, an ancient bureau, an office table, the old-fashioned bed in which Snedekor was lying, and a barn-looking wardrobe. Over the fireplace were three or four hanging shelves of books, and scattered here and there on the rough walls were many old photographs of houses, machinery, and people, which had probably been left there by the former occupant. The floor was uncarpeted, but scrupulously clean.

For an hour or more nothing broke the stillness except now and then the unintelligible mutterings of Snedekor in his sleep or the dropping of the coal from the grate. Where the negro had gone Durand could not imagine. He looked up through the skylight at the stars, and tried to pass away the time in a vain effort to count them; then he watched the fire glowing and crumbling and falling apart, until he was nearly asleep. At length, however, the books on the hanging shelves suggested to him that he might find something among them to keep him awake, and he stood up and examined them. The most of them were scrap-books, labeled "Mysterious Disappearances," with the date of the year added. The volume for 1850, the first one Durand happened to open, was filled with clippings from newspapers, many of which were introduced by headings in large type attracting attention to something mysterious. Durand recalled at once the interest Snedekor had always manifested in everything of this kind, and he came to the conclusion, as he went on looking into one book after another, that the old gentleman was either a trifle insane on the subject or else ——. It was an odd idiosyncrasy, at all events. In one there was an account, which filled several pages, of a Mr. Langham that had disappeared from Richmond, Va., in 1858; another, taken from the New York *Herald*, related at considerable length the strange freak of a man who had disappeared under peculiar circumstances in 1862, and eventually had been discovered by his brother at the Battle of Antietam. Each of these clippings was commented upon in foot-notes here and there, in Snedekor's handwriting. The extract, though, that finally stimulated Durand's curiosity sufficiently to induce him to read it through was in the book devoted to the year 1865. His attention was drawn to it particularly by the numerous marginal notes that Snedekor had supplied in connection with it. One was: "Pshaw! what nonsense! The motive was not, as here stated, to evade anybody or anything; but, rather, to find somebody." Again, crowded in at the bottom of the second slip, was written in a cramped hand: "O God! if men and women would not let their hearts become stone!" Another noticeable feature of this narrative was that the names of the persons and places mentioned in it had been carefully obliterated with a blue pencil, so that it would become quite as puzzling to the reader to find out who had disappeared as to guess where he had disappeared.

Durand, standing uneasily leaning against the mantel-piece and with no better light than came from a dismal lamp hanging at a distance, read the two or three columns only hastily; but he learned that it was an account of the mysterious disappearance of a physician in some Southern city, which had attracted much attention. He had fought through the war in the Confederate ranks, and been impoverished in the end, like the most of his friends. "But Colonel ——," the writer went on to state, "is of the best blood of the South, and never regretted his losses. What has saddened his life more than any thing else and caused him to evade society and relinquish his practice, is something which perhaps the community knows very little about. On the breaking out of the war he owned one of the largest and finest plantations in the northern part of the State and an elegant town house in ——, where he resided the most of the year. His wife had been dead some years, and his home was presided over by a favorite sister, to whom also was intrusted the care of his only child, a beautiful little daughter, twelve or thirteen years old. This sister had been educated at the North, and when the question of State-rights came to be discussed at the Colonel's table she, unhappily, showed immediately the Yankee notions she had imbibed. Moreover, as soon as the State seceded and her brother hastened to enroll himself among its defenders, she induced the daughter to accompany her to the North. Neither of them has been heard from since." The mystery enveloping the Colonel's disappearance was something, the writer said, that the whole community was interested in having cleared up, and every effort would be made to ascertain what had become of him.

A moan from Snedekor, the rustle of a woman's dress in an adjoining room, or something that Durand did not comprehend distinctly startled him, and he hastened to put the books back in their places. Undoubtedly, the old gentleman did not intend that they should serve any body's amusement except his own, and he felt guilty of having committed a rudeness. Seating himself again before the fire, he waited and waited until it was far past midnight. Then, aroused at last from a half-sleeping and wakeful state by Snedekor's delirious monologue, he went over on tip-toes to the bed and drew the quilts around his shoulders.

"Easy, Dick, easy," murmured the old man. "You were always a good boy to your master, Dick. Yes, always —— I shall never see the old plantation again—— No, no. But you will take her back, Dick, and show her the place where she was born —— She's dead —— Sister Anna is. Dropped dead in the street —— The child looks like her mother."

He sighed and turned over restlessly. Durand again arranged the bed-clothes about him, and then opened the door and went to the head of the stairs. Old Dick was below, perhaps in his barber-shop. At all events, he could not wait any longer for him; nor did there seem to be any reason why he should, for he felt certain that a woman or somebody was in the next room, who would hear the sick man, if he called or needed any thing. So, buttoning his coat, he crept cautiously down the dark stairs and through the shop to the front door, which he found unlocked. As he stepped out, Dick presented himself.

"You mus' excuse me, sar, for I'se gut de rheumatics pow'ful bad, an' hab to gwo slow," said the old negro. "I los' de 'scription besides, an' it took time for to find it."

"Never mind any apology," said Durand. "I can not stay longer now, but I will come again to-morrow night; and in the meanwhile—"

"Oh! thank you, sar, thank you bery much, sar," said Dick, bowing his white wooly head, while he folded a "greenback" that had exchanged owners.

On the following night, however, Durand was detained at his desk by a press of work, which he did not finish until the small hours of the morning; and it was about daybreak when he turned out of an East side avenue into the narrow little court leading to Dick's barber shop. It was just at that time between darkness and daylight when the air is chilly, the streets are deserted, and the sound of one's own foot-steps on the pavement is disagreeably loud. The shabby old houses in the court were as still as if they had been asleep for ages; and before Durand had proceeded many steps he heard the soft, gentle music of a flute floating down from the house-top—a fantasie or dream-fugue by some old master. He listened, with breath suspended, until it had become fainter and fainter and finally died away. Then, seized with a strange feeling of dread, he made haste to gain admittance to the tenement where Dick had his charge, and hurried quietly up the stairs. But no one was astir in the house, and after reaching the attic, he waited a few moments before venturing to knock.

By and by he heard some one sobbing within, and he slowly opened the door. It was there, as his heart had dreaded. Death had come. Lying, propped up on the pillows, the old gentleman had passed away, and his lifeless hand still hung at the bedside, holding the flute. Cast down before him, with her face pressed against the coverlet and her arms about his neck, was a woman, her long, luxuriant blonde hair falling disheveled over her shoulders. The negro stood at the foot of the bed, where the morning light fell upon him from the open skylights, as though he were dumb.

Durand crept near, and while he was looking intently at the pale, dead face he could not resist the impulse to call to it—to awake it.

"Snedekor! Snedekor!" he whispered.

"His name am not Snedekor, sar. He was Cunnel Robert De Vere."

"He was my father," said the lady, turning up to Durand the beautiful face of Elaine De Vere and rising slowly.

Snedekor's little mystery had come to an end.—*F. B. Stanford, in N. Y. Independent.*

Filigree Jewelry—An Interesting Mexican Manufacture.

THE manufacture of filigree gold and silver jewelry probably originated among the Italians, was by them taught the Spaniards, and at the time of the Conquest was brought over by the latter and introduced to the Mexicans. In Italy and Spain one sees no longer the work, and it survives now only in New and Old Mexico, Santa Fe, Chihuahua and the City of Mexico probably being the principal points where it is manufactured. Until the time that American ingenuity and taste began to be apparent in this branch of art, the manufacture was very rude, the patterns simple and few—some say there were only three of these—and filigree jewelry was only odd and fantastic, there being little real beauty about the work. This has now all been changed, and while the jewelry is still fantastic in appearance, American skill has invented patterns which display much beauty, and when worked into form in gold or silver are attractive, tasteful and handsome ornaments. The articles manufactured are principally for the wear of male or female, breast-pins, scarf-pins, shawl-pins, combs, ear-rings, bracelets, finger-rings and various pretty ornaments for the hair; although, of late, the manufacture has included a great variety of other articles, such as card-cases, spectacle-cases and match-boxes. In fact, the Mexican workmen, who have now the entire manufacture in their hands, claim that they can reproduce any pattern given them in gold or silver filigree. In Santa Fe the manufacture of this jewelry is becoming more important, and filigree work is becoming in greater demand. Tourists invest in Mexican jewelry because in itself it is quaint and pretty and is rarely seen in the East, and as souvenirs of the Ancient City they desire naturally to take away something which has an unmistakably native appearance. The gold used in manufacturing the jewelry is either from the Old Placers or the New Placers, twenty or thirty miles distant, and is generally bought from Mexicans who earn their living by panning out the dust from the washings on these properties. The silver comes generally from Silver City, the "76" mine of Bremen near there supplying the ore, and the smelting being done in that town. It is brought from there in a crude state, and refined in the shops where the jewelry is made.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

AT a bull-fight in San Sebastian, Spain, the famous toreador, Frascuelo, was badly gored by one of the bulls. He was carried out of the ring apparently lifeless, amid the screams of the ladies, several of whom left their places to go and kiss his forehead.

A MINSTREL performer proudly advertises himself in the amusement papers as "the largest-mouthed comedian in the world," and adds: "Many envy and imitate me, but there is none can compete with me."

PITH AND POINT.

A GERMAN life insurance company, called Der Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft, complains of the irregularity of the mails. Yet one would suppose it got all of its letters.—*Andrew's Queen.*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know, "Can a woman ride a bicycle?" Can she? Son, you ask questions like a man who is not married. When you learn of any thing a woman can't do when she makes up her mind that she will do it, let us know. How old, or rather how young are you?—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A FEW months ago an old gentleman was seen nailing a notice on a fence on the south side of Galveston Avenue. A friend, passing, said: "Why don't you have the notice put in the paper, where people can read it?" "Waal," said the old gentleman, "if I tuck it to the newspaper orfice them newspaper fellers would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody might think I didn't know how to spell." The notice read: "Howze fur rent inchoir on the preymcysis."—*Galveston News.*

HERE is another straw: A man who went through an excursion train of nine hundred passengers taking a Presidential vote didn't find a single Hancock man. P. S.—He didn't find a Garfield man either, for the first person he accosted knocked him down, and a dozen others wiped up the floor with him and wedged him so fast under a seat that all the passengers escaped before he could release himself. He has declared himself in favor of the anti-Masonic candidate, his treatment in the car having made him dead opposed to grips.—*Troy Times.*

"TIMES has changed since I was a gal," exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, reflectively, laying down the paper in which she had read of the large amount of gold used annually in teeth-filling, and pushing her ancient spectacles up on to her corrugated and equally ancient forehead. "Yes; times has changed since I was a gal. You never heard such a fuss about teeth in them days. That was afore peoplo took to feeding on calouels and bourbons and such trash. They didn't have the toothache much, but when a tooth did become defrayed they had it distracted at once, and without taking chloroform or any of your new-fangled esthetics either. And as for sticking gold into their mouths, why, bless you! they had all they could do to get bread enough to put there to keep soul and body together." And the old lady's face assumed an unwonted sternness as she reflected on the degeneracy of modern times.—*Boston Transcript.*

He Couldn't Help It.

THERE was another case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking through the third story window of a block on Jefferson Avenue, which he had thoughts of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal-scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to conclude his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind his shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid half of his body was all right, the lighter was over the window-sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of the body was accompanied by pain. The sash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind, for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

"Hello! boy, hello!" called the citizen.

"Hello yourself!" replied the boy as he looked up.

"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you."

"Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal-scuttles on my head."

"But I don't mean to."

"Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"

"Boy, I want your help."

"So does yer aunt! Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are!"

"I am caught in this window and want to get out."

"So would I! Been prospecting for old junk, eh! You'll got six months for that!"

"If you'll come up stairs and help me out I'll give you a dollar.

"A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you in the eye with this old lemon. I don't look starched up, but I don't let any man insult me all the same."

"Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen.

"Naw, I don't, but I'll bet the perleece do! You've got one of the hardest mugs on you I ever saw, and I've a good mino to give you one, just for luck! Look out, now!"

He made as if he would throw, and the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and the offer of $2 had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together and said:

"I believe you are the boss hyena who knocked dad down at the caucus, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!"

"If you throw at me I'll call the police!" exclaimed the citizen.

"The sooner ye call the sooner ye'll be jugged! Here's to hit you square on your nose!"

The opening of a back door of a store and the appearance of a man disconcerted the lad's aim, and the lemon struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yells brought a climax, but the air was full of tropical fruit even as the boy dusted down the alley and turned a corner.

The boy couldn't help acting that way. He was born so. It wouldn't have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and release the man. He didn't have a fair show with his spoiled lemons, but boys soon get over disappointments.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DROP of pure glycerine dropped into the eye will take out railway cinders.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY NOV. 6, 1880.

THE DEAR OLD FLAG

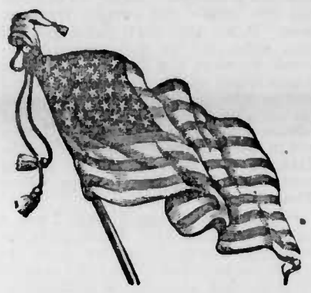

STILL WAVES!

The Republicans Secure

231 Electoral Votes.

Words are utterly powerless to do justice to the magnitude of Tuesday's sweeping Republican victory. It is simply immense and overwhelming It is Waterloo and Gettysburg all in one. It is the Appomattox annihilation of the present Democratic party. It is the thunderbolt that was needed to shiver the "Solid South" into a thousand pieces.

The patient and powerful North has at last arisen in its might, and in one united voice has proclaimed to the world that this country shall no longer be threatened in its pence and prosperity by the unsubdued spirit of the rebellion. It has made known its resolve once for all that Sectionalism shall forever cease in this land, and that the results of the war shall no longer be jeopardized by the followers of Jeff. Davis in the South and their aiders and abettors in the North.

A Solid North.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 5 P. M.—Later returns show Republicans have carried every Northern State, giving them 231 electoral votes. They also have legislature in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut, giving them a majority in the next Senate. The bells are all ringing for Garfield.

A. G. Sturgiss, Esq., chairman of the Republican central committee for this county, was arrested Wednesday afternoon on a complaint made Tuesday morning, on the charge of bribing voters on election day. On trial before Justice Jamison the charge was dismissed, there being no evidence to sustain it, and abundance of evidence to disprove it. Mr. Sturgiss' friends look upon this as having been a scheme of some Democrats to intimidate Republican workers, and if possible to overcome Republican gains made during the morning. The decision of Justice Jamison (a Democrat) is commended by Democrats and Republicans alike, who are not blinded by partizanism.

Comments of the Press.

The one great and grave danger to the country—a result so close as to be disputable has been avoided, and for this all good citizens, all men who love their country, no matter for whom they vote, will be devoutly thankful. There will be time enough hereafter to discuss the causes of the overwhelming victory of the Republicans. It is plain, however, that the country does not fancy a "solid South," and that it does not admire the lack of brains and principles for which the Democratic canvass was chiefly conspicuous.—*N. Y. Herald.*

When the asperties of the presidential contest of 1880 shall have passed away and been forgotten, Hancock will be still remembered as the commander who never failed in his duty while there was an enemy to confront, and who "brought back victorious colors from the point of gleaming bayonets." It is meet that Republicans, who saluted the gallant soldier in 1861, should assure him now, in the hour of his keen humiliation, that they still hold him in affectionate remembrance for his services to his country in the hour of peril. It is hardly too much to say of his misadventure in politics, that they have decorated him with defeat.

3 2 9

Carry the News to Hancock.

Slowly and sadly they laid them down,
From the field of defeat fresh and gory.

HEADQUARTERS DEFEAT,
GENERAL ORDER No. 329.

It is with great grief that the commanding general announces to his followers that they have been, as it were, beaten—routed horse, foot and dragoons. The less said about it the better. The command will at once move to its old quarters on Salt River—when to return he knows not. The commanding general is "a good man weighing 250 pounds," but he was too heavy, and sank. Hancock Veteran League Clubs can now disband—there is no use for them. Indeed they didn't amount to anything anyhow.

By order of the
COMMANDING GENERAL.

MAINE.

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 2.—Returns indicate a Republican majority of 4,000.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 2.—New York will go for Garfield by fifty-five thousand.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS, O., November 2.—Garfield's majority in Ohio is about 35,000.

CONNECTICUT.

There is no doubt but that Connecticut has gone for Garfield by from 2,000 to 3,000 majority. The Democrats give it up at this hour.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, MASS., November 2.—The Massachusetts delegation to Congress ten Republicans and one Democrat. The *Journal* claims a plurality in Massachusetts of 40,000 to 50,000.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, TENN. November 2.—The Chairman of the Republican State Committee telegraphs as follows: The Democrats concede the election of Hawkings, the Republican candidate for Governor, and a Republican gain of three Congressmen. The Legislature is probably Republican. The returns show large Republican gains.

WISCONSIN.

The State has gone Republican by 30,000. All the Republican Congressmen are elected—a gain of one.

MINNESOTA.

The Republican majority is 25,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The State is Republican by 2,000. The Senate stands 20 Republicans to 4 Democrats; House largely Republican.

INDIANA.

The State gives Garfield 7,000 majority, repeating the October victory.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The State has gone 35,000 Republican.

The majority in Philadelphia is 22,278, a Republican gain of 7,248.

IOWA.

Iowa gives Garfield 50,000 majority.

ILLINOIS.

Illinois has gone Republican by 30,000 majority.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Nov. 2.—Returns indicate the election of all the Republican Congressmen but one, and they claim all.

COLORADO.

DENVER, Nov. 2.—Returns for the State show a fair majority for Garfield.

NEBRASKA.

CHICAGO, November 2.—Returns from Nebraska indicate a Republican majority of from 20,000 to 25,000.

ALABAMA.

All the Democratic Congressmen are elected. The State gives a majority of 40,000 for Hancock.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, Nov. 2.—Returns from one fourth of the State show a plurality for the Democratic ticket of 4,000.

ARKANSAS.

LITTLE ROCK.—Indications are that four Democratic Congressmen are elected. Hancock will carry the State by 30,000.

VERMONT.

Forty-two towns give Garfield 35,522; Hancock, 10,452; Weaver, 827, Republican gain over 1876, 975.

MARYLAND.

Maryland has gone Democratic by at out 13,000.

Shake, brethren.

It is President Garfield now.

The bells go ringing for Garfield.

Democrats. "Now is the winter of our discontent."

It is a "suberb" victory—for the Republicans, though.

The country has decreed "a change",—but at the Capitol instead of the White House.

A Republican "loss"—Ben Butler.

It is now in order to hoist another "Maine streamer"—but not on the Democratic pole.

The Sixth Congressional District commissions her tried and trusty servant, Hon. Milton G. Urner, to attend to her interests in Congress for another two years.

"Much noise, little wool"—the Democratic campaign and its results.

Wade Hampton may now learn that there is a "Solid North" as well as a "Solid South," *and he helped to make both.*

HANCOCK (*figuring at result*). "Here are the 138 electoral votes from the Solid South, but they're not enough; where are the rest?"

DEMOCRATS (*reluctantly*). "Gone to Garfield."

The South is "solid" for Hancock, as was promised it would be, but is any honest Democrat proud of the means by which it is made so?

We have met the enemy, and—they are ours by a considerable quantity.

Hancock will (not) be inaugurated.

Many thanks are due the Democratic press for their unceasing and successful campaign slanders. They have their reward.

I decline to be President.—*Gen. Hancock's last letter.*

WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE PUBLISHED.—Some people have an idea that a publisher publishes his paper for almost anything but to make money. In fact, this class of people is very numerous—for the good of the newspaper fraternity. Compliments are very acceptable, and thanks cheer the publisher, but bread and butter is what he and his family live upon. Publishing is a business just the same as manufacturing or keeping a store. A manufacturer or storekeeper would think a man crazy who came into his office every little while, and after complimenting his goods, asked him to give him a few of them. This is just the kind of customers the publishers must expect to deal more or less with six out of seven days in the week. We are not speaking of who are advertisers and who have bought a right to some privileges in the paper. We are speaking of that immense class of dead heads who send a six cent puff of their business in a three cent envelope, closely written on both sides; and of another numerous class who are constantly dropping in or dropping it in on the publisher in little driblets, sandwiched in between a smile and a compliment and a mustard reasoning of cheek. The sooner these people find out that every inch of a publisher's space is so much money to him, the sooner will publishers see a little profit in their business.

THE IRON INDUSTRY IN VIRGINIA.—There are now six furnaces in operation along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, west of Staunton: Buffalo Gap Furnace, at Ferrol, making 15 tons per day; the Lucy Selina Furnace, at Longdale, making about 30 tons per day. Another furnace at this point is in process of construction; the Callis Furnace, near Williamson's making 15 tons per day; Low Moor, at Low Moor, in Alleghany county, making 75 tons per day, to be soon increased to 100 tons. The Quinnimont Furnace, West Va., produces about 30 tons per day. These furnaces all use coke made in West Virginia. This is merely the beginning of the iron industry in this section.—*Lynchburg (Va.) Advance.*

The comments of some of the English journals on the American elections are stupid enough. The Democrats are represented as having weakened their cause by tampering with the Protectionists as well as the Greenback party, and they are warned against half-hearted advocacy of their principles. English Free Traders console themselves with the reflection that their party on this side will be recognized by the logic of facts. That is cold comfort. It is the logic of facts which has promoted the stability of the Protective system in the United States.

GARRETT COUNTY.

DISTRICTS.	Pres't		Cong'n.	
	Garfield	Hancock	Urner	Schley
No. 1.—Altamont	161	155	155	161
No. 2.—Selbysport	132	96	129	98
No. 3.—Grantsville	224	230	224	230
No. 4.—Bloomington	110	125	130	104
No. 5.—Accident	124	130	125	128
No. 6.—Sang Run	101	45	98	48
No. 7.—Oakland	203	200	198	205
No. 8.—Ryans Glade	121	73	120	70
No. 9.—Frostburk	32	69	29	72
Total	1206	1123	1208	1120
Majorities	85		88	

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2, 1880.

There is but one topic of interest which now agitates the public mind, and that is the result of to-day's election. Both public and private business is at a standstill. On the street the situation is discussed by the lawyer, the merchant, and the artisan. Every other question pales into insignificance.

The Republicans are hopeful even to confidence. The more enthusiastic ones claim that Garfield will carry the solid North, and to offset this Hancock will have only the Solid South and with a chance that Virginia will slip away from the Democratic column. Last night a *Star* reporter asked a gentleman who is close in Senator Conkling's confidence and who traveled with him on his recent Southern trip, how much of a majority the Democrats in New York would carry to Harlem bridge. He replied, "We concede them 70,000 and can then lay them out. Everything is clinched. There will be some damaging surprises on Wednesday morning." He said further that the only doubtful Republican States were New Jersey, New Hampshire, Maine and California. The Democrats, although hopeful, are not so confident as the Republicans, and do not feel inclined to bet on the result. The Republicans, on the other hand, are willing to bet, and to give odds. Several bets were made to-day that Garfield would have 20,000 majority in N. Y. There seems to be a general concession that whichever party carries New York will secure the Presidency. The Democratic argument is that the same influences that would carry New York Democratic would operate in New Jersey. This, with a Solid South, would give Hancock 182 votes, with a chance of picking up the other 3 votes necessary in Maine, Connecticut, California, Nevada and Oregon. Should the Republicans, on the other hand, carry New York, there is a like concession that the Democratic candidate cannot be elected.

The arrival of immigrants at Castle Garden yesterday were the heaviest ever known in the history of emigration at this season of the year. Seven steamers arrived, bringing nearly 3,000 immigrant passengers in the steerage. The rotunda at the Garden was densely crowded all day and until late in the evening and its officials were kept busy in disposing of the numerous arrivals. The following were the steamers and the number of immigrant passengers: Olympia, from Gibraltar, 376. Nederland, from Antwert, 630. Egadl, from Gibralter, 34. Braunschweig, from Bremen, 120; City of Montreal, from Liverpool, 580; W. H. Scholten, from Rotterdam, 469, and Mosel, from Hamburg, 700.

Photograph copies of the forged Garfield Chinese letter were received at the Treasury Department to-day. Upon careful examination three misspelled words were found: "Companys," "religiously," and "economy." Lithographic copies of the manuscript of the article "Lying and sticking to it," and other writings by Philp were also received. Philp's writing is remarkably good and clear for one who writes for the press.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

WASHINGTON, October 31.—The following was issued to-day:

By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.

At no period in their history since the United States became a nation has this people had so abundant and so universal reasons for joy and gratitude at the favor of Almighty God, or been subject to so profound an obligation to give thanks for His loving kindness, and humbly to implore His continued care and protection.

Health, wealth and prosperity throughout all our borders; peace, honor and and friendship with all the world; firm and faithful adherence by the great body of our population to the principles of liberty and justice, which have made our greatness as a nation, and the wise institutions and strong frame of government and society, which will perpetuate it—for all these let the thanks of a happy and united people, as with one voice, ascend in devout homage to the Giver of all Good.

I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the 25th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgements to Almighty God for His bounties and His protection and to offer to Him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this first day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifth.

(Seal) R. B. HAYES.

By the President,
WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

BIBLE REVISION COMPLETED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The American Bible Revision Committee have completed the revision of the English version of the New Testament, and transmitted the result of their labors to England. The British Committee will meet in November for final action; and the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge are expected to issue the revised New Testament in February, 1881. The Old Testament will be published two or three years after. The American revisers have given their time and labor for eight years without compensation, The necessary expenses have been provided for by voluntary subscriptions.

MARRIAGE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., was married this morning to Miss Fannie J. Chaffee, daughter of ex-Senator Chaffee. The ceremony, which was a quiet one, took place at the house of the bride's father, 26 west 58th street. Rev. Dr. Newman officiated.

FIRES THAT CANNOT BE QUENCHED.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Oct. 24.—The failure of all the attemps to extinguish the fire which has been raging in the Keeley Run colliery for several weeks, it is feared, will add another to the perpetually burning mines that now exist in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions. The greatest of these is probably that in the jugular vein, near Coal Castle, in this county. This has been burning since 1835. Lewis F. Dougherty opened this vein in 1833. The upper drift of the mine was above water level, and a huge fire was kept in a grate at the mouth of the mine in winter to keep the water from freezing in the gutters. One night in the above year the timbers of the drift caught fire from the grate. When it was discovered the fire had been carried down the air hole to the lower drifts and was beyond control. Two miners entered the mine, hoping to recover their tools. They never came out. The mine was abandoned. No effort was made to mine any of the coal near the burning vein, although it was considered the best coal in the region, until 1856. Then John McGinnis put in a slope on the east side of it, below water level. He struck the vein at a place where two miners could keep a large breaker supplied. When 400 yards of gangway had been excavated the heat from the burning Dougherty mine began to bother the miners. McGinnis attempted to open an air hole. The heat became so great that the men were paid double wages to induce them to work. They worked entirely naked, and were relieved every ten minutes. Finally the heat became so intense that work was abandoned. The mine was flooded. After being pumped out, men could again work for a few days. The mine was flooded nine times. McGinnis finally failed, and the mine was then abandoned. The fire has been raging in the vein ever since. An area of half a mile in every direction has been burned. No vegetation grows on the surface. In places the ground has caved in, forming chasms a hundred feet deep.

There is but a thin shell of earth over the pit of fire. At night blue, sulphurous flames issue from the crevices in the ground. It is dangerous to walk across the spot. Several persons have mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity during the past twenty years. It is believed that in a majority of the cases they have fallen into the burning mine. Dougherty, the original proprietor of the mine attempted to go across once. He sank to his armpits through the crust, and was only saved by courageous friends who ventured to his assistance. The stones on the ground are hot and snow never rests there. Rain turns to vapor as fast as it falls on the roof of the burning mine. Millions of dollars' worth of the best quality of coal have been consumed by the fire.

The Summit Hill mine, near Mauch Chunk has been burning for twenty-five years. It is believed that this mine was set on fire by discontented miners. Thousands of dollars have been expended in fruitless efforts to extinguish the flames.

The Butler mine, near Pittston, has been burning three years. It was set on fire by a party of tramps, who built a fire in the mine in 1877. The fire is in the upper drift. It is confined to an area of forty acres by an immense ditch forty feet, wide which was excavated between the burning drift and connecting ones. The digging of the canal cost $50,000. But for that obstacle the fire would have communicated to some of the most extensive mines in the Lackawanna Valley, and a subterrancous conflagration would have swept under the whole of West Pittston. Miners have worked in the lower drift of the Butler mine since the fire broke out, but there are but forty feet of rock between them and the field of fire above. The water that trickles through the roof is scalding hot. The temperature is so high that the men can wear but little clothing.

Archbishop Whatley on Butterflies.

Most persons know that every butterfly (the Greek name for which, it is remarkable, is the same that signifies also the soul—Psyche) comes from a grub or caterpillar; in the language of naturalists called larva. This last name (which signifies litterally a mask) was introduced by Linneus, because the caterpillar is a kind of outward covering, or disguise, of the future butterfly within. For it has been ascertained by curious microscopic examination that a distinct butterfly, only undeveloped and not full grown, is contained within the body of the caterpillar; that this latter has its own organs of digestion, respiration, etc. suitable to its larva life, quite distinct from, and independent of the future butterfly which it incloses. When the proper period arrives, and the life of the insect, in this its first stage, is to close, it becomes what is called a pupa, inclosed in a chrysalis or cocoon (often composed of silk, as is that of the silkworm which supplies us that important article) and lies torpid for a time within this natural coffin, from which it issues, at the proper period, as a perfect butterfly.

But sometimes this process is marred. There is a numerous tribe of insects well known to naturalists, called ichneumon flies, which in their larva state are parasitical; that is, inhabit and feed on other larvæ. The ichneumon fly being provided with a long, sharp sting, which is in fact an ovipositor (egg-layer), pierces with this the body of a caterpillar in several places, and deposits her eggs, which are there hatched, and feed, as grubs (larvæ) on the inward parts of their victim. The common cabbage-caterpillar (producing a white butterfly) which often does such mischief in our gardens, is often thus attacked; and these being common near our houses, are more easily observed than most others. A most wonderful circumstance connected with this process is that a caterpillar which has been thus attacked goes on feeding, and apparently thriving quite as well during the whole of its larva life, as those that have escaped. For, by a wonderful provision of instinct, the ichneumon grubs within do not injure any of the organs of the larva, but feed only on the future butterfly enclosed within it. And, consequently, it is hardly possible to distinguish a caterpillar which has these enemies within it from those that are untouched.

But when the period arrives for the close of the larva life, the difference appears. You may often observe the common cabbage-caterpillars retiring, to undergo their change, into some sheltered spot—such as the walls of a summer-house; and some of them—those that have escaped the parasites—assuming the pupa state, from which they emerge butterflies. But as for the others, the ichneumon-grubs at this period issue forth, and spin their little cocoons of bright yellow silk (about the size and shape of grains of wheat), from which they are to issue as flies. Of the unfortunate caterpillar nothing remains but an empty skin. The hidden butterfly has been secretly consumed. Now, when you are contemplating with wonder this most curious phenomenon, consider whether there is not something analogous to it in the condition of some of our race:—whether a man may not have a kind of secret enemy within his own bosom, destroying his soul, Psyche, though without interfering with his well-being during the present stage of his existence; and whose presence may never be detected till the time arrives when the last great change should take place.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, has some original and very effective ways of doing things. Wishing to test a railroad brake of which he had heard a great deal, he had the appliance adjusted to his locomotive and cars and the engineer instructed how to use it. Then he embarked abroad his train and started upon a excursion. At a dangerous point in the road the engineer, whose train was running at thirty-two miles an hour, saw what was apparently an immense rock that had fallen upon the track a few hundred yards ahead. He put the breakes down with an vigor which may be conceived, and succeeded in arresting the train before it came in collision with the obstacle. This, however, when more closely examined, proved to be pasteboard rock of Dom Perad's own contrivance. He wanted a practical test of the new brake, and this was his way of securing it.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Districts No. 4 and 8 deserve the banner.

—Miss Jennie Delawder is visiting her sister at Fairmont, W. Va.

—Rev. Samuel E. Jones and family arrived in Oakland Friday of last week.

—Rev. H. C. Sanford and family left Oakland Tuesday evening for Charleston, W. Va.

—Only three snows in October by way of a commencement, but somebody will be snowed under on Tuesday.—*Democrat, last week.*

Correct. You were.

—Married—Nov. 1st, by Rev. B. Ison, at his residence in this place, Mr. Alexander Male to Miss Susan Croston, both of Garrett county.

—In the publication of the Garfield and Arthur Veteran roll last week, we unintentionally omitted to give the name of Geo. E. Bishoff, adjutant, 7th W. Va. I.

—Rev. William Stoudenmire, of South Carolina, has been elected Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran church of Oakland. He arrived here on Tuesday of last week, and entered upon the duties of his position.

—Mr. De Corsey Bolden and Miss Sarah Rhodes, of Oakland, were married at the Lutheran church on Sunday last, by the pastor of that church. Though somewhat unexpected, quite a number were at the church to witness the ceremony. The boys of town serenaded the happy couple on Monday night, and the Oakland Cornet Band on Tuesday evening. We extend our congratulations.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

Quarterly Meetings.

The first quarterly meeting for the Deer Park circuit, will be held on the 20th and 21st of this month, at Glade Valley, beginning Saturday, at 2 P. M.

The first quarterly meeting for Selbysport and Johnstown will be held on the 27th and 28th of this month, at Webb's Chapel, commencing Saturday at 10½ o'clock A. M.

Church Dedication.

We are requested to announce that the M. E. Church, South, at Keyser, W. Va., will be dedicated on Sunday, the 14th of November. The Rev. Dr. Harrison, of Washington, Chaplain to Congress, will have charge of and conduct the services. Other distinguished ministers will be present. All Christians are cordially invited to attend.

By order of the Pastor.

Nov. 2, 1880.

B. & O. Railroad Telegraph System.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company have taken possession of the entire lines of telegraph on the Pittsburg Division, which have been operated in connection with the Western Union telegraph company until Sunday, when all connections with that company were severed and the wires transferred to the offices of the American Union telegraph company at Pittsburg, Connellsville and Cumberland. This change adds about five hundred miles of line and some fifty new offices to the system of telegraph lines operated by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company and the American Union telegraph company.—*Cumberland News.*

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of October:

David M. Merrill to Mollie E. Beeghley.

Geo. W. Fletcher to Sally Cole.

August C. Kamp to Susannah Snyder.

Charles S. Hoffman to Annie M. Walker.

John O. Harvey to Mary A. R. Aronbalt.

Charles Chroston to Martha Jane Male.

Stephen W. Friend to Martha DeWitt.

Solomon C. Rorabaugh to Susan B. Barger.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 1:

Jacob Pysell and wife to Board of County School Commissioners, 25 perches of land; $1.

John L. Browning and wife to Mary M. Potter, tract of land called "Deep Creek Farm," containing 26½ acres; $5 &c.

James Wilson and others to John Beckman, tract of land called "Breyton," 71¼ acres, also 2-12 of parts of Lots Nos. 346 and 347, 34¼ acres; deed dated July 9, 1850; $84.

Wm. P. Wilson and wife to John Beckman, tract of land called "Breyton," 71¼ acres, and parts of Lots Nos. 356 and 357, 34¼ acres; deed dated 17th January, 1850; $50.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The theatrical troupe of Mr. Harry Pease has been performing in our town for the last few evenings. Unfortunately for them the weather and the political excitement has been against them. The performances were excellent. All who attended expressed themselves pleased and we have heard of no one that was dissatisfied. The rendition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on their last night was well attended and well performed. Mr. Pease expects to return here next summer, and if he does we feel sure he will be greeted by full houses.

Public Sale of Valuable Property.

The undersigned will sell, at her residence on the old Riley farm, near the Ryan's Glade Church, without reserve, the following property, the sale to be on Tuesday, the 16th day of November, to commence at nine o'clock A. M: One milch cow, one spring calf, one cooking stove, one fanning mill, one corner cupboard, two tables, three bedsteads and bedding, one spinning jenny, one flax wheel, one 8 gallon copper kettle, one churn, one pair of steelyards, dishes, pots, tea-kettle, skillets, one load of hay or thereabouts, and other things too tedious to mention.

Terms of sale.—All claims under five dollars will be cash; over five dollars a credit of six months will be given; notes taken with security.

MARGARET RILEY.

A Wonderful Clock.

Mr. H. W. Wegman, of this town, after years of labor has just finished one of the most perfect and curious specimens of a clock that we have ever seen. The body of the clock is made of ash with the trimmings of walnut, and the carving was done with a penknife. It stands 12 feet in height, and is 5½ feet in width. On the base is a representation, carved in wood, of "Death and his victim," and on each side is a pyramid of cannon balls; immediately above them are two sheaves of wheat which supports the front of the structure. The front is a shield in the centre of which is an astronomical dial showing the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. Over each side of the upper part of the shield is splendidly carved in wood two large American flags, whilst immediately over the centre of the shield is a small clock showing Washington time.

We now come to the most prominent part of the clock, viz: fortresses with parapets, from which protrude the black muzzles of cannons; on each side of these are two doors through which a figure emerges every five minutes and walks across the platform of the clock.

On the stage at the base of a monument are two figures—one a drummer boy, dressed in Uncle Sam's blue, who, with every revolution of the second hand, taps his drum, and at every each quarter hour beats a tattoo; the other figure represents Mars, the god of war, holding a spear in his hand which records the numbers of wars the United States has been engaged in, by striking a bell which hangs in front of him. In the background of these figures are carved representations showing the rapid stride America has made since its discovery in arts, sciences, mechanical industries, literature, etc. Immediately above these are the two goddesses—Liberty and Justice—holding a streamer in their hands bearing the words "In God we Trust."

Over the fortress on the right is a speciemen of Athenian architecture in miniature which encloses three dials showing the day of the week and month, also the changes of the moon. On the top of this building is a dome on which is the statue of Washington in wood. The building over the fortress on the left is of the same style of architecture and in which is a full band of musicians representing nine different nationalities, viz: Chinese, German, Irish, English, Yankee, Negro, Indian, Frenchman and a Highlander; over whom are the words "Welcome All." On the top of this building is a figure of Lafayette.

On the stage is erected a *fac simile* of Bunker Hill monument, and proudly perched on the top is a large eagle holding in his left claw the emblematic olive branch and spears, also the scroll of "*E Pluribus Unum.*" In his right claw is the pendulum, 15 inches in diameter, which has on it the face of the clock. At every hour the eagle whistles. On the pendulum are classical and historical emblems, among which we note heart, anchor and cross—Faith, Hope and Charity—a snake encircling the hour marks, and around all the thirteen stars and national colors. Hanging to the bottom of the pendulum is a globe representing the earth, showing its revolutions on its axis and also the cause of night and day.

Just above the face of the clock are the figures time and death, who guard four figures representing the march of life from the cradle to the grave. The pendulum is held by a single wire from the eagle's claw, and it is a query to all who see it, how does it work?

At every stroke of the quarter hour small doors—on which are painted scenes of American history—open and show movable figures.

The first quarter is a representation of the Americans, disguised as Indians throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

The second quarter shows a scene from the war of 1812. Captured American seamen disembarking, while in the foreground is Johnny Bull inducing the Indians to take up arms.

A Mexican war scene, with Generals Scott and Taylor politely doffing their hats, whilst behind them are tents, cannon, etc., shows the third quarter.

The fourth and last quarter is a scene from our late war. A soldier from each of the eleven Confederate States walks in and turn their backs on a negro who is perched upon an auction block in the background; they are followed by a figure of Lincoln who faces the negro and hands him the Emancipation Proclamation.

At the end of the hour the band of musicians strike up a lively air, with Uncle Sam in the centre as leader.

This clock was commenced in 1869, and the inventor is a native of this county; by trade Mr. Wegman is a tanner, but is now engaged in painting.

It has been placed on exhibition in the room it was made at Mr. Wegman's house, Main street.—*Frostburg Journal.*

[From the Balto. Sun.]

The Carp Fish Distribution.

We have from Mr. T. B. Ferguson, Maryland fish commissioner, the annexed letter, showing his plans for distributing young carp through the State with a view to domestic culture of the fish, and give it here as of much public interest:

"*Dear Sir:* The propagation of the imported carp at the breeding ponds in Druid Hill Park has been so successful this season that I hope to be able to make a very large distribution of this most valuable fish to those persons in the State who desire to cultivate them, and I have made arrangements with the Adams and Baltimore and Ohio Express Companies which will enable me to supply the wants of the applicants much more conveniently than heretofore. Last season I issued to each applicant twenty of these fish, but it was necessary for the parties desiring them to send to the hatching-house in Druid Hill Park for their respective quotas. I am now happy to announce that I can send the fish by express through the co-operation of the companies above mentioned to any of their stations. This arrangement will save applicants much trouble and expense. I would much prefer, however, to issue fish at the ponds, and in order to induce those wishing them to *come* for them, will issue *ten* fish in addition to the usual number supplied to those who come for them, and thus relieve us of the necessity of shipping.

"The number of fish to be sent to parties desiring them will be fixed for the present at forty. The cost of wagoning to the station, express charges and return of the cans to the Druid Hill hatching house will be $2, which amount will be collected by the express agent on the delivery of the fish. The parties receiving the fish must be provided with a vessel to which the fish can be transferred on their delivery. The number of transporting cans belonging to the commissioner is limited, and there is of course an urgent necessity for their prompt return.

"I have received the most encouraging accounts of the success which has attended the cultivation of this fish by those who have hitherto been recipients of them, and it bids fair to fill a want which has been much felt in this State. This fish is so admirably adapted for domestic purposes that every one in the State who has even a small pond, such as is usually devoted to the collection of ice, should prepare it for rearing the carp. The carp, being largely a vegetable feeder, can be raised at very little expense, and can be utilized for the consumption of the waste of the kitchen and garden. I trust that the arrangements which I have made will enable you and your neighbors to avail yourselves of the advantages presented by the introduction of this fish into the United States by Prof. Baird.

I am, very truly, yours,

"T. B. FERGUSON,

"Commissioner."

PERSONAL.—Should this meet the eye of the individual who created a disturbance in church last Sunday by his continued coughing, he will confer a favor on the congregation by procuring a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which will cure him.

A Japanese Funeral.

The Japanese training ship Tsukuba sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu on July 30. Her departure had been delayed for several days by the death of one of the seamen. In the arrangements for his funeral the officers and crew showed great kindness and delicacy of feeling, and the funeral itself was an interesting occasion. As many of the officers and crew as could be spared were present, and eight of the sailors acted as pall-bearers. Some of the ceremonies were very curious. When the coffin had been lowered into the grave, the officer in charge placed a small table at its head and put thereon several kinds of vegetables, fruits, sweetmeats and a glass of wine. The feast being prepared, the officers, according to rank, singly proceeded to the table, and with uncovered heads, made a very reverential obeisance. After them came the cadets and then followed the marines. Lieutenant Senju then read a short eulogy. It was in effect that Y. Mataba had been a brave and true sailor in his Japanese Majesty's service; that he bore an unsullied character, and that the entire company on board the Tsukuba mourned his loss. They felt sure that one so upright and diligent, and one who possessed so many virtues could have no difficulty in crossing the dark ocean—the unknown—and would speedily find a safe harbor of refuge in which to anchor. The marine corps then formed at the head of the grave and fired three salutes over their dead comrade, and at the conclusion of each the trumpeter blew a very melancholy blast. In the same order as before each Japanese then threw a handful of earth upon the coffin, after which the grave-diggers rapidly filled up the grave. One of the peculiarities of the funeral rite was a long piece of muslin placed near the table, upon which were written some kind words, reciting the good qualities of the dead man, and signed by each of his messmates—a sort of certificate of good character, in case he should require such a document. One of the thoughtful and graceful acts of the crew and officers of the Tsukuba while at San Francisco was the repairing the graves of the four Japanese sailors buried there six or eight years ago. These graves were in a very delapidated condition, but six of the officers and men spent two days in restoring them. They were strangers to those to whom they paid this respect, but they remembered that the sailors were Japanese and buried in a foreign country.

BAD SPELLING.—Within the last twenty years the reformers in education raised the cry, that too much time was consumed in learning spelling in our schools, that a much better method than comitting long columns of words to memory could be employed, and that writing from dictation would supply this method. Gradually the old, tiresome plan was discarded in many schools, but the result is not satisfactory. The examining boards at the Naval Academy and at West Point complain of the bad spelling that is found there, our College authorities find their students defective in this important portion of education, and compositor's in all our printing offices also find that the orthography of manuscrit is deteriorating rather than improving. The results of the present method of teaching spelling are not gratifying, and one is forced to conclude that there is no mode of imparting an accurate knowledge of this subject better than constant, daily drill, which, although it may be somewhat tedious, makes the child familiar with the form and correct composition of words. There are some things, so tried and approved by experience, that it would seem foolish to lay aside, and the time has now come when the people should ask a return to the old methods of careful drilling in English spelling.

The statistics of the grain crop, collected by the Department of Agriculture, are now sufficiently near completion to enable the yield to be very closely estimated, and it is generally agreed that it will amount to between 485,000,000 and 500,000,000 bushels. The question what is to be done with this immense yield is one which daily presents itself, and which is alike of importance to both the farmer and the city merchant. We refer again to statistics compiled in the most reliable manner and answer this question, as follows: For home consumption there is needed some 300,000,000 bushels. The United Kingdom will need 125,000,000 bushels, at least, and probably 15,000,000 bushels more. France must import 90,000,000 bushels. The crops of Germany and Austria are both short, and in Russia—from which country they have been generally able to draw all they needed—the crop is about thirty per cent. below the average, and instead of being in the market to sell, that country is now recognized as a purchaser, and, indeed, has already had two or three cargoes from this country. In addition, the Egyptian government has ordered the corn exporters of that country to decline to export to Russia, and the Czar and his millions of subjects may for this season, at least, be placed on our list of purchasers. It is demonstrated, then, that we will be called upon to supply grain to England, Germany, France, Austria and Russia, and the speculation which it would seem would most naturally arise is, "How are we to supply the demand?" Instead of "How are we to dispose of our supply?" Careful figuring shows that our export orders will foot up at least 200,000,000 bushels—about 15,000,000 bushels more than last year, when our business was the largest in the history of the country. With these flattering prospects for a greatly increased drain upon us during the remainder of the fall and throughout the winter, the trade throughout the country has every assurance of a brisk business, and there is no doubt that Baltimore—the second largest grain market in the country—will come in for her full share of custom, and will at the close of 1880 make a still more satisfactory exhibit of progress than the gratifying showing of 1879.

TESTING AN IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE.—An improved locomotive, named the Counterpressure, has been tested on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad. A special train was attached, with prominent mechanics and capitalists as passengers. On reaching Waterville six heavily loaded cars were added, and, without the application of a single brake, were taken to Utica. The speed of the train was diminished and stops made on down grades of seventy, eighty and ninety feet per mile, by the use of a lever, the engineer being able thus, unassisted, to slacken the speed of the train at will. The locomotive used is of the ordinary pattern. The power brought to bear against the piston is obtained by the use of an extra valve in the steam chest. By this steam is had direct from the boiler through a pipe which enters the steam chest, where ordinarily the oil cups are placed. By this arrangement there is no need to reverse the cut-off lever, thereby obviating an immense strain upon the engine which attends the process known to railroad men as "hauling over."

KILLED BY "SERPENT'S EGG'S."—John Dickenson, aged 35 years, residing at 25½ Moffat street, Brooklyn, and doing business at No. 229 Broadway, New York, has lost his life through the inhalation of the vapor from the toy known as "serpent's egg's," of which he was the maker. These eggs, while burning and producing the serpent, have for a long time been considered by physicians as dangerous to use in a close room on account of the noxious vapor arising therefrom. The retort Friday cracked while Mr. Dickenson was bending over it, and he inhaled the poisonous fumes. When he noticed this he drove his wife and children quickly out of the basement, at the same time remarking that it was all over with him. A short time after he was seized with a choking cough, and in one of the spasms he died.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The prospects of the Mexican Administration, which is to be installed in December, seem favorable. The election of General Gonzalez was readily confirmed by Congress and accepted by the nation. His Cabinet, which has been formed in concert with President Diaz, will be under the leadership of General Riva Palacio, an experienced statesman, who will preside over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Presidedut Diaz himself accepts the post of General-in-Chief of the Mexican Army, and will bring to the service of the new Government the prestige of his own successful administration.

The company that has been experimenting in Florida with palmetto for paper-making purposes has met with such gratifying success that they will erect about twenty paper mills in various parts of the State where palmetto trees grow in abundance, and where the transportation facilities are good. Some English paper manufacturers in Canada have been so influenced by the favorable reports concerning palmetto that they have sent an agent to Florida to ascertain what may be its intrinsic merits.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are specially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

GRAND REPUBLICAN

Ratification Meeting

—AND—

TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION

TO BE HELD AT

Oakland, on Thursday evening, Nov. 11th, 1880.

Turn out Republicans, and let us give one more shout and hurrah for the glorious victory which we have achieved over the party who were fighting "for the same principles that Lee and Jackson fought for for four years."

Let the Garfield and Arthur Veteran Association turn out in full force.

COMMITTEE.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 100 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,

Or this office. n6

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

109 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change of the old Grantsville road through to McHenry road, and examine whether the said Grantsville road should be changed, will meet on the premises, on the 10th day of December, 1880, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said public road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM DEWITT,
NOAH PYSELL,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

11 6 5

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jacob L. Hauser, et. al., are complainants and Harriet Lantz, et. al., are defendants, said cause being No. 179, Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the

Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1880,

all the real estate described in said cause, it being the same real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed. The said farm contains

Two hundred and eighteen acres,

about one hundred acres of which is under fence and in cultivation; the balance is covered with valuable timber. The said farm is improved by

Two Good Dwelling Houses,

with a good barn and other necessary outbuildings attached to each, also a good orchard of fruit trees to each dwelling. This is near the "Red House," in Garrett county, and is located in an excellent neighborhood, convenient to schools, churches, &c., &c.

The TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree are one-third cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months, one third in two years, the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser with such surety as will be satisfactory to the trustees.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Trustees.

11 6 td

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Estate of George W. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. HILEMAN,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of October, 1880.

DAVID HILEMAN,
Administrator.

10 30 1

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA. PA.

GENERAL.

BRIDESMAIDS uew wear no jewelry.

FISH recently caught in the Columbia River, Oregon, branded with letters, were put iu the Atlautic by an Eastern hatchery.

GENERAL PATTERSON, of Philadelphia, and General Jo. Lane, of Oregon, aro the only surviving Generals of the Mexican War.

THE tendency te make collections of varieus articles sometimes runs in strange channels. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter collected more than 300 teapots, each possessing some traditieuary interest.

FIFTY-TWO years ago Henry Clay secnred the position of messenger for the Secretary of War for Charles, a colered man of Lexington, Ky. Charles still performs the duties of the position, and is said to be the politest man in Washington.

A FRIGHTENED horse ran into a crockery-ware store at Bangor, Me., the other day, going the whole length of the floor before he was captured, and although surrounded on all sides by crockery, he was led out without having broken a single piece.

IF you have a silver dollar with an eagle who has eight feathers in his tail squeeze it tight. It is worth $2. Only 350 of them were struck off at the mint when it was discovered that an American eagle can not have eight feathers iu his tail.

A WATCH which had not gone for two years and defied the best efforts of the watchmaker, was recently struck by lightning in the course of a severe storm, near Vienna, and now a Vienna paper announces with the solemnity of truth that the watch has kept excellent time ever since.

PIKE'S PEAK is 14,336 feet in height, yet flowers grow on the very summit. These are of the same varieties, and as brilliant in color, as those that grow lower down on the mountain, but are much smaller and more delicate. They nestle close to the ground, and look very beautiful against the snow, but it has been found very difficult to gather or preserve them.

THE curiosities of the postal-service were again illustrated at New Bedford, Mass., the other day. In opening a bale of cotton at the Potomska Mills a sealed letter was found, directed to a lady in Prattsville, Ala. An uncanceled stamp adorned the corner, and it was evidently dropped by some one who was charged to carry it to the Post-office. It has been duly forwarded.

THE date of the earliest eclipse of the sun recorded in the annals of the Chinese, when "on the first day of the last month of autumn, the sun and moon did not meet harmoniously in Fang," or in that part of the heavens defined by two stars in the constellation of the Scorpion, has been determiued by Prof. Von Oppolzer, of Vienna, to have been the morning of October 22, 2137 B. C.

ON the bank of the Kennebeck, abuet eighteen miles north of Augusta, Me., are the ruins of old Fort Halifax, erected in the times of the old French and Indian war for the protection of the inhabitants and to guard the river from hostile incursions. Closely connected with the fort is the public cemetery, which now covers a portion of the same ground, the old graves in which attract considerable curious observation. On an old black stone there found is to be read the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas,
an Inglishman by birth, a whig of '76—
a cooper by trade, now food for worms.
Like an old Rum puncheon
whose staves are all marked, numbered and shooked,
He will be raised and put together again
by his maker.

Elephant Sam—His Memory of a Blow and How He Revenged It.

SAM arrived in the steamship Wisconsin on Wednesday morning from Liverpool, consigned to Charles Reiche & Bro. He is four years old and five feet six inches high at the top of the arch of his backbone. His tusks are just starting out from under his trunk. He bears the reputation of being an ugly brute. The officers of the Wisconsin, however, have nothing but praise to bestow upon him, though he is fond of rum. He was led on beard the vessel at Liverpool with the proffered inducements of rum and sugar. He is an easy-going, self-possessed elephant, but with a sense of insult. Quartermaster Delaney wns passing his pen on the voyage, and Sam, as usual, had his trnnk over the door, and was beating the air for cabbage leaves and potatoes, which the men were in the habit of giving him. Delaney happened to have a short stick in his hand, and the trunk swung across the gangway.

"To the dickens wid ye!" said Delaney, as he hit the trunk a welt with his stick. Sam jerked his probescis in over the door. Two days passed. He never altered his demeaner toward the other sailors, but continued to beg them for cabbage leaves and spnds as usual. On the third day after the blow was given the sea was running smooth in a gentle breeze from the southeast. Delaney was sauntering along the gangway, thinking, As he passed the door of the pen there was a flash, as of half a length of India rubber hose, and the quartermaster was strewn across a closed hatch. The blow struck him on the side of the head, and he was laid up for half a day. Sam never afterward appeared to notice him, and he never took any further liberties with Sam.

Yesterday afternoon Sam was let out of his pen. Around his neck was a collar of heavy rope. It was covered with sheepskin where it rested on the top of his neck, and in each of the hanging ends of the rope was an iren eye. These eyes were joined with a clevis and bolt. Attached to the clevis was a stout chain. Behind him as he stepped briskly out of his pen walked William Leopold, his keeper, holding the other end of the chain. Behind him Beatswain William Rood held in his hand a packed ball of moist brown sugar. First Officer Cushing stood in a narrow passage behind a hatchway ready to help. The rest of the officers mounted on some freight to get a full view of the situation. Sam switched his tail and lurched forward for the sugar with his trunk extended. William Leopold tugged back on the chain with a hundred-pound pull. The boatswain glanced over his shoulders to see that the gangway was clear. The elephant glided into a trot, and the boatswain broke into a run for a quarter of the ship's length. Then he darted into a three-foot passage beside an open hatchway to cross over to port. Sam pnlled up at the turning and cast a glance out of the lower corner of his right eye down the hatchway. William Leopold talked native African to him and increased his pull on the chain to two hundred pounds, but with no effect. Sam brushed through the three-foot passage after the sugar, and found himself in the port gangway. He was wanted aft, where a heavy gang-plank had been laid for him to walk ashore on. The boatswain and the sugar, however, had retreated forward on the port side, and Sam was for pursuing him.

One of the employees of Reiche & Brother get in front of him at this time, however, and withsteed the brute's charge with an iren shaped like a boathook set in a short wooden handle. He was prodded with the pike, and though he did not seem to loso his temper, it at last caused him to stop and turn around. The sugar, which had proved too successful, was now discarded. Sam was prodded along the gangway until he came to the gang-plank. The tide was low and the plank was nearly level. Besides this, it had been strewu with hay.

Sam planted his right forefoot on the heavy bolted planks and then bore part of his weight upon them. Everybody about the ship and on the wharf had gathered in safe and convenient places to see the elephant try this bridge; but they were disappointed. The examination was the work of a moment. There was hardly more than a perceptible hesitation before the left foot was set upon the plank. Then he walked serenely over the plank. The ship was close beside the pier, and no water was in view. Once arrived on the covered pier, he looked about him for a moment and then started on a rolling trot toward the daylight at the shore end. William Leopold weighs only 130 pounds, but he pulled at least 230 pounds on the chain. Then another man got hold of it with him, and both were dragged along at a handsome rate. At last, when Sam had arrived within 150 feet of West Street, Assistant Keeper Hene, of the Central Park menagerie, and three or four employees of Reiche & Brother, who had outrun him, deployed in close line in his front. The boat-hook was again breught into requisition, and he came to a standstill. It was then the work of a moment to tie a stout rope around his right forefoot, with which thereafter he was stopped at pleasure whenever he went too far to suit his keepers.

Two men walked beside him, one in front of him and two behind him in his progress to the Central Park menagerie, where he is to rest a few days after his voyage, and before he is delivered to the person for whom he was imported. The boys followed him in the streets in crowds. He made his attendants walk briskly to keep up with him, and appeared to be afraid of nothing, except the jolting of very heavy wagons near him. He marched up South Fifth avenue without appearing to notice the rumbling over his head of several elevated railroad trains. He displayed a disposition to be so close to trees and standing wagons that his attendants on that side had to fall hastily back behind to avoid being crushed. In Fifth Avenue Sam was induced to walk in the east gutter, out of the way of the many passing vehicles. Near Thirteenth street he turned suddenly in upon the sidewalk, causing several ladies to gather up their dresses and take refuge on the high stoops. Leopeld, who was on the side toward the street, shonted at him in African and German, and when this proved unavailable he seized him by the left ear and tugged on it. The boat-hook argument being plied on the other side, Sam turned back and was soon shuffling along in the gutter again. No horses were frightened, and no other mishap occurred on the journey.—*New York Sun.*

A Tea-Tray Electrophorus.

Nature gives the following: A common tea-tray of metal is supported on two dry glass tumblers. A piece of common brown paper cut so as to be a little smaller than the tray, and with rounded corners, is warmed, laid on the table, and rubbed briskly with a piece of india rubber, or with a clothes-brush. It is then laid down for an instant on the tray and the tray is touched with the hand. . The brown paper is then lifted a few inches above the tray. If at this juncture some person presents his knuckle to the tray he will receive a bright spark, which under favorable circumstances may be a couple of inches long. By simply putting the paper down, touching the tray, and again lifting up the paper, the tray is again charged; and a large number of sparks may be thus drawn one after the other in rapid succession. The paper may be lifted by the hands, but it will be found better if a couplo of ribbons or strips of paper be fixed on to serve as handles.

The sparks obtained by the tea-tray electrophorus may produce a slighl pricking sensation, but to give a regular electric shock will oblige us to store up a charge in a Leyden jar. This piece of apparatus is improvised in the following fashion: A round-bottomed glass tumbler is procured—if of thin glass it is preferable—and is filled to about three-quarters of its height with leaden shot. If shot is not at hand dry coal-dust will answer, but not so well, and great care must be taken to wipe clean the upper part of the tumbler. Everything must be warm and scrupulously dry. Into the shot a silver spoon is stuck to serve the place of a rod and knob. This is held by grasping it well in the hollow of the hand, so that the hand may cover the whole of the rounded bottom of the glass. Having thus prepared and grasped the Leyden jar, charge it with sparks from the tea-tray electropherus. It should be held with the spoon handle near to, but not, quite touching the edge of the tea-tray, while another person performs the operation of lifting the brown paper up and putting it down, then touching the tray, then lifting it up again—and so on until a dozen sparks have been sent into the jar. On touching the knob a smart little shock is experieneed in the wrists and elbows, and a short, bright, snapping spark announces the discharge of the jar.

Religious.

THE PROMISE.

WHEN the Cross, its shadows throwing,
Looms upon the way,
And our hearts, so bruised and broken,
Will not see 'tis Love's sweet token
Dimming thus the day;

When our prayers and tears are fruitless
With the God of all,
Doubt and anguish are before us,
Deeper grow the shadows o'er us,
For the Cross must fall—

Fall, and bury 'neath its falling
Sweetest hopes we knew—
O'er the grave where joy lies sleeping,
Pray we now in bitter weeping
For one glimpse of blue.

List! Through all the by-gone ages
Floats His promise, true for aye;
Blessed are the hearts of sorrow—
They will know the glad to-morrow;
"I will wipe their tears away!"

Not on earth, O tender Savior!
May Thy promise be fulfilled;
But, when life is from us stealing,
Then our hearts will know their healing,
Then the weary pain be stilled,
And, where all is bliss for aye,
Thou wilt "wipe our tears away."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 31—Joseph Sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37:1-5; 23-36
Nov. 7—Joseph in Prison....Gen. 39:21; 40:1-8
Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41:41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44:30-34; 45:1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47:1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48:8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50:14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

The Reasonableness of Faith.

IT is asserted by skeptics that the Christian's faith is irrational; that it is belief without the exercise of reason nnd in conflict with reasou. If there could be such a thing as belief without any evidence or intellectual persuasion of the truth of the matter believed, and in face of a conviction of its falsehood. it would indeed, be irrational. But the faith supposed never existed. It is impossible to a sane mind. The human mind is so constituted that no man can believe without what appears to him sufficient reason for believing. Faith always presupposes a rational ground of confidence and conviction, and some exercise of the understanding in estimatiug the value nnd force of evidence. Without this, anything that may be called faith is mere folly and credulity.

Whatever may be said of the validity of the Christian evideuces, they are the basis of the Christian's faith. He believes upon evidence which he considers sufficient. And because the processes by which he arrives at conviction are intellectual and rational, his faith is rational. Indeed, he only believes because it seems to him more rational to believe than not to believe. If the evidences of Christianity are insufficient, it belongs to the objector to prove it; but it is as disingenuous as it is wide of the truth to assert that faith is essentially irrational, and that only those are truly reasonable who ignore faith and rely only on the evidence of the seuses and the deductions of "pure reason."

The inconsistency of those who make this assertion is proved by the fact that, in common with all other men, they are ns dependent upon faith as they are upon reason itself. They believe far more than they can prove or understand. They cannot advance a single step without faith. They are compelled to act upon faith alone in the most important concerns of life. They proceed iu their business plans, in their plowing aud sowing, buying and selling, with no other fouudation for their conduct than their faith in the regular return of the seasons, and in the veracity of their fellowmen. Faith, in the ferm of mutual confideuce, lies at the basis of every scheme of human life, and is the corner-stone of the temple of human happiness. It is to the moral world what gravitation is to material worlds, and would, if perfect in its sway, produce nmong all personal beings an order and harmony like that which gravitation produces in the heavens. But let either be wholly withdrawn frou its department and there would be utter chaos. Without faith, all the operations which maiutain life would be suspended. There would be universal distrust, which would produce universal want aud anarchy—the total disiutegratiou and destruction of society.

The ability to believe, to accept truth on adequate testimony, is a natural and most essential endowment of mankind. It is necessary to the perfection of human nature, and is the source of intellectual as well as moral progress. A mind incapable of believing would be as great a monstrosity as a body without a heart or lungs. God never created either the one or the other. If a man is incapable of believing it is his own fault. For, like every other faculty with which we are endowed, the faith-faculty requires exercise to prevent its decay. If faith be allowed to decay by disuse or by willful disloyalty to the truth, the mind loses its desire and ability to acquire truth. The refusal to believe would result in the complete mental and morni degradation of the race. Bishop Kingsley said: "The imbecility of idiocy nnd the decrepitude of old age lower over the intellect that refuses to believe." The men who have done most to bless the world materially and spiritually have been men of strong faith. The moral, mental and pecuniary panperism of the world is found among those who have no faith in God or in one another.

The grent hindrance to an unwavering, comforting faith is not any constitutional inability to believe, but a failure to comply with the conditions on which that faith depends. The condition of an assuring faith is obedience. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." The disposition and effort to do God's will are indispensable to faith in Him. "If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Not Useless.

THERE died lately in a Western State a blind brush-maker, whose story is worth telling for the truth it illustrates and the practical lesson it conveys.

At the nge of sixteen, John B—— was a bright, ambitious, hopeful student in an Ohio college. His parents being poor, he worked on the farm in summer to pay for his wiuter's schooling. He was an earnest follower of Christ, and it was his inteution to become n missionary, and he hoped to go into the field in Africa, his attention having been drawu to that field of Christian labor. A violent attack of fever destroyed his health aud left him with a disease of the eyes, which in a year's time rendered him stone-blind. Whatever the boy suffered in this destruction of all his earthly hopes, he kept to himself. He was outwardly the same cheerful, light-hearted fellow. As soon as he had strength he began to learn brush-making, and supported himself by that trade. A year after he was established at it, he began to gather into his little shop on Sundays the boys whom he found on the river wharves, to teach and talk to them. This work he continued for thirty years, nntil the time of his death. He had a peculiar aptitude for interesting lads, aud the experience of his own life gave a force and pungency to his appeals which they would have lacked coming from happier men. But he was in the habit of regarding his life's work as utterly destroyed by his misfortune. "God," he would say, "perhaps will allow me to be of some use hereafter. I cannot see that I have done anything here." When he died a letter came from one of the most influeutial and wisest statesmen of our country; a man whose strength has urged many a reform which has helped to elevate and civilize the Natiou. "Whatever I am," he said, "and whatever I have done, I owe, uuder God, to John B——. It was he who took me out of the slough and made a man of me."

Let no boy who reads this be discouraged by any circumstance, however hard. If God forbids you to plaut an oak, plant an herb. It is He who will give the increase, and only the future can tell how great the harvest will be.

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed,
In thine or in another's day,
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."
—*Youth's Companion.*

A Great Preacher.

THE following graphic description of the preaching of Robert Hall, who in his day was almost without a rival in the pulpit, is taken from some reminiscences which appear iu the *Sunday at Home.* The writer says: "We remember to have heard a departed friend tell how when a boy he was taken by his father one still summer evening across the Northamptonshire fields—I believe it was to the little village town of Thrapstene—to hear Robert Hall. It was one of these old village chapels with the square galleries. As in the instance of Chalmers, the place was crowded with plain farmer folks and a sprinkling of intelligent ministers and gentry from the neighborhood. The minister came in, a simple, heavy, but still impressive-looking man, one whose presence compelled you to look at him. In due course he announced his text: 'The end of all things is at haud; be sober, and watch.' Quite unlike Chalmers, his voice was not shattering, but thin and weak. There was uo action at all, or only a kind of nervous twitchiug of the fingers. more especially as the hand moved or rested upon the lower part of the back, where the speaker was suffering almost incessant pain. As he went on beneath the deepeniug evening shade falling through the windows of the old chapel, his voice first chained, then charmed and fascinated his hearers one after nnother; the whole place seemed as if beneath a great spell. As he talked about 'the end,' the spell npon the people seemed to begin to work itself into an awful restlessness; first one, then another, rose from their seats, and stood stretching forward with a kind of fright and wonder. Still there was no action, only the following on of that thin voice, with a marveleus witchery of apt and melodious words, but through them 'the end of all things' sounded like some warning bell. More people rose, stretching forward. Many of those who rose first, as if they felt some strange power upon them, they knew not what, got up and stood upon their seats, until (when the great master ceased, closing his passionate and pathetic acceuts) the whole audience was upon its feet, intensely alive with interest, as if each one had heard in the distnnce the presages and preludes of the coming end, nnd felt that it was time to prepare. My friend used to speak of that never-forgotten memeut, that summer evening in the old chapel, as one of the most memorable of his life."

Give Us Facts.

IN giving the yield of a crop upon the farm, no matter what, let us have the exact result, aud then the public will know just what to believe. But the "estimates" and "calculations" from one acre, one or twe rows, a dozen or two hills, etc., are worth nothing. They simply mislead. We see every year, and already this season, estimates of what a field of ten acres yielded by simply thrashing and measuring the yield of a single "land." In doing this the best land is of course taken, and the product of ten acres given from it, which may not even approximate the actual yield of the whole. Such an attempt to npprise the public of what the crop amounted to is almost an insult. The least that could be done by any one who might desire to let the public know what had really been raised upon an acre, would be to measure the acre, select it from an average part of the field, thrash aud weigh it as an honest man would like to do. Then give the variety of the wheat and the mode of cultivation, and in doing this all will be done that is necessary, right and proper, and the result might be of real benefit to others. It is a poor sort of credit to acquire it by a species of deception, and we sheuld say that it would not rest upon one's conscience very lightly. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

JOHN MORAN was under engagement to marry Lottie Church, at Sandy Lane, Ala. He deserted her and went to live in an adjoining county. When told of his perfidy, she prayed that he might be punished by instant death. It chanced that at exactly that hour he was killed by the fall of a tree. Lottie believes that her prayer caused his death, and is crazed by remorse.

[Marietta Register.]

Ohio at Work.

Our State having secured the highest honor of the late convention—the nominee for President—we must begin the work of electing the native to the presidency. Lest this prove too much for those engaged in it, the following from Mr. T. Trieu, our popular druggist, will afford a suggestion of relief: I take pleasure in addiug to the numerous testimonials regarding the efficacy of Hamburg Drops. I sell largely of the remedy; it gives better satisfaction than any other medicine. So many remarkable eures by its use have come to my notice that I deem it a duty to testify in its behalf.

—Commissioner Le Duc is manufacturing sugnr from sorghum in his mill in the rear of the Agricultural Department at the rate of several thousand pouuds a day.

[Weekly Globe, Boston.]

Boston Police Memoranda.

Geo. E. Savory, Esq., Asst. Police Clerk, refers to a case of agonizing sciatic suffering of frequent occurrence, and which was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in less than half an hour.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

THE only genuine Axle Grease has the name of *Frazer* on every package, and wears longer than any other.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

THE Watch on the Rind—Guarding a watermelon patch.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A COUPLE of Galveston negroes were talking politics. One of them asked Uncle Mose: "I say, Mose, what's de meauin' of a silber-tongued orator? I has read dat spression in de paper, and it sorter stumped me." Old Mose, who never failed to answer any question ever asked him, responded at once: "A silber-tongued orator is one who neber goes back on his word when he promises you a silber half dollar for votin' for him." "Dat ar speeles is mighty skurse in Galvestou—dat's all I's got ter say."—*Galveston News.*

A NIZZYNEDDY iz like a setter pup, he plunges hiz noze into everything, and hunts for things just az sharp whare they ain't az whare they are likely to be.—*Josh Billings.*

THE man on the fence expects to save himself by a hedge.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GRATE talkers are like hi-stepping horses. They will trot all day in a door-yard, and not git out ov it.—*Josh Billings.*

THE funniest man in all the town
He thought himself, did Mr. Brown.

While at the club one night he saw
A new silk hlio upon the floor,

And winking to the crowd so slick
He gave the hat a gentle kick;

And then another, just to show
That wit from empty heads can flow.

All caught the humor of his fun—
To kick the hat they vied each one.

But when leave-takings came, broad smiles
All wore while putting on their tiles.

Save Mr. Brown, whose mirth was flown—
The hat so crushed, was all his own.

"I ASSURE you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

St. Jacobs Oil

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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Counter Supplies. Send for 4 page catalogue to CARY, FULTON & CO., 29 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

GUNS Revolvers. Illus. Catalogue free. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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Watches—How to Select and How to Take Care of Them.

For the following sensible remarks upon watches we are indebted to Mr. R. Houdin, a Frenchman:

We have always observed the embarrassment under which persons labor in buying a watch. In most cases, and for very obvious reasons, this piece of business assumes serious proportions. In fact it is not a mere jewel or toy, which fashion or caprice may cause us to continually change, but rather a faithful or devoted servant, which is long to be attached to our persons.

The watchmaker to whom we may go when purchasing a watch should possess two essential qualities—honesty and knowledge; honesty alone affords no sufficient guarantee. In fact, the vender who has not the requisite experience to be a judge of a watch is compelled to trust to others, who may deceive him; thus he may deceive you while deceiving himself.

The following advice may prove serviceable to those who have to rely on their own unassisted judgment in selecting a watch: First, while adhering to taste and elegance, choose a watch thick enough. In a watch too thin or too little, the parts are too feeble, and have not sufficient space to work well. Watches as large as a penny piece, or those that are about as thin as a fourpenny piece, are mere experiments of skill, which should rather be regarded as masterpieces of patience, from which there is more vanity than utility to be derived. Second, avoid in watches that construction which fashion has often prescribed, but which good sense condemns—such as those that point the days of the month, and so forth. These extra pieces necessitate additional parts, which occasion friction, and incumber a space already too limited; though here it may be observed that complicated watches, such as chronometers, repeaters, etc., are now brought to a high state of perfection, at, of course, a correspondingly high cost. Third, do not allow yourself to be attracted by the supposed advantages of new escapements. In watches for ordinary purposes, the lever and the horizontal escapements are generally adopted as giving the best results. Fourth, the watchmaker who is conscientious will point out to you the limits beyond which a watch ceases to have the qualities necessary to go well. A watch procured for the design of its case may be covered or set with chasing or gems; it is then simply a jewel; but that which is bought for its utility ought to be as plain as possible, and this plainness itself is, as a rule, a distinguishing characteristic of its good quality.

We will now say a few words as to what we ought to do, and what we ought to avoid, to preserve a watch in good condition. Having obtained a really serviceable article, you should, in order to produce results, follow out these rules: Wind up your watch every day at the same hour. This is generally done at the hour we retire to rest; or perhaps, better still, at the hour we rise. Avoid putting a watch on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold. The sudden transition from heat to cold contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. Indeed, the cold coagulates the oil; and the wheel-work and pivots working less freely, affects the regularity of the timekeeper. When we lay our watch aside we ought to slope it on a watch-case, so as to keep it nearly in the same position as it has in the pocket. In laying aside your watch be sure that it *rests* on its case, as by suspending it free, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which may considerably interfere with its going. If you would keep your watch clean, you must be quite sure that the case fits firmly, and never put it in any pocket but one made of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico give, by the constant friction, a certain quantity of fluff, which enters most watches, even those the cases of which shut firmly. If the watch is not a "keyless" one, the key should be small, in order that we may feel the resistance of the stop-work; then we can stop in time without forcing anything. It is also necessary that the square of the key should correspond with that of the watch. If it be too large, it may in a short time cause the wind-up square to suffer from undue wear and tear, the rectifying of which is rather expensive. The hands of an ordinary watch can be turned backward without much risk. It is, however, always better to move the hands forward to adjust your watch to correct time.

Watches, by reason of their fragile construction, and the variations to which they are liable, can, after all, only obtain a limited perfection in their performance; therefore we must not be astonished to find them subject to certain variations. These variations, which are easy to correct, need not prejudice the quality of a watch, as will be proved by the following example: Two watches, we will suppose, have been put to the same time by an excellent regulator. At the end of a month, one of these watches is a quarter of an hour too fast; the other is exactly right to time. To which of these two watches would we give the preference? Perhaps to the one which is exactly right. But in making such a choice, we nevertheless incur the risk of abandoning a good watch for a bad one. The first watch has, we assume, gained thirty seconds a day; and according to this rate, it has gained a quarter of an hour in thirty days. What must be done to make this watch go well? Alter the regulator inside from fast to slow, or get a careful watchmaker to do it for you, thereby altering its daily rate. Let us now admit that the other watch has been affected during a month by irregular going, which has occasioned it sometimes to gain, at other times to lose to a certain extent daily. It may easily occur that at the end of a month this gaining and losing compensate each other, and by this means the watch indicates the exact hour at the time we look at it. Such a watch can never be relied on.

The fact is, that a watch which gains in a *regular* manner or loses in a regular manner is superior to any whose variation is uncertain; and where its variation comes to be familiar, the little companion may vie with the most delicately adjusted ship's chronometer.

A skillful watchmaker one day thus reasoned with a customer who complained of his watch. "You complain," said he, "that your watch gains a minute a month. Well, then, you will congratulate yourself when you have heard me. You are aware that in your watch the balance, which is the regulator, makes five oscilations every second, which is 432,000 a day; so that your watch, exposed to all the vicissitudes which heat and cold occasion it, the varying weight of the air, and the shaking to which it is subjected, has not varied more than a minute a month, or two seconds a day. It has only acquired with each vibration of the balance a variation of the 216,000th part of a second. Judge then what must be the extreme perfection of the mechanism of this watch!"

A watch can not go for an indefinite period without being repaired or cleaned. At the expiration of a certain time the oil dries up, dust accumulates, and wear and tear are the inevitable results to the whole machinery, the functions becoming irregular and frequently ceasing to act altogether. A person possessing a watch of good quality and desirous of preserving it as such, should have it cleaned every two years at least. But care should be taken to confide this cleaning or repairing to careful hands; an incapable workman may do great injury to a watch even of the simplest construction.

There is in the generality of watches a regulator for fast and slow, with a movable index. The two words, "Fast" and "Slow" engraved at each end of this regulator, leave no doubt as to which way the index should be moved in order to make the watch lose or gain. It is easily understood that, if the watch gain, the index should be pushed toward the slow; and when it loses toward the fast. This operation should be performed with a good deal of care and attention, in consequence of the susceptibility and fragility of these regulating pieces. It would be impossible to give any information as to the effect existing between the degrees of this regulator and the variations of the watch; it is, therefore, only by trial that we can arrive at the precise point at which to bring the time to its fullest accuracy. When a watch varies only a little, we content ourselves with pushing the index one degree. We then wait twenty-four hours to judge of the effect, and act according to the result obtained. In the event of the variation being greater, for instance, than ten minutes in advance in a day, we ought to push the index to the end of the "slow," even if we have to retrace our steps the next day; but if in this state the watch gained again, it would be necessary for the watchmaker himself to undertake the regulation of it.

It would be useless to attempt to correct a variation of one or two seconds in a day, or a minute in a month. Even suppose the going of such a watch did not vary more than a second a day, this would be perfect enough, as it would be extremely difficult to produce a correction slight enough for an error so trifling. The difference of time can generally be adjusted by a comparison with mean time as registered daily in nearly every large city; or, as we have already said, if the watch be regular in its habits of irregularity, it is virtually equivalent to a perfect time-keeper.—*Chambers's Journal.*

An Overland Drive from Indiana to Washington Territory.

WILLIAM MAJOR and Alexander Kirkpatrick left Jasper County, Indiana, on the 31st day of March, 1880, destined for Puget Sound, with a stout pair of mules and a comfortable covered wagon. They arrived at New Tacoma on the evening of September 14th, having made the entire distance with the same mules and wagon—time, 167 days. The route traveled was by way of Burlington, Ia.; thence to Plattsmouth, on the Missouri River; thence through Nebraska and across the Platte at Old Fort Kearney; up the Platte and the south branch thereof to Julesburg; parallel with the Union Pacific Railroad to Rawlins, thence along the old emigrant road through Wyoming, south of the Black Hills mining region, crossing Idaho to the mouth of the Malheur River in Eastern Oregon. On this long and tedious trip, Messrs. Major and Kirkpatrick fell in with a great many emigrants traveling in the same direction. At the outset the boys comprehended the distance, journeyed slowly, and were left behind by those in haste to reach their destination; but as the months wore on they left those far in the rear who hurried onward at the start. Grass was found poor along the entire route, and game scarce. Major and Kirkpatrick are here to examine and report upon the country, both as to climate and resources, and if the accounts they send home are favorable a large number of well-to-do people in Jasper County, tired of hot summers and cold winters, will seek homes in Western Oregon.—*New Tacoma (W. T.) Ledger.*

Brigham Young's Widows.

THIRTEEN of the widows of Brigham Young still live in the Lion House at Salt Lake. Their shares of the estate were $21,000 each, according to the will, but by threatening litigation they obtained about $10,000 more. They receive, however, only the income from their property; but that is sufficient to give them excellent fare in the old home, with servants, horses, and $75 a month in money. Louise, one of daughters of the Prophet by Emiline Free, the most Intellectual and intelligent of the wives, says that all of her full brothers and sisters have renounced polygamy; but a majority of Young's forty-seven children are Mormons. Speaking of the household as it used to be, she says: "We lived very happily. My father's ruling hand had a good deal to do with it. He taught us to love one another. Every morning wives and children met in the parlor, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world Young knew all of his children and wives, but I can tell you if a single one was missing at prayers he knew it, and found out where he or she was. Our house was like a great hotel, and we the guests. Our father was a great manager, and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Our rooms opened into a long hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from sisters, brothers, or wives, we went into this room or that at will."

HOME AND FARM.

NEVER make jelly in damp or cloudy weather—it will be neither firm nor clear.

WHITE LIP SALVE. — Spermaceti ointment, one-half ounce; balsam of Peru, one-quarter drachm. Mix well, and apply in thin coating before going to bed.

BISCUITS DEVILED.—Take some water biscuits, steep them in milk for ten minutes, take them out, dust them over with a little cayenne, salt and black pepper, and bake them in a slow oven for about twenty minutes.

THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of water; before quite cold, add thereto one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. This solution, applied daily, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay, and induces a healthy action of the gums.

BARLEY FOR SOILING.—In some sections where the soiling of stock is practiced barley is being substituted for rye, the former being regarded as more tender, and, besides being eaten with greater relish, its nutritive value is superior, owing to the small per cent. of dry matter in the growing stalk, while its cultivation is attended with as few, if not less, losses from damage than any other crop for like purposes.

THOSE foolish persons who buy ground coffee may find out whether what they buy is genuine coffee or not by the following method: Take a wineglass or a tumbler full of water, and gently drop a pinch of the ground coffee on the surface of the water, without stirring or agitating; genuine coffee will float for some time, whilst chicory, or any other sweet root, will soon sink; and chicory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brown color to diffuse rapidly through the water, while pure coffee will give no sensible tint under such circumstances, for a considerable length of time.

FURNITURE POLISH.—The following recipe will restore the original polish of furniture, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use: Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum lac and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of water; put them altogether in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it often; as soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Then take a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do—put a little of the polish on it, also a few drops of linseed oil; rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round over a small space at a time until it begins to be quite smooth; then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish. Furniture thus treated will have a brilliant luster equal to new.

FISTULA of the withers should be freely explored with a strong probe-pointed knife to the bottom of the cavities, if possible, and all diseased surfaces should be removed. When the bleeding has ceased, and the wound and surrounding parts have been cleansed with warm water and sponge, wads of loose tow should be inserted, after being soaked with a portion of a solution of one part of carbolic acid and twenty-five parts of water. When very deep seated, insert seatons through the various canals, pushing the seton needle from above downwards through the same and out through the skin. Thus dependent openings are made for escape of matter, and the above remedy, or a solution of one grain of chloride of zinc to each ounce of soft water, may be injected from above. If caries or decay of bones of the spine exist, remove the decayed portions by scraping, as there will be no cure so long as such decay is going on. Such decay is known by the strong smell of the discharge, similar to the smell of decaying teeth; also, by the presence of black spots on the surface of the bones. —*Prairie Farmer.*

Plant Cuttings in Autumn.

IT does not seem to be generally known that many trees and shrubs may be grown from cuttings put out in autumn which utterly fail if put out in the open ground in the spring, and that in our climate even plants that root as readily as the currant and gooseberry will attain much larger size the first year if planted in the fall, and a much larger per cent. of the cuttings will grow. We commence with the currant as soon as the buds are fully matured and the terminal leaves strip readily. At this stage of growth, roots will be emitted in a very few days. Without a show of foliage, currant cuttings often make quite strong roots before the ground freezes. With the ripening of the terminal buds, cuttings of many shrubs and trees are put out; some varieties and species will root readily from the new wood, cut at the lower end closely below the bud. The Tree Honeysuckle and some of the Spireas will grow as readily and surely in this way as the currant. Dyervilla Japonica, Snowball and other species with pithy shoots will only root profitably where cuttings are taken with a heel of softened wood coming from just under the surface of the ground or with a stub of older wood. Still other sorts like spirea prunifolia and spirea opulifolia need to have the cuttings calloused by tying a fine wire just below a bud, in June, or else by cutting or wringing and layering them. The layers taken up in the fall will be found nicely calloused and are quite certain to grow uniformly as cuttings. Most of the roses may be propagated in the latter way by fall-planted cuttings calloused by cutting and layering. Cuttings of Catalpa, Mulberry, Maple, Birch, Alder and other trees, will root more or less successfully, put out in autumn; but in most cases the cuttings must be so cut as to have attached the swell at the base of the shoot or a thin section of the older, firmer wood at the point of bifurcation. Cuttings should be put in very firmly at an angle of about 45 degrees, with the upper bud near the surface of the ground; as cold weather approaches, a covering of prairie hay or other mulch should be spread over the cutting rows, to be removed as the buds start in the spring.—*Iowa College Quarterly.*

THE DAIRY.

IT is estimated that the amount of butter made in the Ohio creameries is 50,000,000 pounds per annum.

THERE are many farmers who have extra good butter cows but who do not know it. They have poor pastures in summer and poor shelter and indifferent feed in winter. They have no conveniences for making butter, no arrangements for keeping the milk cool in summer and frequently in winter it is exposed to the odors of the kitchen.

DR. L. MCLEAN, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Veterinary Hospital, who has been examining the cows in the stables in Brooklyn, asserts that three-fourths of them are sick with consumption, pleuro-pneumonia, or inflammation of the pleura and lung and other diseases. The milk from these cows, he said, was poisonous and liable to cause a great deal of sickness.

IT pays to feed liberally cows giving milk. Butter is high and now is the time to feed profitably. Every cow should be made to produce as much butter as possible. Whenever butter is twenty cents per pound or more, there is money in the dairy business, and the man who feeds most liberally and judiciously, will make the greatest profit. Meal, both cotton-seed and corn, roots, pumpkins and fodder corn should all come in for a share of attention as profitable food for dairy cows. Whatever kinds of food are used, the cows should have all that they can profitably turn into milk. Many men feel that they cannot afford to buy grain for feeding to cows at this season of the year. Let them take a different view and ask themselves if they can afford not to buy grain to feed cows when butter is as high as it is at present.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Different Methods of Setting Milk for Cream.

THE dairyman is a fortunate individual. While he sleeps or dreams sweetly or uneasily of the high or low prices of cheese or butter or milk, scores of inventors are tossing in sleepless unrest, all intent upon discovering some new dairy appliances. Thanks to these inventive minds, we have the most effective and convenient devices for setting milk for cream. To mention all of these would be impossible in these limits, but a typical method of each of the two systems of setting milk, viz.: that with deep pails and that with shallow pans, may be described.

Formerly milk was put in shallow pans and only seldom in deep, earthen jars and we owe the deep pail system to the Swedish dairymen. With the deep pails, deep, cold spring water tanks or ice closets are required and where flowing cold spring water can be secured, there this more modern system is very convenient, chiefly because of the economy of room. A twenty-quart deep pail is nine inches in diameter; a ten-quart pan is fifteen inches and a pool to hold 400 quarts of milk in deep pails may be no larger than four feet long by three feet wide, while to hold 400 quarts in shallow pans would require a trough sixty feet long and sixteen inches wide. The advantage is obvious and for those who use springhouses it is a great economy. With a deep pail the milk of a family cow may be lowered into a well and kept at a regular temperature the whole year, and the milk-house becomes a very simple affair. The simple deep pool in which the pails are immersed to within two inches of the upper edge, may be built up of bricks laid in cement, or with walls of cement. This may be constructed above a spring so that the water flows in at the bottom and over the top and escapes by a pipe built into the side; or the pool is supplied by water brought in a pipe from a spring or from a well near-by. With a spring there may be a constant flow of water and no ice be required. With well water a supply of ice will be required in the summer and the house will need to be warmed in the winter.

Many people are prejudiced against deep setting and in favor of shallow pans, from which the cream can be skimmed in the usual manner. In fact, mankind differ so much in opinions and prejudices that it is impossible to find any one method against which some objection may not be raised, whether it be justly or unjustly. So in setting milk, some one will use shallow pans. The arguments in favor of this method are chiefly cheapness and convenience. Where one has a very good milk-house or cellar perhaps nothing else can be preferable to the common pressed tin pans which have rounded corners and are more easily cleaned.

It has been said that the quantity and quality of the butter produced differ to some extent with the deep or shallow setting of the milk. Some persons have disputed vigorously over these claims, and some have made careful tests. But there has been nothing proven in support of any such claim for either system. After a whole year's continued trial of both of the apparatus above described, I am unable to perceive any difference in the production of cream or butter either in quantity or quality, and the whole question becomes one of convenience in use. It is very true that one who is expert, from long use and experience of dairy methods may do as well with one system as with another, just as a good workman never finds fault with his tools; but there are those who need the very best arrangements because they do not perfectly understand the principles of their work. Such persons should use the very best appliance they can procure and which-ever they may choose, should stick to it without changing and with perseverance; for one who becomes familiar with a certain way of working will always do better, even if it is nothing more than whittling a stick with the left hand. My weekly production of butter never changes and the quality never varies, when made in the submerged deep pails or the shallow pans the only difference is that the cream is more solid and is of a deeper yellow in the shallow pans than in the covered pails.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

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Is made from a simple Tropical Leaf and is a POSITIVE remedy for Pain in the Back, Severe Headaches, Dizziness, Inflamed Eyes, Bloating, Night Sweats, Torpid Liver, Painful Urination, Gravel, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary Organs. It is a safe and certain cure for Leucorrhea, Womb Diseases and all Female Complaints. As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that make the blood.

The largest bottle in the market. Price, $1.25. For sale by Druggists and all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. POTTS' Cold-Handle Sad Iron.

—FOR SALE BY— THE HARDWARE TRADE.

Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press

Price, $3.00.

For Seeding and Extracting Juice —FROM— ALL FRUITS AND BERRIES. EVERY FAMILY NEEDS ONE. Send for a Catalogue, Free. ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO., Philadelphia, Pa. FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine & CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr'a H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

THE BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION can be had at the Iron City College, Pittsburgh, Pa. *Send for Circular.*

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 793

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

COMPOUND OXYGEN NOT A DRUG

A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, *and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and *cures by a natural process of restitution.*

HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, who have been largely benefited, and to whom we refer by *permission.*

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED! "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Lutheran Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

THE OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT contains two months' supply, with inhaling apparatus and full directions for use.

SENT FREE! a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures. Write for it. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, ADMINISTERED BY INHALATION. 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Real Estate

—AT—

PRIVATE SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Washington county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees, will sell at private sale, all that valuable real estate of which Hezekiah Clagett died seized,

Containing 696 1-2 Acres,

more or less, of timber land, situated on Keyser's Ridge, in Garrett county, Maryland, contiguous to Mason and Dixon's line, and near the National Turnpike road, being part of a tract of land formerly owned by John Beale Clagett, deceased, lying between the villages of Gramsville and Petersburgh, ad joining the lands of John Bender, Thomas Hammond's heirs, Michael Knitell, Peter Camp, Samuel Lichtel and others. This tract of land is heavily timbered with finest sugar and maple timber, red oak, white oak, spruce chestnut, poplar, &c.

TERMS OF SALE LIBERAL.

Apply to Z. S. Clagett and Geo. W. Smith, trustees, Hagerstown, Md. oct9-tw

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. le21-yl

NOTICE OF ESTRAYS.

State of Maryland, Garrett county, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this the 2d day of October, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, personally appeared William H. H. Friend, of District No. 2, of the county aforesaid, and made oath in due form of law, that there is one yearling trespassing on his enclosure, all red, with slits in left ear, medium sized bell, with chain around the neck to hold the bell.

Sworn before

oct 30-4 JOHN M. KESSLER, J. P.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

Estate of George W. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. HILEMAN,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of October, 1880.

DAVID HILEMAN,

10 30 3 Administrator.

Notice to Poultry Fanciers.

The undersigned, on Dunghill farm 5 miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale a very fine lot of large Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, at reasonable prices. Address, S. D. YODER,

09-4 Grantsville, Garrett county, Md.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE.

Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,

Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,

Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,

je5 Oakland, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. July 5-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1581, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4051, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1n6

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 121 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $20 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

je28 THIS OFFICE

O. W. HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

NEW FALL GOODS!

—:o:—

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.,

Successors to J. R. Bishop & Co.,

Are just receiving one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise ever brought to Oakland.

The assortment is complete,

consisting, in part, of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries,

Queensware,

Hardware,

Ready-Made Clothing,

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

All of which will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES,

for cash or good country produce.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the place: Bishop's old stand.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1696*, Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 80 in. Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves, French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Elbow Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $350.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very Lowest Figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. Have exceeded Packard's sales than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where but 10 Organs of my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village in the empire the entire civilized world shall be more represented by my celebrated Instruments. Lately received from

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of Imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with entausiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is solo agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank house, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m.

CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2d day of November, 1880,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and also for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors.

GEO. D. WHITE,

td6 Sheriff.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880. NUMBER 38.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Coal, Iron, Lime, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Court street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md jail-y

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 109 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1880.

JOSEPH THE WISE RULER.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Joseph has passed two weary years in the dull round of prison duty since the day when his fellow-captives left his side, one to stand upon the scaffold, the other to press the grapes into Pharaoh's cup. Eagerly did the young Hebrew await the message for his own deliverance, but the chief butler, in the joy of his restoration, and the duties of his office utterly forgot his fellow-prisoner, and his own promise to plead in his behalf. On one morning a cloud rests upon the king's brow, and the wine-cup in the butler's hand remains untasted. Strange, significant dreams twice repeated, have disturbed the royal slumbers, and their interpretation baffles the skill of the wisest magicians in Egypt. A sudden recollection of his own dream, and of the wise youth who explained its meaning, flashed across the mind of the chief butler, with a shadow of regret over his long-forgotten promise which has left a friend to languish two years in captivity. At once he relates the incident to Pharaoh. A royal message is borne to the prison: Its doors are flung open; Joseph casts aside forever his slave's garb, arrays himself for the presence of the king, and soon stands before the throne. He hears the story of the two dreams—the seven fat cows pasturing by the river's brink eaten up by the thin cattle following them; the sheaf of wheat with its seven rich ears consumed by the stalk of blasted grain—and of the failure of Egypt's learning to explain the mystery. The young Hebrew at once declares the prophetic meaning: seven years of unexampled abundance, to be succeeded by seven years of dearth; and follows his interpretation with words of counsel so wise that the king recognizes the divine inspiration resting upon him, and summons him to become chief minister, and execute his own plans for the preservation of the people. He who yesterday sat a slave in his cell now rides in the royal chariot, and rules over all the realm. At once he proceeds to prepare for the coming need, and stores up throughout the kingdom the surplus of each year's crop, until the granaries are piled high with provisions. His home is happy with the faces of his children, whose names attest his gratitude and his faith. The years of famine approach, but are met without fear, for there is bread enough and to spare for all the hosts of Egypt.

Gen. 41. 41-57.

Memory Verses, 46-49.

51 And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

42 And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck.

43 And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

44 And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.

45 And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnathpaaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.

46 And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt.

47 And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls.

48 And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

49 And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

50 And unto Joseph were born two sons before the years of famine came, which Asenath the daughter of Potipherah priest of On bare unto him.

51 And Joseph called the name of the firstborn Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.

52 And the name of the second called he Ephraim: For God hath caused me to be fruitful in my affliction.

53 And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt were ended.

54 And the seven years of dearth began to come according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread.

55 And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do.

56 And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses and sold to the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt.

57 And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all the lands.

HOME READINGS.

M. Joseph the wise ruler. Gen. 41. 41-57.
Tu. The prisoner's dreams. Gen. 40. 9-23.
W. The king's dream. Gen 41. 1-14.
Th. The dream interpreted. Gen. 41. 15-40.
F. The dream of Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. 2. 26-49.
S. The blessings of wisdom. Prov. 3. 1-21.
S. The reward of the righteous. Psa. 37. 23-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings. Prov. 22. 29.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil:
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A NEW NAME, v. 41-45: Rev. 3. 21. What led to Joseph's release from prison? [Read v. 1-40.] Why was Joseph so suddenly promoted? v. 38-40. What authority and rank were given to him? What honors were paid to him? What is the promise of Psa. 81. 11? What new name was given to Joseph? What did it mean? [Ans. Probably "the bread of life."] Of what change was Joseph's an illustration? 2 Cor. 5. 18.

2. THE FIVE GARMENTS, v. 46-49; Prov. 12. 24. How old was Joseph at this time? In what traits was he an example to young men? How did he use his power? What showed his wisdom? What showed his industry? What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT?

3. THE GLAD HOME, v. 50-52; Psa. 127. 4. 5. Who was Joseph's wife? What were the names of his children? How did they show his gratitude to God? In what sense did he "forget his father's house?" How did he illustrate Job 11. 16?

4. THE SAVED PEOPLE, v. 53-57; Ruth 1. 6. What came after the years of plenty? How were the people supplied with food? What was the condition of other countries? How does this show the value of preparation for the future? For what coming events should we prepare? Deut. 32. 29.

Comments of the Press.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, Rep.]

Men of the South, a word with you. You are beaten again. Give it up now. The ideas of the Rebellion will never triumph in this country. You can never run this government on the principles for which Lee and Jackson fought. You will never again have as good a chance to win as you had this time. Why knock your head against the wall of Northern sentiment? Half a million of men did not die for nothing during those four terrible years which you remember so well. This is a Nation. Its citizens are all equal before the law.

Why not manfully recognize these two great facts which yesterday's election emphasized anew? Give up your notion that it is your duty to your "section" to stand by the party which sympathized with the South during the war. No section has any claims upon you. Sectionalism is dead. The Union, one and indivisible, alone has a right to your allegiance. Open your minds to the lessons of the hour. Let bygones be bygones, and resolve that in future there shall be tolerance and fair play in your States, and that the right of every citizen to vote as he pleases and have his vote honestly counted shall be protected.

One thing more. Don't you think you have trusted the Northern Democracy long enough? Has it ever helped you? Has it not repeatedly deceived you with false promises, and left you to bear the brunt of defeat? Why not try the party of ideas and progress now? It cherishes no malice. Republicanism is just as well adapted for your latitude as for ours.

[From the New York Journal of Commerce, Democrat.]

The Republicans have achieved a very signal victory. The Democrats have been defeated throughout the entire Northern States. But there is something more than this; the victory has been gained and the defeat inflicted by the honest counting of votes; and the country may be congratulated that the newly-elected President may take his seat with the feeling of satisfaction that over and above the votes that may have been unduly influenced on either side, he has been fairly elected by the suffrages of the people. Even if it is found that, taking the whole country together, the numerical superiority in the popular vote is on the side of the defeated candidate, it is still evident that a very considerable majority of the people in the Northern States are unwilling to institute a change of administration or to trust the Democratic leaders with executive authority, and that General Garfield is fairly entitled to his inauguration. We have, nevertheless, protested against the offensive manner in which the campaign was conducted. Many of the Republicans assumed that all the virtue and patriotism of the country were on the side of that party. But still greater offence was committed by Democratic speakers and writers in personal denunciations of the character of the Republican nominees. There was nothing to justify such vituperation. We hope that the dominant party will soon have a working majority in both branches of Congress, that they may be held fairly accountable for the management of public affairs.

[From the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, Dem.]

It is the culmination of a series of blunders, beginning with the Potter committee and ending with the surrender of the party to the selfish whims of an element which had Mr. John Kelly for its commanding general, and Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks as a volunteer adjutant—blunders flanked and supported and almost overshadowed by a halting, limping campaign, which crippled itself afresh at every corner. Whatever regrets we may have over the result are largely tempered by the fact, that, as far as the Democratic party is concerned, it will be effective in bringing to the front new forces, new issues, new men. Thoughtful Democrats will draw from it the consolation that much of the rubbish which has formed the stock in trade of shiftless politicians and reckless leaders will be swept away and room made for issues that are practical and paramount. It would appear that the line of sectional issue has been sharply drawn by the voters of the North, but there is nothing depressing in this fact. We are willing that the North should draw the sectional line with respect to the progress and improvement of those conditions and forces which make a people happy in their fields, their workshops and their homes. We have a prosperous future before us, and to this end we should look intently. We have the cause of public education to promote and the welfare of a great and growing nation to foster. The South expected little more from General Hancock's administration that it will ask from General Garfield's. We want nothing more than simple, exact, absolute justice. If the new President owes nothing to the South, he at least owes something to the country, and we shall be glad to see him cancel this debt by giving us an administration as fair, as just and as clean as that of Mr. Hayes.

[From the Richmond Whig, Read.]

In Virginia the figures are unfavorable to the Readjusters—to our intense amazement. The returns, however, while apparently indicative, are not conclusive of results. We forbear further comment until we know more. We may remark, nevertheless, that there can be no doubt of the fact that the State debt will be the issue next year, and if the determination of that issue be more difficult by reason of the results of yesterday, the simpleminded Readjusters who aided in bringing them about may thank themselves for it and enjoy the congratulations they are likely to receive from the Funders.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Dem.]

"It appears that Grant, Conkling, Cameron and Logan have been elected President. It appears that the effect of the October elections was too potent to be overcome. It is not the triumph of Garfield. It is the victory of the strong men who came to his rescue in Ohio and Indiana before the 12th of October, and in whose hands he is." Speaking of the faults that caused the defeat, it names the decision that made Indiana an October State, and the cowardice that four years ago gave up Tilden's cause.

[From the Philadelphia Press, Rep.]

The Republican party can review the canvass and hail the victory with unmixed pride. It was true to principle. It was brave, honest and manly. It was courteous and just to Hancock. It fought the battle on high grounds. The people have planted its banner more firmly than ever on the ramparts of government; the sweep of their condemnation has stranded the shipwrecked Democracy on the rocks; and who can tell its dismal and demoralized future?

[From the Philadelphia Times, Dem.]

General Garfield receives the sceptre of a free people when prosperity reigns from the eastern to the western seas and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and he will be expected to administer the government with such fidelity, integrity and enlightened statesmanship as must promote the honor and thrift of the nation.

[From the Philadelphia North American, Republican.]

The Republicans have won success by deserving it. While their opponents were afraid to declare their belief or their intentions, the Republicans have nailed their colors to the mast and stood by them without flinching.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger, Ind.]

The result was made inevitable from the moment the Cincinnati convention adopted its wholly unnecessary resolution for "a tariff for revenue only." The blundering constructor of that plank builded far worse than he knew.

[From the Washington Star, Dem.]

The Democrats could have had no better candidate than Gen. Hancock. His integrity, patriotism and manliness of character combined to make him the strongest candidate they could have named, and in the various blunders of the campaign his nomination must not be reckoned as one.

[From the Washington Post, Dem.]

This decision comes from a tribunal from whose decree there is no appeal. The Democratic party knows how to bear disaster, when, as now, it has deserved success. It will accept this defeat as it has accepted others. Conscious of the rectitude of its principles and the purity of its objects, it will still look to the future for that vindication which, in the end, a just cause must receive.

[From the New York Sun, Dem.]

Old General Zachary Taylor said of his soldiers in Mexico that they never appeared to know when they were beaten. We are inclined to think, however, that if these men were lying, and members of the Democratic party, they would be fully conscious of the fact that they were beaten, and pretty badly beaten.

The man at the head of the ticket was all that was said of him yesterday when we remarked: "General Hancock is a spotless candidate, an honest man, a brave soldier, an incorruptible patriot, a true Democrat." He was even, as was said in proposing his nomination at the Cincinnati convention, "The Superb"; but the event has shown that he was not exactly adapted to be the candidate of the Democratic party for President.

[From the Baltimore Gazette, Dem.]

There is no longer any doubt as to the result of Tuesday's election, and it is idle to attempt to deny or conceal the fact that the Democracy has sustained a crushing defeat. All of the doubtful States, save New Jersey, California and Nevada, have pronounced for Garfield and Arthur in unequivocal terms, and there is no reason to suppose that the result will be in any wise altered or amended by the later returns. In seeking for the causes of our defeat we should not delude ourselves with the notion that the overwhelming Republican victory was procured by fraudulent means. Undoubtedly the partisan use of deputy marshals, the lavish expenditure of money and the coercion of their employees by Northern manufacturers, had an appreciable influence upon the contest, but these do not of themselves suffice to account for the remarkable change which has thus been suddenly wrought in the political complexion of the country. Nor will it do to lay our defeat at the door of the party managers. Bad generalship and personal jealousies undoubtedly contributed much to the unlooked-for result in New York and Indiana, and words sufficiently strong cannot be found with which to reprobate the management of Mr. John Kelly and the conduct of those Indiana "bolters" who persisted in the gratification of their personal spite and in the furtherance of their individual interests at the expense of the National Democracy. But above and beyond all these sources of weakness the indisposition of the business interests of the country to any change may be set down as the great cause of Republican success. The feeling among business men appears to have been general that our present prosperity ought not to be disturbed; that the part of wisdom in this instance would be to let well enough alone, to pursue the even tenor of our way, and by continuing the Republican party in power to prevent any experiments with the financial policy of the country.

[From the Charleston News and Courier.]

We do not for a moment imagine that the American people wish that any State should again be ruled by a Scott, a Moses or a Bullock. The truth was that the control that was necessary and even indispensable in local affairs carried with it a considerable influence in National affairs. With the help of two Northern States the South can elect the President and be master of the Government. We know that the power would have been exercised wisely. But the conquerers were not ready to be ruled, even to their own advantage by the conquered, nor would the South have been if Grant instead of Lee had surrendered his army fifteen years since. Besides this latent war feeling, there was the mighty influence of the bankers and shopkeepers who had no particular objection to the Democracy coming into place, except that it involved a change of some sort—and they wished no change of any sort. Why should they? Business is good, money is cheap—every department of trade is overflowing. It is true that the currency is in an unstable condition, but a cool-headed citizen not in debt would not expect from any party which prostituted itself to the Plumteds and De La Motyrs a better dollar than would be furnished by Chittenden, Morton and Sherman. And we may add that, with eyes wide open to all its faults, the white people north of the Potomac had come to the conclusion that there was a better prospect of good government from the Republican party than from the Democratic. Whatever the exact way in which it came about, it is a hard fact that the government of the United States for the next four years will be Republican in speech, purpose and action. The Republican President will apparently have at his back a Republican Congress. What they will they can do with the Southern States and their people. We hope and believe, however, that the business interests, which was the mainspring of Tuesday's work, will be opposed to any legislation which will in any way embarrass the agriculture and manufactures, the trade and commerce of the South. It is to the interest of the North and West to take this position. They will do it whenever and as soon as the people of the Southern States cease to be possessed by the politicians as its would-be autocrats of the Union that they did their best to destroy. When this spectre of Southern supremacy is laid the Northern people will be freer to exhibit their kindly and interested feelings, and one of the first questions that the Southern whites will have to ask themselves is whether the welfare of the South has been and is likely to be hindered or advanced by the alliance with the Democrats of the North. It does not hurt those gentry to be beaten—they are sure to have just and equal governments in their States in any event. Not so with the South. In losing politically the South loses in protection and in peace of mind. Will the South remain on the losing side? and it so, on what terms and for what purpose? The Southern people, we fancy, will make themselves heard on this subject before the winter is past.

The President-Elect.

The Nation has given its verdict on James A. Garfield. It names him its President elect. It stamps out the slanders with which the Democrats sought to destroy him. It declares its confidence in him as a patriot, a statesman and an honest man, and its admiration for his character as a combination of the best qualities of the American citizen—industry, independence, self-help, intelligence and high motives. It is proud of him as a type of the manhood developed by the free life and wide opportunities of this magnificent Republic. It likes him and believes in him, and it puts into his hands the great powers and responsibilities of its chief executive office, with full faith that he will appreciate the sacredness of the trust, and wisely discharge its duties.

It is only just to General Garfield, now that the contest is over, to recognize the fact that his conduct and public utterances during the campaign contributed in no small measure toward the glorious result which we chronicle to-day. No act or word of his gave his party reason to regret his nomination. This generation has never seen a Presidential candidate who gave his party so little trouble, and, after a few weeks, so little uneasiness;—never one who bore himself so handsomely throughout, who acted and spoke with such absolute freedom, and yet helped his party so surely by every word he uttered and every motion he made. Living in the full blaze of publicity—his house wide open to all comers and his farm often resembling a camp ground from the multitudes of friends and strangers who came to see him—he yet preserved his cordial, unaffected manners, and the simple dignity which marked his career as a Congressman. He spoke freely to the numerous delegations that visited him, and scarcely a day passed without some remark or brief speech of his finding its way to the newspapers. At first his friends were a little fearful that this readiness to give expression to the ideas of the moment might damage his chances;—knowing as they did how a candidate's words are seized upon by the opposing party and tortured to extract meanings detrimental to his party. But they soon got over their anxiety. Everything that he said was well said. He made no mistakes. No presidential candidate ever grew upon the people as he did. The more they learned of his career, his studies, his ideas, and his daily life, the stronger he became.

The Republican party feels to-day like thanking General Garfield and acknowledging its obligation to him for his calm, frank, dignified and sensible behavior during the canvass. The instinct of the Chicago Convention was right. He was the man for the emergency.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Endorsed by the people as a safe reliable, harmless and cheap remedy. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IN FRUIT-TIME.

YELLOW the harvest-fields with golden grain,
And the white-bearded bending barley ears
Nod in the soft south breeze; the poppy hides
Her scarlet glory from the noonday sun,
Amid their sheltering stems; the clover-patch
Is flushed with roseate glories—and the lark,
His speckled breast gemmed with the morning dew,
Springs up with clear, shrill note, all-jubilant
Toward the broad blue heavens; the quivering oats
Rustle their waving pennons, and the vetch
Her purple petals shows.

The orchard-lands
Teem with a wealth of fruit; the russet pear
Neighbors the red-streaked apple; dark-blue plums
Their luscious tears let fall; green gagesswell
Beside the blooming damsons; apricots
(Their golden globes leaf-hidden on the wall)
Perfume the air; and the pink, downy peach
Vies with the rosy-tinted nectarine
In dainty fragrance.

Ripening hang the nuts
Upon the laden boughs; the clusters brown
Of russet hazels; the spiked bursting husks
Of polished chestnuts; and the teeming store
Of mellow walnuts. Autumn-tide hath come,
And pours from out her overflowing horn
Her welcome blessings on the grateful Earth!

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE OLD APPLE WOMAN.

A Sketch of '61.

EVERYBODY who was in Washington during the early years of the war, knows that Franklin Square was used as a camp-ground; but everybody may not remember the old apple-woman there, who disappeared so suddenly after reaping a brief but rich harvest from her ruddy-cheeked apples and toothsome cookies. Her history was one of the thousand little romances, both sad and sweet, which blossomed brightly amid the carnage and desolation of that terrible time.

Pretty Genevieve Hildegarde, in her far-away Southern home, awaking sweet echoes with the trills of her merry roundelays, feeding her snow-white cockatoo with sugar from her own dainty fingers, or dreaming away long hours in her low-swung hammock among the magnolias, knew no heavier sorrow than a rainy day when she had planned a glorious ride across the country, or the non-arrival of the thick, square letters which came semi-weekly from New York. But the great tide of sorrow and suffering, so soon to submerge our peaceful country, was even then surging heavily along the shore, sending the thunder of its roar far inland.

Just at this time, or shortly before, the first cloud appeared upon Genevieve's sunny horizon. Caro, her sister, and senior by scarcely more than a year, was thrown from her horse and seriously injured.

After several weeks of tedious convalescence it was found that the surgeon's work had been hunglingly done, and Colonel Hildegarde at once determined to take his daughter to a famed physician in New York. The change of scene and air proved beneficial, and April, 1861, found them pleasantly situated in the city. Caro, though still confined to her room, improved from each visit of the great surgeon, and the cloud was lifted from her brow, only to settle upon that of merry-hearted Genevieve, who had accompanied her.

Handsome George Fordham had been a class-mate of Hal Hildegrade at Yale, and the winter after this course was ended had gone home with his friend. To pretty "Vieve," tired of her beaux whom she had known from childhood, this wide-awake, resolute young Northerner appeared a very Apollo, and when he left the hospitable mansion late in the spring, his last and warmest kiss was given to the dark-eyed girl who promised to be ready when he should come to take her away to his distant home. And now, here she was in the same city with him, and no answer came to the little note she sent telling of their unexpected arrival. Several days of anxious watching passed, and at last it came, post-marked Lenox, Mass., and written in a pretty, girlish hand, quite unlike George's dashing chirography. It was from his sister, and Genevieve remembered clearly but one sentence:

"George has gone to Washington with his regiment, and we have all come to my grandfather's to stay."

The days which followed were dark and sad for our little girl, as well as for the thousands of her sisters all over the broad land who had dear ones at the front. Every moment she could spare from Caro she spent poring over the papers, following eagerly every movement of the army, longing for news, yet dreading that each day might have brought the impending battle to an issue. And, at last, one bright June morning, the wires flashed the message, "Bull Run is lost," and then long lists of the dead, wounded and missing carried anguish to thousands of hearts. Genevieve, pale and trembling, read the fated columns and saw, "George Fordham, Capt. N. Y. Vol., dead. Shot through the heart."

She was aroused from the depths of her own grief by her father's announcement that they must leave at once for home. Caro was ill able to travel, but each day's delay increased the dangers and difficulties of getting through the lines; so they started, and had gone as far as Washington, when Caro grew so much worse that it was out of the question for her to go on. It seemed almost impossible for the Colonel to leave his daughters alone, but his presence at home was imperatively necessary. So he found them a pleasant boarding-place with a widow, opposite Franklin Square, and, promising to come or send for them at the earliest possible moment, left them with a heavy heart. At the depot he met an old friend, who said that he would look after the girls, and so the Colonel went on, his anxiety a shade less now that he felt that his children had one friend at least in the city. Happily, he did not know that, in the pressing cares of those stirring times, the promise was never thought of again.

So the summer wore away—a long and weary summer to Genevieve and Caro. Upon the square regiments of soldiers were camped; as one passed on to the front another took its place, and there was a constant sound of drum, bugle, and fife. This, with the sight of the blue coats and the daily drill, tortured the nerves of the sick girl almost beyond endurance. Worn with suffering, she became irritable and exacting, and without meaning it made life a weary burden to her patient, loving sister. Patient Genevieve! No message, no summons, came from her father, and she saw with mingled dismay and alarm that her little stock of money was melting away. The colonel had left her all he did not need to get him home, but with the delicacies Caro must have, and war prices for every thing, it would not last long. They were alone in the house now, with the exception of old Aunt Juno, for Mrs. Wilson, the widow lady, had gone to Virginia to nurse a wounded son.

"Nebber yo' worry yo' dear heart, honey," Juno said to Vieve the morning after her mistress's departure. "So long as I have a roof over my ole head, yo' an' Miss Caro shall hab one too. I'll hring her down in Miss Jane's front room, whar do breezes blow frew cool an' nice, an' fix de dear chile mo' comf'ble. Dese ar trublus times, sho' nuff, honey, hut de Lord'll take care of us;" and she went about her work singing in her high clear voice:

"Oh! my Lord he makes a way!
Oh! my Jesus makes a way!
Out ob trubbles into glory,
Out ob de darkness into day!"

Sad-eyed Genevieve, looking drearily out upon the neatly kept parade-ground where the soldiers were going through their morning drill, saw no way "out ob trubbles." George, her beautiful brave, George, was dead; her father dead, too, perhaps—at any rate far from them; Caro growing daily weaker; winter not far distant, and her poor little purse—ah! that just now was the hardest thought of all. In the crowded city she knew not ono soul, and the careless, happy years of the past had not fitted her to battle with a selfish world. But she was a brave girl, and she knew that something must be done. So she put away all other thoughts and looked the dreaded question fully in the face. Presently her eye fell upon an old woman going about among the soldiers, now dismissed from drill, with a large basket of cakes upon her arm. At first she smiled to see how eagerly they crowded about her, and how quickly her basket was emptied. Suddenly she jumped up from her low seat and ran down to the kitchen with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day. She held a long consultation with Aunt Juno.

"De Lord bress yo' sweet face, chile; ob co'se I's he gwine to help yo', an' Miss Caro need nebber know nuffin' 'bout it. An' dars a whole bar'l ob apples in de cellar, red an shinin' from ole Marse Joe's, down in Prince George's; dey'll sell fust-rate."

So every morning Vieve rolled up her sleeves—the pretty arms were still round and white—tied on a great checked apron, tucked her sunny locks snugly away beneath a snowy kerchief, and—made cookies! Long ago she had begged Maum Nina to teach her, "just for fun," and the dainty handicraft which she had not forgotten did her good service now. For the crisp, delicious wafers speedily became the popular delicacy of the camp. Just opposite the house was an especially large tree, casting a thick shade, and there, every morning, Juno carried her little table and chair, and baskets of apples and cakes. By noon her stock was exhausted, and she vanished to be seen no more that day. It proved to be a profitable business, and Vieve saw with delight that she was earning enough of the funny new "scrip" to pay for many of their daily expenses. She kept her accounts very exactly, and always laid by a sum for Juno, in spite of the warm-hearted old woman's remonstrances.

"Juno don' want yo' money, Miss Vieve, honey. You'se a heap of comfort wif yo' pretty face an' cheery words—keep yo' money, chile; ye'll need it all bime-by."

But the little pile still grew. The girls from a school near by had been added to their regular customers, and Vieve was kept very busy mornings. Her afternoons were always devoted to Caro. Now that the burden of immediate need was eased a little, Vieve grew much brighter than she had been. She was humming an old song one day, as she sat by Caro's side hemming a towel.

"One would think, Vieve, to see and hear you, that you had everything heart could wish," she said, fretfully.

The girl looked up with white cheeks and indignant eyes. How could Caro say such cruel things? She had closed her eyes, and as Vieve saw how thin and worn she was, and remembered how sunny-tempered she always used to be, her little blaze of temper died away, her eyes filled with hot tears, and she stole softly from the room. She seldom cried, for it was so hard to conceal the traces of her weeping from Caro; but this time the pent-up floods broke from all control, and the poor child brought back a pale face and aching head from her solitary vigil.

One morning, as she was cutting out her last panful of cookies, Aunt Juno hobbled in upon her cane, with many grunts and groans.

"Why, auntie," said Vieve, hastening to bring her a chair, "what is the matter?"

"Rumatiz, chile, rumatiz; de norf wind blew on me las' night, an' I'se full ob misery dis mornin', bress de Lord!"

Vieve turned to hide a smile at this mal-apropos benediction, as she shut a pan of cakes in the oven.

"Come, sit here by the fire, and I'll make you some nice hot tea," she said, kindly.

"But, honey," said Juno, doubled up with pain, "I can't go out wif de cakes."

"Of course you can't, but I can," replied Vieve, with a twinkle in her brown eyes. "So, don't you worry."

"Bress her dear innocent heart! Does you think Juno gwine to let yo' go out dar, wif all dose rabble ob men?" the old woman cried, aghast.

But Vieve, the cakes being done, smiled mysteriously and ran away.

In a few minutes the door opened, and a small old woman, bent and stiff, walked in. Her faded calico dress and thin black shawl betokened poverty, and a deep sun-bonnet concealed her features. She wore blue spectacles and seemed feeble.

"Is Mrs. Wilson at home?" she asked, in a high, shrill voice, aproaching Juno.

"Laws, no, chile, she's dono gone down the country right smart time ago.

"Do you live here alone?"

Juno looked at her sharply.

"What yo' ask me dat for? Mebbe I does an' mebbe I doesn't."

A merry laugh was all the reply this non-commital statement received, and Juno nearly fell off her chair in astonishment, as she recognized Vieve's sweet voice.

"Yo' own maw'd nebber know yo', Miss Vieve, sho' nuff," she said, as soon as she could speak.

So Vieve had her way, and the soldiers found a new saleswoman at their favorite resort. At first she trembled with excitement at her strange position, but fortunately for her, the news of a great battle had just been received, so the soldiers did not stop to chat, as they sometimes did with Juno. The next day Juno was no better, so Vieve went out again.

Toward the middle of the forenoon, two young officers strolled across the parade ground.

"Come, Cap.," said one, "you've not seen our cooky-woman yet, and I'll swear you never tasted such cakes. Hullo!" he exclaimed, discovering Juno's absence. "She isn't here today."

They went on, however, and bought a supply. Just then another officer, riding by, reined in his horse suddenly, exclaiming, "George Fordman, by all that's holy! Why, man—"

He never finished his sentence, for the old apple-woman, with a long, low cry, had fallen upon her table. In the confusion which followed, her bonnet, wig, and glasses fell off, and the pale, pretty features of a young girl were revealed to the incredulous gaze of the officers.

"Vieve Hildegarde here!" cried George, clasping her in his arms.

Juno, who had seen the catastrophe from her window, hobbled out and called to them in wrathful tones:

"Go 'long 'way an' let my lam' alone, you mis'able good-for-nuffins. Go 'long, I say!" By this time she had reached Vieve's side, and George made her understand that he was no ravening wolf.

Of course, he had not been killed at Bull Run, and Vieve made no more cookies for the boys in blue. After she and Caro had been taken to Lenox, and left in "Mother Fordham's" loving care, Juno endeavored to carry on the trade; but "Laws," she said, "Juno nebber can make cake like Miss Vieve's wif dese black han's."

Franklin Square is now a lovely park, with walks and trees and fountains and beautiful blossoming shrubs. Not a trace is left of the old camp-ground; but to George and Vieve it is not half so charming as in the days when he found her there, an old apple-woman.—*Domestic Monthly.*

A Father Who Melted.

THE other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12-year-old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they had arrived there he began:

"Now, young man, you have been fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?"

"Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or any thing of the kind," replied the hoy.

"I can't help it. As a Christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat!"

"But, father, the hoy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!"

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What! what's that?"

"And he said you was an office-hunter!"

"What! what loafer dared make that assertion?"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say any thing. Then he called you a hireling."

"Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent.

"Yes, and he said you was a politeal lickspittle!"

"Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition!"

"My son," said the father, as he felt for half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy you two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fall River Statistics.

ACCORDING to the figures of a Fall River man the capacity of the cotton factories of that city is 160,000 pieces per week; allowing that these pieces average 45 1-2 yards each, there are 7,280,000 yards produced in a week, or 578,560,000 yards in a year. The Fall River man continues to figure, and shows the capacity of the factories in the most striking light possible hy asserting that if this vast amount of cloth were made into shirts every man, woman and child could have one and one-half each. He does not show, however, of what earthly use a half of a shirt could be to any one. The Fall River man does some more figuring; he finds that if the 578,560,000 yards were unrolled in a straight line it would go round the earth 8 3-5 times, and rightly concludes that "it would make a very respectable tail for a comet." When he undertakes to ascertain just how billions of South Sea Islanders could be supplied with a wardrobe, the man becomes bewildered with amazement and dares not give his figures to the public. Without these it is safe to say that a vast amount of business is done in the cotton factories at Fall River, and it is to be regretted that it is likely to be interfered with by a general strike on the part of the operatives therein.—*Boston Post.*

"TOM" HUGHES'S colony in East Tennessee contains only two lady members. "Our two lasses," he writes, "are queens out here."

Notes About Newspapers.

THE New York *Sun* has gleaned the following interesting facts from a recent issue of a Newspaper Directory:

There are 9,723 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States. Eight hundred and forty-three are daily newspapers, 58 are tri-weekly, 120 semi-weekly, 7,590 weekly, 43 bi-weekly, 123 semi-monthly, 868 monthly, 14 bi-monthly, and 55 quarterly. The six States credited with the largest number of publications are scheduled in regular order:

States.	*Dailies.*	*Weeklies.*	*Others.*	*Total.*
New York	113	804	322	1,239
Pennsylvania	87	611	137	835
Illinois	67	650	115	832
Ohio	48	519	86	653
Iowa	28	442	30	500
Indiana	36	348	31	415

The six States credited with the smallest number of publications are:

States.	*Dailies.*	*Weeklies.*	*Others.*	*Total.*
Delaware	4	18	0	22
Nevada	13	11	3	27
Florida	3	32	3	38
Rhode Island	7	28	5	40
Oregon	7	54	6	67
Vermont	4	62	4	70

Nevada is the only State in the Union in which the daily publications outnumber the weekly.

The number of newspapers printed in the United States in foreign languages is as follows:

German	445	Bohemian	9
French	30	Portuguese	1
Scandinavian	27	Polish	2
Spanish	24	Hebrew	2
Hollandish	9	Cherokee	1
Italian	4		
Welsh	4	Total	558

The German newspapers are distributed among the States as follows:

States.	*Dailies.*	*Total.*	*States.*	*Dailies.*	*Total.*
Arkansas	0	1	Minnesota	1	10
California	1	12	Missouri	5	29
Colorado	0	1	Nebraska	0	7
Connecticut	1	4	New Jersey	2	14
Delaware	0	1	New York	11	65
Georgia	0	1	Ohio	9	46
Illinois	9	56	Oregon	0	2
Indiana	3	22	Pennsylvania	9	66
Iowa	3	21	Rhode Island	0	1
Kansas	1	7	S. Carolina	0	1
Kentucky	2	6	Tennessee	0	1
Louisiana	1	2	Texas	2	9
Maryland	2	6	Virginia	2	2
Massachusetts	0	1	W. Virginia	0	2
Michigan	2	11	Wisconsin	3	38

Louisiana has the lead in French newspapers. She prints 14, including one daily. Massachusetts is next, with five weeklies, and New York is third, with two dailies and a weekly. Illinois heads the Scandinavian list, with 12 weekly and monthly publications. Minnesota has five and New York three. New York leads the Spanish column with 8 newspapers, New Mexico is second with 5, and Texas and California each have 4. The only Spanish daily in the United States is printed in San Francisco. Of the 9 Hollandish newspapers, 6 are published in Michigan, 2 in Iowa, and 1 in Wisconsin. Three of the four Italian journals are printed in California, and 3 of the 4 Welsh in New York. The 2 Polish newspapers are credited to Illinois, and she claims 3 of the 9 Bohemian journals. The only Portuguese newspaper in the United States is printed in Erie, Pa.

The Directory gives the titles of 421 religious newspapers published in the United States, distributed thus:

Alabama	2	Missouri	20
Arkansas	1	Nebraska	2
California	11	New Hampshire	1
Colorado	1	New Jersey	3
Connecticut	3	New York	71
Delaware	1	North Carolina	12
Georgia	7	Ohio	43
Illinois	35	Oregon	4
Indiana	5	Pennsylvania	65
Iowa	6	South Carolina	8
Kansas	3	Tennessee	13
Kentucky	13	Texas	9
Louisiana	6	Vermont	2
Maine	7	Virginia	10
Maryland	10	West Virginia	1
Massachusetts	23	Wisconsin	9
Michigan	8	New Mexico	1
Minnesota	2	Utah	2
Mississippi	2		

The following table shows the number of newspapers published by each religious denomination:

Denominations.	*No. of Pubs.*	*Denominations.*	*No. of Pubs.*
Catholic	62	Anti-Romanist	1
Evangelical	49	Jewish	11
Baptist	47	United Brethren	9
Primitive Baptist	2	Christian	5
Seventh-Day Baptist	1	Church of God	5
Free Baptist	1	Disciples	4
Methodist	42	Primitive Christian	3
Methodist Episcopal	13	Liberal Christian	2
Methodist Protestant	2	Second Advent	2
Presbyterian	35	Unitarian	2
Cumberl'd Presbyt'n	1	Church of Christ	1
Congregational	8	Primitive Christ'n'y	1
Congr. Methodist	1	Universalist	9
Lutheran	13	Spiritualist	5
Reformed Church	10	Swedenborgian	4
Dutch Ref. Church	1	Mennonite	2
Unsectarian	21	Radical	3
Non-sectarian	2	Friends	3
Anti-sectarian	1	Moravian	2
Episcopal	18	Shakers	1
Protestant Episcopal	7	Brethren	1
Reformed Episcopal	3	Latter-Day Saints	1
Protestant	1	Anti-Secret Soc.	1

Florida and Nevada are the only States in which religious periodicals are not printed.

Forty-four religious newspapers are printed in foreign languages.

Other periodicals mentioned in the Directory are devoted to the following interests:

Agriculture, Horticulture and Stock Raising	132	Sporting	16
Medicine or Surgery	98	Music	25
Education	162	Fashions	23
Amusement and Instruction of Children	44	Woman Suffrage	3
Commerce and Finance	190	Free Masonry	17
Insurance	24	Odd Fellowship	13
Real Estate	18	Temperance	36
Science and Mechanics	108	Knights of Pythias	7
Law	41	Ancient Order of United Workmen	12
Printers and Publishers	16	Knights of Honor	2
		Order of Druids	2
		Order of Harugari	1
		Military and Naval	9

Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Nebraska and Mississippi each publishes as many agricultural as religious periodicals, and Minnesota twice as many.

The Right to Criticise the Judiciary.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just rendered a decision of great importance to the bench, the bar, and the press. In January last the *Lancaster Intelligencer* published an article charging that the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions in Lancaster County had decided a certain case wrongfully from motives of political partisanship. The editors were both members of the bar. They were ordered by the Court of Quarter Sessions to show cause why they should not be disbarred for contempt of court in making this publication. They duly appeared and avowed their responsibility for the article and their readiness to make good the charge before a jury, saying that it was published solely in their capacity as conductors of a newspaper, in good faith, without malice, and for the public good.

Notwithstanding this defense, the Court of Quarter Sessions adjudged them guilty of professional misbehavior, and ordered their names stricken from the roll of attorneys. A writ of error to review the conviction was then sued out of the Supreme Court, before which the case was argued by able counsel, among whom was Alexander K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, in behalf of the appellants.

The Court has now unanimously reversed the summary conviction for contempt, and has ordered that the editors of the *Lancaster Intelligencer* be restored to the bar. If their publication concerning the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions was libelous, they can only be punished therefore in an action triable before a jury; and they have proclaimed their ability to establish the truth of the charges which they made whenever required to do so in such a proceeding. But an attorney can not be summarily disbarred for publishing with good motives and for justifiable ends that which he believes to be true about the judiciary.

Indeed, Chief Justice Sharswood, who delivers the opinion of the Court, goes much further than this, and holds that, under our elective system, attorneys are bound to make public any acts which they believe to constitute judicial misconduct. He says:

"It is now the right and duty of a lawyer to bring to the notice of the public, who elect the Judges, every instance of what he believes to be corruption or partisanship. No class of the community ought to he allowed freer scope in the expression or publication of opinion as to the capacity, impartiality, or integrity of Judges than members of the bar. They have the best opportunities of observing and forming a correct judgment. They are in constant attendanee on the courts. Hundreds of those who are called on to voto never enter a court room, or if they do it is only at intervals as jurors, witnesses, or parties. To say that an attorney can only act or speak on this subject under liability to be called to account, and to be deprived of his profession and livelihood by the very Judge or Judges whom he may consider it his duty to attack and expose, is a position too monstrous to be entertained for a moment under our present system."

Selling a Child—A Girl Fourteen Year Old Offered for $600.

A CURIOUS scheme for raising money by the virtual sale of a child nearly 14 years of age, says the Philadelphia *Press*, was unearthed yesterday by a *Press* reporter. On Wednesday last the following advertisement appeared in the New York *Herald*:

ADOPTION—Amiable, prepossessing American orphan girl, 14, cultured, industrious, and excellent child's nurse; full surrender; financial misfortune requires adopted parents to reside abroad; respectable persons willing to pay now for her future services address Mrs. Carrie Newton, Philadelphia; references exchanged.

Persistent inquiry resulted in discovering that the advertiser was a woman calling herself Mrs. Brown, who, until 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon lived at No. 607 South Ninth Street. A visit was made to the house, ostensibly for the purpose of securing the child for adoption, and the following facts were elicited: Mrs. Brown, who hails from the State of Indiana, has been in this city for nearly a year, during which time her husband has been out of employment. She brought from her Western home a rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking child, which she had adopted as her own before coming East. Owing to financial difficulties, and the want of any income from her husband, Mrs. Brown stated that it had become an imperative necessity for her to dispose of her foster child for a cash consideration, which she places at $600.

"I am very sorry to part with her," said she, "but as my husband and myself intend to leave this part of the country next week, and as we can not afford to take the child with us, I want to secure for her a good home before we go. Her name is Frances Leota Morris. She was born in June, 1867, in the State of Indiana, from whence her parents removed to the city of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, taking their daughter with them. Two more children—a boy and a girl—were born there. Four years ago the mother died, and after this event, the father, who had never exhibited any remarkable love for his offspring, placed them in an orphan asylum. It is supposed that he went further West. I saw the girl in the asylum and took quite a fancy to her. As we had no children of our own my husband and I agreed to adopt Frances, and we took her from the institution. No legal form was gone through to secure her. We merely promised to give the child a good home, and that was sufficient to satisfy the officials having her in charge. Now that we need money, and as there are, no doubt, many people who would be glad to have such a nice looking child, we have concluded to surrender her to any one who will guarantee a good, moral home and pay a reasonable sum for her services in advance. Six hundred dollars, you know, is less than $1.75 a week from now until she is 21 years of age."

Frances Leota was called up from the cellar kitchen. She came shyly up the steps, with a baby in her arms, which Mrs. Brown said was her own. The girl's face was rosy and dimpled, her features regular and inclined to roundness, and a pair of dark hazel eyes completed a rather pretty face. She was very bashful, and answered only in monosyllables when questioned.

Last night Mrs. Brown removed from No. 607 South Ninth Street to a house on South Eleventh Street, where she proposes to remain for a week probably, or at least until her charge is disposed of at a remunerative figure. She claims to have received a number of good offers for the child, all possessing pecuniary advantages for herself.

AN English physician stationed in Formosa says: "The Chinese make, on the whole, very good patients. Occasionally some of them try our patience not a little. One takes a four days' supply of medicine away with him, the recipe bearing on it, 'a spoonful three times daily after each meal.' He comes back next morning for more, thinking to flatter you by stating that he drank the former quantity at one dose. Another has his arm carefully put up in splints, and on his next visit he brings his dressings in a separate parcel. They are great believers in internal administration, and, although he have only a cut finger, it is difficult for a Chinaman to see why he should not get some medicine to 'eat.'"

Hunting the Walrus---A New Field of Adventure in the Arctic.

THE little schooner San Diego, Capt. Catheart, arrived in port on Tuesday, after a five months' cruise in pursuit of walrus among the islands of Behring's Sea. The ivory and oil of these huge hyperboreans are utilized for various manufacturing purposes, but the market heretofore has been supplied by whalers, who, when whales were scarce, eked out a cargo with the product of the walrus. To the usual articles of ivory and oil, the San Diego has added the hides of these immense animals. If they can be extensively used, walrus-hunting must speedily become a successful enterprise. The San Diego, being only thirty-two tons burden, is much too small a vessel for other than private adventure. Her crew, composed of hardy, resolute men, have, however, returned from their cruise with a remunerative cargo, and a number of white and cinnamon bear skins attest that their labors have not been without incident. In a conversation with James Morrison, the intelligent Mate, he informed a *Chronicle* reporter that walrus abound in immense numbers among the islands of the Behring's Sea. Like the seal, they clamber up the rocks and beaches, and, huddling closely, sleep for days without movement. In this condition they can be readily approached, and by skillful marksmen shot at will. The crew of the San Diego shot 700 in one shoal on the beach at Hall Island, before the myriads composing it took to the water for safety. Many of them weighed over 3,000 pounds. Owing to a violent storm but 200 of this number were secured. Near Cape Upright and the southeastern end of St. Matthew's Island, eighty-one were shot, and another storm occurring during which both anchors were lost, obliged the return of the vessel before the cruise was half completed. Heretofore the method of capturing walrus has been with the harpoon. The alarm which this method occasioned soon rendered it impracticable. The plan adopted by the crew of the San Diego was for each man, armed with a Winchester or Sharps' rifle, to approach the sleeping animals cautiously, and shoot at the particular portion of the skull covering the brain. Any failure to penetrate the brain does not kill. The front of the head is impervious to a bullet, and the neck is so well protected by the blubber that a ball produces no other effect than to alarm and excite the animal, and thus cause the entire shoal to take to the water. Every shot must kill instantly, without producing any commotion, or the game disappears. The walrus is very stupid unless disturbed, when it fights with great power. Throwing its immense head back so as to elevate the tusks to a horizontal position, it springs forward, and by a rapid move of the head is enabled to strike with unerring aim any object within three or four feet. Woe to the man or animal within that limit. He is transfixed in a moment. Fights among the males are frequent and terrific, often teruminating in the death of one or both. Few females are found in Behring's Sea during the summer months, the theory among hunters being that they pass this season with their young in the Arctic and appear below the straits late in the fall and winter. Unlike the seal, they have a habit of sleeping in the water, with the head partially exposed. The ivory of the walrus sells readily for forty-five and fifty cents per pound. Billiard balls, cane heads, and all ivory articles of similar size are made of it here, but the larger part of it is sent to China and used extensively in the manufacture of Chinese ornaments. The oil is equal in quality to whale oil, commands the same price, and is used for the same purposes. The hides are from one and a half to two inches in thickness. When tanned they furnish a superior article of belting for heavy machinery, and are unsurpassed for polishing silver plate. White bears are numerous in Behring's Sea, and the crew of the San Diego obtained the skins of seven or eight that they shot on the islands. They also killed a large number of large cinnamon bears in Alaska. On one occasion, while engaged in the slaughter of walruses on Hall Island, a hunter, while in the act of reloading his gun, startled by a rustle on the beach, looked around, and to his great dismay beheld an enormous white bear seated within twenty feet of the spot he occupied. Dropping his gun, he started on a run, and was followed hotly by the bear, who gained on him at every leap. A comrade perceiving his danger, directed his aim at the ferocious beast, and was fortunate enough to kill him, but not until he was in leaping distance of his intended prey. The climate of Behring's Sea is cold and foggy, and daylight during the months of June and July is of about eighteen hours' duration. Very little ice is to be seen there in the summer; the islands are barren, and the whole region unpromising for any other than fishing and maritime purposes. Owing to the shallowness of the water, storms there, which are frequent, make a very turbulent and dangerous navigation.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PITH AND POINT.

"KEEP to the write," said the lawyer to his lazy clerk.—*Steubenville Herald.*

THE man exhibits the greatest presence of mind who is never absent-minded at the sight of the contribution-box.—*Hawkeye.*

FEMALE economy—buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollars' worth of trimming on it.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

WHEN a Cincinnati man speaks of the productions of his pen, you never know whether he is a literary feller or a hog-raiser.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WOMAN who can sit down and have six teeth pulled out in succession without taking gas or chloroform is braver than the man who leads a regiment into battle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Now comes the time when dainty maids
Go wand'ring through the grassy glades,
And seek in all the shady nooks
For lovely leaves to press in books;
Those leaves with care they put away,
To be thrown out next cleaning day.

—*Puck.*

"Is swinging healthy?" asks a West Side young lady. It is, under some circumstances. But if the gate-hinge breaks, the pastime is not only unhealthy, but dangerous. We are always glad to extend to the young and inexperienced the knowledge attained by years of experience.—*Chicago Tribune.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

WOMAN'S WORK.

DARNING little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little laces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching Catechisms,
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schisms—
Woman's work!

Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing rations,
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Conxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work!

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
Hening of the sick,
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work!

Leading little children
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work!

Letting fall her own tears,
When only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example,
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work!

At last cometh silence—
A day of deep reposo;
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon a forehead meek!

—Richmond Christian Advocate.

A GRAVEYARD IDYL.

IN the summer of 187—, when young Doctor Putnam was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, he used to take short walks in the suburbs of the little provincial town where he lived. He was still weak enough to need a cane, and had to sit down now and then to rest. His favorite haunt was an old-fashioned cemetery lying at the western edge of the alluvial terrace on which the town is built.

It was a quiet, shady old cemetery, not much disturbed by funerals. Only at rare intervals a fresh heap of earth and a slab of clean marble intruded with their tale of a new and clamorous grief among the sunken mounds and weather-stained tombstones of the ancient sleepers for whom the tears had long been dried.

One afternoon Putnam was in his accustomed seat, whistling softly to himself and cutting his initials into the edge of the bench. The air was breathless, and the sunshine lay so hot on the marshes that it seemed to draw up in a visible steam a briny incense which mingled with the spicy smell of the red cedars. Absorbed in reverie, he failed to notice how the scattered clouds that had been passing across the sky all the afternoon were being gradually reinforced by big fluffy cumuli rolling up from the north, until a rumble overhead and the rustle of a shower in the trees aroused him.

In the center of the grounds was an ancient summer-house standing amidst a maze of flower-beds intersected by gravel walks. This was the nearest shelter, and, as the rain began to patter smartly, Putnam pocketed his knife, turned up his coat-collar and ran for it. Arrived at the garden-house, he found there a group of three persons, driven to harbor from different parts of the cemetery. The shower increased to a storm, the lattices were lashed by the rain and a steady stream poured from the eaves. The althæa and snowberry bushes in the flower-pots, and even the stunted box-edges along the paths, swayed in the wind. It grew quite dark in the summer-house, shaded by two or three old hemlocks, and it was only by the lightning-flashes that Putnam could make out the features of the little company of refugees. They stood in the middle of the building, to avoid the sheets of rain blown in at the doors in gusts, huddling around a pump that was raised on a narrow stone platform—not unlike the daughters of Priam clustered about the great altar in the penetralia: Præcipites atra ceu tempestate columbæ.

They consisted of a young girl, an elderly woman with a towel and watering pot, and a workman in overalls, who carried a spade and had perhaps been interrupted in digging a grave. The platform around the pump hardly gave standing room for a fourth. Putnam accordingly took his seat on a tool-chest near one of the entrances, and, while the soft spray blew through the lattices over his face and clothes, he watched the effect of the lightning-flashes on the tossing, dripping trees of the cemetery-grounds.

"I have spent the night here often," said the young lady, in an absent voice and as if murmuring to herself.

"You have?" exclaimed Putnam. "Oh, you slept in the tool-chest, I suppose, on the old lady's shake-down."

She was silent, and he began to have a weird suspicion that she had spoken in earnest. "This is getting interesting," he said to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck twelve all the ghosts popped out and sat on their respective tombstones. The ghosts in this cemetery must be awfully old fellows. It doesn't look as if they had buried any one here for a hundred and thirty-five years. I've often thought it would be a good idea to inscribe Complet over the gate, as they do on a Paris omnibus."

"You speak very lightly of the dead," said the young girl in a tone of displeasure and looking directly at him.

Putnam felt badly snubbed. He was about to attempt an explanation, but her manner indicated that she considered the conversation at an end. She gathered up her skirts and prepared to leave the summer-house. The water had soaked away somewhat into the gravel.

"Excuse me," said Putnam, advancing desperately and touching his hat, "but I notice that your shoes are thin and the ground is still very wet. I am going right over to High Street, and if I can send you a carriage or anything—"

"Thank you, no; I shan't need it;" and she stepped off hastily down the walk.

Putnam looked after her till a winding of the path took her out of sight, and then started slowly homeward. "What the deuce could she mean," he pondered as he walked along, "about spending the night in the cemetery? Can she—no she can't—be the gatekeeper's daughter and live in the gate-house? Anyway, she's mighty pretty."

On the next day he started on his customary walk, and his feet led him involuntarily to the cemetery. As he traversed the path along the edge of the hill he saw in one of the grave lots the heroine of his yesterday's encounter, and a sudden light broke in on him: she was a mourner. And yet how happened it that she wore no black? There was a wooden railing round the inclosure, and within it a single mound and a tombstone of fresh marble. A few cut flowers lay on the grave. She was sitting in a low wicker chair, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes fixed vacantly on the western hills. Putnam now took closer note of her face. It was of a brown paleness. The air of hauteur given it by the purity of the profile and the almost insolent stare of the large black eyes was contradicted by the sweet, irresolute curves of the mouth. At present her look expressed only a profound apathy. As he approached her eyes turned toward him, but seemingly without recognition. Diffidence was not among Tom Putnam's failings: he felt drawn by an unconquerable sympathy and attraction to speak to her, even at the risk of intruding upon the sacredness of her grief.

"Excuse me, miss," he began, stopping in front of her, "but I want to apologize for what I said yesterday about—about the cemetery. It must have seemed very heartless to you, but I didn't know that you were in mourning when I spoke as I did."

"I have forgotten what you said," she answered.

"I am glad you have," said Putnam, rather fatuously. There seemed really nothing further to say, but as he lingered for a moment before turning away a perverse recollection surprised him, and he laughed out loud.

She cast a look of strong indignation at him, and rose to her feet.

"Oh, I ask your pardon a thousand times," he exclaimed reddening violently. "Please don't think that I was laughing at any thing to do with you. The fact is that last idiotic speech of mine reminded me of something that happened day before yesterday. I've been sick, and I met a friend on the street who said, 'I'm glad you're better;' and I answered, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm better;' and then he said, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're better'—like the House that Jack Built, you know—and it came over me all of a sudden that the only way to continue our conversation gracefully would be for you to say, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I've forgotten what you said yesterday.'"

She had listened impatiently to this naive and somewhat incoherent explanation, and she now said, "I wish you would go away. You see that I am alone here and in trouble. I can't imagine what motive you can have for annoying me in this way," her eyes filling with angry tears.

Putnam was too much pained by the vehemence of her language to attempt any immediate reply. His first impulse was to bow and retire without more words. But a pertinacity which formed one of his strongest though perhaps least amiable traits countermanded his impulse, and he said gravely, "Certainly, I will go at once, but in justice to myself I must first assure you that I didn't mean to intrude upon you or annoy you in any way."

She sank down into her chair and averted her face.

"You say," he continued, "that you are in trouble, and I beg you to believe that I respect your affliction, and that when I spoke to you just now it was simply to ask pardon for having hurt your feelings yesterday, without meaning to, by my light mention of the dead. I've been too near death's door myself lately to joke about it." He paused, but she remained silent. "I'm going away now," he said softly. "Won't you say that you excuse me, and that you haven't any hard feelings toward me?"

"Yes, oh yes," she answered wearily: "I have no feelings. Please go away."

Putnam raised his hat respectfully, and went off down the pathway. On reaching the little gate-house he sat down to rest on a bench before the door. The gatekeeper was standing on the threshold in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe. "A nice day after the rain, sir," he began.

"Yes, it is."

"Have you any folks here, sir?"

"No, no one. But I come here sometimes for a stroll."

"Yes, I've seen you about. Well, it's a nice, quiet place for a walk, but the grounds ain't kep' up quite the shape they used to be: there ain't so much occasion for it. Seems as though the buryin' business was dull, like pretty much every thing else now-a-days."

"Yes, that's so," replied Putnam absently.

The gatekeeper spat reflectively upon the center of the doorstep, and resumed: "There's some that comes here quite reg'lar, but they mostly have folks here. There's old Mrs. Lyon comes very steady, and there's young Miss Pinckney: she's one of the most reg'lar."

"Is that the young lady in gray, with black eyes?"

"That's she."

"Who is she in mourning for?"

"Well, she ain't exactly in mourning. I guess, from what they say, she hain't got the money for black bunnets and dresses, poor gal! But it's her brother that's buried here—last April. He was in the hospital learning the doctor's business when he was took down."

"In the hospital? Was he from the South, do you know?"

"Well, that I can't say: like enough he was."

"Did you say that she is poor?"

"So they was telling me at the funeral. It was a mighty poor funeral too—not more'n a couple of hacks. But you can't tell much from that, with the fashions now-a-days: some of the richest folks buries private like. You don't see no such funerals now as they had ten years back. I've seen fifty kerridges to onst a-comin' in that gate," waving his pipe impressively toward that piece of architecture, "and that was when kerridge-hire was half again as high as it is now. She must have spent a goodly sum in green-house flowers, though: fresh boquets 'most every day she keeps a-fetchin'."

"Well, good-day," said Putnam, startling off.

"Good-day, sir."

Putnam had himself just completed his studies at the medical college when attacked by fever, and he now recalled somewhat vaguely a student of the name of Pinckney, and remembered to have heard that he was a Southerner. The gatekeeper's story increased the interest which he was beginning to feel in his new acquaintance, and he resolved to follow up his unpropitious beginnings to a better issue. He knew that great delicacy would be needed in making further approaches, and so decided to keep out of her sight for a time. In the course of the next few days he ascertained, by visits to the cemetery and talks with the keeper, that she now seldom visited her brother's grave in the forenoon, although during the first month after his death she had spent all her days and some of her nights beside it.

Putnam read the inscription on the tombstone, which ran as follows: "To the Memory of Henry Pinckney. Born October 29th, 1852. Died April 27th, 187—;" and under this the text, "If thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." He noticed with a sudden twinge of pity that the flowers on the grave, though freshly-picked every day, were wild flowers—mostly the common field varieties, with now and then a rarer blossom from wood or swamp, and now and then a garden flower. He gathered from this that the sister's purse was running low, and that she spent her mornings in collecting flowers outside the city. He determined that the shrine of her devotion should not want richer offerings. There was a hot-house on the way from his home to the cemetery, and he now stopped there occasionally of a morning and bought a few roses to lay upon the mound. This continued for a fortnight. One morning as he approached the little grave-lot with his accustomed offerings, he looked up and saw the young girl standing before him. Her eyes were fixed on the flowers in his hand. He colored guiltily and stood still, like a boy caught robbing an orchard. She looked both surprised and embarrassed, but said at once: "If you are the gentleman who has been putting flowers on my brother's grave, I thank you for his sake, but—"

She paused, and he broke in: "I ought to explain, Miss Pinckney, that I have a better right than you think, perhaps, to bring these flowers here: I was a fellow-student with your brother in the medical school."

Her expression changed immediately. "Oh, did you know my brother?" she asked, eagerly.

He felt like a wretched hypocrite as he answered, "Yes, I knew him, though not intimately, exactly. But I took—I take—a very strong interest in him."

"Every one loved Henry who knew him," she said, "but his class have all been graduated and gone away, and he made few friends, because he was so shy. No one comes near him now but me."

"May I come sometimes?"

"You may come if you wish to visit Henry. But don't bring any more of those expensive flowers. I suppose it is selfish in me, but I can't bear to have any of his friends do more for him than I can."

"I won't bring any more, of course, if it troubles you, and I thank you very much for letting me come. Good morning, Miss Pinckney." He bowed and walked away.

Putnam availed himself discreetly of the permission given. He came occasionally of an afternoon, and sat for an hour at a time. Usually she said little. Her silence appeared to proceed not from reserve, but from dejection. Sometimes she spoke of her brother. Putnam learned that he had been her only near relative. Their parents had died in her childhood, and she had come North with her brother when he entered the medical school. From something that she once said Putnam inferred that her brother had owned an annuity which died with him, and that she had been left with little or nothing. They had few acquaintances in the North, almost none in the city. An aunt in the South had offered her a home, and she was going there in the fall. She looked forward with dread to the time of her departure.

One day the two were sitting, as usual, in silence or speaking but rarely. It was a day in the very core of summer, and the life of Nature was at its flood. The shadows of the trees rested so heavy and motionless on the grass that they appeared to sink into it and weigh it down like palpable substances.

"I feel, said Putnam, suddenly, "as though I should live for ever."

"Did you ever doubt it," she asked.

"Oh, I mean here—*ici bas*—in the body. I can't conceive of death or of a spiritual existence on such a day as this."

"There is nothing here to live for," she said wearily. Presently she added, "This hot glare makes me sick; I wish those men would stop hammering on the bridge. I wish I could die and get away into the dark."

"I hope," he began anxiously, "that you are not feeling sick; you spoke just now of being oppressed by the heat. Excuse me for staying so long."

"Oh no," she answered, "I'm not sick. I reckon I need a little rest. Good evening."

Putnam lingered after she was gone. He found his way to his old bench under the cedars and sat there for a while. He had not occupied this seat since his first meeting with Miss Pinckney in the summer-house, and the initials which he had whittled on its edge impressed him as belonging to some bygone stage of his history. This was the first time that she had questioned him about himself. His sympathy had won her confidence, but she had treated him hitherto in an impersonal way, as something tributary to her brother's memory, like the tombstone or the flowers on his grave. The suspicion that he was seeking her for own sake had not, so far as Putnam could discover, ever entered her thoughts.

But in the course of their next few interviews there came a change in her behavior. The simplicity and unconsciousness of her sorrow had become complicated with some other feeling. He caught her looking at him narrowly once or twice, and when he looked hard at her there was visible in her manner a soft agitation—something which in a girl of more sanguine complexion might have been interpreted as a blush. She sometimes suffered herself to be enaxed a little way into talking of things remote from the subject of her sorrow. Occasionally she questioned Putnam shyly about himself, and he needed but slight encouragement to wax confidential. She listened quietly to his experiences, and even smiled now and then at something that he said. His heart beat high with triumph; he fancied that he was leading her slowly up out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But the upward path was a steep one. She had many sudden relapses and changes of mood. Putnam divined that she felt her grief loosening its tight hold on her and slipping away, and that she clung to it as a consecrated thing with a morbid fear of losing it altogether. There were days when her demeanor betokened a passionate self-reproach, as though she accused herself secretly of wronging her brother and profaning his tomb in allowing more cheerful thoughts to blunt the edge of her bereavement. He remarked also that her eyes were often red from weeping. There sometimes mingled with her remorse a plain resentment toward himself. At such times she would hardly speak to him, and the slightest gayety or even cheerfulness on his part was received as downright heartlessness. He made a practice, therefore, of withdrawing at once whenever he found her in this frame of mind.

One day they had been sitting long together. She had appeared unusually content, but had spoken little. The struggle in her heart had perhaps worn itself out for the present, and she had yielded to the warm current of life and hope which was bearing her back into the sunshine.

Putnam stopped talking abruptly, but presently said, "You have not asked me for your fuchsias."

She stood still and held out her hand for them.

"I thought you might be meaning to let me keep them," said Putnam. His heart beat fast and his voice trembled as he continued: "Perhaps you thought that what I said a while ago was said in a joke, but I mean it in real earnest."

"Mean what?" she asked, faintly.

"Don't you know what I mean?" he said, coming nearer and taking her hand. "Shall I tell you, darling?"

"Oh, please don't! Oh, I think I know. Not here—not now. Give me the flowers," she said, disengaging her hand, "and I will put them on Henry's grave."

He handed them to her and said, "I won't go on now if it troubles you; but tell me first—I am going away to-morrow, and shan't be back till October—shall I find you here then, and may I speak then?"

"I shall be here till winter."

"And may I speak then?"

"Yes."

"And will you listen?"

"Yes."

"Then I can wait."

They moved on again along the cemetery-walks. Putnam felt an exultation that he could not suppress. In spite of her language, her face and the tone of her voice had betrayed her. He knew that she cared for him.

On the morrow he was to start for the mountains. He visited the cemetery in the morning, but Miss Pinckney was not there. He did not know her address, nor could the gatekeeper inform him; and in the afternoon he set out on his journey with many misgivings.

It was early October when Putnam returned to the city. He went at once to the cemetery, but on reaching the grave his heart sank at the sight of a bunch of withered flowers which must have lain many days upon the mound. The blossoms were black and the stalks brittle and dry. "Can she have changed her mind and gone South already?" he asked himself.

There was a new sexton in the gatehouse, who could tell him nothing about her. He wandered through the grounds, looking for the old woman with the watering-pot, but the season had grown cold, and she had probably ceased her gardening operations for the year. He continued his walk beyond the marshes. The woods had grown rusty and the sandy pastures outside the city were ringing with the incessant creak of grasshoppers, which rose in clouds under his feet as he brushed through the thin grass. The blue-curl and the life-everlasting distilled their pungent aroma in the autumn sunshine.

Soon after arriving at the hills he had written to Miss Pinckney a long letter of explanations and avowals, but he did know the number of her lodgings, or, oddly enough, even her Christian name, and the letter had been returned to him unopened. The next month was one of the unhappiest in Putnam's life. On returning to the city, thoroughly restored in health, he had opened an office, but found it impossible to devote himself quietly to the duties of his profession. He visited the cemetery at all hours, but without success. He took to wandering about in remote quarters and back streets of the town, and eyed sharply every female figure that passed him in the twilight, especially if it walked quickly or wore a veil. He slept little at night, and grew restless and irritable. He had never confided his experience even to his mother: it seemed to him something apart.

One afternoon toward the middle of November he was returning homeward weary and dejected from a walk in the suburbs. His way led across an uninclosed outskirt of the town which served as a common to the poor people of the neighborhood. It was traversed by a score of footpaths, and frequented by goats, and by ducks that dabbled in the puddles of rain-water collected in the hollows. Halfway across this open tract stood what had formerly been an old-fashioned country house, now converted into a soap-boiling establishment. Around this was a clump of old pine trees, the remnant of a grove which had once flourished in the sandy soil. There was something in the desolation of the place that flattered Putnam's mood, and he stopped to take it in. The air was dusk, but embers of an angry sunset burned low in the west. A cold wind made a sound in the pine-tops like the beating of surf on a distant shore. A flock of little winter birds flew suddenly up from the ground into one of the trees, like a flight of gray leaves whirled up by a gust. As Putnam turned to look at them he saw, against the strip of sunset along the horizon, the slim figure of a girl walking rapidly toward the opposite side of the common. His heart gave a great leap, and he started after her on a run. At a corner of the open ground the figure vanished, nor could Putnam decide into which of two or three small streets she had turned. He ran down one and up another, but met no one except a few laborers coming home from work, and finally gave up the quest. But this momentary glimpse produced in him a new excitement. He felt sure that he had not been mistaken; he knew the swift, graceful step, the slight form bending in the wind. He fancied that he had even recognized the poise and shape of the little head. He imagined, too, that he had not been unobserved, and that she had some reason for avoiding him. For a week or more he haunted the vicinity of the common, but without result. December was already drawing to an end when he received the following note:

DEAR MR. PUTNAM: You must forgive me for running away from you the other evening: I am right—am I not?—in supposing that you saw and recognized me. It was rude in me not to wait, but I had not courage to talk with any one just then. Perhaps I should have seen you before at the cemetery—if you still walk there—but I have been sick and have not been there for a long time. I was only out for the first time when I saw you last Friday. My aunt has sent for me, and I am going South in a few days. I shall leave directions to have this posted to you as soon as I am gone.

I promised to be here when you came back, and I write this to thank you for your kind interest in me and to explain why I go away without seeing you again. I think that I know what you wanted to ask me that day that we went to the green-house, and perhaps under happier circumstances I could have given you the answer which you wished. But I have seen so much sorrow, and am of such a gloomy disposition, that I am not fit for cheerful society, and I know you would regret your choice.

I shall think very often and very gratefully of you, and shall not forget the words on that little German baby's grave-stone. Good-by.

IMOGEN PINCKNEY.

Putnam felt stunned and benumbed on first reading this letter. Then he read it over mechanically two or three times. The date was a month old, but the postmark showed that it had just been mailed. She must have postponed her departure somewhat after writing it, or the person with whom it had been left had neglected to post it till now. He felt a sudden oppression and need of air, and taking his hat left the house. It was evening, and the first snow of the season lay deep on the ground. Anger and grief divided his heart. "It is too bad! too bad!" he murmured, with tears in his eyes; "she might have given me one chance to speak. She hasn't been fair to me. What's the matter with her, anyhow? She has brooded and brooded till she is downright melancholy-mad;" and then, with a revulsion of feeling, "My poor darling girl! Here she has been, sick and alone, sitting day after day in that cursed graveyard. I ought never to have gone to the mountains; I ought to have stayed. I might have known how it would turn out. Well, it's all over now, I suppose."

He had taken, half-unconsciously, the direction of the cemetery, and now found himself at the entrance. The gate was locked, but he climbed over the wall and waded through the snow to the spot where he had sat with her so many summer afternoons. The wicker chair was buried out of sight in a drift. A scarcely visible undulation in the white level marked the position of the mound, and the headstone had a snow-cap. The cedars stood black in the dim moonlight, and the icy coating of their boughs rattled like candelabra. He stood a few moments near the railing, and then tore the letter into fragments and threw them on the snow. "There! good-by, good by!" he said, bitterly, as the wind carried them skating away over the crust.

But what was that? The moon cast a shadow of Henry Pinckney's headstone on the snow, but what was that other and similar shadow beyond it? Putnam had been standing edgewise to the slab; he shifted his position now and saw a second stone and a second mound side by side with the first. An awful faintness and trembling seized him as he approached it and bent his head close down to the marble. The jagged shadows of the cedar-branches played across the surface, but by the uncertain light he could read the name "Imogen Pinckney," and below it the inscription, "Wir hoffen auf Wiedersehen."—*Henry A. Beers, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

Novelties in Paper Making.

ONE of the successful novelties into which straw paper is worked up is the cork and corrugated paper. The cork and corrugated paper consists of straw paper or board, on which is placed granulated cork, the cork being fastened to the surface of the strawboard by a heavy sizing. Substitute cork for sand as you look at sand paper, and you will have an idea of the appearance of cork paper. The article is corrugated as desired. It is used largely as a packing for a great variety of bottled merchandise, being substituted for straw. The manufacturers buy their straw paper in from fifty to seventy-five ton lots. Another important use for strawboard has been developed in the past few years in the manufacture of round paper boxes, the peculiarity of which is that the heads or covers are of one piece, instead of consisting of a disc and a rim such as is seen, for instance, in the ordinary pill-box cover. The covers and bottoms, being of the same form, are made by the same machine, and with greater rapidity and accuracy. The body of the box is cut from paper tubes rolled for the purpose, of any desired size; the heads and bottoms are adjusted, and the box is complete.—*Paper World.*

THE champagne vintage of 1874 was one of the finest on record, both in quality and quantity, and the viticulturists of the Marne unhesitatingly pronounced it the vin anglais par excellence. Just such another wine in point of quality is now on the eve of being vintaged on the declivities of the mountain of Rhelms, and on the sunny slope overlooking the River Marne. Unfortunately, however, the yield will be the smallest that has been known for many years past. Such a condition of things seldom presents itself, for in the champagne quality and quantity usually go together.

AN effort is on foot at Washington to procure the assembling there of a world's convention to promote international arbitration, Sept. 3, 1883, the centennial of the acknowledgment of American independence.

Our Young Folks.

SLUMBER-LAND.

[MAMMA AND BABY AT BED-TIME.]

"Come!" she said; "it is sleepy time;
I will sing you such a sweet little rhyme—
Something that you can understand—
About what they do in Slumber-Land."

"No," he said, "I will not be good!
I'm a robber—I live in a great big wood;
It is made of cake-and-candy-trees—
You can go to Slumber-Land, if you please!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Town
Everybody is lying down,
And all the creatures, from man to fish,
Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said.
"I think it is stupid to lie in bed!
I am going to burn the world all down,
And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Street
You often hear music low and sweet,
And sometimes, there, you meet face to face
People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go;
I like a hand-organ best, you know,
With a monkey; and I do not care
To meet strange people anywhere!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-House
The cat forgets how to catch the mouse;
The naughty boys are never there
Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"

"Well, that is a little better," said he,
"But I am going, at once, to sea;
I'm a Captain, I'm not a little boy,
And this is my trumpet—Ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Room
Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom!
The best of them all, the very best,
You may pick if you choose—its name is Rest."

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said;
"But you needn't think I am going to bed!
I'm a robber again—a great big, brave,
Splendid robber—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently;
She smiled, and stooped low down to see,
And what she saw was her little brigand
Traveling far into Slumber-Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown,
Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town,
And she knew that the restless little feet
Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.

—Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.

CAUGHT IN A BRIER-BUSH.

OUT in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a red house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a thick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two little children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mamma was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there, and that morning they finished it. Then Susie's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without once wetting her dainty feet.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless little Susie.

"I know," said Bennie; "let's go up the hill and find where the brook begins. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I ain't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well, let's go then," said Susie, eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they each needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly ahead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

"Haven't we gone much as a mile?" asked Susie at last, winding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.

"No, not more than three-quarters, I guess," said Bennie. "See, there's our chimney down there, and smoke going out. Mother's making pies."

"Oh, then let's hurry!" Susie exclaimed, starting again, and as she pushed her way around a thick briery bush, there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the bubbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birth-place of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susie, make a cup of your hand and drink some water!" said Bennie, bending down to do it himself.

"I can't! I can't! I am caught in the briers!" cried Susie, struggling as she spoke to disentangle herself, but it seemed as if every thorn on the bush reached out to catch at her, and she could not get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susie turned her head, the briers caught her curls so that she could not move any more without her hair being pulled. This was too discouraging, and she began to cry.

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma was here," said Bennie, looking wistfully down at the top of the home chimney below.

"Mamma! mamma!" he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind blew the wrong way and took the shout up hill instead of down. Then he said he would go home and tell her to come.

"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I don't dare be left alone; there might be bears among the trees, or a snake. *Don't* go, Bennie!"

"Well, I won't," said Bennie; "but I wish I had some scissors or a knife. Father ought to *give* me a knife, anyhow; I'm big enough."

Then he sat down by Susie, and they wondered what they should do; would they have to go without dinner and supper? Would they have to stay all night there on the hill?

"Oh, I am *so* tired!" said Susie, moving her head a little, but it hurt so that she began to cry again. The little white kitten rubbed against her and purred, but it could not help her. Yes it *could* help her! A bright idea flashed into Bennie's mind.

"Let's send a note to mamma by kitty!" he exclaimed. "I've got some paper in my pocket and a little stub end of pencil, and I can print!"

Susie stopped crying and watched with great interest while Ben slowly printed down these words on a torn slip of paper:

"DeeR MaMa, We aIR up here Tangild in a BIIIRe Bush. CuM!"

Then he found a piece of string in his pocket, and tied the note around the white kitten's neck. When that was done, he turned her head down the hill towards home, and clapping his hands at her, said in dreadful tones:

"Seat! Seat!"

The frightened kitten darted down the hill, and was quickly out of sight among the bushes.

"*Now* mamma'll come!" said Susie, with a sigh of relief. But Bennie had, thought of something else.

"I'm going to send a letter in a boat now," he said, and again he slowly pinned on another ragged slip—

"DeeR MaMa, We aIR up heRe TangILd in a lIttlRe. CuM."

This he fastened to a piece of birch bark, and launched it down the little tumbling stream, which carried it swiftly out of sight.

"Now she'll come pretty soon," he said, sitting down in perfect faith to wait.

Their mamma baked her bread that morning, and then she baked pies and made cookies and got her dinner over before she had time to think much about the children. Then she stepped to the door to see how they were getting along, and called them, but there was no answer.

The wind blew in her face and the white kitten rubbed against her feet.

"Where are the children, kitty?" she asked, looking down, and then she spied the note tied around the white furry neck. She took it off and read the blurred words:

"DeeR MaMa, We aIR up heRe TangILd in a BIIIRe Bush. CuM?"

She caught her sun-bonnet off the nail and started, but hardly knew which way to go. They were up the hill, of course, but she might miss them. As she stood irresolute, right in sight down the brook came the little birch-bark raft, with a piece of paper pinned to it which was too wet to read, but it told her all she wanted to know, for now it was plain that they had gone along by the brook.

So she started swiftly up the hill, pushing the bushes aside, with the little white kitten running before her, and as it was not nearly a mile nor even a quarter, that the little ones had gone, she soon reached the spot where Susie stood wearily in the grasp of the brier bush, and Ben sat patiently waiting at her side.

Was there ever a tangle that a mamma could not set right? Gently and skillfully she freed first the curls, and then the little dress, and then with her light-hearted girl and boy followed the stream back again, just in time to meet papa as he came to dinner.—*Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.*

Corn-Stalk Cattle.

LAST winter my health gave out, and the doctor said I must go South. What a mourning there was among our little boys at the thought of losing Aunt Kate and her "beautiful stories!"

Just before the train started, little Jamie begged to be held up to the car window to give me a good-by kiss. Poor little fellow! his eyes streamed with tears, and not even the promise of a pound of candy could console him.

I was not going to Florida, where fashionable invalids spend their winters, but to the home of an old friend of mine on an Alabama plantation. How glad I was to find that she, too, had a little boy! He was not much like the nephews I had left behind, but I soon found him to be a good-hearted, brave little lad.

His mamma and I were sitting one rainy morning with our work before a great wood fire, when Frankie and his bosom companion, Abe, a colored boy, came in with an armful of long, dry corn stalks, a handful of chicken feathers and two kitchen knives.

"Now, Frankie, you are going to make a mess, so get some papers and put them down on the floor," said Frankie's mamma. Abe ran to get the papers, and very soon the two boys were down on their knees, peeling the stalks.

I noticed that the stalks were old and brittle, and that the boys preserved the hull. After watching them for some minutes, I began to make inquiries as to what the stalks were for.

"Dese is fur cattle," said Abe, grinning.

I then asked how they made cattle. Frankie did not seem communicative, so Abe again answered my question.

"Wa'al, we jest cuts 'em. If yer waits a minute I'll show yer."

He cut off a piece of the peeled stalk about four inches long, then split the hull into four pieces about a quarter of an inch wide and two inches long. He stuck two of these pieces near one end of the stalk for hind-legs, and the two others at a quarter of an inch from the other end for front ones. He then cut a piece of the stalk about an inch long for the head, a niche for the mouth, two pins for eyes, and narrow bits of hull for horns; another little strip of hull was stuck first into the head and then into the body to form the neck, a chicken feather put in for the tail, and the job was finished.

"Now, den," said Abe, triumphantly, holding it up, "don't yer see dat's a cow?"

I smiled, but Abe was too good-natured to notice it. This animal I found, with slight variations, was made to represent horses, cows, mules, sheep, dogs and pigs, and even chickens, which, of course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course of the morning Frankie and Abe manufactured a sow with seven little pigs, two cows, a mule and a horse.

It had stopped raining, so the boys asked if I would not like to go out and see their farms. Under a shed in the yard were these two farms, arranged as nearly as possible like Frankie's father's. Barns, stables, wagon-houses and pig-pens were made of bricks on a very small scale, and inhabited by corn-stalk cattle.

A wagon made of a chip tied to two spools was hitched up with two corn-stalk oxen, their feather tails standing up in the air.

I thought my little friends would like this new breed of cattle. They struck me as being much easier to manage than those of Noah's ark, for there is hardly a boy who has not had all manner of trouble in making Father Noah's cows and horses stand up. Gather together some corn stalks this autumn, let them dry, and stock a farm for yourself.—*Florence E. Tyng, in Harper's Young People.*

THE Emory City (British Columbia) *Sentinel* says it is read in every house in that town; but there are only two houses, and one of these is the office of the *Sentinel* newspaper.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY NOV. 13, 1880.

The electoral vote stands: Garfield, 214; Hancock, 155.

Garfield's majority in the Northern States is 520,000. Hancock did not get the Union soldier vote.

Mr. Urner has been elected by a majority of 800. To this majority Frederick county contributed 694, Washington 260, Allegany 262 and Garrett 86, while Montgomery gave 502 majority for his opponent, Mr. Schley.

Nearly every prominent Republican newspaper in the United States has said a good word for Gen. Hancock, and assured him that his unfortunate political adventure will not be allowed to tarnish the lustre of his military career.

The New Orleans *Times* is another of the Southern journals that calmly accept the result. It philosophically says: "After all, more than forty millions of people live in this republic in tolerable safety and comfort. Notwithstanding the collapse predicted by the stump orator there will be no collapse. Things may be less agreeable than was hoped, but the defeated must console themselves as best they may with the reflection that the disagreeable to them is the agreeable to the majority—and with the hope that, next time, the situation may be reversed."

The completion of the census returns will impose upon Congress the duty of reapportioning the represen tation in the lower house. If the census is far complete as to render this practicable, it may come up before Congress at its approaching session; if not, it will devolve upon the Forty-sventh Congress. The estimate is that the number of representatives in the house will be increased from 293 to 368. The gain, of course, will be chiefly in the Western States, Texas being the only Southern State that will gain materially. On the other hand, some of the eastern Southern States will lose. In any event, the gain in the Western and Northwestern states will be so prepondering as to leave the solid South shorn of its capacity for evil.

Look out for a speedy split in the Solid South. There is a large portion of the Democrats there who have been chafing under the rule of the Bourbons for years, and they will be heard from now. The Bourbons led the South into secession against the will of a majority of the Southern people, and they led the South into solidity against its will by promising that what was lost in war would be regained under Hancock. The result is defeat a second time. The people of the South will see that their only hope for a voice in the government of the Union is to give up as lost all the issues of the war, and start out side by side with the North by accepting the past as forever dead.

The Republican Victory.

The following address is issued by the Republican National Committee:

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, No. 241 Fifth ave.
NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1880.

The Republican National Committee presents to the country a resume of the sweeping victory won by our party on Tuesday, November 2, which has been so cheerfully accepted by all thoughtful and patriotic men and by the great business and commercial interests of the nation.

Garfield and Arthur have received 213 electoral votes and will be inaugurated President and Vice-President March 4, 1881. The actual result in New Jersey, California and Nevada is so close that it cannot be ascertained until the official count is made, but we have reason to believe that at least one and perhaps two of these States have given their electoral votes to our candidates.

The popular majority for Garfield and Arthur will not fall short of 520,000 in the Northern States. The majority for Gen. Hancock in the Northern States will hardly reach 1,000.

If the Republicans of the South had been permitted to vote as they wished, and to have "their votes counted as they were cast," at least six of these States would have recorded majorities ranging from five to forty thousand for our ticket. The majorities, therefore, claimed by our adversaries in most of the Southern States we regard as unworthy of consideration.

We have carried the Legislature of every Northern State except Nevada, where a straight-out Democrat will be elected to succeed Mr. Sharon. After the 4th of March next the United States Senate will stand 35 Republicans, 37 Democrats, and 2 Independents. Two Southern States given the Democrats in the above estimate are yet to elect Senators, and it is not unlikely that we shall secure one of them.

In the lower House of Congress we have not less than 15 majority. No officer of the present Congress can reduce or imperil this majority except by a revolutionary act.

Garfield and Arthur have been elected by unparalleled popular majorities in that portion of the country where the right of every citizen is recognized to vote as he pleases and have his ballot honestly counted. This result in the intelligent and free North is a chaste and loud answer to the indecent manner in which our adversaries have waged the whole of their campaign. Republicans may be assured that no after-thought of two or three mortified and desperate leaders of the minority, writhing under their party censure, will be allowed to trifle with this mighty verdict or prevent the organization of the government on the appointed day by the resolute men chosen to administer it.

L. W. DORSEY, Secretary.

The Vote of Garrett County--Official.

The following is the official vote by districts of Garrett county.

DISTRICTS.	Pres't		Cong's.	
	Garfield	Hancock	Urner	Schley
No. 1.—Altamont	162	155	155	161
No. 2.—Selbysport	132	96	129	98
No. 3.—Grantsville	220	220	224	220
No. 4.—Bloomington	110	125	130	104
No. 5.—Accident	21	130	125	128
No. 6.—Sang Run	100	45	98	48
No. 7.—Oakland	203	200	198	205
No. 8.—Ryans Glade	122	74	120	76
No. 9.—Frostburg	32	69	29	72
Total	1210	1124	1208	1122
Majorities	86		86	

Sener, Greenback candidate for Congress received 60 votes, divided as follows: District No. 1, 7; No. 3, 2; No. 4, 51 votes. Weaver for President received 7 votes in No. 1, and 50 in No. 4. Total 57 votes.

We give the following official votes of the counties of the Sixth District, by which it will be seen that Mr. Urner's majority is 800:

	URNER, R.	SCHLEY, D.
Allegany	3,329	3,067
Frederick	5,842	5,154
Garrett	1,208	1,122
Montgomery	2,504	3,006
Washington	4,180	3,929
Total	17,138	16,338
Urner's majority	800	

Gen. Grant on the Result,

From an interview, Nov. 4th.

"What one thing more than another led to this great success."

"Well, in the first place, we had a right to win. We had earned it. We had earned it by what we had done in the past for the country, and what a party has done is a good earnest of what it can and will do in the future. Then the people of the country were getting scared. They say the Democratic success meant domination by the South, and they did not care to be dominated and controlled by the party opposed to a free ballot and a fair count. If the South had once obtained a firm hold on the government they would have ruined the country, and nothing short of a revolution would have rescued it from their hands again."

"You have yourself worked hard in this campaign?"

"I have done more talking than I ever did before in my life."

"It is somewhat out of your usual course to take an active part in politics?"

"Yes, it is not my way to go into politics, but I felt earnest and solicitous about the result. I saw the danger the country was drifting into, so I thought I had better take a hand in it."

"I believe you said real danger, General?"

"I did, or I would not have gone into the campaign. It is the first time I ever had anything to do with political campaign matters and I never made a campaign speech before. This is my first political campaign."

"And will it be your last?"

"Very likely, but I don't pledge myself to that, mind. If anything extraordinary was to happen or any serious difficulty presented itself the party would, of course, have my services."

Garfield.

That which two months ago was viewed by all Democrats, and by a great many Republicans, as impossible, has happened. General Garfield is elected President of the United States by a majority decisive beyond the possibility of visiting statesmen returning boards and electoral commissions. The result is to place at the head of our Government the ablest man, in all respects, put there for many years; a man combining intellectual stamina equal to that of Lincoln, with culture and acquirements equal to those of the younger Adams—since whom Garfield is the first President who could be termed a scholar. It is not worth while to speculate upon the causes that have produced this result. Most of them are too plain to every thinking man to require even recapitulation. One thing only we recur to, and that is our advice, so often tendered to, and so little heeded by, the Democratic managers; namely, to quit flinging mud at the candidate, and begin a fire of solid shot against the party. Doubtless even Barnum himself, dull as he is, begins to comprehend that when a party embraces the brains, the pretensions and the pride that are embraced in the Republican party, nominates a man for the Presidency, its adherents are not going to be deterred from voting for him by assault upon his personal integrity or roorback letters—one false and the others forged!

We could not vote for Garfield because we abhorred his political doctrines. But on personal grounds alone we should certainly have voted for him, because he is not only one of the best fellows in the world, but has been our friend, lo! these many years; and we came within an ace of voting for him simply because the Democratic committee, which was Samrandallism incarnated for the nonce in Barnum, said he was a thief, when we knew he wasn't; and after a while the thing got monotonous and excited our resentment. If such was the effect upon us, who never had the slightest sympathy with the Republican party, what must it have been upon men who looked up to this abused, maligned man as their chosen standard-bearer and honored leader? It would be worth the while of the Democratic managers to ponder this inquiry—even now.

The great lesson for Democrats, eke ye, all politicians and "managers," to learn from all this, is that when a party nominates a man for President it takes him with his record. If he has ever been accused the party, by its act of nomination, declares one of two things: Either that it does not believe the accusation, or, believing, endorses the thing of which he is accused. In either case the record of the candidate becomes the record of the party, in its corporate capacity, and thenceforward every attack upon the personal integrity of the candidate becomes an affront to each individual member of the party that nominated him. We were led into these observations by a remark of our contemporary, the *Post*, the day after election. The *Post* said it would have felt better over the result if it could have believed that the President-elect was an honest man!

Well, to this the most natural reply would be that that was simply a matter of opinion, and whatever doubts might harrow the mind of the *Post*, there were people enough believing Garfield an honest man to choose 219 electorals out of 369. In this case and to this extent the majority were right, and the *Post*, strange as it may seem, was wrong. Garfield is an honest man. He is an exceedingly able man. He is, as men go in these times, an exceptionally good man. And if he developes nerve and courage equal to a tenth part of his honesty, ability and good nature, he will make one of the best, greatest and wisest of our Presidents.

We know him pretty well; better probably than most of those who supported him do, and it is upon the point of nerve and courage alone that we have the slightest misgiving for his future. Of course we do not refer to what is called physical nerve and courage; he has enough of that. But we mean that sort of nerve which enables a President to hew always to the line of his own honest discernment between the worthy and the unworthy among his own following; that sort of courage which enables a President to say No, with a big N, whenever the good of the country requires it, though all personal prediction and all party fellowship should counsel yes.

* * * * * * * *

Our judgment is that he will develop the requisite nerve and courage to make, in conjunction with his other endowments, one of the best of Administrations for the whole country, though probably at the expense of disappointing now and then a too sanguine politician. At all events we venture to predict that he will be in the White House the same modest, kindly, genial man that he has been ever since he left the college through which he had worked his way, to enter upon the career in which he has also risen to such exaltation by his own toil and self-denial.—*Washington Capital, Ind. Dem.*

If any Democrats in the country expects to gain anything by the cry of fraud that has been raised in New York, he had better dispel the illusion as soon as possible. General Hancock, one of the best and purest men that ever lived, has been defeated, and General Garfield, if he lives, will certainly be inaugurated President of the United States on the fourth of March next. This is the verdict of the people, and, without stopping now to inquire how that verdict was obtained, let us bow to the will of the majority and indulge in no hope that that will, as expressed at the ballot-box, will be set aside. Having fought a good fight and been defeated, we accept the situation without repining, and propose to turn our attention to the future instead of wasting our strength in unmanly regrets over the past. If the Democratic party was right in its last great contest for Liberty and Law, it is equally so now in the midst of disaster and defeat.—*Balto. Gazette, Dem.*

Hancock Declines a Contest.

The New York *Times* of Monday says: It is stated on most reliable authority that Gen. Hancock on yesterday addressed a letter to Chairman Barnum in which he said that he had been consulted by several committees with reference to a proposed revision of the vote cast on last Tuesday, with a view to contesting the election in New York State in his interest. He had also seen the same course commended in certain Democratic newspapers. He wished to say that the movement did not meet his approval, as it appeared to be based upon unprovable assertions and inadequate grounds; and, further, because the movement, so far as it concerned him personally, was open to the insuperable objection that, under no circumstances, would he consent to be a technical President. Mr. Barnum left town for Connecticut early this afternoon, and the letter could not be obtained, but a gentleman who has just returned from Governor's Island says no doubt the letter is in his possession and that the above summary gives its purport correctly.

The recent change in the political situation in Tennessee for the better is thus commented upon in a New York dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

"The election of a Republican Governor in Tennessee, though by a plurality vote, follows hard on the planting of emigrant colonies in that State, and Tennessee will get what is called "the bulge" in the way of settlers and development, which Kentucky might have had if her Governor had made her braggarts take the pistols off their hips. Tennessee bonds went up from 4 to 5 per cent to-day. Tennessee is admirably situated as a basis of colonization, extending across the South from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi river, and with numerous railroads and rivers crossing the State into the South. The lines of colonization and settlement will follow the line of the armies, as peace and war have essentially the same strategy. The Indian war trails are the routes of the railroads, and the river valleys of Tennessee are the lines of advance of education, toleration and institutions toward the gulf. Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow will not be without honor in the future of that State, and the entering wedge in the South will go in between Nashville and Chattanooga, and the new era be established on the northern plateau of Alabama and Georgia. Almost all Northern men who have gone into the South like the climate, but are lonesome for congenial society, and with the present temper of the Northern money market, with more money than there is room for, the development of the South may become a field of speculation in the very first year of Garfield's Presidency.

To Our Southern Friends.

The frank and prompt acceptance by the South of its own defeat and its cordial recognition of Mr. Garfield as the future President augurs well for it. Some of the Southern papers already begin to show, rather by their general tone than by decided expressions, that they are ready to lay well to heart the teachings of their recent reverse. It is already obvious that they see the "solid South" is the cause of their rout, and that their alliance with the old Bourbon and old Copperhead party of the North will cause their defeat hereafter in any contest in which they seek such an alliance. There are even indications that they look upon Garfield's election as a possible blessing to the South. Such, we have no doubt, it will prove to be; and, if they act wisely and prudently, they may make it still more a blessing. It is with this view that we call their attention to a few plain facts.

It was clearly shown in the election just closed that the Republican party does not need a single Southern electoral vote to elect its candidates. The fears that the incoming administration will "station United States troops at the polls to control Southern votes," are idle. No such measure is needed: the Republican party is stronger with the South solid against it than it would be with a platoon of soldiers at every voting precinct south of the Potomac. There is no danger that Garfield's administration will "dragoon" the South; for the solid North is stronger than an army with banners; and the North will remain solid so long as the South remains so—not as a measure of attack, but merely to preserve and defend at the ballot-box the sacred principles that it poured out its blood and treasure to maintain. All that the Democrats need do, therefore, in order to keep the Republicans indefinitely in power, is to maintain the solid South.

The "solid South" is thus the very banner and watchword of defeat. Apart from all questions of principle and policy, this is a fact; and a fact it will remain. What should the South do about it? The answer is simple. If the North fears and suspects the solid South, and thus confronts it with a victorious North, those fears and suspicions must be removed. The North must cease to find in the attitude of the South a standing menace to the principles that were carried successfully through the war. How can those fears and suspicions be removed? By planting free thought, free discussion, free vote, and fair count absolutely above suspicion within their borders. The states themselves must do this. The shotgun clubs and red shirt clubs, whose trade is the intimidation of voters, and whose mission it is to prevent the assembling of Republican and colored political meetings, must not only disappear, but some of the ringleaders should be brought to trial and receive justice at the hands of the courts and juries of the Southern States. The silly papers that still prate about "the lost cause" should die for want of patronage, and be rebuked and repudiated by the more sensible journals. In short, the tone and temper of the South should cease to be hostile to the North, and to those voters who are in sympathy with the majorities at the North.

The last election has been, in effect a square fight between the North and the South; the lines were drawn just as they were twenty years ago, and the result has been like that at Appomattox. Let the South remember that the magnanimity of the North never appeared grander than in the terms accorded to the conquered. Equal magnanimity awaits them now. When the South ceased to aim hostile guns at the North, no longer were hostile guns pointed at her; when it ceases to aim hostile ballots at the principles established then, no longer will political antagonism be directed against her. The solid North will never be broken up by defiance or sullen resistance of by old Bourbon adherence to the "lost cause." Against these it will be as solid as ice; but it will thaw under the genial breath of a hearty and genuine political and social fraternity and friendship.—*Baltimore American.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9, 1880.

It is generally believed here that the meeting of Democratic leaders to be held in New York will not amount to much. Of course many revolutionary threats will be made and much bluster will be indulged in, but further than this no steps will be taken to unsettle the country by attempted fraud. Every sensible man knows Garfield is honestly elected and Hancock fairly defeated. No one will stop to consider the cause, in judging the effect. Business men feel secure and will discountenance any movement injurious to their interest. The Democratic leaders must adopt some other method to draw from themselves the storm of disapproval now setting in. The *role* of revolutionist is rather a distasteful one. The most sensible thing Mr. Barnum can do is to write his political epitaph and get under it as quick as possible.

It is rumored that Senator Blaine will be offered the position of Secretary of State, but will decline it and probably name the occupant of that office.

It is understood that Gen. Garfield will not again take his seat as a member of the House of Representatives, but will in a day or two resign both the Congressional and Senatorial offices. It is expected that the candidate elected to succeed him in the 47th Congress will also be elected to serve out his unexpired term in the 46th. It only requires ten days notice to elect a successor, and in the Western Reserve of Ohio there is no doubt of the result in a political sense.

Many of the speeches delivered on the Republican side during the campaign just closed are worthy of preservation. Such efforts as those of Blaine, Conkling, Sherman, Evarts and Ingersoll will repay a second perusal. If the Democratic National Committee has any fund on hand they couldn't put it to a better use than in distributing a few copies of these speeches.

The inauguration of President Garfield promises to exceed in display any inauguration yet seen in Washington. Owing to the prevailing prosperity of the country doubtless the city will have to entertain more than the usual number of inaugural visitors. People travel when they are prosperous. The outlook is that the approaching winter will be an unusually gay one socially, and that the hotels and boarding houses will be crowded. Various military and civic organization throughout the country have already arranged to take part in the inaugural procession. General Negley, alone, promises to have 1,000 veteran soldiers from Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, in line.

The most serious question which must be settled by the present Congress is the manner in which the electoral vote is to be counted. Not serious because there is liable to be any dispute over Garfield's election, but because it involves the question of fixing a precedent for the future.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CRY OF FRAUD.

[Special dispatch to the Wash. Star.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—While up to this time the very suggestion of going behind the New York returns and declaring this State for Hancock has been classed among the parts of machinery of letting the Democracy down easy it has been discovered that the Democrats are very serious about the matter and are working to that end with a vigor unknown during the canvass.

The Republicans have done nothing, believing up to this time, as Gen. Hancock is utterly opposed to any scheme of the kind, and says so, nothing would come of the talk; but now they propose to be ready to demand that the same class of investigation shall proceed under their auspices in certain Southern States and here also to prove Democratic frauds. Three or four Democratic Senators have already been heard from. Senator Davis, of West Virginia, says he will not be a party to it, but will oppose any attempt to open the affair, and the others say they will not think of giving it countenance. A nervous feeling obtains here, and nothing but some public declarations from enough Democratic Congressmen to settle the matter now will avert the unsteadiness in business that is threatening to happen, and last till the votes are counted in January.

THE NEXT U. S. SENATE.

WASHINGTON, November 6.—As to the Senate, the organization is in doubt. It will be composed of thirty-seven Democrats, thirty-seven Republicans, and Mahone and David Davis. They will hold absolutely the balance of power. Davis will undoubtedly act with the Democrats, it will be a tie, with Arthur to give the casting vote. In this connection, the question is raised whether the Vice President can cast the deciding vote in case the organization of the Senate is affected thereby. Democrats hold he cannot, because he is not a member of the Senate. On the other hand, it is maintained by the Republicans that according to the Democratic view the Senate could be thrown into a perpetual deadlock. If the Senate should be a tie by the votes of Mahone and Davis, and the question of organization pending, there will be a row over the problem whether Arthur can control the organization by reason of his vote. The Senate officials are all extravagantly paid, and patronage to the amount o over a quarter of a million dollars is involved. The House patronage is about the same.

Public Sale of Valuable Property.

The undersigned will sell, at her residence on the old Riley farm, near the Ryan's Glade Church, without reserve, the following property, the sale to be on Tuesday, the 16th day of November, to commence at nine o'clock A. M: One milch cow, one spring calf, one cooking stove, one fanning mill, one corner cupboard, two tables, three bedsteads and bedding, one spinning jenny, one flax wheel, one 8 gallon copper kettle, one churn, one pair of steelyards, dishes, pots, tea-kettle, skillets, one load of hay or thereabouts, and other things too tedious to mention.

Terms of sale.—All claims under five dollars will be cash; over five dollars a credit of six months will be given; notes taken with security.

MARGARET RILEY.

The mud battery on the corner worked well, but it didn't win.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas is building an addition to his residence.

—The Band of Hope will meet on Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

—Mr. A. G. Dayton, of Philippi, W. Va., paid a flying visit to Oakland this week.

—Mr. Rowan White informs us that he took from one "hill" of potatoes a few days ago, 10½ lbs., or near a peck.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Mr. Lawson L. Loar, who has been in Kansas for the last few months, returned to Oakland this week.

—The Garrett Literary Society will meet in Legge's Hall Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. It is hoped that all old members will be present.

—William Casteel, Esq., moved to Oakland last week, and took possession of the property lately purchased by him, known as the Browning House.

—Nine stacks of hay, on the Weber farm, a short distance east of Oakland, were burned on Tuesday last. They were started by a spark from an engine.

—Heiskell & Co. will pay the highest cash price for furs, skins, wheat, rye, oats, corn, buckwheat, and all good country produce. See advertisement.

—William Chisholm, of this county, has brought to this market within the past two weeks four sheep which netted respectively 103, 109, 114 and 137 pounds. There is profit in raising such sheep.

—The entire amount of the Cumberland five per cent. refunding loan —$110,000—and the water works improvement bonds—$18,000—was taken at 100½ by the Second and Third National Banks of that city, the former purchasing $88,000 and the latter $40,000.

Carp for Oakland.

The first installment of carp, forty in number, for this county, was received Wednesday evening by Dr. J. Lee McComas, from Mr. Ferguson, State Fish Commissioner. The Doctor placed the young fish in what is known as the "Dead Pond," in Oakland, where he thinks they will thrive and multiply.

Jubilee at Cumberland.

There was a Republican demonstration in Cumberland Monday night in honor of the recent victories. There was a torchlight parade and a general illumination of the buildings, and some very handsome displays. A salute was fired from a cannon. The affair was enthusiastic, and the illuminations and decorations were the finest ever seen there.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 9:

J. M. Friend and wife to Orton M. Hatfield, part of a tract of land called "Grime's Point," 20 acres and 2 roods; $82.

Jacob Shatzer and wife to Wm. Hutzell, part of a tract of land called "Rich Hill," 200 acres; $210.

Conrad Sperline and wife to Mary Hartman, piece of land containing 4 acres and 129 perches; $5.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garret County was convened on Tuesday, 9th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

David Hileman, administrator of Geo. W. Hileman, dec'd, filed inventory of personal property and list of debts.

W. H. Barnard, administrator of John G. Barnard, dec'd, filed inventory of personal property.

Order of sale granted to David Hileman, administrator of Geo. W. Hileman, dec'd, for sale of personal property of said deceased.

Order of sale granted to W. H. Barnard, administrator of John G. Barnard, dec'd, for sale of personal property of said deceased.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, November 23d.

Death of Capt. Roger Perry.

Capt. Roger Perry, a retired naval officer, died at his residence, opposite Cumberland, in West Virginia, between 7 and 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He was taken ill Friday night last, and had grown rapidly worse, all hope of his recovery having been abandoned some days since.

The deceased was born January 14, 1824, and was consequently nearly 67 years old. He entered the navy for instruction in 1836, and after receiving the education given in those days to naval cadets, became a midshipman and was placed on board a vessel. He remained in the service until the opening of the war, having risen, by that time, to the rank of captain. During this period he made frequent cruises and had been to all portions of the habitable globe.

Soon after the opening of the war he was sent by the government to Cairo, Illinois, charged with the special duty of superintending the construction of gunboats for use on the Mississippi river, under Commodore Foote. He attended faithfully to his duty and while so engaged was seized with a violent intermittent fever, with which he was ill for six weeks. During this period his brother, Dr. G. C. Perry, of this city, and Capt. Perry's wife, since deceased, were in attendance upon him. When he became convalescent he returned to Cumberland to regain his health. After some further brief service he was, about the year 1862, placed on the retired list. Capt. Perry had many acquaintances here and there were many inquiries after his condition during his illness. He leaves a daughter and two sons, all of whom were with him at the time of his death. He has four brothers, William Perry, of Romney, who was with him when he died, Dr. G. C. Perry and Marcus Perry, of Cumberland, and Robert M. Perry, of Garrett county.—*Cumb. News, Nov.* 6.

For The Republican.

The Dying Prayer of the Democratic Party.

O thou dear Uncle Sam, how are the Republicans increased that trouble me; have mercy on me for I am weak; my soul is sore vexed, I am weary with my groaning; mine eye is consumed with grief. I make my bed to swim with tears because of their mighty power in the land. I have done all in the power of corruption and rottenness to stay the tide that is breaking over me. Canst thou not put a hook in the nose of this monster Republican party, whose 329 scales is its pride, whose flakes of flesh are joined together firm in themselves and cannot be moved. O, the heart of this mighty Republican party is as firm as stone, as hard even as a nether millstone; upon earth there is not its like. It cannot be sundered; every man may see it and behold it afar off, for it is full of wisdom in its inward parts and giveth the heart understanding. I cry, but none giveth answer in this my great extremity, because I have oppressed and forsaken the poor and now my increase departeth from me and my goods flow away in this day of wrath that visiteth me; it breaketh me with breach upon breach and runneth upon me like a giant. It compelleth me to go the way whence I shall not return. I pour out my gall upon the ground and spit my venom upon this Republican party, but it returneth to plague me and curse me. Mine iniquity, sins and transgressions are known unto it, it seeth and knoweth me as a rotten thing, and knoweth me as a garment that is moth eaten. It raiseth itself up, this mighty Republican party, and by reason of breakings hath purged itself of all that was corrupt, and its corruptible things I received with outstretched arms and rejoiced because they added much to the numerical strength of my party. I have received into my ranks such mighty men as Ben Butler, Dan Sickles, Franz Sigle, J. W. Forney, and a host of lesser lights. I have made myself strong with Barnum's Mules, English's Barrel and John Kelley's shoulder hitters. I made myself strong with a Solid South supported by the K. K. K., Midnight Marauders, Red Shirt Riders and a Shut Gun policy; I made myself strong in every section of this mighty *Confederacy* by maintaining the doctrine of States' rights, by advancing, advocating and endorsing any and every policy that my righteous policy would allow, that could add strength to the mighty hosts of Democracy all over the land. I even resorted to personal abuse, forgery, libel and in fact, to every species of corruption, I cared not how degrading. In the meaner of the meanest, in the lower of the lowest, I freely indulged to accomplish my ends and purpose. I led a mighty host of my people through all the slum, slime, filth and stench of my corruption and past rotten record until they were bespattered and smirched with my foulness. Many whom I felt and believed were kindly disposed toward me and intended to join my ranks I sought, but when they saw my formidable corps of forgers, libelers, ballot box stuffers, bulldozers, repeaters, prosperity wreckers, free traders and advocates of cheap labor, they were amazed and wonderingly inquired, even shouted to my captains, "How could I so presume on their ignorance," though many of them had been stigmatized as Northern mud sills and Lincoln's hirelings?

I was paralyzed, and deep down in the secret recess of my heart breathed curses against this system of Free Schools which has such a strong hold on the hearts of the people, so much so indeed, that it hath instructed the young voters how to vote intelligently, exposed my unjust claims for their suffrages and driven them to this great Republican party that stalketh itself everywhere over this great country I sought so persistently to destroy. I cursed this nefarious Republican policy of protective tariff, which discriminates in favor of American labor, the right of free speech, free ballot, full vote and fair count, the liberty of the press, and I swore by myself in the pride of my heart that as soon as I came into power I would destroy the first, tear down the second and throttle the latter. My curses were loud and deep; and behold this mighty army I so confidently expected to join me in battle with this terrible Republican party deceived me, and many others deserted my ranks purified themselves, repenting in sackcloth and ashes joined the mighty army of Republicans which became invincible, and esteemed iron as but straw and brass as but rotten wood; they came down upon me, they put my warriors who were armed with "terbacker," "New Orleans Segars," "Vermount Red Rye Whiskey" and stamps to flight, routed me horse foot and dragoons; scooped me generally. O this mighty party in its onward march to glory and glorious achievements, which it will accomplish for the people who have again intrusted it with power, regardless of my threats and protestations, maketh its path to shine before it and after it. O why am I thus cast off, why hast thou scattered us, why hast thou become so displeased with us. I confess that my fingers have been defiled with iniquity, my lips have spoken lies and my tongue muttered perverseness; that I put on righteousness as a breastplate, an helmet put I on my head and branded it salvation, while beneath my cloak of zeal, my clothing was garments of vengeance. But thou knowest that among my sons there were none to guide me aright, neither are there any left to take me by the hand and lead me, for they have fainted and lie at the head of the streets as a wild bull in a net. These two things have now come upon me; "Desolation and destruction," and no one comfereth me, and all who pass by clap their hands at me saying, this is the victory we call, "the perfection of beauty the joy of the Nation." O thou precious old Uncle, dear brother Jonathan, sweet sister Columbia have compassion upon me, for thou knowest that I tried hard to convince the people that the Republican party were but the offscouring and refuse in our midst; there all our enemies opened their mouth's against me, fear and snare came upon me, desolation and destruction followed and now "mine eye trickeleth down and ceased not without any intermission" and "mine eye afflicteth my heart," because of my captivity. But thou knowest that I was faithful in every endeavor to get hold of they purse-strings and handle the cash; that my lieutenants were zealous, that among my captains they reposed much confidence in the strength of a trusty lieutenant's beard; that I trusted in the patronage of my power. Thou knowest that I had great compassion on the people; that I offered them tickets to the circus; that my lieutenants traveled through the land and gave them tobacco and whiskey. Thou knowest also that even one of those vampires of Republican creation opened its ponderous iron jaws and gave me much of its gains wherewith to tempt Republicans from their party, that I might bury Urner and Schley—ly get into power and control even the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland. That was denied me. I pleaded for Garrett county, but what has been the result? Thou knowest that I begged, plead, even tore my hair in my ravings for Oakland District, but thou hast witnessed the result. Yearly this unconquerable host, those minions who have allied themselves with this party of progression, have steadily but surely shorn me of my strength and to day they are conquerers.

On the day and hour of my discontent. The harvest is passed the summer's fiasco is ended, and I am discovered in corruption. I digged a pit for my enemy, but his eagle of triumph doth most everlasting pluck me, and shaketh my crumbling bones into it. O thou enemy of destruction, thou hast rebuked me, thou hast destroyed my strong holds; thou hast, oh thou terrible army with banners of rejoicing, thou great Republican party, thou hast laid me low; thou hast destroyed me, thou hast brought me to a perpetual end. I waste in death; there will be no more remembrance of me. Amen.

And an ungrateful republic responds. So mote it be. Amen.

Armour's Pork Corner.

Some weeks ago the *News* published an account of the great Armour Chicago pork corner and told how this Western firm had succeeded in gaining control of the market for hog products throughout this country and in the European centres. It is now said that the profits from this gigantic speculation in the festive porker have aggregated $7,000,000. The history of the operation goes back, it is said, to the summer of 1879, when "Phil" Armour and his Milwaukee partner, John Plankington, went to Europe, with the intention of cornering the pork market of the World. They bought in the two months they were abroad, some 60,000,000 pounds of ribs at 4½ cents a pound and under, and 150,000 barrels of pork at an average of $8 per barrel. Their profits on this deal amounted to some $2,000,000. Pork advanced to $14 per barrel, and they continued to buy. Then the tignres fell to $9.25 per barrel, and their losses wiped out the $2,000,000 and $1,000,000 more. "Phil" and his syndicate did not lack nerve, and were abundantly supplied with money. They went in again for a corner, beginning purchases in April. Of actual stock they obtained possession of 225,000 barrels of mess pork in Chicago, and over 100,000 barrels in other cities, Baltimore included. In addition, they secured options for 1,250,000 barrels. The cost to the syndicate was from $9.50 to $10.50 per barrel, or an average of $10. With the utmost care the affair was manipulated. When the shorts became frightened, and began to run pieces up too rapidly, 500,000 barrels of the Armour stuff were thrown on the market, and the too sudden advance was checked. The deluded shorts thought the bottom was out and went in once more. Then the net was drawn in, and the result is a profit of $7,000,000; or in other words, the $3,000,000 lost was gained back, and a net profit of $4,000,000 stands to the credit of the boldest and most persistent speculation in provisions ever attempted in the world.

Peace to its Ashes.

At the Hartford, Ct., Republican Jollification meeting, after the election, Mark Twain delivered the following eloquent funeral oration;

There are occasions which are so solemn, so weighted with the deep concerns of life, that then even the licensed jester must lay aside his cap and bells and remember that he is a man and mortal; that even his light butterfly career of folly has its serious seasons, and he cannot flee them or ignore them. Such a time, my friends, is this, for we are in the near presence of one who is a passenger from this life, one whom we have known long and well, but shall know no more forever. About the couch of him who lies stricken are gathered those who hold him dear, and who await the oncoming of a great sorrow. His breathing is faint and grows fainter; his voice is become a whisper; his pulses scarcely record the languishing ebb and flow of the wasted current of his life; his lips are pallid, and the froth of dissolution gathers upon them; his face is drawn; his cheeks are sunken; the roses are gone from them, and ashes are in their place; his form is still; his feet are ice; his eyes are vacant; beaded sweat is on his brow; he picks at the coverlet with unconscious fingers; he "babbles o' green fields"; death's rattle is in his throat; his time is at hand. Every breeze that comes to us out of the distances, near and far, and from every segment of the wide horizon, is heavy with a voice of mourning for sorrow accomplished, and the burden of the mourning is, "The aged and stricken Democratic party is dying," and the burden of the lament will be, "The mighty is fallen; the Democratic party is dead." And who is he that is dying and will presently be dead? A foot-sore political wanderer, a hoary political tramp, an itinerant poor actor, familiar with many disguises, a butcher of many parts. In the North he played "Protection" and "Hard Money." In the West he played "Protection," "Free Trade," "Hard Money" and "Soft Money," changing his disguises and parts according to the exigencies of the occasion. In the South he played "Tariff for Revenue"; in the North and West he played "The Apostle of Freedom." In the South he played "The Assassin of Freedom," and mouthed the sacred shibboleths of liberty with cruel and bloody lips. His latest and final appearance on the nation's stage, was in the new piece entitled "Forgery, a Farce," in which he was assisted by the whole strength of the company. It was a poor piece. It was indifferently played; so it failed, and he was hissed and abused by the audience. But he lies low now, and blame and praise are to him alike. The charitable will spare the one; the judicious will reserve the other. O, friends! this is not a time for jests and levity, but a time for bended forms and uncovered heads, for we stand in the near presence of majestic death; a momentous and memorable death; a grisly and awful death. For it is a death from which there is no resurrection. Heaven bless us, one and all! Heaven temper the blow to the afflicted family. Heaven grant them a change of heart and a better life!

The Hancock boom went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. Just after his nomination there was a great show of enthusiasm but it did not take this long to subside and towards the end of the campaign a cloud hung over the Democracy which has not yet been removed.

Mr. Urner's Victory.

[Special to The American.]

FREDERICK, November 6.—Hon. Milton G. Urner returned from a brief visit to Baltimore last night, much refreshed by a day or two of rest from the fatigue of his campaign. He has received the congratulations of his numerous friends, both by letter and in person. The Republicans of the county are delighted over their splendid local success on Tuesday, as well as at the general triumph of the party throughout the nation. The result in the congressional district is universally considered a more decisive victory over the Democracy than was the election of 1878, when Mr. Urner ran against Mr. Peter, of Montgomery county; for although his majority was 1,731 then, it was obtained largely on account of Mr. Peter's great unpopularity in Frederick City, owing to his persistent support of the "Belt bill," by which the taxable limits of the city were greatly reduced, as well as in many other localities where his offensive action had in some way or other excited the people against him. Besides these things, Mr. Peter was recognized as a "ring" candidate, and did not receive the hearty support of the friends of Mr. Prettyman, also of Montgomery county, who was another aspirant for congressional honors, an opponent of the "ring," and who represented more nearly the real sentiment of the people.

In this campaign, however, the fight was a fair and square one between party and party and man and man. The Democracy have never been better organized, more united nor in better trim than in this campaign; nor have they ever fought harder to secure the success of their candidate, as the vote brought out will show, their protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. There was no reason why a true Democrat who acted upon principle should not support Colonel Schley. It is true, he was charged with being a "ring" candidate; but, then, his affiliation with the "ring" was no more notorious than was that of the other gentlemen who were spoken of in connection with the nomination before the convention which nominated him met at Hagerstown. In short, he was as strong a man as was named for the position—at least, so far as Frederick county was concerned; and the Frederick county Democrats fully appreciated this, and worked and planned accordingly.

At the election of 1878 many prominent Democrats worked hard and openly against Mr. Peter; this time they put forth their efforts in support of Colonel Schley. In 1878, a large number of the dissatisfied not only cut Mr. Peter's name from their tickets, but substituted the name of Mr. Urner; this time, the few who were dissatisfied were content when the name of Colonel Schley was erased. In a word, Mr. Urner received the support of no Democratic voter in Frederick county excepting that given on the ground of personal friendship; and when it is noticed that he received a vote greater by nearly fifteen hundred in this county alone, and that he led the national ticket by 208 when it received a majority of from 125 to 150 greater than the average majority of the county ticket a year ago, it will be acknowledged that his strength as a candidate has made a large and healthy increase.

A Revolt and its Result.

The reductions of the Democratic majorities in Maryland have been unpredicted. That a man apparently so popular with the Democrats as General Hancock should receive a majority of only 15,175 votes, when Tilden, in 1876, received a majority of 19,800, and Hamilton, in 1879, a majority of 22,000, would seem to be inexplicable, were it not known that there is a revolt among the rank and file against Democratic ring rulership in the State. As heretofore shown, the Democratic majority has been reduced thirty-three per cent. The increase on the Democratic vote of four years ago is only about nine hundred, and the Republicans have increased their vote over five thousand; or, in other words, the Democratic increase was one per cent., while the Republican increase is eight per cent. Over last year's vote the Democratic increase is 1,100 (one and one-third per cent.), and the Republican increase is 8,500, or thirteen and a half per cent. The unpopularity of the ring is demonstrated when it is shown that the Democratic majorities by congressional districts in this State amount to only 10,500—a reduction of 4,600 from General Hancock's majority, and of 12,000 from the Democratic majority of last year—a reduction of more than 50 per cent! The managers claim that they cannot account for these reductions, but they ought to know that Democrats have grown tired of attempts to force upon them unacceptable nominations. In every district, with possibly one exception, the ring—disregarding the people's wishes—nominated men whom they could manage and control, and who would be ready to do their bidding, that being the primary and main reason for their selection. No one doubts that, if this had not been a Presidential election, some of these nominees would have been politically slaughtered. Some of the managers have already raised the cry of "treason" against those who had the moral courage to aid in the reduction of the majorities of some of the nominees. But it will frighten no one. There are those who believe that the power of the managers is on the wane, and that other men will soon be elected as leaders. Governor Hamilton, Senator Whyte and others propose taking an active part in the next year's contests, and, of course, their work and influence will be arrayed on the side of the opposition to the managers. The majority of the counties in the State are ready to send to the General Assembly men opposed to the ring.

Assets of a Bankrupt Concern.

A receiver in bankruptcy has been appointed for the Democratic party. In making up his inventory he finds the estate to consist chiefly of the following sorry army of assets:

Item.—One "Solid South," very much battered, and a large part of the stuffin' kicked out of it.

Item.—One "Tariff for Revenue Only," very rotten; will have to be handled with care. Covered by a mortgage to British manufactures for more than its full value.

Item.—One "Beltzhoover," a cut from the rump of a Pennsylvania calf, well roasted with *Tribune* sauce. [This item is already in a state of decomposition, and purchaser will be required to remove it from premises immediately.]

Item.—One "Wade Hampton Speech," delivered at Staunton, Va., with patent insides intended for exclusive use in the South. Copious analytical notes, together with a careful digest of insides and outsides, by the *Tribune*, accompany this item.

Item.—A large lot, in assorted sizes, (including many unbroken cases) of "329s." Made of mud. Some of the most highly educated Democrats in the party will explain when and where to use these beautiful symbols.

Item.—Seven (7) "mules," (cost $250,000); branded on the cheek with the letter "B," ears and tails cropped close. These mules got away recently and are roaming around loose somewhere in Indiana. Will be sold at buyer's risk of recovery and heels.

Item.—Nine (9) "Rebel Flags," warranted genuine; served through the rebellion and are peculiarly dear and sacred to the Democratic heart. Unions down at present.

Item.—One "Bar'l"—head busted in, contents gone, hoops demoralized and staves dejected. Chiefly valuable as *Memora Bil.*

Item.—An indefinite number of "Floppers." To be sold on foot, at large, at buyer's risk. No warranty of title. A bad lot.

Item.—One patent double back-acting Major General and Presidential letter-writer, warranted to write anything and everything at sight. Particularly good at writing the doom of the Democratic party. Diseased with a "local issue." Is expected to get well.

To any fresh party wishing to go into the business of office hunting for the sake of the spoils four years hence this property offers extraordinary inducements, and will be closed out at an immense sacrifice, as its present owners are about to retire permanently.—*Exchange.*

A Democratic paper remarks that "had the election taken place six weeks after the nomination of Hancock, there would have been no doubt of his election, and had it been six weeks later than it was, he would probably have been elected." What a mighty fortunate thing it was for the Republican party that the election came just when it did!

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

ROAD PETITION.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett County:

GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned petitioners respectfully pray your Honors to appoint viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the opening of a public road, beginning near the Factory, on the Oakland and Deer Park road, through the lands of Nathan Casteel to the division line between Mrs. Kilbourn and Geo. W. Legge and to follow said line to the division line between Mrs. Hall and Ralph Thayer, and with said line to Intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's; and in duty, &c.

G. W. LEGGE,
RALPH THAYER,
E. A. KILBOURN.

11 13 5

Estate of George W. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. HILEMAN,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of October, 1880.

DAVID HILEMAN,
Administrator.

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Parents and Children.

THERE are few parents who fully comprehend the amount of influence their example and spirit exert over their children. The intuitions of childhood are wonderful, and parents rarely understand their power and influence in the formation of character, which often begins in a child long before the parent in the least degree expects it. The babe in its mother's arms is more or less affected by the disposition and temper of its parent and older members of the family, and as it grows older the moral tone and actual practical life manifested in the household, affect it very much more than any amount of instruction or imparted precept. The first manifestation of reason in infancy is shown in the child's attempts to imitate what it sees done in its presence; and so the moral example that is set before children, and the spirit and temper that parents partake of, are naturally imitated by them, and they take their strongest impressions, and are very much more influenced by what occurs in their presence than any amount of instruction or warning directly imparted to themselves by word of mouth. If a little prattler is taught to be gentle, loving and kind, and then sees its parents quarrelsome, proud, self-willed, and selfish, the child very naturally feels that the instruction is of little account, and so soon manifests the same characteristics that are prominent in one or both of its parents. Children are great critics, and quick to note the weakness of their elders, and readily observe any failure on the part of a parent to practice what the child is taught to do and say. And so I desire to call the attention of thoughtless and indiscreet parents and instructors to the importance of looking to their conversation, tempers, and doings generally, when in the presence of childhood, so that no evil influence is unconsciously exerted by them upon a young immortal soul.

If parents or older brothers and sisters have differences and contentions let them restrain themselves until childhood is absent. If a mother or father has an unkind word to say of neighbors, or an adverse criticism to make upon their dress, manner of living, business, or any other remark not entirely Christ-like, let them at least wait until the children are beyond hearing. It is natural and right for a child to look up to and imitate its parent, and the Fifth Commandment indicates clearly the importance as well as the reward of honoring parents.

A parent who is fond of his child naturally watches its development of mind and character with great interest and delight, but he should see to it that he is not making the child vain and proud-spirited by calling the frequent attention of friends to its attainments and personal attractions when it is present. When the little one is to be commended, let the parent see to it that vanity and pride are not being engendered or fostered; and so beauty of form or feature should never be alluded to by the parent in the child's presence, and its attainments should be praised or rather commended generally in secret, that is, with itself alone. But when the parent makes adverse comparisons in speaking of neighbors and their children, when those spoken of are absent, and then when in their presence commends the same persons who were abused when absent, what a tendency it creates to make a child deceitful and given to undue flattery, slander or abuse! Parents who are anxious to have their children grow up truthful, honest and amiable, little think of what they are doing when prevarication, double-dealing or evil temper is manifested in their own lives and conduct, and frequently under the notice of the child itself!

I have been greatly interested in watching the countenance of a four-year-old little girl, whose mother would frequently reprove it in jest; and the little one could read the mother's countenance, or by intuition readily comprehend whether her mother was in jest or in earnest, when I could see no difference in her countenance, words or manner. Children are much less deceived than their parents often think, and therefore parents should always endeavor to be candid, truthful, consistent and kind in their treatment of children, and in all that they say or do in their presence.

Every little boy thinks it right to do what his papa does, and every little girl is anxious to dress like and do just as mamma does; and so parents' characteristics and ways of looking at both the present and the future life are generally reproduced in the lives of their children. I have noticed this fact in politics and in religion. The son's tendencies are to look at his father's religious belief as the only true method of salvation, and to his father's political party as the only honest and true one, and rarely can he see any virtue or goodness in any thing that his father opposes; but, when it comes to habits and appetites, I notice that, no matter how much the father opposes the use of tobacco by his son, (and I have seen but rarely a father who wanted his son to imitate his use of tobacco), their example nearly always proves stronger than precept, and the son does as he sees the father do, and not as his father advises and teaches. A mother who lives an artificial life—whose idea is to dress and make a show of her personal beauty and dress—is generally reproduced in the lives and conduct of her daughters. Let us remember that example is more powerful than precept, and that what we do influences our children very much more than what we say.—*Cor. N. Y. Witness.*

A Modern New York House.

THE painful regularity of the brown-stone fronts in the side streets of New York has frequently been commented on. Of late a better style of architecture has become fashionable, and, although several new atrocities are being perpetrated in the upper part of the city, still there is an evident desire for architectural and decorative improvement. West Fifty-seventh Street is a remarkable instance of this tendency, and the architectural style of the houses in that street can not fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. In the front of one house which has been recently finished, carved bricks have been introduced. The style of the house, which is Lombardic, somewhat freely treated, is fashionable in the north of Italy. The basement story, faced with stone, is surmounted by a triangular bay window. The entrance steps are inclosed by a high balustrade, finished at the top with a parapet and stone newels. Here the visitor is charmed by the wide side and upper lights of crystalized glass surrounding the oaken door, which, opening, discloses not a vestibule, but an outer room. A tiled floor of different colored marbles, arranged so as to conform with the constructive features of the walls, meets the eye. In a recess a wide mirror is set back, reaching from the ceiling to the long, low shelves of ash, which, adorned with Japanese vases and umbrella-holders, form a repository for hats and wraps. A door opens in the vestibule staircase, disclosing a mirror at the foot and side of the stairs, which, like all the woodwork in the house, are of ash. The stairs are rectangular, with landings finished to present the appearance of arcaded galleries. The drawing-room is in the Queen Anne style. The ceiling is paneled in ash, with mahogany moldings. The floor is of black walnut, with a border of cherry wood. Turkish rugs cover, but do not hide, the beautiful effect of the dark flooring. Opposite the door is a dainty cabinet of exquisitely carved oak, finished with plate-glass doors and a mirrored back, reflecting the bric-a-brac on its shelves. The mantelpiece is a marvel of light and airy oak carving. The fireplace is finished with tile enameled in turquoise colors. A triangular projection finishes the other end of the drawing-room. In the niche at one side is a statue of Daphne, in the other is a door opening into the staircase.

The library contains on one side of the door a shelved recess filled with old china and rare knick-knacks. A low mantelpiece, in contradistinction to the high one in the drawing-room, is also of carved wood and inclosed with a tiled hearth. Bookcases of finely carved French walnut, with sofas and chairs of the same wood, covered with rich claret colored upholstery, and a Turkish rug, gorgeous in Oriental tints, light up the room, which has a stained glass window opening into the hall, while another of plate glass, in the triangular projection which ends the library, opens into the dining-room. The doors of this house all fit back in their sockets—a great economy of space and a practical exemplification of the eternal fitness of things.

The walls and ceilings of the dining-room, a charming octagonal apartment, are entirely of ash, with the exception of the small space usually occupied by cornices. The room is large—twenty-eight feet by sixteen—another triangular bay window is at one end; the middle compartment contains a radiator, with an ornamental screen of tiles and brass. The panels on two sides of the room are large enough to contain family portraits. Curtains of pongee silk have finely embroidered bands and are attached to a rod fitting in the window socket. Above this, as above all the windows and openings on that floor, are arcaded transom lights. On the side of the room is a high, exquisitely carved buffet of French wood, such as was fashionable during the early Renaissance. The high-back chairs of the same style, covered with imitation tapestry, and a massive sideboard, over which the sun streams in through a stained glass window, are in excellent keeping. The mantelpiece is low, with a mirror reaching to the ceiling. Tiles of English enamel, with a ventilator on one side and a register on the other, finish a hearth whose brass andirons are matched by the brass clock and ornaments above it.

It would be impossible to describe all the salient points of one of the most unique and artistic houses in New York. It is a dwelling where one would not be surprised to see little Penelope Boothby sitting in her quaint, demure style. In this Queen Anne house, so Gothic in its finish that the very chandeliers and side lights are ecclesiastical, one expects the door might open into a private chapel. —*The Hour.*

The Skin.

THE skin is wonderful beyond conception in the multiplicity of its parts, and in its diverse offices and relations. Millions of nerves connect it with the brain. Thousands of arteries bring to it nourishment, and almost as many veins bear away the waste. Millions of ducts empty out the perspiration upon it. Innumerable glands anoint it with a lubricating oil, and countless little scales are constantly thrown from its surface. So intimate and powerful is its connection with the nervous centers, that one kind of emotions instantly blanches it and another kind mantles it with a burning blush—the first contracting its vessels, the other dilating them. The skin has its peculiar diseases, but many of its ailments come from its readiness to help other organs which are diseased or torpid, for it exceeds all others in this "vicarious" power. The skin is double. The outer—epidermis—protects the nerves and vessels of the inner from rude contact with, and from the absorption of, poisonous or harmful substances. To vaccinate, we have to break through the epidermis. So, too, when this is sound, it is safe to handle morbid matter; but to do so with the slightest scratch or chafe is sometimes to incur death in its most frightful form. Warmth applied to the surface dilates the blood-vessels of the skin, and cold contracts them. Hence, a warm bath soothes and refreshes, by drawing the blood to the surface; local fomentations over an inflamed spot will relieve the pain by drawing away the blood. A counter-irritant acts on essentially the same principle. Cold applied to the surface for a brief time contracts the vessels and crowds the blood back, which then returns with accumulated force, producing a healthful glow. If the vitality is low, this reaction does not take place, and the cold only harms. Generally only the purest soap (castile) should be used in washing the hands, as the alkali of most soaps tends to destroy the epidermis. No bathing of the whole body should be protracted beyond a few minutes, else the good effect of it is lost, even if serious harm is not done. Sea-bathing is additionally beneficial from the stimulating effect of its salts.—*Youth's Companion.*

MYRA CLARK GAINES, the great female lawsuitist, celebrated her 73d birthday by having the chicken-pox.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON the occasion of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the capture of Rome, all political offenders were pardoned by the King of Italy.

THE postal savings banks in Italy take in twice as much money as they pay out, the institution being considered safe and convenient by the people.

THE Lord Mayor of London has been entertaining at dinner at his official headquarters, the Mansion House, the entire staff of workpeople—more than three hundred in number—of the firm of printers, of which he is at the head. Of the guests nearly a third were young women in the firm's service.

THE Crown Prince of Austria during the late military maneuvers in Prussia repeatedly expressed to several high officers his admiration of the German army. It was, he said, the first in the world. He added, however, that in the Austrian army ceaseless care and labor had brought about such a change as might well permit it to take a place at the side of the German host.

THE statue of Thiers, with the inscription "First President of the Republic," has been unveiled close to the spot in the small Place Thiers, in Paris, in which he breathed his last. He holds the map of France in his hands, with the word "Belfort" standing out in large gilt letters, indicating the fortress which he successfully expended his every effort to wrest from the victorious German.

M. RUMIANKEFF, the editor of the Russian illustrated journal, *Lootch* (the *Ray*), who died recently, had a strange career. For many years he was a barge-boy on the Volga, and, joining a Caspian caravan bound for Persia one summer, he was captured by the nomads and lived for many years prisoner among them. Being ransomed at length, he returned to Russia with a knowledge of several Oriental languages, and, after educating himself, became a very successful journalist.

LORD HARTINGTON, the Ministerial leader of the House of Commons, is heir to one of the greatest and wealthiest peerages in England, and a statesman almost by inheritance. But he has other interests than those of politics. He is fond of sport, fond of travel, and has generally a large capacity for enjoyment. Yet he is a very hard-working Minister, and has developed unexpected power as a debater and as a practical administrator of his department—the affairs of India.

THE enormous charges of the British pension list are attracting more than usual attention in the House of Commons. It is stated that in less than a century the descendants of Lord St. Vincent and Lord Rodney have received $1,000,000 each. For nearly two hundred years the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg have drawn a nice income from that grateful country. The Dukes of Marlborough enjoy a perpetual pension of $25,000 a year. The Duke of Wellington was given $3,500,000 by Parliament to support the dignity of his dukedom, and a pension of $10,000 a year for two generations. These are among some of the larger grants. The smaller ones are numberless, and many of them the rewards of mere favoritism.

Americans in Europe.

THERE are more reasons than one—in equity, as apart from what is called the balance of trade—why gold should continue to flow from Europe to the United States for some time to come. It is, we believe, a fact susceptible of demonstration that a greater number of Americans have visited Europe in 1880 than during any previous season; and it is perhaps true that these sojourners have proportionately spent more money than any flight of American travelers that has ever preceded them.

It is computed by investigators who have made a close study of the statistics that sixty thousand Americans have landed in England alone this year. It is further estimated that each of these visitors has spent about three thousand dollars, which makes a total of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars for the whole. We do not understand that all this vast sum is supposed to have been disbursed in Great Britain alone; but to have included the aggregate outlay of the travelers during their stay upon the continent of Europe also. The great majority of these persons do their business through London bankers; and the foregoing figures are founded upon what is known of these agents' American transactions.

One hundred and eighty millions of dollars is a prodigious sum to be thus expended, and at first sight the statement looks a decided exaggeration. No doubt there have been hundreds or even thousands of Americans who have been in Europe this year without spending three thousand dollars, or anything like it. But we must remember that the price paid for pictures and other costly articles swells the average. A single painting like the Meissonier for which Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have given forty thousand dollars counts heavily here; and, although this is in its magnitude an exceptional sum, the transaction is but one of a great number that have gone to swell the aggregate of individual outlay.

It is further to be considered that some Americans, whether they buy expensive pictures or not, habitually disburse, when traveling in Europe, very large sums. We hear of one American gentleman traveling through Switzerland by special train—a practice usually confied to royalty; and the correspondent of a contemporary speaks of an American family met by him at Geneva who habitually laid out at the rate of a hundred dollars a day upon hotel bills alone. This does not smack much of republican simplicity, but that of course is not the matter under discussion.

When the expenditure of the army of American travelers in Europe is duly weighed it will appear, as we have said, that the flow of European gold to our shores is not entirely without counterpoise in American gold already distributed in the older continent during the current season. This of course has no direct relation to the commercial adjustment that occasions the exportation of bullion; but it has a certain equitable bearing on the situation which may wisely be kept in mind.—*New York Evening Post.*

Religious.

ABOVE THE STORM.

LAST eve, the thunder-clouds were black,
The crimson lightning cleft the sky.
Before the wind, the gathering rack
Of awful storm rolled by.

The drifted masses heavier grew,
And keener flashed each fiery dart,
Till one, with sudden sword-thrust, threw
The lurid clouds apart.

And thus revealed, serene and far,
Unvexed in its high heaven of peace,
A lamp of God, a shining star,
Whose glory did not cease.

Though 'neath it surged the tempest's wrath,
And poured the rain in angry flood;
No wild commotion reached its path,
Nor jarred its tranquil mood.

O soul perturbed, be like the star,
Dwell grandly in the upper spheres.
Above time's strifes, God's mercies are,
And love's eternal years.

Trust thou the Lord, through manifold
Experience of loss and ill;
These pass away as tales are told,
His grace abideth still.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

BURDETTE TO THE "SMART" YOUNG MAN.

THE following good-natured but somewhat sarcastic article is from the pen of R. J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye:*

In the Boston *Herald* of September 14, I read the following advertisement:

"WANTED.—A chance to work in some well-established business house, either as salesman or accountant, or both, by a young man of thorough business training, who has never preached or prayed in public, neither has been treasurer or superintendent of Sabbath-schools, or betrayed any confidence reposed in him, but who relies for worldly success on the old-fashioned qualities of integrity, intelligence, good health and good nature; will work with muscle and brain for the same compensation given by the city for muscle only; first-class city references. Address 'H. L. C.,' Herald office."

Now, as has been aforetime observed by Mr. Weller, you generally find every advertisement in a paper promptly answered by another card in the next column of the same issue. Where you find the appeal of a man for a situation as salesman, you frequently find beside it the inquiry of a man who is looking for a salesman. If one man has a horse to sell, there is usually some man who wants to buy a horse. And so I looked all over that copy of the Boston *Herald* to see if there wasn't some business house advertising for just that sort of a salesman. I didn't find it. I glanced at other Boston papers, but couldn't see that any house wanted a salesman or accountant whose first recommendation was that he had "never preached or prayed in public." I got hold of a New York paper or two, wondering if the young man would have any better show in the metropolis. But I couldn't see any special chance for him. I could not find that any business house was anxiously looking for an accountant who had never been guilty of the grave offense of preaching or praying where anybody could hear him; I couldn't find that any merchant was especially looking for some young man who had never gone wrong so far as to become "treasurer or superintendent of a Sabbath-school." They didn't seem to hunger after that particular kind of young man.

I looked at the young man's advertisement a long time, and it seemed to me that he was a very young man, indeed. He must be very young, or he would know that to preach and to pray, even boldly, without being ashamed of it, in broad daylight, in the presence of fifty, a hundred, or three thousand people, is not considered, even by business men, as a vicious habit, or an indication of loose morals. I do not know who the young man has been accustomed to hear preach. I do not know what manner of prayer-meetings he has attended, but it is very evident that he has received a very erroneous impression of preaching and praying in their effect and influence upon a business-like character, or upon the mercantile world. I do not know what kind of business the young man is anxious to engage in, if the best recommendation the employe can offer the house is that he has never "preached or prayed in public." Possibly a desk in the general office of the Liberal League, which met recently in Chicago and was so disgustingly godless and nasty that the best infidel in America left it in speechless disgust, may be open to him.

And then the young man brings another proud recommendation to the business house that may be so fortunate as to receive his invaluable service. He can lay his hand on his heart and say, with pride, that he has "never been treasurer or superintendent of a Sabbath-school." This recommendation is rather superfluous, as his first one covers the ground. It is very likely that if the only recommendation he could bring to the Sabbath-school was the fact that he never "preached or prayed," the Sabbath-school would endeavor to get along for a little while without a treasurer or superintendent, until it could find a more liberal candidate, for even the Sabbath-schools and churches are tinctured strongly with liberalism, and set their faces against the bigotry that blindly and stupidly refuses to see any good in sermons and prayers, and will not go where sermons and prayers are made, and does not want to engage in business with people who tolerate preaching and praying. Oh, no, young man, all the "bigotry" in the world isn't found inside the pale of the church, by any means.

Indeed, the young man's statement of his position in regard to the Sabbath-school is only another indication of his exceeding youth. Had he known anything about Sabbath-schools he would have known that the "treasurer" of a Sabbath-school does not have to give bonds, like a county treasurer, to keep him from running away with the money. Ah, no; but he often has to run his generous hand down into his own pocket to buy the papers and books that the hearts of the little people long for.

And then, in consequence of his rigid abstinence from church and Sabbath-school the young man wishes us to infer he has "never betrayed any confidence reposed in him." Well, we don't know yet that anybody reposed any confidence in him. Certainly the church people never did; they never gave him a chance to betray their confidence, because he never preached for them. Nobody ever placed any confidence in his ability in Sunday-school matters, because they never elected him superintendent, and it is sadly apparent, from the young man's own statement, that they wouldn't even trust him with the little handful of pennies and nickels that are gathered up from Sunday to Sunday from the little people. It is a very thin recommendation for a young man, brethren, when he can't even be trusted to handle the scanty fund of an average Sunday-school collection. He doesn't tell us that anybody else ever did repose any confidence in him, he simply says that the Sunday-school people didn't.

And then I couldn't help thinking, as I read the advertisement again and again, how quickly after telling the merchants of Boston that he never preached or prayed nor held office in Sabbath-schools, how quickly he hastened to assert that he had "never betrayed any confidence reposed in him." He seemed to think that it was time he was giving his character a "boost." Ordinarily, when a young man asks for a situation in some "well-established house," it is taken for granted that his character is good and that he "has never betrayed any confidence reposed in him" without setting it forth in the advertisement. It is expected that he can bring good references with him. But this young man, after proudly basing his claims for the situation upon the fact that he never preaches, and doesn't pray in public, and never was a Sunday-school officer, seems to think it necessary to say something really good of himself. He hastens to assure the mercantile world that he is better than they would think, from his foregoing references, that, if he did stay away from church and Sunday-school, he never betrayed any confidence. Perhaps it occurred to him just then that to be a preacher or a Sunday-school superintendent wasn't necessarily to be a rascal. This young man really appears to grow younger every time he speaks.

"But," the young man says, scouring the ministry, the church, the Sunday-school, and even, as his advertisement reads, the fact that he has "never betrayed any confidence reposed in him," scorning all these and setting them aside as worthless aids to worldly success, he relies for worldly success on the old-fashioned qualities of integrity, intelligence, good health and good nature."

And I do hope, for the sake of the young man's worldly success, that his integrity is greater than his intelligence, and that his health is better than his nature. For the sample of intelligence that he lays out for the inspection of business men in his advertisement doesn't show up a very good lot. And the "good nature" exhibited in it is not the best kind of good nature. It is very dyspeptic. That good nature. It is discourteous, sinful, unjust, a little mean, I should say, yes, decidedly mean, and altogether ill-natured. If it isn't unjust and mean and ill-natured to insinuate that saying one's prayers, or preaching, or attending Sunday-school and "holding office" therein disqualifies a young man from holding a situation in a "well-established business house," then I don't know how a man is going to say anything unjust or ill-natured. The young man may have "good health," as he says, but if that advertisement does not run back to the worst kind of dyspepsia, I'm mistaken in my diagnosis. And then, why should he call these "old-fashioned qualities," as if to distinguish them from preaching and praying? Does his old-fashioned "intelligence" consider preaching and praying as something quite new?—a craze of the 19th century?—a modern whim introduced with a new cut of the coat or style of hat? His "intelligence" is, indeed, very old-fashioned; decidedly antiquarian for so young a man. Doesn't he really know that praying is older than history?

Then, in conclusion, he says, he "will work with muscle and brain for the same compensation given by the city for muscle only."

Well, now! a cheap man after all. After all his lofty scorn for preaching and preachers; after all his haughty contempt for prayers in public, after his proud refusal to serve as a Sunday-school Superintendent or the guardian of the infant class collers, after all this, and his manly refusal to "betray any confidence reposed in him," which he seems to consider something very remarkable. After all this, he turns out to be a cheap man, and offers to do twice as much work for just so much pay as the street laborer receives. He will sell goods, pack goods and mark cases, help the porter and assist in the hooks, devoting brain and muscle to his employers, and asks only the pay of the man who can't read, doesn't know how to write, and scrapes the streets under the Commissioner's orders, and carts off the mud to the dumping ground. It is really too bad that such expensive preamble should herald such cheap resolution.

Now, I have preached a longer sermon than I intended, but I felt sorry for the young man when I read his advertisement. It seemed to me that I could read "between the lines" and see how long he had been out of employment, how badly he wanted and perhaps needed work, how he had been disappointed here and there, and how, at last, he joined the forlorn hope of that great army of unemployed men in our great cities, and after all personal applications and the assistance of friends had failed, he had resorted to the column headed "situations wanted"—and out West we can't realize the helpless pathos in that column of the great dailies—and there he had poured out his disappointment and bitterness in his advertisement. And it was the wrong way for him to go at it. In the worldliest kind of a sense it was wrong; it was poor policy; it was bad judgment, and it wasn't good morals, to kick at the church and strike at the Sunday-school just because he wanted a situation. The church and the Sunday-school didn't stand between him and work. I venture to say there are more Christian merchants in Boston than atheists. I know there are more "Employment Bureaus" under the management of the Y. M. C. A. than are sustained by the National Liberal League. And I know the Y. M. C. A. will do what it can to assist him or any other applicant to get work in cities where a hundred applicants stand ready to spring at the first vacancy. And I was sorry to see the young man slapping his friends in that unprovoked and very provoking way. I don't like to see this tendency in the boys to mail the church. That young man knows, as every young man knows, that preachers, with rare exceptions, are good, honest men. They might be better? Yes, son, and so might you. I am sure I wish you were, both of you. And nobody says amen to this wish more heartily than the preacher. I don't suppose that even the young man who wrote and published in the Boston *Herald* the text for this sermon of mine is any better than he need be, or is really any too good for this world. And he knows, and you know, and we all know, that society and the mercantile world does not look with suspicion and aversion upon Sunday-school superintendents. They are not bad men. You can't run a man out of town, or put him in jail or hang him, for being a Sunday-school superintendent. They used to do such things. People used to hate Sunday-school superintendents just as cordially as this young man appears to, and they would hang them or burn them, as was most convenient. But bless your simple soul, young man, the same people would have burned or hanged the editor of the Boston *Herald* for having the type and presses to print your little advertisement, in the same spirit, and just as quickly, as they would sacrifice the superintendent. And we know, too, that the treasurer of the Sunday-school isn't invariably and by nature a defaulter. If he ever does default, poor man, in the majority of instances he will have to borrow money of himself to default with. And now I am through, and if my sermon has given the young man's "ad" a wider range and helped him to a good place, I am glad of it. I hope he has found a steady situation, with less work and more pay than he seemed to think his qualifications call for. And I do hope, the next time he advertises for a situation, that he won't crowd all the sins of this poor faulty old world into a square and a half and chuck them off onto the church. The next time, give the Democrats a dig; hit the Republicans a kick; give the Greenbackers fits; strike Colonel Ingersoll, he can stand it; but for mercy's sake don't try to crowd all the rascality and villainy and heartlessness and badness in the world upon the church. It isn't fair; it isn't true; it isn't sensible, it's awfully foolish; and it isn't honest. You don't believe these sweeping insinuations yourself when you make them.

An Engineer's Concealment of His Ignorance.

"EVERY effort is made," said a railroad officer in a recent conversation, "to procure trustworthy, faithful employes, but all kinds of deceptions are gotten up to throw us off. I have one case in mind. There is a rule on the road for which I labor which compels not only the conductor, but the engineer, to sign the receipt of all train orders. When my Superintendent took charge he insisted upon having that rule adhered, and in that way he ascertained that there was one engineer in the employ of the company who could neither read nor write, and he had been running an engine for fifteen years. Had an accident occurred to his train, in which accident persons were injured and in consequence of such injuries an investigation had been ordered, and the fact of that engineer's ignorance been established, we could not have saved ourselves in a suit for heavy damages, and besides that would have been lined heavily for allowing such a state of things.

"His cunning came into play. He was a married man, and his wife was once a school teacher, and through her efforts he was able to commit to memory the rules as printed on the time cards, and he had them so thoroughly fixed in his mind that he could point them out on the card, but he was just as liable to do so with the card bottom side up as in any shape. He was a good engineer, but we were obliged to let him go. He went home very much chagrined, but went to work to learn to both read and write. He spent one whole winter at it, but he was too far along in years to be successful, and finally was obliged to give it up, and to-day he is firing on the road."

ANNA DICKINSON tells the Boston *Herald* that she will soon return to the platform with a lecture on Danton, and may also read from an original tragedy called "Aurelian." Of her new play, "An American Girl," she says: "I have not seen it performed yet, and have avoided reading the criticisms. Miss Davenport wanted a tragedy at first, and then a lugubrious emotional piece. I tried to convince her that she wanted nothing of the kind, but it was not until July had arrived, and I had already written a large part of a Russian play to fill the bill, that I succeeded in getting her consent to do a comedy. Then I began the 'American Girl.'" Miss Dickinson is said to get $50 for each performance of the play, besides $1,500 cash down, and at the end of the season it reverts to her. There is a clause in the contract forbidding the alteration or omission of any of the language without the writer's permission.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
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WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

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NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

CHOIRS WILL REMEMBER OUR NEW AMERICAN ANTHEM BOOK ($1.25), by JOHNSON, TENNEY and AMBY; an excellent collection of easy anthems. Also one thousand or more of separate Anthems, Glees, &c., costing about 5 to 10 cents each. A great convenience for occasional singing.

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** Organists need "Harmonic School" for the Organ, ($3), by Clarke; also, "Clarke's Short Voluntaries," ($1.50); "Ballete's 50 Pieces," ($2.50); or "Organist's Relinace," by Thayer, 10 Nos., each, $1.25; complete, $6.

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** Welcome Chorus for High Schools. $1.

** Song Bells for Common Schools. 50 cts.

Any book mailed for the Retail price mentioned above. Liberal reduction for quantities.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

THE DAIRY.

MILK will keep sweeter for a longer time in glass than in metal or wooden vessels.

A VERMONT farmer states that when he feeds meal to his cows, seventeen pounds of milk make a pound of butter and when no meal is fed, from twenty-three to twenty-six pounds are required.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Dairyman* says: Milk possessing an extremely strong and offensive odor of the cow is sometimes found. I have known of two cases, both in deep red cows, not seemingly dependent on the food with which they were supplied. The tainted milk of the cheese factory is probably in many cases to be ascribed to imperfect formation, or the presence of colostrum, which has a tendency to putrefy rather than ferment. All milk has a more or less strong animal odor when fresh, but it usually disappears on standing, or can be expelled by aeration.

AS TO "cow jockey's," the unsophisticated would be surprised to know how many highly-considered, reputable farmers are engaged in that sort of thing. A wealthy citizen of New York once attempted to impose upon me thus, with a cow recommended by him as a great milker. I bought of him for a friend. The cow when sent me, I ascertained afterward, had not been milked for forty-eight hours. I was a little too sharp for him and did not hesitate to tell him of the trick and make him take the cow back. He turned red and stammered when I told him, and laid all the blame to the superintendent of his beautiful country seat; but one of the laborers afterward told me the cow was thus sent to me at the city by the owner's express order. How shameful for a rich, or indeed any man, to make the poor beast suffer thus, and endeavor to cheat a customer in such a small, mean way. But this is human nature—too often, I am sorry to say.—*Sandalia, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Suggestions About Dairying.

PASTURAGE alone has an immense influence over the butter. Any manuring that serves to promote a rank, succulent growth, which, while it may increase the quantity of milk, contains a large per cent. of water, is not beneficial for the making of butter, reducing at the same time the strength and flesh of the cows in the herd.

Since it has been asserted that the Jersey cow is the one that yields the most in quantity, quality and color of butter, the food that is best relished by her must be supplied. Grass and hay are the staples. These grow with little labor in the cultivation. Sowed corn, or corn-fodder, either dry or green, helps fill in. The first may be given with great benefit when the pastures have become reduced in yield. Winter dairying is more profitable than summer, but attended with more care and labor. A crop of roots, either beets or carrots, should be raised for winter use. Turnips are not good unless fed at a proper time; that is, just after milking. The odor then passes off without affecting the milk, and the quantity is increased, but not the quality. Cleanliness throughout in every department is important. The milk gives the flavor, color and texture to the butter. The milk pail should be perfectly clean. No slovenly person should be allowed to do the milking; neither should the care and cleansing of the implements be entrusted to such a person. There must be bright, smart, clean hands in every department. The udder of the cow, if dirty, should be washed with a sponge and clean water before milking, in order to avoid that peculiar "barnyardy" flavor which always hangs about some people's butter. This is no fault of the cow, but of the keeper, in allowing her to lie down in filthy places thoroughly impregnated with it. In milking, the fine dust scatters into the pail, and forms a sediment that settles into the bottom of the vessels, in which the milk is set. This is too frequently the result of laziness. After once mixed with the milk no strainer will separate it.

The flavoring of milk and butter is very fine and delicate, and is influenced by surroundings, consequently these must be looked to. A filthy stable is worse than a barnyard, and in these two places most of the milk is drawn from the cows. There are many methods of setting the milk, and every one has a way of his own, whether it be correct or not. That mode which produces the greatest amount of butter from the given quantity of milk, and with the least expense of time, is the cheapest and easiest. The temperature of the atmosphere is one important item, and this may be controlled in a measure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

White Cheese.

THE reports speak of a considerable increase in the make of white cheese this season. There are certain markets where uncolored cheese is called for at higher figures than colored cheese brings, and that has caused an increased make of it this year. But those who prefer white cheese are more critical and require it to be without fault when they are ready to pay the highest price. Yet the class that prefers this cheese is limited in number, so that the market is easily overstocked. That appears to be the case this season, and that has placed it at a disadvantage. If this class of buyers become supplied it is difficult to sell it for a good price on the general market. London and Manchester, England, take more of this white cheese than all the other markets. It is only safe, as a general thing, to make that class of goods that everybody buys. The great body of buyers prefer yellow butter and cheese, and where nature has not properly colored them the artificial color must be applied to obtain the best prices. This year the market appears to be overstocked.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—It is said that the ice product of Maine this year will amount to more than 1,200,000 tons and will bring an income equal to the shipbuilding industries of the State.

—Steamboats are to invade the lagoons of the Adriatic at Venice and the gondola will soon be a thing of the past.

—A New York firm has been making a baby's outfit worth $3,000.

HOME AND FARM.

THE thorough housekeeper suns and treats her straw tick to washings and refillings twice or thrice a season.

BEETS endure little frost, turnips improve with a little, carrots stand a good deal of it, and parsnips, salsify and artichokes may be left out all winter with advantage.

CRACKERS that are not fresh can be made to appear so by putting them into a hot oven for a short time. Watch them carefully, as a minute too long will serve to brown and spoil them.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Small silver-skinned onions; remove outside skin so that each one is white and clean, put them into brine that will float an egg for three days; bring vinegar to a boiling point, add a little mace and whole red peppers, and pour hot over the onions well drained from the brine.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread-crumbs, half-pint of flour, teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted in flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk, one egg; tied tightly in a bag and boiled three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

BEFORE the buckwheat season fairly begins, fresh gingerbread is nice with coffee for breakfast; it is convenient to make it sometimes when you haven't bread enough for breakfast and dinner both. A simple way of making it is to take one teacupful of molasses, four tablespoonfuls of hot butter or lard, stir in as much flour as you can, then put a teaspoonful of saleratus, a heaping one of ginger, into a teacup and fill the cup almost full of boiling water; beat this into the dough a little at a time.

FEEDING POULTRY.—Is it not a little strange, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, why we see so many people feed soft food to the poultry on the ground, where they step in it and scratch it, and thus waste a large part of it? Some drop it on boards, but much is wasted even then. I have found that a trough to put the food in is much the best, but it should have slats nailed on all around it, far enough apart for hens to put their heads between to get at the food, and with a cover on top it is protected from all foul matter.

A FIRST-RATE PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping-pan, skin side up (after seeds are removed), in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be easily scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add one-quarter pound of butter while hot; when cool, sweeten to taste; one pint of milk or cream (if cream be used, three eggs are sufficient; if milk, four will be better), beat them separately, stir in yelks, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, a wine-glass of wine or brandy; lastly, add the whites of the eggs, stirring but little after they are added to the mixture; bake in a quick oven.

TO PREPARE FIRST-CLASS SAUSAGE MEAT.—We have used the following for many years, and know of none better or so good: To fifteen pounds of the lean of fresh pork add five pounds of the fat. Having removed the sinews, skin and gristle, chop both the lean and fat as fine as possible and mix well together. Rub to a powder sufficient sage leaves to make four ounces; mix the sage with two ounces of fine salt, one ounce of black pepper, and a quarter ounce of cayenne; add this to the chopped meat and mix thoroughly. Either stuff the sausage-skins at once, or pack the meat closely in stone jars, keep in a cold place and cover securely. When this is wanted for use, make some of it into small flat cakes, dredge with flour and fry well. They can be fried in their own fat.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Breaking Colts.

THIS subject, says T. F. Kinsel in the Ohio *Farmer*, is of great importance, not only to farmers, but to all who own or drive horses. A colt improperly trained to harness may, by bad conduct, endanger the life of the driver at any time. I have trained a good many colts to drive double and single, and to bridle. To get a good, true, trusty team, I would rather have two of the same age and train them together, first to double and then to single harness. I would never try to handle a colt without using "the cord" to teach him that he can be handled at will. The idea of trying to break a colt by main strength has long since been exploded, and has been the cause of upsetting the man's temper and teaching the colt a lesson he never ought to learn, viz., that he is stronger than his master. If a man keeps his temper and knows what he wants the colt to do, and patiently teaches him, I have the first one to see that ever refused to do the work called for when he understood the order or command. A horse has more sense than he is generally credited with, and when treated with good judgment in the first handling rarely turns out vicious. They ought to be handled with harness on before they are hitched up, and the work ought to be thoroughly and patiently done. Farmers have too little time and expect entirely too much of a young colt when first hitched up. I know a party in Kentucky who sells scores of colts yearly, and he stated to me that he was in the habit of training all his weanlings to walk about in a little light sulky, and that they never forget it. By patience, a well-bred horse can be taught anything that belongs to his business, but not by force or cruelty. You may whip and drive the dunghill horse, but with hotter blood a different course is necessary. It is strange, too, how poorly trained farmer's horses are, when it would pay so well to have them handy, safe, trusty and prompt when in harness. A man from the city will pay a good round price for a "driver" that can be left hitched near the ears, and will pass busses, steam thrashers, etc., in safety to himself and family. A span of such colts will sell at a good price and pay as well for their training as anything a farmer can raise. Twenty years ago I cut a great deal of grass and wheat from home, and drove farmers' teams to reaper and mower, and I state that not one team in ten would take hold of the bit. Now, I think a team that won't take the bit and drive up true and steady on the lines are poor excuses, and ought to be trained over.

Natural Gas Wells in Nevada.

Moses Hasbrook, who has been for some two months engaged at fishing near the north end of Pyramid Lake, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* tells of a discovery recently made by himself and two other fishermen which may yet prove valuable. They had been out on the lake fishing one evening and remained until about nine o'clock, when it began to blow heavily and grow uncomfortably cold. They ran their boat to shore and having blankets and provisions with them, sought shelter in the lee of a large hill, building a fire and making a camp in a little valley or basin. During the night their camp fire spread into the grass and brush covering the bottoms of the valley and burned a streak two or three rods in width to quite a distance from the camp. They observed the fire soon after it started, but knowing it could do harm did not take the trouble to turn out of their blankets for the purpose of extinguishing it. Some time towards two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Hasbrook says he was awakened by a great outcry from his companions and much to his astonishment, found all about him as light as day. In a moment he saw that the light came from several jets of flame from five to twelve feet in height. All proceeded to the spot and found no less than nine of these jets within a circle of about five rods. The gas was found to proceed from little blowholes from half an inch to an inch in diameter and seemed in no way different from such holes as are usually seen on the deserts. The gas jet shot up with a good deal of force and made a sort of crackling noise. The upper part of the flames presented a yellowish appearance and were from one to three feet in width, while down toward the ground, where the jets were narrow, the flame passed from yellow to a greenish hue. They left the jets burning when they broke up camp the next morning. These natural gas springs are on the opposite side of the lake from that on which the fisherman have their cabins. Mr. Hasbrook says that the day before he left he and several others crossed the lake and found the wells still burning the same as they had left them. On this last trip a Piute Indian went with them. The red man exhibited no surprise at what he saw, but lighting a stick he went some rods further up the valley and touched off a dozen or more jets that were fed from holes upon and around a little hillock. Mr. Hasbrook says though they searched for an hour or two they could find no indications of petroleum, nor was there any smell of petroleum about the burning gas.

To Protect Trees From Rabbits.

An Illinois man protects his trees from rabbits with mounds made in the following manner:

"I choose for the time of making them when the soil is a little wet, not muddy, but waxy. I much prefer a day on which there is a slight freeze. I quarry out a square yard of the thinly frozen soil around the stem of the tree; the ground being slightly congealed on the surface, this is easily and rapidly done, and the operation removes all weeds, grass and clods. The soil around the stem is then made very loose, after which I firm it by treading it down solid. Another portion of the upper soil is removed near the tree, which again disposes of all trash, and from this I get the soil to make my mound. This I begin with a broad base, say two feet, I am careful to tramp down well every few spadefuls. In this way I proceed until the mound is ten or twelve inches high, sloping steeply in the shape in which it is too frequently left. I then take away the outer and lower part all round by plunging the spade in perpendicularly, about six inches from the stem of the tree. This leaves a ball standing around the stem of the tree, the surplus soil being thrown aside. Next I humble myself and, with my hands mold this ball into a pointed or oval shape at the top and pound it with my fist until is very compact and smooth.

"I have been very tedious, probably to those who do not need my advice, but I do feel sorry for those who have nice young trees ruined by 'varmints.' The aggregate loss in the West every winter from this cause is enormous. My object is to give those help who think they have tried mounds in vain. Don't give up this plan; mounds formed in this way will work. There is soil and on many farms the material for wrapping are not at hand. Remove all mounds in spring."

THE top-pick of the hour—12.

THERE is a sort of caste in food, else the upper crust of mince pie would not look down upon hash.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Turkish position—Cross-legged.

NO TWO PAINTERS care to make a Presidential candidate look alike on a hamer.

AN eccentric but pious man has built a house on posts forty feet high, at Plympton, Oregon, in order that he may live nearer heaven.

THE chestnut worm is getting warmed up.

"YES," Mr. Messenger replied in answer to the young lady's remark, "he was rather fond of bathing, very fond of it in fact, but he received a terrible shock a few summers ago, while in the water, and he had never recovered from it. "My" she exclaimed; "did a snake bite him! Oh, dreadful!" "No," Mr. Messenger said, "it wasn't that." "Did he come near drowning, then?" she wanted to know. "No," he said, "it wasn't that exactly, but just as he was about ready to come out of the river, he saw a tramp going up over the hill, about a quarter of a mile away, with his hat, his pocketbook, his vest, his watch, his handkerchief, his stockings, his cigar case, his shoes, his gloves, his collar, his necktie, his shirt studs and collar button, his suspenders, his cane, and, well, in fact, his trousers. And there was a Sunday school picnic only half a mile down the river, gradually coming nearer, and he lounged around among the willows all that day, and walked home alone in the starlight. And the fact was, he had never been able to enjoy a swim very much since that time."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ANY old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty cents piece is shoved on him.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

THE barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.—*Boston Transcript.*

BREAD made from whole wheat soaked before being coarsely ground is used in the French army. Sea water used in the kneading is said to add to the flavor.

APPLE JACK is first cousin to James Jams.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—Archdeacon Denison was once closely pressed in an argument, but had evidently resolved to die hard. At length his antagonist lost all patience at the irregular warfare of the archdeacon. "Look here, sir," he exclaimed despairingly, "do you acknowledge that two and two make four?" "I am not prepared to make an admission of that importance," replied the archdeacon, "till I have given the subject the maturest consideration. Sometimes it is supposed that they make twenty-two."

[Cleveland Penny Press.]

Health of the American Eagle.

To relieve the monotony of the constant important sayings of "Our Candidate," "Our Next President" and "Our Fellow-Citizen," it is a pleasure for us to present herewith the opinion of one of Cleveland's most popular Druggists, Mr. E. A. Schellentrager, 717 St. Clair Street. The gentleman writes: I know of no remedy which has given more universal satisfaction than the Hamburg Drops. I have not heard of a case where they failed to benefit. The very large and daily growing demand for this Great German Blood Purifier, is a source of high gratification, for aside from the pecuniary gain, one takes pleasure in selling an article of such marked efficacy and superior merit.

UNCLE MOSE met the pastor of a colored church yesterday on Galveston avenue and asked him: "I say, parson, is dat a fac what you preaches, dat a man and his wife are one?" "Dat ar am gospel troof." "Well, parson, ef you will come down after dark on Ahenoo L, when Brudder Bones an' his wife Sukey am drunk, and bangin one annder, an' listen to de racket, you will be willing to swear dey is ten or fifteen."—*Galveston News.*

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

He Would Run Like Lightning.

Speaking of candidates and records, it is safe to say, that if a man could be nominated for the highest office in the land, with as clear a record for being the fittest, safest and the best, as our famous German friend St. Jacobs Oil has, there would be no doubt of an election. Party, creed, or denomination would not enter into the canvass. Many of our most influential citizens are enthusiastic upon the subject of this wonderful oil.

HE was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Hempeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't."—*Rochester Herald.*

What Druggists Say.

I have sold Piso's Cure for Consumption for over ten years, and have used it myself for Coughs or Colds at different times. I find it fully as good as you say it is. J. S. HYER, Braxton, W. Va.

OCTOBER 10, 1880.

I am selling great quantities of Piso's Cure for Consumption. Having had Bronchial Catarrh and Asthma for a number of years I tried all other medicines. Nothing suits me like Piso's Cure. WM. H. REESE, Monticello, Ill.

OCTOBER 8, 1880.

ARE you wearing out from excessive labor, care, grief or old age? If so, then no food or medicine can restore your strength, your sleep and your spirits like Malt Bitters, made of Unfermented Malt, Hops, Calisaya and Iron.

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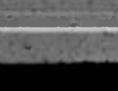

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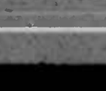

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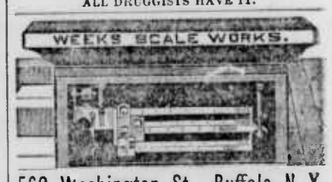

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A VERMONT farmer states that when he feeds meal to his cows, seventeen pounds of milk make a pound of butter and when no meal is fed, from twenty-three to twenty-six pounds are required.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Dairyman* says: Milk possessing an extremely strong and offensive odor of the cow is sometimes found. I have known of two cases, both in deep red cows, not seemingly dependent on the food with which they were supplied. The tainted milk of the cheese factory is probably in many cases to be ascribed to imperfect formation, or the presence of colostrum, which has a tendency to putrefy rather than ferment. All milk has a more or less strong animal odor when fresh, but it usually disappears on standing, or can be expelled by aeration.

AS TO "cow jockey's," the unsophisticated would be surprised to know how many highly-considered, reputable farmers are engaged in that sort of thing. A wealthy citizen of New York once attempted to imoose upon me thus, with a cow recommended by him as a great milker. I bought of him for a friend. The cow when sent me, I ascertained afterward, had not been milked for forty-eight hours. I was a little too sharp for him and did not hesitate to tell him of the trick and make him take the cow back. He turned red and stammered when I told him, and laid all the blame to the superintendent of his beautiful country seat; but one of the laborers afterward told me the cow was thus sent to me at the city by the owner's express order. How shameful for a rich, or indeed any man, to make the poor beast suffer thus, and endeavor to cheat a customer in such a small, mean way. But this is human nature—too often, I am sorry to say.—*Sandalia, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Suggestions About Dairying.

PASTURAGE alone has an immense influence over the butter. Any manuring that serves to promote a rank, succulent growth, which, while it may increase the quantity of milk, contains a large per cent. of water, is not beneficial for the making of butter, reducing at the same time the strength and flesh of the cows in the herd.

Since it has been asserted that the Jersey cow is the one that yields the most in quantity, quality and color of butter, the food that is best relished by her must be supplied. Grass and hay are the staples. These grow with little labor in the cultivation. Sowed corn, or corn-fodder, either dry or green, helps fill in. The first may be given with great benefit when the pastures have become reduced in yield. Winter dairying is more profitable than summer, but attended with more care and labor. A crop of roots, either beets or carrots, should be raised for winter use. Turnips are not good unless fed at a proper time; that is, just after milking. The odor then passes off without affecting the milk, and the quantity is increased, but not the quality. Cleanliness throughout in every department is important. The milk gives the flavor, color and texture to the butter. The milk pail should be perfectly clean. No slovenly person should be allowed to do the milking; neither should the care and cleansing of the implements be entrusted to such a person. There must be bright, smart, clean hands in every department. The udder of the cow, if dirty, should be washed with a sponge and clean water before milking, in order to avoid that peculiar "barnyardy" flavor which always hangs about some people's butter. This is no fault of the cow, but of the keeper, in allowing her to lie down in filthy places thoroughly impregnated with it. In milking, the fine dust scatters into the pail, and forms a sediment that settles into the bottom of the vessels, in which the milk is set. This is too frequently the result of laziness. After once mixed with the milk no strainer will separate it.

The flavoring of milk and butter is very fine and delicate, and is influenced by surroundings, consequently these must be looked to. A filthy stable is worse than a barnyard, and in these two places most of the milk is drawn from the cows. There are many methods of setting the milk, and every one has a way of his own, whether it be correct or not. That mode which produces the greatest amount of butter from the given quantity of milk, and with the least expense of time, is the cheapest and easiest. The temperature of the atmosphere is one important item, and this may be controlled in a measure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

White Cheese.

THE reports speak of a considerable increase in the make of white cheese this season. There are certain markets where uncolored cheese is called for at higher figures than colored cheese brings, and that has caused an increased make of it this year. But those who prefer white cheese are more critical and require it to be without fault when they are ready to pay the highest price. Yet the class that prefers this cheese is limited in number, so that the market is easily overstocked. That appears to be the case this season, and that has placed it at a disadvantage. If this class of buyers become supplied it is difficult to sell it for a good price on the general market. London and Manchester, England, take more of this white cheese than all the other markets. It is only safe, as a general thing, to make that class of goods that everybody buys. The great body of buyers prefer yellow butter and cheese, and where nature has not properly colored them the artificial color must be applied to obtain the best prices. This year the market appears to be overstocked.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—It is said that the ice product of Maine this year will amount to more than 1,200,000 tons and will bring an income equal to the shipbuilding industries of the State.

—Steamboats are to invade the lagoons of the Adriatic at Venice and the gondola will soon be a thingof the past.

—A New York firm has been making a baby's outfit worth $3,000.

HOME AND FARM.

THE thorough housekeeper suns and treats her straw tick to washings and refillings twice or thrice a season.

BEETS endure little frost, turnips improve with a little, carrots stand a good deal of it, and parsnips, salsify and artichokes may be left out all winter with advantage.

CRACKERS that are not fresh can be made to appear so by putting them into a hot oven for a short time. Watch them carefully, as a minute too long will serve to brown and spoil them.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Small silver-skinned onions; remove outside skin so that each one is white and clean, put them into brine that will float an egg for three days; bring vinegar to a boiling point, add a little mace and whole red peppers, and pour hot over the onions well drained from the brine.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread-crumbs, half-pint of flour, teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted in flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk, one egg; tied tightly in a bag and boiled three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

BEFORE the buckwheat season fairly begins, fresh gingerbread is nice with coffee for breakfast; it is convenient to make it sometimes when you haven't bread enough for breakfast and dinner both. A simple way of making it is to take one teacupful of molasses, four tablespoonfuls of hot butter or lard, stir in as much flour as you can, then put a teaspoonful of saleratus, a heaping one of ginger, into a teacup and fill the cup almost full of boiling water; beat this into the dough a little at a time.

FEEDING POULTRY.—Is it not a little strange, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, why we see so many people feed soft food to the poultry on the ground, where they step in it and scratch it, and thus waste a large part of it? Some drop it on boards, but much is wasted even then. I have found that a trough to put the food in is much the best, but it should have slats nailed on all around it, far enough apart for hens to put their heads between to get at the food, and with a cover on top it is protected from all foul matter.

A FIRST-RATE PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin in half, put it in a dripping-pan, skin side up (after seeds are removed), in a slow oven; bake until all the good can be easily scraped from the rind with a spoon; if it is as brown as nicely baked bread, all the better; mash finely, and to one quart add one-quarter pound of butter while hot; when cool, sweeten to taste; one pint of milk or cream (if cream be used, three eggs are sufficient; if milk, four will be better), beat them separately, stir in yelks, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, a wine-glass of wine or brandy; lastly, add the whites of the eggs, stirring but little after they are added to the mixture; bake in a quick oven.

TO PREPARE FIRST-CLASS SAUSAGE MEAT.—We have used the following for many years, and know of none better or so good: To fifteen pounds of the lean of fresh pork add five pounds of the fat. Having removed the sinews, skin and gristle, chop both the lean and fat as fine as possible and mix well together. Rub to a powder sufficient sage leaves to make four ounces; mix the sage with two ounces of fine salt, one ounce of black pepper, and a quarter ounce of cayenne; add this to the chopped meat and mix thoroughly. Either stuff the sausage-skins at once, or pack the meat closely in stone jars, keep in a cold place and cover securely. When this is wanted for use, make some of it into small flat cakes, dredge with flour and fry well. They can be fried in their own fat.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Breaking Colts.

THIS subject, says T. F. Kinsel in the Ohio *Farmer*, is of great importance, not only to farmers, but to all who own or drive horses. A colt improperly trained to harness may, by bad conduct, endanger the life of the driver at any time. I have trained a good many colts to drive double and single, and to bridle. To get a good, true, trusty team, I would rather have two of the same age and train them together, first to double and then to single harness. I would never try to handle a colt without using "the cord" to teach him that he can be handled at will. The idea of trying to break a colt by main strength has long since been exploded, and has been the cause of upsetting the man's temper and teaching the colt a lesson he never ought to learn, viz., that he is stronger than his master. If a man keeps his temper and knows what he wants the colt to do, and patiently teaches him, I have the first one to see that ever refused to do the work called for when he understood the order or command. A horse has more sense than he is generally credited with, and when treated with good judgment in the first handling rarely turns out vicious. They ought to be handled with harness on before they are hitched up, and the work ought to be thoroughly and patiently done. Farmers have too little time and expect entirely too much of a young colt when first hitched up. I know a party in Kentucky who sells scores of colts yearly, and he stated to me that he was in the habit of training all his weanlings to walk about in a little light sulky, and that they never forget it. By patience, a well-bred horse can be taught anything that belongs to his business, but not by force or cruelty. You may whip and drive the dungbill horse, but with hotter blood a different course is necessary. It is strange, too, how poorly trained farmer's horses are, when it would pay so well to have them handy, safe, trusty and prompt when in harness. A man from the city will pay a good round price for a "driver" that can be left hitched near the cars, and will pass busses, steam thrashers, etc., in safety to himself and family. A span of such colts will sell at a good price and pay as well for their training as anything a farmer can raise. Twenty years ago I cut a great deal of grass and wheat from home, and drove farmers' teams to reaper and mower, and I state that not one team in ten would take hold of the bit. Now, I think a team that won't take the bit and drive up true and steady on the lines are poor excuses, and ought to be trained over.

Natural Gas Wells in Nevada.

Moses Hasbrook, who has been for some two months engaged at fishing near the north end of Pyramid Lake, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* tells of a discovery recently made by himself and two other fishermen which may yet prove valuable. They had been out on the lake fishing one evening and remained until about nine o'clock, when it began to blow heavily and grow uncomfortably cold. They ran their boat to shore and having blankets and provisions with them, sought shelter in the lee of a large bill, building a fire and making a camp in a little valley or basin. During the night their camp fire spread into the grass and brush covering the bottoms of the valley and burned a streak two or three rods in width to quite a distance from the camp. They observed the fire soon after it started, but knowing it could do harm did not take the trouble to turn out of their blankets for the purpose of extinguishing it. Some time towards two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Hasbrook says he was awakened by a great outcry from his companions and much to his astonishment, found all about him as light as day. In a moment he saw that the light came from several jets of flame from five to twelve feet in height. All proceeded to the spot and found no less than nine of these jets within a circle of about five rods. The gas was found to proceed from little blowholes from half an inch to an inch in diameter and seemed in no way different from such holes as are usually seen on the deserts. The gas jet shot up with a good deal of force and made a sort of crackling noise. The upper part of the flames presented a yellowish appearance and were from one to three feet in width, while down toward the ground, where the jets were narrow, the flame passed from yellow to a greenish hue. They left the jets burning when they broke up camp the next morning. These natural gas springs are on the opposite side of the lake from that on which the fisherman have their cabins. Mr. Hasbrook says that the day before he left he and several others crossed the lake and found the wells still burning the same as they had left them. On this last trip a Piute Indian went with them. The red man exhibited no surprise at what he saw, but lighting a stick he went some rods further up the valley and touched off a dozen or more jets that were fed from holes upon and around a little hillock. Mr. Hasbrook says though they searched for an hour or two they could find no indications of petroleum, nor was there any smell of petroleum about the burning gas.

To Protect Trees From Rabbits.

An Illinois man protects his trees from rabbits with mounds made in the following manner:

"I choose for the time of making them when the soil is a little wet, not muddy, but waxy. I much prefer a day on which there is a slight freeze. I quarry out a square yard of the thinly frozen soil around the stem of the tree; the ground being slightly congealed on the surface, this is easily and rapidly done, and the operation removes all weeds, grass and clods. The soil around the stem is then made very loose, after which I firm it by treading it down solid. Another portion of the upper soil is removed near the tree, which again disposes of all trash, and from this I get the soil to make my mound. This I begin with a broad base, say two feet, I am careful to tramp down well every few spadefuls. In this way I proceed until the mound is ten or twelve inches high, sloping steeply in the shape in which it is too frequently left. I then take away the outer and lower part all round by plunging the spade in perpendicularly, about six inches from the stem of the tree. This leaves a ball standing around the stem of the tree, the surplus soil being thrown aside. Next I humble myself and, with my hands mold this ball into a pointed or oval shape at the top and pound it with my fist until is very compact and smooth.

"I have been very tedious, probably to those who do not need my advice, but I do feel sorry for those who have nice young trees ruined by 'varmints.' The aggregate loss in the West every winter from this cause is enormous. My object is to give these help who think they have tried mounds in vain. Don't give up this plan; mounds formed in this way will work. There is soil and on many farms the material for wrapping are not at hand. Remove all mounds in spring."

THE top-pick of the hour—12.

THERE is a sort of caste in food, else the upper crust of mince pie would not look down upon hash.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Turkish position—Cross-legged.

NO TWO PAINTERS care to make a President candidate look alike on a banner.

AN eccentric but pious man has built a house on posts forty feet high, at Plympton, Oregon, in order that he may live nearer heaven.

THE chestnut worm is getting warmed up.

"YES," Mr. Messenger replied in answer to the young lady's remark, "he was rather fond of bathing, very fond of it in fact, but he received a terrible shock a few summers ago, while in the water, and he had never recovered from it. "My!" she exclaimed; "did a snake bite him? Oh, dreadful!" "No," Mr. Messenger said, "it wasn't that." "Did he come near drowning, then?" she wanted to know. "No," he said, "it wasn't that exactly, but just as he was about ready to come out of the river, he saw a tramp going up over the hill, about a quarter of a mile away, with his hat, his pocketbook, his vest, his watch, his handkerchief, his stockings, his cigar case, his shoes, his gloves, his collar, his necktie, his shirt studs and collar button, his suspenders, his cane, and, well, in fact, his trousers. And there was a Sunday school picnic only half a mile down the river, gradually coming nearer, and he lounged around among the willows all that day, and walked home alone in the starlight. And the fact was, he had never been able to enjoy a swim very much since that time."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ANY old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty cents piece is shoved on him.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

THE barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.—*Boston Transcript.*

BREAD made from whole wheat soaked before being coarsely ground is used in the French army. Sea water used in the kneading is said to add to the flavor.

APPLE JACK is first cousin to James Jams.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—Archdeacon Denison was once closely pressed in an argument, but had evidently resolved to die hard. At length his antagonist lost all patience at the irregular warfare of the archdeacon. "Look here, sir," he exclaimed despairingly, "do you acknowledge that two and two make four?" "I am not prepared to make an admission of that importance," replied the archdeacon, "till I have given the subject the maturest consideration. Sometimes it is supposed that they make twenty-two."

[Cleveland Penny Press.]

Health of the American Eagle.

To relieve the monotony of the constant important sayings of "Our Candidate," "Our Next President" and "Our Fellow-Citizen," it is a pleasure for us to present herewith the opinion of one of Cleveland's most popular Druggists, Mr. E. A. Schellentrager, 717 St. Clair Street. The gentleman writes: I know of no remedy which has given more universal satisfaction than the Hamburg Drops. I have not heard of a case where they failed to benefit. The very large and daily growing demand for this Great German Blood Purifier, is a source of high gratification, for aside from the pecuniary gain, one takes pleasure in selling an article of such marked efficacy and superior merit.

UNCLE MOSE met the pastor of a colored church yesterday on Galveston avenue and asked him: "I say, parson, is dat a fac what you preaches, dat a man and his wife are one?" "Dat ar am gospel troof." "Well, parson, ef you will come down after dark on Abenoo L, when Brudder Bones an' his wife Sukey am drunk, and bangin one annder, an' llsten to de racket, you will be willing to swear dey is ten or fifteen."—*Galveston News.*

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

He Would Run Like Lightning.

Speaking of candidates and records, it is safe to say, that if a man could be nominated for the highest office in the land, with as clear a record for being the tittest, safest and the best, as our famous German friend St. Jacobs Oil has, there would be no doubt of an election. Party, creed, or denomination would not enter into the canvass. Many of our most influential citizens are enthusiastic upon the subject of this wonderful oil.

HE was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't."—*Rochester Herald.*

What Druggists Say.

I have sold Piso's Cure for Consumption for over ten years, and have used it myself for Coughs or Colds at different times. I find it fully as good as you say it is. J. S. HYER, Braxton, W. Va.

OCTOBER 10, 1880.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.
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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
WORTH REMEMBERING.
That TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT represents in each bottle thirty to forty glasses of Sparkling Seltzer Water, containing all the virtues of the celebrated German Spring. It is always fresh and always ready, and thus commends itself to all for its efficacy, portability and cheapness.
ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT.

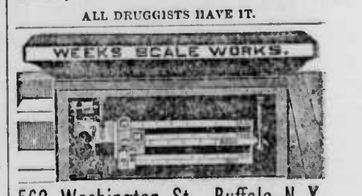

562 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.
5 ton single brass beam $60
5 ton Week's Patent Combination beam 70
Other sizes proportionately low in price.
Every Scale Warranted.
AGENTS WANTED.
WEEKS & RAY, Proprietors.

DR. A. L. CLUM'S LIVER CATHARTIC.
This Remedy acts as a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative, and a certain Corrective, cleansing the system of all the impurities of the body by its perfect action upon the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Try it. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
WARRANTED IN ALL CASES.
Ask your druggist for it and for Testimonials. C. U. COMPOUNDING CO., Proprietors, Red Wing, Minn.

Iowa Farms
Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West
For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co.
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Branch Office, 92 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.

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Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivation. For pamphlets apply to
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A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 794

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Trustees' Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jacob L. Hauser, et. al., are complainants and Harriet Lantz, et. al., are defendants, said cause being No. 179, Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the

Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1880,

all the real estate described in said cause, it being the same real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed. The said farm contains

Two hundred and eighteen acres,

about one hundred acres of which is under fence and in cultivation; the balance is covered with valuable timber. The said farm is improved by

Two Good Dwelling Houses,

with a good barn and other necessary outbuildings attached to each, also a good orchard of fruit trees to each dwelling. This is near the "Red House," in Garrett county, and is located in an excellent neighborhood, convenient to schools, churches, &c., &c.

The TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree are one-third cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months, one third in two years, the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser with such surety as will be satisfactory to the trustees.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
11 6 td Trustees.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

le21-y1

NOTICE OF ESTRAYS.

State of Maryland, Garrett county, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this the 2d day of October, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, personally appeared William H. H Friend, of District No. 2, of the county aforesaid, and made oath in due form of law, that there is one yearling trespassing on his enclosure, all red, with slits in left ear, medium sized bell, with chain around the neck to hold the bell.

Sworn before
oct 30-4 JOHN M. KESSLER, J. P.

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE.

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Soticitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker.
Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will harm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. [illegible]

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(LOWER FLOOR.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 8-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 1066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
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Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GUILD, Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

Highest Prices

Paid for

FURS AND SKINS!

AT

HEISKELL & CO'S.

R. W. MASON will act as our agent for the purchase of Furs and Skins.

Highest Price for

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Buckwheat, &c.,

HEISKELL'S,

Bishop's old stand,

Oakland, Md.

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We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

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We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

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ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
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Posters,
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and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change of the old Grantsville road through to McHenry road, and examine whether the said Grantsville road should be changed, will meet on the premises, on the 10th day of December, 1880, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said public road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM DEWITT,
NOAH PYSELL,
JOHN HARNED,
11 6 5 Examiners.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ, *Style 1686*. Height, 73 In.; Depth, 24 In.; Length, 5 ft. in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this instrument renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $350.00. **My offer, Only $96.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is for the very latest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. I sell warranted 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful Home in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on but a few Pianos and Organs of my manufacture. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no one, town or village in the entire civilized world shall be overlooked by my celebrated instruments. I am supported by

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and interested with its bonds amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PLATES for $125, $150, $175 and upwards. Beware of Imitations. Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and, inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
Half Morocco, Marble Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$4.50
Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.
August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 10 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt, and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Bruegs.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Denkins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Atla Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880. NUMBER 39.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAlt, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provisinn Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer In General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 09tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1880.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The years of abundant harvests and of laden store-houses have come to their close, and now the dearth spreads its dark curtain over the lands. While the opened granaries of Joseph supply the millions of Egypt with bread, there comes up the cry of famine from Beersheba, on the borders of the desert, where the tents of Israel are pitched. The aged patriarch, hearing that there is corn in Egypt, sends his sons down thither for food, and a little caravan threads its way through the desert and along the sea. The heart of Joseph leaps up as he beholds his ten brothers kneeling before him, who, more than twenty years before, had sold him as a slave. To test their character and learn the truth concerning his home, he deals with them as a stranger, and lets them taste for three days the bitterness of the prison, which their cruelty had compelled him to suffer as many years. Then he sends them back to Canaan, laden with provisions, and bids them bring down to him the younger brother, whom he longs to embrace once more; but as a hostage for their return holds one of their number a prisoner still. A season passes; once more the brothers bow before Joseph's throne, and among them Benjamin, now a young man of twenty-five years. Their brother Simeon is brought forth from his prison, and now, for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century the twelve sons of Jacob sit down to a meal together. Joseph's heart is full, but he holds his emotions in check, and calmly inquires, as a stranger, after the old man whom they left in the tent at Beersheba weeping over the separation from his youngest son, and dreading lest a mother lamb may be lost from his fold. The meal, with its bewildering surprise, is ended at last, and the eleven brothers are once more on their journey homeward, their beasts laden with grain, and all unconscious that each man's money is in his sack, and in Benjamin's the governor's silver cup. Suddenly, they are arrested, and dragged back with shame to meet the accusation of their whose searching proof can be met by no denial. Then comes a scene on one side of wonderful self-annihilation, followed by wonderful forgiveness on the other. Benjamin is silent, but Judah pleads for Israel's sake to spare the youngest son, the son of the patriarch's old age, the sole remaining child of his tenderly loved Rachel, now doubly precious since Joseph is no more. At last, he whose counsel had caused one brother to be sold into slavery, now offers himself to become a slave that another brother may go free. The heart of the ruler can no longer restrain its tide of feeling: the words, "I am Joseph!" burst upon the amazed ears of the brothers. While they sink before him in terror, he calms their fears, assures them of full pardon and shows them how God has overruled their wrong for his own glory, and made it the means of their own preservation.

Gen. 41. 39-45. 8.

Memory Verses. 1-4.

30 Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant, my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life;

31 It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave.

32 For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame of my father forever.

33 Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethern.

34 For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

1 Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

2 And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

3 And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph: doth my father yet live? and his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

4 And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

5 Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life.

6 For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest.

7 And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

8 So now, it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

HOME READINGS.

M. Joseph and his brethren. Gen. 44. 30-45. 8.
Tu. The unknown brother. Gen. 42. 1-17.
W. The returned money. Gen. 43. 18-34.
Th. The second journey. Gen. 43. 1-15.
F. The dinner with Joseph. Gen. 43. 16-34.
S. The cup found. Gen. 44. 1-13.
S. The prayer of Judah. Gen. 44. 14-59.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Rom. 12. 21.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like:
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blinded eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. JUDAH'S GRIEF, v. 30-34; Exod. 32. 32. Who was Judah? What evil deed had he suggested? Gen. 37. 26, 27. How were Joseph's brothers led to Egypt? Acts 7. 12. What took place on their first visit? See Gen. 42. Who came with them on the second visit? Gen. 42. 29. What took place at the second visit? See Gen. 41. 1-17. Why did Joseph treat his brothers thus? What led Joseph to plead for Benjamin? What did Judah offer to do? How did this show the spirit of self-sacrifice? Who intercedes for us with a greater king than Joseph?

2. JOSEPH'S GRACE, v. 1-8; Matt. 6. 14. What was the effect on Joseph of Judah's petition? What did he command and why? What did Joseph say to his brothers? How did they feel and why? How did he try to comfort them? How did he show his faith in God? How had God overruled their crime? Did this fact make their deed any less wicked? What was God's purpose in Joseph's troubles? How does his history illustrate Rom. 8. 28? How does Joseph's conduct to his brothers illustrate the Golden Text?

The Real Reason.

Correspondence New York Sun.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5.—Senator Robert Combs, of St. Mary's county, is one of the most popular members of the upper House of the Maryland Legislature. Members love to call upon him at his room when he is at Annapolis. Although living in a region where it is as impossible to find a fruit grower without his own particular make of liquor, as it is to find a city barber without his own particular hair restorative, Senator Combs' applejack is famous. It is clear and transparent, shining with a ruby glow, and is thoroughly impregnated with the flavor of the big, rosy-cheeked apples that St. Mary's county produces in abundance and perfection. When a demijohn of this applejack is uncorked the room is filled with the odor of an apple orchard in bloom. This odor is very penetrating. When Senator Combs came to town on election day he had barely gotten the cork out, with the intention of having a little private refreshment after his journey, when the boys began to arrive at his room. The Senator said that St. Mary's county was too far away from base to content him in these exciting times, and he had come to town so as to get the news. He had brought along a big demijohn of the old article, and there was a fat keg of it just unloaded from the steamboat, which would be sent to his room for the purpose of keeping the demijohn in repair during his stay.

The applejack was in great demand during the day and evening by the leaders of the Baltimore Democracy. It first sustained them in their hopes, and afterward consoled them in their defeat. The only light that pierced the gloom that gathered about the Democracy as the telegraph brought its tidings of disaster was that which shone from the rosy countenance of Senator Combs as he sat in his room at the hotel, the demijohn beside him.

"Drink freely, gentlemen," said he. "The more you drink the more you'll want and the better you'll feel. It's the best liquor in the world to stick to. Talk about your champagne. That fizz stuff may do if you want to be tickled, but if you want solid encouragement, stick to applejack all the time. I never went back on applejack for champagne but once, gentlemen, and it brought a heap of trouble on the country. In fact, I don't know but what it lost us this election."

"How was that, Senator?" spoke up the chorus.

"Well, it was all along of Montgomery Blair's resolutions in the Legislature of 1878. You know he brought in all sorts of bills and resolutions about the eight-by-seven business. First he wanted the Attorney General to get after Hayes in the Supreme Court. Well, we all agreed with the old gentlemen that it was an almighty shame that things should be as they were, but we thought if the big rich States could stand it, a little State like Maryland could get along. There was a heap of jealousy of Mr. Blair in the House of Delegates, where he was, and most of the bills and resolutions were killed off in there. Finally one of them did get through and got into the Senate. It was a memorial to Congress about the Presidential election, the long and short of which was that fraud had been done, preventing the electoral vote of Maryland from having its due and proper effect, and Congress was asked to take some action in the case.

"We thought Mr. Blair was trying to ride a dead horse, and I told him so in my plain, blunt way. But there was no standing up against his terrible earnestness. He worked it thro' the committee and through its first and second readings, and then some of us who didn't want to offend Mr. Blair, and didn't want the thing to pass either, tried to stave it off altogether. But he kept a-pushing and got it up on the last day of the session. You know in our legislature a bill must get a majority of all the members elected in order to pass, and if a bill fails at any time for want of a constitutional majority, it can be brought up again on motion at any time. When Mr. Blair's memorial came a number of us got out, and so while it got a majority of the votes of the Senators in the Chamber, it failed for want of a constitutional majority. Mr. Blair worked like a beaver, and got around some of those opposed to it, and that afternoon he brought it up again and it failed by just one vote. Mr. Blair was standing by the clerk's desk, just where Washington stood when he resigned his commission, and he looked at me quite pathetic like, but it was no use. He had been pushing me pretty hard and I had gotten my back up. When he marched out of the Senate Chamber, after a recess till night had been taken, I was fully determined not to vote for that bill.

"Mr. Blair was kind of downcast like. He knew I was game, and the others who voted against the bill were mostly dead against it from the first.

"All the boys about the hotel liked Mr. Blair, and they got around him after tea to talk over the situation with him. Says he to them; 'Boys, if you can get that bill through for me, I'll treat all hands to champagne.'

"'We'll get it through for you,' says they, and they got after me. They buzzed me right along from the hotel to the Senate chamber, but I told them it was no use. 'Uncle Bob,' says they, 'we want that champagne mighty bad.' 'Come over to my rooms,' said I, 'and I'll give you some applejack that beats all the champagne in the world. I never go back on my applejack for champagne.' They went to Billy Gorman, who keeps the Maryland Hotel, at Annapolis, and told him about the trouble they were in. He said he thought he could fix it with me. So he went to work and set out his long table, put the wine glasses along and got the champagne in the coolers. Along about half-past 11, just half an hour before the end of the session, when everybody was feeling jolly, he slips into the Senate chamber and gets alongside of me. You know the quiet way he has? He leaned over and touched me on the arm and said, 'Now, Senator, Mr. Blair's champagne is all on the table, and the boys are waiting for you to give the word.' Up jumps one of the Senators and calls the bill up. 'Mr. Combs!' calls Billy Hiss, the reading clerk, and before I knew it I had 'Aye' out of my mouth, and the bill was passed. Mr. Blair was a happy man that night. He stood on the table and made us a speech. He was about the only man at that time who could have stood on the table. Most were well on their way toward getting under it. And that's the way I went back on applejack for champagne, boys. You know what came of it. It beats to death all the tall oaks that from little acorns grow. Congress referred that memorial to a committee. In response to it that committee got up the Potter investigation, and then came the cipher telegrams, and the extra session business and all the rest of the racket that hurt us so much in the fall elections of 1879, and, perhaps, was the cause of our losing this election. And all because I didn't stand by old applejack," said the Senator, looking at the jug.

He tipped it up to extract a little consolation, but put it down again quickly and gave the company a reproachful glance. While he had been talking the boys had been drinking, and had emptied the last drop.

Wade Hampton did deliver the Solid South, as he promised. There was no mistake on his part. Why should there be any where the election does not really begin until the partisan managers sit down to count the votes? The Solid South was ready to give its electoral votes, without an exception, to anybody who would help it to get control of the Government which it failed to destroy. Delaware was kept in line by only 1,000 majority, and the majority in Florida was not large, but the thing was done as Wade Hampton promised. The sixteen States in which slaves were formerly held gave all their electoral votes, and about 460,000 majority on the popular vote as counted, for General Hancock. No one cares whether the majority there was small or large. There is not an intelligent Democrat who does not know that the real majority was suppressed, stamped out, and virtually disfranchised in several of the Southern States. No Democrat feels that his party is the stronger, no Republican feels that his party is the weaker, because of the large majorities where free elections do not exist. The answer to Mr. Hampton is found in the votes of the Northern States. It is not quite a Solid North, in respect to electoral votes. The people of the North are free, and believe in freedom. In every Northern State, meetings of either party can be held in peace, without the slightest danger that they will be invaded by armed horsemen, red-shirted infantry, or political clubs with cannon, of the opposite party. The votes that are cast are also counted; there is no knavish prestidigitation, such as that which transformed a Greenback majority in Alabama into a Democratic majority of 90,000. If General Hancock has less than 100 majority in California, even though it was obtained by an infamous forgery which disgraces the party by which it was used, still everybody knows that General Hancock will in fact receive the entire electoral vote of California. So of every other Northern State. Public opinion would instantly crush any party that should attempt to thwart the will of the people in any Northern State, even though it should be for the purpose of giving effect to the will of the people in every other Northern State. That is freedom. Upon such a foundation popular institutions rest securely. Of all the Northern States, three are claimed to have voted for General Hancock; the State of Camden and Amboy by a plurality of about 1,000; the State of the Bonanza Kings by a majority of about 500; and California, if at all, by a majority so small that microscopic examination is needed to detect it. Beyond these, no Northern State is by anybody supposed to have voted for the Democratic ticket; and New Jersey was turned by a railroad company; Nevada by a mining millionaire, and California by a forgery so palpable that it would not have deceived the most stupid Celestial in China Town. General Garfield, some one remarks, was found extraordinarily strong in the Western States. Undoubtedly, he was strong. But the Republican party was stronger than its candidate, and gave him tremendous majorities where he was not known at all, as well as in the States which knew him best. The gain in majority since 1876 is nearly 28,000 in Ohio and 12,000 in Indiana. The Republican party was not mistaken in believing that his personal popularity would help greatly in those States. But its gain in majority since 1876 was 55,000 in New York, 11,000 in Massachusetts, 10,000 in New Jersey, 5,000 in Connecticut, 19,000 in Pennsylvania, 25,000 in Michigan, 23,000 in Wisconsin, 30,000 in Illinois, 21,000 in Iowa, 13,000 in Minnesota, 25,000 in Kansas, and 11,000 in Nebraska. The Republican majority in the nineteen Northern States which gave an undoubted majority for General Garfield was about 540,000, and four years ago in the same States it was only 265,070, three of those States having been carried by the Democracy. In spite of fraud in counting, bulldozing red-shirted rifle-clubs, and mounted rangers with cannon, the Democrats could not get as large a majority in all the Southern States as the free North has given for the candidate who represents its convictions and its will. General Garfield goes into the Presidency with a clear majority of the popular vote, although sixteen States were counted and three more were stolen by his opponents.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To Whom Honor is Due.

Honor, first, to the old guard of Republicans, the veterans of many a hard fight for nationality and human rights. They were the unwavering centre of the line of battle, and their steadiness, courage and devotion throughout the entire struggle inspired the whole Republican host with the zeal which made victory certain.

Honor to the young voters whose patriotic instincts led them to choose the right side, and who threw themselves into the struggle with all the noble enthusiasm and generous ardor of youth.

Honor to the intelligent workingmen, who were quick to see their duty to the party which has protected their interests and who brought a large contingent of sturdy voters to swell its ranks in the States where the fight was closest.

Honor to the sagacious men of business, who laid aside for a time their engrossing occupations and labored to secure the triumph of the party which has made business profitable by giving the country an honest currency and sound financial conditions. The part they took in the campaign was eminently creditably to their patriotism and good judgment.

Honor to the colored men, who nowhere failed in their allegiance to the party which gave them liberty and citizenship. They helped to make the result decisive in the North, and would have put three or four Southern States in the Garfield column if they had been allowed to cast a free ballot in the South.

Honor to the Republican leaders, who, forgetting old jealousies and disappointed ambitions, fought side by side generously, bravely and unselfishly to save the country from the threatened calamity of a reaction that aimed to install in power the ideas and the men of the rebellion.

Honor, first and last, to the unfailing good sense of the American people, who, know when they are well off, and refuse to turn out of the path of safety and prosperity; who are not prejudiced by slanders or deceived by lies, and judge men and parties fairly; who never go back to thresh old stubble, but push straight on to the accomplishment of their grand destiny, not blinded by the dust of political controversy, but seeing clearly the principles at stake in every contest. The result is a new proof that popular government in a country where the masses are educated is wise and stable.

PROHIBITION ADOPTED IN KANSAS.—Sufficient returns have been received to show that the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in Kansas has been adopted by at least 20,000 majority. The friends of temperance made special efforts in favor of the amendment on election day, that being the principal question in most localities. In all the cities, and many small towns, the ladies electioneered for the cause of temperance, and had tempting lunches spread in the vicinity of the polls, which voters partook of freely, the only consideration being a promise to vote for the amendment. The opponents of the measure made no effort to defeat it, and will content themselves with devising means to evade its operation and surmount it with such legislation enactments as will render it of no effect. The amendment will go into effect when the vote is canvassed and published by authority of the State board, and in the opinion of many lawyers this will abrogate all licenses heretofore granted by any municipal law. It also virtually repeals the present dram-shop act of the State relating to the granting of licenses. The other provisions of the act prohibiting penalties for sale without authority of law remain in full force and effect. It is not known how the legislature-elect stands on the questions growing out of the amendment, and a strong fight will be made by the two factions.

"Garfield's election means Grant in 1884," say the Democrats as they rub down their sore parts and apply the ointment to the raw places. We do not wonder at them seeing spooks. They have lain so long in the grave yard of defeat, amidst the tomb-stones that mark the resting places of buried hopes and blasted expectations that their imaginations have become disordered, and they are troubled with "ghosts on the brain." This last Appomattox naturally brings up before their minds the hero of the first Appomattox, Grant, before whom their great leader, Lee, once cowered a defeated rebel. The vision scares them, and they shrink back back in horror, their eyes starting from their sockets like balls of fire, and "each particular hair standing on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine," and cry out, "A spook! a spook! avaunt"

We predict, for their peace of mind, (for we pity them,) that President Garfield's successor in 1884 will be James A. Garfield. There, now; don't cry; Grant shan't hurt you.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

Mark Twain made a speech at the Middlesex club, Boston, Saturday night, in which, speaking of the victory in Connecticut, he said; "Perhaps, as you are so far away, you haven't heard that we have carried that State for the Republicans with 2,000 or 3,000 or 7,000 majority, or somewhere along there (I am not sufficiently acquainted with politics to keep up in figures), and three Congressmen out of four, and the governor and mayor. If we elected a mayor, and, what was the biggest triumph, we elected seven sheriffs out of eight, and that is as it should be, because the criminals and officers ought to be of opposite parties."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BUBBLES.

Ah! fairy globes of fairy dyes,
Which rise and fall, above, beneath,
And flutter between earth and skies,
Blown by a baby's laughing breath,
Greeted with rapturous cries!

How beautiful and all too frail
Your little treasure of delight;
How quickly laughter turns to wail
As vanishes from baby's sight
Your many-colored sail.

The little hands are stretched in vain,
In vain the blue eyes questioning stare;
The pretty thing comes not again—
It is not here, it is not there,
It is not anywhere.

Oh! baby eyes, in future years,
The same blank look will cloud your blue,
As, spite of hope and spite of tears,
The chosen bubble you pursue
Eludes and disappears.

You will have learned then not to cry;
Have learned the art that grown folks know,
When pretty bubbles burst and die
Of smiling grimly as they go,
As they go sadly by.

But, though they smile, and though they joke,
And though they would have deemed it shame
To whimper when the bubble broke,
They do not like it, all the same,
These mighty grown-up folk!

—*Susan Coolidge, in the Independent.*

THE MANAGING WIFE.

EZRA NEWTON had been looking over his yearly account. "Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the past year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars."

"Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's this thirty-seven cents?" asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me we ought to have saved, instead of falling behind."

"But now how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken it all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items."

"The most important is house rent, $150, and articles of food, $500."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there. I like to live well. I had enough of poor board before I married. Now I mean to live as well as I can."

"Still we ought to save something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I'm afraid we shan't be able to save anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You said that one-half of your income had been expended for articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for that purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand you won't be able to save much out of it."

"That's well. I shouldn'trellsh having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month, I will at each month hand you half of the money."

The different character of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future, he would somehow be provided for. Now, to trust in Providence is a very proper way, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God will help those who help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and though she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair rate.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step Mrs. Newton took on accepting the charge of the household expenses was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired;

"How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

"Once in six months," was the reply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have bad bills?"

"Yes; one-third my profits, on the average, are swept off by them."

"And you could afford to sell cheaper I suppose for ready money?"

"Yes, and I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so."

"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased of you shall be paid for on the spot, and I shall expect you to sell them as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with the others, who, it is scarcely needful to say, were glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is a great supporter of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately, Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her, which lasted till the first monthly installment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expenses was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed to do this. For example, instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on a pound. This, perhaps, amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other things yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

There are other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expenses which Mrs. Newton did not overlook.

With an object in view, she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, to get the full value of whatever was expended. The result was beyond her anticipations.

At the close of the year, on examining her bank-book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not occasion to use in one of the institutions—she found that she had $150, besides reimbursing herself for the money during the first month, and having enough to last the other.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked the husband at that time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for."

"I have something, however," said his wife. "How is it with you?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income, that's one good thing. We have lived fully as well as last year, and I don't know but better than when we spent $500."

"It's knack, Ezra," said his wife, smiling. She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted, some time or other, to surprise him when it would be a service.

"She may possibly have saved up $25," thought Mr. Newton, "or some trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings, including the interest, amounted to $350, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how much she had saved, supposing as before that it could be but very little.

However, he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from $1,000 to $1,200.

He added: "As I before allowed you one-half of my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save part of it than before."

As before, Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something, without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to $600, but her expenses were not proportionately increased at all, so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to $600.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of his third year than before. His expenses had increased by $100, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to his business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time, till it reached $1,600. He had steadily preserved the custom of assigning one-half to his wife, as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Newton lived in the same hired house, for which he had paid an annual rent of $150. Latterly, however, he has become dissatisfied with it. It has passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses was erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell them or let them as he might have an opportunity. They were modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

"What's the rent?" inquired she.

"Two hundred and twenty-five for corner house; $200 for either of the others."

"The corner house would be preferable, on account of the side windows."

"Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we had better rent one of them. I guess I'll engage one of them to-day; you know our year is out next week."

"Please wait till to-morrow, before engaging one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well, I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Newton called on 'Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. Her request was readily complied with; Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is, I understand, two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Yes. I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest."

"And what do you charge for the house for a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand dollars cash," was the reply, "and that is but a small advance on the cost."

"Very well, I will buy of you," added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the 'Squire, scarcely believing his own ears.

"I repeat that I will buy this house at your price, and pay the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband did not say any thing of his intention, and in fact I did not know—"

"That he had money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't got the key."

"I have the key," said the wife, and forthwith she walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of 'Squire Bent?" asked her husband.

"Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife, quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed on his wife in profound astonishment.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—the house is mine, and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra."

"Where, in the name of goodness, did you raise the money?" asked the husband, in amazement as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt, when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the house, that he had reasons to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

Capt. Eads's Start in Life.

JAMES B. EADS was born in Indiana in 1820. He is slender in form, neat in dress, genial, courteous, and nearly sixty years of age. In 1833 his father started down the Ohio River with his family, proposing to settle in Wisconsin. The boat caught fire and his scanty furniture and clothing were burned. Young Eads barely escaped ashore with his pantaloons, shirt and cap. Taking passage on another boat, this boy of thirteen landed at St. Louis with his parents, his little bare feet first touching the rocky shore of the city on the very spot where he afterward located and built the largest steel bridge in the world, over the Mississippi—one of the most difficult feats of engineering ever performed in America.

At the age of nine young Eads made a short trip on the Ohio, when the engineer of the steamboat explained to him so clearly the construction of the steam engine that before he was a year older he built a little working model of it, so perfect in its parts and movements, that his schoolmates would frequently go home with him after school to see it work. A locomotive engine, driven by a concealed rat, was one of his next juvenile feats in mechanical engineering. From eight to thirteen he attended school; after which from necessity he was placed as clerk in a dry-goods store. Over the store in St. Louis where he was engaged his employer lived. He was an old bachelor, and having observed the tastes of his clerk, gave him his first book on engineering. The old gentleman's library furnished evening companions for him during the five years he was thus employed. Finally, his health failing at the age of nineteen, he went on a Mississippi River steamer; from which time to the present day that great river has been to him an all-absorbing study.

Soon afterward he formed a partnership with a friend and built a small boat to raise cargoes of vessels sunken in the Mississippi. While this boat was building he made his first venture in submarine engineering on the lower rapids of the river by the recovery of several hundred tons of lead. He hired a scow or flat-boat and anchored it over the wreck. An experienced diver, clad in armor, who had been hired at considerable expense in Buffalo, was lowered into the water; but the rapids were so swift that the diver, though inclined in the strongest armor, feared to be sunk to the bottom. Young Eads determined to succeed, and finding it impracticable to use the armor, went ashore, purchased a whisky-barrel, knocked out the head, attached the air-pump hose to it, fastened several heavy weights to the open end of the barrel—then swinging it on a derrick, he had a practical diving-bell; the best use I ever heard made of a whisky-barrel. Neither the diver nor any of the crew would go down into this contrivance, so the dauntless young engineer, having full confidence in what he had read in books, was lowered within the barrel down to the bottom; the lower end of the barrel being open. The water was sixteen feet deep and very swift. Finding the wreck he remained by it a full hour, hitching ropes to pig lead till a ton or more was safely hoisted into his own boat. Then making a signal by a small line attached to the barrel, he was lifted on deck and in command again. The sunken cargo was soon successfully raised and sold, and netted a handsome profit, which, increased by other successes, enabled energetic Eads to build larger boats with powerful pumps and machinery on them for lifting entire vessels.—*Wide Awake.*

A Primitive Life.

THE people of some parts of East Tennessee, says a correspondent, are singularly primitive in their manners and way of living. The behests of fashion are unheeded save in cities and large villages; a lady dressed in the extreme of fashion would create a decided sensation. The dwellings are for the most part erected of hewn logs, notched down at the corners and the interstices "chinked," and daubed with clay or lime mortar. One room is often deemed sufficient for all uses, but it is esteemed a commendable thing to have a small cook house a few steps from the door of the living room to cook and eat in. Until recently, glass windows were esteemed a luxury. Cooking stoves are in many places unknown, the children of the soil preferring a fire-place even for cooking purposes. I will endeavor to describe the process of "getting a meal ready." When the wood fire burns clearly, the shallow oven, with its lid, is placed to heat over the blaze. Next the bread-tray is taken down from its place where it is hanging against the wall, a sieve produced from the "meal gum" or "flour stand," and the meal sifted with a quick series of rotary jerks into the tray. Next, if it is the good woman's intention to make some "fatty bread," a little lard is incorporated with the meal, which is then made into a stiff dough. This is placed in the oven; the cover is placed over it and live coals heaped thereon. Now the bread is cooking. The meat is next cut in slices and placed in a skillet on a fire of coals, the coffee ground or pounded and placed over the fire to boil. But few families have ever seen "store tea." Then the table is prepared. Sometimes a home-made spread of linen decorates it, and the dishes are placed thereon. Some one has meanwhile made a trip to the spring house, and cool milk and butter grace the board. The molasses or honey stand is filled. The smoking bread and meat, with coffee, are placed upon the table, and the meal is ready.

GENERAL.

THE "Canadian lope" is the latest agony in dancing.

MRS. CYRUS CHAPMAN, of Ledyard, Conn., eloped with a boy 16 years of age.

A YOUNG lady of Boston became insane because she could not afford to wear real lace on her clothes.

ITALIAN army officers are now exercised in the practical running of railroad trains, so that in time of war they may know all about moving troops by rail.

A YOUNG lady of Portland, Me., was insulted on the street by a rough. She seized him by the collar, took him to the police station and made a complaint against him.

A CASE is puzzling the doctors at Buffalo. Some time ago a man fell into a well and forced into his abdomen a large piece of wood, which came out near his shoulder. Nevertheless he is now recovering rapidly.

MRS. HARRIET HAWKER, of Providence, R. I., recently started for Saginaw, Mich., to rejoin her husband, from whom she has been separated twenty-four years. They were living in Worcester, and the husband left to seek a place to establish himself in business, finally settling in Saginaw. The letters that he wrote to his wife were intercepted, and finally after some years each believed the other dead, and it was only by accident that Mrs. Hawker discovered that her husband was still alive.

WHILE an English man-of-war, the Wild Swan, was cruising lately off Mozambique, a slave dhow was sighted and overtaken. In transferring the slaves to the man-of-war, a slave boy fell overboard. One of his legs was immediately bitten off below the knee by a shark, and then the other. A sailor from the man-of-war seeing him, jumped to his rescue, armed only with his sheathing knife, and succeeded not only in rescuing the boy from further harm, but in escaping unhurt.

WILLIAM B. BARRINGTON, of San Francisco, was possessed by a desire to take life. He went before the Lunacy Commissioners and asked to be sent to an asylum; but they decided that his mental trouble, if he had any, was brought on by drink, and refused to incarcerate him. He declared that he had murder in his heart, and some day would be unable to resist it. One evening he was drinking amicably at a bar with an intimate friend. Without warning, he drew a revolver and killed his companion. "I couldn't help it," he said; "I had to take somebody's life."

A ROMANTIC relic of Cowpens battle was shown by Mr. William J. Randolph at King's Mountain during the centennial observance. The relic is a plain 22-carat gold ring, which was found on the Cowpens battle-field in 1821. The inscription reads: "This and ye giver is yours forever, 1722." It was presented to a British officer by his sweetheart before his departure with Lord Cornwallis for America. The officer, who was killed at the Cowpens, also wore buttons of 20-carat gold on his uniform, and some of the buttons are still owned in the Carolinas. One was presented to Gen. Lafayette in 1826, and others were sent to England, the coat-of-arms on them revealing the family to whom they belonged.

AT Parkersburg, W. Va., the other day, some children, in a spirit of mischief ran after and caught one of the pigs of a litter, and carried it squealing through the gate into the yard. The old sow became fearfully enraged, and, rushing into the gate, seized the first boy she came across, and, throwing him down, caught him by the top of his head with her tusks and carried him screaming into the street, where she would have torn him to pieces, in a very short time, but for the neighbors, who ran to his assistance, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting him out of the reach of the animal. He was carried home and a physician summoned, when it was ascertained that the brute had tore the scalp almost entirely from the little fellow's head, and had inflicted other terrible wounds on his body.

MISS NORWOOD, an American missionary in China, describes how the "golden lily," as the Chinese lady calls her little foot, is formed. When the child has learned to walk the binding of the feet begins. The bandages are two inches wide and two yards long for the first year and five yards long for subsequent years. During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a pain which is like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigorous binding, the foot in two years becomes dead and ceases to ache, and the whole leg, from the knee downward, becomes shrunk, so as to be little more than skin and bone.

The Future of Weather Foretelling.

IN no other part of her wide realm has Science done so little for the good of man or her own fame as in the department of meteorology. In the solid earth her prophecies have long had a high value, in the far-off heavens her empire is affirmed, but in the unstable air between those two well-possessed provinces there is a region that is not yet subjugated. Around the border of the domain of meteorology some gains in the cause of law and order have indeed been made; we control the lightning, we are able to track a clearly defined storm for days on its path, and can help the sailor to knowledge that often enables him to escape its clutches when it assails him on the deep sea; but as for foretelling the weather in any proper sense, we have not yet attained to it. Is it attainable? Can we hope to compass the conditions of our days so that we may sow and reap, travel, feast, or make war in weather of our choice? This is, after all, perhaps the most interesting of the questions that the future history of science must determine. But though the perfect answer is not to be given at present, there are some things in the existing conditions of our science that make us hopeful that we are but at the beginning of the work of weather forecasting.

There have been two distinct scientific efforts at weather foretelling, as distinguished from the current survival of the modes of thought of ancient ages that are introduced in our ordinary weather prophecies, that undertaken by Admiral Fitzroy, in England, and that begun in this country by the United States Signal Corps, under the control of the late Gen. Myer. Both of these have made their basis of the simple principle that weather always has a history; that it means conditions that pass from one region to another by certain laws of movement and at a certain rate. This general fact was long ago recognized by meteorologists, but it was not until the telegraph enabled knowledge to outstrip the storms that it was possible to make any use of it in foretelling the weather. By the admirable labors of the United States Signal Service this method of announcing the weather that is journeying towards any locality has been brought to a high point of perfection, but it has not to any extent helped us to foretell the creation of weather. When a weather area forms in the far West, it is now traced as clearly as the path of an army, until it passes away. Sometimes the state of the barometer will tell something about storms that have not yet gathered themselves for their eastward march, but beyond this there have as yet been no means of foreseeing. The Weather Bureau is of no more use than a groundhog or a goose-bone for telling us whether our coming spring or summer is to be warm or cold, rainy or dry. Is this the end of our advance? Can we hope to do no more than take the storms we find afloat, and trace them on their courses; or can we hope to look behind them to the conditions of their origin so clearly that we can foretell their time and place of working?—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Eighteen!

AT eighteen the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time we sit listening to a tale—a marvelous fiction—delightful sometimes and sad sometimes; always unreal. Before that time our world is heroic—its inhabitants half divine or semi-demon; its scenes are dream scenes; darker woods and stranger hills, brighter skies, more dangerous waters, sweeter flowers, more tempting fruits, wider plains, drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time! How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty! As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods At that time—at eighteen, drawing near the confines of illusive, void dreams, Elf-land lies before us, the shores of reality rise in front. These shores are yet distinct; they look so blue, soft, gentle, we long to reach them. In sunshine we see a greenness beneath the azure as of spring meadows; we catch glimpses of silver lines and imagine the roll of living waters. Could we but reach this land we think to hunger and thirst no more; whereas, many a wilderness, and often the flood of death, or some stream of sorrow, as cold and almost as black as death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can be tasted. Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly earned those only know who have wrestled for great prizes. The heart's blood must grace with red beads the brow of the combatants before the wreath of victory rustles over it. At eighteen we are not aware of this. Hope, when she smiles on us, and promises happiness to-morrow, is implicitly believed. Love, when he comes wandering like a lost angel at our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced; his quiver is not seen; if the arrows penetrate, their wound is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the bark which no leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—no agony ever in some of its phases, with many, one agony throughout—is believed to be an unqualified good. In short, at eighteen the school of experience is to be entered, and her humble, crushing, grinding, but purifying and invigorating lessons are yet to be learned. Alas, experience! No other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours; none wears a robe so black, none bears a rod so heavy; none with a hand so inexorable draws the novice so sternly to his task, and forces him with an authority so resistless to its acquirements. It is by your instructions alone that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life's wilds; without it, how they stumble, how they stray; on what forbidden ground do they intrude; down what dread declivities are they hurled!

How a Young Lady Won $5,000.

BUT here comes one of my favorites, writes the Boston correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Isn't she fine-looking? No? Well, listen while I tell you her story, and learn why I like her looks. Some years ago, a man who had more money than good reputation, advertised that he would give $5,000 to any respectable white woman who would walk unveiled from the Adams House entrance down Washington Street with him, at an hour when all the fashionables were promenading. For weeks that offer remained untaken, for his reputation was such that no respectable woman would be seen with him, and the advertisement had said that "none others need apply." Finally, this woman who has just passed us agreed to his terms and to join him at the appointed place and time. When the hour came, Mr. —— was on hand. Soon a carriage drove up with the lady. It had been noised abroad that the offer had been taken up, and quite a crowd had gathered to see him pay his $5,000. He helped her alight, offered her his arm, walked a few steps with her, when she removed her veil at his request and revealed to his gaze a face as black as night. "You have deceived me," he said; "this is not fair." "I am not a negro," she replied, and to prove it she pulled off her gloves and showed a pair of hands as white as yours are this minute. The man turned toward the carriage, paid her the $5,000 and she drove off, leaving him to the laughter and hoots of the amused crowd of bystanders. It turned out afterward that the girl was very poor, and that she had a magnificent voice that she could not cultivate for want of money, and this is the way she overcame that obstacle. She went to Europe and studied five years and has returned one of our most brilliant singers. You can tell from her proud bearing and refined appearance that she is just the sort of woman to do such a thing with dignity, and come out none the worse for it either.

PITH AND POINT.

THE minstrel man is not so black as he is painted—*N. O. Picayune.*

"FINE feathers make fine birds." At least so say the men who have seen their bills—for millinery.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE man who capped the climax didn't know it was loaded, or he wouldn't have done it.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHY is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.—*Punch.*

PHYSICIANS now say that the telephone is injurious to the ear. We presume it's the strain of listening and hearing nothing that does the harm.—*Boston Post.*

A CUT in a St. Louis paper, which we took for the picture of a St. Louis girl's mitten, turns out, on closer examination, to be the full-sized picture of a sugar-cured ham.—*Chicago Newspaper.*

A QUALIFIED Judge: Squire Horsenail, M. P. (who had been inspectin' the Board School)—"Well, good-by, childer. Yer reads well, an' yer spells well; but yer hain't sot still."—*London Punch.*

"WHY did Shakespeare write tragedies?" asks an exchange. Probably because dime novels were not popular in his time. He had to write what paid him best. It is different in our day. A dramatized dime novel will now draw a larger audience than any of Shakespeare's tragedies.—*Norristown Herald.*

"LA, ma," exclaimed a gorgeously-attired young lady, in a loud voice, on an excursion boat the other day, as she directed her mother's attention to the camp stool, "them's just like the chair we seen in Yoorup!" and then she sat languidly down and began to play with her diamond ring.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

Chasing a Mail Train Across the Continent.

AMERICAN enterprise has just achieved a triumph which furnishes another illustration of the superior efficiency of the mail and postal service of the United States. The feat accomplished presents a picture of an American steamer with British mails on board hurrying across oceans from the antipodes to the Western Hemisphere, and arriving home two days in advance of her scheduled time; a mail train starting from the Pacific coast some hours before the steamship had reached her destination; a special train with the foreign mails dispatched on a flying trip of 1,000 miles to overtake and transfer the mail matter to the regular train, in order that it may be placed on board a fast transatlantic steamship which leaves this port to-day, and through which it is expected the mails will be landed at London in about four and a half days less time than they were ever carried before from Australia to the British capital. The details which follow were obtained yesterday from Postmaster James, of this city.

The steamship City of Sidney, carrying the Australian mails, left the port of Sydney on September 9, and after an extraordinarily rapid voyage arrived at San Francisco forty-eight hours ahead of schedule time, but too late for that day's train eastward on the Central Pacific Railroad. Having been immediately notified of the arrival of the steamship at San Francisco, Postmaster James was very anxious to have her mails reach the steamship Arizona, which sails at noon to-day for Queenstown. On the 7th inst. he called upon Mr. Sidney Dillen, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, with whom he found Mr. Towne, of San Francisco, the General Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and Mr. Clarke, of Omaha, the General Manager of the Union Pacific Road. Colonel James, having laid the matter before Mr. Dillon, the latter turned to Mr. Towne and asked: "Where is the passenger train that left San Francisco on October 6?" The reply was: "It is on the Humboldt Division." "Then," said Mr. Dillen, "telegraph to put on a special, take the mail and overtake the train that left San Francisco on the 5th." "Why," interposed Mr. Clarke, "we shall have to run 1,000 miles at an expense of over $1,000 to overtake that train." "Never mind," replied Mr. Dillon, "put on the special." Having been thus assured of hearty co-operation in his praiseworthy design, Postmaster James lost no time in sending a dispatch to Mr. William B. Thompson, General Railway Mail Superintendent at Washington, making him acquainted with the arrangements. Superintendent Thompson accordingly gave instructions to the postal clerks along the route, as well as to the Postmasters at Omaha, Chicago and Pittsburgh, to facilitate by every means in their power the dispatch of the Australian mail. That the officials alluded to were on the alert was soon manifest. On the 9th inst. Postmaster James received a telegram from Postmaster Thomas F. Hall, at Omaha, setting forth that the Australian mails had arrived there and had been dispatched in the train which left Omaha at a quarter to five o'clock on that date. From Chicago Superintendent James F. White, of the railway service, telegraphed Postmaster James on the 10th inst. that 243 sacks of foreign mail had been forwarded from there at ten minutes to four p. m. on that day via Pittsburgh. The next dispatch, bearing date of yesterday, was sent by Mr. Cunningham, local postal agent at Pittsburgh, to his chief, R. C. Jackson, Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service Division in this city. This set forth that the foreign mail arrived at Pittsburgh by train No. 6, on the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne Railroad, at 7:30 yesterday morning, and was forwarded by train No. 8, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at 8:45 a. m. The latter train arrived at Jersey City about 10 o'clock last evening, and the British mail will be duly transferred to the steamship Arizona this morning. It is expected that the latter will make the trip to Queenstown in seven days, thus making the time from Sydney to London forty-one days. According to the latest report of the Postmaster-General of New Zealand, the average time consumed in the voyage from Sydney via San Francisco has been forty-five days and about six hours, and by way of the Suez Canal forty-six days and about four hours. It will therefore be seen that the City of Sydney has reduced the time of the voyage nearly four and one-half days.—*New York Herald, Oct. 12.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

ROUND THE YEAR.

LOVE came to me in the Spring-time,
With the soft, sweet April showers;
Her breath was the breath of the woodland,
And her lap was filled with flowers.

Her step was a song in the silence;
Its melody rose and fell
As she danced through the fragrant twilight
To the bower we knew so well.

And the Spring glided on to the Summer
With the flame of its fervent darts,
And the noon of the fleeting season
Was the noon of our beating hearts.

But the Autumn came with its shadows,
And noon was no longer hot;
And the frost crept into our pulses,
And Summer and Spring were not.

And Love was alive with the Winter,
But her beauty and grace had fled;
'Mid the snows of March I left her,
With a cypress wreath at her head.
—*Hart Lyman, in Harper's Magazine.*

THAT LETTER.

AT thirty-five Farrell Bainbridge had engaged himself to marry Grace Harrison. She was ten years younger than he, which according to his theory was quite as it ought to be, for he had always had a notion that he would like to be the head of his household, and he had observed among his friends that those who had married ladies decidedly their juniors seemed to command a deference from their mates which husbands matched more equally in respect of age did not secure without considerable effort, if at all. In these leveling days, when a husband could no longer count on the prestige of sex which stood his forefathers in such good stead, it behooved him, according to Farrell, to avail himself of such assistance toward the maintenance of marital authority as the principle of seniority, itself also somewhat in decay, could lend.

I would not convey the idea that any unromantic degree of common-sense had entered into Farrell's engagement. It had been a real love-affair, and doubtless if the young lady had turned out to be some years older instead of younger than himself, he would have had no difficulty in discovering some theory equally plausible for reconciling that fact with his ideal of the marriage relation.

From the lady's point of view, on the other hand, there are disadvantages as well as advantages connected with marrying a husband decidedly maturer than herself. A disadvantage is that he has probably sown more or less wild oats; an advantage is that he has probably got done sowing them. Now Farrell had never had a bad name for fast living and had never deserved one, but there had been passages in his life which he would have been excessively panic-stricken to have had come to the knowledge of Grace. Nor would the panic have been merely an unworthy cowardice. He had done with his past. He was about to begin with her a new life. He wanted to feel this new life separate and distinct from the other. To have had any painful mutual consciousness between them regarding the past would have taken away much of the inspiration for a new departure in living which her unsuspecting confidence gave him.

The engagement had been a short one. A certain morning about a month previous to the time fixed for the wedding, Farrell sat writing a letter to his betrothed—for he lived and did his work in a large city some hundreds of miles from the New England village where she resided with her parents.

As he was finishing his letter to Grace an errand boy brought him in a note. He tore it open, glanced it over quickly, and then frowningly read it again, as many as three times. Then, muttering between his teeth, "'t's the last time, any how," he wrote a few words on a piece of paper and folding it up with the communication he had received put them together into an envelope. Then, putting his letter to Grace in an envelope, he directed both and went out to the Post-office. The office was busy and crowded with coming and going people, for it was near time for closing the noon mails. Farrell took his two letters from his pocket and dropped one of them through the narrow slit into the letter box. It was the one addressed to Miss Grace Harrison.

He was about to drop the other after it when it struck him that it was heavier than he had thought, and at the same moment he recalled that the letter to Grace as he dropped it in had seemed rather light. He felt of the letter in his hand more carefully; he raised it against the light, then quickly tore it open. It contained his letter to Grace. The envelope directed to Grace which he had just dropped into the box contained the other letter. Yes, by peering into the slit through which he had dropped it he could see it lying there. It had fallen face up. He could see the direction. It was very plainly written. He always took particular pains in writing to Grace to write very plainly, for she had scolded him for his illegible hand. It was very sure, confoundedly sure, to go straight to her. The stupidest clerk, the blindest letter-carrier, could make no mistake about that.

As he stood stupidly peering through the slit at the letter lying at the bottom of the box within, he was jostled by a man with a letter to drop. When the man had gone away Farrell looked through the slit again, and saw that his letter was partly covered with the other. As he observed this he was again jostled by a boy with a handful of letters. The boy looked sharply at him. It occurred to Farrell that the boy suspected him of wanting to rob the mail. Well, he did. That was just what he wanted to do. He could have done it in a moment if he could have got his arm through that slit.

He stood aside out of the rush of people and leaned against the wall, trying to think what he should do. He holds still in his hand the misdirected envelope containing his letter to Grace. Let us glance at the address:

MR. ROBERT FREEMAN,
Steward ——— Club,
——— *St.,*

The communication which he had intended for the steward of his club had then gone to Grace. Well, what of it? Doubtless it was a mere business communication. She would laugh, and at once comprehending the mistake would re-mail it to him with some merry comment. That would be all. Yes, but how then explain the chagrin and consternation with which Farrell recognized the mistake, and how account for the painful agitation which his face and manner betray as he stands with his hand to his forehead debating desperate means for the recovery of the epistle? Evidently there is something we don't know about, nor yet even guess, connected with that letter to the steward. Young men sometimes have queer secrets and queer confidants.

Farrell glances up at the clock. The New England mail closes in ten minutes. Whatever he does he must do quickly. Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He must go to the Postmaster and tell him his predicament. No doubt he would return him the letter at once on its being pointed out.

Farrell was pointed to where a gentleman sat with a stove-pipe hat on the back of his head writing at a desk. He did not so much as look up from his work as Farrell stood over him, and the latter, recognizing that it was no time for ceremony, began at once.

"I am sorry to inconvenience you, but the fact is I've just this moment made a rather awkward mistake in inclosing a letter to one person in an envelope directed to another, and should like to get the letter back out of the Connecticut mail."

"Very sorry, sir," said the Postmaster without looking up. "Can't do anything for you. Such mistakes are constantly being made. If we undertook to rectify them couldn't attend to anything else."

"But sir," exclaimed Farrell, "I am a respectable person. There is my card."

"That won't do, sir," said the Postmaster. "No offense, sir, but if I'd seen you drop that letter in the box with your own hand I should have no business to give it back to you. The law makes the mailing of a letter legal evidence of its receipt, and it would make a pretty mess if a man after mailing a letter could get it back again. Excuse me, sir. You see I'm busy. Good-day;" and the Postmaster, tilting forward his chair, dipped his pen in the ink and recommenced writing, as oblivious of Farrell from that moment as if he were in Tartary.

That same afternoon, about two hours and a half afterward, allowing for the difference in time, the bell rung at the front door of the residence of Mr. Abel Harrison on one of the finest streets of a little city in the ancient State of Connecticut. Mr. Harrison was at his business. Mrs. Harrison was out shopping. Miss Grace Harrison was out of town staying with a friend over night. Lucy, Grace's elder sister, was at home alone.

"A telegram, Miss Harrison," said the servant, bringing her up the fateful yellow missive. It was directed to Miss Grace Harrison, but in most families telegrams are considered common property, and Lucy opened it without hesitation. It was signed "Farrell Bainbridge," and read as follows:

You will receive a letter from me to-morrow. It was sent you by mistake. Please burn without opening.

Miss Lucy Harrison was extremely devoted to her sister. Her engagement had been a great trial to her, not more on her own account than by reason of her anxiety on Grace's behalf. She had been convinced from the first that Farrell was not the thousandth part good enough for her sister. This was not that she knew anything specific against him. She would think the same about any young man who had presumed to claim her darling little sister.

Lucy was however a discreet young woman, and not a word did she breathe that evening to her father or mother of the telegram. Next morning at nine with the rest of the mail came a letter addressed in Farrell's hand to Grace, and with the post-mark of his city. An hour later Grace herself came home. The first thing she asked, after the kisses and greetings, was if there was a letter for her.

"Yes," said Lucy, "it's on your bureau."

Grace ran upstairs. There was the letter. Never had she thought her name so pretty as since she saw it in her lover's handwriting. Lucy had followed her. She saw her catch it up, look fondly at it, and then with a quick gesture press it to her lips. She looked around and saw her sister.

"Just wait till you are in love, Lucy," she said, blushing and gayly laughing as she began to open the letter.

"Stop," said Lucy, extending to her sister the telegram in its yellow envelope. "This came for you yesterday, and that is no doubt what it refers to. You'd better read it first. I don't know what to make of it."

Grace took the telegram and read it. Then she looked at the letter and read the telegram again.

"I'm not to read it," she said in a puzzled tone. "A mistake? Why what does he mean? Why did he write it to me if he doesn't want me to read it?" and she regarded Lucy out of violet eyes round with bewilderment, as if she were bound to explain the mystery. But the latter answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't pretend to explain such a curious transaction. One thing is pretty plain though, Mr. Farrell Bainbridge would never have stultified himself by sending such an extraordinary telegram unless he had some very strong reason for desiring to prevent you from seeing what is in that letter."

"But how could he write me something one minute and then the next be so anxious to prevent my reading it?" said Grace, ready to cry with perplexity. "That's not natural. It's not a bit like Farrell."

"Perhaps not," said Lucy. "You ought to be fully acquainted with his character. You've known him the whole of six months, I believe;"—she could not refrain from this sarcasm—"I suppose," she continued, "we have all of us torn up a good many letters which we had written to send to people, and have sent some which we wish we had torn up. I don't pretend to guess the riddle, but perhaps Mr. Bainbridge had an impulse of frankness and wrote you some things which upon sober second thought, after the mail had gone out, he concluded he would rather you did not know."

"Oh, I can't think of it that way, Lucy," exclaimed Grace, now crying outright. "It is as if there were two Farrells, one who trusted me and one who didn't. Which of them is my lover?"

"Grace," said her sister, "if I were engaged to marry a man and received a letter under such circumstances as these I should read it. You can't tell what may be in it. There may be something in it that will and indeed ought to make a difference in your feelings toward him. You must forgive me, my darling little sister, if I talk plainly, but there may be something in that letter which if you knew it would make you unwilling to marry him."

"Lucy!"

"You may cry out as you please," said the elder sister, compassionately but firmly, "but your own sense will tell you I am right. You love him, but how little after all you know about him."

"But I have no right to open it when he tells me not to," sobbed Grace.

"Yes you have. The letter is as much directed to you as the telegram. He sent it to you of his own free will, intending you to read it. He changed his mind afterward, it is true, but that doesn't make it less your right to read what he wrote meaning it for your eye. If he had spoken to you instead of writing to you and said something which he afterward asked you to ignore, you would not feel bound to do so even if you could. You would have a right to whatever he had once told you, however sorry he might be afterward that he had revealed it. That would be just like this. He has told you something in this letter. He tells you in the telegram to ignore it. The only difference is that, thanks to the quickness of the telegraph, you have his first and second thoughts before you at once, and you can choose which you will regard. I can't see that his second thought has any more claim on your respect than his first thought."

"Oh, I can't divide him up that way, Lucy, and think of him as if there were two of him—oh, why did he do it? He has made me so unhappy, and I was so happy before."

Lucy talked some time longer before she left Grace to herself, representing to her that the only course for a self-respecting young lady under the circumstances was either to insist upon and act upon her right to read a letter addressed to her, or, if she preferred out of consideration for her dignity not to read it, to return it to the sender with his former letters and a note briefly stating that she agreed with him that second thoughts were best, and begged him to consider their engagement at an end. But it was easy enough for Lucy to talk; she was not in love. Her words fell for the most part on deaf ears, as Grace, with the letter crunched in her little fist, nervously walked the room or stood holding it before her and fixedly gazing at it with tear-glazed eyes almost like one distraught.

Lucy was right. She had a right to know what it was; she would know. She seized the letter, she made as if she would have torn it open. Then crushing it still unopened in her hand, she burst into tears. How cruel of him! She had loved him so. She had been so happy in thinking how noble and true he was, in trusting herself so gladly to him; and now he had spoiled it all by this terrible letter; it was all spoiled. He had let into the paradise of her happiness a thousand creeping, crawling, biting, clinging doubts and suspicions. What could it be that he had written in that letter? What sort of a tale had he told her, the telling of which to his afterthought had seemed so perilous? She had a right to know it and judge of it. Their happiness was as much her concern as his.

At length she rose up and taking the letter went to the window, and holding it up to the light with hard, hungry eyes tried to pierce the envelope and read at least a word or two of what was within. Finding the light not strong enough, she closed the window-blinds and drew the curtains and, the room being darkened, lit a gas-jet and put the letter close against the flame in the hope that the light shining through might reveal the writing. As she made these preparations she instinctively moved about on tiptoe, as if she were a burglar. The beating of her heart almost suffocated her. As she held the letter against the gas-jet she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and was horrified at the sight of her hard thievish eyes and white, reckless face. "Oh how bad I am already!" the unhappy girl exclaimed. "I will not doubt him. What will become of me if I do?" and she threw herself on her face upon her bed and lay with the letter pressed to her forehead sobbing and from time to time exclaiming in a husky voice "I will not, I will not," as if by sheer will power she were trying to turn back the rising tide of suspicion.

It was a hard struggle and a long one, with many alternations of fortune. Now her excited fancy framed a hundred dreadful might be's as the contents of the horrid letter, suspicions of things that never before entered her innocent heart. Then she would feel that she could not "stand it." She should not live unless she knew what was in the letter. All the peace and happiness of her life would be gone if these horrid suggestions were to be ever haunting her. And then her love would rise like a giant and thrust out every foe and for the moment hold the door against them, and in a passionate unreasoning trust she would press the letter to her lips.

When at last she rose and washed her eyes, she was quite calm. Sitting down she wrote to Farrell as follows:

I was away last night, and when I came home this morning I received your telegram and the letter to which I suppose it referred, together. If I had disregarded the telegram and read the letter I should perhaps feel more at ease in my mind than I now do. But I did not read it. I don't know but I had a right to in spite of the telegram, and I would like you to feel that I have done pretty well not to. But I will trust you, Farrell, I do trust you; if I did not I don't know what would become of me.

P. S.—I hope you will duly consider your next letter before sending it, and be sure you are willing to have me read it. I do not like this new way.

The reader may observe that the above letter, while stating that the writer had regarded the prohibition of the telegram so far as not reading the letter was concerned, omits to say any thing about burning it. There was a good reason for the omission. Grace had not burned it. She had not read it. She did not mean to, but she had kept it. Her course was as if Eve, instead of eating the apple, had put it in her pocket, that is, of course, supposing that she had had any pocket.

Now Farrell, as may be supposed, had been decidedly uneasy as to the manner in which his telegram might be received by Grace, and when he read her letter he was mightily relieved. Some girls would have made such a fuss over such a thing, for it must have seemed a little odd to her; they would have made a row, but Grace had only seemed a little annoyed and quite good-natured about it. To be sure, he noticed that she omitted to mention having burned the letter. Probably though she had done so. He would like to assure himself on this point, but he felt that he had rather imposed on her already and was hardly in a position to hold her to a strict account. Accordingly when he wrote in reply he said nothing about the matter of the burning, and indeed barely alluded to the missent letter. He said that he had made a very laughably stupid blunder and was no end obliged to her for not being vexed at the trouble he had made her, and then without further words about the business passed on to talk love in such a fervid strain that it is no wonder Grace forgot to criticise the suddenness of the transition from explanation to protestation. He had never written her such a letter before. Lucy came out as Grace sat reading Farrell's letter the second time over.

"I suppose he explains all about that mysterious letter?" she said as she saw the hand-writing, and glanced sharply into Grace's face.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Grace, and as she raised her happy glowing face to her sister's Lucy could but conclude the explanation had been most unexpectedly complete. Nor did she ever afterward think of doubting it. She said to herself, "He is coming in a day or two, I will wait till I see him, and then I will tell him how badly I feel and he will explain it all."

A couple of days later he did come, for a mere flying visit of a single evening. Grace was just enough afraid of her big lover to add an exquisite thrill to her love for him. Nevertheless she went down stairs to the parlor quite intending to broach the subject of the letter at the first good opportunity she found in the course of their conversation. But there came no opportunity. She was very much in love, poor thing, and when she entered the room and saw him standing there, so big and so handsome, and saw his eyes rest on her so full of glad proud fondness, she felt just one spasm of shame for all the suspicious she had cherished concerning him, and then forgot them wholly for the rest of the evening, giving herself quite up to her happiness.

It wanted but a week of the wedding. During the ensuing days the bustle of preparation, the multitude of things that must be done and must be thought of, necessarily diverted her mind; and then when, the day before the great day, Farrell came and was so handsome, so devoted, so glad, how could she help quite forgetting all else in a flutter of pride and happiness? But when that night, the night before the wedding, she was at last alone in her room, then she was nearer than ever to opening that dreadful letter. How could she, how could she, go through the morrow's solemn lifelong consecration to her lover with this vague, unformed, awful doubt of him hid in her heart? Nay, in justice to him if not to herself she was bound to clear her mind of it. She had no right to come to him with that between them. Never had the temptation taken a guise so specious. She caught up the letter in a nervous grasp. Half way she tore the envelope in two. Then her strength failed. She had never done a mean thing in her life. Was this mean? Had she a right to open the letter or not? Was it his or hers? Her head was in a whirl. She cried—but did not open the letter.

Next day came the wedding. It is treason to as true a heart as every heart, but I must own it, even when she was making the responses to the minister she could not quite forget the letter. It was the grain of sand under the eyelid that could not be forgotten. If she had been less in love with him, if she had been ready to take a philosophical view of the matter, and to realize that her lover, while an imminently good fellow as men went, was not perfect, no doubt she would have forgotten it quite. But to that she could not descend. She must love him wholly, must give herself to him with enthusiasm or with an anguish of conflicting emotions.

Many a time the words trembled on her lips, "That letter—oh, Farrell! Tell me about that letter. Tell me the worst, that I may forgive you."

But she could not summon strength to utter them. How could she let him know at this late day that all along she had suspected him? And then, too—for she must also think of that—though she felt she could be happier after forgiving him the worst thing than she was now, what if he should meet her questions with the anger of guilt, should falter and try to deceive her? Then she would be worse off than ever. And so the "worm in the bud" gnawed at her damask cheek, and her husband said to her after the first week of their honeymoon trip:

"Grace, dear, we are traveling too fast. You are not well. We will stay here awhile."

But she insisted that she was well and would rather be moving.

They came home at last and set up housekeeping in the most charming of little houses. Never was a more devoted husband or, in spite of her happiness, a more unhappy wife. Perhaps her temperament was rather morbid. It was one of those which are only fitted for complete emotions. They can not halve and quarter their emotions or console themselves with averages. It seems scarcely fair to call them morbid on that account, though I admit it certainly is hard to see what business such people have in this imperfect world. Grace began to think she at least had none. She began to be concerned about her state of mind. She was growing worse and worse. She must in some way put an end to this situation. That letter, now hid away in the bottom of her bureau drawer, was withering her away as if it had the maleficent power of a witch's candle.

One evening Farrell came home in an unusually affectionate frame of mind—and unusual affection on the part of a six weeks' bridegroom implies a good deal. After dinner, as they were sitting alone in their cosy little parlor before the glowing grate fire, he fell to talking, really in a very pretty way, about how much she was to him, how by her the pride of all he did was doubled, and how the thought of her was to him a hundred times a day like a draught of generous wine, lifting his veins with fire and imparting a fresh zest for all his duties; and how in short he did every way contritely own himself the most undeservedly, greedily, graspingly, happy man whom a woman ever tempted to forget in herself the Supreme Author of good.

To his amazement, she interrupted this pretty speech with a burst of tears, and, thrusting away his comforting arms, cried:

"Oh, I am a bad woman! I don't deserve to make you happy."

Then, while astonishment yet held him mute, she sprang up, crying, "Wait a minute," and ran out of the room. He heard her flying upstairs to their room and it was not ten seconds before she came running down again and entered the parlor with a letter in her hand. Her face was pale, wet with tears and set with resolve.

"I have been false to you, Farrell," she exclaimed. "You remember that letter you telegraphed me not to open but to burn. I did not open it but I never burned it. I kept it, I doubted you, Farrell. I am a faithless bad wife. Can you ever forgive me?" and, throwing the letter upon the burning coals in the grate, she cast herself into her husband's arms and buried her face upon his shoulder.

I am not quite sure what it was that Farrell exclaimed. I'm not positive that it was not some ejaculation of vexation which it is quite as well not to put on paper. But before the flames had more than browned the letter, he had sprung up, setting his wife rather unceremoniously on her feet, and snatched it from the coals. He tore it open.

"Look here, you little goose," he exclaimed, turning up the gas with the hand that held the letter while with the other he caught the shrinking figure of his wife about the waist. "Look here and see what it is."

"Oh no, no," she said, "I don't want to see it. I don't want to. I am ashamed enough of myself now."

"I insist that you shall see it," he said.

She looked on as he spread out the contents of the charred envelope that had been wet with so many tears. It was a bill from Robert Freeman, the steward of the—Club, to Farrell Bainbridge, Esq., for sundry bottles of wine and other potables and kindred vanities, with a check in liquidation of the same inclosed.

"You see," exclaimed Farrell, "when I was going to marry you I dropped the club, and so had no end of a bill to pay. You are such a fearful little tectotaler that when I found I had sent the bill to you I was in a terrible state of mind. It might dish me entirely. And so I telegraphed. And when you didn't seem to mind it and didn't speak of it, of course I wasn't going to speak of it. And that's been the matter with you all this time! God bless my soul! You darling little goose!"

Grace had never cried so much in her life as she did with her face hid in her husband's coat collar during the next hour or so, and was never so utterly happy.—*Edward Bellamy, in Good Company.*

An Interesting Family Romance.

THE happiest household in the city of Louisville, says the *Courier-Journal*, is that which nightly gathers about the lamp-light at the residence of Mr. F. P. Baron, the well-known stove merchant, who lives on Green Street, near Wenzel. Mr. Baron's estimable wife and her two sisters, Mrs. Lizzie Cross, of Sacramento, Cal., and Mrs. Hettie Lowe, of Iowa, are reunited after a separation of nearly thirty years, under circumstances so romantic and unusual that few chapters in fiction are as entertaining. The three ladies are of English parentage. About forty years ago their father, Mr. Joseph Powell, of London, England, accompanied by his wife and children, sailed for Trinidad, one of the British West India Islands. Mr. Powell was wealthy, and had made purchases of land in Trinidad from agents. The children were small when the voyage began. It lasted four months in a sailing vessel, and consequently they can still remember it. On reaching Trinidad, Mr. Powell discovered that it was impossible for an unacclimated foreigner to live there. Disease was ravaging the island, and, further, he discovered that in the purchase of the land he had been swindled out of a large sum. They did not disembark, but came on to the United States with the remainder of his shattered fortune. He went to Peoria, Ill., and settled there, investing all his means in property. He was swindled again, and, to crown the misfortunes of the family, the father fell ill and died four months after arriving. The family were left almost penniless in a strange land. Mrs. Powell pined away and died of a broken heart, one month after her husband's death. This great misfortune left four little girls and a boy at the mercy of the world. The oldest was seven years old, who is now Mrs. Baron. The children secured homes with kindly people, and for two or three years saw each other frequently. Then came a separation. Mrs. Baron remained in Illinois, Mrs. Lowe went to Iowa, and Mrs. Cross to California. The other brother and sister died soon afterward in Springfield, Ill. The separation took place in 1852, and Mrs. Cross, then a child of nine or ten years, accompanied her brother to California, where the gold fever was raging. They made the passage of the plains in wagon trains, and were attacked by Indians, narrowly escaping annihilation of the party. Her friends went to the mines, and the little girl grew up in the magic changes and romantic surroundings of the gold mines. The children lost sight of each other, but did not forget. Years passed, and the girls grew up to be intelligent and educated young ladies. They married, and all married well. Then they began to yearn for each other, and after many attempts discovered where each other lived, and a correspondence began. With household duties and their children to occupy them, they could not meet on account of the distance which separated them. Last spring Mrs. Cross's husband died, and some time ago she came East, stopping for some months with her sister, Mrs. Lowe, in Iowa. Then both came to Louisville, and several days ago the three long-separated sisters were reunited happily. A happier group could not well be imagined. They are all respected people, occupying high estimation with their acquaintances. There are romantic threads underlying this brief outline which deserve fuller relation, and Mrs. Cross, it is understood, is going to write the history of the eventful lives of the three sisters.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE MOTHER-HEN SAID.

CLUCKITY, *cluckity, cluckity, cluck!*
Had ever a hen such wonderful luck?
Ten little pulfity, fluffity things,
Nestling so cosily under my wings.

Hickory, hickory, dickory, dock!
Mrs Grimalkin gave me a shock!
Seeing my Top-knot taking a drink,
She put out her paw as quick as a wink.

But Top-knot is smart, and Top-knot is spry,
She gave puss the slip in the glance of an eye;
Top's a *wonderful* chick! It's easy to see
What a belle, by and by, my Top-knot will be.

Higgiety, piggiety, wiggiety, wee!
I've nine other darlings lovely as she;
Floss, like a puff-ball, pretty as silk,
And Snow-drop and Trotty, whiter than milk;

And Puck, who will do me great credit some day
(To hear that chick crow is good as a play);
And Speckle, and Frisk1e, and Hussey, and Prink,
And Brownie, and Blackie, *now* what do you think?

Was ever a prouder mother than I?
Were ever such chickens under the sky?
Lambs, kittens, babies and other wee things,
Are pretty, but dear me, *they haven't wings!*
—*Wide-Awake.*

CELIA'S COMPOSITION.

CELIA was twelve years old; a bright little girl at her lessons, anxious to be at the head of her classes, and a general favorite in school. No matter how long or hard the lesson, the first little face to brighten as the teacher marked it off to the class was sure to be Celia Brown's; hers the first voice to exclaim: "Oh, I reckon we can get it if we try right hard; and I certainly will do *that!*"

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was prepared to receive a bright look of acquiescence from Celia, at least, when she one morning announced to the little class that a composition would be expected from each one on the Friday of the following week, but she was disappointed. To her surprise, Celia's face said as plainly as words could have spoken, "I can't possibly do it, Miss Nelsou, and it's of no sort of use to try."

"What are we to write a composition *about*, Miss Nelson?" asked one girl, whose face matched Celia's in expression. "I don't know enough to *tell* of any one single thing in this whole world!"

Miss Nelson smiled.

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear," she replied, pleasantly. "I think you will find you know something worth telling about *salt* when you put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind to try. At any rate, that is what I expect you to do—*try!* And I will let you know afterward how nearly you have succeeded to my satisfaction."

Celia Brown never said a word. She just closed her lips tightly and shook her head in utter despair. It was of no use to talk to her; a composition she could not write. Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic, would not have daunted her anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything else that afternoon, and at the tea table she looked so abstracted and was so unusually silent, that her big brother Tom, just home from college, desired to be told if her tongue had gone out to spend the evening.

"O sister, how you *did* practice your music lesson this afternoon," added little Willie: "you just banged *and* tore! I reckon she didn't count her one, two, three's much, mamma!"

"Mamma, Miss Nelson has told all the girls in my class to write a composition for next Friday," said Celia, disregarding her brothers' personal remarks, and looking anxiously at her mother; "and I know I can't do it. I just couldn't do it if it would save my life; I would rather undertake to recite seventeen chapters of history!"

"Nonsense," said her father, laughing; "it is quite time you learned to use you mind in composition. Seventeen or twenty-seven chapters of history will not do you half the good that six lines of carefully-written composition will do. And you will not find it difficult, Celia, if you do not make up your mind against it. Did Miss Nelson give you a subject?"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject! I can't think how anything interesting could be written upon salt!"

"Oh, write about the 'eat,' exclaimed Willie. "I wouldn't write about salt, either; nasty stuff! Just write on the 'eat.' I'll tell you exactly what to say: *I* can write a composition. Pooh! it's easy. Wait till mamma sends me to school. Now you just write this, 'The eat is a real nice animal. It's got three white feet and one black one. It's got a spot on its breast, too. It has four dear little kittens; and it washes her face every morning with her paws. She *licks* her face—this ain't nice; but what can you expect from a poor silly cat? It don't know any better. And ours is named Thomas Matilda, after nurse's brother and sister!"

"Bravo, Willie!" exclaimed his father, joining in the hearty laughter of the others at the little boy. "So you can write a composition. I'd advise sister to call on you for help, by all means."

"That composition might do for you, Willie, dear," said Celia, still laughing; "but I think it would sound rather queer to Miss Nelson."

"Why, you needn't care *how* it sounds. Need she, papa? She just tells every single bit she knows. That is the way I'm going to do when I write compositions."

"That is tolerably sound advice," said her mother, looking at her, with a smile. "Just put the thought of 'how it will sound' quite out of your mind, and write down all you know about salt."

The next day was Saturday. About ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to *try*.

"Salt!" she wrote at the top of her paper, and then there came an awful pause. "Oh, dear, *what* shall I say about it? 'Salt! Salt—' Well, I'm sure I don't know *what* it is exactly, unless it's *salt!* and here Celia's thoughts were interrupted by a laugh. "I'll get old Webster," she continued, thinking aloud. "Let's see now," and she whirled the leaves rapidly to the S's. "Um! here it is: 'Salt—chloride of sodium—a substance used for seasoning certain kinds of food, and for the preservation of meat, etc. It is found native in the earth, or it is produced by evaporation and crystallization from water impregnated with saline particles.' Well, I do declare! If that's all Mr. Webster has to say about salt, how should I be expected to know any more? The idea! Why, I don't know any more, and I don't *know* that! Well, I do say Miss Nelson is unreasonable." Celia wriggled herself nearly off her chair, sighed, groaned, fanned herself, bit her pen-handle, and finally, at Willie's call, jumped up and ran from the room, leaving the composition still to be written.

She and her little brother mounted the see-saw in the garden, and during this pleasant pastime Celia interrogated him upon what he knew about salt! Willie didn't know much, but what he did know he generously told.

"Salt," he informed her, was very good to make ice-cream with. That cows liked salt," he also told her, "although *he* didn't."

Celia laughed so at this that she could not seesaw any longer, and she went back to the house to take her music lesson and afterward she drove out with her mother; and the day went, and she entered her room at night to find the big sheet of blank paper staring up at her in mute surprise as she looked down upon it, before consigning it to the table drawer.

She tried again on Monday, slightly, and on Tuesday. Wednesday she had no time, that being one of her music days, and Thursday was her very last day of grace. She made a very strong effort then, but at her very best she could think of nothing superior to what Mr. Webster's dictionary said; and, in fact, nothing at *all* beyond one simple fact, that "salt was a very exceedingly useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown, "if you have honestly tried and cannot write a composition, you may yourself write a letter to Miss Nelson asking to be excused, instead of my doing it. Tell her exactly how hard you have tried, and ask her to give you an easier subject."

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled as she gave this advice, and her little daughter went up to her room much comforted. Here is the letter she wrote:

DEAR MISS NELSON: Mamma told me that I might write this letter, and say that I *cannot* write a composition on salt. She says, perhaps you will be so kind as to give me an easier subject. I don't know anything about salt—at least, not much, except that it is dug out of the earth, and is then a mineral; and sometimes we get it by letting sea-water evaporate. I am very fond of salt, and for that reason I know I ought to be ashamed of not knowing more about it. Last week, Mary, our cook, made the bread and forgot to salt it, and none of us could eat it. It certainly is a very useful article. Did you know that, to get the the silver away from the rock it is buried in, they roast the pieces with *salt?* I read this in a lovely book called "Nelly's Silver Mine." Of course they do something else, but they do this, too, and I remember, because I felt such an interest in the very word. I didn't know, till I saw it in the dictionary, that an old sailor is called a "salt;" I suppose because he follows the salt water. Are there not a great many different sorts of salt? I was thinking about them this morning, because I happened to see the bottle that has the salt of lemons in it; you take out iron rust from linen with that. And there is saltpeter, and salt of hartshorn, and the salts you take for medicine. And mamma says we could scarcely have any food that would be fit to eat without salt. I must tell you what a funny thing Willie said when I was talking about my composition to mamma. He said: "Tell Miss Nelson that salt is the only thing that will catch a pigeon, only I never can get near enough to throw it on the tail." Well, my letter is done. I am very sorry to disappoint you, dear Miss Nelson, and I will try *real hard* next time. I tried this time, and I could have done it, only I knew of nothing to say.

I am your affectionate scholar,
CELIA BROWN.

To Celia's great astonishment, Miss Nelson insisted upon considering this letter a "composition"—as, of course, it was; and she read it herself before the whole school. The secret of Celia's ability to write a letter where she could not write a "composition" lay in the fact that she unconsciously followed little Willie's advice and wrote what she *thought* and *felt* without regard to "how it might sound."—*Churchman.*

Was There a Glacial Man in America?

BUT was there any glacial man in America? To this question the answer is distinct, though given with the reserve which the subject justifies. For the best that is known, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. C. C. Abbott, who was the first to call attention to the stone implements found in the glacial deposits of the Delaware Valley. These implements are chiefly of argellite, though examples of flint occur at higher levels. They have been found at the bluffs near Trenton, both in position where deposited and among the debris at the base. Dr. Abbott says: "Perhaps it is a wise caution that is exercised in but provisionally admitting the great antiquity of American man, but, were these rude implements not attributed to an inter-glacial people, their coequal age with the containing beds would never have been questioned." On this point the Curator of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge observes, in the tenth annual report: "Dr. Abbott has probably obtained data which show that man existed on our Atlantic coast during the time of, if not prior to, the formation of the great gravel deposit which extends toward the coast from the Delaware River, near Trenton, and believed to have been formed by glacial action. From a visit to the locality with Dr. Abbott, I see no reason to doubt the general conclusion he has reached in regard to the existence of man in glacial times on the Atlantic coast of North America."—*B. F. De Costa, in Popular Science Monthly.*

E. F. TIFFANY, in *Our Dumb Animals*, tells of a horse that belonged to his grandfather, that was in the family very many years and was very old. A young horse was substituted and the old one was put in pasture to rest. The old gentleman's meeting-house was three-fourths of a mile away, on the top of a hill. The very first Sabbath grandfather went with his new horse to meeting, on going out to the shed after the morning service, he found his old horse standing in the shed beside the new one. The old horse had jumped out of the pasture to go to and stand in his old place. It was the only time he ever did so. How he knew the day, or when to go, is a mystery, for there was no bell on the meeting-house. He went Sabbath after Sabbath to stand in his old place. Grandfather indulged him for a while, and then shut him up in the barn on Sunday.

A CHINESE ADAGE—Love 'oo little, love Ooolong.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY NOV 20, 1880.

It looks like a permanent partnership between Providence and the Republican party.

Mr. B. A. Osmer, Supreme Treasurer of the Knights of Honor, died at Atlanta, Ga., Tuesday after a short illness. His remains will be taken to Jamestown, N. Y.

Says the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "The small rascals in the forgery conspiracy business are of no consequence. The hunt should now be for the big rogues." It looks very much as if the scent of the big rogues is getting very warm.

"Of course the Chinese letter was a forgery," said one Democrat to another Wednesday, "but it cost Garfield a hundred thousand votes." Perhaps it did, but it cost the Democratic party what little remaining respect decent people felt for it.

Montgomery county, Pa., is a Democratic stronghold and the home of Gen. Hancock. The Democrats there expected to carry the county by at least 1,500, but were much "stirred up" when the votes were counted to find that Gen. Garfield had a majority of 10!

There is not a State in the Union, excepting Florida, Nevada and California, where Hancock's vote does not fall short of Tilden's. This shows that the blunders of the Democracy in Congress and in the campaign were powerful aids to Republican success.

The Memphis *Appeal* is another one of the Southern Democratic newspapers that believe, with General Hancock, that Garfield is elected, and insist that no step shall be taken to contest the election. The Galveston *News* must also be added to the list which embraces most of the important papers in the South.

The New York *Herald* says:

"It is mortifying to every honorable Democrat to think that the result of the presidential election came near being determined by such a vile fraud, and would have been so if the vote of New York had been cast for Gen. Hancock, for there can be little question that the Morey letter turned the scale against General Garfield in both California and Nevada, and perhaps in New Jersey also."

The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., says: "Every man on either side who has been lied about in the recent campaign has been elected. The God of Heaven, through the voice of the people, has put a personal rebuke on the men who circulated slanders during the recent campaign." Doctor Tyng is rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, one of the largest and most influential Episcopal congregations in that city.

The Brunswick (Ga.) *Seaport Appeal* is so excited as to remark that "The Solid South will now learn to ignore the monopolizing Copperhead Democracy of the North. They gulled us into secession; they speculated upon our blood and misfortunes through the war between the States, and for fifteen years they have lied to us, deceived us and sold us to the Republicans. The New York Democracy, controlled by the scoundrels, Belmont, Hewitt &Co., are too corrupt even to merit eternal damnation." The editor winds up by recommending that the 138 votes of the South be cast for Garfield and Arthur.

But a few days ago came the account of the horrible mining disaster at Stellarton, Nova Scotia, and now another holocaust is reported that nearly equals in its sickening details the slaughter in the mine. The Minnesota State Insane Hospital at St. Peter's was partially destroyed by fire on Monday night, and from 20 to fifty of the crazy inmates were either burned to death, or perished from cold upon being turned out of the blazing building. The scenes at the fire, as described, must have been fairly heartrending; and although the exact loss of life or the cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained sufficient is known to class the calamity as one of the most horrible that has ever visited the Northwest.

Senator Hill's Letter.

In order to understand the full significance of the letter from the Hon. Ben Hill to Hon. S. B. Chittenden, it is necessary to consider who the letter was from, to whom it was written and what it was about. It was a letter *from* one of the leading Southern orators and statesmen, a man who has a large personal following in his State, and who is a leader in one of the factions of its divided Democracy. It is *to* a Republican whose record in the present Congress has been of bitterest antagonism to the solid South, and who held extreme Republican doctrine. It is *about* the regret which Mr. Hill feels at the defeat of Mr. Chittenden, in the recent Congress election. Summed up, it is a letter from an ultra Southerner, to an ultra Republican, deploring the defeat of the aforesaid Republican. These things are so unusual as to lead one to look closely at the letter, to see if there lurk not under the apparent meaning a latent significance of deeper and broader force. And this invites attention to the other part of the letter. Cey ladies put the most important part of their billets in the postscript: Senator Hill has thrown the important parts of his in the off hand and collateral expressions. Under guise of writing a letter of condolence to his friend Chittenden upon his defeat, he is issuing a pronunciamento from Senator Ben Hill. A glance at its salient features, therefore, is not altogether useless. In the first place, Senator Hill recognizes the fact that "the solid North against the solid South is an evil." It ought not to have required the defeat of Hancock to teach him that, but it is worth something that he has learned it at all. He goes further, and says the great question for Statesmen to consider is how to break up this sectional solidity. There he is not far wrong. But when he says that "the Democratic party is hated at the North and should be disbanded, and the Republican party is hated at the South and should be disbanded," we disagree with him. The Republican party certainly ought not, and cannot, disband. On the contrary, it has, by the solemn judgment of the country, been authorized, commissioned and instructed to carry on certain great reforms, and to maintain certain great results. It would be false to its trust, faithless to its duties, for it to disband. Nor is it desirable that the Democratic party should disband. It would be better for what is left of it to clean itself, discard its ancient follies, and to adopt new ideas and principles in harmony with existing facts. It may have its uses as a party of opposition; but even for this purpose it must harmonize itself upon ideas, and take for its leaders men of real force.

Senator Hill then proceeds to say, "I really like Garfield. I do sincerely hope he will have a successful administration." That he "likes Garfield" we can well believe. The man has an undeniable personal charm that wins even political antagonists into friendship. Moreover, Garfield, though a staunch Republican, has never been an embittered foe of the South. He has been a knightly adversary on the floor, taking hardily the worst blows of his antagonists, but never has been discourteous in delivering back his most crushing replies. Of course, Senator Hill "likes" him. But what does he mean when he hopes that he will have a "successful administration;" and that "he will be chosen for a second term by a majority of the States, North and South." Does it mean that Mr. Hill is ready to do his part to make that administration a success, and to lead into line those *Southern* States that he hopes will give him a second term? If so, writing sugary letters is the wrong way to go about it. The Southern States must of themselves and by themselves throw overboard their Bourbon ideas, their "lost cause" and "state sovereignty." It is for them to protect the ballot-box in their State elections against intimidation, violence and fraud, and let the sentiments of all the voters find free expression. If Senator Hill's views are held by his followers, if they really "like Garfield" and "want his administration to be a success," this is the way to proceed: To voluntarily accomplish the work which Garfield was elected to perform.—*Balto. American.*

A party of gentlemen were discussing the future of the Democratic party in a barber shop yesterday, and seemed to agree that it had tried every possible subterfuge for obtaining power without success. It had nominated two soldiers (McClellan and Hancock,) a copperhead statesman (Seymour,) and an old-line abolitionist Whig (Greeley,) a pretentious reformer (Tilden,) but had failed each time and the question was now what sort of a candidate would they take next? A colored barber who had been listening attentively remarked, "I guess they'll try a nigger next time."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Counting New York for Hancock.

[From the New York Sun, Dem.]

We hear some talk about taking away the electoral vote of New York from Garfield, to whom it belongs, and give it to Hancock, to whom it does not belong.

The plan indicated, so far as it is comprehensible at all, is for the expiring Democratic Congress to order an investigation of New York's vote. The material is to be found in the alleged colonization of city districts by Republicans, and an alleged large vote in the interior of the State by ballots not printed in the type prescribed by law. Then, we suppose, the expiring Congress is to throw out the alleged votes of the colonizers, also the alleged ballots not printed in proper form; thus giving the State and a majority of the Electoral Colleges to the defeated candidate.

If Congress wants to get at the true cause of Democratic defeat in New York State, it must investigate, not the census of the city districts and the printing presses of the rural counties, but John Kelly. Such an investigation would be interesting, and no doubt instructive by its results. But it happens that neither John Kelly himself nor his schemes, ambitions, bargains, hopes, and achievement as Boss of Tammany Hall are within the purview of an investigating committee of Congress.

Gen. Garfield is legally elected. When the complete returns are in from all the States it will probably be found that he is a minority President—that is, that a small majority of the voters of the United States voted against him and for General Hancock. Garfield's term of four years, with Hayes' four years, will make eight during which the majority of the voters have not controlled the executive branch of the government. Nevertheless, Garfield will be the constitutional President.

If Gen. Garfield lives till March 4, 1881, he will be inaugurated. Then and thereafter we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that the White House has an occupant who was elected.

New York was counted for Hancock before election day, largely on the strength of Mr. Kelly's protestations. Since election day, and on the strength of cold facts, it has been counted for Garfield. It is not likely to be counted for Hancock again at present.

SECTIONALISM MUST BE ABOLISHED.—If the lesson of the Presidential contest just brought to a close teaches anything, it teaches that the South, as a section, and with all possible exterior reinforcement, is in a hopeless minority. It teaches that sectional alignment in National politics is vicious in principle and mischievous in practice. If by this standard the South is hereafter to be guaged, then the North and the South are really and truly mutual enemies for all time to come. There can be no fraternity where the stamp of subjection is placed upon the weaker party. The part of wisdom plainly points to breaking the sectional line. The hope of the American Union lies in the most perfect fraternization. There can be no safety within the Union for the ruled and the rulers in a condition of sectional antipathy and sectional domination.—*Galveston News, (Dem.)*

Reward.—We will pay a reward of one thousand dollars for any certificate published by us regarding Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup not found genuine. Vogeler, Meyer & Co., Baltimore, October 1, 1877.

Hancock to Barnum:

Fold away the Chinese letter,
Let the little forger loose;
The election's taught him better,
He has cooked our golden goose.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CHINESE LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 14.—Judge Davis this morning rendered an elaborate decision in the case of Kenward Philp, charged with criminal libel upon Gen. Garfield. The accused, his honor said, is charged with two offenses. First, that he wrote the so-called Morey letter counterfeiting the signature of Gen. Garfield thereto, and, second, that after Gen. Garfield made a public denial he wrote an editorial headed "Lying and Sticking to It," and asserted that Gen. Garfield was a liar in denying the authorship of it. It is apparent, his honor says, that no such person as Henry L. Morey existed at Lynn, Massachusetts. The letter, he also holds, is unquestionably a forgery, and not in the handwriting of Gen. Garfield. The question of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Philp must be left to a jury to determine. The defendant is held to answer the charge of criminal libel, and must be committed or give bail.

In his decision Judge Davis dwelt on the question of the genuineness of the Morey letter as of great importance in considering the case. He decided that the accused should be held to answer unless he could show that Gen. Garfield wrote the letter, and in fact was held to be a liar when denied its authorship. But the evidence, as reviewed, he said, showed the letter to be a forgery, and showed the nonexistence of such a person as Henry L. Morey.

In his decision Judge Davis is very severe on Mr. Hewitt. He says "Mr. Hewitt's connection with the letter and the transactions that have grown out of it, are, to say the least, of a most extraordinary character. According to the testimony of Mr. Hart when he received the letter, the very singular manner in which it reached him aroused his suspicions. He saw its importance, if genuine, as a weapon of deadly power in the hands of Gen. Garfield's political foes. He was not satisfied with the examination which his editoral staff could make, and he therefore took the envelope to the Democratic national committee for inspection. He there saw Mr. Hewitt, Barnum, Randall and several others. Mr. Hart showed them the papers, and said, in substance, that he did not wish to publish the letter if it was a forgery, but if genuine he did and wanted no other paper to get ahead of him in its publication. He says it was examined by all the persons he named, but Mr. Hewitt made the closest and most careful examination, and then pronounced the letter, both body and signature to be in the handwriting of General Garfield.

* * * * * *

However much equitable division may leave for others, upon Mr. Hewitt must rest a large share of responsibility for the first publication of the base and shameful forgery, and his subsequent relations to the forgery do not lift a single shadow from his conduct. He was a member of the National committee. He doubtless knew the extent and purposes to and for which it was taken and used by that committee, and that it went forth to the country with the sanction of his endorsement. He knew beyond question that it met speedily with the indignant denial of Gen. Garfield, who denounced the letter as a base and stupid forgery and its sentiments as brutal."

The judge also says: "My mind has reached the clear conviction that the so-called Morey letter, in body, and in all parts, is not in the handwriting of Gen. Garfield, but is altogether a forgery, perpetrated by some person or body of persons for the purpose of deceiving the people and defrauding them and Gen. Garfield of their votes. The evidence bearing upon Philp's guilt or innocence of the forgery is voluminous, and would demand a careful analysis. Taken in connection with other evidence in the case, it tends to establish a grave conspiracy to accomplish a national crime. Conspiracy points to men in other quarters and of far higher positions, of whom he may have been an accomplice or only a dupe and tool. It is better, therefore, that the question of the actual guilt of forgery be left to the consideration of a jury, before whom additional and perhaps more decisive evidence may be brought.

During the delivery of the decision the court room was very quiet, the auditors listening with close attention to every word. Amusement was manifested by smiles during some passages portraying the utter failure of the attempts to show that such a person as Henry L. Morey ever had been in existence, and there was a slight rustle, as many spectators turned to look at one another during the comments of the court on Mr. Hewitt's connection with the case.

When Judge Davis closed by announcing that he should hold the prisoner, General Pryor put the question as to the amount of bail. The court said the bail could remain as already fixed, $5,000, and the present bondsmen would be accepted. At the suggestion of Mr. Brooke, the court consented to adjourn the preparation of the new bond until Monday next 12 m. Counsel for Mr. Hart rose and said the witness Lindsay, in his confession, had alleged that he (the counsel) when conversing with him, before witness testified, remarked, "That is all you will have to swear to." The counsel denied this, and declared that he only said to witness "That will do," meaning that the interview was ended.

Judge Davis said he had nothing to do with this, but exculpated the counsel from any charge of improper behavior in the public proceedings. He referred to the latter's conduct in securing the production of the Morey letter and envelope in court, and counsel expressed his thanks for the court's remarks. The court room was then vacated.

THE PERJURED WITNESS.

Special to the Balto. American.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Nov. 14—The O'Brien-Lindsay case is reaching its climax. Col. H. J. Johnson and Thomas McCardell leave early to-morrow morning for Washington to meet certain government officials and consult with them about the course to be pursued with parties implicated in the affair. They take with them the register of the Queen City Hotel to show the presence of Henry L. Walton in Cumberland on the 4th and 5th instants, and also testimony as to the Robert Lindsay affidavit. They claim to be able to prove that on Sunday, October 31st, Wm. M. Price sent to the National Democratic Committee the substance of an affidavit, to be signed by Robert Lindsay, at the time he was searching for Robert Lindsay. That on November 1st one Michael Cronley of Pompey Smash, was requested by an agent of Price to go before Notary Public J. S. Humbird, nephew of Canal Director Humbird, to say that he was sent there by Price, and that he would sign a paper. Cronley claims he was told that the paper was a mere acknowledgement of the receipt of campaign money. The paper was produced and he signed the name of Robert Lindsay, but declined to make oath to anything, which, of course, made the affidavit useless. Afterwards he asked his friends what it all meant. David Lynn and others say they can substantiate this. Your correspondent saw Humbird, but he declined to say anything about the matter. He would not deny that such a thing occurred, and his reply to half a dozen questions was, "I will say nothing about it." Later on the same day one Frank Brady, of this county, was requested by a friend to go before 'Squire Harrison, with a paper, to attach the signature of Robert Lindsay to it, and make oath to it, he being told that it amounted to nothing. He went before 'Squire Harrison, who states that the paper was in the handwriting of Price. Brady signed it and made oath to it, as requested, without knowing what it was. The affidavit, it was claimed, was sent to the National Committee in New York. After the election, Price, it is stated, wanted to get out of the transaction, and received coldly a proposition to send Lindsay or come to New York himself. Walton was therefore sent on here. He did not meet with a warm reception from Price, but the National committee wanted Lindsay. It is proven that O'Brien, who as J. Murphy, stopped at the St. Nicholas hotel on the same day Walton stopped at the Queen City hotel. Price says he had nothing to do with Walton; was too busy to speak to him, and knew nothing about O'Brien. He denies pointing out O'Brien to Walton and says that the latter must assume the whole responsibility of taking O'Brien to New York, and coaching him—if such a thing was done. Persons working the matter up say that after Cronley and Brady failed to become parties to the transaction, and as the National committee demanded Lindsay's presence, O'Brien was procured to personify him. Mr Price was seen this evening; he will publish on Tuesday a lengthy statement to prove that he had nothing to do with O'Brien while the latter was in Cumberland on the 4th and 5th instants, and supplements it with affidavits to show that he was busy in court on those days, and that he was at home and with other people in the evening. He positively declines saying anything about the Lindsay affidavits. He will speak of them at the proper time, but says that time has not yet arrived. He refuses to say how he came to prepare the affidavit and what his conversation was with the supposed Lindsay. He is positive that the Lindsay who swore the affidavit is not the Lindsay-O'Brien in New York. The man came to him and represented himself as Lindsay, and that is all he proposed to say about it now. He says he is surrounded by enemies, who propose to ruin him by getting others to swear falsely against him. Col. Johnson, W. R. Griffith, J. M. Reid and others from Cumberland have been in New York all of last week, and were instrumental in securing O'Brien's confession.

CUMBERLAND, November 15.—There is every indication at this writing (1 o'clock A. M.) that Walton, or whatever his real name may be, will meet his punishment. It is shown that he arrived in Cumberland on the same train with O'Brien, and after making a study for two days of the mining regions, left on a train with him. The hotel register has been taken to Washington to establish his signature. Price's friends this morning assert that the latter has not been with Walton at all, and knew nothing about him. S. A. Harbaugh, who says he was almost constantly with O'Brien during his stay, says that he loafed about beer houses and hotels, and several times inquired for Birmingham. Once, while they were drinking, he wanted to know who this Robert Lindsay was, remarking that he would like to make $100. Price's friends say that the whole testimony of O'Brien was arranged by Walton, and that he is the only man connected with it outside of O'Brien. This, it may be added, is the general impression here.

Col. Johnson, Thomas McCardle and a clerk of the Queen City Hotel, the latter with the hotel register, left here on the 1:40 A. M. train for Washington.

A CARD.

CUMBERLAND, Nov. 15th, 1880.

My name having been dragged into the investigation in the Garfield-Morey letter affair, evidently thro' the instrumentality of certain personal and political enemies of mine of this county, and as they are using every effort to connect me with it in a criminal character, and thereby secure my arrest if possible, I can only say at this time to the public generally, and my friends particularly, that at the proper time I can and will show by indisputable testimony that my only connection therewith was solely of a professional character, and place the responsibility for any fraud comitted where it properly belongs. But knowing the unscrupulous character of my enemies, I do not deem it advisable to furnish them an abstract of my defence to the slanderous charge in advance, so as to enable them to manufacture evidence to carry out their expressed determination, but assure them I do not fear, but court any fair judicial investigation of my actions or motives in the matter.

WM. M. PRICE.

THE INVESTIGATION IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, November 15.—Colonel H. J. Johnson, Captain Thomas F. McCardell and Mr. Kearney arrived here to-day from Cumberland, Md., and took quarters at the Ebbitt House. Early in the day they set out, following up certain links in the chain of evidence against the witness O'Brien, otherwise known as Lindsay, who figured so conspicuously recently at the Morey-letter trial in New York. They have information that the Lindsay affidavit was prepared at Cumberland, but do not claim that they can prove it, as has been stated. Circumstances surrounding the matter, however, lead to the belief that it was concocted there, and that when Lindsay was wanted in New York, a man calling himself Henry L. Walton, and claiming to be a representative of *Truth*, took Lindsay in hand and gave him the final instructions as to how he should testify. The gentlemen state that the name given by the *Truth* reporter is false, and there are facts leading to the belief that he belongs in this city. This is the main object of their visit. They desire to prove the identity of Walton and thus far have met with encouragement. They refuse to state what they have learned, believing that any publication of their discoveries at this time will injure their case, but Colonel Johnson, who was interviewed by your correspondent to-night, says that matters are working capitally. The visitors have to-day called upon a number of prominent Republicans, and every assistance has been promised in aiding them to prove who Walton is and his exact relations with Lindsay. The latter's movement's from the time he left here to his appearance in New York have been fully covered, and there is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of his confession to being a perjurer.

All that is needed is the real name of Walton to prove that there are other men whose names have not been mentioned in connection with the matter, implicated in the affair; and if they can fully establish their suspicions, it will bring out the true inwardness of how and by whom O'Brien was induced to impersonate Lindsay, and also that the plan originated among Democrats of high standing here, acting under instructions from New York. Of course, this would be a startling disclosure and a great achievement for the gentlemen entrusted with its management, but it must be remembered that the tracks have been pretty thoroughly covered, and it is no easy task they have in hand. Col. Johnson hopes to complete the work in time to leave here for Cumberland to-morrow night.

A CARD.

November 15, 1880.

Editors American, Baltimore:

Dear Sirs:—I see by your morning's paper that your Cumberland correspondent reports me among others who "claim" to be able to prove certain things about Mr. W. M. Price and the Morey-Lindsay perjury. Whatever may be my knowledge in the premises, my hopes, desires or purposes, I have made no such claim as your correspondent ascribes to me. I have been very careful of my speech in this matter, and in view of my relations to this case, and my associations with the counsel of the prosecution, any expression of mine as to the evidence of Mr. Price's guilt or innocence would be bad policy and in bad taste.

Please favor me with this correction, and oblige, yours truly.

HENRY J. JOHNSON.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Pulmona.

—Thursday is Thanksgiving.

—Snow on Saturday and Thursday this week.

—Notice our new advertisements in this issue.

—Remember the place to get the worth of your money is where the Red Flag floateth.

—A good chance to get furniture and household goods. See Mr. Shatzer's advertisement.

—Downright slaughter in dry goods, ladies' and children's shoes, overcoats, &c., every night at Daily & Co's New York Auction Room.

—The largest stock of Christmas goods and toys ever brought to Oakland, at Cheap John's.

—Rev. Wm. Stoulemire, pastor of the Oakland Ev. Lutheran church, will be installed in that church Sunday morning.

—Apparent Impossibilities swept into annihilation by all who buy for the million, at Daily & Co's. New York Auction Room.

—Married—At the residence of the bride's father in Deer Park, Nov. 17th, 1880, by Rev. J. M. Davis, Mr. Clarence H. Tillson and Miss Mollie Head.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Unprecedented inducements are offered at Daily & Co's. auction rooms. Almost in daily receipt of fresh and varied stocks direct from headquarters at rock bottom prices.

—For Sale—A first class sewing machine. Will take feed in exchange, such as oats, corn, hay and 1 load of straw. Inquire of

I. W. SLONAKER.
Oakland, Md.

—Josiah Porter, of Allegany county, died Sunday, 7th inst., in the 82d year of his age. He was one of the pioneer shippers of coal to the east *via* the Potomac flat boat system, and thus one of the first men, in an humble way, to give that great product a footing in market.

—Married—November 7th, at the bride's father's, near Johnstown, L. H. Johnson and Sarah A. Enlow, both of Garrett county. The hour for the ceremony was arranged for 7 P. M. We arrived an hour earlier, and found all in readiness. The bride and groom soon emerged from an adjoining room, over the door of which was a beautiful wreath of laurel, entwined with flowers of the richest hue, no doubt arranged by the bride as significant of the laurels she had won. The ceremony being performed we were soon seated at the table spread with the good things of earth tastefully prepared and artistically arranged, to which we did good service. The bride is a fine young lady of 17, and the groom a worthy gentleman too well known to need description. We wish and predict for them a happy and prosperous future. H. E. F.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Sudden Death.

Daniel Shrock, aged 59 years, residing in district No. 8, this county, died suddenly, supposed from heart disease, Friday of last week, while on a visit to a neighbor's, Mr. Joseph Kemp's. Deceased leaves a family of 9 children. He was a member of the Amish church, and a highly respected citizen.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will visit Oakland on Thursday, the 25th, and remain one week or ten days. Persons wanting work done will please call on him early. All persons knowing themselves indebted to him will please try and make it convenient to pay him during his stay. Rooms at Wm. A. Daily's. 11 20 2

New Time Table.

A new time schedule on the B. & O. R. went into effect Sunday last, as follows:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.23 A. M.

Ratification and Torch-Light.

Thursday evening of last week, agreeable to previous announcements, the Republicans of Oakland and vicinity, met for the purpose of celebrating the recent victories. The torch light procession was formed at the court house, and consisted of about two hundred, one hundred of the number bearing torches. The Oakland Cornet Band headed the procession, which marched through the principal streets amid great enthusiasm. A number of residences on the line of march were handsomely illuminated, though it was not generally understood that there was to be any illumination of buildings. After the parade a meeting was held at the court house, presided over by Mr. John G. Knauer, of district No. 8, when addresses were made by Messrs. Thos. J. Pedlicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, and Mr. Wm. Parshall, of Uniontown, Pa. The best of order prevailed throughout the entire evening, and the affair was a grand success.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

What the Press Has Done.

New York Tribune, Nov. 4.

In giving honor to whom honor is due for the magnificent victory of Tuesday, no grateful Republican—and the whole land is filled with grateful Republicans to-day—will forget the noble work of the Republican newspapers. There has never been a campaign in which the power of an intelligent and conscientious press showed itself so great as this. There has never been a campaign in which the Republican newspapers, and particularly those of the Interior, were so far in advance of public opinion, and none in which they had a more electric success in arousing the better sentiment of the country to the dangers of a Democratic administration. When Gen. Hancock was nominated hardly a Democrat could be found who did not sincerely believe that his candidate was foreordained to be President, and many Republicans feared it. His nomination made a temporary truce in this State. His personal character was above reproach. His military record was brilliant, and it had not been proven that in civil affairs he would be incompetent. There was a time when General Hancock's election seemed not impossible.

But the Republican press, knowing the danger that lay in the path, went to work with a grand energy, undismayed by the 138 electoral votes which the South had massed together to be voted in a lump. We venture to say that there has never been a campaign in which the Republican newspapers, from Maine to California, showed such fighting ability and such fighting spirit as in this. From the day the campaign opened they put the Democratic party where it belonged—on the defensive. They forced the Democratic record, in all its hundred phases, on the attention of the country, and kept the Democratic orators and organs busy protesting that the party would not do in the future what it had never failed to do in the past. The candor of the Republican papers was as great as their courage. Every issue that has arisen has been discussed fearlessly and skilfully. The ability and zeal with which the business men's issue and the tariff question were urged upon the country are cases in point. They made a clean campaign also. General Hancock was treated with the respect which his private character and public services demanded. At the same time there has not been a slander upon General Garfield put forward by the Democratic press, which the Republican papers, by reason of having much the greater supply of brains, as well as the truth on their side, have not made to reroll upon the head of its inventors. The Democratic gem of vituperation, 329, and the Democratic masterpiece in campaign fiction, the forged letter, were made good for thousands and thousands of Republican votes by the frankness with which the Republican papers took them up, and the wit and skill with which they turned them back upon their authors. The Democratic cry for "a change" was caught up in the same way, and used with telling effect. But it would take a good part of President Garfield's term to enumerate the achievements of the Republican press of the interior in this campaign. This splendid engine of enlightenment and progress has battered the walls of the Democracy—blow upon blow, week after week, month after month—until they fell, and great was the fall thereof.

It would not be just to omit a tribute to the most efficient ally the Republican press has had—viz, the Democratic press. Has there ever been a time when the low tone and inferior ability of the average Democratic newspaper were so conspicuous? It has not the decency to tell the truth when it helped the other side, nor the skill to tell it well when it might help its own side. A Democratic statesman said dolefully not long ago: "If I ever do make a point for my party, there isn't a Democratic paper in the country that has the brains to see it."

Drop Politics and Attend to Business.

[From the New Orleans Times, Dem.]

We have now four years before us to devote exclusively to our material improvement. Let us forget politics during that period. We have nothing to apprehend from the national government. It cannot interfere in our local affairs in any way even if it were so disposed. But we do not believe that it will be animated by any feeling of hostility towards us. On the contrary we are inclined to think that the incoming administration will be as kindly disposed towards this section as the present one. Indeed, in the matter of material assistance there is reason to expect more from the Republican party than from the Democratic. That party is more liberal with respect to internal improvements than the Democratic party, and we must look to it for assistance if our levees are to be rebuilt and the Mississippi river is to be improved by government aid. This fact was clearly demonstrated at the last session of congress, where our demands respecting the levees and the Mississippi river met with encouragement chiefly from Western Republicans. Our State and municipal governments are in the hands of our own people. If our local affairs are not ably and honestly managed, therefore, we have nobody to blame but ourselves. Under the circumstances, therefore, our interest and our duty point in one direction. That direction is away from politics and towards business. Our climate is salubrious and our soil is unequalled in fertility. Let us invite immigration, and expend our energies in the development of our material resources. We can easily double and treble our productions. Our cotton, sugar and other products will soon make us rich. Our city is showing new signs of life. She has taken a second growth which promises to be more vigorous than the first. She is drawing her vitality from the South and great West through the iron and water arteries of commerce. We say then to the people of this State. Give your undivided attention to business during the next four years, and don't bother yourselves unduly about politics.

John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, joins in the condemnation of Boss Kelly and "Mule Dealer" Barnum, as follows: "A party which allows itself to be dictated to in a national convention by one man, and that one a man like John Kelly, and then places the direction of its presidential campaign in the hands of men like Barnum, merits condemnation. I am, for my part, greatly disgusted with the practices of the party, and shall take very little further interest in it, unless it returns to its senses, and more honest conduct."

If the padlock had been put on Hancock's mouth instead of on English's barrel, the Democratic unhappiness might not have been what it is to-day.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, 1880.

The Morey letter forgery is attracting a great deal of attention in political circles, since the confession of the two principle witnesses that the Democratic National Committee brought to New York to bolster up their case. The proof multiplies that the Democratic managers are implicated with the publishers of a disreputable morning paper in New York, in conceiving, publishing, and circulating the forgery. All honest Democrats are interested in having the case thoroughly investigated, and the guilty persons punished for their participation in the most extraordinary and infamous achievement ever perpetrated by any political party in this country. The motive which led to the publication and circulation of the forgery, was one, the strength of which, the Republican managers had not properly estimated. When the letter appeared, the October elections were over, and the Democratic party hopelessly beaten, unless they could conceive some means to turn the tidal wave that was likely to sweep over the whole North. The attempt to accomplish this was up hill work. Protection to American labor had been the strongest issue before the people of Indiana and Ohio, and that plank in the Republican platform was growing in prominence and favor. Therefore, the forgery scheme was devised to counter act the results that were foreshowed by the October election. It is a matter of general news how it was done. And but for the herculean efforts put forth by the whole Republican party in New York, aided by the votes and countenance of many Democrats, who had become disgusted with the methods of their party managers, the diabolical crime would have made Hancock President.

The time for the publication and circulation of the forged letter was well chosen. The poison was sent to the Pacific coast so near the day of election that the antidote failed to reach them in season to counteract it. California and Nevada, both Republican States, gave heed to the malignant sentiments contained in the letter, and were lost. Even New Jersey felt the effects of it, and gave a small majority for Hancock.

Judge Davis, of New York City, before whom the suspected persons were examined, has given his decision. He pronounces the letter a forgery, and holds Philp, the alleged forger, to bail for the action of the Grand Jury.

In the course of his remarks he takes occasion to pay his respects to the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who, he charges, is hardly less guilty than the man who conceived and executed the forgery.

The whole matter is now before the Courts, and although the excitement and bad blood engendered in the heat of the campaign is passing away, no pains will be spared, nothing left undone to bring to light and punish the perpetrators of the vile and infamous attempt to not only steal a President, but to defraud a Nation of its rightful rulers, and forever blacken the character of the purest men that sit in the councils of the country.

The Capitol is putting on its holiday attire. The candy and peanut men, the men with curiosities from Niagara, (bought in New York City) the lunch tables, the dealer in photographs, and all the paraphernalia that disfigures the marble halls of that magnificent building, show that the meeting of Congress is at hand. The Brigadiers will soon be here. A short session will be had, and they will vanish away forever.

LOGAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trusting Mary Murphy, my wife, on my account. She having left my bed and board without cause, I will not be responsible for her contracts.

nov 20-4 JAMES MURPHY.

ROAD PETITION.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett County:

GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned petitioners respectfully pray your Honors to appoint viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the opening of a public road, beginning near the Factory, on the Oakland and Deer Park road, through the lands of Nathan Casteel to the division line between Mrs. Kilbourn and Geo. W. Legge and to follow said line to the division line between Mrs. Hall and Ralph Thayer, and with said line to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's; and in duty, &c.

G. W. LEGGE,
RALPH THAYER,
E. A. KILBOURN.

11 13 5

PULMONA.

Estate of George W. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. HILEMAN,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 26th day of October, 1880.

DAVID HILEMAN,
Administrator.

10 30 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

Notice of Estrays.

State of Maryland, Allegany county, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this 13th day of November, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Allegany county, personally appeared William W. Broadwater, of District No. 4, Garrett county, and made oath in due form of law that there are six sheep trespassing on his enclosures; one buck among the sheep.

Sworn before PATRICK CADDEN, J. P.

The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take them away.

W. W. BROADWATER,
nov 20-4 Barton, Md.

PULMONA.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

The Genuine Singer

is the only machine that has ever been counterfeited. Why? Because it is the best machine ever seen in the market. Why are not other companies formed to imitate other machines? The people will draw their own inference. Gold is continually counterfeited, brass and tin never. Beware of machines that are handsomely finished, it is only done to make them salable. They have no other merit only as a piece of furniture. They may work for a short time, and then they are worse than useless to you. Beware of new machines that are being brought among you. The agent may try to make everything plain to you in order to sell his machine, but in a few months he is gone; then who will fix your machine, or where will you get parts or needles when you need them. Beware of the machine that does a lot of fancy work and has so many extras. Those are put in to sell the machine as it has no other genuine merit. Beware of the bogus or imitation Singer, which the agent will tell you is just the same as the Genuine. This is a falsehood and only resorted to to sell the trash and deceive the people, as no part of the machine will fit the Genuine. One man in the lower end of the county went so far as to say that they were all made by the same company, only at different points. Ask him to show the Trade-Mark.

We guarantee every machine for 5 years, besides our agents are always ready to look after and keep the machine in repair *free of charge.*

See that the following stamp is on stand and base of arm.

None genuine without the above trade mark on stand or base of arm.

I. W. SLONAKER,
AGENT.
OAKLAND, - - MD.

N. B.—I will sell the bogus Remington, or any other cheap machine for from $15 to $20.

nov. 20-13 I. W. SLONAKER.

PULMONA.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and coutains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

PULMONA.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

36th YEAR.

THE

Scientific American.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First-Class Weekly Newspaper of sixteen pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

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Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C. nov 20

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

O YES!

AUCTION

OF VALUABLE

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The undersigned will sell at his shop in Oakland,

WITHOUT RESERVE,

On Saturday Nov. 27,

sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M., all of the

FURNITURE

and household goods contained in the large Pennington house, and lately the property of Josiah Pennington, dec'd, consisting in part of

Bureaus,

Stands,

Bedsteads,

Bedding,

Cooking and

Heating Stoves,

Sofas, Chairs,

Matting,

Dishes,

and many other articles too numerous to mention.

These goods are of the best quality, are in good order, and will be sold without reserve. A splendid chance to get good furniture at a sacrifice.

TERMS—A credit of three months, with approved security.

JOHN SHATZER.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, who has been staying at Baden, looks aged and worn. He walks about a good deal, but his pace is slow and his gait uncertain.

AT a Mormon conference in Liverpool there were 335 members present. It was reported that sixty-eight members had been received into their ranks within the last six months.

THE return of Gladstone to power has not checked the exodus from England, as it was hoped to do. There have been this year 2,353 emigrants registered in outward-bound vessels from Liverpool more than in 1879.

THE Pope has decided to dismiss his Swiss Guards. It may be recollected that all of the quaint dress of these men was designed by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, save the helmet. This, it appears, he forgot; hence their incongruous appearance.

RUSSIAN soldiers get so poor pay for their services, and their existence in country districts is so monotonous, that suicide is becoming very common. Official returns assert that in Tashkend no fewer than six officers perished by their own hand in one week.

TURKEY seems to become civilized pretty fast. The daughter of a wealthy Turk is having her wedding outfit made in Paris, and part of it is a gown of heliotrope satin with a court train and a trimming of velvet and point lace, and a point lace apron and veil.

LEO XIII, has enjoined on the Hungarian Episcopate to carry out in their extremest rigor the canonical regulations respecting mixed marriages. The Episcopate has consequently addressed a circular to the clergy, forbidding them to celebrate mixed marriages, even when the parties agree to bring up their issue in the Catholic faith. This measure is extremely unpopular among the Catholics in Hungary.

THE cradle of the infant Princess of Spain is of polished ebony inlaid with silver; its form is that of an open shell; the curtains are of silver gauze enameled with white velvet flowers, the coverlet of white satin on which are embroidered in brilliant colors the arms of Spain. One lady grandesse of Spain stands at the foot of the cradle during the royal infant's slumber to watch the precise moment of her awakening; another grandesse stands at the head armed with a huge feather fan to chase away the flies. The royal Spanish crown, which in silver gilt hangs in front of the cradle, is the work of Froment, the great Parisian goldsmith. The cost of the cradle, without the hangings of fine lace and the garniture of marabout feathers which surround it, is estimated at $1,400.

Bill Nye at the Opera.

MOST every one thinks that I don't know much about music and the opera, but this is not the case. I am very enthusiastic over this class of entertainment, and I will take the liberty to trespass upon the time and patience of your readers, for a few moments, while I speak briefly but graphically on this subject. A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of listening to the rendition of the "Bohemian Girl" by Emma Abbott and her tronpe at the Grand Opera House in Chicago. I was a little late, but the manager had saved me a pleasant seat where I could alternately look at the stage and ont through the skylight into the clear autumn sky.

The plot of the play seems to be that Arline, a nice little chunk of a girl, is stolen by a band of gypsies, owned and operated by Devilshoff, who looks some like Othello and some like Sitting Bull. Arline grows up among the gypsies and falls in love with Thaddeus. Thaddeus was played by Brignoli. Brignoli was named after a thoroughbred horse.

Arline falls asleep in the gypsy camp and dreams a large majolica dream, which she tells to Thaddeus. She says that she dreamed that she dwelt in marble halls and kept a girl and had a pretty tly time generally, but after all she said it tickled her more to know that Thaddeus loved her still the same, and she kept saying this to him in G, and up on the upper register and down on the second added line below, and cresecendo and diminuendo and denodessimo, forward and back and swing opposite lady to place, till I would have given 1,000 shares paid-up non-assessable stock in the Boomerang if I could have been Thad.

Brignoli, however, did not enter into the spirit of the thing. He made me mad, and if it hadn't been for Em. I would have put on my hat and gone home. He looked like the man who first discovered and introduced Bock beer into the country. She would come and put her sunny head up against his cardigan jacket and put one white arm on each shoulder and sing like a bobolink, and tell him how all-fired glad she was that he was still solid. I couldn't help thinking how small a salary I would be willing to play Thaddeus for, but he stood there like a basswood man with Tobias movement, and stuck his arms out like a sore toe, and told her in F that he felt greatly honored by her attention, and hoped some day to be able to retaliate, or words to that effect.

I don't want any trouble with Brignoli, of course, but I am confident I can lick him with one hand tied behind me, and, although I seek no quarrel with him, he knows where I reside, and I can mop the North American continent with his remains, and don't you forget it.

After awhile the Gypsy Queen, who is jealous of Arline, puts up a job on her to get her arrested, and she is brought before her father, who is Justice of the Peace for that precinct, and he gives her $25 and trimmings or thirty days in the Bastile. By and by, however, he catches sight of her arm and recognizes her by a large red Goddess of Liberty tattooed on it, and he remits the fine and charges up the costs to the county.

Her father wants her to marry a newspaper man and live in affluence, but Arline still hankers for Thad, and turns her back on to oriental magnificence of life with a journalist. But Thaddeus is poor. All he seems to have is what he can gather from the community after office hours, and the chickens begin to roost high and he is despondent, apparently. Just as Arline is going to marry the newspaper man, according to the wishes of her pa, Thaddeus sails in with an appointment as Notary Public bearing the Governor's big seal on it, and Arline pitches into the old man and plays it pretty fine on him till he relents and she marries Thaddeus, and they go to housekeeping over on the West Side, and he makes a bushel of money as Notary Public, and everybody sings, and the band plays, and she is his'n and he is her'n.

There is a good deal of singing in this opera. Most everybody sings. I like good singing myself.

Emma Abbott certainly warbles first-rate, and her love-making takes me back to the halcyon days when I cared more for the forbidding future of my moustache and less for meal-time than I do now. But Brignoli is no singer according to my esthetic taste. He sings like a man who hasn't taken out his second papers yet, and his stomach is too large. It gets in the way.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Heat Yielded by the Sun.

SINCE there is every reason to believe that the sun's radiation is equal in all directions, it follows that, if the sun were surrounded by a great shell of ice, one inch thick and 186,000,000 miles in diameter, its rays would just melt the whole in the same time.

If, now, we suppose this shell to shrink in diameter, retaining, however, the same quantity of ice by increasing its thickness, it would still be melted in the same time. Let the shrinkage continue until the inner surface touches the photosphere, and it would constitute an envelope more than a mile in thickness, through which the solar fire would still thaw out its way in the same two hours and thirteen minutes; at the rate, according to Herschel's determinations, of more than forty feet a minute. Herschel continues that, if this ice were formed into a rod 45.3 miles in diameter, and darted toward the sun with the velocity of light, its advancing point would be melted off as fast as it approached, if by any means the whole of the solar rays could be concentrated upon it. Or, to put it differently, if we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three millions of miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour nor a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor.

In formulating this last statement we have, however, employed, not Herschel's figures, but those resulting from later observations, which increase the solar radiation about twenty-five per cent., giving fifty feet, and not forty feet, as the thickness of the ice-crust which the sun would melt off of his own surface in a minute. An easy calculation shows that to produce this amount of heat by combustion would require the hourly burning of a layer of anthracite coal sixteen feet (five meters) thick over the entire surface of the sun—four-fifths of a ton per hour on each square foot of surface—at least eight times as much as the most powerful blast furnace known to art. It is equivalent to a continuous evolution of more than seven thousand horse-power on every square foot of the sun's whole area. As Sir William Thompson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its heat by combustion, would burn out in less than six thousand years.—*Prof. C. A. Young, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Only Case.

THE man who works up the "straw" business on railroad trains has been very scarce this year. Indeed, only one instance of canvassing a Michigan railroad train has been reported thus far during the campaign. On the train going to Saginaw three or four days ago a man who had enough whisky in him to make himself enthusiastic asked permission of the conductor to make a canvass of the train, and was told to go ahead at his own peril. Armed with paper and pencil he began at the last seat in the rear coach. This was occupied by a man who rose slowly up, shed his coat and quietly remarked:

"Mister man, I'm going to make your heels break your neck in just sixteen seconds!"

The only reason he didn't was because the canvasser hurried to the other end of the car. He began operations here by punching an old man who was fast asleep. As soon as the sleeper got his eyes open and saw the pencil he called out:

"Over three months ago I swore to do it or lose my vote, and here goes!"

He made a sudden rush at the canvasser, threw him over a seat, hit him below the belt, and might have crippled him for life had he not been taken off. A quarter of an hour later the conductor found the canvasser standing on the platform with his nose skinned and his enthusiasm all gone.

"How did the vote stand?" inquired the official.

"I was elected over all other candidates by two majority," was the prompt reply, as the man wet a bit of paper and stuck it on his nose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Died of Medical Etiquette.

A MR. JOHN DROMEY, of the firm of Doherty & Dromey, booksellers, Chaboillez Square, Montreal, died here on Sunday last, and the conduct of some medical men in connection with his illness is considered very singular. Dr. Reid was first called on to attend the patient, and he prescribed for him. Mr. Dromey getting worse, Dr. Cameron was subsequently sent for, and he ordered some medicine. On Dr. Reid returning and finding Dr. Cameron had been there, he left the house and refused to have anything more to do with the case. Dr. Cameron came a second time and, learning of Dr. Reid's visits, he declined, as a matter of etiquette, to act, the patient in the meantime getting worse. Other medical men, it is stated, were called on, but refused on the same grounds as Dr. Cameron. In the meantime Mr. Dromey grew rapidly worse, and died on Sunday without a medical man seeing him. Application was made to Dr. Cameron since the death for a burial certificate, but he refused to give it, stating that he had not attended the deceased. Dr. Reid refused at first to give the certificate, but subsequently granted it.—*Toronto Mail.*

Religious.

OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER—holiest, dearest name!
Despite our clinging guilt and shame,
Our Father still.
How passing wonderful Thy love,
Down-reaching from those heights above,
These hearts to thrill!
All that is best,
And tenderest,
All that is true, and strong, and good,
And wise in human fatherhood,
Is found in Thee.

Our Father art Thou—Heaven's high King!
As brothers, to Thee would we bring
This one great prayer.
Thy hand, Thy face, fain would we know,
Again into Thine image grow.
Thy likeness bear;
Reflect Thy truth,
Thy goodness, ruth;
Walk in Thy ways as sons of light:
No longer slaves in chains and night,
But children free.

Children of Thine, Father above,
Saved, ransomed, gladdened in Thy love—
O, childhood grand!
To Thee we come a growing host,
A brotherhood from every coast,
Led by the hand
Through joys, and fears,
With songs, and tears;
No longer prodigals to roam,
With faces upturned toward home—
Our home, with Thee.
—*Rev. W. J. Skillman, in Interior.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45:1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph..Gen. 50: 4-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Practical Certainty in Religion.

THERE is a difference between practical certainty and positive or demonstrative certainty. In the latter case all possibility of the contrary is excluded; in the former, it is not. We follow out a mathematical proof, and we are positively certain. We are informed of a fact, and we are practically certain of it.

Now, we know ten things practically where we know one positively. We know positively scarce anything, except some things that we have actually seen or have mathematically proved. Even what we see we may misapprehend, and what we have seen our memory may treacherously record. An error may lurk even in our mathematics. It is not every mind that can attain the certainty of Professor Pierce. After Leverrier had computed the place in the heavens of the missing planet, and the telescope had found it at the very spot predicted, Professor Pierce found that Leverrier's calculation was an error and that the discovery of Neptune was an accident. A friend told the Professor that he hoped he would not publish his conclusion, because it was exceedingly improbable that the coincidence could be accidental. "It is more improbable," said Professor Pierce, "that my calculation should be wrong." For most things we are abundantly content with practical certainty. Whatever we learn because we have been told—history, geography, science—whatever we read, whatever we hear, we believe on probable evidence, on evidence that satisfies us enough to live by it, even though it be not complete. If the evidence preponderates, we trust it. We do all our business on it. We imprison men, we hang men on nothing better than probable evidence.

And yet, in religion men ask a sign from Heaven. If they cannot see, like Thomas, the print of the nails, they will not believe. But the practical evidence should be enough; and the practical evidence should be the preponderating evidence, even though not completely conclusive to us. You cannot see God, to be sure; but, on the whole, when you look at Nature about you, when you look at the demands of your own nature, when you think what the great and good of all ages have believed, does it not look probable to you that there is a God? Then act on that evidence. It is a practical certainty that there is a God. Worship Him. Obey Him. Love Him.

You have never seen Christ. You have never even seen and heard the men that saw Him when He was in the world. You may not have the certainty that the record of Him is all true and that you must believe everything you find written in the Bible. What of that? If you have not demonstrative certainty, have you not practical certainty? If you cannot quite read the Bible as one infallible record, then read it as sixty-six fallible books, by you don't know how many writers—just as you would read Tacitus, or Xenophou, or Macaulay, or Baucroft—and tell us what you learn. Let it be, if you please, as fallible as the contradictory evidence which twelve very common men take with them into the jury-box, which they sift just as common folks do, and on which you hang a man or acquit him. You read the history, and you find, by similar evidence to that which convinces a jury, that Jesus Christ lived and taught and suffered and died. All this is so certain that no man living denies it. The same evidence exactly tells you that He wrought miracles and that He rose from the dead. Is not the certainty practical, if not demonstrative? At least, is not the evidence preponderating and the conclusion probable? If so, do not wait to make it absolute. Do not complain because you may think you find errors in the Bible. So there were errors in the testimony on which the jury hanged Chastine Cox. You can find out, with all practical certainty, what Jesus taught, what His disciples taught Ge and learn, and then let the practical certainty control you. If the Great Teacher commands repentance, consecration to God, trust in the Father and His Son, and your own conscience cries Amen! then repent, consecrate yourself, believe. Do not wait for unnecessary demonstration. Were you to wait for absolute certainty in this world, you would starve. You don't know absolutely that the sun will rise to-morrow. Had you absolute certainty that every word in the Bible was infallibly true, yet your translation is fallible, your faculties, that must interpret it, are fallible. All you need, all God or Nature gives any man for ordinary or religious guidance, is practical assurance. That is enough. That you have. There is a God. There is a Savior. The Bible contains His revelation. Only through the one way of service of God can you be saved. Repent of your sins. Consecrate your life to God; trust in divine mercy; forget yourself; live for others. There is reason enough for this, and it is the only worthy life.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Cologne Cathedral.

THE Cathedral at Cologne, the grandest and most impressive ecclesiastical structure in existence, ranking in this respect above St. Peter's at Rome and the Milan Cathedral, has been at last completed, more than six hundred years after the laying of the foundation stones. The completion of the building was celebrated on Friday last with religious and civic ceremonies. The city was splendidly decorated, large crowds of visitors from every part of Germany pouring into the city. The Emperor and Empress of Germany were present, were enthusiastically received, and were welcomed by the King of Saxony, Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, Prince William, of Wurtemburg, and other royal personages. At eleven o'clock the Imperial cortege proceeded to the western entrance of the Cathedral, where it was received by the Dean, amid the ringing of bells and artillery salutes. A "Te Deum" was then sung, after which the Imperial procession traversed the Cathedral, and on appearing at the southern entrance there was tremendous and prolonged cheering. The Emperor delivered a short address. A document recording the completion of the Cathedral was placed in the keystone of the tower amid the singing of many societies, the firing of cannon and cheers of the spectators. It was signed by the Emperor, the Empress and sixty-five Princes and high official dignitaries. The Imperial standard was then hoisted on one of the spires. The procession of the Kaiser, Empress, Princes and Princesses from the south portal of the Cathedral across the square to the Imperial pavilion was most picturesque. The Emperor in his address thanked all the German Governments for their co-operation toward the completion of the Cathedral, and concluded by saying, "Let us all salute this superb monument, and offer up our prayers, that by the grace of the All Powerful it will continue to be from every point of view a presage of peace for the glory of God and for our prosperity."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Wise Sayings.

HALF the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.—*Barry Cornwall.*

NO AFFLICTION would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.

IF you wish for care, perplexity and misery, be selfish in all things; this is the short road to trouble.

WE learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.

BEAR with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at the correction of your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love.—*Fenelon.*

IT is good, when the week is ended, to look back upon its business and its toils, and mark wherein we have failed of our duties, or come short of what we should have done.

QUARREL not rashly with adversities not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies often bound up in them; for we consider not sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly compute the mercies of Providence in things afflictive at first hand.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE trials and the temptations of this life are all making us fit for the life to come—building up a character for eternity. You have been in a piano manufactory; did you ever go there for the sake of music? Go into the tuning-room, and you will say, "This is a dreadful place to be in, I cannot bear it; I thought you made music here." They say: "No, we do not produce music here; we make the instruments and tune them here, and in the process much discord is forthcoming." Such is the church of God on earth. The Lord makes the instruments down here, and tunes them, and a great deal of discord is easily perceptible, but it is all necessary to prepare us for the everlasting harmonies up yonder.—*Spurgeon.*

Christianity in Business.

THE times demand especially the application of Christian principles to mercantile affairs. The increased facilities for successful business pursuits now afforded are drawing increased numbers of professed Christians into the whirling and eddying tide of commerce. If by this new dangers are incurred by those thus occupied, there are also afforded new facilities for doing good by displaying in a new light the excellence of the Gospel. As the disciples of the lowly Savior are now found in the exchange, in the marts of trade, and in all places "where merchants most do congregate," so should Christ be there glorified in the superexcellence of their probity, courtesy and unsullied integrity. Let Christ be confessed in the manifestation of His grace in the lives of His disciples; let a godless world be taught that the elevated morality which is admired in the Christian man of business is the fruit of piety, and the result of the precepts and the spirit of Christianity in the hearts of its subjects.

The quickened activities of the age require corresponding energy and devotedness in the duties of Christianity. Our quickened powers must be consecrated to Christ in good works. The great want of the world at this time is a stronger and more copious infusion of the spirit of Christianity in the common affairs of life. We do not in any sense disparage the great agencies by which the Church has hitherto operated—the ministry, the Sabbath and the ordinances of the sanctuary. But these, though the most eminent, and therefore the most conspicuous, are not all; nor are they, in some aspects of the case, so great and effective as certain others. The work of the ministry occupies one of a hundred Christians; but the Lord has need of *all* in diffusing the doctrines and influences of religion.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell, in "Model for Men of Business."*

THE DAIRY.

THE exports of butter from this country are only four per cent. of the production; those of cheese, forty-one per cent. English people eat far more cheese than butter. It is a staple food among laboring men in England.

MR. SANBORN, of New Hampshire, thinks, after careful experiment that currying cattle prevents them from fattening. If this is so with fat cattle what must be the effect with cows in milk, whose bones are so much nearer the surface?

MORE oleomargarine is shipped to Rotterdam than to any other European port. Glasgow, Scotland, receives about half as much. More than four times as many cheese are shipped to Liverpool than to any other European port. Glasgow holds second rank.

THERE has been such a rapid increase, says the *Cultivator*, in the number of creameries for the making of butter around Philadelphia, that the milk supply of the city is seriously threatened. One of these creameries is erecting large additional buildings for the purposes of its business and a powerful engine to do the churning.

THE Sycamore (Ill.) *Republican* hears of some DeKalb County farmers who propose to purchase the oil of oleomargarine and make it up into butter by churning it with milk from their own cows. The farmer who adopts this plan will sooner or later find that he cannot sell his butter except for grease. If they are wise they will let oleo. alone.

Washing or Working Butter.

Some years ago it was thought that a great discovery had been made, to the effect that washing the buttermilk out was a great injury to butter and so it was determined that the only way to make a first class article was to work the buttermilk out and wipe the butter off with a damp sponge or linen cloth. Well we remember how the butter expounders rang the changes on this great discovery. Many were the theories advanced as to how and why washing injured the butter. The saccharine properties were soluble in water, was one. The delicate flavors were ephemeral and liable to get washed away, was another; and so the sponge took possession of the dairy-house, and such an abomination as a sponge is after it has been used a few weeks in summer! All full of old butter that cannot be washed out—a thing that should be tolerated in no well regulated dairy. The cloth is decidedly better, but in our opinion an entirely useless article. Clean fresh water can take its place with far less trouble and no danger. The sole purpose of either washing or working butter is to free it from buttermilk before salting, and either process, if properly done, will accomplish the end in view. The great trouble in working butter is that it requires decided skill to do it properly, and while many dairymen understand the operation, a great many do not; and as it is very much harder to work than to wash the buttermilk out, many fail to entirely rid the butter of it, which will soon cause the butter to become rancid, and the working method is perhaps condemned because it is not properly done. As Ezra Michener, a noted Philadelphia butter maker, says: "Washing effectually removes the buttermilk, and can be done in one-fourth the time required to work it out, which is an important item to any farmer's wife with her manifold duties. I can now count a dozen who are washing their butter to one who did so ten years ago, and we are not to suppose they are doing an injury to their product. While I do not claim any superiority for washed over worked butter (if properly worked), I do claim it is in no wise inferior, and that the time saved is sufficient if the performance is properly understood, to cause a very general adoption of the method."

The action of water on unsalted butter is purely mechanical, carrying off only the buttermilk, because it is soluble in water and really mingles with it. As to the flavors and delicate aromas being carried off by water, we cannot believe it, as this is now almost the universal practice in the largest and most noted creameries in the country. Fresh running water as near to sixty-five degrees is the best for this purpose. If the water is allowed to be so warm as to melt, or render the butter quite soft, it will certainly do harm, but this should of course be avoided if to accomplish it ice should have to be used. If the water is too cold it will stiffen the butter so that all the buttermilk cannot be reached and thus do injury. If properly used it is perfectly innocent and most convenient.—*American Dairyman.*

Setting Milk for Cream.

The greatest mistakes in the dairy are made in setting the milk for cream. In the family dairy, where one cow supplies milk and butter, the arrangements are usually better than in some farm dairies. Here the arrangements are often surprisingly bad. I have seen the milk of four cows set in a sleeping room and under the bed. The young woman who managed that dairy prided herself on her good butter. What she knew of bad butter must have been fearful to contemplate. In some farm-houses the milk is set in the living-room, where the cooking and eating are done and where, in the evening, the farmer and the hired-man smoke their pipes and dry their wet boots and socks under the stove. No wonder some persons prefer oleomargarine to butter made in that fashion. If these lines come under the notice of any one, man or woman, who keeps milk under such circumstances as these, or in any way approaching to them, I would say to him or her, that good butter cannot be made in that way, and the labor spent over it is only half or quarter paid for.

The first necessity in setting the milk is perfect purity of place and surroundings. Then there should be the following adjuncts:

A moderate circulation of fresh and moist air.

Shelves raised at least three feet from the ground.

A temperature not over sixty degrees in summer and not below forty-five in winter.

Perfectly clean utensils and very little light.—*Henry Stewart.*

—Nothing else so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

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Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

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MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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BONES and CRACKLINGS Wanted in any quantity. Highest [illegible] SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Memorial Church Erected by Pennsylvania's Iron King.

A NEW church edifice, the princely gift of a Pennsylvania iron king, was consecrated in this quiet back-country borough to-day. There is quite a romantic chapter of love and sorrow connected with it. The new edifice cost a very large sum of money, and it is generally known that every dollar was paid by Mr. Robert Coleman, one of the leading members of the "house of Cornwall," founded upon three mountains of iron ore here in Lebanon County, about 140 miles west of New York. The church is in the borough proper. Cornwall, a few miles distant, is the home of the Colemans, the richest iron family in the State. Monday, being the festival of St. Luke, was chosen for the consecration of the magnificent edifice, and it was dedicated with all the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church.

Several years ago Mr. Robert Coleman met a young lady of very prepossessing appearance in a tour he made of New England. She was the daughter of a respectable family of Connecticut, in moderate circumstances. A mutual attachment followed, and not long afterward the couple were married. A short time after the marriage the young bride was suddenly taken ill, and a trip on the Continent was arranged by her husband. It was thought that the climate of the south of France, Italy or Spain would be best for her. All that love and boundless wealth could give was furnished with a most liberal hand. The husband was compelled to remain at home by business engagements. It was confidently believed that the bride would soon be restored to good health, and very soon after her departure the husband set about preparing a surprise for her. He supposed that she would be abroad about a year, and he determined to erect one of the most costly residences she had ever seen, and have it all finished and furnished in time for her arrival home. She was to know nothing about it until the carriage should drive her to the door from the railway station. Mr. Powell, a Philadelphia architect, was instructed to prepare the plans. The structure was to be in the Scottish baronial style, and Mr. Coleman cared very little about the cost. A fine site was chosen, broad and level and elevated, with a commanding view of a long stretch of the beautiful Lebanon Valley.

The Coleman estate comprises about five thousand acres. In one part of it is a brown stable, containing some thirty thoroughbred horses. The most valuable animals are quartered in rooms having mirrors on the walls and Brussels carpet on portions of the floor. Five monstrous furnaces are smelting ore night and day on the estate. Three hills contain an inexhaustible supply of ore. These furnaces have made millionaires of a dozen families or more. Robert Coleman is the youngest of the iron kings of the present line of owners. Interested parties and heirs are scattered in many climes, but Mr. Coleman remains in complete charge of the vast estate. Everything is conducted in princely style. Every employee lives on the place, rent free. The cottages are models of neatness, cleanliness and convenience. A church, store, Sunday-school, and other necessary wants are fully supplied. The great farm supplies employees with wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables at far below market price. Splendid family mansions occupy prominent places. Tally-ho coaches, drawn by four-in-hands, convey the members of the Coleman family and their many visitors to the neighboring towns and railway stations. Hence the new mansion that was to be erected by Mr. Robert Coleman as a surprise to his bride, it can readily be imagined, was to be something exceedingly grand. The foundations were massive, and built of granite and limestone. The underground divisions were commodious, and finished in the most modern style. A hard cement floor was laid. The frames of the large bay windows for the first floor weighed several tons apiece. The superstructure was to have been of marble, iron and granite. The interior was to be finished in hard wood. The work was proceeding splendidly, and some fifty men were steadily employed. Car load after car load of material was arriving and being put in place. All efforts were made to rapidly push on the completion of the work. Every detail of furniture and upholstery had been decided upon. The gardener had received his special instructions. In fact, every thing had been fully arranged looking to the rapid completion of the mansion, when a telegram came over the sea that the young bride was very ill in Paris. Quickly followed another dispatch that she was dead. Every tool in the new house was dropped. The young husband, stricken with grief, was for a time not to be consoled. He ordered the workmen on the new mansion to go to the office and draw their pay, and then to remove their tools and other property. In a few days orders were given to tear down what had been put up; to throw in the excavations, and plow the place over. All that remained of what was to have been a palace was ordered to be obliterated.

The construction of the beautiful church dedicated here to-day concludes the story. The remains of the dead bride were embalmed and brought back to America, and were then placed in a vault until the construction of the church walls had been sufficiently advanced to receive them. The new edifice is cruciform, 96 by 75 feet. The floor is of Spanish tile from Valencia. The woodwork is of oiled oak. A massive tower twenty-four feet square rises 100 feet in the air. The structure is of gray stone, even to the window sills. A hydraulic engine in the basement supplies the air for the organ. The style of finish is old English, with massive granite columns. The leading Episcopal clergymen of the eastern section of the State were present at the consecration, including M. A. De Wolf Howe, Bishop of this diocese, who was consecrator; the Right Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Texas; the Right Rev. Dr. Hare, Bishop of Niobrara, I. T.; the Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Nebraska; the Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris, Missionary Bishop of Oregon, and other distinguished clergymen from the Episcopal Convention in session last week in New York. The Rev. Chandler Hare is the rector of the parish. The new church has a seating capacity of about 500. It was filled to overflowing to-day by the leading citizens of this section of the State.—*Lebanon (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.*

"Society" Girls.

THE poorest use to which a girl can put herself is to become what is popularly known as a "society" girl; for it is the hardest of work, with the least compensation. Society, cultivated at first from the fascination and pleasure which woos the pretty and attractive young girl at the entrance to what seems to be a perpetual round of gayety and amusement, is soon discovered to be a madly rushing whirlpool, from whose enthrallment it is almost impossible to escape, and which exhausts life and strength faster than standing in a shop—faster than any amount of hard work. This is not over-stated. The history of society girls—those who are seen every where, who attend balls and parties, who keep late hours, who eat late suppers—is the same, at least in large cities, and it is not very different in smaller towns. Five years is as long as they hold out; if they are deficient in health and vitality to begin with, one, two, or three years is enough to do the work. Many die of consumption, some are prostrated by debility, others succumb to the modern nervous disorders which attack the stronghold of life so insidiously that no one knows what has been done until the citadel has been undermined, and its forces given into the hands of the enemy.

Of course no one begins with the intention of digging their own grave in this idiotic way. The wine drinker never begins with the intention of being a drunkard; social pressure is brought to bear continually, vanity is flattered, and the danger is all the greater because it is not realized. Who carries an umbrella, or looks out for a storm in fair weather? and if the sky were to always remain clear there would be no necessity for preparation for storms at all.

But even in the midst of the brightness, girls of any sense or intellect feel distressed at the waste of the young, strong, bright years, in such a hard, yet purposeless routine. Time keeps sounding the pitiless gone, going, gone; and nothing remains for the vanishing years to show but some mortifications and heart-breaks, pieces of torn tulle, some faded (artificial) flowers, a legacy of corns from tight shoes, and a blank future. Occasionally a beauty and a belle will be "snapped up" within the first few years of her career by some courageous man. There is no attempt to disguise the fact that this is the expectation and main object of society girls in general; it can not well be otherwise. But the chances are no more than would occur in a lottery, and the success—what is it? If the man is rich, the young wife becomes his property—part of his establishment—with only so much of individual existence as he chooses to allow her. If poor, she very often becomes a complaining and unhappy drudge, or sinks into listlessness because she is unfit to perform the natural duties of her position, and her means are too narrow, her resources too small to permit of much social excitement or activity.—*Jennie June, in Demorest's Monthly.*

The Lockjaw.

THERE have been frequent accounts in the newspapers of late regarding attacks of lockjaw, or tetanus, with a usually fatal ending. It is said that there are more cases of this terrible affliction in the United States than in any other temperate countries, owing to the higher and more sensitive nervous organization of the inhabitants. It is marked by an involuntary, persistent, intense, painful contraction or cramp of the voluntary muscles, nearly the whole body being sometimes affected. The different sets of muscles are generally affected in a certain degree of order, the muscles of the neck, jaws and throat almost always giving the earliest evidence of the presence of the disease. The patient experiences difficulty and uneasiness in bending or turning the head, and is apt to imagine that he has a stiff neck. He also finds it rather hard to open his mouth. Finally, the jaws close, sometimes gradually, though with great firmness, and occasionally, it is said, all of a sudden, and with a snap. Along with, or very soon after the symptoms have appeared, the deglutitory muscles are influenced, and very soon an acute pain at the lower part of the sternum, extending to the back, sets in, and is frequently excruciating. This depends, in all probability, upon cramp of the diaphragm, and is subject to paroxysmal aggravation. The spasm extends to the muscles of the trunk, to the large muscles of the extremities, to the muscles of the face, and lastly to those of the tongue, hands and fingers, which often obey the will of the sufferer after all other voluntary muscles have become fixed. The muscles affected continue permanently contracted until either death or recovery has taken place, and some of them, the muscles of the abdomen, for example, are so rigid as to sound like a board when struck with the fingers. The spasms grow more violent every ten or fifteen minutes, commonly beginning by an increase of pain at the sternum, and lasting from 120 to 180 seconds. As the disease advances the paroxysms become more frequent. The strong muscles of the back generally overcome the muscles in front of the body, and then the patient is frequently obliged, during the paroxysms, to rest solely on his head and heels, while his body is arched and elevated. During the exacerbations, the face of the sufferer often assumes a frightful appearance. The tongue is likely to be badly bitten, and the contractions are occasionally so violent as to break the teeth and rupture powerful muscles. Death results generally from a combination of causes, but mainly from suffocation, coupled with loss of power and degenerate action of the heart. The two chief sources of tetanus are exposure to cold or damp and bodily injuries. When the former happens the disorder is called idiopathic; when the latter happens it is traumatic, which is much more frequent than the other form of the disease. Tetanus is liable to follow any sort of hurt, from a trifling cut or scratch to a compound fracture or the severest operation, and is much commoner in tropical than in temperate climates.—*New York Times.*

A SERVANT girl is the champion croquet player of New Jersey.

HOME AND FARM.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup cold boiled rice; one pint flour; one teaspoon salt; two eggs beaten light; milk to make a tolerable thick batter. Beat all well together.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cultivator* laid stone drains half a century ago, and they are still open and doing good service. Boggy ground is productive of fine fruit instead of malaria in one field, and in another two crops of hay have been cut annually for eleven consecutive years without reseeding or application of any fertilizer.

ONIONS FOR GARNISH.—Take some middling sized onions, cut them crosswise in slices, reject the small pieces in the center. Put the larger ones on a cloth with some flour; shake them about on this so as to get them well floured all over; put them in the frying basket, shake off superfluous flour, and plunge the basket in very hot fat. As soon as they begin to color, lift them off, sprinkle fine salt over them and they are ready.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter your pie dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread and butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

MANY farmers injure their farm implements more by exposure to the weather than by the use on the farm. An implement which with good care would last twenty years, will, when exposed to the weather, become useless in five years or even less. A farm cart which, with good usage, would last almost a lifetime, will last only a few years when exposed to the weather.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Half a pound of grated bread, half a pound chopped greening apples, half a pound of chopped raisins, quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, quarter of a pound of chopped suet (after it is chopped and sifted), half a nutmeg, salt-spoon of salt and one cup of sweet cider. Mix all the ingredients. Boil in scalded bag or buttered mold three hours, or steam four, and serve with hot lemon sauce.

FLAKY CRUST is easily made, and is very good for pies and tarts. For this put half a pound of flour into a bowl with a small pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a teaspoonful of fine white sugar. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, then make into a stiff paste by stirring in the white of one egg whisked to a stiff froth and mixed with a little cold water. Take now half the weight of flour in butter or clarified dripping, or a mixture of the two, and divide it into two portions. Roll the pastry out one way till it is a quarter of an inch thick, spread one portion of the butter upon it, dredge flour over, fold it in three, and turn it round with the rough edges to the front. Roll it out again, spread the rest of the butter on it, dredge flour over once more, and roll it again to the thickness required for use. Pastry thus made is excellent for meat pies.

THANKSGIVING CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up two chickens as for fricassee, and partly cook them in as little water as possible, but with a thick root of chopped celery. Take them out upon a platter, and to the liquor add a seasoning of pepper and salt. Strain a quart of oysters, butter a baking-dish, and over the bottom lay a layer of butter-crackers, then a layer of oysters, then a layer of chicken, then more oysters and more chicken, a few split crackers (buttered) between, until the dish is full. Bake with a puff paste cover, after having poured over the strained and seasoned liquid in which the chicken has cooked. Bake in a moderate oven a full hour or more, covering the crust if necessary.

Fencing.

AMONG the most perplexing questions affecting agriculturists at the present time is the subject of fencing—with what material to fence that will be durable and at the same time safe from endangering the life of stock. The old-time worm rail-fence can not be thought of except in timber regions. The fence of posts and boards will last but a few years until it decays. The osage hedge answers an excellent purpose where there are no weak spots in the line, but they are frequent, and on much of the land the whole thing is impracticable. The barbed wire has of late been the material round which the hope of the farmer has centered, and this, while making a barrier for the large domestic animals that is impregnable, has other serious objections that render an absolute reliance upon it as extremely doubtful. From very many sources come the complaint of valuable animals being lacerated and sometimes maimed for life from coming in contact with it. Not long since an acquaintance came very near losing an eye, while putting up a line of barbed wire, caused by the staple intended to hold the wire in place flying out, and the wire being drawn out of a straight line flew in the face of the operator, striking him just above the eye and tearing the eyebrow. This material has not been long enough in use to thoroughly test its durability, and it may be an open question whether rust may not soon corrode it and weaken it in spots and thus become short-lived.

Wherever practicable we would advise the use of the osage orange and make live hedges. This requires frequent trimming to keep it down to a proper height and in good form, but this will involve no more labor than the occasional repairing of wood fences, besides being durable.

It is possible that our domestic animals, through a greater familiarity with the barbed wire fence, will become so accustomed to look out for its presence as to be more on the alert and thus avert the serious consequences that have so often attended its use so far. Yet we are of the opinion that to make it completely safe from danger to animals in the midst of their playful gambols, it will be necessary that some more bulky and consequently more visible substance be attached at frequent intervals to indicate its presence. But this will add materially to the expense of the fence.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The kind-hearted Galveston lady handed him out a plate with some cold meat on it, but the tramp turned up his nose and said: "I need something nourishing. Havn't you a bottle of ale and a rare done beefsteak?" Still she didn't get mad, but merely said: "I don't see what you need strengthening food for? You don't do any hard work." "No, but I have to walk so far. Your State of Texas is so much bigger than those I have been accustomed to."—*Galveston News.*

—A couple of Galvestonians, who have just returned from a hunting excursion, tell a pleasant little incident of the trip near Richmond. They went up to the house of a farmer to get some milk and experienced considerable difficulty in getting the gate open. One of the party said to the sturdy old granger: "We had a good deal of trouble getting the gate open." "Yes," responded the granger, dryly; "I fixed it up to keep the hogs out."—*Galveston News.*

[Wheeling Intelligencer.]

Looking Back to '72.

That the great campaign now upon us will exceed that of 1872, when the "'Go West' philosopher" was in the field and fray, no one doubts. Time works wonders; but with some things it can make no change, as the following from our esteemed fellow citizen, H. F. Behrens, Esq., will show: I have sold the Hamburg Drops since 1872, and have never heard a complaint; I know families who would not be without the Drops for anything. Every dealer says the same.

THE waits between the acts in a Chinese theater are long enough for a young man to go out and chew cloves, play six games of billiards, take a nap of six hours, go twenty miles into the country to see his Aunt Hi-Hi, attend a base-ball match, eat his supper, get shaved and fight a duel. Then he can go back in the theater before the curtain rises on the second act.—*Norristown Herald.*

[Bay City Tribune.]

DR. A. A. PRATT, of this city, says: St. Jacobs Oil is splendid. All to whom I have sold it, pronounce it the best medicine for rheumatism and pain they ever used.

IN a recent charge the Recorder of Dublin said that of 9,700 dwellings let in tenements in that city 2,300 houses, occupied by about 30,000 people, are reported unfit for human habitation.

Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the stomach, liver or kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure? Ask your neighbor the same question.—*Times.*

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A SACRAMENTO bride whipped her father because he induced her husband to drink in a bar-room.

A CLERGYMAN past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, was asked by some one present at the marriage feast how he, a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant: "In a man's life there are two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and has lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past one, and not yet reached the other.

THERE was once a very smart man, and he met a man who was not smart, and said to him: "See here, I am an awful smart man. I know everything and can do anything, yet my pocket, my purse and my stomach are a trinity of emptiness—three in one, and I'm the one; while you, who are not smart, go clothed in purple and fine linen and have your ribs regularly adiposed. Now tell me, why is this?" And the man who was not smart answered and said that he did not know, but he supposed it must be because the market was overstocked with smart men. Moral: There is none.

THERE are now 10,000 Greek soldiers in Athens, and more than 40,000 in the whole kingdom. Afternoon drill is the event of the day in the capital.

A LAWYER'S advice is of greater value than a friend's. He charges for it.

CONSIDERING that kind words cost nothing, what a poor stock of them is in the domestic markets.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE circus season just closing has been very successful. To be sure, business was vigorously pushed. At Little Rock, Ark., two lions were let loose. In Carolina an elephant got on the rampage and a keeper was sacrificed. "Ada," like these tell. Enterprise is sure to succeed. One manager said he was bound to make money if he had to have the entire brass band eaten by the tigers. His patrons wished he had, and thrown in the clown to boot.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, who has been staying at Baden, looks aged and worn. He walks about a good deal, but his pace is slow and his gait uncertain.

AT a Mormon conference in Liverpool there were 335 members present. It was reported that sixty-eight members had been received into their ranks within the last six months.

THE return of Gladstone to power has not checked the exodus from England, as it was hoped to do. There have been this year 2,353 emigrants registered in outward-bound vessels from Liverpool more than in 1879.

THE Pope has decided to dismiss his Swiss Guards. It may be recollected that all of the quaint dress of these men was designed by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, save the helmet. This, it appears, he forgot; hence their incongruous appearance.

RUSSIAN soldiers get so poor pay for their services, and their existence in country districts is so monotonous, that suicide is becoming very common. Official returns assert that in Tashkend no fewer than six officers perished by their own hand in one week.

TURKEY seems to become civilized pretty fast. The daughter of a wealthy Turk is having her wedding outfit made in Paris, and part of it is a gown of heliotrope satin with a court train and a trimming of velvet and point lace, and a point lace apron and veil.

LEO XIII, has enjoined on the Hungarian Episcopate to carry out in their extremest rigor the canonical regulations respecting mixed marriages. The Episcopate has consequently addressed a circular to the clergy, forbidding them to celebrate mixed marriages, even when the parties agree to bring up their issue in the Catholic faith. This measure is extremely unpopular among the Catholics in Hungary.

THE cradle of the infant Princess of Spain is of polished ebony inlaid with silver; its form is that of an open shell; the curtains are of silver gauze enameled with white velvet flowers, the coverlet of white satin on which are embroidered in brilliant colors the arms of Spain. One lady grandesse of Spain stands at the foot of the cradle during the royal infant's slumber to watch the precise moment of her awakening; another grandesse stands at the head armed with a huge feather fan to chase away the flies. The royal Spanish crown, which in silver gilt hangs in front of the cradle, is the work of Froment, the great Parisian goldsmith. The cost of the cradle, without the hangings of fine lace and the garniture of marabout feathers which surround it, is estimated at $1,400.

Bill Nye at the Opera.

MOST every one thinks that I don't know much about music and the opera, but this is not the case. I am very enthusiastic over this class of entertainment, and I will take the liberty to trespass upon the time and patience of your readers, for a few moments, while I speak briefly but graphically on this subject. A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of listening to the rendition of the "Bohemian Girl" by Emma Abbott and her troupe at the Grand Opera House in Chicago. I was a little late, but the manager had saved me a pleasant seat where I could alternately look at the stage and out through the skylight into the clear autumn sky.

The plot of the play seems to be that Arline, a nice little chunk of a girl, is stolen by a band of gypsies, owned and operated by Devilshoff, who looks some like Othello and some like Sitting Bull. Arline grows up among the gypsies and falls in love with Thaddeus. Thaddeus was played by Brignoli. Brignoli was named after a thoroughbred horse.

Arline falls asleep in the gypsy camp and dreams a large majolica dream, which she tells to Thaddeus. She says that she dreamed that she dwelt in marble halls and kept a girl and had a pretty fly time generally, but after all she said it tickled her more to know that Thaddeus loved her still the same, and she kept saying this to him in G, and up on the upper register and down on the second added line below, and crescendo and diminuendo and denodessimo, forward and back and swing opposite lady to place, till I would have given 1,000 shares paid-up non-assessable stock in the Boomerang if I could have been Thad.

Brignoli, however, did not enter into the spirit of the thing. He made me mad, and if it hadn't been for Em. I would have put on my hat and gone home. He looked like the man who first discovered and introduced Bock beer into the country. She would come and put her sunny head up against his cardigan jacket and put one white arm on each shoulder and sing like a bobolink, and tell him how all-fired glad she was that he was still solid. I couldn't help thinking how small a salary I would be willing to play Thaddeus for, but he stood there like a basswood man with Tobias movement, and stuck his arms out like a sore toe, and told her in F that he felt greatly honored by her attention, and hoped some day to be able to retaliate, or words to that effect.

I don't want any trouble with Brignoli, of course, but I am confident I can lick him with one hand tied behind me, and, although I seek no quarrel with him, he knows where I reside, and I can mop the North American continent with his remains, and don't you forget it.

After awhile the Gypsy Queen, who is jealous of Arline, puts up a job on her to get her arrested, and she is brought before her father, who is Justice of the Peace for that precinct, and he gives her $25 and trimmings or thirty days in the Bastile. By and by, however, he catches sight of her arm and recognizes her by a large red Goddess of Liberty tattooed on it, and he remits the fine and charges up the costs to the county.

Her father wants her to marry a newspaper man and live in affluence, but Arline still hankers for Thad, and turns her back on to oriental magnificence of life with a journalist. But Thaddeus is poor. All he seems to have is what he can gather from the community after office hours, and the chickens begin to roost high and he is despondent, apparently. Just as Arline is going to marry the newspaper man, according to the wishes of her pa, Thaddeus calls in with an appointment as Notary Public bearing the Governor's big seal on it, and Arline pitches into the old man and plays it pretty fine on him till he relents and she marries Thaddeus, and they go to housekeeping over on the West Side, and he makes a bushel of money as Notary Public, and everybody sings, and the band plays, and she is his'n and he is her'n.

There is a good deal of singing in this opera. Most everybody sings. I like good singing myself.

Emma Abbott certainly warbles first-rate, and her love-making takes me back to the halcyon days when I cared more for the forbidding future of my moustache and less for meal-time than I do now. But Brignoli is no singer according to my esthetic taste. He sings like a man who hasn't taken out his second papers yet, and his stomach is too large. It gets in the way.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Heat Yielded by the Sun.

SINCE there is every reason to believe that the sun's radiation is equal in all directions, it follows that, if the sun were surrounded by a great shell of ice, one inch thick and 186,000,000 miles in diameter, its rays would just melt the whole in the same time.

If, now, we suppose this shell to shrink in diameter, retaining, however, the same quantity of ice by increasing its thickness, it would still be melted in the same time. Let the shrinkage continue until the inner surface touches the photosphere, and it would constitute an envelope more than a mile in thickness, through which the solar fire would still thaw out its way in the same two hours and thirteen minutes; at the rate, according to Herschel's determinations, of more than forty feet a minute. Herschel continues that, if this ice were formed into a rod 45.3 miles in diameter, and darted toward the sun with the velocity of light, its advancing point would be melted off as fast as it approached, if by any means the whole of the solar rays could be concentrated upon it. Or, to put it differently, if we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three millions of miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour nor a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor.

In formulating this last statement we have, however, employed, not Herschel's figures, but those resulting from later observations, which increase the solar radiation about twenty-five per cent., giving fifty feet, and not forty feet, as the thickness of the ice-crust which the sun would melt off of his own surface in a minute. An easy calculation shows that to produce this amount of heat by combustion would require the hourly burning of a layer of anthracite coal sixteen feet (live meters) thick over the entire surface of the sun—four-fifths of a ton per hour on each square foot of surface—at least eight times as much as the most powerful blast furnace known to art. It is equivalent to a continuous evolution of more than seven thousand horse-power on every square foot of the sun's whole area. As Sir William Thompson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its heat by combustion, would burn out in less than six thousand years.—*Prof. C. A. Young, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Only Case.

THE man who works up the "straw" business on railroad trains has been very scarce this year. Indeed, only one instance of canvassing a Michigan railroad train has been reported thus far during the campaign. On the train going to Saginaw three or four days ago a man who had enough whisky in him to make himself enthusiastic asked permission of the conductor to make a canvass of the train, and was told to go ahead at his own peril. Armed with paper and pencil he began at the last seat in the rear coach. This was occupied by a man who rose slowly up, shed his coat and quietly remarked:

"Mister man, I'm going to make your heels break your neck in just sixteen seconds!"

The only reason he didn't was because the canvasser hurried to the other end of the car. He began operations here by punching an old man who was fast asleep. As soon as the sleeper got his eyes open and saw the pencil he called out:

"Over three months ago I swore to do it or lose my vote, and here goes!"

He made a sudden rush at the canvasser, threw him over a seat, hit him below the belt, and might have crippled him for life had he not been taken off. A quarter of an hour later the conductor found the canvasser standing on the platform with his nose skinned and his enthusiasm all gone.

"How did the vote stand?" inquired the official.

"I was elected over all other candidates by two majority," was the prompt reply, as the man wet a bit of paper and stuck it on his nose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Died of Medical Etiquette.

A MR. JOHN DROMEY, of the firm of Doherty & Dromey, booksellers, Chaboillez Square, Montreal, died here on Sunday last, and the conduct of some medical men in connection with his illness is considered very singular. Dr. Reid was first called on to attend the patient, and he prescribed for him. Mr. Dromey getting worse, Dr. Cameron was subsequently sent for, and he ordered some medicine. On Dr. Reid returning and finding Dr. Cameron had been there, he left the house and refused to have anything more to do with the case. Dr. Cameron came a second time and, learning of Dr. Reid's visits, he declined, as a matter of etiquette, to act, the patient in the meantime getting worse. Other medical men, it is stated, were called on, but refused on the same grounds as Dr. Cameron. In the meantime Mr. Dromey grew rapidly worse, and died on Sunday without a medical man seeing him. Application was made to Dr. Cameron since the death for a burial certificate, but he refused to give it, stating that he had not attended the deceased. Dr. Reid refused at first to give the certificate, but subsequently granted it.—*Toronto Mail.*

Religious.

OUR FATHER.

OUR FATHER—holiest, dearest name!
Despite our clinging guilt and shame,
Our Father still.
How passing wonderful Thy love,
Down-reaching from those heights above,
These hearts to thrill!
All that is best,
And tenderest,
All that is true, and strong, and good,
And wise in human fatherhood,
Is found in Thee.

Our Father art Thou—Heaven's high King!
As brothers, to Thee would we bring
This one great prayer.
Thy hand, Thy face, fain would we know,
Again into Thine image grow.
Thy likeness bear;
Reflect Thy truth,
Thy goodness, ruth;
Walk in Thy ways as sons of light:
No longer slaves in chains and night,
But children free.

Children of Thine, Father above,
Saved, ransomed, gladdened in Thy love—
O, childhood grand!
To Thee we come a growing host,
A brotherhood from every coast,
Led by the hand
Through joys, and fears,
With songs, and tears;
No longer prodigals to roam,
With faces upturned toward home—
Our home, with Thee.
—*Rev. W. J. Skillman, in Interior.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 14—Joseph the Wise Ruler..Gen. 41: 41-57
Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50: 14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Practical Certainty in Religion.

THERE is a difference between practical certainty and positive or demonstrative certainty. In the latter case all possibility of the contrary is excluded; in the former, it is not. We follow out a mathematical proof, and we are positively certain. We are informed of a fact, and we are practically certain of it.

Now, we know ten things practically where we know one positively. We know positively scarce anything, except some things that we have actually seen or have mathematically proved. Even what we see we may misapprehend, and what we have seen our memory may treacherously record. An error may lurk even in our mathematics. It is not every mind that can attain the certainty of Professor Pierce. After Leverrier had computed the place in the heavens of the missing planet, and the telescope had found it at the very spot predicted, Professor Pierce found that Leverrier's calculation was an error and that the discovery of Neptune was an accident. A friend told the Professor that he hoped he would not publish his conclusion, because it was exceedingly improbable that the coincidence could be accidental. "It is more improbable," said Professor Pierce, "that my calculation should be wrong." For most things we are abundantly content with practical certainty. Whatever we learn because we have been told—history, geography, science—whatever we read, whatever we hear, we believe on probable evidence, on evidence that satisfies us enough to live by it, even though it be not complete. If the evidence preponderates, we trust it. We do all our business on it. We imprison men, we hang men on nothing better than probable evidence.

And yet, in religion men ask a sign from Heaven. If they cannot see, like Thomas, the print of the nails, they will not believe. But the practical evidence should be enough; and the practical evidence should be the preponderating evidence, even though not completely conclusive to us. You cannot see God, to be sure; but, on the whole, when you look at Nature about you, when you look at the demands of your own nature, when you think what the great and good of all ages have believed, does it not look probable to you that there is a God? Then act on that evidence. It is a practical certainty that there is a God. Worship Him. Obey Him. Love Him.

You have never seen Christ. You have never even seen and heard the men that saw Him when He was in the world. You may not have the certainty that the record of Him is all true and that you must believe everything you find written in the Bible. What of that? If you have not demonstrative certainty, have you not practical certainty? If you cannot quite read the Bible as one infallible record, then read it as sixty-six fallible books, by you don't know how many writers—just as you would read Tacitus, or Xenophon, or Macaulay, or Bancroft—and tell us what you learn. Let it be, if you please, as fallible as the contradictory evidence which twelve very common men take with them into the jury-box, which they sift just as common folks do, and on which you hang a man or acquit him. You read the history, and you find, by similar evidence to that which convinces a jury, that Jesus Christ lived and taught and suffered and died. All this is so certain that no man living denies it. The same evidence exactly tells you that He wrought miracles and that He rose from the dead. Is not the certainty practical, if not demonstrative? At least, is not the evidence preponderating and the conclusion probable? If so, do not wait to make it absolute. Do not complain because you may think you find errors in the Bible. So there were errors in the testimony on which the jury hanged Chastine Cox. You can find out, with all practical certainty, what Jesus taught, what His disciples taught Go and learn, and then let the practical certainty control you. If the Great Teacher commands repentance, consecration to God, trust in the Father and His Son, and your own conscience cries Amen! then repent, consecrate yourself, believe. Do not wait for unnecessary demonstration. Were you to wait for absolute certainty in this world, you would starve. You don't know absolutely that the sun will rise to-morrow. Had you absolute certainty that every word in the Bible was infallibly true, yet your translation is fallible, your faculties, that must interpret it, are fallible. All you need, all God or Nature gives any man for ordinary or religious guidance, is practical assurance. That is enough. That you have. There is a God. There is a Savior. The Bible contains His revelation. Only through the one way of service of God can you be saved. Repent of your sins. Consecrate your life to God; trust in divine mercy; forget yourself; live for others. There is reason enough for this, and it is the only worthy life.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Cologne Cathedral.

THE Cathedral at Cologne, the grandest and most impressive ecclesiastical structure in existence, ranking in this respect above St. Peter's at Rome and the Milan Cathedral, has been at last completed, more than six hundred years after the laying of the foundation stones. The completion of the building was celebrated on Friday last with religious and civic ceremonies. The city was splendidly decorated, large crowds of visitors from every part of Germany pouring into the city. The Emperor and Empress of Germany were present, were enthusiastically received, and were welcomed by the King of Saxony, Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, Prince William, of Wurtemburg, and other royal personages. At eleven o'clock the Imperial cortege proceeded to the western entrance of the Cathedral, where it was received by the Dean, amid the ringing of bells and artillery salutes. A "Te Deum" was then sung, after which the Imperial procession traversed the Cathedral, and on appearing at the southern entrance there was tremendous and prolonged cheering. The Emperor delivered a short address. A document recording the completion of the Cathedral was placed in the keystone of the tower amid the singing of many societies, the firing of cannon and cheers of the spectators. It was signed by the Emperor, the Empress and sixty-five Princes and high official dignitaries. The Imperial standard was then hoisted on one of the spires. The procession of the Kaiser, Empress, Princes and Princesses from the south portal of the Cathedral across the square to the Imperial pavilion was most picturesque. The Emperor in his address thanked all the German Governments for their co-operation toward the completion of the Cathedral, and concluded by saying, "Let us all salute this superb monument, and offer up our prayers, that by the grace of the All Powerful it will continue to be from every point of view a presage of peace for the glory of God and for our prosperity."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Wise Sayings.

HALF the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.—*Barry Cornwall.*

NO AFFLICTION would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.

IF you wish for care, perplexity and misery, be selfish in all things; this is the short road to trouble.

WE learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.

BEAR with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at the correction of your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love.—*Fenelon.*

IT is good, when the week is ended, to look back upon its business and its toils, and mark wherein we have failed of our duties, or come short of what we should have done.

QUARREL not rashly with adversities not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies often bound up in them; for we consider not sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly compute the mercies of Providence in things afflictive at first hand.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE trials and the temptations of this life are all making us fit for the life to come—building up a character for eternity. You have been in a piano manufactory; did you ever go there for the sake of music? Go into the tuning-room, and you will say, "This is a dreadful place to be in, I cannot bear it; I thought you made music here." They say: "No, we do not produce music here; we make the instruments and tune them here, and in the process much discord is forthcoming." Such is the church of God on earth. The Lord makes the instruments down here, and tunes them, and a great deal of discord is easily perceptible, but it is all necessary to prepare us for the everlasting harmonies up yonder.—*Spurgeon.*

Christianity in Business.

THE times demand especially the application of Christian principles to mercantile affairs. The increased facilities for successful business pursuits now afforded are drawing increased numbers of professed Christians into the whirling and eddying tide of commerce. If by this new dangers are incurred by those thus occupied, there are also afforded new facilities for doing good by displaying in a new light the excellence of the Gospel. As the disciples of the lowly Savior are now found in the exchange, in the marts of trade, and in all places "where merchants most do congregate," so should Christ be there glorified in the superexcellence of their probity, courtesy and unsullied integrity. Let Christ be confessed in the manifestation of His grace in the lives of His disciples; let a godless world be taught that the elevated morality which is admired in the Christian man of business is the fruit of piety, and the result of the precepts and the spirit of Christianity in the hearts of its subjects.

The quickened activities of the age require corresponding energy and devotedness in the duties of Christianity. Our quickened powers must be consecrated to Christ in good works. The great want of the world at this time is a stronger and more copious infusion of the spirit of Christianity in the common affairs of life. We do not in any sense disparage the great agencies by which the Church has hitherto operated—the ministry, the Sabbath and the ordinances of the sanctuary. But these, though the most eminent, and therefore the most conspicuous, are not all; nor are they, in some aspects of the case, so great and effective as certain others. The work of the ministry occupies one of a hundred Christians; but the Lord has need of *all* in diffusing the doctrines and influences of religion.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell, in "Model for Men of Business."*

THE DAIRY.

THE exports of butter from this country are only four per cent. of the production; those of cheese, forty-one per cent. English people eat far more cheese than butter. It is a staple food among laboring men in England.

MR. SANBORN, of New Hampshire, thinks, after careful experiment that currying cattle prevents them from fattening. If this is so with fat cattle what must be the effect with cows in milk, whose boues are so much nearer the surface?

MORE oleomargarine is shipped to Rotterdam than to any other European port. Glasgow, Scotland, receives about half as much. More than four times as many cheese are shipped to Liverpool than to any other European port. Glasgow holds second rank.

THERE has been such a rapid increase, says the *Cultivator*, in the number of creameries for the making of butter around Philadelphia, that the milk supply of the city is seriously threatened. One of these creameries is erecting large additional buildings for the purposes of its business and a powerful engine to do the churning.

THE Sycamore (Ill.) *Republican* hears of some DeKalb County farmers who propose to purchase the oil of oleomargarine and make it up into butter by churning it with milk from their own cows. The farmer who adopts this plan will sooner or later find that he cannot sell his butter except for grease. If they are wise they will let oleo. alone.

Washing or Working Butter.

Some years ago it was thought that a great discovery had been made, to the effect that washing the buttermilk out was a great injury to butter and so it was determined that the only way to make a first class article was to work the buttermilk out and wipe the butter off with a damp sponge or linen cloth. Well we remember how the butter expounders rang the changes on this great discovery. Many were the theories advanced as to how and why washing injured the butter. The saccharine properties were soluble in water, was one. The delicate flavors were ephemeral and liable to get washed away, was another; and so the sponge took possession of the dairy-house, and such an abomination as a sponge is after it has been used a few weeks in summer! All full of old butter that cannot be washed out—a thing that should be tolerated in no well regulated dairy. The cloth is decidedly better, but in our opinion an entirely useless article. Clean fresh water can take its place with far less trouble and no danger. The sole purpose of either washing or working butter is to free it from buttermilk before salting, and either process, if properly done, will accomplish the end in view. The great trouble in working butter is that it requires decided skill to do it properly, and while many dairymen understand the operation, a great many do not; and as it is very much harder to work than to wash the buttermilk out, many fail to entirely rid the butter of it, which will soon cause the butter to become rancid, and the working method is perhaps condemned because it is not properly done. As Ezra Michener, a noted Philadelphia butter maker, says: "Washing effectually removes the buttermilk, and can be done in one-fourth the time required to work it out, which is an important item to any farmer's wife with her manifold duties. I can now count a dozen who are washing their butter to one who did so ten years ago, and we are not to suppose they are doing an injury to their product. While I do not claim any superiority for washed over worked butter (if properly worked), I do claim it is in no wise inferior, and that the time saved is sufficient if the performance is properly understood, to cause a very general adoption of the method."

The action of water on unsalted butter is purely mechanical, carrying off only the buttermilk, because it is soluble in water and really mingles with it. As to the flavors and delicate aromas being carried off by water, we cannot believe it, as this is now almost the universal practice in the largest and most noted creameries in the country. Fresh running water as near to sixty-five degrees is the best for this purpose. If the water is allowed to be so warm as to melt, or render the butter quite soft, it will certainly do harm, but this should of course be avoided if to accomplish it ice should have to be used. If the water is too cold it will stiffen the butter so that all the buttermilk cannot be reached and thus do injury. If properly used it is perfectly innocent and most convenient.—*American Dairyman.*

Setting Milk for Cream.

The greatest mistakes in the dairy are made in setting the milk for cream. In the family dairy, where one cow supplies milk and butter, the arrangements are usually better than in some farm dairies. Here the arrangements are often surprisingly bad. I have seen the milk of four cows set in a sleeping room and under the bed. The young woman who managed that dairy prided herself on her good butter. What she knew of had butter must have been fearful to contemplate. In some farm-houses the milk is set in the living-room, where the cooking and eating are done and where, in the evening, the farmer and the hired-man smoke their pipes and dry their wet boots and socks under the stove. No wonder some persons prefer oleomargarine to butter made in that fashion. If these lines come under the notice of any one, man or woman, who keeps milk under such circumstances as these, or in any way approaching to them, I would say to him or her, that good butter cannot be made in that way, and the labor spent over it is only half or quarter paid for.

The first necessity in setting the milk is perfect purity of place and surroundings. Then there should be the following adjuncts:

A moderate circulation of fresh and moist air.

Shelves raised at least three feet from the ground.

A temperature not over sixty degrees in summer and not below forty-five in winter.

Perfectly clean utensils and very little light.—*Henry Stewart.*

—Nothing else so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

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MALT BITTERS, prepared *without fermentation* from MALT, HOPS, CALISAYA and IRON, are the richest Nourishing Agent in the world called "Bitters" for the Weak, Convalescent, Overworked, Nervous, Melancholy and Sleepless. They feed the Body and the Brain, regulate the Stomach and Bowels, cleanse the Liver and Kidneys, increase the Appetite and enrich the Blood. For Consumptives, Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, Sickly Children and the Aged, they are vastly superior to every other preparation of malt or medicine. Beware of imitations similarly named. Look for the COMPANY'S SIGNATURE as above. Sold everywhere.

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Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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BONES and CRACKLINGS Wanted in any quantity. Highest cash prices paid. HAUGH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Memorial Church Erected by Pennsylvania's Iron King.

A NEW church edifice, the princely gift of a Pennsylvania iron king, was consecrated in this quiet back-country borough to-day. There is quite a romantic chapter of love and sorrow connected with it. The new edifice cost a very large sum of money, and it is generally known that every dollar was paid by Mr. Robert Coleman, one of the leading members of the "house of Cornwall," founded upon three mountains of iron ore here in Lebanon County, about 140 miles west of New York. The church is in the borough proper. Cornwall, a few miles distant, is the home of the Colemans, the richest iron family in the State. Monday, being the festival of St. Luke, was chosen for the consecration of the magnificent edifice, and it was dedicated with all the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church.

Several years ago Mr. Robert Coleman met a young lady of very prepossessing appearance in a tour he made of New England. She was the daughter of a respectable family of Connecticut, in moderate circumstances. A mutual attachment followed, and not long afterward the couple were married. A short time after the marriage the young bride was suddenly taken ill, and a trip on the Continent was arranged by her husband. It was thought that the climate of the south of France, Italy or Spain would be best for her. All that love and boundless wealth could give was furnished with a most liberal hand. The husband was compelled to remain at home by business engagements. It was confidently believed that the bride would soon be restored to good health, and very soon after her departure the husband set about preparing a surprise for her. He supposed that she would be abroad about a year, and he determined to erect one of the most costly residences she had ever seen, and have it all finished and furnished in time for her arrival home. She was to know nothing about it until the carriage should drive her to the door from the railway station. Mr. Powell, a Philadelphia architect, was instructed to prepare the plans. The structure was to be in the Scottish baronial style, and Mr. Coleman cared very little about the cost. A fine site was chosen, broad and level and elevated, with a commanding view of a long streteh of the beautiful Lebanon Valley.

The Coleman estate comprises about five thousand acres. In one part of it is a brown stable, containing some thirty thoroughbred horses. The most valuable animals are quartered in rooms having mirrors on the walls and Brussels carpet on portions of the floor. Five monstrous furnaces are smelting ore night and day on the estate. Three hills contain an inexhaustible supply of ore. These furnaces have made millionaires of a dozen families or more. Robert Coleman is the youngest of the iron kings of the present line of owners. Interested parties and heirs are scattered in many climes, but Mr. Coleman remains in complete charge of the vast estate. Everything is conducted in princely style. Every employee lives on the place, rent free. The cottages are models of neatness, cleanliness and convenience. A church, store, Sunday-school, and other necessary wants are fully supplied. The great farm supplies employees with wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables at far below market price. Splendid family mansions occupy prominent places. Tally-ho coaches, drawn by four-in-hands, convey the members of the Coleman family and their many visitors to the neighboring towns and railway stations. Hence the new mansion that was to be erected by Mr. Robert Coleman as a surprise to his bride, it can readily be imagined, was to be something exceedingly grand. The foundations were massive, and built of granite and limestone. The underground divisions were commodious, and finished in the most modern style. A hard cement floor was laid. The frames of the large bay windows for the first floor weighed several tons apiece. The superstructure was to have been of marble, iron and granite. The interior was to be finished in hard wood. The work was proceeding splendidly, and some fifty men were steadily employed. Car load after car load of material was arriving and being put in place. All efforts were made to rapidly push on the completion of the work. Every detail of furniture and upholstery had been decided upon. The gardener had received his special instructions. In fact, every thing had been fully arranged looking to the rapid completion of the mansion, when a telegram came over the sea that the young bride was very ill in Paris. Quickly followed another dispatch that she was dead. Every tool in the new house was dropped. The young husband, stricken with grief, was for a time not to be consoled. He ordered the workmen on the new mansion to go to the office and draw their pay, and then to remove their tools and other property. In a few days orders were given to tear down what had been put up; to throw in the excavations, and plow the place over. All that remained of what was to have been a palace was ordered to be obliterated.

The construction of the beautiful church dedicated here to-day concludes the story. The remains of the dead bride were embalmed and brought back to America, and were then placed in a vault until the construction of the church walls had been sufficiently advanced to receive them. The new edifice is cruciform, 96 by 75 feet. The floor is of Spanish tile from Valencia. The woodwork is of oiled oak. A massive tower twenty-four feet square rises 100 feet in the air. The structure is of gray stone, oven to the window sills. A hydraulic engine in the basement supplies the air for the organ. The style of finish is old English, with massive granite columns. The leading Episcopal clergymen of the eastern section of the State were present at the consecration, including M. A. De Wolf Howe, Bishop of this diocese, who was consecrator; the Right Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Texas; the Right Rev. Dr. Hare, Bishop of Niobrara, I. T.; the Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Nebraska; the Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris, Missionary Bishop of Oregon, and other distinguished clergymen from the Episcopal Convention in session last week in New York. The Rev. Chandler Hare is the rector of the parish. The new church has a seating capacity of about 500. It was filled to overflowing to-day by the leading citizens of this section of the State.—*Lebanon (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.*

"Society" Girls.

THE poorest use to which a girl can put herself is to become what is popularly known as a "society" girl; for it is the hardest of work, with the least compensation. Society, cultivated at first from the fascination and pleasure which woos the pretty and attractive young girl at the entrance to what seems to be a perpectual round of gayety and amusement, is soon discovered to be a madly rushing whirlpool, from whose enthrallment it is almost impossible to escape, and which exhausts life and strength faster than standing in a shop—faster than any amount of hard work. This is not over-stated. The history of society girls—those who are seen every where, who attend balls and parties, who keep late hours, who eat late suppers—is the same, at least in large cities, and it is not very different in smaller towns. Five years is as long as they hold out; if they are deficient in health and vitality to begin with, one, two, or three years is enough to do the work. Many die of consumption, some are prostrated by debility, others succumb to the modern nervous disorders which attack the stronghold of life so insidiously that no one knows what has been done until the citadel has been undermined, and its forces given into the hands of the enemy.

Of course no one begins with the intention of digging their own grave in this idiotic way. The wine drinker never begins with the intention of being a drunkard; social pressure is brought to bear continually, vanity is flattered, and the danger is all the greater because it is not realized. Who carries an umbrella, or looks out for a storm in fair weather? and if the sky were to always remain clear there would be no necessity for preparation for storms at all.

But even in the midst of the brightness, girls of any sense or intellect feel distressed at the waste of the young, strong, bright years, in such a hard, yet purposeless routine. Time keeps sounding the pitiless gone, going, gone; and nothing remains for the vanishing years to show but some mortifications and heart-breaks, pieces of torn tulle, some faded (artificial) flowers, a legacy of corns from tight shoes, and a blank future. Occasionally a beauty and a belle will be "snapped up" within the first few years of her career by some courageous man. There is no attempt to disguise the fact that this is the expectation and main objects of society girls in general; it can not well be otherwise. But the chances are no more than would occur in a lottery, and the success—what is it? If the man is rich, the young wife becomes his property—part of his establishment—with only so much of individual existence as he chooses to allow her. If poor, she very often becomes a complaining and unhappy drudge, or sinks into listlessness because she is unfit to perform the natural duties of her position, and her means are too narrow, her resources too small to permit of much social excitement or activity.—*Jennie June, in Demorest's Monthly.*

The Lockjaw.

THERE have been frequent accounts in the newspapers of late regarding attacks of lockjaw, or tetanus, with a usually fatal ending. It is said that there are more cases of this terrible affliction in the United States than in any other temperate countries, owing to the higher and more sensitive nervous organization of the inhabitants. It is marked by an involuntary, persistent, intense, painful contraction or cramp of the voluntary muscles, nearly the whole body being sometimes affected. The different sets of muscles are generally affected in a certain degree of order, the muscles of the neck, jaws and throat almost always giving the earliest evidence of the presence of the disease. The patient experiences difficulty and uneasiness in bending or turning the head, and is apt to imagine that he has a stiff neck. He also finds it rather hard to open his mouth. Finally, the jaws close, sometimes gradually, though with great firmness, and occasionally, it is said, all of a sudden, and with a snap. Along with, or very soon after the symptoms have appeared, the deglutitory muscles are influenced, and very soon an acute pain at the lower part of the sternum, extending to the back, sets in, and is frequently excruciating. This depends, in all probability, upon cramp of the diaphragm, and is subject to paroxysmal aggravation. The spasm extends to the muscles of the trunk, to the large muscles of the extremities, to the muscles of the face, and lastly to those of the tongue, hands and fingers, which often obey the will of the sufferer after all other voluntary muscles have become fixed. The muscles affected continue permanently contracted until either death or recovery has taken place, and some of them, the muscles of the abdomen, for example, are so rigid as to sound like a board when struck with the fingers. The spasms grow more violent every ten or fifteen minutes, commonly beginning by an increase of pain at the sternum, and lasting from 120 to 180 seconds. As the disease advances the paroxysms become more frequent. The strong muscles of the back generally overcome the muscles in front of the body, and then the patient is frequently obliged, during the paroxysms, to rest solely on his head and heels, while his body is arched and elevated. During the exacerbations, the face of the sufferer often assumes a frightful appearance. The tongue is likely to be badly bitten, and the contractions are occasionally so violent as to break the teeth and rupture powerful muscles. Death results generally from a combination of causes, but mainly from suffocation, coupled with loss of power and degenerate action of the heart. The two chief sources of tetanus are exposure to cold or damp and bodily injuries. When the former happens the disorder is called idiopathic; when the latter happens it is traumatic, which is much more frequent than the other form of the disease. Tetanus is liable to follow any sort of hurt, from a trifling cut or scratch to a compound fracture or the severest operation, and is much commoner in tropical than in temperate climates.—*New York Times.*

A SERVANT girl is the champion croquet player of New Jersey.

HOME AND FARM.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup cold boiled rice; one pint flour; one teaspoon salt; two eggs beaten light; milk to make a tolerable thick batter. Beat all well together.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cultivator* laid stone drains half a century ago, and they are still open and doing good service. Boggy ground is productive of fine fruit instead of malaria in one field, and in another two crops of hay have been cut annually for eleven consecutive years without reseeding or application of any fertilizer.

ONIONS FOR GARNISH.—Take some middling sized onions, cut them crosswise in slices, reject the small pieces in the center. Put the larger ones on a cloth with some flour; shake them about on this so as to get them well floured all over; put them in the frying basket, shake off superfluous flour, and plunge the basket in very hot fat. As soon as they begin to color, lift them off, sprinkle fine salt over them and they are ready.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter your pie dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread and butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

MANY farmers injure their farm implements more by exposure to the weather than by the use on the farm. An implement which with good care would last twenty years, will, when exposed to the weather, become useless in five years or even less. A farm cart which, with good usage, would last almost a lifetime, will last only a few years when exposed to the weather.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Half a pound of grated bread, half a pound chopped greening apples, half a pound of chopped raisins, quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, quarter of a pound of chopped suet (after it is chopped and sifted), half a nutmeg, salt-spoon of salt and one cup of sweet cider. Mix all the ingredients. Boil in scalded bag or buttered mold three hours, or steam four, and serve with hot lemon sauce.

FLAKY CRUST is easily made, and is very good for pies and tarts. For this put half a pound of flour into a bowl with a small pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a teaspoonful of fine white sugar. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, then make into a stiff paste by stirring in the white of one egg whisked to a stiff froth and mixed with a little cold water. Take now half the weight of flour in butter or clarified dripping, or a mixture of the two, and divide it into two portions. Roll the pastry out one way till it is a quarter of an inch thick, spread one portion of the butter upon it, dredge flour over, fold it in three, and turn it round with the rough edges to the front. Roll it out again, spread the rest of the butter on it, dredge flour over once more, and roll it again to the thickness required for use. Pastry thus made is excellent for meat pies.

THANKSGIVING CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up two chickens as for fricassee, and partly cook them in as little water as possible, but with a thick root of chopped celery. Take them out upon a platter, and to the liquor add a seasoning of pepper and salt. Strain a quart of oysters, butter a baking-dish, and over the bottom lay a layer of butter-crackers, then a layer of oysters, then a layer of chicken, then more oysters and more chicken, a few split crackers (buttered) between, until the dish is full. Bake with a puff paste cover, after having poured over the strained and seasoned liquid in which the chicken has cooked. Bake in a moderate oven a full hour or more, covering the crust if necessary.

Fencing.

AMONG the most perplexing questions affecting agriculturists at the present time is the subject of fencing—with what material to fence that will be durable and at the same time safe from endangering the life of stock. The old-time worm rail-fence can not be thought of except in timber regions. The fence of posts and boards will last but a few years until it decays. The osage hedge answers an excellent purpose where there are no weak spots in the line, but they are frequent, and on much of the land the whole thing is impracticable. The barbed wire has of late been the material round which the hope of the farmer has centered, and this, while making a harrier for the large domestic animals that is impregnable, has other serious objections that render an absolute reliance upon it as extremely doubtful. From very many sources come the complaint of valuable animals being lacerated and sometimes maimed for life from coming in contact with it. Not long since an aequaintance came very near losing an eye, while putting up a line of barbed wire, caused by the staple intended to held the wire in place flying out, and the wire being drawn out of a straight line flew in the face of the operator, striking him just above the eye and tearing the eyebrow. This material has not been long enough in use to thoroughly test its durability, and it may be an open question whether rust may not soon corrode it and weaken it in spots and thus become short-lived.

Wherever practicable we would advise the use of the osage orange and make live hedges. This requires frequent trimming to keep it down to a proper height and in good form, but this will involve no more labor than the occasional repairing of wood fences, besides being durable.

It is possible that our domestic animals, through a greater familiarity with the barbed wire fence, will become so accustomed to look out for its presence as to be more on the alert and thus avert the serious consequences that have so often attended its use so far. Yet we are of the opinion that to make it completely safe from danger to animals in the midst of their playful gambols, it will be necessary that some more bulky and consequently more visible substance be attached at frequent intervals to indicate its presence. But this will add materially to the expense of the fence.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The kind-hearted Galveston lady handed him out a plate with some cold meat on it, but the tramp turned up his nose and said: "I need something nourishing. Havn't you a bottle of ale and a rare done beefsteak?" Still she didn't get mad, but merely said: "I don't see what you need strengthening food for? You don't do any hard work." "No, but I have to walk so far. Your State of Texas is so much bigger than those I have been accustomed to."—*Galveston News.*

—A couple of Galvestomans, who have just returned from a hunting excursion, tell a pleasant little incident of the trip near Richmond. They went up to the house of a farmer to get some milk and experienced considerable difficulty in getting the gate open. One of the party said to the sturdy old granger: "We had a good deal of trouble getting the gate open." "Yes," responded the granger, dryly: "I fixed it up to keep the hogs out."—*Galveston News.*

[Wheeling Intelligencer.]
Looking Back to '72.

That the great campaign now upon us will exceed that of 1872, when the "'Go West' philosopher" was in the field and fray, no one doubts. Time works wonders; but with some things it can make no change, as the following from our esteemed fellow citizen, H. F. Behreps, Esq., will show: I have sold the Hamburg Drops since 1872, and have never heard a complaint; I know families who would not be without the Drops for anything. Every dealer says the same.

THE waits between the acts in a Chinese theater are long enough for a young man to go out and chew cloves, play six games of billiards, take a nap of six hours, go twenty miles into the country to see his Aunt Ill-Ill, attend a base-ball match, eat his supper, get shaved and fight a duel. Then he can go back in the theater before the curtain rises on the second act.—*Norristown Herald.*

[Bay City Tribune.]

DR. A. A. PRATT, of this city, says: St. Jacobs Oil is splendid. All to whom I have sold it, pronounce it the best medicine for rheumatism and pain they ever used.

IN a recent charge the Recorder of Dublin said that of 9,700 dwellings let in tenements in that city 2,300 houses, occupied by about 30,000 people, are reported unfit for human habitation.

Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the stomach, liver or kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure? Ask your neighbor the same question.—*Times.*

PROGRESS! that gives four cubic feet of air apiece to its children and calls the measurement Public Health.

Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war, and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

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OUT of season—an empty pepper-box.

A SACRAMENTO bride whipped her father because he induced her husband to drink in a bar-room.

A CLERGYMAN past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, was asked by some one present at the marriage feast how he, a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant: "In a man's life there are two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and has lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past one, and not yet reached the other.

THERE was once a very smart man, and he met a man who was not smart, and said to him: "See here, I am an awful smart man. I know everything and can do anything, yet my pocket, my purse and my stomach are a trinity of emptiness—three in one, and I'm the one; while you, who are not smart, go clothed in purple and fine linen and have your ribs regularly adiposed. Now tell me, why is this?" And the man who was not smart answered and said that he did not know, but he supposed it must be because the market was overstocked with smart men. Moral: There is none.

THERE are now 10,000 Greek soldiers in Athens, and more than 40,000 in the whole kingdom. Afternoon drill is the event of the day in the capital.

A LAWYER'S advice is of greater value than a friend's. He charges for it.

CONSIDERING that kind words cost nothing, what a poor stock of them is in the domestic markets.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE circus season just closing has been very successful. To be sure, business was vigorously pushed. At Little Rock, Ark., two lions were let loose. In Carolina an elephant got on the rampage and a keeper was sacrificed. "Ada," like these tell. Enterprise is sure to succeed. One manager said he was bound to make money if he had to have the entire brass band eaten by the tigers. His patrons wished he had, and thrown in the clown to boot.

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Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1880,

all the real estate described in said cause, it being the same real estate of which the late Ezra Hauser died seized and possessed. The said farm contains

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I hereby certify that on this the 2d day of October, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, personally appeared William H. H. Friend, of District No. 2, of the county aforesaid, and made oath in due form of law, that there is one yearling trespassing on his enclosure, all red, with slits in left ear, medium sized bell, with chain around the neck to hold the bell.

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offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

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OAKLAND, MD.
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v3 n48

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PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

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Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

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DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
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Highest Prices Paid for FURS AND SKINS!

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New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

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—COMPLETE—

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Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change of the old Grantsville road through to McHenry road, and examine whether the said Grantsville road should be changed, will meet on the premises, on the 10th day of December, 1880, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said public road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM DEWITT,
NOAH PYSELL,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

11 6 5

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright Cabinet Organ. *Style 1686.* Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 5 ft. 11 in. **Three (3) Sets Reeds, Thirteen (13) Stops, Five (5) Octaves.** French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an instrument by Agents, three years ago about $370.00. **My offer, Only $90.25.**

Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, tells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines nowhere but it lights my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village in the upbuilding entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated instruments. Having recently been

ELECTED MAYOR

of my own city, and intrusted with its BONDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $175, $155, $145 and upwards. Beware of imitations! Illustrated Newspaper gives information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 19th of Nov:

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.43 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	4.42 P. M.
Way	9.25 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.47 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	6.57 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and, inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

Silk Finish Cloth, Marble Edge, Gilt and Black Stamp	$3.50
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Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2in

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FARM for SALE,

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank House, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

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Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Denkins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880. NUMBER 40.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc,

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Mildeal Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. [illegible] GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak Sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

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DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smoulse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet nrticles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St, nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder, Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 09 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1880.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The time had now come when the chosen family were to be removed from the hills of Canaan to the fertile plains of Lower Egypt. Their removal was a necessity, if they were to escape contamination from the friendship of the corrupt Canaanites, or destruction from their enmity. For two hundred years they were to dwell among the cultured Egyptians, gaining all that was valuable in their civilization, the highest that each had been developed, yet separated from them socially and religiously by barriers of caste. Through the discipline of adversity, too, they were to gain strength to possess their inheritance in the coming centuries. So, to Joseph's eager invitation, the Almighty adds his sanction, the tents are struck, and the caravan leaves the heights of Hebron, with all their hallowed associations. Slowly it winds downward through the Philistine plain, and along the shores of the Great Sea, to the land of the pyramid and the lotus-river. On the borders of Canaan, Abraham's grandson, Jacob, pauses, in solemn procession, and once more the patriarch is clasped in the arms of his long-lost Joseph. The news is borne to the palace, and a select number of the company are presented before the throne and graciously welcomed. With joy too deep for words, Joseph brings his father into the presence of Pharaoh, and the heir of God's promises, as if conscious of superiority, bestows a blessing upon the king. To the little clan, bringing with it the world's religious destiny, a home is assigned on the eastern border of the land, in the rich pasture lands of Goshen.

Gen. 47. 1-12.

Memory Verses, 7-01.

1 Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen.

2 And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh.

3 And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, What is your occupation? And they said unto Pharaoh, Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers.

4 They said, moreover, unto Pharaoh, For to sojourn in the land are we come; for thy servants have no pasture for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan: now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen.

5 And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee:

6 The land of Egypt is before thee: in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.

7 And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh: and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.

8 And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?

9 And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.

10 And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh.

11 And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded.

12 And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jacob and Pharaoh. Gen. 47. 1-12.
Tu. The invitation to Egypt. Gen. 45. 9-28.
W. The journey to Egypt. Gen. 46. 1-7, 28-34.
Th. The years of famine. Gen. 47. 13-27.
F. The years of man's life. Psa. 90. 1-17.
S. The pleasure of old age. Eccles. 12. 1-14.
S. The years of God. Isa. 40. 1-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. Prov. 16. 31.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath:
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews,
The vigor of thy youth.

Then bless his holy name
Whose grace has made thee whole:
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord my soul!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. A BROTHER'S REQUEST, v. 1-6; Heb. 2. 11.
Who made the request?
For whom was it made?
How did it show a love for his father?
How did it show a willingness to forgive the past conduct of his brothers?
Whom did Joseph bring before Pharaoh?
What did they ask of him?

2. A PATRIARCH'S BLESSING, v. 7-10; Heb. 11. 21.
How did Jacob meet Pharaoh?
What is said in the Golden Text?
How did Jacob represent his life?
Who, then was Jacob's life "evil"?
What were some of the troubles through which he had passed?
Why is all life a pilgrimage? Heb. 13. 14.
How is this expressed in 1 Chron. 29. 15.
What end of our journey should we seek? Heb. 11. 16.

3. A KING'S FAVOR, v. 11, 12; Prov. 22. 29.
How did Pharaoh show his favor?
Where did he give a home to Joseph's brothers?
What honor did he offer to them? v. 6.
What is said in Prov. 22. 29?
How did Joseph treat his father and family during the famine?
What is commanded in 1 Tim. 5. 8?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here taught—1. The duty of returning good for evil? 2. The duty of respect for the aged? 3. The duty of caring for our families?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The journey of life.

The descent into Egypt shows that God exercises supervision over the destiny of nations.

What Killed the Democratic Party.

From the Chicago Times.

The recent Presidential election has shown that there is an invincible reason why the Democratic party can never win a national victory. It is that the youth of this Republic is not Democratic. The sons of Democratic fathers have grown up Republicans. So long as slavery and the war live within the memory of American the youth of the Republic will continue to grow up Republicans; slavery and the war will be remembered as long as the public school system exists. The public schools have slain the Democratic party with their text-books.

It is vain for the statesmen to declare that there was as many Democrats as Republicans in the Union Army. It is vain to affirm that the war for the preservation of the Union could not have been carried to a successful close without the assistance of the Democratic party. It is idle for philanthropy to suggest that the attitude of that party toward the war in the beginning was a humane one; that it was inspired by the higher and better wish that the cause of the conflict should be peaceably removed, and the spilling of brothers' blood by brothers' hands avoided. The Democratic party has been ideally identified with slavery and slave-holding. The Republican party is ideally identified with emancipation and the war. Therefore is the youth of the country incapable of being Democratic. Therefore the Democratic party can never win a National victory. Its old men are dying away. The boys who catch the ballots that fall from their stiffened hands are Republicans.

This fact cannot be denied. It will do no good to quarrel with it. All other causes which have operated to diminish the number of Democrats and increase the number of Republicans are insignificant besides this one tremendous and invincible fact. The curse of slavery has poisoned the blood and rotted the bone of the Democratic party. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain.

The young wife who held the babe up to kiss the father as he hurried to the tap of his departing regiment has not suckled a Democrat. The weary foot of the gray grandmother who watched the children while the wife was busy has not rocked the cradle of Democrats. The chair that the soldier father never came back to fill has not been climbed upon by Democrats. The old blue coat that his comrades carried back was cut up for little jackets, but not one inclosed the heart of a Democrat. The rattled musket that fell from him with his shot became the thoughtless toy of the boys; but not a hand that played with it was the hand of a Democrat. The babe he kissed crowed and crowed for his return, and its unwitting and unanswered notes were not from the throat of a Democrat. The tear-soiled camp-letters which the mother read aloud in the long, bitter evenings while the boys clustered at her knees did not fall upon Democratic ears. The girls' sobs, blending with the mother's weeping, did not make Democrats of their brothers. Perhaps the father had been a Democrat all his life!

The children go to school. There is not a Democrat on its benches. The first reader contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln—that kind and sturdy face never made a Democrat. On its simple pages, in words of one or two syllables, is told the story of his birth and death. That story never made a Democrat. In the pranks of the playground the name silences the frolicsome and makes the jolliest grave. That name never made a Democrat. In the pictures that light up the geography are the firing on Fort Stumpter and the death of Ellsworth. Those pictures make no Democrats. The first page of the history contains a representation of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. No boy gazes on that and ever after avows himself a Democrat.

In the higher grades the same subtle and unresisted influence is at work. The text-books contain extracts from patriots' speeches during the war. Those speeches make no Democrats. The great battles are briefly described; the narrative has no Democratic listeners. The strain of martial music runs through the readers, and that music makes no Democrats. Sketches of the great generals are given; their brave deeds arouse the enthusiasm of the lads; but there is no Democrat among them. The horrors and sufferings of the slaves are told; maddened blood that mounts the boys' cheeks is not Democratic blood. The curse of slavery has pursued the Democratic party, and has hounded it to death. Therefore, let it die; and no lip will be found to say a prayer over the grass on its grave.

The late defeat need not be attributed to any other cause. Other causes were at work—but they were only incidential. The tariff was one. Sectionalism was a second. "Let well enough alone," was a third. The October failure in Indiana was a fourth. But all these were trivials, and together could not have accomplished the result. The result was accomplished because the youth of the Republic is not Democratic. That party is, therefore, without a future and without a hope. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain. The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and rotted its bone. Let it die.

The Final Verdict.

One suggestion is certainly in order. It is meant only for those Democrats who wish to be gentlemen and who have some sense of self-respect. It is about time to quit insulting and befouling the American people. No Democratic politician or journal can make anything at that business. But when the Democratic politician or editor says that President Hayes is a fraud, or that General Garfield is a perjurer or bribe-taker, he no longer insults an individual. He insults a majority of the people of this country, and a very large majority of the people of Northern States.

Much has been excused, in respect to President Hayes, in consideration of the honest dispute as to his election. We can understand that the Democrat, who could not see how Mr. Hayes was legally and honestly elected, may naturally have felt very bitter about the final decision. In that spirit of protest he began to appeal to the country four years ago, and has been appealing ever since. The American people have heard all that he has had to say. It is an insult to them to say that they have now sustained the Republican party, believing that it captured the Presidency by fraud four years ago. A large majority of the Northern people are declared by the Democratic editor to be unmitigated scoundrels, when he asserts that the party which they have now sustained, and continued in power, obtained the Presidency in 1876 by fraud. The plain truth is that the people have decided against the Democratic claim. They hold that the elections in certain Southern States were vitiated by Democratic violence and fraud; that the country was compelled to choose between a President chosen by shot guns and tissue-ballots, and a President chosen by the operation of stringent and arbitrary laws enacted at the South for the purpose of preventing such frauds; and that the choice of President Hayes was in accordance with the real will of the people as lawfully expressed. That is the final verdict. After hearing all that Democrats have said for four years, the American people so decide. Common decency and self-respect require Democrats to submit to the decision.

As to General Garfield, the case is still more simple. July, August, September, and October were crowded with lies about him. Every Democratic newspaper placed before the country all the evidence it could get, true or false, of weight or worthless, to show that General Garfield had been guilty of dishonorable conduct. The people have heard the case and rendered a verdict. Rarely is any man compelled, in his own defence, to remain before the jury four months and to meet all the evidence that one hundred thousand hired attorneys can hunt up or manufacture during that time. But that is the sort of a trial General Garfield has borne, and the verdict is in his favor. The people have declared, by their votes, that they are convinced there was no dishonor or corruption in the matters of which he was accused. The Democratic politician or editor who still asserts the contrary, after the final verdict of the people, does not befoul General Garfield; he only throws mud at the people. They have heard the case, calmly, dispassionately, and with a high sense of honor. He has suppressed evidence, published falsehoods daily, distorted facts, emptied his passions and prejudices into his pretended judgments, and read the returns with a sickening consciousness that no fat office will reward the debasing and degraded work that he has done for party. The verdict of the Democratic politician or editor dishonors no one but himself. The verdict of the American people finishes the case forever; they declare that James A. Garfield is worthy of the highest honor they have power to bestow.

Will it pay for Democrats to insult the people any longer? They can ascertain by trial. It is a patient and long-suffering people, and possibly it may like to have mud spattered in its face by traitors, bulldozers, liars, perjurers and forgers. It may possibly conclude that men like Barnum and Randall represent integrity and virtue, and that the millions who voted for James A. Garfield are guilty of sympathy with crime. If the Democrats think that the American people will tolerate blackguardism of this sort without resenting it, they are mistaken. But no Democrat who has self-respect will hereafter indulge in foul abuse of the man whom the people of this country have adjudged worthy of the seat of Washington and Lincoln.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Since General Garfield denied that he wrote the Morey letter and *Truth* completely failed to make good its charge that he wrote it, the whole subject has been dismissed by most sensible people as unworthy of public attention. If General Garfield did not write the letter it matters very little who did, except that everybody wishes the prosecution well in its attempt to find the forger and his accomplices and bring them to justice. The whole affair, however, assumes a new phase in the light of the confessions of Morey and Lindsay, purchasable and prejured villians as they are. These confessions exhibit the attaches of the Democratic national committee, if not the committee itself, as suborners of perjury, and if the crime thus laid at the door of men to whom a great party confided the management of a Presidential campaign were proven upon them no punishment known to the law could exceed their deserts. If the parties now accused are now satisfied that they have been imposed upon, that the letter was a forgery and that the proof of its genuineness was the offspring of perjury, the least that they can do is to come out in manly fashion, confess the mistake they made and do their share towards bringing the persons really guilty to justice. The members of the Democratic national committee who met last night in New York seem to realize, in some degree, the position in which they are placed by these disclosures; they are not prepared to confess that the latter was a forgery, but it is evident that they no longer have faith in its authenticity. The statement now given to the public in their name is only a single step in the right direction. It relieves them of guilty knowledge of the forgery, but it does not refute the sworn and circumstantial stories of Lindsay and Morey that after General Garfield denied writing the letter suborned witnesses to its authenticity were taken on to New York, drilled in their parts by the committee's agents and supported out of Democratic campaign fund. These points demand Mr. Barnum's attention.—*Philadelphia Times, Dem. 13th.*

It is not an unprecedented thing that the electoral vote of a State should be divided. In 1805 Maryland gave nine of her eleven electoral votes for Thomas Jefferson and two votes for C. C. Pinckney. New York in 1809 cast thirteen electoral votes for James Madison and six for George Clinton, and in the same election the votes of Maryland and North Carolina were unequally divided. In 1813, when Madison was re-elected, the electoral vote of Maryland was again divided, six of her eleven votes being cast for Madison and the remainder given to De Witt Clinton. When James Monroe was a second time elected President, in 1821, New Hampshire cast one of her eight votes for John Quincy Adams, the rest being thrown for Monroe. More complicated division of the electoral votes of States occurred at the election of John Quincy Adams, in 1825, when the choice was devolved upon the House of Representatives, and in 1829, when Andrew Jackson was elected for the first time, and when Maine, New York and Maryland divied their electoral votes between the two candidates.

Baltimore, Md.—I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in my family for two or three years, and am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, ect. James Corrie, Dentist.

An Excited Southern Editor.

The Democrats have lost all by their proverbial folly. In the outset of the campaign the Republicans were surely on the defensive, and a little common political sense practised by the Democrats would have kept them surely there. But Jim Blaine sets a trap in Maine, and as usual the stupid Democrats are caught in it. The Greenbacker Plaisted is elected governor, and the beguiled Hancock, after a visit to him from those arch political scoundrels, Belmont, Hewitt & Co., telegraphs Plaisted congratulating him, and indorsing the politics which made him governor. * * * Those hell-worthy arch traitors, Belmont, Hewitt & Co., seduced the martial non-politico Hancock into congratulating the advocates of such principles and policies. The same Belmont, Hewitt & Co., sold Tilden by cipher dispatches and the damnable electoral commission.

But the height of Democratic folly was only reached when the party managers sent such leaders as Hampton and a few braying, empty-headed young peacocks to the north and west as campaign orators. The latter gloried in showing their volubility, and Hampton got mad with Secretary Sherman, wrote him a puerile letter, resurrected afresh the old feud between Preston Brooks and Charles Sumner, drove away all honest, timid Republicans, and played h—l in general with the Democratic party. Let the party disband or produce a capable leader.

The solid South will now learn to ignore the monopolizing Copperhead Democracy of the North. They galled us into secession; they speculated upon our blood and misfortunes thro' the war between the States, and for fifteen years they have lied to us, deceived us and sold us to the Republicans. The New York Democracy, controlled by the scoundrels, Belmont, Hewitt & Co., are too corrupt to merit even eternal damnation.

What shall we do? I say break the solid business and vote for Garfield. Garfield is intellectual and great as a statesman. The true policy of the South in this supreme emergency of duty, and as a last effort to save the constitution and the Republican forms of liberty, is to cast her entire electoral vote for Garfield and make his election unanimous.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Seaport Appeal (Dem.) Nov. 5.*

North and South.

Never in my opinion, will the South try to come up solid again. Never again, in a Presidential contest, will her orators say they are fighting for the same principles for which Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought. Never again will they defy the great, magnificent imperial North. Industrial forces, moral forces, the consciousness of the dead earnestness of the North, will break up the Solid South in the four years to come, the four years of the administration of that man whom Fred Douglas called the broad-chested, big-hearted, three-story headed Jas. A. Garfield; of whom another has said, he has been over a score of years in public life and is poor in money, but is rich in honesty and character, and in brains a millionaire! As the years go by, this election will be looked back to as one of the great epochs in our history. Its grand and benificent result will be a blessing to everybody of every section and of every party. And I believe the time will come when the South as well as the North and every fair-minded Democrat as well as every Republican will say so.—*Frederick Billings.*

The hog killing season in the West ended on the 13th of October, and from that date Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and some minor cities have been kept busy figuring up the returns and finding out which is elected to the proud position of having killed the largest number of porkers since the commencement of work on the preceding 29th of February. As the statistics stand (and we will not try to go behind the returns) Cincinnati is humbled to the dust. From being the leading city in this industry, she has fallen to the eight in line, having killed 25,000 less than last year, and is now ranked by Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Cedar Rapids, Atchison, Kansas City and Milwaukee. The greatest gains made were in Chicago 720,000, Indianapolis 145,000, Cedar Rapids 120,000, and St. Louis 60,000. Cincinnati, though, if left behind in the pork packing line, has still reason for self-congratulation, for she can still claim that in matter of music and art, and in the number and popularity of her Sunday theatres and variety shows, she can discount and still distance all her rivals.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE PLUMES OF CRECY.

I was reading of kings and nobles,
  Tourney and knightly gage,
Till the summer twilight faded
  From Froissart's ardent page.
Then in the darkened parlor
  I saw a fairer sight—
The brave old King whose valor makes
  The shame of Crecy light.

He stood on the little hill-side,
  Taller than all his peers,
Quite blind but with eyes uplifted,
  Hoary with many years;
Still wearing his golden armor,
  Crowned with his royal crown,
Leaning upon the sword with which
  He struck the Soldan down.

And high in his gleaming helmet
  Three ostrich plumes, snow white—
From the Paynim's brow he tore them
  In some Jubilna fight.
All scarred with Carpathian arrows,
  His heart with Honor flames:
"Advance!" he cries, "and fight for France,
  Bohemia, and St. James!"

But two of his knights staid by him,
  And little did they say;
The blind old King talked with his heart,
  And that was in the fray.
Alas! alas! He heard too soon
  The sounds of shameful flight;
"Thank God," he sighed, "Bohemia's blind"—
  He would not see this sight.

"Now, friends, one more good deed I claim,
  Last service for your lord:
I ask a soldier's grave, good knights;
  I'll dig it with my sword.
My horse's reins tie fast to yours—
  A friend on either hand—
Then ride straight on to where you see
  The English archers stand."

They kissed their King most tenderly,
  Then three as one they went
Down to the field of certain death
  With proud and glad content.
They cut a path to where Prince Charles,
  The King's son, stood at bay;
'Twas spirits, and not flesh and blood,
  For honor fought that day,

The three white plumes above the gloom
  Gleamed like a snowy wing;
Victors and vanquished paused to watch
  The blind Bohemian King.
Pierced oft by arrows, studded with blood,
  The Soldan's plumes still wave,
Until Bohemia's sword had cut
  Honor's unsullied grave.

Next day, when English heralds sought
  Over the fatal field
Trampled lilies and flags of France,
  They found upon his shield
The blind old King of Bohemia,
  Son and friends by his side;
But torn and stained the snowy plumes
  That long had been his pride.

Then said the Black Prince over him,
  "O knight, the bravest, best,
Thy plumes are dyed in hero's blood—
  Henceforth they are my crest!"
And still they wave o'er England's crown,
  And teach the young and brave,
When all is lost but honor, then
  Valor digs Honor's grave.

—*Lillie E. Barr, in Harper's Young People.*

HOW UNCLE 'DAD FOUND IT OUT.

RICHARD GOSSETT was making merry with some friends under circumstances well fitted to put the party in the best of spirits. It's a jolly thing to be put down as sole legatee in a rich man's will—a jolly thing not only for the fortunate individual himself, but for his friends, also, if they know how to play their cards properly.

"By George, you're a lucky dog, Dick!" cried an enthusiastic youth across the table. "Why haven't moro of us got uncles like Medad Whistler—nice old parties, who go off about their business, gain fortunes, and come back to leave them to their nephews, Instead of hanging round home to scold and find fault, and cutting you off in the end with their blessing and a lot of trumpery good advice?"

"The drawback is," sighed Richard Gossett, "that uncles with fortunes to leave, as a class, are proverbially tough. There's Uncle ''Dad' Whistler, now—he's past sixty; but he looks good for every day of ninety; and, as for toughness, old Joe Bagstock was nothing to him."

"Still," replied the other, "the prospect is far from discouraging. Your uncle is a man of plethoric habit and a sumptuous liver; so there is a fair contingency of apoplexy to count on."

A round of applause and bumpers greeted this speech.

"But you've never told us, Gossett, how your old nabob came to cut off his other nephew, your cousin, Oliver Lambert, whom every body thought his prime favorite, and leave every thing to you."

"A family secret," said Dick, with a wise shake of the head.

"Come, out with it like a good fellow," urged an inquisitive youth with a gosling-down mustache; "we're all friends here."

"But I promised Uncle 'Dad never to tell it, and if he heard I had leaked, it would be worth my place in his will."

"Pshaw! it's as safe with us as with yourself; you ought to know that."

"You'll never mention it then?"

"Never!" they all answered in chorus.

"'Pon honor?"

"Honor bright!"

Had Dick had less wine and more wit aboard, he might have hesitated to impart a family secret to half-a-dozen boon companions under the belief that it would go no further. But he had taken just champagne enough to make him confidential and communicative.

This was the secret as Dick divulged it:

"On Oliver's last birthday, Uncle 'Dad inclosed him a check for a handsome sum. Afterward, when Uncle 'Dad's account was balanced at the bank and his checks returned, it was discovered that this particular one had been 'raised' to double the original amount, which increased sum Oliver had drawn; though on being questioned, he protested he had no knowledge of the alteration.

"But Uncle 'Dad was not a man to be easily deceived. It was plain that a forgery had been committed; and as the check had been inclosed to Oliver directly and presented by himself, who else could have committed the offense?

"Uncle 'Dad was as prompt to act as to decide. Oliver was given his choice between going to prison and leaving the country, Uncle 'Dad engaging, if he chose the latter course, to furnish him with the means of living till an opportunity offered of earning his own support."

"Which explains, no doubt," struck in he of the callow mustache, "Mr. Lambert's late mysterious departure, and his perfidious desertion of Selina Jasmyn, to whom they say he was engaged."

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Why don't you cut in again for the lady yourself, now that the coast's clear?" suggested one.

Dick gave a knowing wink, which as good as said:

"Do you take me for a fool not to have thought of that before?"

Just then a messenger entered and placed a note in Dick's hand. He glanced at the contents and started up wildly.

"Listen to this, boys!" he exclaimed, in a tone and manner which left his friends in doubt whether it was good or bad news their attention was invited to.

"Listen to this!"—and then he read:

"A man's body has just been found lying on the sidewalk and identified as that of your Uncle Medad, to whose house it has been taken. I advise you to repair thither at once, as a man coming into such a fortune can not look after his interests too promptly.

"Your sincere friend,
"FRANK WIMPLE."

Dick Gossett, without waiting to hear the congratulations which poured in from every side, snatched his hat and was off.

The double pull he gave his uncle's door-bell, was answered by the housekeeper.

"Un—uncle—'Dad!" he panted, out of breath.

"They carried him up to his own room, I believe," snapped the housekeeper curtly, with the air of one who had no patience with such carryings on as a sudden death in the family.

Dick hurried to his uncle's chamber, which he was surprised to find untenanted, save by the body, which lay upon the bed covered by the counterpane.

He advanced as if to remove the covering from the face, but stayed his hand without doing so. He had always had a horror of looking at a corpse, especially when alone with it.

Turning his back on the body he flung himself into an easy-chair, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"So you're dead at last, are you, you would-be old Methuselah!" he said, with a jerk of his head toward the remains. "This is *my* property now, and it's not long you'll stay here a trespasser. I'll call in the undertaker at once, and pay him extra to make a quick job of you."

Dick started and looked back quickly. He was almost sure he had heard a low grunt in the direction of the corpse, and a slight rustle of the counterpane. But no; every thing looked as before, and perfect silence reigned. His ears must have deceived him.

"You're a smart fellow, Dick," he said, commendingly, tapping his not over well-developed forehead—"you're a smart fellow, there's no denying it. It's not every one who would have thought of altering that check as I did when I found it lying on Uncle 'Dad's desk, trusting to the old fool's sealing it up without noticing the change."

This time there was no doubt as to the movements of the corpse. Springing up, it caught Dick by the collar and shook him till his teeth chattered.

"You thought I was dead, did you!" roared Uncle 'Dad, in a tone that made Dick tremble. "A fine story, indeed, if, at my time of life, a man meeting some friends and taking too much wine in honor of the occasion, can't tumble over his own doorstep, and be quietly carried to his room to sleep off his spree, without some greedy nephew prowling around to order his funeral and take possession of his property! So it was you, you scoundrel, who altered the check, was it?"

And without further ceremony Richard Gossett was ignominiously kicked into the street.

"A pretty lie you wrote me!" he exclaimed, as he turned the corner and met Franklin Wimple.

"What lie?"

"Why, that Uncle 'Dad was dead."

"I never said so."

"Well, that his body had been found, then."

"And so it was, but I didn't say it was *dead*. My dear fellow, you shouldn't take things too trustingly on the first of April."

Dick cursed his own stupidity for not thinking of the date of Frank's note. The upshot of it was that Mr. Whistler made another will, in which Richard Gossett's name was replaced by that of Oliver Lambert, who returned as mysteriously as he had disappeared, and soon made it all right with Selina Jasmyn.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Lost Diamond Found in a Chicken's Gizzard.

MR. E. Y. POUNDING, of Fairview, Todd County, Ky., vouches for the truth of this story: Mrs. Jennie C. Williams, wife of a Southern planter, returning from an Eastern tour, in the fall of 1872, stopped in the little village of Fairview to visit the birthplace of Jefferson Davis. While here she stopped with the family of Mr. Jasper Anderson, during which time she lost a very valuable set from her breast-pin. After an unsuccessful search of several days she returned home. A few mornings since while Mrs. Anderson was dressing a chicken for breakfast, she found in its gizzard what she at first took to be a piece of glass, but which, upon closer examination, proved to be a diamond of considerable value. It is said by the best judges to be worth $450. Mr. Anderson will restore it to Mrs. Williams as soon as he can get her address.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.

MOSQUITOES, according to some doctors of the new school, are nature's prophylactic against malaria, the liquid injected by the sting depositing a crystal which, upon analysis, is supposed to be identical with quinia. The idea of the mosquito being the counter-irritant to malaria is certainly a very benevolent one, though it will hardly prevent people from killing their medicine on sight. But why not assume the converse of the proposition, that mosquitoes are the cause of malaria? Certainly the biggest mosquitoes and those that bite the hardest are found where chills are most severe and fevers hottest. In Louisiana and Mississippi, where the "breakbono" fever rages, the mosquitoes have the reputation of being able to pierce through a thick buckskin glove. In those sections, ladies do their sewing under mosquito nets, and the most ardent lover, when he goes courting, always finds a "bar" between him and the object of his affections.—*Exchange.*

THE ex-Empress Eugenie has just bought the Farnborough Hill estate, in Hampshire, close to the border of the county of Surrey, for £50,000.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE death of the Maharajah of Jeypore is mentioned as a misfortune for all native India. The specialty of the Maharajah was that he was a Prince who improved his dominions without ceasing to be a native.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News*, who has lately visited Gen. Garibaldi, reports that he suffers terribly, and is a mere wreck, dependent on the loving hands that wait upon him; but he is cheerful in mind, and does not aggravate his affliction by idle complaints.

IT IS an old Belgian custom that the King stands godfather when a seventh son is born in a family. On these occasions the King is represented by the burgomaster of the locality. The Roman Catholic clergy in several instances recently have refused to admit the King as godfather.

AT a recent trial of the railway air-brake in Brazil, a printed pasteboard imitation of an immense rock was put on the track in front of a train, on which the Emperor was a passenger. The engineer, who was ignorant of the deception, discovered the obstacle when the train, running at about thirty-two miles an hour, was within less than five hundred feet of it. The train was stopped in twelve seconds.

THE office of Lord Mayor of London has long been a standing puzzle to foreigners. Its real status has at last been conclusively explained. Lin-Tajen, the late Chinese Envoy to England, says in his diary (a portion of which is translated and published in the *Nineteenth Century*): "The office of Lord Mayor is the same as that of Village Elder in China."

CREMATION has become so frequent at Milan that it has been decided to build by the side of the cremation furnace in the cemetery a oinerary temple or ash house, in which the remains of the dead may be deposited and labeled off in jars made like the old Latin urns. The Milan press is in favor of the new temple. The architects have handed in their plans, and they have been approved by the city authorities.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has profited by the cordial reception she met with from her former subjects to press a claim for a sum of money due her by the State as heiress of the late King Ferdinand. It is larger than Spain's weak treasury could afford. But the Queen-mother being satisfied with the interest in her lifetime and the reversion of the capital to her, it has been allowed. Part of the money is due for the gallery of Ferdinand, which his heiress is supposed to have given, when she came of age, to the nation.

Skobeleff—An Interesting Sketch of the Russian General.

IN return for his care of his men, he demanded of them, first of all, unhesitating, unflinching, unquestioning obedience to his orders. If he ordered a man to do anything, where instant death was as certain as the sun in Heaven, he expected to be instantly obeyed, without so much as even a look of question or surprise. Himself a man of wide reading, speaking many languages, and having traveled in many lands, he gathered about him, in his personal staff, as rough and uncultured a lot of men as I ever saw in officers' uniforms, but they answered his purpose to carry orders, and, as he said, if he ordered one of them to ride his horse against the muzzle of a discharging cannon he would do it instantly. One morning that I was with him on a reconnoissance we came to a small brook; an officer of his staff, with whom he had had some cause of dissatisfaction just before, rode forward to try its depth; while he was cautiously feeling the bank another officer—a Cossack—rode toward it, and, as his horse drew back, plied both spurs and the whip with all his force; the horse sprang forward into the middle of the little stream, and as it was very deep though very narrow, both horse and rider disappeared under the water.

"There," cried Skobeleff to the other, "that's the way I want my officers to do things."

The first officer, greatly nettled, then put spurs to his horse, and though Skobeleff, seeing his purpose, yelled at him to stop, in an instant he and his horse disappeared under the water. Both men were then dragged out, dripping from their cold bath. Every one laughed, and Skobeleff was in the best of humor.

"Now go home and dry your clothes. You're both fine fellows. But," turning to the first one, "after this never hesitate in what you have to do."

On another occasion Skobeleff heard one of his Colonels, just as he was going into action, trying to make a speech to his men, but hesitating, and stammering, and breaking down in it. He relieved him instantly. "If at such a moment," he said, "a man can't find a few simple words to tell his men what he expects them to do then, he don't know it himself. At that moment a man can't lie; his heart will speak if he have a heart for fight, and if he can't find words it is because he is a coward or because he has no notion in his head of what he is to do."

Again, he punished his men without mercy for the slightest depredation on unarmed inhabitants or their property. "Not that I care anything for these miserable people—their sufferings are nothing to those of my men—but because they had no orders to do it. If it would serve my purpose, I would give them a village to plunder and burn without a moment's thought. But they must do it only on my order. I want them to feel that they are merely my creatures—that they exist simply by my will."

These little episodes read queerly; they seem to be almost the doings and talk of a madman; but it was madness with a direct method—the insanity which is merely another name for intense concentration of thought and energy on a single purpose. Of his officers he required that they should know their own business; not that they should be cultured, should present a fine appearance, should be gentlemanly in their speech. He demanded none of these things, but only that they should combine unflinching bravery and obedience with a thorough knowledge of the way to handle the number of men each commanded, so as to obtain the greatest results with them. If they answered these requirements there was nothing he would not do for them; he secured them rewards and promotions; he shared with them whatever he had. If they failed him in these qualities, he pursued them relentlessly, abused them in unmeasured terms, and sought the first opportunity to get them out of his division.

His personal bravery was not only of the most reckless character, but at times it seemed to partake of the merest bravado, in which only extraordinary luck prevented him from reaping in death the well-earned reward of his foolishness. He always wore a white coat, a white hat and rode a white horse in battle, simply because other Generals usually avoided these target-marks. He was perpetually riding at break-neck speed over some fence or ditch, leaving half his staff or orderlies sprawling in it. He never lost an opportunity of displaying courage. He went into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume and wearing a diamond-hilted sword, in order, as he said, that he might die with his best clothes on. For a long time he wore, with evident affectation, a coat in which he had been wounded, and which had a conspicuous patch on the shoulder.

Yet all this was not mere bravado and nonsense, but was the result of thought and almost cold-blooded calculation. It was intended to impress his men, and it did so. They firmly believed he could not be hit, and whenever they saw a white horse, coat and cap among them they knew that it was Skobeleff, and so long as he was there they felt sure that every thing was going well. At the beginning of the war he made up his mind firmly that he would never come out of it alive. After reading the telegram announcing the armistice, one of the first things he said was, "Well, perhaps I won't get killed after all." With this idea firmly fixed in his mind, that his death was only a question of a few weeks or months, his one thought was how to best use his life so as to make an impression on his men, and gain such a control over them that they would follow him anywhere. In every thing that he did he tried to eliminate the idea of danger from their minds, and to make the most dangerous exploit appear as an ordinary, every-day affair.—*Lieutenant Greene.*

A Place Where Wood is $20 a Cord and Water Five Cents a Gallon.

CANDELARIA is without doubt the roughest and most uncomfortable mining camp in Nevada. The houses, what there are of them, are poorly built, and the cold wind that has been blowing for the past few days goes through them as easily as it would through a sieve. A great many people still live in tents. Wood costs $20 a cord and is scarce and poor at that. It takes a capitalist to keep a fire going here. Water retails at five cents a gallon and is hauled in wagons from Columbus—eight miles. This water is not very good, being impregnated with alkali, but the average Candelarian doesn't care much for that, the majority of them preferring beer, which, by the way, is sold at the rate of a bit a drink in many of the saloons. The whisky is of good quality, so you can see we are not altogether without the blessings of civilization. At present the camp is enlivened by the presence of a lot of Belleville people, who are here attending the preliminary examination of Chid Brummett, who killed Billy Bell in Belleville last Thursday. The killing occurred in front of the Belleville Hotel on Thursday evening. Bell went to the faro game where Chid was dealing, Wednesday night, and put $5 on the lay-out. Chid said: "I don't want to play for you." Bell said: "I have been after you for three years, and I will get you yet. I would like to have six bits a dozen for whipping such men as you. You think you are a fighter because you licked a drunk in Austin." The next day they passed each other and didn't speak. At six o'clock in the evening Chid was walking up to the hotel from Jackson's. Bell came up from the other corner of the street. Chid got to the porch four or five feet ahead of Billy. Chid had taken two or three steps on the sidewalk, and Billy had one boot on the sidewalk in the act of stepping up when Chid turned and shot him in the neck. The ball went through the collar-button hole of his shirt, and was taken out from the shoulder blade at the back. Pick-Handle Gulch is the name of the real mining town of the section, being located in the ravine directly below the mines.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

How a Town was Born.

ONE day last summer two men who were riding in the San Juan country, below Animas City, Colorado, drew reins that they might water their horses in a delightfully cool stream. The banks of the stream were covered with grass and flowers. Both men seemed to grasp the same idea at the same moment—that the spot would soon become the site of a prosperous town. They rode back to Animas and bought what land along the stream they were able, then proceeded on their journey up into the mountains. When these men returned, a month ago, they found a settlement on the banks of the stream where they had halted. The miners at Silverton and Rico had sent men into the valley to put up permanent buildings, and the workmen having selected the beautiful site indicated had named the place Durango. It is now the Mecca of the San Juan country. People are flocking thither as the winter approaches, and houses are going up as if by magic. The sounds of the saw and hammer are heard far into the night. Over $30,000 worth of lots have been sold within the last month. Several brickyards are in full blast, and they fail to supply the demand. Saw mills are springing up on the outskirts of the place. Four squares are reserved in the center of Durango as "the fine district," and the erection of brick and stone houses only is permitted. A railroad is approaching. Already the "Animas and Durango Stage Line" figures in the spicy local paper. The town is located in a valley, and is almost surrounded by mountains, which make the rest of the San Juan country so disagreeable in winter. A half-dozen saloons are in full blast. The Durango dance-hall is a thing of life. The Durango church is a thing of the future.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Our Young Folks.

THE FLITTING OF THE BIRDS.

WHISTLED the Blackbird to his mate,
  "I think we had better go, dear;
Showers of gold and purple leaves,
Fields that are brown, and yellow sheaves,
  Tell of the coming snow, dear;
  I think we had better go, dear."

Quoried the Cathird, fretful still,
  "Must we so soon be leaving?
Trouble we had to build our nest,
When shall we ever take our rest?
  Oh, how my heart is grieving!
  Must we so soon be leaving?"

Piped then the Blackbird, light and gay,
  "Long I'll not be a rover;
Sunshine will follow days of gloom;
After the snow how soon will bloom
  Daisies and purple clover!
  Long I'll not be a rover."

Chirruped the Sparrow on a spray—
"Saucy was he, and spiteful—
Ottome is the warmest place for me:
  There may fly o'er land and sea,
  Winter at home's delightful!"
Saucy was he, and spiteful.

—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

"ETTY-KETTY."

Her name was Susan Grant Delevan, but they called her Etty-ketty; you would never guess why, and so I am going to tell you. She was the sweetest, spryest, most stylish little lady you ever saw, and boasted nine and one half birthdays. Perhaps you don't count the halves, but Susy did. She celebrated every half year—think of that! Only there was a difference. There were the real birth-days, when she had her parties and presents; and half-way between them the "blessed days" when Sue herself sent a box to the Children's Home, filled with old toys carefully mended or new ones bought with her own pocket money.

However, this has nothing to do with our title. They never called Susy "Etty-ketty," on those days. "It was a pet name," brother Noll said—who went to the academy and learned slang quite as readily as Latin or Greek—"used only when Sue rode her high horse; or, in other words, when she was trying to do Aunt Pomeroy." "High horse" may refer to the one used at the siege of Troy; when mamma frowned at the slang Noll always insisted it was classical. Be that as it may, "doing Aunt Pomeroy" meant little Sue's attempts to imitate that lady's grand airs and elegant manners. Matter-of-fact papa, quiet, busy mamma, boisterous Noll, slow little Bess, even loving Cousin Kate, were all content to be so very commonplace. They never cared to know what was proper, and stylish, and fashionable. But she "gazed, wondered and admired," every single minute Aunt Pomeroy was in the house.

And then she "did" it.

The trouble was, the others would smile so provokingly whenever she tried to be real extra polite; and when she went out with mamma everybody treated her like a little girl of whom nothing was expected beyond "thanks" and "if you please." Sue's great ambition was to make calls quite by herself.

And at last the opportunity came.

"I expect to go past Aunt Dolly's tomorrow," said Dr. Delevan one day.

"What a pity!" exclaimed mamma, thinking of the annual meeting of the Woman's Board, which she could not possibly leave. "The dear old aunties will expect to see some of us. Suppose you take Susy?"

Papa made no objection, and Sue hurried into the library to begin her preparations. Out came a daintily-bound book, of whose existence bothersome Noll was in blissful ignorance, and which Bess thought dreadfully stupid for anything having such a funny name. It was funnier to watch Sue bowing, and curtseying, and repeating elegant phrases before the long mirror, Bess standing here, or sitting there, as circumstances, or the book, demanded.

But one tires of even funny things, and at the end of act fifth little Bess slipped quietly out. However, Sue could the more easily decide on her toilet, with no one to ask "why?" and "what for?"

First she laid out half a dozen bits of paste-board, her own secret handiwork:

MIS SUSY DELEVAN.

Cards, to be sure, but no card-case. She did not quite like to ask mamma for hers, but there was the old silver snuff-box that had been her great grandmother's. It would do very well, and went at once into her pocket. Three other things were lacking; a bird for her hat, a *chatelaine* for her fan and a veil. Cousin Kate had all of these, and Cousin Kate would be gone to the Society with mamma, to-morrow. Why couldn't she borrow them as well as the snuff-box? She need not *say* anything about it, because—well, Noll, or somebody, would be sure to laugh, and she did so want to be real stylish, once.

Never was there such a long forenoon, and certainly never such an uneasy little girl. She was perfectly happy, of course, only when mamma kissed her goodby, and said: "Wear your new gloves if you like, only be all ready when papa comes, and a very good little girl," she felt, oh such a sharp pain, 'way, *'way* inside, where none of papa's medicine could ever reach it. But even mamma must have wanted her to look stylish, or she would never have told her to wear her new kids. That was what Sue said to herself, as she went slowly up stairs to cousin Kate's room to "finish her toilet."

She fastened the big chatelaine around her waist, balanced the pretty chip hat on the top of her head, and tied the strip of black lace so tightly over her eye-winkers that they were all doubled and twisted together.

But Aunt Pomeroy always looked uncomfortable, and it wasn't half as bad as that choking sort of pain.

Papa stared a little as he tossed the small lady into the buggy, but who would expect him to know one hat from another? And if he thought Sue unusually quiet, so much the better for the "consultation" over which his thoughts were busy.

"Are you going in?" asked Sue, as they neared Aunt Dolly's.

"I don't know—yes, for a minute; they may not want you to stay. So the old hitching-post is gone entirely! I shall have to take Charley over to the barn."

Wasn't that fortunate! It would give Sue just time to ring the bell, present her card and seat herself *a la Pomeroy*. She sailed grandly up the walk, tucking her veil a little tighter over her nose, stopped a second to open her snuff—no, card-case—when suddenly, around the corner of the house, came a big, black dog. Sue sprang for the latch, the door flew open, and in they went. Sue, snuff-box, dog and all.

"What—under—the—sun!" ejaculated Aunt Dolly, dropping her dish of beans.

"Mercy on me! what is it?" gasped Aunt Lucinda, reaching wildly after her knitting-work, cap, spectacles and "false fronts."

"Bless me! it's only little Sue!" said Aunt Deb, picking up the small bundle of dry goods from under the table, and kissing a crushed bit of chip and black lace, into which the little brown head was tightly wedged. "Be still, Bose! I'm ashamed of you. Well, well, doctor, this is unexpected, and you've took us all aback, coming in so sudden," which, considering the time the doctor had spent trying to fasten frolicsome Charley securely, seemed to him a slightly inconsistent greeting, as he walked up the path.

"Oh—my—snuff-box!" screamed Sue, disentangling one eye just as Bose dived under the sofa.

"Snuff-box!" exclaimed Aunt Deb, interrogatively. "Yours? Why—what—who——"

"It's me," sobbed Sue. "I mean—Aunt Pomeroy—and the book—says—you know—it's etty-ketty— to have ears—and it was silver—Aunt Pomeroy's—"

A roar of laughter from papa broke the sentence short off, and Sue, rushing out into the buggy, buried herself and her disgrace under the lap-robe. No coaxing, not even Aunt Debby's cream cakes, could bring her back.

"All forlorn," she sat curled up on the seat, during the long "consultation" and longer ride home, the battered snuff-box in one hand, a "crumpled" hat in the other. Very softly she stole into the house, only to meet Noll right in the hall, that identical "book" in his hand—Bess, loft to her own resources, having innocently tried to amuse him with what "Sue liked best."

Papa, stepping in to speak to Noll, read the title, "Hints on Etiquette."

"Oh, you dear little Etty-ketty! Was that what you meant?" he exclaimed, with another roar of laughter, from which poor Sue could not escape because Noll had caught and held her fast.

"To be sure! Little Miss Etty-ketty! In borrowed plumes. Won't she catch it!" he said, looking her solemnly over, from head to foot.

"Let her go, Noll; don't bother her; she's been punished enough—poor little jack-daw!" said papa, kindly; "make it all right with mamma, when she comes, and remember Truth and Right have more happiness in their keeping than Style and Show."

Mamma forgave her, Cousin Kate "made over" her hat, and Noll hammered out the snuff-box, but they call her Etty-Ketty whenever she tries to be grown-up and stylish, instead of little Susy Delevan.—*Christian Union.*

Catching Humming-Birds.

AN interesting account of how humming-birds are caught appears in a recent number of *Nature:* "Let us follow little Dan, the oldest and sharpest of the humming-bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm, which replaces the cocoa palm in the mountains, the latter growing only along the coast. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare, a long, slender stem tapering to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird lime, to make which he had collected the inspissated juice of the bread fruit and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax. Scattered over the savanna are many clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming birds are dashing, inserting their beaks in the honeyed corollas, after active foray; resting upon some bare twig, pruning and preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping toward a bush upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter extends the palm rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously, but fearlessly, as it approaches his resting place, even pecking at it; but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum."

A LADY of rather a positive turn of mind once gave a tea party to some lady friends in her bedroom. "John," she said to her husband as she heard the company coming, "get under the bed!" John tried to resist, but finally succumbed. Every now and then he would make an effort to peep out as the ladies laughed and made merry, but he was mercilessly driven back by his angered wife. At length after a good joke had exploded among the party John put his head away out. "Get in there, will you?" whispered his wife as she nudged him. "No!" shrieked John; "as long as I have the spirit of man left in me I will take a peep!"

INTO one of our largest dry-goods stores entered a gentleman, the other day, and with the air of one who had been used to this sort of thing all his life, you know, he said to the astonished saleswoman, "Give me a yard of marroon-colored flannel to match a baby, please." Correcting himself hastily, he began again: "I beg pardon; I mean a yard of flannel to match a marroon colored baby—here (producing a bit of flannel from his vest pooket,) I want a yard of that."—*Boston Transcript.*

QUEEN VICTORIA still shows herself heartily interested in art and invention. In Scotland, the other day, she happened to drive past a field in which a new reaper and binder was being tried. She stopped her carriage immediately, making inquiries as to the working and construction of the machine, and expressing herself greatly pleased with the opportunity of knowing something about this implement.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE MUSICAL BOY

It is a ruthless, toothless wight
Who dwells beside a wall,
And spends his time in singing songs
As loud as he can bawl,
And casting stones at passengers
Who may neglect to call.

The knave deals out inflated corn
And other fluffy things,
Gum-balls and miscellaneous pies,
And doughnuts shaped like rings;
The peanut branch he also plies,
As all day long he sings.

O urchin rude, of manners crude,
Of unangelic voice,
Pray tell me true, young ruffian, do,
If this you live from choice,
Or if in your unhallowed ways
You really *don't* rejolce.

Your wares are insalubrious,
Your cents are the same,
Your bold career is fraught with fear,
Your traffic one of shame—
A dark, mysterious, dreadful trade,
A deed without a name.

Boy, cease your harmful, dreary notes,
And fling your goods away;
Go get you to New Zealand, or
Some cove in Baffin's Bay;
Expenses out (but no return)
Myself will gladly pay.

The rogue looks up with knowing loor,
And bids me not replne,
Then runs a mistlio at my head,
With phrase that's not divine,
And croaks a still more dismal song—
Two words, alas! are mine!
—*James T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine.*

ZERVIAH HOPE.

PRELUDE.

In the month of August, in the year 1878, the steamer Mercy, of the New York and Savannah line, cast anchor down the channel, off a little town in South Carolina which bore the name of Calhoun. It was not a regular part of her "run" for the Mercy to make a landing at this place. She had departed from her course by special permit to leave three passengers, two men and one woman, who had business of a grave nature in Calhoun.

A man, himself a passenger for Savannah, came upon deck as the steamship hove to, to inquire the reason of the delay. He was a short man, thin, with a nervous hand and neck. His eyes were black, his hair was black, and closely cut. He had an inscrutable mouth, and a forehead well-plowed rather by experience than years. He was not an old man. He was cleanly dressed in new, cheap clothes. He had been commented upon as a reticent passenger. He had no friends on board the Mercy. This was the first time upon the voyage that he had been observed to speak. He came forward and stood among the others, and abruptly said:

"What's this for?"

He addressed the Mate, who answered with a sidelong look, and none too cordially:

"We land passengers by the Company's order."

"Those three?"

"Yes, the men and the lady."

"Who are they?"

"Physicians from New York."

"Ah-h'" said the man, slowly, making a sighing noise between his teeth. "That means—that means——"

"Volunteers to the fever district," said the Mate, shortly, "as you might have known before now. You're not of a sociable cast, I see."

"I have made no acquaintances," said the short passenger. "I know nothing of the news of the ship. Is the lady a nurse?"

"She's a she-doctor. Doctors, the whole of 'em. There ain't a nurse aboard."

"Plenty to be found, I suppose, in this place you speak of?"

"How should I know?" replied the Mate, with another sidelong look.

One of the physicians, it seemed, overheard this last question and reply. It was the woman. She stepped forward without hesitation, and, regarding the short passenger closely, said:

"There are not nurses. This place is perishing. Savannah and the larger towns have been looked after first—as is natural and right," added the physician, in a businesslike tone. She had a quick and clear-cut, but not ungentle voice.

The man nodded at her curtly, as he would to another man; he made no answer; then with a slight flush his eye returned to her dress and figure; he lifted his hat and stood uncovered till she had passed and turned from him. His face, under the influence of this fluctuation of color, changed exceedingly, and improved in proportion as it changed.

It was a hot day, and the water seemed to be blistering about the dory. So, too, the stretching sand of the shore, as one raised the eyes painfully against the direct noon-light, was as if it smoked. The low, gray palmetto leaves were curled and faint. Scanty spots of shade beneath sickly trees seemed to gasp upon the hot ground, like creatures that had thrown themselves down to get cool. The outlines of the town beyond had a certain horrible distinctness, as if of a sight that should but could not be veiled. Overhead, and clean to the flat horizon, flashed a sky of blue and blazing fire.

"Passengers for Calhoun!"

The three physicians descended into the dery. The other passengers—what there were of them—gathered to see the little group depart. Dr. Frank offered Dr. Dare a hand, which she accepted, like a lady, not needing it in the least. She was a climber, with firm, lithe ankles. No one spoke, as these people got in with the negro, and appeared to drift down with the scorching tide. The woman looked from the steamer to the shore, once, and back again, northward. The men did not look at all. There was an oppression in the scene which no one was ready to run the risk of increasing by the wrong word.

"Land me here, too," said a low voice, suddenly. It was the glum passenger. No one noticed him, except, perhaps, the Mate (looking on with the air of a man who would feel an individual grievance in anything this person would be likely to do) and the lady.

"There is room for you," said Dr. Dare. The man let himself into the boat at a light bound, and the negro rowed them away. The Mercy, heading outward, seemed to shrug her shoulders, as if she had thrown them off. The strip of burning water between them and the town narrowed rapidly, and the group set their faces firmly landward. They landed in silence. In silence, and somewhat weakly, the negro pulled the dory high upon the beach. The four passengers stood for a moment upon the hot, white sands, moved toward one another, before they separated, by a blind sense of human fellowship. Even Remane found himself touching his hat. Dr. Frank asked Dr. Dare if he could serve her in any way; but she thanked him, and, holding out her firm, white hand, said, "Good-by."

This was, perhaps, the first moment when the consciousness of her sex had made itself oppressive to her since she ventured upon this undertaking. She would have minded presenting herself to the Relief Committee of Calhoun, accompanied by gentlemen upon whom she had no claim. She walked on alone, in her gray dress and white straw hat, with her luggage in her own sufficient hand.

The reticent passager had fallen behind with the negro boatman, with whom he walked slowly, closing the line.

After a few moments, he advanced and hesitatingly joined the lady, beginning to say:

"May I ask you ——"

"Ah," interrupted Dr. Dare, cordially, "it is you."

"Will you tell me, madam, the best way of going to work to offer myself as a fever nurse in this place? I want the best way. I want real work."

"Yes, yes," she said, nodding; "I knew you would do it."

"I came from the North for this purpose, but I meant to go on to Savannah."

"Yes, I know. This is better; they need *everything* in this place."

She looked toward the gasping little town through the relentless neon. Her merciful blue eyes filled, but the man's look followed with a dry, exultant light.

"There is no porter," he said, abruptly, glancing at her heavy bag and shawl-strap. "Would you permit me to help you?"

"Oh, thank you!" replied Dr. Dare, heartily, relinquishing her burden.

Plainly, this poor fellow was not a gentleman. The lady could afford to be kind to him.

"I know nothing how we shall find it," she chatted, affably, "but I go to work tonight. I presume I shall need nurses before morning. I'll have your address."

She took from her gray sacque pocket a physician's note-book, and stood, pencil in hand.

"My name," he said, "is Hope—Zerviah Hope."

She wrote without comment, walking as she wrote; he made no other attempt to converse with her. The two physicians followed, exchanging now and then a subdued word. The negro dragged himself wearily over the scorching sand, and thus the little procession of pity entered the town of Calhoun.

My story does not deal with love and ladies. I have to relate no tender passages between the fever-physicians, volunteers from New York, for the afflicted region of Calhoun. Dr. Marian Dare came South to do a brave work, and I have no doubt she did it bravely, as a woman should. She came in pursuit of science, and I have no doubt she found it, as a woman will. Our chief interest in her at this time lies in the fact that certain missing fragments in the history of the person known as Zerviah Hope we owe to her. She hovers over the tale with a distant and beautiful influence, pervading as womanly compassion and alert as a woman's eye.

I have nothing further to say about the story before I tell it, except that it is true.

The weather, soon after the arrival of the Mercy, took a terrible mood, and a prolonged drought settled upon Calhoun. The days dawned lurid and long. The nights fell dewless and deadly. Fatal and beautiful colors lurked in the swamps, and in the shifting dust, fine and hard, blown by siroccos across the glare of noon, like sands on the shores of the Lake of Fire. The pestilence walked in darkness, and the destruction wasted at midday. Men died, in that little town of a few thousand souls, at the rate of a score a day—black and white, poor and rich, clean and foul, saint and sinner.

Zerviah Hope, volunteer nurse, became quickly enough a marked man in Calhoun. He more than verified Doctor Dare's prognosis. Where the deadliest work was to be done, this man, it was observed, asked to be sent. Where no one else would go, he went. What no one else would do, he did. He sought the neglected, and the negroes. He braved the unclean, and the unburied. With the readiness of all incisive character acting on emergencies, he stamped himself upon the place and time. He went to his task as the soldier goes to the front under raking fire, with gleaming eyes and iron muscles. The fever of the light was on him. He seemed to wrestle with disease for his patients, and to trample death beneath his feet. He glowed over his cures with a positive physical dilation, and writhed over his dead as if he had killed them. He seemed built of endurance more than mortal. It was not known when he slept, scarcely if he ate. His weariness sat upon him like a halo. He grew thin, refined, radiant. In short, he presented an example of that rare spectacle which never fails to command spectators—a common man possessed by an uncommon enthusiasm.

I have been told that, to this day, many people personally unknown to him, whose fate it was to be imprisoned in that beleaguered town at that time, and who were familiar with the nervous figure and plain, intense countenance of the Northern nurse, as he passed, terrible day after terrible day, to his post, can not hear of him, even now, without that suffusion of look by which we hold back tears: and that, when his name took on, as it did, a more than local reputation, they were unable to speak it because of choking voices. I have often wished that he knew this.

It was the custom in Calhoun to pay the nurses at short, stated intervals—I think once a week, on Saturday nights. The first time that Hope was summoned to receive his wages, he evinced marked emotion, too genuine not to be one of surprise and repugnance.

"I had not thought——" he began, and stood, coloring violently.

"You earn your five dollars a day, if anybody in Calhoun does," urged the official, with kindly brusqueness.

"It is not right; I do not wish to take the money," said the nurse with agitation. "I do not wish to be paid for—saving—human life. I did not come to the fever district to make money; I came to save life—*to save life!*" he added, in a quick whisper.

He had not slept for four night, and seemed, they noticed, more than usually nervous in his manner.

"The money is yours," insisted the Treasurer.

"Very well," said Hope, after a long silence; and no more was said about it. He took his wages and walked away up the street, absorbed in thought.

One morning, he went to his lodgings to seek a little rest. It was about six o'clock, and people were already moving in the hot thirsty streets. The apothecaries' doors were open, and their clerks were astir. The physicians drove or walked hastily, with the haggard look of men whose days and nights are too short for their work, and whose hope, and heart as well, have grown almost too small. At the telegraph office, knots of men and women gathered, dully inspiring the heroic young operator—a slight girl—who had not left her post for now many days and nights. Her chief had the fever last week—was taken at the wires—lived to get home. She was the only person alive in the town who knew how to communicate with the outer world. She had begun to teach a little brother of hers the Morse alphabet—"That somebody may know, Bobby, if I—can't come some day." She, too, knew Zerviah Hope, and looked up; but her pretty face was clouded with the awful shadow of her own responsibility.

"We all have about as much as we can bear," thought Zerviah, as he went by. His own burden was lightened a little that morning, and he was going home to get a real rest. He had just saved his last patient—the doctor gave him up. It was a young man, the father of five very little children, and their mother had died the week before. The nurse had looked at the orphans, and said: "He's got to live." This man had blessed him this morning, and called the love of heaven on his head and its tender mercy on his whole long life.

On this morning that I speak of, standing with his almost happy face and lifted head, with his foot upon the stairs, he turned, for no reason that he could have given, and looked over his shoulder. A man behind him, stepping softly, stopped, changed color, and crossed the street.

"I am followed," said the nurse.

He spoke aloud, but there was no one to hear him. A visible change came over his face. He stood uncertain for a moment; then shut the door and crawled upstairs. At intervals he stopped on the stairs to rest, and sat with his head in his hands, thinking. By and by he reached his room, and threw himself heavily upon his bed. All the radiance had departed from his tired face, as if a fog had crept over it. He hid it in his long, thin, humane hands, and lay there for a little while. He was perplexed—not surprised. He was not shocked—only disappointed. Dully he wished that he could get five minutes' nap; but he could not sleep. Not knowing what else to do, he got upon his knees presently, in that place by the window he liked to pray in, and said aloud:

"Lord, I didn't expect it; I wasn't ready. I should like to sleep long enough to decide what to do."

After this, he went back to bed and lay still again, and in a little while he truly slept. Not long; but to those who perish for rest, a moment of unconsciousness may do the work of a cup of water to one perishing of thirst. He started, strengthened, with lines of decision forming about his mouth and chin; and, having bathed and cleanly dressed, went out.

He went out beyond the town to the hut where Scip the boatman lived. Scip was at home. He lived quite alone. His father, his mother and four brothers had died of the plague since June. He started when he saw Hope, and his habitual look of fear deepened to a craven terror; he would rather have had the yellow fever than to have seen the Northern nurse just then. But Zerviah sat down by him on the hot sand, beside a rather ghastly palmetto that grew there, and spoke to him very gently. He said:

"The Mercy came in last night, Scip—I know. And you rowed down for the supplies. You heard something about me on board the Mercy. Tell me, Scip."

"He's a durn fool," said Scip, with a dull show of passion.

"Who's a durn fool?"

"That dem Mate."

"So it was the Mate? Yes. What did he say, Scip?"

"I never done believe it," urged Scip, with an air of suddenly recollected virtue.

"But you told of it, Scip."

"I never told nobody but Jupiter, the durn fool!" persisted Scip.

"Who is Jupiter?"

"Doctor Remane's Jupiter, him that holds the hoss, that he brung up from the fever. He said he wouldn't tell. I never done believe it, *never*,

"It seems to me, Scip," said Zerviah, in a low, kind voice, "that I wouldn't have told if I'd been you. But never mind."

"I never done mean to hurt you!" cried Scip, following him into the road. "Jupitor the durn, he said he'd never tell. I never told nobody else."

"You have told the whole town," said Zerviah Hope, patiently. "I'm sorry, but never mind."

He stood for a moment looking across the stark palmetto, over the dusty stretch of road, across the glare, to the town. His eyes blinded and filled.

"It wouldn't have been a great while," he said. "I wish you hadn't, Scip, but never mind!"

He shook the negro gently off, as if he had been a child. There was nothing more to say. He would go back to his work. As he walked along, he suddenly said to himself:

"She did not smile this morning! Nor the lady at the telegraph office, either. Nor—a good many other folks. I remember now. . . . Lord!" he added aloud, thought breaking into one of his half-unconscious prayers, which had the more pathos because it began with the rude abruptness of an apparent oath—"Lord! what in the name of heaven am I going to do about it?"

Now, as he was coming into the little city, with bowed head and broken face, he met Doctor Dare. She was riding on her rounds upon a patient, Southern tackey, and she was riding fast. But she reined up and confronted him.

"Mr. Hope! There is a hateful rumor brought from New York about you. I am going to tell you immediately. It is said ——"

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded, holding out both hands. "Now. Go on."

"It is said that you are an escaped convict," continued the lady, distinctly.

"It is false!" cried the nurse, in a ringing voice.

The Doctor regarded him for a moment.

"I may be wrong. Perhaps it was not so bad. I was in a cruel hurry, and so was Doctor Frank. Perhaps they said a discharged convict."

"What else?" asked Zerviah, lifting his eyes to hers.

"They said you were just out of a seven-years' imprisonment for manslaughter. They said you killed a man—for jealousy, I believe; something about a woman."

"What else?" repeated the nurse, steadily.

"I told them I *did not believe one word of it!*" cried Marian Dare.

"Thank you, madam," said Zerviah Hope, after a scarcely perceptible pause; "but it is true."

He drew one fierce breath.

"She was beautiful," he said. "I loved her; he ruined her; I stabbed him!"

He had grown painfully pale. He wanted to go on speaking to this woman, not to defend or excuse himself, not to say anything weak or wrong, only to make her understand that he did not want to excuse himself; in some way, just because she *was* a woman, to make her feel that he was man enough to bear the burden of his deed. He wanted to cry out to her, "You are a woman! Oh, be gentle, and understand how sorry a man can be for a deadly sin!" but his lips were parched. He moved them drily; he could not talk.

She was silent at first. She was a prudent woman; she thought before she spoke.

"Poor fellow!" she said, suddenly. Her clear blue eyes overflowed. She held out her hand, lifted his, wrung it, dropped it, and softly added, "Well, never mind!" much as if he had been a child or a patient—much as he himself had said, "Never mind!" to Scip.

Then Zerviah Hope broke down.

"I haven't got a murderer's heart!" he cried. "It has been taken away from me. I ain't so bad—*now*. I meant to be—I wanted to do——"

"Hush!" she said. "You have and you shall. God is fair."

"Yes," said the penitent convict, in a dull voice, "God is fair, and so he let 'em tell of me. I've got no fault to find with *Him*. So nigh as I can understand Almighty God, He means well. I guess He'll pull me through some way. But I wish Scip hadn't told just now. I can't *help* being sorry. It wasn't that I wanted to cheat, but"—he choked—"*the sick folks used to like me.* Now, do you think I'd ought to go on nursing, Doctor? Do you think I'd ought to stop?"

"You are already an hour late," replied the woman of science, in her usual business-like voice. "Your substitute will be sleepy and restless; that affects the patient. Go back to your work as fast as you can. Ask me no more foolish questions."

She drew her veil; there was an unprofessional moisture on her long, feminine lashes. She held out her hearty hand-grasp to him, touched the tackey, and galloped away.

"She is a good woman," said Zerviah, half aloud, looking down at his cold fingers. "She touched me, and she knew! Lord, I should like to have you bless her!"

He looked after her. She sat her horse finely; her gray veil drifted in the hot wind. His sensitive color came. He watched her as if he had known that he should never see her again on earth.

A ruined character may be as callous as a paralyzed limb. A ruined and repentant one is in itself an independent system of sensitive and tortured nerves.

Zerviah Hope returned to his work, shrinking under the foreknowledge of his fate. He felt as if he knew what kind of people would remind him that they had become acquainted with his history, and what ways they would select to do it.

He was not taken by surprise when men who had lifted their hats to the popular nurse last week, passed him on the street today with a cold nod or curious stare. When women who had reverenced the self-sacrifice and gentleness of his life as only women do or can reverence the quality of tenderness in a man, shrank from him as if he were something infectious, like the plague—he knew it was just, though he felt it hard.

His patients heard of what had happened, sometimes, and indicated a feeling of recoil. That was the worst. One said:

"I am sorry to hear you are not the man we thought you," and died in his arms that night.

Zerviah remembered that these things must be. He reasoned with himself. He went into his attic, and prayed it all over. He said:

"Lord, I can't expect to be treated as if I'd never been in prison. I'm sorry I mind it so. Perhaps I'd ought not to. I'll try not to care too much."

More than once he was sure of being followed again, suspiciously or curiously. It occurred to him at last that this was most likely to happen on pay-days. That puzzled him. But when he turned, it was usually some idler, and the fellow shrank and took to his heels as if the nurse had the fever.

In point of fact, even in that death-stricken town, to be alive was to be as able to gossip as well people, and rumor, wearied of the monotonous fever symptom, found a diverting zest in this shattered reputation.

Zerviah Hope was very much talked about in Calhoun; so much, that the Relief Committee heard, questioned, and experienced official anxiety. It seemed a mistake to lose so valuable a man. It seemed a severity to disturb so noble a career. Yet who knew what sinister countenance the murderer might be capable of shielding beneath his mask of pity! The official mind was perplexed. Was it humane to trust the lives of our perishing citizens to the ministrations of a felon who had so skillfully deceived the most intelligent guardians of the public weal? There was, in particular, a chairman of a sub-committee (on the water supply) who was burdened with uneasiness.

"It's clear enough what brought him to Calhoun," said this man. "What do you suppose the fellow does with his five dollars a day?"

The Committee on the Water Supply promptly divided into a Sub-Vigilance, and to the Sub-Vigilance Committee Zerviah Hope's case was referred. The result was, that he was followed on pay-day.

One Saturday night, just as the red-hot sun was going down, the sub-committee returned to the Relief Office in a state of high official excitement, and reported to the chief as follows:

"We've done it. We've got him. We've found out what the fellow does with his money. He puts it ——"

"Well?" for the sub-committee hesitated.

"Into the relief contribution-boxes on the corners of the street."

"*What!*"

"Every dollar. We stood and watched him count it out—his week's wages. Every mortal cent that Yankee's turned over to the fund for the sufferers. He never kept back a red. He poured it all in."

"Follow him next week. Report again." They followed, and reported still again. They consulted, and accepted the astounding truth. The murderer, the convict, the miserable, the mystery, Zerviah Hope—volunteer nurse, poor, friendless, discharged from Sing Sing, was proved to have surrendered to the public charities of Calhoun, every dollar which he had earned in the service of her sick and dying.

The Committee on the Water Supply, and the Sub-Vigilance Committee stood, much depressed, before their superior officer. He, being a just man, flushed red with a noble rage.

"Where is he? Where is Zerviah Hope? The man should be sent for. He should receive the thanks of the committee. He should receive the acknowledgments of the city. And we've set on him like detectives! hunted him down! Zounds! The city is disgraced. Find him for me!"

"We have already done our best," replied the sub-committee, sadly. We have searched for the man. He can not be found."

"Where is the woman-doctor?" persisted the excited chief. "She recommended the fellow. She'd be apt to know. Can't some of you find her?"

At this moment young Dr. Frank looked haggardly into the Relief Office.

"I am taking her cases," he said. "She is down with the fever."

It was the morning after his last pay-day—Sunday morning, the first in October; a dry, deadly, glittering day. Zerviah had been to his attic to rest and bathe; he had been there some hours since sunrise, in the old place by the window, and watched the red sun kindle, and watched the dead-carts slink away into the color, and kneeled and prayed for frost. Now, being strengthed in mind and spirt, he was descending to his Sabbath's work, when a message met him at the door. The messenger was a negro boy, who thrust a slip of paper into his hand, and, seeming to be seized with superstitious fright, ran rapidly up the street and disappeared.

The message was a triumphal result of the education of the freedmen's evening school, and succinctly said:

"Ive Got IT. Nobuddy Wunt Nuss me. Norr no Docter aEther.

"P. S. Joopiter the Durn heo sed he'd kerry This i dont Serpose youd kum. Scip."

The sun went down that night as red as it had risen. There were no clouds. There was no wind. There was no frost. The hot dust curdled in the shadow that coiled beneath the stark palmetto. That palmetto always looked like a corpse, though there was life in it yet. Zerviah came to the door of Scip's hovel for air, and looked at the thing. It seemed like something that ought to be buried. There were no other trees. The everglades were miles away. The sand and the scant, starved grass stretched all around. Scip's hut stood quite by itself. No one passed by. Often no one passed for a week, or even more. Zerviah looked from the door of the hut to the little city. The red light lay between him and it, like a great pool. He felt less lonely to see the town, and the smoke now and then from chimneys. He thought how many people loved and cared for one another in the suffering place. He thought how much love and care suffering gave birth to, in human hearts. He began to think a little of his own suffering; then Scip called him, sobbing wretchedly. Scip was very sick. Hope had sent for Dr. Dare. She had not come. Scip was too sick to be left. The nurse found his duty with the negro. Scip was growing worse.

Zerviah thought of these things. He had never felt so lonely before. It seemed a hard place for a man to die in. Poor Scip!

Zerviah clasped his thin hands and looked up at the purple sky.

"Lord," he said, "it is my duty. I came South to do my duty. Because he told of me, had I ought to turn against him? It is a lonesome place; he's got it hard, but I'll stand by him. . . . Lord!"—his worn face became suddenly suffused, and flushed, transfigured, as he lifted it—"Lord God Almighty! You stood by me! *I* couldn't have been a pleasant fellow to look after. You stood by *me* in my scrape! I hadn't treated You any too well. . . . You needn't be afraid I'll leave the ereetur."

He went back into the hut. Scip called, and he hurried in. The nurse and the plague, like two living combatants, met in the miserable place and battled for the negro.

It was Monday, but no one came. It was Tuesday, but the nurse and the plague still battled alone together over the negro. Zerviah's stock of remedies was as ample as his skill. He had thought he should save Scip. He worked without sleep, and the food was not clean. He lavished himself like a lover over this black boatman; he leaned like a mother over this man who had betrayed him.

But on Tuesday night, a little before midnight, Scip rose, struggling on his wretched bed, and held up his hands and cried out:

"Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope! I never done mean to harm ye!"

"You have not harmed me," said Zerviah, solemnly. "Nobody ever harmed me but myself. Don't mind me, Scip."

Scip put up his feeble hand; Zerviah took it: Scip spoke no more. The nurse held the negro's hand a long time; the lamp went out; they sat on in the dark. Through the flapping wooden shutter the stars looked in.

Suddenly, Zerviah perceived that Scip's hand was quite cold.

He carried him out by starlight, and buried him under the palmetto. It was hard work digging alone. He could not make a very deep grave, and he had no coffin. When the earth was stamped down, he felt extremely weary and weak. He fell down beside his shovel and pick to rest, and lay there in the night till he felt stronger. It was damp and dark. Shadows like clouds hung over the distant outline of the swamp.

The Sunday bells in the town had ceased. There were no sounds but the cries of a few lonely birds and wild creatures of the night, whose names he did not know. This little fact added to his sense of solitude.

He thought at first he would get up and walk back to the city in the dark. An intense and passionate longing seized him to be among living men. He took a few steps down the road. The unwholesome dust blew up through the dark against his face. He found himself so tired that he concluded to go back to the hut. He would sleep, and start in the morning with the break of the dawn. He should be glad to see the faces of his kind again, even though the stir of welcome and the light of trust were gone out of them for him. They lived, they breathed, they spoke. He was tired of death and solitude.

He groped back into the hut. The oil was low, and he could not relight the lamp. He threw himself in the dark upon the bed.

He slept until late in the morning, heavily. When he waked, the birds were shrill in the hot air, and the sun glared in.

"I will go now," he said, aloud. "I am glad I can go," and crept to his feet.

He took two steps—staggered—and fell back. He lay for some moments, stricken more with astonishment than alarm. His first words were:

"Lord God! After all—after all I've gone through—Lord God Almighty, if You'll believe it—I've *got it!*"

This was on Wednesday morning. Night fell, but no one came. Thursday—but outside the hut no step stirred the parched, white dust. Friday—Saturday—no voice but his own moaning broke upon the sick man's straining ear.

As the days passed and no one came to him, he was aware of his not being able to reason with himself clearly about his solitude. Growing weak, he remembered the averted faces of the people for whom he had labored, and whom he had loved. In the stress of his pain their estranged eyes gazed at him. He felt that he was deserted because he was distrusted. Patient as he was, this seemed hard.

"They did not care enough for me to miss me," he said, aloud, gently. "I suppose I was not worth it. I had been in prison. I was a wicked man. I must not blame them."

And again:

"They would have come if they had known. They would not have let me *die* alone. I don't think *she* would have done that. I wonder where she is? Nobody has missed me—that is all. I must not mind."

Growing weaker, he thought less and prayed more. He prayed, at last, almost all his time. When he did not pray, he slept. When he could not sleep, he prayed. He addressed God with that sublime familiarity of his, which fell from his lips with no more irreverence than the kiss of a child falling upon its mother's hand or neck.

The murderer, the felon, the outcast, talked with the Almighty Holiness, as a man talketh with his friends. The deserted, distrusted, dying creature believed himself to be trusted by the Being who had bestowed on him the awful gift of life.

He thought, while his thoughts remained his own, most tenderly and longingly of those for whom he had given his life. He remembered how many keen cares of their own they had to carry, how many ghastly deeds and sights to do and hear. It was not strange that he should not be missed. Who was he?—a disgraced, unfamiliar man, among their kin and neighborhood. Why should they think of him? he said.

Yet he was glad that he could remember them. He wished his dying or his dying could help them any. Things that his patients had said to him, looks that healing eyes had turned on him, little signs of human love and leaning, came back to him as he lay there, and stood around his bed, like people, in the dark hut.

"*They loved me,*" he said; "Lord, as true as I'm alive, they did! I'm glad I lived long enough to save life, *to save life!* I'm much obliged to You for that! I wish there was something else I could do for them. . . . Lord! I'd be willing to die if it would help them any. If I thought I could do anything that way, toward sending them a frost——

"No," he added, "that ain't reasonable. A frost and a human life ain't convertible coin. He don't do unreasonable things. Maybe I've lost my head already. But I'd be glad to. That's all. I suppose I can *ask* You for a frost. *That's* reason.

"Lord God of earth and Heaven! that made the South and North, the pestilence and destruction, the sick and well, the living and the dead, have mercy on us miserable sinners! Have mercy on the folks that pray to You, and on the folks that don't! Remember the old graves, and the new ones, and the graves that are to be opened if this hellish heat goes on, and send us a blessed frost, O Lord, *as an act of humanity!* And if that ain't the way to speak to You, remember I haven't been a praying man long enough to learn the language very well—and that I'm pretty sick—but that I would be glad to die—to give them—a great, white, holy frost. Lord, a frost! Lord, a cool, white, clean frost, for these poor devils that have borne so much!"

At midnight of that Saturday he dozed and dreamed. He dreamed of what he had thought while Scip was sick; of what it was like, to be holy; and sadly waking, thought of holy people—good women and honest men, who had never done a deadly deed.

"I can not be holy," thought Zerviah Hope; "but I can pray for frost." So he tried to pray for frost. But by that time he had grown confused, and his will wandered pitifully, and he saw strange sights in the little hut. It was as if he were not alone. Yet no one had come in. She could not come at midnight. Strange—how strange! Who was that who walked about the hut? Who stood and looked at him? Who leaned to him? Who brooded over him? Who put arms beneath him? Who looked at him, as those look who love the sick too much to shrink from them?

"I don't know You," said Zerviah, in a distinct voice. Presently he smiled. "Yes, I guess I do. I see now. I'm not used to You. I never saw You before. You are Him I've heered about—God's Son. God's Son, You've taken a great deal of trouble to come here after me. Nobody else came. You're the only one that has remembered me.

". . . Yes, I remember. They made a prisoner of *You*. Why, yes! They deserted *You*. They let *You* die by Yourself. What did You do it for? I don't know much about theology. I am not an educated man. I never prayed till I come South. . . . I forgot —— *What did You do it for?*"

A profound and solemn silence replied.

"Well," said the sick man, breaking it in a satisfied tone, as if he had been answered, "I wasn't worth it . . . but I'm glad You came. I wish they had a frost, poor things! You won't go away? Well, I'm glad. Poor things! Poor things! I'll take Your hand, if You've no objections."

After a little time, he added, in a tone of unutterable tenderness and content:

"*Dear* Lord!" and said no more.

It was a quiet night. The stars rode on as if there were no task but the tasks of stars in all the universe, and no sorrow keener than their sorrow, and no care other than their motion and their shining. The web of cloud floated like exhaling breath between them and the earth. It grew cooler before the dawn. The leaves of the palmetto over Scip's grave seemed to uncurl, and grow lax, and soften. The dust still flew heavily, but the wind rose.

The Sunday-bells rang peacefully. The sick heard them, and the convalescent and the well. The dying listened to them before they left. On the faces of the dead, too, there came the look of those who hear.

The bells tolled, too, that Sunday. They tolled almost all the afternoon. The young Northerner, Dr. Remane, was gone—a reticent, brave young man—and the heroic telegraph operator. Saturday night they buried her. Sunday "Bobby" took her place at the wires, and spelled out, with shaking fingers, the cries of Calhoun to the wide, well world.

By sunset, all the bells had done ringing and done tolling. There was a clear sky, with cool colors. It seemed almost cold about Scip's hut. The palmetto lifted its faint head. The dust slept. It was not yet dark when a little party from the city rode up, searching for the dreary place. They had ridden fast. Dr. Frank was with them, and the lady, Marian Dare. She rode at their head. She hurried nervously on. She was pale, and still weak. The chairman of the Relief Committee was with her, and the sub-committee and others.

Dr. Dare pushed on through the swinging door of the hut. She entered alone. They saw the backward motion of her gray-sleeved wrist, and came no further, but removed their hats and stood. She knelt beside the bed, and put her hand upon his eyes. God is good, after all. Let us hope that they knew her before they closed.

She came out, and tried to tell about it, but broke down, and sobbed before them all.

"It is a martyr's death," said the chief; and added, solemnly, "Let us pray."

He knelt, and the others with him, between the buried negro and the unburied nurse, and thanked God for the knowledge and the recollection of the holy life which this man had lived among them in their hour of need.

They buried him, as they must, and hurried homeward to their living, comforting one another for his memory as they could.

As for him, he rested, after her hand had fallen on his eyes. He who had known so deeply the starvation of sleeplessness, slept well that night.

In the morning, when they all awoke, these of the sorrowing city here, and those of the happy city yonder; when they took up life again with its returning sunrise—the sick and the well, the free and the fettered, the living and the dead—the frost lay, cool, white, blessed, on his grave.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Scribner's Monthly.*

Terrible Experience of a Colorado Mining Party in a Snow Storm.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes from Animas City, Colo., under date of Oct. 17:

A party of miners have just arrived from the Needle Mountain. The story of their escape from the snow blockade, caused by the recent great storm, may be of interest.

Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and other Eastern cities have had representatives in the Needles, a rich mining camp, about thirty-five miles south of this place, during the past summer, and early in October most of the men had completed their work for the season, and were preparing to leave the mountains. On the 8th inst. a snowstorm of unusual violence burst upon this section for three days, held the miners prisoners in their cabins and tents, while their horses stood shivering and unfed, exposed to the full fury of the pitiless storm. On the morning of the 11th, J. J. Heffernan, Robert Dickey, J. D. Patterson, Thos. E. Barrett, Thomas Barrett, George Frost, A. H. Patterson, J. F. Doherty and George Hichins, who occupied a cabin in Heffernan Gulch, near the head of the east fork of the Florida, determined on an effort to escape, in order to save their horses and burros, as well as those of their friends who were further up the gulch, and others in Wilkins' Gulch, about two miles and a half away and separated from them by a high ridge, the stock having all been gathered at the lower camp before the storm commenced.

Leaving Thomas Brown, who was unable to move on account of rheumatism, in the cabin, with Thomas Clark to wait upon him, both well supplied with wood and food for 150 days, these nine resolute men plunged into the snow, which had already fallen to a depth of four and a half feet, and bad in many places drifted to a much greater depth. Armed with shovels and axes, and provided with one pair of blankets to each man and with food for six days, they, by almost superhuman efforts, advanced about a mile before nightfall. The snow was shoveled away for a camp, a fire lighted and supper cooked. Then tired nature commenced its battle with the elements for the rest and sleep so greatly needed. The morning of the 12th dawned at last upon the weary watchers, and after gathering their animals that had wandered to some distance from the camp during the night, and partaking of a hasty breakfast, their labors were resumed, and another day of unceasing toil added another mile to their advance down the mountain. During this day's work they had found it necessary to leave their blankets, overcoats, saddles and a part of their supply of food behind, so that the second night was passed more miserably than the first, though the storm had cleared during the day, leaving them only the cold winds to contend against. By building a rousing fire upon one side of their camping-ground, and allowing it to burn until the ground became heated, and then removing it to another place, then covering the hot embers with boughs of the spruce, they made a bed upon which they could, by turns, secure a few moments' sleep. On the third day their advance was more rapid, as the snow was no more than from two to three feet deep in the lower altitude of the mountain, which is very steep, and when night again overtook them they had made a distance of eleven miles. A new difficulty had, however, overtaken them. The dazzling rays of the sun shining upon the spotless white of the snow had nearly blinded several of the party, and nearly all the labor of breaking the trail had fallen upon those who had escaped the painful affliction. Two of the burros had been lost in the deep drifts, and the horses had become so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. The less hopeful of the party urged the necessity of killing the worse than useless animals, that they might be saved the trouble of keeping them in the train, but the more resolute determined to save their dumb friends, and the bread they sorely needed for their own sustenance was cheerfully divided with the starving brutes. The animals were kept alive until the fifth day of the perilous journey, when they reached a point where they could paw away the snow—then not more than a foot deep—and feed upon the luxuriant grass beneath. Another night of painful unrest was passed in weary watching, and the fourth day's journey was taken up with courage unabated, but with steps grown weary by constant toil and almost total absence of sleep. About the same distance was made as on the third day. The fifth day brought them to within a few miles of the settlement on the Florida, and there they were overtaken by another party of five, who had followed in their trail. On the sixth day, soon after noon, they all reached Animas City, looking for all the world like a party of shipwrecked mariners just rescued from the dangers of the Arctic regions. There are still in the mountains, besides the sick man, Brown, and his companion, the following persons. Their fate is unknown: Joe Meminger, John McIntosh —— Bowman and —— Wilson. They were entirely without food, and could only have saved themselves from death by a coolness and sagacity that only the most experienced mountaineers can be expected to exhibit. They will be rescued if it is in the power of man to accomplish it. A. H. Peterson, one of the Heffernan party, accompanied by Geo. Cooper, has already started on his return. They are provided with snow-shoes and everything necessary for relief, and whatever can be accomplished may be expected of this brave and experienced couple.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY NOV. 27, 1880.

Hancock's majority in California is only 87. The Legislature is Republican in both branches.

Alexander Stephens describes the late Democratic canvass as a mad rush for a swill trough.

Baltimore and Ohio stock sold Monday at 180, or 80 per cent. above par; and, from the indications at the close, it is doubtful if five hundred shares could be purchased without forcing the price up to 190 or higher.

The New Orleans *Times* argues that the present generation of Southern statesmen are of no good to that section of the country. "It is clear," that papers says, "that if the South is to secure again a leading place in national affairs, it must be upon new issues."

Fifteen candidates for Congress will contest before the next House the seats of antagonists who were counted in, and there is a fair prospect that several of the contestants will be seated, so bare-faced were the frauds that "carried" some of the districts, particularly in the South.

Mr. Wm. A. Fowler, chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York State Democratic Committee, is now kind enough to say that there has been a great deal of misapprehension regarding their purpose. "We do not seek to oust Garfield; only to discover the frauds that have been committed, and publish them to the world." Fowler has tamed down wonderfully within the past week.

Hon. L. C. Houk, who has just arrived at Washington from Tennessee, says that there is no doubt whatever of there being a Republican majority on joint ballot in the legislature of that State, and that he regards the election of General Maynard to the United States senatorship as a foregone conclusion; that in view of the closeness of the contest in several counties and the complicated financial questions involved, the Democrats have managed to delay the results to some extent, but before leaving the State he had been reliably informed of the exact condition of things, and in the light of this information it can be authoritatively stated that the legislature of Tennessee will be Republican.

The Democratic National Committee are trying to dodge the responsibility for the Morey forgery by a very small quibble. They declare that they did not see the original till after its publication—that it was first published on October 19, and shown to them on October 20. But they do not state that only a printed version was published on October 19, and that the fac simile, which was the real weapon of injury, was not published till three days later—October 22. The fac simile was not published till the Democratic Committee, including Messrs. Hewitt and Randall, had pronounced the signature to be General Garfield's. This was two days after General Garfield had denounced it as a stupid forgery, yet the Committee flooded the country with it, and Barnum declared over his signature that it was undoubtedly genuine. The Committee are in too tight a place to get out by squirming.

The London *Telegraph*, in discussing the appointment of General Longstreet as Minister to Turkey, says that "he has shown moral courage even to a more remarkable degree than the physical bravery which he displayed upon a hundred battle fields. It is to the interest of mankind at large, no less than to that of the South, that the United States should be prosperous and homogeneous, and, differing from almost all the rebel generals of mark by whose side, or in alliance with whom, he had fought, General Longstreet set an example which might with advantage have been followed by others, and which has at last gained for him the distinction of being selected for a highly honorable civil office by the government to which both the North and South may owe a common allegiance."

High Livers.

The exposures made in the United States Court during the trial of the suit of Daniel K. Stewart against the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, are not calculated to increase the public's admiration for the State Ring. The *American* culls a few flowers from the testimony of the complainants, which we herewith present as evidence of the liking of the Democratic bosses for high living. The rank and file of the party who drink at all are glad to get common whisky, and, failing to get that, won't turn away from manufactured cider that has been known to eat out the bottom of a tin-cup after a two days' usage. Now mark how differently it is with the bosses:

December 8th, 1874, for instance, must have been a heavy day for the board of Directors; for their bill at Barnum's that day was $119.70, among the items being dinners and rooms for directors; six bottles of champagne, $24; champagne, $4.10; champagne, $8; whisky, 7; cigars, $9; carriages, $8, besides washing, bar, board, &c. The next very busy day was September 29th. On that day the hotel bill was $96.70. Among the items was $12.75 for board, and $83.95 for refreshments. One day! In the refreshment items the champagne amounts to $36; cigars, $7.95; claret, $4.50; whiskey, $2; bar, $1.50; dinners, $30. Champagne was the favorite drink of the directors, and bills for that beverage are met with at every point. In May, 1878, the wine bill was $15; in July, $31; but some of the members preferred seltzer lemonade and Congress water. July 2d and 3d were spent at Barnum's, and among the items of expenses are $9 for carriages "to German street." It does not appear for what purpose the carriages were used. On December 11th the entries are: thirteen dinners, $25; seven bottles of champagne, $24.50; hock, $8.30. The following day, December 12th, there was charged: fifteen dinners, $30; champagne, $24.50; hock, $3.50; cigars, $3. It would fill columns of *The American* to give all the bills for wine, cigars, dinners, &c., in detail. Those given above are only a part of the $2,116 bill expended at Barnum's, and do not touch the bill of $8,442 paid for board and refreshments at Annapolis.

The proprietor of the Annapolis hotel, Mr. W. H. Gorman, failed to produce the itemized account of the bills, saying that he could not find the blotter containing them. Inasmuch as the bills at this hotel were four times as large as at Barnum's, the nature of the items may be imagined.

Under President Clark's administration a resolution was adopted that the directors should draw no salaries. The resolution was never rescinded, yet the six directors have annually drawn $3,600 every year, besides being paid their traveling expenses, &c. Mr. Gorman's salary was $4,000 a year up to 1877, when it was increased to $5,000. Mr. Gorman has also regularly drawn $1,000 a year for traveling expenses. The complainants in their brief charge that Alfred Spates was employed in 1875 at a salary of $2,000 "for doing nothing." It was "to propitiate his influence in the fight of Carroll vs. Hamilton" that Charles H. Mann, register of voters at Towsontown, was employed as "detective" on the canal at 50 per month, when he "probably never went near the canal during the whole time," and that John Gale, brother of a leading Democratic politician in Somerset, was employed at a salary of $50 a month "to hold himself in readiness to wait on the president." Gale testified that he was twice on the canal to inspect the outlet locks, but performed no other duty, except "to hold himself in readiness to wait on the president."

A postal card from Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of 10 Spruce street, New York, reminds us that we have neglected to notice their American Newspaper Directory for 1880, issued in August last. As it is better late than never to do a good deed we now say cheerfully that the directory in question is so far as we are able to tell probably the most accurate and complete publication of its kind ever issued in this country. The circulation of THE REPUBLICAN as given in it is nearly enough correct for practical purposes. We don't have much to do with advertising agents. Such contracts as we make with them are generally on our own terms, and therefore when we speak complimentarily of Rowell's directory we mean just what we say. We have frequent occasion to use in our sanctum, and it has more than once demonstrated its value. Rowell is already at work on his directary for 1881, and hopes to make it the best of all.

THE RELIC HUNTER'S DAMAGE.—For weeks and weeks delegations of citizens, women and boys have been flocking daily to Mentor to shake hands with Mr. Garfield. They have made the pilgrimage from Cleveland and from all the neighboring towns in Northern Ohio. They have nearly all been mementoand relic-hunters, and the result has been that Gen. Garfield's farm has been left as bare as if a cloud of locusts had lighted upon it. There is hardly a potato or an apple or a spear of grass left, and the devastation has really been so great as to amount to a serious loss to a man who depends on his farm for a large share of his family provisions.—*Cleveland Despatch*,

The South's Material Interests.

Judging from the following, which we take from the New Orleans *Times*, the South will no longer have any reliance in the Northern Democrats. The *Times* says:

"We do not think it wise for the South to abandon the Democratic party, and we are far from advising such a course. We do say, however, that the South is obstructing her own interests by placing any further reliance upon the Democrats of the North. What have they ever done for the South? When we want a steamship line to Brazil, do they aid us? When we ask for the improvement of the great water way of the Mississippi Valley and for the rebuilding of our levees, do they come to our assistance? Such encouragement as we have ever received, in these and other kindred matters, so important to us, has come chiefly from the Republicans of the great West. That rich and prosperous section is becoming bound to us more firmly every year by the chains of trade, and with that section our interests lie. While holding to the great Democratic principle of local self-government and opposing encroachments on the Constitution, it is the duty of the South to cease playing second fiddle to the unreliable, dough-faced Democracy of the North, and unite in raising and supporting such economic issues as will tend to increase her material wealth and prosperity."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—The report of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company shows that its gross revenues for the fiscal year were $18,317,740.10, an increase of $4,123,759.67. The net earnings over working expenses amounted to $5,172,980.76. The indebtednesses of the company was reduced $2,830,815.98. The profit and loss account shows an increase of $2,356,984.44. The tonnage of through merchandise, east and west, reached the enormous aggregate of 1,980,397 tons, more than half a million tons more than in the fiscal year ending September 30th 1879.

The financial condition of the Washington Branch is shown by the statements of the treasurer. It will be seen the earnings were $314,405.85, showing an increase of $29,398.99, compared with the previous year. The expenditures charged, according to the system explained in previous annual reports, amount to $67,908.94, being for improvements and for repairs of railway depots, waterstations and bridges, and for pumping water, The partial expenditures charged being deducted from the revenue stated, there remained the sum of $246,496.-91—an increase of net earnings, compared with the preceeding year, of $22,822.88. Semi-annual dividends of five per cent. upon the capital stock were paid on the 1st of November 1879, and on the 16th of April, 1880

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—While the commissioners of the election at this place were counting the vote on last Tuesday night, they made rather a peculiar discovery. This was an election ticket, with several holes burned in it. It was among the first taken from the ballot box and bore part of the names of Hancock and English electors, manifestly being a Democratic ticket. It was counted; although mutilated enough to, perhaps, warrant its rejection. Many curious speculations have been made as to why anyone would risk losing his vote, by depositing a ballot partly destroyed. It is supposed by many persons, that there was an attempt to destroy the ballots cast, about three hundred in number. Their theory is that a small piece of punk, lighted, was rolled up in the ballot, found mutilated and the same deposited in the box, with the intention to burn up the contents. The ballot has several holes in it, as though some thing had burned thro' its folds. This seems the only plausible way to account for the matter. If such was the case the perpetrator of the outrage, did not realize his hope of seeing the consternation of the election, and others; in beholding the destructing of the ballots. If he could have gotten a supply of oxygen to his incipient blaze, he might have realized his sport. As it was, he was disappointed.—*Ritchie Gazette*.

There never was sounder sense talked than that which is contained in the appended extract from the Vicksburg *Herald*, which is solidly Democratic enough even for the region of Mississippi: "Money is ready to come to the South as soon as the South is ready to be perfectly tolerant to strangers as to their opinions; but in this age when everybody reads and talks freely and does not get mad at opposition, the first thing to be established in the South must be the perfect freedom of an immigrant or capitalist. Northern men who come South to forcibly swallow Southern opinion are not worth having. For the interests of themselves, their land and their children, the Southern people ought to encourage a higher tone in the local newspapers. The inconsequential blackguard who curses against the living and the dead porch of the Ohio and Potomac rivers is a costly nuisance."

Prohibition in Maryland.

It is estimated that the counties in which prohibition prevails comprise half the territory of the State. The counties which are wholly without license to sell liquor are Kent, Caroline, Calvert, Prince George's, Cecil, and Montgomery. Prohibition in partial, seven others, as follows: Somerset, Queen Anne's, Talbot, Dorchester, Frederick, Washington and Baltimore counties. High license prevails in Garrett and Worcester. In Harford and other counties, particular localities, as in the neighborhood of schools, camping grounds and resorts, have been under prohibitory restrictions by act of Assembly for a long while, and the growth of the restraint has been for the past seven or eight years marked for its steadiness. In the legislature 1880 no obstacle was offered to acts when desired by the delegations representing the counties for submitting the question to the qualified voters. In this way the matter was voted on in Prince George's last April, Frederick in August last, and at the last general election in Allegany, Cecil, Carroll, Charles, Montgomery and Washington, with the results as above stated.

The Maryland *Independent*, a sterling Democratic paper, commenting upon the fact that in this State the National ticket fell behind Governor Hamilton's vote last fall some seven thousand, whilst the vote polled by the Congressional candidates fell behind the same vote some ten thousand, from which it would appear that a change of less than six thousand votes would hand it over to the Republicans, says: "Whether justly or not, this lamentable falling off in our Democratic majority, resulting in the placing of Maryland in the column of doubtful States next time, is ascribed to too much Boss-ship in the Congressional nominations. All parties must have leaders, and we have a great admiration for Mr. Gorman's capabilities as a leader. But there is a vast difference between leadership and Boss-ship. The people are always willing to follow a leader, but they are unwilling to be bossed, and any attempt to do so will always result, in the end, in a revolt. If this bossing business is not abandoned, or the Democratic party does not unload its bosses, the voters will unload it."

A GEORGIAN ON SENATOR HILL'S LETTER.—Judge O. A. Lochrane, of Georgia, was in Baltimore last week, and while there was interviewed by a *Gazette* reporter as to his views on Senator Hill's recent letter favoring the disbanding of the Democratic party and the formation of a new organization.

In response the Judge said that Senator Hill was a man of ability, but the organization of a new party, to be called the National Union party was impracticable. The Republican party was a National Union party, and if we made any step between the Democratic party and the Republican it would be only a halt on one formed to sustain Garfield's administration. Mr. Hill's position would lead him and his friends into the next Republican convention to renominate Garfield. The logic of events taught the South many lessons, and none more strongly than that a solid South made a solid North. He prophesied the South would be more than half Republican States in the next four years. Centralism was a shadow nobody feared, but repudiation of debts by Southern States was a species of States rights that banded all the interests of wealth against it, and it was feared by all the leading men of the North.

OPPOSITION TO THE "PASSION PLAY."—A New York letter says: 'The signatures to the petition to the mayor and board of aldermen, instituted at the instance of various religious societies in this city, condemnatory of the 'Passion Play,' are rapidly increasing at all the places in which the petition is presented thro'out the city. There seems to be a universal feeling of indignation against the proposed representation of the life, sufferings and death of Jesus Christ that will eventually compel its withdrawal should Manager Abbey still persist in his project. The text of the petition is in effect that of the San Francisco ordinances by which arrests were made, and under which James O'Neill, the actor personating 'Christ,' was fined $50."

The Parkersburg *Journal* lately made the following very forcible and truthful remark:

Every Republican paper in the State was a lively and effective campaign document" throughout the campaign. And if the money that was put into torchlight processions, brass bands and trashy campaign literature had been used in placing Republican newspapers in every voter's hands, the State could have been carried for Garfield.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25, 1880.

The annual report of Acting Commissioner Marble of the Indiana Bureau, is full of encouraging particulars in regard to the wild and half civilized under the tutelage of the United States. They are making steady advancement in industry and education. Of 255,938 Indians, exclusive of those of Alaska, only 18,000 are now classed as "wild" Indians. There will remain some 5,000 of the Old Five Nations confederacy in New York, and there are 10,000 Chippeaws in Michigan. Outside of the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory, who are now self supporting and raise large crops and herds, the agency Indians have 170,847 acres of land in cultivation, of which 27,280 acres were broken up since the last report, and they raised a million and a half bushels of grain and vegetables, besides owning nearly a million head of sheep and cattle. Mr. Marble says that the Indians ask to have land given to them in severally with great urgency, and he recommends that Congress pass the necessary laws to that end. He also recommends the suppression of pologamy, the legalizing of Indian marriages and a criminal code suitable to the condition of the tribes. Mr. Marble reports a very encouraging progress in education among the Indians. There were in operation during the year some sixty boarding and 110 day schools, accommodating some 7,000 pupils, while Congress has made no provision for 17 agencies, which have 50,000 Indians in charge. The Indians are eager to learn and are learning rapily, and every facility should be afforded them in this direction, as there is no other way of fitting them for the citizenship which must sooner or later be conferred upon them. The report contains a great many interesting details of the manner in which our Government seeks to repair the wrongs which the Indians have suffered at the hands of the whites and to make up to them the loss of a continent.

The scheme to create our ex-Presidents Senators for life, though commanding consiberable public attention, does not appear to win enough popular favor. Among every race of people, in every form of Government, there is a clinging to old established usages and forms that frowns upon any innovation upon them. This feeling exhibites in the matter of disposing of our idle ex-Presidents. I think the popular feeling against such radical changes in our constitution will prevent any steps being taken to accomplish it. If the people of this country wish to aid our Ex-Executives in a manner which would require no sacrifice of dignity to accomplish, let Congress increase the salary of the President, to say one hundred thousand a year, or even more. This would require no change in the Constitution, no exhaustion by the public, and could be accepted with honor by the occupant of the Presidential Chair. Surely we pay our President little enough compared with the salaries of some officers in this country, but compared with other great Nations, the comparative pittance paid him is a disgrace to the generosity of this people. Can we in this matter realize that Republics are truely ungrateful, or are our people too intent upon self aggrandizement to give thought to the needs of the occupant of our White House, to provide him the wherewith to live the rest of his life in dignified seclusion.

LOGAN.

A CURIOUS VISITOR.—There arrived here in the steamship City of Brussels, from Liverpool, Soofaly Hystala, a Bombay merchant prince, who brings with him his four native wives. They were in charge of another woman and a Eunich. In addition were the servants of the male sex, varying in size, height and age.

The Prince says each servant has certain things to do. No servant does two things, and when I get tired and weary I make them amuse me. They are all good musicians. During our trip across they had plenty of opportunity for practice, as in that time some of our most solemn feasts took place. To the last of these we invited the passengers and they were highly amused. Then I have my conjurer, my snake charmer and my women who dance for me after dinner. When the Prince of Wales visited Bombay some years ago I entertained him, and on that occasion my wives showed him the Nautch dance. The Prince says he is here just to see the United States.

By some curious mistake a ticket has been sent to this office which obviously belongs to the Editor of *The World*. The body of the interesting card bears this inscription t "Quadrennial Excursion of the Democratic Party. The holder of this ticket is entitled to one first-class passage up Salt River. The 'Superb' steamer Solid South has been chartered for this trip. The owners have taken out a shotgun policy and provided a choice selection of red shirts, tissue-ballots, mules, forged letters and old Bourbon for the comfort of the crowd. As the owners believe in a tariff for revenue only, fare for the trip will be 329." On the coupon which is attached there is this highly taking announcement: "This coupon will admit the bearer to the great Morey Reception, including an introduction to and close personal association with the most notorious forgers, libellers, perjurers, nigger killers, gamblers and thieves in the country, who always join these regular quadrennial excursions. Cipher dispatches will be received at all landings." If *The World* does not claim the ticket, it will be forwarded to Forney, as he needs a change more than any one else now groaning on the surface of politics.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The forged Morey letter was the text of Henry Ward Beecher's sermon last Sunday night. He spoke of it in the following scathing terms: "Of this last attempt, with this deliberate concoction of a low and venomous lie, brought forth by forgery and expedited by perjury, and that too by the ministration of the organized members of the great Democratic party, I think in the whole history of political transactions there has never been anything whose infamy was so deep, whose disgrace was so black, and on which history will set such a blazing seal, as upon that transaction."

TELEGRAPHIC.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF NEW YORK.

ALBANY, N. Y. November 22.—The State canvassers have declared the following results of the late election in this State: Garfield, 555,544; Hancock, 534, 511; Weaver, 12,373; Dow, 1,517. Garfield's plurality over Hancock, 21,033.

THE NEWCOMER KEAN CASE.

WESTMINISTER, MD., November 20.—The jury in the Newcomer-Kean slander suit, after a brief absence, returned a verdict at 5 P. M. allowing damages in favor of complainant to the amount of $3,500. The first vote taken was the lowest, $1,000. The highest was $6,060. A compromise was finally reached at the above figure. It is hinted that an appeal will be taken.

CUTTING LOOSE FROM KELLY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The *Herald* this morning prints an address to Hon. Lester B. Faulker, chairman of the Democratic State central committee, dated Staten Island, Richmond county, New York, November 16, and signed by the officers of several Democratic clubs and fifteen merchants and bankers, in which, after reciting their earnest action in behalf of the Democratic party at the late election, they say: "It is our calm judgment that the true interest of the country at large and the honor of the Democracy were basely sacrificed to the personal advantage and unreflecting malice of a man on whom the party has heaped unmerited honors and benefits." They conclude as follows: "Deeply convinced of these facts, we, for ourselves and for the constituency which we represent, desire to notify you and through you the Democracy of the State that we finally withdraw from all political sympathy with John Kelly, of New York, and that we will never again by our money, our moral influence or our votes support the nominee of any State or national convention in which he is permitted to exercise his former pernicious dictatorship."

DEATH OF GOVERNOR WILLIAMS OF INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 20.—Governor James D. Williams, who has already been reported as seriously ill, died at 12:30 P. M. today. Governor Williams was in his 73d year, having been born in Pickaway county, Ohio, on January 8th, 1808. After receiving a common school education in Indiana, to which State his parents had moved, he engaged in farming, and in 1843 was elected to the State legislature, of which he was, at times, a member until 1863. He served three terms, of four years each, as State senator, and in 1874 was elected by the Democrats to the Forty-fourth Congress, in which he was appointed, in 1875, as chairman of the Committee on Accounts. In 1876 he was elected governor of Indiana, his term not expiring until January 3, 1881. He was taken ill on election day, his malady being inflammation of the bladder, with which he had been afflicted about fifteen years. The funeral will take place at Gov. Williams' late home, near Wheatland, Knox county, on Wednesday, and the remains will lie in state in Indianapolis on to-morrow and Monday. Lieutenant Governor Gray was telegraphed today, and will arrive to-night and assume the office of governor until the meeting of the legislature in January.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, November 20.—The flags on the State House here are at half mast, as a token of respect to the late Governor Williams, of Indiana,

LOCAL NEWS.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., was in attendance at the Allegany county court this week.

—Several ice houses were filled this week in Oakland. The ice is about 6 inches thick and of the finest quality.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett is attending the annual session of the State School Board, which met Wednesday at Baltimore.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—The Orphans' Court was in session Tuesday, but transacted no business of general interest. Adjourned to meet Tuesday, December 14th.

—The Third National Bank of Cumberland moved into its new quarters, No. 77 Baltimore Street last Thursday. The room has been fitted up in elegant style.

—A communication from Sang Run and an obituary notice from Deer Park, was received too late for publication this week, owing to our going to press earlier in order to observe Thanksgiving.

—Died—Sunday last, near Oakland, Md., Mrs. Ann Lower, wife of Mr. William Lower, aged about 58 years. Deceased had been a member of the M. E. Church for many years.

—For Sale—A first class sewing machine. Will take feed in exchange, such as oats, corn, hay and 1 load of straw. Inquire of

I. W. SLONAKER.
Oakland, Md.

—R. L. Gross, ex sheriff of Allegany county, was so severely injured by being thrown from his horse on the Baltimore Pike, near Cumberland, Saturday last, that he died Monday evening.

—We have had the coldest weather this month that we have had for several years in November. Sunday and Monday nights the thermometer registered from 4° to 12° below zero in and about Oakland.

Dentistry.

Owing to sickness Dr. J. Daily, Dentist, is forced to cancell his engagement here announced last week.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, November 20th, 1880.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

Chas. S. Beatty, Jacob Beeman, A. H. Bowman, Matt. Callahan, Geo. O. Chase, R. G. Darr & Co., Davis Reese, Walter S. Franklin, George S. Freeman, 2, Geo. H. Hubbard, 2, Mrs. Kate Jenson, Miss J. Jones, Jas. W. Jones, Mrs. Olivia Kirk, Jas. W. Lettice, Maria Mornaux, James N. Monroe, J. L. Newman, Virginia Ringer, Miss Carrie Simms, Mr. Setton, C. W. Sidnam.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Garrett Literary Society.

After a recess of a few months the Garrett Literary Society reorganized on last Saturday evening, with the following officers:

President—W. P. Townshend.
Vice Pres.—F. A. Thayer.
Recording Sec.—C. H. Loar.
Financial Sec.—F. P. Arnold.
Treasurer—A. B. Woodcock.
Librarian—Arthur Townshend.
Editor—G. T. Porter.
Critic—Miss L. A. Thayer.

The Society meets every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Legge's Hall. The exercises consist of declamations, essays, select readings, &c. A good library is also connected with the Society. All are cordially invited to attend.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 24:

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Patrick Healey, part of a tract of land called "Latent Worth," 25 acres; $150.

Michael Lohr and wife to School Commissioners, piece of land in county containing 84 perches; $12.

Henry S. Spiker and wife to Frederick Cutter, part of a tract called "Republic," 125 acres; $2,500.

Henry Spiker and wife to Frederick Cutter, ptece of land adjoining lands of Lochiel Company; $1 and other considerations.

Band of Hope.

The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope, Thursday evening of last week was not so well attended as usual, owing to the inclement weather. The first business transacted was the induction of Rev. S. E. Jones into the office of President of the Society, the constitution providing that the minister in charge shall fill that position. On assuming the chair the new President made a short but pointed and telling address. The following programme was well rendered: Selections, Misses Mary Davis, Lizzie Harne and Lou A. Thayer; essays, Messrs. John A. Grant and H. Allen Isan. The Band of Hope choir rendered good music.

The next meeting of this society will be held on the third Thursday evening of December, and will be the anniversary meeting. A good programme will be presented.

Pompey Smash.

Pompey Smash figures in the Morey letter business. Later developments show that the accommodating witnesses who stood ready to help bolster up the Morey letter fraud were found in Pompey Smash, Allegany county, Maryland.

Pomey Smash! Curious name, that. It is a name that excites curiosity. It is in our power to gratify this reasonable and innocent curiosity. We have looked on Pompey Smash—and survive. But had anybody predicted at the outset of the letter that has advertised *Truth* as no newspaper in the world was ever advertised before, that it would finally be run into a hole like Pompey Smash, we would have expressed doubts as to the correctness of the prediction. We would have said it was not possible to connect Pompey Smash with anything or anybody. We do not propose now to describe Pompey Smash. We could not do it justice. We prefer to let another describe Pompey Smash, promising that it is located about eighteen miles from Cumberland, on the mountains, and about three miles from Frostburg. An ancient negro is the artist or lecturer:

"Ye no 'long ober de hills—mos'ly down hill. Way off from de railway. Way off from de road. Dere ain't no road to Pompey Smash. Yo jis walk up an' down side hills, cross de fields, (ef yo don't like walkin' on stuns), till yo come to a place whar you'd think de Lord rained rocks on de heathen. Yo go on till bimeby yo come to a place whar yo see smoke comin' out the yearth. Don' be 'fraid. Dem burnin pits bin smokin' evah so long. Min' yo don't drap in de holes. It gets 'rockier an' rockier. Bimeby you'll see Pompey Smash. Yo can't miss it. De rocks rained down dar are bigger dan houses. You'll be kerful o' the dogs at Pompey Smash. An' goats. De houses built agin de rocks slam jam up. Pig troughs and pig sties square in de path. People? Dere's right smart o' people in Pompey Smash. Almos. as many folks as goats and dogs.' 'Tain't possible to miss Pompey Smash if you trabel dat way. I recken deres most two or three hundred folks in Pompey Smash. But if ye want enjoyment, jis you go to Pompey Smash Sunday, when de men an' de wimmen an' de dogs tight. Fight? Dey don't do nothin' else Sundays. Its a leetle down hill, Pompey Smash—you'd think yo's shorely reached de end of de worl'. Looks jis like de materlal run out 'bout de time Pompey Smash was made.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

On the Subject of Roads.

The public roads of a district show the spirit and enterprise of the people in the district to a certain extent, and all will admit that good public roads add to the value of the land as much, if not more, than anything of equal cost. A bad road means a small load with great wear and tear to a wagon and team, and bad roads are the complaint generally. Why? First, they are badly drained and not enough work done on them; second, there is but little thought given to making roads, and the work is often done late in the fall; third, men plow and scrape more than there is any need of, and make a narrow, poor road when they get through. It is cheaper to make a good wide road when the land will permit, than a narrow one, from the fact that in making a wide one you simply bring the dirt from the ditches upon the road bed, which should never be plowed up or disturbed. A public road should be 35 feet from outside to outside of ditches, highest in the centre, and curving gradually to the outside of the ditches. The road bed (that is the part between the inside of the ditches) should be 25 feet wide. The ditches should be 5 feet wide and 1 foot deep on the outside, and deeper, if necessary, with sufficient grade to draw off the water, otherwise there will be a bad, muddy road. Now with such a road the bed is solid, and the soil scraped on top will soon pack and become hard. There is no danger in being tipped over, and travel is not obliged to follow in a single rut, as it must be in a narrow road. Dry roads mean good ditches. To fill up mud holes without draining is simply putting in more dirt to make more mud.

OAKLAND, MD., Nov. 22d, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Believing you to be interested in the advancement of the churches in our town, I ask a space in your columns, thinking that what I am about to say will interest, some at least of your many readers.

As announced, the pastor of the Oakland Ev. Lutheran church was installed last Sabbath morning, also the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Rev. J. J. Young, of Accident, preached in the morning, delivering the charge to the people. Bro. Young's sermon was full of interest, delivered in his usual forcible manner, containing many truths and full of interest to his large congregation. P. H. Miller, of Lovettsville, Va., preached at night, giving the charge to the pastor. This sermon was full of interest to all who had the pleasure of hearing it, making the people feel by his forcible delivery that the truths presented were indeed Divine commands as handed down to us through the oracles of God. Altogether this was a delightful season, making us to feel that refreshing from on high. The Maryland Synod can justly be proud of such men as Bros. Young and Miller. Our church so long vacant, has been lifted from her despondency by a bright ray in the person of the Rev. Wm. Stondenmier, of Orangeburg, S. C. This brother having accepted a call from the council and congregation of this church has entered upon his duties and the work already shows signs of life. We feel that we are no longer without a head, but that the Lord has raised up one to go in and out before His people. This young brother seems to go into the work with the spirit of the Master, devoting his God-given powers to the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom in the earth, and though comparatively a stranger in our midst his many warm friends already acquired, attest that he is the right man in the right place destined to make himself useful, devoting himself with great zeal and energy to his labor of love. We believe that through his instrumentality a new era for good has dawned upon us, and we urge upon our people that assistance that can come only from them. See to it then that, by our prayers, by our many acts of kindness we may assist our young brother in the discharge of his arduous work.

This charge, though few in number in consequence of the separation of Piedmont, can be counted in good working order, and we do earnestly hope and pray that the time is not far distant when we shall be self-sustaining and no more burden our generous synod, but be a help to her as she has been to us.

We extend our thanks to our good brothers Young and Miller for their kind words spoken in our midst and for the good cheer given us. May the blessings of God follow them all their days.

And now Mr. Editor, thanking you for this indulgence, I close.

Very truly yours,
O. A. L.

OAKLAND, Nov. 23d, 1880.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In the *Democrat* of last week I find an editorial on the report given the *Baltimore American* of our procession and meeting. The *Democrat* has suddenly become quite sentimental in the cause of truth (?); it interposes its little hatchet and proposes to tomahawk us on the spot. It says of us: "The correspondent was rather verdant or his judgment was at fault." And how was the *Democrat* able to judge of the correctness of that report? It did not see the procession, was not at the meeting. It is most positively asserted and known that the *Democrat* with a Solid South and the rest of the Democratic crew, with sad and scowling visage, at about 6 o'clock P. M., Nov. 2d, started on a twenty years cruise up Salt River, as an exploring expedition in search of "States' Rights." They sailed from pier "Defeat," in that same old hulk "We've got 'em this time, boys," which they have had in use on said stream for the past twenty years. The last and latest report from the vessel stated that the *Democrat* was furious and fussing around with its little hatchet in one hand, while it persisted in scribbling "As goes Maine so goes the Union," "329," De Golyer, and the like, much to the annoyance of "Old Widow Butler" and other obsolete politicians, who with broken hearts and streaming eyes were discussing the merits of a New Flop they had invented or proposed to invent; and that by some means unknown to the Captain "Superb" it wormed its way into the cabin and was embellishing the floor with some trite expression of its effulgent wit before it was discovered (the wit however, was evanescent) and it was about to be eliminated, when it claimed the *usufruct* of the cabin—that word spoken, nothing more was required. Boss Kelly, Hewitt, Sam Randall, Ben Hill, Wade in the blood-of-Sherman Hampton and others engaged in throwing dirt at each other, (a plentiful supply of which they had on board) which resulted in a general melee and the escape of Barnum's "mules." The strain was too great for the rotten old craft; it went to pieces and all on board went down in search of Morey. This report is confirmed by the recovery of the only floating piece of driftwood, on one side of which was scribbled the editorial referred to, while the reverse side bears the inscription: The Democrats of the United States in convention assembled declare in favor of *a tariff for Revenue only*, and a *fac simile* of the forged Chinese letter. This relic is preserved and stored in the archives of the *Democrat*, and will be used in the formation of the "new party" that is to oppose the grand old Republican party which for more than twenty years has verdantly been the champion of human rights and human liberty, which is *verdant* now, and will continue *verdant* in the hearts of the American people so long as its principles are opposed, whatever may be asserted by the *Democrat* to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

OAKLAND, Nov, 23d, 1880.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

Inasmuch as I contributed that "Democratic Prayer" published in THE REPUBLICAN of the 13th inst., I am willing to take all the responsibility in connection with it, and desire to say in answer to the comment of the *Democrat*.

If the eminent (?) critic of that Journal can find the slightest trace of infidelity in that prayer without appropriating (which would be an arrogant act without a parallel) for the use of the late Democratic party the eternal and celestial dignity of being the God of life and death, in whose hands are the destiny of nations; of being the Christ over all, the Savior of mankind; of being the great quickening power; the Holy Ghost; in brief, the Triune God, he certainly is in possession of an imaginative brain as fertile as the potato bug whom, it is claimed, can reproduce itself 329,329,329,329 times in one short season. But if the *late Democratic party* be God, why, then I confess to the crime of infidelity, to which the s. c. may add blasphemy and I will express my thanks to the *Democrat* (which certainly has been both a "little" seraph and cherub in that defunct party, in its courts and around the throne of that defunct god, whose record the devil himself would be ashamed to own) for its compliment, viz: "It is a fine tribute to infidelity."

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "One of the daily items of news which never grows monotonous, although it is now repeated with unfailing regularity, is the report of the shipments of gold to this country from Europe. This movement is now going on as one of the regular features of our foreign trade, and is considered a pretty good sign, very much as the movement of emigrants this way is considered a pretty good sign. There are evidences that this poor old country will be able to stand four more years of Republican rule."

MRS. HAYES AND MRS. GARFIELD.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says of the President elect and his wife: "General Garfield is the President of our literary society, and during the past year it has met at his house. It was more pleasantly entertained there than it had ever been before. Mrs. Garfield exerted even her latent social powers that night, and it was difficult for her guests to break away from her delightful parlors. The latter, *entre nous*, were, and are, furnished in the style of Noah. That makes no difference of course, although the contrast between them and those which some of the guests had left at home was marked. There was something really pathetic to me in the information telegraphed from Cleveland that General and Mrs. Garfield were purchasing furniture and a sealskin sacque. However, they can afford to gratify their taste for four years now, and forget the pinched past. What we here rejoice in is that when Mrs. Hayes steps out and Mrs. Garfield steps into the White House on the 4th of March next, there will be no abrupt turning in the course of the Presidential, or rather the Mrs. Presidential, social customs and decrees. It is needless to say that Mrs. Hayes will be missed. She will be missed by many of whom the world knows nothing, wants to know nothing—the naked, hungry, sick and in prison—unto whose wants she has ministered, "all so silently;" but regrets will not be so poignant as they would be were she to be succeeded by an inferior woman."

The defeat of David S. Terry, one of the Democratic candidates on the electoral ticket in California, is a remarkable instance of punishment for a crime more than twenty years old. Terry killed Senator Broderick in the famous duel of 1859, and the murder—for it was nothing less—was forgotten until its celebrity was revived in consequence of the nomination of Terry. While the other five Democratic electors in California were chosen by small pluralities, his name was so heavily scratched that he was defeated—a very unusual thing in the case of an elector. The people humiliated him as the only penalty they could inflict for the shedding of the blood of Broderick. The latter belonged to the Douglas wing of the Democratic party in California just before the war. His influence was very powerful, and the pro-slavery or Breckenridge faction had decided that he must be put out of the way. Terry was an accomplished duellist, and picked the quarrel with Broderick which resulted in the latter's death. He was no marksman, and when he accepted the challenge he felt that he had sealed his own fate. His bullet struck the ground in front of his antagonist, and Terry then shot him through the heart. Terry went into the Confederate service, returned to California after the close of the war, aspired to re-enter political life, and has had his ambition disappointed by the votes of the people, who have visited upon him a just rebuke.

A rather good but tardy story comes from an Indiana town, where the Democrats shared the confidence of their distinguished statesman, Mr. W. H. English, and were absolutely sure of the perfect triumph of the Democratic ticket. On the night of the election they placed a loaded cannon on the town square, and patiently awaited the news. It came—and the Democrats slunk home, leaving the unfired cannon behind. Thereupon the enthusiastic Republicans placed over the dumb mouth of this piece of ordnance a card bearing the well known words of the hymn:

"A charge to keep I have."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 130 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [e26-1y

ROAD PETITION.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett County:

GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned petitioners respectfully pray your Honors to appoint viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the opening of a public road, beginning near the Factory, on the Oakland and Deer Park road, through the lands of Nathan Casteel to the division line between Mrs. Kilbourn and Geo. W. Legge and to follow said line to the division line between Mrs. Hall and Ralph Thayer, and with said line to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's; and in duty, &c.

G. W. LEGGE,
RALPH THAYER,
E. A. KILBOURN.

11 13 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HO! FOR THE BARGAINS!

ABSOLUTELY UNPARALELLED!!

A saving of from 25 to 100 per cent, by purchasing your goods at the

NEW YORK AUCTION STORE.

Store open every day from 9 o'clock in the morning.

Note the prices. Come and see for yourself. Read every word; don't fail. Heed! heed! Go where the Red Flag floateth, and you will save money! money! money!!!

With goods direct from Headquarters from the immense auction sales, from the embarrassed and overworked factory hard pressed for money, we are prepared to offer you some queer quotations and special inducements in prices away down below regular wholesale rates. We respectfully submit for your consideration the following astounding facts and unanswerable arguments, as also the difference between what is termed regular prices and the Rock Bottom Prices we offer you for the Ready Money Down.

	Our price.	Reg.
Ladies button morocco shoes,	$1.75	$2.75
Ladies' gant. mor. shoes,	1.30	1.75
" lace "	1.60	2.25
Childrens button "	80	1.30
Infant' " "	50	75
Ladies' kid "	1.60	2.50
Overalls,	35&60	50&90

Overcoats, $4, $6, $7, 50 *per cent. below regular price.*
Ladies' cloaks and Dolmans, $2.50 *to* $10, 50 *to* 100 *per cent below regular price.*

Special inducements in Cloaks and Dolmans.

Needles, 2 c. paper, 8 c. regular; shoe ties, 3 c dozen, 2 to 8 c regular; pearl buttons, 12½ c dozen. 25c regular; dress buttons, 100 per cent, below; arabian dress goods, 8 c a yard, 12½ c regular; fine Mohair, 2tc, 35c regular; Men's undershirts and drawers 35c each, 50c to 60c regular; Cassimere, 30c, 50 to 60 regular; satinet, 25 to 33c, 40 to 50c regular; Men's Russian caps, 75, $1.25 regular; Men's Petersham caps, 40c, 75 regular. Also special bargains in

Hats, Caps, Furs, Ladies' Lace Goods,

Trimmings, torshow lace, spool silk, twists, box paper, writing paper and envelopes, foolscap, legal cap, and letter paper.

Chromos, Oil Paintings,

Ladies' and children's wool and cotton hose, fancy and solid colors.

ACCORDEONS.

Harmonicas, &c. The best 50 cent corset in the place.

New quotations and new inducements offered every week. We would call your especial attention to the line of Holiday Goods that will be offered about the middle of December.

W. A. DAILY & CO.

GENERAL.

AT a recent kangaroo "drive" in Australia 8,000 of the animals were killed.

THE Mormons have thirty-one missionaries in Great Britain, and will send twenty more.

A RATTLESNAKE killed near San Diego, Cal., had eleven rattles, and in its stomach a good-sized rabbit.

THE religious movement against "banged" hair is extending. Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has issued a prohibitory order on the subject.

REMINISCENCES are being published of the first sleeping-car ever seen in this country, which made its appearance at Toledo, September 16, 1856. It was the invention of Woodruff, now so well known, and caused by his desire to make traveling more comfortable for his sick wife. The arrangements were very primitive, being an old car filled with a double tier of bunks, which were intended to be portable and adjustable. From that small beginning have grown the splendid and convenient affairs used everywhere, and which have become indispensable to the traveler.

NEXT year Great Britain takes her census, and, with the exception of one trifling change, on the plan of the census of 1871. It is all to be taken on the night of Sunday, April 3. The following day the returns, as filled up by the householders, will be collected, and corrected when erroneous. Then the books will be turned over to the registrars, and the results duly tabulated. Great Britain is a small and a densely settled country, compared with the United States. Still, with allowances for the difference in this respect, a census taken in a day contrasts rather strongly with our own, where, even in cities as thickly populated as the English, the work of enumeration extends to a fortnight or three weeks.

KO HUN HUA, the Chinese professor at Harvard, is described as an acute reasoner and close observer. He has learned to speak English fairly, and he spends most of his time reading, for his college duties amount to nothing, as he has had but one pupil, and at present has none. His contract is for three years, whether there are any students in his classes or not. The Springfield *Republican* tells this story of him: "Great was his surprise one morning to receive a printed communication from the college officials, which he took to be a dismissal. Rushing at once to a Professor near by, he thrust the circular into his hands, exclaiming in an indignant and injured tone, 'Tree year; boy, no boy!' His relief was speedy when he was assured that the circular was simply the regular official announcement of his engagement by the college."

A COLORED man named Manderson has been arrested in Philadelphia on the charge of swindling a number of his own race by playing on their superstitions and credulity. About two years ago Manderson went to the house of an old colored man named Cropper and told the latter that he knew where to find $100,000 which had been buried in the cellar of Cropper's house many years before, and offered to recover the treasure upon the payment of $25. He asked Cropper to let him have $2 with which to purchase the necessary tools. The required amount was given him and he returned with the tools and he began digging for the treasure. He refused to complete the work until the remainder of the money was paid, and Cropper gave him $23 more. Manderson then locked the old man and several others in a room and made his escape. Six months ago the prisoner visited the house of a poor woman and informed her that he was able to work a charm that would be to her advantage. He took her aside and after many mysterious actions told her to place a fifty-cent piece upon each corner of a note and one in the middle. The woman was requested to leave the room and not return until he called her. She left, and so did he, but he was subsequently arrested and served a short term of imprisonment.

Winter on the Summit of the Sierras.

I SPENT the winter of 1864-5 "snowed in" on the Sierra summit, at Eureka Valley, on the Sonora and Mono road, some 8,000 feet above the level. I had the company of two men, Dave Hays and Jack Welch, both good mountaineers, good hunters, good miners, ranchmen, hotel-keepers, good men and true at any thing they chose to turn their hands to. Both are alive now and are deserving of a fair share of immortal fame. Hays had most of his toes frozen off at the second joint a winter or two afterward, as he had become over-confident and thought he could risk any thing in the mountains. He was belated one winter night crossing the "Mountain Brow," distant some forty miles east of Eureka Valley. Over the "Brow" swept the coldest of winds and Hays betook himself for shelter to a sort of cave, and when he emerged in the morning he was as good as toeless. In point of weather the Sierra summits are fearfully deceitful. You may cross and find it as fair as an October day in New England. In two hours a storm may come up, the air be filled with fine needle-like particles of snow blown from the surrounding peaks, and these striking against you like millions on millions of fine needle-points will carry the heat from your body much faster than the body can generate it. I was once nearly frozen to death in one of these snow-driving gales when less than three miles from our house. Hays built the house we lived in and it would have been a credit to any architect. It was fifty feet in length by eighteen in width and made of logs, squared and dovetailed at the ends. It was intended for a "road house." Hays was landlord, cook, chambermaid and barkeeper. I have known him to cook a supper for a dozen guests and when they were bestowed in their blankets, there being no flour for breakfast, he would jump on horseback and ride to Niagara Creek, twelve miles distant, supply himself and ride back to cook the breakfast.

When the winter set in at Eureka Valley, and it set out to set in very early, it commenced snowing. It never really stopped snowing until the next spring. There were intervals of more or less hours when it did not snow, but there was always snow in the air; always somewhere in the heavens that grayish white look of the snow cloud; always that peculiar chill and smell, too, which betoken snow. It snowed when we went to bed; it snowed all day, or at intervals during the day; it was ever monotonously busy, busy; sometimes big flakes, sometimes littles flakes coming down, down, down; coming deliberately straight down, or driving furiously in our faces, or crossing and recrossing in zigzag lines. The snow heavens seemed but a few feet above the mountain-tops; they looked heavy and full of snow, and gave one a crushing sensation. We seemed just between two great bodies of snow, one above our heads; one laying on the ground.

Our house, whose ridge-pole was eighteen feet from the ground, began gradually to disappear. At intervals of three or four days it was necessary to shovel the snow from the roof, which would otherwise have been crushed in. This added to the accumulation about us. Snow covered up the windows and mounted to the eaves. The path to the spring was through a cut high above our heads. That to the barn was through another similar. Snow all about us lay at an average depth of eight feet. Only the sloping roof of the house was visible, and so much in color did it assimilate with the surrounding rocks, pine and snow that one unacquainted with the locality might have passed within a few feet without recognizing it as a human residence.

December, January, February and March passed, and we heard nothing from the great world outside of and below us. We arose in the morning, cooked, ate our breakfast, got out fencing stuff till dinner time, going and returning from our work on show-shoes, and digging in the snow a pit large enough to work in. We ate our noon beans, returned to work, skated back to the house by half-past two to get in firewood for the night, and at half-past three or four the dark winter's day was over, and we had fifteen hours to live through before getting the next day's meager allowance of light, for Eureka Valley is a narrow cleft in the mountains not over a quarter of a mile in width, and lined on either side by ridges 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height. The sun merely looked in at the eastern end about nine a. m., said "good day," and was off again. We rolled in sufficient firewood every night to supply any civilized family for a week. Two-thirds of the caloric generated went up our chimney. It did not have far to go, either. The chimney was very wide and very low. At night a person unacquainted with the country might have tumbled into the house through that chimney. The winds of heaven did tumble into it frequently, scattering ashes and sometimes cinders throughout the domicil. Sometimes they thus assailed us while getting breakfast. We consumed ashes plentifully in our breakfasts; we drank small charcoal in our coffee; we found it in the bread. On cold mornings the flapjacks would cool on one side ere they were baked on the other. A warm meal was enjoyed only by placing the tin coffee-cup on the hot coals after drinking, and a similar process was necessary with the other viands. The "other viands" were generally bread, bacon, beans and beef. It was peculiar beef. It was beef fattened on oak leaves and bark. Perhaps some of you ancients may recollect the two consecutive rainless summers of "63" and "64," when tens of thousands of cattle were driven from the totally dried-up plains into the mountains for feed.

It was a winter of deathly quiet in Eureka Valley. Enveloped in snow, it lay in a shroud. Occasionally a tempest would find its way into the gorge and rampage around for a while, roaring through the pines and dislodging the frozen lumps of snow in their branches, which whirled down, bang! bang! bang! like so many rocks on our housetop. Sometimes we heard the rumble of rocks or snowslides tumbling from the mountains. But usually a dead, awful quiet prevailed. It wore on one worse than any uproar. No sound from day to day of rumble or rattle of cart or wagon, no church bells, no milkman's bell, no gossip or chatter of inhabitants, no street for them to walk down or gossip in, none of the daily clamor of civilized life save what we made ourselves. It was a curious sensation to see one or both of my two companions at a distance from the house. They looked such insignificant specks in the whitened valley. And to meet the same man after four or five hours of absence and to know that he had nothing new to tell, that he hadn't been any where in a certain sense, since without neighbors' houses or neighboring villages there was "nowhere" to get that sort of bracing-up that one derives from any sort of companionship.

We were very cosy and comfortable during those long winter nights, seated in the red glare of our rudely-built, wide-mouth fire-place. But sometimes, on a clear moonlight night, I have, for the sake of change, put on the snow-shoes and glided a few hundred yards away from the house. In that intense and icy silence the beating of one's heart could be distinctly heard, and the crunching of the snow under feet sounded harsh and disagreeable. All about the myriads of tall pines in the valley and on the mountain side were pointing straight to the heavens, and the crags in black shadow above and behind them maintained also the same stern, unyielding silence. The faintest whisper of a breeze would have been a relief. If you gained an elevation it was but to see and feel more miles on miles of snows, pines, peaks and silence. Very grand, but a trifle awful; it seemed as if every body must have stopped. In such isolation it was difficult to realize that miles away were crowded, babbling, bustling, rallying, roaring cities, full of men and women, all absorbed and intent on such miserably trifling things as boots and shoes, pantaloons and breakfasts, suppers, beds, corsets and cucumbers. We were outside of creation. We had stepped off. We seemed in the dread, dreary outer regions of space, where the sun had not warmed things into life. It was an awful sort of church and a cold one. It might not make a skeptic devotional; it would certainly cause him to wonder where he came from or where he was going to. A half-hour of this cold, silent Sierran winter morning was quite enough of the sublime. It sent one back to the fireside with an increased thankfulness for such comforts as coffee, tobacco and warm blankets.—*Prentice Mulford, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Religious.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I.

O LIFE! O Death! Ye dread mysterious twain,
Battling us from the cradle to the bier;
Phantoms that fill our souls with strange, vague fear,
Elusive as the forms that haunt the brain
Of the sick raver. Question we in vain
The lore of all the ages, sage and seer,
To answer why and who ye are, and clear
The clouds that round you evermore remain.
Whence come ye? Whither go ye? None may say—
One leads man walking in an idle show
Along the myriad paths of joy and woe
To where the other waits to bear away
The enfranchised Soul, that shartless Ocean o'er,
To the dim land whence man returns no more.

II.

O Life! O Death! How good ye are and fair,
As, luminous in the glory of God's love,
Ye stand revealed His Angels from above!
Angels we've entertained, though unaware—
The janitors that wait our souls to bear
Through either gate of fleing; not to rove
Unguided, but in course prescribed to move,
Fixed as the planets' paths that roll through air.
In Christ's "dear might," your Lord and ours, now bold
With reverend courage, lol the vail we raise
Erst wrapped around you, and with wondering gaze
Your solemn bounty undismayed behold,
No more dread mysteries, our souls to scare,
Making Life Vanity and Death Despair.

III.

Life is no sleepless dream, as poets sing;
Death is no dreamless sleep, as sophists say.
A deeper wisdom tells us, brothers they,
Loving, though parted until Time shall bring
The twain together in their journeying
To part no more on that supremest day,
When Heaven and Earth and Time shall pass away,
And Christ shall reign o'er all as God and King.
Yet, till they meet, there stands a third between,
A brother, like yet differing from each,
And he is Sleep, whose mission is to teach
What Life's and Death's less mysteries may mean
Till, Life's watch o'er, we "fall on sleep," to spring
To deathless Life through Death's awakening.
—*John Francis Waller.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 21—Joseph and his Brethren.....Gen. 44: 30-34; 45:1-8
Nov. 28—Jacob and Pharaoh.....Gen. 47: 1-12
Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph..Gen. 50:14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY, one of the New Testament revisers, says in the November *North American Review:*

The work of the revisers has been a double one, to ascertain (I speak of the New Testament now) the genuine Greek text, and then to correct or modify the English translation. It is well known that Erasmus' Greek text was the result of the examination of only five Greek manuscripts of a late date and a use of the Vulgate. The Elzevir second edition (1633), which has been the "Textus Receptus" ever since, was founded on Erasmus' text and the Complutensian through the labors of the two Stephens and Beza, and I suppose it is safe to say that not over twenty manuscripts were consulted in all that went to make up this "Textus Receptus." It is also safe to say that none of these Mss. were of ancient date except Codex Bezæ (D), noted for its deviations from other authorities. Now we have over a thousand Mss. known and accessible to scholars; above all, those venerable uncials, the Sinaitic, the Alexandrian (A), the Vatican (B), and the Ephraem (C). The field for induction is thus vastly broader than it was when our present Greek text was settled, and makes a correct text presumably if not certainly possible. The careful examination of these Mss. and the weighing of their authority have occupied the life labors of such men as Tischendorf, Lachmann and Tregelles, making the work of the revisers a comparatively easy one to select the true reading in any given case. In this work, Westcott, Hort and Abbott have been conspicuous, who with scrivener have developed a cultured instinct regarding manuscript authority which is as safe to trust as it is marvelous in its character.

When the text is decided, the work of the Greek scholar begins. He is not simply to know Greek, but to know Hebrew, that he may detect Hebraic idioms in the New Testament. He must thoroughly understand the difference between classic and Hellenistic Greek, for a Greek purist would find many stumbling-blocks in both gospels and epistles, and, above all, in the Apocalypse. He is to compare the Septuagint with many Old Testament quotations and allusions in the New Testament, and its usage of words generally with the like words used by the evangelists and apostles. There must be also diligent labor to make words and phrases in different parts of the work correspond in English as they do in Greek, the argument and meaning being thus made more evident. Then comes the office of the English scholar to see that sentences are smooth and clear, and that a perfect English model is given in what is preeminently the people's book. Such, then, is the double work of the present revisers. They have prepared a Greek text, and they have translated it, observing, however in the translation those principles to which I have already alluded, and so preserving as far as possible the language of the authorized and earlier English writers.

The work has been in progress ten years, but the American co-operation began in October, 1872. For eight years the English and American committees have wrought harmoniously together, exchanging copies of their results for consideration and reconsideration. The English Committee numbered at first fifty-two, and the American Committee twenty-seven, making seventy-nine in all, but death has removed several members from each committee. Our own has lost Dr. Taylor Lewis, Dr. Hackett, Dr. Hodge and Prof. Hadley. The New Testament Company in England numbered twenty-seven and in America sixteen. The labors of this company are nearly concluded. It is probable that their completed work will be in possession of the public before this year expires. The Old Testament company will continue their labors for at least two years longer. The American portion of the New Testament Company has met monthly at No. 42, Bible House, New York, where the books and apparatus necessary for the undertaking had been provided. The meetings began, each, on Friday morning at half-past nine o'clock, and ended on Saturday at one p. m. There were two or three sessions on Friday and one on Saturday. In June and August no meeting was held, but in July there was a long meeting of four days at Andover, New Haven, New York or Princeton. Some of the members came from a distance of about four hundred miles, and many had to make a journey of one and two hundred miles to attend the meetings, and yet these distant members were almost always in their seats at the appointed times.

Speaking as a member of the New Testament Company, I may characterize each meeting as a spiritual and intellectual symposium. A more genial brotherhood never met. Episcopalian, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, Friend, Congregationalist and Presbyterian knew no differences, and held one another in respect and affection. Not a sectarian note was ever heard. Not a harsh word was ever uttered. The revered President Woolsey guided our deliberations with wisdom and urbanity. He read the verse, and then called for comment and suggestion. Every one was patiently heard, and then the decision was recorded by our secretary, Prof. Short or Prof. Thayer. Sometimes a long discussion would enliven us, and hosts of references were made to support either side, and (if I may let out the secret) there were times when the solemnity that became the dignity of our work was tempered by a humorous hit or an irresistible pleasantry. At such moments, perhaps, any one who might suddenly have entered our "Jerusalem chamber" would have scarcely divined our work.

The portion on which we were to confer was always appointed at the previous meeting, so that there might be a month's preliminary study before the comparison of notes and the record of the result. In this way a vast amount of critical examination was given to every sentence in the New Testament, and we may be sure that not even a word of any importance escaped a searching investigation.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Chambers, in a paper read before the recent General Presbyterian Council on the new Bible revision, says: The revision will be based on an *improved text.* The text employed by King James' translators was derived from few manuscripts, and those of a late date, and abounds with admitted imperfections. These it has been the province of Biblical criticism to discover and remove, and for centuries the labors of learned men have been devoted to this end. It is estimated that there are about four hundred cases in which the sense of a passage is affected by the reading that is taken, but comparatively only a few are important. Still it is desirable that we should have as pure a text as possible, and the common reader should have a reasonable assurance that the book he reads is free from corruptions. An immaculate text is, of course, out of the question. But critical helps have become so abundant that in a majority of cases men are able to conclude, with a good degree of confidence, what was originally written. The revision, therefore, will exhibit what, in the concurrent judgment of its authors, is the nearest possible approach to the very words which holy men of old used in declaring the will of God. Some have opposed the movement on this very ground, claiming that the matter is still too uncertain for any such course, and that the part of wisdom is to wait for further light. But considering what has been done in this field, what rich materials have been gathered, how carefully the comparative value of authorities has been estimated, how far the principles of textual criticism have become settled, and how general is the agreement of the ablest critics on the more important questions, there is small reason for apprehending any discoveries in the future which will throw the past into the shade. The most interesting and momentous recovery of the present century was the Sinaitic manuscript, and too much credit can hardly be given to its discoverer and editor, Tischendorf; yet the chief use of that precious uncial has been not so much to furnish new readings of any portion of the text, as to give evidence in favor of one or other of the readings already known, and occasionally, where the existing evidence was balanced, to add enough to turn the scale. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that little could be gained by delay. Something, no doubt, may be acquired in the course of the next century. But meanwhile it is surely of profit to use what has already been settled and to make our Bible represent, in some degree at least, the achievements of modern Biblical criticism. In the main body of the work the requisite corrections can be directly introduced, while in all the more important cases a statement of the rival text can be added in the margin, where it is of equal or nearly equal value. In this way the unlearned reader may be taught how the case stands in any given passage, and can have upon it the opinion of a larger number of British and American scholars. In many cases he will be saved from the danger of taking the mere mistake of transcribers for the words of evangelists and apostles, or even of our Lord Himself, while in others he will discern a new beauty and vigor in the turn given to an important utterance by the alteration or addition of a very few words. He may regret to part with passages such as the well-known text of the three witnesses in 1 John, but the loss will be abundantly compensated by gains in other directions.

Gems of Thought.

HE who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

MORE hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Dr. Young.*

OUR true bliss is being, not having. What we are is everything; what we have, comparatively unimportant. To be victors over temptation, and purged from evil, is the supremest well-being.

REV. DR. DEEMS told the following story to his Sunday-school: As a lady and her little daughter were passing out of the church door the child bade goodby to a very poorly dressed little girl. "How did you come to know her?" inquired the surprised mother. "Why you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday-school alone and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled and then we were acquainted." It is the part of the child who is already in to make room and smile, and thus begin the acquaintance. It would be a good rule for grown up people in church. If you are in first and a stranger enters, make room for him and smile, and then he will smile and you will be acquainted.—*Baptist Weekly.*

WE ought to shun sin because it is sin. But fallen human nature does not shrink from sin instinctively. Human nature, before it was fallen, did not—so far as we can learn—shrink from sin. Hence it is well for us to have always in mind the fact that sin will surely fail to bring us the delights which it seems to promise. The golden flame which attracts the moth will give nothing but pain when it is finally reached. The glittering knife which the child would grasp would gash the little hand that seized it, instead of proving a joy, as was expected. It is so with every bright light or glittering blade which sin flashes before our mind's eye. That which is the very temptation itself would prove a source of pain and misery, if not of disgust, if it were attained to. As a devotional writer on the Psalms says of David's experience in sin: "David learned what we all learn (and the holier the man is the more speedily and sharply does the lesson follow on the heels of his sin), that every transgression is a blunder, that we never get the satisfaction which we expect from any sin, or, if we do, we get something with it, which spoils it all." If there is one temptation stronger than another before you just now, understand that in addition to the fact that its sin is sinful, and ought to be shunned because it is so, the very thing you desire would prove most undesirable and disappointing if it could be secured to you.—*S. S. Times.*

P. PAUL NADON, a blacksmith of St. Rose, nine miles from Montreal, went shooting the other day, and returning, laid his loaded gun on a beam in the kitchen. On the same evening Cleoptras Clontier, a farmer's son of nineteen, and a sweetheart of Nandon's daughter, Victorine, paid her a visit. While he was chatting to her in the doorway, her brother Hermidas, aged fifteen thinking the gun was empty, took it down, playfully presented it at Cloutier, and pulled both triggers. Two charges of buckshot lodged in the young man's brain and he fell dead. Verdict, "accidentally shot."

A DOG that had been lost twenty-three days was recently found under a straw stack, near Mannington, N. J. He was covered up when the stack was being made, and had no food or water during the interval.

HOME AND FARM.

A DRESSING FOR SLAW.—Cut your cabbage very fine, salt, and add a little sugar; allow to stand twenty minutes; then take a cup one-third full of vinegar, fill with sweet cream, and pour over it.

PLAIN CUSTARD.—Beat six eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar for five minutes; add one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla essence, or one saltspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and one quart of milk. Use for apple pudding.

RICE PIE.—To a pint of boiled rice add a pint of rich cream, two eggs, salt, and a little mace. Let these ingredients be well mixed, spread half the quantity in a deep baking dish, lay pieces of chicken upon it and cover them with the remainder of the rice, and bake in a hot oven.

MEAT can be made tender, it is said, by softening the fibers with vinegar. A steak turned over four or five times in a couple of hours on a plate containing a little vinegar, salad oil and pepper, will become tenderer and be far better than if battered with a rolling-pin or cleaver, which forces all the juices out of it.

TREATMENT OF HEAVES.—Heaves is frequently caused by indigestion, and at other times by the introduction of dust, spores of mold, and other irritating substances from the food into the lungs and air passages. In the former case a change of food and a mild purgative, or even an alkali, as lime-water or soda, will be effective. In the latter case, the removal of the cause and the use of hyposulphite of soda in one-ounce doses, to neutralize the effect of the absorption of the diseased matter, will generally allay the trouble. Horses troubled with heaves are almost always benefited by feeding on soft food of a nutritious and not a bulky character, thus avoiding distension of the stomach.—*N. Y. Times.*

"WATER FOUNDER" is not essentially different from grain founder in horses. In the initial stages poultice the feet and give full doses of sedatives—one to two drachms of lobelia daily for two or three days, and renew the poultices three times a day until inflammation has subsided. Remove the shoes with care, give the horse a good bed, and encourage him to lie down as much as possible. Laxative medicines may also be given with benefit. Aloes are best for the horse. As soon as the fever has been subdued, walk the animal about on soft ground, but do not attempt it while the feet are so tender as to give him pain. When the feet have again become somewhat free from soreness, put on the bar shoes slightly fastened, if in winter, but in summer leave the feet bare and turn out in a pasture free of stone, and if somewhat moist and wet, so much the better. In some cases it will be necessary to open small holes in the hoof or bottom of the foot to let out pus that may form within. Treatment, however, must be varied according to the severity of the case.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rocky and Partially Barren Lands for Sheep Pasture.

THERE are millions of acres of such lands in the United States and Territories, and where it is not more profitable to keep them in forest they may be utilized as pastures for the support of sheep. They ought to be owned in tracts sufficiently extensive to maintain flocks large enough to afford keeping a shepherd, with trained dogs to attend them constantly. Two or three of these dogs for his companions, make it an easy task for a single man to handle a large flock, and keep any from straying or getting lost; and they are a protection to the sheep from vicious dogs by day and night, as they invariably attack and drive off any such that approach.

Sheep may be pastured here in summer, and then be sold off or taken to better lands to winter. But it frequently happens that narrow valleys are found winding between rocky hills, sufficiently fertile and free from stones to be easily cultivated for various crops. Where this is the case, the English system may be pursued of sending the sheep on to the hills for pasture during the day, and hurdling them on the growing crops in the valleys at night; or these may be cut and soiled to them in racks, if preferable. A succession of crops must be cultivated for this purpose, commencing in the spring with rye; and continuing during summer and autumn with other products, which are too well known to our readers to require enumerating here. Folding the sheep at night on these, enriches the land adequately to bear good crops the ensuing year, and thus it may continue to be cultivated indefinitely.

In England these soiling crops are inclosed with shifting hurdles, in squares of about an acre each, and the sheep, when driven down from the hills at night, are divided into bands of 100 or so, and each band folded on to a separate division. An acre of clover usually feeds 100 sheep during the early evenings and mornings for a week, and other crops do the same in proportion. No better preparation can be made there for a succeeding wheat crop than this, if it be ever desired to grow one.

In such a system of sheep pasturing and soiling, they can be made sufficiently fat for market to be drawn from early in summer, and thus continue on for repeated drafts till cold weather sets in. If the vallevs are large enough, forage can be raised there, not only to fatten off all the sheep desired from the flocks, but also to winter over what is required for breeding and store purposes the following season. This is one of the most easy and profitable systems of farming that can be followed in our country, and it only requires to be duly considered by flock-masters, to induce them to adopt it as rapidly and extensively as cheap lands can be obtained.

Sheep for such lands should be of medium size, compact form, early to mature, hardy and active. The Southdown breed, or its high crosses are usually adapted for this system of feeding and fattening in England, and we think they would be the most suitable breed for American flock-masters. Richer, smoother and more level lands are better adapted for the larger Down breeds, and particularly for that of the Oxford, the biggest of all. Still richer lands and more abundant feed are requisite for the Cotsweld, the Lincoln, the Leicester and other long-wooled breeds, as they excel in size, and are not so active to range in pastures and work for a living.—*Rural New Yorker.*

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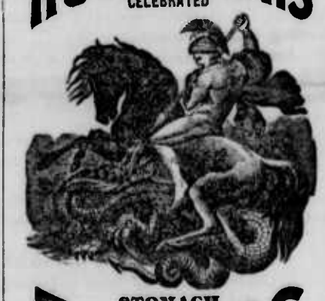

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Care of Manure.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Kansas to say that he is hauling manure "from town to his farm"—that it is horse manure and refuse prairie hay, generally well rotted. He wishes to know how to do in order that he may plow it in during the winter and early spring. We should not, under the circumstances, place the manure in a heap, but should spread it upon the ground at once. The rains will wash the virtues of the manure into the ground, and it will save trouble, if nothing more.

We will again embrace the occasion to impress upon our readers the desirability of saving what manure is made upon the farm, even if it is not found necessary to buy any, or even if the land is rich enough without manure. Manure is valuable, and when it costs but little, we should not neglect to either make or save it. The pig-pen, so often neglected in the direction of manure making, is quite a fertile source of good manure, and it does not cost much. The hog is a tolernbly active compost maker, if he is provided with materinls for the work. If he has straw, muck when it is posible, or other proper material, the animal will patiently work it over and rework it, until it has manufactured a very valuable fertilizer, one whose effects will be noticed on some lnnds years after its application. Some farmers turn their hogs into the yards or sheds, where the cow and horse manure are kept, for the purpose of utilizing his disposition to turn over the material, and by adding muck, sand, etc., succeed in having a great deal of good manure prepared in this wny. But it is preferable to let the animal work in his own pen. Mnterial can be furnished as it is needed, under such circumstances, and being constantly worked over, the fermentation will take place so slowly that it will do no harm. What is needed on the farmer's part is just to furnish enough material, and nothing more, and to supply the necessary moisture. The hog does the rest.

There is entirely too great a disposition to neglect to preserve the liquid manures made on the farm. The utmost endeavor is often made to save the solid manures of the horse stable, while the liquid are permitted to eseape in a large degree. Yet the latter is really of much more value than the former in aiding plant growth. The valuo of the solid is greater thnn that of the liquid in the cow stalls, and yet it is estimated that the latter is worth three dollars a year for every cow kept, and it does not require much keenness to perceive that it will not require many cows to make the loss count up into the many dollars. But valuable as this kind of fertilizer is, it is doubtful if one farmer in ten thousand ever makes any special effort to save it. We call to mind at this time a barnyard belonging to n farmer, who was exeedingly economical in every other matter connected with his farm, but who allowed his yard to remain in a situation which favored its complete drainage into a swamp. He was one of those economical farmers who think it foolish expense to subscribe for an agricultural paper, or buy an agricultural book, and whom an agricultural writer of noto speaks of in this same connection. In every portion of the country, it is wisdom to save all the fertilizers that nre made on the farm, but especially is it the part of wisdom where we recognize that our lands need fertilizing. In some respects artificial fertilizers have been an injury to farmers, upon the principle that they are so easily obtainable and so easily handled, that the home fertilizers are neglected. It is not very many years since thnt the farm furnished all the manure that was needed, and, even when saved in an indifferent way, but still, better than is now the case, furnished a good supply. But we have some new-fangled notions that are not profitable, if they do appear to be nice.—*Western Rural.*

Feeding Sheep.

MANY wool-growers have failed to realize the maximum results from their sheep, by reason of inadequate alimentation. Losses have resulted to owners, and hardships have been forced upon the flock, through the too ready and literal acceptance of that portion of its standing eulogy which suggests the idea that a sheep will live with little food and less care. Experiments in this direction have been so frequent, and their results have been so unvarying, that it is now safe to conclude that a man is no more likely to get something for nothing in sheep husbandry than in any other avocation. More losses come through starvation than from satiety. The notion that breeding animals are more efficient when in light flesh, has kept many a sheep from nttaining its highest possible standard. This is no logical argument against supplying sheep with all the food they will consume and assimilate. Unfavorable results in this connection, so far as my observation extends, nre traceable to some other cause. The most common one is too close confinement. Followlng this will be found irregularity in feeding, and abrupt changes in the diet or treatment to which the animals have been accustomed. Twenty years' experience and observation have failed to bring to my knowledge a single instance wherein a flock, given plenty of exercise in the open air, and otherwise reasonable treatment, has been fed into a condition of flesh too high for successful shearing and breeding. In the case of lambs, any other than the most liberal policy is but a premium on mediocrity. Ample pasturage and a well-supplied feed-trough are the only media through which can be secured rapid and complete development of the young stock; and I know of no subsequent period in their lives when a change in such policy is indicated.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of good loaf sugar, and one part of saltpeter; beat them well together. To one pound butter thoroughly cleansed from the milk put one ounce this composition; work it well, and put down when it becomes firm and cold. The butter thus preserved is the better for keeping, and should not be used under a month. The butter should be kept from the air, and is best in pots of the best glazed earthenware that will hold from ten pounds to fourteen pounds each.

FIX up around the house before winter comes.

THE DAIRY.

SOWENE is now considered the appropriate and classical name for lard, or hog butter.

IN selecting cows for milking, the free, easy step, the pleasant and comfortable expression of countenance and the round, capacious form of body are far more important than the line of descent or the family history.

A COW that is driven a mile, or even half a mile, twice each day, to drink, will shrink in her milk some twenty to twenty-five per cent., and hence it is manifestly more economical to bring water to the cow than to drive the cow to water.

THE officers of the International Dairy Fair association met in New York a few days ago and decided that it would be inexpedient to hold a fair this fall, because of the Presidential election and because it would be impracticable to raise $10,000 from the trade to pay premiums.

HOW TO TEST DAIRY COWS.—There is no difficulty in establishing the character and value of each cow in a dairy. The method usually followed is to weigh each cow's milk upon n spring scale as soon as it is drawn and before it is poured out of the pail into the general receptacle. The weight is noted down on a slate or board under the cow's name and against the date. One week's trial is sufficient for each month, so as to get a fair average through the year. For n butter test each cow's milk may be set sepnrately in pans of different size or form from the others and churned by itself; this will give the yield of butter for a certain quantity of milk. Generally when one begins a habit of keeping accounts in the dairy in this way it is continued and is found a valuable help in making a dairy profitable, for it is n check on feeding, watering and otherwise caring for the cows and when a falling off or increase is noticed ono immediately becomes anxious to find the cause of it, and thus much valuable information is gathered. —*N. Y. Times.*

Butter-Making in Denmark and Sweden.

CORK butter ranks high in the London market and forms a standard for judging other makes. But the product of the dairies of Denmark and Sweden fairly outranks it, and sells in the same market for about twenty-three per cent. higher price. This great superiority Canon Bagot, who has taken pains to investigate the subject, ascribes to the careful education of the dairy-maids, which has been systematically pursued in Denmark for the past fifteen or sixteen years. We find the following synopsis of his observations in *The Popular Science Monthly:*

In Sweden the dairy-maids are sent to a college and educated in dairy management for six months, at the end of which time they receive certificates and are considered competent to work in large dairies. Their instructions are very definite as to every feature of the operation of butter-making, including the quality of the salt and the coloring matter, and the food of the cattle; the quality of the butter is consequently uniform. A part of a lot of Cork butter may sometimes be sent back by the wholesale dealer because it is not equal to the rest, but this is said never to happen with Danish butter. The selection of the cows nnd the feeding of them are the first important points in the business. The Danish dairymen keep their cows tethered during the summer in "splendid clove and rye grass," and feed them in winter exclusively with clover hay, linseed cake and rape cake. The milk is set in such a way that the cream shall be got off while it is still perfectly sweet, for they will not churn if it is in any other condition. The proper temperature for churning, which is from fifty to sixty degrees, is essential and the churning should not be continued too long. The best butter-makers stop churning at the very moment the butter appears in the form of grains like shot. They pass off the buttermilk through a strainer, then put the butter back with water, give it a few more turns in the churn, strain again and repeat the operation till the water runs off as clear and bright as when it is put in. Salt is added by weight, at the rate of six pounds of salt to a hundred-weight of butter, by being spriukled over the butter nfter it has been spread out in layers; a few turns are given the mass with the butter-worker and the process is complete.

Heating Milk for Winter Setting.

HEATING the milk of small dairies in winter is very necessary where the temperature of the milk room is much below sixty degrees, for thin bodies of milk will raise very little cream with the temperature at fifty degrees or below. Heating the milk to 130 or 140 degrees will cause nearly all the cream to rise while the temperature is falling to fifty degrees. Cream rises faster while the temperature of the milk is falling. If heated milk is set six to ten inches deep, in a room at n temperature of forty-five to fifty degrees, it will take several hours for the temperature of the milk to fall ninety degrees, and the cream will principally rise during this time. But heating milk in winter serves other important purposes. Heating is a purifying process. It drives off all bad odors or taints it may have taken from the condition of the fodder or odors of the stable. All dairymen are not aware of the danger of tainting the milk, in winter, from the cows standing in an impure atmosphere, or of eating mouldy fodder, or drinking water from a well that has received the droppings of the barn-yard. Heating purifies the milk from all these taints, or from a turnip or cabbage flavor. It must be set, however, after heating, in a pure atmosphere. It is found, also, that the cream from heated milk churns much easier in winter. The cream should be churned within twenty-four to thirty-six hours after skimming and should not stand more than thirty to thirty-six hours before skimming. Milk is not to become bitter by long standing in winter. It is supposed that our correspondent keeps his cellar clear of vegetables, as these would so charge the air with vegetable odors as to taint the cream and spoil the butter.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—There are many drawbacks to the present style of overskirts.

How Nature Molds Her Living Forms.

What does the story of life upon the earth teach us concerning the unfoldment of organic form? Is the human figure a chance result of an evolutionary force which might have pursued some quite different direction; or are the laws of development such as to lead inevitnbly toward the form of man as their highest organic product? This is a question admitting of a more definite answer than mny at first thought appear, as we hope to show by a rapid survey of the various steps of the process.

And, first, it must be borne in mind that Nature's efforts at animal and plant formation have been on no contracted scale. The varying forms produced have been almost multitudinous. They exist at present in the greatest variety. But the present is only the npex of a long succession of life-epochs, each with its special organic group. We must multiply the existing forms by thousands of such epochs to obtain any adequate idea of the whole broad field of life. Plainly, then, Nature has not dealt sparsely with the subject, but has produced a most generous profusion of differing forms. Hence, narrow as is the field of the earth, there is reason to believe that the form-evolving principle has had full opportunity here to act, and that it has selected out the most favorable line of development from the many directions attempted.

Life is an incessant battle—a battle for food and a battle for safety. The total quantity of food is limited. The powers of organic incrense are unlimited. Thus a light for food becomes necessary; a conflict in which no quarter is asked and none given. Victory inclines to the strougest and best armed. The successful combatant must have powers of defense against all Nature's attacks and of assault against all Nature's defenses. In other words, the organism best adapted to its environment will win.—*Charles Morris, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—A four-year-old Sunday-school girl did the best she could with a question that was asked of the infant class. Said the teacher: "'And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes.' Now, what does thnt mean, children, 'he rent his clothes?'" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us." "Please, ma'm," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

—"You don't seem to have made much money by bringing your hogs down here," was remarked to a farmer who had driven his hogs seven miles to town and then sold them for precisely what was offered him before he left home. "Well, no," said the agriculturist, pensively, "I haven't made no money, but, then," brightening, "you know I had the company of the hogs on the way down."

—The Leaning Tower of Pisa was built in the twelfth century It is 190 feet high and leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. The inclination was caused by the settling of one side of the foundation.

—Although the Chinese had gunpowder many centuries before it was known in Europe, they did not employ it in war, but used it only in fireworks.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Just So.

It pays to follow good advice. Mr. C. W. Braun, in Eureka Springs, Ark., sends the following item: I had been a sufferer with Dyspepsia for the past three years. Advised by a friend, I used Hamburg Drops. At once, after the first dose, I experienced relief. I continued its use for one month and found myself completely cured. There are so many suffering with indigestion that my advice to such would be: Do as I have done—take the Hamburg Drops and get cured.

A CALIFORNIA Justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than horse thieves. Then he apologized and fined himself ten dollars for contempt of court.

[The Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Register.]

OUR compliments to St. Jacob; we have tried the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil on our rheumatic foot and experienced great relief therefrom. The Saint is a public benefactor.

A SPORTSMAN at Dahlonega, Ga., failing in his attempts to shoot a wild turkey, threw down his gun and overtook the bird after a chase of two hundred yards.

Tax Titles in Iowa.

PERSONS who own lands in Iowa to which other parties hold tax titles, can learn something to their advantage by writing to E. J. Adams, desler in Real Estate, Des Moines, Iowa.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of three-quarters of a century.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., will celebrate its 250th anniversary on the 28th of next December.

LEWIS C. WILSON, of Washington Borough, Pa., killed a large copperhead snake, which, when opened, was found to contain sixty young ones.

"HAVE a blotting pad, sir!" asked a peripatetic dealer, reaching out one of those absorbents. "How do you fasten the thing on?" inquired Jones, after turning it over and over. "Fasten it on!" exclaimed the peddler, "what do you mean!" "What do you mean!" cried Jones, looking up. "Young man, I've had experience in this pad business. I've bought them for the head, stomach and liver, and this is the first one I ever saw with no tackle on it. No, I don't want it. Good day." The man saw it was no use to argue with Jones.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHY is it that the circus elephant never kills the clown or the lemonade man?

A PHILADELPHIA man died the other day and impartially divided his property among his three widows. Each was surprised to learn of the existence of the others.

"DO YOU attend the fair?" she said,
And tossed her pretty little head.
He spake up with a roguish glance,
"Yes, always, when I get a chance."

She blushed and said, "Now don't be green;
You know quite well, sir, what I mean;
There's only one fair in the town."
Said he, "That's what I said to Brown."

"Charles, I shall have to box your ears."
The lovely eyes were full of tears.
"You know what fair; will you take me?"
"For better or worse?" said Charles, in glee.

"All's fair in love or war," and they
A family ticket bought next day.
Now Charles looks into her sparkling eyes
And swears he has carried off the prize.
—*Rochester Express.*

QUESTION for a country debating society—Which most needs shingling, the long-haired man or the bald-headed one?—*Boston Transcript.*

THE foot of a bear, with natural fur on it, and gilt or silver claws, is a new and odd ornament for a bonnet.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

WHILE the daughter of Alfred M. Page, of China, Me., was watching at the bedside of a sick sister, a spotted adder over three feet in length passed over her feet. It was killed by her father in the sitting-room.

Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war, and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

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By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed in a cause wherein Jacob L. Hauser, et. al., are complainants and Harriet Lantz, et. al., are defendants, said cause being No. 179, Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Gaddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the

Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1880,

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Two hundred and eighteen acres,

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State of Maryland, Garrett county, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this the 2d day of October, 1880, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, personally appeared William H. H. Friend, of District No. 2, of the county aforesaid, and made oath in due form of law, that there is one yearling trespassing on his enclosure, all red, with slits in left ear, medium sized bell, with chain around the neck to hold the bell.

Sworn before
JOHN M. KESSLER, J. P.

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and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

It not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

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THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

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Dr. Singleton Townshend

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OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work ugaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

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WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

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DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

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HEISKELL & CO'S COLUMN.

Highest Prices

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FURS AND SKINS!

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R. W. MASON will act as our agent for the purchase of Furs and Skins.

Highest Price for

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Buckwheat, &c.,

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Buckwheat, &c.,

HEISKELL'S,

Bishop's old stand,

Oakland, Md.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

The Genuine Singer

is the only machine that has ever been counterfeited. Why? Because it is the best machine ever seen in the market. Why are not other companies formed to initiate other machines? The people will draw their own inference. Gold is continually counterfeited, brass and tin never. Beware of machines that are handsomely finished, it is only done to make them salable. They have no other merit only as a piece of furniture. They may work for a short time, and then they are worse than useless to you. Beware of new machines that are being brought among you. The agent may try to make everything plain to you in order to sell his machine, but in a few months he is gone: then who will fix your machine, or where will you get parts or needles when you need them. Beware of the machine that does a lot of fancy work and has so many extras. Those are put in to sell the machine as it has no other genuine merit. Beware of the bogus or imitation Singer, which the agent will tell you is just the same as the Genuine. This is a falsehood and only resorted to to sell the trash and deceive the people, as no part of the machine will fit the Genuine. One man in the lower end of the county went so far as to say that they were all made by the same company, only at different points. Ask him to show the Trade-Mark.

We guarantee every machine for 5 years, besides our agents are always ready to look after and keep the machine in repair *free of charge.*

See that the following stamp is on stand and base of arm.

None genuine without the above trade mark on stand or base of arm.

I. W. SLONAKER,
AGENT,
OAKLAND, -- MD.

N. B.—I will sell the bogus Remington, or any other cheap machine for from $15 to $20.

nov. 20-tf3 I. W. SLONAKER.

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Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C. nov 20

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 187 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trusting Mary Murphy, my wife, on my account. She having left my bed and board without cause, I will not be responsible for her contracts.

nov 20-4 JAMES MURPHY.

PULMONA.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change of the old Grantsville road through to McHenry road, and examine whether the said Grantsville road should be changed, will meet on the premises, on the 10th day of December, 1880, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said public road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM DEWITT,
NOAH PISELL,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

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$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland Maine.

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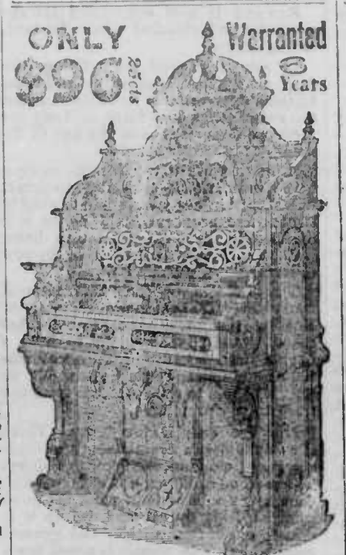

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Pay for the Instrument only after you have fully tested it in your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and that I positively will not deviate from this price. Fully warranted for 6 years.

☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful piano in America. Many unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines on where that is hides my instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that in every town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be represented by my celebrated instruments. Beware of catchpenny imitations.

ELECTED MAYOR of my own city, and intrusted with its FUNDS amounting to thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. ☞ NEW PIANOS for $125, $135, $145 and upwards. Beware of fictitious Illustrated Newspapers giving information about cost of Pianos and Organs, free

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.23 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and, inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

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Turkey Morocco, Gilt Edge, Gilt Side and Back	$5.75

Charles W. Ervin is sole agent for the sale of this valuable book in this county. No one can read it without profit and benefit. There is so much good about it that we feel as if there should be a copy in every household. When the agent calls on you give him your name. You will never regret it. aug. 28-2m

FARM for SALE.

Wishing to remove to the West, I desire to sell my farm, 4 miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains

162 ACRES,

about 100 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist in a plank house, and outbuildings necessary for stock, also a

GOOD YOUNG ORCHARD

of apple trees which are now bearing. The farm is well watered. For further information apply on the premises or to this office.

August 23-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

O YES!

AUCTION

OF VALUABLE

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The undersigned will sell at his shop in Oakland,

WITHOUT RESERVE,

On Saturday Nov. 27,

sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M., all of the

FURNITURE

and household goods contained in the large Pennington house, and lately the property of Josiah Pennington, dec'd, consisting in part of

Bureaus,

Stands,

Bedsteads,

Bedding,

Cooking and Heating Stoves,

Sofas, Chairs,

Matting,

Dishes,

and many other articles too numerous to mention.

These goods are of the best quality, are in good order, and will be sold without reserve. A splendid chance to get good furniture at a sacrifice.

TERMS—A credit of three months, with approved security.

JOHN SHATZER.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880. NUMBER 41.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Implements, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

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DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

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JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. jall-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 09 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1880.

THE LAST DAYS OF JACOB.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The patriarchal tent, once wandering among the hills of Canaan, has rested for 17 years beside the Nile. The years of famine have faded into a dream of the past, and Egypt again blossoms with abundance. The family of Israel, happy in the possession of Goshen, and rapidly multiplying in numbers, are in danger of forgetting their high vocation and their fitness in the promised land. Jacob, now almost seventy and a half in age, is ripe for heaven, and the hour of his departure is drawing near. He sends for the best beloved and noblest of his sons to give him his farewell commands. The ruler of Egypt bows at the bedside of the patriarch, and with him his two sons, grown to young manhood. On the right kneels the eldest, Manasseh, on the left the younger, Ephraim, ready to receive the farewell blessings of their aged grandsire. The dim eyes of the aged fail to distinguish their appearance, but under a supernatural guidance his outstretched arms are crossed; his right hand rests upon the younger grandson, and his left upon the elder. The greater blessing is promised to Ephraim, but both sons of Joseph are received into the goodly fellowship of the tribes of Israel, a higher honor than to possess a name among the nobles of Egypt. The eyes of the patriarch, closed to earthly scenes are opened to behold the future. He sees in the coming centuries his seed, grown into a mighty nation, occupying their promised inheritance, and, by faith already the possessor of Canaan, allots to Joseph's descendants one portion above their brethren, the city between two mountains in the centre of the land, which in other days the sword of Simeon and the bow of Levi, his sons, had seized from its Amorite occupants, and marked the beginning of Israelitish conquests in Canaan.

Gen. 48. 8-22.

Memory Verses, 15, 16.

7 And Israel beheld Joseph's sons, and said, Who are these?

9 And Joseph said unto his father, They are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. And he said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them.

10 Now the eyes of Jacob were dim for age, so that he could not see. And he brought them near unto him; and he kissed them, and embraced them.

11 And Israel said unto Joseph, I had not thought to see thy face; and lo, God hath showed me also thy seed.

12 And Joseph brought them out from between his knees, and he bowed himself with his face to the earth.

13 And Joseph took them both, Ephraim in his right hand toward's Israel's left hand, and Manasseh in his left hand toward Israel's right hand, and brought them near unto him.

14 And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly; for Manasseh was the first-born.

15 And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day,

16 The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads: and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac: and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth.

17 And when Joseph saw that his father laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim it displeased him; and he held up his father's hand, to remove it from Ephraim's head unto Manasseh's head.

18 And Joseph said unto his father, Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head.

19 And his father refused, and said, I know it, my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall become great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.

20 And he blessed them that day, saying, In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim, and as Manasseh: and he set Ephraim before Manasseh.

21 And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die; but God shall be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers.

22 Moreover I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow.

HOME READINGS.

M. The last days of Jacob. Gen. 48. 8-22.
Tu. The prophecy of Jacob. Gen. 49. 8-33.
W. The burial of Jacob. Gen. 50. 1-13.
Th. The last words of Moses. Deut. 33. 1-29.
F. The last words of David. 2 Sam. 23. 1-7.
S. The last words of Joshua. Josh. 24. 1-28.
S. The last words of Paul. 2 Tim. 4. 1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die; but God shall be with you. Gen. 48. 21.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cries,
And wealth and honor, gone.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. AN OLD'S MAN'S JOY, v. 8-12; Psa. 127. 3.
How old was Jacob at this time? Gen. 47. 28.
Whom did Joseph bring to him?
What did Jacob do to them?
For what did he show gratitude to God?
What favor did Jacob show to Joseph's children? v. 5.
How did Joseph show honor and love to his father?
What is the command in Exod. 20, 12?
2. A PROPHET'S BLESSING, v. 13-22; Isa. 63. 9.
For what purpose did Joseph bring his sons to Jacob?
In what manner were they brought?
How did Jacob place his hands upon them?
What three things did the blessing upon them include?
How was Jacob's name given to them? [Ans. In their being numbered among the tribes of Israel.]
How was the prophecy of their growth into a multitude fulfilled? Josh. 17. 17; Num. 26. 34. 37.
What distinction did Jacob make between the two sons?
Which of these two tribes became the larger and more distinguished? Deut. 33. 17.
What was Jacob's prophecy concerning a return to Canaan?
How was this promise fulfilled? Josh. 24. 1.
What promise was made to Joseph above the rest of the sons?
How was it to be filled? [Ans. In the fact that two of the tribes of Israel belonged to Joseph's descendants.]

The Return Home.

A Hymn of the Greek Church in the 10th Century, translated by John M. Neale.

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sail, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To know our voyage of peril o'er.

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bore all he could endure
And bore not always well.
But he may smile at conflict gone
Who sets the victor's garland on.

No more the foe can harm
No more of leaguered camp,
No cry of night alarm
Nor need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,
How nearly had the foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end,
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home;
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now? Oh! joyful day,
The King has wiped them all away.

Oh! happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

Libby Prison Sold.

RICHMOND, Nov. 11.—This evening Libby Prison, the historic military jail of the Confederate Government, was sold at auction under a deed of trust for $6,725. To-day in speaking of the Libby, Mr. Joseph Winfield, an ex-guard, told his experience on a memorable night while standing sentinel over the prisoners there.

"So the old prison is sold, is it?" he said. "Well, gentlemen, I never go by that place without laughing now. I can't help thinking of the cute trick played by a lot of Yankees there. The fact is it was so good that, although I had been ordered to shoot in among them, I disobeyed orders. It was about '63, and the Libby building was so crowded that it wouldn't hold any more prisoners so they put a large lot of them in the second story of the building across the street. Soon after these prisoners came the prison officials got a large supply of sweet potatoes (regular yams) from North Carolina, and stored them on the first floor of the building in which those prisoners were confined. Big sweet potatoes were luxuries in those days, and Turner and those fellows kept a strict watch over the building, I can tell you. The third day after they had been stored away it was noticed that they were disappearing at the rate of about a bushel a day. At first it was thought that the rats took them, but a second thought showed that the idea was absurd. Sentinels were posted all around the building with orders to shoot any man they caught stealing those yams, but they didn't see anybody to shoot, and although they were posted there day and night, and no one was allowed to enter the room in which the potatoes were kept, they continued to disappear at the rate of a bushel a day. The Confederates saw their yams disappearing in this way, and were furious. The thing was an unaccountable mystery. The doors and windows of the room were sealed and private marks were put on the wax, so that if any one of them was opened it would be known. The next morning the officers went into the room. The wax was all right, but another bushel of potatoes had vanished. Well, sir, it was the maddest crowd you ever saw. They came after me, and ordered me to take my stand in the room. They locked me in, and a lighted candle was put at each end of the room so that I could see. I was ordered to shoot on sight anybody I saw stealing those yams. It was terribly lonesome in that room. Just as fast as I would light one candle and go to the other end of the room to light the other, the rats would eat the first one down. They were regular Confederate rats, and a candle was a godsend to them. After a lot of worry I got the rats out of the way, and sat down near the door waiting for developments. There I stayed till 12 o'clock; but, though I kept my eyes on the potatoes all the time I couldn't see any of them going. Shortly after 12 I heard a creaking, grating sound, which seemed to be all over the room at once. I cocked my gun and held my breath, but still I couldn't see a sign of life except the rats creeping about the floor. 'By George!' I thought, 'this darned place is haunted, if there's such a thing as a place being haunted.' The sound stopped, but in about ten minutes after it began again. I looked at the pile of potatoes and presently saw something shoot from the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it, it was drawn slowly up, and there was about a peck of yams sticking to it. It went up through a hole which had been cut in the floor above, and presently came down again with a thump right among the potatoes. It was the most artful arrangement you ever saw. The brick had about fifty holes drilled in it, and through each hole a sharpened tenpenny nail had been run, so that when the brick fell among the yams these nails stuck into every one they fell on. I couldn't help laughing at the smart dodge those Yankees had taken to get at the yams. I gently put my hand forward and caught hold of the rope. Pretty soon they began to draw on it, and when it did not move I heard one fellow say: 'Steady, boys; the brick's hung on something. Pull her steadily without jerking.' They did pull steadily and fairly lifted me from the floor. 'No jerk; easy, boys, easy,' said the director, and they tugged away. I got pretty red in the face holding to the rope. I was afraid to let go, because I thought some of those nails might strike me in passing. I tho't of my pocket knife, and hauled it out just as they were putting all their weight on the other end of the rope. I cut it in two, and the other end shot back through the hole in the ceiling, and I could hear a rolling and tumbling on the floor above, showing that the sudden giving way of the rope had had a disastrous effect. I heard another voce say: 'There, now, I told you so. You've broken the rope. We've lost our brick, and to-morrow we'll be found out.' Then another voice called out: 'Can't you see it? We might hook it up.' Next I saw a long neck protruding through the hole and a fellow peering down. Then I called out: 'If you trouble any more of these potatoes, I'll shoot.' That fellow's head shot back through that hole just like a terrapin, and it was as still as death up there. I hated to tell on them, because it was such a sharp scheme of foraging on the enemy, but I had to. When the officers went up the next morning to examine the room, it took a long time to find the hole. Those Yankees had cut a hole about a foot square thro' the floor, and it was done so neatly that it took good eyes to discover it. That was where the officers' yams went to."

There were two characters connected with Libby Prison whose whereabouts doubtless many an ex-prisoner would like to know—"Old Ben" and "the General." The former was an old darkey who had the run of the establishment, and who generally came by sunrise to waken the prisoners. He made it his business to get some one outside the prison to read him the despatches from the seat of of war, and these he turned over in his mind until he managed to work them up into a graphic description of the battle, generally managing to give the victory to the Union forces. The keen old fellow had learned that reports of Union victories elated the prisoners to such an extent that they became liberal and rewarded him for his cheering intelligence. He would come in the room and sing out at the top of his voice: "Look sharp, dar! Here I is wid de lastes' talegrifick 'spatches from de seat er war." This signal was enough, and the prisoners would crowd around the wily old darkey while he related "de lates' 'spatches," which often ended with the gratifying intelligence, "An' Gineral Lee's men dey took 'n run." Old Ben, though he claimed to be a Northern sympathizer, was deeply grieved when the war ended, as it closed the Libby and deprived him of his occupation. After the evacuation he hung around the old place for a week or more, and took pride in showing it to such Union soldiers as had never seen it before. He was afterwards engaged with gangs of negroes in cleaning bricks in the burnt district. The old fellow lived about ten years after the war, and died in want.

"The General" was a younger negro, who was almost as taciturn as "Old Ben" was loquacious. He was a prison official, his principal occupation being the fumigation of the prison. Every morning he went through each room with a pan of burning tar, to give the place what he termed "a good Union smoke." He left Richmond soon after the war and went north. With him disappeared the last of the Libby officials in Richmond.

Lively Letter from Mr. Aiken.

From the Greenville (S. C.) News, Nov. 13.

In response to the question whether he thought the South should adhere solidly to the Democratic party, and whether he favored the counting in of Hancock via New York, Congressman Aiken replies:

COKESBURY, S. C., Nov. 12, 1880.

To the Editor of the News:

Yours of the 10th inst. awaited me on my return from my plantation today. You propound to me two questions, to both of which I unhesitatingly answer "No," loudly, qualifying my reply to the first by saying not in a partisan sense. If you desire to know my political opinions read the letter I wrote the *News and Courier* almost a year ago. And if you want some reading that is more Pickwickian than Pickwick himself, read the editorials of that blustering sheet from that day to this and see how easily they have jumped from one side to the other of the political fence. I know more about the rank and file of the Northern Democracy than all the editors in South Carolina, and never had any faith in them. They are a party with a name, but without a principle. We Southerners, Democratic to the core upon principle, have pinned our faith to that name or mere shadow, and of course have lost by it. I have long contended that the South should become more nationalized and lay less stress upon "principles for which Lee and Jackson fought." Suppose you and I believe in State rights, secession, strict construction, "blood and thunder," and all else upon which we attempted to found a Southern Confederacy, what sense is there in "kicking against the pricks?" I never had the faintest hope of Hancock's election, but had I said so the wiseacres of the State would have sworn I was not real to the party. Indeed, when in a retired, seclusive locality in my own district I ventured to counsel with some of my friends, and predict future events, it was heralded to the world, and by no party with more zest than our own, that I was a renegade, and should be run out of the "party." Now that their hindsights are in front what do some of these same wiseacres say? Nothing of any consequence, but they are all ready to watch "which way the cat jumps."

I need not worry you with a long epistle, but will simply say I believe the South in Congress should have nothing to do with partisan entanglements, but stand aloof until the time to vote, and then, upon all questions of national importance, cast a solid vote for what they believed to be right, regardless of the fact whether the issue was Democratic or Republican in a partisan sense. In this way we would help a balance of power that would result in our being courted by both parties North, and enable us frequently to dictate terms upon important issues. But many Southerners in Congress would follow the Democratic party as Gov. Perry said he would follow the State in 1861, and "you know how this was yourself."

Very respectfully,
D. WYATT AIKEN.

The Boston *Herald* relates that a Boston gentleman, who has extensive business relations with Southern railroads, is now making his annual tour in the South, writes home that the business men of that section are well satisfied with the result of the Presidential election, and by no means slow to express their disgust at the conduct of the Northern Democratic managers, and that, were the election to come off now, and the Southern people in possession of their dearly-acquired knowledge of Barnum's methods, the result in that section would astonish the country. The writer of this, the *Herald* says, is a conservative, more in sympathy with the Southern leaders than with Northern Republicans.

"Angel of Night" is what Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been termed by parents, whose worrying and coughing children have been soothed and cured, and have secured sweet slumber by using this excellent remedy. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Reconstructing the Party.

A rubbish heap or a sewer may contain not a few odds and ends that are valuable. But any attempt to construct a comfortable dwelling-house, or any other useful building, out of the debris of a sewer or the materials of a rubbish-heap, is sure to fail. Those who talk of remodeling the Democratic party are engaged in such an experiment. That party has been the rubbish-heap of the country for twenty years. Into its composition have gone all the waste stuff that no other party could use. Upon it have been cast all the trash and all the used-up remnants that any other party has been obliged to get rid of. For twenty years that party has been the political sewer of this country, into which all the filth has descended by all sorts of channels; and the frightful outburst of slander, blackguardism, forgery and perjury which the last six months has witnessed has been merely the result of a breakage of the sewer.

What can anybody hope to do with the heterogeneous materials which have gone to form the Democratic party as it is now? No common ideas can be found; no motives in common, except a desire for office.

In the discussion which is now going on between Democratic papers, as to the best mode of reconstructing the party, this fact has become painfully apparent. Watterson sends out from Louisville his new war-cry, but its first note is "Free Trade." Instantly other influential Democratic journalists protest, and tell him that any serious attempt to nail such a plank into the Democratic platform would split not only the plank and the platform, but the party. He is reminded that the defeat of General Hancock was largely due to the attempt to put free-trade ideas into its Cincinnati platform, and the consequent abandonment of the party by thousands of voters as the close of the contest drew near. Another programme-maker thinks that free trade will not do, but that free ships are essential. Whereupon Delaware hails him with indignation, and wants to know if the Republican gain in Wilmington at the recent election was not enough.

With the money question it is even worse. Dangerous as the experiment was, the party felt compelled to go into the Presidential contest with hard-money professions, knowing that there would be not a ghost of a chance for it otherwise in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. But that leaning toward the right cost the party the support of Greenback voters in Indiana, in spite of the nomination of Mr. Landers, and probably affected the result in many other States. A very large proportion of the Democratic voters will resist with intense hostility the financial ideas which it falsely professed in order to hold necessary Eastern votes. What can a party hope to do that is compelled to stake its very existence on an attempt to make oil and water mix?

Of late, having no chance to control the distribution of offices itself, the Democratic party has manifested a considerable access of zeal for Civil Service reform. But after the Maine election, when it was believed by Democrats that they were going to divide the offices among themselves, there was found not one in the country who insisted upon a non-partisan Civil Service. In fact, the Democrats have never shown any other opinion on that subject than this; that their party, when in power, ought to take all the offices, and use them all for the success of the party; but that it was exceedingly base in any other party, when in power, to use its official positions at all, or to refuse a fair division of spoils. No man who saw the throng of hungry and impecunious beggars who drifted over to Governor's Island every day during the last campaign can ever think of a reform of the Civil Service by Democratic hands except as a stupendous joke.

After a month or two of discussion and recrimination, it may occur to some Democrats that their party does not succeed because it is not a party at all. It has no ideas, no purposes, no common rallying point; nothing to live for, in short.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In the next South Carolina Legislature there will be four Republicans in the Senate and two in the House. The Democratic majority on joint ballot will be 152. And this in a State which is so overwhelmingly Republican that, as Wade Hampton very ably declared, the Democrats hardly dared a few years ago to count the votes. It would be better for Wade Hampton's party if they dared to count a few thousand less now. It is better not to count at all than to count a 40,000 majority which was never cast.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880. NUMBER 41.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

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JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

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On mortgage on real estate. 09tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1880.

THE LAST DAYS OF JACOB.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The patriarchal tent, once wandering among the hills of Canaan, has rested for 17 years beside the Nile. The years of famine have faded into a dream of the past, and Egyptian a blossoms with abundance. The family of Israel, lately in the pasture-fields of Goshen, and rapidly multiplying in numbers, are in danger of forgetting their high vocation and their fatherland in the promised land. Jacob, now almost a century and a half in age, is ripe for heaven, and the hour of his departure is drawing near. He sends for the best beloved and noblest of his sons to give him his farewell commands. The ruler of Egypt bows at the bedside of the patriarch, and with him his two sons, grown to manhood. On the right kneels the elder, Manasseh, on the left the younger, Ephraim, ready to receive the farewell blessings of their saintly grandsire. The dim eyes of the aged sail to distinguish their appearance, but under a supernatural guidance his outstretched arms are crossed; his right hand rests upon the younger grandson, and his left upon the elder. The greater blessing is promised to Ephraim, but both sons of Joseph are received into the goodly fellowship of the tribes of Israel, a higher honor than to possess a name among the nobles of Egypt. The eyes of the patriarch, closed to earthly scenes are opened to behold the future. He sees in the coming centuries his seed, grown into a mighty nation, occupying their promised inheritance, and, by faith already the possessor of Canaan, allots to Joseph's descendants one portion above their brethren, the city between two mountains in the centre of the land, which in other days the sword of Simeon and the bow of Levi, his sons, had seized from its Amorite occupants, and marked the beginning of Israelitish conquests in Canaan.

Gen. 48. 8-22.

Memory Verses, 15, 16.

7 And Israel beheld Joseph's sons, and said, Who are these?

9 And Joseph said unto his father, They are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. And he said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them.

10 Now the eyes of Jacob were dim for age, so that he could not see. And he brought them near unto him; and he kissed them, and embraced them.

11 And Israel said unto Joseph, I had not thought to see thy face; and lo, God hath showed me also thy seed.

12 And Joseph brought them out from between his knees, and he bowed himself with his face to the earth.

13 And Joseph took them both, Ephraim in his right hand toward's Israel's left hand, and Manasseh in his left hand toward Israel's right hand, and brought them near unto him.

14 And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly; for Manasseh was the first-born.

15 And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day.

16 The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads: and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac: and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth.

17 And when Joseph saw that his father laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim it displeased him; and he held up his father's hand, to remove it from Ephraim's head unto Manasseh's head.

18 And Joseph said unto his father, Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head.

19 And his father refused, and said, I know it, my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall become great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.

20 And he blessed them that day, saying, In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim, and as Manasseh: and he set Ephraim before Manasseh.

21 And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die; but God shall be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers.

22 Moreover I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow.

HOME READINGS.

M. The last days of Jacob. Gen. 48. 8-22.
Tu. The prophecy of Jacob. Gen. 49. 8-33.
W. The burial of Jacob. Gen. 50. 1-14.
Th. The last words of Moses. Deut. 33. 1-9.
F. The last words of David. 2 Sam. 23. 1-7.
S. The last words of Joshua. Josh. 24. 1-25.
S. The last words of Paul. 2 Tim. 4. 1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die; but God shall be with you. Gen. 48. 21.

LESSON HYMN. S. M.

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own!
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cries,
And wealth and honor, gone.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. AN OLD MAN'S JOY, v. 8-12: Psa. 127. 3.
How old was Jacob at this time? Gen. 47. 28.
Whom did Joseph bring to him?
What did Jacob do to them?
For what did he show gratitude to God?
What favor did Jacob show to Joseph's children? v. 5.
How did Joseph show honor and love to his father?
What is the command in Exod. 20, 12?
2. A PROPHET'S BLESSING, v. 13-22; Isa. 63. 9.
For what purpose did Joseph bring his sons to Jacob?
In what manner were they brought?
How did Jacob place his hands upon them?
What three things did the blessing upon them include?
How was Jacob's name given to them? [ANS. In their being numbered among the tribes of Israel.]
How was the prophecy of their growth to a multitude fulfilled? Josh. 17. 17; Num. 26. 31. 37.
What distinction did Jacob make between the two sons?
Which of these two tribes became the larger and more distinguished? Deut. 33. 17.
What was Jacob's prophecy concerning a return to Canaan?
How was this promise fulfilled? Josh. 24. 14.
What promise was made to Joseph above the rest of the sons?
How was it fulfilled? [ANS. In the fact that two of the tribes of Israel belonged to Joseph's descendants.]

The Return Home.

A Hymn of the Greek Church in the 10th Century, translated by John M. Neale.

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sail, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To know our voyage of peril o'er.

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bore all he could endure
And bore not always well.
But he may smile at conflict gone
Who sets the victor's garland on.

No more the foe can harm
No night of lengthened camp,
No cry of night alarm
Nor need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,
How nearly had the foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home;
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now? Oh! joyful day,
The King has wiped them all away.

Oh! happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

Libby Prison Sold.

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"So the old prison is sold, is it?" he said. "Well, gentlemen, I never go by that place without laughing now. I can't help thinking of the cute trick played by a lot of Yankees there. The fact is it was so good that, although I had been ordered to shoot in among them, I disobeyed orders. It was about '63, and the Libby building was so crowded that it wouldn't hold any more prisoners so they put a large lot of them in the second story of the building across the street. Soon after these prisoners came the prison officials got a large supply of sweet potatoes (regular yams) from North Carolina, and stored them on the first floor of the building in which those prisoners were confined. Big sweet potatoes were luxuries in those days, and Turner and those fellows kept a strict watch over the building, I can tell you. The third day after they had been stored away it was noticed that they were disappearing at the rate of about a bushel a day. At first it was thought that the rats took them, but a second thought showed that the idea was absurd. Sentinels were posted all around the building with orders to shoot any man they caught stealing those yams, but they didn't see anybody to shoot, and although they were posted there day and night, and no one was allowed to enter the room in which the potatoes were kept, they continued to disappear at the rate of a bushel a day. The Confederates saw their yams disappearing in this way, and were furious. The thing was an unaccountable mystery. The doors and windows of the room were sealed and private marks were put on the wax, so that if any one of them was opened it would be known. The next morning the officers went into the room. The wax was all right, but another bushel of potatoes had vanished. Well, sir, it was the maddest crowd you ever saw. They came after me, and ordered me to take my stand in the room. 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I thought, 'this darned place is haunted, if there's such a thing as a place being haunted,' The sound stopped, but in about ten minutes after it he began again. I looked at the pile of potatoes and presently saw something shoot from the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it, it was drawn slowly up, and there was about a peck of yams sticking to it. It went up through a hole which had been cut in the floor above, and presently came down again with a thump right among the potatoes. It was the most artful arrangement you ever saw. The brick had about fifty holes drilled in it, and through each hole a sharpened tenpenny nail had been run, so that when the brick fell among the yams these nails stuck into every one they fell on. I couldn't help laughing at the smart dodge those Yankees had taken to get at the yams. I gently put my hand forward and caught hold of the rope. Pretty soon they began to draw on it, and when it did not move I heard one fellow say: 'Steady, boys; the brick's hung on something. Pull her steadily without jerking.' They did pull steadily and fairly lifted me from the floor. 'No jerk; easy, boys, easy,' said the director, and they tugged away. I got pretty red in the face holding to the rope. I was afraid to let go, because I thought some of those nails might strike me in passing. I tho't of my pocket knife, and hauled it out just as they were putting all their weight on the other end of the rope. I cut it in two, and the other end shot back through the hole in the ceiling, and I could hear a rolling and tumbling on the floor above, showing that the sudden giving way of the rope had had a disastrous effect. I heard another voice say: 'There, now, I told you so. You've broken the rope. We've lost our brick, and to-morrow we'll be found out.' Then another voice called out: 'Can't you see it? We might hook it up.' Next I saw a long neck protruding through the hole and a fellow peering down. Then I called out: 'If you trouble any more of these potatoes, I'll shoot.' That fellow's head shot back through that hole just like a terrapin, and it was as still as death up there. I hated to tell on them, because it was such a sharp scheme of foraging on the enemy, but I had to. When the officers went up the next morning to examine the room, it took a long time to find the hole. Those Yankees had cut a hole about a foot square through the floor, and it was done so neatly that it took good eyes to discover it. That was where the officers' yams went to."

There were two characters connected with Libby Prison whose whereabouts doubtless many an ex-prisoner would like to know—"Old Ben" and "the General." The former was an old darkey who had the run of the establishment, and who generally came by sunrise to waken the prisoners. He made it his business to get some one outside the prison to read him the despatches from the seat of war, and these he turned over in his mind until he managed to work them up into a graphic description of the battle, generally managing to give the victory to the Union forces. The keen old fellow had learned that reports of Union victories elated the prisoners to such an extent that they became liberal and rewarded him for his cheering intelligence. He would come in the room and sing out at the top of his voice: "Look sharp, dar! Here I is wid de lastes' talegrifick 'spatches from de seat er war." This signal was enough, and the prisoners would crowd around the wily old darkey while he related "de lates' 'spatches," which often ended with the gratifying intelligence, "An' Gineral Lee's men dey took 'n run." Old Ben, though he claimed to be a Northern sympathizer, was deeply grieved when the war ended, as it closed the Libby and deprived him of his occupation. After the evacuation he hung around the old place for a week or more, and took pride in showing it to such Union soldiers as had never seen it before. He was afterwards engaged with gangs of negroes in cleaning bricks in the burnt district. The old fellow lived about ten years after the war, and died in want.

"The General" was a younger negro, who was almost as taciturn as "Old Ben" was loquacious. He was a prison official, his principal occupation being the fumigation of the prison. Every morning he went through each room with a pan of burning tar, to give the place what he termed "a good Union smoke." He left Richmond soon after the war and went north. With him disappeared the last of the Libby officials in Richmond.

Lively Letter from Mr. Aiken.

From the Greenville (S. C.) News, Nov. 13.

In response to the question whether he thought the South should adhere solidly to the Democratic party, and whether he favored the counting in of Hancock via New York, Congressman Aiken replies:

COKESBURY, S. C., Nov. 12, 1880.

To the Editor of the News:

Yours of the 10th inst. awaited me on my return from my plantation today. You propound to me two questions, to both of which I unhesitatingly answer "No," loudly, qualifying my reply to the first by saying not in a partisan sense. If you desire to know my political opinions read the letter I wrote the *News and Courier* almost a year ago. And if you want some reading that is more Pickwickian than Pickwick himself, read the editorials of that blustering sheet from that day to this and see how easily they have jumped from one side to the other of the political fence. I know more about the rank and file of the Northern Democracy than all the editors in South Carolina, and never had any faith in them. They are a party with a name, but without a principle. We Southerners, Democratic to the core upon principle, have pinned our faith to that name or mere shadow, and of course have lost by it. I have long contended that the South should become more nationalized and lay less stress upon "principles for which Lee and Jackson fought." Suppose you and I believe in State rights, secession, strict construction, "blood and thunder," and all else upon which we attempted to found a Southern Confederacy, what sense is there in "kicking against the pricks?" I never had the faintest hope of Hancock's election, but had I said so the wiseacres of the State would have sworn I was not real to the party. Indeed, when in a retired, seclusive locality in my own district I ventured to counsel with some of my friends, and predict future events, it was heralded to the world, and by the party with more zest than our own, that I was a renegade, and should be run out of the "party." Now that their hindsights are in front what do some of these same wiseacres say? Nothing of any consequence, but they are all ready to watch "which way the cat jumps."

I need not worry you with a long epistle, but will simply say I believe the South in Congress should have nothing to do with partisan entanglements, but stand aloof until the time to vote, and then, upon all questions of national importance, cast a solid vote for what they believed to be right, regardless of the fact whether the issue was Democratic or Republican in a partisan sense. In this way we would help a balance of power that would result in our being courted by both parties North, and enable us frequently to dictate terms upon important issues. But many Southerners in Congress would follow the Democratic party as Gov. Perry said he would follow the State in 1861, and "you know how this was yourself."

Very respectfully,
D. WYATT AIKEN.

The Boston *Herald* relates that a Boston gentleman, who has extensive business relations with Southern railroads, is now making his annual tour in the South, writes home that the business men of that section are well satisfied with the result of the Presidential election, and by no means slow to express their disgust at the conduct of the Northern Democratic managers, and that, were the election to come off now, and the Southern people in possession of their dearly-acquired knowledge of Barnum's methods, the result in that section would astonish the country. The writer of this, the *Herald* says, is a conservative, more in sympathy with the Southern leaders than with Northern Republicans.

"Angel of Night" is what Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been termed by parents, whose worrying and coughing children have been soothed and cured, and have secured sweet slumber by using this excellent remedy. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Reconstructing the Party.

A rubbish heap or a sewer may contain not a few odds and ends that are valuable. But any attempt to construct a comfortable dwelling-house, or any other useful building, out of the debris of a sewer or the materials of a rubbish-heap, is sure to fail. Those who talk of remodeling the Democratic party are engaged in such an experiment. That party has been the rubbish-heap of the country for twenty years. Into its composition have gone all the waste stuff that no other party could use. Upon it have been cast all the trash and all the used-up remnants that any other party has been obliged to get rid of. For twenty years that party has been the political sewer of this country, into which all the filth has descended by all sorts of channels; and the frightful outburst of slander, blackguardism, forgery and perjury which the last six months has witnessed has been merely the result of a breakage of the sewer.

What can anybody hope to do with the heterogeneous materials which have gone to form the Democratic party as it is now? No common ideas can be found; no motives in common, except a desire for office.

In the discussion which is now going on between Democratic papers, as to the best mode of reconstructing the party, this fact has become painfully apparent. Watterson sends out from Louisville his new war-cry, but its first note is "Free Trade." Instantly other influential Democratic journalists protest, and tell him that any serious attempt to nail such a plank into the Democratic platform would split not only the plank and the platform, but the party. He is reminded that the defeat of General Hancock was largely due to the attempt to put free-trade ideas into its Cincinnati platform, and the consequent abandonment of the party by thousands of voters as the close of the contest drew near. Another programme-maker thinks that free trade will not do, but that free ships are essential. Whereupon Delaware hails him with indignation, and wants to know if the Republican gain in Wilmington at the recent election was not enough.

With the money question it is even worse. Dangerous as the experiment was, the party felt compelled to go into the Presidential contest with hard-money professions, knowing that there would be not a ghost of a chance for it otherwise in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. But that leaning toward the right cost the party the support of Greenback voters in Indiana, in spite of the nomination of Mr. Landers, and probably affected the result in many other States. A very large proportion of the Democratic voters will resist with intense hostility the financial ideas which it falsely professed in order to hold necessary Eastern votes. What can a party hope to do that is compelled to stake its very existence on an attempt to make oil and water mix?

Of late, having no chance to control the distribution of offices itself, the Democratic party has manifested a considerable access of zeal for Civil Service reform. But after the Maine election, when it was believed by Democrats that they were going to divide the offices among themselves, there was found not one in the country who insisted upon a non-partisan Civil Service. In fact, the Democrats have never shown any other opinion on that subject than this; that their party, when in power, ought to take all the offices, and use them all for the success of the party; but that it was exceedingly base in any other party, when in power, to use its official positions at all, or to refuse a fair division of spoils. No man who saw the throng of hungry and impecunious beggars who drifted over to Governor's Island every day during the last campaign can ever think of a reform of the Civil Service by Democratic hands except as a stupendous joke.

After a month or two of discussion and recrimination, it may occur to some Democrats that their party does not succeed because it is not a party at all. It has no ideas, no purposes, no common rallying point; nothing to live for, in short.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In the next South Carolina Legislature there will be four Republicans in the Senate and two in the House. The Democratic majority on joint ballot will be 152. And this in a State which is so overwhelmingly Republican that, as Wade Hampton very ably declared, the Democrats hardly dared a few years ago to count the votes. It would be better for Wade Hampton's party if they dared to count a few thousand less now. It is better not to count at all than to count a 40,000 majority which was never cast.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OUTCAST.

JOSTLE him out from the warmth and light—
Only a vagrant feeble and gray;
Let him reel on through the stormy night—
What though his home be miles away?
With a muttered curse on wind and rain
He crept along through the miry lane.

Lonely the pathway, and dark and cold,
Shelter he sought 'neath a ruined wall;
Over his senses a numbness stole,
Round him sleep threw her mystic pall.
Then an angel came with pitying tears
And lifted the veil of by-gone years.

Gayly he sports by a rippling brook;
Soft is the breath of the summer air,
Flowers adorn each mossy nook,
Sunshine and happiness everywhere.
He is *Willie* now, just four years old,
With his rose-bud lips and curls of gold.

Hark to the roll of the war-like drum!
See the brave soldiers go marching by!
Home from the battle young *Will* has come,
Courage and joy in his sparkling eye.
And his pulses thrill with hope and pride,
For he soon will greet his promised bride.

Now in the fireside's flickering glow
Calmly he's taking his evening rest;
Fondly he kisses his infant's brow,
Sleeping secure on its mother's breast
(And the dreamer stirred and faintly smiled):
He is *William* now with wife and child.

. . . . . .

The curtain dropped—the morning broke—
Faint was the flush in the eastern sky;
Moaning and wretched the sleeper woke,
Brushing a tear from his bloodshot eye.
To his squalid home beyond the hill,
With a saddened heart, crept poor old *Bill*.
—*St. Nicholas.*

GOOD MR. SPRUE.

"HURRY up there, and get your tickets, gentlemen!" shouted a man in blue coat and brass buttons, with the company's badge on his coat.

There was a general scramble for the head of the line, and a hurried falling back to less eligible places by those who failed to secure the first.

I never had any luck in gaining a good place in a crowd. A tall man, with a high hat, always *would* go in between me and whatever sight was to be seen. If it rained at the circus, the inevitable fat woman, with the green umbrella, always bounded my horizon. In the rush to hear a popular preacher, I *have* been fortunate enough to secure a camp-stool at the far end of the aisle, but, most commonly, have had to put up with "standing-room" in the third or fourth rank, catching here and there a word of the discourse, but not a glimmer of the sense.

This time I fared as usual. Elbowed out of every attempt to gain a better lodgment, I found myself at last at the extreme end of the *queue*.

"Hurry up, I say!" kept shouting he in brass and blue.

But in spite of all, the line shortened slowly. I was getting nervous. The next day was Thanksgiving, which I had agreed to spend at Deacon Patchin's, between whose daughter Polly and myself certain tender negotiations were then in active progress. To miss the train involved the choice of either giving up my visit, or waiting several hours and arriving just in time to find Polly in the pouts and take a longing look at the cold remains of that especial turkey of whose growth in fatness Polly's postscripts had kept me from time to time advised.

"Hurry up!—less than a minute till the gate closes!" admonished the blue and brazen official, as at last I reached the ticket-window.

"Ticket to Hugginsport," I said hurriedly.

"Two dollars," replied the ticket-man, slapping down his stamp on a piece of card-board with the heel of his hand.

"I've lost my pocket-book!" I exclaimed, quickly withdrawing the hand sent in search of it.

Here was a fix! I had started with a liberal supply of the one thing needful for Thanksgiving—at least so far as material pleasures go—and here I was without a penny to pay my fare, and not half a minute of spare time!

I looked around helplessly.

"I perceive your embarrassment, sir," said a grave looking gentleman, whose white choker and long-skirted coat left no doubt of his calling—"I perceive your embarrassment sir, and will be glad to relieve you of it. Get your ticket out of *this*; you can hand me the change and remit the rest."

As he spoke he placed a twenty-dollar bill in my hand.

"But my dear sir—" I began.

"Pray don't waste time in compliments. My name is Rev. Speedwell Sprue, of Chapelton, to which address you can remit the trifling sum advanced. I ask no better guaranty than your countenance."

"I accept your favor," I replied, "with warmest thanks. My name is Hodiah Trimbley, white-goods clerk with Twist & Bobbin of this city."

"Come, sir, do you wish the ticket or not?" demanded the man at the window, with his thumb on the spring that held up the slide.

I threw down the bill, he hastily counted out the change, and handed me it and the ticket. The former I passed to the obliging stranger, whose hand I had barely time to press in parting, as I left him waiting for another train.

The gateman was in the act of closing the passage and the last bell was ringing, as I hurried through and jumped aboard, with views of human nature considerably elevated by the trusting confidence shown by the Rev. Speedwell Sprue—though I doubted whether it would do to sell white-goods on the same credit system.

From Mr. Sprue and his childlike faith, my thoughts gradually turned to Polly Patchin, and I had already laid the ground plans of several fairy cottages, in which, with Love and Polly to lend their charm, I could have laughed at the proudest prince in his palace.

"Dickerville!" sang out the conductor, as the whistle blew and the train slowed up at the first stopping-place.

Two men with lanterns—it was a night train—came bustling through the car, scanning the passengers closely.

"Ha! this looks like him!" said one of them, holding his lantern to my face.

"Fills the bill exactly!" said the other, glancing from me at a paper in his hand.

"Come, sir," he continued, placing a hand roughly on my shoulder—"if I'm not mistaken it was you who bought the last ticket for this train."

"It was," I answered, looking up astonished.

"And paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill," he added, "receiving the change."

I acknowledged the fact, but with no abatement of surprise.

"That bill," he proceeded, "was a counterfeit, and we've been telegraphed to arrest you."

I endeavored to expostulate, and explained, as well as my confusion would permit, the circumstances under which I got the note.

"A likely story!" was the sneering comment; "there's so many good Mr. Sprues you see going about lending money to total strangers. What did you do with the change, now?"

"Handed it back to Mr. Sprue," I answered.

"A clever dodge," said one of the men, as the two exchanged winks.

"Come along!" they commanded, and without further ceremony I was hustled from the train, dragged to a neighboring calaboose and locked up.

Next morning I was taken before a jolly-looking magistrate whose face was a guaranty that I should at least have a fair hearing.

"Well, young gentleman, what have you to say to this?" he began.

I was proceeding with my story earnestly, when, to my great joy, who should enter but my kind friend, the Rev. Speedwell Sprue, in company with a stranger of very different appearance!

"Oh! Mr. Sprue, how glad I am to see you!" I exclaimed. "A word from you will clear up this unfortunate affair."

To my great chagrin Mr. Sprue, instead of promptly answering my appeal, turned aside and quite ignored my presence. But his companion promptly stepped forward.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked, placing in my hand an article taken from his pocket.

"I do!" I cried—"it's my own pocket-book."

"Of which you were robbed by that person," he replied, pointing to the Reverend Sprue, "whose real name is Ahab Dawks, a noted thief and forger, whom I've been for some time looking for. I witnessed his performance at the depot last night, and saw how, after stealing your pocket-book, he made you the instrument of putting off a bad note that he might pocket the change. Though I'm a detective, I didn't interfere, wishing to follow Dawks to the den in which he works and keeps his tools, and knowing the worst that could happen would be your temporary detention. This morning I hurried on, with the double purpose of securing your release and your identification of Mr. Dawks."

It was too late to see the turkey in his glory, but Polly, bless her!—had saved me up a nice piece; and the story of my adventure was the event of that Thanksgiving night. Every body laughed but Polly, who—again bless her!—was quite indignant at the wrongs which I had suffered.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Mexican Market.

THE market furnishes an abundance of eggs, chickens, cheese and milk. Fish can most always be had, being brought from the Santiago River, twenty miles distant. A nice chicken can be bought for a real and a medio (18 3-4 cents), and a dozen of eggs for the same. The cheese mostly used is called panda, and comes in the form of small cakes, is white and soft, and eaten when freshly made. Milk is brought into to town on the backs of animals, and is plenty and cheap. There is a belief that it is dangerous to drink it in any quantity and clear; that if a glass of it be drank, and the person becomes excited or angry, the chemical affinities of the milk and blood are such that a poison is produced that creates immediate death. Flour sells for 12 cents per pound. The amount used is considerable, notwithstanding that tortillas, or corn-cakes, are a necessity in every family. The bread and cakes are all furnished by the baker. The bread is made in the form of rolls, which are sold at four cents each. Of the sweet bread, there is a great variety, and each family, in purchasing, procures the assortment. It is made into small cakes of different shapes, and sold at from one to three cents each.

The entire ignorance of the value and use of stoves of course necessitates a simplicity in the art of cooking, and the excellence of the production of the cocinera is very remarkable, when this is considered. There is not a stove in use in Tepic. The original antique furnace, that has been in use from the time of the Spaniards, is still cherished as superior to any modern innovation. It is simply of brick, of convenient height, with an opening on top to contain charcoal, which is the only fuel used, and on top of which the cooking utensil is placed. An opening underneath furnishes draft. All the cooking utensils are made by the Indians from clay. They are all glazed; some ornamented with colors, and are cheap but frail. They are of all sizes, from a spoonful up to ten gallons. They are brought into the towns on the backs of Indians and donkeys, packed in crates, and are offered for sale about the Plaza on Sunday. This is an important industry, as all families must use more or less, and the constant breakage creating a continual demand.—*Cor. Alta-California.*

THERE was a curious sort of dinner at London the other day, distinguished electricians being the guests. In the center of the table was a covered dish, alleged to contain a "gymnotus," fresh from a river of South America. The chairman, instead of saying grace, spoke to the dish as if asking some one there to ask the usual blessing. Then a solemn, but distinct and pleasant voice was heard, apparently coming from the dish, repeating the favorite form. The cover was then raised, and there was a telephone, somebody at the other end having performed the pious service.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and the Pullman Car Company are involved in a lawsuit at Baltimore. The railroad people are building a large number of drawing-room cars after the Pullman model, claiming that the patents are invalid.

J. LANDERER has stated to the French Academy reasons for believing that the materials of the moon's surface are analogous to those of the silicate rocks so abundant on our globe.

A Lover's Crime---A Tragic Occurrence in Vienna.

YESTERDAY the city was shocked by the news of a terrible murder, similar in many respects to the crime committed just four years ago by a young man who murdered a postman and robbed him of the valuable letters which his pouch contained. It appears that on Wednesday evening a young man of about twenty entered a small lodging-house near the great Franz Joseph's barracks and asked for a room. He had no luggage, and when shown a small room in the second story objected and said he was used to better accommodations. He was then shown to a nice bed-room in the fourth story, which he accepted, and left after having written his name in a bold commercial hand upon the bill which the police leave at all hotels and which it is customary to sign. He did not occupy the room that night, but returned at 8 o'clock in the morning. The porter asked him when he entered it if he had spent a pleasant night and he answered, "A very pleasant night!" laughed and begged the porter to send the postman up to his room if he came with a letter containing money for him. Shortly afterward the postman appeared and delivered several letters at the hotel, which he carried to the rooms of those to whom they were addressed, because for letters of value the postman must get a receipt. He went up to the fourth story, and after not more than ten minutes the door of the room was torn open and the young occupant as well as the postman rushed down stairs. The young man went into the empty porter's stall and then ran out into the street. The postman called out for a glass of water, adding that he felt giddy. But before it was brought he fainted and fell. Of course no one supposed that a murder had been committed, but the general belief was that the old postman had had a fit of apoplexy. He was laid on a couch and the doctor was called, but he did not succeed in reviving him. In the meantime the hotel keeper searched the vacant room, and then, of course, the truth came out. On the table stood a small bottle and a glass, both containing a few drops of a sweet, unpleasant-smelling liquor. Nothing else was found but two articles of woman's underwear, trimmed with lace and spotted with blood. In the stove, which had been cleaned the day before, was found an envelope torn to tiny pieces. Strange to say, the murderer had not completed his work, for the postman's pouch was found intact with about 100,000 florins' worth of money letters in it. He had even left the letter which the postman had brought for himself unopened in the porter's chair. He must have addressed this letter to himself the night before, for, although he had taken his room but an hour before the letter was posted, the address was minute: "Room No. 27, on the fourth story, to the left." The murdered postman was sixty-seven years old and was considered so honest and trustworthy that large amounts were intrusted to him daily. He died at the hospital at noon without having recovered consciousness.

While all the clever detectives of Vienna were hunting through the city for the murderer a doctor came to the police and announced the sudden death of a young man who had committed suicide by taking prussic acid. The police went to the Hotel Union, where the suicide had taken place, and found a girl crying over the partially dressed body of a young man. On the table lay a letter which the girl said she found in the dead man's pocket, which contained a few words of farewell and the announcement of his resolution to make an end of his life, since there was no possibility of their marriage. She told the police officers that they had gone to Presbourg together three days previously to beg money of a relation, but had failed to obtain it. The young man, who had been her lover for years, also told her that he expected to get 1,500 florins yesterday, but that he had got nothing. She showed five half-kreuzers (about the fifth part of a cent) and said that was all the property he had left behind. The police officer stood looking at the dead man and suddenly it dawned upon him that this might be the old postman's murderer. He asked to see the dead man's clothes and found that they were exactly like those described as worn by the murderer. The soiled linen found in the murderer's room was then shown the girl, and she immediately recognized it as her own, and asked in great astonishment where they got it from. When questioned as to the way in which the suicide was committed, she gave the following details: The proprietor of the hotel was showing his rooms to a magisterial commission, which is looking for a house of safety in case of inundation this winter. The hotel keeper knocked at the young couple's door, and said: "You will not mind! A commission wishes to see this room." The gentlemen did not enter, but the young man turned pale, jumped into bed and gasped, "The commission!" pulled the bed-clothes over his head and drank the poison, which he had no doubt kept ready for such an emergency. He tossed about violently as if in pain, and the girl ran out to call for help, but when she returned he could only say what the poor postman had said before dying: "Water, for God's sake give me water!" Before the water touched his lips he was stone dead.

The people at the hotel where the old postman was murdered recognized the dead man as the same who had engaged the room, so that no doubt remains as to his identity. The young man's name is Burghardt and he was born in Hungary, where his father has charge of a small post-office. On his card Burghardt calls himself the representative of an English export firm, but this is supposed to be untrue.—*Vienna Cor. New York World.*

THE shoemakers of Norwich, England, are the great canary fanciers, and the best canaries, says the London *Times*, still come from that city. "Mechanics who work at home have always been the most successful rearers of household pets. The Spitalfields weavers, on the roofs of their low houses, with their pigeons stalking proudly before their masters, were the commonest example of the fact until alterations in manufacture spoilt the handloom trade and checked the development of pouters."

England's Annual Cat Show.

ALTHOUGH the twelfth National Cat Show, which opened at the Crystal Palace yesterday, was scarcely equal in numbers to some of its predecessors, it was unquestionably better in quality. The animals were divided into classes, under the descriptions of short-haired and long-haired cats. In the former the prizes for tortoise-shell male cats headed the list; but the species seems to have become a rare one, for the pure tortoise-shell tom was unrepresented, and there were but two entries in tortoise-shell and white. The peculiarities of some of the exhibits attracted much attention from the numerous crowd of visitors during the day. For instance, Mr. W. Luke Evans showed an English black-and-white pet, Blackie by name, four years old, which is accustomed to sit up and beg like a dog. Blackie also possesses considerable skill in shaking hands, and entered the exhibition with the prestige of having won a prize two years ago. In the class devoted exclusively to black cats, Miss L. Green's Cetewayo was the subject of much notice. The cosmopolitan nature of the show may be gathered from the fact that one of unusual color, sent for inspection by Mrs. Powell, was born in the Dobrudscha, while the same exhibitor sent a cat which was a native of Kustendjie, on the Black Sea. In the department allotted to male short-haired cats there were but three entries of tailless Manx, any color. Among the female cats the red tabby appeared to be quite as scarce a specimen as the tortoise-shell tom over the way. The accomplishments and attainments of the animals were fully set forth and undoubtedly a very distinguished cat was Mr. Wookie's Minnie, four years old, the winner of the first prize as a kitten in 1877, the second prize in 1878, and the first prize in 1879 at the Crystal Palace; the first prize in the present year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's gold medal. Another pet, with highly creditable antecedents, was Mr. Thomas Weightman's Mistletoe, a white, long-haired beauty, ten years old, and the winner of 39 first prizes, three second, and 11 special. The price of this one was set down at £100. Others were appraised at 100 guineas, many were not for sale at all, while two white cats shown by Mrs. Staples-Browne, which answered respectively to the names of Simon and Snow, and both first-prize animals, were each assessed at £79 18s. 7d. as the market price. The long-haired species appeared to be the favorites with the visitors, and here it may be remarked that there was only one black long-haired tom in the exhibition. Much amusement was caused by an announcement in the compartment intended to have been occupied by Miss E. Ackland's Persian, Lion, that being without his winter coat, he was unable to enter an appearance. In class 27, assigned to male long-haired cats of unusual color, the first prize of £1 was won by Mr. G. Edson; the second by Mr. W. Grist's Haroun, and the third by Mrs. Powell. This was sent to England about seven months ago by Aga Khan, and is described as an imported Persian. There were special prizes for workingmen's cats, and in this category was Tit, eight years and six months old, the heaviest in the show, and weighing 16 1-2 pounds. Of animals with remarkable characteristics, a Persian white may be mentioned with one eye blue and the other yellow. From these facts it will be seen that the show is full of interesting features; many of the exhibits are comfortably cushioned, and all are well cared for.—*London News.*

A Queer Trade.

FRANCE, always fertile in discovering new professions for her children, has just invented a new occupation. A man goes about the streets of Paris bearing a small tray covered with green cloth. On this tray are a pack of cards, a set of dominoes and a dice-box. With this stock-in-trade, the man, who styles himself "L'Amateur," goes to the houses of invalids or idle persons, and for a small fee plays with them at any of the games which can be managed with such properties as cards, dice and dominoes. It is said that the "amateur" makes a very comfortable living by this discovery of a want in the social organization of Paris. Undoubtedly this amateur card-player is much more likely to be in demand than the semi-mythological Quaterzieme, who was supposed at one time to earn a livelihood in Paris by attending dinner parties, where, through some mistake, the number of guests was the fatal thirteen. This number fourteen was expected to entertain the company with brilliant conversation, and was said to receive a large fee for his services. But the persons giving dinners who so far defy the laws laid down by Brillat-Savarin as to be in any danger of finding themselves at the eleventh hour with thirteen at table are comparatively few, and there must have been seasons when the Quatorzieme had but a dull time of it.—*London Times.*

FRANK BURY was robbed and hanged by some Chinamen, several years ago, near Gold Hill, Nevada. Soon afterward he met one of the rascals and killed him. A clever and plucky use of his own knife had severed the rope in time. A later exploit increased his reputation on the Pacific coast. He froze the fingers of one hand, and a physician told him they would have to be amputated, at a cost of $100. He decided to save the money by doing the job himself. He fastened one blade of a pair of sheep shears in a vise, stuck in his hand, and struck the other blade a hard blow with a sledge. It was a successful operation. These episodes in his history are culled from his obituary, for he has just been killed in a bar-room row.

EASTERN men visiting the Rocky Mountains generally underestimate the strength and ferocity of cinnamon bears of that region, and lives are frequently lost in consequence. A recent instance was that of three amateur hunters near Deadwood. They foolishly drove a big bear into a corner and one of them was instantly torn to pieces.

THE Cincinnati Gas Company has uniformed its men. Many robberies have been committed in that city by persons claiming to be register men of the company. To prevent further impositions of this kind the company has given its employees a uniform and badge.

Religious.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKS be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The health-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voiced trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower;
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might
In music's tone;
For paths of knowledge whose calm light
Is all Thine own;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dew-like store;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our lore;
Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust Thee all the more.

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow;
Thanks for the light of love, that shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
That none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea;
And for the weariness of heart
That only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessed Word,
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest,
And for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin,
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of Heaven begin.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

TRUST IN GOD.

THE basis of all intelligent and availing trust in God is confidence in His care. Among men, in commercial and other relations, confidence is essential to trust. The merchant does not trust a customer until he has confidence in his trustworthiness—in his ability and willingness to pay. So, trust in God requires confidence in His trustworthiness, in His ability and willingness to provide for and fulfill all His promises to the children of men.

In order to have this confidence in God it is necessary to have a knowledge of His character, for there can be no intelligent trust or confidence without knowledge. The Bible if the chief source of our knowledge of God, and teaches that He is every way trustworthy and pre-eminently responsible,—that He has the resources and the will to fulfill all His pledges. He is our Father, who has undertaken to care for us, and whose care is infinitely more tender and loving than that of earthly parents for their children. This relation of Fatherhood is of itself a sufficient guaranty of his care; but He has also "given unto us exceeding great and precious promises" to protect and bless those who trust Him: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "And the Lord shall help them; He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them because they trust Him." "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily, thou shalt be fed." "I will guide thee with mine eye." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The study of God's Word will not only convince us that He is worthy of our entire trust, but will also encourage us to trust Him by leading us to see how greatly to our interest it is to do so, and by giving us such a knowledge of His goodness, mercy, love and tender concern for our welfare as will win our confidence and impel us to trust Him. And we have great need to strengthen ourselves in this confidence, because we see so many things that are calculated to weaken and destroy it. We often see wrong prevailing over the right. We see that falsehood and low cunning are often successful, while goodness and integrity go unrewarded and unacknowledged. How often do we see the highest honor given to what we know is not the highest desert! Moreover, the afflictions which are common to all men have a tendency to weaken confidence in God's care.

Happy for us if, in spite of all we see and experience that tends to impair it, we are able to maintain an unwavering confidence in God, in His goodness, in His fatherly care and love for us. But sad indeed is the case of that man who allows his personal wrongs and misfortunes, or his observation of the temporary success of wicked men, to destroy his confidence in God. Yet this will be the case with us all if we interpret God by the contradictions of evil we see in the world, or think of Him as in any way responsible for them. Even David's trust in God was greatly shaken in view of the "prosperity of the wicked," and the "many afflictions of the righteous," insomuch that his "feet were almost gone," and his "steps had well nigh slipped." It was not until he "went into the sanctuary of God," and "understood their end," that he was able to say: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." So if we would maintain confidence in the goodness and justice of God we must bear in mind that men alone are responsible for the wrongs and injustice that we see; that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, God is ruling the world in righteousness, and that all the attributes of His character are pledged to secure the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. The Judge of all the earth will do right.

But the greatest hindrance to an availing trust in God is neither a lack of confidence in Him, nor the sight of this world's injustice, but the want of conscious conformity to His will. "Not the course of this world, but the weakness of ourselves makes it difficult to trust in the Lord with all our hearts." It is when our sins come between us and God and hide from us the light of His countenance that we lose confidence, not in His goodness, but in His exercising that goodness toward us. And there is truth in what we feel, for we rightly judge that our wrong-doing has taken us away from Him. The frown of our own consciences makes us feel that we are shut out of His sight and care. Either we dare not, or feel that we cannot, claim to be His children. Therefore, however great our theoretical confidence in the goodness and loving kindness of God toward the children of men, we cannot exercise a personal, saving, comforting trust in God while we are acting contrary to His will. We must know that our purposes and life are in harmony with the will of God in order to derive any strength or comfort from our confidence in Him.

For, availing trust in God is practical as well as theoretical. It always implies obedience to God's commandments, submission to His will, and consecration to His service. It is such a trust as the little child has in its parents—enables the soul to cast all his care upon God and realize that "He careth for us," and does, according to His promise, make all things work together for good to them that love Him. Some one has said, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." It would be very near to us always, even in our hearts, if we would always trust as implicitly as little children do. "Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Self-Wrecked.

THERE are human wrecks, as well as human footprints, "on the sands of time;" and there is no sadder or more eloquent warning than the sight of a *total* wreck of a young man—lying forever beyond hope.

In a "baccalaureate" sermon preached last summer to the students of Western college, Rev. L. B. Bell, of Kansas City, Mo., related the following facts, from a painful recollection of his own university days; and a darker example of the swift and fatal peril of dissipation and deceit was never given.

In the institution of which Mr. B. was a member one of the brightest and most promising students was a young man from a far distant State, of surpassing talents and fascinating person and manners, and known in this story as Wingate. This young man was a child of affluence, reared in a Christian home, and blessed with every advantage of pure instruction; but absence from the watching eyes of love, and a flattering sense of new freedom and self-direction, proved too much for his better principles. The partiality and admiration of his fellow-students drew him into convivial habits. He was a leader as well as a favorite, and he grew daring in every dangerous social indulgence. His genius that wasted itself in sinning made him expert, too, in concealing sin. The letters he wrote home were patterns of finished falsehood, and though he continued to grow worse he so far diverted the college authorities and kept within rules that no warning of the way he was living ever reached his parents.

When at last his father made the long journey to see him graduate, and hear his Commencement oration, it was with the full belief that the loved and talented son was still an honor to him. Wingate did not receive the notice of this intended visit until his father was on the way. The thought of his coming filled him with terror. He had been deceiving his father for more than three years, and now exposure was inevitable. He had no Commencement part, for though a quick scholar and the finest speaker in his class, his course had deprived him of every honorable appointment. His debts were enormous, and he would be forced to confess them. Wingate dwelt upon all this until it nearly crazed him. When the hour came for the arrival of the train that would bring his father, instead of going to meet him at the depot, he shut himself up, in the agony of remorse and cowardly fear. The eager father inquired the way to the room of his son, climbed the stairs, and opened the door, burning to embrace him. He staggered back, stood still a moment, and sank on the floor in a swoon. He had stumbled over his son's dead body. The unhappy young man, in his distraction, had sent a bullet through his brain, and he lay weltering in his blood.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Beautiful Death Scene.

THE following account of the closing moments of the life of Philip Hinkle is taken from the Cincinnati *Gazette*. Mr. Hinkle was one of the best known business men of Cincinnati, and was always active in every benevolent and Christian work. The writer says:

About noon he said to his son-in-law: "Henry, I'm a very sick man, and nobody can tell what the result will be." His wife, who was sitting by his bedside, remarked: "Well, my dear, do you care what the result will be?" He replied: "Oh, no, as the Lord wills it; the will of the Lord be done."

Knowing that his end was near, his grand-children gathered around his bed, and to each he gave a word of advice and said good-by. To Harry Sage he said: "Harry, live for God, and be a shining Christian." To Nellie Hinkle: "Nellie, my sweet little girl, decide early for Christ."

To Freddie Hinkle: "Freddie, be a good boy, love Jesus, obey your father and mother, and go to church."

To little Philip Hinkle: "Little Philip, my own dear little boy, be a good boy and be a Christian."

His daughter, Mrs. Sage, said to him: "Father, you have been a brave soldier; you have fought the good fight, and kept the faith."

Here her emotions overcame her so that she could not finish the passage, and he replied: "Yes, I have tried to do my duty. I have leaned upon my Savior and trusted in His righteousness."

As the closing scene drew nigh his wife and children, and grandchildren, his brother, Mr. A. H. Hinkle, and his aged sister, Mrs. Gaither, united in singing, as best they could, in their sorrow, his favorite hymn:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

The dying man roused himself as the name of Jesus fell upon his ear, and sang with them the verse through. Then all was silent, and as his only son, Thornton M., quoted the words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," the dying man quietly fell asleep in death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on th part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates so have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A life more happy seemed to fill
The homestead 'neath the sheltering hill.
A gentle stir, like winds at play,
That kept in mind Thanksgiving-Day.

Upon the roof-tree, sloping down,
Of late had come a glistening crown
Of snow, and drooped beneath the eaves
The woodbine's red and withered leaves.

As thus the homestead peaceful stood
Amidst the winter quietude,
Inside the housewife plied her art
With busy hand and anxious heart.

For three whole days a conflict dire
Is waged 'twixt cauldron and fire;
Still does the crane not cease to groan,
And still the oven holds its own.

Now, conscious of her skill and might,
The house-dame, with her skirts drawn tight
And cap askew, with flying strings,
The closet fills with dainty things.

The children peep with eyes aglow
To see her place the pies in row,
And steal to get with smack and sniff
Of steaming conserves just a whiff.

The day has come! The blushing morn
Now hears the lumbering stage-coach horn
That, 'mid the echoings of the hills,
The homestead with a tremor fills.

First at the door, the grandsire gray
Puts forth his staff his steps to stay;
The toddler, prattling at his knee,
Thrusts forth his head the coach to see.

The stalwart son that bides at home
Into the doorway, too, has come;
His wife and baby now appear—
Hark! 'tis the sound of wheels they hear.

The stage at last, with stately sweep,
Comes round the curve, and from it leap
The school-boy sons who left the farm,
And meet the group with greetings warm.

Quick bouncing at the prick of goad,
A pillioned nag trots up the road,
And, pausing by the humble stoop,
Adds two new-comers to the group.

The meeting-house looms white and bare
High on the hill above them there,
And in its steeple thumps and sways
The bell that calls to prayer and praise.

And soon the men-folks, smiling-faced,
Responsive to its summons haste;
Whilst busy Marthas, full of care,
'Gainst their return the feast prepare.

The Feast at last. The grace is said,
And up bobs every eager head,
And bright eyes, like some greedy power,
Go seeking what they may devour.

The turkey at the feast is lost;
The chickens get their drum-sticks crossed;
And empty plates, just filled with pies,
The good wife marks with smiling eyes.

Each finds his limit reached at last;
The apples come; the nuts are passed:
The mugs of cider brimming stand,
And jokes fly round on every hand.

So goes the day till evening comes;
And on the hob the kettle hums;
The roasting apple puffs its cheek,
And children play at hide-and-seek.

Perhaps this day in years to come
May find them wanderers far from home,
And with joy-haunting memories cheer
The shadows of that changeful year.
—*Youth's Companion.*

JAMES WARING'S LESSON.

"Dear me, so to-morrow's a holiday! What senseless things holidays are, for people like myself! Not a relation left—not a friend who cares for me!"

"Who's fault is it?" asked conscience. But James Waring had so long silenced conscience that its voice was hardly audible, and he pitied himself, as was his wont.

"I wish there was something I could do—is there no business that can be transacted on Thanksgiving Day? Let me see," and he opened his letter case in search of something to help him. "Ah; here's the very thing! Thornton writes me that he's not received any rent from his cottage for the last six months, and suspects his agent is not decided enough with the tenants. That's it! I'll go there to-morrow, and if the rent isn't paid by the first—out they shall go. Well, I'm glad there's something to do—I hate holidays!"

The cannel coal fire burned brightly, and the elderly man sitting in front of its cheerful blaze gave himself up to dreams, as was his nightly custom. But on this Thanksgiving Eve his visions took strange forms. Instead of living over the last historical scenes of which he had been reading, or laying fresh plans for greater business ventures, his mind wandered back into his own past. He saw a little boy eagerly pleading for the entire charge of the poultry-yard, sure that he "could make money by it." A year had passed, and the boy, but ten years old, was proudly showing his account to his father and mother; there was a clear profit of nearly twenty-five dollars.

The father had praised and encouraged the boy, but his mother said little and looked anxious. Years went by, and the boy is at last sent to take a position in the city. He does not go penniless, for he has earned and saved till his bank book is an important part of his outfit.

"Oh, my son, what part have you given to God?" asks the mother, and the boy, who cares little for God, but would fain please his mother, makes a great effort, and for her sake parts with some of his dearly loved savings.

"Spend this for your poor, mother," are his parting words.

"Oh, James, if you would but have *your* poor! You are going to a city where there is much want—real destitution—learn the delight of giving."

For years those words, the very last that his mother ever spoke to him, had been forgotten—buried deep and covered over by money calculations and business plans; and now he was vexed at his own memories.

"Poor mother! If she could have lived till I really could afford to give, I would have been different; but just as I was getting comfortably off—just when I had at last made up my mind to take a good holiday—I heard of her death. Is it any wonder I hate holidays? I'll go to bed, and forget these old times."

But one does not always find forgetfulness in sleep. James Waring went from street to street, looking for the cottage where he was to collect the rent. It seemed to him that again and again he saw the place, and each time a voice, strangely familiar in its tones, would say, "Do not let him find it yet; show him the poor he might have helped, before he throws away this chance," and then he would suddenly find himself in one of the few homes of the poor that he had dealings with.

The first was his washerwoman's. She had always seemed a very respectable, worthy person to him, and certainly he had paid her regularly, though he was careful to make an arrangement by the month, instead of paying by the piece.

"Mother can't you rest to-morrow, and keep one holiday?" asked a boy, evidently the widow's son.

"Ah, yes, mother," pleaded the girl from the other side of her mother's ironing-table, "do rest to-morrow. Let us have a real Thanksgiving Day—church and games and dinner—as we used to do."

"O children, don't ask me! There is no coal in the box, and Mary has no shoes for winter; and you, John, must have an overcoat, and there's the rent. No, no. I must get through all I can, and try and get more to do, instead of taking holidays."

"Mother," asked John, "is there not one person to give you a helping hand—just till I am through this one year at school? I could pay back the money, if you could only borrow one hundred dollars to help you over this year."

"And I'll be a teacher in three years, mother," said Mary. "Oh, how I wish I could stop your hard work at once. Now think, mother, isn't there any one, as John says?"

James Waring listened breathlessly; he longed to hear his name. Surely she knew he could lend her that much. But the widow, after a moment's silence, only shook her head. "No, children, we've no rich friends, and I'd only lose work if I should try to get money from customers."

"There's that Mr. Waring," said Mary, to the listener's great delight.

"He!" exclaimed mother and son, the first in utter astonishment, the second in scorn.

"Well—isn't he rich?" asked Mary, doubtfully.

"I rather think so!" responded John, "but he's mean."

"John, my son, Mr. Waring pays us promptly—you should not speak so."

"He"—

"He knows nothing about poverty or the need of money, that is all," said the widow quietly.

Again James seemed seeking the cottage, and again that voice pleaded "Not yet, not yet!" This time he was led to the basement of the house where his own rooms were. Once in a while he had gone down those lower stairs, so the scene was not altogether unfamiliar. He had seen before that thin figure lying on the lounge, had noted the air of refinement in the cosy sitting-room; but now he heard them talk, unaware of his presence.

"Marion, if I could but get South, I believe I'd grow strong! The Doctor said it might set me up. But there! I must be a weak fool to talk of it to you! It can't be done—we haven't a relation to help us. Do you know what I dream about, Marion, when you are up stairs doing the work in the lodgers' rooms?—the work that you should never do if I were well and strong."

"No, dear; tell me your fancies, if they are pleasant ones."

"I dream, wife, that instead of the people who have our rooms—the Hoffmans, who as Germans care nothing for us, and those four young clerks in the upper story who can barely pay their way, and that money-loving Waring—you had a warm-hearted, whole-souled man, who would take note of your lovely, unselfish life, and would give me, for your sake, dearest, one more chance of life."

The brave wife's eyes were filled with tears, but she would not let them overflow. "Who knows what may happen?" she answered, gayly. "You little know what such a day as to-morrow—Thanksgiving Day—may bring forth. Now stop dreaming, and we'll have a game of chess, and then I'll sing. Remember, if you went South, I could not go, too, and so it might be worse than staying."

"Not yet—let him see one more lost opportunity, lest he still refuse," pleaded the voice, and he was drawn down a narrow street, and led up to the attic of a tenement house.

"Did you ask him, Ben?" a woman was saying. "Did you tell him we can't get on, with six mouths to feed and six little bodies to clothe?"

"Ask him! To be sure I did, and got just the answer I expected. 'There are plenty of men would be glad of your situation, so, if the wages don't suit you, I can fill your place.'"

Yes, those were his own words. James Waring remembered that the porter had come to him that very day and asked for an increase of salary, but surely he had not mentioned his six children—or could it be he did not pay attention to his pleading?

"Well, Ben, there'll be one less mouth to feed soon, and the poor child eats little enough now." Then Waring saw them go to a crib in the corner, and saw a child all wasted and worn tossing wearily from side to side.

"It's enough to drive a man to drink, when you think what the firm take in each day," muttered the poor father, almost crazed as he looked on his dying child.

Waring, impatient to recall his cold refusal, made a mighty effort to speak, and awoke in the gray dawn of the November day. His dreams had been too vivid to be shaken off at once, but he tried his best to call them "mere fancies." On first waking he half resolved to call on Ben, and see if the reality were any thing like the dream, but by the time he had bathed and dressed, his old habits had conquered him, and he remembered, with a smile at his own momentary superstition, that he did not know Ben's address. Mrs. Downs brought up his breakfast, and her face recalled the dream to his mind. By way of experiment, he said, "How is Mr. Downs to-day?"

"Not much stronger, thank you, sir, The Doctor recommends a Southern trip."

Mr. Waring felt his cheek flush, but hiding behind his newspaper he gave an absent-minded "Ah—better go!" which effectually silenced Mrs. Downs. But it did not silence his conscience. It seemed as if, after the lapse of years, that voice of God in his heart must be heard—was it in answer to his mother's prayers?

"You've tried your father's grasping, money-getting ways for years, and what real happiness have they given you? Why not for one day, at least, imitate your mother? She certainly was the happier of the two."

"Perhaps a walk will make me more like myself—I'll look after Thornton's rent. I'll be bound the cottage sha'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my dreams," and Waring started out, but the wind seemed to echo, "Throw away this chance! Throw away this chance!"

The cottage was in the suburbs and at the further end of the town, and by the time Waring had reached it he felt quite restored to himself—"had gotten over all that nervousness." He rang the bell, and was ushered into the little parlor by a lady—evidently the wife of the tenant. There was no sickness here, at any rate, for three little fellows clustered around the lady's skirts, peeping with shy, bright eyes at their visitor.

"Did you wish to see my husband, sir?"

"Papa's gone out," said the little six-year-old fellow, before Mr. Waring could reply.

"Boys, you must run into the dining-room," said Mrs. Archer, as if for the first time aware of the children's presence.

"I did wish to see your husband, madam, but my business can be transacted with you, no doubt. My friend, Mr. Thornton, has asked me to collect the rent for this cottage; it seems that the agent has been rather remiss in pressing the matter."

The lady's face paled, her hands were pressed tightly together in her lap, but her steadfast eyes met Mr. Waring's unflinchingly.

"Sir, you are a total stranger to me; but sometimes it is easier to confide in such an one than a friend. Until last night I thought the rent had been paid promptly each month. I sent it, sir, by"—the poor wife hesitated, but with an effort said, "by my husband."

"Then the agent is a seamp," said Mr. Waring, rising to leave, and resolving that said agent should smart for this.

"No, no, sir! You must hear me out. Last night my husband acknowledged to me that he had not made the payments. My husband has been drinking, and the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penitent, and I am so anxious to give him one more chance. I am sure I can earn and save the full amount, if you can wait."

"*You* can earn!" repeated Mr. Waring, looking at the delicate face and the hands, so evidently unused to hard work.

"Yes, sir. This is a sudden blow, but I have been thinking all night, and I am so anxious to save my husband—to show him that I am ready to help him if he will only reform, that I have thought of one or two ways of earning money already, and God will show me others. He helps those who help themselves, does He not, sir?"

"Indeed He does," said Mr. Waring, his heart stirred as it had not been for years. "May I venture to ask something about your plans?"

"Certainly. If you wait for the money you have the right. Besides, I need a friend, and shall be glad of your judgment. My plan is to open a class for the children in the neighborhood. I already teach my own boys, and several of the neighbors have asked me to take their children in, but until now I thought I could not. Then I have a good knowledge of the organ, and I heard last Friday that the organist of a church not far off is to leave—I shall apply for the position, and I feel sure I shall get it."

"Had you thought of most women's first resoure—keeping boarders?"

"No, sir!" and the sweet, womanly face flushed. "I want to have my own little home sacred, if possible. Besides, though my husband has promised, he may not quite succeed, and—I could not bear to let outsiders see."

"But a lodger—a bachelor, who would only be at home after six at night? Have you not a couple of rooms that such a one could furnish for himself? You could charge a good price, and almost cover your rent."

"Oh, sir, bachelors are not so easy to be found, especially one that would pay largely, and then—it could only be a friend, one who would help my husband, not lead him further astray."

"I know of one. Will you empower me to arrange with him? As to your back rent, your plans are admirable, and I am sure Thornton will wait—I'll pay him myself, if he won't," Mr. Waring added to himself.

Mrs. Archer's brown eyes grew soft and bright, a happy smile played about her firm, determined mouth, and impulsively extending her hand, she thanked her new friend warmly. "I knew there were such warm-hearted men as you, sir, but I have not often met them. I promise you your confidence and kindness to an utter stranger shall not prove misplaced. As to your friend—I can not refuse him. Will you look at our second floor, to see if you think it might suit him?"

Smiling to himself, Mr. Waring followed her up to the pretty rooms her womanly taste had made home-like and invlting, though the furniture was of the plainest description.

"But this is evidently your room, my dear madam!"

"There are two rooms above, and I shall be so glad to be near the children! Indeed, we shall be very comfortable, if only your friend should prove *my* friend."

"Never fear! He will call to-night. I have much to see to-day, or I would bring him this afternon. Good day—for the present. I hope to hear you play on the organ before long."

Mr. Waring walked away from the cottage with a strange, new feeling at his heart. Were there many such women in the world? Was it not delightful to be able to make her look so bright, to lift part of the burden she had borne so bravely from her weak shoulders. "I declare, mother was right, and I've lost a great deal of happiness by not helping others. Just for the fun of the thing, I'll stop in at that poor widow's, and see those children of hers—wonder if my dream *was* right, and if she has a boy and girl!"

In his new enthusiasm Mr. Waring quite forgot how the morning had gone by, and it was not until he had knocked at Widow Burns's door that he realized, by the unmistakable odors, that dinner—*the* dinner of the year for all true Americans—was evidently being served. A tall boy appeared at the door, which opened directly into the sitting and dining-room. There sat the widow, evidently tired from her morning's work, with her daughter and a little crippled boy who was rejoicing in his feast of turkey and "lots of potato and gravy."

"Mr. Waring, sir! Is any thing wrong? I have the last week's list, and I am sure I made no mistake."

"No, no, my good Mrs. Burns. I am only keeping Thanksgiving-Day in my own fashion, and thought I would call and see what family you had, and what your prospects are for the winter."

Mary and John gave their mother bright, yet anxious glances, as much as to say, "Now is your time; do tell this gentleman our need." 'Little by little the story was told; it was almost exactly the tale of the night before. In one year more John would be able to take a position as assistant book-keeper, and Mary was steadily advancing toward the goal of her ambition—a certificate which should entitle her to a position as public school teacher.

"But mother isn't strong, and she was not brought up to wash and iron; if she could only work a little less for a year, we might save her life," said Mary, impetuously.

"Well, suppose I agreed to advance you one hundred dollars, John, would you sign a paper promising me to pay it by weekly sums from your salary when you obtain a position?"

"Indeed, I would, sir, and bless you every day of my life. And when I grow rich, as I intend to, I'll help other boys."

"Don't wait till you get rich, my boy; keep your heart and eyes open, and give out of your first earnings, or you may grow hard and mean and miserly."

The boy colored violently, and Mr. Waring felt sure that his dream had indeed been true. "All the more reason I should hurry home, and cheer up that good little Mrs. Downs. Bless my soul! here I'm about to leave her, and that will be a dreadful blow! I must find her another lodger, or pay at both places. I declare, I'll be a poor man if I keep on! But somehow I can't stop—never felt so happy in my life."

Mr. and Mrs. Downs were surprised by a call from their rich lodger, and still more surprised at the kind, friendly way in which he talked. He was as eager to talk over routes to Florida and Colorado as Mr. Downs himself, and knew much more about the advantages of the latter place. How enthusiastic the two men grew as they talked of the feasibility of Mr. Downs going first and getting better, and then taking a house at Denver for his wife to keep lodgers; or better yet, if his health were once fairly re-established, he might get a chance at farming.

"It's the getting there that is the trouble," said the invalid, at last, the old cloud settling down on his thin face.

"Oh, that's the least part of it! You must allow me to see to that. I had a delicate sister when I was a mere boy that might be living now, if we could have sent her to the West—in memory of her I want to send you."

The wife's happy face, the sick man's broken thanks, helped on the good work in James Waring's already softened heart. They would not hear of his eating alone, and he and Mrs. Downs between them improvised a high tea which was a grand success, the invalid sitting up and even asking to be helped a second time.

It was not quite easy to tell Mrs. Downs of the proposed change of rooms, but Mr. Waring found her sympathies all on the side of the brave young wife, and though she was sorry to lose him as a lodger, she was so delighted to have gained him as a friend that she did not complain.

Just as the oldest of her boys was kissing her good-night, Mr. Waring was announced to Mrs. Archer.

"You could not persuade your friend, I see," said that lady, after introducing her husband, "pray do not think us very much disappointed."

"But indeed, madam, my friend—a man's best friend, they say, is himself—has come to beg that he may take possession of his room as soon as possible."

Mrs. Archer's surprise was great, but she did not try to conceal her relief that a total stranger was not to be thrust upon them. She felt that Mr. Waring would help her in all her undertakings, and hoped that his friendship might prove ennobling to her husband.

The three talked together for an hour, and then, mutually pleased with the prospect of spending many evenings together, they parted, Mr. Waring to walk home thinking over the change in his feelings since the night before.

"This has been the happiest holiday of my life, and I mean to have many such. To-morrow I'll speak to Ben, and raise his salary, and then I must begin to plan for Christmas. There'll be lots of presents for all of these young folks I've picked up. I declare, instead of dreading my holidays I shall be getting ready for the next one all the time, and after this I shall have, as my blessed mother advised, my own poor to help and encourage."—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Electric Discharges from Animals.

Touching the electric brush discharges which sometimes take place from the hair and fingers of men, and the coats of animals, as well as the leaves of trees, a recent note by M. Amat to the French Academy mentioned some curious facts which came under his observation out in Algeria, in 1876, between Djelfa and Laghouat, among the Atlas Mountains. He says that he has frequently drawn large sparks from the hair of his horse by means of his pocket comb. The best results were obtained in dry weather, in the evening between 7 and 9 p. m. If the hair was a little moist, or the sky cloudy, no sparks or cracklings could be got. Animals, and especially horses, present in a higher degree than man the power of exhibiting these discharges. Travelers on the high plateau of Central America have remarked that the coats of their horses discharge sparks under the brush or currycomb; and in South Algeria it is common to see the hairs of the tail so much alive with the electric forces that they diverge from the center. On stroking the tail by hand, distinct crackling sounds may be heard, especially during the day. One reason why man accumulates less electricity than the horse is perhaps that the horse is better insulated on his horny hoofs.

The Czar, when at his palace in Livadia, is continually surrounded by policemen and soldiers. The park and castle are watched night and day by imperial spies, to prevent the influx of Nihilistic assassins.

Our Young Folks.

MAMMA'S PUZZLE.

Baby is sleeping—Good night! good night!
Angels with joy behold the fair sight;
Two little eyelids fringe the soft cheek
Where dimples and smiles have frolicked all day;
One little answer in vain do I seek.
Which is the sweeter—mamma cannot say—
Baby asleep or baby at play?

Baby is sleeping; what perfect repose,
What innocent rest my little one knows!
No furrow of care, no line can I trace
On these little features by night or by day,
To shadow their beauty or mar their sweet grace.
Oh, which is the fairer—can any one say?—
Baby asleep or baby at play?
—*Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Christian Union.*

WHAT THANKSGIVING'S FOR.

Fred and Jack Howard sat by the window watching the snow as it fell fast to the ground. Little Jack, in his kilt skirts and long curls, had great respect and admiration for his brother Fred, who wore jackets and trousers, and had just arrived at the dignity of boots, though mamma had said he could not wear them "till snow came." That was the reason they watched the storm so eagerly, talking busily meanwhile.

"Fred, when is Thanksgiving?" asked Jack, trying to make a picture on the window with his finger, forgetting mamma's reproof the day before.

"Next Thursday," promptly replied Fred, who was almost always willing to answer Jack's questions, which, to tell the truth were very numerous; in fact, papa called him "a dear little interrogation point;" but Fred loved him, and besides, liked to be appealed to, as if wiser than Jack.

"How many days till then?" continued Jack, putting some frightful horns on the animal which had been begun for a cat.

"Six," patiently answered Fred, taking out his knife to sharpen his slate pencil.

"I say, Fred," persevered Jack, "tell me what Thanksgiving's for, anyway."

"Why, Jack, it's to go to church and have a good dinner," said Fred, who had broken the nice point to his pencil and was scowling a little.

"And go to grandpa's, if he only hadn't died," added Jack, turning away from his "art studies" to watch Fred. "Do they keep Thanksgiving in Heaven, Fred?"

"Yes, Jacky, I think they do, of course; but we go to church Sundays, and we have tip-top dinners most every day, if nothing happens, and we used to go to grandpa's in summer time, too, so I don't just know what Thanksgiving is for," he concluded, reluctantly.

"I'm pretty sure about the eating part," said Jack, triumphantly, "for Bridget's making mince meat to-day, and I had a taste," laughing to think of the size of the "taste;" "but that can't be all it's for. Just see, Fred, how it snows!" and away went both boys for coats, caps and mittens, as well as boots, for the ground was now as white as Bridget's frosted cake. The busy little fellows had not heard their mother come into the room, in time to hear the last of their conversation. She was a pretty mamma, "the prettiest lady in town," both boys stoutly maintained; a loving mamma, too, anxious that her sons should grow into good, noble men.

"They don't understand what Thanksgiving is for!" she said to herself, in surprise, as she drew her rocker nearer the bright, open fire. "They must find out, and how?"

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and cold; not snow enough for sleighing, but enough to deck the fences and trees in a beautiful new winter dress, and make home seem dearer than ever. The Howard family gathered happily around the breakfast table, tempting with chicken, rolls, coffee and doughnuts, and attractive with some of mamma's flowers at each plate.

"So glad I don't have to go down town to-day, little woman," said papa, and mamma smiled back her pleasure, when Fred said, eagerly:

"Mamma, who is the company we're going to have to-day? When will you tell us?"

"They will be here when you come from church; wait patiently till then, dear," mamma answered, and sprang to catch Jack's goblet of milk, which he had upset while gallantly insisting on giving her the rolls. After breakfast the boys passed the time in playing with the baby, till they all went to church together. Fred gave Jack a reminding punch when the minister read: "In everything give thanks," and whispered, "now I guess we'll find out;" but though he listened well for a time, he got no clear idea, wondering what "harvests," "yellow fever," "accidents," and "reforms" had to do with "Thanksgiving." Jack occupied himself with counting the buttons on Charlie Scott's coat, and whispered to Fred "what comes next to twelve?" when mamma's hand on his reminded him that in church all the talking was done by one person; and after a long time, it seemed to Jack, church was over, and they were on their way home. Papa and mamma walked in front, and talked about the sermon and the singing. Fred and Jack, behind them, wondered who the "company" was, waiting for them now at home.

"It can't be Aunt Helen and the girls, for they've got the mumps, and can't go out doors. Glad we haven't got 'em, Fred," said Jack, skipping along backward to admire Fred's new overcoat, with so many pockets!

"Nor Uncle John, for he's gone to see that pretty lady who was here last spring," said Fred. "Wonder what he's gone to see her for; wasn't she lovely, though?" and here Fred forgot his dignity in a good-natured chase after a dog, in which Jack joined.

As they went up the walk to their pretty, comfortable home, there was an odd little smile on papa's face, and mamma said, as they went in: "Boys, go directly to the nursery and take off your coats, and then come down."

In a twinkling the boys were in the sitting-room, their eyes big with curiosity. Whom do you think they saw? Sitting by the fire, in their own pretty camp chairs, were two boys of about their size, thin and pale and dirty; in ragged, scanty clothes, seemingly as much surprised at being there as any one else could be. Instantly mamma said, in her sweetest voice, holding out her hands to her own boys:

"Jack and Fred Howard, here are Bob and Tom White, who have come to visit us. We hope to give them a very happy day."

Fred and Jack were very dear children, but they were surprised and disappointed. Forgetting "the law of love" and the "golden rule," which older people forget most sadly, too, Fred stood eyeing the guests with something like scorn, I am sorry to say, while Jack, turning away from his mother's outstretched hand, cried out:

"I don't like 'em; I don't want 'em here."

Bob and Tom fidgeted and turned red, gazing in awe at the pictures, vines, easy chairs, and most of all at Mrs. Howard's beautiful face, turned so kindly toward them. Then she spoke:

"Fred and Jack, my darlings, let me tell you a true story. I found these little boys down on Park-st., that first day it snowed. They have no home; they have no father or mother, no one to take care of them. Bob holds horses, sweeps crossings, or does anything he can to earn a little for Tom and himself. A woman down near the engine-house lets them sleep in her woodshed. Their father and mother died of yellow fever last summer, while we were at grandpa's." Here her voice faltered for a moment—her dear old father had died only a few months before—but then she went on: "I have brought them here to-day to let you see what Thanksgiving's for; and I hope they will find out before they leave us." She stopped, and waited for an answer. Fred came quickly forward, and said to Bob:

"Haven't you any home?" To this loving boy home meant all that was dear in the world.

"No," briefly replied Bob, surveying Fred's blue suit and bright buttons with sharp and wistful eyes. Nearer came little Jack, his cheeks red with excitement.

"Haven't you any mamma?" he cried out, as if he couldn't believe so great a sorrow could be borne.

"No," again said Bob, this time putting up a rough, dirty hand to his eyes.

"Nor any baby sister?" asked Jack, now standing close beside them.

"No," broke in Tom, with a little choke in his voice; "she died before tho rest."

Poor little Jack! the smiling baby sister, in the rose-lined cradle up stairs, was a very angel to him, and this was too much. Bursting into tears, he cried out, clasping his arms around her neck: "Oh, mamma, I do feel so sorry for them. Can't you do something for them?"

Fred was crying too, now, and papa walked to the window and stood with his back to them all, but mamma smiled, though tears were in her eyes. Drawing Fred close to her, she said, laying her hands on Jack's curly head, buried in her lap:

"Shall we give them some good warm clothes, and when they are washed and dressed shall they come and eat dinner with us? Shall we give them a look at baby, and let them hold her little hands in theirs? Shall they play funny games with us after dinner, and sing with us when you are tired of play? And when it is nearly dark shall papa go with them to a kind man, who will take care of them, and never let them be homeless or hungry any more?"

So this was the way Fred and Jack learned "what Thanksgiving was for."
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Home for His Mother.

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative: "I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father, if he continues to drink?"

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At last I have a home for my mother."
—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Arbitration Better Than Litigation.

Baltimore City has a Court of Arbitration in connection with its Board of Trade for the settlement of difficulties among the mercantile community. This Court possesses ample powers for the prompt settlement of all controversies arising from the pursuit of trade, commerce, navigation, manufactures, etc. The Court is accessible for business at all times, and the expenses are limited to twenty dollars from each litigant. Three modes of trial are provided for by the Court, viz.: Before the Judge alone; before the Judge and two lay arbitrators, one to be selected by each litigant; before three lay arbitrators, with right of appeal to the Judge. From the final decision of the Judge there is no appeal to any Court in the State. Parties may appear before this Court with or without counsel, and judgment in every case must be rendered within twenty days after submission. That is a cheap and handy Court for settling petty suits, and probably its decisions are as often (or oftener) right as the more costly Courts of the State.—*The Merchant.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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six months..... 75

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SATURDAY DEC 8, 1880.

At a special election Tuesday in the Nineteenth Ohio district, Judge E. B. Taylor, elected in October to be General Garfield's successor in Congress, was elected to fill the vacancy in the present Congress.

Mr. Nathaniel Sehner, of Washington county, died Monday morning at his residence, near Chewsville. He contracted a severe cold while canvassing the Sixth district as a candidate for Congress on the Greenback ticket. His sickness resulted in typhoid fever, but he was supposed to be recovering, when a relapse occurred resulting fatally.

The Chicago *Tribune* furnishes the following statement of the vote taken from the official returns from every State in the Union of the late Presidential election:

Garfield	4,439,415
Hancock	4,430,014
Weaver	305,729
Dow	9,641
Scattering	1,793
Total	9,192,595
Garfield's plurality, 3,401.	

That great Democratic organ, the St. Louis *Republican*, disbelieves in Gen. Garfield's popularity, and asserts that the Republican party had a heavier load to carry in him than in any other presidential candidate ever nominated. This is highly complimentary to the Republican party, and bars out the hope for the success of the Democracy in the future. If the Republicans can win with the heaviest load they ever carried, they may fairly be supposed to be invincible.

Alexander H. Stephens has been relieving his mind in regard to the stupid, personal campaign against Garfield. He says: "But our precious National Executive Committee kept up the torrent of abuse and slander. They seemed to think that the going about and marking '329' on men's doorsteps was a powerful political argument. That man Barnum and his companions perpetrated crime after crime—for such blunders as they made were crimes—until their disgrace culminated in an attempt to give currency to a villainous forgery. It almost made one ashamed of his party to see such weapons used in its behalf. One of those fac-similes of the Morey letter was sent to me. A single glance told me that it was a forgery, and I needed no denial from Garfield to convince me."

Ex-Governor Curtin, who has been elected to Congress in the Twentieth Pennsylvania district, has some "enemies to punish." He was very much disgusted over the refusal of certain members to join in unseating Yocum and giving the place to him. Now he is in luck, while some who refused to help him at the last session are in danger of losing their seats. In a recent interview the ex-Governor is reported to have said:

"Why, look at the retribution that has fallen upon the men who have kept me out of my seat. Only two have been re-elected, and the rest have found that their constituents were perfectly willing they should remain at home hereafter. Chalmers of Mississippi, is, I understand, to have his seat contested by a negro; he, above all others will appreciate that situation. I am going down to Washington this winter, and I think when the time arrives I shall have a lively recollection of some people."

Will there never be an end to the Democratic endeavor to explain their defeat? They have ascribed it to Tilden's lukewarmness and Kelly's treachery, to Barnum's blunders and English's unpopularity, to Republican colonization and the Federal marshals, and still they remain just as much in ignorance as to what did it as the colored man was in regard to his misfortune. He was stooping over to get a drink from a creek, wholly ignorant of the presence of a mischievous goat, and in a moment found himself sprawling in the water. When he crawled out and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno, 'xactly, boss; but 'pears to me as if de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me." The Democrats had better give up the attempt to explain the defeat of their party, and conclude that the country just "histed and frowed" it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Fraud Cry in New York.

The official returns of the State of New York for the recent election have been made up, and even a superficial examination of them demonstrates, first, the wonderful political revolution that has taken place; second, the utter absurdity of the Democrats' cry of fraud. The total vote was 1,104,020, of which all but 13,965 were cast by the two great parties. All these scattering votes might have been given to the Democratic electors, and still the Republicans would have had a majority; and the contest, therefore, dwindles down to a struggle between these two parties. It is also found that in only fourteen of the sixty counties of the State the votes cast exceeded the number of legal voters according to the census of 1875, and the greatest excess in any county is only a few hundred. In fact, in the State there were 37,442 less votes cast than there were legal voters in 1875. This of itself must completely destroy the charge of stuffing the ballot-boxes, repeating, &c., which was so hastily sprung upon the country by the defeated partisans; but if further evidence is needed, it is readily found in the advance sheets of the present census. These show that the population of New York State has increased about 10½ per cent. in the past four years, while to offset this the vote has only increased 8.73 per cent. The change in the public mind is evidenced by the gains of the two parties, which were: Republicans 66,337, or 13 6 per cent.; Democrats 12,662, or 2.4 per cent.; also by the fact that the Democrats carried only thirteen out of the sixty counties, and had gains—all very small—in but twenty-six. The returns also show that the main strength of the Democrats, outside of New York and Kings county, which cast 34 4 per cent. of the whole vote of the party, is in the ten Hudson river counties, and even in these they had a majority of only 164 votes, against 8,601 in 1876. With these figures staring them in the face, prepared and sworn to by men whose integrity cannot be impeached, it is more than possible that we have heard the last of investigations and bringing the New York election before Congress; but even if the leaders should persevere in their suicidal attempt to reverse the will of the people, there need not be the least apprehension that their efforts will meet with success. The cause savors too much of a forlorn hope; and the better element not only of the party throughout the land, but of the representatives in Congress, would oppose the scheme, and the projectors would only find themselves in a still more uncomfortable position than at present, with the footings of the long columns showing disastrous losses in all their strongholds, and Republican gains in all sections of the State.

Virginia Politics.

The Republican State Central Committee of Virginia, of which Gen. Wickham is chairman, has issued an address to the members of that party in the State rebuking the attempt in the last campaign at fusion with the Mahoneites, and insisting that no such "futile dalliance" shall be indulged in the future. A straight ticket and a squarely contested issue are regarded as the proper policy to be pursued. On the other hand Judge R. W. Hughes and Dr. George K. Gilmer have each written letters to the Valley Virginia in opposition to the policy of an Independent Republican campaign. Judge Hughes says that he did not approve the idea of Republicans voting for Hancock electors, but that he thought no Republican candidates should have been nominated for Congress, the support of that party being given to the readjuster nominees, for the reason that their organization had "taken a strong stand for a free vote, an honest count of ballots and a fair certification of results—things which had been strange in Virginia for years past." Judge Hughes is opposed to having the colored vote of Virginia cast as a solid unit. That will only serve to perpetrate the color line and sectionalism. The debt question, he says, is not a national but a State matter. It concerns only Virginians, and should not be mixed up with other and irrelevant issues. He favors a prompt and equitable settlement, but thinks that it will not be facilitated by Independent Republican action. Judge Hughes's letter was written before the publication of Gen. Wickham's address. Dr. Gilmer in the same way thinks that the true Republican policy in Virginia is such a "masterly inactivity" as will tend to hasten the approaching disruption of parties.

The great tidal wave of politics seems to have been mightier in New York City than elsewhere. Usually the Democrats have carried that city with majorities so great as to sweep away those of the rural districts as remorselessly and easily as an ocean wave tosses an egg shell against the rocks. But this year the people have risen to check this power, and, whether in the right or in the wrong, the leaders have been taught, by the wonderful results of the November election, that the ballot in America can crush as well as elevate. New York City has been worse cursed with infamous government in the last twenty years than in any other city of the world, and it is time, indeed, that a reform was instituted there. Its Boss Tweeds, and similar cattle, have nearly caused its financial ruin. Its debt is so enormous that payment seems impossible, save the most able and discreet of its citizens are again given the rule.

President Hayes has issued a proclamation ordering that hereafter there shall be no discrimination against Chinese vessels coming to American ports.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CHINESE FORGERY.

The following is from the Washington correspondence in Sunday's *Baltimore American:*

JON I. DAVENPORT STILL AT WORK.

John I Davenport is here looking after further links in the Morey letter testimony, to connect certain facts contained in the report of the operations in this city by Col. Johnson, of Cumberland. Mr. Davenport's movements are surrounded by mystery. He is stopping at a private house, preferring such seclusion to locating at a hotel. He declined to state the object of his visit, but said he expected to call on the attorney general to-morrow. He called at the attorney general's office to-day, but was there only a very short time. There is a rumor out to-night that Col. Johnson's report contains some very damaging facts connecting leading Democrats here with the movements of O'Brien, and it is said that it is concerning these parties Mr. Davenport is here.

The following is from the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore *Herald:*

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—John I. Davenport and force have been at work yesterday and to-day here in the Chinese-Morey letter forgery. In an interview with the *Herald* correspondent to-day Mr. Davenport said that this week would determine the final course to be taken by him and the National Republican committee in the matter. Marshall Jewell, chairman of the Republican national committee, is here, but denies being here on the letter business. Mr. Davenport and agents, who were stopping at Willard's Hotel without registering, left here to-day for New York.

The affair is considerably talked about to-day in the lobbies of the hotels among the newly-arrived members and Senators.

The grand jury in New York on Tuesday will doubtless make startling developments in the letter affair. From what could be learned from Mr. Davenport, Mr. Price of Cumberland, will not be mixed up in the affair at all.

A Democrat's Disgust for his Party.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—In the *Knoxville Chronicle* of last Wednesday is published a letter to the Editor from Capitan George Washington, who was chairman of the last Democratic State Convention of Tennessee. During the recent campaign, Captain Washington made a number of speeches in support of the Democratic ticket, but he now arraigns the Democratic party in severe terms. Some passages from his letter may be of interest as an evidence that many intelligent thinking men in Tennessee, who have hitherto followed wherever Bourbon leaders pointed the way, are determined to do so no longer. Captain Washington writes in part as follows:

One thing, however, is certain. If Democracy is desirous of a future, it must turn over a new leaf. It must unload the dreary and unprofitable traditions of dead eras, and take aboard a few ideas. * * There are thirty-eight States in the Union, and there will be fifty, perhaps. For all National purposes, under the Constitution, this is a Nation, and a big N. * * We have just witnessed a campaign in which no Democratic orator assigned a solitary substantial reason why there should be a change just at this juncture. But, instead, we behold a once great party crawling over the Continent on its belly, disfiguring private property with a 329 brand, and only stopping long enough, in a semioccasional way, to catch its breath and howl "centralization." * * * Heretofore, Democracy has been the very paragon of inconsistency. Its platforms constitute the most variegated piece of mosaic in the history of politics. It has achieved its own defeat. Let it banish expedients and plant itself upon the ramparts of principle. Then, if it do go down it will not be in ignominy. Until it does this, it is effrontery for it to ask the American people to restore it to power.

AND WHAT HE DID NOT FIND OUT.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—It is evident that quite a number of people, as well as Deacon Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, found it something of a difficult task to gain any information as to the composition of the next Cabinet from the recent visit of General Garfield to this city. A prominent politician from "Down East," who has been here to watch for any complication that might grow out of the presence of the President-elect in this city, said to-night that while he had heard of all sorts of rumors as to who would be called to the next Cabinet, he had not found one atom of truth in any of them. Said he: "When I arrived in Washington I found the Grant men in high spirits at the fact that General Garfield had lunched with Senator Don Cameron. This they regarded as powerfully significant that the ultra stalwarts and Grant men would have things their own way after the 4th of March. Well, I concluded this was worth looking into, and at last I learned from a reliable source that it meant just nothing at all. On his way to Washington General Garfield was met at Altoona, Pennsylvania, by a telegraphic invitation from Senator Cameron to lunch with him as he passed through Harrisburg. At first the President-elect was somewhat indisposed to accept the invitation. He felt that his action in so doing would be liable to be misconstrued, and it was only after Hon. Amos Townsend had urged that a refusal would, perhaps, be liable to a more grave misconstruction, that his acceptance was telegraphed back. This satisfied me that the Grant men had extracted a good deal of comfort from a very small matter. When I arrived in Washington I called on General Garfield. I came away with my store of political knowledge increased by the information that the next President was 'in excellent health, and would only remain at the Capital a few days.' Then I was informed that there was but little probability of the recognition of the Blaine element in the next administration. So, reasoning that if I could not get any definite information as to who *would be* recognized, a knowledge of who *would not be* would narrow the field for guesswork, I followed up this thread. I was rewarded by the discovery that although Senator Blaine's name or those of his friends were not mixed up in any of the cabinet prophecies, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, who is Blaine's bosom friend and right bower, was the first to greet the President-elect upon his arrival here, and had been honored by the presence of General Garfield at his table. This did not impress me with the idea that Senator Blaine's interests were languishing. Have I any ideas as to who will compose the next cabinet? Yes, I thing they will be Garfield men; that is, men who are in harmony with the views and purposes of General Garfield, and upon which he will construct the policy of his administration, and men who will harmonize in their relations as a cabinet. There are plenty of men in almost every State who will fulfil these conditions, without rendering it necessary to utilize any of the old stock. Could I name any who may be regarded as coming within the pale of the possible? No; I have an idea that nobody but James A. Garfield could do that."

THE GREENBACK MEMBER ELECTED.

JEFFERSON CITY, Nov. 29.—The contest in the 9th Congressional district of this State between Craig, Democrat, and Ford, Greenbacker, is settled by the withdrawal of the former. The clerk of Ray county in making up his returns, included 4 votes for Craig, which were on the tally sheet, but were not returned by the election judges. The vote was so close that those four made a tie. Mr. Ford contended that the clerk had no authority to go behind the returns of the election judges, and he (Ford) applied to the State Supreme Court for a mandamus to compel the Ray county clerk to count the votes as returned. The Supreme court ordered the Secretary of State not to issue any certificates of election until last Saturday. Meantime the court inquired into the question raised by Ford, and granted the mandamus as applied for. Mr. Craig saw this would defeat him, and retired from the contest. The certificate has been issued to Ford, who will vote with the Republicans in the organization of the House of Representatives.

THE MOREY LETTER AND THE GRAND JURY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The grand jury to-day were still considering the Morey Chinese letter and the circumstances attending the forgery. They had before them some witnesses whose names and the nature of whose testimony could not be learned. Secret interviews were held in the district attorney's office between Assistant District Attorney Bell, Col. George Bliss, John I. Davenport and Lewis Post, manager of the *Truth* newspaper. It has become known that the gentlemen who have heretofore acted as counsel in the Philip case are now actively engaged in sifting the disclosures made during the progress of the proceedings, with a view of tracing the originators of the Morey letter and the accessories to its publication.

PRESIDENTIAL TOPICS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—It is understood that one of the main objects which induced Gen. Garfield to come to Washington at this time was the expressed wish of President Hayes to confer and advise with him on various points of public policy. Gen. Garfield had in letters to several of his intimate friends in Washington, written only a few days before the election, intimated a purpose not to come to Washington during the winter, and from his knowledge of Washington life, and his anticipation of the seige to which he would certainly be subjected at this time, it is not probable that he would have changed his mind but to oblige the President. From the first hour of his arrival he has scarcely had a moment to himself, the stream of callers, which commences from an early hour in the morning and continues until a late hour of the night, resembling a continuous procession. Nearly every prominent official under the government has called, besides hundred of others who would very much like to be prominent officials. To-day, in order to fulfill imperative engagements, he had to decline seeing quite a number of persons who called. Since his arrival Gen. Garfield has seen the President two or three times, and has discussed with him the advisability of certain views and recommendations which the President has thought of including in his message. President Hayes has indicated a desire to further any purposes or policy which the incoming President may have at heart, and has also intimated that whenever their views are in harmony he would like the new administration to carry out or continue any line of policy which has been a feature of his administration. For this reason it is assumed that the annual message of the President to be sent to Congress on its assembling will, to some degree at least, foreshadow the views of General Garfield, if it is considered as settled that there is no probability of an extra session of Congress in the spring, when, of course Gen. Garfield would have the opportunity to proclaim his purposes and policy at the outset of his administration. This is said to be the first time that a retiring President has paid the courtesy to his successor of consulting with him as to his views, and President Hayes has set a very good example in the matter. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, who was a member of the civil service commission, came here several days ago, and his presence has been taken to indicate that the President would in his message advise some further action by Congress to promote the cause of civil service reform, which he has always professed to have so much at heart. This view is also taken in connection with the very sound and wholesome opinions as to the tenure of office expressed by Gen. Garfield on Friday last to the representatives of the independent Republicans of New York who called upon him. If, after consultation with Gen. Garfield President Hayes should determine to recommend Congress to take action in this matter, the Democrats could not do better than to signalize the last works of their control of the two houses by the passage of some measure to purify and elevate the civil service.

It was very generally stated and believed last night that Gen. Garfield had, since his arrival in Washington, in a conversation with Secretary Sherman, asked him to continue in the cabinet after the 4th of March, and that Mr. Sherman had declined, stating that he preferred a seat in the Senate. But to-day it was learned from the best authority that no such conversation took place. No two men in Washington are more cordial and kindly in their relation to each other than Gen. Garfield and Secretary Sherman, but the former has not tendered the latter a cabinet position, either directly or indirectly. This agrees exactly with Gen. Garfield's oft-repeated declaration that he should not make up his cabinet even in his own mind before February. It can also be stated upon the best authority, that the senatorial contest in Ohio will continue in much its present shape, without reference to possible cabinet arrangements. In other words Secretary Sherman is a candidate for the United States Senate and is without other aims or ambition at present. And from reports which reach here from Ohio it seems probable that he will be elected. In the senatorial contest Gen. Garfield has repeatedly expressed himself as being neutral; in this matter, to use his own language, he proposes that his left hand shall not know what his right hand does.

THAT PRESIDENTIAL PENSION FUND.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The *Evening Star* says it is learned here from an authoritative source that the $250,000 Presidential pension fund started by Mr. George Jones, of the N. Y. *Times*, promises to be a success. Over two hundred thousand dollars has already been raised. Jay Gould has subscribed $25,000; W. H. Vanderbilt, $25,000; John M. Forbes and others in Boston, $50,000, Makey, the Nevada bonanza king $25,000; ten contributors give $6,000 each, making $60,000. The balance is to be raised in Pennsylvania by Don Cameron and his friends. It is expected that within a few days the formal announcement will be made that the entire sum of $250,000 has been raised. It is said, too, that the fund is to be always subject to the management of those who make the contributions.

DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

CUMBERLAND, November 27.—A frightful and fatal accident occurred about half-past one this morning on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has caused a great sensation in this city, where several of the wounded were brought to-day. The accident occurred at a curve in the road, called Baughman's Bend, at Smoky Hollow, about twenty-seven miles west of Cumberland, and it is a miracle that only one man was killed. The fireman, Jacob Routh, was caught under the engine, and died about 4:30 o'clock this morning talking rationally up to ten minutes before his death. The engineer, Peter Briney, who is now lying in a critical condition at the Queen City Hotel, is from Pennsylvania. His right arm is dislocated, two ribs are broken, and he is injured internally, his lung being fractured from one of the ribs. The newsboy, William McBrian, who is badly scalded about the face, lives in Braddocks, Pa., where he was removed this afternoon. He will probably recover. He is nearly fifteen years old, has no parents, and lives with John Geyer. The baggage agent, Baxter, was considerably bruised. Neal Gary, living near Mount Savage, had his ribs broken, and was taken home this morning on a stretcher. William Brace escaped without injury, and went to Frostburg soon after his arrival this morning. Mr. John Hoffman, of Ravenswood, W. Va., was a passenger on the train, and says the accident was caused by a stone falling upon the track and getting wedged in the head-block on a switch and main track. This caused the flange of the wheels on the locomotive to be raised, and hence the overtopping of the engine and train. There was one descent of eighty-five feet, nearly perpendicular, and a continuous, graduated fall of sixty-five feet more, making the entire hillside one hundred and fifty feet. There were about fifteen passengers on the train, including three ladies and an infant. None of the ladies were hurt. Mrs. Steele is a boarder of the Queen City Hotel. Oscar W. Rhodes, of Armstrong, Cator & Co., of Baltimore, is uninjured. One of his trunks containing samples was smashed. The other passengers were Rev. Mr. Baumgardner, wife and child, of Hyndman, Pa.; G. M. Serpell, formerly master of transportation of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Road, in company with his brother, Richard Serpell; George F. Pitt, of Pittsburg, now at St. Nicholas Hotel, and badly cut and bruised about the head. E. E. Heller, D. Friedensick, S. Simpson and Dr. H. Phillips. The conductor, G. J. Gildroy, acted nobly.

There were four ladies on the train—Mrs. E. B. Steele, whose husband is with Knabe & Co.; Mrs. Rev. Baumgardner, a married lady accompanied by the husband, from Washington, and her friend, a married lady, from Baltimore. The two latter ladies were in a delicate condition, and were removed to Mr. Bowman's farm, half a mile from the wreck, where they were attended by two physicians, Drs. S. H. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, and McKinley, of Myersdale, who were sent to the scene along with three other physicians of this city a few hours after the accident occurred. The ladies were both doing well, with the care of one fine boy each, born after the accident.

Conductor G. J. Gildroy left Cumberland for Pittsburg this afternoon. Routh, the fireman, who was killed, and Briney, the engineer, are both unmarried men. The latter is about twenty-six years old, and has been running on this road about five or six years. He has an aged mother and father, four sisters and a brother living on the West Pennsylvania Railroad. He is still alive, and receiving every care at the Queen City Hotel.

The grade runs down eighteen miles from Sand Patch tunnel to Hyndman, and is considered one of the deepest grades in this section of country, the engineers having all they can attend to in holding the brakes. It is more crooked and more dangerous than the famous seventeen-mile grade on the Main Stem of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, running from Altamont to Piedmont. The train was going about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour.

The scene to-day was a fearful one in every respect, and only Providence prevented what might have been a fearful loss of life. The ill-fated fireman, while his entrails were out, took his fate with wonderful courage, only asking that his head should be covered.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

—Were you at the fire?

—A full line of Holiday Goods at C. C. Michaels'. *

—A new line of goods just received at the New York auction store.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Looming up! looming up!! Bargains by the ton at the New York auction store.

—Attention is called to the professional card of Mr. S. A. Cox, formerly of Cumberland, in another column.

—Capt. E. H. Wardwell, and Lieuts. Osborn and Jamison, went to Cumberland Thursday to assist in the election of battalion officers.

—Fresh stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Queensware, Confectioneries, &c., at C. C. Michaels'.

—Persons who desire purchasing Christmas goods, toys, &c., will do well to go to the New York Auction Store.

—Mr. Wm. Casteel, at the Browning House, is prepared to take boarders by the week, day or meal. House refitted and refurnished throughout. Good stabling attached.

—Those of our merchants having Holiday goods, or any other kind of goods to sell, should advertise in THE REPUBLICAN, thus securing a large return for small outlay.

—For Sale—A first class sewing machine. Will take feed in exchange, such as oats, corn, hay and 1 load of straw. Inquire of

I. W. SLONAKER.
Oakland, Md.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

—The Garrett Guards, the Cumberland Veltigeurs, Hamilton Light Infantry, Watkins' Rifles, Frederick Rifles and the Hagerstown Light Infantry have been formed in a battalion, which will form a portion of the Seventh Regiment, Maryland National Guard.

—Now that the election is over, people can find other subjects than politics to talk about. We hope our local correspondents will pay some attention to us and send us in the news of their respective neighborhoods. THE REPUBLICAN is the news paper of the county and it is our desire to let everybody know what is going on. Don't fail to send us the news.

—Albert, a boy seven years old, the son of the Hon. John Ritchie, of Frederick, on Friday of last week, was balancing himself on the baluster of the fourth story in his father's house, when he fell over. He fell headlong about forty feet, but fortunately struck the baluster near the lower floor and lodged on the stairway. His collar bone was broken, and he was seriously cut and bruised but will probably recover.

—Died—At her residence near Deer Park, on Tuesday eve, Nov. 16th, 1880, Mrs. Susan Mahl. The deceased was born in that portion of Allegany county, Md., now embraced in Garrett. She was born February 20th, 1822. She was a member of the M. E. Church for about seven years, having been powerfully converted under the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Thatcher. During her illness she bore her sufferings (which were protracted and severe) with most exemplary Christian fortitude. She placed all her trust in Him who is able and willing to bear all our suffering and pain. She expressed perfect trust in the atonement of the blood of the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world. In the community in which she lived she will be greatly missed, as in cases of sickness or suffering none were more swift, kindly or untiring in all good offices. The afflicted friends have the respectful and sincere sympathy of all their neighbors, and the prayers of all their christian friends.

To those whose cheek is stained by pity's tear
To those who've lost a mother dear,
To those to whom she bade farewell,
Remember she waits for thee where angels dwell.
A.

—The place to get the greatest value for your money is the New York auction store. Everybody admits it; competition concede it.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 24:

D. J. Blackiston, trustee, to C. F. Hetzell, the one fourth interest of a tract of land containing 368 15-16 acres; $200.

John Swan and wife to Daniel R. Harvey, Military Lot No. 148; $250.

—Highest market price paid for all kinds of game, butter, eggs, &c., either in cash or trade, at the New York auction store.

Union Thanksgiving Service.

On Thursday of last week a very interesting service was held in the M. E. Church. Notwithstanding the day was unpleasant, a large congregation assembled. The Choir furnished appropriate music for the occasion. Rev. Wm. Stoudenmier, pastor of the Ev. Lutheran church, preached an appropriate and interesting sermon, referring to the many reasons we have to be thankful as individuals and as a nation. The advice given was excellent, and should lead to reflection. Rev. S. E. Jones, pastor of the M. E. church followed with a brief exhortation, in which he alluded to the increasing infidelity that is extant at this age, and threatens our religious institutions. The existence of organizations such as the "Liberal League," which do not recognize the Christian Sabbath, or would not administer an oath upon the Bible in our Courts. The speaker also intimated that the time might come when there would not be a contest of principles between two political parties as now, but rather a contest of right and wrong, between infidelity and Christianity. He thought this idea was intimated in Revelations. The speaker's mind was upon the party of which Robert Ingersoll is the head.

—Extraordinary inducements in ladies' cloaks and dolmans, men's and boys' overcoats, children's furs and caps, at Daily & Co's auction store.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

Is It Honest?

"Pa, what does the editor of THE REPUBLICAN live on?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because I heard you say yesterday you hadn't paid him for near four years, and you still take the paper."

"Well, my child, that's so, and I suppose that the editor lives on air and water. I would not be surprised if he has't employed Dr. Tanner to demonstrate that fact."

"Well, Pa, do you think it *honest* to subscribe to the REPUBLICAN and not pay for it?"

"No, my child, it is not honest, as well as not carrying out that grand doctrine of 'doing unto others as we would have them do unto us,' and, my child, you have certainly taught me a good lesson, and I will send the amount due the editor by the next mail."

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

The Davis Bridge.

There is considerable dissatisfaction expressed by some of the citizens of Oakland, in regard to the action, or rather want of action, on the part of the Corporation authorities in reference to the Davis bridge. They claim that the bridge should be repaired or rebuilt at once, and that they are being subjected to loss every day on account of travel being shut off. We would suggest that the council have a meeting and take some action in regard to this matter.

The Lonaconing Postoffice Robbery.

Mention has been made of the robbery of the Lonaconing postoffice of $340 some weeks since and the subsequent return of $300 of the money. Special Agent W. T. Henderson, of the Postoffice Department and Deputy Marshal Lynn have been working up the case, and Monday arrested Frank Keenan, aged about fourteen, and Matthew Hannon, aged about thirteen, for the offense. At the examination before United States Commissioner Hoffman at Cumberland, the boys confessed their connection with the crime, Keenan admitting having entered the office and taken the money while James Dunn, another boy, about the same age, stood guard. Hannon admitted having helped in the plan of the robbery, but was not present when it was committed. He admitted robbing the Lonaconing postoffice of about $6 some time ago, and will be held on that charge. Jas. Dunn was arrested and taken to Cumberland Monday night. He confesses connection with the robbery. All three are in jail, and, it is understood, will be committed for the United States Court.

Newspaper Laws.

We would call the especial attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, he is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the postoffice. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

SANG RUN, Nov. 24th, 1880.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please allow me space in your universally read columns to say that "H. E. F." at the wedding of L. H. Johnson and Miss Almedia Enlow, had not all the fun and pleasure to himself. We, a little party of serenaders, numbering only 13, came in at the eleventh hour as we thought, but it afterwards proved to be the first hour. We met on the lawn near by the residence of the bride, and organized by electing Charles A. Friend captain. We marched down to the house where the fun began. We were rather poorly equipped, but with the little noise we made we soon—

Scared out of an inner room,
A very beautiful bride and groom,
The bride was seventeen she said,
But no unlimited fortune to the one she wed.

We made a few rallies around the house, when the door was thrown open and a cordial invitation was extended for all to step in, which was accepted. After being comfortably seated, and in the midst of our prattle and gossip, the door to the dining room was thrown open and all invited to supper. Led by our indomitable captain we were soon seated around the table spread with all the good things that could be thought of from a roasted pig to a mince pie. Waited upon by our gallant captain, and the host and hostess, we actually ate until ashamed of ourselves, and though partaking so bountifully, there was plenty left. The noble Captain then resumed command, and calling his men together, gave three rousing cheers for the bride and groom, and the old folks. As Mr. Enlow has another daughter and son, we hope and firmly believe that during the Holidays the services of Rev. H. E. F. will again be needed, and if so the Captain and his rangers will not fail to bring up the rear.

Hoping that the happy couple may live long to enjoy the fruition of all anticipated pleasures, and be blessed always with a bountiful supply of the good things of life; and when their days are numbered here, may they find that rest which alone comes of a life well spent.

Yours, &c.,
BUGLE BLOWER.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss'.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of November:

Alex. Male and Susan Croston.
A. H. Elliott and Martha Paugh.
L. H. Johnson and Sarah A. Enlow.
Jonas Hochstettler and Rebecca Beeghly.
Clarance H. Tillson and Mollie Head.
J. W. Purnell and Eliza Besley.
John A. Wagner and Elizabeth McCrobie.
B. F. Woodward and Ella Bolyard.
Christian Selders and Lizzie Brenneman.
Manasseh M. Shrock and Susan C. Beachy.
Luther Marrow and Dora Goodwin.
And one with the request not to publish.

Professor Vennor, the Canadian weather seer, has met with unusual success in his vaticinations this season, and if he continues in the business he will undoubtedly make a reliable Probabilities of himself. He said last Friday:

"Snow falls will be very universal this season, and will extend in all probability not only to the southward in America, but across to Europe. The snow fall of the 18th was marked in this respect. December will in all probability open with little snow, but the weather will be cloudy, threatening snow falls. During the opening days of the month dust, with the very light mixture of snow which may have fallen, will be swept in flurries with the gusty wind. There will probably be some snow from about the 4th of the month. With the second quarter of the month colder weather will probably set in with falls of snow. The farmers will be able to enjoy sleigh rides in the cold, exhilirating air, but good sleighing need not be expected until after the middle of the month. There will be a spell of mild weather about the 13th and 15th. After a brief interval of mild weather during which more snow will fall, the third quarter of the month will probably see blustering and cold weather—a cold snap with heavy snow storms and subsequent good sleighing. Very cold weather may be expected during this quarter. The last quarter of the month will bring milder weather, but will terminate probably with heavy snow falls and stormy weather; in fact, the heaviest snow falls will be toward the end of the month and snow blockades may be looked for, the snow falls extending far to the southward, possibly so far as Washington, with very stormy weather around New York and Boston."

It is pleasant to reflect, amid all the wrongs and robberies to which the Indians are subjected, and which excite too little attention, that their condition, so far from being hopeless, is steadily improving. This is the judgment of those who have knowledge of the facts of the Indian question, and pay less attention to its rhetoric. It is confirmed to an encouraging degree by the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which has just been completed. This declares the result of the year's work to show a steady advancement in the condition of the tribes and in some instances, "remarkable progress." There is a greater demand for agricultural implements than the government can supply within its appropriation. There is a keener interest in the schools, both on the part of parents and children. One hundred and seventy schools, outside of Indian Territory, have been in operation during the past year. The reservation Indians are everywhere asking little to their lands in severalty. There has been such progress in agriculture that the Indian Commissioner believes the day is coming when the tribes will be self-supporting. Outside of the Indian Territory 170,000 acres of land were kept under cultivation by Indians during the year, and one and a half millions of bushels of grain and vegetables were raised; within the Indian Territory three and a half millions of bushels—or, in all, the same amount that the State of Delaware, for example, with just half the number of souls, raised ten years ago. The great need of the Indians is education, whether on the farm or in the school house. They should have it. It will be cheaper—to say nothing of its being more civilized—to teach them than to shoot them.

Another State.

The next Congress will probably be called on to admit to the great sisterhood of sovereign States the Territory of Dakota. It is one of the most extensive sections of the vast American domain, and has an area of two hundred thousand square miles, or nearly enough to make five States as large as Ohio or Illinois. Five railroads extend their lines westward through the Territory and in a few months their tracks will all be laid to the Missouri river. The climate and soil are similar to those of Minnesota. The tide of immigration, both domestic and foreign, which is rapidly setting in to the magnificent grain lands of that Territory, shows that it is destined to be one of the greatest and most prosperous States of the Union. Dakota now contains 150,000 inhabitants, which is more than the ratio of population under the present apportionment of representation. The immigration is still large and continuous from the Eastern States, Canada and Europe. As the Territory is too large for a single State, it is proposed to draw a line through it from east to west, making the southern section, which contains the bulk of the population, the new State, and continuing the northern or less populous division under territorial government for a few years longer. Judging from the marvellous development of the Northwest within the past decade, it is safely predicted that the time is not far remote when the waste lands of that Territory will become grain fields, whose yield will add millions to the wealth of the nation. Thriving villages and populous cities, the centres of vast trade will ere long be thickly strewn over the unsettled lands of the far distant West. It is within the memory of man when Ohio was the western frontier State, and the only city that now ranks as the third in the Union was only a straggling village on the shores of Lake Michigan. With the extension of railroads and increased facilities for transportation, emigration will advance in the same proportion. New markets will open for products of the skilled labor of the northeastern States, and a cheap, convenient and expeditious transit will be furnished to our shipping ports for the products of the agricultural and grazing districts of the far West.—*Baltimore Herald.*

Where "Salt River" Is.

MANCHESTER, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Cincinnati Commercial:

What is the meaning of the term "Salt River?" Answer fully.

FLOPPER.

The answer to your question opens up a very interesting bit of Ohio River pioneer history. Professor Schele De Vere gives the origin of the phrase in his book called "Americanisms: The English of the New World." Before the day of steam all navigation of the Ohio River was carried on by flat-boats and keel-boats. It was necessary to row keel-boats up stream. There were slaves all along the Kentucky side of the river in those days. When a negro had been refractory or "sassy," it was the custom to punish him by hiring him out to row keelboats up the river. This punishment was called "rowing up." In time it became the popular slave term for a scolding or punishment of any sort, all over the country, much as the term to "blow up" is applied nowadays. Professor De Vere quotes this sentence from the New York *Herald*, of May 7, 1856: "We hope the President gave his secretary a good *rowing up* for his imbecility."

"Salt River" was, and is, a little tributary of the Ohio, in Kentucky. It was so crooked and dangerous that rowing a keelboat up its waters was about the hardest labor a man could undertake. Hence to row a man up Salt River was as severe a punishment as could be imposed on him. The expression became proverbial. One day, on the floor of Congress, a member from Kentucky made use of the phrase in a happy allusion. The expression was thence crystallized in the popular speech of the country. From that day to this, the person or party that has been badly defeated in an election is "sent up Salt River."

Probably no county in the State shows a larger increase in its voting population during the last six years than Garrett, as yet the youngest county in the State. Hid away in the extreme western limits of the State, among the Alleghanies, it has in a measure been lost sight of, but the following compilation of the vote in that county during the past six years gives substantial evidence of its growth, not only in its numerous resources of wealth, but also in population: "In 1874 the votes cast in that county footed up 1212, of which 616 were cast for Mr. Lowndes and 596 for Mr. Walsh. In 1876 the vote increased to 1970 Mr. Walsh receiving 950 and Mr. McComas 1020. In 1878 Mr. Urner received 877, Mr. Peters 879 and Mr. Resley 51, making a total vote of 1807, a falling off from the vote of 1876 of 163. In 1879 the vote ran up to 2125, of which Mr. Gary received 1124 and Mr. Hamilton 1001. This year Mr. Urner received 1208 and Mr. Schley 1120, to which must be added about 50 votes cast for the Greenback ticket making a total of 2378 or an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over the vote cast six years ago. Mr. Urner's vote in 1880 lacks only four of being equal to the total vote cast in 1874. This is a remarkable showing in the way of an increase in the voting population of the county, and as it is evidently a fair statement, it is one of the best proofs of its rapid improvement and prosperity. It is not likely that any other county in the State can present such convincing proof of solid advancement as Garrett. With its numerous coal fields and splendid grazing lands it cannot but be admitted that this county, not a decade old yet, will soon equal, if not excel, her older sisters in wealth, prosperity and general attractiveness. —*Frederick Times.*

The expectations of capitalists and the monied men of the country have been realized. The election of Gen. Garfield has led to a feeling of confidence in financial circles, both here and in Europe, that is gratifying as it is satisfactory. It is asserted that since the days when the 5 20 loan was put upon the market, so many securities have not been bought on foreign account as has been done during the past ten days. It is estimated that $10,000,000 of American railroad stocks and other securities have been sent to London during that time. The result of the Presidential contest has assured foreign capitalists that there will be no material change in the financial policy of the Government; that the tariff will be touched lightly, if at all; that the prosperity that has set in everywhere will be continued for the next four years; that our railroads will continue their present large earnings, and that unless something very unusual or unforeseen turns up we have before us an unexampled period of national prosperity.

Capt. John Ericcson is making further improvements in his torpedo boat, which is to astonish the benighted Europeans when their immense war vessels, in a time of hostilities, attempt to destroy our navy and bombard our cities. The destroyer is submerged like the monitor, and is practically invulnerable. It discharges from a great gun, seven feet under water, fired by electricity, a projectile containg 250 pounds of dynamite, which explodes by concussion against the side of the opposing vessel and distributes men and ship in fragments on the various points of the compass.

The Baltimore *Gazette* warns Republicans "not to delude themselves with the idea that Southerners will ever embrace Republicanism." The Louisville *Commercial* retorts:

They have already partially embraced Republicanism by indorsing the measures enacted by Republicans and conceding their wisdom. They are also beginning to revolt at the despotism of the Democratic party, and the *Gazette* will be powerless to check the revolt. It means the redemption of the South.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Great Saving!

by buying your goods at the

NEW YORK

AUCTION STORE

PULMONA at Sturgiss'.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

PULMONA AT STURGISS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public road, beginning near the factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road and running through the lands of Nathan Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, George Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's.

G. W. LEGGE,
RALPH THAYER,
E. A. KILBOURN.

Nov. 29, 1880.

PULMONA at Sturgiss'.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Proofs of the Existence of Man in the Pleistocene Age.

PROF. DAWKINS'S lectures in the Lowell Institute are becoming more popular as he gains power in his descriptions, and as he approaches his "quarry," as he calls the mighty game he has been hunting down—the human race. Last Friday his subject was the first appearance of man upon the earth, which was in the pleistocene age. The discussion was limited in the main to discoveries which have been made in Great Britain, that country having been made a special study by Prof. Dawkins. In the pleistocene age the country now occupied by the North Sea was elevated, so that the sea was but a narrow gut, and the land was occupied by large forests of Scotch fir, spruce, yews, oaks, birches and ferns. In this age were found animals surviving from the pleistocene age, such as the stag and the straight-horned elephant. But animals of the temperate climates were appearing, such as the beaver and the wolverine. Southern forms of vegetation extended further north than now, and there is evidence that the climate was much milder than now. Seeing that there were living in the early pleistocene age many of the highest mammalian forms, it is not impossible that man was coming then, though the evidence from cut bones which have been found is not conclusive, for such cuttings might have been made by the incisers of beavers. In the middle pleistocene age were many forms of mammalian life, but they were of types belonging to the temperate climates. In Britain were great herds of bisons and horses, as well as lions and hyenas, and among those animals was one of the most arctic types—the musk-sheep. But there is full and perfect evidence of the presence of man in Europe at this time. In 1872 was found a small flint splinter in the valley of the Thames, which belongs to this age and must have been dropped by man. About four months ago, Professor Dawkins said that he had the good fortune to examine a mass of flint splinters, which had evidently been knocked off by the manufacture of implements and also to find half the implement itself, the other half of which has since been found. The original discoverer of the flint splinters has restored them to the block to which they belong, and proved conclusively that the place in which they were found was where early man made his implements. These implements were made of pebbles and small stones, and prove that at that time man had not yet learned the mixing of metals. Latest in the characteristics of the pleistocene age which are concerned in this discussion, is the presence in force of the arctic mammalia in Britain. In a pond on a mountain of 1600 feet height in Derby-shire, Professor Dawkins has found immense quantities of bones of bisons and also reindeer remains by the thousand. These bisons were evidently there in the summer, because there are no remains of calves. Grizzly bears, wolves and foxes are never represented in the remains found in the neighborhood. In the river drift gravel on which London is built was found in 1690 a flint instrument which belongs to the pleistocene age. Since then large numbers of such cutting flints have been found both there and in other parts of Britain in association with bones of reindeer and other animals. In France, Spain, Italy and Greece there is ample proof that man was living at this time, and was a primeval savage hunter, such as also existed in northern Africa at the same time. In Egypt, Palestine and India such men were living at the same time, implying a uniform condition from which they have emerged during a long period.

As to the relation of these men to the present races, Professor Dawkins said that there is no reason for referring to this age any of the skeletons which have been found. But fragments of bones have been found which evidently belong to this age, and which belong to man, not to a missing link. He said he was to consider the facts, and those were that the earliest bones of man are of a man, not of an intermediate stage of being. The evidence is that man invaded Europe from Asia, just as the animals of the pleistocene age came to it. If he should attempt to fix the location of the Garden of Eden, he should place it in that part of Asia whence have migrated so many tribes of men—a district of Central Asia. Very positive evidence of the presence of man is found in North America, and he was of the stage of development as man in Europe in the pleistocene age. By the Delaware River in New Jersey is found a large deposit of implements, which are abundant proof of the statement. Reindeer and walrus were living as far south as New Jersey at that time. So, at the earliest date at which we find man, he is at the same stage of evolution in Europe, Asia and America. He presents a primeval condition of savagery, from which have emerged the modern races of men.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Fashion in Women's Mouths.

WIDE mouths have come into fashion for women. This is a change from the prevailing style of the past year or two. The proper mouth of the present season is worn in a constant but mild smile, the corners being drawn back horizontally, with the lips left closed. The expression is one of amiable, quiet satisfaction with all the world—as though the mind is free from sorrow and the feet free from corns. Care should be taken not to broaden this into an active grin, except on mirthful occasions; nor should the lips be compressed. All should be in repose. The lips may be reddened, if the natural color be too light. A practice of painting the exposed membrane of the upper lip broad and bright just as the center has crept in, but it is bad, for it gives an artificial and sensuous look. The fashionable belle has cut the puckering-strings of her mouth, and no longer murmurs, "Prunes, prunes, prunes." She can kiss two men simultaneously, and give good satisfaction, where before only one could find room at a time. The reader who supposes the above is fanciful, and not plain, straightforward fashion news, is very much mistaken. Women can change the style of their faces, if not at will, at least considerably. The hair over the forehead can be arranged to produce any desired outline for the upper part of the face; the mouth can be made to widely vary its expression; the eyes can be kept pertly wide open or languidly half-closed; the cheeks can be rounded by using "plumpers;" the eyebrows can be arched or straightened; the color can be controlled to a high degree. Thus it is apparent that a woman can, if clever, have to some extent the kind of face she wants. The nose is about the only intractable feature. It sticks right out in unalterable independence, defying all efforts to shorten or straighten it. Let me interpolate the fact that not one woman in ten ever laughs or smiles naturally. Knowing full well our defects of teeth or expression, we try to hide or reform them. I know a girl who will never go to the minstrels or any other funny show, because she isn't pretty when she laughs. If inadvertently caught by something comic, she hurries the laugh in a handkerchief; but whenever possible she does all her laughing internally. This wrenches her terribly, and sooner or later some of her vitals will get broken all to pieces; but she prefers death to a display of her scraggy teeth.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mahomet's Siege of Constantinople in 1453.

THE city was more than eleven miles in circumference. On the side of the sea it was defended by a simple wall; the other side were covered by regular fortifications, towers and bastions. The Turkish army was immense, numbering probably 200,000 or 250,000 men; the imagination of the Greek historians extended this number to 300,000, and even 400,000. The regular army was probably under 200,000. The Greeks had lost entirely the use of arms, and depended upon their mercenaries. The Emperor would not arm more than 15,000; his chief lieutenant was an Italian, Giustiniani, who had with him many Venetians and Genoese. The legate, Isidore, did his duty bravely as a soldier. The city had 104 guns, and among the number was one, gigantic for the time, which could only fire six or seven times a day, and had to be cooled each time after it had been fired. The art of siege was still in its infancy. Mahomet used all the old machines which were made for approaches and assaults. He had guns also. Arrows, molten lead, and boiling oil were used against the assailants, as well as the famous Greek fire, the secret of which was still preserved in the Greek Empire. The investment of Constantinople began on the 5th of April, 1453. The siege went on methodically, and various assaults were repulsed by the Greeks. Mahomet was surprised to find so much resistance. The Turkish ships succeeded in forcing the entrance of the Golden Horn, and the city from that moment began to show all the terrible symptoms of discontent and discord which are noticed in all sieges of populous capitals. While the soldiers were on the ramparts the city was convulsed with theological discussions. Even on the eve of the ruin of their cause, the fanatical Greeks showed more abhorrence for the dogmas and rites of the Latin Church than for the enemies who were before the gates. Constantinople was like Jerusalem when it was besieged by the Romans. The monks inflamed the multitude, but did not turn their wrath against the real enemy. "I would prefer a hundred times," said one, "to see in Constantinople the turban of the Turks rather than the tiara of the Pope." The crowds rushed to the shrines where the miracle-working virgins were kept, but did not rush to the ramparts. All sorts of propheeies were made; the Greeks became the pitiable victims of what was called during the last siege of Paris "obsidional" madness.

Constantinople did not surrender because it was starved; it was regularly taken by storm. While the mob accused the Emperor of treason Mahomet kept firing his 130 ton guns against the walls and making a breach. He promised his followers the plunder of a city which was then, after Rome, the richest in the world. The last attack was preceded by solemn fasting and by prayers. It began on the 28th of May in the middle of the day. The resistance of the Greeks and Italians, who were fighting, one against twenty, was truly heroic. Constantine was among his troops, and showed the greatest bravery. Giustiniani was mortally wounded. In the evening, the Italians, having lost their chief, took to their ships and abandoned the unfortunate Emperor. The battle began again the next day; the Emperor fought like a common soldier, "like a new Samson." The fight was hand-to-hand. Constantine fell in the carnage, and the confusion was such that his loss was not noticed at first. His body was found afterward in a mass of corpses. The Turks were at last within the city. They had been promised three days of plunder; they sacked the magnificent Capital unmercifully. The pen of Victor Hugo could hardly describe the scenes of horror of which Byzantium became the theater. Blood ran in torrents in the streets. An Italian witness says that "corpses were floating on the Dardanelles like spoiled melons on the canals of Venice." Some historians speak of 40,000 victims, some of 60,000 victims. The most noble ladies were given up to a barbarous soldiery; 50,000 prisoners were made, only of the richest class, in the hope of ransom. Gold, silver, bronze, precious stones, ornaments, were seized everywhere. What could not be taken was destroyed. The convents and churches were especially marked for plunder. Saint Sophia became the scene of a horrible orgy. Mahomet made his entry among the corpses and went on horseback to Saint Sophia. This church from that moment became a mosque, and the crescent took the place of the cross. It is better to throw a veil over the excesses of Mahomet and of his lieutenants. The Turks showed no mercy, no generosity; they trampled upon their victims like so many wild beasts.

Europe learned with horror the details of the fall of Constantinople. There was a call from many sides for a new crusade. In the year 1860 the crusade had not yet begun; and when lately the Russians, encamped before Constantinople, saw in the distance the dome of Saint Sophia, they had the singular courage to remain within their lines and recross the Danube without having avenged the Emperor Constantine.—*New York Nation.*

THE fashion of powdering the hair will be revived the coming season.

Fall and Winter Dresses.

WHAT we are to wear in the coming season is no longer a mystery. We have upon the whole a modified form of last winter's style; the same basques, the same quiet drapery in the back of the overskirt, which is in fact a part of and attached to the underskirt, of which not more than six or eight inches shows at the bottom.

The most elegant tints are of silk, damassee, satin, satin de Lyons, plush, in various combinations; rarely of one material throughout, though frequently of different shades of the same color. Jet is still chiefly relied upon for brilliancy of effect, and the simple edging of cut beads very popular, and certainly very beautiful. Colors were never richer in tone or in contrasts, and some beautiful effects are produced by a bright lining of satin or plush, of which you get, as it were, accidental glimpses in the drapings.

The varieties in woolen fabrics are even more fascinating and tempting, as they come more within the limits of average purses and desires and are viewed with a positive intention of appropriating, rather than as interesting specimens of high art. All shades of olive in soft wool and camel's-hair textures offer tempting possibilities. Some in handkerchief patterns, the border being a rich but quiet combination of colors in which gold predominates. A dress would require twelve of these handkerchiefs, and they are from $1 to $4 a square, so that a nice suit can be had for $30, or less, if made at home. This matter of dress-making is always very disturbing and sometimes costs more than the material itself. By having a dress-maker come to the house it can be greatly reduced—say to three, four or five dollars—but this is always attended with uncertainty of result; that intangible but indispensable thing known as style may elude you.

The simplicity of some of the street costumes is acceptable to those of us who have no taste for elaboration. A perfectly plain short skirt with trimming at the bottom about six inches deep, and over that a coat with loose breadths—such a one, made to fill an order, we have seen of olive damassee over a skirt of olive satin; almost severe in its simplicity, but very distinguished, and may of course be imitated in less extravagant materials. As the skirt will not tax any one's skill very much, the coat alone will require the help of an expert.

The hood on street suits, as well as on coats and cloaks, is an old friend, and a very picturesque addition. They are usually lined with bright plaid or some contrasting shade of silk. Some fit closely to the back as if pressed, and others set up in loose folds. This graceful feature of the coming season is sure to be very popular, and perhaps it will be well to make it adjustable, so that in case it becomes unpleasantly common it may be removed at will.

The Scotch and French plaids—always a staple article in the market—are seen this season in brighter combinations of color than usual. The French goods are imbued with the delicacy of tint which is so conspicuous in the manufactures of that people; so that they do not shock even where there is a union of many bright and differing shades. These goods can be had from $1.50 to $2.00 per yard, forty-eight inches in width. They make very serviceable suits for young girls attending school, and require very little trimming. The underneath skirt may be simply bordered with single plaiting, one-eighth of a yard in depth; over-skirt stitched; sleeves and collar may be prettily finished with facings of cashmere.

Many new wool materials are brought out in plain solid shades; some with smooth surface, and others with twilled. These goods are desirable for all ordinary wear, and can be trimmed with satin to match the material, or brightened with pipings of cashmere in any pretty contrasting shade. Striped worsted braid makes a very suitable trimming for them. A lovely suit of bottle-green lady's cloth was shown, with facings of cardinal cashmere, having the Languedoc sacque of the same material for street wear. Lady's cloth should always be shrunk before making.

Camel's hair is still in great favor and seen in all the exquisitely beautiful tints. Certainly no material can give better service that a good French camel's-hair. The best quality is the cheapest. The camel's-hair with mohair cloth finish—a new material—is mostly made up with plush.

Striped and plaid plush and velvet will be much used—a marked feature—in trimming for fall and winter wear. Satin will be in favor, and combines very prettily with camel's-hair. A very handsome suit is of black camel's-hair trimmed with black satin and lace. A dress trimmed in this style can be worn at any season.

Much that is unique and effective depends upon the proper combination of color. Many people violate the laws of good taste in this particular more than in all others. Much depends upon harmony, even in contrast. In the somewhat new and desirable fabric for ladies' wear called cheviot we find the beautiful shades of dark plum, garnet, turquois blue, bronze, old gold and green combined in small, deep-toned checks, with a rough surface by which an appearance of indistinctness is produced. From this material are made handsome suits, with side plaiting on underneath dress; overdress and basque piped with any of the shades in the material to suit the taste. Cheviot is much used for children's wear, being brightened with cashmere in the invisible colors which abound in the fabric. It is forty-two to forty-eight inches in width, and costs from $1.65 to $2.25 per yard.

Cashmere is still in great favor for house dresses, and found in full line of colors. A few suits in the solid shades are seen for street wear.

Black silks, of course, are never out of date; they are combined with satin or damassee silk. It is quite the exception to see a dress made entirely of plain black silk. Good black silk can be had from $1.75 upward. In damassee the large floral designs are most fashionable for house wear, while the designs are closer and less in size for street wear.

In passing we must not fail to say that plain and twilled flannel is still much used for shopping and ordinary purposes. Although much worn during the summer, it promises to be carried forward into the fall and winter, and will certainly make exceedingly comfortable and useful dresses. Dark navy blue is the leading shade; and these dresses are still made with rows of stitching around the skirt or with tucks.

The short walking-skirt is as much enjoyed as ever, and is even worn on dress occasions.—*Christian Union.*

Scotch and English Juries.

A SCOTTISH criminal trial is a model of fairness and deliberation. The accused is in good time served with a very precise indictment, along with a list of the witnesses to be used in evidence against him. At the trial the jurors are chosen by ballot, and each is furnished with a printed copy of the indictment, with paper, pen and ink to write notes of evidence as it proceeds. The trial begins by the Clerk of the Court reading the indictment, by which means the exact nature of the accusation is openly and clearly defined, and there is no need for a lengthened prefatory harangue by counsel for the prosecution. The indictment being read, the evidence is at once proceeded with. Any one can compare this precision with what occurs, and is occasionally complained of, in England. A Scottish jury may give a verdict of guilty, not guilty, or not proven, this last alternative being adopted when the evidence appears to be incomplete. There is no such alternative in England. In English criminal procedure the jury consists of twelve men, who must be unanimous in their verdict of guilty or not guilty; when not being able to agree, after hours of wrangling together, they are dismissed, thereby occasioning a new trial. In Scotland the thing is conducted more in accordance with human nature. The jury is composed of fifteen men, who, if not unanimous, may decide by a majority, such as eight to seven, or possibly fourteen to one; by which means a juror with twisted notions, resolved on being singular, as often happens, is unable to thwart the ends of justice. The decision by a majority is accepted without demur. In the trial of civil cases, a latitude is also allowed. The jury consists, as in England, of twelve men; but if they have been in consultation for three hours a majority of nine is sufficient for a verdict. If after nine hours there is not a majority of nine, the jury may be dismissed. These Scotch arrangements seem to be in all respects more rational than the practice prevalent in England and Ireland. No one ever heard of a miscarriage of justice, civil or criminal, in Scotland, owing to decisions by a majority. The accurate and impartial method of summoning Scotch jurors, special and common, in itself merits commendation.—*Albany Law Journal.*

The Cure of Books.

EVEN when books are bound the bindings, not less than the contents, need care. Each volume in a library should be thoroughly dusted two or three times a year, not only to keep them in all their freshness, but to prevent any development of insects and to detect any signs of dampness. Ten golden rules for the preservation of books are as follows:

1. Avoid a dry heat as much as you would a damp atmosphere; one destroys as much as the other. The former will affect the binding; the latter the paper; When reading keep all books from the influence of the fire. Never keep any books near the ceilings where the room is illuminated with gas.

2. Never wet your fingers in turning over leaves, but turn them over from the head. Catch each succeeding leaf up by the fore finger, on the top corner, as near the fore edge as possible.

3. Never put cards or folded documents into a book, as it will break the back. Keep such things in a portfolio.

4. Never read during meals. Crumbs and cheese are ruinous to books.

5. Never turn a corner down to keep a place, but put in a piece of paper projecting at the head, as a mark.

6. Never push or pull a book along the table. To avoid scratches put a book down flat and firmly, and take it in like manner.

7. Never pull books out of the shelves by the headband, or suffer them to stand long on the fore edge. In doing the former the back is apt to be pulled or forced; by the latter the back gets out of shape.

8. Always open a book in a gentle manner, and with a reverent spirit—especially such as are newly bound—and never confine the leaves with the points of the thumbs; in so doing it breaks the backs. Lay it upon a flat surface, and open it lightly, pressing upon the open leaves, and, taking a few leaves at a time, go through the book until the requisite freedom is obtained.

9. Always use a paper-knife or folder to cut open the leaves of uncut books, so that the edges may be smooth and even.

10. Treat books gently, for they are friends that never change. We benefit by their advice, and they exact no confessions.

The Declivity of Rivers.

A VERY slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 100 miles from its mouth, only 300 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall the 300 feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ranges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than our loftiest spires.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A CLEVER Australian crow has been on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, London. It "cooeys," laughs, barks, and inquires with shrill impertinence, "Who are you?"

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

MEZZO-TINTO engraving was invented by the celebrated soldier and Admiral, Prince Rupert, in 1650.

SCIENTISTS have discovered about 82,000 different species of plants, of which number nearly 4,000 are different forms of grass.

A NEW electrical street-lamp lighter has been exhibited in Boston with marked success. In three circuits about three miles of wire are laid. In an instant every lamp connecting with the wire is lighted.

A PECULIAR disease of the coffee-plant, caused by the very rapid development of a fungus upon the leaves, has caused such serious losses to the Island of Java during the last ten years that a reward of $100,000 has been offered for a cheap and effectual remedy.

HERR PREYER, an investigator, has proven that the drowsiness of fatigue is caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, which is produced by the disintegration of bodily nerve and muscle. Many of the sensations we daily experience seem to be the direct result of similar chemical change.

THE pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which measures the thickness of paper to the 1,000th part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper, now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or anything else to the 10,000th part of an inch.

FRANCESCO RIZZOLI, professor of surgery at the University of Bologna, who died recently, has bequeathed his vast wealth, estimated at nearly 6,000,000 francs, to the municipality of Bologna, with the stipulation that it should be devoted to the completion and maintenance of the model orthopedic hospital on his estate at San Michele, in Bosco, an institution on which he had during his lifetime expended a sum of 2,000,000 francs.

A PAPER by M. Trecul on a remarkable case of vertically-ascending lightning was lately read before the French Academy of Sciences. The phenomenon occurred during a storm on August 19. The sparks appeared to come from some lightning-conductors in the place, some rising singly and disappearing at a small height, after spreading into a magnificent, nearly circular flash, the light of which diminished from center to circumference. In one case two luminous columns rose simultaneously, pursued a parallel course for some distance, and then bent at right angles and struck each other.

PITH AND POINT.

COMETS are wearing as long trains this season as usual.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

THE latest invention is a brain pad, for weak minds. It can only be worn by the baldheaded.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AN exchange says: "Coal oil rubbed on the neck and head, will cure hog cholera; we have tried it." Who can dispute testimony like that?—*Alta-California.*

AT a recent wedding in Slawson the bride's father gave the young couple $500. A friend spoke to him of the magnitude of the gift. "You haven't got a marriageable daughter and so don't know," answered the father, "but I think I got off cheap."—*Danbury News.*

A BRIGHT little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."—*New York Graphic.*

A GALVESTON clergyman was talking to a male parent about the latter's little boy Johnny. Said the fond father: "He is the cutest little cuss you ever saw. He can swear like a trooper, chews tobacco, ties tin pans to dogs' tails, and——" "Does he attend school?" "Why, parson, he is too young for that, you know; he is not far enough advanced."—*Galveston News.*

A FEATHER HAT.

A chicken lived; a chicken died;
His drumsticks and his wings were fried,
His feathers by a dealer dried,
And, very shortly after, dyed.
Soul he had none, admitting that,
How comes it? There upon her hat
His plumes—a mortal chicken's—rise
A glorious bird of paradise.

—*Obscure Poet.*

A Cash Transaction.

AN oldish man who was on his way West took a lunch at the eating-stand in the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Depot yesterday and in payment tendered a $20 Confederate note.

"We don't take this sort of money here," said the attendant, as he scanned the bill.

"Don't, eh? Very well. Customs differ in localities. They take it in some places and refuse it in others. No particular harm done to offer it. How's this bill?"

It was an old wild-cat bill of 1840, and it was handed back with the remark that it wouldn't pass.

"Won't, eh? Well, no great harm to offer it. Are you willing to take my note of hand for sixty days for this sum?"

"No, sir."

"Won't, eh? There are places where they will and places where they won't. This seems to be a place where they won't. No crime, though, to propose it. Do you think I would have any success in standing you off?"

"No, sir."

"I presume not, but the inquiry seemed pertinent. Does it appear to you as if I would have to pay this bill in cash?"

"It does."

"Strikes me the same way, too. There are times when it seems impossible to wriggle out of cash payments. I have a proposition which I have saved as a last resort. Are you willing to look upon me as an object of charity and donate me this thirty cents' worth of luncheon?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"That's what I expected, but I thought it no harm to make it. I see no other way except to pay cash. Please take your change out of this fifty cents."

The right change having been handed him, he heaved a sigh of relief and sat down to pick his teeth with a splinter from the broom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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HOME AND FARM.

A FARMER who intrusts his business to others to manage, soon has no business to manage.

A NERVOUS, excitable steer is not as profitable to feed as a lymphatic one with a broad, deep chest, for this last is seldom disturbed much by anything—he feeds well, sleeps well, and fats well.

A VETERINARY surgeon in Rochester declares it a custom not uncommon among horsemen who want to sell an inferior animal to mix antimony, arsenic, and various forms of mercury with their feed. These cause them to make fat rapidly, and become sleek and glossy, but often result in terrible blood-poisoning, producing slow and agonizing death.

WINDOW PLANTS.—The necessity of a gradual change must be emphasized in removing plants from the open air to the dwelling rooms. It is best to place the plants in a room where there is no fire, and one that can be opened during the day. After a while the plants may be taken to the close living room, in which there is a fire.

A BUNION REMEDY.—Use pulverized saltpeter and sweet oil; obtain at the druggist's five or six cents' worth of saltpeter, put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it; shake up well and rub the inflamed joints night and morning and more frequently if painful. This is a sure remedy. Or take a small onion, split and rub the joint with a fresh half each night and morning. To paint with the tincture of iodine is also good.

FIREPROOF SHINGLES.—Fireproof shingles can be prepared as follows: Make a quantity of whitewash in a large trough, of one bushel of lime, one-half bushel of salt, and five or six pounds of potash. The bundles of shingles are to be saturated with this preparation for about two hours. Quite dry shingles will absorb the wash best, and with the bunches opened.

SPICED APPLE PUDDING.—Three teacupfuls of bread-crumbs, a pint of new milk, three teacupfuls of apples chopped fine, a teacupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of mace, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Put the milk into a tin pudding-dish, let come to a boil, stir in the bread and let soak before adding the other ingredients. Add the whipped whites the last thing. Bake forty-five minutes. Eat with sauce.

FLOUR of sulphur is a simple and effective remedy against worms in pigs, and the animals readily partake of it, when mixed in grnel or other sloppy food. For pigs under three months old, a teaspoonful is a dose, and for older ones a small tablespoonful. It may be given four days in succession, morning and evening, and repeated every other week. Give plenty of sour milk, green food, celery tops, acorns and sliced raw onions. Avoid stagnant and putrid water. Give access to charcoal and ashes.—*Western Rural.*

MISS CORSON gives the following recipe for a dish of sweet rice as they prepare it in Portugal: A cupful of rice is washed and boiled in a pint and a half of milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a laurel or bay leaf; when the rice is soft the bay leaf is removed, n gill of cream and the yelks of four eggs added, and the rice is dished and cooled. When it is quite cold the surface is dusted with powdered sugar and cinnamon, or with burnt almond-dust. The almond dust is prepared by browning peeled or blanched almonds in the oven, and then pounding them to n fine powder.

SAUER-KRAUT.—The best we ever ate we made ourselves for many years, and for a considerable time with our own hands, and always from Savoy cabbage. It was manufactured in this wise: In the first place let your "stand," holding from a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve them, remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be but tolerably coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Seeding to Grass in the Fall.

THE common practice of farmers in the North is to seed in the spring, in connection with spring wheat, barley, or oats. We recently visited a farmer who has practiced seeding in the fall for many years. He followed spring seeding, and found that the grass seed made a small, poor growth, under the oats, and the roots did not get strong enough in the growth after the oats were removed, to carry them well through the winter. He now seeds with rye, using about a hundred bushels of ashes to the acre where he lays down for meadow. His rotation is somewhat peculiar, and prepares the way for the remarkable success of his meadows, which last eight years, giving good crops of grass. In a ten-acre meadow under this treatment in its second year in grass, there were at least two tons of hay to the acre. He begins with the corn crop, applying to it all the manure upon the farm. Corn occupies the ground for one or two years, according to the condition of the land. If rich, mellow, and clean enough to suit his standard, the corn is followed by oats without manure. These are usually very heavy, both in straw and seed. Rye is the third crop in the rotation, taking all the ashes. At the cost of twenty cents a bushel at the wharf, he finds these the best fertilizer for his soil he has ever used. They last for eight years, giving good crops of grass without plowing, and the effects are seen for six years longer in the subsequent rotation. With the manuring practiced upon his farm, we have no doubt fall has the advantage over spring seeding.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE DAIRY.

THE New York *Tribune* says that the habit of holding up the milk, when once formed by the cow, is very difficult to break. A mess which so gratifies the cow's appetite as to make her forget the inclination as often proves successful as anything. Regular, quiet, quick and comfortable milking is essential.

ACCORDING to the statutes of Illinois anyone who manufactures or offers for sale any article having the semblance of butter, which is not wholly made from pure cream or pure milk, unless manufactured under its true and appropriate name and unless each package or parcel is distinctly branded in legible letters, shall be fined not less than $10, nor more than $300, or imprisoned in the county jail not less than ten nor more than ninety days, or both in the discretion of the court.

W. D. HOARD, of the Fort Atkinson Wis., *Union*, gives a bit of wholesome advice in relation to breeding cows, in his last issue, and states in language plain that it is nonsense to breed for color, or any other points, except for milk. Speaking of the manner of Jersey breeders, who are ruining the milking record of their cows, he says a good, forty-dollar native cow can discount their high-toned colored squabs a year in advance.

PURIFYING RANCID BUTTER.—One of our foreign contemporaries gives the following mode of clarifying rancid and tainted butter: "Let the butter be melted and skimmed, as for clarifying; then put into it a piece of bread well toasted all over, but not burnt. In n few minutes the butter will lose its offensive taste and smell, but the bread will become perfectly fetid." We have serious doubts with regard to the above process producing the results claimed. Still, it is so simple that any one can try it.—*Exchange.*

NOW PUSH BUTTER COWS.—It pays to feed cows giving milk liberally. Butter is high, and now is the time to feed profitably. Every cow should be made to produce as much butter as possible. Whenever butter is twenty cents per pound or more there is money in the dairy business, and the man who feeds most liberally and judiciously will make the greatest profit. Meal, both cotton seed and corn, roots, pumpkins and fodder corn, should all come in for a share of attention as profitable food for dairy cows. Whatever kinds of food are used the cows should have all they can profitably turn into milk. Many men feel that they cannot afford to buy grain for feeding to cows at this season of the year. Let them take a different view and ask themselves if they can afford not to buy grain to feed cows when butter is as high as it is at present.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Butter Making the Year Round.

THE public taste for fresh made butter at all seasons of the year has been steadily growing for several years. There are several good reasons for this change. In the first place the art of keeping butter which is made in dairies under favorable conditions and of fine quality is understood by but few makers, and even a less number of purchasers. A vast quantity has been spoiled every year in holding it for a higher price and subsequently sold for grease. This depreciation has represented an immense loss of money, and the progress which the last five or six years have witnessed plainly indicates that it is only a question of time when all of the butter manufactured for market will be made in creameries. Dairy butter is under a cloud and it is only a question of time when it will not be known except for private or home use. It is impossible that the hap hazard, hit-or-miss plan of the old time (and the misses were far more numerous than the hits) can exist in competition with the creamery system. Organization and improved methods—the result of experience and scientific investigation—make it possible to produce an article very uniform in flavor and quality during the entire year, and the public taste is demanding this kind of butter, preferring it even to that made in June. Fresh butter the year round is demanded by a large class of consumers whose numbers are being constantly augmented. The art of butter-making, as now practiced in the best creameries, produces an article which is very fine, but to enjoy its highest excellence it should be used within a fortnight after it is made. The difference in the value of fine butter used in this way, and that made in the summer by ordinary methods represents many thousands of dollars.

Now it is as easy to carry out the "all-the-year-round plan," as to confine the butter-making period to the summer months. As n matter of economy in labor we believe it is easier. To carry out the plan it is necessary to have half of the cows drop their calves in October or November and the other half in spring. There is, then, the same number of cows to milk the year round and the same quota of "help" necessary all the time, instead of n double force during the summer or the period of butter-making, if all the cows are to milk. That winter dairying is more expensive than summer is, we believe a mistake, although that opinion is generally held, being based upon the supposition that pasturing is cheaper than stall-feeding. Yet the cows have to be fed whether they give milk in winter or not. But one acre of good meadow gives sufficient hay to winter a cow upon, while three at least are required to pasture her in summer. The cost of cutting and storing one acre of hay is not more than the use of two acres of pasture. A judicious system of winter feeding will not increase the cost much if any over that of summer dairying. At all events the increased returns received for fresh butter throughout the year—provided it is well made and has in January the golden tint of June butter—will more than compensate for the difference, should any exist.

There is no danger that the business will be overdone. The domestic requirements for fresh butter in winter are large and increasing and the foreign demand is absorbing larger quantities all the time.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Never tie a young animal with a halter he can break, and never give a boy a task he cannot perform.

—The Michigan Central Depot in Detroit is illuminated by electric light.

The Mexican Burro.

The little burro, or donkey, is distinctively a New Mexican institution, and I have watched these sagacious animals with very great interest as they plod slowly along the streets or stand in droves in some narrow alley, waiting for their masters to return. In either case they look half asleep and as stupid as they have been mistakenly represented to be in all literature. Senator Jones, of Nevada, says that it is fortunate for the human race that a mule cannot transmit its intelligence, for if it could, it would, in a few generations, know more than man and become his master. The mule certainly inherits much of its intelligence from its donkey parent. The fuel of this city of 7,000 people and a large proportion of its provisions are brought to market on the back of burros. The wood, which is taken from the small cedars mentioned in former letters as growing on the mesas, is cut by the Mexicans and Pueblo Indians into sticks about three feet long, most of which are very crooked, and then loaded on the backs of the donkeys to be brought to town. The wood is laid upon the animal's body in such a way that the load is shaped like an inverted "U," standing up two feet above the pack-saddle and hanging down upon the sides. It is fastened on with a rope so arranged that a jerk upon one end of it loosens the whole load and allows it to fall to the ground on both sides of the burro.

Sometimes a Mexican or an Indian with small capital may be seen coming into town driving before him a single wood-loaded burro; which he punches or strikes at least twice with a stick, which he carries, every time the animal takes a step. Men of larger means drive in bands of a dozen or fifteen donkeys at a time, they themselves riding on ponies instead of walking or straddling the haunches of a burro behind the load of wood. The jacks are very rarely driven with a bridle. If a Mexican wishes to ride one he puts a blanket across the pack-saddle; a rope with a loop in each end thrown across the donkey's back serves for stirrups, and a stick performs the office of a bridle. If the Mexican desires to turn to the right he strikes the burro gently with his stick on the left side of the head, and he understands what that means. The burro will not submit to imposition. I saw a Mexican attempt, the other day, to make one pull him up a steep bluff by holding to the donkey's tail. The patient animal stopped several times in silent protest, but the man refused to take the hint, and so the burro gently raised his heels and gave the Mexican a kick in the breast which caused him to release his hold, and then the animal skipped up the hill as nimbly as a deer.—*Santa Fe Cor. New York Tribune.*

—A long and hard struggle was made by J. W. Dunn to save his family from drowning in Pensacola Bay. He was out sailing with his wife and five children, when a squall capsized the boat. Being n good swimmer, he was able to place the hands of the entire party on the edge of the craft, or in the case of the young children to put them on the bottom. But the water was rough, the wind continued to blow furiously, and one after another they were dislodged. He brought them back repeatedly, and for eighteen hours did his utmost to keep them in place; but when the boat finally drifted to shore only the parents and one child remained. Dunn was made insane by the excitement and exertion.

—Mr. E. T. Hickey, of Chattahoochee, Fla., has a gourd vine covering about one-fourth of an acre and upon which are over one hundred gourds which will hold over a gallon each. It was planted by a little girl, a daughter of Mr. Hickey, and has not had more than half a chance as the hogs, sheep and goats have all been running over it. It has run down a ravine into a stream which it has dammed.

DR. FOOTE in his *Health Monthly* for November says: "If you have cold feet sit daily at a window where the sun's rays have unobstructed admission, and let them fall on the extremities from knees to toes."

Mrs. Parlington Says

Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human eistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extact of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

LEAD ASTRAY.—Bullets, in battle.

For many years Moses, an old negro, was a servant at the University of Alabama, and waited on the students very faithfully: but he was a most notorious hypocrite. He was on that account commonly called "Preach," among the boys. One day he was passing a crowd of students, when one of them called to him: "I say, Preach, what are you going to do when Satan gets you?" "Wait on students," was the reply.

CATTLE earn their daily food, in the summer, by the sweat of their browse.

HE stood twirling his hat in his hand in the hallway. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. "Well," and he moved one step nearer the door. "Well," she replied, as she stepped to the door also. "Well, I—I must be going. If——" "That's right, John, if——" and she leaned her head on his shoulder. "If—you—have—any—conundrums — to — ask— ask — them—now." He was measured for a new hat and a pair of kid gloves on that same day.

AVOID making an enemy of a miser—he will give no quarter.

A COLORED man recently made application for a divorce from his wife. When asked on what ground he demanded a divorce he explained as follows: "De ground of dis occasion is sufficient enough. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule, I married a woman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of land an' work five mules. My first wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion uh sixty acres, I needs a woman what can spread more."—*Galveston News.*

SHUN a bad egg-sam le, said the lecturer when a rotten egg struck him between the eyes.—*Boston Transcript.*

HERBERT SPENCER says: "Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistence and sequences." But can Mr. Spencer prove it? He shouldn't make such rash statements unless he has the papers to corroborate them. Life may not be one of those things, after all. This campaign has been too prolific of wild, exaggerated assertions.—*Norristown Herald.*

—There is an intermittent spring on the farm of Daniel Cook, of Kittery, Me., which makes its appearance only in times of unusual drouth. This season it has appeared after an absence of two or three years, and has given a copious flow of water all through the dry period. Since the rains began in Maine the flow of this eccentric spring has greatly diminished.

—Sixteen young women recently graduated at the Training School for Nurses, established in connection with the Department of Public Charities and Correction. This makes nearly eighty who have gone from the school as professional nurses since its foundation, and all have met with great success in their work.

—A new astronomical observatory is to be erected at Rochester, New York, with arrangements and facilities specially designed for discoveries. The telescope which is to be placed in its dome will be twenty-two feet in length, the third largest in size of any in this country. The observatory is to be named after Mr. H. H. Warner, who has given largely to its endowment.

[St. Louis Times.]

Money in It.

The best investment is in that which will maintain health. From a letter of Mr. C. W. Eck, No. 12 S. 5th St., St. Louis, Mo., it is learned that the clerk of the Money-Order Dept. at the post office in Alton, Ills., Mr. J. B. Kuhn, suffered for some time with indigestion and all its accompanying evils—a headache, loss of appetite and despondency, and was surely becoming a hypochondriac. He commenced the use of Hamburg Drops and is now well and strong again.

ANOTHER of the popular errors to be corrected is that the African Sahara is a great desert. On the contrary, it is now pronounced a cultivated country, fruitful as the garden of Eden. All that is now wanted is proof that Iceland is a tropic country, and that the Rocky Mountains are below the sea level, in order to convince the average citizen that the time he spent in studying geography in his youth was fooled away.—*Boston Post.*

[Valparaiso (Ind.) Messengor.]

An Indiana Sportsman's Experience.

One of the finest kennels in this country, and the purest in the West, is owned by Mr. W. H. Holabird, the Sportsman's Clothier, of Valparaiso, Indiana. He says: "We use St. Jacobs Oil in our family in preference to all other liniments; I have also tried it in my kennel with wonderful results."

FINES in the mountains near Ukiah, Cal., drove the snakes from their retreat, and many rattlesnakes were killed in the streets of the city.

Popular Now Music.

"Sunshine and Shadows," Waltz, for Piano or Organ, is taking like wildfire everywhere. Published by Frank A. Drake, Richmond, Ind. Can be obtained through any Music Dealer, or will be sent post-paid by the Publisher on receipt of 40 cents.

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Says: "I have frequently purchased Duraug's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism and in every instance it worked like magic." It will cure when everything else fails. Sold by all druggists. Write for 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helpbenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

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These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

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the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

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To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett County:

GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned petitioners respectfully pray your Honors to appoint viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the opening of a public road, beginning near the Factory, on the Oakland and Deer Park road, through the lands of Nathan Casteel to the division line between Mrs. Kilbourn and Geo. W. Legge and to follow said line to the division line between Mrs. Hall and Ralph Thayer, and with said line to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's; and in duty, &c.

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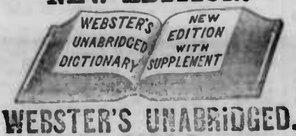

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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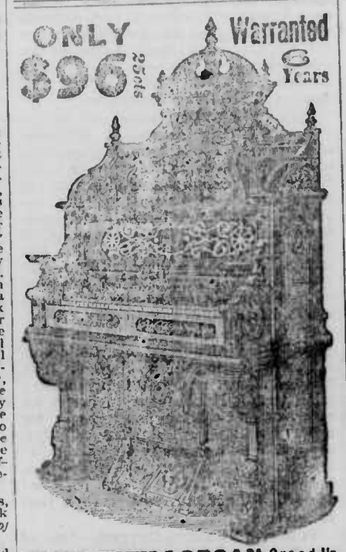

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ELECTED MAYOR

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.28 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

THE

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE,

OR

Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness.

BY

T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy.

The authors, during the years of unwearied attention to this great work, have steadily aimed to reveal to those who are puzzled to discover the path to success and happiness, which leads to the royal goal of their wishes; to cheer, stimulate and inspire with enthusiasm those who are desponding through distrust of their own ability, and to rouse to honorable effort those who are wasting their time and energies through indifference to life's prizes. The result of their earnest effort is now for the first time offered to the public in a beautiful volume of full 600 pages, printed on fine rose tint paper, and bound in an attractive and substantial manner, illustrated with fine steel plates, and furnished to subscribers as follows:

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August 21-3m. CHRISTIAN YUTZY.

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The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 70 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

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Oakland, Md.,

Or this office. 116

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Oshourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880. NUMBER 42.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1880.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The last song has burst from the lips of the dying Jacob: his farewell prophecy has been uttered, proclaiming the future of the twelve tribes; his final charge has been given, commanding that his ashes shall rest, not beneath an Egyptian pyramid, but beside his father's dust in the cave of Machpela, and then the soul of the patriarch ascends the golden ladder of his early dream. Soon a slow and solemn procession winds its way from the banks of the Nile, across the Arabian sands, and up the steeps of Canaan, to Hebron's hill. The ancestral sepulcher is opened once more, and by the side of Leah the embalmed form of her husband lies down at last. The three great patriarchs rest together, keeping watch and ward over the Promised Land through the centuries, until, in God's own time, the fiery column shall lead the hosts into their heritage. As the mourning company return to Egypt, a new fear fills the breast of Joseph's brothers. Their own guilty memory haunts them, and they dread a just vengeance now that their father is no more. They send to Joseph a full confession and a prayer for forgiveness, presenting the name of the departed Jacob as their plea, and bow around him in humble supplication, pledging the service of their lives. Tears start from the eyes of their princely brother, whose nature is nobler than their narrow thought can comprehend. He relieves their fears by words of comfort, and shows them how God has overruled their evil purpose and made it the means of preserving multitudes: he rewards their wrong with tenderness, and cares for them and their children. The picture of a happy old age rises before us. We see great grandchildren climbing upon the knees of Joseph; and descendants rising up to do him honor. We hear him from his dying pillow repeating God's promises, reminding his people that Egypt is but their place of sojourn, and their true home awaits them in Canaan. To attest his own faith in God's word, to show that, though dying a prince of Egypt he would live in memory as a son of Israel, to encourage the hearts of his people through the long night of oppression awaiting them, he commands that his bones shall not be buried until the hour when they can rest in their own land. So, during a hundred and fifty years, the mummied body of Joseph lies in its casket, guarded by his descendants, and awaiting the hour when God shall lead his people home.

Gen. 50. 14-26.

Memory Verses, 18-21.

14 And Joseph returned into Egypt, he and his brethren, and all that went up with him to bury his father, after he had buried his father.

15 And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him.

16 And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying,

17 So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil: and now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father. And Joseph wept when they spoke unto him.

18 And his brethren also went and fell down before his face; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants.

19 And Joseph said unto them, Fear not: for am I in the place of God?

20 But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.

21 Now therefore fear you not: I will nourish you and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them.

22 And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he and his father's house: and Joseph lived an hundred and ten years.

24 And Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation: the children also of Machir, the son of Manasseh, were brought up upon Joseph's knees.

24 And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware unto Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

25 And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.

26 So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

HOME READINGS.

M. The last days of Joseph. Gen. 50. 14-26.
Tu. The departure from Egypt. Exod. 13. 17-22.
W. The burial of Joseph. Josh. 24. 29-32.
Th. Joseph's dying faith. Heb. 11. 13-22.
F. Forgiveness of injuries. Matt. 5. 38-48.
S. Overcoming evil. Rom. 12. 14-21.
S. The example of forgiveness. 1 Peter 3. 8-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The memory of the just is blessed. Prov. 10.17.

LESSON HYMN. L. M.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness!

OUTLINES AND QUESTIONS.

1. FEAR, v. 11-18; Prov. 28. 1.
For what purpose and to what place had Joseph and his brothers gone up from Egypt. v. 13.
Why did his brothers fear his wrath?
How did their fears show a guilty conscience?
Would it have been like Joseph's character to cherish anger against them?
How should we feel and act toward those that have wronged us?
How did they address Joseph?
What prophetic dream was thus fulfilled? Gen. 37. 7.
How did they fulfill Prov. 28. 13?
2. FORGIVENESS, v. 19-21; Rom. 12. 19.
How did Joseph receive his brothers?
To whom does punishment for sin belong? Rom. 12. 19.
How had God brought good out of evil with Joseph and his brothers?
Did that make their actions any less wicked?
What did Joseph promise to them?
How did he fulfill Rom. 12. 20, 21?
How can we best conquer our enemies?
3. FAITH, v. 22-26; Heb. 11. 22.
To what age did Joseph live?
What were his privileges in old age?
How did he illustrate Psa. 128. 6?
How did he show faith in God's promise?
What is said in Heb. 11. 13.
What promise did he obtain from the Israelites?
What was the purpose of this pledge?
How did it show his faith? Heb. 11. 12.
What was done with his body?
How long did it remain unburied in Egypt? (Ans. One hundred and forty-four years.)
Where was it buried? Josh. 24. 32.

Railroads and the Public.

Judge Jere S. Black has written to the New York Chamber of Commerce an answer to a series of questions in relation to the proposed act of Congress to regulate Inter-State commerce and the regulation of railroads by State legislation. Judge Black begins his reply by the assertion that while the legally vested rights of railway companies, like other kinds of property are sacred, yet on this question railroad men may misunderstand their situation. "They believe or pretend to believe, that railways are the property of the companies authorized to run them, which is a cardinal error and the parent of much false argument. A public highway cannot be private property, and a railroad laid out and built by the authority of the State for the purposes of commerce is as much a public highway as a turnpike road, canal or navigable river. It is the duty of the State to promote intercourse and trade by making highways of the best sort thro' her territory. To this end she may take land and materials, which is an exercise of the power of eminent domain. She can build a railway at her own expense, using the direct agency of her own officers, and after it is built she can make it free to all comers or reimburse the cost by special tax on individuals who have occasion to use it. She can delegate the taking and the taxing powers to a corporation or a natural person, and that is what she always does when she grants a railroad charter. But in either or any case the railroad belongs to the State, and all the people have a right to use it upon compliance with the necessary regulations and the payment of the proper tax. * * * If the company may charge what it pleases then the road is not a public highway; the public has no rights in it at all, and the charter which authorizes the taking of land to build it is unconstitutional and void. These principles were stated by Judge Baldwin in Bonaparte against the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company (1 Bald. Rep., 252). You will find a more extended discussion of them by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in Casey vs. the Erie and Northeast Railroad Company (2 Casey's Rep., 287). I do not think they are opposed by any high authority, but no doubt they have often been overlooked in judicial decisions and forensic arguments.

"The railroads being public property, in which all the people have equal rights, and the companies that run them being public agents, it is absurd to say that the State has no right to regulate and control them in the performance of their functions by such laws as will prevent partiality, plunder and extortion. This is a power of which no free State can disarm itself by any act of its judicial, legislative or executive officers. They could as lawfully sell the State out and out and deliver up the entire population to sack and pillage.

* * * "The reasonableness of the freight tolls or taxes that may be charged upon any railway will depend on the expenses of running it and repairing it, and the cost of construction. The latter will, of course, be the principal element in the calculation, for the tolls ought to be high enough to give the corporation a fair profit on the capital they have actually invested. But many of these corporations have issued large amts. of stock and mortgage bonds, for which the holders have paid nothing or much less than their nominal value. Another way of enlarging their apparent dimensions is to water their stock under the pretence of increasing their capital, while in fact the additional shares are divided among themselves without putting a new dollar into the business. Of course, nobody thinks that the real cost of the road is to be measured by the nominal amount of these bonds and shares. It is easy for a competent engineer to tell how much any road ought to cost, supposing the work to be honestly done and liberally paid for. That being ascertained, you have the true basis of a calculation which will show how much the tolls ought to be. * * *

"Common justice imperatively requires that freights be fixed, settled and prescribed by law, and that they be not changed at the mere will of the railroad companies. But the discriminations which make the rates unequal are the most odious feature. A certain dealer at Baltimore gets a reduction or drawback which is denied to others, and he makes a fortune for himself while he ruins his competitors by underselling them. A single mill at Rochester can stop the wheels of all the rest if its flour be carried at a rate much lower. By discriminations of this kind the profits of one coal mine may be quadrupled while another, with all its features and machinery, is rendered of little use. Such wrongs as these are done, not only in a few sporadic cases, but generally and habitually on a very large scale. Certain oil men whose refinery was on Long Island got rebates amounting to $10,000,000 in eighteen months, and seventy-nine houses (I believe that is the number) engaged in the same business were broken up. The creditors of the Reading Railroad having coal lands of their own, made discriminations between themselves and others which drove all competition out of the field, gave them the monopoly of the Philadelphia market, and enabled them to charge for their coals as they charge for their freights—whatever they please. Thus producers, dealers and consumers all suffer together. Worse still than that, the property of large communities is blighted by the refusal of railroads to carry the products of their farms, gardens and shops unless they submit to the payment of rates much larger than are charged on similar goods from other regions much further away from the common market. The case you mention of $4 from New York to Salt Lake and only $2.50 to San Francisco, is perhaps not the most unrighteous, but it is as gross a violation of legal principles can be conceived. * *

"I maintain that all the States have a clear and indefeasible right to protect their people against such wrongs and to exercise the power as a sacred duty. When that duty is properly performed the internal trade of each State will cease to be enslaved and crippled as it is now. But the commerce between the States will still be open to inequalities and liable to oppression and plunder by transportation companies unless the national legislature does something to save it. Congress has power 'to regulate commerce between the States.' Is it not strictly within the scope of that authority when it makes a law forbidding carriers through the State to injure, impede or destroy the general trade of the country by extravagant and discriminating charges? If that be not a regulation of interstate commerce, what would be? The power being conceded, an effectual mode of righting the wrongs now complained of can easily be devised."

Some Strangely Fulfilled Dreams.

Richard Proctor writes in Belgravia: Dickens once had a dream which was fulfilled, at least to his own satisfaction. "Here," he wrote on May 30, 1863, "is a curious case at first hand. On Thursday night last week, being at the office here," in London, "I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back toward me, whom I supposed to be E. On her turning around I found that I didn't know her, and she said, 'I am Miss Napier.' All the time I was dressing next morning I thought, 'What a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing. And why Miss Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier.' That same Friday night I read. After the reading came into my retiring-room Mary Boyle and her brother, and the lady in the red shawl, whom they present as 'Miss Napier.' These are all the circumstances exactly told." This was probably a case of unconscious cerebration. Dickens had no doubt really seen the lady, and been told that she was Miss Napier, when his attention was occupied with other matters. There could be nothing unusual in his dreaming about a person whom he had thus seen without noticing. Of course it was an odd coincidence that the lady of whom he had thus dreamed should be introduced to him soon after—possibly the day after. But such coincidences are not infrequent. To suppose that Dickens had been specially warned in a dream about so unimportant a matter would be absurd; for fulfilled or unfulfilled, the dream was, as Dickens himself described it, a very distinct dream about nothing. Far different in this respect was the strange dream which President Lincoln had the night before he was shot. If the story was truly told by Mr. Stanton to Dickens, the case is one of the most curious on record. Dickens thus told it in a letter to John Forster: "On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot there was a Cabinet council, at which he presided. Mr. Stanton being at the time commander-in-chief of the northern troops that were concentrated here arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked, 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton then noticed with surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was, and that instead of telling irrelevant and questionable stories, he was grave and calm and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the attorney general, said to him, 'That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!' The Attorney General replied, 'We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you," he said, with his chin down to his breast, 'Gentlemen, something extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' To which the Attorney General had observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope?' when the President answered very gravely, 'I don't know—I don't know.' As they were all impressed by his manner the Attorney General took him up again. 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?' 'No,' answered the President, 'but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once on the night preceding another," (naming a battle also not favorable to the North.) His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir," said the attorney-general. "'Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad, rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift—but this is not business"—suddenly raised his face and looking around the table as Mr. Stanton entered—"let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the attorney-general said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night." Here the dream itself was not remarkable, it was such a one as might readily be dreamed by a man from the Western States who had been often on the broad rolling rivers. Nor was its recurrence remarkable. The noteworthy point was the occurence of the dream three several times, and (as may be presumed from the effect which the dream produced on its recurrence) those three times only, on the night preceeding a great misfortune for the cause of the North. However, there is nothing in the story which cannot be attributed to merely casual coincidence, though the coincidence was sufficiently curious. As three years had elapsed from the time of Lincoln's death when Stanton told Dickens the story, it is possible that the account may have been incorrect in some details.

The President-Elect's Family.

The following information about General Garfield's family and home life will be found of interest: The President-elect has four sons—Harry aged 16; James 14; Irwin 10, and Abram 8; also, one daughter, Miss Mattie, aged 12. The boys are stated to be bright and intelligent. Harry, the eldest, took the prize for declamation last summer at a school in which he and his brother James are preparing for college. Mrs. Garfield is an intelligent looking lady, about 45 years old, and having been born and bred in the country, and not being particularly fond of fashionable society has always seemed a trifle ill at ease in attending to her necessary and formal social duties at the capital. She is fond of reading, and pays close attention to the education of her children. Her schooldays were spent at Hiram, Ohio, where she became engaged to her husband, and for some time thereafter she taught in one of the Cleveland public schools, while General Garfield was at Williams College, where he took his degree. Mrs. Garfield is an eminently practical woman, a good housekeeper, and has always been of great assistance to her husband in the management of his business affairs. She planned their home in Washington, and has superintended the improvements on the farm at Mentor, which was purchased two years ago. Her father was a farmer named Rudolph, and the lady's name is Lucretia. She is descended from General Nathaniel Greene, the Revolutionary hero. Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield, the mother of the President, is also a member of his household, and although 70 years old, her voice is yet an important factor in the family councils. She is a very sagacious old lady, remarkably vigorous and has much influence over her son, who is deeply attached to her. Judge Jere Black, a Campbellite Baptist, like General Garfield, says she is a sterling woman, who has done her work in life faithfully and under the most trying circumstances. The President elect himself has grown somewhat stout of late years, and is described by his friends as being full of ambition, which just now turns in the direction of making a truly national and wise President.

Questions of the Future.

It is perhaps well enough, in the dearth of topics of immediate political interest which follows the close of the Presidential canvass, for distinguished statesmen like Mr. Jay and Mr. Boutwell to map out a future policy for the Republican party, or to speculate on the course of the incoming Administration toward the South. But the views they express in magazine articles, however suggestive and interesting they may be, are only the individual opinions of the writers. The questions they handle are still a long way ahead and the country is in no hurry to anticipate the time for dealing with them in a practical way. It is more than three months before the newly-elected President will be called upon to give public expression of his policy, and it is more than a year before the time fixed for the meeting of the new Congress, upon which he must depend for aid to carry out that policy in case it involves more than the faithful execution of the laws now upon the statute-books.

Happily, the South will have a chance to show the country what it is going to do with itself before the new Republican President or the new Congress will be faced by questions growing out of its political condition. There are many hopeful indications of a break in the intolerant public sentiment of that section. The debates during the coming session of Congress ought to show whether these indications are mere ebullitions of disappointment at the overthrow of the ambitious scheme of Southern domination, or are genuine signs of a determination on the part of a considerable portion of the population that there shall be honest elections in the future, and that the political rights of the blacks shall be maintained. If the cracks in the Solid South go deeper than the surface, they will be sure to widen during the ensuing year. Elections will be held in many of the Southern States before the meeting of the new Congress in December, 1881. The manner in which they are conducted will afford valuable indications to the President and Congress as to whether the South is going on in the same old rut, or is resolved at last to overthrow the gigantic injustice and oppression of the one party system. The first elections at which there can be any application of the Federal election laws will occur in 1882, when members of Congress will be chosen. During the long session of 1881-'82 there will be ample time for Congress to act with deliberation and wisdom, and on the basis of the situation as it may then exist, in regard to the question of amending those laws.

At present the tendency of the public mind is unquestionably toward such an extension of the Federal statutes as will make them applicable to all elections National in their character, and will secure their more efficient enforcement. There is no occasion, however, for an immediate agitation of the subject beyond what may grow out of a fuller knowledge of the performances in certain Southern districts at the recent election. The country is cheerful and busy, and very hopeful about the future. It is not inclined to borrow trouble, and feels a happy confidence that it will be able to settle the problems of next year when next year comes, without bothering about them in advance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NITOCRIS.

THE King sat high upon his throne
To judge old Egypt's mighty land,
Palms waved and Nilus' waters shonn
And far off gleamed the Libyan sand.

Satraps were near to heed his nod
And armies hung upon his look;
The people fell before their god
And read his eye, a fateful book.

Now at high noon, most fervid hour,
The King is sunk in thought profound,
While heaven scowls o'er the coming shower
And breathless silence broods around.

Sudden a bolt from out the sky
Like some hot, hissing meteor stone;
The King starts with a thrilling cry
And sees a portent near the throne.

For rushing whirlwinds bowed the tents
And threw a sandal at his feet,
A lady's shoe of much expense,
Jeweled and fringed, but small and neat.

Quick speeds the tempest through the sky
And newly washed the landscape glows,
The crowned palms rejoice on high,
The desert gleams in pearl and rose.

The King cries out to all his host,
"Bring me the lady of the land
Who wore this shoe of boundless cost
And claims the bounty of my hand."

His minions hasten on their way,
They scour the borders near and far,
And find, at last, hid from the day,
A maiden shining like a star.

'Twas she, and so the myths relate,
Who, bathing in old Nilus' wave,
Was robbed by nimble winds, and fate
Her sandal to the monarch gave.

The maid the King did quickly wed,
She mighty Egypt's Queen became;
With haughty look, high-lifted head,
She grew a great and fabled dame.

For her fond lord he sickened soon
And passed into his mummied rest;
And giving all her wishes room
Ambition fired the lady's breast.

She thought of conquest, dreamed of sway
Beyond old Nilus' sluggish flow;
And—who can tell at this far day?—
Perchance she donned a spear and bow.

Nor is her fame in ashes hid,
She longed to live with ardent soul,
And thus she built a pyramid
And wrote her name upon Time's scroll.

But the great Nitocris now is nought
Save some small pinch of ancient dust;
She lives no brighter in the thought
Than signs on her sarcophagus.

The Queen is dead, the Queen's decayed,
Her tomb a curious heap of stones;
But that young, fresh and rosy maid
Has outlived monarchies and thrones.

'Twas she who cast her little shoe
Over all lands and every age;
In childhood's annals, old and new,
She wrote the most entrancing page.

For she is but the antique form
Of Cinderella, whom we know,
And good as love and fair as morn
On through the world shall ever go.
—*Augusta Larned, in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE THROCKMORTONS.

"AND so you are going to marry Mr. Theodore Throckmorton?" said Aunt Jane, with a sniff of disapproval.

"Yes, I believe I am," answered Rose.

"The Throckmortons were always a stiff-necked race. I wish you well, Rose—I wish you well; but I don't care to have one of *my* girls marry into the family."

Rose forbore to answer that her girls were in no danger of marrying into any family.

"Yes," she pursued, "they've always had filthy lucre enough—always their wine in the cellar, and their capon on the spit, and their brocades and diamonds for the 'confusion of the neighbors.' There was General Throckmorton, who used to lock his wife up in the old mansion-house, when he went to court, for fear she would enjoy herself too much. Who knows but your Mr. Theodore is a chip of the old block? A tyrannical set, the Throckmortons were, never at peace with their wives. There was Tristram, the first member of Congress from this district, or State, or whatever it was in those days—well, he married the prettiest fool, and he broke her heart, and they used to say that her ghost wandered about the old mansion-house; that a young lady who was visiting there years after—visiting her son's wife—met her in the corridor, dressed in an old-fashioned changeable silk, with an ancient brass candlestick and lighted candle in her hand, holding it up to look at the portraits on the wall. Oh, I know the Throckmortons, root and branch."

"But Theodore doesn't belong to this branch," said Rose, who was used to Aunt Jane's tirades.

"They all come from one stock—all from one stock: masterful people, the Throckmortons, carrying all before them; walking over a friend if he stands in the way, breaking the hearts of women. I've even heard say that your Mr. Theodore, with all his soft manners, never got on with his wives."

"You speak as if he had had a harem, Aunt Jane," cried Rose. "Theodore has never been married but once; and if he didn't get on with her—which I don't believe—it must have been her fault."

"I wish you well, Rose; but I'm thankful that neither Ellen nor Amanda is going to trust her happiness to a Throckmorton."

Could there be any grain of truth in Aunt Jane's insinuations? Rose pondered. Of course there was not a particle in her innuendoes about Theodore; but were the Throckmortons a hard family? Of course Theodore was an exception, if they were as hard as flint; and as for his first wife, Rose had scarcely thought of her vividly before. What had she been like? had Theodore loved her? had she dreamed of another woman filling her place? It seemed just then to Rose as if that must be the bitterest thing in all the universe. She wondered if Theodore did not possess a picture of her somewhere, that she might satisfy her curiosity one day, and judge if it had been painful for him to part from her—what manner of woman it was who had won his heart first. And she plagued herself conjecturing which he would have chosen had he known them both. She felt a sort of anguish in behalf of this dead woman, who had stepped aside and let the sunshine upon her.

Now that she reflected upon it, Theodore had been strangely silent in regard to her, it was certain. Was it indifference, or because the grief was too sacred? Does a man, she questioned, ever make his first wife the subject of conversation between himself and her successor?—describe her charms, make an inventory of her little attractions? Wouldn't it be awkward? Rose had no experience to inform her. Perhaps it was temperament which decided. This affair, however, did not dwell long in her mind; other things absorbed her—buying the last items of the *trousseau*, unpacking presents, the perplexing task of making a little money do the service of a good deal, and trying on the wedding dress. Though the Throckmortons as a family were well known, according to Aunt Jane, in the neighborhood, yet Theodore was a comparative stranger, having married and lived in the South for years, after a foreign education. It was only a year since Rose and he had met on a railway train snowed up a few miles beyond Little Crampton. She had been to the city to give a music lesson; he was coming home to look after some property that had fallen to him in Little Crampton. Though they were but five miles from the station, yet the storm was so cold and blinding that only a few undertook to walk into town. There was but a handful of passengers altogether, Little Crampton people mostly, who did business in the city and returned at night; and so it happened that Rose was the only woman among them. They spent the night out there among the the drifts, there being, fortunately, plenty of wood on board the train to keep them comfortable; and under such circumstances people make acquaintance with comparative ease. Mr. Throckmorton, not wishing to travel on foot in the storm, and rather enjoying the novelty of the situation, had yet ventured out a mile or so, and foraged at a farmhouse, returning with a supply of dainties which he begged Rose to share. He had observed that she was bored, sleepy and miserable; he sympathized with her as a man invariably does with a pretty woman. Why is it that beauty in distress is more appealing than ugliness? Though for the matter of that, perhaps Mr. Theodore Throckmorton would have folded his wrap for her weary head, have braved the storm for her refreshment, and beguiled her tedium with anecdotes and nonsense, all the same, had she been the plainest old maid in Little Crampton; but then his conduct would have proved an exception to that of his sex, no doubt. By daylight Rose and Theodore were as intimate as if they had been born neighbors; and an acquaintance begun thus, in a snow-drift, had drifted into a more tender relation. In spite of Aunt Jane, Rose and Theodore were married, and set off in the early winter for his Southern home; and what a new world it was that Rose had discovered! She used to wonder, during those days, if it were really herself, poor little overlooked Rose Thornton, who had a right to all this splendor, to all this love and devotion; if she should not wake up to find herself in her dingy little room at Little Crampton, in her black delaine, trying to make a dime do duty for a dollar, with nobody kinder than Aunt Jane to look to, with all this happiness only a dissolving dream. "My life is like a poem," she said, almost daily.

"I hope it will never become plain prose," Theodore would answer.

Mr. Throckmorton was called away on business affairs for a week or so, when they had been married a little more than a year, and at first it seemed to Rose as if the sun had gone under a cloud. She tried to occupy herself with a thousand trifles; the very roses in the garden appeared to hang their heads and drop their petals pensively; the mocking-birds sang out of tune; the atmosphere was oppressive as before a thunder-storm. Rose wandered about the house and grounds aimlessly, not knowing how to pass the time without Theodore. She reminded herself of the ghost of Mrs. Tristram Throckmorton haunting the corridors with her lighted taper to look at her husband's portrait; she turned over the rare prints in the library; she opened the old-fashioned novels, written for a dead and gone generation; she drew a melancholy strain or two from Theodore's violin, like the wailing of a banshee. One afternoon she bethought herself of Theodore's diary of the war, which she had promised she should read whenever she wanted to descend to plain prose. "It is hidden in a drawer of my private desk," he had said. "Read it, Rosamundi, when you wish to be bored within an inch of your life." She opened the desk and began her search; but the diary was not so easily found. A friend had borrowed it, not long before, in order to fix the date of some political events in his mind. But while she turned over his papers and opened the drawers, her fingers must have touched accidentally the spring of a secret compartment, which, flying open, disclosed the picture of a woman in a case bedded with pearls and emeralds—a woman with great velvety eyes like a panther's, a rich color on the swarthy cheek, and a tense expression about the scarlet curve of the lips; a face to haunt and perplex one. Rose shuddered before this apparition. "Death is in her beautiful eyes," she cried. "How she must have hated to die, and leave this pleasant world—and Theodore! How did he ever forget her and love me!" And then her eyes fell upon a shabby little diary pushed out of sight beneath the picture. "This must be Theodore's," she thought; and she seated herself in a Sleepy Hollow chair to enjoy it, yet feeling as if that face would always come between herself and Theodore, unless she could lose herself in these pages and forget it. In fact, so penetrated was she with thoughts of this beautiful dead woman, whom Theodore had once loved, that she had been reading the diary for an hour or so, had turned the leaves, and had tried mechanically to follow the thread, before she awoke to the conviction that it was not a novel she held, nor a record of the war, that it was not written in Theodore's hand, but that it *was* a record of intense feeling and agony—the diary of Julia Throckmorton.

"20*th*.—And this is revenge, indeed! You starve both body and soul, Theodore Throckmorton—you who promised to love and cherish. Was I to blame because I could not love you? Was it my fault that you could not prove yourself as irresistible as Raphael? Why did I marry you, then? When they swore to me that Raphael was dead, shot through the heart, what did any thing signify? As well you as another. If I deceived you, it was because you were easily deluded, you thought nobody could resist a Throckmorton. And how I hated you when Raphael came back, strong and beautiful, with that hunger in his eyes which I understood! What hours we spent floating on the still river, which was like the picture of a dream, while you forgot us among our books, following the flight of comets, weighing the stars and the earth! I was a lost Pleiad, the course of which you omitted to reckon. What dusks were those, made eloquent with love and melody! what sunsets bloomed for us two! what stars trembled into our heaven! And that black, gusty night—ah, I should have been happy, happy, but for you, Theodore Throckmorton. All your wealth and love could not purchase happiness for me. I should have been happy with Raphael in Italy—yes, in Hades. Why did you not let us go? Why did you come down from the clouds and the starry spaces, wake from your nebulous trance, just to hinder two lovers? Why did you stand like the angel with the flaming sword between us and our paradise? And here, in this lonely prison-house, you make good your revenge. I might shriek for help, or a morsel of bread, and none would hear me, shut in by miles of plantation. Alas, I am so faint and worn! I dragged myself to the mirror to-day, and was scared at the ghost which met me. I shall never see it again, for I broke the glass into atoms. Through the chinks of my blind I see the ripe fruits dropping, dying to rot upon the ground below, and I am so hungry—dying, dying of starvation in the lap of luxury; all my beauty vanishing like a mist, crumbling into dust! Who could have dreamed that Theodore Throckmorton would be revenged on a woman for a sin she failed in? If I die to-night I will haunt you; all the years of your life I will haunt you; all the eternity after death I will—"

Had the bitter heart ceased beating with this inarticulate cry? "Julia Throckmorton died December 20, 18—," had been written below by Theodore himself.

While Rose had read, spell-bound, a thunder-storm had risen in fury, but she had not heeded—one of those sudden flashes of the elements; the lightnings had rent the sky, and had torn up at one stroke a great tree on the avenue. Theodore, returning unexpectedly, hastened through the grounds and house to the library in search of her; she had used to fear the passion of these Southern storms unless folded in his arms; but she stood up now and confronted him, holding Julia Throckmorton's diary in her hand, a speechless horror frozen in her eyes, shrinking away from him, convulsed and cold.

"You—you," she gasped—"you starved her to death, here in this lonely place; and—and I—I loved you! The Throckmortons are a hard race," and she fell fainting into his arms.

That night the Throckmortons' heir came home; but his mother made no rejoicing. She was going over and over that cruel diary; its words had burned into her memory; she was haunted by Julia's dying reproaches. But as the days multiply she grows stronger, in spite of every thing—strong enough to use pencil and paper, in which the nurse indulges her, and she writes: "When I am better, Theodore, I will go back to Little Crampton. Baby and I will go together. Good-by."

"Little Crampton, indeed," said the Doctor, who had entered, and taken the pencil and paper from her hands. "What train do you propose to take, Mrs. Throckmorton?" Then, as the tears start into her eyes, he whispers: "Let me give you something quieting. Your husband tells me that you have been reading the diary of Julia Throckmorton. Theodore saved her from the disgrace of an elopement, but she never forgave him; and, my dear child, her diary was the diary of a mad woman."

"And she did not die of starvation? Do you mean to tell me that Theodore loved and cherished her as he promised?"

"Yes, she died of starvation. She eluded the vigilance of her keepers, and starved herself to death in her frenzy. She died at the asylum, not in this lonely place, this prison-house, and I attended her."

"Will you call Theodore?" said Rose.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

GENERAL.

IN speaking to the Prince of Wales the nobles of England say "Sir."

A GAS company has been formed for lighting Jerusalem, and a street car company for connecting that city with the Mount of Olives is hinted at.

SUBSCRIPTION-BOOK publishers say that women agents are preferred to men because they are treated with greater respect and are given a better hearing.

CAPT. MIDDLETON, of Lower Lake, Cal., has raised twelve apples whose united weight is fourteen pounds. The largest measures fifteen inches around.

A MECHANIC at Beaufort, S. C., intent upon suicide by drowning, but desirous that his body should be recovered, fastened lead to his head and life preservers to his feet before leaping into the water. So he was quickly drowned, while his legs floated.

THE St. Gothard tunnel was to be ready, according to the original contract, on Oct. 1, 1880; but unlooked-for difficulties have caused the contractors to petition for a delay of two years, and the lines of access to its mouth will not be completed until July, 1882.

A MAN darted into a store at Nicholsville,, Ohio, bought the first traveling bag he could get his hands on, and hurried toward the railroad station. On the way he caught up several bricks from a pile, and put them into the bag. His object was understood when a passenger discovered that his own satchel, containing $3,000, had been taken from the seat by his side, and the one with bricks put in its place.

JAMES PAUL, a resident of Oxford Furnace, N. J., while working in a field some time ago, suddenly lost his power of speech. Physicians were unable to render him any assistance, and he grieved over the prospect of being speechless for life. Recently, in a dream, he thought he recovered his speech and conversed with his wife. Upon awakening he found his dream literally fulfilled. He could talk as well as ever, and he has since retained the power of speech

The Old Blue Chest.

ONE day last week five or six women with serious faces and hushed voices were gathered in a room in a house on Fort Street. For two years a poor old woman had lived there, not exactly a beggar nor an object of charity, but certainly in want. She had a husband when she first moved there—a poor old man whose days could not be long; but one day he was missing. He may have fallen into the river, or he may have wandered out into the country and died. This left the old woman alone, and there were days and days in which no one went near her or addressed her. The other day when she felt the chill of death approaching she wanted some one with her. She had lived alone, but she could not die that way. She wept as tender hands clasped hers and kind voices addressed her. Death had already placed its mark on her face, and the women could do nothing. While their tears fell upon her wrinkled hands she passed away as a child sleeps.

There was but little in the room beyond an old chest—battered and bruised and splintered, but yet holding together. It had seen strange times, that old blue chest. It had held silks and broadcloths perhaps—it had surely held rags. It had been moved from house to house and from town to town. It had listened to laughter, and had heard sobs and moans. It had grown old no faster than the woman whose hands had so often lifted its lid. It had doubtless kept the company of good carpets and furniture and crockery, and laughing, romping children had climbed over it or hidden in it. It had faded, and its hinges were rusty and weak, but it had outlived its owner.

The women looked about for garments in which to enshroud the dead. Nothing was in sight. One of them lifted the lid of the old blue chest, and called the others to help drag it out from its dark corner. It held treasure—such treasure as men could not buy nor poverty steal away. There was a dress of fine material, cut after a fashion of long years ago. For twenty years the chest had been its guardian. It would have sold for a few dollars, but though the gnawings of hunger had come often and the cold had fought its way to her marrow, that poor old woman would not part with that relic of better days. It may have been a link to connect her with wealth and love. Beneath it was treasure still more priceless. Carefully wrapped in paper was a silver dime more than fifty years old. A week's fast would not have sent her to the baker's with that relic. A child, dead in its young years, had worn that dime around its neck as a gift or talisman. There was a child's mitten, stained and worn, but a mitten knit by a proud young mother for her child. It could not speak to tell the dim past, but it had power. As the women saw it they covered their faces with their aprons and wept.

There was a boy's cap and a girl's hat, both so old and faded and time-eaten that they had to be tenderly handled. The women looked from them to the poor old white face on the bed and whispered:

"None but a good mother would have treasured these relics. She was old and poor, her heart was pure."

Deeper down, as if to baffle the search of Time itself, was a familiar toy—a child's dumb watch. Hands were broken and gone, face scratched and case battered, but the women handled it as if a touch would shiver it. There was a doll's head, a boy's fish-line, some toy chairs, a yarn ball, and other things to show that in the long ago that dead woman had felt the soft kisses of children, heard their "good night" and thanked God that she was blessed. Each relic was wept over—each was replaced with fresh tear stains. They asked the old blue chest no questions. Its relics might have been voiceless to a man, but to a woman and mother each one had a tale in words as plain as print. They shed more tears as they bent again over the poor old dead, and they said to each other:

"If she had only told us of this how we would have loved her and sought to lighten her sorrows."

But she had gone. She had come and gone as a mystery, and but for the old blue chest in the corner few would have cared, and none would have sorrowed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Woman's Work.

IT is very hard to understand how the mass of men live in this or in any large city, where everything, from a wink of sleep to a mouthful of food, must always be paid for. But it is much harder to understand how women eke out a subsistence; for they have far less strength, inferior health, and generally much lower wages. It is estimated that some 60,000 women in and about this city alone earn their own living, and that the number steadily increases from year to year. They are of all grades, from servants to fashionable modistes, book-keepers, artists and managers. A number of them are members of intellectual professions, such as medicine, journalism, lecturing, acting. Not a few of them earn a good deal of money, notably actresses, milliners and dress-makers, and often they acquire a handsome independence. The profits of actresses are probably higher than those of any other feminine calling; then come milliners, and next dress-makers. Lecturers have hitherto made considerable money—Anna Dickinson cleared, it is said, $40,000 in one year—but recently the public has cared very little for them, the business having been overdone and the quality of the lectures having grown very poor. A number of women who have done very well at it have been obliged to retire from the field for lack of patronage. Actresses, on the other hand, command higher salaries and secure more lucrative positions than ever. But they must have some talent, some power of attraction. They can not, as many women believe, rush upon the stage without any mental endowment, and get suddenly rich. Milliners and modistes, after they have gained a fashionable reputation, thrive famously; but they are necessarily few. The bulk of the sex employed as seamstresses, saleswomen, teachers—the teachers who do well are exceptional—copyists, and the like, get very meager compensation. It is calculated that, of the 60,000 feminine workers, the average earning is not over $4 to $4.50 a week. How they can pay their board or purchase food and shelter with such a pittance eludes comprehension. And then, it should be remembered that the majority of them provide for others as well as for themselves; for it is a general rule that anybody who can earn money is sure to have dependents. Ordinary servants, of whom very few are Americans, are said to be more comfortable than educated and refined laborers of native stock. They get from $2.50 to $4 a week, and have good food and lodging included, which is a most important consideration. While many American women materially improve their condition by going into kitchens, they shrink from doing so because it seems menial, and our born republicans hate to be menials. For a woman to earn her own living is far harder than shows on the surface. To some women it is little less than tragical.—*New York Times.*

An Artist who Paints Blackened Eyes After Election.

ON the Monday before election men bearing large banners whereon pictures of a battered human eye were painted patrolled the down-town streets. Around the battered eye on each banner were the words:

Black Eyes painted during the election, 25 cents and 50 cents. 182 Canal Street.

Mr. Hubbs, sign painter, is the employer of these banner-bearers. He has devoted a quarter of a century to the restoration of unlucky eyes, and his son says that in his prime the old artist had no equal. An eye that would humiliate a less skillful artist was a trifle to him, while the countenance of a person who had engaged in a controversy with the Bottle Alley Gang was a treat to the old man. But age has told on the painter. His son has succeeded him, at least so far as the upper class of fifty-cent eyes go. The customers brought about the young man's promotion. A young Broadway merchant brought a peculiarly ornate eye to the paint shop on his way to business, and found young Hubbs in charge. The eye was like a cross between a rainbow and an archery target in appearance. The painter could see by the man's dress and appearance that it was a half-dollar eye. He did his very best, and the young merchant came every morning for several days to have the chromo freshened up. One day the young merchant found the senior decorator in charge. Mr. Hubbs prepared his background with all his old skill; then he mixed his tints and laid them on so as to bring out the light and shade in a masterly manner. The trouble must have been with the perspective, young Mr. Hubbs thinks, for the young merchant grumbled a great deal, and soon afterward came back and ordered a new picture by the young man.

"I have studied with first-class artists," said young Hubbs, yesterday; "I have painted at the Academy of Music and other places. A man has got to be trained to it in order to do fine work like this."

"Why do you advertise to paint eyes during election?"

"Oh, well, it isn't exactly election," said Mr. Hubbs, "it's more the day after election that we get the most of them. We used to be down at 250 Canal Street, near Centre Street, and I can remember when I was a boy the black eyes used to stand up in a line the day after election and father would take 'em one after another as fast as he could. These customers were all hard young men, but we have all classes. Day before yesterday we had a broker from Wall Street, and just before that a young well-dressed lady. She said she had fallen against a ferryboat, and the broker said he got hit in the back of the neck. Both his eyes were black and blue. 'That's funny,' says I, 'that you should get hit in the back of the neck and get two black eyes by it.' 'I know it's funny,' says he, 'but there are the eyes.'

"Of course it's nonsense," continued young Mr. Hubbs, "but of all the black eyes I've painted I never got one that was caused by a fight. They all come in some strange and mysterious way."

Mr. Hubbs said that it had been found that you could not paint the same thing on every face. The basis of all the paintings is the same, but the superstructure varies with the subject's complexion. The basis is a careful mixture of white, vermilion, chrome yellow, and burnt umber. A pale-faced man will take extra white and extra yellow; a dark man extra umber, and a rosy-cheeked person calls for extra vermilion skillfully laid in on the lower edge of the picture and thinning out into white or pink, according to the complexion. Oil paints are used, and chalk is rubbed on to rid the painting of its gloss. The only trouble is that dust dirties the picture, and spoils it in three days. Hot water will wash it off.—*New York Sun.*

Ancient Egypt.

OF all the curious works of the ancient Egyptians, the most strange and dream-like are the sphinxes. They are innumerable along the Nile, half man, half beast, carved in solid stone. But one—known as the Sphinx—the largest and most wonderful, sits near the Pyramids, with staring stone eyes that seem to have almost learned to see. It is half buried in the sands. Its head rises more than sixty feet above its base. Whole avenues of sphinxes lined the courts of the Egyptian temples. Then there are the tombs, or catacombs, where the mummies are preserved—long galleries cut in the rock, decorated with paintings, covered with the dust of generations. Along the river these cemeteries are almost numberless. On the walls are drawn all the various occupations of the people. The fisherman is seen drawing his nets, the plowman driving his team, the soldier returning from the war. But the most curious of the catacombs are those devoted to the preservation of the mummies of cats, bulls, birds of all kinds, and crocodiles. The Egyptians worshiped animals and birds, and when they died, preserved their bodies by a singular process. The bull (Apis) was adored at Memphis, and his death was a season of general woe. When a cat in a house at Thebes died, all the family went in mourning, and shaved their eyebrows.—*Harper's Young People.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

OF late the electric light has been employed by naturalists to attract insects which they desire to collect for examination or to preserve as specimens.

THE subcutaneous injection of sulphuric ether, in three-drop doses, at intervals of twelve hours, is recommended by Dr. Comegys for the successful treatment of sciatica.

THE site of a millstone manufactory of the bronze age is thought to have been discovered at Auvenir, near Neufchatel, Switzerland. Millstones in all stages of manufacture have recently been brought to light there.

THE boring of the Arlberg Tunnel is in active progress on the Austrian side of the mountain, and ground will shortly be broken on the Swiss side. The St. Gothard line in its entire length is expected to be in running order in April next.

IT is claimed by M. Pasteur that earthworms carry about the bacteridium germs of the disease, called anthrax, in their alimentary canal; that the dust of the earth mixed with the infected blood gets blown about the herbage with the worms' excrement, and the cattle devouring the grass become infected.

THE London *Lancet* says: "The man who eats a regulated number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organized habit, probably eats much more than his system requires, or the organism, as a whole, is constituted to deal with. The organs of digestion and assimilation are overworked, and hence, doubtless, many of the most troublesome diseases. A glance at any time showing the length of time which the commonest articles of food take to digest will show that the fashionable stomach can scarcely ever be empty."

AMONG the many important facts brought out by the United States Survey of the great lakes and the Mississippi River is the action of sand waves in the Mississippi at Helena, which in water from 13 to 30 feet deep are moving down the river at an average rate of 18 feet a day. These sand waves have an average length, counting from crest to crest, of about 330 feet, an extreme length of about 500 feet, and an average height of about 5 feet and an extreme height of 8 feet from valley to crest. The existence of sand waves of such large dimensions, and moving with such velocity, does not seem to have been observed before on the Lower Mississippi.

IN the *Gazette des Hopitaux*, of a recent date, some cases are described of the use of petroleum capsules in simple and chronic bronchitis. It is stated, as a curious fact, that this balsamic was brought before the Therapeutic Society by M. Binche a year ago, at the suggestion of a Paris chemist, who named it "Gabian oil," in order to prevent public prejudice. Each of these capsules contains twenty-five centigrams of pure petroleum, the ordinary oil—which has to be distilled in contact with sulphuric acid to render it fit for lighting purposes—not being suitable. At the Hospital Beaujon, where these capsules have been freely ordered for chronic bronchitis, a rapid diminution of the secretion and fits of coughing is reported.

PITH AND POINT.

A MAN has a strong will because it was his wont to have it when a child.

"MAY a Christian laugh?" inquires the New York *Sun* in a head line. Well, we should smile.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"HOW greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple on the dish, "I was just going to take that!"

MR. LOVE was married the other day at Ithaca at the age of eighty-three. It was an old Love affair.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"THAT strikes me as being 'queer'"—as the teller of the bank said, when a counterfeit bill was presented to him.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

"WHAT a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night niver comes on till late in the day, whin a man is tired and can't work any at all, at all."

IT isn't necessarily the men who come prominently to the front in times of excitement that are the leaders of the people. The rudder that directs the ship's course always keeps modestly in the rear.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I WANT to see the villain who wrote this article. Where's the proprietor of this paper?" "He's out." "Where's the managing editor?" "He's out." "Where's the city editor?" "He's out." "Where's the reporter?" "He's out." "Where am I?" (Rickety slam-bang-jam! Two panes of glass broken.) "You're out." Man found on sidewalk and carried to hospital. Verdict: Struck by lightning. Still they will do it.

ENOUGH money has been poured out in kerosene oil, wasted in club uniforms, burned up in fireworks, and drank up in various things during the late political campaign to have insured new winter bonnets and domestic tranquility throughout this land from now until next Easter. Think of that, good woman, and cast it in his teeth when he comes home to supper, and ask him if he expects the President to buy you decent clothing instead of the disgraceful rags that now keeps you away from the blessed privilege of the sanctuary every Sabbath.—*Hawkeye.*

IN the London Probate Registry is a will dated 1791, by which the testator left $50 a year to be spent on whisky to be given to a number of Irish people, not exceeding twenty, who may visit the cemetery on the anniversary of his death. Each is to go with a penknife and a stout stick, and the whisky is to be distributed in half-pint doses. The object is thus explained by the testator: "Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is that with these materials given they will not fail to destroy each other, and when, in course of time, the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood, at least, may perhaps be colonized by civil and respectable men."

LIFE in Winnipeg is not without its drawbacks. A correspondent writes that the frogs are so numerous that they swarm in the streets and on the sidewalks and invade even the houses.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

"UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS."

LAS' Sunday while I'se settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly, kase de sun was gittin' low,
An' wishin' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ob a Janewary blas',
I knows de one whar's comin' too, is gwine be stingin' cold,
Kas de 'simmon trees is hangin' jes' as full as dey can hold.
De pigs is 'gun der squealin', when de keen win' cut 'em so,
An' de wild geese, like der betters, all is flyin' "sw-sw-sand, ho!"
I was studyin' 'bout dem 'ar signs, as 'pon de whole I sot;
When I see my two young roosters come a-struttin' 'cross de lot;
Dey was showin' off der elegance, an' dandifyin' ways,
Jus' like me an' my old mars'r used to do in courtin' days;
De maskelines is all alike, whar eber dey is found,
Dey all will strut an' show dersef when hens is knockin' roun'.
One rooster he was black-like, wid some red upon he wing;
Rale ole Virginy game stock, dat kin beat mos' any thing;
T'other one was game, too, ob de berry self-same breed,
Dey was bof de same hen's chickens, an' was raised upon one feed.
De last' one was de han'somest, he had a golden bres',
An' he make an' back was yaller, like Mellindy's Sunday dres'.
I know jes f'um de minute dem two roosters come in sight
Dat bof o' 'em was longin' and a-spilin' for a fight.
Dey crowed at one anudder, and dey wall up bof der eyes,
Jus' de same as politicians when de 'letement 'gins to rise.
Dey was bristlin' an' sparrin' ont dar in de open spuce,
When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a trabbling by in haste,
Like he had a heap o' business for de pubtic on his min',
Or was runnin' for an office, wid his 'ponent close behin'.
No matter what he business was, dem roosters spied him out,
An' bof pounce down upon him wid a crowin' sort o' shout.
Der bills it up togedder 'pon de 'bacca worrum's back,
An' dey butt 'gin one anudder wid a mighty yearnest whack;
Bof let go de worrum, in der anger an' surprise,
An' stared at one anudder wid der fury-flashin' eyes.
Den dey buckled to de business like der min' was set at res'
Dey was fightin' for "a principlo" an' boun' to do der bes'.
Each knowed the worm was his'n, an' de odder was a thief,
An' greedy and rapacious, too, an' mean beyond belief;
Each thought the other's sassiness was past all standin', too,
(An' den de hens was watchin' fer to see de fightin' fun.)
Dey fit and fit, nuttwill de blood was runnin' from der head,
An' I thought I'd hab to part 'em fo' dey kill one 'nudder dead.
I had jus' got up to do it when I see'd do big black hen
Jus' a-gobblin' up de worum dat had made de fuss begin.
I bus' right out a-larfin as I grab dem chickens' leg,
An' turn two boxes ober dem to cool 'em down a peg;
It seem so awful foolish-like for dem to fight an' squirm
An' dat ole hen come walkin' 'long an' gobble up de worm.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING.

"I DON'T believe Hiram's folks are going to invite us over there to Thanksgiving this year," said the Widow Rollins as she solemnly moved her knitting needles one gusty autumn twilight.

"Lor', well, what if they don't? I guess we kin be jest az thankful ter home; I am a-goin' ter kill 'n' cook the yaller rooster—there's cranberries in the house left over from last year, 'n' plenty of vegetables in the sullar," replied her sister, Miss Debby, an energetic spinster, who was always happy as long as there was a plenty of sickness in the town to talk about. Just now the fall run of fever was progressing vigorously in the marshy district which bordered the village, and her spirits were consequently high.

"I don't care so much on my own account, and I know you don't mind it, Debby, but I am sorry for Emily. It's dredful dull for young folks to be forever at bome, 'n' never go ont into any kind of company. But folks that don't even own the farm they live on can't expect to be noticed. I don't suppose there's anything talked of in the village now-a-days but that Squire Jones is going to foreclose the mortgage, and turn us out of doors."

"You need net be sorry on my account, mother, I would much rather not go to Cousin Hiram's, I would much rather stay at home," said Emily, a tall, slender girl, with a pale, pretty face, who was gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Cat's foot! I don't believe Squire Jones will foreclose the mortgage, anyhow," Aunt Debby blurted out. "Joe White's boy is a comin' out beautiful with a sort or rasb, 'n' they say he a'n't nigh so dangerous, Mis' 'Lijab Perkins told me."

"Hiram's Kate got home from the city yesterday, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Rollins, utterly regardless of her sister's speech. "She didn't answer the letter that you wrote ber so long ago, did she, Emily?"

Emily shook her head, while a little scornful smile curled her lip.

"And you used to be such great friends. Well, since old Mis' Potter left all the property to that family, they have put on airs in the most extraordinary manner; but it wasn't so very much, after all."

"No, 'n' Squire Jones says they're a spendin' it awful reckless. There won't be none of it left in a year or two. What with Kate a-goin' to the city to take music lessons, 'n' hevin' two silk dresses. She didn't hev that last one trimmed with fringe after all. It was all kivered with knife plaitin'; Mis' Jones went 'n' asked the Port dressmaker, herself. They say neither Kate nor her mother scarcely speak to the neighbors now."

"But Hiram's good-hearted, 'n' I think he's kind of ashamed of their actions," said Mrs. Rollins presently. "Emily, I wish you'd light the lamp; it's goin' to be an awful dark night."

Emily arose and did as she was requested, then she drew the curtains, bolted the outside door, resumed her seat by the fire, and taking a book from the table, was soon absorbed in its contents. Miss Debby commenced to converse on the subject of fevers and sick people, half to herself and half to her sister, who did not seem to be in a talkative mood, but knitted away in pensive silence, every now and then raising her head to wistfully regard her daughter.

"Emily," she said, after a long, long pause, "I don't think Kate Sawyer's friendship is any great loss, after all. Do you know I have always cherished a suspicion that she was the cause of Joe Ashton's strange behavior? I think that she spread the report of your flirtation with John Foster on purpose to put an end to everything between you and Joe. She wanted him herself: everybody saw that."

Emily colored violently, but made no reply. Joe Ashton's name had hardly been mentioned in the family for years. He was an old lover of hers, but she had not seem him for eight long years. She was twenty-six now, and he had left the place very suddenly and mysteriously when she was only eighteen, and she had never heard from him since.

The summer that he went away he had never been more devoted. Emily saw him every day. He talked of giving up his sailor life because he could not bear to leave her, he said, and was looking for a situation in some mercantile house in the city. Then all of a sudden he disappeared without one word of good-by. He left no message behind him. He wrote no letter of explanation. His grandfather, with whom he had always lived, for bis father and mother died in his infancy, merely said that he had gone on another foreign voyage. In less than a year afterward the old man died. There were none of the Ashtons left in Bloomville, and people ceased to talk of Joe. For two or three years his name was scarcely mentioned. Then there came a rumor that he was with his uncle, a rich old bachelor in the West Indies. Some sailor from the port had seen and talked with bim there, but still Emily heard no sound. She had up to this time believed him dead. Other lovers sought her favor, but all in vain. She should never marry, she said. She preferred to remain as she was. She was too busy to indulge in any vain regrets, for great misfortunes had come to the family, and she was obliged to teacb school to keep her mother, Annt Debby and herself from actual want. In the first place the bank at the "Port," where all their possessions with the exception of the rocky little farm upon which they lived, were placed, failed. Then the crops failed entirely one year, the best cows sickened and died, and, in the midst of it all, Mrs. Rollins fell ill of a fever whieb lasted two or three weary months. The farm was mortgaged in order to pay the Doctor's bill, and since that time every thing seemed to go wrong.

"Bless me," said Miss Debby, suddenly rushing into the room, "two men are a-comin' through the gate bringin' somethin' that looks like another man; ez like as not somebody's got hurt." And she flew to open the outside door.

"Man hurt, got run away with, Debby, 'n' you'll hev to take him in, seein' this is the nearest bouse," said Mr. Harding, one of the neighbors, who, with his son, a stout lad of eighteen, was carefully bearing a limp and seemingly lifeless body.

"Good grashus! be's dead, I kin see by the looks of his face that he's a corpse," exclaimed Miss Debby, wbile Emily hastily led the way to the best bedroom.

"Lor', no, he's ont of his bead, though, and dangerous, I'm afeard. It's the stranger that came to the botel ter the corner day before yesterday. He brought a wild horse with him from the city," said Mr. Harding. "Tom, you stay here with the wimmen-folks, they might git scart, you know," turning to his son, "while I'll drive after the Doctor as fast as I can."

Emily regarded the man witb a strange, half-romantic interest. His features, though bronzed to such an extent that she believed him to be of a dark-colored race, were singularly handsome. He was, apparently, about thirty years old. A dark, curling beard adorned his chin and hair fell over a rather obstinate, determined mouth. A quantity of loose, dark hair fell over a broad brow, whicb was molded after a different patern from those of the slow, unambitious young farmers and rough sailors whom Emily was accustomed to see. His eyes were tightly closed, the jet-black lashes sweeping his brown cheek. Upon one of his long aristocratic looking fingers glistened a brilliant diamond in an odd setting. Emily, who was as full of romance as a very young girl, and who had been reading Eastern poetry, thought that he looked like an Eastern king. A terrible bruise revealed itself on the left temple, and being placed on the back of his head, he turned it quickly with a moan of intense suffering.

"He don't h'long nowheres round here, but, somehow, he looks dretful familliar, don't you think so, Emily?" said Aunt Debby.

"I fancied that there was when I first glanced at bim," replied Emily, "but of course it was only fancy. It is evident that he is a gentleman."

"Yes, some great gentleman," said timid, little Mrs. Rollins, regarding the diamond ring with a sort of awe.

Miss Debby hurried to make a fire on the hearth, while Emily proceeded to bathe the stranger's head very gently with cold water. This seemed to soothe him for a time, for he became immediately quiet, then he commenced to mutter incoherent words, and to make startled exclamations.

"No, no, she won't see me! she won't speak to me! It is too late!" he cried, looking Emily full in the face with his wild, burning eyes.

The Doctor came bustling in, bearing his huge medicine chest.

"I don't think you can do any thing, Doctor, the man's in a dretful way. Complected like a furriner, a'n't he?" said Aunt Debby.

"What is it? Got his head broke?" inquired the Doctor.

"No matter, it wasn't good for much, it led its owner into the wrong track," said the patient, regarding the Doctor fixedly. Then he commenced to rave and mutter again.

"Lor', did you hear what he said about gettin' onto the wroug track?" whispered Miss Debby. "Like ez not, he's a burglar, a reg'lar cut-throat. I a'n't sure it's safe to hev him in the house, if he is a-dyin', but, lor', he's a human bein', 'n' we must do all we ken."

"Too many people in the room," growled the Doctor. "Miss Emily, you come and help me with these bandages. If you would leave the room for a while, marm," turning to Miss Debby, "it would be better for the patient. Talking excites him."

Miss Debby indignantly remained at her post, but condescended to keep silence.

"What kind of a fellow is that hired man of yours—Seth, I mean?" inquired the Doctor.

"Rather stupid, but faithful in the extreme," replied Emily.

"Wouldn't fall asleep at his post if he sat up three nights running?"

"I think not."

"Then bave him sent for at once."

Seth appeared—a huge man who had the faculty of moving like a mouse. "You are not to take your eyes off this man one moment until six o'clock tomorrow morning. If you see any change in him, come for me at once Miss Emily wilt watch while you are absent." And the Doctor, having mixed bis medicines and prepared his bandages, pinned a long list of directions on Seth's coat, and prepared to take his departure.

"Do you think he will live?" inquired Emily, following the Doctor into the hall.

"Tell you better to-morrow. The crack in the skull a'n't so much as the hurt in the temple. Much depends on tbe nursing."

"S'posin' the furriner should die in the night," shuddered Seth, wbo was as timid as he was huge. Emily smiled. "I will sit up, too. I sbould not sleep if I was in bed."

No change was detected in the condition of the patient during tbe night. He was quiet and delirious by turns. Emily slept at intervals. Setb obeyed the Doctor's orders literally, never daring to move an incb from the bedside. In the morning the Doctor pronounced him better, but not out of danger.

Emily felt a strange interest in the sick man. She was filled with anxiety if she left him if for ever so short a time. Sbe cared for him with a sisterly tenderness, and though he seemed unconscious of every thing else around him, he was evidently soothed by her presence and missed her sorely if she was not always near to minister to his wants. He would take his medicine from no hand but hers, and still, at times, the mere sigbt of her face would set him into the wildest excitement, and he would rave about some mysterious *she* in the wildest and most incoherent manner.

"What if he a'n't good, 'n' your folks don't git no pay fur his keep 'n' nussin?" said Seth, meditatively, on the third day of his illness.

Emily had just entered the room, and was standing by the bedside.

"Hush, Seth! How dare you talk like that?" she said, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"You don't even know his name, anyhow. Jones, over to the hotel, says 't is registered Black, or suthin' like that, he couldn't tell, 't was sicb blind writin'."

The sick man had opened his eyes, and was looking Emily full in the face. The fever seemed to have left him for a time, and his gaze was calm and intelligent. Emily started and grew deadly pale. What was there in those eyes which awakened so many memories, whicb brought back the old days witb such a thrill? "Joe," she half whispered, with stiff, white lips.

"Emily, dearest can you ever forgive me? Say that you will do so. I went away because I thought you were going to east me off and marry John Foster. They said so." And then his mind commenced to wander again, and, in broken sentences, Emily detected the sound of Kate Sawyer's name. But he held her hand in a close clasp, and finally fell into a quiet sleep in this position, and if she tried to withdraw the hand held so closely in his own, he would move uneasily and grasp it all the tighter.

Seth, whose ears, eyes, and mouth had been wide open during the whole scene, came near falling head first into the fire which he was mending, so overcome was he, so weak had he grown with amazement. He immediately thought of some pressing errand which would take him to the village store, and before nine o'clock that night there was hardly a person in the whole town who wasn't aware that Joe Ashton was the man who was ill at the house of the Widow Rollins.

The next day, in tripped Kate Sawyer, all smiles and cordiality, so glad to see her dear cousins, so rejoiced that dear Cousin Joe was better, and that he was at home once more. She had not been in the house before for nearly a year.

"I shall remain here and take care of him to-day," said she, addressing Mrs. Rollins. "I was always his favorite cousin, you know, and of course I can care for him as no strangers, however thoughtful, are able to do."

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated Miss Debby, sharply, "he's a dretful nigh cousin, a'n't he? Anybow, we've bed strict orders not let him see nobody. I 'n' Mis' Rollins a'n't 'lowed into the room ourselves only once in a great while. The Doctor is dretful particklar, 'n' Joe, himself, don't seem to want to see nobody but Emily. They've been a-talkin' over old times this mornin'; his head 'pears to be all right."

Kate grew scarlet with indignation, but she choked down her anger as nearly as possible. "The Doctor means that he shall not see any strangers, of course, but in this case it is different. I am a dear friend and relative. Ma's coming over to watch to-night."

"Dretful dear, I should say. If yer ma comes over, she'll come fur nothin'. Joe sleeps most all night, now, 'n' Seth lays on the lounge in the same room, 'n' gives him his medicine at the right time. Joe 'n' the Doctor both sez they wouldn't change Seth fur a perfessional, he's se awful faithful, 'n' so awful still."

Kate made no reply, hut marched toward the door of the forbidden room with a very erect head and flashing eyes.

"Sorry I can't 'commerdate yer, Miss, but I've hed strict orders not to let a livin' soul but Mis' Rollins 'n' Emily cross that there thresholt," said Seth, appearing in the passage-way just then. "Wouldn't dare not to 'bey the Doctor more'n I'd cut my head off." And he made his huge arm a barrier in her way.

"This is some of Emily's doings." said Kate, energetically. "Where is she? I wish to see her!"

"Well, I don't like to disturb her jest new, fur she 'n' the gentleman seems to be sayin' something awful important. They are old friends, you know, only she never knowed him at first, the climate of the West Injies had darkened his complexion so. He was jest a red-cheeked, smootb-faced young chap when he went away. I remember him, myself, 'n' now he's come back with a dretful sight o' whiskers, as well as a pocket full of money."

"Impudent creature! you shall pay dearly for insulting a Sawyer in this way," almost screamed Kate.

"Can't help it. If yer waz more Sawyer 'n you be, I couldn't let you enter that there room,"

That afternoon all the indignant Sawyers appeared in a body, but the Doctor happened to be paying his daily visit at that time, and informed them, as he declared once for all, that they could not see Mr. Ashton for a week at least.

"I thought he was out of danger," said Mrs. Sawyer, trembling with inward wrath, for it was known all over town that Joe had inherited nearly half a million from his eccentric old bachelor uncle who had gone out to the Indies when a boy. And here he was being petted and cajoled by the artful Emily.

"He wouldn't be out of danger if I should allow the whole town to pounce upon him; however, I tell you, be must be kept pefectly quiet, marm."

A week passed away. Joe had gained strength very rapidly. He was able to sit up all day now. The fever had left him, his head was clear, and be was out in the family sitting room for the first time this morning. He was seated in the chimney-corner, looking somewhat weak and bruised, but happy as a boy on a holiday. Emily who was engaged in tidying up the hearth, had grown ten years younger within a few weeks in spite of all the care and wakeful nights whicb she had experienced. Joe was just praising the sparkle of her eyes, when in tripped Miss Kate Sawyer once more, taking him quite by storm with congratulations and affectionate greetings.

Joe smiled somewhat grimly, but suffered himself to be gushed over, while Emily looked on with quiet amusement.

"I hear that you are going out to-morrow, cousin," she said, "and I came to invite you over to our house. Of course you will come to us now that you are able to do so. I think we could make you more comfortable," glancing around the homely, rather poverty-stricken, little room, "and then we are all actually dying to see you."

"Thank you," said Joe, "but I'm more than comfortable here. I shall not change my quarters for another week certainly."

"But you will surely come to us in season for Thanksgiving. Indeed, I can not be thankful without you. And we shall invite the other cousins, too, of course," with a patronizing smile at Emily.

"Then I am afraid I shall he the means of causing you to he in an ungrateful state of mind on that day, for Emily agreed last night to marry me at Thanksgiving. I shall be obliged to go to the city then, the Doctor thinks I shall be able to do so, and I felt that I could not go and leave her behind me, though I am not afraid that any evil, lying report could have power to separate us again. Emily has forgiven me for being such a fool as to have believed the old one, though it seemed very plausible, and we are very happy." And he gazed into Miss Sawyer's face with intense meaning.

She grew white to the very lips.

"Ez fur Mis' Rollins 'n' me, we can't accept your kind invitation, neither, ez we're both goin' ter Boston to visit a while," said Aunt Debby, rising from her seat, and making a low courtesy. "P'r'aps your folks 'll be able to come and see us agin, now, though," she added, "seein', thanks to Mr. Ashton, we own this farm, 'n' the Clark place jinin' it, 'n' Mis' Rollins hez a sum in the bank, too. Life is awful freaky, Kate Sawyer, 'n' Proverdence is curus, but when folks a'n't jest what they'd orter be, they ginerally git their comeuppance. Not that I a'n't dretful sorry for you, 'n' yer dissapointed ma, ez well."

Kate did not once turn her head until she was in her own room at home, a mile and a half away.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

St. Julien's Wonderful Performances.

WHEN horses trot as fast as St. Julien or Maud S., they need to be up to concert pitch to do their level best, and when in the slightest degree off, their supreme efforts are impossible. In view of the fact that St. Julien has been suffering with the epidemic for several weeks, his recent trials, especially his 2:12 3-4 at Prospect Park, are very noteworthy and creditable. Before be made that effort, those who visited him in his stall, and saw the epizootic fluid fairly streaming from his nostrils, did not expect from him a mile better than 2:15, and his driver coincided in that view. He would not run the risk of urging so sick a horse, and yet he trotted in 2:12 3-4, absolutely on his courage! It was a tremendous performance. Since he left California he has traveled over 10,000 miles in railroad cars, has undergone numerous changes of climate, yet never bas he failed to give a fine exhibition of speed, and never has he made a break. A brief summary of bis brilliant compaign will be interesting: June 10, against time, at Detroit, best time 2:17 1-4; June 24, against time, at Ionia, Mich., best time 2:18 1-2; July 5, against time, at Detroit, best time, 2:16 1-4; July 22, at Chicago, free for all, best time 2:16 1-2; July 29, at Cleveland, free for all, best time 2:15 3-4; Aug. 5, at Buffalo, free for all, best time, 2:15 1-4; Aug. 12, at Rochester, against time, 2:11 3-4; Aug. 19, at Springfield, free for all, best time, 2:15; Aug. 27, at Hartford, against time, 2:11 1-4; Sept. 11, at Minneapolis, against time, 2:13; Sept. 25, at Boston, against time, 2:13 1-2; Oct. 8, at Washington, against time, 2:12 1-4; Oct. 15, at Prospect Park, against time, 2:12 3-4. This far surpasses any trotting campaign ever made by another horse, and speaks no less for the astonishing speed of St. Julien, than for his splendid constitution and indomitable courage. The Clay blood does not seem to make him quit. He will soon be shipped to California, and in that genial clime may astonish the trotting community again before the year closes.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Our Young Folks.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

ELSIE BAKER was sitting on a log in the wood-shed, gloomily listening to her brother Joe, who was talking with much en[illegible]siasm.

"For [illegible] you, sir," said he to Elsie, "it isn't every boy who'll get a chance to be in that procession to-night, sir. There'll be a thousand torches, and speeches, and fire-works; and the train leaves Porter's Corner at six o'clock; and Mr. Hill says to me, 'You be on hand, Joe, you and Jack Stone, and you may go to Portland along of the "Continentals" and march each side of the flag, and wear white rubber capes, and carry a torch apiece if you like.' It's to be the biggest show of the season, and—"

"I can't go," burst in Elsie. "Just because I'm a girl I can never go anywhere or see anything."

"Of course not," assented Joe, cheerfully. "Girls never can. I go because father's in Ohio, and I'm the man of the family. I declare I shouldn't wonder if half the people in Portland should think Jack and I could vote when they see us *percessing*. Three cheers for Hanfield!"

Hanfield? Hanfield? That did not sound quite right. Joe meditated. Hanfield? Well, never mind. There was no time to waste over names. If Joe would help toward the election of a President of the United States he must be off and away for Jack Stone, or the two would miss the train.

And Elsie? Poor little Elsie was left forlorn. She was quite alone, for her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and would not even be at home for tea.

"Oh, *why* shouldn't a girl do just what her brother does, and have some fun?" thought Elsie, bitterly. "Or else why wasn't I born a boy?"

She sat close to the andirons in front of the wood fire, and more and more dismal did she grow. She had nearly come to wondering whether it was really worth while to live if one had to be only a girl, when the front door burst open, and in bounced Master Joe.

"Elsie," cried he, grasping her by the arm, "here's your chance. You can go."

"Go? go?" repeated Elsie, flushing crimson with excitement.

Joe hurried on. "Jack Stone's sick. Earache—both ears—onions on 'em—here's his cap—who'll know you're not a boy?—tuck up your skirts—on with this big cape—come!"

Elsie was beside herself. "Mother wouldn't let me," she half gasped.

"Did she ever say you mustn't?" argued Joe. "Like as not we'll be back before she is. Don't be a goose. There's no time to talk. Hurry! hurry! You won't get such another chance."

Down the road they flew, and reached the station just as the "Continentals" came marching up with fife and drum.

"Here we are, Mr. Hill," said Joe, presenting himself and his companion.

"All right," said Mr. Hill, too busy to pay much attention. "Keep with the rest of the men. How are you, Jack, my boy?"

There was no time for the make-believe "Jack, my boy," to answer. The engine was puffing and panting. Elsie was swung on the train, where Joe and she tucked themselves away on a back seat.

The "Continentals" were in the best of humor, so were the "Philbrick Pioneers," who, gorgeous in their Zouave regimentals, came crowding into the car at the next station, to crack jokes and talk politics. Pretty soon the train stopped with a jerk, and everybody was out in a twinkling.

There were shouts of command. The "Continentals" and "Pioneers" fell into line. Torches were lit. A host of boys set up shrill yells. Joe and Elsie were twitched into place by energetic Mr. Hill, and ordered to hold up their heads and keep time to the music.

"Isn't it fun?" thought Elsie, stepping briskly along, and grasping her torch with both hands.

If one hundred torches were "fun," what could be said when they reached Market Square, where the grand procession was to form, and where there was a blaze of light such as Elsie had never imagined! Bands were playing, horses were prancing; some one set fire to a sort of powder, and lo! the whole street was rosy red.

Now everything was ready and the march began. Whole blocks on each side were festooned with bunting and Chinese lanterns; candles twinkled in every pane; all the gas burners did their best; Roman candles shot out colored stars; rockets went up with a fizz.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" The procession was pausing in front of a big house. Somebody was making a speech. Nobody could understand half he said. No matter. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Elsie shouted with the rest, and trotted gaily on.

"No reason in the world I shouldn't have come, like any other boy! Hurrah!"

Up one street and down another, each more brilliant than the last, Elsie marched on, till suddenly a small, then a larger, pain began to make itself felt in one of her feet.

"It's my new boots," said she to herself. "Why didn't I change them?" I'll stamp hard and then I shall be easy."

But somehow she was not easy. Up one street, down another. It was not so much the pain in one particular spot now as the general ache, not only in her foot, but in her whole body.

"I'm afraid I'm growing tired."

She glanced at Joe. That worthy was in high spirits, and apparently as fresh as ever. Elsie limped bravely on. Across an open space the procession wheeled, and halted again to drink lemonade out of big tubs on the sidewalk. Elsie ventured to complain to Joe.

"Oh, cheer up!" was all the comfort he had for her. "We've marched 'most half the distance now."

"'Most half the distance!" Why, Elsie could never hold out if that were the case. Once more she struggled on. It seemed as if she had been marching for years and years ever since she was a baby. She could not drag herself another inch. In the midst of a cheer she crept up a flight of steps, and sank down.

"I'll wait a few minutes, and then run fast, and catch Joe again," thought she.

The next moment, as it seemed, she heard two voices near her.

"The party must be hard up that has to take babies like this to help on their cause," said one.

"Poor little fellow!" answered the other—a lady "He's dropped down, torch and all, and gone to sleep."

Elsie started and looked around her. Where was the procession? Where was Joe? Too terrified to say a word, up the street she rushed, gazing wildly on this side and on that. No Joe did she see, no procession either. It would have been quite dark but for the street lamps.

"I must stop somewhere. I must ask some one for Joe."

At a house smaller than the others she paused, and rang the bell. There was a confused sound of talking within.

"Don't you open that door as you value your life, Phœbe Maria," said some one, in shrill tones. "Us all alone! This time of night! It's tramp, sure!"

Then Phœbe Maria called through the key-hole, "Go right away. I sha'n't let you in if you stop there till midnight. De-part!"

I think if the word "de-*part*" had not sounded so very ponderous, Elsie would have called back that she was no tramp. As it was, she ran blindly on.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, wringing her little cold hands. But no one answered. A clock near by tolled nine, ten, eleven. Two drops of rain fell. The wind rustled drearily among the tree-tops.

Steps sounded near. A tall man approached, and Elsie caught the gleam of brass buttons.

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the newcomer, in a great bass voice.

"I'm not a boy," cried Elsie. "I never was a boy in all my life. I'm Elsie Baker. I want to go home."

She quite broke down, and wept piteously.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the man, who was one of the police. "Where is your home?"

"Out at Porter's Corner. Joe brought me to the procession. I wish he hadn't. I wish— Oh dear, dear me!"

"Now here's a pretty mess!" said the policeman. "There's nothing for it but to take charge o' you to-night, and see how we can manage to-morrow. You come along with me."

Finding the child too exhausted to walk, he picked her up and tramped off down in town with his burden. Where did he carry her?

To tell the truth there seemed to be no other place, and he took her to the public "lock-up."

Elsie was too worn and spent to mind; too hungry was she not to devour eagerly the bit of salt fish and hard cracker which her new friend gave her; then, forgetting her woes, she fell asleep once more, safely wrapped in his warm overcoat.

But, in the morning, waking in a strange place, all the terror of last night came upon her once more. Through an open door she darted like a startled hare, and when No. 11 came, an hour later, to find her, no child was visible. All that was left was the small rubber cape with its red collar.

"I must find some cars," thought Elsie. "I can't get home unless I find some cars."

It must have been her guardian angel who led the little girl, for, as she walked hastily along, right in front of her loomed up a big building, in and out of which locomotives were running.

"Would you please point out the train for Porter's Corner?" said Elsie, tremblingly approaching a man who was pushing round some trunks.

"Bless you! you're at the wrong station for that, sissy or bubby, whichever you be," said the man, glancing from the girl's dress to the boy's cap. "But there," added he, as the brown eyes filled with tears, "a gravel train's just going across the city to the Eastern Depot. Come with me, and I'll take you there."

Down the track Elsie rode, perched on a heap of gravel.

"I cal'late you've got a ticket for Porter's Corner?" said her companion.

Here was fresh trouble. No ticket had she, and, what was worse, not a penny to buy one.

"You don't mean to say you're going to *steal* a ride!" exclaimed the man.

Very likely this was meant for a joke, but Elsie took it for sober earnest. She had been called a "tramp" last night; now she was taken for a thief. It was too dreadful. She looked here and there, if perchance there might be some way of escape from all this misery, and suddenly—why!—what?—that boy on the platform of the Eastern Depot—could it be?

"Joe! Joe!" shrieked Elsie.

It was Joe; a very wretched Joe, a Joe who had not slept a wink all night, though he had gone home in a vain hope he might find the missing sister there.

He saw Elsie. He sprang toward her. He clambered on the car almost before it stopped, He hugged her, he kissed her. Boy though he was, he wept great tears over her. Then he took her by both shoulders and shook her.

"Oh, you bad girl! Where have you been? You've frightened mother most to death. Elsie, Elsie, what *made* you come to Portland?"

"You brought me, Joe," said Elsie, humbly.

Home they went, those two. At the Porter's Corner Station they found every man and woman of the village, and to each severally must Elsie tell her story. Her mother never said a word. She only clasped Elsie tighter and tighter, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

But Joe!—oh, Joe did talking enough for all. The lofty sentiments that flowed from the lips of that virtuous youth were truly refreshing. His own share in last night's adventures had quite slipped his mind. He felt called upon, as "the man of the family," to exhort his sister at length in regard to her manners and morals.

"And now, Elsie Baker," he ended, "I hope you see why girls can't do as boys do. I could have marched for a week and not been tired. I hope you'll remember this the next time you want to tag on when I'm going anywhere."

And Elsie was actually so tired that she hadn't the spirit to answer a word. —*Mary Densel, in Harper's Young People.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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SATURDAY DEC. 11, 1880.

Genl. William B. Hazen has been appointed Chief Signal Officer of the Army.

It appears that Louisiana, like Georgia, has furnished another dispute as to the legality of the electoral vote. The State law requires the vote to be cast at the seat of government, which is Baton Rouge. The electors, however, met at New Orleans and violated the State law.

The Vermont Legislature has framed the "Nuisance Bill," which declares any place where liquor is sold or given away, or any place where gambling is allowed, a nuisance, and makes the keeper liable to imprisonment and a heavy fine. The bill is the most stringent prohibitory measure ever passed in the State.

There is a good deal of silly talk in the Southern press about the evident purpose of the North to "keep the South in subjection." The North has not dreamed of such a purpose. The North keeps itself in subjection to the laws of the land and insists that the South must do the same. That is all there is about it, and the sooner the South stops grumbling and begins to behave itself the sooner will it become happy.

The reduction in the National debt during the month of November proves to have been even greater than had been supposed. There was a report that it would amount to two million dollars, but instead of that it is more than half as much again, the exact figures being $3,609,621. Calculating the interest at no more than five per cent. this is equivalent to an annual saving of more than one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. These great reductions have become of late so much a matter of course that their full significance is apt to be overlooked.

The classical epithet "bloated bondholder," as applied to the owners of Government bonds, is not only inaccurate as a rule, but, as it is proved now, highly ungallant as well. The tables prepared by the Census office to show the distribution of the registered four per cent. and and four-and-a-half per cent. bonds disclose the fact that the proportion of women among the individual bondholders is much larger than has been generally supposed. In the New England States, the land of thrifty spinsters, 30 per cent. of the bonds held by individual owners are owned by women; in the Middle States, 19 per cent.; in the Western States the same proportion, and in the Southern States 22 per cent. The statistics contained in these tables prove with an exactness from which there is no escape that the public debt is held by the people, and that the dropsical bondholder is a myth, born of the falsehoods of demagogues and the imagination of dupes.

Some advertisers think that because an advertisement which appears today is not followed to morrow by an appreciable increase of sales the advertisement has done no good and the theory of advertising is false. Though it is perhaps impossible to insert a notice that shall not be read, it is not to be expected that the moment a person casts his eye upon an advertiser's announcement he sets out for the advertiser's store. He may not at the time need anything in the merchant's line, or he may deal with another house. But if the representation is attractive he will almost inevitably, whenever he needs anything of the kind announced, turn to the paper where he saw the card and give the advertiser a trial. The merchant should regard his outlay for advertising as he would that for painting his building or putting up his sign board—as a necessary charge upon the whole year's business, the effect of which is not perceived immediately. *Men do not sow wheat one day and harvest the next.* Persistency on advertising is a great point. You can't advertise enough in one month it do you a whole year.

Try it, for it never disappoints. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Per bottle, 25 cents.

The President's Message.

The last message of Pres't Hayes, to the Congress of the United States, like all his previous official communications, is characterized by clearness of statement, frankness of opinion and soundness of argument. It is couched in plain, yet forcible language, and is addressed to the understanding of the general public. The absence of rhetorical display will particularly commend it to the business community, which abhors high sounding, but meaningless, phrases in proportion as it admires straightforward and incisive utterances. Possessing the merit of conciseness, it is apt to be attentively read and actively discussed.

It is occupied, in part, of course, with recommendations of minor importance based upon the reports of department officers; but it also treats of matters of the highest national concern. Taking these up in the same order as they are approached by the President, the first that invites consideration is the statement that "continued opposition to the full and free enjoyment of the rights of citizenship conferred upon the colored people by the recent amendments to the Constitution still prevails in several of the late slave holding states," manifested not so much by violence now as by fraudulent practices at elections. The President, we are glad to perceive, approaches this subject in the spirit of true statesmanship, indulging in no partisan reflections, but treating it as a question in which the welfare of the whole country is bound up. Inasmuch as the Democrats of the cotton States themselves admit that they resort to fraud to overcome the colored vote, and boldly assert that they are justified in so doing by the necessity of preventing what they choose to call "negro domination," we do not presume any well-informed person will question the accuracy of the facts upon which Mr. Hayes bases his declaration that "the paramount question still is as to the enjoyment of the right of suffrage by every American citizen who has the requisite qualifications to freely cast his vote and have it honestly counted;" and interest will centre chiefly, therefore, in the means which the President would have adopted in order to secure the peaceable enjoyment of this right to those who are at present deprived of it. It is the Executive's opinion that the House and Senate should see to it that every case of violation of the letter or spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment is thoroughly investigated, and that no benefit for such violation shall accrue to any person or party; while it should be the duty of the President, with sufficient appropriations for the purpose, to prosecute unsparingly all who have been engaged in depriving citizens of the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. We heartily concur with the President on these points; but it is well to remember that there are serious obstacles in the way of carrying out this programme. If, as he evidently contemplates, Congress should send the election back to the people in all cases where the returns were tainted by fraud, their action might dishearten the Republicans and indispose them to renew the struggle, with all the personal suffering that it might imply; while, on the other hand, it might reconcile the Democrats to the idea of going without representation rather than allow the opposition to secure the contested seat. It should not be forgotten that the people of South Carolina, for instance, care much more for local than national power, and would regard it as only a species of pleasant martyrdom to be deprived of representation in Congress. No method of enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment should be adopted that does not provide for this unhappy state of things. Equally should it be borne in mind that the failure of the courts to punish violations of the Fifteenth Amendment in the past has not been due to any leniency in prosecuting offenders, but simply to the fact that in sections of the South where these violations have taken place it is practically impossible to secure juries that will render a verdict in accordance with the evidence. So long as the trials of ballot-box stuffers are conducted in a district where the sentiment of the community justifies ballot-box stuffing, it is useless to undertake the prosecution of fraud. We have no such reservation to make, however, in the case of the President's recommendation that the general government, either from the proceeds of the sales of public lands or by a direct appropriation from the treasury, should extend substantial aid to the cause of universal education. The short-cut to political equality lies directly through this field, and nothing, we are persuaded, will so quickly disarm intolerance and prejudice as compulsory education. With possibly one or two exceptions, there is not a State in the South where the school facilities are equal to the necessities of the people; and if there is any legitimate way in which the resources of the national government can be drawn on to meet the deficiency, it is to the interest of the whole country that it should be adopted with the least possible delay. The greatest safeguard of a Republican form of government is always an enlightened popular sentiment.

What the President has to say about civil service reform would have greater weight with the public had he himself carried out during his term of office the principles which he advocates so ably; but the fact does not, of course, detract from the inherent force of his argument. We believe with him that the establishment of a civil service, based on individual capacity rather than political usefulness, is one of the imperious necessities of the age; but his own experience is evidence enough that such reforms cannot be accomplished in a moment. By gradually extending the rules requiring the candidates for civil offices to enter into competitive examinations, the wedge of reform may ultimately be driven home. As to the conflict between the legislative and executive branches of the government in the distribution of patronange, that is a vexed question which no appeal to Congress is likely to decide.

We heartily endorse all that the President says about polygamy. The inaction of Congress is wholly inexcusable and in direct defiance of public opinion. It is really pitiful that the national assembly should display such timidity in dealing with this question; and we trust that General Garfield will not be under the unpleasant necessity of turning over this bugbear to his successor in the same condition in which it is bequeathed to him by the present administration.

Our foreign relation are discussed at some length by the President. They are generally of a pleasant character; but we observe with regret that although nearly six months have elapsed since a Spanish cruiser insulted the American flag, no reparation for the injury has yet been secured from the government at Madrid. Are we, then, of so little consequence in the eyes of foreign powers?

The President naturally refers with pride to the satisfactory condition of the national finances. The only other recommendation that calls for special notice is the suggestion that the position of Captain General of the Army be created for the benefit of General Grant as a recognition of his great public services. To this, it seems to us, no serious objection should be raised. General Grant is fairly entitled to some such token of the gratitude which the nation has always felt for the distinguished soldier, and it would spare him the mortification of accepting private charity. Upon the whole, the message is an uncommonly thoughtful document, and worthy of the chief magistrate of a great and growing nation. General Garfield cannot go far wrong if he follows in the footsteps of Mr. Hayes.—*Balto. American.*

The Press on the Message.

The following are the comments of some of the newspapers on the President's message:

New York *Times:* "The recommendations of the President on the subject of civil service reform are extremely simple in substance; but are calculated, if carried out, to accomplish much."

New York *Tribune:* "The message will commend itself to the American people by its wise and temperate tone, its freedom from any suggestion of partisanship, and, at the same time, its moderate yet firm statement of certain vital principles which Mr. Hayes was elected to represent, and which the majority of the American people are inflexibly determined shall remain forever fixed in their indestructible system of free institutions."

New York *Herald:* "The document is very interesting, not merely as an epitome of the condition of the country from the highest source of information, but also for its recommendations of legislation."

Philadelphia *Press:* "The message, taken together, is a valuable depository of suggestion on many public questions."

Philadelphia *Ledger:* "It is a clear, business like, though rather long, document about national affairs, with which the people of the country have already been made quite familiar, in the main, by newspapers."

Baltimore *Sun:* "Addressed as the urgent recommendations of the message are now to a Democratic Congress, upon the eve of his and their surrender of the control of the legislation of the country, they afford indubitable evidence of the sincerity of Mr. Hayes' desire that President Garfield's administration shall be secured in advance against the abuses and corruptions of which he so feelingly discourses."

Richmond *Whig:* "Whether we agree with him or not either as to his statements or opinions about the alleged opposition to the enjoyment of the rights of citizenship by colored persons in some parts of the South, it is evident that, as long as we are so foolish or so unfortunate as to furnish excuse for a President of the United States to give utterance to such expressions, we shall be the chief sufferers thereby."

The Toronto papers comment in the main upon the fishery clause, but the *Telegram* says: "In marked contrast to the brief and cold Queen's speech embracing such boiling, seething elements as war and agrarian agitation, is the President's message of ninety-six folios, devoted to a commentary upon the arts and pursuits of a people wholly given to peace and progression. In broad and statesmanlike terms President Hayes reviews all the features of the administration in the message, which, if not a nominally brilliant state paper, is still a fitting crown to a life whose unobtrusive usefulness to the state will be better appreciated by the sedate historian of the future than by the noisy politician of the present."

GOING FOR THE RING.—The Annapolis *Record*, a Democratic newspaper, in its last issue says:

"There was one truth at least that Bradley Johnson uttered Saturday in Baltimore in the canal suit, and that is that the State ring crushes out honor and sense of duty in young and ambitious men. Once let a Democrat, at all weak in nerve, have honorable political ambition, and the ring at once holds a mortgage on his soul. May the days of this evil be numbered and early dawn the welcome day when the good and true of the grand and glorious Democratic party of this State may once more assert itself, and when honesty, capacity and fidelity to Democratic principles be the only shibboleths that a Democrat needs to let him into the honors of the party. Away with the day when every man in place is expected to have a big R written on his back and a ring in his nose with a string to it that leads up to the hands of the 'Great Napoleon' of politics in this State."

It is a pity that the name is not given of a man who lives near Bloomfield, N. J., and who has invented a neat contrivance by the use of which he is enabled to get an hour or two of extra sleep every morning, and at the same time do without a domestic servant. The idea occurred to him, so the story goes, about a year since, and now he has it thoroughly in working order. He is awakened in the morning by a shrill whistle. He at once gets out of bed, for he knows what that whistle means. It tells him that all is ready for him to get breakfast. He dresses and goes into the kitchen, and there he finds a bright, fresh fire, a teakettle full of boiling water, and other conveniences for preparing his morning meal. All this is accomplished by means of an alarm clock with weights, a piece of wire, a sheet of sandpaper and some matches. Paper, wood and coal are put into the grate of his cooking stove, and a teakettle filled with water, and having a tiny whistle fitted into the nozzle of the kettle, is placed on the stove. By setting the alarm in the clock he can have a fire at any time he wishes. When the alarm in the clock goes off, a weight falls and hits the wire; the wire moves and scrapes the matches fastened to it on the sandpaper; the matches light the paper in the stove, the paper fires the wood and coal, and soon a fire is under way. In a little while the water in the teakettle boils, and then the tiny whistle gives the note of warning that everything is ready and it is time to get up. The inventor himself says of it: "Simple thing, and yet what a comfort it is. There is no getting up for me now an hour before breakfast, losing that amount of sleep, and then waiting around for breakfast. The arrangement costs next to nothing, and it is as trustworthy as anything in this world. I have not had it patented yet. Some persons advise me to, and perhaps I may. I haven't any for sale; got it up entirely for my own comfort and convenience, and it has more than repaid me already. But just think, if it were in general use it would save many hard words and do away considerable domestic unhappiness among poor people. Doubtless it might have a tendency to make a better feeling between some men and their wives, by settling the vexing question as to who should get up in the morning and build the fire. Out of this question alone many divorce suits grow, and this arrangement would prevent them."

TELEGRAPHIC.

CONGRESS—A BUSINESS SESSION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The last session of the 46th Congress was convened to-day. It promises to be a business session exclusively. The most important matters to be attended to are the count of the electoral vote and passage of the regular appropriations. As there is no dispute over the election of President and Vice President the official count of the vote will be accomplished without any delay. It is not unlikely that an apportionment bill under the new census will be passed at this session. It will be done if Superintendent Walker submits his report in time. The Senate bill providing for a tariff commission will probably be passed, and possibly the Inter-State Commerce bill may be brought up for action. All the time not taken by the measures named above will probably be consumed in considering the subject of refunding and enacting a law for that purpose. Over 2,000 bills that are pending at various stages will die with this Congress.

THE CHINESE LETTER FOGERY.

NEW YORK, December 4.—Accompanying the indictment for libel found against the four men—Philp, Bryne, Hart and Post—was a statement which the grand jury had apparently deemed of sufficient interest and importance to be submitted for perusal. The statement was made by Richard H. Wild, who resides in New York, at No. 1162 Broadway, and says he is an acquaintance of Joseph Hart, the publisher of *Truth*, and that he has been employed in newspaper work for him at various times, and has got news for him frequently to telegraph to out-of-town papers. On November 3 he went into the office, and was told by Mr. Hart that there was a man in Cumberland, Md., whom he wished to procure as a witness in the Philp case, and asked Wilde if he would go and bring him, as a favor, as he had no one else to send. Wild says he consented to go, and that Hart gave him $100 for expenses and a copy of *Truth* of November 2, containing the affidavit of Robert Lindsay. He also gave Wild a letter of introduction to William M. Price, of Cumberland, Md., which was written in his presence by Mr. Post, in Mr. Hart's name, with instructions to go to Mr. Price and procure his aid in getting Lindsay (who will be called Lindsay here since that name and not O'Brien is used in Mr. Wilde's document) to come to New York and testify in the Philp case. There was nothing in the conversation with Mr. Hart or with any one else to induce Wild to believe that Lindsay was wanted for any other purpose than to testify to facts within his knowledge. In order to escape any notoriety it was agreed that Wild should assume the name of Henry Walton, which he did. Leaving New York on the 3d, he reached Cumberland about 2 o'clock on the 4th, and immediately went to Mr. Price's office. Then he went to his house, and then to court, where he found him defending a case. He handed him the copy of the newspaper of November 2d, which he had received, and the letter of introduction, without saying a word. Price said, "I am very busy; you will have to excuse me until I get through the case." About 3:30 he got through, and then walked down with Wilde, who stated that he had come for Lindsay, the witness whose affidavit was in the paper Price said: "You will have to excuse me; but as I do not know you, and the letter you handed me may be forged, I will have to have better credentials." Wilde replied, "Why can't you telegraph to Hart and find out?" Price said he would, and Wilde presumed he did, and did so himself. He then went back to the hotel and waited until answers came. About 9:30 Mr. Price came to Wilde's Hotel, the Queen City, and said he had just received the telegram from Hart, who said it was all right. Wilde thought he said: "I can't find Lindsay to-night; the man who knows him is busy; but as soon as I can I will bring him to you."

Price did not return until next morning. Then another man accommodated him, and Price said: "This is the man; he is a detective and will get Lindsay for you." In introducing his companion, Price did not give his name; nor did Wilde learn it, except that he was called "Jim" by people he met. He was a man about 30 or over, in citizen's dress, and under his coat he wore a policeman's badge. He wore a black patch over his eye, held by a band around the head. Wilde thought the eye was out. This man "Jim" told Wilde that he would have to go over the mountains, that Lindsay was at the mines. A team was obtained and they drove West over the national turnpike. Wilde asked "Jim" if he thought Lindsay would go. Price said he would, he thought, but he would have to pay him for his trouble. They stopped before they got to Frostburg, and "Jim" went to a house which he said was Mr. Lindsay's mother's. When he came out he said he had seen Lindsay's mother, and that Lindsay had gone to town. They drove into Frostburg, "Jim" saying that was the town he meant, and that he knew the saloon where Lindsay always stopped. When they arrived in Frostburg they went to a saloon, and "Jim" had a conversation with a man which Wilde did not hear. "Jim" then said to Walton: "The old woman has lied, and I guess he's at the mines." They then started to the mines with a man who said he knew the way. They drove three or four miles over the mountains to what "Jim" called the Eckart mine. Then "Jim" inquired of a foreman in the mine where "the Lrule" was, Wilde said: "Who is that?" and "Jim" answered: "That is a nickname for Lindsay de Bruck." The foreman answered: "He is not here." They then returned to Cumberland, and while returning passed two coal trains, and on each occasion the carriage was stopped and "Jim" professed to look for Lindsay. Arriving in Cumberland about 3 P. M. on Friday, they put up the horses and "Jim" started out to look for Lindsay in the saloons. Wilde followed, but they were unable to find him, and then went to Price's office. Price was not there, and Wilde remained there while "Jim" went up to court. In a short time Wilde saw Paice coming back, accompanied by "Jim." Wilde entered Price's back office with Price, who said, "Lindsay is in town. You go back to the hotel and I will bring him up there." Wilde answered, "I can't remain any longer than for the evening train." Price assured Wilde that he would be sure to come up and see him whether Lindsay was found or not. Going to the hotel, he remained there until after 4 o'clock, when "Jim" came and informed him that Lindsay was in town, and that he and Lindsay had been looking for each other. Wilde asked him to get Lindsay before the train started, or to send him by the next train, as he could not wait. Then he came down stairs, found that the train was late, and would not leave until 6 o'clock.

About 5:45, as he was waiting on the platform, "Jim" arrived, accompanied by a man who said he was Lindsay. Wilde had promised "Jim" $10 or $20 if he would find Lindsay in time for him to accompany Wilde and that amount he then and there paid him. Wilde purchased two tickets for New York. Lindsay asked if he had a return ticket for him. Wilde said no, but would get him one. Upon application he found return tickets were not sold, so he handed Lindsay $10 with his ticket, the price of the return passage. Lindsay then asked what he was to get. Wilde answered: "Your expenses will be paid to and from New York, and your board while there." He demanded $100. Wilde said that whatever was agreed upon in addition for his loss of time would be paid him in New York. They then got upon the train, when Lindsay asked if he would get back before the 10th of the month, because they always got paid off at the mines on the 10th of every month. Before the train started "Jim" came to Wilde and asked him if he had the newspaper of November 2, containing the affidavit of Lindsay, and Wilde told him he had left it with Price. "Jim" said he would get it and left the car, returning in one or two minutes with the paper, which he handed to Lindsay. The train then left, and during the evening Lindsay spent most of the time in the smoking apartment reading the paper, while Wilde dozed in his seat. During the entire trip they had little or no conversation, save in relation to many working mines, wages, &c., in which subject Wilde was interested. There was no conversation whatever in regard to the Morey letter except once, when Lindsay asked whether he could see the Morey letter in New York. Wilde answered that he thought he could, as he believed it was at the office of the newspaper referred to. Wilde states most positively that from the time he first met Lindsay until now there was no suggestion from him as to what he should swear to, and that he made no inquiry of Lindsay as to what he knew about the Morey letter or what he would swear to. Wilde fully believed that the man was Lindsay, and that he was the man who made the affidavit published in *Truth* and other papers. He further states that he took no interest in politics this fall, neither voting nor registering, and that he knew little or nothing about the facts of the case, and cared nothing further than to do a service to his friend. On their arrival in New York Wilde took Lindsay to the office of *Truth* and left him with Mr. Hart, since which time he has held no intercourse or conversation with him whatever.

THE CONSPIRATORS' BAIL BONDS.

NEW YORK, December 4.—Charles A. Bryne, Louis A. Post and Josh Hart, editors and publishers of the paper called *Truth*, indicated by the grand jury for criminally libelling General Garfield, appeared at the district attorney's office, and gave bail to await their trial. It was stated that bail would be fixed at $5,000 in each case, but examination of bail bonds showed that it had been fixed at only $2,000 each. Mr. James J. Coogan went bail for Hart; John Larkin and Edward E. Fitzpatrick went on Bryne's bond, while Mr. Larkin justified for Post's appearance. Jude Donohoe, in the Supreme Court, approved of bondsmen.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Cheap Jonn can supply everybody with Holiday Goods.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss', cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

—Notice our new advertising in this issue.

—About 8 inches of snow fell here Wednesday.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., is visiting relatives and friends in Troy, Ohio.

—French and common candies, Cundy Toys, Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, &c., at Cheap John's.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss', cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

—Fred. Wolf's horse took a notion to run off Tuesday, but was stopped at Sincell's shop.

—The regularity with which the western mail is 2, 3 or 6 hours late has become proverbial.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., is attending the Hagerstown court, where he is engaged in an important case.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss', cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Beautiful Christmas Goods, also Boots, Shoes, Hats, Cloth and Silk Caps, Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, &c., &c., at J. A. Enlow's.

—Largest stock of Toys, Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments, Mechanical Toys, ever in Oakland at Cheap John's.

—Major W. O. Ison left Oakland Monday night to take charge of the military department of Starr's Military Institute, at Port Chester, N. Y.

—The fifth anniversary meeting of the Oakland Band of Hope will be held in the M. C. Church next Thursday evening. This will be a meeting of more than ordinary interest. All are invited to attend.

—Cheap John is crowded all the time with children looking at the Toys, Candies, &c.

—Married—On the 25th of November, by Rev. Wm. E. George, at the home of the bride, in the presence of a large circle of friends, Mr. John A. Wagner, of Allegany county, and Mrs. Elizabeth McCrobie, of Garrett county, Md.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is agent for The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britian and America, from the days of the Wesleys to the present time. This is a work of great merit and should be in every Methodist household. dec11lf

—Pulmona at Sturgiss', cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

—Buy your Holiday supplies at Cheap John's and you will please the little ones.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church.—Preaching in the morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Stone Church,—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock by the pastor.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at the Oakland Church at 6½ P. M., and at Deer Park at 11 A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Oyster Supper.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland, will give an oyster supper at Dailey's Dining Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings, 17th and 18th insts. The ladies solicit the patronage of the public in their benevolent enterprise.

Sunday School Convention.

We have received the programme to be observed at the Thirteenth Annual Maryland Sunday School Convention to be held in the Young Men's Christian Association building, Baltimore, commencing Tuesday, December 14, and closing Thursday, December 16. The convention will be held under the auspicies of the Maryland Sunday School Union. Messrs. Thos. J. Peddicord and F. A. Thayer were elected delegates to represent the Oakland M. E. Sunday School in the above convention.

Death of an Old Citizen.

CUMBERLAND, Dec. 6.—Daniel Blocher, who has been identified with the growth of Cumberland, died here Sunday in the seventy-first year of his age. In youth he served apprenticeship as a printer, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1830 he was editor of the *Maryland Advocate*, and in 1833—in the great fire of April 14—his office was destroyed. Money was sent to him from well known citizens of Baltimore, such as John W. Garrett, Frank Burns and Wm. Krebs, to buy new type and start his paper again. It was the organ of the Allegany county Democracy. Mr. Blocher was engaged in the brick business here for many years, and at one time was farming with one of his sons in Charles county. He returned to Cumberland in 1867, and was appointed a justice of the peace, which office he held up to the time of his death. He leaves a widow and nine children, four sons and five daughters, and quite a number of grandchildren. One son (George) is now a sergeant of police in Baltimore city. His son William, who was connected with his father while in charge of the cattle scales, is also living in Baltimore. His other two sons are living in this city. All of his daughters, but one, are married. Mr. Blocher was always a prominent Democrat, and was able to be on the stage at the Academy of Music at one of the Democratic mass meetings during the late campaign. His death will be universally regretted.

Newspaper Laws.

We would call the especial attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, he is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the postoffice. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

—Pulmona at Sturgiss', cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-16w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

The Chinese Claim.

Colonel F. A. Bee, Chinese Consul at San Francisco, is now in Denver, Colorado, investigating the recent Chinese riot in that place. In reply to questions from the *Herald* representative he stated he had been ordered by the Chinese Embassy at Washington to make a close inquiry into the affairs of October 31, and that he had in accordance with his instructions carefully looked into the matter, and will return to San Francisco to prepare his report for transmission to the Chinese Minister to the United States. Mr. Bee is very reticent as to the result of his labors, but I understand he has taken steps to procure an estimate from the Chinese residents here of the amount of damages sustained by them individually and collectively; that he has procured the fullest evidence obtained concerning the riot, and that he has been permitted to use the evidence brought out in the Coroner's investigation of the death of Ling Lee, who was killed by the mob. He tells me he has no doubt that his Government will require our Government to indemnify the Chinese for their losses. There is no State or city statute providing for such indemnification. Therefore the Chinese will look to the General Government, which has, he says, invited the Chinese here, to make good all losses, and he is of opinion that our Government should be prompt in its action. The Chinese Government has set an example which, he thinks, should be followed, having paid over to the United States without grumbling or loss of time, as much as $700,000, 500,000 of which is now in the Treasury at Washington, to indemnify American citizens for losses sustained during the riots in China. When asked whether the Government which he represents would take any steps looking to the punishment of those who are responsible for Ling Lee's death, he said it would not, but intimated that he thought that some of the Chinese as individuals, would probably employ lawyers to assist the State in the prosecution. Col. Bee is the second man, not a Chinaman, who has ever been employed as a civic official by the Chinese Government, Burlingame having been the first. According to Colonel Bee's estimate the Census returns will show that there are not more than eighty thousand Chinese in the United States, and about fifty two thousand of these are confined to the Pacific coast. Quite a number have already returned to China, and very few, not sufficient to supply the decrease, are coming over now. He says there is now a demand for them greater than can be supplied, and relates that an agent for one of the railroads now building in Colorado recently visited California to procure five hundred Chinamen to work on his road, but failed to get them on account of the demand there. With regard to the Chinese treaty he says he knows nothing, but it his is opinion that General Grant's suggestion to Prince Li Hung Chang that emigration to the United States be prohibited for ten years had been adopted. Whether this opinion would ever be of great benefit is doubtful, as very few of the Chinese now here have come direct from China, most of them coming from Hong Kong, a British dependency. China has no control over the matter.—*New York Herald Correspondent.*

WHAT GEN. SIMON CAMERON THINKS OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION, &c.—A representative of the Philadelphia *Press* recently had an interview with ex-Senator Simon Cameron in that gentleman is reported as saying:

"I have great faith in Gen. Garfield. I believe he will do, during his administration, just what will contribute to the end I have inflected, and destroy sectionalism in this country. I believe he will leave his mark upon his time. He has a great opportunity, and if he correctly appreciates the popular feeling which gave him this high office with all its great possibilities, he will confer upon this country blessings which will be as lasting as his fame. I believe he understands and appreciates the situation and the necessity for harmonious action by all the elements of his party, and to secure this all must be called into requisition in the work he has to do."

"It is a little early, but do you understand Gen. Garfield, like President Hayes, to be committed to a single term?"

"By no means. Gen. Garfield's future is in his own hands, and he will be his own successor unless he neglects the opportunities which even crowd upon him. I am in favor of supporting his administration in every way, and if it be such as to commend itself to the whole Republican party, as I believe it will, I have no hesitation in saying that he should be re elected. Indeed, he will find no more earnest supporters, either during his administration or for his future advancement, than myself and all other stalwarts. None of General Grant's friends think or have thought of making him a candidate in 1884. Gen. Grant himself has not, I believe, ever had such a thought. He is the most unselfish man I ever knew; besides, he has taken too active a part in the late contest in behalf of Gen. Garfield for even his friends to put him in antagonism to Gen. Garfield for a re-election. Unless Garfield should commit some flagrant blunders, not now to be thought of, which would raise a popular clamor for some other candidate, General Grant is yet a young man, and at some future time, after Gen. Garfield has been fully rewarded, may be called to the Presidency again. But I deprecate all this talk about Gen. Grant's future. He is able to take care of himself."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1880.

The Congress that met yesterday, at the close of President Hayes' administration was in a far different temper from that which met at the close of General Grant's term four years ago. Then no one knew who the next President would be, and many doubted if there ever would be another President of the United States. Yesterday, there was not a man, woman or child in the whole limits of the Union but could tell who would occupy the Presidential office on the fourth of March next. The Republican Senate which met in December 1878, while determined their rights at the point of bayonet if necessary, well burthened with the perils, suspense and responsibilities of the situation. The House, with its Democratic majority, were but, irascible, mistrustful and irritated against the Republican Senate and President that seemed to stand between them and the future fruition of their dearest hopes of a speedy entrance into political power. The scenes of 1861 were to be enacted. Now the situation is regarded by both Senate and House with supreme indifference, and instead of angry looks and loud voices, all is serene as a summer day. There was the usual large attendance that throngs the Capital at the opening of each session.

The floor of the House resembles the celebration of a reunion of a family of grown people. Democrats and Republicans mingled together in sweet communion. Men who on the stump had abused each other roundly, strayed amicably into the seclusion of the Committee rooms and washed down in friendly libation the unpleasant recollections of the campaign. Others were scattered around in groups explaining their defeat, or election, as the case might be. A few of the newly elected members who will take their seat after March 4th 1881, were watching intently the motions of those whom they will succeed, and forming new acquaintances.

The Presidents message is a concise, statesmanlike document that will find warm words of praise from his party, and negative approval from his enemies. If it has been thought that he was cool and indifferent to the Southern situation, the words in which he arraigns the enemies of Constitutional suffrage in the South will undeceive those who misjuged him. He arraigns the dominant party of fissue ballots and false counting, and declares the people who placed the several amendments to the Constitution will see that they are faithfully executed in the future. As a State paper, this message will take high rank with any that have preceded it.

It is only within a few years that Congress has assumed and exercised its legitimate right to exclusive jurisdiction over the affairs of the National seat of Government, but within that brief period by liberal and appreciative appropriations, it has redeemed it from being a disgrace and shame to our civilization, to a beautiful, attractive city, worthy of being the Capital of a great Nation.

People of affluance are investing their means and securing charming homes for their families, where taxation is moderate, and sources of comfort and enjoyment are superior to those of any other place upon the American Continent,

LOGAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PULMONA at Sturgiss,

Cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Henry A. Rasche vs. Annie E. Hoye and others.

No. 209. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have that part of a tract of land called "William and Mary," containing five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled to receive the same, according to their respective interests.

The bill states that about the year A. D. 1849, a certain John Hoye departed this life leaving a will under and by which he devised to a certain John Hoye, of William, a certain tract of land situate in what was then Allegany county, but now Garrett county, known and described as "William and Mary," containing nine hundred and thirty-two and five eighth acres of land; that after the death of the said John Hoye, the said John Hoye of William, took possession of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and became the owner thereof, and continued to own and possess the same up to the time of his death; that the said John Hoye, of William, being so seized and possessed of said tract of land called "William and Mary," departed this life intestate, leaving a widow Annie E Hoye, and the following children and heirs-at-law, to-wit: Samuel C. Hoye, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, who has since intermarried with Walter Engle, of Iowa, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, and Annie E. Hoye, who intermarried with Lucien Hendrickson.

The bill further states that the said John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye and Ida J. Hoye, by their deeds bearing date April 20th, 1874, conveyed three undivided eighths in Military Lot 1368, it being a part of the tract called "William and Mary;" that on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1875, the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye by their deed conveyed to Annie E. Hendrickson, wife of Lucien Hendrickson, a part of said tract of land called "William and Mary," containing one hundred and eight acres.

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, by their deeds dated July 9th, 1875, conveyed to a certain Thomas J. Moreland, Military Lots Nos. 1381 and 1371, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1378 and five acres of land, making fifty five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said parties did by their deed dated July 9th, 1875, convey to a certain Isaac Moreland about ten acres of Military Lot No. 1369, it being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson, her husband, William D. Hoye, Ellen S. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed dated September 18th, 1876, convey to John J. P. Hoye, Military Lots Nos 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary;" that the said John J. P. Hoye by his deed dated November 6th 1876, conveyed to Mary A. Hoye the said Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract called "William and Mary."

The bill states that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to Annie E. Hendrickson was designed and intended to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said Annie E. Hendrickson as her full share and partition of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that the said Annie E. Hendrickson has no interest in that part of said tract of land outside of said deed; that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to John J. P. Hoye was designed to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said John J. P. Hoye as his full interest in said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that he has now no interest in said tract of land whatever.

The bill further states that there remained unconveyed by the deeds hereinbefore mentioned of the tract of land called "William and Mary," the quantity of five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres of land, of which the said Samuel C. Hoye owned a one-sixth undivided interest subject to the widow's dower in the whole tract; that on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1870, John C. Dunham, Sheriff, under and by virtue of a judicial writ issued out of the circuit court for Garrett county, sold all the interest of Samuel C. Hoye in and to the tract of land called "William and Mary," said interest being a one-sixth undivided interest in five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres, subject to the widow's dower to Henry A. Rasche, who from thence hitherto has been and still is the owner of the aforesaid interest of Samuel C. Hoye.

The bill further states that on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1877, Mary A. Hoye, one of the heirs aforesaid, executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain Crampton Harvey, Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, and parts of Lots numbers 1329 and 1395, but avers that said deed is void so far as the complainant's interest in said Lots numbers 1329 and 1395 is concerned, and that he still owns an undivided interest in the same.

The bill states that on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1878, the said Samuel C. Hoye, and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain William Chisholm, seventy-one and one-eighth acres of the tract of land called "William and Mary," but avers that said deed is void as against the complainant, and that he still holds and owns an undivided interest in said seventy-one and one-eighth acres of land.

The bill further shows and charges that all that part of the tract of land called "William and Mary" which contains five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres, and which is hereinbefore described, is not susceptible of a partition between the parties entitled thereto, but that it will be to the interest and advantage of said parties to have said land sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The bill further states that Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, are not residents of the State of Maryland.

The prayer of the bill is for a decree for the sale of the said five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres of land, and a distribution of the proceeds of said sale amongst the parties entitled to receive the same according to their respective interests, and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the Court this 4th day of December, A. D. 1880, that the complaints cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1881, giving notice to the said Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 2d day of May, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
dec 11-4w

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of Jan. A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as

"Piney Bottom,"

it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse J. Ashby, by John Everett, late Sheriff, by deed dated October 31st, 1859, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 41, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, and contains 278 acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of ninety dollars and four cents taxes and interest thereon due by the said Jesse J. Ashby for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD.
12 11 ts Collector of Taxes.

PULMONA AT STURGISS,

Cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed in a cause wherein Annie Hanser and others are complainants and George Whitehair and others are defendants, said cause being No. 107 Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale at W. A. Daily & Co's Auction Store, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 O'CLOCK A. M. on the

3d day of January, 1881,

all of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings in said cause, described as

LOT No. 1,

in the partition of the real estate in said cause, said lot having been awarded to the heirs of John A. Shatler and contains 245 acres and 35½ perches of land, a large portion of which is cleared and under fence and is in a fair state of cultivation. A considerable portion of said land is river bottom land and is admirably adapted to grazing purposes. Said farm is improved by a

GOOD DWELLING

with necessary outbuildings; also a fine orchard of young fruit trees. This farm lies on Youghiogheny river, in District No. 8 in Garrett county, about ten miles from Oakland, and adjoins the lands of William Rolfe, Geo. N. Glader and others; it is situated in an excellent neighborhood, near to schools, churches, &c.

The TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree are:—One-third in cash, and the balance in nine and eighteen months, with interest on the deferred payments, to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH,
TH. J. PEDDICORD,
dec 11td Trustees.

PULMONA at Sturgiss',

Cures Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIGHT!

MORE LIGHT!!

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

All Doubt Cleared Away.

The Reason Why

DAILY & CO.

Can Sell Goods Cheaper,
Will Sell Goods Cheaper,
Do Sell Goods Cheaper,

Than any other house is that

They are bought cheaper,
They are bought at headquarters,
They are bought for the bullion.
They are not encumbered by jobbers and other intermediate profits.
They are bought at prices that enable us to sell at what our competitors are obliged to pay.
We sell for cash.
We do not make the good paying customer pay for the bad, and with absolute disregard for their intrinsic value,

We offer them to our numerous Customers and Patrons at prices proportionate to what we pay.

We keep under no circumstances a slate in the money drawer. No credit slips or I. O. U, or goods sold without the money or its equivalent.

CASH or TRADE

OUR MOTTO.

We offer you inducements which cannot fail to elicit your attention and secure your patronage.

We will sell goods direct from the Auction trade sales, forced upon the market by persons hard pressed for money. We offer you goods equal (and often superior) in every respect to similar lines of goods for sale elsewhere.

It changes no fabric to drive it through the great engines of the Assignee and Auction Room. I merely changes the price from the one who held on to his phantom theory of big profits and unlimited credit until the tidal wave of misfortune overshadowed him, to the other whose Rock Bottom quotations drive them like chaff before the wind.

We will sell you men's overcoats at $4 and $6, which cannot be duplicated for less than $6 to $10. Ladies' cloaks and dolmans, $3.50 to $10.00; worth $7 to $18; Russian Muscovite caps, 75 c, worth $1.25; Arctic turban, 75 c. worth $1.50; Petersham cloth cap, 40c, worth 75; a hand embroidered 60 bone Gem corset for $1.10, worth $1.75. Also special bargains in ladies' and children's shoes.

Shawls, scarfs, ties, laces, trimmings, children's furs, table linen, towels, napkins, hosiery, men's and ladies' underwear, paper, envelopes, box paper, Christmas goods, accordeons and other articles which for lack of time and space we cannot mention. We will sell you envelopes 2 c pack; needles 2 c paper; lead pencils 12 c doz; rubber tipped, 20 c doz; "Nettle" corset 50 c; Falcon pens, 50 c gross; Esterbrook pens, 50 c gross; Hartman's engrossing do, 50 c; Colorado do, 40 c; school slates 5 c; spring balances, 15 c; 2 ft. rules, 15 c; cast steel shears, 15 c; spring pad locks, 20; hand saws, warranted, 75 c; shingling hatchets, 30; Rep. button, 5 c doz; 28&30 line white pearl button, 12½ c doz; 50 yds black silk spool 4 c spool; silk twist, 2 c spool; 100 yds blk silk spool, 5 c.

A general assortment of Toilet soap, pocket and table cutlery, silver plated knives and forks, children's toys and Christmas books, chromos, oil paintings, cassimeres, dress goods, men's and boy's wear, &c., &c., all of which we submit to your careful and impartial examination.

Respectfully,

W. A. DAILY & CO.

OAKLAND, MD.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed apartments in Hampton Court Palace at the disposal of Lady Mountmorris, widow of the nobleman recently murdered in County Galway, Ireland.

AMONG the Socialists expelled from Germany are Herr Hartman, a member of the Reichstag from Hamburg, Herr Auer, a Saxon Deputy, and the whole editorial staff of the Socialist paper, the *Gerichts-Zeitung*.

A CABINET Minister is always in attendance upon the Queen when she is out of England. Members of the Cabinet take the duty by turns. The Minister in attendance is required to be almost all the time within call, as the Queen may need his counsel at any moment. When he does not dine with her he may dine alone or with the Lord in Waiting.

PARISIANS delight in monstrosities of various kinds, and have been crowding round one of Chevel's windows in the Palais Royal to see an enormous mushroom, which grew in a wood at Versailles, and was brought to Paris with the utmost care as a positive phenomenon. It is more than a yard in circumference, and the weight is something over 24 pounds.

IN Dusseldorf, a town of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants, is a handsome theater, open from September to April with an excellent company and good music. The admission fees are about 62 cents for stalls, 25 cents for the pit, and 12 cents for the gallery for the dramatic entertainments, and 12 cents more for opera nights. On Saturday the admission is half price. The plays are of a high order.

THE first annual "Frauen-tag," or Women's Congress, in Berlin, appears to have passed off with great success. The ladies were well supported at the first public appearance by a galaxy of eminent males, including among others Privy Councilor Schneider, Prof. Guiest, Legationsrath von Bunsen, and others. Delegations from the various branches of the German Frauen-bildungs-verein presented their reports from their various centers of action.

A LONDON paper, in giving an account of the new dress invented for game-keepers, rural constabulary, etc., says that it will shortly be exhibited and tested at the Horse Guards barracks by Capt. Lord Arthur Somerset, and, should it stand (as expected), a rifle shot, the Irish landlords will naturally take great interest in the experiment. The signaling apparatus by which the keepers will be able to beat off and recognize their assailants will also be shown.

THE statue of Jeanne d'Arc, recently unveiled at Compiegne, the town where she was taken prisoner by the English, is equestrian, and represents Jeanne holding a standard in one hand and pointing to the enemy with the other. The sculptor is M. Leroux. The Government cast the work in bronze and presented it to the town of Compiegne, which has had it erected in front of the belfry, almost on the spot where "Jehanne" was taken prisoner by the Picardy archer who was in the service of the English.

A Rich "Find" by Colorado Miners.

THE Silver Cliff (Colo.) *Prospect* publishes the following somewhat remarkable story:

On last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday a severe snow storm raged in the mountains, extending to the valley below. The prospectors in the range, who were out of sight of their camp, were forced to seek shelter in the canons and under the large ledges of rock, it being impossible to follow guides to any designated point, all traces of paths being entirely obliterated.

S. J. Harkman, E. R. Oliver and H. A. Melton were prospecting in the Sangre de Cristo range, on the San Luis side, abont two miles north of what is known as Dead Man's Camp, on Sunday afternoon, when the storm came upon them in all its fury, rendering it dangerous to travel. Being near a deep canyon, they sought shelter from the wind by entering. Not far from where they stood, on the same side, they noticed an opening, and concluded to make an examination. Drawing near, by feeling around they found that there was quite a long tunnel, though not very deep. They determined to enter, and proceeded to gather dry pine for torches. After getting a sufficient quantity they entered on hands and knees, in single file. In this position they crawled for ten or twelve feet, when they entered into a large chamber, where they could easily stand upright. This chamber enlarged for twenty feet, where they reached what seemed to be a second passage, when, as before, the walls closed, and it became necessary for them to proceed in single file. The second passage was not over ten feet in length, when they emerged into a somewhat deeper and much larger chamber, the walls widening to such an extent that in order to tell the size of the room it was necessary to follow them up from either side of the entrance. About ten feet to the right Mr. Olivor, who was in advance, struck his foot against something that moved very easily, and, thinking it strange, lowered his light, and to his horror found a human skull. A fire was then kindled on the floor out of extra fuel, in order to get a better view of the floor and surroundings. Not far off lay four other human skulls. Not being satisfied with this discovery, they retraced their steps, and, obtaining fresh fuel, re-entered, determined to know the secrets of the cave. Returning to their fire, which was still burning, they lighted new torches and continued their exploration. About twenty feet to the left, and near the western wall, another skull and bones were found. There was no trace of any tool, knife or gun—nothing but the half-decayed bones. The cave extended to the north, and, as in the previous chamber, contracted somewhat, leaving another narrow passage. This passage, unlike the other, however, was much longer, and by no means as narrow, it leading them into a smaller chamber, the walls of which were very irregular, having large projecting rocks resembling in some places the shelving in a store-room. On the western side of this chamber, near the north end, one of these shelves extended to a considerable width from the wall, about ten inches from the floor. Mr. Melton, who was examining this particular spot out of idle curiosity, lowered his light and stooping down looked under the ledge, and noticing what appeared to be peculiar-shaped stones, concluded to draw them out, when to his amazement he found them heavy enough to require his entire strength to remove them. He pulled them out, however, and called his companions, who were examining the opposite side of the room. They were not long in discovering that he had found three gold bars that have since proved to be worth about $900. Elated over their strange and rich discovery, they remained long enough to notice that the cave extended in a northerly direction and through another small passage. They did not, however, follow it, but secured their treasure and retraced their steps to the first chamber, where they camped until morning, when they shouldered their gold and departed for their camp, reaching it in safety. They refuse to tell the exact locality of the cave, but declare their intention to return to it as soon as the weather moderates, and make a more thorough examination. We obtained our information from a gentleman who had just arrived in the city, and who vouches for the gold part of the story, having seen and felt it.

Life in the Wisconsin Lumber Regions.

WISCONSIN is one of the heaviest lumbering States in the country, and her lumber is shipped in large quantities to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and other Western and Southern States. Last winter was not a successful one for lumbermen, and many of them lost money on their contracts. The *Times* correspondent has been making inquiries and finds that all the heavy lumbermen are anticipating a splendid winter for business. The weather has already become quite cold and every thing is freezing up. On the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, from Stevens's Point north to Ashland, on Lake Superior, lies some of the finest pino in the State. The railroad company owns several thousand valuable forties that have millions and millions of the best kind of pine waiting to be cut. At many of the new towns that have sprung up here in the forest are saw-mills, shingle-mills, lath-mills and the like, that would be a credit to cities containing thousands of inhabitants. These mills are built near to the railroad and have side-tracks running to each. In the various branches of one mill are employed all the way from thirty to one hundred hands, while as many more are hard at work close by, felling the large pines, and with the dozens of horses and oxen hauling them to the mill. A visit to a lumbering camp would be a great treat to one unused to them. In the fall, before snow lies, the "advanced crew," consisting of a few men and a team or two, start for the pinery where they intend to lumber. The first thing to do is to locate the camp in as convenient a place as possible. The site having been arranged, then commences the erection of the "shanty." This is a building made from rough boards, and in which the hardy lumbermen eat, drink and sleep. Near this are the stables where the horses, oxen, hay and grain are kept. Every thing in readiness, a snow-storm is anxiously awaited. Men and teams are ready to start from the cities, villages and farms upon an hour's notice, and the camp, which was ordinarily quiet yesterday, is full of hum and activity today. The bills of fare for breakfast, dinner and supper will hardly bear comparison with a city hotel, but, nevertheless, the food is healthy and substantial. Plenty of pork, beef, potatoes, beans and bread tickle the palate of the Wisconsin lumberman. He eats a good deal, dresses warmly and works hard. If in cutting down a tree the ax glances, and sinks deep into his foot, he curses his luck and hobbles into camp, and there awaits his recovery. At night the "crew" come filing into camp with their axes and saws, and after a vigorous wash sit down to supper. Right here let me say that the ordinary way of washing is to take a piece of soap and step out into the snow; no wash-dish, no water, no well, yes, there is one towel. After supper the pipes are lighted, and while some lounge around and smoke, the others draw up to a table and enjoy a social game of penny poker. The game is limited generally, and no one wins and loses very much in the end. At daylight every one is astir, and the day's work progresses as did the one before it. When there is a good winter for lumbering everybody is in good spirits and money is plenty. Hence it is lumbermen and others are prophesying three months of sleighing in northern Wisconsin and thousands of others echo, "I hope so."—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

A Prediction That Was Not Fulfilled.

IN 1712 Mr. Whiston, an eccentric Millenarian divine and astronomer, who served as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton when Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, predicted that a comet would appear at noon on Wednesday, Oct. 14, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the following Friday. The comet came, and had an extraordinary effect. More than a hundred clergymen were reported to have waited on the primate on the Wednesday afternoon to request that proper prayers might be prepared, while thousands of men who believed that the end of the world was coming, married on the Thursday the women with whom they had been living. Many people embarked on the water, thinking that they would be safer when the fire came, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Chief Director of the Bank of England, issued instructions to the fire officers to keep a sharp lookout on the Bank of England, on which there was a prodigious run, presumably by those who thought that, albeit they brought nothing into the world, they might be able to take something out. The Captain of a Dutch ship in the Thames threw all his powder into the river. Whiston is only remembered now by his translation of Josephus.

THE original Seckel pear-tree is said to be still standing on the shore of the Delaware, or, rather, a remnant of the tree, which is now not much more than a mere shell, but still bears a few pears. It is supposed to be 150 years old. It is conjectured that the seed from which the tree sprang was thrown overboard in a core from a vessel as it passed down the Delaware, which, being washed to the shore, took root and grew.

Perils Near the Pole.

THE scientific features of the recent Franklin Search Expedition were presented by Lieut. Schwatka, at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences.

Beginning with the use of alcohol, Lieut. Schawtka emphasizes the fact that not a drop of ardent spirit of any kind was used in his sled journey of 3,251 miles. In short journeys and hunting expeditions where there was ample room for baggage, it was considered that alcohol might be carried, and, if used in moderation, would raise the temperature of the body slightly, and tend, as elsewhere, to increased comfort. But on long journeys ardent spirits could not be carried in bulk without displacing other indispensable articles. Alcohol was not regarded as necessary, and was not considered a good heating agent. The injurious effects of intense cold, however, had sometimes been wrongly ascribed to the use of liquor. On shipboard the general use of alcoholic stimulants was considered bad, and only allowable when every possible chance of scurvy was removed by the character of the food.

In regard to temperature, Lieut. Schwatka said that his party had encountered the most intense cold ever recorded by white men—71 degrees Fahrenheit, or 103 degrees below the freezing point. On that day the camp was moved ten miles, and no unusual inconvenience was felt. It was not the intensity of the cold that was unpleasant. All suffering was caused by the direction and violence of the wind. With the thermometer at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, no especial trouble was met with, but at a temperature fifteen degrees higher, with a wind blowing straight in the faces of the men, frost-bites and great suffering were common. The white men would freeze their noses or the exposed portions of their cheeks. The coldest days were perfectly calm; on warmer days, with the exception of a few days in midsummer, the wind blew constantly. But it was considered that to men clad in warm clothing temperature was not material, and the longest journeys could be undertaken without fear. When the thermometer sank to —71 deg. Fahrenheit, the sky was of a leaden hue, varied with brownish red near the sun. Clouds of vapor rolled from every thing animal. When the expedition stopped it was enveloped in steam. Musk-oxen and deer could be detected at a distance of five or six miles by the vapor about them, and the Esquimaux claimed to be able to distinguish the kind of animals by peculiarities in the vapor. Water poured on ice caused a crackling like miniature fire-crackers, and the surface of sheets of ice was gray and opaque from the unequal expansion. The sound of the runners was like that caused by a resined bow or tuning-fork, and, heard at a distance, resembled an Æolean harp. In the most extreme cold the acclimatization of the white men proved as perfect as that of the natives. At a very low temperature the beard became a block of ice, and the lips and nostrils were nearly glued together. Exercise, though important, was not so essential as has been stated, there never being a necessity for exercising to the point of fatigue. For Arctic explorers a strong circulation and a tendency not to perspire profusely are desirable. The common theories regarding the danger in using snow were at a variance with Lieut. Schwatka's experience. At —30 deg Fahrenheit the snow freezes temporarily, the mucus membrane of the mouth causing a burning sensation. If this be often and rapidly repeated it is highly injurious, but snow and ice taken in moderation at long intervals are of great service in quenching thirst. Drowsiness was not experienced in connection with great cold, and it was considered as resulting usually from a sudden change from ship-board to out-of-door life, or from an insufficient acclimatization.

Near sightedness, though attended with some discomforts, gave certain important advantages. The glasses became readily covered with congealed moisture from the heat, but with the squinting common to near-sighted persons were an efficient protection against the glare of the sun upon the snow. No one who was near-sighted suffered from snow-blindness, while the Esquimaux were troubled with this more than the white men. They also suffered from chronic ophthalmia and the deposits caused by cataracts. In very cold weather the huts were buried two or three feet deep in snow. It was advisable to change these huts as often as possible, because the constant freezing and thawing made them a mass of translucent ice, and exhalations from the breath, bodies and fires became congealed upon the walls, and continually falling off, caused a little snow storm in the interior.

The effect produced by the darkness of the long Arctic night upon human beings was considered to be much more real than the discomforts occasioned by loneliness and homesickness. According to physicians, it has been found that darkness decreases the respiratory movements in proportion to its propensity. It was therefore held that in the long dark Arctic winter, the respiratory movements would become much retarded, and a consequent injurious effect would be exerted, the circulation being slow and the blood imperfectly oxidized. To prevent this, crews should be exposed as much as possible to the light.—*New York Tribune.*

A TOO-ZEALOUS detective officer in Paris has been made to suffer severely for his mania for arresting innocent citizens. This official, who is endowed with herculean strength, is in the habit of drinking too freely, and when intoxicated insists on arresting any individual who may happen to come in his way. About 2 o'clock one morning he met with an artilleryman in search of a lodging, to whom he bragged of his infallible manner of arresting malefactors. In order to make good his boasts, and espying a party of eight people peacefully chatting at the corner of a street, the detective went up and ordered them to follow him to the police station. Instead of obeying this insolent command, however, five of the men attacked the detective, overpowered him, notwithstanding a revolver of which he made use, administered a severe castigation, and left him more dead than alive in the gutter. The over-zealous detective was picked up by some policemen and carried to the hospital.

Religious.

A LITTLE FURTHER ON.

"A LITTLE further on," we say—
"A little further on"—
When hope deferred makes long delay,
And few delights are won;
To patient waiting still resigned,
We fortify the heart and mind,
Assured the treasure we will find
A little further on.

To-day we suffer grief and pain,
And thorns our path annoy;
The biting winds and beating rain
Our tender buds destroy;
And yet a little further on
The storms tempestuous are gone,
And tranquility we come upon
A miracle of joy.

Though dull and dark these days may be,
And full of sore distress,
Though nought around us we may see
To comfort or to bless,
A little further on our eyes
Are greeted with unclouded skies,
And from Love's ark an angel flies
To cheer our loneliness.

Though suddenly, and all too soon,
Day's golden beams are shorn,
And at the royal hour of noon
Te night's embrace are borne,
Though deepest darkness may prevail,
Though deepest terrors may assail,
A little further on we hail
The splendor of the morn.

"A little further on," we say,
When health and strength are gone,
And those we loved have passed away,
And we are left alone;
Still to our Father's will resigned,
We wait with patient heart and mind,
Assured that peace and rest we'll find
A little further on!

—*Josephine Pollard, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 5—Last Days of Jacob.....Gen. 48: 8-22
Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50:14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

A True Man.

THE character of the future man is not unfrequently seen in the boy. This unconscious prophecy is noted by Milton, who says:

"The childhood shows the man.
As morning shows the day."

Wordsworth also expresses the fact in the often-quoted line, "The child is father of the man." The late Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg expressed when a lad the moral courage and ability to stand alone which characterized him as a man.

He entered the university of Pennsylvania while a majority of the students were turbulent fellows. One of their amusements was to torment the venerable Provost, Dr. Andrews, in the recitation-room.

Young Muhlenberg was shy and diffident, but he did not hesitate to tell his classmates to their faces that their conduct was shameful. With three of the better-disposed students he took sides boldly with the aged professor.

Being in such a small minority—itself a trial of courage—they were assailed by the unruly majority with taunts and threats. "Curries" was one of the insulting shouts that greeted them, the sarcasm lying in the false charge that they were trying to curry favor with the faculty.

For several months the unequal contest ran on; the rude students continually planning tricks against Dr. Andrews, which the four allies defeated. They manfully stood by their principles. At last the matter was ended by the sudden death of the Provost. He heard a recitation at nine o'clock, and at a quarter past ten he was a corpse. The unruly students were awed by the appalling termination, while Muhlenberg and his friends had the satisfaction of knowing that they had taken many a stone out of the downhill path of the old man.

This minister in old age was pastor of St. Luke's Hospital, where not only the bodies but the souls of the sick are ministered to. He resided in the house, and welcomed the lowliest offices of love as opportunities of ministering to the Lord's sick.

One day, a poor purblind man, just discharged from another hospital, sought the pastor. After giving the old man a dinner in his own study, the clergyman was met by the maid-servant, carrying back the empty plates to the dining-room.

"O doctor, doctor," she exclaimed, "why did you not call me to get these?"

"No, no," was the reply, "I am a servant in the Lord's Hotel."

The devoted man's mere presence was a benediction. "There will never be such another Christian within these walls," sobbed a poor woman, as she took grateful leave on her recovery. His example has proved a precious treasure to the church; his life inspired others to goodness, and it has been beautifully portrayed by the pulpit and the press since his death.

It was Dr. Muhlenberg who wrote the hymn, "I Would Not Live Alway."

"Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

"It is Hard for an Empty Sack to Stand Upright."

SAM may try a fine while before he will make one of his empty sacks stand upright. If he were not half daft he would have left off that job before he began it, and not have been an Irishman either. He will come to his wit's-end before he sets the sack on its end.

* * * Blessed be God, there is some cloth still made which will not shrink in the wetting, and some honesty which holds on under misfortune; but too often debt is the worst kind of poverty, because it breeds deceit. Men do not like to face their circumstances, and so they turn their backs on the truth. They try all sorts of schemes to get out of their difficulties, and like the Banbury tinker, they make three holes in the saucepan to mend one. They are like Pedley, who burned a penny-candle in looking for a farthing. They borrow of Peter to pay Paul, and then Peter is let in for it. At last people fight shy of them, and say that they are as honest as a cat when the meat is out of reach, and they murmur that plain dealing is dead, and died without issue. Too much cunning overdoes its work, and in the long run there is no craft which is so wise as simple honesty.

I would not be hard on a poor fellow, nor pour water on a drowned mouse; if through misfortune the man can't pay, why, he can't pay, and let him say so, and do the honest thing with what little he has, and kind hearts will feel for him. It is hard to sail over the sea in an egg-shell, and it is not much easier to pay your way when your capital is all gone. Out of nothing comes nothing, and you may turn your nothing over a long time before it will grow into a ten-pound note. The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem, and borrowing and diving deeper into debt will never let a man out of difficulties. Let the poor, unfortunate tradesman hold to his honesty as he would to his life. The straight road is the shortest cut. Better break stones on the road than break the law of God.

There are other ways of using the old saying. It is hard for the hypocrite to keep up his profession. Empty sacks can't stand upright in a church any better than in a granary. Praying does not make saints, or there would be plenty of them. Long prayers and loud professions only deceive the simple, and those who see further than the surface soon spy out the wolf under the sheepskin. — *Mr. Spurgeon's John Ploughman's Pictures.*

A Wonderful Sermon.

WE quote from Richard Henry Dana's paper, in *Scribner*, on the late President Leonard Woods, of Bowdoin's College: "Some thirty years ago, it had been announced that President Woods was to preach in what is now the Parish Church of the Advent, in Bowdoin street, but was then in the possession of a Congregational society, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Winslow. The house was well filled. President Woods spoke apparently without even notes. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half, of a warm summer afternoon, to a congregation which had been used to set their mental chronometers to twenty or thirty minutes. Yet it was a case of "*Continuare omnes intentique ora tenc unt,*" from first to last. There was not only attention, but an excited, glowing attention. His subject was 'The Delayed Justice of God,' the text being, 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore,' etc. For his space of time, and his purpose, he was the master of every one in the house, and Dr. Winslow, in his concluding prayer, was so carried away that he entered unconsciously upon a eulogy on the preacher, thanking the Almighty for the great privilege we had enjoyed that day. At this time, it was rarely, if ever, that a preacher of the orthodox sects took examples or illustrations from elsewhere than the Scriptures; but in this discourse, it seemed that, as was said of Burke, there had gone out a decree that all the world should be taxed. He drew his illustrations from all history, from all the known experience of mankind. As I have said, it is more than twenty-five years since I heard that sermon; but I can repeat, I think *verbatim*, many of its finest passages, and retain a clear memory of its thought and order. After some years, happening to speak with a scholarly and thoughtful man on the subject of sermons, he said that the best he had ever heard was one by President Woods, in the old meeting-house in Bowdoin street, on 'The Delayed Justice of God,' and he proceeded to describe it. Again, at New York, at a gathering of men of letters, the subject of best sermons was started, and one of the number, a man of high repute as a writer, said that, chancing to be in Boston of a Sunday, some years before, he went to hear President Woods, at Bowdoin street, and there heard a discourse, on 'The Delayed Justice of God,' which had ever remained in his mind the ideal sermon. Thus, the only three persons I know to have heard it give it the first place; and I doubt if any intelligent hearer on that day will fail, even now, to acquiesce in this judgment."

Wise Sayings.

SELF-EXAMINATION is necessary to soul prosperity.

"IF it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

NOTHING is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong; but it perishes. You say it is pleasure—well, enjoy it. But joyous recollections is no longer joy. That which ends in self is mortal; that alone which goes out of self into God lasts forever.

MEDITATE long, meditate humbly, on what it is to have a Creator, and comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side the grave, He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and at last, with all the more love, and all the more speed as well, He will fold you to his bosom, who is himself the Light Eternal.—*F. W. Faber.*

FORGET self. Think nothing whatever of shining. The sun does not shine because it has a will for it; no more does a man or woman. Even the moon, which shines with only a borrowed light, has no thought about it, but only lets her unoriginal beams play off their glistening into what quarter they will. And so it is universally, both in the original and the unoriginal, the first and second-rate characters. Their real merit is the unconscious show of what they are; and there is nothing so refreshing in this world of affectations as the natural, unstudied revelation, whether of goodness or beauty, or genius.—*Horace Bushnell.*

THAT love which the Bible calls charity is not a mere matter of feeling. It is a spirit and a purpose of kindness toward others. Our surface feelings are not wholly within our control; but for our inner purpose we are directly responsible. Hence it is, that charity—or Christian love toward all—is a plain *duty*. We have no right not to love the unlovely. There is no being right and doing right without being loving and showing love, in all our intercourse with all. As Sir Thomas Browne puts it: "Moses broke the tables without breaking the law, but where charity is broke the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love that is the fulfilling of it." If, indeed, we are compelled to admit that we are not charitable—not loving where it is hard to love—let us recognize the fact that we are just as truly guilty in this spirit of uncharitableness as we should be in a spirit of envy, or hatred, or untruthfulness, or impurity, or irreverence; and let us turn in our guilt to crave pardon and to seek a new heart in place of the one which can harbor such guilt as this.—*S. S. Times.*

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For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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HOME AND FARM.

CAMPHOR OINTMENT.—One tablespoonful of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, one teaspoonful of strong spirits of camphor.

RAPID drying of paint is insured by the addition of a small proportion of litharge, sugar of lead or Japan varnish, according to material or color.

DRY ROT OF THE SOLE.—Carefully scrape away all decayed born from the sole, taking pains not to injure the vital parts; then apply, daily, a portion of a mixture of equal parts of tar and coal oil. A portion of this may also be applied within the cleft of the frog. The soles of the feet should be scraped once weekly. A light shoo should be applied, but it must not be drawn too tight on the foot, and tho shoeing should be attended to at least once monthly.—*Live Stock Journal.*

THE New York *World* says no good cause can be given why horses and mules have or possess what are termed blind-teeth. Wolf-teeth sometimes exist in the mouths of both horses and mules. They are situated on the superior maxilla immediately forward of the first molar tooth or teeth, or perhaps slightly to the one side of the aforesaid tooth or teeth, and attached to the gum chiefly. If these teeth are not removed at the proper time they so affect the eyes as to cause blindness, or if one tooth exists on one side only the sight of the eye on the side of the jaw which the wolf-toothappears will be destroyed in cases where the wolf-tooth is left undisturbed.

FURNITURE POLISH.—The following recipe will restore the original polish of furniture, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use. Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum lac, and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of water. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it often; as soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Then take a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, also a few drops of linseed oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round over a small space at a time until it begins to be quite smooth; then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish. Furniture thus treated will have a brilliant luster equal to new.

THE farmer who lets all the liquids of his barnyard run to waste is a spendthrift, however "close-fisted" he may be with money. A practical farmer said recently: "On my farm on the Hudson River, I have built cisterns under the barn and stable, in which this liquid is collected. These cisterns are all connected, and one being built on a lower grade, they all empty into this one. When it rains I put a force-pump into the cistern and fill two water-carts, such as are used in watering our streets, and scatter this liquid over our meadows; in forty-eight hours afterward a change is perceived in the color of the grass." Another farmer who has a similar arrangement in his barnyard, says he saves 100 loads every year, and thinks the liquid worth as much as so many loads of solid manure.

Keeping Winter Apples.

THE question is being discussed as to whether a dry or a wet cellar keeps apples best. A writer in the New York *Tribune* says apples keep excellently in his cellar, which is a wet one, and cites the remark of an experienced buyer that whenever he entered a cellar and was compelled to walk on boards to keep out of the water, he was sure to find the fruit in good condition. On the other hand many writers recommend a dry cellar as the best for keeping apples. Who shall decide the question?

That water is not injurious to the keeping of apples, even when actually in contact with them, is shown by the fact that they keep perfectly well on the ground under leaves all winter. A friend of mine living in Montreal says that seeing some very fine Fameuses exposed for sale in that city, he inquired how they were kept. He learned that they were part of the cargo of a canal boat which had sunk in the canal and was frozen in before it could be raised. When this was effected in the spring, it was found that the cargo of apples, which would not have kept much longer than January in the air, had been preserved perfectly in the water. An old custom of burying apples in the ground, the same as roots, for winter storage, also demonstrates that moisture in contact with apples does not necessarily cause rotting. In Russia I understand that apples are preserved in tight barrels with water, in the way practiced in this country with cranberries. On the other hand, apples keep perfectly in dry cellars, as many fruit growers can testify.

What then is the essential requisite for the safe winter keeping of this fruit? Simply, I believe, the preservation of a low uniform temperature as near the freezing point of water as possible. This can be maintained in dry cellars, but much more easily and perfectly, I think, in wet ones. The presence of water has a controlling power over the variations of temperature near the freezing-point, as all know who have had to keep water in a cold cellar to keep it from freezing. The moisture does no harm to the apples. It may even be a direct benefit in preventing evaporation from and consequent withering of the apples, though this evaporation is very slight at the low temperature necessary in fruit cellars for success in keeping apples over until spring. In Canada apples are rarely stored for keeping in house cellars. A special cellar is made, deep, with thick stone walls laid in mortar. These walls rise above the surface about ten inches, to allow of small windows for ventilation and light. There is a double floor above filled in with moss or sawdust. This floor is covered by a roof-like attic and the apples are there kept until the approach of severe frosts, when they are sorted, barreled and dropped into the cellar through a trap-door which is then closed and packed in same way as the floor. At times during the winter when the weather is not freezing this cellar is opened and fruit removed for sale. When properly made and managed there is little or no loss in the way of storing winter apples.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

THE DAIRY.

IF equal weights of corn and shorts are taken, corn will produce the greater amount of milk. As prices generally run, if equal sums of money are expended in corn and shorts, the investment in shorts will give the most milk, while the milk from the corn will be of better quality.

AT the late meeting of the International Dairy Fair Association, held in New York, it was stated that 15,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine had been exported this year under the name of pure butter and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter and report what steps were necessary to prevent the wholesale frauds now being carried on to the detriment of the dairy interest.

THE *Cultivator* asserts that the general rule in feeding cows is that twenty-seven pounds of dry food daily are required for 1,000 pounds of live weight, and that three-fourths or two-thirds of this should be bulky food, such as hay. This is a rule which admits of many exceptions. Very much depends upon the form of the cow. Some cows weighing 800 pounds consume more food than others weighing 1,000 pounds.

CAKED UDDER.—Give a dose of physic, composed of a pound of Epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of warm water; add thereto a pound of treacle and two ounces of ground ginger, and give the whole in one dose. Give sloppy food. Keep the bag empty by frequent milking, and if the milk does not flow without much pulling in the teat of the affected quarter, it is best to draw the milk by means of a milking tube, which should be carefully inserted, and not pushed too far up. Apply frequently hand rubbing, continued during half an hour at a time, the palm of the hand being occasionally rubbed with flour or lard to prevent chafing of the udder. An ounce of aqua ammonia, three ounces of lard and a scruple of iodine, mixed together, and a portion applied twice daily, will be of service. Powerful stimulants or blisters should not be applied to the udder. If abscess forms free incision should be made with a lancet, and a saturated solution of sulphate of zinc applied twice or thrice daily to the wound.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Good or Bad Butter.

IT is singular how many people are indifferent as to the quality and make-up of the butter they send to market, and it puzzles one to discover the reason why. Is it because they do not know how to make a good article, or because they won't take the trouble? In very many cases both these apply, but the main cause, we apprehend, arises from the fact that in years past their husbands were in the habit of running store bills from one year's end to another, and when the butter accumulated beyond home wants it was sent to the store to be credited on account for what the groceryman pleased to allow; and the price allowed was generally the lowest, hence the indifference of the maker as to its quality and make-up. But, be this the cause or not, it is quite evident that the best goods shipped to a good market always command the highest price, a price, too, double and often times treble what a poor one will bring, hence the desirability of making the best. It costs but little more trouble to make, no more money to ship and but little more to sell, whilst in the course of a year the difference would be material. For, instance, if a person made for shipment only ten pounds per week, which would be five hundred and twenty pounds per annum, this at ten cents per pound would only realize $52, but at twenty cents the same quantity would realize over $100. But even this price is small compared with what may be, and is being secured. In St. Louis butter is now retailed readily at thirty and thirty-five cents per pound for desirable qualities and before the winter is over it will bring from forty to fifty cents. A little reading and thought on the part of producers will enable them to make an article that will compare with the best. —*Journal of Agriculture.*

Coloring Cheese.

THE fact is familiar to all butter makers that should the cream become too warm in the churn the butter is sure to be very light-colored. The same principle holds good in cheese making and as it is absolutely necessary to heat the curds to make cheese the heating takes the color out. Certain markets and notably the English, require a cheddar color to our factory cheese and in order to meet this, coloring matter of some kind must be used. Annato in some form is generally considered the cheapest and best. The most economical manner of preparing it is with potash. At a late meeting of the Elgin Board of Trade a celebrated doctor discussed this question and to show the ill effects of potash on the stomach he exhibited a specimen partly destroyed by this powerful alkali. From this he argued that the potash in coloring matter is injurious to the human stomach, and must cut some figure in causing cheese to be short lived. To what extent these conclusions may safely be adopted we will leave to the intelligent reader, but there certainly seems to be a measure of truth in them, at least to the degree that cheese makers should take some warning and be not too rash in high coloring with an article of which potash forms a principal ingredient.

It is our opinion that the market would eventually be improved if a general system of shading down the color was adopted to bring our factory make to more nearly resemble the famous Stilton. Purchasers taste considerably with their eyes it is true, but still the table test proves the sure one in the long run, and no one can hold a good market any length of time without meeting this requirement. Our cheese have won their present high standing in the English market on their solid merits and not by such a simple fancy point as that of color. We would not advise a too rapid change, but simply a toning down of color, which we believe would improve the quality and be a step in advance of the position now held by our highly colored cheese.—*American Dairyman.*

—"There is plenty of room at the top," as the bald-headed man said to his full beard.

—V-toed—The human race.

Properties of Good Vinegar.

H. Kratzer says the quality of vinegar may be detected by its taste, by its color, and by its smell; for instance, good vinegar must have a sour taste, which is not altered by free alcohol or other foreign substances. As to the color, it may be that of the water-clear or of the wine-yellow vinegar, it must always be perfectly pellucid, and when rubbed between the fingers the odor must be acid without having any similarity to spoiled liquors; but before all, vinegar, if brought to the lips, must not produce either an itching or burning, nor give to the teeth a feeling of bluntness, for if this should be the case we can be sure that the vinegar is adulterated.

Adulterations are sometimes produced by the addition of mineral acids, sometimes by vegetable matters. Of the former, especially sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, and sometimes even nitric acid, are used; of the latter we mention cayenne pepper, bertram root, common pepper, etc. The method of detecting these adulterations is the following:

If sulphuric acid is suspected of being present we should pour some of the vinegar into a small test tube and add some chlorate or acetate of barium; if by the addition of this a white color is produced, or after a time a white precipitate is formed, then the vinegar has been adulterated with sulphuric acid. If the vinegar only becomes slightly turbid the reason may be accounted for by the fact that the water which was used for the fabrication of the vinegar contained sulphate of lime. To be certain that the vinegar contains free sulphuric acid the following method should be employed: A small portion of vinegar is put into an evaporation dish and there evaporated until it is condensed to about one-tenth of its weight; the remainder is dissolved in alcohol, filtered and diluted with water, and finally a solution of chlorate of barium is added. If now the vinegar shows a turbid white color the adulteration by sulphuric acid may be assumed with certainty. Recently, for the detection of mineral acids, a new reagent has been devised, which can be well recommended, viz.: methyl-aniline-violent. A diluted solution of this substance does not change color at all with pure vinegar, while if the slightest quantity of mineral acids is present it takes a blue-green color.

If an adulteration of muriatic acid is suspected, some drops of a solution of nitrate of silver should be added to the vinegar; if a white, flaky precipitation is formed, which is blackened by the sunlight and cannot be dissolved after an excess of nitric acid has been added then the adulteration is proved.

To prove the presence of nitric acid a small quantity of potassium should be mixed with the vinegar and after the liquid has been evaporated the remainder should be placed upon some glowing charcoal. If decrepitation takes place the adulteration may be taken for granted, otherwise the salt burns without noise and diffuses an odor similar to that of burnt sugar.

To detect the adulteration by sharp vegetable matters the following method may be employed:

A small quantity of the vinegar, having tho weight of 150 grains, is slowly evaporated until some brown liquid remains. If it was adulterated, this liquid has a sharp stinging taste, while if this is not the case it will have only an acid taste.

A still more simple method is to moisten the upper lip with vinegar, the purity of which is acknowledged, while the under lip is moistened with the vinegar which is to be examined and both are permitted to dry. If the vinegar has been adulterated in the manner mentioned a disagreeable itching or stinging is felt on the under lip, while the upper lip is not affected.

A third method for the purpose is, to neutralize the vinegar by carbonate of soda; the acid taste of the vinegar is thus removed and the sharp taste of spices remains.

If vinegar is kept in copper vessels it is often dangerous to the health. In order to discover whether this has been the case sulphurated hydrogen is employed, if the vinegar first turns a brown color, and if finally a black precipitate is formed, the presence of copper is evident. Vinegar which has been kept in zinc vessels gives a white precipitate and the presence of lead is indicated by a black precipitate.

If iron vessels have been used for the preservation of vinegar the latter loses its value for many industrial purposes. The presence of iron can be detected by the addition of ferrocyanide of potassium, which in this case produces a blue precipitate.

THE man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

A "YOUNG NATURALIST" writes up to learn "How he can catch a live wasp, for scientific purposes, without injuring it?" Right by the tail, son; right by the end of the tail. Squeeze hard, the wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any way that you can see, send us the bill and we'll pay for a new wasp.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A FELLOW who had been to the circus spoke of his girl's cheek as a splendid sideshow.—*N. O. Picayune.*

JIM WEBSTER'S absent-mindedness is always getting him into trouble. He forgets what he has said one minute after he has said it. Yesterday he was charged with stealing chickens from the Gilhooly mansion, which he stoutly denied, and the evidence was not sufficient to convict. The Recorder, summing up the case, said: "Jim Webster, I know you to be such an infernal scoundrel that, if you had stolen those chickens, you would have gone back and carried off the coop." 'I would hab tuck it along, too," responded the forgetful culprit, "but it taint eben fit for kindlin' de fire wid, hits so rickety and no account. Besides, I'se got my yard full ob kindlin' wood, so I didn't hab no use fouh it."—*Galveston News.*

THE hook agent knows he is solid when he wipes his feet on a door-mat in which the word "Welcome" is woven.—*N. O. Picayune*

"SING to me the old Songs," pleads a poet. About four hours' warbling of "Old Dan Tucker" and "Doo-Da" would cure him, perhaps.—*Norristown Herald.*

A DRUMMER, who had never dined anywhere but at a table d'hote, is invited to dine with one of his most important customers—who is no end of a swell. The soup being removed and a clean plate placed before the guest, he instinctively brushes its surface clean with his napkin. The host nods severely to the servant, who removes the plate and substitutes another one, which is similarly wiped off and removed, and so on. At the sixth renewal the drummer says confidentially to his neighbor: "Say, does the old stem-winder expect me to polish all his crockery for him?" —*New York World.*

Stone Shower in Georgia.

Last Saturday a week ago, while Mr. Isaac Reed and his four children were picking cotton upon a portion of land belonging to Mr. Newton Cates, in this county, rocks began to fall about, when Mr. Reed, in anger, grasped up a stone and exclaimed: "Whoever you are, if you don't stop, you'll get this!" holding up the stone in his hand. But the rocks kept on falling so fast that all began to wonder who could be throwing them, when it was noticed that they were rising off the ground about them and falling back! So strange a sight caused them to leave the field and go to the house near by, when the stone-falling commenced there. Some of the near neighbors were sent for, among them Mr. N. Cates and Mr. J. Bazel (a sister of whom is Mr. Reed's wife), and all saw the rocks falling some of which were hot and all testify to the same facts—for facts they are—but as to the cause none of them pretend to know. Now, some will be so incredulous as utterly to deny this, and cry out, "pshaw!" and "superstition;" yet, in spite of all, these are well-established facts, as human testimony can establish. Better accept of them as facts and go to investigating for the cause. On Monday week the same manifestations were repeated at the same place and one of the stones struck a little boy on the foot and another stone struck Mr. Bazel on the shoulder. By the way this is not the first time that these "manifestations" and "appearances," or call them by what names you please, have occurred, for in other places in this State and Virginia such have occurred.—*Marietta (Ga.) Journal.*

[Toledo Blade.]

How We Were "Buttonholed."

"Look here! I don't want to buttonhole you with any political intentions; but if you have a minute's time, let me tell you something that may benefit some of your readers." "Well, what is it?"—we remarked to our old friend and subscriber as he stopped us in front of the Boody House yesterday morning. "I was only going to remark that those Hamburg Drops, of which you publish a notice in your paper, is really the best Blood Medicine in the country; I tried it, and so have some of my friends, for serious ailments, and I'll be hanged if it ain't entitled to the medal." We cheerfully make space for the above candid opinion of one of our readers.

DURING one month this summer the Philadelphia Mint coined $600,000, and how they all got past us without our seeing one of them is what astonishes us.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

[Cleveland Leader.]

A Happy Hatter.

Happy is Knox, the famous New York Hatter. Mrs. Knox, who had been a frequent and painful sufferer with rheumatism, was speedily cured by the use of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacob's Oil. Consequently the great Broadway Hatter is happy.

THEODORE TILTON will lecture on "The World's To-morrow." The world's yesterday can be read in the morning papers.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—*Traveller.*

IT is the flat who loves to have others flatter him.

THE sales of the Frazer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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ROAD PETITION.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners for Garrett County:

GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned petitioners respectfully pray your Honors to appoint viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the opening of a public road, beginning near the Factory, on the Oakland and Deer Park road, through the lands of Nathan Casteel to the division line between Mrs. Kilbourn and Geo. W. Legge and to follow said line to the division line between Mrs. Hall and Ralph Thayer, and with said line to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's; and in duty, &c.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.59 P. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 160 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jas. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deaking.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880. NUMBER 43.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Jall-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 9 0 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Henry A. Rasche vs. Annie E. Hoye and others.

No. 209. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have that part of a tract of land called "William and Mary," containing five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled to receive the same, according to their respective interests.

The bill states that about the year A. D. 1840, a certain John Hoye departed this life leaving a will under and by which he devised to a certain John Hoye, of William, a certain tract of land situate in what was then Allegany county, but now Garrett county, known and described as "William and Mary," containing nine hundred and thirty-two and five eighths acres of land; that after the death of the said John Hoye, the said John Hoye of William, took possession of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and became the owner thereof, and continued to own and possess the same up to the time of his death; that the said John Hoye, of William, being so seized and possessed of said tract of land called "William and Mary," departed this life intestate, leaving a widow Annie E Hoye, and the following children and heirs-at-law, to-wit: Samuel C. Hoye, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, who has since intermarried with Walter Engle, of Iowa, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, and Annie E. Hoye, who intermarried with Lucien Hendrickson.

The bill further states that the said John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye and Ida J. Hoye, by their deeds bearing date April 20th, 1874, conveyed three undivided eighths in Military Lot 1363, it being a part of the tract called "William and Mary;" that on the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye by their deed conveyed to Annie E. Hendrickson, wife of Lucien Hendrickson, a part of said tract of land called "William and Mary," containing one hundred and eight acres.

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, by their deeds dated July 9th, 1875, conveyed to a certain Thomas J. Moreland, Military Lots Nos. 1381 and 1374, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1378 and five acres of land, making fifty five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said parties did by their deed dated July 9th, 1875, convey to a certain Isaac Moreland about ten acres of Military Lot No. 1380, it being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson, her husband, William D. Hoye, Ellen S. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Samuel C. Hoye and J. Hoye, Mary E. Hoye his wife, and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed dated September 18th, 1876, convey to John J. P. Hoye, Military Lots Nos 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary;" that the said John J. P. Hoye by his deed dated November 6th 1876, conveyed to Mary A. Hoye the said Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract called "William and Mary."

The bill states that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to Annie E. Hendrickson was designed and intended to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said Annie E. Hendrickson as her full share and partition of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that the said Annie E. Hendrickson has no interest in that part of said tract of land outside of said deed; that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to John J. P. Hoye was designed to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said John J. P. Hoye as his full interest in said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that he has now no interest in said tract of land whatever.

The bill further states that there remained unconveyed by the deeds hereinbefore mentioned of the tract of land called "William and Mary," the quantity of five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres of land, of which the said Samuel C. Hoye owned a one-sixth undivided interest subject to the widow's dower in the whole tract; that on the 16th day of December, A. D 1876, John C. Bunham, Sheriff, under and by virtue of a judicial writ issued out of the circuit court for Garrett county, sold all the interest of Samuel C. Hoye in and to the tract of land called "William and Mary," said interest being one-sixth undivided interest in five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres, subject to the widow's dower to Henry A. Rasche who from thence hitherto has been and still is the owner of the aforesaid interest of Samuel C. Hoye.

The bill further states that on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1877, Mary A. Hoye, one of the heirs aforesaid, executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain Crumpton Harvey, Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, and parts of Lots numbers 1329 and 1395, but avers that said deed is void so far as the complainant's interest in said Lots numbers 1329 and 1395 is concerned, and that he still owns an undivided interest in the same.

The bill states that on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1878, the said Samuel C. Hoye, and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain William Chisholm, seventy-one and one-eighth acres of the tract of land called "William and Mary," but avers that said deed is void as against the complainant, and that he still holds and owns an undivided interest in said seventy-one and one-eighth acres of land.

The bill further shows and charges that all that part of the tract of land called "William and Mary" which contains five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres, and which is hereinbefore described, is not susceptible of a partition between the parties entitled thereto, but that it will be to the interest and advantage of said parties to have said land sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The bill further states that Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, are not residents of the State of Maryland.

The prayer of the bill is for a decree for the sale of the said five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres of land, and a distribution of the proceeds of said sale amongst the parties entitled to receive the same according to their respective interests, and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the Court this 4th day of December, A. D. 1880, that the complaints cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1881, giving notice to the said Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 2d day of May, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
dec 11 4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

PULMONA at Sturgiss',

Cures Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1880.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isaac, Jacob and Esau. Gen. 26. 12-25; 27. 22-40.

Tu. Bethel and Peniel. Gen. 28. 10-22; 32. 9-12, 22-30.

W. Joseph sold into Egypt. Gen. 37. 1-5, 23-36.

Th. The prison and the palace. Gen. 39. 21-23; 40. 1-8; 41. 41-57.

F. Joseph and his brethren. Gen. 44. 30-45. 8.

S. Jacob in his old age. Gen. 47. 1-12; 48. 8-22.

S The last days of Joseph. Gen. 50. 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee. Psa. 76. 10.

LESSON HYMN. 7:

Pilgrim, fold thy tent again,
All the land before thee lies,
All the way shall be made plain
That lie hidden from our eyes.

Rest thee, pilgrim, in the Lord,
Though his way is in the sea:
Rest thy spirit on his word,
And go forth—he leadeth thee.

Lift thy longing eyes above,
Far beyond the fields, the flood,
Founded in eternal love,
Stands a city built of God.

Thou a stranger in the land,
Child of promise, thou art blest.
There thy fair possessions stand,
There is thy unending rest.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Give the Topical Title, Golden Text and Outline of each lesson.

II. State and explain the Doctrinal Suggestions.

III. State an event of the lessons connected with each of the following Persons:

1. How Isaac showed peacefulness.
2. How Jacob showed persevering prayer.
3. How Joseph showed wisdom.
4. How Joseph showed forgiveness.

IV. Show where in these lessons we are shown:

The promises of God.
The blessings of God
The presence of God.
The care of God.

V. Show where we are taught the following DUTIES TOWARD GOD:—

Prayer to God, Gifts to God,
Vows to God, Faith in God.

Appeal in Behalf of the Maryland Bible Society

The Managers of the Maryland Bible Society desire to call the attention of the Christian Public to its condition and needs at this time.

Organized in 1833, it has pursued its work for nearly half a century, in which no man can tell what a blessing it has been to thousands to whom it has carried the Word of Life.

We observe with great solicitude the serious decline in the last few years, in our receipts, indicating a growing indifference to this Cause. The contributions by the Churches in the City have been growing less for ten years past, till the average of the last four years is only one-half of what it was from 1870 to 1875.

Nothwithstanding the diminished contributions, there has been no abatement in the work of the Society; but a steady increase in its issues for the last four years, 20,708 volumes having been distributed last year; a larger number than during any of the proceedlng seven years.

During the past summer five Colporteurs were sent into Counties that had not been canvassed since 1870, and the extent of destitution of the Scriptures existing among those visited, shows clearly the need of this work. Three young men in Dorchester, and one each in Harford and Queen Anne, rendered service of 12 months in all, in which time they visited 10,800 adults, more than one eighth of whom were destitute of the Scriptures. 2063 volumes were distributed, the greater part being sold, and the balance given to those unable to buy.

During the first half of the current year, to September 30th, the value of books given in all channels, including 82 Sabbath Schools supplied at the cost of $550.54, amounts to $1743.84. The expense attending this distribution, for salaries for Colporteurs alone, was $866.95, making a direct outlay of $2610.79.

For the same time the contributions from churches and individual Christians for the whole State only amounted to $913.89.

We are now in debt to the American Bible Society more than $2,000, with no funds to meet the obligation.

In view of the destitution stated above, and the ever increasing demand for the supply of Sabbath Schools, who will say that we ought to withhold the precious volume from the thousands growing up in ignorance and sin?

We feel forcibly the responsibility that is upon us to continue this good work, and we earnestly appeal to every Christian in the State to send us help; and especially to every Pastor, and all Church Officers, to aid the cause, either by a special collection, or otherwise, as in your judgment may seem best.

Contributions may be sent to WM. H. COLE, Agent, *Bible House, 25 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.*

By authority of Board of Managers.

FRANCIS A. CROOK,
ISAAC D. JONES,
WM. H. GRAHAM,
HIRAM WOODS,
T. J. MACGRUDER,
Com. on General Collections.

Baltimore, 15 November, 1880.

A New Temperance Movement.

A new movement in behalf of temperance has been begun in Boston, and last week a large meeting, intended to give it impetus, was held at Tremont Temple. There were several vigorous speeches, made by clergymen chiefly, and Gov. Long of Massachusetts presided and delivered the opening address. A large proportion of the audience were men, and though the meeting lacked the fervor which distinguished the temperance gatherings of a generation ago, it was the most extreme opinions which drew out the loudest and heartiest applause.

Gov. Long announced the purposes of the new temperance movement. They are not at all political, nor do they especially concern themselves with the questions of the legal means of preventing drunkenness. The idea is rather to stimulate the growth of a great popular sentiment in favor of temperance. As Gov. Long put it: "Whatever your individual views, the scope of this meeting recognizes, first, the peril of intemperance and its growth; second, the necessary constitutional differences of opinion concerning the methods of suppressing it, and third, the need of combining every element of good citizenship against it."

Such an effort to awaken the community to individual and general efforts to lessen intemperance, must command the respect of everybody who thinks about the subject. Whether men drink alcoholic liquors themselves or not, whether they believe in prohibition or the system of licenses, they do not differ in opinion as to the benefits which would result from temperance actually practised. Even the drunkards appreciate the importance of a reform in that direction, and far more keenly than those who do not suffer, in their own persons, from the inordinate use of alcohol. They do not need Gough and Murphy to tell them of the evils of intemperance.

And everybody knows that the chief afflictions of society come from the abuse of alcohol. It fills the jails, prisons, almshouses and insane asylums. It is at the bottom of very many of the failures in life. It is the fruitful cause of many of the diseases which are most destructive. It paralyzes the energies of the generation existing, and transmits worse evils to the generations to come. All this we know and acknowledge; and yet drunkenness is still among the commonest of vices, and only a small proportion of those who drink alcoholic beverages keep their indulgence within the bounds health requires.

There is a line of discussion regarding temperance which all reasonable men can follow with profit, and to which they will give serious attention. It is that in which the use and abuse of alcohol are treated scientifically. It is that in which are exhibited the evils, moral and physical, sure to result from intemperance, and which shows where temperance ends and intemperance begins. Dr. Richardson in England has made himself a great temperance reformer by pointing out, simply as a physician, the dangers which follow more than an exceeding moderate use of alcohol, and the benefits which will accrue to a large share of people from absolute abstinence from its use as a beverage.

Other physicians may not go so far as he in his denunciation of alcohol as a poison, but this may be said of Dr. Richardson's view—it is the safe view to take so far as the individual is concerned. Even if the harm of drinking may not be so great and so general as he contends, there is no harm, certainly, in following out his temperance rules, and, on the average, great benefit is the reward.

But, whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the wise and practicable methods of lessening intemperance, good must come of any serious and thoughtful movement to awaken the public to its dangers and to lead them to practise individually, and to unite to create a common sentiment among all decent men and women in its favor.

The attempt will be made to extend the Boston movement to other cities, and to bring all the elements of society into co-operation with it. If it is sensibly managed it ought to be successful in these efforts, and a temperance reform of the right sort started throughout the country.—*New York Sun.*

Hunting for an Issue.

The leaders of the Democracy just now engaged in beating the air for some sort of a political issue that shall offer the party an excuse for being, have our sympathy. We have rarely seen them so earnest and thoughtful. With all the machinery and the organization of a great political party, absolute control in many of the States, and a powerful minority in the remainder, they lack a cause and an aim upon which they can agree among themselves or hope to draw strength from their opponents. The late canvass was fatal to the last surviving shams and shadows of principles upon which they depended for coherence. Nothing is left them but the hunger for office, and that is not enough to make a party formidable, though it undoubtedly is very effective in holding a desperate minority together. They must have something to believe in, or pretend to believe in, if they would gain votes and achieve success, and this they are blindly groping for. What shall be the next shibboleth? Free Trade or Civil Service Reform? The Free Trade issue seems impracticable, since they put it in their platform at Cincinnati and were first frightened into a surrender and then beaten on it. Whether they were beaten on the platform or the repudiation of it is of no consequence. It is obvious enough that it is no doctrine to make a hopeful fight on. And as to Civil Service Reform, the only proposition they offer on that subject would weaken instead of strengthening them, by depriving the party at once of the active support of the office-seekers upon whom it chiefly relies.

Here is a splendid organization bankrupt of a belief or a cause, cohering only in its traditions, its name and its appetite, with just votes enough to be tantalized with its nearness to the public crib and a consciousness that it can get no nearer unless it can find something to hang out in the way of principle, doctrine or creed that will attract reinforcements. In the Southern States they have very definite principles; but it happens, unfortunately, that the avowal of them is a source of strength only where they do not need it, while it weakens them where they most need reinforcement. At the North they have experimented in all directions, and always without success, for the reason that the party here is a combination of men for selfish aims and not for a political purpose. They act and work together, not because they think and believe alike upon any current question, but because they have a common interest in securing spoils to be divided. By this we do not mean that every person who votes the Democratic ticket does so from the hope of office for himself; for many voters are Democrats by birth, training and habit, and vote the ticket asking no questions; many are misguided; and some honestly believe that a change would be beneficial. But the party leaders and managers, almost without exception, have selfish aims; and solely for their furtherance, and not for any political purpose, keep up the organization. The fusion in Maine illustrated perfectly this state of things. We have a constant illustration of it in this city, where a man's Democracy is never tested by what he believes in, but simply by what leader he follows. Here are factions within the party almost without end, but they differ only as to division of the offices; not as to any doctrine or policy.

And now for National purposes they are hunting an issue; more correctly, looking for a mask. It is a strange spectacle. Ordinarily parties grow out of some great emergency, or crystalize round some specific belief or definite purpose. Thus the Republican party sprang up and came into power because the men who founded it had a positive belief upon the question of the extension of slavery and a well-defined purpose to resist it. The party grew up around the idea; it did not organize and go hunting for something to believe in and try to accomplish. But here is the great Democratic party, boasting its age and traditions, that for twenty years has been hunting about for something it could profitably pretend to believe in. It has tried its hand at everything that offered, from declaring the Union incapable of self-preservation down to its adoption of the doctrines of soft money and inflation, and has been successively driven from every position it has taken. Of all the pretences it has put forward during the past twenty years, not one remains. But here still is the party, strong in discipline, organization, and machinery, and still searching with lighted candles for some reason for its being, other than its insatiable hunger for office. It has used up all the available issues. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Horace Greeley's Brother.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880. NUMBER 43.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

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DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

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CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. Jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 9 01f PEDDICORD & COMBS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office of Peddicord & Combs.]

Order of Publication.

Henry A. Rasche vs. Annie E. Hoye and others.

No. 209. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The purpose for which this bill is filed is to have that part of a tract of land called "William and Mary," containing five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled to receive the same, according to their respective interests.

The bill states that about the year A. D. 1849, a certain John Hoye departed this life leaving a will under and by which he devised to a certain John Hoye, of William, a certain tract of land situate in what was then Allegany county, but now Garrett county, known and described as "William and Mary," containing nine hundred and thirty-two and five eighth acres of land; that after the death of the said John Hoye, the said John Hoye of William, took possession of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and became the owner thereof, and continued to own and possess the same up to the time of his death; that the said John Hoye, of William, being so seized and possessed of said tract of land called "William and Mary," departed this life intestate, leaving a widow Annie E Hoye, and the following children and heirs-at-law, to-wit: Samuel C. Hoye, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, who has since intermarried with Walter Engle, of Iowa, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, and Annie E. Hoye, who intermarried with Lucien Hendrickson.

The bill further states that the said John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye and Ida J. Hoye, by their deeds bearing date April 20th, 1871, conveyed three undivided eighths in Military Lot 1363, it being a part of the tract called "William and Mary;" that on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1875, the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye by their deed conveyed to Annie E. Hendrickson, wife of Lucien Hendrickson, a part of said tract of land called "William and Mary," containing one hundred and eight acres.

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, by their deeds dated July 9th, 1875, conveyed to a certain Thomas J. Moreland, Military Lots Nos. 1381 and 1374, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1373 and five acres of land, making fifty five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said parties did by their deed dated July 9th, 1875, convey to a certain Isaac Moreland about ten acres of Military Lot No. 1381, it being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson, her husband, William D. Hoye, Ellen S. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed dated September 18th, 1876, convey to John J. P. Hoye, Military Lots Nos 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary;" that the said John J. P. Hoye by his deed dated November 6th 1876, conveyed to Mary A. Hoye the said Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract called "William and Mary."

The bill states that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to Annie E. Hendrickson was designed and intended to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said Annie E. Hendrickson as her full share and partition of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that the said Annie E. Hendrickson has no interest in that part of said tract of land outside of said deed; that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to John J. P. Hoye was designed to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said John J. P. Hoye as his full interest in said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that he has now no interest in said tract of land whatever.

The bill further states that there remained unconveyed by the deeds hereinbefore mentioned of the tract of land called "William and Mary," the quantity of five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres of land, of which the said Samuel C. Hoye owned a one-sixth undivided interest subject to the widow's dower in the whole tract; that on the 16th day of December, A. D 1878, John C. Burnham, Sheriff, under and by virtue of a judicial writ issued out of the circuit court for Garrett county, sold all the interest of Samuel C. Hoye in and to the tract of land called "William and Mary," said interest being a one-sixth undivided interest in five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres, subject to the widow's dower to Henry A. Rasche; who from thence hitherto has been and still is the owner of the aforesaid interest of Samuel C. Hoye.

The bill further states that on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1877, Mary A. Hoye, one of the heirs aforesaid, executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain Crampton Harvey, Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1389, and parts of Lots numbers 1329 and 1385, but avers that said deed is void so far as the complainant's interest in said Lots numbers 1329 and 1385 is concerned, and that he still owns an undivided interest in the same.

The bill states that on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1878, the said Samuel C. Hoye, and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye executed a deed purporting to convey to a certain William Chisholm, seventy-one and one-eighth acres of the tract of land called "William and Mary," but avers that said deed is void as against the complainant, and that he still holds and owns an undivided interest in said seventy-one and one-eighth acres of land.

The bill further shows and charges that all that part of the tract of land called "William and Mary" which contains five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres, and which is hereinbefore described, is not susceptible of a partition between the parties entitled thereto, but that it will be to the interest and advantage of said parties to have said land sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The bill further states that Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, are not residents of the State of Maryland.

The prayer of the bill is for a decree for the sale of the said five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres of land, and a distribution of the proceeds of said sale amongst the parties entitled to receive the same according to their respective interests, and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the Court this 4th day of December, A. D. 1880, that the complaints cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1881, giving notice to the said Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 2d day of May, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
dec 11 4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

PULMONA at Sturgiss',

Cures Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1880.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isaac, Jacob and Esau. Gen. 26. 12-25; 27. 22-40.

Tu. Bethel and Pehiel. Gen. 28. 10-22; 9-12, 22-30.

W. Joseph sold into Egypt. Gen. 37. 1-5, 23-36.

Th. The prison and the palace. Gen. 21-21; 40. 1-8; 41. 41-57.

F. Joseph and his brethren. Gen. 44. 45. 8.

S. Jacob in his old age. Gen. 47. 1-12; 8-22.

S The last days of Joseph. Gen. 50. 14-

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: Psa. 76, 10.

LESSON HYMN. 7.

Pilgrim, fold thy tent again,
All the land before thee lies.
All the way shall be made plain
That lie hidden from our eyes.

Rest thee, pilgrim, in the Lord,
Though his way is in the sea:
Rest thy spirit on his word,
And go forth—he leadeth thee.

Lift thy longing eyes above,
Far beyond the fields, the flood,
Founded in eternal love,
Stands a city built of God.

Thou a stranger in the land,
Child of promise, thou art blest.
There thy fair possessions stand,
There is thy unending rest.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Give the Topical Title, Golden Text and Outline of each lesson.

II. State and explain the Doctrinal Suggestions.

III. State an event of the lessons connected with each of the following Persons:

1. How Isaac showed peacefulness.
2. How Jacob showed persevering prayer.
3. How Joseph showed wisdom.
4. How Joseph showed forgiveness.

IV. Show where in these lessons we are shown:

The promises of God.
The blessings of God
The presence of God.
The care of God.

V. Show where we are taught the following DUTIES TOWARD GOD:—

Prayer to God, Gifts to God,
Vows to God, Faith in God.

Appeal in Behalf of the Maryland Bible Society

The Managers of the Maryland Bible Society desire to call the attention of the Christian Public to its condition and needs at this time.

Organized in 1833, it has pursued its work for nearly half a century, in which no man can tell what a blessing it has been to thousands to whom it has carried the Word of Life.

We observe with great solicitude the serious decline in the last few years, in our receipts, indicating a growing indifference to this Cause. The contributions by the Churches in the City have been growing less for ten years past, till the average of the last four years is only one-half of what it was from 1870 to 1875.

Nothwithstanding the diminished contributions, there has been no abatement in the work of the Society; but a steady increase in its issues for the last four years, 20,768 volumes having been distributed last year; a larger number than during any of the proceeding seven years.

During the past summer five Colporteurs were sent into Counties that had not been canvassed since 1870, and the extent of destitution of the Scriptures existing among those visited, shows clearly the need of this work. Three young men in Dorchester, and one each in Harford and Queen Anne, rendered service of 12 months in all, in which time they visited 10,800 adults, more than one eighth of whom were destitute of the Scriptures. 2063 volumes were distributed, the greater part being sold, and the balance given to those unable to buy.

During the first half of the current year, to September 30th, the value of books given in all channels, including 82 Sabbath Schools supplied at the cost of $550.54, amounts to $1743.84. The expense attending this distribution, for salaries for Colporteurs alone, was $866.95, making a direct outlay of $2610.79.

For the same time the contributions from churches and individual Christians for the whole State only amounted to $913.89.

We are now in debt to the American Bible Society more than $2,000, with no funds to meet the obligation.

In view of the destitution stated above, and the ever increasing demand for the supply of Sabbath Schools, who will say that we ought to withhold the precious volume from the thousands growing up in ignorance and sin?

We feel forcibly the responsibility that is upon us to continue this good work, and we earnestly appeal to every Christian in the State to send us help; and especially to every Pastor, and all Church Officers, to aid the cause, either by a special collection, or otherwise, as in your judgment may seem best.

Contributions may be sent to WM. H. COLE, Agent, *Bible House, 25 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.*

By authority of Board of Managers:

FRANCIS A. CROOK,
ISAAC D. JONES,
WM. H. GRAHAM,
HIRAM WOODS,
T. J. MACHRUDER,
Com. on General Collections.

Baltimore, 15 November, 1880.

A New Temperance Movement.

A new movement in behalf of temperance has been begun in Boston, and last week a large meeting, intended to give it impetus, was held at Tremont Temple. There were several vigorous speeches, made by clergymen chiefly, and Gov. Long of Massachusetts presided and delivered the opening address. A large proportion of the audience were men, and though the meeting lacked the fervor which distinguished the temperance gatherings of a generation ago, it was the most extreme opinions which drew out the loudest and heartiest applause.

Gov. Long announced the purposes of the new temperance movement. They are not at all political, nor do they especially concern themselves with the questions of the legal means of preventing drunkenness. The idea is rather to stimulate the growth of a great popular sentiment in favor of temperance. As Gov. Long put it: "Whatever your individual views, the scope of this meeting recognizes, first, the peril of intemperance and its growth; second, the necessary constitutional differences of opinion concerning the methods of suppressing it, and third, the need of combining every element of good citizenship against it."

Such an effort to awaken the community to individual and general efforts to lessen intemperance, must command the respect of everybody who thinks about the subject. Whether men drink alcoholic liquors themselves or not, whether they believe in prohibition or the system of licenses, they do not differ in opinion as to the benefits which would result from temperance actually practised. Even the drunkards appreciate the importance of a reform in that direction, and far more keenly than those who do not suffer, in their own persons, from the inordinate use of alcohol. They do not need Gough and Murphy to tell them of the evils of intemperance.

And everybody knows that the chief afflictions of society come from the abuse of alcohol. It fills the jails, prisons, almshouses and insane asylums. It is at the bottom of very many of the failures in life. It is the fruitful cause of many of the diseases which are most destructive. It paralyzes the energies of the generation existing, and transmits worse evils to the generations to come. All this we know and acknowledge; and yet drunkenness is still among the commonest of vices, and only a small proportion of those who drink alcoholic beverages keep their indulgence within the bounds health requires.

There is a line of discussion regarding temperance which all reasonable men can follow with profit, and to which they will give serious attention. It is that in which the use and abuse of alcohol are treated scientifically. It is that in which are exhibited the evils, moral and physical, sure to result from intemperance, and which shows where temperance ends and intemperance begins. Dr. Richardson in England has made himself a great temperance reformer by pointing out, simply as a physician, the dangers which follow more than an exceeding moderate use of alcohol, and the benefits which will accrue to a large share of people from absolute abstinence from its use as a beverage.

Other physicians may not go so far as he in his denunciation of alcohol as a poison, but this may be said of Dr. Richardson's view—it is the safe view to take so far as the individual is concerned. Even if the harm of drinking may not be so great and so general as he contends, there is no harm, certainly, in following out his temperance rules, and, on the average, great benefit is the reward.

But, whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the wise and practicable methods of lessening intemperance, good must come of any serious and thoughtful movement to awaken the public to its dangers and to lead them to practise individually, and to unite to create a common sentiment among all decent men and women in its favor.

The attempt will be made to extend the Boston movement to other cities, and to bring all the elements of society into co-operation with it. If it is sensibly managed it ought to be successful in these efforts, and a temperance reform of the right sort started throughout the country.—*New York Sun.*

Hunting for an Issue.

The leaders of the Democracy just now engaged in beating the air for some sort of a political issue that shall offer the party an excuse for being, have our sympathy. We have rarely seen them so earnest and thoughtful. With all the machinery and the organization of a great political party, absolute control in many of the States, and a powerful minority in the remainder, they lack a cause and an aim upon which they can agree among themselves or hope to draw strength from their opponents. The late canvass was fatal to the last surviving shams and shadows of principles upon which they depended for coherence. Nothing is left them but the hunger for office, and that is not enough to make a party formidable, though it undoubtedly is very effective in holding a desperate minority together. They must have something to believe in, or pretend to believe in, if they would gain votes and achieve success, and this they are blindly groping for. What shall he the next shibboleth? Free Trade or Civil Service Reform? The Free Trade issue seems impracticable, since they put it in their platform at Cincinnati and were first frightened into a surrender and then beaten on it. Whether they were beaten on the platform or the repudiation of it is of no consequence. It is obvious enough that it is no doctrine to make a hopeful fight on. And as to Civil Service Reform, the only proposition they offer on that subject would weaken instead of strengthening them, by depriving the party at once of the active support of the office-seekers upon whom it chiefly relies.

Here is a splendid organization bankrupt of a belief or a cause, cohering only in its traditions, its name and its appetite, with just votes enough to be tantalized with its nearness to the public crib and a consciousness that it can get no nearer unless it can find something to hang out in the way of principle, doctrine or creed that will attract reinforcements. In the Southern States they have very definite principles; but it happens, unfortunately, that the avowal of them is a source of strength only where they do not need it, while it weakens them where they most need reinforcement. At the North they have experimented in all directions, and always without success, for the reason that the party here is a combination of men for selfish alms and not for a political purpose. They act and work together, not because they think and believe alike upon any current question, but because they have a common interest in securing spoils to be divided. By this we do not mean that every person who votes the Democratic ticket does so from the hope of office for himself; for many voters are Democrats by birth, training and habit, and vote the ticket asking no questions; many are misguided; and some honestly believe that a change would be beneficial. But the party leaders and managers, almost without exception, have selfish aims; and solely for their furtherance, and not for any political purpose, keep up the organization. The fusion in Maine illustrated perfectly this state of things. We have a constant illustration of it in this city, where a man's Democracy is never tested by what he believes in, but simply by what leader he follows. Here are factions within the party almost without end, but they differ only as to division of the offices; not as to any doctrine or policy.

And now for National purposes they are hunting an issue; more correctly, looking for a mask. It is a strange spectacle. Ordinarily parties grow out of some great emergency, or crystalize round some specific belief or definite purpose. Thus the Republican party sprang up and came into power because the men who founded it had a positive belief upon the question of the extension of slavery and a well-defined purpose to resist it. The party grew up around the idea; it did not organize and go hunting for something to believe in and try to accomplish. But here is the great Democratic party, boasting its age and traditions, that for twenty years has been hunting about for something it could profitably pretend to believe in. It has tried its hand at everything that offered, from declaring the Union incapable of self-preservation down to its adoption of the doctrines of soft money and inflation, and has been successively driven from every position it has taken. Of all the pretences it has put forward during the past twenty years, not one remains. But here still is the party, strong in discipline, organization, and machinery, and still searching with lighted candles for some reason for its being, other than its insatiable hunger for office. It has used up all the available issues. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Horace Greeley's Brother.

Nathan Barnes Greeley, brother of Horace Greeley, lives in Erie county, Pa., five miles from Corry. To a newspaper writer he recently related the following incident, which is characteristic of Horace: "When Lincoln was elected I took a notion that I would like to have the appointment of mail agent on one of our local roads. The salary was $1,000 a year which was a big thing for me. I knew Horace could get me the appointment. I spent some money travelling around and getting recommendations, and I succeeded in getting what I thought was sufficient. I had letters from a number of leading business men along the route, as well as from the party men; and these I forwarded to Horace, with a letter asking him to help me. What do you suppose he did? He wrote back, returning my recommendations, with the information, penned in his own hand, that he could get the appointment for me without the slightest trouble, but that he didn't want to do it. He wanted me to stick to the farm. He said I was the only boy at home, and he thought it best that I should stay there. I wrote back and explained to him that I could be at home quite frequently; that at that time the salary of $1,000 a year would help me out very considerably; that another party had offered to take the position for $500 a year. I wound up by urging him to help me to the appointment. His reply was this: 'If another man offers to do this service for $500, and you expect $1,000, that is an excellent reason why you should not have it. If you had it the Government would be losing $500 a year.' In the same letter he made me this proposition: 'Stay on the old farm, and if I do not raise more corn this year on two acres than you do on ten acres, I will give you $100.' Not being in a position to better myself, I stayed on the farm and accepted his proposition. I picked out ten acres of as good ground as I had and planted it in corn. He planted two acres. When we measured up in the fall, I had beaten him just twenty-five bushels of ears, and he sent me his check for $100."

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Try it, for it never disappoints. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Per bottle, 25 cents.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

RACHEL MAYNE.

No change I see, though seven long years
In foreign lands away;
What struck before the eyes and ears
I see and hear to-day.

The blue jay's harsh and chattering note
Surmounts the hum of bees;
The oriole in his flaming coat
Flits through the apple-trees;

The sheep upon the hillside browse,
The colts in pasture scour;
In yonder close the patient cows
Await the milking-hour.

There is the house where I was born,
Long past from me and mine;
The red barn there to which at morn
I went to feed the kine.

There is the sweep above the well;
There spread the fields of maize;
The osiers edge the marshy fell,
As in my early days.

The mill is there; the stream flows free,
Piercing the grassy plain;
But where is she who waits for me,
My darling, Rachel Mayne?

I loved her in the olden time
As few have loved before;
And now, when in my manhood's prime,
I love her even more.

I asked her father for her hand,
And these the words he said:
"Who has not gold, nor herds, nor land
Should not with maiden wed.

"For seven long twelvemonths Jacob wrought
His Rachel to obtain;
The wealth seven years to you have brought
May bring you Raehel Mayne.

"Hope of reward, that toil impels,
Your lagging life may spur;
Seek other lands, where Fortune dwells,
And win both wealth and her."

Then here we parted, I and she,
With many tears and sighs;
But ever since has dwelt with me
Her tender, love-lit eyes.

Why comes she not? Why stays she now,
When she has naught to fear?
Has she forgot the parting vow
She made to meet me here?

I wrote her, ere my vessel sailed,
To meet me of her grace,
If she in truth had never failed,
At our old trysting-place.

Why comes she not? The sun is high;
The hour of noon has passed;
Or means she first my love to try,
To bless me at the last?

Perchance my letter missed. Therein
The reason doubtless lies.
I'll seek her, then, her home within,
And give her glad surprise.

A strange way, through the churchyard, this,
To reach my darling's side;
Through death's own home to seek for bliss,
O'er tombs to gain a bride.

And here a tombstone, gray and tall,
The marble yet unsoiled,
The name! She meets me, after all!
Was it for this I've toiled?

She is not dead! She could not die!
The letters blaze like fire!
Why, I came here to-day to buy
My dear one from her sire.

I have the price; where is the ware?
Ah, me! why idly rave?
My life is with my Rachel there;
My heart is in her grave.
—*Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.*

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"WELL, Uncle Abel, now yon are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain, country farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good as Yorker might want. Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good, too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey shan't look as good as anybody. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blond mustache and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the blue eyes were the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod in the apple orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when Johnny was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman; in spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand, his heart was as true as steel to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glance of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madam Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face of the girls in attendance. Josie Molliet, radiant with smiles, and I think a little artificial bloom, came forward with the most bewitching glances to wait upon the farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and fancying that she would show her superior quality by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully. Poor old man! He never was so miserable in all his life. In Heptown he would have made no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get; and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady, with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get away from the shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him, while the damsel held up one style after another, or tied them on coquettishly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your poor, old-fashioned things for my wife."

Having said this, Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no more trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about, and returned with a white chip gypsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it, and a gray straw, trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now, that will be just what you want, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars, too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite confounded at the price, but he did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one, though."

"Oh, no, sir; the fashion has changed entirely. Now the gypsy is the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion, I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain:

"Just fresh from Paris. I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it will look then. Now it looks just like a dish."

"There, it goes this way," and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow-knot and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Waal it's kind o' purty, but its awful queer; ain't it John?"

John thus appealed to could only answer that he "knew nothin' in the world about women's bonnets," and took up his revery, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale quiet girl, with smooth brown hair, looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame!" and grew crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of those gypsies would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head like a door handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capeless head dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought, the pale girl came near Uncle Abel, her cheeks blushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbon.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair.

"I think this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions, these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al, now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from t'other. I want to get a bonnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now just tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this? Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see," and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I—am sorry!"

The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you will trust me, sir, I think this will suit."

She had stood, hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called,

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet into Uncle Abel's hands, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branch stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have knowed this young woman afore, didn't you!" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge, as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then said:

"I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal. Betsey's worth it, ain't she, John?"

John need not have started so, or said "very," which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said softly, "Oh, boys will be boys!" and he was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice, too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl, as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet, and I've found an old friend."

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looking a moment without speaking, in the young man's eyes, said, "She is a motherless girl, John."

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Look here, my boy, I meant no offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added proudly; "but you see she's young and purty and forlorn, and may be, if you see too much of her, she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess it would break her heart. Shake hands with your uncle, my boy, I mean no harm; but I promised 'Liza' when she was on her dying bed that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed, I do—for all your kindness, but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give, I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted; and the passers by little dreamed of all that had been said.

"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward bound, with a bandbox on the seat before him. "To think how near I come to gettin' one of them gypsies for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted pictur of a girl was making game of me all that while. And then the other one with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a good wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away, there'll be a nice bit of property coming to John, and that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How fair and young she loooked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing "one of them dish covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as a straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

How Tommy Went Back on the Old Man.

"YES, bub, this is the place," replied Bijah, as a boy of twelve knocked on the door. "Come in, sonny. Did you expect to find your old governor in here this morning?"

"I kinder thought as how he might be here," replied the boy.

"Just as likely as not, my boy. We will look into the cells and make sure. Is your old man given to the flowing bowl?"

"He's given to whisky, if that's what you mean. The wonder is that you haven't had him down here lots o' times. That's him calling me from down there."

The lad walked up to cell No. 5, peered through the bars, and said:

"Dad, is that you?"

"Yes, darling. Oh! Tommy, I'm so glad to see you!"

"No use gushing over me, dad," said the boy, as he turned away.

"Tommy—my Tommy!"

"Yes, I'm your Tommy, and all that, but you got yourself in there and now you've got to take the racket. Ma and I had a talk, and we agreed to let you alone!"

"Oh, Tommy!"

"No use howling, dad. It had got to come some time, and now's a purty good time for it. Feller can't be drunk over forty times a month in this town without some one knowing it."

"Don't leave me, Tommy!"

"Well, I'll sit down in the court room and hear the trial, but I haven't got a red with me to pay a fine. If you are sent up, you'll have to brace your lip and trot along."

So soon as the court opened Bijah handed out Tommy's father. He was a middle-aged man, strong and well, and his looks were in his favor.

"What excuse have you for being very drunk yesterday?" inquired his Honor.

"'Lection, sir, and I'll leave it to Tommy," was the reply.

"Did your election last from Tuesday to Saturday?"

"Yes, sir, and I'll prove it by Tommy."

"That's me, sir," replied the boy as he rose up.

"Yes, that's my Tommy, and he'll tell you that I'm a sober, hard-working man. Tell all about me, Tommy."

"You can speak for him," added the Court.

"But I can't say much for him. We moved here from Toledo about six months ago, and dad has sorter gone to pieces."

"Oh, Tommy!" pleaded the father.

"It's true as preaching, dad, and I've got to own it. You haven't worked a day for three months, and you get drunk whenever chance offers. If I hadn't supported the family we'd have all gone to the poor-house."

"Is he a bad man?"

"Well, no. Dad is a purty good sorter man. He never fights; he never abuses the family; he never whoops around. He's kind to us all, but he can't let whisky alone. He's soaked full of it. You can smell him ten feet away. I've tried to brace him up, but it's no go."

"Try me once more, Tommy! If you'll try me once more I'll brace up like a horse."

"No use, dad—no use. He'd better go up for sixty days. Maybe that will sober him off and be a check on him."

"Oh! Tommy!"

"Tommy is right," said his Honor. "I'll send you up for sixty days, and I hope the stay there will do you good."

"Good-by, dad—be a man," said the son, as he reached out his hand.

"Good-by, Tommy. It's hard, but I guess you are right. Give my love to mother and the children."—*Detroit Free Press.*

GENERAL.

A NEW YORK girl has had one of her shapely hands modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday present to her affianced husband for a paper-weight.

THE London *Athenæum*, in commenting upon some American peculiarities, says the "tender age at which children in the United States begin to live in public, to make speeches and act parts is very curious."

THE estate of an English miser named Rhodes was lately wound up. It realized $300,000. The sale of his effects in his residence resulted in $28.75. The property goes to two charities—the London Free Hospital and the National Lifeboat Institution.

THE Portland *Oregonian* gives the particulars of an adventure with a panther at Myrtle Creek, Douglas County. The hero of the affair was Gus Byron, a printer boy, only 16 years of age. He finished the brute in two shots.

PART of a graveyard at Morehead, Ky., was destroyed in building a railroad, and indignant ghosts from the disturbed coffins have taken possession of the station house which stands on the spot. So say the ticket agent and other employees, at least, and they have proved their sincerity by resigning their positions.

A SPORTIVE youth of Olean, N. Y., pointed a revolver at a young lady's head, and asked if she would be his forever, just for a little joke, you know, for he didn't know it was loaded. "Yes," she said, dodging her head to one side, just in time to save her from being killed, as a charge of lead was lodged in the wall behind her.

THE Central Park Commissioners of New York City received a petition from George Francis Train, the other day, asking for permission to put his feet on the seats in the park. He stated that the police had denied him that privilege, and he wished to know what law prevents him from enjoying that liberty. The communication was placed on file, and George is in suspense as to whether he is a vassal or a peer.

POLICEMAN EGOLF, of Philadelphia, it usually accompanied on his rounds by a big hound. Egolf went into a house to arrest a man who was whipping his wife, and was set upon by a number of roughs, knocked down, kicked and dragged about. Then the dog went into the fight, and enabled his master to win. But it was a hard struggle. The officer's skull was fractured and the dog had three ribs broken.

THE New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives some alleged particulars of the Grant-Chaffee wedding. He says that young Ulysses Grant became engaged to Miss Chaffee at Saratoga last summer; that Senator Chaffee gave his daughter $400,000 in Government bonds as a wedding gift; and that young Grant never was engaged to Miss Flood, although at one time he was attentive to her.

A FEW days ago the neighbors were drawn to a house on West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, by the most frightful cries. They found a woman named Mrs. Hall standing over her youngest child, who was stripped naked and stretched upon a table. With one hand the mad mother held the struggling infant upon the table and with the other she brandished a carving-knife in the air. She told the frightened people that she and her whole family were going to heaven. The child was rescued and the woman soon after became calmer. She had been made insane by the recent death of her husband.

THE evening express train leaving Pesth for Vienna on October 9 had to be pulled up short when approaching Rakos Station to avoid running down an enormous buffalo, which had taken up a menacing attitude between the rails. This animal had, a few hour previously, brought a goods train to a standstill on the same spot, which he evidently regarded as the frontier of his own especial domain. After many fruitless attempts to drive the huge beast off the line, the railway officials contrived to lasso him, and, tying his legs tightly together, to haul him bodily into an adjoining field.

THE museum of old guns and other small arms at the Armory in Springfield, Mass., is probably the fullest and most curious of any in this country, except the one at Washington. First in the list of old guns is a Wheelock rifle, wound up like a clock, made by Gottsfied Fleming in 1520. On the lock-plate is a battle scene between Turks with bows and arrows and Europeans with swords. Another is a curious Albanian smooth-bore flint-lock used even to-day by the Turkish mountaineers and peasantry. An old Arab flint-lock has a square piece of ivory so fitted to the butt of the stock that the gun can be balanced in an upright position in the Arab's tent. One, a match-lock, made in the fourteenth century, is the oldest gun in this country. It is discharged by lighted tow or flax on the hammer, drawn to the vent by hand.

The Mixed Population of New Mexico.

THE Mexicans and the Indians seem to be about equally numerous in the portion of the valley through which I passed to reach this place. The two principal Indian towns are Santo Domingo and San Felipe, a pueblo about one-half the size of the former. The Mexican towns north of Albuquerque, on the railroad, after it strikes the river, are Algodones and Bernalillo. The trains run along the edge of San Felipe, and we caught a glimpse of the town as we passed. It has become Mexicanized in a great degree; that is, instead of being one jumbled mass of houses built against and on top of each other, it has a plaza, a church and some streets. The houses are also generally entered through doors in the sides instead of by means of holes in the top, but nearly every one has a ladder leaning against it and the top of the house seems to be the favorite place of resort. I saw none of the Indians dressed in European costumes, although there was an approach to it in some cases, for men and women were working in the fields wearing very broad trousers, with the upper part of the body covered with a shirt-shaped blouse, both garments being made of coarse white cotton cloth. I have not seen a Pueblo Indian wearing a hat, although this is the first article of civilized attire to which the wild Indian seems to take kindly.

The Indian children are an interesting study. They are generally very scantily dressed, the only garment that most of those between the ages of five and fifteen years wore being a loose chemise reaching about to the knees. Smaller children were frequently seen without a stitch of clothing. The wealth of straight black hair with which most of the young Pueblos are blessed is something wonderful. It is "banged" in front, but hangs down upon their shoulders, half hiding their dusky faces. The passage of a railway train has not ceased to be a novelty to them, and at San Felipe a dozen or more of them were gathered on the tops of the houses nearest the railroad, jumping about and shouting like the little savages that they are, and throwing stones at the passing cars.

Some of the Pueblo Indians in the Rio Grande Valley have moved out of the towns and live on their little farms. Their adobe houses are very small and mean-looking, and some of them apparently have no doors or windows. Frequently five or six persons, old and young, would be congregated on the top of one of them, and look so crowded there that it seemed as though some one must be pushed off if any other one moved. Many of these little houses have rude awnings, made of poles and boughs of trees, shading their tops, which are then used as lodging apartments by the family.

The Pueblos and Navajos have never been friendly, and relics of their old warfares may still be seen in some parts of New Mexico. The Pueblo architecture was adopted in order that their villages might easily be defended from the attacks of the Navajos, and some of their towns were built high up upon the cliffs for the same reason. The western banks of the Rio Grande north of here are very abrupt, rising in some places almost perpendicularly two or three hundred feet. On the top of one of these bluffs there still remains a stone fort built by the Pueblos, and almost impregnable from the river side against anything but modern artillery.

Many wealthy Mexican dons own estates on the Rio Grande River, and, although their modes of agriculture are rude and primitive, their fields are well cultivated, they have large flocks and herds, and their houses are spacious and imposing in appearance, when seen through a long vista of trees, with their neatly whitewashed fronts and broad verandas extending all around them. Among these people may occasionally be found a Spanish family of pure Castilian blood which, though it came here, perhaps, two centuries ago, has never inter-married with the Indians or Mexicans of mixed blood. These are the real aristocracy of the country, and, as many of their children have been educated in Europe or in the Eastern States, they have retained not a few of the characteristics of their Spanish ancestors, to which they have added, perhaps, more of modern refinement.

The old town of Albuquerque is about three miles west of the railroad, but a new—American—town is already springing up about the station. The old town contains about 2,000 inhabitants, of whom two or three hundred are Americans and Europeans, and the remainder Mexicans. It resembles Santa Fe except that its architecture is purely Mexican, and it lacks the appearance of thrift and enterprise which the capital of New Mexico has in a slight degree. The plaza is simply an open square in the center of the town, without fences, trees or grass. One side of it is occupied by the church and church institutions, the former of which is said to have been built about 200 years ago. The people of Albuquerque assert that the town was occupied by the Spaniards earlier than Santa Fe, it being at that time a large Indian pueblo, and it therefore disputes with the capital of the Territory the honor of being the oldest town in the United States settled by Europeans. The merchants here carry on a large business with the farmers of the valley. The new town, which is at the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (the construction of which from this point west to California has already been begun) with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe main line, is expected to be an important railway center.

The first night I slept in Albuquerque, my room opened by a door upon the plaza of the hotel, but the window looked out upon a broad street with no buildings on the further side. After midnight, and when perfect silence reigned throughout the hotel and town, I was awakened by a weird, plaintive sound, and, looking out of the window, I saw a tall Indian in the bright moonlight, wrapped in his gayly-colored blanket, walking alone, very slowly, and chanting something that sounded like a dirge. I watched him for five minutes until he had passed out of sight and hearing, and the apparition seemed prophetic. The Indian race has survived the cruelty of the Spaniard, and has not disappeared before the civilization of two centuries ago; but did this old chief see in the advent of the civilization of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the doom of his people sealed?—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

What is a Cad?

I NEVER use this word without thinking of a funny thing that occurred once in which two Americans figured. One was a London American, one of the tuft-hunting hybrids who would kiss the boot-soles of a man with a title and starve for a twelvemonth if he could get a lord to dine with him, and the other was a frank, hearty, unaffected man, who was over in England for a short holiday and had no other idea but that Americans were as good as Albert Edward himself and generally so considered. They were in the company of an aristocratic Englishman one of the lesser lights of nobility with whom the tuft-hunter had managed to ingratiate himself. The Englishman and his imitator used the word 'cad' rather frequently, and as they sat together in the smoking-room of the Langham Hotel over a bottle of wine the guileless American said to the "swell:" "I hear you use the word "cad" a good deal. Pray, pardon my ignorance, but what is a 'cad?'" Snowly, coolly, dispassionately the Englishman looked at him, then quietly moving his eyes until they rested on the face and form of his American toady he drawlingly exclaimed: "I say, my boy, get up and show your friend what a cad is."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

FRENCH scientists have liquefied ozone.

MR. WALLACE says that the butterfly is unknown in South America and the West Indies (except as a rare straggler in Cuba) and in the Pacific Islands.

THE *Journal of Pharmacy and Chemistry* (French) is the authority for the statement that in some of the suburbs of Paris people keep vast numbers of bees that subsist by plundering the sugar refineries.

As the cold produces changes in organic substances closely resembling those caused by heat, an Hungarian chemist proposes to cook fresh beef by exposing it to a temperature of 82 deg. below zero. It is then placed in hermetically sealed cans, and is thus preserved in perfect condition for a long time.

A SIMPLE indelible ink may be made by taking equal parts of copperas and vermilion, powdering and sifting them, and afterward grinding the powder in linseed oil. The whole is finally pressed through linen. The paste obtained can be used either for writing or printing on wool or calico. It resits bleaching.

RAIN-WATER brings down yearly about twelve pounds of ammonia per acre of ground. To supply an equal amount at six cents a pound would cost the farmer $2.88, and this is therefore the manurial value of the rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid.

LARGE quantities of pottery are manufactured in Brazil from the hard, siliceous bark of the caraipe tree. In the process, the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a large quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

THAT the hardest steel is not the most durable for railroads appears from an examination of the wear of some of the steel rails on the Great Northern Line, England. Seven of the rails, which lay side by side on this road, were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to 5,251,000 tons, while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood 8,402,000 tons; in another instance, the total was 15,531,000 tons for the hard rail and 31,061,000 tons for the soft rail, the wear being the same—one-sixteenth of an inch. Analysis showed this last rail to consist of 99.475 per cent. of iron and minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur and copper.

PITH AND POINT.

CO'LABORERS—Anthracite miners.

THE man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN exchange speaks of a man being "gored to death by an angry bull," as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

A MAN living in the country finds lightning-rods on his house to be a great protection. They keep lightning-rod peddlers from calling and chinning the head of the house.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

HE didn't know it was loaded. There were only three fingers in it, but it carried away three of his. He says he can get along very well with his work, though he is "a little short-handed."—*Andrews' Queen.*

He was brought before the Galveston Recorder on the charge of drunkenness: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I don't plead at all. I deny everything." "Do you deny having been up here before?" "I should smile. Why, Judge, I deny being here right now. If you catch me giving myself away just wake me up and let me know it."—*Galveston News.*

A FEW facts not so generally known as they should be: A watch fitted with a second-hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch. Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients. Stenm is a servant that sometimes blows up its master. An ungrammatical Judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence. Poachers who get into preserves very often find themselves in pickles. Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen. A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.—*Judy.*

Why He Cheered.

NOBODY who attended the ward meeting on the corner of Galveston Avenue and Oleander Street could have failed to notice the enthusiasm of the ragged-looking individual in front of the speakers' stand. He whooped, yelled and cheered so that the speaker, who is also a candidate, met the enthusiast and shook him warmly by the hand, remarking:

"I suppose your applause last night was caused by the life-long devotion to the Democratic principles?"

"No, not entirely. I don't give a cent more for Tom Jefferson than I do for General Weaver or old Hayes."

"Then I am to construe your flattering demonstration of enthusiasm to admiration for my humble efforts as a speaker."

"May be so, but I didn't hear a word you said, I was so busy letting myself out and firing myself off, so to speak. When I attend a public meeting I never listen to what the speakers say. If you were to get off the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, I would cheer them all the same. All I ask is a chance to holler."

"My friend," said the candidate, "will you be kind enough to explain why you hurrahed and went on so when I was addressing the suffragans?"

"I've no objections. You see, when I get tight I want to cheer—am bound to do it. Every time for the past six months until right now, whenever I undertook to cheer on the street, the policeman grabbed me by the neck and choked me off before I had given one good square yelp. About election time's the only chance that I get to express my emotions, and I go to ward meetings to let them out. I whoop up the Greenbackers, Radicals and Democrats, all alike, and I believe they ought all to be encouraged. What we need is more parties. There ought to be three or four meetings a day, so I can work off my delayed enthusiasm."—*Galveston News.*

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

BETTY'S PHILOSOPHY.

BETTY went out for her morning ride
In the market-cart, and the parson met,
Who asked permission to get inside,
For the way was long and the roads were wet;
And as they jolted and bounced about,
The parson said—and his voice was gruff:
"It's very good for the health, no doubt,
To travel over a road so rough!"

"Oh! ay," said Betty, "there's likely chaps
Who scowl and growl if a stone they meet,
Or a hole like that, when it's best, perhaps,
That they should have trouble to keep their seat.
For, if once in a while we should chance to hit
On a rough piece, over the road we go,
We'll enjoy more heartily every bit
Of the smoother places we find, you know!"

The parson nodded and held on tight,
And thought of cushions and other things,
Then said to Betty, "I think you might
Afford to furnish your cart with springs!"
"Oh, ay," said Betty, with sudden start,
That sent her voice to a higher pitch,
"If there had been springs upon this cart,
We'd both have landed in yonder ditch!"

"There are many that go on a level road,
With seldom a jolting up or down,
And yet they manage to spill their load
Before they get to the market-town;
While those that travel a rougher way
Grow tough in muscle and strong in grace."
"No doubt," said the parson; "thanks, and good day!
I'm glad we're safe at the market-place!"
—*Josephine Pollard, in Youth's Companion.*

AS AUNT ELLICE TOLD IT.

CHAPTER I.

AND so you are teasing for the story of that night—only because you heard me refer to it, yesterday, when I was chatting with your mother, as the only adventure which ever befel me in all my five-and-fifty years? And you take it for granted, you foolish young people, because I called it an "adventure," that it must needs be as "thrilling" as the stories you waste your time in following so breathlessly through your modern novels, and behind the footlights? You will be disappointed then; I give you fair warning!

It was all over in a short half hour, and, moreover, I wasn't in the least the heroine of it; I only "assisted" at it, as the droll French phrase goes, which was perplexing you in your translation yesterday, Dorothy. And, moreover—but you want the story, you say, and not ten minutes of prefnce? The impertinence of your generation spoke in that! Well, you must have the story, then, I suppose. Put a fresh log on the fire, Tom; I don't want you poking at it, presently, as you'd he certain to do, in the midst of the only "thrill" my small narrative can boast. Tell the maid not to bring the lamps for half an hour; story-tellers are owlish, you know, in their love for the dark.

It happened to me the winter I was eighteen years old. I had been spending the Christmas holidays with Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester Heywood, up in Ayr; and as always happened when I went to them, my visit of a fortnight had lengthened out into months; and February found me still with them. I never was as happy elsewhere as at Ayr. At home, as you know, I had quite a patriarchal tribe of brothers and sisters, to share with me papa's affection, and the possibilities of our very limited income; but at Ayr I reigned supreme; and I am sure that no child of their own could have held a warmer place than I, in Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester's hearts. Their marriage had been childless; and it was natural that the only child of Uncle Philip's favorite sister should be so very dear to them. They were clannish folks, always, the Heywoods; and they never made any very friendly advances to the second Mrs. Ainsworth—good housewifely soul that she was! nor to any of her big brood of children. It was usually rather pointedly to Miss Ellice Ainsworth that letters of invitation came addressed.

I had never heen happier at Ayr, than that winter I was eighteen years old. Aunt Hester gave me first, that year, a responsible share in the entertaining of the guests of whom her hospitable house was rarely empty; and this was a pride no less than a pleasure to me, for she had strict old-fashioned ideas of the place of young girls in social life, had Aunt Hester. I was very happy in the society of the clever young people who found, in Madam Heywood's home, a congenial atmosphere. And among the guests was the heroine of my little adventure; to which I *am* coming, eventually, Tom, in spite of your impatient doubts to the contrary! She was the daughter of one of Uncle Philip's college chums, a Miss Eleanor Forrester. She must have been about twenty-four years old then. I believe I worshiped her with a hero-worship that would have satisfied the heart of Thomas Carlyle himself! It was not so much that she was beautiful (though looking back through the years, I still think her face, in certain moods, the most beautiful face I ever saw), as that she was at once so frank and so gracious, so genuine, and so sweet. She had not the somewhat rough self-assertion which so often belongs to women of her power and courage; she had not the finesse, the subtle, false "policy" which so often belongs to women of her infinite tact and sweetness. She was a bit of a Di Vernon in her way, too; I think it was her superb horsemanship that so endeared her to Uncle Philip's heart, at first. Her physical strength and endurance were a proverb among us; she had proved them equal, more than once, in unobtrusive ways to those of many a young man of our society; not always to the young man's unmixed satisfaction.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, one keen, clear January afternoon, when, returning from a skating frolic on the river, we found Dick Francis and Alec Stuart standing before a target, which they had just set up in the fir-grove for a little pistol-practice. There are certain moments—and these are by no means the most vital moments of one's life—which photograph themselves on the memory, without one's knowing why or how; but there they remain, vivid and fresh forever. And so that minute photographed itself with me. I shut my eyes; and again I see the fir-wood, with a powdering of last night's snow, still white on the sturdy green branches, and fluffing down, now and then, in a diamond-dust, as the sharp wind stirred and stilled: patches of snow, too, on the brown carpet under foot, which even into the January chill sent forth a faint odor, like a memory of vanished summer noons; the cold, blue sky, with a few light clouds, rose from the near sunset, sailing across it, above the swaying fir-tops; the river flashing icily at the foot of the lawn-slope; the late, keen light falling slanting upon the merry group under the gray old trees. I can see Eleanor Forrester, in the short, rough suit of the dark blue she loved to wear, with the red of an abounding and joyous health in her delicate face, and her bright hair all tossed and ruffled in the wind. She had been examining, rather critically, the pistol Alec Stuart had handed her, at her laughing request; and now, as she gave it back.

"It's quite time I had a little practice in this sort of thing," she said; "unless I wish to lose entirely the aim brother Jack used to declare my chief accomplishment in school-girl days!"

"My armory is quite at your service, whenever you propose to recommence practice, Miss Eleanor," said Uncle Philip, with the smile which he always had for her brave young beauty. "I used to be quite a connoisseur in fire-arms once, and took pride in the little armory I inherited from my father, who held such tastes before me. I remember he used to have a loaded revolver kept in every guest-chamber in the house; I dare say you would find one or two in the old cabinets up yonder still. I had them overhauled and reloaded not very long ago; and I have an impression that some of them were left where we found them. We will look over them together some day, Miss Eleanor."

"Thank you; it would give me hearty pleasure," she said. "I delight in a well-made little revolver, almost as much as my brothers do. I have seen the time more than once when I have felt the safer for their company."

"It does seem to me," cried Alec Stuart, suddenly addressing her with a brusqueness that had rather grown on him of late. "It does seem to me, Miss Eleanor, that you possess the most extraordinary number of superfluous accomplishments of any young lady of my acquaintance! How you ever find time to add to your gentlemanly tastes any feminine pleasures, I must confess puzzles me!"

She turned toward him (we were walking back to the house, now, and he was by her side), with a very kind amusement in her gray eyes.

"And it seems to me," she said, "that you, in common with most of your sex, are very unreasonable on this sort of subject! And so my pistol shooting is to follow my riding and swimming, under the ban of unqualified condemnation! Unconventional, such tastes may be in women, I grant you; but unwomanly I am sure they are not. Gentlewoiuen will not need teaching as to how and where to indulge them; but properly exercised, such sport brings a strength of muscle and a power of nerve which women, as well as men, need sorely enough in the hard places of their lives! And I think that women who use every means in their power to make healthy their bodies for healthy minds to dwell in should be helped, and not laughed at. I beg your pardon," she ended, abruptly, as the silence about her warned her how earnestly she had been speaking. "Indeed, I didn't mean to make a speech. But I don't like to be laughed at as 'eccentric,' when I am only using the right, natural means which I believe exist to boys, men and women alike, to strength and usefulness, and in the truest sense, self-possession!"

We had arrived at the hall door as Eleanor finished speaking; and as it opened, the warm firelight flashed out ruddily across the twilight snow. Stuart stood aside for Eleanor to pass in, and taking off his cap, stood uncovered, "I owe you an apology for my rudeness, Miss Eleanor," he said, "and I don't know how best to make it. Only perhaps you can fancy that a man who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and feels how little he could ever serve them in the high things of mind and spirit, may feel resentful, a little, when we see them so 'arm'd and well prepared' against physical evils; also, that he can not hope to serve them even there!"

Was it the firelight gave Eleanor's face that rosy glow, as she passed him with no answer but a hend of her fair head?

"Oh yes, his apology was all very pretty," I said, resentfully, to Aunt Hester, as we went up stairs together. "But I don't see why Mr. Alec Stuart need, in the least concern himself with Eleanor Forrester's tastes and inclinations, in the first place!"

"Unless, indeed," Aunt Hester answered, smiling down into my vexed face, "unless, indeed, Mr. Alec Stuart has come to look upon Eleanor's tastes and inclinations as upon those of the woman he would make his wife. I have thought he might be so looking at them this many a month, my dear!"

CHAPTER II.

I think it happened on a Tuesday afternoon—that little episode under the fir-trees. The following Saturday the fiercest storm of that winter swept over Ayr. Even the solid, sturdy old Heywood House shook under the raging assault of the north wind that, charged with sharp rain and sleet, flung itself against the wall, and roared at the windows. I remember that early in the afternoon a few of us, impatient at the drowsiness with which the heat of indoors weighed down their eyelids, merrily dared each other to a walk—or wade, rather—round the harn through the snow; bnt so deep was the snow, and so strong was the wind, and so sharp the sleet, which cut one's face like millions of tiny spears, that I was glad to turn back before I had left the hall door thirty feet behind, and when I had staggered up the steps, I found myself so faint with buffeting and loss of breath, that Uncle Philip took me up like a baby in his strong arms and carried me to the settle by the blazing fire.

We tried no more "excursioning" that day.

In the evening, after candles were brought, we sat around the great fireplace; singing a little at first with no accompaniment but the raging wind outside; and by-and-by drifted into story-telling; such stories as seem afloat in the very air of such wild black nights as that—of adventure by mountain and sea—of visitants whose feet "leave no traces on the sea sand or the winter's snow;" and whose presence only the watch-dogs know. And I can assure you that with the storm, and our evening's entertainment, weak-minded folks like we were in small humor for sleep when sleep time came; and I fancy that even the gentlemen looked forward with more than usual satisfaction to their nightly cigar in the library to have a soothing effect not wholly unwelcome. As the maid was lighting our bedroom candles, I heard Dick Francis say, in answer to some question of Uncle Philip's: "No sir, they've not caught him yet; I heard the grooms saying this afternoon that they had traced him into this neighborhood, and thought he must be in hiding somewhere hereabout. I haven't a fragment of my usual sympathy with justice-hunted men, in his case. The man is a cold-blooded scoundrel, and I hope they'll have him—the sooner the better."

"Of whom are you speaking?" several of us asked, in a breath.

"Of that rascal, Burroughs, who escaped from the county jail last Thursday," said Dick. "The one who beat and robbed that old man at Lester—left him for dead, you know—and I believe they had other charges to bring forward against him at his trial next week. Some of the best men of the force are on his track, and I don't think he'll slip through their fingers. It is a puzzle to me, though, where he can be in hiding hereabouts; the country is so open, I should think he'd find it hard work to keep cover."

The gentlemen were still discussing the matter when we left them. As I stopped on the upper landing to say good-night to Eleanor—her room was at the opposite end of a corridor from mine—a blast of wind struck the great staircase window behind us; and one of the shutters, partially torn from its fastening, came crashing against the glass with a noise that reverberated like a thunderclap through the quiet house. I threw both arms around Eleanor, with a terrified scream; and the next moment, realizing my folly, and weak from the nervous strain of the evening's talk, I burst into a passion of hysterical crying.

"My dear!"—and held me to her, smoothing my hair with her strong warm hand. "You must not stay alone such a night as this, in that great room of yours, you foolish child!" she said. "Why, we should have you in a brain fever before morning, Ellice! What do you say to my making you a visit for the night? I might be useful in tying up shutters, you know, or scaring hobgoblins; and you might find a little leisure to sleep. Shall I come?"

I tearfully entreated her to come I was not a heroic young person, you may perhaps have remarked—and we were soon established in the great room I was then occupying. I had given up my own private and particular little "bower"—a cosy, sunny place opening directly from Aunt Hester's room—to a small cousin, who, being still young enough to need occasional peepings in upon during the night, was naturally established ns near Auntie as possible. This being the only room then vacant, I was forced to take possession of it. And what a room it was! Quite large enough, I am sure, for a small banqueting hall; it had heen the state bedchamber in colonial days. It had too many doors for one even to be sure one had counted them correctly; and every door, like the windows, was curtained with some heavy, somber drapery; and the floor and wainscotings were of dark wood. You can fancy it was a cheerful sleeping-place for a nervous person, on a stormy night.

We prepared for bed slowly; and while I was brushing out my hair by the fire, Eleanor was "rummaging" hither and thither about the room, bringing to light its many quaintnesses, and seeming to enjoy herself heartily. Opening a drawer in a tall old cabinet which stood near one of the curtained alcoves, she chanced upon some odd bits of bric-a-brac that interested her for she lingered long over them. I noticed that one of them, as she lifted it, seemed to have, in the firelight, the gleam of steel; and I was about to ask her what it was, when the wind, suddenly scurrying down the wide chimney, sent the coals flying over and beyond the hearth; and in the hurry of gathering them up, I forgot my curiosity.

Not long after, we hlew out our candles; and, comforted and protected hy the sense of Eleanor's dear and strong companionship, it was not long hefore I fell asleep.

I woke suddenly, with a sense of stifling and oppression, and became conscious that I was struggling with hoth hands to free myself from some weight which was being close pressed against my face. My eyes once fully open, I saw, to my amazement, that it was the coverlid frem whose pressure over my mouth I was struggling to free myself, and that Eleanor's hand held it there.

She was very pale; there was no color in all her face but the burning gray of her eyes; and they were looking down into mine with such a command in them to he silent and motionless as no spoken word could have made more forceful.

In the moment's pause, after my consciousness fully came, I heard the distant clocks across the river strike one. Then the storm, which had lulled a moment, broke forth again with a roar as of loosened demons; and through the tumult, Eleanor spoke, in a whisper so low that senses less terror-keen than mine could not have caught a word:

"Ellice, I want you to he perfectly quiet. I have held this against your mouth for fear that, waking, you might cry out. If you will keep quite quiet, and do as I hid you, you will save hoth our lives."

I solemnly helieve that if she had said, Instead, "If you scream, you will lose both our lives," I should have screamed outright, in the madness of helpless fear. But those words, "save our lives," held just hope enough to lift me out of the terror of the moment toward possible self-possession. "I will be quiet," I tried to whisper, hut my dry lips could only form the words soundlessly.

"Yes, I believe you will," she said, and took away the pressure from my face. "Listen, there is a man in that closet yonder; I have seen him. He pushed aside the curtains to come out; but he heard the servant stirring in the rooms above, and closed the curtains to wait till all was quiet. That must have been half an hour ago. He will try again, soon."

She paused a moment, for the storm had lulled again, and she feared that even her breathless whisper might be heard. As the wind rose again, she went on:

"There is a loaded pistol yonder, in the upper drawer of that cabinet. I saw it there to-night. I want it. With it in my hand, I shall be perfectly safe. I shall presently speak aloud, as if to wake you; I shall moan, as if in pain; and I shall beg you to bring me the vial of laudanum in that drawer. And you will cross the room, and hring me that pistol. And then I shall hid you go to the next room for blankets to wrnp me in, and you will, once outside this door, rush to Uncle Philip's room nnd alarm the house. You have nothing to fear; the man will not come out until yon have left the room; he would rather have one screaming woman to deal with than two. And you need not fear for me; I shall have my pistol."

She did not give me a moment's time, and it was well she did not. Instantly she had lain down, and was half screaming, "Wake, wake, Ellice! Will you never wake? I am almost mad with that pain of mine again! My medicine—my laudanum—is yonder in that drawer; oh! get it for me; quick! quick! Don't stop to talk!"

She pushed me from the bed; I staggered across the room. It came to me, even then, that watching eyes might not suspect the tottering gait of one just roused from sleep, and, opening the drawer, I saw again that steely gleam in the firelight. My fingers closed over the pistol, and a blessed sense of strength seemed to run through me, from that hard, cold contact. The curtains of the alcove just behind me faintly moved. I crossed the room, and laid the pistol in Eleanor's hand. There was a second's pause, and then—"My dear," she said; "if I could be quite warm, now, I think the trouble would soon be over. Go into the press-room and get me those blankets. You foolish child," she cried, as I staggered in my effort to gain the door. "To be so frightened when the worst danger is over! What you brought me has helped me already; I am stronger. Go quickly, and come soon back!"

I was almost insensible, before I stood in the hall. But once there my life surged back to me again; and with it, such an intolerable sense of Eleanor's danger, as gave wings to my feet. I don't know how I roused them, or what I said, hut the time could almost be counted by seconds, hefore a crowd of people, in every stage of undress, and grasping all sorts of weapons from rifles to curling-irons, were trooping along the corridor as noiselessly as they might. Alec Stuart's face—I saw in the light of the candles the frightened servants held—was whiter than Eleanor's had been when I woke to find her hending over me.

Just as the door crashed back under Uncle Philip's hand, we heard within a sharp click, and a loud oath, in a rough, startling voice; and then we could see. A man stood directly before the fireplace, his figure outlined blackly against the dying flame; a dark, low-browed, crouching figure, across whose lowering forehead an ugly cut showed, from under a pushed-up bandage; a figure whose right hand clutched a short sharp knife; its blade flashed in the flickering light. His eyes were fixed in a sort of terrified fascination on Eleanor, toward whose bedside he had evidently been moving, when, at the click of her pistol, he had raised his eyes, and stood paralyzed. Eleanor was sitting upright in hed, her long hright hair falling all about her, her hand (I noticed, with the strange strained interest in little, irrelevant things we feel so often when we are in pain or fear, how oddly that white hand, and the light lace wrist-ruffling above it, contrasted with its grim contents!) firmly grasping her shining, deadly little weapon. Her finger was on the trigger; and her finger did not tremble. That her aim was a good one, the crouching figure, stopping midway in its stealthy approach to the bed, did not seem to doubt.

Of course that is all there is to tell. After that it was only a momentary struggle of one man with many; and then he was bound and taken away. And Eleanor sent back the money offered her for his capture, to he used for the benefit of poor prisoners. "It was horrible; it was like taking blood-money!" she said. Yes, of course it was Burroughs; you knew that from the first, did you not? He had been skulking about the outhuildings a day, it seemed; and had taken advantage of an open door and an empty kitchen to find his way up to the great room he supposed unoccupied. He had meant to avail himself of the storm that night, to make good his escape with whatever small valuahles in the shape of trinkets or plate he could lay his hands on.

And of course Eleanor fainted, when the reaction from the intense strain came? No, she did not faint, though she turned a little weak and white. It was I who fainted, when I realized her safety, and saw Alec Stuart on his knees at her hedside, thanking God that no harm had come to her.

While I was recovering consciousness, I discovered that Dick Francis was chafing my hands and calling me a blessed little heroine. I remember feehly laughing at the notion of a person of my recent behavoior deserving that title. And of course Eleanor married Alec Stuart? Of course. And Dick and I "stood up" with them, as the phrase went in those days; and "stood up" together a twelve month later, at the same altar-rail, only this time hand in hand. Do you ever see Eleanor Stuart now? My dear, Eleanor went home to the High Countries long ago. Her life in this world was not long, to have won such love, and done such good and heautiful work. And Alec Stuart followed within a year. He was a man to do his whole duty to the last; but I think he must have been glad when it was done, and he could go home to Eleanor.

And that is quite all my story. And when you remember that, as I said in the heginning, it is the only adventure that has befallen me in all my five-and-fifty years, it does not seem much of an adventure, after all—do you think it does, my dears?—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

THE Mayor-elect of New Orleans is named Shakespeare.

Our Young Folks.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

If I were a bird, I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm-tree:
O, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through
With drinking the sunshine, the wind and the rain,
O, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!

If I were a brook, I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither, and drink!"
O, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

If I were a star, I would shine wide and bright,
To guide the lone sailors on oceans afar,
And travelers lost in the deserts and woods;
O, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child, and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and day after day
Learn to read and to spell, and add one, two and three.

Yet perhaps by my books I shall some time find out
How the birds sing so sweet, how the roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.
—*M. E. N. Hatheway, in Our Little Ones.*

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

ON the rug before the open fire sat Pussie, her head against her aunt's knee, her Skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a silence of at least two minutes she drew a long breath—so long that Aunt Kitty laughed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation the little girl auswered, in a very sad voice, "Because it is almost time to go to bed."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Because—because — I don't want to say."

"Then I will toll you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, you don't know. You can not even guess why."

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whispered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how did you know?"

"I once was a little girl myself, dear."

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never felt as I feel about the dark."

"Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What should you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel as you feel now?"

Still incredulous, Pussie shook her head, saying, "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything now."

"Come here, and I will tell you," and taking the child on her knee Aunt Katherine told her this little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to me as the dark. A familiar room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features for me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know." And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

"Oh, auntie, it always frightens me so! I am glad it frightened you, too." And with a closer cuddle she said, "Please go on."

"Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicule or of reproach, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Some little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed through my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o'clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had at that moment. "The Dark was quite as unknown a region to me as the north pole to them, and set thick with terrible risks and perils; but having made up my mind to do it, the possibility of retreat did not occur to me, for I remember I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a promise to my father; so I walked out of the room where all the family were sitting by the fire-light, and began to go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two rooms—the outer one finished but never occupied; the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbed the steep stairs, closing the door at the foot, and at last found myself groping my way into the Inner attic through the door I have just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the eaves, breathless and trembling; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once, to be sure that I had not 'shirked.' In this way I went into every room, crawling under every bed, which was an especial horror to me; I don't known why—do you, Pussie?"

"Oh, auntie, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is concealed there who will hurt you?"

"No, indeed; I don't know *what* it is, but I always feel that *something* is hidden there, auntie—something awful."

"Well, Pussie, so did I, and as I crawled out from each bed I felt that I had had a narrow escape, expecting the next would reveal the dreadful thing. And all this time the windows seemed to grin at me; but I thought of my father, and of his telling me that I could 'conquer if I tried,' and I went on, closing the door of every room as I went in, going faithfully into every closet, and feeling with my hands under every piece of furniture which was not set close to the floor. It was such a long time to me! I felt as if I had not seen my father and mother for hours; but at last I began to feel that I was near the end, and I recall going back and exploring for the second time the unknown region under the last bed, because I felt in my heart that I had not been honest about it. I was conscious that the left corner nearest the window had not been *really* investigated. At last it was finished, and I can remember how I felt when I opened the door of the room, where the others were laughing and talking, with bright lights and the fire—I can remember my bewildered feeling, as if waking from sleep, and the sensation of having been saved from something; and when my father put his hand out to me and drew me to his side, asking where his little girl had been all this time, and I coddled up to him as you are doing now, dearie, I was so happy as I whispered back so softly that none of the rest could hear, 'I have been everywhere in the dark, under the beds and all.' I shall never forget the look he gave me as he drew me closer to him and kissed me, whispering back, 'My brave little girl!' An when by and by my mother's lovely eyes beamed upon me as she stooped and kissed me, I felt quite repaid for all my distress; and, my darling, I never afterward suffered in the same way. Of course I had little thrills and panics, but lasting only for a moment. I could always send them away when I thought of my father's kiss. If I have any courage, it is due to my dear father's loving reasoning, to his patience and his sympathy."

Both arms were round Miss Katherine's neck, and Pussie said, gently, "Auntie, I will try." And she did try, and did conquer her foolish fears so thoroughly that the dark has lost all its terrors for her, and a brnver little girl cannot be found in the country.—*Harper's Young People.*

Be Honorable.

Boys and young men sometimes start out into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity can not be founded on cunning and dishonesty.

The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people can not give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

The Christmas Sentiment.

NEXT to the day itself, which every one who has been reared in a Christian land should hold as sacred, I like the sentiment which envelopes Christmas; there is so much about it that savors of harmony, concord, peace—a peace that means not merely the cessation of hostilities between conflicting interests in our social world, but that serener, broader, deeper peace which unites man to man by all the ties of friendly intercourse which proceed out of an universal desire to make Christmas a bright spot among the fading memories of the year. I like the sentiment the more because it prevades every community and brings to view the better side of every man's character. Not a Scrooge nor a Gradgrind on earth can wholly steel himself against its humanizing influence, and though the closing of the day may find no charity dispensed or gladness awakened, yet it will at lenst surely find the edge of his habitual severity blunted. If there is ever "peace on earth" in its fullest sense, it is on Christmas. I do not believe that custom and usage alone have made the modern anniversary day of our Savior's nativity one of rejoicing; it has ever occurred to me that since first the glad tidings went out from Bethlehem the event has left its impress on each succeeding generation, and that each recurring "happy morn" has found the chord of human sympathy and love responsive to the mystic glow. If this were not so I think we should see less hand-shaking and cordial greetings than we do now, a more limited sphere of action for the alms gatherer, fewer visits from Santa Claus, fewer Christmas tree festivals, listen to poorer and less exciting homely old stories of legendary lore, hear less caroling of "Christians awake," find a sparser harvest of mistletoe, and we should have far more contracted views of our life-cloud's silver lining. And then, too, I like the methods we have taken as a Nation to shew our appreciation of that day. They are beautiful; they are just. They help us to consecrate our lives and to shape them in the channel that is best suited to their moral development. Where thoughts and motives are pure and sightly we may look for good deeds. Where the observance of Christmas is made known through benevolent acts, kind words to the distressed, family gatherings, happy children and the distribution of gifts, whether the celebration be to honor the day for the day's sake or not, the occasion is one that we should be truly thankful for. This world of ours is bettered by Christmas, and every one of us should help to make it memorable.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY DEC. 18, 1880.

We would call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the Baltimore *Gazette*, in another column. The *Gazette* is a live Democratic paper, and we recommend it to our Democratic friends.

The *Item* is the title of a new weekly paper just issued in Baltimore by Maurice Lobe as proprietor and W. I. Cook, editor. The *Item* is well filled with interesting matter and presents a neat typographical appearance.

Judging from the calmness which now pervades the whole country, it would be almost impossible to imagine that only a few weeks ago it was wallowing in the midst of a heated and bitter political strife. But even the politicians must have a rest, and they are having it; for which the people smile and are glad.

Democrats should pay careful attention to the proceedings of the Republicans in the present House. It will be useful for them to learn how a clever minority can run the machine, so that they may apply the knowledge in the next House—that is, if they are smart enough.

The Democratic speakers during the canvass were loud in their protestations that the Democratic party was a big tariff party. But the very first day of the session of Congress, Mr. Hurd of Ohio, a leading Democrat introduces a joint resolution declaring against a protective tariff. Fortunately they are never likely to have the power to destroy the protection of American workmen.

The ceremonies at the coming inauguration of Gen. Garfield promise to be of the most imposing character. Various organizations from different sections of the country will be present which of itself is calculated to insure success, to say nothing of the extensive arrangements now being made by the Washington committees. Every man in office together with those expecting to be, will be in line.

Very curiously, that clause of the Georgia code which conflicts with the United States Statutes regarding the counting of the electoral vote was enacted in 1863, to harmonize the State law with the statutes of the Confederacy, and successive legislatures since the end of the war have never stricken it from the books. It is clearly her own fault if Georgia loses her vote for President and Vice President.

Senator Blaine has in course of preparation a bill reducing letter postage from three to two cents. The Senator thinks that cheap postage is demanded by the people, and that the passage by Congress of such a bill will be generally commended. The revenue of the Government will not be reduced, as the number of letters, will, he thinks, increase in a greater proportion than the decrease of receipts from the sale of stamps. The immense number of postal cards annually used shows the popular favor with which any effort to lighten the cost of postage is received.

The report of the Dead Letter Office shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 3,353,651 letters and packages were received there at that time. Of these 2,700,000 were sent thither from local offices because unclaimed; 360,000 bore wrong addresses, and more than 9,000 were left blank. About 56,000 letters were sent back from hotels and boarding houses, the persons for whom they were intended having gone before they could be delivered. Some 94,000 letters and packages were returned from foreign countries. The bulk of the mail matter contained nothing of value, and as many as 2,000,000 of such correspondence was destroyed, the senders being undiscoverable. The letters containing checks, notes, and drafts were 21,974, having a face value of $1,526,247, and near 27,000 other letters contained $49,438. Almost all of the papers and blank notes were duly returned to the owners, and the rest will be where they can be found. More than 80,000 letters were opened and returned to the writers, and 350,000 returned without opening.

The South as It Is.

The Baltimore *American* has a correspondent traveling through the South, writing a series of interesting letters to that paper. From one dated Charleston December 2d, we take the following, headed "The Reason Why:"

The reasons may be summed up in the simple statement that Charleston has always lived for herself, and herself only. For a South Carolinian the sun rises and sets only with the borders of the State; for a Charlestonian it rises in the Cooper and sets in the Ashley. It is sheer narrowness of public opinion that has kept the city lagging in the rear. I might write volumes of the intolerance which has been displayed towards Northern men, but it not more marked than the intolerance which these people manifest towards each other. Equally in business, politics and society, cliques control and direct popular sentiment, and there is not a man in Charleston bold enough to defy them. "I am glad you have come," said a leading business man in the course of a conversation the other day, "for I want the people of the North to know that we do not have free and fair elections down here. It is useless for me to protest against it; I should simply ostracise myself. But when the managers came to me for money during the last campaign I told them I would not give them a cent; that they intended to stuff the ballot boxes to suit themselves, and they didn't need any money." Said another gentleman: "Before the war, when I went to a Northern hotel and registered as from South Carolina, I was looked up to as presumably a gentleman of character and intelligence. When I go North now and register from this State the people look down on me contemptuously as if to say, 'That's one of the cheats.' I tell you when the President of the United States has to send the census enumerators down here three several times to satisfy the country that we have not been making a false return, it shows that our reputation is about as low as it can well be." Said a third citizen—a straight-out Democrat, like the others: "There was a time right after the war, when prosperity was within reach of Charleston. Northern men were coming down here, real estate was going up and capital was seeking investment. What did we do? Instead of welcoming immigration, we turned our back upon it, and even to such men as William B. Astor refused social recognition. It is the curse of our civilazation." Still another gentleman remarked to me: "I am and never have been anything else but a Democrat, but we have got to get rid of this notion that the State is bigger than the nation. I don't wonder that the Northern men won't come down here. Knowing what I do, I couldn't ask them to come." During a chat on the same subject one of the most active business men in the city said: "I have been here almost constantly since 1859, and yet these people regard me still as a carpet bagger. I want you to say that we ostracise each other just as persistently as we do your people. My family is a hundred times better than any here and I have the entree to all the society I want, but, with a very few exceptions, I have no intimate friends." Equally suggestive was a remark made by a railway official who holds a prominent position on one of the railroads leading out of the city. "I came to Charleston over two years ago, and I have done my utmost to foster the interests of the Charleston merchants, yet the very men who come to me for favors and talk as cordially as if they had known me all their lives, pass me on the street without recognition, and sometimes have to be introduced over again." I might multiply instances of this kind indefinitely. A gentleman who has resided here for over half a century, and has never committed the crime of voting the Radical ticket, told me that he made the greatest mistake of his life when, instead of going North after the war, he allowed himself to believe that the immigration of business men from other parts of the country was about to restore the city's prosperity, and remained to lend a helping hand. I have purposely avoided giving the opinions of Charleston Republicans in this letter, for when pronounced Democrats tell me, as they have almost without exception, that this state of things exists here, it is not necessary to look further for witnesses. I wish it were not so. It is saddening to see men of intelligence and integrity overawed by a miserable clique of self-seeking politicians and sham aristocrats, but that they are overawed they confessed themselves in the same breath that they asked me not to mention their names in the paper. "Several times I have gone away to New York," said an ex-Confederate officer, "just to escape this intolerance of opinion which prevails here, but business interests have compelled me to return. Perhaps you think I ought to stay here and make a fight for my opinions. I have often thought of doing so, but that would mean social ostracism for my wife, and I am not prepared to sacrifice her to politics. I began by asking how it was that Charleston, with its superb harbor, delicious climate and profitable trade lagged behind in the race for power and wealth, but the answer, I think, must now be plain. It is because Charleston is a city where the sentiment, "I am an American," has lost its meaning.

The Vote of California.

From the San Francisco Bulletin, Nov. 29.

It seems that the Republicans have not only secured one Elector in this State, but according to Democratic methods the whole State should have been counted for Garfield. Under the law relating to the election of Presidential Electors, the Secretary of State, on the last Monday in the month of the election, or as soon as the returns have been received from all the counties in the State, if received before that time, must compare and estimate the votes given to Electors, and certify to the Governor the names of the proper number of persons having the highest number of votes. This duty the Secretary of State performed yesterday, the latest date provided by law. Had the Secretary of State, who acts as a Returning Board in this matter, been content to have simply received and checked off the packages of each county until all were received, and then made the official canvass, he would have been obliged to have rejected the returns from Mendocino and Siskiyou, and to have accepted imperfect returns from Lassen; and since Mendocino and Siskiyou gave an aggregate average majority of 442 votes for the Hancock Electors, it is plain the remaining counties would have given the other five Garfield Electors a plurality of about 380 votes. The difficulty with the returns from Lassen were that they had omitted the votes cast for two Democratic Electors, and as these returns were duly certified and sealed, they were, according to Democratic methods, the best evidence that could have been had, providing, of course, the missing votes had been Republican. But the Republican Secretary of State had looked into these packages of returns as they had been received, and discovering the errors and omissions referred to, telegraphed for other and correct returns, pointing out the fatal mistakes in the first, and in this manner five Democratic Electors have been declared elected by an average plurality of 62.

We understand that in the Solid South as well as the extreme northeast, when a Democratic official gets this kind of advantage over the Republican voters he lets them know the penalty of such carelessness by throwing out such returns, and, indeed we were treated to some of the same kind of business in Stanislaus county at the last election. The Democratic board of supervisors, in canvassing the returns found that the tally lists and the poll lists from Oakdale and Empire districts were missing. They were asked to adjourn, as they might, under the law, to give an opportunity to have the returns completed, but the board refused to adjourn. It has been ascertained since that the missing returns were sealed up with the tickets by mistake. It is, perhaps, only a coincidence that these two precincts were Republican, and that by not counting them a Democratic supervisor was elected, instead of a Republican.

A Democrat's Indictment of the Democratic Party.

This is really given in seven counts by a leading Democrat in the Albany *Argus*. It is interesting to see the causes to which he attributes the defeat at the recent Presidential election. No candid mind can examine them without acknowledging that they, collectively and severally, justly the verdict passed upon the party.

1. Our fanatical crusade against the Federal election laws and the Federal laws permitting the presence of troops at the polls.

2. Our failure to espouse with earnestness the cause of the Southern laborers. It is notorious that their political rights are outraged and their political weight neutralized by violence and fraud in some of the states.

3. Our low tone of sentiment in regard to the supreme authority of the constitution. We hesitated to recognize the sovereignty of the United States within their constitutional sphere.

4. Our apparent connivance at Southern sectionalism. This species of sectionalism is an evident and portentious reality.

5. Our abject and stupid servitude to party usages.

6. Our unhallowed alliance with the financial folly and political heresy of greenbackism.

7. Our dasturdly treachery to the cause of civil service reform.

PROSPERITY OF SOUTHERN MILLS.—The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald* has the following: "We have pleasure in informing our readers that not many more months will pass before our city will have cotton mills in operation. We have not heard of a single factory in the South failing. There are many in Georgia and the Carolinas and some in Tennessee and Mississippi. The Georgia mills pay large dividends, in addition to adding to their works annually. Last year some of the Georgia mills declared dividends as high as 30 per cent., and none of them were below 12. Col. Richardson, who owns the stock of the Western Mills, in this State, declares that it is the best property he owns, and none of it is for sale at any price. The cotton mills at Natchez, though young, have doubled their capital, and none of the stock is for sale."

The talk that was current at Washington last winter about Senator Davis', intention to resign his position in the U. S. Senate is again afloat in the newspapers. A Washington special in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of Saturday makes the following reference to it:

The friends of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, say that he has been meditating for some time past resigning his seat in the Senate, where he has become a familar character. He has become the President of a railroad leading up the north branch of the Potomac river, and then continuing southwestward to a point near the White Sulphur Springs, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. On this course Senator Davis has 40,000 acres of magnificent woodland, immediately available for timber when the railroad shall be opened, and it is all underlaid with superb beds of coal. At his time of life the development of this region and the completion of the railroad will give him plenty to do. His first cousin, Arthur Gorman, has, meantime, been elected to the Senate from Maryland. Senator Davis is the son of a gentleman once quite rich, who failed when the Senator was a boy, and he had to go to work at whatever came along. He has been altogether the most energetic public man between the West and the East, and has played an important part in the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I was asking one of his friends a day or two ago how he came to question the integrity of the figures presented by the Government as to its indebtedness.

"That naturally arose," was the reply, "from a straight out business man finding that three officers of the government were putting down different figures for the Public Debt. The Register of the Treasury (Allison) had a different bookkeeping from the Secretary and Treasurer, and it was natural that when a man took up these three reports and found no two of them agreeing, he considered that there might be something wrong in the figures themselves."

Cor. N. Y. Times.

Gen. Garfield's Course.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 11.—A gentleman who has stood close to Gen. Garfield all through his political career, and who knows as much of his habits of thought and bias of mind as any man living, has suggested some ideas concerning Gen. Garfield's course as President, which are here produced:

"In all things," he said, "from his early debates in the district schoolhouse to his later contests in Congress, Gen. Garfield has, above all things, been a consistent man. What he believes he believes heartily, and when he has once decided upon a line of personal conduct, or the support of a public measure, it is difficult to turn him from his course. He studies and investigates before he casts his lot, and is thus armed and fortified with reasons for his choice when that choice is attacked. Take, for instance, his course on the currency question. In 1867, before Gen. Garfield had taken any special stand before the country on the currency question, a great many very able and careful Republicans were uncertain and fearful what course had best be pursued. Mr. Pendleton's idea to pay the bonds in greenbacks had already been advanced, and had met with considerable favor from members of both parties. Gen. Garfield was advised by many friends not to touch upon finances in his campaigning that fall, but so convinced was he that there was only one wise and just course to pursue, that he went down to Jefferson, Ben Wade's home, and one of the strongest speeches of his life, denouncing the Ohio Idea and all leaning toward it by the Republican party. He promised the speech by declaring that he wanted his district to know, before another Congressional nomination, just where he stood, so that if he did not represent it in fact he did not wish to represent it in name. His whole course, both in Congress and out, on this money question, proves the tenacity of his ideas and his determination in following his convictions."

"What, in your opinion, will be the prominent questions that will receive his attention as President?"

"Of course, there is no need of outlining his course upon the money question. His life speaks for his half on that score. He has only one position, and will occupy that to the end. It strikes me that the settlement of the Southern question will be one of the chief points in his Administration. Just what his course may be politically toward the South no man can tell. That he will adhere to his Toledo speech in his treatment of ex-rebels I have no doubt—that he will shake hands across the bloody chasm, but only on the agreement that in the contest 'we were forever right, and they were forever wrong.' But that he will do far more for the South than the present Administration has done or attempted to do, I have no doubt."

"In what line?"

"In a permanent removal of the causes of trouble. If you know Gen. Garfield's past, you know what his course has been upon educational matters, and in what esteem he holds common education for all men, and the highest forms of culture for all men. Our Presidents have counted in their number many truly wonderful men, and some of rare culture, but there has not been one of them from Washington to Hayes, who has been better educated or who has drawn more continually from a storehouse of great book learning than has Gen. Garfield. He knows wherein lie many elements of strength and how to bring them forth. He was through the district school at seventeen and soon after entered a country seminary, whose meagre opportunities and discipline seem small compared with the modern institutions of preparatory learning. From that day to this he has been a school man in the highest sense of the word. He believes in education for others. One of his strongest grounds of faith in a Republic is that it must be an educated and educating Republic, and that the common school and the university work hand in hand for the preparation of citizens for the duties and the honors of citizenship. He has put his ideas into his legislative work, for, to his aid, as much as to that of any one man, does the National Bureau of Education owe its existence. He first presented the memorial of the National Association of School Superintendents, asking for such a bureau, to Congress, reported as a committeeman in favor of it, made a speech in its support, and worked personally for it among the members of Congress. In public and in private he has always been a friend to education, and what he has been in the past his natural consistency of character will determine that he must be also in the future. From the foregoing I am assured that one of the main fruits of Gen. Garfield's administration will be produced in the South. So far as national aid can be extended in advancing common education and in spreading common schools over points where such do not exist at present, it will be to that extent urged by the next President. I believe that he will give serious and careful attention to the subject of education in the South, and thus aid the growing generation in better understanding the duties and demands of citizenship than their fathers have understood them. He will not urge any temporary expedients of settlement, but will insist on going to the root of the difficulty. And not only in the South, but at all points where help is needed he will invoke government aid for the advancement of education, on the ground of public welfare and national preservation. I am convinced that the next administration will essentially be one of progress, and that the American people will receive a great many new and fruitful ideas from their chief Executive on internal development, commercial growth at home and abroad, the building up of an American merchant marine, and the enforcement of respect for our flag abroad."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1880.

The Democrats of the House, after spending the first week of the session in a fruitless attempt to pass the electoral count resolution, continued their endeavors yesterday. The only possible reason for their great desire to gain the partisan advantage which would be had should this rule become a law, is to vitiate the result of the last Presidential election, throw it into the House, and so elect Hancock or some other Democrat President. There must be, from the nature of the circumstances, some hidden reason, some point to be gained by the Democratic party, or they would not, at the peril of future favor, in defiance of the business interests of the country, push the resolution, which otherwise would be of no earthly benefit to them or value to any one else. The party that indorsed the Maine steal, that produced and circulated the forged Morey letter, has so little moral or political conscience that it would stop at no crime, however daring, to defeat the will of the people so emphatically pronounced last November. The Republicans in the House are making all the opposition in their power, and as the Democrats have not a quorum of their own members here they can not pass the measure as long as the Republicans resist it.

A few words descriptive of this resolution may not be amiss. It provides that where but one set of returns are received from a State, it shall take the vote of both House and Senate to reject them. Where two sets are received, the votes of both Houses shall decide which is the true one. In fact, the entire control of the counting and declaring of the result of the election, is by this resolution, given to the Democratic majority in Congress. For example: the election in New York State was very close, the Republican electors having but a small actual majority; suppose when that State is reached in joint session next February, some Democrat gets up and objects, charging fraud, and asserting that the State was really carried for Hancock; under the resolution no earthly power can stop the Democratic majority in both Houses from counting the State for Hancock. If they chose. The resolution is fraught with danger and we see revolutionary tendencies which distinguished the Democratic party in the past, and will continue to do so.

After some petty objections by the Democrats, Judge Taylor, Gen. Garfield's successor in Congress was sworn in yesterday. This being apparently the only business before the House it took up the electoral resolution and spent the rest of the day on it.

Last week the Senate slumbered. Well, for that matter, it always does the first few weeks of the session. Yesterday the Fitz John Porter restoration to the Army case was taken up and discussed. A vote may be reached upon it this week.

General Grant arrived here last night. He was escorted from the Depot to the residence of Gen. Beale whose guest he is, by the "Boys in Blue," and other Republican organizations in the city. The ovation yesterday, was, by the way, the first public attention General Grant has received at the hands of the people of Washington since his last inauguration in 1873.

Secretary Thompson called on the President this morning and requested him to name his successor as head of the Navy Department in time that he may take the office Monday, as he wishes to leave the Department on that day. Secretary Thompson's resignation is accepted, and Secretary Ramsey will act as Secretary of the Navy until March 4th, 1881.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CALIFORNIA SENATORSHIP.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Senator Farley, of California, arrived here last night, and was in his seat to-day. There is nothing, he says, in the talk of a probable Democratic United States Senator from California to succeed Mr. Booth. A Republican will be elected.

GENERAL GRANT IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, December 13.—The weather this afternoon was most pleasant for the reception of General Grant on his visit to Washington. The frost had passed from the atmosphere and the sun shone brightly. All the Boys in Blue in the executive offices were given holiday in the afternoon. Gen. Grant was met by Generals Beall, Logan, Hawley and Burnside, and a number of others. Gen. Beall took charge of Mrs. Grant and drove her to his residence in his private carriage. The reception at the cars was enthusiastic, though not, strictly speaking, a formal one. After a few words to his friends Gen. Grant started to the carriage that awaited him. As he passed along he was loudly cheered, returning the same by uncovering his head. There was a couple of thousand persons gathered about the outside of the depot, who cheered lustily as he took a seat in one of Gen. Beall's carriages, accompanied by Gens. Logan, Burnside and Hawley, who represent the national committee of the Boys in Blue, and of which Gen. Grant is commander. The various posts of the Boys in Blue, numbering in membership seven or eight hundred, a company of the Veteran Reserve Corps, led by the United State Marine Band, followed in procession to the residence of Gen. Beall, at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets, where he stopped when he visited the city about a year since. Here General Grant, from the carriage, reviewed the procession. In the meantime a salute of seventeen guns was fired on the Agricultural Grounds, and the chimes of the Metropolitan Church rung peals of "Welcome," "Hail to the Chief," "Hail Columbia," &c.

PENSACOLA IN ASHES.

PENSACOLA, December 11.—A disastrous fire, which started in L. Damiani's confectionery store, burned for eight hours last night. Five blocks in the heart of the city were burned, involving a loss of over $500,000—possibly $750,000. Palafox street, from Wittich's corner to the middle of the block opposite the plaza, is swept clean. The fire stopped on Government street, at the City Hotel, east, and one square back of the Curtin House. Over one hundred establishments are gone, embracing the main business buildings, and turning out about fifty families from their houses. The Curtin House, Postoffice, Merchants' Hotel, Brent's bank, both telegraph offices, both newspaper offices, Dunn's Exchange, Wright's dry goods house and the county clerk's office are among the buildings burned. The county clerk (La Rue), for the fifth time in his term of office, saved the records; but while the old man was doing this his own residence was burned and his family rendered homeless. The main steam engine was out of order, and had to be repaired by a machinist before it could work. At one time the loss of the railroad depot and adjacent mills seemed inevitable, and locomotives stood all night fired up, ready to draw the company's equipments and other property out of town. Much suffering must ensue.

Insurance is held by those who were burned out to the amount of about $250,000. It may reach $300,000. The loss, however, is much greater. All the custom house papers were lost. The postoffice and United States Court clerk saved their mails and papers.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Cheap John can supply everybody with Holiday Goods.

—Go and see the 5 cent counter at G. W. Legge's; it is full of nice toys.

—A large stock of French Candies at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Non jury term of court will meet on Monday.

—Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., is attending the Hagerstown Circuit Court.

—A shooting match for turkeys will be held at McHenry, on Friday, Dec. 24th.

—Splendid lot of candies, candy toys and Holiday goods at G. W. Legge's.

—French and common candies, Candy Toys, Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, &c., at Cheap John's.

—A large stock of stationery and handsome box paper at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Capt. E. M. Friend, of Friendsville, Md., paid our sanctum a visit Tuesday.

—Buy your Holiday supplies at Cheap John's and you will please the little ones.

—A spelling match was held at Sunny Side school Friday night of last week. Mr. George Porter is the teacher.

—Mr. John G. Knauer attended the Maryland Sunday School Convention as a delegate from Sunny Side School.

—The largest stock and finest cigars in town at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Cheap John is crowded all the time with children looking at the Toys, Candies, &c.

—General George Crook passed through Cumberland Tuesday, on his way to Washington on official business.

—A large stock of drugs and patent medicines at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell arrived at Oakland Thursday morning, from St. John's College, Annapolis. He will spend the holidays with his parents.

—Those wishing to make a nice Christmas present, will find a nice assortment of Autograph and Photograph Albums at D. H. Loar's.

—Largest stock of Toys, Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments, Mechanical Toys, ever in Oakland at Cheap John's.

—Don't forget it. Wm. P. Totten's Cheap Cash Store is the place to get the highest cash price for sheep skins. 8 14 4m

—Christmas tree services in the M. E. Church Christmas eve, and at the Presbyterian Church Christmas night.

—Notice Offutt's mammoth advertisement in this issue. He offers anything from a paper of pins to a farm, steam saw mill or railroad. Call and examine his stock when you come to town.

—Married—Nov. 25th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Henry E. Friend, Mr. Daniel Fike and Miss Ella Conneway, all of Garrett county. We wish them a successful journey through life and finally that they may enjoy the life that is to come.

—Remember the Lutheran Festival at Dailey's Dining Hall Friday and Saturday evenings, 17th and 18th Insts.

—Mrs. Mary Tusker is agent for The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britian and America, from the days of the Wesleys to the present time. This is a work of great merit and should be in every Methodist household. dec11tf

—Charles W. Shaw, superintendent of the Hampshire and Baltimore Coal Company, died at his residence at Piedmont, West Va., at two o'clock Sunday morning, after a very short illness. He was taken suddenly ill and fell on the street about eight o'clock Saturday evening, dying as stated. Supposed cause appoplexy. Deceased was about 33 years old, and has been superintendent of the Hampshire Company about five years. He was a man of fine social qualities and much liked. He was married last June to a daughter of Douglas Percy, of Frostburg.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock and at Deer Park in the evening at 6½ o'clock, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Stone Church.—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre.

Photograph and Autograph Albums.

The most exquisite Photograph and Autograph Albums at Daily & Co's Auction Store.

An Old Landmark Burned.

The residence of Mr. Fred Gortner, on the Oakland and West Union road, 4 miles south of Oakland, better known as the "Old Swan house," was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday of last week. Mr. Gortner saved but little of his household effects and lost most of his grain and all of his years' supply of meat, which was stored in the house. The fire originated from a defective flue. He will rebuild soon.

Corporation Bridge Meeting.

Pursuant to notice given by posters in several of the most public places in the town of Oakland, a meeting was held in W. A. Daily & Co's. auction room on Wednesday night, the 15th inst.

The meeting was called to order by A. L. Osbourn, Burgess. On motion Dr. E. H. Bartlett was elected to preside, and W. A. Daily appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting being to hear the expression of the citizens in regard to rebuilding the bridge across the B. & O. railroad, on Oak street, the subject was discussed pro and con. It was further decided on motion to adjourn the meeting until the following Tuesday, the 21st inst., at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is earnestly requested that all interested citizens will attend and give public expression to their views in the matter.

E. H. BARTLETT, Pres't.
W. A. DAILY, Sec't.

Christmas Trees.

The Christmas tree of the Oakland Ev. Lutheran Church, will be exhibited and engaged in Christmas eve as usual next Friday evening, 6½ o'clock, in the Luthern Church. The trees, with their rich clusters of unseemly fruit for evergreens; Christmas music and songs, interspersed by short, appropriate addresses; distributions of prizes, reward tickets and Christmas presents will be the entire exhibition and exercise of the occasion, unless santa claus should happen to come in with something extra to please the faithful, dear children of the Sunday School, which we hope he may; if not at the church after the children get back to their homes and get their stockings hung up.

The Ev. Lutheran Sunday School of Deer Park will have its Christmas tree on Christmas evening at 6½ o'clock. The exercise will consist of an exhibition of the tree, laden with presents for the school and friends, the awarding of prizes, announcing of distinctions, distributing of presents, Christmas music, happy songs, spicy speeches of few words and well chosen. May the children and friends of the Sunday School all be present and have a happy Christmas tree and occasion, thus brightening and establishing the Sunday School cause.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented chimp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., menttoning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

Memoir.

In memory of David Kent, who was born in Westmorland county Pennsylvania, in 1813. He came to this State when a young man, got married and has lived in Maryland ever since. Has been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for about 40 years. He died after a lingering illness December 1st, 1880. His life was pure and useful and he elevated and illuminated its grave duties by a nobility of purpose and sincerity of earnestness that were singularly characteristic of the man. Such men as he leave their tracks behind them, "foot prints on the sands of time," and the world is better for their having lived. Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

To those whose aching hearts now bleed,
Eternal arms are round them;
God doth not break the bruised reed,
Nor will He sure confound them.

He is not dead, but gone before,
His feet have passed the portal;
O Death! thou just flung wide the door,
That hid the life immortal.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending December 16:

B. F. Friend and wife to Sarah F. Ryland, part of a tract of land called "Friend's Factory," containing 7 acres, 2 roods and 36 perches; $351.

B. F. Friend and wife to Sarah F. Ryland, part of a tract of land called "Grim's Point" containing 20 acres; $96.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 14th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hons. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters Testamentary were granted to Mary Kent and Robinson Savage, on the estate of David Kent, deceased.

Mary A. Walter, Administratrix of Henry Walter, settled her second account.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, Dec. 28th.

TELL ME, YE ANGELIC HOST!—Rev. Dr. McAnally, of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, being annoyed by the failure of his subscribers to come to time, like Mr. Silas Wegg, "dropped into poetry," and the result proved that there was money in it. His production ran as follows:

"Tell me, ye angelic host,
Ye ministers of love,
Can suffering printers here below,
Have no redress above?"

The angel band replied:
"To us is knowledge given,
Delinquents on the printer's book
Can never enter heaven."

SURGICAL OPERATION.—Dr. Wm. B. Wheeler performed a very interesting operation a few weeks since. A daughter of Mr. A. C. Huffer, was suddenly attacked with intense pain, in the inner side of the thigh, which prevented her from using the limb. On making the examination, the Doctor found a small swelling, from which on making an incision, he extracted a mourning pin, minus the head. The pin, evidently, had entered the body at some distant point, and nature was thus making an effort to get rid of the offending substance. —*Boonsboro Times.*

At a public sale of old coins in Baltimore recently, a United States cent coined in the year 1799 sold for $27.50 and another of the same year known as the '98 die or variety, for $7.75. A cent of 1793 brought $4.50; one of 1801, $1.20; 1809, $2.35, and others in accordance with their value, some selling for 50, 25, 10 and 5 cents. Of the half cents one of 1802 sold for $1 and another for $1.90. The electrotypes sold very poorly. An eagle nickel cent of 1856 sold for $2.25 and a two-cent proof for $1.50. A proof dollar of 1856 sold for $3.75. The sale brought together numerous professional coin-dealers, and others, and was very successful, aggregating some $400 or $500.

There is a rumor of a combination in Tennessee which, if true, will result in returning a Republican, Governor elect Hawkins to the United States Senate. The story is that the Republicans in the Legislature have agreed with the low-tax party to aid them in carrying out certain measures of State policy if they (the low-taxers) will vote for Governor Hawkins for Senator. The Nashville *Banner* says the proposition is to let the low-tax wing have the Speakership of the Senate, and after Governor Hawkins is chosen Senator the Governor's chair will be vacant and the low-tax Speaker will step into it, being next in office. The reason assigned for this action is, that the low-tax men would make any sacrifice for the Governorship, while the Republicans are very anxious to secure the Senatorship.

God Help the Southern People.

Captain John S. Wise, the defeated Readjuster candidate for Representative in the Richmond (Va.) district, wrote the following letter to a friend in Chicago three weeks after the election:

RICHMOND, VA., November 21.

Dear Sir—I fully agree with you in what you say about the foolishness of some of our stump speakers in the South. I believe Hampton and that ilk did more to solidify the North and defeat Hancock than did the whole array of Northern speakers. It is a pity such men were not killed in the war. As long as we make a solid South a solid North will oppose us, and as long as it does we are whipped. I was in a small way a Confederate soldier, and while I would not stultify my record for the wealth of Ind, I am willing to look forward and not backward in politics and seek living issues, accepting and ignoring the past. I think Hampton was a fool when he said we were "fighting for the same principles for which we fought under Lee and Jackson." It is not true in any sense. We fought for Southern independence and for slavery under it. I would not fight for either again, and would regard either as a great calamity to our people. This, I am sure, is the sentiment of ninety-nine hundredths of our people. Yet this foolish speech was heralded all through the North, and others like it, and roused the old passions of the North to the point of solidifying it and defeating Hancock. God help the Southern people! They don't seem to have sense enough to help themselves, and have nobody else to help them.

JOHN S. WISE.

In the Richmond *Whig*, of Monday, is a notable editorial, supposed to have been inspired by Senator-elect Mahone, who owns the paper, and uses it as his organ. The following extract is significant, as indicating the views of the new Senator Speaking of certain differenceses between the Readjusters and Funders, the editor says:

Among these subjects are the free schools, free suffrage, and a faithful and honest adherence to the terms agreed on when Virginia was restored to her position in the Union. Upon these, as upon the debt, the Readjusters and Funders are at antipodes. The former are earnestly in favor of public education of free ballot, and of a manly observance of the faith upon which we were readmitted to the equality in and under the Federal government; while the latter are earnestly opposed to these, their narrow instincts irresistibly impelling them to a narrowing policy in everything. In short, if the Funders are Democrats at all, they are Bourbon Democrats; whereas the Readjusters are Liberal Democrats, who, while seeking to deliver Virginia from a greedy and hishonoring brokers lobby, are also solicitous to readjust the State and people into that harmonious accord with the prevailing national sentiment to which they were pledged at Appomattox Court House and by the acceptance of the constitutional amendments and the reconstruction acts.

BUSINESS ACTIVITY AT THE WEST.—The Chicago *Times* speaks of the business activity there as something wholly phenomenal, and so it is, if the following can be relied upon: "During the past two weeks there has come upon our merchants a regular deludge of orders. Every country merchant has suddenly made the discovery that he is unprepared to meet the demands of a regular old-fashioned winter season, and the haste with which he is seeking to make amends has resulted in an overflow of orders. A very remarkable business 'boom,' quite out of the regular season, has during the past month fallen to the lot of our merchants, and the activity now displaying is almost equal—in some lines it far exceeds—the recognized 'busy seasons' of the year."

PATENT FLOUR.—Almost everybody knows of patent flour, but not everybody understands what it is. Stripped of technicalities, this is about the story of its manufacture: The best flour used to be made of winter wheat. Spring wheat yielded either much less in quantity or else so much of the bran got into the flour in its manufacture that its color was intolerably dark. The wheat would be ground and then bolted. In the refuse—the bran and middlings—would be included a large proportion of the spring wheat, and this would sell more particularly for feed for horses. Now the best of flour, and the most expensive, is made of this very refuse of the old-fashioned process. It all came out of the discovery of a way to draw out the bran. Under the new process the wheat is ground about as before. The first result is an ordinary flour sold for exportation. Then the remainder is taken and put upon great horizontal sieves, and while agitation is going on there an ingenious system of draft is rushing up through and carries off the bran. What is left is the glutinous portion of the wheat, the most nutritious and most productive, and out of this, purified now by the drawing off, of the bran, we get our new process flour. The result of the discovery of the process has been to make the poor spring wheat of Minnesota and Upper Wisconsin the most valuable of grain.

A series of resolution of a significant character have been presented in the Georgia Legislature and their passage recommended by a Senate committee. The resolutions recite the necessity for the education of the colored people, the impossibility of the Southern States doing it in the impoverished condition in which they were left by the war, and inviting aid from the General Government to build up efficient systems for the education of the masses. The State of Georgia does not now make any discrimination between the races in the distribution of educational funds, and the resolutions pledge the same impartiality in applying any fund which may be provided by the General Government. Georgia has already gone to the front as one of the most progressive States in the South.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Santa Claus is Coming.

And there has already come to Daily & Co's. auction store the finest and most complete line of Ladies' Children and Gents' silk ties, scarfs, handkerchiefs, toilet articles and fancy goods generally ever offered in the town of Oakland. Also ladies' and children's furs, caps, &c. Be sure you call and see them before you complete your Holiday purchases.

Notice to Teachers of Public Schools!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Dec. 15, 1880.

The first term will close

Friday, December 24th.

The second term will commence on MONDAY, JAN. 3d. All reports will be made out to Friday, the 24th December, regardless of date when school was opened.

Friday, the 24th, is regarded as a Holiday.

E. H. BARTLETT,
dec18 2w Secretary.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in January, 1881,

at which meeting the following Road and Bridge cases will be taken up and disposed of,

For re-location of Meadow Mountain Run road through the lands of J. O'Brien, &c.

For Bridge over Yough River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek.

For Road through the lands of J. R. Browning, Luke Wood and others.

For Bridge over Swan's Run, near Gortners.

For Bridge over Sand Run, and for Bridge over Laurel Run, in District No. 8.

And for the transaction of any other business that may come before them).

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
12 18 td. Clerk.

Estate of David Kent, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 14th day of December, 1880.

MARY KENT,
ROBINSON SAVAGE
12 18 3 Executors.

1881. 1881.

THE BALTIMORE GAZETTE

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The attention of the public is called to the Daily and Weekly issues of this widely circulated journal. The dissemination of sound doctrines should command the earnest support of every true friend of the Union and the Constitution. Anxious to furnish—not only to political friends but also to the general reader of all classes and political complexions—a first-class journal, the Publisher now offers one not excelled in point of excellence by any other newspaper, and unhesitatingly challenges comparison with the best and most successful dailies published in the Union.

THE GAZETTE—Daily and Weekly—will be the firm and consistent advocate of Democratic principles; it will be independent in all things and neutral in nothing; it will continue to be the bold and fearless defender of the Union, the Constitution and the Laws, and it will make unceasing and unyielding warfare upon all forms of Wrong, Abuse, and Venality that show themselves among the people or in the administration of the General, State or Municipal Government.

The Home and Family Circle will not be forgotten. As often as practicable interesting miscellaneous matter will be published. Nothing will be found in its columns that should be excluded from any reader's notice. It will be essentially a Home and Family paper, as well as a political journal. In fact, every department will be so conducted as to give entire satisfaction and present the appearance of a live, wide-awake, and go-ahead Journal.

Particular attention is directed to the great improvements that have been made in THE WEEKLY GAZETTE. It is now one of the cheapest and most attractive publications in the world. Each number is filled with carefully selected poetry, stories, news, editorial criticisms, and all kinds of choice reading for all classes of readers.

TERMS OF THE DAILY.—One copy, one year, in advance, $6; six months, $3; three months, $1.50; for any less period at the rate of 50 cents per month. Postage prepaid at this office.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY.—One copy, one year in advance, $1. Postage prepaid at this office. Special rates to clubs.

☞The above terms will be rigidly adhered to. Drafts on Baltimore or Postoffice orders payable to the order of the Publisher, being safer, are preferable to any other mode of remittance. All who send money by Express must prepay Express charges. Specimen copies of the Daily and Weekly sent gratis on application at this office. Address

THE GAZETTE,
142 W Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tell Your Uncles

and Your Aunts,

Your Brothers

and Your Sisters

and Your Cousins,

THAT

OFFUTT'S

Is the only place to buy a

NO. 3 REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE,

with all the attachments, for

$25. Guaranteed Genuine.

Also the place to buy a suit of clothes for $6 or one for $20.

The place to buy a silver watch or a Webster wagon, both the easiest running of any made.

The place to buy your boots, shoes or a Ladies' cloth coat.

The place to buy nubias, fascinators, wool shawls or comforts for bed and neck.

The place to buy your raisins, currants, prunes and mince meat.

The place to buy your trunks, valises or straw cutters.

The place to buy your cooking stove or corn shellers.

The place to sell your butter and eggs.

The place to buy your clocks and carpets.

The place to buy your cross cut saws and shot guns, double and single breech loading.

The place to sell your Gensang.

The place to buy your pistols and fox traps.

The place to buy your sleigh bells and baking powder.

The place to buy your salt, sausage grinders and stuffers.

The place to sell your sheep skins.

The place to buy your clothes lines and sardines.

The place to sell your wheat, rye, oats and corn.

The place to buy a farm or steam saw mill or a mile of railroad—we have them all.

Its useless to enumerate the great variety that we carry in stock, as we are satisfied and it is universally conceded that we have the most complete and best appointed store in Garrett county. The goods have all been purchased at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,

FOR CASH,

saving the discounts, instead of paying interest. Therefore we can give to the close cash buyer advantages that but few can offer. Our clerks are polite and attentive; know nothing but square dealing; have been taught to appreciate the trade of the humble as well as that of the great. Whilst our stock at present is greater and more varied than any other in town, we promise that

During the Holidays it Will be much more attractive,

Many fancy and useful articles being added.

We cordially invite one and all to give us a call. Remember the place. It's

OFFUTT'S.

You can see the sign a mile.

Dec. 18, 1880. tf.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Empress of Austria goes to Ireland for hunting in February, after her son's marriage.

THE Viceroy of Ireland receives $100,000 a year and "allowances," but loses money because of the hospitality he must give.

COUNT VON MOLTKE has just passed his eighty-first birthday, which was celebrated by visits from the imperial family, the King of Bavaria and other German sovereigns. The old soldier is said to be marvelously active.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT has recently pointed out in the columns of *L'Intransigeant* that the leading spirits of the luxury and frivolity of the second Empire all bore German names; among these he cites the late M. Offenbach, Mlle. Hortense Schneider, M. Haussman and the Comtesse de Metternich.

THE question of fortifying Copenhagen is just now being much discussed in Denmark, the supporters of the Government urging that such a measure has, in the present state of affairs in Europe, become indispensable, while the members of the Left oppose it on account of the expense it would occasion.

PRINCE BISMARCK has sent a commission to Alsace to study the condition of the workmen there, especially with regard to their dwellings, which are somewhat on the English cottage principle, every man living in his own house. This system seems to be in favor with the Chancellor, who wishes it to be introduced all over Germany by Government help.

THE aged Emperor of Germany is described as looking very imposing, when, with his wife on his arm, he emerged from the venerable Cathedral at Cologne followed by a long train of princes and generals. He took his place in a pavilion prepared on the platz, and signed a record which, after having also been signed by sixty-seven German princes and notabilities, was placed in a long silver tube and given over to the workmen to be deposited in the principal stone cross at the top of the Cathedral spire, 530 feet above.

A SECTION of the German press is not fast beginning to admit that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was a blunder, and that it is another German Venetia. The immense sums sunk in extending the fortifications of Strasbourg and constructing new ones made a great gap in the war indemnity, and now that it is exhausted, their maintenance and that of the army of occupation weigh heavily on the already overburdened finances of the country. The anniversary of the surrender of Strasbourg was the occasion of numerous articles favorable to restoring the territories wrested from France, in exchange for a pecuniary equivalent.

THERE have been some curious proceedings in England under the new Burials act. In Gloucestershire, a vicar being away from home, his wife read the entire burial service over a parishioner. At Seaham a Roman Catholic priest refused to bury a child when notice was given that he would do so; and, the vicar being away, the body remained some hours in the churchyard unhuried. On the other hand, at Glassdale, Yorkshire, the vicar has offered a piece of land out of the glebe to the Roman Catholic priest for interments; while perhaps the most remarkable thing that has happened is that the extreme Ritualist, Mr. Mossman, vicar of West Torrington, Lincolnshiro, reputed to be a Bishop of the Order of Corporate Reunion, allowed a Dissenting minister at a funeral to preach in his church.

The Children's Hour.

THE holiday season has become the Children's Kingdom. For them is the clear winter air made fragrant with the spicy breath of Christmas trees. For them love labors for precedent weeks and months at manifold creations. For them the music swells, the tapers glance, the mummers play, fairy-land is made visible. To them all the delight which unsated childhood can know is offered in the name bf a child.

Best of all is the new atmosphere of love which they feel. In some households the expression of affection is neglected, the little observances of tenderness fall into disuse. In others, alas! the tenderness itself is absent. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children might reach its humane hand into very handsome houses, and rescue from very decorous parents the wounded spirit and starving heart of many a little one.

There is a multitude of fathers to whom the children are an amusement for a leisure hour, a source of pride and pleasure when they are pretty and well dressed and happy. But if the paternal humor changes, or the filial temper clouds, then they are bores, pests, disturbers of the peace, to be kept until repentance in some prison-house up stairs. There are mothers too many whose maternal instinct is a conscience, not a delight; who hold that their duty is done if the child wants for nothing, and has the proper guardian in nurse or governess. But they are not interested in the little individual soul that is daily facing some new mystery of life. It is not on their level. It wearies and disturbs them.

Yet on Christmas morning and on New-Year's Day even these fathers and mothers feel a new delight in their children from having tried to delight them. The conventional greeting is warm and sincere. There are kisses and sweet words, and the little ones feel that never was day so fair or lot so happy as theirs. In their hearts, and sometimes with their lips, they wonder why every day might not be like these enchanted mornings. And at this blessed Christmas-tide may they not be answered with the cheerful prophecy that it shall be?

For every day is as much the opening of a new year to us all as the radiant festival which we crown with honor, and that joy in childhood and reverence for it which Christmas teaches us should be a perennial mood. The child's native air is love and sympathy, constant, cherishing, unquestioned, as the light, without which there can be no healthy growth. Gentleness breeds gentleness. If the love of children be not a strong instinct within us, it will grow as a virtue by careful cultivation.

And perhaps no virtue is so essentially its own reward. To look deep down into the sweet translucent soul of a child, to put one's self in relation with its fresh, eager intelligence, to win its undivided, generous trust, is to know, perhaps, the purest felicity which these mortal limitations permit. Stupid and troublesome and a vexation have we dared to call them? Oh, we of little thought! Where do we go in society that the stupid and troublesome and the vexatious do not gibe our hearts? How do we not conceal our weariness, and smile, and answer, and pretend that we like the things we loathe?

And we do this that we may not give the pain which an honest yawn, a frank objurgation, a genuine snub, would inflict. If, then, we can tolernte the inanities, the erudities, the sillinesses, of people who are nothing to us, shall we not be patient with the sweet importunities of our children? A rebuff, a snub, is as cruel to them as a blow; crueler, since the mind is a more sensitive organism than the body.

If the children's noise distracts us, let us smile and escape, or, still suffering, skillfully subdue, remembering piano-forte recitals or vocal exhibitions not less distracting, for which we smiled, and said "Thank you," and which we could neither escape nor subdue. If their frank, endless questions, springing from an insatiable capacity for knowledge, bore us, let us answer tenderly, carefully, clearly, recalling the vapid inquiries of the gossiping and the curious among our elder acquaintance, which we satisfy with unvarying civility.

Children are honest, fearless, original. Can that high praise be given to all our ealling list? Is it not worth while to cultivate the possessors of these delightful qualities? More than all, they are responsive. What we sow in their quick natures we shall surely reap. If it be the seed of impatience, of inattention, of incivility, of careless misunderstanding, there shall grow a bitter crop of alienation, of stubbornness, of mistrust.

On the threshold of the new year, and within hearing of the Christmas bells, may all fathers and mothers see to it that their holiday gift to the children—the gift that shall not wear out, nor grow shabby, nor cease to please—be a limitless patience and sweetness! The little ones love love. That will content them, though the stocking be but lean, and the tapers on the Christmas tree but few.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Incomes of Factory Operatives in Massachusetts.

A TRUANT officer who visited some thirty factories in and about Boston reports that he found in every one of them children kept at work in open violation of the law. Systematic investigation has shown that of the 13,000 children employed in various factories throughout the State in 1878 only 4,575 received the legal amount of schooling; and that among the 282,485 children in Massachusetts between the ages of five and fifteen there are no less than 25,000 children who never have been present in either our public or private schools.

An overseer in one of the print works in the State says: "There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of parents to put their children to work before they are of the legal age, and to avoid sending them to school the length of time required hy law. Scarcely a day passes but mothers come to the mills and beg us to use our influence in procuring employment for their children."

My friend left the office in a brown study. "Can it be a normal state of things," she said, to a certain political economist, "when children of eleven years are reckoned among the bread winners of a State?"

"Something must be wrong," he answered, "when an organic law of production is violated, as is the case in Massachusetts, where children between the ages of ten and fifteen constitute forty-four per cent. of the whole number of working people, and yet produce but twenty-four per cent. of the income!"

"But is it not possible for a strong, able-bodied man, if he is temperate and provident, to earn enough to support his family and keep his children in school till they are fifteen?"

"It certainly ought to be, but with the present relation of wages to cost of living in Massachusetts it seems that a laboring man with a family can not keep out of debt with a yearly income of less than $600. Now, the fact is that the majority of workingmen earn considerable *less* than $600 a year. I know of one Irish family where both the father and eldest son, a child about twelve, work in the mills. Their combined earnings amount to $564—an income which falls, you notice, below the *minimum* sum. The family numbers six, and one of the four children the parents have kept in school. They dress shabbily, occupy a tenement of four rooms in one of the most unhealthy localities in the city, and are in a wretched condition generally. Knowing that the family were constantly running in debt, I inquired into their items of expense, and found the yearly amount to be as follows:

Rent	$ 78 00
Groceries	231 74
Meat	68 23
Fish	13 60
Milk	25 82
Boots and shoes	14 70
Clothing	26 80
Dry goods	18 00
Sundries	20 11

This total of $589 is a larger expenditure than is warranted by the income of $564. Subtract from this income the child's wages, which amount to $132, and you find the father's income to he only $432. What would be the financial condition of this family without the child's labor? I can not tell how provident they are, but it is difficult to see where their expenses could be lessened, when, according to the statistics of labor, the yearly average expenditure for the food of a family is reckoned at $422.16, which is nearly the amount of the father's earnings." — *Atlantic Monthly.*

D. C. IVESON, of Connellsville, Pa., went to Scotland to look after an estate which he thought he might have inherited; arrived there just in time to listen to positive testimony that he was dead; got $100,000 in cash as his inheritance; saw the perjurers sentenced to prison for twelve years, and returned home with the money.

"HONEY bought in exchange for coffins" is the cheerful sign on a country road near Montreal.

Washington Territory and Its Resources.

THERE are in the Territory about 20,000,000 acres of the finest timber land that stands upon the face of the earth. These forests lie on Puget Sound, and are accessible by the sound and by their streams running to the ocean. The most common trees are the pine and fir. The latter averages 200 feet, and many of them are 300 feet in height and twelve feet in diameter at the base. One stick of timber is represented to have been hewed in these woods 124 feet in length, and squaring twenty-four inches at the small end, free from sap. This vast timber belt has been cut into but little. The laws of the United States are very stringent to prevent the waste of timber, and an agent has been appointed especially for this Territory to prevent the waste of this timber treasure. He is called a timber inspector. Eastern Washington consists of 11,000,000 acres of grazing prairie land. On this land grows a bunch grass which is very nutritious, and vegetates during ten months of the year. During the remaining two months it stands in a dry condition, and cattle feed upon it with the best of results. Five million acres are wheat-growing land, which produced, according to the statistical reports of this last year, thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. Many instances are known where the production went as high as seventy or eighty bushels to the acre. In the mountains, and in fact in every county in the Territory, it is represented officially by Gov. Ferry that coal is found near the surface of a very superior quality. Iron is accessible and of very good quality in all portions of the three main ranges of mountains, the Coast, Olympic and Cascade. In the northern portion of the Cascade Range, on the Snake River, gold has been discovered to be very abundant, the miners making on an average $5 per day. The water advantages of Washington are unequaled in any other portion of the world. The Territory is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the south by the Columbia River, which divides it from Oregon, and partially on the north by Puget Sound, which penetrates it from that direction and separates it from the British Possessions.

Puget Sound covers an area of 2,000 square miles. The water of the sound is deep and the shores are bold, so much so that vessels of the largest class can go directly up the sound seventy miles or more and find safe anchorage. It is free from rocks and bars, and is pacific at all seasons of the year. High winds never prevail. They have recently taken to planting and cultivating eastern oysters there. The product is an excellent oyster, and the probability is that Washington Territory will become the great oyster-producing section of the Pacific Coast. Clams of the soft-shelled variety have been found in great abundance and of monstrous growth, some of them weighing from seven to ten pounds each. There are eighty-five varieties of fish in Puget Sound. The catch of salmon during the last year was 40,000,000 pounds. It is canned and sent to nearly all the markets of the world. The returns to those engaged in salmon-taking and packing amounted to over $3,000,000. The drying of cod is carried on very extensively. The gadus, a species of cod, is very abundant. It is larger than cod, and of finer flavor. Fish can be dried better than anywhere else on the Pacific coast, or the Atlantic either, for that matter, because further north it is too cold and further south it is too dry. They can be cured and sent to market in a more moist condition there than the cod can in Maine. Upon the coast are two harbors, Gray's and Shoal Harbors. There are few inlets of which I have any knowledge on the Pacific Coast of the United States north of San Francisco, with the exception of the mouth of the Columbia and Puget Sound, so that that Territory monopolizes nearly all the harbors on this coast of our country. The Columbia River affords navigable water seven hundred and twenty-five miles in extent, with its tributaries. Navigation is uninterrupted with the exception of the cascades in the river, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, called the Dalles, around which navigation is had by rail. The Government of the United States made an appropriation for the purpose of excavating these obstructions, and in a very few years it is quite certain that we shall have uninterrupted communication through the Columbia River to Eastern Washington.

There are fifty rivers in the Territory, more or less, many of them cascade rivers running from the west into Puget Sound, affording great facilities for manufactures, which in the future are sure to come, because, in addition to the natural resources of wood, iron and coal, the raising of great numbers of sheep now affords an immense crop of wool, which will be utilized at home instead of being exported. The best agricultural portions are found in eastern Washington, the center of which is Walla Walla, one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the Territory. The climate is delightful and uniform. All accounts agree on that point. The temperature rarely falls below 30 above zero in winter, and seldom goes above 70 in the summer. They have a rainy season and a dry season, the former beginning in October and continuing until spring, the latter covering the remaining months of the year, so that the wheat harvest is always completed during the dry season. The population is 85,000 white people, chiefly native-born Americans, emigrants from California, Oregon, New York, Indiana and Kentucky. The Indians number 18,000, and live on reservations in the northern and western portions.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A service was recently announced at St. Matthew's Sydenham, London, "for children of the upper classes." Whereupon the following amendment to the well-known saying was promptly offered by a newspaper commentator: "Suffer little children of the upper classes to come unto Me."

—Gen. Grant has rented the residence of ex-United States Senator Chaffee, on fifty-second Street, New York, and will hereafter make his home there. Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., will also reside at the same place.

PROF. TAMASIA attributes the immediate cause of death by hanging to the closing of the respiratory organs. That sounds reasonable.

Religious.

THE HIDDEN MUSIC.

WE asked where the magic came from,
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her gloss of golden hair,
And her blue eyes looked toward heaven
As though they could see God there.
"Hush!" said the child, "can't you hear it,
The music that's everywhere?"

God help us! we could not hear it;
Our hearts were heavy with pain:
We heard men toiling and wrangling,
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again;
But we lost all faith in the music:
We had listened so long in vain.

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,
And sadly we answered, "No.
We might have fancied we heard it,
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion,
Our reason has told us so,
And you will forgot that you heard it
When you know the sound of woe."

Then one spake out from among us,
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer.
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear
As he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."
—*F. M. Owen, in Good Words.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 12—The Last Days of Joseph. Gen. 50:14-26
Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

Wise Sayings.

ONE of the greatest blessings you can enjoy, is a tender, honest, enlightened conscience.

A GOOD Christian is not a grave to bury God's mercies, but a temple to sing His praises.—*Thomas Watson, 1657.*

HE that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

GIVE the man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes, and the whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.

LET us take care how we speak to those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

THE true Christian, amidst all the diversities of opinion, searches for the holy in desire, for the good in council, for the just in works; and he loves the good, under whatever temple, at whatever altar, he may find him.—*Sidney Smith.*

TILL religion becomes the desire of our hearts, it will not become the business of our lives. Most of the beatitudes which Infinite Compassion pronounced have the sorrows of earth for their subject, but the joys of Heaven for their completion.—*Hannah More.*

I HAVE not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil; and yet, though I have been, and am, a man compassed about with frailties, Almighty God hath by His grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise Him for it.—*George Herbert.*

THERE are times when the tide of Christianity seems to be turned backward, and the world seems to be waxing worse and worse. When our eye runs along the line of a great river, we come to points where the current is obstructed, and the surface is broken into eddies, till the whole stream seems to be turned backward. That is only the surface view. The deep water of the mighty river is all the while rolling onward, and hasting to pour its ever-increasing volume into the boundless ocean below. So, also, notwithstanding those discouraging surface views that sometimes distract our faith and appall our hearts, the deep undercurrent of Christianity is really moving onward; and the fact shall be demonstrated to our sight by and by when, in the clear light of a brighter revelation, we comprehend more of the design and work of God.—*Bishop D. W. Clark.*

Eternity Always Present.

THE lines of our life stretch farther than we think. We lay our plans for the future, and they prove to be tracks that never end. All our paths go out into the unseen world. As you look across the street, the line of your vision is terminated by some building. You can see nothing beyond. If that building were away, you could see other buildings and streets; and if these, too, were gone, the line of your vision would shoot off beyond the stars till it had reached the utmost verge of the great universe. So the hopes of this earthly life—its plans, and schemes, and busy contrivings—are all endless lines that reach into an endless eternity. Within the little circle of yourself, the plans you make for to-morrow, the wishes and hopes you entertain for the coming months and years, you may not see or realize how far your favorite purposes stretch off into the distance. Do you ever think how they touch on the margin of an endless future? Do you never see how all earthly things are embosomed in an always-present eternity? We walk every day in the embrace of eternity. The issue of every purpose is there; the end of every plan is there; the result of every deed is there; no path will end this side.—*Congregationalist.*

A Word in Season.

A FRIEND of mine, says a writer in the *Interior*, was one day in earnest business conversation with a gentleman—a wholesale marble dealer. First they went to the quarries, where nature had stored up her exhaustless supplies, and then through long lines of huge blocks in the rough; and thence to the ready-prepared material; with row after row of choicely-finished bases, dies and columns; all in great variety of styles and pattern. Now here was a group of Columbian, so much admired for its dark shading of blue and slate, with veins of black, and over there, the American variegated, with its lovely cloud-tints of pearl and amber and sea green. And beyond huge monuments of Nova Scotia granite, so closely resembling the famous Aberdeen. Selection were made, and orders given for the usual amount. The owner was a social, genial man, and entertained his customer by showing him all the improvements of his extensive business; the perfect sawing and polishing brought out by the unlimited power of steam, thus giving the rapid and constant supply of his increasing demand for the spring and fall sales. My friend was truly interested in all this, but deeply pained (for he was a religious and God-fearing man) by hearing the continuous repetition of oaths in the most profane manner. As he went to the office and their business was about finished, he said: "Now my friend, skip the hard words, skip the hard words," and again before leaving, "Skip the hard words. Don't forget it." How little he then realized the result of this kindly warning. It was the arrow of conviction to this man's heart. At the usual time, six months later, my friend again called for a new supply and found his friend intent in his line of business, but a changed man, and changed, indeed, for the better. The marble merchant thought my friend noticed a difference and frankly said to him, "Do you remember what you said to me last fall when you were here. 'Skip the hard words?'"

"O yes, but I had almost forgotten it."

"Well I did not. I thought it over that day after you left, and said to myself: Here I have been using these words many years, it must be about time to make a change, and with this thought came a purpose, and with this purpose came a resolve, and with God's help I have kept it and will continue to keep it."

How to Have a Good Conscience.

TO SECURE the intelligent and therefore right action of conscience, it must have a moral law to guide it. It must sail by a chart. That law is two-fold. It is the written law of the Bible, and it is the inner law written upon the heart. The Bible is not universally known. In order to accountability through conscience there must, therefore, be a law within us. Thus Paul argues in the second of Romans. Those who have no external law have one in their consciences. As a matter of fact this universal law is everywhere discoverable. "I am and I ought, are twins born at the same time."

The cases of heathen who with good conscience do wrong are sometimes quoted to show that there is no universal standard that can be regarded as authoritative. But a heathen is only "the germ of humanity." In him we should expect, therefore, to find only the germ of conscience. That its decisions are sometimes wrong proves only that conscience like the body, or the mind, or a flower, should be judged only at its maturity. And even the bad conscience of a heathen argues the universal moral law and the intuitive moral judgment, for the conscience, however perverted and mistaken in its action, springs from a commendable motive.

It follows, then, that to have a good conscience we must use it intelligently. We must avail ourselves of the best moral standard we can reach, and we must cultivate the habit of applying every action of life to that standard. And here comes in the supreme value of Bible study as a practical measurement of life. If we are measuring people hy a six-foot rule, many cases will throw us into doubt, they so nearly or so exactly come to the standard. But if we measure people by Bunker Hill monument we will never be in doubt. Christians often get into trouble by submitting their conduct to low standards. They measure by policy, or expediency, or the religious fashion. They do doubtful things because other people do them. They have Bibleless consciences. If we use the rule of the lowest possible admissible Christian life, we will often be in doubt where we might have the dogmatic certainty of a good conscience if we only measured by a higher rule, and saw that all conduct not Christ-like must be condemned.

Let us have more ethical preaching that insists not only on the importance of a conscience, but that admits for a Christian conscience no standard lower than the Bible. Every other leads to demoralization. Let it be insisted on that to have a Biblically enlightened conscience and to live loyal to its orders is the lowest demand of Christianity. A conscientious Christian is the very prince of titles. A man may think right and have a bad conscience. He may feel right at times with a bad or stupid conscience. But a good conscience is the consent of a man's entire moral nature to the course of his conscience.—*Chicago Interior.*

Nevada Electricity.

A GENTLEMAN of this city says that about one o'clock yesterday morning the whole earth in this region was very highly charged with electricity. He first discovered the fact by accidentally placing his hand upon an iron lamp-post, when he felt quite a sharp shock. He then tried the post with his door-key and quite a large spark was the result. With the key he succeeded in extracting sparks from iron door frames and from the tops of hydrants. On looking at the iron flagstaff on the summit of Mount Davidson he found that about the top of it was visible quite a large and brilliant corona of light. In two or three places on the steel-wire guys by which the flagstaff is stayed were seen small, but bright, balls of light. These appeared to glide up and down, and occasionally disappeared for some seconds, but that at the top of the staff remained constantly in view, though it was observed to contract and expand. It seemed to expand when the balls of light on the guys slid up the staff and disappeared, and to contract when they again made their appearance. On brushing the sleeve of his coat with his hand the gentleman observed that sparks were produced similar to those seen in stroking the back of a cat. The heavens were perfectly clear and the air very sharp. A moderate breeze was blowing from the northwest, and to the northward, over the crest of Cedar Hill, were seen vibrating faint spires of an aurora borealis. On arriving at his room, while moving articles about in search of matches, the gentleman noticed that sparks were produced when some of the things were shoved together. In short, he says there appeared to be a regular electric "shower" that pervaded and strongly charged everything.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

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HOME AND FARM.

M. DEHERAIN thinks a thistle seed will lay any length of time in the ground without rotting, and related an incident where a piece of low land that had taken the deposit of a brook for years was drained and burned over, saying the first thing to grow was an immense crop of thistles.

INK ON CARPETS.—Take up as much of the freshly spilled ink as possible with a sponge, then wet with water and soak with the sponge repeatedly; finally, rub the spot with a little wet oxalic acid, or salt of sorrel, wash off with cold water and rub with aqua ammonia.

MOLASSES FRUIT-CAKE.—Two cupfuls each of molasses and butter, two eggs, a cupful of milk, a teaspoonful each of soda and essence of lemon, two nutmegs, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat well, and add currants, chopped raisins, and citron. Bake quick. To prevent the raisins from falling in the cake, beat them with eggs.

THE importance of washing the head frequently is shown by the experience of a quarantine physician of high standing, who says that, according to his observation, persons whose heads were thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection.

APPLE FOLLY.—Whites of two eggs, one cup of sugar, three sour baked apples, vanilla. Beat together a little the whites of the eggs and sugar, flavor the inside of the baked apples, put to the eggs, and beat till quite stiff. Serve with cake.

IMPACTION or dry murrain in cattle: The symptoms in acute cases are drowsiness and stupor, accelerated pulse and breathing, hardness and tenderness under the right short ribs and tremor of the muscles. At a later stage the eyes glare, the animal moves about regardless of obstacles, often breaking its teeth and horns against the more solid impediments to its course, and bellowing fearfully in the meantime. Death often results in a few hours.

BLEACHING FLANNEL.—Flannel which has become yellow with use may be bleached by putting it for some days in a solution of hard soap to which strong ammonia has been added. The best proportions are one pound and a half of hard curd soap, fifty pounds of soft water, and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia solution. The same object may be attained in a shorter time by placing the flannel for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of sodium, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added.

ENGLISH MINCE PIE.—Three and one-half pounds of chopped beef, three and one-half pounds of suet, three and one-half pounds of raisins, three and one-half pounds of currants, seven pounds of chopped apples, one pound of citron, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of nutmegs, four quarts of cider, one pint of golden sirup. Mix these ingredients all together, and let them stand over night before using; then bake in puff paste.

Stock Poor.

MANY a farmer is kept poor by keeping too much stock. He would be prosperous if the stock was of the right kind. It does not pay to keep cows through the winter that are dry pretty much all the time. It does not pay to keep over a lot of lean and fractious steers in the expectation that they will make good working cattle by waiting long enough. All such animals should be sold to those who have more food in store than their present poor owners. A miserable and melancholy lot of no-breed sheep constitutes no more desirable property, either. Their fleeces are not worth waiting for, and their mutton is called such only by courtesy. They are of no use to a farmer but to help keep him poor.

Good stock, superior stock, pays for itself all the time. A herd of cows is well worth wintering that will pay in milk and butter many times more than the cost of their keep. No other kind ought therefore to be allowed on a farm. No business man ever expects to make headway against competition by holding a stock of goods that is of inferior value and out of the fashion; and a farmer ought to observe the same rule, and carry on his hands no stock that is not of the very sort to give him a good footing in the produce market. He never can get good milk, good butter, or good beef from poor runts of creatures whose existence comes under the head of accident rather than design. Superior stock is the only kind an enterprising and thrifty farmer can afford to keep.

When cows show beyond a question that they can not give milk enough nor milk good enough to pay for their support and yield a liberal profit beside, it is time they were disposed of on almost any terms that will clear them off the farm. It is the same with all creatures that are an incumbrance on the farm instead of a profit; let them be put off without delay, and let the so-called sentiment in the case be eradicated by healthier considerations of what constitutes thrifty and profitable farming. This should be the touchstone everywhere of good farming. If it were really made so, we should soon see an end of dawdling, routine, traditional farming, and the infusion of a vigorous element such as moves the world of business and carries life and activity into every department.

There are, of course, many ways in which a farmer can trace the sources of his unprosperous condition; but the practice of keeping on hand, summer and winter, a lot of practically worthless cattle—for all cattle are worthless that are not profitable—is the moth and the canker that is surely eating out his substance. It is simply a question of time how soon he will succumb, for to be acknowledged hopelessly poor is submission. We repeat, no farmer can afford to keep inferior cattle; a rich man may afford it, and charge his indebtedness to whim or delusive benevolence; but the farmer who has his living to make off his farm can not afford it, nor indeed can he afford to keep any kind of cattle but the best. He owes it to himself to clean out everything that is trash and worthless, and begin and build up on a sound basis. The more poor stock he keeps, the poorer he is in consequence himself. — *Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE DAIRY.

FULL milk cheese is now made of one hundred pounds of skim milk and two pounds of hog's lard, combined in some way, for which a patent is being extensively sold.

A FEW sheep might be profitably kept on any dairy farm. A few of the large breeds would be best; they would give good lambs, heavy fleeces of valuable wool, and good mutton.

IT is said that in all the States east of Illinois three acres of land are required to furnish grass for a cow during the six months of the year she is in pasture, while one acre will furnish her with sufficient hay during the six months she is in the stable.

WE have as good grass here as in Scotland if it rains enough. The milk cow is the best thing on the farm for making money. There is no need to let the calf get all the milk. It spoils a young heifer to let a calf run with her. It does less harm to keep the calf up. Then the vessel develops, otherwise it will not.—*James Wilson.*

A COMMITTEE appointed by the Elgin (Ill.) Board of Trade has been investigating the manufacture of "lard butter" in Chicago. They find that there are six or seven factories in that city making this stuff, the smallest of which turns out 2,000 pounds a day, while there is one that makes 300 tubs a day, averaging from fifty to sixty pounds each. There are three grades which sell at fourteen, twenty-three and twenty-seven cents, according to the quality of the butter used in the mixture. The committee did not learn the proportion of lard to butter, but as lard is worth only eight cents per pound it is evident that there must be a large profit on the product. An effort is to be made to pass a law in the Illinois Legislature, compelling the manufacturers of this "lard butter" to brand it plainly and sell it for just what it is. Butter-makers in the West claim that it is seriously injuring the reputation of western butter.

Winter Butter.

THE farmer who has a number of cows and intends to make butter through the winter should in justice to himself, to say nothing of justice to the consumer, make preparations to make good butter. He already has his cows and no advice upon selection of the animal need be given. It is in order, however, to suggest that it is poor policy to keep poor cows through the winter. If you have one, two or a dozen animals in your herd, which have not shown good milking qualities, get rid of them, *get rid of them!* The shambles are the place for such cows; and it is high time that a decision as to what cows you are going to keep, and as to those you are not going to keep, was made. But the food question is pertinent and important. You have plenty of good hay, of course. If not, one of two things remains to be done and it is unnecessary to question the policy of the suggestion; either buy hay or give up the idea of meeting with the best success in winter dairying. Indeed, unless you have hay of fine quality and in good quantity, it would be wisdom to dispose of your cows. But it must not be forgotten that hay alone, or hay and grain is not all that a cow needs. That used to be the way cows were kept. In fact, they had nothing but hay, and if anybody or anything in this world were ever glad it must have been such cows, as they watched the growing of grass in the spring time. Every dairyman should have a good supply of roots, and it is not difficult to secure this, even if we have been negligent in growing them. Mangels, beets and carrots are not so dear that it will seriously cripple any of us financially to lay in a stock. We do not know which is the best root for feeding dairy cattle, or rather we do not feel like advising, for each has its firm advocates. It is safe to say, however, that any of them are good enough. We should not advise feeding turnips, although we do believe that there is a good deal of nonsense about detecting the taste of turnips at all times in butter when the cow has been fed on them. That it is often, and perhaps generally detected, there is no doubt. But we know of men who have fed turnips all their lives, and there is no more of a turnipy taste to their butter than there would be to butter from a cow that never was within a thousand miles of a turnip. But there is a secret in growing or feeding in such cases, which we do not all possess, and, therefore, it is best to let them alone and feed something else. Remembering, in addition to what has been suggested, the matter of salting the cow, and so so far we are right.

Then comes the matter of facilities for making the butter. Is the milk room specially a milk room, or is it a cellar, in which there is everything else, from rotten potatoes to fragrant fruit? If the latter the butter will be as fertile of flavor as a magician's apartment bottle is of liquids. Good butter cannot be made under such conditions and it is all nonsense to suppose otherwise. If a single reader is situated in this unfortunate way make a change at once. Have a milk room that will be a milk room and not a compost heap. Keep the milk in one place the rotten potatoes in another, and do not let bad flavors of any kind reach the milk, cream or butter. If that advice is followed you will have good butter.

Having obtained this result remember our oft-repeated injunctions to please the eye. People like nice yellow butter much better than they like white butter, although it may be just as fine in quality. Don't be afraid, therefore, to use artificial coloring. It is easily prepared, or can be had already prepared, and when properly added to the butter it increases its value and makes it really more palatable, although the latter depends upon the imagination. Then send your butter to market neatly packed and you will be satisfied with yourself and the winter dairy.—*Western Rural.*

—"The latest caprice is to have one's bedroom upholstery to match fine dresses, and china to match the bedroom." This seems to be the right idea. The contrary is repugnant to an esthetic nature. When a sensitive man sees a neighbor wearing one red and one white sock he feels a morbid impulse to break his neck.

—Much as the monkey surpasses man in agility, he can't run up bills as easily.

A Shamble that Won a Husband.

A pretty story is told about one of Springfield's attractive girls, says the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, a "round and rosy" creature of many accomplishments. As the gossip runs, she was hurrying to take a train, tripped, and so gracefully recovered herself as to win the admiration of a very substantial-looking old gentleman. He assisted the young woman on the train and to a seat beside himself. Conversation flowed pleasantly and acquaintance ripened fast. On parting at a station not many miles west of this city the couple exchanged addresses. The old gentleman proved to be a wealthy Chicago merchant, who opened a correspondence with our heroine. She apparently wrote as agreeably as she talked. Letters winged their way faster between the city by the river and the city on the lake. Then came a proposition—not of marriage, but that the worthy son of the susceptible parent be admitted to the correspondence. The father gradually drew out of the field and the son more than made his place good. Do you guess it? Yes, in the fulness of time, or rather in a very little while, came an offer of marriage. It was accepted. Three souls are happy, a brilliant wedding and luxurious home are in prospect, and the railroad officers have been greatly puzzled of late by the number of Springfield girls who come stumbling, with more or less grace, aboard trains bound for the great and glorious west.

—Everybody has heard of the jolly Dutchman who, when the steamboat was likely to sink, succeeded, after much trouble, in fluding a life-preserver large enough to fit him. While he was trying his best to blow it up, a young fellow standing by said: "You can't fill that with wind, it leaks. Don't you hear it siss?" "Ish dot so?" he replied. "Vell, I dinks den, I petter keep de vind in myself."

—Teacher.—"Event. Spell and define." Girl—"E-v-e-n-t. A—a—a." Teacher—"Who can tell what an 'event' is?" Boy raises hand. Teacher—"Well, Johnny, tell what an event is." Boy—"A horse-race, mum." Who says that the newspaper does not educate?

STATISTICS show that there has been a gradual and steady increase in the average length of life since the sixteenth century. Much of this increased longevity has been due to the improved conditions of living among all classes—and the influence of good living, home comforts, etc., is shown at the present time by the fact that the wealthy average twelve more years of life than the poor.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for December.*

—As a warning to negligent lands lords, it may be mentioned that Miss Della Palmer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been awarded $3,500 in a suit for damages against August H. Deering, her landlord, for injuries sustained through a fall in consequence of a defective oil-cloth, the damaged condition of which he neglected to repair.

[St. Louis Evening Chronicle.]

People in Glass Houses, Etc.

While it may be proper that those "living in glass houses should never throw stones," we think it is eminently proper that those working in glass houses should say a "good word" for anything of benefit to themselves. In this connection, Mr. Isaac Corey, Manager Salem, N. J., Glass Works, remarks: I am pleased to say that I have used the Great Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for Rheumatism, with excellent results; other members of my family have also been greatly benefited by its use.

THE enormous manufacture of oleomargarine in Chicago has driven genuine butter entirely out of the market. It is said that the oleomargariners have reduced the product to such a fine point that they put in selected nairs which give the artificial butter a consistency and a plausibility not otherwise attainable.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

[Grand Rapids Times.]

A Builder's Testimony.

Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., of 9 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass., after relating his surprising recovery from Rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, says: I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this liniment.

A PHILADELPHIA man has perfected a plan for bringing coal out of the cellar without exerting any of his muscle. He makes his wife cart it up.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK is the best for marking linen. Sample will be sent post-paid for 30c. by F. H. Stoddard, Northampton, Mass.

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"WHAT is the first thing a hen does after laying her egg?" "She merrily sings her lay."

"A SUBSCRIBER wants to know "how to pot plants for the winter." The best way is to procure a pot large enough to hold all the plants, and pitch them in, cover with dirt, and set the pot in one corner of the yard until springtime comes, gentle Annie. Every plant may be as dead as Julius Cæsar; but this is better than to carry five dollars' worth of plants in the garret in the fall and bestow fifty dollars' worth of labor and attention on them during the winter.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Signal Service always tells a young man when it is time to take his ulster out of pawn.

It may be a little early for a Fourth of July story, but the following regarding a Harvard student is too good to keep. He had returned to his native village to "spend the Fourth," and among other little lionizing was invited to participate in the celebration. On the auspicious day he encountered an old farmer acquaintance who had driven into the village and who greeted him with, "Why, John, how do you dew! I've heern tell you're to college down in Boston." John modestly admitted the fact, and his friend continued: "They say you're goin' to read us suthin' to-day, John." The collegian explained that he was to read the Declaration of Independence, and the old gentleman, standing back a little and looking admiringly at him, exclaimed, "Sho! ye don't say so, naow, *suthin' ye writ yerself?*"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

You can tell when a reporter is going to make a point by the way he sharpens his pencil.

IT is very embarrassing to a Chicago young man whose intellectual attainments are limited to statistical information regarding the number of base-hits made by the White Stockings last season, the record of Maud S. and so forth, to fall madly in love with a Boston girl, and, just as he is about to declare his passion, have her ask, with a winning smile, what he thinks of Mr. Huxley's views concerning the pre-Adamite man, and whether he does not think the fauna of the tertiary period more interesting than that of the pliocene era.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is $3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.—*Post.*

POLITICIANS are now shaking the voters they were lately so anxious to shake hands with.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Hon. John Cessna,

Late Member of Congress from Pa., says of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy: "I took three doses and my rheumatism was gone. My brother, of Bedford, Pa., was cured by a similar quantity. I recommend it on all occasions. It never fails." Sold by every reliable Druggist.

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To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public road, beginning near the factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road and running through the lands of Nathan Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, George Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green street at or near Mrs. Hall's.

G. W. LEGGE,
RALPH THAYER,
Nov. 29, 1880. E. A. KILBOURN.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of Jan. A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as

"Piney Bottom,"

it being the same tract of land which was conveyed to Hannah Ashby, wife of Jesse. J. Ashby, by John Everett, late Sheriff, by deed dated October 31st, 1859, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 18, folio 41, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county, and contains 278 acres of land, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of ninety dollars and four cents taxes and interest thereon due by the said Jesse J. Ashby for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD.
12 11 ts Collector of Taxes.

PULMONA AT STURGISS,

Cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

Trustees' Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed in a cause wherein Annie Hauser and others are complainants and George Whitehair and others are defendants, said cause being No. 167 Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustees, will offer at public sale at W. A. Daily & Co's Auction Store, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 O'CLOCK A. M. on the

3d day of January, 1881,

all of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings in said cause, described as

LOT No. 1,

in the partition of the real estate in said cause, said lot having been awarded to the heirs of John A. Shaffer and contains 245 acres and 85½ perches of land, a large portion of which is cleared and under fence and is in a fair state of cultivation. A considerable portion of said land is river bottom land and is admirably adapted to grazing purposes. Said farm is improved by a

GOOD DWELLING

with necessary outbuildings; also a fine orchard of young fruit trees. This farm lies on Youghiogheny river, in District No. 8 in Garrett county, about ten miles from Oakland, and adjoins the lands of William Rolfe, Geo. N. Gauer and others; It is situated in an excellent neighborhood, near to schools, churches, &c.

The TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree are:—One-third in cash, and the balance in nine and eighteen months, with interest on the deferred payments, to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

J. W. VEITCH,
TH. J. PEDDICORD,
dec 11td Trustees.

PULMONA at Sturgiss,

Cures Coughs, Colds and all Bronchial affections.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v8n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MORE LIGHT!!

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

All Doubt Cleared Away.

The Reason Why

DAILY & CO.

Can Sell Goods Cheaper,
Will Sell Goods Cheaper,
Do Sell Goods Cheaper,

Than any other house is that

They are bought cheaper,
They are bought at headquarters,
They are bought for the bullion.
They are not encumbered by jobbers and other intermediate profits.
They are bought at prices that enable us to sell at what our competitors are obliged to pay.
We sell for cash.
We do not make the good paying customer pay for the bad, and with absolute disregard for their intrinsic value,

We offer them to our numerous Customers and Patrons at prices proportionate to what we pay.

We keep under no circumstances a slate in the money drawer. No credit slips or I. O. U, or goods sold without the money or its equivalent.

CASH or TRADE

OUR MOTTO.

We offer you inducements which cannot fail to elicit your attention and secure your patronage.

We will sell goods direct from the Auction trade sales, forced upon the market by persons hard pressed for money. We offer you goods equal (and often superior) in every respect to similar lines of goods for sale elsewhere.

It changes no fabric to drive it through the great engines of the Assignee and Auction Room. I merely changes the price from the one who held on to his phantom theory of big profits and unlimited credit until the tidal wave of misfortune overshadowed him, to the other whose Rock Bottom quotations drive them like chaff before the wind.

We will sell you men's overcoats at $4 and $6, which cannot be duplicated for less than $6 to $10. Ladies' cloaks and dolmans, $3.50 to $10.00; worth $7 to $18; Russian Muscovite caps, 75 c, worth $1.25; Arctic turban, 75 c. worth $1.50; Petersham cloth cap, 40c, worth 75; a hand embroidered 60 bone Gem corset for $1.10, worth $1.75. Also special bargains in ladies' and children's shoes.

Shawls, scarfs, ties, laces, trimmings, children's furs, table linen, towels, napkins, hosiery, men's and ladies' underwear, paper, envelopes, box paper, Christmas goods, accordeons and other articles which for lack of time and space we cannot mention. We will sell you envelopes 2 c pack; needles 2 c paper; lead pencils 12 c doz; rubber tipped, 20 c doz; "Nettie" corset 50 c; Falcon pens, 50 c gross; Esterbrook pens, 50 c gross; Hartman's engressing do, 50 c; Colorado do, 40 c; school slates 5 c; spring balances, 15 c; 2 ft. rules, 15 c; cast steel shears, 15 c; spring pad locks, 20; hand saws, warranted, 75 c; shingling hatchets, 30; Rep. button, 5 c doz; 28&30 line white pearl button, 12½ c doz; 50 yds black silk spool 4 c spool; silk twist, 2 c spool; 100 yds blk silk spool, 5 c.

A general assortment of Toilet soup, pocket and table cutlery, silver plated knives and forks, children's toys and Christmas books, chromos, oil paintings, cassimeres, dress goods, men's and boy's wear, &c., &c., all of which we submit to your careful and impartial examination.

Respectfully,

W. A. DAILY & CO.
OAKLAND, MD.

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AND AID IN THE

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We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
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Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
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and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

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—COMPLETE—

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HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

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Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y.
Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C. nov 20

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trusting Mary Murphy, my wife, on my account. She having left my bed and board without cause, I will not be responsible for her contracts.

nov 20-4 JAMES MURPHY.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	11.50 P. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.25 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Yike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jas. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881. NUMBER 45.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.

D. E. OFFUTT,
Agricultural Implements, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR,
ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE,
General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER,
Grocery and Provision Store,
Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT,
Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries.
SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
genta Agricultural Machines,
Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW,
Dealer in
General Merchandise and Country Produce
REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY,
Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN,
Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER,
Oak street, near Second.
A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS,
Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD,
Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER,
Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE,
Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT,
Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer.
Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED.
Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK,
In Wm. Simonse's Building.
Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS,
Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store.
Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes.
Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS,
Drugs, Medicines,
Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery,
Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL,
Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE,
Carpenter, Contractor & Builder,
Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM,
Carpenter, Contractor,
And Builder.
Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN,
Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM,
Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE,
Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE,
Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER,
Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY.
Also an Improved Hand Shed Sower.
jan1-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
90 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Law Office of Feddicord & Combs.)

Order of Publication.

Henry A. Hoye vs. Annie E. Hoye and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity. No. 1881.

The bill of complaint in this case states that the plaintiff is the owner of a certain tract of land called "William and Mary," situate in Garrett county, Maryland, and that the said tract of land is held in common by the plaintiff and the defendants, Annie E. Hoye, Eben J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Walter Engle, Iowa, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, and Annie E. Hoye, who intermarried with Lucien Hendrickson.

The bill further states that the said John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye and Ida J. Hoye, by their deeds bearing date April 20th, 1871, conveyed three undivided eighths in Military Lot 1368, it being a part of the tract called "William and Mary;" that on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1875, the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye by their deed conveyed to Annie E. Hendrickson, wife of Lucien Hendrickson, a part of said tract of land called "William and Mary," containing one hundred and eight acres.

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, by their deeds dated July 9th, 1875, conveyed to a certain Thomas J. Moreland, Military Lots Nos. 1381 and 1374, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1378 and five acres of land, making fifty-five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said parties did by their deed dated July 9th, 1875, convey to a certain Isaac Moreland about ten acres of Military Lot No. 1369, it being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson, her husband, William D. Hoye, Ellen S. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed dated September 18th, 1876, convey to John J. P. Hoye, Military Lots Nos 1387 and 1394, containing one hundred acres being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary;" that the said John J. P. Hoye by his deed dated November 6th 1876, conveyed to Mary A. Hoye the said Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1394, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract called "William and Mary."

The bill states that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to Annie E. Hendrickson was designed and intended to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said Annie E. Hendrickson as her full share and partition of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that the said Annie E. Hendrickson has no interest in that part of said tract of land outside of said deed; that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to John J. P. Hoye was designed to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said John J. P. Hoye as his full interest in said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that he has now no interest in said tract of land whatever.

The bill further states that there remained unconveyed by the deeds hereinbefore mentioned of the tract of land called "William and Mary," the quantity of five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres of land, of which the said Samuel C. Hoye owned a one-sixth undivided interest subject to the widow's dower in the whole tract; that on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1876, John C. Dunham, Sheriff, under and by virtue of a judicial writ issued out of the circuit court for Garrett county, sold all the interest of Samuel C. Hoye in and to the tract of land called "William and Mary," said interest being one-sixth undivided interest in five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres, subject to the widow's dower to Henry A. Rasche, who from thence hitherto has been and still is the owner of the aforesaid interest of Samuel C. Hoye.

The bill further states that on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1877, Mary A. Hoye, one of the heirs aforesaid, executed a deed purporting to convey to certain Crampton Harvey Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1394, and parts of Lots numbers 1329 and 1395, but avers that said deed is void so far as the complainant's interest in said Lots numbers 1329 and 1395 is concerned, and that he still owns an undivided interest in the same.

The bill states that on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1878, the said Samuel C. Hoye, and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1378 and five acres of land, making fifty-five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That the said parties did by their deed dated July 9th, 1875, convey to a certain Isaac Moreland about ten acres of Military Lot No. 1369, it being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary."

That Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson, her husband, William D. Hoye, Ellen S. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, Samuel C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye his wife, and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed dated September 18th, 1876, convey to John J. P. Hoye, Military Lots Nos 1387 and 1394, containing one hundred acres being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary;" that the said John J. P. Hoye by his deed dated November 6th 1876, conveyed to Mary A. Hoye the said Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1394, containing one hundred acres of land, being a part of the tract called "William and Mary."

The bill states that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to Annie E. Hendrickson was designed and intended to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said Annie E. Hendrickson as her full share and partition of the said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that the said Annie E. Hendrickson has no interest in that part of said tract of land outside of said deed; that the deed made by the Hoye heirs to John J. P. Hoye was designed to be a deed of partition and was accepted by the said John J. P. Hoye as his full interest in said tract of land called "William and Mary," and that he has now no interest in said tract of land whatever.

The bill further states that there remained unconveyed by the deeds hereinbefore mentioned of the tract of land called "William and Mary," the quantity of five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres of land, of which the said Samuel C. Hoye owned a one-sixth undivided interest subject to the widow's dower in the whole tract; that on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1876, John C. Dunham, Sheriff, under and by virtue of a judicial writ issued out of the circuit court for Garrett county, sold all the interest of Samuel C. Hoye in and to the tract of land called "William and Mary," said interest being one-sixth undivided interest in five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres, subject to the widow's dower to Henry A. Rasche, who from thence hitherto has been and still is the owner of the aforesaid interest of Samuel C. Hoye.

The bill further states that on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1877, Mary A. Hoye, one of the heirs aforesaid, executed a deed purporting to convey to certain Crampton Harvey Military Lots numbers 1387 and 1394, and parts of Lots numbers 1329 and 1395, but avers that said deed is void so far as the complainant's interest in said Lots numbers 1329 and 1395 is concerned, and that he still owns an undivided interest in the same.

The bill states that on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1878, the said Samuel C. Hoye, and Mary E. Hoye his wife, Ellen J. Hoye, Mary A. Hoye, William D. Hoye, John J. P. Hoye, Virginia E. Hoye, Ida J. Hoye and Annie E. Hoye, did by their deed bearing date the 9th day of July, A. D. 1875, convey to a certain William Chisholm Military Lot No. 1378 and five acres of land, making fifty-five acres of land, being a part of the tract of land called "William and Mary," but avers that said deed is void as against the complainant, and that he still holds and owns an undivided interest in said seventy-one and one-eighth acres of land.

The bill further shows and charges that all that part of the tract of land called "William and Mary" which contains five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighths acres, and which is hereinbefore described, is not susceptible of a partition between the parties entitled thereto, but that it will be to the interest and advantage of said parties to have said land sold and the proceeds of such sale distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The bill further states that Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, are not residents of the state of Maryland.

The prayer of the bill is for a decree for the sale of the said five hundred and sixty-nine and five-eighth acres of land, and a distribution of the proceeds of said sale among the parties entitled to receive the same according to their respective interests, and closes with the usual prayer for process and for an order of publication against the non-resident defendants.

It is therefore ordered by the Court this 4th day of December, A. D. 1880, that the complaints cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1881, giving notice to the said Annie E. Hendrickson and Lucien Hendrickson her husband, and Mary A. Engle and Walter Engle her husband, and warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 4th day of May, A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
dec 11 4w W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

PULMONA at Sturgiss',

Cures Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

prayers, oft offered, are to be answered at last; his wife shall clasp a son in her withered arms, and his child shall be the destined messenger of the Lord, to take up the trumpet of prophecy, snared from the lips of David, and Isaiah, and Malachi, and proclaim the coming of the King.

Luke 1. 5-17

Memory Verses, 13-61.

5 There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth.

6 And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments of the Lord blameless.

7 And they had no child because that Elizabeth was barren; and they both were now well stricken in years.

8 And it came to pass that, while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course,

9 According to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord.

10 And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense.

11 And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

12 And when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him.

13 But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

14 And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth.

15 For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb.

16 And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God.

17 And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

HOME READINGS.

M. Zacharias and the angel. Luke 1. 5-17.
Tu. Abraham and the angel. Gen. 18. 1-10.
W. Manoah and the angel. Judges 13. 6-25.
Th. The woman and the angel. Matt. 28. 1-10.
F. Cornelius and the angel. Acts. 10. 1-20.
S. Peter and the angel. Acts. 12. 1-19.
S. John and the angel. Rev. 22. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Luke 1. 6.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,
O be that refuge mine.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every cell,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. THE HOLY PAIR. v. 5-7.
Who were they? When did they live?
Where was their home? v. 39, 40.
What was the vocation of Zacharias?
To what course did he belong?
What was their character?
Was such the general character of the priesthood at that time?
To what extent was this pair "blameless."
What privilege had thus far been denied them?
What subject of their prayer is indicated in v. 18?

2. THE HOUR OF PRAYER, v. 8-10.
What was the duty of Zacharias?
Where was this duty performed?
At what was incense a type?
How is this represented in Rev. 8. 3?
Of whom was the priest, while offering incense a type?
How did the people show their interest in the service?
What example do we find in their conduct?
At what hour did this service take place?

3. THE HEAVENLY PROPHECY, v. 11-17.
What took place in the temple?
What is the effect of heavenly appearances upon human minds, and why?
How were the fears of Zacharias relieved?
What was the promise made to him?
What character was predicted of his son?
What was indicated by the words concerning strong drink?
What was to be John's office and work?
What influence was he to exert upon the people?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

What does this lesson show—1. As our example in character? 2. As our example in worship? 3. As our example in zeal for God?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. God's messages come to men when great events in the spiritual history of the race are about to take place.

2. God's messages come only to the righteous, whatever their state in life. v. 6.

3. God's messages come to some while in sacred duties, but to others, (the shepherds,) while in secular. v. 11.

4. God's messages begin with words of cheer and encouragement to the troubled in spirit v. 13.

5. God's messages come as answers to prayer, unexpected, and larger than our thoughts.

Two Views of the Two Parties.

Two noteworthy political papers appear in the January number of the *North American Review*; one by Senator Edmunds, entitled, "The Controlling Forces in American Politics," and the other by Senator Wallace, entitled, "The Mission of the Democratic Party." Both treat of the same subject—the attitude and relations to each other of the two great political organizations in the United States. Neither contains any very fresh contributions to the fund of material for current political discussion, or gives any clear glimpses of probable party action in the future; but each is valuable as a statement of the writer's idea of the motives and beliefs of the party to which he belongs, and his view of the purposes of its opponents. Senator Edmunds finds the best way of showing the reason for the existence of the Republican party and describing its aims and work to be in giving an account of the Democratic party, which he does with a somewhat caustic pen, yet with a rigid adherence to historic facts.

The preponderating influences within the Democratic party, up to 1861, he says, were devoted, first to the protection and extension of slavery; second, to the propagation of the dogma of free trade; third, to restricting the National jurisdiction and the National laws within the narrowest limits with respect to the elections of Representatives, the privileges of citizens, and internal improvements; fourth, to repressing the jurisdiction of the National Courts; and, fifth, to the propagation of the doctrine of the right of secession. The overthrow of the Rebellion has removed the first of these objects from the arena of practical politics, but whether the last has received its quietus remains for the future to determine. The others are still cherished, except that concerning internal improvements. Toward this the attitude of the party has undergone a change, and its members of Congress generally favor expenditures for such works on a scale that is liberal to the point of recklessness. The present doctrine of the Democracy in regard to the constitutional amendments, Mr. Edmunds says, is that the duties they devolve are the duties of States in their character as such, and that no legislation of Congress operating upon the persons of citizens is "appropriate." So, too, in regard to the laws of Congress for securing fair elections of members of the House. The attitude and policy of the Republican party, can, he thinks, be understood from the statement of the position of its antagonist. He does not admit that the Democrats are genuine and consistent defenders of the real constitutional rights of the States, because in the important matter of electing a President the records of Congress show that they have voted against laws proposed by the Republicans binding Congress to recognize and obey the decision of such States in regard to all questions of the choice of its electors, and have sought to draw into the two houses an unlimited jurisdiction over the subject. This is a strictly correct presentation of the constitutional point at issue in the electoral controversy of 1877.

Senator Edmunds holds it to be a grave mistake to suppose that the present opposition of parties is in any correct sense sectional. The division, he says, is essentially institutional and not geographical. Every State in which slavery recently existed voted at the recent election for the Democratic candidate, and every Northern and Western State, with three exceptions, produced, it is believed, by the crime of the forged Morey letter, voted for the Republican candidate. The Democratic party he considers, "in every effective tive sense, is, as it was before the Rebellion, nothing else than a party founded and existing upon the ideas of a slaveholding system, which has always been a corner-stone of aristocratical governments." Of such a party, he says, we may repeat the phrase applied to one of the earliest of Democratic parties: "And of all the enemies they had they were themselves the most fatal."

Senator Wallace's paper is very short, hardly exceeding the compass of an ordinary newspaper editorial article. The mission of the Democratic party, he claims, is decentralization. It must resist the tendency toward a stronger government, oppose Federal legislation over matters heretofore within the control of the people of the States, and set itself against the influence of Federal patronage. He tries to identify the Republican party with unconstitutional assumptions of power, with large donations to corporations, monopolists, and wealthy men, with an extension of Executive influence, with the interests of an aristocratic class, and with the domination of the employee by the employer. Having made the effort he projects from his imagination a pure, independent popular party, the friend of the plain, honest, common people, and the enemy of oppression of all sorts, corporate as well as Governmental and audaciously insists that this is the Democratic party, not dead, but Anæuslike, arising from each defeat stronger than before. One might say to him as Prince Hal did to Falstaff: "See how the plain truth will put you down." The plain truth is that the Democratic party exists only by the support of the element in the South that has persistently denied the right of the laboring population of that section to exercise any influence upon the government; that it opposes the encouragement and protection of labor in the North by tariff laws; that it has no respect for the popular will, and is ready at all times to practice the most outrageous election frauds to gain power; that so far from being the opponent of centralization, it has favored the most extreme measures for concentrating power in Congress whenever such measures have promised to advance its partisan ends; and that, in a word, it is the most unprincipled, inconsistent, and reckless opposition party which ever existed in this or any other country. It is a mere clog in the wheel of National progress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Honors to Urner.

WASHINGTON, December 22.—The Maryland Republican Association tonight tendered a reception to Congressman Milton G. Urner, the only Republican member of Congress from Maryland. Talmadge Hall, on F street near Tenth, where the reception took place, was handsomely decorated, and there was a good attendance. The Marine Band enlivened the occasion with good music. Mr. Francis J. Miller, of Montgomery county, opened the meeting by saying that they were here to celebrate the great triumph of the Republican party, gained last fall. He said: "We have had our battalions well disciplined, and we have had a fearless leader. We have met here as citizens of the United States, residents of Maryland, proud to be sons of that great old State, and to pay our tribute of respect to the man who, in the Sixth district, led our forces to a triumphant victory. The mountaineers all the world over are known to be lovers of liberty, and the mountaineers of Maryland have displayed their love of freedom by returning to the councils of the nation men belonging to the party of liberty. Two years ago Mr. Urner was elected by a plurality of 1,800 over the regular Democratic nominee, there being in the field also a Greeback-Democratic candidate, who received 2,700 votes. Last November, however, the district gave Mr. Urner a clear majority of 600. The district is making good progress, and if the party is wise, the time is not far distant when the entire State will be disenthralled, redeemed and placed in the ranks of the Republican States and on the road to prosperity. Our opportunity comes next fall. The ring is holding a rod of iron over the Democratic party, nominating all its officers, and there is restlessness and dissatisfaction in the party's ranks. Its best men are doing all they can to break loose from its fetters, and if the Republican party, renouncing and denouncing all cliques, shows that it is a party deserving support, the good men of the Democratic party will rally around it. We want such men. By pursuing a proper policy the time is not far distant when the power of the ring that has ruled over the State so long will be broken."

Mr. Urner, who was then introduced, was received with a loud demonstration of applause. He thanked them not only for this kind reception, but also for the service they rendered him during the campaign. The borders of Montgomery county are always looked upon as affording the opposition a chance to defeat the Republican candidate, but he always had a feeling of safety in the fact that the Maryland Republican Association in the District of Columbia was well organized, and was taking care that no fraudulent measures were devised by the opposition to defeat the Republican candidate in the Sixth district. He was here with them as a patriot rejoicing in the triumphant vindication of the principles of the Republican party; rejoicing that for the next four years the government is to be administered by its friends, and that the head of the administration is to be the greatest man the country has ever produced—a man standing head and shoulders above his fellows, broad-shouldered, broad-hearted and broad-headed, having the stature of a Saul, the wisdom of a Solomon, and the virtue and purity of a Daniel. [Applause.] This was not a recently born idea. He had entertained this opinion long before General Garfield's nomination. All those here were interested in the welfare of the State of Maryland. We will not cast off our commonwealth because she happens to be in Democratic garment. She gave to the country some of its greatest men, from William Pinkney to Henry Winter Davis. [Applause.] We are proud of it, though she is Democratic. But we don't intend it should remain so. It is showing signs of it now. The Sixth district has been considered a pendulum district, once swinging on one side and then on another; but now this pendulum is settled, and the four Republican counties in it—Alleghany, Garrett, Frederick and Washington—present a solid phalanx, facing eastward and inviting the balance of the State to come and join in with them. Maryland ought to be a Republican State. From 1820 to 1860 it has only twice given a popular majority for a Democratic President, being for General Pierce in 1852, and for Breckenridge in 1860. It has uniformly given its support to the Whig party, and on the various questions that divide the Republican and Democratic parties the Republican party coincides with the Whig party. It favored protection of American industry; it declared that this was a nation, and that it was proper for the government to make appropriations for internal improvements. A few days ago he saw a paragraph in *The Baltimore American*, the leading Republican newspaper in Maryland, that efforts were being made by the authorities to encourage manufacturing in the city of Baltimore. He was glad to see this spirit of protection displayed in the State. The Republican party also asks for a free ballot, a fair vote and an honest count. Give us these in Maryland, and we will elect a Republican governor three years hence. The Democratic party passed the Fugitive Slave law while it was in power, by which the general government had power to bring back the slave to the State whence he fled, and now they deny that there exists power in the general government to protect the ballot-box. We are opposed to centralization, but claim that the law of the government is supreme. Upon this rock we build our church, and against it Democracy shall not prevail.

Mr. Urner demonstrated by facts and figures that the Republican party was a party of progress, and said that twenty years ago Washington was a third-class city, and the Republican party has made it one of the finest in the country. There is no reason why Maryland should not be Republican. As soon as they see that the Republican party is a happy family the Democrats will be more inclined to come over. He did not think that any wrangles existed in the Republican party now, and if there are any he hoped they will be quelled. The Democratic party admitted in the last platform that reform was needed, and presented for governor the champion reformer. Gov. Hamilton appointed a register of voters in Frederick, and if he is a sample of Hamiltonian Democracy, he wanted it only in homepathic doses. [Laughter.] As far as he was concerned, he will recommend for appointment Republicans—not, however, because they belong to a particular clique—and he would not favor the removal of persons because they belonged to a certain faction. He would recommend only men whom he knew to be good Republicans and men of merit.

Mr. Urner was attentively listened to, and at the conclusion of his speech the meeting adjourned.

Be on time; for prevention is better than cure. All Coughs and Colds and such affections of the throat and lungs as lead to consumption are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

The Easton *Ledger*, a Democratic paper, has been advertised for sale by the creditors, all because its subscribers have not paid up.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

"They all come home at Christmas-time."—*Charles Dickens.*

Build high the fire, let its good cheer
Fling out a ruddy welcome here.
With love and joy and hope receive
The merry, merry Christmas Eve!
Ring out, oh bells, your welcome chime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time."

Open the doors and let the blaze
Shine out upon their distant ways.
Brothers and sisters, parents dear,
Children and children's children here!
Ring, bells, ring out the Christmas chime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time!"

And they are here, the dead, the dear,
Parted through many a bitter year;
Love lives forever, they have come,
Sit in our hearts, their sacred home.
From frozen sea or sunlit clime
"They all come home at Christmas-time."

Yes, all are here, though tempest-tossed,
In snares and sins forever lost;
No vacant place, no empty chair—
We see them filled, for all are there.
From death, from shame, from grief, from crime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time!"
—*St. Louis Republican.*

TEN LITTLE TOES.

It was the twenty-third of December, a cold mist had been falling, freezing as it fell, the sky was grey, and the short winter afternoon was fast growing into night. Up the straggling village street a little urchin was trudging along, not cheerily and with boyish whistling, but slowly and painfully, stopping every now and then to give a pull to the ragged woolen socks, which were all the covering his little feet possessed. The cobble-stone walk was slippery with the frozen sleet, and often the poor little chilled feet stumbled and hurt themselves cruelly; but their owner was one of those pitiful examples of how oven suffering can become expected, and he endured his bruises with a pathetic patience. After the row of cottages on each side of the inn—above the door of which swung the sign of the "Half Moon"—came the church, with its iron gates, open to-day, for busy hands were bringing holly and ivy and laurel, to "make beautiful the home of the Lord," for the "white day" of the year. Beyond the church stretched the grass fields, and then the ivy-topped low stone wall of the village garden. Away and beyond that were rolling fields, and then at half a mile distance the great stone pillars and gates of "The Cedars," the residence of Mr. Fairbanks, the owner of the great mills in the hollow, where heavy machinery clattered and boomed from morning till night.

As the child passed the church he heard voices, and stopping a minute he looked through the grating, wondering dimly if the "gentlefolks ever, ever starved in the cold."

Mrs. Ellsmore, the Vicar's wife, was coming out, her hands full of gleaming berries and shining leaves; she was talking pleasantly to the old sexton who was locking up the church.

"Be sure and have a good fire in the vestry to-morrow, for we will be down early," she was saying as they came through the gates; "and, Andrew, take care of your rheumatism; it is cold to-night."

"Aye, madam, it do be bitter cold, it's loike snow," and pulling his hair to the lady, Andrew shuffled off.

Turning quickly, Mrs. Ellsmore nearly stumbled over the crouching figure of the child, who sat down to rest on the stone ledge outside the iron fenco. "Well, little boy, and who are you?" she said, stopping a moment.

"'Oime Bobby," he answered, gazing into her face with the wistful look of some dumb animal.

Mrs. Ellsmore smiled.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," jerking his head toward the hollow.

"Oh, your father works in the mill?"

"Na, he's turned off; w'en the maister turned off the hands, father's name was drawed."

A shadow crept into the kind eyes watching him. It was the same old, pitiful story; how often she had heard it that winter. Trade was dull, and just as winter was coming on Mr. Fairbanks had closed a part of his mills and turned off half of his hands. They said when the news was told them a great cry went up from the men; in an instant they saw what would follow—starvation for the wives and the little ones. Other mill owners had done the same, but others still had kept on their hands for the winter, only shortening the hours. Mr. Fairbanks was a just master but a hard one, and now many a brawny fist was shaken stealthily after him as his carriage rolled past the cottage windows. Mrs. Ellsmore thought of all this as she looked down into the little pinched face.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, gently.

"'Oime come fur granny, the baby's crying himself into fits, an' mother doan't know what ails it."

"Where does granny live?"

"Down t' lane. 'Oime getting stiff," and he dragged himself up feebly.

"I should think you would get stiff sitting there, come heme with me and get warm, and I'll give you something for the baby, come—" and Mrs. Ellsmore held out her hand. "Have you hurt yourself?" she asked, as the child gave a sort of moan.

"'Oime thinkin' 'oime fast," he said, ruefully. "I don't see as I can move on," pointing to his feet. True enough, the poor little bare toes, damp with the misty fallen sleet, had frozen fast to the stone pavement.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Ellsmore's eyes.

"My poor child! what are we to do?"

The child looked wonderingly at her—that this pretty lady, with her white hands and soft warm furs and shining dress, should really cry for him was something too extraordinary to be believed.

"I can get 'em off," he said, presently, "but," with a sudden thoughtfulness, "yon might turn yer head, mum, it'll be some bloody, 'oime thinkin'."

Seeing he really wished it, Mrs. Ellsmore turned away her head, waiting till the boy's voice—a little unsteady—said, "Now, mum." Then she knelt down quickly to hind up the little thin feet in her handkerchief, hastily torn in two.

A dog-cart rattled up quickly behind her, stopped, and a pleasant voice said: "What is the matter, Mrs. Ellsmore, can I help you?"

She raised her eyes gravely.

"See, Mr. Fairbanks, the child's feet have frozen to the stones."

"Oh, shocking!" and Mr. Fairbanks came to her side. "He can't walk in that state. Where does he live?"

"He lives in 'the Hollow'—his father worked in the mills," she said, slowly. "I was going to take him to the vicarage, and send a basket of food home with him, but now—"

Mr. Fairbanks beckoned to his groom: "Here, James, lift this boy up to the back seat, and hold on to him; don't let him fall. Come, Mrs. Ellsmore, let me drive you and your *protege* to the vicarage. You say this boy's father works in my mills?" he asked, as the horse trotted off briskly.

"*Did* work there," said Mrs. Ellsmore. "He was one of the hands turned off this fall. Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home this year," she added, sadly. She spoke half to herself, but Mr. Fairbanks heard, and frowned slightly.

"Good-night, and thank you," said Mrs. Ellsmore, holding out her hand at the door of the vicarage.

"James will take your patient home if you desire; I will send him right back from 'The Cedars.'"

Mrs. Ellsmore shook her head. "No, thank you: I like to see for myself. Mr. Ellsmore will drive me over in the phaeton after. Good-night again. Come, Bob," and she drew the boy gently into the warm, lighted hall.

Mr. Fairbanks was very grave and silent all that evening. His wife looked at him wonderingly from her end of the table, as he sent away dish after dish untasted. He seemed not even to hear the merry chatter of his children, who were eagerly discussing a ball to which they had just received invitations. He was very fond and proud of his handsome son and his pretty daughters, but to-night their laughter jarred upon him. Across the gleaming silver and glass, he saw the wan, pinched face of a child, the sparkling lights and beautiful hothouse flowers faded away, and he stood again under the cold grey sky in the village street, watching Mrs. Ellsmore as she bound up his little frozen feet. He had noticed a spot of blood on each of the ten little toes, he had counted them, he remembered, as he waited, smiling at himself for doing so. Now wherever he went they seemed to follow him.

"Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home," Mrs. Ellsmore had said; and whose work was this? *His.* For fear of losing a little, a very little of his great wealth, he was taking the bread from these starving children.

With the dessert came little Philip, the youngest, and his father's pet; but that night even his prattle failed to rouse Mr. Fairbanks. He smoothed the boy's curl's absently; then the scene changed, and he fancied he saw Philip's little white feet bare upon the stones. He brushed his hands across his eyes, where the slow tears had gathered.

When dinner was over, Mr. Fairbanks shut himself up in his "office," as he called the cosy little room where he read or wrote his letters. He took Philip with him. The flaxen-haired child was a strange counsel for the wealthy mill owner to have; but when he had told him, in a few short sentences, all of little Bob's story, as far as he knew it, the tearful blue eyes were raised to his, and the childish voice he loved so well said, softly:

"Papa, dear, you have plenty; give them some, and"—a little lower—"Saturday is Jesus' birthday, you know, papa."

Mr. Fairbanks bowed his head, and touched the bright curls with his lips. "A little child shall lead them," he said, softly.

Saturday being Christmas Day, the mill hands were to be paid on Friday night; and when the great bell clanged out the hour for closing, they all filed into the foreman's room, where, behind the mass of shining coin, he sat waiting for them.

There was a little movement of surprise when they saw, waiting at a farther table, Mr. Fairbanks and his little son, Philip. The boy was looking, with bright, eager eyes, into the faces of the men, leaning his head against his father's shoulder the while.

The foreman said a word or two to each man as he paused before the desk; and, instead of passing out as usual, they all ranged themselves along the wall, with looks of doubtful expectancy.

The last man was paid, and there was a little hush. Then the doors at the end of the room slid back, and there, crowded together, gaunt and hungry-eyed, stood their former companions, "the turned-off hands."

Mr. Fairbanks rose.

"I have a word to say to you, my men," he began. "You have called me a hard master, because when trade was dull I turned off half of my hands. I had heard threats used, and some hard words said, and I was determined not to take any of you back; but last night, on my way home from the station, I saw a little lad, not bigger than my boy here"—drawing Philip closer to him—"whose little feet, thrust through the torn socks that partly covered them, had frozen fast to the stones by the church gates. A lady was down on her knees binding them up with her handkerchief. No need to tell you who that was, my lads!"

"Na, na! 'Twor Parson's missus," said two or three together.

"Right; it was Mrs. Ellsmere—God bless her! Well, my men, somehow I couldn't get it out of my mind, and everywhere I went those little feet seemed to follow me; and at last those ten little frozen toes walked straight into my heart, and wouldn't let me shut the door again. I have only a few more words to say, my men. To-morrow, as you know, is Christmas Day; I wish you would all go to church and hear what Mr. Ellsmore has to tell us about it. Then, at one o'clock, in the big room at the mill here, there will be long tables set, with plenty of roast beef and plum-pudding for you and your wives and bairns, and if any of you have fathers and mothers, bring them with you, too. Now, lads, pass around here; my boy has chosen his Christmas present, and that is a crown-piece to each of you; but don't spend it at the 'public.' You, too," and Mr. Fairbanks motioned to the men in the outer room. "But first, Mr. Simpson," turning to the foreman, who was mending his quill unconcernedly—"make your announcement, please."

Mr. Simpson said, shrilly, "I have only this to say: Mr. Fairbanks has ordered all the mills to be opened on Monday next, and as many of the old hands as wish to come back will be taken on full time."

Little Philip lifting his blue eyes shyly to the bearded faces bent above him, gave a whispered "Merry Christmas!" with each silver coin, and many an answering voice was husky, and many a hard, rough hand gave the little white fingers a lingering, kindly pressure.

The courtyard was full of eager knots of men as Mr. Fairbanks came out, with little Philip clinging to his hand.

"This means bread for the little 'uns!" said one, holding up Philip's gift.

"There's neither hite nor snp al whoani," said another.

"Aye, lads, but this is sure good news for Christmas," said a third.

As Mr. Fairbanks put his foot upon the carriage step, a voice in the crowd cried out, "A merry Christmas, an' God bless 'em, he's a rare good 'un after a'."

Mr. Fairbanks turned instantly—"And a merry Christmas to you all, my men. Please God we'll work and do our best together."

Such a cheer went up as the carriage rolled through the gates! Mr. Fairbanks drew Philip closer to his heart. The ten little toes had ceased to haunt him now. They were clad in bright, warm clothing of Philip's own, and little Bob's father was carrying home good news to-night.

A happy evening was spent at "The Cedars," but by-and-by the house grew still. Twelve o'clock struck and Mr. Fairbanks left the letter he was writing, to go and open his window. How joyfully rang out the blessed Christmas bells! In the distance he heard the voices of the "Waits"—"Christ was born in Bethlehem."

The ground was white with newly-fallen snow, a few flakes fell on his forehead like a benediction.

Nearer and nearer came the chanting voices, "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

He closed the window softly. "Thank God for Christmas-day," he said.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The quality of the tobacco crop grown this year is inferior to that of last year.

The number of telephones in the United States is estimated to have increased from 12,000 last year to 200,000 now.

The importance of patent royalties is shown in the shoe trade at Lynn, where two manufacturers hand ever, respectively, $40,000 and $30,000 per annum for the right to use sewing-machines.

Cotton raising in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, has proved so successful, and the Southern Pacific Railroad affords such good facilities for marketing it, that the valley will probably be added to the cotton belt of the United States.

The proof that petroleum sources are almost world-wide appears to be abundant, and its use would also seem well nigh coeval with civilization. In one of the Ionian Islands there is a spring which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The wells of Armenia, on the banks of the Zaro, were formerly used for lighting the City of Genoa. In Persia, too, near the Caspian Sea at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest times; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded, before the general introduction of petroleum among civilized nations, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil per annum.

It is surprising how quickly the vegetation of many countries settled by Europeans has been modified. A German writer, describing the flora of Chili south of the Valdivia River, states that the scenery between the Rio Buna and its winding affluents reminds him very strongly of home. In the park-like prairies, associated with deciduous beeches, are numerous scattering apple trees, originally introduced from Europe. The apple tree has spread from Valdivia to Osorno, and even crossed the Andes into Northwestern Patagonia, and spread thence eastward. Indeed, it has become so widely distributed and so general, that the Indians from the distant regions of the Argentine rivers, Rio Negro and Rio Colorado, are called manzaneros or apple Indians.

Hans Buckner, a skillful German experimenter, announces a discovery of great interest and importance in its bearing upon the theory of evolution. He has succeeded in transforming one kind of microscopic fungi, which is a dangerous agent of disease, into another kind of fungi which is perfectly harmless. This remarkable result was reached by a continuous treatment of the fungi for six months, during which time 1,500 generations were produced. He was through this process enabled to transform the bacteria which cause "milzbrand," the dreaded inflammation of the spleen, into the "heupilze," or harmless fungi of hay, and vice versa. He also produced an organism, hitherto unknown, which forms a connecting link between the above named fungi.

A Bovine "Bender."

It is an uncommon sight to see a drove of cows intoxicated, and on a jolly spree. Yet the cows on Mr. S. B. Dolson's dairy farm, near Warwick, N. Y., have had such a spree. A few days ago Mr. Dolson's cows were pasturing in a lot adjoining the apple orchard. At night they broke down the fences and, of course, ate until they were full, in fact, intoxicated. The actions of the animals, as described by witnesses, were ludicrous in the extreme. They staggered and reeled about, pawed the ground, and puffed and snorted like locomotives. Several battles with heads and horns took place, but none were seriously injured. After a short trial at ground and lofty tumbling, the cows returned to eating apples, and then followed another spirited and amusing performance. This was kept up for some time until the bystanders interfered. A curious result of the over-indulgence in the fruit was that it shortened the drove's yield of milk very much. Not more than one-eighth of the usual amount was produced after the cows had their spree.—*Cor. New York World.*

Self-Control.

There is in the human mind an intense love of the strong. Power is the principal source of the sublime. It more than delights—it awes and fills with admiration. The mighty engine, the swift lightning, and the thundering cataract are sublime, because they exhibit power. Man looks at them and feels his own insignificance in their presence. And yet to inspire awe, power must be controlled, otherwise it terrifies and fills with dire dismay. The sight of the steam-engine, moving speedily over the track, drawing after it the whole train of cars freighted with human life and valuable merchandise, never becomes old or common. The workman will cease his work every day to watch it, and when it has passed he resumes his task with the thought, power is grand when it is controlled. But suppose the engineer falls asleep or neglects his duty, the power of the engine is robbed of its grandeur, and it becomes a thing to be feared, and almost to be hated. The workman looks at the frightful wreck of life and property, and then he knows that the charm of power lies in its being strong, yet controlled. Who is to blame for the wreck? The engine? No, you say, the one who ought to have guided its power.

There is a wonderfully good cheer in an open fire. As the business man comes home at night, he loves the hearth that glows for him. But when he comes near and finds his dwelling all ablaze, no longer does he love the power of flame, for it is fast spreading beyond the power of control. Yet the flame is not to blame, Man is reverent to the power of electricity, and he gladly makes it his messenger while he can control it, but when it slips from his guidance, and becomes the forked lightning, and shivers the hardy oak of his field, or makes ruin of his habitation, Oh, how he bows with fear before the power he can not control.

You may sometimes see a man who bears all the elements of a noble manhood, yet whose character is a wreck. He commands no respect from his fellows; he doserves none. He does not even respect himself. What is the matter? Is he to be blamed? Why more than the engine, the fire, or the lightning? Evidently, because each man has the ability to control his own power, and if he does not, he himself must suffer. He can do what he wills to do. His will is an engine, moving with all his appetites, passions, personal habits, and everything about the man. He is an engineer. He must be constantly on duty, for if he falls asleep there is danger of a wreck that is almost sure to follow. There is no sight more terrible than an individual who has lost control of this power; he goes headlong on until he rushes over a great precipice into utter destruction.

A man who does not control his temper is despised by all who come in contact with him. His words are foolish and wicked, his actions silly and base. He receives no respect. Some one has said that an angry man turns himself wrong sido out for other people to laugh at; and the Word often mentions "The wrath of fools." Some people fancy that it is an exhibition of power to become angry. So it is, but it is that dangerous kind that is a bitter curse. Men often give us as an excuse for wrong-doing, "I was mad and could not help it." A poor excuse. Shame on the man who does not control his temper. However, to be self-possessed implies more than simple control of temper. It implies a perfect mastery of all one's emotions. The person who laughs when it is inappropriate, who sneers at the mistakes and misfortunes of others, who disturbs in places of worship, the one who whispers, who pays no attention during a recitation, who uses two legs of his chair instead of four, who pushes or crowds in the hall, in fact, who does anything that a person of refined taste and manners should not do, says by his actions, "I have no power of self-control—pity me. I need a master. I am like the horse, I have great strength, but some other man must put the bridle upon me to guide me aright, or I shall use my strength for ruin." He needs pity. He must be helped and controlled, but self-help is the best help, and self-control is the best control. There is no nobler sight on earth than an individual who is master of himself. He carries with him an air of dignified, controlled power that fascinates you from the first. He is happy, for his habits are well fixed, and he inspires all who meet him to try to lift themselves above themselves. The self-poised people have strong and violent passions, but have them in subjection. It is not that we want people without passions, but that we want them controlled. You can not help loving the black-eyed, mischievous little boy, full of tricks, better than the one who is always a soher, staid, little man, and when they become men, the one who has the strongest feelings under the best control, will make the best neighbor, friend, and statesman.—*The Campus.*

Preferring Death to Liberty.

The St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary here has in it a number of defaulters of good families undergoing terms of from two to seven years. Among them are Jean Satem Paquette, ex-cashier of the Hochelaga Bank, and Alexis Tourville, ex-book-keeper to a merchant. Their terms expire soon. As the time for Paquette's release approached he became moody, and at last refused to touch food. He persisted in his refusal for several days. Yesterday morning, under the influence of threats that nourishment would be forced into him by violence, he began to eat again.

To-day Paquette heard feeble groans proceeding from Tourville's cell, which adjoins his. He called one of the guardians, who found Tourville lying in a pool of blood, his throat horribly gashed. He had tried to kill himself by means of broken glass from a small mirror he had been permitted to have in his cell. Physicians were summoned and the wounds were sewed up, but his recovery is very doubtful. It is thought that he dreaded the idea of living to meet his friends again, particularly the lady to whom he had been engaged.—*Montreal Telegram.*

The newest design for scarf-pins is a gold candlestick in which is set a miniature candle, having for its wick a diamond of size and brilliancy to suit the taste and purse of the purchaser.

Our Young Folks.

MY TREE.

Which is the best of all the trees?
Answer me, children all, if you please!
Is it the linden, with tassels gay,
Or the willow there where the catkins sway?
Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
That for a hundred years has stood?
The graceful elm, or the stately ash,
Or the aspen, whose leaflets shimmer and flash?

Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,
With its million needles so sharp and fine?
Ah, no! The tree that I love best,
It buds and blossoms not with the rest,
No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,
But ice and snow are around it piled;
But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Its blossoms are candles, all shining gay,
And it bears its fruit in the queerest way!
All tied by ribbons to everything,
Big and little, and little and big,
Dolls and trumpets, and balls and bats,
Horses and monkeys, and dogs and cats,
Drums and whistles, and guns and whips,
Crying babies and flying ships;
Every conceivable kind of box,
With all conceivable kinds of locks;
Tigers and elephants swinging in air,
Singular fruit for a tree to bear!
But so it blooms and bears fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Elm and linden may both be fair,
But they have no elephants swinging in air;
Ash and maple may gracefully grow,
But they have no rifles nor whistles to blow:
The oak may be king of the forest wide,
But he has no pnrcels with ribbons tied,
No guns, no rattles, no books, no boats,
No pigs, no lions, no cows, no goats,
No dolls, no cradles, no skates, no tops,
Nor oranges, candy, or lollipops;
Nothing that's pretty, and nothing that's good,
But leaves and acorns, and bark and wood.
So the tree of all others that's best to me
Is my winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!
—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

TONI'S CHRISTMAS.

"Now, Teddie, be a good boy, there's a darling, and, little Clover, don't tease Daisy. Please let mamma go away to church and know that you are all sweet and lovely and clean as new little pennies to-night."

Splash went one little body into the bath-tub, and splash went another, and again a third; and then, like so many roses after a shower, out they came dripping, and laughing and screaming with glee. The little mother was kept busy enough, for it was Christmas-eve, and the carols and anthems were to be rehearsed for the last time, and Mrs. Morton's clear soprano voice could not be spared. Indeed, her voice was all that kept Teddie and Clover and Daisy in their neat little box of a house, for their father, a brave fireman, had been killed more than two years before at a fearful fire, and since then their mother had striven hard to maintain her little family by sewing and singing, and doing what ever work her slender hands could accomplish which would bring in food and clothing for her children.

"Be dood, Teddie," repeated Daisy, after her mother, as she shook out her little wet curls at him, and Clover solemnly raised his finger at his bigger brother, with the warning:

"Remember Santa Claus comes to-night."

"Yes, and the stockings must be hung up," said Ted, who forthwith proceeded to attend to that important duty.

"There! how do they look?—one brown, that's mine; one blue, that's Clover's; and one red, that's Daisy's." They were pinned fast to the fender with many pins and much care.

"But, mamma," said Clover, "the stove's in the way. Santa Claus can't get down with that big black thing stopping the chimney."

"Oh, the fire will go out by and by, and then he may creep through the stove-pipe and out of the door."

"He'll be awful dirty, then," said Daisy.

"Well, 'he was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,' so that is to be expected. But really, dear children, you must jump into your beds, and let me tuck you up; it is time for me to go."

Very quickly the rosy little faces were nestling in the pillows, and Mrs. Morton, after kissing them, put out the lamp and left them to their slumbers. Hastily putting on her cloak and bonnet, she paused at the door of her sitting room to see if the fire was safe. The room was dark but for the gleaming stove, the chairs and table were all in order, and in one corner, under a covering of paper, was the little tree she had decked in odd moments to delight the eyes of her children. She could not afford wax candles, so the morning was to bring the tree as well as the other gifts. Sure that all was in readiness, she tripped down the stairs, locked her door and sped over the snow to the church, the two tall towers of which stood out against the starry sky.

As she entered the church, her mind full of her duties and her heart tender with thoughts of her children, she thought she saw a dusky little object crouching in the anglo made by the towers; but she was already late, and had no time to linger. Up she went to the choir, which was full of light, but the body of the church was dark. Without any words, she took up her sheet of music and began to sing. Never had the carols and anthems seemed so sweet to her, and her voice rose clear and pure as a bird's. The organist paused to listen, and her companions turned satisfied glances upon her; but she went on unconsciously, as a bird does until the burden of its theme is finished, and its exultant strains are lost in silence. They went over the whole Church service, the glorious *Te Deum*, the *Benedictus* and the anthem for the day, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," and every delicate chord and fugue had to be repeated until the desired perfection of harmony was attained. It was really a very long and arduous study; but of all days Christmas demands good music, and they were willing to do their best. At last all were satisfied and somewhat tired; but the organist turned to Mrs. Morton, and asked her if she would sing one hymn for him alone, as he especially desired to hear her voice in this one tune. Of course she could not refuse, and to an exquisitely harmonious air she began.

"Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn."

Only the first and last verses of that exquisite hymn; but like "angels with their sparkling lyres," her voice seemed to have lost its earthliness, and soared, as if it were winged, up to the very gate of Heaven. When she ceased singing, there was a hush upon all, as if they had been carried near to the celestial portals.

One by one they pressed her hand in quiet congratulation, and with a "Merry Christmas" bade her good-night.

Mrs. Morton was a little excited with her unusual efforts, and while the old organist was locking up, thought she would run down and warm herself in the church. As she hastened toward the great heator, she tripped over something, which, to her great surprise and alarm, she perceived what appeared to be a great bundle was in reality a sleeping child.

Yes, a child, and a little one—a boy of not more than seven years, with elfish brown locks, and eyelashes which swept the olive tint of his cheek. All curled up in a heap, in clothes which a man might have worn, so big and shapeless were they, with one arm under his head for a pillow, and the other tightly grasping a violin. Far had he wandered in the cold wintry air, until, attracted by the light and warmth of the great church, he had stolen in for shelter, and then as his little ears drank in the melody of the rehearsing choir, and the warmth comforted him, he fell fast asleep. He was dreaming now of the warm sunny land of his birth: olive-trees and orchards, purple clusters of the vineyards, donkeys laden with oranges, and the blue sky of Naples shining over the blue bay. Then, in his dream, an angel came floating down out of the pure ether, wafting sweet perfumes on its white wings, and singing—oh! what heavenly strains!—till his little soul was filled with joy; for the angel seemed to be his mother who had died, and her kind voice again saluted him, and he answered softly, "Madre mia!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Morton, softly, "it seems a pity to waken him, but we must do it; he cannot stay here all night." The old organist touched him; but his sleep was too sound for a touch to arouse him, and Mrs. Morton had to again and again lift his head and stroke his little brown hand, before, with amazed and widely fearful looks, he answered them.

"Who are you, child, and what are you doing here?" asked the organist.

"I'm Toni, Toni," was the answer, and he began to cry. "Oh, please let me go: the Padrone will kill me."

"Why will he kill you, and why are you here?"

"He will kill me because I have no money. I have lost, also, my way."

"Have you no home, no mother?" asked Mrs. Morton, gently.

"No, signora, no, madame, no mother. We all live, Baptiste and Vincenzo and I, with the Padrone. We play the harp and the violin; but I was tired, and I could not keep with the others, and they scolded me, oh, so sharply! and I was weary and cold, and crept in here where the angels sing, and it was so beautiful I could not go away."

The organist muttered, "Police," at which the child again sobbed violently. "Yes, to the station house, of course, he must go."

But Mrs. Morton remembered the three faces asleep on their pillows at home, and as she looked at this tear-stained, dirty little gypsy, she said to the organist, "I will take care of *him* to-night." So, under the stars, *the* Christmas stars, gleaming so brightly, she led the little wanderer home.

All was still and safe in the little house. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." The fire still gleamed in the kitchen and the sitting-room, and it was the work of only a few moments to divest the little musician of his uncouth garments, to pop him into the tub of hot suds, to scrub him well, until his lean little body shone like bronze, to slip him into a night-gown, to give him a sliee of bread and butter, and then to tuck him up on the cozy lounge.

The children slept like tops, and the tired little mother was glad to say her prayers, and lie down beside them.

The stars were still shining when she awoke; for Christmas-day would be a busy one, and there were no moments to lose. Already the milkman was at door, and the hands of the kitchen clock pointed to six.

Hark! what was that?

A long, low, sweet sound, like a voice calling her. She listened, and again it came. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," so it seemed to breathe. Then it rose in a gay carol, a sweet gushing thanksgiving, and the children came tumbling down in their nightgowns; they rushed to the door of the sitting-room, and there beside his improvised bed stood the young musician, playing on his violin as if all the world were his audience. His brown eyes flashed now with light, and then grew dark and tender, as he drew the sweet sounds out. The children gazed in wonderment: where had this child come from? had he dropped from the stars? had an angel come amoug them? He played on, and on, until, from sheer fatigue, he put his instrument down. Then Teddie and Clover and Daisy came about him; they touched his hands, his curly locks, his violin, to see if all were real. Then they whirled round the room in a mad dance of delight, for the mother had uncovered the tree, and it was really Christmas morning.

Ah, what a happy day for poor little Toni! How nice he looked in Teddie's clothes! how gentle he was with Daisy! how he frolicked with Clover! and when Mrs. Morton came from church, how softly he played all his pretty melodies for her! It was a day of feast and gladness; and when, to her surprise and pleasure, a committee of church people waited upon Mrs. Morton to give her a purse through the meshes of which glittered gold pieces, she said then and there that Toni should never go to the harsh and cruel Padrone again.

Perhaps some time as you listen to a sweet voice singing to the accompaniment of a violin you may think of Mrs. Morton and Toni, and be glad that the world bestows its applause and its gifts upon them, and that the vision of his mother and her love that came to Toni on that Christmas-eve has been made to him a reality.—*Harper's Young People.*

—At Spartanburg, S. C., are living five children of Zophar Smith, who fought at Cowpens.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

"THEY all come home at Christmas-time."—*Charles Dickens.*

Build high the fire, let its good cheer
Fling out a ruddy welcome here.
With love and joy and hope receive
The merry, merry Christmas Eve!
Ring out, oh bells, your welcome chime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time."

Open the doors and let the blaze
Shine out upon their distant ways.
Brothers and sisters, parents dear,
Children and children's children here!
Ring, bells, ring out the Christmas chime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time!"

And they are here, the dead, the dear,
Parted through many a bitter year;
Love lives forever, they have come,
Sit in our hearts, their sacred home.
From frozen sea or sunlit clime
"They all come home at Christmas-time."

Yes, all are here, though tempest-tossed,
In snares and sins forever lost;
No vacant place, no empty chair—
We see them filled, for all are there.
From death, from shame, from grief, from crime,
"They all come home at Christmas-time!"

—*St. Louis Republican.*

TEN LITTLE TOES.

IT was the twenty-third of December, a cold mist had been falling, freezing as it fell, the sky was grey, and the short winter afternoon was fast growing into night. Up the straggling village street a little urchin was trudging along, not cheerily and with boyish whistling, but slowly and painfully, stopping every now and then to give a pull to the ragged woolen socks, which were all the covering his little feet possessed. The cobble-stone walk was slippery with the frozen sleet, and often the poor little chilled feet stumbled and hurt themselves cruelly; but their owner was one of those pitiful examples of how even suffering can become expected, and he endured his bruises with a pathetic patience. After the row of cottages on each side of the inn—above the door of which swung the sign of the "Half Moon"—came the church, with its iron gates, open to-day, for busy hands were bringing holly and ivy and laurel, to "make beautiful the home of the Lord," for the "white day" of the year. Beyond the church stretched the grass fields, and then the ivy-topped low stone wall of the village garden. Away and beyond that were rolling fields, and then at half a mile distance the great stone pillars and gates of "The Cedars," the residence of Mr. Fairbanks, the owner of the great mills in the hollow, where heavy machinery clattered and boomed from morning till night.

As the child passed the church he heard voices, and stopping a minute he looked through the grating, wondering dimly if the "gentlefolks ever, ever starved in the cold."

Mrs. Ellsmore, the Vicar's wife, was coming out, her hands full of gleaming berries and shining leaves; she was talking pleasantly to the old sexton who was locking up the church.

"Be sure and have a good fire in the vestry to-morrow, for we will be down early," she was saying as they came through the gates; "and, Andrew, take care of your rheumatism; it is cold to-night."

"Aye, madam, it do be bitter cold, it's loike snow," and pulling his hair to the lady, Andrew shuffled off.

Turning quickly, Mrs. Ellsmore nearly stumbled over the crouching figure of the child, who sat down to rest on the stone ledge outside the iron fence. "Well, little boy, and who are you?" she said, stopping a moment.

"'Oime Bobby," he answered, gazing into her face with the wistful look of some dumb animal.

Mrs. Ellsmore smiled.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," jerking his head toward the hollow.

"Oh, your father works in the mill?"

"Na, he's turned off; w'en the maister turned off the hands, father's name was drawed."

A shadow crept into the kind eyes watching him. It was the same old, pitiful story; how often she had heard it that winter. Trade was dull, and just as winter was coming on Mr. Fairbanks had closed a part of his mills and turned off half of his hands. They said when the news was told them a great cry went up from the men; in an instant they saw what would follow—starvation for the wives and the little ones. Other mill owners had done the same, but others still had kept on their hands for the winter, only shortening the hours. Mr. Fairbanks was a just master but a hard one, and now many a brawny fist was shaken stealthily after him as his carriage rolled past the cottage windows. Mrs. Ellsmore thought of all this as she looked down into the little pinched face.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, gently.

"'Oinie come fur granny, the baby's crying himself into fits, an' mother dean't know what ails it."

"Where does granny live?"

"Down t' lane. 'Oime getting stiff," and he dragged himself up feebly.

"I should think you would get stiff sitting there, come home with me and get warm, and I'll give you something for the baby, come—" and Mrs. Ellsmore held out her hand. "Have you hurt yourself?" she asked, as the child gave a sort of moan.

"'Oime thinkin' 'oime fast," he said, ruefully. "I don't see as I can move on," pointing to his feet. True enough, the poor little bare toes, damp with the misty fallen sleet, had frozen fast to the stone pavement.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Ellsmore's eyes.

"My poor child! what are we to do?"

The child looked wonderingly at her—that this pretty lady, with her white hands and soft warm furs and shining dress, should really cry for him was something too extraordinary to be believed.

"I can get 'em off," he said, presently, "but," with a sudden thoughtfulness, "you might turn yer head, mum, it'll be some bloody, 'oime thinkin'."

Seeing he really wished it, Mrs. Ellsmore turned away her head, waiting till the boy's voice—a little unsteady—said, "Now, mum." Then she knelt down quickly to bind up the little thin feet in her handkerchief, hastily torn in two.

A dog-cart rattled up quickly behind her, stopped, and a pleasant voice said:

"What is the matter, Mrs. Ellsmore, can I help you?"

She raised her eyes gravely.

"See, Mr. Fairbanks, the child's feet have frozen to the stones."

"Oh, shocking!" and Mr. Fairbanks came to her side. "He can't walk in that state. Where does he live?"

"He lives in 'the Hollow'—his father worked in the mills," she said, slowly. "I was going to take him to the vicarage, and send a basket of food home with him, but now—"

Mr. Fairbanks beckoned to his groom: "Here, James, lift this boy up to the back seat, and hold on to him; don't let him fall. Come, Mrs. Ellsmore, let me drive you and your *protege* to the vicarage. You say this boy's father works in my mills?" he asked, as the horse trotted off briskly.

"*Did* work there," said Mrs. Ellsmore. "He was one of the hands turned off this fall. Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home this year," she added, sadly. She spoke half to herself, but Mr. Fairbanks heard, and frowned slightly.

"Good-night, and thank you," said Mrs. Ellsmore, holding out her hand at the door of the vicarage.

"James will take your patient home if you desire; I will send him right back from 'The Cedars.'"

Mrs. Ellsmore shook her head. "No, thank you; I like to see for myself. Mr. Ellsmore will drive me over in the phaeton after. Good-night again. Come, Bob," and she drew the boy gently into the warm, lighted hall.

Mr. Fairbanks was very grave and silent all that evening. His wife looked at him wonderingly from her end of the table, as he sent away dish after dish untasted. He seemed not even to hear the merry chatter of his children, who were eagerly discussing a ball to which they had just received invitations. He was very fond and proud of his handsome sou and his pretty daughters, but to-night their laughter jarred upon him. Across the gleaming silver and glass, he saw the wan, pinched face of a child, the sparkling lights and beautiful hothouse flowers faded away, and he stood again under the cold grey sky in the village street, watching Mrs. Ellsmore as she bound up his little frozen feet. He had noticed a spot of blood on each of the ten little toes, he had counted them, he remembered, as he waited, smiling at himself for doing so. Now wherever he went they seemed to follow him.

"Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home," Mrs. Ellsmere had said; and whose work was this? *His.* For fear of losing a little, a very little of his great wealth, he was taking the bread from these starving children.

With the dessert came little Philip, the youngest, and his father's pet; but that night even his prattle failed to rouse Mr. Fairbanks. He smoothed the boy's curl's absently; then the scene changed, and he fancied he saw Philip's little white feet bare upon the stones. He brushed his hands across his eyes, where the slow tears had gathered.

When dinner was over, Mr. Fairbanks shut himself up in his "office," as he called the cosy little room where he read or wrote his letters. He took Philip with him. The flaxen-haired child was a strange counsel for the wealthy mill owner to have; but when he had told him, in a few short sentences, all of little Bob's story, as far as he knew it, the tearful blue eyes were raised to his, and the childish voice he loved so well said, softly:

"Papa, dear, you have plenty; give them some, and"—a little lower—"Saturday is Jesus' birthday, you know, papa."

Mr. Fairbanks bowed his head, and touched the bright curls with his lips. "A little child shall lead them," he said, softly.

Saturday being Christmas Day, the mill hands were to bo paid on Friday night; and when the great bell clanged out the hour for closing, they all filed into the foreman's room, where, behind the mass of shining coin, he sat waiting for them.

There was a little movement of surprise when they saw, waiting at a farther table, Mr. Fairbanks and his little son, Philip. The boy was looking, with bright, eager eyes, into the faces of the men, leaning his head against his father's shoulder the while.

The foreman said a word or two to each man as he paused before the desk; and, instead of passing out as usual, they all ranged themselves along the wall, with looks of doubtful expectancy.

The last man was paid, and there was a little hush. Then the doors at the end of the room slid back, and there, crowded together, gaunt and hungry-eyed, stood their former companions, "the turned-off hands."

Mr. Fairbanks rose.

"I have a word to say to you, my men," he began. "You have called me a hard master, because when trade was dull I turned off half of my hands. I had heard threats used, and some hard words said, and I was determined not to take any of you back; but last night, on my way home from the station, I saw a little lad, not bigger than my boy here"—drawing Philip closer to him—"whose little feet, thrust through the torn socks that partly covered them, had frozen fast to the stones by the church gates. A lady was down on her knees binding them up with her handkerchief. No need to tell you who that was, my lads!"

"Na, na! 'Twor Parson's missus," said two or three together.

"Right; it was Mrs. Ellsmore—God bless her! Well, my men, somehow I couldn't get it out of my mind, and everywhere I went those little feet seemed to follow me; and at last those ten little frozen toes walked straight into my heart, and wouldn't let me shut the door again. I have only a few more words to say, my men. To-morrow, as you know, is Christmas Day; I wish you would all go to church and hear what Mr. Ellsmore has to tell us about it. Then, at one o'clock, in the big room at the mill here, there will be long tables set, with plenty of roast beef and plum-pudding for you and your wives and bairns, and if any of you have fathers and mothers, bring them with you, too. Now, lads, pass around here; my boy has chosen his Christmas present, and that is a crown-piece to each of you; but don't spend it at the 'public.' You, too," and Mr. Fairbanks motioned to the men in the outer room. "But first, Mr. Simpson," turning to the foreman, who was mending his quill unconcernedly—"make your announcement, please."

Mr. Simpson said, shrilly, "I have only this to say: Mr. Fairbanks has ordered all the mills to be opened on Monday next, and as many of the old hands as wish to come back will be taken on full time."

Little Philip lifting his blue eyes shyly to the bearded faces bent above him, gave a whispered "Merry Christmas!" with each silver coin, and many an answering voice was husky, and many a hard, rough hand gave the little white fingers a lingering, kindly pressure.

The courtyard was full of eager knots of men as Mr. Fairbanks came out, with little Philip clinging to his hand.

"This means bread for the little 'uns!" said one, holding up Philip's gift.

"There's neither bite nor sup at whoam," said another.

"Aye, lads, but this is sure good news for Christmas," said a third.

As Mr. Fairbanks put his foot upon the carriage step, a voice in the crowd cried out, "A merry Christmas, an' God bless 'em, he's a rare good 'un after a'."

Mr. Fairbanks turned instantly—"And a merry Christmas to you all, my men. Please God we'll work and do our best together."

Such a cheer went up as the carriage rolled through the gates! Mr. Fairbanks drew Philip closer to his heart. The ten little toes had ceased to haunt him now. They were clad in bright, warm clothing of Philip's own, and little Bob's father was carrying home good news to-night.

A happy evening was spent at "The Cedars," but by-and-by the house grew still. Twelve o'clock struck and Mr. Fairbanks left the letter he was writing, to go and open his window. How joyfully rang out the blessed Christmas bells! In the distance he heard the voices of the "Waits"—"Christ was born in Bethlehem."

The ground was white with newly-fallen snow, a few flakes fell on his forehead like a benediction.

Nearer and nearer came the chanting voices, "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

He closed the window softly. "Thank God for Christmas-day," he said.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

THE quality of the tobacco crop grown this year is inferior to that of last year.

THE number of telephones in the United States is estimated to have increased from 12,000 last year to 200,000 now.

THE importance of patent royalties is shown in the shoe trade at Lynn, where two manufacturers hand over, respectively, $40,000 and $30,000 per annum for the right to use sewing-machines.

COTTON raising in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, has proved so successful, and the Southern Pacific Railroad affords such good facilities for marketing it, that the valley will probably be added to the cotton belt of the United States.

THE proof that petroleum sources are almost world-wide appears to be abundant, and its use would also seem well nigh coeval with civilization. In one of the Ionian Islands there is a spring which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The wells of Armenia, on the banks of the Zaro, were formerly used for lighting the City of Genoa. In Persia, too, near the Caspian Sea at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest times; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded, before the general introduction of petroleum among civilized nations, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil per annum.

IT is surprising how quickly the vegetation of many countries settled by Europeans has been modified. A German writer, describing the flora of Chili senth of the Valdivia River, states that the scenery between the Rio Buna and its winding affluents reminds him very strongly of home. In the park-like prairies, associated with deciduous beeches, are numerous scattering apple trees, briginally introduced from Europe. The apple tree has spread from Valdivia to Osorno, and even crossed the Andes into Northwestern Patagonia, and spread thence eastward. Indeed, it has become so widely distributed and so general, that the Indians from the distant regions of the Argentine rivers, Rio Negro and Rio Colerado, are called manzaneros or apple Indians.

HANS BUCKNER, a skillful German experimenter, announces a discovery of great interest and importance in its bearing upon the theory of evolution. He has succeeded in transforming one kind of microscopic fungi, which is a dangerous agent of disease, into another kind of fungi which is perfectly harmless. This remarkable result was reached by a continuous treatment of the fungi for six months, during which time 1,500 generations were produced. He was through this process enabled to transform the bacteria which cause "milzbrand," the dreaded inflammation of the spleen, into the "hepilze," or harmless fungi of hay, and vice versa. He also produced an organism, hitherto unknown, which forms a connecting link between the above named fungi.

A Bovine "Bender."

IT is an uncommon sight to see a drove of cows intoxicated, and on a jolly spree. Yet the cows on Mr. S. B. Dolson's dairy farm, near Warwick, N. Y., have had such a spree. A few days ago Mr. Dolson's cows were pasturing in a lot adjoining the apple orchard. At night they broke down the fences and, of course, ate until they were full, in fact, intoxicated. The actions of the animals, as described by witnesses, were ludicrous in the extreme. They staggered and reeled about, pawed the ground, and puffed and snorted like locomotives. Several battles with heads and horns took place, but none were seriously injured. After a short trial at ground and lofty tumbling, the cows returned to eating apples, and then followed another spirited and amusing performance. This was kept up for some time until the bystanders interfered. A curious result of the over-indulgence in the fruit was that it shortened the drove's yield of milk very much. Not more than one-eighth of the usual amount was produced after the cows had their spree.—*Cor. New York World.*

Self-Control.

THERE is in the human mind an intense love of the strong. Power is the principal source of the sublime. It more than delights—it awes and fills with admiration. The mighty engine, the swift lightning, and the thundering cataract are sublime, because they exhibit power. Man looks at them and feels his own insignificance in their presence. And yet to inspire awe, power must be controlled, otherwise it terrifies and fills with dire dismay. The sight of the steam-engine, moving speedily over the track, drawing after it the whole train of cars freighted with human life and valuable merchandise, never becomes old or common. The workman will cease his work every day to watch it, and when it has passed he resumes his task with the thought, power is grand when it is controlled. But suppose the engineer falls asleep or neglects his duty, the power of the engine is robbed of its grandeur, and it becomes a thing to be feared, and almost to be hated. The workman looks at the frightful wreck of life and property, and then he knows that the charm of power lies in its being strong, yet controlled. Who is to blame for the wreck? The engine? No, you say, the one who ought to have guided its power.

There is a wonderfully good cheer in an open fire. As the business man comes home at night, he loves the hearth that glows for him. But when he comes near and finds his dwelling all ablaze, no longer does he love the power of flame, for it is fast spreading beyond the power of control. Yet the flame is not to blame, Man is reverent to the power of electricity, and he gladly makes it his messenger while he can control it, but when it slips from his guidance, and becomes the forked lightning, and shivers the hardy oak of his field, or makes ruin of his habitation, Oh, how he bows with fear before the power he can not control.

You may sometimes see a man who bears all the elements of a noble manhood, yet whose character is a wreck. He commands no respect from his fellows; he deserves none. He does not even respect himself. What is the matter? Is he to be blamed? Why more than the engine, the fire, or the lightning? Evidently, because each man has the ability to control his own power, and if he does not, he himself must suffer. He can do what he wills to do. His will is an engine, moving with all his appetites, passions, personal habits, and everything about the man. He is an engineer. He must be constantly on duty, for if he falls asleep there is danger of a wreck that is almost sure to follow. There is no sight more terrible than an individual who has lost control of this power; he goes headlong on until he rushes over a great precipice into utter destruction.

A man who does not control his temper is despised by all who come in contact with him. His words are foolish and wicked, his actions silly and base. He receives no respect. Some one has said that an angry man turns himself wrong side out for other people to laugh at; and the Word often mentions "The wrath of fools." Some people fancy that it is an exhibition of power to become angry. So it is, but it is that dangerous kind that is a bitter curse. Men often give us as an excuse for wrong-doing, "I was mad and could not help it." A poor excuse. Shame on the man who does not control his temper. However, to be self-possessed implies more than simple control of temper. It implies a perfect mastery of all one's emotions. The person who laughs when it is inappropriate, who sneers at the mistakes and misfortunes of others, who disturbs in places of worship, the one who whispers, who pays no attention during a recitation, who uses two legs of his chair instead of four, who pushes or crowds in the hall, in fact, who does anything that a person of refined taste and manners should not do, says by his actions, "I have no power of self-control—pity me. I need a master. I am like the horse, I have great strength, but some other man must put the bridle upon me to guide me aright, or I shall use my strength for ruin." He needs pity. He must be helped and controlled, but self-help is the best help, and self-control is the best control. There is no nobler sight on earth than an individual who is master of himself. He carries with him an air of dignified, controlled power that fascinates you from the first. He is happy, for his habits are well fixed, and he inspires all who meet him to try to lift themselves above themselves. The self-poised people have strong and violent passions, but have them in subjection. It is not that we want people without passions, but that we want them controlled. You can not help loving the black-eyed, mischievous little boy, full of tricks, better than the one who is always a sober, staid, little man, and when they become men, the one who has the strongest feelings under the best control, will make the best neighbor, friend, and statesman.—*The Campus.*

Preferring Death to Liberty.

THE St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary here has in it a number of defaulters of good families undergoing terms of from two to seven years. Among them are Jean Satem Paquette, ex-cashier of the Hochelaga Bank, and Alexis Tourville, ex-book-keeper to a merchant. Their terms expire soon. As the time for Paquette's release approached he became moody, and at last refused to touch food. He persisted in his refusal for several days. Yesterday morning, under the influence of threats that nourishment would be forced into him by violence, he began to eat again.

To-day Paquette heard feeble groans proceeding from Tourville's cell, which adjoins his. He called one of the guardians, who found Tourville lying in a pool of blood, his throat horribly gashed. He had tried to kill himself by means of broken glass from a small mirror he had been permitted to have in his cell. Physicians were summoned and the wounds were sewed up, but his recovery is very doubtful. It is thought that he dreaded the idea of living to meet his friends again, particularly the lady to whom he had been engaged.—*Montreal Telegram.*

THE newest design for scarf-pins is a gold candlestick in which is set a miniature candle, having for its wick a diamond of size and brilliancy to suit the taste and purse of the purchaser.

Our Young Folks.

MY TREE.

WHICH is the best of all the trees?
Answer me, children all, if you please!
Is it the linden, with tassels gay,
Or the willow there where the catkins sway?
Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
That for a hundred years has stood?
The graceful elm, or the stately ash,
Or the aspen, whose leallets shimmer and flash?

Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,
With its million needles so sharp and fine?
Ah, no! The tree that I love best,
It buds and blossoms not with the rest,
No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,
But ice and snow are around it piled;
But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Its blossoms are candles, all shining gay,
And it bears its fruit in the queerest way!
All tied by ribbons to everything,
Big and little, and little and big.
Dolls and trumpets, and balls and bats,
Horses and monkeys, and dogs and cats,
Drums and whistles, and guns and whips,
Crying babies and living ships;
Every conceivable kind of box,
With all conceivable kinds of locks;
Tigers and elephants swinging in air,
Singular fruit for a tree to bear!
But so it blooms and bears fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

Elm and linden may both be fair,
But they have no elephants swinging in air;
Ash and maple may gracefully grow,
But they have no rifles nor whistles to blow:
The oak may be king of the forest wide,
But he has no parcels with ribbons tied,
No guns, no rattles, no books, no boats,
No pigs, no lions, no cows, no goats,
No dolls, no cradles, no skates, no tops,
Nor oranges, candy, or lollipops;
Nothing that's pretty, and nothing that's good,
But leaves and acorns, and bark and wood.
So the tree of all others that's best to me
Is my winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

TONI'S CHRISTMAS.

"NOW, TEDDIE, be a good boy, there's a darling, and, little Clover, don't tease Daisy. Please let mamma go away to church and know that you are all sweet and lovely and clean as new little pennies to-night."

Splash went one little body into the bath-tub, and splash went another, and again a third; and then, like so many roses after a shower, out they came dripping, and laughing and screaming with glee. The little mother was kept busy enough, for it was Christmas-eve, and the carols and anthems were to be rehearsed for the last time, and Mrs. Morton's clear soprano voice could not be spared. Indeed, her voice was all that kept Teddie and Clover and Daisy in their neat little box of a house, for their father, a brave fireman, had been killed more than two years before at a fearful fire, and since then their mother had striven hard to maintain her little family by sewing and singing, and doing what ever work her slender hands could accomplish which would bring in food and clothing for her children.

"Be dood, Teddie," repeated Daisy, after her mother, as she shook out her little wet curls at him, and Clover solemnly raised his finger at his bigger brother, with the warning:

"Remember Santa Claus comes to-night."

"Yes, and the stockings must be hung up," said Ted, who forthwith proceeded to attend to that important duty.

"There! how do they look?—one brown, that's mine; one blue, that's Clover's; and one red, that's Daisy's." They were pinned fast to the fender with many pins and much care.

"But, mamma," said Clover, "the stove's in the way. Santa Claus can't get down with that big black thing stopping the chimney."

"Oh, the fire will go out by and by, and then he may creep through the stove-pipe and out of the door."

"He'll be awful dirty, then," said Daisy.

"Well, he was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,' so that is to be expected. But really, dear children, you must jump into your beds, and let me tuck you up; it is time for me to go."

Very quickly the rosy little faces were nestling in the pillows, and Mrs. Morton, after kissing them, put out the lamp and left them to their slumbers. Hastily putting on her cloak and bonnet, she paused at the door of her sitting room to see if the fire was safe. The room was dark but for the gleaming stove, the chairs and table were all in order, and in one corner, under a covering of paper, was the little tree she had decked in odd moments to delight the eyes of her children. She could not afford wax candles, so the morning was to bring the tree as well as the other gifts. Sure that all was in readiness, she tripped down the stairs, locked her door and sped over the snow to the church, the two tall towers of which stood out against the starry sky.

As she entered the church, her mind full of her duties and her heart tender with thoughts of her children, she thought she saw a dusky little object crouching in the angle made by the towers; but she was already late, and had no time to linger. Up she went to the choir, which was full of light, but the body of the church was dark. Without any words, she took up her sheet of music and began to sing. Never had the carols and anthems seemed so sweet to her, and her voice rose clear and pure as a bird's. The organist paused to listen, and her companions turned satisfied glances upon her; but she went on unconsciously, as a bird does until the burden of its theme is finished, and its exultant strains are lost in silence. They went over the whole Church service, the glorious *Te Deum*, the *Benedictus* and the anthem for the day, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," and every delicate chord and fugue had to be repeated until the desired perfection of harmony was attained. It was really a very long and arduous study; but of all days Christmas demands good music, and they were willing to do their best. At last all were satisfied and somewhat tired; but the organist turned to Mrs. Morton, and asked her if she would sing one hymn for him alone, as he especially desired to hear her voice in this one tune. Of course she could not refuse, and to an exquisitely harmonious air she began.

"Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn."

Only the first and last verses of that exquisite hymn; but like "angels with their sparkling lyres," her voice seemed to have lost its earthliness, and soared, as if it were winged, up to the very gate of Heaven. When she ceased singing, there was a hush upon all, as if they had been carried near to the celestial portals.

One by one they pressed her hand in quiet congratulation, and with a "Merry Christmas" bade her good-night.

Mrs. Morton was a little excited with her unusual efforts, and while the old organist was locking up, thought she would run down and warm herself in the church. As she hastened toward the great heater, she tripped over something, which, to her great surprise and alarm, she perceived what appeared to be a great bundle was in reality a sleeping child.

Yes, a child, and a little one—a boy of not more than seven years, with elfish brown locks, and eyelashes which swept the olive tint of his cheek. All curled up in a heap, in clothes which a man might have worn, so big and shapeless were they, with one arm under his head for a pillow, and the other tightly grasping a violin. Far had he wandered in the cold wintry air, until, attracted by the light and warmth of the great church, he had stoleu in for shelter, and then as his little ears drank in the melody of the rehearsing choir, and the warmth comforted him, he fell fast asleep. He was dreaming now of the warm sunny land of his birth: olive-trees and orchards, purple clusters of the vineyards, donkeys laden with oranges, and the blue sky of Naples shining over the blue bay. Then, in his dream, an angel came floating down out of the pure ether, wafting sweet perfumes on its white wings, and singing—oh! what heavenly strains!—till his little soul was filled with joy; for the angel seemed to be his mother who had died, and her kind voice again saluted him, and he answered softly, "Madre mia!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Morton, softly, "it seems a pity to waken him, but we must do it; he cannot stay here all night." The old organist touched him; but his sleep was too sound for a touch to arouse him, and Mrs. Morton had to again and again lift his head and stroke his little brown hand, before, with amazed and widely fearful looks, he answered them.

"Who are you, child, and what are you doing here?" asked the organist.

"I'm Toni, Toni," was the answer, and he began to cry. "Oh, please let me go; the Padrone will kill me."

"Why will he kill you, and why are you here?"

"He will kill me because I have no money. I have lost, also, my way."

"Have you no home, no mother?" asked Mrs. Morton, gently.

"No, signora, no, madame, no mother. We all live, Baptiste and Vincenzo and I, with the Padrone. We play the harp and the violin; but I was tired, and I could not keep with the others, and they scolded me, oh, so sharply! and I was weary and cold, and crept in here where the angels sing, and it was so beautiful I could not go away."

The organist muttered, "Police," at which the child again sobbed violently. "Yes, to the station house, of course, he must go."

But Mrs. Morton remembered the three faces asleep on their pillows at home, and as she looked at this tear-stained, dirty little gypsy, she said to the organist, "I will take care of *him* to-night." So, under the stars, *the* Christmas stars, gleaming so brightly, she led the little wanderer home.

All was still and safe in the little house. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." The fire still gleamed in the kitchen and the sitting-room, and it was the work of only a few moments to divest the little musician of his uncouth garments, to pop him into the tub of hot suds, to scrub him well, until his lean little body shone like bronze, to slip him into a night-gown, to give him a slice of bread and butter, and then to tuck him up on the cozy lounge.

The children slept like tops, and the tired little mother was glad to say her prayers, and lie down beside them.

The stars were still shining when she awoke; for Christmas-day would be a busy one, and there were no moments to lese. Already the milkman was at door, and the hands of the kitchen clock pointed to six.

Hark! what was that?

A long, low, sweet sound, like a voice calling her. She listened, and again it came. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," so it seemed to breathe. Then it rose in a gay carol, a sweet gushing thanksgiving, and the children came tumbling down in their nightgowns; they rushed to the door of the sitting-room, and there beside his improvised bed stood the young musician, playing on his violin as if all the world were his audience. His brown eyes flashed now with light, and then grew dark and tender, as he drew the sweet sounds out. The children gazed in wonderment: where had this child come from? had he dropped from the stars? had an angel come among them? He played on, and on, until, from sheer fatigue, he put his instrument down. Then Teddie and Clover and Daisy came about him; they touched his hands, his curly locks, his violin, to see if all were real. Then they whirled round the room in a mad dance of delight, for the mother had uncovered the tree, and it was really Christmas morning.

Ah, what a happy day for poor little Toni! How nice he looked in Teddie's clothes! how gentle he was with Daisy! how he frolicked with Clover! and when Mrs. Morton came from church, how softly he played all his pretty melodies for her! It was a day of feast and gladness; and when, to her surprise and pleasure, a committee of church people waited upon Mrs. Morton to give her a purse through the meshes of which glittered gold pieces, she said then and there that Toni should never go to the harsh and cruel Padrone again.

Perhaps some time as you listen to a sweet voice singing to the accompaniment of a violin you may think of Mrs. Morton and Toni, and be glad that the world bestows its applause and its gifts upon them, and that the vision of his mother and her love that came to Toni on that Christmas-eve has been made to him a reality.—*Harper's Young People.*

—At Spartanburg, S. C., are living five children of Zophar Smith, who fought at Cowpens.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, *is prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

ST. NICHOLAS.

"HO! THERE at the wicket, who pounds at the door?
Such a din in Olympus was ne'er heard before—
I would sleep—get ye gone—I'm ailing, I'm sick,
What the deuce—there again—who is calling Saint Nick?"

"Arouse ye! Arouse ye! It's dawning again—
The star that once beamed over Bethlehem's plain—
The star of the Magi, that shone on the morn
When earth's blessed Saviour, the Christ-child was born!"

"Ho! Ho! Is it so? Then I'll up and away
As soon as the Gohlins can harness my sleigh."

Then he roared such a laugh as he sprung out of bed,
It startled the stars in the sky overhead,
And they winked at each other as much as to say,
There is something gone wrong and Old Ntck is to pay.

It took but a moment to jump in his boots,
To wrap himself up in the best of fur soits,
To run to the closet and drag out his pack,
Which he swung with a chuckle across his broad back;
Then off to the stable he dashed through the snow,
Where the reindeer were prancing, all ready to go.
He was up in a jiffy, and cracking his whip,
With a "lit there! my hearties!" he let the reins slip.

Straight down through the welkin they sped like tho light
Without pause or turn to the left or the right;
The clouds dragged their skirts to get off of the track,
The winds shrank alarmed—all quito taken aback;
E'en the moon drew in haste a veil over her face
So quick cracked the whip and so fast was the pace;
And he pealed out a laugh so jocund and gay
That Aurora woke up long before it was day;
Oh, never such sleigh-ride was ridden before
As that of St. Nick with his rich Christmas store!
Far down in the distance Earth rolled fast asleep,
Dark night having wrapped it in silence so deep
That the children, tucked close tn their snug little beds,
Whence nothing peeped out save their chorubim heads,
Were dreaming of fairies, of frolic and fun,
And other stern facts of a life just begun.

It was three by the clock, when out on the roof
The tinkle of sleigh-bells and taps of a hoof
Made their little hearts bound and flashed round the Earth
A smile such as welcomed the Lamb at tta birth;
But they woke not. Oh, no! Old Ntck is so sly
He fastens a padlock on each prying eye.

With a "Whoa, there, my prettios," he stops with a jerk,
Lights his pipe, swings his pack, then away to his work
Over steeples and house-tops, in windows, down flues,
In pantries he peaps and through bedrooms he whirls,
Now kissing the babies, now pinching the girls
Filling up all their stockings with goodies and toys,
Nor forgetting the awtteh, always left for bad boys.
Then on through the play-rooms to plant those great trees,
Which grow dollies and drums with such exquisite ease.

What a jolly fat fellow! so little and spry,
With round dimpled cheeks and a fine flashing eye.
Hair jeweled with hailetone, and such a red nose,
It lights up the pathway wherever he goes!
Then his rich, merry laugh—ah! never, I fear,
Will music so sweet again gladden the year!

But time flies apace. Even now a faint ray
Struggles up through the East as the herald of day
The winds wake in protest and scatter the snow;
Now, tisten! the signal! I hear the cock crow.

"Ho, ho!" cries Old Nick, with his cheeriest warning,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good morning!"

—*Edward C. Hancock.*

THE BELLS OF CONNYVILLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

ON a beautiful summer's afternoon, more than fifty years ago, the good people of Connyville hung a chime of bells in tha ivy-mantled belfry of St. John's Church; and after the good parish minister had preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, it was voted, as their sexton was growing feeble, that Ezra Potts should in future be intrusted with the care of the little church and the ringing of the fine musical bells that had just been hung in tha belfry. So Ezra Potts was made sexton, and though thirty years had passed away since the day the chimes were hung, yet he still performed the simple duties of his long-continued office.

He had grown to be nearly fifty-nine years old, and though his dark hair was tinged with silver, his step was firm and light and his strong frame was still unbent. He was a sturdy fellow, this Ezra Potts, with a broad, smooth, genial face—a good and merry heart will smooth over a sigbt of wrinkles—and bis eyes were as brimful of mirth as they could be. In fact, this Ezra Potts was as good a man as you often meet, and the children all loved him dearly and called him Father Potts, and the older folks all loved him, too, and would shake the honest hand and speak to him as Brother Potts.

Yes, he was nearly fifty-nine the Christmas eve he lighted his lantern and left his cosy cottage to go up the hill through the snow to chime the bells, as was the custom on every Christmas ave since the bells first came to Connyville. He was very happy that night as he walked up the village street, past the shop windows gay with toys and bric-a-brac, and merry with the groups of children gathered 'round to feast their eyes and chatter with their bolsterous tongues, for he had in mind the happiness abroad that night and the joy that would bo awakened with the children in the morning. Besides, he had bougbt his wife a new gown and a large-print Bible, which he knew would please her very much, and a little lame girl down tha street would find a well-filled stocking beside her bed in the morning, and she would guess that Father Potts put it there.

But amidst all this gayety and his own happiness there was something that troubled him, and a sigh escaped his lips, and involuntarily he walked slower as he ascended the hill to ring St. John's bell; and as he wended on his busy thoughts were drifting ten years back, when his daughter Kitty was seventeen—a bright, pretty girl she was, petite in figura, and with a fascinating grace in manner that made her a favorite with all the good people of Connyville. He, Ezra, loved that girl with all his great migbt and mind; she was such a winsome creature it would have been hard, indeed, for anybody to do otherwise; but if he loved her too fondly he was rebuked, God knows, and bitterly, too.

As the modest little belle of that quiet village, Kitty had many suitors, for the right sort of a girl will turn the heads of half the swains in any village; but the most favored one was Ephraim Bates, a reputable young farmer of sterling qualities, whom Ezra loved as he would have loved his son, and after a varied courtship of little ups-and-downs, for they had tbeir quarrels and reconciliations which go to make up ths spicy sum of human love affairs, he, in the early spring-time, in his bashful, awkward way, asked for her hand, which she—she loved to tease the fellow—granted him, after keeping him in agony for a month waiting for her answer, when she could have told bim on the spot he migbt have it if he wanted. They were very happy till June came, with its balmy air and fragrant blossoms, for with it came a wild, handsome fellow up from tbe city down by the sea to while away his time among tha hills and trout brooks of Connyville. Now he found Kitty out and made her acquaintance; and a brilliant, well-mannered fellow such as he was just the sort to turn the head of a simple-hearted girl like Kitty, who knew but little of tha life beyond her native village, or of the artifices of handsome, reckless men.

Ezra noticed the change in her witb pained anxiety, but he held his tongue, hoping the young man would soon quit the place, and that Kitty would as soon forget bim. Ephraim was madly jealous of such ardent devotion to his betrothed, and one evening when he had come down from his farm on the hill to call on Kitty he said, in his blunt way, "Kitty, this young man from the city is growing too familiar witb you. I must insist on having it stopped."

"What a silly, nonsensical boy you are," laughed Kitty in the gayest manner possible, as though it was the very funniest thing in the world.

"Maybe I am," he said with a sorrowful sigh. "But you are not treating me as I ought to be treated, as you would want to be treated."

"How do you want to be treated?" she asked, coaxingly.

"Just as you would want me to treat you," he replied. "Now suppose," and he fixed bimself as if he was about making a great and valid point, "I should run half my time with Susie Phelps or Sally Brown, how would you like that?"

"How would I like that?" she cried, laughing in tha heartiest and most provoking manner. "Oh, I should enjoy that so much! And it would be such fun! And—oh, dear! Ephraim Bates and Susie Phelps. But, Eph—" she was very sober and very ironical—"you couldn't do such a thing were you to try a life-time. I am tha only pretty girl," and she tossed her bead and looked very vain, "who ever had a particle of sympathy for overgrown Ephraim Bates."

Ephraim was stung deeply by these words, for they were cruel words for ber to speak. Besides, he, like otber men, had some conceit, and he believed he could have wooed and won old 'Squire Phelps's daughter as successfully as he had wooed and won Kitty Potts.

"Kitty," he said, harshly, "after engaging yourself to me I am sure you bave no right to allow any gentleman to be so devoted to you as this strange fellow is. Again I must insist on its being stopped."

Kitty knew as well as anybody ho was right, and it galled her to be told of it, especially by Ephraim. But for the world she wouldn't let him know it galled her.

"Oh, what a queer boy you are, Eph!" she answered, pleasantly, and then added, with a keen touch of sarcasm, "Don't you know, Sonnie, that if I were confined exclusively to you for male society I should get so sick and so tired of you I should never, never want to see you again as long as I live?"

Had Ephraim been a shrewd observer of character, especially of female character, he would not have allowed himself to be greatly aggravated, for he would have known that it pleased Kitty best to have him so.

"Kitty," he said, sharply, "you don't love me—you can't love me if you speak as you think."

"Oh, dear!" cried Kitty, bursting into another fit of laughing, "what a silly, silly boy! Did I ever tell you, did I ever tell anybody, I loved you? Now be honest, Eph, did I?"

"Didn't you promise you would marry me?" he asked, sternly.

"No, I didn't," she retorted, sharply. "I may have told you something—I presume I did—that led you to believe I might, some time, do such a foolish thing, but never in my life have I told you I loved you. But what has that to do with it, anyway?"

"What has that to do with it?" he cried, fiercely. "Does not that promise imply you love me?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she retorted, with a languid unconcern. "It don't imply anything, only that I promised a silly fellow something I hadn't ought to. That's all."

"Are you in earnest?" he cried.

"Never was more so," she answered.

"Then we will break our engagement, and you, Kitty Potts, will rue the day it was broken."

"Suit yourself," she said, carelessly, and tossing their engagement ring to the floor, Ephraim picked it up and left the house.

Poor Kitty burst into tears when ha had gone, for she never supposed their quarrel would result in such a manner. She thought, however, like all previous quarrels, it would end happily; so she soon cheered up and gave herself no further trouble, but flirted more boldly with her wild and handsome suttor.

In the past Epbraim had been in the habit of walking with her to church on the pleasant Sahbath evenings; and ever before they had reconciled their little difficulties on that day. Sunday came, but Ephraim came not with it, and the scalding tears started from her eyes, and she reproached berself bitterly for her cruel words, and would have fallen at his feet and pleaded for bis forgiveness, for she loved him witb all her sorrowing beart.

She walked to church alone that night, where she saw Ephraim with 'Squire Phelps's pretty daughter Susie, and, poor foolish girl! she swore revenge on Ephraim Bates, and the next night it was executed. In the morning it was noised abroad that Kitty Potts had gone away with the wild, handsome fellow, and was married to him in the city out by the sea.

It was near a death-blow to Ezra. For days and weeks he lingered between life and death with a raging fever in his head. But he mended slowly, and when be could go about his work again he seemed almost as sunny as ba was in other days, but his heart—ah, no! the great wound was not healed yet. From that terrible day he never spoke her name, and every villager forbore to mention it in his presence. She had written bim for forgiveness; but some things there are men are not divine enough to forgive, and Ezra set his heart hard against forgiving the cruel wrong Kitty had done her family and ber botrothed. She never wrote him after that; but more than a year afterward he heard that her reckless husband, tiring of her charms and beauty, had abandoned her and left her alone and friendless in the great unmerciful city down by the sea.

But Father Potts cheered himself up and wended his way up the hill, and opened the great door of St. John's, and climbed the belfry stairs, and chimed the fine musical bells that sounded merrier and more musical than ever, for it seemed to Ezra and it seemed to all the villagers, that the bells rang sweeter in the Christmas times. But hearts are gayer then, and life is brighter then, and the star glimmers in the East again and makes Heaven seem nearer and dearer.

Presently Father Potts put on his coat, shut the belfry door, came down the stairs and opened the groat door to go out into the street; but just as he was about stepping from the threshold the light from the lantern fell upon a bundle lying on the topmost step.

"Oh, my!" ha cried, holding his lantern above his head and banding down that he might more distinctly see the object, "Oh, my! what now? A present maybe for my wife, ho, ho, or for me, ho, ho! Who'd a thought that Ezra Potts, sexton, 'd find a present on old St. John's steps? Nobody I swear! Here I've been attending this old stone church for more'n thirty years, and tonight I've a present for me or for my wife, ho, ho!" And Ezra laughed and shook himself, and bent close to and laid his hand on the bundle.

"A Christmas turkey," he cried, slapping his sides, "Oh, a good fat Christmas turkey, ho, ho! A fine fat turkey for Christmas, ha, ha! Won't my wife—oh, won't my wife be glad when she sees this!" and he laid hold of the bundle, and stepping back into tha church he placed it on a cushion and began undoing it. His first unwrapped a coarse, heavy shawl, wondering who would send a turkey done up in such a fashion, and then he unrolled a blanket fine and white, and then ha jumped half out his senses and cried:

"Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord!" and then he gasped for want of breath, and put his hands together and looked half frightened, half pleased, as be stood beside the bundle that be supposed held only a fine, fat Christmas turkey.

"Oh!, my goodness! oh, my soul! It's a baby! a little live baby, as sure as I'm born. O-oh, my, my—oh, my Lord!" and Ezra Potts held his dim light very close to the sleeping infant's face, and bent his face very close to it, that he might not be mistaken and find it a turkey after all.

"It's a real live baby!" he cried again. "Oh, my soul! oh, my wife! won't she, oh, *won't* she be glad? Won't Ezra Potts ha glad, too? Won't Ezra Potts and wife ba glad togather? Oh, dear! a real fine baby. Oh, daar! O-oh dear!" And Father Potts fell upon his knees, half laughing, half crying, as he bent very close to the babe.

"Oh, my wife, my beloved wife, our daughter's come back to us just as she came to us at first! on Christmas-eve, too. Oh, my! to Ezra Potts and wife a daughter, ho, ho!" And Ezra shook himself very hard again, and his eyes glistened with tears, although he tried hard to push them back.

"The good Lord sent her!" he cried, winding the fine white flannel around the babe. "Yes, the good Lord sent her, and He knowed just where to send her—bless His name—and Ezra Potts and wife sha'n't disappoint the Lord, neither. Oh, my soul! what a Christmas present! a present straight to Ezra Potts and wife from the Lord. Oh, what a sexton is Ezra Potts! What a blessed sexton, what a lucky sexton! To Ezra Potts and wife—" and he laughed so hard again he couldn't for his life have added "daughter;" and tying up the coarse, heavy shawl he caught up his lantern and scrambled up tha belfry stairs, and rang the bells again like five great furies.

"Praise the Lord!" he cried, tugging on tha ropes like a mad man, "for His mercy endureth forever. To Ezra Potts, sexton, and Dorothy, his wife—oh, my soul!" and he pulled more madly than before, which brought the grave-digger, who lived in the small red house just behind the church, into the belfry. There isn't a bit of doubt that he believed the sexton crazy, for, besides ringing the bells like mad, his coat and hat were off and his long gray hair was flying over his head and face.

"Praise the Lord!" yelled Ezra. "Praise the Lord—to Ezra Potts, sexton of old St. John's, and Dorothy, his beloved wife, a daughter." And on went the mad, musical bells, and speechless stood the grave-digger, as he watched the sexton while he rang tho Christmas chimes as they had never rung before.

"A daughter, I tell you, Corney! A little live daughter to Ezra Potts, sexton, and Dorothy, his wife!" and letting go the ropes he donned his coat and hat in an instant, and grasping the grave-digger's hand he hurried him down the stairs at a great rate.

"See that, Corney—see that there!" cried Ezra, when he had unrolled the infant. "Ain't that a Christmas present, Corney, ain't it, though?" and he slapped the grave-digger hard on the back, who looked more stupefied than ever.

"To Ezra Potts and wife, I tell you, Corney—I tell you a live daughter!" He put bis hands on Corney's shoulder and sh ok him with all his strength, which aroused the grave-digger so much ho bent over a trifle that he might more plainly see the sweet, placid face of the sleeping infant.

Corney was a very slow fellow. His business was a slow one, for, as the people of Connyville were usually a long-lived, tenacious set, grave-digging was not a driving business at any time. But, finding his petrified tongue, he said,

"Wa'al, I du declar'! Whar did you cum by that air chick?"

"To Ezra and Dorothy Potts from the Lord," solemnly answered the sexton.

"'Tis, heigh?" said Corney. "Wa'al, I kinder reckon as how I wouldn't want the Lord to bring many sich critters to me."

"Ah," said Ezra, shaking his fingers, and taking his bundle tenderly in his arms, "don't be scared, Corney, He knows into what fold to send His little lost lambs. Oh, my soul, yes! He knows where to send 'em—to Ezra Potts and wife, ho, ho!" And locking the great door be hurried off into the village.

"Here comes Father Potts," cried a band of youngsters on a street corner, as Ezra came in sight. "Have you got anything for us?" they shouted.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, merrily, "not a thing—it's a baby for my wife."

"A baby for your wife!" they all shouted with bolsterous glee. "A baby for your wife. Hurrah for Father Potts's baby!" But none of them could believe that Father Potts really had a baby in the queer-looking bundle he was carrying.

"Can't we please see your baby?" asked a little girl, shyly.

"Why, bless your heart—bless my heart—bless everybody's heart!—come right along and have a look—all of you come and have a look. My soul! come and bave a look, all of you." And they all scampered along and hurrahed for Father Potts and his baby, and for Motber Potts and her baby; and every fresh recruit that joined the merry rabble hurrahed as loud and became as wild as any of tham. Tradesmen left their shops and customers to sea what under the sun the mattar was, and customers rushed to the doors that they, too, might see the goings on; and all the quiet village knew good Father Potts bad found a baby on the granite steps of old St. John's, and all the quiet village went wild with Father Potts.

By the time he had reached the door of his cozy cottage the infant had awakened and began crying, which made the children shout the louder, for beyond a doubt Father Potts had a real live baby; and Mrs. Potts, hearing such an uncommon racket, hastened to the door to discover its cause.

"Oh, my beloved!" cried Ezra. "My wife and happiness! I've such a present for you—O-oh such a present!" and as the score of children came trooping in, Mrs. Potts thought her husband and half the village had lost their heads, and she was so astonished at such strange proceedings that for a minute she could not bave uttered a word to save herself.

"What have you got, Ezra?" she cried, when she could find her tongue.

"A baby, a baby, a live baby!" shouted the little rabble.

"What baby—whose baby?" sho asked, looking first at one and then at another of the group, and scarce believing her own ears.

"Ours!" shouted Ezra. "To Ezra Potts, sexton, and Dorothy, his beloved wife, a daughter." And he laughed, and the children laugbed, and Mrs. Potts laughed in spite of herself, and undoing the bundle she took out the nicest, sweetest little baby anybody ever did see, which made the children laugh and clap their hands and think that Father Potts had found the most wonderful child in the world.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Potts, "what a—why, what a dear little creature! Whose can it be, Ezra?"

"Ours!" answered Ezra, solemnly.

"Yours!" cried the children, who had gathered close around it, as children always gather around when there is anything to be seen.

"How, Ezra? Tell me something—anything that will relieve me, for the suspense is really awful."

Ha told the children it was best they should go away and come again on the morrow, when they could see the babe as much as they liked; so they scampered happily away, hurrahing for the new-found baby and the Pottses. And then Father Potts related to his anxious wife how he had discovered the child, and now he was very sure it was a Christmas present sent them from the Lord. Mrs. Potts was as joyous as her exuberant husband, and she laughed and chatted away to the little mite of humanity as gayly as a young mother would have done. And then they discovered, tied around its neck with a piece of ribbon, and hidden in its snowy bosom, a rumpled note, stained with tears, mayhe which Ezra, after putting on his glasses, read as follows:

"If you only knew how miserable, how wretched, I am, instead of showering curses upon me you would have pity for me—such pity as you never had before. If you only knew how hard—oh, how hard! it is for me to part with my darling babe, so much dearer to me than life ever was, then I know you would pity me, you would love my poor innocent babe as fondly as you would your own. Oh! I pray you for my sake, I pray you for Christ's sake, to take my little helpless child. I beseech you with all my broken heart, I beseech you with these scalding tears to keep my babe, to watch and tend and care for it just as you would your own, just as you did the little life that blessed you once, that made you happy once, long ago."

"Ezra, what is it she says about our little babe? Read that part over again."

"I beseech you with all my broken heart, I beseech you with these scalding tears to keep my babe, to watch and tend and care for it just as you would your own, just as you did the little life that blessed you once, that made you so happy once, long ago."

"Just as you did the little life that blessed you once, that made you so happy once, long ago," repeated Mrs. Potts, bending low to hide the falling tears. "Now go on, Ezra, and fluish."

"There are others richer in purse than you with whom I might have left my child; but your great richness of heart, your tender sympathies, your love of God and man are riches I prize for my babe above the wicked, fascinating wealth of the world, which is so alluring, but oh! so unsatisfying. Oh, God! if my wretched life had been as spotless as yours; if the bleak winds of temptation had been as gentle to me as they have been to you; if Christ had tended me with that unfaltering care He tends the tiny sparrow, my babe might be calmly sleeping now on this breast, so torn and tortured with ceaseless agony. Again I beseech you to keep my innocent darling, to care for it as you would, as you did your own; and though its parents may have sunk low down in the cruel eyes of this cold, wintry world, remember how He, born in a Bethlehem manger, gave you that blessed hope of redemption which makes your life so bright and glorious—and this little babe may grow to bless and comfort you when your years are many and your feet are treading near the grave. Watch over her. I beseech you; guide her aright, I beseech you, and may Christ bless you; may Christ bless my baby as He has not blessed its

"SUFFERING MOTHER."

It was a very fortunate thing for Ezra Potts and wife that, just as he had finished reading, the babe began to worry and require the combined attention of the two joyful Pottees, for it would have been a most difficult matter for either of them to speak because of the tears that filled their eyes and the great lump that had risen in their throats. In a few minutes, however, sweet-looking Mrs. Potts, in her neat gray dress, frilled cap, and spectacles, and whose disposition, by the way, was every bit as amiable as her looks, said very slowly:

"I have thought, Ezra, ever since you came in, that maybe—maybe it was her child—our Kitty's baby."

"Pshaw!" cried Ezra, striking his foot very hard upon the floor and looking as savagely at his beloved wife Dorothy as it was possible for him to do. "Never talk such nonsense again. I wouldn't stand it; no, indeed, I wouldn't!"

"Perhaps I was wrong in speaking my mind, Ezra, but, somehow, I couldn't help it; and, Ezra, don't you think the baby looks a little—just a little—as she did when she was small?"

"Nonsense again!" cried the sexton, hitting the floor such a second rap with his foot that it fairly frightened the little creature in his wife's lap half out of all its little senses. "If you talk any more such infernal stuff I'll sling that bundle plumb into the street—mind you, plumb into the street."

"Why, Ezra!" cried his wife, "you know you wouldn't, would he, baby?" And she kissed it a half dozen times, and fondled it, and made a sight over it, and then held it up for Ezra to kiss, which the old fellow did.

"Well, Dorothy, you must make up your mind."

"My mind, Ezra?" she cried. "Make up mind about what?"

"About keeping it," he answered, pointing at the baby, with a very grave face, though he didn't feel grave—not a bit, good, clever old soul.

"Lord bless us!" cried Dorothy. "It was all made up just the minute you came in, for the Lord knew well enough where this little thing ought to come—of course He did."

"Oh, my Lord!" cried Ezra. "Oh, my soul, what a woman! My soul, what a wife and what a ba-bee! Yes, to Ezra Potts, sexton, and Dorothy, his wife—a daughter—praise the Lord, a daughter." And Ezra laughed and shook himself, and laughed and shook the cottage walls, and set Mrs. Potts to laughing; which, in spite of all they could do, set the tears a-rolling down their cheeks.

They must have been tha happiest, jolliest folks in Connyville that night—or anywhere else, in fact. But by and by Mrs. Potts put the baby away to bed and made Ezra go and sleep in the oompany chamber, lest he would forget himself and crush the little creature. And, Mrs. Potts's word for it, he came to visit the bed no less than four times in the night to make bimself sure the child had not been surreptitiously spirited away while his good wife slept.

When the morning came—goodness, what a morning that is to be remembered!—it was such a time as was never known before or since in that house. In the first place, the good old parish minister came clattering in before they had eaten breakfast and begged they would excuse his haste and the absence of his neckerchief, but he must see that child. Sakes alive! they'd excuse anything of him that morning, and he must needs stay and have some breakfast and offer thanks afterward, for Ezra said that on that occasion thanks must ho offered by one more thorough in the business than himself; he wanted it done up brown, he said—tbe curious fellow.

Then came the children trooping back again, bringing little presents and things; and soon afterward came all sorts of older people bringing larger presents and other things; and they all made so much of the babe and declared it was the most wonderful little creature anybody ever did see in that part of the world, or anywhere else. And the good minister over in the corner said it all reminded him of that beautiful scene in the stable of Bethlehem, when the wise men came and gave their gifts to our new-born Christ. He wanted to know, too, if all of them could teach by examplo the great lesson of forgiveness He taught; if all could forgive their repentant debtors as He forgives us our debts. And Ezra, laying his hand on the good minister's, said, with streaming eyes, "Praise the Lord, yes!"

But such presents! Rattleboxes, whistles, all sorts of dolls, wooden horses and candy dogs, and a red soldier with a blue gun, and a real gem of a cradle from old Isaac's, the cabinet-maker, and 'Squire Phelps gave it a hundred dollars in sterling silver. Everybody was so happy, too. If each resident of Connyville had had just such a baby given them they wouldn't have been one bit happier. No, indeed!

After all had looked at the baby, and taken it in their arms and kissed and talked to it to their heart's content—the baby, by the way, being in the best of humor and seeming to enjoy it all—it was taken up to old St. John's Church to be christened. That church had never known such a festival like that before. The village girls had brought all the flowers the town afforded, and fairly filled the chancel full; the evergreens were so profuse it seemed as if one had somehow strayed into a fairy's grove; and the bells chimed their merriest, and the organ pealed its loudest, and the choir sang their sweetest, and it was surely a joyful Christmas morning for all the happy village folk.

What do you think they named that little girl? Christmas! Funny, wasn't it? though ever afterward she was known as Crissy.

When the service was fairly over with the good parish minister took Ezra off one side and asked of him—he wanted to make sura of it—if his heart was really full of unfeigned forgiveness for all who had done evil against him, and if he had peace and good-will in his heart for everybody, which brought the tears to Ezra's eyes and made his voice tremble as he cried, "Yes, yes, Lord helping me!"

"Can you forgive even your wayward Kitty?" the minister asked, the tears springing to his eyes and his voice trembling, too.

Ezra broke right down at this and sobbed as though the flood-gates of his heart were broken, as though he was sobbing for joy instead of anguish. If he would forgive tha wayward, repentant girl and stretch out his arms and bid her come home again, how much more Christ-like would be the greatness of his heart, how much happier would be his Christmas-day!

"Everything," Ezra murmured, in a broken voice; "I can forgive everything."

"Amen!" cried the minister. "What a merry Christmas this is going to be!" And he had to wipe his eyes very hard again to keep the tears from rolling down his cheeks.

And then the minister led Father Potts, and good Mother Potts with little Crissy, into tbo vestry where—yes, their daughter Kitty is in there, and they must bo left alone a little while.

Poor repentant, wayward child! she has come to be taken back into the fold again. The rugged mountain paths of life are very bleak and dreary, and home is warm and bright and loving, and she wandered back again to be sheltered, and loved, and forgiven.

In a little while they all came out of the vestry, and, getting into 'Squire Phelps's great, comfortable sleigh that was waiting for them at the door, they went straight up to his large, well-furnished house and had the greatest jollification that was ever heard of in that town. And such a Christmas dinner! Well, you may be sure it was a big one, for when the company was all mustered Mrs. Pholps must needs send over to neighbor Brown's and borrow just a dozen plates to make up the sixty that were needed to set the table with.

Ephraim Bates! Oh, yes, he was there, clear, honest fellow! He had forgiven Kitty long ago, and was biding his time with patience when she would come home again—he knew she would ere long, and he could wait—and when their love would be made new and more enduring, for the great cruelties through which it had passed had cleansed and purified it.

But Ezra Potts was happiest of them all. Ah, if on each Christmas morning men would forgive all their repentant debtors as He forgives us our debts, how much brighter, merrier the day would be, not only to him who is forgiven, but also to him who forgives! Ezra Potts will tell you that, and Ezra Potts knows.

It was told afterward how the good parish minister—bless his dear old heart!—brought all this happiness about; how he brought Kitty and her babe up from the great city by the sea; how he had her bundle the little creature up and lay it on the granite steps of old St. John's, that Ezra might find it there when he had chimed the merry bells of Yule—Ezra did not know that she had a babe, though tho old fellow knew the minute he put his eyes on it that it was Kitty's, the likeness was so perfect—for the parish minister—and bless his heart again!—had strong faith tha little child would lead them back, and in very pleasant places, too.—*Buffalo Express.*

Taste in Dress.

"SHE has a great deal of taste," often means only "She has a great deal of money." Now that tbe fashionable milliner and dress-maker recognize certain laws of color, the fashionable woman, with a long purse, has simply to put herself into their hands, and she will never shock the eye by garments tbat, as tbe Parisans say, "swear at each other." But for the poor woman—and I mean only the comparatively poor woman, now—one who *has* bonnets and dresses sometimes—it is another thing.

Cheap goods are seldom as finely tinted, and they seldom fall into such graceful folds, as rich ones; aud when a bonnet is bought one montb, and a walking suit another, tbe results are not as perfect as when the whole costume is in the hands of one tuodiste. But there are ladies who produce a finer effect on a small sum than others can by a large one, for shape and color are, after all, the first requisites. How these people manage is a mystery to others, for they are artists in their line. But there are certain things that any one can do who wishes to look well-dressed. The first is—*take thought about it.* Whatever is wortb doing is worth doing well. Before you go out to shop make up your mind as to what you want. Without this you will be talked into buying something tbat you will detest until it is worn out, ("wbich has often occurred to me.") After you bave decided upon fabric and color, take a pencil and get at the exact sum you can afford per yard for the piece goods—at tbe number of yards of ribbon you want. A half quarter too much wastes money, or half a yard too little spoils a dress that can not be matched.

Then go out; ask for the thing you want, and do not be beguiled into looking at anything eise. As to the color, try it in a bright light—day or gas—as you wish to wear it. All good New York stores have a room in which to exhibit colors by gas-light, and as navy blue and hunter's green are a dull black by this light, and some shades of sage green turn—to your horror—to lead color, and most purples are quite lost, while a beautiful faint lilac becomes dirty white, this is necessary if you want to be sure what you are buying.

I think that, except to very handsome people, who are quite conscious of their own charms, buying a ready-made bonnet is the most trying of ordeals. To stand before the glass witb one's bair out of crimp—and whose is not at such a time? there is a fate in it—and don successively bonnets too large and bonnets too small, bonnets, each of which makes you look worse than the other, under a fire of mechanical admiration from the saleswoman: "Oh, charming!" "That certainly becomes you;" "that is lovely;" "that is tbe most stylish you have put on;" "just the shape for you! I admire *that*, ma'am;" with madame, fat, comfortable, and with her hair in perfect crimp, advising and even commanding from a short distance, and some ten or fifteen lady customers higbly interested in the affair, gazing at one unreservedly, with tbat air with which New York women regard each other when unacquainted—all tbis is enough to break down the self-composure of a nun, or a *prima donna*. More mistakes are made in the bonnet through nervousness than in any other way. Therefore, persons who can not command the chief milliners of the city to send imported bonnets to their houses for inspection, and to be tried on before their own glasses, I advise choosing a shape and the stuff to cover and trim it. Then *don't* trim it yourself, unless you know how.

If you are in doubt about the color for a dress, buy black. You can always enliven and enrich it with trimmings and ribbons. It lasts better than anything else. It is more becoming to more people than any one color, and if you are very stout it is actually the only thing you should wear for a dress. Moreover, there are gay colors which look well in the hair and at the bosom which can not be worn with anything but black, and no color looks ill witb it.
Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE Canadian Minister of Agriculture is said to have submitted a scheme to the English Government to aid Irish people to emigrate to the Northwest.

PITH AND POINT.

A HAIR-CUTTER without a customer is a head-waiter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BLIND confidence in an empty wormholo will lead a man to eat unroasted chestnuts in the dark.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A TRAVELING printer, who for want of employment at bis trade went to work on a farm, came in one day to ask his employer if a hen should be set solid.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE fust tbing a man thinks ov iz himself; tho seckond thing be thinks ov iz himself agin, and the third thing he tbinks of iz himself once more. Bully for man!—*Josh Billings.*

THE statisticians wonder bow it happens that lightning strikes twice as many men as women. We suppose the reason is tbere are more conductors among the men.—*Graphic.*

IT is a mean thing for a handsome man to go to a town and give every indication of being in the market until half the girls are wild about about him, and then send for his wife.—*Boston Post.*

A CANDIDATE defeated at tbe recent election made his first appearance upon tbe streets the otber day, and his countenance looked so mournful that fifteen undertakers tried to engage him to drive a hearse.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

"DEAR me," said Mrs. Watkins, on hearing of the death of her friend Mrs. Tomkins, "I feel that I'm very poorly prepared for eternity. I haven't a single dress fit to be laid out in." And she at once gave orders to the dressmaker for a new dress.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Making a Woman Beautiful.

ONE of the most attractive establishments in Fourteenth Street, New York City, is an institution for beautifying women. Few New York women need to be told where it is. Many are intimately acquainted with the establishment. It is probably the most popular and successful establishment of tho kind in New York. Its proprietors have their country and city residences, keep a carriage and trotting-wagon and a Shetland pony-phaeton, and have a box at the opera. The establishment which supports all this luxury is an atelier devoted to the fine art of making women beautiful. The store itself is filled with bright and attractive cosmetics, hair goods, curls, wigs, switches, chignons and ornaments for the hair. In tbe rear are bairdressing and shampooing rooms, but in tho second story, wbich is reached by a passenger elevator, is the salon, the sanctum sanctorum of tbo art of being made beautiful. No man is ever permitted to enter this room. It is a long, lofty apartment, the finishings in gold and black, and old gold, red and brigbt gold. Tbe cabinets in wbich the cosmetics are kept are of black ebonized carved wood, witb gilded traceries. The sofas and divans are of crimson plush and brocatelle. Large mirrors, in black and gold frames, are in each end of the room between the windows. Other large mirrors are set in the walls on t he side between the black and gold cabinets. Tbe front windows are shaded with lace curtains; those at the back are filled with stained glass panes, and open into a conservatory, where twittering canaries make music in tbe perfume-laden atmosphere. Opening into this salon are dressing rooms, where ladies retire to have their hair sbampooed and dressed, and where the intricate art of making up is practiced. This is tbe way the thing is done, as described by a lady wbo went tbrough tbe entire process:

"After throwing off my polonaise and having a peignoir thrown around my shoulders, my hair was taken out of the little knot into which I had twisted it, and was shampooed. It was then dried and combed up from my face and neck, and smootbed at the edges with bandoline, applied with a small fine sponge. My eyes were tben batbed with *clair de lune*. This is an eye tonic, and makes the eyes exceedingly brilliant. Next, with a magnifying-glass in her hand, my *coiffeuse* went over my face, neck, arms and sboulders, carefully inspecting every part, and with a pair of fine tweezers she removed every superfluous hair. From a little box sbe dipped with a small, fine, soft sponge a creamy, rose-tinted cosmetic, and carefully applied it to my face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders, rubbing and blending it carefully and evenly over the entire surface. She told me that she used rose-tinted *creme* because I was pale; for ruddy blondes white *creme* is used; for brunettes, buff tinted. There are finishing powders, too, in all these shades.

"After the *creme* was rubbed in I was ready for a bit of color in my checks and lips. This was applied from a rouge cup with what is called, and I suppose is, a rabbit's foot. The color was rubbed deftly into my cheeks, a little around my eye, on my nostrils, chin and ears, and then my lips were tinged with liquid vegetable, indelible rouge. Then, with a powder puff of swan's down, she went over the whole with a rosy-white blending powder, brushing it off carefully with anotber puff. Now my eyebrows were brusbed out and shaded with *fard indien*. This was done with a leather stamp. As the *creme* and *velouting* powder had hidden all my veins, with a blue pencil tbey were now traced on my hands, arms, neck and temples. With the same pencil a line was traced under each of my eyes and shaded off with a fresh stamp. All this requires the eye and hand of an artist.

"Then a front coiffure, with waves falling on my forehead, and curly hair, thirty inches long, falling back, was pinned on with invisible bair pins to my own scanty chevelure, and, twining it around a coil in the back, it was formed with a switch of moderate size into a low coiffure, *a la Grecque*. A few little waving curls were added, falling on my neck, and behind my ears a few stray locks were drawn out and frizzed; for, as my *coiffeuse* said, the ears should ever be set, as it were, in a spray of bair. Tben my eyelashes were trimmed, and last of all my nails were soaked, cut, tinted, and polished, and I was supplied with a set of *toilette des bongles*, and all the cosmetics I had used and a cosmetic mask. The whole cost me——; you can pay $100 for an outfit if you choose."—*New York Sun.*

ONLY three wooden shantles now stand on the site of the little hamlet where Jefferson was born, near Charlottesville, Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1881.

It is proposed to make a new state of the western section of Missouri, to be called West Missouri. The new State would comprise five of the present congressional districts—fifty-one counties in all—which at the presidential election cast 192,143 votes, Hancock receiving 95,665. The proposed new State, it is believed, would be Republican in 1884.

The Burnside Educational bill will not pass the House as easily as it passed the Senate; but Representative Goode, of Virginia, chairman of the committee on Education and Labor, who has it in charge, expresses his utmost confidence as to its final adoption, and believes that it will be passed during the present session. Mr. Goode does not propose to press the bill until the appropriation bills are disposed of, but he will then insist upon its consideration in preference to all other measures.

In opposition to goose-bone, tree-moss and Vernor's prediction, a wiseacre at Harrisburg promises a very short and pleasant winter. He has had in his yard during the past summer and fall a number of mud tortoises. These, he says, when the winter is to be severe and prolonged, bury themselves deeply under the ground. This year, he states, he notices that his pets have only gone down under the earth a short distance, and in several instances are barely covered, and he predicts that the winter will be a short one.

The Kent *News*, one of the most liberally patronized and best country newspapers in Maryland, publishes a notice to those indebted to it and puts the point very strong and truthfully by saying:

"This is not a dun. Indeed, we seldom find it necessary to *dun* anybody. We prefer having nothing to do with this class of humanity. The man who gets you to do his work—acknowledges his indebtedness, and then gives you as much trouble to collect the bill as it was to do the work is a swindler to the exact amount of this *extra* work. And so you are better off if you never work for him."

Christmas as a religious festival was first observed under the pontificate of Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138. The feast was then celebrated in the months of April and May. During the reign of Pope Julius I., 337-352, St. Cyril of Jerusalem petitioned that Christmas should be made an immovable feast. The Bishops of the East and West assembled in council, and the result was the adoption of December 25th for this most sublime celebration. Formerly, in England, the revelry began on Christmas Eve and continued for twelve days. In verse several of the English poets have given vivid pictures of the Christmas times, notably Scott. In this country the day is celebrated much after the German methods, and made one of much religious observance as well as of festivity and mirth.

A Lively Democratic Funeral Oration.

The Republicans of Clarinda, Page county, Iowa, had a jollification meeting on Friday night, Nov. 5th. According to the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* they had the biggest kind of a time with illuminations, fireworks, music and speechifying. After several Republican orators, among them Congress-man-elect Hepburn, had given vent to their feelings with spread-eagle speeches, the crowd called loudly for Lou B. Cake. Cake is a Democrat, and the *Nonpareil* says he looked too depressed to speak, but the crowd wouldn't be put off, so he mounted the box and made the following unique speech:

Fellow Citizens:—A man usually attends his own funeral, but it is not expected that he should talk a great deal. [Laughter.] I knew the funeral ceremonies would go on without me, so I concluded I had better bring in the body. [Laughter.] But it takes a great deal of grace to sustain a man who helps furnish the corpse for an occasion like this. [Laughter.] Nobody but a Democrat could do it. [Applause.] It is certain that no one save the Democrats have had a chance to try it on for the last twenty years. [Shouts of applause.] Disappointment is the modern Democrat's birthright and mourning his normal condition. They took out a patent on disaster twenty years ago, and it has never been infringed. The patent ran out in 1876, and they have just got it renewed. Looking over the landscape of the last twenty years, I behold acres and acres of busted hopes, cords and cords of disgruntled ambition, barrels and barrels of unavailing tears, oceans and oceans strewn with the wrecks of phantom ships once burdened with Democratic delusions. [Great applause.] Disappointment is an anchor to the Democratic soul, both sure and steadfast.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all, O Democrat!
Thou hast all times for thine own death.

I might say with Shylock, "Sufferance, yea, *suffer*-ance is the badge of our tribe." I could give you 329 reasons for this. [Laughter.] A lawyer offered a judge sixteen reasons why his client was not present in court. First, he was dead. The judge told him he might omit the other fifteen. The first reason of my 329 is, we lacked the votes. You will allow me to omit the other 328. [Applausive consent.] But I could give you more than 329 reasons. Yes, Morey Letter. John Kelly did it with his little racket. [Great Applause.] Wade Hampton's mule broke his leg instead of his neck, and Ben Hill wasn't born a mule. English had foreclosed his mortgages, and we couldn't redeem. Then

'Tis the South that can supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

In some States the Greenback party fell through a crack in their platform and crippled us. [Laughter.] But Democracy still lives. [Great applause.] It's like the mule—it never dies. But unfortunately, like the mule, while it lives, it is forever throwing its rider.

It bucked Greeley off and killed him in 1872. Tilden stuck on until he passed under the wire. [Applause] But there was so much daylight between him and this Democratic quadruped the judges counted him off, although he had his foot in the stirrups. This year we got a splendid send-off and might have won, but the donkey was stricken down in Indiana with (g)Landers. [Applause] We close this chapter of the story with the hope that the story will not be continued in our next. [Cheers] We accept defeat the more cheerfully because of the magnanimous manner with which you take victory. We take it every four years. It is a standing prescription. It might well be called the quadrennial ipecac. [Groans.] It works up before the election and works down when the returns come in. We thank you for the magnanimous way in which you have turned out to our funeral. [Applause.] We congratulate you on the magnificent and imposing character of the obsequies. [Here the speaker's feelings overcame him, and he retired amid encouraging earthquakes and applansive avalanches.]

The Mormon Church.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

At my request Bishop Henry Lunt, of Cedar City, explained to me the manner in which the Church of Latter-day Saints is organized. He said: "First, there is a president, and he has two counsellors. Second, there are twelve apostles. The President is one of them, and there are eleven others. Each of them receives a salary of $1,500 per annum. The President wields an authority equal to that of the other eleven. Third, there are seven presidents designated as the Presidents of the Seventies. Fourth come the Seventies, with seven presidents over each and a president over each of the Sevens. Fifth come the Seventies, each body of which consists of seventy elders. There are eighty of these Seventies in Utah, and they are compelled to report at least annually. These constitute the general authorities of the church. Sixth is the Head Patriarch of the church. This dignity is hereditary when the candidate is worthy. The Head Patriarch resides at Salt Lake City, and blesses the people by the laying on of hands. The present incumbent of that sacred position is John Smith, the nephew of Prophet Joseph Smith. Seven, there is a presiding bishop, who attends to the collection of tithes. Eight, Zion is divided into twenty-three stakes, each of which has a president. They call me bishop from habit, but my ecclesiastical rank is higher. I have been here thirty years, and was bishop for eighteen years. I am now president of the stake which you are in. I have twelve high counsellors to arbitrate among the brethren. Each stake is subdivided into wards and each ward into districts. Each district has a quorum of teachers, whose business it is to visit each family periodically and look after the spiritual welfare of its members. Each district has a meeting house, Sunday school, day school, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, primary association for small children, which meets on Saturdays, and usually a dramatic society. Our people at Cedar City have a brass band, a string band, a co-operative store, a co-operative tannery and a co-operative grist-mill, which cost $10,000. Ninth, come the priests and deacons. In the world the priests preach and baptize, but do not lay on hands. The wisdom of man could never have devised a church organization like that. Our present presiding bishop, Edward Hunter, is 86 years of age. He was formerly a noted grazier in Chester county, Pa. Out of a total population of 150,000 there are 30,000 children in Utah under eight years of age. We have a Sunday school organization known as the Deseret Sunday school Union, of which Geo. Q. Cannon is superintendent. He is our Delegate to Congress. Then we have a perpetual immigration fund, in charge of President Albert Carrington. With this we assist in gathering our converts to these valleys. All nations are here represented. There is a young woman at Beaver City whose father was a native Hindoo, and was colonel of the Royal Bengal Regiment. She has become one of our people. We assist these people here and when they become able to do so, they repay the expenses to the immigration fund. Much of this indebtedness was cancelled by the church last April. In addition to which we gave 2,000 sheep and 500 cows to our poor. During the past year we have brought over more converts than ever before.

The Danger of Good Times.

David Swing in the Alliance.

It will be a great mistake and a great misfortune if the return of good times shall bring back the old fervor for property and for adventure, which once made mortgages so popular and which helped bring on all the old panics and troubles. Memphis is roundly denounced because, having had an awful epidemic only last summer, it did not, all through the subsequent winter and spring, toil earnestly to prevent a return of the pestilence; but our prosperous North will deserve as much rebuke should it neglect any wisdom or effort that might tend to prevent a return of the old yellow fever of speculation and adventure. Mortgages are a pestilence and debts are a regular cholera. Estates die under them. Churches sicken and have to be sat up with at night, individuals pine away, wives and children become disheartened and the financial grave digger is busy day and night. Swamps and dirty houses were the black death of Europe; debts are the plague of America.

Should the dawn of good times become also the dawn of a new vanity and extravagance the end of another five years will find the good times all gone again and the millions which the farmers and workingmen now possess or may possess all garnered up in the money bags of a few companies which had money to loan, and the gulf between the many and the few will be wider than ever.

Let us not draw too much on a rosy future, and under the new inspiration of the times, rush out and buy more land, and more coats, and bonnets, and gold watches, and pianos than we can pay for on the spot, and not even all we can pay for unless the case is one of clear demand.

In Wisconsin a few years ago the hop trade set the State wild. The boys and girls picked hops or grew them until the village churches rustled with silk dresses on Sundays, and every girl in the State began to take music lessons and each fond parent bought for his frame cabin a piano, and then set about to build a house that would blend with "Chickering" or the "Hallet & Davis." Now there is no law in nature that limits the growth of fools to Wisconsin, and no law that associates silliness and hop poles. Tremendous wheat crops may wake up the dormant foolishness of a community, and the mere thought that gold is coming over from Europe by the kegfull may inflate thousands of human hearts beyond the strength of their material. The hearts broken by love are not half so numerous as the hearts broken by speculation on borrowed funds.

But there is a vice versa to this kind of talk. Do not suspect the future and become stingy. On the contrary, we must all buy needful and good things. Do not put off your wife's new bonnet until her patience is perfectly exhausted; and do not put off the new house until you and she are so old that you are just on the point of needing no house at all; but seek the golden mean between a miser and a reckless adventurer, and you will find there the elements of a good man, and of a happy peaceful time of it on this planet.

Christmas Day, 1864.

Christmas Day, 1864, was the Confederate Christmas par excellence. Outside supplies of all kinds had disappeared, and whatever comforts were provided were of home manufacture. The Confederate dollar was now worth just 2 cents in gold, and flour was $600 a barrel; sugar was $30 a pound; salt, $1; butter, $40; and beef, $35 to $40 a pound. Wood sold at $100 a cord and coal was not to be had, save in a few of the cities, owing to scarcity of transportation. The day was Sunday, which, in itself, would have tempered the usual merriment. At a country residence below Richmond, and not far from the lines of the contending armies, a party of seven—ladies and gentlemen all in the strictest Southern sense of the term—were assembled at dinner. The mansion had been proverbial for its hospitality before the war; now the welcome was as cordial as ever, but the board was spread in accordance with the necessities of the times. At the head of the table was placed a large ham, worth $300; at the foot was the last turkey the farm could boast, worth $175. The vegetables consisted of cabbage, potatoes and hominy, worth, at a reasonable calculation, $100. Corn-bread was served, flour having been unknown in this house for months. The meal was worth $80 a bushel and the salt that seasoned it $1 a pound. Dessert, there was none, but in its place the hostess provided a coarse black molasses, worth $60 a gallon. The same kind lady, as a rare treat for her guests, brought out a glow of pride, a steaming urn of real tea—not sassafras—worth $100 a pound, at the same time warning the company that they must expect but one cup apiece, as this was the last of her store. After this there was "coffee" made from sweet potatoes cut into little bits, toasted brown and ground to powder. Such was a Confederate Christmas dinner in the last winter of the war. From this superb repast the scale descended to army rations—a bit of salt pork, corn bread and sweet potato coffee without sugar. The company consisted of three ladies and four gentlemen. The ladies' toilets the writer cannot venture to describe, but they were largely made up of "home-made" articles in the fashion prevailing at the commencement of the war. The tresses of one were fastened with "Confederate hair-pins," made of long black thorns, with the heads tipped with sealing-wax, and the dress was of simple home spun.

EIGHTY MILES IN SIXTY MINUTES.—At the Franklin Institute last week Mr. Barnet W. Le Van explained how a train can accomplish the distance between Philadelphia and New York in an hour. The distance between the two cities is in an air line from City Hall to City Hall 80.93 miles. The proposed road will start at a point on Broad street, near Arch, and by an underground road similar to the New York Central, on Fourth avenue, will run out Broad street beyond the Junction road, thence in an air line district to Jersey City. This new road will cross the Bound Brook road and the Delaware river near Yardley, and the Pennsylvania road between Monmouth Incline and New Brunswick; passing near Princeton, crossing the Raritan river about one mile west of Perth Amboy. None of the crossings will be at grade, and there will be but two curves of 10,000 feet radius. To accomplish this distance the engine must be capable at all times of developing sufficient horse-power to perform 90 miles in one hour. On the trial trip of the Baldwin locomotive No. 5,000, it ran at the rate of 81 miles an hour on an ascending grade, and no doubt on a level road it would have 90 miles. Mr. Le Van explained how he proposed to make a locomotive that can perform the latter distance.—*Railway Review.*

TANNING SHEEPSKINS.—To tan sheepskins take two long-wooled skins; make strong suds, using hot water; when cold, wash the skins in it, carefully squeezing them between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean cold water. Now dissolve alum and salt, each half a pound, with a little hot water, sufficient to cover the skins, and let them soak in it over night, or twelve hours; then hang over a pail to drain. When well drained, spread or stretch carefully over a board to dry. When a little damp, have one ounce each of saltpetre and alum, (pulverized,) and sprinkle the flesh side of each skin, rubbing it well; then lay the flesh sides together, and hang them in the shade for two or three days, turning the under side uppermost every day until perfectly dry. Then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife, to remove any remaining scraps of flesh; trim off projecting points, and rub the flesh side with pumice or rottenstone, and with the hands.—*Country Gentleman.*

POISONED WITH EPIZOOTIC.—A singular case of poisoning, arising out of the disease called epizootic, is attracting the attention of the medical fraternity at Virgil, Ont., where it is under treatment. Geo. Wilson, resident of that place, was suffering from a small sore on his hand. The discharge from his diseased horse's nose was by some chance rubbed into the sore, the poison infected his system and his body swelled to an alarming size. An immense abscess formed in his side, which when opened discharged large quantities of fetid matter. Up to within a few days, although suffering very severely, he seemed to be recovering, but since he has had a relapse, and his recovery is now extremely doubtful. His chief symptom, as he describes it, is a burning sensation all over the body as if he had been close to a red hot stove.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1880.

General Grant has become tired of being regarded as a National beggar, and protests against it. The recent talk about his affairs has been very distasteful.

Secretary Evarts is daily expecting the arrival of the new treaty with China at the State Department. The Secretary gives out one hint concerning its provisions that will cause rejoicing in the heart of the American laborer who has suffered from the ruinous competition of Chinese labor. It is that each Nation is to have the right to exclude at will the subjects or citizens of the other. Perhaps many will object to this provision, and claim that the United States is an asylum for the oppressed of all Nations, and no restriction should be placed upon immigration. But all these can be answered by simply repeating the words of Genl. Garfield, "We legislate for the United States and not for the World." Another precept applicable to the Chinese question is: "Charity begins at home."

A report has been in circulation for several days to the effect that all idea of calling up the resolution declaring vacant Senator Kellogg's seat, had been abandoned; that the Democratic supporters of the resolution were satisfied it would be defeated, and therefore proposed to let it go by default. The other day a *Star* reporter ascertained that this was not correct. The majority of the Senate committee on Elections are determined to get the resolution up as soon after the holiday recess as is practicable, and to have a vote on it. They, evidently, do not expect to carry it, but their purpose is to put every Senator on record on this question. The Democratic members of the committee intimate the opinion that the Democracy of the country will visit its disapproval upon those Senators of the party who shall vote with the Republicans against this resolution.

At a conference with the Indians at the Interior Department a day or two ago, Rattling Rib, one of the chiefs, got off a good story. He was about to state a proposition when he was intercepted by an Indian who opposed what Rattling Rib contemplated urging. The latter let the interloper go ahead but when he got through he said: "I have always found when any one wants to state a false proposition he is always anxious to be heard before any one else." This was a more dignified way of passing the lie than is practiced in the House of Representatives.

A good deal of surprise was manifested in Washington at the appointment of Gen. Howard to the command of West Point, in view of the fact, that a few days before it was done the President himself told Howard that he had decided not to place him at the Academy, under pressure from General Sherman and Secretary Evarts, although he had been summoned originally to Washington for that purpose. It leaks out now that the President was persuaded to act upon his original intention by certain of the Stalwarts in Congress. When it was announced thro' the press that the President had yielded to the representations of Schofield's friends that the change from him to Howard would be too abrupt, they went to the White House and told Mr. Hayes that the country demanded just such a change and under the present condition of things, a colored boy might about as well be in the abode of the lost as at West Point. So much feeling had been aroused that if any half-way measures were attempted the institution was in imminent danger of being wiped out. Braced up by this Stalwart backing, the President decided to do as he originally intended and put Howard in command.

Gen. Orl is going to engage in business in Mexico, where his son-in-law, Gen. Trevino, is now Secretary of War. The General's pay as a retired officer, is about $4,000.

Senator Vest, in passing through St. Louis Christmas, stated that among the Senators in Washington it is generally understood that Mr. Blaine is to be Secretary of State, and C. J. Filley, of Missouri, Post Master General, in Garfield's cabinet.

LOGAN.

The Vicksburg *Herald* makes another dash at sentimental politics in the South. "We pay," it says, "too much attention to our leaders who spout about 'our Northern enemies' and advocate the hate and distrust business, and too little to our material interests. While we are scratching along and living on sentiment, the Northern people are growing rich and developing their country in every possible way. We should attempt to educate our people to take a different view of affairs. They should be taught to believe that politics that does not better their condition, and at least give them equal advantages to grow wealthy, is not sound. In the last score of years we have not had an equal chance, because we have followed the wrong class of leaders."

TELEGRAPHIC.

FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

TORONTO, December 27.—The Meteorological Department says: "In the maritime provinces a heavy northeast gale is blowing, accompanied by snow, and elsewhere in Canada the weather is generally unsettled. It is intensely cold in the west and northwest. The temperature over Manitoba is forty degrees below zero. Storm signals are ordered up in the maritime provinces. A severe storm is approaching the Newfoundland coast."

CHICAGO, December 27.—The thermometer indicates, at midnight, 13° below, and at the present rate will reach 20° below before morning. It is by far the coldest spell of the season, but an absence of wind and a clear day makes it less trying than weather which is not so rigorous.

SENATOR BLAINE AS THE NEXT SECRETARY OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, December 27.—A very silly and unauthorized statement, published in a New York paper to-day, concerning the preparations of Senator Blaine for an extended tour of Europe in the near future, is denied by the Senator's friends, who are now quite confident that he will be tendered and will accept the portfolio as secretary of State in President Garfield's cabinet. Indeed, one gentleman informed your correspondent to-night that the appointment is a certainty, and his apparent knowledge of the circumstances leads to the belief that there can be no further doubt about it. The impression here is that Senator Blaine will fill the position in every way acceptably, and not a dissenting vote is expected to be raised when his appointment comes up for confirmation. Mr. C. J. Filley, of Missouri, is spoken of confidently as the next postmaster general.

GOULD'S GRASP.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 25.—The *Post Dispatch* publishes an elaborate article regarding the operations of Jay Gould and his associates in the West and Southwest—the railroads they have acquired, the extent of the various combinations, the aggregate of them, and the past and future effects of these operations upon the growth and commerce of St. Louis. The miles of road embraced in what is called Gould's consolidation are as follows: The Wabash system, both east and west of the Mississippi river and branches, 2,847 miles; the Missouri Pacific and branches, 712 miles; Central Branch Union Pacific, 363 miles; Missouri, Kansas and Texas and branches, 826; Kansas Pacific and branches, 1,011; Union Pacific and branches, 2,115; Denver and South Park, 201; Iron Mountain and branches, 684; Texas and Pacific so far as built, 587; International and Great Northern, 664; total, 8,648 miles. In addition to this there is 385 miles of road in course of construction in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, which will enter into the Wabash system when completed, and, nearly, if not quite, two thousand miles under contract or projected in Texas and Mexico.

Much speculation was indulged in a year ago as to what effect these consolidations would have upon St. Louis, many business men fearing they would injure rather than benefit the city. To show the effect on the grain trade on the city, it is stated that last year there was received here of wheat 15,915,000 bushels; corn 12,721,000 bushels; oats, 4,777,000 bushels; while this year the receipts have been; wheat, 18,580,000 bushels; corn, 21,575,000 bushels, oats, 5,150,000 bushels, an increase of 2,665,000 bushels of wheat, 7,851,000 bushels of corn and 373,000 bushels of oats. Mr. Gould's idea that the Mississippi river from here to New Orleans should be used as an additional outlet for the grain of the West and Northwest is shown by the statement that the Mississippi Pacific, the Wabash and the Iron Mountain railroads have nearly $500,000 of stock in a barge line on the Lower Mississippi river, and that every effort is being made to make the river a sure means of exportation of grain to the seaboard and to Europe during all seasons of the year. To insure the latter result a very large elevator is being constructed on the river bank at Belmont, the Southern terminus of a branch of the Iron Mountain railroad, below which there is rarely any obstructions from ice. During the past two weeks over five hundred thousand bushels of corn have been sent via the Iron Mountain road to Belmont and put on barges there for New Orleans. The barge line referred to will, before the resumption of navigation in the spring, have transporting facilities of two million bushels of bulk grain per month, and this is only one of several large lines in operation on the Lower Mississippi. The article also states that the elevator capacity of St. Louis will be nearly, if not quite, doubled within a year, and that it will be kept fully abreast of the growing grain trade of the city.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The County Commissioners meet Monday.

—Garrett Literary Society meets to-night at 7 o'clock.

—Miss Ria L. Jamesson, of Virginia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Daily.

—Mr. Charlie Robinson, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent the Holidays at Rev. B. Ison's.

—Miss Kate Shannon, of Central, West Va., is visiting Miss Kate Townshend.

—Mr. Arch. Loewenstein and wife of Frostburg, were in Oakland during the holidays.

—Mr. Charles Roach, wife and daughter, of Grafton, W. Va, have been visiting at Mr. I. W. Stalnaker's.

—Sunday last about noon the father of Mr. J. Cassiday, telegraph operator at Altamont, was struck by a helper, at that station, and so injured that he died about 8 o'clock the same evening.

—The Week of Prayer suggested by the Evangelical Alliance, will be observed in the Lutheran church next week. Services will be held every night during the week at 6½ o'clock.

—The coldest weather of the season was experienced here Wednesday night and Thursday morning, the thermometer registering 20° below zero, with a strong wind prevailing.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is agent for The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britian and America, from the days of the Wesleys to the present time. This is a work of great merit and should be in every Methodist household. dec11tf

—Married—At the residence of G. W. Merrill, Esq., Oakland, Dec. 22d, 1880, by the Rev. Wm Stoneleomire, Mr. John W. Miller and Miss Eliza H. Robinson, both of Taylor county, W. Va. May the breezes of prosperity increase to tornadoes of fortune and felicity, is the wish of the officiating minister.

—The Cumberland *Daily News* publishes a communication stating that the first heavy railroad iron manufactured in the United States was made at the iron works at Mt. Savage, in this State, in 1844. It was a bridge rail, weighing forty pounds to the yard. While these rails were being made, the mill was likewise employed on a contract of T rails, of fifty-two pounds to the yard, for a railroad near Fall River, Rhode Island, to connect with what is now the Old Colony Road. The Franklin Institue awarded a silver medal for these rails, and some of both patterns were laid on the railroad belonging to the rolling mills extending from Mt. Savage to Cumberland. Some of these rails are still in existence, and to Mrs. Henry Thomas Weld, of Mt Savage, whose husband was the engineer of the company, belongs the honor of having held the tongs when the first heavy rail was made in this country. The writer makes this statement in correcting a report that the first rail of that kind was made at Scranton in 1845.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will visit Oakland on Monday, January 3d, and remain one week or ten days. Persons wanting work done will please call on him early. All persons knowing themselves indebted to him will please try and make it convenient to pay him during his stay. Rooms at Wm. A. Daily's. td.

A Handsome Residence.

Mr. W. H. Tower, our efficient circuit court clerk, Tuesday last removed to his new residence on the corner of Pennington and Wilson streets. This is one of the handsomest and most substantial residences in Oakland. All materials used in its construction were of the best quality, and the best of workmen were employed. The entire work was done under the immediate supervision of Capt. J. M. Jarboe. The stone and brick work was done by Mr. Lloyd Chambers, of Oakland, and the plastering by Mr. Jos. Lashorn, of Deer Park, and they have reason to be proud of their workmanship. When the weather will permit Mr. Tower proposes to grade and beautify his grounds, which can be done at a small outlay, when he will have one of the handsomest and cosiest homes in the county.

Christmas in Oakland.

Christmas was more generally observed in Oakland, last Saturday, than for several years. Nearly all of the stores and business places were closed during the entire day. Christmas tree services were held in the M. E. and Lutheran churches on Christmas eve, and were largely attended. The services in the Presbyterian church were held Christmas night. In addition to the usual distribution of gifts to the Sunday School children in the latter church, the pastor, Rev. J. S. Lefeyre, was made the recipient of a valuable gold headed cane by members of his congregation. The only feature on Christmas that tended to mar the general enjoyment, was the large number of drunken men and boys on the streets. There appeared to be a spirit of rivalry among a large number of our young men, as to who could get the drunkest and be the most noisy and disgusting.

Election of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Alta Lodge, Knights of Honor, of Oakland, Thursday evening of last week, the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing term:

Dictator—David Little.
Vice Dictator—H. B. Wolfe.
A. Dictator—John Compton.
Guide—C. H. Sincell.
Chaplain—John M. Davis.
Reporter—W. H. Tower.
F. Reporter—A. G. Sturgiss.
Treasurer—J. A. Hayden.
Guardian—Samuel Lawton.
Sentinel—J. W. Veitch.
Medical Examiner—Dr. J. Lee McComas.
Representative—John M. Davis.
Alternate—Samuel Lawton.

At a regular meeting of Shealtiel Lodge, No. 122, I. O. O. F., Monday evening, the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing term:

Noble Grand—H. W. Combs.
Vice Grand—J. W. Veitch.
R. Sec't'y—Thos. J. Peddicord.
P. Sec't'y—W. H. Tower.
Treasurer—John W. Smith.
Chaplain—E. D. Kepner.
Representative—Th. J. Peddicord.
Trustees—M. R. Hamill, George W. Legge, Jas. S. Johnson, David Little.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For farther information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

Trespass Law in Maryland.

One of the most troublesome annoyances and drawbacks to good neighborhoods is the practice of some farmers in permitting their stock to run at large upon the public roads; the object being, generally, to enable them to crop the grass growing upon the sides of the roads. If this was the only cause of complaint in such cases, forbearance would be justifiable; but the greater evil is found in the fact that if a gate is left open a whole herd of cattle is found trespassing on a neighbor's field or garden, frequently endangering the loss of an entire crop, when not discovered in time to drive them out.

The owner of the land along which a road is established is alone entitled to the privilege of cropping the grass thereon, and consequently any one permitting his stock to run at large for this purpose is a trespasser. It is high time that this evil should be corrected; and we copy the following decision of one of our county courts to aid in an effort to abate this serious nuisance.

Judge Wickes, in the Talbot county court, delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of Price *vs.* Oliver, which arose out of a trespass of Oliver's cattle upon Price's enclosure, and the decision is an important one to farmers in this State, as it virtually enacts a stock law where that law does not already prevail. We give below the main points of the decision as reported by the Talbot papers.

The Court held that the common law in regard to trespassing cattle, etc., is in force now in Maryland, and that the rule of law is that a person is only bound to take care that his cattle do not wander from his own land and trespass upon the land of others; that a fence is for the purpose of keeping your own stock at home, and not to keep others' stock off; and if any one is damaged by another's stock trespassing on his land, whether fenced in or not, whether wood land or marsh land, he can recover damages from the owner of the stock so trespassing.

The Court also held that under the statute law of Maryland (article 67, title "Estrays and Trespassing Cattle"), a person had three remedies for the trespassing on his enclosure by any cattle, horses, sheep, hogs or any domestic animals.

1. He could take up the animals, and within a reasonable time thereafter go before a justice of the peace and make affidavit that he took up the animal as an estray, and published said affidavit and justice's certificate, etc. If he complies with the law, he can recover all expenses incurred by the person taking up the estray and keeping it, including the cost of advertising. If any one avails himself of this remedy, he cannot recover damages for the injury done.

2. Any person aggrieved by the trespass upon his enclosure of any cattle may impound the same and have the damage sustained by the trespass appraised by two disinterested persons; and unless the damage and a reasonable compensation for feeding the property impounded are paid, may, at the expiration of ten days, sell the same at public auction, by giving the notice required by the statute. This remedy seems to apply where the owner of the cattle is not known.

3. If any cattle, &c., trespassing on the enclosures of any person be distrained doing damage, the owner of which is known, if the owner do not tender compensation for the damage within five days after such distress and notice given to him, then the party taking up such cattle, etc., may, by complying with the statute, have the property sold, and retain enough to pay him for the damages he has sustained, and all charges arising from such trespass.

Any man aggrieved by the trespass on his property of any cattle, horses, hogs, etc., has four complete remedies (one at common law and three by the statute laws of this State), and if he chooses to take all his fences down he can recover damages for any trespass on his land and can impound, keep, and if necessary sell, the animal to pay for its trespass and damage.

Any cattle, horses, hogs, etc., can be taken up and impounded, when found trespassing on the highways and public roads, by the owners of the property adjoining such roads, as the herbage, grass, etc., belongs to the owner of the adjoining property, and the public only have an easement in the said roads.

VENNOR'S PREDICTIONS FOR JANUARY.—Mr. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, having come very near the exact condition of the weather for December in his predictions, his forecast of what may be expected in January becomes of interest. Mr. Vennor says: "I anticipate that New Year's callers will have heavy sleighing this year from Montreal to Washington, and that a cold snap during the first part of the month will preserve it for that period. I expect blockades of snow in the United States about the 7th and 8th of January, and rainy days during this month will be exceedingly few. The second quarter will open with heavy falls and terminate in a cold snap. The middle of the month will bring snow falls, which will terminate in milder weather toward the end of the third quarter. The thaw, which will be interrupted by a brief cold spell, will extend from about the middle of the month into February. The record of this month will show it to have been a severe one, and the general conditions of the weather will remind us of some of what are called real old fashioned winters."

Political Poker.

[From the Sunday American.]

Governor Hamilton not very long ago is said to have expressed it as his belief that the legislature to be elected next November would be in sympathy with him and his policy. Whether he gave expression to these sentiments or not, it is certain that the Governor's supporters share with him the enthusiasm and the hope that the tables will be turned at the next session and they placed in a position to control the legislation of the body, rather than to see their opponents win nearly everything worth having. The leaders of the division in the Democratic party, standing in open hostility to the Governor, are no less sanguine. They cannot see how it will be possible for any faction to bring about their downfall, and they already manifest a feeling of exultation over the victories which they feel are waiting for them. The Republican party is not without hope. Its members think they have a right to expect a large increase in the number of their representatives in the General Assembly. They indulge the hope that the people will become so weary and disgusted with the factions and wrangles in the Democratic party that they will turn away from it, satisfied that neither wing means to accomplish anything in the way of reforming the administration of the State government, and that the sole object of both is the distribution of the patronage, everything else being a matter of secondary importance. Whichever of the two wings secures the control of the two houses of the legislature, the fight for spoils will be the first consideration, and of more absorbing interest to the victors than any or all legislative measures. The leaders of both factions of the dominant party can doubtless prove by figures the causes of their belief that each will have a majority in the two houses next winter.

It is patent, however, that the managers' faction has the advantage over the government wing in the State Senate, where a large number of senators friendly to the leaders hold over for another term, while the number of the other wing in the same position is rather limited. There has been some talk of late among members of the weaker ring in the Democratic party that a combination may be effected with the Republican party by which the managers' faction could be defeated. There is no disposition among the leaders or the masses of the Republican party to form an alliance with any portion of the Democratic party on the same basis of the combinations of recent years. The members of the party are in favor of an alliance on one condition only, and that is that the dissatisfied portion of the Democratic party—those who contend they are disgusted with the party's management—go over to them and aid in the election of the Republican ticket. This would be the easiest way to break the ring rule, which the members of the anti ring faction claim has been wielded by those in authority with an iron rod. Whether the latter will accept such an offer has not been ascertained. There is no question but that the Republicans would receive these concessions from the opposition ranks without hesitation. It is held that the Republican party has never gained by a coalition with dissatisfied Democrats, and that had such a union resulted in victory, it would have been a barren one for the Republicans. Their votes and influence would have been accepted, but the fruits of a triumph would have remained with those who could not have succeeded without the assistance of Republican votes. The Republicans of the State, to all present appearances, propose fighting next year's political battle on their own account. They will place their own candidates in the field and do the best they can with them. They expect to have a respectable delegation in the next General Assembly—both as regards their number and character. Out of the ninety-two members in the next House of Delegates they think they will be able to elect at least thirty, and possibly more than that number. Under these circumstances, they will hold the balance of power in the House, and will be able to defeat or carry such measures which to them seem wise and proper. At the last session it would have been impossible for the Hamilton wing to have made a struggle on any pending measure without the aid of the Republican members of the House, but with them they wanted only a few votes of a constitutional majority, and in many instances succeeded in defeating odious bills.

If the managers succeed in controlling the legislature, they propose to re-elect Barnes Compton as treasurer, and Capt. W. H. Bians may be elected police commissioner, to succeed Gen. James R. Herbert. As the latter will probably be a candidate, there will be a sharp contest for the office. If the Hamilton wing has a majority in the State Senate, Senator Brattan will be a candidate for president. Murray Vandiver, if elected to the House, will endeavor to be its presiding officer. It has been decided that, if the dominant faction will be in the majority in the next Democratic State Convention, Comptroller Keating will be renominated.

The opposition to the managers propose making a contest against the ruling powers in their party's ranks. They are now discussing a project of electing a rival convention, to manage the affairs of that wing of the party. This is to be done by the election of five delegates from each ward, to compose a convention, whose duty it shall be to take action for the nomination of a mayor, sheriff, and delegates to the legislature. The movers in this matter are impressed with the fact that it will be a success; but as it is a merely temporary expedient. It may be doubted whether it will be able to hold its own against its older and stronger brother, the regularly elected Democratic City Convention. The opposition is composed of men who believe in the divine right of bolting, and seem to glory in the name of "bolters." They still think they are strong enough to secure the defeat of the ring faction, but a few of the members are rather dubious about it. They propose to make a trial of the comparative strength of the two factions, and this they will have an opportunity of doing before many months.

When that is made there will be a rapid exodus of office seekers to come over to the winning side, whichever that may be. There will be no Democratic patronage to be given out at Washington, and the dozen or so of Maryland officeholders at the Capitol, who have been living off the fat of the land since the House of Representatives became Democratic, will soon have to fall back on the State or city governments for office. The question of party ascendancy is no small matter to them. Some of them have already picked out their places in the State House at Annapolis, and are in hopes that the offices selected may be of more value to them than those they had chosen for themselves under the general government prior to the presidential election.

Temperance in the Sunday School.

The State Sunday School Convention held in Baltimore last week, adopted the following:

WHEREAS, The Maryland State Sunday School Convention has been requested by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Maryland to consider the importance of impressing upon the boys and girls of our State the duty and safety of total abstinence; therefore,

Resolved, First, That we again call the attention of our Sunday School officers and teachers to the importance of instilling into the minds of the scholars thorough total abstinence principles, and of illustrating the same by personal example.

Second, That we recommend the organization of juvenile temperance societies in our schools wherever practicable.

Third, That as a Convention we recommend that the Sunday Schools throughout the State, as far as possible, be kept open during the whole year.

A SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION.—Following the example of other nations, the Italian government is about to equip and send out a polar exploring expedition, but to the Antarctic instead of the Arctic regions. The leader of this South Polar expedition is Lieut. Bove, who accompanied Prof. Nordenskjold in the Vega during the celebrated northeast passage around Asia. The expedition will attempt to extend the discoveries made by Sir James Clark Ross, of the British, and Capt. Wilkes, of our navy, and will also seek new guano islands and sperm whale resorts. They will use steam power, and hope to solve some of the mysteries of the supposed Antarctic continent, which is a volcanic region. The Mozambique equatorial current flows strongly towards the South Pole and may open a way through the ice very far South.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—Following is a cure for diphtheria by a woman who has tried it and says it is efficacious: "Take a slice of fat bacon—side meat—the older the better; sew it on a soft piece of flannel; then saturate it with coal (petroleum) oil. Place it on the neck, having the ment reach from ear. After pounding several raw onions into a poultice place enough of the same into the patient's stockings to cover the soles of the feet and have the patient put the stockings on. The poultice must be warm in order not to chill the patient. The throat should then be gargled with some tomato catsup, strong with red pepper, salt and vinegar, or pepper, salt and vinegar, shaken well together will do. If the patient is too young to gargle, wet the throat with a few drops. If vomiting occurs lime water purchased at a drug store with directions should be given. Be sure to cause an irritation of the neck." The above may be worth a trial.

IMMENSE IMMIGRATION.—Up to Tuesday morning the number of immigrants arriving at New York since January 1, 1880, was 318,937. In the five days that remain before the year closes it is expected that the aggregate will exceed 320,000. By comparison with the totals of previous years these figures are interesting to contemplate. Take the statistics for 1854 as an instance—the year that is noted for being the one in which emigration was enormous, and whose record has not heretofore been beaten. Then immigrants came by sailing vessels only, and some days small armies of them were landed. On the 8th of June thirty-five ships brought in 12,500 steerage passengers. At that date the bureau of emigration was not established at Castle Garden, and vessels put passengers ashore at their various docks. The statistics for the year show that the number of foreigners landed in the port of New York was 319,223, but this number included steerage and first and second cabin passengers. Of steerage passengers alone 1880 falls but 286 behind, and several steamships are due with their quotas between now and Saturday.

A FLORIDA ELECTION.—Any one who fancies that the late attempt at an election in Florida amounted to more than a farce, let them read the following extract of a letter just received in Washington City, from a reliable source, and he will be convinced that no legal election has been held in that State: "Well, we have had a high old time here in politics. Florida has united her fortune with the 'Solid South,' and did it with a snap you can guess little about. There has been no more election here than there has been in Timbuctoo. There was a day for election, and that is about as near as you can come at it. A few days before the election the Democrats saw we had them beaten, and they prepared for the day with the deliberation that a general does for battle, and the result was a fraud so great that to call it an election is absurd. We are entitled to the Governor, two members of Congress and a Senator. We have nothing. And so it turns out, and Florida is now a part of the Solid South, and Republicans here are butchered in their own houses."

Mr. Talmage is predicting a spiritual revival to follow the present dearth. He laments that in a journey of two thousand miles, while the country was prospering religion was dead. In 1876 there were 48,000 converts, and last year only 26,000. In every church nine tenths of the members are asleep. He referred particularly to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and Lexington, among other Western cities requiring awaking up. He found beautiful churches everywhere, raptrons music and eloquent ministers, but the old work of saving souls had gone out of fashion. There are churches enough in this country to save the whole land in five years, but no practical result from the costly machinery. If John Knox, he said, could get the lever of prayer under Scotland, he thought the ministers could get the pry under this continent, and shake it from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There comes from Harlem a story about an old man, which probably the doctors will not believe. The old man was suffering from rheumatism, and was told that Kerosene oil taken internally would relieve him. He swallowed a wineglassful, and soon feeling better, filled his pipe for a comfortable smoke. As he lighted it he saw a blue flame playing between the match and his lips and felt a stinging sensation within his mouth and throat. Hastily blowing on the match his breath ignited and a ribbon of the flame extended the distance of a yard from his lips, while the burning within increased. He immediately closed his mouth and placed his fingers on his nostrils, thus extinguishing the flame. He believes that but for his presence of mind he would have met a horrible death.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in January, 1881,

at which meeting the following Road and Bridge cases will be taken up and disposed of,

For re-location of Meadow Mountain Run road through the lands of J. O'Brien, &c.

For Bridge over Yough River, near the mouth of Snowy Creek.

For Road through the lands of J. B. Browning, Lake Wood and others.

For Bridge over Swan's Run, near Gortners.

For Bridge over Sand Run, and for Bridge over Laurel Run, in District No. 8.

And for the transaction of any other business that may come before them.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

12 18 td.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, gave 120,000 crowns toward the expenses of Nordenksjold's expedition. The total cost of the expedition is said to have been 419,177 crowns. Nordenksjold's account of his voyage is shortly to be published in German at Leipsic.

THE Count de Moltke, the Danish Minister in France, has one of the finest hotels in Paris, and the best equipped carriages. The Countess de Moltke adores showy and expensive clothing, which, as she is a very pretty woman, suits her. In society she bears the sobriquet of "the golden pheasant," owing to the fact that her plumage is usually brilliant.

THERE was a remarkable scene in Paris on the arrival from New Caledonia of the Communist female leader, Louise Michel, with the last batch of the amnestied. M. Rochefort and M. Clemenceau kissed her, women threw themselves on her neck, and there was altogether a gushing scene till M. Rochefort got her into a cab. Many of the people had red ribbons in their buttonholes or dresses.

THE Chief Justice of England is paid $40,000 a year, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron $35,000 each, and the Master of Rolls (who has not to go on circuit) $30,000. The puisne Judges are paid $25,000, out of which they have to pay probably about $2,500 a year for circuit expenses. Besides this, all the Presidents of Divisions have extremely valuable patronage.

THE scaffoldings are still up around the towers of Cologne Cathedral, and the Cologne *Gazette* says that it will be necessary to keep at work upon them all next year, and much, too, has to be done in the way of glazing windows and forming and fitting artistically wrought doors. The *Gazette* puts the whole cost when completed at $6,500,000, which was about the cost of St. Paul's in London.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS has been invested with the white and purple liveries of the Guild of Haberdashers and made a free and accepted draperess. She is the first woman since the days of Elizabeth who has been admitted within the charmed circle of the guild. The vestare is a sort of pinafore, mantle and robe, and a richly embossed gold medallion was hung round her neck. She made a long and excellent speech, in which there was no sign of effort.

IT is regarded as contrary to etiquette in India for any private individual or any subordinate officer to pass the carriage of a Governor. Lieut. Vernon was returning from the Poona races, and passed the carriage of the Governor of the Bombay Presidency, who was airing himself, surrounded by native troopers. A trooper was sent after the Lieutenant to order him to come back. He refused and struck the trooper; therefore is he to appear before a court martial.

THE new Empress of Russia is said by those who know her best to be a woman of head who will make her influence felt, if the Czar's life is spared a few years. She is a very good friend and a vindictive enemy, as Count Adlerberg has, to his sorrow, learned. Russians like the idea of a Russian Empress whose policy it will be to foster the anti-German feeling at court and in the schools and universities. Nihilists are much gratified to see a further element of disunion introduced into the Imperial family by the elevation to the Grand Ducal status of the second-class Romanoffs who are springing up about the Czar.

Proceedings in an Arab Court.

AN hour spent in a court-room in Tunis gives to a foreigner an insight into the workings of this form of government, that can be obtained in no other way. The Koran is the only law book. From it is taken the civil as well as the criminal law code, and all cases in dispute are submitted to the test of this sacred book. The writer of this occasionally spends an hour witnessing the summary and speedy disposal of cases in the Kides Court. There are no lawyers to torture, bully or befog witnesses, and thwart justice by legal technicalities. An Arab has a complaint against his neighbor. Both parties are summoned to appear before the Ferik City Magistrate. The complainant states his case, and if he has witnesses they also tell their story. The defendant replies and may also introduce witnesses. All questions asked, either of the parties or the witnesses, are by the Ferik, with a view of understanding all the facts of the case. Either party may, if he so desire, have a friend state his case for him, but this is not usually done. They have a straightforward way of coming at the facts, and excluding all irrelevant matter that is wortby of imitation. The decision is given in a very few words by the Ferik. In all important cases, if the parties are dissatisfied, an appeal may be taken to the Bey.

All criminal cases involving capital punishment go to the Bey for his sanction. In a single hour this City Magistrate often hears and decides quite a number of important cases, involving grave questions of property, and even of personal liberty. Suits that, in the hands of English or American lawyers, and governed by the rules of our courts, would extend over a period of months—perhaps years—with expenses that would bankrupt both parties, and enrich several lawyers, are decided in a single morning session, and pretty much without expense to the parties. After carefully observing the operations of this simple form of deciding disputes and settling controversies, I am led to believe that it is more direct, simple and inexpensive than ours. Cases of simple thefts, assaults and other unimportant crimes are usually sentenced to receive a certain number of blows on the bottom of the feet with a stick. As soon as sentence is pronounced the criminal is taken out and the punishment inflicted without delay, and the man goes about his business—if he has any. At all events he is not made a bill of expense to the city or county. The Bey sits as a Judge to hear appeals once a week. Proceedings are as direct and simple in this court as in the court below. Interested parties have entire liberty of speech They tell their story in the most unrestrained manner. Questions are asked and answered, and cases promptly decided. The object of the judges seems to be to come at all the facts and do simple justice to all parties.

The best of order is observed while cases are being examined, and the Magistrate is treated with profound respect. I have noticed, too, that both parties appear to receive the decision without murmuring or attempting to remonstrate, or even to call in question its justice. A case has just occurred that illustrates the rude but stern way in which certain crimes are punished by the tribes in the interior. Quite recently two well-dressed Arabs, belonging to the Uled Hameza tribe—a powerful band of nomads inhabiting the country between Mount Gem and Hammamet—came one morning to the Bardo and demanded admittance to the Bey, on business of great importance. As the Bey could not be seen just then, they were taken to the Prime Minister, Si Mustapha ben Ismain. After the usual salutations, his Excellency requested them to state their business. The men were Mohamed ben Abd Alla, a wealthy and influential man of the tribe, and his brother-in-law. Mohamed took from the folds of his burnous a mysterious-looking package, which, on being unrolled, proved to be two human heads, one that of a beautiful young woman, and the other of a man, which he laid before the astonished Minister, and this is the story they told: Several months ago Mohamed married a beautiful girl of the Village Ouled Said, not far from Hammamet, and brought her to his home, where he treated her with the greatest kindness, as he was very fond of her. His business called him from home, and expecting to be absent many days, he took leave of his wife and friends. Some changes in his affairs induced him to return at the end of the second day. He made his way quietly to the apartments of his young wife intending to give her a pleasant surprise. To his horror he found with her a young man, who, it seems, had been her former lover. Being armed he killed them both. He at once reported what had happened to the elder of the tribe. The woman's family were sent for, and it was decided that Mohamed and the woman's brother should take the heads of the murdered parties and go to Tunis and place all the facts before the Bey. And here they were after a weary journey with the grim and ghastly heads. I have just learned that the Bey and his judicial officers have made a very careful and thorough examination of the case, and the decision is that, as the crime—of which the murdered parties were undoubtedly guilty—is punishable with death, therefore Mohamed ben Abd Alla is, by Mohammedan law and by the teachings of the Prophet, as clearly set forth in the Koran, justified. He will be sent back to his tribe with honor. Who will say that simple truth, even in this our day, is not some times more wonderful than fiction? Does not the decision commend itself to the approval of men generally? And the case has been disposed of in a few days without great public scandal and without cost to the parties or to the State.—*Tunis Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

An Indian Ball in Montana.

MONDAY a novel and interesting performance, in the shape of a dance, was enacted on Main Street by over 100 Sioux and Cheyennes, who were accompanied by about twice as many squaws and papooses. The warriors were grotesquely dressed in a style which would have been decidedly cool even in summer; as it was, the day was quite chilly, and the dusky braves had to keep up a vigorous dance to feel at all comfortable. The ceremony commenced by their all squatting on the ground in a large circle, when Hump, who seemed to be the leader, struck the drum a few taps; they all jumped up and commenced circling around, shaking the sleigh-bells with which they were all ornamented in a very lively manner, making a pleasing accompaniment to the thumping of the large drum, which by this time was beaten by over a dozen Indians, all, however, keeping a sort of monotonous time, to which the dancers kept step. All of the participants in the dance had their bodies painted various hideous colors, some being green, red, blue, black, and many parti-colored, with their faces painted in many colors and looking very ugly. Most prominent upon them all was painted a number of horseshoes, which represent the number of horses owned by each individual. At each of the stores above mentioned barrels of crackers, caddies of tobacco, and large quantities of sugar and gay printed calico were given, which pleased them greatly. The dancing was kept up for several hours, and was witnessed by many ladies and citizens, to whom it was very interesting. After getting all they could from the stores, they disbanded and dispersed to their camp the other side of Fort Keogh.—*Yellowstone Journal.*

Harmless Monomaniacs.

FROM time to time public offices and institutions are haunted by people who cherish some harmless delusion, and are intent on telling their story to all who will listen. One of these deluded people is a woman residing in New York, who believes herself to be under the espionage of two thousand detectives who follow her in the interest of the German Consul, who she thinks has secret offices in police headquarters and deep designs against her peace and comfort. She tells all this with a rational air and quiet manner until she perceives that she is not credited, and then grows a little excited and becomes noisy. Some years ago a man with a similar mania infested the station-houses and newspaper offices. He imagined that he was pursued, not by detectives, but by doctors who wanted his body for dissection; and he would narrate to any one who would listen, long tales of the methods they pursued to capture him. He finally disappeared. A curious little woman regularly visits the public buildings of New York once every month and makes formal demand of the various officials for her rent for the use of the buildings. Her mania is that she is the owner of all the public property. In her demands for her money she interrupts proceedings in the courts and other offices, but she is never violent, and is easily induced to go away. She accepts anything in the form or shape of a check as payment, but if refused this tender she threatens a writ of ejectment. She is, like other unfortunates of her class, perfectly harmless.

Religious.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HARK! the midnight air is ringing
With the sound of angels singing;
Heaven stoops to catch the strain,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Never since the world's beginning
Was there heard such wondrous singing,
List! the song mounts high and higher,
Swelled now by the heavenly choir—
"Glory be to God above,
On earth be peace, and joy, and love."

All the earth was soundly sleeping;
Only a few shepherds, keeping
Faithful watch that sturry night,
Waked, and saw the dazzling sight,
Heard the radiant angels sing:
"To you is born this day a King:
Go to Judah, Bethlehem,
On His lowly bed there see Him—
Go prove the truth of this strange story,
And worship there the Lord of Glory!"

O'er the unconscious world again
Sounded forth the glad refrain:
"Glory be to God above,
On earth be peace, and joy, and love."

Thus the angels passed away.
And the wondering shepherds say:
"Let us even go and see
If this strange thing really be."

Do we not all know the story,
How they found the Lord of Glory—
What in Heaven and earth is stranger,
Lying cradled in a manger?

Before the Holy Child low kneeling,
See them bow with reverent feeling,
Then joyful hasten to proclaim—
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Oh, happy morn,
The Christ is born;
The blessed light
Destroys the night;
Heaven's gladness
Dispels earth's sadness,
Wake and sing,
For Christ, your King,
Is born to-day in Bethlehem.

Exultant raise
Triumphant praise,
The hope of Heaven
To earth is given.
Immanuel
Has come to dwell
A man, with men;
He seeks a home
Among His own.
Glad anthems sing,
For Christ your King,
Is born to-day in Bethlehem.

The joy is swelling
Beyond words telling,
Grace and truth
Are met together,
Love and peace
Have kissed each other.
Heaven giveth—
Earth receiveth—
All that Heaven can bestow,
Christ has come to dwell below.
Sing, angels, sing.
Ye glad earth ring
With happy praise,
For Christ, your King,
Is born to-day in Bethlehem.

—*Alice Walker Ballard, in Indianapolis Journal.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER, 1880.

Dec. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Jan. 2—Zacharias and Elizabeth..Luke 1: 5-17
Jan. 9—The Song of Mary.....Luke 1: 46-55
Jan. 16—The Prophecy of Zacharias.....Luke 1: 67-79
Jan. 23—The Birth of Jesus.....Luke 2: 8-20
Jan. 30—Simeon and the Child Jesus.....Luke 2: 25-35
Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus...Luke 2: 40-52
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist.....Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus..Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick..Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John..Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend ....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom..Luke 9: 1-6

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

AS THE morning sun arose above the beautiful ridge of Carmel we were in our saddles, and leaving Nazareth, where we had passed a most luteresting Sabbath, we continued our march over an undulating country enameled with wild flowers of great beauty. In about an hour we came to Cana of Galilee, now only a small village, where at a marriage feast our Lord performed his first miracle. Shortly after leaving this place we passed through the field where, according to tradition, the disciples plucked the ears of corn upon the Sabbath day. Further on, my brother pointed out a hill supposed to be the Mount of Beatitudes, from which our Savior preached His wonderful sermon of wisdom and love. Here, too, on that long, dry ridge, July 5th, 1187, the great battle of Hattin was fought. In this conflict the mighty Sultan Saladin, leader of the Saracens, completely overthrew the army of the Crusaders under Guy de Lusignan, the last Christian King who ruled in Jerusalem. Proceeding onward up a gentle rising ground for a short distance, we came suddenly upon a view, one of the most striking in the Holy Land.

Dismounting, we handed over the horses to our dragoman, and directing him to lead the animals away, we sat down to gaze long and intently upon scenes which revive in the heart of the Christian many hallowed memories. A thousand feet below us, with no sail upon its surface and scarcely a sign of life upon its shores, lay in calm repose the dark blue waters of Galilee. Beneath us, on the shores of the lake, at the distance of about a mile, is the City of Tiberias. Across the lake, on the eastern side, rise the steep and wild shores of Gadara, mounting higher and higher, until at the height of 2,000 feet they terminate in the mountains of the Hauran. Beyond and bid from view by these high ridges, is the boundless desert stretching off toward Bagdad. Far away to the right, in the country beyond the Jordan, rise the mountains of Moab, on a spur of which Moses must have stood when he viewed the Promised Land. Turning to the left, our eyes easily discern at the distance of about forty miles (so clear is the atmosphere), Mt. Hermon towering grand and majestic, its hoary head covered with eternal snow. Directly to the north, perched on a high hill, is Safed, that city which cannot be hid—the mystic city of the future. All about us is a region of country deeply interesting as the land where first were preached the glad tidings of salvation and where were performed the miracles of our Lord. These hills now uninhabited have echoed His voice, these scenes now desolate once lay before His eyes, these waters now deserted were blessed by His feet, and these cities now in ruins have witnessed His triumphs.

Calling for our horses, we mount and slowly wind down the hill toward Tiberias. This city, chiefly inhabited by Jews, is a disgustingly filthy place. A Moslem tradition is responsible for the saying that the "King of the Fleas holds his court in Tiberias." The town, named by Herod after the Roman Emperor, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1837, and to-day, in its present state, it is only little better than a dirty ruin. The houses are built of uncemented stones, are mostly one story high, and have the universal flat roofs. The four holy cities of the Jews are Tiberias, Safed, Hebron and Jerusalem; but many hold the former in special veneration as the home of Jacob and the place to which Christ will first direct His steps on His arising out of the lake at His second coming. To the south, a little way from the city, are the hot baths of Emmaus, built by Ibrahim Pacha when Syria was governed by the Egyptians. The water is salt, bitter and somewhat sulphurous, and is much used by rheumatic people, who take the baths during the summer season. The temperature is one hundred and forty-three degrees Fahrenheit, almost unbearable.

You obtain a fine view of the lake from this point, and according to the best authority it is about twelve miles long and six broad, with a depth of one hundred and sixty-five feet. The surface of the water is six hundred and fifty-three feet below the Mediterranean. The inhabitants believe that the waters, which are cool and sweet, possess some medicinal qualities. From Tiberias we follow the western shore nearly north, and in a little while pass Mejdel—the ancient Magdala and the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, to which our Savior once came. We are approaching, nearer yet nearer, to the cities where Christ performed His greatest miracles. The lake was here margined with the beautiful oleander—at this season in full flower.

"All thro' the summer night
Those blossoms, red and bright,
Spread their soft breasts."

Ducks and other wild birds could be seen skimming the surface of the lake. Soon we descry our camp in the near distance, and galloping up to it, we find that our tents are pitched very near the supposed site of ancient Capernaum.

What a strange charm there is in this nomadic life!—how totally different from anything we have before experienced! We bathed in the pleasant waters of the lake, and then sat down to a dinner of several courses excellently prepared by our Abyssinian cook, to which our appetites did full justice. After dinner, in the cool of the evening, we walked down to the margin of the lake. What a flood of memories came o'er us! Within easy distance are the ruins of Capernaum—Christ's own city—and you cannot but be impressed with the fact that God's anathema is fully accomplished: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven, shall be brought down to hell." Not a house, scarcely a wall or column, remains to mark the site of a once busy and wealthy city. As we stood there, apparently "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," we recalled that it was while walking on the surface of this lake that our Savior spoke those words which quieted the trembling disciples and have since comforted so many Christian hearts during eighteen hundred years: "It is I, be not afraid!" To this sea when a great tempest arose, threatening destruction to the ship and all on board, Jesus addressed His rebuke, and immediately "there was a great calm." It was on these shores when the people were burdened with a sense of guilt that these words were spoken: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee!

Leaving camp early the next morning, we took up our line of march toward Mt. Hermon, en route for Damascus.—*Samuel S. Dennis, in N. Y. Observer.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

NEITHER keep nor covet what is not your own.

PEOPLE look at your six days to see what you mean on the seventh.

LIFE is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

HOW MUCH honesty have we when we are adjusting the affairs of life that are against us? What sacrifices are we ready to make to keep our obligations and our manhood? What kind of a spirit do we find in us when the conditions of life grind us? These things will test our religion better than the number of times we go to meeting, or the amount we give to charity, or the number or length of our prayers.—*Golden Rule.*

RELIGION is a personal matter. I must experience for myself and not for another; for after I shall have thoroughly satisfied myself that any Christian doctrine is true, and that it is having a purifying effect upon my character, and that it is exalting me, and that it is making me happy, my own child must repeat that experiment for himself, my experiment being of no use to him further than a mere inducement to make the trial for himself. If I desire to test the truth of a doctrine, the testimony of other men is nothing conclusive to me; on the higher plane of living, I must be doing God's will, and then I shall see that truth in its wider aspects.—*Dr. Deems.*

A Romance of Natural History.

ON Monday morning last, as J. E. Hughes was returning to Fresno from a visit to his sheep camps, in the vicinity of White's Bridge, he met with rather a singular and laughable adventure. When within about eighteen miles of Fresno he observed a large eagle in close pursuit of a jack-rabbit. As the eagle was on the point of picking up the rabbit, the latter ran into a hole. In less than a minute he emerged with a large badger in close pursuit. The eagle picked up the rabbit just as the badger tackled him. Mr. Hughes ran over and caught the eagle and his sheep-dog pitched into the badger. The badger caught the dog and came near dragging him into its hole, but with the assistance of Mr. Hughes was soon overpowered, the rabbit in the mean time making his escape. The eagle, which was exhibited alive on our streets, measured over eight feet from tip to tip.—*Fresno (Cal.) Republican.*

THE trotting horse St. Julien has made a profit of $28,000 for his owner this season.

AVOID a pair of boots that the shoemaker says you cannot wear out.

Making English Bacon.

In the part of England I came from all pigs over 200 pounds weight are killed early in the morning and the hair is neatly burned off, using wheat straw directly after the animal is dead and from practice the butchers can moderate and regulate the fire so as to singe the whole surface without cracking the skin. They use a fork made for the purpose, with iron for a foot and a half from the tines. The feet are raised on one side while the straw is blazing, and thus the hair is all burned off. Then the other side is attended to. By the occasional use of a second bunch of straw to finish off any place not well done, it is surprising how nicely the work is done; the pig is then raised and set against a wall, or side of any building, by having a stout stick which is fixed so as to have the pig hang from the jaws and supported by the stick, which is notched at the end where the jaws rest on it. Hot water is then used and scraping is done just as when the hair has been taken off by scalding. I do not say that this way of cleaning the pig has any influence one way or the other in the curing, merely mentioning the custom.

The next morning, the pig having remained whole till then, the head is cut off, then the carcass is placed on the belly and two cuts are made with a knife from where the head was cut off to the tail, these cuts being from four to six inches wide, tapering so as to come to each side of the back bone, and then the pig is turned so as to lie on its back when a "cleaver" (a butcher's chopper) cuts the bones through, and this long, narrow piece is cut into four or five "chines," which are cured and sometimes flavored with sage and other herbs and cured similarly in other respects to the bacon. The sides are then operated on so as to take out every bone, most of which have some meat on them, which is eaten fresh, but the bones from the knees and hocks are taken out by running a knife (kept for the purpose, and a long one,) round so as to draw out the bone without meat attached, or at most only an ounce or two. The blade bones and others on the hams have been previously removed, so that it simplifies the taking out of the bones alluded to. These sides are what are called "flitches" of bacon, and the meat which would have been in the ham, had one been cut off, is called "gammons." Very few hams are cut off from large hogs, so that flitches of bacon are the rule, and shoulders, sides and hams the exception in the midland counties of England.

Pork pigs run from 100 to 200 pounds and hams are cured chiefly from the pork pigs of 150 to 200 pounds. All above this weight are called bacon pigs. The porkers are scalded; the bacon pigs singed.

The flitches are salted with common table salt, a little saltpetre being used where the bones were extracted. The flitches lie in a salting trough one on the other, the salt being laid on about the eighth of an inch thick. It is turned or merely changed (the under flitch being on top) about once a week. In from three to five weeks, as convenient, it is either hung up to dry without being smoked, or smoked first, as the case may be. It is used generally from three to eighteen months, by cutting what is required from the flitch, which usually remains hanging or lying in a rack till the last piece is wanted.

In Kentucky the meat is cured very much in the same way, only no bones are taken out, and sugar and red pepper are added to the salt, besides which, the side is cut into shoulders, sides and hams and no ebines made. *Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—A Venetian steamboat company has been formed, and the days of gondolas are numbered.

[St. Louis Western Watchman.]
Music Hath Charms, Etc.

One of the great manufacturing interests of Boston, is the Emerson Piano Company, whose pianos are used with high appreciation and satisfaction throughout the world. In a recent conversation with Mr. Jos. Gramer, one of the proprietors, that gentleman remarked: I have used that splendid remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in my family, and found it to be so very beneficial that I will never be without it. It has cured me of a severe case of rheumatism, after other remedies had failed.

THERE were no umbrellas used during the reign of King Solomon.

[Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.]
A Strong Conqueror.

According to an Illinois exchange, our days of rheumatism are well-nigh numbered. St. Jacobs Oil enters a rheumatic territory and conquers every subject. That's right. We believe in it.

A MAN'S residence, in law, is where his washing is done. The tramp has no home.

A BASHFUL looking, well-dressed man, with a modest valise, walked timidly up Jefferson Street yesterday afternoon, and, approaching a policeman, took off his hat and, with many humble bows and apologies, asked permission to look in at some of the show windows as he walked along. "Certainly," said the officer, "certainly. Look into all of 'em as long as you like. That's what they're fixed up for. They want you to look into 'em." The stranger was profuse in his thanks, and said he wanted to see the things very much indeed, but he didn't want to make himself too new as he was a total stranger in Burlington. —*Hawkeye.*

CLOTHES CONNECTIONS—A pair of braces.

A YOUNG couple in their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert. She says: "And you don't find it tiresome, dear, all alone with me! You are quite, quite sure that you don't wish to go back to your bachelor life again!" He says: "Quite, my darling. Indeed, married life is so awfully jolly that, you know, if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow."

BOUND, to succeed—A new book.

A FASHIONABLE Galveston young man has acquired considerable fame as a musical bore on the violin. One night at a social gathering he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Beethoven's immortal symphonies out of it by the tail, as it were. To his amazement all the gentlemen present volunteered to go for the fiddle, and up to date none of them have got back with it. For dispersing a crowd, no implement of war has yet been invented to rival the fiddle.—*Galveston News.*

WE have received a story entitled "A Dark Deed," which is respectfully declined. The first chapter opens with, "It is midnight." This is all right. It is often midnight—at least seven times a week; but the author forgot to add, "and silence brooded over the city." This is a fatal oversight. Silence always broods over a city when it is midnight in works of fiction—but nowhere else. We can't print a story in which silence doesn't brood at midnight.—*Norristown Herald.*

St. Jacobs Oil.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

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Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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STOMACH BITTERS

There is no civilized nation in the Western Hemisphere in which the utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic, corrective, and anti-bilious medicine, is not known and appreciated. While it is a medicine for all seasons and all climates, it is especially suited to the complaints generated by the weather, being the purest and best vegetable stimulant in the world.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1881.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

CONSTIPATION.

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

TEXAS! The Southwestern Immigration Company.

It is the purpose of this Company to supply the need of a State Bureau of Immigration, and not to subserve the purposes of any individual, railway, or other corporation. ☞ *No lands bought or sold.* Information furnished those wishing to settle in Texas. Correspondence solicited. Address W. W. LANG, Pres't (*Late Master Texas State Grange*) or B. G. DUVAL, Sec. Austin, Texas.

THE "SOLDIERS' BULLETIN."

A monthly paper devoted to the interests of ex-soldiers is to be issued at Chicago on the first of January, by Messrs. STEVENS & GILLSON, of the well-known firm of Milo B. Stevens & Co., Pension Attorneys. Price for one year, 50 cents. Postage stamps received in payment of subscription. Address, STEVENS & GILLSON, Publishers, No. 1 Case Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Highway Artists---The Men Who Deface Natural Scenery.

NEARLY every reader sees daily on dead-walls and on fences, on rocks and barns, the mammoth signs of patent medicines, hair-oil, smoking tobacco, gas stoves, harness stores, laundry soap, or tooth-wash. But there are very few who have seen the men at work with their paints and brushes. Who they are, why they became board-fence artists, how they work, are still mysteries. Most of them are New Yorkers. The business started in this city, and here is its headquarters. Who was the first highway artist is a mooted question. Two or three veteran knights of the paint-pot claim that honor, but the claim of Edward Wise—"Wise, the original," as he is called by his friends—to that distinction seems to be as good as any.

"When the war broke out," he said, "I had a little shop at the corner of Walker and Elm Streets, where I painted signs. Times were dull, and I used to sit for hours in my shop and wonder what was to be done next. One day I saw a man across the street go up to a dry-goods box and stencil 'Macallister's Ointment' on it with an ordinary stencil-plate and a brush. The thought at once came to my mind. Why wouldn't it be a good thing to paint advertisements in an attractive manner on fences and barns and such like? I consulted with a friend, who said: 'Go and see Drake. He's just started Plantation Bitters, and maybe he'll hire you.' I saw Drake, and he sent me to Demas Barnes, who was furnishing the money, and had an office in Park Row. Barnes took to the idea at once. I suggested that I paint in New York and on the roads in the upper part of the island. 'What pay do you want?' he asked. I replied that an ordinary house painter got $2.50 a day, and I thought that I was worth that. 'All right,' he said, 'go ahead. Do you want any money to begin with?' I said that I did not, and I started out. For a week I painted 'ST.—1860—X.' with the half-moon and crozier, on every fence and wall I could find in the city. Then I went out on the Harlem road and on the avenues. I hadn't done all I wanted to at the end of the week, so I kept away from the office, and the next week I finished up Harlem, and gave Brooklyn and Jersey City a big dose of the bitters. On Saturday I went to the office. 'Mr. Barnes wants to see you,' said A. G. Torrey, his son-in-law. I went to him. 'Look here,' he said. 'Don't paint another stroke here—not another stroke. I want you to start out on the road right off and go West. When can you start?' 'Monday' said I. 'All right; go ahead, and don't you come back till I send for you.'

"I started out on that Monday," the veteran painter went on, "and didn't get back to New York for a year. I went West to the Mississippi, as far South as I could go in war times, and North to the Canadian line. For one solid year I painted nothing but 'ST.—1860—X.' You can imagine the curiosity that it excited. Then the nex year I went right over my first route and added 'Plantation Bitters.' From that day to this I have been on the road. I have traveled all over the Union, in Canada, and have been in England. If I had time I could tell you curious incidents without end."

Another renowned knight of the paint pot is I. M. Plum, now traveling for a soap manufacturer. He started as a house painter. Times were hard, and he took to the road with his brush, thirteen years ago, and for eight years has been decorating the country with the advertisement of that firm. "I put a sign seventy-five feet long on Iona Island, in the Hudson," he said, "and a literary man who took a trip to the island saw the sign, thought the name of the soap was the name of the island, and wrote three-quarters of a column to a Philadelphia newspaper about the 'beautiful Island of——.' Some time ago a new station was made on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a shed was put up for a depot. By the time the shed was done I had the name of the soap in big letters on it, and the railroad men began to call the place by that name. For over a year when the trains stopped there, the conductors would call out 'All off for ——.' Finally the station was named, and they stopped advertising us. Near Pittsburgh I put up a sign that could be seen and read three miles. The soldiers' monument there is on top of the mountain. When they were putting it up they had a big fence around it. I put the sign on the fence. I could just reach half the length of the letters. The period was as big as a bushel basket. As long as the fence was up you could read that sign for three miles. Did I ever have any trouble? No. I have had people threaten me; but they never have done anything. You see, prosecuting us for damaging scenery is nobody's particular business, or rather it's everybody's business, which is the same thing."

Among the best known men in the business to-day are Bradbury & Houghtaling, who have reduced highway decoration to a science. Bradbury was a sign painter on the Bowery originally. He has painted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the northern boundary of inhabited British America to the Gulf of Mexico. He has even gone further South, and done artistic work in the cities of Cuba and other West India Islands. In 1863 "Brad" made his first trip across the continent. It was no easy job. He went up the Missouri River, by steamer, and thence 2,000 miles by pack mules and horses across the plains and Rocky Mountains to San Francisco, leaving in his trail on all prominent places his handiwork in the shape of the advertisement of Drake's Plantation Bitters. Wise, who had preceded him, had gone only as far West as the Mississippi River. At the completion of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads he ornamented their routes across the continent with two of Helmbold's advertisements. Again in '77 and '78 he made a third trip, working the country west of St. Louis, throughout the Territories and the Pacific coast States, painting everywhere. He has made twelve annual trips through the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, and seven trips through the Sonth and Southwest, and his experiences on these trips were varied and often interesting. Mr. Bradbury is more of an artist than any of his fellow decorators. The big and spirited horse heads that adorn many drug stores and call attention to a horse liniment are masterpieces in their way. So is the great picture of a Centaur that was formerly seen on many dead-walls in this city. There is no more popular man in the business than Mr. Bradbury. He is well educated, dignified, modest, unassuming, and withal very energetic.

His partner, C. S. Houghtaling, is a specimen brick of considerable richness. He says: "Brad and I formed a partnership, opened an office in Fulton Street in 1872, and to-day we do nearly all the work that is done. You'd be surprised at the work we have done during the seasons of '78 and '80. One tobacco firm pays us $40,000, and another $27,000 for the year's work. Our contracts for the season amount to $200,000. I'm giving you these figures from our books, and will swear to 'em. To do this amount of sign-painting we use forty tons of white lead, 200 barrels of linseed oil, 200 barrels of turpentine, 2,000 pounds of lampblack, and 1,000 pounds of various other colors. These materials cover a surface of 2,000,000 square feet of sign painting in over 800 of the principal cities and towns in the United States and Canadas. We have employed thirty expert highway artists, who have traveled over 300,000 miles. Thirty-one thousand dollars have been paid for the erection of bulletin boards and for the rental of prominent advertising privileges. The signs will stand for an average of three years. There are figures for you, and figures won't lie. It ain't a bad showing for a business that started on a capital of one paint pot and brush, is it?

"Incidents?" continued Mr. Houghtaling, with vivacity. "I should say so. A man can't travel as we do and in our business without having adventures. At Lookout Mountain I was up on the top just for the fun of the thing, and, looking down, saw a fine flat rock down by Craven's Halfway House. It was a beautiful place to paint a sign, and I made tracks for it, and soon was hard at work painting an advertisement of a Bitters. When nearly through I heard a plug, and something struck the rock. I paid no attention. 'Plug,' it came again, and something again hit the rock. I painted on. 'Plug' came the sound again, and this time a piece of flattened lead rolled down to my feet. I looked around. There above me was a fellow waving his hat, hollering and occasionally shooting. It was a photographer, who had his shop there at the Halfway House, and made a living by photographing the fellows and their girls when they came up to the mountain. The big, flat rock made an excellent background for the photographs, and he naturally objected to my decorating it. After that every photograph that he took there had a background of those Bitters."

"Is the business growing still, or have you covered all the eligible places?"

"Bless you, no. The business is better every year. Every new railroad opens up new sites. We are making places where there are none. See the hundreds of feet of bulletin boards wherever a train stops on any of the roads near New York. It is getting to be a business in itself to locate the boards. Patent medicines, toilet articles and tobacco, as you know, are the principal articles we advertise. Well, they are changing all the time—old ones dying and new ones coming out—and there's no limit to the highway decorating art."—*New York Sun.*

Poor Relations.

"IT is a melancholy truth," says Dickens, "that even great men have their poor relations;" but it seems to us that it is more sad to reflect that small men are provided with the same abomjnations. The great man may perhaps stand upon his own dignity, and carry his poor relations along with him without finding them a hurt or hindrance; his greatness adds a luster to their insignificance, which in no wise detracts from his importance; he floats on the top of the wave and takes them in tow. But there is nothing for the small man to do except to grin and bear them; there is little or nothing in his internal economy to mitigate the affliction, unless he should happen to possess that virtue which is able to convert misfortunes into advantages, which enables him to make use of his indigent friends, or to regard their vulgar circumstances with indulgence or indifference. One hardly knows, meanwhile, if there is anything to choose between the poor relation who is servile, and after the pattern of Uriah Heep, or she who is inaccessible and afraid of patronage, who holds you at arm's length, lest you should presume too much upon the accident of her poverty or your consanguinity; to whom one would dare offer only the choicest gifts; whose double distilled sensitiveness takes alarm at the slightest familiarity. Perhaps, however, in order fully to understand the situation, and to make just allowance for pride which is overweighted and humility which is slavish, it would be necessary for each of us to be a poor relation once in a lifetime to look at existence through her spectacles; to suffer her slights, her embarrassments; to wear second-hand clothes, accept second-hand attentions; to be the person whom it is always safe to overlook with no fear of retribution; obliged to receive favors and continually from the same source; to let talent become sterile for lack of fertilizing opportunity; to waste one's sweetness on the desert air of obscurity. Perhaps such an experience would make us more tender and more considerate of the poor relation when she comes in our way. Hath not a poor relation senses, affections, passions, no less than a Jew? If you wound him, shall he not bleed? If you tread on him, shall he not turn? Is his sight so obscured by poverty that he does not know injuries and selfishness from caresses and generosity? Is he so chastened by want that he accepts insults with gratitude? No doubt it is oftener our own consciences rather than any disagreeable trait or unuttered censure which render the poor relation offensive to us; her very existence is a tacit reproof of our own self-indulgence and luxury; the ghost of her necessities refuses to be laid, but haunts us with an almost unreasonable pertinacity; and though it is the fault—or virtue—of our own organization, the fact that she remains a living rebuke to us does not increase our enjoyment of her society.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE DAIRY.

MR. GEORGE CONNER, of Burlington, considers a ton of cornstalks worth more than a ton of hay for cows. He feeds to each milch cow one bushel of finely cut stalks, two quarts of bran and two quarts of cobineal mixed and wet with water, both morning and evening.

AT the late English dairy show, held in London, the highest prize for white cheese was awarded to a lot made in Herkimer County, New York. This cheese was not over eight weeks old. After the show some of the prize cheese sold at eighty shillings per 112 pounds.

THE following is said to be the comparative milk yield of the various breeds of cows: A native cow produces annually 1,794 lbs. of milk; Jersey, 3,820; Ayrshire, 4,300; American Holstein, 4,527. Taking the weight (950 lbs.) of native cows, they produce twice their weight in milk; Ayrshires, six and one-half; Jerseys, four and one-half; Holsteius, five times.

THE careful owner of a cow should always consider that the udder is a highly nervous and vascular organ, provided with a very finely diffused circulatory and secretive apparatus, and that a slight injury may have a very serious effect upon it. It is most probable that the cell structure of the milk glands is itself the source from which the milk is derived, and that these cells are replenished from the arterial blood conveyed to and distributed through the udder. When, therefore, it is considered that in a cow giving thirty pounds of milk in twenty-four hours, all this quantity is actually produced by the two fold change of blood into cells and of cells into milk and cream, the activity of the organ which performs this enormous work must be, indeed, wonderful; and it should not be surprising that a supposed insignificant circumstance may produce some unexpected and serious results. Bearing this in mind, one who keeps a cow should ever be watchful and cautious against the least variation of treatment that may so easily affect the condition of the milk.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

Cultivate the Taste.

THERE can be no doubt about the ability of any man to cultivate his senses. Hunters learn to see with accuracy great distances, so do sailors; musicians bring the sense of hearing up to the finest degree of perfection. Blind men often become so proficient that they can tell the color of a garment by simply feeling of it, while men employed in the business of buying and selling great varieties of makes of butter, learn not only to grade and tell the name of the maker of each lot, but in some instances they can tell almost to a day the exact age of each lot. This is very simply and efficiently done by cultivating the sense of taste. We once heard of an instance where a wine taster, men who become very proficient in this art, being called in to pass judgment on a hogshead of wine, decided there was a slight, very slight, taste of iron to the wine. This was not believed by the owner of the wine until the cask was empty, when he found a small iron key in the bottom of it. We do not expect every butter maker to reach this height of perfection in the art of tasting, but there is one thing he should do, and that is study the subject. To do this, let him taste all the fine butter he can get hold of, and not with the set notion in his head that his make is finer, but with an honest effort to find wherein this lot differs from his own make. Has it a stronger butter taste, or has it, as it probably has to him, a more insipid taste—a little too fine perhaps for his tobacco tongue. If so, he should get his wife to do the tasting. When you hear of a man taking a premium on his butter at a fair or dairy convention this winter, ride over, if it is ten miles away, and examine his butter. Taste it over and over again until you catch its peculiarities. Take some home, if you can get it for love or money, and talk it over with the members of your family. Some of them will be able to point out correctly the essence of merit in it, and ten to one you will be able to catch the hang of the thing and be able to do it yourself.

In cultivating the taste for testing butter, one thing must be borne in mind. Do not choose as the best article that which is most liked by your own family. They may have their peculiar notions. What you want is to study the tastes of your customers and make your butter come up to their requirements, no matter what opinion you may have of their judgment on the subject. It is far easier to adapt yourself to them than to force customers to take your butter against their will. They will not do it. —*American Dairyman.*

Keeping Up the Milk.

THERE is a loss that all farmers can guard against and that is the effects of the winter storms, both of continued cold rains and early snow storms, that come so suddenly and chill the cows to the very marrow. It makes no difference in how good flesh the cow may be, the sudden cold will shock the system and there will be an almost total suspension of milk, the draughts upon the system to withstand the cold calling for the part that should furnish the milk supply. It is not a great job to put the cows in the warm stable, and from those fall stores that have been provided, so feed them that there will be no diminishing of the milk. The deal of "toughening an old cow to stand the cold" is one of the relics—we had almost said barbarisms—that needs to be expunged from every dairyman's creed. It is a practice that requires a double restorative in the way of care and feed and has its after effects that could have been avoided if the stable and a liberal feed had been substituted.—*Exchange.*

—There are a great many skillful engineers on our railways, but we never knew one yet who could kick his train around a curve with the grace and success with which a first-class actress can perform that operation.

—Every maiden can have a feller if she has money enough to buy a sewing machine with all the moderu attachments.

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Late Member of Congress from Pa., says of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy: "I took three doses and my rheumatism was gone. My brother, of Bedford, Pa., was cured by a similar quantity. I recommend it on all occasions. It never fails." Sold by every reliable Druggist.

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Dec. 18, 1880. tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1881. 1881.

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THE GAZETTE,
142 W Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

Estate of David Kent, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 18th day of December, 1880.

MARY KENT,
ROBINSON SAVAGE
12 28 3 Executors.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

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Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

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4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
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6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
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8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
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2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

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Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

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Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

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A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

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Alta Lodge No. 574. K. of H.—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881. NUMBER 46.

D. BULL'S

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1881.

THE SONG OF MARY.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Zacharias has finished his administration in the temple, and at home awaits in silence the fulfillment of the angel's prophecy. In the Galilean village of Nazareth, a hundred miles to the north is dwelling a maiden, related to Elisabeth, and named Mary. Tho' lowly in estate, her lineage is of the noblest, since she is a descendant of King David. She is betrothed in marriage to Joseph, a carpenter, who comes of the same royal ancestry Six months after the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias in the temple, he enters Mary's dwelling, and salutes her with the wondrous tidings that the Messiah-Prince, so long expected, is at last about to come, and that she is destined to be his mother. The manner of his advent is revealed, and his name is announced to be JESUS, the Saviour. The angel also informs her of the joyful event so soon to occur in the home of her cousin Elisabeth. The maiden bows meekly to her high destiny, with all its strange accompaniments and soon, bearing her mighty secret, hastens toward the priestly home in Judea. As she enters its door, the aged Elisabeth also feels the prophetic impulse, and in a burst of song hails her as the mother of her Lord. Mary responds in the *Magnificat* of our lesson, a strain echoing the prophecies of the Old Testament, and exulting in the triumph of God's cause over all its enemies.

Luke 1. 46-55.

Memory Verses. 51-65

46 And Mary said, My sont doth magnify the Lord,

47 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

48 For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

49 For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

50 And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

51 He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

52 He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

53 He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

54 He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

55 As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham; and to his seed forever.

HOME READINGS.

M. The song of Mary. Luke 1. 46-55.
Tu. The song of Moses. Exod. 15. 1-21.
W. The song of Deborah. Judges 5. 1-13.
Th. The song of Hannah. 1 Sam. 2. 1-10.
F. The song of the angels. Luke 2. 8-20.
S. The song of the apostles. Acts 4. 21-31.
S. The song of the redeemed. Rev. 5. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Luke 1. 46, 47.

LESSON HYMN. 7.

Thank and praise Jehovah's name:
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath:
Praise him in the heights above:
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

TIME.—B. C. 7, at least six months after the events of Lesson 1.

LINKS.—The annunciation to Mary. Luke 1. 26-38. Mary's visit to Elisabeth. Luke 1. 39-45.

PLACE.—A village, probably Juttah, near Hebron, in the hill country of Judea.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1 THE SINGER, v. 46. [See v. 26-45.]
Who was the singer? What was her character?
Where was her home?
Of what family was she descended?
What events had happened to her?
In what spirit did she accept her divine call?
Under what circumstances was this song uttered?
Where was she at the time?
What traits of character does this song show?

2. THE SONG, v. 46-55.
What in this song shows a spirit of praise to God?
Under what circumstances should we praise God? Psa. 34. 1.
How did Mary show a spirit of humility?
Whom does God especially regard? Psa. 138. 6.
What prophecy did Mary utter?
How has it been fulfilled?
Is there any warrant in this for offering worship to Mary?
Where does this song declare the power of God?
What showed God's power?
How does God deal with the proud, and why?
Whom does God satisfy with good things?
How does this illustrate Matt. 5. 6?
What blessings and help to Israel are here referred to?
What promises of God are here referred to as fulfilled?
How are we interested in those promises?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

What does this lesson teach.—1. Concerning the mercies of God? 2. Concerning the might of God? 3. Concerning the promises of God?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. We should praise God, not only for his mercies to the world in general, but also for his especial blessings to ourselves. v. 47.

2. We should praise God for the personal benefits that we receive from the Gospel of his Son. v. 48.

3. We should praise God for the endurance, as well as for the abundance, of his mercies. v. 50.

4. We should praise God for his just dealings with the sons of men, humbling the proud, lifting up the lowly. v. 51, 52.

5. We should praise God for his abundant provision for our spiritual needs. v 52.

6. We should praise God for fulfilling to the sons the promises made to the fathers. v. 51, 55.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The omnipotence of God.

Perverse Bourbonism.

[Editorial in New York Times, 29th.]

The action of the School Board of Baltimore in refusing to appoint as teachers in schools for colored children persons of their own race who were proved, on examination, to be entirely competent, and in going directly back on a promise to try the experiment of placing two new schools for colored children in charge of colored teachers, shows that race prejudice is still one of the great obstacles in the way of educating the largest class of illiterate persons in the States where slavery formerly existed. The question of educating the enfranchised race is one of vast importance to the country, and especially so to the section where it constitutes a considerable part of the population. The movement in favor of national aid to popular education in the State is based mainly on the great need of stimulating the intelligence and informing the minds of the negroes, who are henceforth to exercise the functions of citizens. That they are ill-fitted in some respects for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship must be admitted, and the consequences are inevitably such as to interfere either with the wisdom and efficiency of local government or with the free exercise of their rights. Their ignorance and incapacity to understand fully their recently acquired relations to the State are to a large extent, the cause of the disorders from which they suffer, and of the difficulty of securing for them the benefit of such enfranchisement. These are made the excuse for efforts to keep them in political subjection even where they constitute a majority of voters, and are the source of the weakness of the race for political self defence.

The civic rights of the negro race in this country are the result of irresistible events, and they are, beyond question, to be securely established by one means or another. The whole nation is pledged to see that they are not taken away or rendered of no effect by indirection. Most assuredly, the best and surest method of solving the problem involved is to endeavor to raise the colored citizen to the capacity of citizenship by education rather than to be continually plaged with the difficulty of protecting them in their incapacity. Many of the more liberal-minded people of the South profess to have no other objection to the free exercise of the suffrage by negroes than the ignorance that prevails among them. It is, in fact, very generally admitted that the great necessity of the race is education, and if its members can be improved in intelligence and put in the way of understanding public interests and the duties pertaining to them, it is believed that the obstacles placed in their way will gradually disappear. The Southern States, where they exist in great numbers, plead that the task is too much for them. They profess to be willing that the negroes should be put to schools, that their children should have every opportunity and advantage for instruction, but the organizing and maintaining of the necessary school system is a work of difficulty and expense too great for them to cope with. We prefer to believe that these professions are in the main true, though beyond doubt there still remains much of the old prejudice against educating negroes. There is a sort of unworthy jealousy of any increase in their capabilities and a desire to keep them in the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water, content with menial functions.

But assuming the professions of willingness to have them better fitted for the exercise of the duties of citizenship, and to allow them freedom in that exercise so far as they are fitted for it, to be genuine, we have a right to expect that no obstacles shall be put in the way of their acquiring education. They should have their full share in the benefit of such schools as exist, and those who rise to the capacity of good teachers should be gladly welcomed to the task of helping on the work. There is one thing to be said of the enfranchised blacks generally. They are eager to learn; they are ambitious to place themselves on an intellectual level with the whites, so far as they can, and they are anxious to exercise their rights intelligently and honorably. It cannot be said that as a class they are vicious or depraved, turbulent or disorderly, or disposed to be intractable. They are remarkably docile; and, all things considered, they show a disposition to become good citizens that is altogether surprising. They may have been misled and used by unscrupulous leaders for purposes inconsistent with good government, but there is every reason to believe that education would make excellent citizens of them, far better than many whose favor is courted by politicians of all parties through a display of special solicitude for their rights and claims. One of the first steps in the great work of educating the colored race must be the discountenancing of such preverse Bourbonism as that so conspicuously displayed in Baltimore. The negroes must be allowed to do all they can for their own advancement. The State should do all that can reasonably be regarded as within their power to provide for their instruction, and then there will be no grudging of national aid for the work. But national aid should be a help to efforts earnestly and honestly undertaken by State and local authorities, and in no sense or degree a substitute for them; and it should be understood meanwhile that the protection of all citizens in the exercise of their rights is not held in the abeyance. Such exercise is in itself an important part of education, and should be secure, while its results are improving under the process of making all classes of citizens better qualified for it.

Census Results.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The census of the population of the United States, so far as taken, shows that the total population will exceed fifty millions; and consequently there is not much doubt that the basis of representation in the next House of Representatives will be increased to at least 65,000 of population for each member. There is a general desire not to increase the membership of the House, and to prevent this it may be necessary, perhaps, to raise the ratio of representation to a figure above that mentioned. There remains, therefore, no doubt as to Maryland's representation in the next House of Representatives. The population of the State is 935,000, and it would be entitled to five members of Congress on a basis of anywhere from 160,000 to 185,000 for each member. This is a reduction of one from its present representation. The State has increased over 150,000 in population since the last census, but this will not be sufficient to enable her to retain the present membership. But Maryland is not the only State on the Atlantic coast that will suffer a reduced membership in the popular branch of Congress. Although New York, which has thirty-three members in the lower House, has largely increased in population, she will lose three members on this basis. Her present population is slightly over five millions, while in 1870 it was 4,382,000. New Jersey will lose one of her seven members. Connecticut loses one of her four members. Delaware has only one member now, and as every State is entitled to one member, even when the population is smaller than the basis required, she will not lose in her representation. Her population is only 146,600. Rhode Island has now two, but on a basis of 165,000 she will lose one-half of her delegation, and with Delaware will be represented by only one member in the House. Massachusetts will lose one of her eleven members. New Hampshire will lose one of her three representatives. Maine will lose two out of her five representatives, giving her but three on the new basis. Vermont has now three representatives, and on the new basis would lose one of them. It will thus be seen that every Eastern and Middle State will lose in the number of representatives in the lower house, if the ratio is fixed as above stated, and all the probabilities are that it will. Pennsylvania is the only State in the section named the official figures of which have not been received, but the probabilities are that under the proposed apportionment it, too, will lose two members in the House. With the exception of the States in the extreme northeastern section of the Union, the increase of the population in the Middle and Eastern States has been from twenty to thirty per cent.

The Southern States, under the same ratio, will lose in the same proportion. Alabama will lose one of her eight representatives. Florida will share with Delaware and Rhode Island the distinction of being represented by a delegation of one member in the lower house, its present representation being two. Georgia will retain her representation of nine members. Louisiana will lose one of her six members. North and South Carolina will retain their present representation of eight and five respectively. Virginia will retain her representation of nine, and West Virginia her representation of three. Kentucky and Tennessee will each lose one of their ten delegates in the House. Arkansas will keep her present number of four members. In none of these States—Eastern, Middle and Southern—will there be any gain in representation. It is certain that Texas will increase its membership in the next House, although the official figures of the State have not yet been made public. With this exception, the gains will all be in the West. Kansas will double her membership in the House—from 3 to 6. Nebraska will increase her membership from one to two. Missouri and Iowa will retain their present membership. The census returns of the majority of the Western States are not yet completed.

ANYTHING FOR A DRIK.—A respected physician of Cleveland, Ohio, tells a story of almost unheard of depravity. There is in that city an old man who for years has been dependent on the work of his daughter, an only child, for support. The daughter went out to sew, and every day she was compelled to give the father money with which to buy liquor, for he was a slave to the whiskey bottle. Though alde of limb and sound of mind, he made no efforts to earn a living, but spent his days and nights, loonging in saloons or loafing at corners. By her toil she procured a sewing machine and worked at home, hoping to keep her father in the house, and thus save him from his vile associates. It was all of no use, and nightly he crept homewards to lear to the poor girl the sight of the "old man drunk again." One wintry day, when the pavements were covered with ice, the unhappy daughter fell near the public square and was carried to the hospital badly injured. Her fall was too much for her frail system—weakened and run down by unceasing toil, poor food, cheerless days and nights of sorrow. For several days she tossed in fever, and, although kindly cared for, she finally died. Her father missed his daughter's earnings, and before the earth covered her remains had pawned her sewing machine to buy more liquor. The poor dead girl was quitely buried, no one going to the paupers' ground save the undertaker and the father. The ladies who lived neighbors to the deceased martyr made a beautiful wreath to put upon the coffin, and gave it to the father to be placed there in the grave. That wreath he sold for liquor, and at night the craving for rum prompted him to the crowniug act of his infamy. He secured a horse and wagon, drove to the grave where his dead daughter was buried, with his own hands dug up the body and disposed of it at a medical college for a few dollars, with which to continue his nightly debauch.

The Administration of General Garfield is likely to be signalized by the admission of two or three new States to the Union. Dakota has already sufficient population to advance from the condition of Territorial tutelage, but may be kept back a year or two by the desire of the people along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad for a separate government. They are about as far from Yankton in point of time as Iowa is from New York City. The completion of the railroad lines to Montana will undoubtedly give that Territory inhabitants enough to form a State within two or three years. New Mexico might have demanded admission long ago, but her slow-growing people were indifferent to the privileges of self-government, and preferred to save the expense of State machinery. The new American element going into the Territory will soon change all that.

The census returns of Utah show what is superficially at least an unexpected result. Notwithstanding the polygamy practiced there, which allows any male Mormon several wives, there are more males than females in the territory. More than two-thirds of the inhabitants are natives of the United States. There has been an increase of nearly seventy per cent. in the population of the Territory since 1870, when the sexes were nearly equally divided. The females have increased at the rate of sixty per cent. and the males at the rate of about seventy per cent. This is probably the result of opening up mines of precious metals, which first attracted an almost exclusively male population.

Future of the Colored Race.

Prof. R. J. Greener, the friend and adviser of Cadet Whittaker, during his long trial at West Point last spring, came from Washington yesterday to participate in the fair being held in the Sullivan Street African Methodist Episcopal church, of which the Rev. T. McC. Stewart, one of the professor's old South Carolina pupils, is the pastor. Prof. Greener spoke for an hour on the duties and responsibilities of the colored man as the representative of a great race. In spite of the discouragements of caste, the professor said, the negro race in America has made more rapid strides in the last fifteen years, than any other race ever made in the history of the world. America is one of the hardest countries in the world for a weak race to rise in, because every man here has a chance with all the rest, and is intent only on pushing himself to the front. There are only two institutions, he said, in the land supported by the public funds, where any discrimination is made on account of race. "And thank God," continued the speaker, "for a President and Secretary of War who give us reason to believe to-night that caste even in these institutions, has been weakened." The history of the persecution of the Jews was rehearsed to show how a people with energy can emerge from tribulation, and the professor drew from the story the lesson that for the negro race, with energy and industry, a great future was in store. But that future will never come until it can be said that on the Exchange there is a negro whose name is worth $500,000 wherever he places it, until the colored man can put up his big store and say, "That is mine." In conclusion the Professor said: "No President, no Cabinet, no Congress can do for us the work which we as a race must do for ourselves. We must cast the demon of caste from us by our own industry and our own spirit."—*New York Times, Dec. 29.*

Two Ways of Looking at Things.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking thro' colored glasses; one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner; one said: "I would rather have something other than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest, that it is principally parlor.

"I am sorry that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else that he receives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any and is satisfied with this.

One man makes up his account from his wants. Another from his assets.—*New Haven Register.*

According to the *Army and Navy Journal* West Virginia furnished 32,068 soldiers to the Union Army during the war, or reduced to a three years' standard, 26,714, which counting the population at 376,688 (as given in the United States census) was one soldier to every thirteen and a-half persons. The State of Ohio furnished one soldier to about every nine and a-half persons, or 240,514 three years' troops out of a population of 2,339,511. Pennsylvania furnished one soldier to about every nineteen and a-half persons in the State, or 265,517 three years' troops out of a population of 2,906,215.

We can safely assert that nothing equals Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for all cases of Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

How soft they go!
Life's many years,
With whirls of woe
And their storms of tears,
And their darkest of nights, whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes,
And their sunshiny days in whose calm heavens loom
The clouds of the tempest, the shadows of gloom.

And ah! we pray,
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near;
Tho' the brows of To-morrows be radiant and bright
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them are evermore dear.

For the heart so true
To the Old Year cleaves,
Tho' the hand of the New
Flowery garland weaves;
But the flowers of the Future, tho' fragrant and fair,
With the Past's withered leaflets may never compare,
For dear is each dead leaf—and dearer each thorn—
In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have worn.

Yea! men will cling
With love to the last;
And wildly fling
Their arms round the past!
As the vine clings to the oak that falls,
As the ivy twines round the crumbled walls;
For the dust of the Past some hearts higher prize
Than the stars that flash out from the Future's bright skies.

And why not so?
The old, old Years,
They knew and they know
All our hopes and our fears.
We walked by their side, and we told them each grief
As they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief,
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave,
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?
Ah! the Stranger Year trips over the snows,
And his brow is enwreathed with many a rose,
But how many thorns do the roses conceal,
Which the roses when withered shall so soon reveal?

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies,
In how short a while
Will the smiles be sighs?
Yea! Stranger Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But dearer than thou—in this shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the year that goes.

Yet, bright New Year!
O'er all the earth
With song and cheer
They will hail thy birth;
They will trust thy word, in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power,
For the New has charms which the Old has not,
And the stranger's face makes the friend's forgot.

—Father Ryan, of Mobile.

A TRUE STORY.

"JULES LEACH, the man who escaped from the Asylum, has been found. When recognized, he was quietly seated in a train, bound West, with a little child on his knee. The consternation of the poor woman with whom he had been conversing may be imagined, when told that he was an escaped lunatic of the most dangerous sort."

So read grandpa, in a not unpleasant voice, in spite of his eighty odd years, after we had risen from the breakfast-table.

"Jest think of it, Marthy—what an escape for somebody! Well, I'm glad on't."

"I shouldn't like to have been that woman," said little Mary, bustling about.

"Nor I," said grandma, as she found her yarn in an old silver tankard, where the boy of the family had deposited it.

"No. I reckon," said grandpa, with a chuckle. "You see she's been there herself, grandma has."

"What does he mean, grandma?" asked Mary, standing still with the sugar-bowl in her hands. "Did you ever meet an insane person out of the hospital?"

"I did have a leetle adventure of that kind once," said grandma, joining her yarn and beginning to knit. "But la——"

"Tell it, Marthy; I've almost forgot it myself. You see it happened nigh forty years ago, when we were both a little younger than we are now, eh, Marthy! And we lived over in Camden, didn't we?"

"Yes, in Camden," said grandma, smiling.

"And it happened in summer time, didn't it?" queried grandpa, winking at me.

"No! Summer when the snow was on the ground?" said grandma, severely. Seems to me your memory is failin', John."

"Well, maybe 'tis; but I recollect now 'twas winter, and the man's name——"

"You can't have forgotten that?" said grandma, eagerly. "Why, 'twas the same as our own, Van Dorn. Didn't he make out that he was a relation? Of course he did. He came to the door about eleven, and I had just finished ironing.

"It was on a Tuesday, too, perhaps you don't remember," continued the old lady, superbly, "and I'm sure when I went to the door and saw that tall, hook-nosed fellow, with a beard almost down to his waist, I was struck with a kind of dread. But dear me, how polite he was!

"'I'm Joseph Van Dorn,' said he, 'and I came from New York this morning. Dr. Isaac Van Dorn is your husband's cousin, isn't he?'

"'Yes,' I said. The New York Van Dorns, you see, were our relatives. There was but the one family that I knew of.

"'Well, you'll be surprised at the news I tell you; but it's rather cold out here, perhaps you wouldn't object to my stepping into the house. My name's Van Dorn, and your husband is my cousin.'

"'Indeed,' said I, for I was a little suspicious, for he hadn't the family face—he looked more like a Jew; but I invited him into the parlor, which was cool and dark, and gave him the rocking-chair.

"'Yes,' said he, taking off his hat and dusting it with his handkerchief. 'I haven't seen John for five years or more. I suppose he looks about the same—little bald spot on the top of his head, scar on the right temple, bushy eyebrows, and spectacles.'

"'You've described him exactly,' I said, beginning to feel quite cousinly and familiar, for I knew that John set great store by his relations.

"'Oh, yes, John and I were schoolmates, and bosom friends, as you might say,' he went on. 'But about that news. Of course you haven't heard yet—Dr. Van Dorn is dead, and has left your husband ten thousand dollars.'

"'Well, I was more foolish then, I s'pose, than I am now. We were pretty poor, and John had to work day's work in a printing-office, and the way that man said it, you'd have declared that he spoke the truth.

"'Is John at home?' he asked.

"'Oh, no,' said I. 'John never comes home till five in the afternoon.'

"'That must make it lonesome for you,' said he.

"'It does,' said I. 'I am all soul alone, day after day, and the neighbors never come in till after dark.'

"'If you don't object,' says he, putting his hat on the table, 'I'll stay here a little while. I've been traveling all night, for I thought it was my duty to give John a hint of his good fortune. I always liked John so much.'

"'Certainly,' said I, for the man's manner was so natural and cousinly-like that I began to think considerable of him, for John's sake.

"'I'm about getting lunch, and if you can be satisfied with hot gingerbread, and bread and butter, and a cup of tea, you're welcome.'

"'Thank you very kindly,' said he; 'have you got a quarter handy?'

"'A quarter!' I exclaimed, astonished.

"'Yes; you see, I have some letters to post, and, though I've got plenty of money, it's all in large bills;' and he took out a bulky pocket-book from his coat-pocket, though he didn't open it. 'I'll hand it back to John to-morrow.'

"I thought that queer, but I happened to have fifty cents in my pocket, and I handed it to him.

"'Thank you kindly,' he said, very pleasantly, and offered to go out and change it.

"I went into the kitchen, through the dining-room, my thoughts in a sort of whirl, what with the queerness of John's cousin, and the news of the ten thousand dollars. I must say I kinder lotted on that money; for John was working too hard for a man of his age; he was past forty, a little, then, and not nigh so strong as he is now.

"Well, I'd got the tea-kettle to boiling, and the tea out, and the gingerbread was done beautifully—I always did make good gingerbread, if I do say it—and I'd gone into the dining-room to set the table, and was just putting the cups on, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It startled me and I screamed and turned round. There stood that man, with two or three pounds of meat, done up in a red silk handkerchief—the same I had seen round his neck.

"'Would you be kind enough to cook this?' said he, with a queer smile, and he put it on the table, right on my snow-white best damask cover, that I'd got out in consequence of the ten thousand dollars—no, I mean in honor of the visitor," said grandma, seeing that we smiled.

"Well, well, it ain't possible to tell you how I felt when I took up that mess in the red silk handkerchief.' I put the meat in a plate, as soon as I could, and I just wanted to burn the handkerchief; but instead I just put it on a chair by the door, and went dubiously into the kitchen.

"'What kind of a man can he be,' thinks I to myself, 'to bring meat home in that fashion?'

"There was a stove in the parlor—one of those old-fashioned, sheet-iron, air-tight stoves—and hearing a noise, I went to look through the glass top of the dining-room door.

"Well, you'd a-thought the house was on fire to hear the roaring of that stove! He must have put all the wood in it that was left in the wood-box. As for the man himself, he had taken off his coat and collar and thrown himself full length upon the floor in front of the stove, where he appeared to be asleep. That was the moment I began to be scared.

"However, I tried to reason with myself that he was one of those old-fashioned, easy-going men, who make themselves at home anywhere—though I do think that sort ought never to go into anybody's houses but their own.

"Well, I went back and cooked the meat—of course he took that fifty cents to buy it with—and then I called him. But I'd made up my mind that I would tell him that he had better go see John at the printing-office; for the thought of his staying there all day was beginning to be more than I could bear.

"It was some time before he woke up, but after he did he had the grace to put on his coat before he came into the dining-room. He sat down to the table, and folded his hands and shut his eyes. I shall never forget the words he said for grace—

"'O Lord, have mercy upon all Jews, give us this day our daily bread, and make this meat and this ginger-cake a blessing and refreshment. Amen.'

"As for me, I could not eat. Never in all my life have I seen a man eat as that man did. Five cups of tea I poured out for him. Half the loaf of gingerbread and all that meat disappeared, and the wild way his eyes worked in his head was frightful.

"Thinks I, 'What shall I do?'—for he watched every movement I made. He finished his dinner at last—but I had not eaten a mouthful.

"'And now,' said he, 'I want to wash.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'there's a pump in the kitchen.'

"'A pump!' said he. 'A pump! Do you take me for a heathen man? A pump! No, I wish to wash like a Christian, and I must go up stairs, and I'd like you to lay me out a clean shirt and a collar, for I've brought my razor along, and I intend to have a good shave.'

"With that, he took a new, shining black-handled razor from his pocket, and opened it. I recognized it in a moment for a new one John had bought the day before, and carelessly left in its case on the parlor shelf.

"I assure you then a cold chill ran over me. I tried to look unconcerned. I didn't dare to move. The table was between us, and I felt sure now that he was a maniac.

"'That razor is sharp,' said he, with his horrible eyes fixed on my face, 'and I'm going to——'

"That minute the door-bell rang. It was a startling bell—very sharp and loud.

"'Stop a minute,' said he. 'Don't trouble yourself. I'll go to the door.' He hurriedly shut the razor and put it on the table, and left the dining-room.

"I had just strength enough to stretch my hand for the razor, and close my fingers on it, when I heard a scuffling and loud voices, and down I went in a dead faint.

"When I came to, my old father was standing over me, looking pale enough. 'Well, Marthy, you've had a nice visitor,' says he, as soon as I could sit up, 'one of the worst patients in the lunatic asylum. It's the greatest mercy that you're alive!'"

"I aint a doubt the old lady came near getting killed," said grandpa. "They had a hard tussle before they captured him. But the oddest thing is that his name was Van Dorn, and that Dr. Van Dorn was dead."

"And did he leave you ten thousand dollars?"

"Not a cent!" said grandma, indignantly.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Kentucky Lawyer Who "Died Like a Gentleman."

Hayden H. Shouse recently said, while talking with a friend about a man who had blown his brains out, "It was a dirty thing to do. Nobody has a right to make a mess of himself in that manner. There are 600 different ways of committing suicide in a gentlemanly way. Shooting and cutting are disgusting, and no man of sensibility and taste would disfigure himself. Opium offers the best means of suicide, and if ever I conclude to go, I'll take it. A man can go to sleep like a gentleman and wake up at his destination. There is no blood, no horror." Mr. Shouse was noted for being singularly handsome. His face, when he was younger, had been described as Raphael-like, and a maturity of heavy eating and drinking had not robbed him of his beauty. He was a lawyer, residing at Henderson, but his reputation and practice extended all over Kentucky. He was a candidate for the Congressional nomination in the Second district last fall.

Yesterday Mr. Shouse turned from a table on which he was writing in a public room of the Louisville Hotel, and read to a perfect stranger in the room a letter that he had written. It was a request that the person to whom it was addressed would receive his body and bury it, and it enjoined quick transportation, so that the remains might not suffer injury on the way. The lawyer's manner was distraught, and the listener, deeming him a lunatic, walked away, without regarding the matter as of any importance.

The matter was soon afterward related to the hotel clerk, who knew that Mr. Shouse had been drinking heavily, and feared that the letter had been written in earnest. He and a physician went to the lawyer's room and found him dying neatly in bed from opium. Everything possible was done to save his life, though he protested against the rude treatment, and he died.

Just after his death came this dispatch from his father-in-law:

EVANSVILLE, Ind., December 1

Phil. Judge, Louisville Hotel:

Hayden Shouse is a noble soul. If he is not dead, tell him to live for Vancie and Mollie. A thousand friends will sustain him. If he is dead, comply with his request, and send bill to me. S. B. VANCE.

"Vancie" is Mr. Shouse's baby and "Mollie" his widow.

Mr. Shouse made his mortuary preparations with a degree of tranquil forethought which seems somewhat remarkable. Two weeks ago he left his home in Henderson, spent a night at Evansville, and came to Louisville. He had been drinking, and continued until he made himself sick, when he had a doctor and got better. He gambled recklessly for several days, and appears to have lost about $8,000. The day before his death he paid up insurance policies on his life to the amount of $8,000. Later he went to an express office, put about $60 in money, some private papers, and his watch in a small box, directed it to his wife, paid the charges, and took a receipt. Then it seems he went to his hotel and wrote and read aloud the letter before alluded to. This crowding of a personal matter upon the attention of an utter stranger showed a lack of gentlemanlike reserve so foreign to Mr. Shouse's character as to seem to his friends evidence of insanity. When he had finished the letter it appears that he went to his room, took a bath, put on fresh linen, and, having fixed himself as nicely as he could for the trip he had in prospect, he took the laudanum and got into bed.

It is said that he was delicate in appearance, but of an iron will; that he was addicted at times to the intemperate use of liquor; that he had a remarkable sense of humor, and could be sarcastic when he chose.

On the night he died one of his friends said: "If Shouse could see these people trying to resuscitate him he would be the maddest man in the State."

When he was first found in bed an emetic was brought to him, and he was asked to take it, but he said, "No, I won't; I didn't take poison for that purpose."

No satisfactory reason is given for Mr. Shouse's action. "Self-Help," by Samuel Smiles, was not found among his effects. It is said that his gambling losses were not large enough to have caused fatal uneasiness. But his health was shattered and he feared consumption; and although he had a wife and child, it seemed advisable to him not to live, and he got away as narrated.—*Louisville (Ky.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

TOM HUGHES'S Rugby (Tenn.) colony is to have a French neighbor, a continental co-operative company having been formed at New York, with Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson's wealth to back it, to buy 3,000 acres in that vicinity. Each subscriber is to pay $100 and be allowed 30 acres, though 25 acres in each share is to be cultivated in common for some years and the profits divided. On the other five acres the colonist's home will be built, and his garden and lawn laid out. Manufactures are also to be introduced on the co-operative plan.

MRS. GARFIELD declines to be photographed.

A Young Chinaman's Unfortunate Love Exploit.

AMONG the numerous stores that our citizens visit about this period of the year to make purchases for the holiday season, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, are the depots of the Chinese curios and articles of Celestial manufacture. At one of the most prominent on Kearney Street, the ladies who visited there may have noticeed a handsome young Chinaman. This youth takes especial delight in attending to the wants of the fair sex. For some time he has endeavored to excite the interest of a fair young lady who lives in Oakland. This damsel has been in the habit of making frequent purchases at the store. Whenever she came in Ah Lee would be at her side, and, with suave and bland tones, would inquire her wants. When the establishment was closed for the night, Ah Lee would expatiate to his partners upon the lovely eye, the small foot and elegant form of the "Melican waving lily," and avowed his intention to ask the damsel to be his wife. Silk-embroidered handkerchiefs, ivory card-cases, and a costly crape shawl were sent as presents to the Oakland lady. Ah Lee had contrived, through that mysterious system of surveillance which is rampant among the Mongolian population, to secure the friendship of the China boy who attended to the household wants of his inamorata's family. Thus the yellow Romeo became secure in the friendship of a Celestial Mercutio, and contrived by his aid to ascertain the feelings of his Juliet and also forward his presents through his medium. Mercutio evidently saw good luck was in store for him. He became the hearer of the numerous gifts Ah Lee presented to the lady In order to gain information as to how his suit was progressing, Ah Lee would invite Sing Foo to sup with him twice or thrice a week, at either his store or at the fashionable restaurant on Dupont Street. Sing's ferry fare was also paid by Ah Lee at every visit. At these convivial meetings Sing would cheer his heart by descanting in the choicest colloquial Cantonese upon the charms of the loved one. He would deliver extraordinary verbal messages from her. Ah Lee trusted his friend and drank in the words of love. Events had progressed in this manner for nearly two weeks. The lady had visited Ah Lee's store several times, and was surprised at the extraordinary attention and smiling face with which she was greeted.

On Saturday last Sing paid one of his usual visits to Lee. A conversation took place, during which Sing, alarmed at his friend's impatience, suggested the idea of writing a letter to the young lady. After much labor he dispatched the following missive:

MISS MALY: My name belong Ah Lee. My belong that hansom piecee young man lookseeyon every time you come makee buy curio thing. My too muchee lub you. My likee see you. Suppose you talkee Sing Foo. What time can do. My come Oakland your house talkee your father, makee you my wife. Sing say you lub me, my lub you.

AH LEE.

Sing was intrusted with the letter and informed Ah Lee it should reach its destination. On Monday last a hieroglyphic reached Ah Lee, informing him that he was to come over to Oakland that evening by the 9:30 o'clock boat. Instructions for his guidance were contained in the letter. He was to knock three times at the lower window opening upon the garden and the lady would come out. Ah Lee visited his tonsorial artist, arrayed himself in the height of Mongolian fashion, scented his handkerchief, and thus armed for the fray, hied to the Oakland boat. Wending his way to Franklin Street, where dwelt the charming Mary, Lee silently undid the latch of the gate, and stepping cautiously on tiptoe, timidly approached the window designated in the letter. He tapped three times on the window, but received no response. Again he tapped, but still no reply. Once more Ah Lee summoned up his courage, and boldly gave the signal agreed upon. Some one threw up the window, and a gruff voice asked: "Who's there?" Ah Lee vouchsafed no reply, but withdrew within the shadow of a friendly shrub. Again the voice asked: "Who's there? speak, or I'll fire." A moment's pause, and the would-be Lothario received the contents of a gun loaded with bird-shot.

"Hiya; my makee die!" cried the unfortunate Ah Lee. The occupants of the house, including Miss Mary, alarmed at the discharge of the weapon, rushed out, only to find the presumed burglar lying in a heap on the ground. With blood pouring from his cheek and neck, mud-stained and dishevelled garments, poor Ah Lee was conveyed into the house. There, after undergoing a cross-examination at the hands of Miss Mary's father, he narrated the whole story. Miss Mary recognized her would-be swain, and stoutly denied ever receiving any presents of the kind enumerated by Ah Lee, but said that Sing Foo had told her that his brother in Hong Kong had sent him some curios, and which had been shown to her by him. She had kindly assisted him to dispose of them to some lady friends of hers, and had bought a card-case herself. Poor Lee wished to interview Sing, but he was not to be found on the premises. Quitting the house vowing vengeance against his confidant, Ah Lee came back to the city with his wounds bound up. He is still seeking for Sing Foo, but his search has hitherto proved futile. Ah Lee says he "no wanchee look see Melican girl any more; he go back Canton next year, catchee Chinee wifee." He is now the subject of a considerable amount of jeering, and his partners find his adventures a subject for conversation when they discuss their evening meal, usually winding up their exhortation to Ah Lee with this remark: "More better you no lub Melican girl any more."

Pneumatic Clock System.

AN elaborate system for distributing power, by means of compressed air, from a central clock to a number of others located at a distance, in such a manner that the central clock controls and moves all the others, was introduced some years since in Vienna, and was exhibited at the last Paris Exposition, during which it was examined and described in this magazine. While the Vienna system is practiced and has come into commercial use to a certain extent, it is somewhat complicated and delicate, and a more recent American invention, based upon the same principle, seems to be worthy of attention by reason of its cheapness and simplicity. The aim is to set up a number of clock-dials in various places in a town or building, and to move the hands of each and all at the same instant by an impulse sent through air-tight pipes, laid from a central station to the dials.

To accomplish this, two simple air-pumps are connected with a good town-clock in some central position. These pumps are extremely simple, and consist of glass jars of any convenient size and open at the top. Through the bottom of each jar rises a small pipe, reaching nearly to the top of the jar and also open at the top. Above the jars are suspended smaller glass jars in an inverted position over the upright pipe in the larger jar. Each jar is filled about half full of water (or glycerine), and by raising the inverted jar clear above the water and then letting it fall, air is caught under the jar, compressed and forced into the pipe. On raising the suspended jar out of the liquid, the inclosed air is released and the air in the pipe is restored to its natural pressure. By suspending the inverted jars from the ends of a rocking-arm, the two jars become a cheap and simple air-pump, and it is easy to understand that, if the rocking-arm is properly connected with the clock, the air-pump may be made to move every minute, or every second minute, or, in fact, at any moderate speed that may be required. The air-pumps thus sending alternate pressure and exhaustion through the pipes, it is easily seen that the impulse of pressure or exhaust may be by proper pipe connections distributed through a very considerable length of main pipe and branches. Clock-dials of any size may be set up along the pipe system, and by placing behind each a small air-pump of precisely the same pattern, and connecting it with the pipe, each impulse sent through the pipe may be made to move the pump, and by suitable levers, to control the minute-hand of the dial, the hour-hand being made to follow by simple wheel-work. From the apparatus examined, a small tower clock operates quite a number of dials of different sizes with apparent uniformity and precision. The system is one that may be confidently recommended for hotels, public buildings where there are many offices, railroad stations, and for tower clocks in small towns and villages.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Shut the Door.

THE education of our youth is sadly neglected in one direction, and that is in closing and fastening doors after them. Careful observation has satisfied us that there is no use trying to teach some people that accomplishment. It appears to be natural, and probably an inherited inability, just as with some people there is no such thing as knowing one tune from another, as with others it is impossible to acquire facility and handiness in the use of tools. Modern ingenuity has tasked itself to make up to a suffering world for the incapacity or negligence of people who never close a door, by the application of weights or springs that will automatically do what every man, woman and child ought to do instinctively. But these appliances themselves shirk their duties, and they are not susceptible of universal application.

There ought to be a thorough course of instruction in our schools in the art of shutting doors. The first lesson would inculcate the elemental and simple duty itself. Boys and girls should be kept passing a doorway, each one opening and closing the door for themselves, till not a mother's son or daughter of them could leave a door ajar. Then the finer features of the accomplishment might be introduced. There are people who always slam a door; there are others who hold it open and close it so slowly that a whole procession of diseases, including colds in the head, catarrh, sore throat, diphtheria, inflammation of the lungs, and the epizootic can march through, and the mercury of the thermometer has time to get down into his boots.

But without becoming too fastidious, it is important that every one should be taught to close the door and fasten it in some way. The amount of time a professional man spends and the distance he travels in his office in jumping up and closing the door after people who neglect that duty, would astonish one who had never given the matter thought. —*Rochester Herald.*

Adversity Teaches Wisdom.

THE impecunious snob, when obliged to search for work, is in danger of standing in his own light. Boarding-house keepers, unfortunately, know him too well. He is always waiting for that "remittance" which never comes. Instead of taking the first thing that offers, he expects to pick and choose, and is, consequently, left far in the rear. Even in the most desperate situations his snobbishness still clings to him. "What do you wish, sir?" said a merchant to one of this kind, who had applied to fill a situation in a store. "I thought I might get an appointment as secretary, or clerk, in a bank." The merchant mildly suggested that his packer might set him to work. The snob, however, said "he hadn't come down to that," and in a few minutes was ravenously reducing the contents of a free lunch bar in a neighboring saloon. People of this kind seldom do well. Not having the sense to know that discretion is the better part of valor they spoil such chances as they might have by a reckless use of their tongues, and, unless their home-training has a powerful restraint upon their inclinations, they drift lower and lower in the social scale until they sink into the very dregs of society. On the other hand, to a young man, even though he should be apt to have something of the snob in his nature provided it does not counterbalance all his more manly instincts, there is nothing like roughing it. Stern adversity will teach even fools wisdom; and it is the best teaching a young man thrown upon his own resources can have. He will rise or sink according to his deserts.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DRUM was a Lieutenant in the Mexican War, appointed at the instance of Simon Cameron. Gen. Drum was before that time a printer in Washington.

COL. FAIR, of Nevada, stands five feet eight in his stockings, and weighs 227 pounds, which, taken in connection with his financial standing, makes him in every respect a solid man.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

ROME, Ga., has two of the largest cotton compresses ever built.

NEW ORLEANS has organized a company with $100,000 to manufacture jute bagging, which has hitherto been mostly imported.

DETROIT is forming a company to build the Fontaine locomotive, which some railroad men think will revolutionize the construction of locomotives. The Fontaine engine differs from the standard engine in having the power applied by a single rod on each side running from the cylinder to a large drive-wheel immediately above the front driver on the ordinary locomotive. The upper drive-wheel is of the same diameter as the lower, but it bears upon a flange several inches smaller than the lower driver, and thus brings into play the principle of large and small pulleys in the driving of ordinary machinery. The Fontaine locomotive also has no dead centers, for the lower driver acts as a huge balance-wheel, carrying the upper wheel past the point where power is lost.

A GERMAN chemist furnishes a simple process for testing the amount of water in milk, which can be applied by anyone. All that is required is a small quantity of plaster of Paris, say one ounce. This is mixed with the milk to a stiff paste, and then allowed to stand. With milk of 1,030 specific gravity, and a temperature of 60° Fahr., it will harden in ten hours; if 25 per cent. of water is present, in two hours; if 50 per cent., in one and a half hours; and with 75 per cent., in thirty minutes. Skimmed milk which has been standing for twenty-four hours and is of 1,033 specific gravity sets in four hours; with 50 per cent of water, in one hour, and with 75 per cent., in thirty minutes. Heat should not be applied, for then the use of the thermometer would be required. This test is certainly simple and not costly.

PITH AND POINT.

A FOOT-NOTE—The shoemaker's hill.

LANDLORDS' agents in Ireland are "men of mark."

THE tower of Babel is the first continued story on record.

MICHIGAN has produced a pig with a trunk. This thing should be checked.

THOSE who tried it confess that a large, healthy mustard-plaster worn on the back contains more heat than a heavy overcoat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

"OH, yes!" said Harry, when, in reading a novel, he came to the expression, "the one poor lamp only served to make darkness visible;" "oh, yes! I understand that. It was in a railroad car, of course."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Grand Marah Jah of Calcutta
Got tipsy and fell in the gutta;
He was found by a lackey,
Who shouted "Oh, cruckey!"
And toted him home on a shutta.
—*American Queen.*

AN exchange says that "up in New Hampshire you can, for $2.50, purchase a barrel of cider with a yellow dog thrown in." Yes, but hang it, who wants a barrel of cider into which a yellow dog has been thrown.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is a burden of care in *getting* riches, fear in keeping them, *temptation* in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them, and yet foolish people sell their souls and sigh to be rich.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A DR. KNOX, of New York State, thinks he has done a big thing because he has taught some pet pigs to play euchre. Let him go into a pen—beg pardon, smoking-car—on any of our railroads and he will find what he thinks is a curiosity is a common enough thing. —*Boston Transcript.*

Scientific Explorations in the South-West.

CAPT. STEVENSON, who has just returned from the far West with a small party, brings back much new information relative to the ethnology and archæology of the Southwestern territory. Under the immediate direction of J. W. Powell, the party began their explorations in Northern New Mexico, at and in the vicinity of the Indian Pueblo of Taos. The party spent some days at Taos, studying the habits and customs of these Indians and investigating the ancient ruins in the neighborhood, of which photographs and sketches were made. A collection was made of the various implements used by these people, both for domestic and other purposes. From here the party proceeded down the valley of the Rio Grande, along whose banks most of the Indian tribes of New Mexico dwell, and along which are to be found some of the most ancient and interesting as well as the most extensive ruins relating to the ancestors of the present inhabitants. From Taos the first village reached is Picoris, then San Juan, then a few miles below, on the west bank of the Rio Grande, is the interesting Pueblo of Santa Clara, not far from which the party discovered a series of the most extensive cliff ruins west of the Mississippi. Between the Rio Grande and a range of mountains about twenty-five miles west of it is an area of about thirty miles in length by five to twelve in width, composed almost entirely of high table-lands, with perpendicular faces or walls ranging from 25 to 500 feet in height. In each of these walls are cliff houses, carved out of solid rock with stone axes by a people now extinct, and of whom the present inhabitants claim to have no knowledge, although their customs in many respects must have been similar. On the summit of these mesas are found extensive ruins of villages, around which are the remains of out-houses, such as Estufas or places of worship, reservoirs for the storing of water in times of war, corrals for sheep or goats, etc. Around the ruins, which are built on solid rock, are paths showing the footprints of the occupants, worn from two to ten inches deep in the rock. Photographs were made of Taos, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Idelfonso, Namba, Zesuque, Oochiti, Jemez, Jemez ruins, Silla, Santa Anna, Santa Domingo, Sandia, San Felipi, and many subjects of details, altogether constituting one of the finest collections in the possession of the Government. Maj. Powell, who is in charge of the ethnological branch of the Western explorations, will shortly issue his full report upon the summer's work.—*Washington Cor St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

LOOKING AHEAD.

WHAT does the New Year hold for us?
Smiles for our lips, or pain and tears?
Hopes fulfilled, or a broken dream
To hide away with the vanished years?

"O, sweet New Year," the maiden sings,
Braiding her tresses with thoughtful eyes,
"Bring me the lover I dream about,"
And weaves her meshes of Paradise.

And thinking of him she is waiting for,
The roses of summer are blossoming out
In her cheeks. Oh, the summer of life and love
Is hers which the poets have sung about.

"Bring me a battle to fight and win;
Fame, and a place with the brave of earth!"
The young man says, as he sits and dreams,
While the fire dies low on the silent hearth.

"And bring me a heart that is tender and true,
To love and keep while the years go by,"
And the shadows are gathering, close and deep,
While he dreams his dreams of the by and by.

"Bring us rest from the wearisome strife;
Tired of the din in the march of men,
We would halt awhile in the tramp of life
Ere we take our burdens and march again."

The worn and the weary breathe the prayer
For rest, with a longing to hide away
From the hurrying crowd, and the woe and care,
Which fill the measure of each long day.

Perhaps the year that is born to-day
Will bring my feet to the gates of God,"
The old man says, as he looks away
To the hills by the feet of his dear ones trod;

And he longs for the time of its entering in
To find the youth that has gone away
In the long New Year of the other world
Where the friends of the dead years wait to-day.

Oh, the hopes and dreams we cherish!
Some must perish in the frost
Of life's sorrows, as the blossoms
Of the summer-time are lost.

But we'll hope for Heaven's great gladness—
After earthly ills and tears,
That may come in the to-morrows
Of the fast-advancing years.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Advance.*

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

An Episode of New Year's Eve.

IT was our first winter in Springfield. You know the winters in Illinois are not the most enjoyable of the seasons. Yet the change from the great farm with its absolute isolation to even the muddy surroundings of our new house in town was, upon the whole, pleasant.

Our new house was in the outskirts of the city, near the water-works, which were also new enough to be a novelty to others as well as ourselves.

Our father, John Livingstone, came to Illinois when there were hardships to encounter; when neighbors were few, and when schools and churches were wide apart. But, then, so many others have had the same experience, there is nothing peculiar in that. It is not usual for those sturdy farmers to resign the care of their farms and herds for the dull life of small towns or even cities like Springfield.

"It is all to give you girls a better chance, that he has built that house in the city," was the explanation given us—sister Kate and I—by old Captain Fenwick, a neighbor.

"Then, why don't you give your daughters a better chance also?" was Kate's quick retort.

"Well, to tell you the truth," and he laughed and hesitated a little, "I think my girls have improved their chances quite well enough. One gone already, and another to go next month, perhaps. Only Nell left us then. You young ones don't know how lonely an old house is when all the girls have gone out forever."

The old man sighed and turned away his head a little. It must be sad to see the last one go, although we have a fashion of saying they are glad to get rid of us.

Those Fenwick girls were bright, pretty girls, and it was true, as he said, they had improved their chances well enough.

Sister Kate and I were plainer. Not many beaus came to us; and, somehow, those who came were the least desirable. There might have been several grains of truth in Captain Fenwick's jest that it was to give us a better chance, this removal from the city. And we both silently felt it, too.

"But, Captain, you will send Nellie up to go with us to the Governor's ball at New Year's?" said Kate to him, at parting, and I joined her in the request.

"Yes, if mother is willing and Nell thinks she has a dress fine enough to appear in in company with you gay city ladies."

"We are not yet gay city ladies, and you know very well that she has as fine as we have."

That was our mutual response.

"Then I think you may expect her, and good-by."

"Good-by."

The old man went his way, feeling, as we could see, a little sad at the loss of his pretty girls. He had scarcely gone out of sight before I heard a "Hello!" at the gate.

You must know that all farmers keep one or more dogs, which animals, while they are kind enough to us, have no love for strangers. When we hear a call we go out, since it would not in general be safe for any one to venture inside the yard alone.

This visitor at the gate was John Goodwin, a young lawyer from Springfield, who seemed to be more fond of hunting over the fields than hunting over his authorities for his clients' cases.

He had a gun and some prairie chickens.

"Good morning, Miss Livingstone. Is your father at home?"

"Good morning, sir. Father is not at home, but will you come in?"

"If I may, for a little," he answered, and fastening his game to the saddle, he came up the walk to the house.

John Goodwin was not by any means a stranger; we had known him a little for three or four years. Common report said that he was an admirer, if not a beau, of Nellie Fenwick's. He certainly visited the Fenwicks oftener than any other family of the neighborhood. In fact, he was such pleasant, good company that he was welcome anywhere among us.

As he came up to the veranda and shook hands with me, he said, laughing:

"I know you consider me a worthless fellow, Miss Fanny, to be hunting half the time. I have no hope of pardon from you, but possibly Miss Kate will be more lenient."

Kate was just behind me, ready to greet him. Then we all went into the house.

"And how is Nelly Fenwick to-day?" inquired Kate, audaciously. "You have been there, of course."

He fairly blushed under her quizzing.

"Yes, I was there, and found her looking very charming," he answered.

"Was it kind of you to run away so soon? But, then, Fan and I ought to appreciate the compliment, since neither of us can be called charming without the grossest flattery."

"But, Miss Kate, you might be doing both your sister and yourself gross injustice, you know."

He was beginning to recover the lost ground.

"Mr. Goodwin, didn't you meet father this morning on the Springfield road?" Kate suddenly demanded. He was fairly scarlet under her impertinence. "Yes, I see from your looks you did; and yet you could come here and ask his innocent daughters if their father was at home. Next time when you call to see the daughters—and you know we are always glad to see you—why not ask for the daughters?"

We were all laughing heartily over his sudden discomfiture, when our father came in.

"That is right, young people; laugh while you may; it is much the best. Here, Fan, take care of this for me, please."

He tossed me a great roll of money, and then sat down to join in the pleasantry.

"Mr. Livingstone," said John Goodwin, "do you think it is safe to keep large sums of money so in your house? The country is overrun with tramps who are bold and desperate enough to commit any crime, even murder, to obtain such a sum of money as that."

Father laughed carelessly.

"Fan is my banker, and she has always kept the cash account correctly. But how can I help it, having now and then large sums in the house? When we wish to buy cattle or stock of any kind, we can not always go to the bank at the moment for money; we must have it ready beforehand."

"Let us hope you will never have trouble from doing so," said Mr. Goodwin, gravely.

I put away the money, but I could not help feeling a little disturbed at the grave, earnest look John Goodwin gave me. But, then, why feel disturbed? Here was a package of four thousand dollars, a good sum—but had I not been custodian to five times that sum and no harm resulted from it?

"In two weeks we shall leave the farm and move into our new house,', said our father. "It is ready now; but new houses are always damp, and we shall be safer in it two weeks hence than now. And, Mr. Goodwin, while speaking of money, I have bought a small safe for the new house. I am not afraid to risk my money out here without a safe, but in town you are not all of you so honest as we are in the country."

"I am really glad you have done it," he said, and then added, "chiefly for Miss Fanny's sake."

"Pooh! she don't feel any weight of responsibility. In fact, I rather believe she is rather proud of playing banker. Is it not so, Fan?"

I was scarcely proud of the responsibility, but I was certainly not afraid of any risk I ran, and I said so.

"Then I am afraid for you. I wish you were not banker," said John Goodwin, in that same grave way, unusual with him.

Then the girl came to call us to dinner. I remembered afterward that she suddenly darted back out of the room when she saw a gentleman there. I was a little amused at it, and thought it a bit of ludicrous modesty on the part of Sarah which her ordinary demeanor did not quite warrant.

Then we went into the dining-room. Sarah had disappeared with a sudden toothache, leaving Mary, the cook, to wait upon the table. But there was nothing strange in that except the suddenness of the attack.

Before John Goodwin went away there was more sharp banter between him and sister Kate, which we all enjoyed. But at length the conversation drifted into another channel, and John Goodwin told us a little of himself and his career which was new to us. He had at one time been prosecuting attorney in Chicago. While performing the duties of that office he had broken up and sent to State-prison a gang of burglars which had been a terror to all honest citizens. The wife of the leader of the gang, under pretense of seeking his services toward effecting her husband's release, tried to assassinate him in his own office.

"When even the women tried to kill me," said he, smiling as though it was only a trifle, "I thought I would confine myself to ordinary practice and let some other ambitious young lawyer take the fame and consequences of the public office."

"You take it lightly," said father, "and so much the better." Mr. Goodwin had risen now to go.

"When we are settled in town we shall expect you to be more friendly and visit us often."

Then we all went out on the veranda, where the good-bys were said. John Goodwin mounted his horse and rode away. As we turned to go in, I happened to look up at the window of my own room, and was not a little surprised at seeing through the light curtains the face of Sarah, evidently watching the retreating form of John Goodwin. But what was she doing in my room?

As we crossed the hall Sarah came down the stairs with her face tied up and smelling powerfully of camphor.

"You were engaged, Miss Fanny, and I didn't like to trouble you, but I took the liberty to use your camphor bottle for my tooth."

That explained her going to my room, and was, of course, satisfactory. Her toothache soon disappeared, and the whole matter was forgotten.

I ought to have mentioned before that sister Kate and I were joint mistresses of father's house. Our dear mother died when I was only nine years old and Kate seven. Since that time we had learned to forget that first bitter sorrow, and our father had unselfishly refrained from a second marriage.

"Kate is not pretty, although she is saucy; she may marry; but Fan (myself) is too plain, quiet and old-fashioned to get married. There is no occasion for me to ever think of marrying again, since I am certain of always having a good housekeeper."

This was a frequent speech of our father's—a little tantalizing, and possibly true; but all of us hoped otherwise. For there is no girl or woman, however plain and unattractive she may be, but desires the honest, true love of some worthy man; and hopes on to the end that she will receive it. It is not a thing to be ashamed of—it is nature.

In due time we left the old house on the farm for the new one in the city, taking with us our servant-girls, Mary, the cook, and Sarah, the house-girl.

When one's whole life has been passed on a farm, any change seems a great one that alters life so as to leave out the simplicity and naturalness of the farm. Yet I doubt if there be equal and constant happiness elsewhere as there is in rural life.

The transition from an old house to a new one requires a good deal of perplexing toil. The proper adaptation of the household treasures and conveniences involves consultation, deep thought, and additional toil. A removal into a new house must be a sort of domestic calamity. Yet when fairly domiciled beneath a new roof, it is very pleasant to receive and entertain the friends who testify their respect for you by visiting.

John Goodwin was now a frequent visitor at our house. Father said he came to see Kate. She said he came to see me. Whatever I may have really thought, I said that his visits seemed to be only friendly ones to the family.

One thing was certain, John Goodwin's visits were very pleasant; and no one was more welcome than he was. I may say that much with propriety.

No sooner were we settled in the new house than father was seized with one of his periodical cattle-buying fits. We begged of him to rest a little and enjoy his ease, but in vain. In Illinois this desire to trade in cattle becomes, like intemperance or the opium habit, a mania.

Being custodian or banker for the money used in this cattle trade, I found the new safe mentioned before a thing of great convenience.

Since this safe was destined to act a part not expected of it, a description of its location will serve to make more clear what is to follow.

In the sitting-room, up-stairs, was a large but narrow closet. This safe was placed at the further end of the closet. Being of the same width as the closet, some woodwork, added after the safe was in place, fastened it securely in its position. It could only be moved by tearing away the woodwork the whole length of the closet.

We found life now quite different from what it had been on the farm. Less of care and more of dress, and regard for the requirements of society.

We made some very pleasant new acquaintances; and, since we did not lose any old friends by being a little greater distance from them, the removal was a gain of something.

So the days and weeks rolled by until the holidays were at hand. The parties and social gatherings of the country were simple affairs, with so little of formality or ceremony that a stranger might almost call them rude. A genuine ball none of us had ever attended; can you wonder, then, that country girls like sister Kate and I should have dreams of unusual splendor concerning the Governor's ball?

John Goodwin had become our most frequent visitor. There were a great many jokes bandied among the family concerning his visits. Whether he did or did not suspect something of this, he was singularly impartial in his attentions to Kate and myself. We both liked him. We could not be jealous of each other; yet I think each would have felt a greatful sense of relief had he been more marked or positive in his attentions to either.

John Goodwin entered heartily into all our plans for the holiday festivities, and especially this crowning effort, the ball at the Governor's mansion New Year's Eve. He had attended a great many similar balls and so could give a good many hints.

Ten days before New Year's Nelly Fenwick came to visit us and spend the holidays, but most of all to go with us to this, our first ball.

Father was absent a good deal, and that made John Goodwin's constant visits all the more desirable. He was our escort to nearly every place we went, and it came about so quietly and naturally that we scarcely thought of going even to church without him.

He was to be our escort to the ball, until young Burnett, who had become desperately smitten with Nelly, insisted upon taking her. Then it was managed that Kate should go with them and John Goodwin should fall to me alone. I was afraid it was not quite agreeable to him, and begged him to take Kate and let me go with Nelly. When I had said this to him a few nights before, I was surprised but not displeased at what followed.

"Do you prefer to go with them rather than with me?" he asked, with one of his grave, sober looks.

"No, but I thought you would be better pleased to have it so."

"I am best pleased to have you to myself; so don't alter the present arrangements."

That of course settled it; but, although I was pleased that he should declare his preference for my company, there was no ground for feeling it was more than the courtesy any gentleman may show a lady.

All through the holidays we were busy making, altering, planning, devising new adornments for this, our first, ball. There was a dressmaker in the house all the time, and our own fingers had not been idle. It had proved a serious matter to our young and inexperienced heads.

The last day of the old year had come, and the finishing touches had been given to our ball dresses. Another serious matter was the hair dressing. The coiffure has so much to do with one's general appearance that it is no trifle to choose just that style most becoming to the wearer, and yet accord properly with the dress and its concomitants. Older heads than ours have pondered long over it and then gone wrong. Experiment is the surest way.

Nellie and Kate had dressed my hair in what they conceived to be the most becoming way; then the new ball dress was put on to try the effect. They were criticising and suggesting changes when father came in. He stopped at the door a moment and surveyed us. We expected to hear a good-natured laugh at our serious vanity.

"Bless me, little girl!" he said, catching me suddenly in his arms and kissing me, "I never saw you look like that before; and—and—I don't know whether I ought to laugh or cry."

There were tears in his eyes, actually—the dear old father. Then he had all our arms around his neck, until he broke loose from us, laughing.

Sarah, our house-girl, had come to the door for something, and stood there, keenly watching this unusual performance. When father was on his feet, he took out two small packages, and tossing them into Kate's lap and mine, said:

"Little girls, your Christmas didn't come this year until New Year's; but here it is at last."

Each package was a roll of bills, which proved to be ten bank-notes of five hundred dollars each.

It was so unexpected, and so much, too, that the arms went around his neck again.

"Well, Sarah," said he, at last, "the girls are so much carried away with the ball, and now their Christmas, that they never think of you. What is it?"

Sarah was duly attended to and sent her way. She had scarcely left the room before the bell rang, and Mr. Goodwin called. There was a momentary panic among us, for girls do not, in general, expect or desire such calls in the midst of preparations like ours; but father laughed, and said he would go down and tell him to please excuse the young ladies, for they must have one dress rehearsal for the ball.

Of course, that would not do at all, and he was shown up, to join in the laugh against us.

He came in, looking his gravest.

"What a singular-looking girl," he said, "this Sarah is, with her blue goggles. Where did you get her? There is something in that girl's face strangely familiar, and yet I can't place her."

"She came to us in the country first; but she did not wear goggles then. She is neat and capable, but very queer sometimes," I answered.

Then I opened the closet door to go to the safe with our presents. Vanity perhaps prompted me to stop and show them to Mr. Goodwin.

"But you are not going to keep such a large sum as that—ten thousand dollars—here in the house, are you?"

"Yes," said father. "When Fan carries the key to the safe, it is all right."

"No, Mr. Livingstone, it is all wrong. It is too great a risk. Only an hour ago I received a dispatch from Jacksonville, asking me to come there to identify some burglars whom I had once sent to State-prison. McAfee, the leader of the gang, and whose wife tried to kill me once, is said to be hiding here in this city. That was my business here, Miss Fanny, to tell you this, and ask you to wait an hour later for me to get back from Jacksonville to-night. May I ask?"

"Certainly, why not?"

I think I would have given up the ball if he had asked me to do so, much as I hoped to enjoy it.

"Thanks; then I must leave you and run to my train. Good-by till 10 o'clock, then."

"Good-by."

And he hurried away. We watched him, running half the time, as he went rapidly down the street.

"You had better go to the bank with his money, father," said Kate, seriously.

"Nonsense; why, who is going to rob this house with so many of us always present? Then, who knows but ourselves if there is a dollar in the house?"

While this conversation was going on I was in the closet, putting the money in the safe. As I came out it certainly seemed—for it was only a presentiment—there must be some person besides myself in the closet. With that feeling I turned back and looked for a moment at everything in it, but there was nothing unusual.

At eight o'clock a cattle trader called and took father back with him to his hotel. A little later Mr. Burnett came with a carriage for Nelly and Kate. They left the house in high glee, laughing at me and my matter-of-fact escort, who attended to his business first before even the pleasure of the Governor's ball.

When I was fully dressed and saw that I had yet a half-hour to wait before Mr. Goodwin would come, I felt tired and weary already. I rang the bell for Mary, the cook, thinking I would have her make me a cup of strong coffee before going. Sarah answered the bell.

"I want Mary; please tell her to come up a moment."

"Mary has just gone out for a little. Her cousin called for her."

This was not agreeable news. I did not care to leave the house alone with Sarah.

"Is it anything I can do for you, Miss Fanny?"

"No; but you can look after the kitchen fire and see that there is hot water when I come down."

I would make the coffee myself when Mr. Goodwin came. But I would have a glass of wine now, I thought.

Then I stood before the glass arranging and rearranging the flowers in my hair. I had a small bunch of natural flowers, too, in my corsage which needed setting in position. All this occupied fifteen minutes or more. The wine was below in the sitting-room closet; and perhaps after all I had better not take the wine. If the train was on time Mr. Goodwin would be punctual to the minute. I knew he would thank me for a cup of strong, hot coffee after his ride. I waited.

It only wanted ten minutes of the time when he should come, and I was both impatient and nervous. I was listening to that tiresome pattering of the reservoir fountain.

I heard footsteps in the sitting-room below; it must be Sarah; but why was she there? There was a light in the dining-room, but none in the kitchen, and I could hear some one still moving as if in the hall below.

Going out into the hall and looking down from the head of the stairs, I saw the light shining out from the sitting-room. She must have left the door open.

I ran down to the sitting-room. The door was open, and going in, the closet door was also open. My heart was in my mouth, but I stepped quickly to the closet. Some one was in it with a light!

I was ready to drop with terror for a moment. Then my hand rested on the key in the door. Quick as the thought came to me, I closed the door and locked it. The sharp click of the lock must have alarmed the person within, for in an instant some one tried the door. There was a muttered curse in a man's voice.

"Mag, you devil! open the door."

There was a great, old lounge or sofa against the wall just beyond the door; in a moment more I drew this against the door and sat down on it. By this time the trapped man in the closet was beating and banging at the door furiously. I had him secured for a little time fast enough, but what if there were more down stairs!

That thought nearly took my breath away. Then my burglar was still for a little, and I heard the dining-room door open. Some one was listening, perhaps. Then the door closed softly. My burglar was still silent. In a secretary drawer close by was father's revolver, and I had the key. In a moment more I had the pistol in my hand. Every chamber was loaded, and I knew well how to use it. Every Illinois girl does not.

I went lightly down the stairs and then could hear the chinking sound of the silverware which some one was handling in the dining-room.

Good luck favored me again. The key was in the door and on the outside. I locked the door.

Then I hastened back to the burglar in the closet. He was strangely silent. Then I heard the soft cutting sound of a knife in the door. He was cutting one of the panels out of the door.

I could not bear to shoot him dead, but I would stop his work on the door. I could tell from the sounds of his feet that he was standing to one side of the panel he was cutting.

I sent a bullet through that panel, and the report of the pistol frightened me more than the burglar had.

There was a perfect torrent of oaths. It put out his light, too, for I could see through the hole that it was not light inside. He was moving about.

"Caught again, ——!" he exclaimed.

I sat there with my revolver cocked waiting for what was to come next. If the burglar down stairs released himself, could I defend myself against him, too? What if he was armed?

Oh, if John Goodwin would but come! And Sarah, where was she?

In less than ten minutes all this had happened, but it seemed an age.

But there was no alternative but to sit there in an agony of dread, with no other sound save the horrible, tireless pattering of the water falling from the fountain in the reservoir.

Then suddenly a window rattled below as if in the dining-room. A moment afterward there was a sound as if some person jumped out. What if he should come in again? Then let him come; and I opened the door so that I could hear and see everything in the hall. I was desperate.

How many dreadful minutes passed so I can not tell; probably not many, but the suspense was fairly horrible.

At last there was a sound of carriage wheels, and they came rapidly nearer. Was it John Goodwin? Yes. Thank God! At last!

The sound stopped before the door. I flew to the window and raised it, but for my life I could not articulate a sound. But I dropped the door key at his feet, and he looked up in astonishment. Then my voice came:

"Let yourself in and come up quick!"

Then I staggered back to my seat on the sofa. I don't think I was quite conscious of his being in the room until he stood over me.

"For Heaven's sake, Fanny, what has happened?"

I could only point with the revolver to the closet.

He saw and comprehended all in a moment.

"Burglars! And are they in the closet yet?"

"Yes."

This last in a whisper.

At that moment there was a sound in the hall; looking up we saw Sarah standing in the door, her strange eyes flaming.

"Ah ha, Margaret McAffee! This is your job, is it?" he cried.

She darted back, but he was too quick for her. He caught her by the wrists and dragged her into the room; she fierce as a tigress.

"Give me the revolver, Fanny," he said, and in an instant Sarah was quiet as a lamb.

"Please go down and ask the driver to come up with some straps."

I did as he directed me.

The driver came up presently with several straps, quite sufficient to secure Sarah. Then the sofa was drawn away, the closet door unlocked and the man inside made to step out. When he saw his wife secured there in the room he took it coolly, and smiled at her—she was crying bitterly.

"They've got us dead to rights, Mag; so don't make a fuss over it."

Then he, too, was secured, and the driver ran out for a policeman.

While we were there guarding our prisoners the bell rang and father came; so that when the officers came there was a considerable gathering. Then they took the prisoners away.

"And how about the ball, Fan? Goodness, little girl, how white you are!" said her father.

That is all I remember of it. Half an hour later the first consciousness revealed the fact that some one was kissing my forhead, and chafing my hands in a strange, tender way. It was not father, for he came in a moment afterward, with Mary just behind him, her hands full of restoratives. They were not needed.

"It is too bad to spoil your pleasure, Mr. Goodwin, and it is not too late yet for you to go to the ball."

"Without you?" he asked sharply.

"Why, yes; I should only have my head full of burglars and pistols. I still feel like shooting."

I pointed them to the bullet-hole in the closet door, and there was a little surprise.

"I didn't think any of my girls had so much grit," said father.

"If you feel able to go, and will go, I shall be so much gratified at having your company," said Mr. Goodwin. "Will you not go?"

"Yes, go, if you care to," said father, laughing, "Mary and I will stand guard."

So we went to the Governor's ball, after all. It was pleasant and enjoyable, no doubt, but I don't remember much of it. It was greatly like a dream. I was glad when it was over. Only the ride there and back seemed too short. Yet, I shall never forget it through all my lifetime. For it was from that ride that I knelt down at my bedside that night and thanked the good God for bestowing upon poor simple me the priceless love of such a man as John Goodwin.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE following advertisement lately appeared in several newspapers printed in the province of Silesia, Germany: "My betrothment with Miss Edith Porter, only daughter of the Right Honorable Sir James Porter, of Skaneateles, United States, I honor myself by hereby publishing, instead of making any special announcement. Liegnitz, November, 1880. Carl von Jena."

Our Young Folks.

THE OLD YEAR'S GOOD-BYE.

THE Old Year stands in the church-yard snow,
Blowing his frosty fingers;
"'Tis time I were going long ago,"
He muttered, yet still he lingers.

White is his beard with the drift of age,
And white with the wintry weather;
He turns his back to the tempest's rage,
And his body bends trembling together.

Anxious he peers through the stormy night;
Listens with eager ear;
"I can hear no steps in the snow-drifts light,
But surely he must be near!"

With bounding step and cheek aglow
Comes a stranger, young and fair;
Little he cares for the driving snow,
Or the biting midnight air.

"Good evening, Old Year!" "Good evening, New;
I am glad you are come at last;
Since darkness fell I've been waiting for you,
And my strength is falling fast.

"But I could not go till I'd seen you here,
And your promise true had heard.
Pardon an old man's natural fear;
Bear with his parting word:

"*Take care of the children!* the wide world round,
I've looked in their faces to-day;
I've listened to catch each merry sound
As they shouted and romped at play.

"I knew 'twas the last I should see the sight,
And I whispered to each, Good-bye;
But I would not cloud their faces bright,
Would not let them hear me sigh.

"They are yours, New Year; I give them to you;
Take them all in your strong, young hand;
And I charge you to your trust be true,
Be the guardian of Babyland.

"Cover the hills with coasting-snow;
Pave the streams with smoothest ice;
Heap high the fire in each home as you go;
Spread thick each generous slice.

"To the nooks where the earliest flowers are found
Lead the little ones' roaming feet;
Strew violets thick on each tiny grave
Where sleep the babies sweet.

"Show the children the nests whence the birdlings fly;
Let them roll in the scented hay;
Let their kites mount high in the summer sky;
Give them many a bright nutting day.

"Make Christmas a time of gladdest glee,
When winter comes again;
Load every bough of the Christmas tree
With jolliest presents then.

"Go with the little folks to school;
Keep bright each little mind;
Help them obey the teachers' rule,
And make the teachers kind.

"In Sunday-school fill their hearts with love,
As of Jesus' love they're told;
Oh, train them all for the home above
Where the years grow never old!"

The New Year bowed with earnest look;
Promised his tender care;
And the old man's trembling hand he took,
As they stood a moment there.

Then the good Old Year was lost in the night,
But hark! children's voices clear,
In every home, with the dawning light,
"To all a happy NEW YEAR!"

—*Rev. Edward D. Eaton, in Chicago Advance.*

DOT'S NEW-YEAR'S PARTY.

DOT LEONARD sat listening to her father as he read at morning prayers, her little chair drawn up beside her mother's, and her hand in hers. They always sat so. Dot thought she could listen best that way, and mamma liked it, too.

This morning Dr. Leonard read the fourteenth chapter of Luke, and Dot listened attentively, though mamma wondered what brought such a perplexed look on her little daughter's face at the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth verses.

She forgot to ask her, after prayers, for word came that Mrs. Gray's baby was dying, and she went right over to help the poor mother bear her great trouble, so she did not learn about it till some hours after, when she and Dot were sitting together in the sunny nursery.

Then mamma said, "Whose birthday is it next Saturday?"

"Mine, and New-Year's-Day, too," said Dot, looking up with a quick smile; for birthdays and holidays meant much happiness to this little girl, the only child of loving parents, in a beautiful home.

"What do you want to do, little woman, because you are eight years old," asked mamma.

"May I say just what I want?" answered Dot.

"Certainly, darling," said mamma, wondering.

"Then mamma, if you are perfectly willing," said Dot, hesitating, and dropping a stitch in the dolly's afghan she was crocheting, "I should like to make a feast."

Mrs. Leonard believed in letting little girls talk frankly, especially to their mothers, so without seeming to notice Dot's peculiar way of speaking, she said, "Yes, dear, if that is what you would like best; and whom will you invite to your feast?" and drawing away the pretty worsted, she took Dot on her lap.

"Grandma Baine first," said Dot, smoothing her mother's brown hair with quiet hands.

"*Grandma Baine!*" exclaimed mamma, this time so much surprised she could not help showing it, for Grandma Baine was a poor, blind woman who lived in the neighborhood, and knit mittens and stockings. "What made you think of her?"

"She knit my play-mittens for me," said Dot, "and gave me a bright ball made of ends of yarn, and I want her to come."

"Who else?" asked mamma.

"Jane Hesler," promptly answered Dot, showing that her list had been made up in her mind before. Jane Hesler was a lame girl in the little brown house on the corner; she could not leave her chair, but made baskets for a living, one of which had found its way into Dot's hand, full of flowers from her table in the south window.

"Who next?" again asked Mrs. Leonard.

"I would like the washerwoman's little girls to come, mamma, for when she washed my doll clothes Monday she said she wondered what Kitty and Molly would say if they saw them; and I want them to have a good play in my baby-house."

"Well," said Mrs. Leonard, "any others?"

"Yes, mother dear, *do* you suppose we *could* find that little boy who begged here yesterday? He was so ragged and dirty, and looked at Mary's cakes as if he had never tasted anything like them; so I gave him two, though Mary said I mustn't. I'd like to have him come if we could find him, for he would like the cake and nice things so."

"Dot, darling," said Mrs. Leonard, drawing her closer and giving her one, two and three kisses, "why don't you want your cousins and schoolmates invited?"

"Why, mamma," said Dot, looking up with surprise, "what did papa read this morning in the Bible? When ye make a feast do not invite your friends or rich neighbors, for they will invite you again; but ask the poor, the lame and the blind, and *ye shall be blessed;* so I want Grandma Baine and Jane Hesler and Kitty and Molly Finnigan and that poor little boy, if we can find him."

Mamma answered, cheerily, "We will try, dear; he said he lived on Water street, near the wharf, and that his name was Tommy Dune. I promised to come and see his sick mother, so we will find him perhaps in time for New Year's Day. I am glad you want to make these poor people happy, dear;" and as Dot jumped down to run away and tell her dolls about it, Mrs. Leonard said, with a happy smile, "God bless the precious child!"

The sun shone his brightest on Dot's birthday, as if he wanted to help make the day a happy one; and had you been so fortunate as to live opposite Dr. Leonard's, you would have been interested in seeing the novel company arrive.

Dot herself went after Grandma Baine, whose old wrinkled face fairly shone with delight, as her little guide gently led her into the house.

Dot's father went for Jane Hesler, and carried her in his strong arms from the carriage into the house. The little Flannigans soon came, hand in hand, looking shyly about at the beautiful house and well-kept grounds.

Last of the guests was Tommy Dune, no longer ragged and dirty, but clean and comfortable, smiling with surprise, as little Miss Dot came to meet him at the front door, fearing he would go around to the kitchen, as before.

Indoors the happiness was complete.

Dot had decided to wear her plainest dress, that the others should not feel uncomfortable by contrast; but she could not keep the dear little face from being "the sweetest in the world," mamma thought, as she tied back the brown curls, and gave her eight kisses, and "one to grow on."

Dot had arranged the sitting-room with especial reference to her friends, as mamma thought they would feel more at home there than in the big parlors, and you would have liked a peep in there, I know.

Grandma Baine sat in a rocking-chair by the west window, where she could feel the sunshine, and hear Dick, the canary, sing right above her head, while Dot stood by, and described the room and the company to her. Jane Hesler lay in mamma's sick-chair, for the ride had tired her a little, but was looking happily at the beautiful things she saw all about her. Dot had put a little table beside the chair, with books and a portfolio of pictures on it, for Jane to look at as soon as she was rested. Molly and Kitty were already in ecstasies over the baby-house, brought down from the nursery, and could hardly believe their eyes at the sight of dolls "dressed like rale ladies," as Molly said, and the completely furnished house, from looking-glass to dust-pan and broom.

Dot had been afraid Tommy "wouldn't feel at home," but he had marched in with no sign of bashfulness, and stood by the fire taking in the comforts and beauties of the room with great satisfaction. Suddenly his eye caught sight of a picture across the room. It was the head of a dog, the great intelligent eyes seeming to meet yours with a look of friendly recognition. Immediately he stood in front of it, his face full of delight, and turning to Jane he exclaimed, "Aint that bully?" never seeing Dot's look of mingled amusement and reproof.

Dr. Leonard came home to the supper, and helped them all to the dainties mamma had prepared, as politely and generously as if they had been the President's family; and they all went home with something to remind them on the morrow of their holiday.

And little Dot was happy.

To be sure, one of the little Flanuigans broke her doll's rocking-chair, and Tommy soiled one of her prettiest picture-books. "But," said Dot, as she and mamma were talking it over at bedtime, "I know they had a good time, and I am glad I asked them. Do you know, mamma, I kept hoping all the time that I might be one of '*the blessed.*'"—*Youth's Companion.*

What Makes the Man.

MANY people forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood and manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic, when do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a punctual man. He who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot? I did not think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

MR. O'DWYER rents a shanty on Galveston Avenue from old man Chrysler, a prominent citizen. Yesterday Chrysler called in to collect the rent, and O'Dwyer showed him over the house, complaining of its inconveniences. Said O'Dwyer: "Mishter Chrysler, your house is intoirly too low on the ground to be healthy, the ceilings are too low, and the door ain't high enough." "Mr. O'Dwyer," said Chrysler, "is there anything about this house that is high enough to suit you?" "Indade there is." "What is it?" "The rint, be jabers."—*Galveston News.*

QUEEN VICTORIA, at Balmoral, worships in a raised pew so near the pulpit that she could almost shake hands with the minister.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN 8, 1881.

The election of Mr. Ray, by a plurality of nearly 4,000, to fill the vacancy in the representation of the Third New Hampshire District, is an interesting indication of the growth of Republican sentiment since the Presidential election. The Concord *Monitor* says Ray's plurality is quite unprecedented in the history of the Republican party in New Hampshire.

In the United States Circuit Court, Judges Bond and Morris presiding, Monday, the opinion of the court in the celebrated suit of Daniel K. Stewart vs. the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, Hon. A. P. Gorman president, suit in equity to have a receiver appointed to take charge of the company's affairs, was delivered, the court denying the motion to appoint a receiver.

The legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, California, Nevada, Tennessee and Arizona Territory met Monday. In New York Senator Conkling's candidate was chosen speaker of the House of Delegates; in Pennsylvania Senator Cameron was equally successful; in Tennessee a Greenback-Republican was elected speaker, and in California the Republicans controlled the organization.

In the United States Circuit Court Monday Judge Bond delivered an opinion in the Pullman palace car suit, bill for a preliminary injunction to prevent the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company from manufacturing cars on the Pullman patent at Dayton, O. The court declined to grant the motion before a final hearing, which virtually sets a precedent of great practical value to the defendants and others.

The leading Democrats are now saying unpleasant things of each other. The Southern and the Western "unterrified" are making unkindly remarks about the Eastern Democrats. Poor Sam Randall comes in for more than his share of contemptuous opinion, while Barnum, gets it right and left. Some allowance can be made for unpleasant feeling existing in the party on account of the disappointment caused by the defeat of Hancock and the failure to get the expected offices, which he was to deal out.

The case of Elihu Gregg, who was convicted of burning the court house in Kingwood, W. Va., in 1869, has finally been decided by the Supreme Court of West Virginia. Gregg after his conviction and sentence to death by hanging escaped from prison and was for 10 years a fugitive from justice. About two years ago he was captured in Greene county, Pa. Since then his friends have made great efforts to save him from death, but the decision of the Supreme Court is that the sentence of the Preston county court was righteous, and cannot be interfered with. Executive clemency is all that can now save Grigg from the death to which he was sentenced in 1869.

At the reception to Gen. Grant in Washington, while he was being introduced to the crowd, a tall woman wearing widow's weeds, approached, Judge Noah said: "Mrs. Chisholm." General Grant was about to salute her as he had the others, when the Judge said: "Mrs. Chisholm, of Mississippi." General Grant stopped looken her in the face, which bore the marks of firm character, but upon which were traced the lines of deep and settled grief, and he took her hand in both of his, and said: "Madam, I am glad to know you. You have my heartfelt sympathy." Mrs. Chishom's eyes filled with tears and, after bending low over the hands which held hers for a moment, she passed on.

There were few more significant features of the year which has just closed than the extraordinary development of our railroad interests. Over 6,000 miles of new roads were constructed, an increase of 1,300 miles over 1879, and more than in any year since 1871. At the same time consolidations of almost unprecedented magnitude were effected, the principal roads participating in them being the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, the Louisville and Nashville, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Union Pacific, the Missouri Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. One of these companies—the Chicago and Northwestern—now operates nearly 3,000 miles of road, and has 445 miles under construction. Still another feature of the year has been, of course, the enormous freight traffic, the benefit of which has been shared by all the trunk lines. The passenger business also shows a decided increase, and what is especially agreeable, we observe that the managers of some of the Western lines have decided to reduce local passenger rates from four, five and six cents a mile to a uniform charge of three cents per mile. This is a stroke of sound policy. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad adopted a similar course a year ago, and its revenues were very considerably increased thereby. The outlook in general for a prosperous railway year is decidedly auspicious, and the only cause for apprehension is the vast amount of railway building that is going on in the West and Southwest. It was this which brought on the panic of 1873, and although the financial condition of the country is apparently sound, it cannot be otherwise than that the steady drain of money for this purpose must tend to produce stringency in financial circles. Some of these new roads will probably pay from the start, but the majority will undoubtedly not pay dividends for years yet, and capital once invested in them is practically locked up for an indefinite period. The danger of another panic may not be very imminent, but it is well to remember that the causes still exist.

Maryland Republican politicians, and especially those seeking office, says the *American*, are considerably exercised as to the distribution of the patronage for the State of Maryland by President Garfield. The collectorship seems to be the great prize sought for by many, and these who are out in the cold now are waiting anxiously for March 4th as the opportunity to make a raid on the President. But it may not, perhaps, be very comforting for such to be told that it is not likely that President Garfield will remove any officials, except for cause, until the expiration of their commissions. While on a short visit to Washington last month, General Garfield asked President Hayes to make appointments in all cases where the commission of the official expires before the 4th of March. It is generally believed, therefore, that General Garfield will regard the commission as entitling the holder to continue in office until the expiration of his term. The commission of Collector Thomas will not expire until next November, and it is quite likely that the new President will not think about this appointment until then. There are no grounds on which an application for his removal can be based, as even his political opponents admit. The term of many of the other federal offices will not expire until towards the end of the year. The first to expire will be those of the marshal, postmaster and naval officer. There will be a strong fight against some of these officials.

Democratic Reorganization.

Frank Hurd, Representative in Congress of the Toledo (Ohio) district, and a rising politician of emphatic views, has been expressing his opinions in regard to the platform and programme adopted in New York at the Cooper Institute mass meeting on Tuesday night. Mr. Hurd can afford to speak in an independent way, since he has been a hard-money, free-trade Democrat in a soft-money protectionist community. It is his opinion that not only the Democracy of New York City but of the whole country needs reorganizing. It must go back to the principles of Jefferson to escape perpetual defeat. "Democrats to the front, old whigs to the rear," is the motto which he quotes with approval from the letter of "one of the best informed men in the West." The State rights question, as laid down in the Kentucky resolutions of '98, would still be Democratic doctrine, but they are precluded by the fourteenth amendment, which puts the discussion of this subject out of the domain of practical politics. The courts, and not Congress, must decide how extensive is the sphere of that amendment's operation. The real questions for the Democracy to go before the people on, in Mr. Hurd's views, are: First, that of hard money, including the discontinuance of the coinage of the dishonest silver dollar, which, with the silver certificates, defrauds the poor. Second, taking away the legal tender power from the paper currency of the United States, which is necessary to an absolute resumption of specie payments; third, substitution of State banks, with National Bank notes, for the national banks; fourth, revenue reform on the basis of tariff for revenue only, the doctrine, as well as the practice of protection, resulting, according to Mr. Hurd's view, in flagrant robbery of all classes, and particularly of the laboring classes; fifth, free ships. With a sincere advocacy and an honest and steadfast agitation of these doctrines, Mr. Hurd looks for certain success. In his own words:

"The Democratic party should be reorganized on these three great thoughts—the rights of the States, modified by the recent amendment to the constitution; hard money as the basis of all our business and the measure of all our values, and free trade with all the world as the greatest impulse to our commerce and the beginning of the growth of our people into the destiny which our situation as an ocean-bound republic intended for it. With this the Democratic party must win."

A SARCASTIC LETTER.—Judge Wm. H. West, who was once the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is an aspirant for the United States senatorship. Since the withdrawal of Governor Foster from the senatorial contest there has been much speculation whether or not Judge West would also withdraw. In response to an inquiry on this subject Judge West has written a letter to a friend, in which he says: "Your note of recent date is received, asking what I will do in regard to the senatorship since the declination of Governor Foster. As true patriotism in its modern sense is devotion to party harmony, and as I have concluded to take the senatorship in order to relieve the President-elect from embarrassment in the formation of his cabinet, I am confidently expecting the unselfish patriotism of Secretary Sherman to follow the noble example of the Governor. Possibly I am a little sanguine in this expectation. Devotion to party harmony may mean that some shall always pull in the harness or stand in the battle's front when the conflict rages in unconditional subordination to some dynastic supremacy established within it. The preappropriation of the senatorship may have been decreed, and nothing remains for the Legislature to do but register the edict. The influences which were potent to crush the Governor are probably sufficient to pulverize those less formidable. I should, therefore, possibly be warned by his fate. After the lion and his companions in the chase had, by their joint labor, corraled the game, he struck down one of them for presuming to ask a share of the trophy. Another, on forbearing to assert a claim, being asked whence he had learned such modesty, replied, 'from the fate of my unfortunate and dead companion.'"

Wants a New Deal.

A correspondent of the Cecil *Whig*, in an article on the necessity for changes in the Federal Offices of this State, says:—

"In Maryland, at least, the subject of a more extended 'change may be discussed. Many of the minor Federal appointments have been held by the present occupants for twelve years—some of them as long as fifteen years. Now, as it is no secret that the pay received by these gentlemen is double or treble what they could otherwise make, it seems nothing but fair and honest that other members of the party, just as capable and faithful, should have the benefit thereof for awhile, and that these gentlemen ought not to object to stepping aside for four years, at least. A civil service that appoints the best men to office is all right, but the man who supposes that a party can be successful in this country that proposes to keep one set of men in office for life, must be a natural born fool. He might have a very 'respectable' party, but he would have a very small one. 'To the victors belong the spoils' is perfectly right, if honestly directed.

"There are Republicans who have done their duty—who have stood up for principle—who now think that a 'change' is in order, and when the proper time comes will let their wishes be known."

County Newspapers.

[From the Cincinnati Trade List.]

A gentleman writes us that his county paper is so poor that he has stopped it; therefore he sends us three dollars for the *Trade List*. We repeat that we don't want subscribers on these terms. Any man's county paper is worth the world, or if it is not is it his own fault. If the county paper is properly encouraged, it may be relied upon for information of more value to the people in interest of whom it is issued than can be found in all the city papers in the United States. No man can afford to be without the paper which publishes the official advertisements of his county, the public sales, the markets, court news, and other local intelligence. If the paper is poor, the people are more in fault than the publishers, for not giving it a more liberal support. However poor the paper may be, it is worth more than it costs to those who are interested in the county.

MILLSTONES DISCARDED.—Millstones have been discarded at the great flour manufacturing centre, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the Hungarian rollers put in their places. With the latter the grain is not ground, but cracked and mashed. These rollers are about thirty inches long and eight inches in diameter. It takes five sets of steel rollers to finish the flour. Each set of rollers runs closer than the preceding. After the wheat passes each set of rollers it is bolted or sifted through coarse cloth. This cloth lets the disintegrated particles of wheat through, and passes off the bulky and large pieces, which are run through another and a closer set of rollers, and cracked again. The last rollers have little else but wheat hulls and the waxy germs of the wheat, which do not crack up, but mash down like a piece of wax. The germ of a kernel of wheat is not good food. It makes flour black. By the old millstone process this waxy germ was ground up with the starchy portion, and bolted through with the flour. By the new system of cracking the kernel instead of grinding it, this germ is not ground, but flattened out, and sifted or bolted out, while the starchy portions of the wheat are crushed into powdered wheat or flour. So writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. It takes ninety cars daily to ship the flour out of Minneapolis, and 150 cars to ship the wheat in and the railroad facilities are utterly inadequate to do the business. The power used is the Mississippi river. Hon. C. C. Washburn owns nearly the whole power. He sub-leases power to the other mills. Minneapolis has a great future in prospect.—*New Jersey Mirror*.

William E. Chandler is not the only political observer who discovers signs of a dull political season. The indications all point that way. The country is thoroughly weary of politics, and no wonder. We have had five years of unbroken excitement. The controversy at the end of the campaign of 1876, followed by the fraud yelling and the cipher exposures, and later by the extra session wrangling, kept the country perpetually at the high point of political excitement which usually exists only during the few months of the Presidential campaign. Now that Garfield is elected without a chance for a contest, there is nothing for the public mind to be excited about, and the result is that everybody turns from politics with a sigh of relief and gives his attention to other matters. This is a good thing for the country, and for President Garfield's administration.

SOUND ADVICE.—We advise all young people to acquire early in life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and also to abandon the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of good language becomes. If many of one's early years be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to secure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to form tastes from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time the pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Much excitement prevails at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, Pa., over the ravages of the scarlet fever among the children. Eighteen children died Friday from the diseases, and Saturday many new cases were reported. It is but a few days since the first case was made known, and already thirty deaths have resulted from the fatal fever. Physicians have been summoned from all the neighboring towns, as the few doctors in Houtzdale were all overworked, and could not possibly attend to all the demands made upon them. There is scarcely a family in the town that is not plunged into grief at the untimely death of their children.

The *Baltimore American* says that Gen. Hazen, the new chief of the Weather Bureau, is overdoing the matter by long odds. We like to see a new man industrious in a new position, but this is a little too much.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 4, 1881.

Now that the near approach of Inauguration day warns Gen. Garfield to bestir himself in the selection of his Cabinet, surmises and rumors as to his action are taking substantial shape. The fact that Representative Morton, of New York, refused to accept the nomination for the unexpired term of the Secretary of the Navy, breaks many of the recently formed Cabinet slates, and seems to settle it that General Garfield does not intend to give New York the Secretaryship of the Treasury, the position coveted by the New York politicians for their State. No doubt the refusal of Representative Morton disarranged some of Gen. Garfield's plans, it being his intention to continue Mr. Morton in the new Cabinet. It is now believed that the Treasury Department will be given a Western man. General Schenck, of Ohio, and James T. Wilson, of Iowa, are mentioned. It seems to be generally conceded that Senator Blaine will go to the State Department, though it depends somewhat upon the result of the Senatorial contest in his State. If Senator Hamlin succeeds himself, the friends of Mr. Blaine say he will remain in the Senate. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, will be offered the Attorney Generalship, which his friends say he will decline. If Mr. Morton refuses to go into the Cabinet except as Secretary of the Treasury, it is believed that Mr. Platt, of New York, will be Postmaster General. The Interior Department will be offered to the far West, with Gov. Routt, of Colorado. He is supposed to have the Grant influence behind him. The last, and perhaps the most gratifying is that Senator Don Cameron will be Secretary of War; that he is tired of the Senate, and prefers his old place back at the head of the War Department. It is not thought the South will have any representation in the next Cabinet. And why should it? The country is in no hurry for another Hayes Democrat, and the hard work done by Northern Republicans will demand the reward of every office of influence in the gift of the next administration.

The friends of ex-Speaker Grow, of Pennsylvania, heretofore the leading candidate for the U. S. Senatorship from that State, are now seriously alarmed for his success. In the State Legislature, the House, at a caucus yesterday, placed in nomination a candidate for the Speakership hostile to Mr. Grow as Senator. The United States Senator will be elected on the eighteenth, and the opponents of Mr. Grow claim that the action of yesterday proves he has no chance.

The Christiancy Divorce suit is becoming a scandal, the testimony of the Spaniard Giro, wholly altering its aspect. He admits committing adultery with Mrs. C. in this city, and her letters to him now published are damaging proof against her. The public, however, as is usual in such cases, side strongly with the woman in the case, and the testimony of Giro is believed to be false and instigated by a desire for revenge.

LOGAN.

THE MOREY-CHINESE LETTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The Morey-Chinese letter has been pronounced a forgery by the *Truth Journal*, which originally published the letter. The following is published as an open letter from the *Truth* to General Jas. A. Garfield, repudiating the Morey letter and declaring it a forgery:

To Jas. A. Garfield, President elect.

Sir:—After a searching investigation, in which we have spared neither time, energy or expense, we have traced the Morey letter to its origin, and ascertained that is is a forgery. This acknowledgment is due to you from the journal in which the letter first appeared. It is made voluntarily, and as an act of simple justice, for while we believed as we did until a few weeks past that you were the author of the letter, no bribe could tempt nor threat intimidate us into making a contrary statement. Having ascertained, however, our error, it is a gratification to us to give the same prominence to this acknowledgement that we gave to the forged letter itself and thereby make all the amends in our power for a wrong of which the *Truth* was an unconscious instrument.

"Upon the instant that our investigations convinced us the letter was spurious we privately informed you of our conclusion. At that time we were advised that the ends of justice might be impeded by a public avowal, such as we now make; but, as will appear in an appended letter from B. G. Jayne, Esq., that consideration no longer exists, and we do to day what an observance of the principles upon which the *Truth* was established, and by which it has been conducted, would have compelled us to do immediately upon discovering that the letter was a forgery, and which nothing could have then prevented but the desire to fasten the guilt where it belongs: The *Truth* published the letter in good faith, believing that you were its author. While we so believed neither temptation, threats nor force could influence us to repudiate it. Likewise having satisfied ourselves of its spacious character, no false pride or selfish motive of any kind can restrain us from announcing our conclusion and thereby allaying the doubt that now exists respecting its authenticity.

Yours respectfully,
"TRUTH."

The following letter will also be published:

New York, December 31, 1880.—To Joseph Hart, Esq. Dear Sir: In answer to your note of yesterday I would say that I can see no good reason for longer withholding the statement you desire to make in your paper, viz: That you are now satisfied from evidences in your possession that the letter published by you, purporting to have been written by General James A. Garfield to H. L. Morey, of Lynn, Massachusetts, was a forgery. Fully understanding the imposition practiced upon you by certain members of the National Democratic committee, upon whose assurance you relied with regard to the genuineness of the letter, and knowing how earnestly you have worked to ascertain the authorship of the fraud by following every clew that seemed to lead to its solution, and fully appreciating your oft repeated declaration that your only wish in the premises was to ascertain and proclaim the exact truth, I deem that in justice to all concerned that the time has come when you should say the letter was a forgery, for with proofs in your possession there can be little doubt as to the real criminals.

Very respectfully,
B. G. JAYNE.

COMMERCIAL GREATNESS.

NEW YORK, December 31.—The *Evening Express*, in its annual review of the past year's business of the country and the port of New York, says: "Viewed from a business standpoint, the year has been a remarkable one—probably the most remarkable in the history of the country. There has been a great revival in trade, and the volume of legitimate business during the year was beyond all precedent. This improved condition of affairs was the natural result of large crops and good exports demanded for our products, the growth of the country, the heavy influx of gold from Europe, and the complete restoration of confidence growing out of the success of specie payments. One of the most gratifying features of 1880 has been the great falling off in the number of failures and amount of liabilities of suspending merchants. The growth of the country and the large additions to the national wealth during 1880 are strikingly illustrated in the products of the soil, of which we raised 475,000,000 bushels of wheat, 2,500,000,000 bushels of corn, 413,000,000 bushels of oats, 24,000,000 bushels of rye, 40,000,000 bushels of barley and 6,000,000 bales of cotton, to say nothing of the sugar, rice, hemp, hay and other crops, and the hog and dairy products, which yield an immense sum of money in the aggregate. In plain words, the United States now raises enough to feed her own 50,000,000 people and to supply the deficiency of the balance of the civilized world. During the year more miles of railroad have been built, more consolidation and combinations have been entered into, more money earned and more interests and dividends paid than in any former year. The commerce of the country during the year has made rapid progress, and caused the United States to take still higher rank, being now third among the commercial nations of the globe."

CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

WASHINGTON, January 2.—The census statistics of the population of the United States shows that in order to present either an increase or decrease of the number of members in the House, the basis of representation will have to be fixed at 160,000 for a member of the House. This ratio would make the number of members of the next House (including the territories) 290. Its present number is 292. Under this basis Arkansas, California, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska and North Carolina would increase their representation one member each, and Kansas and Texas would increase their delegations three each. The States that will lose one member each are Alabama, Connecticut, Florida, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Vermont. New York will lose two members. The losses are 35 and gains 13. The West loses two members and gains nine, being a net gain of seven. The South gains four and loses five, including Maryland among the Southern States, being a net loss of one. The Eastern and Middle States lose eight and gain no member, being a loss of eight.

The representation of the various States under the apportionment of 160,000 would be as follows: Alabama, 7; Arkansas, 5; California, 5; Colorado, 1; Connecticut, 3; Delaware, 1; Florida, 1; Georgia, 9; Illinois, 19; Indiana, 12; Iowa, 10; Kansas, 6; Kentucky, 10; Louisiana, 5; Maine, 4; Maryland, 5; Massachusetts, 11; Michigan, 10; Minnesota, 4; Mississippi, 6; Missouri, 13; Nebraska, 2; Nevada, 1; New Hampshire, 2; New Jersey, 7; New York, 31, North Carolina, 8; Ohio, 19; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 26; Rhode Island, 1; South Carolina, 6; Tennessee, 9; Texas, 9; Vermont, 2; Virginia, 9; West Virginia, 3; Wisconsin, 8.

Under this division the Western States would have 116 members in the House, not including the territories; the Eastern and Middle States, 88, and the Southern States, 86. The Western States will, therefore, be almost all-powerful in the next Congress.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Snow thirteen inches deep and still coming.

—The public school resumed its sessions Monday.

—On Thursday morning of last week the thermometer indicated 28° below zero in Oakland.

—Closing out sale of ladie's Cloaks and Dolmans and ladie's and children's furs at Daily & Cos.

—Miss May I. Jamesson, of Piedmont, is visiting Miss Ria Jamesson, in Oakland.

—Messrs. Peddicord, Veitch and Combs were attending the Allegany county court this week.

—Married—Dec. 29th, 1880, by Rev. Bolin. Mr. Ed. Frantz and Miss Mary Dunham, all of this county.

—Married—Dec. 31st, 1880, by Rev. H. E. Friend, Mr. Austen Brown and Miss Theodocia Frazee, all of this county.

—Married—Dec. 23d. 1880, by Rev. Henry E. Friend, Mr. Rufus M. Enlow and Miss Annie L. Savage, all of this county.

—Mr. Samuel Lawton and sister Miss Sarah, left Oakland Friday night for Philadelphia, where they will spend the winter.

—Ladies' Cloaks, Ladies' Cloaks and Dolmans just received at Daily & Co's, at unprecedentedly low prices.

—The session of 1881 of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Honor, of Maryland, will be held in Easton, Talbot county, in May next.

—Services in the Enlow School House on next Sabbath conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis, and on Monday night by Judge DeWitt.

—Mr. John G. Knauer was the only delegate from this county in attandance at the State Sunday School Convention, held recently in Baltimore.

—Decidedly the largest line of ladies' cloaks and dolmans, ladies' and children's fure and seal skin caps exhibited during the season just received at Daily & Co's auction store.

—Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire will hold services preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper at Deer Park Saturday evening at 6½ o'clock. Sunday service and communion at 11 o'clock A. M.

—Capt. J. P. Dukehart, manager of Oakland Hotel last season, has been appointed general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's hotels. J. A. Coates, formerly at Martinsburg Hotel takes charge of the Queen City.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is agent for The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britian and America, from the days of the Wesleys to the present time. This is a work of great merit and should be in every Methodist household. dec11tf

—Ladies' Cloaks and Dolmans, seal skin caps, ladies' and children's furs, just received at Daily & Co's auction store. Will be sold at prices lower than you can imagine. Call and see them.

—A stove, weighing 1,500 pounds, is lying in the freight depot awaiting removal to the camp of the Lochiel lumber company in Garrett county. No doubt this is the largest stove ever seen in this section.—*Frostburg Journal.*

—Mr. John E. Gnagey, of Accident, Wednesday last received from Ohio a pair of Magie, or Poland China shoats, for breeding purposes. The pair cost him near fifty dollars, which would indicate that they are good stock. They are certainly very handsome.

—We are under obligations to the proprietors of the Baltimore *Sun* for an advance copy of the *Sun Almanac* for 1881, which embodies a great variety of valuable facts bearing upon matters of general public interest. A copy is sent to every subscriber of the *Sun* free of charge.

—The large frame residence of Barney Dilley, on his farm, about three miles from Cumberland, was totally destroyed Friday night of last week, by fire, originating from a defective flue. Nearly all the furniture and clothing in the house were destroyed. Loss on house stated to be covered by insurance; none on household goods.

—Died—At Piedmont, Monday last, of heart disease, Fannie Estelle Richardson, daughter of Prof. R. G. Richardson, aged 7 years, 6 months and 12 days. The friends of Professor Richardson and his good wife in Oakland and vicinity deeply sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

—Sentence of death was passed upon Felix Munshour, by Judge Lynch, in the Frederick court, on the 4th inst. Munshour was convicted of the murder of Jas. Wetzell, in 1879, and a motion for a new trial was denied. He received his sentence with apparent indifference. The Governor will fix the date of the execution.

—A correspondent from District No. 9, this county, asks for the official vote of Indiana in the late Presidential election. The following is the vote as taken from the Baltimore *Sun* Almanac for 1881:

Garfield	232,164
Hancock	225,528
Weaver	12,986
Garfield over Hancock, . .	6,636

—From the diary of a youg lady of Oakland, we are permitted to take the following weather record for the past 16 months:

There were 34 days on which snow fell last winter. There were thunder storms March 3, 4 and 26. Frost May 13, 14 and 15. No rain during the entire month of May. Hottest days July 7 to 15. Frost September 14 and 15. The first snow this fall October 19th. Snow has fallen 20 days this winter.

—Death has been in our midst, as well as abroad; this was manifested afresh by the sad occasion in our town on Tuesday afternoon. At the residence of Mr. Charles H. Sincell, on the 4th inst., was held a very uncommon funeral service. It was to pay the last tribute of respect to a bright little boy and a sweet little girl, the children of two near relatives, Mr. Chas. H. Sincell, of Oakland, and Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont. The hopes that had clustered and were clinging around these little idolized pets, these little blossoms of hope and promise had been riven and blasted. The scene was thronged with anxious sympathizing friends of both the bereaved families. The services were short, conforming to the Lutheran liturgy, engaged in by Rev. B. Ison, of the Methodist church, and the Lutheran pastor. Thus a pall of gloom has fallen and settled upon the hearts of many in our little town during the first week of the new year, assuring those afflicted of the hearty sympathy of the people

—Died—At her residence near Deep Creek, in Garrett county, Md., on Wednesday December 29th, 1880, Mrs. Marrian, wife of Thomas Wilburn, in the 54th year of her age. The diseased was a daughter of Holmes Wiley, the famous hunter, so well known and highly respected in Garrett and Allegany counties, whose death will still be fresh in the memory of many of the readers of THE REPUBLICAN. Her death, though not unexpected, cast a gloom over the community in which she lived, as in case of sickness or suffering none were more kindly or untiring. Many will miss the pleasant smile with which she was wont to greet every one. She was seldom seen without true sweet smile that accompanies the Christian piety. Through all her sufferings which were protracted and severe, she manifested a wonderful degree of Christian patience and meekness, and joyfully welcomed the thought of "departing to be with Christ." When she embraced the gospel she did it heartily, and found indeed "the power of God unto salvation." To the afflicted and sorrowing Husband and Children we extend our sincere and respectful sympathy, knowing that if they but follow her bright example the parting is but for a season, when they shall see her again in newness of life, for death to the christian, "is but a call up higher." A.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching in evening at 6½, by the pastor.

Stone Church—Preaching in the morning at 11 o'clock, by the pastor.

Memetr.

On January 2d, 1881, early in the morning, while it was yet dark, death came into the midst of our little fold. The Lord called from the fond embrace of his devoted parents little Luther Clark Sincell, and welcomed him to that heavenly fold, the fonder embrace of a more devoted and loving heavenly Parent. Little Clark was consecrated to the Lord and dedicated to his service in the Lutheran church in his infancy, and although he was only five years and 5 months old, he was being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Only a few days before his fatal illness he came to his mother in a pensive mood, burying his little hands in hers, with pleading eyes upturned he said: "Why not come to Jesus now, mother?" thus evincing that he had caught from the little songs of the Sunday School and the Catechetical instruction, the blessed idea of coming to Jesus. Though neither did he nor his mother dream that he should so soon obey the loving voice of Jesus, which is constantly saying: "Let the little children come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The tender lamb is gone,
The jewel is not here;
To heaven 'twas safely borne,
Nestled, 'tis shining there.

WM. STOUDENMIRE,
Pastor.

Meeting of County Commissioners.

The County Commissioners met in their office Monday, January 3d, a full board being present.

The following is the only business of general interest to our readers:

Geo. H. Allen was appointed Constable for district No. 4, vice—Harshberger, failed to qualify.

S. W. Friend, Joseph Spiker and P. M. Stemple were appointed viewers on the road petitioned for by J. R. Browning and others.

The Fike bridge being examined on the 17th day of December, was accepted and taken off the hands of the contractor and paid for according to contract.

Peddicord & Combs were re-elected Counsel, F. A. Thayer was re-elected Clerk and David Chambers was re-elected Janitor for the year ending Dec. 31st 1881.

Board adjourned Thursday evening.

Election of Officers.

Tuesday evening in Legge's Hall, Oakland, Patmos Council No.—, of the American Legion of Honor, was instituted by W. H. Tower, Esq., Deputy Supreme Commander. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

P. C.—H. Wheeler Combs.
C.—Thos. J. Peddicord.
V. C.—Dr. G. H. Hocking.
Orator.—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.
Sec'ty.—F. A. Thayer.
Col.—W. H. Hagans.
Treas.—J. W. Veitch.
Chapl.—J. W. Smith.
Guide.—E. M. Spedden.
Warden.—Geo. W. Legge.
Sentry.—Lloyd Chambers.
Med. Exs.—Dr. E. H. Bartlett and G. H. Hocking.

Report of Johnson School.

JOHNSON'S, Md., Dec. 27, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of perusing the *Marshall Messenger*, a county journal of Minnesota. We were delighted to notice that in that journal, under five different captions, there was something said about the Public Schools of Lyon county. It seems to me that the readers of our county papers would be interested in reading something about the schools of Garrett, which are certainly not second to those of Minnesota. Believing this and wishing to say a word through your paper, I respectfully submit the following:

We are credibly informed that the school-going population of this school district is from 65 to 70, which should give an average of from 50 to 55. Out of this population we have on roll 58, with an average attendance of 39.6. Looking at the report from this standpoint the school thus far, to a great extent, has been a failure. Yet, we are encouraged when we can say that this is the most favorable report that has yet gone from this school. We cannot account for the enrollment being no larger; but several of the pupils entered school but a few days before the closing of the term, others were sick and could not attend regularly and too many others came only when the spirit moved them, (and that was not very often), which accounts for the remarkably low average. If there is a place anywhere in Garrett that needs a stringent compulsory school law, that place must certainly be here.

Wilford Weimer was the only pupil that attended every day during the term.

Our visitors for the term were Perry Weimer and George Crow, trustees; U. M. Arnick, of Cumberland, Chas. Morris, Thomas Broadstock and Miss Mollie Cross.

We have had no clamors or discords; everything has moved along harmoniously. A good warm feeling is existing among parents, pupils and teacher, and we are looking forward with a strong hope to the closing of the next term for better results.

Feeling grateful to the pupils for their many tokens of love and esteem which lightened our labors and made duty a pleasure, and thanking the school patrons for their hearty co-operation, and hoping this may continue, and praying heaven's blessing upon our schools and school officers,

I am, respectfully, yours,
EPHRAIM LEE, Teacher.

JOHNSON'S, MD., Dec. 27, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—It is seldom we see an article in your paper from our place. Please give me space for one. On Christmas eve Johnson School gave us an entertainment, which was one of the best literary treats we have had the pleasure of enjoying.

Declamations were delivered by Johnnie Crow, Misses A. McKenzie, Mary Broadstock, Alice Bellingham, Viola Fuzenbaker, Maggie Clark, Anna Wimer, Barbara McKenzie, Carrie Crow, Norah McKenzie, Alice McKenzie, Maggie Durst, and Mess. Moses McKenzie, Ed. McKenzie, Thos. Morris, Chas. Wimer, Harvey Wimer, Ed. Fuzenbaker and Wilford Wimer. Selections were read by Messrs. Arthur Murphy and Jas. McKenzie. A dialogue by James McKenzie, Susie McKenzie and Maggie Durst, and another by seven boys; then a newspaper was read by Miss Maggie Durst, all of which were well rendered, and interspersed with beautiful songs, reflected much credit upon both teacher and performers. Addresses were made by Messrs. Arthur Murphy and Perry Wimer; then an appeal followed from Mr. Lee, teacher, to the parents, to send their children to school. On Mr. Wimer's proposition the school wished Mr. Lee a merry Christmas, and tendered a vote of thanks to him for his faithfulness. The merry crowd then sang "Buelah Land," and dispersed, all feeling glad and rejoicing.

The school is being taught by Mr. Ephraim Lee, of Accident. Mr. L. came among us very highly recommended as a man and a teacher. He is proving himself worthy of all that has been said in his favor. All are delighted with him and the rapid progress of the children under his instruction. Our school is better than it has been at any time before, and far better than we expected it to be. Our school is yet in its infancy, but we have a splendid school building and a school that we are proud of. We are making rapid strides and will soon be able to compete with the older schools of the county.

Yours, respectfully,
MISNOMER.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of December:

Henry A. Bolyard and Sarah C. Streets.
Norman Bray and Annie King.
Isaac King and Julia A. Lee.
Granville Norris and Polly Maie.
C. L. Warnick and Rebecca Bever.
John W. Miller and Eliza A. Robeson.
Samuel Kessler and Jennie Grove.
French Helm and Mary P. Riggins.
Marlow Dunmore (colored) and Barbara E. Collins (colored).
Rufus M. Enlow and Annie L. Savage.
Edward Frantz and Mary Dunham.
Austin Brown and Theodocia Frazee.
And two with a request not to publish.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending January 5:

Susannah Schweikert and others to Peter Stephen, a piece of land in Garrett county; $375.

Manor M. & M. Co. to William Sharpless, part of a tract called "Potomac Manor," containing 26 acres and 16 perches, and another containing 82 acres and 54 perches; $250.

Frances McKinzie to Jacob Loar, part of Lots Nos. 2336 and 2337, containing 100 acres; $39.

Jacob Loar to John J. Loar, part of Lots Nos. 2336 and 2337, containing 00 acres; $59.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

Hurrah for the United States.

A party of young men travelling in Europe had among them a citizen of our great Republic who was so thoroughly patriotic that he could see no excellence in anything in the Old World as compared with his own country. Mountains, water-falls, churches, monuments, scenery, and all other objects of interest were inferior to what the United States could show. His companions became somewhat tired of his overweening boastfulness, and determined to "take him down a peg." The party spent a short time in Rome, and one evening, having all things prepared, they induced their friend to join a drinking bout, and so managed that they kept sober while he got gloriously drunk. Thereupon they took him into the catacombs, laid him carefully down, with a candle within reach, and retired a short distance out of sight to wait for developments. After a while their friend roused up, having slept off his drunken stupor, and, in a state of some astonishment, began endeavoring to locate himself, at the same time muttering: "Well—hic—this's little strange. Wonner—hic—where I am, anyway."

He got out his match, lighted his candle, and began to study his surroundings. On each side were shelves piled with grinning skulls, niches filled with skeletons, while all about were piled legs, arms, ribs and vertebræ, a ghastly array, and altogether new to him. He nodded to the skulls on one side with a drunken "How de do—hic?" and on the other with "How d'ye feel-hic—anyway?" took a look at his watch, and once more at his surroundings, got on his feet, took off his hat, and holding it above his head, remarked, loud enough for his friends to hear: "'S all right; 's—hic—all right. Morning of the resurrection, by jingo i—hic. First man on the ground—'rah for United States! First one here i 'Rah for me specially."

The Canada Liquor Traffic.

Certain prominent French Canadians of Montreal have taken a decidedly new departure. For some time past there has been a growing complaint that the liquor traffic of that city, which has always been large, out of all proportion to the size of the place, has been falling into the hands of men of the very worst character. To prevent this tendency the license system appears to have been thoroughly tried, but in vain. Despite what seems to have been the utmost vigilance of the authorities the drinking places of the city have not only constantly increased, but licenses have been granted to men who in many cases have made of their taverns restorts for thieves, outcasts, and men and women of the lowest character. To prevent these evils the English-speaking citizens of Montreal have long been working earnestly, but they had begun to despair of success when, now, suddenly, they are promised the best of aid from an unexpected quarter. Some of the most prominet of the French Canadians, a class which has never before been known to take a conspicuous part in such movements, has organized a powerful association, not so much for the suppression of the liquor trade as for the purpose of bringing it into the hands of respectable men. This association has asked the Excise Commissioners not in any case to grant a renewal of drinking saloon licenses until the 1st of March, it being believed that such action will give ample time for the investigation and discussion of all applicants. To aid in the work a general committee and sub-committees of the association have, with commendable boldness, undertaken the disagreeable task of aiding the police in making the necessary investigations. The movement is in every way a sensible one, and deserves the success with which it will doubtless be followed. —*N. Y. Times.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK,
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
JAMES H. BOWERS.

1 8 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

the Inducements and avail yourself of the opportunity now offered you to drive a good bargain.

DAILY & CO.

are now and will in the next few days sell off their entire stock of winter wraps, consisting of elaborately and

Beautifully Trimmed

DOLMANS, CLOAKS, &C.

Also Ladies'

Seal Skin Caps,

Ladies and children's

Furs,

at inconceivably low rates, Now is the time to buy. Do not fail to see them.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amanda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

ORDER NISI.

Jacob L. Hauser vs. Harriet Lantz, et. al.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 4th day of January, 1881, that the sale made and reported in the aforesaid cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees to Jacob L. Hauser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1881; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January, 1881.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,500.

W. H TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
1 8 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

INDIAN LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.

Courtship and Marriage of White Men to Dusky Maidens.

AMONG the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age she is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marry a white man, she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole care and his comfort her ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of the superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies on the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest. The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him and know if he can support not only her but also her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climate, and he must have a good lodge and at least half a dozen horses. If he be and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon. If the girl be especially pretty, her mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at $50, a horse at $20, and he must furnish material to bring the amount up to from $100 to $150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go, if not, he understands that he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother. She communicates the intelligence to the bride-elect, who dutifully sets upon preparing the lodge for the nuptials. Relatives and friends congregate, form a circle, pound a drum and have a feast, at the conclusion of which the man and girl stand up. A blanket is thrown over their heads, under which they exchange vows of fidelity, after which the mother blesses them and the ceremony is complete. But it fares badly with a man who plentifully stocks his wedding lodge. His wife will give away everything he gives her, and stores intended to last a month will disappear in an hour. He, if he be cautious, will give her barely enough to eat until he teaches economy, a lesson which once thoroughly learned she never forgets. For some little time after the wedding the newly-made relatives haunt the happy lodge, demanding that they be feasted and cared for. Woe unto him who accedes in the slightest. A firm refusal, well persevered in, is all that will save him a life of misery.

In Northern Montana and up through the northwest territory, on the Dominion side, is a whole nation of people who have sprung from such alliances. In the early days the French explorers who settled down had their two dusky wives unto themselves and lived and died in a plentitude of home comforts. Their offspring partook of the mercurial disposition of their fathers and the gregarious nature of their mothers. They live together and marry and intermarry, and though they have no notion of civilized life, they are far above the Indians in their habits and customs. They speak French, a little English and all the Indian dialects, love horses and whisky, have no ambition beyond the care of their families. They are the best plainsmen on the prairies, and in a fight will soundly whip any Indian band that does not outnumber them. The dread in which they are held by their more savage neighbors they have honestly earned, for, while they are not more brave in warfare than the Indian, they are more skillful and crafty. A peculiarity is the ugliness of the men and the rare beauty of some of the women. In color they are a light to a dark brown, with black eyes and straight hair. The complexion of the women is soft, fairer than that of the men, and the features are more regular and the expression pleasant. Leading a sort of nomadic life, traveling in carts and living in tents, they have no education, but in their address and bearing are cordial and courteous, and to a stranger on the prairie are hospitable and generous. They will brave any danger to see a horse-race, and are inveterate gamblers. As hunters they have no equal, and consequently are thoroughly hated, for where they are there is no game for others.

The progeny of the agency "squaw man," on the contrary, takes but little after his mother. A half-breed, like himself, he holds in contempt, shunning him as he would a snake, and seeking the companionship of the whites. Next to his kind, he hates an Indian, and his loftiest aspiration is to become an army scout. He drifts around the forts an idle, worthless vagabond, spurned by the savages and only tolerated by the palefaces. Ordinarily, he is treacherous and unreliable, the very opposite of his mother, who is all faith, or his father, who may have been true as steel. The mixture of blood does not appear to produce satisfactory results, though an occasional exceptional case turns up to make the deficiencies of the rest the more conspicuous. Whether these unfortunate offspring trace their natures to some peculiar condition founded on the mixture, or whether the Indian girl or the white man has degenerated since the day of French settler and early prairie maiden, is a matter of severe speculation.

According to prairie law, it is disreputable in a white man to abandon his dusky wife until she has grown too old to work for him. Then he may send her back to her tribe if he so elect. She may not desert the husband for another white man, but she may leave him for an Indian who wants to marry her, provided she have no children. If a squaw desires to abandon her husband, the Indian of her choice must pay back the price originally paid to her mother. He may abate no jot or tittle, and it is in such payment that the divorce is perfected. She then becomes a single woman, free to marry, but she can not live in the vicinity inhabited by her husband. She must move away with her new venture. Such divorces are not infrequent. It is a difficult thing for the squaw to perfectly adapt herself to her white husband. He may be of the kindliest disposition, but his ways are not her ways, and though she struggle with all her strength to draw closer to him and try to make her existence a part of his, she can not make him one of her kind, and she drifts away from him. The birth of children directs her thoughts into a new channel and lessens the chasm between them, but without them he has but little hope of keeping her to himself. Sooner or later she will find her affinity.—*Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Mariner's Tale.

"THIS sudden close of navigation is a bad thing on the vessels out," remarked an old sail-loft man yesterday, "but I don't expect our lake marine will ever see another such time as in 1843. I was sailing in the Albatross then, and within twenty-four hours Lake Huron froze six inches thick. On the morning of Nov. 10 it was as warm as June. Next day we were fast in the ice under the lee of an island, 100 miles from the main land."

"What was the name of that island?" asked a man who was chewing crackers behind the stove.

"Gentlemen," said the saloon-keeper, "this sail-loft man is a person of truth, and I hope there will be no further interruptions."

"There we were, fast as a rock, and the weather growing colder all the time," continued the narrator. "At the end of the next four days the ice around us was twenty-two inches thick."

"Who measured it?" queried an old man with a frost-bitten ear.

"Gentlemen, if there is any man here who doesn't believe that ice was twenty-two inches thick, out he goes!" exclaimed the saloonist, as he struck his fist down.

"At the end of five days we hadn't a scrap of provisions left. There were seven men of us, and starvation stared us in the face. We fried and ate our boot-legs, made soup of the Mate's fur hat, and scraped along for three or four days, and then we drew lots to see who should die. It fell on the cook."

"Was he a nigger?" asked the man over a barrel.

"Gentlemen, we must have order here!" shouted the owner of the place.

"I was selected to kill him," sadly continued the sail-loft man. "I put him to sleep with morphine and then sawed his head off. He lasted us just three days, and then we were as hungry as ever. The next man to go was a sailor from Chicago, but he had chewed plug-tobacco so long that it made us all sick. His name was Smith."

"First name, if you please?" queried a boy who was working next door.

"Young man, you go right out of here!" ordered the saloonist, and the boy had to obey.

"We next killed the Captain. Ah! he was fine eating, I tell you! He had used just enough brandy to season him clear through. We let him commit suicide by hanging. We ate the last of him on Christmas."

"With cranberry sauce?" asked a big deck-hand.

"What was they doing with cranberry sauce out there?" demanded the saloonist. "This is a true story, and I know it."

"Well, we kept drawing lots and eating each other up, and by the 1st of February I was the only one left. On the 2d of February I had eaten the last morsel of the last man, and was as hungry as a bear, when somebody hailed. I looked over the side and there was a farmer from the island half a mile away."

"Was the island inhabited?"

"It was, but we couldn't see the houses for the woods. There we'd been eating each other up for three months, with farms and plenty right under our noses! The farmer thought we might want a change, and he'd come out to offer us board at twelve shillings per week."

"And you went with him?"

"No. I saw signs of a break-up, and I didn't dare leave the schooner. The farmer was stout and fat, and I figured that he'd last me over a week. I therefore killed him and stuck by the craft. The ice began to break up that night, and in three days I was at Port Huron with more than half of the farmer left."

"Did you ever tell this story before?" asked a Captain who had listened without a word.

"Never."

"Will you tell it again for a glass of beer?"

"I will."

"Then go ahead. I believe three of that crew were with me in the old Mary Jones when we were cast away in the Pacific, and that they helped me eat a woman and three children. Please speak slowly and distinctly, and when you get to these men describe them as minutely as possibly."

When our reporter came away the sail-loft man had cleared his voice and begun:

"This sudden close of navigation is a bad thing on the vessels out."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. PUGH, the new United States Senator-elect from Alabama, is sixty-one years of age, and is known in the South as a man of exceptional ability. He was left an orphan when eleven years old, and while still a youth he carried a frontier mail two days in the week to earn money to pay his school expenses the rest of the time.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN has received a gift of the flint-lock pistol carried by Winfield Scott during the Mexican War

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Emperor of Germany is said to side very strongly with the Jews in the present agitation against them.

THE Nihilist organ, *Land and Liberty*, continues to be circulated in Russia. The editors of the *Golos* and St. Petersburg *Gazette* lately received two numbers, delivered by hand, and stamped with the cheerful seal of the Revolutionary Committee, consisting of a dagger, hatchet and revolver crossed.

WHILE riding out at Milan, recently, King Humbert passed a peasant driver who, at the moment, fell from his seat between his horses' feet and the wheels of his wagon. The King leaped from his horse and snatched the man from his perilous position, but not before the wheels had crushed him fatally. His family will be hereafter taken care of by the King.

GERMAN tramps so greatly abound in Switzerland, and have lately become such an intolerable nuisance, that the Federal Council have been constrained to apply to Prince Bismarck for a modification of the treaty which regulates the return of necessitous citizens of the two countries to their respective domiciles. To this request the Chancellor has lent a willing ear, and arrangements are being made whereby it is expected that the evil complained of will be greatly abated, if not entirely removed.

THE *Journal Officiel* says that in many districts of France they are now appointing the captains of the Wolf-hunting Brigade, in view of approaching winter. Although considerably shorn of its prestige, the office is not without its attractions. Formerly its incumbents had privileges of free chase in the State forests, but this is now confined to the right of boar and fox-hunting. They are compelled to maintain a staff of several assistants. The lieutenants wear a handsome uniform of blue cloth trimmed with velvet, high boots with silver spurs, and gold epaulets.

THE house of Rothschild has recently been reorganized with a capital of $10,000,000. The financial head of the house, and director in its larger operations, is Baron Alphonse Rothschild, who is also head of the house in Paris. He is a man of indefatigable industry, simple in habits, and proverbial as a pedestrian, one of his chief pleasures being a walk through the streets of Paris both before and after dinner. Baron Alphonse and Gustave and E. Rothschild each furnish a third of the capital. The registration of the deed of partnership cost $12,400.

THE Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, begins her day's work and amusement with a cup of cold chocolate taken at 7 o'clock. Then she goes to the stable to see her hunting pets; then receives her steward and makes arrangements as to presentations, interviews, etc. At 1 she takes a beefsteak and a couple of glasses of Hungarian wine, after which her lady-in-waiting tells her the news and reads to her paragraphs from divers newspapers. She dines at 6 and then dons her riding-habit and goes to the large circus which is connected by a covered passage with her private apartments. Here she mounts some mettlesome horse and trains him with wonderful skill and boldness. When some animal unusually wild and spirited is to be conquered, a few appreciative guests are invited to come and look on at the daring Empress's proceedings.

Curious Idol Worship In China.

A LETTER from Hangchow says: A curious display of idol worship is being nightly enacted not far from this city. It is not easy to determine to what sect it belongs, for, though held in a Taoist temple, no priest of either that or any other takes part in the ceremony. It is entirely carried out by the people themselves, and being in the seventh moon, when the names of the departed receive so much attention from their living relatives, it may be correct to consider it a part of ancestral worship. At the beginning of the moon proclamations were posted all over the city announcing the commencement of this strange ceremony, and calling on the people to come up and pay their taxes or duties to Yuh-whang Shung-ti, "lord of the world and savior of men," as they do to their earthly Emperor. Each night, from the 1st to the 15th of the seventh moon, this parody on royalty is carried out, and delegates from various districts bring strings of paper sycee, which is weighed with the greatest care, as if it were real silver, entered in the account books of an official, and at a proper time in the ceremony is sent up to the spirits, through fire. An idea of the quantity of paper money consumed may be formed from the price received for the ashes, which realizes a total for this half month at 16 cash an oz. of not less than $30.

The real business of the evening commences after dusk. The procession, which goes out of the village in order to return escorting the spirit of the Emperor, begins to form. Each man carries a lantern, with the name of his district or society painted on it. The main temple and all the lesser ones are brilliantly lighted up with rows of lanterns of red cloth, and some place large reflectors behind candles, the effect of which is very pleasing. Theatrical dresses of the most gorgeous colors, and heavy with gold lace, pass along in groups; boys dressed in red cloth and gold tinsel hats, men bearing swords, spears, and battle-axes, and bands of musicians, go to make up this unique procession. The center of all this is the Emperor's chair, carried by twelve bearers, containing his tablet; a man on each side, carrying large white feather fans, shield it from the public gaze, but waving to and fro as if fanning a living person.

After a long interval, the big drum gave forth a booming sound, and the idol Yuh-whang Shung-ti, wearing a most gorgeous dress, appeared and was placed on a raised platform, under a rich canopy. All immediately fell prostrate on the ground, and for a while silence reigned supreme; presently the master of ceremonies took his place, and the bearers of cards of those gods who, by their rank, are allowed to pay their respects to his Majesty (as officials are with the real Emperor) began to arrive. A few feet from the throne they knelt and respectfully presented their card, which was received by an official, who announced, in a loud voice, the name and rank of the sender, the court musicians playing on their instruments on the arrival of each fresh card, of which, that night, there were forty-eight.

A few devout worshipers were allowed to prostrate themselves in the royal presence, and toward midnight his Majesty proceeded to judge the evil spirits.

The Chinese consider all mad persons possessed by a demon, and their friends, in the hope that this will be cast out by the ordeal through which they have to pass at this court, gladly send them there, each patient paying $55. These unfortunates are locked up in the hell before mentioned as they arrive—sufficient in itself to almost upset the balance of a sound mind. An official approaches and reverently asks for the keys. The request is granted, and runners ordered to bring one of the evil spirits to be judged. They rush off with a yell to obey this order, and presently they are to be seen at the far end hurrying along one of these unfortunate people. In the midst of frightful yells, the flames of the immense pile of paper money making the whole court as light as day, this poor wretch is brought into his Majesty's presence. He was a tall, powerful man, his face pale though passive; but if his acts gave any clew to the state of his mind he was the only sensible person there, for he refused to kneel! The excitement became intense. The runners threw themselves upon him with fierce energy to force him to kneel, but he was strong enough to resist them all, and after a fruitless struggle he was hustled out of this brilliant scene, and again thrust into the dark infernal regions. Another was brought forth with the same demoniacal yells. He quietly knelt, and was at length pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be beaten on the ankles with the light bamboo. A straw figure was brought forth to represent him, and he was obliged to look on while it received the punishment.

A Romantic Story of the Far East.

SATKI KUMARA, the hero of a curious Hindustani story, preferred testing a damsel's capability before tying the knot. Master of a prosperous and profitable business, he came to the conclusion that a wife was wanted to complete his happiness, and determined to go in search of one. Adopting the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrying some rice bound up in his cloth, he started on his travels. Whenever he encountered a girl that pleased his eye he asked her to cook his rice for him. Some laughed at him, some reviled him, none seemed inclined to comply with his modest demand, and it seemed as if he would have to take his rice home uncooked. At length he reached Swira, where he beheld a beautiful girl, who, instead of ridiculing or abusing the strange traveler, relieved him of the rice and bade him be rested. Then the kindly maiden set about preparing the rice. First she steeped it in water, then dried it in the sun, and that accomplished, rubbed the grains gently on the ground, removing the bran without breaking the rice. Calling her nurse, she dispatched that worthy to sell the bran, and with the proceeds purchase an earthen boiler, two platters and some fuel. By the time this commission was executed the rice had been brayed in a mortar, winnowed and washed, and was ready to be put in the boiler with five times its bulk in water. As soon as it had swollen sufficiently the boiler was taken from the fire, the water cleared of the scum, and the boiler put back, and the rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook until she was satisfied it was properly done. By turning the boiler mouth downward she extinguished the fire, and, collecting the unconsumed fuel, dispatched the old woman to convert it into butter, curds, oil and tamarinds. This achieved, she told the enraptured Sakti Kumara to go and bathe, and not to omit rubbing himself with oil. Having obeyed orders, the wife-seeker was directed to seat himself upon a plank on the well-swept floor, on which were already laid a large plantain leaf and two platters. His charming hostess then brought him water in a perfumed jug, and administered two spoonfuls of well-seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to serving up the remainder of the rice mixed with spices, curds, butter, and milk, of which Sakti Kumara ate his fill, and then indulged in a siesta, with a mind at ease, knowing his quest was ended. As soon as he woke he asked the girl to become his wife, and she, being willing, the necessary ceremony was gone through without delay; and the supposed fortune-teller took his bride home, to astonish her as the Lord of Burleigh astonished his rustic love; but the Hindu lass was luckier than Tennyson's heroine, for we are assured that she lived long to worship her husband as a god, to pay the most assiduous attention to his household affairs, to superintend the regulation of the family coming in due course, and made her house such an abode of bliss that Sakti Kumara was well repaid for the trouble he had taken to get a good wife, and tasted in his well-ordered home the joys of paradise.—*Chambers's Journal.*

An Irish Gathering.

The crowd that gathers whenever a land meeting is held in Ireland seems strange enough to English eyes. As a correspondent of the Pall Mall *Gazette* pictures the scene, the old-fashioned tail-coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches, and gaiters, is sometimes descried, and reminds spectators of Irish melodrama. The number of women is singularly large. With bare feet and bare heads they stand for hours, even when the rain is pouring, listening eagerly to the speeches, and cheering every strong point. There is no marked prevalence of one type of feature or complexion. Auburn tresses float in the wind beside raven locks. When the rain batters down with exceptional severity, under the stimulus of a squall, the shawl is raised from the neck over the head, and comfort seems to be secured. There is little beauty, but a fair amount of comeliness and that softness and smoothness of skin nearly universally found in damp climates. The manners of the crowd are quite admirable; no loud talking or coarse joking or offensive laughter can be heard anywhere. Those who imagine that a Land League meeting is necessarily a scene of revolutionary frenzy and democratic orgie should attend one or two, and their fears will be dispelled.

Religious.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

Lord, by Thy counsel guide
My footsteps every day,
And take my trembling hand
In Thine, and lead the way;
So shall Thy presence light and cheer,
My pilgrim path through all the year.

The future is unseen
To every eye but Thine;
The road is all untried
To weary feet like mine;
I fain would leave it all with Thee:
Thou knowest what is best for me.

I travel not alone,
Through this bewildering maze,
The children of the King
Are with me all my days:
Let this my heart with strength endue,
Till glory breaks upon my view.

How soon will life be gone,
And all my years be past;
Oh may my work be done,
When Jesus comes at last,
To bid us lay the saudals down,
And take the everlasting crown.

Then through the coming year,
Thy counsel be my guide,
I bid adieu to anxious fear,
With Jesus at my side.
And all things needful promised here,
And Heaven and glory certain there.
—*Rev. W. Stott.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER, 1880.

Dec. 26—Lesson Selected by the School.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Jan. 2—Zacharias and Elizabeth.....Luke 1: 5-17
Jan. 9—The Song of Mary.....Luke 1: 46-45
Jan. 16—The Prophecy of Zacharias.....Luke 1: 67-79
Jan. 23—The Birth of Jesus.....Luke 2: 8-20
Jan. 30—Simeon and the Child Jesus.....Luke 2: 25-35
Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus.....Luke 2: 40-53
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist.....Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus.....Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick.....Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John.....Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom.....Luke 9: 1- 6

Speaking a Kind Word.

ON a Sixth avenue street-car, going down town, the conductor stopped for two little children to get off. They were nicely dressed, and evidently of a family that ought not to let children so small go on the cars unattended. If parents are unable to send some one with their little ones, they should keep them at home.

The conductor took them in charge, stepped off the car with them, and placed them safely on the sidewalk. His careful attention to the children struck me so pleasantly that, when he returned to his place and the car was again in motion, I said to him:

"It was very kind in you to take such good care of those children."

He did not know just how to take the remark, fearing that I was making light of it, and asked what I meant. I repeated it, and added that it was very pleasant to see him so considerate of children that were for a moment in his care. He was touched, and the tears actually moistened his eyes as he answered:

"Well, sir, I've been on these cars ten years, and that's the first kind word that was ever spoke to me."

I did not tell him it was rare for any one to have a chance. Yet it is very true that they, and all men in similar employments, are brought into collision daily with all sorts of people, and especially unreasonable men and women; their tempers are tried, and, being men of little culture, they easily give way to ill temper, and say and do what they ought not. They speak hastily, and get the reputation of being morose and brutal.

Yet there is not a set of men in the world who need more to be treated with forbearance, charity and kindness than these men on the car, omnibus and stage lines. Exposed to all weathers, worked early and late, with scant time to eat and to sleep, separated largely from social and domestic relations, tempted to indulge in strong drink, and rarely receiving religious instruction, it is not strange if they become worse than other laboring men. But some of them are sober, intelligent, Christian men, industrious, frugal and saving, with families well cared for, and for whom they have all the affection of the best of fathers. To speak roughly to such men is fearfully wrong.

But there are few men in any responsible business on whom a word of kindness is lost. It costs nothing to be not only civil, but polite. There is a difference in the meaning of *civil* and *polite*, although at the root they are nearly the same word. And the thought that the more cultured a man is the more unwilling he should be to let any other man excel him in politeness, will impel every thoughtful person to be kind, gentle and charitable to his equals and inferiors as well as to those whom he knows to be his superiors.

The conductor on whom I dropped a word of praise for well-doing was encouraged to do the same and more in the future. Probably he told his wife of it when he went home, after his long day of work was over. And they had a secret joy in the thought that a "well done" had been earned, and said by a stranger: Indeed a stranger, but one who had sympathy with a humble servant trying to be faithful in the "few things" given him to do. And if he and his wife read the Bible, as I hope they do, they will remember that kindness to the last, even to children and to strangers, is seen of the Great Master, and will not lose its reward in the day when He sits on His throne of judgment.—"*Irenæus*," *in N. Y. Observer.*

Lingering Around the Gate.

TO SOME this gate is honesty, to others it is temperance. To some it is a call to face society with a thin wardrobe, yet hold their self-respect; to others it is a conviction that they ought to live a Christian life. Yet it is a gate around which thousands linger and never pass through. There is a boy whose mother is very faithful in her counsel, and tender in her watchfulness. When he goes out, her heart goes with him. When he comes in, her eyes looks interrogation points at him. He loves his mother, and is happy in doing things to please her. But he does not keep out of the society of bad boys, and by the time he is of age, if he has not entered into the gate of good habits, only lingered around it, he is in great danger of becoming a bad man.

There is a young man of promise. He has good stuff in him. He ought to make a man of great usefulness in the world. He has stood at the gate of Temperance for years. Now with his hand on the latch; then stepping back to indulge his appetite. Oh, the possibilities of these days of indecision! Shall he enter and be saved, or go by with the great company of young men who have turned their feet into the way of intemperance? Ten years from now, when the mother of this young man, in her country home, shall hear of the ruined character of her boy, what agony of soul will be hers!

There is a middle-aged man, with a wife and children any man can be happy with. He has watched that gate for years, with the wrecks of men who have made home wretched, to warn him. He knows the Christian life is the only safe path. But he leaves piety to his wife, and the religious instruction of his children to the Sunday-school teacher, while he gives himself to worldly greed, and becomes a hard-listed, unscrupulous man. There is an old man. He has got so far away from the gate of Desire to be a Christian that God is not in his thoughts. Yet occasionally he looks back to linger in feeling. God has not lost His hold of the old sinner. May be when infirmity presses hard, and the grave is near, he will hear the sweet voice, within the gate of Eternal Love.

There is a great company around some of those gates. Men with many doubts, they would find easy to believe if they would only live right. There are some who have been trying *to* move the two posts of the gate—love to God and love to man. Some of them do not like the God-post. They are trying to get through by helping their fellow-men. Tho other class do not like the man-post to tho gate. They want to go through on a profession of religion. How many have come up to the gate, lingered around it, and wistfully looked through. What hopes and fears; what sighs, tears and regrets are piled up around this gate! What memories of grace, and faithfulness of Christian friends, cluster around this gate! How can the thousands of intemperate, of dishonest, of irreligious men and women be influenced to pass on through these gates? This is the great question for the Church to answer today. Who is sufficient for these things? —*Golden Rule.*

Masked Blessings.

VERY thick and opaque the mask sometimes appears. Hardly a trace of the real features is seen looking through it. The apostles, occasionally, were panic-struck by their richest blessings. They cry out in alarm at what seems to be a ghastly goblin of the deep, when the gladdening "It is I; be not afraid!" rebukes their fears and restores their courage. They draw back timidly from the offered hand of Saul, and soon find what loving lips they were that had breathed threatenings and slaughter. And we are often as blind and timid as they. For how often are the sorrows we dread the sweetest of all possible gifts of God! A good man begins to lose fortune and men commiserate him as "running down," while angels congratulate him as running up the shining way to the Gates of Pearl. You can never know the nature of what seems a calamity till it has spent its force and revealed its hidden use. In the canton of Bern, in the Swiss Oberland, rushes a mountain stream toward the valley as if it would carry destruction among the villages below. But, leaping from a sheer precipice of nearly nine hundred feet in height, it is caught in the clutch of the winds and sifted in fine, soft spray, whose benignant baptism covers the fields with perpetual green. Many a sorrow, Christian brother, may be such a torrent to you. It may refresh your withered graces. It may bedew you with meekness, patience, heavenly-mindedness. In the grand and glorious vocation of building, as Christ shall help you, a perfected Christian character, it may do what no dazzle of prosperity will ever effect. And when in the life to come your eyes open to see all things in their true values, you may cry in grateful ecstacy, "Thank God for my griefs and afflictions!"—*Advance.*

A Sermon Tested.

IF doubting hearers would put in practice the suggestion of the preacher their unbelief would often vanish, as in the following incident:

"I heard a sermon once from a venerable itinerant preacher, on benevolence. I thought the effort very lean, but one thing impressed me a little. 'Go,' said he, 'and do something after I have done preaching. Have to say when I come back, four weeks hence, that you have done something, and my word and God's word for it, you will be a better and happier man.' I knew a poor widow living on the edge of some woods about a mile from my home. Her husband had been dead two or three years, and with three helpless little girls she had a hard conflict with poverty. I had often spoken kindly to her, and thought my duty ended when the words were uttered; but when the sermon of the old white-headed preacher was done, the resolution was to go and do something. The next day I visited the cellar and measured out a bushel of potatoes, a bushel of apples and a variety of other things, and having put them into a wagon, started for the cottage of the widow. A load of wood for which I paid three dollars preceded me. An hour's drive brought both loads in front of the house, and when my explanation was given there were wet eyes and warmer hearts in the parties. The widow wept for joy, and the children joined in, while I finding my feelings too much for my strength, had to give way also to tears. The act was one that gave me a new spiritual start, and when the preacher came back I thought the discourse one of the most eloquent I had ever listened to. The change was in myself, not in him or his preaching."

A FASHIONABLE Galveston woman wanted to impress her husband with her housekeeping abilities; so, when the cook left, she went down into the kitchen and cooked breakfast, and she made an awful mess of it. They sat down to the table, and her husband noticed that she had a rag on her finger, so he asked what was the matter. "I burned it while frying the steak," she replied. "Well, any woman who would put such a breakfast as this on the table ought to be burned at the stake," replied the brute.

CALENDAR.

1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
Jan.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
Feb.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28					
Mar.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
Apr.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
May.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
June				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		

1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
July.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
Aug.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
Sep.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
Oct.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
Nov.			1	2	3	4	5
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	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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	27	28	29	30			
Dec.					1	2	3
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	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

HOME AND FARM.

POTS containing flowers should be washed as often as any mold or fungus growth appears.

STARCH PUDDING.—Four teacupfuls of milk, one teacupful of starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg; flavor with lemon. To be eaten cold with jelly, sugar and cream.

RED CABBAGE.—Cut a firm head of red cabbage in shreds; lay it in a saucepan, with the following ingredients: One gill of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and salt, half a saltspoonful pepper, two ounces butter, and two ounces sugar; stew it gently until tender, about one hour, shaking the pan to prevent burning.

TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES.—Wash the patches with a solution of common bicarbonate of soda and water several times during the day, for two days, or until the patches are removed, which will usually be in forty-eight hours. After the process, wash with some nice toilet soap, and the skin will be left nice, clean and free of patches. Lemon-juice is also good, rubbed on the skin.

As a general thing sheep in winter quarters are too much crowded, and thus when a portion of the flock are lying down the rest, being obliged to stand, frequently trample on their fellows through restlessness and fright. Give access to water twice a day if possible. Warm, roomy quarters in winter and plenty of water are important elements of success in sheep-raising.

COPPER wire and copper straps are often very convenient and of much use in repairing tools, doors, grates, and parts of buildings. Copper wire is about as easily handled as twine, and is more unyielding and durable. Its flexibility gives it great advantage over iron wire, and it does not rust. Copper straps for nailing are better than leather on one hand, and hoop iron on the other. Copper tacks are good for mending old harness, as they are easily clinched.

FRIED appies, when nicely prepared, make a very agreeable accompaniment to the morning meal. The following is a good way of cooking them: Juicy, thin-skinned, and not very sour apples are best. Slice them, leaving the skin on, and put them to fry in some suitable dish in which you have a little melted butter. Add a very little water as often as proves necessary to keep them from scorching. Stir them quite often, and when nearly done add a little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, if you choose.

MEAT PIE.—Line a baking-dish with a paste rolled a quarter of an inch thick, of any kind preferred; soda biscuit is a very convenient one and is sure to be light. Cook the meat tender, cut it in small pieces and fill the dish nearly full. Put in, if the meat is quite lean, a large piece of butter; if fat, less will do; pepper and salt it. Add of the water in which it was boiled as much as the dish will contain, dredge in considerable flour and cover it. Finish the edge with an extra roll, and cut small openings in the upper crust for the escape of the steam. Bake an hour; a very large one an hour and a half. Any kind of cold roast or boiled meat (except pork) makes a nice pie.

WHEN hogs are being fattened in pens there should always be two apartments, the one for feeding and the other for sleeping in. The one should be cleaned daily, and the other kept well littered with straw, and the straw removed as often as the nest becomes very dirty. When first penned, mix with the feed of each hog at least three or four times a week a teaspoonful of sulphur and half a teaspoonful of pulverized copperas. Feed regularly three times daily. A rubbing-post in the inclosure will be of advantage. Also place in a trough under shelter a mixture of rotten wood, pulverized charcoal, ashes and salt. These methods or an open range are indispensable to the good health of the herd.

SCRATCHES.—Wash the heels thoroughly with a lye made by dissolving one ounce of sal-soda in six quarts of hot water. When the lye becomes sufficiently cool soak off all the scabs and dirt without the aid of the finger-nails. Dry the heels carefully, but thoroughly, and be sure to remove all the lye therefrom. Apply a mixture composed of one drachm of crude carbolic acid dissolved in as little water as possible, then mix well with five ounces of glycerine. Keep the heels supple with this mixture by applying it three or four times daily. Do not wash or apply any water to the affected parts oftener than every second day; then soak off all scabs and dirt with a strong suds made with carbolic soap and warm water. Be sure to dry the parts well in the same manner as above described when the lye was used, at each washing with the carbolic soapsuds, and remove all soapy material before applying the glycerine and carbolic acid mixture. This treatment and cooling diet will eradicate the scratches.—*New York World.*

DUELING has become so thoroughly repulsive to public sentiment in South Carolina that a bill is before the Legislature to punish with death the slaying of an opponent in an affair of honor, and parties leaving the State to fight will be deemed guilty of misdemeanor.

THE DAIRY.

IT has been proved by many practical cattle feeders, that in feeding crushed corn or corn meal, it is much better to make the feed one part bran to two parts corn meal. This is especially the case with milk cows.

UTICA, N. Y., is the greatest interior cheese market in this country, the sales during the past season amounting to $2,805,573. Little Falls, in the same State, probably comes next, the sales there during the same period amounting to $1,714,863.82.

THE first necessity in setting milk for butter is perfect purity of place and surroundings, then there should be the following adjuncts: A moderate circulation of fresh and moisty air—with stagnant air the natural odor of fresh milk, which is disagreabie to some persons, cannot be removed; in dry air, the cream becomes of a leathery toughness and often produces specks in the bntter and always makes an inferior quality.

AN establishment in Chicago has been making for more than a year an imitation of butter from lard, by a secret process. A large and prosperous business has been done and considerable shipments have been made abroad. The manufacturers, who make no concealment of their business, except in the process of manufacture, claim that the bogus stuff is no worse than other products of pork. Restaurants and boarding houses are using it largely and other concerns are preparing to go into the business.

COLONEL CURTIS in the New York *Tribune* says it is a wrong notion that cattle must be kept in a barnyard all day, or a part of a day, to get exercise. How much exercise will they take during the entire day? Just enough to get from one pile of fodder to another, or to find if they can, a warm spot to stand on. If you don't believe this watch a cow and see. Fasten cattle in the stable so they can get up and down easily, and this is all the exercise they require. Yon see these cattle are fastened with a chain and they can move around freely and lick themselves and get up without straining. This is one reason why they are so healthy. Stancheons make more straining for them. He will not have them in his stable; he thinks they are cruel.

SOFT, white butter is caused by nneven temperature in the dairy and by the freezing of the cream or the milk, as well as by the food given to the oows. Some kinds of food will spoil the best cows as regards the quality of the butter, for the time being, and these should be discarded from the dairy. Potatoes, fed raw, have this effect, with the addition of a disagreeabie flavor; and buckwheat bran or meal has a very distinct effect in this way. A week's feeding of buckwheat bran will produce butter of the texture and color of lard. Bnt just here it is a question of management of the cream rather than of feeding that is to be considered. It is of importance that everything about a dairy should be regular and unchangeable. And in the care of the dairy, temperature is one of the essential conditions. If this is neglected and the cream is permitted to freeze, the butter will be white and soft. The color may be made right by the addition of coloring, but the soft texture will remain and the butter will lose its proper waxiness and become greasy, and this is beyond remedy. The cause must be prevented by providing some means of warming the dairy to keep the temperature even.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

Ropy Milk.

ROPY, bitter, or acid milk, the latter producing specks of curd in the butter, may be and are nsually, caused by ill-health in the cow, by which the condition of the blood is affected. The milk in its normal, healthful condition is slightly alkaiine; but when the blood is out of condition its alkalinity may be much increased, or the milk may be acid. In one case only, however, have I found ropy milk excessively alkaline; in every other case in which I have tested such milk, it has been distinctly acid and has sometimes showed, by the test of litmus paper, a high degree of acidity and has become very soon completely curdled; the long, fibrous clots placed under the microscope, appear simply as cnrd formed in the ducts and molded by them into the stringy pieces which pass through the teat into the milk. This ropy or stringy matter is easily dissolved in a solution of carbonate of soda or potash, and would therefore seem to be caused by acidity. The white specks which often appear in the butter are due to similar cause, and are merely particles of cnrd or cheesy matter which are formed in the milk and adhere to the cream and are carried up, and mingled with it, and so go with it into the churn. In this case they are only partially removed by the most careful washing and the butter is unavoidably injured by them.

The best remedy for all these troubles with the milk is to administer a free dose of salts, one pound of suiphate of soda (Giauber saits) or of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts,) being dissolved in warm water, by means of a common drenching horn; and after this has operated, a daiiy dose of one ounce of hyposuiphite of soda may be given with benefit, for two weeks, so as to effectually free the system from ail acidity. This salt is a most vaiuable medicine in the dairy on account of its antiseptic and alterative properties, and a pound or two of it may be beneficially kept for nse. It is readiiy taken when powered and sprinkled over a mess of scalded bran or some cut feed and it will be found useful in ail these cases of trouble with milk. The improper behavior of milk in the churn is due aitogether to the after management of the milk and requires special consideration. —*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Mrs. E. B. Crocker purchased a block of land in the city cemetry in Sacramento and has in course of erection a fine conservatory for tropical plants and choice flowers. The expense will be about $15,000 and, when completed, the poor will be supplied with flowers to decorate graves without charge.

—A cat makes people come to the scratch.

Getting Married in Germany.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikanner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen and bright yellow kid gloves had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen honrs old, and to be called Johannes Conrade Hermann Degenermeister. A servant-girl and her lover were waiting in one corner—she red and giggling, he erect, dignified and taciturn as a head-waiter—to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please teil me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth (*Gebertsschein*) signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism (*Taufschein*) should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports as the first step."

I carefnlly noted this, and he proceeded:

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the chnrch for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America and then two weeks more here and—— You do not, perhaps, exactly understand. and yet I hardly know how to explain. Bnt there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

—A gentieman saw an old Highlander one day fishing with a bent pin. He said to the man, "Fish will never be caught with that." "Ay, they will," the man replied, "if they'll only take it into their heads."

ELECTRIC BELLES—Female telegraph operators.

A MERCHANT from the interior recently bought a bill of goods in Galveston, bnt he wanted four months' credit. The Galveston merchant said that he would give him the same terms as he gave last summer, or three months' time. "Why, I reckon you would. Ain't the days ever so much shorter now than they were then?"—*Galveston News.*

A WRITER tells in the New York *Observer* this anecdote of the Rev. Dr. T. P. Wilson, of Philadelphia: In speaking of himself, in the pulpit, he always used the plural. His use of it on one occasion, I remember, was almost ludicrous. There was no air, and the doctor seemed scarcely able to get his breath. At intervals he would twitch with nervous excitement at the huge white cravat with which it was the fashion at that time to incase the throat, bnt in vain; he could get no relief. At length he stopped at the end of a sentence, and, in his quiet, low-toned manner, said: "The congregation will pleasc excuse us for a few minutes. Our wife has tied our cravat too tight this morning." So saying, he descended from his seat, and with a quiet composure which seemed almost to divest the transaction of its manifest incongruity, withdrew to a little room adjoining, where he had the troublesome articles adjusted to his satisfaction.

NEVER run up small debts. Creditors are like children—the smaller they are the more they cry.—*Wall Street Gazette.*

AFTER an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle round the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it.

IT often happens that the best appetite comes to a man when he has least to eat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LITTLE Jimmy is laid up with measles and suffers a great deal; but when he was asked how he liked the measles, he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week or two. That's how I like it."—*Galveston News.*

—When a fellow now wants to talk real nice slang he says: "O, file your ear and look pleasant."

[Des Moines Iowa State Register.]

Hon. S. H. Yoder's Position.

A representative man's opinion on other than political matters, is often of great use to his constituency. The Hon. S. H. Yoder, of Globe Mills, Pa., has thus recorded his opinion on a subject of popular interest. I have been selling St. Jacobs Oil for the last year. I have never heard a person speak of it, except as a splendid medicine, and as the great specific for rheumatic affections, whether inflammatory, acute or chronic, swellings, sores, sprains, burns, wounds, etc. I sell more St. Jacobs Oil than of any other kind of liniment, and it gives universal satisfaction. I will always keep it on hand. The farmers say, that for man and beast, they find nothing to equal it.

'Tis said that sound moves 743 miles per hour, but we would like to wager our reputation that the sound of the dinner-horn travels at a rate fifteen times as fast to the boy hoeing in the corn-field.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle.

Dangers to Iron Workers.

Messrs. R. Estabrook & Sons, City Iron Foundry, Boston, Mass., speak on this point as follows: Two or three of our men were badly burnt in working. They were, however, immediately cured by using that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. All our men are highly pleased with it, and we shall always recommend it to those afflicted with pains or rheumatism.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage? Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

The Omaha Weekly Bee.

Over fifteen thousand dollars in premiums given to the subscribers of the Omaha *Weekly Bee*. These premiums include one forty-acre farm; over $4,000 in farm machinery and implements; $3,000 worth of household goods, musical instruments and sewing machines; $7,000 worth of watches, silverware, books, etc. The *Weekly Bee* is the best paper west of the Mississippi, containing more far Western news, including the Rocky Mountain Territories and Pacific slope, than any other paper in America. Sample copies, with full premium list, mailed free to any applicant. Address DAILY BEE, Omaha, Neb.

I HAVE no knowledge of monetary affairs, save in the abstract, as the thief muttered while depleting the money drawer.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHAT is home without a majolica butter-dish and a gilt dado in the dining room?—*New Haven Register.*

Mrs. General Sherman

Says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism and in every instance it worked like magic." It will cure when everything else fails. Sold by all druggists. Write for 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

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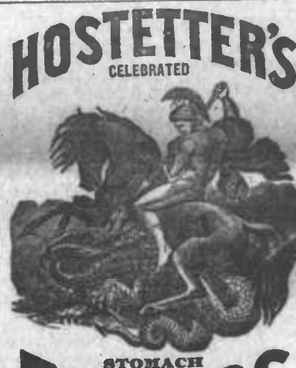

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CALENDAR.

1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday	Friday	Saturday.
Jan.	2	3	4	5	6	7	1
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
Feb.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28					
Mar.			1	2	3	4	5
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	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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Apr.						1	2
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May.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
June				1	2	3	4
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1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday	Friday	Saturday.
July.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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	31						
Aug.		1	2	3	4	5	6
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Sep.					1	2	3
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Oct.							1
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	30	31					
Nov.			1	2	3	4	5
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Dec.					1	2	3
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	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

HOME AND FARM.

POTS containing flowers should be washed as often as any mold or fungus growth appears.

STARCH PUDDING.—Four teacupfuls of milk, one teacupful of starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg; flavor with lemon. To be eaten cold with jelly, sugar and cream.

RED CABBAGE.—Cut a firm head of red cabbage in shreds; lay it in a saucepan, with the following ingredients: One gill of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and salt, half a saltspoonful pepper, two ounces butter, and two ounces sugar; stew it gently until tender, about one hour, shaking the pan to prevent burning.

TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES.—Wash the patches with a solution of common bicarbonate of soda and water several times during the day, for two days, or until the patches are removed, which will usually be in forty-eight hours. After the process, wash with some nice toilet soap, and the skin will be left nice, clean and free of patches. Lemon-juice is also good, rubbed on the skin.

AS a general thing sheep in winter quarters are too much crowded, and thus when a portion of the flock are lying down the rest, being obliged to stand, frequently trample on their fellows through restlessness and fright. Give access to water twice a day if possible. Warm, roomy quarters in winter and plenty of water are important elements of success in sheep-raising.

COPPER wire and copper straps are often very convenient and of much use in repairing tools, doors, grates, and parts of buildings. Copper wire is about as easily handled as twine, and is more unyielding and durable. Its flexibility gives it great advantage over iron wire, and it does not rust. Copper straps for nailing are better than leather on one hand, and hoop iron on the other. Copper tacks are good for mending old harness, as they are easily clinched.

FRIED apples, when nicely prepared, make a very agreeable accompaniment to the morning meal. The following is a good way of cooking them: Juicy, thin-skinned, and not very sour apples are best. Slice them, leaving the skin on, and put them to fry in some suitable dish in which you have a little melted butter. Add a very little water as often as proves necessary to keep them from scorching. Stir them quite often, and when nearly done add a little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, if you choose.

MEAT PIE.—Line a baking-dish with a paste rolled a quarter of an inch thick, of any kind preferred; soda biscuit is a very convenient one and is sure to be light. Cook the meat tender, cut it in small pieces and fill the dish nearly full. Put in, if the meat is quite lean, a large piece of butter; if fat, less will do; pepper and salt it. Add of the water in which it was boiled as much as the dish will contain, dredge in considerable flour and cover it. Finish the edge with an extra roll, and cut small openings in the upper crust for the escape of the steam. Bake an hour; a very large one an hour and a half. Any kind of cold roast or boiled meat (except pork) makes a nice pie.

WHEN hogs are being fattened in pens there should always be two apartments, the one for feeding and the other for sleeping in. The one should be cleaned daily, and the other kept well littered with straw, and the straw removed as often as the nest becomes very dirty. When first penned, mix with the feed of each hog at least three or four times a week a teaspoonful of sulphur and half a teaspoonful of pulverized copperas. Feed regularly three times daily. A rubbing-post in the inclosure will be of advantage. Also place in a trough under shelter a mixture of rotten wood, pulverized charcoal, ashes and salt. These methods or an open range are indispensable to the good health of the herd.

SCRATCHES.—Wash the heels thoroughly with a lye made by dissolving one ounce of sal-soda in six quarts of hot water. When the lye becomes sufficiently cool soak off all the scabs and dirt without the aid of the finger-nails. Dry the heels carefully, but thoroughly, and be sure to remove all the lye therefrom. Apply a mixture composed of one drachm of crude carbolic acid dissolved in as little water as possible, then mix well with five ounces of glycerine. Keep the heels supple with this mixture by applying it three or four times daily. Do not wash or apply any water to the affected parts oftener than every second day; then soak off all scabs and dirt with a strong suds made with carbolic soap and warm water. Be sure to dry the parts well in the same manner as above described when the lye was used, at each washing with the carbolic soapsuds, and remove all soapy material before applying the glycerine and carbolic acid mixture. This treatment and cooling diet will eradicate the scratches.—*New York World.*

DUELING has become so thoroughly repulsive to public sentiment in South Carolina that a bill is before the Legislature to punish with death the slaying of an opponent in an affair of honor, and parties leaving the State to fight will be deemed guilty of misdemeanor.

THE DAIRY.

IT has been proved by many practical cattle feeders, that in feeding crushed corn or corn meal, it is much better to make the feed one part bran to two parts corn meal. This is especially the case with milk cows.

UTICA, N. Y., is the greatest interior cheese market in this country, the sales during the past season amounting to $2,805,573. Little Falls, in the same State, probably comes next, the sales there during the same period amounting to $1,714,863.82.

THE first necessity in setting milk for butter is perfect purity of place and surroundings, then there should be the following adjuncts: A moderate circulation of fresh and moisty air—with stagnant air the natural odor of fresh milk, which is disagreable to some persons, cannot be removed; in dry air, the cream becomes of a leathery toughness and often produces specks in the butter and always makes an inferior quality.

AN establishment in Chicago has been making for more than a year an imitation of butter from lard, by a secret process. A large and prosperous business has been done and considerable shipments have been made abroad. The manufacturers, who make no concealment of their business, except in the process of manufacture, claim that the bogus stuff is no worse than other products of pork. Restaurants and boarding houses are using it largely and other concerns are preparing to go into the business.

COLONEL CURTIS in the New York *Tribune* says it is a wrong notion that cattle must be kept in a barnyard all day, or a part of a day, to get exercise. How much exercise will they take during the entire day? Just enough to get from one pile of fodder to another, or to find if they can, a warm spot to stand on. If you don't believe this watch a cow and see. Fasten cattle in the stable so they can get up and down easily, and this is all the exercise they require. You see these cattle are fastened with a chain and they can move around freely and lick themselves and get up without straining. This is one reason why they are so healthy. Stanchions make more straining for them. He will not have them in his stable; he thinks they are cruel.

SOFT, white butter is caused by uneven temperature in the dairy and by the freezing of the cream or the milk, as well as by the food given to the cows. Some kinds of food will spoil the best cows as regards the quality of the butter, for the time being, and these should be discarded from the dairy. Potatoes, fed raw, have this effect, with the addition of a disagreeable flavor; and buckwheat bran or meal has a very distinct effect in this way. A week's feeding of buckwheat bran will produce butter of the texture and color of lard. But just here it is a question of management of the cream rather than of feeding that is to be considered. It is of importance that everything about a dairy should be regular and unchangeable. And in the care of the dairy, temperature is one of the essential conditions. If this is neglected and the cream is permitted to freeze, the butter will be white and soft. The color may be made right by the addition of coloring, but the soft texture will remain and the butter will lose its proper waxiness and become greasy, and this is beyond remedy. The cause must be prevented by providing some means of warming the dairy to keep the temperature even.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

Ropy Milk.

ROPY, bitter, or acid milk, the latter producing specks of curd in the butter, may be and are usually, caused by ill-health in the cow, by which the condition of the blood is affected. The milk in its normal, healthful condition is slightly alkaline; but when the blood is out of condition its alkalinity may be much increased, or the milk may be acid. In one case only, however, have I found ropy milk excessively alkaline; in every other case in which I have tested such milk, it has been distinctly acid and has sometimes showed, by the test of litmus paper, a high degree of acidity and has become very soon completely curdled; the long, fibrous clots placed under the microscope, appear simply as curd formed in the ducts and molded by them into the stringy pieces which pass through the teat into the milk. This ropy or stringy matter is easily dissolved in a solution of carbonate of soda or potash, and would therefore seem to be caused by acidity. The white specks which often appear in the butter are due to similar cause, and are merely particles of curd or cheesy matter which are formed in the milk and adhere to the cream and are carried up, and mingled with it, and so go with it into the churn. In this case they are only partially removed by the most careful washing and the butter is unavoidably injured by them.

The best remedy for all these troubles with the milk is to administer a free dose of salts, one pound of sulphate of soda (Glauber salts) or of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts,) being dissolved in warm water, by means of a common drenching horn; and after this has operated, a daily dose of one ounce of hyposulphite of soda may be given with benefit, for two weeks, so as to effectually free the system from all acidity. This salt is a most valuable medicine in the dairy on account of its antiseptic and alterative properties, and a pound or two of it may be beneficially kept for use. It is readily taken when powered and sprinkled over a mess of scalded bran or some cut feed and it will be found useful in all these cases of trouble with milk. The improper behavior of milk in the churn is due altogether to the after management of the milk and requires special consideration. —*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Mrs. E. B. Crocker purchases a block of land in the city cemetry in Sacramento and has in course of erection a fine conservatory for tropical plants and choice flowers. The expense will be about $15,000 and, when completed, the poor will be supplied with flowers to decorate graves without charge.

—A cat makes people come to the scratch.

Getting Married in Germany.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikanner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen and bright yellow kid gloves had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen hours old, and to be called Johannes Conrade Hermann Degenermeister. A servant-girl and her lover were waiting in one corner—she red and giggling, he erect, dignified and taciturn as a head-waiter—to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth (*Gebertsschein*) signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism (*Taufschein*) should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded:

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America and then two weeks more here and—— You do not, perhaps, exactly understand. and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

—A gentleman saw an old Highlander one day fishing with a bent pin. He said to the man, "Fish will never be caught with that." "Ay, they will," the man replied, "if they'll only take it into their heads."

ELECTRIC BELLES—Female telegraph operators.

A MERCHANT from the interior recently bought a bill of goods in Galveston, but he wanted four months' credit. The Galveston merchant said that he would give him the same terms as he gave last summer, or three months' time. "Why, I reckon you would. Ain't the days ever so much shorter now than they were then?"—*Galveston News.*

A WRITER tells in the New York *Observer* this anecdote of the Rev. Dr. T. P. Wilson, of Philadelphia: In speaking of himself, in the pulpit, he always used the plural. His use of it on one occasion, I remember, was almost ludicrous. There was no air, and the doctor seemed scarcely able to get his breath. At intervals he would twitch with nervous excitement at the huge white cravat with which it was the fashion at that time to incase the throat, but in vain; he could get no relief. At length he stopped at the end of a sentence, and, in his quiet, low-toned manner, said: "The congregation will please excuse us for a few minutes. Our wife has tied our cravat too tight this morning." So saying, he descended from his seat, and with a quiet composure which seemed almost to divest the transaction of its manifest incongruity, withdrew to a little room adjoining, where he had the troublesome article adjusted to his satisfaction.

NEVER run up small debts. Creditors are like children—the smaller they are the more they cry.—*Wall Street Gazette.*

AFTER an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle round the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it.

IT often happens that the best appetite comes to a man when he has least to eat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LITTLE Jimmy is laid up with measles and suffers a great deal; but when he was asked how he liked the measles, he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week or two. That's how I like it."—*Galveston News.*

—When a fellow now wants to talk real nice slang he says: "O, file your ear and look pleasant."

[Des Moines Iowa State Register.]

Hon. S. H. Yoder's Position.

A representative man's opinion on other than political matters, is often of great use to his constituency. The Hon. S. H. Yoder, of Globe Mills, Pa., has thus recorded his opinion on a subject of popular interest. I have been selling St. Jacobs Oil for the last year. I have never heard a person speak of it, except as a splendid medicine, and as the great specific for rheumatic affections, whether inflammatory, acute or chronic, swellings, sores, sprains, burns, wounds, etc. I sell more St. Jacobs Oil than of any other kind of ointment, and it gives universal satisfaction. I will always keep it on hand. The farmers say, that for man and beast, they find nothing to equal it.

'TIS said that sound moves 743 miles per hour, but we would like to wager our reputation that the sound of the dinner-horn travels at a rate fifteen times as fast to the boy hoeing in the corn-field.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle.

Dangers to Iron Workers.

Messrs. R. Estabrook & Sons, City Iron Foundry, Boston, Mass., speak on this point as follows: Two or three of our men were badly burnt in working. They were, however, immediately cured by using that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. All our men are highly pleased with it, and we shall always recommend it to those afflicted with pains or rheumatism.

"CAN there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage! Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

The Omaha Weekly Bee.

Over fifteen thousand dollars in premiums given to the subscribers of the Omaha *Weekly Bee*. These premiums include one forty-acre farm; over $4,000 in farm machinery and implements; $3,000 worth of household goods, musical instruments and sewing machines; $7,000 worth of watches, silverware, books, etc. The *Weekly Bee* is the best paper west of the Mississippi; contains more far Western news, including the Rocky Mountain Territories and Pacific slope, than any other paper in America. Sample copies, with full premium list, mailed free to any applicant. Address DAILY BEE, Omaha, Neb.

I HAVE no knowledge of monetary affairs, save in the abstract, as the thief muttered while depleting the money drawer.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHAT is home without a majolica butter-dish and a gilt dado in the dining room?—*New Haven Register.*

Mrs. General Sherman

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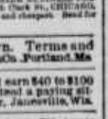

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CALENDAR.

1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
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1881.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
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HOME AND FARM.

POTS containing flowers should be washed as often as any mold or fungus growth appears.

STARCH PUDDING.—Four teacupfuls of milk, one teacupful of starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg; flavor with lemon. To be eaten cold with jelly, sugar and cream.

RED CABBAGE.—Cut a firm head of red cabbage in shreds; lay it in a saucepan, with the following ingredients: One gill of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and salt, half a saltspoonful pepper, two ounces butter, and two ounces sugar; stew it gently until tender, about one hour, shaking the pan to prevent burning.

TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES.—Wash the patches with a solution of common bicarbonate of soda and water several times during the day, for two days, or until the patches are removed, which will usually be in forty-eight hours. After the process, wash with some nice toilet soap, and the skin will be left nice, clean and free of patches. Lemon-juice is also good, rubbed on the skin.

As a general thing sheep in winter quarters are too much crowded, and thus when a portion of the fleck are lying down the rest, being obliged to stand, frequently trample on their fellows through restlessness and fright. Give access to water twice a day if possible. Warm, roomy quarters in winter and plenty of water are important elements of success in sheep-raising.

COPPER wire and copper straps are often very convenient and of much use in repairing tools, doors, grates, and parts of buildings. Copper wire is about as easily handled as twine, and is more unyielding and durable. Its flexibility gives it great advantage over iron wire, and it does not rust. Copper straps for nailing are better than leather on one hand, and hoop iron on the other. Copper tacks are good for mending old harness, as they are easily clinched.

FRIED apples, when nicely prepared, make a very agreeable accompaniment to the morning meal. The following is a good way of cooking them: Juicy, thin-skinned, and not very sour apples are best. Slice them, leaving the skin on, and put them to fry in some suitable dish in which you have a little melted butter. Add a very little water as often as proves necessary to keep them from scorching. Stir them quite often, and when nearly done add a little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, if you choose.

MEAT PIE.—Line a baking-dish with a paste rolled a quarter of an inch thick, of any kind preferred; soda biscuit is a very convenient one and is sure to be light. Cook the meat tender, cut it in small pieces and fill the dish nearly full. Put in, if the meat is quite lean, a large piece of butter; if fat, less will do; pepper and salt it. Add of the water in which it was boiled as much as the dish will contain, dredge in considerable flour and cover it. Finish the edge with an extra roll, and cut small openings in the upper crust for the escape of the steam. Bake an hour; a very large one an hour and a half. Any kind of cold roast or boiled meat (except pork) makes a nice pie.

WHEN hogs are being fattened in pens there should always be two apartments, the one for feeding and the other for sleeping in. The one should be cleaned daily, and the other kept well littered with straw, and the straw removed as often as the nest becomes very dirty. When first penned, mix with the feed of each hog at least three or four times a week a teaspoonful of sulphur and half a teaspoonful of pulverized copperas. Feed regularly three times daily. A rubbing-post in the inclosure will be of advantage. Also place in a trough under shelter a mixture of rotten wood, pulverized charcoal, ashes and salt. These methods or an open range are indispensable to the good health of the herd.

SCRATCHES.—Wash the heels thoroughly with a lyo made by dissolving one ounce of sal-soda in six quarts of hot water. When the lyo becomes sufficiently cool soak off all the scabs and dirt without the aid of the finger-nails. Dry the heels carefully, but thoroughly, and be sure to remove all the lye therefrom. Apply a mixture composed of one drachm of crudo carbolic acid dissolved in as little water as possible, then mix well with five ounces of glycerine. Keep the heels supple with this mixture by applying it three or four times daily. Do not wash or apply any water to the affected parts oftener than every second day; then soak off all scabs and dirt with a strong suds made with carbolic soap and warm water. Be sure to dry the parts well in the same manner as above described when the lye was used, at each washing with the carbolic soap-suds, and remove all soapy material before applying the glycerine and carbolic acid mixture. This treatment and cooling diet will eradicate the scratches.—*New York World.*

DUELING has become so thoroughly repulsive to public sentiment in South Carolina that a bill is before the Legislature to punish with death the slaying of an opponent in an affair of honor, and parties leaving the State to fight will be deemed guilty of misdemeanor.

THE DAIRY.

IT has been proved by many practical cattle feeders, that in feeding crushed corn or corn meal, it is much better to make the feed one part bran to two parts corn meal. This is especially the case with milk cows.

UTICA, N. Y., is the greatest interior cheese market in this country, the sales during the past season amounting to $2,805,573. Little Falls, in the same State, probably comes next, the sales there during the same period amounting to $1,714,863.82.

THE first necessity in setting milk for butter is perfect purity of place and surroundings, then there should be the following adjuncts: A moderate circulation of fresh and moisty air—with stagnant air the natural odor of fresh milk, which is disagreable to some persons, cannot be removed; in dry air, the cream becomes of a leathery toughness and often produces specks in the butter and always makes an inferior quality.

AN establishment in Chicago has been making for more than a year an imitation of butter from lard, by a secret process. A large and prosperous business has been done and considerable shipments have been made abroad. The manufacturers, who make no concealment of their business, except in the process of manufacture, claim that the bogus stuff is no worse than other products of pork. Restaurants and boarding houses are using it largely and other concerns are preparing to go into the business.

COLONEL CURTIS in the New York *Tribune* says it is a wrong notion that cattle must be kept in a barnyard all day, or a part of a day, to get exercise. How much exercise will they take during the entire day? Just enough to get from one pile of fodder to another, or to find if they can, a warm spot to stand on. If you don't believe this watch a cow and see. Fasten cattle in the stable so they can get up and down easily, and this is all the exercise they require. You see these cattle are fastened with a chain and they can move around freely and lick themselves and get up without straining. This is one reason why they are so healthy. Stanchions make more straining for them. He will not have them in his stable; he thinks they are cruel.

SOFT, white butter is caused by uneven temperature in the dairy and by the freezing of the cream or the milk, as well as by the food given to the cows. Some kinds of food will spoil the best cows as regards the quality of the butter, for the time being, and these should be discarded from the dairy. Potatoes, fed raw, have this effect, with the addition of a disagreeable flavor; and buckwheat bran or meal has a very distinct effect in this way. A week's feeding of buckwheat bran will produce butter of the texture and color of lard. But just here it is a question of management of the cream rather than of feeding that is to be considered. It is of importance that everything about a dairy should be regular and unchangeable. And in the care of the dairy, temperature is one of the essential conditions. If this is neglected and the cream is permitted to freeze, the butter will be white and soft. The color may be made right by the addition of coloring, but the soft texture will remain and the butter will lose its proper waxiness and become greasy, and this is beyond remedy. The cause must be prevented by providing some means of warming the dairy to keep the temperature even.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

Ropy Milk.

ROPY, bitter, or acid milk, the latter producing specks of curd in the butter, may be and are usually, caused by ill-health in the cow, by which the condition of the blood is affected. The milk in its normal, healthful condition is slightly alkaline; but when the blood is out of condition its alkalinity may be much increased, or the milk may be acid. In one case only, however, have I found ropy milk excessively alkaline; in every other case in which I have tested such milk, it has been distinctly acid and has sometimes showed, by the test of litmus paper, a high degree of acidity and has become very soon completely curdled; the long, fibrous clots placed under the microscope, appear simply as curd formed in the ducts and molded by them into the stringy pieces which pass through the teat into the milk. This ropy or stringy matter is easily dissolved in a solution of carbonate of soda or potash, and would therefore seem to be caused by acidity. The white specks which often appear in the butter are due to similar cause, and are merely particles of curd or cheesy matter which are formed in the milk and adhere to the cream and are carried up, and mingled with it, and so go with it into the churn. In this case they are only partially removed by the most careful washing and the butter is unavoidably injured by them.

The best remedy for all these troubles with the milk is to administer a free dose of salts, one pound of sulphate of soda (Glauber salts) or of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts,) being dissolved in warm water, by means of a common drenching horn; and after this has operated, a daily dose of one ounce of hyposulphite of soda may be given with benefit, for two weeks, so as to effectually free the system from all acidity. This salt is a most valuable medicine in the dairy on account of its antiseptic and alterative properties, and a pound or two of it may be beneficially kept for use. It is readily taken when powered and sprinkled over a mess of scalded bran or some cut feed and it will be found useful in all these cases of trouble with milk. The improper behavior of milk in the churn is due altogether to the after management of the milk and requires special consideration. —*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Mrs. E. B. Crocker purchased a block of land in the city cemetry in Sacramento and has in course of erection a fine conservatory for tropical plants and choice flowers. The expense will be about $15,000 and, when completed, the poor will be supplied with flowers to decorate graves without charge.

—A cat makes people come to the scratch.

Getting Married in Germany.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau *(Standes Amt)* to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikanner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen and bright yellow kid gloves had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen hours old, and to be called Johanues Conrade Hermann Degenermeister. A servant-girl and her lover were waiting in one corner—she red and giggling, he erect, dignified and taciturn as a head-waiter—to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth *(Gebertsschein)* signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism *(Taufschein)* should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded:

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans *[Aufgebot]* by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America and then two weeks more here and—— You do not, perhaps, exactly understand, and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

—A gentleman saw an old Highlander one day fishing with a bent pin. He said to the man, "Fish will never be caught with that." "Ay, they will," the man replied, "if they'll only take it into their heads."

ELECTRIC BELLES—Female telegraph operators.

A MERCHANT from the interior recently bought a bill of goods in Galveston, but he wanted four months' credit. The Galveston merchant said that he would give him the same terms as he gave last summer, or three months' time. "Why, I reckon you would. Ain't the days ever so much shorter now than they were then?"—*Galveston News.*

A WRITER tells in the New York *Observer* this anecdote of the Rev. Dr. T. P. Wilson, of Philadelphia: In speaking of himself, in the pulpit, he always used the plural. His use of it on one occasion, I remember, was almost ludicrous. There was no air, and the doctor seemed scarcely able to get his breath. At intervals he would twitch with nervous excitement at the huge white cravat with which it was the fashion at that time to incase the throat, but in vain; he could get no relief. At length he stopped at the end of a sentence, and, in his quiet, low-toned manner, said: "The congregation will please excuse us for a few minutes. Our wife has tied our cravat too tight this morning." So saying, he descended from his seat, and with a quiet composure which seemed almost to divest the transaction of its manifest incongruity, withdrew to a little room adjoining, where he had the troublesome article adjusted to his satisfaction.

NEVER run up small debts. Creditors are like children—the smaller they are the more they cry.—*Wall Street Gazette.*

AFTER an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle round the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it.

IT often happens that the best appetite comes to a man when he has least to eat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

LITTLE Jimmy is laid up with measles and suffers a great deal; but when he was asked how he liked the measles, he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week or two. That's how I like it."—*Galveston News.*

—When a fellow now wants to talk real nice slang he says: "O, file your ear and look pleasant."

[Des Moines Iowa State Register.]

Hon. S. H. Yoder's Position.

A representative man's opinion on other than political matters, is often of great use to his constituency. The Hon. S. H. Yoder, of Globe Mills, Pa., has thus recorded his opinion on a subject of popular interest. I have been selling St. Jacobs Oil for the last year. I have never heard a person speak of it, except as a splendid medicine, and as the great specific for rheumatic affections, whether inflammatory, acute or chronic, swellings, sores, sprains, burns, wounds, etc. I sell more St. Jacobs Oil than of any other kind of liniment, and it gives universal satisfaction. I will always keep it on hand. The farmers say, that for man and beast, they find nothing to equal it.

'TIS said that sound moves 743 miles per hour, but we would like to wager our reputation that the sound of the dinner-horn travels at a rate fifteen times as fast to the boy hoeing in the corn-field.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle.

Dangers to Iron Workers.

Messrs. R. Estabrook & Sons, City Iron Foundry, Boston, Mass., speak on this point as follows: Two or three of our men were badly burnt in working. They were, however, immediately cured by using that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. All our men are highly pleased with it, and we shall always recommend it to those afflicted with pains or rheumatism.

"CAN there be happiness where there is no love" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage? Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

The Omaha Weekly Bee.

Over fifteen thousand dollars in premiums given to the subscribers of the Omaha *Weekly Bee*. These premiums include one forty-acre farm; over $4,000 in farm machinery and implements; $3,000 worth of household goods, musical instruments and sewing machines; $7,000 worth of watches, silverware, books, etc. The *Weekly Bee* is the best paper west of the Mississippi; contains more far Western news, including the Rocky Mountain Territories and Pacific slope, than any other paper in America. Sample copies, with full premium list, mailed free to any applicant. Address DAILY BEE, Omaha, Neb.

I HAVE no knowledge of monetary affairs, save in the abstract, as the thief muttered while depleting the money drawer.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHAT is home without a majolica butter-dish and a gilt dado in the dining room?—*New Haven Register.*

Mrs. General Sherman

Says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism and in every instance it worked like magic." It will cure when everything else fails. Sold by all druggists. Write for 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

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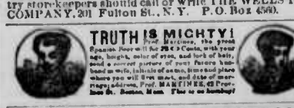

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DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 14th day of December, 1880.

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The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

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Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

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CASH or TRADE

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We offer you inducements which cannot fail to elicit your attention and secure your patronage.

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It changes no fabric to drive it through the great engines of the Assignee and Auction Room. I merely changes the price from the one who held on to his phantom theory of big profits and unlimited credit until the tidal wave of misfortune overshadowed him, to the other whose Rock Bottom quotations drive them like chaff before the wind.

We will sell you men's overcoats at $4 and $6, which cannot be duplicated for less than $6 to $10. Ladies' cloaks and dolmans, $3.50 to $10.00; worth $7 to $18; Russian Muscovite caps, 75 c, worth $1.25; Arctic turban, 75 c worth $1.50; Petersham cloth cap, 40c, worth 75; a hand embroidered 60 bone Gem corset for $1.10, worth $1.75. Also special bargains in ladies' and children's shoes.

Shawls, scarfs, ties, laces, trimmings, children's furs, table linen, towels, napkins, hosiery, men's and ladies' underwear, paper, envelopes, box paper, Christmas goods, accordeons and other articles which for lack of time and space we cannot mention. We will sell you envelopes 2 c pack; needles 2 c paper; lead pencils 12 c doz; rubber tipped, 20 c doz; "Nettle" corset 50 c; Falcon pens, 50 c gross; Esterbrook pens, 50 c gross; Hartman's engrossing do, 50 c; Colorado do, 40 c; school slates 5 c; spring balances, 15 c; 2 ft. rules, 15 c; cast steel shears, 15 c; spring pad locks, 20; hand saws, warranted, 75 c; shingling hatchets, 30; Rep. button, 5 c doz: 28&30 line white pearl button, 12½ c doz; 50 yds black silk spool 4 c spool; silk twist, 2 c spool; 100 yds blk silk spool 5 c.

A general assortment of Toilet soap, pocket and table cutlery, silver plated knives and forks, children's toys and Christmas books, chromos, oil paintings, cassimeres, dress goods, men's and boy's wear, &c., &c., all of which we submit to your careful and impartial examination.

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OAKLAND, MD.

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Your Brothers

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and Your Cousins,

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Also the place to buy a suit of clothes for $6 or one for $20.

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The place to buy nubias, fascinators, wool shawls or comforts for bed and neck.

The place to buy your raisins, currants, prunes and mince meat.

The place to buy your trunks, valises or straw cutters.

The place to buy your cooking stove or corn shellers.

The place to sell your butter and eggs.

The place to buy your clocks and carpets.

The place to buy your cross cut saws and shot guns, double and single breech loading.

The place to sell your Gensang.

The place to buy your pistols and fox traps.

The place to buy your sleigh bells and baking powder.

The place to buy your salt, sausage grinders and stuffers.

The place to sell your sheep skins.

The place to buy your clothes lines and sardines.

The place to sell your wheat, rye, oats and corn.

The place to buy a farm or steam saw mill or a mile of railroad—we have them all.

Its useless to enumerate the great variety that we carry in stock, as we are satisfied and it is universally conceded that we have the most complete and best appointed store in Garrett county. The goods have all been purchased at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,

FOR CASH,

saving the discounts, instead of paying interest. Therefore we can give to the close cash buyer advantages that but few can offer. Our clerks are polite and attentive; know nothing but square dealing; have been taught to appreciate the trade of the humble as well as that of the great. While our stock at present is greater and more varied than any other in town, we promise that

During the Holidays it Will be much more attractive,

Many fancy and useful articles being added.

We cordially invite one and all to give us a call. Remember the place. It's

OFFUTT'S.

You can see the sign a mile.

Dec. 18, 1880. tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veltch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt, and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lode. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881. NUMBER 47.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

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M. CHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHAFER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower Just-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 9 8 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1881.

PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The hour foretold by the angel in the temple has come, and the aged Elisabeth presses her child to her bosom, while her friends present their congratulations to her as a mother in Israel. During months of waiting Zacharias has sat in silence, unable to speak or hear, as the penalty of doubting the angel's word, but when the infant receives its name, "John, the gift of God," the lost power returns, and with unloosed tongue the father gives thanks to God. Around the birth of Judah the glad news is borne, and a wondrous future is expected from this child of prophecy. The inspiration which has rested upon Mary and Elizabeth seizes Zacharias in turn, and he, too, pours out a strain of exultant song. His joy over his own child is forgotten in the thought of the coming One, of whom that child is the destined herald and forerunner. Overborne by the divine power, he pictures the redemption which is to lift up God's Israel from the dust, in glowing sentences whose fulness of meaning he did not himself comprehend, and whose complete fulfillment is reserved to the day when the kingdoms of this world shall bow before the scepter of Christ Jesus.

Luke I. 67-79.

Memory Verses. 76-79.

67 And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying,

68 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

69 And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David;

70 As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

71 That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

72 To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

73 The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

74 That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

75 In holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life.

76 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

77 To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins,

78 Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us,

79 To give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

HOME READINGS.

M. The prophecy of Zacharias. Luke 1. 67-79.

Tu. The birth of John the Baptist. Luke 1. 57-66.

W. The prophet Elijah. 1 Kings 18. 20-39.

Th. Isaiah's prediction of John. Isa. 40. 1-11.

F. Malachi's prediction of John. Mal. 4. 1-6.

S. Declaration of John the Baptist. John 1. 6-23.

S. Christ's declaration concerning John Matt. 11. 2-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Dayspring from on high hath visited us. Luke 1. 78.

LESSON HYMN. 8, 7. D.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come, and manifest thy favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

TIME.—B. C. 6, or six months before the birth of Christ.

LINES.—1. Mary's return to Nazareth. Luke 1. 56. 2. The birth and naming of John the Baptist. Luke 1. 57-66.

PLACE.—Probably Juttah, a village in the hill country of Judea, not far from Hebron.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The faithfulness of God.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. THE REDEEMER, v. 67-75.
Who was Zacharias?
What had happened to him? v. 20.
When was his tongue loosed?
How did this event show a divine influence?
What inspired this song of Zacharias?
What reflections of the future does it contain?
What is its most prominent theme?
What does it show concerning the Redeemer?
What is meant by "an horn of salvation?
How was this through the house of David?
What prophets are here referred to? Gen. 49. 10; Jer. 23. 5, 6.
What covenant is here mentioned? Gen. 22 16, 17.
What was the character of that covenant?
What kind of service is here described?

2. THE FORERUNNER, v. 76-79.
What forerunner is here referred to?
What was the mission of John?
What prophecy did he fulfill? Isa. 40. 3.
What is meant by the remission of sins?
How may we obtain remission? Acts. 5. 31.
What motive for salvation is named in v. 78?
By what name is Christ called in the GOLDEN TEXT?
How does this name apply to Christ? 2 Cor. 4. 6.
What privileges of salvation are named in v. 79?
In What respects is the gospel a way of peace?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are the teaching of this lesson—1. Concerning the promise of God? 2. Concerning the means of salvation? 3. Concerning the privileges of salvation?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. Christ saves us from sin and its penalty, by purchasing redemption for us v. 68.

2. Christ saves us from the power of our foes, especially from Satan, the enemy of our souls. v. 71.

3. Christ saves us from fear, by the glad consciousness that we are sons of God. v. 74.

4. Christ saves us from slavery, by the freedom of his service. v. 74.

5. Christ saves us from iniquity, by giving us power to live righteous lives. v. 75.

A Memorable Year.

The year 1880 has been one of enormous business, of great advancement in industry and the arts, of remarkable general prosperity, and of signal triumph, both here and in Europe, of those political principles which promote the prosperity of nations. In this country the crops have been extraordinary; in Europe generally good, excepting in Russia and in Ireland. Throughout the Western World there has been an increase in commerce and expansion of industry, in comparison with the year 1879; but America has enjoyed a larger share of the improvement than Europe, and the United States a larger share than any other part of America.

The splendid triumph of public virtue and of free institutions, in the late Presidential election, was in part due to the prosperity which the country has enjoyed since resumption of specie payments. That triumph makes the year 1880 memorable in the history of this country. It will prove, let us hope on the threshold of a new year, the beginning of a new era in the politics of the United States. With 1880, the controversies and the sectional divisions which the civil war has left behind ought to be forever terminated. There ought henceforth to be no question as to the maintenance of equal rights for all, or public faith, or a sound currency, nor any question as to the supremacy of the National Government. In other words, there ought henceforth to be no Solid South, united in resistance to just National laws, in opposition to equality of civil and political rights, and in hostility to the strictest maintenance of public faith. When the people of the South turn their attention to their own true interests, and govern their political action, not by the passions and prejudices inherited from a dead past, but by an intelligent desire for their own welfare, in harmony with National justice, honor and prosperity, then the fruits of the war and of the great victory of 1880 will be gathered, and sectional divisions will vanish from the land. This ought to be the work of the year 1881. Before the new year ends, this country ought to rejoice in the certainty that a new South has arisen to assert its legitimate and patriotic aims, and to vie with the North in maintaining the honor and promoting the prosperity of the Nation.

Enough is already known of the commerce and industry of 1880 to assure us that it has no rival among all the years of our past history as a Nation. A larger crop of wheat than ever before has been harvested, and partly delivered to consumers. The crop of other grains, and of cotton, will also prove extraordinarily large. The production of iron during the year 1880 has doubtless been larger than that of any previous year, and the results of that great manufacture in all its branches have been on the whole most satisfactory to many capitalists and to thousands of workers. The manufacture of textile fabrics has made great progress during the past year, notwithstanding some periods of embarrassment on account of the condition of markets for materials or products. It will probably be found that more yards of cloth have been made in this country in 1880 than in any previous year of our history, and that the aggregate profits have been such as to encourage still greater expansion of industries hereafter. In nearly all branches of manufacture and trade the record has been much the same; unprecedented production and traffic, with fair wages for labor profits for capital. During much of the year the course of prices was such that labor secured the lion's share of the gains, and there probably has never been another year in which the aggregate wages of labor were as large, in proportion to the cost of living for laborers and those dependent on them, as in the year 1880. The profits of trade and manufacture were at no time extraordinarily large, and during part of the year very narrow, and yet the net result for the year has probably been a fair return for enterprise and capital in the large majority of cases, because the transactions of the year were so enormous.

Of the magnitude of these transactions some idea may be formed from the fact that the payments made in one room in this city during the year 1880, were $40,526,939,516, of which $38,957,025,551 were effected by exchanges, and the remainder—about 4 per cent—by cash payment of balances daily. Through the Clearing-House of New York a large portion of the commerce of the country effects its settlements; but the exchanges at other cities, though not yet accurately known will probably exceed $12,000,000,000 more. A portion of the payments at New York—perhaps one quarter—and a much smaller portion in other cities, represent dealings in securities. But the volume of other transactions will undoubtedly exceed by more than one-third those of any previous year in the history of the country.

Looking back upon the vast transactions of the year that has closed, everyone instinctively asks whether the apparent prosperity may not prove hollow and unreal; whether similar progress and prosperity can be reasonably expected in the new year upon which we enter to-day. Unquestionably there is great danger of reaction in those branches of business in which speculation has been most violent. For weeks, sober observers have deemed a reaction probable in the stock markets. But in all legitimate business the prosperity of the country is real. Its industry and trade stand on a more solid basis than ever before, and owe comparatively little of their recent expansion to speculative excitement. There is reason to look for a solid prosperity in 1881, and strong confidence may go with the hearty wish that the people of these United States may find it a Happy New Year.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Rising Hope of a More Perfect Union.

At a recent dinner of the New England Society of the city of New York, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley made the following remarks on this topic:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—Since I took my seat at this table I have heard of this toast assigned to myself with this most apt quotation from the divine Shakespeare. I wish I had a week in which to prepare and an hour in which to speak, for it takes time to make a short speech—or to prepare on. It is a serious subject, and there are none in this land who join more heartily in the sentiment expressed by your chairman than the two great soldiers at this table who have done most in the great war. I would rather my speech could be made to the South itself. I wish I had a voice like Gen. Grant's that was heard by a million of men from the Atlantic to the Mississippi river, from Pennsylvania to the Gulf. I should be glad to assure them that throughout all this great North, loyal to the Union, there is not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, nor has there ever been, a man who wished them ill. [Applause.] It required three years for the people of the North to get mad in the war. They were like a great brother holding a younger and unruly brother who persisted in disturbing the household. I am not of those who are impatient at the results of that war. I believe that there was never a civil strife that subsided so quickly, that gave less of evil results within fifteen years of its conclusion, and history will find an easy explanation, if not apology, for them. Slavery is gone from us forever, thank God! Of course it is gone; but we must remember that the character slavery was 200 years in building is yet with us; that from their very cradles the children were accustomed to crack the whip over the children about them; that they grew up with a spirit of domination; that they grew up with the belief that one class of men were made by the Almighty to rule another; that they grew up with the natural belief that they were the predestined rulers of the republic. All this remains with them, and is the foundation of their political movements. You cannot expect that a people educated by slavery for 200 years shall adopt the doctrines of equality and justice and fair play to all men that we have been taught in New England. I dream of the great future. A future beyond the dreams of orators and poets. We were 38,500,000 10 years ago. We are 50,000,000 now. We shall be 65,000,000 in 1890, and we shall be over 90,000,000 in 1900. We are driving within ourselves every year half a million, more or less, of the people of all races, of all lands, of all religions, of all kinds of political education. The past laid before the American politician and statesman is greater than that placed in the hands of any man of any land and of any age; and I have the most abundant faith that this creed of the forefathers, this belief and these doctrines of the Puritan forefathers will govern all these ninety millions, these one hundred and twenty millions, that are to rule on this continent, and that the small fraction of the land that inherits the traditions of slavery and extreme state rights will be merged in, completely absorbed in, digested and assimilated by, all the great mass devoted to the pure doctrines of genuine Republicanism. I would have patience with them. I would borrow something of the Divine patience, and while we are willing to wait for the influences of the church and school house I would nevertheless resolutely, without an hour or second of faltering, hold to the doctrines for which we waged that great contest. I have full confidence of the grand and perfect victory. During the four years of our great struggle, many and many a time I saw the men brought in from the rebel ranks and welcomed by our boys.

History tells, and will always tell, with what magnificent charity the great general before us received the surrendered forces at Appomattox. You will remember the boundless generosity with which our men, almost starving themselves, opened their haversacks, you will remember how that general told them to go home and take their horses with them, to go to their farms and there remain quietly, obeying the laws of the country. It was my experience; it was my fortune, as one of the subordinated in that great army, to receive at Wilmington, North Carolina, 10,000 of our prisoners from Macon and Andersonville, and the pens and jails of the South—10,000 of them, of whom 3,000 were committed immediately to hospital beds. They were welcomed, and amid all the welcomes and the rejoicing, the tears and the thanksgiving to Almighty God, I heard nowhere angry words of bitterness against those men whose captives they had been. And the people of this great land who believe in the flag of the Union and liberty and justice and equality, seeking for the right, doing the right as God gives them to see the right, with charity to all and with malice toward none, ask nothing of all those men but a submission to those doctrines of justice and liberty and equality. [Loud applause.]

Severe Winters.

Very cold winters have their advantages, which are not always considered by those who are most sensible of their hardships. The severeties and calamities brought by a cold snap when the mercury goes down to zero all understand. For many people a cold snap is like an epidemic. The well-to-do, who have warm houses, warm clothing, warm beds, rich and nourishing food, do not understand what suffering a cold snap brings to those whose houses are ill-built, whose hearths are fireless, whose clothing is insufficient, who sleep under scanty covering and awake gnawed with hunger. Those who in good weather barely keep alive, perish when the extreme weather comes. The weekly health reports show an increased mortality following on a cold spell, just as they do in a pestilence. Severe cold is, indeed, the deadliest of evils. Deaths do not follow immediately, but the death-blow is given, and the sufferer may only linger on for a few weeks.

But while severe weather is destructive of human life, it is also destructive of many of the enemies of life. The germs of many diseases linger through mild winters to begin anew their work in the early summer. A heavy frost, a snow that lies and mercury low down in the thermometer, kill the spores of disease and make the following summer more healthy. There is a satisfaction in the thought that a cold snap is a preserver as well as a destroyer of human life. Severe winters, while they sometimes injure food supplies, also indirectly increase them. Game often perishes in long spells of severe weather, when pastures are covered by snow and bitter cold leaves the venison, the partridge and pheasants without food or shelter. Flowers, shrubbery and sometimes forest trees are killed by cold. In the present winter the oranges of Florida have been frozen on the trees, and it is even feared that the trees are killed; but, on the other hand, when the snow covers the land like a great white blanket, the seeds in the ground or the young plants are kept warm. Wheat is never "winter killed" while the snow covers it. Moreover, the snow is the great fertilizer. It does not, like rain, run off in disastrous freshets, but melts slowly, carrying its nourishing elements down into the ground, filling the springs and the brooks that run through the pastures. The statistics running over a long number of years show that winters of heavy snow have been followed by summers of bounteous harvests.—*Baltimore American.*

Gen. Nathan Goff Appointed Secretary of the Navy.

WASHINGTON, January 6.—The President, in his appointment of a Secretary of the Navy to succeed Secretary Thompson, has put political prophets to blush. The name of Nathaniel Goff, of West Virginia, was never mentioned by those who [illegible] the President's thoughts and movements in this direction. Though the term of office of this cabinet minister under President Hayes' administration will be short, the appointment is, nevertheless considered as significant, particularly as it was first believed that General Garfield's wishes would be considered by the President in making the nomination. Mr. Goff is an active and prominent Republican of West Virginia. He was the Republican candidate against Gov. Matthews in 1878, and ran very close to the successful candidate. He was also for twelve years United States district attorney for his State. What, however, gives special significance to his nomination is that Goff was one of the most pronounced and active supporters of Senator Blaine's nomination, and that it was he who headed the Blaine delegation from his State to the National Republican convention. Immediately after the Senate went into executive session. This afternoon Senator Blaine moved to take up Mr. Goff's nomination, and then asked for its immediate confirmation. No objection was made, and Mr. Goff was declared unanimously confirmed. The Senators all consider this a Blaine appointment, and knowing the relations existing between the Maine Senator and the appointee, they did not hesitate to confirm the appointment without debate or reference. Speaking of the appointment after the adjournment to-day, a prominent Senator remarked that Sen. Blaine whatever position he may occupy after March 4th, will show that he will not forget what he owes to his friends who for him bore the brunt of the contest for the Presidential nomination. Taken in connection with the anti-Conkling nominations sent to the Senate by the President before the Holiday recess, this appointment of one of the warmest friends of the generally conceded future Secretary of State is considered one of the straws which indicate the policy of the next administration. At any rate the political weathercocks are puzzled. Mr. Goff, was present at the Fifth Avenue Hotel conference, attended by Presidents elect Garfield, previous to the presidential campaign. The new secretary was here last week, and it is understood advocated the claims of Gen. Wickham for the place. He enters upon his duties at the Navy Department next week.

The appointment is the leading topic of conversation to-night. It has strengthened the belief that Senator Blaine will be one of the leading spirits of the next administration, and there is good authority for such belief. It is stated on the highest authority that General Goff will hold this position under the Garfield administration, and that the appointment was made with the latter's advice. It is known that Senator Blaine supported General Goff's claim for the position. Both of the West Virginia Senators, who are Democrats, speak in the highest terms of the new Secretary, and say that his appointment will give great satisfaction to all classes of people of that State. Benjamin Wilson, a Democrat, who defeated Goff for Congress, also speaks in the highest terms of him, and adds that no appointment could be received with greater gratification by his people. General Goff is about forty years of age, and served with distinction in the Union army during the late war, retiring as brigadier general.

President Hayes' place in history is giving the Democratic editors just now a good deal of worry. They need not keep themselves awake nights brooding over that question. History will do justice to Mr. Hayes and assign him a niche higher than that occupied by any President elected by the Democrats for the past forty years.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ODE—TO A BABY.

SWEET kid! I gaze upon thee with a sense
Of wonder. It is hard to understand
How thou can'st be so small. See how immense
Appears my fist beside thy little hand!
And yet that little hand is far from weak.
Thou get'st it in my hair and giv'st a yank,
With pain and agony I almost shriek;
Thy mother laughs and you enjoy the prank,
Thy conversation is not marked by wit,
Yet at the table thou from all dost get
Attention close. And those who near thee sit
Are all prepared to jump when you upset
A glass or o'erturn the cream.
Not only at the table do folks take
Great notice of thee. All policemen seem
Much interested in thee; talk they make
With the fair maid who dost thy car propel;
So rapt do they become she drops her hold
Upon the carriage handle. Need I tell,
The carriage starts; adown the hill you're rolled?
The maiden screams, the officer pursues.
Useless! Into a fat man with a bump
Your carriage rolls. It gives that man the blues,
For you and he are mixed in one grand dump.
Thou art picked up and to thy home conveyed;
Nor aught of the catastrophe is said,
The night comes on and thou in bed art laid,
And now I gaze upon thee in the dead
Of night, ere I myself do drop to sleep,
Good night, dear baby. Welcome slumber—zounds!
What's this I hear? My flesh begins to creep.
The child is waking. Well I know those sounds.
I must get up and walk with thee an hour.
I'd rather sleep, but thy sweet will is law.
You've got a voice of forty tog-horn power.
Oh, drat your pelt, why can't you hold your jaw!

—*Boston Post.*

DR. JEX'S PREDICAMENT.

IT was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Cruikshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that scene with the spirited vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—that pleasant land of blue-grass, and tobacco, and fine stock, and white-teethed girls. Mabel, my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment and a little-roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice-cream every day, a charming baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle Brimmer added himself thereto—a very ponderous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her young husband would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Mississippi to Kentucky, with his things tied up in a meal-sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you, Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment.

"Lor', honey, you kin jes' tuck me aroun' *any whar*. I don't take up no room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the big brown gray-whiskered old negro, whose proportions were those of a Hercules, and shook her head. "You are not a Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."

"No, ma'am," said he, submissively, "but I've got his *speril*. Couldn't I sleep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

"No, indeed," cried our young housekeeper; "I put my foot down on anybody sleeping in the kitchen.

Aunt Patsey, the cook, stood by, balancing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and, indeed, she afterward acknowledged that she thought Uncle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet." Those feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-year-old daughter, Nancy Palmira Kate—called Nanky Pal for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsey, who was fat and scant o' breath, thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the South.

"Dar's de lof', Miss Mabel," she suggested.

"It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof' 'cep' de 'taters, an' de peppers, an' de dried apples, an' some strings o' terbacker, an' de broken plow, an' some odds an' ends o' de chillen's, an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor', dar ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof'."

"He can't get in at the window," said Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.

The kitchen was a small log-cabin some distance from the house—"in good hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsy. Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded with the miscellaneous articles enumerated. The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted one, through a little window, no larger, I am sure, than that of a railway coach, into this storehouse of treasures. Nanky Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small aperture. But Uncle Brimmer!

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, squinting up one eye, as he took off his coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he cautiously went up the ladder; and after an exciting moment he pushed himself through the window, and turning smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became the mainstay of the family. Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich eating all he could find in cupboards or highways; grimly playing hobgoblin for baby; gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls thee with a smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapeless, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry-tree, singing,

"Wish I wass in Tennessee,
A-settin' in my cheer,
Jug o' whisky by my side,
An' arms aroun' my dear!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion, of life?

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. He lived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a great bay horse, with a pair of saddle-bags hanging like Gilpin's bottles, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tail horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was as pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice! What a treasure it would have been could he have let it out to masqueraders! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of a man, or whether, like reading and writing, it "came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and soprano. No even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand, with, "GOOD MORNING, *Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope* THE BABY HAS NOT HAD *an attack?*"

I popped into the dining-room to giggle, but little well-bred Mabel did not even smile.

The Doctor offered to see him at once. Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to this moment I warrant it had not struck her as anything out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at his patient. But as she looked at him, speechless, spotless, gloved, scented, curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a sense of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and my hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious under-rigging that he wore. Long, red, and ragged, it "flaunted in the breeze" as picturesquely as the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, Doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there;" and she waved her lily hand.

"An' you'll have ter clime de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little Doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"AS A BOY I HAVE CLIMBED *trees, and* THINK I CAN ASCEND A *ladder as a man;*" and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, giving him the look of a snail half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, Doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "'Tain't no place for you up here. An' here's my tongue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The Doctor settled himself on a rung of the ladder, quite willing to be met half way. Professional inquiries began, when—

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel; "what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again—

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmons's bull's done broke loose!"

She was right. A moment more, and in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground, shaking his evil, lowered head as if the devil were contradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a scared face. My lord bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the Doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of Uncle Brimmer.

Fearful moment!

"Pull him in, Uncle Brimmer—pull him in!" shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't honey—I can't," gasped the choking giant; "I'm *stuck*."

"*Hold me* UP," cried the Doctor. "SEND FOR *help*."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the arm-pits. The saddle-bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Bull a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsey, go for Mr. Hucklestone at once," called Mabel.

Aunt Patsey looked cautiously out from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketch me in de yard wid ole Simmons's bull," she said, with charming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal."

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house I'll break every bone in her body."

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsey, let her go, please. I'll give you a whole bagful of quilt pieces, and my ruby red polonaise that you begged me for yesterday."

Aunt Patsey's head came out a little further. "An' what else?"

"And a ruffled pillow-sham," said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and I'll make you a hat—and that's *all. Now.*"

"I reckon dat's about as much as de chile is wuth," said the philosophic mother. "Let her go."

"Fly! fly!" cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther. She was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd give."

Nanky's bare legs scudded swiftly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the Doctor clung together, and only a convulsive kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?" I suggested, in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush!" cried Mabel. "The Doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in, followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play, that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull-fight, his lordship was captured, and our little Doctor was assisted to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like to kiss the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him with Mabel, I fled with brother John to the smoke-house, where we—roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well, and went to to see the Doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several smart articles of attire, from which we inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended Doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned, he responded chiefly with a cavernous and mysterious smile, only saying,

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentleman straight."

And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right."—*Sherwood Bonner, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Most Unique Duel on Record.

A REMARKABLE duel has just taken place which for its novelty and for termination has set Parisians agog.

Two brothers, Auguste and Andre Berni, the former aged 40, the latter 33, both employed in the great glass manufactory at Saint Denis, became enamored of Adele Vergeri, a cook at La Villette. Adele Vergeri is described as a young woman of plain, simple habits, who had, by dint of hard work and economy, managed to save a few hundred francs. In appearance Adele is but a humble representative of France, but she is modest and retiring, and not given to resorting to balls and theaters. She formed the acquaintance of the brothers at a baptism. Both, it appears, from the very first began paying her attentions.

Adele Vergeri received the visits of the brothers with much sang-froid. To her it was amusing to see first one, then the other, come puffing and blowing in his desire to be the first to greet her. Neither would give in to the other, and Adele had to escort them both out, as neither would leave the other alone with her. So terrible became the jealousy between the brothers that they would not speak with each other. It had, however, to be settled at last, as Adele Vergeri threatened that unless her courtship ceased to be mixed with hatred she would have to ask the brothers to desist from calling upon her. The brothers met. They had parted with Adele Vergeri, and both confronted each other in one of the great wine shops of the Saint Denis quarter, so appropriately called by Zola "Assommoir." They glared at each other, and their friends saw at once that mischief was brewing. They finally motioned to each other to withdraw to a table. They spoke low, but excitedly, smoked quickly, and the blue smoke of their pipes was hot.

"A duel! Yes, a duel!" This was distinctly heard, and then the brothers beckoned to Jules Remi and Alfred Poulier, friends of theirs. They had decided upon fighting a duel, but not with swords or pistols. It was to be a duel to the death.

Two bottles of rum, brought from the cellars of Jacques Barbier's Assommoir de Saint Denis, were put on the table. Two tumblers were put by the side of the bottles, and then this contract was made by the brothers, in the presence of witnesses:

"It is agreed between the brothers Auguste and Andre Berni to drink rum until either is unable to drink any more. The first who succumbs will consider himself beaten, and surrender all claim to Adele Vergeri."

The contract was signed, the bottles tipped, and the tumblers filled. At first the men drank slowly, but as the liquor began to excite their brains they fairly poured it down their throats. At the ninth glass Auguste, the younger of the brothers, gave a yell of pain and sank senseless to the floor. Andre Berni then arose, and, with a smile on his face, turned to leave. Hardly had he reached the door of the cabaret when he threw up his hands and fell senseless. He was quickly carried to the Hospital Tenon, but died shortly after reaching it, of concussion of the brain and paralysis of the heart. Auguste Berni, crazed by the rum he had drank, recovering from his faint, ran madly through the streets, and has not been seen since.

Adèle Vergeri, the humble cook of La Villette, when she heard of the death of Andre and the disappearance of Auguste, merely shrugged her shoulders.—*Paris Cor. New York Sun.*

Profiting by an Arctic Voyage.

RUSSIAN strategists profit by Prof. Nordenskjold's Arctic achievements. The Government has recently purchased in Sweden three fast steamers, which are about to be dispatched to Semipalatinsk, a Siberian town close to the Russo-Chinese frontier. The route to be taken by these vessels is the following: Round the Norwegian coast, through the White Sea, past Novaja-Semija to the Cara Sea, and thence up the River Oid. In Tobolsk they will find awaiting them several large transports of small draught, laden with military stores, and carrying strong reinforcements of troops destined for service against the Chinese army, should the complications still pending between Pekin and St. Petersburg result in war. Taking these in tow the steamers will proceed up the Irtitch to Semipalatinsk, whence a few forced marches will bring the troops to the Chinese frontier. By this expedient an enormous saving of time and fatigue to the soldiery will be effected in conveying reinforcements from Russia proper to the extreme eastern limits of the Empire.

Two men are litigating at Ellzabethtown, Ky., over a slave trade that took place in 1855. The defendant bought a negro of the plaintiff, but finding the slave unsound made the plaintiff take him back. Plaintiff discovered that the negro was unfit for work, and in 1869 brought suit to recover his value. The case is still on. The plaintiff is seventy years old and the defendant eighty.

GENERAL.

CHESTNUTS with their leaves and prickly burrs are seen upon Paris bonnets.

AT a recent heathen festival in India the offerings to the idol were valued at $1,000,000.

DURING the month of December there will be two new moons, the first appeared on the 1st, and the second will appear on the 31st.

A LADY at St. Paul on retiring to her bed-room the other night found a man curled up in the bed with his hat and clothes on, drunk, and fast asleep. He had evidently intended burglary, but was too drunk.

A TREMENDOUS beating of gongs has been kept up night and day for weeks in the house of Feng Chan Sung, a Chinese merchant of San Francisco. This is done to drive out a devil who has been pestering Sung's pretty wife. She says that the monster has lustrous green eyes, red hair, blue skin, and a yellow tail. He comes to her in the night, and is an exceedingly auacidous fellow. The din has not yet dislodged him.

A FASHIONABLE amusement now offered by hostesses to their guests is of the tombola variety. Each guest's invitation is numbered, and the number is a chance in the lottery which comes off some time during the evening. Of course in this model lottery there are no blanks, and the handsomer the prizes or gifts, the more successful and delightful the evening—to the guests at least.

THE Rev. Lewis Barber was the most popular negro preacher in Georgia. He had a circuit of four congregations, with a membership of about 3,000 persons, over whom his sway was absolute in both temporal and spiritual affairs. He died several months ago. Over the pulpit of his church in Lee County an effigy of cloth and straw, blackened with charcoal, has been placed to represent the dead pastor. This rude image is regarded with awe by the negroes, some of whom are said to bow before it in worship.

LOUISE MICHEL, the heroine of the Commune, was a handsome woman of twenty-seven when sent to New Caledonia eight or nine years ago. When she returned to Paris the other day she was a worn and haggard woman, who looked at least fifty years old, and whose raven hair had turned to gray. Her eyes were very dark and sweet, but seemed too habituated to express suffering to look glad.

MR. BIGGAR, Mr. Parnell's right-hand man, is a hump-backed, deformed looking little creature, but he is an able, racy and effective debater and speaker. He leaped into fame one night last session by occupying the time of the House of Commons five hours by a speech consisting chiefly of extracts read from an enormous pile of blue-books that he had wheeled into the House on a hand-cart! He was born in August, 1828, was educated at the Belfast Academy, and is unmarried.

WITH the exception of about $3,000 worth of pearls which come from fresh-water muscles and are found all over the Union—particularly in the Miami River, Ohio—the American pearls come from the Gulf of California. They are as fine as any Oriental pearls, and are valued as highly. The fresh-water pearls, are almost all small, but brilliant and somewhat rosy in tint. About half of the California pearls are black, and command a higher price than the white pearls. Some years ago about 80 per centum of California pearls were black, the proportion having diminished rapidly during the last ten years. The biggest pearl ever found in this country was the celebrated one found about twenty years ago in a New Jersey pond and sold to the then Empress Eugenie.

ARTIFICIAL eyes have been used from the remotest times, and it is said that they have been found among the mummies of ancient Egypt. The artificial eye is not a globe, but is a mere shell. Some are so well made and so carefully adapted that they escape detection not only by casual observers but also by doctors conversant with the strides made of late years in this department. It is essential that the eye should not be too thick, on account of its weight, and it must not be too thin, or it will be brittle. There are many advantages in wearing a false eye after the true one is lost. It keeps the eyelids in their proper position, it prevents the lashes from turning inward and producing irritation, and it prevents foreign bodies from entering the eye. Many a servant wears an artificial eye without his employer being aware of it.

Abe Wallace—A Tragic Story of the Far West.

"WHAT'S er matter wid yer?" demanded Abe Wallace, with a not unnatural petulance under the circumstances. "What er yer lingerin' around that visage er mine for? Can't yer rasp that countenance?"

Obviously he couldn't. For nearly an hour he had strapped his razors and mowed diligently, but barber though he was of a thousand, and, barber extraordinary to Leaping Antelope Run, he seemed to make no headway against Abe's bristling badge of manhood.

"Ef yer razors won't cut, shoot 'em off. Ye'ar me? Shoot 'em off," and the handsome, sunburned minor composed himself for the novel operation.

"Is the barber at home?" asked a low, sweet, musical voice, entering the door at that moment.

He started. No yellow water running from his pan had ever looked as sweet to him as that voice. It percolated him, and he arose from the chair a new man. The rough life passed away from him. The crust formed by his habits and hardened by his surroundings was broken.

"Permit me, madam, to assure you that this individual before you is the barber," said Abe, and his new dignity sat easily upon him and seemed a part of him.

"I am on my way from Boston to the Sandwich Islands," said the young girl, quietly, "and our carriage broke down. I thought I would improve the opportunity and have my hair banged. Oh! no, no," she exclaimed, as Abe gallantly drew forth a thousand dollar draft on New York. "Not for the world. I've six millions of dollars, not only in my own right, but in my pocket. I will pay for any service."

As the barber proceeded with his task, Abe walked the shop nervously. A presage of danger oppressed him. The chestnut curls on his forehead grew damp with anxiety. He knew life, in his rough way, and he knew barbers. The fair young girl would be no match for the frontier hair-dresser, if the worst should come. And why should it not come? Had she not millions in her pocket? He glanced at the tiny feet planted squarely and firmly on the stool before her, and recognized character. He knew nothing of Boston, but he understood feet.

"And do you live in this funny place, te he?" asked the girl, smiling at Abe's reflection in the glass.

"I do," sighed Abe. "Misfortunes have cast my bark of life high upon this barren shore and left me with only the shelter the sea-weeds afford."

"Te he! how odd. Ouch!"

But Abe grasped him and laid him upon the floor. The barber had made a dive for the dainty pocket and had failed.

Leaping Antelope Run was aroused. Such an attack found no apologists among the wild, rough miners. Whatever they might be inherently, they would tolerate nothing of the kind in the barber.

"Away to the dull thud!" demanded one, more intelligent than the rest. And they echoed the cry till the moonlit air was shivered and the beams crept away convulsively. They may have expected him to beg, but he eyed them sternly.

"Oh! my! what will they do with him?" asked the beauty with one eye. She had no need to speak. The thrill of that eye struck a chord in Abe Wallace.

"They'll sprain his neck, darling," murmured Wallace, in tender accents. This feeling was new to him, but he understood it.

"Gracious! and may I see him?" whispered she with the other eye.

Abe's answer was lost in the sullen roar of the crowd.

Out under the grand old trees that fringed the mines. Out under the whisper of the leaves. Out through the shadows. The wind swept down from the sierras—velvet winds, but pitiless. They shook sweet voices out of their satin garments, but not a pleading tone for that human barber, soon to be neither barber nor human.

The rope was around his neck. Willing hands were ready. A cloud floated across the face of the moon, but she struggled from behind it, held by the horror of the scene.

"Hold!" commanded Abe. And then addressing the barber, he asked: "You are Justice of the Peace, are you not?"

"I am," responded the condemned, in low, steady tones.

"Then marry us," said Wallace, drawing the Boston girl's arm within his own.

"You do take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked the barber, with a strange glitter in his eye.

"I do," responded Abe.

"Do you take this man for your wedded husband?" inquired the barber, with a peculiar smile.

"Te, he! I suppose so, te, he!" whispered the musical voice.

"Then I prononnce you man and wife. Go to the deuce."

The rope tightened, but as he went up the barber uttered a wild, demoniac laugh.

Then with the shadows of the Sierras gathering around him, he hung dead.

Try as he might Abe could not shake off the influence of that laugh. It was a ghost in his life.

"Good heavens!" he screamed, as he sprang from his seat a day or two afterward. "I understand it now."

"Understand what, love?" asked his beautiful bride, looking up from the bite of an apple.

"I know why he laughed. I know why the barber laughed with his dying breath," he moaned.

"Goodness gracious! Wat was it for?" she demanded, with dimpling smiles.

"Because he died without giving us a marriage certificate."

With a wild shriek the Boston girl sank dead at his feet.

The barber was arrested.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cosmopolitan San Francisco.

TAKE a stroll by night through Dupont Street, for instance. It starts out from Market Street as a broad business avenue—a strictly American thoroughfare. This ends with a famous French restaurant, the virtues of whose cuisine may be vouched for more safely than those of its patrons. In the next two squares open, flaunting vice holds sway. The brass-buttoned embodiment of the law stands at the corner, but he arouses no fear in the painted French Jezebels, who lean from their little windows. Crossing the Cable Road, which runs up California Street, one plunges at a step into a section of the Celestial Empire. In the shadow of St. Mary's Cathedral, which marks the southern limit of "Chinatown," are underground cellars more loathsome than any dens of vice in New York. Passing along the street one sees Chinese stores on either side, hears the cries of Chinese street-venders, which bear a strong resemblance to the wailing notes of the whippoorwill, and catches scraps of the magpie chatter of the revelers who sit in the high balconies of the restaurants. Stop a moment here at Washington Street. The bell of the City Hall sounds for midnight. You hear the expiring clash of cymbals and soon after a great roar like the noise of a dam breaking its bounds. In an instant, out of the wide-open doors of the Chinese play-house streams a throng of pig-tailed heathen. They fill the sidewalk and overflow into the street. Watch their faces as they pass under the light of the street lamp. Their small black eyes are dancing with excitement, their flat faces shine with perspiration; the sign-manual of opium is branded on fully one-half the faces, while a few look like animated mummies with their parchment skin drawn tight as a drum-head over the high cheek-bones and falling in wrinkled folds about their trembling lips. If you have a warm imagination the spectacle of these faces will tyrannize over your dreams as that terrible Malay stalked through the opium visions of De Quincy.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

DURING the recent severe storm in Germany, the subterranean lines of telegraphy have proved so much better than the others that the German Government now proposes asking the Reichstag for authority to greatly extend the underground system.

AN ingenious machine has been devised for separating the sound cranberries in a barrel from the unsound. They are poured into it at the rate of six barrels an hour, and the sound ones, having elasticity, bound over a barrier, while those decayed remain.

THE thread for the glass cloth, now made at Pittsburgh, is drawn out of a molten bar by means of a rapidly revolving wheel at the rate of 2,000 yards a minute. The weaving is done on looms, about the same as with silk. The coloring is done with minerals when the glass is originally melted.

WHEN potatoes are frozen, the amount of sugar they contain is doubled, the starch undergoing a corresponding diminution, while part of the protein passes from the coagulable into the soluble form. During the process of rotting the potato loses half its nitrogenous constituents and the whole of the sugar.

BERLIN is preparing for an international exhibition in 1882 or 1883, illustrating the history and development of railways and the various systems of railway construction, together with rolling stock and railway material of all descriptions.

VARIOUS trees in equinoctial regions produce caoutchouc, or "India-rubber;" but our own continent furnishes the most productive in various species of Hovea—tall trees which form huge forests in Brazil. The sap is gathered and thickened, much as we get sugar from maple trees in the Eastern States.

THERE are six moss factories in New Orleans and vicinity. All the moss ginned is shipped abroad, as the furniture manufacturers do not buy it ginned, preferring to pick and clean it themselves. The total amount paid for the rough moss by the ginners, upholsterers, and mattress-makers of the city is above $300,000 per year.

AN invention which will considerably influence architecture and sculpture has just been made by Dr. Gehring at Landshut, in Bavaria. Dr. Gehring, by means of an enameling liquid, renders any kind of stone or cement harder than granite, and gives it the absolute and indelible appearance of any other mineral that may be desired. The enamel may also be applied to metal, which it is said to completely protect from rust.

THE orange crop of Jamaica, Florida, Havana and Louisiana, it is said in New York, will prove as extensive as ever before, and oranges from those places will no longer command the fancy prices at which they were sold a few years ago. Barrels holding from 400 to 500 really fine oranges will sell for about $5, and very fancy fruit may bring as high as $8. The orange crop of Italy and Spain is an abundant one this season, and extra Messina and Sicily oranges will be sold on the streets by the holidays for less than ten cents per dozen. Valencias, the most delicious of the Mediterranean oranges, will be both abundant and cheap in the early spring.

PITH AND POINT.

A PENNSYLVANIA firm is engaged in he manufacture of glass into fabrics for clothing. Those who wear glass coats shouldn't throw stones.—*Boston Post.*

"MY darling," he intensely whispers, vainly attempting to seize her hand, "do you know that I love you madly?" "Oh, yes," she says, "almost any fool could tell that."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

ELDERLY lady (with foot like a dumpling)—"It's not so much a durable article that I require, Mr. Crispin. I want something dainty, you know—something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit saucy!"—*London Punch.*

"WELL, I have done one good deed to-day," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about; "how do you think it fits?"—*Boston Evening Journal.*

GIRLS, if there is one thing more than another that holds the young men of our day back from matrimonial ventures, it is the disheartening spectacle so often presented them of your own dear papa and mamma walking into church glorified respectively by a $12 ulster and a $30 bonnet. That's what scares the boys.—*Burdette.*

A GALVESTON parent is very much discouraged at the way the boys destroy each other's clothes. The other day he saw that little Billy's shirt-color was torn off, and he angrily asked how it happened. "Johnny did it," was the response. "Well, I'll tan Johnny's hide, that's what I'll do!" "Well, dad, I've paved the way for you. I cut the whole ceiling out of his new pants."—*Galveston News.*

IT always pleases us to see a man who looks after the small things in life, as every one knows that the great things will take care of themselves. Jones is a man of this kind. His partner, Robinson, at the close of a week of hurry and drive, remarked, "Well, Jones, we've had a rousing week, haven't we?—one constant run of customers, and good ones, too, from Monday morning to Saturday night!" "Yes," was the reply, "and that new door-knob's about ruined!" Jones never forgets the small things."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Square Man.

THE square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no winny edges nor shaky lumber about him. He iz free from knots and sap, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what yu work him up into he won't swell, and he won't shrink. He iz amungst men what good kil-dried boards are among carpenters, he won't season krack. It don't make enny difference which side ov him yu cum up to, he is the same bigness each way, and the only way tew get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he iz square, and never spends enny time trieing to prove it. The square man is one of the best shaped men the world has ever produced, he iz one of them kind ov chunks that kan't alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot tew fit him.—*Josh Billings.*

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to hi name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

A YEAR she had slept the sleep of the dead,
When the young wife rose from her narrow bed.

To her it seemed but a night of woe
That she had lain in the dark below.

No count had she of the passing hour,
Of winter frost or of spring-tide shower;

And over her shrouded head in the tomb
Had flourished and faded a summer's bloom.

She woke from her sleep with yearning love
For the husband and child she had left above.

"My little son was but ten days old
When I came to lie in the church-yard mold.

"My arms had held him but once to my breast,
When they laid me here in my lonely rest.

"And my husband dear, woe worth the day!
He wept and wept when they bore me away,

"When death took from him the light of his life,
When death took from him his dearest, his wife.

"Oh, might I see him once more in our home,
Oh, might I but once in his presence come,

"Might I rock our babe in his cradle-bed,
Then would I come back and rest with the dead!"

Her prayer was granted; through stone and through clay
By the might of her love she forced her way.

Swiftly through lane and through field she sped,
And no man doth see or doth hear the dead.

With yearning love and with trembling fear
She has flitted across the threshhold dear.

Unseen and unheard she wended her way
To the chamber aloft where her young son lay.

Like a cloud she brooded above his bed;
He shuddered and smiled at the touch of the dead.

"And now must I comfort my husband dear,
And dry the eyes that have wept for a year.

"My lot has been but to slumber and sleep;
But he lives above-ground to suffer and weep."

Unseen she stands with her hand on the door:
"He thinks not, he knows not, I hear him once more."

And the gentle tones of his low-toned voice
Made her dead heart beat and her flesh rejoice.

Full well she knew ev'ry word that he spake—
'Twas a poem of love he had made for her sake;

And though she lay buried a year and a day,
She lived in his mem'ry forever and aye.

He gave her the sweet name he called her in life;
She listened and heard how he murmured, "My wife!"

And vowed to be true to eternity.
"O faithful beloved, thou think'st of me!"

Unseen she drifted through panels of oak,
And stood in his presence, nor breathed nor spoke.

O God, what a sight her dead eyes meet!
And closer she gathers her winding-sheet:

A fair young girl by her husband's side,
And her he is calling his dearest, his bride.

The dead is forgotten, thrust out of his life,
And now has he wedded another young wife.

The sorrowful ghost drew a deep sigh of woe—
"Away, away, to the dead I will go;

"And follow me soon, or follow me late,
For thee will I patiently, silently wait;

"Nor ever again will I rise to see
How faithless and merry the living can be."

SELF-ACCUSATION.

I HAVE frittered away the happiness of my life.

Why did I marry her? I had often made this mental query; I did so in the very days which directly followed our honeymoon. Still I loved her, as I love her still. The fact is, I should never have married at all.

She is a most peculiar character. I did not understand her in her girlhood, and, I fear, do not understand her yet. Ideas are fermenting within her, of which I can form no conception; and now and then her eyes reflect strange, incomprehensible emotions, which soon again disappear to her inner self, just like prisoners who at times peep forth from their bars into the outer world, and then retire again to the concealment of their cells. She is my wife and I hold her as few other men would. She bears my name, sits by my side when I drive out, or takes my arm when I promenade; but I know perfectly well that the loved one belongs no longer to me, that she is but the shadow of the blithe Pauline whom I won in the bloom of her rosy youth.

She had been an unloved child. Hence, from her infancy, she had striven for independence, and at nineteen her object was gained. At that age she was already earning a livelihood by writing for different publications. That was for her a period of struggling and suffering, which taught her lessons that are seldom learned until the hair is already silvered, which imposed burdens upon her that should by right be borne only by age and manhood. But she knew how to preserve her youthful freshness of mind and body, she conquered all hardships, and was when I first met her an admired and courted authoress. But now, existing in happy independence and easy circumstances, she failed to profit by the lessons taught her in bitter experience. She remained a woman—whose reason is impulse, whose principal is inclination, whose whole being is one breath of love.

She was not beautiful, hardly even pretty, but there was something—I don't know what—in her enchanting face, in the unaffected effervescence of her ways, that bewitched everybody. For her sake, old men as well as young ones became guilty of the most egregious follies. She did not trust them; her experience protected her from that; but perhaps she amused herself with them till she was tired of them or until new whims engaged her fancy.

It was in the country that I learned to know her. Although distantly related, we had never met. So fate brought me during a summer vacation to my aunt, who was living in a small, picturesque village on the Pataps-co. Had I been cognizant of Pauline's presence, I should not have gone thither. I entertained a sort of aversion for the woman. What I heard of her in the city was not calculated to raise her very high in the estimation of a staid, dignified limb of the law like myself.

My aunt received me warmly, but her first words after the greeting, the announcement that Pauline had come a week before, and would in all likelihood stay some time longer, threw a chill upon me. I could not altogether conceal my displeasure. My aunt observed it.

"Come, come, George," she said, "do not condemn her before you know her; this you will have ample opportunity to do in the time you remain here."

Pauline was not in the cottage. After examining my room, disposing of my luggage, and arranging my dress I strolled into the woods to seek my favorite haunts. Nearing a lovely, secluded spot, close by the bank of the stream I was wont to frequent on former visits to my aunt, I was suddenly arrested in my progress by the menacing growls of a dog. Peering through the bushes, I saw a girl sitting upon a mossy knoll, beneath a shady holly; at her feet lay a large Newfoundland, who had raised his head and was showing his teeth in a threatening manner.

The girl turned and beheld me, still half hidden by the shrubbery, staring in astonishment at her and the dog. She burst into a merry laugh.

Conscious that I presented a rather ludicrous picture, I advanced and said coldly:

"Are you Pauline ——?"

"So I am called."

"Then, perhaps, I may be so bold as to call you cousin, for I am George ——."

"Ah! Cousin George. We had been expecting you. When did you arrive?"

"Just now."

* * * * * *

I had already reached those years in which gray hairs begin to appear here and there with dark-haired people. I, too, had once dreamed fondly of love and friendship, but never known in reality what it was to love truly, or be truly loved by a woman. As often as I essayed to give my visions an embodiment and a name, I was never able to find, among the many girls of my acquaintance, one who fairly resembled my ideal. The woman whom my imagination had formed was a mild, madonna-like being, with form and features of classical outline, a refined pallor in her cheeks, sweet coral lips, tender blue eyes, blonde hair, and voice like soft, low music.

Pauline was by no means the duplicate of this image. But when she darted, singing, through the house, letting doors and windows remain open, I frequently laid down my book or pen, and gazed after her, and felt as if the bright sunlight had fallen into my heart. In all her actions, unrestricted as they were by conventional sobriety, there lay a grace and charm that pleased, nay, enchanted me.

We soon became good friends—something like a brother and sister, I thought. How this sentiment developed into love, I cannot satisfactorily explain. One day as I was taking a ramble, I came upon her unexpectedly; she was walking slowly along, with her eyes cast down, and looking more grave than I had ever been before. When she saw me, her face suddenly became transfigured with radiance, but she quickly tripped by. The glowing of her face and the respondent throbs of my heart revealed to me what we were to each other.

"We have been so happy together here!"

"Very happy!" she whispered, quivering.

I held both of her hands tightly; she avoided looking at me, but did not turn away her darling little face. I continued:

"Betwixt you and me there is a considerable disparity in age, and I am by nature much more seriously constituted than you. Excepting you, I have never loved a woman, while you have conquered—Heaven knows how many hearts. You are not what the world says of you; you have a heart that can love and be true. Therefore I pray you, tell me frankly and faithfully whether you can love me—or do love me. I am not accustomed to addressing such questions, and do not know, perhaps how to express myself conformably to the requirements of an occasion like this; but believe me when I say that you have won my heart, and that I do not think I could be happy without you."

"I believe you."

"But will you trust me, too, and love me?"

"I love you and trust you," she answered, frankly. "Are you not surprised that I tell you this so quietly? That is because I shall never marry you. I am capricious and presuming, and would soon make you weary of life with my constant demand for attention. I was born to be treated like a spoiled lap-dog; you are, although capable of loving, nevertheless not an effectionate man. We should not have passed two months in wedlock before you'd wish me in Cayenne, or some other torrid locality. But as that would not be practicable, therefor you would break my heart—not rudely and harshly, oh, no—undemonstratively and calmly. That is just as clear to me as if I had it all before my eyes at this moment."

She looked at me, and her whole soul was in the glance; it spoke love, passion and yearning tenderness. Oh, what strenge feelings, never hitherto experienced, this glance awakened within me! The next moment I held her in my arms, and exclaimed:

"Pauline, if ever men loved woman, with all his heart and soul, unreasonably, madly, and yet truly and honestly, it is I."

"But will that last, George?"

I bent down, and our kisses breathed all the delicious fervor of a first and true love.

"You must be my wife, Pauline!" I cried. Her head dropped upon my shoulder, and her hand sought and clasped mine.

"Is this your answer? May I call this hand mine?"

"If you wish, Georgie!"

Oh! this "Georgie," which fell for the first time from her lips, how infinitely blessed it made me! From that time she always called me so. But when she ceased to love me this sound also died, and since then she again called me George.

Shortly afterward we were married. Our honeymoon lasted six months, and, I believe, would have lasted forever had I not acted so foolishly. Now I sigh in vain for a return of that time.

Pauline had been called fickle, flighty. How fallacious this idea! A truer heart could not have existed.

"I only needed a master, Georgie," she used to say to me when I talked end laughed over this matter. "During my maidenhood I was constantly on the lookout for him—could not find him, however, and came to the conclusion finally that I should never meet him. But when I heard your voice for the first time, and gazed into your eyes, then I knew that I had found this master at last—and how gladly I carry the chains of my master!"

She said this in full seriousness. Best of all, she was pleased when I coaxed and played with her as a child. She was not an angel; she was a passionate, high-souled woman. She rebelled a hundred times a day and yet she loved my dominion. She became attractive whenever, with eyes flashing, she rushed to the door, threatening to leave the room, yet instantly stood still, with head lowered, when I called to her: "Stop! Shut the door; I have something to say to you." But this was rather dangerous, for it made apparent the power I had over her. I, who had never been loved before, could hardly help becoming a tyrant when I saw such a noble head bend to me.

She loved me. Every chord of her heart vibrated at my merest touch; but I was not satisfied. I undertook to modify the tones; her doting homage itself was the instrument. True—now I see all clearly—this instrument was a sword, with which I cruelly wounded her. A very sage idea entered my head, and whispered to me that I was making a child of Pauline with my indulgence, and that with so much warm sunlight in her, full womanly power would never be developed. I acted according to this idea, altogether overlooking the fact that her mental and moral force had already been entirely unfolded and matured, and that, too, at a time when others just begin to be aware that there are rocks and storms, shoals and quicksands in the ocean of life. I also forgot that, in spite of her youthful gayety and exuberance of spirits, the lessons of a long, bitter, gloomy past would never be lost upon her; their impress was merely hidden from my eyes beneath a blithe exterior.

She had for a while completely exorcised my legal solemnity; now I determined to return to my whilom state, and not to be cozened away again so easily. I delved into my papers for hours, without speaking a word. She did not complain. So long as she was assured of my love she was content, and likewise worked on more diligently. Her writing-desk stood just opposite mine. At times I paused to observe her indefatigably dancing pen; but then she was sure to look up, while a happy smile played around her lips. One day, as she raised her eyes to mine, I happened to be in a very unreasonable frame of mind; her rallying love-look almost irritated me, and I said shortly:

"You annoy me when you look at me in that manner."

Glad to get an opportunity to chat with me, she dropped her pen, came to my side, and bent over me.

"Why, my dear? The glance was for him I love."

That was a poor beginning for the precepts I wanted to enforce. I collected myself and began to study my papers profoundly.

"Am I irksome to you?" she asked, the least bit sensitively.

"Not exactly."

Her soft hand toyed with my locks and her warm breath caressed my cheek. I felt that my wisdom was rapidly expiring. Again I collected myself and assumed an air of coldness.

"One kiss, only one, and I will go!" she begged

"Nonsense, Pauline! I have no time for kissing."

She gazed into my face and asked: "Do I vex you?"

"Exceedingly."

A sigh scarcely audible escaped her lips, and she left the room.

For this morning at least I had destroyed her cheerfulness. It was the first cloud in our matrimonial sky.

Years have passed, and I became constantly less capable of comprehending how I could have so persistently undermined the foundation of my peace and happiness, instead of building thereon a life's contentment. The next six months were a period of misery to me, and without doubt also for Pauline; for she became pale and thin and lost all her spirits. My plan had succeeded excellently well; she had learned to doubt my affection for her. That was revealed to me occasionally by her stealthy, wistful glances and the manner in which she began to occupy herself with Fido—as if she now relied alone upon his love and faithfulness. But I was too proud to admit my wrong, even to myself, and daily widened the breach.

Then the dog began to grow sickly; he had grown old and feeble. She abandoned her work and devoted the time taken from her labor to the dumb brute. When life was extinct, she bent over him, burst into tears, kissed the white spot on his forehead, and then closed eyes which, even in death, seemed to regard her with affection.

Great as was her grief, she sought no condolence from me. She provided for the burial of Fido, who was interred by the gardener close under the window of our study. She would frequently tarry by the little mound, at which times gloomy reflections seemed to agitate her soul. Now still, while sitting at her desk, she often gazes pensively toward the quiet spot. She is true to him beyond the grave, because he had remained true to her.

The year so auspiciously begun was approaching its end, when one morning I was amazed to hear Pauline singing merrily; it was the first time since Fido's death. Soon thereafter I heard her coming toward my room, and I at once affected pre-occupation.

It was a beautiful morning, and her entrance seemed to usher in a happy sunlight. Her face, too, beamed with that serenity which it had in her girlhood.

"What is it?" I asked, looking up from my work.

She placed a lovely little nosegay of violets, tied with a blue ribbon, before me, and said: "See, Georgie, these are the first violets of our garden. I have something else *in petto*, but of that hereafter."

And she stooped over me, placed her hand lightly upon my shoulder and kissed me. It was the first exhibition of fondness she had voluntarily tendered me these many days. I contemplated her in surprise and said:

"You appear to be in an unusually happy humor to-day, Pauline."

"It is somebody's birthday to-day," she rejoined, as she sat upon my knee and gazed into my eyes. "May heaven grant that some one many happy returns of the day, and—and—" she paused for a moment, then continued in a voice whose quivering was not easily concealed—"if during the past six months all has not been between us as it should have been, let us forget it all from this day forth."

Silently she encircled me with her arms and her head sunk upon my bosom. How would it have been possible to remain insensible thereat? Kissing her silken hair, I said that I would gladly forget it all (as if I had anything to forget but my own culpability!) whereupon she raised her eyes, smiling blissfully, and thought, in sober truth, that I was very magnanimous to her.

"Now, George, we will begin anew to-day?"

"As you wish, my child." And at once she proceeded, in her old way, to dally with me.

Shall I meet with credence when I say that hardly had my wife been gone five minutes before I began to fancy that I had let her see too freely the influence she possessed over me? For months I had practiced the art of appearing tranquil and indifferent, yet the first smile or kiss had proved sufficient to overpower me. She had harrassed me insufferably the last six months—as I put it to myself; therefor to grant her at once a full pardon seemed to me at least a matter for consideration. So, when she returned she found me absorbed in my documents.

"One moment, if you please!" she cried, taking the pen from my hand and holding it above my head. "I have a present for you—will you have it?"

"Why, certainly, if you will give it to me."

"Then beg for it."

I said nothing, and seized another pen. That disconcerted her.

"Don't you—want it?" she asked timidly.

"There was once a saint, named Francis de Sales," I began to sermonize, "who was wont to say that one should never ask for nor refuse anything."

"You are no saint, and it was *I* that spoke to you. Will you accept my little gift? Say yes—if it be only to please—to make me still happier on this day than I already am."

"Don't be so childish, Pauline!"

"It is childish, I know it; but do me this favor, Georgie. It is so little that I ask, and yet it would make me so very happy!"

"I shall never decline what you offer me. But be good enough not to disturb me any longer."

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips when the present, an exquisitely ornamented bronze inkstand, in the shape of a Cupid, lay at my feet. Pauline turned away, exasperated and hurt. I picked up the pieces.

"How! you stoop to get him?" she asked sarcastically.

"Upon my word, you are the most unreasonable creature in the world!" I exclaimed. "Fortunately the little love-god may be mended."

"Yes, but wounds will leave scars. O, Georgie!" she continued, reproachfully, casting herself down before my chair, "why do you tempt me thus? Do you really, truly love me?"

"Pauline!" I said, impatiently, "do stand up; this is getting tiresome."

She did so, but a deathly pallor mantled her face.

"I will go: yet one question before. Do you love me, Georgie?"

I was a little fretful and very headstrong, that was all. But did she mean to threaten me?

"Did you love me when we first exchanged vows of affection?" she demanded.

"Of course. But—"

"But you love me no longer?"

"Well, since you will have it so—"

"Speak! only speak!"

"I don't love—exactly—in the way you mean."

An ominous silence followed. She became so white, gazed at me with so strange, rigid a look, that I forgot my impatience and self-will, and said anxiously:

"I don't mean it so seriously. Goodness, how pale you are? Why, I was only jesting."

"I can hear it, Georgie. Oh, what can not a woman bear—this way or that!"

She went, looking mournful, it is true, but apparently tranquil. I dreamed not that I had killed her love for me.

From that time Pauline ceased to be a child. But the sunlight, too, had departed from her. Silent and sedate, but rarely mild and smiling, she carefully superintended her affairs; she disturbed me no more. But she grew paler and weaker, so that the doctor earnestly counseled a trip to the salubrious South. My business affairs did not allow of my traveling, but near acquaintances were just about making a journey to Florida and Cuba. My wife joined the party.

Instead of five, she remained away eight months. The letters she wrote to me lacked not in interest; but oh! not a word breathing affection—everything cold and icy. Vainly I sought for a syllable that indicated love, or even her former sprightliness. Now I suffered the tortures which I had prepared for her, and how agonizing they were!

At last she came back. One evening I received a telegram from Hampton Roads, where the steamer had made a stop, in which Pauline informed me that she would arrive at home the following day. How feverishly I was excited by the tidings! Our estrangement had lacerated my heart so terribly, and I saw now how deeply I had wronged her, that I fervently longed to win her love at any price.

I went to receive her. I approached her and embraced her. She returned it all, but there was no life, no love, in the greeting. It was all mere form.

Holding her at some distance from me, I scrutinized her closely and inquired: "Pauline, are you not well?" Her eye met mine openly, but I missed the old, affectionate sparkle.

"Perfectly well, George," she replied, rather indifferently. "It is so long since I have seen you that you appear to me somewhat altered."

As she had gone so she came again, so she remained.

For weeks I endured this wretched, dead existence. One morning, as I vainly strove to become interested in the newspaper, I felt more bitterly then ever the full extent of my wrong, my joylessness and my isolation. I rose resolved, and went to her.

"Are you busy?" I inquired, as she ceased writing and turned her head.

"Not too busy to speak with you," she returned.

"Pauline, how long shall we continue this sort of life?"

"What mode of life, George?" she asked, changing color.

"The life we are living. It is not the unshadowed, happy life of yore. You do not belong to me as you once belonged to me."

"I know that." She sighed and looked at me so sadly.

"Why should not the old days return again? If I have made a terrible blunder, is it then impossible for you to forget it? I thought it was foolish to love one another so—at least to show it; but I have discovered now that love is the only true wisdom on earth."

She smiled in a melancholy way.

"Give me back that love that once I repelled: Give me back the sunlight to my world."

I arose and advanced toward her; she, however, pushed back her chair and shook her head.

"George, do not demand that of me."

"I will know how to value your love now, Pauline."

"That may be; but, my poor George, I have none to give."

I clasped her in my arms. The passion glowing in my heart seemed to me great enough to inspire response even in a corpse. But she remained untouched. She lay like a cold statue in my arms, and looked at me and said, sighing:

"Too late, George, too late."

"Shall you then, never forgive me?"

"Forgive you? You do not believe that I entertain the least unfriendly thought toward you? By no means; but I have grown cold through and through. My love is dead and buried. The best we can do now is to resign ourselves to our fate and bear with this life as well as we can."

I hid my face in my hands and—I am not ashamed to confess it—wept. My tears seemed to arouse in her suddenly a kind of frenzy.

"What!" she burst forth, almost shrieking, "you can weep—you who sowed the seed which is now bearing its bitter fruit! Ah! yes, yes, it is you who are weeping now!" She seemed suddenly exhausted, and, growing calmer, after a while continued: "Do not weep, George; take what I can give you—my friendship—and so, God wills, we will remain united here and beyond."

"Will you then love me in the life to come?"

"One feraft une ame isolee dans le ciel meme? What would a lone soul do in Heaven itself? Plainly, George, love alone is life, in Heaven and on earth?"

"God knows, dearest Pauline, that I loved you truly on the day we plighted our troth, and loved you as truly on that ill-starred day when your heart became chilled, and that I love you now with the same devotion, but more wisely."

"It gives me a real pleasure to hear this!" she cried, with animation. "Heaven alone knows, George, how I suffered at first, day and night. I thought then actually that I would have to yield up my life. I believe every one thinks the same when struck by some fearful blow. But the strength to endure my existence came with time, and afterward also came calm and peace. George, believe me that, even though I may not be able to give you love, I will nevertheless feel a felicity in being about you and to live with you until death doth us part."

I opened my arms and now of her free will she fell upon my breast and placed her arms about my neck. Our lips met—not as they did once, yet tenderly.

"We are older, more sensible than we were, George, though sadder, too," she said, smiling. "But, who knows! It is yet possible that the old love may not be altogether extinct." This kindled a momentary spark of hope within my breast; but, alas! no fuel has been offered since to keep it living.

Thus endeth this chapter of our lives.

Since that day we have never touched upon this subject. Years have passed, and I have waited patiently for the return of Pauline's love, but can never see aught shining in her eye but the same clear calm. My heart yet thrills as of yore when I hear her voice. An angel could hardly be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impulsive and fiery. She was unassuming, passionate and exacting in those days, and my phlegmatic nature was sorely exercised to keep pace with her. I know that all well—but oh! what a winsome, fond, bewitching creature she was!

* * * * * *

Whosoever thou mayst be that readest this, remember in time that a kind word and a tender glance cost but little, yet can accomplish much, and that no wrong is greater than that which is committed against a loving heart.

Shoes Made for Fifteen Cents a Pair.

SAID a prominent shoe manufacturer to a reporter of the Boston *Herald*:

"Here is a shoe that may be said to be made entirely by machinery. The uppers, souls and heels are cut out and formed by different machines. The lasting, pegging, sewing up and securing the seams, putting in eyelets, and even the cleaning out of the pegs inside, are all done by machinery. What do you think that shoe can be made for? You could probably never guess. Well, the work on it, not including any of the materials used, can be done for a sum so small that it would astonish you. I can make and box that at a profit for 7 1-2 cent, or 15 cents a pair. It wholesales for about $1.20. It is a good, solid shoe, and will give good service. Every shoe of a certain size is an exact fac-simile of every other shoe made by the same machine—that is, the right shoe is the same as every other right and the left like every other left of that size. They are put together in a more neat and uniform manner, and are stronger and better made than most of the hand-work of the same class."

GEN. E. F. BEALE, of California, publishes a notice warning all persons against hunting on his lands. As his domain extends a distance of sixty miles in Kern County, a hunter would consider it a good long walk from the hunting-grounds on the north of these lands to the game on the south.

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY-AND-BY" is a very bad boy:
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "*By-and-by*"
Soon come to the house of "*Never*."

"*I Can't*" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky woe terrier
That the world knows and honors—"*I Can*."

"*No Use in Trying*"—nonsense, I say:
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "*I Forgot*" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"*Don't Care*" and "*No Matter*," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "*Yes, we do care*," and 'twould be "*Great matter*,"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A BOY OF THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

MR. BARBER was one of the men who attract boys. It would puzzle a good many people to tell why. It could hardly be because he flattered them, for he often told them some plain truths. Still, for some reason, they were quite apt to come to him and talk over their affairs; and so he was not at all surprised when Charley White came and leaned on his fence one day while he was at work in his garden. He hoed out his row, and then paused and asked, rather abruptly:

"Well, Charley, what do you want now?"

"Five dollars," answered Charley.

"Five dollars? Whew! I don't know as I have it for you."

"And if you had I shouldn't want you to give it to me. I haven't come to that yet. I want to earn it."

"But how do you expect to earn so much money, and go to school, too?"

"I didn't say I expected to earn it; may be I don't. But you asked what I wanted."

"Sharp boy!" said Mr. Barber, smiling. "Perhaps I will make out better asking what you want of five dollars. Do you want a new doctor for your bruised shoulder?"

"No; my shoulder is doing all right now, and I guess all it wants is time and a little care. But I *did* have an awful time with that shoulder for a good while; and I tell you what it is, Mr. Barber," said Charley, leaning farther over the fence; "that sister of mine is not ten years old yet, but you wouldn't believe what a little woman she is. She's next thing to mother to fix a fellow up and take care of him when he's sick. I'm afraid I didn't think much about it at the time; but since I've been about again I've thought a good deal, and I'd like to make Lou a present. I know where I can find a set of furs, such as some of her mates have, and they would just delight her, and the price is five dollars. Her birthday comes in the fall, just when they would come in good, and I wish I could find some way to earn the money between this time and that; for I am pretty sure mother can't afford to get them. It will be vacation part of the time, but then I don't know how soon my shoulder will let me do anything hard. So I don't know as I am likely to get the money; but that is what I should like."

"Well, well," said Mr. Barber, thoughtfully, "you might have been thinking of something worse. I can tell you one thing you may consider. Mr. Camp was driving the cows himself this morning. You know he pastures most of the village cows, and takes them back and forth in the bargain. He has just turned off that Dudd boy because he could not depend upon him. He wants another boy at a dollar a week. The work isn't very much, and can be done out of school hours; but he wants a boy to be on hand at the hour, every morning and every night, and, you know, boys like to be off whenever there is some other place they would rather be."

"That is tying a fellow down pretty close, in fact. No going off of an afternoon and staying late, or any such fun."

"Just so; it would be a good deal of a job, and hang on a long while; so perhaps you had better go and tell your sister how much you appreciate her kindness, and you would do something to show it, if it did not cost anything."

Charley flushed, and said: "You think my talk is only talk, I see. But I don't believe I did much even of that, in the time of it, when it might have done some good. I'm afraid I grumbled and complained when everything didn't just suit, and when it did, said nothing about it."

"Shouldn't wonder a bit. You're bound to make a man yet. Those are some of the sure symptoms."

"Well, we'll see. Good day, sir," said Charley.

"Good day," replied Mr. Barber.

Charley went first to his mother and then to Mr. Camp, and the next morning Mr. Barber nodded and smiled to see him passing with the cows, and many a word of cheer did he give the boy during the long weeks, which would grow tedious sometimes in spite of himself. But they were away for all that, and the season came when the cows were no longer to go to the pasture. Charley felt rich with his five dollars in his pocket, and more besides.

Soon after came the day he had been planning for. When Lou opened her door that morning to come down stairs she found hanging to the outer knob a set of furs which exactly suited her, with a card attached, on which she read: "For Lou's birthday, with brother Charley's love."

What could she do, in her complete surprise, but rush down to the dining room, all excitement, and laughing and crying at once? Meeting Charley, she threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hearty kiss, exclaiming: "Oh, you darling! how did you know just what I wanted, and how did you manage it?"

"Drove cows," said Charley, feeling quite as happy as his sister.

About a year later, Charley was again leaning over Mr. Barber's garden fence.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. B., "how did that investment pay we were talking of a year ago?"

"First-rate," said Charley; "it was pretty hard work to stick right to it sometimes, but when I saw how pleased Lou was, I tell you I was glad I did not back out."

"And she enjoyed your present all through the cold weather?"

"Yes; she has often said they did her lots of good."

"And when you had once made an effort to please her, it was easier afterwards to plan your plays, so she could share in your good times?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Certainly, it is so: just as after you have once gone to the barn and back through the drifted snow, you can go easier the next time in the same track. And having denied yourself sometimes when the boys were going off on some sports, you can do it easier now when your mother needs you."

"I believe it's all so," said Charley.

"Well, I want to tell you two things you can take home to think of. One is, the work was worth as much to you as the money you got for it: the other is, you have had a better time yourself for the practice you have had in thinking and caring for others."—*N. Y. Observer.*

How to Grow Homely.

NO ONE wishes to know that, you will say. Well, but that most people do grow homely it is impossible to deny. All love a frank, open countenance, and welcome the owner of it; but how few such there are. There are good and sufficient reasons for these things, some of which I propose to show you.

When you are angry, how wrinkled your face gets, and what a cross, disagreeable expression is in your eyes. Every time you get angry a little of that look stays; you cannot get rid of it.

We have all seen people who look at us openly and frankly when talking with us, and others who will hardly let their eyes meet ours; what is the reason? When one has been telling what is not quite the truth, he does not like to look up for fear of being discovered, and the next time it is a little "more so," and when one is in the habit of doing things he is ashamed of, he will not let you look him in the eye if he can help it. There is not a surer way to grow homely.

Another way is, every time you hear it said that some one of your acquaintances has been doing something wrong, do not stop to know that it is so, nor think whether you haven't done just such a thing yourself sometime, or something just as bad, but go right away and tell every one you meet all about it. And if you cannot remember just how it was told you, tell it someway, however you happen to think it might have been. This will give your countenance an expression very spiteful and malicious—the way cross old maids are said to look.

A sure way to make your mouth homely and to take all the dimples from your cheeks, is to get angry and scold a great deal, very often, using words you would not like certain of your friends to hear you say.

By using the same means you can make your voice very harsh and unpleasant.—*News-Boys' Appeal.*

Misplaced Trusts.

THE daily papers report the defalcation of the city book-keeper and collector for one of our wholesale hardware houses. The extent of the "shortage" is not known, but it is believed to amount to several thousand dollars. The young man has, of late, had the reputation of being "fast" and indulging in extravagances beyond the amount which his salary would justify. The unfortunate condition in which this faithless employe now finds himself is but the same in which many another has found himself, not only in this city, but in every city, and, we might say, town in the country. It is the old story, temptation, fall and disgrace. The bitter ashes of repentance will hardly atone for the inexcusable course which this man and others choose, in their moments of pleasure-seeking, to pursue. The strangeness in all these proceedings is that fast young men will toy with vice, knowing that, in the future, a day of reckoning must be had. If this defaulting book-keeper had any perceptive faculties at all, he must have known that he could not long continue his system of peculations, and that sooner or later the denouement must come. To-day this violator of a sacred trust, this betrayer of a personal confidence, stands with reputation charred and blackened. Upon the white page of his reputation there exists a foul spot which can never be erased. It is said that he had a home and a wife and child. If so, in that home there rests a shadow whose darkness can never depart. Upon the heart of a trusting wife there is a weight which can never be removed until it has ceased its pulsations in death. Did this young man think of all this when stepping out upon that life of shame, which has thus terminated in his ruin and sent him a fleeing outcast from the city and the home he has disgraced?

There are others to-day following rapidly in this young man's footsteps. Daily they are tempted to betray their trusts. Some have even stepped across the fatal line, and are now doing the same unlawful act which has cost this book-keeper his situation and the loss of his good name. Some trumpet of warning should be sounded for these misguided young men. Something should be done to arouse them to the danger of their position, but more to show them the enormity of the offenses they are committing.

There is a duty for employers in this matter. They should keep a watchful eye upon the conduct of those to whom they grant positions of confidence and trust. If they see that their men are pursuing a course of vice or are engaging in habits of extravagance, then it is morally incumbent upon them to attempt to reform their erring employes, or failing in so doing, they should remove them from positions where they are tempted to violate their trusts. Self interest, as well as a high sense of moral and social obligation, should teach those who employ young men to watch over their characters and reputations. This is a difficult task, we know, especially in a large city, but not so difficult that it cannot be accomplished.—*Industrial World.*

—Mons. Loilet has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of 250 meters and contains twelve species of fish. The majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their mouths.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY JAN. 15, 1881.

An Iowa Republican says that building school-houses within a mile and a half of one another all over the State is what has enabled Iowa to roll up 80,000 Republican majority.

The following nominations for the United States Senate were made Tuesday: Sherman, in Ohio; Hawley, in Connecticut; General Miller, in California; General Harrison, in Indiana, and Fair, the bonanza king, in Nevada.

Senator David Davis is said to have voted regularly with the Republicans during the present session of Congress. It is to be hoped that he will be given all the encouragement possible in his effort to get the Democratic taste out of his mouth.

That very sensible Democratic journal, the Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, warns its party not to go into a contest over the counting of the electoral vote, and intimates that as the Republicans have elected the next President they had better be allowed to supervise this business themselves.

A water panic prevails at Galesburg, Ill., and vicinity, owing to the long continued cold. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Co. have withdrawn some of their trains and on Sunday paid out $500 for ice to melt in order to supply their engines with water. Many individuals are also melting ice, which is obtained from the Mississippi river. The cold averages 10 degrees below zero every night.

One British journal, at least, has the manliness to speak out in denunciation of the statistical frauds which were made the basis of the Halifax fisheries award. The London *News* declares that the vitiation of the statistics vitiates the award itself, and that the whole question must be reopened. If the British government takes equally high ground, the affair can be very readily settled.

The London *Times*, commenting on the increase in the population of the United States, as shown by the recent census, says: "These eleven and a-half millions of people are not a poor indigient and untaught mass, such as would produce in any European State by so great and rapid an accession to the population. They are well-fed, well-clothed, well to-do, and, as a rule, well-educated. There is room to spare for them all and for as many more during the next ten years. We cannot but look with some envy on a nation whose easy lot it is to gather up the good things which fortune casts to it."

It is reported from Texas that at the ensuing session of the legislature of that State provision will be made for the creation of three new States, as stipulated in the terms of the joint resolution annexing Texas to the Union. It is held that if the Legislature creates the new States no objection can be made to their admission, as the joint resolution of Congress expressly provides that "new States, of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to the said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the federal constitution." Only the consent of Texas, it is claimed, is necessary, as the consent of the United States is given in advance by the terms of the resolution of annexation. There is sufficient population in Texas to entitle each of the three States to two members of the House, whereas one only is necessary, and the fourth new State, it is held, can be created at any time hereafter. Three new States out of Texas territory would give the Democrats six more Senators. It would be a good thing for the Democrats, to be sure, but no one believes that the Republicans in Congress would stand by the literal terms of the resolution of annexation. If, as reported, the Texas legislature makes the three new States, as proposed, the six gentlemen upon whom Senatorial honors may be conferred will have a good time waiting to get into the Senate.

Mothers Shipton and Peerihlion.

The end of the world has frequently been advertised, and men have stood in their ascension robes, all ready to go up; but the end has generally been posponed on account of the weather. But it is now announced that the performance will positively come off during the present year. Mother Shipton, a renowned fortune-teller who lived some years ago, is falsely supposed to have said:

> To an end the world shall come,
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

It has also been discovered that the Pyramids predict the end of the world about this time. But that is not all. Jupiter and Saturn both come into perihelion in April of the present year; two other planets somewhat later. The four planets have not been so near together for centuries, and their former concurrence immediately proceeded that awful pestilence, the Black Death, that half depopulated Europe. It thus appears that the "Revelation in stone," as the great Pyramid has been called, astrology, and Mother Shipton, all agree that the end of the world is at hand. There is something awful in the mere sound of "perihelion." Just as the pious old lady described, with a holy unction, how much comfort she had "took" in that "sweet old world Mesopotamia," so there is no knowing how much terror some people may take in that dire word, "perihelion." The attractive force of the planets being increased by proximity, they are expected to "draw" a great may useful things entirely off of the earth. Oxygen, for example, is to be pulled out of our atmosphere, leaving us to suffocate in the nitrogen. We see no reason, however, why oxygen should be singled out. A properly disposed perihelion, a perihelion of ordinary politeness, might be induced to take a pull at some other sort of gas. There is a superior article of sulphuretted hydrogen furnished by our Basin and Jones' Falls, that we could recommend: School Board eloquence of inferior gaseous quality could be furnished at low rates. It might pull Ohio whiskey up to some other planet, or do many other things of the same sort. But there are a great many things that must be done before our fears of the millenium shall be excited. When doctors take pills instead of giving them, when a quart bottle holds a quart, when goods are better than the sample, when jurors find rational verdicts, and politicians decline office, "when berries—huckle, rasp and straw—grow bigger downward in the box," when plumbers mend bursted water pipes at low figures, and people think their gas bills are reasonable—then we shall begin to fear that the end of the world is coming

But still it would be inconvenient at the present time. There are some points that ought to be settled before this planet goes into bankruptcy and makes an assignment to perihelion. Who defeated Hancock—was it John Kelly? What was the *real* state of affairs at Canonchet? Who are to compose Garfield's cabinet? Who slit Whittaker's ears? Who put up the money for the Panama canal? How about that mile of Railroad at Philadelphia? Shall it be the Keely motor or the electric light? When will the monument to the Father of His Country at Washington be finished? When will the tunnel under the Atlantic ocean be built, and when will the Baltimore School Board find it "expedient" to fulfil their solemn engagements as to the colured schools? Perihelion ought to give the School Board another chance.—*Balto. American.*

A VILLAGE BURIED UNDER SNOW.—A man named Cooper arrived near Berryville, Clarke county, Va., on Thursday evening, and was found insensible in the snow. On being restored to consciousness he stated that he had come from the village of Paris, near the summit of the Blue Ridge mountains, to procure relief for the distressed inhabitants. He stated the place was buried in snow, and that three hundred people were there in danger of perishing from cold and the lack of provisions. His own house was deeply buried, and he took his wife and child out of the second-story window and placed them in his father's house, which was not so deeply buried. In one house a poor widow and one child were found to be dead, but an infant was still alive. The people were all collected in a few houses, so as to economize the wood on hand, but they required a supply of provisions. Cooper started on Tuesday morning on horseback. The next day the horse gave out, and he traveled the remaining distance on foot. A large four-horse sled was despatched for Paris loaded with provisions. The storm commenced on the 20th of December, and for forty-eight hours the snow descended. Since that time the village of Paris has been cut off from communication with the neighboring towns, until Cooper reached Berryville.

The relief party despatched from Berryville, Clark county, Va., to the snow-covered village of Paris, reached that place on Thursday, after an exhausting journey. They found the roads almost impassable. One of their teams of four horses got stuck in a drift and had to be abandoned, and during the long and bitter cold night they traveled but four miles. The crust of the snow was not strong enough to bear the sleigh, which broke through repeatedly, compelling the half-frozen men to get out and struggle through the drift on foot. Before reaching the village a seconed horse was abandoned. Finally, they got into the main street, where not a sign of life was to be seen, but their shouts were followed by a man showing his head from a hole in the wall of the school house, twenty feet from the ground. The relief party, consisting of a doctor and two other men, were so exhausted that they had to be themselves carried into one of the houses, where a large fire was built in honor of their arrival. The contents of the sleigh, consisting of medicine, soft linen for bandages, canned fruits, preserved meats, wine and liquors, proved an invaluable addition to their little store. The doctor who formed one of the relief party at once went to work in the hospital, relieving the exhausted physician in charge, who, with nearly a hundred cases to care for, had not been to bed for over a week. The committee expressed the opinion that they would be able to get along for another week without further aid, provided the snow ceased and a crust formed. This would allow forage parties to walk without serious trouble, and they could then doubtless procure fuel. The stock of wood on hand had been reduced to four cords, and only small fires were kept up in each house, for fear of running out entirely. The community had been in charge of a committee of which a Mr. Wright was the head, and he had been compelled to rule the men with a rod of iron. The stock of the two grocery stores had been seized, and the liquor Mr. Wright kept in his own house, where it was guarded by himself or one of his sons, and dealt out to those detailed to make excursions to the surrounding country for game, of which they found abundance that had frozen to death. In returning to their homes they had to be hauled into the upper windows, to deeply buried were the houses in snow-drifts. The crust on the snow had become harder, and communication with the village was comparatively easy, but more snow may alter affairs there. The villagers had at first attempted to cut channels in the snow to allow passages from one house to another, but during the night they would fill up, and at last that mode was abandoned, and the snow was allowed to accumulate around the houses, the roof or upper windows being used as outlets. The women and children had suffered much, though they were lodged in the warmest houses and supplied with extra clothing. There are about three hundred men, women and children that have been thus buried up since the 20th of December.

Who Owns the Bonds.

In the Treasury Department there is an interesting set of books printed and bound, and each about the size of Webster's Dictionary. But they are not open to public inspection. These books contain the name and residence of every holder of registered four per cent. bonds in the United States. The amounts range from fifty dollars, which is the smallest, up to $51,000,000, which is the largest sum owned by one person. This latter sum is owned by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and upon it he draws $510,000 in interest every ninety days.

To get this information for the new census General Walker caused the bonds to be examined by a detail of clerks. The result is that we find $61,000,000 of these bonds owned in the Eastern States, $221,000,000 owned in the Middle States, $48,000,000 owned in the Western States, and $12,000,000 in the Southern States. These figures are in round numbers. It is thought by the Treasury officials that the entire public debt is held in different sections in about the same proportion. A striking fact in connection with these figures is that W. H. Vanderbilt individually owns more registered U. S. bonds than are owned in all the nineteen Western States and territories! These States and territories have a population of over twenty millions, yet there is held among them but $48,000,000 of registered bonds, or less than Mr. Vanderbilt owns! In the fourteen Southern States $12,000,000 are owned, or about one-fourth the amount held by a single citizen in New York.

A prominent Treasury official, is speaking of the inequalities of fortune as illustrated by these figures, said that he thought it would eventually cause discontent. A man with the enormous wealth now possessed by Mr. Vanderbilt could add to it very rapidly; in fact, it will double itself in twenty years if put into four per cent. bonds and let alone, save to add the annual interest. With the present "start" which Mr. Vanderbilt has in bonds and dividend paying stocks, it will be an easy matter for him to be worth at least, $250,000,000, should he live twenty years hence. It is said that he is worth more than half of this sum now. In speaking of the rapid accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, which has been more strikingly illustrated in the past few years than ever before, a member of the Senate, who has been long in public service, told your correspondent recently that before the war he never expected to live to see an American who was really worth $50,000,000. He then thought that the time would eventually come when a citizen could command this amount of wealth, but he thought it would not be realized during the present century. But already, with twenty years remaining of the century, there is one citizen at least who is generally believed (and with the best of reasons) to be worth three times this amount.

Outside the Vanderbilt family there is no single individual who owns over $5,000,000 of registered bonds. Those who own one million are not numerous. Quite a number, several hundred in fact, in different portions of the country have over $100,000. This is regarded as a nice plum, and the man who has tugged a long time to get the round $100,000 can well afford to take a rest, and draw $1,000 in interest every ninety days. He enjoys it almost as much as the man who, by daily labor and application, earns an equal income.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11, 1881.

The much discussed subject of paying liberal rates to American steam vessels for carrying our foreign mails is again before Congress, and this time without several of the features which injured its chances of success For instance, the bill just presented does not call for any particular build of steamer. They may be iron or wood, side wheel or screw steamers. It was urged against former bills that but one ship-yard in the country could produce the description of vessels required, and that the bills were in the interest of the parties owning that yard. The new bill is not open to that objection. There is clearly a change of public sentiment in favor of this means of giving government aid to our shipbuilding interests and helping to extend our commerce. The bill may fall at this session, but rather from want of time, I think, than from indisposition to act favorably on it.

While on this subject I may quote a morning paper of the city to the effect that Senator Blaine's acceptance of a Cabinet position under President Garfield depends on the willingness of the President to make the development of American industries and commerce a leading part of the policy of his administration.

An important conference was held yesterday between Secretary Sherman and prominent members of the House upon the funding measure now under discussion. The Secretary favors a three and one-half per cent bond. The sentiment of the House is evidently more favorable to as high a rate as that than it was early in the session. It is likely the bill finally passed will leave something to the discretion of the Secretary on that point. The refunding, it is beginning to be understood, cannot be done in a day, and before it is complete there may be such changes in general business as to make a lower rate possible, or a higher rate necessary than is now thought of.

The familiar face of Captain Eads is seen on our streets again. His last visit was in connection with the Mississippi jetties, then just completed. He is now seeking government recognition of his scheme for building a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. He has I believe, never asked anything of Congress which was not granted. He proposes to finish his railway within four years from the date of commencing work on it.

The friends of Gen. Raum, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, are urging him as Secretary of the Treasury under President Garfield. Senator Logan and most of the prominent men who were working for the nomination of Gen. Grant at Chicago are supporting General Raum for the Treasury Secretaryship.

Hon. Oliver H. Dockery, of North Carolina, is put forward for a place in Garfield's Cabinet. His backers say that North Carolina has equal claims with any other Southern State for representation in the Cabinet, and that Garfield served with Dockery in Congress and knows that he is a good man.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

THE CHINESE TREATY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.—The *Call* publishes an interview with Hon. John F. Swift, one of the commissioners to negotiate a treaty with China, who returned by the steamer Gaelic yesterday. Mr. Swift says that in addition to the points in the treaty heretofore made public the treaty contains a clause reserving to the United States the right to terminate at any time the residence of Chinese laborers in this country. It was also tacitly understood that the Chinese cannot be naturalized in the United States, and that the naturalization already accomplished shall be null and void. The negotiations were concluded Nov. 20. Everything was ready on the 15th, but the word 'disaster' occurred in the treaty and it is a law of China that that word cannot be presented to the attention of the Emperor within five days of certain important events, among which is the birthday of members of the Imperial family, which necessitated a delay of about a fortnight before the conclusion of the treaty. The commissioners were so much disheartened that they were on the point of giving up the negotiations, and would have left Peking, but for the fact that communications were interrupted by the severity of the weather, and pending their renewal the Chinese officials made the concessions desired. Mr. Swift denies the report that the Chinese met the commissioners half way in their propositions, and says the points were only attained by persistent effort. He also denies the report that Minister Angell contemplates resigning his position.

BURNING OF THE MOUNTAIN CITY FLOUR MILLS—LOSS $45,000.

CUMBERLAND, January 9.—The burning of the old and well-known Mountain City Flour Mills last night has been the principal theme of conversation in this city to-day. Mr. Thomas P. Morgan, Jr., the proprietor of the mills returned home from Baltimore at two o'clock this morning, and was not aware of the fire until the cars got within sight of Cumberland. The loss is much greater than was anticipated last night. The mill was a very old building, and was first used as a flour mill by Mr. R. D. Johnson, in 1857. The ground is owned by Mr. James H. Percy, of this city, The building and its contents consisted of valuable machinery, part of which has been put in during the past two months; about ten or twelve thousand bushels of wheat, and a small amount of flour. The grain was stored in the upper floor of the building, which had two stories and a basement. The estimated loss on the mill machinery, buildings and stock, is $40,000 to $45,000. The loss is covered by $20,000 insurance, placed with Mr. A. R. Lewis, of this city, agent for the Ætna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut; Home and Phœnix, of New York, and the Royal and North British, of London; and $6,500 with Mr. D. P. Miller, in the Fire Association, of Philadelphia; German American, of New York, and London Assurance Corporation. Mr. Morgan was one of the most enterprising flour men in the State, and the Mountain City flour is as well known in Western Maryland as Gambrill's flour is in Baltimore. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Morgan in his misfortune. His father, Major Thomas P. Morgan, of Washington, D. C., happened to be on a visit to this city yesterday, and along with Mr. R. D. Johnson, was a witness of the destruction of the property. The flames illuminated the mountains and hills for miles around, and attracted an immense crowd to the locality, which has been unfortunate since 1876, this being the third large fire, commencing with the destruction of Peter Nein & Co.'s steam saw planing mill and lumber yard in the summer of that year. The other fire was that of George Landwehr's planing mill last summer.

THE CENSUS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—General Walker, superintendent of the census, is now engaged in the final revision of the census report as to the population before sending it to Congress, which he expects to do during the present week. The figures will not vary materially from those already named, viz., 50,152,000. Regarding a published estimate of 51,000,000, General Walker says he does not know where it originated, and that it did not come from the census office. The figures given show an increase over the census of 1870 of 11,593,629, or a trifle over thirty per cent., while the increase in the preceding decade was 7,115,050, or 22½ per cent. This large increase in the present ratio is attributable to several causes; among them the fact that the present census has been more carefully taken than ever heretofore. In 1870 there were but 6,000 enumerators, while for the present census there were 31,265, who made visitations from house to house, calling upon every family in their district. In what is known as the black belt in the South the domiciles are isolated, the people not living on roads, as in the north, but scattered about for convenience of location and water. The enumerators, instead of visiting the people, stopped about the county seats and villages, and questioned them who came as to themselves and their neighbors. In the selection of enumerators for the present census, particular pains were taken as to their fitness for the work, and except in rare cases, each was selected from the district in which he was to perform the duty. There is on file in the Census Office a good deal of testimony, much of it sworn to, as to the inaccuracy of former censuses—notably that of 1870. General Walker feels confident that from the general character of the enumerators, the smallness of the district assigned to each, and their personal acquaintance therewith with the plan of house-to-house visitation, the actual number of inhabitants has been reached with far greater accuracy than ever before.

A BLOW AT MORMONISM.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 8.—When the returns of the late election for delegate to Congress were canvassed by Secretary Thomas in December, the Gentile candidate, Allen G. Campbell, filed a paper with Gov. Murray, protesting against issuing a certificate of election to Apostle Cannon—although it appeared that he had a large majority of the votes cast—on the ground, among others, that he is not a citizen of the United State, and being a polygamist, is not capable of becoming a citizen in good faith. These facts had long been notorious, and, therefore, the votes cast for Cannon at said election must be held void. He (Campbell) being the only eligible candidate running at said election must have been elected, and the governor's certificate should be issued accordingly. Cannon makes a reply, and claims that he was naturalized in due and legal form twenty-six years ago, and that if he were a polygamist, as charged by Campbell, it would not disqualify him for the office of delegate. Cannon's reply was filed with Gov. Murray yesterday, and thereupon the case was argued at length before the Governor by the counsel for the respective parties. It was shown by a copy of the actual record of the court in which Cannon claims to have been naturalized, properly certified by the clerk of said court, that on the day when Cannon claims to have been naturalized no such naturalization proceedings took place. The clerk also certified under his seal that from the organization of the court until the present time he, having examined them carefully, was unable to find any record in any of said records of the naturalization of George Q. Cannon. The pretended certificate relied on by Cannon does not purport to be an exemplification of any record of any court of record and is therefore void on its face. No record of the naturalization of Cannon in open court signed by the judge exists, and the naturalization act in force at that time, makes such record the only proof of the fact, without which, the statute says, the party shall not be deemed to be a citizen. It was argued by Cannon's counsel that, if all this was true, the governor was not authorized to take cognizance of it. It should be left to the House of Representatives. The governor did not take that view of it. The act of Congress organizing Utah says "the governor shall declare the person who received the greatest number of votes duly elected, and shall certify accordingly." An act of Congress approved June 8, 1872, provided that no person shall be capable of voting or of holding office, in any territory, who is not a citizen of the United States, excluding such as had merely declared their intention to become such. The governor held that this action of Congress, and of the territory, bound him to take cognizance of the fact—which he considered established—that Cannon is an alien, and is, therefore, ineligible to hold the office of delegate. Under other circumstances, says the governor in his ruling, Cannon might become naturalized before his term of office begins, but it is charged by Campbell, and not denied by Cannon, that the latter is living in violation of the law of 1862, making polygamy a felony, and cannot, therefore, be well disposed toward the government of the United States, not being a citizen, and being incapable, from his profession and manner of life, of taking the oath of naturalization in good faith; and these facts having been notorious for years, it follows that the votes cast for him as delegate are lost; and Allen G. Campbell being the person—a citizen of the United States, and possessing all the other necessary qualifications—who received the greatest number of votes at said election, the governor is bound by the law to declare said Campbell duly elected, and to certify accordingly." The governor awarded the certificate of election to Allen G. Campbell, and immediately left Salt Lake, bound to Louisville, Ky., on important business, which he has postponed several days that he might hear argument and decide on this question.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mrs. W. A. Daily is visiting at Piedmont, W. Va.

—Mr. Ed. Kildow spent a few days in Grafton this week.

—A revival in the M. E. Church at Cranberry is in pregress.

—Mr. Jacob Kepner left Oakland Tuesday morning, for Meyersdale, Pa.

—Dr. Bartlett is taking advantage of the good sleighing to visit the public schools in the county.

—President Thompson, of the W. Va., University, has resigned his position, to take effect in March.

—Mr. Wm. Wagner, of Oakland, started for Iowa Tuesday evening, where he expects to remain for some time.

—Died—at Oakland Wednesday, of Diphthertic Croup, George J. W. son of C. H. and L. F. Sincell in the 7th year of his age

—Died—At Oakland, Monday evening, of Diphtheritic Croop. Willie, only son of John O. and Le venia Michael, in the 6th year of his age.

—Dyphtheretic croup is prevailing in Oakland, three deaths having occurred from that dread disease within the last ten days.

—A military company was organized at Emmittsburg, Md., on the 3d inst. This makes eight companies in the 6th District. Now let us have the regiment formed.

—Married—Dec. 31st, 1880, by Rev. Wm. E. George, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Holland E. Mills and Miss Rachel E. Rodeheaver, both of Garrett county.

—At the meeting of the Orphans' Court Tuesday the only business of general interest transacted was the granting of letters of administration to Wm. P. Groves on the estate of Jesse Groves, deceased!

—The Garrett Guards have received an invitation to attend the inauguration of Gen. Garfield, but at a meeting Saturday night decided not to accept, owing to lack of suitable uniform and equipments.

—Mr. Bird, a traveling salesman for Mr. I. W. Slonaker, agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, came near being drowned in an attempt to cross Horseshoe Run, near Cheat River, in Tucker county, Thursday of last week.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is agent for The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britian and America, from the days of the Wesleys to the present time. This is a work of great merit and should be in every Methodist household. dec11tf

—1st Lieut. A. L. Osbourn tendered his resignation to the Garrett Guards Saturday night last. The company regret the loss of Lt. Osbourn, as he was an agreeable gentleman and an efficient officer, and was well liked by the entire company. An election for 2d Lieutenant will be held as soon as ordered by the Adjutant General.

—Died—At Oakland, on January 10th, 1881, after a lingering and most serious attack of heart disease, Mrs. Rachel A. Smith, aged 42 years, 3 months and 12 days, third wife of Mr. John W. Smith, departed this life. Our deceased sister having moved here where she had not the privilege and oversight of her own church, the Southern Methodist, during the latter part of her protracted illness, united with the Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland, under whose pastoral care she received her last communion of the Lord's Supper upon the shores of time. Her life was a life of Christian consistency, to the joy and comfort of her family and friends. The Lord made her a blessing in her life, and we believe he made her a blessing in her death. Sister Smith is one more golden link which binds her little family and her large relationship to heaven. She is not dead, but lives and waits in heaven to welcome the dear ones home. The large attendance upon the funeral and burial attest the fact that the bereaved family have the hearty sympathy of the town and community. May God's blessing rest upon the hereaved husband and the motherless children, and so direct their hearts and minds while they live that they may live the life of the devoted Christian wife and mother, that they may die the death of the righteous and that their last end may be like hers—calmly falling to sleep in the arms of Jesus. Sorrow not, bereaved ones, for

From suffering and sorrow at ease,
She's sleeping most sweetly in peace;
No waking till Jesus shall come
To gather his jewels all home.

WM. STOUDENMIRE,
Pastor.

A Warning.

We take the following well-timed remarks from the Frederick *Examiner*: "It may be well enough, in view of the immense quantity of snow now on the roofs of dwellings, barns and out-houses, to caution our readers about permitting it to remain there, especially if the rafters are weakened by time. If rain should fall, as in all probability it will, the spongy nature of the snow would absorb nearly a gallon of water to the square foot before it would begin to run off, and the combined weight of water and snow would render dangerous any roof, new or old, unless very steep or of gothic structure."

RYAN'S GLADES, Jan. 10, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please give place in your columns for the insertion of the following items, which may prove interesting to some of your readers:

The Methodist brethren are holding a protracted meeting at the Glades White church. Fourteen penitents are seeking for light, and more are expected to turn their backs upon the world and their faces Zionward. The meetings are conducted by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, of Deer Park circuit. We hope his labors may prove successful.

Mr. Alexander Harvey, who recently returned home from Texas on a visit, is still here. We learn that he contemplates returning to Texas in the spring to resume his former occupation of herding cattle.

JIMMY JINGO.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court met Tuesday, January 11th, 1881. Present, Judges Kooken and DeWitt.

Following are the proceedings:

Letters of Administration were granted to Wm. P. Groves upon the estate of Jesse Groves, late of Garrett county, deceased.

First account of Thos. B. Frantz and Henry Frazee, Exentors of John Frazee, ratified and confirmed.

First account of Elizabeth and Daniel R. Smith, administrators of Daniel Smith, deceased, ratified and confirmed.

Second account of Margaret A. Walter, administratrix of Henry Walter, deceased, ratified and confirmed.

First account of Jas. W. White, Executor of George J. Waller, ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, Jan. 25th

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a tilling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-tow

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

As an evidence of the singular success attending business ventures during the year 1880 it is reported from New York that the business failures show a decrease of twenty-five per cent, in point of numbers from 1879. This is certainly a remarkable showing, the one thing accounting for it above all others being the financial policy of the country, which has restored confidence and brought into active use the money that was hoarded up.

Tough Weather.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"We're havin' some pretty wintrish weather," said old Daddy Wotherspoon to Uncle Sammy Hornlwell, as the two gentlemen met near the City Hall yesterday. "Right for'ard weather for the season."

"Jist so, jist so," conceded Uncle Sammy. "Reminds me of the fall of 1831. It commenced 'long the fore part of November and froze stiff till March. Good, smart weather, too. I remember that it was so cold in Brookly that November that bilin' water froze over a hot fire."

Daddy Wotherspoon looked at him and braced himself. "Yes, yes," said he, "I mind it well. That's the fall that the milk froze in the cows. But the cold season was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps and we didn't have a light until spring set in."

"Ay, ay!" responded Uncle Sammy, growing rigid. "It's just like yesterday to me. I walked a hundred and forty miles due east from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid back, owing to the convexity of the earth, you know. It was down hill coming this way. But that wasn't as cold as the winter of 1821. That season commenced in September, and the mercury didn't rise a degree till May. Don't you remember how we used to breath hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it and crawl in for shelter? You haven't forgotten that?"

"Not I," said Daddy Wotherspoon, after a short pause. "That's the winter we used to give the horses hod to drink, and keep a hot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down. But that was nothing to the spell of 1817. I got through that whole spell by living in an ice house. It was too cold to go out doors, and I jist camped in an ice house. You remember that season of 1817? That's the winter we wore undershirts of sand paper to keep up a friction."

"Well, I should say I did," retorted Uncle Sammy. "What! remember 1817! 'Deed I do. That was the spell when it took a steam grindstone four days to light a match. Ay, ay! But do you know I was comfortably warm in that winter?"

"How so?" demanded Daddy Wotherspoon, breathing hard.

"Runnin' around your ice house to find out where you got in. It was an awful spell thou. How long did it last? From August till the 30th of June? I guess you're right. But you mind the snap of 1813, don't you? It commenced on the 1st of July and went around and lapped over a week. This year the smoke froze in the chimneys, and we had to blast it out with dynamite. I think that was the worst we ever had. All the clocks froze up so we didn't know the time for a year, and when men used to set fire to their buildings so's to raise the rent. Yes, indeed. I got three thousand dollars a month for four burnin' buildings. There was a heap of sufferin' that winter, because we lived on alcohol and phosphoros, till the alcohol froze, and then we ate the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around till they caught fire. Say you—"

But Daddy Wotherspoon had fled. The statistics were too much for him.

VIRGINIA'S PLEA OF POVERTY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has been interviewing a prominent Virginian, who is described "as probably quite as well informed regarding the condition and resources of Virginia as is Gen. Mahone, or any other man in the State. This Virginian, in response to inquires from the *Tribune's* correspondent, declared first, that Virginia is not honestly paying all she can; second, there is a party in Virginia willing to pay more than Mahone; third, the State is not really bankrupt. In addition the Virginian remarked: "All this talk about the bankruptcy of our State is not only untrue, but it has done the State incalculable injury in the last ten years by checking immigration and by preventing the investment in the State of outside capital. The reason Virginia appears to be so poor is that there has been systematic undervaluation of property for assessment purposes. The valuations throughout the State have not been uniform, and the undervaluation is proved by this fact. I know instances where the land of a county is assessed at $30 an acre, while in an adjoining county, where the lands are just as good and quite as valuable, the assessments are only $6 an acre. Now, while I sympathize with Mahone in his desire to overthrow Bourbon rule in Virginia, I am compelled to admit that the excessive undervaluations I have spoken of are in counties controlled by the readjusters. The census reports will undoubtedly disclose the fact that Virginia is much richer than her assessment rolls would indicate, but I do not believe that even the census returns will show the whole value. The fact is the politicians, for their own purposes, have been for years trying to convince our people that they are poor and overtaxed, and the people have come to believe it. I suppose the census valuation will be much under the true amount, because it will be largely made from the statements of property owners themselves. People know well enough that their property is undervalued by the assessor. Recently an acquaintance of mine wanted to sell me a piece of property and asked $25 an acre for it. I told him I would buy it and pay him the assessed valuation. Of course he refused to accept it. I found out afterward that it was assessed at $6 an acre. Not long before he had sold property adjoining and of about the same value for $30 an acre."

The Best Farming.

The best farming is that which produces from a man's land the largest net profit without impairing the soil's capacity to produce. The average farmer tills his soil for profit, and not for the purpose of coming into possession of abstract truths. Ninety-nine farmers out of a hundred will accept the above definition of the best farming; the hundredth farmer, in an exuerimental way, expects to be of great benefit to his class, makes an assignment for his creditors' benefit, and is useful to his neighbors simply as a warning.

According to the definition given above, the best farmers in the world are found in New York State. In some regions the farms are hilly and so stony that the robbles taken from the soil are plenty enough to fence the land with solid wall; but every spot and hillside is cultivated for all it is worth, and all the stones are found in the walls that inclose the productive fields. In those regions, fertilizers, except such as are produced on the farm, are too expensive to be largely used. The farmer must manage to get crops without fertilizers, or decreasing the capacity of his land. These farmers avoid exhaustion of the soil by skillful rotation in the use to which their fields are put, and that is why they deserve to be called the best farmers in the New World.

The practical farmer usually has profound contempt for what he calls "book farming." He considers the farmer who talks more than he ploughs as little else than an impostor. Thoroughly understanding his own soil, as an instructor understands a pupil who has been for a long time under his tuition, he is apt to carry this feeling too far, and to refuse to hear some truths which a person of scientific education might impart to him, and which would be of considerable benefit.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. — The municipal elections which are now proceeding throughout France indicate conclusively that there has not been any change in the popular sentiment in respect to the existing form of government. Of eighty elections already reported, forty-four have been carried by the Republicans, in twenty-two the elections were undecided and will be held over again, while the number of radicals and conservatives combined who have been chosen, only amount to fourteen, 6 of the former to eight of the latter. A belief has prevailed in some quarters that the expulsion of the Jesuits, Marists, Dominicans, Carthusians and many other unrecognized religions orders would create a reaction in the popular mind that would be reflected in an increased anti-republican vote. Nothing of the kind has occurred. On the contrary the result of the municipal elections, so far as heard from, has confirmed and increased the republican strength and prepares the way for the general elections that take place in the summer of this year, when the term of the Septennat ends, and with it the provisional republic. It is at these general elections that the French people will be called to vote upon the future form of government. That they will vote to make the republic permanent there does not now appear to be any doubt, and when this is done it has long been understood that Gambetta will take the Presidency, a position which, up to this time he has sedulously avoided.

A REMARKABLE COMPANIONSHIP.—In 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at boarding-school at Cokesbury, South Carolina. They had been for years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist church. These boys remained at this schools roommates and classmates, and entered Wofford college, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth. They entered a law office at Spartanburg and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins's rifle regiment from South Carolina and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's batteries fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys and none other in the company. They are buried on the same battlefield and sleep together in the same grave. Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were sons of Bishop Capers, Revs. Dr. McSwain and Smith, of South Carolina, and Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Virginia the last being a brother of Rev. Dr. Duncan of Randolph Macon college. The grave is marked by a granite cross and inclosed with an iron railing.—*Columbia (South Carolina) Register.*

Secretary Blaine's New Home.

That Mr. Blaine is going into the Cabinet can be accepted by the whole country with confidence. The fact has already been discounted by nearly the whole press. As an additional proof of it, I discovered today that Mr. Blaine is about to commence the erection of a new residence in Washington, to cost $50,000. It is to be built on Scott Circle, not far from Don Cameron's new house, and he has already obtained the plans from his architect and builder. His house has, in one or two respects, been modeled on that of his friend, Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*.

It will be built broadside to the street, with a front of fifty feet and a depth of forty, and the hall—ten feet wide in the middle—will run directly back to his library, which will be thirty-five feet by twenty-six, with a high ceiling and completely lined with oak. On the left of the hall will be his reception parlors, and on the right a calling room and behind it a dining room. In the basement will be billiard tables, &c. The building will have a rather plain exterior, and no such ornamentation as the porte cochere and other parvenue adaptions.

Mr. Blaine expects to commence his house as soon as he has made the contract and the foundation can be dug. He bought the house he lives in early in the improvements of Washington, and it cost him about $25,000; but it is in the middle of a block, and the rooms generally dark, and it is not adapted to the larger uses of public life. Instead of paying as Mr. Evarts is now doing, a rent of $5,000 to $6,000 a year, Mr. Blaine builds at once his own secretary's residence, midway between the White House and the hill where the brothers Sherman have put up so many improvements.—"*Gath*," *in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

While other papers are contenting themselves with recording the events of 1880, the Boston *Globe* precipitates itself into the future and comes out under date of January 1, 1981. It appears by its record of events that in 1980 there were 139 States in the Union, and 800,000,000 people. Canada, Cuba and Australia had been admitted to the Union, and the application of Brazil, Chili and Peru for admission was before Congress. The Refrigerator State, a territory discovered by Captain John Kelley, who was sent out by Mr. Jas. Gordon Bennett, in the hope that he would never return, extended the boundaries of the United States to the North Pole. Among the bills passed by Congress in 1980 was one appropriating $25,000 towards completing the Washington monument, and $50,000 for the purpose of removing the Tower of London to the grounds of the Capitol at Washington, that venerable ruin having been presented to this country as a souvenir of the British Empire. The Boston *Globe* is an enterprising paper.

The Superintendent of the Census, by a very easy and accurate process, applies the results of the tenth census to ascertaining what the population of the country will be in 1880. The approximation gives 61,500,000 souls. These figures are arrived at by what is called the method of "second differences," a well-understood principle in statistical arithmetic, by means of which the constant elements in the progression of a population are eliminated from those which are occasional and variable. The rate of increase between 1870 and 1880 is compared with that between 1880, and this with that between 1850 and 1860, and the "second differences" used to check off the ratio and equalize it. The results obtained are very different from those which are derived from the simple striking of an average, and they are also much more positive and certain.

A correspondent writing from Western Maryland wants to know "if anything has yet been done to unearth the frauds in New York which last November prevented Gen. Hancock from carrying that State." In answer we beg to say that, in our opinion, Gen. Hancock's defeat was not owing to Republican frauds, but to Democratic blundering and imbecility. As we have said before, it is folly for any Democrat to attempt to console himself with the motion that his party was cheated out of the election last fall. Therefore we take it for granted that the cry of fraud raised by the warring factions in New York immediately after the last Presidential election has been wisely hushed, and the sensible men of all parties have come to the rational conclusion that Gen. Garfield was elected simply because he had more votes than any other candidate. New York was lost to Gen. Hancock on account of the internecine strife that exists among the local Democracy of that State, and the Democracy will keep on being defeated in that Commonwealth until the cliques, factions and rings which curse the party are all in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.—*Baltimore Gazette. Dem.*

SLEEP.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this: that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3 Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all who are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they *awake of themselves*, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TAKE A PAPER.—Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and the country, but more especially in the latter, that subscribe to no paper of any kind. Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted upon the rising generation—those who are to take our place in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present or the past; this ignorance, too, being imbued into them by the sanction of those who should, and doubtless do, know better, did they only think of the injurious effect of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act our different parts.

Married, and yet unhappy. How many a home has been robbed of sunshine and happiness and rendered sad and desolate by the loss of some dear and petted child. This is a dangerous season for children, and parents should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy. Price 25 cents a bottle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GET the BEST.

It is the Cheapest.

Why will you pay your money out for an inferior or cheap machine, when a little more will buy a Genuine Singer. The Singer has been in practical use since 1834, and has had a steady sale each year until 1879. The excess over any previous year was 74,755. Where are the companies that have existed during that length of time? for want of merit they have failed. Beware of new machines coming among you; they can't exist long where the Singer has an agency; then who will look after your machine when it is out of order? Beware of cheap machines sold by merchants. They sell them as they would any other commodity—if it does not give satisfaction they will tell you to come back and they will sell you another at the same price. But will they come to your house and fix your machine and learn you how to use it? Consider everything and see which is the cheapest. We treat rich and poor the same—sell on easy terms—give lessons free—charge nothing for adjusting our machines, and give a guarantee for 5 years.

N. B.—To those paying on machines—Pay no money to J. D. Wenver, as he is no longer in my employ. Remit by Registered Letter or P. O. Order or men authorized by me to collect.

Call on or address,
I. W. SLONAKER, Agent,
1 15 3 Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Hauser, et. al., vs. George Whitehair, et. al.

No. 167. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 12th day of January, 18 1, that the report of sales made by John W. Veitch and Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustees in the above entitled cause, to William Rolf, as purchaser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of February next; provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks in some paper published in Garrett county, Maryland, before the 31st day of January instant.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,501.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
1 15 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of Jesse Groves, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JESSE GROVES,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

WILLIAM P. GROVES,
1 15 4 Administrator.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT less than six monuments have been erected in Italy this year to the memory of the late King Victor Emanuel.

HERR ISIDOR KRAFT, a wealthy philanthropist, who lately died at Berlin, bequeathed the half of his fortune of 1,000,000 marks to found an institution as a refuge for destitute needle-women.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, the head of the French branch of the family, is usually at the bank before his clerks are. His wife wears but little jewelry, and his daughter Bettina has passed a successful examination as a teacher.

THE fishermen of Great Britain have reason to be grateful to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for she is said to have expended the snug little sum of $500,000 in efforts to improve the condition of the poor and deserving of this class.

NOTWITHSTANDING the persecution of the Jews in Germany, it is said that impecunious young German noblemen with "many ancestors and more debts" continue to seek the hands of wealthy young Jewish maidens in marriage.

THE defense of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues will cost about $75,000. Six meetings were held in London with the object of raising funds, and subscriptions have been widely taken up in Ireland. The Land League counts, however, upon receiving the greater part of the fund from Irishmen in the United States.

M. DE LESSEPS has eight babies, and he is now baptizing the ninth. The Queen of Spain will be godmother; and a godfather has been found in the Bishop of Panama. M. de Lesseps is in the habit of taking seven of theso babies out every day in a pony carriage. The Paris *Gaulois* devotes an article of nearly two columns to these interesting facts.

PROF. VIRCHOW, Prof. Mommsen and Prof. Hildebrand all appear in public condemnation of the anti-Hebrew agitation in Germany. The Crown Prince and his wife also omit no opportunity to show their disapproval. Prince Bismarck has never pretended to like the Jews, but he has made use of them as occasion has offered from time to time.

THE current reports that the marriage of Mr. Bartlett and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will not take place are now said to be wholly unfounded. The Baroness's intimate friends say she is fully resolved to complete the alliance, regardless of pecuniary loss. The Baroness lately told a peer that a judicial decision on her money matters may eventually come before him, being resolved, though indifferent to wealth, to maintain what she believes to be her rights, and carry the proceedings to the House of Lords for a final decision. It is estimated that her remaining yearly income, after an adverse decision, would be $200,000.

Seductive Advertisements.

THOSE in the habit of reading thoroughly the newspapers are doubtless familiar enough with artificially worded advertisements like the following, which are only covers for a nefarious business or for ingenious attempts at downright swindling: "Twenty-five thousand dollars cash will secure a one-fifth interest in a valuable mining claim in Nevada; three millions ore in sight, which can be worked under a patented electric ore process at a cost of $2 per ton. Address Business, &c." Or, "I have eleven mines located together in New Mexico; extraordinary prospects. I want party to advance $1,500, in monthly payments, to sink a shaft; don't want to sell, but will give an interest in the property. Address Bona Fides," etc. The "don't want to sell" in the latter advertisement is well calculated to attract the attention of the simple-minded people to whom it is addressed, though too transparent to deceive the most ordinary business man. All the fools are not yet dead, and "Bona Fides," whose demands are certainly very modest, is no doubt now in receipt, from more than one quarter, of a handsome monthly income. "Bona Fides" will continue to sink that "shaft" as long as his deluded victims are willing to furnish regular monthly payments in return for a shadowy interest in an apochryphal property. The principal things required under this system, to wheedle out of unsuspecting and unsophisticated people the accumulated results of years of toil, is a little ingenuity in wording an advertisement, a plausible manner, a large amount of assurance, and a tolerable gift of language. To do this more effectually, the services of confederates are required, and these are always to be found on the spot, ready to render such as may be necessary, receiving a percentage on all moneys realized from the jobs in which they have a hand. Last fall an advertisement calling for a young man to go to California appeared in most of the New York papers. The applicant, by giving $100 cash as security, was to obtain a good possition, paying $60 a month. This California advertisement proved very successful. Some dozen or more fools parted with $100 before the accomplished swindler came to grief. He told each applicant that he would suit, agreed to furnish him with a free pass to California, and promised to return the $100, which he demanded as security for good behavior on the part of his dupe, after the latter had been one month in his employ. Written agreements were invariably drawn up and signed by both parties in the presence of a confederate, who was represented to be a notary public. This simple, almost clumsy, machinery, slightly changed and modified, is still in active operation, as may be seen by a glance at the advertising columns of our morning papers.

Wall-Street swindlers deal largely in seductive advertisements. They look chiefly to the rural districts for victims. Country papers teem with advertisements emanating from the swindling "put and call brokers," headed, "How to make Money in Wall-Street." Each particular advertisement contains extravagant descriptions of the wonderful exclusive advantages possessed by "our firm" for manipulating stocks. According to the seductive advertisements of the "Mutual Stock Operating Companies," it would seem that stock speculation has been by them reduced to so perfect a system that they can at any time during business hours dip out large buckets full of gold from the Pactolian stream popularly supposed to flow steadily through Wall-Street into the East River. There exists in New York a certain class of sharp financiers, who, having no money of their own to invest, give their whole mind to the investment of other people's money. These investments are permanent, in fact, for the most part, too permanent. The advertisments of these philanthropists explain that they have facilities for loaning money on first martgage security of choice farms in the West, where the legal rate of interest is almost donble what it is in some of our Eastern States, and where the security is more ample than can, in the majority of cases, be obtained here in the East. This reads well, but when the investor is further assured of "9 per cent. guaranteed," we can readily understand that here and there an amateur capitalist might be seduced into investing in these precious securities. The advertisement naively states that "these investments are unlike other investments."—*N. Y. Times.*

Jules Verne.

JULES VERNE is about 52, with a fine, handsome head. Once a blonde, he wears his beard full, and his hair is curled in a haphazard fashion. His features are more than regular; they are fine. His eye is bright, of a clear blue, brilliant and yet moist. His dominant expression is sweetness, but a firm sweetness, like rosy steel, which does not bend. His mouth, which says such charming and clever things, says "yes" and "no" with the same smile. But "yes" or "no," it is irrevocable. A Breton, of Nantes, Jules Verne has kept the religious traditions of Brittany, but rather like a painter who preserves the impressions of his travels, than like a child of the soil who would die for his faith. He is at bottom more of a skeptic than D'Ennery. No one would stand up more bravely for a doctrine, but no one would, a moment after, make a more questionable speech. In politics it is worse, for he never voted in his life.

The son of a lawyer, he came to Paris to study law. His literary tastes led him in another direction, but nevertheless he was admitted to the bar. He then became secretary to M. Perrin, who at that time had the double administration of the Opera Comique and of the Theater Lyrique. After this he followed the bent of his tastes more freely. He contributed a number of articles to the *Musee des Familles*, and about this time wrote a piece in one act, "Des Pailles Rompus," with which Alexandre Dumas was connected, for it was he who had it produced at the Theater Historique, and it was he who bought the first copy after it was printed. After an experience in the stock market, being still in love with literature, Verne published his first book, "Five Weeks in a Balloon." It went off like hot cakes, though it was only a trial. But the success was so great that it appeared to Hetzel that here was a new road to literature which deserved to be followed up. He made an engagement with Verne for twenty years on what then appeared splendid terms, but which have since made the fortune of the lucky editor. After the publication of "Five Weeks in a Balloon," he announced to his friends one fine morning that he was about to get married, and then disappeared. It was the only sign of life that his wife has ever given. Since then he has led the same life of study, of travel, and of interminable production. He passes his life between Paris and Amiens, where he has a splendid house, when he is not exploring somewhere or other on his famous boat, the Saint-Michel, on which most of his stories are written. As for the rest, he is the most charming man imaginable, modestly earning his 100,000 francs a year, to say nothing of the great fortune the stage seems to promise him. —*Paris Figaro.*

How Sam Houston was Admitted to the Bar.

BOWYER MILLER, a man of admirable character and education, when he had concluded his legal studies, decided to establish himself in Tennessee. It was soon after the war of 1812-14, says a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and in visiting the Circuit Judges to obtain their certificate of professional qualification, he fell in with Sam Houston, fresh from the campaigns of Alabama and elsewhere in the Gulf States, in which he had accompanied General Jackson, and who had determined to adopt the profession of law. The young men were at once confidential, and Houston frankly avowed his own educational deficiencies and limited opportunity of qualifying himself, occupied as he had been for the few years preceding in the excitements of the war.

"Miller," said he, "I shall tell the Judges that they needn't expect much learning from me. We shall be examined at the same time. If a question of difficulty is asked don't be bashful; answer it. Leave those that are more easy to me. I am not at all jealous."

Miller, who was very well qualified, was amused, and promised to do anything in his power to aid him.

Arriving at the residence of the first Judge this agreement was kept up. Houston invariably introduced the examination by a narative of something connected with the war, and with a jocular admission of his own difficulties in pursuing his legal theories. A question having been asked upon the abtruse common law doctrine of executory decrees and contingent remanders, Mr. Miller modestly repeated the exposition of his authorities, and the Judge amplified the reply with remarks upon the channel of judicial decisions.

We are not to suppose that the examinations were very technical or strict. At a succeeding examination, however, Houston in reply to a question upon the same subject took up the reply and repeated the information he had acquired, and when they called on the last Judge, Honston observed that the two preceding examinations must have been satisfactory, and Judge White gave his signature and made the young men stay all night.

Within two years from that time Houston had been elected either as State or District Attorney, while Miller, discouraged at the prospect of professional success, returned to Virginia.

Religious.

THE BLESSED LAND.

BUT now they desire a better country, that is, a Heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city—*Heb. 11:16.*

O holy dwelling-place of God!
O glorious city all divine!
Thy streets, by feet of seraphs trod,
Shall one glad day be trod by mine!

In thee no temple lifts its dome,
No sun its radiant beam lets fall;
For there—of light the eternal home—
God and the Lamb illumine all!

There from exhaustless fountains flow
The living waters, gushing o'er,
Which whose drinks thenceforth shall know
Earth's ever-craving thirst no more.

There fresh and fair on every hand,
Where one unfading summer lives,
The trees of life unwithering stand,
Whose fruit immortal vigor gives.

All lovelier flowers than Eden bare
When God pronounced his work complete,
All matchless forms of beauty, there
The never-wearied eye shall greet.

Within the burnished gates abide
Of God's redeemed the countless throng,
Who ever while the ages glide
Serve—in seraphic ardor strong.

To them the Lamb that fills the throne
In love divine unveils His face;
While they, with bliss to earth unknown,
Adore the beauty and the grace.

No wasting sorrow there is found,
No cheek is wet with burning tears;
Whom those eternal walls surround
No foe can reach, no pang, no fears.

Land of the blest, on faith's keen eye
Faint glimpses of thy glory break;
Oh, when in earth's last sleep I lie,
Mid thy full splendors let me wake!
—*Ray Palmer, D. D., in S. S. Times.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Jan. 9	The Song of Mary	Luke 1: 46-55
Jan. 16	The Prophecy of Zacharias	Luke 1: 67-79
Jan. 23	The Birth of Jesus	Luke 2: 8-20
Jan. 30	Simon and the Child Jesus	Luke 2: 25-35
Feb. 6	The Boyhood of Jesus	Luke 2: 40-52
Feb. 13	The Preaching of John the Baptist	Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20	The Preaching of Jesus	Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27	Christ Healing the Sick	Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6	Witness of Jesus to John	Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13	The Sinner's Friend	Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20	Review of the Lessons.	
Mar. 27	Preaching the Kingdom	Luke 9: 1- 6

Frittering Away Time.

NORMAN MACLEOD, of all men the last against whom any but himself would have preferred such an accusation, sometimes wrote in his journal his sorrow that his time had been "frittered" away. Pastor, editor, philanthropist, he was constantly interrupted in his work by calls from people who wished to consult him about their various interests, and it was inevitable that he should sometimes feel that a crowd of petty cares were absorbing and consuming his strength. In some measure, the same experience comes to all workers. We need patience with ourselves and our circumstances, and we need to guard our minds against undue depression, because our accomplishments fall ever short of our aims and ideals. Still time, most precious and most impartially distributed of God's gifts, is one of the talents for which we are responsible, and we should be certain that we are putting it to the best use possible for us.

It is not frittering it away to spend it in recreation, as many happy people do, in the summer days. Our National sin of overwork, of wasting and wearing hurry, has cut off many lives in their prime. Slowly we are learning a more excellent way, and now the annual vacation is planned for, by most men and women, as an essential feature of the year. That time is solid gain, and not idle loss, which is employed in climbing mountain sides, rambling by rippling brooks, and resting by the ever-changing sea. Few of us take so much time as we ought, to look at the beautiful world where God has placed us. Few of us are willing to discover its hidden loveliness, or to read, as we should, its open secrets of delight. We should be led from Nature upward to God, as prophets and kings were of old. And perhaps we oftener would be, were we to spend more time in taking in the new supplies of every fresh morning and evening.

Time is not frittered away which is used in healthful sleep. Economize where you will, but if you are wise never cut off an hour of needed sleep at either end of the night. When our Father draws the curtain of darkness, we children should obey the gracious hint and seek the repose which is renovation and new creation of our jaded powers.

Let us glance at the other side of the question. Some of the busiest people in the world get the minimum amount done. They are possessed of a restless activity, but it expends itself on trifles. They fly here and there like butterflies, sipping here, pausing there; but the sum of their efforts amounts to little, and they divert and distract more serious workers. Every church and every Sunday-school has its share of this sort of workers. They mean well. They talk. They promise easily and largely. They always want the hardest enterprises to be at least started, and they are energetic at the start. But their energy is effervescent, and when the real work comes, and the time for show and talk is over, they are somewhere else. And that is why, in most schools and churches, the pressure of work always falls upon a few faithful and tried ones, who go quietly on, with little stir.

We fritter our time away in study by attempting too much at once. Nobody can profitably read a half-dozen *great* books at a time, and so when one is dipping into the Greek poets, and glancing at Shakespeare, and peeping into Milton, and flashing the lens on Dante, all at the same time, that person is gaining nothing. His mental amusement may not hurt him, but it does not help him, and in most cases he is in peril of intellectual dyspepsia. A great deal of Bible reading is—from its manner, or from the reader's state of mind—mere frittering of time, because though the whole Bible is given for instruction, and all is profitable, if wisely used, yet even in hallowed things we are not to take leave of common sense. A chapter read with an absent heart will do us no more good than if it were a chapter of Choctaw, for the Bible is not a fetich. To God's word we should bring our entire mental strength, and should be solicitous rather to comprehend what we read than to read a great deal.

When the end of the day arrives, and the Master takes account of our labors, let Him not reprove us for frittering away time when we should have toiled. —*Margaret S. Sangster.*

Christian Honesty.

IT is a grateful service, always, to publish the example of a man who reverences the Ten Commandments, and finds his highest pleasure in doing right.

Early in the year 1879, a well-known manufacturer in the city of New York found himself obliged to suspend business and make an assignment of his property to his creditors. It was what is called in common language "a failure." But the manufacturer, who was an honest man and a Christian man, did not "fail" in order to "make money." He stopped where he did for the sake of doing the best he could for his creditors.

Everybody had confidence in the good man, and when his creditors met, the nearest thing to a criticism was a mild suggestion from some of them that perhaps he was *too kind-hearted.* Was it wise to offer such liberal reductions to poor purchasers as he had been doing? And had he not better discontinue it as a hazardous practice?

"Gentlemen," said he, "if it must be made a condition that I have no poor customer list, and be denied that liberty of accommodation and kindness, I cannot go on."

The objection was withdrawn, and the creditors cheerfully made terms with him by which he was allowed to continue his business in his own way.

At first he sold and traded only as an agent, and four months after his assignment, with the aid of a friend who advanced him money, he opened a new store. In a little more than six months his business was once more in his own name, and with returning prosperity he began, true to his high principles, to pay the men he owed. His creditors had released him, and he was no longer legally bound, but for a man who feared God, to know what was right was sufficient reason for doing it. In less than a year—and long before his assignee had closed accounts with the preferred creditors—the honest merchant had paid over to the rest whose debts had not been secured, and whom no law compelled him to pay, *the last dollar that he owed them.*

So noble a transaction excited much admiring comment, and one New York religious paper went so far as to say, "Not one man in a million would have done such a a thing." The proportion of upright people in the world is, we believe, much larger than that, but were it a thousand times larger, the fact would not dim the luster of this man's example.—*Youth's Companion.*

Passing Opportunities.

NOT a day passes, but you, reader, have opportunities to do good, to do some kind act, to relieve some one from want, to make some one happy. The children of want and the objects of pity meet you wherever you go. Weeping eyes and aching hearts are all around you. There goes a mother through the piercing winds, pressing to her bosom her shivering babe. See how thinly she is clad! How thankful she would be for that half-worn and cast-off garment of yours! There sits an old man on the steps, stretching out his skinny hand for help. He can scarcely move his cold, stiff lips to tell you what he wants. There is a little child begging for bread. How do you know but its mother is starving, while you have plenty, and to spare? Stop a moment and listen to its piteous plea.

"The poor," says the Savior, "ye have with you always." Seek them out; sit by their side; watch with them; bring them flowers; carry them some dainty dish; speak words of comfort to them; sing of Heaven; talk of Jesus.

See that poor inebriate as he stands looking into that beautiful cottage yard which was his a year ago? Is he wanting it back? No; not so much as he wants his manhood. He wants sympathy; he feels as though his last friend had forsaken him, as though no one on earth cares whether he lives or dies. With your sympathy to encourage him, with your strength to lean upon, and with your counsel to guide him, he may yet be saved. Go to his rescue: take him by the hand; call him brother; tell him you can trust him; feel an interest in his welfare, and manifest that interest both by words and action.

Are you a Christian? If so, improve every favorable opportunity to recommend the religion of Jesus. How often have you passed by that group of idle boys without noticing them? Stop and speak to them. Invite them to the Sunday-school. Take them by the hand, and lead them. Speak to them kind words that never die.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."—*Golden Rule.*

Gems of Thought.

A MAN may be said to know thoroughly only what he can correctly communicate to others.

RECLINING upon soft-cushioned seats in the house of God, and listening, it may be, to eloquent sermons, is not the highest Christian service. Christ's life was a busy one, and is our example, to be followed as closely as possible.

IF men would become familiar with the spirit, principles and manner of Christ's life, and see what He did under similar circumstances to those in which they are placed, they would not so often belie their Christian profession! —*Golden Rule.*

GOD'S agency does not exclude nor supersede our instrumentality. He gives the increase, but Paul must plant and Apollos water. He furnishes the wind, but we are to spread the sails. He gives, but we gather. Prayers and diligence, dependence and activity, harmonize in the Scriptures, and are only inconsistent in the crudeness of ignorant and foolish men.—*Wm. Jay.*

HAS it ever occurred to the skeptic that, admitting all the faults he finds with the Bible, there is no such book for social, political, business and moral teaching, in any of the libraries of the world? We have never seen a man who made it the counsel and guide of his daily life that was not a true, honorable man.—*Golden Rule.*

A Family of Orang-Outangs.

AT the Museum of Natural History yesterday the attendance, on account of the storm, was very small, though the most interesting specimens perhaps in the collection were put on exhibition, being a family of orang-outangs. There are five of them, a very old and large male, two younger males, a female, and a very young one. They are represented as among the branches of trees made in imitation of their native trees in Borneo, and each one is so disposed as to exhibit some peculiarity of their structure and habits. They were stuffed and placed in position at the establishment of Prof. Ward, in Rochester. Prof. Ward some time ago dispatched to Borneo especially to collect specimens of the orang-outang an agent who succeeded in killing forty. The specimens at the museum were purchased at a cost of $1,400. They are now fenced off in the northeast coner of the main floor, but as soon as a glass case can be made to protect them from touch they will be exhibited a little to the rear of the center of the room.

The most prominent place, in the center of the group, is given to the old man, who is as large as a man, weighs about 160 pounds, and is remarkable for his ugliness. He is hanging by his left arm to a high limb, against which, lower down, rests his left foot. His right leg hangs down easily, while his right arm is stretched at full length, exhibiting his great reach, at least eight feet, from tip to tip of his fingers. His legs are much shorter, and his body, which is clumsy in shape, is also comparatively short. The arms of the orang-outang reach to the heel. In front the old male is bare and black, looking very much like coarse leather polished with stove-polish, but his back, the top of his head, the back of his arm, and his legs entire are covered with coarse, long, dark-brown hair. His face seems to be of the same quality of leather as his front and is of the shape of an ordinary plate, with a protuberance occupying the lower segment for the muzzle, which is split by a long mouth. The nose consists of two minute holes just over the top of the muzzle; the nostrils being thinner and smaller than a child's. The eyes are near the top of the plate and are small and black, with scarcely any lids, no lashes, and no brow. The skull is very small and round, being apparently a rudimentary head growing out of the top of the back, the very small ears being at the junction of the two, where a neck should be. There are no nails on the big toes of any of the animals, but on all the other toes and on the thumbs and fingers there are black nails, in shape almost exactly like those of human beings.

To the left of the head of the family is another male, weighing about one hundred pounds, and presenting a number of differences in appearances. The hair is redish and eighteen inches in length, covering him with the warmest of coats. Two fingers and two toes of this male were missing when he was killed. This is explained by the hunter who killed him to have been the result of fights with other males, the plan of warfare of the species being to keep biting off an adversary's toes and fingers until he runs away. Of course, after the loss of a greater portion of his fingers and toes an orang-outang would starve to death, for his food is obtained entirely by climbing and his entire life in spent in trees. In front, at the right hand corner, there is a young female in a nest of leaves, showing how the species sleep, her eyes closed and her hands and feet tightly grasping four limbs of a tree. If the nest should give way she would still hang. She weighs only about sixty pounds, and her hair is lighter than that of either of the others mentioned, and, though longer than that of the old male, is not so long as that of the hundred-pounder. It covers the entire body and limbs. Another female, weighing about seventy-five pounds, is at the opposite corner. She is hanging by one hand from a limb, while in the other she holds a large green fruit which, with mouth wide open, she is ready to eat. The mouth is enormous, and the teeth are the same in number as in man, but the incisors and canines are very large. The last and least of the group is gazing down from the top of the highest limb. He weighs about five pounds, and when killed was two months old. He is covered with a light red hair and his face and head look more like those of a human being than any of the others. Beginning with this little fellow and going through to the oldest, there is a distinct decline in the resemblance to human beings, the old male, with his plate-like face and almost invisible head, seeming altogether a brute. Though very strong and very formidable when in close quarters, the orang-outang is timid, and in captivity grave, melancholy, mild, and affectionate. He is imitative and intelligent, and will soon eat or drink anything a man eats or drinks before them, including ardent spirits, of which he becomes passionately fond.—*N. Y. World.*

OF the Presidents of the United States, eight—Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, and Johnson—never received a college education. Grant was educated at West Point. The rest of the Presidents have been college graduates. The two Adamses graduated at Harvard, Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler at William and Mary, Madison at Princeton, Polk at the University of North Carolina, Pierce at Bowdoin, Buchanan at Dickinson, Hayes at Kenyon, and Garfield at Williams.

A GERMAN named Rubner has been making some very interesting experiments to determine what proportion of the several ingredients of various foods are absorbed in the body. It was found that with carrots and potatoes no less than 39 per cent. passed through the body, leaving 61 per cent. to be retained. It was proved that far more of flesh is retained than of any other food.

A SINGULAR international contest has been held in the Summer Circus on the Champs Elysees, Paris. Seventy professional hairdressers, each with a favorite subject to manipulate, met in a competition for gold and silver medals. A Parisian gained the first prize and a Belgian the second for the best historical coiffure.

THE President of Buenos Ayres offers free lands to fifty thousand Irish emigrants.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

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Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

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DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; 1 sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

FARM AND HOME.

SNOW and frost are good fertilizers.

PUT into a tin or porcelain saucepan half a pound of white sugar and a tablespoonful of water. Stir over a slow fire until of a clear, dark brown color. Great care must be taken not to let it burn. Add a teacupful of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Boil three or four minutes, cool, strain and put away in close-corked bottles. This innocent coloring substance greatly improves the appearance of soups or gravies, giving to them a rich amber color.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Two eggs, slightly beaten, a tablespoonful of water, half a teaspoonful of salt and flour to make a stiff dough. Work it well ten minutes, adding flour as necessary. When pliable, cut off a small part, roll very thin, dust over flour, begin at one side and roll into a tight roll. With a sharp knife, cut into thin slices. Make two horns before nsing them, that they may dry. Add to the soup twenty minutes before serving.

BOILED ICING.—One pound of best white sugar, just moistened with water; strain when nearly done, put it back, and boil till it drops from the spoon; have ready beforehand the white of one egg, well beaten, into which pour the sugar, stirring quickly; add lemon juice or citric acid, just a little at a time, to whiten and prevent it from turning back to sugar. You may flavor with rosewater. Have the citric acid ready, dissolved in a little water in a wineglass. This icing must be stirred long and constantly by a strong hand.

CHLORIDE OF LIME FOR TREES.—*Le Cultivateur*, a French journal, says that if chloride of lime be spread on the soil or near plants, insects and vermin will not be found near them, and adds: "By its means plants will easily be protected from insect plagues by simply brushing over their stems with n solution of it. It has often been noticed that a patch of land which has been treated in this way remains religiously respected by grubs, while the unprotected beds around are literally devastated. Fruit trees may be guarded from the attacks of grubs by attaching to their trunks pieces of tow smeared with a mixture of hog's lard, and ants and grubs already in possession will rapidly vacate their position. Butterflies, again, will avoid all plants whose leaves have been sprinkled over with lime water."

ROLL JELLY-CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, half a teacupful of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful saleratus, a pinch of salt. This will make two cakes in a square tin. Have the oven ready, put the cakes in, and while they are baking get a cloth and the jelly ready for the table. As soon as they are baked, take them out, and turn them one at a time on the cloth, and lay them where they will cool. Handle them carefully or they may fall. Cut them in slices with a sharp knife. This will be as nice jelly-cake as you will want to eat, and will not taste of eggs. You can flavor them with anything you like, if you choose to do so. You can also bake one cake at a time; it will not hurt the mixture to stand.

HORSES' HOOFS.—Farmers complain very generally of the brittleness of their horses' hoofs. A neighbor was so complaining to me recently and asked the cause. On examining the hind feet, which were most complained of, I found the sole granular and soft, so that it could easily be picked to pieces with a knife. The soles were filled with dung and saturated with its moisture. This constant steeping in alkaline moisture deprives the horn of its natural oil or fat and dissolves the gelatine. The hoofs then rot, and the crust and sole are too tender and weak to hold a nail. This is the cause of much of the trouble complained of. The remedy is obvious; but while the canse must always exist to some extent, the evil may be mitigated greatly by attention to the feet. Occasional washing with warm water and greasing with castor-oil, whale-oil, neats-foot-oil, or glycerine, which do not dry readily, will act as a preventive. Littering the rear of the stall with sand or dry earth, and providing a drain to carry off the liquid, will also help very much.

Public Water Snppiy and a Sewer System.

A VERY good point is made by the *Sanitary Engineer* in its last issue regarding the dangerous condition in which those towns are placed which have public water supply, but no sewers. Bad as is the state of a thickly settled district in which the ground is honeycombed with vaults and cespools, the earth pollution is comparatively circumscribed and trifling until the vast increase of liquid waste occasioned by the general use of aqueduct water comes to dilute the foul houschold matters, nnd give them power to penetrate far into the earth. No principle of sanitary engineering is better established than the rule that unless a sewer system soon follows the introduction of water service ln a town, a marked deterioration in the healthfulness of that town is sure to result, manifested not alone by the increase of the strictly zymotic diseases, but also in malarial affections, which depend perhaps as much upon the dampness, caused by the saturation of the soil, as on the character of the saturating liquid. In several of the more intelligent communities this subject is now exciting much nttention, but the cost of a sewer system, added to the "water debt" with which the towns are already saddled, is so great as to deter all but the most energetic of the citizens. This cost might, however, it seem to us, be brought within comparatively moderate limits by the adoption of the system carried out with snch signal economy and success ln Memphis by Colonel Waring, of collecting house-wastes only ln a net-work of small pipes, leaving surface waters, which form the great bulk of the contents of ordinary sewers, to be disposed of ln open gutters or otherwise, as circumstances might indicate. The collection and disposal of house-drainage only would be a simple problem, easily and cheaply solved in a way which conld secure a community at once from filth or malaria poison, if it were not attempted to carry off the rainfall also ln the same condults.—*American Architect.*

KID gloves are now worn to come up and completely cover the elbow.

Bots in Horses.

EVERY horse that has had a run to pasture during the summer months, and generally horses that are used for farm work, are effected more or less by this worm. The ova, or egg of the bot, is deposited during the month of August on the legs and sides of the horse by the female gad-fly, the appearance of which is familiar to every farmer. The egg is made to adhere to the hair by means of a glutinous liquor secreted with it. These flies deposit large numbers of these eggs on the horse's legs and sides, which the horse takes into his stomach by means of licking or biting himself.

At the first hatching of the egg a small, active worm is produced, long in proportion to its thickness, but as its growth advances, it becomes proportionately thicker and broader and beset with bristles. These insects are found hanging in clusters to the white cuticular lining of the stomach, and maintain their hold by means of two hooks or claws.

When removed from the stomach by means of the fingers, by a sudden jerk so as not to injure them, they will, if fresh and healthy, attnch themselves to any membrane, and even to the skin of the hand. These bots retain their hold to the stomach during the autumn and winter and arrive at their full growth during the next spring and summer, when they are ejected from the stomach and pass from the bowels; after which they assume the chrysalis form and develop into a full-fledged gad, which in turn commences the propagation of its species, which in turn must pass through the same period of incubation as its progenitors.

It is a common phrnse among a certain class of so-called horse doctors when a horse is attacked suddenly, lies down and gets up quickly, and looks at his sides and in other ways evinces pain, to say "he has got the bots." It may be true that he has bots. A few or many of these insects in the stomach is of no consequence whatever, so far as their having anything to do in producing the attack referred to. In acute attack of colic or inflammation of the bowels, the horse is often lost by ignorant persons pouring down his throat the most absurd preparations for the purpose of killing the bots. It is the opinion of the author of this article that no horse ever died from the effects of bots.

Many so-called horse doctors have opened horses after death and found that the bots had eaten entirely through the coats of the stomach, and in their ignorance they did not observe that these insects had accomplished their work after death, and were still alive, notwithstanding the active measnres taken by the bot doctor for their destruction.

Uninformed persons are always desirous to possess some medicine which will destroy bots; they wonder that science lacks invention sufficient to compound such an agent.

We copy the result of a number of experiments with bots three-fourths grown:

"When immersed in rum they live twenty-five hours; in decoction of tobacco, eleven hours; strong oil of vitriol (sulphurie acid), two hours eighteen minutes; were immersed without apparent injury ln spirits of camphor ten hours; in fish oil they lived forty-nine hours; tincture of aloes, ten hours; wine ten hours; solution of Indigo, ten hours. A number of small bots, with one that was full-grown, were immersed in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, one of the most powerful poisons. The small ones died in one hour, but the full-grown one was taken out of the solution six hours after its immersion apparently unhurt. They will live for several hours immersed in spirits of turpentine or alcohol, and a short time in nitric and muriatic acid.

It will be seen from the above that no medicine can be given which will effect the bot that will not also destroy the coating of the stomach and injure or kill the horse.

The veterinary surgeon can not tell the symotoms of bots from colic. In fact ninety-nine cases out of n hundred that nre lost by treating for bots might be saved if treated for colic or inflammation of the bowels.

Dr. Wm. Somerville has the following to say with regard to the treatment of bots: "Should the bot doctor fail in restoring his patient the excuse is generally that he was too late in administering the never-failing dose, and the worms had got through the stomach before the drench had time to arrest their progress. The usual remedies given to kill bots are mackerel brine, hair of the tail cut fine and mixed with oil or milk, the entrails of chickens chopped and poured down, to bleed the mouth and allow the horse to swnllow the blood. There is something cunning in administering these remedies; for lnstance, the doctor says he intended choking the bot with finely prepared hair, and as the bot is intent, during the attacks of eating into the stomach, after blood, the entrails are given as a bait or trap to entice the animal to let go his dendly hold. I would advise the owners of horses not to tronble themselves on account of the bot; they are harmless, no matter how many may inhabit the stomach of their horses. Let them alone and they will pass off in the spring as described, but if you attempt to dispossess them you will find your work n failure. When your horse is attacked with either flatulent or spasmodic colic, or inflammation of the bowels, pursue some sensible and reasonable treatment for those diseases, and do not give yourself any uneasiness about bots. Horses very frequently suffer from worms, which will produce a rough, staring coat, poor condition, debility and languor. When such is the case support the animal with good, nourishing food, and if necessarry a course of tonics, such ns iron, gentian, quinine, etc. Horses that are affected with worm will show the symptoms more plainly during the fall or spring of the year, as the system undergoes a change at that time, and is more subject to the debilitating effects of these pests.—*A Veterinary Surgeon in Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A TELEPHONE company has been incorporated in New York to establish communication between the different cities of that State.

THE DAIRY.

DURING the season just closed in Wisconsin, at some of the factories, nine and three-quarter pounds of milk were required to make a pound of cheese.

MR. GEORGE E. WARING, Jr., says it has come to be an acknowledged fact that the best results in butter dairying cannot be achieved without at least a very strong admixture of good Jersey butter; and that the more completely the Jerseys occupy the farm, the better will be the result and the greater the profit.

THE foaming of cream in the churn and the refusal of the butter to come are due to too low a temperature of the cream or to too long keeping of it. At this season it is most likely to be from the low temperature, and it can be remdied by pouring into the churn sufficient warm water to raise the cream to sixty-five degrees.

IN Central New York hay is selling at eighteen to twenty dollars per ton, and dairymen are selling off large numbers of their cows. The Utica *Herald* advises them not to sell too close, as cows will be worth a great deal more in the spring than they are now and predicts that the make of dairy products next season will be considerably reduced.

Butter Dairying in Winter.

IN latitudes where the summers are long and hot, water often scarce or poor, pastures dry and unthrifty, and insects thick and troublesome, dairying in winter is more appropriate than during the warm season. Water will then be more plentiful and wholesome, and stock can be better fed and made more comfortable. It is easier to protect against moderate cold than agaiust heat, and drought, and flies. But where the summers are cooler and the winters so severe as in New York and New England, the situation is materially altered. The summer then is the most comfortable part of the year and the most favorable time for producing milk, and dairymen very naturally and properly fall into the habit of carrying on their operations in the summer alone. So far as cheese is concerned there is no occasion for changing this apparently natural order of thiugs. Cheese can be manufactured so as to carry through the winter and spring and be quite as desirable, if not more so, than when more recently made. With butter it is different. Butter is relished best when fresh from the churn, and the difference in price between new and old butter is generally enough to pay for some pains to produce it in winter, but it is idle to talk of making such a rnle general.

To carry on dairying in winter requires special preparations for the care both of the stock and the milk. Warm buildings must be provided in advanee. There is no use in making the attempt without them. Cows while in milk are extremely sensitive to cold, and it has a very depressing influence upon milk-secretion. Cows which under more favorable conditions would yield liberally, soon fall below profitable production if much exposed to the winds and storms of winter. It is true of all farm animals that outlay for keeping them conufortable is more than paid back in food saved, but when cows are in milk the necessity of comfort is doubled; it insures against loss in keeping and loss in reducing yield at the pail. To adopt winter dairying in New York would require a material chauge in the quality of eattle food as well as in the means of cattle comfort. The food now generally used for wintering dairy stock is quite unsuited to yield or quality of milk. The hay which constitutes the great bulk of winter feed, is cut altogether too late. Dairymen wait for a bulk of fodder that will fill their mows and feel heavy to handle. They wait till the rich juices of the grasses have wasted awny; the high color and flavor of their fats have become pale and insipid and their starch, gum and sugar been changed into woody fibre; with this they fill their barns and are satisfied.

But such fodder will not make good milk, nor enough of it to pay. To make milking in winter profitable, the cows must have food which is either green and succulent, or which was cut and dried in a green stage, so that it shall be not only rich in the elements of milk but be so easy digested that enough can be digested to support the bodies of the cows and have something left to make milk of. Hay, as generally cut is so scanty in available nutrition, and digests so slowly and imperfectly, that cows can only use enough of it, though they keep constantly full, to do more than supply daily waste. If they give milk it will be at the expense of their stock of flesh and fat. Changing the bulk of dairy work from summer to winter, and having the time the cows must go dry include July and August, admits of the best possible division of farm labor. It saves the necessity of extra service at high rates in the busy season and relieves tho strain from overwork by erowding the labor of the year into six months, which too often ruins the health both of the farmer and his family, mars the pleasures of farm life, and leads to its abandonment. It not only makes the work easier, but allows more of it to be done by the farmer and his family without hiring.

If help must be had, instead of hiring through the hurry of work to turn the hands away at its close to spend in winter the earnings of summer, winter dairying admits of employing help during the year, and thus contributing to thrift and good habits in those employed, in the place of discouragement and demoralization by an enforced idleness of half the year—a moral consideration of no small importance. By providing the necessary food and shelter and attending with a constant and strict watchfulness to the comfort and necessities of the herd—in other words, by putting brains into the work—thoughtful and attentive dairymen can produce quite as large yields in winter as in summer, and make it pay, especially so long as the difference in price between new and old butter is maintained. But men who haven't the brains to use or who are careless nnd unthongitful, or not disposed to give a eonstant and intelligent supervision to the business, had better let winter dairying alone, unless they are in a warmer climate than that of New York State.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Skates are going up—while the skater comes down.

A Street-Car Scene.

An amusing incident occurred on a street-car the other day. A woman of fifty, made up to look about twenty-five years old, got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment and then selecting a poorly-dressed man about forty-five years of age, she observed:

"Are there no gentlemen on this car?"

"Indeed, I dunno," he replied as he looked up and down. "If there ain't, and your going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the other end of the line."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden and he arose and said:

"You can have this seat, madam. I am allus perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older thau myself."

That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and, grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.—*N. Y. World.*

—The little Prince of Cumberland, Princess Thyra's son and Alexandra's nephew, has just been baptized, receiving ten Christian names—George William Christian Albert Edward Alexander Frederiek Waldemar Ernest Adolf. Among his sponsors were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Kings of Denmark and Greece, the Duke of Brunswick and the Czarowitch.

—"My sermon shall stand on dese three pints," said a colored preacher not many Sundays ago: "1, the expoundin'; 2, the enlargin'; and 3, the arousin'."

[Chicago Journal.]

A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Conor, Esq., whose office is located at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune. I have been suffering, said Mr. O'Conor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, believed to be from the effects of a cold contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several o our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring and to-day feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief and now feel no pain whatever.

THE late astronomer, Prof. Watson, had a remarkable memory. When an undergraduate he used to memorize long passages of the Greek and Latin authors, which he sometimes lu after years repeated to his lrieuds with complete accuracy.

[Cleveland Penny Press.]

See the Conquering Hero, Etc.

Among the most wonderful articles of the period is St. Jacobs Oil. The Hon. Leonard Swett, of Chicago, pronounees it the most thorough conqueror of pain that he has ever known.

CHARLES W. NOWLAND, of Alexandria, Va., has a small gold watch, about as large around as a silver quarter, of an antique pattern, which it is said undoubtedly belonged either to General Washington or his wife.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year; total, $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

MISS ADDIE SMITHURST, a young lady in modest circumstances, residing in Raleigh, N. C., is reported to have a legacy of $120,000 from an aunt in Europe.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK is the best for marking linen. Sample will be sent post-paid for 30c. by F. H. Stoddard, Northampton, Mass.

THE regular Frazer Axle Grease saves money for the consumer. The light colored or yellow loosens the spokes.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

SOME women are like shotguns. They would attract no attention if it were not for their bangs.

NOT to be outdone by Vesuvius and Mauna Loa, Mount Baker, in Washington Territory, has gone into the volcanic business. Several eruptions have occurred lately, accompanied by shocks of earthquake.

WILLIAM WINTER writes very beautiful spring poetry.—*N. O. Picayune.*

He stood, a bronzed nnd battered form,
Within an old embrasure wnrn,
And leaned upon a cannon old,
Half sunken in the fragrant mold;
Then, turning from the rusty gun,
With help of crutch he tottered on.
A sweet girl-face looked up at him,
And sweet eyes scanned his aspect grim,
And sweet voice said, in quavor low,
"O, gallant warrior, do not go,
But tell me—tell me where you fought—
And where these fearful wounds were wrought.
Wert smitten in the furious tide
That drenched in blood the bastion's side?
Or fought upon the slippery deck
And sang defiance from the wreck?
Or waved the starry banner high,
Bravely resolved to do or die?"
"Hold on, young gal!" the veteran said;
"I am a whitewasher by trade;
I never fit; this trouble is
Inflammatory rheumatiz!"

—*Andrew's Queen.*

A BRIDE of a few weeks' duration went to market the other day and, seeing some large gold-fish swimming about in a glass globe, was struck with the idea of having them for dinner. "I'd like these fishes if you haven't any smelts," she said mildly to the man; and when told they were not to eat, but for pets, she declared it was a shame, for they would have looked so nice on her Nankin blue china.

A POLICEMAN in Hartford, Conn., who had arrested a citizen, could only plead to the Court in justification that he had made faces at him.

THE Rochester *Express* man has been experimenting, and gives notice that "cider has now attained that stage of fermentation when it can no longer be looked upon with safety as a vermifuge hy total abstainers."

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BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.
BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
Promotes the Growth of the Hair.
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THE BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION can be had at the Iron City College, Pittsburgh, Pa. *Send for Circular.*

Books by Mail.

6.—HABBERTON. The Jericho Road; a Story of Western Life.
By JOHN HABBERTON, author of "Helen's Babies," etc. 12 mo., 222 pages. Cloth, price $1.00.
"Habberton's best book."—*North American Review.*
"That wonderful clever story of the West."—*The Advance* (Chicago).

6.—LOUISIANA.
By FRANCIS H. BURNETT. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.
"A purely American novel. * * * One lays it down grateful for its literary purity, proud of its lofty spirit and very sorry that there are not several more volumes of it."—*Chicago Times.*

9.—CAPTAIN FRACASSE.
From the French of THEOPHILE GAUTIER. 16mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 60c.; cloth, $1.25.
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77 Jackson Street, Chicago.

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PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
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TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
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TEXAS! The Southwestern Immigration Company.
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A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and *cures by a natural process of revitalization.* HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.
HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, who have been benefited, and to whom we refer by *permission.*
IS STRONGLY ENDORSED! "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Lutheran Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*
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No other medicine will cure a Cough so quick as Piso's Cure for Consumption. There is no other medicine that tastes so good as Piso's Cure for Consumption. It should be kept always in the house, because it is a certain and safe remedy for Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Sore Throat. It will cure Consumption; consequently it will cure these lesser complaints, which are so often the forerunners of Consumption.
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My brother lives in the States. He could not speak a loud word. Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured him. He advises me to use it for the same trouble. I enclose $1.00 for some. LOUIS W. TURNEY.
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Your medicine cured me. I want another half-dozen bottles. LOUIS W. TURNEY.
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We have sold a great many bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption, and have not heard one word of complaint. But all speak highly and in words of praise about the good it has accomplished. MINER & SON.
Sold by all Druggists, at 25c. and $1.00 per bottle.
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I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

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The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK.
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 8 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

Estate of David Kent, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under oor hand this 14th day of December, 1880.

MARY KENT,
ROBINSON SAVAGE
12 18 3 Executors.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

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All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

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KILDOW & YELOLY.

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The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

FOR SALE.

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For price and terms apply at

je26 THIS OFFICE

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NOTICE

the Inducements and avail yourself of the opportunity now offered you to drive a good bargain.

DAILY & CO.

are now and will in the next few days sell off their entire stock of winter wraps, consisting of elaborately and

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DOLMANS, CLOAKS &C.

Also Ladies'

Seal Skin Caps,

Ladies and children's

Furs,

at inconceivably low rates. Now is the time to buy. Do not fail to see them.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
18 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amanda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
18 ts Collector.

ORDER NISI.

Jacob L. Hauser vs. Harriet Laniz, et. al.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 4th day of January, 1881, that the sale made and reported in the aforesaid cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees to Jacob L. Hauser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1881; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January, 1881.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,500.

W. H TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
1 8 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tell Your Uncles

and Your Aunts,

Your Brothers

and Your Sisters

and Your Cousins,

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NO. 3 REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE,

with all the attachments, for $25. Guaranteed Genuine.

Also the place to buy a suit of clothes for $6 or one for $20.

The place to buy a silver watch or a Webster wagon, both the easiest running of any made.

The place to buy your boots, shoes or a Ladies' cloth coat.

The place to buy nubias, fascinators, wool shawls or comforts for bed and neck.

The place to buy your raisins, currants, prunes and mince meat.

The place to buy your trunks, valises or straw cutters.

The place to buy your cooking stove or corn shellers.

The place to sell your butter and eggs.

The place to buy your clocks and carpets.

The place to buy your cross cut saws and shot guns, double and single breech loading.

The place to sell your Gensang.

The place to buy your pistols and fox traps.

The place to buy your sleigh bells and baking powder.

The place to buy your salt, sausage grinders and stuffers,

The place to sell your sheep skins.

The place to buy your clothes lines and sardines.

The place to sell your wheat, rye, oats and corn.

The place to buy a farm or steam saw mill or a mile of railroad—we have them all.

Its useless to enumerate the great variety that we carry in stock, as we are satisfied and it is universally conceded that we have the most complete and best appointed store in Garrett county. The goods have all been purchased at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,

FOR CASH,

saving the discounts, instead of paying interest. Therefore we can give to the close cash buyer advantages that but few can offer. Our clerks are polite and attentive; know nothing but square dealing; have been taught to appreciate the trade of the humble as well as that of the great. Whilst our stock at present is greater and more varied than any other in town, we promise that

During the Holidays it Will be much more attractive,

Many fancy and useful articles being added.

We cordially invite one and all to give us a call. Remember the place. It's

OFFUTT'S.

You can see the sign a mile.

Dec. 18, 1880. tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kouken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt, and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, P. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.
Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.
County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jas. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881. NUMBER 48.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

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LIVERY STABLE.

M. CHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

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GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Sawhose's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence o Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINET MAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

JOHN SHAFFER, Shop on Second Street.

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JOHN R. HADDON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. GRAIN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Has also an improved thane feed mower. Near the Depot, Oakland, Md. jan1-1

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 99tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1881.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The hour long foretold has dawned at last, and CHRIST, the Shiloh of Jacob's prophecy, the Anointed of David's psalm, has come. It is an hour of peace throughout the world, for the nations have been united under the broad wings of Rome. And, amid the decay of old idolatries, are looking with yearning hearts for some new revelation of God. While all earth remains in ignorance, the eager eyes of angels watch the carpenter and his wife in their journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, the ancestral home of David's line, where they are to be enrolled upon the census of the Roman Empire. The Kahn is crowded with wealthier guests, and the mother of earth's Redeemer can find no room, save in the place allotted to the beasts. In such lowly surroundings the babe is born, and laid for his first rest in a manger. The first news of the greatest event in all history is borne by angelic messengers, not to Kings nor philosophers nor robbins, but to a company of shepherds watching their flocks by night on the hillside. The song echoes upon the startled air, proclaiming "peace on earth, good-will to men," and as it dies away, and the vision of angels recedes, the believing shepherds hasten to the manger at Bethlehem to feast their eyes upon the sight of their King. The news which they heard by others with wonder, if not with faith, while the maiden-mother, with thoughts too deep for words, presses her babe to her bosom, and ponders over the wondrous events that have attended his coming.

Luke 2. 8-20.

Memory Verses. 10-14.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them by the shepherds.

19 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

20 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

HOME READINGS.

M. The birth of Jesus. Luke 2. 8-20.
Tu. The promise to Mary. Luke 1. 26-38.
W. The prophecy to Jacob. Gen. 49. 8-28.
Th The prophecy of Moses. Deut. 18. 15-22.
F. The prophecy of David. Psa. 2. 1-12.
S. The prophecy of Isaiah. Isa. 42. 1-11.
S. The prophecy of Daniel. Dan. 9. 20-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. Luke 2. 14.

LESSON HYMN. 8, 8, 4.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing:
Yonder shines the infant light,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

TIME.—B. C. 6, according to the incorrect common chronology. Augustus Cæsar, emperor of the Roman world. Herod the Great, king of Judea.

LINKS.—1. The vision of Joseph. Matt. 1. 18-25. 2. The birth of Jesus. Luke 2. 1-7.

PLACE.—Bethlehem, six miles from Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. THE NIGHT WATCH, v. 8-12.
At what time did this event take place?
What was the condition of the world at that time?
What led Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem?
What were the circumstances of Christ's birth?
Who received the first news of the Saviour's birth?
Why were such people chosen for this honor?
How was the event made known to them?
What is the effect of angelic appearances upon men, and why?
Why were these "good tidings?"
What is the meaning of the word "Christ?"
Why was a "sign" needed?

2. THE NIGHT SONG, v. 13, 14.
Who appeared with the angel?
How did this illustrate Dan. 7. 10.
What was the song of the heavenly host?

GOLDEN TEXT.
How did Christ's birth glorify God?
What did it bring to men, and how?
How is this song illustrated by Rev. 5. 13, and Col. 1. 19, 20?
Has Christ's coming brought peace among the nations of men?
How does it bring good will?

3. THE NIGHT VISIT, v. 15-20.
What was the reserve of the shepherds?
How is it shown in all the angel's message?
What inspired their journey?
How were they welcomed to us?
What resulted from the journey?
What reason can be given why Christ should come as a babe?
What was the after conduct of the shepherds?
How were their tidings received?
Did those who heard believe their story?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

What is taught in this lesson.—1. As to the persons whom God honors? 2. As to the subject which inspires angelic sons? 3. As to the benefits which flow from Christ's coming?

A Significant Contrast.

The action of the Maine Republicans in refusing to take advantage of technicalities for partisan gain is worthy something more than a passing remark. Upon a strict construction of the statutes concerning elections they could have declared the Republican candidate for Governor elected. It was only necessary to count the votes as returned to deprive Mr. Plaisted of votes enough to leave him in a minority. Leaving out of the question the intent of the voters which the committee were not bound to consider, the Fusion candidate did not receive a majority of the votes, and under the letter of the law was not legally elected. The Committee of the Legislature, however, believed it to be their duty to regard the spirit rather than the letter of the law, and, foregoing the partisan advantage which offered, have reported in favor of the candidate for Governor for whom a majority—very small, indeed, but still a majority—of the voters manifestly meant to cast their votes. It may be said that they deserve no special credit for what was so obviously right, and that upon the whole it was wise as a mere matter of party policy to pursue the course they have, since to have done otherwise would have exposed them to adverse criticism, and in the end worked to the injury of the party. This must be admitted. The right thing was the politic thing; and for simply doing right a party which asks public confidence, and is trusted because it promises to regard justice and act honestly, can claim no particular merit.

Let us say, then, that they have done no more than their plain duty, and this more as a matter of policy than conscience. As patriotic citizens, we are glad to believe that political honesty is not so phenomenal that the exercise of it in a single instance entitles the party exhibiting it to special favor. As Republicans, we are not unwilling to admit the possibility that the party in its organized action may be governed as much by policy as by conscience; for the party that holds to a belief in the ultimate honesty and good sense of the people, and fears to offend them, is under such a salutary restraint that it can always safely be trusted. But between parties there is a choice, and in view of the action taken by the Republicans the question naturally arises, What would have been the course of their opponents under similar circumstances? Would they have refused to take advantage of technicalities to secure the office of Governor? Is there any reason to believe that they would have been governed in the matter by a conscientious sense of right and justice, or by the motives of common honesty that regulate transactions between individuals? Would they to put the action on the lower plane—would they have had the prudent sagacity, the wise forethought, to see that, as a matter of policy, it were better to resist the temptation to sharp practice and to do the square and manly thing? We are not left to suspicion or conjecture for the answer. The party has a record in this same State of Maine, just a year old, that sets at rest all doubt as to what they would have done under similar circumstances. There is no need to recite it. It is enough to say that just a year ago the Democrats of Maine and their allies, the Greenbackers, were engaged not merely in taking advantage of every technicality and informality that actually existed, but in making technicalities and informalities by fraud and forgery by which to cheat the voters of Maine of their fairly expressed preference at the polls. That tells what they would do if they had the opportunity. There can be no question about it in the mind of any intelligent man.

Now, though no special merit may attach to this action of the Republicans, we submit that it fairly illustrates the character of the party as contrasted with that of the Democracy. No matter whether they acted from conscientious purpose, or from an enlightened partisan selfishness; whatever the motive, they have done the fair and square thing. Their opponents made no attempt, from any motive, to act honestly or even decently. We put the action of the Republicans this year over against that of the Democrats last year, and ask honest men to note the contrast. And yet the party that revealed its character and purpose so thoroughly in the infamous Garcelon conspiracy of last year had the effrontery to make a Presidential canvass immediately afterward upon the issue—the only one to which it clung from beginning to end of the campaign—that the Republican party was dishonest and its candidates were not men of personal integrity. Was it at all to be wondered at that the last desperate shift to which they resorted in that campaign involved the crimes of forgery, perjury and subornation?

There is here and there, even now, a Democratic newspaper that has the assurance to say with a chuckle that the old party is not dead yet." True enough, and more shame to it and to the men who keep it alive. We agree with them: it is not dead. But in Heaven's name ought it not to be? Here is enough in one year's record—the fag ends of which are just now coming out in the shape of confessions of forgery, perjury and fraud—to condemn any party to death that did not subsist on its own rottenness; but this party lives on and shows neither penitence nor remorse. We are not hopeful of its immediate dissolution. But there is much comfort in the reflection that the more it is found out the less power it has for mischief.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Old Servant's Tale of General Jackson.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Mars Major Meaux was a powerful good friend of old General Jackson, and had fit under him at the battle of New Orleans, agin them redcoat fellows. That's whar he got his Major title. They liked each other mighty well, and had a habit if one had anything the other liked it went over right thar and then. Our old Mars Major had hunted the country over, and found himself a fine pair of match clay-bank horses, with white manes and tails. He was awful proud of 'em, and no money could touch 'em. One time he and old General Adair took it into their heads to go down and visit old General Jackson at his home in Tennessee. Well, they drove the matches, and took my father along to pull the leathers and site 'em. When they got down thar the old General was glad to see 'em, and powerfully taken with the matches—he liked hosses better than anybody. He was always looking at the matches, and always talkin' about 'em and havin' hisself and the company drive out behind 'em. He wanted 'em awful bad, but he knowde no amount of stuff could take 'em away from old Mars Major. So he took a fox turn on old Mars Major and come at home on the blind side. As I said afore, they had a habit if one wanted anything the other had no sooner said an' it was his'n. So one mornin' at the breakfast table, while the old lady was pourin' out the coffee, the old General rared back in his cheer at the head of the table, and went on this way: "Major Meaux, I had a wonderful dream last night." "Ah, indeed," said old Mars Major, not dreamin' of the thunder that was comin'; "what is it General?" "Well," said the old General, "Major Meaux, I dreamed last night that you and General Adair was down here from old Kentuck a visitin' me, a drivin' a spankin' span of match hosses, and this mornin' yer took me out to the stables and said: 'Here, General, they are yours. Take 'em along; I brought 'em down for you and Mrs. Jackson.'"

Old Mars Major kinder fell back in his chair and turned white as a sheet, 'cause he loved the matches better than hisself; but he come back quick agin, and said: "Certainly, General, they are yours. Take 'em and drive 'em for your own use." It was like drawin' all his teeth at once. The old General come back and said: "Oh, no, Major, that won't do. I wouldn't take 'em away from you for the world. You think too much of 'em." "Never mind," said old Mars Major, "they is yours, and you must take 'em and drive 'em all over Tennessee." "All right," said the General; "they is honeys, and nothing could please the old lady better."

Old Mars Major was awful sore, and studied all that day how to get even with the General. He couldn't eat much, and he rolled and tumbled all night, thinkin' about the matches and how he would get even with the old General. Just 'fore day it struck him, and he thought about that fine gold watch the old General was so fond of pullin' out and lookin' at. This made him as easy as pie, and he laid low until breakfast. Then he went in as smilin' as the sun, and after they had all spoke and settled down, old Mars Major kinder squar'd hisself and just as the old lady was pourin' out the hot coffee, he let loose at the old General kinder o' this way: "General, I had a mighty curious dream last night." "What was it, Major?" said the old General, skirmishing around in his cane-bottom. "Well, General," said old Mars Major, "I dreamed I was down here a visitin' you, and to make me go back to 'old Kentuck' happy, you jist pulled out that big gold watch this mornin' and said: 'Here, Major Meaux, take it; it is yourn; wear it always.'" "By G—, take it," said the old General, pullin' off the watch and passing it down the table. "Oh, no," said old Mars Major, "I did not mean that." "Yes, by the Eternal, you shall have it," said the old General, and old Mars Major just put the guard over his head and the ticker in his pocket. They was even—'cause the old General loved that watch next to his wife.

The Chinese Letter Forgery.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—In continuation of its series of publications proving that the Morey Chinese letter was a forgery, *Truth* publishes an open letter to Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, in which it will say: "Several days before the forged Morey letter was published by *Truth*, and before any attache of *Truth* was aware of its existence, it was in your possession, and you knew it was a forgery. Do not misunderstand us. We make no charge of wrongful conduct against you. It does not follow because the letter was in your possession, nor because you were then informed and knew of its spurious character that your action was culpable. One of your counsel has already stated that the forged Morey letter was offered to the *Sun* for publication before it came to *Truth*; that the *Sun* submitted it to counsel, and that counsel advised against its publication on the ground that it was a forgery. We recall, too, a casual interview between yourself and a gentleman of established veracity, well known in this city, in the month of November last, in which you said to him, referring to the Morey letter: "It is not genuine. It is forged. I had it several days before the *Truth* published it." We are quite well aware of the truth of the statement made in the *Sun*, last week, that you pronounced the letter a forgery as soon as it appeared. You knew it was a forgery because the original had been previously in your possession, under circumstances and accompanied by information which left no room to doubt its spurious character, and you were thereby enabled to express yourself accurately upon the point as soon as the copy in type appeared. You are mistaken, therefore, in denying that you had the Morey letter in your possession before it came to *Truth*."

The article closes by calling upon Mr. Dana to reveal the source from which the letter came to him, or the parties to whom it was returned.

A NEW WAY TO TREAT DIPHTHERIA.—Quite a discovery in the treatment of diphtheria has been made recently. A young man whose arm had been amputated, was attacked with diphtheria before healing took place; and instead of the matter incident to the disease being deposited in the throat, the greater portion appeared on the wounded arm, and the diphtheria was very light and easily managed. The physician in attendance profitted by this, and in the next case of diphtheria blistered his patient's chest, and on this blistered part the chief deposit appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory is that diphtheria usually appears in the throat because of the thinness of the lining of the throat: Hence, when the blister breaks the skin on the other part of the body, the diseases appears there. —*Exchange.*

The *Railway Age*, in its forthcoming number, presents a summary showing the mileage of track actually laid down in the United States during 1880. The footings are astonishing, showing that not less than 7,027 miles of new track were laid during the past twelve months on at least 231 different lines. These figures are greater than for any year since 1871, and the mileage is greater by 54 per cent. than that of 1879. The *Age* anticipates that final figures will increase the grand total to 7,500 miles, a mileage greater than has been constructed in the United States or any other country in any previous year. The total mileage of the country is 93,704.

HONORABLE ACTION TOWARD JAPAN.—Senator Eaton, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, last week submitted a report, accompanied by two bills, in relation to the Japanese indemnity fund. The report states that this fund, amounting to $1,711,221, is the proceeds and accretions of $785,000 in gold paid to the United States by Japan as an indemnity for the expenses of an expedition participated in by Great Britian, France, Holland and the United States, which in 1863—64 destroyed and disarmed the batteries of the Prince of Chospin, who, in contravention of existing treaties, attempted to close the straits of Shimoneski, Japan, against foreign commerce. The committee in their report had it in harmony with the time-honored policy of our country, and in accordance with principles of justice and equity, to obtain only an amount sufficient to cover the actual losses, and in conclusion recommend, in view of the present friendly relations between the United States and Japan, that after deducting $248,000, the balance of the fund, $1,463,224 in gold be returned to the government of Japan. The two bills accompanying the report provide for carrying out the recommendation of the committee. The one authorizes the payment of $248,000 to the officers and crews of the United States ship Wyoming and the steamer Takiang, for meritorious services rendered in the destruction of hostile vessels in the Straits of Shimonoseki. The other bill authorizes the payment of the balance of the fund to the Japanese government.

Hon. James G. Fair, the newly-elected Democratic United States Senator from Nevada, and one of the original quartette of "Bonanza Princes," was born December 3, 1831 in Clougher, Tyrone county, Ireland. He came to this country in 1843 with his parents, and for some time he resided at Geneva, Ill., where he attended school. At Chicago he received a good business education. In 1849 he went to California, and he has ever since been engaged in mining. 1867 he became superintendent of the Ophir mine and the Hale and Norcross mine in Nevada. It was during their connection with the latter mine that the "Bonanza Princes" made the first $500,000 of their enormous fortunes. These men—James G. Fair, James C. Flood, Wm. S. O'Brien and J. W. Mackey—secured control of several mining claims, which are now known as the California and Consolidated Virginia mines, Mr. Fair being the controlling spirit in the movement. From these and other mines and from real estate speculations Mr. Fair has accumulated an immense fortune, being assessed in California alone for $42,000,000. Although the owner of so much wealth Mr. Fair is still a hard worker, and may be seen about the mines almost any day in his miner's costume. In politics he is a conservative and independent Democrat. He is five feet and eight inches in height, and weighs 227 pounds. He wears a long, flowing black beard, tinged here and there with gray, and has a florid complexion. He was married in 1861, and has a family of two boys and two girls.

ORIGIN OF A FAVORITE HYMN.—There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley which led to the writing of one of his best known hymns. One day Mr Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the fields in summer time. Presently a little bird flitting about in the sunshine attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing the open window and the man sitting by it, the bird flew in its terror toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as the trembling little bird did that nestled in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Common sense. For all cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NEVER SAY DIE.

A Song for the People.

NEVER say die—never say die:
Life's worth the living, if only we try;
The hand and the brain
Were not given in vain;
We've a battle to gain,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
If earnings be low and if living be high,
'Tis reason the more
Not to faint or give o'er;
Better days are in store,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
When night is at darkest the morning is nigh;
Whether far off or near,
In God's time will appear
Some blessing to cheer,
And so—never say die

Never say die—never say die:
The soul that is steadfast may fortune defy;
In labor and art
Let the hand and the heart
Each do its own part,
And so—never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
When cowards despair, be this our reply:
All that's noble and human
In constant and true man,
In brave, patient woman,
Cries, Never say die.

Never say die—never say die:
Life is God's gift that we may not lay by;
Whatever befall,
'Tis the duty of all,
Till He gives the call,
To say, Never say die.

THE BOARD FENCE.

"SHOO, shoo, get home, you plaguey critters!" cried Mr. Babcock, waving his arms, as he chased a dozen sheep and lambs through a gap in the fence.

It was a wooden fence, and when he had succeeded in driving the animals to the other side of it, he lifted it from the reclining position and propped it up with stakes. This was an operation he found himself obliged to repeat many times in the course of the season, and not only of that season but of several previous seasons.

Yet Mr. Babcock was neither slack nor thriftless; in fact, he rather prided himself on the ordinary appearance of his farm, and not without reason.

How then shall we account for his negligence in this particular instance?

The truth was that this fence formed the boundary line between his estate and that of Mr. Small, and three generations of men who owned these estates had been unable to decide to whom it belonged to rebuild and keep it in repair. If the owners had chanced to be men of peaceful dispositions they would have compromised the matter and avoided a quarrel; but if, on the contrary, they belonged to that much larger class who would sooner sacrifice their own comfort and convenience than their so-called rights, this fence would have been a source of unending bickerings and strife.

And of this class were the present owners. Again and again had they consulted their respective lawyers on the subject, and dragged from their hiding-places musty old deeds and records, but always with the same result.

"I say it belongs to you to keep it in repair; that's as plain as a pike-staff," Mr. Babcock would say.

"And I say it belongs to you—any fool might see that," Mr. Small would reply; and then high words would follow, and they would part in anger, more determined and obstinate than ever.

The lawyers' fees and the loss by damages from each other's cattle, had already amounted to a sum sufficient to have built a fence around their entire estates, but what was that compared with the satisfaction of having their own way?

At last, one day, Miss Letitia Gill, a woman much respected in the village, and of some weight as a land-owner and tax-payer, sent for Mr. Babcock to come and see her on business; a summons which he made haste to obey, as how could it be otherwise where a lady was concerned?

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing a seam, but she dropped her work and took off her spectacles when Mr. Babcock made his appearance.

"So you got my message; thank you for coming, I'm sure. Sit down, do. I suppose my man Isaac told you I wanted to consult you on business—a matter of equity, I may say. It can't be expected that we women folks should be the best judges about such things, you know; there's Isaac, to be sure, but then he lives on the place; maybe he wouldn't be exactly impartial in his judgment about our affairs."

"Jes' so," said Mr. Babcock.

"Well, the state of the case is this: When Isaac came up from the long meadow to dinner—they're mowing the meadow to-day, and an uncommonly good yield there is—when he came up to dinner, he found that stray cows had broken into the vegetable garden."

"He did, hey?"

"You can fancy the riot made. I declare, Isaac was almost ready to use profane language. I am not sure that he didn't; and, after all, I couldn't feel to reproach him very severely, for the pains he has taken with that garden is something amazing; working in it, Mr. Babcock, early and late, weeding, and digging, and watering, and now to see it all torn and trampled so that you wouldn't know which was beets and which was cucumbers. It's enough to raise anybody's temper."

"It is so," said Mr. Babcock.

"And that isn't all, for by the looks of things they must have been rampaging in the orchard and clover-fields before they got into the garden. Just you come and see;" and putting on her sunbonnet, Miss Letitia showed Mr. Babcock over the damaged precincts.

"You don't happen to know whose animals did the mischief?" said Mr. Babcock.

"Well, I didn't observe them in particular myself, but Isaac said there was one with a peculiar white mark, something like a cross, on its haunch"

"Why, that's Small's old brindle," cried Mr. Babcock. "I know the mark as well as I know the nose on my face. She had balls on her horns, didn't she?"

"Yes, so Isaac said."

"And a kind of hump on her back?"

"A perfect dromedary," said Miss Letitia, "I noticed that myself."

"They were Small's cows, no doubt of it at all," said Mr. Babcock, rubbing his hands. "No sheep with them, hey?"

"Well, now I think of it there were sheep—they ran away as soon as they saw Isaac. Yes, certainly, there were sheep," said Miss Letitia.

"I knew it—they always go with the cows; and what you want of me—?"

"It's to fix damages," said Miss Letitia. "As I said before, women folks are no judges about such matters."

Mr. Babcock meditated a moment, and then said:

"Well, I wouldn't take a cent less than seventy-five dollars, if I were you—not a cent."

"Seventy-five dollars! Isn't that a good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I don't wish to be hard on the poor man; all I want is fair compensation for the mischief done."

"Seventy-five dollars is fair, ma'am—in fact, I might say it's low. I wouldn't have a herd of cattle and sheep trampling through my premises in that way for a hundred."

"There's one thing I forgot to state; the orchard gate was open, or they couldn't have got in; that may make a difference."

"Not a bit—not a bit. You'd a right to have your gate open, but Small's cows had no right to run loose. I hope Isaac drove them to the pound, didn't he?"

"I heard him say he'd shut 'em up somewhere, and didn't mean to let 'em out till the owner calls for 'em. But, Mr. Babcock, suppose he should refuse to pay for the damages? I should hate to go to law about it."

"He won't refuse; and if he does, keep the critters till he will pay. As to law, I guess he's had about enough of that."

"I'm sure I thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia, and I mean to act upon it to the very letter."

Scarcely was he out of sight, when Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr. Small, which he obeyed as promptly as his neighbor had done.

She made to him precisely the same statement she had made to Mr. Babcock, showed him the injured property, and asked him to fix the damages.

It was remarkable, before he did this, that he should ask the same question Mr. Babcock had asked; namely, whether she had any suspicion to whom the animal belonged.

"Well, one of them I observed had a terrible crooked horn."

"Precisely—it's Babcock's heifer; I should know her among a thousand. She was black and white, wasn't she?"

"Well, now I think of it, she was; one seldom sees so clear a black and white on a cow."

"To be sure, they're Babcock's animals fast enough. Well, let me see; what you want is just a fair estimate, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I should say ninety dollars was as low as he ought to be allowed to get off with."

"Oh, but I fear that it will seem as if I meant to take advantage. Suppose we call it—say seventy-five?"

"Just as you please, of course; but hanged if I'd let him off for a cent less than a hundred, if it were my case."

"And if he refuses to pay?"

"Why, keep the animal until he comes around, that's all."

"But there's one thing I neglected to mention—our gate was standing open; that may alter the case."

"Not at all; there's no law against keeping your gate open; there is against stray animals."

"Very well; thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia; and Mr. Small departed with as smiling a countenance as Mr. Babcock had worn.

But at milking-time that night he made a strange discovery—old brindle was missing!

At about the same hour Mr. Babcock made a similar discovery; the black-and-white heifer was nowhere to be found!

A horrible suspicion seized them both—a suspicion they would not have made known to each other for the world.

They waited till it was dark, and then Mr. Babcock stole around to Miss Letitia's and meekly asked leave to look at the animals which had committed the trespass. He would have done it without asking leave, only that thrifty Miss Letitia always shut her barn doors at night.

While he stood looking over into the pens where the cows were confined and trying to negotiate with Miss Letitia for the release of the heifer, along came Mr. Small in quest of his brindle.

The two men stared at each other in blank dismay, then hung their heads in confusion.

It was useless to assert that the damages were too high, for had they not fixed them themselves? It was useless to plead that Miss Letitia was in a manner responsible for what had happened, on account of the open gate, for had they not assured her that that circumstance did not alter the case? It was useless to say she had no right to keep the cows in custody, for had they not counseled her to do so? As to going to law about it, would they not become the sport of the whole town?

"He that diggeth a pit, he himself shall fall into it," said Miss Letitia, who read what was passing in their minds as well as if they had spoken, for the light from Isaac's lantern fell full on their faces. "However, on one condition I will free the cows and forgive the debt."

"What is that?" Both thought the question, but did not ask it.

"The condition is, that you promise to put a good new fence in place of the old one that separates your estates, dividing the cost between you, and that henceforth you will live together peacefully, so far as in you lies. Do you promise?"

"Yes," muttered both, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Shake hands upon it, then," said Miss Letitia.

They did so.

"Now let the cows out, Isaac; it's time they were milked," said she.

And the two men went away driving their cows before them, and with a shame-faced air, greatly in contrast to the look of triumph with which they had before quitted her presence.

The fence was built, and the strife ceased when the cause was removed; but it was long before Miss Letitia's part in the affair came to the public ear; for she herself maintained a strict silence concerning it, and she enjoined the same upon her man-servant, Isaac.

A Simplified Time-Table.

THE Chillicothe (O.) *Gazette* presents to the railway managers of the country the following suggestions for a simplified form of time-table:

The railway managers of the country are the live, active men of the day, and are not as a rule those who carry a dead weight because their fathers did. Yet, in their time-cards, they all carry an incumbrance that positively confuses the uninitiated. Not one man in fifty can take an ordinary time-card and, in the multiplicity of a. m.'s and p. m.'s dittoing as they do from the top and the bottom of the card, figure out the time from New York to St. Louis or Chicago without becoming confused and uncertain, and from New York to San Francisco it becomes a positive impossibility with many more. Not only this, but the railroad companies pay thousands of dollars every year for the setting up of these letters by the printers, and for the cardboard and paper on which they are printed, besides making their time-cards large and cumbersome.

It is within the power of the companies to get rid of these letters. They now furnish the standard time to the whole country. There is no more reason why there should be two twelve o'clocks in one day than there is why there should be two twelve mile posts on a twenty-four mile railroad. Practically the day commences at midnight, consists of twenty-four hours, and ends the next night at midnight. By acknowledging that fact and dividing the day into hours and minutes, numbering consecutively up to twenty-four hours, the record of time would be greatly simplified. Thus, instead, of saying 12:15 a. m., we would give the time as fifteen minutes, written .15, showing that it was the fifteenth minute of the day. Instead of saying 12:30 a. m., .30, or in the same manner for any number of minutes up to 1 o'clock, which hour would be written 1 instead of 1 a. m. The same rule would be followed up, omitting the a. m. and p. m. up to 12:59. What we call 1 o'clock p. m., under the new system we would call thirteen o'clock or thirteenth hour; 1:30 p. m. would be 13:30; 2 o'clock p. m., 14, and so on up to twenty-four.

The system might sound a little odd at first, but the ear would soon become accustomed to it, and it has the positive convenience that any figures which may be written can designate but one time of day, and that is certain as soon as you see or hear them, without searching or inquiring whether it means a. m. or p. m. The only disadvantage it has is that all the watches and clocks are adjusted and figured for the twelve-hour system, but with a person not absolutely stupid at figures it would be no trouble to make the calculations mentally, or watch and clock dials could have the additional figures marked in an inner circle to those already on the dial. But it would be but a little while until all the numbers would be definitely fixed in the mind, and to say eighteen o'clock would convey a certain meaning to the mind just as much as when we now say six o'clock p. m.

As we said before, the railroad managers of the country have the matter of time in their own hands. They fix it for the country, can introduce this system, and greatly simplify their time-tables, besides reducing the cost of printing them, and give them in more compact form. We have suggested such a change to a number of our railroad friends, and while they all appear to wonder that time-cards can not be readily understood by the public, they quickly concede that the system above described would be simpler and not liable to be misunderstood, and that the adoption of it by one of the great through lines of the country would bring it into general use at once. The companies, too, could count upon the active co-operation of all the printers in making the public familiar with the change, for these a. m.'s and p. m.'s cause no end of swearing every time a time-card is set up in every office in the land.

A Famous Mexican Revolutionist and Bandit.

MENTION has already been made of the arrest, on a warrant issued by Gov. Perkins, upon a requisition from the Government of Lower California, of Clodimero Cota, and his incarceration upon the Mexican man-of-war Democrata, now awaiting departure for Mexico. Cota was once an ambitious man, of great influence in Lower California, and has had an adventurous career. He is a nephew of Gen. Emanuel Markes, of the Mexican army, is about fifty years old, tall and well built, and of handsome and intelligent appearance. His career as a bandit is perhaps due mainly to circumstances which defeated his ambitious projects in affairs of State. He aspired to be Governor of California, which he proposed to govern as a province of his own. With this scheme in view, he was a faithful follower of Lerdo and an uncompromising enemy of Diaz. Upon the accession of the latter to the Presidency of the Republic he lost most of his followers and all hopes of success as a revolutionist. He refused to surrender, however, and became an outlaw. From this it was but a step to the life of a bandit, and he became a terror to the merchants and peaceable and wealthy people all over Lower California. He frequently kidnaped wealthy persons and held them for ransom, after the manner of Italian brigands, and pillaged a great many small towns along the coast, retreating to the mountains when the opposition became too strong for him. His band, which six years ago numbered about 200 men, by losses in his various predatory incursions and desertions became reduced, until about a month and a half ago he disbanded the remnant, and with two of his more trusty lieutenants fled to San Francisco. A published sensational story, which charges him with stealing and carrying away a wealthy Spanish lady to the mountains, is said by well informed Spaniards to be untrue. His operations have been directed principally against the wealthy, and he has many friends among the poor people. Although he made a great deal of money in his raids, he always scattered it with a lavish hand, and among the criminal classes was the beau ideal of a bandit chief. However, the reigning powers in Mexico and the business portion of the State are very bitter against him. People who are familiar with his standing in Lower California express the opinion that if he reaches there he will be speedily tried, convicted, and shot.

Upon being transferred to the Mexican man-of-war Cota was recognized by the officers as the leader of what is known as the Marquez Revolution in Lower California. In his bandit career, at the head of about 250 filibusters and guerrilas, flourishing towns, villages, and haciendas were burned and destroyed. The gang was finally broken up, what was left of it, by a strong force of Government troops, and some of the survivors are said to have fled into Arizona prior to the departure of their leader for San Francisco.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Apparel of Grief.

DEATH knocks at the door of the East Side tenement and pulls the bell of the Fifth Avenue palace with impartial hand; but when his work has been accomplished, very different results follow. There are reformers who believe that not only funerals should be very plain and inexpensive, but that the wearing of mourning costumes should be discouraged or abolished altogether. Those who deal in the habiliments of woe, however, say that such sentiments do not appear to be taking root. Women, rich and poor, follow the fashion of, and the fashions in, mourning with as much persistency as they do any others. When a member of a wealthy family dies, it is not uncommon to send an order for a complete outfit of mourning for each member of the family, as well as for each of the servants. Sometimes the order merely describes the age and sex of each person, and his or her relationship to the deceased, leaving all matters of taste to the dealer in mourning goods. At other times each article required is specified with particularity, and often some lady member of the family, an aunt or sister of the dead person, visits the store and attends personally to the selection of the goods.

"I have often noticed," said a dealer in mourning goods yesterday, "that no matter how deep and genuine the grief of such a customer may be, she soon loses a sense of it when she begins to examine goods, and displays as much interest in the various styles as if she were selecting an outfit for a foreign tour."

An order such as has been referred to can be filled in ten hours. There are extensive mourning goods departments in all of the large retail dry goods houses, but it is said that there is not and never has been but one store in New York that deals exclusively in mourning goods. The filling of orders with promptness is rendered possible by the keeping in stock of ready-made suits capable of being altered to suit the measurements that may be received. Often families at a distance from New York send for goods, and though their faces are unknown to the dealers their names are as familiar as the faces of their New York customers. This is particularly the case where the family has a large kinship. Ready-made suits in stock cost from $12.50 to $100 apiece. The cost of an entire mourning outfit is frequently as high as $350. Outfits for four ladies in one family, recently filled, were paid for with a check for $1,400. A complete outfit consists of the following articles: A suit, veil, cloak, bonnet, handkerchiefs and gloves. Cloaks cost from $5 up to $100, and bonnets from $3 up to $25.

Dresses are trimmed with crape for deep mourning, and sometimes the dress itself is made of crape. Even outside garments such as sacques and dolmans are made of crape. They are usually made of the same material as the dress is made of. There has been no decided change in styles since last year. The shapes of mourning bonnets have followed the shapes of bonnets in colors. The trimmings are the same in style as they were last year. Long crape veils are worn a great deal. They vary in length according to the depth of the mourning. Though some ladies begin to lighten their mourning after the lapse of one year, it is considered the proper thing, dealers say, to wear deep mourning two years before the lightening process is begun.

The family must be poor indeed whose female members do not go into some degree of mourning after death has entered. The ordinary recourse is to borrow mourning clothes for the funeral. In a large number of cases the family has some branch that is better to do than itself. On such relatives, no matter what quarrels have kept them away before, the duty is paramount to lend mourning goods for the funeral. If the dresses can not be obtained in this way there is a good chance that some of the neighbors will accommodate them. A death, like a birth, affords an occasion when women put aside neighborly quarrels, and a proffer of mourning garments is often made by a personal enemy. The styles of these garments are such as they may happen to be. After the funeral the clothes are returned, but they are in many cases borrowed again for special occasions, as, for example, when the mourners attend church for a Sunday or two after the funeral. As time goes by and new clothing is to be purchased black is chosen instead of colors. Black is durable, and therefore cheap. Poor women of middle age, or past it, often continue to wear black beyond the time of mourning for economical reasons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Husband Secreted for Nearly Ten Years.

AMONG the Communistic rebels of 1871 in Paris was a "Commissaire Central" named Parmentier. This man, after the collapse of the revolt, was supposed to have fled, and he was condemned to death by one of the courts-martial. But Parmentier had not left Paris. His wife, who was a workwoman in a match factory, sheltered her husband in a garret on the sixth floor of a house, and this garret, during a period of nearly ten years, the proscribed Communist never left. The concierge and the neighbors were wholly ignorant that Mme. Parmentier had any one living with her. A few weeks ago both husband and wife were found dead in their apartment, having committed suicide by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal. It is presumed that they were driven to this step by the wife's declining strength and inability to provide for their wants.

TENNYSON will winter in Italy.

Snow-Bound on the Plains.

WE pitched our tents carelessly, intending to take an early start next morning. But, alas for our expectations! During the night a strong wind set in from the northwest, and about 4 a. m. it began to snow. None of us could judge well of weather indications in Nebraska, and our guide did not suspect anything serious, for the oldest inhabitant could not recollect a blizzard in October, and it was now only the 15th of the month. The guide thought and the drivers believed that the storm would cease at 12 m. and we, of course, trusted to their judgment. But, instead, the storm grew fiercer, the snow fell more rapidly, and the northwest gale increased in fury. Before night so much snow had fallen that if it had lain as it fell it would have been at least one foot deep, but now it had been piled into drifts so that our mules stood with their feet nearly as high as the wagon-tops, and the stove and furniture in our cook's tent were completely hidden from view.

The night shut in upon us gloomy and awful. We had two light canvas tents, in each of which slept four men, with just blankets enough to keep them comfortable in ordinary weather. But now we must provide for the guide, two drivers, and a porter, who had usually slept in the wagons, and, as they were but slimly provided with clothing, we must share our stock with them. There was but little sleep in the tent that night, for the cold was intense, and the wind was so terrible in its effects that we feared every moment the larger tent would fall, though we had strengthened it by poles and cords in every conceivable way. With the morning light it seemed as if all the spirits of the air were let loose, and all day long the storm roared with ever-increasing fury. The snow had so beaten in that when we awoke we were obliged to gather all our bedding into the middle of the tent to keep it from being wet through. No man could long endure the storm outside, and we stood huddled together from morning till night, stamping our feet to keep from suffering. Even then we could not keep comfortable. For hours together we stood with our backs braced against the tent to keep it from giving way under the great weight of the snow and the terrible force of the gale. I know of no language which can be used to convey to any person inexperienced in such a time any adequate conception of the fury of the storm. During the second day we succeeded in digging our little stove out of the snow-drift, and setting it at the entrance of our tent, we managed to keep a little fire through the rest of the day and night. But our store of wood was very small, and there was no more to be had within we knew not how many miles. The other tent's company had no stove and no fire. During the second night of the storm it was impossible that all should sleep at once, even if they could sleep despite the cold, for what with the stove on one side and all our provisions brought in from the wagons on the other, there was not room for all to lie down. Besides, it was necessary to keep the fire going lest we might all perish together. So we stood bending over the stove all night, two at a time, while the others tried to sleep. It was an awful night. To add to our anxiety, the guide and drivers declared that the horses and mules were likely to perish. They were a pitiable sight, indeed. Two of them had no blankets, and the others were little better off. At times it was difficult to conceive that the creatures before us were horses, so literally covered were they with a coating of ice. After two days and two nights the storm ceased.

It was now Sunday morning. We knew not where we were, and we doubted if the guide had any more definite knowledge than we. Every man was desperate. Some declared it dangerous to attempt to move through the snow, and that our only safe course was to remain, and, in case of necessity, use the wagons for fuel and the horses for food. Others declared their purpose to move at all hazards, and without delay. Finally we determined to move. We threw away all luggage that could be dispensed with, and in grim silence started in the direction which we thought would bring us to the nearest hut. It was difficult traveling through the drifted snow, and it was bitterly cold But all day long we pushed on, never stopping to feed a horse, breaking through the drifts with our ponies so that the teams could follow, till about 5 p. m., when we came in sight of haystacks, in the vicinity of which we knew there must be a ranchman's hut. I never say a happier set of men than were these when it became certain that what we saw were haystacks, and not the terrible sand-hills which had so often deceived us during the day. Grave men, merchants of Worcester, swung their hats aloft and shouted for joy. It had been a march for life.—*Cor. Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

A Young Telegraph Operator.

THE frontier telegraph office at Williams's ranch, as stated in the *Examiner* some weeks ago, is managed by Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years of age. A gentleman who returned from there a few days since says Hallie is the most remarkably intelligent little elf he ever had the pleasure of meeting. She handles her instrument with the success and precision of an old operator. Recently, when election returns were coming in, and the whole country was wildly excited to know the result, little Hallie sat at her instrument, her eyes aglow with intelligence, and gathered in the news from all over the Union, while dozens of brawny men crowded around to hear what the lightning brought, and to admire the wonderful skill of the little operator. While controlling the wires as she does, Hallie is not unlike other little girls of her age in her habits and inclinations. For instance, one end of her operating-desk is piled full of baby-dolls, and she spends a great deal of her leisure time dressing and nursing them. Brown County may claim the youngest telegraph operator in the world.—*Waco (Tex.) Examiner.*

CHARLES WESTFIELD made a wager he could put a bullet through the hat of the bar-keeper in a New York shooting-gallery. As he fired, the bar-keeper, named Wurganz, changed his position, and the bullet struck him in the head, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

THE Brooks Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J., turn out a finished locomotive every Wednesday and Saturday on an average, value about $8,000 each.

A FACTORY has been discovered at Milwaukee from which 12,000 pounds of oleomargarine are sent out every day, with no marks to distinguish it from genuine butter.

GERBAUT finds that the small quantity of carbonic oxide arising from the combustion of coal gas can scarcely be detected by its effects upon animals compelled to breathe an atmosphere containing it.

A VERY large vacuum-pan has been made by a firm in Chicago for a California sugar refinery. It holds 7,600 gallons, yields at each "strike" from 250 to 260 barrels of dry sugar, and has a heating surface of 1,000 square feet in the inclosed copper coils.

AN observing ocean-steamer captain says he knows at once whether a young woman has left her lover at one port or expects to meet him at another. If her lover is behind her, she cares nothing for wind, rain, or fog, but gets tanned, freckled, and roughened in a highly healthful and independent fashion; but, if her lover is waiting for her, she takes infinite trouble with veils and other complexion preservatives.

THE colossal crane at Woolwich, England, which has been upward of four years in process of erection, and is the most powerful in the world, has now assumed a definite shape in the operation of fixing the great girder. The immensity of the work is illustrated by the weight of the iron employed in its construction, which, in the aggregate, exceeds eighteen hundred tons, while the brass bearings alone amount to more than three tons. When completed the crane will be capable of lifting three or four one-hundred-ton guns at once.

H. L. CURRIER, of Biddeford, Me., one of the proprietors of the Biddeford Machine Works, is having constructed for his own use a steam road-wagon, which is expected to make good time on any ordinary highway. The vehicle looks very much like an ordinary wagon, except that it has no shafts, and weighs but 450 pounds. It is designed to run twenty-five miles without having the fire renewed, and will cost about $400. Fourteen similar machines are engaged by people in Biddeford and its vicinity should the experimental one prove a success.

IN a memoir recently published at Christiania, Herr Sophus Tromboldt considers that it may be accepted as certain that the aurora borealis is a local phenomenon, circumscribed by very narrow limits, and occurring not far from the surface of the earth. The light, he finds, from a careful comparison of a large number of observations, is generally white, though sometimes red or green; but further north than Bergen the aurora often presents spectral colors. He believes, also, that there is now evidence enough to accept the statement that auroral displays are sometimes attended with sound. Some late inventions ought to be able to set *this last* alleged fact beyond dispute.

PITH AND POINT.

A QUEER matter—counterfeit money.

A MATTER of course—fashionable dinners.

THE best of cigars are destined to have a fiery end.

THE business of the man at the railroad crossing is flagging.

LOCKED up and the keys left on the inside — the piano-forte. — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A MAN with a cataract in his eye gets no relief by visiting Niagara Falls.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NEW novel is called "Man Proposes." It is certainly not a leap-year story.—*Norristown Herald.*

A KISS on the forehead of some of our modern girls is a sort of salaam bang salutation.—*Boston Globe.*

SOME enthusiastic fashion-writer predicts a revolution in underwear. Well, a change in such things is necessary once in a while.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A BASHFUL young clergyman, recently rising to preach for the first time, announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

A PERPLEXED German, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "de coat is goot. It is no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim."

A CHICAGO physician invented a compound that would immediately sober a drunken man, and the first person he tried it on indignantly demanded money to get full on again, as he couldn't afford to have the money spent, wasted, and the next day a vigilance committee notified the doctor to leave town.—*Boston Post.*

"Chalk Your Hat."

THE cant phrase, "Chalk your hat," which is still current in many parts of the Union, is said to have had its origin in a literal illustration of the words. "Admiral" Reeside was an owner of various stage coaches in the days before railroads. He spent much of his time in Washington, where he lived, indeed, for several years. At the annual adjournment of Congress he would pass his friends of the House and Senate—he was well acquainted with all the prominent politicians of his era—over any stage line he controlled. He would say to an Ohioan or Kentuckian: "I suppose you're going back to Cincinnati or Louisville, and I'll pass you through my stage." When he was asked: "How?" he would reply: "Give me your hat." He would take the hat, make a cabalistic chalk mark on it impossible to counterfeit, and return it with the remark: "That will serve your turn; my agents will recognize that anywhere, and won't receive a cent from a man whose hat is so marked." Reeside was right. All his agents knew the sign at once. The thing became so common that some fellows tried to imitate it, but they were invariably detected and compelled to leave the stage or pay their fare. In the South and West "Chalk your hat" still stands for what the East styles dead-heading.—*N. Y. Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

JUDGE NOT.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many, like sepulchers, are foul within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily life than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few;
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help, and pity, too.
Dare we condemn?

God help us, and lead us day by day.
God help us all!
We cannot walk above the perfect way.
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall!
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,

God bless us all!
—*Augusta (Ga.) Evening News.*

MISS HATTIE.

It was thirty years ago, and Miss Hattie, a mite of a baby, when I engaged to be housekeeper to Mrs. Wells, she pretending to be real delicate, and no more fit to take the charge of her great high house with the six romping children in it than this dear old tabby-cat at my feet would be. And said she, "Mrs. Carter, I shall look to you for having Miss Louise and Miss Augusta get their breakfast reg'lar, tiooe enough for school;" they were the twins, my dear, and don't you think, they were married to brothers on the same identical day when they was old enough, though they fought together every morning of their lives while they was single! But 'twas all made up on the wedding-day, and I must say I was glad, for to see one sister against the other, and they the elders, it was what no one could abide, and I least of all! "And you must keep Wells Francis," says she, "from getting out on the roof!" That was an idea, Mrs. Tomkins, that puzzled me, that notion of tacking on the child's last name to the front, like a train engine with cars at both ends. They do say that the cars help to pull the line along, and maybe she thought the boy would get through life better if things were fixed so that there was no mistake about the surname. Oh, it's a queer world, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, and if I were you, I wouldn't take much comfort out of that gay bonnet of yours, for the Bible says "all is vanity" and "pride goes before a fall." You don't think so, my dear, but I feel it my duty to speak against pride when I see it. This silk dress that I'm sitting in this minute would not be on my back if I hadn't known that you were coming to have a cup of tea with me the night, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear. "Then," says Mrs. Wells, "you will look after Tommy and Jenny, the little loves, and have the nursery always comfortable and warm for them," for that girl Susan is very keen after her own outings. *She* didn't tell me that, bless you, my dear, but I knew well enough what she meant to say. "And if you give an eye to Mr. Wells's dinner, and see to the mending, and help with the children, and take charge of the store-room, and get me a few things now and then," says she, "why I'll attend to Baby myself; and nobody could ask anything more reasonable, I'm sure!" They did have lots of company, to be sure; people will flock to the money, Mrs. Tomkins, as long as this wicked world lasts; but before I'd be so eaten up with grandeur as those Wellses! There was Miss Florrie Warburton, that I remember just as if 't were my own sister, past thirty she was, but the gayest of the gay, and not exactly pretty either; sort of bright and dashing, and trying to carry everything before her where the men were concerned. She sang a little and played a little, just like other folks, but the people that listened made out that there never had been such music since the time the world started. She dressed well and was as free with her tongue as you please. She would come into my room (I did have a room to myself, Mrs. Tomkins, though you look as if you could't believe it, and it don't surprise me) and take a chair as agreeable as possible, and look about her with concern. "Dear me, Mrs. Carter," she would say, "you might have things made much more comfortable for you, I'm sure; it's a positive shame Mrs. Wells doesn't know your value better," and she'd run on in that style till I'd be real confused, and I'd declare I needed nothing. Then she'd say "*Good*-by" as sweetly as if she were a saint, and the next day reg'larly Mrs. Wells would send for me. "Why, how is this, Mrs. Carter?" she would ask, in her weakest tones, "you have been complaining again, and what about I can't imagine. If you're not satisfied why don't you tell *me*, instead of troubling that sweet, good-hearted Miss Warburton with your fancies? No, no, don't speak," she would cry, when I'd try to explain; "if it wasn't that I know you'd never get so good a place anywhere else, I'd send you off to-morrow. Some people never know when they're well treated. Now go, for I've a dreadful headache." The first time this happened, I insisted, respectfully of course, on hearing what Miss Warburton had said. "She told me," said Mrs. Wells, "how you begged and prayed of her to take you into her service, complaining that you were shamefully neglected here!" At this I suppose my face frightened her, for she motioned me out of the room with, "If this occurs again, off you will go!" It did happen again, many a time, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, but bless you, she couldn't spare me. I was her very right hand, though I says it that shouldn't! And you think I'm never going to tell you what Miss Hattie has done? That shows how much people can be mistaken in this world, my dear, for I'm certainly getting to it fast.

Since dear Wilson died and I've been left so much alone, I get to thinking about those old times a good deal. Well, *you* never saw such a limb as that young one! Her mischief and spitefulness—she had liked to have torn my heart out. The twins didn't dare to leave their ribbons or a handsome book within her reach, for she'd tie the first round the cat's neck till she nearly strangled, and tear up the other page by page. Miss Louise never went out without the key of the piano in her pocket, for often and often I saw her steal into the parlor and shut it down on the sly. Mrs. Wells used to make a great fuss over it and tell Miss Lulu to bring the key to her, but some way her daughter was like herself, with a bad memory, and Miss Hattie never got to play on these keys till she was fifteen if she was a day. I used to be glad the cross little thing was kept from breaking every string, for she'd have stopped at nothing. And pretty was no word for her! She hadn't the beauty to please *me*, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, but I must say people called her raving handsome, with her large black eyes, and cheeks the color of a peach. Such a complexion to go with such badness, I never did see. I used to feel sorry for Miss Sanderson, I can tell you. She was Mr. Wells's ward, and a sorry time of it she had with Miss Harriet, my dear. She didn't live with her guardian, for she was with a favorite aunt, to take care of her, but whenever Mrs. Wells wanted some extra help of a light kind without paying for it, she would send for Miss Sanderson to spend the day. It was put so innocent and polite (I know, for Mrs. Wells often got me to write the notes) that the young lady most generally couldn't refuse. I recollect she did stop away several times one month, saying that her aunt needed her. But Mrs. Wells got Mr. Wells to write a letter to Miss Sanderson, quite cross, saying that she oughtn't to neglect her guardian and his family, so I guess she knew she was obliged to come. They were talking about it hot and heavy one morning when I was in the room mending a dress for Mrs. Wells to go out in; if I'd a been in the young lady's place I wouldn't have wanted to come; everybody but Master Frank imposed on her, and the tricks Miss Hattie used to play on that sweet young lady, I'd like to have shaken her for, I would. It was "Carrie" here and "Carrie" there till I bestirred myself sometimes to run up and down for her, for she wasn't over strong, and Mrs. Wells thought nobody but herself had a right to be weak.

Miss Caroline had a fair face, with straight features, and brown eyes with the expression of a saint. The gentlemen that used to come to the house, after the twins was married and Miss Jenny off with one of them to Europe, set great store by Miss Caroline, and that did make Miss Hattie mad. She was seventeen then, about the same age with Miss Carrie, and much richer than the other young lady, so she was bent on being married first. There was one gentleman (and a generous gentleman he was too, as I've good cause to know, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear), that was mighty fond of Miss Carrie. It was about that time that poor Wilson was courting me, my dear; so natural-like I took a great interest in Miss Caroline's affair, and did what I could for Mr. Batchellor; that was his name, and a very bad one, too, it was for a nice-spoken man that wanted to marry. Mrs. Wells was round a good bit herself, my dear, pushing her own daughter forward, as you may believe. There were several times when Miss Carrie was at our house Mr. Batchellor fixed to take her to some entertainment, and once he got his way; the second time Mrs. Wells had one of her dangerous headaches, as she liked to call them, when she would declare that if Miss Carrie didn't sit by and fan her she would go out of her mind. You see it was easy for Miss Hattie to say that her mother thought Miss Sanderson the best nurse of the two, and hint to Mr. Batchellor that there weren't no need to throw away the ticket to the theater. And he was taken in? The best of them is so stupid sometimes, my dear! That spiteful girl actually gave him to understand that Miss Carrie didn't like him. Now when he comes to me for help I says to him, "Mr. Batchellor," I says, "you're a fool," I says. Not right straight up and down, you know, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear! Land alive I didn't dare! Not but as being housekeeper I ain't above the cook and such like in position, you know; but still he was a real gentleman out and out, and I was one as always knew my place, which I am sorry to say, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, there's many a girl now that doesn't. But I give him to understand that Miss Hattie wasn't worth the other one, take her twice over! Do you think I could put what I knew into his head? "Why, it's you, Mrs. Carter," says he, smiling pleasantly, "as is mistaken. Miss Wells is doing her best to persuade Miss Sanderson (I wish you could have heard how he spoke that name, it did my heart good, I tell you) to—to—like me." And he blushed, honor-bright, my dear; he went the color of the fire there. But if I didn't fly off the next minute when he says as calm as possible, "I have a great many good friends, Mrs. Carter," says he; "last night Miss Warburton showed me, real delicate-like," says he, "that she knew what was going on, and would do all in her power to help me." "She did!" I cries out, quite forgetful of myself, for once, and jumping up to put more wood in my stove. "she did!" For, you see, none better than myself knew the slyness of that young lady; and as for lies, my dear, they were no more to her than the very air she breathed. The others, some of them, were bad enough for deceit, but she did beat all!

Mr. Batchellor looked surprised first and then gave, and then he says, "It seems to me you haven't a good opinion of anybody, Mrs. Carter," very sorrowfully indeed. "Stop," says I; "you just begin to talk about Miss Carrie," says I, "and you'll see who I think well of," says I. "I'm not blind nor deaf, nor crazy neither, thank the Lord," says I, "and if you don't get Miss Carrie," says I, getting pretty excited, "you'll be sorry to the end of your days," says I. Whether he was angry with me, or whether some sense was coming into him at last, I don't know to this day, but he looked at his watch and says, "It's late, Mrs. Carter, and I'm much obliged to you. Don't forget me." And with that he slips a heavy reminder into my hand and walks away. I used to be afraid that the servants would notice him talking to me, but he was very careful about not staying long, and they all guessed that Wilson and me was promised.

Well, for some weeks after that, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, I kept my eyes well open, and a nice little game was played. Mrs. Wells and Miss Warburton was as thick as you can think, and Miss Florrie, it was settled, was to keep Mr. Batchellor away from Miss Carrie and push him onto Miss Hattie without loss of time. This was the plan, my dear, but do you fancy Miss Warburton ever kept to her word in her life? It was "dear Mrs. Wells," and "dear Mrs. Wells" and "darling Hattie," and all the time she was trying to cheat her "darling Hattie" out of the man she was after! That's friendship for you! But Miss Hattie was too sharp for her for once, my dear, and though I couldn't abide Miss Hattie, I was wicked enough to be glad that Miss Warburton's flirtings and gigglings came to nothing.

Well, pretty soon elegant flowers come every few days for Miss Carrie, and don't you think I had to hide them in my room and send her word to come for them! If the poor child wasn't bothered to know what to do with all her baskets! And the *heart's-eases* standing up all round, as imploring as you please! You see that very same Aunt Charlotte was an old vixen, or pretty near, that had lost both husband and children, and she didn't care for nothing but to have Miss Carrie around. She had a reg'lar paid nurse, but 'twasn't the same as Miss Carrie by no means, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear.

Well, one night (and I never shall forget it if I live five hundred years, which I mayn't, for its out of nature, you know) Mr. Batchellor asked Miss Carrie to go to a church with him some way off to hear the music that he said was real beautiful. Some way that minx Miss Hattie got to know about it, and she says, quick as lightning, for I heard her, "Let's make up a party," says she, as bold as you like; "the more the merrier!" Natural like, the poor man couldn't say no, so she runs to her mother, Miss Hattie does, and tells her she's going to ask Miss Warburton to go along. Mrs. Wells, she was agreeable to any fun for her spoiled baby, and then she calls me. "Ask Johnnie Taylor, too," I heard Mrs. Wells say, as I come into the room; "he's very fond of my dear Florrie, and Mrs. Carter'll go with you to carry wraps and make herself useful." "Johnnie Taylor," says Miss Hattie, quite crossly; "don't you know better than that, mamma, and Carrie with us?" And she winked very slyly, but I saw her plain enough. "There's no use," says she, scowling, "for Mrs. Carter to go; the weather ain't cold and I don't want my shawl." "Mrs. Carter will go," says Mrs. Wells, in her most settled way, "I wish it." And when it come to that tone, Miss Hattie didn't dare to say "beans!" You see Mrs. Wells knew what kind of a girl she had been herself, and she didn't trust any of them very far.

Well, you never see anything swooter than Miss Carrie that night, I'll be bound. It was a thin blue dress that she had on, with a bunch of little forget-me-nots at the throat, and a blue hat to match set a wee bit back from the pretty fair curls that came down on her forehead. She did look like a picture, and I just hoped Mr. Batcheller would have things settled that night, once and for all. If you could have laid eyes on Miss Hattie! If she hadn't fixed up in her most expensive white dress and lace trimmings, that Master Frank used to call the rag-bag! Poor dear boy, he was off to the West for good and all when he couldn't marry Miss Sanderson, and he didn't know no more about dress than an old cow. But he was real good, spite of that? He couldn't abide that frock of Miss Hattie's, but she thought it was real elegant and becoming; and I don't say but what she did look handsome in it, with three big scarlet roses at one side, and a white bonnet that set off her dark hair. And what did Miss Warburton wear, you want to know? I declares I just don't remember at this moment, but she was got up fine, you may be sure, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear. Mrs. Wells didn't want Miss Hattie to wear that white dress, for she said it was too showy-like to go out in; but the young lady only laughed and ran out of the room, calling to me that she was ready. At last we set off, and Mr. Batchellor gave his arm to Miss Carrie, saying that she was the first invited and making his excuses to the others. Miss Hattie's eyes blazed up, and for the first time that night I knew she meant mischief. Well, we hadn't gone very far, both Miss Florrie and Miss Hattie as mad as hops, when suddenly Miss Carrie tripped, and though she had Mr. Batcheller's arm, and to this day I don't see how he come to let her fall, down she went all in the soft mud. I was that frightened I could hardly speak, and Mr. Batchellor was stooping over her with the greatest anxietey to know if she were hurt. We helped the dear lamb up, and she wasn't injured a mite, only her dress was covered with mud, and she had to drop behind a little bit with me to have it brushed off with my whisk that I had the sense never to go without. That was *the* moment, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, for when I put that brush away Miss Hattie had Mr. Batchellor's arm and wouldn't let it go, for when Miss Carrie joined them she says, much more sweetly than usual, "You don't mind my taking your place, Carrie, do you? I feel strangely tired, and Mr. Batchellor is kind enough to assist me." Her tone was polite enough, and it must have been something in the words that made Miss Sanderson flush all up and say, "Certainly not," and then step back to me, for walk with Miss Florrie of her own accord she would not. I did pity Mr. Batchellor, for what could the poor man do, saddled with that young imp, unless he affronted her out and out; and he didn't dare do that, I knew, for at whose house could he see Miss Carrie if not at hers? So he swallows his disappointment as well as he could, and Miss Warburton jogs alongside of Miss Hattie, and we could hear them talking for dear life. I looked at Miss Carrie and wanted to say something to her, but she seemed sort of strange with her lips tight closed and a strained expression in her eyes, and I couldn't breathe Mr. Batchellor's name to her to save my life. Well, it was a long moonlight walk, but at last we come to the church, and from Miss Hattie's voice you wouldn't have guessed there was much tire about her. I did think there was very little light about the place for a concert, but we never suspected anything till we stepped inside (for the door was open), and only saw two men in the building. "Why, what is this?" says Mr. Batchellor, looking very much astonished and walking up to the older of the two men. "I thought there was to be a concert here to-night. Am I mistaken?" "You didn't see the notice in the paper," says the other, smiling; "I was obliged to have a ministers' meeting here to-night, so we put off the music; the gentlemen will be here in half an hour, and we couldn't well have the two." I don't suppose Mr. Batchellor knew who was talking to him, but just then the other man come up, and says he, "Doctor Graham, if you don't want me for a few minutes I'm going into the vestry-room." "Very well, Harris," says the other, and off went Harris. "Have I the pleasure of speaking to the pastor of the church himself?" says Mr. Batchellor, looking surprised again. "Yes," says the Doctor, laughing, "I am the terrible Doctor Graham that the ladies are all afraid of." And by that I judged he was given to preach against fine dressing, and wasting of money on useless things when there was lots of poor to be helped. I noticed Mr. Batchellor didn't introduce himself nor the ladies, but he said they would like to go over the church and see it. The Doctor was quite agreeable, and then Miss Warburton insisted on carrying Miss Sanderson up-stairs to see the galleries. Miss Carrie asked to be excused, but Miss Florrie told her she couldn't go alone; and though Mr. Batchellor was very anxious to go too when he found Miss Carrie was going Miss Hattie was so tired she said she couldn't possibly attempt it, and she was sure Mr. Batchellor wouldn't mind taking care of her till the other two came back. She did look so handsome and speak so uncommon fair that I believe poor Mr. Batchellor had his head a little turned. He stayed anyway, and as soon as the others were up-stairs and out o' sight Miss Hattie pulls Mr. Batchellor forward and says to the minister (mind you, I nearly dropped when I heard her), "*Marry* us at once! quick, or it will be too late!" The Doctor started and stared, but Mr. Batchellor went deadly pale and seemed speechless. He tried to say something, but Miss Hattie pressed his arm and looked into his face with the best put-on expression I ever saw. "*I* love you and Carrie does not," she said; "do not forsake me!" Dr. Graham saw and heard, and what gentleman would feel it right to tell the truth when he was so placed? Dr. Graham looked frightened and asked Miss Hattie if she were twenty-one, and she answered "Yes. Please hurry." And I knew for a fact she was seventeen and six months! But she looked older and was generally taken for twenty. I saw the minister, poor man, was going to give in, and I made my last effort for Miss Carrie; I stepped forward, "Miss Hattie," says I. "Mrs. Carter," says she firmly, "remember your place," and with that she put the book into the Doctor's hands and implored him to begin. Well, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, my heart had like to have broke. I just sat down in the pew and cried. The minister didn't see nothing in that except what was natural in a friend of the poor girl, I suppose, and if *I had* plucked up courage to make objection to the marriage when the question was asked, I had nothing serviceable to say. Mr. Batchellor was not engaged to Miss Carrie, as far as I knew. And I was certain Miss Hattie was marrying him for the money and nothing more. But neither of these facts would have been of much use, so Dr. Graham finished the service and they were man and wife! The coolness of that young wretch! When it came to the time for the ring, she pulled one off her finger, a plain gold band that had belonged to her mother, Mr. Batchellor was obliged to put it on the proper finger! I had seen Miss Hattie, when we first came into the church, take off her red roses and pretend to fix them over, but when I come to look at her after the ceremony she hadn't a bit of color near her, and it's likely that what with the white dress and the white bonnet the minister thought the marriage had been arranged between the two all along, and that the couple had intended staying after the concert to be joined together.

Well, the last blessing had hardly been said when down come the others, and Miss Hattie—I mean Mrs. Batchellor, bad luck to her—made one rush for them before I had time to warn Miss Carrie. "Wish me joy, wish me joy this minute! I'm married, I'm married!" Miss Carrie looked turned to stone, and I drew her to a seat to try and hide her faintness. I believe her silence was the first sign that let Dr. Graham know for certain that the wedding was unexpected to Mr. Batchellor, for when Miss Hattie's husband saw how Miss Carrie looked he sort of groaned and said, "What have I done?" very low. Miss Hattie heard him, but she wouldn't notice but went on chattering to Miss Florrie, and laughing a good deal when Miss Warburton called her by her new name. Then I knew Miss Florrie had been in the secret all along, and had really kept her promise to help Miss Hattie all she could, and I can tell you I just wanted to choke her, I did! It was all along of her Miss Carrie was dragged up-stairs. I never, no never, did feel so outrageous in all my days; and I do to this moment when I remember Miss Carrie's expression and Mr. Batchellor's white face, when their glances come across one another.

Well, Dr. Graham, he seemed to get more scared, and he spoke most solemn-like to the bridegroom, and began asking a great many question which he ought to have put *before* he married the two; but Mr. Batchellor, he pretended to be very happy and satisfied and all that, and began to hurry the party away. I did think that Miss Sanderson would never have strength to walk, she seemed to have lost the power of her limbs: and I wasn't a mite sorry when Mr. Batchellor whispered to me that I was to get a carriage and take Miss Florrie and Miss Sanderson home with me, and then slipped the fare into my hand. He told me to do the best I could for him and his *wife* (he said the word, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, looking like death all the while) with her family, and I had to promise I would, though not overjoyed, for though the Wellses were wild for her to marry Mr. Batchellor, they had no notion her wish for anything but a reg'lar grand wedding, with Mr. Batchellor to pay most of the bills? Then he shook my hand and bade us all good-by; that is, all but Miss Carrie, for with all his spirit, he hadn't the face to speak to her separately. Then he put Miss Hattie into a carriage, and she leaned out of the window to see us as long as possible. She made believe she wanted to hurry her husband off, because she couldn't live if he spoke to anybody else; if he had handed over his entire fortune to her that instant, I doubt but she'd a shown him some of her fine tantrums pretty quick. She could have done without him easier than without fine clothes, I'll warrant.

Miss Carrie, when we got her in a carriage, she kept up splendid and tried to look civil when Miss Warburton bragged about her knowing of it all along. And I just says right out, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, I says, "Then you've no call to boast, Miss Warburton, no more you haven't, of fixing up the most disgraceful affair in town," I says. "And you know well enough what I mean," I says, getting sharper and sharper, and says I, "It'll be a living reproach to you forever and ever!" I says. Then don't you think that humbug of a Miss Florrie burst out crying, and she let the tears roll down so sincere-looking that anybody but me would have been taken in. When we got home Mrs. Wells she went off into real, violent hysterics, and Mr. Wells he weren't much better. I didn't see Miss Carrie again that night, and in the morning when I come to look for her, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, she wasn't there! She had gone into a Protestant sisterhood! You may be sure, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, the Wellses were sorry for these freaks, for the talk they made was wonderful. You may be certain I got my walking-ticket, for they couldn't stand having anybody around to put them in mind all the time of disagreeable things. Then Wilson and me was married, and come to live here. Miss Hattie she spent all her husband's money that he could be coaxed out of, and flirted with every man that was fool enough to let her. A pretty dance she leads him. I wouldn't be in his shoes for something! And that reminds me that I've my new boots on and you haven't said a word about them. They're only *eights* and worth six dollars! That's better than spending your money on rubbishing bonnets, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear!
—*Mary M. Cohen, in Good Company.*

A Singular Disease—Blood-sweating.

A case for the consideration of a clinic of first-class medical talents, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, was yesterday developed on the West Side by a curiosity loving reporter. It is a genuine case of "blood-sweat," called in the medical annals purpura hœmorrhagia. Willie Crawford, an interesting boy, fourteen years of age, the son of Capt. William Crawford, well known as the master of the tug Crawford, is the victim of this strange disarrangement of the physical functions. The family reside at No. 86 Seely Avenue, and consists of Capt. Crawford, his wife and three young daughters, and the afflicted boy Willie. All of the family except the one invalid are pictures of perfect health. The boy was born December 1, 1866, and up to seven years ago was as healthy as his sisters now are. One night he woke up and called his mother, who found him bleeding at the nose. The flow of blood was profuse, and could not be checked by the ordinary means, so a physician was called. The doctor pronounced it a case of "nose-bleed," and said the application of a key or some cold substance to the back would stop it. The means suggested were tried without avail. Another physician was called and the nose-bleeding was stopped, and there then came out on the boy's body large black patches, and blood exuded from them. Blood also flowed from his stomach and kidneys. The boy eventually recovered from the first attack, but others soon followed, and he was constantly under the care of physicians. During the later attacks blood has issued from all parts of the afflicted boy's body, and large blotches or patches of black, blue and red appeared all over his person, and blood from them freely, and also from the pores of his skin all over the surface of the body. Small drops came out and completely saturated the boy's clothing, his blood became thin and watery, and he was nearly exhausted. Three weeks ago yesterday he was taken with the most serious attack of any. The gums, mouth and tongue were covered with blood blisters; the whites of the eyes were bloodshot, and fears of the patient's death were entertained. The boy states that he always has a cold or fever just before the attack of bleeding comes on. Sometimes sudden revulsion of feeling or excitement brings them on. Once when he was on his father's tug, and there was danger of collision, he began to bleed. Another time he had an alarming attack, and his mother went for the doctor, and while she was gone the hired girl fainted, and, the boy becoming somewhat frightened, the bleeding stopped. The boy is very intelligent, and, when not disfigured by the disease, very good-looking, his skin being fair and apparently as healthy as the cuticle of any ordinary person. The singular case has received the attention and treatment of a large number of physicians, who have tried various systems of treatment, but with no permanent success. Various medical works, as well as the writings of Theophrastus and Aristotle and other philosophers, contain mention of human beings who have undergone "blood sweatings." Most of the cases chronicled were caused by strong mental excitement, such as the case of a Parisian convict, who, on hearing that the death sentence had been passed upon him, broke out into a bloody sweat. The name *purpura hæmorrhogia* is applied to the disease by the modern disciples of Galen. Dr. W. H. Burt, who has treated the patient in the last attack, says the medical name of the ailment implies a primary disease of the blood-vessels of their walls, and that in their present case it is a disease of both. The doctor has effected a temperary cure by administering secale and phospherus in homeopathic doses. He can not predict when his patient will have another attack, and hopes he will eventually outgrow the disease.

Gen. W. W. Woodfolk, who served in the Florida and other Indian wars, died in Nashville the other day, aged eighty-one years. He was the richest man in Tennessee at the breaking out of the war, his property consisting of plantations, slaves, and blooded horses of national fame, but at the time of his death he was comparatively poor.

Our Young Folks.

WILLY'S SECRET.

"Mamma, I've a secret," Willy said;
"Tell it, then, before you go to bed."

"Take me in your arms first, mamma dear."
"Well, sir, now the secret let me hear."

"Will you promise, mamma, not to tell?"
"Ay, sir, and I'll keep my promise well."

"In a whisper I must tell it low."
"Well, you rogue, your secret let me know."

"Are you sure you'll keep it safe and sound?"
"Ay, so safe that it shall not be found."

"Then, bring nearer to my mouth your ear."
"Now, then?"—"Hush! I love you, mamma dear!"

"Oh, you rogue, I'll shake you now—I will!"
"Shake away—but I shall love you still."
—*Ida Fay, in Nursery.*

A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH BUFFALOES.

A True Story.

Will Crocker, whose adventure among a drove of buffaloes I am about to relate, was a young herdsman of the Lone Star State, and was, I regret to say, as wild and uneducated a boy as could be found in that far from classical region.

But, though Will was uneducated, he was clever-witted. He was not the kind of boy who, as the French say, "would tie a hungry dog to a tree with a string of sausages;" and, if he was iguorant of mathematics and geography, he was well informed on all matters relating to his father's calling. He could manage a horse as well as the best man on the ranch, and was a fair rifle-shot and a good drover.

But Will had one great defect. He was extremely obstinate, and his father had not euough force of character to check the fault. So, at seventeen years of age, Will was of such a self-willed disposition that to advise him in one direction was almost sure to make him take the opposite course.

On one occasion this obstinacy brought Will into trouble which nearly proved fatal.

The drovers had got back from San Antonio, whither they had driven their herds, and were going on a grand buffalo hunt There were six of them—"Old man Crocker," as Will's father was called, to distinguish him from his son, a Frenchman named Henry Leclere, a Dutchman, nicknamed "Dutch," two Mexican *vaqueros*, and last, but by no means least, our friend Will.

It is impossible to hunt buffaloes on a horse uuused to the business. But the following morning, as the hunters were about to start, Will appeared among them, mounted on a powerful black horse called Bonanza, which reared and plunged in a manner that would have unseated a less practiced horseman.

"Hello!" said Crocker. "What 're you doin' on that horse?"

"Going buffalo-hunting, of course," replied his son, as the animal he bestrode stood up on its hind legs, threatening to fall over backward, and vigorously gesticulated with his fore feet.

"You can't hunt buffalo on that horse!" said his father. "Go back and get another; and be quick. We're going to start right away."

"Start as soon as you please," replied Young Obstinacy. "But I'll be the first man past——"

His remarks were cut short by Bonanza suddenly reversing himself and standing on his front feet, causing his enterprising rider to slide forward upon his neck. Dutch, seeing this, spoke up.

"You can't go to a buffalo up mit dat horse!"

"You fellows attend to your own affairs," remarked Will, disrespectfully, "and I'll attend to the horse. He's the fastest beast here, and I'm just about smart enough to put him alongside a buffalo, whether he wants to go or not."

"It makes me noding odds if you go hunt on a steam-engine," observed Dutch.

"Remember what we're telling you," said Crocker, "when we strike buffalo and that critter runs away."

"The horse doesn't live that can run away with me," replied Will, confidently, and the little cavalcade cantered off briskly toward the buffalo-pastures of the southwest.

It was a beautiful morning, peculiar to the Texan climate. The rising sun gilded the flower-decked plain, and from the tall grasses rose flocks of gay-feathered birds; while the balmy air of early fall blew, fresh and invigorating, into the faces of the horsemen. With spirits raised by that sense of exhileration which comes of rapid motion, the riders shouted and sang, as their powerful horses, with equal animation, bore them swiftly onward.

The second afternoon out a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance.

A halt was at once called and preparation made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made, in order to approach them from the opposite side.

At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport.

There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and it would astonish a crack sportsman—with his repeating Winchester and ready-loaded shells in a convenient belt—to see a horseman charge a muzzle-loader from the saddle.

The report of the hunters' rifles gradually diffused uneasiness among the buffaloes, which numbered two thousand or more, and they began to move, followed by the relentless horsemen.

In their course they again approached the horse of our disappointed friend. Will tried desperately to get close enough for a shot. He succeeded, but a scared bull, with shaggy front and furious, twinkling eyes, charged toward Bonanza, and that animal turned and fled ignominiously.

The now terrified buffaloes closed in upon the panic-stricken horse, and soon Will was surrounded by the shaggy herd. He tugged vainly at the bit; and the loud laughter of his companions, who remembered his boast on starting out, grew fainter as he was borne swiftly away.

He was not at all alarmed till he looked back and saw that he was fast leaving the men out of sight. Then flashed upon him the thought of how powerless he was in the midst of the unwieldy herd. He was completely surrounded, and the frightened buffaloes were running at their swiftest speed, which they would probably continue for hours.

He thought of stopping his horse by taking off his coat and putting it over the animal's eyes. But then, should the horse stop, he would be knocked down by the buffaloes, and both of them be pounded to death beneath the feet of the herd.

So powerful are these clumsy beasts that in a large herd they are almost invincible. They leave a track behind them which much resembles a plowed field. Should one of the number lose its footing, it is almost sure to be killed by its companions, as those in the rear, crowding upon the forward ranks, make a pause impossible.

Crocker observed his son's peril first. He was heard to cry out suddenly, and then, applying his spurs, he galloped in the rear of the fast-retreating herd. Leclere and Dutch followed hard upon his heels, but the colder-blooded Mexicans remained to skin the buffaloes the little party had slain.

Meanwhile, Will had given himself up for lost. But he looked his peril in the face, with a courage begotten of a life among dangers.

Suddenly, a desperate thought occurred to him. He had heard drovers and trappers tell of Indian hunters whose mode of killing buffaloes was by running on their backs, jumping from one to another, and spearing them as they ran. Why could not he escape that way? The animals were close together, and, though a misstep would be fatal, to remain in his present position was certain death.

A dense cloud of black dust hung over the herd, through which naught was visible but the tossing sea of beasts near him. He, therefore, had no idea how many of the animals intervened between himself and safety. His chances of escape seemed not one in ten, but the stumbling of his horse decided him to make the attempt.

More thoughtful than most boys would have been in the face of a danger like his, he unbuckled his horse's bridle and tied it around his gun (which he carried strapped to his back), and then, getting off his saddle onto the horse's withers, he loosed the girth and let it fall to the ground, intending, should he succeed in making his escape, to go back and pick it up. He now rose to his feet on the horse's back, holding to the animal's mane, and in an instant leaped to the nearest buffalo, holding his gun, like a balancing-pole, in both hands.

The animal plunged, but he jumped to the next and the next, like Eliza crossing the Ohio on the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had accomplished half the distance, when one of the buffaloes, seeing him coming, jumped to one side. The boy fell between, but dropped his gun in time to grasp the animal by its long hair, and with difficulty he climbed upon the terrified and plunging creature and jumped desperately on till he reached the outside of the herd, when he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, with his head swimming and a heart leaping for joy.

He was yet in danger from the stragglers on the edge of the herd, but the cloud of dust and the animals it obscured passed by and faded into a smoke-like billow, leaving him uninjured.

Ten minutes after, Crocker and his two followers galloped up and, to their great joy, found the boy unhurt beyoud a few bruises.

Will rode home behind his father's saddle, but whether or not the adventure had any effect for good on his stubborn nature the chroniele saith not. Let us hope it had.—*F. Marshall White, in St. Nicholas.*

Queer Doings in Prussia.

Strange revelations concerning the dismal superstition still prevalent in the rural districts of West Prussia were disclosed in the course of Dr. Kotlevski's recent trial at Stuhm for "unlawful practices." This person had acquired a widely-spread reputation among the peasantry as a sorcerer, Some time ago a woman afflicted by epilepsy applied to him for a cure. Having diagnosed her case, he declared that she was possessed by four devils, conjured into her body by a female neighbor. He then proceeded to exorcise these demons, three of whom promptly quitted their human tenement in obedience to his spells. The fourth, however, laughed his incantations to scorn. This fiendish recalcitrance led him to the discovery that, in order to expel the obstinate demon, it would be necessary that the epileptic woman should swallow a draught of the witch's blood. In order to obtain this nostrum he betook himself to the dwelling of the woman, by him accused of witchcraft, and beat her until she lay senseless on the floor. But for the interference of a resolute neighbor he would have murdered his victim. Arraigned for this crime before a Prussian tribunal, he declared in open court that he had done nothing more than his duty to his patient, and that he had not only frequently ridded possessed persons of their fiendish inmates by similar means, but had often seen and spoken to devils with whom he had thus dealt. He was sentenced to four month's imprisonment by the tribunal of Stuhm.

The atmosphere of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is filled with the oder of the musk with which Justinian charged the mortar when he rebuilt the church in 538, A. D.

One advantage we who live in this country have over the Britishers is in the matter of news. We get the news of an English boat race nearly half a day before it takes place.

Kindness brings out all the better qualities of an animal's nature—good temper, gentleness, obedience. Sir John Lubbock can make a wasp gentle and mild.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY JAN. 22, 1881.

United States senators were elected Tuesday as follows: Michigan, Conger; Indiana, Harrison; Massachusetts, Dawes; Maine, Hale; Minnesota, McMillan; Connecticut, Hawley; Delaware, Bayard.

The Boston *Herald* expresses the belief that the seating of Governor Plaisted in Maine has disappointed more Democrats than Republicans, the idea being that he would be more useful to the party as a martyr.

The United States Court has entered an order requiring the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company to file with the Clerk of that Court, quarterly, under oath, a report of its receipts and disbursements itemized, with the names of its officers and employees, and the salary paid each, the quarterly reports to be made within thirty days after the expiration of each quarter, commencing from January I.

The few inhabitants upon the Red river, Texas, are much excited over a strange rumbling noise that is heard both night and day. It resembles the sound of a railroad train, but as there are no railroad within fifty miles of the locality, the people believe it is a passage of volcanic action. Its range is from north to northwest, and it recalls the ominous sound described by Humbold as proceeding the great earthquake of 1759 in Mexico, when the volcanic mountain of Jorullia was upheaved.

In forecasting the probabilities as to Republican control of the Senate after the 4th of March the partisans of that side leave Judge Davis out of their calculations entirely, as they consider that he is at last safely lodged in the bosom of the Democrats. A day or two ago an applicant for office carried a petition to Judge Davis and asked him to head it with his signature. He looked it over and then said to the party: "You had better take this to some Republicans and get them to sign it first."

Among the sensations of the present session of Congress will probably be the speech which Representative Felton, of Georgia, proposes to deliver on Southern election frauds. Dr. Felton is a Democrat, but he was counted out at the last election, and his personal experience has doubtless convinced him that bulldozing, tissue ballots and repeating are not, after all, the visionary evils which the Southern Bourbons declare them to be. So long as they were only employed to defeat Republicans it was all right; but now that the Democrats have begun to cheat each other, the immorality of such practices becomes very apparent. By all means let Representative Felton speak his mind.

The Mormon Ulcer.

The proper mode of dealing with the Mormon ulcer on the body politic has been a subject of serious debate with our best statesmen. Utah is a territory, and as such is more directly under the government of Congress than a State can possibly be. The existence of a shocking State of polygamy is admitted by every one, and yet there seems to be a host of difficulties in suppressing it. During all the discussion of the polygamous outrage on decency Mr. G. L. Cannon has been representing the territory as a Delegate in Congress, although he was a polygamist himself. Governor Murray refuses to furnish him a certificate of re-election, not only because he has been outraging the sense of decency by his practices carrying out of polygamy, but also because he is an Englishman who has never been naturalized. The certificate has been furnished his opponent, against whom no ineligibility can be alleged. This will of course ensure a contest for the seat in the next Congress, and the country can then see whether Congressmen will stultify themselves by permitting any one to occupy a seat who is an open perpetrator of a crime which they have condemned and provided a punishment for. This is a good time for the country to get rid of the vilest ulcer now gnawing at the health of the body politic.—*Feed[illegible]*

Political Puzzles.

It was precisely one year ago last Wednesday that Governor Hamilton assumed the gubernatorial chair, and he celebrated the anniversary by fleeing from the State, and taking refuge with a number of fellow agriculturists at Washington, where he listened attentively to addresses on farming. The Governor, after ten years of persistent and untiring efforts to reach the executive mansion, has discovered that instead of a bed of roses it is one of thorns. Governor Hamilton's first year's experience of the executive office consistrd of continual political warfare with other branches of the Democratic family. To day, twelve months after his inauguration, he has not that great and innumerable host of friends that cheered him on his triumphal entry to the State House, and such warm friends as he has are uncertain which way to turn and what to do to secure political ascendancy in the State. When he went into office he stood independent of all political alliances. His nomination was demanded by the Democratic masses, and he knew that he was under obligations to no faction of the party, which at that time was divided into two great divisions, known respectively as the White and Gorman wings. Both looked up to him to see whether he would ally himself with one or assist the other. While one division was trading away his offices, the other prayed that he might deliver them from the hands of their enemies. Governor Hamilton declined to take a part in the preliminary skirmish; declined to say whether he sympathized with one or the other of the senatorial candidates that were fighting their battles on the eve of his inauguration, creating the impression that he did not care "a continel" who carried off the prize. He has since paid dearly for this indifference. The victors laughed him to scorn, and the conquished felt embittered at his non action. No sooner had he entered upon the duties of his office than the triumphant wing of the party, fresh from their field of conquest, determined that they would carry legislation in their own way, without regard to the wishes of the Executive. His messages recommending certain reforms of abuses in the administration of the State government were treated goodnaturedly, but as huge jokes. Some pitied him, while others ridiculed him, but none of the dominant wing of his party supported him. In his long-continued contest with the managers the Governor was compelled to fall back for aid in the struggle upon those men to whose prayers, in the preliminary skirmish for the senatorship, he had turned a deaf ear. They, in their zeal to crush what they considered the overbearing arrogance of the dominant wing, forgot the treatment to which they had been subjected, and, united with the few of the Governor's supporters and the mass of Republican members, succeeded in forming a formidable combination against the managers.

In the campaign that is now approaching, and which will be upon us in a few weeks, the Governor proposes to keep up the warfare against his political foes. The question that now presents itself to him, to his supporters, as well as to the interested lookers-on of the interesting struggle, is, "who are his followers?" Can he number among them all those Democrats who supported his policy at the last session of the legislature, or is his support confined to those who were known as original Hamilton men? His opponents—the very men, who with their friends, profited by the Governor's inactivity during the senatorial fight—answer that it is folly for him to expect assistance from the men whom he refused to succor when they were in need of help. Therefore, they say, where are the Governor's followers? Certainly, they are not among the friends of Senator Whyte, for the Governor did not move the weight of his finger to assist the Senator's re-election, when he could have done it without any difficulty. "It was Governor Hamilton who defeated Senator Whyte last winter," said one of the leaders of the Democratic party a few days ago, "and Governor Hamilton ought not to expect aid from that quarter next fall. A word from him would have changed the aspect of affairs on the senatorship at Annapolis, yet he was as silent as the Sphynx. It is now, of course, all very well for him to think that Senator Whyte, on account of his resentment to the managers, should throw his influence on the side of the Governor in a contest that he proposes to make against the State ring. Why should he do it? What has he to gain from it? His time will come sooner or later, but he has nothing to gain by making a combination with Governor Hamilton. There is nothing for him to fight for next fall, and he will not waste his strength by participating in an unnecessary struggle."

These words fell from the lips of a politician who while not unfriendly to Senator Whyte, is friendly with the mangers. He doubtless expresses the feelings of many of the Senator's sympathizers in laying at the door of the Governor a part of the blame for the defeat of Senator Whyte, but he does not exactly give their views as to their part in the approaching campaign. Some of the opponents of the managers are now, as ever, willing to take up the cudgel against them. The strange thing about the situation is that no one can tell what Governor Hamilton proposes to do. No one knows what his plans are, and, if the truth must be told, he probably does not know what they are himself. He seldom thinks that the time for action has arrived until it has passed, and all opportunities for a victory are irretrievably lost. He may have learned by experience, and in this probability the only hope of his supporters rests. It is the impression among his followers that he intends to make a vigorous contest for the State comptrollership. The election to this office of one of his sympathizers would give him what he most desires—the control in the Board of Public Works. This would enable him to name the president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, beside other offices worth having. But the question that the Hamilton men are asking themselves is, "How are we going to do it?" Where to begin and how to go to work after the beginning has been made is what puzzles them.

Senator Whyte in conversation a short time ago conceded the truth of the assertion made by Mr. Hamilton's opponents, that the latter had it in his power to secure his nomination to the Senate, had he chosen to do so. But he does not propose to quarrel with the Governor on that account, and has not the remotest idea of antagonizing him. He harbors no resentments against him or against others for what they did or did not do in the senatorial campaign. He admitted further that it was a fact not to be controverted, that he had nothing to gain by taking a part in the approaching campaign, yet his mind was not fully made up about it; and while he would not say that he would take a hand in the struggle for the State comptrollership, he was not prepared to assert the contrary. He thought that it might be possible for the Governor's opponents to underrate his strength in the counties, and his following may be larger than some anticipate. He was of the opinion that the opposition to the Governor would make a fight in the city so as to secure the eighteen delegates in the next legislature.

There is considerable activity in the managers' camp, where preparations are being made to meet the enemy, and the standing notice at the portals, "Recruits Wanted," sometimes serves its purpose in attracting a deserter from the opposition. A good reward is offered to such recruits as are worth having, in the shape of offices to be awarded at some future time. The importance of the offices promised is graded according to the rank of the deserter. For a private the reward is a clerkship, or some less valuable gift, for a captain, a seat in the legislature, and afterwards a more lucrative office; for a colonel, it is a seat in Congress or a judgeship; and there is no saying what price they set upon a general. They refuse the fellowship of none, and are willing to receive to their bosom their most inveterate enemy if he swears allegiance to them hereafter. This is their mode of warfare, and they say that their experience is that it has proved a complete success. Every one of their leaders is a believer in the trite saying that "more flies can be caught with honey than with vinegar," and some of them are veterans in its practice.—*Balto American.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Afraid to Investigate.

At first blush it seems strange that public interest in the great forgery with which the Democratic National Committee closed the late campaign should be so languid. Here was an attempt to carry a Presidential election by the most outrageous forgery ever undertaken by political conspirators; it was supplemented by subornation and perjury; the responsibility for it was assumed by the National committee, it was audaciously flaunted in the face of the putative author with the defiant assertion that denial would be useless and the subsequent refusal to accept his solemn denial of it as anything but an additional falsehood. Three States were unquestionably carried for the Democrats by this infamous fraud: and now that the whole thing has passed by and there is no longer any doubt as to the criminality and baseness of the transactions, one would suppose that the leading Democrats inculpated in it would be anxious to have the facts investigated for their own vindication, and that the public upon whom the fraud was practised, would not be utterly indifferent in the matter. But, in fact, the Democrats concerned seem interested only to have the thing blow over without investigation, and the public generally appear to care very little about the facts in the business.

This is the strange feature of the affair. The guilt of the transaction lies to all appearance somewhere within the bounds of that inner circle, the National Executive committee, of which Mr. Barnum is the head. Of their guilty complicity their is no doubt whatever; if the authorship of the forgery does not lie within that same narrow circle, it is incumbent on them to show it, or at least to purge themselves of well grounded suspicion. Why do they not do it? The languor of public interest in the matter as contrasted with the eager curiosity manifested when any Republican misdoing is suspected may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the fall from morality of a decent and reputable person always excites more interest than the offences of a habitual criminal. Republican misdoing is phenomenal; Democratic tricks and frauds are too common to attract attention or inquiry. Then, too, the public has been pretty much disgusted with the efforts of the disreputable newspaper in which the forgery first appeared to utilize its own shame for advertising purposes, and has refused to lend countenance to the paltry scheme to make the paper prominent by pretended exposures and brazen-faced confessions. But all this accounts only for the absence of public interrest; it does not explain the strange indifference of the leading Democrats through whom the forgery was published and circulated and endowed with the power for mischief, or of the Democratic party at large, which has to bear the responsibility for the acts of its executive committee, and which certainly profited to a certain extent by the crime.

Why does not some Democrat in Congress who has at heart the honor and good name of the party—if there be such an one—take some step toward an investigation? Is it claimed that authority cannot be found for such an inquiry; that there is no precedent for it? We are very much mistaken if, in the record of investigations in all directions and upon all subjects of the past six or seven years plenty of precedents and ample authority cannot be found for setting on foot such an inquiry. The present Speaker of the House has a direct personal interest in it since he was one of the victims of the imposition and was led by it to do an act of injustice to a prominent public man which it must be presumed he sincerely regrets. The party in Congress has an interest in relieving itself of the odium of the transaction, which it can only do by investigating the facts and placing the guilt where it belongs. This can be done by an official investigation, and this they have thus far manifested no disposition to order. It has been intimated within a few days past that Mr. Barnum disclaims all responsibility in the matter, averring that his name was used by a subordinate in the committee without consultation with him and without his consent. But even this vague denial does not come directly from Mr. Barnum. That gentleman, so far as the public knows, has not opened his mouth upon the subject. There are no signs that he proposes to do so. Apparently nothing but an official investigation, similar to the one which compelled Mr. Tilden to appoint his scapegoats in the Cipher Conspiracy, will draw him out. Indeed, all signs now point to a definite purpose on the part of leading Democrats to do nothing in the premises, but simply "wait for it to blow over." Upon the flimsiest suspicions of much less flagrant offences by Republicans, investigations have been ordered by Democratic Congresses, and no expense or ingenuity has been spared to convict. Is the invariable failure of these investigations to be the excuse for refusing to pursue this one? It will not do. The Democrats in Congress are bound to take some notice of this heinous outrage, or they assume for the party the responsibility for one of the basest crimes ever attempted upon popular government and a free people.

The executive committee of the sesqui-centennial held a final meeting on Wednesday of last week and rendered a full report to the Mayor. The amount contributed by citizens was $20,683,85, and $10,000 was appropriated by the City Council. After paying all expenses there remained the sum of $1,357.48 which will be applied to the preparation of the memorial volume. The report reviews the grand occasion at some length, in terms of high satisfaction, befittingly compliments the Mayor for his efforts, and refers to the fact that no serious injury or accident occurred and that the event will be held in memory as one of the the proudest and most notable in our history.

There is a painful rumor afloat that the ice crop has been touched by the frost and that high prices may consequently be expected next summer.

The Baltimore *Gazette* says Senator Blaine thinks General Grant should be made a general on the retired list. Wily Mr. Blaine—1884!

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1881.

As the Wood funding bill is the one topic of interest at the Capitol, and as the Democrats are having their own way, what that "way" is will be of interest in the next National contest. As the refunding bill now stands, it requires the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out all the standard silver dollars and all the gold coin except $50,000.000. There are now outstanding $45,582,130. In silver certificates for which the government is pledged to pay or demand silver dollars. There are also outstanding $6,658,800 in gold certificates payable on demand. There are also outstanding about $7,000.000 of coin obligations of the United States, upon which interest has ceased, but which are payable on demand. These amounts do not include anything for accrued interest on the interest bearing bonds now outstanding. In other words, the bill as it now stands provides not only that every dollar shall be taken from behind $350,000,000 of greenbacks, but that coin enough shall not be left in the Treasury to meet obligations which are payable on demand. Whether it is lunacy, or a secret desire to break down the public credit that actuates the Democrats in the advocacy of these schemes it is hard to tell. But the inconsistency of talking about preserving the public honor, and on the force of it, enact a measure which will break it down, is apparent.

Probably no man ever occupied a seat in the U. S. Senate whose right to it has been without reason, so questioned, and who has suffered so much petty persecution because of his political principles as Senator Kellogg. The Democrats seem to have centered upon him their spite for the defeat of 1876, and determined to unseat him if possible. Last session the attempt was persisted in for a short time, and then for political considerations was dropped. But at this session those foremost in the pursuit determined to bring the matter before the Senate, and if possible to bulldoze the majority into unseating Kellogg. To this end last Friday Senator Saulsbury with the air of a Judge about to pronounce a death sentence arose in his place and announced that on Monday (yesterday) he would move to lay aside the regular order and take up the Kellogg case. Senator Conkling immediately announced that he would insist on the regular order. So yesterday when Senator Saulsbury moved to suspend the regular order it was understood to be a test vote. Twenty Senators voted for it, and thirty four against it. So it may be said the persecution in the Senate at least is at an end.

At a caucus of Republican Senators yesterday an advisory committee, consisting of Messrs. Ferry, Windom, Davies, Morrill, Logan, Allison and Booth was appointed to consider the funding bill with a view to securing harmonious Republican action on the same when it comes before the Senate.

Mr. Springer has introduced in the House a resolution directing the Post Office Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing by law a telegraph and postal system under government direction, and also to inquire as to the cost of reproducing facilities for transmitting telegraph messages equal to those now possessed by existing corporations.

Mr. Randall has offended many members during his incumbency of the Speakers Chair by his arbitrary and unfair conduct toward them in regard to measures that were pending before the House. It is asserted he has assumed to be judge of what bills should or should not be submitted to the House for its action, and by refusing to recognize members who had certain bills pending, has been able to defeat them as he chose. For some time Mr. Belford of Colorado has been trying to secure a recognition from the Speaker, in order to test the sense of the House on a bill to provide for the erection of a public building at Denver. Mr. Speaker Randall assuming his role of Judge, has refused to recognize Mr. Belford until that gentleman has gotten desperate. But he has now adopted new tactics and for a week past whenever a member has sought and obtained recognition in order to secure the passage of a bill by unanimous consent, Mr. Belford has promptly demanded the regular order of business, and he announced his intention to carry out this programme until the last day of the session unless the speaker will allow the House to vote upon the Denver bill.

LOGAN.

KELLOGG'S PROSECUTORS TURNED DOWN.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Ben Hill's followers, who were trying to oust Kellogg from the Senate, sustained a serious defeat to-day, which may result in a disastrous rout. Senator Saulsbury, according to agreement, after the morning hour, called up the resolution unseating the Louisiana Senator, but was declared out of order, as the unfinished business (the Ben Holladay claim) was pending. He then moved that the pending business be laid aside for the purpose of considering the resolution. The vote was taken on the motion without debate, resulting 20 yeas to 32 nays. The nays were all the Republican senators, and among the Democratic Senators voting the same way were both of the Maryland Senators, Messrs. Whyte and Groome, Senators Bayard, Thurman, Pendleton and others.

MR. COX'S REAPPORTIONMENT BILL.

The apportionment bill introduced in the House by Representative Cox (N. Y.,) to-day, fixes the number of representatives at 301, and apportions them among the States as follows: Alabama, 8; Arkansas, 5; California; 5; Colorado, 1; Connecticut, 4; Delaware, 1; Florida, 1; Georgia, 9; Illinois, 19; Indiana, 12; Iowa, 10; Kansas, 6; Kentucky, 10; Louisiana, 6; Maine, 4; Maryland, 6; Massachusetts, 11; Michigan, 10; Minnesota, 5; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 13; Nebraska, 3; Nevada, 1; New Hampshire, 2; New Jersey, 7; New York, 31; North Carolina, 8; Ohio, 19; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 26; Rhode Island, 2; South Carolina, 6; Tennessee, 9; Texas, 10; Vermont, 2; Virginia, 9; West Virginia, 4; and Wisconsin, 8. As compared with the present number of members, this bill of Mr. Cox makes the following losses and gains: Arkansas, California, Iowa, Michigan, Mississippi, South Carolina and West Virginia gain 1 each; Kansas gains 3, Texas 4, Minnesota and Nebraska, 2 each; Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Hampshire, Maine, Indiana, Tennessee, Florida and Vermont lose 1 each, and New York losses 2.

GRANT'S ACCEPTANCE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—This morning Rev. Dr Newman, Cornelius N. Bliss, James Talcott and William A. Cole, of the nominating committee appointed at the convention of the World's Fair Commissioners, waited on General Grant at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to tender him the office of President of the World's Fair, to be held here in 1883. Beside the committee, there were present ex-Governor Crawford, of Kansas; Prof. Stuart, of Indiana; Col. Akers, of Tennessee; Hon. Edwards Pierrepont and Henry C. Stebbins. Gen. Grant received them courteously and introduced them to Mrs. Grant. Mr. Cole briefly told their mission, and tendered the General the office. The latter in replying said that a few evenings ago, in conference with members of the committee, he had signified his intention of accepting the office should he be elected thereto, but that at the outset, on account of prior engagements, he would be unable to give it his personal attention, though he would like to do so. He should be absent, he said, from the city for a few months, but later on would be with them. He further remarked that he had not yet familiarized himself with the by-laws, but said he believed there was a certain amount of money to be first raised before anything could be done. Mr. Cole said that that matter devolved on the finance committee, who now had it in hand. Though only called upon at present to raise $1,000,000, they intended raising $4,000,000. Gen. Grant on this remarked that he would accept the trust.

The executive committee of the World's Fair Commission met this afternoon. Mr. Cole, in behalf of the committee appointed to wait on Gen. Grant and inform him of his election as President of the commission, reported that he had accepted the office. It was resolved to send circulars to each State in regard to the work of the commission and its organization, and the secretary was instructed to draft a suitable circular and report at a future meeting. The election for permanent officers of the executive committee resulted as follows: Chairman, Henry Stebbins; Vice Chairman, Wm. A. Cole, and Secretary, Thos. McElrath. Messrs. Geo. A. Crawford, Algernon S. Sullivan and Thos. McElrath were appointed a committee on by-laws, and the matter of further organization of the committee was referred to them. A committee on national legislation was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Sullivan, chairman; James Talcott and Samuel S. Haines, to whom was referred the subject of dates of opening and closing the exhibition. It was resolved that the committee should meet every afternoon, a monthly meeting to be held on the first Wednesday of every month. The finance committee also held a session, but transacted no business of public importance.

LOCAL NEWS.

—A splendid article of the Young Hyson, at J. A. Enlow's.

—Mr. W. H. Hagans has been quite ill for the past week.

—Upshur, a four-year-old son of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland, died Monday.

—Capt. C. H. Vandiver, editor of the Keyser *Tribune*, paid our sanctum a visit Wednesday.

—A protracted meeting has been going on in the Enlow school house, near Oakland, for the past two weeks.

—W. L. Boughner and wife, who have been visiting in Oakland for some time, returned to their home in Fairmont last week.

—Messrs. Peddicord, and Combs were in attendance at the Allegany county Circuit Court during the week.

—Mr. S. M. Haller, of Cumberland, who took the mining statistics of Maryland and western Pennsylvania for the census, has been appointed to take the mining statistics on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio rail road in West Virginia for the same purpose.

Church Services--Sunday.

Stone Church--Preaching at 11 o'cloce, A. M., by the pastor.

M. E. Church—Preaching in the morning and evening at the usual hours, by the Pastor.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending January 19:

Conrad Spoerline and wife to Geo. Spoerline, Military lots Nos. 3210, 3213 and 3235; $1,900.

Wm. H. Muon, mortagee, to H. Wheeler Combs, lots Nos. 911, 909, 918, 907, and 920; $1,820.

A Minister "Ponndrd."

Wednesday evening about 7 o'clock, a large party from Cranberry, conveyed hither by large sleds, made a raid on Rev. Jones and lady, at the M. E. Parsonage, and took forcible possession of their house. Rev. Jones and lady were not much frightened because they recognized their assailants as members of the congregation at Cranberry. After having prepared and partaken of supper the presents they had brought were exposed upon the table, and were numerous and useful. The party remained until near midnight, when they took their departure, feeling that they had made themselves happy by cheering and encouraging their Pastor.

An Expensive Postal Card.

C. M. Miller was arraigned before United States Commissioner Rogers at Baltimore Saturday to answer the charge of having sent to Edward W. Cecil an abusive postal card. After hearing the evidence the commissioner said he thought there was some doubt about the offense being in very direct violation of the act of Congress, and, therefore, only required the accused to pay the costs. These, amounting to $18.95, were paid by Mr. Miller, and he was discharged. Messrs. Miller and Cecil are both well-kown citizens of Garrett county.—*Cumb. News.*

Important to Farmers.

The *Scientific American* advances the following important information to those who desire to get rid of stumps upon their farms: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the latter, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of salt-petre, fill the hole with water and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in about a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but the ashes.

Report of the Cove School.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—When I take up your paper from week to week, I see items from nearly every part of the county, but never from this place. If you will kindly allow space I will give the following: This school has been rapidly advancing both in population and in education. The house now occupied is very uncomfortable, though the commissioners are having a new one built, and I think if the carpenters were as much interested in building the house as the citizens are in need of it, it would have been completed ere this.

In 1879 this school could scarcely make the agerage required; now it averages from 30 to 35. Owing to the german school, which was not more than one-fourth mile from this, the average last year was only 22½. The german school has now closed, and we look forward to a large average to report next term, though the greater number of our scholars have from 1 to 2 miles to come. We hope that their parents will encourage them to come so that they may grow up wise men and women, and be useful in the future.

Respectfully,
JOHN J. BEEGHLY,
Teacher.

A Last Tribute.

Among the many deaths that have taken place in our midst recently, our attention was particularly called to that of little Willie, son of John O. and Luvenia Michael. Willie was only a little over five years of age, and although it may appear strage, he had a premonition of his death some weeks before it occurred, whilst he was in perfect health. He would often speak of wanting to go heaven, and on being asked by his mother if he was willing to leave Pa. and Ma., he replied he did not wish to part but wanted them to go with him. If a word was uttered in his hearing that he thought was not right, he would immediately seek his mother and ask her in regard to it. Time and again would he take his stand upon a table in a corner of the room, and admonish his sister, in his childish way, not to do that which was wrong, but strive to do that which was pleasing in the sight of the Lord; then kneel and pray the Lord to take little Willie to heaven as he did not want to stay on this earth. In his last moments he was perfectly conscious of everything, asking that his sisters might be brought into the room to bid him good-bye His parting with his parents was extremely affecting, he requesting them not to weep for him and asked their promise to meet him in heaven.

Thus has passed away from earth one who knew no guile; stainless and pure as the driven snow, into the arms of One who has said "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In this example how much may be learned. One so young, with all around bright and promising, yet anxious to meet his redeemer.

To the sorrowing Father and Mother we would say: Weep not, but rather rejoice, for your little one has passed from the midst of sin and sorrow into realms of bliss, and your loss is his gain. Strive to redeem your promise to meet him within the jasper walls in spotless robes of white.

Little Willie's now at rest
Although you have grieved,
Remember he is with the blest
And a crown received.

FROM A FRIEND.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. L. H. Bell, of Oakland, has been appointed agent for the above lamp in Allegany and Garrett counties.

Memorial Services.

Very impressive memorial services were held in the M. E. Church Sunday School last Sunday, in commemoration of the deaths of two interesting little children, late members of the school, who recently died. The following preamble and resolutions, offered by T. J. Peddicord, Esq., were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his allwise Providence to visit our school and lay the cold hand of death upon one of our little ones, and to remove from our midst ESTELLE, daughter of Prof. R. G. Richardson; therefore

Resolved, That we feel deeply this sad affliction, and we sincerely condole with the stricken parents and extend to them our warmest sympathy in this their sore bereavement, and we would impress upon them the fact that their charming little daughter is not dead, but lives "in that beautiful land so free from all sorrow and pain," and that she now forms a link in the golden chain which binds them to the Saviour, and attracts them to that glorious home in which she will live forever. May this bond never be broken.

Again has the pale horse and his rider been in our midst and borne away one of our most precious jewels, and whilst our hearts were sad and sorrowing over the loss of little "Estelle," death entered the household of Bro. John O. Michael and claimed little WILLIE as his own, and again our school is wrapped in gloom and sadness; and whilst we sorrow not as those who have no hope, let it be

Resolved, That we would, so far as we can, share this great sorrow with the bereaved parents of little "Willie," and extend to them the assurance of our christian love and sympathy, and we would remind them that "whom the Lord loves he chastens;" that "He wounds but to heal," and we trust that the lesson taught us by this affliction may not be lost, viz: that in the midst of life we are in death; that death comes alike to all, the young as well as the aged. Let us profit by this lesson, and be ready, for we know not when the Son of Man cometh. God has "opened the door to the children;" truly "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

On motion it was resolved that the memorial be spread upon the records of the Sunday School, a copy furnished the parents of the deceased and the town newspapers.

After a few impressive remarks by Rev. Jones, and the singing of "Open the door for the children," the services closed by singing the doxology, and benediction by Rev. Jones.

Stock Poor.

Many a farmer is kept poor by keeping too much stock. He would be prosperous if the stock was of the right kind. It does not pay to keep cows through the winter that are dry pretty much all the time. It does not pay to keep over a lot of lean and fractious steers in the expectation that they will make good working cattle by waiting long enough. All such animals should be sold to those who have more food in store than their present poor owners. A miserable and melancholy lot of no breed sheep constitutes no more desirable property, either. Their fleeces are not worth wailing for, and their mutton is called such only by courtesy. They are of no use to a farmer but to help keep him poor.

Good stock, superior stock, pays for itself all the time. A herd of cows is well worth wintering that will pay in milk and butter many times more than the cost of their keep. No other kind ought therefore to be allowed on a farm. No business man ever expects to make headway against competition by holding a stock of goods that is of inferior value and out of the fashion; and a farmer ought to observe the same rule, and carry on his hands no stock that is not of the very sort to give him a good footing in the produce market. He never can get good milk, good butter, or good beef from poor runts of creatures whose existence comes under the head of accident rather than design. Superior stock is the only kind an enterprising and thrifty farmer can afford to keep.

When cows show beyond a question that they can not give milk enough nor milk good enough to pay for their support and yield a liberal profit besides, it is time they were disposed of on almost any terms that will clear them off the farm. It is the same with all creatures that are an incumbrance on the farm instead of a profit; let them be put off without delay, and let the so-called sentiment in the case be eradicated by healthier considerations of what constitutes thrifty and profitable farming. This should be the touchstone everywhere of good farming. If it were really made so, we should soon see an end of dawdling, routine, traditional farming, and the infusion of a vigorous element such as moves the world of business and carries life and activity into every department.

There are, of course, many ways in which a farmer can trace the sources of his unprosperous condition; but the practice of keeping on hand, summer and winter, a lot of practically worthless cattle—for all cattle are worthless that are not profitable—is the moth and canker that is surely eating out his substance. It is simply a question of time how soon he will succumb, for to be acknowledged hopelessly poor is submission. We repeat, no farmer can afford to keep inferior cattle; a rich man may afford it, and charge his indebtedness to whim or delusive benevolence; but the farmer who has his living to make off his farm can not afford it, nor indeed can he afford to keep any kind of cattle but the best. He owes it to himself to clean out everything that is trash and worthless, and begin and build up on a sound basis. The more poor stock he keeps, the poorer he is in consequence himself.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Population of the United States,

The superintendent of the census Monday sent to the House a statement showing the population of the United States as follows by States: Alabama, 1,262,724; Arkansas, 802,564; California, 864,686; Colorado, 178,649; Connecticut, 652,683; Delaware, 146,614; Florida, 267,351; Georgia, 1,589,048; Illinois, 3,078,769; Indiana, 1,578,362; Iowa, 1,654,620; Kansas, 995,996; Kentucky, 1,648,788; Louisiana, 540,103; Maine, 648,945; Maryland, 954,632; Massachusetts, 1,783,012; Michigan, 1,636,331; Minnesota, 780,806; Mississippi, 1,131,572; Missouri, 2,168,804; Nebraska, 452,452; Nevada, 62,265; New Hampshire, 346 984; New Jersey, 1,150,983; New York, 5,083,810; North Carolina, 1,400,047; Ohio, 3,178,289; Oregon, 174,767; Pennsylvania, 4,282,786; Rhode Island, 276,528; South Carolina, 595,662; Tennessee, 1,542,463; Texas, 1,572,574; Vermont, 322,286; Virginia, 1,520,806; West Virginia, 6 5,443; Wisconsin, 1,352,680. This makes a total of 49,360,592 for the States. The Territories aggregate 665,663 and the District of Columbia 177,638, which makes a grand aggregate of population of 50,152,866.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—Louisiana is rejoicing over the prospective success of a movement initiated some time ago to substitute Italian for colored labor in its cotton and cane fields. The first installment of these Italian emigrants, two hundred and ten in number, reached New Orleans a few days before Christmas, and it is reported that other laborers of the same class are expected in large numbers during the winter and spring. Heretofore the drift of Italian emigration has been towards South America, and principally to the Argentine Republic, of which Buenos Ayres is the capital, and the province of that name the richest province. The climate there approximates so closely to that of Southern Italy that it agrees well with the emigrants from the latter kingdom. Whether they will find that of Lonsiana equally well-suited to them, or the labor in the cotton and cane fields congenial to their habits and constitutions, must necessarily be at present a matter of doubt. The attempt to introduce Chinese labor into Louisiana failed signally. The present attempt to substitute Italian for negro labor may fare better. It is, at all events, an interesting experiment, for all accounts agree that as a laborer the Italian is honest, frugal, temperate and industrious.

The scarcity of fuel in some of the Western as well as the Northwestern States, has, as is well known, compelled the farmers to resort to their corn cribs for their winter fuel. Wood, as is well known, is found in very limited quantities in some places, while coal is too high to be generally used. Corn is said to be superior as stove fuel to any other article except hard coal, and far cheaper than anything else that is available. The corn from two or three acres is said to be sufficient to give a family its winter supply of fuel. No change of grate is required, and the corn burns equally well in wood and coal stoves. Two bushels of corn in the ear will make a comfortable fire during the coldest winter weather. The heat can be regulated with as little trouble as in the case of coal or wood. It looks a little queer to burn this grain, but the farmers have plenty of it, and little else that will burn, and are thus compelled to avail themselves of the cheapest and best fuel they have at command.

THE INAUGURATION.—The indications from all parts of our country tend to the conclusion that there will be a larger attendance of citizens of the Republic at Washington to witness the inauguration ceremonies on the 4th of March next than ever assembled here on a similar occasion. The inauguration committee of citizens of the District have made extensive preparations to receive this avalance of the people in their visit to Washington in a manner worthy of the National Capital.—*Washington Rep.*

DEATH OF AN AFRICAN PRINCE.—An old negro named Hannibal Brown, who had long lived alone in a cabin near Warrenton, Va., was found dead on Friday night last. He was brought to this country from Africa in 1820, and claimed to be the son of a king in his native land. He was tall and commanding in appearance, and, though deferential to the white people, would allow no familiarity on the part of his colored brethren, requiring them to treat him with the respect due to a prince. His former master was so well convinced of his royal birth, that he emancipated him long before the war. Prince Hannibal became a blacksmith, and made much money, all of which he invested in slaves, from whom he required the homage due to his rank. During the war he refused to shoe the Federal horses, and would always pretend to be sick when wanted. He was finally arrested for giving comfort to the enemy, and in the latter part of the war was a prisoner in Washington. The war left him penniless, but he contrived to support himself by blacksmithing. For a week he had not been seen, and he was at last found in his cabin, frozen to death.

The Philadelphia *Times* says:—"The Republicans of Maine have honored themselves and their State by refusing to avail themselves of plausible technicalities and power to defeat the will of the people in the election of Governor Plaisted. It was clearly within the power of the Republicans to defraud Gov. Plaisted out of the office to which the people elected him, and they had much more plausible technicalities to excuse the act than the Fusionists had for reversing the will of the people in 1879, but they have very properly decided that all votes which can be regarded as honestly intended to be cast for Plaisted shall be counted for him, and the legislative Republican committee have reported that he has been duly elected Governor. He will, therefore, be inaugurated without question, and the Maine Republicans have erected a monument to their integrity that may be eminently useful in the future."

Astrologers and soothsayers should be of good courage this year, if there be any premonitory virtue in the curious combinations of numbers that may be evolved from the date of 1881. Not only does it read the same backward and forward, which only occurs every 110 years, but the magic number nine is interwoven in it in a remarkable way. The sum of either the first two or the last two figures is 9. The sum of all four is the same as the first two, 18, which added together or divided by 2 gives 9. Multiply the whole by 9 and the product 16,929, contains two nines, while the sum of the digits is 27, or three nines; or added, one 9. Place the 18 under the 81 and add; the sum is 99; subtract, and the remainder is 63 or 7 times 9. Almost innumerable similar combinations may be formed, convincing the mathematician that the mythical Mother Shipton could not have hit upon a more remarkable date than this for the threatened smash up of things in general.

ANOTHER RAILROAD PROJECT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The West Virginia Secretary of State has just incorporated a company, known as the West Virginia Central Railroad Company, for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad from Grafton, in Taylor county, by way of Philippi, Barbour county, thence by way of Buckhannon, in Upshur county, thence by way of Weston, in Lewis county, then through Braxton and Clay counties, to Charleston, in Kanawha, and for the purpose of mining coal and all materials whatsoever, and for manufacturing all of said materials, and to buy and sell land not exceeding 1,000 acres, and for leasing any amount of land for any time. Capital stock, $5,000,000; shares, $100 each; principal office, Chicago; time of charter, ninety-nine years from December 17, 1880. Such a road, if built, would prove a valuable feeder to the Baltimore and Ohio road, which it would strike at Grafton.

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Why will you pay your money out for an inferior or cheap machine, when a little more will buy a Genuine Singer. The Singer has been in practical use since 1856, and has had a steady gain each year until 1879. The excess over any previous year was 74,735. Where are the companies that have existed during that length of time? for want of merit they have failed. Beware of new machines coming among you; they can't exist long where the Singer has an agency; then who will look after your machine when it is out of order? Beware of cheap machines sold by merchants. They sell them as they would any other commodity—if it does not give satisfaction they will tell you to come back and they will sell you another at the same price. But will they come to your house and fix your machine and learn you how to use it? Consider everything and see which is the cheapest. We treat rich and poor the same—sell on easy terms—give lessons free—charge nothing for adjusting our machines, and give a guarantee for 5 years.

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ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Hauser, et. al., vs. George Whitelair, et. al.

No. 167. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 12th day of January, 1881, that the report of sales made by John W. Veitch and Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustees in the above entitled cause, to William Rolf, as purchaser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of February next; provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks in some paper published in Garrett county, Maryland, before the 31st day of January instant.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,501.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
I 15 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of Jesse Groves, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JESSE GROVES,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

WILLIAM P. GROVES,
I 15 4 Administrator.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE richest men in Germany are the Rothschilds of Frankfort, Krupp of Essen, and Bleichbroder of Berlin; Prince Bismarck is also reckoned among the millionaires. The number of Prussian millionaires is only 1,195.

IT is proposed to erect a memorial to William Caxton, England's first printer, in the shape of a stained glass window in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster. The spot is appropriate, for it is the place where Caxton set up his first printing press.

M. GAMBETTA, ten years ago, was one of the handsomest men in France. His face was a face of fine lines and spirituel contour; his figure was lithe and graceful. He is still a man of striking presence, but he has no more the almost poetic good looks of his youthful days.

VICTORIA, Princess Imperial of Germany, and Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, has just passed her fortieth birthday. All the German newspapers celebrated the occasion by laudatory articles on the generous and fostering patronage which the Princess has given to the arts and sciences in that country.

A GRANDDAUGHTER of the Charlotte Buff who was the heroine of "The Sorrows of Werther," has just died in Germany. Another person who also was associated with Goethe departed this life the other day. This was Niebling, the barber, who attended the poet during the last years of his life, and whose pride in this fact was the subject of much conversation over the beer-mug o' nights. There are now left in Weimar very few people who knew the great German.

MISS HELENA GLADSTONE, a younger daughter of the Prime Minister of England, is causing quite a sensation in England and on the Continent by the moral courage developed in her recent determination to enter an active and useful career, and to give to the young women of England a very noble example. A London correspondent of the leading political journal of the Continent, the *Belgian Independent*, announces that this young lady has passed her examinations, and now returns to Newham College to study for the position of preceptress in that institution. The idea of the daughter of the Prime Minister becoming a teacher, or, as some other authorities state, secretary and active agent, is something so new to the aristocratic feminine world of Europe that it is making an "epoch," as they say.

Mistakes and Precautions.

THOSE favored few who are blessed with robust health are not inclined to take any precautions to preserve it. Having never known sickness, they often become as reckless as if insured against it. Rules absolutely necessary to the continuance of good health are regarded as "old wives' fables," too childish and superstitious to be worthy of a moment's consideration. Always strong and free from all bodily infirmities, they argue that it is folly to allow themselves to become the slaves of precautions they have no reasonable prospect of needing.

But, for those who will not listen to reasonable warnings, "in such an hour they think not," the evil they would not guard against may overtake them.

Observe the signs of the times. With which class do the epidemics that so often come upon a community like lightning from an unclouded sky prove the most deadly? The strong, who have never known sickness, or the weak and ever-suffering who have never known health? Those who have had very few days' freedom from discomfort and illness, and are conscious of little strength to contend with any violent sickness, foreseeing the evil, hide themselves under the protection of judicious, sensible sanitary regulations until the storm has passed, and are saved. But the strong, who, through ignorance of suffering, mock at danger, pass on heedless of advice and precautions, and are more frequently swept out of life with scarce a moment's warning. How often it is remarked, "Strange one so invariably robust and healthy should have so easily fallen a victim, while another near by, so frail that one expects the first breath of contagion to be fatal, is left unscathed."

The simple rules or suggestions listened to by many as idle breath, are, however small, nevertheless as the "life boats" in that voyage that all must make before they reach the shores of "the hereafter." The "breakers," whose warning voice may be heard from afar, and should be at once guarded against, seem, to the strong and incautious, but as the gentle ripples that gather and break harmless on the shore. But however insignificant they may be thought, they have a power that may bring much mischief.

Irregularity in eating is an evil that works gradually but surely much discomfort and misery; often undermining the health and darkening the remainder of a life that might, with a little caution, have been unclouded by any physical disturbance. The number of times one eats is of less importance than the quantity and regularity.

A large amount of bodily or mental labor before breakfast is not conducive to health, nor should one, if it can possibly be avoided, enter upon the day's regular occupation vigorously for at least an hour after eating. It would be of incalculable value to health if each meal could be taken in a light, airy room, with pleasant, cheerful companions, who would so agreeably help to pass the time that the temptation to eat rapidly and without thoroughly masticating the food would be overcome by the cheerful surroundings. A short time of such enjoyment and repose will enable one to work more effectively at the proper time, and secure a much larger amount of work afterward than an hour's rest without such pleasant influences could do.

Early breakfasts for young and growing people are almost a necessity if we hope to bring them up to maturity healthy and vigorous. The maxim "Early to bed and early to rise" has much more wisdom in it than is generally conceded.

If the occupation is such that a half hour's labor before breakfast is really a necessity, then take a piece of bread or cracker. It is not wise to go out into the early morning air before eating at least a few mouthfuls. Especially ought this precaution to be strictly observed in malarial sections, and in seasons when much sickness is over the country. Nothing can be more unwise than to go into a sick room fasting, and when the sickness is contagious the result may be dangerous, if not fatal.

While early rising and early breakfasts are conducive to good health and vigor, late suppers are, on the contrary, very injurious and the sure road to dyspepsia and settled ill health.

To sleep in clothes worn through the day is another bad practice. The clothes are filled with the effluvium emanating from the natural wastes from the body all through the day. Especially is this the case with those who labor hard, or perspire easily. The poisons of the system thus ejected or thrown off by people in vigorous health furnish a strong reason, if there were no others, for removing on retiring every article worn through the day.

As soon as removed, let each article be hung up to air through the night, not thrown in a mass on the floor, or on chairs, where a free circulation of air will be impossible. In the morning one should be just as particular to hang up all the night clothes, so that they may be perfectly purified and aired before needed again. When not stormy hang them where they will receive the benefit of the fresh morning air till after breakfast, then put each separately in the closet, or on wooden pins, brass or galvanized hooks in the bath-room. Never hang any white clothes on iron nails that will rust from the moisture of the garment, and so iron-rust the articles hung on them.

It is neither neat nor healthy to fold night clothes and put them under the pillows, as is too often practiced.

Do not attempt to economize by decreasing the washing bills or family washing. To keep the person scrupulously clean, frequent change of undergarments is as necessary as bathing.

These are but a few hints at the precautions needful to preserve the health. If they excite the reader to think seriously on this subject, and follow it up by careful examination, it will accomplish the object for which it was written.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Christian Union.*

Employment for Girls.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND, in *Scribner's Monthly*, not long ago called attention to the large number of women who were studying art in this country, painting portraits, historical pictures, landscapes or flowers on china, in the vain hope of earning a livelihood, who never had earned a dollar. He proposed wood-engraving as a substitute for these lofty attempts, stating that there was constant demand in this branch of art for work not only of the finest quality, but the most inferior, such as bill-heads, and borders for pages, etc., etc. We know that Dr. Holland's statements are true. Young girls and women in New York and Philadelphia and in Boston are to-day earning a comfortable living by engraving these commonplace but necessary designs, while others, more ambitious, sit month after month in their studios, with their landscapes and *genre* pictures, without a buyer. It is pitiful to see the eagerness with which these would-be artists seize upon each new popular fancy, and flood the market with vases, painted horseshoes, necklaces or pearl-shells, all in vain. The cause of failure with most women is that they aim too high. A girl, belonging to a family of straightened means, wishes to do something to earn her own living. She is right. No true woman is content to became a weight upon an old, hard-worked father or young brothers who some day will wish to marry. Now, for a boy of no decided talent or skill there are a thousand commonplace ways of earning his bread. Only a very few men of genius succeed as authors, artists. But a girl flies at only the highest mark. She writes poems or essays for the best magazine; or she studies art, and opens a studio. She would feel insulted if you should suggest to her that she engrave maps or advertising cards, or design carpets. There are many women writing wretched trash for the papers, one article out of a hundred being accepted, who could earn a good income by sending pies or home-made pickles into the markets. There are starving artists whose pictures will never find purchasers, but whose hats are marvels of beauty. But who shall dare to hint that nature meant them for cooks and milliners? The true course for a girl is to consider—as her brother has done—what she can do best. In that line, and no higher, lies her path to success.—*Youth's Companion.*

Silk-worm Eggs in Transit.

ON the 15th of December, at 8 o'clock in the morning, four car-loads of silk-worm eggs started by the way of the Central Pacific, the Northwestern, and the Pennsylvania Roads, on their way to the East. These precious cargoes are brought overland periodically. The four car-loads which started from San Francisco on the 15th, and passed through this city on the 20th of December, were valued at $2,000,000. The cargoes are brought across the continent under special contracts, the carriers undertaking no liability for their safe carriage. It is absolutely necessary that the temperature of the cars should be maintained equally between forty and seventy degrees. At forty the eggs are chilled and ruined. At seventy the hatching is hurried, and the worms are produced before they have anything to feed upon. In case of accident causing a delay in the mountains, the cars might become chilled and a total loss be entailed. The time made in this last shipment was extraordinary. On the night of December 14, the eggs arrived in San Francisco from Japan; at 8 a. m. December 15, they were started on their way over the Central Pacific Railroad; on the morning of December 20 they reached Chicago; and at 9 a. m. on Wednesday they were in New York. They were immediately put on board the French steamer Labrador, and an hour after their arrival in Jersey City they were on their way to France.—*Chicago Times.*

PRETTY Estella Synder, of Mitchell, N. C., was about to mount her horse the other day, when Charles Pastor shot William Springs dead in a quarrel as to which should help her up.

The Thermograph—A New Invention in Medical Science.

A NEW instrument has just been introduced to the medical profession, from the use of which we may anticipate results of great scientific importance. It is named the thermograph, and its purpose is to continuously record the changes of the temperature of the body. The principle upon which it is based is easily understood, and may be briefly explained as follows: A coiled spring is made of two lamellæ of brass and steel, the brass forming the outer part of the coil. This spring is fixed in the center, but the free end presses gently against the contents of a short vulcanite tube. As the temperature of the apparatus rises the metal coil expands, and the pressure exerted by the free end varies and always corresponds to the temperature. The vulcanite tube is filled with a powder composed of plumbago, gas carbon and silver, in a finely divided condition. The electrical conductivity of this mixture changes with the pressure to which it is subjected. Wires from an electric battery are connected so that the current passes through the powder, and it will therefore be understood that with the rise and fall of the temperature, and the consequent changes in the pressure of the coil upon the powder, the intensity of the current will vary. It is now only necessary to arrange a means of recording these alterations in the current, and this has been done in a very ingenious manner. A wire helix, of special construction, forms a part of the circuit, and into this a soft iron core is passed, free to move up or down. The position of the core is governed by the strength of the current, and as the core rises and falls it communicates motion to an index, which records its position continuously upon a moving strip of paper. The battery and the recording part of the instrument are placed in a neat cast-iron case, while the coil is inclosed in a German silver case about an inch and a quarter in diameter. To use the thermograph it is only necessary to place the little case in the axilla of the patient, and a continuous record of the temperature is thus obtained. Already the instrument has revealed a minor heat curve characteristic of typhoid fever, and the physician is therefore enabled to determine upon a diagnosis much sooner than would otherwise be possible. The course of the disease is permanently recorded, the slightest modification or variation caused by exposure or by the remedies administered being revealed, and the effects of the latter can be closely followed. Moreover, definite instructions may be left with the nurse in charge, who would be directed to watch the indicator and to be governed by it in the use of remedies. The inventor believes that the instrument will also prove to be of great service in the science of meteorology, for it will indicate and record the slightest changes in the temperature of the air, and on account of its low cost, only about $50, it can be extensively used in the Signal Service.

The Mexican Burros.

THE morning after the day I reached Santa Fe, I left my mud hotel early and strolled slowly about, taking in greedily the fresh, cool air and the unusual sights. Turning a corner off from the plaza—what in the States would be called a park, a square, a common, or something else—I saw just ahead a group of burros, or diminutive donkeys, urged on by a Mexican and his son. Each donkey was loaded—no, overloaded—with stove-wood bound to a pack-saddle. As the pony walked briskly the load swayed and shifted, threatening every moment to slide off, but only threatening. The Mexican hurried on his burros by a small stick, and by rolling out an alphabet every few feet that it seemed to me ought to scare each donkey's soul clear of his body. But they only ambled a little faster for a moment, and then relapsed into their fast walk, picking up each foot nimbly, and putting it down surely. They had no headgear of any kind on, and seemed to be guided entirely by the driver's voice and stick. As I watched the group the driver suddenly stopped his burros, and going to a front window in a low adobe house that seemed to fill completely the small square bounded by four streets, he exchanged a few words in the Spanish or Mexican language with a lady who had drawn across her face, just below the nose, the inevitable mantilla. The window soon closed, the driver gathered together his straying donkeys, and, urging them on with even more energy than before, turned two corners, and then stopped before a gate in the high, dead wall. It opened presently, and he started a donkey through. But although the gate was a double one, and the way very wide, the donkey's load was wider. And then what twisting, and straining, and contriving, and, I fear, swearing! At last one edge of the load was got through, and then the other; the donkey, meanwhile, aiding in every possible way. I was much surprised to catch a glimpse, through the gateway, of an open space, which I had supposed, from an outside view, was occupied by the house entirely. This space, or court, is common, I learned, and is called the placeta; it is an exceedingly poor man's house that is not arranged in this way, having its four sides inclosing the hollow square within.

As I turned from these donkeys I saw a most astonishing sight, a load of corn-fodder coming briskly up the street apparently of its own volition! But on nearing me there was to be seen the long nodding ears, the little feet and the slim legs of the omnipresent burro. The patient little beast was loaded all but out of sight; his burden appeared as large as a common-sized load of hay (though, of course, it was not), and still he hurried on, entirely oblivious of the fact that his driver had stopped in a doorway to exchange a *buenos dias* with a friend and roll a cigarette, probably his sixth or eighth since breakfast, an hour and a half ago.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

DR. GLENN'S harvest in Colusa County, California, yielded 460,000 sacks of wheat. The Doctor reserves 60,000 sacks for seed, and has shipped the rest.

ROME has not been for ten years so gay and brilliant with foreign visitors as at present.

Religious.

FURTHER ON.

HATH thine heart grown very weary?
Do the tired hands long for rest?
Are the temples hot and throbbing?
And the lips together pressed?
Very heavy seem thy burdens?
Strength to lift them almost gone?
Bear up still a little longer,
There is sweet rest further on.

Have thy brightest hopes been shattered?
Hast thou suffered bitter wrong?
Hath the wailing sob of anguish
Hushed upon thy lips the song?
Hath thy priceless love been slighted?
Is each fond assurance gone?
Lethe comes for every heartache,
Bright joys wait thee further on.

Is it hard to be submissive?
Doth the proud soul chafe and cry,
And hot tears fall all unheeded,
When no one but God is nigh?
Even yet are broken heart-strings
Quivering with music gone?
Murmur not. They'll catch the cadence
Of the lost strains further on.

Soon the pulse will cease its beating;
Eyes no longer shed a tear;
Hands, grown weary, rest 'neath daisies;
Nothing but a grave left here.
But when come no nights of anguish;
When no days of sorrow dawn;
Longings all shall find fruition
In that bright home further on.

—*J. Alice Danner, in Chicago Standard.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Jan. 16—The Prophecy of Zacharias ..... Luke 1: 67-79
Jan. 23—The Birth of Jesus ..... Luke 2: 8-20
Jan. 30—Simon and the Child Jesus ..... Luke 2: 25-35
Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus ... Luke 2: 40-52
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist ..... Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus. Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick . Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John. Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend .... Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom. Luke 9: 1- 6

Religion and Business.

HOW TO retain the spirit of serious piety in the busy activities of life is a question vital to Christian character. The practical divorce of religion and piety in our daily affairs is fraught with peril. Too many regard religion as out of place in the thoroughfares of trade; as a fabric of too fine a texture, or as an exotic transplanted from a tropical to a polar clime. The easy quietude of the sanctuary or closet befits it: "Holiness to the Lord" may be put on the Bible, but not on the ledger; on the miter of priest, but not on the bells of horses. This severance of religion and business comes of a misapprehension of the nature of real piety. Piety stands related to life as consciousness to the mind, underlying all its activities.

Let us consider the question, How can religion and business be properly blended?

1. By having all actions constrained by holy motives. We do not, indeed, have God as a distinct object before us every moment, but we do the work which He has appointed us in our special sphere as a service to Him. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The blood circulates silently in our veins and so religion is a silent but vital force in our hearts.

2. We are to remember that religion is being good and doing good. It is not quietism or asceticism, but a dominant principle that guides our thought and speech and action. It is a reflection of Christ's life in the flesh. It shows itself in minutest details—the soft step, the gentle voice, the courteous demeanor, in honest speech, in nobility of dealing and truthfulness of disposition. True religion, some one says, puts no sand in sugar, alum in bread, water into milk, or otter into butter; it keeps the wife from ill-temper when her husband's dirty boots soil the floor, and keeps him from having dirty boots; it prevents him from fretting at a late dinner and keeps her from having late dinners. Religion rebukes deceit and insincerity of all kinds, and teaches us to keep our promises one with another. Of course, contingencies sometimes interrupt us in meeting appointments, but it is noticeable that in the same busy scenes some are *always*, and others are nearly never victims of contingencies.

3. Religion is doing secular acts from sacred motives oftener than it is doing merely sacred acts, so called. When piety stamps our life, all our acts are religious. It is wrong to separate toil and worship and to forget that motive gives character to deeds. A automaton may do many of our acts but it has no moral character. The heart makes the work of the workman holy. "An anvil may be consecrated and a pulpit desecrated." Robes and vespers and ceremonials, the cowl of monk and hood of nun, cannot make service holy. It is not beautiful words but beautiful lives we need. This will soonest silence the cavils of skeptics. A religion that is not fitted to week-day work never had a Sabbath-day origin. We want Mary's heart and Martha's hand; the splendid force of a celestial presence to inspire and sanctify all our deeds, that on thought and act shall be written "Holiness to the Lord," in lines of living light. Thus will our spirit be tuned to the harmony of a celestial world and our whole life here below a grand and sacred song.—*Church Union.*

The Ethical Code of Christianity.

THE superior excellence of the Christian code is seen in its benevolent and philanthropic spirit. It breathes universal good will to men, and proclaims peace to all nations. From the first it broke over the traditional conventionalities of race and nation, and social rank, and embraced the whole world. It did what no school of ancient philosophy and no system of political government had ever done—it recognized the equality of men, and preached a morality for the poor as well as for the rich. It inaugurated a new and noble class of virtues. It raised humility, self-denial, benevolence, charity, philanthropy and their kindred virtues to a place of prominence which they had never held before, and a place which they now hold in the estimation of all civilized Christian nations, simply because Christ and His apostles had so exalted them.

The spirit of individual self-sacrifice for the good of others, of beneficent endeavor to rescue the poor and the perishing, and of a philanthropy as wide as the world, which to-day so exalts Christianity in the eyes of those pagan nations to whom the heroic missionary has carried the Gospel, breathes forth in all the teachings of Christ, and in fact constitutes the essential principle of that practical morality which He enjoined on all His followers. No man can read the Gospel history without seeing this pure and elevated beneficence on every page. His system was a complete salvation which, in the song of the angels announcing the nativity, brought "glory to God in the highest." But at the same time it was a pure beneficent code of practical ethics which should ultimately prevail over the selfishness of mankind, bringing "peace on earth and good will among men."

* * * * * * *

The scholars and thinkers of our day are not a little disposed to disparage Christianity as an ethical system. They often tell us of the stern, heroic virtues of old Greeks and Romans, and point to the grand characters produced under the stoical philosophy and the pagan mythology. But, after all, what a narrow, sleepy, bloody and vindictive morality it was, how dark, how hopeless, how unloving and unlovely, gods and men alike, impelled by vindictive passions, and ruled by blind, irrational, inexorable fate. Let any one read the old Greek poets to see the spirit and the practical working of such a morality and such a religion. Or let him study it even as presented in its most attractive light in Thomas Noon Talford's Tragedy of "Ion." What a contrast to the gentle, loving spirit of the Gospel! What a relief to turn from those best achievements of classic paganism to the bright and joyous and beautiful precepts of Christ and His apostles!—*Chicago Interior.*

God's Care.

IT has been said, and I will repeat it, "God is great in great things, but He is very great in little things." I will illustrate this by an incident which occurred in the room of a relative, during a Scripture reading. There was a beautiful engraving on the wall of the Matterhorn Mountain. We were remarking that the wondrous works of God were not only shown in those lofty snow-clad mountains, but also in the tiny mosses found in their crevices. A friend present said, "Yes, I was with a party at the Matterhorn, and, while we were admiring the sublimity of the scene, a gentleman of the company produced a pocket microscope, and, having caught a tiny fly, placed it under the glass. He reminded us that the legs of the household fly in England were naked, then called our attention to the legs of this little fly, which were thickly covered with hair," thus showing that the same God who made these lofty mountains rise attended to the comfort of the tiniest of His creatures, even providing socks and mittens for the little flies whose home these mountains were.—*T. Newberry.*

Pennsylvania Gas Wells.

BRADFORD (Pa.) and neighboring places are lighted and heated by natural gas. In 1875 an oil company was sinking a well on a high hill west of Bradford. At the depth of several hundred feet they struck a vein of gas. No oil was found. The force of the gas was such that when it was ignited a pillar of fire more than fifty feet high was formed. The roar of the gas could be heard for a mile and more. This burned for months. The heat was such that the grass and foliage grew in the depth of winter as luxuriantly for hundreds of feet around as it did in the summer. Strawberries ripened near this well in February. The well had been burning for a long time before the feasibility of utilizing it was thought of. A belt of dry territory, but yielding vast volumes of gas, was subsequently found to exist in the vicinity of the original gas well. A company was formed to carry the gas into the city. It is now distributed all over the place by pipes. A gas pipe, with jets attached, is run into parlor and kitchen stoves. The supply of gas is controlled by a stopcock on the pipe. When a fire is wanted a lighted match is thrown into the stove and the gas turned on. The fire is started at once. The gas possesses great heating qualities, and apartments are warmed as quickly and as well by it as by coal. Gas for illuminating purposes is conducted into the houses the same as artificial gas is taken in. At first the light was not brilliant and steady, owing to impurities. Processes for refining it were invented, and now the natural illuminator is unsurpassed by the finest manufactured gas. It is so cheap that people seldom turn out their lights. It burns day and night in stores, hotels, private houses and streets. Consumers pay by the month instead of by the thousand.

Gas wells have come to be more valuable than oil wells, and the sudden and phenominal appearance of oil in some of the principal wells in the gas belt has created consternation among owners and consumers. For years the gas has flowed from the wells in unremitting volume. That oil was not to be found there it was thought had been conclusively settled. A few days ago one of the wells ceased in its gas supply. It was found to be half full of oil. Fifteen barrels of excellent crude oil were pumped out, and the gas flowed again. One or two of the other gas wells exhibited the same phenomenon. It is necessary to pump the oil out daily before the gas will flow. This sudden appearance of oil in territory that was considered dry has not yet been satisfactorily explained.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

THERE live in Auburn, Me., says the Lewiston *Journal*, two brothers, whose parents reside in Casco. They have fourteen children, and, as soon as one leaves the old roof-tree, they pick up some homeless boy to keep the number good, so that every year the family consumes twenty barrels of flour. When the consumption of flour falls off, the good folks call in reinforcements from the neglected juvenile world.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON says that it amuses her to hear people in France speak of the dreadful habit that Americans have of conveying their food to their mouths with their knives. She says that she has been at table between a German Prince and a diplomat who went through the same sleight of hand.

A YELLOW brocade silk dress, one hundred and twenty-seven years old, is shown in the Industrial Exhibition at Charleston. The silk was spun in South Carolina and woven in England for Mrs. Pinckney, wife of the Chief-Justice of the Province of South Carolina.

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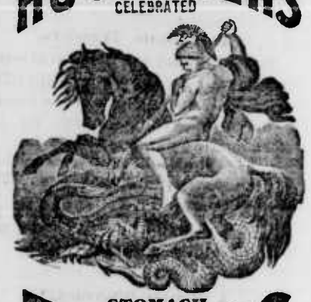

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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HOME AND FARM.

ADD a little wood ashes to the flowerpots of favorites, and see how quickly it will flourish and improve the growth.

A GOOD nest for hens is made by sawing a hole in the side of a barrel, putting hay in, and covering the top or head. Such a nest is easily removed and cleaned, and "biddy" likes it.

DRINK IN CASES OF FEVER.—There is no more refreshing drink in cases of fever than weak green tea, with lemon-juice added instead of milk. It may be taken either cold or hot, but the latter is preferable.

REFUSE FAT.—There is much refuse fat from the kitchen that can be turned to good account by feeding it to the hens. Of course where soap is made it will be used in that way; but it is a question whether it is not much easier and more profitable to buy soap, and make the hens lay by feeding them with fat. Everything that is not wanted for drippings for cooking purposes should be boiled up with the vegetables for the fowl.

To make Graham wafers, take one cup of Graham flour, one and one-third cups of boiling water, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Put the salt into the boiling water, pour the water gradually on the Graham, beat thoroughly, and set away to cool. When cool, spread on sheets or pans as thin as the blade of a knife. Bake in a moderate even about twelve minutes. Sick people can eat this when they can eat no other bread.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says: "To have good pasture, sow three pecks to a bushel of winter rye to the acre when the corn is plowed the last time. Sow later if it is not wanted knee high when the corn is harvested. This will give splendid fall feed. I prefer it to tame grass. If a crop is wanted take off the stock before it thaws out in the spring, so that they will not tramp it. If a crop of grain is not wanted, plow it under in the spring and it will make the land richer. It makes good feed for all kinds of stock. The reason that I mention it now is that farmers can secure seed and have it ready when they need it. The rye and corn will make splendid feed.

MARYLAND BISCUIT.—Rub one tablespoonful each of butter and lard into one quart of sifted flour, with one teaspoonful of salt; gradually add milk enough to make a stiff dough, mixing it with the hand. When the dough is mixed lay it on a floured bread-board and beat it with the rolling-pin, turning it continually, until it blisters and cracks loudly. It will require to be beaten about half an hour. When the blisters are abundant tear off pieces of the dough as large as an egg, mold them in the form of biscuits, prick the tops with a fork, and bake the biscuits in a rather quick oven.

The Feeding of Stock.

THE feeding of stock as a branch of farm management necessitates a knowledge of the general principles on which its successful prosecution depends, especially of the nature of the food, and its use in such a manner and in such quantities as are necessary to secure a proper proportion of the great nutritive compounds required to maintain the vital functions in a state of healthy action, and the particular conditions under which the constant waste of the tissues may be reduced within the narrowest possible limits, and the quantity of food required to supply the place of the effete matters thus diminished to the greatest extent. These matters, in fact, include the broad principles which must be kept in view in the feeding of all animals, and practice has arrived at conclusions in harmony with them. By studying, in the first instance, the natural instincts of the animals, and observing the kinds of food they prefer, and then by mixing the different substances in different proportions, and otherwise varying the mode in which they are supplied to the animal, it has come to be well known that certain foods and mixtures produce a better effect than others, some kinds fattening quickly and giving the animal those qualities which the butcher seeks, and others producing a much less favorable result.

A great part of this knowledge has been attained by experience—that is, by a succession of trials extending over a very long period of time, and many of which have, in one sense, proved failures, inasmuch as they showed that particular mixtures were uneconomical and a source of loss to those who used them, although, in another sense, they were not failures, because they showed what ought to be avoided. If it were possible to go back over the whole range of trials by which our practical knowledge of the best proportions and kinds of food has been acquired, it would no doubt be found that, as in most instances, experience has been bought at a very high price. It is only after often-repeated observations that it can arrive at incontestible conclusions, and herein it is that science differs from experience. The result in both is obtained by observation, and has coupled with it the explanation of the facts observed.

When the study of the principles of feeding is prosecuted into detail, many subjects of great interest and importance offer themselves for consideration, and of these not the least worthy of notice is the best method of making the food consumed fully available to the animal. It has been clearly established that only a very small proportion of the nutritive matters of the food is stored up within the body in the form of flesh and fat, and even under the most favorable circumstances by far the larger proportion is practically wasted, or at least reduced to the less valuable form of manure. It is known also that the quantity stored differs greatly in different animals. Thus, the pig makes a much better use of its food than the ox, for it will increase in weight nearly twice as much with the same consumption of food. The same is true, though to a more limited extent, with regard to individuals of the same species, and every one knows that some cattle fatten more quickly and easily than others. These differences are, no doubt, often due to constitutional peculiarities, which can not be overcome in practice; but it can not be questioned that it is a matter of the greatest possible moment to determine the circumstances under which waste can be reduced to a minimum, and the animal be made to assimilate the largest possible proportions of the food which enters the stomach.—*Prairie Farmer.*

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Stock-Keeper* writes: One of the first things to be learned by a man who aims at anything like a knowledge of horse-flesh is to read, as a musician would an air of his "music," the age of a horse by his mouth. Like many other things, it is most easy when you know how, and really takes very little learning. The young of the horse comes into the world with twelve grinders; by the time the colt is twelve days old four front teeth may be counted, and, when a further four have made their appearance, the youngster will be close upon a month old. The corner teeth, as they are called, do not assert themselves till the foal is about eight months, but they do not obtain the height of the front teeth till four months later. The two-year-old has the kernel—the dark substance in the middle of the tooth's crown—ground out of all the front teeth, in the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted; and, when three years old, these are replaced by the permanent or horse-teeth, which are larger and more yellow than their predecessors. In the succeeding year the next four teeth are shifted, and in the fifth the corner teeth give place to the permanent nippers. When five years old the horse should possess forty teeth, of which twenty-four are grinders far back in the jaw, and with which we have little to do. The buyer must be particularly on his guard against having palmed off on him as fully five years old a filly of less age by having your attention called to the circumstance that "she has no colts teeth," when the fact of the matter is, they have been carefully and purposely extracted; nor will a "chaunter" scruple to tell you the same of a horse if he fancies you know little about it. But, be it remembered, horses invariably have tushes, which mares very rarely do. Before the age of six is arrived at the tush is full grown, and has a slight groove on its internal surface (which generally disappears with age, the tush itself becoming more rounded and blunt), and at six the kernel or mark is worn out of the middle front teeth. There will still be a difference of color in the center of the tooth. The cement filling the hole made by the dipping in of the enamel will present a browner hue than the remaining part of the tooth, and it will be evidently surrounded by an edge of enamel, and there will even remain a little depression in the center, and also a depression round this case of enamal; but the deep hole in the center of the tooth, with the blackened surface which it presents, and the elevated edge will have disappeared. Persons not much accustomed to horses have been sometimes sadly perplexed, expecting to find a plain surface uniform in color. The mark in the corner nippers no longer appears to dip down to the gum, but looks more like a hole made in the middle of the tooth. The edge of the enamel has become regular, and the surface evidently worn. The tushes have now attained their full growth, being nearly or quite an inch in length, convex without, concave within, tending to a point, and the extremity somewhat curved.

"Now, or possibly a few months earlier, the horse may be said to have a perfect mouth.

At seven years the mark as described is very nearly worn out of the four center nippers, and fast wearing away in the corner teeth, especially in mares; but the black mark still remains in the center of the tooth, and is not completely filled up until the animal is eight years old. As he gets on past seven the bridle teeth begin to wear away.

A eight the kernel has entirely disappeared from all the lower nippers, and begins to decrease in the middle uppers. It is new said to be "past mark of mouth." There is, however, a "fake" termed "bishoping," from the knave who first started it, by which the mark on the lower nippers is prolenged. It is supposed to be done with a "graver," by which a cavity of the pattern of a seven-year-old is scraped out of the surface of the corner teeth. The whole is then finished with a hot iron, leaving a permanent mark by which an unpracticed eye might well be deceived; but the exact natural appearance is never so neatly imitated as to deceive one who has paid any attention at all to the development of a horse's month.

There are indications which enable very shrewd observers to guess at a horse's age after eight years even, but none to enable accurate determination. In the ninth year the mark has entirely disappeared from the upper middle teeth, and the hook on the corner only has increased in proportion as the bridle teeth lose their points. At eight the upper surface of the nippers are all oval, and as the animal gets older they diminish in width but not in thickness. They become more rounded, and appear wider apart.

At twelve years of age the crown of all the lower front teeth has become somewhat triangular, and the bridle teeth much worn down; but anything further must be left to experts, and would serve no useful purpose to enlarge upon here. I must not, however, omit to draw attention to the fact that as horses advance in age their gums shrink away, conveying that long, narrow appearance of the teeth which has long formed the subject of a proverb. They likewise lose their upright position, and appear to lean forward, more particularly the upper ones, which assume an arched shape.

Beyond the indications of age afforded by the teeth are some others, which a very little experience will render familiar. A dark-colored horse—as a brown or a bay—will in time turn gray about the face, mane, and top of the tail; the back becomes hollow, and the pit or cavity about the eyes gets by degrees more and more pronounced. A practice prevails among the more unscrupulous tricksters of the trade by which this appearance is removed. In the slang of the craft it is known as "puffing the glims." The operation consists simply of making a slight puncture in the skin, and then with the aid of a thin "straw" tobacco-pipe fill it out by blowing air into it. The youthful appearance thus gained is, it is needless to say, only of brief duration, and when suspected may be readily detected by pressing the finger or thumb on the part.

ENGLISH sparrows were imported to destroy worms, and now there is a general desire to have something imported that will destroy the sparrows.

THE DAIRY.

THE butter trade in Europe is as much exercised over the oleomargarine question as our own. Large quantities are sold in all large cities there.

PASTURES that have been fed a few seasons will generally produce more milk, or make more fat, than those which have been newly seeded down.

FOR the six months ending Dec. 1, 1880, the exports of cheese reached 105,454,522 pounds; butter, 22,664,344 pounds; oleomargarine, 6,760,219 lbs. Nearly two-thirds of this latter compound has been shipped to Rotterdam.

WATER made slightly salt, and to which bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added, is said to increase the yield of milk by twenty-five per cent., if it is given to cows as their ordinary drink. After a short time the cows will refuse pure water, unless they are very thirsty.

SORE TEATS IN COWS.—Take a full pail of cold water and wash and rub the sores well. Use the whole pailful of water before milking, which cools the teats or reduces the fever, and the cow will stand perfectly still. After milking, use half as much more cold water, cleansing the bag and teats well, and in a few days the sores will be healed. This is not all the good you will receive. You will have clean milk and that is the way to have clean butter.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

PROBABLY few articles sold from the farm take off so little of the life of the soil as butter. This is mainly oil (carbon,) one of the abundant and cheap substances in nature, constituting one twenty-five-hundredth part of the atmosphere and the great bulk of all vegetation. The impression is quite general that the milk which yields the most cream is the richest, and if oil is the test of richness this is true; but good milk, that which will bring up healthy, well-developed children, must contain something besides cream.

THE visible supply of cheese in the United States is less now than it was a year ago, and while it is true that the export trade is very light, it is also true that there is not enough to supply that trade, even at present shipments, until hay cheese comes into market. The year, now so near its close, has been one of great prosperity for the dairymen and manufacturers, and with no unforseen events, the season of 1881 will open under highly favorable circumstances, yet we do not wish to lead any one into the belief that excessively high prices will be obtained.—*Elgin (Ill.) Advocate.*

Cows Resisting Milking.

COWS ARE often troublesome on being milked, and the kicks, knocks and foul language which they receive for their restlessness only render them the more fretful. If they cannot be overcome by kindness, thumps and emphatic language will never make them better. But the fact is, restless habits were engendered in them by the treatment they received after their first calving, when, most probably, they were dragooned into submission. Udders and teats are very tender immediately after calving, and especially after the first calving; and when unfeeling horny hands tug the teats in stripping, as if they had been accustomed to the operation for years, no wonder that the young and inexperienced cow should wince under the infliction, and attempt to get quit of her tormentor by kicking. Can the creature be otherwise than uneasy, and how can she escape the pain but by striking out a heel? A rope is then placed on the hind fetlocks to keep the heels down. The tail is then employed by her as an instrument of annoyance to the milker, which is then held by some one while the milking is going on, or is tied to the creature's leg by the hair of the tuft. Add to this the many threats and scolds uttered by the milker, and a faint idea of how a young heifer is broke in into milking may be conceived.

Some cows are naturally unaccommodating and provoking; but, nevertheless, nothing but gentleness toward them will ever render them less so. Some cows are only troublesome to milk for a few times after calving, and soon become quiet; others kick pertinaciously at the first milking. In the last case the surest plan is for the milker, while standing on his feet, to place his head against the flank of the cow, stretch his hand forward, get hold of the teats the best way he can, and let the milk fall to the ground, and in this position it is out of the power of the cow to hurt him. Such ebullitions of feeling, at the first milking after calving, arise either from feeling pain in a tender state of the teat—most probably from inflammation in the lining membrane of the receptacle; or simply from titillation of the skin of the udder and teat, which becomes more sensitive as the heat increases; or the udder, being still hard, gives pain when first touched—and should the udder be difficult to soften, it is best to allow the calf to suck at least three times a day until the udder becomes soft. This will doubtless relieve the udder, but it will cause another species of restlessness in the cow when the calf is taken from her. Still, rather let the milker suffer some inconvenience than the udder of the cow be injured.

Be the cause of irritation what it may, one thing is certain, that gentle and persevering discipline will overcome the most turbulent temper in a cow. Milking affords different degrees of pleasure to different cows. One yields its milk with a copious flow, with the gentlest handling; another requires great exertion to draw the milk in streams no larger than threads. The udder of the gentle one will generally be found to have a soft skin, and short teats like velvet; while that of the hardened one has a thick skin, and the teats long and tough, like tanned leather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—"No, marm," said the shoe dealer; "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eights would render me liable under the statute for prevention of cruelty to animals."

—"Bring in the roasted chestnuts before the lamps are lighted," advises a domestic exchange. That's right. We've always noticed that it was safer to eat chestnuts in the dark.

—The most charming bridal veils are of illusion.

—Dr. C. A. Bucklin, in an article in the *Medical Record* on the cause and treatment of squint, expresses the opinion that every squinting eye that is not due to paralysis of a muscle can be straightened. In convergent squint the use of one eye is usually lost; consequently its earliest symptoms should receive proper attention. Dr. Bucklin has had the advantage of examining over 200 cases of squint, and illustrates his text with a few of the more interesting ones to show the success that has attended the treatment which he therein recommends, that of tenotomy, or division of the tendon of the abnormally shortened muscle.

—That ants can make themselves heard as well as felt, is asserted by Mr. S. E. Peal, who writes to *Nature* that he has observed in several varieties of this insect the power of producing distinctly audible sounds. Two kinds of ants, one brown the other black in color, could be heard a distance of twenty or thirty feet, the noise being produced by scraping the horny apex of the abdomen three times in rapid succession against the dry leaves of the nest.

WE sometimes hear it sneeringly said: That man's father was a bootblack; or that lady's mother was a washerwoman. The sneers, of course, are directed against those who are trying to make some figure in the world. Would it not be well for us all to put on the robes of humility? The ancestry of the whole human family were only savages. The ancestral beginning of every one of us was hardly worth bragging about, and what is worse, we greatly fear, that our posterity a thousand years from now will be heartily ashamed of us.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for January.*

—The Buffalo *Express* thinks that the first requisite for an amateur poet is well-defined symptoms of dyspepsia. In that case pigs' feet, cheese and cucumbers ought to be a good inspirational diet, taken about bedtime and washed down with stale beer.

—If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old, it is called a legend.

[La Fayette Daily Journal.]

Anxious to Rise.

There's plenty of room up stairs, as Daniel Webster said to the young lawyer anxious to rise, but despondent of his chance to do so; but no one need injure himself either in climbing the stairs of fame or those of his own house or business place. The following is to the point: Mr. John A. Hutchinson, Supt. Downer's Kerosene Oil Works, Boston, Mass., writes: Mr. Patton, one of our foremen, in waking up stairs last week sprained his leg badly. I gave him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil to try. He used it and an almost instantaneous cure was effected.

THE mince-pie for the season of 1880-81 contains fewer ruins than those of last winter, but more bits of leather and nerve fiber. The leather accessories may be chewed for hours after the rest of the pie is gone, thus affording a safe and healthful substitute for chewing tobacco and gum.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

[Chicago Tribune.]

THOMAS O. THOMPSON, ESQ., the Mayor's Secretary, who, some few days ago, slipped on a banana peel and sprained his knee, writes that St. Jacobs Oil "acted like a charm."

AN ancient proverb slinger has said that "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." It is easy enough, however, for a full man to tumble down.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.—*Eagle.*

A WILD bull can easily work himself into a scarlet fever.

You Are Not Consumptive,

But if you "let a cough alone" you are in danger of the worst disease on earth. Piso's Cure will cure consumption, but much easier and quicker when in the early stage and *only* a cough. Sold by druggists at 25c. and $1.00.

A Household Need.

Send 3-cent stamp for 84-page book, on "The Liver, Its Diseases and Their Treatment." Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

EVERY Farmer and Teamster should know that Frazer Axle Grease cures sore necks and scratches on horses. Buy it anywhere.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompsou's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHEN a dead man's property is put under the hammer, it is a sale of effects; but when a man gets sea sick, it is the effects of a sail.

WHEN an Amsterdam man changes his shirt in the middle of the week, all of his neighbors come and look at him, and the report goes around that his uncle died last week and left him nine thousand six hundred dollars.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

I'VE got it!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, meeting us in the street the other day. "Got what, my dear Mrs. Goodington?" we asked, in astonishment, thinking it was the measles, or possibly the small-pox, that she was coming down with. "Why the penance that I've been trying to get ever since poor Daniel died." "Oh, yes, yes," said we, finally making out what she meant, and tendering our congratulations accordingly. "It passed anonymously," she said, in parting; and as we turned the corner the old lady was frantically shaking her umbrella at a horse-car.—*Boston Transcript.*

MEXICO has ten thousand miles of telegraph lines.

A CHINAMAN at Waco, Texas, has married an American woman. Both are toiling in the cotton-fields.

A WRITER in an art journal says: "I do not think plates look well hung on a wall. They should be put on shelves and in a kind of dresser." That writer's art taste is low. It needs cultivation. Next thing he will declare that coal-scuttles and wash-tubs do not look well hung on parlor walls, and he will relegate a decorated bootjack to its proper place. If he were to go to Boston and promulgate such ideas he would get bounced.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE young people had just settled down in their new house and had engaged a very capable servant. At the third breakfast the husband said, "My darling, why are these hairs in the hash?" She replied, "Pet, it is only a misplaced switch."—*New York Herald.*

MR. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, the well-known Boston publisher, worked in a printer's office when a boy, and began his college course at Burlington, Vt., with twelve cents in his pocket. He was $300 in debt when he was graduated.

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Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK,
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 8 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

Estate of David Kent, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 11th day of December, 1880.

MARY KENT,
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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amanda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

ORDER NISI.

Jacob L. Hauser vs. Harriet Lantz, et. al.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 4th day of January, 1881, that the sale made and reported in the aforesaid cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees to Jacob L. Hauser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of January, 1881; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January, 1881.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,500.

W. H TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
1 8 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money speedily and honorably. Address [illegible] & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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The place to buy your raisins, currants, prunes and mince meat.

The place to buy your trunks, valises or straw cutters.

The place to buy your cooking stove or corn shellers.

The place to sell your butter and eggs.

The place to buy your clocks and carpets.

The place to buy your cross cut saws and shot guns, double and single breech loading.

The place to sell your Gensang.

The place to buy your pistols and fox traps.

The place to buy your sleigh bells and baking powder.

The place to buy your salt, sausage grinders and stuffers,

The place to sell your sheep skins.

The place to buy your clothes lines and sardines.

The place to sell your wheat, rye, oats and corn.

The place to buy a farm or steam saw mill or a mile of railroad—we have them all.

It's useless to enumerate the great variety that we carry in stock, as we are satisfied and it is universally conceded that we have the most complete and best appointed store in Garrett county. The goods have all been purchased at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,

FOR CASH,

saving the discounts, instead of paying interest. Therefore we can give to the close cash buyer advantages that but few can offer. Our clerks are polite and attentive; know nothing but square dealing; have been taught to appreciate the trade of the humble as well as that of the great. While our stock at present is greater and more varied than any other in town, we promise that

During the Holidays it Will be much more attractive,

Many fancy and useful articles being added.

We cordially invite one and all to give us a call. Remember the place. It's

OFFUTT'S.

You can see the sign a mile.

Dec, 18, 1880. tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1 50

PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY

OF

JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

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THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

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President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1621-y1

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, mattresses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction goaranteed.

nov 29-tf. H. WATSON.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA. PA.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the fork of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK,
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 8 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

Estate of David Kent, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID KENT,

of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 14th day of December, 1880.

MARY KENT,
ROBINSON SAVAGE
12 18 3 Executors.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BEN. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 130 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work, send up your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. Address HALLETT, KIMBALL & CO., Portland, Maine. 1621-y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of loans. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Coorts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Coort of Appeals of Maryland. July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1531, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at

je26 THIS OFFICE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

the Inducements and avail yourself of the opportunity now offered you to drive a good bargain.

DAILY & CO.

are now and will in the next few days sell off their entire stock of winter wraps, consisting of elaborately and

Beautifully Trimmed

DOLMANS, CLOAKS, &C.

Also Ladies'

Seal Skin Caps,

Ladies and children's

Furs,

at inconceivably low rates, Now is the time to buy. Do not fail to see them.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amanda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

ORDER NISI.

Jacob L. Hauser vs. Harriet Lants, et. al.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 179. Equity.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 4th day of January, 1881, that the sale made and reported in the aforesaid cause by Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees to Jacob L. Hauser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of January, 1881; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed at Oakland once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January, 1881.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,500.

W. H TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
1 8 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BEST business now before the public, you can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tell Your Uncles

and Your Aunts,

Your Brothers

and Your Sisters

and Your Cousins,

THAT

OFFUTT'S

Is the only place to buy a

NO. 3 REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE,

with all the attachments, for $25. Guaranteed Genuine.

Also the place to buy a suit of clothes for $6 or one for $20.

The place to buy a silver watch or a Webster wagon, both the easiest running of any made.

The place to buy your boots, shoes or a Ladies' cloth coat.

The place to buy nubias, fascinators, wool shawls or comforts for bed and neck.

The place to buy your raisins, currants, prunes and mince meat.

The place to buy your trunks, valises or straw cutters.

The place to buy your cooking stove or corn shellers.

The place to sell your butter and eggs.

The place to buy your clocks and carpets.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881. NUMBER 49.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

L. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1881.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The fortieth day after the birth of Christ has come, and the carpenter and his wife, with the babe of destiny, now leave their lowly dwelling-place to formally present the child before the Lord in Jerusalem. They pass out the gate of Bethlehem, and wind their way, first among terraced hillsides, and then thro' dark ravines, overhung by frowning mountains. After a journey of six miles they come up the valley of the Kedron, and behold the white walls and gilded roof of the temple, rising on the hill of Moriah. They enter the gate of the holy city, thread its narrow streets and at last find themselves in the long portticos of the Court of the Women. Their humble offering of a pair of doves is received by the priests in waiting, and carried within the inner court to be laid upon the great altar as a token that their child is accepted by the God of Israel. Suddenly an old man approaches them. It is Simeon, the just and the devout, who has long been awaiting the fulfillment of the Lord's promise that his eyes shall look upon the Messiah of Israel's hope. As his glance rests upon the babe in its young mother's arms, a new light flashes upon his face, for by a divine revelation in that babe he recognizes the Lord's Christ. He takes it in his arms, uplifts his eyes in gratitude to God for his high privilege, which kings and prophets have vainly longed to enjoy, and then in a strain of high inspiration, predicts the salvation of the world to be wrought by the child he holds; and not only this, but the opposition and sorrow and suffering, culminating in the cross on Calvary, which shall pierce the mother's heart, and reveal the cruelty of the unbelieving people.

Luke 2. 25-35.

Memory Verses. 28-32.

25 And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26 And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27 And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28 Then he took him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29 Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word;

30 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31 Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32 A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

33 And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him.

34 And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against;

35 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

HOME READINGS.

M. Simeon and the child Jesus. Luke 2. 25-35.
Tu. The magi and the child. Matt. 2. 1-12.
W. Herod and the child. Matt. 2. 13-25.
Th. The prophetic star. Num. 24. 1-19.
F. The prophetic name. Isa. 9. 1-7.
S. The light to the Gentiles. Isa. 49. 6-18.
S. The people of God. Rom. 9. 20-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Luke 2. 30.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing,
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the birth world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

TIME.—B. C. 6, about forty days after the birth of Jesus.

LINES.—1. The circumcision and naming of Jesus. Luke 2. 21. 2. The presentation of the Infant Saviour. Luke 2 22-24.

PLACE.—The woman's court of the temple in Jerusalem.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The personality of the Holy Ghost.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. A SAINT'S DESIRE, v. 25, 26.
Who is here named?
What was his character?
What is a "just" man?
What is it to be "devout?"
What power did he possess?
What was his desire?
Who was "the consolation of Israel" and wherein?
What had been promised to Simeon?
Wherein is our privilege higher than his?

2. A SAINT'S DELIGHT, v. 27-35.
To what place did Simeon come?
What led him there?
Whom did he meet there?
For what purpose was Jesus there? v. 22-24.
How did Simeon know that he was the Saviour?
What did Simeon do?
What wish did he express, and why?
Whose wish might be compared with this?
Phil. 1. 23.
What will make us always ready to die?
How may we see Christ?
What is Christ called in v. 32?
Who are the Gentiles, and how does Christ enlighten them?
How did Joseph and Mary receive Simeon's words?
What did Simeon say to Mary.
What is meant by "the fall and rising again?"
How is this illustrated by 1 Pet. 2. 7, 8?
By whom was Jesus spoken against? John 9. 16.
When did a sword pierce through Mary's soul? John 19. 25.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

Where does this lesson teach—1. How a saint should regard life. 2. How a saint should regard death? 3. How a saint should regard Christ's coming?

ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. It was seen by a holy man, one whose life was devoted to God's service v. 25.

2. It was seen by one who looked forward to seeing it as the crowning event of his life v. 26.

Civil Service Reform.

There appear to be two parties engaged in the mild agitation of what is called Civil Service Reform now in progress and gently simmering at Washington. Of these two the Democrats, who are devoting to it so much of energy as the November defeat has left them, have the advantage of knowing definitely what they want. Their aim, which they scarcely pretend to disguise, is a partisan one. What they desire to do is to disable what they conceive to be one of the sources of strength to the opposition. They want to "reform" the public service, not so much from devotion to the interests of the service as from the hope of crippling their opponents. Their complaint is not that the public officials are incompetent, unfaithful or inefficient, but that they contribute, either voluntary or under levy of assessments, to the funds required to keep Republicans in and Democrats out of office. Their zeal for a reform of the service is chiefly due to anxiety to spike the enemy's guns. Hence the bill introduced by Senator Pendleton forbidding under heavy penalties any contribution, voluntary or otherwise, to any fund for political purposes. *The Tribune* has heretofore directed attention to the fact that wherever Democrats have the power they are in the habit of assessing their officeholders and candidates for office to the point of unblushing extortion. In this city the application of the rule of assessments upon candidates and holders of office is notorious. But no one ever hears of any proposition to introduce and apply the principle of Mr. Pendleton's bill here or anywhere else where the Democrats are in control and the assessments insure to the benefit of that party. The proposed reform may be wise, but the unwillingness of Democrats to apply it to themselves is liable to cast a doubt upon their sincerity. Still, they must be credited with knowing precisely what they are driving at.

The idealists who are pursuing the matter, on the other hand, while they are undoubtedly sincere, labor under the disadvantage of not knowing precisely what they want nor how to get at it if they did. Their chief anxiety seems to be to establish a system of competitive examinations, retrospective in its operation, to which all subordinate officials in the service holding their places by appointment shall be subjected. Most of these gentlemen are reformers by profession, and they are engaged in the present movement in pursuance of what they believe to be their mission. They must be reforming something. There is always some public abuse that they must be whacking at with the great cure-all of the "Be-it-enacted." But are there any such abuses in the public service as at present organized and conducted as call for the sweeping overthrow involved in their scheme? Is not the service at the present time reasonably free from irregularities and scandals? Certainly at no time in the history of the Government has it been conducted so honestly and faithfully, with so small a percentage of loss and so greatly to the satisfaction of the public. Does any one suppose that this condition of affairs would be improved by vacating all the places and throwing them open to the test of competitive examination? How would it promote the efficiency of a service against which no complaint of unfaithfulness is made? How promote honesty, when it is confessedly more honestly administered than ever before? Competitive examinations such as these gentlemen wish to establish would furnish no test of a candidate's honesty or fidelity, and these are the most essential requirements. They are proved only by experience, and to that test the officials now in place have been subjected.

That the public service is capable of improvement we do not for a moment doubt. No one claims that it is perfect. But we are very clearly of the opinion that any such sweeping measure as that which proposes a retroactive system of competitive examinations would work infinite mischief, while the Democratic proposition to forbid political contributions from Government officials would be, if not impossible of enforcement, simply a partisan manœuvre to help Democrats to power, which once secured, they would immediately abandon the reform and fall into their old practices. Legislation is after all but a weak device. No law can ever make pure and honest the administration of the public service by a base and dishonest party. The party that in the large is patriotic and honest, that comprises the intelligence, morality and respectability of the people, and that as a rule recognizes and defer to the sentiment of purity and honor in the people is much more likely to administer its trust honestly without the restraints of law, than a trickey and dishonest party under the most rigorous and minute restrictions. The price of a pure and efficient public service is the same as of liberty—constant vigilance. No law, no system will make up for the want or do away with the necessity for it. Given an honest and patriotic party administering the Government, and you have honest and faithful service, whatever the system. Given a dishonest party in power, and you have dishonesty, waste and incompetency, no matter what the system of appointments or the limitations of law. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Lost Cause Monument.

Does never a misgiving enter the minds of the gentlemen of the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland" that in insisting in the manner they do upon a "monument to the patriotism and heroism" of "the men of Maryland who died for the South," to be erected in "some honorable place in the city of Baltimore," they may be placing their old comrades in arms in a ridiculous position—if the dead can be made ridiculous by the unwisdom of the living. Was the "lost cause" so small a historical fact that a block of stone and an inscription is needed to keep people from forgetting it? "Patriotism" to what? The State of Maryland was one of the Union States. She sent more soldiers to fight for the Union than to fight against it. She was represented in the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, and not in the Senate and House of the Confederacy. Many brave and enthusiastic young men of Maryland went into the Southern army and fell there in battle, fighting against the Constitution under which we now live, the Union to which all are now loyal. Is it not doing violence to language to speak of their "patriotism?" To cherish the memory of their course, their devotion to what they supposed to be right, however mistaken that devotion was, may be well enough; but standing now in the year 1881, can it be said "They went from home to fight for home. They became strangers in order to redeem the land they loved." And is this the sort of inscription that is to be placed on the stone in the "honorable" place in the city of Baltimore? Did they become "strangers" by joining the Confederate army? If they could speak now they would not thank those who say so. To "redeem the land they loved"—was it? Redeem it from what? To redeem it from its allegiance to the Constitution of the United State, to which the majority of its people wished them to cling; to which the people of Maryland unanimously now wish to cling? Is there not something calculated to make the memory of those brave but misguided young men ridiculous in such a claim put forward in their behalf?

To-day, Maryland is an energetic State, moving on in the path of progress. She is as loyal to the Federal Constitution as any State in the Union. Very few of the gentlemen of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States would rejoice to-day, to see this Union broken up; fewer still, if any, could be found who would rejoice to see Maryland to-day a member of a "Southern Confederacy." Maryland is now a petitioner to the United States for a large appropriation for a canal from the Chesapeake to the Delaware. Baltimore "rallies to the old flag—and an appropriation" for a new postoffice. Can the business men who are in favor of these great improvements logically speak now of the "patriotism" of those who fought to destroy this government? The word "patriotism," in this connection is absurd, unless the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States" still desire to "redeem" Maryland, and consider that, as an actual, practical fact, "the despot's foot is on her shore, his knock is at her temple door," and desire her to "avenge the patriotic gore, that flecked the streets of Baltimore, and he the battle queen of yore, Maryland, my Maryland." If this is, in sober earnest, what it means, then the erection in the city of Baltimore of a monument to those who fell for the "Lost Cause," would be consistent indeed, but very, very foolish—pathetically so.

But some of the orators take great pains to insist that no monument to the "Lost Cause" is intended. They simply wish to honor the memory of brave men who died for what they deemed right. They say that; yet, in the next breath they talk of "redeeming" the State from the invader, and of the "patriotism" of those who fell. If to honor the memory of the brave boys who, under a generous, though mistaken, impulse, died on Southern fields of battle, be all that is designed, the cemetery is the proper place. History has recorded that some of the best blood of Maryland was shed in our unhappy war. Dauntless courage, fiery valor, heroic patience under reverse, were theirs; wherever manhood is reverenced, they will not be forgotten. The victors of the war have never stinted them their meed of praise. Let their old comrades celebrate their virtues, if they will; water their graves with their tears; erect over those graves such urns or statutes as they wish—but to set up in a public square in this city a monument that represents them as patriots who died to "redeem" Maryland from an invader, or to "defend their homes," would be to misrepresent this State and city, and would be a solemn monumental sham. As a matter of fact, it will never be. The common sense of Maryland will not permit it. The only regret is, that their old companions in arms should continue to advocate it.

From them we appeal to the memory of Robert E. Lee, whose noblest words to the Southern people were: "Remember! we are one people now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling, and bring up your children to be, *above all*, Americans!" —*Balto. American.*

A Progressive Democrat.

The New York *Herald* prints a long interview on political questions and the future of the South with Senator Brown, of Georgia, who was elected as a representative exponent of the progressive and anti Bourbon element of the Democracy. Mr. Brown said that he regarded it to be the first duty of the South to make political agitation subordinate to practical matters. It would be better for it to have nothing to do with politics for the next eight or ten years. The principles of the Democracy will not suffer from abeyance, for the party is based on essential principles, and they will live without perpetual agitation. Notwithstanding that the South lost $4,000,000,000 by the war, including the value of the slaves, the people are almost out of debt. The immense incomes from cotton and other crops that have been for the past ten or 12 years devoted to rehabilitation and settling up old scores, will, for the next ten years, seek new investment and it is the highest duty of statesmanship to encourage measures that will lead to a legitimate investment of this money. With this done the South will, in a few years, be wealthy and independent, and this is the shortest road she can take to power and respect. The course of her representatives should be to argue matters quietly and without intemperance, to discourage all sectional feeling, to live on good terms with the representatives of all sections, and move in solid phalanx with them in any movement that promises to aid our common country in working out its great destiny.

Senator Brown then added: "I am very well satisfied that there is no chance for the success of the Democratic party of the Union until we of the South have convinced the people of the North and West that we have accepted the constitutional amendments which are the results of the war, not only in platforms and on paper, but that we are in practice living up to them and carrying them out in good faith. When we have this sectional hate will die, and the bloody shirt, which will no longer serve the purposes of the party in power, will be hurled to be raised no more. Then it will be no longer in the power of a few imprudent Bourbons in the South, who assume to be traders, to defeat the Democracy and bring disaster upon us by their indiscreet utterances, nor will it longer be necessary for the Democracy of the South to refuge to the dictation of a few incompetent Northern leaders. As there will then be no further cause for sectional strife, there will be as much reason why the the Democracy shall subserve the best interests of the South, as there will why the South shall subserve the interests of the Democracy of the Union. When sectional strife and hate no longer exist and we have one united country, the reason for a solid North and a solid South will cease. Parties will then no longer exist on sectional issues or race lines, but they will be formed upon the great living, practical issues of the day, such as tariffs, bank currency, &c. While this may not be better for the class of politicians who live by keeping sectional issues alive, I am sure it will be better for the South, better for the North, and better for the whole country. The great laboring masses of the South are tired of sectional strife. They want peace; they want a faithful execution of the laws; they want a full restoration of property; they want the Union of our fathers, upon the Constitution as it is. With this restoration, and the vast resources of the South properly understood and appreciated by the men of means—the substantial business men of the North and West, many of whom would then come South—there is no limit to the future prosperity and wealth of the South. It is destined to be the richest section of the Union, because Providence is more lavish of His gifts there than in any other section."

He further said that although he was an original secessionist, he had abandoned all those old ideas not in harmony with the new era. He advocated the protection of the colored race in all its rights and in educating the colored people, so that they can vote with intelligence and honesty. The South was now anxious to welcome immigrants, and he spoke more particulary of the advantages which Georgia offers. The State wanted a large importation of Yankee capital, and an infusion of Yankee energy, Yankee enterprise, Yankee education and Yankee business sense.

It has been said, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and incredible as it may appear that "work" has been found in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and he is a Democrat! His name is Eckley B. Coxe, of Luzerne county. He could'nt take the oath because he had expended some $50,000 for campaign purposes and consequently he loses his seat in the State Senate. Mr. Coxe is said to be a very conscientious man and his action was voluntary. It is somewhat singular that the oath which was intended as a bar against dishonesty, should operate to the exclusion of that very desirable qualification. The incident is a remarkable one and is told by the Philadelphia *Times* as follows: "At the very outset occurred one of the most remarkable things that has ever happened upon the floor of the Senate chamber. Senator Eckley B. Coxe, of Luzerne, who occupied a seat to the extreme right of the presiding officer, declined to take the oath. He immediately attracted everybody's attention. He is a man of imposing presence, of singularly pleasant face, with the keenest black eyes. Understanding clearly his purpose, he said he knew his action was a forfeiture of his seat, and then he asked leave to read to the Senate an address which he had prepared for his constituents. Permission granted, Mr. Coxe, with some emotion, read an address reviewing the oath to be taken, and asserted that he used money for expenses not authorized by law during his canvass for Senator, such as furnishing campaign clubs, paying taxes, and employing men at the polls. Not a dollar was spent, however, for improper or corrupt porposes. He was aware of his doing wrong after he had spent some of the money, but he would not withdraw from the campaign because he feared it would jeopardize the whole Democratic ticket in Luzerne. He detailed at considerable length the various items of expenditure, which created a general smile, as there was probably not a Senator on the floor who had not used money in very much the same way. Speaking of the matter afterward, Mr. Coxe said the only expense he neglected to speak of in the address was that for a dish of oysters for some campaign worker. A new election will be order, but he says he will not again be a candidate, but if the people of his district have a proper respect for themselves they will send him back to the Senate by a unanimous vote, without asking him to contribute anything to campaign expenses, for it is evident that he is the kind of man that is wanted at Harrisburg.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TO A LADY DOCTOR.

AN AFFECTION OF THE HEART.

YES, Docter, your physic I've taken,
That surely should conquer my ills;
That bottle was solemnly sinken,
I dote on those dear little pills.
I've followed your rules as to diet,
I don't know the taste of a tart;
But, though I've kept carefully quiet,
The pain's at my heart.

Of course you've done good; convalescence
Seems dawning. And yet, it is true,
I fancy the light of your presence
Does more than your physic can do.
I'm well when you're here, but, believe me,
Each day when fate dooms us to part,
Come strangest sensations to grieve me—
That must be the heart.

Your knowledge is truly stupendous;
Each dainty prescription I see,
I read, "*Haustus statim sumendus*,"
What wonder you took the M. D.!
I hang on each word that you utter
With sage Esculapian art,
But feel in a terrible flutter—
It comes from the heart.

Have you ever felt the emotion
That stethoscope ne'er could reveal?
If so, you'll perchance have a notion
Of all that I've felt and still feel.
Oh say, could you ever endure me?
Dear Doctor, you blush and you start.
There's only one thing that can cure me—
Take me—and my heart!

—*Punch.*

THE GHOST OF THE CAROLUS MAGNUS.

"I SUPPOSE, sir," said the Old Sailor reflectively, "that there aint nobody as don't believe in the supernateral. Nobody never see no ghost, leastwise nobody in his nateral senses, cause of course arter a prolonged spree men see lots of things that never had no existence; but no man in the full possession of his faculties ever seen a ghost, and all ghostly appearances ginerally are satisfactorily explained, notwithstandin' which the very next that turns up are believed in, jist the same as if all the others had been genuine. Folks livin' ashore where there's graveyards and sich may be excused for believin' as them as they've tucked away under ground might turn up agin, but there aint no excuse for sailormen supposin' as a chap as they'd slid off of a plank and sailed away and left could ever git aboard agin, and yet, if you'd believe me, sailors aint a bit better in this respect than people as lives ashore. I knows a many cases of sich, and partieularly one as happened aboard of the Carolus Magnus, which I were into, bein' bound from Liverpool to New York in the month of August, in the year 1842, or thereabouts.

"The skipper's name were Jackson, a quiet, steady sort of man, turned of forty, and the mate were a young fellow of the name of Williams, as were dreadful fond of strikin' porpusses, the iron bein' always out on the martingale.

"She were a old-fashioned hooker, as had in her day been a swell packet-ship, but when I were into her she were what old Betty Bark, a old lady as used to furnish supplies to ships in Liverpool, used to call a 'transom' ship, meaniu' transhient, you know.

"She be to have a poop-cabin the after part of which were bulkheaded off for a ladies' cabin, while she were in the passenger trade, but when I were into her she didn't carry no passengers and the old man took the whole of this here ladies' cabin for his room, givin' him a nice large apartment, well lighted from a skylight above and with plenty of ventilation from old-fashioned starn windows, which was so high up that they could be kept open except in very bad weather. She had another thing, too, which went out of fashion in the newly-built ships, and that were rudder chains, somethin' that never hadn't ought to have gone out of fashion, as many and many a ship has lost her rudder by not havin' 'em. In this ship, a short iron tiller were morticed into the after part of the rudder, with a double eye on its after end into which the rudder chains was shackled.

"It were along about seven bells in the last dog-watch and jist afore dark one day, when there came a school of porpusses under the bow, she bein' a-reachin' along on a wind on the port tack, a-headin' about nor'west by west under all sail, and a-goin' about five or six knots, bein' jist to the east'ard of the Banks. Jim Baker, about as smart a young chap as you'd most ever see, jumped out onto the back ropes for to try and strike a fish, and the rest of the watch tailed onto the line for to be ready to pull him in.

"However it happened nobody never knowed; but Jim missed his holt as he thrust his iron into a porpus, and away he went overboard. The alarm was giv' at once and the helm was put down, and quick as we could do it we let go the fore tack and bowline, fore sheet and lee fore braces, and let the head yards run in aback, stoppin' her almost instantly. The boats was all stowed inboard, as were the custom them times, there bein' no law then obligin' to have davits, and I suppose it took a matter of fifteen minutes afore we got a boat into the water. The man at the wheel said he heerd Jim sing out two or three times right in the wake, and we pulled in that direction for a while and then circled all around the ship, but there were no moon and it were pretty dark; secin' him were out of the question and we never heerd nothin', and so arter a s'arch of a hour we giv' up and come aboard, dividin' his dunnage pretty fair amongst the chaps in his watch, the other watch claimin' but not bein' allowed.

"It were my wheel that night from ten to twelve, she havin' a open wheel on the poop deck. About five bells the old man came up a after companion-way which led up from his room and said to the mate:

"'Mr. Williams, have you heerd anythin' unusual?'

"'No, sir,' says the mate.

"'I'm afeard,' says the old man, 'as the loss of that man has sort of unsettled me. Sartin' it are I ain't been a drinkin' anythin', but just as sure as you live I heerd that poor feller hail the ship and ask for to be took aboard.'

"'You was a dreamin', sir, I guess,' says the mate.

"'No, I hadn't been asleep at all. I was layin' in my bunk broad awake and all of a suddint I heerd jist as plain as I hear my own voice now, only it were fainter, like he were pretty well tuckered out, a voice like Jim Baker's sayin', "O deck there! for God's sake heave the ship to and take me aboard."

"'I noticed, sir, as the duff was heavier than usual to-day, and if I must say it, I were rather astonished for to see you cover your full allowance; it's probably laid heavy on your stummick, and what with the excitement of losin' a man, has kind of got you out of sorts; if I might advise, sir, I'd take a good stiff horn of brandy with a drop of peppermint into it, and I guess that'll lay Jim's ghost if anything will.'

"'I reckon you're right,' says the old man, 'and I'll send you one up without the peppermint,' and he went for'ard and down the poop ladder. Presently the steward come'd up with a glass of grog for the mate, of which I got a lovely smell, that bein' my share of it.

"'It must have been a gittin' nigh hand onto seven bells, when the old man rushed up agin with nothin' on but his drawers and shirt. As he passed me at the wheel the light from the binnacle shined onto his face and I seen the big drops of sweat a standing out onto his forehead, and his whole appearance were that of a man in mortal terror.

"'"Great God!" says he, "Mr. Williams, I've heerd it agin, and it were sartin Jim's voice, though soundin' weaker than before. He called me by my name. Says he, "Cap'n Jackson, do for God's sake save me; don't leave me here to drown'd; for God's sake heave the ship to and take me aboard." I think, Mr. Williams, it's a warnin', and I don't believe as I'll ever put my foot ashore agin.'

"'"Cap," says the mate, "there's somethin' wrong with you; let's feel your pulse. Jist as I expected, it's a-goin' at a gallopin' rate; you'd better jist put your clothes on and take a turn with me on deck till the watch are out, and if you don't git no better I'll have to open a vein in your arm.

"'"You'll think I'm foolish," says the old man, "but I can't go into that room agin; pass the word for the steward and tell him to bring my dunnage on deck."

"'The old man had telled the steward what he had heerd while he were a drinkin' his grog, and this kind of got his imagination excited, I supposes; anyway, he come a rushin' up with the old man's dunnage as if the devil had kicked him on eend, and says to the mate, "Oh, Mr. Williams, I heerd the ghost plain as could be; the ship's haunted, and she'll never reach port no more."

"'The mate fetched him a belt alongside of the head, sayin', "I'll haunt you, curse you, if you come here agin with any more cock-and-bull yarns," and then he tells the steward for to lend the old man a hand with his dunnage and not on no accounts fur to say anythin' to him, cause the old man had been at the for'ard eend of the poop and hadn't heerd what the steward had said.

"'Well, sir, sure as you're born, jist then I thinked I heerd a kind of a cry. I know'd it were on accounts of heerin' all this stuff, and I jist whacked myself alongside of the head and says I to myself, "Tom, don't be a blasted fool; you aint heerd nothin', 'cause you couldn't. There aint nothin' for to hear." Nevertheless, sir, arter I were relieved and went for'ard I says to Gus Chinnery, as I turned in and out with, he, bein' in the other watch, "Gus, as I'm pretty well off for dunnage, I don't mind givin' you that pair of gray worsted socks and sea boots which I draw'd out of Jim Baker's dunnage," and I felt a good deal better when he took 'em. I aint superstitious, sir, and never were, but arter what I'd heerd I didn't care to have any of the dead man's clothes in my chist, not by no means.

"'The old man walked the deck with the mate till eight bells and then went down with him and turned into the spare bunk in the mate's room. The mate was a-goin' to bleed him, but as he seemed better he concluded he'd let him sweat till the mornin' watch. He weren't no worse at four o'clock, and didn't have no recurrence of the spell, and were apparently well as ever at breakfast time.

"'When I got for'ard that night I told the chaps in our watch and we talked the thing over, various opinions bein' expressed. I sided in with the mate, and thought it came from the old man's disordered stummick; but then I always did have more sense than most sailormen. Dick Brown, a gray-headed old "shiver-the-mizzen," said: "It just means as we're a-goin' for to have the almightiest gale of wind as was ever seen; and may be she'll live through it and may be she won't; who knows?"

"'Mike Abrams were a young chap as purtended to much larnin', though for my part I always thought as he hadn't sense enough to know as he were a fool. He said: "These here signs and potents has been know't from the arliest times, when Julius Cæsar were the Emperor of Rome."

"'Whoever chucked it I don't knew, but a sea-boot come flyin' from tother side of the forecastle, and hit Mike Abrams full in the jaw.

"'"It's my opinion," says Davy Wheeler, a little Welsh chap, as this here are for the skipper alone; I don't believe he'll ever see another birth day," and then he went on for to tell of a similar vistation unto a Welsh nobleman with a dreadful hard drinking name.

"'Pete Rodgers were a smart sailorman, but had what are called a compedement in his speech. He said, "I be—be—be—bleve as it are a jer—jer—jer—judgment onto this she—she—ship, for ke—ke—ke—ke—killin' porpusses;" and then he spun us a yarn about what happened to the whalin' brig Betsy, as the Captain of, shot at Cape Pigeon. It were a good yarn, but spiled in the delivery. I reckon most of the watch was asleep afore Pete got it all off. I know I heerd it strike four bells, and he'd only jist got to the shootin'.

"'Well, sir, next mornin' the other watch talked it over and it were eurious all hands with scarce an exception was agreed as it meant bad luck, if not to the ship and ship's company, leastwise to the old man!

"'Now, why are this, sir? Supposin' a chap should come back arter bein' drownded, why should he want to bring disaster onto his old shipmates? 'Taint likely as he'd care who took his dunnage arter he hadn't no more use for it, and I can't see why—if I ever should come back arter I'd slipped my wind for a full due—I shouldn't bring to all hands good fortin. If ever I does revisit, sir, here are where I'll come, and I wants you to promise, sir, as you'll come here once a year, and if it's a-possible I'll come back and jine.

"'We was a solemcholly ship, sir, the day arter this. The old man had his traps took to another room, and that after cabin were locked up. Even the mate didn't care to go there any oftener than were necessary, but all the gloomy forebodin's come to nothin'. If it were Jimmy's ghost as had visited us, he brung us good luck. We got one of them lovely dry winds from no'-nerth-east, sich as we has sometimes on this coast in summer, a crackin' breeze, with beautiful weather, and we giv her all the starboard stun' sails and went off flyin', and in four days we fell in with the pilot-boat Christian Berg, off the Nantucket south shoal. We hove to, and she run down on our weather quarter and got out a boat and towed her down across our starn, lettin' go when in our wake and pullin' up to the lee gangway. The fust thing the pilot said—which his name were Charley Freeman—to our mate as he came on the side were: "Say, do you know you've got a dead man jammed in your rudder chains?"

"'"Great God," says the mate, that must be poor Jimmy Baker," and sure enough so it were, or what were left of him, which weren't much. However he got there nobody know'd and never will. Probably as he went aft he grabbed at the mainsheet, which we found arterwards unrove and towin' overboard, and that swung him in under the counter, and she, bein' pretty short in consequence of backin' the head-yards, he were able for to climb onto this iron tiller what I told you about, this bein' jist awash, and there he were all right. Why he didn't make us hear, whether it were the noise and confusion of gittin' the boat out, or whether the dolphin striker had hit Jimmy and he become insensible arter climbin' to a place of apparent safety, nobody knows but him, and he can't come back to tell. We cleared away all that were left of Jimmy, and as he were too far gone to be took aboard, we made fast a bag of coal to him and sinked him, Nantucket south shoal bearin' nothe by east, half east, five miles.

"'Then we purceeded, and arrived in due course, but the old man never got over his start. He never went to sea no more, but became a Methody and went along the docks a distributin' tracts and preachin' to sailormen."—*N. Y. World.*

Bathrooms.

BATHROOMS, or good conveniences for bathing, ought to be found in every farm-house; and yet it is an unpleasant fact that they are often entirely lacking, and that a daily or semi-weekly "all over" bath is something undreamed of by many so-called civilized people who pride themselves upon their neat habits. This really religious duty of keeping the whole body clean does not occur to them, and the neglect of it is one of the numerous ways in which busy, hard-working people abuse themselves.

Every villa, pretty country cottage and first-class farm-house now has its well-appointed bathroom, and so may the little three-cornered "shantie," or the log cabin of the pioneer, have its possibilities for bathing. If all can not command a special room with its ample tubs, showers, douches, and convenient supplies of hot and cold water, all can have at least the seclusion of a closet, to which it is easy to carry a basin of water and a sponge.

A bit of a room might be built adjoining the kitchen, with a sliding or hinged window opening near the cook-stove, thus securing warmth in winter and bringing the "hot and cold water" within arm's reach. Then, with the addition of a bath tub, or even a large laundry tub, with a piece of rubber hose fixed in the bottom to carry off water to the drain, pegs for hanging towels and sponges, and a bracket for holding soaps—and that better than all soaps, a bottle of ammonia—it is a bathroom good enough for a king.

A very good shower bath can be had by suspending a watering-pot from a strong hook in the ceiling, the bather to regulate the showering by means of a string attached to the spout. It will be found almost as satisfactory as the portable ones sold in house-furnishing shops. —*Farm Homes.*

Popular Names of States and Cities.

STATES.

Virginia, the Old Dominion.
Massachusetts, the Bay State.
Maine, the Border State.
Rhode Island, Little Rhody.
New York, the Empire State.
New Hampshire, the Granite State.
Vermont, the Green Mountain State.
Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits.
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State.
North Carolina, the Old North State.
Ohio, the Buckeye State.
South Carolina, the Palmetto State.
Michigan, the Wolverine State.
Kentucky, the Corn-crackers.
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.
Missouri, the Puke State.
Indiana, the Hoosier State.
Iowa, the Hawkeye State.
Wisconsin, the Badger State.
Florida, the Peninsular State.
Texas, the Lone Star State.

CITIES.

Philadelphia, the Quaker City.
Boston, the Modern Athens; the Hub.
New York, Gotham.
Baltimore, the Monumental City.
Cincinnati, the Queen City.
New Orleans, the Crescent City.
Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances.
Chicago, the Garden City.
Detroit, the City of Straits.
Cleveland, the Forest City.
Pittsburgh, the Smoky City.
New Haven, the City of Elms.
Indianapolis, the Railroad City.
St. Louis, the Mound City.
Keokuk, the Gate City.
Louisville, the Fall City.
Nashville, the City of Rocks.
Hannibal, the Bluff City.
Alexandria, the Delta City.

GARIBALDI frankly admits that the emigrants from Italy to this country are, as a class, undesirable, both physically and morally. The cause of this he finds in the fact that the picked men of Italy are in the army, the civil service and the religious orders.

A NEW idea in shoemaking is to use mica for the middle sole.

GENERAL.

THE women of this country hold twenty-one per cent of all the Government bonds.

THE portrait of Mrs. Hayes is to be painted and engraved as a temperance testimonial.

MR. PLIMSOLL, who has done so much for English sailors, now proposes to benefit the miners by improving the colliery laws.

MARK TWAIN says there is something very fascinating about science—it gives you such wholesale returns of conjecture for such trifling investments of fact.

LADIES, says a foreign journal, will discover in "Endymion" a new mode of showing their regard for dead husbands—a mild form of suttee. The heroine cuts off her long hair, which reached nearly to her feet, and ties it round the neck of her husband in his coffin. The idea is original, but it has not much else to recommend it.

AT a ball in Schwarzenberg, Saxony, a young man entered having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, some dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

THE ten children of a colored barber at Vineland, N. J., are named Vincedore, Corantias, Comandis, Sirlangies, Eyeangyaus, Cardavionr, Seritienlevon, Lavanien, Thomas Slade, and Charles Westcott Remington Cummings. The drop from the mellifluous Castilian to the good, substantial Yankee names was due to the father's admiration for two Fall River bankers, whom he used to shave years ago.

CHRISTIAN K. ROSS, the father of Charley Ross, is quoted as saying: "The only tidings I have ever received of Charley since he was stolen was the demand for a ransom of $20,000. If I had paid that I would have had him long before this. As it is I have spent $60,000, and have not got him. I still have detectives employed, and hope in time to find him. I have examined more than three hundred lost children in the search, some of whom had been stolen, but none of them was Charley."

AN elegantly dressed lady, giving her name and address to a salesman at one of the great New York houses, had a handsome black silk dress, all complete, sent home. On its arrival she remarked to the porter that she would like to go up-stairs and try the dress on, and that the porter could remain outside her room while she did so. This was assented to, and presently she appeared, looking so trim and pretty in her new gown that the dazzled porter did not dream of objecting to her slipping down-stairs a minute to show herself to a friend. Down she slipped accordingly, and kept on into the street, and has not been heard of since. This kind of thing makes tradesmen somewhat cautious, and must excuse the watchfulness with which sometimes they regard unknown customers.

Japanese Street Scenes.

BEGGARS may usually be seen in large numbers in the approaches to the temples on the chief festival days. Here may be met the lame, the halt and blind, lepers, and human deformity in some of its most hideous phases. The beggars accompany their prayers for the charitable with a hideous noise, which they make by striking little metal discs or battledors of raw-hide that they carry. The beggar frequently takes his stand on bridges, or near running streams, where he importunes the passer-by to purchase live eels or other fish, and to perform the devout work of releasing them, as prescribed by Buddhist doctrine. Among strollers we find the *shishi* (or lion). This is a representative of a lion's head, with a moveable under-jaw and a flowing mane, fitted on to a capacious skirt, beneath which the man is concealed who works it. The "lion" is accompanied by two men, one performing on a small drum and a triangle, and the other playing a flute, from which they extract music. The capacious mouth of the lion is supposed to swallow the evil spirits who may be attracted by his gambolings and the accompanying music. *Saru Mawshi* are a class of strollers who take about with them performing monkeys. *Saru ya muchi* (Monkey Shop Street) is their headquarters in town. It is related that in the olden time, when the favorite horse of a famous warrior fell sick and was about to die, it was restored to health by a monkey who possessed a curative charm. Since this incident occurred, until a few years ago it was customary to amuse the horses in the Government stables on New Year's days by a visit of the performing court monkeys, an example which was generally followed by the nobility. Female monkeys only are trained to perform. Street tumblers and athletes are, with one exception, unworthy of notice. This exception is the wrestler, who, nearly naked, represents a wrestling bout, appearing to be struggling with an invisible opponent, and assuming the attitude of overcoming or being overcome by him. The *Sai-mon* were originally traveling preachers. They are now begging story-tellers. They hold in their hand a jingling toy, upon which they strike. The *Tsugi-goshaku* are lecturers, who may be observed seated on some vacant piece of land, sheltered by mats. They relate the deeds of prowess of the popular heroes, and may be always seen surrounded by a crowd of listeners. The *Kowaiero* recites scenes from famous dramas, imitating, as far as possible, the tones of celebrated actors. The *Shimai* accompany their stories with a performance on the *sarnisen* (a musical instrument). *Yashi* include sellers of quack medicines, dealers in spice and incense, ballad singers, and sellers and hawkers of the latest express news, recounting the last reported murder, fire, robbery or scandal. *Onna Daiyu* are women of the *Feta* class. They wear large sun hats, and earn a scanty subsistence by playing and singing at the house doors. Blind women (*goze*) may also be met as street singers. They used formerly to be supplied by the Government with passes, which insured them a night's lodging when on their travels. In the early days of the Tokogawa dynasty, it is related, four priests arrived at Yedo from the south, bearing a petition to the Government. Their prayer was not granted, nor was its tenor made public, but a ward of the city, known as *Hashimoto Cho*, was resigned to them as a residence, and they were placed under special protection. It has been supposed that their object was to originate a new *Shin Mon* (religious sect), and to this day their followers are known as *Gan-nin-boy* (priest petitioners). Admission to this sect is often sought for by very poor persons. The sect is not recognized and possesses no temples, but holds herself aloof from all others. Pilgrims, who during the period of their pilgrimage are known as *Jun Rei*, are to be met with on the roads at all seasons, clad in white cotton. They are chiefly of the farming or artisan class, who hope to earn dispensations by their pilgrimage. They have to visit sixty-six of the numerous shrines of *Kuannon* (known to Europeans as the Buddhist goddess of mercy), which are scattered throughout the empire.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

Life A Disappointment.

LIFE is a disappointment to so many chiefly because when starting in it they overestimated their own strength and underrated that of their competitors. Self-sufficiency and ignorance are the pioneers of defeated expectations. The looker-on is not disappointed; it is the actor who is. Overweening self-confidence refuses to see difficulties; and thus the preparation which might overcome them is neglected. The defeat is crushing, because it is deemed impossible. Presumption and arrogance have burned the bridges, and left no opportunity to gather the shattered forces by retreat. Although science and philosophy will greatly assist toward averting many of the consequences of error and mistake, yet there is no infallible rule for one to follow, which guides one always safely and pleasantly. Each generation must learn for itself. There is a point where teaching ends and experience begins. It is this which has set bounds to human knowledge. No man can take up the work of another and pursue it with the same efficiency and success. The father can not give or bequeath the child his matured experience, as he can his property. Men may vaunt themselves as they will, but there is a limit to their power; and that limit seems in some cases to have been reached in one man. Shakspeare and Bacon had no successors. No man has been able to take up their work where they left it. So far as men's efforts are concerned, their works seem to be completed. No man has yet appeared who can equal what they have done, much less improve upon it. As far as we know, they reached the limit of man's power in the direction in which they taught. The child must mistake the road just as the parent mistook it, and learn which is the right road often only when too old and weary to walk in it. And is it not well that it is so? The wisdom of age and the form of youth can not be joined in beauty. Could the young know their true strength, and foresee the difficulties they have to encounter, they would not fail by the way, but would faint in the beginning. Favorable circumstances bear men on to fortune to a greater extent than the successful are willing to admit. But, happily, wealth is far from being the measure of success; indeed, a true success is a developed character, a high and noble manhood, that ministers to the great heart of humanity. There are thousands of poor, retiring men and women who have done more for the comfort of their fellows than any proud and arrogant millionaire.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Why Rochefort's Servant Killed Herself.

HENRI ROCHEFORT brought with his family from exile in Switzerland Louise Gaillard, a young servant girl of sixteen, who, though exceedingly honest and amiable, was simple-minded and inexperienced. During the frequent fits of vexation that her blunders caused, Rochefort would exclaim, half in earnest and half in jest, "I'll kill you! I'll have you placed on the next list of executions!" The girl thought he was in earnest and was greatly frightened. A fortnight ago he sent her to the office of the *Intransigeant*, the paper of which he is editor, with a note to his associate, Mr. Reinach, requesting one hundred francs by the bearer. Rochefort told the girl that she was to bring him the money, and said: "Now, if you lose it I'll kill you." The girl lost Reinach's note containing the funds. Greatly distressed, she purchased some poison, which she took on reaching her bedroom. After several hours she was found on the floor near the door, which she had attempted in her agony to reach. Restoratives were administered, but she died shortly after. Rochefort, who blamed himself for the girl's act, was profoundly distressed and temporarily delirious. Her gentleness and beauty of character had won greatly on his sympathy, and he was much attached to her. The note to his address which she had lost was subsequently found and brought to him.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Mayor Stokley's Story.

MAYOR STOKLEY, of Philadelphia, visited the House of Refuge the other day, and in the course of a speech to the boys, said:

"There's a little fellow down there that looks just about the way I looked when I was about his age—when I was ten years old. I had just about as much money in my pockets as that boy has, and I don't think he has a cent. I was as poor a boy as there was in Philadelphia; but I made up my mind to work. My father died, and my mother and my sister and I hadn't a roof to cover us. I started out and got some work, and when I was fifteen I was earning a dollar a week, and I slept under a counter. But I stuck to my work and I learned a trade. When I was twenty-one I fell in love with a girl, and I had a pretty big heart and made up my mind to marry her. I had six dollars a week and she earned three dollars with her needle, and we put the six dollars and the three dollars together and we got married, and that girl, I am glad to say, is living yet. We set up a little shop. She cooked the oysters and I made the ice-cream, and we worked together, and worked hard."

PITH AND POINT.

AN attractive but uncultivated woman is very like brown sugar—sweet but unrefined.

THE Detroit *Free Press* says: "It is very hard to be poor." That is our recollection of it.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

THERE is an old saying that "if you keep anything seven years it will come in style." All right; then poverty is stylish, and we're in style.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A MISSOURI man with an ingrowing nail chopped his toe off. This remedy never fails. For sale at all hardware stores. Beware of imitations.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT is the opinion of Hans Pfeiffer that a murderer upon the scaffold, although in a very serious position, is always bound to have his "leedle choke."—*Yawcob Strauss.*

WE would like to inquire if the man who sat with bated breath got a bite? If so, the plan might be at once adopted by our ignoble army of tramps.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PERRY MARTIN, of Arizona, climbed a tree to shake down a coon. Just how he felt when he found the coon to be a bear will never be known, as bruin cuffed him off a limb and he had a fall of fifty feet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There was once a poor pitiful plumber,
Who was meekness itself in the summer,
But the frost made his "pile,"
And he now has the style
Of a brass-mounted St. Louis drummer.
—*Indianapolis Herald.*

"ARE you a good rider?" asked a livery man. "I am," replied the customer, and just then the horse snorted, stood on its hands, came down and bucked. And the customer went on, from his high seat in the haymow, "See how easily I get off."

MEN AND WOMEN.

"Women have many faults;
Men have but two;
There's nothing right they say
And nothing right they do!

"But if naughty men do nothing right
And never say what's true,
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do!"
—*N. O. Picayune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

IN some recent experiments at Paris the fumes of burning coffee were shown to have a disinfecting power quite remarkable.

DR. VAN LENT has been commissioned to study epidemic diseases in the United States for the Government of Holland.

A BUG has turned up in Asia Minor which feeds upon the eggs of the locust. Where a cluster of locust eggs is examined the destroying insect appears in the midst of them. Locusts from time immemorial have made themselves disliked in Asia, and the new bug, which is believed to deposit its eggs in the live locust's body, has general sympathy and encouragement.

FROM the inquiries conducted by Professor Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, since 1865, it appears that short-sightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it, and is almost always the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. A better construction of school desks, an improved typography of text-books, and sufficient lighting of class-rooms are the remedies proposed to abate this malady.

One of the advantages pertaining to the new method of engraving by electricity—an electric spark pen having been invented for the purpose in Paris—is that the artist does all parts of his work, and with no more facility than if working with an ordinary pencil, and can even operate in a dark room, without any other light than the glare from the induction spark. If a sheet of thin paper be attached to a plate of copper or zinc, it is said that an engraving may be made with extraordinary facility by this device.

DR. CUTTER states that the increase of nervous diseases, decaying teeth, premature baldness, and general lack of muscular and bone strength are greatly due to the impoverished quality of flour now in use, the gluten being thrown away in order to make the flour white. He urges the use of unbolted flour, and of eggs, milk and butter. He denies that fish is brain food, or that Agassiz ever said that it was, and claims that butter, being nearly all fat, is a better kind of brain food than any other.

A Romantic Meeting of Father and Daughter.

OVER twenty years ago there were married at Hartsville, in this county, Charles Anderson and Miss Brown, who, after a happy honeymoon, moved to Noblesville, Ind., where they embarked upon the sea of matrimony, apparently contented with each other and with bright prospects for a smooth voyage through life. Over a year after their marriage a daughter was born, bringing with it heavy squalls, terminating in a separation after two years of marital bliss, the mother taking the child with her and the father enlisting in an Indiana regiment, not before, however, he had taken a last farewell of his daughter and making a last but futile attempt to bring about a reconciliation between himself and his wife. He passed through the entire war, and returned after the final grand review at Washington City to his old home in Hamilton County, full of happiness at the prospect of seeing his child and perhaps bridging the chasm that existed between himself and wife, but there he learned that his wife had obtained a divorce from him and left for parts unknown, taking the child with her. Anderson, however, could not rid himself of the love for his daughter, and since that time has been seeking her, all in vain, until last week he learned that his wife, after being divorced from him, returned to this county and married a man named Hughes, and her daughter, having ripened into womanhood, was married not long since to William Bush, living a short distance north of this city, she being under the impression that her father was killed in the war. Anderson came to this city last Wednesday, and after fully convincing himself that Mrs. Bush was his long searched-for daughter, went to her home, where he established his identity. The meeting is described as being very affecting, and this story furnishes rare material for a first-class romance. Anderson remained with his daughter until yesterday, when he left for his home in Noblesville.—*Columbus (Ind.) Special to Cincinnati Commercial.*

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

He lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,
His quiet footstep is not feared
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire.
And, seen afar, I love it.

It seems among the serious trees
The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
As with a tuneful measure.

And dream not that such humdrum ways
Fold naught of nature's charm around him;
The mystery of soundless days
Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
An instinct innocent and holy,
The music of a wood-bird's strain—
Not blithe, nor melancholy.

But hung upon the calm content
Of wholesome cleanliness and bough and blossom—
An unexstatic ravishment
Born in a rustic bosom.

He knows the moods of forest things;
He holds, in his own speechless fashion,
For helpless forms of fur and wings
A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel;
Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
His homeward bridge the rabbits follow;
He finds, in angles of the trees,
The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy, perchance,
The beating heart of life he reaches
Far more than we who idly dance
An hour beneath the beeches.

Our science and our empty pride,
Our busy dream of introspection,
To God seem vain and poor beside
This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
A nameless head-stone stand above him,
And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
Be all that's left to love him.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A MESMERIC EXPERIMENT.

Thirty Christmas nights have come and gone since that one, so memorable in my life, and yet, sitting here in my solitary room, a gray-haired, lonely woman, the whole scene rises as vividly before me as though it had occurred but yesterday. I can see the comfortably but plainly furnished, low-ceiled, old-fashioned room, with its dark, wainscoated walls, and its dim corners, that the feeble light of a couple of composite candles could scarcely reach; I can see the half circle of faces gathered round the hearth, looking glowing and pleasant in the ruddy glare of the firelight—all except one, that of a man who sat in the corner opposite to me.

I could not keep my eyes off that face, which had for me the fascination of ugliness; as the lights and shadows made by the flickering flame touched the shock of bristly hair that half-concealed the low, narrow, forehead, the cavernous eyes, sunken cheeks and huge mouth, half open with a cynical smile that showed the tusk-like teeth, I could compare it only with a shifting series of gargoyles from some old monkish ruin.

We were all members of the company of the Theatre Royal X——, and, it being a non-play night, we were assembled at the lodgings of one of our members, a lady, to do honor to her birthday. Our usual theme, the affairs of the theater, past, present and future, being exhausted, the conversation, I can not remember how, had turned upon mesmerism and clairvoyance, and I was stoutly declaring my utter disbelief in either, my skepticism being greatly intensified by the circumstance that Tony Arnold—the man I have just described, and who was one of the low comedians of our company—took the opposite side. There had always been an antagonism between us, and, although I had no actual cause for such a feeling, a positive dislike upon my part, which I believe was pretty strongly reciprocated upon his.

Although I was scarcely twenty at the time, I was what people would have called a strong-minded girl, with opinions of my own that I never shrank from asserting, with an obstinacy that no argument could overcome; and on this night, excited by a spirit of defiance to my *vis-a-vis*, I expressed them with a bigotry and contempt that were anything but polite to those who differed from me.

"By your positiveness, Miss Grace," sneered Arnold, "I presume you have had a very large experience of the trickeries of mesmerists."

"Oh, indeed I have not," I replied, sharply, "I was never at any exhibition of the kind in my life, and never intend to be. I should not have patience even to witness such a transparent imposture."

"Suppose," said he, and there was a gleam in his eyes which indicated rising temper—"suppose I could give you ocular demonstration that you are wrong, by placing some one in this room under mesmeric influence; I have done the thing often. If I did this before your own eyes, when you would be quite assured there could not be trick or collusion, would you believe it then?"

"I don't know that I should," I answered, doggedly. "If you have such a power," I added, with a contemptuous smile, "why don't you try it upon me?"

Arnold was evidently taken aback. I do not think he dreamed of my taking up his challenge. He regarded me for some seconds with a doubtful, wavering glance, which I met defiantly and mockingly.

"I would prefer anyone else in the room," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Of course you would," I replied, with a malicious laugh: "I am not a good subject; the mystic influence is powerless over disbelievers. Oh, I know all the jargon?"

And I cast a triumphant glance round the company, who were exceedingly amused at our discussion.

Arnold turned alternately white and red with rage and mortification.

"It is not that," he answered, quickly, then paused; but, evidently stung by my contemptuous laugh, he added, hastily, "Very well, be it so, since you desire it."

The prospect of having the discussion so summarily tested and adjudged created an immense excitement, and I could feel my own cheeks burning, and my own pulse galloping at fever heat as Arnold proceeded to make preparations for the experiment.

I anticipated the usual passes and hand-wavings, of which I had heard and read, but I soon perceived that his method was to be entirely different. He began by placing two chairs exactly opposite to one another, in one of which he requested me to be seated; then he draped a large black cloak round me, so that only my face rose above it; then a lamp, borrowed from the landlady of the house, was set in such a position that the light should focus upon my face; after which he took the chair opposite to mine, and desired me to fix my eyes firmly upon him, and not remove them for a second.

I followed his instructions—and the next moment I was staring intently into a pair of greenish-brown orbs that I could feel did not meet mine with equal steadiness. There was a profound silence, broken only by a little suppressed giggle from the females, and an occasional low whisper from the men.

We had been thus only a few seconds when Arnold sprang up exclaiming: "It's no use, I can not do it."

A shout of laughter hailed this confession of defeat, and throwing off my drapery I jumped up and joined heartily in the chorus.

Arnold was white as death and extremely agitated. He made no reply to the volleys of "chaff" that assailed him on all sides, but again turning to me, said, in a tone of intense earnestness: "I can not mesmerize you, but you can me; those strong, steel-gray eyes of yours, with their metallic luster, are far more potent than mine. Come, will you try?"

I did not need the incitement of hand-clapping and the chorus of "Oh, do!" that greeted the proposition to promptly consent. I began to be deeply interested in the experiment, and now that I was myself accredited with possessing this occult power my skepticism began to waver.

"But before we go any further," he said, "I must make one condition—and that is, that should I fall into a comatose state, you will not put to me any question of a private nature—as I shall be compelled to answer truthfully, literally, whatever it may be.

I promised faithfully not to do so.

The previous disposition was now reversed, the lamp was set so that the light should shine upon my face, and Arnold was enveloped in the cloak, as I had been.

And now, with all the nerve power I possessed, I fastened my eyes upon Arnold's. White and ghastly looked his face rising out of the blackness of the drapery, which gave it almost the appearance of being divided from the body and suspended in space. The lips were wide apart, and the greenish eyes were dilated to their utmost extent, with a strained fascinated look, such as they might have worn under the influence of a rattlesnake. I could scarcely suppress a shiver at this uncanny-looking picture; but a wild spirit took possession of me that night which soon swept away all such "compunctious visitings of nature." Everybody seemed to be thoroughly impressed by the weirdness of the situation; there was no giggling, no whispering, all was silent as death. After about a minute my eyes grew rigid in their intense stare, until it seemed to me that I no longer had the power to move or close them, or even wink a lid; gradually I could feel the pupils dilate, until they seemed to become two huge flies glowing with a lambent and metallic fire. I could see that every nerve of the white face was quivering, the breathing was short and labored, and a dull, stony glare came into the starting eyeballs, a far-away, trance-like look, that told me that consciousness was gone, and that the very soul of the man had passed over to my keeping. And I felt a cold, cruel, hard triumph in this, a desire to strain my mastery to the utmost. I rose from my seat, slowly moved backward, and imperiously beckoned him, never relaxing my fixed stare, which seemed to scintillate and flash. As I rose, he rose, clutching the edge of the table to guide his trembling steps. Slowly I moved, he following, seemingly impelled by an involuntary but resistless impulse. I stopped suddenly; he stopped.

"What is your name?" I asked, imperatively.

In a forced, hollow voice he gave one, that I afterward discovered was his family name, Arnold being only a theatrical sobriquet.

At this one of the gentlemen broke in, protesting;

"No, no; that is against the bargain—no questions."

"It is time to put an end to it; I don't like it," said another.

"Oh! yes," added a lady, "it is too horrible."

The interruption seemed to exorcise the fiend that possessed me, and call me back to myself; with an effort I wrenched my gaze from that ghastly face. As I did so, Arnold, as though he had been only upheld by my eyes, fell upon the floor in strong convulsions.

Our experiment in mesmerism spoiled the rest of the evening; for although after a copious outward application of cold water, and a judicious inward one of neat brandy, he soon recovered and tried to laugh off his illness, it left a creepy, disagreeable depression upon all, which no amount of hot spirits and water and forced jollity could succeed in dispelling.

As it may be supposed, the effect was strongest upon me, and it chiefly took the form of intense annoyance at the part I had played; I would have given anything to have recalled the past few minutes. After Arnold's recovery, by a tacit understanding, no one made any reference to his strange illness, indeed, all seemed desirous for a time of putting it out of their thoughts—and none so much as the principal actor in it, who laughed and jested in a feverish manner, and never allowed the conversation to flag for a single moment, as though he feared the subject might crop up again.

Everybody, however, was eagerly discussing the singular event next morning at rehearsal. I avoided the gossiping groups, for the remembrance of the scene was a horror to me; so did Arnold, whom I studiously attempted to avoid, but he took an exactly opposite course, following me wherever I went, trying to engage me in conversation, and to catch my eye, as though some of the fascination of the previous night still surrounded me.

After a rather late dinner, for the rehearsal was very long, I was dozing in my chair when there came a soft tap at the door, and to my sleepy "come in," there appeared upon the threshold the tall, gaunt figure of the man whom of all others I least desired to see. It gave me quite a shock. It was the first time he had ever called at my lodgings.

In common courtesy I was obliged to ask him to take a seat and draw near the fire, as the weather was cold. In a vague, listless manner he placed a chair in such a position that it exactly faced mine, dropped into it without a word, and tried to fix my eyes. I immediately shifted them and stared into the fire.

He made no attempt to account for this visit; he talked very little, and in an absent manner—that betrayed his thoughts were not on his tongue—about the business of the theater. I felt very embarrassed by his presence, and presently rose and rang for tea. What could I do but ask him to remain, and take it with me? He said "Thank you," and kept his seat. I felt quite terrified by the change that had come over him—from a noisy, jesting, rollicking kind of fellow, who had always a gibe for me, to this silent subdued man, with those dreadful eyes ever yearningly seeking mine.

At length he went away, and never in my life did I feel so thankful for anybody's departure.

But he came the next day, about the same time, and acted in just the same manner, until the lights were brought in; then all at once he rose from his chair, crossed over to where I was sitting, and, laying his hand upon my arm, said, in a hoarse whisper: "Mesmerize me!"

I started back and answered, shudderingly: "Not for worlds!"

"You must," he answered, passionately.

And somehow or other, I can not tell how, a few minutes afterward we were sitting *vis-a-vis* staring into each other's eyes. In less than a minute there was in his the dull stony vagueness of insensibility.

I covered my face with my hands, but withdrew them, as I heard something fall heavily upon the floor, to see him huddled at my feet in convulsions, the froth bubbling upon his lips.

I did not call for assistance; luckily I had some water and some brandy in the room. I knelt down and copiously bathed his head and face, and then with some difficulty forced a little of the spirit between his clenched teeth.

When he recovered I nearly fainted myself; but, rallying by an effort, I told him very positively that he must not come any more.

"I can not stay away; I must come," was his answer. And again the dilated eyes began to wander cravingly in search of mine.

I can not describe the horror I felt at these visits, and at length I begged a lady friend I had in the theater to come and stay with me. The following afternoon he strolled in as usual, but finding I had a companion he looked very annoyed and remained only a few minutes.

Several days passed and I met him only in business. His manner was sullen, almost rude to me, at which I was much relieved, for I now began to entertain hopes that he would persecute me no more. The change that had come over him was a constant subject of green-room comment; he had always been extremely thin, now he seemed to waste day by day, like a man consumed by an inward fire; his cheeks were sunk in deeper hollows, and there were black rims round his eyes.

After a few days my friend returned to her own lodgings. The next afternoon, at the usual hour, Arnold came as before.

As soon as the lights were brought in he again besought me to mesmerize him. I firmly refused; but I could not rest my eyes upon him for a moment without his face beginning to quiver and his pupils to dilate, and the very feeling that I must not look at him made the desire almost unconquerable. Matters went on thus for upward of a week.

But surely, it will be said, you could have devised some means of keeping him away; you might have requested your landlady to refuse him admittance. Truly, I could have done so, but—well, I must confess it even in my own defense—Arnold had begun to throw a strange glamour over me; I dreaded his coming, yet I experienced a vague yearning when he was absent. I had fallen myself within the meshes of the spell I had unconsciously cast upon him.

One afternoon he arrived rather earlier than usual; there was certainly some occult sympathy between us, for the moment he entered the room I felt that a crisis was come.

He was in very weak health, and he sank down in a chair looking pale and exhausted, and wiped the damp from his forehead, while his breathing was very labored; and there was a feverish glitter in the restless eyes and a red spot in each hollow cheek.

"How very ill you look," I said, pityingly; "let me give you a glass of wine."

"No, I want nothing," he said in a gasping tone, "there's quite fire enough within me now; I am being slowly burned up."

"Have you seen a doctor?" I asked, growing very nervous.

"A doctor," he echoed, with a mocking laugh. "Oh, yes, I have seen a doctor, but he can do me no good. It is you who are killing me."

"I?" I answered faintly.

"Yes," he answered; "since the night you tore the heart and soul out of my body, I can not live without you, and I won't."

I was very much terrified by his wild, excited looks, but replied with a great show of firmness: "You talk nonsense, Arnold; why, you are married already."

I did not know at the moment whether it was really so, but there was a vague impression among the company that such was the case, and it was upon that authority only that I spoke.

"How did you know that—you questioned me when I was under your influence?" he retorted, sharply.

"I did not, but I find it is true. And under such circumstances, how dare you address me in such terms?" I exclaimed, growing very indignant, perhaps more in seeming than in reality.

"Yes," he replied, dejectedly, "I am married to a woman I hate, to a woman I left at the church door. I was forced into it by my friends—never mind why, that would not interest you."

He paused for a moment, then laying his trembling fingers upon my arm, he added: "Alice," he had come to call me by my Christian name, "if anything were to happen to her—if she were to die—would you be my wife?"

I started away from him, exclaiming: "Don't talk like that, it is too horrible!"

But he followed me, and again grasped my arm, and said: "Alice, I told you just now that I can not live without you, and that I will not, and I swear before God that if you do not give me this promise, when I leave this house I will throw myself over the bridge into the river—I swear it!"

Men—and women, too—say these things in moments of strong passion without keeping their words; but I knew that he would keep his, the mysterious sympathy that had been created between us told me so, told me that if he left me with that thought in his heart, he would not be a living man within the next hour.

It was nearly dark, just between the lights, and his face gleamed out of the shadows white and terrible, and then I thought how it would look when it was drawn out of the water, with the long dark hair clinging about it.

"It is not much to ask of you," he went on, pleadingly, "Why, she may outlive us both; more than likely; there is nothing shocking in it—she is nothing to me, never has been, only the mockery of a ceremony links us."

"But what is the use of such a pledge—what satisfaction can it be to you?" I said, still with my face covered, for I dreaded to meet his eyes.

"I don't know," he answered, "it would give me a sort of hope that I can't live without, that I won't live without."

Well, I gave him the promise. I dare say you will consider it was very wicked of me to do so. I think so myself. But I thought it was almost impossible that I should be ever called upon to fulfill it, and how could I hesitate when a man's life seemed to be at stake?

The following morning, as I was seated at breakfast, I caught sight of Arnold's dark figure passing my parlor window, and the next moment I heard his now well-known knock at the street door. I put down the cup of coffee that I had raised half way to my lips, while an unaccountable dread stole over me.

One glance at his countenance as he entered the room told me that something had happened. He did not look at me, nor even exchange a greeting, as he laid down his hat and took a chair.

"I have strange news to tell you, Alice," he said, in a voice thick and indistinct with agitation.

"For God's sake don't tell me that—"

I could not complete the utterance of my fears, my voice died away in my throat, and with parted lips and rigid eyes I could only await the explanation.

Meantime he had taken from his breast pocket a letter, which he rose and offered me. It had a deep black border.

I shrank back; I would not touch it; I knew its contents.

"You knew what was going to happen—you have cruelly entrapped me," I exclaimed, bitterly.

He threw himself down upon his knees at my feet. "I swear most solemnly," he cried, "I did not. It was very sudden, the letter will tell you so; heart disease—her friends had scarcely a moment's warning."

There was that in his tone I could not disbelieve, and when, after a while, I brought myself to read the fatal letter, I found his assertions were there fully confirmed.

"This makes it all the more horrible," I cried, "for I now feel as though I was in some way the cause of her death."

I implored him to release me from my promise, as nothing good could come of a marriage contracted under such auspices. But he only repeated the old words: "I can not live without you, and I won't!"

My friend, who could perceive how ill-assorted we were, did all in her power to persuade me to break with him. "Leave the company," she said; "give no notice of your intention and go home, or take another engagement under another name."

But I felt that I could not break a vow so solemnly made, and which fate, whether for good or evil, had so suddenly called upon me to fulfill.

No, I am wrong; I did not love him, it was only a glamour—whether the result of supernatural influence or mere superstition I cannot pretend to say—it was a mixture of dread, repulsion and fascination.

That day two months was our wedding-day. I had striven hard to postpone it to a much later date, but he would not give me a moment's peace until I consented. "She was my wife only in name," he kept urging, "so what need is there of delay?"

Although the strange manner of our wooing was unknown to everybody, save the friend I have before mentioned, it was impossible for the company not to see how matters stood between us. But somehow we had drifted away from the rest, and now kept aloof from them, and only an occasional hint, or innuendo, or sly look told us of their observation. I know we were the constant theme of conversation and wonderment, but I do not think that any one ever dreamed it would be a match.

And we were both equally desirous of keeping our approaching marriage a profound secret. My friend, and one of the actors whom Arnold had almost sworn to secrecy, were to be the only witnesses, so that when on that bright March morning we entered the quiet suburban church, only a few strange loiterers were there. We were dressed in our ordinary costume, and no one who had met us would have suspected our purposes.

When he passed the ring over my finger his hand was like ice, so were his lips, that just touched mine at the end of the ceremony, and I saw no joy in the livid face; that was expressionless as though carved in stone.

We walked back from the church to my lodgings, where we were to be domiciled for the present. He scarcely spoke the whole way. He left me at the door, saying that he was obliged to go somewhere, but that he would return in time for dinner, which was arranged for three o'clock.

I ran upstairs to my bedroom, my heart ready to burst with mortification, and had a good cry. My friend did all she could to console me, and to put a cheerful face upon matters, and after a while I rallied a little, and went down-stairs and sat down to the piano and played and sang to pass away the time.

Three o'clock came and passed and still he did not return. Then his friend, who had remained with us, said he would go in search of him.

In about half an hour he came back, bringing Arnold with him. He afterward told me that he had found him playing cards, and recklessly treating everybody who entered the room at a tavern used by the actors. I always possessed a great deal of self-control, and I kept myself quite tranquil.

It had been arranged that we should sup at my friend's lodgings, and thither, after the performance, for we played that night, we went. There were only four of us—the four present at the ceremony. Arnold was dull and sullen, and at times seemed scarcely conscious of where he was, for, when addressed, he would start and look vacantly at it him, like one suddenly aroused from a doze.

It was two o'clock in the morning before we turned our faces homeward. Silently he pursued his way; and I was too proud to speak. But, oh, the agony, the shame, the humiliation I endured that night! When we arrived at our lodgings, the fire was out. It was a very chilly night, and he complained of being cold, and said he should rekindle it. While he went away seeking some wood in the kitchen I ran upstairs to my room, and went to bed.

At last my aching, swollen eyes closed, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the cold gray dawn of the Spring morning was just stealing across the darkness of my room. I awoke with a start, and sat bolt upright, with a sense of ineffable horror. Had I been dreaming? I could not remember. Yet there was upon me all the terror which is left by some ghastly nightmare.

I leaned out of bed, huddled a dressing-gown, and with bare feet hurried down the stairs. It was an impulse, nothing more, for I had no thought in what I was doing. I opened the parlor door and looked in. All was dark and silent.

"He has gone to sleep upon the sofa," was my reflection. My woman's pride prompted me to return to my chamber, but some other feeling held me rooted to the spot. The chinks of the shutters were pencilled with faint lines of light; I crossed the room, unbarred and threw them open, and looked up at the sky. The waning moon was high in the heavens, over which a faint roseate flush was just stealing, and a wild chorus of birds in the trees close by alone broke the deep stillness of the early morning.

I stood gazing upon the picture for some seconds, not because I felt its beauty, but because I dared not turn my head.

When, after a time, I summoned up resolution to do so, it was slowly, and by degrees. First my eyes fell upon the sofa; that was empty; then they traveled toward the hearth. The fire had burned into a great hollow, gray and brown within, black above. I could see only a portion of the grate, as an easy-chair was drawn in front of it. There was something in the chair, something lolling sideways; and there was a coat-sleeve with a hand dangling across one arm. I could feel my hair bristle and my heart stand still as I crept up to it, and saw a huddled heap of clothing, in which was half buried a livid, hair-strewn face.

It was my husband—dead.

Note.—This story is not only founded upon facts, but the events happened almost exactly as they are related here.—*Temple Bar.*

Chinese Advertisements.

The Chinese newspapers contain more ingenious advertisements than ever appear in print in Yankee-land. For example, a Hong Kong journal displays the following: "Missing, from the neighborhood of Queen's Road, Hong Kong, a tall, stout-complexioned gentleman, five feet six inches of age, twenty-seven years in height, pink hair, green eyes, mauve eyebrows. He had on, when last seen, a pair of swallow-tailed trousers with sausage-striped sleeves, fashionable mutton-cutlet waistcoat, with cast-iron trimmings and knitted mahogany legs, a double-barreled frock coat, with tripe collar and tobacco linings, adorned with three flounces; water-tight canvas boots, with porcelain tops, laced up at the soles; match-box hat, low-crowned, trimmed square round the edges, without the nap; a pair of green and white stockings with potato heels and sides; a Tartarian necktie, rather down at the heels and broad of belief, tied with a true-lover's knot around his massive forehead; a shirt of cabbage cloth with rat-tail buttons up behind his belly; cast-steel Honiton lace gloves with air-tight ventilators at the joints, and magnificent cheese-headed plum-pudding walking-cane, with initials 'D. B.' in castor-oil letters. This singular gentleman was born after his younger brother, his mother being absent on each occasion. No cards. By Telegraph—The missing gent has been seen again, admiring our extensive stock of mountings for picture frames, dolls, toys and fancy goods, at Messrs. Uhlmann's Bazar, in Queen's Road. Any information given by wealthy people will enable them to procure a supply of the above-mentioned articles for a consideration, according to quantity. Call and see us!"

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following, from an exchange, is true to the letter:

"The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary plans which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and, if he is foiled in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation to crimes, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison, waiting trial, all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would bring with it its sure reward."

Our Young Folks.

HIS MANY NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-*my*! Jim-*my*!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name that he liked the best:
"Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

—*Josephine Pollard, in St. Nicholas.*

DOWN THE RIVER.

Walter Dale was a little boy six years old, who lived with his parents on the bank of the River Thames in England. One day after dinner he went to the water's edge to play.

Seeing a small boat tied to a big stone by a rope, he pulled the boat up to the shore. "What a nice little boat!" said he, "I will get into it, and rock it, as I once saw a big boy do."

So he got into the boat and began to rock it. The boat got loose and drifted down the river. Walter did not notice this until he was quite a distance from the shore; then, turning round, he saw what had happened. Every moment the current was carrying him further from home.

Walter was not a timid boy, and, instead of crying, he began to reason in this way: "The boat does not leak. It is safe and sound. There are no waves to make me afraid. The wind does not blow. Here on a seat is a thick blanket. In this box is a loaf of bread and a knife. The water of the river is good to drink, and here is a tin mug. I think I will not cry, but hope for the best."

So he sat down. He called to some people on the shore; but they did not hear him. He stood up and waved his hat to a man in a passing boat, and cried, "Help, help!" But the man thought it was some little fellow making fun of him.

Meanwhile Walter's mother had become anxious. She ran down to the river, and followed his foot-tracks to the edge of the water. Then she ran back to her husband; but he was not in the house. In about an hour he came back, and she said, "Quick, quick! Get a boat, and call John to help you. Walter is drifting down the river in that little green boat, I am sure."

Mr. Dale ran out of the house, called his man John, and they went down to the bank. Here they took a good fast boat, pulled it out into the stream, and began to row with the current.

It was getting late. A mist was creeping over the great city of London. They could hardly see the tall stores, the masts and steeples on one side. But on they went, rowing swiftly with their good oars, as if for dear life.

They looked out sharply on both sides to catch a sight of the little green boat. At last, when they had rowed about two miles, with the tide in their favor, Mr. Dale cried out, "I see it! I see it! But, ah! it is empty. I see no sign of a boy in it. What can have become of poor Walter?"

On they rowed, and at last came up with the boat. Still no Walter was to be seen. The poor father was in despair, when all at once Walter started up from under the great blanket, where he had been hiding. He cried out, "Here I am, papa, safe and sound!"

"Oh, you little rogue! Come here and let me pull your ears!" They all got back to their home in time for a late tea, which mother had kept warm for them. Walter was kissed and then cuffed; but the cuffs were so tender, that they made him laugh even more than the kisses.—*Nursery.*

The Kangaroo.

In the large island of Australia—an island so vast as to be ranked as a continent—nature has produced a singular menagerie.

The first discoverers of this country must have stared in amazement at the strange sights which met their eyes. There were wildernesses of luxuriant and curious vegetable growths, inhabited by large quadrupeds which appeared as bipeds; queer little beasts with bills like a duck, ostriches covered with hair instead of feathers, and legions of odd birds, while the whole woods were noisy with the screeching and prating of thousands of paroquets and cockatoos.

The largest and oddest Australian quadruped is the kangaroo, a member of that strange family, the Marsupialia, which are provided with a pouch, or bag, in which they carry their little ones until they are strong enough to scamper about and take care of themselves.

The delicately-formed head of this strange creature, and its short fore-legs, are out of all proportion to the lower part of its body, which is furnished with a very long tail, and its hind-legs, which are large and very strong. It stands erect as tall as a man, and moves by a succession of rapid jumps, propelled by its hind-feet, its fore-paws meanwhile being folded across its breast. A large kangaroo will weigh fully two hundred pounds, and will cover as much as sixteen feet at one jump.

The body of this beast is covered with thick, soft, woolly fur of a grayish-brown color. It is very harmless and inoffensive, and it is a very pretty sight to see a little group of kangaroos feeding quietly in a forest clearing. Their diet is entirely vegetable. They nibble grass or leaves, or eat certain kinds of roots, the stout, long claws of their hind feet serving them as a convenient pickax to dig with.

The kangaroo is a very tender and affectionate mother. When the baby is born it is the most helpless creature imaginable, blind, and not much bigger than a new-born kitten. But the mother lifts it carefully with her lips, and gently deposits it in her pocket, where it cuddles down and begins to grow. This pocket is its home for six or seven months, until it becomes strong and wise enough to fight its own battles in the woodland world. While living in its mother's pocket it is very lively. It is very funny to see a little head emerging all of a sudden from the soft fur of the mother's breast, with bright eyes peeping about to see what is going on in the outside world; or perhaps nothing is visible but a little tail wagging contentedly, while its baby owner is hidden from sight.

The largest kangaroos are called menuahs, or boomers, by the Australian natives, and their flesh is considered a great delicacy, in flavor something like young venison. For this reason these harmless creatures are hunted and killed in large numbers. They are very shy, and not very easy to catch; but the cunning bushmen hide themselves in the thicket, and when their unsuspecting prey approaches they hurl a lance into its body. The wounded kangaroo springs off with tremendous leaps, but soon becomes exhausted, and falls on the turf.

If brought to bay, this gentle beast will defend itself vigorously. With its back planted firmly against a tree, it has been known to keep off an army of dogs for hours, by dealing them terrible blows with its strong hind feet, until the arrival of the hunter with his gun put an end to the contest. At other times the kangaroo, being an expert swimmer, will rush into the water, and if a venturesome dog dares to follow it will seize him and hold his head under water till he is drowned.

Kangaroos are often brought to zoological gardens, and are contented in captivity so long as they have plenty of corn, roots and fresh hay to eat.—*Harper's Young People.*

Five Cents.

"Well, my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change, "did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents change, and there's only seventeen."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change?"

But John shook his head: "No, sir; I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before we leave a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks were red, but his voice was firm: "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a little cry of pleasure. "Here you are!" he said. "Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I knew I had it when I started from the store."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—three important things for an errand-boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking any farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice, "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it you would have lost the situation; that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

—*The Pansy.*

A Fatal Wedding Day.

It has been an open secret for some time among their intimate acquaintances that Mr. Douglass Warwick, of Richmond, and Miss Nellie Burwell, of Franklin County, were betrothed, and they were to have been married about the first of this month. Everything was in readiness on the eveuing appointed for the wedding and a carriage was sent to the depot to meet the expected bridegroom, but instead of the gentleman a message came, stating that sudden illness prevented his presence and asking that the wedding be deferred. Three times successively it was postponed for the same reason. But last Wednesday—when for the third time everything had been prepared for the nuptials—came the most cruel blow of all. 'Twas but natural that the young lady should have felt some trepidation at the approach of the carriage that had thrice failed to fulfill its mission—and the sad sequel proves that her apprehensions were not groundless. Instead of greeting her future husband she received a telegram conveying the shocking intelligence that he was dead. Let us draw a veil upon the scene that followed; for the poignant grief of a widowed bride is too sacred to be exposed to the curious gaze of an unsympathetic world. Miss Burwell was very popular among her acquaintances, and her sad misfortune elicits the deepest sympathy from all who knew her.—*Big Lick (Va.) News.*

In 1611 Holland offered a reward of 25,000 guilders (about $10,000) for the discovery of that northwest passage which Prof. Nordenskjold has at last, in our day, accomplished. This offer was long forgotten, but it was never recalled; and it is now probable that Holland will pay the promised reward to the successful explorer, little though he dreamed of the possibility of such compensation when he started on his enterprise.

The late Maharanee of Cashmere seems to have been greatly beloved by the people, and her death is said to have created a profound sensation in Cashmere.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
Editors and Proprietors.

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SATURDAY JAN 29, 1881.

In disposing of THE REPUBLICAN I desire to day to those who have sustained me in my efforts to build up a republican paper in Garrett county, that my greatest object in starting THE REPUBLICAN was to furnish the people of Garrett county with a paper supporting the republican party and republican principles. Having secured that object I now retire from the position of editor and publisher, to accept one less onerous and responsible. My object in disposing of THE REPUBLICAN is to relieve myself from cares and responsibilities which come alike to every party organ, and which to me are becoming burdensome. I desire to return my thanks to my patrons who have given me their support in the past, and I ask you to continue your patronage to my successors, believing them to be worthy of your encouragement.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

With this number THE REPUBLICAN changes hands, and in assuming our position as editors and publishers it may be proper for us to say. THE REPUBLICAN, as its name indicates, will be Republican in politics and will be devoted to the interests of the Republican party, to the development of the interests of Garrett county, and to the public good generally.

Personal interests will only be supported when we deem them entirely consistent with those enumerated above. For ourselves we beg to say that we have no political aspiration to subserve and we have not purchased THE REPUBLICAN, with a view to advancing the individual political aspirations of any person. We will endeavor to maintain for THE REPUBLICAN, that high moral character, which it has achieved under its late editor and proprietor. The composition and press departments will be in charge of Captain James A. Hayden, and we feel quite sure, that this announcement will be a sufficient guranty that this part of the work will be well done We hope to secure your patronage by making our paper useful to you.

F. A. THAYER & CO.

It is said when Gov. Whyte retires from public life six weeks hence he will put on his war paint in gorgeous colors, and bedeck himself in feathers of the most approved pattern, and then, tomahawk in hand, will go for the scalps of the democratic leaders. Who will be attacked is a question which seems to puzzle many. Will it be Governor Hamilton, who refused to aid Mr. Whyte in his contest for the Senate last winter, or will it be Mr. Gorman, who defeated Mr. Whyte and secured for himself the place which Mr. Whyte has filled during the last six years? We hold a position similar to that occupied by the old lady who witnessed a fight between her husband and a bear, and was so delighted that she exclaimed: "Go it hubby, go it bear, I don't care which whips."

The Democratic Congress will step down and out leaving the same old smell behind it. Its last days are devoted to an effort to steal a seat in the Senate, to attacks upon the public credit, and to a scheme for making a theft of the Presidency possible. There is no pretence of respectable and useful legislation beyond the routine passage of appropriation bills. The leaders of the party seem to have no other purpose than to convince the country that they have no capacity for public affairs. If that is their real object, it must be confessed that they succeed perfectly.

Don Piatt says of the democracy: "But vitality and pluck have so died out, with the principles that once animated this great political organization, that it can be kicked with impunity, and covers its bruises with plasters made up of dead-head stamps and passes. Samrandalism has made the Democracy a disease, and it is to the body politic what bots is to a horse—something extremely irritating, but only dangerous when the animal is low in flesh and very weak."

Gen. Hancock is elected President of the National Rifle Association.

Editorial Notes and Comments.

We hope the Legislature of West Virginia, which is now in session at Wheeling, will take some steps looking to the settlement of the boundary line between West Virginia and Maryland.

A great deal of speculation is still being indulged in with regard to President Garfield's Cabinet, but we are unable to give any definite statement with regard to this matter beyond the fact that Mr. Blaine will be Secretary of State.

The celebrated actor Edward A. Sothern is dead, and many people in this country will regret to hear of his death. We have seen Mr. Sothern upon the boards, and have enjoyed many a hearty laugh whilst he made fun for those who were fortunate enough to hear him. Peace to his ashes.

Near the village of Lisbon, in Howard county, Maryland, lives Miss Polly Flood, aged 106 years. She was the eldest of a family of six children and now resides at Mr. Jas. Meredith's where she has lived for thirty-five years. She has been a member of the M. E. Church for seventy-nine years.

If Congressman Klimmell, of Baltimore city, could realize the fact that he has made himself a laughing stock for the entire country, and when he retires to the shades of private life if he would embark in some calling to which his limited capacity is suited, many of the people of Maryland would be devoutly thankful.

Reports from Southern Illinois and contiguous territory state that there will be an almost entire failure of the wheat crop, owing to the late planting and the early and hard winter, a large portion of the wheat land being a mass of ice and the seed frozen out. Reports say that not over a fifth of a crop can be made under the most favorable circumstances.

We admit, with melancholy frankness, that we do not expect anything at all from the present *regime* in Congress; which seems to be whiling away its pitiful remnant of power much as a culprit condemned to be hanged on the 4th day of March might do—with the exception that their culprit usually pays some attention to religious preparation.

Last year, while the suffering poor in Ireland were being fed and clothed by the "Irish Fund" contributions from this country, the Irish Catholic Bishops were quietly collecting funds for the Pope of Rome. Recently several of the Bishops had an audience of his Holiness in the Vatican, and presented him with a purse containing something over $40,000 from the Emerald Isle.

There are dreadful intimations by disappointed Democrats in Washington, that a large percentage of the funds contributed for the election of Hancock never got further than Barnum's headquarters. They talk about demanding a bill of items of receipts and expenditures. If this sort of calumny goes much further Barnum is likely to become thoroughly disgusted with politics.

John Allen, Chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives, prayed that God would make Plaisted, the new Democratic Governor, as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, and thereupon the Pine Tree State was visited with an earthquake which lasted some ten seconds. The greenbackers and democrats of Maine won't mind an earthquake after the treatment they received at the hands of the Supreme Court last winter.

Russian Nihilists are still busy arranging plots, and issuing proclamations recommending murder and incendiarism. A quantity of revolvers, daggers, axes, machinery for the manufacture of forged passports, a portion of a secret printing press and a number of revolutionary proclamations have been found. We doubt whether an *Ohio man* can be found who would be willing to hold office in St. Petersburg just at this time.

Mayor Latrobe, in his annual message to the City Council of Baltimore, on Monday, reported the total funded and guaranteed debt of that city at $36,092,298. Of this amount, $9,561,912 consists of water and park loans, the interest on which is paid by revenue from water rents and city passenger railway companies. The productive and interest bearing assets owned by the city are stated at $20,661,986.78, leaving the balance of debt, the interest on which has to be provided by taxation, $5,868,398.70.

During a debate on the funding bill in Congress last week, Mr. Randall advocated a three per cent. interest, claiming that the loan could be placed at that figure, and stating that there would be an immediate market for four hundred millions of the bonds. Mr. Fort, of Illinois, reminded him that the Democratic party had never borrowed a dollar at less than ten per cent., and Randall could not deny it. The Democrats must admit that the Republican party knows how to run the government.

The severe weather and deep snows of the present winter have made railroading exceedingly difficult and even dangerous. Almost every day's paper brings us news of accidents in various parts of the country. This week we notice a wreck of three passenger cars on the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, by which two passengers were killed and four others injured. Also a wreck on the New York Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The postal and express cars were burned and five men perished in the flames. Others were injured.

Mr. Platt, the newly elected Senator from New York, has not made much noise in politics or business, and has not been ostentatiously conspicuous but he has always been found where there was work to be done. He has been a Republican since the organization of the party, and is a stalwart of the most stalwart kind. Mr. Platt, his friends say, is a friend of Conkling because Mr. Conkling is a friend of the principles and policies which he approves, and they declare that he will not be an echo. In all those matters which concern Republican Administration, they say, Mr. Conkling will be quite as likely to be advised by Mr. Platt as he by Mr. Conkling. If this be true no Republican can reasonably object to him.

Some of our exchanges are hinting that the Hon. George Colton has Gubernatorial aspirations, and that his travels abroad and grand receptions upon his return have been and are designed to further his interests in the direction above indicated. It strikes us that the Jerusalem route is a round-a bout way to Annapolis. We have an account of a man who fell among thieves as he journeyed from Jerricho to Jerusalem, and although Mr. Colton passed over that dangerous highway in safety, we warn him that he is not yet out of danger. He may possibly fall among enemies before he reaches the executive mansion. In this connection is it not strange that neither Mr. A. P. Gorman nor any other member of the canal board was invited to the reception tendered Mr Colton at Barnum's the other evening?

A VOLUNTEER GOAT.—It is a comfort to know that there is one prominent Democrat in the country who not only has convictions and the courage of his convictions, but has also the reverent regard for truth and the self-sacrificing candor which made the Father of his Country an example for its youth, and is symbolized for all time in the ruined cherry-tree with the hatchet at its root. At a time when the Democratic party, pulling itself painfully together with a bad headache and a purple eye, is beating the air with the conundrum, "Who did it ?"—when the high priests are laying on the sins of the campaign upon reluctant and haulky goats who stand still and will not move wilderness-ward; when some are laying it to Kelly, some to Tilden, some to Barnum, and some to Hancock—Mr. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, comes calmly forward to a Chicago interviewer and says: "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little tariff for revenue only plank in the platform."

REGISTERED LETTERS STOLEN.—A few days ago the Chicago postoffice authorities were surprised by finding that twenty one valuable packages had been stolen from a registered letter pouch from Rochester, N. Y. As five of the envelopes bore the Rochester postoffice stamp, a telegram was sent to that place to ascertain the contents. It was found that one envelope contained $10, three others $5 each and a fifth a ruby breast-pin. From this Special Agent Henshaw deduces that the total loss, which was first rumored to be $150,000, does not exceed $200. The bag came over the Michigan Southern Railroad, but whether the robbery took place on the train, at the depot, or in the Chicago postoffice is not known. The matter was kept a close secret by the authorities in the hope of detecting the robbers.

No better illustration of Democratic methods and morals has been furnished for a long time than that given by the outcome of the Bisbee Hull contest. It was just as plain two years ago as it is to-day that Hull had no right to the seat. The evidence was clear, simple and indisputable. Yet Hull was allowed to hold the seat, to vote regularly with the Democratic party, and to draw pay for so doing. Now when the term is almost expired, the Democratic Committee, with no fresh evidence to force a conviction, decides that the seat belongs to Mr. Bisbee. Even yet Hull is not ousted. He is likely to draw pay till the very end of the term. Of course Bisbee is entitled to pay for the full term, and the result will be that the Government will pay a double salary for the same seat for two years, having nothing to show in return but the votes of an illegal Congressman which have been cast uniformly against the best interests of the country.

Legal Notes.

A passenger on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad finding no vacant seats in the ordinary coaches, the seats being occupied either by passengers or their baggage, proceeded to a drawing-room car, owned by a private individual, but forming part of the train, and regularly run with it by contract with the railroad company, and there took a seat. When called on for extra fare for that seat he refused, announcing his readiness to go into the other cars if a seat were provided for him there. Thereupon the portor of the drawing-room car, employed by its owner, attempted to eject him. The New York Court of Appeals holds that the railroad company is liable for this assault.

In the New York Supreme Court, recently, Frank C. Thomas sued the City of New York to recover $6,000 damages on account of having broken his leg by falling upon an icy sidewalk. The evidence showed that once when he came to the place of accident, on his way to his business, he crossed on the other side of the street, considering that it would be dangerous for him to attempt to walk over the accumulation of snow and ice which he had observed there The next time, however, he walked straight on, and fell, breaking his leg. It further appeared that the icy place complained of covered only a small portion of the sidewalk, and that it was possible to walk in perfect safety both between it and the house line, and between it and the gutter. These facts, Judge Donohue holds, show that Thomas was guilty of contributory negligence, inasmuch as, knowing the dangerous character of the place, he voluntarily took the risk upon himself when he undertook to cross it. The case was therefore dismissed.

The Supreme Court of California has set aside a verdict for $20,000 damages against the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and in favor of the widow of one of its conductors, who was killed in a collision with two head of cattle while his train was rounding a cure at a point where the track was not fenced. The Court held that the conductor knew that the track was unfenced at that point when he entered the employ of the railroad company, and that he took his own chances of being injured.

The failure of life insurance companies was thus severely commented upon recently by Judge Hughes, of the United States Circuit Court: "I think that the mere failure of a life insurance company is *prima facie* proof that its operations have been conducted in a fraudulent manner, and if the failure is not explained by some great casualty, such as widespread pestilence, or a sudden financial convulsion, or physical calamity, I think it is *per se* proof of fraud. I will not pretend to say that it creates the presumption of moral turpitude in the managers of the company, but it certainly does of constructive fraud—that is to say, of that financial imbecility, or recklessness, or extravagance, or that gross negligence which is equivalent in its consequences to fraud, and which a Court is bound to regard as constructive fraud."

To soothe disturbed feelings brought on by a cold, and to cure Coughs, Croup and Hoarseness, take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25, 1881.

The Democrats are making preparations to celebrate their political demise by perpetrating the last of the many infamies which have disgraced their rule in Congress. By breaking the "pairs," or rather forcing members to break their plighted faith with each other, they have 149 members in the city, and threaten to call up and pass the electoral count resolution to-day, They underrate the amount of resistance contained in the Republican minority, and may have a harder time passing the resolution than they anticipate.

It is quite amusing to note the numerous dodges employed by the Democrats to prevent themselves from being placed squarely against the bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list of the army. Yesterday Senator Logan called up the bill, and kept the Democrats dodging until at last, tired of furnishing sport for the Republicans, they voted to take up the Indian land in severally bill.

The Senate Finance Committee will to-day commence the refining process on the "funding act of 1881," which passed the House last week. Secretary Sherman has been invited to attend, and will give his views upon refunding, advocating a longer time and higher rate bond.

Senator Blaine is the champion of American commerce in the Senate. Senator Beck, who lives in Kentucky, and who don't know a ship from a wash tub, will this week deliver a speech in favor of the policy of permitting foreign built ships to sail under American registry. This will give Senator Blaine a chance to buckle on his armor and give battle to this policy, which, if a law, would destroy what little maratime enterprise left us. In view of Mr. Blaine's probable appointment to the Secretaryship of State, there is a desire to have him state once more, emphatically, what he believes to be the best policy for the restoration of American commerce. Senator Beck will put some questions that it is supposed Mr. Blaine will take pleasure in answering.

Mr. Belford got the recognition today of Speaker Randall, for which he has been waiting six weeks, and which failure to get heretofore, led to a spicy correspondence between himself and Speaker Randall.

The Supreme Court has made a decision in a case of false imprisonment in which the United States is held liable for damages, for infringement upon the rights of private citizens.

Major Swain, who acted as Gen. Garfield's private secretary during the campaign, has been nominated by the President to be Judge Advocate General of the Army.

One of the few things lacking to make Washington a thoroughly attractive city, is an Opera House large enough to induce such stars as Gerster and Campanini to come oftener and stay longer. Madame Gerster made her first appearance here last night in Italian Opera. She was enthusiastically received, and fully realized the high expectations of Washington opera goers. It can be truly said that no "star" ever appeared before a more brilliant or appreciative audience than that which greeted Madame Gerster last night.

LOGAN.

TELEGRAPHIC.

ENGLAND SNOW BOUND.

LONDON, January 22.—The whole country is suffering more severely than can be imagined from the really Arctic weather of the past week. Although communication between most of the great towns has by this time been reopened, many hamlets and villages are still completely cut off from the world without by the snow and ice, for which, as a matter of course, people are less prepared here than in America. Food is scarce, cattle are frozen stiff in their sheds, and at least a score of human beings have perished in the street. The Queen at Osborne, in the Isle of Wright, and the Prince of Wales, who is here in London, have managed to get about in sleighs over roads impassable for their vehicles, an example which tradesmen in the towns might follow with advantage. At present, however, the shop-keeping classes seemed stonned and helpless under this unusual visitation, and their customers suffer accordingly.

In Pall Mall and Piccadilly there are embankments of snow five feet high; in the country districts the roads are actually on a level with the hedges, while there are drifts fully fifteen feet deep in many places. The Thames above the bridge is frozen over, and thousands of skaters are enjoying themselves upon its icy surface. In the poorer parts of London scarcely any drinking water is procurable. Trade is entirely suspended except in the necessaries of life. Outside of London letters can only be delivered by foot messengers, all wheeled traffic being impossible. The railroads are only kept open with the greatest difficulty; the other business of the country is carried on by means of narrow foot-tracks cut through the snow. Nothing like the present weather has been known since the great frost of 1814, when bullocks were roasted on the ice in the completely frozen-over Thames, London ran short of coals, and the Solway was frozen over.

DECISION IN A RAILROAD SUIT.

NEW YORK, January 24.—Suits have been brought by Elias Asiel and others and Maurice Sellgman against the Kansas Pacific Railroad in the Common Pleas Court to recover interest on certain coupons, and for interest on a number of bonds which the company issued three years ago, and which are still unpaid. The company set up as answers in both cases that it had been consolidated with other railroad companies under the name of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; that the bonds in question were secured by mortgage in which foreclosure proceedings had been taken in the United States courts of Kansas, and a motion was recently made to transfer them to the United States court in this city. A motion was made to-day by plaintiffs for judgment in their favor, on the ground of frivolous answers put in by defendants and other reasons, and Judge J. F. Daly ordered judgment for plaintiffs in both cases.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SENATORSHIP.

HARRISBURGH, PA., January 24.—The seventeenth ballot for Senator taken to day did not differ materially from that of the past four days. The only Democrat from Allegheny county voted for the Republican caucus nominee. This was the only desertion from the Democratic ranks. The balloting will be resumed to-morrow and continued every day until a choice is made. The Republicans who refused to go into the Republican caucus for the selection of a United States Senator held a largely-attented meeting this afternoon, and after discussing numerous names in connection with the senatorship, unanimously agreed to a compromise proposition for submission to the chairman of the regular caucus. The bolters agreed on seven persons from whom the opposition are privileged to select a candidate with the understanding that the Irregulars will ratify the choice. The names embrace Wayne MacVeagh, Joseph M. Wharton, of Philadelphia; Congressman Bayne and George N. Shiras, of Allegheny county, Galusha A Grow, Senator Stewart and Representative Wolfe. As the list does not include the name of Harry W. Oliver, Jr., it will no doubt be rejected.

A FAMILY COMBAT

BRISTOL, January 23.—Archer Carter, of one of the most distinguished families of Southwestern Virginia, is lying at the point of death at his home in Russel county from wounds received at the hands of his father-in-law and brother-in-law, In one of the most desperate and bloody encounters ever known in this county. Last July Carter married the daughter of his father's tenant. Samuel Jesse, a poor but respectable man. The marriage met with serious opposition from Carter's family, and it is said that this led to his abandonment of the beautiful poor girl he had married, and that therefore he only visited her when under the influence of liquor. A few days ago he armed himself with pistols, a knife and two bottles of brandy, went to Jesse's house and used very violent language to his wife and her parents and brothers. Old Mr. Jesse claimed to have always treated him kindly and asked him why he insulted them. Carter replied by firing a pistol at his head, holding it so close that Jesse was badly burned in the eyes and was knocked down. Young William Jesse then said. "You have killed father," when Carter fired at him and would have killed him but for Mrs. Jesse, who caught the pistol and in receiving the blow was seriously wounded. William Jesse and Carter then closed in a death struggle, both falling outside the door, Carter on top with the knife in his hand. Jesse succeeded in grasping the knife, drawing it through Carter's hand and cutting it badly, and then struck with the captured weapon a mortal blow, cutting Carter's throat and laying open the *œophagus*. Leaving him dying, as they supposed, both the Jesses ran for the doctor and Carter's mother. Carter is yet alive at his mother's house, but can take no food and is not expected to recover.

SUICIDE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., January 21.—Justus C. Ramsey, brother of the Secretary of War, was found dead in his bed in this city to-day. His death resulted from heart disease. The deceased came here from Philadelphia in 1848, and has held many positions of trust in the State. He died without issue, having never married, and leaves a considerable estate.

At the inquest this evening a bullet hole was found in the head of the deceased, and a pistol at his feet. He had evidently fired the fatal shot, and then fallen forward on his face dead. No cause can be assigned for the act except ill health. He had been a great sufferer from kidney disease and a kindred complaint. His remains will be buried with Masonic honors, as he was one of the leading members of the order, and one of the pioneers of Minnesota.

BORROWS $10,000,000.

PHILADELPHIA, January 21.—The Pennsylvania Company, for the purpose of perfecting certain financial negotiations, has decided to make a present issue of $10,000,000 4½ per cent. forty-year gold bonds. These bonds will be secured by collateral trust by a pledge of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago and the Cleveland and Pittsburg leases and by an annual sinking fund of one per cent. Principal and interest of the bonds, and also the sinking fund, will furthermore be unconditionally guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The entire present issue has been taken.

It is said the loan is not intended to take up any old loans, nor is it for any specific purpose, but it is to be applied in the future to such purposes as will redound to the benefit of the company.

RAILROAD SUIT POSTPONED.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 24.—Argument upon the motion for a writ of sequestration against the Pennsylvania Railroad, asked in the litigation over the Junction Railroad Company by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was to have begun in the United States Circuit Court, before Judges McKennan and Butler, this morning. By arrangement of counsel, the case will not be called up until Wednesday.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Good morning, boys.

—Married, Jan. 22d, A. J. Sypult to Maria Teets.

—Literary Society meets this (Saturday) evening at 7 o'clock.

—G. S. Hamill, Esq was in Cumberland this week on professional business.

Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., was in attendance at Allegany county Court this week.

—Mr. Denis Ryan left here Sunday last for Utah, to be absent until the 1st of March.

—Mr. John W. Lee started for Kansas last Monday, for the purpose of selecting a home for his family.

—Married, at the residence of Wm. M. Wagner, Tuesday evening, Jan. 24th, J. N. Rice to Oliva Wagner.

—Sleighing still continues good, much to the regret of "Yantz's" old sorrel horse.

—We are glad to state that Register of Wills Hagans is recovering from his late illness.

—The B. & O. R. R. Co. paid its employees at this place, Friday of last week in gold.

—The youngest child of G. L. and Hattie Bosley died Jan. 26th, of hydrocephalus.

—Miss May Jamison, of Piedmont, who has been visiting at Mr. W. A. Daily's, returned home on Friday.

—Mayor Latrobe will accept our thanks for a copy of his annual message to the City Council of Baltimore.

—The motto of a successful Oakland merchant is: "Early to bed and early to rise; never get tight, but advertise."

—Dr. Keller and Mr. Alvin Getty, of Grantsville, were in town this week, and report the roads in a bad condition, owing to the large snow drifts.

—According to the late census the population of Garrett county is 12,176; males, 6,212; females, 5,963; native, 11,389; foreign, 786; white, 12,063; colored, 112.

—We understand from good authority that Dr. B. T. Keller, of Grantsville, intends to locate in Oakland shortly, for the purpose of practicing his profession.

—The *Woodberry News* comes to us this week enlarged and otherwise improved. The *News* is devoted to the advancement of temperance interests, and we hope is doing a good work.

—A. L. Osbourn, Esq., Justice of the Peace, has tendered his resignation to the Governor, to take effect February 1st., and there is a warm contest between W. A. Daily and G. W. Morrell for the office thus made vacant.

—Collector Margraff was in town this week, collecting and paying out the county funds. Ed. says he is progressing nicely with his collections. Mr. Margraff is a first class collector, and is always looking after the public interest.

—On Saturday night last the Garrett Guards held an election to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lieut. Osbourn. Orderly P. A. Chisholm was elected, and R. S. Jamison was elected Orderly vice P. A. Chisholm promoted.

—Dr. Brady Hummelshime, well known to this community, was convicted, at the January term of the Circuit Court of Allegany county, now in session, of assault and battery, and sentenced to the House of Correction for six months, and a fine of $1 and costs.

—Mrs. Nathan Casteel met with a painful accident, Thursday morning last. She was seated on a loaded sled coming to town, when, owing to the huge banks of snow, the sled overturned, and Mrs. Casteel had her shoulder dislocated. She is now doing well.

—A farewell reception was tendered Mr. D. Ryan at the Glades Hotel Friday evening, January 21. Dancing was the order of the evening and was participated in by a number of our citizens. A bountiful collation was served at 12½ o'clock. All pronounce it a most enjoyable affair.

—Rev. S. E. Jones commenced a protracted meeting in the M. E. Church, in this town, of which he is pastor, on Sunday morning last. At the conclusion of the services on Sunday evening W. M. Coddington, Charles Whetzell, John J. P. Hoye and John O. Michael united with the church.

—Alex. L. Osbourn, Esq., who has resided in Oakland for several years, left during the week for Dutfields, W. Va., his old home, where he engages in the mercantile business. Mr. O. has been a good citizen, and an efficient Justice of the Peace. THE REPUBLICAN wishes for him, in his new enterprise, all the success which his ability and integrity merit. We hope Gov. Hamilton will appoint a competent person to the office of Justice of the Peace made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Osbourn.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has lately added to its passenger equipment very handsome hotel and dining room cars. The company has thus supplied a want which has long been felt by the traveling public.

—Capt. Jas A. Hayden, foreman of THE REPUBLICAN office, has purchased of Mr. A. C. Brooke, all of his property on Liberty street. This property consists of three dwelling houses, the office occupied by THE REPUBLICAN, and the store room occupied by Mr. Jas. A. Enlow. Consideration, $2,500.

—We are sorry to chronicle the death of Bliss, only son of Professor and Agnes Richardson. The circumstances connected with this death are peculiarly sad, as but two weeks have elapsed since they burried their eldest daughter, little Estelle.

Since writing the above another of Prof. Richardson's children has died, and a fourth is very ill.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending January 26:

H. Wheeler Combs and wife to W. H. Moon, military lots 911, 909, 918, 907 and 920; $1,820.

Wm. Moon to Robert Lee and Sarah E. Hauser, 50 acres of land; $1.

Jesse F. Fazenbaker and wife to M. T. Broadwater, part of tracts called "Hill Side Field;" $120.

Samuel Lochel and wife to Wm. Lochel, 719½ acres of land; $5,025.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, January 29th, 1881.

Austin, J. C. or E.; Beechley, Jas. W.; Davis, John W.; Fogelpole, John; Franklin, Eliza; Gasnell, J. L. B; Hoover, Elle; Hodges, David G.; Haynes, Asbury; Hughes, Kate; Jones, James W.; Lewis, Henry; Marks, J.; Miller, J. F.; McLaughlin, G. B.; Operator, Tel.; Pendergast, Stephen; Renneman or Brenneman, C. F.; Snyder, George W.; Smith, Fred.; Winkler, John; Zimmers, O. L. or D. L.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

The Choice of Books.

A very elegant little volume with the above title, by Charles F. Richardson, is just issued by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York, at the very low price of 25 cents; also a cheap paper edition at the nominal cost of five cents. It will delight all who love good books, and in its wise suggestions will be greatly helpful to all who want help in choosing the best books. In its various chapters it treats of The Motive of Reading, The Reading Habit, What Books to Read, The Best Time to Read, How Much to Read, Remembering what One Reads, The Use of Note Books, The Cultivation of Taste, Poetry, The Art of Skipping, The Uuse of Translations, How to Read Periodicals, Reading Aloud and Reading Clubs, What Books to Own, The Use of Public Libraries, The True Service of Reading. The volume is remarkably rich in striking quotations from the world's most famous authors and thinkers, from Aristotle to Emerson, including such names as Addison, Bacon, Burns, Cato, Carlyle, Disraeli, Fenelon, Gibbon, Hugo, Keats, Lamb, Locke, Luther, Milton, Petrarch, Ruskin Shakespeare, and Thoreau. It is a real literary treasure house.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Catharine T. Hall, wife of Wm. H. Hall, Esq., died of pneumonia, at her home near Oakland, Jan. 20th. Her illness was of short duration. Mrs. Hall was a good, kind neighbor, and much esteemed by those who knew her. She was a worthy member of the Episcopal Church, and took great pains in teaching her children and rearing them up in the "way they should go." She took an active part in a Sunday School that was organized in the neighborhood last summer. Always mild, patient and kind. She leaves a husband and five small children, who have the sympathies of the entire community. The burial took place on Friday, the 21st. There being no Minister of her Church present, the Episcopal burial service was read by Rev John M. Davis.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Died, of dropsy, January 21st, 1881, Mrs. Susan Thompson, aged about 53 years, wife of Henry Thompson, of Ryans Glade, this county. Mother Thompson has been a consistent member of the Dunkard Church for many years. Her deeds of benevolence still live, though she is gone. She has been a great sufferer for the last twelve months; oftimes could not lie down for weeks at a time. Once on being asked if the nights did not seem long to her, she replied; "Oh, no; I pray all night and the time passes pleasantly, and does not seem long." She bore all her sufferings with true Christian fortitude. Cheerfulness, which was characteristic to her disposition, predominated even to the last. A few hours previous to her death she called her weeping husband, children and sister around her, and, amid gasps for breath and strength to speak, begged them to not weep for her, for she was going home, and exhorted and persuaded them to meet her in Heaven. Almost her last words were "fare well, I'm going home; I want you all to meet me in Heaven." But the dear ones who mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother can take great comfort in the thought that although her chair is empty in the house, her well-remembered voice no longer heard, her deeds of kindness no longer enjoyed, her tender smile and motherly love all silent in death, yet her gentle spirit is "just beyond the river," dissolved of its earthly tenement of clay, there in all the enjoyment of eternal life, is awaiting the arrival of the dear ones left behind, and beckoning them on. There also a large number of neighbors and friends who will miss Mrs. Thompson, and who sympathize with the bereaved ones, and all have our most tender sympathy. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev Samuel Fike. The funeral was largely attended considering the inclemency of the weather.

Around Thy Throne, Almighty God,
Those weeping ones may kneel this day,
Bending to kiss thy chastening rod,
Their heartfelt, sacred homage pay.

Grant comfort to the troubled hearts,
Their lacerated feelings calm,
Thy heavenly influence impart,
Dispense Thy ever-healing balm.

Oh! reconcile them to their loss,
Which they this day do mourn:
Teach them to bear the heavy cross,
As by Thy blessed Son 'twas borne.

M.

Decisive Battles of the World.

Creasy's extremely interesting volume narrating the history of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes, is highly esteemed by all readers of history. It has a long time been on Harpers list as one of their standard books, at the price of $1.50. Now it is issued in a very handsome cloth bound volume, by the American Book Exchange, New York, at the nominal price of 35 cents. It forms one of their Acme Library of History, which includes Macaulay's England, $1.25 (reduced from $7.50), Gibbon's Rome, $2.00 (reduced from $9.00), Rollin's Ancient History, $1.75; Froissart's Chronicles, $1.50, and to which list will soon be added, at equally low prices, Grote's Greece, Green's (larger) England, Mommsen's Rome, Masson's Guizot's France, Carlyle's French Revolution, Schiller's Thirty Years' War, and others. Catalogues of the standard low priced books of the Literary Revolution will be sent on application to the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Maryland Petitioners.

The Maryland delegation figured extensively in the matter of introducing bills and filing petitions in the House Monday. Mr. Urner introduced a bill to pay Henry McNamee, of Maryland, a sum not less than $400 for the use of his boats by the government on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal during the late war; by request, a bill to extend the time for filing claims against the District of Columbia to April 1st, 1881. He also filed the petition of E. H. Wardwell, of Baltimore, to be allowed $900 for extra services rendered during the war of the rebellion, as captain and assistant quartermaster. The petitioner states that he was among the first citizens of Baltimore to enter the volunteer service, enlisting as a three months' private in the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, stationed near Baltimore, in 1861; he further states that he commanded the barricades in the northwestern section of Baltimore during the riots, and fought bravely throughout the war—being at different times under Generals Banks, Tyler, Weitzel, Butler and others. His father was a member of the Maryland legislature, and was instrumental in securing the promotion of the petitioner, who claims pay for the time occupied during his transfer. Mr. Urner also filed the petition of George W. Smith et. al., of Frederick, asking further protection to bona-fide purchasers of patent rights; of Samuel Darrow et. al., of Frederick, endorsing the bill to make the Commissioners of Agriculture a cabinet officer; of John B. Thomas et. al., of Frederick, asking for legislation to secure equality of privileges in matters of transportation. They claim that the carrying trade, as at present controlled, is an oppression. Representative Talbott filed a petition to allow Frank L. Donnelly $92.50 for services rendered during the administration of Colonel Polk as doorkeeper of the House. He also reported back from the Naval Committee Dr. Henkle's bill for the relief of Norman Wiard, and had it referred to the Committee on Claims. Dr. Henkle filed a petition for the managers of Howard University of Baltimore asking an appropriation of $10,000 for maintenance and $3,000 for repairs.

WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.—A well-known society man was asked the other day why, with his wide acquaintance and his notable fondness for womanhood, he did not get married? "Because," was the rather puzzling reply, "all my lady friends belong to what is styled our best society." "Well, what of that?" "Just this, my dear fellow," answered the confirmed bachelor, "I despise any man who would marry a woman for her fortune; and I think any man who, without a bonanza of his own, would under take to support a fashionable young woman of the period, is too big a fool to be allowed to run at large outside of an idiot asylum. I have a vast circle of feminine acquaintances. They are all girls in fashionable society, luxuriously reared, petted, spoiled, indolent and helpless. I should consider an income of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year absolutely indispensable to an essay at playing the husband to one of them. I haven't such a sum about my trousers' pockets, and so I stay unmarried. I know I have in me the material to make some old lady a model son-in-law, but I fear it is destined to be sweetness wasted on the desert air of bachelor hood. Our society girls are beautiful, bright, possessed of many respectable accomplishments, and altogether more attractive than the young women of any other land he neath the skies; but they are impractical and selfish, and I do not care to set myself up as a moral reformer even in the case of one of them. They have been taught to worship money as their chief god, and I have not enough of their god to demand their adoration."

THE CAPTURE OF LIMA.—The war between Chili and Peru has practically reached its final catastrophe in the capture of Lima by the Chilian forces. This event occurred on the 17th instant, following closely upon the battle of Chirollos, nine miles from Lima, in which it is said the Peruvians lost 7,000 in killed and 2,000 prisoners, and that of Miraflores, in which they also lost heavily, but in both battles inflicting severe loss upon the invaders. Lima was abandoned after these disasters, and the Chilians occupied the place without opposition. President Pierola fled, but Gen. Pierola, his brother, and the Peruvian minister of war were captured. The diplomatic body at Lima have now come forward with a proposition for an armistice, which, if successful, may speedily lead to the conclusion of what has been one of the most remarkable and sanguinary wars of modern times in South America.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Hon. Charles H. Van Wyck, Republican, has been chosen United States Senator from Nebraska, to succeed Senator Paddock, Republican. Mr. Van Wyck is a native of New York, and was a Representative from that State in Congress several sessions. During the late civil war he rose to the rank of brigadier-general. Mr. Van Wyck removed to Nebraska nine years ago, and has for several years been a member of the Senate of that State. Tennessee, Texas and Pennsylvania are the only States in which the choice of Senator for the term beginning March 4 has not yet been actually or in effect completed. The balloting in the West Virginia Legislature for United States Senator is set by law for to-day, and as Mr. Johnson N. Camden is the caucus nominee of the Democrats, who have a large majority on joint ballot, there seems to be no doubt of his election on the first ballot. Charges of corruption in connection with the nomination, it is asserted, will be brought forward, but it is not likely they will be sustained. Mr. Camden came within three votes of a nomination on the first ballot in caucus, and on the final ballot only needed one vote, which was given him by Mr. Butcher, who had all along been an extreme anti-Camden man. But it was more probably Mr. Butcher's desire to be on the winning side and to have the prestige of having effected the nomination which influenced his action at the critical moment. Mr. Camden is a clear-head, sagacious man, and it is not to be supposed that he has compromised himself in his efforts to obtain the senatorial prize.

Intemperance.

This subject, viewed in a national light, presents a fearful political aspect. The ruinous consequences of wide spread intemperance to a people governing themselves can hardly be over-estimated. If there be on earth one nation more than another whose institutions must draw their life-blood from the individual purity of its citizens, that nation is our own. Where the many enjoy little or no power it were a trick of policy to wink at those vices and follies which would rob them of both the ability and inclination to improve their condition. But in our country, where almost every man, however humble, bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of sovereignty, and where, in short, public sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world—the purity of the people is the only rock of their political safety. We may boast, if we please, of our exalted privileges, and fondly imagine that they will be eternal—but whenever these vices shall abound which undeniably tend to abasement, steeping the poor and ignorant still lower in poverty and ignorance, thereby destroying that wholesome mental equality which can alone sustain a self-ruled people—it will be found by woeful experience, that our happy system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be entrusted to the degraded and vicious. The tremendous power of suffrage, like the strength of the sightless Samson, so far from being their protection, will but serve to pull down upon their heads the temple their ancestors reared for them. National greatness may for a time survive—splendid talents and brilliant victories may fling their delusive lustre abroad—these can illumine the darkness that hangs around the throne of a despot—but their light will be like baneful flame that hovers over decaying mortality and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The immortal spirit of American freedom will have gone; and along our shores, and among our hills—made sacred by the bones of the pilgrims and tombs of the patriots—even these, in the ears of their degarded decendants, shall ring the last knell of departed liberty.

With the exception of this one hateful vice, which is spreading far and wide, we may proudly challenge a comparison with the dominion of the earth. This gross and besetting sin, the parents of so many others, is a national blot; and if it shows the darker on our escutcheon, that it pollutes so fair a surface, it becomes more imperiously the duty of every patriotic citizen to assist in removing it.—*Maryland Gazette.*

At the late annual meeting of the New York Maritime Exchange quite an exciting debate occurred on the question of "free ships," the occasion being a memorial to Congress in favor of granting an American register to the Egyptian steamer Dessong. Several members thought the privilege ought to be extended to all foreign vessels, and are said to have maintained their position so vehemently that some of the protectionists who were otherwise favorable to the memorial, thought it would be prudent to oppose it so as not to create a possible loophole for a free-ship law Nevertheless the memorial was indorsed when it came to the final vote

A remarkable, and to the people of this country a very gratifying, fact is, that the three most prosperous countries at the present time are the Republics of France, Switzerland, and the United States. And even Mexico has had a change of administration without riot and bloodshed. England, Germany, and Russia are in a disturbed and unhappy state. The manner in which France and the United States have paid and are paying their debts, and the general prosperity attending them, is something which may well set monarchists to thinking. One of the inconveniences and perils which we are now to meet is the vast increase of immigration. If this continues beyond the line of possible assimilation, it is as certain to react upon our prosperity as a glut of the market is upon any manufacture. How short the period since we spoke of a population of 20,000,000! Now we boast of 50,000,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunninghani. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the town of Oakland, and described as

Lot No. 37 in Brant's Addition to said Town,

and being the same lot which was conveyed to S. Rosenheim by Gilmor S. Hamill by deed dated September the 28th, 1874, and containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

Said lot has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of four dollars and eleven cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1880, and also to satisfy the sum of five dollars and six cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount due for the State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
COAL LANDS!

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Dillon is complainant and Wm. H. Bernard and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on the

21st day of February A. D. 1881,

all that piece, parcel or tract of land called

TYPEE.

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington, on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree: One-half cash on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS.
Trustees.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer. 1 29 tds.

GET the BEST.

It is the Cheapest.

Why will you pay your money out for an inferior or cheap machine, when a little more will buy a Genuine Singer. The Singer has been in practical use since 1849, and has had a steady gain each year until 1879. The excess over any previous year was 74,735. Where are the companies that have existed during that length of time? for want of merit they have failed. Beware of new machines coming among you; they can't exist long where the Singer has an agency; then who will look after your machine when it is out of order? Beware of cheap machines sold by merchants. They sell them as they would any other commodity—if it does not give satisfaction they will tell you to come back and they will sell you another at the same price. But will they come to your house and fix your machine and learn you how to use it? Consider everything and see which is the cheapest. We treat rich and poor the same—sell on easy terms—give lessons free—charge nothing for adjusting our machines, and give a guarantee for 5 years.

N. B.—To those paying on machines—Pay no money to J. D. Weaver, as he is no longer in my employ. Remit by Registered Letter or P. O. Order or men authorized by me to collect.

Call on or address,
I. W. SLONAKER, Agent,
Oakland, Md.
1 15 3

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Princess Iturbide, widow of Augustin Iturbide, has left Mexico to visit her son, who is at school in England.

MR. THOMAS COOK, of tourist fame, has lost his only daughter, who, he says, was really the pioneer of the great traveling movement, and had journeyed with him nearly the wide world over. She was drowned in her own bath at home.

MRS. GLADSTONE issues an appeal for the Convalescent Home, a charity of which she is an active manager. The Home has about one hundred patients, and is free, "which, at a time of illness succeeded by weakness," she says, "is a boon unspeakable to the sufferers."

LORD DUFFERIN has been writing an exhaustive pamphlet on the Irish land question, to aid the Cabinet in its deliberations. He had already written one in 1860, in which he opposed the creation of a peasant proprietary, in opposition to the views of Stuart Mill; but he has altered his views since then.

THE City of Buda-Pesth, gives the Princess Stephanie a wedding present of a massive chain of gold a yard and a half long, carrying a medallion with the Belgian arms; a girdle set with diamonds and emeralds, the clasp bearing the Hungarian arms; and ornaments for the hair to match, enriched with precious stones and enamel.

THE Carthusian friars, who have established themselves on a large scale in Sussex, are now in treaty with the Duke of Norfolk for one of his estates near their vast monastery at Cowfold. This establishment will soon be as enormous and complete as any of those old monasteries on whose extinction England used to pride herself.

LONDON has a little lion—a Persian prince, whose name is Rukhadin Meerza. He belongs to the Knjjar, or ruling family in Persia, and his father having fled to Tiflis some years ago in consequence of a quarrel, he had been serving in the Czarevitch's Own Cossacks as lieutenant. He is very good-looking, speaks French to perfection, and adores to distraction the "English Miss."

DURING the walnut season, while they are fresh and crisp, Queen Victoria has every day on her table a dish of this fruit taken out of the shells and carefully freed from the skins. To prepare this royal dish is a work of skill, for the nuts are expected to appear unbroken, and piled up in a white, irregular but perfect mass. Several girls with agile fingers are employed daily in the still-room of the castle at Balmoral in preparing the dish of walnuts as required for the royal dessert.

Colds.

THOUSANDS of people died last year from colds. They were said to dio of pneumonia, of consumption, of pleurisy, of catarrhal fever, of various inflammations, every one of which originated in a cold. It may have been, and probably was, a slight cold these people had at first, but was neglected and neglected till it became a more and more serious matter, resulting in severe illness and finally in death.

What is a cold? It is an obstruction of some one or moro of the excretory organs of the body, by which effete matters, being prevented from passing off, clog the system, producing poison and consequent inflammation and distress. The pores of the body are estimated at 7,000,000. Each pore is the outlet of a tube one-fourth of an inch long. This makes the whole length of tubing in the skin for purposes of sewerage nearly twenty-eight miles. The lungs also serve as excretories, as do the bowels and the kidneys. Now, when any part of the pores are closed, as those of the feet by chill or dampness, the exuviæ which should have been thrown off through these pores are retained within the body until seme one or other of the excretories can throw it off. Upon whatever part of the body is weakest it will settle. With some a cold goes at once to the bowels, with others to the kidneys, with others to the lungs, with others to the mucous lining of the head and bronchial tubes, producing catarrh and bronchitis, with others to the nerves, causing neuralgia. When the poison gets well settled on any one of these organs there is trouble.

All this is very alphabetical, but it seems as though people never will learn that a cold is anything that one need be concerned about. And yet one might as well take a mild dose of arsenic, or strychnine, or corrosive sublimate, not enough to kill quick, but enough to make one quite uncomfortable, and think "nothing need be done about it, it will pass away of itself," as to take a slight cold and think it of no consequence. A cold is poison; a slight cold is a slight dose of poison, a heavy cold as a heavy dose of poison. A slight cold may under favoring circumstances, often does, develop a zymotic power that like snake-poison ferments in the blood till death is inevitable. If one has large vitality, he or she may "throw off" a cold without much trouble, but those who have little vitality will be thrown by the cold instead of throwing it.

Now, what shall one do who has a cold? He should at once take measures to open the pores that have been closed, and so to stimulate the various excretory organs that the poison shut back into the body may be at once removed before it has had time to settle on any vital organ. A hot foot-bath, succeeded by hot libations of sage tea, pennyroyal tea or other sudatories commonly used in families, will soon throw one into a perspiration and begin the process of healing. This should be followed by a copious use of a fruit diet, which is the best cathartic in the world. If the lungs seem to be affected, such remedies as will help them throw off obstruction should be used. A mild mustard plaster will generally give immediate relief. The patient should remain in a uniform temperature till his trouble is over, and gradually accustom himself to change of temperature.

It is a curious fact that we almost always take our colds, not when the weather grows colder, but when it grows warmer. The pores of the skin are relaxed by the warmth, and we do not feel the need of extra clothing as in cold weather; so, growing careless and secure, a draught or a little dampness steals a march on us, and the first we know we are captives. Denizens of warm climates are quite as apt to suffer in this way as those of the high temperate zones. It is safe, therefore, to wear about the same clothing in warm winter days as in cold ones, having what change is made in our clothing in wraps and over-garments that can be easily put on or laid off.

One may make himself so tender by unhygienic management as to take cold upon the slightest exposure. There are those who put on flannels and other underclothes on Sunday morning and wear them day and night without change till Sunday morning again. Now, however much a person may bundle himself up at night to sleep, he ought not to sleep in the clothes he has worn all day. These 7,000,000 pores and these twenty-eight miles of tubing are absorbents no less than excretories, and in the quiet hours of slumber they are busy absorbing, if they can, from the wrapping about them the impurities that come in their way. These impurities are a deadly as arsenic or strychnine, or any typhoid poison. The lungs, too, are occupied with the air of the room, and lay hold of its impurities, absorbing them into the body. These processes go on by day as well. Hence the clothing should be changed twice in twenty-four hours, and the air of the room should be constantly renewed. Friction and aeration of the skin at night and in the morning is a great preventive of colds. Bathing should be resorted to often enough to secure cleanliness; but each person must be a law to himself as to frequency of bathing and the temperature of the bath. To some a cold bath in winter is not only torture but it is in the last degree hurtful. Others delight to break the ice in the water they bathe in, and feel all the better for their ice dip. Those who are most of the time in the open air, as mail-carriers, stage-drivers, truckmen, rarely suffer from colds. Their blood is aerated, as is their clothing, by constantly moving in an uncontaminated atmosphere, and slight impurities absorbed by them are easily thrown off. Those, on the contrary, who spend most of the time in close, warm, unventilated rooms are constant sufferers from colds. Every blast chills them; their blood is full of poison, and their hands and feet are always cold. Hygienic treatment in the shape of thorough ventilation, exercise in the open air, and a generous diet, would give them vigor and elasticity, and make cold weather bracing, stimulating and enjoyable, rather than a terror and cause of disease.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Stupid" People.

THERE are some people in this world who, wherever they may go, expect that something special will be done for their entertainment. At a party or church social, for instance, they expect to sit down in a corner by themselves, look agreeable or not, as the fancy strikes them, and wait for some one to come along and amuse them. If the company present have other plans for their evening's enjoyment these people go home discontented, and say, with a disgusted expression, that they "have had such a stupid time!"

Now, these forlorn people never think that if every one in a gathering followed their example, parties, picnics and socials would be transformed into Quaker meetings. The rule holds good here which applies to every other walk of life. To be happy one's self one must try to impart happiness to others. The commonplace little lady who talks about the weather and the babies to one person after another is happier, better beloved, and often more finely cultured than the wise young woman who will only condescend to converse on a subject. Many a fitful conversation and many a delightful friendship have grown out of commonplaces on the weather. It is often for the very reason that she will not talk small talk that the wise young lady must sit in the corner and be disgusted at life all the evening, when she might be making herself agreeable (and, therefore, contented) by helping instead of hindering sociability. This principle applies also to men, but it is not so much neglected by them as by their sisters. However, I well remember the shock I once experienced from a very brief conversation with one of those male malcontents. I had noticed his melancholy face many times during the evening in question, and finally, in the hope that I might help to brighten it, I had asked my brother to introduce me to Mr. E. He did so; but before I had time to comment on the "brilliancy of the assembled company," Mr. E., with a most solemn look, hurled the following profound question at me: "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?" Now, I fancy few people would have been greatly reassured by this startling beginning. As for me, not feeling equal to a theological discussion with one so apparently a pessimist, I weakly murmured, "I—don't—know," and, after a moment's hesitation, bowed and walked away.

How much better than this was the example of a little friend of mine, whose happy disposition makes all glad about her. Lulu's father and mother live on a farm, and the little girl has no companions of her own age. Consequently when she gets lonesome she is in the habit of making little calls upon her only near neighbor, a woman of 40, with no children. The day when Lulu arrived Mrs. Bates was very busy with her week's baking, and told her little friend that she could not stop to talk with her, but that she might sit in the kitchen and look on while she worked. The child, not 6 years old yet, sat down as she was bidden. A long time passed, during which Mrs. Bates said not a word, and Lulu sat quite still, watching her dart to and from the kitchen, putting in pudding and pies and taking out cake and biscuits. At last, drawing a very long breath, the child exclaimed in a most cheerful tone: "Oh, Mrs. Bates, what a splendid time we're having!" Now, a child with such a disposition as this has the foundation of a character which will bring happiness to herself and everybody else. We old worldlings might well embrace the sweet philosophy of little Lulu.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE corrosion of iron in boilers is due, for the most part, according to M. Lodin, to the absorption by the iron of oxygen in the water, and but slightly by the absorption of oxygen set free by the decomposition of the water.

Religious.

SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"SEEK ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Seek ye first—not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy, and failing treasure,
But the love that knows no measure
Seek ye first.

Seek ye first—not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings,
But your precious soul's requirings
Seek ye first.

Seek ye first God's peace and blessing,
Ye have *all* if this possessing,
Come, your need and sin confessing,
Seek Him first.

Seek Him first—then, when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of Heaven,
Let your life to Him be given:
Seek this first.

Seek this first. Be pure and holy,
Like the Master, meek and lowly;
Yielded to His service wholly:
Seek this first.

Seek the coming of His Kingdom,
Seek the souls around, to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them:
Seek this first.

Seek this first—His promise trying,
It is sure—*all* need supplying—
Heavenly things (on Him relying)
Seek ye first.

—*G. M. Taylor, in The Christian.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Jan. 23—The Birth of Jesus	Luke 2:	8-20
Jan. 30—Simeon and the Child Jesus	Luke 2:	25-35
Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus	Luke 2:	40-52
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist	Luke 3:	7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus	Luke 4:	14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick	Luke 5:	12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John	Luke 7:	19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend	Luke 7:	36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons		
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom	Luke 9:	1-6

What is Trouble?

NOT what comes to us, but the light in which we look at it, settles the question whether we have trouble over it or not. The coarser-grained man shrugs his shoulders, when he is sharply rebuked by a companion, and says laughingly, "High words break no bones." He is not troubled by anything of that sort. The man of finer grain reads in the countenance of a friend whom he loves and honors a censure of some careless word of his, and his heart is pierced with pain. To him—

A clouded face
Strikes harder than an angry blow.

And he has trouble day and night until that face is bright again. One man loses a few hundred dollars, and it troubles him sorely. Another finds all the slow accumulations of years swept away in an hour, and it brings him no serious sense of loss; yet he is in constant trouble because of his loved son's misdoing. Is it for either of those men to measure the force of the other's trouble?

What folly to say, "That man has no trouble to be compared with mine, because he has no experience that duplicates mine!" What if he is free from such physical pain as racks your frame? Are you sure that he would not rather be in physical pain until the day of his death, than endure the trial of his remorseful memories? What if he seems supplied with all these sources of comfort—in family, and property, and popular favor the lack of which is the cause of all your trouble? Can you say that he would not have felt less keenly the death of these dearest to him, and the loss of property and popular favor, than he feels the bitter betrayal of a friend, or the failure to be true and noble on the part of one to whom he had given the highest place in his heart, as a lofty ideal?

Ah! how little we can judge of the hidden troubles of our fellows by the calm exterior and the untroubled appearance which they present to us. That firm-set face may represent a constant struggle to be firm. That glow of holy beauty may be from the light of the refiner's fire which is burning day and night in the heart below. Those cheerful words and smiles may be the rich harvest from seeds which were not quickened unless they died, and were not fruitful except as they were nourished from hidden graves. It is this thought that Lucy Larcom phrases so beautifully.

They said of her, "She never can have felt
The sorrows that our deeper natures feel;"
They said, "Her placid lips have never spelt
Hard lessons taught by pain; her eyes reveal
No passionate yearning, no perplexed appeal
To other eyes. Life and her heart have dealt
With her but lightly."—When the Pilgrims dwelt
First on these shores, lest savage hand should steal
To precious graves with desecrating tread,
The burial-field was with the plowshare crossed,
And there the maize her silken tresses tossed,
With thanks those Pilgrims ate their bitter bread,
While peaceful harvests hid what they had lost.
What if her smiles concealed from you her dead?

Each soul knows its own trouble—and only its own. It is not for us to expect that others can measure our trouble; nor have we the ability or the right to pass upon theirs. We cannot understand the cause or the extent of the whirl in their hearts that makes it seem as if the very foundations of the earth were being swept away; nor can they realize how we can have quite as severe trouble from quite a different cause. But to them and to us there is comfort at every such time in the thought that One who fully knows our trouble sympathizes with us in it all most tenderly, and is able and ready to bring as safely through it.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
The Lord of Hosts is with us.
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lord, "give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man."—*S. S. Times.*

Dr. Kittredge on Immortality.

WERE the question put to each of you, "Is the soul immortal?" your answer, without doubt, would be, "Yes." You all believe that your soul at death goes into another state of existence. Yet, at times, questionings arise. Looking into the pallid face of the dead, or standing by the grave of the dear departed, you feel that a deep gulf has divided you from your friend. You long for some sure, solid evidence on which your hope of meeting again may rest.

There are three factors employed in developing this truth—the evidence of existence separate from the body; the uninterrupted continuance of the soul after death; and the recollections of the past. Let us examine first the inferential arguments—those apart from the facts of revelation.

1. Metaphysical. The properties of body are material, and those of soul are immaterial; therefore the laws of its existence are different—it cannot die with the body.

2. Psychological. The soul is too great to be fully expanded in this sphere. Its capabilities link it to another. It hungers for knowledge, but only learns the alphabet here, and picks out a few crumbs of truth. This longing for immortality, implanted by the Creator, is His promise that it shall be satisfied. A steam engine might be joined to an infant's carriage, but everyone would see that its mighty strength was intended for higher purposes. As the wings of a bird point to the sky, so the aspirations and powers of the soul point to a loftier life.

3. The Moral Argument. If the soul dies with the body, God's wisdom and goodness are impeached. Creation abounds with marks of design. Means are adapted to ends. In the moral world life's discipline is fitted to the development of character. There are mysteries of Providence that are interpreted by no other hypothesis than that there is another life to which they stand related. The good suffer, the bad prosper here, oftentimes. There are many inequalities, but God designs to bring the pure silver out of the furnace. He moves mysteriously, yet from the bitterness of the bud He will draw the sweetness of the flower. Plato, Socrates, and other heathen, bore testimony to the power of this argument.

Combine the three and we have, as it were, a powerful telescopic glass by which we may gaze into the Hereafter of the soul. Yet do we see a certainty? No, only a probability, and a very reasonable one. One foundation of belief is strong, but not sufficient. Before his voyage, Columbus demonstrated the probability of a new continent, but when he and others had seen it he had more convincing proof. Christ has brought life and immortality to light. We *know* that if our earthly house—the body—be dissolved, we have immortality. God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul—immortal. Death is but the passing of the soul out of the body, as the occupant of a house may leave his dwelling. We need not fear those who can kill the body. Death cannot harm the eternal part of man. There is a better home prepared. Lazarus and Abraham died but lived again, knew each other and retained memories of the past. So shall we. Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him. Elijah was translated and did not taste death. To the dying thief our Lord said, "To-day thou shall be with me in Paradise." To be absent from the body is, with the believer, to be present with the Lord.

You may ask why have I taken this theme?

1. When the world asks you, "What do you *know* of eternal life: is it a delusion or not?"—you may reply, "I have this message of God, not only promising but describing the joy of the hereafter."

2. This doctrine is an inspiration to holy living. As the boy aspires to be a man and the clerk a partner; as the student hopes for fame and the workman hopes for wealth, so we may look upon all our battles and trials here as so many steps of the ladder that reaches to our Heavenly home, the topmost round of which we cannot see. These truths inspire and comfort. They yield foretastes of the coming joy, the full fruition of which no human tongue can tell.—*Homiletic Monthly.*

Wise Sayings.

NO MAN ever offended his conscience but first or last it was revenged on him for it.

THE divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

A CHRISTIAN is like a locomotive—a fire must be kindled in the heart of the thing before it will go.

THERE is no strength in exaggeration, even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

IN the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul.

WE suppose a majority of the people in this country believe the Bible; their opinions of its character are well and quite fully formed. Their inclinations tend in the direction of making it the counselor of their daily lives. But at this point they remain. It is a head and not heart reception of its truths.—*Golden Rule.*

NOW I SUBMIT to you this question, is not a thankful spirit wealth to any man? is it not the great source of joy in living? is it not real power that is felt by others, giving to the possessor nobility of character? Who, friends, do you admire the most—one who is always bright and cheery, whose life has no dark clouds of complaining around it, or one who lives on the north side of an iceberg?—*Rev. H. A. Shorey.*

HOW EASY it is to see the sins of other people. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday-school Superintendent tell us of an experience of his, in proof of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urchins recently gathered in from the street, without a teacher for the day; so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked of sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest of the boys, who pointed to another boy, at the end of the seat, and said, "Yes, *that* feller down there." That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school; but his mode of judging was much that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow; and sin like—"that feller's down there."—*S. S. Times.*

FARM AND HOME.

LADIES, in altering over old black silk dresses, will find it greatly to their advantage not to use a hot iron on them; sponge the pieces with a large sponge dipped in clear coffee, and then fold and lay away under as heavy a pressure as possible. The silk will come out looking almost like new.

ROCK CREAM.—Steam one cupful of rice in new milk until tender, sweeten with white sugar and heap on a dish; lay over it small slices of jelly, or any preserved fruit, beat the whites of eggs to a froth with a little white sugar, and flavor with vanilla; add one tablespoonful of rich sweet cream and lay over the rice with a spoon, giving the form of a rock of snow. It is both ornamental and delicious.

COLD BEDROOMS.—It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedrooms. A bedroom the air of which is subject to great and frequent and rapid changes of temperature is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced, but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is specially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily lowered in warmth.

WAFFLES.—One pint of sweet milk, one square inch of compressed yeast, two eggs, one ounce of butter, salt to taste, flour to make batter. Mix the milk and flour to a stiff batter. Dissolve the yeast in a little lukewarm water, and stir into the batter. Set in a warm place to rise, six hours, or over night if for breakfast. Beat the eggs light, and add with the butter and salt. Beat all well together. Have the waffle-iron very hot and well greased, and bake quickly. Serve with powdered sugar, mixed with grated nutmeg or powdered cinnamon.

SOME one may be glad to know how to make a delicious lemon pie which is not too rich to be enjoyed. Prepare a crust for the pie in a deep plate, then stir one tablespoonful of cornstarch into a little cold water, add one cup of boiling water, let all come to a boil, then add seven tablespoonfuls of sugar, the well-beaten yelks of four eggs and the grated rind and the juice of two lemons; while this is baking beat the whites of the four eggs and one heaping tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to a stiff froth; when the pie is baked spread this smoothly over the top, then set it in the oven for two or three minutes; this is long enough to give it the desired golden brown color.

AROMATIC MUSTARD.—One quart of good pure cider vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground allspice, two tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful ground cloves, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt and three large onions cut fine; put all into a two-quart fruit-can and set in cold water, putting on the cover lightly, and boil one hour. Then strain the vinegar and heat again boiling hot; pour slowly on one pound of best English mustard that is fresh and not bitter. Stir until perfectly smooth, but if not thin enough add vinegar to the same spices and boil to thin it. Keep in the fruit-can and make air-tight. It improves very much by age.

Care of Winter Fodder.

A good deal is now being said through the agricultural press about "silos" and the preservation of winter fodder in a green state. But while this new matter is agitated, there are doubtless some who fail to take proper care of their corn-fodder when preserved in a dry state. Cornstalks make excellent feed when preserved in a fresh and bright condition; but when allowed to become weather-beaten and black they are very inferior. No thrifty farmer cares to have his hay spoiled by exposure; and any person who properly appreciates the value of cornstalks will see that they are well harvested and stored.

Some of the causes which tend to render corn fodder less valuable than it might be otherwise are the neglect to cut the corn when green enough, the injury sustained by leaving it exposed to the weather, and from feeding it in a long or uncut state. The advantages of cutting corn sufficiently early need only be seen to be appreciated. When cut sufficiently green, and stored as soon as possible, the leaves remain almost intact, and of a bright, inviting color. They are then readily eaten, and relished by stock. But when the stalks are allowed to remain until dry before cutting, the leaves become detached and discolored with the weather, and they are not relished nearly as well. The value of stalks kept under shelter will readily be seen after a trial.

The use of a fodder-cutter in preparing stalks for feed, especially when they are long and coarse, is a great advantage and a source of economy, and also adds greatly to the ease of handling the manure. Stalk-cutters are now made in many styles, and are well suited to the purpose, cutting fast and evenly.

The practice of husking corn while it is standing in the field, and allowing the stalks to remain until late before cutting, is one always to be deprecated when good fodder is wanted.

When the fineness of the fodder is an important consideration in raising a crop of corn, it is doubtless a great advantage to plant a variety which produces small stalks. In that case, when a small-stalked variety can be found that will give satisfactory results in the yield of grain, we should say it was worthy of a trial. But of course where the grain is the main object in view, it matters but little about the stalks. Large stalks are a decided disadvantage in feeding, being hard to cut, and the large, heavy butts, often one-and-a-quarter inches in diameter on rich lands, are of but little use as food.

The eminent Dr. Nichols, of New England, once said that one bushel of New England corn on the ear, ground, is equivalent in nutritive value to one bushel of shelled Western corn, ground. This would seem to be an argument in favor of the production of the New England corn, if it would in all cases yield as well as the coarse-growing varieties. But the fact that nearly or quite all the large corn-producing sections grow the latter varieties would seem to prove that they are, on the whole, the most desirable and profitable.—*Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.*

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THE DAIRY.

A MILK cellar will be coolest when well sunk in the earth, and not much above its surface.

THE most fertile farms in New England to-day are, as a rule, those that are devoted to stock and dairy farming.

THE manufacture of the little round Dutch cheese made from sweet milk, so popular in the retail trade, weighing from three and a half to four pounds each, is being undertaken in Illinois.

BUTTER IN WINTER.—If housekeepers would have a thermometer and test the temperature at which their cream is kept they would save themselves much trouble. Cream should stand in a temperature of about sixty degrees, and not be kept longer than six days. As long as milk is allowed to stand near the kitchen stove, as where many farmers' wives make a practice of placing it in winter, so long bad butter may be expected.

ALMOST the only demand in our large city markets is for new butter. New butter in January and February as well as in June and September, and so far as the dairymen of the country cater to this want, they seem to be successful. Probably twice as much creamery or imitation creamery butter is now sold during winter as of all other sorts put together, and it brings the highest price because of its fresh flavor.

TURNIPS are a healthful and milk-producing food for cows. Whether they produce a rank taste in the milk of not it appears to have been pretty well proved, depends on the amount fed and the time of feeding. Supplemented by other feed and given several hours previous to milking or immediately after, there will be no disagreeable effects on the milk. While the aromatic principle in these roots is decidedly penetrating it is also volatile, and when taken into the stomach is quickly distributed and soon passes away. Turnips may, therefore, be fed in proper quantities to fattening beeves; it is best, however, to abstain from feeding them for several hours previous to slaughtering the animals.

Cause and Cure of Hard-Churning.

A COMPLAINT comes from Shaker Village of having to churn six or seven hours, though the cows get beside the best hay, "beets, sherts and plenty of salt." The smaller the fat globules of which cream is composed, the more difficult they are to churn. As a rule they grow less as distance from the time of calving increases. At this time most cows have been a long time in milk, and are fed mostly on dry feed and are often losing flesh, and perhaps pinched with the cold, all of which tend to diminish the size of the fat globules and make them hard to churn. If some oatmeal, or some food rich in fat, was fed with the beets in the place of sherts it would improve the churning. All such food tends to make larger globules than sherts. But the churning could be made very much easier without change of feed simply by setting the milk as it comes from the cows on the stove over a kettle of boiling water till it rises to 140 or 160 degrees—till the wrinkles on it move pretty rapidly over its surface—and then setting it away in the milk room not so deep but that it will cool to the temperature of the room in twelve to fifteen hours. This will not only make the churning easier but will give the butter a higher color and flavor and more of it than if the milk had not been heated. Another reason for prolonged churning often occurs in the fall and winter from *keeping the cream too long*. Where the milk and cream are kept at about sixty degrees the churning is best done from two to two and a half days from the time of milking. But at this time of the year it is often kept till it is a week or more old, and by this time it becomes so sour and slippery that the churn has but little effect upon it, and it must be operated upon the longer to make it come. If the cream is kept so cold as to stop or greatly retard change it might be kept a longer time, but then unless excluded from the air it is liable to get bitter and injure the butter. The better policy is in the great majority of private dairies to keep the milk and cream at a medium temperature and to churn often while the cream is fresh. It should not be later than the first approach of acidity, and just before souring is better both for the butter and the churning.—*Professor L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Rearing of Calves.

IT may be laid down as a first proposition that a dairy farmer should raise at least as many heifer calves as are required to fill up the vacancies that occur year by year in his herd of dairy cows; and it is all the better if he has a few more than he wants for that purpose. Some people contend that three-year-old-in-calf heifers can be bought for less money than they can be raised for, counting in the risk. This, however, depends entirely on the facilities a man has for keeping young cattle so as not to interfere with his milk pastures.

On all mixed farms it is commonly a simple matter enough to summer and winter young cattle so cheaply that it is better to raise them than to buy others for the dairy herd, and many farmers find it to their advantage to raise them for sale when "on note," or to fatten for the butcher. Judiciously carried out, rearing pays very well, and heifers raised on the farm are commonly found more profitable to it in after life as milkers, than others that are raised elsewhere and purchased. Besides which it is more than probable that rearing will always pay well, providing only that the stock is of good quality; for the demand for milk in our towns and cities is sure to go on increasing and will always be a brisk demand for store stock of good quality for grazing purposes.

A careful breeder can but seldom buy dairy stock that will suit him as well as those of his own rearing. Those he buys may, perhaps, be as well bred as his own are in every respect, but if they are only as well and no better bred, they will scarcely ever do as well in the milk-pail as those that have been reared on the farm.—*Farmers' Union.*

—A cat's hardships and trials is a subject for an owed to the mews of night.

Propagation and Prevention of Blackleg in Cattle.

MR. CYRENUS GIBBS, Stamford, N. Y., sends a prescription which he claims has proved very efficient in cases of blackleg. He says:

"When a heifer is found drooping or on its broadside, rub the hand carefully over the whole body, and you will at once detect the spot by the touch. Drench this spot with spirits of turpentine, rubbing some along the whole length of the spine as well. Do not fail to do it if the creature breathes."

He claims that the turpentine is absorbed, thins the blood, and starts the circulation anew. There appear to be two distinct forms of blackleg; one is the genuine malignant anthrax, and will produce malignant pustule when inoculated on man; the other is peculiar to cattle, and is produced by a different form of bacterium—round in place of rod-shaped—and is conveyed from ox to ox by inoculation, but not from ox to man. In each case the affection is to be warded off by the destruction of the bacterium in any infected locality, and in the removal of those circumstances or conditions which favor its preservation out of the animal body.

Burning the carcasses of the dead and of all their products is manifestly the most efficient method. Yet the germs may be destroyed by thorough putrefaction. Covering the carcasses, etc., with freshly burned quicklime and delaying burial until they are completely decayed, is decidedly preferable to burial at once. But the products must be carefully protected from dogs and other animals. Burial in dry, porous, sandy or gravely soil is better than in a tenacious clay or wet loam, in which putrefaction is retarded and an opportunity given to worms to bring the germs anew to the surface. In any case of burial the body should be covered with quicklime. When it can be availed of, prolonged boiling or superheating under pressure, as in the city rendering works, will destroy the virulence. The infected buildings should be washed with a strong solution of chloride of lime, and left empty as long after as convenient. Infected pastures should be put under the plow and passed through a rotation of crops, to favor the decomposition of all morbid products by repeated exposure to the air and weather, before they are again used for pastures.

The cure of the sick is rather the exception. Turpentine is beneficial, not by thinning the blood, as alleged, but by checking the growth of the bacterium, by checking hemorrhage, and by stimulating the system and supporting it over the most depressing stages of the disease. When the germs are as yet exclusively, or almost exclusively, confined to the affected part of the skin, the tupentine will check their germination and increase, and retard the escape of blood from the vessels, which is one of the most marked results of the local action of the malady. Even when the disease is more general, turpentine may still be given by the mouthful in doses of one or two ounces for the larger animals, either beaten up with eggs or shaken in milk. In this way it will serve the treble purpose of checking the increase of the disease-germ, counteracting bleeding into the tissues, and supporting the system under the prostration. Even when applied to the diseased part, it may also be profitably given internally. Carbolic acid acts like turpentine, and may be used in place of it, diluting it with fifty times its bulk of water to prevent it from acting as a caustic, and giving but one drachm in place of one ounce.

But unless the disease and disease-germs are confined to the skin and parts immediately beneath, a successful result is hardly to be expected, and this is true, not of these agents alone, but also of all other antiseptic and stimulating agents that prove useful in this disease. The great remedy must be *prevention*, and besides the measures already named as applicable to the diseased products and soil, the exposed stock may be fortified to some extent by keeping them constantly in good, thriving condition, without plethora or excess of fat; by watching the state of the bowels and giving daily doses of a few ounces of glauber salts to keep them free and prevent infractions in the third stomach, or by feeding daily one pound of linseed cake, to secure the same end; by protecting the stock against sudden extreme changes of temperature, as from a hot midday sun to a cold, wet or frosty night; by keeping the stock indoors all the time, or at least at night and until the dews of the morning have disappeared; and by feeding daily to each animal one drachm carbolic acid in the food or drinking water.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REMOVING EVERGREENS.—The best time, says a writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, to remove evergreens is undoubtedly in the spring, just as the terminal buds are opening. They may be removed safely until they have grown three inches. The next best time is in the latter part of summer, or just before the fall rains set in. It is true, however, theoretically that they may be safely removed at any time of the year when the ground is not frozen, and practically true if extreme care is taken. Our opinion is that they are removed with least loss in the spring, as we have stated. As to mulch, it makes really little difference what the material is, so it will not blow away or scatter noxious weeds.

A WATERPROOF WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of lime; slack it with boiling water, and cover to keep in the steam; strain and add seven pounds of salt dissolved in hot water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a paste, and added hot; half pound Spanish whiting, and one pound clean glue, previously dissolved to a thin paste: add five gallons hot water, and stir the whole; cover it and keep it a few days. It must be used hot. One pint covers a square yard.

A LAD in Georgia was arrested as a suspected murderer, and to escape the gallows established an alibi by producing a watch which he had stolen at a certain time and place. That brought him in unpleasant proximity to the penitentiary, and to dodge that issue he proved that he had escaped from the lunatic asylum, and was returned to his old quarters.

A YOUNG daughter of Congressman Fernando Wood will make her entree into Washington society this winter.

A Negro With a Remarkable History.

A recent Warrenton (Va.) telegram says: One of the victims of the bitter cold wave which is now experienced in this latitude was Prince Hannibal, an old negro, who lived near this village. No man in this country probably had a more remarkable history. The deceased was an old negro who came to this country from Africa in 1820. He was the son of a King, and, he says, was seized by slavers on the African coast, put on board of a vessel and brought to this country, where he was sold. Hannibal finally found his way to this county, where he was purchased by a wealthy farmer, who emancipated him several years prior to the war. After he was set at liberty he amassed considerable money and became the owner of a large number of slaves, over whom he always observed the most rigid discipline. Hannibal is probably the only slave owner on record who exercised the rights of ownership of negroes after the results of the late civil war. He kept most of these people in slavery after that time. These treated him not only with the deference of a master, but that of a Prince of high rank. Whenever his negroes passed him or approached, they removed their headgear and bowed almost to the ground. Hannibal never permitted the very slightest freedom from any of his own color, it mattered not how intelligent or high may have been their social connections. He never permitted any for a moment to forget that, although he had been forced through the circumstances of his servitude to the blacksmith-shop and to labor for years, he was still the son of an African King and as such demanded respect. The Prince owned a good farm and other real estate in this and other sections of the State, but from one cause or another gradually lost it all. He retained his negro slaves for some time after the war, but they finally left him and he was left almost destitute. Hannibal was a devoted friend of the South, and during the war refused to shoe horses for the Federal cavalrymen who traversed this section, always finding some excuse to avoid it. On account of his devotion, which he he did not try to conceal, Hannibal was arrested and imprisoned in the Old Capitol at Washington, where he remained for many months. During the past few years, the old man has lived in the utmost seclusion most of the time in a log cabin a short distance from this place. He disliked company and would not have a companion, and permitted no one to come near him. He was found in his cabin to-day dead, and had doubtless died several days ago. The extreme cold weather and the deep snow prevented his neighbors from observing his absence from his customary haunts. Hannibal was about seventy-six years old.

The Rose of Jericho.

At the last meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, Professor Bentley called attention to the peculiar properties of the so called Rose of Jericho, pointing out that during the dry season it becomes coiled up into a ball, and is blown about the dry, sandy deserts of Egypt and Syria for many months; but at the first shower of rain its leaves expand and it becomes apparently revivified as if its life were renewed. If placed in water, or in moist sand or earth, it opens out in a similar manner; and it is so sensitive to moisture that it indicates by similar changes in its leaves the presence or absence of moisture in the atmosphere, and thus acts as a natural vegetable hygrometer, in the same way as a bunch of seaweed will become hard and dry in fine weather, and soft and leathery in damp or rainy weather. In this case it is the salt which is present in the leaves that is acted on; and it is quite possible that a similar explanation of the phenomenon in the case of the Rose of Jericho might be found if the plant were subjected to careful analysis. As the first Rose of Jericho was brought to England as long ago as 1597, it is time that the cause of its curious properties was discovered. The rose has been called a vegetable barometer; but this is evidently incorrect, as it is influenced by the hygrometric and not the barometric state of the atmosphere.—*Scientific American.*

—A country girl visited a music shop and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down With Grease and Care" and "When I Swallowed Home-made Pies." The attendant at once recognized what she desired.

—"Bridget, this dust upon the furniture is intolerable. What shall I do?" "Do as I do, marm—pay no attention to it."

HOT glass lamp-chimneys, baked apples and hornet stings are among the hottest things known.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A FASHIONABLE lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in the Halifax was the matter with the coffee. "I don't know," she said, bursting into tears; "I've boiled these beans for a full hour, and they are no softer now than they were when I first put them in the pot."—*Galveston News.*

A NICE young man at a church fair recently took the place of a young lady who was selling kisses at twenty-five cents apiece, and doing much toward replenishing the church treasury and promoting religion and so forth. He said leap-year sanctioned the change. The only customers he had during the next hour were two old maids, one with a wart on her nose, and the other false front teeth. The nice young man thereupon raised the price of his wares to $1,000 per kiss. Some things can be done better than others, but young men are not the parties to do them.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MILWAUKEE policeman has fallen heir to $60,000.

A YOUNG lady who lately gave a milliner an order for a bonnet, said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

NO WONDER a man hates to have his picture taken. When he gets seated the photographer tells him to look perfectly natural. So the fellow makes a desperate effort to twist his face into its natural expression. The effort generally results in an expression like unto that of a madman trying to look cross-eyed and plan a murder at the same time, and when he sees the picture he thinks that if it looks natural he must be too mortally homely to have his picture lying around. And he doesn't submit to the process again in a hurry.—*Boston Post.*

ALL the year round—The earth.

WHAT a merry sound the scrape of the snow-shovel has upon the morning air. Especially if you are snug in bed, and somebody else is doing the shoveling.

A SCHEME is under consideration for a canal across the Malayan Peninsula, by which it is believed that English mails may be delivered in Hong Kong in twenty-nine days and a half, a saving of nearly seven days by the present route. The line would be from Bombay to Madras by rail, thence across the Bay of Bengal and by the canal over the peninsula into the Gulf of Siam, and thence direct to Hong Kong.

A GROCER of Boston left $70 to be annually expended in caring for his dog, and that fortunate animal now eats sirloin steak three times a day, and sleeps on a spring bed.

[Walla Walla Watchman.]

Wise Words of a Willing Witness.

At the close of a mass meeting, according to the report of the same published in a La Grange paper, reference was made to the phenomenal efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in the many painful diseases to which mankind is subject. We refer to the above as showing how strong a hold the Old German Remedy for Rheumatism has on the experience and good wishes of the great public.

A YOUNG lawyer wished to cite an authority on a case he was conducting, and not being able to remember it, his opponent wittily remarked, "Though lost to cite, to memory dear."

[Danville (Ill.) News.]

JOHN STEIN, ESQ., City Brewer, referring to its valuable qualities, said to a *News* representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family and recommend it to my acquaintances. It has always given the best satisfaction, and is truly a wonderful remedy.

"AGENTS are not angels," says Dr. Hepworth. He means land agents; of course book agents and lightning-rod agents are angels.—*Boston Courier.*

Given Up by Doctors.

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"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."—*Salem Post.*

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ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Hauser, et. al., vs. George Whitehair, et. al.

No. 167. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 12th day of January, 1881, that the report of sales made by John W. Veitch and Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustees in the above entitled cause, to William Rolf, as purchaser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of February next; provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks in some paper published in Garrett county, Maryland, before the 31st day of January instant.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,501.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
1 15 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of Jesse Groves, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JESSE GROVES,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

WILLIAM P. GROVES,
1 15 4 Administrator.

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MARYLAND.

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Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

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J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land;

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A GOOD SAW-MILL,

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ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK,
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 8 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER,
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

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July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
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Dr. Singleton Townshend

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v1 n18

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1501, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1551, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amanda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

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n2 H. B. WOLFE.

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For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1.....2.43 P. M.
No. 3.....11.32 P. M.
No. 5.....7.28 A. M.
No. 7.....5.29 P. M.
Way.....10.42 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2.....4.56 A. M.
No. 6.....9.45 A. M.
No. 8.....8.28 A. M.
No. 10.....5.50 P. M.
Way.....9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
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The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 190 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

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ITS MARKET AND FINANCIAL REPORTS are brought down to the latest hour of publication, and every pains taken to make them trustworthy.

AGRICULTURAL MATTERS are not neglected, and the farmer will find in the columns devoted to this subject many valuable hints and suggestions. Sound editorial discussions always have place in the Weekly, and with its stories and other light literature, its well-written letters from places at home and abroad, its political and general news and gossip, and its excellent

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A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers,
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ja 22-4w BALTIMORE, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Hauser, et. al., vs. George Whitehair, et. al.

No. 167. Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 12th day of January, 1881, that the report of sales made by John W. Veitch and Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustees in the above entitled cause, to William Rolf, as purchaser, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of February next; provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for each of three successive weeks in some paper published in Garrett county, Maryland, before the 31st day of January instant.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,501.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
1 15 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of Jesse Groves, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration, C. T. A., on the personal estate of

JESSE GROVES,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1881.

WILLIAM P. GROVES,
1 15 4 Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
je21-y1

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.
oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to
J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land;

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address
M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's mill to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

ASHFORD WARNICK,
CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 8 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER,
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, Md.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je1-y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

Dr. Singleton Townshend

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lots Nos. 53 and 54,

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said Lots have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty dollars and fifty-six cents, balance on State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Amauda B. Hall, for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je26 THIS OFFICE

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

1st day of February, 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Garrett county, which is known and described as the

Stephen Merrill Farm,

containing 200 acres, more or less. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of fifty seven dollars and twenty cents State and county taxes and interest thereon, due by Stephen Merrill for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 8 ts Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

the Inducements and avail yourself of the opportunity now offered you to drive a good bargain.

DAILY & CO.

are now and will in the next few days sell off their entire stock of winter wraps, consisting of elaborately and

Beautifully Trimmed

DOLMANS, CLOAKS, &C.

Also Ladies'

Seal Skin Caps,

Ladies and children's

Furs,

at inconceivably low rates, Now is the time to buy. Do not fail to see them.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1.....2.43 P. M.
No. 3.....11.32 P. M.
No. 5.....7.28 A. M.
No. 7.....5:29 P. M.
Way.....10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2.....4.56 A. M.
No. 6.....9.45 A. M.
No. 8.....8.28 A. M.
No. 10.....5.50 P. M.
Way.....9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
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We have also a complete stock of

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of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

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Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

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Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

A Farm Near Oakland For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, on the Oakland and Sang Run road. The farm contains 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared, and 30 acres in meadow. Every acre is susceptible of easy cultivation. It is improved by two dwelling houses, a barn and about 110 young fruit trees. It is well timbered and underlaid with a good vein of coal. Will produce wheat, corn, oats, &c. Good grazing outlet. Title indisputable. Apply to or address

THOS. A. NETHKIN,
Oakland, Md.,
Or this office. n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osbourn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deaking.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge, No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1881. NUMBER 50.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. SPECIAL LINE OF TOBACCO.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop Cor. First & Oak Sts.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Leave orders at Express office.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smoose's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER.

JOHN RICHARDSON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in WAGONS AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS BRAUN CRADLES A SPECIALTY. Also an Improved Hand Seed Sower. jall-y Near the Depot, Oakland, Md

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. 9 0 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1881.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The infant Saviour is hidden from the hate of King Herod by a timely flight into Egypt, and thence, after the tyrant's death, is taken to the early home of his mother in Galilee. There, at Nazareth, he passes the years of quiet, natural youth; as a child, playing in the carpenter shop of Joseph, or listening to the Old Testament tales from the lips of his mother; as a boy, wandering among the galilean hills and worshiping in the village synagogue. At the age of twelve he accompanies the caravan of pilgrims to the feast of the passover in Jerusalem. For the first time he looks upon the holy city, centre of Jewish thought and reverence, with its lofty walls, its countless towers, and its places of hallowed memory. Standing amid the worshipers in the temple, he listens to silver trumpets accompanying the choral songs of a thousand priests; he looks upon the court to the great altar, where the blood of victims is flowing; he sees the Holy place lifting its lofty front against the sky. The thought of his own nature and work and destiny begins to dawn dimly upon his soul: and, when the week of the feast is ended, and the throngs disperse to their homes, he is held by a strange fascination, and tarries within his Father's house. A day of the homeward journey passes before his absence is missed, and then with anxious heart his mother and Joseph return to the city. For two days they seek among the streets and places of their stay during the feast, and then they turn toward the temple. Here, at last, on the third day, they find their son, sitting among the teachers of the law, listening to their words, and asking questions which betoken a wondrous understanding in one so young. In reply to the mother's reproachful question, the child Jesus utters a sentense which shows that the secret of his divine birth and vocation unalready known to himself; but he meekly submits to the authority of his earthly guardians, and with them returns to the quiet home in the country, there to grow up to his great mission, and to await the hour of God's call.

Luke 2. 40-52.

Memory Verses, 48-52.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him, they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spoke unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

HOME READINGS.

M. The child Jesus. Luke 2. 40-52.
Tu. The child Isaac. Gen. 22. 1-8.
W. The child Joseph. Gen. 37. 12-36.
Th. The child Moses. Exod. 2. 1-10.
F. The child Samuel. 1 Sam. 3. 1-21.
S. The child David. 1 Sam. 16. 1-13.
Su. The child in the midst. Matt. 18. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him. Luke 2. 40.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

TIME.—A. D. 8, when Jesus was twelve years old. Tiberius Cæsar, emperor of Rome.

LINKS.—1. The visit of the wise men. Matt. 2. 1-2. 2. The flight into Egypt. Matt. 2. 13-18. 3. The return to Palestine, and settlement at Nazareth. Matt. 2. 19-23.

PLACE.—Nazareth in Galilee, and Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. THE CHILD, v. 40.
What event in the infancy of Jesus is related in Matt. 2.
Where was Jesus taken from Egypt? Matt. 2. 23.
Why did Joseph and Mary go to this place? [ANS. Because it had been their home before Jesus was born.]
What is said of the growth of Jesus?
What was his character?
In what may young people be like him?
How did he fulfill the prophecy of Isa. II. 2. 3?

2. THE JOURNEY, v. 41-45.
To what place was the journey?
For what purpose?
What event did this feast recall? Deut. 16. 1
At what age did Jesus attend the feast?
What example did he find in this?
How long did the feast continue? Deut. 16. 8.
What did Jesus do when they returned?
What did his staying show?
Why did not his parents know of his remaining?
When did they learn his absence?
What did they then do?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

An example of earnest worship. An example of interest in God's word. An example of obedience to God.

(For The Republican.)

Our Own Correspondent invades an Ancient Mexican city.

GUYMAS, MEXICO, January, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—This quaint old town in Sonora, Mexico, is located on the east shore of the Gulf of California and has a harbor, land locked and sheltered from the Sea with approaches through channels between the Islands of Pajoras, San Vicente, Pitayas and Cochori. The odd and distinctive features of this strange old town, are so peculiar that I have been tempted to give your readers some idea of its location, its future possibilities, and something of the ante-deluvian habits of this city of 6000 souls.

I came down from 'Frisco on a very comfortable coastwise steamer which touches here about once a month, carrying a few passengers and a light cargo of goods. We anchored one bright morning in the harbor, and while we were preparing to go ashore I took in the wild and romatic surroundings of this port so soon to become a great commercial entrepot in the American Australian trade.

Lazy Yaqui Indians were playing their vocation on every hand catching fish of many varieties or taking shrimps, crabs, lobsters and oysters that are found in great abundance.

The town of Guaymas nestles at the end of its quiet and secure harbor, surrounded on three sides by high bluffy mountains. The opening into the ocean between two high, rugged cliffs, is about five miles from the city, and within this strait the bay widens so as to furnish what has been well termed the most secure harbor on the Pacific. About half a mile from the town an island divides the inner from the outer harbor, and it is on this island that the South-western terminus of the great Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad is located. Here are the immense wharves and unlimited dockage, where the heaviest men-of-war can anchor in insafety. Beyond the island, landward, the water is much shallower, the average depth being but about nine feet, while on the seaward side there is a depth averaging thirty feet. The railroad reaches its terminus by a long bridge from the Eastern shore, and will be able to transport freight to the steamer direct. After some little delay at the custom-house, we walked over to the "American hotel," and I am free to say that it is the oddest looking building in the world enjoying that universal name; a low, square, adobe building, surrounding a court or placita. Its mud floors and small windows, and low ceilings, are striking novelties. After a lunch my friend and I sauntered through the town, which carries the Mexican stamp upon its face. The buildings are all of adobe, built one story high, and better as a class than those in New Mexico. In fact, some of them were highly ornamental. As we neared the public square, or plaza, we found a gay scene awaiting us. The native band from the garrison were playing a medley of Spanish airs, and the plaza was filled with ladies, young and old, in gay costumes, who promenaded without escorts, their natural protectors standing outside the circle and bowing here and there as they recognized acquaintances. It was a very pretty sight to an American unused to such scenes. I found, upon becoming better acquainted, that the inhabitants, are divided into three classes, the "Upper Ten" being the Spanish merchants whom I found refined and educated and with an elegant gentility about them, too often lacking among our own aristocracy.

The middle class are the native Mexican and the lower, the Yaqui Indians, who have been largely employed in grading the road between Hermosilla and Guaymas. I was astontshed to find what we term slavery (called peonage) is in full vogue. If a man becomes in debt to another for $10 he is placed in absolute servitude until it is paid, and as wages vary from 10 to 35 cents a day, a man who once gets behind $10 is hopelessly involved.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of Guaymas is the evident aversion and hostility to any thing which savors of progression. In transporting cargoes from the wharf to the custom houses, no drays or wagons are allowed to be used, because it takes away the labor of the men who "pack" everything on their backs, and in carrying water from the large well which supplies the town the same law is in vogue, and a movement to bring the water into the town by pipes was instantly squelched by the authorities. I made considerable inquiry about these mountains surrounding the town, but nothing seems to have been developed in them as far as mining is concerned. Back further, however, from the coast there are many mines being worked which are paying splendidly, and many more deserted ones where shafts were put down from 300 to 500 feet by the Spaniards years ago, but which now contain more or less water. In those early years these mines were destitute of pumps and proper appliances necessary to free the shafts from water and many excellent mines were destroyed by flooding. These abandoned mines have all reverted to the government and can be bought for a nominal sum. There is rich gold for some enterprising capitalists here with our modern hydraulic pumps these mines could be emptied at a comparatively small expense.

When the A. T. & S. F. shall have completed its line down through this rich mineral county, I prophesy an emigration of miners and business men such as has never been known in the West, for these certainly are rich and promising fields for the lusty prospector. The climate here in winter is (to express it in a single word) perfect, although in the town during the summer months the thermometer ranges pretty high, owing to the mountains keeping out the sea breeze. Living is comparatively cheap and comfortable, and from all accounts everybody is as healthy here as anywhere.

F. S. P.

Sorrow at Seventy.

The Supreme Court of Appeals decided last Saturday that there was no error in the proceedings of the Circuit Court of Preston county, by which Elihu Gregg was sentenced to death for the crime of arson, committed in 1869. The circumstances of this occurrence and the proceedings of both the Preston county authorities and the counsel of Gregg are still fresh in the memory of our readers. The burning of the Court House and jail took place in 1869 and in a short time suspicion fastened upon Gregg, who was shortly afterwards arrested while at work in Fayette county, Pa. He was subsequently arraigned, tried and convicted of the crime, before Judge Dille, of that Circuit. Pending the execution of the sentence, however, he escaped from jail, loitered around the neighborhood for a time, and then went West, where for the next eight or nine years he remained unmolested, as no strong effort was made to recapture him.

After a lapse of these years, however, he grew weary of the face of strangers, and determined to revisit the scenes of his old residence and exploits, and again came east. He was frequently seen in different sections of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and at last was arrested in Greene county, Pa., by the Sheriff of that county, and confined in Waynesburg jail, subject to the requisition of the West Virginia authorities. The requisition came, but it was not potent enough at the time to take Gregg from the Pennsylvania officials, and a long season of legal wranglings ensued, carried on by the late George O. Davenport, who, by the way, was indefatigable during his life time in his efforts to rescue his client from the meshes of the law. Attorney General White very ably represented the State of West Virginia in these contests, and finally succeeded in having Gregg surrendered to Deputy Sheriff Mitchell, of this county, in the fall of 1878, since which time he has been in our jail. There are a great many other incidents connected with the eventful history of this septuagenarian, which are familiar to all who have any knowledge of it at all.

The case has been in the Supreme Court for a long time, on the grounds that there was an error in the trial at Kingwood, and on this slender thread the old man's hope of protracting his life has hung.

While at the jail yesterday a reporter of this paper asked Mr. Gregg what he thought of the recent action of the Court of Appeals.

"When I read the action of the court," said he, "I thought it was merely a hoax gotten up by some one to see how it would work on my mind. There are some persons who imagine that I am the subject of ungovernable passion, and also say that a man who would make an attempt to take his own life is not sane. I do not have any physical fear of death. I have in my lifetime been in its immediate presence three times, and I would rather die now than be taken again to Preston county and be compelled to undergo the sufferings, or some of them, I there endured.

I was confined in the jail in Kingwood for months, chained and fettered to the floor, and while there subjected to the jeers and menaces of those who chose to inflict them upon me, and my sufferings there were nothing short of a martyr's in hell.

You want me to tell you the particulars of my escape. After my confinement to the Kingwood jail I possessed myself of a small piece of glass and began experimenting with it. I soon discovered that by holding this glass in a certain position it would cut the links of my fetters. I was loose five times during my incarceration. One time a little girl saw me walking around in my cell and told her mother, and I was soon chained down again.

Finally, November 1st, 1869, I escaped from the jail carrying my steel fetters with me, a distance of thirty miles, and when I weighed them they tilted the scales at four pounds and a half. I collected some money, went to Missouri, came back here and the rest you know.

"Well, I can hardly say what I think of the proceedings of last Saturday. They were quite a surprise. I thought that the lower court would be directed to enter a *nolle prosequi* and then my discharge would follow. I am now represented by B. B. Dovener and Governor Jacobs. They have not been to see me for some time, and I do not know what action will be taken. I do not think that I have anything to fear so far as capital punishment is concerned."

The old gentleman has a bright eye, a clear and facile utterance and talks with much intelligence. He has busied himself while in this city in teaching prisoners to read and write and in making himself generally useful about the jail.—*Wheeling Register*.

Buying Fruit Trees.

The tree peddler is now abroad in the land, and his voice will be heard, like the turtle's, for a month or two to come. Beware of whom you buy fruit trees. In this, as in all other kinds of business, there are swindlers and unreliable dealers and agents. Of all things, buying fruit trees requires the utmost caution. If you make a mistake here. It is one that is almost without a remedy—at least for four or five years to come. Several columns could be written on this quite important topic, but I shall confine myself to brief suggestions only, trusting to the intelligent reader to thoughtfully consider and act upon my text.

Had I known as much about trees years ago as I now do, my orchard of seventy trees would have been worth four or five times as much as it is new. I know almost next to nothing about fruit trees or varieties, and relied solely upon the statements of the tree peddlers in the selection of varieties. I thought then that a tree that bore well in the north would bear well anywhere that a tree would grow.

Fatal delusion! Here in Central Kentucky my Rhode Island Greenings, Pryor's Red and some others, now fifteen years old, are only fit for firewood or shade. I have never plucked a sound apple from them, nor a green one either for that matter, as they fall off before maturity. No orchard is better kept than mine either. You ask, what is the novice to do, then, if he desires to plant an orchard? The answer is, go to some of your neighbors who know from experience or observation what kind and varieties of fruit succeed in your locality, and then buy none others, from a known and trustworthy nurseryman, and a home one at least, if such there in your State, and the nearer home the better.

Do not be misled and deceived by the flaming and beautiful pictures of fruit the tree agent carries around with him, nor the "bottled loveliness" that he carries in his trunks, swelled to twice or thrice their natural size by the alcohol in the bottle. The marvelous tales these agents will tell you about the wonderful fruits he has to sell will entrap you to your own ruin in purse and prospects. Here is a specimen of their promises:

"The Baron Munchausen plum.' That, sir, is a plum grown only by our firm. The seed was picked up off the coast of Spain by a shipwrecked sailor in 1860, and planted by him, and the tree grew into a beautiful shade in three years, and at the fifth year it yielded a crop of thirteen bushels, which sold in the Madrid markets at $15 per bushel. It was tried in every State in this union by grafts and buds, and has been found universally fruitful and excellent everywhere. See! here is a fair specimen in this pint bottle of alcohol; you see, three of them almost fill the bottle. We have less than five hundred of these trees, one year old, left. You may have them at $5 a tree. By all means take six of them, as you may not have another chance to get them, and in five years from now you can sell plumbs enough to buy a small farm."

Of course, if the man who wants trees is not "up to snuff," he will (consulting only the size of his bank account) order an extra large number of the "Baron Munchausen" plumb trees, one year old; but alas! only to find in the end that "a fool and his money soon part."

There are many honest tree dealers, of course—men who are as reliable as those in any other business; but that fact does not militate against my advice. Beware of whom you buy fruit trees, and of the kind you plant in your locality.—*Fruit Record*.

Daring Act of a Lieutenant in the Harbor of Callao.

The Lima correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* gives an account of a boat action which took place a few weeks ago off the harbor of Callao, and which proves that the spirit of daring displayed throughout the war by the officers and men of the Peruvian navy has not been destroyed by the many disastrous reverses they have suffered. A small steam launch, armed with a nine-pounder gun and a mitrailleuse, was employed in guard duty in the harbor of Callao, when about 2 o'clock in the morning a Chillian launch was observed approaching from the north end of the island of San Lorenzo. The Peruvian boat at once steamed to meet its adversary, and firing four rounds at it, caused it to turn and make its way back again behind the island. Shortly afterwards, however, the Chillian launch reappeared, accompanied this time by a larger and armored boat with two funnels. Undismayed by the superiority of its adversary, the Peruvian launch hastened to the encounter, the officer commanding determined to endeavor to destry the armored Chillian vessel with a torpedo containing 100 pounds of powder with which his boat was provided. Running up under the bows of the Chillian boat, the Peruvian officer sought to explode his torpedo by setting fire to its fuse with a lamp, but failing to accomplish this, drew his revolver and fired into the charge of the torpedo. At the second shot this latter exploded. So violent was the explosion that the Peruvian boat was itself completely destroyed, but the bow of the Chillian vessel was also driven in, and the latter sank almost immediately. The six men forming the crew of the Peruvian launch were drowned, but the lieutenant was picked up by the second Chillian boat, which also took off the crew of her consort. Since then attempts have been made by the Chilians, to raise their sunken vessel, but as the latter lies under the guns of one of the forts of the harbor, the effort has hitherto been unsuccessful.

Dakota is a pretty good chunk of a territory. It is just about four times as large as the state of Ohio, and although it does not contain anything like as many available candidates for office, it has plenty of room in which to grow them. The New York *Tribune* is so much impressed with this fact that it advocates the division of the territory into three new ones, retaining the name of Dakota for the southeastern portion, and labelling the sections north and south of the forty-sixth parallel respectivly Pembina and Lincoln. According to the last census, Dakota has a population of 134,502, and taking into account the immigration of the past six or seven months, it is quite probable that it now numbers close on to 150,000 souls. By the proposed division, the new Dakota would have a population of 95,000, Pembina of 40,000, and Lincoln of 15,000, and the first of these sufficient to warrant its admission as a state. We shall expect to hear a good deal of opposition to this project from Democratic sources, for Dakota would be pretty sure to increase the Republican majority in Congress

Opinion of a Baltimorean.—I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for some time in my family and found it the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c., I ever tried.—Louis Bruning, 29 Caroline Street.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

J. CÆSAR'S VISIT TO M. T. CICERO.

HAVE you heard how Julius Cæsar
Made a call on Cicero
In his modest Formian villa,
Many and many a year ago?

"I shall pass your way," wrote Cæsar,
"On the Saturnalia third,
And I'll just drop in, my Tullius,
For a quiet, friendly word.

"Don't make a stranger of me, Marc,
Nor be at all put out;
A snack of anything you have
Will serve my need, no doubt.

"I wish to show my confidence—
The invitation's mine—
I come to share your simple food
And taste your honest wine."

Up rose M. Tullius Cicero,
And seized a Roman punch—
Then mused upon the Godlike soul
Was coming round to lunch.

"By Hercules!" he murmured low
Unto his lordly self,
"There are not many dainties left
Upon my pantry shelf.

"But what I have shall Julius share.
What ho!" he proudly cried.
"Great Cæsar comes this way anon,
To sit my chair beside.

"A dish of lampreys quickly stew,
And cook them to a turn,
For that's his favorite pabulum,
From Mumurra I learn."

[All is got in readiness for a feast for two, when a messenger appears with word that "Brave Cæsar comes to greet his friend with twice a thousand men," whereupon Cicero sent out and bought sheep and oxen by the score, and got up the best feast he could, so that Cæsar had a good time. It gave Cicero an awful fright, however.]

And when he wrote to Atticus,
And all the story told,
He ended his epistle thus:
"J. C.'s a warrior bold,

"A vastly entertaining man,
In learning quite immense,
So full of literary skill
And most uncommon sense.

"But, frankly, I should never say
'No trouble, sir, at all;'
And when you pass this way again
Give us another call!'"

—*James T. Fields.*

MAX REINEKE'S GREAT BOOK.

IF Max Reineke's suit had been accepted when he proposed for the hand of Dorothea, Judge Boser's daughter, his life might have flowed on to this day with uneventful smoothness. He might not have been a great man, famous all over the world, but he might have been a happier one than he seems to have been, judging from the few words that escaped him at the time of his death, which occurred six weeks ago. Old Judge Boser was president of the tribunal in the Grand Duchy of Kocklenberg, and he was in a position both to have portioned his daughter and to have advanced the interests of his son-in-law; but, possibly, it was by reason of his own influence and respectability that he scouted the suit of Max Reineke, who had nothing in the world to recommend him except a handsome face and great proficiency in the arts of fencing and gymnastics. Dorothea sighed at her father's harshness. She knew that Max was the admired of all the girls in Kocklenberg. He had such lovely blue eyes and curly flaxen hair; he wore his student's cap so jauntily; he smiled with such grace; and then, as above said, he had such marvelous skill in the use of the rapier! At least a half dozen brother students had had their faces gashed by him in duels; and as for feats of strength, why, Max could crack a peach stone between his knuckles as easily as you or I crack a filbert. These are great titles to a girl's esteem; and Dorothea Boser, when she gave her heart to Max, never inquired how many thalers there might or might not be in his pockets.

So the two young people were made thoroughly wretched by Judge Boser's pride; and, while Dorothea was sent off to spend a few months with an aunt of hers in Bavaria, Max Reineke remained in Kocklenberg and addicted himself to ardent study, in order to efface his sorrow. He obtained an appointment as sub-professor of mathematics in the Gymnasium, or High School, of the Duchy, and in his leisure hours he used to frequent the library of the Grand Duke's palace, the custodian of which, Herr Schlafzimmer, was his good friend, and allowed him free run of the shelves. Unfortunately, Max Reineke had more ambition to learn than perspicacity as regards the branch of study which it best suited him to master. He read enormously, but desultorily, taking up one subject, then another, but not being able to make up his mind as to what particular kind of knowledge he could best assimilate. He wanted to become a man of science; but the more he read the less he seemed to learn, somehow. The pictures impressed on his mind by one day's reading vanished like dissolving views at the contact of what he perused the day following; so that by degrees, having tired his brain by taxing it overmuch, he fell into a somnolent mood, and wasted in dreams the precious hours which he might have spent in action.

So time rolled on rather unprofitably for Max; but one day it befell that the dueal librarian, Herr Schlafzimmer, died; and the Grand Duke, who had heard that good-looking Max Reineke was always poring over the dustiest volumes in their book-store, appointed the young man to the comfortable post which had become vacant. About six months later a great wonder startled the scientific world. From one of the greatest publishing houses in Leipsic issued an exhaustive treatise, in three volumes, on "The Transformations of Animal Nature." It bore the name of Max Reineke on the title-page, and made that young man instantly famous among all the learned societies of the earth.

What had happened? Had Max, on being appointed to his librarianship, become suddenly inflated by genius? Had his mind cleared of its dreamy clouds and released his hands from the fetters of lazy hesitation? No. Max Reineke, while ferreting among some of the unexplored shelves of the Grand Duke's library, had simply come upon a manuscript which bore traces of having been indited about fifty years previously, but had no author's name. It was not entered in the catalogue, either. It was wrapped up in a calico cover, which had been sealed, and from the thick layer of dust which encrusted this cover it was evident that the parcel had not been disturbed for years—perhaps not since the day when it had been first laid there. How came it that a work of such value had been allowed to lie so long in obscure neglect?

Max could only conjecture that some departed savant had composed the treatise during the troublous period of the Napoleonic wars, when Germany was overrun with armies, and that he had carried it to the library for safety—as to a literary bank—hoping to publish it in times of peace, but that death had overtaken him before he could either give effect to his design or bequeath the fruits of his wonderful labors to a successor. Of one thing Max Reineke felt sure—the existence of this work on "Transformation" was unknown to men of science, and most of the discoveries revealed in it were new. Whoever the unknown author was, he had been more than half a century ahead of his age.

Max had knowledge enough of his own to perceive this, and once the idea occurred to him of appropriating the treasure he had found, he displayed the cunning requisite to escape detection. He recopied the whole work, destroying the pages of the original as fast as he had transcribed them, and amending the style so as to strip it of all the phraseology that was out of date. Meanwhile he was careful to mention to his friends that he was busy writing a work on "Animal Transformation," so that the publication of the work might not take his familiars too much by surprise.

All this scheming succeeded perfectly, and, to the amazement of the people of Kocklenberg, who never suspected that they had a genius among them, young Reineke, who was then but twenty-six, became ranked among the intellectual giants of the world. The Grand Duke, to mark his sense of the honor thus won by a subject, conferred a decoration upon the precocious savant; but so many decorations came pouring in from other potentates that soon His Serene Highness went further and made Max a Baron. By this time the author of "Animal Transformation" had been elected a member of innumerable scientific bodies, while successive editions of his book had brought him money in heaps. But more precious to Max than titles, stars, crosses or wealth was the prize he won in getting the hand of his dear Dorothea. Old Boser could not decline the suit of a man who was now by many cubits his social superior, and indeed he was among the first who went to pay his court to the new Baron Reineke, declaring that he "had always augured well of him," and so forth.

So Max and Dorothea were married, amid great pomp, in the chapel of the Grand Duke's palace; and then, one of the Kings of Germany having summoned the Baron to be one of his Aulic Councilors and to take charge of all the natural history museums of his realm, Max left Kocklenberg, with his bride, to embark on a new career of honor. During three or four months he was supremely happy.

He could not remain so much longer, for though he might stifle the reproving voice of his conscience by arguing that he had wronged nobody in taking the glory of a work done by a man who was dead and unknown, yet he could not evade the inconvenience of having usurped credit for more knowledge than he possessed. He was like a man who has flown to a pinnacle on borrowed wings, and who, when those wings have been taken from him can neither get down nor fly higher. His native wit enabled him to talk wisely and, indeed, brilliantly on the subjects which he was believed to have mastered, but he was continually being asked to write another book, or at least to explain some of the obscure points of his treatise in essays for scientific reviews, and this he dared not do. When he took up his pen he found it was too heavy for him, like the sword of a colossal knight in the hands of a pigmy. Try as he would to instruct himself in the science which his book contained, he could not get beyond a certain point; and as for pushing further on than his master in the course which the latter had cleared, that was out of the question. Yet it was manifest to Max Reineke, as it was to many others, that the book published in his name demanded a sequel, and that the true author of it had intended to give a sequel. So Max groaned in spirit; and in order to escape from the importunities of friends and admirers, he was fain to enwrap himself in a cold reserve, hinting vaguely that he was preparing a new work, but declining to enter into any conversation about its contents.

His character altered. He had been gay; he became sad and even morose. Happening in a spleenful moment to say something which displeased the King who was employing him, he was politely dismissed from his post; and soon afterward the failure of a bank in which he had lodged almost all his money left him in serious pecuniary straits. Then it became a question of putting his pen to paper in order to earn his bread. His beloved Dorothea—the only person to whom he always showed a kind face—came to him, with tears in her eyes, and dandling her baby, to beg that for their dear little one's sake Max would rouse himself and conquer new fields. The husband and father was shaken by this appeal. He kissed the tears from his wife's eyes; he stroked the head of the baby very gently, and looked into its face with a gaze so conscience-stricken and wistful that the child seemed almost to understand, and answered with a startled stare. Then Max, in broken tones, promised that he would do his best, and the same night he set to work.

None but himself ever knew what he suffered during the progress of the gigantic task which he had undertaken. Every faculty of his was on the strain—his brain striving to pierce through the problems that encompassed it like so many forest trees that had to be rooted up and cast down before any advance could be made—his brain was overworked, and seemed at times to be dying from exhaustion. But there was money to be won for his wife and child, and Max looked ever on to this goal when he felt his strength leave him. Whether his book was good or bad, it would bring him wealth; for a publisher had promised to pay him £10,000 for a five years' copyright as soon as the complete manuscript should be placed in his hands. Well, the book was finished, and the author laid down his pen with an undefinable sigh—and a rather bitter smile—of relief; for it had been growing plain to him for some time past that if disgrace were in store for him he should not live long to feel it. His end was approaching. He knew from the palpitations of his heart, produced by over-wrought nervous activity, that the main-spring of his organism had been tampered with past mending, and that the first emotion of any violent kind would kill him. His great consolation now was that at all events his wife and child were provided for; and as to his fame, why, if that were assailed when he was gone, his wife would not be among those who spoke against him. In her eyes he would always remain what he was then; and truly that was about all he cared for now.

* * * * * *

The money had been paid; the proofs of the book had been corrected; the great work, advertised in every newspaper of the world, was about to come out. The day arrived when it did come out—going forth from the press in thousands upon thousands of copies to the hands of innumerable impatient readers. Then Max Reineke was like the prisoner who stands at the bar and awaits the verdict of a jury—awaits it with head bowed, too; for at the hands of public opinion the guilt-stricken man expected no favorable judgment.

He had been ailing for some time past; and one evening he was wheeled out into the garden in a chair, where he sat propped by pillows. It was at the hour when the postman brought the morning papers from the big city which Max had abandoned when he retired to write his book; and both he and his wife were aware that the first reviews of the book would probably be in the papers which they were then awaiting. Max had been almost speechless for half an hour, Dorothea being seated at his feet, with the child on her lap.

Suddenly the postman appeared. The poor woman rose and rushed to the gate, to be the first bearer of the good tidings which she fondly hoped would bring back to her husband his life and health and glad looks. She almost snatched the papers from the postman's hands, and in a second she had torn the bands off. Max watched her from afar, motionless, with death mounting slowly to his eyes—like a tide at sunset. Then he heard an exulting cry ring through the air, and Dorothea came hurrying back.

"Max, dear Max!" she exclaimed, as she flourished the paper; "look! read what they say—they declare it's a greater book than the first! See, see! they all say it!"

Max looked and read. He had strength enough to do that, for his forces returned to him for a moment in one final flow before the everlasting ebb set in. The evening shadows were gathering fast. Max took up one paper after another, glanced at them, and then sank back, while tears gushed from his eyes, trickling fast. . . . One more effort he made, and clasped his wife's hand, looking from her to the child she held.

"Dorothea, dear — I've — not — not been happy of late," he murmured. "Teach the child to be truthful and honest—there's no peace otherwise. And now I must thank God! A great book they said it was, eh? Well, then, I can meet that Other One without so much shame."

To this day poor Dorothea does not know whom her great departed husband meant by that Other One to whom he alluded in his last breath.—*Belgravia.*

The Fumons Comstock Lode.

IN noting the departure for Europe of Mr. John W. Mackay, the California millionaire, a New York paper presents the following interesting particulars relating to the famous Comstock Lode, the camping ground, as it were, of more than one of the Pacific Coast millionaires:

"There has been, no doubt, considerable of the 'wild-cat' business in mining, in one way or another, but with the following results and figures, which are unquestionably true, staring one in the face, it will be seen why the most far-sighted and knowing ones continue to pin their faith to and pan their profits from the above celebrated section. The north end of the ledge is now attracting especial attention, and from latest developments these made in the Original Keystone mine—the latter running 1,800 feet on the main ledge, and according to the recent investigation and report of the English expert, John D. Barry, A. I. C. E., one of the most promising mines on the lode—are particularly interesting, and all the indications point to highly gratifying results:

"'The celebrated Comstock vein or lode is situated in Story County, in the State of Nevada, on a chain of mountains called the Washoo Range, east of the Sierra Nevada, having a mean elevation of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, Mount Division, the highest peak, reaching an elevation of 7,960 feet.

"'The range begins near Carson City, running with a general direction of 22° west of north for 150 miles.

"'The whole region represents a great barren wilderness, where nature has denied all agricultural prosperity, but in her equity has stored probably the greatest amount of mineral wealth to be found in one locality in the world.

"'During the last twenty years the Comstock vein has given sixteen benanzas, from which 6,500,000 tons of ore have been extracted.

"'The average assay of this large mass was $56 per ton; it yielded in the mill $41.80; and from the treatment of sluices, $5—total, $46.80 per ton.

"'Thus the total value of the ore extracted was $363,671,605, yielding a net sum from mills and sluices of $323,671,605. The average proportion of precious metals in value is 45 per cent. gold and 55 per cent. silver.'"

C. E. HOWARD VINCENT is at the head of the detective force in London, and has 450 regular detectives under his control. He is said to be a man of great energy of character, kind to the unfortunate, but most persistent in bringing criminals to justice. He speaks French, German and Russian with great fluency.

—You might as well try to strike a light on a block of ice as to try to do business without advertising.

Shetland Ponies.

THE ponies are not an agricultural, but a domestic, necessity. In Shetland, as in parts of Ireland, every family depends for its supply of fuel on peat, and as the peat is seldom found near at hand on the shore where the houses stand, but on the hill behind them—there is always a hill in the rear in Shetland, every island consisting mainly of hill, with a patch or two of "smooth" land in a few snug nooks by the shore—and as it often is at a distance of several steep and stony miles, each house requires several ponies, the number depending on the distance and the character of the road. A family living "convenient" to the peat may require only two peat carriers, and another family may require half a dozen. The material, after it has been dug and dried in the usual manner, is carried home on the backs of the ponies in baskets, called "cassies." It is obvious that the back which has to perform this kind of service should be broad and strong. The Shetland pony is a striking example of development; for generations past he has been bred and reared and trained with a uniformity which could not have been secured in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size, and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has had to pick its zigzag way down a steep declivity during many generations must be sure-footed. By the same rule a pony whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood, who roll about underneath him or upon his back—must be gentle, and the same pony, living on the scathold on air sometimes rather than on herbage, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles is, in fact, the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab's steed under similar training. He will follow his friends in-doors like a dog, and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more kick in him than a cat, and no more bite than a puppy. He is a noble example of the complete suppression of these vicious propensities that some of his kind exhibit when they are ill-treated, and of the intelligence and good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming frightened or tired, even when he has carried some stout laird from Lerwick to his house, many Scotch miles across the hills. He moves down the rugged hillsides with admirable circumspection, loaded pannier-fashion with two heavy "cassies" of peat, picking his way step by step, sometimes sideways. In crossing boggy spots, where the water is retained, and a green carpet of aquatic grass might deceive some steeds and bring them headlong to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface, and is thus enabled to circumvent the danger. In the winter the Shetland pony wears a coat made of felted hair, and specially suited for the season. His thick winter garment is well adapted for protecting him against the fogs and damps of the climate. It is exceedingly warm and comfortable, fits close to the wearer's dapper form, and is not bad-looking when new. But when the coat grows old toward spring, at the season when the new one should appear, it becomes the shabbiest garment of the kind that you often see. Its very amplitude and the abundance of the material render it the more conspicuous, when it peels and hangs for awhile ragged and worn out, and then falls bit by bit till the whole of it disappears. No horse looks at his best when losing his old coat, and the more coat there may be to lose the worse he looks.

A Question of Manners.

THERE seems to be a vague but operative action in many social circles that it is "bad form" to introduce to each other persons who meet casually in the parlor of a common friend. At least it is held that this ceremony is not to be performed without the consent of both parties thereto.

This belief is probably founded on the social usages of older countries, as, for example, Germany and France, where introductions are not customary. But there it is an unwritten law that strangers, meeting under the roof of a common friend, whether by invitation or accident, shall greet each other as acquaintances, talk easily, and part with graceful civility. The hostess, by virtue of her office, stands as the social sponsor of each for the moment, and to hesitate to speak to any one of her visitors is to discredit her taste and judgment. Of course the continuance of the acquaintance is a matter to be left entirely to the decision of the two persons concerned.

In England, on the other hand, it has been generally considered indecorous to speak without a formal introduction, which is usually offered only when the hostess feels assured that the acquaintance will prove a mutually agreeable one. But this usage doubtless grew out of the very marked differences of caste, which implied different social worlds. With the new life of this century; the vast influence of trade and commerce; the nearness of nations formerly held alien and foreign, and the attrition of their ideas; the general interest in science which takes hold of men and women of all ranks and no rank; the altered feeling about women, which begins to make the suppressed sex not only significant factors in the economic sum, but working, thinking, and shaping members of the social fabric; and with the changing fortunes of the time, which puts immense wealth in new hands, and impoverishes the heirs of old names and ancient heritages—with these subverting conditions, we say, the rigid lines of caste must yield or be broken. And any American traveler of distinction will doubtless have observed that in the best English society introductions have either become much more general, or are regarded as unnecessary.

We, however, appear to have adopted the English custom without the English reason therefor, or hope of advantage therein. And if we go on in our present way, we bid fair to make our social festivities as heavy as those of the middle-class drawing-rooms of our kin across the sea; for women are constitutionally timid, and usually fear to make advances. To be conspicuous of being less well dressed or less well placed in the social world than her neighbor is to put an extinguisher often on the most scintillant of her sex. If her acquaintance is sought, she will show herself charming, but she will not seem to solicit recognition, though the alternative is a dreary silence and isolated state.

The hostess, at ease in her world, may think this a foolish reticence. But since shy or obscure women are afraid to speak without authority, she should make it an invariable custom to introduce. The law is very simple. Whatever puts her guests most at ease is her obvious duty. There is a certain social law of centripetal force which may be trusted to send the right atoms together if the artificial restraints are removed. And it often happens that the richest friendships of one's life ensue from these chance encounters, while, on the other hand, if both parties to the occasion feel, like Slender, that "if there be no great love at the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it on better acquaintance," a civil bow on meeting is the only future recognition which courtesy requires.

Perhaps the form of introduction might be made more helpful than it is. There are certain fixed rules, of course, based on sufficient reason, which everybody is supposed to understand and observe. It is proper, for example, always to introduce a gentleman to a lady, a younger woman to an elder, a stranger or a new-comer to the longer resident. But beyond this the phrase and tone employed might convey an assurance of a rewarding acquaintance, or simply imply a courtesy of the moment. Suppose, for instance, the hostess were to say, "Mrs. Blank, I am so glad of this opportunity to introduce to you Mrs. Dash," or, "It is such a pleasure to introduce two people who ought to know each other," or any other agreeably conventional sentence, there is a ground of liking and a sense of familiarity established at once. If, on the other hand, she sees that there is not likely to be any common interest between the two strangers, the usual form, "Mrs. Blank, pray allow me to present Mrs. Dash to you," merely means, "Now you two women, who happen to stand together, may leave off your futile attempts to look unconscious of each other's existence, and become as agreeable to each other as your limitations will allow." A woman must be ponderous indeed who can not find a few words of graceful commonplace to bestow on her new acquaintance, or, having offered them, who can not easily and inoffensively glide out of the conversation.

But if it be the duty of the hostess to introduce, it is not less plainly the duty of her guests to speak to each other without her intervention. The law of kindness, which precedes and underlies the code of etiquette, commands them to assist her in her effort to give them pleasure. "A jest's prosperity," says the all-perceiving Shakspeare, "lies in the ear of him who hears it, never in the tongue of him who utters it." And it is equally true that all social successes depend on the spirit of the guests far more than upon the skill of the hostess. She is but one. They are many. Schiller complained that the gods themselves must fight in vain against stupidity, and there is no stupidity more hopeless than that which makes a woman in society regard her own preference, prejudice, or timidity as of more consequence than the pleasure of the rest.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Burdette's Visit to Mark Twain.

I think I have never been in a home more beautifully home-like than this palace of the king of humorists. The surroundings of the house are beautiful, and its quaint architecture, broad East Indian portico, the Greek patterns in Mosaic in the dark-red brick walls, attract and charm the attention and good taste of the passer-by, for the home, inside and out, is the perfection of exquisite taste and harmony. But with all its architectural beauty and originality, the elegance of its interior finish and decorations, the greatest charm about the house is the atmosphere of "homelikeness" that pervades it. Charmingly as he can entertain thousands of people at a time from the platform, Mr. Clements is even a more perfect entertainer in his home. The brightest and best sides of his nature shine out at his fireside. The humor and drollery that sparkle in his conversation is as utterly unaffected and natural as sunlight. Indeed, I don't believe he knows or thinks that most of his talk before the sparkling fire, up in the pleasant retirement of his billiard-room study, is marketable merchandise worth so much a page to the publishers; but it is. And it is not all drollery and humor. He is so earnest that his earnestness charms you fully as much as his brighter flashes, and once in a while there is in his voice an inflection of wonderful pathos, so touched with melancholy that you look into the kind, earnest eyes to see what thought has touched his voice. And he has a heart as big as his body; I believe there does not live a man more thoroughly unselfish and self-forgetful. Two little girls and a boy baby (bright-eyed, good-tempered and with a full head of hair as brown as his father's) assist Mrs. Clemens to fill the heart of the reigning humorist, and they do it most completely. Personally, Mr. Clemens is perhaps a little above the medium height, of good symmetrical physique, brown hair, scarcely touched with gray, that curls over a high, white forehead; friendship in his eyes, hearty cordiality in the grasp of a well-shaped, white hand, strong enough and heavy enough to be a manly hand; his age is forty something, and he looks thirty-five; in the evening, "after the lamps are lighted," his face has a wonderfully boyish look, and he loves a good cigar even better than Grant does.—*Hawkeye.*

A VERY sad accident, resulting in the death of Elfride Mary Catherine, the only child of Prof. Frederick R. Houry, of the Yale Art School, occurred in New Haven, Conn. Prof. Houry left his home to attend a Christmas service. Mrs. Houry had been ailing for some time and had been using chloroform, keeping the bottle in a closet. She fell asleep in her chair, and the child, looking only a month of being two years old, crept to the closet and obtained the bottle of chloroform, removing the cork and inhaling the contents. When the Professor returned to his home, his wife was yet asleep in her chair and the child was dead on the floor.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

THE outside fiber of the cocoanut is now used for shoe heels, and is said to be a good substitute for leather.

IN a new electric battery, one of the elements is composed of sheet iron less than the 10.1000 of an inch in thickness.

DR. MULLER, of Geneva, has made a calculation in which he estimates the number of plant species existing on the globe to reach a minimum total of 250,000.

AN English chemist was troubled with an escape of gas, and on removing a large vinegar barrel he found that the vinegar had leaked, and percolating through the floor had eaten a large hole in the lead gas pipe.

THE color-blind business is to be followed up by something else. A learned professor at Heidelberg has now published statistics "showing that engine-drivers on railways are peculiarly subject to affections of the ear which might compromise the safety of travelers."

THE deepest artesian well in California, near Stockton, has struck water at 976 feet, and flows 300,000 gallons daily. This gives hope that the higher lands near the foot-hills, which are now only useful for sheep pasture a few weeks after the rainy season, will be redeemed by deep borings.

AN important invention is announced to have been made by Joseph Albert, the Munich photographer. By combining the ordinary photographic process with that pertaining to a peculiar printing press of his own invention, he is said to have produced images of objects with the finest shades of their natural color.

A ST. LOUIS photographer has successfully used the electric light in printing photo-negatives. During holiday week the sun was so obscured as to seriously interfere with negative printing. In this exigency the electric light was resorted to and proved superior even to the brightest of sun's rays. So the artist reports.

ACCORDING to Dr. Edward Smith, an egg contains 15 1-2 per cent. of carbon and 2 per cent. of nitrogen. Another writer estimates that the value of one pound of eggs as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1,584 to 900. As a flesh-producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

THAT scientific wonders will never cease is again illustrated by the fact that fire-proof houses can now be built out of cotton and straw. In the first instance the cotton used is the refuse of the plantations and factories. It is converted into paste, which gets to be as hard as stone, and is called architectural cotton. It is made in large slabs.

PITH AND POINT.

EXPERIENCE is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.—*Josh Billings.*

THE average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A MAN never looks so much like a red-handed villain as when he is told by the photographer to "*look pleasant.*"—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A YOUNG man in love is not necessarily a mathematician, but he is nearly always a sigh for her. If you can't cipher this out we sigh for you.—*Steubenville Herald.*

ALL the base-ball players have gone into winter quarters, but you don't hear anything of them except the batter, and he is making short stops on the breakfast table.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A MEMPHIS woman ran against a grocery awning in the dark and fractured her jaw, and the jury returned only eight dollars damages. It costs four times that to hit a Detroit woman on the nose with a soft snow-ball.—*Free Press.*

A CINCINNATI paper avers that "women dress too hastily." This clearly is "sarkasm," or else the editor never sat for two mortal hours in a hired cutter, waiting for Angelina to "be down in a moment."—*Catskill Recorder.*

TABLEAU VIVANT.—Bridegroom (to his little sister-in-law at the breakfast)—"Well, Julie, you've got a new brother, now——" Julie (enfant terrible)—"Yes; and ma said the other day to pa, she didn't think he was much account, on'y it looked like Lottie's last chance!" (Great clatter of knives, forks and spoons).—*London Punch.*

NOBODY wants to be Secretary of the Navy for the remaining two months of Mr. Hayes's rule. A man couldn't more than get the trick of walking with his feet wide apart, pulling his trousers up every little while and hailing people with "avast there, messmate," before he'd become an ordinary landsman, and then those habits would make him appear ridiculous.—*Boston Post.*

An Incident at a Hotel.

A SINGULAR affair happened at a Petersburg (Va.) hotel the other day. Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, desired to be called at an early hour in the morning that they might take an express train for the North. At the appointed hour the hotel messenger rapped at the door of the man from Washington to arouse him. The occupant of the room, taking the messenger for an intruder, jumped from bed, dashed at him with a pitcher in hand, and chased him from the room. Returning, the gentleman by mistake entered the apartment of the New Yorker, who was dressing, and whom he also took to be an intruder. A contest of strength ensued, during which the pitcher was broken to pieces and both men were slightly injured. The New Yorker escaped from the room and called for help, while the man from Washington, master of the situation, locked himself inside. Help was soon obtained in the person of some men in the hotel and one or two police officers, and the man from Washington was persuaded to open the door and go to his own room. He soon after seemed to awaken as if from a dream, appearing entirely ignorant of what he had done. He apologized to the New Yorker for his conduct, and they went North together on the train.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Our doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door
Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big, merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said, too, of him
He was hilpper in using he knife than in trying to save the limb.
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who could break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drenched with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case.
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own;"
But he turned to me, "Ay, good, woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said, "Ye do it to me when ye do it to these?"

So he went. And we passed to this ward, where the younger children are laid;
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her, who loved her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years.
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours.
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little dear!
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it. O, Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "were you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come unto me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more;
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The bleat of a motherless lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken beside with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

—*From Tennyson's New Poems.*

AT FIFTY.

Yes, fifty is a great age—people seem to think it is; a half-century. I have felt it as I looked back upon the years; I have felt it as I looked before me in the glass; I have felt it in the society of Belle and her mates; I have felt it when people treated me with the cool politeness due their own self-respect, and, that done, have fled to the charms of little Belle and Alice, that only yesterday I remember in their cradles; and if I had any common-sense I should not have felt it with the regret I did.

But I hated all along to be growing toward fifty. I hated to see that I could not sit out-doors of an evening without a little shawl; that I could not take the old rambles and rides of my youth unless fatigued; that instead of thrilling freshly in every nerve to the beauty of sunset and scenery as I used to do, I quivered only in remembering how I used to thrill.

And then, too, I dreaded to be old, thinking if some day—some day—Maskelyn should see me, and pass by without knowing me, or, if knowing me, knowing only to suffer mortal shock at the sight; never thinking that Maskelyn also was growing old. Ah, perhaps I should have dreaded it all the more if I had thought the years were setting lines in the smooth olive of that face, were dimming the fire of those great eyes, were whitening the darkness of the locks that fell across that brow of his, were impairing the music of that voice. I never did think it. To me he had a sort of immortality. And now—now I am fifty years old, as I was yesterday; but it is not bitter any more, as it was yesterday, with that old bitterness of vanished strength and interest; for I love life. I feel the blood bounding warmly in my veins; death seems farther away than ever—it is only bitter now because I have nothing but this old face, this old heart, these used-up fifty years, to give Maskelyn. It is bitter, too, lest people should smile at Maskelyn—

I was sitting in the porch, thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicious odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned to and fro in the fragrance, full of the dark, sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been made just to come to blossom in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thought of the other without speaking, and knew that there was no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with certainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young, and the traveler for a commercial house; he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer Beauxtemps at St. Louis—and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that blow no one knows whither.

There had taken passage on that fatal steamer a wealthy planter of Louisiana, with his wife, an invalid French lady, and their young daughter, Adele. She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and, passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like, too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconstruction or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them; and if they knew they were racing the Charon, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shriek of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of flying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two among them all, afloat but alive.

Afloat in the branches of a huge tree that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the Charon's boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adele had done more than open her eyes and close them again. Neither she nor he had been seriously hurt, but they were absolutely alone in the thick night and the rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing, no one heeded them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in two days and nights Maskelyn had learned that she loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate, tropical creature!

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans, where he found the black-robed parents, who had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adele's father was able to find him, and to beseech him to accompany him if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink of madness.

Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a superb home; wealth and art and climate could hardly do more to make it perfect. Perhaps the sense of its ease and luxury were delicious to the tired and almost penniless young man. And then there were always flowers, music, paintings, servants moving like shadows, cordial warmth and blessing, and the lovely young creature whose trouble his presence was beginning to lighten. Ah, yes, you see I am excusing Maskelyn—trying to make you excuse him. But it was all to be foreseen. Three against one? It was the world against one. For here at home was an obscure young woman, with her barely comfortable support; and there, on the other hand, were beauty, wealth, distinction, and all the promotion and success that come in the train of such things.

But it was none of these that weighed sufficiently with Maskelyn. It was the one thought that his own action, his thoughtlessness, his imprudence, had stimulated the passion that was driving the pitiful young girl to a mad-house. He felt that the sacrifice of his own dreams of happiness was a trifle in the way of expiation. And for me—pray do not smile at the idea—he somehow subtilely felt that he and I were at one; that I could only desire and urge him to absolve himself from any wrong-doing in the affair; that it would be my wish—as it was my wish—that he should not suffer a life-long burden on his conscience, whether that conscience was morbidly sensitive or not, for the mere sake of our own present content, which never would be content, in fact, while he was restless under an accusing spirit and I was wretched in his want of ease.

And so he married Adele.

Perhaps it would have been better had he written me the story of it, and not have left me to my imaginings. But he thought the course kindest to me was to let me think him a villain, and be healed of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for saying it—I appeared to him so altogether lovely and to be loved that he could not but believe, cost him what pang it might, that I should speedily be happy in the love of one I should hold to be a better man.

And from that hour his career began—the career of no commercial traveler, but that of the son of a rich and powerful house, put forward for fresh honors all the time, now Governor, now Senator, and when war came, unwilling to take arms against either his native North or his adopted South, going with the others to the villa on the Mediterranean, where life was a long dream of idleness and ease. He was a good husband, I am glad to know. He never allowed himself to feel that Adele had done him an injury; he forced himself always to look at the other side, and value the advantages he received through connection with her father. She was a gentle little being, always beautiful, never altogether of perfectly strong mind or will again, but living and breathing through him; and she lived and breathed through him for twenty-five years. He could only be proud of her, in a certain way, at Southern springs, in Congressional life, as they went through Europe; her exquisite grace, her dark, large-eyed loveliness, the simplicity of her always perfect ladyhood, if one may use the word, were things always to admire, and crowds followed her. He also admired her; he had a tender care for her, a gentle attachment to her, and if he never loved her, she never knew he did not. She hardly remembered that he had ever had his poor, pale passion in the North. She died at last, thinking of him as only her own, and thanking him for the bliss he had given her in his long faithfulness. But his poor, pale passion had become an ideal thing to him, a sort of pole-star round which his soul revolved so entirely as to be automatic and unconscious in its motion. He did not actively and all the time remember it, but it helped to shape his course, and it was always there.

And at last, then, Maskelyn was his own master once more. But of me, in his freedom, it did not occur to him to think as an actual possibility in flesh and blood. He had never dared to ask for me; he took it for granted that I was long since another man's wife. And when, after some years more, in a manner unawares to himself, the memory began to work in his heart, he came to the old town again as a pilgrim visits a shrine, and without a dream of finding me.

And in all these years, after the first one of unbearable suffering, I had staid there in my home, doing the duty that came first to hand, both since it was duty and since it might prevent my pain. And the pain had passed at length, had left only a soreness and sorrow, had become sublimated, as it were, into something I would not lose for its pang. One by one, father and mother, sister and brother, had left me; but I still dwelt in the sweet old house, and sat of summer evenings on the porch among the honeysuckles. At first I had thought I could never breathe their breath again; but at last it had grown precious to me; it was my all of the love, of the life, I hoped for. But the score and more of years had not been unhappy to me; my daily routine had taken much thought; the poor children that I taught, and Belle and Alice and all the rest, served in some degree to keep me young; for, as I said, I hated to grow old; and if any one was kind enough to say they would hardly know me for more than the elder sister of the two young girls about me, my skin still so smooth, the color on my cheek so delicate, the pale gold of my hair still untouched by silver, it was apt to move my heart with a little pulse of pleasure, although I knew, in truth, and for all that, that fifty years must always count for fifty years. Now and then I heard of Maskelyn in his public life—I had not exactly thought it wrong, once when I went to a large city, to buy a photograph of him, with those of some other public people; but I kept it locked away, and allowed myself to look at it but once every year. And when I did look at it it was only with one hurried glance of the eye, one thrill and spring of the heart, lest I sinned, lest I made him sin, and I wrapped it closer away again. But the day after I had seen that face was always a day of mourning. And at last I knew that he had no longer a wife; and year went by, and year, and year, and he had not come. Sometimes, in wondering and thinking, my heart would beat so loud that it seemed as if only fasting and prayer would still it, and I blushed and burned to think I wasted a throb on one who had long ago ceased to care, who never came to see; and one day I took his pictures, that of the boyish beauty and that of the stalwart man, and burned them both to ashes, and prayed that my love might burn to ashes with them, and my heart be cold and at peace in that my fiftieth year.

But if I had not learned every line of the later picture by heart, whether I would or no, I might have known Maskelyn when he came sauntering by the gate that night, and gave a look at the porch, and started as if a bolt had struck him, and stopped and leaned his folded arms on the gate, and stared at me as I sat there.

He knew me. In the softly beginning shadows of the twilight my face seemed hardly changed, and air and attitude were still the same. He knew me, but he did not believe in me; he thought something had happened to his brain, or else that he saw a vision in a trance. He lifted his hat and rubbed his forehead; he half turned to go away; then he wheeled about, opened the gate, and came slowly up the path, with his solemn gaze still fixed upon me. Ah, how sweet the honeysuckle breath came, stirred by his advancing motion!

"Livia!" he said.

"Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt as he did—impossible to say whether it was this world or the next, whether I really saw him, or it was, as it had been many times before, that I dreamed I did. And then I said to myself, "The worst has come. I shall hear presently that Maskelyn is dead." But he was saying to himself—and yet I heard him: "Can it be? Is it so? Herself? In the old home! My God! if she should yet be free!" And then a glad cry, and we were in each other's arms. And we were fifty years old. Too old for such joy; and I drew back, all blushing and ashamed, only to be taken in those arms again. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my hair.

"What would Belle and Alice say?" I murmured.

"Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasm that I had I realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young!"

"For me you have eternal youth," he answered. "We are going to live backward all the years in which I have lost you, since you are so good, my angel, as to love me still, to refuse to reproach me, to forgive me."

And sometimes I ask if they to whom fate seems kinder, and give a smooth current of love in their early season, have half the depth of delight in it that they find who at a later day love with the concentrated force that, spread out over all the intervening years, might have been a shallow and stagnant pool. Did I love Maskelyn any better at twenty? Not any fraction so dearly. Did he love me more? I can not answer for that. One could hardly love more than an abject worshiper loves a saint in her shrine, and so he seems to love.

And so I am to be married to-morrow. I sit here in a daze, while Belle and Alice are weaving garlands on the steps below. It does not seem to strike them as anything strange. "We were always sure you had a romance and a hero, Miss Livia," they say. "Oh, it is like reading a new chapter. And you are going to come back here, after you have seen the great world, and never let us lose you?" And I forget, as I see him coming up the walk while they weave, that I can no more ride and ramble without fatigue, for I have an arm on which to lean; and I know that I shall thrill once more to sunset and sunrise, water scene and mountain view, for there will be eyes to double all the beauty, and reflect it back on mine. I forget that any time has been stolen from me when I look at Maskelyn's face, that has only grown stronger and more rugged and noble in the full light of his noon. I thank Heaven, that is letting me begin this life, however short the life may be, so blessed, so blessing, although at fifty years.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Thoughts From Dickens.

If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.—*Bleak House.*

There are days in this life worth life and worth death. And oh! what a bright old song it is, that "Oh! 'tis love that makes the world go round."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it can not be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope. —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them they lay claim to the virtues they feign to despise—*Barnaby Rudge.*

The old, old fashion! the fashion that came in with our first garments, will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!—*Dombey and Son.*

It always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants: It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities Heaven gives them.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*

Verily, verily, travelers have seen many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more darling, gross and shocking images of the Divine nature than we creatures make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.—*Little Dorrit.*

Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.—*The Pickwick Club.*

A silent look of affection and regard where all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort, in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase or power bestow.—*David Copperfield.*

Alas! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty! The cares and sorrowings, and hungerings, of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off and leave Heaven's surface clear.—*Oliver Twist*

A Child's Fancies.

Says Prentice Mulford: What volumes of unwritten history, mystery and conjecture there are in the brain of a seven-year-old child! I believe your grown-up poet, after all, does not produce the idealization of his baby days, when sticks, stones, boxes and old tin-pans talked to him. But the child can make a little world of its own, and manufacture a room full of people out of three chairs, two rag-babies and a cat. With such material it will hold a church service, "let out the meeting," go to a wedding, marry somebody, go to a funeral, bury all its friends and relations, start an alarm of fire and "run with the machine," prescribe for the sick, go a shopping, rejoice over the accession of a new baby and travel in Europe, while you of maturer years are yawning and wishing that some one would drop in whom you could talk to.

Our Young Folks.

A TALE OF A COMET.

We had seen the streaming meteors' light,
With their trails of fire, the autumn night,
And talked of falling sky-rocks hurled
From some long-since exploded world;
Of comets frisking among the stars
With tails like fiery trains of cars;
And asked, "Should the reckless engineer
Of some rakish comet steer
Crashing into our atmosphere,
How would the planet's shell resist him?"
Then we conversed of the solar system,
And lunar men;
And Doctor Ben
Brought out his globe, at half-past ten,
And lectured, giving conclusive reasons
For tides, eclipses, climes and seasons;
Till, weary at last, I went to bed,
With a jumble of wonderful things in my head—
Moons and comets and meteorites,
Globes and circles and polar nights;
And there I lay thinking,
And drowsily winking
At something—a ray—thro' my bed-curtains blinking;
Too bright for a star, and growing still brighter,
Making the moon-lighted chamber yet lighter,
Which very much astonished the writer!
I gazed from the casement,
And wondered, with ever-increasing amazement,
What the look of alarm on the Moon's frowning face meant.

For there was the Moon, and, strange to say,
There, too, was the Earth, just over the way,
Like the Doctor's globe, or a huge balloon,
Forty times larger, perhaps, than the Moon,
All covered with circles, and looming in space;
There were groups upon it, and every face
Was turned one way; and very long-jointed
Telescopes at the sky were pointed:
And there, with a terrible rushing and humming
And hissing of breath, was a Comet a-coming!
So long and so queer, and as it came nearer
It grew every moment longer and queerer!
Until I made out such a comical chap,
In a red-flannel coat with a very long flap,
His nose peering out from a very close cap,
His fingers in mittens, his chin in a wrap,
Like a tourist prepared for a very cold snap!

On, on he sped, through the regions of space,
With very short legs at a very long pace,
His well-filled knapsack lashed on his back,
Extra shoes and canteen strapped under his pack,
His coat-tail flying away on his track—
Entangled far off in the Pleiades,
On the horns of the Bull and Orion's knees.

On, on he came,
With nose like a flame,
So red I was sure the fellow'd been drinking
(His canteen was empty, I knew by the clinking);
"And what can a sober Comet be thinking,"
I cried, "not to see there, plain as the day,
The Earth, like a target, hung right in his way?"

The groups were beginning to hurry about,
And bustle and bustle and signal and shout,
And the Moon looked scared, while I shrieked out,
"Dear sir, I beg pardon, I don't know your name—
I pray you'll consider, and if it's the same
To you, here's a planet! I don't think you knew it;
But, sir, it will be
A great favor to me
And a very large circle of friends, as you see,
If you will drive round it instead of right thro' it!"

He put up his head with a stupefied stare,
And says he, "I declare!
No, I wasn't aware!
And I'm going at such a deuce of a rate—
I'd stop if I could, but I fear it's too late!
Bless my stars! here I am!" He had just time to stoop,
When through it, head-foremost, he went at a sweep,
As a circus rider dives through a hoop!

With a crash,
And a smash,
And a roar as of thunder,
It quivered,
And shivered,
And flew asunder;
The Moon, looking down, shed tragical tears;
While, winking hard and holding his ears,
The Comet came out on the other side,
Wheeled round, swore loud, and ruefully eyed
The ruin; sneezed two or three times; then drew
His long tail after him down the blue.

"Heavens and earth! what have I done!
This does beat everything under the sun!
I don't care the wink of a star," said he,
"For all the damage done to me—"
(Feeling his nose, and then with a flirt
Carefully brushing away the dirt
From his coat and its stained and draggled skirt)—
"But look at this dear little, queer little planet!
I've done the business for her, and I can, it is quite too bad! The fairest of creatures—
How well I remember her pleasant features,
The smile on her face and the light in her eye,
When I've touched my hat to her, hurrying by,
Many a time, on my way through the sky!
I'd mend the poor thing if I could—and I'll try!"

How he got it, or where,
I cannot declare;
But thereupon he drew up a chair,
Hung his long coat-tail over the back,
Sat down by the pieces and opened his pack,
Brought forth from its depths a stout needle and thread,
And there he sat squinting and scratching his head,
As if rather doubtfully questioning whether
'Twas possible ever to patch her together!

Meanwhile—but how can I hope to tell
Half that to my friends befell!
On the shattered and scattered shell?
How depict the huge surprise
Of some, at the very astonishing rise
Of their real estate, shot off in the skies?
How describe the flying blocks,
The fall of steeples and railroad stocks,
The breaking of banks, and the stopping of clocks;
And all the various knocks and shocks—
Frantic reporters rushing about,
And correspondents setting out
In a big balloon, intending from it
To interview our friend, the Comet!
While the wide-awake daily press unfurled
Its rival bulletins: "END OF THE WORLD!!
FRIGHTFUL COLLISION! AMERICA HIT!!!
FULL PARTICULARS! CANADA BURIED
OVER NEW ENGLAND! THE UNION SPLIT!!!
INTERRUPTION OF TRAVEL AND TRADE!
THE COMET COMING TO OUR AID!"

For now the Comet—odd to see!
Although it didn't seem odd to me—
With thimble and glue-pot, sewing and gluing
The shattered globe, was cheerfully doing
All he could to restore the ruin;
Patiently replacing all
The scattered fragments, great and small;
Stitching here and sticking there,
With a hopeful smile and a satisfied air,
Putting the planet into repair!
When all was done, with a dexterous twirl
Of his fingers, he set it once more a-whirl,
While the Moon looked pleased as a smiling girl.

Off he sped; and the planet spun
Away on its axis round the sun;
When, watching with curious eyes, I found
He hadn't made it precisely round!
The zones, moreover, were strangely mixed;
Constantinople was squeezed betwixt
St. Petersburg and Baltimore;
South Carolina and Labrador
To Massachusetts were snugly tied;
New York and Paris were side by side;
And, oddest of all earthly fates,
England was in the United States!
Greenland (he couldn't have made a greater
Mistake) was on the new equator!
While in each crack of the crust some bit
Of broken China was made to fit.

Whereupon I cried, with a wild hallo,
"Hold on! come back! this never will do!
Just see what a botch you've made!" Before
He had time to turn, with a clang and a roar,
And a glare of its own great Cyclops eye
The Lightning Express went whizzing by
With a rush of steam,
And a howl and a scream,
That waked me from my curious dream;
Which the Doctor avers (and he makes it plain)
Must all have passed through my busy brain
With the passing of the midnight train!

—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Wide-Awake.*

Spending Money.

To know how to use money, how to save it and how to spend it are very important parts of education. Every penny is an opportunity, and pennies make dollars. There are very few young ladies and gentlemen who do not spend a generous sum in the course of the year, and so often it goes for trifles of no real value that when the year is over they have nothing to show for it. Take the small sum of ten cents. It may be expended in chocolate cream drops, and eaten up in a few minutes. It may be spent in buying a dainty little easel for your mother's photograph, or a pretty illuminated card, or a gay fan, which, hung on the wall, will make a vivid bit of color, quite brightening the room. Down the street there is a crippled boy, who watches you with a sad, wistful face as you go bounding past his window on your way to school. Poor Jimmy! the hours move very slowly, indeed, to him. He is fond of reading, but he has read all the books he possesses till he knows them almost by heart. For ten cents you can buy a beautiful story, or a charming illustrated paper, which will give Jimmy two or three days of delight. The money which we deny ourselves, that we may bestow some pleasure on others, always is the best investment, for it returns us the most true happiness.

Perhaps you can persuade your parents to give you a small amount weekly or monthly for your particular expenses. Julia and Arthur, a brother and sister of my acquaintance, have such a sum, and they are careful to keep an exact account of all that they buy and all that they give away. Their pens and pencils, luxuries of every sort, and car fare, as well as their charity fund, come from this allowance, and they are learning the right use of money as they never could in any other way. A boy who has a scroll-saw may earn a little income for himself, if he is industrious, in his play-time. So may one who has a printing-press. A girl who has learned to embroider nicely, or paint cups and saucers, can often have her own money; and let me tell you, money that is earned by one's own diligence is much more enjoyed than any other.

A few days ago little Ailee, a friend of mine, was molding in clay and drawing with crayons just for her childish amusement. Last year, though not eighteen, she was able to buy her entire wardrobe from the proceeds of her pencil. *Economy* is a noble word. It does not mean stinginess, but rather good management of whatever one has, and care in the use of one's means.—*Harper's Young People.*

Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Sunday-School Classmate.*

The Pioneer White Woman of Leadville.

The Buffalo *Telegraph* gives the history of Mrs. Sarah Bell, of Leadville, who was the pioneer white woman in that town. She has dug in the mines, fought in wars with Indians side by side with her husband, scoured the plains on horseback as a scout, and became an expert in the business; helped found the City of Leadville, mapped out roads, built houses, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and is to-day in possession of a fortune that pays her an income of $30,000 a year. The *Telegraph* interviewed her and learned this: She came from the North of Ireland to New York City when she was sixteen years of age, and married a bookkeeper named Joseph Ordway. Her husband died a year later, and she went to Leavenworth, Kas.; from thence to Denver, and finally, in 1876, to Leadville. In Denver she married a miner named Frank Ray, but he died soon after. She told how in Leadville she braved the dangers and storms of winters before there were buildings there to inhabit; how Cora, her seven-year-old daughter, had to be kept wrapped up in heavy blankets to keep her from freezing while she pursued her task of building a hut; how, when the place became settled, she saw the land she had taken up turn into a fortune, etc., etc. She owns buildings in Leadville that rent for $2,000 a month. "I saw my old man once sit on a horse and shoot seven Indians without stopping; and I've done something like it myself. Young man," she added, with a quiet twinkle in her eye, "I've shot more Indians than you've got fingers and toes. You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you, that I've gone out on the mountain side, up to my waist in snow, and staked out the streets in Leadville? But its Gospel truth." She said she didn't know how long she would stay in New York. Her property in Leadville was attended to by agents, and she felt perfectly content to stay away just as long as she felt disposed. She is now about fifty years old, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, and is rugged and chipper.

Public opinion on the subject of faithless husbands is very strong in Somerset, Ky. Mr. Love was that kind of an offender. His wife led a mob against him. He fled hastily, without coat, trousers or boots, with the crowd in close pursuit. At the end of a mile he was overtaken, and left suspended, head downward, from a tree. He was almost frozen to death when, two hours afterward, a humane preacher cut him down.

An English girl writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well, but if she does not stare back how is she to know whether he has stopped staring or not.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
Editors and Proprietors.

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SATURDAY FEB. 5, 1881.

Since purchasing THE REPUBLICAN we have been forcibly impressed with Madam Rumor's ability to get at bottom facts. She seems able, by intuition, we suppose, to divine your past, present and future purposes. By her wonderful perceptive powers she has discovered our every purpose and motive in purchasing THE REPUBLICAN. Her first discovery was that it was to be run in the interests of Combs for the Senate. Next, that by it we intended to clothe Peddicord with the judicial ermine. And now she even knows, what we thought nobody knew, that Thayer is to be made, by its powerful influence, Clerk of the Circuit Court five years hence.

To be a Senator was the ultimatum of a Roman citizen's ambition. Why, therefore, should not we cherish the desire?

A Judgeship is a sugar-plum that many mouths, we wot of now, watereth for. Why, therefore, should we not desire to taste the tempting fruit?

To be Clerk of the Court is an ambition and desire that, to our own knowledge has been cherished since the palmy days of the Roman Empire. Why, therefore, should not we do as others have done?

Oh! wonderful madam! Thou art certainly a clairvoyant to discern so easily our innermost thoughts, and as thou hast so readily divined thus much of our purposes, we might as well confess the balance, and save you and our *interested friends* any further trouble concerning our intentions in the purchase. Thou art correct, oh wonderful madame, as far as thou hast made known thy startling discoveries, but the half has not yet been told. Be prepared, gentle reader, for a shock, for we will now "a tale unfold that will make each particular hair," &c. We not only intend to make Combs a Senator, Peddicord a Judge and Thayer Clerk of the Court, but we wish to send Hayden to the House of Delegates, make Dan. Miller, our Jour, clerk to the County Commissioners, and George Smouse, our Devil, Register of Wills five years hence. Our present intention is to have Clagett Peddicord study law, so that he can be made State's Attorney when Mr. Veilch's term of office expires. As Clagett is only fourteen years of age we will have to have the laws amended to make him eligible; but, with Combs in the Senate, Hayden in the House, Peddicord on the Bench and the powerful influence of THE REPUBLICAN, we can easily effect this amendment. After Clagett's term of office expires J. Morris Combs will succeed him. Morris is not yet quite a year old, but we think we can have him ready to fill the office at the expiration of Clagett's term. The other offices we will distribute among our uncles, our cousins, &c.

Now, oh wonderful madam, can'st thou, with thy ability to reveal hidden things, tell us whether we will succeed in all these our dear wishes. Sometimes we hesitate to do all this on account of the sacrifices and cost to us. Our law practice would be ruined. THE REPUBLICAN would be without editors, foreman, Jour or Devil, and would have to collapse, and it seems to us it would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

So, after mature deliberation and consultation, we have concluded to forego our Senatorial aspirations, to taste not of the sugar-plum, and leave to others the Clerk's office, while we shall endeavor to take care of our law practice and THE REPUBLICAN, and if our Republican friends will work as disinterestedly for the good of the party as we will, all will be well, and the nominees of our party (not ourselves, we assure you) will be elected every time.

Mr. Edward Potts, well known as the private secretary of Mr. John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, died at his home in Baltimore on Thursday last. Mr. Potts devoted about a quarter of a century to newspaper work, having commenced with Harper Brothers in his youth, but for the last eighteen years had been in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

The City Council of Baltimore has undertaken to regulate the wages of laborers employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. A few evenings since Mr. Broumel, a member of the Council offered a resolution instructing the directors in the Company on the part of the city to "use all honorable means to induce the the Company to advance the wages of the employes to a proper living standard."

There are several reasons why this resolution should not have been adopted. It is none of Mr. Broumel's business whether the Company pays high or low wages to its employes, nor is it any part of the duty of the City Council to regulate such wages. The laborers themselves are certainly satisfied with the wages they receive, or they would seek employment elsewhere. The Company cannot compel men to work for it, on the contrary it is bound to pay such a price for labor as it commands in the market, just as any other corporation or individual would do.

The resolution was accompanied with the statement that if the Company did not pay the men better the city would have to support them in the alms-house or jail. Now this is a serious charge, and one in which we are interested, if it be true. If Baltimore is likely to be called upon to support the employes of the Company, the county of Garrett, or any other, through which the road passes may be called upon to do the same thing. Our people, however, need have no fear on this score for we have no hesitation in saying the statement referred to is untrue. The men are paid fair wages and the company is overrun with applications of persons who want places.

We think it would be infinitely better for Mr. Broumel if he would attend to his legitimate business, and thus build up a reputation for himself instead of attempting to acquire popularity with the working men by passing resolutions such as we have referred to. On the other hand, if Mr. Broumel wants anything from the Company he had better seek it in the usual way, and not by such a round-about way as the one which he has adopted. In fact we regard this little dodge on the part of Mr. Broumel about the thinnest thing we have seen for a long while.

To the question, "Will the South be solid again at another national election?" which was propounded to Senator Hill, the other day, by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, that gentleman responded:

"That will depend very much upon circumstances and upon the action of the federal government toward its people. There is a growing tendency all over the South, and especially in Georgia, to have less sentiment and more practical effort in our politics. Our people see that so long as one section of the country is solid for one political party it must keep up a feeling detrimental to that section. If the present attitude is to be maintained toward us, and there are to be no advances toward that element in the South which has always been against Bourbon Democracy, it will take a great many years to change the present political aspect of affairs. As I said, when it is made manifest to the Southern people that the North does not desire to humiliate them, and is willing to deal with them in a broad, catholic spirit, it will eradicate the feeling that it is the desire of the government that they shall be ruled by strangers and by their late slaves."

This is the old whine. The slaves were emancipated to "humiliate" the South. They were enfranchised for the same purpose. Civil rights were guaranteed to them to the same end. The whole scheme of reconstruction was devised, not for the purpose of securing a Republican form of government in the South, but simply to "humiliate" the South. Loaylty to the national government and obedience to the Constitution and amendments were exacted solely to mortify the Confederates, and now fair elections are demanded still further to degrade them. Isn't it about time to stop talking about the desire of the North to humiliate the South? Isn't it about time to consider whether such outrageous frauds as were perpetrated at the last congressional election in South Carolina and Mississippi do not do more towards humiliating it in the eyes of the nation than any other conceivable agency?

Quite a sensation was produced in the House of Representatives a day or two ago by Mr. Goode of Virginia, who attempted to secure the passage of a bill providing for the payment of a stale war claim to the widow of Hugh N. Page, Captain in the U. S. Navy, amounting to $126.85, the amount of salary due when he resigned his commission in April 1861, just after Virginia seceded. No question was raised as to whether the money was due when Captain Page resigned, but the republicans held that the fact that Captain page resigned his commission to become a citizen of the Confederate States was sufficient to justify its confiscation under the Revised Statutes. Mr. Conger was the first to open the batteries upon the Confederate brigadiers, and the fire soon became general all along the line. Shot and shell rained into the Democratic ranks all day, and as the Democratic leaders came within range of the Republican sharp-shooters one by one they were cut down. The battle ended in a brilliant victory for the Republicans.

The Hon. William H. English has been heard from. He has resumed business at the old stand, after remarking to his friends, "I was a d—d fool for accepting the nomination, and I knew it at the time." Nobody dissents from this frank opinion, and its avowal ought to restore good feeling between Mr. English and his party. There is not a Democrat in the land who does not think his party was the same kind of a fool for making the nomination. When all sides are agreed there ought to be an end of bitterness. To a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who discovered Mr. English in his office, he said: "I care nothing about the past, nor would I to-day take the Vice Presidency as a gift. To have won it in a campaign was something, but the prize is not worth an effort." The grapes seem to be uncommonly sour. He has no very amiable feeling for Barnum evidently, for he says: "I am a Democrat, a believer in the principles of the party, but not a believer in the practices of many who claim to be managers. I am opposed to those practices which corrupt the electors or furnish means for the vultures which fatten only on the spoils of a political campaign. I was never satisfied as to the authenticity of the Morey letter, and especially after Mr. Garfield denied it. I never considered the publication of such a letter as an act of good policy." Barnum is of a similar opinion now.

The record of the Democratic Congress on appropriations will be handsomely rounded out this year by a General Deficiency bill of $25,000,000. They began to reform in the appropriations for 1877, cutting them down about $14,000,000 below those of the last Republican Congress. In the following year they refused to make any appropriation for the army, and cut down the total appropriations about $35,000,000 more. This ended the "reform." The appropriations for 1879 were $83,000,000 greater than those for 1878; those for 1880 were $74,000,000 greater, and those for 1881 were $65,000,000 greater. The average increase for each year over the last Republican appropriation was $8,000,000, or $40,000,000 during the five years. The addition of $25,000,000 now in the form of a deficiency makes a highly instructive exhibition of Democratic economy as expounded by Speaker Randall.

Mr. Bicknell explains the failure of his Democratic colleagues to toe the mark on the Electoral Count resolution in a highly amusing way. Said he to a New York *Tribune* correspondent: "We got so badly whipped at the last election that some of our men seem to have lost all their courage and pretty much all interest in politics. We cannot depend on them in an emergency like this." It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Bicknell that in accepting their defeat as a settled fact, the delinquents are acting much more sensibly than those who are endeavoring to prevent the declaration of the result of the election in which they were worsted. But Democrats of the Bicknell stripe would never be happy unless they had a lost cause to be wrangling over.

Congressman Bicknell who belongs to that class of Democrats who never learn anything attempted one fine morning last week to bring the electoral count resolution before the House. To the utter surprise of the Democrats the Republicans were ready. Many Democrats were absent, and the Republicans refusing to vote, the House was without a quorum, a dead lock set in and all legislative business was suspended during the entire day. The Democrats did not renew the struggle on the following morning, and so the matter ended for the time being.

William E. Chandler sums up the Democratic situation and prospects in this terse and entirely accurate manner: "The Democrats are a set of mummies, fossils, Bourbons, all facing always to the rear, except a few asses and idiots whom they put on their committees and allow to run their campaigns; and if we act wisely they have no chance of getting power until they change (1) all their principles, (2) their name, and (3) tarry at Jericho till after 1900!" Will Judge Davis hold out to sit on the fence till that time?

Bicknell should put his electoral count resolution in a glass case, and send it to some dime museum.

Editorial Notes and Comments.

There has been some talk of a new name for the Democracy. General Deficiency party is a title which seems to meet all demands. The concern is deficient in everything except blunders.

Germany growls because American breadstuffs are seriously affecting her agricultural interests. The trouble with Germany, is that she raises bigger armies than crops.

The Democrats will have no leader in the next Senate, but that will be a gain for them. They would be in better condition to-day if they had had no leader for the past two years.

Mr. Randall makes a great mistake if he supposes he can deceive anybody with his bogus economy. He has a national reputation as the champion quack on that subject.

Sitting Bull surrendered to the United States authorities by proxy, but the Canadians may keep him if they choose. Uncle Sam has as little confidence in the big Injun as the big Injun has in Uncle Sam.

President Hayes has appointed Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, to succeed Justice Swayne on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is generally conceded that the appointment will be confirmed by the Senate.

The Democrats cannot forget that General Grant helped to put down the rebellion, and they will never forgive him for it. It is because he served his country well that they would now put the country in the false position of refusing to recognize his services.

In all probability, Mr. Randall will be the leader of his party in the next Congress. In that way he will be of great service to the country, for he gives proofs of a most unusual ability for demonstrating his party's incapacity. Under him, the Democracy can be depended upon to settle snugly into its position as a hopeless and bilious minority.

It scarcely required the laughs and sneers of the Democrats in the House to convince the country that their sympathies are still with the officers of the army who resigned their commissions at the time when the Union stood most in need of their services. Mr. Conger was not long in convincing them that he laughs best who laughs last.

Mr. Ben Hill's inability to decide upon which side of the "revolution of 1861" he is willing to deposit his vote of approval is probably caused mainly by the uncertainty of President Garfield's course toward the South. If that course should take the form of a handsome Federal office to Mr. Ben. Hill, that hesitating patriot would probably see his way clear to voting for a pension to General Grant. Mr. Hill yearns to be reconciled; that's what's the matter with him.

A white man has been convicted in South Carolina of voting twenty-one ballots at once. His color, the liberal number of ballots and the fact that he was recommended to mercy, suggest that he is a Democrat. The fact that he was convicted at all seems to render it impossible that he should be a Democrat. Or is this the local scapegoat, whom South Carolina, to vindicate again her belief in State sovereignty, hath set up for herself?

Senator Logan put the Democratic opposition to the Grant bill in a nutshell when he reminded the majority in the Senate that they had already put two men on the retired list who retired themselves at the opening of the war, while now they were resisting the same action in the case of a man who went to the front when the war began and emerged at the close the greatest of its soldiers. Democratic legislators are usually on the side of the other kind of men.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, who is an authority upon fever and cholera epidemics, predicts the early appearance of cholera as an epidemic. He says the disease has already appeared in Chicago in a modified form, and is called cholerine. His theory is that cholera always follows an influenza epidemic, such as has lately been prevalent.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Maryland has tendered to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company the sum of $293.98 award and costs of the Viaduct crossing, which was declined by Vice President Keyser. The Baltimore and Ohio Company are also requested to put in a crossing according to law. Special policemen are guarding the property of both railroads.

The South is attending strictly to business with an indifference to politics which is full of encouragement for the future. Southern members of Congress are taking little part in the stupidity which the Democrats are performing there, save to vote, probably from force of habit, in favor of repudiation. All the Southern leaders, Beck, Blackburn, Chalmers and the other hot-heads, who hurt their party and section by their bluster at the last session of Congress, are quiet now. They show evidence of knowing when they are beaten, a symptom of intelligence which their Northern brethren never betray.

Senator Beck, made an argument in the Senate in favor of free ships and in favor of a revival of American commerce to which, Senator Blaine replied as follows:

As soon as Senator Beck finished his speech Senator Blaine hurried to his seat and was recognized by the Vice President. As he rose to speak the chamber was hushed in deep silence, and even Senator Conkling paid respectful attention—a thing so unusual as to elicit remark. Mr. Blaine spoke without notes. He could not, he said, let pass unnoticed even for one day, the words of the Kentucky Senator, whose policy looks to the perpetual dependency of this country on Great Britain in the building of ships. Raising his voice to a high pitch, he declared that for twenty years the Congress of the United States had not done one solitary thing to uphold the maritime interests of the United States. The decay of American shipping had been going on steadily, year after year, and the representatives of the people of the United States sat in the two houses as dumb as though they could not speak, and offered no remedy, until the Senator from Kentucky arouses the country to its danger, and rises to make a declaration in favor of our perpetual dependency on Great Britain, as perfect and absolute as that of the District of Columbia in its legislation on the Congress of the United States. During the same period Congress had passed ninety-two acts of internal transportation by rail. Two hundred million acres of public lands and $70,000,000 in cash have been given for this purpose, and yet we have not extended aid to a single bark that sails the sea. An energetic man who found the great ocean highway unoccupied, and had enough enterprise to build American ships on American soil for the benefit of American commerce, has been the object of scorn and derision because he came before Congress and asked that body to do for him as much as the empire of Brazil, and which that government now declines to do on account of the refusal of the United States to aid the enterprise. If the Brazilian line is taken off, as it will be unless the necessary aid is extended, the letters of the merchants of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia will be taken to Brazil by way of Liverpool. Mr. Blaine gave his hearers plainly to understand that it was his opinion that the United States will never rid itself of its perpetual dependency on Great Britain, our great commercial rival, unless she pursues the same subsidy system in aid of its shipping as that country. He pointed out that in the last forty years—from the time when the first iron steamship landed in Boston up to 1878—Great Britian has taken out of her treasury, in aid of steamship lines, a sum exceeding forty million pounds sterling, equal to more than two hundred million dollars. She has never abandoned that policy, and withholds aid only from those lines that can do without it. Last year she appropriated four millions for postal service by steamships. France, Italy and other countries are pursuing the same policy. The American states cannot win in this international struggle without adopting the same means. Let the American merchant marine feel that the government of the United States is behind them. Let the United States take from the treasury four millions a year—the amount that Great Britain is paying in addition to her investment of two hundred millions—and you will see the revival of the American steam marine. We have nine navy yards, without a navy. [Laughter.] Put the expenses of these yards into the building of merchant ships, and you will afford aid enough for the grand scheme contemplated. We not only withhold our aid from the merchant marine, but are expending money for an imaginary navy. Great Britain, with a navy fifteen times as great as that which we nominally have, has only three navy yards. Senator Beck's scheme would disappoint everybody except the British shipbuilder. It offers no possible temptation to a man to purchase a vessel in Great Britain and have her registered in an American port, where he will have to pay taxes, on her, and he would prefer to have her registered abroad. In five years there would be such an utter abandonment of this system that the American marine will cease to exist. If you extinguish the mercantile marine you will have no naval establishment. During the war the maritime states were able to put into service a fleet of 7,000 vessels, with over 70,000 men. The United States can regain its supremacy on the high seas and play an important part thereon as soon as it makes up its mind to adopt the same policy as England.

The merchant marine and the naval establishment go hand in hand. The Congress of the United States is derelict in its duty if it passes another naval appropriation bill without a provision extending liberal aid to the merchant marine. As to what was said about free trade by the senator from Kentucky, he would only refer to the unfortunate venture of the Democratic party in the last campaign. The free-trade plank which crept into the Cincinnati platform originated in Kentucky, and the brilliant Kentuckian in preparing it fell into a blunder which, with all his attempts, the distinguished gentleman who ran on the ticket could not redeem. Senator Blaine, in conclusion, said that he would say to the upholders of protection interested in keeping up American against foreign manufactures that they should also wake up to the necessity of extending the strong arm of the government to the upholding of the commercial as well as manufacturing interests of the country.

President Hayes has accepted an invitation from the Baltimore Press Association, and will be present at the annual dinner of the Association on the 12th of February, inst.

Coercion in Ireland.

The cheers which greeted that passage of the speech of Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, when, in introducing the Coercion bill, he said: "The Land League strikes terror. We must, therefore, strike terror into them," indicates a temper that may lead to the passage of what are called "strong measures." It is proposed by this Coercion bill to empower the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to issue a warrent for the arrest of any one suspected of treasonable designs, and the persons so arrested may be detained as persons accused of crime. In other words, personal liberty is to be entirely suspended in Ireland should this bill pass. As a measure of pacification, the English ministry has begun at the wrong end. Reform should come first, and force afterward. History has taught the folly of reversing this order of procedure. It sounds well, perhaps, and may call forth cheers in Parliament, to say that order must be established first and reform come afterward. But such an experiment has been tried before, and has resulted in failure. The Habeas Corpus act has been suspended several times in Ireland, and each time with entire failure of the purpose of the suspension. Coercion has not succeeded. In 1830, after the Catholic emancipation, it was tried and failed. In 1833 the agitation against tithes, which accords in several respects with the present agitation against rent, called forth a coercion act, which placed in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant the powers conferred by the present coercion bill; but it was a failure as a preventative to crime. "Agrarian outrages" did not appreciably decrease. The law did not "strike terror. When that coercion act was repealed, as one of the measures of a reform, which included the Tithes act and other redress, the amount of crime decreased to one-half. Coercion acts were passed in 1833 and in 1847, but the more "rigorous" the measure the greater the numbers of agrarian crimes. In 1865 the Habeas Corpus act was again suspended—with the usual result. Thus far experience has not shown that crime is to be checked by violent measures. On the contrary, harsh repression has only stirred more deeply the embers of crime and fanned them into flame.

But if coercion has failed to "strike terror" and prevent agrarian crimes and the assassination of landlords, still more powerless will it be to check "boycotting." Boycotting is not a crime. It consists simply in letting a landlord severely alone; refusing to work for him, to sell to him or buy from him. It then becomes impossible for the landlord to work advantageously his land or to harvest his crops. The punishment is very severe; the situation of the "Boycotted" person painful in the extreme. But there is no violation of law in this, supposing the letting-alone of the landlord to be effected by voluntary agreement of his neighbors. A man certainly has the right to refuse to work for another or to buy and sell with him. If there be any crime in it, it can be only in the measures taken by the Land League to prevent persons not of the league from assisting the isolated landlord. Now, how will the suspension of the habeas corpus, as proposed by Forster's bill, strike terror into the Land League, or suppress the Land League? The attempt to do so shows the fatal misunderstanding of the Irish temperament, which has been at the bottom of all the blunders and misrule of British ministries in dealing with Ireland. The Forster Coercion act may, and very probably will, precipitate a general strike against rent, and this will increase tenfold the difficulties of the problem. For it will not lessen the collection of rent with expenses that will eat it up, but will give a new and enthusiastic impulse to the land agitation. There are great thinkers, including Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, who have rejected on political-economical and philosophical grounds the whole theory of private ownership of land. The fact that rents rise in value as wealth increase, so as to absorb the profits of labor, has given to the speculations of these philosophers a very practical political impulse among the Liberals of England and Scotland. A general strike against rent would thus be a very popular movement in Ireland, and one that would have a very troublesome sympathy and support in England and Scotland—not in Parliament, perhaps, but among the agricultural and laboring classes, who elect the parliaments.

Ireland has bettered herself by every agitation. Catholic emancipation followed one, relief from tithes another, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church another. Land reform of a positive and substantial kind will follow this. The present movement is unlike its predecessors in being comparatively free from agrarian crime, free from riots and hot blooded popular risings. The enthusiasm is more general, the leadership more able, and the aims more clearly defined and just. The true way of dealing with the difficulties is to do justice to Ireland first; social order will follow. To attempt to enforce order first, with the promise of reform afterward, though very pleasing to the haughty and despotic English temper, will fail, as it has always failed heretofore.—*Baltimore American.*

LOCAL NEWS.

A. CARD.

All moneys owing to THE REPUBLICAN on subscription are payable at the office of F. A. Thayer & Co., and for all job work and completed advertising contracts to me.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Late Ed. and Prop'r.

—See card of Dr. B. T. Keller in another column.

—Dr. McComas left for Baltimore Friday, 28th ult., for a brief visit.

—Mr. Alfred Daniels, of District No. 2, paid us a visit last week.

—Professional business called Mr. W. P. Townshend to Cumberland on Thursday.

—At Sturgiss' drug store the thermometer registered 24° below zero Wednesday night.

—Mrs. R. B. Jamison and Miss Emma Brooke, after severe attacks of illness, are both convalescent.

—Messrs. W. H. Frazee and Jasper Guard spent a few days in Oakland during the past week.

—Mr. John Yelloly, one of our enterprising blacksmiths, has removed from Oak to Fourth street.

—Where was the lamp-lighter when the moon went out? Respectfully referred to the Council.

—The ten-pin alley adjoining the B. & O. R. R. Hotel was crushed beneath its burden of snow, on Monday.

—We would be pleased if our friends throughout the county would send us any items of interest that occur in their vicinity.

—Mrs. D. Ryan, Miss Ella Rasche, Miss Willie Grace and Mr. F. A. Thompson left here for Florida Thursday morning.

—Wanted—A corporation moon of seventeen candle-power; one that will not go out on a cloudy night preferred.

—Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs were in Cumberland Friday and Saturday of last week attending to professional business.

—The Longfellow Reading Circle will meet at Mr. Townshend's next Thursday evening. Byron is the author selected for the occasion.

—Messrs. Loyd Bell, Edward Wolf and Lloyd Stahl, left this place last Tuesday for Baltimore, where they expect to enlist in the regular army.

—There have been several new lamps introduced in our community of late. What we want now is an improved street lamp—self-lighter and cleaner.

—Mr. A. C. Brooke has purchased from Judge Hamill, agent for Dr. Colardeau, the property on Second street now occupied by Jas. A. Hayden. Consideration, $1,600.

—A revival in the M. E. Church at Hillcman Ridge, District No. 2, has been in progress for the last ten days under the ministration of Rev. Bolin. There have been more than twenty accessions to the church.

—Benj. Green, Esq., of District No. 2, had a number of fine sheep killed one day last week by a pack of worthless dogs. Is it not about time the Legislature should do something for the protection of our farmers against this annoyance?

—Dr. Bartlett, School Examiner made an effort to visit the schools throughout the county, but owing to the snow blockade was unable to get through. At Bloomington he was compelled to abandon his horse and took the cars for home.

—The Garrett Literary Society meets this (Saturday) evening. Program will be as follows: Reading of Paper, by the Editor; Essay, W. P. Townshend; Declamation, C. H. Loar; Selection, A. Woodcock; Declamation, A. Townshend.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, and at 7 o'clock P. M.

Rev. John Lefever will preach in the Memorial Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and at Deer Park at 4 P. M.

Rev. Stoudenmire will preach at Deer Park at 11 a. m. Subject: "The Power of the Keys," and at Oakland in the evening.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of January:

Henry Weltzel—Fannie Stark.
Amos Friend—M. A. Friend.
A. J. Sypult—Maria Teets.
Paul H. Kittle—L. A Shoemaker.
Ward C. Friend—Jennie Friend.
Wm. H. Steele—M. J. Spears.
J. M. Rice—Olive Wagner.

Ground Hog Day.

Candlemas, or more familiarly known as "Ground Hog Day," gave that sagacious quadruped a chance to see his shadow. According to the old proverb we may expect six weeks more of winter weather, which is anything but pleasant to us, who have had such a siege of severe cold.

The day was observed in the Catholic church, where the ceremony of blessing the candles was performed.

Kind Words from Our Exchanges.

Capt J. A. Hayden disposed of his interest in THE REPUBLICAN newspaper last week, to Messrs. F. A. Thayer, Thos. J. Peddicord, and H. Wheeler Combs. The paper will be conducted hereafter under the firm name of F. A. Thayer & Co. We understand the price paid was $2,090. We extend our best wishes to the new firm.—*Oakland Democrat.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, two leading members of the bar of Western Maryland.

We welcome the gentlemen into the editorial guild, and wish them a happy and prosperous result of their enterprise. THE REPUBLICAN is a good paper, and has done fine work for the Republican cause in Garrett county, and will doubtless continue in the line of hearty laborers in the vineyard.—*Cumb. News.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland.—*Annapolis Gazette.*

Severe Weather.

The severity of the winter, about which so much has been said, is being felt very keenly just now by our farmers, on account of the scarcity of provender. The cold weather commenced early in November and its unusual severity compelled the use of about twice as much provender as an ordinary winter, and the result is many farmers have very little feed left for their stock. This is a grazing country and of course there is a great deal of live stock in the county, and how this stock is to be fed during the three months of winter still before us, with the feed nearly gone, is a problem which our people will have to solve.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 2:

Wm. D. Simpson to A. M Templeton, military lots Nos. 1155, 174, 825, 1122, 1151, and 876; $1,900.

John Shatzer and wife to Louisa Chambers, lot in Oakland; $300.

W. H. Tower, trustee, to G. S. Hamill, military lot No. 1218.

Jonas Glotfelty and wife to School Commissioners of Garrett county, lot in county; $5.

Joseph T. Wiley to James Wiley, six acres of land in county.

Notice.

Having decided to quit the practice of my profession in Grantsville, I have placed my accounts in the hands of Samuel J. Benchy, Esq., for settlement. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me will please call and settle at once, otherwise I will be compelled to collect by law.

I ask the patronage of my old friends for my successor, Dr. O. G. Getty, and assure them he is fully able and competent to take my place.

2 5 3t B. T. KELLER, M. D.

Glass Ball Shooting.

At a glass ball shooting match on Saturday of last week, the following persons took part: E. H, Wardwell, Dr. Bartlett, P. A. Chisholm, Thomas Hurne, R. S. Jamison, Thos. Coddington, Sewell Spedden, Nelson Wilburn, Mr. Springer, W. S. Wolf, G. W. Delawder and R. H. Thayer. Out of a possible 10 Thayer scored 9 and Springer 8. The other participants ranged from 2 to 6 balls each.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

A Curious Bribery Case.

Judge Osborne, of the New York Supreme Court, sitting at Newburgh, N. Y., has just decided a remarkable case, resulting in unseating a County Judge for doing the very thing which induced the people to elect him. The case is known as the sullivan County *quo warranto* suit, brought against County Judge William L. Thornton, of that county. Mr. Thornton, who ran on the Greenback ticket, was elected as County Judge of Sullivan in the fall of 1879, for a term of six years, defeating County Judge Bush, who was a candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket. During the canvass Thornton announced that he would serve the county, if elected, for $1,200 a year, though the salary was $2,500. Mr. Thornton was elected, and has served as County Judge since January, 1879, and, true to his promise to the people, has only taken $1,200 a year, though the Board of Supervisors raised the usual salary. The unsuccessful candidate did not take his defeat kindly, but brought a *quo warranto* suit, setting up that Thorton's agreement to serve for $1,200 per annum, if elected, was in the nature of a bribe, made to influence the voters of the county, and he prayed that Thornton should be declared ineligible, and that he (Bush) should be installed in the office as the one who had received the highest number of legal votes. The case was tried last summer, but the decision has just been rendered.

Judge Osborne holds that Thornton's promise to take $1,200 was in the nature of a bribe, and removes him as ineligible for service on that account, but the Judge refuses to place Bush on the County Bench, only going so far as to declare the office vacant. The result is, that Governor Cornell will find it necessary to fill the vacancy for this year, and another election will be held next fall.

The rain that began on the 28th inst. spread over the coast from British Columbia to the southern portion of this state, and has been the heaviest storm experienced since 1861. The Feather, Yuba, and Upper Sacramento rivers have overflowed their banks, and creeks running into those streams are all over their banks. The damage cannot be stated, but the aggregate loss is immense. The Central Pacific Railroad suffers heavily. About 1,000 yards of wall near Benicia were washed away, and a long stretch on the Oregon Branch, near Bear river, is gone; and there were washouts of less extent in many other places. Several miles of the Santa Cruz Railroad were washed away near Santa Cruz.

The town of Napa was flooded, also a portion of Watsonville. Marysville had a narrow escape. The water was to the top of the levees, and had broken over in four places, when a levee above the town broke and let the water run on the plains around the city. This relieved Marysville for a while, and before the plains filled the river began falling, and the city is now regarded as safe. The Sacramento Valley, from Cache creek to Red Bluffs, presents the appearance of a vast lake. In San Francisco for the forty-eight hours ending at 4 o'clock this morning, 6.37 inches of rain fell, which is by far the heaviest rainfall known here for some time. In the lower portion of the city many houses were flooded. In the business section innumerable cellars were filled with water, entailing great loss. Altogether, the storm has been one of the most destructive ever known on the coast. At 6 o'clock this evening despatches from various parts of the state say the storm is subsiding, and here in San Francisco the rain has stopped, the wind has changed, and the barometer is rising.

THE ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONGRESS.—The assemblage of ministers and lay delegates to the Congress of the Methodist Church, in London, at the old City Road Chapel, originally built by John Wesley, on the 7th of September next, will consist of four hundred representatives. Two hundred delegates are to be chosen from the Eastern and Western Continents respectively, and half of each will be ministers and the other half laymen. The number of delegates assigned to each of the branches of the Methodist Church are as follows: In the United States—Methodist Episcopal; North, 80; Methodist Episcopal, South, 38; African Methodist Episcopal, 12; African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, 10; Evangelical Association, 6; Colored Methodist Episcopal, 6; Union American Protestants, 2; Methodist Protestant, 6; American Wesleyan, 4; Free Methodist, 2; Independent, 2; Congressional Methodist, 2; to be assigned hereafter, 6. In the Dominion of Canada—Methodist Church of Canada, 12; Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, 4; Primitive Methodist Church in Canada and the United States, 2; Bible Christian Church in Canada, 2; British Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, 2. The object of this congress will be for social intercourse and instruction and for the advancement of scriptural knowledge and belief. The session will be occupied by addresses on religious subjects and the reading of papers and suggestions of an interesting nature. On the 6th of September next, the day previous to the opening of the congress, a gathering of the members will be held in London, and at its close a farewell service will be held in Liverpool for those returning to the United States. A portion of the delegates will sail on board the City of Berlin on the 6th of August, and another party from Boston on the steamer Furnicia.

RAILROADS IN 1880.—The auditor of railroad accounts, an officer of the United States government, whose particular duty it is to examine the books and accounts of the railroads which have been aided in construction by grants of land or money or both from Congress, makes a very favorable report of business during 1880. The gross earnings of all the railroads in the country, taken collectively, have increased $40,000,000 as compared with last year. This is equivalent to 8 per cent., the increase in the working expenses having been 2½ per cent. The additions to the mileage are about 6 per cent., while the net earnings have increased more than 17 per cent. The auditor calls the attention of the national government to the subject of railroad accidents and how to prevent them, suggesting that further legislation is needed to insure the safety of life and property on these lines of transportation. The proportion of railroad casualties in 1880 is reported at one killed and four injured in each 1,500,000 passengers and employes; or, stating it in another way, out of every 40,000,000 persons carried one mile one is killed and four injured. Of these accidents, as the report shows, one-fourth are the result of defects in property, and more than one-half proceed from carelessness, lack of discipline or inefficient management. Thus more than three-fourths of the railroad accidents during 1880 were the fault of the railroad companies themselves.

AN INFATUATED WIDOW.—On Tuesday last Mrs. Bettie Dunn, of Gallatin, Tenn., arrived in Nashville and visited the county jail, where she had a brief interview with Geo. Smithson, a prisoner there, charged with horse stealing. Procuring a license, she returned to the jail, and in the yard the infatuated woman and the prisoner were married. The audience was composed of the jail officials, city press reporters and three or four county officials. A few whispered words passed between him and his bride, followed by a kiss, after which he was led back to his cell. The bride went out with the audience and was soon lost to view. Mrs. Dunn first met the object of her affections in the Sumner county jail at Gallatin last year while paying a charitable visit, in company with other ladies, to that institution. Smithson was confined in jail at that place for horse stealing. He afterward escaped through the instrumentality of Mrs. Dunn, who provided him with tools with which to cut his way out. He was afterward recaptured, tried and convicted, but, taking an appeal to the Supreme Court, the case was reversed and he was acquitted. Immediately upon his acquittal he was again arrested on the charge of horse stealing in Bedford county. He was tried and convicted in that county, and again took an appeal to the Supreme Court, before which tribunal he is now awaiting a hearing.

For the purpose of determining the capacity of a horse to undergo the privations incident to a state of siege, a series of experiments have been made in Paris. The results show that a horse may hold out for twenty-five days without any nourishment, provided it is supplied with sufficient good drinking water; that a horse can subsist for barely five days without water; and, thirdly, that if a horse is well fed for ten days, but insufficiently supplied with water throughout this period, it will not outlive the eleventh day. A horse which had received no solid nourishment for twelve days was, nevertheless, in a condition to draw a load of six hundred pounds on the twelfth day of its fast.

THE PENSION BUSINESS.—Sixteen years ago the war which made cripples and invalids ceased. In the natural order of things after such a lapse of time the number should be shrinking. Instead of diminishing the number is rapidly and constantly increasing. Why is it? Can it be that the war is still going on, or is there an unwarrantable laxity either in the examination of the surgeons, or in the construction of the law by the Pension Bureau? Said a physician to us recently: It would pay the Government to detail regular army surgeons to go over every part of the Union and reexamine all pensioners. These surgeons are paid for their time, and why not require this duty of them. Is it not that the meritorious should be cut off, but that the frauds should be lopped off. The pension business, like the banks, is very likely to have plenty of spurious and undeserving resemblances to the genuine article. The deserving and meritorious pensioners should be protected against the tricks and devices of the unmeritorious, otherwise the whole system will fall into disrepute and money be filched from the Government that should go to paying off the national debt.—*Martinsburg Independent.*

Mrs. Robert Hume, wife of a well known English gentleman residing in Albemarle county, has been summoned by cable to London, where her husband, who left this country a short time ago on business, is under arrest charged with murder. He was found in the room of Annie Harcourt, at No. 8 St. Bank street, John's Wood. The woman was just breathing her last from a pistol wound in her breast. Hume claimed that the young woman in examining his revolver had accidentally discharged the weapon, killing herself. From information received here, it is believed that this statement is true, but upon examination by the London magistrate Hume was held for murder, the police officers claiming that he has made contradictory statements. Mr. Hume is well known, and his wife was at a Richmond hotel when she received the news of her husband's trouble. Hume is engaged to some extent in the cattle trade, and has considerable dealings in Baltimore. He has also been a frequent exhibitor of cattle at the Virginia State fairs, and is remembered as a jovial, generous young man

WHERE THE FORESTS ARE GOING.—To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of brick consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of the railroad consume annually thirty years, growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all the railroads would cost $45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others; packing boxes, for instance, cost, in 1874, $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.

Ben. Butler is more successful because more able than his associate political adventurers. He left the Democratic party when it was the popular thing to do so, and remained with the republicans until he thought they had "fulfilled their mission," when he returned to the Democracy. He did this because he thought it would put him on the winning side of politics, in which belief he was disappointed. But Butler has at least won one thing, and that is the control of the Democratic party. He has actually hived the Democracy of Massachusetts. In this he excels Forney, Dangherty and his associates, who returned to the Democratic ranks in the abject character of lick spittles. Butler is a great man in politics—a man of force, depth, breadth and will, by which elements he can command recognition wherever he goes.

Chicago despatches report that the physicians are puzzled over the increase and fatality of small-pox, diphtheria and other dangerous diseases in that city. Fifteen new cases reported in one day are certainly enough to cause a feeling of consternation. The announcement is also made that the small-pox has broken out among the convicts in the penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa, and has given rise to a panic. The indications are that this is going to be a small pox winter, and therefore all possible precautions should be taken.

Lord Lansdowne, a prominent English nobleman, has achieved unenviable notority in connection with Irish affairs. It has come out that he exercised the most complete feudal supervision over his tenants. His despotism forbade marriage; it forbade his tenants to harbor peasants who set at defiance his claims to say when they should mate; it punished those under him who even sheltered in an out house an unhappy couple. He pleaded that in thus wielding a mastership which was, if not legal, beyond all that law ever contemplates, he was benevolent. He was preventing improvident matches, which are the curse of Ireland, and providing against the settlement of too many people on estates which cannot bear additional burden. But it comes out that while thus taking care that the tenancies shall not be overburdened, additional weight upon them, in the shape of increased rents, has been his object. Three times in a quarter of a century have his rents been raised—once by 25 per cent. at a leap, and this at the very time when he was trying, as he says, to prevent poverty by preventing undue multiplication. Furthermore, it appears that he has re-let to his tenants at 5 per cent. the money loaned at 3½ per cent. by the government to landlords for the improvement of their lands. He thus makes money out of a benevolence.

A SON'S INGRATITUDE.—Benjamin Hendricks, an old farmer near Newark, Ohio, having reached the age of 78, and becoming very infirm, about two years since deeded to his son one hundred acres of farm-land, the consideration being that he was to have comfortable food and shelter for the balance of his life, and a decent burial at his death. From all accounts, the son and his wife began to get tired of the old man, and not only failed to keep the agreement, but took steps to have him removed to the poor house. On Sunday last young Hendricks, influenced by the threats of his wife—to the effect that, unless the old man left, she would—compelled his father to leave. The old man, with bare feet and scantily clothed, set out and walked half a mile to a neighbor's house, where he was taken in with his feet frozen and terribly swollen. The indignation his conduct aroused among the neighbors induced the ungrateful son to take his father home again. Legal proceedings are to be instituted to set aside the deed and restore to the father the property he had acquired by a lifetime of toil.

The Supreme Court has rendered an important decision upon the attempt of the State of Virginia to tax her bonds in violation of a previous contract with her creditors. The State issued bonds, under the adjustment of 1871, with the proviso that the coupons should be receivable for taxes and other dues to the State. Later a law was passed, requiring a deduction of a sum equivalent to a specified tax upon the market value of the coupons when presented in payment of taxes and other dues. The Court holds that this was a law impairing the obligation of a contract, and void, and finds the case for the creditor much stronger than in the well-known cause to which Judge Field makes allusion; and in which the principle was laid down that any tax levied upon public securities cannot be deducted from the interest payable on them.

The "dead-lock" in the Tennessee legislature was broken on Wednesday of last week by the election of Howell E. Jackson as Senator, to succeed Mr. Bailey. A result was reached on the thirtieth ballot, when Mr. Jackson received 70 votes, a number of Republicans voting for him, which fact indicates that among the Democrats the Republicans had a choice, and doubtless fell upon a man with the least amount of Bourbonism in his politics, seeing they could not get a Republican.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

28th day of February, 1881,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, adjoining the town of Oakland, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 844,

of the Military Lands Westward from Fort Cumberland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy the sum of $59.78, balance of State and County taxes, with interest due, by Mrs. Amanda B. Hall for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
2 5 3t Collector.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF and Count Arnim, Bismarck's two best enemies, are both spending the winter at Nice, in the same hotel.

A MARRIAGE is expected to take place between the hereditary Grand Duke of Baden and the Princess Victoria of Hesse-Darmstadt, a daughter of the Princess Alice of England.

THE lady stewardess of the household of the young princess who is about to marry the grandson of Victoria and of Wilhelm, is a great granddaughter of William von Humboldt.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, on his 70th birthday told his physicinn that he would make him a count if he brought him safely to his 80th. He kept the promise and made another, namely, to make the doctor a prince if he brought him to the 90th birthday.

AN American recently in Paris rang the bell at the Morgue and handed to the attendant a letter containing his name, address, and the statement that he was about to put an end to his life in this way that his friends might not be troubled with details, and while the letter was being read, deliberately shot himself through the heart.

AT the festivities of the recent royal deer drives in Scotland, reel dancing and the making of "free foresters" were two of the features of amusement. Free foresters are made by smearing the individuals with stag's blood. In the case of a lady a touch suffices. Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is a fine reel dancer, was among those honored.

IT has been the fashion to regard Belgium as a model country, but Florence Nightingale's sister, Lady Verney, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, gives no very pleasant picture of its rural aspects. The scattered villages, she says, lie very far apart, and Belgian villages are peculiarly wretched-looking, the dwellings one-storied and miserable, the few cottages often mere mud hovels; vegetables running to the very door, with no path up to it, and not a single flower; the barelegged, bareheaded women evidently too ground down by hard work in the fields, and anxiety for the bare necessities of life, to care for even a strip of garden. If flowers were to be seen, they were at a drinking-house or at the railway stations.

THE failure in his old age of Mr. Mechi, one of the kindest and most liberal-minded of men, will excite widespread sympathy. For the last forty years he has been one of the most prominent men in England, and Mechi's magic paste and razor-strops have been scarcely less renowned than Tiptree Hall, his model farm near London. Some twenty years ago Mr. Mechi unwarily became connected with a joint-stock bank which failed disastrously and let him in for a heavy sum, a blow from which, it is likely enough, he never recovered. He was almost as well known to agriculturists out of England as to those in it, and visitors of the first distinction flocked to his farm from all parts of the world. Mr. Mechi is descended from the hair dresser of Queen Caroline, wife of George II., who accompanied her when she came to reside in England.

THE art of advertising has been carried to a pretty high point in this country, but it has been left for an English firm to "take the cake." The British Government takes its decennial census during the coming year, and the plan which it has adopted is to leave a blank form with every householder on a certain Saturday night, to be filled in by him by Monday morning, when the forms are to be collected. This will require several millions of blanks, costing something like half a million of dollars, but one mercantile house thought the opportunity of getting its wares brought to the attention of every family in the kingdom worth this little fortune, and offered to furnish all the blanks needed, provided it be allowed to print its advertisement on the back. The Government refused the offer, and thus has decided to make her Majesty's subjects pay for what they might have had for nothing.

The "Morning Calls" in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

YESTERDAY morning I took a stroll through some of the narrow streets of the old French quarter of our city, where—

The jingle of the ragmen's bells and the song of the *Latanier*
Can be heard on every crossing, and in every passage way,
And the cries of "Clothes-pole, madam?" and "*Belle calas tout chaud*,"
Are followed closely by the organ grinding out the "Reel and Too."

As I walked through the quaint streets I noticed that many of the houses, once the scenes of mirth and pleasure in the old creole days, were in a dilapidated condition, and that the roofs of some projected far over the banquetto under the weight of the heavy tile covering. Many of these old corner buildings are now occupied by creoles, Spanish and Italians, who sell fruit of all kinds and *biere creole*, a favorite beverage with the creole children. These people take great pains in decorating their shop windows, and always point to them with pride. Every evening, Sunday especially, these small shops are crowded with little children, who come from all parts of the district to spend their pleasures for *plarines* or for a cool glass of *biere creole*.

One shop window particularly attracted my attention. In the center there was a beautiful pyramid of *plarines*, made of all colors, with fruit of all kinds tastefully arranged in front and on either side of the pyramid, making altogether a very pretty picture for the children that crowded around the window every evening.

As I stood there gazing into the little shop window, the sweet and solemn music of the chime of bells suddenly pealed forth from the towers of the St. Louis Cathedral, and in a minute afterward old and young, grave and gay, could be seen, with beads in hand, hurrying along in the direction of the old Cathedral to attend mass.

I passed on, and when I reached the corner I saw an old negro chimney-sweep, with his bundle of palmetto leaves thrown across his shoulder, singing:

"*Romoner la cheminee!* Don't yer want a chimbly sweep?
I kin climb the tallest 'hous'-top, an' I'll clean yo' chimly cheap.
Romoner la cheminee! I'll do de job up neat
Kase I wants ter mak' a quarter fo' ter b'y bread ter eat!"

Then the *marchande de calas*, or vender of rice-cakes, came along crying: "*Belle calas, tout chaud*," followed by the charcoal man, singing:

"Charcoaly, coaly, coaly, coaly, fo' ze receh an' po'.
Charcoaly fo' ze nicey gall a-stanin' at ze doah!
My hossy 'e is very w'ite, de coaly mak' me black,
Com up an' b'y, e's very sheep! ten picayone a sack!"

As the last notes of the charcoal vender's song died out upon the air I was startled, on turning the corner, by the loud, piercing cry of a vicious-looking Italian, shouting:

"Teen-a-feexy, madam!"

Being of a somewhat nervous temperament, his unearthly yell caused me to jump two feet in the air. When I struck terra firma I found myself face to face with a dark-haired son of Italy. We eyed one another for fully three minutes. I am certain he enjoyed the sudden jump his terrible yell caused me to take, for as I turned to go I noticed that a cunning smile overspread his dark, grim visage.

I soon got over my fright, and when I reached the center of the square on Burgundy, near Orleans Street, I was approached by a sickly-looking Chinaman, "with smile childlike and bland," who thrust a handful of cigars under my proboscis and said:

"Ciglar, sir?"

"How much?"

"Floo flo pliearyoon; ho de belly bes' Hablana."

I didn't doubt that they were; but one thing I can say, they were the largest cigars I ever saw. I thought that if I purchased two of them I would be obliged to hire a boy to carry one while I smoked the other; so, taking in consideration the extra expense, and, besides the great danger of losing my balance in crossing bridges, I simply said:

"They are very cheap, John; but have you no smaller ones?"

"Him all me glot. Me habbee slom mo' to-moller."

"All right, John; I'll come down and take a box from you to-morrow. Good-by."

"Bly-bly," echoed John, as I turned the corner.

That's the last I'll see of that almond-eyed son of the Celestial Empire. Had I purchased those "ciglars" I would have been lying "under the sod and the dew," and my spirit would already be waiting patiently on the golden shore, with club in hand, to receive the almond-eyed individual that caused me to leave this world with lock-jaw. When I reached the corner of Orleans Street I met an old negro, whose song is familiar to every person below Canal Street. He carried a basket on his head, and was followed by five or six innocent-looking dogs.

"What do you sell, old man?" I asked.

"I sells *Latanier* an' swamp-lily."

"What is the swamp-lily used for?"

"Ef you bile it an' mak' a good strong tea, it's gwine to break de nardis' kind ob fever nine times out of ten. De *Latanier* is a root used by de creoles fo' scrubbin' purposes. Dey mix a little yellow ocher in clear water an' dis heah root brings de flo's an' kitchen tables jus' as clean as white silk. Doy beats dese heah hair scrubbin' brushes dat uns' ob de white people use nowadays."

"Do you sell many of them?"

"Well, yes. I gives two fo' a nickel, an' four ob dem 'ill las' jus' as long as one of dese hair brushes. De creole families use dem altogedder."

When I left the old negro he stood on the corner and sang:

"*Latanier*, madam! O *Latanier!* Good scrubbing brush fo' all,
Dey's de bes' ter clean yo kitchen, an de dinin'-room an' hall.
Two pieces fo' a nickel! *Latanier* is w'at I cry;
An' if you want a scrubbin'-brush, w'y come along an' b'y."

Passing out Orleans Street, I met a little Italian vender with a string of garlic thrown across his shoulder, yelling: "Garleek, madam!" Another was crying: "*Bon marche*, madam! Niee appellie an' orangee dime a dozen." Then an old darkey came along shouting: "Close-poles!" followed by a little Tenton crying: "Sausage, sausage, dhree links for a dhime!"

So from early morn till close of day, you hear the vender's yell:
"Bannny! Appils! Onyons!" and "Nice oysters in ze shell."
Then comes the Italian vender with his "garleek" on a string,
And the Gascon scissors-grinder with his "ting-a-ling-a-ling."

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Poisoneus Springs in California.

AMONG the many curious things to be seen in Mendocino County are the poison springs near Hopland. They are situated about two miles north of Hopland and on the banks of the Russian River. Though near a traveled route, but few people know of its existence. They are located on a small marsh, which is destitute of trees, though surrounded by a heavy undergrowth. On this marsh are several pool-like springs. The water itself is not poisonous, but the gas arising out of one of the seams in the earth is very poisonous. Scattered about the springs are the bones of animals that have fallen victims to its poisonous vapor. Foxes, rabbits and squirrels have been among the victims. It is said that even the birds flying low down over the springs are sometimes poisoned and fall to the ground. A reliable gentleman relates that he has seen as many as three foxes lying by the springs at one time. Nor is it the lower animals only that have been poisoned, as several Indians have been killed by it. They attribute medical virtue to the vapor, and sometimes go to these springs to inhale it. The effect is dizziness; they soon become overpowered unless they leave and go to the pure air. It is said that the fumes are stronger in the morning than at any other time. It is related of Scott, the bear-hunter, that he was hunting in early days near this spot and did not know of these springs. One of his best dogs went to the springs and Scott himself soon followed. He found his dog in the throes of death, and, unaware of the cause, he himself was nearly overpowered by the noxious fumes. These facts are well known in the vicinity. There has never been a chemical analysis of the water or vapor, but the springs will, no doubt, soon attract notice.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE "Canadian lope" is the latest agony in dancing.

The Supreme Court on Palace Cars.

CONCERNING decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington, the New York Court of Appeals and the Massachusetts Supreme Court ought to suffice to settle the law for the whole country, at least where no reasons for varying the rule in different localities exist. Such decisions have now been rendered adverse to the device of the railroad and drawing-room companies for escaping liability to injured passengers. The public have been accustomed to buy tickets for travel from the agent of the railroad company, and tickets for berths or chairs from the agent of the Pullman or Wagner companies, without being really aware that there were two distinct corporations, one owning the track, the locomotive and the baggage and freight cars, and employing the engineer, brakemen, etc.; the other owning the drawing-room or sleeping-car, and employing its conductor and porter. But whichever company the passenger has sued, for lost baggage or personal injury, he has generally been told that he should have sued the other. Three courts have now agreed that he may sue the railroad company, and that any contract which that company may have made with Pullman or Wagner to cooperate in the service is a private matter with which the passenger has no concern.

The Massachusetts case was decided in 1878. While the traveler was at dinner at a stopping-place, the Wagner car in which he was riding was changed for another; the employees shifted the hand-baggage, and one valise was lost or stolen. The passenger made his claim against the railroad company, and the Massachusetts court pronounced it lawful. In the New York case, which was decided in 1879, a Mr. Thorpe took a train of the Central Railroad to ride from Syracuse to Auburn. There were two ordinary cars in the train, and his preference was to ride in one of these; but they were crowded. He, therefore, nobody objecting, went forward into the drawing-room car. When asked to pay the charge for his seat there he refused; said that he had come there only because the other cars were full, etc. Thereupon the porter of the drawing-room car ejected him, or endeavored to do so, by force. For this the passenger sued the railroad company. The only defense made was that the porter was employed by the owners of the drawing-room cars and that the railroad company was not responsible for his misbehavior. But the Court of Appeals said, in effect, that a railroad company makes the porter its servant by adopting the drawing-room car for carrying its passengers, and is responsible for his acts toward passengers. Ordinary travelers are not expected to distinguish between employees of the two corporations, or to know what special arrangements exist between them.

The United States Supreme Court has now asserted the same principle. The traveler was ticketed from Chicago to Philadelphia, starting at night and occupying a sleeping-car berth. Next morning he met an acquaintance who had a berth in another car, and he went into that car for conversation. As they sat chatting the upper berth of the section fell; it struck the visitor on the head and produced serious and permanent injury of the brain. The Supreme Court says that he was warranted in suing the railroad company directly. A railroad company is responsible for injuries received by passengers which might have been avoided by the use, on the part of the company, of the highest degree of vigilance and skill, and, in particular, for an injury attributable to weakness or defect in the car itself, as when a berth, which ought to stay up, falls without warning. A railroad company can not make use of the cars of Pullman or Wagner without making the same examination of them, or taking the same responsibility in regard to their condition, as is required in respect to the company's ordinary passenger cars. The law will not permit a railroad company, through any device or arrangement with a sleeping-car company whose cars are used as a part of the train, to throw the duty of providing proper means for the safe conveyance of passengers upon the latter. The lawyers for the company endeavor to make a point out of the circumstance that the passenger was not riding in his own seat, but had temporarily visited another car; but the Court said this made no sort of difference.—*New York Tribune.*

A Man's Life Saved by a Feather Bed.

A LIVELY fracas occurred recently, at Silver Star, between a man named Frank Rodgers, well known in Butte, and a teamster, whose name could not be ascertained. It appears that the two men were engaged in playing poker, when a hot dispute arose about the deal. Rodgers pulled a six-shooter and, holding it up against the body of the freighter, told him to "give up that money." The latter, though not apparently alarmed, requested Rodgers not to shoot him down like a dog, when he was told to go and heel himself and to "come back a-shootin'." The teamster left the house and Rodgers retained his seat, ready for war. In a few moments Rodgers happened to glance toward the door, which was partly open, and was considerably alarmed to see a double-barreled shot-gun pointed at him, the teamster behind it with fire in his eye. Rodgers made a jump for the back door leading into a bed-room and was closely followed by his enraged foe. The room being somewhat dark, and the bed not having been made up, the teamster mistook the clothes, which were lying in a heap, for Rodgers, at whose supposed body he blazed away with both barrels. The room was at once filled with smoke and feathers, and after the excitement had in a measure subsided, some men entered the apartment, intending to bring out all that was mortal of the victim. They were considerably surprised, however, to see Rodgers emerge from beneath the bed alive and unharmed. It appears he had wisely concluded to take refuge under instead of on top of the bed, and to his foresight in the matter he owes the preservation of his life. The above are the particulars of the case as near as they can be ascertained; whether they are absolutely correct or not we are not advised.—*Butte (Montana) Miner.*

A LADY went to a fire-box in Chicago to post a letter, and in endeavoring to get the letter in an alarm was given which called out the department.

Interesting Facts as to the Habits of the Japanese.

THE recently adopted regulation of the State Department requiring Consular officials abroad to report upon the trade, manufactures and varied industries of the places to which they are accredited has resulted in the compilation of some interesting information. The following paragraphs are from the report on Japan:

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Perry opened the sealed gateways of Japan to the commerce and travel of the world. The unique civilization of an island empire, with an area of 150,000 square miles and more than 35,000,000 of people, was then first presented to modern times for study and investigation. Since that time libraries of books and pamphlets and volumes of letters have been written upon every phase of that civilization, except the status and condition of the laborer. Of the importance and power of 35,000,000 of people as added factors in the products of the world there can be no question.

All buildings, or nearly all, are one-story and, compared to those of America and Europe, small. But the reader must bear in mind that the requirements of this Oriental civilization are less than with us. A laborer's house here will at most have no more than four little rooms. Generally there is one main room, which serves as a sitting, dining and sleeping room, and in addition a small nook for cooking and another for bathing. That the uses of one room for the purposes of eating, sitting and sleeping may be understood, it should be explained that the rooms are covered with clean soft mats, upon which no boot or shoe ever treads. When meals are served small tables not more than one foot high are used, and the family sit on the floor like tailors on their benches. When the meal is finished the table is removed and the room is ready for a sitting-room, the mats serving as seats. At night cotton comforters are brought from a small clothes-press and spread on the mats, and lo! a sleeping chamber. Thus, much of the room required by a laborer of our Western civilization is saved. A Japanese laborer's house with three rooms can be built for from 25 to 200 yen. And the furniture, including matting and sliding partitions, will not exceed 50 yen. A yen is about equal to our dollar. The house, by reason of non-use by the people of boots and shoes, is neat and clean. The bath, found in almost every laborer's house, is in daily use, and cheap and small as the house is it is comfortable. None of the houses are built with a view to ventilation or warmth, the partitions and sides being of paper, protected in cold weather or storms by strong wooden shutters. The vast majority of the houses are thatched, and therefore stove-pipes and chimneys are impossible. In fact, there are no stoves or grates in Japan. In villages and towns the house is warmed, if at all, by a small fire-box filled with charcoal, but more generally by a square zinc or copper-lined fire-place, sunk in the middle of the floor, in which wood is burned, the smoke from which arises and escapes through a hole in the roof. But little heat is generated in this way, and much discomfort from the smoke is experienced, and diseases of the eye are prevalent. As a rule the principal protection from cold is by additional padded clothing. The laborer, however, suffers in the three winter months, when, although in many parts of the Empire the thermometer does not mark very low, the cold storms of snow and rain are exceedingly uncomfortable. The drainage from sinks and cess-pools in the vicinity of tenements is as a rule extremely defective, and is doubtless a powerful agent in producing epidemic diseases.

The houses of cities seem to be less crowded than those of the poorer rural districts. All labor on the farm is, to the present time, mere handiwork. A plow is seldom seen. Sometimes in the lowland rice-fields an implement five feet in length, with a wooden cross-piece and depending iron teeth twenty inches in length set four or five inches apart, is used with a horse as a pulverizer of the soil, after the latter has been thoroughly dug up and worked over with a mattock. Ninety-nine per cent., however, of all labor is still manual. In 1878 the number of farmers out of a population of 35,000,000 was something over 15,500,000, of which over 7,000,000 were women; but as a large number of these latter, including the old and young, are engaged in household duties, spinning, weaving, making clothing, etc., there were probably not more than 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 women employed in field work. The area of land in actual cultivation in the whole empire in 1875 was about 12,000,000 acres, so that to the actual farming population there were only three-quarters of an acre per head. The tillage is of the most thorough order. The crops are invariably raised each year, so that the producing capacity of the area cultivated is double that of the number of acres named. The wages of an able-bodied farm hand are about $35 per year with board, and without board $50. Per day, with board, it will not average more than fifteen to twenty cents. Female labor is much cheaper. To do work in a house or on a farm, stout, healthy women are employed at from $8 to $10 a year with food, and without food from $25 to $30, and by the day at from ten to fifteen cents a day. The number of hours of labor will not average more than nine, and probably not more than eight.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

Gems.

JEWELS in heraldry represent colors.

The topaz represents or (gold) or the planet Sol.

The pearl or crystal represents argent (silver) or the planet Luna.

The ruby represents gules (red) or the planet Mars.

The sapphire represents azure (blue) or the planet Jupiter.

The diamond represents sable (black) or the planet Saturn.

The emerald represents vert (green) or the planet Venus.

The amethyst represents purpure (purple) or the planet Mercury.

And now that you have had a glimpse of jewels, I think it is time to look up the casket.

THE laboring classes of Switzerland are out of work, and are much distressed.

Religious.

OUR PRAYERS.

ART thou not weary of our selfish prayers?
For ever crying, "Help me! save *me*, Lord!"
We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,
Nor hear the song outside, nor join its vast accord.

Is not the need of other souls our need?
After desire the helpful act must go,
As the strong wind bears on the winged seed
To some bare spot of earth, and leaves it there to grow.

Still are we saying, "Teach us how to pray;"
Oh, teach us how to *love*, and then our prayer
Through other lives will find its upward way,
As plants together seek and find sweet life and air.

—*N. W. Advocate.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Jan. 30—Simon and the Child Jesus.....Luke 2: 25-35
Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus....Luke 2: 40-52
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist.....Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus. Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick. Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John. Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom. Luke 9: 1-6

Sunday as a Day of Rest.

HERETOFORE our custom and laws have assumed and guarded the right of every man to rest on Sunday. But times are changing. The customs of Europe, where most workingmen, and women, too, have to work the whole or part of Sunday, are gaining a foothold here.

The issue is one that it behooves the American workingman to face in time, and with decision, else sooner than he thinks ter, he may have to choose between his Sabbath and his bread.

But look beyond the letter of the commandment. In our days it has come to be well understood that just as a man needs the rest of the night, so he needs the further rest of one day in seven. As a mere working machine, he can do more and better work in the long run by resting one day in each week than by working seven days. Under uninterrupted labor he wears out prematurely, and the Sunday rest is a matter of mechanical economy.

What the engineers of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad said a few years ago, in their petition for Sunday rest, is true of all classes of workingmen: "This never-ending toil ruins our health, and prematurely makes us feel worn out, like old men, and we are sensible of our inability to perform our duty as well when we work to an excess. Give us the Sabbath for rest after our week of laborious duties, and we pledge you that the system invigorated by a season of repose, with a brain eased and cleared by hours of relaxation, we can go to work with more energy, more mental and physical force, and can and will accomplish more work and do it better, if possible, in six days than we can now do in seven."

But a workman is something more than a working, eating and sleeping machine. He is a man, a citizen, a husband, a father, the head of a family. He needs one day in seven, when he can be his own master, when he can take off the yoke of labor from his neck, wipe the sweat from his brow and the grime from his hands; when he can be free to think, and read, and worship, free to cultivate his heart and mind, to enjoy his home and friends, and, while making the most of this life, prepare for the better life above.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Gladness of Religion.

ONE of the elements of Christianity is the ministry of good cheer—one "fruit of the Spirit is Joy." An eccentric old lady in describing her conversion, said, "When I was converted, it didn't make me gloomy; but I moved out of Grumble Alley into Thanksgiving street, and I have been living there ever since." Every Christian can and should live on Thanksgiving street, in a corner house with plenty of light, from the time of his conversion until he moves into his eternal home on the golden streets. As far as joy is concerned, we can even in this life dwell in the suburbs of the Celestial City, at "the very gate of Heaven."

As we read in the book of Acts the records of the early church, we find frequently the words "prisons," "chains," but in spite of these we see as frequently the words "joy" and "rejoicing." They make the Lord's Day not only a day of rest and worship, but also a day of jubilant thanksgiving, instead of the solemnity which in some periods has been associated with it. The Lord's Supper was less solemn than in more recent centuries, being really a Eucharist—a thanksgiving for the glorious results of Christ's death.

In the Dark Ages, as the church's life was frozen into formality, its joy was at the same time chilled into solemnity. The ministers were muffled in mourning robes to the chin—strange contrast to the bright Oriental dress of the Apostles. Their words were also chilled into writing and bound in mourning covers of black. Churches came to be framed in graveyards, and at length the walls were frescoed and plastered with tombstones, and dead men were buried beneath the pulpit as if to preserve unbroken solemnity in the lifeless man who preached above.

A little of this overshadowing of churches with the thoughts of death lingers even to-day in New York and perhaps other cities, which put on the front of their beautiful churches neither the name of the church nor the minister, but only the name and residence of the undertaker, as if the church were a great tomb or a funeral-furnishing establishment. One is reminded of the ingubrious Christian who came into a Bible meeting and said that he had found new, fresh and comforting thought in recent meditation on the passage, "O Lord, undertake for me." "How precious the thought," he exclaimed—"*the Lord our undertaker!*" There are some whose faces grow so solemn at the very mention of religion, and who associate it so largely with death, that one would suppose their highest conception of the Heavenly Father was, "The Lord our undertaker." So excellent a man as Leigh Richmond, the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," tells us that when he was conducting children's services in his church, his most frequent course was to send the children out into the graveyard, just at hand, to commit to memory the solemn epitaphs and meditate upon death—the most frequent subject of his little folks' meetings. Of a similar spirit was that man who told his boy, as an inducement to virtue and excellence, that if he would be a good boy all day he would take him on the morrow to see his grandmother's grave.

There has been altogether too much cherishing of the idea that good boys must think a great deal about graves. Thank God, we live in an age when the sunlight of Christianity is no longer shut out of our homes and churches; when the gravestones are neither seen in nor around our churches; when fountains sparkle before them; when flowers adorn the pulpit, and when jubilant strains sometimes, though not as often as we would desire, are heard from the grand organ; when sometimes the songs of birds are heard among the flowers on anniversary day; when Windham and China have given place in the Sunday-school to such hymns as,

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given;

and when it is not considered worthy of confession or penitence for one to smile sometimes in church.

Among the many joys of home and society that are given to us, *religion is the king-joy*, and as king should rule over all joys and subordinate them to himself.

Nearly all principles in regard to pleasure may be concentrated into two sentences: "Nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remember;" and "A good time does not go off with the having." Since we are beings of memory, it does not pay to go into any pleasure that is pleasant only in the act, since it may come back to us at future times in memory with bitterness and suffering. Joseph's brethren had a momentary joy, since "revenge is sweet," when they sold their brother into slavery, and got rid of a rival; but again and again in after years that act came back to their memories with utter bitterness, to teach them and us that nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remember.

On the other hand, Job indulged in the pleasure of doing good—helping the orphan and the widow; and these good times did not go off with the having, for afterward, in his pains and troubles, he called them back to memory, and said, "When the eye saw me, then it blessed me; when the ear heard me it gave witness unto me, for I was a father to the fatherless, and made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Religion, then, sends two messengers to win the young to its ranks. Duty comes and says: "You *ought* to be a Christian," and Conscience echoes the call, and side by side with duty comes Joy, saying, "In a Christian life there is fullness of joy on earth, and in its right hand pleasures forever more."'—*Rev. W. F. Crafts in Chicago Advance.*

Simplicity.

IT is utter forgetfulness of self that gives truest power and truest attractiveness in character. Self-consciousness does not always show itself with equal offensiveness; sometimes it appears in undisguised vanity; sometimes in overbearing assumption; again it is chiefly manifest in extreme embarrassment of manner; but it is always a loss of power and a loss of winsomeness.

Self-consciousness is not inconsistent with sincerity, but it is inconsistent with simplicity, and the truest grace and the greatest force are always found in simplicity. Many who pride themselves on their sincerity are utterly lacking in simplicity, and they suffer before others accordingly. "We see many people," says Fenelon, "who are sincere without being simple. They do not wish to be taken for other than what they are; but they are always fearing lest they should be taken for what they are not. A simple man neither affects virue, nor truth: he is never busy thinking about himself; and seems to have lost that *ego* about which we are so jealous." Simplicity is a sure cure of that morbid sensitiveness which causes one to think that he is always under prominent observation one way or the other, or which would bring him to confess if he really spoke out sincerely:

"I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame."

Simplicity goes straight at its work everywhere and always, and without a thought of anything but that work. That is always a power, always a source of attractiveness.—*S. S. Times.*

Count Them.

COUNT what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best Friend in Heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you! You have murmured under your afflictions; but who has heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sun-beam, the rain-drops, the star or the Queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Count mercies before you complain of affliction.—*Exchange.*

THE Hartford *Sunday Journal* wants an answer to the question, "Why does a hen go across the road?" There are two reasons. First, because the opposite neighbor has just planted some very choice verbena seed; and, second, the hen goes across the road because it is so long she can't go round it. What's the reward?—*Rockland Courier.*

"SAL says you can't come to see her any more," remarked a Marathon boy to the admirer of the youth's sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in the week now, and how could you come any more now without spreading the week like blazes?"

REJECTED lovers need never despair. There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.—*De Fenod.*

HOME AND FARM.

PARAFFINE OIL on wbetstones is superior to any other liquid, and will keep the stone in better order.

IN some recent experiments at Paris the fumes of burning coffee were shown to have a disinfecting power quite remarkable.

CHILDREN'S PLUM PUDDING.—Half-pound raisins, half-pound chopped currants, half-pound suet, one pound bread soaked in milk, beaten smooth, quarter pound flour, two ounces candied peel, half-pound sugar, little spice, pinch salt; boil six hours or less, according to size.

DRESSING FOR ROAST TURKEY.—Two onions, five ounces of soaked and squeezed bread, eight or ten sage leaves, an ounce of butter, one egg, a small piece of pork minced and pepper and salt te taste. Mince tbe onions and fry them before adding to the other ingredients. Some chepped celery is always a good addition.

CORN-BREAD.—Mix together half a pound each of sugar and prepared flour, one and a half pounds of Indian-meal, two onnces of butter, melted, four eggs, and three pints of milk; put the batter into a het buttered pan, and bake it half an hour in a quick oven, but do not burn it. If prepared flour is not on hand use the ordinary kind, either with baking-powder or cream of tartar and soda.

TO REPAIR CRACKED HOOF.—Cracked hoof may be cured by cleaning out the crack and filling it with gutta percha dissolved in naphtha or benzine. Then secure the edges of the crack by clasps made of pieces of horse-shoe nail hooked into the hoof on each side of the crack, by which it is prevented from opening. Then burn the hoof a little at the upper end of the crack and aeross it to prevent the split from extending upward.—*N. Y. Times.*

KEEPING PLANTS.—When frost comes and you are afraid that the fire may get low, and your plants get nipped, just get a lantern and some good oil, fix your lantern nicely, and it will burn all night, and by placing it under your flower-shelf you will be pleased to find how safely your plants get along. I have tried this for some years, and find that the heat from a common railroad lantern will protect quite a quantity of plants if the lantern is placed among or under the plants.—*Inter-Ocean.*

POTATOES in the raw state ought never to be given to any animal, with the exception of sheep and geese. It is said a goose will thrive better, and the flesh will be more gratefully flavored, upon raw potatoes sliced than upon any other article, while sheep—and old sheep particularly—will more speedily thrive on raw potatoes than on turnips; but, especially in the beginning, raw potatoes will scour cattle and horses, and not unfrequently cause death, while there is no danger from either boiled or steamed potatoes.—*Stockman.*

A CHEAP AND EFFECTUAL DISINFECTANT.—Half a drachm of nitrate of lead dissolved in a pint of boiling water; this solution to be poured into a bucketful of cold water, in which are dissolved two drachms of common salt. Some of this solution occasionally poured into the sinks and vaults about the premises, will soon purify the place from any deleterious emanations; and cloths dipped in the solution and wrung out and hung on lines about the rooms will keep the atmosphere of even a hospital ward sweet and healthy. Its action on clothes or furniture is perfectly harmless —*Boston Transcript.*

A USEFUL TABLE.—The following table will help farmers to be accurate in measuring things: 5 yards wide by 968 yards long, 1 acre; 10 yards wide by 484 yards long, 1 acre; 20 yards wide by 252 yards long, 1 acre; 40 yards wide by 121 yards long, 1 acre; 70 yards wide by 69 yards long, 1 acre; 80 yards wide by 60 yards long, 1 acre; 60 feet wide by 726 feet long, 1 acre; 110 feet wide by 369 feet long, 1 acre; 120 feet wide by 363 feet long, 1 acre; 220 feet wide by 198 feet long, 1 acre; 240 feet wide by 181 feet long, 1 acre; 440 feet wide by 99 feet long, 1 acre. A box 24x16 inches, 22 inches deep, holds 1 barrel; a box 16x16 inches, 8 inches deep, holds 1 bushel; a box 8 1-2x8 1-2 inches, 8 inches deep, holds 1 peck; a box 4x4 inches, 4 1-2 inches deep, holds 1-2 peek.

Best Method of Preserving Posts.

REFERRING to the well-known methods of preserving posts and poles which are partly imbedded in the earth, by charring and coating with tar, the *Scientific American* says these methods are only effective when both are applied Should tbe poles only be charred, with out the subsequent treatment with tar the charred formation on the surface would only act as an absorber of the moisture and, if anything hasten the decay. By applying a coating of tar, according to tbe same authority, the tar would only form a casing about the wood, nor could it penetrate to the depths which the absorbing properties of the charcoal surface would insure.

Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should first be charred and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar until the wood is thoroughly impregnated, says the journal in question. The acetic acid and oils contained in the tar are evaporated hy the heat and only the resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood and forms an air-tight and water-proof envelope. It is important to impregnate the posts a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay affects the wood first and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

IN speaking of the adaptability of various sections of the United States for goat-raising, many people appear to have an idea that the Angora and Cashmere goats are identical. They are as distinct as the Merino is from the Leicester sheep. The Cashmere is valued for the production of a small quantity of extremely fine wool, which grows at the roots of the long, coarse hair with which the animal is covered, while the great value of the Angora is found in the high quality of its fleece, sometimes called mohair Cashmeres are found on the slopes of the Himalayas and in the valley of the Thibet and Cashmere; Angoras come originally from the neighborhood of Angora, in Asia Minor.

THE DAIRY.

AS LITTLE light as possible should be admitted into the milk house. Light is liable to blanch the cream.

INCREASING THE MILK OF COWS.—Gentle treatment and rapid and close milking will tend to the greatest development of the milk in cows and the contrary practices will have the effect of materially reducing the quantity. Above all, give them an abundance of the best feed.

A CONNECTICUT dairyman, who has been experimenting with turnips as food for cows, thinks they are worth twenty-five cents per bushel. There was no saving in the amount of hay consumed, but they increased the flow of milk, and were an aid to the digestion of hay and other dry fodder. European experimenters have come to the same conclusion.

"WHAT does a pound of butter cost?" and "What should a pound of butter cost?" are questions suitable for farmers' clubs and granges to wrestle with until they arrive at a solution. The cost of a pound of butter depends largely upon whether the cow is a good dairy animal. Some cows will produce butter at a much lower cost than others. Undoubtedly the present cost of production might be considerably reduced by giving attention to the breeding of cows adapted to butter making, and feeding as will produce the most economical results. Good cows should first be secured, and then they should be fed such foods as are found by trial to produce the best results, and fed to the full extent of their power to profitably convert the feed into milk and butter.—*Lewiston Journal.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England *Farmer* gives the following description of a milking stool which he says he likes better than any he ever used: "Take a board eight inches wide and eighteen long, and nail another piece eight inches square, on the top side, at one end to sit on; on the under side, about four inches from the front end, nail on a cleat about three inches wide, crosswise, to prevent its splitting, and also to hold the front leg more firmly; now bore two holes in the back end and one in the front end, through the center of the cleat, in which to insert the legs; make the freut leg six inches leng and the back ones two inches longer. Now when you go to milk take this stool along with you and sit down astride of it and put the pail on the other end of it, between your kuees; you can then hold it easily and in a position not easily tipped over."

Winter Dairying.

OUTSIDE of the great dairy localities of this country are thousands of dairies whose chief revenue is the supply of butter, and as this butter has to be put into the market in competition with the celebrated creamery brands, it is to the advantage of the small producer to devote every energy to making a prime, uniform class of goods, and one that will stand the scrutiny of inspection.

It seems to be an oxeepted fact that the great dairy districts will not, for years, if ever, change their "season," but will "dairy it" in the summer, and in the winter the cows will be as in the past, non-producers; and with this very fact comes the small dairyman's golden opportunity to make his butter in the winter and early spring when there is no surplus of dairy products, and correspondiagly high prices for these productions; and at the time when the markets are filled by the great dairies, let his cows go dry, and recuperate for the winter's campaign, or feed the small mess that they will gives to calves and hogs. For the small dairyman to let his cews calve in October, supply himself with abundance of the best and most easily assimilated foods, warm stables and abundant bedding for the cows and the sale of the winter's butter will by far exeeed the amount derived from the summer income.

It would be useless for any one to attempt this change without an almost total abandoment of old-time ideas and apparatus, even including a thorough overhauling of the barn, for these new renovations and inovations are imperative to insure success.

Two radical reforms must be instituted in this change, and in the manufacture of butter, the process is one of universal application, and it has no features peculiar to any location, for the same rule will work equally well in Vermont or Texas.

The barn must be put in clean presentable shape and kept so warm that there shall be no demands made upon the food given to produce the flow of milk to counteract the cold, and if the stable is not so protected that a temperature above freezing can be maintained there will not be full success. A freezing temperature in a stable is never a profitable one in any respect, and a few hours extra work in bauking up, battening cracks, doubling floors, etc., will make the stable more as it should be, and the saving of feed alone will more than compensate for the labor, and the feed which would have otherwise gone to keep the animal life from freezing will go to the production of milk. There is but little danger of making a stable so tight as to prevent sufficient ventilation; and if the stable is kept thoroughly clean and dry bedding and absorbents used, there will be no foul odors to contaminate the milk or impair the health of the stock.

For winter dairying the old time level plank floors will have to be abandoned and the platform adopted. The present floor, if sound and tight, may be retained. The most inexpensive way to remedy this is to lay down a 5x10 inch stick of timber four feet eight inches from the stanchions and fill this space with pounded stone and wet sand. The floor beyond should be made water-tight if possible, then leng straw from the horse stalls, litter of any kind, dry sand and anything handy which will absorb liquids may be scattered behind the cows; and if the stables are cleaned daily it will be impossible for lurking odors to exist, and by so far we have our first reform inaugurated for the making of a prime article of winter butter.—*John Gould, in Maryland Farmer.*

—An insane physician poisoned two men to death at Lyon, Minn., before his malady was discovered.

—The entire loss of the German armies in 1870-'71 was 53,000 men.

Japanese Art.

The excellence of Japanese art, says a foreign writer, is certainly not born of any deliberate or direct study of nature. Even the flower and bird compositions of the Japanese, exquisite as they are, are almost always, botanically and ornithologically, incorrect in drawing. Of dogs and horses, deer and oxen and quadrupeds generally, the portraiture is childishly and ludicrously wrong; while of the human form and of the human countenance no attempt to limn the contours and lines of beauty and force, with either truth or grace, seems ever to have been made by the Japanese artist. Yet the special port and gesture, so to speak, of the subject, be it a flower, a bush, a mass of wind-blown foliage, a gnarled tree or a wing-poised bird, are rendered, maugre the faulty drawing, with incomparable vigor, with a fluent ease hardly to be met with among ourselves, with a feeling that has got at the very core of the matter. Japaneso sketches of social life, of tired peasants, doughty warriors, dainty damsels, traders, peddlers, street folk—aye, even of things divine—despite faulty and sometimes absurd drawing, shew always a certain idiosyncratic quaintness, often an indescribable and, to those not familiar with Japanese modes of life and thought, not at once apprehensible, humor or sly under-current of enjoyment, as if the artist were gently, but not unkindly, laughing in his sleeve at the amusing aspect, which, as well as a sad one, every phase of human life may be said, in some greater or less degree, to possess.

The excellence of that art—viewing it as distinct from the decorative art of Japan, which is otherwise supreme within its limits of flat ornamentation—lies in the unrivaled ease and fluency rather than accuracy of its drawing, in the sobriety of its means and aims, and in the naive and admirable sincerity, and often truly Hogarthian wealth of incident, with which the peculiar and indescribable moods of the Japaneso artistic mind, arising mainly out of the study of conventional models, themselves evolved originally from a loyal though narrowed contemplation of nature, are represented.

Henry Clay's Dog.

Mr. Clay had a fine Newfoundland dog that was presented by an admiring friend who lived in Nova Scotia. The dog was very intelligent, and the "Sage of Ashland" trained him with his own hand to perform a number of wonderful tricks, one of which is as follows: In one of the pastures in which Mr. Clay allowed his finest stock to run was a fine well, with a large trough attached, by means of which the cattle were supplied with water. The water was drawn from the well by the bucket-and-spindle system, but it required a great deal of manual labor to keep it in operation. To avoid this Mr. Clay constructed a small treadmill, attached it to the spindle of the well with an iron crank, and then trained the dog to walk the treadmill. In this manner the trough was kept constantly filled with water, and the clever dog became so accustomed to the performance that, without the necessity of being bid, he made it his duty to watch the well constantly and see that the trough always had in it a sufficient supply of water to keep the coppers of the blooded stock cool. Mr. Clay loved the dog, and was fond of watching him go through the performance. He would always have the performance exhibited te his visiters, and when the good old canine finally gave up the ghost he had him respectably buried, and erected at the head of his grave an elegant marble slab.

—A Maryland editor tenders congratulations to a recently married friend in these fervid words: "Fate has garlanded the chaplet of our friend with one of the fairest and sweetest flowers that bloom in the parterie of beauty, whose fragance will impregnate with redolence every impulse of his generous heart. The brightest star that radiates the galaxy of fascinating woman shines upon and illuminates her pathway with bland smile and alluring light, whose resplendent effulgence, glowing with undimmed luster eneh revolving season, will pilot the victor of so estimable a prize to a haven of happiness. May joy and blessings as exquisite and hallowed as these engendered by a shower of roses scattered down by the hands of the Peri from the far-off garden of Paradise erown their wedded future, and increase with the lapse of years."

—A Louisville man has come to the conclusion that the only way to make a sure thing on betting is not to bet.

"AFFIANCED oyster buyer" is the latest designation for a girl's young man. The name will be changed to "engaged ice cream purchaser" in the summer.

THE man who turned a deaf ear had grown hard of hearing the same old story probably.

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom, as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant a hundred and fifty pounds of animal spirits come dashing down the road on a double-runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Whistleblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the rupatured back of his coat, he remarked in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the city Government which would refuse to pass a law making it a reform-school crime to slide on the streets were a set of pusillanimous Yahoos.—*Rockland Courier.*

LOOK not upon the pickled cucumber when it is dark green, for at last it giveth its color to the consumer and vitriolizeth her vitality.—*Boston Globe.*

A GOOD way to stop drinking is by geometrical progression. For instance, if you to-day take a drink every ten minutes, to-morrow make it twenty, the next day forty, and so on. By this method, at the end of four years you will have taken just sixteen drinks, with the next one due about seven years from your next birthday. Try it, and see how easy it is.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

THE man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are sick.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A CLERGYMAN in Detroit lost his hat one evening last week and was obliged to go home with a shabbier one, which had been left in place of it. Next day the hat was returned by the penitent appropriator, who thus apologized: "I'll never take a minister's hat again. You cannot think what queer things I've had running through my head ever since I put that hat on."

—An Irish editor, claiming the invention of everything from potatoes to potheen for the Green Isle, gravely claims the pianoforte, and he does it thus: "The pianoforte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a long box, and played by machinery."

—The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes: and who has not seen more than one window blind?

—Goes without saying—The fellow who does not stop to bid you good-bye.

[Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

What We Know About It.

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer, that we are reliably informed, that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of.

NEITHER of them was over ten years old. One leaned against the fence and the other rubbed his back against a lamp-post, and they eyed each other for a long time. Then one of them said: "My mother has got a new sealskin sack, and your's haint." "I don't care," replied the other, "she frizzes her hair and uses paint, and that's just as tony."

[Keokuk Constitution.]

Every Time.

A man, or even a piece of machinery that does its work right every time, is, we think, very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs. Jones, Cook & Co., Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jacobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain-healing liniment.

INQUIRER: A jury is a body organized for the purpose of deciding which side in a lawsuit has the smartest lawyer.—*Boston Post.*

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article, and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

IT'S easy for the hotel clerk to keep warm. He's always hanging over the register.—*Alta California.*

Not Bad to Take.

You can hardly find a medicine which is at the same time so effective and so pleasant as Piso's Cure for Consumption. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1.00 per bottle.

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Send 3-cent stamp for 80-page book, on "The Liver, Its Diseases and Their Treatment." Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc." T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

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Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try it at once and be satisfied. Your druggist has it. Price $1.00.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, to ☜ tin cans one package of which makes six ☞ quarts of medicine.

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HOME AND FARM.

PARAFFINE OIL on wbetstones is superior to any other liquid, and will keep tbe stone in better order.

IN some recent experiments at Paris tbe fumes of burning coffee were shown to have a disinfecting power quite remarkable.

CHILDREN'S PLUM PUDDING.—Half-pound raisins, half-pound chopped currants, half-pound suet, one pound bread soaked in milk, beaten smooth, quarter pound flour, two ounces candied peel, half-pound sugar, little spice, pinch salt; boil six hours or less, according to size.

DRESSING FOR ROAST TURKEY.—Two onions, five ounces of soaked and squeezed bread, eigbt or ten sage leaves, an ounce of butter, one egg, a small piece of pork minced and pepper and salt to taste. Mince tbe onions and fry them before adding to the other ingredients. Some cbopped celery is always a good addition.

CORN-BREAD.—Mix together half a pound each of sugar and prepared flour, one and a half pounds of Indian-meal, two ounces of butter, melted, four eggs, and three pints of milk; put tbe batter into a hot buttered pan, and bake it half an hour in a quick oven, but do not burn it. If prepared flour is not on hand use tbe ordinary kind, either with baking-powder or cream of tartar and soda.

TO REPAIR CRACKED HOOF.—Cracked hoof may be cured by cleaning out the crack and filling it with gutta percba dissolved in naphtha or benzine. Theu secure the edges of the crack by clasps made of pieces of horse-shoe nail hooked into the hoof on each side of the crack, by which it is prevented from opening. Then burn the hoof a little at the upper end of the crack and across it to prevent the split from extending upward.—*N. Y. Times.*

KEEPING PLANTS.—When frost comes and you are afraid that the fire may get low, and your plants get nipped, just get a lantern and some good oil, fix your lantern nicely, and it will burn all night, and by placing it under your flower-shelf you will be pleased to find how safely your plants get along. I have tried this for some years, and find that tbe heat from a common railroad lantern will protect quite a quantity of plants if the lantern is placed among or under the plants.—*Inter-Ocean.*

POTATOES in the raw state ought never to be given to any animal, with the exception of sheep and geese. It is said a goose will thrive better, and the flesh will be more gratefully flavored, upon raw potatoes sliced than upon any other article, while sheep—and old sheep particularly—will more speedily thrive on raw potatoes tban on turnips; but, especially in the beginning, raw potatoes will scour cattle and horses, and not unfrequently cause death, while tbere is no danger from either boiled or steamed potatoes.—*Stockman.*

A CHEAP AND EFFECTUAL DISINFECTANT.—Half a drachm of nitrate of lead dissolved in a pint of boiling water; this solution to be poured into a bucketful of cold water, in which are dissolved two drachms of common salt. Some of this solution occasionally poured into the sinks and vaults about the premises, will soon purify the place from any deleterious emanations; and cloths dipped in the solution and wrung out and hung on lines about the rooms will keep the atmosphere of even a hospital ward sweet and healthy. Its action on clothes or furniture is perfectly harmless —*Boston Transcript.*

A USEFUL TABLE.—The following table will help farmers to be accurate in measuring tbings: 5 yards wide by 968 yards long, 1 acre; 10 yards wide by 484 yards long, 1 acre; 20 yards wide by 252 yards long, 1 acre; 40 yards wide by 121 yards long, 1 acre; 70 yards wide by 69 yards long, 1 acre; 80 yards wide by 60 yards long, 1 acre; 60 feet wide by 726 feet long, 1 acre; 110 feet wide by 369 feet long, 1 acre; 120 feet wide by 363 feet long, 1 acre; 220 feet wide by 198 feet long, 1 acre; 240 feet wide by 181 feet long, 1 acre; 440 feet wide by 99 feet long, 1 acre. A box 24x16 inches, 22 inches deep, holds 1 barrel; a box 16x16 inches, 8 inches deep, holds 1 bushel; a box 8 1-2x8 1-2 inches, 8 inches deep, holds 1 peck; a box 4x4 inches, 4 1-2 inches deep, holds 1-2 peck.

Best Method of Preserving Posts.

REFERRING to the well-known methods of preserving posts and poles which are partly imbedded in the earth, by charring and coating with tar, the *Scientific American* says these methods are only effective when both are applied Should the poles only be charred, without the subsequent treatment with tar the charred formation on the surface would only act as an absorber of the moisture and, if anything hasten the decay. By applying a coating of tar, according to the same authority, the tar would only form a casing about the wood, nor could it penetrate to the depths which the absorbing properties of the charcoal surface would insure.

Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should first be charred and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar until the wood is thoroughly impregnated, says the journal in question. The acetic acid and oils contained in the tar are evaporated by the heat and only the resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood and forms an air-tight and water-proof envelope. It is important to impregnate the posts a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay affects the wood first and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

IN speaking of the adaptability of various sections of the United States for goat-raising, many people appear to have an idea that the Angora and Cashmere goats are identical. They are as distinct as the Merino is from the Leicester sheep. The Cashmere is valued for the production of a small quantity of extremely fine wool, which grows at the roots of the long, coarse hair with which the animal is covered, while the great value of the Angora is found in the high quality of its fleece, sometimes called mohair Cashmeres are found on the slopes of the Himalayas and in the valley of the Thibet and Cashmere; Angoras come originally from the neighborhood of Angora, in Asia Minor.

THE DAIRY.

AS LITTLE light as possible should be admitted into the milk house. Light is liable to blanch the cream.

INCREASING THE MILK OF COWS.—Gentle treatment and rapid and close milking will tend to the greatest development of the milk in cows and the contrary practices will have the effect of materially reducing the quantity. Above all, give them an abundance of the best feed.

A CONNECTICUT dairyman, who has been experimenting with turnips as food for cows, thinks they are worth twenty-five cents per bushel. There was no saving in the amount of hay consumed, but they increased the flow of milk, and were an aid to the digestion of hay and other dry fodder. European experimenters have come to the same conclusion.

"WHAT does a pound of butter cost?" and "What should a pound of butter cost?" are questions suitable for farmers' clubs and granges to wrestle with until they arrive at a solution. The cost of a pound of butter depends largely upon whether the cow is a good dairy animal. Some cows will produce butter at a much lower cost than others. Undoubtedly the present cost of production might be considerably reduced by giving attention to the breeding of cows adapted to butter making, and feeding as will produce the most economical results. Good cows should first be secured, and then they should be fed such foods as are found by trial to produce the best results, and fed to the full extent of their power to profitably convert the feed into milk and butter.—*Lewiston Journal.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England *Farmer* gives the following description of a milking stool which he says he likes better than any he ever used: "Take a board eight inches wide and eighteen long, and nail another piece eight inches square, on the top side, at one end to sit on; on the under side, about four inches from the front end, nail on a cleat about three inches wide, crosswise, to prevent its splitting, and also to hold the front leg more firmly; now bore two holes in the back end and one in the front end, through the center of the cleat, in which to insert the legs; make the front leg six inches long and the back ones two inches longer. Now when you go to milk take this stool along with you and sit down astride of it and put the pail on the other end of it, between your knees; you can then hold it easily and in a position not easily tipped over."

Winter Dairying.

OUTSIDE of the great dairy localities of this country are thousands of dairies whose chief revenue is the supply of butter, and as this butter has to be put into the market in competition with the celebrated creamery brands, it is to the advantage of the small producer to devote every energy to making a prime, uniform class of goods, and one that will stand the scrutiny of inspection.

It seems to be an excepted fact that the great dairy districts will not, for years, if ever, change their "season," but will "dairy it" in the summer, and in the winter the cows will be as in the past, non-producers; and with this very fact comes the small dairyman's golden opportunity to make his butter in the winter and early spring when there is no surplus of dairy products, and correspondingly high prices for these productions; and at the time when the markets are filled by the great dairies, let his cows go dry, and recuperate for the winter's campaign, or feed the small mess that they will gives to calves and hogs. For the small dairyman to let his cows calve in October, supply himself with abundance of the best and most easily assimilated foods, warm stables and abundant bedding for the cows and the sale of the winter's butter will by far exceed the amount derived from the summer income.

It would be useless for any one to attempt this change without an almost total abandonment of old-time ideas and apparatus, even including a thorough overhauling of the barn, for these new renovations and inovations are imperative to insure success.

Two radical reforms must be instituted in this change, and in the manufacture of butter, the process is one of universal application, and it has no features peculiar to any location, for the same rule will work equally well in Vermont or Texas.

The barn must be put in clean presentable shape and kept so warm that there shall be no demands made upon the food given to produce the flow of milk to counteract the cold, and if the stable is not so protected that a temperature above freezing can be maintained there will not be full success. A freezing temperature in a stable is never a profitable one in any respect, and a few hours extra work in banking up, battening cracks, doubling floors, etc., will make the stable more as it should be, and the saving of feed alone will more than compensate for the labor, and the feed which would have otherwise gone to keep the animal life from freezing will go to the production of milk. There is but little danger of making a stable so tight as to prevent sufficient ventilation; and if the stable is kept thoroughly clean and dry bedding and absorbents used, there will be no foul odors to contaminate the milk or impair the health of the stock.

For winter dairying the old time level plank floors will have to be abandoned and the platform adopted. The present floor, if sound and tight, may be retained. The most inexpensive way to remedy this is to lay down a 5x10 inch stick of timber four feet eight inches from the stanchions and fill this space with pounded stone and wet sand. The floor beyond should be made water-tight if possible, then long straw from the horse stalls, litter of any kind, dry sand and anything handy which will absorb liquids may be scattered behind the cows; and if the stables are cleaned daily it will be impossible for lurking odors to exist, and by so far we have our first reform inaugurated for the making of a prime article of winter butter.—*John Gould, in Maryland Farmer.*

—An insane physician poisoned two men to death at Lyon, Minn., before his malady was discovered.

—The entire loss of the German armies in 1870-'71 was 53,000 men.

Japanese Art.

The excellence of Japanese art, says a foreign writer, is certainly not born of any deliberate or direct study of nature. Even the flower and bird compositions of the Japanese, exquisite as they are, are almost always, botanically and ornithologically, incorrect in drawing. Of dogs and horses, deer and oxen and quadrupeds generally, the portraiture is childishly and ludicrously wrong; while of the human form and of the human countenance no attempt to limn the contours and lines of beauty and force, with either truth or grace, seems ever to have been made by the Japanese artist. Yet the special port and gesture, so to speak, of the subject, be it a flower, a bush, a mass of wind-blown foliage, a gnarled tree or a wing-poised bird, are rendered, maugre the faulty drawing, with incomparable vigor, with a fluent ease hardly to be met with among ourselves, with a feeling that has got at the very core of the matter. Japanese sketches of social life, of tired peasants, doughty warriors, dainty damsels, traders, peddlers, street folk—aye, even of things divine—despite faulty and sometimes absurd drawing, show always a certain idiosyncratic quaintness, often an indescribable and, to those not familiar with Japanese modes of life and thought, not at once apprehensible, humor or sly under-current of enjoyment, as if the artist were gently, but not unkindly, laughing in his sleeve at the amusing aspect, which, as well as a sad one, every phase of human life may be said, in some greater or less degree, to possess.

The excellence of that art—viewing it as distinct from the decorative art of Japan, which is otherwise supreme within its limits of flat ornamentation—lies in the unrivaled ease and fluency rather than accuracy of its drawing, in the sobriety of its means and aims, and in the naive and admirable sincerity, and often truly Hogarthian wealth of incident, with which the peculiar and indescribable moods of the Japanese artistic mind, arising mainly out of the study of conventional models, themselves evolved originally from a loyal though narrowed contemplation of nature, are represented.

Henry Clay's Dog.

Mr. Clay had a fine Newfoundland dog that was presented by an admiring friend who lived in Nova Scotia. The dog was very intelligent, and the "Sage of Ashland" trained him with his own hand to perform a number of wonderful tricks, one of which is as follows: In one of the pastures in which Mr. Clay allowed his finest stock to run was a fine well, with a large trough attached, by means of which the cattle were supplied with water. The water was drawn from the well by the bucket-and-spindle system, but it required a great deal of manual labor to keep it in operation. To avoid this Mr. Clay constructed a small treadmill, attached it to the spindle of the well with an iron crank, and then trained the dog to walk the treadmill. In this manner the trough was kept constantly filled with water, and the clever dog became so accustomed to the performance that, without the necessity of being bid, he made it his duty to watch the well constantly and see that the trough always had in it a sufficient supply of water to keep the coppers of the blooded stock cool. Mr. Clay loved the dog, and was fond of watching him go through the performance. He would always have the performance exhibited to his visitors, and when the good old canine finally gave up the ghost he had him respectably buried, and erected at the head of his grave an elegant marble slab.

—A Maryland editor tenders congratulations to a recently married friend in these fervid words: "Fate has garlanded the chaplet of our friend with one of the fairest and sweetest flowers that bloom in the parterie of beauty, whose fragrance will impregnate with redolence every impulse of his generous heart. The brightest star that radiates the galaxy of fascinating woman shines upon and illuminates her pathway with bland smile and alluring light, whose resplendent effulgence, glowing with undimmed luster each revolving season, will pilot the victor of so estimable a prize to a haven of happiness. May joy and blessings as exquisite and hallowed as those engendered by a shower of roses scattered down by the hands of the Peri from the far-off gardeu of Paradise crown their wedded future, and increase with the lapse of years."

—A Louisville man has come to the conclusion that the only way to make a sure thing on betting is not to bet.

"AFFIANCED oyster buyer" is the latest designation for a girl's young man. The name will be changed to "engaged ice cream purchaser" in the summer.

THE man who turned a deaf ear had grown hard of hearing the same old story probably.

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom, as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant a hundred and fifty pounds of animal spirits came dashing down the road on a double-runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Whistleblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the rupture back of his coat, he remarked in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the city Government which would refuse to pass a law making it a reform-school crime to slide on the streets were a set of pusillanimous Yahoos.—*Rockland Courier.*

LOOK not upon the pickled cucumber when it is dark green, for at last it giveth its color to the consumer and vitriolizeth her vitality. —*Boston Globe.*

A GOOD way to stop drinking is by geometrical progression. For instance, if you to-day take a drink every ten minutes, to-morrow make it twenty, the next day forty, and so on. By this method, at the end of four years you will have taken just sixteen drinks, with the next one due about seven years from your next birthday. Try it, and see how easy it is.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A CLERGYMAN in Detroit lost his hat one evening last week and was obliged to go home with a shabbier one, which had been left in place of it. Next day the hat was returned by the penitent appropriator, who thus apologized: "I'll never take a minister's hat again. You cannot think what queer things I've had running through my head ever since I put that hat on."

—An Irish editor, claiming the invention of everything from potatoes to potheen for the Green Isle, gravely claims the pianoforte, and he does it thus: "The pianoforte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a long box, and played by machinery."

—The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes: and who has not seen more than one window blind?

—Goes without saying—The fellow who does not stop to bid you good-bye.

[Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

What We Know About It.

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer, that we are reliably informed, that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of.

NEITHER of them was over ten years old. One leaned against the fence and the other rubbed his back against a lamp-post, and they eyed each other for a long time. Then one of them said: "My mother has got a new sealskin sack, and your's haint." "I don't care," replied the other, "she frizzes her hair and uses paint, and that's just as tony."

[Keokuk Constitution.]

Every Time.

A man, or even a piece of machinery that does its work right every time, is, we think, very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs. Jones, Cook & Co., Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jacobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain-healing liniment.

INQUIRER: A jury is a body organized for the purpose of deciding which side in a lawsuit has the smartest lawyer.—*Boston Post.*

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article, and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

IT'S easy for the hotel clerk to keep warm. He's always hanging over the register.—*Alta California.*

Not Bad to Take.

You can hardly find a medicine which is at the same time so effective and so pleasant as Piso's Cure for Consumption. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1.00 per bottle.

A Household Need.

Send 3-cent stamp for 80-page book, on "The Liver, Its Diseases and Their Treatment." Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

THE sales of the Frazer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of three-quarters of a century.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PICTORIAL
HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.
It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents.
Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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SALESMEN WANTED $105 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS. SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to POSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O. CIGARS

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
Sleep, Appetite and Strength
Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!
MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
SOLD BY
STRONG, COBB & CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

ASTHMA.
JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY
Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.
"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOSS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*
[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]
"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to *at once* and *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.'" T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

Pearce's Improved Cahoon Broadcast
SEED SOWER
Sows all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed.

This machine has been sold in every State in this country and in almost every Grain-growing section on the Globe, giving entire satisfaction every where to every intelligent operator. Price, $6. Does the work of 6 men. Send stamp for Circular.
J. WILDER & CO., Agts., Cincinnati, Ohio.
GOODELL CO., Antrim, N. H., Sole Manufacturers.

Idol Worship of the World.
By F. S. Dobbins, late of Yokohama, Japan. A new book of matchless interest, describing the *marvelous curiosities* and *strange superstitions* of *laborious Worship* in *all parts* and *ages* of the world. Containing a *thousand facts stranger than fiction*—the wild imaginations of heathen Nations concerning Deity, Spirits, the Origin and Destiny of Man, with all the *strange beliefs, legends, fairy tales, customs, forms of worship, temples, shrines, sacrifices,* etc. It is most strikingly illustrated. A truly wonderful book, and *certain to sell immensely.* Agents Wanted. For terms, etc., address HURBARD BROS., 51 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send for circular and terms. Also send address of two or more book agents and 10 cents for cost of mailing, and receive the People's Magazine of choice literature free for 6 months. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 915 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PIANOS.
BOSTON'S FAVORITE PIANO.—Perfection of tone, touch, finish. DURABILITY UNSURPASSED. Warranted 5 years. All styles, including Pedal Uprights. Write for illustrated catalogue. J. T. WAMELINK, Gen. Managing Agt. Northern Ohio, for Steinway & Sons, and Haroiton Bros.' pianos, 876 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

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DR. A. L. CLUM'S
LIVER
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This Remedy acts as a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative, and a certain Corrective, cleansing the system of all the impurities of the body by its perfect action upon the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Try it. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
WARRANTED IN ALL CASES.
Ask your druggist for it and for Testimonials. CLUM COMPOUNDING CO., Proprietors, Red Wing, Minn.

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Rules of proceeding and debate in deliberative assemblies. The standard authority in all the United States. An indispensable hand book. Price 75 cts. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address
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NEW MUSIC BOOKS.
RHYMES AND TUNES ($1.50). By Margaret Pearman Osgood. Translations by Louisa T. Coghill. Emphatically a household collection, containing lullabies, nursery songs, kindergarten songs, and everything of the kind that musical mothers, sisters and all the children so dearly love, compiled from the best American and foreign sources, and, in many cases having both foreign and English words. The songs have simple accompaniments. RHYMES AND TUNES has already received most flattering notices and bids fair to be a universal favorite.
Now Subscribe for the Musical Record. Try $1 for 6 Months.
EMERSON'S QUARTETS AND CHORUSES FOR MALE VOICES. (60 cents, or $6 per dozen). A capital collection of pieces, just made, and well fitted by their moderate compass and easy arrangement as well as by their solid merit and great variety, for clubs and quartets, that are now so rapidly increasing. The book is compact and may easily be carried in the pocket.
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In Press.—A new Sunday School Song Book.
Any Book mailed, post-free, for retail price.
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PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 25 CENTS.
OFFICE, 35 Murray Street, New York.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE ONLY MEDICINE
IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver,
The Bowels,
and the Kidneys.
These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged dreadful diseases are sure to follow with
TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL RESTORE the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.
Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.
Why suffer longer from the torment of backing back! Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles!
KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try it at once and be satisfied. Your druggist has it. Price $1.00.
☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.
☞ Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*
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This novel style of the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS (ready this month) has sufficient compass and capacity for the performance, with full parts, of Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Songs, and Popular Sacred and Secular Music generally. It retains to a wonderful extent, for an instrument so small, the extraordinary excellence, both as to power and quality of tone, which has given the MASON & HAMLIN Cabinet Organs their great reputation and won for them the HIGHEST DISTINCTIONS at EVERY ONE of the GREAT WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS for THIRTEEN YEARS. EVERY ONE WILL BE FULLY WARRANTED. CASH PRICE $22; on receipt of which it will be shipped as directed. IF ON EXCHIPT AND TRIAL IT DOES NOT SATISFY THE PURCHASER, IT MAY BE RETURNED AND THE MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

FORGETTING FRIENDSHIP.—There are men and women in public life whose pathway is marked by the "remains" of whilom friends whom they have squeezed dry and dropped, like so many sucked oranges. In politics it is said of such a man that he has kicked down the ladder by which he climbed. In literary or other walks the human sponge often swells up with the thought that he has "outgrown" his humble friends of other days. In private life the self-conscious soul contents itself with becoming more and more the centre of its little circumference, taking none within its orbit who will not consent to revolve around it and emit light warmth for its enjoyment. There have been many and noble definitions of what a friend is. People of real individuality, strength and sensitiveness doubtless have fewer real friends than they are apt to think, unless they have been cherishing, unconsciously, low ideals. But whatever a friend may not be, certainly that sweet and noble term is unmerited by one who, however generous in other directions, is selfish as himself.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.—Many people forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made, with womanhood and manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic, when do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you jest what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a punctual man. He who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot? I did not think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the town of Oakland, and described as

Lot No. 37 in Brant's Addition to said Town,

and being the same lot which was conveyed to S. Rosenheim by Gilmor S. Hamill by deed dated September the 28th, 1874, and containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

Said lot has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of four dollars and eleven cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1881, and also to satisfy the sum of five dollars and six cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount due for the State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
COAL LANDS!

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilton is complainant and Wm. H. Bernard and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on the

21st day of February A. D. 1881,

all that piece, parcel or tract of land called

TYPEE,

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington, on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree: One-half cash on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS.
Trustees.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer. 1 29 tds.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

FOR SALE.

Two large and commodious dwelling houses for sale, in Oakland, situated on Alder street, well adapted for hotels or boarding houses. One of them is well known as the New Glade House, and the other adjoins it on the east.

For price and terms apply at
je28 THIS OFFICE

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

Important to Farmers.

I will exchange furniture for all kinds of grain and marketable produce. I have now on hand a very large stock of all kinds of furniture, matrasses, carpets, &c., &c.

oct 9tf JOHN SHATZER.

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

M. L. NINE,
je5 Oakland, Md.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, HALBERT E. PAINE, STORY B. LADD
Late Commissioner of Patents.

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ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the location of the road from the ford of Savage River, at Gregg's and to run through the lands of Gregg's and Joseph R. Anderson, to a point on the Mountain Ridge road, a distance of about one-half mile.

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CHAS. C. BROADWATERS,
1 5 5 JAMES H. BOWERS.

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AND
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v3n47.

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DR. G. H. HOCKING,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

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v3 n48

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Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time tablo of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1.....2.19 P. M.
No. 3.....11.32 P. M.
No. 5.....7.28 A. M.
No. 7.....5:28 P. M.
Way.....10.32 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2.....4.36 A. M.
No. 6.....9.45 A. M.
No. 8.....8.28 A. M.
No. 10.....5.56 P. M.
Way.....9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 50 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
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Or this office. n6

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—George D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharples and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osborn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881. NUMBER 51.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

JOSEPH M. CRIM, Residence on Alder Street.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. adjoining Gazette office.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

WAGON MAKER,

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Money to Loan

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1881.

PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The boy of Nazareth has now become a man, probably a carpenter, toiling in the shop of his foster-father, and none but the thoughtful mother holds in memory the supernatural events of his past, or cherishes any great expectations concerning his future. During all these thirty years the child of Zacharias and Elisabeth has been growing up in the wild regions of Southern Judea, communing with God, filling his soul with the ancient prophecies free from the interpreters of the schools, and drawing inspiration from the pure air of the desert. At last the hour foretold by the angel in the temple, and long before upon the prophetic scrolls of Isaiah and Malachi, has arrived. The silence of four centuries is broken, and once more the voice of a prophet rings throughout the land. From deity and from the plain of Jordan, just north of the Dead Sea; and there they behold this newly-anointed messenger, like Elijah of old, clad in rough garments, and bearing upon face and figure the tokens of a self-denying life. His message is of rebuke for the sins of the people; and he calls men to repentance, not in outward forms alone, but in deeds of uprightness and mercy. He proclaims that Israel's Messiah-king, long-expected, is standing at the gates, and soon to appear among the people, with the winnowing-fan to sift out the chaff from among the wheat, and with the baptism of fire for those who shall be found worthy.

Luke 3. 7-18.

Memory Verses. 15-17.

7 Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

9 And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

10 And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?

11 He answereth and said unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

12 Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?

13 And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

14 And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

15 And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not;

16 John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

17 Whose fan is in his hands, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

18 And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

HOME READINGS.

M. The preaching of John. John 3. 7-18.
Tu. The coming of John. Mark 1. 1-8.
W. Jesus baptized by John. Matt. 3. 13-17.
Th. John's testimony concerning Jesus. John 1. 25-37.
F. The humility of John. John 3. 23-36.
S. The death of John. Mark 6. 7-29.
S. The disciples of John. Acts 18. 24-19. 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance. Luke 3. 8.

LESSON HYMN. C. M.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

TIME.—A. D. 25, about seventeen years after the date of the last lesson.

LINKS.—1. The early years of John the Baptist. Luke 1. 80. 2. The beginning of John's ministry. Luke 3. 1-6.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Judea, not far from the mouth of the Jordan.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Repentance from sin.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. PREACHING REPENTANCE, v. 7-9.
What preacher is here referred to?
What can you tell about his parents, birth, and early history? [Lessons 1, III.]
Where did he preach? Matt. 3 1; John 1. 28.
What did he say to the multitude? v. 7.
To what people were these words especially spoken? Matt. 3. 7.
What did he say in the GOLDEN TEXT?
What are such fruits?
What is a true repentance?
Of what did he warn the people?
2. PREACHING RIGHTEOUSNESS, verses 10-14.
What question was asked John?
What did he tell the people to do?
How did his command illustrate I John 3. 17.
How may we follow this command?
What two classes of people came to John?
Who were "the publicans?"
What command did he give them?
What publican afterward became a disciple of Jesus? Matt. 9. 9.
What vow did another publican make? Luke 19. 8.
What did John command to the soldiers?
What was meant by this command?
3. PREACHING CHRIST, v. 15-18.
What did the people think concerning John?
Why did they think that he might be the Christ?
What did John say to the people concerning himself?
Who did he say would come?
What spirit did his words show?
What warning did he give concerning Christ?
To what two kinds of people did this refer?
To which class should all seek to belong?

[From the Uniontown Genius.]

THE NATIONAL ROAD.

Its Origin and Results.

BY A. L. LITTELL, ESQ.

The location and construction of the National Road through Fayette county was the grandest and most fortunate event of its history. It was built in 1818, the second year of Mr. Monroe's administration, with funds from the National treasury; commencing at Cumberland, Md., and passing through the sovereign States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. An act of Congress, signed by the President, required the [illegible] completion of this great work; and it was located by a corps of United States Engineers, and carried through under their direction, in violation of States Rights, as held and taught by the Democratic party; but in obedience to a great and overwhelming necessity for binding the East and West together as one Nation by a physical and indispensible bond of union and interest. A number of States and several millions of people, whose numbers and wealth were daily and rapidly increasing, were severed by the mountains from access to the eastern seaboard and their own National capital, except by the circuitous, expensive and dangerous route by New Orleans and the Gulf. This state of things and the Union could not longer continue, and the danger of a new Western capital of a new Union, having an easy and direct outlet down the Mississippi to the seaboard was daily growing greater. This, such far-seeing men as Henry Clay, Andrew Stewart, Thomas Ewing, Gen. Lewis Cass and Thomas H. Benton discovered and averted the danger by passing the Act to construct the National Road clear across the great valley to the Mississippi.

The National Road was very wide, rock paved and carried through at the low maximum grade of five degrees of elevation. It was splendidly finished up; good enough for all, and the better still, it was free to all. It maintained its National character for twelve years, until 1830, and was then transferred, in excellent repair, as a macadamized road to the States through which it passed, in deference to General Jackson's State Sovereignty ideas. But it had already served its political purpose and bridged the chasm of disunion.

But my purpose is not to talk politics, but to tell you some things about this road which you do not know, but which I do, having been there to see it located, and the stakes stuck down the mountain, across the old commons south of Woodstock, and so on West, before there was a shovelful of earth displaced; and also to see that great contractor Mordecai Cochran, its builder, with his immortal Irish brigade, a thousand strong, with their carts, wheel-barrows, picks, shovels and blasting tools, grading those commons and climbing the long mountain side up to Point Lookout, like a well trained army, and leaving behind them as they went, a roadway good enough for an emperor to travel over.

When the road was completed and opened to the river at Brownsville and still further west, it aggregated to itself an amount of travel and trafic which no man of this generation could credit. This demanded and secured the immediate erection of capacious taverns and immense supplies of provisions and forage at short intervals all along the line, and especially through the sixty miles of mountain where very little was grown. Moses Hopwood laid out a town at the foot of Laurel Hill, which he called Monroe, and four or five taverns with an immense business soon made it a lively place. At the tavern kept by Andrew McMasters, and more recently by German D. Hair, I have frequently seen from forty to fifty great Conestoga six-horse teams, carrying from five to six tons each, picketed around over night in the yards and on the commons, and all other taverns about equally full at the same time. There were often two men with a team, who carried their own bedding, but all these men and horses had to be fed and cared for. And there were on the road four or five daily lines of four-horse mail and passenger coaches each way, and private carriages innumerable, all loaded with passengers claiming food, drink and shelter. But the passengers on foot outnumbered and out-eat them all. The long lines of hogs, cattle, sheep and horses working their way on hoof by the month to an eastern market was almost endless and countless. They were gathered in from the Wabash, the Scioto, the Muskingum and the Ohio valleys; and the men, all tired and dry and hungry, had to be cared for at a great cost, for it was like feeding an army every day and night. But all this was the life of business, and it brought great prosperity to the country. Every industry was stimulated, and land, and labor, and commerce, and education, and social refinement responded to the magnetic touch of plenty, with an upward bound of a hundred per cent. If all this seems strange, the reader must remember that the National Road was the grand trunk line between the East and West for a distance of several hundred miles; that it was direct, broad, solid, and free to all; that it preceded all canals, railroads, telegraphs and western steamboats. It was the outlet and inlet to a market for four or five millions of people, mostly farmers, whose produce was nearly worthless at home, while they were in want of all kinds of eastern wares, goods and manufactures, which they now received in return by those immense teams, each equal to a railroad car almost. That the road should wear out as it did in a few years is no wonder, especially through the mountains, where the sand rock and boulders were used for the bed. In 1829 the whole bed was removed and replaced with eighteen inches of limestone, or Medina granite, broken fine. This work was done at the expense of the Nation, under the direction of Maj. Richard Deafield, and G. W. Cass, who had their office at Uniontown, in Dr. Daniel Sturgeon's brick block at the west end of Main street. After it was macadamized and in complete repair, in which work I had a hand as contractor, it was transferred to the several States through which it passed. The States immediately erected toll gates at short intervals to gather a revenue for repairs. This soon cleared it of droves until they came near to the mountains, where they were compelled to take it as the only route. But the National Road, as it was still called, maintained its supremacy as a trunk line for many years. As late as 1836, L. W. Stockton & Co., secured the contract for transporting the great western mail in stage coaches on this road through to Wheeling, at the rate of four miles an hour, for which service they received $63,000 a year, for four years. Letter postage at that time was 18¾ cents for 300 miles, or less and 25 cents for all over; and post offices were about ten miles apart, and served once a week.

In 1837 a war with France was imminent, and the government at Washington, remembering the sympathy of Louisiana and New Orleans with France as the mother country, with a lingering dread of a western and alien combination, resolved to quicken her mail service in that direction. She advertised for proposals to carry a light express mail pouch, carrying short printed slips like telegrams, drafts and paper money, on horseback through, daily, each way on the National Road from Washington to St. Louis, and also from Dayton, Ohio, to New Orleans, at the net speed of ten miles an hour, and stopping only at principal offices. It was laid off in sections, and all the sections were taken for a term of three years, and the service performed. The section over the mountain from Cumberland to Uniontown, Pa., was awarded to me at $5,000 a year. I associated with me my father-in-law, William Morris, of Monroe, and we performed the work very successfully in 1837 and 1838, when the war emergency was passed and the service was discontinued, the government paying us $833 extra for leave to quit. It required a relay of nine horses on the road at once, and three boy riders. One boy left Cumberland at 2 o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, who rode three successive horses seven miles each, and so with the other two boys, performing the 63 miles in six hours and eighteen minutes. Going east they left Uniontown daily at 1 o'clock, p. m., and rode the same horses back, and there was no office on this route where the mail was opened. At that time, 43 years ago, this express was the fastest overland mail in America, and it excited as much public interest all the time as the arrival of a railroad train does now, in a new town.

The advent of the National road in 18 8 was the harbinger of a new era, not only physical, but intellectual, social, moral and religious. It brought in new people, new fashions of thought, of aspirations, of ambitions. A nearer view of the East, with its advanced civilization, culture and refinement made our city a companionable place for kindred spirits. President Monroe came out to Uniontown to see the far west and to inspect this great work of his administration. I have seen Gen. Jackson, Henry Clay, Presidents Harrison and Tyler, Col. Dick Johnston, Vice President, and Col. James K. Polk on our streets and at our hotels over night. And also Santa Anna, more than once President of Mexico, and Black Hawk, the great Indian warrior, and his brother the Prophet. In 1824 I saw in a pavillion on our public plaza that great Frenchman the Marquis de Lafayette, his son the Prince DeJoinville and their dignified traveling companions who came to see our country, and pay their respects to their countrymen and our honored fellow citizens Albert Gallatin and Commodore Nicholson of New Geneva.

Under these favoring circumstances our Fayette county Bar, and Forum and Pulpit soon exhibited surprising developments of native as well as imported talents. Hon. Andrew Stewart long a member of Congress, was a peer amongst the great men of his day, and U. S. Judge Thomas Irwin, and U. S. Judge Jos. Williams, and Jude Kennedy, of the State Supreme Bench, and Judge James Todd, of Gov. Ritner's Cabinet, and Judge Nathaniel Ewing and U. S. Minister R. P. Flenniken, were all members of this Bar, and many other men distinguished for great talents who were not in the public service. The medical profession was equally distinguished in this day by men of talents, education and patriotism. Drs. Daniel and Louis Marchand, Dr. Hugh Campbell, Dr. Smith Fuller, and Dr. Daniel Sturgeon, who for twelve years represented the Keystone State in the United States Senate, are some of the men who served their generation in this line of thought and culture. General Henry W. Beeson, Hon. Andrew Stewart, and a host of smaller lights led off in the political forum. They gave written lessons and free lectures, were earnest, faithful educators of the masses in the science of government, as they understood it. And of course we editors, like faithful Aarons and Hurs, help up their hands and encouraged their hearts in the day of battle, and gave voice like a trumpet to their thoughts, and, by way of variety, added some of our own, with a hearty Amen, so mote it be, to all they said that was right and true. If it was not, we passed it under the table and let them load and try again. But it was in the Theological field where the greatest advance was made in educating both the young and old, and elevating the standard of public morals and social enlightment. Uniontown, now made easy of access, was selected by the general Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church as the site of her Western Theological Seminay, and an eloquent Kentucky divine, Rev. Henry B. Bascom was chosen President, assisted by a large and talented corps of Professors. They occupied the buildings of Madison College for several years in this way, and hundreds of earnest young men were educated here, many of whom entered the ministry and became useful men and shining lights in the church and the world. These men, young and old, were all earnest workers for the truth, and under the preaching of such men as President Bascom, Charles Elliot, J. H. Fielding, Thomas M. Hudson, J. G. Sansom, Charles Cook and George S. Holmes, a revival of unusual power commenced in 1828, and continued through quite a number of years. It reached all the Evangelical church organizations over a wide field, and added, in the aggregate, thousands to their communions. It was here, and in these precious times of earnest enquiry for the true way, that the Methodist Protestant church was born, under the leadership of Rev. J. G. Sansom, Rev. George Brown, Charles Avery and many other distinguished divines. And, without injury to others, this young branch of the church has accomplished a great work, and now holds in its communion perhaps more than a hundred thousand members. And then there came at that time from Tennessee another new organization called Cumberland Presbyterians, under three Evangelists. Rev. John Morgan, Rev. Mr. Bird and Rev. Mr. Bryan, who established many churches all around, and a very strong and vigorous one at Uniontown. After the Methodists removed their Seminary to Meadvill, where it still is, the Cumberland Presbyterians occupied Madison College for several years in the same way as they had done, in training young men for the ministry.

About this period, or a little before it, the Rev. Alexander campbell, a man of great learning, eloquence and powers of logic; a member of the old Redstone Baptist Association, but not quite in accord with it in order and doctrine, established a pungent religious periodical called the Millenial Harbinger as an aid in his ministry. He soon gathered a church and then many churches who agreeing with him in method and doctrine were called Campbellite Baptists, instead of Disciples, the name which they assumed. These people taking the whole new Testament as their rule of life and confession of faith, and being full of zeal and the spirit of consecration, like their great leader, multiplied exceedingly all over the land, and still continue to multiply. They have done, and are now doing a great and glorious christian work. Dr. Campbell, whom I have often seen and heard preach, is long since dead. But the christian church in which he spent his life and energy still lives in its two or three hundred thousand members to bless the world, among whom is the estimable man who has just been chosen to fill the Presidential chair of this Republic, who also maintains a still higher distinction as a true christian and an exhorter in the humble church of the Disciples.

I will only notice one more remarkable feature of these times. For two or three generations the surplus grain and fruit, turned into whiskey and brandy formed the staple of commerce abroad, and was used as a family beverage and as a token of friendship in all the public gatherings and social relations of this community. Old Monongahela whiskey had a fame world wide, both for its quantity and quality, and there were more still houses engaged in its manufacture than there were school houses and churches put together. There appears to have prevailed a mental and moral blindness as there was no party or religious teacher who rose up to say that it was all wrong, until 1826 or '27 and after the National road had furnished another market for the grain. Then, the increased moral light and great religious awakening opened the eyes and stirred the conscience of the church, and of all good citizens, and a temperance reformation set in which soon swept out of existence three-fourths of all the distilleries in the county. Here then, as I believe, was the origin of temperance societies pledged in writing to tetotal abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, which has since been so universally adopted to guard the young and restore the fallen from the power of this drunken demon, the worst and head one of them all.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 20. 1881.

The Dead and Absent.

When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this death is concerned there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snowflakes fall there; we leave it for fingers of Spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountable in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be, to all intents and purposes, dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a score of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

There is no real absence but death,

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG."

It was in the chill December
That the Angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness
As he swept through the wintry sky:
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet, and free from care,
And the Angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there.
(But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And the Angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow,
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low:
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Wailed in her lone bereavement,
And wished that *she*, too, might go!
(But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the father's form at rest,
And they laid the delicate flower-wreaths
Upon his quiet breast;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight,
And they heaped the cold earth above him
While the children's feet trod light.
(But the boys went home to their happy play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And often the childish footsteps
Are turned to their father's grave,
Where the grass, with its glistening hoar-frost,
Lies over that heart so brave;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain,
And they say in their childish voices:
"Will Papa never come again?"
(But soon they laugh and sing at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang have they.)

So God in his infinite pity
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell Destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear.
And I said: "There's no Past for the children.
With its terrible pangs and stings;
And for them no brooding Future
Spreadeth its threatening wings.
All they see is the Present—To-day;
And so they laugh and sing at their play."
—*Chambers's Journal.*

UNCLE TOM'S MINCE-PIE STORY.

EACH year about the time Uncle Tom saw the first snow coming he placed this card in his store window:

THIS DAY,
HOT AND COLD
MINCE PIES.

And the sight of that card made the pennies burn in the pockets of the boys who went to the big school on the hill; for Aunt Debby, Uncle Tom's wife, made monstrous good mince-pies—plenty of goodies in the mince-meat, understand, and the pies made an inch or more thick.

Uncle Tom charged grown people twenty-five cents a pie, but the schoolboys could buy one whenever six of them clubbed together, four cents each, making twenty-four cents in all.

One morning after Christmas holidays, when Rufus Edwards went over to the depot to see his father off on the train, he found a half-dollar on the platform that some unknown person must have dropped there in the night.

"We'll have a mince-pie feast!" said Rufus. "This fifty cents will buy two pies, and two cents over; and for the two cents we'll get Uncle Tom to sift the powdered sugar over them double-extra thick. Two pies will cut up into twelve pieces; there are only eleven of us here, but come along, boys—we'll pick up another fellow before we get to Uncle Tom's."

They, however, reached the store without seeing another school-boy; but there, standing looking wishfully at the sign in the window, was Teddy Barns, who carried baggage from the depot and ran errands to earn money to help his poor mother. Every one liked Teddy; and when Rufus saw him looking so hard at the sign he said, "Come in, Teddy! we're just looking for a fellow of about your size."

Uncle Tom brought out two of the finest of his pies, flourished his long pie-knife over them a moment, and, presto! he had cut them into twelve such equal pieces that a carpenter couldn't have done it better from measurement. It made Uncle Tom's rosy face smile all over when those dozen boys began to eat.

"Uncle Tom, can't you tell us a mince-pie story?" asked Seth Craig.

"Hurrah! please do, Uncle Tom," they all urged, except Teddy, whose mouth was too full.

"Well," said Uncle Tom, after he had thought a little time longer, "you have all heard of that old woman:

"'There was an old woman who lived unde the hill,
And if she has not moved away she lives there still.'

"But some years ago she did move away. She was in the match business, you know, and she was also very wise about making dried-apple pies, for then mince-pies had not been invented. One day an organ-grinder came along with a smart monkey, which performed so many funny tricks that the old woman, whose name was Hephzibah, laughed more in ten minutes than before in ten years. The moment that Hephzibah could cease laughing, she offered to trade her house under the hill and the match business to the organ-grinder for his monkey and his organ. The organ man was glad enough to trade.

"So, Hephzibah started out with the organ on her back, and the monkey on her shoulder, to go to the Allspice Islands, where Nick, the monkey, came from.

"Of course, she played the organ and exhibited the monkey in the different places as she went along. An old woman in a great mob cap, horn spectacles on her nose, and laughing so hard that she could scarce turn the organ handle, while the monkey did his drollest tricks, was one of the merriest sights that had ever been seen. Why, even the dogs running along the streets stopped to see what it all meant; and as for the children! they laughed themselves so happy and well that for a month afterward not one of them had to take a dose of medicine. When Hephzibah reached the Allspice Islands her organ was all worn out. She also found that the climate was so warm that there was but little need of fires, and therefore no use of her opening a match shop. So she started a spice and fruit store, where she sold sugar, cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves, currants, raisins, citron, lemons, oranges, bananas, dried apples, and she also made dried-apple pies.

"The Allspice Islands people didn't seem to care much about dried-apple pies, and as Hephzibah had to sell the other articles at a small profit, she had a pretty hard time to make a living.

"One Thursday morning when Hephzibah had finished rolling out her dried-apple pie crusts, and had just put the under-crusts in the pie-plates, into her store rushed the Second Chief Clerk of the Naval Department to beg that she would go to the house of the Exceedingly Grand Admiral of the Allspice Islands, and try to do something to relieve his third nephew, who had eaten two quarts of dried apples. 'Oh, do come quickly, that boy is so very, very sick!' implored the Second Chief Clerk.

"'Now I should rather think he would be,' said Hephzibah, washing her hands.

"She wrote this on a piece of paper: 'Will be back in an hour.' This she wafered to the glass of the store door, and telling Nick to be a good monkey, turned the key.

Nick acted real ugly because he couldn't go, too; and the instant Hephzibah was out of sight he went into the kitchen. There he overturned into a deep barrel in the corner the large stone jar in which she had put her dried apples to soak, and then rolled the jar up and down the store floor until he was again in a good humor. Then Nick was sorry he had thrown Hephzibah's soaked apples away; but going to the barrel to get them out again, he found it so deep and dark that he was afraid to venture into it.

"Now Nick was a smart monkey, but he wasn't smart enough to know that Hephzibah would at once see the difference between dried apples and the other articles in her store. So the moment he thought of replacing the apples with other things, he began filling the jar.

"Into it went raisins, currants, spices, and what-not of the good things in Hephzibah's store, taking of each article so that it would not be missed. The jar still not being as full as previously, he emptied into it a large dish of finely chopped beef that Hephzibah had prepared for making a stew for one of her customers. Even then Nick saw that the mixture in the jar, though he had stirred it several times with Hephzibah's clothes-paddle, was altogether too dry-looking to appear like soaking dried apples; and so he poured in a quantity of cider from the cider barrel.

"It was not till then that Nick noticed the pie-plates on the table with the under crusts in them, and the top crusts rolled out on the pie-board just as Hephzibah had left them.

"He grinned a moment at the plates, and in a jiffy he had grasped a long-handled spoon and was spooning the mixture out from the jar to the pie-plates as adroitly as ever Hephzibah could have done.

"Five minutes after, the top crusts were laid in place, a little crooked to be sure, but not bad for the smartest monkey that ever was; and in the smallest number of minutes possible one dozen pies were baking in Hephzibah's great cook-stove.

"Before the end of the hour Hephzibah returned, having relieved the third nephew of the Exceedingly Grand Admiral of the Allspice Islands. The Exceedingly Grand, etc., was so grateful to Hephzibah that he ordered of her ten dried-apple pies, though he didn't care much for them, and sent his deaf mute to learn just what hour he should go again for the pies. When Nick heard her unlocking the store door, he ran upstairs and hid under the bed.

"Hephzibah gave the deaf mute a chair while she went out into her kitchen to think what hour she had best write that he should return. Immediately she saw that the fire was burning brightly and that there was something fizzing in the oven.

"'Dear, dear! I must have been so careless as to leave something in the oven when I went out!' she exclaimed, jerking the oven door open.

"There they were—twelve beautifully browned pies.

"'Yes, yes, my pies—but I've just saved them,' she continued, moving them from the oven. 'No, land sakes!' exclaimed Hephzibah, looking very much scared, and almost dropping in a faint on the floor. 'I had only just finished the crusts!'

"Just then she spied Nick peeping down from the top of the back stairs. 'Oh, you prince of monkeys, priceless of animals, Nick, it must be you that has done this most clever of all tricks! Come to your mistress, dear Nicky!' and Nick quickly slid down the banister, and jumped up on her shoulder.

"The deaf mute carried the ten pies back with him, and Hephzibah gave Nick the best dinner she could afford for making, as she supposed, her dried-apple pies. While they were eating their dinners, the Second Chief Clerk of the Naval Department again rushed into the store; and he had run so fast that he couldn't speak for a minute.

"'I see, you've come to tell me that that young man has been taken worse,' said Hephzibah, jumping up from the table, and beginning to put on her shawl. 'I reckon, now, his uncle gave him a whole dried-apple pie to eat, didn't he? It would be just like that good, foolish man.'

"'Madame,' said the Second Chief Clerk, finally catching his breath, and smiling all over his face, 'the Exceedingly Grand Admiral of the Allspice Islands has sent me to order one hundred more of those delicious pies, as soon as you can make them, and here's a bag of gold for the ten he had to-day.'

"Hephzibah was shrewd enough to think that there was something about those pies of which she didn't know; so she bowed her mob cap very politely, and said the Exceedingly Grand, etc., should be obeyed. She then gave the Second Chief Clerk two pieces of gold out of the bag for himself, and a huge bunch of bananas for his wife and little children at home.

"The moment he had left the store she rushed into her kitchen, and cut a slice from one of the two remaining pies. She tasted it; she pulled off her mob cap, tossed it up to the ceiling; and catching hold of Nick she danced all over the kitchen floor.

"'But of what marvelous thing is such a toothsome pie made?' said Hephzibah, stopping right in the middle of a horn-pipe. She caught up the stone-jar, and as there was about a pint of the mixture left, she learned exactly how to make more. She improved on Nick's receipt, of course, and soon was not able to bake enough pies to supply the great people of the Allspice Islands—often having orders ahead for nine hundred pies. When she became rich she gave the receipt to a poor deserving young man who had saved Nick from drowning while he was playing around the wharves one day.

"After Hephzibah gave up the pie business she was married to the Exceedingly Grand, etc., and in that way she became the Exceedingly Grand Admiraless of the Allspice Islands. Nick was given a gold collar with his name carved on it in graceful flourishes, and was arrayed daily in purple and fine linen. Hephzibah also sent a copy of the receipt to England, and there it was that aunt Debby learned to make these mince-pies."

The Professor happened to be passing by Uncle Tom's store just as the story was finished, and he heard such a stamping of feet, clapping of hands, pounding on tables, and uproarious laughter that he went into the store to see if some of his boys were not misconducting themselves. But the moment he saw Uncle Tom's jolly face he only smiled and said, "Not too boisterous, boys," and pretended he had come in purposely to order some jelly-cake for Mrs. Professor.—*James B. Marshall, in Wide-Awake.*

Woman in Japan.

IN Japan, as in other countries, [illegible] to many distinctive features of its ethical code and social system may be found in the position of women. Perhaps nowhere, and certainly in no land which has developed an equally advanced and elaborate civilization, has woman heavier burdens and fewer privileges than in the island empire. She has, indeed, a happy childhood, since, although for some reasons the Japanese prefer boys, their girls are equally petted and beloved. But from the date of her marriage, which takes place at the age of seventeen, her lot is peculiarly narrow, bleak and joyless; one full of heartburning and hardships. She must not expect fidelity from her husband, but she must be ever loyal, sweet and serviceable to him. That a wife should be mistress in her own household is a conception altogether foreign to the Japanese mind. From the moment she leaves her father's house a bride becomes a slave, and the servitude is the more bitter because it is pre-eminently due, not to her husband and children, but to her husband's mother. Full of sad suggestions are the details of the Japanese moral lessons for women, which are enforced upon all girls from infancy, and of which literal translations are given in these volumes. According to this code parents must be more careful of a girl's education than of a son's, seeing that she must be subject unto her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and serve them. If she has been spoiled, it is added, she will quarrel with her husband's relatives. When a woman is married, runs another lesson, she shall seldom pay a visit to her own parents—only a messenger shall be sent. Neither shall she pride herself on her own descent. After marriage she must reverence her father and mother-in-law, and be kinder to them than to her own parents. "Morning and evening," we are told, "she shall inquire after the health of her father and mother-in-law, and ask if she can be of any service to them, and likewise do all they bid her. If they scold her she must answer not again, for if she shows an amiable disposition, finally the household will come to a peaceful settlement of their difficulties." She must quarrel with none of her husband's relatives, lest the family be made unhappy. It is further enjoined upon her that, no matter how many servants she may have, she shall sew the clothing and cook the food of her father and mother-in-law. She must also wash the clothing and sweep the mat of her husband; in general, it is laid down that she shall live within the house, go forth but seldom, and never, before the age of forty, to public places of interest or amusement, such as a theater, temple, or shrine. She must rise early, never sleep during the day, and work till late at night.

As regards her specific obligations to her lord and master, the code lays down the following rules: When the wife converses with her husband, she must do so with a smiling face and humble word, and not be rude. This is the principal duty of woman, viz., that the wife obey the husband in all that he orders her to do, and, moreover, when he is angry she must not resist, but submit. This precept touching obedience concludes with these words: "All women shall think their husbands to be heaven; they must not, therefore, withstand their husbands, and incur the punishment of heaven." Concerning jealousy, a passion for which too much fuel is afforded in Japanese households, very stringent injunctions are laid down. The wife, it is averred, must not be jealous of her husband when he is unfaithful to her, but may admonish him in a mild, affectionate manner. "Of course," says the Japanese moralist, "when she is jealous her anger will appear in her face, and she will consequently be disliked and abandoned by her husband." When, therefore, she would admonish him on this subject she must always do it with a kind countenance and gentle words, and if he will not listen to her she must wait till his passion for her rival is cooled, and then confer with him again. After declaring that wives must not chatter or repeat any slanders they may hear, lest they cause disputes among families, the author of the code concludes with some caustic remarks upon the feminine character. There are, he says, four bad qualities in woman, to-wit, that they slander, or take a spite at some one, are jealous and ignorant. He adds that seven or eight women in ten have these maladies. The worst of these faults, he says, is ignorance. "The minds of women generally are dark as the night, and are more stupid than those of men." In all stations of life, therefore, the wife must stand behind her husband. Though she may have done good deeds, she must not be vain of them—though it be said she is bad, she shall not resist. "She shall continue to improve herself, and be careful not to repeat the same fault, and when she comports herself wisely the intimacy between herself and her husband through life will be a happy one."—*From a Review of Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."*

GENERAL.

ST. LOUIS furnishes Italy with a great deal of its macaroni.

MR. FRANK HENRY, the lighthouse keeper at Erie, Pa., is the father of four pairs of twins.

TWENTY American cities to-day contain over 100,000 people each; twenty American States contain over 1,000,000 people each.

AT a recent silver wedding in Washington, a cake baked for the original ceremony, twenty-five years ago, was served. They cut it with a rip-saw.

THE streets of Constantinople are narrow, dirty and irregular, and paved with such large bowlders that in most places it is impossible to drive a carriage. With a population of between 500,000 and 600,000, the city has 60,000 priests, mostly Greeks and Mohammedans.

A NEW YORK undertaker has caught the rage for tableau show windows now existing in that city, and in his show case displays a small hearse drawn by four small horses—and in the hearse is a coffin with a doll in it, while a group of dolls in mourning costumes are arranged about the vehicle.

THE Sag Harbor branch of the Long Island Railroad, from Manor to Sag Harbor, has been blockaded by snow since Christmas, leaving the residents along its line without communication with the main line, excepting by telegraph and with sleighs. Through the Shinnecock hills the sand was drifted into the deep cuts and packed so hard that a snow-plow driven by three powerful locomotives was useless. From Atlantic ville to Worthampton, nearly seventeen miles, the snow, mingled with sand, lies in the cuts from eight to ten feet in depth. It is packed so hard that the only way to remove it is with picks and shovels.

A LONDONER, who has traveled over the United States, writes: "I do not think the women of America quite appreciate the deference and respect they receive at the hands of their countrymen. They are too apt to accept special courtesies as a right. No wonder so many of them dislike England, where men too often give them merely an equality of position, letting them fight their own way in a crowded railway depot or omnibus station without the slightest acknowledgment of the privilege of the stronger sex, which is to be kind and gentle in its treatement of the the weaker."

THERE is an old sign-board of the "Old Oak Tree" public house, over which a great fuss is being made in old England. It has found its way to the Court of Appeal, after passing through bankruptcy and chancery. One might fancy an ordinary sign-board not worth this flurry, but this is not an ordinary one. It was painted fifty years ago by David Cox of the Royal Academy, and is valued at £1,500. It represents an old oak tree, after which the public house where it hung, in Bangor, was called. The point at issue is whether a sign-board is a fixture or a piece of furniture. It was seized as the latter. But the two decisions already given go the other way.

Two conditions are present which will make the opening of the next spring a season of apprehension. In Virginia and all through the Middle State, except in Northern New York, there are vast deposits of snow and unusual thickness of ice in the rivers and lakes. The event of having unusually disastrous floods is therefore only a question of weather. If day succeeds day with sunny warmth and slow disintegration of the great drifts, all will be well. But if the rain descends, the snows melt suddenly and the rivers break up in flood, there is the certainty not only of the enormous damage which a simple rise of waters causes along swift rivers, but of the ice dams which concentrate and intensify disaster. For many years the two potent causes of great spring floods, namely, thick ice and deep snow, have never appeared with so threatening aspects as they do now.

The Best Boy in School.

FOR twenty-five years, or thereabout, has been observed at the Chauncy Hall School a custom which is unique among the schools of the country. It is a vote by the boys and girls of the school for the best boy in school. No conditions are imposed, save as they are implied in the explanation which is given to acquaint the young people with the purpose of those who established the practice. Each pupil is free to vote for anybody of the school who has been a member for any length of time, except since December 1 last. As Mr. Ladd said in his remarks, it has been the custom to select a boy from the oldest class, but it is not compulsory to do so. Former members of the school, not all of the same class, but intimate friends there, believing that a prize given on the principles they proposed would help in developing a manly spirit at the school, began the practice of giving a medal to the boy who receives a plurality of the votes of the school as the best boy. At noon yesterday the scholars were gathered in the school-room, and after other business (including an explanation of the medal system of the school, based on absolute, not relative, merit, so that a medal is within the reach of every pupil), Mr. Ladd explained the intent of the gentlemen who give the best-boy medal. "This does not mean," said he, "the best classical scholar, nor the most noted catcher or pitcher at base-ball, nor the ablest mathematician, nor the best-drilled soldier, nor the most elegant declaimer, nor the fastest runner, nor the most accurate Shaksperean scholar, nor the pluckiest fellow at foot-ball. You young boys will do well to vote for the person who seems nearest to what your father and mother want you to be—what you mean to be yourself when you are in the first class; and you, young girls, will do well to vote for the boy who comes nearest to being what your parents are trying to have your brothers become. The older scolars are tolerably familiar with ancient and modern history. Vote for that one of your number whose character comes nearest to the noblest men of whom you have read." All the school sat upright with military precision; their officers passed the ballots, and each pupil prepared his own. At the head he put his own name and the number of years he had been in the school; below, the name of his choice for the prize. Each ballot counts as many units as the scholar casting it has been years at the school. After the votes were cast the school was marshaled from the room in regular order, and the result will not be known until the next exhibition, which will occur February 8. By long experience it is found that the pupils select a boy who is deemed by the teachers to be worthy of the medal, thus proving that the sense of honor is the same with boys as with grown people.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Surprised at William Shakespeare's Snap.

THE nationally gratifying fact that Edwin Booth has just made so palpable a hit in London in *Richelieu* calls to mind a little story told by our leading star to the writer during his last visit here, while taking a look at the Golden Gate from the Point Bonita lighthouse.

"Once during the days of my early struggles in the profession," said Booth, "and while we were barn storming down in Virginia, an odd thing happened, which illustrates the shifts to which the 'poor player' was then put in order to get along. We were playing—'showing' they called it then—one night at a little place named Lee's Landing, and the tobacco warehouse we had improvised into a theater was crowded by the planters for miles around. We had arranged to take the weekly steamer which they expected would touch there late that night, and between the acts were all busy packing up. The play was the 'The Merchant of Venice,' and we were just going on for the court scene, where the Jew insists on his pound of flesh, when we heard a whistle blow, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived ahead of time and would leave again in ten minutes.

"As that was our only chance of getting down the Chesapenke, we were naturally in a terrible quandary. 'If we stop right here and explain,' said the manager, 'the audience will think they are being cheated, and go in for a free fight. The only thing we can do is for you fellows to get up some sort of a natural-like, impromptu ending for the piece and ring down the drop. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here,' and he hurried away to get the luggage on board.

"If it had been in any other quarter of the country I wouldn't have had the assurance to do as he said, but the ignorance of the ordinary Virginians of those days was something marvelous; so, when old George Ruggles, who was doing *Shylock*, got to where he sharpens his knife on his shoes, I walked solemnly up to him and said:

"'You're bound to have the flesh, are you?'

"'You bet your life,' said George, under the impression that he was improvising very skillfully indeed.

"'Now, I'll make you one more dicker,' I continued; 'in addition to this bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun, and a couple of the best coon dogs in the State.'

"'I'm blamed if I don't do it,' said Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters from the ground up.

"'And to show that there is no hard feeling,' said Portia, tucking up her regal gown, 'we'll windup with a Virginny reel.'

"And as the prompter struck up 'Money Musk' on his fiddle we danced a couple of figures, and made a break for the boat as the curtain fell, amid thunders of applause.

"When we got on board, the steamer's Captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play with great delight, tendered the troupe the compliment of a hot supper, and remarked, as we sat down to what was a rare treat in those 'palmy days of the drama:'

"'I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blamed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap to him.'—*San Francisco News Letter.*

A Bad Bandit.

ONE of the most desperate outlaws of modern times, says the New York *Herald*, has recently been put to death at Stiepanovich, a small mountain village in the Diakovar district of Croatia. This bandit, Imbro Brkanics by name, has been the terror of the whole country-side from Nasice to Moslavina for several years past. On more than one occasion he had encountered the gendarmerie sent out to take him, dead or alive, after he had committed some peculiarly atrocious deed, and had beaten them off by sheer hard fighting. About a month ago, however, after having waylaid and plundered the Mayor of Stiepanovich, as that functionary was conveying the village taxes to the neighboring town of Feriemce, Brkanics committed the imprudence of visiting two women, in order to spend some of his booty upon a drunken revel in their company. Having feasted to his heart's content, and boasted, in his cups, of several homicidal exploits, one of which happened to have resulted in the death of a former lover of one of his hostesses, he retired to rest. As soon as he was fast asleep, it being then early in the morning, the girls set off to Nasice and informed the officer in command of the gendarmerie detachment there that Imbro Brkanics was under lock and key in their cottage near Stiepanovich. Forthwith a party of fourteen gendarmes was dispatched thither, and, as soon as the house had been surrounded, the girls were sent in to rouse the sleeping robber and persuade him to come out into the garden. Presently he appeared at the door, which was slammed to behind his back by one of his fair betrayers. Perceiving the gendarmes, he darted into an orchard communicating with the garden, took cover among the plum trees and opened fire with a double-barreled rifle and a revolver. His first discharge killed the sergeant in command of the party, and as the men closed upon him with a rush he shot a gendarme named Mathias Grgecs through the heart and broke away, vaulting the orchard fence into the open country. He had not, however, run fifty yards before a well-aimed projectile brought him down, stone dead, the bullet having passed through his brain. Few modern brigands have died harder than Imbro Brkanics.

PITH AND POINT.

LOOK upward in the city and see the network of wires. Then you will understand why it is natural that there should be so many rumors in the air.—*Boston Transcript.*

A RED-HEADED man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his head to his heels in a brown cloth and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.—*Syracuse Herald.*

AFTER a Milwaukee doctor had put in six months' time doctoring a man for tapeworm, a darning-needle worked out of the patient's shoulder. The doctor made up his mind that something had to come, if the man lived long enough.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"YOU are in time," said the pedagogue to one of his pupils, who entered as the last stroke of the bell was dying away. "Bad grammar," said the lad, "and bad spelling, also; for there's no 'u' in time." And now that boy is having a bad spell also—but not likewise.—*Meriden Recorder.*

THERE are none so deaf as those who won't hear. "Father," said a young reprobate, pitching his voice so the old gentleman would be sure to hear, "let me have one hundred dollars?" "Eh?" said the parent, inclining his ear.. "Let me have two hundred dollars?" "I heard you quite distinctly the first time, my son, quite distinctly."—*New Haven Register.*

"I'LL take a roll," said the saw-log to the baker, as it went down the hill.—*Steubenville Herald.* "And I'll take a loaf," the saw said while they were rolling it back.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.* But the log fooled 'em while they were rolling it by taking a turnover.—*Richmond Baton.* Please doughnut jumble these statements, gentlemen. —*Yawcob Strauss.* Reading such puns might incite men to do waffle acts.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"YES, I'm going to skate," he answered, as his teeth rattled together and his ears stood out like sheet-iron medals. "They tried to stuff me with a story of a boy who froze to death on the rink at the park, but I wouldn't take it." "Did one freeze to death?" "Naw! Come to find out about it, he just froze his ears and nose and fingers and toes, and the rest of his body wasn't touched at all! They can't scare me with any of their tales of horror!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

AN inventor thinks he has solved the problem of propelling boats in canals and rivers by means of ejecting water from the boat. Unlike his predecessors, he makes use not of a large pipe, but of a great number of tubes with very small outlets.

IT seems that the application of a tuning-fork to the web of the garden spider will not only entice the insect toward it, but even cause the spider to act toward a fly drowned in a repulsive substance as though the fly were alive and without so disagreeable a sauce.

PAMPAS grass is a very agreeable thing to everybody possessing what impressionists delight to call, in their own peculiar and vague way, the artistic instinct. Some farmers in Southern California have found that this beautiful grass can be grown with very little trouble and sold for *decorative purposes* at a large profit. One of these men put three-quarters of an acre under the grass, and was able to sell each head or plume at two and a half cents, netting about $500; another sold all he raised at seven and a half cents a plume. This industry is growing. Ten thousand plumes were disposed of in Southern California last year. Europe could take an almost unlimited number of them.

AT the Greenwich Observatory a very ingenious instrument is in use to record automatically the duration of sunshine through the day. It consists of a glass globe hung within a hemispherical cup of slightly greater diameter, the cup being lined with a strip of paper covered with steneil ink. The globe is entirely exposed upon the root, and, while the sun is shining, acts as a burning-glass, and causes a continuous line to be made upon the paper. This line will be broken, however, as often as the sun's light is obscured by clouds, and thus a record of the amount of sunshine for the day will be obtained.

THE dangerous properties of carbonic oxide have long been known—an atmosphere which contains only a little of this gas may produce poisoning and death. Some exact experiments on this subject have now been described to the French Academy by M. Grenant. He concludes that a man, or one of the lower animals, compelled to breathe for half an hour in an atmosphere containing only 1-779th of carbonic oxide absorbs the gas in such quantity that about one-half of the red blood corpuscles combine with the gas and become incapable of absorbing oxygen; in an atmosphere containing 1,1440th of carbonic oxide about a fourth of the red corpuscles combine with this gas.

An Emperor's Little Joke.

THE late Emperor Nicholas happened one day to be engaged in inspecting a State Penitentiary in one of the provincial seats of government, and took it into his head to question some of the convicts respecting the nature of the offenses for which they were suffering punishment. "What are you here for?" he asked of one. "I am innocent, Imperial Majesty," replied the prisoner, falling on his knees; "a victim of false witness! A church was robbed—a beadle knocked on the head—the peasants caught hold of me, and I knew nothing about it." Similar replies were given by other prisoners. The Emperor, obviously bored by these successive protestations of guiltlessness, cast a glance along the line of prisoners until his eye fell upon a ragged, wretched-looking gypsy, whom he beckoned forward with the words, "Of course you, too, are here on a false charge?" "Not a bit of it, your Majesty," replied the Tsigan; "it is all fair and square as far as I am concerned. I stole a pony from a tradesman." "Stole a pony, did you?" said the Czar, with a laugh; and then, addressing the governor of the prison with well-assumed sternness, "Turn that good-for-nothing rascal instantly out of doors. I cannot allow him to remain a minute longer in such honorable and virtuous company, lest he pervert all these good, innocent people!"

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FAREWELL.

THE boat was drifting, drifting, o'er the sleeping sea,
And the man that I loved the dearest sat in the boat with me.

The shadow of coming parting hung over the great gray swell,
And the winds that swept across it sobbed on, farewell, farewell.

The boat went drifting, drifting, in the lingering northern light,
And the faces that I loved the dearest paled with the paling light.

We strove to join light laughter; we strove to make a jest;
But the voice that I loved the dearest rang sadly 'mid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down,
And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while in the darkening sky,
For the man that I loved the dearest, the prayer rose silently.

Oh, true, strong hand I touch no more; brave smile I may not see;
Will the God who governs time and tide bring him back to my life and me?

—*All the Year Round.*

AMONG SHARPERS.

"A CURIOUS kind of toy that, sir—is it not?"

I was standing with my son, a lad of fourteen, at a toy-shop window in one of the principal streets of Liverpool. He had just been apprenticed to a well-known firm of shipowners, and was daily expecting to sail in the Berkshire Castle for Valparaiso. In all the glories of his new uniform, he walked by my side full of hope and gladness, and eagerly interested in all he saw. Some model ships in this particular window attracted his attention, and we stood for a few moments looking at them. I was not aware that anyone else was near us; but on turning away I observed a gentleman also looking intently at some pretty toys exhibited in the window. He was stout, dark-complexioned, and of a somewhat foreign aspect. Except that he wore a carefully-trimmed mustache, his face was closely shaven, and his iron-gray hair was closely cut. I judged him to be about fifty years of age. He was dressed in black; and one could not help noticing that his clothes were of superior quality and fit. There was nothing else about him, however, to attract attention; no extravagance of fashion or display of conspicuous jewelry. Plain gold studs adorned his shirt front, and he had also a plain gold watch-chain, from which was suspended a small locket.

As I turned, our eyes met; and the stranger, pointing to one of those toy-serpents constructed with innumerable joints for the amusement of children, repeated the question which I have just quoted—"A curious kind of toy, that, sir—is it not?"

I felt no inclination to enter into conversation with him; but without actual rudeness it was impossible to avoid making some reply to his remark. "Very ingenious," I said, "and also very simple."

"I have seen some much prettier things of the same kind in Paris, though," the stranger continued. Then looking at my son, he inquired: "Is he in the service."

"Well," I replied, "he is just going to sea. He was apprenticed yesterday."

"Indeed. To what company?"

I told him the name of the firm; and he proceeded: "I thought he was going to sea. I am a seaman myself; but I am in the American service. I am Captain of the Alma, of New York, now lying in the Stanley Dock. We came in only last night."

After another word or two, we bade him good-morning, and turned to go on our way; but the American Captain was going in the same direction, and would walk a little way with us. As we went along, he addressed himself to my son, asking many questions as to the size and construction of the Berkshire Castle, the number of her officers and crew, the complement of apprentices, and many other details which to the boy himself were of course the most important things in the world. These questions he followed up by some most sound and excellent advice. Told the young apprentice that he would very likely hear a great deal of bad language when at sea; but he must take no notice of it, and above all, must not get into the habit of using it. He had himself been four-and-twenty years at sea, and had always managed to get on without using bad language.

He went on in this style; cautioned the boy against drink and other evils, and counseled him to be kind and thoughtful toward his fellow-apprentices, and not to boast over them or assume any airs of superiority if he found himself able to do what they could not, but to help them, and in all respects to be good-tempered and modest in his bearing toward them. By this time we had reached the hotel where my son and I were staying. But even now our American Captain was not to be separated from us. He would like to sit down somewhere and rest a little; so he followed us into the coffee-room of the hotel, and there continued telling us some of his experiences during his life at sea, and spinning yarns which I confess were not a little interesting to myself and which my boy listened to with unconcealed delight. I began to regret the somewhat uncourteous way in which I had received the first advances of this gentleman, for that he was a gentleman could not be questioned.

We had been sitting in this way perhaps a quarter of an hour, no other persons being in the room, when the door opened and in came, timidly and awkwardly, another stranger. We all looked up and were evidently struck by his appearance, for the new-comer was not such a man as one often meets with. He wore a new, high-crowned, very narrow-brimmed hat, which was set upon the back of his head, and a black overcoat, also new, with woolen collar, the top of which nearly touched the brim of his hat behind. On his finger I observed a diamond ring; but, beyond this, no jewelry was to be seen upon his person. His face was fresh and healthy-looking, and but for an occasional gleam of sinister light in his eyes, would have given you the impression that here was an honest, unsophisticated, and not oversharp young man. He was apparently about seven or eight and twenty years old. I have said that he came timidly and awkwardly into the room. He seemed confused and uncertain what to do, and before sitting down he inquired, in rich Milesian accents: "I beg your pardon, gintlemen—is this private?"

We told him it was not.

"Sure, I thought it might be, as I couldn't find the bell."

"Here is the bell," replied the American. "Shall I ring it for you?"

"Ah, to be sure, there it is. Thank you, sorr; I'll be glad if you will."

The waiter came in; and the Irishman ordered a bottle of lemonade, which we left him to drink while we pursued our chat.

At length there was a pause, and the American—who by the way had told us that his name was Williams—looking at the new-comer, said: "You are a stranger in Liverpool, sir?"

"Sure, that's just what I am; I haven't been here many hours, and I never saw it before. I've not long come from Dublin."

"Did you arrive by boat this morning?"

"No; I came over to Holyhead about a week since, and we were only four hours passing; but oh, it's ill that I was! Don't I wish I was back again, I'd never come over any more. You may depind I'd never have come at all, but it was just a little law business in London I had to attend to connected with our family, and a precious bother it's been."

"You did not care, then," said I, "for being among the lawyers."

"Well, I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been for the signing of my name so often; but sure I thought I'd never have done. This last week I've written Patrick Murphy oftener than in all my life before put together; but Mr. Metcalfe—that was the lawyer, d'ye see?—he told me I couldn't get the money without, so faix I had to do it till my hand was tired."

"Still, you wouldn't mind that if you got well paid for it," said Captain Williams.

"Well, I'll just tell you how it was. Ye see, an uncle of mine went out to America a long time since. He was a high-spirited lad, and he just quarreled with the family, and went out there, and they didn't know but he was dead. But he bought a bit of land and farmed it; and after a while, d'ye see, they found oil-wells on his land, and thin the government bought him out for thirty-five thousand pounds. Well, he was getting old, and he didn't care for working any more, and his wife died; and when the war broke out he had two sons, and they were both killed at the battle of Vicksburg, and the old man never looked up afterward; he just pined away and died. But, ye see, he'd never sent any word home where he was, nor told nobody out there anything about his relations; and when he died, the government didn't know what to do with his property. So they put advertisements in the Irish papers, and me and my brother answered them. And then I had to come to London, and Father Maloney, our praste, with me; and Mr. Metcalfe could us all we were to do about getting certificates of baptism and marriage and sorra a one knows what besides; and, as I tell ye, I had to sign me name till I was sick of it."

"Then you got the money at last?" said I.

"Ah, to be sure I did," he answered, with a wink and a chuckle. "Look here!" and he pulled out a leathern pocket-book, and opening it, displayed a good fat bundle of Bank of England notes. "Ye see, I drew a few hundred just to pay my expenses for a while, till I enjoy meself a bit, and then I shall go back and buy just as much land as I can, because, d'ye see, people may stale your money, but they can't stale your land."

"But I guess," broke in the American, "you might invest your money so as to bring you a better return."

"Arrah, thin, but don't you see," replied the shrewd Mr. Murphy, "we've been brought up on the land, and we know the business, and if we tried anything else we might do worse?"

"That's a fact," laconically remarked the Captain.

"Thin there's another thing," went on our unsophisticated Irishman, "that bothers me a good deal. There's what they call a codicil to my uncle's will, and it states that whoever gits the money is to go over to America and buy a little lot of land in the parish where he lived, and put up a monument to the old gintleman. I've been trying hard to get out o' that; but sure, Mr. Metcalfe tells me I'll have to go. Ay, but he was a quare fellow, that uncle o' mine—pace to his sowl!"

"Yes," said I; "that is rather a curious requirement."

"Ah, sure, but that's not all, nor the quarest. You see, he says in the will that one thousand pounds is to be given away in charity, and the strange thing is that this one thousand pounds is not to be given all in one place, but to be divided into four parts, and distributed in four different quarters. An' sure, you know, his Riverence the praste wanted to take it all back to Ireland with him; but Metcalfe said no, he must only take a quarter; and so I handed over two hundred and fifty pounds to him, and said: 'Now, what'll you have for your throuble in givin' away this money?' He said he didn't want nothing; however, I gave him twenty-five pounds for his throuble, and thin I bought him a gold snuff-box with his name engraved on the lid, and sent the old gintleman back to Dublin. Because, don't you see? the business was done, and he didn't want me to go to any places of amusement."

"Well," said Captain Williams, "you managed well about the first two hundred and fifty pounds. What did you do with the rest?"

"I'll tell ye if ye'll wait a minute. I was staying at the Castle and Falcon in London, for you know Mr. Metcalfe cautioned me when I drew the money; says he: 'Take care you always stay at the best hotels, and take care what company you get into, or you'll easily be robbed; especially as you have been about so little.' Well, I was staying at the Castle and Falcon; and a very nice gintleman, a Mr. Oscar, was staying there at the same time. Perhaps you may know him; I think he owned some collieries and had a nice place somewhere near a place they call Wigan. We got into conversation, and I told him all about this thousand pounds; and sure I asked him if he couldn't relieve me of another fourth of it, because, ye see, I don't feel myself to be a free man until I get this money out of my hands. If I had only done that, thin I could enjoy myself and do as I pleased with the rest, knowing that I had done my duty. Well, the end of it was that this Mr. Oscar said he would take two hundred and fifty pounds and give it away to the families of the colliers when there was an explosion or anything of that kind. So I said that was just the very thing; only Mr. Metcalfe told me the will required that I was not to give this money to anybody who couldn't show that he had plenty of money of his own, and might therefore be trusted. 'Oh, Mr. Murphy,' ses Mr. Oscar, 'I will soon satisfy you about that; you can go to my bankers, or stay——.' And he took out his check-book and just wrote a check for two hundred and fifty pounds. But I said to him: 'Well, sir, I dare say that's all very good; but, ye see, that's only a pleee of paper—it isn't money.' So, without another word he rings the bell, and when the waiter comes he says to him: 'Waiter, just go to the bank and get this check cashed.' In about twenty minutes the waiter comes back with the money; so says I: 'Mr. Oscar, that's perfectly satisfactory;' and I gave him the two hundred and fifty pounds, and twenty-five pounds for his throuble, and he wrote me out a receate; and within twelve months he's to send me a list showing how the money has been distributed, and then I shall give him a—a 'quittance,' I think they call it."

I was thinking it about time for a quittance of another character, and so rose with my boy to go down to his ship. Captain Williams rose also, and saying that he was quite interested in the lad, proposed to walk a little way with us. Mr. Murphy, being thoroughly his own master, and hardly knowing what to do with himself while staying in Liverpool, also asked if he might join us. When we got outside, the Captain fell behind, suggesting that my son and he should walk together. I was by no means unwilling to assent, assuring myself from what I had heard of this gentleman's talk before that his conversation now would be to the boy's advantage. As Mr. Murphy wished to see something of the principal streets, we did not take the nearest way to the docks, but sauntered down Castle Street, Lord Street and Church Street, and, coming to the Central Railway Station, the Irishman expressed a wish to go inside and see it. As we walked about the platform, speaking of many subjects, he adroitly turned the conversation again to his uncle's singular bequest. "Now, sir," said he, "could not you help me to distribute some of this money? Are there any poor people in your neighborhood?"

"Well," I replied, "for that matter where are there not poor people?"

"Ah, to be sure; but I mane couldn't you do some good with the money in the way I spoke of?"

"I have no doubt," I answered, "that I could make good use of some of it; but why propose the thing to me, whose name even you don't know, when your priest or your legal adviser could tell you so well what to do?"

"Ah, sure, I've had bother enough with the praste and Mr. Metcalfe; and as I've lived all me life in the counthry, as you may say, I know nobody who could do this for me. It's thrue I don't know your name; but I'm sure you're a very respectable gintleman, and you seem very kind, and I could trust you very well."

Just then Captain Williams came to our side, and Murphy appealed to him. "Captain, I've just been asking this gintleman if he couldn't distribute some of this money for me, and he says he thinks he could. Now, as we've met in this way, I'll not make fish of one and flesh of another, and I'll make the same offer to you as I've made to him. Couldn't *you* get rid of some of this money for me?"

Captain Williams seemed for a moment amused at the offer; but presently, as though to humor the Irishman rather than with any serious meaning, replied: "No doubt, Mr. Murphy, if you would like me to do so. Sometimes, for instance, when I am in a foreign port, some of my crew are laid up in the hospital, and I might provide many things for them, and leave a handsome donation toward the funds of the hospital when we went away."

"Just the very thing, Captain; that'll suit me to a *t*. Now thin, I'll just leave you two gintlemen to talk it over; and if you will kindly show me that you can each of you command a considerable sum of money—say fifty or a hundred pounds—just to carry out the requirement of the ould gintleman's will, you know, well thin, Patrick Murphy's your man, and we'll settle the business, and thin I shall be happy and free."

From a very early point in our conversation I had become firmly convinced that Mr. Murphy was a swindler, and by no means such a fool as he looked; that his story was concocted for the purpose of getting money somehow or other out of Captain Williams and myself; and that he must have taken us for very great fools indeed. Left alone with the American, I said: "Now, Captain, what do you think of this Irishman's story? Is it not one of the queerest tales you ever heard?"

"Well," he slowly replied—"I don't know. It does seem a queer story; but you see these Irishmen do queer things. I have known them make all sorts of curious wills, and this young fellow seems as though he wanted to be conscientious. I think I shall take him at his word, and see what he will do. I don't care to show him what money I have just now; of course he's a stranger; but to-morrow if he likes to come to my ship, or in your hotel, I'll give him every satisfaction. What will you do?"

"I scarcely know," I said, a new suspicion flashing across my mind, and at the same time a desire springing up which I did not at once see my way to carry out. "I scarcely know. I have very little money with me, and Mr. Murphy wishes as to prove that we are possessed of a considerable amount."

"But I suppose you could easily get fifty pounds or so by going to your banker or by telegraphing home?"

"By sending home, no doubt, I could; but it would never do to telegraph. Think what a state my wife would be in if I were suddenly to telegraph to her to send me fifty pounds!"

"Well, suppose you were to write to her; you might then explain, and she could send the money by getting the bank to telegraph to-morrow. Would that do?"

"It might," I replied; and my resolution was now taken. These two were no doubt in confederacy, and they must be made to run into their own trap.

When Murphy rejoined us, the matter was explained to him, and it was arranged that after I had taken my boy to his ship we should go back to the hotel, and my letter home should there be written. Captain Williams was for accompanying us to the docks, but to my great satisfaction Mr. Murphy did not wish to go; and being a stranger, and so very much in peril from rogues and vagabonds, he did not like to be left alone. Accordingly, the American agreed to remain with him at the station until my return; so that I was free to act. The game was becoming exciting, and although I felt that it was not without a spice of danger, I could not resist the desire to carry it on to the end. While absent from the two men, I wrote and posted a hurried note home explaining that another would follow, and giving my wife direction as to what to do. Then I went back.

On seeing me return they naturally inferred that I had no suspicion of them, and at once concluded that their fish was fairly hooked. We went back to the hotel, and I wrote the letter agreed upon, which they both read, and which I allowed Mr. Murphy to post with his own hands. In answer to this letter they expected that a telegram would be received at my hotel on the following morning, giving me power to draw the sum of fifty pounds from a Liverpool bank, which sum was to be shown to Mr. Murphy as a guarantee of my respectability.

It turned out that the Berkshire Castle was not to sail until the following morning. In the evening, therefore, my son came back to the hotel. Captain Williams went on with his tales of the sea, put the boy through his facings upon various nautical matters, explained in the most interesting way the course which would be taken upon his anticipated voyage; told him all about the winds and currents, the mode of taking observations, the people whom he would see, the peculiar character and trade of the different ports—and in short made it evident that he was a seaman of long experience and of considerable culture.

Mr. Murphy left us about half an hour before the Captain, arranging to be at the hotel in the morning at 10 o'clock. The American bade him good-night, and subsequently took his leave of us, professedly to go and sleep on board his ship, and saying that he would come in the morning at half-past nine.

"Well, Hal," said I to my son as soon as they had gone, "what do you think of all this?"

"How, papa? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that these two fellows are swindlers, and that all they have been doing to-day is the carrying out of a little scheme for getting fifty pounds or so out of us."

The lad opened his eyes and for a while was incredulous. At last he said: "But you don't think Captain Williams a swindler?"

"I am afraid he's the worst of the two. Now I'll tell you what I am going to do. To-morrow morning before breakfast I shall go down the street to the Detective Office and tell them all that has passed to-day, and we shall see what follows."

Harold was not to be convinced, however, about the American Captain. He would admit that I might be right so far as the Irishman was concerned; but the nautical experience and knowledge of Captain Williams were, to his mind, utterly inconsistent with the idea that the man was a swindler.

About half-past eight the following morning, I walked down Dale Street to the Detective Office and related my experience to one of its chiefs. He smiled when I had done, as though my story were just what he had been expecting.

"Ah, sir, it's an old trick; but we have had nothing of this kind here for some years—Brown!" A subordinate came forward at his call. "Hear what this gentleman has got to say and then follow the case up."

Brown ushered me into a small side room, and I repeated to him what I had told his chief.

"Yes, sir," he said; "I see what it is; but you have made one great mistake. You should not have come here."

"How so?"

"You should have sent a note to us from your hotel. There is a third man in this business whom you have never seen yet, and it is almost certain that he has watched you come here. If so, they will be off together. However, go back, and two of us will watch the hotel. If these men come, don't let them see that you are suspicious, but take them out with you, and as you come down the steps of the hotel just raise your hat. Don't look across the way or round about you, whatever you do. We shall be on the watch opposite, and if you lift your hat we shall know that we have our eye on the right men, and we will not loose sight of you. Leave the rest to us."

I returned and breakfasted, and scarcely had I reached the smoking-room before Captain Williams made his appearance, smiling and radiant. After a few words about the weather, and the peculiarities of the Irishman whom we had encountered on the previous day, he inquired: "When do you expect your telegram?"

"I expect it will be here early; perhaps ten o'clock."

"Will you take a turn in the open air, and have a cigar until it comes? I don't care for smoking indoors on such a morning as this."

"Thank you," said I; "I would rather wait here for it; I do not want to lose any time. I should like to get this business settled and get back home; I ought to have returned yesterday."

The truth was I suspected that Williams wanted to get me away from the hotel in order that Murphy might intercept the telegram, as he could easily have done, and armed with its authority, draw the money which they expected. Now, notwithstanding my first letter home, in which I had explained clearly how matters stood, I was sure that my wife would be thrown into a state of nervous agitation, and, who knew? she might think that I really needed money, and send it, after all. I was determined that the telegram should not get into their hands. Again, however, Williams tried to persuade me into going out.

"If you like," said I, "we will have a cigar outside, in front of the hotel, until Mr. Murphy comes."

To this he readily assented, trusting doubtless to the chapter of accidents for some chance of getting me away to a distance. We had not been standing on the steps many minutes when Mr. Murphy came up, evidently disconcerted at finding us there. It was now his turn to try what he could do.

"Sure, thin, you'll be taking your boy down to the ship presently."

"Yes; we shall have to go directly."

"Ah, thin, if ye don't mind I'll just wait here till you come back, for I've got some letthers to write, and I can do it while you and Captain Williams are away, and thin I'll be ready for you."

"Why not write them before we go?" I asked.

"But don't you see?" he persisted, "I am not like you, gintlemen. As I could you, I've been brought up in the counthry, and writing is no alsy work to me. It'll take me a long time, and I couldn't think of detaining you."

Still I insisted upon waiting for him, and he at last gave up his attempt.

"Ah, well, never mind; it don't matter much. I can write the letthers afterwards. Let us go down with your son to the ship, and perhaps when we come back the telegram will have come."

"Now, I thought I might venture to leave. I had both the men with me, and there was no fear of the telegram's being intercepted. Very stupidly I had forgotten the third man about whom the detective had warned me. However, we all three went out together, and as we descended the steps of the hotel I raised my hat. I wondered whether my sign was observed, but for the life of me I dared not look.

We walked on; Murphy, smoking a cigar, always keeping about half-a-dozen yards in front of us. When we reached the dock where the Berkshire Castle was lying, we had to cross a little bridge separating the dock from a smaller basin. This bridge was just being turned for the purpose of allowing a vessel to pass. We had barely time to cross, and Williams, my boy, and myself hastened over; but at that moment Murphy suddenly turned back, saying: "Sure my cigar has made me dry. I will just go over yonder and get a bottle of ginger-beer."

As he spoke we three stepped over the bridge, leaving him on the other side, and the next instant the bridge was turned away, and there was no going back for us. Now, thought I, I am foiled at last. This was a dodge of his to get back to the hotel; and I am helpless. There was nothing for it, however, but to go forward. We went to the ship, and saw the boy on board. Captain Williams was soon in conversation with the master of the vessel, with the overseer of the company, and others; speaking a good word as he had promised to do for my son, and conducting himself in a way that harmonized perfectly with the account which he had given of his position and career.

Meanwhile, I was in a fever of excitement about my telegram and Mr. Murphy. So far I had seen nothing of the detectives, and I began to fear that after all these swindlers would get the better of me. But now, to my intense relief, as I stood by Williams's side I caught sight of Detective Brown some twenty yards off. Carelessly sauntering away from Williams while he was in conversation with some one else, I was apparently interested in the examination of various objects lying about, and by degrees managed to walk unconcernedly past the detective. As I did so he said in a low voice: "Don't look at me and don't speak. We've got the other two, and if you will take Williams back to the hotel, we will have him next."

I could scarcely believe my ears, and very difficult was it to keep an impassive countenance as I heard this welcome intelligence. But I took no notice of the speaker, and sauntered on until I came up again to the American, who was still talking earnestly with officer of the Berkshire Castle.

"Now, Captain Williams," said I, "what do you say about returning? Or shall we go down to your ship? I should like to see the Alma before I go."

"Well, I was thinking that we would have some luncheon on board when this business was settled. Suppose we go back now and see if your telegram has come. But what has become of that fellow Murphy, I wonder? I suppose he found the bridge up, and could not get back to us; but I guess we'll find him at the hotel."

Mentally I guessed that we should not, but I said nothing, and we walked on. Williams looked round again and again; but I could not get him to talk. I suppose that he missed his confederates, and not knowing what to make of it, became nervous and troubled. Just as we reached the door of the hotel, two detectives stepped up and touched us both on the shoulder.

"You're wanted at Dale Street," said one of them.

It was like a stroke of paralysis to the American Captain. His face became livid, his eyes were glazed, his mouth drawn down. He was a man of powerful physique, but his arms dropped nervelessly to his sides, and without an effort or a word he allowed himself to be led off to the police-office by one of the detectives. The other stepped into my hotel, and beckoning me to follow, showed me a pocket-book which I had seen on the previous day in Mr. Murphy's hands distended by bank-notes. That good fat bundle which had made the Irishman appear so enviably rich, turned out to be a piece of newspaper neatly folded and inclosed in two five-pound notes on the "Bank of Engraving." Seen from a distance, they were splendid counterfeits of genuine notes.

Then Mr. Brown told me the story of the capture of the other two while I was conversing with Williams. It seems that from the moment of our leaving the hotel the detectives had never lost sight of us, and moreover that they at once discovered No. 3 dogging our footsteps, but taking care that *I* never saw him. When Murphy turned back from us at the bridge, the officers guessed the purpose of the ruse, and accordingly, while one of them kept watch over Williams the other tracked Mr. Murphy. Concealing themselves in an entry just as the Irishman came up with the third confederate, they heard them laughing and chuckling and talking about the haul which they expected presently to take. Then No. 3 came after Williams and myself. But the detectives were too many for them, and had prudently secured such aid as enabled them to arrest the two swindlers before they had gone many yards on their separate ways. On being searched at the police-office, the combined riches of the three amounted to six shillings and sixpence in genuine money; they had also a quantity of the flash notes and of sovereign counters. The only article of value found among them was the ring which was worn by Murphy, and which was discovered to be of considerable value.

Their photographs were taken and sent round the country with a description of the circumstances under which the originals had been arrested, and it soon transpired that they were "wanted" on account of more successful achievements of a similar kind, for which they got their deserts. As for myself, I had enough of annoyance and loss in connection with their subsequent trial to make me remember my adventure unpleasantly; but I had some consolation in the reflection that I did not lose my money, and that the men who tried to deprive me of it were, for some time thereafter, prevented from practicing their art upon the public.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Our Young Folks.

"SOMEBODY."

A WONDERFUL child is Augusta Grace,
With ever a smile on her rosy face;
Ah, if we only as much could say
Of *somebody else* not a mile away!

Augusta Grace is a lady sweet,
And loves to be always nice and neat;
She would not worry for all the world
When her face is washed, or hair is curled.

She does not scream when she has to go
Up stairs to bed; oh dear me, no!
Her round eyes stare in mild surprise
At somebody else's horrid cries.

She never would stamp her foot, and say,
"I will!" and "I won't!" that's *somebody's* way;
Nor tease for her Sunday shoes and hat,
'Tis only the bad little girls do that.

If she had a baby, do you suppose
She would let it fall on its tender nose,
Or fling it away behind some chair,
Then go for a walk and leave it there?

Nay, I rather think that Augusta Grace
Might shrink, ashamed, to fill somebody's place—
Would prefer to be—if one or the other—
A good wax doll than a naughty mother.

—*Julia M. Dana, in Youth's Companion.*

THE MESSENGER BOYS AT THE CAPITOL.

A LAD who visits the City of Washington for the first time, and looks down from the galleries of the House of Representatives or of the Senate on the busy scene below, will be sure to find his eye attracted by groups of bright-looking and neatly-dressed boys moving hither and thither about the floor, speaking familiarly with this and that great man, or amusing themselves on the steps of the Vice-President's or of the Speaker's platform, and he will perhaps regard these boys with something like envy—all the more when told that they receive about two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, during the sessions of Congress, to pay them for having such a good time.

Possibly our lad would not regard the picture as so pleasant if he knew how burdensome are the duties of these boys, and how exceedingly well they earn the money paid them. There are nearly thirty of them attached to the House, and half as many to the Senate. Their ages run from nine years upward, some numbering twice as many summers; and it is not by any means the oldest who are the brightest and the most favored. They are of respectable families; some of them are nephews of Members of Congress—a Member once, indeed, had such questionable taste as to procure the appointment of his own son; and some of them have been known in after years to become Members themselves. The recently chosen Senator from Maryland is doubtless proud to remember that he himself was once a page. Although in two or three instances these boys have been elected to their places instead of appointed, they are usually appointed by the Sergeant-at-Arms—of course on the recommendation and through the influence of the Congressmen—and they are under his control. The old custom of appointing only orphan boys is no longer adhered to.

The pages wear no uniform, or regulation clothes, or badges of any sort. They are required to present themselves for work at nine o'clock in the morning, although Congress does not meet till twelve, and they are not dismissed until adjournment for the day takes place. They put the desks of the Members in order, file for each the bills and papers which are strewn about in confusion, then go to the Document-rooms and work there, helping to put affairs in shape; and then present themselves at twelve in the great chambers of legislation to answer the clapping of the Members' and Senators' hands, and attend to their countless wants. Now they are sent hunting for some book that is needed, for some man, now for a glass of water, now they take a message from one Member to another at a distance, from one House to the other, and sometimes to ladies in the gallery; they fetch a cup of tea into the Cloak-room; fetch the hat and stick out of it; they distribute mail by the armful; they struggle into sight behind piles of palm-leaf fans big as they are themselves, which are soon cooling the hot air, if it be a late session; and during the nights preceding the close of the session they do not know what sleep is, but are worn out with running and waiting. Thus it will be seen that they are on their feet with but very little intermission, running and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to please; but they seem happy and good-natured through it all, and when they do sit down it is on the steps of the presiding officer's desk, where they are usually tickling or punching or teasing each other as if they had nothing else to do, and were passing away the time.

Sometimes during a recess of Congress you may come upon them in a lower room assembled in a body, a mimic Senate, one of them in the chair, and another making a speech, and Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Bayard and the rest are being imitated to the life. It is in some contrast to these gay rogues that one sees a crippled and dwarfed little hunchback outside the Hall of Representatives, opening and shutting a door for the passer in hopes of the coppers or the nickel that may be tossed him, although he does not beg. At night a little goat carriage comes for him, and he drives off.

The pages whom we have described do not leave the Capitol during the hours of their service, and carry no messages beyond the doors. For outside work there are three riding pages, who are furnished with horses, and who go to the various Departments, the Executive Mansion, or on other of the outside errands of the legislators. And theirs is not exactly the pleasant horse-back riding that looks so attractive, but, on the contrary, it is hard and weary work, cold in the winter, and burning under a fierce sun in the summer, leaving them meanwhile as badly off as John Gilpin.

Many of these youth are appointed because there is some great need in their families, or have some pitiable circumstances in their history. This curly-headed little fellow is the only support of a mother and younger brothers and sisters; there is one who takes care of a paralyzed father, the only relative he has in the world, going home, after his hard work, to make life as pleasant as he can for him who can never do any more work; here is another whose little house is kept for him by a child-sister, who looks for his step at night with solicitude. Most of them have somebody beside themselves to take a share of their earnings.

Beyond their regular pay, there are various perquisites and fees which swell their income considerably. Thus they may often be seen slipping an open book, with a bit of blotting-paper, under the nose of some member who is sitting at his desk; it is an album for somebody who wants the signatures of all these statesmen which the statesmen kindly give, but which nevertheless are not always easy to obtain, owing to the difficulty of finding individuals in their seats, as all of the Congressmen are by no means in constant attendance, many of them being busy in committee-rooms, or lounging in cloak-rooms, or lunching, or following the bent of their inclinations in other ways, and seldom coming in after roll-call, save to hear a heralded speech, or to vote on measures with which they are already familiar, either from the reading of the daily journal of proceedings, or in the committee-room, or by the word of mouth of others. For every album that they thus fill with signatures the boys receive ten dollars from the eager visitor of the Capitol, and they fill a good many during the year.

In another way they also sometimes earn an additional penny. For after any gentleman on the floor has made a particularly strong speech, the members on his side of the question are wont to subscribe for the printing of thousands of copies of the speech, to be sent broadcast into their districts; the pages therefore go about with subscription papers, and they are allowed two dollars for every thousand of the speeches that are taken.

If the boys of whom we are speaking are very bright, they are apt to be spoiled, as in such case the Members and Senators take pleasure in indulging them to some degree. But there are not many, it may be imagined, who are thus injured. Some of them, indeed, are as careless as the blowing wind; these have no awe or reverence in their compositions; the great men with whom they are brought into contact are not great men to them, but simply folks who send them on errands, and the directions given them go in one ear and out the other—as we all know never happens with boys anywhere else. One little chap dispatched to the Document-room for the "Fortification bill" asks for the "Mortification bill"; another, sent for the "Census," asks for the "Ascension bill"; still another, insisting on the "Compulsive Capacity bill," and returning without it, is told that he was sent for nothing of the kind, but for that on "Compulsory Pilotage," whereupon he presently comes back to say that there isn't any bill on "pulsive politics." The same youngster asked the Document Clerks for the "bill for the Suppression of Supreme Literature." A little "compulsive capacity" would have been good for this urchin, were it to be obtained as easily as was thought by that gentleman whose daughter lacked capacity, as her teacher said. "Get it, madam," said he—"get it; she shall want for nothing that money can buy her." To the same class with these scatter-brained urchins belonged the little fellow who once brought into the Congressional Library a note signed by one of the most powerful "Sons of Thunder" in the Senate, and which we begged the Librarian's pardon for reading as it lay a moment on the desk beside us: "William H. Turner wants 'The Headless Horseman'; or, 'The Scalp-Hunter.' I ask that he may have it under the rules of the Library."

But to offset such idle fellows as the reader of "The Headless Horseman"—who certainly could do no better than hunt for a "scalp," and a head with it, too—there are other pages who make it their business to understand their duties thoroughly, and two or three who even go so far as to read for themselves every bill that is introduced, to follow its fortunes, to be able to tell the person that asks just where it is in its progress to passage or defeat, and who can always be relied on by any member who has been absent or out of the way to let him know exactly what has been done and said in the mean time, and how the vote stands on this question or the other. It would be no wonder if boys of this sort should be indulged; and there is little danger of spoiling such good material. These boys are learning the business of legislating, and if they wish, will, in their turn, come back some day to make the laws.

But careless or faithful, their bright faces and light ways are a pleasant sight to see in all the throng of bustling, noisy men; and, as one looks at them slipping about on their countless errands, one feels as if the boys themselves bore some small part in the work of governing the country.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Young People.*

"Sewing-Aches."

JENNIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said, a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother!" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick; and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains when their parents had work for them to do. This is a disease—called "selfishness;" and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.—*Myrtle.*

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SATURDAY FEB. 12, 1881.

At the opening of the February term of the New Castle, Del., county Court, the chief justice, in his charge to the grand jury, made special and severe reference to the lecture of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, delivered in Wilmington some weeks ago on "What Shall We Do to be Saved?" His remarks showed that it was the impression that under the law relating to blasphemy Ingersoll could and should be indicted.

Dr. A. B. Elliott, editor of the Lanisburg (N. Y.) *Gazette*, returning from Mentor, told an interviewer that General Garfield gave him to understand that Senator Blaine would be secretary of State; that Gov. Foster should have what he might want; that Ohio would be represented in the Cabinet; Indiana would get nothing, and New York would get the secretaryship of the Treasury, and also that Senator Conkling would not antagonize General Garfield.

ARE REPUBLICS UNGRATEFUL?—The widow of Gen. George H. Thomas is living at Troy, New York, and receiving no pension, and yet Gen. Thomas was one of the heroes of the war of the rebellion, whose record stands as high as that of any man in the service. His career in Kentucky, at Nashville, at Chickamaugua, Mission Ridge, and elsewhere was one of unbroken skill, courage and success. And while the widow of the gallant soldier lives without a pension or any recognition of his services, the majority in Congress are making the most strenuous efforts to restore an officer to the army and give him $75,000 of back pay who was court-martialed and convicted of insubordination and neglect of duty at a critical time, and who ought to have been shot?—*Cumb. News.*

In looking through the columns of the last edition of the the *Sunday American*, we find the following:

A well autenticated report comes from Annapolis that the Governor has at last determined to begin the contest within a very short time, and that he will resort to no half measures to achieve his purpose. His recent examinations of the books of the Comptroller of the Treasury are to serve as a basis for his warfare against the "hosses." He proposes at some early day to lay the result of his investigation before the public, in the form, either of a proclamation or a letter, to some of his political friends. He has not made any new discoveries, but he thinks that the people of the State are not aware of everything that is known to a limited circle. His inquiries have disclosed that the tax levied for the sinking fund has been applied to other purposes, and instead of being used for the redemption of the bonds issued by the State, has been used to defray the expenses of conducting the State government. He has further found that, although the law prohibits members of the legislature from accepting perquisites, there were appointed, towards the end of the last session of the legislature, from twelve to twenty members of the two houses, who, for a few days' work received $150 each; that persons appointed as subordinate officers of the two houses in February, at the middle of the session or toward its end, were paid the full salary, as if they had served from the beginning of the session. These and other matters of similar import are to be given to the public by the governor, and he thinks they will create a stir. His object, of course, is to secure a comptroller or treasurer, and thus have a majority of the board of public works, and to select a majority of the members of the legislature.

Judging from present indications the next Democratic campaign will be a lively one.

Gladstone's Coup D'etat.

In the British House of Commons on Thursday last, as recorded by our cable despatches, the Irish obstructionists were, on motion of Mr. Gladstone, removed from the House of Commons by force, by the Sergeant-at-arms and his deputies. The Liberals and the Conservatives were united in this, the lines being clearly drawn—Great Britain against Ireland. The event was so startling a departure from the traditions of the English Parliament, that it seems to smack of revolutionary periods, the turbulent times of Cromwell, and of James II. looked at without the bias of English prejudice and passion, it is the expulsion of certain members of Parliament because they resisted, by all possible parliamentary tactics, the passage of a law that attacked the personal liberties of their constituencies.

What is it that the Home Rulers were "obstructing"? They were obstructing the passage of a law that suspends the writ of habeas corpus in Ireland, and gives to the Lord Lieutenant the right to arrest any citizens of Ireland on suspicion that he is a malcontent, and imprison him without warrant, without indictment or trial, or the right of habeas corpus. The English temper demands the passage of this bill first, before it will even consider the wrongs of the Irish tenantry. The Home Rulers entreated that the Land bill be taken up first, and coercion afterward. They asked that the cruel wrongs that the peasantry suffered be inquired into and redressed first, and afterward punishment applied to the lawbreakers. But this would have seemed "weak" to Mr. Glandstone. The aristocratic landlord spirit demanded "a strong measure," and this is brought forward.

Now, according to the theory of the British Parliament, what should a member do, who represents a threatened constituency? Is he not sent to the House of Commons to represent the rights and liberties of his constituents? Is not one of those rights the writ of habeas corpus? Should a representative sit in his seat, and see his constituency deprived of that right, without resisting it to the last by all lawful methods? In this country, we should certainly think so. This is what Parnell and the other "obstructionists" have done. They have interposed dilatory motions, insisted on their right to debate every question, and to resist, at each step of its progress, the Coercion bill. The rules, the practice, and the traditions, of the British House of Commons, gave them this right. The privileges of the House, which have protected its members in all defence of constitutional liberty in the great past, justified them in this. The point of weakness in their cause was this only: they are Irishmen, and thus the objects of British prejudice and contempt. Even Gladstone and Bright seem unable to rise above this; and the scene of the expulsion of the Irish representatives from the House of Commons has all the indicia of arrogant, haughty and unreasonable temper. If they had been thirty Englishmen standing up for the rights of some obscure corner of English soil, and battling for habeas corpus for their constituents, their heroism would be admired. But England has always been unjust to Ireland, and, for this reason, hates her. It is human nature. We all hate those whom we wrong, more than those who wrong us. Seated in the conscience of those Englishmen who are wisest and best, is the conviction that Irish wretchedness, and misery, and turbulence, are the fruits of British injustice. The calmest and justest of Englishmen know that the true remedy for Irish political and social disturbance, is the reform of the hideous wrong of land tenure. But those who think thus are, for the while, silenced by the gust of passion that seems to have swept over English feeling—the wrath and indignation that are poured out on Ireland and the Irish. It is not altogether to be regretted. The violence of the measures in Parliament two days ago will bring a reaction. If the privileges of Parliament can be violated in the persons of Irish members, when will come the turn of the Scotch or English members? If a small minority can be thus treated, why not a large one? If members cannot use all their parliamentary privileges to resist the suspension of habeas corpus, what can they resist? How long will it be before sober second-thought begins?—*Baltimore American.*

Thomas Carlyle, whose death is announced in our news columns, has for many years been the most striking and, perhaps, the most picturesque figure in contemporary literature. Rugged in face and form, he impressed his remarkable personality on everything he wrote, and, especially in "Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution," exhibited a boldness of thought and a contempt for traditions which fairly took away the breath of the critics, and sent a thrill of something like terror throughout the literary world. Essentially radical, he refused to be bound by any fixed laws, and praised the "strong man" and the ardent patriot in almost the same breath; but, underlying all his work, was a grim admiration of the sterner qualities of the human will and intellect, which he was never at any pains to conceal or repress. His style of writing—jerky, involved, and often much exaggerated—was so peculiar that it helped to intensify the sense of novelty which his utterances at first conveyed, but, in course of time, it came to be regarded as being what it doubtless was—the natural delivery of the man himself. Even a giant intellect like that of Carlyle, however, cannot always conform to one model, and his occasional obscurity is a fatal weakness of his work. Not the least interesting feature of his literary career is the fact that he lived to complete all he originally set out to do, and was able, before his strength failed, to revise and correct his books, thus bequeathing to posterity no ill-digested or uncompleted work. Most authors write on to the end; but Carlyle, having completed a definite program, laid the pen aside and calmly awaited death. Personally, Carlyle was a most interesting character. Rough and uncouth in exterior, and often surly, even to his best friends, he was one of the tenderest of husbands, and after the death of his wife, which occurred some years ago, he exhibited up to the last a moroseness and irritability which greatly tried the patience of those with whom he was brought in contact. During many years of his life he was almost a recluse, and formed as few friendships as possible. Apparently, he had a supreme contempt for the opinion of others, and seemed to delight in extorting all the admiration he received. With all his defects and eccentricities, however, he was a brave and loyal man, and by his fierce assaults on conventionalism undoubtedly did good work for literature. But for Carlyle, indeed, many marked individualities would doubtless have hesitated to assert themselves, and to his success we owe much that is most valuable in English literature of the present day.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The public debt was reduced over seven and a quarter millions during the month of January.

Garfield has cooled the political aspirations of the Ohio statesmen by intimating that Ohio has had enough appointments.

The Baltimore *Commercial* announces that J. Emory Weatherby is going to give Peter Negley, Esq., who has held the office for about twelve years, a tussel for the United States Treasuryship at Baltimore.

Hill, of Georgia, astonished his Democratic friends in the Senate a few days ago, in his remarks on the Ingalls resolution on the electoral count. He declared that, though he would vote for a reference, he knew—as did every other intelligent man, woman, and child in this broad land—that General Garfield had been elected President of the United States, and that he would be inaugurated no matter what these two bodies should do.

There appears to be a number of Democrats who still believe that Hancock received a majority of the popular vote cast last November, and in the absence of figures, refuse to think otherwise. The following are the figures taken from the official count: Garfield, 4,450,921; Hancock, 4,447,888; Garfield's majority 3,033. Weaver received 307,740 votes, making a total of 9,206,549. In 1876 the grand total of the popular vote was 8,401,497. This shows an increase in 1880 of 805,052, which was divided among the three parties as follows; Republican gain, 417,153; Democratic gain, 161,896; Greenback gain, 226,003. There is doubtless a great deal of satisfaction for our Greenback friends, in the fact, that although they did not succeed in electing their man, they outstripped the Democrats by over 50 per cent. in the increase of their vote over 1876.

This heartless levity comes from the New York *Tribune:* The Democratic hunt for a policy is about as ludicrous as the Dutchman's attempt to find his boy. Said the latter: "I lose my poy, and ven I look for him I fine him sittin' on de curbstone. I tell him come home; he say he vont. He look at me; I look at him. I begin to cry; he begin to cry. He feel very bad; I feel very bad. I tole him stood up, he stood up. I put my arms aroun' his neck, and it va-n't him." The success of the Democrats in finding a policy is about as brilliant. They hunt all around for one, and when they think they have found it they consult over it and hold a party weep, and just as they conclude to adopt it they discover that after all it isn't the policy they want.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

The Senate spent all of Thursday on the electoral count resolution. The measure under consideration being the Morgan resolution declaring that the Vice President has no authority under the Constitution to count the electoral vote. The event of the day was the voting of Senator Whyte with the Republicans and Senator Conkling with the Democrats. —The House spent the day over the apportionment bill. The discussion degenerated into a mere political wrangle. —In the Senate on Friday the refunding bill was reported and ordered to be printed and placed on the calendar. —The bill appropriating $175,000 to search for the exploring steamer Jeannette, was passed. —Morgan's electoral count resolution was amended to the effect that it was the duty of Congress to institute measures for the performance of its duty in the matter of the count, and passed. —In the House the pension bill was discussed and laid aside. —A spicy debate took place between Mr. Goode, of Va., and Mr. Congor, of Michigan, over the bill for the relief of Mrs. Page. —In the Senate Saturday the day was mainly devoted to the passage of private bills on the calendar, a number of which were disposed of. —The Bicknell resolution for counting the electoral vote was taken up as the first business in the House, and was finally adopted, with but little opposition from the Republicans. There was some debate about the legality of counting the vote of Georgia, but the resolution declares that the Vice President shall merely declare the vote was cast according to the certificate received by him, and that if it was counted it would give the person for whom it was cast such and such a total number of votes. —The apportionment bill was again debated, but no action on it was reached. —Senators Hamlin and Thurman and Representatives Crowley and House were Monday appointed tellers to count the electoral vote. In the Senate a scene occurred between Senators Conkling and Butler, the latter accusing Mr. Conkling of making false statements during the recent campaign about the South Carolina census. Mr. Conkling, stating that he did not mind Senator Butler's "vaporings" in the least, declined to reply to the assault until a future day. The Pension Appropriation bill was taken up, and was still under debate at the hour of adjournment. —A number of bills and resolutions were introduced in the House, but the main portion of the session was devoted to an attempt on the part of Mr. Reagan to rush the River and Harbor Appropriation bill through under a suspension of the rules. The attempt was a failure, both Republicans and Democrats joining in opposing it, and the bill was laid aside to come up in the regular order of business. —The credentials of Senators-elect Authur P. Gorman, of Maryland, and Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin, were presented in the Senate on Tuesday and filed. The consideration of the Pension Appropriation bill was concluded in committee of the whole, and the bill was reported to the Senate, where it was laid aside before final action upon it was reached. —The River and Harbor and the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bills were reported to the House from the committees to which they referred. A struggle ensued over which bill should be considered in committee of the whole, during which the confusion was so great that the sergeant-at-arms was ordered to compel all members to resume their seats and cease talking. The order was carried out, and the Legislative bill was taken up by committee of the whole. The bill appropriates $17,181,000, and was still under consideration at the hour of adjournment. —In both houses resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Representative Evarts W. Farr, of New Hampshire, were adopted, and eulogistic addresses delivered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW WORLD.

A fire at plymouth, N. C., destroyed the business portion of the town, which was thickly built up with stores and warehouses. —T. B. Peddee's trunk factory at Newark, N. J., was destroyed by fire. —Three freight and one passenger train on the Central Pacific Railroad were seized by the Sheriff of Lundee county, Nev., for delinquent taxes. —The Franktown, Nev., reservoir burst and did a great deal of damage. Ten lives were lost. The reservoir was a mile long, three-quarters of a mile wide and fifty feet deep. —Archbishop Purcell is paralyzed. —The City Council of Baltimore increased the Comptroller's salary from $2,500 to $3,000. —The Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Baltimore had a grand banquet at the Carrolton Hotel. —The committee of the World's Fair Commission held a meeting in New York, and called general attention to the prospectus prepared by Ex. Gov. Crawford. —The Chicago, Alton and Terre Haute Railroad Company ordered a half yearly dividend of four per cent. —The pleasure yacht Carrie, of Philadelphia, was blown to atoms by an explosion of her boiler at her wharf in Baltimore. Four lives were lost. —George Edward Dorsey, colored, was convicted of manslaughter in Baltimore, for killing Barney Nichols in a bar-room 27th Sept. last. —Small pox is raging with terrible fatality in Jefferson, Union county, Dakota. —George W. Bishop, Judge of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, and Isaac W. M. Helm, were sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary for forgery. —The Whittaker court martial is progressing slowly. —Joseph K. Emmet, the actor, is on another spree. —Mr. Robert A. Fisher, president of the board of trade, and one of the leading merchants and most public spirited citizens of Baltimore, died suddenly of heart disease. —The Sussex express train from St. John, N. B., ran off the track and killed the engineer and fireman, and injured a number of passengers. —William Neal, convicted of murder at Wilmington, Del., was respited in order to take his case to the U. S. Court. —William Conners, the bank robber, was committed at Philadelphia. —Mr. Cannon, the Mormon Congressman, will contest the election of Mr. Campbell. —Wm. H. Vanderbilt paid the entire cost of the obelisk. —An effort was made by some unknown person to ship two barrels of nitro glycerine from New York on a sound steamer. —Dr. A. P. Miller, formerly of the Toledo *Blade*, has been appointed business manager of the New York *Tribune*. His appointment took effect on Saturday. —Mr. Ross, the father of the lost Charley, says that the only way in which his son can ever be identified is by the boy's recollections of his home and his abduction. —Gen. Garfield and wife went privately to Cleveland last Friday night, meeting Dr. Robinson, and on Saturday proceeded to Huron, Mich., to the funeral of Mrs. Rudolph, an aunt of Mrs. Garfield. —Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, saved two more men from drowning near Lime Rock lighthouse, of which she is keeper, last Friday. This makes sixteen or seventeen lives saved by Miss Lewis. —It now appears that the U. S. Grant who has subscribed $45,000 toward the Mexican railway is not the general, but his son. —Hon. Fernando Wood arrived at the Hot Springs of Arkansas on the 30th ult., with his family. He is suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism, and is in such a feeble condition that it was necessary to carry him from the carriage into his hotel. —The Greeley-Burnham Grocery Company and several other large wholesale stores in St. Louis were burned out on Saturday night, involving losses of nearly $500,000. —Edward Kissan, who was convicted of killing his wife on Christmas day at Newark, N. J., has been sentenced to twenty years in state prison. —Hon. E. C. Sherman, President of the National Bank of the commonwealth of Boston, died very suddenly yesterday morning of apoplexy. —Premium on the overdue steamer Batavia, from New York to Liverpool, was freely dealt at 5 to 7 on Saturday at London Lloyds. —Addison Roland, who had lived in abject poverty at Meadville, Pa., died a few days since, and after his death stores of wealth were found in his hut, the money alone amounting to $5,000. There were also notes for a large amount, much jewerly, and the deeds of a farm valued at over $12,000. He has relatives living in Dublin, Bucks county, Pa., to whom his wealth will be a surprise, as it was to the neighborhood where he dwelt so long. —At Gervais, Oregon, on the 4th instant, a large school-house, with one hundred pupils and teachers in it, was carried eighty yards by the gale, and several children were badly hurt, though none were killed. —At Kendallville, Ind., on Saturday, John and Henry Nessel, brothers, commenced scuffling in sport, when the former got angry and hit the latter with a stick of stove wood, killing him instantly. John was arrested. —Rev. Dr. Isaac S. Hartley's Reformed Church, at Utica, N. Y., which cost $65,000, was gutted by fire yesterday, with the exception of the lobby, front and steeple. It was insured for $25,000. —Jay Gould has been interviewed on the purposes and intents of the telegraph consolidation. He says the plans embrace a system of lines extending entirely around the world. —The large four story brick and iron building, on the southwest corner of Baltimore and Eutaw streets, owned by Mr. Andrew Reid, and occupied by Baron & Co. as a cigar and cigarette factory, was badly damaged by fire. The total loss on building and stock was about $15,000. —The funeral of Mr. Robert A. Fisher, president of the Board of Trade, took place from St. Paul's Church' Charles and Saratoga streets. The church could not contain all the people desirous of paying honor to the remains of this upright business man and public spirited citizen. —Mr. John W. Davis, of the B. and O., has been before the Delaware legislature in the interest of the Delaware Western Railroad bill. —A double funeral took place at 548 West Pratt street. —Faith Mission Chapel held an interesting Sunday school anniversary. —Hon. Jacob Wolf, a well-known attorney of Cincinnati, died, Tuesday at the Longview Lunatic Asylum, whither he was taken a short time ago. He had served a term in the Ohio Legislature. —The International Dairy Fair Association held its annual meeting at New York Tuesday. —Joseph, the well known chief of the Oka Indians, has died suddenly at Caughnawaga village, Canada, where he has lately been laboring in the service of the home mission department of the Methodist Church. —W. H. Vanderbilt has contributed $500 toward the expenses of the Seventy-first New York Militia Regiment's excursion to New Orleans to participate in the Mardi-Gras festivities. —Emanuel Ettinger Israel Erb and Jonathan Meyer were Tuesday sentenced to be hanged at Middlesburg, Pa., for the murder of Gretchen Kintzler. —The bill to change the name of Clifton, Canada, to that of Niagara Falls, Ont., passed the Canadian Legislature Tuesday. —The water continued to rise at New Orleans Tuesday, and an area embracing five hundred blocks was submerged. —The President has nominated John T. M. Orendorf, of Maryland, to be United States consul at Manzanilla, Mexico. —The ice field off Long Branch has broken up, carrying with it twelve of the heavy columns of the Ocean pier. —W. R. Pattes' packing mill at Madison, Indiana, was totally burned on Monday. Loss, $12,000. —A fire on Sunday nearly swept out of existence the town of Walnut, Iowa. Loss from $50,000 to $60,000. —John Johnson, a miner at Leadville, Col., was killed on Monday by falling 250 feet down a shaft. —Joseph N. Thibault was hanged at Annapolis, N. S., Tuesday for the murder of Charlotte Hill. —The greater part of the town of Monroeville, Ind., was burned on Monday. Loss $100,000. —The New York State Convention of the Women's Suffrage party was held at Troy Tuesday. —Three Chicago firms were fined Tuesday for dealing in "butterine."

OLD WORLD.

In the House of Commons the protection bill was read a first time, and the House adjourned after a continuous session of over forty hours. —The Porte has replied to the British Government that it is impossible to define in advance the maximum concession it was disposed to make, since they could only be established through the approaching negotiations. —General Skobeleff's account of the storming of Geck-Tepe shows that there were over four thousand corpses of Tekkes found within the forthess. The trenches were also filled with corpses. —The condition of Thomas Carlyle is very critical. —The Home-rulers in the British Parliament defy the authority of the Speaker and are expelled. Indignation meetings are being held and intense excitement prevails all over Ireland. —Davitt, the ticket-of-leave man, was condemned to serve out his term at penal servitude. —It is said at Berlin that a future Russian loan will be placed on the American market. —The Peruvians have been victorious in two battles with the Chilians since the fall of Lima. —Advices from Dublin state that all the funds of the Land League have been removed to Paris, that they maybe out of reach of confiscation by the British government. Mr. Egan, one of the trustees of the fund, has been urged to leave Great Britain, that he may avoid arrest when the Coercion bill is passed. The London *Times'* correspondent says the commotion in Ireland over *Davitt's* arrest is not nearly as great as was generally expected, and that the members of the league are very much depressed. —Owing to the necessity of raising money for war purposes, the Porte has increased a number of the already existing taxes on the subjects of the Sultan, and has imposed several new burdens, among them being a poll tax. —Thomas Carlyle died Saturday morning. —Davitt has been removed to Portland prison, where an examination into his physical condition is to be made. It is stated in Dublin that he is to be released and exiled as soon as the excitement in Ireland subsides. —Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador to Turkey, has left Berlin for Constantinople. He has had an interview with Bismarck, and it is thought a plan has been definitely decided upon for dealing with the Eastern questions. —The ecclesiastical authorities of Michoacan, Mexico, have excommunicated the Governor and all the officials of the State on account of the establishment of a Protestant church. —The relatives of the late Mr. Carlyle have declined the proposal of Dean Stanley, that Mr. Carley's remains be buried in Westminister Abbey, because he had expressed a decided wish to be buried with his wife, in Haddington. —The pigeon match at Hendon February 7, between Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott, each shooting at 100 pigeons, for £200 a side and the championship, was won by Dr. Carver by four birds, although Mr. Scott was leading at the fiftieth round. The score was: Carver, 66 birds; Scott, 62 birds. —It was stated in the House of Commons Monday that Michael Davitt upon a medical examination has been found to be afflicted with bronchial catarrh. He will be treated with every consideration, but must wear the convict garb. —Mr. Justin McCarthy opposed debate on the Coercion bill in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone, relying on the early announcement of the new rules by the Speaker, yielded, and the debate was adjourned. —A meeting of the Land League was held in Dublin, and Mr. Dillon counseled continued resistance to the landlords, but urged that the time had not arrived for forcible resistance. A resolution was passed requesting Mr. Parnell to revisit America in order to keep up the interest in the cause in this country. Parnell is now at Frankfort, where the funds of the League have been invested. The Grecian army has been increased to 54,000 men, and a further intrease to 75,000 is to be immediately effecteff. —The Boers have attacked Wincastle.

LOCAL NEWS.

A CARD.

All moneys owing to THE REPUBLICAN on subscription are payable at the office of F. A. Thayer & Co., and for all job work and completed advertising contracts to me.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Late Ed. and Prop'r.

-See notice to teachers in another column; also farm for sale or rent.

-W. H. Hagans has purchased the cottage he now occupies from Judge Hamill, agent.

-Four cases of scarlet fever are reported in Mr. Robert Porter's family, who resides near Oakland.

-In answer to our Floyd correspondent's inquiry we would say that this is not leap year.

-An oyster supper given Mr. F. S. Kline, at his residence in Floyd, this county, on January 27th, proved quite a success.

-The protracted meeting which has been in progress in the M. E. Church, closed Sunday night. There were 13 accessions to the church.

-Married -Near the Red House, Saturday, Feb. 5th, 1881, by Rev W. Y. Cline, Mr. David Musser to Miss Virginia E. Sanders, both of this county.

-Notes from Grantsville— Snow about three feet deep; drifts as high as the fences; roads almost impassable; cold as Greenland, and feed for stock getting scarce. B.

-A t glass ball shooting match at the Harness place, near Oakland, on Saturday last, Mr. Frank Springer, of Uniontown, Pa., broke 34 balls out of 35 and won the match.

-Austin Davis, employed in cutting timber on the North Branch for H G. Davis & Co., was instantly killed, by the falling of a limb, Monday, Feb. 7. He leaves a wife and three children.

Under the new law passed in pursuance of the Constitutional Amendments the terms of the Circuit Court for Preston county will be held on the 8th of April, 13th of August and 25th of November in each year.

-Last week was a disastrous one for bowling alleys. The one attached to the R. R. Co's Hotel at Deer Park was demolished by the weight of snow upon it. The fall of the one at this place was noticed in our issue of last week.

-Mr. Geo. Russell and family, who have been visiting their parents in this county for the last two months, left for their home in Kansas Tuesday evening last, accompanied by our young friend Mr. William Woodcock, of this place.

-Below we give the dates when the thermometer at this place registered below zero: 1880, Nov. 19, 1°; 21, 10°; 22, 9°; 23, 4°; 24, 2°; Dec. 9, 2°; 10, 2°; 30, 20°; 31, 28°; 1881, Jan. 1, 10°; 2, 10°; 8, 6°; 15, 12°; 29, 7°; Feb. 2, 10°; 3, 24°; 4, 16°; 5, 7°; 6, 19°.

-The dwelling house, together with all furniture and about 80 bushels of oats, a quantity of buckwheat, &c., of Mr. Flaherty, living near Hutton's Switch, this county, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock. The family barely escaped with their lives. Cause of fire unknown.

Prof. H. M. Clark, (Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia,) will give an entertainment, consisting of readings, recitations and impersonations, embracing humor, pathos, tragedy and eloquence, at the Glades Hotel, Friday evening, Feb. 11th, 1881. Admission 10 cents. Mr. Clark comes well recommended by the Press of Pennsylvania.

-The extensive cattle sheds on Hon. John S. Combs' Stone House property in this county, were crushed with the heavy weight of snow on Friday night of last week. The buildings were new and the loss fully one thousand dollars. Fortunately the cattle were not stabled that night, or the loss would have been much greater. The snow is reported to be three feet deep in that locality.

-As No. 10 was ascending the 17 mile grade, near Swanton, Saturday evening of last week, the coupling connecting the smoking and baggage cars broke, and the rear of the train consisting of a "sleeper," lady's and smoking car, began descending the grade at a rapid rate. The prompt action of the employes, with the assistance of some cool-headed passenger, prevented what might have been a serious catastrophe.

-Coasting is a favorite pastime among the youths of Oakland. Nightly large numbers congregate on Alder street for that purpose. They employ one or more large sleds, and with one of their number seated upon a small sled to steer, they descend the hill with a velocity that is really startling to a looker on. We like to see the "boys" enjoy themselves, and would be sorry to add to the long list of serious accidents that have already occurred from this, we might say, dangerous amusement.

-We are glad to have our friends call to see us, and will always try to make the visits of those who favor us pleasant; but we request visitors not to look over copy which is to go into the paper, and we hope, too, they will not take the liberty to go through the drawers and private places in our book case. Should any gentleman feel inclined to sit in the editorial chair, in our absence, we will raise no objection, provided the occupant does not place his muddy boots on our desk. The attitude is impolite, and, besides, it is injurious to our furniture, which cost us hard cash. Should this meet the eye of a gentleman who, one day last week, indulged in everything we have objected to in this paragraph, we trust he will read it carefully and do so no more.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. L. Fever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11 o'clock a. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Good Appointment.

The Governor has appointed A. B. Gonder, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for this District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of A. L. Osbourn, Esq. Mr. Gonder is a gentleman of strict integrity and eminently qualified to fill the office. The appointment could not have been given to any one more worthy or competent, and we are glad to say that it is heartily approved by all. We congratulate the "Squire" and all seekers after even-handed justice.

Memorial Services.

Sunday, January 29, at the close of the session of the M. E. Sunday School, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, During the past week God has again visited our school by sending the Angel of Death, and has taken to himself two bright little jewels in Bliss and Gertie Richardson; and while our hearts are sad over the frequent visitations of His Providence, be it

Resolved, That we acknowledge the wisdom of God in taking the dear children to Himself; and that we extend to the sorrow stricken parents our united christian sympathies.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered upon the register of the School.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 8th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt Associate Judge, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Sixth account of G. S. Hamill, guardian to Martha J. Fike, ratified and confirmed.

Second account of John G. Steyer, administrator of John Steyer, dec'd, ratified and confirmed.

Considerable other business of minor importance disposed of, after which Court adjourned to meet Feb. 22, 1881.

St. Valentine's Day.

Monday next, the 14th inst., will be St. Valentine's Day. How the old and time-honored customs are dying out or losing their distinctive character. St. Valentine's Day used to be held sacred to gentle feelings and refined sentiments. All alike, the poetical and the prosaic men, strove to render some homage to the object of their attachment—the declared lover to reiterate his vows, the hopeful lover to make known his passion. It was not all serious, however, for the merry girls used to indite quizzing epistles hitting off the peculiarities of their would-be lovers, and making pleasant jests without malice or guile. Now, however two-thirds of the things called Valentines are brochures of the vilest description Wretched ribald trash, too often indecent and always worthless; doggerel and caricatures which are ninety-nine times out of a hundred coarse and brutal in their designs and execution, and never, no matter how costly, respectable as specimens of art. They seem to be designed especially as endless resources for the hoarded spite and malice of the past year, and respect, affection and courtesy are almost ignored, probably from the fact that the trade has so pandered to the worst passions of the people, that the public taste has become utterly vitiated, and the time-honored custom of good old St. Valentine has become degraded and shorn of all its gentle and humanizing influences. We would rather see the memory of the institution pass away altogether, than to know that a vile and a vicious imposture is carried on under its name. The practice should be discountenanced by all right-thinking men until it can be purged of its present objectionable features, and restored to its original simple innocence and good feeling.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 9:

G. W. Legge and wife to Eliza Brooke, part of lot in Oakland; $5.

Adam Fox to Wm. Callis, lot in Johnstown, 4 acres; $215.

A. C. Brooke and wife to James A. Hayden, lot 16 and part of 17 in Pennington's Addition to Oakland; $2.500.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife to Joseph Dewitt, part of "Gleanings," 24 rods; $12.

Albert Welch and wife to Emanuel Custer, part of lots Nos. 1573 and 1571, 19½ acres; $104.

To Business Men.

In all towns where a newspaper is published, everybody who does a business should advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card, stating the name and the business he is engaged in. It helps to sustain a paper and lets the people at a distance know that the town is full of business people who take a pride in their town, if not in the sentiment of the paper. No matter how small the business an advertisement will always extend it. Show us a person who is a constant advertiser in his local town, or county paper, and we will point you to a man of public enterprise and spirit, and a town made up of such material will never be out stripped by neighboring rivals Men of capital will invest in it and help build it up. Do you ever think how a new town is built up? Never without a well filled paper.

Notice.

Having decided to quit the practice of my profession in Grantsville, I have placed my accounts in the hands of Samuel J. Beachy, Esq., for settlement. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me will please call and settle at once, otherwise I will be compelled to collect by law.

I ask the patronage of my old friends for my successor, Dr. O. G. Getty, and assure them he is fully able and competent to take my place.

2 5 3t B. T. KELLER, M. D.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Mr. H. Thane Miller left last evening for South New Berlin, New York, where he will to-morrow be married to his lady Principal, Miss Emma Park Smith. The wedding will take place at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. H. A. Smith. A fortnight will be spent in visiting in the East, when Mr. and Mrs. Miller will return to Cincinnati and resume their work at the Mt. Auburn Young Ladies' Institute. Mrs. M. will teach the classes in English Literature and Natural Philosophy as heretofore, but will be relieved of the duties of Principal by her brother, Professor Moore Smith. She is, as Mr. Miller's friends through many States will be glad to know, a lady of the finest culture, pleasing address and excellent qualities of heart.—*Cincinnati Commercial, February, 4th.*

Kind Words from Our Exchanges.

Capt. J. A. Hayden disposed of his interest in THE REPUBLICAN newspaper last week, to Messrs. F. A. Thayer, Thos. J. Peddicord, and H. Wheeler Combs. The paper will be conducted hereafter under the firm name of F. A. Thayer & Co. We understand the price paid was $2,000. We extend our best wishes to the new firm.—*Oakland Democrat.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co., becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, two leading members of the bar of Western Maryland.

We welcome the gentlemen into the editorial guild, and wish them a happy and prosperous result of their enterprise. THE REPUBLICAN is a good paper, and has done fine work for the Republican cause in Garrett county, and will doubtless continue in the line of hearty laborers in the vineyard.—*Cumb. News.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland.—*Annapolis Gazette.*

Capt. Jas. A. Hayden, who learned his trade in this office, and is a native of this county, has sold the Oakland REPUBLICAN, of which he has been the editor, and retired from journalistic life.— *Uniontown (Pa.) Standard.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland. —*Montgomery Advocate.*

We notice that Capt. Hayden has retired from the editorial control of the Oakland REPUBLICAN, and that our former fellow townsman, Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., will wield the pen in the future. We wish the new proprietors unbounded success.—*Independent Montgomerian.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, two leading members of the bar of Western Maryland. The REPUBLICAN is a good paper and has done good service in Garrett county. We wish the new proprietors a full measure of success. — *Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has changed hands, Capt. Hayden retiring and F. A. Thayer & Co. becoming owners. Mr. Thayer's associates are Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland.— *Westminster Sentinel.*

Messrs. F. A. Thayer & Co. have purchased the interest of J. A. Hayden in the Oakland, Md., REPUBLICAN.—*Baltimore Item.*

MARYLAND NEWS.

The Hagerstown Light Intantry are having new uniforms made preparatory to taking part in the inauguration.

A revival is in progress in the M. E. Church at Hagerstown.

The next term of the Circuit Court for Washington county will commence on the 14th of February, inst. Judge Motter drew the Jury on Saturday last,

Messrs. Jacob Roesnerr, J. S. McCartney and Lewis Schindel were re-elected Trustees of Bellvue Asylum at Hagerstown.

Dr. M. A. R. F. Carr, of Cumberland, while on his way to visit a patient on Thursday of last week, slipped on the ice and broke his arm, and was otherwise injured. He is now doing well.

The trial of the boys for the Lonaconing postoffice robbery took place the U. S. District Court, Baltimore, on Wednesday of last week. James Baine and Matthew Hannon were acquitted, and Francis Keenan plead guilty and was sentenced to St. Mary's Industrial School for two years.

The County Commissioners of Montgomery county have refused to pay the School Board $1,200, the amount of expenses incurred in litigation.

Rockville wants a town hall, and has called a public meeting to consider the subject.

Dr. J. F. Zacharias, of Cumberland, has been re-appointed Surgeon of the Pennsylvania railroad in Maryland.

The January Term of the Circuit Court for Allegany county is still in progress.

The *Frostburg Journal* says the prospect for a good spring is very bright. The *Journal* must have drawn very heavily on its imagination.

Baltimore and Ohio stock is quoted at 192 bid, 199 asked. This is over 100 higher than the lowest point it reached just after the strike some 3½ years ago.

A Washington county delegation of twenty-five, headed by Senator Farrow and Mr. McComas, waited on Mr. Urner at the Capitol, and sought his influence to secure the appointment of Isaac T. Beard to a position as railway mail agent. Mr. Urner visited the Postoffice Department and presented the application in the usual form, but received no intimation as to its ultimate result.

Gen. W. E. W. Ross, department commander G. A. R., mustered in Sedgwick Post, No. 15, at Annapolis Wednesday. The Post numbers 32 men, and is called after Gen. Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, who was killed at the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864. Gen. Ross has three more posts in course of organization —two in Baltimore, and one at Rising Sun, Cecil county.

The *American* says a private letter received in Baltimore states that Mr. William S. Byas, originally from Montgomery county, Maryland, was murdered in Eberton, Nebraska, about the 1st of February. The letter was written under a misapprehension that the murdered man was related to a gentleman of Baltimore. Byas was quite well known out West, where he was known as "Banjo Bob."

John Fait, a Baltimore merchant, committed suicide Monday by hanging himself with his handkerchief. He is thought to have been insane.

The survivors of the Fourth Maryland Union regiment in the late war have formed themselves into an association in Baltimore.

A movement is on foot to erect a large summer resort hotel at Frostburg. It is proposed to form a stock company. The matter is in good hands and it is thought will be pushed through.

The town of Barton is being ravaged by the measles. There were eighty cases reported last week, and the public school there which had an enrollment of 300 pupils has decreased to 50, so that Examiner Cochrane has been compelled to furlough three out of five assistant teachers.

In December, 1876, Josiah Eyler, a resident of district No. 2, was riding on horseback over a bridge erected by the canal company across a county road near Patterson's creek, when his horse tripped on a broken plank, throwing him off and inflicting serious injuries on Eyler. In the early part of 1877 Eyler brought suit against the Allegany county commissioners to recover damages. The case was removed to Washington county, where it was tried in May, 1877, resulting in a verdict for the county commissioners. The case was taken to the court of appeals, which reversed the lower court in June, 1878, deciding that the county commissioners were responsible and that their recourse would be against the canal company. The trial was again brought up in Garrett county in May, 1879, resulting in a verdict of $2,418 for Eyler, which amount the county commissioners paid. The latter then brought suit against the canal company and were awarded a verdict yesterday of $3,397.65. The attorneys for the County Commissioners were Messrs. Brace & Richmond; for the canal company, Messrs. Price & Willson. The former were also attorneys for Eyler in the original suit.—*Cumberland News.*

A select social was given at Mount Airy Carroll county, on the 26th ult., by Mr. Peck Webb which was largely attended. Among the belles present was Miss Belle Peddicord, of Howard county. The party tipped the "light fantastic toe," until mid-night when a grand repast was served, to which all did justice.

The body of a man, supposed to be named Acey, and thought to belong to Washington city, was found near Rockville, on Tuesday, having been frozen to death.

Rev. E. H. Cumpstone, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hancock, has tendered his resignation as pastor of that charge and will make Alexandria, Va., his future home.

The total mortality in Annapolis during January was 15—3 white adults, 5 colored adults and 7 colored children. There has not been a death among white children since November.

Last week a servant attempted to poison Mr. Benjamin Fawcett, Colesville, Montgomery county, his wife and six children, by mixing arsenic with the buckwheat flour used in making cakes for breakfast. None of the family have died, but all were made quite sick. Mr. Fawcett is Secretary of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, who not long since was assaulted on the canal by highwaymen, who sought to rob him of money which he was carrying to pay employes of the Canal Company.

On account of the State refusing to furnish overcoats to the Frederick Riflemen this organization has abandoned its intention to participate in the Presidential Inauguration ceremonies at Washington.

Fishermen are feeling jubilant over the near approach of the shad fishing season, and many of them say that these fish will be more plentiful in the Choptank than for many years past.

Mr. Defrees, the public printer, has appointed, on the recommendation of Gov. Whyte, to a position in the government printing office, Florence Smith, a bright little girl of about 13 years, formerly of Baltimore. The little girl, who is in needy circumstances, was very anxious to do something for her own support.

Sportsmen of this State who have heretofore found it pleasant and profitable to go into Virginia in search of deer will do wisely by suspending such pursuits for the present. The season for killing that game upon the sacred soil of "Virginny" expired on Saturday last.

The count of the Presidential vote took place in the House of Representatives Tuesday. The count resulted as follows: J. A. Garfield 214 votes; Hancock 144 votes, the votes of Georgia not being counted.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8, 1881.

The arrangements for the inauguration of President elect-Garfield have been so far perfected that a good idea can be formed of what will take place on the fourth of March next. That General Garfield's administration will be ushered in by ceremonies more imposing than witnessed at the inauguration of any other President is beyond question.

Every day messages are received from militia and civic organizations in different parts of the country, announcing their intention of taking part in the inaugural parade. When the procession returns from the Capitol after the inaugural ceremonies are over it will be reviewed by President Garfield, for whose accommodation a grand stand will be erected on the North side of Pennsylvania Avenue, just opposite the Executive Mansion.

The arrangements for the ball are nearly completed, and the indications are that it will be of a character fully in keeping with the imposing ceremonies of the day.

Pennsylvania alone will send 6,000 of her militia-men. The whole number of soldiers is calculated at 40,000.

The counting of the electoral vote takes place to-morrow. In conformity with the current resolution which passed both Houses last week, the count will take place in the hall of the House of Representatives, the votes will be opened and announced by the President of the Senate, counted by two tellers appointed from each House who will hand the result to the President of the Senate, who then will declare the state of the vote, the persons elected President and Vice President of the United States. The ceremoney of to-morrow will lack the intrest which attached to that of four years ago.

The latest Cabinet gossip is that New York is, after all, to have the Treasury Department in General Garfield's Cabinet; that Senator Kirkwood of Iowa, is to be Secretary of the Interior, and Pennsylvania is to have the Post Office Department.

LOGAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Ho! any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 7t W. H. TOWER.

Notice to Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Feb. 7, 1881.

The Second Term of the Public Schools will close on Friday, March 4th. Teachers will report full time to that date, considering the Term as having commenced December 27th, instead of January 3d.

E. H. BARTLETT,
2 12 3t Sec'y. Ex'r, &c.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 258¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GOLD and silver anklets are worn with short skating costumes by English leaders of fashion. They were first introduced and worn with short ball toilets.

GEN. SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, it is said, doesn't want to be paid by a peerage for his services in Afghanistan. He is a comparatively poor man, and feels that he can't properly support the dignity of a peer.

AN English country editor was imprisoned for contempt because he put this head-line over the report of the proceedings of an election investigating commission: "Strange Conduct of Loyal Commissioners." A few American head-line fiends would drive England frantic.

PRINCE HIGASCHI-FUSHIMLO-NO-MYA, the heir presumptive of Japan, is travelling around the world, and has been stopping at Rizza, Italy, where fashionable society, comprising representatives of all nations, was in somewhat of a flutter about him. He is about 30 years old, speaks French excellently, is unmarried, attends all manner of social festivities, and seems possessed of unusual intelligence and polish.

THE farmers of Austria are organizing in great numbers and agitating for a tariff to protect them against the large and increasing importations of grain and cattle from the United States and Russia, that are being made at prices with which it would be ruinous to try to compete. The farmers' unions also seek a reduction of the rate of interest on the part of the banks to 4 per cent. It is a kind of granger movement.

AN advertisement in the London *Times* shows the destination of English wedding presents, as follows: "Lady wishes to sell rich fur trimmings in sable tails, sable, skunk, etc., elegant sealskin paletot, diamond earrings, rings, bracelets, etc., an exquisitely-fitted traveling dressing bag, two fine fur carriage rugs, some lovely electro-plated entree dishes, tea tray, fish and dessert knives and forks, and numerous other new wedding presents. Only private ladies need write, no dealers. Apply, etc."

THE popularity of the wares of China and Japan is waning in London, and taking its place is a fancy for curios from East India. The new craze owes its first impulse to the Prince of Wales, who, when visiting his mother's Oriental empire, purchased artistic souvenirs right and left. The fashion thus started is now in full blast, and the carpets of Mirzapore and Agra, the jewelry of Delhi, Cuttack and Trichinopoly, and the engraved and *repousse* brass work of Benares, have replaced the woofs of China and the pottery and lacquered ware of Japan.

Our Dwellings.

HAVING found a healthy site for a dwelling, we wish to know how to construct it that we may secure health and comfort, what materials should we use, wood, brick or stone. A frame house or a house of wood permits cold air as well as hot to penetrate its walls and will not protect us from the cold blasts of winter as well as brick or stone. In our recent war it was found that the sick and wounded in barracks recovered less rapidly than those in tents. In civil life, those who are inured to an airy dwelling are more vigorous and halo than those who live in houses tightly built of brick and stone. For several reasons we prefer a wooden house, having stone foundations laid well in cement and having its cellar floors made impervious to gas and water. Brick is very porous, and permits water to be absorbed and pass through its limits, unless the outer part is covered with impervious paint. Observers have often noticed that sandstone and brick allow gases to pass freely through them, while granite and limestone and other building stones nearly exclude gas and moisture that may be deposited upon its surface. Under ordinary circumstances this is surely true, but under extraordinary circumstances it may not be. Gas and moisture can be forced through brick, stone and iron. Wall papers are objectionable on the ground that they absorb moisture and organic matters. This objection nearly disappears in well-ventilated houses, unless it be those in which persons having infectious maladies may live. And still painted, calcimined, or white-washed rooms are more salubrious than those whose walls are covered by any kind of absorbing paper. Covering the walls of dwellings repeatedly, layer upon layer, with paper, presents a large and deep absorbing surface.

The first thing to be done in constructing a healthy dwelling is to protect its foundation from dampness. Underdraining and an underlayer of concrete, consisting of broken stone covered with cement, secures this valuable result. Many other means have been used to secure this result more perfectly. Double walls protect better than thick walls against changes of heat and cold. Air is a good non-conductor, so we have double doors and windows. And so the body of air between the inner and outer walls is a poorer conductor than a solid wall would be. The space between the two walls should be three inches; a long stone should cross this interval every foot or two, to give the wall strength and firmness.

The ceiling of the cellar should be lathed and plastered. The cellar should be divided into several rooms for various purposes—one for milk, one for vegetables, one for fruit. Each room should be well ventilated, having an inlet of pure air and an outlet of impure. In the rooms above the cellar the same general principles should be regarded. Each room should have at least one window on each of two sides. Every room of any size should have an open fireplace as an outlet of vitiated air. The inlet of pure air should be near the ceiling, so as to drive the impure down and force it up the chimney. Every sleeping and keeping room should have an open fireplace. The kitchen chimney should have a *double* flue—one for the smoke and the adjacent one, having only the thickness of a brick between, for ventilation.

A very important point is proper roofing. The slope is often not enough to prevent leakage, especially in winter, when snow and ice accumulate upon its surface, near the gutters, and stop the free flowing of water into the conductors. Very often the gutters are too level, so that the water remains in them until it evaporates. Slate well laid or tin well painted form the best roofing; when rain water is collected for domestic purposes, slate laid at an angle of thirty-five degrees makes the best roof. If the house be properly ventilated, an inlet of air near the top of each room and an open fire-place obviates the need of high ceilings and windows. Every sleeping-room should be well ventilated. The nursery and sick room should have an open fire-place to warm and ventilate the room. The comfort conferred by a wood fire upon the hearth is very great, especially in spring and autumn, when only a moderate fire is needed. The bad air, close, dry and offensive, is usually very obvious in rooms warmed by a close stove or furnace. Such a nursery is very harmful and diminishes in some cases the chances of recovery. If no better ventilation can be had, be sure to have a hole into the chimney. Even this will do much in changing the air of a room, especially if the lower sash be raised three inches and an inch board be neatly fitted to the space below. In this way the outer air will rush in and up to the ceiling. The present custom of having near the center of the house a writer-closet is a very bad one. It always renders the air very impure and is very filthy. Water-closets should be on the outside and have windows opening to the air. It should be in a wing separated from the house by double doors. If this can not be done, have the water-closet so near a chimney that the air of the closet may be drawn freely into it. The best position for this convenience is so near the chimney of the kitchen that the vitiated air may be constantly drawn up and burnt.

These items that promote the healthiness of a dwelling may increase somewhat its cost, but then it is wiser, if necessary, to diminish the cost in other things than in those that have an influence upon health.

The bathroom, that every dwelling ought to have, should be near the kitchen—above it if possible, so as to prevent the freezing of pipes in the coldest season of the year. Waste pipes opening into a sleeping room are always harmful.

What is needed in every dwelling is dryness, pure air, light, and warmth. The sunny light has a chemical action upon plants and animals, of such a character as to greatly promote life and growth.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Money Value of Rural Adornments.

THERE is, of course, a dividing line somewhere between the beautiful and the useful, but it is not at the point where a good many careless persons place it. A well-to-do farmer, whose grounds are unkempt, who thinks it "nonsensical" to plant shade trees, evergreens or hedges, because there is "no money in them," is generally very much mistaken, in spite even of his success in raising corn and potatoes. The adornments of a place may be neglected, and yet the farm be made fairly productive. If the grounds are dismal, forlorn or seedy, "Who cares?" says the owner; "I haven't time to attend to it. It is good enough for me, and nobody else need worry about it."

Now, that is true in a certain narrow sense only. If a man really don't care how his surroundings look, and wouldn't enjoy rural embellishments any better than a shabby homestead, while he is to be pitied, the reasons are at best only personal. His wife and children might enjoy their home much better if he would only lead in or permit some cheap improvements. Few farmers can tell till they try how much new interest to one's home such changes would impart.

When a farmer of the neglectful sort rides along the highway, and in passing Mr. Jones's place hears his wife, or son, or daughter, or altogether, say, "What a pretty place Mr. Jones has; it is always so neat, and the shade trees are so lovely!" or "I do think that Mr. Jones's place is too nice for anything," he ought to heed such remarks. It tells him that Mr. Jones has attractions about his home that are unusual in that neighborhood; also that if Mr. J. should offer his place for sale it would, other things being equal, bring a much better price than his own. That is a practical argument. But if he (the neglectful man) says, "I don't intend to sell," or "That makes no difference," he forgets that perhaps his place may be sold much sooner than he expects. He may be doing well financially, but he may die suddenly; a moderate mortgage may encumber the farm, or, if not, no one member of the family may be able to buy it alone, and then it will pass out of the family. But if the owner during his lifetime will make it attractive to the eye, as well as productive, he will give it an additional money value, and will benefit heirs when he comes to lay down his head. These embellishment of grassy lawns, graded walks or driveways, hedges, shade trees, evergreens and flowering shrubs cost but a trifle compared with their value in enjoyment and the cash value they add to the farm when put up for sale. The necessary work can generally be done at odd times, while the cash outlay for trees and plants is very light indeed, if bought when small and then home-grown for a few years in nursery rows. Often, too, the farm wood-lot will furnish most that is needed. If it will, it is a very foolish mistake to discard native forest trees, because they are "common." The maple, the beach, the hemlock, the white pine, or even the familiar red cedar, are never so common as to lose the quality of adornment about a country, or even a city home.

Rural grounds, well planted and cared for, indicate taste and intelligence, and benefit not only the owner and his family, but the neighborhood. Like a popular park or public garden, a residence near such grounds is always desirable. Property is worth more, because the exhibition of taste and beauty is free. Besides, examples of this sort are valuable as educators. Adjacent owners are shown how they can improve their own grounds. Attention is called to the matter again and again, and every item of praise incites to go and do likewise, and to break in upon and to break down the old, time-worn, moss-grown style of cheerless neglect which so many farmers tolerate from the force of custom.—*N. Y. Observer.*

DR. ALBERT W. MURPHY, a live Yankee from New Hampshire, has been appointed dentist to the royal court of Spain, with residence at Madrid.

Religious.

HYMN.

CREATOR of those orbs of light
That fill the wide mysterious sky,
Thy wondrous hand illumes the night,
And hangs yon radiant lamps on high.

Beyond all human ken they roll
In silent order, in their spheres:
Thy guiding wisdom doth control
Their path through the eternal years.

Inaudibly their circling march
Leads through the depths of space sublime;
Tranquil their way, o'er heaven's broad arch
They count the silent steps of time.

They shine o'er the exulting hills,
And cheer with joy the peaceful dales;
The sky their glittering luster fills,
And light through boundless depths prevails.

From early dawn God's power appears,
To setting suns His name is known,
And evening's starry dome declares
The glory that surrounds His throne.

The rills that cool the mountain shades,
The streams that silver all the plains,
Breathe praises, the round ocean spreads
And widens the accordant strains.

Lord! raise us to adore the power
We see around us, far and wide,
Lift us above this earthly dower
In which we trust, with human pride.

Teach us our duty, Father, here,
That we may humbly walk in faith,
Teach us Thy counsels to revere,
And be our guide in life and death.
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Feb. 6—The Boyhood of Jesus...Luke 2: 40-52
Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist.....Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus.Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick..Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John..Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom Luke 9: 1-6

Christ as a Miracle.

THE following extracts are from a recent sermon by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago:

* * * What our race needs more than the mere wisdom of conduct, and the examples of such piety as we admire in Plato, and Epictetus, and Aurelius, is some chain to link the soul to a second world, and to a personal God, and if this Jesus came not and went not by an order of Nature, but by a special act of God, then a mystery of the universe is solved, and man may feel that he has a Father in Heaven, and is to rise from the grave to which we all tend. Upon these two assurances Christianity seems to stand, as upon sublime foundations. What it might be without a belief in these two interventions of Nature's order one may not know perfectly, but one may affirm that humanity sorely needs these two points of contact between time and eternity. Jesus is needed as a miracle to connect two worlds.

It does not seem so essential to the value of the Christian philosophy that man should believe that Jesus is the absolute God, that He is the same as the Father. Such an identification of two names is essential in a theology which claims that only an infinite Savior could die to remove what that theology calls an infinite penalty; but the estimate of Christ most demanded by the whole human race, present and to come, is that estimate which shall break down the barriers of naturalism and disclose to human eyes a personal God and a coming life. The supernatural in Jesus is the one needed—that He is the Deity may be the joy of many, that He is only human might well be the despair of all. Before, in late times, the naturalists came along with their studies and declarations, we all little knew what an iron-like insensate thing is Nature, viewed in itself alone. In all the old centuries it was not so. The woods were peopled with beautiful and happy divinities. * * * Into an earth which was once so pervaded by the divine, came the naturalists, and rapidly have they emptied the woods and the fields and the streams and the air of these many and beautiful emblems of a God. Under their dispensation this old spirit world has died rapidly, and instead has come the world of law. And in a sense the change has come properly, at least, inevitably. This is a universe of law, and we now perceive that there was no Diana in the forest and no Neptune in the flood. Sooner or later the storm of reason must have come to sweep away, as the down of the thistle, those shapes of fancy once seen in the moonlight or heard in the oaks of the Dodona. It was necessary for us to confess and admire a world full of material causes and effects. But the storm is lasting too long, and is making a destruction too great. We are reminded of that scene in the Bible where men entered a field for the purpose of pulling up tares, and, once beginning, they pulled up the wheat also. The roots of tare and wheat were entangled, and the hand which rudely pulled up the weed detached also the grain, out of which was to come food for strong men and the dependent children. The rationalism which assailed legend and dreams now pulls up the best wheat of the once rich field, and makes man ask the laws of Nature to carry him over into immortality; and they are silent, or else speak only to decline the request.

Nature separated from the supernatural is a poor friend of a man here, and only of a man as a physical being, or at least as a being of limited intellectual scope. The ministry of law supplies man with corn and wheat and with light for his eye, and vibrations of air for his ear, and lulls him to sleep at night, and in the morning wakes him; grows wood for his fire, forms ores for his articles of use and ornament, attempts to heal his diseases, and in all ways to support his life; but detached from a spiritual being which will continue after this world, detached from this plan of a loving Father, man becomes less worthy of the wheat and the fireside and the many forms of material. If man is only an animal life, an organism like that of a toad or a worm, the ministry of physical law declines in dignity because it exhausts itself upon a being less worthy of the gigantic machinery of Nature. It is the perfect evidence of a low and imperfect love between two human souls when the one soon casts away the other whose ear he once filled with all the declarations of friendship which language could frame. Homes once envied for their prospect of happiness become deserts where not a bud or leaf of love is to be found; because the hearts that once entered the door in such joyfulness were bound together by the gossamer thread of a day and not by the chain of an eternal attachment. Thus orange blossoms might often be called the emblems of sorrow, that being so often the permanent thing that follows them. Nature separated from the supernatural is such a lover of us all. It speaks kind words for a time. It brings us gifts with both hands and praises the freshness of the cheek and says, "Oh child of earth, I love thee;" but when a few years are gone these attentions fall away, and when marks have come to the forehead and the many forms of physical beauty have faded, this friend once so eloquent in vows abandons the once dear object, and when on the border of the grave the deserted one says with tears, "Nature, lovest thou me?" the iron voice of this law says, "I love thee no longer. Go back to dust." Thus the friendship of law for us is fleeting, cherishing us in our childhood and in man's best days flinging him into a grave. The empire of law is sublime only when it is joined to the kingdom of the miraculous. The kingdom of material is a grand one for humanity only when it stands with one foot resting upon the supernatural shore. Antæus was strong when he had his feet upon his mother earth. Hercules lifted the giant from the ground and then easily slew him. Men reverses the fable and is powerful when he rests one foot upon the spirit world. Science, the cruel Hercules, may kill this strange being if it can detach his foot from that heavenly country. He dies easily when he is detached from that amazing shore.

In our epoch where this tempest has just moved along, emptying all the air of the divine, Jesus ought now to rise up as a place where that iron-like materialism should terminate. Oh, what an infinite blessing could He stand as the place where that long order of sequence which has given us life and death, beginnings and endings, cradles and tombs, the opening and the fading flower, should be interrupted, and where a gate of miracles should fly open to show man the throne of a personal God and the scenes of a paradise. We might readily be willing for all other wonders of any age to pass away, for the books of religion and history, for the annals of all the pagan and Christian saints, to become winnowed of each mystery by a rigid analysis, if only there should remain to the heart of man this Jesus, the Worthy, in all that marvel of an appearance after death, for that return of the crucified One to join His friends once more, turns back the abrading wave of the law, and says: "Oh, man, look beyond the order of Nature and see a resurrection." Thus Jesus is demanded not as a moralist or philanthropist so much as one who hands our hearts over to a personal God and an endless life. Upon the supernatural in Jesus this immense human destiny will more and more turn. * * *

This interruption of the natural law called the Christ comes to us attended by some great and unique considerations. I need not review the common evidence supplied by the pages of history. Many persons of high standing have left word that this personage arose from His grave. This testimony has always lain open to you all. Do not fear to give it weight; it is very direct and powerful. I prefer to lead you to note the fact that all the rationalism and naturalism that have risen up in such power and richness of late years have not been able to exclude miracle from the universe. Their logic has reduced the number of the departures from the kingdom of law, but has not been able to cast one single doubt upon the miraculous as being actually possible and probable. Under that form of thought wonders diminish in number but increase in dignity. It was long ago confessed by eminent Christian logicians that no miracle need be thought credible unless it was performed for a tremendous reason. * * * The long argument of Dr. Trench, an evangelical Christian, fully elaborates this idea that beneath a miracle a great reason for its permanence must exist. The acute rationalism of our century, while it lessens the number of these variations from law, cannot do more than join with Christian logic in affirming that when God pushed aside His common order of sequence it was for some great end.

The destructive power of science is called to a halt by the fact that the universe itself is a miracle. It finds law in the world, but the discovery comes too late—to escape miracle science must find a law that can make a world. Once here all the phenomena of our heavens and land and sea, all the phenomena of life and death, light and heat and shadow, the laws can be found which regulate them or continue them, but to get all these things here naturalism is compelled to bow its head in silence and ask help from the absolute will of a lawmaker. Now, the continual wish of God is a law, an isolated wish is a miracle. In securing its universe science is compelled to admit an isolated wish and thus joins with the Christian in assuming a miracle. Naturalism is compelled at one point in its process to open the gate of wonderland and let in a universe. We accept of that miracle not only because the universe is here, but because the reason for the miracle is so vast. All the stars and planets with all their beauty and grandeur, all the sublime distances and motions in the depths of space, all the floods of light sweeping through the solemn silences of the upper realms, all the occupants of any or all worlds, all the blossoming fields, all the singing birds, all the rational beings who think and love and smile, all the inmost recesses of the mind and soul, unite to compose a reason for that miracle we call the material world. In obedience to a call so loud, so eloquent, so tearful, the will of God rushes outward into life. One miracle, the universe, came. It is justified not simply by the fact, but by the grandeur of the fact.

Science, thus compelled to ask its own world from miracle, is not in a position to deny that a reason might return vast enough to warrant one more isolated wish of God. Having gotten her world by miracle science should permit the religious soul thus to secure its prize. And the Christian hastens to accept of the offer and to believe in the supernatural of Christ. This wonder is not founded upon any inadequate cause. The soul does not repair to this Jesus as a savage or a barbarian marks the flight of birds or as a Cæsar watched a shooting-star to learn some path for personal vanity to follow, but to the wonderful in Jesus the soul turns as to something that marks out the highway of the human race—as to a new universe of the spirit vast as that one of the body which materialism so loves. In the supernatural origin of the material world the Creator expresses His love of all those forms and qualities which fill up this limitless space; once again comes this Creator in the Christ to cause to pass before us the kingdom of the soul. Upon miracle both countries find foundation. The most ardent imagination cannot affirm that the clamor of demand for a material was deeper or louder than the clamor of demand for a spiritual being and an immortality. The miracle upon which the latter reposes is as dignified as the one upon which the sun and moon and the light and shadows rest. Man is not great when his foot rests upon time only; his greatness demands the world where life does not end nor hopes fail. The wonder of the material falls unless we add the wonder of the spiritual. The sun shines in vain for the mind of man if the grave is to terminate the light of life. We love our children and friends in vain if we all move toward an endless separation to come in a few days or years. Our physical realm is made valuable by the assumed spiritual empire that surrounds it and reaches beyond. Let history be emptied, indeed, of its stories of marvels, let the lives of the saints be rewritten if need be and divested of the miraculous, let this be called an empire of uniform cause and effect, and yet let us make room for two immense deviations from that iron-like causation—the miracle of creation and the miracle of Christ. By a gateway of wonder man came upon this globe; by the same gateway let us hope to pass out. The supernatural in this Jesus is the best hope of the world; it is the only hope. He is the place where earth blends with Heaven—that line where sea and sky meet. He is the only miracle we need, but the need of Him is infinite. Our public morals, our intellectual development, our private friendships, our sad partings here, our measureless love of life, all ask that Jesus Christ may always stand before mankind as the emblem of a supernatural, blessed shore.

Gems of Thought.

HOWEVER large and noble the elements of manhood one may possess, religion can refine and elevate him in the scale of being.—*Golden Rule.*

TO FEEL much for others and little for ourselves, to restrain our selfish and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature.—*Adam Smith.*

LET us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark, when He sends the darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness, God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.—*F. W. Faber.*

IF you walk with Christ, keep out of all evil company; of all evil associations; keep from all evil places, from every place where you can not go with the spirit of Christ, and that, if upon earth, you might not expect to meet Him there. If you go out of the territory where He would go, you must not expect to find Him.—*Bishop Simpson.*

IS A chance to be benevolent—to do good and confer a real blessing upon deserving charities—a thing to be presented with apologies and regrets, or with confidence and gladness? Should a minister, for example, ask his congregation for a collection for an object that commends itself to his heart and judgment, (and he should never present any other) in an extenuating and begging manner, or with a spirit that leads the people to understand that he regards the obligation and favor as wholly on their side?

PRAYER is the great remedy against anger, for we must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray, and then it is more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. We must lay aside the act of anger as a preparation to prayer; so that if a man, to cure his anger, resolves to address himself to God by prayer it is first necessary that by his own observation and diligence he lay the anger aside before his prayer can be fit to be presented; and when we so pray, and so endeavor, we have all the blessings of prayer which God hath promised to it to be our security for success.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

THE first Mayor of New York was Thomas Willet, who was born in England in 1611. He came to Massachusetts when eighteen years old, and in 1647 succeeded Miles Standish in the military command of Plymouth Colony. When the English took New York from the Hollanders in 1664 Captain Willet was chosen Mayor of the city and administered the Government for two years, at the expiration of which he returned to New England, where he died.

Pennsylvania Lands that are Solid.

A few weeks ago, in a business transaction between two citizens, one of them deeded the other 300 acres of land in Pennsylvania, and the other day the buyer entered the seller's office.

"I have just returned from a trip to Pennsylvania to see the land I got from you."

"Ah! As I never saw it myself I have some curiosity about it."

"It is a swindle, sir—a barefaced swindle!" exclaimed the other.

"Is that possible! Didn't you find the land?"

"Yes, sir, but it is nothing but a hill."

"A hill? Is it a real solid hill?"

"It is as solid a hill as can be made of rock and dirt."

"Any chance for any part of it to slide over on another man's land?"

"No, sir."

"Seems to be solid on its pins, does it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let me congratulate you on your bargain. I've bought and sold any amount of Pennsylvania land and the great drawback has been to buy and sell a big hill which would stay in one spot over a week. The last one I sold slid a mile and a half while the buyer was going from here to Pittsburgh. You have made a great investment, sir, and I sincerely and honestly congratulate you."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—It is said that 72,540,000 packets, or 18,740,800,000 single pins are manufactured yearly in the United States, being at the rate of 468 pins for every person of the population. Fifty years ago it took one man a minute to make 14 pins, now a single workman can make 14,000 in the same time. This throws some light on the question as to where the pins come from; but the philosopher sticks when he tries to tell where they all go to.

THE German Press is beginning to cry out against adulterated butter, from this side the Atlantic, which is flooding their markets. The English press asserts that oleomargarine is shipped from this country to Ireland, and there mixed with the best Irish butter, and sold as the genuine article.

—The two greatest smokers on this continent are said to be Pittsburg and Mark Twain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Even an Irish printer, when he goes to a dance, leaves his stick behind him.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

That wonderful remedy for rheumatism, St. Jacobs Oil, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous. Frequent reports are made where sufferers have been afforded relief, and the sale is growing largely. The fact that it is an external remedy, commends it to many who would not otherwise think of going out of the beaten track to find a remedy.

DENVER has a policeman who writes poetry, and the editor who refuses to publish it is liable to go to the lockup.—*N. O. Picayune.*

[Indianapolis Daily Sentinel.]

No More Gossip.

If we are correctly informed, St. Jacobs Oil is now the usual tea-party topic in place of the former staple—free gossip. How wise and how much more beneficial.

THE tramp will not go away empty-handed from a good man's door—not if he can reach an overcoat from a hall rack.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburgh Patriot.*

A GOOD doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay $3 a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.—*Josh Billings.*

Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war, and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

It is taken internally and never fails to cure the worst case in the shortest time. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. Write for 40-page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

EVERY thermometer ought to feel above zero.

EVERY man has his follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.—*Josh Billings.*

NEVER CONTENTED.—

First Voice.

Oh, woe is me! so gross and fat,
Of flesh a great, unwieldly mass;
I would I were as lean as that
Thin fellow over there, alas!

Second Voice.

Oh, what a skeleton am I,
With scarcely skin to hide my bones!
No wonder that I moan, and sigh
To be as fat as neighbor Jones!

In Unison.

Oh, what a wretched lot is mine,
And what a hideous thing to view!
No wonder at my state I pine!
Oh, would I were as { fat / lean } as you!
—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE is on exhibition a Mexican lady without arms, who plays the piano with her feet. Thus are the beneficent plans of Nature thwarted.—*Boston Post.*

AT a Canadian hotel lately a terrible screaming was heard to proceed from the bath room. A servant burst open the door, and soon found that Sarah Bernhardt had pulled out the plug from the waste-water pipe and had slipped in. With a presence of mind known only in northern countries, the maid got a button-hook and pulled her out again, much to the joy of her many ardent admirers.

THE small boy soon grows tired of a new drum. There is nothing in it.

THERE is a man in Galveston named Joseph W. McClellan who is everlastingly talking without saying anything. The other day Gilhooly met him: "I say, Mac, do you know why you remind me of a river?" Mac thought there was a compliment in store for him, and guessed that it was because something sparkling came out of his mouth all the time. "Not quite," responded Gilhooly; "you remind me of a river because your mouth is bigger than your head."—*Galveston News.*

James' Cough Pills

Are the most deservedly popular remedy for Coughs and all throat affections in the market. They are sold by all druggists. Only 25 cents. Try them.

A Household Need.

Send 3-cent stamp for 80-page book, on "The Liver, Its Diseases and Their Treatment." Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

THE only genuine Axle Grease has the name of *Fraser* on every package, and wears longer than any other

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

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STOMACH BITTERS

No Time Should be Lost

If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long-known medicine.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Write for list of **Real Estate** for sale by us. We have **TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS,**

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of unimproved land for sale cheap, and on liberal terms of payment. These farms are in the best portions of **Iowa, Missouri** and **Nebraska,** where a few crops will pay for all.

IMPROVED FARM

For business men (even of small means) we have property in new and growing towns, on the C., B. & Q. R. R., well worthy of their attention.

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JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and as infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." **Rev. JOS. E. ROY,** Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc." **T. B. ROBERTSON,** Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Idol Worship of the World.

By F. S. Dobbins, late of Yokohama, Japan. A new book of **matchless** *interest,* describing the *marvelous mysteries* and *strange superstitions* of *Idolatrous Worship* in *all parts* and *ages* of the world. Contains a *thousand facts stranger than fiction*—the **wild** imaginations of heathen Nations concerning **Deity, Spirits,** the **Origin** and **Destiny** of **Man,** with all the *strange beliefs, legends, fairy tales, customs, forms of worship, temples, shrines, sacrifices,* etc. It is most **strikingly illustrated.** A truly wonderful book, and *certain to sell immensely.* **Agents Wanted.** For terms, etc., address **HUBBARD BROS.,** 31 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION can be had at the Iron City College, Pittsburgh, Pa. *Send for Circular.*

How a Plot on the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury was Foiled.

FOR two years past the officers of the Secret Service Division of the Government bave been endeavoring to unravel the mystery attached to the attempted robbery of the United States Sub-treasury in this city. Up to this time they bave met witb indifferent success, and the chances are they will never be able to ascertain with distinctness who were in the plot. As tbe case stands now it is a matter of suspicion against one of the boldest cracksmen in the country. None but thieves were concerned and thoy refuse to give information which might lead to the detection of their confederates. The story is an interesting one. But for a miscalculation on the part of the robbers they would have succeeded in capturing some $12,000,000 of coupons and cash. It would have been the largest haul ever made in this country but for their stupidity. Tbe large vault in Treasurer Eyster's office, in the Custom-house building, contains two apartments. In ono of these it is customary to store the cash and coupons that are presented for interest. In the other small coin is kept. Thls fact became known, and a gang was organized to make a raid on the place. Prominent on the list was Jimmy Logue, now in the Eastern Penitentiary, who had $70,000 on hand fresh from a bank burglary. There were a couple of well-known New Yorkers, and two follows who had escaped from the Kings County Penitentiary—believed to be Porter and Irving. Another of the party was a new man, for whom the country has been scoured, but without avail. Logue secured a fine residence in West Philadelphia, where the whole party resided. He was to be reimbursed for his expenditures out of the proceeds of the robbery. As warrants and requisitions were out for the men on all sides, they feared to come into the city, and selected Fairmount Park as their place of rendezvous. Their favorite resort was the quiet retreat at Strawberry Mansion. Here they met daily, after taking an airing, and mapped out their plans.

It was found necessary to have one of tbeir number inside the Custom-house, so this happy plan was hit upon: One day a reverend-looking gentleman, with clerical-cut garments and a white choker, waited upon Collector Tutton and informed him that he was Rev. Mr. Paddock. The official knew of this clergyman. The sham minister was accompanied by an innocent-appearing young man, who, be stated, was one of his parishioners. Dr. Paddock would be much obliged to the Collector if he could only give the young man something to do—some light work, such as watchman—as he was in need, and his health would not admit of exposure. Collector Tutton was exceedingly pleased to see Dr. Paddock. Mr. Tutton's rector at Downingtown and Dr. Paddock were, in fact, well acquainted, and Mr. Tutton talked freely of Downingtown's spiritual needs. To the reverend gentleman he explained tbat no reliance could be placed on the recommendations of politicians, while a minister's indorsement was nearly always a safe guide. The sham clergyman got quite shaky when Mr. Tutton touched on Downingtown matters, but soon switched off the conversation and avoided embarrassment. It is now disclosed that "Shoey" Miller, who was mixed up in the bogus naturalization business, and was senteneed to two years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, personated Rev. Dr. Paddock, and was a party to the job. The young man recommended by bim was appointed and mate a watchman. By a strange coincidence the fellow was assigned to that end of the building where the sub-treasury is located. For weeks he was attentive to his duty, but all this time be was gathering points and familiarizing himself with every part of the building and with all the persons employed in it. These facts were made known to the gang, of which be was a member, and some of the confederates visited the place to learn the by-ways.

The robbers exhibited no undue haste in moving upon their prey, but waited until the time when the quarterly interest on the United States bonds fell due. They knew that large sums of money were stored in the vaults. On Sunday morning it was discovered that a bole had been made in the side of the Custom-house wall, large enough to admit of the passage of a man's body through it. A closer examination revenled the fact that this led directly into the vault. The place had been cleaned out, but the robbers bad been fooled. In this apartment were stored the pennies and small coins. Next to it, and with only tbe thickness of a few bricks, was tbe huge pile of interest money. It has been presumed that the thieves believed they bad struck bags of gold, and that in the darkness they merely felt of them to learn whether they were coin or not, and immediately passed them out to their confederates to carry to a place of safety. Instead of going furtber the job was, for some reason, abandoned at this time, and after nn outlay of thousands of dollars the burglars captured but a couple of hundred dollars' worth of pennies. It is thought that daylight came too fast for them, and they were compelled to vacate the premises, whieb was a good thing for the Government.

Investigatlons were made by tbe officer, and two of the Fifth and Chestnut Street detectives were put to work upon tbe case. They never discovered much. Suspicion began to point to the watchman appointed at the "Rev." Mr. Paddock's instance. It suddenly was revealed to every one that no one knew anything concerning this individual. He was sent for by the Collector and told to send Mr. Paddock to tbe office. But he did not. That young man left, and to this day he has never been seen or heard of. This job broke up Logue. When he was arrested for the Portuondo robbery he had little money on 'hand, but gave a mortgage on his home for a certain sum of money, conditioned upon the fact that if the mortgage was not paid at a set time the house was to be sold. As a part of the bargain, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, it is said, agreed to educate and care for Logue's children until he served his three years' sentence. Tbe mortgage has been foreclosed, and the children are in want. One of the secret-service men traced a lot of pennies to the custody of a couple of well-known thieves, but they made a satisfactory explanation of where they came from. There the veil drops.—*Philadelphia Cor. Washington Post.*

Interesting Decision About Will-making.

THE Supreme Court have just made a decision in a case arising in tbis county which is likely to be taken as a leading case both here and elsewhere in tbis country. The facts are briefly these: In January, 1879, the Hon. Alexander DeWitt, of Oxford, died, leaving a will with four codicils attached. After due public notice these instruments were, on the 4th of February following, admitted to probate as the last will and testament of the deceased. The executors thereunder, having been duly qualified, proceeded with the administration of the estate. This continued for a period of four months, when they produced a "book," whieb, under the advice of their counsel, Bacon, Hopkins & Bacon, they filed in the probate office, together with their petition, praying that the same migbt be "admitted to probate as a part of the will of the said Alexander DeWitt." This "book" was a common blank book, containing written testamentary directions on thirteen pages, each seprate direction having the signature of the testator appended, in all twelve times. This signature was witnessed as often as it occurred, but by one person only. On the cover of the book was this writing: "Directions to my executors in the way and manner I wish all the legacies to be paid as near as possibly convenient. Should I dispose of any of the property herein named before my decense, I order and direct my executors to make up the legacies in stocks or other securities, or cash, as they may think best."

This also was signed by the testator and witnessed by the witness to his other signatures. The book now described is referred to in the the third codicil to the will in these words: "I, ——, order and direct my executors, or the survivor of them, to pay the several legacies mentioned in my will and codicils, as near as possibly convenient, according to the directions written in a book by Melvin W. Pierce, signed by me, Alexander DeWitt, and witnessed by said Melvin W. Pierce." The book was not at first produced with the will "because the petitioners did not think it was necessary to have the same probated." After notice, the case came on for hearing before Judge Thayer, and at the July term a decree was entered up "that the parts of said book (aforenamed), and the directions therein written and by said deceased signed, be approved and allowed as a part of said third codicil and of the last will and testament of said deceased." From this decree an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the case was argued at the September term in 1879. That court have now affirmed the decree of the Probate Court. Tbis decision, it is understood, will make a serious change in the disposition of the estate.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

A Hanging at Newgale.

THIS morning, to Newgnte, to see two poor wretches hanged; nnd now at evening in no delight with myself at having done so. An awful sight, and yet more miserable than awful. From the moment when I passed from the gray, cold street within the gray, cold walls, all through from first to last, it was rather as if a company of dogs had come together to hang another dog in a close back yard. Sometbing more there was in tbe reading of the burial service in the ears of the malefactors yet alive, and something more in tbe tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell; but as for the rest, no sign or token was tbere of the terrors or the majesty of law nor of the dignity of human life, nor of the dread responsibility of extinguishing it. A kitten east to drown in a pitcher is dispatched with as much ceremony almost. Here is a narrow stony court enclosed in high stone walls, and a barrier across it fencing the door through which the criminals are brought, and thereby a bright structure of wood not unlike a loose box—not unlike a cabman's shelter—but the sides of it only waist-high. This shed is the place of execution; the murderer is taken within it and hanged from a beam under the shed roof; he and his executioners and the witnesses of his death standing all upon a level, and all in the little space between the pitiless walls. While I waited in an outer room, dreadful it was to see a little knot of workmen scuffle by, beforehand, with spades nnd pickaxes, and one with a bag on his back with lime in it; these to prepare the grave. More terrible that, to me, tban all that followed. Hurriedly, in a shambling, furtive, silent way, the two that were to die were brought into the court; not very terrified, it seemed—glad, perhaps, that tbere was so soon to be an end; one of them of sinister look, the other and greater villain boyish nnd marked with the criminality of a born fool. When all was prepared, "Good-by," they said: "Good-by" between them and their executioner; and then in an instant they disappeared far beneath the shed in a pit. No more. Mueb I wish I had gone to see tbe Baroness Burdett-Coutts's pretty show of flowers, and her flower brigade of girls instead.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Polar Waves.

EXTRACT from the Limekiln Club proceedings, in Detroit *Free Press:*

Jericho Smitb, Chairman of the Committee on Populnr Scienee nnd Natural Philosophy, announced that his monthly report was ready. Ilis committee had been asked to investigate the origin of the polar waves which sweep across the country during the winter at stated intervals. They had consulted all convenient authorities, and would report as follows:

"We am satisfied dat de cold bigins somewhar', but de exact pint no man kin find out. De spot on which it starts grows colder an' colder, an' bimeby, when it gits so all-fired cold dat whisky would freeze in ten ticks ob de clock, streaks of weather scoot off dis way an' dat, and keep growin' an' goin' till dey reach Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo an' all udder big places. Dis am de theory of de majority of dis committee. De minority, composed of Brudder Hemlock Jones, wishes me to report dat it am his candid opinyun dat polar waves am de result of wind blowin' ober stone sidewalks an' aroun' de co'ners of brick buildin's."

HOME AND FARM.

UNDER favorable conditions tbe chestnut and tbe oak will live 1,000 years. Tbe beech and ash live balf as long.

THE old canes of raspberries and blackberries should be removed during winter. Tbe pruning of the new canes should be done the latter part of February or beginning of March.

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart of best New Orleans molasses, piece of butter balf the size of a ben's egg. When it will snap in water it is sufficiently done; stir in a little soda to whiten it; pour into buttered dishes, and when cool enough pull until white.

CINNAMON JUMBLES.—Make one, two, three, four, or cup-cake, a little thicker than usual; mix together equal parts of cinnamon and granulated sugar; drop a large spoonful of the dough into the cinnamon; when all have been well covered put into a quick oven; should be done in ten minutes.

CABBAGE is tbe best given poultry whole, hung up by the stalk. At first it may not be touched, but when the fowl begins to peck at it the rest will be tempted to keep on until little remains. Being suspended, it does not waste or become polluted, and it will remain in good condition to be eaten at will.

OIL THE JOINTS.—Thanks to the sewing-machine, there is in almost every household a convenient little can for distributing oil. Many housekeepers never consider that it can be used upon anything but the sewing-machine, while hinges creak and keys turn with difficulty in their rusty locks. If one bas not this little can, a trifle of oil in a cup, with a feather, will answer tbe purpose. Heavy articles of furniture provided with castors are sometimes more difficult to move than if they were without them. A drop or two of oil will often do more tban a large application of strengtb.

QUEEN OF PUDDING.—One pint of fine bread crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg rubbed in, a teacupful of fine sifted loaf sugar, the rind of one lemon grated, yelks of four eggs, and a pint of milk. Mix these ingredients together in a pie-dish, and bake in a quick oven until well set, but be careful not to let the pudding get leathery; it will take only a short time. When cool, spread a layer of apricot or strawberry-jam over the top. Whip the whites of the four eggs, with a teacupful of sifted sugar and either the juice of the lemon or a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon, into a very stiff froth and throw lightly over, making it as rocky as possible, and pile it up higber in the center. Very slightly brown it by putting it into the oven for a few minutes, or passing a salamander over it.

AN excellent pickle for salting meat is made as follows: To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound ot brown sugar, and half an ounce of saltpeter; boil these until no more scum rises, and skim the liquor as this rises until the pickle is clear; pour it into a tub to cool. Keep the meat two days before packing it, and rub it with a quantity of the ingredients, finely powered, twelve hours before leaving it to drain; then pack closely in the barrel or tub, sprinkling each layer with more of the powdered ingredients, and turn on the pickle cold. When the meat is used the pickle may be boiled, skimmed, strained, and kept for another season. The pork-packers tbus keep their pickle from year to year, and preserve it witb great care, knowing that it improves with age and the simple addition of more salt, etc.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Poll-evil.

In the treatment of this case the patient should be confined on a light diet, and a potion of cooling medicines sbould also be given—ten or twelve ounces ot Glauber salts dissolved in six gills of hot water. As soon as tbe liquid is sufficiently cool it should be gently poured down the throat from a smooth-necked champagne bottle. The tumefied parts should be kept constantly wet by means of bandages thoroughly saturated in a mixture composed of equal parts of pure cider vinegar and cold water. This treatment should be well persevered in for a few days. Should the tumor in the meantime increase in its size and the parts develop much heat, a poultice of bruised flaxseed should be applied twice daily for forty-eight or ninety-six hours, or until the tumor manifests a fluctuating feeling. You will please note that no procrastination should be indulged in, sueb as waiting patiently for the tumor to break of its own accord, but as soon as the matter can be distinctly felt by pressure make an incision slantingly with a sharp knifo upon the right side of the neck as the base of the abscess. The incision or cut must not be made so deep as to come in contact with the spinal cord or marrow. The opening of the base of the tumor should be made sufficiently large to allow the pus to freely escape as fast as it forms. A seton should be passed down from the natural opening at the top of tbe tumor through the artificial opening made at its base. Before inserting the seton it should be dipped in tincture of cantharides. This will be found the safest and best plan to adopt for promoting healthy granulation and adhesion of the walls of the tumor. The fistulous track is not probably very long, and the tape-seton will work its way gradually but efficaciously out, by which time the cure is made. A stimulus is also necessary to be applied to tbe interior of the tumor by resaturating the seton, in three or four days after it is first inserted, with a solution made by dissolving ten grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of cold water. This latter-named stimulus should be applied twice per week until a healthy discharge of pus appears; then stop. In the opening, from the top down to the artificial opening at the bottom, sbould be injected three times a week a stimulus composed of one drachm chloride zinc dissolved in one pint of cold water. Apply the zinc lotion in half an hour after using the cantharides tincture and the nitrate of silver solution. The tincture of cantharides should only be applied once, and the nitrate of silver solution on the third or fourth day after, and continue as long as found necessary; but the zinc lotion should be applied once daily until a healthy granulation takes place, then every second or third day until the parts heal sound.—*N. Y World.*

THE DAIRY.

Progress of Cheese-Making.

AT the annual convention of the American Dairymen's Association, held at Watertown, N. Y., recently, Professor L. B. Arnold spoke as follows concerning the lessons of the past in cheese-making:

In order to get a clearer understanding of these lessons, let us look over what has been done in the past. When the American Dairymen's Association came into existence we were making cheese entirely in private dairies with old-fashioned implements, heating only a portion of the milk and pouring that into the rest. We had a very unequal curd and as soon as it was salted it was put at once to the press. There was, therefore, a great variety in our cheese, but I doubt if we have any better nowadays than some of the cheese made then. Next we came to the factory system and took the sweet curd process in its fullest sense, and the result was the same as in the dairy, giving great variety of quality. We used to keep the cheese then and sell it late in the fall. This system gave our factorymen great trouble, and much loss occurred. Some one let the curd lie in the whey for a while until it became sour and noticed that it stood the hardships of commerce a great deal better. It gave uniformity and durability. But the more the acid was developed the more it destroyed the fine flavor of our goods. The result was that it took out more water, made the cheese dryer, and also made it of lower flavor. There was an attempt to introduce the Cheddar system, but it was not favorably received at first. The cheese might be fine, but it would not sell any better, and really cost more on account of the extra labor. After a time less acid was used and a better cheese made, a mild acid cheese; but this was not done to any great extent. We are still making acid cheese in the generality of cases, but in a modified form. But we felt the necessity of making another improvement in the way of rennet, by which we could get rid of the filth and nastiness connected with the old system. Nobody knew anything about the nature of rennet. Now we are furnished with a very fine extract which does away with the filth and gives much better uniformity. We have also made some progress in the matter of coloring. This brings cheese under the head of adulteration, nor is the coloring any advantage, but rather a detriment. Still we use only an extract of vegetable matter instead of raw herb as formerly. Next came the no-acid system, not so strictly speaking but comparatively only. For there is sufficient carbonic acid gas constantly being evolved to give an acid reaction unless special pains are taken to drive off the gas by heat. But a point was made by insisting upon the necessity of drawing the whey before any dactic acid developed. The reason assigned was that a portion of the mineral matter in the caseine (phosphate of lime) being dissolved out changed the character of the caseine, rendering it less soluble and digestible. In our old preparations of rennets we couldn't keep them through hot weather without salting heavily, but we learned to use our whey and at first were much pleased with it. After a while we found that it was not rennet we were getting but a sharp acid action instead, which was distinct from the rennet action. In using the acid process the milk wants to be at a certain advanced stage, about twelve hours old, and we used to turn in sour whey to hurry up the acidifying process. But it was found that there was a defect in the digestibility of the cheese, and also in its flavor. We insisted then upon drawing the whey sweet, which was not a new thing nor did I ever claim it to be. The reason was because it was discovered that cheese lacked digestibility when the curd was permitted to lie in sour whey. The process was now very much like the cheddar system, and finally that system was adopted entirely for the remaining operations in the manufacture. But improvements were made in this also. The cheesy flavor was better developed when the curd was kept warm and fine, aired and stirred, the whey being drawn until a proper degree of ripeness was attained. And this has proved an advanced step in the process of cheese-making. It is not much used in this State, but in Pennsylvania, the West, and more particularly in Canada.

Something more has been gained also in regard to the action of rennet than ever before. My point has been that rennet makes the cheese. If we depend on acid alone we don't get cheese, but we can get it with nothing but rennet. This has been demonstrated during the last year at Cornell University. The experiments were described. But when the curd was ripened with rennet alone there was no flavor, it was insipid, which showed that it needed oxygen to give this flavor. The curing of cheese, therefore, is an oxydizing process. Free oxygen develops the flavor, and this has been an important bearing on the curing of cheese. A current of air is necessary in order to give a high flavor, as in the Roquefort cheese, which is cured in caves with a draft of air blowing over it. To get a mild cheese it should be cured in a warm, close, moist atmosphere. These facts enable us to control the manufacture of cheese so far as its flavor is concerned.

AT the late meeting of the Illinois Dairymen's Association one prominent dairy farmer said that when hay sold at $6 per ton it was too high for him to feed. This question of feed is one of the most serious which the dairy farmer has to contend with, and his profits depend largely upon the cost of feed. There are some dairymen who have discarded the use of hay, and supply its place with good, clean, bright straw, both oats and wheat, and when cut and mixed with bran is readily eaten by the cows. With grain, oil meal, cornmeal and bran, cows can be kept easily without hay, if the farmer has plenty of cornstalks and straw.

—Somebody says that a fashionable Boston banquet consists of two beans stuck on a hairpin, readings by Emerson and talks by Alcott.

IT is asserted that the dairy products of the United States have twice the value of the wheat crop.

—Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

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A Picturesque Story About Mr. Goff.

From The Boston Trveler.

He does not look over thirty years of age, is hardly of medium stature, but is rather broadly built. His beardless face, not even relieved by mustachios, has a good humored, kindly, and yet withal a keen expression. His dark hair is all that saves him from looking positively boyish. A West Virginian of note tells me that General Goff well deserves his new distinction, and says that he has had quite a romantic career. He is a Virginian born and bred, and his family is of the oldest stock in that State. He was only eighteen when he joined the Federal Army, and rapidly rose by his bravery and dash to be Major of the 4th West Virginia Cavalry. On the 20th of January, 1864, he was captured in a battle near Moorfield, West Virginia, was taken to Libby Prison, and suffered all the miseries of that place for four months, at the end of which time he was notified by the Rebel authorities that from that time he would be kept in separate and close confinement as a hostage for a certain Major Thomas D. Armsey, of the Confederate Army, who had been taken inside the Union lines and sentenced to be shot as a spy. Upon the execution of Armsey he was to be instantly shot.

His sufferings were extreme, at times, during his confinement, and he was reduced to live on rats skinned and cooked by the negroes and smuggled in to him. He not only bore these things for eighty-seven days, but had the heroism to write a letter, now on file in the War Department, in which he said that his life ought not to stand in the way in determining Armsey's fate. "The life of a single soldier," he wrote, "ought not to stand in the way of adherence to a great principle." Those were great words to drop from the pen of a mere boy, as he then was, under such circumstances. General Goff was finally exchanged, after a transfer to the penitentiary at Salisbury, N. C., in August, 1864. Singularly enough, Armsey and Goff, having returned to their respective services, met again soon after. Armsey was captured and taken to Clarksburg, and the loyal citizens, knowing of the sufferings he had caused Goff to undergo, were about to lynch him, when Goff appeared on the scene and saved him. Later still, when the war was all over, and Goff ran as a Republican candidate for the Governorship of West Virginia, Armsey, in gratitude for this treatment, supported him in a letter in which he fully acknowledged his chivalrous conduct in the field. As he was born on the 9th of January, 1843, he was only thirty-seven years of age at the time of his recent confirmation as Secretary of the Navy.

Great Men in the U. S. Senate.

It may not be that the palmy days of the United States Senate are to return, says the *New York Tribune*, but the list of accessions to that body, reported in the legislative nominations, is no mean one. Mr. Conger, of Michigan; Gen. Harrison, of Indiana; Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut; Mr. Platt, of New York, and Mr. Hale, of Maine, are all new members who will strengthen the Senate appreciatively. Some of them have already won distinction in parliamentary and party leadership, and some in the quiet and pains-taking labors of legislation, which make no noise, but whose value is best understood when, by any chance, they happen to be lacking. Among the old members re-elected, Mr. Dawes and Mr. Bayard hold equally distinguished places in their respective parties, and both have the Senatorial quality. John Sherman inasmuch as he now receives his fourth election; nor is he a re-elected member. His is the strongest name on the list, and its weight will be felt in the new Senate. The pre-eminence of the Senate in ability as compared with the House will become apparent with the opening of the 47th Congress, if it is not so already, and there must be a good many members of the First Vote Clubs of the last campaign who can remember when something like the reverse of this was true.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

28th day of February, 1881,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, adjoining the town of Oakland, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 844,

of the Military Lands Westward from Fort Cumberland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy the sum of $57,78, balance of State and County taxes, with interest due, by Mrs. Amanda B. Hall for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

2 5 3t

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA. PA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 10th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the town of Oakland, and described as

Lot No. 37 in Brant's Addition to said Town,

and being the same lot which was conveyed to S. Rosenheim by Gilmor S. Hamill by deed dated September the 28th, 1874, and containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

Said lot has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of four dollars and eleven cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1880, and also to satisfy the sum of five dollars and six cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount due for the State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

COAL LANDS!

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilton is complainant and Wm. H. Bernard and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on the

21st day of February A. D. 1881,

all that piece, parcel or tract of land called

TYPEE,

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington, on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree: One-half cash on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Trustees.

J. B. BRANT, Auctioneer. 1 29 tds.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

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The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER,
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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TWENTY COPIES.....$20 00
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PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. jul8-yr

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apr 17

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☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

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Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

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☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.43 P. M.
No. 3		11.32 P. M.
No. 5		7.28 A. M.
No. 7		5:29 P. M
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.36 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		8.28 A. M.
No. 10		5.39 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

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Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

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COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Gilmor S Hamill and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilheim and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and S. D. Yutzy.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seahold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. L. Osborn.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deaking.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 12—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574: *K. of H.*—Meets in McComas Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 4. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881. NUMBER 52.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

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JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. H. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Simonse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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BLACKSMITHS.

CHAS. SINCELL, Liberty Street.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

DR. B. T. KELLER, Late of Grantsville, Md., Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house. 2 5 3m.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through those same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole hill seems a mountain,
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All is vain the blessing shower,
And the mercies fall with power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's vials,
Every one has cares and trials,
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather,
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

A DREAM.

"Lift me up, Harvey, that I may see the sunset for the last time!"

Harvey lifted the girlish form to a sitting posture and pillowed the golden head, damp with the dews of death, against his shoulder. The window was open and the breath of summer, freighted with the orders of clustering roses, and pale, drooping lilies from the garden below, floated like an incense into the death chamber.

Behind the tops of the distant mountains the sun was sinking to rest, and streaks of fiery flame shot upward toward the zenith, while gorgeous piles, of clouds, purple and amber and gold, drifted slowly across the crimson west.

Dora Kent's eyes gazed for a few moments with a look of unutterable longing upon the magnificent picture, then closed wearily, as she whispered with a shuddering sigh:

"How beautiful earth is, Harvey! As I sit and look at the clouds we have watched together so many times, and feel that it is for the last time, a horrible fear of the dark and loathsome grave comes over me. We have been so happy, dear—so very happy together, and now I must leave you to go down into the Valley of Shadows alone. Oh, it seems so cruel!"

The manly form against which she leaned shook with suppressed agony, but he said with a steady voice:

"But the glories of Heaven Dora—the music of the golden harps, the pleasant fields through which the shining rivers run, the gates of jasper, and the streets of gold—think of that! No more care, no more sorrow, only one long day of perpetual brightness and bloom, and such a little while till we share it together, darling."

"Yes, Harvey, I know; but what were all the glory and beauty of Heaven, even, without you? I suppose it is wicked. I have always heard that good people don't feel so, but I cannot be reconciled. They always said that when death became inevitable we became resigned; but oh, Harvey, it is not so. I can't die, Harvey—don't let me die!"

The piteous young face, so beautiful, so dearly loved, nestled closer to his breast, and the thin hands, white and soft as snowflakes, moved softly over his bearded cheeks in a mute, childish caress.

It was too much for Harvey. His voice was broken with the passionate echo that shook his strong frame from head to foot, and he clasped her closer, uttering brokenly:

"My darling!—my wife!—how can I give you up?"

"Don't, Harvey, Don't let my selfish repinings grieve you. But sometimes, when the daisies blossom about the face you have kissed so many times, and the sweet pine roses blow, you'll come and sit beside me, dear, and think of your little Dora, who loved you so? And perhaps you'll fancy that my voice whispers to you in the summer winds that sweep the long grasses at your feet; or see a shadowy hand beckon to you from the white, fleecy clouds overhead, and poor Dora will not be forgotten. Something will remind you of her who felt the keenest pang of death to be the separation from you. How dark the room is growing; call them to bring the lights. I would gaze upon your face till the last moment."

Alas! the moment was drawing near. The dying sun flung his blood red banner on the wall, but she did not see it.

The hand that wandered slowly over his cheek was icy cold, and around the sweet mouth the unmistakable grayish color began to gather.

"Hark!" she said. "Some one called my name. And listen! there are voices singing afar off."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers, already icy cold, and when he raised his head he saw the great change, which comes but once, had passed over her face, and the joy and sunshine of Harvey Kent's life had gone out forever.

* * * * * * *

The funeral rites were over. The Odora Kent's sweet face, wreathed with flowers, was hidden from sight beneath a coffin lid, and laid in the gloomy old family vault of the Kent's.

Pitying faces and tearful eyes had bent above the shrouded form, and sympathetic whispers had said a score of times that it seemed cruel for one so young and fair to lay down earth's choicest treasures at the very outset of life.

Up and down, beneath the tall larches that shaded his now desolate home, Harvey Kent paced restlessly his very heart wrung with anguish of his bereavement.

"I would gaze upon your face till the last moment." These, almost the last words of Dora, seemed to ring in his ears.

The June evening, tremulous with the throbbing life of the golden stars, and fragrant with the breath of roses, had no charm for him.

Far in the distance the lofty spire of the old church pierced the sky, the church where they had that day laid his darling, with white hands folded over a pulseless heart.

Oh, what a desolate place would earth be without her! "I beg your pardon, sir," said the old housekeeper; "but the air is damp to-night, and tea is ready in the library. I thought you might prefer it served there."

"Thank you, Mrs. Milwood, but I do not wish any."

"Oh, sir, grieving never yet did any good in this world—either to the living or the dead, and we must submit to the will of God."

"They talk of submission," he said bitterly; "what can they know of such sorrow as mine?"

But to escape further importunities and hackneyed phrases meant for consolation, he entered the house, and, proceeding to the library, partook slightly of the refreshment prepared for him.

Sitting by the window afterward, he fell into a slumber, from which he did not waken till roused by the clock striking two.

He awoke with a perfectly distinct recollection of every thought and feeling experienced during the time he had slept.

He seemed to stand where the faint light of the summer stars came through a small, arched window. On each side of him were rows of coffins, bearing the name and age of the mouldering forms, some of which had been dust for full fifty years. Before one of these he stood, and even in the dim light, which scarcely revealed the outlines of different objects, the letters of the plate seemed perfectly distinct:

THEODORA,
Well Beloved Wife of
HARVEY KENT.
Aged 20

Upon these words his eyes were riveted. As he gazed, the coffin lid turned backward on its hinges, and the face of Dora appeared, no longer pale and marble-like in death, but arch and smiling, with a radiant smile wreathing the sweet lips.

And as he stood, overcome with wonder at seeing her in such a place, she reached out her hands, saying:

"Come, Harvey."

With the words yet ringing in his ears, he suddenly awoke. And as he sat upright in the easy chair, in which he had been reclining, and looking out into the starlight night, he heard the words again, further off this time, but clear and distinct.

"Come, Harvey."

A sudden impulse, which he could neither explain nor resist, seemed to urge him out into the garden, in the direction from which the voice had seemed to proceed.

A moment later, and he found himself walking hurriedly along in the direction of the church, half inclined to resist the impulse which urged him onward, and yet walking onward at a rapid pace, which he never slackened till he paused a moment in front of the little church, whose outlines looked weird and ghostlike in the faint starlight.

As he stood irresolute a moment, a faint cry from the vault underneath the church caused his heart to throb with terror.

Scarcely knowing why he did it, or in fact, what he was doing, he burst open the locked door, which resisted his efforts to open it, and descended the short flight of steps which led to the subterranean room used as a vault.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, it flashed upon him that this was the scene of which he had dreamed.

There was the dim outline of coffins ranged on either side, the white [illegible] in the semi-darkness around him. At this moment the moon, hitherto obscured by the clouds, shown forth in silver glory for one moment only, the next the clouds swept over it again.

But in that one brief moment he saw—merciful God!—what was it?

Was it a specter, or was it Theodora?

Theodora, sitting upright in her coffin, no longer rigid and ghastly in the pallor of death, but with the tints of life glowing on lip and cheek, and a look of wonder and fear in her childish blue eyes.

He darted forward, caught her in his arms, and bore her out of the damp, suffocating atmosphere into the fresh morning air, fragrant with the order of clover blossoms and flowery meadows. The suddenness of the shock on finding herself in that horrible place had, for a moment, overcome her strength, and she lay in his arms in a deathlike swoon, which lasted till he laid her on her own bed, in the chamber from whence they had born her that morning robed for the tomb.

Dora Kent lived many years after this, happy in the love of her faithful husband and the dutiful respect and affection of noble sons and blooming daughters, who grew up to call her blessed; and when at last she heard the inevitable summons, obeyed the call as one who had proven the vanities of earth, and would gladly seek the glories of that land whose "splendor passeth not away."

A New York letter to the *Philadelphia Times* furnishes some interesting information in regard to some of the most prominent Southerners who have come to the front in Gotham, with some gossip of their lives and fortunes. According to this letter, the best record made by any Southern in New York since the war is to be credited to John H. Inman, the head of the great cotton firm of Inman, Swann & Co. Mr. Inman, who is a Tennesseean, came out of the army a ragged, penniless boy, and reached New York in 1865 with less than $100 and no property. In 1870 he had accumulated $15,000; in 1880 he was worth $2,000,000, and had a net income of $190,000. He is just 36 years of age, and is the head of his firm—now Inman, Swann & Co.—which did a cotton business last year of over $10,000,000 and sent a profit to the balance-sheet of between $850,000 and $400,000. He has large enterprises outside of his firm, having last year over $1,000,000 in fertilizers, and, barring accidents, will in ten years be worth $10,000,000. W. H. Inman, of the same firm, is worth about $2,000,000. The youngest bank president in the city is a Southerner, Mr. James Woodward, of the Hanover National Bank, a young Marylander, filling this bill. He is also a director in the Louisville and Nashville road, and has universal respect and confidence. Mr. C. C. Baldwin, vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and director in the Hanover National and Continental Banks, is one of the rich men of Gotham. A Marylander by birth and education, he has the charming heartiness and cordiality that is blown up by the breezes of the Chesapeake, and is a great favorite. He is worth at least two and a-half millions, and many estimate his wealth at a million more. He cleared $750,000 on a single "turn" in stock last year. He lives in fine style, but without ostentation, swears by Tom Bayard, moves rapidly and audaciously, bleeds for the Democratic party, and is lighting on the street. The richest southern man in New York is H. Victor Newcomb, late the president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, who is credited with being worth now $8,000,000. He is just turning 37 years of age. Mr. Newcomb has a home in Louisville and a place at long Branch, and is now looking for a house in New York, which he will make his permanent residence. He is said to be largely interested in the Mexican railway scheme, deals liberally in stocks, is a "bull" in his sentiment, and is classed among the most skillful and successful operators in the city. Mr. R. T. Wilson, is a Georgian, is now in absolute control of 2,000 miles of railroad in the South, and is just about building two more connections. Mr. Wilson's wealth is estimated at about $3,000,000, and it is all held well in hand—perhaps more closely than any prominent railroad man in the city. Mr. Wilson relies upon earnings rather than speculation, and puts his faith in dividends rather than in "turns." M. V. K. Stevenson, a Tennesseean, who gave his early life to railroad development in his native State is worth upwards of $2,000,000, and is a careful and successful investor. Mr. Thomas W. Evans, another millionaire, was formerly a small merchant in Atlanta, Ga. Addison G. Cammock came from New Orleans, and had a snug little fortune when he entered Wall street—probably $200,000. He determined, however, to put this on the venture and make a spoon or spoil a horn. He is now worth three to five millions, and has retired from active business.

Of Mr. William R. Travers, who is a Marylander by birth and married a daughter of the late Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, the *Times's* correspondent writes as follows: "The history of Bill Travers is woven into the history of the best social life of the country. As a wit he is the keenest, clearest and most brilliant perhaps in the country, his humor being emphasized with a peculiar stammer that is delightful. 'W-w-what is your n-n-name?' Travers once asked a broker. 'Jacobs,' was the reply. 'Oh, I k-k-know,' says Travers, 'b-b-but what is your C-c-christian name?' A friend of Travers from Columbus, Ohio, to whom the veteran operator had frequently given points, approached him once during a very ticklish state of the market and asked: 'Mr. Travers, can you advise me what to buy this morning?' 'Y-y-yes, I c-c-can,' said Travers; 'you b-b-buy a ticket to C C-Columbus!' One day Travers, standing at the door of the Union Club, saw a well known and shifty man of wealth on the other side of the street, with his hands in his pockets. 'Look y-y-yander,' he said quickly, 'if there ain't D—w-w-with his h-h hands in h-h h-is own p-p-pockets!' At another time he was selling a stock that was 78 when he left the room. It jumped to 82 in his absence without his knowledge. As he came in he said: 'Five h-h-hundred at e-e-eighty.' 'Taken!' yelled a broker, falling into his arms. Instantly another sale was made at 83. 'W-w-what did you s-stop me for,' said Travers, 'I w-w-was t-t-trying to say eighty-f-f five.' Mr. Travers is, however, as clear-headed as he is witty, and his success on the street has become proverbial. A large line of 'shorts' thrown out from his hands was the first serious premonition of the panic of 1873, and he came out of that terrible period a much richer man than he entered it. There is no man living, perhaps, who has so much of the secret history of Wall street as Mr. W. R. Travers. He has been in the inner rings of many an important movement, and never forgets what he once knew. He is now special partner in two leading Wall street firms and is a large operator. His fortune is not less than $4,000,000, and his income is enormous. He is a free liver, a generous friend, and, as most of the Southerners in New York are, is a strong friend of Tom Bayard."

A Lesson for Parents.

We recently read in one of our exchanges a short story recounting how a father took half a dozen sound, rosy cheeked apples, without a speck or sign of decay about them, and after showing them to his children, placed them on a plate with another apple, which was partially rotten at the core. After leaving thus for some time, he again exhibited them to his children, when all the apples—those that had been sound as well as the unsound one—were found to be rotten.

Here is a practical lesson. It comes home to parents who exercise no care or restraint over their children, as regards the friendships they form and the companions with whom they associate. Their children may be dutiful, obedient, innocent and pure, and devout; but if they are allowed to come in contact with the vicious and impure with those who are disobedient and undevout, they will soon catch the taint of evil from them, and become like them.

Do parents think this? Many of them have no concern as to what acquaintances their children make, and whom they hold companionship with. As long as they do not misbehave themselves at home and while under the eye of their parents, they are allowed free scope. But what is generally the result of this? For awhile these children may continue respectful and obedient, and seemingly innocent as before. But the taint of wickedness has been caught by contact with wicked companions, and after a while the corrupting influence plainly shows itself in their conduct. Then, perhaps, they despise the efforts of their parents to restrain them and become irreclaimable. Their parents grieve, and are surprised at the rapid decline from virtue and fall into vice of their children. They cannot account for it, and wonder as to the cause, when the cause has all along been plainly before their eyes. The cause was their own negligence in not guarding their children against evil companions, and permitting them to associate with whomsoever they chose.

WINTER DAIRYING.—To carry on dairying in winter requires special preparations for the care both of the stock and the milk. Warm buildings must be provided in advance. There is no use in making the attempt without them. Cows while in milk are extremely sensitive to cold, and it has a very depressing influence upon milk secretion. Cows, which under more favorable conditions would yield liberally, soon fall below profitable production if much exposed to the winds and storms of winter. It is true of all farm animals, that outlay for keeping them comfortable is more than paid back in food saved, but when cows are in milk the necessity of comfort is doubled; it insures against loss in keeping and loss in reduced yield at the pail. The hay, which constitutes the great bulk of winter feed, is cut altogether too late. Dairymen wait for a bulk of fodder that will fill their mows and feel heavy to handle. They wait till the rich juices of the grasses have wasted away; the high color and flavor of their fats have become pale and insipid, and their starch, gum and sugar been changed into woody fibre; with this they fill their barns and are satisfied.

But such fodder will not make good milk, not enough of it to pay. To make milking in winter profitable, the cows must have food which is either green or succulent, or which was cut and dried in a green stage, so that it shall be not only rich in the elements of milk, but be so easy of digestion that enough can be digested to support the bodies of the cows and have something left to make milk of. Hay, as generally cut, is so scanty in available nutrition, and digests so slowly and imperfectly, that cows can only use enough of it, though they keep constantly full, to do more than supply daily waste. If they give milk, it will be at the expense of their stock of flesh and fat.—*Professor L. B. Arnold.*

One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters clamoring for attention, is concentration, to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short, art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of activity—all the energies of his hand, his eye, his tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture and many-sidedness are beautiful things to contemplate, but it is narrow-edged men—the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else—who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

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AN IDYL.

'Twas near to twilight as they stood
Upon the borders of the wood,
They two together,
And talked (as lovers always will
Who, when the day's long toil is still,
Meet in the soft gray light to bill)
About the weather.

They stood beneath the poplar's shade,
And on its silver bark he made
Two hearts united,
And wrought the letters of her name
And blushed at what with conscious shame
His hand indicted.

The moon rose up—the summer dew
The tree shook down upon the two—
The moonbeams glinted;
The pressure of a hand, a look,
To the twain dreaming by the brook,
Spoke more than many a quarto book,
In pica printed.

Well, well! It happened he and I
(He's over fifty now) went by
That spot last night;
The hearts and letters, overgrown,
Still on the poplar's bark were shown—
Her name, entwining with his own,
Seaming the sheeny white.

He stopped, and viewed with needful glass—
All come to that, the years, alas!
Not only honors bring—
Lit his cigar, and, when 'twas red,
"Poor thing! poor thing!" he puffing said—
"She married Stubbs—I hear she's dead;
Poor thing! poor thing!"

—*Charles Noble Gregory.*

A STRANGE STORY.

I HAVE a strange, almost incredible, story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwoodsman's daughter, accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the lonliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing Him and loving Him in His works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver: "Why! the little critter'd starve in the cold season, if it hadn't used its little flat tail for buidin' its house, and then filled it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the caribou: "Look at *that*, too," he would say, "and at the moose. Now, the caribou has to travel often a matter of twenty miles for his dinner, for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that hangs from the trees—so God gave him snow-shoes good as an Injun could make 'em to skim over the ice-crust—while the big, heavy mooso there sinks right in. His dinner is close to hand. He could live for months on an acre lot!" He would speak of the loon, and its adaptation in every way to its watery home—always ending such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half-way with Him!"

I was the only one left of ten children. My father, when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain, but only say: "They're better off! Why! if we can't trust the little children, that don't know what wrong-doing is, and don't know the meaning of sin, then there ain't *any* chance for us men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a *lorette Canadienne*, and her bright French spirits carried her gayly over many a hard trial in her life of frequent deprivations. One great, overshadowing sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year-old daughter, her only beautiful child—the one in her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half-hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little six-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had had a splendid time—we always did when we went away together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly homo, toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's heart felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moaning, a dreadful heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her head leaning on the empty crib, and mourning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How, or where, we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and, at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter time. The nuns of the great convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose-hunting for weary months; but the summer-times we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, but never on the site of the log-cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my nineteenth year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centers there!

We passed one peaceful month together, disturbed only by distant rumors of the diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding along from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night when father came home, languid and feverish, from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father, all strength seemed to desert my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that, if father's life were taken, I should have to part with them both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and they had suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become the life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand, and sick at heart, against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and on the afternoon of the eighth day I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the thought of the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came, as I sat by the lake-side, flooding my desolated world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their new-found joy.

The stars had come out before I ventured to return to the worse than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night—how horrible I did not foresee, or I could not have endured it. What follows I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof of it in a well-defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience had not my children's laughter and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lakeshore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment on the opposite shore, had seen some game in our wild woods, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold in the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go on my rugged path alone! Heart-sick and overcome, I stopped at the door, and, leaning my head against it, sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out as length, I had grown quiet, and was just about to lift the latch, when a faint moan, as of an animal in pain, and close to me, startled me; then a death-like silence reigned.

I knew I had not been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature in distress. "It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong." No longer hesitating, I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light, and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor, wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes! I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn—spotted dun-color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp!—and so I came quite close to it, leaned over, and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful, as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, dead, possibly, she lay—matted hair all about her face and clothed in doeskin. Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being, whatever, whoever she was, might be saved to live.

I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock-boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and when at length her great eyes opened, I felt it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an access of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like, wild terror took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I stanched the wound, and prepared nourishment in case she waked. Too busied in these wnys for further speculation, only with a strange weight at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a stealthy look in them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to hide her head when I offered her my carefully prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided any appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement. I could see her eying eagerly with a wretched, famished look a raw venison steak that had been forgotten and lay on the table close beside her. Suddenly, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

Horror filled my heart. Could this creature be human? I sat still in the corner, where, myself unseen, I could watch and restrain her if necessary, and soon—weakness overcoming her—after this last effort she lay tossing in an uneasy sleep.

Oh! I was so weary and so very lonely! The dreadful night was almost at an end. I went to her side, threw myself on the bed beside her, and put my arms about her neck. Again her wonderful eyes opened full in my face. I fixed them with my own. I caressed her, called her by the endearing names of old. I besought her to be gentle and to love me. I told her she was my own, the only creature left for me to love and care for! One short second it seemed as if a soul looked out of her glorious, deer-like eyes, then, with a groan as if she gave the struggle over, and with that low, fearful growl again, she fastened her white teeth in my hand.

Shrieking with the pain, I fainted. When I came to myself dawn was struggling in at the window; leaf-shadows flickered on the floor. Fearful pain in my hand roused me at length, and a consuming thirst drove me to the woods toward the spring to allay it.

I struggled through the underbrush, and there, close to the water, discerned a confused mass. There lay my poor sister, dead, her head pillowed on a wild-cat of the woods, shot by the same hand, probably, that had wounded her fatally.—*Appleton's Journal.*

IT is affirmed by the collectors of statistics in regard to intemperance that in the year 1879 there was paid out for intoxicating drinks by the people of Germany the sum of $650,000,000, and by those of France $580,000,000, of Great Britain $750,000,000, and of the United States $720,000,000—making a grand total of $2,700,000,000.

PITH AND POINT.

A GOOD housekeeper—A watch dog.—*Toronto Grip.*

THE shoemaker has a chance of being the last man when the world comes to an end.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE girl who was courted by a spruce young lawyer said she liked to be protected by the strong arm of the law.

THERE is not a Smith in the United States Senate, and yet that body is supposed to represent the people.—*Philadelphia News.*

A BOY who can gallop along the walk with three boys on a sled behind him finds an armful of wood a back-breaking burden.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A YOUNG city fellow bought a farm last winter. He had a fine orchard of about two hundred apple trees, and a few weeks ago he tapped every one of them for cider.—*Kennebec (Me.) Journal.*

A LITTLE girl living down town was saying her prayer the other evening and had just finished "give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "Say cookies, Mamy!"—*Troy Times.*

A BIG six-footer was lifting for all he was worth on a wagon wheel which was stuck, when a little two-foot mite of humanity, nearly as broad as he was long and just out of long dresses and into pants with hands in his pockets and a swaggering air, sang out: "Mister, do you want me to help you? I can grunt while you lift."

SOUTH END Maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theater and to a supper afterward, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.—*Boston Post.*

AH, well! our lives are something like old papers!
We serve our day and then are shelved at last.
Like pages spoilt by printers in their capers,
Some pages are blanks and misprints, and are cast
Away forever; others, free from stain,
Bear virtue's impress, and as joys remain.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

AN electric railway experiment is proposed for Paris.

ILLINOIS manufactured half the farming machinery made in the United States last year.

THE exports of grain from the port of New York during the year 1880 reached 107,000,000 bushels, an excess of nearly 13,000,000 bushels over the exports of any previous year.

THE Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company has awarded a contract for 141 narrow-gauge locomotives to the Baldwin Company of Philadelphia. The machines are to be delivered this year. The cost is over $1,600,000.

THE corrosion of iron in boilers is due, for the most part, according to M. Lodin, to the absorption by the iron of the oxygen in the water, and but slightly by the absorption of oxygen set free by the decomposition of the water.

THE life of a submarine telegraph cable is shown by experience to be from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years of age, it can not be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight—a fatal difficulty, and for which there seems to be no practicable remedy.

THE *Photographic News* describes a detective camera, the invention of Mr. Bolas. It is like a shoeblack's block, and may be slung over the shoulder with a strap. It carries gelatine plates already in position, and a lens that is always in focus for any distance from twenty to thirty feet. It may be dropped in the street any time the owner sees a group he wants a picture of. When it touches the ground a bulb is squeezed and the exposure is made.

COMPRESSED peat in London, and indeed in almost all the towns of considerable size throughout Great Britain, is rapidly coming into use. On one of the most important railroad lines, too, compressed peat has for some time past been used, and with entire satisfaction, the fact appearing, from the engineer's report, that twenty-one pounds of peat will raise steam for a mile of transit, while the number of pounds of coal required to do the same work is twenty-six. Its cost is less than one-half that of coal.

THE metric system seems to be making progress in this country. In the Marine Hospital service it has proved an unqualified success, and the *Medical Journal* states that nearly all visiting-lists, call-books and dose-books, as well as works on Materia Medica, are now being printed with metric equivalents, while in many medical colleges it is now hardly possible for students to learn, or the instructor to impart, such branches as histology, physiology, chemistry, etc., without introducing the metric system.

An Extraordinary Magnet.

MR. and Mrs. John C. Collins, residing at 117 East Ninth Street, St. Paul, are astonished, almost dismayed, at a remarkable peculiarity only lately observed in their son, a boy 10 years old. The boy is a healthy one, with nothing odd in his appearance except that close observers might consider his head disproportionately large. He attends a lower-town Catholic school, and in school appears as a rather bright scholar, but without particularly studious habits—just a stout 10-year-old boy, with a boy's inclination for play and mischief, but quick to learn when he has to study. The peculiarity is that the boy's left hand is a wonderfully strong magnet. Metal articles of light weight attach themselves to his hand so that considerable force is required to remove them. Knives, pins, needles, buttons, etc., enough to cover his hand, will thus attach themselves so firmly that they can not be shaken off. Still more, the attraction is so strong that a common coal-scuttle can be lifted by it, and heavier implements have been lifted by stronger persons taking hold of his arm. With heavy articles, however, the boy complains of sharp pains darting along his arm. In a lesser degree his left arm and the whole left side of his body exerts the same power; but it is not at all manifest on his right side. A scientific investigation of the phenomenon has been instituted.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Novelties in Farming.

OSTRICH farming has been so remarkably successful among the British settlers in the Cape Colony of South Africa as to have become the leading source of supply for ostrich feathers in the London markets. It is, therefore, not surprising that the capitalists of California, in their eager pursuit of opportunities for diversifying the farming interests of that State, should have introduced ostrich-farming, just as they had previously adopted the culture of oranges, lemons, olives, tea, coffee, grapes, and the production of raisins. This peculiar feature of stock-raising belongs to a class of advanced developments in the great department of agriculture which promises to expand the investment of capital in farming to correspond with the marvelous progress of railroads, manufactures, and mining. The ordinary stock-farming in America has of late years increased enormously in consequence of the rabid multiplication of butter and cheese factories, and of the immense demand for American meat products in Europe. Parallel with that development there have come into existence various kinds of what may be called fish-farming, which not only includes the artificial propagation of salmon, black bass, and other food fishes in our rivers and running streams, but has been developed into lobster-farming on a large scale on the coast of Maine, and carp-farming in all the ponds, lakes, and inclosed sheets of water of the New England and Middle States. Thus in New Jersey, where artificial lakes are numerous, carp-farming has suddenly become a new source of profit to the farmer, which in former years no Jerseyman ever dreamed of. Whether the humble bullfrog is destined to be similarly profitable to the farmers of this section of the country depends upon the favor that may be extended to frog-eating by the people of New York and Philadelphia. Indeed, viewed in this light, stock-farming may be extended to anything required for domestic consumption. It has already been extended on an immense scale to the trade in eggs, butter and cheese, and if the accounts respecting the productiveness of the food carp may be relied upon, that particular class of fish-farming promises to eclipse all others. As regards the adaptiveness of our country to ostrich-farming, there is no room for doubt that the business would prove successful in many of the southern parts of the State of California, and that it might be introduced with equal success in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. A number of years ago some attempts were made by prairie farmers in Kansas and Nebraska to domesticate the bison, or buffalo, and to raise herds of that species by farming "on the range," as it is called, but the Agricultural Department has not lately published any accounts on the subject. Should the ostrich-farming in California be successful, that State will undoubtedly surprise the American market with a cheaper and better article of ostrich feathers than the imported article. Of course, the local trade in California will be too small to support the business to any extent. Therefore the demand for feathers would have to come from the Atlantic division of the Union. This item of trade is by no means a small or unimportant one, and should the California experiment prove successful it may lead to the domestic production of camel's hair by stock-farming in Texas, where the climate is adapted to those animals. In our own section of the country decidedly the greatest novelty is carp-farming, which promises to attain a remarkable development, especially in the Middle States, where the first experiments have resulted most auspiciously and have excited general attention.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Best Time for Cutting Grafts.

IN several publications we notice that the cutting of grafts in the fall, "or before the sharp cold of winter injures their vitality," is highly recommended. Directions are thus given how they are to be preserved through the winter: They may be packed away in boxes of fine damp moss, damp sawdust, or buried in the earth or sand." There is a great deal more added which we do not think worth while to quote. This mode may be a very good one, but we have never tried it and just now do not seem in the mood to do so. We have done most of our own grafting, and have been successful. We never cut our grafts before February, and if the ground is not frozen stick them in at the foot of the tree, then the variety is known without labeling. If the ground is frozen they are tied up, the bunch labeled and buried in the ground under a shed or in a rather dry place. We have set seventy of these grafts (pears) at one time *and every one of them grew.* Once on a time we employed a professed grafter, who brought his own scions (cherries) and set thirty-two for us, *every one of which died.* The following spring we thought to try our own hand at it, and set sixteen (cherries) on the same tree which had been fifteen years planted, the grafts cut as usual in February, and eleven of them grew. This we thought was doing pretty well with cherries. If the grafts are all carefully preserved and properly set, it makes no difference whether cut in fall or spring. Cherry grafts, however, should be always cut before the buds show any signs of swelling.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SUET PUDDING.—Two tablespoonfuls of suet, one cup of bread-crumbs, one quart of milk, eight eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, nutmeg, cinnamon. Chop fine suet sufficient to make two tablespoonfuls; boil the milk and pour it on the bread-crumbs, cover it and let it steep half an hour, then let it cool, and add alternately the suet and flour, then the eggs, which must be beaten very light, lastly spices. Dip the pudding-bag in hot water, put in this mixture and tie it firmly, boil it two hours, and serve with sauce. Send it to the table as soon as taken from the pot.

BACON.—Ham and lean of bacon, which is usually hard and tough, may be cooked so as to be perfectly tender and without waste of fat, by not allowing the water to boil. The English always cook it in this way.

FRIED BREAD.—Stale bread, eggs, milk, flour. Make a smooth batter of eggs, milk and flour; cut the bread in thin slices; dip each slice in the batter, and fry to a light brown. Serve with sweet sauce.

Our Young Folks.

BABY'S VALENTINE.

"WHAT shall I send to the baby?"
St. Valentine ponders to-day,
"I know she'd feel hurt if neglected,
For girls always do, so they say.

"She is almost too little for bonbons,
And pictures, though well in their way,
Are not good enough for my lady,
So what shall I do; who can say?

"If 'twas summer, I'd send her some roses,
To match cheeks as blooming and fair;
Or stars—could I get them—or sunbeams
As bright as her own silken hair.

"There's naught that's too good for the darling,
So innocent, gladsome and free,
Who brightens our lives with her laughter,
And drives away care with her glee.

"Then what shall I send to the baby?
I wish I could find something new,
As fresh and as pure as my lady;
Ah, now I know what I will do.

"I will just send her plenty of kisses,
Too many there never can be,
And surely the shyest of Misses
Will take them from an old chap like me."

ST. VALENTINE.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE DIFFERENCE IN TREES.

A Ten-Minute Sermon to Children.

THE Bible compares men to trees: good men to good trees and bad men to corrupt trees. David says that a good man is like a fruit-tree, planted by the channels of water, and yielding fruit in its season. In the ninety-second Psalm it is said that the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, and shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Isaiah speaks of those whom the Lord has redeemed as "trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord." In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus likens bad men to corrupt trees that bear evil fruit. And Jude compares the wicked to trees that have been plucked up by the roots, and the fruit of which has withered. If you have ever walked through a large forest, you have discovered that there are a great many different kinds of trees. And these different kinds of trees suggest the differences we see in men. They may be said to represent character.

There is the elder, for example. You see it growing along the fences. It looks like quite a strong tree when it grows large; but when you cut through the trunk or stalk you find that it is hollow. You would hardly want to take it for a cane and lean your weight upon it if you were lame. It would be very apt to break and give you a fall. Now, men or boys who are not controlled by principle are like these elder trees. You can't depend upon them. They are unreliable. They may look well, but it will not do to trust them. There is a hollow spot in their character, like the hollow heart of the elder tree.

Sometimes, when you go out for a walks in the country, you come to a little stream of water; and along its banks you find perhaps a great many bushes or trees with slender yellow twigs. We call them willows. If you take one of these twigs in your hand, even quite a large one, you find that it yields to your slightest touch. You can bend and twist it with perfect ease. And some boys are like these willow twigs. They are pliant. They are easily turned aside from the right path. They yield to very slight temptation. It is hard for them to say No! when sinners entice them, and to stand up for the truth in the face of opposition. We say of such boys that they have no moral strength, no backbone. They are like willow twigs.

One variety of the trees that line the sidewalks in some of our cities is called the ailanthus. It is a native of China, I believe, but has been transplanted from its far-off Eastern home into England and Scotland and America. Some people admire it; but if the blossoms of the ailanthus are as disagreeable to you as they are to me, you would rather go out of your way a block or two than to get the strong, sickening odor. Let me tell you who these ailanthus trees in the time of blossoms remind me of. They make me think of boys who have formed filthy and disgusting habits; of those who defile their mouths and soil their lips with the juice of tobacco, or with strong drink; or who smoke poor cigars or dirty pipes until they become offensive to people who are neat and clean; or who use foul and profane words, the unmistakable index of a bad heart. I hope that no lad who reads this will consent to become a moral ailanthus.

Then, away off in that Eastern world from which the ailanthus comes, there grows another tree of which you have all read, of which you may have read some things that are not true. It does not grow in China, but to the south of it, in the Sunda and Philippine Islands. It is called the upas-tree. Upas is the Malay word for poison. From the juice of this tree the Malays prepare a poison in which they dip the points of their arrows. A wound inflicted by one of these poisoned arrows is generally fatal.

The story of a poison valley in the Island of Java, into which it is dangerous to venture because of the odor of the upas-tree, is a mere fable. There is a narrow valley in Java in which neither animal nor vegetable life can subsist; but this is owing to great quantities of carbonic acid gas constantly escaping from the earth, the presence of which is as fatal to the upas-tree as to any other. The real upas, with its poisonous juice, may be said to represent evil men and bad boys, whose influence is hurtful and poisonous. Solomon warns us against them in the Book of Proverbs. He says: "Walk not thou in the way with them. Refrain thy foot from their path." We ought to avoid them as we would the upas-trees if they really gave out a poisonous and deadly odor.

But there are other trees which represent characters of a nobler sort. I want to speak of two or three of these.

Did you ever sail up the Hudson in the day time? If so you may have noticed, at many points, a dark evergreen tree with a handsome, cone-shaped top. It is commonly called the cedar, though I believe its right name is the fir. Now these fir trees often grow in clusters, sometimes many acres in extent. And one peculiarity that they have is that of growing on rough and rocky ledges where there is very little soil. One would think that the barrenness of many of these places would discourage any tree. But it is just here that the fir tree grows in the greatest profusion and perfection. God has made them, it would seem, on purpose to adorn and beautify these waste places. I remember once conversing with a couple of bright young Englishmen on the deck of a Hudson River steamboat, who could hardly be convinced that the beautiful and shapely fir trees that we saw on a rocky ledge on the west bank, not far above Newburgh, were just as God made them grow. They supposed that some one had trimmed and cultivated them. Do you not know some people who are like these fir—some who live in plain homes, whose life is very lowly, who make no noise in the world, whose lot is a hard one, but who so adorn the humble home, and cheer and bless the lives that are being lived around them, that you cannot help feeling, somehow, that God put them where they are for that very purpose? They beautify and brighten what would otherwise be a barren waste. Remember that however obscure your life may be, you can make it beautiful with the beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ, and can help to make some home that would otherwise be bald and unattractive a bright and happy place.

How many little hands have been busy this fall gathering the golden, or russet, or bright red products of the apple orchards? The apple tree may not be very graceful or grand, but it has a peculiar beauty to our eyes because of its usefulness. All through the long winter we rejoice in its fruit. And I know a good many homely people, who dress plainly, and who make no show in the world, but whose kindness of heart, and willingness to help others, and daily endeavor to make themselves useful, give a beauty to their life which is greatly to be preferred to the short-lived beauty of a pretty face. We forget how plain they are. They come to look handsome to us. The beauty of the soul shines out in their features, and makes the most rugged face beautiful.

My time is up, I fear, but there is one other tree that I want to speak of. I mean the oak. What a sturdy, vigorous tree it is! You can depend upon it, from the stout trunk down to the smallest branch. The lame man may lean with confidence upon his staff of oak. When the oak tree grows, as it often does, on the bleak hill side, the rude winds only make it take deeper root. It is a good representative of a type of manhood that we love to meet. We speak of men who have "a heart of oak." We mean those men who can be depended on, who are true to their principles, loyal to their convictions of duty, bold and firm in their defense of the right, steady and persistent in advocating what they believe to be truth; men who never desert a friend in his hour of need or prove false to any trust.

A little English boy was left by his father at the main entrance to the Bank of England one morning, with orders to remain there until his father came out. But the latter, being detained longer than he anticipated, forgot his boy and passed out by another door. He did not think about him until late in the afternoon; but he said to a friend that he knew just where to look for the child. He was sure that the *little fellow* had obeyed orders. And sure enough, when they got to the entrance to the bank, there he was, tired and hungry, and wondering why father did not come, but with no thought of yielding to his weariness and of abandoning his post. That boy had in him the making of a man with a heart of oak.

Which of the trees that have been spoken of will you take as your representative? Will you be like the hollow-hearted elder, the pliant willow, the unsavory ailanthus, the poison upas, or will you try to be like the modest fir tree, which gladdens the waste places of earth, or the apple, which commends itself by its fruitfulness, or the oak, deep-rooted and sturdy, and sound of heart?—*Rev. John Teal, in Christian Union.*

A Friendly Horse.

SOME boys had placed in a field a snare by which they hoped to catch a rabbit. It was a sort of noose made of coarse, twisted grass. Fido, the dog, put one of his fore-feet in the noose, and in trying to get away his leg was doubled up by it. He limped off howling to his friend Hero, an old horse that was grazing near by. Fido lifted up his leg, and Hero at once saw what was the matter. But Hero had no knife with which to cut the noose. What could he do? He did not stay long in doubt. He put down his head, and began to gnaw at the noose. Taking good care not to bite Fido, he nibbled at the wisp of twisted grass till it dropped off, and the good dog was free.

You should have seen Fido as he scampered round, jumped up and barked at his old friend. "Barked at him?" Yes; but it was all in play, as much as to say, "You dear old Hero! How I thank you! I will do as much for you, should you ever get into trouble. Bow, wow, wow!"

And Hero galloped round, and threw up his heels, but took good care not to hit his friend Fido. Each seemed to be glad in the feeling that a kind act had been done.

This is a true story.—*Nursery.*

THE Unter den Linden and other streets of Berlin were on New Year's morning made the scenes of most unseemly violence in connection with the anti-Jewish agitation. Large crowds of riotous merrymakers, mainly students, gathered before the chief cafe of the town, much frequented by the Hebrews, and made a regular demonstration. They smashed the windows and mobbed all the Jews whom they met. The police were comparatively helpless. Another cafe was invaded and emptied of its Jewish customers. Large and stormy public meetings continue to be held, and the anti-Semitic crusade seems to be gaining in force, that of the fist, however, being now substituted for that of the tongue.

THE spoken language of China so differs in every separate province that people living a hundred miles apart can no more understand each other than a Norwegian can understand a Hottentot. The mandarin or court language is more common than any other dialect, and is the official tongue of the Empire.

The Republican.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HAPPY MAN.

By day, no biting cares assail
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night my slumbers never fail
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the Sun, with orient beams,
Gilds the fair chambers of the Day,
Musing I trace the murmuring streams
That wind their way.

Around me Nature fills the scene
With boundless plenty and delight;
And touched with joy sincere, serene,
I bless the sight.

I bless the kind, creating Power
Exerted thus for frail mankind;
At whose command descends the shower,
And blows the wind.

Happy the man who thus at ease,
Content with that which Nature gives;
Him guilty terrors never seize;
He truly lives.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE WHISPER IN THE WOOD.

1845.

RONALD MORRIS and his young wife are sitting in the snug parlor of an inn at the little town of Oakhampton, on the confines of Dartmoor. The season is autumn, and the time evening. Lamp and firelight combine with the homely surroundings of the remote hostelry in giving a sense of cheery comfort. Ife—young, broad-shouldered, strong of limh and firm of countenance, blue-eyed and brown-haired—is poring over a map. She, rather younger, pale-faced but pretty, dark-haired and with eyes to match, and with a delicate yet well-rounded figure—she is idly glancing through the pages of a book. Presently he speaks, half to himself:

"Yes, I must have a look at that place; it promises well as a background for a story. I have often heard of it."

She, somewhat apathetically, inquires:

"Some expedition you are contemplating?"

"Yes, across the moor; I can not quite make out how far it is, hut I trace the way, and it must be within an easy walk, six or seven miles; yes, I thought of going to-morrow, if you will not be very much bored, dear little woman, hy being left alone for a few hours."

"Oh, nb, I shall manage to amuse myself; beside, it is necessary you should see what you want. It was to get some local color, as you call it, that we came down to these wilds, and there is no reason because we are out on our honeymoon that you should not do some work."

"You are the most sensible little wife, I believe, Sophy, that man was ever blessed with," he says, looking up at her with admiring attvntion, "and I was never so happy in my life!"

A knock at the room-door precedes the entrance of the landlord with two or three letters.

"The Lunnon post, zur, just in," he says, in his strong Devonshire dialect.

"Ah, of eonrse; you do not get your London letters here until very late," responds Ronald, taking the missives. "I suppose when the railway is open to Plymouth it will make some difference to this part of the world."

"I should zay t'uld be likely tu. Not as I zee it'll be o' much uso tu we in this place; we han't much doin' with Lunnon, though I make no doubt It'll he a rare chance for gentlemen like you that go jumping the country;" and after a few more words the man eivily retires.

Suddenly Ronald utters an exclamation of surprise, startling his wife from the placidity with which she is regarding him while he is looking over his letters.

"My word!" he goes on; "the poor old gentleman died suddenly the day before yesterday! Bless my heart! I am very grieved. How strange it should have happened just now, so soon after all his kindness to me—to us."

"What—not your uncle?" exclaims the wife.

"Yes, indeed it is; here is the letter announcing the fact, from Baston, his lawyer. I shall have to go to town. This is what he says, Sophy:

"'It is with the deepest regret I have to inform you of the sudden death of your uncle, Mr. Matthew Morris. Ile was found dead in his bed, and it will therefore be necessary for you, as his sole executor and legatee, to come to town and produce his will, that we may take out letters of administration; prove the will at. Doctors' Commons, you understand, and establish your right, etc. This would have been requisite in any case, but it is the more imperative, since, through Mr. Morris' eccentric views, he insisted on intrusting the will to your keeping.'

"Ah! I never told you, Sophy, I think, all about that," said the reader, breaking off. "Strange old boy! You know how good and kind he has been to me, and how hnt for him we could not have married for years; and you remember I told you that the day before our wedding he made his will in my favor, leaving me nearly everything. But I did not tell you of his funny fancy about the document. Ile drew it himself on a sheet of note-paper, and brought it with him the day on which he met me at Baston's office (the day before we were married). Well, then, when the lawyer pronounced the will to be thoroughly legal, and said that it only required signing and witnessing, he signed it then and there in the presence of Baston and one of his clerks; and when they had duly signed it, each being in the presence of the other, etc., as the legal formula goes, he took the paper, and handing it to me, said: 'There, Ronny, my boy; as this concerns you, and nobody but you, I desire that you should keep possession of it.' Then, with some good-humored joke at the lawyer's expense, he insisted that I should put the will in my pocket. 'Baston may keep a copy of it,' added my uncle, 'if it is of any interest to him, but you must keep the original, and mind you don't lose it, that's all.'

"Well, Sophy, I did put it in my pocket, and having no bankers or strong box in which to deposit it, I brought it away with me, and here it is still at this moment, in a little flat tin case, with a copy of our marriage certificate, and one or two more valuables, here in my breast-pocket," and Ronald Morris strikes the breast of his rough shooting-coat as he speaks, "the safest place in the world, if one has not a banker. But, upon my word, it is really very sad," he proceeds after a pause; "I never thought I should be called on to produce it so soon. Why, it is not a fortnight ago since he gave it to me, poor old fellow!" and, as the excitement of the explanation he has given subsides, his blue eyes moisten. His quiet little wife rises, and putting her arms round his neck, kisses and pats his cheek with a sweet and tender, if silent, consolation.

Soon he is talking voluhly again, discussing family affairs, and laying plans for the future.

"This puts us beyond the reach of sixpenny anxieties," he says, "but I shall not give up my pen. I could not bear to live an idle life, and, what's more, I shall not give up my expedition to morrow. I must have a look at that queer place before I leave these parts. If we start for town the first thing the day after to-morrow, it will be quite soon enough, and we can get to Exeter in time to catch the night mail the same evening. You will not mind traveling by night, Sophy, I am sure, since it will give me to-morrow out on this wild and strangely fascinating moorland."

To-morrow came, and Ronald Morris started on the expedition he had in his mind. His little wife, not from lack of interest in his purpose or his doings, hut from a characteristic inexactitude as to details, failed already to understand (even if she ever asked the question) the precise spot he was bound for.

So Ronald started, and, as he strolled away up and on to the bleak and solitary moor, she stood for a moment or two at the gate on the road, off which he turned, watching him. In a little while he looked back, held up his stick as a salute, and she in reply waved her little hand after her easy, gentle fashion. Thrice this action was repeated on both sides; then she saw his figure small and clear against the sky line on the steep hill ridge, and then he disappeared—disappeared from her eyes forever.

Lost on the moor! The days and weeks of helpless, desperate, and, at last, hopeless search by the whole country-side which followed threw no light upon the mystery. Lost on the moor! That was the verdict—that was all that could be said, and it was no uncommon phrase in that wild and treacherous region. Scores of men had so vanished and been never heard of since. Natives even, accustomed to the dangers of bog, crag, and fell, of overwhelming, blinding mist, of overtaking nightfall, of the sudden, deep, obscuring snow, and of the lost track; natives alive to all these perils have been lost on the moor, nor any trace even found. What wonder then that a Londoner entirely unused to and unknowing of the treachery lurking in such a wild should now and again share the same fate? The thing, indeed, was too common to create much more than the nine days' astonishment. And, since no clew could be obtained as to the direction the unfortunate man had taken, the searching parties that volunteered soon lost heart; their explorings were too vague at best to give them encouragement; and, finally, the kindly impulse which stirred the seekers died out, and the affair was given up as hopeless.

1855.

Sophy Morris, still young and pretty, and as placid as ever, bears traces nevertheless of her life sorrow, as how should it be otherwise? The marvel is that she survived the blow. In all probability she would have sunk under it but that the flood of new-born wifely love, which in its outpouring had seemed to carry the very essence of her soul before it, had found its channel changed, although not checked. As a mother, the devotion bestowed upon the stalwart lad of nine now standing at her side gave almost vent and verge enough for the deep love that was in her. In young Ronahl she seemed to see, perhaps, concentrated, a double claim upon her affection: first for the father, whom he so much resembled, and then for his own sweet sake.

Thus time and circumstance lent their healing influence to her great heart-wound, and though the cicatrix was vividly evident at times, the healing had been healthy, and with the birth of her boy had come about, as the surgeons say, at the first intention. But for this there was enough outside her loss, and consequent upon it, to crush all hope and joy from her future. Widowed as she had been, she had been obliged to return to her parents' roof, and found, as the eldest of a large family, that the poor pittance of the merchant's clerk, her father, made home far from a bed of roses. For, be it remembered, that with the husband had disappeared the provision for the widow which the uncle's will had insured. Carried in Ronald's pocket as the document had been, no claim upon the old man's estate could be established; and the money, a round £10,000 in consols, had passed to the next of kin, a younger brother, John, a very different man. This John Morris refused to acknowledge any intentions that his elder brother might have had. Ile knew of none of them, he said, and he stood upon his rights. Would he do nothing for the nephew's widow and her child? Well, why should he? Ile knew little or nothing about this nephew Ronald. What had he meant by marrying a penniless girl solely upon the strength of vamped-up promises made or not made, John Morris said, hy "that old fool, my bachelor-brother Matthew?" The mere copy of the will produced hy the lawyer might, or might not, be genuine; at any rate, John Morris declared it was a worthless piece of paper as it stood. Besides, had he not claims of his own to meet? However, he would educate the boy, that much he would do, until he was fifteen, and then he should wash his hands of the whole affair.

This was the utmost which all the urgent appeals that were made to him would produce, and there the matter stood.

1865.

And now there is, indeed, a second Ronald Morris to the front, the very pith and marrow of his father's self; and all who remember the cordial, happy and promising young author foresee that in a few more years, when time has filled out the son's muscles, broadened his shoulders, and deepened his chest, he will grow to be the very counterpart of the lost man.

Young Ronald was just nineteen, and since he left school had been placed on a drudge's stool in a city warehouse, from which there had been no release in the way of holiday until it was promised in that year of grace, 1865. A dreamy, imaginative lad, the tradition of his father's fate had come down to him with an impressiveness which increased with his years. But of course it had only been tradition, after all; of the tangible, actual sorrow of that fatal time and its results he had known nothing, realized nothing. Youth, strong health and commensurate good spirits made him, notwithstanding his reflective nature, a happy, cheery fellow, who was bent on making the most of his holiday now that it had come. Two youngsters in similar circumstances to his own were off with excursion tickets to the Land's End, and he arranged to join them.

Very soon the sight of mighty cliffs, of foaming, thunderous seas, of vast stretches of bleak Cornish moor, and the stories of the wild places and all the legendary lore clinging to that ancient western land, began to take possession of young Ronald, and stir what there was of the poetic and dreamily imaginative in his nature. He drank in eagerly all descriptions and accounts which he could get of the lonely districts and inaccessible solitudes by which he was surrounded. Rod and line mainly occupied the attention of his companions, and, though he was no fisherman himself, he would accompany them for miles along the moorland streams where they sought their sport. They met so little success, however, in their efforts to catch the wily trout that, like most novices, the young men attributed their failure to the fish, or rather to their absence. The Devonshire rivers, it was declared, would afford them a fairer opening for their skill; so they harked back eastward, and found themselves after a while whipping the pools and rocky channels of the West Dart. They took up their quarters at the small inn in an out-of-the-way hamlet known as Two Bridges, some eight miles from the town of Tavistock, and found the solitude of this unfrequented and almost mountainous region compensated for hy the better luck which attended their fishing. Indeed, to Ronald's dreamy nature the romantic and desolate character of the scenery had an especial charm, and while his friends were occupied with their favorite pastime he would often wander far afield exploring the remotest fastnesses of stream and fell.

The account which he sent home to his mother of the last of these solitary expeditions graphically brings this story to a climax.

"The day," he wrote, "was still and cloudy; gray mist hung heavily on all the highest tops, and crept far down their sides in graceful, fantastic, ever-changing folds. Such as light movement as there was occasionally in the air—it could not be called wind—carried the lightest sound to and fro with a wailing sort of echo. The never-ceasing rush of the river over its rocky bed was audible long after I had wandered away from it, and at intervals the voices of my two fishermen friends fell faintly on the ear. Presently, however, a curve in the way across the hill-side over which I was walking shut off all sound even of voices or running water, and I experienced a keener sense of loneliness, perhaps, than I had ever known. Very rarely, I take it, could nature have appeared so utterly motionless; not a blade of grass stirred. There was a hush on everthing which was almost terrifying—fit prelude, it would seem, as I look back upon it, to the storm of emotion which was so soon to overwhelm me. Another turn in the track plunged me, if possible, into a yet deeper silence and solitude. I was on the verge of a dreay, rugged, bowlder-strewn valley, in the depth of which appeared what at first looked like three large patches of scrubby underwood, but which on approaching them proved to be composed of stunted, diminutive oak and mountain-ash trees, their dead, bare tops, all spread and flattened out as evenly as though they had been cut by some gigantic scythe—which I guessed to be the mighty, seldom-lulling blast of an all-prevailing wind sweeping up the hollow. The trees grew amid massive blocks of granite, covered, as were the stems, with a dense and overwhelming growth of lichen and parasitical plants. A yet closer acquaintance with it showed the spot to be one of the strangest I had ever seen or dreamt of The gaunt, bleached, outspreading arms of the trees had something skeleton-like and ghostly in their aspect; weird demons of the forest they might be, stunted gnomes struggling with outstretched misshapen limbs to free themselves from the superincumbent weight of the split and tortuous rocks which held them fast, earth-bound as it were, between their clefts and fissures. A ghastly, ghostly, uncanny, awful spot, indeed, and seen under the gray gloom of the waning autumn-day, and in the silence and the mystic solitude surrounding it, most impressive. I can not describe the sensations with which I approached the outskirts of this wood, for despite its forbidding character, I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward it. It seemed to exercise on me a facination, a spell, which cowed my will, and while almost curdling my blood, yet impelled me forward, I knew not how or why! It was a spot to flee from rather than penetrate; it might be likened to a witches' trysting-place, the haunt of evil spirits, of demons, elves and goblins, who all had found embodiment in the shrunken and misshapen trees.

"I had strolled off on this wandering and desultory excursion without any definite purpose, hence I came upon this place purely by accident; but, once there, and realizing its strange appearance, I was, notwithstanding the feeling of awe which it inspired, filled with a sense of gladness.

"Moving forward half unconsciously, I had entered hut a yard or two within the confines of this unhallowed-looking region, when I was startled by a large black snake writhing away before my tread from under the rank grass and dense parasitical growth. The next moment I caught sight of a huge fox, as he rushed across a narrow opening amid the trees straight in front of me. Although I plainly saw the noisome creatures, it was as one sees and shrinks from such objects in a nightmare, and I felt as incapable of drawing back as if I had been really dreaming. The uneven nature of the ground soon, however, made further progress so difficult that I hardly knew how I got along at all. Yet I did manage to push on further and further into the wilderness, and was only arrested by suddenly sinking up to my waist between a gap in the rocks, as I stepped on to what looked like a piece of smooth greensward. This, in fact, was nothing but soft, mossy undergrowth, which, yielding the moment I trod on it, let me in and left me with one foot jammed tightly in a cleft of the granite. Some minutes elapsed ere I could extricate myself, and I had great trouble and difficulty scrambling up on to my former level.

"Standing still then for a while, I gazed dreamily into the depths of the impenetrable thicket, my head only a little below the level tops of the trees, whose bare and twisted branches spread out net-like above and around me. Now that I was, in a measure, in their midst, more than ever did they resemble misshapen and petrified skeleton. Like a very sepulcher seemed the place, with its ominous calm, and damp, deadly chill. The density of the thorny underwood, and the rank luxuriance of the ferns, ivy and creeping plants growing thickly over the blocks of granite and on the lower part of the tree-stems and here and there entangling some of the lower boughs with fantastic festoons of pale and yellowish green, lent, by contrast, an additional look of ghastliness to the barer portions of the old dead gohlins of the [illegible]

"A shudder more than once ran through my veins as I remained automatically surveying this mysterious spectacle. It seemed that I was rooted to the ground as firmly as the trees! The half-terrifying, half fascinating sensations which at first lured me on now became intensified, and kept me motionless, for a frightful thought entered my head. What would have been my fate had I been unable to extricate myself from that cleft of the rocks? or supposing I had fallen into a deeper place and been jammed by shoulders or hips between a smaller fissure; should I ever have got out unaided? No help could have reached me in such a wilderness, and I must have been held there a prisoner until I starved to death—never perhaps to be discovered, or not until my rotting and bleached bones had begun to look like the other bare skeleton forms surrounding them. Treachery now seemed added to the other perils of the place, and when at last I began slowly retracing my steps, I struck my stick on each piece of ground ere I ventured my foot upon it.

"As I turned back by the way I had come, the first breath of air that had been felt for an hour or more blew across my face; it was but a slight puff, but it was sufficient to create a little stir among the boughs, and to send a dismal, wailing sough through the wood. Faint as it was, it nevertheless gave an additional melancholy to the place, and increased the fascination with which it had beset me. I again stood still, now to listen. The wind by degrees increased, rising and falling, and creating with every breath more and more sound. It seemed now as if the weird forms of the trees were endowed with voices, and were moaning and whispering sadly to each other. One particular wail especially caught my ear, and the longer I listened the more definite it became. It might easily have been mistaken for the voice of a human being in direst misery. Presently, wrought up as my imagination was, I began to fancy I could almost hear the very words it uttered. 'W-a-i-t f-o-r me-e! W-a-i-t f-o-r me-e!' it seemed to say, now faintly, now quite audibly; and at length so actual, so real did the utterance become, that I turned back toward the spot whence it appeared to proceed. This was not far from where I had been brought to a standstill, but as I advanced the voice grew fainter, and when I had got a few more yards the wind died away, and it ceased altogether.

"Evening was coming on apace by this time, and I again began retracing my steps. No sooner did I do so, however, than the wailing whisper recommenced: 'W-a-i-t f-o-r me-e! W-a-i-t f-o-r me-e!' a long-drawn-out wailing whisper. Once more I turned back, drawn on hy a sort of supernatural power which, against my reason, moved me to the belief that I was being entreated to return. Such an imploring, heart-breaking appeal, so inexpressibly pitiful and touching, I had never heard before. But it stopped again as I neared the particular spot whence it seemed to arise. After listening over and over again, and going to and fro nearly a dozen times, always with the same result, a conviction stole over me that the effect was merely due to an echo, and that the reverberation was only audible in one especial spot. It was but my morbid fancy, I said, which made me attribute it to any other cause, and I was recovering something like a healthy tone of mind, when, as I was taking a last long look into a deep recess of the wood, I beheld a sight which half paralyzed me, and instantly brought back with renewed force that sense of the weird and supernatural which I was just shaking off. Yonder, within a narrow cleft in the rocks, moss-grown, and covered with the eternal undergrowth, there was a spectacle about which there could be no doubt; no tree could assume such a shape as that. Evidently, positively, it was a human skeleton, jammed tightly like one of the trees in a treacherous fissure, such as that into which I had just lately slipped.

"Very indistinct are my recollections of what I did, or what my feelings, during the next few minutes. I have a hazy memory of remaining irresolute for a time, and then of hurrying away, dazed, and then of returning and plunging into the thicket, regardless of the thorny brambles and the uneven, slippery, crevice-beset bowlders, for I remember I was standing presently close to these human remains, only a little above them, at the mouth, as it were, of the cleft. I was examining them intently, peering at them between the ferns and grass, which, hanging in thick clusters and pendant wreaths, grew from either side of the deep fissure in which the skeleton was immured, upright, and with an arm outstretched, and caught by the elbow tight between a smaller interstice of the rock. I shuddered as I looked into the eyeless sockets with their grim yet pitiful expression, at the two rows of glistening teeth, at the bleached bones with here and there shreds of rotten clothing still adhering to them. Tall dank weeds and brushwood hid the form nearly up to the waist, but, as the herbage was, down by the roots, somewhat thinner, I, with a tremor running through my whole body, dragged this a little aside with my stick, which struck on a substance that resounded like metal.

"I know not with what object, it was not curiosity, certainly not cupidity, but I knelt down, and, thrusting my arm elbow-deep into the wet and mossy grass, followed the stick's point with my hands, and, after a little groping, got hold of a watch and chain—hardly recognizable as such, truly, but still obviously nothing else.

"Then I pursued my search still further, for I foresaw that it now might lead to the identification of this unhappy human being who had been buried alive, heaven knows how long ago! by a fate which I myself had only an hour before so narrowly escaped. Thenceforth, although my feelings were greatly perturbed, and a host of emotions surged through my breast, my wits quickened; these were stern facts that I was dealing with, and I acted accordingly. The second time I thrust my arm in among the herbage just beneath the skeleton, which I was reverently careful not to disturb, I drew forth one or two more hard and, at first, less distinguishable articles than the watch—less distinguishable because twilight had set in, and, added to the density of the wood, rendered it impossible for me to see anything very plainly. I felt that I must instantly hasten back to the inn and give information of my discovery.

"In the obscurity of the fast-fading light, the weird gloom of the wood was greatly increased. A large owl suddenly flapped away from a near bough with a doleful hoot, while the wind, growing stronger every minute, turned what had formerly sounded like moans and sighs into shrieks and groans. I dare not, however, give way to any more fanciful imaginings, beset me as they might, and as they were even already doing. I wanted all my senses to get clear of this charnel-house of a place. Yet, having done so, and come back again on the road to the inn, which I knew, these same imaginings, these indefinable sensations which had overridden my common sense during the whole afternoon, returned, and, will you believe it?" ran on this letter of Ronald's to his mother, which he wrote the next morning, "so persistently have they stayed by me that I have not yet had the courage to examine closely the articles I found. No! though more than twelve hours have passed since then, somehow I can not touch them. They seem as if they might influence my whole future, might change the very current of my life; it is ridiculous, but inexplicable."

Was it inexplicable to Sophy Morris? Hardly, for did not her mind instantly fly back over those twenty years to that ever-memorable time, and could she not see in those indefinable imaginings in her son's mind a possible solution of the mystery surrounding her husband's fate? Might it not be that the marvelous and unseen working of human destiny had guided the son at last to the father's unknown grave? that the strange sensations, the awe, the gladness, the irresistible automatic impulse to linger in the wood, which he described; the readiness with which he interpreted the wailing of the wind into direct, articulate and whispered appeal "to wait"—to wait till the discovery was made—were traceable to the link existing between that vigorous young life and those moldering remains, and without which, when they, too, were endowed with life and vigor, her young Ronald would never have had his being? Her hope was strong that all this might prove so, and it was realized. In the end no doubt remained, for among the relics her boy had recovered was the small, flat metal tabacco-box containing the will of Matthew Morris, soiled, sodden, besmirched in places, well-nigh illegible, yet still preserved intact, and susceptible of being sworn to as the genuine document by the lawyer and his clerk, who signed it, and who yet lived to see right and justice done.

It was to Wistman's wood, then, that fate had directed the son's steps, and, as he thought, by the merest accident—to Wistman's wood, that uncanny, "whist old place," the "wonder of the wonders of the Dartmoor wilds," and whither the father had gone across the moor, never to return, on that fatal day twenty years before.—*All the Year Round.*

Indian Progress in Montana.

SAYS the *Daily Independent*, of Helena, Montana: The Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans, on the northern border of our Territory, have entered the wedge of preparation for the change required by the fast wasting supply of buffalo. For three years past all the labor at their Agency, such as cutting and hauling firewood, assisting at the putting in and saving of the crops on the Agency farm, etc., has been done by them. All the fences around the Agency were constructed by Indian labor solely. They inclosed more than 500 acres of land. About forty heads of families have abandoned their roaming habits, built log-cabins and now cultivate small farms. While seed potatoes were so scarce and high in price last spring, one Indian, Running Crane, had enough remaining after winter use to supply with seed all his brother Indian farmers. Potatoes, turnips and carrots are their favorite crops. Last autumn, on one of the "issue" days at the Agency, when the Indians were all gathered there, an Indian drove his wagon to the gate loaded with the produce of his farm, and then, in true Yankee peddling fashion, sold out by measure to the assembled crowd his potatoes, turnips and carrots. The taste for cabin building and living "as the white man does" is spreading among them, and in some of the valleys there is almost a village. To add to this the Department has sent saw-mills, now in course of erection, so that the necessary lumber may be had. The children within reach of the Agency attend school—of which they are very fond—and make fair progress. Several can read and perform very creditable examples in arithmetic. In speaking English, also, there is a great change. Formerly not a word of English was to be heard; now, around the Agency, "Open the door," "Come to school," "Where are you going?" "Come in," etc., are commonly heard.

On Picket.

THE relief is going out from the reserve picket. Between the reserve and the camp, where 10,000 men are slumbering, is half a mile of woods, fields and broken ground. Between the reserve and the enemy is a thin line of pickets—a man stationed here and there to give advance warning of any movement.

Follow the relief and you will notice how cautiously the men tread. The dark line winds around through the trees, flits across open spaces, and halts here and there for a moment to relieve the old picket. Musket-shot away are the pickets of the enemy, and a loud word may bring a volley of bullets. The line might pass you twenty feet away and you would hardly catch a sound.

Sit you here on this bank where you can look down upon the picket—aye, almost touch him. A little creek runs between you. There is an open space of thirty feet, and all around it are trees, stumps, logs and brush. It would be a lonely place in which to pass two long hours even in times of peace. There is a warning in the midnight breeze as it rustles the branches, and the waters of the creek have more than once been colored with blood.

The lone picket takes his station under a tree. In the dark shadow you can hardly make him out. As he finds himself alone his eyes are constantly searching the darkness in front, and his ears catch every sound. They tell of men found asleep on picket. It must be a strange man who could close his eyes in sleep with the night wind whispering in his ears: "Beware! beware! In the bushes to the left is a foe!" and the waters of the creek plainly saying: "Keep watch to the right! right! right! right!"

That man has been in a dozen battles, and has been wounded three times. Don't call him a coward,—and yet he trembles and turns pale before he has been fifteen minutes alone. The skirmish line with its deliberate murder is not as bad a place as this. If that man is dead when the relief comes again it will be worse than murder. Call that babbling creek company? Hark! hear what it is saying to him, every word as plainly spoken as if their language was the same:

"Look out! Look out. There is a fierce-faced guerrilla crawling through the bushes toward you! He has a knife in his teeth, and he is coming to assassinate you!"

If the creek did not say so, and if the picket did not understand, why did he give that sudden start and change his position? Why does he kneel to get a clearer look around him? Why does he keep his eyes fastened upon that stump until the intensity of his gaze brings out every knot and splinter? If fifty men were asleep in that space and one other were awake he would feel the loneliness and danger. By daylight a school-girl might weave a romance from the babble of the waters. Hark! Is there any romance in this?

"Beware! beware! That man with tangled hair, fierce eyes and savage face is still advancing! Be on your guard—watch—listen!"

Coward? Count the scars on his body—look up his record! No, not a coward, and yet his pale face comes to you from the darkness almost like a candle's light. If it was fear, he would creneh down. If it was cowardice, he would hide or desert his post. No, it is not fear, and yet he thinks it a feeling unworthy of him, and he braces against it. He turns a deaf ear to the whisperings of the creek. He refuses to hear the warnings of the breeze. You can almost see him as he shuts his teeth hard together and tries to force his thoughts into other channels.

"Look out! look out!" whispers the creek, but he refuses to hear.

Something is moving over the ground behind him. You can see it from where you sit. It is something darker than the dark ground beneath. Now it moves—now it halts—now its fierce eyes almost light up the darkness as it makes out the muffled form of the picket leaning up against the tree.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" gurgles the creek.

You hear it, but the picket is thinking of home. A thousand miles away is a quiet farm house. If the same wind blows there it kisses the apple blossoms and lulls the wife and children to deeper slumbers.

You see that dark something coming nearer. It is creeping up behind him. A tiger would rustle the leaves or snap a twig, and his victim would have time to call God's name before the spring. This is a human tiger. God put mercy in his heart, but it was driven out by hate.

"Save him! Save him!" cries the creek.

You start at the call, but he does not move. He is thinking of the wife whose tears wet his cheek—of the curly heads who cling to his arms—of the miles and the dangers between him and them.

That something rises up behind him. That terrible knife is transferred from mouth to hand.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" but it was done. Not a cry—not even a groan. The dead sank down with only a sigh. The picture of wife and children was hardly hidden between earth and Heaven.

"One less!" hissed the human tiger as he peered into the blanched face, and with a gurgle in his throat, as if he had lapped at the hot blood flowing toward the creek, he crept away to seek another victim.

"This is war!" whispered the creek as it shrunk away from the blood, "and war is murder!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN inhabitant of Cabaceiras City, Brazil, named Joaquin Marreiro, and his wife Juanita, aged respectively 103 and 97, contemplate ere long celebrating the eightieth anniversary of their junction in the bonds of holy matrimony. Of the twenty-three children born in wedlock to this aged pair, fourteen still survive, themselves abnormally old men and women. Joaquin Marreiro's family at the present time consists of 233 persons, including his venerable spouse and himself. A hundred and twenty-six grandchildren and ninety-seven great-grandchildren will attend the ceremony, which, for want of a better name, might be described as the Compressed Steel Wedding.

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SATURDAY FEB 19, 1881.

We have received from the publishers a copy of *Woodhall and Claflin's Journal*. This paper is published in London, England, and is "devoted to the advocacy of great social questions, and for the higher instruction and improvement of women." We don't take kindly to such latter-day saints as Mrs Woodhall, nor do we believe in or endorse such pernicious doctrines as are taught in her journal, which she terms "the *higher* instruction and improvement of women." Excuse us Victoria, if you please.

The Southern items in the River and Harbor bill will undoubtedly reward inspection. Congressman Page complained on Thursday that the Great Kanawha River in West Virginia was put down in the bill for $200,000, while the whole Pacific Coast had to be content with less than $140,000. The Kanawha was similarly favored last year. At the opening of the campaign in West Virginia, in June last, *The Kanawha Gazette* called attention to the "magnificent" appropriations which the Congressman from that district had secured, and thus boasted of them: "Kanawha River receives as much as the harbor of the city of New York! Charleston as much as the city of Philadelphia for its harbor! The IIId District receives more this year, from the public treasury, than the *net amount of all the taxes that have gone into the Treasury from the whole State of West Virginia for five years!*" This total was $349,000, and included these items: Guyandotte River, $2,000; Elk River, $5.000; New River, $12,000; Big Sandy River, $55,000; Kanawha River, $200,000; Charleston Custom House, $75,000. The Kanawha is 450 miles long and is navigable for 100 miles. Nearly a half million dollars within two years seems to be a generous appropriation for it.—*Cumb. News.*

MARYLAND ITEMS.

Edgar L. Root, one of the editors and proprietors of the Catoctin *Clarion*, was married on the 8th inst., to Miss Sallie E. Kirkus, of Littlestown, Pa.

J. J. Fenton, a well known politician of the "Managers" wing of Maryland Democracy, has just been appointed deputy clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore.

The farm of the late Conrad Schultz, near Middletown, containing forty-nine acres, has been sold at $33.95 per acre; fourteen acres of woodland were also sold at $5.15 per acre.

The postoffice at New Church, Accomac county, Va., and George Covington's carriage shop were burned on the night of the 8th inst. The postoffice building belonged to Wm. Marshall, of the firm of Marshall & Fallen, of Baltimore.

The following gentlemen have been elected trustees of Patapsco Institute, a female seminary at Ellicott City: Henry R. Hazelhurst, Samuel K. George, Henry E. Wootton, James Maccubin and Charles D. Ligon, who was chosen to fill the vacancy in the board occasioned by the death of his father, ex-Governor T. Watkins Ligon. Mr. Hazelhurst was chosen president of the board.

The rains of the past few days caused the breaking up of the ice formed on the falls of the Patapsco, and on Thursday night the ice commenced to move down the river. The stream gradually rose, and for a while considerable apprehension was felt by persons dwelling along its banks. The ice came down in huge masses, some pieces measuring over thirty inches in thickness, but no damage was done, so far as reported, beyond breaking away about thirty feet of the breast of the dam at the Union Cotton Factory, which will necessitate suspension of work for several days. At Elysville, the seat of Jas. A. Gary's cotton factory, the water rose to and above the railroad bridges, and fear was entertained that they would be swept away, and heavily loaded cars were placed upon them to weight them down. On the Baltimore county side of the river at that point the water ascended into the road and up to the fences around the houses, and for some time excitement ran high among the people, but happily all danger passed without doing any damage at that point.

The *Independent*, of Cumberland, did not make its appearance as usual last week. The contract under which the *Independent* had been printed on the *Times* press had expired, and a new press, which had been purchased failed to arrive in time to work off the paper last week. The publisher assures his patrons the paper will be issued as usual next week.

Editorial Paragraphs.

A stuffed ballot-box is not a good basis for apportionment.

Many anxious office-holders would be glad, no doubt, to know Gen. Garfield's views.

The North seems to think that a Congressman should represent something more than a handful of tissue ballots.

A reward of $000,000.01 will be given for the name of one man who has joined the Democracy since the election.

Southern Congressmen are "solid" in their anxiety to procure liberal appropriations for their different States. Sectional pride evidently does not extend to the point of refusing Uncle Sam's cash.

In a little more than two weeks the present Congress will have expired. When its record comes to be made up, it will doubtless be found that it has talked more and done less than any of its predecessors,

Ex-Senator Dorsey undoubtedly contributed greatly to the success of the Republican party last fall, by his able management of the campaign, and the dinner given in his honor by New York Republicans the other night was a well-merited compliment earned by the hardest and most zealous work.

Messrs. Michael Bannon and Dr. E. J. Henkle, will be candidates for the House of Delegates in Anne Arundel county this fall. Mr. Bannon wants also to go on the bench.

The credentials of Senator-elect A. P. Gorman, to succeed Senator Whyte for the term commencing March 4th, were presented to the Senate on Tuesday by Vice President Wheeler.

Three of Philadelphia's ring politicians have been convicted of conspiring to defraud the city in certain contract work. This will be a sad blow to the "boys," especially on the eve of a municipal election which threatens some of their most important interests.

It is a significant fact that in those portions of the South where Bourbonism is weakest the tide of immigration is strongest, and the industrial progress most apparent. In Texas, for example, where the mourners of the "Lost Cause" are comparatively few—and, except in a locality, not especially demonstrative—the growth in wealth and population has been simply wonderful. The same thing is relatively true of Florida and Tennessee. Bourbonism may be very chivalrous and all that, but—it doesn't pay.

Governor Neil, of Idaho, is evidently the right man in the right place. In his message to the Legislature, he warns the people of the dangers with which Mormonism threatens the States and territories adjacent to Utah, and calls for strong legislation to prevent the growth of polygamy in Idaho. The true remedy for Mormonism is to divide the territory of Utah between Colorado and Nevada, and crush out polygamy in the courts of those States.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

The two Houses of Congress on Wednesday met in joint convention in the House of Representatives for the purpose of counting the electoral vote. Vice President Wheeler presided, and the count took place in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. The vote of Georgia was not counted. Senator Thurman, acting for the tellers, announcing, when the electoral certificates had all been read, that Garfield and Arthur had received 214 votes, and Hancock and English 144 votes if Georgia be not counted, and 155 if it should be counted, but that in either event Garfield and Arthur had received a majority, and were duly elected. The Vice President then declared them elected according to the laws and Constitution of the country. —In the Senate, the Pension Appropriation bill, appropriating $17,000,000, was passed, as was the Legislative Appropriation bill in the House. —In the Senate on Thursday the bill appropriating $200,000 for the erection of a fire-proof hall of records in Washington was passed, as were also a number of private bills. The Postal Appropriation bill was taken up. It appropriates $42,475,932. An amendment appropriating $1,000,000 for subsidies to American vessels carrying the mails was offered, and the remainder of the session was spent in debate thereon, but no action was reached. —The morning hour was dispensed with in the House, and, after the passage of several private bills, the House went into committee of the whole on the River and Harbor Appropriation bill. An exciting controversy of a personal nature occurred between Messrs. Cox, of New York, and Reagan, of Texas; and the House adjourned without action on the bill. —In the United States Senate on Friday a resolution from Mr. Hoar for consideration of the question whether the assembling of large bodies of milita at the capital, referring particularly to Inauguration Day, was not likely to prove in the future a dangerous precedent, was laid on the table. —Mr. Bayard gave notice that on Monday he would ask the Senate to take up the House Funding bill and consider it until disposed of. —Mr. Dawes made a personal statement regarding criticisms upon his remarks in the Senate upon the Ponca Indian removal. —Mr. Wallace made a long argument on his constitutional amendments for a popular vote by the plurality rule in presidential elections. —In the matter of the subsidy amendment to the Postal Appropriation bill the decision of the Chair, that the amendment was not admissible, was overruled by a vote of 29 to 15. —In the House the business was generally of a private character, and was of no special public interest. —In the Senate on Saturday, the credentials of Thomas C. Platt, Senator-elect from New York, and of Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, were presented and filed. A resolution inviting foreign nations to participate in the international exhibition of 1881 was passed. The Senate bill amending the Revised Statutes so as to furnish protection to all officers of the government from executions on civil suits brought against them for acts done in their official capacity, was passed. At 1:40 P. M. the Postal Appropriation bill was again taken up, the question being on the appropriation of $1,000,000 for foreign mail service on American vessels. A long debate ensued, several amendments being offered and ruled out on points of order, and at 5:15 P. M. the Senate adjourned. —In the House bills to incorporate the Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal Company and the Eads Ship Railway Company were reported from the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, and after considerable wrankling were laid on the table, thus being disposed of for the present session. The morning hour was dispensed with, and the roll of States was called for private bills. The bill regulating the importation of materials to be used in constructing ships for foreign trade was made to include copper and spelter and passed. The House then went into committee of the whole on the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, Mr. Carlisle (Dem., Ky.) in the chair. General debate was limited to 35 minutes. Three of the forty pages of the bill were considered, and at 5:20 the House adjourned. —Memorials from nearly every state in the Union were offered in the Senate urging the proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The Postal Appropriation bill was again taken up, and the amendment appropriating 1,000,000 for subsidies to American vessels plying to foreign ports was finally rejected after a long debate, in which Senator Whyte took the lead in opposition to the amendment. The bill was then passed. This finally disposes of the subsidy schemes for the present session. —In the House a number of District of Columbia bill were passed, among them being a bill authorizing the Southern Maryland and the Washington and Chesapeake Railroads to enter the District for the purpose of connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Potomac roads. —In both houses the death at Hot Springs, Ark., on Sunday night of Hon. Fernando Wood was announced, and the bodies adjourned out of respect to his memory. —A bill was introduced in the Senate Tuesday proposing a constitutional amendment prohibitting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States. At the conclusion of the morning hour Senator Bayard called up the Funding bill, and spoke for an hour and a half in its favor, as reported from the Senate Finance Committee. Mr. Bayard made a strong argument in support of 3½ per cent. five-twenty bonds. The bill occupied the balance of the session, and no action had been reached on it at the hour of adjournment. —The entire day was devoted in the House to the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, but no action was reached on it, though the session was continued until 9 o'clock in the evening.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW WORLD.

The warm weather has weakened the ice all along the Delaware river, and at some places it has broken up. Fears are entertained of gorges at various points, by which terrible destruction of property would ensue. The Monongahela river at Pittsburg rose rapidly, and damaged the coal wharves to the extent of $40,000. Great damage to railroad bridges is reported from Ohio and Indiana, and fears are entertained of destruction along the Schuylkill, which was rising rapidly. —The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church held their annual meeting in New York. The total net assests of the New York and Cincinnati concerns and their depositories were reported at $1,355,068. The sales of books and periodicals during the past year amounted to $1,576,261.28—an increase of $126,128 over the previous year. —On Saturday night last, in St. Bernard parish, La., four men entered the grocery of Fritz Gruna, and after drinking, cut his throat from ear to ear. His cries aroused his wife, but he was unable to speak. She gave him pencil and paper, and he scrawled upon it, "Mattee cut me," before he expired. The full name of the murderer is Matthew Girard, who is supposed to be in New Orleans. —The Postoffice authorities have arrested Elisha Courtney and Rousco P. Griffith, road agents, who confess to having robbed the mail from Alexandria to Opelousas, La., on the 3d instant. The officers recovered $225, which has been stolen from registered letters. —Major Iiges who has conducted the warfare against Sitting Bull, announces that the campaign is ended, and that no further attempts will be made at present to capture the great Sioux chief or the small remnant of his band that has not surrendered. —The trustees of Williams College met in New York and elected Professor Franklin Carter, of Yale, president of Williams College, to succeed Paul A. Chadbourne, resigned. Professor Carter graduated at Williams College in 1862. —Hon. John Eaton, of Washington, United States Commissioner of Education, delivered an address on "Museum Illustration of Education" before the National Education Association, in session at New York. —The Canada Building Society has seized the trust funds of the Episcopal Diocese of Montreal as security for debt. The case of Trinity Church, over which the Bishop is a trustee, will be contested in court. —Small-pox prevails in Jersey City to an alarming extent. In one house there are eight cases, and in another there are three or four cases. Both houses are situated in the most densely populated portion of the city. —The Macon and Augusta Railroad bridge over the Ocmulgee river at Macon was washed away on Wednesday. This makes the second time this bridge has been washed away within thirty days. —The bark Magnat, Captain Berry, was ashore in a dangerous position at Swansea, and has received extensive damage. Five of her crew were killed. —Clarence H. Clark, of Philadelphia purchased the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad at Richmond for $8,605,000. —A despatch from Orange, Texas, says the steamer Vicksburg is reported wrecked off Sabine Pass during the storm on Saturday. —The snow fall at Winnipeg, Man., for the week ending Wednesday night was 33 26 100 inces. —It is estimated that 18,000 cattle have been lost by the floods in the province of Seville, Spain. —Henry W. Oliver and Galusha A. Grow, representing the Cameron and anti-Cameron factions in the Pennsylvania senatorial contest, withdrew from the fight, after twenty-one unsuccessful ballots had been taken by the Legislature. The factions were still unable to agree on a candidate, and James A. Beaver and Thomas M. Bayne will continue the struggle. —The United States Circuit Court at Richmond, Va., denied General Mahone's application for a postponement of the sale of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, and the road was sold, according to the terms of the decree of the court. —A collision occurred on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, near Owaneko, Ills., on Tuesday evening, by which three laborers were killed, and a number of railroad men were injured. The killed were Allen Jones, W. W. Tollock and H. McPherson. —Hon J. P. Wickersham, state superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania, delivered an address on "Weak plans in our system of public instruction" before the National Education Association, in session at New York. —In Warren, R. I., on Tuesday night, Christopher McKenzie was drawing Alice Coyle, aged sixteen, on a sled on the river, when both broke through the ice. The young man was taken out and resuscitated, but the girl was drowned. —A compromise was effected between the Pennsylvania Railroad and Western Union Telegraph Company, by which the litigation between the two corporations will be suspended for the present. —The ice at the Delaware Breakwater has broken up, and navigation is partly resumed. A great many vessels have been more or less damaged by the ice jostling against their sides. —Despatches from the United States camp on Popiar river, Montana Territory, state that Sitting Bull, with forty-three lodges, crossed the line into Canada on the 30th ultimo. —The steamer Josephine, of the Morgan line, from Havana to New Orleans, foundered at sea. The passengers and crew were rescued in the steamer's boats. —The spring meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club commenced at Charleston. The winners were Gold Bug, Helen Wallace and Mintzer. —Edward Kennedy was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the King's County (N. Y.) Court for the murder of Mrs. Nellie Stokes. —Stock books of the new Merchants' Telegraph Company were opened at Buffalo, and the stock was largely sought after. —A slight fire occurred in the Philadelphia small-pox hospital, causing considerable excitement among the patients. —Official returns of the output of coal in the British Columbia mines during 1880 give the total as 278,000 tons. —According to official figures, the yield of the British Columbia gold mines in 1880 was $1,013,827. —Governor Hamilton has appointed Hon. Daniel R. Magruder judge of the Circuit Court of Calvert county, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Brent, of the Court of Appeals. Hon. R. B. B. Chew, of Calvert, has been appointed to succeed Judge Magruder. —Mr. Blair, leader of the opposition in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, has laid down the following as the platform of the opposition: Abolition of the legislative council; reduction of the number of executive offices; no further increase of the public debt; curtailment of the paraphernalia of the government house, and more economic internal administration of the departments. —Mrs. Ellen Edward Corse, wife of Major General John M. Corse and daughter of James E. Edwards, founder of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, died at Burlingtonf Ia. Mrs. Corse was widely known in New York and Boston, being a member of the Woman's Club in the latter city. —Charles Rowell and Henry Vaughn, the pedestrians, and two attendants, with Bryan McSwyny, arrived in New York. Rowell appears to be in good condition. He said he would at once go into training for the match on the 6th of March. —At a general meeting of the United Weavers' Association at Fall River, it was resolved to strike at a certain number of mills to be designated at a meeting of the trades' unions on Sunday, at which meeting the time of strike will also be voted. —The commissioners who have been engaged in the United States Mint in Philadelphia for three days past in testing the coinage of the various mints of the country finished their labors. The report of the test will be made to the President. —William Barry, aged thirty years, a sailmaker by trade, while engaged Thursday encasing with felt the boiler at Peters' brewery, at Union Hill, New Jersey, was instantly crushed to death by the boiler falling from its supports while he was under it. —Ex-Governor Stephen A. Miller, of Minnesota, has been stricken with apoplexy at his home at Worthington and cannot recover. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1816, came to Minnesota in 1858, and was governor from 1864 to 1866. —Oliver Butterwick, aged 15, son of a prominent citizen of Allentown, Pa., fell into Jordan creek and was drowned. His body was carried off by the swift current and has not been recovered. —Thursday night the storehouse of the Stark Paper Company, at State Line, near Bennington, Vt., was burned. Loss $10,000; no insurance. Most of the contents was finished paper ready for shipment. —Henry McMakin and Samuel Langner, inmates of the soldiers' Home, near Wilwaukee, Wis., were found in their room suffocated by coal gas from an ordinary heating stove. —Miss Ann Reed, a lady medical student of Ann Arbor University, committed suicide on Thursday night by drawing herself in an inlet of Orion Lake. No causes assigned. —A verdict of $5,000 against the New York *Daily News* in favor of James Ayrd was rendered in the Court of Common Pleas at New York for an alleged libel. —A telegram was received by Joseph R. Wood, of New York, stating that his father, Hon. Fernando Wood, was very sick at Hot Springs, Arkansas. The nature of his sickness could not be learned. —The brigantine Velox got ashore one mile south of Swuan river, N. J., the fog being dense. There is little hope of saving her. All the crew were landed. —Mapleson's Opera Company concluded a two weeks' engagement in Chicago, the receipts from which amounted to $51,000. —Peter Cooper celebrated his ninetieth birthday by adding $110,000 to his previous munificent gifts for charitable purposes. —The Panama *Star and Herald*, of the 1st inst., records the arrival of forty emigrants to commence operations on the Panama Canal. —The latest betting for the race between Hanlan and Laycock, which will come off on the Thames on Monday next, is 3 to 1 on Hanlan. —The runners at the Charleston (S. C.) races were Nero, Goldbug and Daigasian. —A Brughie's toy factory at New Haven, Conn., was burned. Loss $10,000. —The breaking up of winter was signaled all over the country by ice gorges and floods. In Washington the Potomac overflowed its banks and submerged a large section of the city. The Baltimore and Potomac depot was flooded and abandoned, as were also Ford's Opera House and the National Theatre. A portion of the Long Bridge was carried away, and property along the river front, both in Washington and Georgetown, was damaged to the extent of many thousands of dollars. Pennsylvania avenue was flooded, and was navigated by parties in rowboats. —At Port Deposit and Harvre de Grace the river backed up and did considerable damage, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore bridge at the former place being raised from its piers. The Delaware river has risen terribly all through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and much damage has been done. The floods extend to cities and towns in all directions, the greatest destruction of property being at Toledo, Ohio where it is estimated at half a million dollars. —The second annual banquet of the Press Association of Baltimore took place at the Eutaw House. A number of distinguished guests were present, among them President Hayes and Senator Bayard. The menu card was a unique and striking affair, and the table was spread with every delicacy. The toasts were well selected and the responses were excellent. —During the day a reception was tendered to the President at the Johns Hopkins University, and the title of L. L. D. was conferred upon him. —A car on the Hall's Spring line ran down the incline on Fayette street without a brake, and a narrow escape from accident was the result. —A sergeant of the marines of the United States steamer Saratoga committed sudicide on Hempstead street with a dose of laudanum.

OLD WORLD.

The speaker of the House of Commons announced the new rules. They give him almost unlimited power to stop debate and compel a division. Mr. Gladstone replying to a question stated that the Coercion bill would apply to citizens of the United States who were engaged in fomenting trouble in Ireland. It was announced that offers had been made to the Boers by which peace could be obtained on favorable terms. —Mr. Dillon, in a speech at Manchester, Eng., announced that Parnell would be at Washington within a month, the honored guest of the American citizens. —Despatches from Africa state that Gen. Colley, the British commander, is completely hemmed in by the Boers, and that reinforcements will have to fight their way to his camp. —Thos. Carlyle was buried on Wednesday. —The House of Commons has rejected a motion to omit high treason from the list of crimes to be embraced in the retroactive clause of the Coercion bill. —Parnell was still in Paris, but is expected to return to London on Monday to take his place in the House. —The Baroness Burdett Coutts was married to William L. Ashmead Bartlett, the young Philadelphian who has been her protege for a number of years, and about whose marriage to the Baroness there has been so much gossip since their engagement was announced, in July last. —Mr. Forster, chief secretary for Ireland, said in the House of Commons on committee the object of the Coercion bill was not punishment for, but prevention, of outrages and incitement thereto. An eye-witness' account of the recent engagement of the British forces with the Boers makes it plain that General Colley was in reality in the field, and only succeeded in escaping back to the camp under the cover of darkness. —A Democratic banquet at Madrid was interrupted by the officials on account of a revolutionary toast. Two of the banqueters were arrested. —A convention in favor of universal suffrage was held at Rome on Thursday, the proceedings of which were uproarious, and attracted very little attention. —Further details of the battle between the British and the Boers at Ingogo river, Africa, on Tuesday, give the British losses as four officers killed, four wounded and one hundred and fifty soldiers killed and wounded. The British were beset on all sides by the Boers, and finally succeeded in repulsing them after six hours of hard fighting. The London papers consider the victory a very doubtful one, and agree that the position is very critical. The Coercion bill was passed to a second reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 359 to 56. —The powers have agreed on a definite plan of procedure in their effort to ascertain the utmost limit of concessions which the Porte will make to Greece. —A letter from the Irish bisops to the Pope is published, in which the former bewail the condition of Ireland and endorse the league. —Serious disturbances between the police and peasantry are reported from Ireland.

LOCAL NEWS.

A CARD.

All moneys owing to THE REPUBLICAN on subscription are payable at the office of F. A. Thayer & Co., and for all job work and completed advertising contracts to me.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Late Ed. and Prop'r.

-Communication from Frostburg received too late for this week's issue. Will appear in our next.

-Dr. Goldsborough, of Washington, D. C., has purchased the Tyson cottage. The price paid was $2,500.

-D. E. Offutt, Esq., has purchased twenty feet front off the lot adjoining his store building, from Mr. John Stutzer. Consideration $300.

-The attention of the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, is called to the professional card of Dr. A. F. Speicher in another column.

-A car load of U. S. troops passed through here on Tuesday morning, *en route* for Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.

-Married—February 6th, at the Corbin House, Kingwood, W. Va., by Rev. Jordan, W. Y. Waltz, of Oakland, to Miss Lizzie Turner, of W. Va.

-Paymaster Browne, U. S. N., has purchased from Mr. A. C. Wotring the McInnes property. It is reported that in the near future he purposes erecting several cottages thereon.

-The scarlet fever patients at Mr. Robert Porter's noticed in our last week's issue, we are pleased to say, are all convalescing, under the successful treatment of Dr. Keller.

-Again, on the 9th inst., for the fourth time in the last few weeks, the "messenger of death" visited the family of Prof. and Agnes Richardson, of Piedmont, W. Va. This time Nellie Lee, aged one year and ten months.

-We had some weather Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, which, we suspect, in Western parlance, would be called a "blizzard." If it was a bona fide "blizzard" the Western people can keep them, and we won't find fault with the weather clerk.

-Something new, for this place, in the way of glass ball shooting was practiced here one day last week. It consisted in casting in the air two balls at one time, and the "shooter" was expected, if possible, to break both before they reached the ground, two misses in succession being sufficient to exclude the marksman. The following is the score:

Springer—11, 11, 11, 11, 10, 11, 11, 11.
Thayer—10, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 00.
G. Delawder—11, 11, 01, 11, 11, 00.
D. Delawder—11, 11, 11, 11, 00.

-On Monday, 7th inst., as Mr. and Mrs. Johnson White were returning from a visit to friends in Preston county, W. Va., when crossing the stream near Mr. Lewis Thompson's their horse became frightened by the loosening of one of the trace tugs, and in the effort to get loose, upset the sleigh, throwing Mrs. W. on a piece of timber, painfully injuring her in the side and back. She is now recovering.

-A public meeting will be held at the Deer Park Union Church Friday evening, March 4th, 1881, at which time steps will be taken toward building a Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Deer Park. The meeting will be addressed by Revs. Ison and Jones, of Oakland, and Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, of Deer Park. Prof. Smith, of Keyser, will entertain the audience with choice music, instrumental and vocal. All are invited to attend. Services will commence at 7 o'clock.

-Capt. James A. Hayden, who was editor and proprietor of the REPUBLICAN, published at Oakland, Maryland, for the last several years, has severed his connection with that paper and it is now being conducted by F. A. Thayer, T. J. Peddicord and H. W. Combs of that place, the latter two being members of the Bar of Oakland, Maryland. Capt. Hayden has made the REPUBLICAN a first class paper and is one of the best practical printers in the country, having learned the business in Uniontown, in the office of the *American Standard* before the war. His parents live in the southern part of this county where they have lived for more than a quarter of a century. —*Uniontown (Pa.) Genius of Liberty.*

Personal.

W. H. Tower, Esq., was in Cumberland on Weddesday.

Samuel W. Friend, of District No. 1, called at our office Wednesday.

Miss Maggie Tower, who has been visiting friends in Bloomington, returned home Monday.

H. Wheeler Combs left here Sunday night for Baltimore, and expects to "take in" Washington before his return.

Miss A. A. Winters, who has been visiting relatives in Iowa, returned home Sunday morning.

Mr. Thos. J. Peddicord spent the most of last week and part of this in Cumberland attending to professional business.

P. C. Boucher, Esq., of Grantsville, employed in the Internal Revenue Service, has been assigned to duty in Washington county, Md.

Mr. H. Allen Ison left here Monday morning for Washington City.

Mr. A. C. Wotring was in town tuesday and called to see us.

Geo. N. Santemeyer, Esq., has returned to Oakland after a visit of a few weeks to his family at "Alberton," Howard county, Md.

Mr. E. J. West, express agent, B. & O. R. R., made a brief visit to his home in Oakland this week.

Lewis Lininger, Esq., of Accident district, was in town Tuesday.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 7 o'clock p. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Congregational Meeting.

By order of the Pastor, a congregational meeting will be held in the Ev. Lutheran Church, at Oakland, after morning service on the 27th of February, 1881. All members and friends of the Lutheran Church are earnestly requested to be present as the interests of the occasion will demand their presence and vote.

Sudden Death.

Died suddenly, on Wednesday morning, at his home near Deer Park, A. J. Stotlemyer. He retired on Tuesday night apparently in perfect heath. He complained to his wife of not feeling very well when she awoke in the morning, and in a very few minutes afterwards he died. Apoplexy is supposed to be the cause of his death. Deceased was a highly respected citizen.

Sleighing Party.

On Friday after noon of last week quite a large party of ladies and gentlemen of Oakland took a sleighride across the mountain to Ft. Pendleton. The weather was not very propitious, and the "Brakers" were numerous, but for a' that they expressed themselves as delighted with the trip. They had a good substantial supper at the "Deaklns mansion," after which the evening was spent in various kinds of amusements.

Improving their Lands.

The farmers of District No. 5 are alive to the advantage of enriching and improving their farms. We are credibly informed that from 30 to 40 sleds have been making semi daily trips to the lime kiln near the Forks of Bear Creek during the sledding season, and carrying away at least 1500 bushels of lime per day. This is certainly a commendable enterprise, and will tell on the wheat and grass crops in that District. The farmers of District No. 7 would do well to follow their example.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 16:

Mary A. Fay and others to Elias S. Miller, 66 acres of land; 981.25.

James Custer and others to School Commissioners of Garrett county, part of military lots Nos. 3852 and 3950; $5.

The New Bible--Quick Work.

The new version of the New Testament, which has been so many years in course of translation and which is unquestionably the most important literary enterprise this century has seen, is being waited for with curiosity and anxiety by hundreds of thousands. It is not generally known that a first edition of 500,000 copies has already been manufactured in England, and 100,000 copies are said to be already in New York City, not one of them permitted to be sold. They are awaiting a telegram from the authorities in England authorizing their issue. The first copies can only be had at the extravagant price of $10 per copy. The Literary Revolution proposes fully to meet the demands which its army of friends are making upon it by doing probably the quickest work in book-making which has ever yet been accomplished. Arrangements have been fully made to put the entire book into type inside of 24 hours from the time a printed copy of the English edition can be procured, and within three days at least 10,000 copies will be bound ready for delivery to waiting purchasers, and at least 5,000 copies will be manufactured every day thereafter, until the demand is met. It will be printed in large, beautiful type, neatly and strongly bound in cloth, in a volume of about 500 pages, and sold at the nominal price of 30 cents. A fine edition in half Russia, gilt top, will be sold for 60 cents, and one in full Turkey morocco, gilt edges, for $1,25. Of course, the popular demand will be enormous. Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received, with remittance. American Book Exchange, New York.

MINERAL SPRINGS, Feb. 14, '81.

David L. Hileman, whose age was 24 years, 1 month and 26 days, departed this life on the 8th inst., after a long and wearisome illness with consumption. He bore his sickness without a murmur, and as a Christian here only could do. He enjoyed himself much during his illness in communing with the Lord, and especially when any of his friends or brethren would pray and sing with him. He passed away calmly and peacefully in the Christian's faith, as his father; G. W. Hileman had done a few months before. Brother Hileman was an affectionate husband, a loving father, and an excellent neighbor, respected by all who knew him; a member of the M. E. Church whose loss we will feel. We deeply sympathize with sister Hileman, the bereaved widow, but we do not mourn as those without hope, and we know that our loss is his eternal gain. Would say to Sisters Rachel and Sarah to be faithful, and they will meet their loved ones in the upper and better Sanctuary.

P. T. G.

FLOYD, MD., Feb. 12, 188t.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—Allow me space in your paper, which is generally read by Republicans and Democrats, for a few items, which I believe will be of interest to the people of the county.

It is a well known fact to people of intelligence that no section of country can be what it ought to be, without good roads through it to open up a convenient way to market. It seems to me that the people of the northeastern part of Garrett county, say No. 4, a part of No. 1, and a part of No. 8 are either not awake to this part of their interest or else they hav'nt had fair play. It is evident that the northwestern and southwestern part of the county has the best roads. Some of the largest taxpayers in the county own property in this part of the county: Joseph R. Anderson, the Lochiel Lumber Co., Henry G. Davis and others, who are large taxpayers, Mr. Anderson owning a tract of 40,000 acres, commencing at Backbone mountain, lying in a northeastern direction, extending almost across the county. This land is being sold by C. M. Miller, agent, to enterprising, hard working men, who will become good taxpayers. There is not a road from this large tract of land that is fit for man or beast to get to market. It is a well known fact that the East is our best market, and what the people of this part of the county want is a good road to run from Bloomington direct to intersect some of the roads at North Glade, so as to give them an outlet to Piedmont, Bloomington and Westernport, with their markets, which are the only markets we have for our produce. This road ought to have been made thirty years ago. It has been in agitation for several years. We have, by hard work, gotten a levy of eight hundred dollars for the construction of this road, which far exceeded the expectation of the people. It was thought that it would cost three thousand dollars to make the road, but it can be made for much less than that. This road will give an outlet to market to a great many good taxpayers, who have heretofore had to go 14 miles over mountains, where the grade of the roads is 25 feet to the hundred. I am sorry to say that some of those very men opposed this road, which will be of vast importance to them, from the fact that it will lessen the distance and be of a good grade. Their great objection to the road is that it would increase their taxes. Suppose it would raise their taxes a few cents on the dollar, would not the advantage it would be to the settlement of the county more than balance the outlay. It is strange that men will not see their own interest. If the Commissioners of our county don't believe what I have said in regard to this road, if they will come to my house I will spend a week showing them the roads in our end of the county. If they say I hav'nt told the truth I will forever hold my peace. They had better secure an accident policy before they start, as I would not insure them against injury during the examination.

Very respectfully yours,
F. S. CLINE.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at ence be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

Notice.

Having decided to quit the practice of my profession in Grantsville, I have placed my accounts in the hands of Samuel J. Beachy, Esq., for settlement. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me will please call and settle at once, otherwise I will be compelled to collect by law.

I ask the patronage of my old friends for my successor, Dr. O. G. Getty, and assure them he is fully able and competent to take my place.

2 5 3t B. T. KELLER, M. D.

MARYLAND NEWS.

C. H. Leech, the artesian well borer, is to be tried for blasphemy before the Talbot county court.

George Jones, an ex-policeman of Philadelphia, was drowned near Crisfield on the 5th inst., while attempting to cross on the ice from Fox's Island to the main land.

Henry B. Wirt, a prominent member of the Elkton bar, died on Tuesday, of Pneumonia. His wife was a niece of Senator Groome, and he was a near relative of Senator David Davis.

The house of Mr. Thomas Jones, at the new settlement of Klej Grange was burned on the 5th inst., caused by a defective flue. The schoolhouse at this place is nearly completed.

Parties from Pennsylvania have commenced operations near Crystal Fall, in Washington county, and have struck a rich deposit of hematite iron ore. The produce of the mine is to be shipped to Harrisburg, where the demand is greater than the supply.

"Old Dave," a colored man who had served in the Jones family, of Mechanicsville, Montgomery county, for over seventy years, was buried on Monday of last week. "Dave" was quite a character in the neighborhood; and for years, until prevented by age, he was the village blacksmith.

The people of Snufftown, between Antietam and Harper's Ferry, desire to have a postoffice there. As the postoffice authorities are apt to clip off the affixes of towns thus honored, the people will have to be content with snuff as the title of their settlement, if they get the office.

Mr. John Bell, sawyer at the large mill of the Cambridge Manufacturing Company, made a very narrow escape with his life on the 7th inst. A large iron dog was allowed to come in contact with the saw, which was running at great speed, resulting in demolishing the saw and scattering pieces all around him.

Misses Sue and Nannie Lynch, daughters of Edward Lynch, of Westminster, Md., and Miss Jennie Golden, were nearly suffocated with coal gas while asleep Monday night. The gas came through the register from the room below. They were unconscious when discovered, and were restored with great difficulty.

While Sheriff Hanckamp, of Allegany county, a few days since, was extolling the perfections of a new pair of handcuffs, they closed with a spring upon his own wrists, and he found himself manacled quite unintentionally. As he had no key, and the gentleman who had it could not be found, the bracelets had to be broken before he could be liberated.

There is much complaint at the exorbitant freight rates charged on opsters and peaches shipped from the Peninsula. The freight on a barrel of oysters from Crisfield to Jersey City is $1.80, while from New York to Boston it is only 60 cents. The latter is the effect of there being three competing lines, while the former rate is fixed by a monopoly.

Representative Urner filed petitions signed by citizens of Washington and Caroline counties, Maryland, protesting against the passage of the Sixty Surgeons bill. He also filed the petition of Joseph M. Norris and other ex-soldiers of Allegany county, asking the passage of a law to allow them a bounty for serving in the late war.

At Unity, Montgomery county, a war horse belonging to Frank Griffith, which was with him at the battle of Gettysburg, died last week. The horse was more than twenty-five years old, and bore the scar left by a richocheting shell at Gettysburg.

Mr. Jerningham Boone, of Buckeystown, Frederick county, writes *The American* that the announcement that Mr. Richard Thomas had been appointed justice of the peace for the First district of Frederick county, vice Jerningham Boone, failed to qualify, is an error, as he (Mr. Boone) qualified in regular form, and has been performing the duties of the office ever since.

The Pocomoke City *Record and Gazette* has a report that the store of L. D. Lawson & Son, near Crisfield, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday morning. The loss is estimated at from $3,000 to $4,000, and it is feared that young Mr. Lawson perished in the flames, as it was his custom to sleep there, and he was not seen either at or since the fire. It is hoped, however, that he was absent and will turn up all right.

A scarcity of coal prevails all along the Eastern Shore, and at Crisfield and other places it is held at ten dollars per ton. At Pocomoke City, the Rev. John D. C. Hanna was forced to bring an interesting series of revival meetings to a close in consequence of the coal being exhausted.

Mr. E. M. Johnson, of Elkton, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Morning News*, of Savannah, Ga. Mr. Johnson was at one time connected with the *Cecil Whig*, afterwards with the Baltimore *Morning News*, and for some time past with the Wilmington *Every Evening*. Some years ago he was an assistant teacher at the Belair Academy.

The new iron bridge across the Catoctin creek at Ellerton, Frederick county, which was only thrown across the stream on Wednesday, was carried away the same night. The ice from above came down with such force that it destroyed the trestlework upon which the iron work still rested. Along George's creek in Allegany county the trestlings of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad at Pekin and Morrison's were entirely carried away, and those of Phœnix, barton and Franklin are partly gone. The county bridge at Morrison's was also carried away.

The late Mr. John Moler, of Hagerstown, left a large estate to be divided among his relatives—mostly nephews and nieces. Daniel Donnely, a son of Col. Daniel Donnelly, was one of the nephews interested in the estate, and he has never yet turned up, and his whereabouts are unknown. Various reports prevail that he practices law in one of the Western States, and was seen in California many years since. The presumption is that he is dead; but, if still alive, a handsome sum of money from his uncle's estate is awaiting his reappearance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.
A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 2m

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by F. C. Browning and others, is to pass said road to begin at the Paradise line, on the Altamont and Burned School House road, and running thence to the South West corner of Lake Woods lane, through the lands of J. R. Browning, Dr. S. P. Smith, and F. C. Browning will meet on the premises on Monday the 21st day of March, 18-1, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

S. W. FRIEND,
L. A. STEMPLE,
JOS. SPIKER,
Examiners

2 16 5t

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 6 SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action, Full Iron Frame with Extra braces, Overstring Scale, agraffe throughout, Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners, Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round cases, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symmetric, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops, Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent Double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places it entirely under control of performer, and by its aid most delicate softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action is the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, lifted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

9 0 tf PEDDICORD & COMBS.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunninghain for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DR. SCHLIEMAN has presented his collection of Trojan antiquities to the Emperor of Germany, to be placed in a museum at Berlin.

M. D. CONWAY writes from London that English ladies at present dress in much better taste than their American cousins. Their toilets are not so loud now, and in elegance eclipse those of the Parisians.

THE nuns living in religious communities in Italy have suffered greatly from poverty since their convents and possessions were confiscated. Last year Leo XIII. afforded them what little aid he could.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed Osborne cottage at the disposal of the Empress Eugenie for a few weeks, where she will take up her abode prior to her removal to her new residence in North Hants.

SOME days before Herr Anderwert, the newly elected President of the Swiss Confederation, blew out his brains, he had been profoundly melancholy, imagining himself surrounded by people who were plotting to kill him. The smallness of the majority which elected him preyed upon his spirits. He was greatly respected by his countrymen.

QUEEN VICTORIA has ordered a pathetic little inscription to be placed upon the memorial of the Princess Alice at Frogmore. "To the memory of my much beloved and lamented daughter, Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who survived but a few days the fever-stricken child beside whom she had watched, not counting her life dear to herself."

To judge from the number of empty houses in the city of Berlin, that so-called center of thought and activity is yearly offering fewer attractions as a place of residence. In 1871, 1,500 dwellings were vacant; in 1873, 1,775; in 1875, 8,329; in 1877, 19,299; and 1878, 21,998. Since then the city has apparently had a little business boom, and there has been a slight influx of population; but still over 15,000 houses want tenants.

PRINCESS LOUISE is still under the care of her physician, and her condition is so precarious that no time can be set for her return to Canada. So far from her mother's endeavoring to force that return, the Queen is reported to have exerted her maternal authority to keep the Princess in England, Sir William Jenner having declared that her daughter's health is severely shaken.

THE influence of the persecution to which the Jews have been subjected in Germany is visible in the attempt that has just been made by persons unknown upon the lives of prominent Jewish residents of Trieste, to whom letters have been sent through the Post-office of the city that exploded upon being opened. No serious injuries have been reported as the result of these attempts, but that fact is hardly to be attributed to the benevolent intentions of the persons by whom the missives were mailed. No clew to them has been obtained.

A Queer Chinese Tale.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Telegraph* forwards the following illustration of superstition among the Chinese with reference to a very ancient and wide-spread belief that the fox has the power of assuming the human form to lead mortals to their destruction. The same powers are also attributed to the badger by the Japanese. In this case the story is given as a true one, and the facts are stated to be well known to everyone living in the great street outside the Chien Men (Front Gate) at Pekin, where the affair is supposed to have occurred:

"A certain Ningpo man kept a druggist's shop at Pekin. Having made a good deal of money by it he determined to commence a wholesale business as well as the retail one. He therefore bought a warehouse for storing drugs, and put it in charge of a nephew. His venture proved eminently successful, and he grew richer daily, principally for the extraordinary reason that the drugs stored in the warehouse were less liable to get damp or moldy than anybody else's. As the nephew was at work in the warehouse he used constantly to notice the prettiest girl he had ever seen, passing by the door. Though he sorely longed to try to make acquaintance with her, he was restrained by her modest and retiring demeanor. Time went by, and one day an old gentleman with a long beard, and leaning on a staff, called at the uncle's shop. In the course of conversation it appeared that he came from the borders of Shensi and Kansu, and had originally fled to Pekin to escape from the Mohammedan disturbances of the west. Finally he said that he had often observed the nephew at work in the warehouse, and had been struck by his steadiness and diligence, and he would like to marry his only daughter to him. He had sufficient money to make liberal arrangements with regard to the trousseau and wedding presents, and would not quarrel about terms. The young man, being so far from his home at Ningpo, was not betrothed to anyone. His uncle therefore gladly accepted the proposal. As both parties were strangers in Pekin, everything was settled and the marriage ceremony performed without any unnecessary fuss or formality. When the time came for the bride to unveil, the bridegroom, who had never yet seen her, was most anxious to know what she was like. At the first glance, what was his joy to discover that she was the girl he used to see walking past the warehouse. The marriage was a happy one. He was the fondest of husbands and she the most loving and dutiful of wives. Before long the young man's father in Ningpo, wishing to see his new daughter-in-law, wrote and told his son to bring her home on a visit. The son accordingly made preparations to start off as soon as possible. For the past day or two before his departure the uncle, who had not been home for many years, was constantly coming to his house, as he had a thousand things to talk about—reminiscences to recall, messages to be delivered, and the like. When the moment for them to commence the journey actually arrived the uncle went across for the last time to say good-by, but to his astonishment neither nephew nor niece was to be found. After a fruitless search he went to the house of the girl's father to see if he could learn anything there. But there was no house standing; merely two or three wretched little rooms in ruins, without doors or windows. He made inquiries among the neighbors, but none of them knew anything of the old man or the house. Everything was then plain. The old man and his daughter were foxes, and had made away with the young husband. But stranger than anything else was the fact that from that day forth the drugs stored in the warehouse became just as subject to mold as those kept anywhere else."

A Pigmy Republic.

THE Republic of Andorra ranks only second to Monaca among the small independent States of the world, and it very rarely enjoys the luxury of a popular revolution. It has several political factions, however, and the more advanced of these thought that a gaming table would be a sure source of wealth to the republic. The conservatives held that its character was more important than its wealth, and a bitter fight ensued. It seems that the independence of Andorra dates from the time of Louis the Mild, son of Charlemagne, who, to reward its inhabitants for helping him to capture Urgel, granted them a Magna Charta, which is still preserved in their archives. According to this charta they were entitled to an autonomous government, and though after the death of his father and accession to the throne he made over part of his suzerain rights to the Bishop of Urgel, he retained one-half of the tithes, which, up to a very recent date, were still known as the "Carlovingian tax." Since that time the republic of Andorra has scarcely undergone a single change, and the only attempt to intervene in its internal affairs was when Henri IV., then Count de Foix, forbade the establishment of the Inquisition there. If clericalism was in favor among the Andorrans 300 years ago, the ideas of their descendants have undergone a complete change, for in 1842 a popular revolution led to the abolition of the tithe and of all taxes for ecclesiastical purposes. The republic is govered by a General Council, composed of twenty-four Councilors, or Consuls, twelve of whom retire by rotation every year. All public functions are gratuitous, and no man can hold an official post unless he is a native of Andorra. The Syndic or Procurator-General is appointed for life by the Council, and the two Viguiers, whose nomination is subject to the sanction of France and Spain, are coequal with the Syndic in all that relates to the administration of justice. The Viguiers have command of the armed force, which consists of all the able-bodied men in the "valleys and sovereignties of Andorra," as the little republic styles itself in all State documents. Andorra, however, is to a great extent subject to Spain, for the Spanish gendarmes often pursue criminals within its limits, the real independence of the inhabitants consisting in their freedom from taxation, the military conscription, and customs dues. There are few more curious spectacles than that which is to be witnessed at Andorra when its Council meets. The twenty-four Councilors wear knee-breeches of gray cloth, with a waistband and waistcoat of red wool, a black silk cravat, woolen stockings of a light blue shade, and shoes with silver buckles, a long mantle, (balandran) of black cloth, lined with crimson, and a red cocked hat. The Viguiers are arrayed in black velvet, and they alone, as dispensers of justice and commanders of the forces, are entitled to wear a sword. Andorra itself, with its narrow and tortuous streets and its ill-built houses, is nothing better than a dilapidated village, but it contains a handsome church, and the building in which the Councilors meet, with the arms of Andorra and the inscription "Domus concilii, sedes justitiæ," is remarkable as being one of the oldest pieces of architecture in Europe.

Fashion Notes.

Real Spanish or Alençon are fashionable laces for bridal veiling.

The newest fichus of costly lace have wide Medicis collars attached.

Roman sandals are the daintiest and prettiest low shoes now imported.

"Alaska pug" is a popular fur trimming, which resembles India leopard skin.

Ecclesiastical costumes, strange to say, are much affected by ultra-fashionable Parisians.

Bonnet crowns of copper-colored plush are made very effective by amber beaded appliques.

Silver jewelry is very much a la mode, and shows very effectively with the rich dark dresses of the season.

Very elegant toilets are made with the full draped polonaise open in front over the long Continental waistcoat.

Sleeveless polonaises of figured materials over velvet skirts and sleeves form not only very fashionable, but very convenient toilets.

Gold and silver anklets are worn with short skating costumes by English leaders of fashion. They were first introduced and worn with short ball toilets.

Fewer flowers are seen upon the skirts of ball toilets than formerly, such decorations being confined to the bodice and upper portion of the dancer's dress.

Princess dresses are increasing in favor for *habillie* toilets, there being always some drapery added to the skirt to destroy the robe-de-chambre appearance they otherwise have.

"The eagle's-wing tunic" is the latest shape in overdresses. It has two long, sharp, sheath-like points in front and two in the back. Very little trimming is used upon these tunics.

Many house dresses have the corsage cut pompadour or heart-shape and filled in with a full shirring of brocaded Spanish net, and a high ruching of the same lace about the neck.

A gorgeous display of autumn leaves, berries, sprays of flowers and garlands of rare exotics, designed for handsome evening toilets, are exhibited by the leading importers of artificial flowers.

The old-fashioned side-combs now in vogue are set with brilliants, inlaid with plaques of silver or gold, or hand-painted in minute bits of flower clusters and covered with a glaze of falance or thin vitrification.

The Marguerite gauntlet sleeve is very fashionable and stylish. The top is made of the material of the dress, and the long cuff which reaches to the elbow is made of plush velvet or satin. The cuff fits closely to the arm, and is buttoned or laced up the back.—*N. Y. Post.*

Cane Sugar at the North.

IN the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture recently issued for the year 1879, the chemist of the department gives a detailed report of the Government experiments made in raising sugar-canes, and of the results obtained therefrom.

The varieties of sorghum grown and subjected to continuous investigation during the season were Early Amber, White Liberian, Chinese and Honduras.

The points chiefly brought out are: At what period in the growth of the plant does it contain the greatest percentage of sucrose or crystallizable sugar; whether it is most profitable to press the stalks before or after they are stripped of leaves; what percentage of juice, and of sucrose, is contained in the butts of the stalks, as compared with the tops; and how do different varieties of sorghum compare with each other and with field-corn as producers of sirup and sugar. These points are not formally made, but are developed in the course of the report.

As to the first point, it appears that as the plants advance toward maturity there is a steady diminution of glucose, or uncrystallizable sugar, and a steady increase of sucrose, or crystallizable sugar. For this reason the sucrose is at its maximum at full maturity, "as indicated by the hard, dry seed, and the appearance of offsboots from the upper joints of the stock." It so happened that a severe frost occurred October 29, sufficient to create a half-inch of ice on water, but the analysis made immediately afterward showed no diminution of sucrose until a thaw occurred, when the sucrose lessened and the glucose increased. "From this it would appear that the effect of cold, even protracted, is not injurious to the quality of the canes, but that they should be speedily worked up after freezing, and before they have again thawed out." In early amber cane the percentage of juice was greatest July 26, when the flower stalks began to spread, but the average per cent. of glucose and sucrose together at that time was only 10.99, while on October 29 it was 18.1. Slight variations of this result occur in the other varieties, but the general result is the same. The early amber and Liberian correspond very closely in the period of their developement, but the Chinese and Honduras are considerably later in attaining the period of greatest sugar contents, and are not so well fitted to our northern climate. The average sugar contents of the first two is very nearly the same from the middle of August to the last of October, thus giving ample time for working up the canes.

The experiments with the butts and tops of the canes seem to have resulted in nothing very remarkable. In the early part of the season the butts naturally contain the most sugar until the seed has reached the milky state, when the juices in both parts of the plant appear to be of equal value. Later on there is a slight deterioration in the quality of the juice from the lower half of the stalk, the roots and leaves failing to supply the amount of nourishment required, thus showing that they are affected by incipient decay. The statistics of yield of cane and sirup and sugar are not as definite and satisfactory as could be desired. The following table exhibits the results actually obtained:

	Pounds of stalks per acre.	Sirup obtained.
Chinese sorghum	38,600	2,036
Liberian sorghum	31,727	2,472
Early amber sorghum	32,415	2,100
Honduras sorghum	66,151	3,652
Field-corn sorghum	27,240	1,166

It is claimed, however, that "the juice obtained from the stalks by the imperfect means at command of the department was little more than half the amount present in the stalks." Nor were the stalks cut at a time when they contained the most sugar. The yield of sugar was as follows: From the sirup of the Chinese cane, 54.7 per cent. of its weight in sugar; early amber, 47.5 per cent.; field-corn, 39.3 per cent. These are the only ones that were crystallized. The experiment with corn is particularly interesting. The varieties used were Lindsay's Horse-Tooth, Improved Prolific, and White Dent. The stalks grew in drills three feet apart, and about nine or ten inches apart in the drill. The ears were plucked after they had been thoroughly ripened and the husks were dead and dry. The corn was plump and sound, and yielded at the rate of 69.1 bushels of shelled corn (fifty-six pounds to the bushel) to the acre. The stalks were then topped, stripped and crushed, and the juice proved to be the best juice yet obtained from cornstalks, at any period of growth or of any variety.

The experiments made to test the relative advantage of stripping or not stripping the leaves from the stalk show that it is better to leave them on the stalk. In two experiments with stripped sorghum the average per cent. of juice to the raw stalks was 35.02, and the average per cent. of sirup to juice was 15. In five experiments with unstripped sorghum the average per cent of juice to raw stalks was 40.6, and the per cent. of sirup in juice was 15.47. Not only was a greater percentage of juice obtained, but the per cent. of sirup from the juice was also greater. In fact, these experiments would indicate a difference of 20 per cent. increase in product in favor of the unstripped cane. "It is not improbable that the above result is due to the fact that the leaves, in passing through the mill, tended to fill up the interstices between the compressed cane, and thus prevented the expressed juice from flowing through between the rolls with the bagasse" (i. e., the stalks after being pressed). The bagasse itself is nearly as valuable for feeding purposes as the up-pressed stalks, as there still remains a large amount of sugar in it, while the percentage of starch is even greater and the nitrogenous matter remains essentially the same. The stalks can therefore be used for ensilage after pressure as profitably as before.

The general results of the various experiments made demonstrate that there exists little difference between the different kinds of sorghum as sugar-producing plants; and, what is quite a surprising result, that "each of them is, at a certain period of its development, nearly if not quite as rich in sugar as the very best of sugar-cane." At present, however, the mills are very imperfect, and a large amount of sugar is wasted or inverted. In the experiments made there was a loss of from 28.9 per cent. to 46.4 per cent. of the sugar actually existing in the canes as determined by careful chemical analysis. This was occasioned by the imperfection of the machinery and processes. But the grand fact is established that cane sirup can be profitably made at the North; and it will not be long ere the Yankee inventive genius will succeed in extracting sugar from the sirup in such quantity as to make it a remunerative business.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

The Remarkable Activity in Railroad Building.

LAST year was the most remarkable in the history of the American railway business. The earnings of the roads were much greater than ever before; nearly all the lines west of the Mississippi River were brought together under connected systems; while the increase in the mileage was larger than in any previous year except 1873. Then our excessive railway construction was followed by the financial crash of 1872, from which it took the country years to recover.

The *Financial Chronicle* published at the beginning of the December a table of the gross earnings of forty-three railroads for the eleven months of 1880, compared with those for the corresponding period of 1879. The figures for 1880 were $180,660,789, against $143,840,029 for 1879; a gain of $36,820,660, or nearly one-quarter.

In 1879 the business of railroad construction, which since 1872 had received a serious check, showed great comparative activity. The total number of miles of road built reached 4,821, or more than double the average of the previous five years.

It was this increase of railroad building, accompanied by a vast augmentation of traffic, owing to the great harvest, that revived the drooping spirits of the iron manufacturers. Beside the rails needed for the mileage added, repairs were everywhere necessary to meet the accumulating business. Our production of pig iron was accordingly greater than that of the year before by about 500,000 tons; and it found a market at largely increased prices. The production even exceeded that of 1873, the previous year of largest supply, by nearly 250,000 tons. We manufactured of iron and steel rails nearly the same amount in excess of the production of 1872, the year when railroad building became a mania. Their importation, which had dropped off altogether in 1878, rose to 60,000 tons, while of all kinds of iron and steel we imported about 500,000 tons, against about one-fifth of that amount in 1878.

But the activity in railroad building in 1879 was far exceeded by that of last year. The addition to the railway mileage of the United States for 1880 was, according to a table compiled by the *Railway Age*, 7,207 miles; an increase over 1879 of 2,486 miles. The number of miles added in 1872 was about the same, 7,340.

The effect of this increase on the iron trade was of course very marked. The production of pig iron rose from 2,750,000 in 1879 to between 3,250,000 and 3,500,000 in 1880, and our importation of pig iron was about 700,000 tons. We produced 1,200,000 tons of rails, and imported about 275,000 tons. The new roads took about 1,000,000 tons of iron and steel, and there was besides an enormous consumption for repairs to the roads and rolling stock of the lines already existing. As a consequence, the iron trade has had the busiest year it has ever known.

Of the 7,207 miles of railroad built in 1880 more than one-half, or 3,868 miles, were laid in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi. The rapidity with which railroad construction is going on in that portion of the Union presages still greater increase in its population in the next ten years than the census shows in the last decade. Already in the region west of the Mississippi considerably more than a fifth of the population of the country is gathered, whereas in 1860 the proportion was only about a tenth.

The promise is that the railroad construction during the present year will be even larger than that for 1880.—*New York Sun.*

Curious Fact in Natural History.

AN illustration in the *Scientific American* represents the American iguana crossing a river, the Chagres, upon the surface of the water, without sinking below it. This wonderful performance was witnessed by Mr. John G. Bell, the well-known naturalist and former companion of Audubon. Mr. Bell states that as he was approaching the river he came suddenly upon the reptile, and alarmed it so that it sprang into the river, but instead of sinking, to his surprise, it rushed along over the water, making its claws go like lightning, so that he could not see them, and thus keeping the whole body above the water. It made quite a foam behind, and in about two minutes was over the river, up the bank and out of sight. When it is remembered that this animal weighs from five to ten pounds, and has slender claws fitted for tree-climbing, the wonderful character of the performance will be appreciated. It is from four to five feet long, and its general color is green shaded with brown. It has a strong and distinct crest running along the whole length of the back and tail, and a large dewlap or pouch under the throat, the edge of which is attached to a cartilaginous appendage of the bone of the throat. The tail is long, slender, compressed and covered with small, imbricated keeled scales. It has a very formidable look at first sight, and when irritated puts on a very menacing appearance, swelling out its throat pouch, erecting the crest on its back, and lashing about with great violence. It is, nevertheless, a harmless creature, unless laid hold of, when it bites with considerable force. Altogether the occurrence is a most remarkable one and entirely antagonistic to the supposed habits of the animal.

IN 1879, when Providence, R. I., established its now famous wood-yard for tramps, the outdoor relief amounted to $7,333, and 1,143 tramps were forced to work in the yard. During the whole of last year only 634 tramps ventured near the place, while the amount of relief decreased to $4,736. This wood-yard has proved the best investment the city ever made.

Religious.

AN EVENING SONG.

THE little birds now seek their nest;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea;
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears;
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumbers sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

—*Good Words.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Feb. 13—The Preaching of John the Baptist.....Luke 3: 7-18
Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus.Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick.Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John.Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom.Luke 9: 1-6

Prayer in the First Continental Congress.

IRVING says the thirty-fifth Psalm was read on the occasion, which commences: "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for mine help."

John Adams wrote to his wife: "You must remember this was the morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning. After this, Mr. Duche (the minister who conducted the service) unexpectedly struck out into an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present." Washington, who was present, a Delegate from Virginia, was observed kneeling in the midst of the Assembly:

"Thus, see the future hero bent—
Him, whom the God of battles sent
To lead our armies in the field,
And be their captain and their shield;
In humble orison, to ask
Supernal guidance in the task
Of thinking, speaking, judging right,
So that their earnest counsels might
Secure the priceless boon they seek,
As there, from different States, they meet—
The Delegates—that magnish near,
In the infelt, but dawning power
Of the first Congress, which unfurled
Our flag of Union to the world."

State Congresses had been previously held, and even a Congress had been held in New York, representing seven States, in the year 1765. But here, in Philadelphia, there were twelve States represented, which gave it a National character. Georgia, alone, sent no representative.

"The prayer was o'er. Oh! then they felt
How vast the cause with which they dealt:
And silent wait, by thought oppressed,
Each leaving utterance to the rest,
Till Patrick Henry rose, and broke
The stillness by those words which woke
All hearts, like one by Heaven inspired:
Words which each town and hamlet fired,
Throughout the land, with earnest zeal,
The yoke of tyranny to feel.

"That better far than words of fire
Are holy deeds which they inspire;
Still better than the tone of flame—
To do, to act in Heaven's name.
And men there were who acted there,
Of purity and honor rare;
Unlike the modern statesman, sold,
Outside our Congress-door, for gold—
Men, who for God and country's sake,
The mighty burden undertake
Of meeting all, which they foresaw
Would be their lot, by British law—
For treason, if they failed, to die;
And in dishonored graves to lie."

Every subject, according to Adams, was discussed with a moderation, an acuteness and a minuteness equal to those of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. They prepared and put forth, says Irving, several state papers, marked by such signal ability and wisdom, as to draw from the Earl of Chatham these words in the House of Lords: "I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study of history (and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world) that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress in Philadelphia."

"And none of those who gathered there,
Of all these gifts had greater share
Than he who, as they first prepare
To act had knelt in humble prayer."

Patrick Henry said afterward, of Washington: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."—*Rev. Thomas Carter, D. D., in The Methodist.*

The Grip of Honor.

BURNS never gave better advice than that which he wrote in the "Epistle to a Young Friend:"

"But when ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border."

That sentiment has made martyrs, for "honor's grip" has hauled many into persecutions. Readers of "Tom Brown at Rugby" remember how the grip of little Arthur's honor led him to kneel down before his scoffing schoolmates and say his prayers. He was too honorable to jump into bed and there pray in secret. His loyalty to God bade him face the boys, come what might. He conquered them at last into silence. Some, influenced by his boldness, knelt in company with him. "Little Arthur" is now Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster Abbey.

Not only is it a more manly act to be led by honor's grip than by cowardice's, but it is safer and wiser. An incident that happened to Prof. E. W. Clark, in Japan, illustrates this fact. He had been engaged by the Japanese Government to take charge of a scientific school, and teach chemistry and physics. His salary was to be a liberal one, and he was to be furnished with horses, guards, interpreters, attendants, philosophical apparatus and a large temple in which to live. When he arrived in Yokohama, the Japanese officials called upon him with the contract—thirteen long articles, written in Chinese, Japanese and English. On reading it, the professor found that the "Dai-jo-kan"—as the Council of State is called—had slyly inserted a disagreeable clause. It forbade him to teach Christianity, and bound him to silence on all religious subjects for a space of three years.

"Sign the promise," said the interpreter; "but when you get way off in the country you can break it, and teach what you please."

The professor, being a man of truth, would not receive that advice.

"Sign it," said some expedient American friends, "or you will lose three hundred dollars a month, and all your good chances besides. Some mere adventurer may get the position, who will do the people more harm than you can do them good."

Prof. Clark was in a strait. He had spent all his money in getting to Japan from the United States. If he should lose the situation, he would be in an impoverished condition; but he was a Christian, and therefore a man of honor. He determined not to sign the contract, and wrote to the Government that unless the objectionable clause was withdrawn, he would not accept the professorship.

"It is impossible," he added, "for a Christian to dwell three years in the midst of a pagan people, and yet keep silence on the subject nearest his heart."

Much to his surprise, he received within three days an answer, saying that the clause against Christianity should be stricken out. "You have conquered," exclaimed the bearer of the good news, "and have broken down a strong Japanese wall! Now you can also teach us the Bible and Christianity."

Instead of thinking less of the professor, or being vexed at his obstinacy, the Japanese officials respected him for his conscientious honesty and became more friendly than ever. The professor took charge of the school, which was several hundred miles from Yokohama, and had a thousand students and fifty Japanese teachers. When he made out the programme of studies he said nothing about the Sabbath, but left the space for that day blank. There is no Sabbath in the Japanese religion, but the officials inferred the professor's wishes, and inserted the word "rest" in the blank space. An order was also issued closing the school on Sunday.

On the first Sunday after his arrival at the school Prof. Clark began a Bible class. The students listened for more than two hours to a presentation of Christian truth. Thenceforth the class met every Sunday morning.

But that was not sufficient for minds eager to know about the religion of Christ. So every Sunday afternoon the students met at the house of one of their number, and themselves conducted a Japanese Bible class. A number became Christians. One of the most learned Chinese scholars in Japan declined an appointment to go with the Japanese Embassy to the United States. He wished, he said, to remain with his new teacher, that he might study Christianity.

The incident shows that it is nobler and better to let honor grip us, and by so doing heed the demands of the Christian conscience, even when appearances assert that it may cost all the worldly substance that a man hath.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Invisible Line.

THE restraint of the Gospel is the most perfect liberty. A divine hand holds us from evil that we may be free to do good.

When I was a child my nearest neighbor had occasion to repair some breaks in the roof of one of his barns. So he sent his "hired man" aloft to do the work. There was not a sign of any staging built nor so much as a cleat nailed on to steady himself by. But, catching a glimpse of the man, from our place, I saw him walking up and down the old-fashioned roof as erect and as unconcerned as if he were only pacing a parlor floor. So I was naturally curious to learn how he did it. But coming a little nearer, I saw along, tough cord securely tied about his waist and extending up over the ridge of the roof, while down in the rear of the barn stood the proprietor holding the cord very firmly with both hands. When the man wanted to walk down toward the eaves, he would sing out, "More rope, more rope!" Instantly the proprietor would hear him, though out of sight, and would begin cautiously paying out the cord, a few inches at a time. When the workman wished to return and ascend the steep roof, he again called out the proper signal, the rope would tighten and he would walk up as leisurely as he would have mounted a broad stairway.

Now this man was bound with the cord and firmly held by the power of another. But who can fail to see that this restraint was what really gave him liberty. The more carefully the cord was grasped and handled the more complete the liberty of the workman—not to fall and break his neck—but to go up and down and do the repairs in safety. The bond made him free.

So God gives men liberty through the restraints of the Gospel. He throws the cords of his protection around the believer, allowing him to go up and down at will, scaling heights, threading paths of danger, passing securely anywhere in response to the call of duty. His bonds always draw upward, never downward. The freedom which sin gives of which so many boast, the freedom which the breaking or the loosening of that cord would have given to the man upon the roof—perfect freedom to loose his footing and to plunge into remediless ruin. He who is willing to submit his erring nature to the divine restraints of the Gospel will forever "walk at liberty," unhampered by self, untouched by sin, and carry with him a witness of safety and of peace, that armed guards and castle walls and munitions of rocks could not assure.—*N. E. Methodist.*

YESTERDAY afternoon a boot-black was at work on the understandings of a stranger in the corridor of the post-office, when the man asked how many railroads Detroit had, and added: "What is the western terminus of the Michigan Central?" The boy suspended work to give his man a good looking over, and replied: "I don't know but you may beat some hotel on such big talk, but if you try to bilk me you won't have any peace of mind while you stay in Detroit?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DAIRY.

BUTTER globules vary in size from one to six thousandths of an inch in diameter. The large globules rise first, churn quickest and make the best quality of butter. The remedy suggested is to skim twice or three times, taking off the first cream after the milk has stood six or eight hours and churning the different grades of cream separately.

ECONOMY in the dairy is of special importance, because the price at which dairy products can be afforded materially affects the amount of consumption. In order to be carried on with economy a dairy farm must be a grass farm, with an abundance of good clear water convenient to the buildings. The addition of some land adapted to soiling and other crops would be an advantage.

ANIMALS relish a variety of foods. In order to administer his farm economically, a farmer should know not only how to grow but to cure and how to feed. It is useless to furnish foods rich in hydro-carbons to animals already burdened with fat. A cow should be kept fat and comfortable. Cows will appreciate gentle treatment, comfortable quarters and an abundance of nutritious food, and will reward such treatment by an abundant flow of rich yellow milk. It is poor economy to keep cows in a stable in which the temperature falls below forty-five degrees. A stable should be warm, well ventilated and well lighted.

INDIGESTION IN CALVES.—Indigestion in young calves produces diarrhoea. That is caused by weakness of the stomach and deficiency of gastric juice. The milk passes through the bowels in a liquid state and the calf is not only deprived of nutriment but is weakened by the pain in the bowels. A remedy is to give rennet, or infusion of a calf's stomach that has been dried for use in making cheese. This is the same kind of preparation as that known as pepsine, used in medicine, and has the same effect in strengthening the digestion. Milk cannot be digested until it has been curdled in the stomach, and this requisite curdling cannot occur without a sufficient secretion of gastric juice. Sometimes a tablespoonful of linseed-oil, stirred in the milk until it is thoroughly mixed, will have the effect of restoring the digestive action.—*N. Y. Times.*

What Food the Best Butter Is Made From.

THOSE few writers for the press who take the means to know of what they say about butter, are not seriously tickled with the last gush about "gilt-edged butter," since color is so uncertain a test of quality, and dyestuff so easily matches any shade. Very good butter can be made from breeds of cows that always make light-colored butter; and very bad butter can be made from those breeds of cows that always make deep-colored butter; so that "gilt-edge" is a hoax.

There are just two conditions in which the largest amount of saccharine matter is contained in the least bulk of cattle-food—the fresh springing grass from the sward, when it is constantly nipped by the cattle while it is young, and the grain after it is matured. Without one or the other of these no first-class butter ever was made by any breed of cattle or any system of management, no matter how much bogus color it may carry from any quack "butter color" doctor. There is a great deal being said lately about "ensilage" as a means of making good milk and butter in the winter season, and green corn seems to be the food pitched upon for the silo. Now, of all the vegetation that grows I count maize the worst to make good butter from in the green state. What it might be when only a few inches high I know not and think it would be dear linding out. No *fermented* food ever will make good or wholesome milk or butter, and it seems to me everybody ought to know it. Far preferable would be well-cured hay and the proper proportion of grain and water.

There is a close resemblance between the fresh springing vernal grasses and the grains mostly fed to stock, as they undergo the process of digestion in the animal stomach; both are food for man and beast, though the beast be the better adapted to the act of foraging. Grain is the young plant in embryo, before it is subjected to the elements that cause its gestation.

I could give the analysis by chemistry, but it is no fair test of the chemical likeness of the two states of vegetation in the animal stomach, and for my purpose at present would be superfluous. Those who have not the means of knowing by experience, may form the opinion that grass is grass until it is dried, and then it is hay; but if they are willing to be cured of that idea, let them take celery, or asparagus, or even blackberry briers, or sour dock, or poke and they will be convinced of the difference of quality in the different stages of life; and in chemistry proportion and time is everything. And so it is in making what some would like to see hobbied in the name "gilt-edged butter." To such let me say, in conclusion, that names alter the chemical proportions of nothing, nor affect the wholesomeness or desirability of any nutriment, the effect being the true test.

If the reason why, must precede the assertion of every known fact, without presuming to instruct professionals, and speaking for the benefit of common folk, I must ask them to comprehend the fact that digestion in the animal stomach, and fermentation out of it, are as different chemical processes as the results are different. Digestion in the animal stomach is never finished until all digestible and appropriable matter is both digested and appropriated by the different living tissues it builds, and the inappropriable "waste" is discharged and excreted. But if the vinous fermentation has taken place in the food before it is subjected to the digestive process, a part thereof has already been rendered ethereal and thereby unassimilable and consequently foreign to the process of building up and only excites increased healthy action to expel it, which increased labor calls for more material to sustain it.—*S. F. Larken, in Germantown Telegraph.*

—Out in the world, men show us two sides to their characters; by the firesides, only one.

—Buckwheat cakes are considered the best kind of a liver-pad at present

HOME AND FARM.

FRIED MILK TOAST.—Dip slices of bread in milk, wetting both sides; have some butter in a hot frying pan and fry the bread a delicate brown. Will relish for tea.

WEIGHT OF HAY IN STACK.—A cubic foot of timothy and clover hay in a stack or barn would weigh about four pounds: that is, 500 cubic feet to the ton.

VARIETIES OF CORN.—Experiments among feeders, as well as the analysis of the varieties of corn, appear to indicate that where good bread is wanted the white flint corn, which abounds in starch and is lacking in oil, is the best kind. Coming in analysis near to oats, it is also generally considered better for working animals than yellow corn, which last, containing a large proportion of oil, is excellent in fattening animals. The experience with sweet corn as stock feed is that it will produce flesh very fast, and the stalks, if cut when green and well cured, will be relished by working cattle and serve as an excellent substitute for hay.—*New York World.*

HOW TO CURE AND CORN BEEF.—A pickle for beef is made as follows: Six pounds of salt, one pound of sugar, and four ounces of saltpeter are boiled in four gallons of water, skimmed, and cooled. The meat is packed closely in a barrel or vat and the pickle poured over it. The pickle may be preserved and used year after year, by boiling and skimming it to remove the coagulated albumen which comes from the meat, and which would soon cause it to spoil, and also adding some salt and sugar to replace that which the meat has absorbed. Beef may be cerned by rubbing it with salt in a dish or tub very thoroughly, and turning it and rubbing it every day for six days, when it will be ready for cooking.—*N. Y. Times.*

VENTILATE YOUR CLOSETS.—Soiled undergarments or the wash clothes ought not to be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag made for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a well-aired room some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be; if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter which free ventilation of pure air can soon remove.

THE BEST DOUGHNUTS.—The doughnut has been favorably mentioned in literature, and it fills an honored place in our memories of childhood; but the doughnut which is rolled in pulverized sugar, and which has a raisin in the center, possesses an ideal grace never attained by the plain fried cake, or even by the ring. Take three pints of flour, a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, a small bowlful of milk or water, four or five teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. The dough made in this way will be thin, and you will need to sprinkle flour enough over it and on the kneading-board to roll it out nicely. Cut the cakes out with a biscuit-cutter; then take a knife and insert it at the edge of the cake until the point of the knife is at the center; then take out the knife and put the raisin in; press and flatten the cake, and cut it out again with the biscuit-cutter. This operation prevents the raisin from bursting out when the cake rises.—*Evening Post.*

Ashes.

IT is impossible to tell with any degree of certainty what the effects of a given manure will be on a given soil or crop. The kind of soil or its mechanical construction, the climate, season, mode of cultivation, and the value of the manure, all may have an influence in determining the result. The chief value of ashes consists in supplying the soil with mineral constituents, and by their action as solvents upon the insoluble salts already in the soil; also by neutralizing acids and improving the mechanical condition of the soil. Barnyard manure is chiefly composed of water and organic matter, as woody fiber, starch, gum, sugar, gluten, and albumen in vegetables, and in animals the flesh, milk, butter, cheese, etc. The character and fertility of the soil depends very greatly on the nature and quantity of organic matter it contains; yet while inorganic matter forms by far the smaller portion, this portion is absolutely essential to the production of useful plants. No seed can be produced without it; and the absence of a single element may render the soil infertile or entirely barren. Competent authorities have estimated the annual exhaustion of salts by crops of grain, roots and grass, at from 180 to 250 pounds per acre; and as ashes (of plants) consist of these elements they furnish one of the most needful manures of the soil.

While ashes are beneficial to almost every soil, they are much more so to those that are sandy and gravelly than on clay, because the latter, being formed mainly from granite rocks, naturally contain both.

In applying ashes to the soil they should be hauled out and spread over the ground previous to plowing. It has been the custom with some farmers, and may be yet, to apply them to corn on the surface for the double purpose of obtaining the benefit of their fertilizing properties and as a protection against grub worms. But that method is open to the objection that the plant can thus receive no benefit save from the small amount that is soluble and carried into the soil by rain. If they are incorporated in the earth previous to planting the corn, the roots of the plant and chemical action will evolve other elements which become assimilable and enhance the growth of the plant.

Ashes that have lain out of doors for some time may have parted with some of their useful properties, but they are still beneficial. They will not act as rapidly, probably, as when fresh, but their effects will hardly fail of being beneficial. Light soils do not require as heavy an application of ashes as rich clays. On the former, from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre is not too much; and double the quantity may be applied to the latter.—*Western Rural.*

What Shall the Children Eat.

Providing that many children cannot and will not eat oatmeal, Graham and rice, except at rare intervals, it becomes a study what to substitute that may furnish material for the growth of their unresting little bodies and brains. Too often the noon lunch is made of remnants of cake, sauce and pie, instead of one or two nourishing dishes in which a child's preferences should be indulged as far as may be healthful. In one home this is made the children's special need, just as the later dinner is planned to subserve in particular the greeds and tastes of the head of the house. Nothing has been of greater service to us than the often misunderstood and mutilated bean. Cooked in a simple way, not borrowed from cook-books, it has contributed largely to the growth of young forms that have both strength and endurance, and minds that are quick, alert and take "learning" almost like inspiration. Before breakfast wash a quart of the best white beans; put them over the fire in a tin pan with plenty of boiling water and a lump of soda. Let them just come to a good boil, then drain off this water and add fresh boiling water to cover them about an inch deep or more, and a tablespoon of salt. Cover them and move them back on the range to where they will only just simmer, adding water if needed. Two hours before noon add a large tablespoon of sugar, a saltspoon of pepper and piece of butter twice as large as an egg, or an equal amount of good beef gravy. Cook slowly two or three hours longer, and let them be full of juiciness or gravy when taken up—never cooked down dry and mealy. Let us here remark that older ones in the family prefer beans prepared thus to any Boston baked beans or bean porridge known to the descendants of Mother Goose. The hostess or landlady who would hesitate to present at her table a dish of plebeian white beans, will find that the more assuming dark-hued kidney bean is delicious cooked in the same way. In the race of beans "color" is passport where their paler brethren must stand aloof. The black beans, however, are apt to be too rich for children, which brings us back to our subject. Highly seasoned or variously flavored soups do not find favor with them like a clear strained stock made from a soup-bone simmered four or five hours, and seasoned only with salt and a mere suggestion of pepper and onion. Give them small crackers to float in it. One little boy furnishes imagination for the feast, and "plays" that his dish of soup is the ocean, his crackers islands or sail-boats and his spoon a big ship searching for Robinson Crusoe. Or his saucer of oatmeal is a snow-covered mountain, with rivulets of milk down its sides for snow-slides and glaciers, or streams of berry juice for molten lava, etc. Fancies like these have almost as much power to give a charmed relish to food as the carefully cooked viands themselves. If bread is a little stale make Queen's toast of it. Cut it into half slices, not very thin, and dip into two eggs beaten up with a large cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt. Lay it on a hot buttered griddle and brown it nicely on both sides. If any addition is desired, a little sugar or canned fruit spread over it will answer nicely. French toast may be made by spreading the slices of hot dry toast with beef or chicken gravy; pile them up and set in the oven till the gravy is absorbed. Milk toast slightly thickened and salted is another much-relished lunch. Little corn-meal or Graham gems are fancied for their cunning shape when the large brown loaf might not be attractive.—*M. T. C., in Christian Union.*

—"Beatrice" sends in a poem, in which she propounds the conundrum, "Can the heart that has once loved forget?" Were Beatrice better posted on anatomy, physiology and the sciences generally, she would be aware that the sent of memory is in the brain, and that love is an affection of the stomach, and she wouldn't ask such absurd questions.

—Inspirations come to writers without the least warning and in all sorts of places. The following must have struck the editor of the Rochester *Express* while he was getting his hair curled: "It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at the barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved."

—"Everybody is looking at Rhode Island" remarks the editor of the Providence *Dispatch* in the course of an editorial on "The Duty of the Hour." This explains the recent advance in the price of microscopes.

WHEN the Indians go on a staying party they get out their runners.—*Boston Transcript.*

A TRAMP will not go away empty-handed from the good man's door—not if he can reach an overcoat from the hall rack.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"IT is an infernal outrage to pull back a horse's head that way with a check-rein. It is perfect torture to the poor animal to be made to hold his head up that way." Such was the argument used by a member of the Galveston S. P. C. A. on seeing a pair of fine carriage horses with their necks proudly arched. "That's just where you are fooling yourself," responded Gilhooly, "the horses of rich people all hold their heads up that way in the presence of common folks like us." "That's all nonsense." "It's nothing of the kind. The horses of aristocrats in New York put on twice as much style as Galveston horses. Vanderbilt's horses hold their noses up so high in the air that the check-rein has to be fastened between their fore legs to pull their heads down—fact!"—*Galveston News.*

THE St. Louis police headed off a man who was attempting suicide the day before a census, and Chicago papers indignantly ask if this is a free country!—*Boston Post.*

SIC TRANSIT.—An ambulance wagon.—*Boston Courier.*

YOUNG SNOODLEKINS had called at the Smithers residence. He had seen Matilda home once or twice, and had now called to take her to the concert. While the young lady was fixing her hair, Mrs. Smithers was doing the agreeable to Snoodlekins in the best parlor. Presently entered the heir of the house of Smithers, aged five. "This is Mr. Snoodlekins, Georgy," said his mother. Georgy looked at the young gentleman with a face brightened up by recent recollection. "Mamma likes you lots," he said. "Does she?" asked Snoodlekins; "what makes you think so, Georgy?" "'Cause she said she is glad Tilly 's got a beau at last." Snoodlekins turns crimson, and Mrs. Smithers cries, "Why, Georgy!" and looks unspeakable unspeakableness.—*Boston Transcript.*

MAIDEN lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism—"Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Pigeons Guided Home by a Whistle.

A little colony of fan-tailed-pigeons is kept at the works of the Union Manufacturing Company at North Manchester. At Christmas two young birds were presented to a family living three-quarters of a mile from the mill. The young birds were placed in a cage, and soon became domesticated and apparently very much at home, so that a few mornings since it was thought safe to place them in the house prepared for them and let them loose. They remained quiet and contented until at 11:30 the whistle of the mill sounded. Instantly they flew into the air and struck out in the direction of the sound. But before they were certain about their direction the whistle ceased, and the birds thereupon lit upon a neighboring roof and waited. The moment the twelve o'clock whistle began they mounted straight into the air until they were able to locate the direction accurately, and a moment later they landed among their old comrades.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

—A cold bath as a tonic can be safely used "all the year round" (by those who can bear it at all), if one will remember that the temperature of the water should be uniformly about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and not take it as it comes, cool in summer, and way down toward freezing in winter.—*Dr. Kipte's Health Monthly for February.*

—Sampson brought down the house but nobody called for an encore.

[Galveston News.]

THE Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat the wounds received by the candidates for the Presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy, which "heals all wounds but those of love," and soothes all pains, save those of political disappointment.

WHEN you have a secret to communicate to a pair of twins, be sure you get them together, for you will find it difficult to tell them apart.—*Lowell Citizen.*

[St. Louis Republican.]

IT is very rare that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.

IT is sad but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear-after.—*Syracuse Standard.*

"I Don't Want That Stuff,"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

A WOMAN may be said to have undressed kids on her hands when she is putting twin babies in a bath.—*Boston Courier.*

Rheumatism.

There is certainly not a more distressing infliction in the long list of disorders; not one that has baffled the skill of physicians as rheumatism. To those afflicted we would honestly say, try Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It is an internal medicine, harmless in effect, and may be taken by the most delicate lady. Some of the leading men of the Nation have used it with success. Sold by all Druggists. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helpheustine, Washington, D. C.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

There is a medicine that will cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. It has been used for years, with constantly increasing popularity. It is called Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Died with Consumption.

The above grim statement meets the eye in nearly every paper taken up. Reader, would you avert it? James' Cough Pills will cure you. Only 25 cents.

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No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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STOMACH
BITTERS

No Time Should be Lost

If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long-known medicine.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

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The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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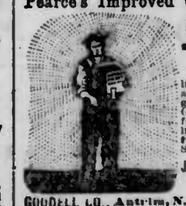

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind. Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. Rogabon, of Berkshire says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for the convenience of those that cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs,
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By F. S. Dobbins, late of Yokohama, Japan. A new book of **matchless** *interest*, describing the *marvelous varieties* and *strange superstitions of idolatrous Worship* in *all parts* and *ages* of the world. Contains a *thousand facts stranger than fiction*—the wild imaginations of heathen Nations concerning **Deity, Spirits, the Origin** and **Destiny of Man**, with all the *strange beliefs, legends, fairy tales, customs, forms of worship, temples, shrines, sacrifices*, etc. It is most **strikingly illustrated.** A truly wonderful book, and *certain to sell* **immensely. Agents Wanted.** For terms, etc., address HUBBARD BROS., 51 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.' T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

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YOUNG MAN OR OLD, If you want a luxuriant Mustache, Beard, whiskers, a heavy growth of hair on bald head, or to thicken, strengthen or improve the hair any where, don't be humbugged, but send only $1.12 and get by return mail, postage paid, Dr. Bonales' Mexican Mustache Elixir. Address, DR. BONALES, Box 5386, Boston, Mass. *Please name this paper.*

SALESMEN WANTED $105 A Month and Expenses allowed to BRAGG'S CAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to CIGARS Cigar Manufacturer, N. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. BUCKSTAHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

How Conger Got Chandler's Seat.

Before Senator-elect Conger left for Michigan, pending the senatorial canvass in that state, he dropped in on Mr. Isaac Bassett, of the Senate, and requested that in case he advised him by telegraph that he received the caucus nomination, he desired to have the seat formerly occupied by Senator Chandler reserved for him. It was not long after Mr. Conger was nominated before the telegraph advised Mr. Bassett of the fact, and accordingly Mr. Conger's name was put down for the seat. It had hardly been reserved, however, before Senator Conkling said, "Mr. Bassett, I want you to reserved ex-Senator Chandler's seat for Mr. Platt, who has been nominated by the New York legislature for the Senate." "The seat's reserved," said Mr. Bassett. "Who's got it?" said Mr. Conkling. "Mr. Conger, of Michigan," was the reply. "By what authority do you reserve a seat for Mr. Conger?" said Mr. Conkling. "This is the authority," said Mr. Bassett, at the same time handing the New York senator the despatch announcing Mr. Conger's election, coupled with the request for the seat. This satisfied the New York senator, and he walked off. The conversation between Mr. Bassett and Mr. Conkling had hardly ceased, when Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, out of breath, told Mr. Bassett he had just been notified of his senatorial election, and he wanted to get ex-Senator Chandler's seat. "It's gone," said Mr. Bassett, and an explanation followed. When Mr. Conger returned from Michigan, Gen. Hawley said to him, "How is it that you, away out in Michigan, can get a good seat in the Senate, while I, being on the ground, was left?" "Well, General," said Mr. Conger, "when you are a candidate for the Senate again, instead of having your friends, telegraph yourself of your election, have them telegraph at once to Isaac Bassett, and you will save time and get a good seat.—*Washington Star*

AN ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.—In looking over an old pile of papers, we find the following anecdote about one of the purest and best women who ever trod the stage: "Sweeter, clearer, and more heavenly than her own enchanting strains are the kind pulsations of Miss Lind's heart, when its chords vibrate to the touch of the beautiful and the holy. The following is among the most recent of her kindly offices. The waiting maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, attracted her notice by her beauty, attention and fidelity. It so happened that this young woman, by name Margaret Atkinson, was about to be married, and the news reached the good vocalist's ears. She immediately purchased her a becoming and beautiful bridal outfit, earrings, gloves, bonnet, &c., and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony. This done, she took her own carriage, having first read to her and her future husband the beautiful and affecting passages applicable to the occasion, conveyed her to Lewiston, entered the Episcopal Church, and there officiated as Margaret's bridesmaid. There is no queen in Europe that would not be proud of such a maid of honor on a similar occasion."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Hol any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 30 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 7t W. H. TOWER.

Notice to Teachers.

OFFICK OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Feb. 7, 1881.

The Second Term of the Public Schools will close on Friday, March 4th. Teachers will report full time to that date, considering the Term as having commenced December 27th, instead of January 3d.

E. H. BARTLETT,
2 12 3t Sec'y, Ex'r, &c.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

28th day of February, 1881,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, adjoining the town of Oakland, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 844,

of the Military Lands Westward from Fort Cumberland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy the sum of $59.78, balance of State and County taxes, with interest due, by Mrs. Amanda H. Hall for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
2 5 3t Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 10th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the town of Oakland, and described as

Lot No. 37 in Brant's Addition to said Town,

and being the same lot which was conveyed to S. Rosenheim by Gilmor S. Hamill by deed dated September the 28th, 1874, and containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

Said lot has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of four dollars and eleven cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1880, and also to satisfy the sum of five dollars and six cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount due for the State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
COAL LANDS!

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, in Equity, in a cause in which Mary E. Hilton is complainant and Wm. H. Bernard and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at public sale, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on the

21st day of February A. D. 1881,

all that piece, parcel or tract of land called

TYPEE,

containing thirty-three and one-fourth acres, more or less. The said land lies about 2½ miles from Bloomington, on the B. & O. R. R. near the North Branch of the Potomac river and is unimproved, but is valuable on account of the coal with which it is underlaid.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree: One-half cash on the day of sale. Balance in twelve months, deferred payment to be secured by the single bill of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from day of sale, with surety to be approved by the trustees. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
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Trustees.

J. R. BRANT, Auctioneer. 1 29 tds.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

FOR SALE.

The printing presses, type, fixtures and equipments of the *Garrett County Herald*. For terms and particular apply to

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney for Eva C. Tasker,
Oakland, Md.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

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Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 187 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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The Largest, Best and Cheapest Paper in the World.

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THE
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IS AS GOOD A FAMILY PAPER AS IS PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.43 P. M.
No. 3		11.32 P. M.
No. 5		7.28 A. M.
No. 7		5:29 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.36 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		8.28 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

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Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Wm. A. Dally and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.
Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.
County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and Thos. H. Bittinger.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

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2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. B. Gonder.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Welmer, J. Fazenbaker.

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2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Coddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 122—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lod e. No. 574, *K. of H.*—Meets in Legge's Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881. NUMBER 1.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

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AN OLD STORY.

Fisherman John is brave and strong,
None more brave on the coast than he;
He owns a cottage and fishing smack
As snug as ever need be.
And, what is truer than I could wish,
Fisherman John loves me.

Often and often, when day is done,
With smiling lips and eager eyes
He comes to woo me; in every way
That a man may try, he tries
To win me; but that he can never do,
Though he woo me till he dies.

Fisherman Jack is a poorer man;
He owns nor cottage nor fishing smack,
But a winning voice and smile are his,
And a manly grace. Alack!
I will not break my heart to tell
That I love Fisherman Jack.

He loves not me; but every night
He sits at the feet of Kate Mahon.
Never a heart has she made for him—
For she loves Fisherman John.
Who cares no more for love of hers
Than the sea he sails upon.

Often we wonder, do Kate and I,
That fate should cross us so cruelly,
We think of the lovers we do not love,
And dream of what life would be,
If only Fisherman John loved her,
And Fisherman Jack loved me.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

"Broiled chickens for tea, eh?" said I. "And lobster salad and fried oysters! Upon my word, this looks as if we were going to have company."

"So we are, my dear," said my wife, looking a little guilty, as she polished up the surface of the silver tea-tray with a chamois leather. "They are all coming to visit me—Uncle Silas and Aunt Millicent, and the children, and Cousin Joab, and the two Miss Wilmerdings, and my Aunt Louisa, to meet the Rev. Mr. Sparkwell, from Minnesota, who married my cousin, Jerusha Wild. Mr. Sparkwell is troubled with catarrh, and he thinks of staying at our house for a few weeks while he is being treated by Dr. Dosem."

I put down my linen duster and paper parcels with some emphasis.

"Oh, confound the Rev. Mr. Sparkwell," said I.

"John!" ejaculated my wife.

"Well, my dear, I can't help it," said I. "It's not human nature to endure everything. And I've been relationed out of all patience ever since we were married. The Jenkinses went away last week, the Brotsalls took an affectionate leave yesterday, and now, just as I was contemplating a peaceful evening by ourselves, here's a new swarm, hungrier than the rest, just about to settle down upon us. In my opinion, Kitty, my dear, relations should be abolished."

"I am surprised at you, John," said my wife, "my own people that are so fond of me."

"That's where you are mistaken, my dear," said I, "It's your comfortable spring beds and cookery that they are fond of, not you."

"John!"

"I'd be willing to wager a good round sum on the truth of my assertions," said I.

"Because you have no relations yourself—"

"Thank Providence for that," said I, devoutly. 'I was reared in a foundling asylum, and have nobody to thank but myself for my tolerable success in the world."

"It's no reason you should find fault with mine," said Kitty, with her bright blue eyes full of tears. "And Mr. Sparkwell is such a spiritually-minded man, and dear Uncle Silas loves you just as if you were his only son, and Cousin Joab is so interested in the children."

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said I, dryly, "but I slept all last week on sofa cushions laid in the bath tub; we have had fourteen people here over the anniversaries; and I was obliged to give up my own room for a month last winter to old Marswell, not to speak of our being half poisoned with Aunt Louisa's hygiene mess in the fall. When the poet said, 'There's no place like home,' I presume he meant when there's no relations visiting there. I'll tell you what, my dear," with a sudden inspiration. "I've a great mind formally to deed over this house to your relations, if they will agree solemnly to leave me in peace for the rest of my life, wheresoever I may set up my family tent."

"Nonsense," said my wife. "Do go upstairs and change your things, and brush your hair and get ready for tea. They're all waiting in the best parlor, and I was expecting your return to see about hiring some cot beds from the village hotel to put up in the attic for those four little Sparkwell children. You see, Aunt Louise has the blue bedroom, and Cousin Joab sleeps in the little wing chamber, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparkwell will have our room, and—"

"Indeed!" said I, "and we are to sleep in the barn, I suppose?"

"Don't be cross, John," said my wife, appealingly; one must be hospitable you know; and I can easily make up the sofa bed in the back parlor for our use for a week or two."

I said nothing, but ground my teeth in silent despair; and I sprang up stairs, two steps at a time, to make what changes I could in my toilet by the aid of a ten by twelve glass, hung over the washstand of a snuffy little bathroom.

The Rev. Mr. Sparkwell was a big man, with a still bigger voice, and a limp, faded little wife, whose sole earthly interest seemed centered in the four white-eyed, freckle-faced children. Uncle Silas and Aunt Millicent were a silent pair, with excellent appetites, and two tall boys who giggled and snickered at each other in the intervals of the conversation.

Cousin Joab talked incessantly with his mouth full, and the two Miss Wilmerdings served as general echoes of the rest; while Aunt Louise devoured lobster salad ad libitum, and kept one sending up her cup for more green tea, until I trembled for her nerves.

While my wife, careful and troubled, like Martha of old, with many things looked ready to drop with the hospitable exertions she had made, and I, sitting a mere cipher at the head of my table, felt as if I were keeping a boarding house without any of the pecuniary emoluments therefrom.

"My trunks will be up in the six o'clock train," said the Rev. Mr. Sparkwell. I'll trouble you, Cousin Poyntz, to send an expressman to the depot for 'em. And if there's any apartment in this domicile, Cousin Poyntz, that could be fitted up as a study for my temporary use, it would greatly facilitate my intellectual occupation during my sojourn in the suburbs of this great city. And I must beg that you will keep the house very still during the hours which I devote to my study."

Here my wife looked at me aghast, thinking of little Johnnie and the baby.

"Never mind, my dear," I remarked, sotto voce. "We can easily get 'em boarded somewhere."

"And," went on the Rev. Mr. Sparkwell," I should deem it a favor if a horse and buggy could be procured for my daily use when going to Dr. Dosem, in the city, as the motion of the train disagrees with my nervous system."

"I don't happen to own a carriage," said I. "But I might buy one."

"Thank you, thank you, Cousin Poyntz," said Mr. Sparkwell, blandly.

"And if there's any other little thing you should happen to want," I added, "pray don't be backward in mentioning it."

"No, I won't, Cousin Poyntz," said the reverend gentleman, with the utmost gravity imaginable.

And I am bound to say that he kept his word.

For three days I endured the swarm of visitors which literally infested my home, and I made up my mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"I'll put a stop to this thing," said I.

I came home one night with a tragical expression on my face.

"Katherine," said I to my wife, "I'm ruined."

"What!" cried all the company at once.

"Those shares in the Western Union, you know," said I, smiting my forehead.

"Yes, dear," groaned poor Kitty.

"They have gone down," said I. "Not worth a penny."

"Oh, John!"

"I wish I had taken your advice and let 'em alone," I said. "But after all it doesn't so much matter, as if I had no friends, you know."

I looked beaming around at my wife's relations. They returned the glance by the blankest of stares.

"If I could borrow $200 apiece of all these kindred," said I, with obtrusive cheerfulness, "and request Uncle Silas to indorse my business notes—"

"I couldn't think of such a thing," hurriedly interrupted that gentleman.

"I should be quite happy to oblige," said Cousin Joab, "but I am quite out of funds at present."

"And I," said the Rev. Mr. Sparkwell, pushing back his chair, "must save what little share I possess of the world's filthy lucre to pay my passage and that of my family back to Minnesota."

"Surely," cried I, "you will not go away and leave me in such pecuniary straits as these?"

The Rev. Mr. Sparkwell significantly buttoned up his pockets.

"It's every man's business to look after himself, Cousin Poyntz," said he, "and I don't scruple to say that it is downright dishonest for a business man like yourself to get into such financial difficulties."

And in fifteen minutes every cousin in the lot had, upon one excuse or another, vanished from the room to pack and prepare for immediate departure.

I looked at my wife, my wife looked at me, and I burst out laughing; Kitty began to cry.

"My dear," said I, "it's an easier job than I thought it would be. I didn't know but that it would be necessary for me to catch the small-pox, before I could get rid of your relations."

"But are we very poor, John? And must we give up this dear little cottage? Oh, how cruel it was of Cousin Joab, and Mr. Sparkwell, and Uncle Silas, and all of them not to help you! I know Mariana Wilmerding has $5,000 that she wants to put out at interest, for she told me so only yesterday, and—"

"Yes, exactly," said I. "But probably she don't regard me as a good investment."

"After all I have done for them," sobbed my wife.

"Relations are only human, my dear," said I.

The company took their leave without much ceremony of adieux, and that afternoon my wife came to me with tears in her eyes.

"John," said she, "will you tell me how much money you have lost in that horrid Western Union stock? Because I would rather know the worst at once."

"Lost?" I repeated, looking up from the newspaper which I was reading in Uncle Silas' favorite easy chair, now vacated for the first time in many days.

"Why, who said I had lost anything?"

"You did."

"Excuse me, my dear, I said nothing of the kind. I merely said that the Western Union shares were not worth a penny. Neither were they to me, as I had sold out all I possessed a week ago."

"John!"

"Yes, my dear."

"How could you?"

"Very easy," said I, with a latent smile. "My dear, I think if your relations had stayed another week, I should have committed suicide."

"And you told that horrid story just to get rid of them?"

"I made that unimpeachable statement with that precise intention."

"They were rather trying," confessed Kitty. "And I think they might have helped you a little when they thought you were bankrupt."

"They will not come visiting here again," said I, quietly.

And I was right. They did not.

A BALKY HORSE.—A Canada paper gives room to the following curious mode of dealing with a balky horse: I would prepare myself with a good strap—I want no whip; perhaps he has got a good taste of that already, and still he is master. But some day, when I was at peace with myself and all around, I would hitch him to the buggy, turning his head to the village. He goes half the way very well indeed; then he begins to think he has gone far enough in that direction, and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip; he is mistaken. As a criminal, I treat him on the silent system. I push him back out of the way. I show him the strap, putting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his fore leg, close up to his breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder; I then raise his near foot and fix it with the hoof almost touching the belly. This done, I say, "Now, old chap, you just stand there." I don't smoke, so I take a paper from my pocket, and finding a place where I can sit down, and he see me, I begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. I think that is the chief point gained, and the most humane. When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will now become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.

We have received the prospectus of the United States Postal Telegraph Company, from which we publish the following extract.

The United States Postal Telegraph Co. has been incorporated under the statutes of Iowa and the laws of the United States with a limited capital of one hundred million dollars; the same to be issued at a fixed rate per mile, so fast as the line may be constructed. It proposes to divide the United States and its territories by the 16th meridian of longitude west of Washington, into two districts, and to establish a uniform tariff for the transmission of messages, of twenty cents for twenty words or less, when business may originate and terminate in the same district, and double this amount, when the same may originate in one district and pass through or terminate in another.

It furthermore proposes to turn over to the government one-half of its capital stock, to act as a bar against the disposition of the property by lease or sale; to allow a government Director in its Board; and a Registrar appointed by the government.

In consideration for which, it asks such legislation at the hands of Congress; as will enable it to occupy with its lines the right of way belonging to railroads, canals, and wagon roads, in the United States and its territories, and the use of its waters for the purpose of submarine telegraphy, as well as the free occupancy of its postal cars for a "linesman," whose duties may be to superintend the lines, and the free use of the government post offices for the reception and delivery of business.

The direct advantage resulting from the construction of the United States Postal Telegraph System, would be a saving of nine million dollars to the public annually, based upon the tariff and bulk of business performed by the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1879.

2d. The property could not be sold or disposed of without consent of government, any more readily than if owned by the government itself, but could always be depended upon as a bulwark against monopoly, which, with good cause, the people have too much reason to dread.

To the newspaper press, and especially of that class which cannot afford the facilities offered by the Associated Press, the benefit would be incalculable. The report of the Western Union Company before referred to, gives the following exhibit performed in 1879 for the Associated Press.

Number of messages transmitted for year, 2,484,360. At the rate of about 30 words per message, 74,530,820 words, not counting *a delivery* of drop copies, and multiples, which would give a total result of 611,199,930 words.

The revenue realized from this service was $1,083,755.21, an average per word, for messages received, of 1 2-5 cents; a rate nearly one-half greater than it is proposed by United States Postal Telegraph Company shall charge its patrons at large.

With this price so low and uniform, scarcely a weekly paper in the Union would fail to publish the latest telegraphic news on the day of going to press; while dailies with a larger circulation and capital could, if they wished at less cost, receive special dispatches from scattered correspondents, enabling them to give their readers a greater variety of news than now enjoyed.

The large amount of postal cards which daily find their way through the mails, demonstrate not only that cheapness in postage is sought for, but that in many business communications twenty words or less may suffice.

Four days and nights are required to make the quickest mail transit from New York City to Denver, the gate city to the Rocky Mountains; consequently all negotiations for the sale of mining interests between the owners and their New York representative, where time is so essential to successful realization, must be performed through the medium of the telegraphs. Cheapness of tariff is certainly a desideratum in dispatches containing one hundred words or more.

Uniformity as to places of delivery would also work greatly to the advantage of the merchant and his commercial traveler, who is often absent from the parent house three months at a time. With general orders to visit the post office of every town on his route before leaving, his employer would feel certain of being in constant communication with him—a matter of no small importance to each.

In the grain-raising States of the West, every town on the line of railway or canal, large or small, becomes a shipping station, and consequently, a market. The dealers in these markets, closely follow the fluctuations of Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, or New York markets, in the prices paid to the farmer.

This class, above all others, can appreciate the secrecy which would attend the distribution of dispatches through a post office, as against the method of a general distribution, at the hands of railroad operatives, at stations.

This advantage also admits of application in other directions.

The projectors of the United States Postal Telegraph Co. submit the great question to the people of the nation. At their bid their representatives in Congress will legislate. With the legislation obtained, the enterprise will be "promoted" in a manner worthy of its magnitude, and of the public, which it will closer unite.

Of this the reputation of the corporators, who number largely the representative men of the United States, will in itself be a guaranty.

CARE OF THE EYES.—The eye is one of the most delicate organs of the body, and partial or total blindness one of the things to be deplored, and to be carefully guarded against.

Even strong eyes soon become weakened, and often diseased, by being carelessly treated.

When reading, writing, or working, the light should always fall over the left shoulder, and the book or work should never be held nearer the eyes than is necessary.

It is always important to sit up straight. Stooping is not only injurious to the eyes, but to the lungs and spine.

Never work in the twilight or by a dim light.

Reading or writing in a car or carriage is hurtful to the eyes.

If you work by gas light, the jet should be shaded, and the light clear and steady.

Do not read in bed, nor lying down, nor in a swinging hammock. Sleep in a well ventilated room, and lie in such a position that a bright light will not strike your eyes when you waken. Bathe your eyes freely each night and morning with cold water, to which occasionally it is well to add a little salt.

If your eyes are weary or painful from too close application, rest them by closing them, or looking away from your work, or bathe them with cold water, or with extract of witch hazel.

Any foreign substance in the eye can usually be removed by taking the upper eye-lid between the thumb and finger, and drawing it down over the lower lid, gently pressing it toward the nose.

Little children should be particularly careful not to distort the eyes by constant winking or twitching of the eye-lids, or by turning the eyes toward the nose. Many children have become permanently cross-eyed and others seriously injure their sight by these pernicious practices.

Children who are near-sighted should immediately be provided with glasses by a competent optician, and by this means a cure is often effected.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora box which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go on their mission like foul fiends to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common, and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

As a reliable and cheap remedy for the various affections of the throat and lungs, we heartily recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MY VALENTINE.

THERE is frost upon the hair
Banded 'neath the snowy cap,
On her brow are lines of care,
And the thin hands in her lap
Are not quite so fair and fine
As they were in auld lang syne,
Sweetest wife,
My Valentine.

It is forty years ago
Since I stole with timid foot
Through the lingering afterglow,
Past the oak's entwisted root.
Past the cedar and the pine,
Wishing, hoping, she were mine,
Pride of life,
My Valentine.

Peering through the latticed pane,
Clear I saw my true love's face;
Turned and left and turned again,
Lingered there, while time and place
Hallowed grew, for like a shrine
Seemed that sheltered hearth of thine,
Dear, my wife,
My Valentine.

Then I slipped beneath the door
Something satin-bound and white;
It would lie upon the floor
In the moonbeam's tender light,
That beseeching note of mine,
Suing for that heart of thine,
Sweet, my wife,
My Valentine.

Wooing ways, they tell me, now
Are more sensibly arranged:
Truth to tell, I see not how—
Love and honor have not changed,
Still must man find half divine
That fair woman who shall shine
On his life,
His Valentine.

And beside our household fire,
Dearest, crown of all my years,
More than ever my desire,
Sharer of my joys and tears,
Gratefully I call thee mine,
Proudly own that I am thine,
Sweetest wife,
My Valentine.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A DREADFUL CASE.

"Gems!" he exclaimed, the expression of his countenance changing from that of the reflective sage—I was going to say to one that was almost miserly. "Ah, now you talk of something I understand. They are not watching us, are they?" he broke off, looking nervously in the direction of the house.

"No, no," said I, with subdued excitement, wondering what was to happen next.

He deliberately unbuttoned his long ulster coat, shivering in the cold winter air as he did so; then he began to fumble at a belt which he wore. Several diamonds, of great value, as I judged, in a moment more sparkled before my astonished eyes. He had apparently drawn them from a little leather pocket, curiously concealed beneath his belt.

"Ah! those are gems, if you like, sir," he exclaimed, with an exulting chuckle, which brought to my mind the impression created at our first interview, that he was not quite right in his head.

"They are splendid," I said; "but why do you carry them about with you? Suppose anyone, dishonestly inclined, were to learn that an elderly man had property of such value upon him? The thought of it makes me tremble, sir."

"I am not in the habit of exhibiting the treasures which it has taken my lifetime to amass. I dare not. But I trust you, sir."

As a man of business I thought there was here another evidence of mental weakness, in the fact that he should confide in one of whose antecedents he knew nothing, and of whose honesty he had no further proof than a love of nature might suggest.

But I chanced at this moment to look up at the first-floor window of our neighbor's house; and there, watching with a strange and, as I thought, scornful smile, stood the tall, sallow man of whom both my wife's and my own impression was so distinctly unfavorable.

I motioned to the old man to put away his jewels, for the German servant was approaching again; most likely sent by her master.

* * * * * *

My strange acquaintance did not appear in the garden any more.

Well, a few days after we sat in our cheerful, cozy front parlor; we were sitting, I say, in our cozy front parlor, my wife, with her knitting in her hands, on an ottoman, which was drawn close into a recess by the fireplace; I, in my good old armchair by the table in the middle of the room, and reading the last number of our monthly magazine. The entrance of Ann, with our customary "night-cap" of weak toddy and thin bread and butter, interrupted my study of an article on "Trenching," and caused me to look up at my wife.

"Eavesdropping!" I was about to exclaim, when my speech was arrested by observing the strange look of horror on Polly's face. She had dropped her knitting, and sat with hands clasped tightly across her breast and head pressed closely against the wall.

"My dear girl, whatever is the matter with you?" I said.

"Oh! it is dreadful," she whispered, holding up her finger to check me. "Pray come and hear what they are saying."

I have an innate horror of eavesdropping, and as I have repeatedly said to my dear wife, whose feminine curiosity tempts her to attach far too little attention to this evil, "Conversation not intended for her ears ought to be regarded with the same feelings as a letter not written for her perusal." She would feel deeply insulted did anyone suggest that she would be capable of reading another person's letter, simply because the seal happened to be broken and she could therefore do so without the fear of detection. But women, alas! are never logical; and she will not see, or perhaps can not, that her conduct is no less culpable when she greedily listens to the private conversation of others, just because accident or carelessness on her part has placed her within earshot.

Exalted though my principles were about listening, I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but hastily rose from my seat and placed my ear against the wall likewise. Ann Lightbody, too, forgetting our relative positions, dropped the tray of toddy on the table as if it were a hot coal, and rushed to the opposite site of the mantelpiece to imitate our example. To any one entering the room at that moment the scene presented must have been absurd beyond description. But we were earnest enough, for what we heard seemed to freeze our very blood.

"Is he dead yet?" we heard Mrs. Malden ask her husband, with a low, musical laugh that seemed to us like the mirth of a fiend.

"Thoroughly," responded he, in a deep voice, which betrayed no sign of remorse or agitation; "your hint that I should dispose of him in his sleep, like Hamlet's uncle did his troublesome brother, was capital."

There was silence for several minutes. Then we heard Mrs. Malden ask, gravely, "What shall you do with the body?"

"Oh, that is just the difficulty. As the neighbors must not have their suspicions roused, it must be buried at night and a report put about that the silly old man has gone into the country."

"Oh, dear! there is the property to dispose of, is there not?"

"Uncut diamonds tell no tale," said this sallow neighbor of mine, in his deep voice, laughing lordly. "Nothing could have been luckier than my witnessing that little scene between my uncle and our fat neighbor over the garden-wall."

In an ordinary moment I should have felt keenly the insult conveyed in his remark, but my feelings were too highly wrought for it to touch me then.

But Polly pressed my hand and murmured, "The horrid villain!"

We listened painfully for several minutes more. We heard Malden's wife heave a deep sigh. She was human, then. I had scarcely thought it.

"I can't bear to think—it is too dreadful!" she said, her voice trembling for the first time during the fearful conversation.

Again her husband laughed loudly, and said, in a theatrical tone, "What, my Lady Macbeth trembling! 'Come, we'll to sleep. We are yet but young in deed.'"

In a moment more we heard the door of the apartment closed. We three sat and looked at each other—blanched and speechless with horror.

Ann was the first to recover her presence of mind. "Shall I go an' fetch the perlease, sir?" she said, in a subdued voice.

"Oh, don't leave me, Ann!" sobbed my poor wife, yielding to her pent-up emotions and clasping our servant round the waist. This was the first time in her life that she had been so undignified.

"You go, Joram," she contined. Then a sudden fear seized her. "But we shall both be murdered while you are gone." The poor soul wrung her hands and began to laugh hysterically.

I felt that everything depended upon my controlling my nervous system. Polly was beginning to get silly, and Ann might at any moment break down, too. I took out my pipe, and slowly filled and lit it, in order both to steady myself and to impress these women with my self-command.

"I'll telegraph to Chittick—that will be best," I said, after pacing the room once or twice.

"You can't telegraph to-night, sir; the orfice will be shut," said the practical Ann.

Mr. Chittick was an inspector in the detective force at Scotland Yards. After some internal debating I decided that it would be better to wait till the morning and then telegraph than to go off to the police station that night. I have often since wondered at my courage and calmness. The wife and servant seemed to catch something of my spirit. We were unanimous that to go to bed was impossible, so Mrs. Frogg lay on the sofa, Ann in a sofa chair which we wheeled out of the next room, and I sat up in my good arm-chair, prepared to watch the night through.

Happily nothing transpired during that tedious night to create further alarm. In the morning when the postman called I got him to take a telegraphic message, which simply urged my friend the inspector to come as early in the day as he possibly could, as I wanted to see him on business of a very pressing and extraordinary character.

About noon he came. Not a soul had stirred from the neighboring house, and I had therefore the satisfaction of feeling that the delay would not frustrate the ends of justice.

When we were alone, I told the story of Mr. Lea's eccentric conduct; his disappearance after his nephew had seen him showing me the diamonds in the garden; and finally the strange conversation we had overheard the night before. At first my friend was merely politely attentive; but as I went on he took out his note book and carefully wrote down the words we had overheard. He asked for particulars, too, of the appearance of Malden and his wife, and of the murdered man.

"Do you know anything of the business or profession of Malden?" he then asked.

I could only admit that on this point I was entirely in the dark.

"But has not your maid learned anything on this subject from your neighbor's servant?" he inquired; "servants are always gossiping, you know."

"The woman next door is a foreigner—a German—I think."

Inspector Chittick pursed up his mouth and tapped his note-book with his pencil.

"That looks like a plan," he remarked, after a moment's meditation. "That fact is the strongest point in the case. It seems as though it were designed that nothing should transpire through the chatter of servants."

"Yet surely the real point is the confession of murder which we overheard?" I urged deferentially.

"That has to be proved," he replied. "In the meanwhile, I must compliment you on your shrewdness in sending for me in this quiet way. I shall at once telegraph for one of our men to stay with you here, and for another to be posted within a convenient distance of the house."

Day after day passed and nothing transpired to clear up this mystery. At length, after an interval of nearly a fortnight, we had, for the first time, a communication from Inspector Chittick in the shape of a telegram:

I have made an unexpected and startling discovery in re Malden. I will call this afternoon, and hope to do business. Malden is at home. Intends leaving home to-morrow morning with wife and German servant.

I did not show this message to Polly, for I knew it would upset her. My nerves, too, were a little unstrung, and I actually trembled when Ann ushered Mr. Chittick into the front room. After greeting me, he gravely took a newspaper from his pocket and passed it to me.

"Read that," said he, pointing to a portion marked at top and bottom with ink. In a mechanical fashion I took the paper and began to read. It was part of an article on the "Magazines of the Month," and *Tyburnia* was the periodical the criticism of which he had marked. I read:

Tyburnia, as usual, is very strong in fiction. But it scarcely sustains its reputation by inserting the highly melodramatic tale, "The Cup of Midas." The hero-villain of this story is a young Greek who is assistant to an aged diamond merchant in Syracuse.

My heart began to beat as I read the last few words.

This young gentleman is fired by an ambition to play an important part in the political life of the coming Greek federation. To obtain wealth, and with it influence, he murders his aged master for the sake of certain priceless gems which the old fellow concealed in a velvet nightcap he is in the habit of wearing. This is the cup of Midas, we presume. Justin Corgialegno—the murderer—had read "Hamlet," and drops poison into his master's ear and steals the nightcap. This poison, however, fails to do its work, so the assistant at once stabs the old man, and begins to feel the first difficulties of his lot, namely, how to dispose of the body of the murdered man.

I looked up at Inspector Chittick, sheepishly. A mocking smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, I thought.

Well, the hero buries his master in the garden of his house and starts off with this cap, which contains the wealth that is to give him political power. Here comes the melodramatic point of the story. The diamonds in this cap are of such [illegible] murderer dare not attempt to sell them, feeling sure that inquiries will be made as to how he became possessed of such precious gems. Tortured by fear and desperate with hunger, he at length commits suicide with this cup of Midas placed mockingly upon his own head. The story is ingenious in some of its parts, but is really, to speak plainly, unworthy of the reputation of that promising young novelist, Mr. Ernest Malden.

"Mr. Ernest Malden," I muttered vacantly, "a—a novelist!"

The inspector rose from his chair and slapped me on the back, and poked me in the ribs, and shook me by the shoulders, laughing the while with such tremendous boisterousness that Mrs. Frogg and Ann burst into the room in a state of speechless amazement which I shall never forget. Their appearance gave just the finishing touch of absurdity to the situation, and as the grotesqueness of the blunder which we had one and all made dawned upon me, I, too, began to laugh until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Polly!" I gasped, as soon as I could speak. "Mr. Malden is a novelist, and oh! such a vile murderer—on paper! Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh! he, he! oh! ha, ha, ha, ha!"

We really never saw poor old Mr. Lea again, for he died at Brighton of softening of the brain a few weeks after his nephew and niece joined him. Their leaving town—referred to in the inspector's telegram—was with this object. The old gentleman, as we afterward learned, was taken away from next door in a cab one evening when we must all have been at the back of the house. Had we but seen him go, we should have been spared a great deal of terror and many unjust suspicions of our neighbors' characters.—*Belgravia.*

PITH AND POINT.

EMBROIDERING "Remember me" on a pair of presention suspenders will not hit the mark. Omitting to properly fasten the suspender buttons will keep your memory green in the mind of your husband.—*New Haven Register.*

THERE is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he has goods to sell
He straight doth advertise;
And when he finds his goods all gone,
With all his might and main
He hurries in another lot
To advertise again.

—*Washington Republican.*

THERE is an Oil City boy who was sent out collecting yesterday, and when he returned in the evening and handed in his bills unpaid, he said: "The people around this town like me first-rate. They were so anxious to see me often that every man I went to told me to call again."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

IT is not to be supposed that it is because of a lack of offers that so many Massachusetts women remain unmarried. Oh, no; the reason is that they have been unable to find a man who can sit in an easy-chair five minutes without raising the mischief with the tidy. Now, young man, you know why leap year has passed you by.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT was a bitter cold day when the traveling combination which I have the honor to feed gathered its solitary valise and stepped ashore at Hartford. The Dutch found this beautiful little city here nearly 250 years ago, and the first thing they did was to establish Colt's armory and go into the insurance business. You can get insured here in any way and for anything you wish—mutual, endowment, tontine, accident, intentional, nomadic, differential protoplasmic, Baptist, old school Presbyterian, Congregational, Bob Ingersoli, renaissance, Gothic, Byzantine, greenback, composite, Corinthian, Scotch, cheviot, gossamer, seamless, new Wheeler & Wilson, barbed wire, liver-pad and hard finish. It is the central and distributing point for the entire insurance business of America. No insurance company is genuine unless "Hartford" is blown upon the bottle.—*Burdette.*

A Hero Rewarded.

LAST night's *Gazette* states that the Queen has been pleased to confer the "Albert Medal of the First Class" on Farabani, Seedie Tindal, serving in Her Majesty's ship Wild Swan, for the following services: On August 8 last, while the Wild Swan was off the coast of Mozambique, a fugitive slave boy, named Farejallah, having jumped overboard from a stage alongside the ship, was immediately seized by an enormous shark, which bit off his leg at the knee, dragging him under the water. When he rose to the surface the shark again attacked him, tearing off his remaining leg and part of his thigh. On Farejallah beginning to rise to the surface again, closely followed by the shark, Farabani jumped from the netting into the water and brought the unfortunate boy to the surface, nor did he leave the water till he had placed him in a position of safety. The Captain of the Wild Swan adds, that what makes this, if possible, a more gallant deed is the fact that Farabani saw the whole of the horrible catastrophe from the first seizure of the boy, and that when he jumped into the water not only the attacking shark but three others were seen close to the ship, attracted no doubt by the blood.—*London Telegraph.*

Some Curious Stories of Lucky Finds of Precious Metal.

THAT rich mines are often discovered by accident, history, both ancient and modern, verifies. Numerous instances of this kind have come under my own observation. This is said to be luck; but it matters not whether it is luck or science, so long as the "find" is a good one. In such cases it would seem that it is even better to be born lucky than industrious. Only last spring a prospector, not twenty miles from here, after hunting many days for a quartz ledge, tired in his search, and threw down his pick and shovel in disgust, and took up his rifle and sauntered forth for game. Fortune favored him; his luck came suddenly to him, as it were. He shot a deer, which in its death struggle fell over the rocks and rolled down the mountain side. When the hunter reached his game he found it lying on the outcrop of an immense galena ledge, which he soon after sold for a good round sum—figures not stated.

In the early days of California a poor prospector, sadly out of luck, was returning to his camp after night, when he was assailed by a vicious dog. Having no weapon with which to stand off his enemy, he felt around in the dark and laid hold of the first thing he could catch, which was a hefty rock. The dog had sloped, of course, and the man kept the stone in his hand until he was safe in his own cabin. In the morning he saw something bright on the missile of war, and on closer examination he found that the rock was full of gold. He returned and found the ledge from which the quartz bowlder had floated, sold it for a large amount of money, returned to the States, bought a farm, married, and raised a large family of children.

About four years ago a poor but industrious prospector in this connty had the misfortune (or good fortune) to lose his horse. It was an old bay horse, and, like his master, was a wandering prospector, only that he prospected for grass, while his master prospected for quartz. This particular day the old bay wandered further than he was wont to do, probably because the bunch grass was few and far between. At any rate, the prospector desired to move camp, but could not do so without the assistance of his bay companion. He must needs find him. He was at last successful, and while returning with the truant he noticed the head of a mountain ram sticking in the rocks. Stopping to examine it, he saw rich-looking quartz scattered about, and following it up, he hit upon what is now the noted Ramshorn Mine—the longest and richest silver ledge that we know of. The district was named Bay Horse, as it should have been, and is the richest silver district in the Salmon River country.

I knew a man once who followed mining and prospecting for a period of forty years. He had been all through California, Colorado and Montana, and had prospected twenty years in Georgia before coming West. He was not much in digging deep holes, but he would go round hunting for shallow diggings so long as the boys would "stake" him. He was getting worn out prospecting out of luck, and when, on the 24th day of July, 1864, he camped on a tributary of Prickly Pear Creek, in Northern Montana, he said to his three companions, "Let's sink a hole on this bar; it's the last chance; if we can't find it here I don't know where next to prospect." The younger members of the party put the hole to bed rock, the diggings were named Last Chance, and two years later the old man threw away his tools and went home to Georgia with a joyful heart and $100,000 in clean gold dust, but not until he had seen the city of Helena, the metropolis of Montana, spring up about him.

Only last August a prospector in the Lower Wood River country met with an unexpected streak of luck that astonished him. While on his way across from Bellevue to Croy Canon the pack on the horse he was leading became loose, and in order to adjust it he dismounted. While rearranging it he saw something at his feet that resembled rich silver "float." He traced it up to the ledge, which was only a short distance away, and found that he had one of the best "prospects" in Wood River. He located the original and two extensions, and the best ore in the vein assays up into the thousands. Recently he sold out for a snug little fortune.

On a mountain trail in California there used to be a big bowlder which furnished a favorite resting-place for tired footmen. Thousands of men had sat on that stone and rested their weary limbs. In fact it was of so peculiar a shape that it seemed to fit every one who tried it. With long usage it had worn as smooth as ivory, and was greasy with frequent contact with miners' clothing. One day an old prospector squatted himself upon this favorite resting-stone, and while getting his wind he carelessly and unconsciously pecked away at the bowlder with his pick. A piece of rock flew off and revealed to him the surprising truth that he was sitting on a rich chunk of quartz. He at once proceeded up the hill and found the ledge, and it was full of gold and brought him much wealth.

We are told that once upon a time a young man left the home of his childhood, bade farewell to his weeping mother, kissed away the tears of his little sweetheart, and went out into the wilds of the West to become a miner. The tradition goes that he at length struck a mining camp, and, being inexperienced, he sighted a veteran for advice as to the best place to dig. Seeing his visitor was a "tenderfoot," dressed in store clothes, the old man, in the kindness of his big heart, answered: "Young man, go up on the hillside, in the shade of yonder green tree, and dig, and fortune will smile." The youth did not "tumble" to the sarcasm of the man of experience, but went forth with joy to the shade of the green tree as directed, dug, and found a fortune in less than an hour. But this is a lie—every word of it. I have heard the same old story told as having happened in the lead mines of Wisconsin, in the gold mines of California, Montana, Colorado, the Black Hills, and Nevada, and now I am only waiting to have some fellow spin it to me and locate the scene in Idaho, and forbearance will then and there cease.—*Cor. Omaha Republican.*

IT will only cost $5 to attend the inauguration ball at Washington.

Religious.

OPEN IMMEDIATELY.

THE certainest, surest thing I know,
Whatever, what else, may yet befall
Of blessing or bane, of weal or woe,
Is the truth that is fatefullest far of all—
That the Master will knock at my door some night,
And there in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp alight,
To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I, at His tap, shall spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor
With rapturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the door?
Or will there be work to be put away?
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to Him?

Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb,
The moment I hear the sudden knock,
And startled to think He hath surely come,
Shall falter and fail to find the lock—
And keep Him so waiting, as I stand
Irresolute, while my senses swim?
Instead of the bound with outstretched hand,
To open immediately to Him!

If this is the only thing foretold
Of all of my future—then, I pray,
That, quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway I may rise without a fear,
And open immediately to Him!

—*Margaret J. Preston, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Feb. 20—The Preaching of Jesus..Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick..Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John..Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Jesus Sending Forth the Twelve..Luke 9: 1- 6

The Revision of the New Testament.

WE have reason to believe that the revised version of the New Testament will be before the public in the early part of this year. Expectation for some time has been looking for the appearance of this volume with no common interest. Curiosity has been restless to learn what changes have touched familiar and prominent texts, and anxiety has been apprehensive that confidence might be shaken in the old version, so long, so deeply, and so deservedly loved. Such result would, indeed, have been a world-wide calamity. We feel it, therefore, to be an urgent duty to lose no time in introducing our readers to a knowledge of this volume, so far at least as we can do this with a work which is not yet before the public at large. Happy are we to be able to remove doubts and surmisings which may have given trouble. It gives us no common pleasure to feel ourselves at liberty to invite our readers to a calm, and dispassionate, and smiling reception. At present we forbear elaborate criticism. We will only give a superficial view, premising that enlarged acquaintance with the volume may induce us to change or greatly modify our present notice. So far as our judgment can decide, the work has been executed with judicious caution and conscientious care. We discern evident desire to show respect in great extent to the wording and rhythm of the old version. We might perhaps have expected from the constellation of eminent scholars who have devoted many hours in upwards of four hundred days, spread over more than ten years, that a display of brilliant scholarship would have been exhibited. But no effort to obtain admiration by a show of talent is apparent. The work is rather modest than showy. Here then we presume to give unrestrained commendation. We are thankful to perceive that the desire to be faithful, honest and conservative translators is the all-pervading desire. The volume appears in paragraph form, the chapters and verses being placed in the margin. This may occasion some difficulty in using it as a book of reference. The margins contain copious notes of much interest.

This arrangement necessitates the omission of the headings of the chapters. As these headings were helpful to prepare the reader for the contents of each chapter, their absence can in no sense be termed a gain. Of course the changes in the texts are very numerous. Scarcely a chapter escapes their invasion. While we cannot deny, but gratefully acknowledge, that these changes are almost universally in strict accordance with grammatical precision, we think it interesting to add that we have not as yet discerned any instance of important change in the meaning. The grand and fundamental truths of the precious Gospel are unassailed. We are not invited to unlearn any essential truth. We rejoice therefore in the deepened persuasion that the old version is in all points of doctrine most faithful and true. We limit ourselves at present to the general statement that the alterations are largely employed in manipulating articles, prepositions, tenses, and such like. The definite article frequently gives place to the indelinite, and *vice versa*. The prepositions are interchanged with their fellows in copious abundance. The present, past and future tenses are largely shifted about. It would be superfluous to add that in every instance in which the Authorized Version contains an inaccurate rendering the true meaning is enforced. Care is shown to preserve consistency in the renderings. When the best meaning of a word has been adopted, the same meaning retains its place throughout the volume. In this particular, though it is not very important, the Authorized Version contains some notable faults. In a few instances some expressions which may be regarded as obsolete are supplied by terms in more familiar use. But it is evident that here prudence has prevailed. We should have regretted heedless changes. The language of the Bible has long preserved stability in our phraseology; it has been the anchor which has kept the vessel steady, and we are thankful that the old Saxon for the most part retains its predominance. It would have been almost sacrilege to have trilled with it. We feel, then, that we may express the opinion that our Authorized Version will retain its hold on the confidence and affection of the majority of readers, and that they will be content to place the changes to which they attach importance in the margin of the dear old Book.

We subjoin some samples of rather striking changes which occur in the volume now before us:

SAMPLES OF REVISION.

Matthew iii. 1.—The past "came" is changed into the present "cometh."
Matthew iii. 13.—"Suffered" changed into "suffereth."
Matthew iv. 5.—"a" pinnacle, changed into "the" pinnacle.
Matthew iv. 6.—"in" changed into "on."
Matthew iv. 8.—"into" changed into "unto."
Matthew v. 9.—present into past.
Matthew v. 10.—present into past.
Matthew vi. 1.—Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men.
Matthew vi. 9-13.—Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. (The Doxology is omitted.)
Matthew ix. 16, 17.—Verses changed somewhat.
Matthew xi. 6.—"offended"—"occasion of stumbling."
Matthew xi. 19.—And wisdom is justified by her works.
Matthew xvii. 25.—"prevented"—"spake first."
Matthew xix. 17.—Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good; but if thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.
Matthew xxiii. 14.—(This verse altogether omitted)
Mark viii. 36, 37.—For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life? For what should a man give in exchange for his life?
Mark ix. 44, 46.—(These verses altogether omitted.)
Luke ix. 25.—Lose or forfeit his own self.
Luke ix. 35.—This is my son, my chosen.
Luke x. 15, 16.—And thou, Capernaum, shall thou be exalted unto Heaven? thou shalt be brought down unto Hades. He that heareth you heareth me; and he that rejecteth you rejecteth me; and he that rejecteth me rejecteth him that sent me.
Luke xi. 2, 3, 4.—Father, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins; for we ourselves also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation.
Luke xvi. 8, 9.—For the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends by means of the unrighteous mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles.
Luke xvi. 23.—And in Hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.
John v. 3, 4.—"Waiting for the moving of the water" omitted. And verse 4 omitted entirely.
John v. 39.—Ye search the Scriptures, because, etc.
John xvii. 24.—Father, for that which thou hast given me.
John xxi. 15, 16, 17.—"Simon, son of John," in each verse.
Acts ii. 47.—And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved.
Acts viii.—Verse 37 entirely omitted. (The Eunuch's profession of faith in Christ).
Acts xvii. 23.—To an Unknown God. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this declare I unto you.
Acts xxiii, 9.—"Let us not fight against God" omitted.
Acts xxvi. 24-29.—"And as he thus made his defense, Festus saith with a loud voice, Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee to madness. But Paul saith, I am not mad, most excellent Festus; but speak forth words of truth and soberness. For the King knoweth of these things, unto whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things is hidden from him; for this hath not been done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. And Agrippa *said* unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian. And Paul *said*, I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds."
Rom. v. 4.—And patience, probation; and probation, hope.
Rom. viii. 29, 30.—"Foreordained" substituted for "predestinated."—Also in Eph. i. 5, 11.
1 Cor. iv. 4.—"By myself"—against myself.
1 Cor. xvi. 22.—If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema. Maranatha.
2 Cor. i. 18, 19, 20.—But as God is faithful, our word toward you is not yea and nay. For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, even by me and Silvanus and Timothy, was not yea and nay, but in Him is yea. For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea; wherefore also through Him is the Amen, unto the glory of God through us.
2 Cor. ii. 15.—In them that are being saved, and in them that are perishing.
2 Cor. iv. 6.—Seeing it is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts.
2 Cor. xi. 19.—"Suffer"—"bear with."
Eph. vi. 24.—Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness.
Philip. iii. 20, 21.—We wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory.

—*London Record.*

Misquotations from Scripture.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's Sentimental Journey to Italy. Compare Isaiah xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the burial service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the Spirit would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii. :10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads: "Shall a nation be born at once?" lxvi. :8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the counteuance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii. :17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth." Heb. ii. :2.

"Owe no man anything but to love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." Rom. xiii. :8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Job v. :7.

"Exalted to Heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's helpmate, but a help meet for him. Nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree. 2 Sam. xviii. :9.—*United Presbyterian.*

MARRIAGES between Christians and Jews are allowed in Austria, but prohibited in Hungary. The Chief Rabbi of Szegedin was recently asked to marry a Jewess to a Roman Catholic who had "gone over" to Judaism at Vienna. The good Rabbi, fearing for his skin, thought it advisable to consult the Government. The Government decided that he had better let the affair alone, as the marriage would be null, the law not allowing Christians to join a persuasion that was not Christian. Thus the would-be bridegroom and Jew remained in spite of himself a Christian and a legal bachelor. The Hungarian Jews are now agitating for the legal recognition of their religion, for mixed marriages and for obligatory civil marriage.

THE "petrified serpent" recently discovered on the bank of the Oswego River in New York turns out to be a fraud of so palpable a nature as to be unworthy a place beside the "Cardiff giant," which was made of good, substantial stone, while his snakeship is found to consist of clay, molded and baked like rude pottery.

KENTUCKY has furnished this year the Governors of five States and one Territory, beside her own Governor.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BEAU.

(Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers.)

HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

THAT reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened
When I was a lad.
Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,
I shall be very glad
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darky?
Well, that, sir, is Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion,
Along time ago,
'Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided,
Till the day that he died,
Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres,
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide.

This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me,
Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington City,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements
In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-lucky,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darky
Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(It he could have done so).

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvelous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation,
Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched.
In the tussel ensuing
Beau was rather too small;
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in *his* pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ablutions performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation,
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,
And with some superstition,
When, attempting to cast an unwieldly projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues,
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,
And none is so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue,
Nor— Hold!—like a flash,
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then a dead silence,
He can never re-appear:
This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers
To be found far or near.
Thus we wait a full minute—another—*two, heads above water!*
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is ashore:
And the men roar him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar,
And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehova,
He is FREE, evermore!"

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it wur you I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twas my *fife*, and I got it!"

—*T. H. Robertson, in Harper's Magazine.*

MISS KEZIAH'S VALENTINE.

"HE has the most angelic countenance of any man that I ever saw in the pulpit. We can but think his afflictions have been blessed to him. Poor man! with those three sweet, motherless children; my heart bleeds for him!"

And as she finished speaking, Miss Keziah Knowlton buried her face, for an instant, in her pocket-handkerchief.

Kizzy, her niece, stuffed half of hers into her mouth at the same time. There was even a twinkle in the eyes of prim Mrs. Deacon Scudder, who was making a call, and discussing the new minister.

Miss Keziah had a *penchant* for ministers. She had been afflicted with it ever since she was sixteen, when she had begun by making book-marks, slippers, worsted mufflers, and so forth, for an interesting young divinity student who had walked home from prayer-meeting with her every Sunday night, written "How sweet the tie that binds," in her album, and then gone off to Hopkinton and married the Widow Spriggins, whose husband had died in California and left her ten thousand dollars.

Miss Keziah's young affections were not blighted beyond the possibility of recovery. She was all ready for the next student "who supplied" at Glover's Corner. And he displayed the same susceptibility to slippers and mufflers, and also to custards and cream pies, made by Miss Keziah's own fair hands, that the other had evinced; and also, alas! the same faithlessness! He married Deacon Simpson's daughter Susan, and took her off to the South Sea Islands as a missionary, where—it was a slight balm to Miss Keziah's wounded feelings to know—they were both eaten up by cannibals.

The next minister, after accepting her attentions with even more avidity than the others, proved to be already engaged. And so it went on, through a long and melancholy list; and yet, at more than fifty, looking back on an army of book-marks, slippers and custards sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart, Miss Keziah was not discouraged.

Of late years she had been known to look with favor on some outside of her favorite profession. Matrimony, even if she could not share the holy estate with a minister, was not undesirable in her eyes.

But, alas! she found the laity as fickle and faithless as the clergy. Saints and sinners were alike insensible to her mature charms. Still, with a zeal and patience worthy of a better cause, did Miss Keziah persevere.

And now, since the Rev. Absalem Leach had been installed as shepherd over the flock at Glover's Corner, she felt as if the reward of her long waiting had come.

The Rev. Absalom was a widower of forty, or thereabouts, very well preserved and good-looking, though of a somewhat doleful aspect, which latter was no drawback in Miss Keziah's estimation, as she thought it made him look more ministerial. He had been settled there but a few weeks, but already Miss Keziah had found in his manner toward her more reason to hope than she had found before for years.

Already she had made and sent him a vanilla custard, rich and sweet beyond all parallel. That housekeeper of his was evidently an ignorant, incapable woman, and probably knew nothing at all about cooking, and everybody knew that intellectual and saintly men like him, who had so much more soul than body, needed to be delicately nurtured. Already she had knit for each of the "three sweet, motherless children" a pair of "beautiful warm mittens." Already had the minister taken tea twice at Deacon Knowlton's, and on each occasion a feast fit for the gods had been set before him, all prepared by Miss Keziah's devoted hands. Twice had he walked home from evening meeting with her, absolutely breaking away from Deacon Scudder and old Mr. Larkin, who wanted to talk with him. To be sure, her niece Kizzy (her namesake) was with her, but Kizzy was a giddy creature of nineteen, who did not count, though of course Miss Keziah would have a little preferred to be alone with the minister; for one reason, because Kizzy was such a wild creature, for a deacon's daughter, and thought and talked so much of dancing, and flirting, and such things, that Miss Keziah was dreadfully afraid she would shock the minister. She was so full of mischief that she would enjoy doing it, Miss Keziah knew. But the minister was very indulgent, and smiled blandly at all the frivolous things she said. He could bear anything from her niece, thought Miss Keziah.

Kizzy wished, with all her heart, that her Aunt Keziah would not be such "an old goose," for the whole of Glover's Corner were laughing about her. But what was the good of wishing? Perhaps the Rev. Absalom might be induced to take pity on her, and take her to himself, and that would be "a comfort to the survivors" indeed. For she ruled the house, interfered with all Kizzy's love-affairs—and they were not few—and made herself disagreeable generally.

Kizzy stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, as I said, to keep from laughing outright, while her aunt was telling how her heart bled for the minister, and Mrs. Deacon Scudder tried to hide the twinkle in her eye; but, if they had both showed ever so plainly that they wanted to laugh, Miss Keziah would probably have thought them both crazy sooner than that she could be the cause of their mirth.

"I suppose he'll be marrying soon," said Mrs. Scudder. "He really needs somebody to look after him. He looks neglected, poor man!"

Kizzy saw that twinkle still in Mrs. Scudder's eye.

"Indeed he does need a wife, said Miss Keziah. "I hope, and I—I think he'll choose a suitable person."

"I heard a report that he was already engaged," said the deacon's wife.

Gracious heaven! had his attentions to her been construed already to mean so much? thought Miss Keziah.

A blush actually arose to her withered cheek.

"I—I—am not at liberty to"—she simpered.

"To a very young lady; quite a school-girl, in fact, in the town that he came from."

"I don't believe a word of it! Who has been spreading such a story as that?" cried Miss Kezinh, actually starting out of her chair, while her eyes blazed with anger.

"Oh! I dare say it isn't true. Such reports will get about," said the deacon's wife, soothingly. And then she changed the subject at once by saying to Kizzy:

"I suppose we'll see you at the sociable to-morrow night, my dear?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Kizzy.

"O my dear, I hope you are not going to the dance over at Rockville!" said the deacon's wife, forgetting Miss Keziah altogether, in her earnestness. "Too many of our young people are being led into those worldly frivolities. What could be more delightful than one of our quiet sociables?"

Kizzy didn't say anything. What could she say, except that she was going to the dance if she could possibly get her father's consent? She wondered if Mrs. Scudder wouldn't rather have gone to a dance than to such a very "orthodox" sociable as theirs was, when she was nineteen! With Arthur Lawton, too! Could Deacon Scudder ever have been anything like Arthur Lawton? and could Mrs. Scudder ever have thought about him as she thought about Arthur?

Those were the thoughts that drove Aunt Keziah and the new minister entirely out of Kizzy's mind.

She was very thankful when Mrs. Scudder took her leave, and she could run up-stairs to her room and sew the pink bows on to her white muslin overdress, and the dainty little white slippers which Arthur Lawton said made him think of Cinderella's.

For she had not much doubt about going to the dance. The good deacon had very hard work to deny his pretty, motherless daughter anything; and beside he had had good times in his youth, and the sound of a fiddle stirred his blood even now. And he never could believe that it was an invention of the gentleman in black, if Deacon Scudder did.

As for Miss Keziah, she set to work upon a muffler for the Rev. Mr. Leach at once. Of course there wasn't a word of truth in the story of his engagement, but then she couldn't begin too soon to show her devotion to him. And then she had heard him cough last Sunday night. His precious health must be taken care of.

Kizzy wanted to laugh when she saw Miss Keziah's knitting needles flying as they never did fly except under some ministerial inspiration, and a muffler of drab and purple (colors suited to ministerial gravity and dignity) growing with wonderful swiftness under her hands.

"How can she want to marry that horrid, owlish old thing, with his dreadful, snub-nosed, red-haired children!" said Kitty to herself irreverently.

But then Miss Keziah would often say to herself:

"How can Kizzy want to marry that ungodly Arthur Lawton, who goes to dances, and wears a blue necktie, and would study law, when his father and mother wanted him to be a minister?" or she would have said that to herself if she had cared enough about Kizzy's affairs to say anything. The truth was that she was so bound up in her own matrimonial plans and prospects, just now, that she had almost entirely forgotten her niece; for which Kizzy was truly thankful.

As for Kizzy and Mr. Arthur Lawton, she was not sure that she did not wish to marry him, but she was quite sure, that, if he asked her, she should find it rather hard to say no; and she did rather wish he would ask her, too.

If that is rather an illogical statement, altogether, it is Kizzy's fault, and not mine. That is precisely the way in which she thought of the matter.

She looked forward to the dance with considerable fluttering of the heart. For there was the five-mile drive to Rockville, and back, that she and Arthur were to take alone together. A good deal may be said in that time.

The next day was St. Valentine's Day, she remembered. Would Arthur send her anything? Probably he would not think of it, St. Valentine was so out of fashion. Nobody at Glover's Corner thought of being him any honor.

Of course it did not even occur to Miss Keziah that it was St. Valentine's Day, until, as she was polishing the old-fashioned brass knocker of the door next morning (a duty in which she delighted, as presenting an edifying example of housewifely industry to all passers), a small boy alighted from a horse, at the door, and presented her with a dainty little box.

It was directed to "Miss Keziah Knowlton."

Miss Keziah, not Miss Kizzy. No doubt that it was intended for her crossed Miss Keziah's mind, for everybody called her niece Kizzy.

With a sudden remembrance that this was St. Valentine's Day, and a thought of the new minister, Miss Keziah ran up to her room, with the agility and hopes of sixteen, carefully concealing her treasure in her apron.

Once securely fastened into her room, she opened the box with trembling fingers.

A beautiful bunch of violets lay within it, and a little note. The light of sixteen had come back to Miss Keziah's eyes! It was pitiful to see the eagerness with which she unfolded the note.

MY DEAREST KIZZY—I send these flowers as a St. Valentine's offering, hoping they will say for me what I have not dared to say for myself; though I think my manner must have told you, already, what is the dearest wish of my heart. If you will wear them to-morrow night in your hair—that lovely golden hair, whose every thread seems twined around my heart—I shall know that I may hope. If you do not, I shall try to bear my fate like a man, and trouble you no more. But I can not believe I shall have so hard a fate as that to bear, that I have been utterly deluded in what I have dared to fancy I could read in your dear eyes! Hope tells me I shall see my violets where I wish to be to-night. Yours ever,

A. L.

"'A. L.' Absalom Leach!"

Miss Keziah actually uttered a shriek of joy, and would have fainted, if only "A. L." had been there that she might have sunk into his arms.

Her mind was so full of the minister that it did not occur to her that those were the initials of any other name.

Not a shade of doubt marred her felicity.

Her hopes had reached their full fruition, the dreams of her life-time had come true, at last! She had a lover, a *bona fide* lover, and he was a minister!

Oh that dear, sweet letter! Miss Keziah read it over and over again. Her "lovely golden hair!" Yes, it was golden, though it was a little scanty, and slightly mingled with silver threads, and the curls that she wore on each side of her face were "lovely," though that envious niece—Kizzy—of hers, had said they looked like corkscrews, and begged her to put them up.

Hope did not deceive him in telling him that she would wear his violets that night! No, indeed! If flowers did look rather dressy for the sociable, and if they did attract a great deal of attention, what did it matter?

Everybody would know soon! How she would enjoy telling Mrs. Deacon Scudder, who had heard that he was engaged to a chit of a school-girl! "Hateful, envious woman! she had probably made up that story," said Miss Keziah to herself.

As soon as the shades of evening drew near, Miss Keziah began to dress for the sociable. Time had never dragged so heavily with her before. She could not wait any longer to try the effect of these violets in her hair.

They were not easy to arrange, she found; she would have liked to have them near her face, but as she wore her front hair hanging in three curls on each side, it was clearly impossible to fasten them in. There was nothing to do but to fasten them at one side of the very small coil—Miss Keziah had a holy terror of false hair—at the back of her head. The bunch of violets was much larger than the coil, and the effect was more ludicrous than lovely; but poor Miss Keziah thought that nothing could be more beautiful.

In the meantime Kizzy was dressing for the dance, and sighing because she had no flowers to wear, for Glover's Corner did not furnish a large supply of floral treasures in the winter.

Fortunately for her—or at least she thought so—just as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, 'Mandy, the "hired girl," brought her up a cluster of pink rosebuds, freshly plucked and fragrant.

"Young Dr. James's office boy brought 'em," said 'Mandy. "They're reg'lar beauties! Dr. James must have robbed his ma's bushes of every blossom, and Mis' James always was a master hand at raisin' roses. I guess maybe he saved the white ones against the weddin' day!"

'Mandy always gave it as her opinion that Kizzy would marry Reuben James, the village doctor, at last, no matter how many new-comers she flirted with.

Poor Reuben would have been very glad to believe that himself, for he had been in love with her ever since he could remember; but he didn't believe it, and Kizzy didn't either, for she didn't care any more about Reuben than she did about Johnny Flannigan, his office boy. But she liked his roses very much just then, and sent him such a message of thanks by Johnny Flannigan as almost made up to him for disappointment in finding her "already engaged" when he asked her to go to the dance with him.

Kizzy fastened three of the roses in her golden braids, and twe more in a coquettish little knot of lace at her throat, and ran down-stairs to meet Arthur Lawton, who had come for her.

He looked at the roses in her hair the very first thing.

"Aren't they lovely? Dr. James sent them to me. Just see how fragrant they are!" And she held up her head, with a little coquettish air, for him to smell of the roses.

He turned pale a little, and closed his lips firmly together, with a look of pain.

Was he so jealous as that, of Reuben James? Kizzy wondered. She had seen little traces of the feeling in him before, but not like this.

It delighted Kizzy to see that she had so much power over him, and made her more coquettish and teasing than usual—which was unnecessary.

He could not be made to smell the roses, nor even say that they were pretty; and the gayer Kizzy grew, the colder and more gloomy he became.

Such a wretched drive as they had; after all Kizzy's bright anticipations! For of course she wasn't going to try to coax him up if he wanted to be cross. So she grew very cold and dignified, too, and at the party tried to punish him still more by flirting energetically with the only-too-willing Dr. James.

To say that Miss Keziah, with her violets, was "an object of interest" at the sociable, would be "drawing it mildly." For with all her peculiarities Miss Keziah had never been eccentric in her dress before. She simpered and cast down her eyes when she met the minister. He looked at the violets—there was no denying that! It was a meaning look, a delighted look, Miss Keziah was sure! But still he did not linger by her side as she had expected; he talked entirely too much to that odious little Anna Leighton, who was such a flirt!

Of course he could not be too attentive to her, and cause people to make remarks, before their engagement was publicly announced, still he might have walked home with her; and the spinster went home a little disappointed.

But he would come and make it all right, and everybody could be told, on the morrow, of course. And with this thought Miss Keziah consoled herself.

But poor Kizzy had no consolation for her woes. Arthur had been worse than disagreeable, he had been "perfectly savage," after she flirted so openly with Dr. James, and the homeward drive had been taken in almost utter silence.

Kizzy declared that happiness was over for her in this world, and cried herself to sleep. Arthur was going away to New York, and coming back "perhaps next year, perhaps never," she had heard him tell somebody so, at the party. And she might never see him again! Probably he had never cared for her, after all; she had been a vain little fool to imagine it. And he would go away, and she should never see him again!

The morrow brought no solace to her grief, nor, alas! to Miss Keziah; for the minister did not come!

What it meant Miss Keziah could not imagine. Had she not smiled sweetly enough upon him? Had he been overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness, in spite of her wearing the violets?

When three days had passed, and still he had not come, Miss Keziah decided that she had not sufficiently encouraged him, and that he must have expected an answer to his note. Accordingly she wrote and dispatched the following note:

MY DEAREST MR. LEACH (or shall I, overcoming maidenly shyness, say Absalom?)—I have delayed answering your beautiful letter, thinking you would understand from my giving you the sign you asked, that my heart did throb responsive to your own. Why have you not sought me ere this? Did you need other assurance that I loved you, and that you needed only to name the happy day which should make me all your own Keziah? If so, you will surely now come at once to her who so pines for you. Yours till death,

KEZIAH KNOWLTON.

On the afternoon of the day on which the letter was sent, the minister might have been seen, with hasty step, and perplexed yet beaming countenance, approaching Deacon Knowlton's house.

Miss Keziah did see him from her window, where she had been on the watch all day.

She tried to calm the flutterings of her heart, while 'Mandy invited the minister in.

'Mandy immediately afterward called Kizzy.

"He didn't come to see Kizzy, he came to see me!" said Miss Keziah, with dignity.

"No, ma'am, I asked him which it was, and he said, perticlar, it was Miss Kizzy."

Kizzy had already run down stairs, wondering what the minister could possibly want of her.

Probably his courage had failed him—poor, modest man—and he asked for another member of the family to pave the way to an interview with her, thought Miss Keziah. Still she would like to hear what he had to say to Kizzy; and she went softly down the stairs, and listened at the parlor door.

"Miss Kizzy, there has been some mistake," said the minister. "I never wrote you a note."

"Well, who said you did?" interrupted straight-forward Kizzy.

The minister had evidently prepared a speech, and he meant to give it, in spite of all interruptions.

"But to find that I have won your heart gives me a great, an unexpected happiness! I will add that I had ventured to think of you as a wife, but if it had not been for this blissful revelation of your feeling toward me I should of course, as a man of honor, have addressed myself first to your natural guardians, your father and your aged and respected aunt."

That was too much for Miss Keziah. The door flew open.

"Aged and respected, indeed! Oh, you perfidious monster!" said Miss Keziah, almost beside herself with rage. "Didn't I wear your violets?—didn't you say you should dare to hope I did? Where is the love-letter you sent me on Valentine's Day, with the flowers? Let me get it, and show it to all the world! It shall be read in church-meeting, it shall! Oh, you base deceiver!"

And Miss Keziah rushed upstairs, to return with the letter and the bunch of withered violets, which she brandished over the minister's head as if it were a tomahawk.

Kizzy caught the letter, enlightened by a sudden suspicion.

"O Aunt Keziah, are you crazy? Where did you get my letter, and my violets! Arthur Lawton sent them! Don't you see his initials?"

Miss Keziah saw. So did the minister. He perceived that if he had been made a fool of, he had also assisted in the ceremony.

As for Miss Kezinh, she made a *tableau vivant* over which we will draw the curtain.

The Rev. Absalom Leach took his hat and departed, a wiser and a sadder man.

Kizzy kissed the violets, and then kissed Miss Keziah—who didn't respond.

The story leaked out—by means of 'Mandy, it is suspected.

The Rev. Mr. Leach discovered that the air of Glover's Corner did not agree with him.

The story came to Arthur Lawton's ear, and he decided to call on Kizzy before leaving for New York.

And Kizzy wore violets, instead of orange-blossoms, at her wedding.

Another unmarried minister is expected at Glover's Corner, and Miss Keziah is finishing the drab and purple muffler.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

Timely Suggestions as to Diphtheria.

WORD is brought to us from the States to the North that simultaneously with the severe cold came the dreadful scourge of diphtheria. On the high prairie land of Iowa diphtheria has been epidemic. Now, I do not know all that this mysterious disease feeds on; but I wish to suggest an explanation of its late prevalence, and add a word of caution and advice.

When the temperature is below zero everything lying upon the surface of the ground, whether in the swamps or on the upland, is frozen solid, and all dead and decaying vegetable and animal matter is bound fast in fetters of ice. No poisonous germs or noxious gases are then borne on the frigid air. Diphtheria finds its food and nourishment within the house. The severer the cold, the closer the openings are kept shut, and the more rigidly is the pure external air excluded. This is apparently rendered necessary by the small heating apparatus in most country houses. The result of almost no ventilation is excessively foul air. Air which has been breathed once is saturated with moisture and poisoned with carbonic acid. When you add to the air thus vitiated the products of the combustion of lamps and candles (which is steam and more carbonic acid) and the noisome air from unventilated, undrained and often filthy cellars, carefully banked and caulked to keep out the cold, you have a mixture which closely represents the indoor atmosphere of many a house in severely cold weather. Living for days and sometimes for weeks in such an atmosphere, which furnishes scant oxygen to purify the blood and little ability to relieve the lungs of moisture, not to speak of gases positively harmful, is it a wonder that the women and children become pale and weak? that their throats, where the evil influences are first and most keenly felt, show symptoms of disease, and that with diminished vital energies they fall an easy prey to diphtheria?

The reason why it prevails so extensively is that the same causes produce at all points the same effects. Relief can come only with fresh air and pure blood. With good ventilation (which includes the introduction of pure air, as well as the removal of the foul) the noxious gases of the sitting and sleeping rooms, which ought to be kept at a minimum, may be so diluted and carried off that they do the system no harm.

If, now, I am correct in my theory of the main cause of diphtheria during the severe cold, the way of prevention would seem to be easy. In the first place keep your houses and cellars clean and wholesome. If poisonous gases are produced at any point, provide means for conducting them immediately out of the house; and secondly, admit fresh air. If this would make your rooms too cold, remember that a great many people may occupy a small room safely if it is well ventilated, while a few in a large but tight room would in a short time suffer for air. To make rooms large and high for ventilation merely is a mistake; they need just as much fresh air to keep them pure as do smaller rooms, the occupants being the same. Moreover, cold is not as bad as poison, and woolens may in the end be cheaper than fuel.—*Prof. C. M. Woodward, in St. Louis Republican.*

A LITTLE girl only ten years old in Chicago made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide because her cruel parents refused to allow her to attend a party when she was ill with a cold.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

AN ingenius Frenchman has invented a machine which makes real lace. It is said to be as great an invention in its way as the Jacquard loom. One machine can do the work of several hundred lace-makers.

THE planetary discoveries of 1880 were eight in number, five of which were made by Herr Palisa, Director of the Observatory at Pola. The last was discovered Sept. 30, and raised the total number of known small planets to 219.

THE physiologist Leo Baltzer has lately excavated from the alluvial stratum of the Steigerthal, near Nordhausen, Germany, the skeleton of an antediluvian rhinoceros in an excellent state of preservation. The height of the animal must have been seven feet, and its bulk nearly that of an African elephant.

EXPERIMENTS by Prof. Cohn, of Breslau, with the electric light show that letters, spots and colors are seen at a much greater distance through the medium of electric light than by day or gas light. The sensation of yellow was increased sixty fold as compared with daylight, of red six fold, and blue two fold; showing that the electric light would be very useful where it is necessary to observe signals at a great distance.

ALMOST every day brings some new application of electricity to the useful arts. Dr. Siemens has designed an electric elevator, which has been exhibited at the Mannheim Industrial Exhibition, and is said to be a useful invention. The cage is carried by wire ropes, having counter weights, so that, when loaded, it is practically in equilibrium. The current generator at the base is electrically connected to the dynamo-machine in the cage, and the latter works two toothed wheels taking into a metal rack running up the center of the passage way of the elevator.

COTTON-PICKING by machinery has long been a dream of the Southern planters. The risk of planting revolves about the picking season. The bolls open irregularly, but they must be plucked when they are at a certain stage of ripeness, or he lost in whole or part. S. R. Cockerill, Vice President of the Mississippi Valley Planters' Association, believes he has arrived at a solution of the problem. He says that it is a fact that the bolls will continue to ripen and open in due time if the plant is cut up by the roots and stacked. There is no practical difficulty in separating the cotton from the boll by machinery, if the stalks can be gathered and fed at one time. The apparatus for this process has been invented and works well. But everything depends on the truth of Mr. Cockerill's assertion that cotton in its last stages will ripen in the stack.

The Crown-Jewels of France.

FOR ten years France has been ruled by crownless heads. Public opinion declares that it is not seemly that the President of a Republic should wear anything more ornamental than a silk hat. Meanwhile, the ancient jewels which adorned the diadems of French Kings and Emperors in other days, have been gathering dust in a huge safe, in a building called the "Garde-Meuble," on the Quai d'Orsay, in Paris. Now these gems are, as may be guessed, of very great value. Their worth is variously estimated. It is certain that they are worth at least a million dollars; and if the splendid Pitt diamond is reckoned among them, their value can scarcely be less than three millions.

The Republican authorities, it appears, have come to the conclusion that France will have no more need of crowns or crown-jewels; that Kings and Queens have been dispensed with forever; and that it is not necessary to keep the royal regalia, which are no longer destined to blaze in the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries, or to be paraded through the streets of Paris in gorgeous royal processions. In a word, it has been decided to sell these crown-jewels, and with the goodly sums thus realized to endow and furnish museums for the recreation of the people.

From a sentimental point of view, it seems a pity that these historic gems should be thus scattered to the four winds. We like to see and scrutinize what has belonged to, and even what has been worn by, famous historic characters; and these jewels have adorned the brows of two Louis, of the first Napoleon, and of Marie Antoinette. Several of them are very celebrated precious stones. The Pitt diamond, for instance, is the fourth diamond in size in the world. It was bought in India, two centuries ago, by Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham; and was sold by him for over half a million of dollars to the French Regent Orleans, who had it set in a crown for the rosy-cheeked infant King, Louis XV. The First Napoleon had it set in the hilt of his sword; and it reappeared in the crown of the last French sovereign who was ever formally crowned—the unfortunate Charles the Tenth. Another famous stone among the crown jewels is the Saney diamond; while a certain circlet of Oriental pearls appears among them, worth, it is said, one hundred thousand dollars.

It is probably wise and prudent to sell these jewels and convert their value into practical use. As a matter of fact, they have been stored away for over fifty years. Neither of the two last sovereigns of France—Louis Phillipe and Napoleon the Third—was ever crowned. Neither of them, it is thought, dared to go through the ceremony of coronation, for fear of a popular outbreak, and it is certain that neither was ever seen to wear a royal diadem on any State occasion.

The Government will not find it hard perhaps to sell even the magnificent Pitt diamond. There is more than one potentate rich enough to buy it, even at a million; and there will be lively bidding for it by royal bidders.

The French Republic has little reverence for history or historical associations, especially those relating to the crowned tyrants of the nation; and with the crown-jewels will pass away almost the last visible vestige of the days of monarchy and empire. The Tuileries is in ruins; St. Cloud no longer exists; the Palais Royal is a bazaar, and the Luxembourg a picture-gallery. The crown-jewels converted into popular museums will only be one more transfer of monarchial luxuries to the *new* sovereign of France—the people.—*Youth's Companion.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY FEB 26, 1881.

With this issue THE REPUBLICAN enters upon its Fifth Volume. Four years ago, when THE REPUBLICAN was started, it was considered by many of its friends as an experiment, and some of them doubted whether it would live a year. At that time there were two newspapers in the county, one of which boasted a large circulation and an influence which would prove fatal to any journalistic enterprise with which it should come in contact. The *Herald*, with its large circulation and tremendous influence, is a thing of the past. Through four years the THE REPUBLICAN has quietly but persistently fought its way, and to-day it has a circulation and an influence which far exceed what its founder anticipated. THE REPUBLICAN has done good work for its party, and we trust has been useful to the public generally. Financially it has been a complete success, and is now upon a firm basis and in a prosperous condition, and its owners are correspondingly happy. We want to make our paper useful to every one who reads it. We want every subscriber and advertiser to feel that he gets the worth of his money. We earnestly desire to merit the support and confidence of the people. We feel sure we will receive both if we show ourselves entitled to them. It is to your interest as well as ours that we should have a good paper. You can aid us by sending us items of news, by discussing matters of public interest through our columns, and by helping us to extend our circulation, until our paper reaches every family in the county. We extend our sincere thanks to our friends for the liberal support they have given us in the past, and wishing them happiness and prosperity, we make our bow and move onward.

Speculation is rife as to whom Gen. Garfield will award the portfolios of his Cabinet, and it is our opinion that all predictions are mere conjectures. The slate makers, we think, know but little of the President's intention. For ourselves we are willing to trust to his wisdom in the selection of his Cabinet officers, feeling sure they will be men of eminent ability and strict integrity. In the matter of Maryland appointments we are deeply interested. Especially in the appointment of the Collector of the Port of Baltimore. The welfare of the Republican party in Maryland demands a change. The appointment should be given to some prominent man of the party who has never permitted himself to be used by any faction or clique. During a short visit East a few days since we were pleased to see that a strong feeling in favor of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany, exists. This feeling is so strong among prominent, disinterested men of the party, that we are inclined to the belief that if Mr. Lowndes will accept that he will be the next Collector. Mr. Lowndes has ever been a staunch Republican, and has always given the aid of his means and individual efforts to the support and election of the candidates of the party. Knowing him as we do, we do not hesitate to say that his appointment would do more towards harmonizing the differences of our party than that of any man in Maryland.

If there is any one thing that the business men of Oakland and the county generally, need more than another, it is a National Bank. We have seen the necessity of this for a long time, and hoped that ere this the need would have been supplied. Capital is seeking investment, and it is surprising that capitalists have not availed themselves of the opportunity. With a capital of fifty thousand dollars and the deposits that the bank would receive, it could do a current business that would return large dividends on the stock. A bank would receive the hearty support and patronage of the business men of the county, and would certainly be of great benefit and advantage to the community. We hope some enterprising capitalists will take the matter in hand and establish a bank here in the near future.

Gov. Hamilton has issued his proclamation readjusting the representation in the House of Delegates of Maryland, based on the census returns of 1880. Seven counties gain each one member of the House viz: Anne Arundel, Charles, Harford, Queen Ane's, Talbot, Wicomico and Worcester. The total membership of the House will be 91 instead of 84, and the majority 46 instead of 43. On joint ballot—91 Delegates and 26 Senators, 117—the majority will be 59. The number of delegates from each of the counties to be elected next fall is as follows: Allegany 4, Anne Arundel 4, Baltimore city 18, Baltimore county, 6, Calvert 2, Caroline 2, Carroll 4, Cecil 3, Charles 3, Dorchester 3, Frederick 5, Garrett 2, Harford 4, Howard 2, Kent 2, Montgomery 3, Prince George's 3, Queen Anne's 3, Somerset 3, St. Mary's 2, Talbot 3, Washington 4, Wicomico 3, Worcester 3—total. 91. Of the Senators 12 hold over, viz: Anne Arundel, two, in Baltimore city, Baltimore county, Calvert, Carroll, Frederick, Kent, Queen Anne's Somerset, Wicomico and Washington. Fourteen are to be elected, of whom one will be in Baltimore city.

As we passed along one of the streets in Oakland on Saturday last we observed two or three drunken men who were indulging in the use profane language, pulling down and throwing around goods placed as samples at store doors, and annoying people generally. Among the spectators who witnessed these disgraceful proceedings, were two or three officers whose plain duty it was to arrest the offenders and put an end to the carousal. How these gentlemen, who have sworn to perform their duties according to law settle the matter with their consciences we are at a loss to know. They may find it more difficult to satisfy the Grand Jury than it is to satisfy themselves.

Confidence men and pick pockets are assembling at Washington for the purpose of plying their vocation during Inauguration week. They will, in all probability reap a rich harvest, for, notwithstanding the warnings of the press, there are always a large number in such a crowd who allow themselves to be "scooped" by the tact and address of the "light fingered gentry." If any of our verdant mountaineers should visit the National Capital at the time referred to, we advise them to "look a leetle out."

Editorial Paragraphs.

Our Baltimore exchanges say "Philadelphia has risen up against the Ring at last and driven out her bosses." We would be glad if Baltimore would follow the example of the Quaker City, for our city of monuments is controlled by a ring as corrupt and unscrupulous as that which has so long cursed Philadelphia. Would it not be much better for the taxpayers of Baltimore if the city papers would pay a little attention to the ring hosses who gather about the City Hall, instead of congratulating themselves upon the overthrow of the bosses in Philadelphia?

Gen. Weaver, of greenback notoriety and a very near relative of the rag baby, takes the trouble to deny the story that he is about to start a new party. As a starter of new parties Gen. Weaver is not a success.

It is said that the Hon. Thomas J. Keating, "yielding to the solicitations of many friends," has decided to be again a candidate for Comptroller of the State Treasury. The truth is, Mr. Keating's masters have directed him to become a candidate, and he, a mere puppet in the hands of the ring, obeys. We are also informed that Mr. Keating states positively that this is the last time he will be a candidate. Mr. Keating is not in a condition physically to fill the office of Comptroller. His nose is paralyzed. Gorman & Co. have been leading him around by his nose for four years, and he does not seem to know it, (or else he imagines other people don't know it,) and so long as his nose remains paralyzed it is no use for him to state positively what he will do. The people know he will do whatever the ring demands of him.

Gov. Hamilton was in Washington last week, (accidentally, of course,) looking after somebody to aid him in his struggle to wrest the offices from the ring and confer them upon his friends. It was a pitiable sight to see the Gov. closeted with Mr. Kimmell and trying to draw comfort from Kimmell and the Philadelphia election. About the only point which this meeting settled, so far as we can learn, and the one upon which the gentlemen *both concurred* is "the machine is very strong and that extra efforts are required to overthrow it." The ring need have no fears unless his profane excellency secures the help of stronger men than Kimmell.

There are in Oakland a dozen or more half-grown boys who seem to have an idea that it is manly to make themselves particularly disagreeable to every person with whom they come in contact. If a lady happens to pass near them on the street they make it a point to use profane language in her hearing. If they meet a gentleman they always devise some means to make themselves disagreeable. They have a particular spite at all boys and young men who try to behave themselves. They congregate on the street corners at night, at the postoffice, about church doors and other public places, oftentimes half drunk, cursing, swearing and using shockingly vulgar language, to the great annoyance of all passers. Now there are three persons or classes to whom we address this paragraph. First to the boys themselves, Don't behave in this way any more. Leave bad company and try to conduct yourselves in a gentlemanly way, and then you will command the respect of instead of being despised by the community. Continue in your present course and in all probability you will end upon the gallows or in the penitentiary. Secondly, the parents of these boys. You are not training your boys as you should. You are not exercising that care and oversight over them which is required of you. Give this matter your attention. If you have any regard for your children, see that *your* boy does not engage in these offensive pastimes any longer. there is a fearful responsibility resting upon you. Don't congratulate yourself upon the fact that we don't mean you. We do mean you. Thirdly, if the boys won't mend this matter themselves, and their parents refuse to heed our warning, then we call upon the public officers of the town to abate this nuisance, for the patience of a long suffering community has already been exhausted.

State Politics.

The squabbles that have taken place between the Hamilton and anti-Hamilton wings of the Democratic party at the House of Correction whenever a change of officers of the institution was proposed will soon cease. The supporters of the ring have for more than a year made efforts to retire Superintendent Bruce from the management of the institution, so as to be able to place one of their own supporters in his place. Finding that they could not succeed, they abandoned the attempt, the time being and awaited their opportunity. They think that the time has now arrived. Their primary object is to remove Mr. Bruce, and if other advantages can accrue to them by such removal, so much the better for them. Heretofore Governor Hamilton and those acting with him have persistently voted against the removal of Mr. Bruce. But a new candidate has made his appearance It is Frank Wheeler, of Carroll county, who is urged for the position by Mr. Charles B. Roberts, a member of the House of Correction Board, who heretofore has consistently voted with the Governor for the retention of the present superintendent. Mr. Wheeler having been a Hamilton man, it is expected that the Hamiltonians in the board will vote for him, but, if this fails, the other side will come to his assistance and secure his election. Mr. Roberts, who was at Washington Saturday, did not appear to have any doubt about Mr. Wheeler's election. The political managers are exceedingly anxious to extend a helping hand to Mr. Roberts in this matter. The change will be accomplished almost unanimously, though Mr. Bannon will object to Mr. Bruce's removal. Mr. Bruce's term does not expire until next May, and until then he will doubtless be allowed to enjoy his office and prepare for his retirement. But the managers, in a spirit of excessive kindness towards ex Congressman Roberts, do not want to stop there. Not only are they willing to aid him in the election of his friend for the $1,500 position in the House of Correction, but they also offer to have him nominated for a judgeship next year. "If he accepts it he shall have it," said one of the politicians in control Saturday. Mr. Roberts states that he has not decided what to do about the matter. His present inclications are all against it, though he cannot tell what may happen between now and next year, when the judiciary campaign takes place. Mr. Roberts, during his four years of service as a member of Congress, was recognized as a very efficient member, and gained great popularity with the merchants of Baltimore. He has always acted with the anti-ring element, and the effort now being made by the managers to conciliate him shows that they appreciate his strength. They evidently think that by such action they will be in a position to capture Carroll county and nominate their friends as members of the legislature.

The operations of the bosses have not been confined to Mr. Roberts' domicil; Harford has likewise received their attention. The congressional contest in that county last fall was very bitter, and it was generally supposed at the time that the fight would leave some bitterness behind it. It will be remembered that Mr. Stump was one of the anti-ring candidates for Congress in the Second district, and after his defeat he openly stated that he was a candidate for the State Senate on an anti-ring platform. Six months have passed since this utterance, and now the managers are so well satisfied with Mr. Stump that they will make no opposition to him, but will allow him to be nominated by his county unanimously. They may go further, and make him again their candidate for President of the Senate.—*Sunday American.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have received from the Treasury Department at Washington a copy of "Notes of an interview between the Finance Committee of the Senate and the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency and the Treasurer of the United States, with regard to the bill to facilitate the refunding of the National debt." The Secretary will please accept our thanks.

Secretary Sherman's recent letter on the sugar tariff has raised *Cain* amongst the merchants engaged in the sugar trade in Baltimore. A meeting has been held to protest against what they call Mr. Sherman's imputations, and a committee was appointed to urge a modification of the law.

The City Council of Baltimore has passed ordinances appropriating $15,500 for improvements at the City jail, and providing for a Court House

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, who tried to kill the Northern people with yellow fever and small pox during the war, issued 150 pardons to Kentucky criminals on Monday.

Illinois produces one fifth of all the corn raised in the United States.

Judge D. R. Magruder, who was recently appointed Chief Judge of seventh judicial circuit, has taken the oath of office, and now occupies a seat on the Bench of the Court of Appeals.

A most singular accident occurred at Littleton, W. Va., where a little girl, eight years old, was burned to death by her clothing being ignited by a spark from a passing locomotive.

Quite a ripple of excitement was created in Baltimore last week, when a charge of offering to take a bribe was preferred by Mr. Geo. W. Grafflin, against Dr. J. D. Fisk, a member of the City Council from the First Ward. Of course Dr. Fisk denies the charge.

A coal famine exists in the city of Reading, Pa., in the midst of the great Schuylkill coal region, caused by the difficulty of transportation. The dealers refuse to sell more than a ton of coal to their customers at one time, in order to make their supplies hold out. During the past week the residents of Shenandoah, within the border of which are seven collieries, were in actual need of coal.

One of the greatest trials to General Garfield is the importunity of woman visitors. They call by the score to advise him as to the course he should pursue on questions of temperance, woman suffrage and social reforms. One of them can bull doze him more in an hour than twenty men in a week, and he finds that he cannot slip away from them as he can from the sterner sex.

Mr. Robert Coleman, a young millionaire, living near Lebanon, Pa., since his bride died about a year ago, has devoted his entire time to machinery and engineering. He had a building erected containing a single large room. A circular roadway, with a double line of steel tracks, extends around the room. Patent safety switches, electrict crossing signals, safety frogs and the latest method of fastening rails are in use on this playhouse railway. Three miniature locomotives are employed. Every piece of mechanism—every rod, bolt, screw, lever, spring, tire, cock, pipe and pump is on these locomotives. The locomotives are fired up and set in motion. Around the tracks they go while the millionaire owner watches the movements of the miniature machinery. Hours are thus passed, all sorts of experiments are tried, and high speed and low speed are compared to determine the comparative effect of friction.

Party Success.

Undoubtedly the first prerequisite to genuine party success is the possession of principles that will bear the closest scrutiny, and that will promise the largest amount of prosperity to the country. Without these all success will be but temporary. In the long run the true must take the lead. But with such principles there must also be joined to the party, common sense, and such tact as will enable its members to show that they respect the preferences of the people as to their chosen leaders and will abide by these, without reference to the notions of those who are ambitions to occupy official positions.

Principles that will stand the test and capable men to interpret and apply them, are absolutely necessary. Wherever these are not so, from whatever causes, whether just or unjust, party success will be endangered if not made impossible. Leaders must be chosen, not forced upon a party; they must be sought out, tried and tested, and, when found deserving of the trust, confided in.

The bane of party prosperity is the existence of cliques that have their own selfish advancement, and not the interest of the party or the country, at heart. They consume strength and energy in family strifes; they use the ammunition that should be employed upon the opposition in attacks upon their companions; they cantinually irritate old wounds instead of honestly striving to heal them; they would rather fail than see a rival *within* the lines succeed; in fine they never think of the party but as a means to forward their own interests or those of their friends and satellites. With cliques the masses really have no vital connection, and, when their true nature is understood, they are very prompt to put the mark of their condemnation upon them.

We want the genuine party spirit to extinguish that which exists only for the clique; we need the spontaneous choice of the people as to their leaders, representatives and office-holders, and the proper assertion of Republican principles. With these the party will in ever particular deserve success, and sooner or later will secure it in Maryland.—*Frederick Examiner.*

PERSONAL.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, of January 26, contains the following complimentary reference to the management of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad hotels: "Railroad men will be pleased to learn that Captain Peck Dukehart, for twenty years past connected with the Baltimore and Ohio, as conductor and passenger agent, has been appointed manager of the hotels on the line of that road. Mr. Dukehart's experience as a conductor has taught him that a well-fed passenger is a traveling advertisement, and his appointment to the position guarantees the increasing popularity of the road. He has selected Mr. James A Coates to take charge of the Queen City Hotel at Cumberland, and the selection is a very happy one. Mr. Coates is well and favorably known in railroad circles, is popular and has a host of friends. His rotund and 'bellicose' appearance (may his shadow never grow less), is in itself a guarantee to the wayfaring traveler that the inner man will receive the best of attention, and he might well hang out the sign that graced the tavern nut in Posey county, Indiana, 'Here's the place to take the wrinkles out of your abdomen.'"

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22, 1881.

The fifteen appropriation bills are in the following condition: The Military Academy bill has become a law; the Consular and Diplomatic and the Naval bills have been enrolled, and will be sent to President Hayes to-day; the Fortification, the Legislative and the River and Harbor bills are in the Senate Committee on Appropriations; the District of Columbia Appropriation bill has passed both Houses, with several amendments by the Senate, to be agreed on by the House or in conference; the Pension and Postoffice bills have been returned to the House with Senate amendments, and are being considered by the House Committee; the Agricultural bill is pending in the House; the Sundry Civil bill is on the House Calendar, and will be called as soon as the Agricultural bill shall have been disposed of, and the Deficiency bill has not yet been reported.

The principal topic of discussion in Congressional circles appears to be the funding bill and the possibilities of its becoming a law. Strong influences are being brought to bear on the members of Congress, by the banking interests to have the bill defeated. A letter was received here from some New York bankers on Saturday, threatening, in the event of the passage of the bill with the Carlisle amendment, making it obligatory on the National banks to deposit the new bonds as security for their circulation and go into business as State banks. It is felt, however, that this is only a threat, designed to influence some, Secretary Sherman is in daily receipt of communications asking him to secure the vetoing of the bill by the President in the event of its passing both Houses of Congress. It is stated that the Secretary is not strongly opposed to the bill becoming a law, or, at least, he is unwilling to oppose it to the extent of influencing a veto.

Considerable comment has been excited over the fact that Secretary Sherman has not as yet presented his credentals to the Senate as Secretary-elect from Ohio, in connection with the revival of the rumor that he will not go into the Senate, but will remain in the Treasury for four years more. A prominent Treasury official is responsible for this last statement.

The Census of silk manufacturing in the United States shows 383 silk factories, with $4,899,500 capital invested, $22,371,300 of raw material worked up, and $34,410,463 of manufactured products, 34,440 hands employed, and $9,107,835 paid annually in wages. New Jersey is the largest manufacturer, having 108, factories, $12,857,045 of products, and 13,932 hands. Pennsylvania has 49 factories $28,531.65 products, and 3,360 hands. Fifteen Northern States are engaged in the business. Ohio has six factories $24,200 in capital invested, and $53,110 in products, employing 142 hands.

LOGAN.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

The Senate was occupied with the Funding bill during nearly its entire session, the argument being on the rate of interest and the term of the new bonds to be issued. No action was reached. —In the House the session of Tuesday was continued, pursuant to recess, and the River and Harbor bill was again taken up. At 5:30 o'clock consideration of the bill was far from being completed, and a recess was taken until 7:30 o'clock. The debate was continued at the night session, and at 2:20 o'clock the bill was reported to the House by the Committee of the Whole, but without final action the House adjourned.— The Senate assembled at 11 o'clock, and the Funding bill being taken up almost at once, sat until 11:30 P. M. without interruption, the whole time being devoted to the consideration of the bill. All the important amendments proposed by the Senate Finance Committee were rejected, and when the Senate adjourned, the bill having been completed in committee of the whole, it was very little different from the bill passed by the House. The three per cent. rate of interest was retained, as was also the clause making it compulsory on national banks to deposit the new bonds as security for their circulation. The only charge of any moment agreed upon was that making the bonds 5 20s, instead of 5.10s. —The Harbor and River bill was again taken up in the House, and was passed in a very few minutes. Mr. Cox called up the Appointment bill and succeeded in securing its consideration, but allowed it to be laid aside at the request of Mr. Conger, who stated that the Republican members wished to confer upon it before a vote was taken. —The Senate passed the Funding bill, substantially as it came from the House, by a vote of 43 to 20. The River and Harbor bill was read a second time and referred, and the District of Columbia Appropriation bill was passed. The Legislative Appropriation bill was reported and the Conference Committee on the Indian Appropriation bill was reappointed. —The House passed a bill giving a pension to the widow of Commodore McCauley. A motion to take up the Fitz John Porter bill was rejected. The House went into committee of the whole on the Agricultural Appropriation bill, and Messrs. Hurd and Kelley made speeches on the tariff. —Notice was given in the Senate of a number of amendments which will be offered to the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, among them being one by Senator Whyte for an appropriation of $5,000 for the St. Jerome river, Maryland. The Cattle Diseases bill was taken up, but action upon it was not reached. Senator Whyte offered a petition from Baltimore shipping merchants for the early restoration of the Sharp's Island Lighthouse, which was carried away by the ice. —In the house the Agricultural Appropriation bill was taken up. An amendment was agreed to appropriating $80,000 for the distribution of seeds, three-fourths of which will be distributed through members of Congress. —Both houses adjourned at 2 o'clock, in order to allow members to attend the funeral of Hon. Fernando Wood. —In the Senate the larger portion of the session was devoted to the Legislative Appropriation bill, which was discussed in committee of the whole. The bill appropriates $17,875,299.49. It was still pending when, at 5:30, an adjournment was taken until 7:30. At the evening session the bill for the construction of a new building for the Congressional Library was considered, and was still before the Senate when it adjourned, at 11:25 o'clock. —In the House, Sunday afternoon was designated as the time for the delivery of eulogies on the late Fernando Wood. A bill was introduced providing for three inspectors to watch over the expenditure and collection of public moneys. Mr. Urner introduced a resolution for an investigation of railroad discrimination and overcharging. The bill appropriating $117,000 for enlarging the Washington City Hall was passed.

LOCAL NEWS.

A CARD.

All moneys owing to THE REPUBLICAN on subscription are payable at the office of F. A. Thayer & Co., and for all job work and completed advertising contracts to me.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Late Ed. and Prop'r.

—Died, at the residence of Jeremiah Durst, in Grantsville District, Mrs. Christena Beachy, in the 83d year of her age.

—New goods are being received at Daily & Co's. every few days. Every lot contains rare bargains and special inducements.

—The 22d was partially observed as a holiday. The Oakland Cornet Band was on the street in the afternoon and enlivened the day with good music.

—We have it from a reliable source that Mr. M. Cullen has purchased from John Daily, Esq., the lot adjoining the Stutzer cabinet shop, for the purpose of erecting a large steam flouring mill thereon.

—Th. J. Peddicord, and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, on Monday, at public sale, sold to W. H. Barnard a tract of land called "Typee," situated near Bloomington and containing 33¼ acres, for the sum of $200.

—A protracted meeting at the M. E. Church at the Davis Mill appointment, conducted by the Rev. M. Bowlin, closed on the night of the 17th. There were 8 conversions and eleven accessions to the church.

—The Garrett Literary Society meets this (Saturday) evening. The following is the program: Essay, J. T. Mitchell; Declamation, A. B. Woodcock; Essay, Titus Delawder; Article for the Paper, Miss L. A. Thayer; Paper, Miss M. M. Casteel.

—Mr. Wm. P. Graves and Jackson Umbel, Esq., of District No. 2, were in town Tuesday. Mr. Graves has purchased from H. W. Hessen a lot in the suburbs of the town, and contemplates the erection of a house thereon at no distant day. We understand the price paid was $200.

—The following well known gentlemen "called on" us since our last issue: Messrs. Michaels, of District No. 4, Joseph Lashorn, of Deer Park, E. J. Fredlock, of Piedmont, Joseph Speicher, of No. 1, J. C. Rodeheaver, of Deer Park, Franklin Shank, of No. 6., Thos. H. Bittinger of No. 3, and Samuel A. Teets, of No. 6.

—Mr. John Dailey is the possessor of several fine peafowls, but has been so annoyed by some malicious boys who have on numerous occasions mutilated their beautiful feathers and otherwise injured them, that he has been obliged to send them to the country. Mr. Dailey has the names of the depredators and will publish the same if necessary.

—The place to buy your hosiery, the place to buy your handkerchiefs, the place to buy your stationery, the place to buy ladies' and children's shoes, the place to buy towels, crash, veiling, scarfs, ties, trimming, collars, white dress skirts, dolmans; also the place to buy your tinware, the place to get the most goods for the least money, is Daily & Co's. where the Red Flag floateth.

—The following star route contracts for carrying the mail in Garrett county have been awarded by the Post Office Department: Frostburg to Accident, to W. C. Stoddard, at $820; Grantsvill to Elk Lick, to W. C. Stoddard, at $240; Kitzmillers Mills to Altamont, to J. H. Wilson, at $99; Ft. Pendleton to Oakland, to J. N. Baughman, at $123; Oakland to Addison, Pa., to Finley and Gatliff, at $487.

—Forepaugh is in Baltimore advertising for the "handsomest woman," to whom he will pay $10,000 for a summer's engagement with his show. Correspondents must submit photographs, from which the selections will be made.—*Exchange.*

Send him to the mountains of Garrett county. We can "fill the bill," and "dont you let it escape your recollection," especially if he advertise through the columns of THE REPUBLICAN.

—For the information of those who contributed to the purchase of material for a flag for District No. 8, we would say that we were shown the flag one day last week, and it is a perfect little "beauty," size 8 feet by 12. Mrs. George Knauer and Mrs. Jonas Yutzy are entitled to the thanks of all good Republicans in District No. 8, for their untiring zeal and energy in procuring the same for them. "It the ladies be for us who can be against us?"

—The remains of the late A. J. Stottlemire, whose sudden death was noticed in our last issue, were brought to Oakland on the accommodation train Friday morning of last week for interment in the Odd-Fellows Cemetery. The remains were in charge of a delegation of Philos Lodge, I. O. O. F. of Westernport, of which Lodge Bro. Stottlemire was a member. Shealtiel Lodge, of this place, in appropriate regalia, met the funeral cortege at the depot and participated in the funeral ceremonies, which were in accordance with the rites of the Order. The procession formed at the depot and marched to the M. E. Church, where the funeral was preached by Bro. Kight, of Philos Lodge. The procession again formed and preceded the corpse to the cemetery, where the solemn and impressive burial service of the Order was performed, at the close of which each Bro. Odd-Fellow cast into the grave a branch of evergreen, in accordance with the usages of the Order. Altogether the ceremonies were imposing, instructive and impressive.

—A public meeting will be held at the Deer Park Union Church Thursday evening, March 3d, 1881, at which time steps will be taken toward building a Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Deer Park. The meeting will be addressed by Revs. Ison and Jones, of Oakland, and Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, of Deer Park. Prof. Smith, of Keyser, will entertain the audience with choice music, instrumental and vocal. All are invited to attend. Services will commence at 7 o'clock.

Personal.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett left here Monday for Baltimore.

Matthew Cullen, Esq., wife and niece left on Tuesday for Florida, to spend the remainder of the winter.

Dr. McComas and family returned home on Thursday of last week from a protracted visit in Baltimore.

Mrs. Ann Kight, of Piedmont, who has been visiting at Mr. Johnson White's, returned home Monday.

W. Y. Waltz took a ride up to Tunnelton Sunday to see his wife. Bring her home Yantz, and save car fare.

Edward Margroff, Tax Collector was in town Tuesday and Wednesday, receiving and disbursing county funds.

John Wilhelm, Esq., of the Board of County Commissioners, has been dangerously ill for some time past with typhoid fever, but is now, we learn, out of danger.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11 o'clock a. m.

Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Congregational Meeting.

By order of the Pastor, a congregational meeting will be held in the Ev. Lutheran Church, at Oakland, after morning service on the 27th of February, 1881. All members and friends of the Lutheran Church are earnestly requested to be present as the interests of the occasion will demand their presence and vote.

Band of Hope.

The regular meeting of the Band of Hope was held on Thursday of last week. The programme was interesting and well rendered. The music was unusually good, especially the duet by Misses Ella Peddicord and Ella Ison. The members of this organization are always glad to see a full attendance, and an hour one evening in each month can be profitably and pleasantly spent.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, February 26th, 1881.

Allen, N.; Brannagan, Jas.; Cline, Mollie; Cox, Jas. E.; Collins, Jeff., 2; Davis, John W., 2; Emery, Lewis; Harris, M. M.; Hite, Alice A.; Jones, Chas.; Reasener, Charlotte A.; McLaughlin, Patrick; O'Brien, J. W.; Stewart Melissa.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 23:

D. E. Offutt and wife to Mary E. Hoye, 1 ¼ acres of land also part of "Sylvester," containing 5 acres and 9 perches; $600.

A. C. Wotring and wife to Mary W. Brown, part of "Leon," containing 8 acres; $950.

J. R. Anderson and wife to E. Scott Gilpin, part of "Glen Eyry," containing 50 acres; $300.

J. R. Anderson and wife to Mrs. A. A. Snyder, 99¼ acres of land; $400.

Emil F. Droege and wife to Annie M. Carder, a lot in Deer Park, containing ¼ of an acre; $100.

Mary E. Hoye and husband to P. H. Mason, 1 1-5 acres of land; $250.

Jas. S. Johnson, Constable to Catharine Costello, Military lot No. 1609; $5.

Helen S. Hessen and H. W. Hessen, to Wm. P. Graves, part of lots No. 44 and 45 in "Pennington's addition;" $200.

Runaway Accident.

An exciting and serious runaway occurred here Monday afternoon. A fine span of horses driven by Patrick Rowan and owned by Dennis Ryan, Esq., took fright and ran down Alder Street to the railroad track, where the sleigh was upset and Mr. Rowan was thrown violently to the ground, but not seriously injured. The horses continued their mad flight down the track to the Depot, where they attempted to leave the track, when one of the horses fell and injured himself to such an extent that he was shot where he lay. Upon examination it was found that he had three of his legs broken, and it is supposed that one or more of the three were broken before he fell. The span was valued at $400.

Please Stop My--What?

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—whisky? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere; please stop my"—ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all; pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, no; not these, I cannot think of such a sacrifice; but I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs a few cents a week; I must save that. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily! I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains."

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 22nd inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt Associate Judge, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

S. S. Grimes administratrix of Thos. Grimes, deceased, settled her third and final account.

The last will and testament of R. A. Daily, filed for probate and record.

Jackson W. Umble, administrator c. t. a., of Elisha Umble deceased, settled his first account.

The last will and testament of A. J. Stottlemire, filed for probate and record.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, March 8th.

The Old Braddock Road.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—Having thought perhaps it would be interesting to at least some of the readers of your valuable journal, to see in print, the location of the old Braddock road through Garrett county, and also a few of the old land marks by the way, I send the following for publication:

Our starting point will be at Georges Creek, nearly a mile west of Frostburg. Here we ascend Great Savage mountain, nearly half way up we enter Garrett county and soon to the top of the mountain. We are now over a half mile south of the National road. We now descend Savage mountain till we come to the old stone house, which was for many years the home of Benjamin Vaughn, who filled the office of county surveyer in his day. This property is now owned by Mr. Hansel of Frostburg. Further on, we come to savage river, and here is the place that Braddock gave strict orders to his teamsters, not to let the horses get laurel, for it would be sure death to them. If it is poisonous to horses, there is plenty here yet to kill all the horses inside of Maryland, and then some left. We are now about a mile or more from the National road at Johnson's. We will cross the river and ascend a spur of Little Savage mountain, and skirt the farm of Mr. Daniel Cary, till we come to the once famous old Musselman tavern. This place was for many years the home of the late John Blocher, and is now in possession of Henry Blocker, son of John. It is a large farm, and Henry is a good farmer. Next, we come to the farm of Basil Anderson, and up a spur of Red Ridge, till we come to the residence of Philip Pope. Here we cross to the north side of the National road, and go on down grade till we come to 2 mile run. We are now a little north of Shade Mills. Here we ascend Red Ridge, and on over till we come to Red Run. Now we go up Meadow mountain and down the west side to Little Meadows. Here is a spot that should never be forgotten. Right here is the place where Gen. Washington built a breast work to defend his troops when crossing the mountains on one of his perilous journeys. Here too lived and died, Jesse Tomlinson, one of the very foremost men of his day and generation. This is a very extensive grazing farm, and is owned by Hon. John S. Combs of Allegany county. We now pass the spot where the old Tomlinson mansion stood for so many long years, and cross the Salisbury road, and down Little Crossing hill, to the famous Indian, or sand spring. Here was quite a village in the days of the old road. In the young days of the writer there was some of the buildings still standing. This property is now in possession of Schramm & Co. We go on down Little Crossing hill and skirt the farm of the late Jacob Blocher, and through the farm of Mrs. Stanton. Here are several of the best farms in Garrett county. Now downward by Mr. J. W. Blocher's, Mrs. Stanton's, and others. Right opposite Stanton's residence we cross to the south of the National road again, and close to it till we come to another old land mark of by gone days. Here is Little Crossing, and was once, one of the most popular places on the National road. It is owned by Mr. Eli Stanton and mother. This is a splendid mill property, and Stanton knows how to run a mill. But, Messrs. editors, my letter is getting too long. I will close at this point for the present. If you think this worthy of a place in your columns, I will try at no distant day to trace the remaining part of the old Braddock road through Garrett county.

Very respectfully,
A READER OF THE REPUBLICAN.
February 12th, 1881.

A Paying Occupation.

The approach of the long winter evenings calls attention to the matter of a lamp, for without a good light half the pleasure or profit is taken from reading or study. Coal oil is now in general use for illuminating purposes outside of cities or large towns where coal gas is used, and when a proper lamp is used it is the best substitute for sunlight yet discovered. The principle or plan upon which the Student Lamp is constructed may be said to be the best in use, but the lamp itself has always had several objectionable features which we are glad to see are being done away with in the new aspirant for favor called the "HOME LAMP," manufactured by the Home Lamp Co. of Cincinnati. The great objection to most other lamps is their liability to be upset, the trouble to keep them in order, and the poor light given by them. The New Home Lamp is Nickle Plated, and almost a *fac-similie* of the Student Lamp; it has a handsome ornamented clamp by means of which the lamp can at once be easily adjusted to any position upon the centre table, piano, music rest, sewing machine, desk, or by means of a handsome bracket, which goes with the lamp, can be placed upon the wall, and in whatever position it is placed it is absolutely safe. This is the great feature of excellence, but the New Home Lamp combines also the patent argand burner, a filling indicator and match box. No lamp has ever before been received with such unusual favor or received such strong recommendations from the leading journals of Cincinnati. It is also endorsed by such men as the mayor and postmaster, several insurance presidents and express agents of that city as the safest, most convenient and best lamp made. The Company desires agents in this locality, and any smart lady or gentleman can make a handsome income during the next six months by canvassing for its sale. There is hardly a dozen families in this county who will not want one, and the price is so low as to bring it within the reach of all. For further information address, Home Lamp Co., Cincinnati, O., mentioning our paper, and they will give you full particulars and exclusive territory to canvass in. n 20-15w

MARYLAND NEWS.

Eggs are selling in Sharpsburg at fifteen cents per dozen.

Fishermen say that shad will be more abundant in the Choptank this season than for many years.

Cambridge is becoming a winter resort for people from the North. There are twenty strangers now there.

A farmer in Montgomery county has wintered twenty-five partridges in a chaff-pen, and another has saved fourteen from starvation.

Congressman Henry has appointed Master Pearce Crisfield, of Somerset county, to the vacant cadet-ship at the Naval Academy.

The late thaw and warm rain have had a fine effect upon the growing wheat, and the young plants give promise of a fine yield.

There is a model hotel landlord at Pocomoke City who weighs 302 pounds and has a regular boarder who makes the scales kick the beam at 205.

John Sherman, of Catoctin Furnace, has been lodged in jail to answer for an atrocious assault upon a young girl living in the family of Dr. Wm. S. McPherson.

Messrs. Phelps & Co., contractors on the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad, have completed the work with the exception of some of the station houses.

The scare about a peach failure has about subsided. There are now as many growers who believe that we shall have a paying crop as there are those who believe the contrary.

A group of oysters affixed to the handle of an old stone jug was recently shipped in a barrel of oysters from Crisfield, and is now exhibited as a curiosity at Wilmington, Del.

The vessels loaded with wood for the Providence paper mill, that have been frozen up all winter, have at last reached the wharves at Elkton and are able to discharge cargo.

Mr. Otis Johnson died on Thursday at the farm of his father-in-law, Dr. N. C. Read, near Cumberland. He was a captain in one of the Confederate Maryland regiments during the war.

There has been a small-pox scare in Wicomico county arising from two children of Mr. Samuel B. Jones having taken the disease. The school board have given directions for the vaccination of all the pupils.

A Greensborough church was lighted up the other night, and a large congregation assembled to see a marriage, but the intended groom failed to appear, and was found later loafing in a store in apparent unconcern.

A peach-grower in Cecil county is said to have sold his crop for 1881 for five dollars, so confident was he that the severe weather had killed the buds. If they should develop, he will repent his hasty action about picking time.

The editor of the *Valley Times*, published at Lonaconing, states that although the weather was quite warm on Tuesday, there was, nevertheless, a heavy *frost* at his house, in fact a solid chunk, weighing twelve pounds. The editor and father is Mesmack Frost, which explains the joke.

The residence of Mrs. Sarah Brooks, at Hagerstown, was lately robbed of about $100 in notes and $68 in gold that had been left in a bureau drawer in a chamber. Entrance had been effected by the thief mounting a grape trellis at the rear of the house. The money belonged to a friend of Mrs. Brooks, who had left it in her charge for safe-keeping.

The large number of weddings in Salisbury is accounted for by the census report of Wicomico county showing that the number of females is slightly in excess of the males, and that there is a wife for every man. The girls having neglected to pop the question during leap year, the young men are taking their turn, and generally receive the wished for answer.

During the flood in the Catoctin creek, on the 18th instant, Calvin Miller, a boy eight years old, the son of Mr. John D. Miller, fell into the stream while he was reaching out to catch hold of a floating rail. He was carried some distance, when he clambered upon a log that had lodged, and his brother, who witnessed the accident, gave the alarm. A rope was thrown to the lad, and he placing the loop below his arms, was rescued. He was benumbed with cold when taken out, but was soon restored.

A letter has recently been received from John Orndorff, formerly of Montgomery county, being the first intelligence from him since he left his home in 1866. He was believed to be dead, and in the settling up of his father's estate, after much litigation, his portion was divided among the other heirs. He is married, and settled near the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where he has a large farm. He went to that section of country in consequence of being afflicted with rheumatism, and remained till a cure was effected.

Sheriff Hartsock of Frederick county, read the Governor's warrant of execution to Felix Munshower on Tuesday, but he displayed no more than usual interest in it, being fully aware that the writ of error to be filed by his counsel will render a reprieve necessary beyond the 25th of March, which the warrant names as the day of execution. It is supposed that the Governor issued the writ without being aware of the notice given of a writ of error, and supposed the rejection by the Court of Appeals of the bills of exception was final.

It is surmised that but few changes will be made among the Methodist ministers located on the Peninsula at the session of the Wilmington Conference, at Lewes, Del., on Wednesday. The Rev. W. E. Avory, now at Elkton, Md., will probably be transferred, as Elkton is a married man's appointment, and he happens to be a bachelor. He has, however, had great success at Elkton, and may, therefore, be retained by the powers that be. The Rev. R. K. Stevenson will probably be located at Charlestown. The Rev. T. B. Hunter is expected to be placed at Hillsborough, Caroline county, and the Rev. J. E. Mowbray at St. Michael's Talbot county.

Elkton was deprived of gas for four days last week, and the cause was only discovered after a visit of a Wilmington expert to the works. He found that a disarrangement of the wheels on which the chains supporting the gas-holder ran had torn a small rent in the side, allowing an exit for the gas as fast as it was made. The leak was soon stopped, and the means of lighting the houses and streets restored.

John Robert, a spinner at a mill in Newark, Delaware, was returning, with his wife, on Friday from a visit to Elkton, and both having been drinking freely, the wife fell out of the wagon. John was in a hurry, and not stopping, the wheel passed over his wife's arm, breaking it. The pair were married only two months ago, and when that occurred John had been a widower barely six weeks. He went to Wilmington Christmas day, fell in love and was married on New Year's day. Now his wife threatens to leave him for unfaithfulness.

Judge Boswell, of Charles county, recently sent John Cunningham, a stalwart Irish tramp, to the House of Correction for three months. Cunningham, after his sentence, gave an amusing account of himself, in which there was probably very little truth. He said he had served on both sides during the war, but since then he had gone into the marrying business. He claimed to have twenty-two wives, eighteen of whom were white and four colored—two of the latter in Tennessee and two in Mississippi. His children numbered seventy-one, the eldest two years and the youngest two months old. His plea for a short imprisonment was not listened to, and he has retired from the care of his numerous families for three months.

A SUCCESSFUL MARYLANDER.—The managers of the Illinois Central Railroad express themselves as decidedly pleased with Vice-President James C. Clark, who is a native of Frederick county, Md., and was formerly president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Mr. Clark devotes himself more particularly to a supervision of the line between Cairo and New Orleans. In three years' time he has put the road into such a condition that it can hardly be recognized, with new track, new bridges and new trestles. The running time from Cairo to New Orleans has been reduced from thirty to twenty-one hours, and the earnings have been increased from $2,800,000 in 1878 to $4,700,000 in 1880.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Mary E. Hilton vs William H. Bernard and others.

No. 18 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, That the sale made and reported by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, applonied to make sale of the real estate described in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 22d day of March, A. D, 1881: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $200.00.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—Test
2 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., be hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least one month's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

21st Day of March A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

CHEVIOT DALE,

containing four thousand and thirty six acres of land. Also, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

HUNTING DALE,

containing one hundred and sixteen acres of land. Also, all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

MILL-SEAT,

containing seven acres of land, more or less.

These are valuable timber lands, and have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and three cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of State and County taxes due by the heirs of James Cunningham, deceased, for the year 1878, and also to satisfy the further sum of eighty-eight dollars and thirty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January A. D. 1880, being State and County taxes due by the said heirs of James Cunningham for the year 1879, said lands being assessed on the books of Garrett county to James Cunninghs a's heirs.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
2 26 3 Collector.

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 2m

GENERAL.

OUR Indian wars from 1865 to 1879 are estimated to have cost the Government $22,680,000.

THE Secretary of the Interior is known to the Indians as "Old-Man-who-Sees-Through-Windows-on-his-Nose."

ONE man alone in Ireland owns one hundred and seventy thousand acres of land, and there are three who own one hundred thousand apiece.

STATIONERY dealers are packing away the diaries of last year and bringing out the old valentines. Valentines, like Vermont maple sugar, are always fresh.

THE messenger of the Maryland Electoral College received from the Treasury Department the smallest amount of mileage paid for the duty of conveying the vote—it was only $10.50. The Oregon messenger received the largest—$963.75.

A SMALL boy at Thomaston, Litchfield County, Conn., while coasting the other day, encountered a railroad train; but with small boys' luck, his sled passed over the railroad track, between the trucks of a moving freight-car, without injuring him in the least.

THE people living in the vicinity of Nickelsville, near Bristol, Va., were not a little astonished and frightened the other day by the fall of a shower of what resembled blood-drops, and which lasted about a minute. The clothes of several persons were stained as if with blood-drops.

A JUGGLER who had attained popularity in Berlin by his feat of sword swallowing, recently broke a blade while it was sheathed in his throat. The throat was opened at the side to permit of the extraction of the part of the sword that was broken off, and the operation was performed successfully; but inflammation ensued and the man died.

THAT great American litigant, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, has been unusually quiet for many months. It was but the calm before the storm. She now appears as plaintiff in a suit to obtain possession of certain lands in the city of St. Louis, which she claims represent thousands of dollars due her father from a former owner.

DANIEL ALEXANDER, of Charlotte, N. C., owned as a slave Stephen Alexander, colored, who recently died in his 102d year. He was strong and vigorous even in his extreme old age, having chopped wood and built fires on the day before his death. He did not pretend to know George Washington, but when you struck him on Andy Jackson he came out very strong.

THE President has granted Private James Quinn a certificate of merit for bravery. Quinn was with Lieutenant Schwatka and scout "Capt. Jack," in 1876, on the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions, and displayed great personal bravery under fire and while engaged in digging and building breastworks. He also took part, with twenty-five men, in the charge upon an Indian village. He has participated in six definite engagements, and is now in the service as a Corporal.

AN act providing for minority representation in corporation elections was ratified by the people of New Hampshire at the late election by a vote of 22,500 to 10,375. It allows stockholders in public companies to give all the votes to which they are entitled to one person in electing officers, or to distribute them among two or more persons, as they prefer. In this way a minority of the stockholders can insure themselves representation in proportion to their interest, by cumulating or piling their vote on a small number of candidates.

THE poisonous wall-paper question and some other cognate questions are again made prominent by Mr. George L. Angell's testimony at Washington before the House of Representatives Committee on Manufactures. Mr. Angell offered proofs that nearly one-half the wall-papers sold—and not green papers only—contain arsenic in dangerous amounts. He says that glucose and oleomargarine products are likewise pernicious, and declares that there is peril in using canned articles when they are put up in tin. After Mr. Angell's testimony was heard the committee adopted Mr. Beale's bill, which aims to prevent the adulteration of articles of food and drink, and there is thus the promise of protection for the public in ways that are much needed.

The Quest of the Spanish Adventurers in America.

IN the broken, scattered fragments of journals among the State papers at New Mexico are recorded many a journey in search of the rich estates which were never anything but "near prospects."

Here is one. In 1630 an army, led by *caballeros* of the *Sangre azul* of Spain, marched northward from the Valley of Annhuac, and, guided by miserable maps and tales of friendly Indians, pushed up the Rio Gila (swift water). They looked for a river, two leagues wide, running through a beautiful and populous valley, and the indistinctness which spreads over every new country gave limitless scope to the fancy of fortune-hunters, dazzled by the riches of Mexico and Peru. Soldiers, credulous, imaginative, careless, they saw with dreamful eyes. Generous color was poured over mournful deserts; steep mountain-sides betrayed precious ores cropping out from depths below; the plains were Fortunate Fields, the home of warm winds

—— becalmed in sleep,

where the noble river cut a bright blue pathway for the ships of a great King.

He led mighty armies (so runs the chronicle); and after battles his dusky warriors hold solemn feasts and sacred dances, and chiefs inscribed the lists of their victories in hieroglyphs "resembling those of Egypt," on mountain-walls of adamant.

The King's palace was built of hewn stone, lighted by jewels of inestimable worth, and hung with magnificent tapestries of feather-work, dyed scarlet with cochineal. Its crowning splendor was a colonnade of fluted columns, inlaid with *chalchuites*, or turquoises. It was fortified by heavy stone fortifications, towers and walls, on which were posted sentinels—men of giant stature, armed with deadly arrows, dipped in poison. The monarch lived in barbaric pomp; and heaps of gold dust and endless tructs of corn and mining lands, which he distributed among his favorites. He wore mantles of birds' feathers, soft as eider-down, and necklaces and anklets of opals and garnets, in ignorance of their actual value. He had many dishes of pure gold and silver, and (I copy the words of the faded MS.) "smoked the herb which cures fatigue, in a pipe carved out of a single cornelian." He took his siesta under the shade of a great tree, lulled to sleep by the music of golden bells suspended there, sounding softly when the wind blew.

The romantic adventurer had heard wondrous tales of canoes capable of carrying twenty rowers on each side, propelled by sails and fitted up with great splendor. A large golden beak was the prow, and the master reclined at ease under a splendid canopy. The favorites of his court were in attendance on the King's barge—lovely girls with the blackest eyes and "sumptuous braids of hair." They shone with head-bands of garnets and opals, and, wrapped in long shawls of gaudy colors, rested on feathery mats under the brilliant awning. They penciled their brows with antimony and darkened their eyelids with kohl, after the manner of Egyptian women.

Thus in sandal and cedar, balmy airs and folding arms, the West Indian king reveled as he sailed, and, like another Antony, kissed away kingdoms and provinces.

Wonderful are the works of an inspired imagination.—*Mrs. Gov. Wallace, in the N. Y. Independent.*

A Proud Man Nearly Dies of Starvation in Washington.

YESTERDAY afternoon a well-dressed man of very good appearance entered the War Department, and, ascending by the elevator to the second floor, alighted. When in front of the Secretary's door he was seen to stagger and then fall helplessly on the marble tiling. He was found to be unconscious, and was carried by the messengers to an adjoining room and laid on the lounge. Dr. Lowe, from upstairs, was summoned, and as soon as he saw the unconscious stranger he said at once, "Why, the man is starving." He had partially regained his consciousness, but was still in a stupor. The Doctor at once called for brandy, which the man at first refused to take, as it was afterward found, from temperance scruples. A glass of diluted brandy was, however, placed to his mouth and his jaws closed upon it with such force as to nearly shatter the glass. A sandwich was then offered him, which he seized with avidity, and was about to swallow it all without mastication, when he was prevented. The sandwich was fed to him in small pieces, which he ate like a famished beast, and then a second sandwich. He was then fed some oysters-soup and removed up stairs, where he at once went to sleep. He awoke in the course of an hour, feeling much better, but still weak. The doctor said that he was suffering from irritation of the stomach, caused by the gastric juice working on the walls of his stomach. He was in the first stages of starvation, and his pulse had run down to 42. After he had recovered sufficient strength to talk, he told the circumstance by which he had been reduced to such miserable condition. At the same time he evinced great anxiety that the matter should not be made public. His conversation showed him to be a man of education and culture, as his clothes indicated. He said that he belonged to a respectable family residing near Boston. He had been in the army during the war, and lost an arm in the service. Since the war he has been practicing medicine in his native town, but becoming unpopular for the decided stand he took on the temperance question, he determined to come to this city and begin the practice of medicine here. At the same time he applied for a clerkship in the War Department. His sister, an invalid, accompanied him, and they reside on Seventh Street, where he opened an office. Soon after his arrival his funds began to fail, and he had no means of replenishing them. He found that he could not purchase food enough for both, and so invented an excuse for not eating with his sister—that he got his meals down town. This device worked well, and his sister was completely deceived. He brought home food for her to eat, but was slowly starving himself. Yesterday he spent his last money in the purchase of a bone, from which his sister made soup, but he refused to take any. He said that the night before he had attended a meeting of a Masonic lodge, but was too proud to reveal his condition and ask for help. His appearance and manner gave the impress of truth to his statement. His war record was looked up, and found to be an honorable one. His case was brought to the attention of the Secretary of War, and he appointed him to a clerkship in the Surgeon General's office. The circumstance excited great interest in the department.—*Washington Cor. Boston Herald.*

Beautiful Dresses.

BEAUTIFUL evening dresses, made of regal fabrics fit to adorn a queen, are now displayed by the fashionable modistes of this city. A magnificent reception dress just completed for the wife of a United States Senator is made with a frontage of cream-white silk, brocaded with peach-blossoms. The train is of plain pink satin of the old-fashioned "stand-alone" order of fabrics—lustrous, sheeny, and exquisite in color. The train is very full, and is edged around with a wide, feathery ruching of fringed cut silk, plaited very full, which falls over a balayeuse of plaited lace five inches deep. At each side of the train is a long revere, made of the brocade, which reaches from the belt to the foot of the skirt. The long cuirass corsage is of the plain satin, turned back with revers of brocaded silk. The sleeves are of the brocade with an intermingled trimming of the satin and silk, garnished at the waist with wide frills of duchess point lace, the heart-shaped opening in the neck being likewise adorned. The buttons are a feature of the toilet, being an imitation of the peach-blossoms, hand-painted upon crystal. A dinner dress for the same lady is of "dregs-of-wine" velvet, which opens over a gold brocaded underdress of "dregs-of-wine" satin. A rich cord and tassel passes around the hips and joins the velvet paniers in front over the gold-brocaded skirt. The skirt is draped at the sides to disclose the rich gold satin lining of the court train.—*New York Post.*

Singular Dilemma of Two Young Lovers in Holland.

EMANUEL VALENCIA and his cousin, Miss Rosa Querido, are awaiting the finding of the former's father by the Dutch Consular authorities in this country in order to have the marriage ceremony performed. Emanuel Valencia is a thrifty clerk in Amsterdam, Holland, and a probable successor to his uncle's and prospective father-in law's business. Miss Querido is daughter of Louis Querido, a successful merchant of Amsterdam.

Jacob Valencia, the father of Emanuel, was a painstaking journeyman tailor in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1857. He had traveled through much of Germany, Holland, and Belgium in the five preceding years, stitching as he went, not caring much for the accumulation of worldly goods. In 1858, he quitted Amsterdam and set out for England. He passed through France, working his way in the same fashion that he did in the countries he had previously visited. In March, 1859, he walked into London. After enduring many hardships he called upon a Hebrew society to secure him employment at his trade. One of the members of this society was a well-to-do tailor by the name of Pesaro. He became interested in the young applicant, who was then about twenty-seven years of age. He was handsome in appearance. His jet-black hair hung in curls down his neck. Valencia was brought into the house of his employer, and gained much attention and respect. In the same house with the young journeyman tailor was the only daughter of the tailor, Rebecca Pesaro. She had been well educated, and was much courted. Her father had arranged that she should marry the son of a successful merchant, and much store was set upon it.

In the summer young Valencia astonished his employer by informing him that he had married his daughter Rebecca. The father was much grieved, because he had already promised his daughter to the son of his old friend. He could offer no other objection to the union with his workman. In order to punish his daughter for her unfilial conduct he turned the newly-married couple out of doors, telling them not to expect anything from him. Valencia had saved something from his wages, and with this he started housekeeping in a humble way in one of the poorer quarters of London. He repaired the clothes of his neighbors and sought employment from the well-to-do establishments. But he did not prosper. A son was born to him. With his expenses, increased his financial troubles. His restless disposition could not brook the restraint which they put upon him. One day he had a stormy discussion with his wife. He did not openly suggest that she should go and see what her father would do for them, for he was proud. Yet he let it be inferred from the conversation that help from that source would not be scorned. The wife thought he could best talk with her father; she was too weak, she said, to bear his anger.

In the evening Jacob went out, as the wife believed, to visit her parent. He did not come back. Weeks afterward she received tidings from him in this city. He said he had shipped on board of a sailing vessel from London, and landed here after a stormy passage of six weeks. He was then engaged, he informed her, at his business, but did not say by whom he was employed. The wife heard nothing more about him. Her father died, and his possessions were not so large as was expected. With these she and her son Emanuel journeyed back to Amsterdam, where a sister of her husband had married Louis Querido, and was doing well. Into the Querido family were installed the mother and son. He was educated, and in due course of time was established in his uncle's store as clerk. Young Valencia fell in love with Rosa Querido, and sought her hand in marriage. The uncle freely gave his consent to the marriage. When the young man went to the authorities to be united civilly, as is the custom before the religious ceremony is performed, he was asked to furnish his father's consent to his union with the young lady. He explained that his father had left his mother in London years before, when he was but a child. No amount of argument could change the face of the law which the authorities brought to his attention. He must hunt up his father and gain his consent, or if dead, a certificate that he died. The young man immediately wrote to Rudolf C. Burlage, Consul-General of the Netherlands in this city, requesting him to do his utmost to ascertain the whereabouts of his parent. Mr. Burlage sent word to the Consuls of his country in the United States. He also besought the assistance of the leading Hebrew pastors of this city in his search. Nothing has been learned that gives the slightest clew to the father since he arrived from London twenty years ago. The son has written many beseeching letters asking that the authorities will increase their zeal so that the marriage ceremony might be performed.

This is the second case of this nature that has of late years come to the attention of the Dutch Consular authorities in this city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE wife of a certain farmer in Connecticut is said to be the best dog-breaker in that State, and many gentlemen who own fine animals intrust them to her care. She hunts over them in the field, and is an excellent shot. Her luck at trout-fishing is something wonderful, and her skill in breaking colts is equal to her skill in breaking dogs. At the same time she is far from being unwomanly, and is known as a good housekeeper.

MR. AUDE is attracting much attention in France by his new process of converting iron into steel, and producing an illuminating gas by the process. The iron is heated to 900 degrees centigrade in a retort with coke or charcoal; fatty matters are then injected, and dry steam forced over the heated mass. Steel of high quality is formed and carbureted hydrogen gas evolved.

GREECE seems determined to fight Turkey at any cost. She went to war with Turkey five years ago and had one man killed and two died of sickness, but experience has not taught her anything.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S ANSWER.

JOHNNY, standing four feet two,
In his suit of navy blue,
Aged ten years to a day,
Full of business and of play,

Patronizingly looks down
On the little downy crown,
And the little upturned face,
Of the cooing baby, Grace.

"What's a baby good for, now?"
Johnny questions, with a brow
Puckered up into a frown,
As he stands thus looking down.

"I can do a heap, you know—
Fly a kite and shovel snow;
Spaded up the garden bed
Just this spring, as well as Ned;

"Mother said so; but that's not
Half, nor quarter—there's a lot,
Oh, a lot more I can do:
Base-ball, hookey, cricket, too.

"But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow,
'Cept to spoil a fellow's play,
And to get in folkses' way?

"Makes a lot of trouble, too;
Such a heap of things to do!
I don't see why folks can't be
Born growu up as big as me!"

Just here, baby gurgled out
Such a jolly little shout!
Then began to babble fast,
"Ma, ma, ma, ma," and at last,

Yes, as sure now as the world,
Soft the baby lips uncurled,
And commenced to stammer out,
"Don-ny, Don-ny!" Such a shout

As our Johnny gave at this—!
Then a great big smacking kiss
Fell on baby's cheeks of pink—
"Mother, mother, only think!"
Mother heard him loud exclaim,
"Somehow, baby's learned my name!"
Mother, laughingly, looked on
For awhile, as Master John

Kissed the baby in delight,
While he held her close and tight.
Then she mischievously said,
Glancing at the downy head:

"'But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow?'"
Johnny turned as red as fire,
Then tossed baby up the higher.

While the baby laughed and crowed,
Johnny, though his blushes glowed,
Answered, bold as brass, just this:
"Why, she's good to love and kiss!"

—*Norah Perry, in St. Nicholas.*

THE STOLEN PILLS.

A True Story.

SMALL Miss Rachel Winchester was a snapping-eyed Puritan of seven years. She knew the shorter catechism and the longer catechism; and if there had been any middle-sized catechism, like the "middle-sized bear," you know, she would have had that at her tongue's end. She *meant* to be a pretty good girl—only the catechisms had not had time to strike in. Her brother *Niah*, as all called him, did not know even a "kittenchism," and was not a bit ashamed of it. Rachel and Zephaniah lived with their grandfather, a doctor in Albany.

Rachel had a friend, Scotch Margery, with wide-open blue eyes. One day she came to see Rachel, who could not play until she finished her "stint:" five rows of knitting around a sock.

Then they went aronnd to grandfather's office to see him get ready to go away. Being forbidden ever to enter without permission, they sat down on the doorsteps with Zephaniah and looked in.

It was a charming place. A dusty, hollow-eyed skull sat on a shelf, and in the corner was a chest holding—nobody knew what—which was awful, you know. Grandfather was making up powders, getting ready "blue mass," assafœtida and "green and yellow" mixtures for his circuit around the country. Before he put them into his old leather saddle-bags he looked over another wallet that made shivers run up Niah's spine. Here were nippers, pinchers, cutters, clashers, scissors, tooth pullers and nose-wringers. Remembering a certain poor tooth in his possession, Niah now arose and "melted into the distance," as artists say.

The little girls sat still until grandpa went away. When his big horse, Thunder, had kicked up a cloud of dust and hid his long legs in it, Rachel Winchester, the small Puritan, whose ancestors came over in the "May Flower," she forgot all the good in *both* catechisms and said:

"Margery Campbell, *let us go in!*"

"But your grandfather said we mustn't."

"That's *just* why I want to. What is the use of always behaving well? Let's *peek around a little bit*—Niah's out of the way."

Margery consented. In they went. First they opened queer little drawers full of cloves, spice, slippery elm and alum. Then they took hold of hands and took a respectful view of the skull.

"What is in the inside of *it* when it is inside of *us?*" whispered Margery.

"Why, nothing! The skin and hair cover its outside and then it is hollow—that is why your head rings when you get your ears boxed," said Rachel.

"Where do our brains be?" asked Margery.

"Oh—why—in our eyes, certainly. As soon as you see something you begin to think—your thinker is your brains, you know. Grandfather explains such things to our family."

"We haven't got any grandfather."

"Oh, well, I knew *this* without mine," said Rachel, arrogantly.

They poked their fingers into everything sweet, sour, sticky or in any way mysterious. They smelt of various poisous and, for a wonder, did not taste. They put their tongues, however, to a laudanum bottle and then sputtered wildly into the air. At last they found a nice clean vial full of pretty white pills. They examined it with delight.

"Now, just let's take the tin cup of water," said the enterprising Rachel, "and swallow first one of these, and then a drink and then a *nuther*, and see which can swallow the most!"

Margery agreed, and at it they went—a pill—a drink—a pill—a drink—a pill—a pill—a pill—until the vial was empty. Now you have often heard that our Puritan forefathers were very thorough—well, so were our little foremothers.

Perhaps if these children had not taken so *many*, I might have had to end my story with a dreadful account of their funerals; as it was, they overdid the matter, and their folly saved them.

Margery had not once winced; but Rachel did not take time to wink, and so came out three pills and a choke ahead of her friend. When all were down they went out and sat down in a vacant lot near the house. It was cool and pleasant under the fence, and they began to tell Indian stories. Suddenly in the middle of one Margery exclaimed:

"Oh! I feel as I did coming from Scotland, when the ship turned over!"

"What ails you?" said Rachel, slowly.

"I guess it's the *weather*—*I've* been feeling sort of—lonesomo in my stummick."

In a minute she knew exactly how Margery felt coming over seas, for her lonesomeness increased and she rapidly lost "snap."

Margery, growing white and whiter, slid down flat on the grass, then with a groan that seemed to come from her little pegged shoes, became dreadfully sick, and Miss Winchester followed suit.

If they had swallowed the whole contents of the doctor's saddle-bags they could scarcely have suffered more. When it seemed as if they must have thrown up not only the pills, but the coats of their stomachs and their original sin, they got up and staggered along by the fence; but were soon forced to drop down again.

"I'm a-dyin'!" said Margery. "And I am afraid—I want my mother."

"Ain't it awful?" groaned Rachel. "I've committed sin lately and I'm scared, too—I broke a china cup and hid it up the chimney.

"Yes, we're both of us wicked as we're sick," moaned Margery. "I made faces at my mother behind the door, when she wouldn't let me take her gold ring."

"Hello down there! What you a-doin'?" cried Zephaniah, his shock head coming over the top rail of the fence, and he seeming to hang there by his chin.

"O Niah, we're goin' to die!" answered Rachel, dismally.

"What for?" he asked, not seeing the least use in it.

"We've killed ourselves," returned Rachel, faintly. She must talk while breath remained; so she gave her brother the facts of the case. His face, during the story, showed disgust at their present wilted condition, mingled with admiration for their daring exploit.

"Phu, Rachel! I wouldn't die—you can't see 'em bile maple sap next year."

"How can we help it?" gasped blue-eyed Margery.

"Oh, I'll stiffen you up!" and Niah suddenly unhooked himself from the top rail and disappeared. They thought he had gone to tell of them, and did not care, for they were so weak and miserable.

Ten minutes later he came stubbing along over the plowed ground toward them with one hand carefully shut over the other. He dumped himself down by their side.

"Now," said he, "we'll take every bit of *this here*, and it'll cure us!"

They felt a little better, and so curious to know what "this here" was that they forgot to ask Niah where *he* felt unwell. They looked eagerly into his hand and sniffed with their little noses. He, too, had been into mischief; for in his not over-clean paw was all the white sugar it could hold, and into that he had poured at least a gill of paregoric.

"Stick in your fingers and lick 'em off," said Rachel's worthy brother. "It's good."

Grandfather Winchester might not have given this very remedy; but true it was, that before they had "licked" their fingers many times, they were better, able in fact to sit up and walk a little way.

"I shall never sin any more," said Rachel.

"Nor I," said Margery. "It must be dreadful wicked to take pills when you don't need 'em."

"Awful!" said Niah, with a finishing application of his tongue to his small palm. "*Awful*—but we *needed* this paregoric."

"Do you think," asked Rachel, "we have got to tell grandfather of this?"

"No," said Niah, promptly.

"I shall tell if it is right," said Rachel, firmly. "I ain't going to sin any more."

Margery mused. Then she remarked: "The pills didn't stay stealed long. We can't give 'em back. I don't feel as if I needed any more punishing to make me sorry."

"That's so," said Rachel. "We've had our own punishing."

They each forgot that Niah had sinned and not suffered; while he was hardened enough not to think of himself at all.

When the afternoon crept out under the shadows of the evening the little Scotch girl went home with a sick headache and was put to bed. Rachel returned "tired out," she said, and meekly crept to her couch two hours earlier than usual. Niah was a notable example of a scamp who escaped correction. He fell asleep over his supper in consequence of the drug, and slept all night the sweet sleep of innocence. Grandpa missed his pills in time, but went to his grave in ignorance of the "manner" of their "taking off."

Rachel and Zephaniah more than once through a long life remembered that day. Scotch Margery grew up and grew old, too; but her eyes were never less blue than when she came from Scotland, and she it was who told this story to her grandchildren, with those same eyes twinkling with fun.

This is all, children, when I have added a *moral* and a bit of advice, which just this once I beg you not to skip.

Moral: Be sure your sin will find you out as it did these little Puritans. Indeed, it nearly turned them wrong-side out.

Advice: Whatever you do—do it thoroughly.—*Annette L. Noble, in Wide-Awake.*

NINETY million dollars is now the official estimate of the cost of the late endeavor to extend British sway in Afghanistan, including therein the cost of the frontier railways, undertaken solely as war necessities. To this must be added the item of the lives lost, and the suffering incurred among the troops and among their families at home. And, after all, this estimate includes only one side. It forgets the lives and treasure lost by the Afghans in defending their homes.

THE Duke of Northumberland intends to introduce the electric light at Alnwick Castle, and if successful it will no doubt be used in other English houses.

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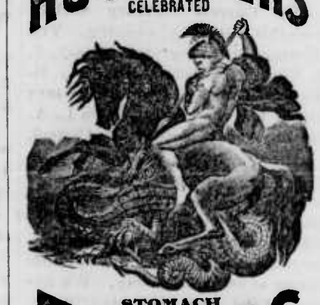

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HOME AND FARM.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Loaf Seed Cake.—Take one loaf of dough, one cup of brown sugar, half cup of butter or drippings, half ounce of caraway seed, or a quarter pound of currants, a little spice, two eggs; mix thoroughly with the hands, and set to rise. Do not bake until quite light; bake in a deep tin.

In leisure time during the winter the farmer should go over the orchard and destroy the eggs of the tent caterpillars. They are easily discovered in clusters around the small twigs. Three or four hundred eggs are in one cluster, and its destruction saves the tree from the ravages of as many voracious worms in spring.

A correspondent of the Ohio *Farmer* says that he has found by experience that six Cotswold sheep will consume no more food than a cow, and are more profitable. For a lamb of this breed, weighing 125 pounds, $5.50 is obtained. He estimates that six ewes will produce eight lambs per annum and fifty pounds of wool.

Before the children's stockings begin to be thin at the knees and to need mending, put a piece of cloth under and sew with fine stitches so that they will not show; soft flannel or pieces of old stockings which are strong enough to be worth using are better than any heavier cloth. By taking the trouble to do this, stockings may be made to last twice as long as without.

Apple Pudding.—Pare some tart apples and place the quarters in a pudding-dish. Stir up a batter with a quart of sour cream and one and a-half teaspoonfuls of saleratus and a pinch of salt, with enough flour to thicken it. Pour this over the apples and bake. Make a sauce with a pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, and butter the size of an egg.

Why the Glass Does Not Crack.—When boiling water is poured suddenly into a glass jar the glass will crack if there is nothing to carry off the heat from the glass, because then the glass retains the heat, and the expansion breaks it. If a metal spoon is in the glass, or the jar is placed on a wet, folded towel, these absorb and carry off the surplus heat and save the glass.

Italian Pork Cheese (Supper Dish).—Chop, not very fine, two pounds lean pork with one pound inside fat; strew over and mix thoroughly with them three teaspoonfuls of salt, nearly half as much pepper, half teaspoonful of mixed parsley, thyme, and sage (and sweet basil, if it can be procured), all mixed, extremely small. Press the meat closely and evenly into a shallow tin, and bake it in a very gentle oven from an hour to an hour and a half. It is served cold, in slices. Should the proportion of fat be considered too much, it can be diminished on a second trial.

Amateur sheep-growers are not well aware that the wool of sheep grows most rapidly in cold weather, and that any check in the quality and amount of feed at this time injures the quality of wool. When sheep are well fed in the winter the wool starts to grow, but should any starving take place, the wool fiber would have a weak place in it, and render it entirely unfit for combing wool, which brings such a good price in our markets. It could only be used where poor grades of wool are used, as in coarse blankets and carpets.

Hominy Croquettes.—Mix a tablespoonful of melted butter with a pint of fine, cold boiled hominy. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and two beaten eggs. Beat until smooth, then make into small cakes or balls, flour each one well and fry in butter or drippings, or both. They will be nicer if dipped in beaten egg, rolled in fine cracker crumbs and fried like doughnuts. Drain and serve hot.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat the yelks of two eggs in a pudding-dish; add two cupfuls of sugar; dissolve four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in a little cold water; stir into it two teacupfuls of boiling water; put in the juice of two lemons with some of the grated peel; mix all together with a teaspoonful of butter; bake about fifteen minutes. When done spread over the top the beaten whites of two eggs, previously sweetened with a little powdered sugar whipped into them; let it color a moment in the oven. To be served either hot or cold.

Don't Scare the Colts.

In uttering this injunction we mean far more than merely to avoid frightening the colts lest they run against the fence and hurt themselves. We mean far more, also, than merely to avoid making them wild and timid, although both of these dangers are imminent, and justify careful avoidance. In all animal life the inherited habits of action may be greatly neutralized or greatly strengthened by cultivation. This cultivation begins when the foal stands up and sucks, and when it is six weeks old the education may be somewhat regular and methodical. If you are breeding running horses, encourage the colt to extend himself at a gallop, for that is what you want him to do in the future; but if you are breeding trotters, encourage the colt to extend himself at a trot, for that is what you want him to do in the future; rear him, if you can, without ever knowing that there is such a gait as the gallop.

If you have a young hound dog that you intend specially for the pursuit of the fox, you will not allow him to strike out on every rabbit trail he may come across. If you indulge him once he is so much harder to restrain next time, and if you let him have his own sweet will in chasing all the little ground game in the neighborhood, he will be of no use as a fox dog. The dog had the inheritance and he would have been all right if he had not been ruined in his education. So it is with the trotting-bred colts in the field. Every time you scare up one and make him gallop, it is the dog off on a rabbit trail. You have injured the colt in driving him out of the gait for which he was bred, and to which his instincts led him to adhere. In the end we will reach the colt that will not know how to gallop; but as a means to that end we must stop making the colts do the very thing we don't want them to do. —*Wallace's Monthly.*

Seed Seed.

The farmer rarely or never insists on pedigree when he is purchasing seeds, and it is as important for him to have pedigree in seed as breeders in animals. Pedigree is insisted upon for all animals that are termed thoroughbred, and no animal can be registered in any herd-book without the very best of pedigree. This registration is the warrant that it is thoroughbred; that is to say, the pedigree is correct, and this means that animals being thoroughbred have the power of transmitting their chief characteristics to their progeny. Breeders are well aware it requires a long time to establish what is known as a breed, and they are very careful in permitting a distinctive name to be applied to creatures originating from animals that have crossed upon others before it has been established beyond a doubt that the animals possess the power to transmit their principal traits to their progeny, and until this potency is established they are known as a cross. Now, this pedigree is just as necessary to the farmer purchasing seed for his crops as to the breeder buying his thoroughbred animals for breeding purposes. The many new varieties of seed thrown upon the market which are never heard of after a year or two, fail because they have not the power of transmitting their peculiar properties to the crops grown after them. You hear of a new variety of corn, wheat or oats; a name is given to it; it is planted, and no difference is found between it and some other old variety. Seed from this is sown, and it may produce another well-known variety, or a mixture; of course, the results are all very uncertain.

Years ago we planted, on a small piece of land, some sweet corn; then, at a distance from it, some potatoes were planted, with field-corn intervening; then several rows of beans, and then a row of pop-corn. In some of the ears, when harvested, we found kernels of all three varieties. We then planted seed from each of these varieties separately, and from the field-corn we had both sweet and pop-corn, and from pop-corn, sweet and field-corn. In no case did we find another variety; but we had in this hybridization converted a certainty into an uncertainty, just the same as in crossing thoroughbred animals upon thoroughbreds of another breed. You may purchase, in order, as you may suppose, to obtain pure seeds, the very best specimens you can find, and when you gather the harvest you find you have been disappointed. This applies to all cereals, and in order to sow with certainty of obtaining the same variety pedigree is necessary. You must know that the seed you are purchasing can perpetuate itself. This is a necessity. In peas this is of special importance. Major Hallet, of England, says he has ascertained beyond doubt the three following facts:

1. That no two grains of any cereal will produce plants precisely equal.

2. That in the grains of any one ear there is one which is superior to all the others in producing power.

3. And that this superiority is inheritable—that it may, by repeated selections year after year of the best selected grain, be greatly increased, and finally become characteristic of the plant.

He took two grains from two ears of wheat, which together contained eighty-seven grains. One of these grains produced a plant of ten ears, which contained 688 grains, or over sixty-eight grains to an ear, while the finest ten ears which could be selected from the remaining eighty-five grains contained 598 grains, or nearly ten grains less to an ear than the two selected grains. Major H. made similar experiments with barley, with such satisfactory results as to exceed the others in weight by three pounds to the bushel.

This is a matter of great importance to the farmer; if as much as three pounds to the bushel can be obtained by sowing grain of proper selection, and if in addition to this the farmer can get a grain of superior quality, it will make a very great difference in the value of a product of an acre. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the farmer should adopt all possible means to procure reliable seed in order to secure good results. Farmers have tried the experiment, and declared it successful, that changing the locality of seed increases the productiveness of many kinds of crops; this is reasonable, and there may be something in it, but better results can be obtained by a judicious system of selection, culture and rotation on different sections of the same farm. Experience and observation have proved that a system of selecting seed and planting only the most perfect of its kind would obviate all difficulty. That is, in planting potatoes, plant from none of less size than a hen's egg, and no overgrown tubers, and follow this with a regular rotation, not growing related crops on the same ground oftener than once in three years. Select the best, most perfect kernels of wheat, sowing only such; also the best and most perfect of all kinds of seeds, taking care to save from the best representatives of the variety. Instead of deterioration, as is often heard, improvement in both quantity and quality will be the result. It is well known that farmers, instead of pursuing such a course, generally sell the best, because it brings a better price, and then they go to others for seed, or plant such as is left of their own after the best is sold, and then complain that their crops deteriorate. What other result could be expected when such a suicidal policy is pursued?—*Southern Planter and Farmer.*

Nearly all of Ireland's 1,740,291 acres of bog and marsh belong to the great bog of Allen, which spreads over the central portion of the great limestone plain of Ireland, and occupies a large portion of the counties of Roscommon, Galway, Westmeath, King's and Queen's Counties, and Kildare. This vast bog formation varies in depth from twenty-five to forty feet, and is full of stagnant water

To Raise the Pile of Velvet When Pressed Down.—Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of shaking it a little.

The project of utilizing the Great Eastern for the wholesale transport of cattle from America for the English market has been abandoned, and the money returned to the subscribers.

THE DAIRY.

Pastures that have been fed a few seasons will generally produce more milk, or make more fat, than those which have been newly seeded down.

A prominent English cheese dealer gives his opinion of anti-huff, and it is by no means favorable to the inventive genius of Americans, and, according to his view, the use of this questionable compound will destroy the sale of American cheese in English markets.

The butter dealers of Boston have united in a petition to Francis D. Moulton, president of the International Dairy Fair Association, asking him to have Congress pass a law requiring oleomargarine, suine, and other artificial butter to be properly inspected and brauded before it is exported.

A Leaking Teat.—A hole in the side of a cow's teat may be closed by clipping away the skin around the edges of the hole, then cuttiug a small slit across the hole and a little above and below it, and bring the edges together with a stitch. As the wound heals the hole will close. This should be done when the cow is dry, or a milking tube should be used to draw the milk.

To Prepare Annatto.—To prepare annatto for coloring butter, procure from the druggist a small quantity, an ounce or two, of the common annatto paste sold at the drug stores. For ten or twelve quarts of cream take a piece of this as large as a pea and dissolve it in hot water. If it will not dissolve easily, add a pinch of saleratus to the water. A nice way to prepare it is to dissolve it in salad-oil and use one teaspoonful for ten quarts of cream.—*N. Y. Times.*

In order to produce absolutely pure milk, the cows must have pure water to drink. In the early days of dairying in the northwest, great complaint was heard about tainted milk, especially in June, July and August, and particularly if the season happened to be dry. Then the cows drank stagnant and filthy water, and their milk was tainted. But with the introduction of wells, where there was no spring water, and the wind mill, the taint disappeared. Give the cows good, pure water, and in return get good, pure milk.

Mottled or Waxy Cheese.—The mottled or waxy appearance of cheese is due to uneven ripening. This is caused by some defect in the curd; either the acid is not evenly developed, the fat has been partly removed, the curd has not been evenly cooked or aired, or the rennet may have been inferior. Any cause that may produce uneven quality will make the ripening uneven, or the cheese will even begin to decompose in parts. The cheese is then mottled or becomes waxy in spots. This never happens with well-made and rich cheese.

There is one matter concerning the feeding of cows which is rarely if ever thought of by dairymen, and that is overfeeding the animals. Over-feeding produces indigestion. No other animal has so sweet a breath as a cow when her stomach is in a perfectly healthy condition; but if she is over-fed, so that, in place of digestion, decomposition takes place, then her breath is charged with offensive gases, and the milk decreases in quantity, acquiring a flavor neither desirable in butter nor in cheese. It not unfrequently happens that some weed or other in the hay is charged with the evil, when the real cause is over-feeding.

Fattening an Old Cow in Milk.

Fattening an old cow is generally a slow and sometimes an unprofitable process, unless she gives milk enough meanwhile to pay for the extra feed. A writer in the *National Live Stock Journal*, who has made good beef of cows at sixteen to nineteen years of age, causing them to weigh 100 to 250 pounds more than at any period during their younger life, thus describes his process, which he has, without exception, found satisfactory, the animal always a little more than paying at the pail for all feed consumed, and "sometimes a good deal more:"

"If the old cow is quite thin and skinny, as she is very likely to be, she should not be plied strongly with cornmeal on the start. This is apt to make her feverish and to induce a state opposed to thrifty fattening; besides, this feverish state will render her milk gargety. Give her slightly loosening and cooling food at first, such as pumpkins, potatoes, sweet apples, succulent rowen grass, one or two pounds of oil-meal, cheap molasses and clover hay, or, better, green clover; and with any of these may be given on the start one or two quarts of cornmeal per day. The food must be gradually increased. A pint to three pints of cheap molasses, diluted with three parts of water, and mixed with one-half bushel of cut clover hay, will keep the stomach and bowels in excellent condition when beginning the cornmeal. And all these foods will make prime milk. Another food that will be found successful, and in many places cheap, is one bushel of flaxseed ground with fifteen bushels of corn. This flaxseed will render the cornmeal just laxative enough for health and the flaxseed is worth, as a food, all it usually costs. Cottonseed meal may also be fed to advantage up to three pounds per day. Linseed meal, made by the new process, is excellent to feed with cornmeal, as it has a large proportion of nitrogen and thus balances the cornmeal; but two pounds per day is sufficient of this. The principal grain food may properly be cornmeal, which is usually cheaper for fattening than any other grain. Bran and cornmeal go well together for feeding an old cow, and after the cow gets accustomed to the use of the grain you may feed her six quarts of bran and six quarts of cornmeal in three feeds per day. It is always better to begin feeding her on pasture, beginning the use of grain lightly, as mentioned and increasing, little by little up to her capacity. If the cow be young that you desire to get rid of because she is too small a milker, you may be surprised at the sudden improvement in milk when you try fattening her on the plan suggested. Many dairymen do not know the capacity of their cows to give milk, because they have never fairly tested it by full feeding."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Sure to come round—the apple dumpling.

The Gem City of Central Asia.

"The position occupied by Herat," says Malleson, "on the high road between India and Persia, the center spot of an extensive and fertile valley, well watered by channels from a perennial stream, marks her out as the natural garden and granary of Central Asia." It is situated on a plain about 2,500 feet above the sea, and is fortified with mud walls, presenting the form of a square, each side of which is under a mile in length. The streets are ill built, narrow and dirty; indeed, the common saying of the place is, "If dirt were to kill, where would we be?" "Only man is vile" at Herat, however, for nature has done everything for the city and its environs. The climate is the finest in Asia; only two months of the twelve are hot, and even then the mercury rarely rises above eighty-five degrees in the shade. The nights are always cool, often cold. The Heratis have a proverb, "If the soil of Ispahan, the cool breezes of Herat and the waters of Khwarzin were in the same place there would be no such thing as death." The waters of the Heri, Conolly described in 1831 as the best he ever tasted, and the fruits as the most delicious in flavor. People enter the gardens and eat at will, being weighed as they pass in and out, and charged for the avoirdupois gained; a simple system which that sane wag, Nasir Eddin, once defied by filling his pockets with pebbles and casting out ballast as he took in lading, so as to bring the astonished proprietor into his debt. The soil is extraordinarily fertile, and the orchards, gardens, corn-fields and vineyards stretch to the mountains, four miles away on the north and twelve on the south, and along the valley as far as the eye can reach. There are extensive mines of iron and lead, only worked at the surface, and the cimetars of Herat are as famous in Central Asia as its horses. Silk is spun there largely, and carpets of wool and silk are manufactured. The other articles of export are manna, assafœtida, gum, saffron and pistachio nuts. Half a century ago it paid an annual revenue of $450,000, and Malleson declares that under British rule the income to the Government from the district would suffice to pay the expenses of garrisoning the chief cities of Afghanistan. Foster, who visited Herat in 1783, described the city as far surpassing Candahar in the extent of its markets and the volume of its trade. Christie, who spent a month there in disguise in 1810, is as loud as Conolly in his praise of its delightful situation, brisk business and phenomenal fertility. He placed the population at 100,000. Conolly's estimate was 45,000, and the present number of inhabitants is believed to be something under 40,000, though the encyclopedias call it "about 50,000."

The paper-makers are importuned by big printing-houses and other concerns using a good deal of paper to put up twenty-five sheets to a quire, or in some way make a ream consist of five hundred sheets instead of four hundred and eighty. The printers and book and magazine publishers make their contracts by the thousand, and find it necessary to carry too many broken reams. Much of the book paper is now sold in reams of five hundred sheets.

[Muscatine Journal.]

Two Days' Work.

Two days' moderate application of the means in question, enabled Mr. Otto Eichhorn, 1413 N. Ninth street, St. Louis, Mo., to thus write us: I had been a sufferer for the past six weeks with severe pains in the shoulder and spine so that I was unable to do any work. Advised by a friend I used St. Jacobs Oil. With the second application relief was had and a cure effected in two days.

A boy who finds fault with pie and pudding at home will take a piuch of salt and two potatoes and make a good dinner, out in the woods on a rabbit hunt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

[Peoria National Democrat.]

The most eminent physicians of the day highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. It can be purchased at any drug house, and the price is insignificant when you take into consideration the wonderful cures it will produce.

The donkey keeps his tongue still and his ears in motion. Consequently his ears are never frozen. There is a moral here, if you will search for it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Picayune.*

"Get up and dust," was what the boarding misses said when she awoke the chambermaid.—*Boston Times.*

Friend S. has a son who is not precisely a studious and working boy. The list of grades which he brings home daily tells of a deplorable apathy on his part. Fifteen days ago he came home No. 27. "Then you are 27th in your division?" says his father. "Yes." "And how many are you in all?" "Twenty-seven." "That is, you are the last." A week later the list made him No. 29. "Now," said the father, "this is too much. How can you be the 29th when there are only 27?" "It's very easy," said the boy, "two new ones have come."—*Figaro.*

It does not improve a potato to have specks on its eyes.

A neighbor with a coffee cup in her hand, called in on Uncle Mose, remarking: "Uncle Mose, I wants to borry a cup ob parched coffee from you for breakfas' till to-morrer." "Go right to de box on de shef and hep yer-sef." The neighbor did as requested, but discovered the box to be as empty as the head of a legislator." "Uncle Mose, dar's no parched coffee in dis heah box." "Does yer know why dar ain't no coffee in dat ar box?" "No; I doesn't know nuffin' about it." "Dar ain't no coffee in dat ar box," said the old man, solemnly, "bekase dat ar am de returned coffee-box. Ef yer had brung back all de coffee yer borrowed last year hit would be purn full."—*Galveston News.*

Has an off-hand way with it—A circular saw.

A woman will work a month to fabricate a delicate protection for a chair, and then, when it is in place, an edict is promptly issued forbidding any man sitting in that chair, through fear of spoiling the tidy. It's the best chair protector that possibly could be desired.—*Rockland Courier.*

The ice harvester is hurrying up. He knows he cannot make ice while the sun shines.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The air is filled with materialism, dogmatism and rheumatism.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A Chicago paper says the best scheme for improving the Mississippi River would be something to prevent St. Louis people from bathing in it.

The National Citizen-Soldier,

An eight-page forty-column, weekly journal, published at Washington, D. C., is brimful of good things for the citizen as well as for the soldier. It opposes monopoly, favors equal and exact justice to all classes, and is the special champion and defender of the rights of the soldier, his widow and orphans. It has a thrilling story of the war every week. Every soldier should have this paper to keep him posted. Terms, $1.00 per year; sample copy free. Address, Citizen-Soldier Publishing Co., Box 588, Washington, D. C.

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There is certainly not a more distressing infliction in the long list of disorders; not one that has baffled the skill of physicians as rheumatism. To those afflicted we would honestly say, try Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It is an internal medicine, harmless in effect, and may be taken by the most delicate lady. Some of the leading men o the Nation have used it with success. Sold by all Druggists. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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(*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*)

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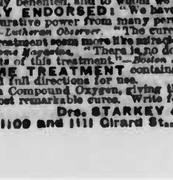

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HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

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ADMINISTERED BY INHALATION.

It is painfully evident that in Southern districts where Republican candidates for Congress have served notice of co test, the Democrats intend to resort to tactics of intimidation and fraud. Symptoms of such a disposition have been manifested in Louisiana, Alabama and South Carolina, while in Florida a disgraceful outbreak has already taken place. The scene of outrage is Madison, the county seat of Madison county, which is part of the district now represented by Hon. Horatio Bisbee, Jr., Republican. Mr. Bisbee was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated, on the face of the returns, by his Democratic competitor, Mr. Jesse T. Finley. Believing that great frauds had been committed, Mr. Bisbee decided to contest, and testimony as to the conduct of the election is now being taken at Madison. According to despatches from Mr. Bisbee's legal representative at that point, one witness in the case has already been killed and another was attacked on Tuesday, but killed his assailant, while a concerted effort to intimidate the persons engaged in collecting the evidence, as well as to terrify witnesses into keeping out of the way, is being made by the Democratic rounders and assassins. Attorney General Devens, we are glad to see, has telegraphed United States Judge Settle to go to Madison and take testimony under the protection of the United States Marshal and his deputies, and the flagrant attempt of Mr. Finley's friends to suppress the truth may be frustrated, after all. It is singular that Southern Democrats do not realize how injurious to their own party these brutal violations of the law have proved to be in the recent past, or how impossible it is, with a Republican administration and a Republican Congress such as we shall now soon have, to carry through so outrageous a policy of suppression. So far as the people of the South, without reference to politics, are concerned, they have much to lose and absolutely nothing to gain by a revival of political terrorism.

BOSTON'S SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.—Faneuil Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by a meeting to express sympathy with Ireland. Mayor Prince presided. Speeches were made by the Mayor, Hon. Wendell Phillips, General Butler, Rev. Dr. Minor, John Boyle O'Reilly, Hon. P. A. Collius, President of the Land League, and others. They all spoke earnestly in favor of giving moral and financial support to the people of Ireland in their present struggle. A letter was read from Governor Long, expressing sympathy with the cause of the Irish as long as they seek within constitutional lines and legitimate methods to secure their political and social welfare. Letters sympathizing with the purport of the meeting were also received from Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, Hon. Alexander Rice, Charles Levy Woodberry, and others. The resolutions denounce in most unqualified terms the arrest of Mr. Davitt and the recent ejection of Home Rulers from Parliament, and calls upon the people of Ireland to hold to their purpose of reform, and allow nothing to drive them to violence, for which they are not prepared.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m

Notice to Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Feb. 7, 1881.

The Second Term of the Public Schools will close on Friday, March 4th. Teachers will report full time to that date, considering the Term as having commenced December 27th, instead of January 3d.

E. H. BARTLETT,
2 12 3t Sec't'y, Ex'r, &c.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 385 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 4s Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

28th day of February, 1881,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, adjoining the town of Oakland, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 844,

of the Military Lands Westward from Fort Cumberland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy the sum of $59,78, balance of State and County taxes, with interest due, by Mrs. Amanda B. Hall for the years 1878 and 1879.

JASPER GUARD,
2 5 3t Collector.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Ho! any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 7t W. H. TOWER.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by F. C. Browning and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the Paradise line, on the Altamont and Barnel School House road, and running thence to the South West corner of Lake Woods lane, through the lands of J. R. Browning, Dr. S. P. Smith, and F. C. Browning will meet on the premises on Monday the 21st day of March, 1881, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

S. W. FRIEND,
2 16 5t L. A. STEMPLE,
JOS. SPIKER,
Examiners.

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-3t

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The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1541, 4017, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Only $85.

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CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, filled up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Chique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

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Shipped on half a Months Test Trial,

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PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

MISCELLANEOUS.

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—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.

Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.

Clerk—W. H. Tower.

Sheriff—*George* D. White.

State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.

Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.

Standing Commissioners—Wm. A. Dally and A. B. Gonder.

Crier—Wm. Smouse.

Messenger—Jas. M. Heil.

Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Hosley.

Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kimkeu.

Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.

Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the appeal and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.

Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and Thos. H. Bittinger.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. M Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jas. H. Davis.
6—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. B. Gonder.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.

Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Cuddington, John W. Smith.

Clerk—King Delawder.

Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.

Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 122—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lode. No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in Legge's Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881. NUMBER 2.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

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OUR NUMERATION.

In our twenties—and the blossoms
Drifted by in fragrant snow;
Skies were blue, and we together
Chose the path that we should go.
Violets bloomed and grasses nodded,
Springing by our lingering feet;
And we laughed and kissed each other,
Singing, gaily, "Life is sweet!"

In our thirties—crimson berries
Blushed 'neath emerald banners bright;
Royal orchids veiled their purple
From the careless seeker's sight;
Solemn forest shades around us
Both our voices strangely stilled;
But we closer drew together
Hands with sylvan treasures filled.

In our sixties—open meadows
Now beguile our wandering feet;
Memory's orchids, forests, blossoms,
Field and skies are ever sweet.
But we best love aster's sapphires
And lobelia's spikes of flame;
While our hearts, like autumn's maples,
Burn and glow, for each, the same.

In our eighties—we have chested
Frost and fled before the snow;
In a southern clime we're waiting
Till our King shall bid us go.
Resting here, beneath the palm trees,
By the sweet-breathed myrtles fanned—
'Tis not long, our second spring-time,
'Tis not far, the morning land.

A SUMMER'S PASTIME.

Such a tiny, pearl-tinted glove it was, fitting faultlessly the white, dimpled hand, and reaching far up, with its innumerable little white buttons on the round, fair arm; that it was small wonder, spite of its almost-infinitesimal size, that it filled the scope of John Raleigh's vision, as he somewhat awkwardly entered the plain country parlor, where the owner of both hand and glove awaited him.

"Won't you help me?" she said, in a very helpless way, and held out to him the little fingers as she spoke.

He saw, then, that the task of buttoning was still incomplete. A dark red flush mounted to his face as he undertook the duty assigned him. He could not see the little mocking smile about the beautiful mouth, as it puckered itself into a tiny *moue* at his clumsy efforts, or the laughing malice in the hazel eyes. He only felt beneath his touch the cool, firm flesh of the exquisite arm, and thought, with a sort of unconscious reasoning, how great a pity it was to hide away any part of it, even beneath a thing so dainty as the pearl-tinted glove.

"Thanks," she said, carelessly, when he had finished his task. "Are the horses ready?"

"Yes," he answered, and, handing her into the light wagon as though she were a queen, he sprang in beside her, and, drawing up the reins, soon went speeding down the country lane.

Two short weeks before, Adelaide Armon had come down from the gay city to the quiet farm-house, to regain, if might be, some of her faded roses. Later in the summer, she was to undergo the usual watering place ordeal; but, as a little respite between the now and then, she had chosen to spend the month of June buried among its fragrance. Of course she should be unutterably bored, she prophesied with mute resignation, and, equally of course, there would be no necessity for more than one "Saratoga" of frightful dimensions; therefore it was with mingled pleasure and disdain that, on the first evening of her arrival, she was formally presented to John Raleigh, and, looking anxiously up into his six feet of stature, decided that, after all, even in this rural spot, a few toilets might be necessary, and the hours would not prove so heavy as she had feared.

Mr. Raleigh was a farmer himself, of good family, she learned, but one who scorned not to till his own soil, and who had evidently tilled it to some purpose. He had a college education, too, but had, singularly enough, supposed the years he had spent in acquiring an education were years to be devoted to that purpose, therefore he returned one almost as ignorant of the social world as before going into it. All women he venerated. To hear a man speak lightly of a woman always brought a flush to his cheek. To him, womanhood and motherhood were inalienably and sacredly intermingled. Miss Armon was to him a revelation. He had known her for two weeks; she had accomplished her purpose—he was desperately in love with her. That she might not love him in return was no easy matter for his mind, in its humility, to grasp; that she should try to win his love for pastime and conquest—that she should inflict upon him, with deliberate intent, a wound whose scar might never heal—would have been by him received as gross calumny. In his eyes, she was a pure, innocent, beautiful child. All through their drive the touch of her arm still thrilled him, until, when they had returned and he lifted her down gently to the ground, an irresistible impulse caused him to whisper:

"I am coming over this evening. I want to speak with you."

"Foolish boy!" she said to herself, as she drew off the dainty gloves within her room. "My visit is but half done, and already he wants to bring matters to a climax. It must not be. I need him yet a little longer."

Therefore, when, true to his promise, he returned and begged her to go out with him for a little walk in the moonlight, she refused, and petulantly shook her head. She was tired, she said, but rattled on gayly on every theme, until he could not speak the words he had meant to utter. That night he went away a strange, new pain in his heart, yet loving her more madly than ever.

She had gone out for a stroll the next morning, when she suddenly encountered him. He had scarcely slept since he had left her the night previous. She read his purpose in his eyes, and strove to divert it. As well attempt to stem Niagara.

"Miss Armon," he began, "I love you! I should not have had the courage, perhaps, to tell you, but that I have dared hope my love might not be unwelcome to you. I know how bright and beautiful you are, and how I lack in all that you possess. But, oh, my darling! my darling! what I have not the courage for is to live out my life without you. Will you share it, Adelaide, and mold it as you will?"

The words were out now. She might no longer hope to avert them. It remained for her but to punish his presumption.

"Sir," she said, "you forget yourself, and presume greatly upon my having been thrown upon your society!"

The man's face paled with a sudden pallor. A hauteur and a dignity equal to her own robbed him of the humility a moment before apparent.

"Did I understand you to use the word presume, Miss Armon?" he questioned. "May I ask you in what lay presumption?"

Silently he awaited her reply. It was her turn to be embarrassed and ill at ease. She had meant to play with a harmless tool. Already she discovered her mistake.

"The difference in our stations—" she began, hesitatingly.

He stopped her halting sentence with uplifted hand.

"I understand," he interrupted, a sort of white, repressed wrath shining in his eyes. "Because I am not one of fashion's fops you gauged the gulf between us. At least, Miss Armon, I offered you an honest man's honest love. It was yours to reject or accept—there was no need to insult it."

And, turning on his heel, he left her.

Was it only the humiliation she had meant to inflict, but which had reacted upon herself, which caused the hot blood to dye her face, and the smarting tears to rush to her eyes? She watched him out of sight, holding himself proudly erect, and the sunlight falling full on his fair hair (closely cropped) as he held his straw hat in his hand, to let the summer breeze play about his bare temples. Could it be that something was going out of her life she would fain have kept there? Once she started forward, his name upon her lips, but she did not utter it. The man was mad. What destiny did he offer her? Only a farmer's wife! Then she sobbed, but checked it, wondering why she wept. In a week's time she had gone back to her home and the old gay life awaiting her. She had not recovered her roses, her friends said. She thought to amuse them by relating her rustic flirtation, but somehow they never heard the story. Her lips were dumb.

She had gone back to her old life, and, of course, the old amusement of playing with hearts, but it had lost its zest. Of all the men who had flocked about her standard (and, as she was rich and young and beautiful, there were many), there was not one, held up in silent and unacknowledged comparison with that other, but failed in the test. How grandly he had rebuked her—how scathing had been his scorn! Was it for this he dyed so constantly in her thought that neither by night nor day could she drive him out? Pshaw! she hated herself for her pitiful weakness.

When October came she determined she would go abroad, but, one morning, when September had not half sped, sitting alone in her luxurious room, a letter was brought her. It was from John Raleigh's mother, and it told her that her son was dying. The letter ran thus:

He had a sunstroke last week, and has been delirious ever since. The doctors say it was but the climax to intense nervous strain, otherwise it would not have proved fatal. His delirium has revealed all to me, and I write that you should know that my boy might live if life were sweet to him; but, when consciousness comes, it will only be to the old trouble, and he will sink under it. He was my all, and *you* will have killed him, for your summer pastime.

They were cruel words, and she read and re-read them with widely staring eyes, which seemed to pray for blindness, that she might shut them out. At last she might shut them out. At last she arose, and mechanically prepared for a journey, as though carrying out the studied intention of months rather than the half formed impulse of a moment. She was as yet scarce conscious of her purpose, when, at nightfall, she stood a suppliant for admittance at John Raleigh's door. A sad, weary faced woman softly opened it, and stood as though mutely asking her errand.

"John?"

This was all the white lips could utter.

"He is sinking fast," answered the mother. "You knew my boy?"

For as yet she had not divined the truth. The woman her son loved was cold, and cruel, and heartless. Not even the knowledge that he was dying would bring her here. So she had reasoned, when, with a low, choking sob, the girl before her fell on her knees, with outstretched, imploring hands.

"You said," she wailed, "that he would not live, because life was no longer sweet to him—let me tell him how dearly I love him, and how cruelly I have suffered! Let me ask him to live for me!"

Then two gentle hands lifted her face, a kiss fell on her brow, a voice murmured: "Oh, my child! give him back to me!" and then she found herself within the sick room, and alone with that still, quite form lying upon the bed. How white and wan he look.

"John," she moaned—"John!"

He opened his eyes and saw her.

"You have come!" he whispered. "This is kind. It will be for a little time only. I can no longer presume upon it."

"Hush!" she commanded. "Oh, do not make my task harder! You will forgive me, dear, I know. Only grow strong and well again for me!"

"No," he said, faintly. "I am content now to die. You have wiped out the harshness of your words—"

But she interrupted him with a kiss.

"You asked me once to be your wife," she said. "I did not know my own heart then; but now—oh, John, live for me, or take me with you, for I have learned that I cannot live without you!"

Two hours later, with her hand clasped in his, John Raleigh fell into a quiet sleep—a sleep which lasted through long hours, while still she sat motionless, fearing to stir; but when the dawn broke she knew that with it had vanished the dark night of their unhappiness in the dawn of an all-possible future.

COUNT THEM.—Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best Friend in Heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, trending them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never realized from whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you! You have murmured under your afflictions; but who has heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drops, the stars, or the Queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Count mercies before you complain of affliction.—*Ex.*

J. Q. A. Haddaway, Esq., of "Episcopal Methodist," Baltimore, Md., writes: "With much pleasure I testify to the good effects of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family. Have used it in many cases, and in each instance the result was entirely satisfactory. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The Lochiel Lumber Company.

Last winter the Lochiel Lumber Company, whose headquarters, including offices, mills, booms, etc., are at Bloomington, in this county, found their immense and rapidly increasing business growing too cumbrous to be handled to their satisfaction, and accordingly divided the business into three departments—timber-cutting, milling and shipping. Of the first they retain individual control, letting the other two to contractors, as noted below. Their operations last winter were immense, and will furnish abundant work for the contractors this season. They cut over 6,000,000 feet of the 50,000,000 feet of lumber owned by them, and were highly successful in floating it down into the great boom, losing only *two logs* of inconsiderable value. The work of getting out the timber is done by six camps of men at different points throughout the extensive tracts owned by them. All, as well as the offices at Bloomington, are under the efficient superintendence of Mr. George Hauck.

The work of sawing up the logs and planing the lumber into shape for various purposes has been let by contract to Messrs. Arnold & Clark. The former was for nearly three years superintendent of the mills of the Lochiel Company, and is in every way conversant with his business and the Company's wants. Mr. Clark runs by contract the great planing mills of Brown, Early & Co., at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He is now at Bloomington, but will return to Williamsport, leaving the active charge of the Bloomington mills to his partner. The contracting firm are putting in new machinery and the mills will have a sawing capacity of from 65,000 to 75,000 feet of lumber and from 30,000 to 40,000 laths and fence pickets per day. These pieces are shipped to Pittsburg and there nailed together, no other work on them being necessary. Their machinery is of the most improved pattern, and is run by three engines whose aggregate power is 180 horse. They employ over one hundred men and boys.

The finished lumber is taken from the mill and shipped to the consumers by Mr. George Ridder, formerly of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who has taken the contract for this service. His work is simple, but responsible, and involves a knowledge of the lumber business in all its departments.

AS TO HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.—A New York paper says: Household expenses have increased here greatly during the last ten to fifteen years, mainly from increase of luxury rather than from any advance in prices. Persons are not satisfied with the kind of houses they had then. These are called old-fashioned; they sell at reduced rates and are rented with difficulty. They have not the improvements and conveniences required to day; they are often regarded as untenantable until they have undergone expensive alterations. Furniture is of a very different and much costlier pattern than it used to be, and there is much more of it. To build and furnish a dwelling genteelly demands nearly twice as large a sum as it did from 1865 to 1870. We are now in the artistic and decorative period, and art and decoration are very dear. Men and women, particularly women, wear more and finer clothes than formerly; have more desires and pleasures to gratify, more expensive tastes to consult. Householders were wont to estimate their rent as nearly one-third of their annual disbursements. Now it is barely one-fifth or one-sixth thereof. What was superfluous has become essential. Hundreds of things are needed to-day which could not be had, which did not exist, twelve or fourteen years ago. National prosperity has scarcely kept pace with national extravagance, and most of us tend to reckless improvidence.

A nice little romance appears in the columns of the Springfield *Republican*. One of the roslest maidens in that city, while hurrying to the depot to take a train, tripped, and so gracefully recovered herself as to win the admiration of a very substantial-looking old gentleman. He assisted the young woman on the train and to a seat beside himself. Conversation flowed pleasantly and acquaintance ripened fast. On parting at a station not many miles west of the city, the couple exchanged addresses. The old gentleman proved to be a wealthy Chicago merchant, who opened a correspondence with the heroine. She apparently wrote as agreeably as she talked. Letters winged their way between the city by river and the city on the lake. Then came a proposition—not of marriage, but that the worthy son of the susceptible parent be admitted to the correspondence. The father gradually drew out of the field, and the son more than made his place good. Then come an offer of marriage. It was accepted. Three souls are happy, a brilliant wedding and luxurious home are in prospect; and the railroad officials have been greatly puzzled of late by the number of Springfield girls who are stumbling, with more or less grace, aboard trains bound for the great and glorious West.

THE WIFE.—A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little sheets pared away—in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. —*Ruskin.*

DISEASE IN AMERICAN CATTLE.—There is much speculation on this subject—much that has no reasoning in it. The trouble and charges have their origin in the way that cattle are handled, more than in anything else. As to the question of pleuro-pneumonia in the West, there is none; but of our cattle that go from the West to Europe, many are driven until overheated, and then put into exposed pens and kept there until they become chilled, then crowded into cars and overheated again. This same process is repeated from three to four times before reaching the seaboard; then they are thrust upon the steamer's deck to become chilled again or sweated under deck, and by this time they reach Liverpool, or Bristol a large proportion of them must show pneumonia. If a good veterinary inspection could be had at Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City, and another at the seaboard, to detect those that have got out of condition by the process named, we should hear less of pleuro-pneumonia. Then again, the cattle that are sent to Europe are the best fatted and are the least able to stand the treatment they get. Good covered sheds to protect them from the heat at their feeding station in summer and from cold in winter, would be another move by which they could be kept in their healthy condition. *Breeder's Stock Journal.*

HOME POLITENESS.—A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Sunday School Classmate.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow lie sweet things out of sight,
Couching like birds beneath a downy breast;
They cluster 'neath the coverlet warm and white
And bide the winter-time in hopeful rest.

There are the hyacinths, holding ivory tips
Pointed and ready for a blut of sun;
And hooded violets, with dim, fragrant lips,
Asleep and dreaming fairy dreams each one.

There lurk a myriad quick and linked roots,
Coiled for a spring when the ripe time is near,
The brave chrysanthemum's pale yellow shoots
And daffodils, the vanguard or the rear;

The nodding snowdrop, and the columbine;
The hardy crocus, prompt to hear acall;
Persian wisteria, and thick woodbine;
And valley lilies the sweetest of them all.

All undismayed, although the drifts are deep
All sure of spring and strong of cheer they lie;
And we, who see but snows, we smile and keep
The self-same courage in the by and by.

Ah! the same drifts shroud other precious things—
Flower-like faces, pallid now and chill,
Feet laid to rest after long journeyings,
And fair and folded hands forever still.

All undismayed, in deep and and hushed repose,
Waiting a sweeter, further spring, they lie;
And we, whose yearning eyes see but the snows,
Shall we not trust, like them, tho by and by?
—*Susan Coolidge, in the N. Y. Independent.*

JENNIE'S GRADUATION DRESS.

"Now go on with your studying, Jenaie. It's useless to discuss the matter."

"But, mother, I don't see——"

"Of course you don't see, dear, but when your father has decided, *he has decided*, you know. Don't think any more about it. Come, I can't spare you but fifteen minutes more. You must help me on Johnny's jacket—just tho button-holes, my eyes are so poor."

"Why don't you get Miss Stitchson to make tho button-holes?"

"Don't ask me. What did your father say yesterday noon, and again just at supper-time? If you will make them I can get the jacket finished to-night. He needs it enough."

"Now, mother Mayberry, it's to bad! Tom's suit is shabby, but I don't believe he cares. One day more won't make much difference, any way; and I will help on the button-holes tomorrow afternoon, if Prudy don't come for me to practice that duet with her."

"No, no, dear. 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day'—Graadma's motto, you know. I wish you would bear it in mind more than you do. There—now you mustn't say another word—keep your thoughts on your lesson. I shan't speak for fifteen minutes."

At this Jennie resumed studying, for she was as desirous as her mother was for her to be correct in recitations. She had been dreading this last review in history, which was to determine her rank in scholarship. And her father was anxious that she should stand high at graduation—only three weeks hence. He had even taken pains to go over with her all the battles of the Rebellion and tho events of the Franco-German war, dates were such a trouble to her; and taught her an old method of his own for memorizing such things accuratley.

She went on patiently with the words of the book. But I am sorry to say her thoughts wandered to Prudence Winn's new dress, and to a small package in her pocket which she had not yet had the courage—*opportunity*, she would have said—to show her mother; yet which she must see this very eveniag if her long-cherished hopes were to be fulfilled.

A pencil was needed to mark the battle of the Wildernoss for her memorizing method; and in taking it from her pocket out came the package also. Her pink cheeks took on a deeper hue as she hastily snatched at it before it fell to the floor, and there was a confused droop of her quivering eyelids before her mother's questioning glance. Not a word was said, but Mrs. Mayberry extended her hand, and Jennie dared not ignore the unspoken request.

"What does this mean, daughter? *Jordan and Marsh's shop-bill—black silk—samples!*" said Mrs Mayberry, slowly, as she unfolded the little package.

"I wanted to know what it would cost," came the reluctant words, as the girl's nervous fingers turned and returned the pages of her history. "Other girls, lots of them, do."

"Do what?"

"Send for samples."

"Without consulting their parents? I hope not, Jennie. How could you?"

There was no answer, and the question was repeated. But beforo she had time to reply Mr. Mayberry and Tommy—who had been busy over an hour in the barn looking after the comfort of the little heifer and Nan, her mother, and seeing that Jinks, the old roan, and Daisy, the pony, were all right, and everything about the premises snug and orderly—came hurrying in.

Mr. Mayberry, quick to read faces, saw that something unpleasant was under consideration. Presuming it was tho same subject—graduation and its expenses—which had been talked over at tea-time, he said: "I've been thinking it all over, Jennie. I can't bear to have yon feel unhappy and dissatisfied, and instead of giving money for hiring music that day and evening I'll let the class have the uso of our piano—you and Prudie Winn can play well enough for anybody who'll be there. How do you like that? I'll take it to the schoolhouse, and hack, too."

Jennie did not answer. She had recovered from her confusion, and only a sickly smile showed that she had understood his suggestion.

"A good idea—don't you think so, mother?" he added, with a little chirrupy laugh, which Mrs. Mayberry answered with another—but hers was forced and hollow.

Tommy saw the samples of silk, still in his mother's hand. "Something for my new jacket-trimmings, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Jennie you might as well tell your father all about it," was the response, in low sad tones.

Jennie began to cry.

"Hi! hi!" said her father, cheerily. "This won't do for a seventeen-year-old young lady. What's up? I don't see anything to cry about. You're getting nervous, sis. Too much study, I'm afraid. I shall be glad when you get through this terrible last term. But you're coming out well—that's aot the tronble, I hope? Let's run over the battles again, so as to be sure of them." And he took up the book which sho had pushed aside.

Mrs. Mayberry laid the strips of silk upon the book. "What do you think of those?" she said, gently.

"These?" he asked. "Why, what are they? How came you by them?"

"Is it best for Jennie to have a graduation-suit like either of them?"

"*Our Jennie?* Good grandmother of Methusalah! Our little Jennie rigged out like a fifty-year-old? You're joking, wife!"

Jennie had ceased crying and now looked up anxiously.

"Never was I more in earnest, John."

"Well, I don't pretend to know about theso things. But you don't really want it, do you, child? Such a gloomy thing. Why, you ought to havo something bright and cheerful then, it seems to me."

"It would be very servieeablo," said Jennie, meekly.

"Serviceable—how?" queried her father. "Your mother's dresses are always serviceable, and they are not silk. And then look as the cost of it. Whew! Ten—*fifteen* dollars, I suppose."

"More than double that," returned Mrs. Mayberry.

"That settles the question. *No*, it will not be serviceable for my daughter—not at that price."

"But if I get the school at Stapleton?" asked Jennie.

"Ah! *If!* Time enough to talk about silk dresses when you've money that you don't know what to do with. If you do teach you shan't begin for over a year."

"More than half the girls in our class will have silks for graduation, Prudy says, and—"

"I suppose *she* will; she looks like that kind of a girl. And, as usual, her father is going to borrow my mowing machine next summer, and the new plow that I must buy in April. No, no, daughter—no black silk for you yet. However—let me see. I have it now! One of my happy thoughts—just in the nick of time, I declare!"

He drew out his pocket-book, and from its folds took several baak-bills. "Mr. Simonds paid for his hay this afternoon. I'm right glad to get the money just now—was intending it for a certain purpose, a plan your mother and I made a while ago. But I've changed my mind within an hour, and, Jennie, if you'll wear the same dress you have on now—this neat gray flannel with the pretty pink neck-tie—at the graduation, you shall have every cent he paid me—to spend as you choose."

Jennie looked troubled.

"I'll be there to see," he added. "Moreover and likewise," he continued, merrily, "Tommy and I will get as many spruce trees and as much evergreen to trim the school-room as you will accept. And mother'll lend all her plants, every flower-pot, I've no doubi."

"Certainly, with pleasure," responded Mrs. Mayberry.

"Tho graduation, or *commencement*, rather—for then you will really begin your life as a woman," said Mr. Mayberry, "ought to be a joyful occasion. And yet a serious and thoughtful one, as you then lay aside childish things and take the first step toward the sober realities of life. And I want you to know, Jennie, that that first step will have much to do in determining your future course. Don't begin with show aad extravagance then, even if you—that is, *I*—can afford it; it would not be right or becoming."

"Miko Brady hasn't any overcoat, father, because Mary's got to have a new gown to graduate in," said Tommy.

"Aad Mrs. Drayton told me a fortnight ago that Hannah had left the High School on account of the expense of graduation," said his mother.

"Well—I suppose there are others 'in the same box,' as Uncle Russell expresses it. He said to me the other day that he shouldn't be able to take up his note as soon as he expected, next month, his two boys' school expenses are so great this last term."

"All the girls are telling what they shall wear, and I thought—I expected—" began Jennie, in a trembling voice.

Her father interrupted her, placing the bank-bills in her hand.

"Think of it over night, dear. You have had good teachers, and you are fond of them, I know, and are attached to your mates. Have had many happy hours in the old school-room; will wish to look back on the last days spent there with pleasant memories. Spend the money—it is yours now—in a way that will give you the most delightful recollection."

"Now, please, let us drop the subject," said her mother, laying the samples on her work-stand, and taking up Tommy's jacket. "Am I to have your help on the button-holes, dear?" she added, quietly.

Jennie gave her a bright smile, gathered up the bits of silk, went directly to the stove and threw them in the fire.

"Button-holes, buttons—anything you say," was her answer, as she seated herself on a stool at her mother's side, that both might sew at the same time.

"How about your battles? Dates alright?" asked her father. "Let me hear them."

She recited them slowly and correctly, ending with a gay laugh, and—"I was determined to have them right."

"And you have succeeded. Add another—a victory for General Goodsense, at Mayberry Point. What's the date?"

"Never mind. Graduation Day, we'll call it, perhaps," and having clasped her purse with a vigorous snap, there was a tinkle of its steel rings as she slipped it into her pocket; and then her skillful fingers ran rapidly through the mazes of button-hole stitch. So Tommy's jacket was completed, and he was glad enough to have it ready to wear the next day.

Graduation Day was remarkably fair for March. The school-room was crowded with the parents and friends of the pupils. Everybody admired the decorations of evergreens and flowering plants, which Mr. Mayberry not only provided, but assisted in arranging.

Not one of the pupils passed more creditably through the exercises than Jennie Mayberry, and certainly not one looked prettier than she in her modest gray dress, with a pink bow at her throat. More than one among the gentleman visitors inquired who that handsome girl in gray was—"And such easy, charming manners," added some. "And such a fine scholar," said others.

The music—"only Jennie Mayberry's piano, and singing by the pupils"—was liked so well that a persistent *encore* of the last song brought its repetition; during which Mr. Mayberry, bearing a large package, passed slowly up one of the crowded aisles to the teachers' platform. When the singing ceased, all eyes turned in expectation toward him as he carefully unfolded a large picture from its wrappings.

It was a fine ongraving, in a beautiful frame. "My daughter's gift to the school, in memory of pleasaut hours here passed," said Mr. Mayberry to the Principal.

A complete surprise was this, and everybody seemed astonished at the generous gift. In a few words Mr. Mayberry told the story of its purchase. Then it was hung on the wall back of the teachers' desks.

And that is the way that the change in the graduation exercises of the High School at Mayberry Point was brought about; and why the pupils wear their every day dresses, and furnish their own music, and make the decorations themselves for that occasion. The reason, too, that there is always such a large class to graduate; and that there is less love of dress and finery among the young people of the place; and such good books in its school library; and so many nice pictures on the school-room walls; and those two Rogers' groups in corners.—*New England Farmer.*

The Battlefield of Chorrillos.

Chorrillos, the locality of the battle before the taking of Lima, is at once the Newport and Saratoga of Peru. It is a small town of some 3,000 inhabitants, at the foot of the lofty cliffs of the Morro Solar, at the recess of a gently curving bay, inaccessible to any craft much above the size of fishing boats. It is connected with Lima by a railroad, with trains running every hour, and is the resideace of many persons whose business calls them daily to the capital. Chorrillos is so called from the little waterfalls along its perpendicular cliffs, below which are the most elaborate bathing accommodations on the Pacific coast of South America. There is a casino, or club and reading-room, built amid the bathing-houses over the water, to which access is gained down the cliff by a broad stone stairway. At the head of this stairway is a little plaza ornamented with a bust of a martyr of the revolution who was a native of the place. In the center of the town is a handsome inclosed square, thickly planted with small trees and an abundance of flowers, and decorated with a fine marble statue of General Ramon Castilla, twice President of Peru, who is eulogized in the inscription as "the liberator of the Indian and the slave." Many of the houses of Chorrillos, though locally called *ranchos* or huts, are elegant mansions, owned by the moneyed aristocracy of Peru. Ex-President Prado and General Juan Buendia were among the habitual residents of Chorrillos. The latter General, described as the "right-hand man" of Pierola, is a representative of the bluest blood of Peru, a marquis of Spain by right of birth. He is now above seventy years of age, and until recently has had the reputation of being a very fortunate officer, having suppressed several years ago a revolution in Moquegua headed by Colonel Nicholas de Pierola, now dictator and commander-in-chief. General Buendia had great popularity in Peru, owing to his rank, his wealth, his generosity, geniality, and adventurous career, together with his reputation for good luck. Many believe that he was not personally responsible for the loss of the great battle of San Francisco in November, 1879, which cost Peru the department of Tarapaca, but he was made the scapegoat, and was for many months a prisoner under parole at Arica, awaiting a court-martial which might have cost him his life. When Tacna had been taken and Arica was attacked from the land side by the Chilians last year, General Buendia offered his services on the staff of the commander of the post, and by his gallantry rehabilitated himself in public opinion. His companion as a prisoner under parole, Captain Juan B. Moore, the commander of the ironclad Independencia, lost at Iquiquo, was less fortunate, having assumed command of the batteries on the Morro, and been killed in the Chilian onset. Chorrillos is situated on the only possible pathway to Lima for an invader from the south—i. e., along the sandy beach of the sea. A few miles southward is the town of Lurin, which has been recently the headquarters of the Chilians, and between Lurin and Chorrillos are the world-famous ruins of the temples, palaces and fortresses of Pachacamac, built by the Yuncas, a race of Indians anterior to the Incas. Chorrillos has been the headquarters for several sieges or assaults upon Lima. Just in front of the town is the battlefield of La Palma, where General Castilla overthrew President Rufino Echinique, in 1854, and the late President Prado carried Lima by a coup do main in 1864, from Chorrillos as a baso. Between Lima and Chorrillos are hundreds of *huacas* or artificial mounds, the fortresses and burial places of an extinct race, more than one of which rivals in mass the Pyramids of Ghizeh.

A French physician's experience goes to prove that widowers commit suicide much more frequently than married men, and that the presence of children in a house diminishes the tendency to self-destruction in both men and women. People who have lived much in houses and hotels with other people's children will perhaps be disposed to question the latter conclusion.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will soon put independent trains on the road that will consist of nothing but locomotives and postal and express cars. Tons of mail matter pass over its lines every day, until special mail trains have become imperative.

The Bowie-Knife—Its Invention and First Use.

A feud had existed for years between two parties of the parish of Rapides, Miss., on Red River. The principals were Dr. Maddox, Major Wright and the Blanchards on the one part, the Curreys, the Wellses and Bowies on the other. A challenge had been passed between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells; a meeting was arranged to take place near Natchez, Miss., in September, 1827. Hither the parties repaired with their friends. It was agreed that no persons should be present but the combatants, their seconds and surgeous. The place of meeting was a large sand-bar, immediately below the upper bluff, near Natchez. The sand-bar at low water is of considerable width, bordered above and below with forest growth; on the opposite side of this bar were stationed the friends of each party; one of these parties was something nearer the combatants than the other. Colonel Crano was the second of Maddox. Between him and James Bowie and General Currey there had long existed a deadly feud, and some months before this affair General Currey shot Colonel Crano with a shotgun, on Bayou Rapides, disabling one of his arms.

The parties to the duel approached the spot selected for the combat from different directions. The preliminaries were soon arranged. The combatants took positions and exchanged two shots without effect, and the difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Bowie was just in the edge of the woods with Generals Wells and Currey, armed with pistols, Bowie carrying a huge knife. As the dueling party started to leave, Bowie and party started to meet them. The friends of Maddox and Crane on the opposite side of the sand-bar seeing this and being furthest from the party started in a run to meet them as soon as they should reach the retiring combatants. General Currey was the first on the ground, closely followed by Bowie. Currey immediately advanced upon Colonel Crane and remarked, "Colonel Crane, this is a good time to settle our difficulty," and commenced drawing his pistol. Bowie did the same. Crane was armed with a brace of dueling pistols, and, standing, awaited the attack of Currey. At this moment Currey was seized by his brother and begged to desist. Bowie and Crane fired at each other, it was said without effect. There were those who said Bowie was wounded. This latter statement I think most probable, for Bowie stopped, felt of his hip, and then drawing his knife limped toward Crane, who was watching General Currey. Released from the hold of his brother, Currey was advancing. At this moment Crane leaped across a small ravine cut through the sand by the rain water flowing from the acclivities above, and resting his pistol upon his crippled arm, fired at Currey, wounding him fatally. He fell.

Crane was now disarmed and Bowie advanced cautiously upon him. Clubbing his pistol he struck Bowie over the head, as he avoided his knife adroitly, and felled him to the ground. Crane retreated a step, as his friend Major Wright approached. Bowie, in the meantime, had risen, and was sustaining himself by holding on to a snag which the river when at flood had left sticking firmly in the sand. Major Wright advanced upon him, and with a long, slender spear, drawn from a walking-cane which he carried, attacked Bowie, who made a pass to parry the spear with his knife, in which he failed. The spear was of cold iron, and striking the breast-bone bent and went round upon the rib. Bowie at this moment seized Wright and fell, pulling Wright down with and on top of him and holding him strongly to his person. Wright was a slender and by no means a strong man, and was powerless in the hands of Bowie, who cooly said to him: "Now, Major, you die!" and plunging the knife into his heart killed him instaatly.

This knife was made by Resin P. Bowie, out of a blacksmith's rasp, or large file, aad was the original of the famous Bowie-knife. When James Bowie received it from his brother he was told by him that it was "strong and of admirable temper. It is more trustworthy in the haads of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap. Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior in strength to yourself and therefore not your equal in a close fight. They are both dangerous, but Wright the most so. Keep this knife always with witb you. It will be your friend in a last resource and may save your life." After this conflict Resin P. Bowie carried this knife to Philadelphia, where it was fashioned by a cutler into a model made by him, and I presume the knife is yet in the possession of some member of the family.

There was no reconciliation between Crane and Bowie after the conflict, though Crane aided personally in carrying Bowie from the ground, and Bowie thanked him and said: "Colonel Crane, I do not think under the circumstanees you ought to have shot me." Almost immedlately upon the attack of Currey upon Crane the fight between their friends became general; there were several wounded, but Wright and Currey were the only persons killed. All the men engaged in this terrible affair were men of wealth and high social position, and the two parties included almost every man of fortune in the extensive and wealthy parish of Rapides All are gone save Maddox aud Wells, both very old and still residing in the same parish.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An old resident of New Orleans writes: "When I first came to this city, fifty years since, there were only a few orange trees in the yards or gardens, and thirty years ago there was not much attention given to the cultivation. Yesterday I was talking with some of our largest dealers, and they told me the shipments to distant cities and country towns for the last two months averaged 3,000 barrels a day. They are shipped by the car-load, loose, to Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities, and this year's crop will bring about $12,000,000, and its production is increasing every year."

A new rule of the Fire Department of Cleveland, Ohio, requires that the firemen shall be at least five feet six inches in height and weigh not less than two pounds to the inch in height.

Religious.

SOW IN PATIENCE.

Sow ye the seeds in patience;
The days will come and go;
The early rain, the latter rain
Will fall o'er what ye sow.

Though tedious be the waiting,
Yet yield not to despair;
For He who is eternal
Still guards with patient care.

He guards the seed thou sowest;
He's mindful of it all;
He cares for, thou knowest,
The little sparrows' fall.

Sow ye the seed in patience,
A careful sower be;
Remember, what thou sowest
Is for eternity.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Feb. 20—	The Preaching of Jesus.	Luke 4: 14-21
Feb. 27—	Christ Healing the Sick.	Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—	Witness of Jesus to John.	Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—	The Sinner's Friend.	Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—	Review of the Lessons.	
Mar. 27—	Preaching the Kingdom.	Luke 9: 1-6

The Necessity of the Sabbath.

* * * But Nature needs more than the natural rest of night, and tho demands of life can bo met with less than the labor of all the days. And hence our world has a Sabbath—a rest, as that Hebrew word means. Ono day in seven, one-seventh of our working time, should be given to rest of body and mind; not absolute cessation from all activity, for that would be itself a labor, but a rest from toil, and a change from the ordinary pursuits of life. The best authorities in physiology declare this to be the law and the need of our human lives. And hence, studying the great laws of labor and rest as conditioning life and happiuess, we find the Sabbath, the day of rest, was made for man.

Another reason for the Sabbath is found in the fact that man is a spiritual being. Within and above the life and struggle of the body, and the outgoing of the mind in its study of the loss and gain, and its mastery of the secrets of the rocks and the lessons of the stars, there is something that perceives the divine, that hungers for righteousness, that longs for immortality. This spiritual nature in man is just as much a fact as is his body; and as such it has its world and its needs; and the Sabbath, the rest-day, is the servant of the soul in many ways. It calls a halt in the rapid march of worldliness. The scenes of work and of business are right and necessary in their places; but they should uot so fill up life as to crowd back the life of the soul. And this is the tendency unless there can be some check, some cessation in the struggle for gain and pleasure. And hence the Sabbath comes in as a day of blessing to the soul; a day of reflection; a day when the mind is called to think upon the questions of life's deeper and vaster concerns, and the heart finds rest and strength in the house of worship. And in this sense the Sabbath is for man; not a something imposed upon him, but an appointment for his good.

* * * * *

To the Jews, coming from the toil of bondage, the Sabbath, the rest-day, was a great change and a great blessing. They did not, I think, observe it for public assemblages in worship till after their return from bondage. In that lonely land they adopted the synagogue worship, and carried it with them on their return. And with that, some four hundred years before Christ, the Pharisees sought to hedge the day about with all kinds of restrictions. They forbade walking with shoes that had nails; they forbade even "rubbing grain between the hands," and in many ways made the day a burden, and not a rest. Into this form of Sabbath our Saviour came; and He showed the utmost disregard for all their superstitious notions, and, seizing the spirit, the intent of the day, sought to make it simply a day of rest and worship, of growth to the spirit in love, and devotion, and usefulness. In the earlier and medieval days of Christianity the Sabbath was largely secularized, and even the Reformers seem not to have regarded it with much strictness. Then from this falling-away came the reaction of the Puritans, who sought to do away with the Christmas and Easter Holidays and to make the Sabbath a day of severity and gloom. In the early days of our own country the Puritan ideas of the Sabbath prevailed. We may think they were too severe, and so they were, but they made strong men and women. The tendency now is to the other extreme, and we are in danger of losing our more sacred American Sabbath and a getting in turn the looser European. What I think we should contend for, both as citizens and Christians, is neither the old severity of the Puritans nor the indifference of the Germans and the French, but an American Christian Sabbath that shall give rest to body and mind, and shall find sweet employ in friendship, and love, and worship.

How to spend the day religiously each one must in a sense determine for himself; that is, live by conscience. The Sabbath shou'd be not only a day of rest, but of public worship. It should be different from other days in this. It is set apart for this. It should be so that all the people can attend the House of God once on the holy day. It should not be a day of gloom or severity, but of joy and rejoicing. It should not be a day of sports or amusements. To make it such is to take away its sanctity; to destroy its purpose and power in helping the soul to a better life. And he who loses this finer sense of the sanctity of the Sabbath is in danger of losing with it the sense of the sacred and the divine in the soul.

O! beautiful may be the day of rest when the laborers cease from toil; when the noise of the world's great work is hushed; when parents and children gather around the table and the hearth of home; and when the church-bells bid us go into the House of the Lord. Let us all try to make it such to ourselves, and in our homes, and in our great city. —*From a Recent Sermon by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago.*

The Borrowed Baby.

"Please, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby?"

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us, at all, any more. I supposo we were all a little jealous, because she really did leve these new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up and kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as augry as could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours," he said, crossly. "They could go over to the Asylum and take their pick of babies."

"But not like ours, John," I said, quickly.

"Well, no, of conrso not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it; when they bring her back this time you may as well settle it up once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were both free-thinkers and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant intellectual school, utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves, and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said:

"We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all loves little Dudu so much, and she's real sweet. She can sing 'Jesus Loves Me' ah through, and not miss a word."

"Superstition!" I exclaimed, angrily, "tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"N-o-t be-l-ie-ve them," gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen, be you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom, hey wee Willie Winkie, don't we?"

"Somehow just then an old forgotten text flashed through my mind. "My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all tho evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbors who borrowed the baby being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was in their home.

Oh, that dreadful time, I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish; that awful suffering and the end, the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the awful realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort, only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling!

Just at the last there was a momeat's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbor over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby lips: "Desus loves me, dis I know."

Yes, they sang it at her funeral, for we buried her with no heathen rites, and some good man prefaced a few consoling words with the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," but oh! the tender melody of the child voices that sung above her:

"Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak but He is strong."

And when it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbor came like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave Christian strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely, "Be content; God has only borrowed the baby!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Wise Sayings.

Christianity is its own best evidence. Give us more and more of real Christianity, and we shall need less of its evidences.—*Exchange.*

The man who professes to be a Christian, and whose life is better for it, is the only man who can effectually preach to others religion.—*Golden Rule.*

Goodness, in whatever way we look at it, never sleeps. It is holy life, beating march with the Heavenly tunes, singing always the divine psalm of love.

The Christian Sabbath has done much for us, and we can not do without it. Let it be guarded, protected, cherished and strengthened by every proper means, so as to secure to us its richest benefits.—*Morning Star.*

We have an abiding conviction that, were the pastor to see that the children really comprehended his meaning, he would also find half of his adult hearers exhibiting a degree of interest entirely unusual to them.—*Christian Union.*

You can never pay too great a price for anything that shall lead your children to love you and to love God. You can leave them no richer inheritance than an example of faithfulness to duty in your own life, and a sweet memory of ten thousand acts of kindness and of unselfish affection from you to them. Such an inheritance will be worth more to them than the mountains of California coined and stamped.—*Zion's Herald.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MEN AND SPIDERS.

I FLUNG a stone into a grassy field:
How many tiny creatures there may yield
(I thought) their petty lives through that rude shock!
To me a pebble, 'tis to them a rock,
Gigantic, cruel, and fraught with sudden death.
Perhaps it crushed an nut, perhaps its breath
Alone tore down a white and glittering palace,
And the small spider damns the giant's malice
Who wrought the wreck—blasted his pretty art!
Who knows what day a sauntorer, light of heart,
An idle wanderer through the fields of space,
Large-limbed, big-brained, to whom our puny race
Seems small as insects; one whose footstep jars
On some vast continent islanded by stars,—
Who knows when he, just leaning o'er the bars,
May fling a stone and crush our earth to bits,
And all that men have builded with their wits?
Ah, what a loss! you say; our bodies go,
But not our temples, statues, and the glow
Of glorious canvases; and not the pages
Our poets have illumed through myriad ages.
What boots the insects loss? Another day
Will see the soil-mouo nut-hill, and the play
Of night on dandy web the same.
You say
The spider's work is not original,—
But what of ours? Ah! friend, I think that all
We do is just the same thing over and over.
Take Life: you have the woman and her lover—
'Tis old as Eden, nothing new in that!
Take Building, and you reach ere long the flat
Nile desert sands, by way of France, Rome, Greece,
And there is Poetry—our bards increase
In numbers, but, before John Keats, the robe
Of Song was worn by Shakspeare, Dante, Job.
No, no! The forms may change, but even they
Come round again. Could we but scan it
We'd find in the heavens some little, busy planet
Whence all we are was borrowed; and if to day
The imagined giant flung his ponderous stone,
And we and all our mighty schemes were alone,
His were a scant remorse and short-lived trouble
As mine for those small creatures in the stubble.

—*R. W. Gilder, in Scribner's Monthly.*

A STRANGE INTRODUCTION.

I MUST, I suppose, introduce myself, as I have undertaken to bring a portion of my history before the public, and shall begin by telling my name and state.

I, George Falconer, then, am one of the members of the Civil Service whom *Punch* so unfairly likened, some time since, to the fountains in Trafalgar Square, accusing us, like them, of "playing from eleven till four daily." But Mr. Punch was for once mistaken, and should be informed that we who thus *civilly* serve our country have not the easy times we are supposed to have. Having relieved my mind by which protest, I will proceed with the narration of my story.

"Well, then, being tired with a heavy day's work, I walked, perhaps somewhat languidly, up Regent Street, making for my rooms in Margaret Street, where I knew I should find my dinner awaiting me. It had been a sultry August day, and London, with its slack trade time and many shuttered windows, looked like a city of the dead.

Nobody was in town, which means nobody worth knowing; and I was myself longing to get away among the grouse, or by the salt sea waves, to inhale the briny, and blow off the London smuts and cobwebs, which gather alike on mind and body; and indeed men need this bracing-up of nerves and sinews, to enable them to resist the suicidal feeling engendered by the London fogs which are to follow—thick enough to frighten the Zulus, if they could only be enveloped in them for a few hours. As I said before, I was tired, and longing to get away for a holiday. But my seniors had to be satisfied first, and I had to await my turn; and that is why I was in the great metropolis when every one else was gone, with the exception of a few unfortunates like myself.

It was one of those days of leaden heat, when the sun does not seem to shine so brightly after all, nor to send down scorching rays; yet when the very fish in the Serpentine come to the surface and gasp; when the pavements sear your feet, and your boots feel several sizes too small; when to hold up an umbrella would be useless exertion and absurd, and it is impossible to find out which direction the wind is in, for there is not the faintest breath of air to indicate it; when the weary cab-horses loll out their parched and thirsty tongues, with scarcely the energy to whisk the tormenting flies from their harness galls; when one could drink the sea dry, if only it were not salt! I had taken a long time walking home; but I was nearly there at last; I had only to turn the corner of the street, and within a few doors I should find one which fitted my latch-key—*that* I know—when a slight diversion occurred.

An elderly gentleman passing in a hansom cab was frantically gesticulating to some one near me, but to whom I could not imagine, as, on looking round, I saw no one at all likely to be the familiar acquaintance of the person in the cab, who was an aristocratic-looking old man.

One thing I felt sure about—it could not be *me* he was signaling to, as I had never set eyes on his face before; and it was a face which, if seen once, would not readily be forgotten. The cabman was drowsy, and, having received his orders where to drive, he was enjoying a sort of dog's sleep, with only half an eye open, the faithful horse chiefly guiding himself amid the not very crowded traffic of the dull streets, and not troubling himself to pass any vehicle which might be said to be trotting.

I couldn't resist a half smile at the futile efforts of the gentleman to get the driver to stop, and thought for a moment of going to his rescue; but this would have entailed exertion, and that was out of the question on such a day. And, after all, what business was it of mine? The man might be a maniac for all I knew, grimacing at his own reflection in the plate-glass of the shop-windows.

I turned my corner with the full intention of putting on my slippers and a white-flannel boating-jacket, and sitting down to dinner looking more like a miller or a baker than a respectable member of society. Not that I intend for a moment to insult one trade or the other. Both are very good in their way, and we couldn't do without them; but, you see, *their* way is not *our* way, and I intended not to look like a respectable member of *our* society. But why a coat like a *miller* should be less respectable than a coat like a *waiter* is one of those things which I imagine no man can fully understand or explain. A black swallow-tail is correct—is usual—it is the custom. Yes, I know; but why?

"Well, George, old boy, how are you?" cried a hearty voice, as my footsteps ascended the stairs.

"Why, old man, who ever thought of seeing you—and on such a day too? It is like living in an oven. What has brought *you* up to town, away from your shooting and country breezes? You don't find it a very good exchange, I should think, Bruce."

"Business, George! Business, you know, must be attended to," he replied, laughing, at the same time almost shaking my hand off, and using an energy which would have been impossible with me on such a day, and which, even second-hand, I found quite exhausting.

"Business!" I echoed. "Why, what business have *you*, except enjoying all the goods the gods provide you with? Ah, Bruce! you are one of the few lucky fellows born with a silver spoon ready to feed you" (for my old schoolfellow and friend had well-lined pockets and a comfortable estate in prospective, as the only son of a wealthy man of good family).

"Never fear, my boy," he answered cheerily; "the spoon will come to *you* some day, and sooner than you think, perhaps. And now I am going to carry you off to the theater to-night. Where shall we go?"

"The theater! Why, we should be suffocated!" I gasped.

"Not a bit of it," he answered. "You shall have as many ices as you please to cool you. I've only this one night in town, and I'm not to be baulked of going to the play. You Londoners don't know what it is to enjoy things as we countrymen do."

"But why come up for so short a time? I can put you up as long as you like, and—"

"O, you'll feel more 'fit' when you have had your dinner, George. By the bye, when *shall* we have it? I am deucedly hungry, I can tell you."

"Hungry!" I murmured, looking at my friend in astonishment. "Well, old man, you *are* a wonder. Fancy anyone being hungry to-day!"

And sure enough he was. I acknowledged the fact as I saw the breast of a chicken, followed by the wing, merry-thought, and two legs, vanish before him like summer lightning, assisted by several slices of ham, and an alarming quantity of vegetables and bread. I watched and envied him his appetite. Of course he had his way, the great big overpowering fellow! He was some years older than myself, and I had been his "fag" at Eton. Not that he had ever *bullied* me; still, I was accustomed to follow out his wishes; and to the theater we went. "Our Boys" was being acted, and upon that he decided. We took our places in the stalls; the curtain rose, and the piece began.

My friend Tom Bruce was instantly absorbed in the plot—ready to laugh at all the jokes, and pretty nearly to cry at the pathetic parts. Soft-hearted old fellow! I had seen "Our Boys" till I knew just when to expect the tid-bits; so I was not giving much attention to the stage. And then I saw coming toward the stalls the very same old gentleman whom I had seen in the hansom cab some hours before; and I fell to wondering if he had managed to rouse the driver and stop his friend. I smiled as I remembered his excitement, and looked up at him. To my astonishment, I found him regarding me with a most annoyed, not to say stern, expression of face. I supposed he had seen me in the afternoon, and had noted that I was amused at him, and now was determined to resent it—a fact not likely to be particularly pleasant, as he walked up and took possession of the very next seat to the one which I occupied. I had no wish to annoy my neighbor; so I fixed my eyes upon the stage, and tried to be interested in the actors; but all the time I was aware that the gentleman in the next seat was doing me the honor of staring intently at me, and that he was becoming very angry. And then he said "Edward!"

A man had taken the place on the other side of him—*that* I saw without looking. Could *he* be Edward? Yet I felt that my neighbor's face was turned toward *me*. First he had spoken in a low tone; but now he raised his voice, and said again "Edward!" so suddenly that it made me jump. Still I did not turn round, as it was no business of mine, and I did not wish to give my irascible neighbor any cause of offense.

"Do you hear me, sir?" he continued hotly. "What is the use of your pretending not to see me?"

By this time Tom Bruce's attention had been attracted, and I was feeling very uncomfortable, for a violent forking was going on at my left coat-sleeve; and the idea had returned to me that this excitable gentleman was out of sound mind, and having the distaste for being made a "laughing-stock"—which is strong in most people—I feared lest he had singled *me* out to render me absurd in the eyes of all assembled there. A more violent tug, however, made me turn with an indignant remonstrance.

"To what am I indebted, sir, for this unusual conduct?" I asked.

"What the deuce are *you* doing here at all?" he replied in an angry tone.

("Mad," I said inwardly. "Mad as a hatter!")

"Sir," I answered, solemnly "you must be laboring under some delusion. As I have not the honor of your acquaintance, you can have no possible right to question where I should or should not be. At the same time, I feel bound to remark that this is not a proper moment for conversation, and I must beg you not to address me again; at any rate while the acting is going on. If you have anything to say to me afterward I shall be happy to hear you."

Surely this is right, for I felt I had spoken well, and doubtless he thought so, too; for though he looked at me from time to time he did not speak to me again till the curtain fell at the end of the first act. But no sooner had it touched the floor than he turned on me at once.

"And now, sir," said he, triumphantly, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," I replied; "and if it is not disrespectful to gray hairs, sir, I beg to return the compliment."

"Confound you," cried the old man, springing up; "this is too much! A joke is a joke, but it won't do to carry it too far. I have found you out, and you should try to conciliate and not to aggravate me."

"Sir," I replied, "all you say is doubtless perfectly true; but it is quite beyond my powers of comprehension."

He put his double gold eyeglass tightly on his nose, and looked at me long and keenly. I had risen, too, and stood facing him. At last he said, with a sad resentment:

"Edward, is this the right way for a son to treat a father?"

"You are laboring under some mistake," I answered, gently, for there was a moist look about the old man's eyes suggestive of tears. "I *have* no father; I only wish I had."

There was silence between us, and Tom stood regarding us both curiously.

At length my strange acquaintance broke out again.

"Nonsense, boy! Do you think I don't know my own son?"

"But surely, sir," I replied, "you do not suppose me to be he!"

"It would be strange, indeed, if I could mistake my own child," he answered, with a plaintive smile. "Edward, you have carried this folly far enough, indeed too far."

What was I to do? what to say? How was I to convince this gentleman, whom I supposed to be wandering in his mind, that he had made a ludicrous blunder in mistaking me for his son? Here my honest friend Tom came to my rescue.

"If you are really serious, sir, in what you say, I can relieve any anxiety you may feel on the subject. That gentleman and I have been friends since we were boys together at Eton; and even in those days he had no father."

The people were now again taking their places, and the opening of the second act put a stop to further conversation; but I felt that my would-be relation scarcely removed his eyes from my face; still, he never spoke again until the play was entirely finished, and I was showing signs of leaving the theater. He then placed his hand kindly on my arm.

"My boy," he said, "I will forgive you if only you will acknowledge that you have been wrong to play such a trick on your father. You should not have left your work when you knew how much I wished you to pass your examination well; but now that you are so near home, you must not return to Cambridge without a look at your mother. I am going down by the last train, and you will go with me."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "I will do anything you wish. I see you believe what you say; but, indeed, not only am I not your son, but I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

A smile was lurking round the old man's mouth.

"Well, well, you will come home with me, at any rate."

"Certainly, if it will ease your mind;" then suddenly remembering Tom Bruce, "that is, if my friend will excuse me for a few hours; I must be back very early in the morning. Where is it we are going?"

"Where, but to Richmond?" he answered, impatiently; "you know we do not leave there for some weeks yet."

"Never mind me," exclaimed Tom, good-naturedly; "give me the latch-key, that is all;" this aloud, and then in a whisper: "Who knows, George, but you may find the silver spoon at the bottom of this? You had better go and see it out."

I meekly handed him the key, and we went out of the theater together. I made one more protest, but it was useless; my old new father placed his hand within my arm and drew me into a "four-wheeler," as though fearing I should escape from a hansom. We drove to Waterloo, and were soon in the train. A handsome carriage and pair met us at Richmond Station, and I had to follow my new-made acquaintance into it. I began to feel most uncomfortable. Here was I, a perfect stranger, driving up to the house of—I did not know whom, and supposed to be a member of the family. What was to become of me? I had come, out of sheer good-nature, entirely because of the dewy look in the old man's eyes; and now I saw what a fool I was likely to make of myself. I had no means of getting back to London that night, and I had not even a razor or a night-shirt—not even a clean collar for the morrow; and, what was worse still, I should have to go up in my dress-clothes. These reflections were not very comforting; but it was of now use to show my vexation to my peculiar friend.

At length the silence was broken by the carriage stopping suddenly.

"Here we are!" he cried, eagerly preparing to get out.

"I beg your pardon," I said, detaining him; "but I should be obliged if you would tell me your name; it is awkward, not knowing."

He burst out laughing.

"Come, drop that nonsense, Toddy; it's too absurd!"

The carriage-door flew open, and I followed my companion out.

"Good-night, Mr. Edward," said the footman.

"Glad to see you, sir!" exclaimed the butler. "This is an unexpected pleasure; thought as how you were at Cambridge still, Mr. Edward."

My strange acquaintance looked at me triumphantly.

"Where is your mistress, Johnson? is she up still?"

"O yes, sir, and Miss Ida, too; they both said as how they would wait for you, sir."

It did not take us long to relieve ourselves of our hats, etc., and then I found myself following my host and the butler up some broad, softly-carpeted stairs. The man threw open a door, and I could see before me a drawing-room of large proportions, beautifully furnished, and two ladies advancing to meet us with outstretched arms.

"Here is an unexpected pleasure for you, mamma!" said my companion, blithely.

"O Edward, my darling!" exclaimed the elder lady, throwing her arms about my neck and hugging me heartily. "But how *did* you get away at the present time, my dear boy?"

"Come! leave a little piece of him for me, mother," cried the girl, kissing me affectionately.

And then, as though in that kiss she had found me out, she started, and looked at me keenly, but said nothing. As for me, I felt like a traitor and a villain. Here was I—not willingly, to be sure, but none the less certainly.—in this house, sailing under false colors, receiving welcomes and greetings which were decidedly never intended for me. I was too utterly bewildered to guess even at what it could mean. No doubt it was some curious and most unfortunate mistake. Ida's lips were the sweetest I had ever touched, and I was sorely tempted to give her kiss for kiss. Perhaps my omitting to do so caused her to look at me so strangely. They were all crowding round me with questions and kindly words, and I felt I could hear it no longer.

"My dear sir," I exclaimed impatiently, "you are placing me in a very painful position. What *can* I do to convince you that I am a stranger to you?"

Ida changed color, from white to red and from red to white. The elder lady looked from one of us to the other for an explanation of my words.

"Is it not absurd?" said the old gentleman. "I have brought him home almost by force, protesting to the last that he has never seen me before; but now he is carrying the joke too far."

Ida (how pretty and graceful she was!) walked quietly up to a reading-lamp, which stood on a table at some distance off, and raised it to my face.

"O papa!" she exclaimed, "this is not Teddy. What *is* to be done? Don't you remember he has a scar across his right eyebrow, which this gentleman has not?" It was difficult to convince him even then; but the mamma disowned me at once.

"Only to think that *I* should for a moment have been deceived!" she said, apologetically. "But, indeed, the likeness is marvelous!"

Ida said but little; and whenever our eyes met she blushed, remembering, doubtless, how warmly she had embraced me.

I soon found out that my host was a Mr. Bayley, who almost overpowered me with apologies for his mistake.

They insisted upon my sleeping there, and I accepted on condition that they would let me depart before they were down in the morning, that I might escape the observation my dress-clothes would call upon me from the very *gamins* in the London streets; and also I was really anxious to see my friend Tom Bruce, and explain to him the curious events of the evening.

To this they agreed, exacting from me a promise that I would come down again before they left Richmond for the sea. "An acquaintance so strangely begun," they said, "must not be allowed to fall through."

And Mr. Bayley even now found it hard to believe his mistake, and could scarcely take his eyes off my face, which so curiously resembled his own son's.

The next morning an early breakfast was brought to me in my room, and I was en route to London before my new friends were awake. I escaped the jeers of the street arabs by jumping into a hansom and whirling home as fast as the horse could carry me.

Tom was still asleep, but roused up when I opened his bedroom door, and called loudly for me to come in.

"Hollo! who is that? O, George, my boy, it is you, is it? Come and tell me all about it. Have you found the silver spoon, eh?"

"I have found the prettiest girl I ever saw in all my life," I replied with a smile.

"O, it's *that sort of spoon*, is it?" cried he, with a loud guffaw. "Well, George, I didn't expect that of you, and you so many years my junior; but I forgive you, my boy, and will be best man. When is it to be?"

"My dear Bruce, what are you driving at? I tell you I have met a pretty girl, and you ask when it's to be? You and my new friend, Mr. Bayley, might run in a curricle for two lunatics, I really think," I answered, impatiently.

"Whew!" cried Tom; "bad as all that, are you? Well, well, it's what we all come to sooner or later; it's a complaint it is better to have young. Now, George, what's she like?"

"Who?" I replied, resentfully. "Do you mean Miss Ida Bayley?"

"Yes, to be sure, if that is her name."

"Well, then, Miss Bayley is the prettiest girl I ever saw," I answered, enthusiastically.

"Yes, I know," replied he, calmly; "you mentioned that before."

"Why, Bruce, old man, you don't expect me to describe every feature, do you, like a cheap Jack at a fair? and if I would, I couldn't. How do I know the color of her eyes?—but I know how they look. What does it matter to me whether her mouth is the shape of Cupid's bow or not?—I know how it smiles. Ida Bayley is not the girl you could criticise as you talk to her; you *feel* she is there—that if she is *not* beautiful, beauty can not be worth having."

I looked up at my friend, who was regarding me fairly open-mouthed.

"Do you understand?" I asked.

"Quite," he replied, with an honest smile, "and I congratulate you; and now, George, tell me—has Miss Ida a sister? If so, I think I will accompany you to Richmond."

Well, of course, I went down into Surrey again; and, odd as it may seem, I became quite a favorite with all the Bayley family. It was my strange resemblance to the absent Edward, no doubt, which endeared me to them; but, whatever the reason may have been, the loop-line Waterloo Station ticket-clerk soon grew familiar with my destination, and gave me my ticket for Richmond as a matter of course when my face appeared looking through the pigeon-hole at him.

The Bayleys were going to the Isle of Wight, and, strange to say, I found *I* was going there, too; though I fully believed myself to have made up my mind to have a good month's sport among the birds with Tom Bruce over his father's well-preserved acres. But I discovered now, for the first time, that I didn't care much for shooting; and the prospect of some trips with the Bayleys in their yacht was a delightful anticipation to me, outweighing all other counterbalancing influences.

We all went down together, and a happy time, indeed, we had of it. Too many others have described the beautiful island to need any word of mine to echo its praises; and there are few who have not seen the fairy-like isle for themselves; but I must say, as we first beheld it on that bright autumn day, with the sun glinting upon its pretty houses, and lighting up the green of its verdure, while the sky and clouds were reflected on the water, lending it their violet and azure shades, blended and softened, and the white sails of the yachts skimmed butterfly-like upon its surface, I thought I had never seen anything more softly lovely. One felt as though it were a sort of dreamland, from which it would be terrible to awake to life's stern realities; and I think Ida felt it so, too, for she was silent, and her eyes had a far-off look in them, as if she were seeing visions which were hid from others. Yes; certainly that holiday of mine was one of the happiest periods of my life! I shall never, never forget it. I do not know how it came about; but somehow I found I had told Ida of my love. It must have been owing to the beauty of the scene surely, and her own loveliness; for though I had loved her from that first night when her dear lips had met mine, I never intended to have let her know my secret, fearing so greatly to lose all while grasping at more. But I had done it in a moment of unrestrainable feeling and agitation, and how glad I am I did! for, poor match as I am for her, my Ida gave me all her dear love when I asked for it; and, indeed, she acknowledged, with a sweet warm blush, that it had been mine before I asked it at all.

What Ida wished every one wished; so Mr. and Mrs. Bayley were kind and good to me. But of course they felt they must not let me have her without a little tantalization; so we were to wait till Christmas before we were to be considered actually engaged, as our acquaintance had been so short a one. It only made me love her the more to have my happiness retarded; and I looked forward to that Christmas-day as I have never done before, and never shall do again.

It came at last, and my darling was ready to fly into the arms that were eagerly stretched to clasp her. And before I had half made up my mind to release her the door suddenly opened, and, looking quickly round, I was never so astonished in my life; for I saw my shadow—no, not shadow, for that is lifeless, but what appeared to be my very *self*—walking across the room. Ida stood by with a smile to watch the meeting, and we two men gazed steadily at one another, and then burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"It *is* absurd!" we both remarked, in a breath.

And so it was, for even our voices were similar.

Edward Bayley and I became great friends; and many a trick have we played successfully in consequence of our strange likeness to each other—a fact I have never ceased to be thankful for, for did it not gain me my wife?

Ida says she does not think we are so much alike as we were; but having been some years married she, doubtless, knows my face as others do not, and has found out in it beauties for herself which are invisible to other eyes, and which none but hers would have discovered.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A Mother's Sad Meeting With Her Four Sons.

ONE of the saddest scenes ever witnessed in the Missouri Penitentiary transpired to-day. A mother met four of her sons wearing the striped suits as convicts within its walls. Their names and crimes, as recorded on the Penitentiary rolls, are: James Greenwade, aged 30 years; ten years for robbery; received November 30 last. Luther Greenwade, aged 26; seven years for robbery and larceny. Breckinridge Greenwade, aged 25; seven years for robbery and larceny. Henry Greenwade, aged 20; ten years for robbery and larceny; received day before yesterday; all from Bates County.

The father and mother of these men live in Jefferson, near Mount Sterling, Ky.; keep a hotel there, and are tolerably well to do in life. Four or five years ago the elder brother came to Missouri and bought a farm near Butler, in Bates County. The younger brothers followed soon after, and the four lived together on the place, the oldest being married. Neighbors looked upon them as people of means, and respectable. For two or three years all sorts of devilment was perpetrated in and about Butler. Persons were waylaid and robbed by disguised men, mails were rifled, burglaries committed and hogs stolen. At length suspicion centered on the Greenwades, and they were watched by officers and citizens and at last caught "dead to rights." Mail pouches, cut open and rifled, were found in the cellar, and other stolen property on their premises. Conviction was easy, and they were landed in the Penitentiary. At the time stated the mother, hearing her sons were in trouble, posted in haste to Bates County, only to learn that they had all been convicted of crimes and taken to the State-prison. With her daughter-in-law and the latter's two children she reached Jefferson City to-day and at once proceeded to the Penitentiary. The meeting with her sons was terribly affecting, and it is asserted Deputy Warden Bradbury for once in his life gave way to the melting mood.

"My God," she exclaimed, "that a mother should live to see four of her beloved boys in such a place!"

The officials were kind and tender to the afflicted ones, but they had at last to use force in separating the mother from her sons, and induced her to leave them after a visit of three or four hours.

Mrs. Greenwade, Sr., is a woman of not over fifty years in appearance, well mannered, strong-minded and intelligent; but the fearful realization was more than her mother's heart could bear unmoved, and she gave vent to her shame and sorrow in a manner more affecting than was ever before witnessed within the prison walls. She left for her Kentucky home this evening, taking her daughter-in-law and the children with her.

There is one more son, who will doubtless never disgrace his name, for he is a minister of the gospel in good standing. One of the convicts is in the Prison Hospital.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A MAGNETIC sand, imported from the Isle of Bourbon, and since found near Morbihan, is said by M. Edard to have the property of rapidly reviving plants which had shown pronounced symptoms of decay through disease.

THE experiment of running a locomotive without brakes has just been successfully tried by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company. An appliance by which power was applied against the piston was used.

DR. OSCAR JENNINGS, a physician of standing in Paris, writes to the London *Lancet* that in the treatment of mental disease he has constantly used music, which calms and soothes the mind, and is too precious an agent to be neglected. Concerts form a part of the regular treatment in many asylums. It will be remembered that Saul found satisfaction in music.

DR. CECH, of St. Petersburg, suggests to inventors the desirability of securing some apparatus which will collect the fine volatile oil of the coffee bean, one-half of which is lost by the present mode of roasting. The beans contain 8 to 13 per cent. of this oil, which has all the flavor of coffee, and which would, if saved, form an excellent material for liquors. In 1878 the quantity of coffee roasted is estimated at about 123,000 tons.

MICA has been applied to a new use, that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. The invention consists of a sheet of mica imbedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the in-sole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges, or next under the filling, or between the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the upper spnce from the toe to the instep.

TO obviate the dangers and troubles caused by high steps to passenger coaches, Miss Skerritt, a young lady of Albany, N. Y., has invented and patented a folding step which when lowered comes within a foot of the ground. When the train is ready to start the steps are turned out of the way by means of a lever, which always holds them secure. This readers them free from ice and cinders, and in descending from them one is in no danger of slipping. Another important feature is that when folded these steps prevent passengers from jumping off or on the cars. The Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company is testing the invention.

PITH AND POINT.

SHIPWRECKED sailors never need starve while there is a bight of rope left.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little.—*Josh Billings.*

"WHAT is fame?" asks the Philadelphia *American*. Fame is the result of being civil to newspaper men.—*Boston Post.*

ARKANSAS women love to whistle.—*Boston Post.* And what is more lovely than tulips well blown?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

NO matter about the strike of the ice-cutters up the Hudson. The ice crop is large and well set, and the harvest will be immense, unless an untimely frost should nip the blossoms.—*Andrews' Queen.*

WHAT becomes of all the "old war horses" after the campaign is over and the President is elected? Do they go back to the plough? And echo answers "neigh; they go to the trough."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE young men of this § are —ing in appearance, and are un ed for * gazing; they are .... of fashion, and do not need ~~ a lamp-post to keep themselves perpendicular.—*Nyack City and Country.*

"MANAGEMENT of the world's fair" is troubling New York just now. It is a problem that Adam struggled with when there was only one world's fair, and she got the best of him.—*New Haven Register.*

GLIMPSE of a future event: An immense ship carrying the Washington Monument from the United States, then an ancient and abandoned country, to the grand republic of Africa, to be set up in the big square in the City of Timbuctoo. But we may euchre the Vandals after all by not completing the monument. Ha! ha! We shall prove too much for posterity. We are a wonderful people.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE *Textile Record* has an engraving of an "improved self-acting mule." It is generally understood that all mules are self-acting, and it is with pleasure that we note any improvement in the animal. The improvement seems to do away with the familiar appearance of the mule; in fact, the picture makes it look more like a spinning machine than a mule. Still it is to be presumed that the kicks are softened like the gentle fanning of an autumn zephyr.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lost Letters.

LETTERS are sometimes lost and found in an odd way. A letter containing money and directed to a New York man, was, with others, given to the carrier to deliver. Soon after, the man to whom the letter was addressed complained that it had not been delivered. An investigation was made, but without any satisfactory result. The next year, during the season of "spring cleaning," the mystery was solved. The oilcloth in the hallway was taken up, and on the floor, close to the front door, was found the letter which had so long been missing. The place had been closed when visited by the carrier, and in thrusting the letter under the door he had pushed it beneath the floor covering. Some years ago, a young man was discharged from a Connecticut post-office on suspicion of dishonesty. The suspicion arose from the unaccountable disappearance of some money letters from the box rented by an insurance company. When the cool weather of autumn caused the president of this company again to wear the light overcoat which he had laid aside at the end of spring, he found these letters in one of the pockets. Then he remembered that he must have taken them from the office one Sunday morning, on his way to church, afterward forgetting them, and putting away his overcoat for the season. Thus an innocent young man had suffered from the criminal carelessness of another.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

President elect Garfield had a conference with President Hayes on Tuesday with reference to an extra session of the Senate. The President has issued his proclamation convening the Senate in extra session on March the 4th next.

Is it any more partisan for a U. S. Senator to vote with the Republicans than it is to vote with the Democrats. Respectfully referred to David Davis, with the request that he will get off the fence long enough to give a truthful answer.

The Democrats have discovered a new way to pension ex-confederates. The method is fully explained by the effort of Joe Blackburn, to secure an appropriation of $20,000 to purchase the correspondence between the confederate General's Bragg and Polk. "What fools these mortals be."

When Mr. Blackburn told Mr. Bragg that he was always "responsible" for what he said, he forgot to add that his address was the fools side of the house. Any one, however, who will read Mr. Blackburn's remarks on the occasion referred to would naturally supply the omission.

The Baltimore *Sun* says that great credit is due Mr. URNER for the part he took in securing the appropriation for their new postoffice building. It was through his personal efforts that the great objector, Mr. CONGER, for once kept silent, and Mr. FRYE was induced to give his powerful assistance. Mr. URNER also saw personally many of the members of his side of the House, and obtained their promise to support the measure.

Some of our exchanges intimate that Gov. Hamilton has a bomb shell in his pocket, which he will, at the proper time, explode, and by means of which he will destroy the ring. Judging from the Governor's vacillation in the past, we feel certain that whenever that shell explodes it will be too late to do the ring any harm, and the only persons who will be injured will be the Governor and his friends. The members of the ring are at work like beavers, and are maturing and perfecting their plans, while the Governor is wasting his time in idle and nonsensical talk.

The Baltimore *Sun's* correspondent says Representative Urner is credited with the remark that the Hon. James A. Gary, of Maryland, had been suggusted for a Cabinet position.—*Cumb. News.*

No man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the position of Postmaster-General would fill the office with more ability than Mr. Gary. He is an honest, intelligent, practical and successful business man, and just such a man as is needed at the head of the P. O. Department.

Hon. Edward McPherson, editor of the New York *Tribune* Almanac and the "Hand-book of Politics," effectually disposes of the swaggering claims of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and Baltimore *Sun* that General Hancock had a majority over General Garfield of more than eight thousand votes. Mr. McPherson has long been recognized as the leading authority in this country on political statistics, and his figures will be generally accepted as absolutely accurate, in so far as absolute accuracy is attainable in computations of this character. According to Mr. McPherson's footings, the vote for Garfield was 4,454,421, and that for Hancock 4,446,186—making the former's plurality 8,235. Under our present electoral system it really makes no difference which of the candidates received the largest popular vote; but as a matter of historical record it is well that the vote should be correctly given.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small."

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company has bullied the Courts and obstructed legislation so long that many people had come to believe that the Baltimore and Ohio would never secure a through route to New York. In this it seems they were mistaken, for a syndicate, in which the B. & O., has a controlling interest, has purchased the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road, and thus secured a through line for which it has been struggling for years.

This is a victory for the Baltimore company, and is a triumph of decency and right over meanness and wrong, and will, we trust, enure to the benefit of the public as well as to the benefit of those who have invested their money in the new enterprise. The B. & O. now has a through line from Chicago, St. Louis and all points West and Southwest to New York, and can now prosecute its business without consulting the wishes or interest of the Pennsylvania company.

The Local Newspaper.

The columns of a paper are the publisher's stock in trade, and the parties who ask to use them for their special benefit must expect to pay for the same. Every public spirited citizen of a place should have a pride in seeing his town and surroundings improve; every new house, every road, every new manufacturing establishment erected, every new business opened, enhances the value of property in our midst. Every reflecting mind knows this to be true, and it should not be forgotten that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad.—It benefits all who have business in the place; enhances the value of property, besides being a desirable public convenience, even if not conducted in the interests of the ruling political power. It increases trade, it cautions against imposition, it saves you from loss, it warns you of danger, it points out different advantages, and increases your profits. The local press is the power that moves the people; therefore support it by advertising in it liberally, subscribe for it, and pay for it.—*Ex.*

The turn that has taken place in the affairs of Mount Saint Mary's College is much to be regretted, as that institution has long been known as one of the leading Catholic collegiate institutions of the country. For sixty years and more it has been recognized as a college of exalted rank, and it numbers among its graduates many distinguished Catholic prelates in all parts of the country. Among them may be mentioned Cardinal McCloskey. That such an institution should have been compelled to succumb in a measure to a load of debt, and to petition a court for the appointment of a receiver, excites wonder at first, and then a feeling of deep regret. It would seem that almost from the start the college has had a hard struggle with its debts, and that these have accumulated from year to year, until the new president, who but recently took the chair, found the load too heavy to carry longer. Starting without an endowment, it is no wonder that difficulties beset its managers. It is more than probable, and fair to presume, that there was a lack of the best financial management, and while we would be far from saying this to the discredit of the honored presidents of the college, who have passed to their reward with their life work well done, yet we can find in this the only plausible reason for the bankruptcy of the institution. Thorough business management would very likely have saved the college from the step it was compelled to take. What may be the future history of the college, it is hard to say at this writing; but we trust that such an honorable settlement will be made with the creditors that the institution will be enabled to resume its good work in the cause of higher education.—*Balto. American.*

President-elect Garfield's Arrival.

President-elect Garfield and party arrived in Washington on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock by the fast line train from the West. There was a large assemblage of people present at the depot to meet him, including the following committee appointed by the executive committee of the inaugural ceremonies to receive him: Messrs. W. D. Davidge (chairman), Charles Payson, Ben. Perely Poore, Maj. Wm. J. Twining, H. H. Clapp, Gen. W. B. Hazen, M. G. Emery, Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. S. Busey, Dr. Joseph C. Welling, Wm. Stickney, Enoch Totten, Elwood E. Thorne, Gen. Edward F. Beale, Joseph McCammon, Horatio King, Ben. G. Lovejoy and Dr. Elmer R. Reynolds.

Gen. Garfield, his wife and his venerable mother were placed in a carriage outside the depot and driven without ceremony to the Riggs house. The citizens' committee followed some distance behind in carriages. After their arrival the President-elect and the committee and those who could crowd in assembled in the parlor at the Riggs. Mr. Davidge, chairman of the committee, in the absence of Dr. Welling, welcomed Gen. Garfield, to the capital. The speech was very brief but to the point. It stated that the committee welcomed the newly elected President to the capital on behalf of the citizens of the Nation.

General Garfield's reply was equally brief. He said he was very much fatigued by his journey, and was not inclined to indulge in a speech. In an exceedingly graceful manner, however, he thanked the committee for their kind words of welcome, and assured them that their interest in his welfare had very materially contributed to his comfort. After a wash the Presidential party breakfasted in a private room. The hotel was crowded with people to see the distinguished arrivals.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Joe. Blackburn, who is sometimes styled the great Kentuckian, has had another row in Congress, this time, however, it is with a brother Democrat. Blackburn tried to secure an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars to purchase the correspondence between the Confederate generals Bragg and Polk. Blackburn was convicted of making several misstatements in connection with the matter, and was generally worsted by his antagonist.

The great dead-lock in Pennsylvania has been broken by the election of John J. Mitchell, of Tioga county, United States Senator. The Cameron faction and the anti Cameron faction each claims a victory in the Election of Mr. Mitchell. "Time makes all things even" and will, sooner or later, show whether the new Senator belongs to the Camerons or not.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Maryland Institute last week to discuss "Ireland's woes." Mayor Latrobe presided, and Hon. William Walsh, of Cumberland, was among the speakers. About two thousand persons were present.

The appropriation of $250,000 has been made by Congress for the purpose of commencing the new postoffice at Baltimore. Baltimoreans and Marylanders generally are very much gratified, and Congressman Kimmell is weak enough to think he secured the appropriation.

It is currently reported that Jay Gould has offered the management of the *New York World* to Henry Watterson, editor and proprietor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Gould to furnish the money and Watterson to furnish the brains necessary to run the paper.

U. S. Senator Matthew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, died at his residence in Washington on Thursday last. In politics Mr. Carpenter was a stalwart Republican. As a lawyer he had a National reputation for ability. His State will scarcely be able to fill his place in the Senate.

The body snatchers and grave robbers who were indicted by the Grand Jury in Baltimore, three in number, have all been acquitted. In all probability these human hyenas will soon be heard from again. We sincerely hope they may, (if guilty,) receive such punishment as their crime merits.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has brought suit against the Pennsylvania Central company to recover one million dollars for damages caused by delaying trains of the former company at West Philadelphia.

A Chicago lawyer has been nonsuited in an effort to collect a fee for securing a Utah divorce for one of the Worrell Sisters, the court holding that, as the divorce was invalid, it was no consideration. Thus another flourishing American industry has come to grief.

While Mr. Blaine was receiving the congratulations of his friends on Wednesday afternoon on the floor of the Senate, the New York evening papers were protesting that he was too sick to make his intended visit to Mentor. But what should he go to Mentor for?

Councilman John Hunter, of Philadelphia, made public his promised statement in reference to the alleged Gas Trust frauds. His calculations showed that the gas-consuming public were defrauded of over $1,000 a day. This estimate was based upon the leakage, which had increased from 4 per cent. to 8 per cent., and Mr. Hunter charged to incompetent or careless management the loss of $436,000 worth of gas annually. He also asserted that the coal contracts had not been economically made, and were open to grave suspicion.

Hitherto the "red destroyer," as the fire fiend is pleasantly entitled by the humorists of the Western press, has confined his depredations chiefly to Northern cities. This season he appears to have wintered in the South. The town of Franklin is the fourth that he has laid in ashes within the last few weeks, Durham, Edenton and Plymouth having all fallen victims to his ravenous appetite.

Twenty-eight quarts of strawberries, the first shipment of the season from Jacksonville, Fla., were sold in New York Thursday last at $2.50 per quart.

The physicians at Hooslek Falls, New York, have resolved to respond to no calls from patients who have left their bills unpaid for three months.

The Centreville *Observer* observes that the new syndicate owning the railroad should extend a track to Kent Island, so that with the establishment of a line of steamers the trade now going to Philadelphia would be diverted to Baltimore.

On Saturday a seven year-old daughter of Mr. Thomas Hardy accidentally fell through the shute of the American Coal Company at the Basin wharf at Cumberland. She fell upon some logs and the ice in the basin, but escaped serious injury.

The Rev. R. S. Hough, of the Methodist Church at Augusta, Va., recently married a mother and daughter to their affianced husbands with a single ceremony. The elder bride was not unused to the ceremony, as it was the fourth time she had stood before the altar.

The steward of the bark Fontabella was saved from the wreck of that vessel lately by the captain's retriever. The dog, seeing him go down, brought him to the surface; and then, letting go his hold, thrust his tail into the steward's face, who seized, and was towed to a reef, where he was safe.

Colonel "Tau" Reeder, an old time politician of Cerlear's Hook, N. Y., died on Thursday. Fifty years ago he was a power in local politics, although he never held office in his life. He had many fights in his time, and almost always came off the victor. He accumulated considerable property by boat-building.

Basil Moore, a colored man, confined in the Harrisburg (Pa.) prison for assault, fell out of bed on Friday night in a fit and broke his neck. The deceased served five years in the army during the war and was a man of much intelligence. It is said he has an uncle who is a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Henry R. Kirk, a wealthy wine merchant, occupying a mansion at Morrisana, New York, had the satisfaction of capturing a burglar on Sunday morning. The ringing of a burglar alarm aroused him from his slumbers, and the disturber was found on the roof of a veranda, from which he had attempted to raise a window sash. He professed to be a painter out of employment, but is most probably an old offender. Mr. Kirk for ten years past has devoted much time and ingenuity in perfecting devices for protecting his house from burglars, and the burglar could not have selected a place where his attempt would be less likely to prove successful. The window sash, after springing the alarm, could only be raised a few inches, because of a patent catch, and the burglar was trying another when detected, and made to surrender at the mouth of a pistol.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

In the Senate a bill was passed repealing the tax on deposits of banks and bankers. The report of the Committee on Transportation to the Seaboard, regarding the Maryland and Delaware ship canal, was adopted. It includes an appropriation of $10,000 for a survey. A long debate ensued on the bill making an appropriation of $30,000 to erect a monument at the birth-place of Washington. The bill was finally passed. The amendment to the Legislative Appropriation bill, providing for an increase of clerical force in the Pension Bureau, was adopted and the bill was passed. —Baltimore and Maryland matters formed a conspicuous portion of the proceedings of the House. In Committee of the Whole amendments to the Sundry Civil bill were agreed to, appropriating $250,000 for beginning work on the Baltimore postoffice; $35,000 for building a new lighthouse at Sharp's Island, and $25,000 for completing the Cape Henry light. The Agricultural Appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment appropriating $10,000 for continuing experiments in the manufacture of beet-root sugar. —In the Senate the bill extending the time for filing claims for losses of accoutrements, &c., by soldiers, two years from date, was passed. The Fortification Appropriation bill and the bill providing for a site for a new Congressional Library building were also passed. The latter leaves the choice of location with the President and limits the cost to $1,000,000. At 11 o'clock A. M. the session of Wednesday was commenced, the Sundry Civil bill still being kept before the House by the Republicans refusing to vote on a motion to take up the Apportionment bill. A number of amendments were agreed to, and, after a long debate, the clause appropriating $20,000 for purchasing the records of ex-Confederate Generals Bragg and Polk was stricken from the bill. A recess was then taken until 7:30 P. M. The evening session was devoted to District affairs, but was cut short before 10 o'clock by the absence of a quorum. —The Senate adjourned immediately after the reading of the *Journal*, out of respect to the memory of Senator Matthew H. Carpenter, who died at his residence in Washington, after an illness of several weeks. —The House took up the Apportionment bill on a nearly strict party vote, the Democrats voting in the affirmative. The Republicans resorted to filibustering and prevented any action. On their refusing to vote, the House was left without a quorum, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to hunt up absentees and compel their attendance. Several were taken in custody at the President's last reception to the diplomatic corps at the White House. —The credentials of John Sherman senator-elect, were presented in the Senate. A new conference on the Fortifications bill was appointed, and Mr. Wallace presented a report on frauds at the elections. The bill for the relief of James E. Montell, of Baltimore, was passed. In the House five Republicans and five Democratic members were selected to agree upon a compromise relative to the Apportionment bill. The session of the 24th inst. was adjourned at 20:30 A. M. in respect to the memory of the late Senator Carpenter. Int met again at 11 o'clock, when the session of Friday began. A conference committee on the Legislative bill was appointed. Several amendments to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill were adopted. —In the Senate the credentials of Senator Mahone, of Virginia, were read and filed. The conference reports on the Legislative, Pension and Indian Appropriation bills were agreed to, and a motion was passed insisting on the Senate amendments to the Harbor and River bill. On motion of Mr. Whyte, the bill to incorporate anew and reorganize the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad was passed. —The House passed the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill at 1:20 o'clock P. M., including the item of $250,000 for the Baltimore Post office. Conference reports on the Postoffice and Indian Appropriation bills were agreed to, and the House refused to concur in the Senate amendments to the River and Harbor bill. An effort was made to take up the Funding bill, but it was successfully opposed by the Republicans, who demanded consideration of the Apportionment bill. At the night session the only business transacted was the delivery of eulogies on the late Fernando Wood.

HOW IRISH PEASANTS LIVE.—The dens, misnamed cots, in which the peasantry of Galway and Mayo counties live are merely stone shelters; owing to the intense ignorance of the people they are not provided with any facilities for drainage, and are often incomparably filthy. The floors are of hard mud; it is rare to find more than one room in a hut, and only one story. Beds and bedding are luxuries which the poorer tenants do not possess; old heaps of hay and straw are the couches on which the lovely, brown-eyed, large-browed maidens of Connaught repose. The smoke from a peat fire in a common peasant's cabin spreads through the room, and you narrowly escape strangulation on your first visit. I have had this experience in Herzegovina, and consequently minded the smoke but little. How family decency is maintained in these dens is a mystery, and how the people manage to keep clean—for they look clean—is a puzzle. The pigs run in and out of the doors—and such wretched pigs! A North Carolina wild hog would be an aristocrat beside them! In dozens of these cabins sick people are to be found—sick people dependent either on the charity of their neighbors or on friends in America who send them small sums. A gentleman in Galway told me that the agents of landlords treated the poorer tenantry as if they were animals. He instanced the case of one agent who, on rent day, when any tenant was short a half crown in his payment, would knock the money off the table on to the floor, so as to humiliate the tenant before his fellows. Up to a recent date even the better class of tenants would not have dared to resent such behavior; they were ready to fawn before the man who insulted them. Now the tables are turned and the agent sneaks in and out among the people, taking 25 per cent. less than the usual rental, if indeed he gets anything at all, and is glad to get away again out of the farming district with his head still on his shoulders.—*Edward King, s letter from Galway.*

A singularly daring and successful burglary occurred at Chicago on Sunday night at the house of E. P. Smith, a member of the Board of Trade. Mr. Smith, on retiring for the night, carefully placed a roll of bills amounting to $2,000, and a diamond pin valued at $450, in a pillow case on his bed. He was discovered in an insensible condition on Monday morning. The diamond and money were missing. Mr. Smith did not recover consciousness for several days.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to dying members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

AGENTS WANTED.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least one month's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

2 26

LOCAL NEWS.

—You can save 25 cents on every dollar by buying your goods where the "Red Fing" floateth."

—Three car loads of ice reached here Wednesday morning for the R. R. Cos. Hotel.

—Barring a few pugilistic encounters, our town has been exceptionally quiet during the past week. Consequently local items are scarce.

—The Longfellow Reading Circle was very pleasantly entertained on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Jno. M. Davis.

—Daily & Co., claim that they can sell goods at what their competitors are obliged to pay. And that is not all. They do it.

—Died, March 1st, 1881, of diphtheria, at the residence of Mr. Isaac Thompson, District No. 8, Mary Cooper, aged about 21 years.

—Sheriff White has purchased from Summers McCrum, Esq., the vacant lot on Oak Street formerly owned by Mr. Rowan White. Consideration, $800.

—The following named gentlemen from this place attended the inauguration of President Garfield: Messrs. John Daily, Samuel Lawton A. G. Sturgiss and L. C. Stalnaker.

—Died, near the Red House, this county, on the 26th inst, of membranous croup, George Frederick Clare, aged 4 years, 9 months and 5 days. "Not lost, but gone before."

—Married, at Oakland, Md., Feb. 24th, 1881, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. Albert Clemans to Miss Virginia B. Ireland, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

—Daily & Co., is getting in a large and full assortment of Dry Goods and Notions, Fancy Dress Goods and Domestics, rare bargains and latest styles, direct from Headquarters.

—John C. Bemhy, of District No. 5, was brough to Oakland Saturday morning last about 4 o'clock and confined in jail, charged with cutting timber on the land of Joel Brenneman,

—An extra session of the School Board was called for Thursday of last week, but owing to the absence of Examiner Bartlett, and President Brydon failing to put in an appearance, the Board did not convene.

—Hello! Where is C. F. Frazee's cheap store. We hear he has just returned from the city with a big stock of dry goods and groceries, which will be sold at a small profit. Come one and all and see my new goods at the old stand, Selbysport, Md.

C. F. FRAZEE.

—John Davis, who has been in the custody of Sheriff White since the 10th of December last, charged with shooting through the window of a dwelling house in Bloomington, was released from jail Tuesday morning, by giving bond for his appearance at the May Term of Court.

—Why don't you go to C. F. Frazee's cheap store, at Selbysport, Md., where you can buy goods at bottom prices and get a good discount on a bill of goods. He keeps a first class store and has on hand, dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, clothing, hard ware, groceries, notions, timothy and clover seed. Give me a call and buy cheap.

C. F. FRAZEE.

—Died, on Feb. 26th, 1881, after a brief illness, George F., infant son of John F. and Margret M. Clare. Although George was only a little over five years of age, he had a promonition of his death for some time before it occurred. On Saturday morning the 26th he put his arms around his father's neck and drew him near saying, "Papa, I am going home." A few hours after his pure spirit went to a better world. To his bereaved parents we would say, "weep not but rather rejoice," for your little one has passed from the midst of sin and sorrow into realms of bliss and joys eternal.

J Y.

Personal.

G. S. Hamill, Esq., was in Piedmont Wednesday on Professional business.

Professional matters called Mr. Th. J. Peddicord to Cumberland, Thursday.

John Riley, Esq., of District No. 1, was in town Monday, and called to see us.

H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., was in Keyser Tuesday attending to Professional business.

Mr. W. A. Daily has negotiated for the purchase of the Heckert property, in Wilson's Addition to Oakland.

Rev. John M. Davis, of this place, has been re-appointed Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union.

W. H. Hagans, Esq., has moved to Mr. H. Wheeler Combs' residence on Second Street, where he proposes to engage in the private boarding house business.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the Ev. Lutheran Church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Preaching at Deer Park Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. Stoutenmire. Catechetical Class at 2½ p. m. Sunday, as usual. Lesson--Last Art. Creed--"Holy Ghost."

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10½, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of January:

Geo. W. Bray to Alice V. Titchnel.

Henry Kamp Jr., to Martha Stark.

Abbott Clemans to Virginia B. Ireland.

And four others with request not to publish.

Brakeman Killed.

Tuesday morning James Lee, a brakeman on the third division, was killed by the cars at Hitchcock's Tunnel. He was putting down brakes, when in some way he lost his footing and fell between the cars. A number of the cars passed over him, cutting and mangling his body in a horrible manner. The remains were gathered up and brought to Keyser, where he lived. Mr. Lee leaves a wife and one child. He was insured in the B. & O. insurance for $1000.—*Keyser Echo.*

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 2:

G. S. Hamill, Trustee to D. E. Offutt, the Bush Store and dwelling house property on the corner of Oak and third Streets, and the Hiram Wolfe property on Fourth Street, in the town of Oakland; $3,000.

Daniel G. Meese and others to Johnson Bros, part of Military Lot No. 642; $400.

Johnson Bros. to Aaron Wilhem, part of Military Lot No. 642; $400.

Jane Slater and John H. Slater to John A. Gauer, "Part Number Six" in an agreement of Partition of the lands of John Gauer, dec'd, containing 89 acres; $300.

What Makes a Good Newspaper.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has the following sensible remarks about conducting a newspaper: Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talent of its editor by the quanity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily a column of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small Portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than by anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper. Its tone, its uniform consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.

JOHNSON'S, MD, Feb. 28, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Please allow me to say through your columns that the people of this vicinity are much indebted to the choir of the M. E. Church South, of Frostburg, assisted by Messrs. Richard and William Hawkins, for an excellent entertainment on the evening of the 26th inst. The evening was fine. Quite a number were present, though we regret to say the audience should have been much larger. The exercises were as follows:

Anthem—Jerusalem, My Happy Home, by the choir. Solo—Beautiful Gates Ajar, by Miss Jennie Miller. Duet—Bring Back Your Boys, by Miss Jennie Miller and Mr. Davis. Duet—Let the Dead in the Beautiful Rest, by Miss Gertie Miller and Miss Anna Oder. Anthem—Blessed are the People, by the choir. Solo—I Am Still a Friend to You, by Mr. Paul. I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers, by the choir. Solo—Dublin Bay, by Mr. Davis. Tempest—I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me, by Richard Hawkins. Rescue—by William Hawkins. Solo—Driven from Home, by Mr. Davis. Sailor's Grave—by William Hawkins. Pro Phundo Basso, by Richard and William Hawkins, Miss Jennie Miller and Miss Anna Oder. Anthem—The Earth is the Lord's and the Fulness Thereof, by the choir. Miss Ella Wise officiated at the organ.

Rev. Robert Andrews made a few remarks which were appropriate to the occasion. All joined in singing the Doxology, after which Rev. Andrews pronounced the Benediction, and all went home highly delighted.

Space will not allow comment Suffice it to say that the exercises were all highly complimentary. We heartily thank this band of singers for their assistance.

It is due the audience to say that the best of order prevailed during the time. All went home feeling better for being present. No one left the Lord's house with a wounded conscience as is many times the case on such occasions.

Yours, respectfully.

EPHRAIM LEE.

OAK GROVE, Feb. 25, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I beg leave, through the columns of your journal, to say a few words concerning the Oak Grove school. I do not remember of ever having seen its name mentioned in any paper up to the present time. This is an interesting school and well worthy of being noticed publicly. Our little schoolhouse stands in a beautiful grove of shade trees, with room enough to afford ample play ground for many little ones to spend their hours of recreation and rest from study "just as seemeth good to them." I believe they enjoy it, for the school room is too small for the accommodation of so many scholars, and the seats are a horror. The children have to twist themselves into all kinds of shapes in order to remain in them at all. It is certainly very injurious to children to be cooped up in this way from day to day for seven and a-half months. It is high time the trustees were taking measures to have these impediments eradicated. The scholars are mostly bright and intelligent and faithful little workers, who seem never to tire in their laborious struggle to gain wisdom and knowledge. I have enrolled on the school register forty-two names, and have so far had a good average attendance, though the inclemency of the weather has caused a number of small scholars to remain at home.

We have been expecting Dr. Bartlett to pay us a visit. As yet he has not reached us, but we still entertain hopes that he may yet pay us a visit before school closes.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner visited our school a few days ago and delivered a very interesting and pleasant discourse to the school. He seemed to be pleased with the school. We hope he will call on us again soon. Such visitations we consider of vast importance to the young minds.

The second term will soon close, and then there will yet remain two and a-half months to be taught out. At the end of that time I will try to report again.

Yours, &c.,

M. L. SELBY.

VINTON CO. O., Feb. 24, 1881.

I, as one of your patrons from the first issue of the REPUBLICAN, must congratulate you upon the enterprise of the editors and managers of the best and most reliable county paper with which I am acquainted. This is attested by all my friends who read it. Capt. Hayden has made for himself a name that will honor him and live after he is gone. I hope in the hands of the new firm its shadow will never grow less. We could scarcely keep house without the REPUBLICAN. When our papers come from the postoffice it is the first one grabbed at out of four or five.

We have had a severe winter for this locality, with frequent snows. We have not had more than eight inches of snow at any time. The wheat is badly injured and the peaches and sweet cherries are all dead. The lowest point indicated by the thermometer was one degree above zero. Stock of all kinds have done well, but provender is getting very scarce, and hay is worth from twelve to fifteen dollars per ton, and corn is rated at fifty cents per bushel.

The high water has done an immense amount of damage. Fences, bridges and feed in large quantities have been carried away by the floods. One man in our county had sevety sheep drowned.

Our new railroad, the O. & W. V., has been completed, which makes business lively with us.

The Democrats here have admitted within the last week that Garfield is elected. They did not believe it until their boss, Thurman, said so in the Senate. We feel an assurance of four years of good times. We feel a little sorry for our Democratic friends, but they ought not to have gotten in the way of our locomotive with their little Hancock, if they did not want him knocked off the track. English would not furnish the fuel, or the collision might have been felt. Let them pick their flints and try again.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Work on two canning factories at Westminister will be commenced as soon as the spring weather will allow.

The Baltimore and Delta Railroad Company has advertised for one hundred and forty thousand crossties.

Five colored men have been drawn to serve as jurors at the April Term of the Circuit Court for Allegany county.

The Episcopalians of Gaithersburg have purchased a lot of ground, and and will soon commence the erection of a church edifice.

The Philadelphia *North American* says Robert Garrett is to be the next president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad.

Mr. Reese Gray, of Baltimore, was married on Thursday, in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Elkton, to Miss Lydia McNeal, of the latter place.

The beautifully located dwelling and grounds of Horace Resley, Esq., in Cumberland, will be sold on March the 12th, by Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., Trustee.

The January term of the Circuit Court for Allegany county has closed, and Judge Pearre has gone to Hagerstown where Court has been in session several days.

It is thought the coming season will be more active than any the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has known for many years. Boat building is very brisk in the Cumberland boat yards.

The Circuit Court for Frederick county has, upon application, appointed a receiver for Mt. St. Mary's College. The liabilities of the College amount to $200,000. Capt. James McSherry is the receiver.

Mr. Ezekiel Cowgill, of Miles river neck, who died on the 22d, aged 89, has a sister living in Delaware who is 103 years of age, and still retains all her faculties.

Smith Barker, a farmer near Laurel, Prince George's county, is charged with beating his aged mother until the blood oozed from her mouth and nose.

A champion fox hunt between the packs of Mr. Edward Sadler and George B. Chambers, of Queen Anne's county, is projected, and will take place in a week.

The grasshoppers are reported as abundant and lively on the Glading farm in Elk Neck, having survived the intense wrintry cold.

The children of the late Jacob B. Ash, of Elkton, have received about $2,800 as arrears of pension due their father. The two youngest children will receive regular monthly pensions.

Three colored men who had missed a train at Hopewell, on the Eastern Shore Railroad, a few days since, ran the four miles to Marion, and, having overtaken the train, purchased their tickets and got on board.

John Diggs, a colored man, while engaged on Wednesday last in hulling cloverseed at New Market, had his hand caught in the machine and so torn that he had to undergo amputation.

It is rumored at Elkton that ex-Sheriff Wright, of Philadelphia, has bought out the interest of Hamilton Disston in the Sevaca Point Club house and farm, and will hereafter be the head of that institution.

Mr. Van. B. Swearingen, of Middletown, has preserved an army cracker which he obtained from a member of the First Rhode Island Regiment, as he passed through that place in 1862. The cracker looks as if it had just come from the oven.

The iron ore from the beds on the farm of Emanuel Geeting, near Keedysville, is of superior quality, and large quantities are shipped over the Shenandoah Valley Railroad to Harrisburg. A contract for five hundred tons per month will probably be made.

Thomas Beauchamp, a native of Somerset county, who was left an orphan when quite young, went to Colorado, and is now said to be very wealthy. He is interested in eleven claims in Gunnison county, and also owns several mines in Park county, Colorado.

On the night of the 22d inst. an incendiary fire caused the destruction of a fine barn on the Kinsale farm, near Upper Marlboro.' The farm belongs to Enoch Pratt, and was tenanted by Mr. Nicholas O. Ridgely, who loses forty-nine sheep and lambs, besides corn, tobacbo and provender.

The late moderate weather is in Howard county attributed to the fact that Mr. Joseph McKenzie caught a ground hog out of his hole near Union Dam on the 19th and killed him, after a rough battle. His fellow citizens propose to give him a medal as the champion of weather beaten humanity.

A large chestnut tree, measuring seven and and a-half feet across the stump, was recently cut down near Mile Green, in Harford county. It was probably the largest tree of the kind in that neighborhood. A portion of the top had been dead for many years; but the other portions never failed to yield a crop of chestnuts.

Mr. Jas. W. Chapman, of Chestertown, has bought a farm near Lynch's Station, containing 340 acres, for $18 000. The farm is highly productive and improved, and contains seven or eight thousand peach trees.

A newly married couple, returning home from Elkton in a carriage last week, were thrown out into a snow bank. In the confusion the husband lost his better-half, and went home without her. The fall had broken her arm, but she managed to join her husband soon after, prepared to deliver the curtain lecture.

The old Meshach Frost mansion, at Frostburg, is to be remodled into a hotel for the accommodation of summer boarders. About $13,000 of the capital stock of the company has already been taken, and other gentlemen interested in the project will subscribe the $7,000 still required. The hotel will have from three to four acres of land attached for pleasure grounds.

The canal board was in session in Cumberland on Thursday, and Mr. Henry Loveridge, president of the new railroad, appeared and solicited the influence of the board to effect a solution of the crossings difficulty. The board decided to demand from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a connection with its wharves for the new company.

Mr. S. G. Swart, of Crumpton, recently laid a claim to a mare in possession of the Rev. G. P. Smith, of Sudlersville, alleging that it was stolen from him in October, 1876. A trial before a magistrate resulted in a decision in favor of Mr. Swart, Mr. B. T. Crouch, of Cecil county, who sold the mare to the Rev. Mr. Smith, intends to take an appeal, and asserts that he bought the mare at Elkton in July, 1875.

John Wesley Turpin was sentenced by Judge Goldsborough, at Salisbury, on the 23d instant, to ten years' imprisonment—the Court of Appeals having rejected the legal points raised by his counsel against the verdict of the jury of murder in the second degree. The Judge reminded Turpin that if the court had decided differently, necessitating a new trial, a new jury might have sent him to the gallows. The prisoner said, in reply, that he hoped the court would never again be called upon to pronounce so unjust a sentance.

Mrs. Rebecca T. Viers, a sister of Mr. William Biays, formerly of Montgomery county, has received some additional particulars of the murder of that unfortunate man. It states that Mr. Biays was struck on the head with a pistol on the 14th of January last at Sidney, Neb., and he lingered at the Miners' Hotel thirteen days before relieved by death. The coroner's jury in the case returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by the blow upon the head from a pistol in the hands of Jessie Donaldson. The murderer is in jail awaiting trial.

A Georgia paper claims a peach orchard in Alabama, belonging to a brother of the Irish agitator, Parnell, as being the largest in the world, and yet it covers only 250 acres. The Chestertown *Transcript* makes merry over Alabama contending as to large peach orchards, forgetful of the little state of Delawnre and the Eastern Shore of Maryland. A few years ago the Round Top orchard, near Chestertown, contained 1,000 acres, though now reduced to 400 acres. Many other orchards are cited as containing 300 and 400 acres, and Kent and Queen Anne's counties contain several others exceeding 250 acres.

Edward H. Coursey, Esq., who died recently in Queen Anne's county, was known as the man of figures, from his fondness for abstruse calculations. He was 86 years of age, and thirteen years ago was partially paralyzed, but recovered the use of his limbs. He was not an educated man, and his work was generally by methods of his own, without regard to or knowledge of arithmetical rules. So notorious did he become, that he was frequently written to and problems sent him by persons in other States. He made it a rule to carefully answer all such problems, and was never known to be wrong.

Constable W. H. Porter Saturday swore out before Justice Jones a warrant against the publishers of the *Daily Times* newspaper, charging them with printing an advertisement of the Kentucky lottery, contrary to law. The penalty for the offense is a fine of $100, or sixty days' imprisonment. Just before night the junior member of the firm, John T Taylor, was arrested, but at last accounts his father, T. Buckey Taylor, had not been arrested. Mr. J. T. Taylor was released on his own recognizance to appear at a hearing of the case to be held to day, when it is supposed his father will also be present.—*Cumb. News.*

Ex-Gov. A. W. Bradford died in Baltimore on Tuesday morning aged 76 years. Gov. Bradford was a native of Harford county, and has occupied important public positions for a number of years during his life, having been sheriff of Harford county, clerk of Baltimore county court, and in the fall of 1861 was elected governor of the State. He held this position during the most critical period of the war, and was an uncompromising union man. During his term of office as governor his residence in Baltimore county was burned by confederate cavalry. He was also a member of the peace conference which assembled in Washington in 1861. During the administration of President Johnson he was surveyor of the port of Baltimore, which was the last public office he held. He was a man of high character and universally esteemed.

Mr. Louis Madows, who has been running engine No. 282, on the Wheeling accommodation train for several years, died of consumption at his home on Decatur Street, in Cumberland, on Saturday last.

F. L. Morling, Esq., Editor of the *Truth*, was arrested on Thursday, in Baltimore, charged with violating the State law by printing and publishing an account of lottery, with the number of lottery tickets. He gave bail for the Grand Jury. Mr. Morling explains and says the advertisement was inserted in his absence, and that he never saw it until it appeared in his paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Dogs for Sale.

The subscriber has eight Shepherd Pups for sale. Pure blood.

353 THOS. E. HAIGH, Oakland, Md.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hooppole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CODDINGTON,
355 ROWIE JOHNSON.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of Equity, in a cause wherein Charles Fike and others are complainants and Norman Fike and others are defendants, said cause being No. 201 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Trustees will, on

MONDAY,

the 28th Day of March,

A. D. 1881, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate of which Christian Fike died seized and possessed, which is described in a deed from John Fike and others to Christian Fike, bearing date the 14th day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and forty eight, and recorded in Liber H. B., No. 2, folio 611, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the land to be sold.

The above farm contains two hundred and thirty-five acres of land, more or less, a large proportion of which is in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the

BEST GRAZING FARMS

in Garrett county. It is improved by a

Good Dwelling House and all necessary Out-Buildings.

It is located in a good neighborhood, and schools, stores, mills, &c., are accessible.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are: "One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the remaining one-third in two years from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with security in be approved by the Trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale until paid."

Any further information with regard to this property can be obtained from A. J. Fike, Esq. Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., or upon application to the undersigned.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
3 5 tds Trustees.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 3m

GENERAL.

THE national debt of England is held by about 23,000 people; that of France by about 4,000,000.

MRS. SECRETARY EVARTS always offers at her receptions a cup of chocolate served with whipped cream, which her guests declare a most delicious beverage.

ONE of the favorite expressions of the late Rev. Dr. Chapin, of New York, was, "I would I could be as certain of anything as most people are of everything."

A CLERGYMAN'S daughter at Napa, Cal., went to a circus. On the following Sunday her father preached on sinful amusements, and used her case as an illustration. In the Sunday-school that afternoon he said that she was impenitent, and moved her expulsion; but a vote being taken all the pupils decided to retain her.

A GENTLEMAN residing in New York, a jeweler by occupation, recently sent a needy friend in Bridgeport, Conn., a second-hand suit of clothes. When the Bridgeport man had worn them a day or two he felt something like a small button or a piece of a match inside of the lining of the vest pocket. Examination revealed the presence of a handsome diamond. He notified the New York man, who was pleased to hear of the recovery of the stone, as it was valued at something over $300. It had been loosened from a ring carried in the pocket, and was thought to have been lost by the owner.

DEPENDING from the seven barbaric-looking twenty gold-dollar bangles worn by a young lady from Boston, lately visiting New York, were two enameled shrimps, a little gold pig, a mouse, an elk, a crab and an elephant. The young lady was attending a ballad concert, and the clattering, musical jingle of this metallic menagerie, as the several portions of it rattled together with every movement of the fair lady's arm, was distinctly heard above the dulcet ringing voice of the warbling prima donna and the accompanying tones of a grand piano.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says he rode down from the Capitol the other day in a five-cent omnibus in which the only other passenger was the Vice-President of the United States. Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, whose salary, besides his income, is over $25,000 a year, walks every day from his home away beyond the White House to the Capitol, a distance of nearly three miles. He is a trim, modest-looking man, with a business air and a quick, nervous step. Mr. Hill, of Colorado, who is worth a million or two, walks, while all around him dash the coaches of men who live on their Congressional salary.

ARCHIBALD GIBSON, Second-Lieutenant Seventh United States Cavalry, son of Charles Gibson, a prominent lawyer of St. Paul, Minn., died recently at the residence of his father. His disease was inflammation of the brain, believed to be the result of circumstances which occurred while he was at West Point. One day, while on parade, a spider got into one of his ears. By the rules he was not allowed to raise his hand, and stood in the ranks more than an hour, while the spider worked his way into the ear. When dismissed his ear was full of blood and the insect could not be removed for two days. This caused a corrosion of the bone next to the brain, and gave him a good deal of trouble. He went to his regiment in Northern Dakota, and after performing considerable service and suffering from a severe attack of sickness, came home expecting to resign, but, as it proved, only to die.

An Amateur Clock Repairer.

THERE stood on the corner of Twentieth and Carr Streets yesterday afternoon, says the St. Louis *Republican*, a young man with a big scratch on his nose and a lump under one eye. He is a young man of the class known to the gamins of St. Louis as "very toney." The young gentleman was mournful, for his hopes had been blasted. He had thought himself a great machinist. The way in which he received his wounds was rather curious. He got up pretty late yesterday morning and he looked at the clock in his room. It was 8:30. He dressed himself in a hurry and then looked at the clock again. The hour hand had evidently gone backward, for the clock now said that it was only 7:30. He went down-stairs and got his breakfast. It was 9 o'clock by the clock down there. Then he returned to his room and found that his clock was still running the wrong way. First the young man thought that the clock was obeying the command of the poet who mused:

Backward! turn backward, O Time, in your flight!

Poetical reflections did not console the young man, and he vowed that he would fix the clock. He went down into the cellar and poked around in the dark for a while. When he emerged an enormous cobweb spread over his immaculate shirt front, and in his arms he carried a hammer, a pair of pincers, a screwdriver, a file, a gimlet, three hatchets, a ball of twine and various other articles absolutely necessary for the mending of that clock. With his burden, the young man climbed the stairs and entered his room. He took the clock from the mantel, laid it on a table, drew near a chair and began work, an admiring group of friends gathering around to watch his operations. He started to take the clock apart. He did it in five minutes and discovered what had been the matter with it. Then he went to work to put the thing together again. Till noon he toiled, and still he had a mouthful of screws and a pocket full of wheels and springs, which he knew had come out of the clock. He couldn't see where they should be placed. The sweat stood out on his brow. It was 1 o'clock and the job was not done, but he would not give up. By this time the admiring group had left him. At last he shouted "Eureka," and invited them all up to see how nicely the thing was fixed. It did really look very nice—just like a mule before he kicks. You could almost see a wicked grin in the face of the clock. Every one said it was done finely. He was told to wind it up and see how it worked. He wound and wound and wound. The pendulum began to swing, the wheels began to run, the hands began to move around as usual, and the young man smiled contentedly. The friends said it worked like a charm. He believed them. He was telling how he could fix anything, when the clock began to strike. It ought to have struck three, but it struck more. It struck ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and after that they could not count the strokes. The hands went around and around, and the crowd became frightened. The young man stared at the clock, but the striking continued.

It must have struck 250 times. One thought that the clock was bewitched. It stopped suddenly. There came a final rattle of wheels, a crash, a roar, and after that oblivion for ten minutes. When the people recovered, they found that the clock was scattered all about the room. There was a wheel here and a wheel there. The minute and hour hands were sticking in the young man's hair, and the face had sailed through a mirror. It seemed as if a boiler had exploded in that room, and it will take two days to pick up the debris. The young man is minus a clock, and it will take him two weeks to recuperate. This is the most wonderful thing that has happened in St. Louis for a long time. It beats "Grandfather's Clock" "all hollow."

The Epizootic-Aphtha, or Foot-and-Mouth Disease.

THE New York *Herald* of a recent date says:

Since the introduction of pleuro-pneumonia among the cattle of the United States by the importation to Brooklyn in 1843 of a single diseased cow from England, no discovery more startling to cattle owners has been made than that of the existence of epizootic-aphtha on board the steamer France. This discovery has been made within two days past by Veterinary Surgeon Hopkins, who was called on to inspect the Jersey cattle brought over last week on that steamer. It will be remembered that the cattle are part of a valuable consignment of blooded stock to Mr. W. Easton, a full description of which was published in the *Herald* last week. The entire consignment, with the exception of three horses which died on the voyage of non infectious diseases, arrived in port, it was supposed, in good condition. It was only after some days had elapsed that the disease named was detected in the cattle, but after it had once been discovered other veterinaries confirmed the diagnosis, and it is no longer doubted that one of the great English cattle plagues is present on these shores.

The cattle, comprising four bulls and eight heifers, are of the pure Jersey stock, bred by Mr. Tattersall at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush. They are beautiful specimens of the stock, and the herd is valued at about $6,000. They are intended for breeding in this country, and were selected especially with reference to their fine points. A reporter visited them yesterday, in company with Dr. Hopkins, and was greatly impressed with their beauty, even in their condition. They were still standing in the stalls in which they had made the voyage, and were carefully blanketed, but seemed alert and almost unconscious of their disease, which is still in an incipient stage.

"What is epizootic-aphtha?" asked the reporter.

"It is one of the great cattle plagues of Europe," replied Dr. Hopkins, "of which there have hitherto been no cases in this country. It is commonly called the foot-and-mouth disease, affecting, as it does, the foot as well as the mouth. It is a blood disease, but what the specific poison is that affects the blood no man has yet been able to tell, any more than the specific poisons in various human diseases are known. It is contagious, never arising spontaneously, so far as is known, but being acquired by mediate or immediate contagion. If you put other cattle with these they would be affected, or if you removed these and placed others in the same quarters, without a thorough disinfection, the newcomers might and probably would catch the infection."

"How were these cattle infected?"

"I do not know. The shippers declare that they were in first-rate condition when they were put on board, and the people connected with the ship say they have never had the disease aboard. They do not make any very strenuous declarations, though," he added, with a half smile, "for they lost fifteen head of cattle on this same ship on her last voyage."

"How did they lose them?"

"They don't know, for there was no veterinary surgeon on board. All they know is that the cattle died. I should think that the value of fifteen head of cattle would pay the expense of a veterinary. But we do not know where these cattle caught their disease. All we know is that they have it and that these quarters are now infected. It is a very fortunate thing that the disease was discovered before the cattle got out among others in this country, for the spread would probably have been as great as that of pleuro-pneumonia has been, and that has spread so in less than forty years that it will cost the Government $50,000,000 to stamp out the disease if they try it as is now proposed."

"Is this disease as dangerous as pleuro-pneumonia?"

"In one sense it is not. The danger of infection is not as great, because the disease breaks out sooner after infection. The period in pleuro-pneumonia is sometimes as long as ninety days, which is long enough for a beast to travel to San Francisco and back twice over. In epizootic-aphtha it is from two to six days usually, although it has been known to be as long as three weeks. Of course, during the period of incubation the disease can not be detected. It is, however, a dangerous disease when developed."

"Will these cattle die?"

"I can not tell yet. It will depend perhaps on whether the disease assumes a benign or a malignant type. I shall remove them at once to a horse stable in New York, where they will be under medical treatment, at any rate, until the danger of infection is thoroughly done away with. The ship, also, is to be thoroughly fumigated, and will take no cattle on board till I sign, as Gen. Patrick's assistant, a certificate that she is entirely free from danger."

When the reporter left, the floors of the stalls and all the slighter woodwork of the cattle deck were being torn away, preparatory to washing, fumigating and whitewashing the entire deck.

Arctic Exploration for 1882.

PREPARATIONS are being made by nearly all the countries of Europe and by America for a regular Arctic siege, to begin in 1882; the days of Arctic campaigns are past. We have reached the precincts of the citadel itself, and now the sappers and miners must begin their slow but sure work, to be capped at the proper time by a grand assault. Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, the United States, and we believe Canada, are all to take part in this great work by establishing observing stations at suitable points all around the polar area; while Italy is to send out next year a scientifically equipped expedition to the Antarctic region, our knowledge of which is meager and uncertain. This last will really be an observing as well as an exploring expedition, preparatory to the establishment of an Antarctic station. Should our Geographical Society take any steps in the direction of Arctic work, we trust it will not be to encourage the foolish venture for which the country has been canvassed for subscriptions for years. We hope that society will see that as a scientific body its duty is to encourage a scientific method of work; and if it appeals to Government at all, let it be to urge it, for the honor of our country, to join in the concert of both hemispheres for the siege of the polar citadel. We have already pointed out on several occasions the vast gains to science that might be expected from the work of a series of polar observatories established on the plans so ably sketched by Lieutenant Weyprecht. As Dr. Neumayer said in a recent address, men of science do not demand practical or so-called utilitarian reasons before giving their adhesion to any new work; it is enough if it can be shown that such work will conduce to the advancement of knowledge; and that Weyprecht's scheme of polar observatories, of which so many Governments approve, will lead to vast additions being made to scientific knowledge, no man of science needs to be told. In meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, biology, geology and glacial physics, the gains would be immense; and the history of science has taught us over and over again that the surest path to practical and beneficent results is through the gate of pure scientific research. Every day is the science of meteorology becoming more and more important; but until we are thoroughly acquainted with the meteorology of the Arctic regions the most practical of sciences is deprived of what is perhaps its most important factor. But one element of the international scheme is that of polar exploration, conducted, however, on scientific method, and along lines indicated by a scientific knowledge of arctic conditions such as can only be obtained by permanent observing stations. What success is likely to result from arctic work carried out on such a method was triumphantly shown by Baron Nordenskjold when he sailed along the northeast passage in the Vega. Why, then, should not England set up a station on Franz-Josef Land, and another, say, on some part of the American coast? Let the station be provided with the means of carrying out exploration in whatever direction and by whatever means the results of continued observation may indicate—as far as the pole itself, if need be. Unless we are blind to the teachings of science and the lessons of our last expensive expedition, it is clear that this is the only sure method of reaching the pole, if it be thought absolutely necessary for the credit of England that she should be the first to get at a point which it will take considerable trouble to spot. If our Government be well advised, we are sure they will never give the public funds either for any great national expedition modeled on the lines of the past, nor to any private chimera got up for the glory of one man and the gratification of balloonists. We do not see how, without national discredit, England can keep aloof from an international scheme the scientific and practical results of which will be of world-wide importance; and it is the duty of the Geographical Society to lend all the weight of its influence to induce the English Government to take up its share in the new and only effectual method of polar exploration.—*Nature.*

Husband and Wife in Law.

THE wife has been much advanced by the general tenor of legislation of late years in respect to her own property. She has acquired a pretty independent position as to title, control and disposition, but this relates to her property, not to his. The law has not yet raised her to the station of superintendent of her husband's contracts, and probably never will. He is bound to support her and the children which she bears to him, and in order to fulfil this obligation he ought to have as much freedom in the management of his business affairs of the world as unmarried men are allowed to exercise. In taking a wife a man does not put himself under an overseer. He is not a subordinate in his own family, but the head of it. The law assigns him this position, not for his own advantage alone, but as much for the real good of his wife and children, and somewhat for the general interest of society. A husband left free to lead and govern in his own family is the most useful husband to all who may be concerned in the results of his conduct. That exceptions to this rule may be pointed out is no objection to or disproof of the rule itself. Human institutions are all more or less imperfect, and their complete efficiency in practical working can not be expected in every instance. It is enough if they produce beneficence to the great mass and in the great majority of cases. A subjugated husband is a less pleasing and less energetic member of society than one who keeps his true place yet knows how to temper authority with affection. The law does not discourage conjugal consultations or free and voluntary co-operation in all transactions which affect or may affect the welfare of the family. * * * But the law does not undertake to secure this delightful harmony by coercion, but leaves it to issue spontaneously from the holy relations of matrimony.—*Georgia Supreme Court.*

THE Wisconsin Supreme Court has rendered a decision that money lent on Sunday can not be recovered, either principal or interest.

Our Young Folks.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

Oh, I wish the winter would go,
And I wish the summer would come,
Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
The little brown bee will hum.
Ho, hum!

Then the robin his life will trill,
And the woodpecker beat his drum,
And out of their tents in the hill
The little green troops will come.
Ho, hum!

Now the blossoms are sick in bed,
And the dear little birds are dumb,
The brook has a cold in her head,
Oh, summer takes long to come.
Ho, hum!

When in bonny blue fields of sky,
And in bonny green fields below,
The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
Then summer will come, I know.
Ho, ho!

Then around and over the trees,
With a flutter and flirt will go
A rollicking, frolicking breeze,
And away with a whisk, ho, ho.
Ho, ho!

Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
And the icicles long to go;
But the summer will come, and the bees will hum,
And the bright little brook will flow,
I know. Ho, ho!

—*H. O. Knowlton, in St. Nicholas.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

ELBERT COLLINS had never been marked absent or tardy since his first going to school in September, and it was his ambition to finish the whole year without a "mark," partly because he really liked to be prompt, and partly because he thought it would be so nice to see his name in the paper at the end of the school year.

December had come, and the short mornings were very lively ones in his mother's little kitchen, because of so many things to be done before the nine-o'clock bell. There was the wood-box to fill, the canary to feed, and generally the cradle to rock, while the mother attended to such work as could be done best while there was some one to look after the baby.

On this particular morning, however, the mother had gone to Mrs. Brown's, around the corner, for a cup of yeast, and had become so interested in a recipe for chocolate cake, a pattern for a boy's blouse, the pound party at the Methodist minister's, and some new ways for trimming Christmas trees, that she entirely forgot the time of day.

Meanwhile, little Elbert, with his overshoes and scarf on, and cap in hand, rocked the cradle, and kept his eyes on the clock. Five, ten, minutes passed away. The long hand was crawling alarmingly near last-bell time. He tied his scarf, pulled his cap over his ears, and rocked harder than ever. Still no mother. Then he went to the door, looked anxiously toward the corner, and sent out a lusty shout—"Mamma-a-a, come ho-o-ome!" but no one responded except the baby. "Oh dear! dear!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back to the cradle; and just then his expectant ears heard the first slow cling-clang of the last bell. It would ring for five minutes; the schoolhouse was only three streets away, and there was time enough yet, if he could only start. One thing was certain—he would never leave his little baby sister. He remembered a story of a poor baby who was almost burned to death because her brother, who had promised to take care of her, left her, and ran out on the street to play.

He went to the door and shouted again. It was something like the case of Casabianca. But when two mothers are talking about patterns and Christmas trees, who ever knew them to notice every little outside noise? Elbert's shout ended in a big sob. A man going to lose his entire fortune couldn't feel worse than this little fellow did, with that dreadful "tardy" mark hanging over his head.

Then a happy thought flashed into his mind. Running to the cradle, he caught up the baby, scattering pillows and blankets right and left, bundled an old shawl over her, snatched her half-filled milk bottle, dashed out of the house, and ran off in the direction of that clanging bell as fast as his stout young legs could carry him. The baby was a light little mite, only two and a half months old, and Elbert was nearly six years, and large for his age.

He met two women whom he knew, and who commenced making weak remarks, like "Why, Elbert!" and "What on earth!" but he bounded past them, with no answer but his panting breath, and reached the school house in such good time that the bell gave its last two clangs just as he handed over his funny burden to the astonished teacher.

"I couldn't leave her, and I *couldn't* be late," he said, as soon as he could get breath enough to speak. "And she'll go to sleep and be real good," he continued, as the teacher began to unwind the shawl.

And then the whole room saw a surprised, half-smothered-looking little baby, still in her night-gown, one bare foot sticking out, and her little fists tightly clenched, as if defying anybody to send her home.

The teacher was a good-natured young lady, and she laughed so that she almost dropped the baby on the floor, and then the whole room laughed, and finally Elbert joined in; for he was glad he had escaped the tardy mark, and the baby certainly did look funny in school.

Of course there could be no order. Nearly all the scholars had babies at home, or were well acquainted with those of their neighbors; but they acted as if they had never seen one before, and every movement of the little pink hands and every turn of the small bald head made them scream with laughter, until the principal of the school came into the room to see what the disturbance was, and after trying to look severe for five seconds, he laughed, too.

And while all this fun was going on, Elbert's mother was running wildly through the four rooms of her little house, calling her boy's name, and feeling sure that the children were either killed and thrown into the cistern, or else carried off like Charley Ross, and lost forever. The scattered pillows and upset rocking-chair, indeed, made the kitchen appear as if there had been a struggle, and the wide-open door and the gate creaking to and fro had a dreadful look to Elbert's mother. Just then the women whom Elbert had met stopped at the gate, and said to the mother, who was coming hurriedly out, "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Collins?"

"Oh, I don't know where my children are! I left them while I ran into Mrs. Brown's a minute, and the kitchen's all upset, and I'm afraid—"

"Why, we just now met Elbert with the baby, kiting along like the wind, over there by Webster & Green's. Leastways we supposed it was the baby, from the way he carried it. And he never—"

"Merciful man! he's taken her to school!"

About ten minutes later, a flustered little woman rapped at the door of the First Primary Room, and inquired for a baby. It was handed to her, along with an empty milk bottle, and wrapping them both in a red cloak which she carried, she thanked the smiling teacher, and walked quickly home.

At first she had felt very angry toward Elbert; but when she looked at the clock, and remembered his horror of being late, she softened toward him considerably, and by the time she had got the baby home, and found her none the worse for her little run away, she had her laugh also; and being a fair-minded woman, she told Elbert when he came home to dinner that it was very thoughtless in her to have staid so long at Mrs. Brown's. And Elbert gave her a hug, and said he was "glad he didn't *leave* the baby, 'cause she might have been burned up, you know!"

—*Harper's Young People.*

Robbie's Ride After His Father.

ROBBIE'S father was going to the city, and going on horseback, too. Robbie wanted to go very much, but it was a long way. Robbie was very little, so he must stay at home with mother. He watched his father ride away, and he did not cry, as everybody expected he would. O no, for a fine plan had crept into his small head.

After his father was out of sight, Robbie looked around until he found his stick horse. He didn't look for his hat, for he didn't like to wear it. He only kept it on because mother said, if he did not, he must wear a bonnet.

So, in his red dress, Robbie went trotting off through the front gate. Nobody was on the watch just then, and master Rob got well out of sight before any one missed him.

He had made up his mind that he would go with father, and expected every moment to catch up with him.

The stick-horse trotted bravely along the muddy road. Father's horse had gone through the mud. Robbie could see the tracks of the hoofs; so he would not turn aside either, but splashed along through every mudhole.

At last the stick-horse did not trot so merrily. He fell into a walk, for Robbie's shoes were so heavy with mud he could scarcely drag them out of each miry place. His hands were very red and cold, too. Surely he would soon find father, so he trudged along the muddy road. At last he did see a man, and on horseback, too. But he was coming towards Robbie. When at last he came up to the stick-horse and its tired rider, he stopped.

"Where are you going?" he asked of Robbie.

"I'm going after father, and he's gone to Richmond," said Robbie.

"Well, I wouldn't go any farther today," said the man. "You get up here in front of me and we'll have a fine ride home."

At first Robbie did not want to turn back. But the kind neighbor persuaded him, and took him, muddy shoes, stick-horse, and all, safely home.

Whether mother had missed Robbie before he got back, I don't know. But I do know she was glad the stick-horse had not carried its little rider on any longer journeys.

Robbie was washed and kissed and petted, but he never rode after father again.—*Our Little Ones.*

Glacial Americans.

IN such a winter as this it is peculiarly gratifying to learn that there have been Americans who have seen the valleys of this continent filled with glaciers, and even the mountain tops buried in them. The Natural History Society last night, discussing recent discoveries in the Trenton grave beds, seems to have about agreed, from the chipped stone implements found at the depth of sixteen feet below the surface, that a race of men lived in America at the same age that the most ancient dwellers in Europe laid down their stone shovels and hoes for future reference. We have been in the habit of considering America the land of big things, but it has most wonderfully dwindled, peaked and pined since those days when the Delaware river flowed a mighty stream, about fifty feet higher than its present level, and mastodons were among the game in the New Jersey forests, where men now hunt deer and such small game. These continued revelations of the pre-historic population that occupied America before the red Indians, who begin to look like quite a lot of immigrants, reveal also the gap between those races and that which we call the "aborigines." This gap is a portentous fact in American history, and proves that the human race has not so good a chance on this side of the planet as on the other, where the continuity of the race was never so completely lost. Starting even as the two hemispheres did, in the palæolithic or neolithic age, to judge from these discoveries of the crude arts of the epoch, the American world "petered out" completely perhaps at the very time when Egypt and India were in their glory. With ice 1,500 feet thick in the Delaware Valley, then containing 6,000 square miles (as Rev. Mr. Wright, of Andover, opined last evening), and other glaciers where other rivers are now drying up, man was still able to exist here as in Europe. But something worse befell the "Western" than the "Eastern" world, and crushed out human life here, or at least shook off its grip upon the earth for ages.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A dog got between the tracks on the Pennsylvania Railroad just as two express trains were approaching from opposite directions. The animal looked in either direction, and then did the only thing which could have saved him. He stretched himself out on his belly, placing his nose between his paws, and remained in that position until the trains had passed.

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HOME AND FARM.

COOKS make the mistake of boiling things too much. After reaching the boiling point meats should simmer. The toughest meats can be made tender by so doing.

THE farmer who has a neat and well-kept garden is almost sure to have a neat and well-kept farm, a comfortable and well-appointed home, tidy outbuildings and stock in good condition; and the housewife who takes pride in her garden generally has a home to take pride in and to be proud of.

TO RESTORE FROZEN PLANTS.—As soon as discovered pour cold water over the plants, wetting every leaf thoroughly. In a few moments it will be crystalized with a thick coating of ice. In this state place it in the dark, carefully covered with a newspaper. The ice will slowly melt, leaving the plant in its original state of health, but it must be left in a moderately cool place for several days.

POTATO SALAD.—Thin slices of cold boiled potatoes, thin slices of hard boiled eggs, minced pickled onions. Into a salad-dish put a layer of potatoes, cover with eggs and strew over a few bits of the onions. This alternate until all are in. Make a dressing in the proportion of one tablespoonful of vinegar to three of salad oil, one teaspoonful of salt to one-third teaspoonful of pepper and the same quantity of made mustard. Mix thoroughly and pour over. Let stand half an hour before eating.

TO BREAK a heifer or subdue an ugly cow requires wisdom and patience. Solomon said: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." For me to keep cool and control my voice and actions when I was kicked or covered with milk was one of the hardest things I ever undertook to do, and it took me a great while to learn to govern my feelings and use a little common sense. I always break heifers in the stanchions. Some of them do not need much training, but will stand quiet to be milked about the first time, just as though they were made for that purpose.—*J. O. Beal.*

TO KEEP LAMP CHIMNEYS FROM CRACKING.—The following receipt for keeping lamp-chimneys from cracking is taken from the *Diamond*, a Liepzig journal devoted to the glass interest: Place your tumblers, chimneys or vessels you desire to keep from cracking in a pot filled with cold water, add a little cooking salt; allow the mixture to boil well over a fire, and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way is said not to crack even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process, which may also be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the process, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will be the work.

PARLIAMENT GINGERBREAD.—These cakes are of a kind which were formerly sold at county fairs, and, indeed, are still found in village shops. Sometimes they are cut into the shape of kings and queens, and ornamented with gold and silver leaf. They are good plain cakes, well suited for children. Boil for ten minutes two ounces of whole ginger, which has been well crushed in a gill and a half of water. Strain, and let get cold, and if it has wasted add water to make up the original quantity. Mix a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, sifted fine, with a pound of flour, a small teaspoonful of caraway seeds, and half a teaspoonful of carbouate of soda. Put into this two ounces of butter or lard, and having well mixed a teaspoonful of treacle with the ginger water, make all into a paste. Roll it out on a board to the thickness of rather less than half an inch, and cut into any shape you choose. Put the cakes on a flour baking sheet, brush them over with water in which you have mixed a very small quantity of treacle, and bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. When this cake is required of finer quality two ounces of candied orange-peel is used instead of the ground caraway seed.

What Is Good Grape-Culture?

A FRIEND joyfully told us a few days ago of his anticipations in the grape way. He had bought a little place in the vicinity, and had made up his mind to have things right. His maxim was that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and he meant to do it. He had done it. He had dug out the dirt three feet into the clay, and had filled it in with light, rich compost, through which the roots might push their way in ease and comfort and live on the fat of the land. He had spent considerable money in doing the job well. He intended to get only the best vines, and felt sure such an expenditure would result in magnificent grapes, and plenty of them. He had done his work well.

It is strange that such a course as this should ever have been recommended by horticultural writers, but it is a fact that they have. Grapes are now so easily and cheaply grown—fruit often four and five cents a pound—that we had well-nigh forgotten that this was the standard advice of the books years ago. But our friend produced it in black and white from the pages which he had chosen as an anthority, and then we knew how it was in the olden time.

Now, our readers at least would know that instead of such a proceeding as this being an evidence of doing it well for the grape, it is simply an act of folly. The grape root needs to be warm and dry, but this deep well in the clay, encouraging the collection of water from all around it, has just the contrary effect. The roots are damp and cool, and not warm and dry.

Indeed, it is only of late years, when people have given up all this expensive foolery, that grape-culture has become a tolerable success. Under the old plan we had failure after failure, until we came to believe only those varieties which were little removed from the wild fox or the frost grapes could be grown. But now we have the finer kinds getting quite common. As soon as we gave up this deep-trenching nonsense, grape-culture—real grape-culture—took a fresh start, and this real culture consists in little more than planting a vine in good earth, of less depth than we would any ordinary tree, and see that it does not suffer for want of food. This is good grape-culture in a nutshell.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Millinery.

THE small bonnets are decidedly in the majority. They are more becoming, more comfortable, and possibly more within the limits of the purse-strings. The large hats of plush are very elegant, but must be worn with an elegant costume.

The ornaments on the bonnets are terrible. When the ladies confined themselves to the small humming-bird, and other pretty little feathered beauties, it was well enough, but now one sees doves, parrots, partridges, and even owls! Imagine an owl on a bonnet of pink plush, or a large owl hovering over a wide felt hat, with his great eyes staring one out of countenance! It may well be said that earth, ocean and sky are rifled to suit the feminine world. Steel embroideries also trim hats, and an elegant ornament was a band of gold Marguerites. The most absurd idea is the blushing bonnet, which is said to be constructed with strings that press the temples when a lady bows, and the pink tinge suffuses her face while the gentleman who has raised his hat to the fair one ignorantly imagines that the flush results from her pleasure at meeting him. This bonnet can be worn with the manufactured dimples which are said to be now the fashion. There are also rumors that the long gloves which cover the rounded arm of beauty conceal a false arm, so that there is no limit to the additions art makes to nature. The results are plensant, however. Women are looking wonderfully well. The present dresses are pretty. Much freedom is given to individual taste. There are no prescribed limits, so that the thick and thin must keep within them whether they like it or not. Colors even can be worn that are becoming; and from the multiplicity of materials, and the low price of goods that are fashionable, one can dress well. Cashmere evening dresses in light shades are as becoming to young ladies as those of satin, and are equally fashionable. Woolen costumes on the street are more elegant, if well made, than those of richer material that are "patched up." The cut, not the cloth, is the cry. The wealthiest, most fashionable ladies are seen in cloth costumes simply stitched but exquisitely fitted. Then young ladies can make pretty street costumes out of so few yards of material, and with skill they can easily make the pretty bead tablier that trims the skirts. One of the most agreeable and excellent features of the times is the attention paid to home dressing. No more slovenly wrappers and hair in crimps; it is no longer the *fashion*, and fashion reigns supreme ever. The home dress must be jaunty, and, with the little lace cap, the pretty matinee, the dainty apron, the painted cuffs and collars, the delicate lace fichus, the knots of ribbon and the cluster of flowers at the belt or in the hair, girls and matrons can make themselves doubly attractive, and at a trifling cost. These are not trifles unworthy of time and thought. On the contrary, they are duties. A woman who does not make the most of her personal appearance, who does not use all the taste she has in adding to natural graces, is to be blamed and pitied. Young married women ought to be especially on their guard against becoming slovenly in their appearance. The contrast between the pretty girl, so daintily attired, that he wooed and the slipshod woman in soiled wrapper and ruffled hair that he has won, is something too painful to the husband to be agreeable.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

Essential Qualities for a Residence.

The following is an extract from the lecture of Prof. N. C. Recker upon "Health and Disease as Affected by Building," delivered at the recent meeting of the Illinois Farmers' Institute:

THE essential qualities for a residence are pure air and water, good drainage, and healthy surroundings. Dampness, which results from imperfect drainage, is more general in dwellings than is supposed. Tile drain should be laid around a house below the level of the cellar, and two or three times across the cellar connecting with the same; then, by filling in a few inches of gravel and laying a floor of cement on the top, the house would be effectually secured from dampness.

Pure water is more difficult to obtain than pure air, and its impurities more difficult to detect. Our sources of supply in the country and smaller towns are, first, rain-water standing in cisterns; and second, wells. Cistern water, as a rule, was not wholesome, because cisterns were imperfectly constructed—not thoroughly cemented so as to exclude surface-water, and not closely covered to keep out insects, falling leaves, and occasionally stray cats—, all of which cause decomposition and unfit it for drinking purposes. If filtered, the filters are not cleaned often enough. Second, water from wells. The water through the West as a rule is hard; but this is not an objection for drinking purposes. No well should be located any nearer any source of possible pollution, like privy vaults, house-drains, or stables, than twice its depth, since it furnishes a drainage for the ground surrounding. The wall should be laid in cement from the surface to the water level to exclude surface water. The more water is used, so that a new supply is constantly coming in, the better.

The house-drainage or sewerage is a very important matter. The slops from the house should never be thrown out or allowed to run direct into a cesspool cleaned only semi-occasionally. The best system known for ordinary house-drainage is through glazed pipe to a tank, which, when full, empties itself automatically into a common drain-tile, through which it percolates into the soil and is taken up as plant-food. All house-drains should be through a single pipe, which should be trapped and have a ventilating pipe between the trap and the house, extending as high as the roof of the house. A house should never be built near permanent pools of stagnant water, nor near streams which receive the sewage of towns or cattle or hog yards. There should not be too much shade, especially on the south side, to exclude the direct sunlight.

NEW YORK girls are accused of imitating Barnhardt by going about with their mouths half open, making themselves look as if they had just encountered a ghost or a gorilla.

THE DAIRY.

TO ECONOMIZE in the dairy by using cheap salt instead of good salt, is to be penny wise and pound foolish.

DAIRYING, like other branches of farming, means work and constant watchful care, and success in it will only follow promptness, regularity and economy in the little details.

A DAIRY herd should be bred with care for the especial purpose for which it is intended. A cheese dairy should be bred for a large flow of milk; a butter dairy for a large yield of cream, without regard to the amount of milk.

IN Ireland dairy people have got a way of manipulating their butter with water, that they work in from eight to ten pounds of the fluid to every sixty pounds of butter. Thus manipulated butter will, when newly made, present all the appearance of first quality, but after it has been kept for a week or ten days it rapidly deteriorates, and finally becomes uneatable.

SOME calves get lousy in the fall and winter, and of course they will not thrive in such condition. A woolen cloth wrung out of kerosene and rubbed all over the animal is said to kill them or drive them away. I have used dry sulphur sprinkled on their backs and sides with good results; this is a cheap remedy and easily applied. I would not want to let them remain out in a cold storm just after putting it on. If they do get lousy, don't procrastinate and wait for the vermin to go away on their own accord; rest assured they will suck the life blood out of your calves first.—*Cor. Utica Herald.*

MR. SULLIVAN KILBRETH, Manchester, Me., gives this simple plan for preserving butter made in the flush season till the price improves: "After it is churned, properly worked and salted, pack in stone jars to within an inch or two of the top; then lay on a cloth and fill the jar with best butter-salt; place the jar in a clean flour barrel, having previously put four inches of salt in the bottom. Then fill up with salt, so as to cover the top of the jar to the depth of six or eight inches. Place the barrel in a cool cellar. The butter not only comes out sweet, but preserves all the aroma for which June butter is famous, and tastes as if just churned."

Which, Large or Small Cows.

A CLOSE scrutiny of all the circumstances attending a business and minute calculation of the expenses, will very often change the result from the credit to the debtor side of the ledger. It may never have occurred to many men engaged in dairying, or in many other kinds of business, that they count the gross results as profits, never having figured closely the expenditures. A cow, for instance, produces three hundred and twenty-five pounds of butter a year, and her owner is tempted to jump to the conclusion that she is a more profitable animal for the dairy than his neighbor's cow, which produces only two hundred and twenty-five pounds of butter a year. If his experience in such matters is limited, he will almost certainly do this. Should he, however, take the trouble to thoroughly observe all the circumstances that bear upon the two cases, and to calculate the outgoes necessary to produce the results which are compared, he will very often find that there is less profit in his three hundred and twenty-five pounds of butter than there is in his neighbor's two hundred and twenty-five pounds. His cow may be so much larger than his neighbor's cow that the extra food necessary to sustain the extra weight will make a very large hole in the profits. Up to the point at which profits in a dairy point of view, are equal, it seems that it would be reasonable to prefer a large animal, and our own preferences have always been in that direction. But there can be no shadow of doubt that there is a limit, and that when that is passed the large cow ceases to possess any advantage over a small one.

Two or three years ago Professor B. Arnold had an article in the New York *Tribune*, on this subject and his calculations are interesting. Of course he was writing more particularly for professional dairymen, who bend their energies to the production of the dairy articles, and bestow little thought upon the question of beef. It matters not whether such a course is the part of wisdom or not, it is a fact that men are apt to entertain but a single purpose in any undertaking, and they push forward to the accomplishment of that to the neglect of other things which are properly a part of their business. The question of beef enters into the calculation in some degree, even in the regular dairy, but with the farmer it enters very largely into it. However, let us see what Professor Arnold has to say. He takes two cows, one weighing 1,200 pounds and the other weighing 800 pounds, live weight, and being fed on the same kind of food and giving milk of the same quantity and quality. Starting now with the rule that it requires one pound of hay a day for every fifty pounds of live weight, as the necessary amount to keep the animal in uniform condition, he of course reaches the result at the expiration of ten years—the average period of usefulness of dairy cows—that it has taken 146 tons of hay to maintain 400 pounds of live weight which was not necessary for the production of milk. Then counting the hay at seven dollars a ton the cost of sustaining this weight is ten dollars and twenty-two cents a year, or $102.20 for the ten years. "If this valuation is not satisfactory," says Professor Arnold, "the reader may figure for himself and see how long he can maintain extra live weight before it will eat up its value in the cost of maintainance and bring itself into debt." The time he thinks would not extend much beyond one year.

This is probably as fair a presentation of the matter as could be made, and yet for the general farmer, size or beef, we repent, is something of an object, and to a certain limit may enter into the question of milk, butter and cheese without damage.—*Western Rural.*

—The philosophic Billings graphically illustrates the difference between a blunder and a mistake: "When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one," saith Josh, "he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one he makes a blunder."

—The copper-mining corporation exists on its copper ration.

[Pottstown Daily Ledger.]

A MICHIGAN journal relates the following: Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., suffered so badly with Rheumatism that he was unable to raise his arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him entirety.

MEN do not sit down on the ice merely to warm it nor to attract attention. They do it because they want time to think.—*Buffalo Express.*

[Atchinson Champion.]

No Benefit.

AN Indiana newspaper thus writes: Mr. George F. Helderle, of Peru, Ind., says that he had suffered very much with rheumatism, and used many remedies without benefit. He found the desired relief in St. Jacobs Oil.

LEAP-YEAR is a sham and a delusion. Not a single marriage was brought about last year in which the mate sex didn't have to do the popping.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is of more importance that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A GOOD design for the five-cent piece would be a head of St. Nickel us.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Novel and Interesting News.

The *Boston Globe* has made a happy deal. In an extraordinary special edition dated January 1, "1981," it presents the news of one hundred years from now, in a mighty interesting and stating manner. The Phonograph in Divorce Suits,—Sunday School Excursion in Air Cars,—Terrible Accidents in Mid-Air,—Invention of a Burglar Bouncer, are respectively treated from the standpoint of the advanced journalism of that day. News by the Talkogram and Photophone from all parts of the world is fully presented. To show the progress of those times, it is only necessary to state that "Ilrum Grant's bay mare Broad S. trots a mile in 1:37½." Every one should secure from his News Dealer or from Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., by whom this edition *is exclusively controlled and owned*, a copy of the *Boston Globe* for "1981." Mailed on receipt of price,—FIVE CENTS. To read it is to have grace and flexibility imparted to the intellect, and a strong desire to live on—as the poet would express it.

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YES, remarked a musical critic, recently from Kansas, the fiddle was bully; but I tell you when the fat chap with the big mustache laid hold of that bass fiddle and went for them low notes in the violin-cellar, I just felt as if a buzz saw was a-playin' Yankee Doodle on my backbone.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

VEGETABLE soup is composed of carrots, and other things thrown in.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DURING the performance of the "Masque of Pandora" at the Boston Theater, a downtown gentleman gave one of his colored help a ticket to see the play, jokingly remarking that he should like to know how he liked it, and what he thought of Mr. Longfellow as an actor. The next day our colored friend reported that he "liked the play very much, and Mr. Longfellow was a very nice bass singer; but," he added, "I don't like dose kind of lays where de talkin' is all done by singing."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THEY had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied. "I recognized your crooked legs."—*N. Y. News.*

"YOU'RE Sister 'Melia's feller, ain't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I funk," said the little one, "that mamma talks awfully 'bout the 'margerine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty." There's where the child made a mistake. He drew no candy that trip.—*New Haven Register.*

AN affidavit is generally pretty dry reading, and if there is anything indicrous in it it must be by accident. The following, however, is suggestive of the possibility of humor even in a law document: "The prisoner set upon me, calling me an ass, a scarecrow and an idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

A CINCINNATI man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great Heaven!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."—*Boston Post.*

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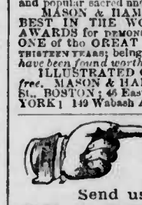

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WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.

☞ Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for the convenience of those that cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

Five Famous Operas.

MIGNON, (63.) Opera by AMBROISE THOMAS. This very successful opera first became known in Paris, where it slowly but surely worked its way to permanent distinction, and has become one of the standards. It is very full, occupies 405 pages, and furnishes to the purchaser quite a library of music of a high order.

AIDA, (62.) Grand Opera by VERDI. Composed and first given in that ancient kingdom, where also the scene of the story is laid. The strange life of old forgotten ages comes before us, and is made vivid by the thrilling music of one of the most brilliant of composers.

CARMEN, (62.) By GEORGES BIZET. A Spanish Opera, introducing Spanish Gypsies, Soldiers, Spanish Dons, a Torreador, and Spanish Contraband Traders. We are in contact with the bizarre ways and incidents of the Spanish Peninsula, and the music is quite in consonance with the prevailing brightness.

MEFISTOFELE, (62.) By A. BOITO. Mefistofele is the true fiend, according to Goethe, whose poem is closely followed throughout. A daring composition, romantic and wierd, and now widely given and pronounced a success.

FATINITZA, (62.) By F. von SUPPE, whose music is most taking, and who introduces us, in a free and easy and humorous way, to Russians and Turks during the war. Very popular.

Any Book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, N. Y. J. E. DITSON & CO., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

ASTHMA.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the severest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by those distressing maladies to use *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.'" T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $1.50. Terms surprise Agents. DOMESTIC SCALE CO. Cincinnati, O.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; 1 sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, 92. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

Tape Worm Infallibly cured. Send stamp for particulars. G. H. Wetzel, Druggist, Lancaster, O.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 810

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. BUCKSTEEL, 167 Wabash av., Chicago.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.—Never neglect to use a sufficient quantity of water. It too often happens that people, by inattention to the calls of nature, forget drinking altogether, and are no longer reminded of it, which is the great cause of aridity, obstructions in the lower stomach, and a multitude of diseases to be found so frequently among men of letters and females who lead a sedentary life. The best drink is *water*, a liquor commonly despised, and even considered as prejudicial; I will not hesitate, however, to declare it to be one of the greatest means of prolonging life. Theden, surgeon general, who ascribes his long life of more than eighty years chiefly to the daily use of seven or eight quarts (from twenty to twenty-four pounds) of fresh water, which he drank for upward of forty years. Between his thirtieth and fortieth year he was a most miserable hypochondriac, oppressed with the deepest melancholy, tormented with palpitation of the heart, indigestion, &c., and imagined that he could not live six months. But from the time that he began this water regimen all these symptoms disappeared, and in the latter half of his life he enjoyed better health than before, and was perfectly free from the hypochondriac affection.—*Hufeland.*

MIDDLE AGE.—Middle age is the one great test of a man's character. It is the five barred gate which rises suddenly before him in the middle of his journey. Some men walk calmly up to it, open the lock and pass through with the same equable, steady step as before; others spring over it and canter on, frisky, reckless, and ridiculous as in youth; while some, principally women, creep under it, and go smirking along, pretending that they have never yet met it. Single men and women like these, who ignore their years and try to be young with the young, have been butts for ridicule since time began; boys and girls are savagely merciless on them. And yet, this make-up, waltzing old bean, this wan, worn woman, coveting notice, aping the airy graces of rosy girls, how pitiable and tragical they are! They have somehow missed their birthright. They have not secured the great possession which make the middle age solid and full, and must they give up their youth, too? Shall they have nothing? The desperate hold which they keep on it is not so laughable when one comes to think of it.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing and a true one too, for boys who use tobacco. It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the nervous system. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach and blasts the brain and nerves.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The harmony of married life depends almost entirely upon dinners. It is not the state of the heart so much as the condition of the stomach which makes a man happy. It is better for a woman rank heresy, we know—to be able to make a cheerful home than to talk Greek. Before marriage, the ability to sing divinely and to play impossible music are very attractive; but when two people settle down to the steady work of loving each other for forty or fifty years, the kitchen inevitably emphasizes itself, and the chances of success are greater with a comely housewife than with an accomplished beauty, who knows everything except how to make the house attractive.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Mary E. Hilton vs William H. Bernard and others.

No. 18 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, That the sale made and reported by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, appointed to make sale of the real estate described in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 22d day of March, A. D, 1881: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $300.00.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—Test
2 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

21st Day of March A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

CHEVIOT DALE,

containing four thousand and thirty six acres of land. Also, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

HUNTING DALE,

containing one hundred and sixteen acres of land. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

MILL-SEAT,

containing seven acres of land, more or less.

These are valuable timber lands, and have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and three cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of State and County taxes due by the heirs of James Cunningham, deceased, for the year 1878, and also to satisfy the further sum of eighty-eight dollars and thirty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January A. D. 1880, being State and County taxes due by the said heirs of James Cunningham for the year 1879, said lands being assessed on the books of Garrett county to James Cunningham's heirs.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
2 26 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 10th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. F. No. 1, folio 295 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by F. C. Browning and others, is to pass said road to begin at the Piedmont line, on the Altamont and Barnard School House road, and running thence to the South West corner of Luke Woods lane, through the lands of J. R. Browning, Dr. S. P. Smith, and F. C. Browning will meet on the premises on Monday the 21st day of March, 1881, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

S. W. FRIEND,
L. A. STEMPLE,
JOS. SPIKER,
2 16 5t Examiners

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
1621-y1

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 31 y

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of horse-shoeing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS
5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3065. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Rack. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.
CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.
PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.
Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 8. SQUARE GRAND.
7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.
French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.
PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.
Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Ho! any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 W. H. TOWER.

PART OF WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-3T

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 2 28 1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. E. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. E. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-tf. H. WATSON.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¾ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

MISCELLANEOUS.

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AND AID IN THE

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The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

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EVERY VARIETY

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JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
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Tags,
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Pamphlets,
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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

—:o:—

CIRCUIT COURT.

Jury Terms—Second Monday of September and the First Monday of May.

Non-Jury Terms—First Monday of July and Third Monday of December.

Chief Judge—Hon. R. H. Alvey.
Associates—Hons. Wm. Motter and Geo. A. Pearre.
Clerk—W. H. Tower.
Sheriff—George D. White.
State's Attorney—Jno. W. Veitch.
Court Auditor—W. P. Townshend.
Standing Commissioners—Wm. A. Daily and A. B. Gonder.
Crier—Wm. Smouse.
Messenger—Jas. M. Bell.
Bailiffs—Wm. Waltz and T. Bosley.
Return days of Equity process—Third Monday in January, third Monday in March, third Monday in May, third Monday in July, second Monday in September, second Monday in November.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
Chief Judge—Isaac H. Kooken.
Associates—Joseph DeWitt. and Wm. Harvey.
Register of Wills—W. H. Hagans.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The regular sessions of the County Commissioners commence on the first Monday in January; the first Monday in April, being the levy term; and transfer term; the first Monday in June, being the levy term; the first Monday in July, the term for appointing judges of election, and the first Monday in October.

President, D. H. Friend; Commissioners, John Wilhelm and W. W. Broadwater.

Clerk—Fred. A. Thayer, who will be in the office on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week.

County Surveyor—John Harned.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

President—Wm. A. Brydon.
Commissioners—G. W. Delawder and Thos. H. Bittinger.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

District No. 1—Wm. Sharpless and Emil F. Droege.
2—J. M. Kessler and L. C. Fike.
3—Henry Winterberg & Sylvanus Butler.
4—A. J. Warnick and A. J. Michaels.
5—Wm. Hinebaugh & Jos. H. Davis.
6.—R. T. Browning & Francis Seabold.
7—R. B. Jamison and A. B. Gonder.
8—Chas. Best, Isaac I. Thompson.
9—Perry Weimer, J. Fazenbaker.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

District No. 1 H. O. Hamill.
2 Benj. H. Green.
3 Isaiah Fuller.
4 W. H. Bernard.
5 Daniel Hinebaugh.
6 Thomas Browning.
7 W. H. Hall.
8 W. F. Deakins.
9 Daniel Carey.

TOWN OF OAKLAND

Burgess—A. L. Osbourn.
Commissioners—Thos. Carr, E. H. Bartlett, W. M. Caddington, John W. Smith.
Clerk—King Delawder.
Bailiff—P. A. Chisholm.
Postmaster—Ralph Thayer.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meet every first and third Thursday night.

I. O. O. F. No. 122—Meet every Monday night.

Alta Lodge No. 574. *K. of H.*—Meets in Legge's Hall 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

I. O. G. T. No. 114—Meet every Tuesday night.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881. NUMBER 3.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

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HUMAN NATURE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they are as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the cozies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature as we shall see,
For are the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone in the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
However, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—*her rabbit's dead!*"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—*his rabbit's dead!*"

A POEM BY WINONA SILVER.

I sat in the editorial sanctum (the chief was in Europe, and consequently I had twice as much work as usual to do) toiling through a long mass script, and wishing with all my heart that the distinguished writer had seen fit to use the familiar letters of the alphabet instead of hieroglyphics of his own, indistinctly representing them, when there came a light tap at the door. "Come," I called, rather sharply, for I was a little vexed at being interrupted, and the door opening softly, disclosed a lightly clad—much too lightly clad for a cold January day; I saw that at a glance—girlish figure standing on the threshold.

"Are you the editor—Mr. Gray?" asked a very sweet, timid voice.

"I am," I replied. "Come in, please."

The girl entered, closed the door, sat down in the chair beside my desk, to which I motioned, and said never a word. I could hear her breath come quickly, as though she was terribly frightened, and I purposely went on with the unraveling of the Oriental characters before me to give her time to recover herself; for I remembered with painful distinctness my own first call upon an editor (knowing intuitively this was a first call), when my heart, albeit was a manly one, thumped harder than it ever thumped before or since. At last I raised my eyes from the paper. My visitor had thrown back her veil, from which dripped little drops of water—melted snow—and was regarding me with a wistful, beseeching gaze. In return, I regarded her with one of astonishment, for hers was the sweetest and most heart-touching face I had ever seen in my life, and so peculiar in this beauty that I find it hard to describe it. Big pathetic light brown eyes, with glints of gold in them; long bronze-brown lashes; hair of the palest sunshine, as though moonlight and sunshine, had mingled together; slightly parted rosy lips, revealing a glimpse of small white teeth; colorless but prettily rounded cheeks; and over all that indescribable charm of innocence that is to youth beauty, to use old and well-worn similes, as the bloom to the peach and the frangrance to the rose.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, speaking gently enough this time.

"I—have—a—story," stammered the poor little thing. It's my first—and if you only would—"

"I will look over it with pleasure," I said, as she paused, apparently unable from sheer nervousness to go on. "Leave it with me, and I promise to give it my earliest attention."

And as she handed me the roll of paper, I saw she wore no gloves, and her hands were red with the cold; but I also saw they were as exceptionally pretty as her face, with slender tapering fingers, and pink shell like nails.

"It is not written on very nice paper," she said, rising, as I took the manuscript from her. "I had nothing but scraps of old letters, and backs of circulars and bills; but"—with a gleam of modest pride, and a glance at the hieroglyphics—"I write very plainly, and it will not take you long to read it. And when may I call for an answer?"

"To-morrow," said I, without a moment's hesitation, though I knew I ought to devote all the time I could spare from my other duties for weeks to the very lengthy contribution of the distinguished author.

"Thank you;" and she flitted away as noiselessly as she had entered.

But for the life of me I could not forget her. Wherever my gaze fell, there I beheld those great pathetic eyes, that faint golden hair, those pretty curved, trembling lips. "And she was cold. Cold! I should think so—actually shivering in that thin shawl, while I, great strong fellow—" (looking at my heavy overcoat hanging on the opposite wall). "Pshaw! you may stay there to night." And I actually went home without it, as though that would make the poor girl any warmer and caught a severe cold in consequence, as I might have known I would. After which ebullition I began the story, and read it through.

It was written plainly, that could not be denied; in fact, in the way of chirography, it was all that could be desired; and there were some pretty and fairly original ideas in it, and some gleams of a poetic nature; but the plot was so highly romantic and visionary, and the whole thing so evidently the work of one who had not yet even mastered the primer of authorship, that it was impossible to give it a place in the publication of which I was junior editor.

But never did the necessity of saying "No" so distress me before, not even when Alveretta Strawhorn, since known as the author of "A Riddle Solved by a Cimeter," told me that, in spite of my rejection of her novelties, "the laurel wreath of fame would encircle her brow when I was still groveling, the obscurest of the obscure."

I slept but little that night, thinking of it. Something told me it would almost break the girl's heart. Should I accept it, pay for it myself, and then consign it to the waste-basket? No, that would not do, for she would be anxiously watching for its appearance in print, and bringing more stories meanwhile for my consideration too. What could I do? Morning found me undecided.

When I took my place at my desk, I was still undecided. And I had reached no decision when, in answer to that gentle knock, for which I had waited as I believe no editor ever waited for would-be contributor's knock before, I again called "Come." She came in, sinking into the visitor's chair, raised her eyes in mute inquiry to my face. I searched my brain for some harmless falsehood with which to soften the blow, but those eyes compelled the truth. "I have carefully read your story," I said, "and am sorry to say it would not suit our paper." The little hands went up to the face; the veil dropped over them. I heard a stifled sob, and my heart began to ache. "But that is no reason, Miss Silver," I continued, with assumed cheerfulness, "that, with a few alterations, it should not suit some other. If you will leave it with me, I will take it home to-night, revise it, and you can try it again."

The veil was tossed aside, and down came the hands. "Oh, I am so ridiculously afraid of strangers and strange places!" she said, a wan little smile shining through her tears. "I should never have dared to come here had I not heard you were one of the kindest of men. Is there nothing you can give me to do, Mr. Gray? I can read the most illegible of writing readily—a talent I inherit from my dear father—and I can copy rapidly and plainly."

Now I had nothing on hand which it was absolutely necessary that I should have copied, but a vision of the poor child toiling up dark stairs into cheerless offices, cold and frightened, with that, in its present form, unsalable story, rose before me, and I determined to make work for her until I could find her some easy, permanent employment elsewhere. So I said, quickly, as though it were the very assistance of all others of which I stood in need. "If you are willing to accept work of that kind, I can employ you two or three hours a day for a month or two, and you may begin at once."

Her eyes sparkled the thanks she did not speak. I bade her lay aside her hat and shawl, seat herself at the chief's desk, and prepare to copy the Chinese like, characters of the famous author over which I had been puzzling the day before.

She obeyed me with the simplicity of a child, and soon was bending over her task, a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, transcribing quickly and faithfully.

As for me, the sight of that tiny hand traveling over the paper with wonderful grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile drooping above it, caused some ludicrous mistakes in the article I was writing, about which mistakes I received no less than seventeen communications during the week following its publication.

The two or three hours passed away. She showed me what she had accomplished with pride, accepted payment for it with a hush, donned the summer shawl and hat, and tripped away, promising to come again on the morrow. The morrow found her punctually at her post, and so many morrows, and at last the M. S. was almost copied, and I had been unable to find any other employment for my faithful little amanuensis. Meanwhile the child had told me her sad story. Her mother died at her birth. She had never had any home, but had always lived in boarding houses with her father, a school teacher, who, dying a year ago, left her to the mercy of an only relative, a wealthy aunt. That aunt—Heaven forgive her!—refused to receive her, saying she had "children of her own to look after, and she saw no reason why the girl should not follow her father's profession."

"I tried to," said Winona, "but the children would not mind me. Minnie Minceitt minds me, because she loves me. I board with Mrs. Minceitt, and teach Minnie in part payment of my board. Mrs. Minceitt is not unkind to me; but she is not as kind as she was before papa died. And papa used to say I wrote excellent compositions, and so I though, perhaps, I could write stories for the papers. And I was induced to come to you first by hearing a gentleman, a writer, praise you very highly one day. 'He is one of the kindest-hearted fellows in America,' he said. But, for all that, I came to your door three days in succession before I could get courage enough to knock. And when I did knock on the fourth day, you called 'Come' in such an awfully cross voice that I came near running away again. And on one of those three days, when I was standing outside, you were laughing and talking with a handsome young lady. I heard you, and saw her. She had the loveliest ostrich feather in her hat."

"And what has become of the story, Winona?" asked I. She had rebelled against "Miss Silver," or even "Miss Winona," at an early period of our acquaintance, on account of my being so much older than she. I was eight-and-twenty, and she was ten years younger.

"My story"—with a musical laugh—"which you altered until it was almost your story? I sent it to the *Weekly Romance Portfolio*, and they accepted it; and well they might, for, thanks to you, it was very good indeed. And they sent me back for it—a very short check for such a long story—and there it is," pointing to a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. "And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"A poem of mine, if it deserves that title;" and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and a really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, conscious that Winona was glancing at me every now and then from under her long lashes, but in reality puzzling my brain, as I had a hundred times before, as to what was to become of the poor, pretty, frank, innocent girl, left alone to battle with the world.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed aloud, "it's too bad."

"Is it so very bad?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"I wasn't referring to your verses, Winona. They are very good indeed, my—I should say Winona."

"And you will accept them?"

I parried the question with another. In a flash, my heart had been revealed to me.

"Winona, will you write a valentine for me? I never could do anything in the way of rhymes myself."

"I shall be glad to do so," her voice trembling a little. "Is it to be to the handsome ostrich feather?—I mean to the handsome young lady with the ostrich feather?"

"Perhaps. Take a sheet of paper and set down in prose what you are to turn into poetry. Tell her that the first time I saw her my heart owned her for its queen: that since that bright and happy day she has never been absent from my thoughts; that I love her with sincerest love, and long to hear her say that she loves me."

The little maiden grew paler and paler as she wrote, and when she had finished, I saw the hands go half way to the saddened face, but fall again in obedience to a will-command.

"I will write it to-night, and bring it early to-morrow," she said, "for to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."

And although I reached the office earlier than usual next morning, Winona was there before me, looking, poor child, as though she had passed a weary, sleepless night.

"I have brought the verses," she said, "and I hope you will like them."

"I am sure I shall," I replied. "Read them to me, Winona."

When first by me—Heav'n bless the hour!—
That face of beauty rare was seen,
That voice was heard, my slumb'ring heart
Straightway awoke and owned its queen.

And never can it sleep again,
But filled with Love's supreme delight,
The lovely image entertain
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night.

But with thy image can I not
Forever, dear, contented be,
And so I pray St. Valentine
To give thy charming self to me.

"And I hope you will be very happy," said Winona, choking a raising sob.

"But perhaps she won't have me," said I.

"Won't have you?" repeated Winona, as though such a thing were impossible.

"She might not. But I shall soon know my fate. Here is an evelope. Please direct it."

Winona waited with unlifted pen.

"Miss—Winona—Silver."

"Miss Winona Silver!"

"Miss Winona Silver. You have written a valentine to yourself."

"And you mean it?"

"I mean every word of it. If you doubt me, add 'P. S.' in plainest prose. 'Will you be my wife?'"

"I'm the happiest girl in the whole wide world," said Winona, "and 'Ill never write another story the longest day I live."

I took her little hand in mine. "You never shall, my darling," I said, when the office door flew open, and in stalked the chief. "Mr. Penton—Miss Silver, my intended wife," I hastened to say, with much discomfiture, it must be confessed. "And now, Winona," I added, "run away home, and never come here again. I must not be disturbed during working hours."

"I am glad to see that you have so strict a sense of the fitness of things," said Mr. Penton, with a grim smile, which led me to believe that Mr. Warren, our scientific editor, whose desk was at the extreme end of the long room, had not been as deeply absorbed in his work at times as I had thought him to be.

DASHING IT OFF.—The first and most prevalent misconception of tyros is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be "dashed off." They have heard, of course, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a week; that Byron was only 13 days over "The Corsair;" that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of "Waverley;" and that Burns composed "Tam o' Shanter" between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumns; Byron had already spent the best of his years in the constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was as expert and practiced in verse making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the supereminent genius of all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celerity all at once. They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of new clothes. It was in each case the result of the unwearied practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early, and where the first work was the best; but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule in these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labor in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and rewrote the first of their productions three or four times over; and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over yet again! It may be taken, therefore, as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence, to spare no labor in perfecting and polishing, and to leave no word, or sentence, or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointments. —*Chambers's Journal.*

"DON'T CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT."—There was once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall not dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place; suppose it should break through, and we should fall into the river and be drowned?"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby!"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety. Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen; don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out?" or, "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

A VALUABLE COIN.—An expert coin dealer says the most valuable modern coin is a Confederate States silver dollar, which is valued at $1,000. There were only a few of these coins struck. The Confederate Government had the dies made and a few coins were struck at the New Orleans Mint for the inspection of Confederate officials. They found, however that they had no silver, and no more were coined. Jeff. Davis says he had one of these coins on his person when captured, but some one took possession of it—he does not know who. Possibly it may be in circulation yet as a genuine coin of the United States. One side of the coin was in fact made with a regular die used in the New Orleans Mint to strike off United States silver dollars. The other side was especially devised for the purpose. The legend reads: "Confederate States of America." There is a shield, with bars and seven stars, surmounted by a liberty cap. The shield is inclosed by a wreath composed of cotton and sugar stalks.

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentime I have seen a ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible towline with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the confluent tide no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare, toiling arm, and brave, warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.

Consumption may be prevented by checking a cough or cold in time, and nothing equals Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for throat and lung affections. 25 cts.

The Republican.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A COUPLE OF MAGPIES.

I RODE in a horse car the other day
With some girls who ran on in this sort of way:

"Good heavens! what a stranger you are.
I'm awfully glad you took this car.
I'm going down town for a little spree.
Where were you going? Can't you come with me?"

"No; I just came out for a bit of a lark
And a little shopping; but keep it dark.
I've been so busy I'm almost dead,
And I've a million things to do," she said.

"It's horrid walking, but it's warm as spring;
I think it's too lovely for anything;
But the days are so short it will soon be dark."
And her friend replied, "I should so remark."

"I wish you'd join our Sunday-school mission;
It is in a flourishing condition;
We have more than forty nice young girls,
And one of them has the loveliest curls.
One of my friends has a class of boys;
I don't like them—they make too much noise;
I suppose their heathen minds must be fed,
But sometimes it's enough to turn one's head."

"Have you seen Salvini? Oh, you ought to go;
He's perfectly splendid—you'd like him, I know;
Did you see Bernhardt?" "Yes, I saw her twice;
I think her costumes were awfully nice."

"Your sack is lovely—such a pretty make—
I really think it takes the cake;
And your hat is just the l-l-loveliest s—," "
And the other one answered, "Well, I should smile."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"DOCTOR GILLYFLOWER'S PILL."

EVER since I began studying medicine with Dr. Oleander Sawens I have been planning a house. Not an abstract house, but the house I hoped some day to build and live in. I used to make sketches of doors, windows and verandas on the margins of my Anatomy; and the old Doctor, who was very short-sighted, thought I was developing a remarkable talent for drawing bones. I recollect making what I thought was a very fine picture of a Corinthian column, which I hoped would one day support my back stoop, when the Doctor, coming up behind me, slapped me on the back and cried: "Well done, my boy! Well done! I never saw the femur better represented in my life."

I had plenty of time for my planning. When I was young, physic was not the profitable profession it now is. Nerves were better strung and stomachs were a deal tougher. Scammony, gamboge, mercury and opium, with the lancet and the blister, either killed or cured the patient quickly and the pay was small.

At the age of twenty-five I married Phila Ann Butterfoss, only child of Ezra Butterfoss, M. D., deceased. We set up housekeeping in the Butterfoss mansion, and I moved my "specimens," my pills, and my powders into my dead father-in-law's office, which stood quite by itself among the elms in the spacious yard.

Although I was now provided with a home, my desire to plan and build a house increased, rather than diminished. The Butterfoss mansion was over fifty years old. A wide hall ran through the center of it, the rooms were large and high, and there was plenty of them, but the whole place lacked picturesqueness and what is called, in colloquial slang, style. By the provisions of my father-in-law's will, the house could be sold only by my wife, and as Phila Ann flatly refused to part with it and was impervious to argument or persuasion, I soon gave up all thoughts of building my ideal house until I should be able to save the money necessary for the work out of my own earnings. But three years after my marriage a great change occurred in my fortunes.

I had always had great regard for the honor of my profession. Patents taken out for happy combinations of drugs and all advertising I had always despised. But I was called to treat a peculiar case of wind-colic, and tried almost everything in the pharmacopœia without success. The patient grew restless, and, as he was one of my best patients (some of his family being sick nearly all the while), I did not relax my efforts, but kept on mixing pills and powders for him, until I hit upon a pill that seemed really the result of inspiration. So wonderful was its effect, I tried it upon all my patients, not even excepting old Jabez Sprat, who was laid up with a broken leg. The result was happy in every case; for, though it did not always benefit, it never injured anybody, which is saying a great deal for one pill.

I struggled with my prejudices and my pride for some time; but at last I applied for a patent, and soon my pill—"Dr. Gillyflower's Favorite Pill"—packed in neat tin boxes, graced every drug store in the country.

In six months I made fifteen thousand dollars out of my pill, and then I began talking about a new house in earnest. I discussed the merits of a square lot and a deep lot, and exposures north, south, east and west, and had the refusal of all the unoccupied land in the corporation. My friends sent me books on the domestic architecture of all countries, Patagonia not excepted, and every other day Mr. Plummet invited me into his office to see a plan. After much deliberation I purchased a corner lot that faced two of the finest streets in our town.

My tastes are cosmopolitan (an American's should be), and I decided to unite in my house the simplicity of a Greek temple and the elegance of an Italian villa. Plummet seized my idea and worked it up into something that looked upon paper very *recherché* indeed. The main part of the house was as purely Greek as Girard College. The wing was in the most florid Italian style, and at the exreme end of it was a square tower, capped with one of those peaked roofs which have the general effect of a half-shut umbrella. It was, as Joe, the blacksmith, said of London, "very architecteraloonal."

It was a trying time for me while the plans were discussed. I am somewhat absent-minded, and such phrases as "hard finish," "butter not oiled" appeared in my prescriptions, and I told the Rev. Paul Pimpkin, who was suffering from poor appetite, induced by a disappointment in love, that I thought a veranda in the Japanese style and Venetian blinds would cure him.

The internal arrangements of the house I left entirely to Plummet. Mrs. Gillyflower remonstrated, and declared that, at least, the plan of the kitchen and pantry must be submitted to her; but I commanded her to be silent and attend to her sphere, as I thought it probable that Plummet knew better than she did what was convenient and suitable for a kitchen.

As soon as the walls were up, the wags about town called the house "Gillyflower's Pill," a name in which I have since seen a sad significance. About this time the agents for wall-paper houses began to visit me. Dado & Co. sent a man with a large wagon-load of books full of samples, and for two whole days the fellow expiated on the beauties of each particular pattern; and we grow so tired and confused I agreed to allow the firm a certain amount of money and let them fix the rooms to suit themselves.

We moved into our new quarters in October, and before we were settled everything seemed to be entirely satisfactory. But very soon Mrs. Gillyflower informed me that there was no china-closet off the dining-room, and no room in the pantry for anything save a little tin. I found her complaint just, on examination; and the pantry was not only very small, but entirely dark, so that the gas had to be kept burning constantly. The kitchen, instead of being the roomy apartment I had supposed any man of sense would plan, was exactly twelve feet square. Our bed-room next made itself disagreeable. It was also in the Italian wing, and there were so many windows and doors in it there was no place for furniture. Our bed had to stand in the middle of the floor, in what I call a cross-cut of draughts, and my wife and I were snuffling or coughing nearly all the time. As the days grew shorter, I found the parlor was light only two hours during the afternoon, when it received a few rays from the setting sun. It was, of course, in the Grecian upright, and the colonnade in front of it was so arranged that a great pillar stood in front of each window. But the most uncomfortable room in the whole house was my office. Mrs. Gillyflower said I would find the other rooms equally disagreeable, if I was in them as she was from morning till night; but I doubt it, for it did seem as though in the office Plummet had taxed his ingenuity to the utmost to put everything in the wrong place.

Our parlor walls were decorated with bottle-green paper, on which was painted the most luxuriant red hollyhocks. Our bedroom was a dark slate color, and the designs seemed to me millions of gilt snakes squirming in mute agony. Our dining-room was nearly all brick-red border. The little space left between the Dado and border proper was a sort of red pink; and the effect of these tints suggested a torture chamber to me, rather than the eating-room of a quiet Christian family. As the other rooms in the house were finished somewhat like these I have described, there was not a place where our old furniture and carpets looked well, and, spite of myself, though I was deeply in debt, I was compelled to buy new things for every room, not excepting the kitchen, for Bridget threatened to leave "if she cuddent hav' a range instid of that owld cook-stove. 'Twas as owld-fashi'ned as a hair-cloth soffy." Even our china, which was Haviland's best, looked wrong in the red dining-room, and had to be replaced by decorated porcelain.

But I found that our new chairs and sofas were all built on the right-angle plan. Instead of fitting the body, the body must be fitted to them. As this task was very irksome to me, I ordered certain chairs and couches that I knew were comfortable to be sent home from the auction-rooms and stored in our attic.

The winter was very severe, and so revealed to us the defects in our house that we began to remodel it at the first dawn of spring. Plummet assured me that I would ruin the effect of the Italian wing if I removed any of the windows in our bedroom; so I had them bricked up and left the blinds and casing untouched. He tried to dissuade me from changing the parlor; but, as I knew the darkness was injuring the eyesight of the entire family, I had the window reset, so we could look out between the pillars and a modicum of light could shine in. These changes necessitated repapering, and more long bills from Dado & Co. As the northwest wind seemed to be deflected from its course by the tower, and in consequence plunged down our kitchen chimney, putting out the fire and filling the house with gas, I built up the chimney eighteen feet and covered it with a hood, and thus made that chimney so prominent that from a certain point the house looked very like a gas factory. After the warm weather set in, I built a bay window on the south side of the sitting-room, run out the kitchen six feet and made a new pantry, and enlarged my office. When these improvements were completed, I confess my house looked like a patient of mine, whose body is distorted and joints enlarged by inflammatory rheumatism, and I was so in debt my only salvation was in the popularity of my "Favorite Pill."

I can not detail all my vexations with that house, for they were legion. I lived in it till I had spent upon it and its furnishings about thirty-five thousand dollars, when fortunately I sold it to a man who had become a millionaire selling pigs. To be sure I only received half what I had expended; but the burden of it had become so insupportable that the day I left it, and with Phila Ann and the children rode over to the old Butterfoss house, was the happiest of my life. I felt like dancing a jig when I went into the wide old parlor. And the office—ah! what a charming place it did seem. The fragrance of aloes and rhubarb still hung about it. Every door and window was in exactly the right spot, and I can not describe the pleasure I took in again hanging up my skeletons in its roomy closets and setting up my bottles on its wide shelves.

The old-fashioned things I had stored in the attic and what I could buy of my progressive and art-loving neighbors furnished our house. Nothing was too nice to use or too delicate for the sun to shine on, and our friends, after laughing at us a little, said our house was the pleasantest one in town; and they told the truth, for we had light and air, furniture built with some regard to the curves of the human body, and really tasteful combinations of color on our walls. There is an old story of a flea who took up his abode in a lobster-shell, not because he needed it, but because it was finer than the dwellings of his friends, and would be good property to sell if a real lobster should come along. Somehow, the house I built always reminds me of that lobster-shell. Perhaps the man who is now in it is a real lobster and feels at home. I hope so. I never did, any more than the flea. There are a great many very crude notions afloat on the subject of what is beautiful in houses and their decorations; and fully one-half the persons who profess to know all about it are as ignorant as so many barn-owls. I therefore sincerely pity all people who are about to build or buy a house; and in the hope that I may assist to avoid possessing what is unsuited to their wants and tastes, to them I dedicate this brief account of what my neighbors call "Dr. Gillyflower's Pill."—*Elizabeth Cummings, in N. Y. Independent.*

The "Begardus Surprise."

REPRESENTATIVES of the press, the Mayor, two or three clergymen and several members of the Scientific Association took sleighs at the City Hall yesterday afternoon and drove out to Cass Avenue to witness the workings of a new invention lately brought out by John Bogardus, the same gentleman who invented the newspaper office attachment known as the "Bogardus Kicker." It took some little time to convince the newspaper fraternity that the Kicker was just the machine which had been looked for ever since newspapers began to "X" with each other, but this new invention will be sold on sight. It is called the "Bogardus Surprise," and is a very simple piece of machinery. It can be attached to any sort of sleigh or cutter in three minutes without the aid of any tool except a monkey wrench. It is neat and compact, able to stand a very heavy strain, and is furnished at a reasonable price. The object and workings of the invention were clearly seen within five minutes after the party were on the ground. One was attached to a cutter, the horse started off on a trot, and several children belonging to the Clay School at once rushed for the vehicle with the cry: "Here's a hitch!" A boy about twelve years old had only just caught on when the "Surprise" picked him off his roost, turned him end for end, shook him till his teeth rattled, and heaved him clear over the walk into a snow-bank. It was just three minutes from the time the boy was picked up until he got breath sufficient to remark:

"Oh! you think you've done it, don't you!"

The next victim was a boy with a quart of molasses in a tin pail. The machine was given an extra pressure, as the boy was strong and fat, and he was turned end for end three times and pitched over the port-quarter in just seven seconds by the Mayor's watch. The pail of molasses struck a hitching-post and was scattered a distance of eighteen paces, as paced by one of the clergymen. In two minutes from the time he was seized, the fat boy arose to his feet with the remark:

"I guess I'd better walk the rest of the way home!"

In the course of an hour the "Surprise" was worked on fifteen different boys, none of whom will ever "hitch on" again as long as he lives. Total surprise and utter annihilation were complete in every instance, and yet no victim received a fatal injury.

Orders for fifty were given the inventor on the spot. The Mayor said of it:

"It is simply immense. I shall now drive from sunrise to sunset."

One of the *savants* passed his cigarette around and remarked:

"It will be of more value to the world at large than a hundred-thousand-dollar telescope."

One of the eminent divines gave an order for two and added:

"Its effects on the moral status of the next generation can not be appreciated in dollars and cents."

It is probable that at least one hundred of these machines will be at work on the principal streets before the week is out, and if your boy comes home limp and reserved and humble-minded you needn't believe that a delivery sleigh ran over him unless you want to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ures Troolle."

A WIDELY varying importance is attached to this style of signing the name to a letter. This frequently leads to considerable misapprehension. There are people who, after very long acquaintance, and having warm regard for each other, never get beyond "Yours truly," or, at most, "Truly yours," which is, we believe, generally accepted, we know not why, as just one shade warmer. On the other hand, there are those who in a few weeks reach "Ever yours," and even "Ever affectionately yours." "Where," was once bitterly asked, "are all the 'ever affectionately yours' of ten years ago?" Has not every one who has reached middle life a number of letters hidden away in some bureau, with a signature as warm as this from some one to whom he would now neither give nor get aught warmer than a "Faithfully yours," if as much? It not seldom happens that people who have a warm manner give a cold signature, and vice versa. The great Duke of Wellington was a case in point. The most un-Irish of Irishmen, there was a decided absence of genial cordiality about him; yet his letters are full of "Ever affectionately yours." As we get on in life there appears a decided tendency to curb any affectionate exuberance in signature. Very few of us—men, at least—sign "affectionately" to any male acquaintance made after we reach twenty-three. It is just as well to be a little careful as to this matter of signature, remembering that many do attach considerable importance to it, and see in it an emphatic indication of the measure of regard intended.

A GERMAN named Rubner has been making some interesting experiments to determine what proportion of the several ingredients of various foods are absorbed in the body. It was found that with carots and potatoes no less than 39 per cent. passed through the body, leaving 61 per cent. to be retained. It was proved that far more of flesh is retained than of any other food.

SOME Chicago men in 1878 established a line of telegraph from Chicago to Milwaukee which cost $14,000, and paid $5,000 profit in one year.

GENERAL.

THE late A. H. Howard, of Townshend, Vt., left $10,000 to that town for the support of the poor.

Two frogs put in an earthen jar with a little water by a physiologist, who intended to use them for experimentation, were overlooked for nine months, during which time they were without food. Yet when found at last they were "alive and kicking."

IN Nebraska at the last election a Winnebago Indian was refused the right to vote. The Indian has put in a claim for $6,000 damages, and the State courts will now have to determine whether under the Fourteenth Amendment Indians have the right to vote or not.

AN incident absolutely without precedent in the annals of universal suffrage occurred in the Department of the Ande, France, during the municipal elections. The parish of Thezau, in the arrondissement of Narbonne, has a population of 500 souls, but not an elector presented himself at the poll on Sunday, January 9.

MR. EVARTS has had prepared mahogany fac-similies in miniature of the desk upon which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and which was presented to the country last year by the descendants of Jefferson. One of these miniature desks will be sent to each of the gentlemen who, in the House and Senate, made the speeches of presentation and acceptance.

RUDALP CHAPMAN, a little negro boy, found a box in a vacant lot in Washington the other day, and carried it home to his father, who opened it and saw that it contained valuable jewelry. The Chapmans are very poor, there was not much to eat in the house, and the children needed bread. But Mr. Chapman did what all white men would not do. He sold some rags for twenty-five cents, and with the money advertised the treasure in his possession. It proved to be jewelry stolen from Col. Roger Jones, of Pennsylvania Avenue, two days previous.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, speaking the other day of a letter which he had just received from a colored Republican about the writer's appointment as Postmaster of Athens, Ga., said: "I would go on his bond for $50,000, and so would almost any other white man who knows him. He was my body servant when I was a Confederate Senator, and attended to all my private affairs. He used to write for me at my dictation, and did many of the things which a private secretary would do. He carried $30,000 of my money when the federal guns could be heard in Richmond."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter sent to him by a tenant farmer of Carnarvonshire, England, on agricultural depression and the relations between landlord or agent and tenant, says: "The conditions of agriculture in this country are unfavorable for the farmer and for the public. Misfortunes may change them, as they may force the farmers to say something and exert themselves. I have preached to farmers for nearly forty years with but little result. American competition may speak to them and to our landlord class with more effect."

IT gives one a vivid idea of the incalculable loss to the country in material wealth from the wanton or accidental destruction of our forests to read that the damage from forest fires in but three States, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, and in but a single year, 1871, is estimated at the enormous sum of $215,000,000. As a consequence of similar destruction, settlers in Minnesota have been compelled this winter to burn their furniture, farm implements, outhouses and even the floors of their dwellings to keep from freezing. Others have paid from $17 to $20 a cord for firewood. No wonder the Minnesota Foresters' Association is pressing so energetically the need of renewing their woodlands.

MRS. PRUDENCE LAKIN, of Pease Eddy, N. Y., has lived for 107 years in Delaware County, and during that time has seldom been outside of its borders. She despises carpets, for the reason that the dust they hold is injurious to the lungs, and twice daily her rooms in constant use are washed with cold water. She delights in tales of the days when the Indians made life a burden in that part of the State. Two summers ago she killed a four-foot rattlesnake with a stone shovel, and its thirteen rattles are preserved with pride by a great-granddaughter. Not long ago Mrs. Lakin had an opportunity of reading her own obituary, which was written on the erroneous announcement of her death.

Too Much Education.

LONG ago the poet told us that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," and while the line doubtless had more of truth than poetry in it at the time it was written, this might be said of it with still greater positiveness at the present time. Comparatively few drink deep at the Pierian spring, though a mighty multitude think they have quaffed of its contents to an extent that imperils the supply. A little learning is the great curse of society, and it is a little learning that is acquired at the majority of our higher educational institutions. It is not the fault of the latter that this is so; the best instructors rarely forget to urge upon the student's mind the fact that the so-called methods of education are intended more to teach how to learn than what to learn. But the young men and women of the country do not understand this as generally as they should. On the contrary, they are possessed of the misleading idea that a diploma from a college is an indisputable proof of a liberal and practical education. When they present these certificates at newspaper offices or the counting-rooms of first-class business houses, they will find that these testimonials will be accepted only at a ruinous discount from their face value, unless it can be shown by corroborative evidence that they do not overstate the facts. How glad we should be if the blacksmith's son could go through college and return with an enlarged and reinforced, but still contented, mind to his bellows and forge. That would dignify labor; that would elevate the communities from which the best material for the learned professions and large business enterprises is taken. It would help to put libraries in humble homes, and give men larger influence in humble spheres. But, because the blacksmith has a smattering of Latin, or a glimmer of metaphysics, and the farmer's boy has plowed among the rocks and roots of the Greek language about as we would break up a New Hampshire farm with a wooden plow, they are above primitive usefulness and have just education enough to prejudice them against those callings in which they might be most successful and influential. The hand, guided by the brain, and co-operating with it, is the perfection of manual labor. Canon Kingsley said that books did not teach common sense, and very true was that remark. We almost begin to think that books, as they are used to too great an extent, rather tend to dissipate that precious endowment. The technical and developing schools are proving a partial antidote for the present excess of impractical education; but there is still much to be accomplished. The question of adaptation is a great one and to that the science of teaching should be especially directed. To form society in a single mold is inevitably to produce more of a kind than can well be provided for.—*Boston Post.*

A New Kind of Expert Evidence.

Is there a science that can make the conviction of a criminal guilty of forgery and the acquittal of those wrongfully suspected always a certainty? There certainly is. Its name is psycometry; its methods the discovery of a knowledge of his own guilt or innocence in the prisoner's mind when he takes up a pen to write "I am innocent" on paper. Last week I would have doubted the sanity of a man who knowing me would have expected me to believe such a proposition. Now, when I hear the laugh of the skeptic, I know that before its echoes can die, if he will listen, he will change the venue of his laugh. It will certainly be with me and against the skeptics.

Psycometry is a science from which no mortal man can conceal his real thoughts, if he will dare to write what he pretends are his convictions upon paper. The moment he thus commits himself the psycometric expert can tell with an infallible certainty whether that he has said is true or false. Suppose a criminal charged with forgery is on trial, and he and each one of the jurors who are trying him should write on separate pieces of paper "I am" or "I am not" guilty of this forgery, and that six of the jurors should confess they were guilty when they were not, and that the other six, with the prisoner, should say they were not guilty. Now, suppose you call in an expert to whom all these parties are utter strangers, and you fold these thirteen pieces of paper up and submit them to him, and that he in the presence of the court promptly and peremptorily declares that seven of these men have lied, before he opens one of those papers, and that he points out which seven, without opening one of them, and that they are then opened in the presence of the court and found to be the six jurors that said they were guilty and the criminal who said he was not guilty. Would not such a revelation overwhelm you with the conviction that psycometry is a science and the criminal guilty?

The evidence of all other experts is at best, after all, a matter of opinion, about which no two always agree. Psycometric experts express no opinions, but deal in facts, and facts about which they always agree. If, then, they can furnish positive evidence that can defy doubt and disproof, must it not be a higher order of evidence than conflicting opinions insuseeptible of a conviction of perjury? What then is to be the first step taken to inaugurate the progress the development of science in the premises demands? It is the recognition by the courts of psycometry as a science. The existence of this science and its independence of all other sciences or sources of social influence rest on too immutable a basis to either dread enemies or fawn on power. It asks only for a test of its integrity, and its friends are aware that it will have to encounter the open and bitter enmity of every hypocrite in the world.—*Andrew H. Dawson, in Albany Law Journal.*

Numismatic Curiosities.

SOMEBODY recently started a false report that the American silver dollars coined in 1878 were worth two dollars each, in consequence of their scarcity and the efforts of coin collectors to secure them. The result was that dealers in coins were deluged with offers to sell specimens of that coin and with inquiries as to whether the report was true. Some time ago a similar story was circulated with reference to the coinage of cents in the United States Mint in 1814. It was alleged that in that year there was a dishonest workman who was detected in the act of stealing a quantity of gold. In order to screen himself from punishment and dispose of the evidence of his crime, he hastily threw his stolen gold into a crucible of molten copper that he was passing. The story ran that the workman's secret had become known, and that the pennies of 1814 were being bought up to extract the gold from them.

Some idea of the extensive interest taken in the collection of coins and medals may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1880 there were thirty-seven sales of coin collections in the city of New York alone. The total value of the sales was about $50,000. When to this is added the sales by regular dealers the total value of the sales of coins and medals foots up $100,000 a year. Beside the Numismatic Society of New York, of which Prof. Anthon is President, which has been ten years in existence, there are lesser societies in other cities, and there is a growing interest in the subject. The literature of the subject is extensive, and a coin collector's journal is published in this city. Some collectors have standing orders for certain pieces which they need to complete collections. The traffic is so extensive that there is a distinct market value for every rare coin, and even a difference in price for different stages of preservation. The wear and tear of ages reduces the value of a coin, because the distinctness of the impression becomes defaced. Thus it not infrequently happens that one impression of a coin may be worth twice as much as another impression of the same coin.—*New York Sun.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

TWO pyramids built by a King of the Sixth Dynasty have been discovered to the north of Memphis. They were buried beneath the sand. The vaults and chambers are covered with inscriptions.

M. de LESSEPS counts on Italian laborers to dig the Panama Canal. They bored the Mounts Cenis and Gothard tunnels, and are considered the most steady, frugal, and intelligent in such undertakings.

THE outside fiber of the cocoanut is being manufactured extensively for shoe-heels, and is said to be a most excellent substitute for leather. In fact, its wearing qualities are said to be superior to that of leather, and is much cheaper.

A FRENCH physician says that the deterioration of the race from improper feeding in infancy has become such a serious question in France that the government now insists that children sent out to nurse (a common practice in that country) shall be reared on mother's milk.

A NEW French appliance is an electric brake, which is made to operate on the wheel brake by means of electricity, generated during the motion of the train, and applied at pleasure. Experiments thus far made with this apparatus have proved entirely successful.

THE rare phenomenon of an inverted rainbow was observed at a Prussian town on the morning of November 25. The ends of the semi-circle, the center of which was the sun, rose and moved westward with the latter for some thirty minutes, when the appearance vanished.

FOR the purpose of determining the capacity of a horse to undergo the privations incident to a state of siege, a series of experiments have been made in Paris. The results show that a horse may hold out for twenty-five days without any solid nourishment, provided it is supplied with sufficient good drinking-water; that a horse can subsist for barely five days without water; and, thirdly, that if a horse is well fed for ten days, but insufficiently supplied with water throughout this period, it will not outlive the eleventh day. A horse which had received no solid nourishment for twelve days was, nevertheless, in a condition to draw a load of 600 pounds on the twelth day of its fast.

PITH AND POINT.

CAN a Boston school-boy be called a Hubbub?

THE *Cornell Review* has discovered the mathematics of a kiss: it is a lip-tickle.

THE hen, although somewhat of a rover, thinks his first duty is to hum.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE wholesale price of strawberries in New York is $6 a quart. Thus do the luscious berries cheapen. We paid $10 only two weeks ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE person who would pick upon a banjo is entirely capable of pounding a piano, squeezing life out of an accordion or beating a drum.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"THE height of the human figure," says some authority, "should properly be six times the length of the face." This proves that St. Louis folks are too short.—*Boston Post.*

MR. GARFIELD, his wife, and the young lady who is to assist in doing the honors of the White House, have all been school teachers. The reins of Government will now be kept taut.—*Boston Transcript.*

MARIE ROZE has been photographed in one hundred and fifty-eight different positions. The only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a chair at a funeral.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.—*Philadelphia News.*

AFTER all the evidence was in, a Galveston Judge asked the accused, who was charged with stealing a watch, if he had anything more to offer. "I did have an old silver watch to offer you, Judge, but my lawyer borrowed it and hasn't brought it back yet."—*Galveston News.*

Boundary Between Russia and America.

ONE of the most important results of the trip of the schooner Yukon to the coast of Alaska last autumn, under charge of Commander W. H. Dall, was the determination of the boundary line between Russia and the United States. According to the treaty, this boundary line should pass between the two Diomede Islands without touching either. Commander Dall made a landing on Big Diomede Island, and had a short but satisfactory set of observations, which showed that the boundary line, as defined in the treaty, does actually pass between the two islands. These islands are granite domes rising in the center of Behring's Strait, their sides almost perpendicular from the action of the sea, and without beaches. A few gullies in the granite bluffs give access to a broken tableland on the top. There is a native village on each island. The Diomedes are frequented by millions of birds, and seal and walrus are also captured by the natives.

The Telephone on Railroads.

ACCORDING to *Engineering*, the Edison loud-speaking telephone is giving way in England before the Gower-Bell telephone. This latter form is largely used in the Post-office, and is also employed to some extent in railway signaling. In a recent experiment on the Southwestern Railroad, the telephones were simply connected between the existing wire for working the "block" system and the "earth." Conversation was then distinctly carried on, without interfering in the least with the ordinary signals; and it was curious to listen in the telephone and hear the sound of the train itself leaving the distant station simultaneously with the strokes of the signal bell indicating its departure. The reason of this simultaneous working is, that the magneto-electric telephone currents being of very weak strength and vibratory in character, are harmlessly superposed upon the powerful battery currents working the "block" instruments.

The Republican.

P. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MORNING.

Clap your wings, O doves,
Clap your snow-white wings;
For the morning comes with rejoicing,
And the great earth sings.

The light streams over the wood
And over the town,
The spruce and the hemlock wood
So sullenly brown.

It broke from a smoky cloud,
A curtain of gray,
It broke with a kind of cheer
In a red rose ray.

The river ran molten gold,
And the sails caught fire,
And the flames leaped up and aloft
To the tall church spire.

The doves they circled and rose
As feathers are tossed,
And one was burning in light
Where the dark lines crossed.

And the factory windows blazed
In yon wall grim and long,
Like a house some poet has raised,
Some palace of song.

Thick studded with pearl and gold
The old town lay spilled;
Opal in every pore,
Its ugliness stilled.

The bell clinked sweet that morn
In the belfry high,
As if all sorrow must pass
In a long-drawn sigh.

And the hidden pang was soothed
With the balm of light,
And now the invalid slept
Who had tossed all night

And turned the Ixion wheel
Why evil must be,
Cheated with snatches of dream
Of a life made free,

As the doves, which clap their wings
And flutter in flocks,
While little waves crisp and run,
And the sailboat rocks.

—*August Larned, in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

SKIDDY.

The Contraband's Love Story.

[The following manuscript has been lying in the garret of an old country-house for nearly twenty years. It is a perfectly true story, taken from the poor fellow's lips, who told it with a passion and pathos which the writer remembers and sympathizes with unto this day.]

I am a carpenter by trade, and was mending de roof ob a house, when looking down into a garden opposite I saw—oh, de pootiest little short lady that ever you could see; she had long hair way down her shoulders, and was so trim and neat looking. When I seo her, I says to myself—Dat's de woman I loves! I turned to my companion, and says, "you see dat pooty little short lady down dar?" and he says, "Yes, I do." "Well, I love her." He laughed and replied, "You may love her till you're dead, but you will never get her." He didn't know what a pang went through my heart when he uttered these words, they cut me like a knife. I didn't say no more, but went to plotting in my head how I could get an opportunity to see her.

It was Saturday arternoon, so when I got through work I went into de house, but could think of nothing else but dat pooty little thing all night. I kept plotting till finally I arranged dis plan: First, you must be 'quainted wid de fact dat we darkies have what we call a "tea-drinking" Sunday arternoons, afore we set do table for de big folks. I thought ob dis, and says to mysolf, dis would be a good way for me; to ascertain arter church to-morrow if dar's any one amongst de congregation as knows dis young lady. Well, I did so, and found one was 'quainted with her. I gave her fifty cents, and said, "Will you give a "tea-drinking," and invite dis young lady?" She agreed, and I went home mighty tickled, I tell you what. I slicked and starched up mighty fine, and when de time come, I went round to de house. Ob course, on entering de room I made my obedience to de ladies, but my eyes flew like a flash round de room, and I see who was sitting in de corner. I warn't slow to get de introduction, and I made myself as agreeable as do possible. De lady's name was Skiddy. I found I warn't disappointed in her, she was mighty nice, but says I to myself, if I don't be pooty spry in de asking to 'company her home der won't be no chance, for I see de young jelarkies looking sharp at us; so I said, "May I have de pleasure of 'companying you home dis evening?" She said she would be most happy to accept my company. I toll you, I felt fine when one, two, three jelarkies, came up and asked de pleasure of 'companying her. I did say nothing, but laughed so hard to myself when I heard her say, "No thank you. I have do company," and den I see dem look at one another, and say, "What company Skiddy got! is it you? or you?" "No, tain't me," dey said. I was just so tickled I didn't know what to do.

By and by it came time to go, and Skiddy went for her shawl, and I stood waiting by de door, but I could see de jelarkies looking and opening der eyes. When she was ready, we bid dem a very good evening. I walked mighty straight and opened de gate for her, and as I went through I flung a glance back. I saw de jelarkies looking wondering at me, and I hear one say: "Pooty good, for he's cut us all out—on fust acquaintance, too."

Oh, it was a happy walk dat night. I was so joyed to know her. When we came to her place she said: "I should be happy fer you to call on me some evenings." I, of course, said nothing would please me more, and went home feeling so grand.

You may laugh, lady, at my quick love, and say you don't believe in love at first sight. I won't enter into any discussion on do matter, but I knows I did love Skiddy den and always. I was impatient for de time to come when it would look proper for me to call—arter dat I used to go often for several weeks, and all do time I kept loving her more and more, till at last one night I asked if I might have do honor of addressing her! She said, "Yes." Oh! wasn't I happy! Den I thought when can we get engaged! we don't like to in de kitchen when all de folks is 'round, so we plotted together, and finally agreed to take a walk on de next Sunday evening. I could get little sleep dat night, I tell you. I felt so happy! Skiddy loved me, and would one day be mine! Oh lady, I did love her! I loved her better than mudder or fader. I loved her wid my whole heart, wid my whole soul, wid all de strength ob dis black man, and in fact more dan all do world put together. All de long night I kept thinking how happy we should be. I was only a boy of 20, but I had de feelings of a man.

Sunday night (the 2d of May, twenty years ago) came and we took a walk in ——. You don't know, lady, how de beautiful trees grow on de sides ob do streets, so big and fuel De moon was out full and bright—silvering eberyting all over, and de trees cast shadows on de ground as Skiddy and I walked on—I telling how I fust saw and loved her; den we made a solemn vow to love each other till death and ever afterward. She was so pooty, not quarter so black as me, and you may wonder, lady, at her choosing me, but I was not so big and large den. I was a nice, trim young man. Arter we had exchanged our word we shook hands; no one that saw us knew what dat wor fer, but we know, we were clasping hands and hearts for life. What a blessed night it was. I felt I can't tell how—but so happy. If I slept little de night previous I slept less den. Skiddy was in my mind all de time. Arter that I courted her 'bout four years. I did wish to marry her, but how could I? She was a lady's maid and her mistress thought de world ob her, used to take her to de Springs or traveling in de summer wid her. She dressed her so smart and nice. What could I give her!—nothing. I only got my fifty cents a week and a sack of meal. I used to work from sunrise to sunset for my master; arter dat I had de evenings to myself, but I could do but little den. I tried, but couldn't save much out of my fifty cents. I couldn't ask Skiddy to marry me yet, when I could git her nothing nice. I thought 'twas awful hard to wait so many long years, and still be just as poor as ever. I looked at de massers round, . . . and saw many dat did not love der wives as I loved Skiddy; dey could marry when and who dey pleased—while I, poor slave, must crush my feelings, and wait de time. Sometimes, when I would see her, it seemed as though I could bear it no longer. I would think—God tries do black man's patience awful far—but I tell you, lady, I never said one dishonorable thing to her, no more than I would to my massa or missis, and I was just as kind to her as I would be to a little baby.

Toward de end ob de fifth year ob our devotion I thought, if de folks was willin', I would marry her anyway, even if I could gib her nothing; but I didn't feel just right about it, as she had so many advantages, being her lady's maid; she could read and write, while I could do neither, for what 'centive is der to de slaves learning to read! if you too smart, de missis sell you to New Orleans and work you on de plantations. One evening while working in dis desponding mood, I got word dat Skiddy would like to see me as soon as I could come. Arter work I went round and she says: "Oh! I can give you light of such news! What do you think! Missis sent for me yesterday. I went up to de room, and missis says, 'Dere's some one courting you, Skiddy,' and I says, 'Yes, missis.' 'Who is it?' I answered, 'It is George, dat lives wid Mr. ——.' 'Why didn't you tell me?' says missis. 'Cause I was so 'shamed.' 'You're sure he loves you?' 'I guess I'se pretty certain of that,' I said. 'Well, how long has he been courting you?' 'Five years,' I replied. 'Five years!' says missis, 'then he must love you!' 'I reckon he does,' I said. 'Why, Skiddy, and you never told me! Why didn't you get married?' 'Cause we're so poor.' 'Well, you shall be married dis fall,' says missis. 'You just send for George to come and see me, he must be a good faithful lover, to wait all theso years. He is worthy of you, for I have heard of him before. I would allow you to be married this summer, but I am going to Philadelphia and want you to accompany me, but when I return you shall be married, and I will see you have all that is right.' I did bless missis den, I cried, for so much joy, and den I sent for you to come. Missis is out, but she wishes to see you to-morrow."

Lady, I went home; mudder had a nice bit of chicken on the table for me; I 'tempted to eat it, but something came right up in my throat and choked me. I couldn't swallow, my feelings all gave way, and like Skiddy, I cried till my heart was eased. Next morning, when I woke, de thought of going to Missis —— was de first ting entered my head. Arter breakfust I walked out. I could see Missis ——'s house from my hut, and I see de massa and missis, and de young ladies and gentleman, standing out on de veranda, and I knew very well what dey was standing dere for; it was just to see George, de lover. Well, dero was no way for me to get dero but to walk past de veranda. I felt so 'shamed I didn't know what course to take, but says I to myself, "What I got to be 'shamed of? Is I 'shamed cause I loves Skiddy? No, dat I isn't. I wouldn't be 'shamed to tell de whole world I loves her! Well, what is it?" I couldn't tell, so I got up all de pluck I could and walked up straight. Just as I got in front of de veranda I took off my hat and made my bow to the ladies; dey all burst out laughing and went into de house. I didn't feel quite so smart arter dat, but nevertheless, I went in, too. Skiddy came right to me and says, "I am so happy!" "I am, too," says I; den we went together to missis, and she asked me if I loved Skiddy very much, and I told her how much—much I loved her. She took Skiddy's hand, and put it in mine, saying we should be married de next fall. I tried to 'spress my thanks, but couldn't tell her half I felt. When I went from her presence I felt as if an angel had blessed me. It wanted a month afore they would start for Philadelphia, so of course I continued visiting Skiddy till 'twas time for her to go.

One evening I was sitting with her, laying plans for de future, we were so happy, when I see a beautiful carriage, wid two fine horses, stop at de door, and a darkey come down from de box and enter de kitchen; I knew him in a moment; it was an old lover of Skiddy's; he was a free darkey and lived in de town (his father was a free man, too), he kept a livery stable, and was worth some $4,000 or $5,000, which made him quite a rich darkey in de town. I don't know why, but my heart sank when he entered de room. I felt he was come for some particular purpose, and I didn't like it; he was dressed in finest of broadcloth, and looked mighty handsome; he had called to see Skiddy. Of course, I, being a gentleman, I rose arter a few moments, and bid dem good evening, but I couldn't get any further dan de next room, where I took a seat; de door was ajar, so I could hear de coversation as was going on. I felt awful bad. I knew him to be an old lover of Skiddy's, and I knew he had come for some purpose dat night. I didn't doubt Skiddy's love, but I knew he had much on his side. I feared Skiddy might be tempted. I heard him pleading for her love; he offered her so many 'dicements; he said: "I am a free man, I have money, I love you with all my heart—here. I have brought you this gold ring, and these fine long ear-drops. I can give you nice dresses; I am free; I don't want a slave for my wife! I have saved $1,500, and will offer it all for your freedom, and before we are married, too."

When I heard dese words it seemed my heart stopped its beatings to hear Skiddy's answer; my head swam, for I felt how great was dat inducement. Lady, what do you think was her reply?

"No! I love George, and have loved him deso five years, and also freedom is de dearest ting to a poor slave's heart, my love for George is still dearer."

He still plead, but dat was her final answer; he got no other, so he left. I felt so grateful, so thankful, I said to myself, "Skiddy, you are a noble little creature, how could I doubt you!" While I was thinking dese sweet thoughts, suddenly it entered into my head: "Oh George, what a selfish, selfish man you are, thinking ob nothing but your own joy, and wrapped in your own desires; you care for nothing, only the joy of being so loved. Think a moment! Would it not be far better for Skiddy to marry dis free man! Would he not give her freedom, fine gold rings! while you could not even so much as give her the plainest kind of a ring! With him she would be rich; arter a little while she would forget you, and her life would be far happier!" My heart sank like lead at dese toughts. I felt worse than ever; I felt 'twas duty to urge her to accept him. Then *self* spoke in me, and said, "What if a rich free woman was to come to me and say, 'If you marry me I will give you freedom and fine clothes,' and I should take her; what would Skiddy think of me! She would say, 'He is a man of no honor, or prinoiple. He loves de freedom—and de money—better dan he loves me, when he has sworn he loves me better dan de whole world! I can not respect him any more.' Dat's it," says I, "no more could I respect Skiddy if she acted so. I know what I will do, I will go to Skiddy, and say I will give her up if she wishes to leave me, but if she will still cling to me I will love and cherish her all my life, and say she's worthy to be de wife ob any man in dis world, dat I will." So I got up and went into de room where she was and told her all I had thought. "Why, George," she said, "what for have I been waiting all dis time, if I don't 'spect to marry you? and now after waiting five years, just now when we can be married, why should I leave you?" I couldn't say a word, but I folded her to my heart, and never arter dat did I doubt dat dear little lady's love.

De time drew near, when de missis was to go to Philadelphia, and Skiddy was so delighted to go, for she loved to travel with her missis, when all of a sudden de missis's father took it into his head dat Skiddy should not go; he said his daughter was too 'strav'gant and he would not let her take a lady's maid. We did not know what do matter was, he was always willing de young missis should take Skiddy afore, but dis time he said no. Well Skiddy took on awful bad, and her missis got right down angry with her father; she told him Skiddy was delicate, she had always gone out ob do town in summer, and if she remained in town during de hot weather she would get sick; but he would not be turned, so de missis went widout Skiddy, but she told us when she came back we should be married. Skiddy grieved much because she could not go.

Two weeks after missis left de typus fever came in town and Skiddy was taken sick with it. A week afterward I was laid on de bed—I can't tell you how I felt. I only could think about Skiddy, whom I feared I should never see again. I used to tell de doctor so, but he would only laugh and say, "Folly, folly, George, you will see her soon; she is getting along nicely." Ebery day a messenger brought me tidings dat she was growing better; still I felt sick whenebor I thought ob her, I did so long to see her, hub her with me! When I was getting well, just so I could sit up a few hours, I was looking out ob de window and saw a friend ob mine come into de house. He came to me and said:

"Have you heard from Skiddy? Say?"

"Yes," I answered, "word has just been sent dat she is better."

"Oh, George," said he, "I can't bear to tell you, but I must; dis great wrong shall continue no longer. You must know all. Skiddy is dead!"

When he uttered dese words all de life seemed to go from me, too. I groaned out, "I know she would! I told 'em so! Take me to her! Where is she? tell me, quick!"

He said, "De funeral is now going on, I could not bear you shouldn't know it. Massa would almost kill me if he knew I told you; dey said 'twould kill you, too?"

He took hold ob my arm, helped me out. I was so weak, I could scarcely walk, but I crawled along. I had gone about two squares, when I looked up and saw a hearse coming along wid mourners walking arter. Oh, lady! could you know my agony! I gave one great cry, then all grew dark and I fell face downward on de sidewalk. I know nothing any more, but dey told me arterward dat dey took me in a shop and den carried me home. I grew delirious and became worse and worse, but at length I got well.

I thought, why did God leave me! why could I not have died and joined her! Without her life was nothing to me; my wicked heart rebelled I felt so angry with God dat just as de prize was in my hands she should be taken! I mourned and mourned for her till my heart grew sick. I was like a man from whom all feeling had fled, to outward appearances, but inward I kept nursing my wicked thoughts against God. I felt how unjust He was. I, a poor slave, was permitted to have one great joy, as great if not greater dan any white man, and now it was gone, all gone. But, lady, I don't regret it now all dose awful feelings have vanished. Through Skiddy's death I got religion; by her death I saved my soul, and I feel assured I shall meet her in heaven. I know she is waiting for me. Lady, it was not right that I should so love her! I made her my idol, I saw naught else, she was my all. God and Jesus Christ were not in my soul. Skiddy alone filled it. She was good, dey told me she died in peace, but I was not, or I could never have had such wicked thoughts when she was taken. I now see her death was de means ob my salvation. Oh, lady, beware neber to love no human creature so much dat you make it an idol, it will be ruining, and de love will never benefit you; but see de good Lord in His works and love in thought His goodness!

No, I never grieve for Skiddy any more. I never did arter one night. I was walking in de street, when I heard a voice say, "George, go back into de house." I did so, and suddenly a great whirlwind swept over de town, blowing down shutters, tearing up trees, and I felt my life had been spared.

Do you know what dat voice was? I felt 'twas Skiddy's, and arter dat I never had more pain about her; I knew she was watching over me in heaven, and dat we should walk dere, when de good Lord saw fit to call me.

"But," said I, "you are married now! Do you love your wife? How can you, if you still love Skiddy?"

Of course I love my wife, I would be a cruel, wicked man if I did not; but de love den and de love now are two very different tings. I would not, if I could, love so again; but, lady, I told my wife, afore we was married, all about Skiddy, how much I loved her, and dat I should never forget her; my wife was willing to marry, so I took her. I often dream of Skiddy now, but I always tell my wife in de morning dat I dreamed of Skiddy last night, till one morning, my wife says, "Why, George, I tink you must love Skiddy better dan me!" Well, I didn't know what I should say to dat! 'cause de women are kinder jealous, you know, and I knew not how to get out ob de scrape; at last I said, "I love you all I can now, and I loved Skiddy all I could den, but de two is very different tings." My wife was den satisfied.

Just before I came to New York I had a dream which I couldn't tell my wife. I thought best to leave dis one untold. I deamed I died, and went to Heaven. I was in front ob a great gate, all pearls and gems like you read ob in Revelations—and de gate opened. I felt a hand take mine, and looking up, I saw Skiddy, who said, "Oh, George, I am so glad you come, I have been waiting for you so long; I knew you would come, 'cause you love de Lord!" Den she conducted me up two steps and I saw a large plain; de people as were dere were dose dat was rich in the world, but do riches had not corrupted dem, and dey was quite happy. We did not stop dere, but passed on to another plain, where de people was dat had passed through trials and sorrows, and dey was happier dan de others, but didn't stop dere. We went up some steps to another plain, where dere was people what had had great trials and tribulation, so great dey could scarcely bear it, but had looked to de Lord, and He had helped dem; and I looked up, and saw two clouds; suddenly dey parted, and issuing from dem a great, great white light. I looked and saw de Lord Jesus Christ sitting on de throne, with His holy angels on de right and on de left; and all do people as had suffered great tribulation, and de angels, lifted up dere voices. Skiddy and I fell down and worshiped, and we joined our voices in singing, "Glory—Hallelujah to de Lord God on High," who had brought us through much trial and tribulation to a land of peace.—*Mary F. Gandolfo, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Wanted to be an Editor.

"Have you had any experience in the business?" we asked of a verdant-looking youth, who applied for an editorial position, the other day.

"Haven't I, though," he replied, as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskillful patching of a backwood cobbler. "I should say I'd had some experience; have not I corresponded with the Pumpkinville *Screamer* for six weeks? Hain't that experience enough?"

"That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take young men on our editorial staff we generally put them through an examination. How much is twelve times one?"

"Twelve. Why, any little boy ought to an —"

"Hold on, please; don't be too fast. How many bones are there in a human body?"

"Well, I forgot now, but I yust to know wuntz."

"What! don't you know that? Why, there are 7,482,654,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You will not forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"Have you a good constitution? How long do you suppose you could live on raw cotton and faith, and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord, I don't believe I could live more'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you'd want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. You appear to be pretty well posted; we shall ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can take off your coat and sail in."

"Let me have 'er, squire; I didn't correspond with the Pumpkinville *Screamer* six weeks for nothin'. Let her come; I'm on deck, I am."

"Well, sir, if two diametrical circles, with octagonal peripheres should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or, to put it plainer, we say a disenfranchised nonentity—what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystallized codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"

As the full force of this ponderous problem broke upon his bewildered brain he slowly dragged his artistically cobbled shoe from under his chair and started from the room. We then placidly resumed our duties, regretting that so promising a youth should have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."—*Graphic.*

Our Young Folks.

SNOW-STORM.

Down from the misty sky they came,
Fast and faster the livelong day,
Till the cobble-stones in the noisy streets
Were surely hidden at last away;
And over the pavement broad and wide
A beautiful snowy sheet was spread,
And each tall tree in the park near by
Was suddenly wearing a white-capped head.

Baby climbed up in her little chair,
And looked at the storm with eager eyes;
Then, suddenly clapping her tiny hands,
"I know why de feavers come!" she cries.
"Dere's pitty white hens in de sky, mamma—
Dess all deir feavers is blowing away!"
Then two blue eyes from the window turned
And questioned, "Why laugh at baby May?"

O wee little mite of humanity,
For the *first* time viewing a fall of snow,
How many storms will cross your path
As over the road of life you go?
For clouds must gather o'er every heart,
And winter must follow the summer fair,
And there must be gloomy and leaden skies
To fill with snowflakes the earth and air.

But light as feathers, dear little one,
May be the storms your heart may feel,
And after the shadows, the sunshine bright
Shall every sorrow and trouble heal;
For under the snow the blossoms lie,
Gathering strength for the next glad year,
And before we know it their fragrance sweet
Will give us the tidings, "Summer is here!"
—*M. D. Brine.*

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

As flowers among the vegetable kingdom are seemingly sent to beautify the world, so birds have their place among living animals, and seem created for the display of beauty. Indeed, they rival the flowers in variety and brilliancy of color, especially our tropical birds. Then, too, the grace of their movements and their sweet songs give an added and indescribable charm.

Among the most brilliant members of the feathered tribes are those called Birds of Paradise. The natives of the Molucca Islands give them the name of God's Birds, as being superior to all He has made. "Not even the humming birds themselves," says one, "present such an inexhaustible treasury of form and color as is found among the comparatively few species of the Birds of Paradise. In all the feathers glow with resplendent radiance, in nearly all there is some strange and altogether unique arrangement of the plumage, and in many the features are modified into plumes, ribbons and streamers that produce the most surprisingly lovely effects."

The Great Emerald Paradise Bird, is described as a most elegant bird. "From the tip of the bill to the end of the long side feathers is about two feet, but to the end of the real tail about twelve inches; the size of the bird being that of the thrush. The bill is slightly bent, and of a greenish color; the base surrounded, for the distance of half an inch, with close set, velvet-like black plumes, with a varying luster of golden green. The head, together with the back part of the neck, is a pale gold color, the throat and fore part of the neck of the richest changeable gold-green. The whole remainder of the plumage on the body and the tail is of a fine deep chestnut, except on the breast which is a deep purplish color.

"From the upper part of each side of the body, beneath the wings, springs a vast assemblage of extremely long, loose, broad floating plumes of the most delicate texture and appearance, in some specimens of a bright, deep yellow, in others of a paler hue, but most of these marked by a few longitudinal dark red spots. And from the middle of the rump spring a pair of naked shafts, considerably exceeding in length even the long loose plumes of the side.

"This bird is a native of the Molucca Islands, and the islands around New Guinea, particularly in the Aroo. Latham mentions that a specimen was once brought alive to England, and it is occasionally brought to Macao, in China.

"The chiefs of the countries where they are found use them in their turbans. And in many parts of the East, as well as in this country, they are used as ornaments in ladies' hats and headdresses."

"There is one species called King Bird of Paradise. It is thought to be the smallest of all these birds, about the size of a lark. It is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the brilliancy of its velvet-like plumage of blood-red, green, white, gold, chestnut brown, etc., which is exquisitely arranged upon head, breast and wings, presenting a fine gloss like rich satin.

The tail of this bird is remarkably short, and from it spring two naked feathers which coil in a spiral manner at the end. The legs are moderately stout and of a yellowish brown color. This species, called the King Bird of the Dutch, is said not to associate with other birds of the genius, but to be of a solitary nature, feeding on berries, particularly those of a red color; seldom or never sitting on lofty trees, but frequently on shrubs and bushes.

There is also the Golden-breasted Bird of Paradise, and the Superb Bird of Paradise, each of a different form and adjustment of the brilliant feathers; and a few of less note. But limited space will not permit of our describing them.

Many strange tales were told of this bird by ancient writers. It was thought to have no legs or feet, but to pass its time floating in the air, and only occasionally take a little rest by suspending itself from the branches of a tree by the long feathers of its tail. Its eggs were supposed to be laid in the hollow formed by the plumage of the male bird, and that the mother bird sits upon them while resting upon the back of her husband; both birds floating luxuriously in the breeze and feeding on the soft dews of heaven. An absurd idea which probably originated from the fact that the places from which they were received—the Malay Archipelago—were then little known, and as all the specimens of the bird which reached Europe were legless, they imagined this its natural condition. Their plan of preservation was to cut off the legs, run into the body a hot iron which dried up the internal moisture; and then, filling the cavity with salt and spices, they sold them to the Europeans for a mere trifle.

Most of these birds associate in large flocks in the delightful aromatic woods and groves of their native islands. And the inhabitants themselves are not insensible to their charms; for, as we have already said, they give them the name of God's bird. From the rapidity of their flight, as well as their being continually on the wing in pursuit of insects, their usual prey, they are sometimes called the Swallows of Ternate.

As the country where they breed is visited with tempestuous seasons, these birds are seldom seen at such times; and it is supposed that they then migrate to countries where their food is to be found in great abundance; for, like swallows, they have their "appointed times."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Hans and the Pepper-Pot.

Little Hans was a very naughty boy one day.

What do you think he did?

Well, he did almost everything that was mischievous; at least, everything he could think of.

I suppose he got out of bed the wrong way, or opened his left eye first instead of his right, or forgot to say "Popocatapetl" before he began his breakfast, or some such dreadful thing; and if he did, of course that was enough to make him naughty, wasn't it?

First, he wouldn't eat his breakfast. There was not enough sugar on his porridge. Mamma put on some more, and then there was too much. (This shows that something was very wrong with him, for who ever heard of a child having too much sugar?) And he wouldn't eat it. "*Wah! wah! boo!*" no, he wouldn't.

So he didn't. And nobody was a bit the worse for it but himself.

After breakfast he felt hungry and went back into the kitchen, but mamma had put everything away except the pepper-pot.

When Hans saw the pepper-pot, he forgot that he was hungry. Now he would have some fun.

So he called the cat, who was asleep by the stove, and began to pat and stroke her.

Pussy purred and felt very happy, when suddenly—puff! Hans shook the pepper-pot over her nose.

Poor pussy! her eyes and nose were full of pepper. She mewed piteously, and ran round and round, sneezing and spitting. That was fun for Hans.

Still holding the pepper-pot, he looked about for some new sport, and saw on a shelf a beautiful blue platter, large and round, which he had not often seen, as it was usually kept locked up in the cupboard.

How finely that would spin on the smooth kitchen floor.

Up he climbed, down he climbed, and soon the platter was spinning beautifully.

"Whir-r-r-r, whir-r, whir-r—crash!" this was what the platter said. And it never said anything else, for it was broken in fifty pieces.

Hans was very still for a moment. Then he said to himself, "If mamma finds me crying hard, perhaps she may not punish me."

So he opened his mouth very wide, and put both fists in his eyes, and began "*Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! oh! oh! o-o-oh!*"

But the next moment came a change in his tone, and his screams were those of real terror and pain.

Poor Hans! He had forgotten the pepper-pot, which was still tightly clasped in one hand; and now his eyes and nose were as full of pepper as poor pussy's had been, and like her he ran round and round the room, shrieking and screaming.

What a sight met his mother's eyes when she opened the door. Hans with his mouth wide open, and his face streaming with tears and pepper, and her beautiful dish on the floor, broken in fifty pieces!—*Youth's Companion.*

A Little Advice.

Here are four good rules which I want you all to study well:

One is, always to look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If your words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do it? Then listen. Do the hard things first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.—*The Little Sower.*

A Chester Trapper's Experience.

Some time ago a noted trapper of Easttown, Chester County, set a trap to catch a pole-cat, which occasionally wandered about his place. The trap was a specimen of the "choke" variety. After putting in the bait the old trapper left the spot to await further developments. Instead of a pole-cat coming after the bait a crow put in his appearance. The crow seemed to partially understand the "dodge," and, instead of picking out the bait with its bill, reached out one of its claws after it. The trap worked beautifully, and the claw of the crow was caught between its iron jaws. Pretty soon a hawk made its appearance at the trap, but whether to fight the crow or get the bait no one can tell. However, when a neighbor of the noted trapper came upon the scene, he found that the crow had one claw caught in the trap, while with the other he was holding the hawk to the ground at the neck. Both birds were alive at the time, but the discoverer of the trap and the singular associations soon succeeded in dispatching the fowls.—*Chester (Pa.) Times.*

Miss Violet Brown, the thirteen-year-old daughter of ex-Governor Gratz Brown, of Missouri, was in the upper story of a public school at St. Louis the other day when the building took fire. While the teachers were subduing the panic and trying to take the children out in safety, the girl stepped to the window, opened it, and jumped down upon the roof of an extension building, a distance of eight feet, caught hold of the lightning-rod, and slid down to the ground.

A very proper Boston girl, who reads the Bible to the family Sunday nights, read of "William Dad, the Shuhite," referring to him as "Bildad" being considered too dreadfully familiar.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A COUPLE OF MAGPIES.

I RODE in a horse car the other day
With some girls who ran on in this sort of way:

"Good heavens! what a stranger you are.
I'm awfully glad you took this car.
I'm going down town for a little spree.
Where were you going? Can't you come with me?"

"No; I just came out for a bit of a lark
And a little shopping; but keep it dark.
I've been so busy I'm almost dead,
And I've a million things to do," she said.

"It's horrid walking, but it's warm as spring;
I think it's too lovely for anything;
But the days are so short it will soon be dark."
And her friend replied, "I should so remark."

"I wish you'd join our Sunday-school mission;
It is in a flourishing condition;
We have more than forty nice young girls,
And one of them has the loveliest curls.
One of my friends has a class of boys;
I don't like them—they make too much noise;
I suppose their heathen minds must be fed,
But sometimes it's enough to turn one's head."

"Have you seen Salvini? Oh, you ought to go;
He's perfectly splendid—you'd like him, I know;
Did you see Bernhardt?" "Yes, I saw her twice;
I think her costumes were awfully nice."

"Your sack is lovely—such a pretty make—
I really think it takes the cake;
And your hat is just the 1-1-loveliest style."
And the other one answered, "Well, I should smile."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"DOCTOR GILLYFLOWER'S PILL."

EVER since I began studying medicine with Dr. Oleander Sawens I have been planning a house. Not an abstract house, but the honse I hoped some day to build and live in. I used to make sketches of doors, windows and veraudas on the margins of my Anatomy; and the old Doctor, who was very short-sighted, thought I was developing a remarkable talent for drawing bones. I recollect making what I thought was a very fine picture of a Corinthian column, which I hoped would one day support my back stoop, when the Doctor, coming up behind me, slapped me on the bask and cried: "Well done, my boy! Well done! I never saw the femur better represented in my life."

I had plenty of time for my planning. When I was young, physic was not the profitable profession it now is. Nerves were better strung and stomachs were a deal tougher. Scammony, gamboge, mercury and opium, with the lancet and the blister, either killed or cured the patient quickly and the pay was small.

At the age of twenty-five I married Phila Ann Butterfoss, only child of Ezra Butterfoss, M. D., deceased. We set up housekeeping in the Butterfoss mansion, and I moved my "specimens," my pills, and my powders into my dead father-in-law's office, which stood quite by itself among the elms in the spacious yard.

Although I was now provided with a home, my desire to plan and build a house increased, rather than diminished. The Butterfoss mansion was over fifty years old. A wide hall ran through the center of it, the rooms were large and high, and there was pleuty of them, but the whole place lacked picturesqueness and what is called, in colloquial slang, style. By the provisions of my father-in-law's will, the house could be sold only by my wife, and as Phila Ann flatly refused to part with it and was impervious to argument or persuasion, I soon gave up all thoughts of building my ideal house until I should he able to save the money necessary for the work out of my own earnings. But three years after my marriage a great change occurred in my fortunes.

I had always had great regard for the honor of my profession. Patents taken out for happy combinations of drugs and all advertising I had always despised. But I was called to treat a peculiar case of wind-colic, and tried almost everything in the pharmacopœia without success. The patient grew restless, and, as he was one of my best patients (some of his family being sick nearly all the while), I did not relax my efforts, but kept on mixing pills and powders for him, until I hit upon a pill that seemed really the result of inspiration. So wonderful was its effect, I tried it upon all my patients, not even excepting old Jabez Sprat, who was laid up with a broken leg. The result was happy in every case; for, though it did not always benefit, it never injured anybody, which is saying a great deal for one pill.

I struggled with my prejudices and my pride for some time; but at last I applied for a patent, and soon my pill—"Dr. Gillyflower's Favorite Pill"—packed in neat tin boxes, graced every drug store in the country.

In six months I made fifteen thousand dollars out of my pill, and then I began talking about a new house in earnest. I discussed the merits of a square lot and a deep lot, and exposures north, south, east and west, and had the refusal of all the unoccupied land in the corporation. My friends sent me books on the domestic architecture of all countries, Patagonia not excepted, and every other day Mr. Plummet invited me into his office to see a plan. After much deliberation I purchased a corner lot that faced two of the finest streets in our town.

My tastes are cosmopolitan (an American's should be), and I decided to unite in my house the simplicity of a Greek temple and the elegance of an Italian villa. Plummet seized my idea and worked it up into something that looked upon paper very *recherche* indeed. The main part of the house was as purely Greek as Girard College. The wing was in the most florid Italian style, and at the extreme end of it was a square tower, capped with one of those peaked roofs which have the general effect of a half-shut umbrella. It was, as Joe, the blacksmith, said of London, "very architecteralooral."

It was a trying time for me while the plans were discussed. I am somewhat absent-minded, and such phrases as "hard finish," "butter not oiled" appeared in my prescriptions, and I told the Rev. Paul Pimpkin, who was suffering from poor appetite, induced by a disappointment in love, that I thought a veranda in the Japanese style and Venetian blinds would cure him.

The internal arrangements of the house I left entirely to Plummet. Mrs. Gillyflower remonstrated, and declared that, at least, the plan of the kitchen and pantry must be submitted to her; but I commanded her to be silent and attend to her sphere, as I thought it probable that Plummet knew better than she did what was convenient and suitable for a kitchen.

As soon as the walls were up, the wags about town called the house "Gillyflower's Pill," a name in which I have since seen a sad significance. About this time the agents for wall-paper houses began to visit me. Dado & Co. sent a man with a large wagon-load of books full of samples, and for two whole days the fellow expiated on the beauties of each particular pattern; and we grew so tired and confused I agreed to allow the firm a certain amount of money and let them fix the rooms to suit themselves.

We moved into our new quarters in October, and before we were settled everything seemed to be entirely satisfactory. But very soon Mrs. Gillyflower informed me that there was no china-closet off the dining-room, and no room in the pantry for anything save a little tin. I found her complaint just, on examination; and the pantry was not only very small, but entirely dark, so that the gas had to be kept burning constantly. The kitchen, instead of being the roomy apartment I had supposed any man of sense would plan, was exactly twelve feet square. Our bed-room next made itself disagreeable. It was also in the Italian wing, and there were so many windows and doors in it there was no place for furniture. Our bed had to stand in the middle of the floor, in what I call a cross-cut of draughts, and my wife and I were snuffling or coughing nearly all the time. As the days grew shorter, I found the parlor was light only two hours during the afternoon, when it received a few rays from the setting sun. It was, of course, in the Grecian upright, and the colonnade in front of it was so arranged that a great pillar stood in front of each window. But the most uncomfortable room in the whole house was my office. Mrs. Gillyflower said I would find the other rooms equally disagreeable, if I was in them as she was from morning till night; but I doubt it, for it did seem as though in the office Plummet had taxed his ingenuity to the utmost to put everything in the wrong place.

Our parlor walls were decorated with bottle-green paper, on which was painted the most luxuriant red hollyhocks. Our bedroom was a dark slate color, and the designs seemed to me millions of gilt snakes squirming in mute agony. Our dining-room was nearly all brick-red border. The little space left between the Dado and border proper was a sort of red pink; and the effect of these tints suggested a torture chamber to me, rather than the eating-room of a quiet Christian family. As the other rooms in the house were finished somewhat like these I have described, there was not a place where our old furniture and carpets looked well, and, spite of myself, though I was deeply in debt, I was compelled to buy new things for every room, not excepting the kitchen, for Bridget threatened to leave "if she oughtent hav' a range instid of that owld cook-stove. 'Twas as owld-fashi'ned as a hair-cloth soffy." Even our china, which was Haviland's best, looked wrong in the red dining-room, and had to be replaced by decorated porcelain.

But I found that our new chairs and sofas were all built on the right-angle plan. Instead of fitting the body, the body must be fitted to them. As this task was very irksome to me, I ordered certain chairs and couches that I knew were comfortable to be sent home from the auction-rooms and stored in our attic.

The winter was very severe, and so revealed to us the defects in our house that we began to remodel it at the first dawn of spring. Plummet assured me that I would ruin the effect of the Italian wing if I removed any of the windows in our bedroom; so I had them bricked up and left the blinds and casing untouched. He tried to dissuade me from changing the parlor; but, as I knew the darkness was injuring the eyesight of the entire family, I had the window reset, so we could look out between the pillars and a modicum of light could shine in. These changes necessitated repapering, and more long bill's from Dado & Co. As the northwest wind seemed to be deflected from its course by the tower, and in consequence plunged down our kitchen chimney, putting out the fire and filling the house with gas, I built up the chimney eighteen feet and covered it with a hood, and thus made that chimney so prominent that from a certain point the house looked very like a gas factory. After the warm weather set in, I built a bay window on the south side of the sitting-room, run out the kitchen six feet and made a new paatry, and enlarged my office. When these improvements were completed, I confess my house looked like a patient of mine, whose body is distorted and joints enlarged by inflammatory rheumatism, and I was so in debt my only salvation was in the popularity of my "Favorite Pill."

I can not detail all my vexations with that house, for they were legion. I lived in it till I had spent upon it and its furnishings about thirty-five thousand dollars, when fortunately I sold it to a man who had become a millionaire selling pigs. To be sure I only received half what I had expended; but the burden of it had become so insupportable that the day I left it, and with Phila Ann and the children rode over to the old Butterfoss house, was the happiest of my life. I felt like dancing a jig when I went into the wide old parlor. And the office—ah! what a charming place it did seem. The fragrance of aloes and rhubarb still hung about it. Every door and window was in exactly the right spot, and I can not describe the pleasure I took in again hanging up my skeletons in its roomy closets and setting up my bottles on its wide shelves.

The old-fashioned things I had stored in the attic and what I could buy of my progressive and art-loving neighbors furnished our house. Nothing was too nice to use or too delicate for the sun to shine on, and our friends, after laughing at us a little, said our house was the pleasantest one in town; and they told the truth, for we had light and air, furniture built with some regard to the curves of the human body, and really tasteful combinations of color on our walls. There is an old story of a flea who took up his abode in a lobster-shell, not because he needed it, but because it was finer than the dwellings of his friends, and would be good property to sell if a real lobster should come along. Somehow, the house I built always reminds me of that lobster-shell. Perhaps the man who is now in it is a real lobster and feels at home. I hope so. I never did, any more than the flea. There are a great many very crude notions afloat on the subject of what is beautiful in houses and their decorations; and fully one-half the persons who profess to know all about it are as ignorant as so many barn-owls. I therefore sincerely pity all people who are about to build or buy a house; and in the hope that I may assist to avoid possessing what is unsuited to their wants and tastes, to them I dedicate this brief account of what my neighbors call "Dr. Gillyflower's Pill."—*Elizabeth Cummings, in N. Y. Independent.*

The "Bogardus Surprise."

REPRESENTATIVES of the press, the Mayor, two or three clergymen and several members of the Scientific Association took sleighs at the City Hall yesterday afternoon and drove out to Cass Avenue to witness the workings of a new invention lately brought out by John Bogardus, the same gentleman who invented the newspaper office attachment known as the "Bogardus Kicker." It took some little time to convince the newspaper fraternity that the Kicker was just the machine which had been looked for ever since newspapers began to "X" with each other, but this new invention will be sold on sight. It is called the "Bogardus Surprise," and is a very simple piece of machinery. It can be attached to any sort of sleigh or cutter in three minutes without the aid of any tool except a monkey wrench. It is neat and compact, able to stand a very heavy strain, and is furnished at a reasonable price. The object and workings of the invention were clearly seen within five minutes after the party were on the ground. One was attached to a cutter, the horse started off on a trot, and several children belonging to the Clay School at once rushed for the vehicle with the cry: "Here's a hitch!" A boy about twelve years old had only just caught on when the "Surprise" picked him off his roost, turned him end for end, shook him till his teeth rattled, and heaved him clear over the walk into a snow-bank. It was just three minutes from the time the boy was picked up until he got breath sufficient to remark:

"Oh! you think you've done it, don't you!"

The next victim was a boy with a quart of molasses in a tin pail. The machine was given an extra pressure, as the boy was strong and fat, and he was turned end for end three times and pitched over the port-quarter in just seven seconds by the Mayor's watch. The pail of molasses struck a hitching-post and was scattered a distance of eighteen paces, as paced by one of the clergymen. In two minutes from the time he was seized, the fat boy arose to his feet with the remark:

"I guess I'd better walk the rest of the way home!"

In the course of an hour the "Surprise" was worked on fifteen different boys, none of whom will ever "hitch on" again as long as he lives. Total surprise and utter annihilation were complete in every instance, and yet no victim received a fatal injury.

Orders for fifty were given the inventor on the spot. The Mayor said of it:

"It is simply immense. I shall now drive from sunrise to sunset."

One of the *savants* passed his cigar-case around and remarked:

"It will be of more value to the world at large than a hundred-thousand-dollar telescope."

One of the eminent divines gave an order for two and added:

"Its effects on the moral status of the next generation can not be appreciated in dollars and cents."

It is probable that at least one hundred of these machines will be at work on the principal streets before the week is out, and if your boy comes home limp and reserved and humble-minded you needn't believe that a delivery sleigh ran over him unless you want to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ures Treelie."

A WIDELY varying importance is attached to this style of signing the name to a letter. This frequently leads to considerable misapprehension. There are people who, after very long acquaintance, and having warm regard for each other, never get beyond "Yours truly," or, at most, "Truly yours," which is, we believe, generally accepted, we know not why, as just one shade warmer. On the other hand, there are those who in a few weeks reach "Ever yours," and even "Ever affectionately yours." "Where," was once bitterly asked, "are all the 'ever affectionately yours' of ten years ago?" Has not every one who has reached middle life a number of letters hidden away in some bureau, with a signature as warm as this from some one to whom he would now neither give nor get aught warmer than a "Faithfully yours," if as much? It not seldom happens that people who have a warm manner give a cold signature, and vice versa. The great Duke of Wellington was a case in point. The most unIrish of Irishmen, there was a decided absence of genial cordiality about him; yet his letters are full of "Ever affectionately yours." As we get on in life there appears a decided tendency to curb any affectionate exuberance in signature. Very few of us—men, at least—sign "affectionately" to any male acquaintance made after we reach twenty-three. It is just as well to be a little careful as to this matter of signature, remembering that many do attach considerable importance to it, and see in it an emphatic indication of the measure of regard intended.

A GERMAN named Rubner has been making some interesting experiments to determine what proportion of the several ingredients of various foods are absorbed in the body. It was found that with carots and potatoes no less than 39 per cent. passed through the body, leaving 61 per cent. to be retained. It was proved that far more of flesh is retained than of any other food.

SOME Chicago men in 1878 established a line of telegraph from Chicago to Milwaukee which cost $14,000, and paid $5,000 profit in one year.

GENERAL.

THE late A. H. Howard, of Townshend, Vt., left $10,000 to that town for the support of the poor.

TWO frogs put in an earthen jar with a little water by a physiologist, who intended to use them for experimentation, were overlooked for nine months, during which time they were without food. Yet when found at last they were "alive and kicking."

IN Nebraska at the last election a Winnebago Indian was refused the right to vote. The Indian has put in a claim for $6,000 damages, and the State courts will now have to determine whether under the Fourteenth Amendment Indians have the right to vote or not.

AN incident absolutely without precedent in the annals of universal suffrage occurred in the Department of the Aude, France, during the municipal elections. The parish of Thezau, in the arrondissement of Narbonne, has a population of 500 souls, but not an elector presented himself at the poll on Sunday, January 9.

MR. EVARTS has had prepared mahogany fac-similies in miniature of the desk upon which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and which was presented to the country last year by the descendants of Jefferson. One of these miniature desks will be sent to each of the gentlemen who, in the House and Senate, made the speeches of presentation and acceptance.

RUDALP CHAPMAN, a little negro boy, found a box in a vacant lot in Washington the other day, and carried it home to his father, who opened it and saw that it contained valuable jewelry. The Chapmans are very poor, there was not much to eat in the house, and the children needed bread. But Mr. Chapman did what all white men would not do. He sold some rags for twenty-five cents, and with the money advertised the treasure in his possession. It proved to be jewelry stolen from Col. Roger Jones, of Pennsylvania Avenue, two days previous.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, speaking the other day of a letter which he had just received from a colored Republican about the writer's appointment as Postmaster of Athens, Ga., said: "I would go on his bond for $50,000, and so would almost any other white man who knows him. He was my body servant when I was a Confederate Senator, and attended to all my private affairs. He used to write for me at my dictation, and did many of the things which a private secretary would do. He carried $30,000 of my money when the federal guns could be heard in Richmond."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter sent to him by a tenant farmer of Carnarvonshire, England, on agricultural depression and the relations between landlord or agent and tenant, says: "The conditions of agriculture in this country are unfavorable for the farmer and for the public. Misfortunes may change them, as they may force the farmers to say something and exert themselves. I have preached to farmers for nearly forty years with but little result. American competition may speak to them and to our landlord class with more effect."

IT gives one a vivid idea of the incalculable loss to the country in material wealth from the wanton or accidental destruction of our forests to read that the damage from forest fires in but three States, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, and in but a single year, 1871, is estimated at the enormous sum of $215,000,000. As a consequence of similar destruction, settlers in Minnesota have been compelled this winter to burn their furniture, farm implements, outhouses and even the floors of their dwellings to keep from freezing. Others have paid from $17 to $20 a cord for firewood. No wonder the Minnesota Foresters' Association is pressing so energetically the need of renewing their woodlands.

MRS. PRUDENCE LAKIN, of Pease Eddy, N. Y., has lived for 107 years in Delaware County, and during that time has seldom been outside of its borders. She despises carpets, for the reason that the dust they hold is injurious to the lungs, and twice daily her rooms in constant use are washed with cold water. She delights in tales of the days when the Indians made life a burden in that part of the State. Two summers ago she killed a four-foot rattlesnake with a stone shovel, and its thirteen rattles are preserved with pride by a great-granddaughter. Not long ago Mrs. Lakin had an opportunity of reading her own obituary, which was written on the erroneous announcement of her death.

Too Much Education.

LONG ago the poet told us that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," and while the line doubtless had more of truth than poetry in it at the time it was written, this might be said of it with still greater positiveness at the present time. Comparatively few drink deep at the Pierian spring, though a mighty multitude think they have quaffed of its contents to an extent that imperils the supply. A little learning is the great curse of society, and it is a little learning that is acquired at the majority of our higher educational institutions. It is not the fault of the latter that this is so; the best instructors rarely forget to urge upon the student's mind the fact that the so-called methods of education are intended more to teach how to learn than what to learn. But the young men and women of the country do not understand this as generally as they should. On the contrary, they are possessed of the misleading idea that a diploma from a college is an indisputable proof of a liberal and practical education. When they present these certificates at newspaper offices or the counting-rooms of first-class business houses, they will find that these testimonials will be accepted only at a ruinous discount from their face value, unless it can be shown by corroborative evidence that they do not overstate the facts. How glad we should be if the blacksmith's son could go through college and return with an enlarged and reinforced, but still contented, mind to his bellows and forge. That would dignify labor; that would elevate the communities from which the best material for the learned professions and large business enterprises is taken. It would help to put libraries in humble homes, and give men larger influence in humble spheres. But, because the blacksmith has a smattering of Latin, or a glimmer of metaphysics, and the farmer's boy has plowed among the rocks and roots of the Greek language about as we would break up a New Hampshire farm with a wooden plow, they are above primitive usefulness and have just education enough to prejudice them against those callings in which they might be most successful and influential. The hand, guided by the brain, and co-operating with it, is the perfection of manual labor. Canon Kingsley said that books did not teach common sense, and very true was that remark. We almost begin to think that books, as they are used to too great an extent, rather tend to dissipate that precious endowment. The technical and developing schools are proving a partial antidote for the present excess of impractical education; but there is still much to be accomplished. The question of adaptation is a great one and to that the science of teaching should be especially directed. To form society in a single mold is inevitably to produce more of a kind than can well be provided for.—*Boston Post.*

A New Kind of Expert Evidence.

Is there a science that can make the conviction of a criminal guilty of forgery and the acquittal of those wrongfully suspected always a certainty? There certainly is. Its name is psycometry; its methods the discovery of a knowledge of his own guilt or innocence in the prisoner's mind when he takes up a pen to write "I am innocent" on paper. Last week I would have doubted the sanity of a man who knowing me would have expected me to believe such a proposition. Now, when I hear the laugh of the skeptic, I know that before its echoes can die, if he will listen, he will change the venue of his laugh. It will certainly be with me and against the skeptics.

Psycometry is a science from which no mortal man can conceal his real thoughts, if he will dare to write what he pretends are his convictions upon paper. The moment he thus commits himself the psycometric expert can tell with an infallible certainty whether that he has said is true or false. Suppose a criminal charged with forgery is on trial, and he and each one of the jurors who are trying him should write on separate pieces of paper "I am" or "I am not" guilty of this forgery, and that six of the jurors should confess they were guilty when they were not, and that the other six, with the prisoner, should say they were not guilty. Now, suppose you call in an expert to whom all these parties are utter strangers, and you fold these thirteen pieces of paper up and subuilt them to him, and that he in the presence of the court promptly and peremptorily declares that seven of these men have lied, before he opens one of those papers, and that he points out which seven, without opening one of them, and that they are then opened in the presence of the court and found to be the six jurors that said they were guilty and the criminal who said he was not guilty. Would not such a revelation overwhelm you with the conviction that psycometry is a science and the criminal guilty?

The evidence of all other experts is at best, after all, a matter of opinion, about which no two always agree. Psycometric experts express no opinions, but deal in facts, and facts about which they always agree. If, then, they can furnish positive evidence that can defy doubt and disproof, must it not be a higher order of evidence than conflicting opinions insuceptible of a conviction of perjury? What then is to be the first step taken to inaugurate the progress the development of science in the premises demands? It is the recognition by the courts of psycometry as a science. The existence of this science and its independence of all other sciences or sources of social influence rest on too immutable a basis to either dread enemies or fawn on power. It asks only for a test of its integrity, and its friends are aware that it will have to encounter the open and bitter enmity of every hypocrite in the world.—*Andrew H. Dawson, in Albany Law Journal.*

Numismatic Curiosities.

SOMEBODY recently started a false report that the American silver dollars coined in 1878 were worth two dollars each, in consequence of their scarcity and the efforts of coin collectors to secure them. The result was that dealers in coins were deluged with offers to sell specimens of that coin and with inquiries as to whether the report was true. Some time ago a similar story was circulated with reference to the coinage of cents in the United States Mint in 1814. It was alleged that in that year there was a dishonest workman who was detected in the act of stealing a quantity of gold. In order to screen himself from punishment and dispose of the evidence of his crime, he hastily threw his stolen gold into a crucible of molten copper that he was passing. The story ran that the workman's secret had become known, and that the pennies of 1814 were being bought up to extract the gold from them.

Some idea of the extensive interest taken in the collection of coins and medals may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1880 there were thirty-seven sales of coin collections in the city of New York alone. The total value of the sales was about $50,000. When to this is added the sales by regular dealers the total value of the sales of coins and medals foots up $100,000 a year. Beside the Numismatic Society of New York, of which Prof. Anthon is President, which has been ten years in existence, there are lesser societies in other cities, and there is a growing interest in the subject. The literature of the subject is extensive, and a coin collector's journal is published in this city. Some collectors have standing orders for certain pieces which they need to complete collections. The traffic is so extensive that there is a distinct market value for every rare coin, and even a difference in price for different stages of preservation. The wear and tear of ages reduces the value of a coin, because the distinctness of the impression becomes defaced. Thus it not infrequently happens that one impression of a coin may be worth twice as much as another impression of the same coin.—*New York Sun.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

TWO pyramids built by a King of the Sixth Dynasty have been discovered to the north of Memphis. They were buried beneath the sand. The vaults and chambers are covered with inscriptions.

M. de LESSEPS counts on Italian laborers to dig the Panama Canal. They bored the Mounts Cenis and Gothard tunnels, and are considered the most steady, frugal, and intelligent in such undertakings.

THE outside fiber of the cocoanut is being manufactured extensively for shoe-heels, and is said to be a most excellent substitute for leather. In fact, its wearing qualities are said to be superior to that of leather, and is much cheaper.

A FRENCH physician says that the deterioration of the race from improper feeding in infancy has become such a serious question in France that the government now insists that children sent out to nurse (a common practice in that country) shall be reared on mother's milk.

A NEW French appliance is an electric brake, which is made to operate on the wheel brake by means of electricity, generated during the motion of the train, and applied at pleasure. Experiments thus far made with this apparatus have proved entirely successful.

THE rare phenomenon of an inverted rainbow was observed at a Prussian town on the morning of November 25. The ends of the semi-circle, the center of which was the sun, rose and moved westward with the latter for some thirty minutes, when the appearance vanished.

FOR the purpose of determining the capacity of a horse to undergo the privations incident to a state of siege, a series of experiments have been made in Paris. The results show that a horse may hold out for twenty-five days without any solid nourishment, provided it is supplied with sufficient good drinking-water; that a horse can subsist for barely five days without water; and, thirdly, that if a horse is well fed for ten days, but insufficiently supplied with water throughout this period, it will not outlive the eleventh day. A horse which had received no solid nourishment for twelve days was, nevertheless, in a condition to draw a load of 600 pounds on the twelfth day of its fast.

PITH AND POINT.

CAN a Boston school-boy be called a Hubbub?

THE *Cornell Review* has discovered the mathematics of a kiss: it is a lip-tickle.

THE bee, although somewhat of a rover, thinks his first duty is to hum.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE wholesale price of strawberries in New York is $6 a quart. Thus do the luscious berries cheapen. We paid $10 only two weeks ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE person who would pick upon a banjo is entirely capable of pounding a piano, squeezing life out of an accordion or beating a drum.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"THE height of the human figure," says some authority, "should properly be six times the length of the foot." This proves that St. Louis folks are too short.—*Boston Post.*

MR. GARFIELD, his wife, and the young lady who is to assist in doing the honors of the White House, have all been school teachers. The reins of Government will now be kept taut.—*Boston Transcript.*

MARIE ROZE has been photographed in one hundred and fifty-eight different positions. The only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a chair at a funeral.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.—*Philadelphia News.*

AFTER all the evidence was in, a Galveston Judge asked the accused, who was charged with stealing a watch, if he had anything more to offer. "I did have an old silver watch to offer you, Judge, but my lawyer borrowed it and hasn't brought it back yet."—*Galveston News.*

Boundary Between Russia and America.

ONE of the most important results of the trip of the schooner Yukon to the coast of Alaska last autumn, under charge of Commander W. H. Dall, was the determination of the boundary line between Russia and the United States. According to the treaty, this boundary line should pass between the two Diomede Islands without touching either. Commander Dall made a landing on Big Diomede Island, and had a short but satisfactory set of observations, which showed that the boundary line, as defined in the treaty, does actually pass between the two islands. These islands are granite domes rising in the center of Behring's Strait, their sides almost perpendicular from the action of the sea, and without beaches. A few gullies in the granite bluffs give access to a broken tableland on the top. There is a native village on each island. The Diomedes are frequented by millions of birds, and seal and walrus are also captured by the natives.

The Telephone on Railroads.

ACCORDING to *Engineering*, the Edison loud-speaking telephone is giving way in England before the Gower-Bell telephone. This latter form is largely used in the Post-office, and is also employed to some extent in railway signaling. In a recent experiment on the Southwestern Railroad, the telephones were simply connected between the existing wire for working the "block" system and the "earth." Conversation was then distinctly carried on, without interfering in the least with the ordinary signals; and it was curious to listen in the telephone and hear the sound of the train itself leaving the distant station simultaneously with the strokes of the signal bell indicating its departure. The reason of this simultaneous working is, that the magneto-electric telephone currents being of very weak strength and vibratory in character, are harmlessly superposed upon the powerful battery currents working the "block" instruments.

The Republican.

P. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MORNING.

CLAP your wings, O doves,
Clap your snow-white wings;
For the morning comes with rejoicing,
And the great earth sings.

The light streams over the wood
And over the town,
The spruce and hemlock wood
So sullenly brown.

It broke from a smoky cloud,
A curtain of gray,
It broke with a kind of cheer
In a red rose ray.

The river ran molten gold,
And the sails caught fire,
And the flames leaped up and aloft
To the tall church spire.

The doves they circled and rose
As feathers are tossed,
And one was burning in light
Where the dark lines crossed.

And the factory windows blazed
In yon wall grim and long,
Like a house some poet has raised,
Some palace of song.

Thick studded with pearl and gold
The old town lay piled,
Opal in every pore,
Its ugliness smiled.

The bell chimed sweet that morn
In the belfry high,
As if all sorrow must pass
In a long-drawn sigh.

And the hidden pang was soothed
With the balm of light,
And now the invalid slept
Who had tossed all night

And turned the Ixion wheel
Whereon must be,
Cheated with snatches of dream
Of a life made free.

As the doves, which clap their wings
And flutter in flocks,
While little waves crisp and run,
And the sailboat rocks.

—*August Larned, in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

SKIDDY.

The Contraband's Love Story.

[The following manuscript has been lying in the garret of an old country-house for nearly twenty years. It is a perfectly true story, taken from the poor fellow's lips, who told it with a passion and pathos which the writer remembers and sympathizes with unto this day.]

I am a carpenter by trade, and was mending de roof ob a house, when looking down into a garden opposite I saw—oh, de pootiest little short lady that ever you could see; she had long hair way down her shoulders, and was so trim and neat looking. When I see her, I says to myself—Dat's de woman I loves! I turned to my companion, and says, "you see dat pooty little short lady down dar?" and he says, "Yes, I do." "Well, I love her." He laughed and replied, "You may love her till you're dead, but you will never get her." He didn't know what a pang went through my heart when he uttered these words, they cut me like a knife. I didn't say no more, but went to plotting in my head how I could get an opportunity to see her.

It was Saturday arternoon, so when I got through work I went into do house, but could think of nothing else but dat pooty little thing all night. I kept plotting till finally I arranged dis plan: First, you must be 'quainted wid de fact dat we darkies have what we call a "tea drinking" Sunday artoruoons, afore we set de tablo for do big folks. I thought ob dis, and says to mysolf, dis would be a good way for me; to ascertain arter church to-morrow if dar's any one amongst de congregation as knows dis young lady. Well, I did so, and found one was 'quainted with her. I gave her fifty cents, and said, "Will you give a "tea-drinking," and invite dis young lady?" She agreed, and I went home mighty tickled, I tell you what. I slicked and starched up mighty fine, and when de time come, I went round to de house. Ob course, on entering do room I made my obedience to de ladies, but my eyes flew like a flash round de room, and I see who was sitting in de corner. I warn't slow to get de introduction, and I made myself as agreeable as de possible. De lady's name was Skiddy. I found I warn't disappointed in her, she was mighty nice, but says I to myself, if I don't be pooty spry in de asking to 'company her home der won't be no chance, for I see de young jelarkies looking sharp at us; so I said, "May I have de pleasure of 'companying you home dis evening?" She said she would be most happy to accept my company. I tell you, I felt fine when one, two, three jelarkies, came up and asked do pleasure of 'companying her. I did say nothing, but laughed so hard to myself when I heard her say, "No thank you. I have de company," and den I see dem look at one another, and say, "What company Skiddy got! Is it you? or you?" "No, tnin't me," dey said. I was just so tickled I didn't know what to do.

By and by it came time to go, and Skiddy went for her shawl, and I stood waiting by de door, but I could see de jelarkies looking and opening der eyes. When she was ready, we bid dem a very good evening. I walked mighty straight and opened de gate for her, and as I went through I flung a glance back. I saw de jelarkies looking wondering at me, and I hear one say: "Pooty good, for he's cut us all out—on fust acquaintance, too."

Ob, it was a happy walk dat night. I was so joyed to know her. When we came to her place she said: "I should be happy for you to call on me some evenings." I, of course, said nothing would please me more, and went home feeling so grand.

You may laugh, lady, at my quick love, and say you don't believe in love at first sight. I won't enter into any discussion on de matter, but I knows I did love Skiddy den and always. I was impatient for de time to come when it would look proper for me to call—arter dat I used to go often for several weeks, and all de time kept loving her more and more, till at last one night I asked if I might have de honor of addressing her! She said, "Yes." Oh! wasn't I happy! Den I thought when can we get engaged! we don't like to in de kitchen when all de folks is 'round, so we plotted together, and finally agreed to take a walk on de next Sunday evening. I could get little sleep dat night, I tell you. I felt so happy! Skiddy loved me, and would one day be mine! Oh lady, I did love her! I loved her better than mudder or fader. I loved her wid my whole heart, wid my whole soul, wid all de strength ob dis black man, and in fact more dan all de world put together. All do long night I kept thinking how happy we should be. I was only a boy of 20, but I had de feelings of a man.

Sunday night (the 2d of May, twenty years ago) came and we took a walk in ——. You don't know, lady, how de beautiful trees grow on de sides ob de streets, so big and fine! De moon was out full and bright—silvering eberyting all over, and de trees cast shadows on de ground as Skiddy and I walked on—I telling how I first saw and loved her; den we made a solemn vow to love each other till death and ever afterward. She was so pooty, not quarter so black as me, and you may wonder, lady, at her choosing me, but I was not so big and large den. I was a nice, trim young man. Arter we had exchanged our word we shook hands; no one that saw us knew what dat wer for, but wo knew, we were clasping hands and hearts for life. What a blessed night it was. I felt I can't tell how—but so happy. If I slept little de night previous I slept less don. Skiddy was in my mind all de time. Arter that I courted her 'bout four years. I did wish to marry her, but how could I? She was a lady's maid and her mistress thought de world ob her, used to take her to de Springs or traveling in do summer wid her. She dressed her so smart and nice. What could I give her!—nothing. I only got my fifty cents a week and a sack of meal. I used to work from sunrise to sunset for my master; arter dat I had de evenings to myself, but I could do but little den. I tried, but couldn't save much out of my fifty cents. I couldn't ask Skiddy to marry me yet, when I could git her nothing nice. I thought 'twas awful hard to wait so many long years, and still be just as poor as ever. I looked at de massers round, . . . and saw many dat did not love der wives as I loved Skiddy; dey could marry when and who dey pleased—while I, poor slave, must crush my feelings, and wait de time. Sometimes, when I would see her, it seemed as though I could bear it no longer. I would think—God tries do black man's patience awful far—but I tell you, lady, I never said ono dishonorable thing to her, no more than I would to my massa or missis, and I was just as kind to her as I would be to a little baby.

Toward de end ob de fifth year ob our devotion I thought, if de folks was willin', I would marry her anyway, even if I could gib her nothing; but I didn't feel just right about it, as she had so many advantages, being her lady's maid; she could read and write, while I could do neither, for what 'centive is der to de slaves learning to read! if you too smart, de missis sell you to New Orloans and work you on de plantations. One evening while working in dis desponding mood, I got word dat Skiddy would like to see me as soon as I could come. Arter work I went round and she says:

"Oh! I can give you light of such news! What do you think! Missis sent for me yesterday. I went up to de room, and missis says, 'Dere's some one courting you, Skiddy,' and I says, 'Yes, missis.' 'Who is it?' I answered, 'It is George, dat lives wid Mr. ——.' 'Why didn't you tell me?' says missis. 'Cause I was so 'shamed.' 'You're sure he loves you?' 'I guess I'se pretty certain of that,' I said. 'Well, how long has he been courting you?' 'Five years,' I replied. 'Five years!' says missis, 'then he must love you!' 'I reckon he does,' I said. 'Why, Skiddy, and you never told me! Why didn't you get married?' 'Cause we're so poor.' 'Well, you shall be married dis fall,' says missis. 'You just send for George to come and see me, he must be a good faithful lover, to wait all these years. He is worthy of you, for I have heard of him before. I would allow you to be married this summer, but I am going to Philadelphia and want you to accompany me, but when I return you shall be married, and I will see you have all that is right.' I did bless missis den, I cried, for so much joy, and den I sent for you to come. Missis is out, but she wishes to see you to-morrow."

Lady, I went home; mudder had a nice bit of chicken on the table for me; I 'tempted to eat it, but something came right up in my throat and choked me. I couldn't swallow, my feelings all gave way, and like Skiddy, I cried till my heart was eased. Next morning, when I woke, de thought of going to Missis —— was de first ting entered my head. After breakfast I walked out. I could see Missis ——'s house from my hut, and I see de massa and missis, and de young ladies and gentlemen, standing out on de veranda, and I knew very well what dey was standing dere for; it was just to see George, do lover. Well, dere was no way for me to get dere but to walk past de veranda. I felt so 'shamed I didn't know what course to take, but says I to myself, "What I got to be 'shamed of? Is I 'shamed cause I loves Skiddy? No, dat I isn't. I wouldn't be 'shamed to tell do whole world I loves her! Well, what is it?" I couldn't tell, so I got up all de pluck I could and walked up straight. Just as I got in front of de veranda I took off my hat and made my bow to the ladies; dey all burst out laughing and went into de house. I didn't feel quite so smart arter dat, but nevertheless, I went in, too. Skiddy came right to me and says, "I am so happy!" "I am, too," says I; den we went together to missis, and she asked me if I loved Skiddy very much, and I told her how much—much I loved her. She took Skiddy's hand, and put it in mine, saying we should be married de next fall. I tried to 'spress my thanks, but couldn't tell her half I felt. When I went from her presence I felt as if an angel had blessed me. It wanted a month afore they would start for Philadelphia, so of course I continued visiting Skiddy till 'twas time for her to go.

One evening I was sitting with her, laying plans for de future, we were so happy, when I see a beautiful carriage, wid two fine horses, stop at de door, and a darkey come down from de box and enter de kitchen; I know him in a moment; it was an old lover of Skiddy's; he was a free darkey and lived in do town (his father was a free man, too), he kept a livery stable, and was worth some $4,000 or $5,000, which made him quite a rich darkey in de town. I don't know why, but my heart sunk when he entered de room. I felt he was come for some partikilar purpose, and I didn't like it; he was dressed in finest of broadcloth, and looked mighty handsome; he had called to see Skiddy. Of course, I, being a gentleman, I rose arter a few moments, and bid dem good evening, but I couldn't get any further dan do next room, where I took a seat; de door was ajar, so I could hear de coversation as was going on. I felt awful bad. I knew him to be an old lover of Skiddy's, and I knew he had come for some purpose dat night. I didn't doubt Skiddy's love, but I knew he had much on his side. I feared Skiddy might be tempted. I heard him pleading for her love; he offered her so many 'ducements; he said: "I am a free man, I have money, I love you with all my heart—here. I have brought you this gold ring, and these fine long ear-drops. I can give you nice dresses; I am free; I don't want a slave for my wife! I have saved $1,500, and will offer it all for your freedom, and before we are married, too."

When I heard dese words it seemed my heart stopped its beatings to hear Skiddy's answer; my head swam, for I felt how great was dat inducement. Lady, what do you think was her reply?

"No! I love George, and have loved him dese five years, and dido freedom is de dearest ting to a poor slave's heart, my love for George is still dearer."

He still plead, but dat was her final answer; he got no other, so he left. I felt so grateful, so thankful, I said to myself, "Skiddy, you are a noble little creature, how could I doubt you!" While I was thinking dese sweet thoughts, suddenly it entered into my head: "Oh George, what a selfish, selfish man you are, thinking ob nothing but your own joy, and wrapped in your own desires; you care for nothing, only the joy of being so loved. Think a moment! Would it not be far better for Skiddy to marry dis free man! Would he not give her freedom, the gold rings! while you could not even so much as give her the plainest kind of a ring! With him she would be rich; arter a little while she would forget you, and her life would be far happier!" My heart sank like lead at dese toughts. I felt worse than ever: I felt 'twas duty to urge her to accept him. Then *self* spoke in me, and said, "What if a rich free woman was to come to me and say, 'If you marry me I will give you freedom and fine clothes,' and I should take her; what would Skiddy think of me! She would say, 'He is a man of no honor, or principle. He loves do freedom—and de money—better dan he loves me, when he has sworn he loves me better dan de whole world! I can not respect him any more.' Dat's it," says I, "no more could I respect Skiddy if she acted so. I know what I will do, I will go to Skiddy, and say I will give her up if she wishes to leave me, but if she will still cling to me I will love and cherish her all my life, and say she's worthy to be de wife ob any man in dis world, dat I will." So I got up and went into de room where she was and told her all I had thought. "Why, George," she said, "what for have I been waiting all dis time, if I don't 'speet to marry you? and now after waiting live yenrs, just now when we can be married, why should I leave you?" I couldn't say a word, but I folded her to my heart, and never arter dat did I doubt dat dear little lady's love.

Do time drow near, when de missis was to go to Philadelphia, and Skiddy was so delighted to go, for she loved to travel with her missis, when all of a sudden de missis's father took it into his head dat Skiddy should not go; he said his daughter was too 'strav'gant and he would not let her take a lady's maid. We did not know what de matter was, he was always willing de young missis should take Skiddy afore, but dis time he said no. Well Skiddy took on awful bad, and her missis got right down angry with her father; she told him Skiddy was delicate, she had always gone out ob do town in summer, and if she remained in town during de hot weather she would get sick; but he would not be turned, so de missis went widout Skiddy, but she told us when she came back we should be married. Skiddy grieved much because she could not go.

Two weeks after missis left de typus fever came in town and Skiddy was taken sick with it. A week afterward I was laid on do bed—I can't tell you how I felt. I only could think about Skiddy, whom I feared I should never see again. I used to tell de doctor so, but he would only laugh and say, "Folly, folly, George, you will see her soon; she is getting along nicely." Ebery day a messenger brought me tidings dat she was growing better; still I felt sick whenever I thought ob her, I did so long to see her, hab her with me! When I was getting well, just so I could sit up a few hours, I was looking out ob de window and saw a friend ob mine come into de house. He came to me and said:

"Have you heard from Skiddy? Say?"

"Yes," I answered, "word has just been sent dat she is better."

"Oh, George," said he, "I can't bear to tell you, but I must; dis great wrong shall continue no longer. You must know all. Skiddy is dead!"

When he uttered dese words all de life seemed to go from me, too. I groaned out, "I knew she would! I told 'em so! Take me to her! Where is she? tell me, quick!"

He said, "De funeral is now going on, I could not bear you shouldn't know it. Massa would almost kill me if he knew I told you; dey said 'twould kill you, too?"

He took hold ob my arm, helped me out. I was so weak, I could scarcely walk, but I crawled along. I had gone about two squares, when I looked up and saw a hearse coming along wid mournors walking arter. Oh, lady! could you know my agony! I gave one great cry, then all grew dark and I fell face downward on de sidewalk. I knew nothing any more, but dey told me arterward dat dey took me in a shop and den carried me home. I grew delirious and became worse and worse, but at length I got well.

I thought, why did God leave me! why could I not have died and joined her! Without her life was nothing to me; my wicked heart rebelled. I felt so angry with God dat just as de prize was in my hands she should be taken! I mourned and mourned for her till my heart grew sick. I was like a man from whom all feeling had fled, to outward appearances, but inward I kept nursing my wicked thoughts against God. I felt how unjust He was. I, a poor slave, was permitted to have one great joy, as great if not greater dan any white man, and now it was gone, all gone. But, lady, I don't regret it now all dose awful feelings have vanished. Through Skiddy's death I got religion; by her death I saved my soul, and I feel assured I shall meet her in heaven. I know she is waiting for me. Lady, it was not right that I should so love her! I made her my idol, I saw naught else, she was my all. God and Jesus Christ were not in my soul. Skiddy alone filled it. She was good, dey told me she died in peace, but I was not, or I could never have had such wicked thoughts when she was taken. I now see her death was de means ob my salvation. Oh, lady, beware neber to love no human creature so much dat you make it an idol, it will be ruining, and de love will never benefit you; but see de good Lord in His works and love in thought His goodness!

No, I never grieve for Skiddy any more. I never did arter one night. I was walking in de street, when I heard a voice say, "Georgo, go back into de house." I did so, and suddenly a great whirlwind swept over de town, blowing down shutters, tearing up trees, and I felt my life had been spared.

Do you know what dat voice was? I felt 'twas Skiddy's, and arter dat I never had more pain about her; I knew she was watching over me in heaven, and dat we should walk dere, when de good Lord saw fit to call me.

"But," said I, "you are married now! Do you love your wife? How can you, if you still love Skiddy?"

Of course I love my wife, I would be a cruel, wicked man if I did not; but de love den and de love now are two very different tings. I would not, if I could, love so again; but, lady, I told my wife, afore we was married, all about Skiddy, how much I loved her, and dat I should never forget her; my wife was willing to marry, so I took her. I often dream of Skiddy now, but I always tell my wife in de morning dat I dreamed of Skiddy last night, till one morning, my wife says, "Why, George, I tink you must love Skiddy better dan me!" Well, I didn't know what I should say to dat! 'cause do women are kinder jealous, you know, and I knew not how to get out ob de scrape; at last I said, "I love you all I can now, and I loved Skiddy all I could den, but de two is very different tings." My wife was den satisfied.

Just before I came to New York I had a dream which I couldn't tell my wife. I thought best to leave dis one untold. I deamed I died, and went to Heaven. I was in front ob a great gate, all pearls and gems like you read ob in Revelations—and de gate opened. I felt a hand take mine, and looking up, I saw Skiddy, who said, "Oh, George, I am so glad you come, I have been waiting for you so long; I knew you would come, 'cause you love de Lord!" Den she conducted me up two steps and I saw a large plain; de people as were dere were dose dat was rich in the world, but de riches had not corrupted dem, and dey was quite happy. We did not stop dere, but passed on to another plain, where de people was dat had passed through trials and sorrows, and dey was happier dan de others, but didn't stop dere. We went up some steps to another plain, where dere was people what had had great trials and tribulation, so great dey could scarcely bear it, but had looked to de Lord, and He had helped dem; and I looked up, and saw two clouds; suddenly dey parted, and issuing from dem a great, great white light. I looked and saw de Lord Jesus Christ sitting on de throne, with His holy angels on de right and on de left; and all de people as had suffered great tribulation, and do angels, lifted up dere voices. Skiddy and I fell down and worshiped, and we joined our voices in singing, "Glory—Hallelujah to de Lord God on High," who had brought us through much trial and tribulation to a land of peace.—*Mary F. Gundolfo, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Wanted to be an Editor.

"HAVE you had any experience in the business?" we asked of a verdant-looking youth, who applied for an editorial position, the other day.

"Haven't I, though!" he replied, as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskillful patching of a backwood cobbler. "I should say I'd had some experience; have not I corresponded with the Pumpkinville *Screamer* for six weeks? Hain't that experience enough?"

"That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take young men on our editorial staff we generally put them through an examination. How much is twelve times one?"

"Twelve. Why, any little boy ought to an —"

"Hold on, please; don't be too fast. How many bones are there in a human body?"

"Well, I forgot now, but I just to know wuntz."

"What! don't you know that? Why, there are 7,482,654,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You will not forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"Have you a good constitution? How long do you suppose you could live on raw cotton and faith, and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord, I don't believe I could live more'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you'd want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. You appear to be pretty well posted; we shall ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can take off your coat and sail in."

"Let me have 'er, squire; I didn't correspond with the Pumpkinville *Screamer* six weeks for nothin'. Let her come; I'm on deck, I am."

"Well, sir, if two diametrical circles, with octagonal peripheres should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or, to put it plainer, we say a disenfranchised nonentity—what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystallized codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"

As the full force of this ponderous problem broke upon his bewildered brain he slowly dragged his artistically cobbled shoe from under his chair and started from the room. We then placidly resumed our duties, regretting that so promising a youth should have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."—*Graphic.*

Our Young Folks.

SNOW-STORM.

Down from the misty sky they came,
Fast and faster the livelong day,
Till the cobble-stones in the noisy streets
Were snugly hidden at last away;
And over the pavement broad and wide
A beautiful snowy sheet was spread,
And each tall tree in the park near by
Was suddenly wearing a white-capped head.

Baby climbed up in her little chair,
And looked at the storm with eager eyes;
Then, suddenly clapping her tiny hands,
"I know why de feavers come?" she cries.
"Dere's pitty white hens in de sky, mamma—
Dese all dem feavers is flowing away!"
Then two blue eyes from the window turned
And questioned, "Why laugh at baby May?"

O wee little mite of humanity,
For the first time viewing a fall of snow,
How many storms will cross your path
As over the road of life you go?
For clouds must gather o'er every heart,
And winter must follow the summer fair,
And there must be gloomy and leaden skies
To fill with snowflakes the earth and air.

But light as feathers, dear little one,
May be the storms your heart may feel,
And after the shadows, the sunshine bright
Shall every sorrow and trouble heal;
For under the snow the blossoms lie,
Gathering strength for the next glad year,
And before we know it their fragrance sweet
Will give us the tidings, "Summer is here!"

—*M. D. Brine.*

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

AS FLOWERS among the vegetable kingdom are seemingly sent to beautify the world, so birds have their place among living animals, and seem created for the display of beauty. Indeed, they rival the flowers in variety and brilliancy of color, especially our tropical birds. Then, too, the grace of their movements and their sweet songs give an added and indescribable charm.

Among the most brilliant members of the feathered tribes are those called Birds of Paradise. The natives of the Moluccn Islands give them the name of God's Birds, as being superior to all He has made. "Not even the humming birds themselves," says one, "present such an inexhaustible treasury of form and color as is found among the comparatively few species of the Birds of Paradise. In all the feathers glow with resplendent radiance, in nearly all there is some strange and altogether unique arrangement of the plumage, and in many the features are modified into plumes, ribbons and streamers that produce the most surprisingly lovely effects."

The Great Emerald Paradise Bird, is described as a most elegant bird. "From the tip of the bill to the end of the long side feathers is about two feet, but to the end of the real tail about twelve inches; the size of the bird being that of the thrush. The bill is slightly bent, and of a greenish color; the base surrounded, for the distance of half an inch, with close set, velvet-like black plumes, with a varying luster of golden green. The head, together with the back part of the neck, is a pale gold color, the throat and fore part of the neck of the richest changeable gold-green. The whole remainder of the plumage on the body and the tail is of a fine deep chestnut, except on the breast which is a deep purplish color.

"From the upper part of each side of the body, beneath the wings, springs a vast assemblage of extremely long, loose, broad floating plumes of the most delicate texture and appearance, in some specimens of a bright, deep yellow, in others of a paler hue, but most of these marked by a few longitudinal dark red spots. And from the middle of the rump spring a pair of naked shafts, considerably exceeding in length even the long loose plumes of the side.

"This bird is a native of the Moluccn Islands, and the islands around New Guinea, particularly in the Aroo. Latham mentions that a specimen was once brought alive to England, and it is occasionally brought to Macao, in China.

"The chiefs of the countries where they are found use them in their turbans. And in many parts of the East, as well as in this country, they are used as ornaments in ladies' hats and headdresses."

There is one species called King Bird of Paradise. It is thought to be the smallest of all these birds, about the size of a lark. It is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the brilliancy of its velvet-like plumage of blood-red, green, white, gold, chestnut brown, etc., which is exquisitely arranged upon head, breast and wings, presenting a fine gloss like rich satin.

The tail of this bird is remarkably short, and from it spring two naked feathers which coil in a spiral manner at the end. The legs are moderately stout and of a yellowish brown color. This species, called the King Bird of the Dutch, is said not to associate with other birds of the genius, but to be of a solitary nature, feeding on berries, particularly those of a red color; seldom or never sitting on lofty trees, but frequently on shrubs and bushes.

There is also the Golden-breasted Bird of Paradise, and the Superb Bird of Paradise, each of a different form and adjustment of the brilliant feathers; and a few of less note. But limited space will not permit of our describing them.

Many strange tales were told of this bird by ancient writers. It was thought to have no legs or feet, but to pass its time floating in the air, and only occasionally take a little rest by suspending itself from the branches of a tree by the long feathers of its tail. Its eggs were supposed to be laid in the hollow formed by the plumage of the male bird, and that the mother bird sits upon them while resting upon the back of her husband; both birds floating luxuriously in the breeze and feeding on the soft dews of heaven. An absurd idea which probably originated from the fact that the places from which they were received—the Malay Archipelago—were then little known, and as all the specimens of the bird which reached Europe were legless, they imagined this its natural condition. Their plan of preservation was to cut off the legs, run into the body a hot iron which dried up the internal moisture; and then, filling the cavity with salt and spices, they sold them to the Europeans for a mere trifle.

Most of these birds associate in large flocks in the delightful aromatic woods and groves of their native islands. And the inhabitants themselves are not insensible to their charms; for, as we have already said, they give them the name of God's bird. From the rapidity of their flight, as well as their being continually on the wing in pursuit of insects, their usual prey, they are sometimes called the Swallows of Ternate.

As the country where they breed is visited with tempestuous seasons, these birds are seldom seen at such times; and it is supposed that they then migrate to countries where their food is to be found in great abundance; for, like swallows, they have their "appointed times."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Hans and the Pepper-Pot.

LITTLE HANS was a very naughty boy one day.

What do you think he did?

Well, he did almost everything that was mischievous; at least, everything he could think of.

I suppose he got out of bed the wrong way, or opened his left eye first instead of his right, or forgot to say "Popocatapetl" before he began his brenkfast, or some such dreadful thing; and if he did, of course that was enough to make him naughty, wasn't it?

First, he wouldn't eat his breakfast. There was not enough sugar on his porridge. Mamma put on some more, and then there was too much. (This shows that something was very wrong with him, for who ever heard of a child having too much sugar?) And he wouldn't eat it. "*Wah! wah! boo!*" no, he wouldn't.

So he didn't. And nobody was a bit the worse for it but himself.

After brenkfast he felt hungry and went back into the kitchen, but mamma had put everything away except the pepper-pot.

When Hans saw the pepper-pot, he forgot that he was hungry. Now he would have some fun.

So he called the cat, who was asleep by the stove, and began to pat and stroke her.

Pussy purred and felt very happy, when suddenly—puff! Hans shook the pepper-pot over her nose.

Poor pussy! her eyes and nose were full of pepper. She mewed piteously, and ran round and round, sneezing and spitting. That was fun for Hans.

Still holding the pepper-pot, he looked about for some new sport, and saw on a shelf a beautiful blue platter, large and round, which he had not often seen, as it was usually kept locked up in the cupboard.

How finely that would spin on the smooth kitchen floor.

Up he climbed, down he climbed, and soon the platter was spinning beautifully.

"Whir-r-r-r, whir-r, whir-r—crash!" this was what the platter said. And it never said anything else, for it was broken in fifty pieces.

Hans was very still for a moment.

Then he said to himself, "If mamma finds me crying hard, perhaps she may not punish me."

So he opened his mouth very wide, and put both fists in his eyes, and began "*Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! oh! oh! o-o-oh!*"

But the next moment came a change in his tone, and his screams were those of real terror and pain.

Poor Hans! He had forgotten the pepper-pot, which was still tightly clasped in one hand; and now his eyes and nose were as full of pepper as poor pussy's had been, and like her he ran round and round the room, shrieking and screaming.

What a sight met his mother's eyes when she opened the door. Hans with his mouth wide open, and his face streaming with tears and pepper, and her beautiful dish on the floor, broken in fifty pieces!—*Youth's Companion.*

A Little Advice.

HERE are four good rules which I want you all to study well:

One is, always to look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If your words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do it? Then listen. Do the hard things first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.—*The Little Sower.*

A Chester Trapper's Experience.

SOME time ago a noted trapper of Easttown, Chester County, set a trap to catch a pole-cat, which occasionally wandered about his place. The trap was a specimen of the "choke" variety. After putting in the bait the old trapper left the spot to await further developments. Instead of a pole-cat coming after the bait a crow put in his appearance. The crow seemed to partially understand the "dodge," and, instead of picking out the bait with its bill, reached out one of its claws after it. The trap worked beautifully, and the claw of the crow was caught between its iron jaws. Pretty soon a hawk made its appearance at the trap, but whether to fight the crow or get the bait no one can tell. However, when a neighbor of the noted trapper came upon the scene, he found that the crow had one claw caught in the trap, while with the other he was holding the hawk to the ground at the neck. Both birds were alive at the time, but the discoverer of the trap and the singular associations soon succeeded in dispatching the fowls.—*Chester (Pa.) Times.*

MISS VIOLET BROWN, the thirteen-year-old daughter of ex-Governor Gratz Brown, of Missouri, was in the upper story of a public school at St. Louis the other day when the building took fire. While the teachers were subduing the panic and trying to take the children out in safety, the girl stepped to the window, opened it, and jumped down upon the roof of an extension building, a distance of eight feet, caught hold of the lightning-rod, and slid down to the ground.

A VERY proper Boston girl, who reads the Bible to the family Sunday nights, read of "William Dad, the Shuhite," referring to him as "Bildad" being considered too dreadfully familiar.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
Editors and Proprietors.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

Hon. M. G. Urner will please accept our thanks for valuable public documents.

Dr. J. D. Fiske, a member of the first branch of the City Council of Baltimore, was expelled on Monday last for offering to take a bribe. We deem the punishment of Dr. Fiske merited on his part, but we are of the opinion that his is not the only case where money has been demanded by a Councilman under such circumstances.

Ex-Governor Chamberlain showed up the boasted gentility of "West Point men" most effectively when, in the Whittaker examination on Tuesday, he commented on their action in seizing the colored cadet's private correspondence, in the hope that they might be enabled thus to obtain evidence against him. Whatever else it may be, such conduct was certainly not becoming in "an officer and a gentleman."

The press of advertisements upon our columns prevents us from giving our readers a detailed report of the inauguration of President Garfield, with the inaugural address. We would, if we had the space, give the comments of the Press upon the inaugural address and the new Cabinet. It will be sufficient to say both give general satisfaction among Republicans. As for the Democrats they would not be sasisfied if they were going to be hanged.

The distribution of government patronage under the new administration is already exciting Maryland politicians. Messrs. James A. Gary and J. Morrison Harris were of late frequent visitors at Washington. The impression among well-informed Republicans is that the President will make no changes in the Maryland offices until the expiration of their commissions. The commissions of the principal officers do not expire for some months to come. This belief prevails not only among the friends, but also among the opponents of the present incumbents of the government offices in Maryland, General Garfield's declaration regarding civil service reform has strengthened this opinion in those who entertained it before his inauguration.

General and Mrs. Grant arrived in Washington on Wednesday evening, and are quartered at Williard's Hotel. Senators Conkling and Logan and Don Cameron were in conference with the General several hours. The ex-President came to the city unannounced, and was met by J. A. Creswell at the depot. Gen. Grant sent for Senator Conkling immediately after reaching the hotel. There was a large crowd gathered in the lobby when he arrived, and his sudden appearance created quite a sensation. The details of the conference are veiled in mystery, but the impression prevails that the meeting of the leaders means war against the new administration. Gen. Creswell and wife and Mrs. General Beale dined with General and Mrs. Grant.

One of the greatest sensations of modern times was created in Baltimore on Tuesday last, by the report that the Pennsylvania railroad Company had purchased a controlling interest in the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road. Only a few days had elapsed since we were informed that the Baltimore and Ohio Company had purchased a controling interest in the P. W. and B. Road, but in this it seems they were mistaken. The news of this last sale was a little startling, and many persons did not credit it, but it seems now to be confirmed. Jay Gould, who was a heavy owner in the B. & O. syndicate and who bought in the interest of the B. & O., has sold out in the interest of the Pennsylvania Company at a handsome profit, and has completely shorn Mr. Garrett, so to speak. If the news can be relied upon the Baltimore and Ohio people have been very badly "scooped." We trust that some arrangement may yet be made by which our trunk line will secure a through route to New York.

The Forty-sixth Congress expired at noon on Friday last, and with it passed away the Democratic majority. But for the blunders and general cussedness of that majority the Republicans might not have carried the last election, and the country is not insensible to the obligation.

The train on which President Hayes and family were going to Ohio on Saturday last, on the Baltimore and Potomac road, was wrecked by a collision. Two passengers were killed and seventeen injured. The collision was the result of carelessness on the port of an engineer, who neglected his written instructions.

Samuel J. Tilden, great Democratic reformer, late Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is now before the courts charged with defrauding parties interested in the New York Iron Mine. This old offender has evaded the penalties of the law in numerous instances, but sooner or later he will have to answer for his misdoings. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Francis M. Darby, Esq., of Hagerstown, is a candidate for the office of United States District Attorney for the District of Maryland. We understand he has the aid and influence of Hon. J. G. Blaine, Secretary of State, and Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland. Mr. Darby is in every way worthy and well qualified to fill the position to which he aspires.

Congressman Cox, of New York, better known as the democratic Congressional joker, is happy, the House having passed the apportionment bill fixing 319 as the basis of representation. The Republicans are happy also because they fixed the above number as the basis. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The *Independent*, of Cumberland, informs us that Gov. Hamilton will not have the aid of Ex-Gov. Whyte in his bombshell campaign next fall. If this be true it only shows that Gov. Whyte has some political sagacity left. You catch Wm. Pinkney taking passage on a sinking craft. Oh, no; not if he knows it. In the classical language of George Cotton Wm. Pinkney "always worships the rising star."

President Garfield has appointed the following Cabinet:

Secretary of State—James G. Blaine, of Maine.

Secretary of the Treasury—William Windom, of Minnesota.

Attorney General—Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania.

Postmaster General—Thomas L. James, of New York.

Secretary of the Interior—S. J. Kirkwood, of Iowa.

Secretary of War—Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois.

Secretary of the Navy—W. H. Hunt, of Louisiana.

Ex-Governor Seymour still clings to the idea that the Democratic party has "a future" before it. Of course, it has a future; but that future, so far as can be now foreseen, will simply be a repetition of the blunders, the extravagance and the dishonesty which have brought it to its present condition. On the other hand, Republicanism was never stronger than now; and only the most bigoted of Bourbons will fail to see that it is drawing to itself gradually, but surely, the best element of the younger generation of voters in every State.

On Friday last, the 4th of March, Gen. Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States. Preparations for the event had been made on a grand scale, and the program was carried out to the letter. Notwithstanding the bad weather the inauguration was a success in every particular. The President delivered a lengthly inaugural address, full of wisdom and patriotism, which was received with great applause by the assembled multitude. The number of strangers in Washington who witnessed the inaugural ceremonies was estimated at one hundred thousand. Gen. Garfield having been installed as President for the next four years, a feeling of satisfaction has quietly come into the hearts of the people of every shade of political opinion. Democratic leaders during the late campaign informed the public that the inauguration of Garfield would mean twenty years more of Republican rule. To this sentiment to-day millions of people heartily respond amen.

President Hayes.

No man, with the exception, perhaps, of Abraham Lincoln, ever assumed the duties of president under such embarrassing and trying circumstances as Rutherford B. Hayes; and no one ever resigned them at the expiration of his term of service under circumstances more flattering to his sense of self-respect than will attend the close of his official career. When Mr. Hayes became president, the country had not yet recovered from the effects of the fiercest political struggle in its history; and although his title to office had been judically affirmed by the Electoral Commission, which the Democrats themselves had created, there were, undoubedly, thousands of citizens who refused to accept the finding of that tribunal, and withheld from the President that support and recognition which were lawfully his due. Moreover, he was confronted at the ontset with questions of policy affecting the immediate welfare of the country. The duty devolved upon him of bringing order out of the chaos which existed in several of the Southern states; of restoring the finances of the nation to a specie basis, and to re-establishing economy and honesty in the civil service of the government. That he pursued the only safe course that was open to him for the successful discharge of that duty, it is now impossible to dispute. The withdrawal of troops from the South, which the stalwarts regarded as a fatal act of weakness, was really but a part of the logic of events, and the recognition of the Democratic state governments was equally the result of the force of circumstances. The President might, indeed, have maintained the policy of his predecessor towards the South; but it would have profited nothing to the country or his party. He erred, it is true, in supposing that the South would receive his conciliatory advances in the spirit in which they were conceived; but it was the South, and not the President, that suffered for this mistake. In 1876 the majority of the Northern people believed that the South had not had a fair chance to show its loyalty to the Constitution and the amendments, and that the politicians were running the "outrage mill" with "the water that was past." There can be no reasonable doubt that the renewed political solidity of the North in 1880 was largely due to the continued disorders and election frauds in the South, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the federal troops and the non-interference of the federal government in state affairs. Mr. Hayes, perhaps, expected the consequence of his conciliatory policy would be the breaking up of the old political divisions south of the Potomac; and that is, indeed, likely to be the result in the near future, but the event was further off than he supposed. It will be hastened by the firm stand which the next Congress is likely to take concerning the election frauds in South Carolina and Mississippi.

But, while Mr. Hayes has not accomplished all that he hoped to achieve by his Southern policy, his expectations have been more than realized so far as the resumption of specie payments is concerned. Secretary Sherman will, of course, receive the chief credit for the operations which led to the establishment of specie payments; but, had he not been courageously supported by Mr. Hayes in his veto of the Silver bill, his plans could never have reached their fulfilment.

Mr. Hayes will not be canonized by the politicians, but it may safely said that his administration has inured to the benefit of the whole country. It first brought us peace and afterwards prosperity, and the people, irrespective of party, are not insensible to its virtues.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. M. W. Tilton, at 1127 Broadway, New York, was robbed of jewelry and silk dresses valued at $2,000 last Wednesday night.

Parker Jones and John Lane, two colored men, were drowned on Thursday near Pocomoke City by the swamping of their boat, which was too deeply loaded with hub blocks.

Robert Hayes, superintendent of the Woodruff Sleeping Car Company, was killed on Tuesday while crossing the track in Cleveland Ohio. He slipped and fell in front of a moving train.

Wisconsin railway officials state that the work on numerous new roads and extensions projected in that state at present will cease if the bill to increase railroad taxation becomes a law.

Daniel Mix, a laborer on the railroad near Lynchburg, Va., who had been disappointed in a love affair, has been found drowned in the canal, and he is supposed to have committed suicide.

The passenger fare from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, 250 miles is $16, and all over thirty pounds of baggage, charged for at the rate of five cents a pound. The freight on a ton of coal is $54.

An old gentleman of sixty, from Chesapeake City, who visited Elkton a few days since for the first time in thirty five years, and saw the fast train go by for the first time in his life, declared that he would rather walk to Philadelphia than ride so fast on a rail.

The World's Fair Committee met again in New York on Wednesday, with General Grant in the chair. No steps were taken to carry out his suggestion of trying to get Central Park, and the proposal was opposed in committee.

The Kansas legislature "went the whole hog" in passing a prohibitory law. The latter makes no exception in favor of druggists' preparations, cider and wine made in the State, or wine for sacramental purposes. It is thought the statute is so strict that it will prove inoperative.

Marry Kittel, a handsome and popular young lady of Leavenworth, Kansas, who has been walking on crutches since last October having then fallen down stairs and injured her spine so as to produce paralysis, prayed for nine days for relief, and is now as well as ever.

The counsel for Mrs. Kate Chase-Sprague gladly accepted the challenge of Sprague for trial, and are working industriously, taking depositions of witnesses. Mrs. Sprague will have more than twenty witnesses, some of whom live in Washington, New York city, Georgetown, D. C., and in Ohio cities.

A bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives to punish wife-beaters by not less than thirty lashes on the bare back. The Judiciary Committee have the matter under consideration.

A religious seaside resort is to be established near Navesink Park, N. J. It is to be controlled by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will embrace 400 acres of land, which have already been purchased by the "Atlantic Highlands Association."

An old man giving the name of William Morris was lately found in a shanty at Fremont, Illinois, nearly dead from exposure and starvation. In a belt worn around his body was found near $3,000 in money. His papers show that he was at Yale College in 1858.

The whaling schooner Lottie A. Cook, of New Bedford, captured a whale 80 feet long off Tybee, S. C., on Friday last, and the crew were engaged the next day in cutting up the monster. Another whale had been killed and left at sea until the other had been disposed of.

Lizzie Sullaway is a Providence woman, who, after serving a term in prison for scalding her mother, is now charged with beating her and breaking her collar bone. The last offence of the poor mother was that she had married an old man during the imprisonment of the daughter.

Another asylum has achieved a bad endnence. Superintendent Grubbe and Mrs. Craig, the assistant matron of the Allegheny City (Pa.) Almshouse, have been suspended for improper conduct, and it is reported that an inmate was so brutally treated that she died. A full investigation will be made.

Ex-Warden Pillsbury, of the Massachusetts State prison, finds flogging an expensive luxury. When in office he caused two young women prisoners to be stripped and whipped by the prison matron while they were in his charge. The women sued him, and he paid $150 to each, rather than have the case come to trial.

Clement Skiles, who several years ago was acquitted at Lancaster, Pa., of the murder of his grandfather, was found on Saturday night in a hay mow near Churchtown, and died soon after, from a wound on his head inflicted with a hard ball. The murderer has not been discovered. This is the third violent death in the family since 1876.

The mammoth steamship Furnessia, the latest addition to the Anchor Line fleet, arrived at New York Wednesday, and was visited by a large number of persons. She is the largest merchant vessel afloat, and is elegant in all her appointments. She can accommodate 242 cabin and 1,000 steerage passengers. She had a rough passage and stood it very well.

Mrs. Mary A. E. Everett Crawford, of Brooklyn, the wife of Henry C. Crawford, a compositor in the office of the New York *World*, recently gave birth to a male child weighing twenty-one and a quarter pounds. The 21-pounder has been named, out of consideration of his size, George Washington Thomas Frederick Crawford.

The students at the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., are excited over a recent occurrence. The rules of the school prohibit the male and the female students from travelling together, and G. L. Langan, a member of the senior class, has been suspended by the principal for violating the rule. The students had been at an entertainment in Lancaster, and Mr. Langan persisted in entering a street car in which some of the female students were seated. His expulsion is looked upon as a measure of undue severity, and it will operate disastrously upon Mr. Langan, who is a teacher by profession, by excluding him from any of the State schools.

Mr. Wm. Boon, living near Unionville, Frederick county, has a little boy four years old who is suffering from a terrible affliction. The medicines given him for a severe cold salivated him, and he has lost every tooth in his head. It is reported that the jaw bone came out in a solid mass along with the teeth, but this sounds like an exaggeration.

Captain Rigby L. Hubbard, who was recently drowned by the sinking of the schooner Wolf, was the oldest son of Mr. John Hubbard, of Cambridge, and his death was the third fatal accident in the family. A year ago one of Mr. Hubbard's sons was killed in a windmill; last summer another was drowned from the schooner Wolf, and now this ill fated vessel has gone to the bottom with the captain, mate and some of the crew.

Joseph McCleary, a young man from Farmington, Del., was an invited guest at the residence of Mr. Charles Baleson, near Andersontown, Caroline county, on the occasion of a dance about ten days since. He was taken sick during the evening with what proved to be typhoid fever, which ended in his death on Thursday last. His relatives and a young lady to whom he was shortly to be married were present at his deathbed.

On Wednesday afternoon a man named Lucas, while on the platform of a car on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, leaped off, though the train was moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, in pursuit of his hat, which the wind had blown off. With the usual luck of a drunken man, he escaped with a slight injury, and the train returning for him, he proceeded on his journey as if such a feat was an every-day occurrence.

Sixty-three of the Coale collection of paintings were sold in New York on Wednesday night, bringing $36,877. The highest price of the evening was $6,750, which was given for the last painting sold—Meissonier's "The Musketeer." The next highest price was $2,650, which was given for Alfred Stevens' "In the Garden." For Adrien Moreau's "Coming Through the Rye" $300 was paid.

In the case of the litigation in New York involving the identity of Theophilus Youngs, Mrs. Youngs indignantly denied on Tuesday that he was her husband or ever had been. She examined his head for a large scar, but failed to find it. She also said there were other distinctive marks on her husband's body, which the alleged Theophilus does not bear. She ended up by calling him "an apology for a man."

Three burglars blew open the safe of the Rahway (N. J.) Postoffice early on Sunday morning, and walked off with $600 in stamps and $50 in currency. The explosion was so terrific as to wake up half the town. Just afterwards the windows of a photograph gallery near by were broken with a loud noise. While this was being done to distract attention from the postoffice, the other burglars are supposed to have robbed the broken safe.

A brute at Gatineau, Canada, deliberately cut the throats of his horses the other day and left them dead at the roadside. The brutal act was done because the horses could not keep up to the other teams on the road, and he preferred to lose his horses rather than be left behind.

Mr. Sherman, a wealthy merchant and grain dealer of Missouri Valley, Iowa, got mad the other day because one of his men refused to work under a dangerous embankment, and picking up a shovel went to work himself. A moment later several tons of frozen earth fell upon him, killing him instantly.

A rencontre occurred on Tuesday last at Ocean Springs, Miss., between the Rev. Father John C. Ahren, in charge of the Catholic church, and Prof. C. F. Emery, growing out of a newspaper controversy in the Pascagoula *Democrat-Star*. Pistols were drawn by both, and the priest fired on his opponent, and afterwards appeared in front of the professor's house armed with a shot-gun.

A very young female pasted the figures 22 in her shoes the other day, and, together with her lover, went to a magistrate to be married. He asked her how old she was and she answer, "I am over 22." He then proposed an oath to that effect, but she declined to take it, saying to her lover, "There, I knowed they'd ketch me!" The marriage did not take place.

A prominent Michigan furrier, who is just from the western plains, says that the buffalo are becoming extinct at a rapid rate, and gives it as his opinion that of the 80,000 killed near Miles City, Montana, this season only 20,000 were slaughtered for their hides. Hides have brought this season from $2.25 to $2.75 each. He says, further, that the firm he represents has bought 18,000 buffalo-hides during the fall and winter, and that 18,000 have been purchased by the buyers at Miles City during the past fall and winter.

A negro sailor named George Holmes, who shipped from Charleston, S. C., to New York two months ago and had his feet frostbitten during the voyage, tells a strange story of his maltreatmen by surgeons of the New York Marine Hospital, where he was taken for treatment. He says that one of the surgeons insisted on cutting off all the toes of one foot, notwithstanding one of them was not frozen, and that before his foot was well he was hustled out of the hospital, and finally found his way to a police station, whence he was sent to one of the city pospitals.

A scene occurred in court at Pittsburg on Saturday, caused by the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty in the case of Samuel Gisal, for the murder of Sammy Hunter, two years ago, at Braddock, Pa. His father was present, and, on hearing the verdict, rushed to his son and sobbed like a child with joy. Samuel McLane, who was with Gisal at the time of the murder, was long since found guilty of murder in the second degree, and the Supreme Court have heard arguments for a new tatal. If this application is refused, the case will present a curious phase, as the two are either both guilty or both innocent.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

The Senate took up the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, and after spending all day in its consideration finally passed it. The bill appropriates $22,840,000, among the items being $250,000 for the Baltimore postoffice, $40,000 for improvements and repairs at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and $10,000 for surveys of the proposed routes for the Maryland and Delaware Ship Canal. —The House at 10 o'clock A. M. resumed the session of Tuesday, and sat continuously till 6:30 P. M. The funding bill occupied the entire day, the great struggle being over the fifth Senate amendment, regarding the manner in which national banks shall redeem their circulation and withdraw their deposits of bonds. The amendment was finally adopted and the bill passed. Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, then moved a supplemental bill, which was passed unanimously, declaring that nothing in the Funding bill shall be construed as in any way affecting the existing laws regarding the kind of money that shall be deposited by banks to redeem their circulation. The Republicans claimed that this was exactly what they had been contending for throughout the protracted contest over the Funding bill, and arraigned the Democrats for passing an obnoxious measure, and then immediately undoing their work. The bill now goes to the President for approval. —The Deficiency Appropriation bill was passed in the House, reported and referred in the Senate. All the appropriation bills save this one have been finally acted upon by both houses. —The joint resolution providing for one month's extra pay for House employes was passed. The Vice-President announced that the Sundry Civil bill had been signed. At 10:50 General Hancock was escorted into the Senate by Senator Blaine, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. General Sheridan arrived a few minutes later, and was soon followed by the Justices of the Supreme Court. A message was received from the President, transmitting a call for an executive session. At 11:20 the diplomatic corps entered, and a few minutes later the presidential procession—headed by President Hayes and President-elect Garfield—marched into the chamber. Vice President Arthur was escorted to his chair by a senatorial committee, and after making a brief speech, was sworn in. Vice President Wheeler made a few parting remarks, and Mr. Arthur assumed the chair, and the new Senate was duly declared in session, and was organized by the swearing in of new members. *The* roll showed 72 members present. The House of Representatives arrived, and the inaugural ceremonies were duly performed. A committee was appointed to wait on President Garfield and inform him that the Senate was ready to receive any communication; but, pending their report, the Senate adjourned until Saturday noon.—The House met at 10 o'clock. Several Democratic members protested that armed soldiers had been placed at the entrance to the Capitol, and resolutions condemning the same were offered. Members stated that they had been stopped by soldiers. A debate followed, but no action was taken on the resolutions. A vote of thanks was tendered to speaker Randall, Mr. Young (Rep., Ohio) being the only dissenting member. Finally, at noon, the Speaker announced that the work of the Congress was ended, and in a brief speech declared the House adjourned.—Nearly thirteen hundred bills are left not acted upon at the close of the session. All the appropriation bills were signed by President Hayes in time to become laws.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Died, March 6th, 1881, of scarlet fever, at the residence of her grandfather, David Chambers, Esq., near this place, Carrie Buckalew, aged 8 years.

—Mr. David Little, who has for the past five years had charge of the mails between the depot and post-office, has been succeeded by Mr. John Compton, who was duly qualified and entered upon his duties Tuesday. Mr. Little intends to engage in the blacksmith business. We wish him success.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11 o'clock a. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Personal.

Mr. P. A. Chisholm has removed to the Cutlen property, on Oak street.

R. T. Browning, Esq., of Sang Run District, called to see us Tuesday.

Mr. Lewis Lininger, of District No. 4, was in town Monday and called at our office.

Mr. White McWilliams and family returned on Monday from a visit to Grafton, W. Va.

Mr. John Bosley, while chopping wood one day last week accidentally cut his foot quite severely.

Mr. E. C. Tillson, of Deer Park, was in town Wednesday of last week.

Mr. S. W. Friend, of District No. 1, called to see us one day last week.

Messrs. J. W. Veitch, Th. J. Pedlicord and H. Whelder Combs left for Baltimore Wednesday night.

Mr. S. E. Shirer, of Philippi, W. Va., was in town this week visiting his parents.

Mrs. H. B. Wolf is visiting relatives in Cumberland.

O. W. Heiskell, Esq., left here Wednesday morning for Wheeling, to attend the funeral of his grand father, Mr. Wm. Paxton.

Mountain Mutton.

Mr. H. B. Wolfe has purchased during the winter from Wm. Chisholm, Esq., of District No. 8, this county, in all 27 head of sheep, which, after being slaughtered, averaged 90 pounds each, the largest weighing 137 pounds and the smallest 60 pounds. Beat this if you can.

Glade Valley Items.

Wm. Murphy, Esq., will remove to the farm recently purchased by Mr. Wm. Moon from H. Wheeler Combs, Esq.

Mr. Thompson Lower proposes moving to the old homestead now occupied by his father, Mr. William Lower.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner is holding a successful protracted meeting at the Glade Valley Church. So far there have been 6 conversions, with a large number of seekers at the altar.

Pine Swamp School.

Pine Swamp School, near Cranesville, closed the second term of ten weeks on inauguration day, and the third term commenced Monday following. The enrolment is—males, 11; females, 9; total, 20. Average attendance—boys, 9; girls, 8; total, 17. Average percentage in studies of 6th grade—P. B. Cuppett, 99; Zenrie Falkenstein, Zurie Frankhouser and Marshall Frankhouser, each, 98; Louie Feather, 96; Florence Otto, 95; C. W. Frazee, 90; U. S. G. Lewis, 97; J. M. Falkenstein, 95; Annie Frazee, 89. Average age, 12 years.

Thanks to the patrons for their earnest co operation. The people seem to realize that to the common school is committed a dispensation of the glorious gospel of intelligence.

A. W. FREDERICK.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 8th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph De Witt Associate Judge, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Dennis Spiker, appointed Guardian to Jacob, Adolphus, Elizabeth, Jane and Joseph Lloyd Spiker.

Letters Testamentary were granted D. E. Offutt, upon the estate of A. J. Stottlemire, deceased.

The second account of Anthony Shaffer, Guardian to Ann and Mary Lohmyer, ratified and confirmed.

The first account of Jackson W. Umbie, Administrator, c. t. a., of Elisha Umbie, dec'd, ratified and confirmed.

The third and final account of Sophrona Grimes, Administratrix, of Thomas Grimes, dec'd, ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, March 22d.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 9:

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, Trustees, to Elijah Friend, part of the "Gleanings," containing 245 acres; $980.

Wm. D. Hoye, agent, to Wm. H. Knepp, Military Lot No. 1326; $50.

Anna Maria Knepp to Sophia Nine, part of the tract called "Robies Delight," containing 37¾ acres; $1

Josiah G. Friend and wife to Benj. F. Friend, part of a tract called "Markeilton," containing 25 acres; $5.

John B. Friend and wife to Benjamin F. Friend, Military Lot No. 1926; $5.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife to School Commissioners, 72 perches of land in Garrett county; $1.

Geo. W. Wilson, Administrator, to A. J. and J. H. Wilson, Military Lot No. 278; $225.

Geo. W. Wilson, Administrator, to Daniel Wilson, Military Lot situate, Westward of Fort Cumberland; $200.

Geo. W. Wilson, Administrator, to John T. Harvey, part of a tract of land called "Senior and Junior; $225.

MARYLAND NEWS.

James S. Franklin, late Clerk of the Court of Appeals, died at Annapolis suddenly, on Monday night, aged 54 years.

The new Masonic Hall in Easton is to be dedicated on the 4th of May. The Grand Lodge of Maryland will be present.

Mr. Jones, of Kloj Grange, who had the misfortune to be burned out some time since, has removed to Pocomoke City.

The recent freshet in the Susquehanna river brought down an immense number of logs. At least one thousand went ashore on Tilghman's Island. The owners have been reclaiming their property.

About 1, 500 tons of ore are awaiting the resumption of work at the Montgomery county gold mine. The crushing mill is being thoroughly put in order, and the pipes that were frozen up have been replaced with new.

Alvey Winter, a son of Mr. Joseph Winter, near Cavetown, was wounded on the 29th ult., by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of his brother. Fortunately the ball struck a rib, and glancing downwards caused a serious though not dangerous wound.

A highly esteemed young lady of Pocomoke City, who was laboring under temporary insanity, was missing from her home one day last week. A search was immediately instituted, but it was not until after some time that she was found. She had hid herself in a ghost and closed the lid. When released she was almost suffocated.

Mrs Mary Jones, a resident of Frederick county for sixty years, died on Sunday in Jonesville, aged 81. She was the mother of five sons and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of the Rev. P. Light Wilson of Johnsville.

A 26 hour go-as-you please walking match at Frederick on Monday night ended in a row. There were originally four contestants, but three of them, one after the other, abandoned the track, leaving Isaac Summers, a colored youth, as the victor, who had made more than ninety-five miles. It was then discovered that the managers had disappeared, and the gold watch and chain valued at $100 was not forthcoming. Something akin to a riot ensued, but matters calmed down upon the assurance that Summers should receive the watch.

Nearly thirty car loads of steel rails for the extension of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad beyond Milford, have passed through Hagerstown within the last two days. The rails are part of a thousand tons of foreign rails received at New York for the new railroad.

On Monday evening last Captain A. Hand's gunning scow, when returning from the flats to Havre de Grace, was struck by a flaw; and, going under half filled with water, was obliged to lay at anchor until morning in that condition. There were four gentlemen from Baltimore on board at the time, who failed to enjoy that part of the day's gunning. A new double sink-box and other articles were lost aberboard.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1881.

Well, inauguration day has come and gone. General Garfield drove to the Capitol at the head of the procession, drove back again President of the United States, and is now as comfortably settled in the White House as his predecessor was a week ago. The members of the Cabinet whose names were sent to the Senate, were confirmed yesterday, and sworn in with the exception of Secretary of War Lincoln.

The President receives many callers, but the most of them are strangers, who wish to pay their respects before leaving the city.

A change of administration and the incidents connected therewith, have about them an air of mystery, of peculiar interest, in which all share alike. The outgoing of Secretaries; the sundering of official ties, and the unprojected condition former proteges are left in, always makes Departmental life here at this time not altogether the securely happy one most people think it. Now the city is crowded with office-seekers, and though President Garfield has said that but few changes are to be made in the Government service, almost every office of prominence filled by officers of the late administration, is wanted by some one having claims upon the new, and President Garfield will need to call into play all firmness he possesses to prevent a wholesale clearing out. Of course changes have got to be made; many commissions in the diplomatic service are about to expire and many Bureau officers will resign as a matter of courtesy, so that the President, by reason of the vacancies may be able to satisfy many of the claimants Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary Blaine's friend, is to assist him at the State Department; Levi P. Morton, whom New York wanted in the Cabinet is to be booked for the French Mission; Indiana demands that a man from that State be made Assistant Secretary of the Interior in place of Alonzo Bell; Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania will be made First Assistant Post Master General to succeed Mr. Tyner. In fact many changes are to be made, but if all should be made that are pressed, the President would have his hands full of appointments alone, all summer.

Secretary Blaine is the most pestered public man in Washington The impression is abroad that he is the Warwick of the new dispensation, and hence the office seekers go to him with their appeals.

Every one knows that President Garfield belongs to a religious sect called the "Campbellites," and that he worships at a little chapel of the sect situated in an out of the way corner of the city. Heretofore the worshippers have been few, but on Sunday, the occasion of the President's first attendance as such, the little church was filled to overflowing, and probably the Campbellite doctrine will now flourish in this city.

Secretary Windom was tendered a complimentary, congratulatory serenade last night.

The crowd which attended the inauguration is rapidly thinning out. The decorations are being taken down, and the city has returned to its normal condition.

LOGAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Margaret Frantz vs. Emaline Rogers and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity No. 215.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of the real estate of which John Frantz, of Joseph, late of Garrett county, deceased, died seized and possessed, and for a distribution of the proceeds of such sale among the widow and heirs at law of the said deceased.

The Bill states that on the sixth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven a certain Samuel Hoff and Eliza Hoff, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, containing seven acres and six perches, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Samuel Hoff and wife to John Frantz, of Jos.

Second. That afterward, to-wit, on the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the said John Frantz, of Jos., obtained from the State of Maryland a tract of land called "France," containing two hundred acres, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a patent from the State of Maryland to John Frantz, of Jos.

Third. That afterward, to-wit, on the seventh day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a certain David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, which will fully appear by reference to a deed from David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., bearing date the seventeenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, reference to said deed is hereby made for a full and particular description of said land, a certified copy of said deed being filed with the Bill.

Fourth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, a certain Isaac Umble and Catharine, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, and known and described as Military Lot, numbered two thousand nine hundred and forty-four, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Isaac Umble and Catharine Umbel, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Fifth. That afterward, to-wit, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty six, a certain William Slicer and Mary Slicer, his wife, conveyed to the said John Frantz, of Jos., a certain int, piece or parcel of land lying in the town of Oakland and distinguished on the plat of said town as lot numbered fourteen, containing one-fourth of an acre, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from William Slicer and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Sixth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two a certain Hiram Frazee and Rebecca A. Frazee, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county called the "Hoffman Sugar Camp," and containing seventeen acres, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Hiram Frazee and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Seventh. That afterward, to-wit, on the sixth day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight a certain Charles Holden and Maria Holden, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot or piece of ground lying in the town of Oakland, which is described as the North front half, (sixty-three and one-half feet, of lot numbered fourteen in the said town of Oakland, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Charles Holden and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Eighth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed of said lands, as aforesaid did on the twelfth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, convey to a certain John Fike, Senior, all that tract, piece or parcel, of land called "Lime Kiln," containing twelve acres which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed, from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Fike, Sr., which is filed with the Bill.

Ninth. That afterward to-wit, on the fifth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Thomas Coddington, a lot of ground in the Village of Selbysport, containing fifty-seven perches which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Thomas Coddington, which is filed with the Bill.

Tenth. That afterward to-wit, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Jacob Beeghly, certain land which are fully described in a deed from Jon Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife to Jacob Beeghly, bearing date the twenty-first day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Eleventh That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Bryson Welch, a certain tract or parcel of land, which is known and described as Military Lot number two thousand nine hundred and fourty-four, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Bryson Welch, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Twelfth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain John Anderson, a certain lot or parcel of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one half acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Anderson, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Thirteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain William H. Frazee, a lot of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one-eighth of an acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to William H. Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fourteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to a certain Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing six acres, which is fully described in a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fifteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the third day of March, in the year, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to a certain Richard Selby, a tract of land lying in Garrett county, known and described as Military Lot, number two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Richard Selby, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Sixteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to Matthew Cullen, a certain lot of ground in the town of Oaklnnd, described as the north front half of lot number fourteen, on the plat of said town, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Matthew Cullen a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Seventeenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., after executing the conveyances aforesaid, still owned two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land, the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land being the quantity which the said John Frantz, of Jos., purchased as aforesaid, after deducting the quantity conveyed by the said John Frantz, of Jos., as aforesaid.

Eighteenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed as aforesaid of the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land sometime in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, departed this life without having made any disposition of his real estate by will, leaving your oratrix, his widow, and his daughters Emeline, Amanda, Felicia and Ella, and his son Thomas B. Frantz, his heirs at law.

Nineteenth. That the said Emaline intermarried with a certain Timothy Rogers, and the said Amanda inter-married with a certain —— Moore, the said Felicia inter-married with a certain William H. Frazee, and the said Ella inter-married with a certain Jasper Guard.

Twentieth. That the said Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, and the said Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, and the said Thomas B. Frantz are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

Twenty-one. The Bill further states that the land of which the said John Frantz, of Jos., died seized and possessed is not susceptible of a partition among the parties entitled thereto, according to their respective interests, without great loss and injury, and that the Complainant is willing that the said land shall be sold free from her dower, and she consents to accept such amount of money in lieu of dower that may be allowed her under the rules of Court.

Twenty-two. That it will be to the interest and advantage of all the parties in interest to have said land sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The Bill then prays for such relief as the Complainant may be entitled to, and also the usual prayer for process, and also for an order of publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is ordered by the Court this 9th day of March, A. D. 1881, that the complainant, cause a copy of this order together, with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 11th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the defendants, Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, Thomas B. Frantz, Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, warning them to appear in this Court; in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of November A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known as

LOTS NOS. 65, 66. 67 AND 68

on Alder Street in said town, also two cows, two hogs and household furnitnre. Said property has been seized and taken in execution hy me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of Joseph Claymire.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland. t will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, in the town of Oakland, and known and described as

LOTS NOS. 22 AND 23

in Wilson's addition to said town. Also three lots in the town of McHenry, also household furniture and office furniture. Said property has been seized and will be sold to satisfy State and Conty taxes, for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of Hiram P. Tasker.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Part of William and Mary,

containing two hundred and twenty-five acres; also, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described as Lots Numbers sixty-three and sixty-four on Oak street, in said town, together with the improvements thereon; also, four horses, fourteen cattle, thirty eight sheep, six hogs, two bee stands, one lot of household furniture, and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1878, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Barney Reynolds.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 872, one half of Military Lot No. 861, one third of Military Lot No. 1204, and one third of Military Lot No. 11,

Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs, said lands being assessed in the name of N. L. Dashiel.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county. Being

ONE TOWN LOT

on Third Street in said town of Oakland, together with the improvements thereon. Also one cow and one lot of household and kitchen furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Susan Miner.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale,

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, being

One town Lot on the corner of Fifth and Liberty Streets,

in said town of Oakland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Charles H. Gilpin.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oak and, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as the

"SMITH FARM,"

containing 230 acres of land, also one horse, seven cattle, twenty sheep, ten hogs, household and kitchen furniture and farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of William W. Ashby.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 4042

containing fifty acres. Also two horses, one heifer, three hogs, one lot of household furniture and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of James King.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that tract, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known as

"SMALL MEADOWS"

containing five hundred acres of land, being the same land which was conveyed to J. B. Davidson, by Peter Martin. Also a certain other tract of land called "Small Meadows" containing seventeen hundred acres. Said lands have been seized and taken in execution to satisfy State and county taxes for the year 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of J. B. Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

"Part of Thomas and Ann,"

containing 118 acres. Said land and improvements thereon has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs, said land being assessed in the name of Simon Wolf.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Eight Acres of Military Lot Number 846,

being the same land which was conveyed to Theodore Bantz by E. G. Hall and wife. Said lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said lot is assessed in the name of Theodore Bantz.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby Sive notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 4037,

also, two cows, one hog and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property is assessed in the name of Emily F. Hinebaugh.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows.

18 ACRES OF WESTPHALIA,

conveyed to Eliza Gibson by Julia Wonderly. Said land, with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879. Said property is assessed in the name of Eliza Gibson.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Part of Military Lot No. 832,

containing 25 acres, together with the improvements. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon, said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Ellen King.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, and known as part of

"William and Mary,"

containing one hundred and seventy five acres. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county.

Being one town Lot on Oak Street

in the town of Oakland. Said Lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs thereon. Said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of "Prescott Smith's Heirs."

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

KELLOGG will sing twenty nights in Paris for $12,000.

THE Queen of Sweden is traveling incognito in England.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has been dining with Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to meet Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Booth is said to be in every way pleased with the results of his London engagement.

THE poet Burns was a neighbor of Mrs. Cunningham, who is now 102 years of age, living near Glasgow, Scotland. "Robbie" was a visitor to her elder sister, and she repeatedly heard him cracking jokes with her.

EUGENE JOSEPH VERBOECKHOVEN, the eminent Belgian painter, is dead, in his 82d year. He was one of the best of the many good animal-painters of Belgium, and his sheep pictures are found in many American galleries.

THE introduction of American streetcars into Rio de Janeiro has produced a great change in the social and business life of the people. There are two kinds of cars—one for barefooted people, five cents; and one for those who wear shoes, ten cents.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is now growing thin in his body, and his legs have diminished in rotundity; his military coats are thickly padded, and his trousers are cut very large. The old man's strength is evidently failing, but he boasts that he is as active as ever.

MLLE. DOSNE is planning a magnificent monument in Pere-Lachalse to the memory of the first President of the French Republic. Under it are to repose her own remains, as well as those of her mother and of M. and Mme. Thiers.

IN view of the opinions lately expressed by eminent oculists that the reading of German text is injurious to the eyes, the Bernese Government have resolved as much as possible to discourage its use, and all their official announcements and reports will henceforth be printed exclusively in Roman characters.

THE oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, aged eighty-two. The oldest baronet in England is Sir Moses Montefiore, aged ninety-six. The oldest duke is his grace of Cleveland, aged seventy-seven, and the oldest earl is the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is a man of nerve still, in spite of his venerable years. When the building of the General Staff in Berlin, wherein he lives, was burning the other evening, he calmly quitted his rubber of whist, attended to the removal of official papers, and then went placidly to look at the conflagration.

A Visit to the Catacombs of Paris.

YANKEES are no match for Frenchmen in practical cleverness. The Parisians make even their bones pay. I mean their own bones. When they are through with them, and they have gone through the formality of a few years' burial, they are dug up, put in the catacombs and made a show of to visitors. The show is free, but a visit keeps thousands of strangers a day longer in Paris, and this is where the profit comes in and is wrung out by these clever people. So the bones of the grand and great-grandparents of the present generation of Frenchmen, as they lie there in great heaps under ground, with the rats scutling through them, are still useful. I went down among these thousands and thousands of dead men and women in company with some 300 living men and women of all tongues and countries. It was on Thursday—a visiting day. The other "visiting day" is Saturday. The entrance to these tombs is at the Boulevard d'Enfer, or Boulevard of Hell, if you want the English of it. Preparatory to the descent into the tombs each one of the awaiting three hundred bought a candle. The end of each candle was let into a square bit of pasteboard which protected one's dress from the drippings. There were 200 candles too many, for one light to every three visitors is sufficient. But we did not know this, and the French were not going to tell us and spoil the sale of 200 candles. Having bought the candles we, the 300, were in a bare yard partly inclosed by high board fences. We waited at least two hours. Then we went down ninety-two steep stone steps and traversed a long passage-way underground without meeting any bones. Thus we tramped a long time in single file without seeing a bone. On the rocky ceiling was a continuous black mark. This, followed, would lead to either entrance and so afford any laggard a sure guidance. Underneath, the mud in places was greasy in consistency, tarry in tenacity and whitish in color. It was the gypsum mud abounding in Paris. It jumped on our shoes and gradually overspread our garments, which broke out in irregular white patches.

At last the long-wished-for piles of disjointed skeletons came into view. They were "faced up," with skulls and the larger bones in front, as regularly as a pile of bricks. But behind all was osseous confusion. Rib bones and skulls, tibias and fibulas, backbone joints and breast bones, bits of skulls with moldy hair attached, leg bones and arm bones, all piled together by the ton, by the million, all of the dull, rusty color which bones assume in damp places. Here were skulls once covered by the *bonnet rouge*. Here were fleshless jaws which had howled at Louis XVI. and roared the first Marseillaise; rib of aristocrat; leg of *canaille*, arm of beauty, foot of fishwoman, and all the interstices filled with the little feet and finger bones of the thousands of past and forgotten Jeans and Jacques, Jeannettes, Josephines, Paulines, Blanches and Louises, who lived and suffered and enjoyed and died generations ago—all thing here, a horrible kaleidoscopic mass of disjointed skeletons—like the rusty wheels and springs of ten thousand old clocks piled in a heap. These heaps were dated 1792, 1806 and 1814 and upward. The inscriptions over the various piles were in some cases from Scripture, in others from Rousseau and other writers. The older the sepulture the more frequent and voluminous the epitaphs. For the present they seemed content without a line. Perhaps they deem that bones now carry their own sermon. A man ahead of me busied himself with pulling out the teeth of every skull he could reach. He may have been a dentist after new stock.

The fronts of these bone piles are ornamented with fancy work in bones. The designs in skull, leg, arm and thigh bones are wired together. A gentleman in front of me kept saying: "How tasty! These French people cannot repress their artistic instincts anywhere." Well, each one to his taste. I couldn't admire it. Filagree work in skulls and thigh bones is weird, but not in the strictest sense ornamental. Cornices and friezes of human skulls, even in a sepulcher, suggest Dahomey and a sort of osseous cannibalistic taste in the fine arts. However, it doesn't hurt the bones, and perhaps the coming man will become so heart-hardened by continuous application of science and reason that he will frieze his parlor with the polished skulls of generations of ancestors.—*Prentice Mulford, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Small-pox—How the Disease Is Transmitted—Its Historical Ravages.

THE cause of small-pox is universally admitted to be a specific contagion, the nature of which medical research has thus far failed to discover. No disease is, in all probability, so contagious. A prominent physician who had given particular attention to it, and had had a very wide and varied experience in its treatment, said, eighty years ago, that he had never known a single instance in which persons liable to small-pox could pass any time with a patient in the chamber without taking the infection. There have been instances where the poisonous effluvium has crossed a river 1,500 feet wide and effected ten out of twelve workmen on the other side. The contagion acts through the air, by contact with the skin or by inoculation, and may be imparted by a corpse which has not been couched. Just what products of the diseased body are contagious are not precisely known, but that the contents of the postules and dried scabs are so has been definitely ascertained. Medical opinion differs as to the period when the disorder begins and ceases to be contagious, but it is prudent to believe it capable of self-propagation as soon as the febrile symptoms have declared themselves. How soon the patient ceases to be dangerous has not been determined accurately; but the stability of the contagious principle may be inferred from the fact that clothing will retain it for months and for years, it is said, when confined. Small-pox appears, like all the contagious exanthemata, in epidemic form at irregular, and, as far as can be learned, at capricious, intervals. After an extraordinary exemption, perhaps for years, a district may be suddenly invaded by it, where it will continue to prevail for a longer or shorter period, and then spontaneously disappear, not to be revived for a protracted period. Epidemics differ much in intensity, and isolated cases are generally milder than where the distemper rages. Race has a good deal to do with the severity of this disease, the dark races, notably the negro and our aboriginals, being very susceptible to it, and showing very little power to resist it. Although vaccination is generally acknowledged to be a preventive, some physicians have recently declared it to be but partially effective. Small-pox, while it continues to be very dangerous, is far less so than it used to be. At one time the proportion of deaths to cases was one to four. It is more apt to prove fatal in childhood and old age than in the intervening period. In former times the eruption was believed to be an effort of nature to get rid of noxious matter, and stimulating and heating measures were therefore adopted to that end. The history of the loathsome disease is rather obscure. There is no evidence that the Greek or Arabian writers of the sixth century knew anything of it. The first accurate account of it was given by Rhazes, an Arabian physician, who lived in the early part of the tenth century. It seems to have reached England nearly 100 years later, and, after the Crusades, it prevailed in the temperate regions of Africa, but not in the far North until some time later. Early in the sixteenth century it was carried from Europe to the New World, where it raged furiously, killing 3,500,000 of people in Mexico alone. In 1707 it was introduced into Iceland, and nearly one-fourth of the entire population fell victims to it, and twenty-six years after it nearly depopulated Greenland. These examples corroborate the well-founded opinion that contagious diseases are always most virulent when they first occur in a country or region that they have not before visited.—*New York Times.*

Old Age.

THE brain in old persons after the age of seventy diminishes both in bulk and density, and thus becomes lighter. Its capacity for continuous hard work is thereby lessened, as really as is that of the body for muscular labor. As an old man, however, has the accumulated knowledge, skill and practical experience of a lifetime, and that wonderful facility which comes of habit, he may, with good health and care, do much of his best work in the neighborhood, say, of eighty. He can not bear mental strain, and he must not attempt mental "spurts," but he can still show himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Since, however, the brain is not then so firmly supported by the skull, and is slighter in texture, the blood vessels are more easily dilated or ruptured. The danger of paralysis and apoplexy is still further increased, because the blood vessels become in old age more or less ossified and brittle, and thus less able to sustain a sudden rush of blood. The aged should carefully abstain from every form of violent action, and, indeed, from every violent emotion. The full term of toil, whether in rearing and supporting children or in the service of the public, earns a right to what is the normal physiological condition of age—freedom from all that annoys, perplexes, harasses, excites and burdens.—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. JOHN BELL, an English owner of a private gallery which had cost $1,000,000, tried to will his pictures to the City of Glasgow, but he unfortunately wrote his will in pencil. Under British law he might as well have written it in water. His pictures have been sold for the benefit of his heirs and his good intentions followed him.

In the National House of Representatives.

FROM the galleries of the House of Representatives popular government appears to consist of a confused mass of desks and desultory men—the desks littered with books and papers, and the men continually walking about in every direction; of a vast amount of private correspondence, a relay of page-boys obeying a Turkish magnificence of clapped hands from this and that member to do his errands; and a monotonous droning by the clerks, together with a minimum of oratory. All this against a dignified background of cigar-smoke in the lobbies, and of coat-rooms and barber-shops, where Congressmen lounge and joke, or confer on coming measures. It is also apparent, from the amount of work done with the pen-knife, that the House is determined to have order as to its finger-nails, whatever may be the fate of public business in this respect. You hear some half audible speaking, but the general walking, talking and rustling suggests how Demosthenes, if he had enjoyed the privilege of a seat in this body, might have dispensed with the aid of the sea.

Then a division takes place, and members pour in from the lobbies, the restaurant, the committee-rooms, to pass like a drove of sheep between two tellers. The efforts of inexperienced or unimportant members to get attention are pathetic. One is perpetually swaggering about, but never speaks; another gets up and murmurs, but being ignored by all parties sits down, with a ghastly disappointment, and tries to look as if he did not feel he was being looked at; another, with Chadband hair, rises for information, asking in a bland voice a question so needless that some one on the other side answers it, to save the Speaker's time, and Chadband, after swaying uncertainly on his toes for an instant, subsides so abruptly that he can't at once recover the use of his limbs sufficiently to steal away toward a cloak-room. Yet at almost any moment, except in the "morning-hour" and on "private bill day," an exciting and masterly discussion may begin which promptly fills the chairs and enchains every listener. The general demeanor of the House, too, is more business-like, excepting for the amount of preoccupation, than that of the House of Commons. Those who come to look on, with imaginations trained by history and the press, are grieved to go away without seeing a single member spring at another's throat, or even call him a liar. The homogeneity of the faces and persons on the floor is another point for remark. It is clear that Americans are Americans, however wide asunder their abodes may be, and it occurs to one that if the representatives of different sections were to get hopelessly mixed up and changed about some day, it would produce no incongruity so far as their outward appearance is concerned. To imagine these comfortable gentlemen arrayed, in their frock-coats of identical make, on opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East and South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent neck-tie and "well-met" manner; the smug, well-to-do lawyer; the "elegant speaker;" the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private Champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist—all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to State or geographical lines. It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. The House, too, turns out a vast amount of work, its committees being efficient agencies for transacting business. Every day you find in the Document Room a fresh armful of newly-printed bills, many of which are trash, to be sure, but harmless. The real and great defect of the popular branch is its fatal capacity for distorting, maiming, or destroying good measures matured in committee, by unforseen amendments carried in general debate. A few laudable enactments, however, always survive this general massacre of infant bills, and we must remember that the amendments often represent a wholesome watchfulness against special class or private legislation. Whatever the evils of Congress, finally, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honor in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.—*Geo. P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Princely Giver—Distribution of the Stone Estate.

THE magnificent public gifts of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, says the Boston *Advertiser*, have now reached their full limit, and present a sum total of nearly $1,800,000. This limit is defined by the fact that the estate of the donor's late husband, Daniel P. Stone, which amounted to upward of $2,000,000, has now been fully distributed, excepting such comparatively small reservation as Mrs. Stone has made for her own support. The bestowment of so great a sum, mainly for public purposes, as well as the peculiar circumstances attending it, make appropriate some notice of those circumstances, and the persons more immediately concerned.

Mr. Stone was a retired Boston merchant, who died at the age of eighty years, at Malden, August 14, 1878. He was born in Topham, Me., and in early life was engaged in the retail dry-goods business in Brunswick, in the same State. In this business he was quite successful, and about the year 1825 removed to Boston and established a dry-goods jobbing trade, his store then and thereafter, so long as he remained in business, being on Kilby Street. The firm at first was Bartlett & Stone, and later D. P. Stone & Co., and Stone & Page, the junior partner being Mr. Philip S. Page, who is a resident of Malden, and one of the trustees through whom the property has now been distributed. Mr. Stone retired from business about the year 1859 with a handsome property, which, by shrewd and cautious investment, gradually swelled to the sum already indicated of $2,000,000 and upward. One proof of the sagacity exercised in this investment is in the fact that the estate actually yielded about $400,000 above its appraised value, and another is in the fact that out of $800,000 in notes bearing the name of a single promisor, which comprised part of the estate, there was a loss in collection of not more than 1 per cent. Mr. Stone was of a quiet and retiring disposition, but a man of high integrity, and was greatly respected by all who knew him.

The maiden name of Mrs. Stone was Goodenow, and she is the sister of the late Judge Goodenow, of Alfred, Maine. Mr. Stone was a regular attendant at the services, but not a member, of the Congregational Church of Malden. His wife is a member of that church. They had no children. Some time prior to his decease the matter of the distribution of this large estate was agreed upon by the two in this way, that it should be distributed "to educational, charitable or benevolent institutions, causes or objects." In case he should survive he would so dispose of it, and in case he should not it would, by the will, come into her full possession, and she in like manner was to see to its distribution. The will provided for some bequests to relatives, but so far as the residue and great bulk of the property is concerned, did not impose any restrictions upon her, so that the gifts are practically hers, she having legally the full disposition of this residue. To this end, the minor bequests having been met, the property was placed in the hands of three trustees, the Rev. W. H. Wilcox, D. D., Mr. Philip S. Page, above-named, and Mr. Isaac M. Cutler. The Rev. Dr. Wilcox has stood in somewhat more intimate relations as an adviser of Mrs. Stone in the distribution than the other two, being a relative and her husband's trusted friend. The relation which either of these gentlemen held was only that of being custodian for the time being and adviser, Mrs. Stone having full control and, as already stated, legal ownership of the property. The following is a statement of the several donations made, the date of the first being October 29, 1878, and the last nine quite recently:

To Andover Seminary, professorship of the relation of Christianity to the secular science	$ 53,000
Amherst College, Stone professorship of biology	50,000
American Missionary Association, for institutions at Nashville, Atlanta, Talladega, Tougaloo and New Orleans	150,000
Bowdoin College, professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy, and to finish Memorial Hall	75,000
Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.	10,000
Chicago Seminary, professorship of pastoral theology and special studies	53,000
Dartmouth College, Stone professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy	35,000
Drury College, Springfield, Mo.	55,750
Fryeburg Academy, Maine	10,000
Hallowell Classical School, Maine	10,000
Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., professorship in natural history	30,000
Iowa College	22,500
Oberlin College	50,000
Andover Theological Seminary (additional)	100,000
Wellesley College, Stone Hall	110,000
Woman's Board of Armenia College, Turkey	25,000
Y. M. C. A., Boston, toward a new building	25 000
To relatives and friends, about	600,000
To aid struggling churches and students, and to save mortgaged homes, about	150,000
Hampton Institute, Fortress Monroe, Va.	20,000
Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.	20,000
Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.	20,000
Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill.	20,000
Marietta College, Marietta, O.	10,000
Beloit College, Beloit, Wis	20,000
Robert College, Constantinople	20,000
Howard University, Washington, D. C.	25,000
Berea College, Berea, Ky.	10,000
New West Educational Commission	12,500
Evangelical work in France	15,000
Drury College (additional)	20,000
Doane College, Crete, Neb.	5,000
Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.	5,000
Washburne College, Topeka, Kan.	5,000
Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital (for permanent free bed)	5,000
Boston City Missionary Society	2,500
Boston North End Mission	2,500
Boston Penitent Females' Refuge	1,000
New England Female Moral Reform Society	1,000
American Missionary Association (final balance)	1,292

Teaching Politeness.

SCHOOL boards in the South and West are following the example of that of St. Louis, in requiring teachers to instruct their pupils in "etiquette."

What is etiquette? It is suggested by one writer that the boys be instructed to salute the Mayor of the city by taking off their caps on passing him in the street. To this a democrat replies by asking, "Why salute the Mayor rather than any other man?" In some of our cities, as they were governed a few years ago, this question would have been a poser.

Let the boys do as they like about saluting the Mayor. We believe, however, that a little instruction in what is commonly called etiquette would be both acceptable and useful to boys and girls. Many of them would be grateful for being told what to do and how to do it.

There is a *best* way of taking off the cap; let the boys know what that best way is. There is a best way of girls acknowledging and returning such an act of politeness; let them know what that best way is.

An occasional lesson in table-manners would not be ill bestowed in some of our schools.

But the great lesson to be inculcated is, that people should *have* manners and use them. It is not necessary to salute the Mayor, but it is grossly barbarous for members of the same household, or of the same class, to meet and part without *some* exchange of kindly and respectful greeting. The mere mode of doing this has its importance, but the thing indispensable is to do it.

By all means let politeness be taught, both by precept and example; and more than this, a good teacher should unconsciously give a lesson in this lovely art every time he speaks and every time he moves.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE fall from a tree by an inmate of the Oregon Insane Asylum restored his speech. For twenty years no word had passed his lips.

Religious.

AT NIGHT.

AND the apostles, when they were returned, told Him all that they had done.—*Luke ix. 10.*

OFTEN I linger at the close of day,
About the sacred spot beside my way,
The holy meeting-place, the Bethel, where
I daily go to talk with God in prayer,
And tell Him of the day—its joys and fears,
Its hours of gladness and its bitter tears.

As one who, in the presence of a friend
Dearly beloved, will eagerly attend
To every word he speaks, and going thence
Feels inspiration's wondrous influence
Leading him upward to a plane of thought
And action, where most noble deeds are wrought;

So when I meet my Lord and tell Him all—
The joys, discouragements both great and small—
He speaks to me such loving words of cheer,
And promises such wondrous things, that, ere
I am aware, He drives my fears away,
And gives me strength to serve another day.
—*William Norris Barr, in Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Feb. 27—Christ Healing the Sick.....Luke 5: 12-26
Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John.....Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom.....Luke 9: 1-6

Intellectual and Spiritual Growth.

IN a recent article in *Good Company* on "What Shall Our Daughters Study," D. C. Gilman says:

It is the fashion nowadays to decry metaphysics and those who join in the cry are not always careful to distinguish exactly what they mean by this mysterious word. I do not propose to defend or to oppose the study of abstract speculative philosophy.

The problems of space and time, the nature of substance and form, the relation of subject and object, will always interest a certain class of minds so that speculation needs no advocacy and will survive all assaults. But whatever may be our view of metaphysics, there is a knowledge of the laws of the spiritual nature of man which all should acquire. We may call it by the old-fashioned names of mental and moral philosophy or by the new current terms of psychology and ethics—what is meant is the law of intellectual and spiritual growth. Of all the studies we may take up these are the most enduring—as Cicero said in that often-quoted passage extolling philosophy.

Introspection has generally been regarded as the key to such studies. This may be morbid, excessive, stupid and untimely, or it may be healthy, moderate, intelligent and appropriate. It may lead, it does lead, to self abasement and depression of spirits; it may lead, it should lead, to the eradication of that which is faulty, to sympathy with all that is pure and lovely, to aspiration after that which is heavenly and eternal. Such introspection should not come too early in life. It should rarely begin without a guide, and the teacher should be hopeful, discriminating and inspiring, and full of experience. It is like the study of medicine. A celebrated lecturer in New York said not long ago to his class whom he had addressed on diseases of the heart: "Now, young gentlemen, don't all call at my office to-morrow to say you have these symptoms." The teacher of psychology, and especially of religious psychology, needs to be on his guard likewise, lest a morbid habit of self-examination be inculcated, fatal alike to health and religion. Indeed, I sometimes think that introspection should never be encouraged in the young—that the less they think of their digestion and respiration the healthier they are. But the objective study of character, the close scrutiny of the lives and conduct of those who have gone before, is most helpful. The memories of a quiet life are quite as instructive as those of a statesman or warrior; the pages of all great poets are full of lessons; the philosophers and ethical writers may all be studied to advantage. Best of all writings are the words of Him who spake as never man spake. I do not know any better sign of progress than this, that while men care less and less for theological formulas, metaphysical distinctions and ecclesiastical tests, there has never been a time when the life and words of Christ have been so closely studied, or when His precepts have been more widely accepted.

Get the Meaning!

THE Bible is, indeed, a deep book when depth is required—that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And, therefore, the first and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible is, on its surface, written in the plainest possible Greek, Hebrew or English, needing no penetration or amplification, needing nothing but what we might give—attention.

But this, which is in every one's power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing that any one will give Him. We are delighted to ramble away into day-dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at an expression which suits our particular views, or to dig up a meaning from under a verse, which we should be amiably grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But a plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for, it being truly not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to our own feelings.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

A Devout Mathematician.

THE rank of the late Benjamin Peirce as a mathematician was revealed in his boyhood. His teacher, the celebrated Dr. Bowditch, was so impressed by the ease and originality with which his young pupil solved difficult problems as to foretell that he would become the first mathematician of his age. Within twenty-five years the prophecy was fulfilled. As soon as he entered Harvard College his genius for mathematics was recognized by students and professors. The methods by which he demonstrated propositions were so original that his teacher, the late Dr. George Ripley, never ventured to ask him in the recitation room but one question. That being answered, the youthful mathematician was allowed to demonstrate the problem in his own way. During his senior year he became so absorbed in his favorite pursuit as to neglect all other studies. He did not even attend recitations, but devoted fourteen hours every day to mathematics alone. In the course of a few years he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Harvard College. So rapid was his progress, and so high the rank he attained, that he was left with but few, if any, companions. One of his mathematical works is so abstruse that few have read it, because few could read it. The Professor is reported as saying that only one man besides himself understood it.

One trait of Prof. Peirce deserves attention in this age of scientific materialism. He was as devout in heart as he was great in intellect. Physical facts and methods absorbed him, but they did not blind him. He saw their source, for he looked through nature up to nature's God. Signs and quantities were to him but symbols of God's eternal truth. The clearer his apprehension of them, the nearer he seemed to draw to the intimate thought of the Creator. "He saw things," says Dr. Peabody, from whose memorial sermon we quote, "precisely as they are seen by the infinite mind." He held "the scales and compasses with which eternal wisdom built the earth and meted out the heavens." As a mathematician *he* adored with awe. As a man he was "a Christian in the whole aim, tenor and habit of life."—*Youth's Companion.*

Perseverance Indispensable to a Christian.

A LITTLE thought will impress us with the importance the Scriptures attach to perseverance. Exhortations against weariness and promises to endurance are frequent. In perseverance we find the secret of nearly all successful lives. The men who lead in any profession or business have had an end in view, and have allowed nothing to swerve them from it, or to daunt them in its pursuit.

Perseverance is a necessity to the prosperity of individual religion. There are those who profess to have reached a high attainment in Christian character by some mysterious, instantaneous spiritual process, but the Bible presents no royal road to perfection of character. A Christian is a new creature, but he cannot divorce himself from all influence of former habits. There are sins which have easily beset him in the days of his unregeneracy, and these will still make their appeals to him. It is not easy to gain the victory over temptation. To have every thought brought into captivity to the law of Christ is more than the work of a day. The most eminent saints we read of in the Bible were men who were disciplined by conflicts and failures, and this extended over many years of life. And our Lord presents Christian life in these aspects. He tells us of the blade, the ear and the full corn in the ear as emblematical of the Christian life. In apostolic writings it is spoken of as a building, and everything concerning it suggests not an immediate completion, but a constant progress after a Divine plan. We are called to be "faithful unto death," to "endure to the end." Perseverance is indispensable to a Christian.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Marriages Under Difficulties.

LAST week there were three marriages at Strathdearn, all of them attended, owing to the severity of the snow storm, with circumstances of an interesting character. A marriage was arranged for Wednesday last at a house in Strathdearn, about twenty miles from Inverness, a spot high-lying and unprotected. The bridegroom reached the house on horseback, and the clergyman and some guests also reached it, although with difficulty and much labor. The happy couple, after the ceremony, were to go to Boat of Garten Railway Station, but how was the journey to be accomplished? To the south the road was blocked, and to the north the road was blocked; everywhere there was snow so deep that no vehicle could be dragged through it. At length the bride volunteered to take the saddle and to face the storm on horseback, and on horseback accordingly the couple set out on their honeymoon. The journey to Boat of Garten proved a long and difficult one, but it was accomplished in safety; and the bride and bridegroom were none the worse for their difficulty and, doubtless, anxious undertaking. Another marriage took place on Friday in the same locality. The bride was there but the bridegroom lived in Inverness. For days, it may be presumed, he had his own fears about the difficulties that lay before him in his contemplated journey from Inverness to Strathdearn. The bridegroom, however, was not to be kept at home, or to be stuck in the snow. He hired two sleighs well yoked, one dog-cart, well yoked, and one saddle-horse, and with these he set out determined that, should one or other of these means prove unequal to the journey, he would go on his way with such as remained. He reached the bride's house. The wedding took place, and the bride and bridegroom arrived in Inverness the same night in a sleigh. There was yet another marriage in Strathdearn attended with similar difficulties. The weather was so threatening that there were negotiations for the postponement of the wedding, but these fell through. The bridegroom and a company of twelve came from the west of Ross-shire, and, in spite of snow-blocked roads and stormy weather, reached the bride's house, five-and-twenty miles from Inverness. Thus in all these cases, in spite of difficulties, the parties were united.—*Inverness (Scotland) Courier.*

HARRIET HOSMER is now residing in London, and has left the domains of art for those of science. Miss Hosmer gives up all her time to the experiments necessary for the study of the problem of perpetual motion, and lives no longer in the studio, but amid carpenters and blacksmiths in her workshops in the Borough road.

FOUR quinine pills administered to a sick elephant at Bridgeport, Conn., a few days ago, cost five dollars each.

HOME AND FARM.

CAKES, puddings, etc., are improved by making the currants, sugar, and flour hot before using them.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, half a cup of water, the yelks of five eggs and whites of four, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, grated rind and juice of one orange.

SOWING clover with wheat in the spring, to be turned under in the fall, will pay. One bushel of clover seed is enough to sow eight acres.

ALL sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

WELSH RAREBIT.—Toast thin slices of bread and cut into squares; butter while hot; moisten slightly with hot water and lay on a hot plate; sprinkle with salt, pepper and mustard. Pour over enough melted cheese to cover, and serve hot, a slice of toast to each person.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of cold water; mix well together; then add three cups of flour into which one teaspoon of soda and two of cream of tartar have been stirred; beat briskly for two minutes; flavor with almond, and bake in a quick oven; frost the top.

STRING HALT.—String halt is a loss of power of one of the principal nerves controlling the motion of one of the hind legs. There is no cure for it. The leg is drawn up with a jerk when it is lifted, the muscle which raises it being uncontrolled by the nerve to which this office belongs. It is one of those nervous disorders which have baffled the skill of the surgeon either to explain or to remedy. —*N. Y. Sun.*

DANISH PUDDING.—One cupful of tapioca, three generous pints of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of sugar, one tumbler of any kind of bright jelly. Wash the tapioca and soak in water all night. In the morning put on in the double boiler and cook one hour. Stir frequently. Add the salt, sugar and jelly, and mix thoroughly. Turn into a mold that has been dipped into cold water and set away to harden. Serve with cream and sugar.—*Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.*

THE seed of many ornamental and useful trees ripen in spring, and if once planted will produce young trees by fall, that will safely pass the winter. The scarlet maple, for instance, ripens its seed late in May. If planted at once, they would grow to a height of at least eighteen inches by fall. A silver maple will grow in four years, from seed, large enough to make considerable shade. Such seedlings may be raised by anybody, or bought of the nurseryman for two dollars per thousand. Still, thousands of well-to-do farmers have no trees either for shade, ornament or shelter.

Timely Test of Seeds.

CERTAINLY one of the most important elements of success in the growing of a crop is the soundness of the seed. If old, or in part old, the set of plants may be too thin for the possibility of a good crop. Or the weak plants themselves may be so further weakened by the adverse weather incident to the planting season as to grow too slowly for productive results. Replanting rarely succeeds, and never can succeed fully with plants that require an early start, either to mature before hot weather, or before frost; and this makes the advance testing of any seeds that are not known assuredly to be fresh and heavy an actual essential. It is an interesting and instructive experiment for the young people of a family. Along one of the streets of Gloucester, England, an inland port upon the Severn, a few years ago, a range of greenhouses was seen flush with the pavement. They belonged to an important nursery and seed store in the city, and the neat and somewhat architectural front range displayed specimens of the salable plants, etc., of the season. Between these were a great many of the common clayware flower-pot saucers in pairs, one nesting in the other—the lower one containing water, which kept the upper or inner one wet through. In this latter there were scattered from twenty to fifty seeds, which, if large, were covered with a piece of damp felt or moss, although the humid, still air of the glass building slightly warmed by a hot-water pipe seemed sufficient for the germination of all seeds capable of it in that temperature. A boy was counting and recording the proportion of success in each case, and putting still other sorts on trial. The firm made this open display of their care, probably, as an assurance to the public that they met their pledges in regard to warranted soundness of seeds sent out. Below the stage which carried the seeds and plants was another wider spread of potatoes, hardening in the light, and preparing a start in germination before being set in the ground. This is a very common practice abroad, and apparently a very useful one, both as regards earliness and certainty of the future crops.—*New York Tribune.*

Ice-coated Fruit-trees.

ONE of the wrong ideas which has a very general lodgment among the opinions and beliefs of orchardists, and which keeps its place, in the face of the flood of light that the press is now throwing upon all the theory and practice of the farm, is that of supposing that a coating of ice or of hoar-frost on the branches and twigs of trees is destructive to them or their fruit-buds. It is, on the contrary, preservative, unless its weight is so great as to cause breakage. Hoar-frost is dew, freezing, crystallizing as it condenses; and whenever it occurs the air is warmer than the objects which receive the condensation, and is at the same time saturated with moisture which it deposits on cooler surfaces. Now plants in general enjoy moist air, and dryness of the air is by far the most frequent cause of their death; and it is when the sky is dry and clear that heat radiates freely from every surface into space, and during the long clear nights of winter very much more heat is lost than the short days and dim sunshine enable plants, etc., to absorb. Blasts from colder districts are dry as well as cold, and attack the life of plants by both weapons.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Some Hints on Good Cheese Making.

The following extract is from the address of Mr. Robert McAdam, delivered before the Butter and Cheese Association at Canton, N. Y., on the 18th of January:

It is imperative that fine cheese should be handsome and good-looking, as well as good; therefore every point of inward quality or outward appearance which detracts from this value as a whole should as far as possible be avoided. The importance of having milk pure and well kept cannot be too strongly insisted upon, and the utmost care and vigilance should be bestowed upon this point. Badly kept milk gives the cream a tainted, disagreeable taste which can never be thoroughly eradicated, and is the true cause of the harsh, bitter taste in cheese. It is true that a great many fine cheese and much fine butter is now made in this State; yet it is a fact that in many factories called fine, during four months make, their early and late makes are not up to the mark. Why is this? I know to a certainty that it arises from causes which can be controlled. When factories open in the spring with only a small quantity of milk to work, it is always a very difficult task to ensure a satisfactory quality of cheese. This is much increased where patrons send in green milk to the factory, and the difficulty is often much increased from cold milk rooms, where the required temperature cannot be easily maintained, so as to facilitate the separation of the whey. Under these circumstances it is beneficial to heat up several times to 100 degrees, so that the separation may be sufficiently affected. Spring cheese require a high temperature, to evaporate the moisture and make them rapidly ready for early sale, as it is never prudent to hold fodder made cheese. A skillful maker will be continually on the alert, looking out for unexpected changes, even after he has made a thorough examination of every vat of milk separately, which is indispensable, when a maker is determined to have all his cheese of uniform quality. In October the finest cheese of the season should be made, but as soon as favorable weather for keeping milk sets in, greed sets in also, and skimming is resorted to, and coincident with this, carelessness often sets in with the makers. Taking off cream necessitates some change in the routine of making, and this is either not understood thoroughly by the maker, or he has become indifferent, so the consequence is that few October cheese are as fine as they might be. The maker shelters himself behind the skimming process as an excuse for relaxing his care to have the October cheese solid, and besides often does not attend to have them properly cured. He hurries over every part of the process, hoping rather doubtfully that they may pass. The consequence is, that after the cheese passes from his sight they are found weak made and lacking solidity; clammy on the surface and cold and sticky inside, the moisture being imperfectly evaporated by curing, and these cheese become streaked and modified in color, insipid or bitterish in taste, undesirable as food and comparatively of little value. In the spring and fall the presses should be placed in the dry-room, or where the required temperature can be maintained, in order that the whey may be thoroughly separated. A cold press-room prevents this, and much greater attention to this point is absolutely necessary. Greater attention is also demanded whilst the cheese are in process of pressing, for many cheese are imperfectly closed and remain rough on the surface, with a bad rind. This is a great drawback to their sale, for a smooth, level, blooming surface is a great attraction in the eye of a buyer. The cheese should be turned in the hoops repeatedly, and never taken out finally until properly closed, smooth and neat. English cheese-makers bestow much more care on the outside appearances, turning their cheese twice in the hoops every day and pressing them two or three days, making sure that they are perfect. And if American cheese are meant to equal the finest English in price they must be equally cared for and made sound and handsome. The education of cheese and butter makers by papers read or speeches made at dairy conventions has undoubtedly effected much good, but mere verbal instruction, elaborate speeches or papers, are not sufficient, and at best, are only auxiliaries. Education must be begun in the make-room with practical instruction, and should be supplemented and perfected by comparing the products of our best makers with those of interior makers, on the boards of a show-room, where the various qualities can be determined, compared, criticised and adjudicated upon, where merit and defect may be pointed out, their causes explained and the modifications necessary to correct these faults intelligibly shown. This could not fail to be a powerful lever to improve the quality of butter and cheese. Most makers as a rule have few opportunities of seeing the finest classes of goods and still less of comparing their own with such. This want should no longer be allowed to exist. Every district should have an annual exhibition of butter and cheese which every dairy, farmer and factoryman should support, and compete those in fair and honorable rivalry, the management of these shows being in the hands of men who command the confidence of exhibitors. These district shows would act as feeders to an annual State exhibition of dairy produce, supported by a membership from every factory in the State whose annual subscriptions would form a fund for liberal prizes, the competition for which would awaken a spirit of rivalry and promote general excellence in quality.

CREAM FOAMING IN THE CHURN.—There are several reasons for cream foaming in the churn. Anything which prevents the butter from coming will cause foaming, because then the cream is beaten to a froth, and the air mingled with it causes it to foam. Too great acidity or too low a temperature are the causes of this trouble.

—Providence and Boston now chat comfortably together over the new interstate telephone wire.

—A baker's turnover is often a pie-house fraud.

A Litigant Loses His Case by Talking With a Juror.

A suit for $10,000 damages brought by Sigmund Klauber against the West Division Railway Company, for injuries received from one of that company's cars, was on trial before Judge Williamson on Thursday. The case went to the jury on Thursday night, and on yesterday morning the jury reassembled in the court-room to return their verdict. When it had been announced and the jury polled, Mr. William Moore, of the law firm of Small & Moore, the attorneys for the railroad, arose and said that he desired to move that the plaintiff in the case be committed for contempt of court. He was directed to make an affidavit setting out the grounds of his application. The affidavit, which was afterwards read, stated that the affiant had seen the plaintiff, Sigmund Klauber, speak with several of the jurymen on their entering the court-room, on yesterday morning, and before the verdict was announced in the case. The Court allowed the attorney to examine one of the jurymen named Sullivan, and the plaintiff, in regard to the conversations. Both, with a good deal of confusion, admitted that they had conversed together, but stated that they had simply exchanged greeting. Sullivan admitted that he had intimated to Klauber that the case was all right. The Court denied the motion to commit the plaintiff for contempt, because it was not shown that there was fraud intended, but reprimanded both the plaintiff and the juror. By consent the verdict, which was for $600 damages, was set aside.—*Chicago Times.*

An Untrustworthy Assistant.

The Fakir of Siva gave a sleight-of-hand performance in Galveston. One of his feats was to make a marked dollar disappear in the sight of the crowd, which he did successfully.

"That marked dollar will be found in the vest pocket of that colored gentleman," said the fakir pointing with his magic wand at Sam Johnsing.

All eyes were riveted on Sam, who advanced to the front took some money from his vest pocket and said:

"Boss, heah is your change. I has had two beers and a cigar outen dat dollar you tole me to keep in my vest pocket till you called foah it.—*Galveston News.*

—A Chicago paper says big cars denote a generous disposition. Chicago folks are excessively generous. They even give themselves away.—*Boston Post.*

[Sparta (Wis.) Herald.]

As an exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

"O'RAFFERTY," said the Galveston Recorder, "your wife swears you struck her with great violence." "Wid great violins? when there isn't a fiddle, big nor little in the house! She exaggerates too much entoirly. It was only a flat-iron."—*Galveston News.*

[St. Louis Chronicle.]

Trial by Jury.

Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section St. Jacobs Oil has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for Rheumatism and all painful diseases.

JAY GOULD is a rigid temperance man, uses no tobacco and drinks no wine. He has an inordinate swallow for a telegraph pole or a railway frog. He always takes a stick or a little iron in his'n, if he is a temperance man.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

From the Hub.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetiser, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in. —*Boston Globe.*

A CERTAIN musical critic is so full of music that he eats soup with a tuning fork.—*Exchange.* We presume it is also natural for him to pause and rest at a bar.—*Somerville Journal.*

WE understand there is a movement on foot to build a monument to the James Cough Pill Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., as a mark of appreciation of their Pellets. They cure coughs, colds, consumption, etc. Right!

A Household Need, Free.

Send on postal-card for 80 page book on "The Liver," its diseases and their treatment. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

RENDING'S RUSSIA SALVE meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

THE most unaccommodating man in Ohio kept a small hotel. One night the house caught fire, and while a terrified man was climbing through a burning window, the proprietor rushed up and exclaimed, "Have you got any baggage?" "No, sir." "Guests without baggage are requested to pay up before they leave this hotel. You owe sixty-five cents on last week's bill, and three dollars on this week's, 'side from ordering a beef sandwich extra. Get back! I won't be cheated in this way."—*Cleveland Leader.*

WHEN a pretty Irish girl is stolen away they say, ect some Boycotter.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A ROCKLAND man read that one should endeavor to draw someth ng useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night, when the moon was hidden, he essayed to draw a number of useful cordwood sticks from his neighbor's woodpile, and got filled so full of rock salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his life.—*Rockland Courier.*

HOW is it that one apple is enough for a pare?—*Graphic.*

THE other day a bright little three-year-old boy, "who has been around some," was taken to church to be baptized and christened. Although the little fellow's parents are church people, they mingle much with the world and are quite regularly at the theaters, where the little three-year old always seem amied them. Being taken into church there was some delay before the ceremony was proceeded with, and the unregenerate youth becoming uneasy, cried out in a loud, impatient tone: "Ma, why don't the curtain go up?" The "curtain went up" shortly after that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Sioux Indians would be a good tribe for lawyers to live among.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE was just home from dancing-school. "Did you have a good time, my little man?" asked his father. "Yes, sir; a real good time. I danced every time except the last." "And why not then?" asked the father. "Because Mr. Papanti wouldn't let me, and it was real mean, for there were two or three empty girls."—*Boston Transcript.*

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Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.

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FREE! I WILL MAIL A COPY OF MY NEW BOOK, "Medical Common Sense," FREE, to any person who will send his name and postoffice address and two 3-cent stamps to pay postage. To any one suffering with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, SORE-THROAT, or BRONCHITIS, the information in this elegant volume is of great value; and, in the providence of God, has saved many useful lives. Address DR. S. B. WOLFE, 146 south St., Cincinnati, O.

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Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West

For sale by the Iowa R.R. Land Co. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Branch Office 92 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Four weeks' sample babies are the result when fed on RIDGE'S FOOD. Thousands of children whose chief diet has been RIDGE'S FOOD are living monuments of health and beauty.

PENSIONS for SOLDIERS, for Fathers, Mothers, Widows, Children, etc. Thousands per entitled. Pensions for any wounds or illness. Bounty yet due in thousands. Pensions awarded to time of Pension. New laws and decisions. Time limited. Apply at once. Address, with two stamps for laws, blanks and instructions, N. W. FITZGERALD, U. S. Claim Attorney, Box 488, Washington, D. C.

MUSIC HALF PRICE. Catalogue Free. HENRY COOK, 79 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

COMPOUND OXYGEN NOT A DRUG

A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures by a natural process of restoration.

HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, J. E. Arthur, and others, who have been greatly benefited, and to whom we refer by permission.

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED: "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Inquirer and Chronicle.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Archbishop Purcell's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive merits of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

THE OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT contains two months' supply, with inhaling apparatus and full directions for use.

SENT FREE! a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures. Write for it. Address

ADMINISTERED BY INHALATION. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE.

Send us your Address ON A POSTAL CARD, AND WE WILL SEND YOU OUR INTERESTING AND VALUABLE PAMPHLET FOR LADIES ON

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EHRICH BROTHERS, 285 to 295 Eighth Avenue, NEW YORK.

ASTHMA. JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 12th.]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any confidence with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to try yesterday Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Hoar Cold, etc." T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

"DO YOU WISH TO GO WEST?

Write for list of Real Estate for sale by us. We have TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS, and 10,000 ACRES of unimproved land for sale cheap, and on liberal terms of payment. These farms are in the best portions of Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska, where a few crops will pay for an

IMPROVED FARM

For business men (even of small means) we have property in new and growing towns, on the C., B. & Q. R. R., well worthy of their attention.

FRANK & ELMENDORF, Corning, Iowa.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S FOR THE Lungs. BALSAM

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

Do You Wish To Know?

1. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Kansas—her people, her homes, her lands, her products, her towns, her counties and her public institutions?
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5. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about California and the sections of the Golden Slope, both north and south?
6. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Old Mexico and its prospects?
7. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW how to reach these States and Territories easily and quickly?

If these are the things you want to know, apply to

CHAS. B. PEET, G. P. & T. A., A., T. & S. F. R. R. C. S. GLEED, Topeka, Kansas.

Pearce's Improved Cahoon Broadcast SEED SOWER

Sows all Kinds of Grain and Grass Seed.

This machine has been sold successfully to this country and is almost every locality growing section on the Globe, giving entire satisfaction wherever there is every intelligent operator. Prices $6. Does the work of 8 men. Send stamp for Circular.

J. WILDER & CO., Agts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOODELL CO., Antrim, N. H., Sole Manufacturers.

LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, or the Home Life of the Presidents

A History of every Administration from Washington to the present time. Includes much Personal and Private history never before published. AGENTS WANTED. For full description address the Publishers, FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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BERRY CRATES & Baskets, In use 10 yrs. Best and Cheapest in use. Send for Free Circular. N. D. Batterson, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS Gain money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

THE BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION can be had at the Iron City College, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for Circular.

LAND Warrants and Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights bought and sold. Highest prices paid. N. W. Fitzgerald, Land Atty., Box 488, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED for the Boy and Forest, a thrilling Pictorial Book and Bible. Prices reduced 40 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTOS Of Female Beauties 10 cts. Catalogue free. J. BLITZ, Drawer 3, Reading, Pa.

Tape Worm Infallible cure. Send stamp for particulars to Mrs. G. H. Weisel, Douglas, Lancaster, O.

BUGGIES ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE CO. CINTI. O. Factory grown. Catalogue free.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. G 931

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

What Jay Gould Knows About Corporations.

The New York *Herald* of a recent date contained a long and interesting interview with Mr. Jay Gould on a dozen or more interesting topics. Beginning with the question of growth of corporations, Mr. Gould said: "The corporations are powerful because the people are powerful. Corporate property was never so widely scattered in this country as it is today. Some years ago I controlled the Union Pacific Railroad. I bought its stock when it was down so low that it could hardly find a purchaser. It was built up and sold out. Its stockholders to-day are numbered by the thousand where they were before numbered by the hundred. A short time ago Mr. Vanderbilt controlled the New York Central. He sold a large interest, which has passed into the hands of other people—merchants, farmers, insurance companies trust estates. The number its stockholders is larger now than ever before." Mr. Gould poohpoohed the idea that he or any other man could control Wall street, and said that the telegraph consolidation was necessary, and would prove in the end profitable for the companies and advantageous to the public. His idea was cheaper telegraph tolls, and these he proposed to secure if possible. Speaking of new cables which the consolidated companies proposed to lay, one, he said, would stretch from Newfoundland to Ireland, another from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, thence to Australia, and another from the Sandwick Islands to Japan. At Puget sound we propose to start with another cable, carrying it across Behring's Sea to Kamscatka, which will open up the Russian telegraph system to us, and thence to China. In addition, it is intended to further develop the West India cable service and connect the east and west coast of South America with New York. The railroad outlook, he said, was favorable, particular attention now being paid to the opening up of Mexico and the Southwest. He expressed his opinion plainly that De Lesseps had no intention of building the Panama Canal, and thought the Canadian Pacific Railway project was decidedly visionary.

Touching the wondrous growth and bright future of this country, Mr. Gould said: "The South is becoming rich as fast as the other portions of the country. The new generation of the South is altogether different from the one that fought for slavery and carried on the war. It will care more about business and less about politics. The South has had good crops for years, and has obtained fair prices for them. The Southern people are simple in their habits, less luxurious and extravagant than those of the North, and they must have saved a good deal of money lately. It is a fact, known to bankers and others who have looked into the question, that since the resumption of specie payments a large amount of gold has disappeared somewhere. The popular impression is that it is in the treasury and in the bank vaults. Undoubtedly there is a large amount of it stowed away in this manner, but not all. I believe there is a good deal of it locked up in the old stockings of the colored man and brother in the Southern States, particularly in the cotton belt. Of course, they will never tell it, even to one another. But I am convinced that my theory is a correct one. The more intelligent of the Southern negroes have the instinct of saving and accumulation very strongly developed. See what they did within the first five or six years after they were out of slavery. Their savings created one of the largest savings banks in the country. No, there is no part of that map (the United States) upon which you can lay your hand and not find the classes who have in them the elements of success succeeding. As for the others, they would fall in an El Dorado." Further, Mr. Gould expressed his strong opposition to what he called "injudicious interference by Congress and state legislatures with business"; in other words, legislation which seeks to regulate freight charges on railroads. Of course, he was opposed to the Reagan bill, and said that thousands of millions of dollars of European capital were frightened from investment in this country on account of this legislative interference. Mr. Gould laughed at the rumors that he owned several New York papers, and that he proposed to secure the control of the Associated Press. After stating his opposition to steamship subsidies, Mr. Gould, when asked who was the greatest railroad man he had met, replied: "Well, Mr. Thomas A. Scott in the past. Mr. John W. Garrett is a very great man. Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the extraordinary men of the century. The present Mr. Vanderbilt must be counted among the greatest and strongest of men. Mr. Vanderbilt's talent is of a different order from [illegible] but I know no man [illegible] to equal him, [illegible] work his father began."

Alexander Pool, a brother of the Rev. George H. Pool, who died of small pox in a Brookly hospital and was buried in the Potter's Field, has appeared in Philadelphia to administer the wealth of his brother. The claimant is a real estate dealer in Quincy, Illinois, and is one of four brothers having claims upon the property. There are also four half brothers and two half sisters, but they are not entitled to share in the division.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Dogs for Sale.

The subscriber has eight Shepherd Pups for sale. Pure blood.

THOS. E. HAIGH,
3 5 3 Oakland, Md.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hooppole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CODDINGTON,
3 5 5 BOWIE JOHNSON.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of Equity, in a cause wherein Charles Fike and others are complainants and Norman Fike and others are defendants, said cause being No. 201 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Trustees will, on

MONDAY,
the 28th Day of March,

A. D. 1881, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate of which Christian Fike died seized and possessed, which is described in a deed from John Fike and others to Christian Fike, bearing date the 11th day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and forty eight, and recorded in Liber H. B., No. 2, folio 611, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the land to be sold.

The above farm contains two hundred and thirty-five acres of land, more or less, a large proportion of which is in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the

BEST GRAZING FARMS

In Garrett county. It is improved by a

Good Dwelling House and all necessary Out-Buildings.

It is located in a good neighborhood, and schools, stores, mills, &c., are accessible.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are: "One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, and the remaining one-third in two years from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale until paid."

Any further information with regard to this property can be obtained from A. J. Fike, Esq. Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., or upon application to the undersigned.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
3 5 tds Trustees.

DR. F. T. KELLE,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 2m

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE.
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

ORDER NISI.

Mary E. Hilton vs William H. Bernard and others.

No. 18 Equity. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, That the sale made and reported by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, appointed to make sale of the real estate described in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 22d day of March, A. D. 1881: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $200.00.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True Copy—Test
2 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

21st Day of March A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

CHEVIOT DALE,

containing four thousand and thirty six acres of land. Also, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

HUNTING DALE,

containing one hundred and sixteen acres of land. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

MILL-SEAT,

containing seven acres of land, more or less.

These are valuable timber lands, and have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and three cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of State and County taxes due by the heirs of James Cunningham, deceased, for the year 1878, and also to satisfy the further sum of eighty-eight dollars and thirty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January A. D. 1880, being State and County taxes due by the said heirs of James Cunningham for the year 1879, said lands being assessed on the books of Garrett county to James Cunningham's heirs.

EDWARD MARGROF,
2 26 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by F. C. Browning and others, is to pass, said road to begin at the Parsonage line, on the Altamont and Harned School House road, and running thence to the South West corner of Lake Woods lane, through the lands of J. R. Browning, Dr. S. P. Smith, and F. C. Browning will meet on the premises on Monday the 21st day of March, 1881, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

S. W. FRIEND,
L. A. STEMPLE,
2 16 5t JOS. SPIKER,
Examiners

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e22-y1

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 5000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its all the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Caique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers,
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 6. SQUARE GRAND.
7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, Agraffe Throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

FOR SALE!
CHEAP! CHEAP!

Hol any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 1 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 26 7 W. H. TOWER.

PART OF
WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address (GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1e26-1y

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

GILMOR S. HASHLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-0.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. E. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. E. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.52 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.38 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport;
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m8

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Farmers.

Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-1f. H. WATSON.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¾ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE, MD.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
E. M. WILMER, - - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
R. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex Jud'e, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminster, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN BUNDOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
H. P. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The officers and references are gentlemen of well known business and professional standing and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

AGENTS WANTED.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least one month's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881. NUMBER 4.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HETSKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak Sts. Produce taken in exchange

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

L. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer In General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Simonse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St,

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
PEDDICORD & COMBS.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its flume of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The flats that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

THE COUSINS.

Marian Field stopped a moment at Burnham & Burnham's widow, and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, satins and all the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilet.

All the admiration and a little—just a little—purely feminine envy, and then she turned her face away to the quiet, plain, elder lady who had stopped a moment waiting for her.

"O, Annie how exquisit everything is! I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich and to hate Meredith because we are not. Let's hurry away before I become perfectly savage."

Her sweet, girlish laugh rippled out on the quiet evening air—a laugh that had just a tinge of bitterness mixed with its silver sweetness, and a gentleman who was accidently passing at the moment, looked to see Marian's lovely face, with her blue eyes and fair complexion, to which the crisp December air had lent a delicate pink tinge, and bright golden hair that was lightly fluffy over her forehead and looking coquettishly becoming as it escaped from the pale-blue zephyr hood she wore.

It was just the merest passing glance he had, but enough to show him the quaint well bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then, as they passed further away into the dusk of the night, he went into a quiet little shop, next Burnham & Burnham's brilliantly illuminated show-windows, interested into inquiring of the pleasant faced lad who, standing at the door had heard and seen the ladies.

The lad went briskly round to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some cigars—I believe that was what I wanted, at least until the sight of that girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who are they, do you know?"

The young shopman promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly the while.

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian. They just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl here-abouts, I think."

The gentleman smiled at the young fellow's enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw a more perfect face. Field—I think I've heard the name before."

"And there's such a romance connected with them!" the clerk went on. "To-day they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate. They were born and brought up on the place, and not until all of a sudden was it discovered that there was somebody who had a better claim on it than they—a first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces, and so the lawyers made row about it, and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient, proud and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down town, and earn their little salary that wouldn't buy the toilet water they used to order."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have told it well. It really is a pity. A fine night!"

And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his affluent young friend and took himself slowly, thoughtfully up the street that led directly to the magnificent estate of Deaconwoode.

"Beggars—those splendid women—that lovely-voiced, sapphire eyed girl, fit to sit on the grandest throne under heaven! Beggars—through my acceptance of Uncle Cyril Field's legacy! Why didn't some one tell me the atrocity of such wholesale rascality? Is it late, I wonder, that threw them directly in my path almost the hour of my arrival in this strange place whither I had come to see my new accession? And how shall I see them again?'

* * * * * *

"Will we do it? Why, Annie, of course we will do it! It would be a direct flying in the face of Providence to refuse such a godsend. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwoode—we will never use that room Annie. And only think—ten dollars a week! it will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sister' cottage that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their boarder, and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them.

One day Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how until so lately they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is he must be a doubled-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he was delighted at his good fortune, and surely he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for any man, to turn two delicately-bred woman out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villian has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should at least have divided."

Miss Field admitted.

"But people are not often so generous, Mr. Curtis. Yes, for Marian's sake it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went out for a little stroll—they had taken into that habit lately.

"We were talking about Deaconwoode and that detestable cousin of yours—Miss Field and I. Do you know, we both agree that it is a piece of selfishness that he doesn't divide with you under such peculiar circumstances?"

Marrian laughed.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Curtis, and I shall not allow you and Annie to discuss such incendiary topics. Divide? Of course not—do you think I'd accept charity at the hands of Meredith Alwyn? Deaconwood is lawfully his—let him keep it—dearly as I love it, every stone, every tree, every room, every picture."

Her impetuous young voice thrilled out, brave, almost defiant, as they walked along in the gathering dusk.

Then he suddenly called her name in a tone that instantly brought a flush to her cheek.

"Marian!"

"It was the first time he had omitted the formality of the prefacing title.

"Yes?"

"I am jealous of Deaconwoode, because you love it so, and I want you to love me! Marian my darling, tell me if you can—if you do! Marian, sweet, I love you so—if you will let me!"

It did not need more than one look into her eyes to read his answer.

"I—cannot help it—can I?" she said, shyly, and then, on the quiet suburban road, in the gloom of the early nightfall, he took her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"And now," he said, as she nestled on his arm and they turned their steps homeward, "about this Deaconwoode affair. You, of course, have no objection to going back there? You have so imperiously declared you will not accept your cousin Meredith Alwyn's charity that there only remains one more course open. That is to ask you to resume your sweet sway there as rightful owner, and—Meredith Curtis Alwyn's wife—my own little blue-eyed darling. It is yes, again. Because you know you cannot help yourself, nor will you want if you love, me little Cousin Marian, little wife Marian!"

And that was the way they went back home.

It is a Good Cause.

So say drunkards; so say tipplers; so say moderate drinkers; so say whisky and rum makers and sellers; and so say all those neutrals who are neither moonshine or sunshine, but ready to be either as occasion serves. Yes, and it is not only a good cause, and it has done a great deal of good; and they are great friends to it—they wish it success. Nevertheless, the drunkard and the tippler, &c., will drink on, and the maker will produce, the seller will sell, as if this good cause, which has done and is doing so much good, should extend too rapidly, and too speedily complete its triumphs. But if the cause is so good, why do not these gentry help to promote it? O, I do, each one replies. The vender he does not sell to drunkards, and when he thinks a man has taken enough, he tells him so, and sends him home. So he is doing nobly in the cause—tantalizing the drunkards—pushing on the tipplers with one hand and holding them back with the other. And the moderate drinker, he too does nobly—he sets an example of self government to the drunkards; holds the reins with a firm grasp, though the tighter he holds them the nearer he comes to the liquor cask. Yet he must not break off too soon—he will watch his opportunity when he will cut cable and run. Run, yes indeed, he does run, but it is to the jug and the dram shop. Howbeit he praises the cause, but not half so sincerely as he does the good old Jamaica. And in truth he does promote it, to as great an extent and even greater than either of the other classes. Between him and them there is the same difference as a ship at sea in a storm at night, would find between a beacon and a sunken solitary rock, hidden by the darkness, with the waves dashing and foaming and breaking against its side.

What do Your Children Read?

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. See to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell within us when alone, and influence over our actions—these are what lifts us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing up boys.

"How to Get Married."

In the course of a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Utica, recently, upon the subject of "How to Get Married," the reverend lecturer said: Every man wants a wife, and every woman wants a husband. Such is the unwritten law of human nature. In obedience to this law men and women are found marrying the world over. People want to marry, and marry they will, a somebody if they can, a nobody if they must. This has been and must be to the end of time, whether the world grows better or worse, wiser or more foolish. Marriage was instituted in the Garden of Eden. God saw that it was not fit for a man to live alone and so He formed a helpmeet for him. In regard to the first marriage, the speaker had no theory of his own, but gave a number of those he had read. The speaker emphasized the fact that marriage is God's great law of happiness in this world, and whenever affection, industry, and virtue guard the domestic hearth, it never fails of producing the highest felicity men and women can know in this world. Bishop Taylor says: "If you are for pleasure, marry; a good wife is Heaven's best best gift to man, his angel of mercy, minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels." Old Bishop Taylor had a forcible way of putting things, but in this case his language is the expression of the world's best experience. Home, family, society, civilization, and happiness radiate from the sacred ordinance of marriage. True marriage is of the heart, sanctioned by civil enactments and religious ceremonies.

VALUE OF NEATNESS.—A very neat woman will contrive to keep even one apartment in a state of complete neatness. But if she be a sloven, she will not care who knows the fact. Not long ago I called upon a woman with whom I had but slight acquaintance, and was shocked at the untidy appearance of her bedroom. There was positively not a chair in it that I could find to seat myself in. Her child's playthings were scattered all over the room, together with fragments of luncheon. The bed was in disorder. "You must excuse appearances," said the lady, as soon as I was seated. "The chamber maid dusted and put the room to rights only a couple of hours ago; but it is so hard to keep anything straight or nice when one has a child around." "And you must not think," added her husband, with a shade of annoyance on his face "that because we live so uncomfortably now, we never did have anything nice. We had the prettiest little home you can imagine when we lived in the country, and my wife kept it as neat as a pin." I doubted the assertion. Time must, in the speaker's recollection, have cast a glamour over that little home, and made him gloss over his statement considerably. His wife's appearance from her head to her feet, gave evidence of the sloven. And I knew well that the woman who is naturally orderly and neat will retain her good habits, no matter how she is situated. She will unconsciously pick up and put to rights all through the day, giving a touch here and a push there as she goes along. It is a most unfortunate thing for a man when he finds himself tied for life to a slovenly woman. No wonder he never looks at home for happiness.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S SIN.—How easy it is to see the sins of other people. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday School superintendent tells of an experience of his in support of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urchins recently gathered in from the streets without a teacher for the day, so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked of sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was: "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest boys, who pointed to another boy at the end of the seat and said: "Yes, that feller down there." That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school, but his mode of judging was much like that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow, and no sin like—that feller's down there.

Joseph Coyle, driver of a wagon containing carboys of vitriol, met with a terrible accident on Saturday, near New Lots, Long Island. He had been drinking, and, driving in a reckless manner, the wagon was upset, and he was thrown out among the broken carboys. The acid formed a small lake about the spot where Coyle was helplessly lying, and ate into the side of his face and his legs and breast. One eye was destroyed, and his burns are so serious that his recovery is doubtful. Several persons were badly burned while extricating him from his horrible position.

What a Druggist says: "I have been selling Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for ten years, and it has given better satisfaction than any other cough remedy. A. G. Schmidt, Apothecary, Hanover, Pa.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.—After the Sunday dinner what? Well, it all "depends." A person whose brain is wearied with intellectual work during the week, or whose nervous system is exposed to the strain of business or professional life, ought to sleep, within an hour or two after his Sunday dinner, if he can. It is surprising how much like a seven-day clock the brain will work, if the habit of a "Sunday nap" be once formed. Nature will take advantage of it as regularly and gracefully as she does of the nightly sleep and do her best to make up lost time.

People on the other hand whose week of toil is chiefly physical, may well give their minds activity while their bodies are resting. Two sermons and three or four hours of solid reading are real rest to some on Sunday, while to others such a course amounts to a positive Sabbath breaking. Sunday is a day of rest, not of work, religious or otherwise. It is a day for repose, not for exhaustion. But what the dogmatists on one side and the illiberals on the other are apt to overlook, is the fact that all men do not rest alike, and what may help to save one may add in killing another. —*Golden Rule.*

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—Some years ago the French Ministry addressed a circular to all the prefects, desiring them to institute inquiries as to the conditions which appeared peculiarly to favor longevity in their several districts, and the replies are said to have almost unanimously indicated as the leading elements or influence, great sobriety, regular labor and usually in the open air, daily exercise short of fatigue, early hours, a comparatively well-to-do life, calmness of mind in meeting troubles, moderate intellectual powers and a family life. The beneficial influence of marriage on the duration of life is universally admitted, and remarriage does not seem unfavorable. The prefects also indicate heredity as a frequent cause, and the influence of climate is likewise admitted; this latter, however, is separable with difficulty from other causes which may be operating simultaneously; but, if all things were otherwise equal, it would seem that southern are less favorable to longevity than northern climates.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—A New England railroad superintendent, having directed that in painting and lettering the cars of the company the letters "R. R." should be left off, leaving only the name of the road—as for instance the "New York and New England"—the Hartfort *Courant* thinks if a man cannot tell a railroad car by looking at it he cannot infer it from the mystic double R. And it thereupon proceeds to make this somewhat curious calculation: It may be estimated that lettering cars costs a cent a letter. Now there were, a year ago 423,013 freight cars in this country. Some have been smashed since then, but many more have been built. There are probably 450,000 to day. If so, the cost of the unnecessary four R's on them has been $18,000. This is a small sum of money, but there are plenty of people who would be willing to save it, especially if at the same time they avoided a foolish performance. The example of the New York and New England is a commendable one. Either follow it or else label cars in large letters: This is a railroad car.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—Permit me to offer my thanks to the contributors of your paper for speaking to Parents of the common habit some of them have trying to frigten their children into obedience. I think this is a habit which cannot be too strongly reproved. I will give an example. There was a neighbor visiting me one day, and her little boy, a nice, bright child, started to go into the bedroom. The mother cried out, "Johnny! come here, a great, big rat will get you."

My own little boy, a little older, immediately came to me to know what a rat was. I explained to the best of my ability, and told him there was no rat there, as that is something I have never seen but once in this country. How sorry I felt for that woman's children, for it was not once, but often, every day, that she tried to frighten them just so. I think parents should endeavor to be perfect examples of truth and honesty to their children, or how can they expect to train them up to be honest, truthful men and women?—*Household.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AN APPEAL TO WINTER.

Cold weather, go! O frigid dahlier, go!
Too long you've lingered hereabout—
Too long, alas! too long; you're dreadfulslow!
Come, vamoose! clear! get out!

Too long you've nipped our ears and aching hands;
Too long you've pierced us through and through;
Too long you've held us in your icy bands—
Oh, leave us quickly, do!

Too long we've watched the mercury in the glass,
Too long we've lied about the thing;
Much have we all to answer for, alas!
Come, go! 'twill soon be spring!

Do go! The ice man has his harvest made,
The coal men sure have made enough;
With colds and rheumatiz you've thousands slayed,
We've had quite *quantum suff.*

Go, now; there is a time, I'm certain, quite,
When you will be by far welcomer,
Come when the days are hot, when skeeters bite—
Yes, come next summer.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

"Who threw that snow-ball?" demanded Mr. Gunther, stepping from his door an instant after the missile went crashing through a thirty-six by twenty inch glass in the bay window.

"Johnnie Parks," answered Bill Blase, in a rough voice.

Mr. Gunther scanned the group of boys a moment silently. They exchanged glances in terror.

"It is Johnnie Parks, I say; the kid's ran home," said Bill, stepping forward boldly.

"Now you've done it," said Sammy Sloan; "Gunther is going straight to Parks', and Johnnie will catch it."

"The governor will plank down the stamps; he's able to. It's a good joke, and a nice slide for you, hey?" and Bill Blase chucked Clark Gunther under the chin and the ribs. Clark was silent, and very white.

"Pshaw! now don't be a goose, nor a ghost either. I declare, if he isn't as white as any spook. Keep mum, boys; we won't peach, Clark, never fear."

With this the knot of boys separated, and disappeared around the corner, some of them hallooing back to Clark, or waving their hats. He stood irresolute, looking after his father, who was nearing Mr. Parks' in rapid strides. Then, assured that the boys were all out of sight, he ran to the barn and buried himself in the hay.

Mr. Gunther was kind and indulgent, not only to his own sons, but others. He had been much annoyed since the beginning of the snow season with the school-boys snow-balling about his place. He gave them permission to play in the back yard and about the barn, though strictly forbidding throwing snow-balls about the house. At this time the boys had had great fun building a snow fort in the back yard. Concealing a pail of water behind it to harden the snow-balls to throw at the enemy in the street had so exasperated them that they were very angry, and what began in a sham fight ended in a real battle. The boys in the street continued firing as they retreated past the prescribed limits, until one of the hardened balls from the victorious party struck the window.

Mr. Gunther grew more angry and determined with every step. He was surprised to find Johnnie drawing his little sister in the front yard.

"You can't deceive me, you young rascal, if you did reach home first. Where is your father?"

"In the library, I think, sir," replied Johnnie, staring after Mr. Gunther as he went hastily up the steps, and soothing his sister, who was frightened at the loud voice.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Parks," began Mr. Gunther, trying to control himself, "but I have been so annoyed with this snow-balling business this winter that I am quite out of patience, and it must be stopped. Your boy, Johnnie, has just broken one of my large windows, and if I had not forbidden all the boys again and again throwing around my house, I would not have made an example of Johnnie at this time. My boys have got to quit it, and I mean other people's shall on my premises. There is no reason in the boys. You can not limit them; it has to be prohibited; the school superintendent has stopped all throwing on the school-house grounds. Why, it is dreadful, sir, the audacity that boys have in these days. Your Johnnie stared at me as innocently as though he had never seen a snow-ball, and was drawing his sister as a blind."

"I am glad you told me," said Mr. Parks. "I will repair the damages and punish the boy. Johnnie usually comes directly home from school, his mother tells me, and I am surprised he should stop without permission. I am away from home so much the management of the children is left mostly with my wife. You are right about it, Mr. Gunther; it must be stopped."

Mr. Parks followed Mr. Gunther to the door, and cut an apple branch, as he called to Johnnie, getting very angry himself before the time. He did not often punish his children, and he ought never, because it was always in anger and without waiting an explanation. It must be said that Mr. Gunther felt an inward satisfaction, as he passed out of the gate, that one boy was about to get his just deserts.

Mr. Parks took Johnnie roughly by the arm and pushed him into the library.

"And so you had to smash one of Gunther's windows, did you? Why didn't you come and tell me, and not sneak this way?"

"Oh! papa, I—"

"Not a word, now. I know all about it, and I'll teach you to let snow-balls alone and find some other plaything, or I'll show you how I can play with such things as this," the blows falling thick and heavy on Johnnie's back, and Mr. Parks growing more and more angry.

"But I didn't, papa; I surely didn't," screamed Johnnie.

"You know you did; what's the use of lying about it? Mr. Gunther saw you do it. Now go to your room, and see if you can let snow-balls alone in future."

Mr. Parks flung Johnnie from him, and the boy ran wildly and blindly upstairs. He had never seen his father so angry, or been so severely punished. Perhaps recent unsuccessful speculations added to the father's anger, not being in just the mood to pay five dollars for a broken window. Moods do so affect facts and phases of life.

When Mrs. Parks returned she found Daisy crying in the nurse's arms, and refused to be comforted, because "buver dot tipped." Mr. Parks explained the matter to his wife, adding that Johnnie deserved more than he got, and muttering something about a good five-dollar bill to repair the damages, and that he would not have such fooling.

"I never knew Johnnie to tell a lie, whatever faults he may have. There may be some mistake about it," said Mrs. Parks, quietly.

"Oh! you'll take sides with the boy, of course. You are always spoiling him; he never will be good for anything," returned her husband, not sufficiently cooled to maintain his usual gentlemanly manner toward his wife, in whom he really had the utmost confidence in judgment and management.

Johnnie was sobbing hysterically, and at sight of his mother almost went into convulsions. He assured her that he was not only wholly innocent, but knew nothing about it. She tried to persuade him to go down to tea. He would not; injustice is harder for a child to bear, because they can not reason as well as an older person. Mrs. Parks left Johnnie with a heavy heart, and a doubt in her mind of Johnnie's truthfulness. Mr. Parks made no inquires about him, and seemed absorbed in his evening paper, glancing sternly at his wife occasionally, as much as to say, "You are coddling that boy."

They were gathering around the tea-table at Mr. Gunther's. He was waiting an opportunity when all the children should be present to deliver his final fiat against snow-balling. Clark was the last one to take his place, and slid noiselessly into his seat. His mother quickly noticed something was wrong. His eyes were red—had he been crying? or was it the cold wind?

Mr. Gunther spoke sharply about the mischief done, and said perhaps it was unjust to punish one when all were to blame. "It would be well," he added, "to impress the lesson all around, as Johnnie was getting it when I left. Now you understand there is to be no more snow-balling about my premises."

Clark arose to leave the table. "Why don't you eat your supper, sir?" demanded his father, sternly.

"I—I—don't feel well," stammered Clark, leaving the room.

He seemed very studious, for a boy who did not feel well, that evening, scarcely taking his eyes from his book for two hours. Then he sprang up suddenly, startling them all, exclaiming:

"Father, it's of no use, I can't stand it any longer; I broke the window myself; Johnnie was not there at all. I would rather have had a thousand floggings than had Johnnie unjustly punished. Come, go with me up there and let's make it right."

"It was not you who said that Johnnie broke the window," said Mr. Gunther, amazed.

"No, it was Bill Blase. He did it to throw you off the track. And I've been so sorry ever since that I didn't own right up. I can't live a lie, sir, and all the boys on the street know that I did it. Come, let us go."

Clark was trembling violently. His mother put her arms about him and kissed him without a word; but it strengthened him. His father held his hand tightly all the way, too full of emotion to speak.

Mr. Parks looked very surprised when they entered the library. Clark blurted out the truth without hesitation, adding, "I do wish you would give me a whipping, sir. Where is Johnnie?"

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Parks, sinking in a chair. He had been secretly troubled all the evening, and found himself going over and over a column in his newspaper without understanding. He knew that he had been hasty, and thought perhaps too severe. He realized an unusual commotion about the house, and hasty steps out and in the front door, and withal he missed his wife and the happy faces of his children.

"Let us all go to Johnnie's room," said Mr. Parks, after a few minutes silence. His hand upon the door, the three stood almost paralyzed at the words that reached them:

"Oh, don't, papa; I didn't know—indeed I didn't know. Oh, don't! Mamma! mamma!"

"Johnnie has been asleep," said the doctor, staring wonderingly at the strange group that entered the room. "I fear he is very ill. What a fever he has! What is the meaning of this?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

Mr. Parks took Johnnie from the bed, and Clark took the little hot hands in his. Kneeling by him he cried, "I did it, Johnnie; I did it. I broke the window! Do speak, Johnnie."

"This is queer," said the little doctor, slipping quickly to the boy, and scenting something of the trouble. "I command silence, or the child will die." Shivering sobs shook his frame, and he occasionally shrieked the terrible words. The doctor prepared an anodyne, and ordered that the child should not be disturbed except to give the medicine. Two hours after he looked in again. Mr. Parks still held his boy in his arms; great cords stood upon his forehead, showing his suffering. The mother and Mr. Gunther had both been silently weeping. Clark lay with his face buried in a pillow. The doctor examined Johnnie long and carefully, and finally said he would be better when he awoke. So the morning passed with less and less delirium, until, when daylight streaked the sky, he had been sleeping quietly an hour.

When he saw his watchers he shrieked and sprang away from his father to his mother. She soothed him, telling him there was good news for him. Clark made him understand the truth in a few words, and showing the tender, forgiving love of a child to a parent, Johnnie staggered to his father's open arms, and gave him the first kiss. The doctor, wiping his eyes as he stood unobserved in the door, remarked, "You've no further need for my services. If there was a better understanding between parents and children I should not have half the use for the medicine case I do now."

Clark did not hesitate to confess the truth to the school-boys, and Bill Blase's cry of "Baby, baby!" fell harmless.—"*Quid Scotch*," *in Interior.*

GENERAL.

Excessive cigarette smoking has killed a young idiot at Gowanda, N. Y.

Dr. Wild, of Canada, predicts fifty-three years of war after 1882, and announces the millennium to begin in 1935.

A fisherman from Kingston, Canada, is said to have found a $20 gold piece in a pike which he caught in the Bay of Quinte.

The last two members of a family were burned to death in Dorchester, Mass., one day recently. Their brother was killed before Vicksburgh, their father was drowned, and their only sister was burned to death some months ago.

Dr. Carson, of Leechburg, Penn., while attending a severe case of diphtheria, is said to have received some of the virus on a sore spot on his hand, and to have died a day or two afterward in consequence. The bad effects were felt within two hours of the inoculation.

King Kalakaua, the Hawaiian, has the civilized good taste to dress simply, to wear no jewelry and no decorations. He is a remarkably handsome man, more than six feet in height. His carriage is erect, his beard, moustache and eyes are black, and his expression is amiable.

Mr. Aaron Burr Hays, of New York, who died the other day, was remarkable for two things. He was the oldest bank cashier in the world and the only man in America named after Aaron Burr. His name was a thorn in his side, and he never signed his name other than "A. B. Hays."

As an illustration of what frost will do, it is stated that a section of a rail on the Chicago & Alton Road, less than two feet in length, was found crumbled into seventy-six pieces, and another section, on the Chicago & Northwestern, six feet in length, was broken into 170 pieces.

Annie Flagg declined James Druggs's offer of marriage, at Front Royal, Va., and when he pressed her for the reason she said that she was in love with Noah Benford. This was untrue, and she regretted saying it, for Druggs vowed vengeance upon his supposed rival. She feared the threat would be executed, and sent a letter of caution to Benford; but it arrived too late, for he was found murdered, presumably by Druggs.

Rugby, Tenn., has a present population of two hundred, of whom fifty are English and the rest Americans. "Tom Brown's" company has already spent some $70,000 on the place, $11,000 of which went to build a good road to the Cincinnati Southern Depot. There are only eight or ten houses yet finished, however, as the solitary saw-mill is months behind its orders, compelling several families to winter in canvas tents.

At Kincardine, Ont., recently, while a merchant was weighing out tea he came across fourteen coins strung on a piece of twine, which had evidently been dropped by a Chinese workman engaged in packing the chest. The coins, some made of copper and others of brass, are considerably worn. Each coin has a square hole in the center; and from their appearance they had been cast, and not stamped as our coins are.

It has just come to light that a syndicate exists in Philadelphia for the purpose of buying up all the opium in the country, and speculating in it. Opium was selling at $2.50 a pound, but the speculators forced it up to $7 a pound. It has since declined to about $6, at which it is now selling. It is understood that the stock in the hands of the syndicate amounts to 600 cases of opium, of 200 pounds each, the whole being valued at $1,500,000. The stock outside of this in the hands of legitimate dealers is very small, and as the consumption in the United States is from thirty to fifty cases per week it is feared the prices may be forced still higher, particularly as the new crop will not arrive for six months yet.

The Reporter.

This is a reporter. You will notice how finely he is dressed. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have an easy life. They seldom go to work before ten o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their labors by twelve at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited, whether they are there or not, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for utterance before reaching there, and was locked up. The society reporter said he was at the party, all the same, but the police reporter said he was fined three dollars for being drunk. So this man got his name in the paper twice, but he cut out one of the items for fear his wife might see them both and think the press was making too much of him. Men are not often so modest. The sporting reporter goes to horse races, and base-ball games, and cock-fights. It is wicked to go to horse-races if you bet on the wrong horse. Once there was a croquet tournament in a large city, and the editor of a paper knew that somebody must write it up. So he spoke to the sporting editor. "What have I got to do with those dizzy croquet players?" said the sporting reporter. "That's a society event." "I guess you are right," replied the editor; "so you can go up in the country about two miles north of where the street cars run and see if it looks as if we would have an early spring, and then this evening there are four Land League meetings for you to look after." So the sporting reporter had a little something to do, after all, and clubbed himself quite heartily. A man need not have a classical education in order to be a good reporter, but he must be able to hustle around some, and hump himself when there is a big fire or a murder. Reporters can get nearer to a fire than anybody except the firemen, and the new ones do it. But the old heads at the business know better. They stand on the corner until the fire is out, and then they get a hack and go to the house of the man who owns the building, and ask him how much the old shell was worth, and if he thinks the insurance companies will have him arrested for setting it on fire. This is when the man acts mean and does not open the door for them because he has just got out of bed, and declines to answer questions. But if he acts square, you bet the boys treat him right, and in the morning the people read of him as "our estimable citizen, Mr. ——." Reporters seldom die early. They are too tough. Perhaps some other time I may tell you more about the reporters. Many of them are married and live happily with their wives, because they never see them except when they come home to go to bed. A drowsy man can not quarrel much.—[*From the School of Journalism First Reader.*]—*Chicago Tribune.*

Two Boys Fatally Poisoned—What Was the Unknown Root?

A York (Pa.) special to the Philadelphia *Times* says: The physicians are greatly perplexed over two most remarkable cases of vegetable poisoning which have resulted in the death of two boys, and hardly know how to make a diagnosis of the cases sufficiently clear to ascertain what poisonous matter had been taken into the stomach. Henry W. Arnold, aged 15 years, and Isaac Simmons, aged 13, together with a number of companions of their own age, spent yesterday morning together on the banks of the creek, catching driftwood and pushing off the ice that floated down and caught on the pier of a bridge. On one piece of ice was a slender root, described as being encased with a heavy bark shell and the heart tender and juicy. This root the boys mistook for what in their vernacular is known as "Sweet America," and a root they describe as being very palatable and entirely harmless. This root came floating upon a piece of ice, and attracting the attention of young Arnold and Simmons, they took it up and ate heartily of it.

In about an hour after they had partaken of it young Arnold went home, appearing all right and hearty. Young Simmons, however, remained, and shortly after the departure of his companion he was noticed by the other boys to be acting in a rather peculiar manner. He ran over the road apparently as if losing control of his limbs, and finally his nose began to bleed, but stopped suddenly, with the loss of but a drop or two of blood. Several of the other boys, observing his peculiar actions, called lustily to him a number of times, but receiving no response, approaching him, found he was barely able to stand unsupported and was vomiting violently. They started to drag him home, and on his way he gave some unaccountable demonstrations, such as licking the palms of his hands, and took from his pocket a woolen pulse-warmer and began chewing it in a ravenous manner. He was then seized by a violent convulsion, which lasted some minutes, which was followed by others at intervals. His face grew a deep red, and a discharge resembling a white, frothy substance, tinctured by a delicate red, came from his mouth. His body was greatly contracted and he seemed to be suffering keenly, although apparently unconscious, as he could neither see nor hear, and every effort to speak died with a gurgling sound in his throat. It was impossible to administer any remedies, as the violent retchings and constant vomitings refused to allow anything to reach the stomach. Finally the spasms became constant, and the boy died about four hours after, seemingly undergoing the most severe agony.

Young Arnold, who returned home immediately after partaking of the fatal dose, was likewise attacked and seized with constant retching and vomiting. Convulsions also followed in rapid succession. He died in half an hour after Simmons, with whom he had shared the unknown root. Frank Frey, another companion, was given a piece of the same fatal vegetable, but detecting in it a taste with a semblance of parsnip, he was afraid it was poison, and after chewing a piece spit it out and threw the remaining portion in the creek. He also informed his companions of his fears, but they thought his concern groundless and paid no heed to his caution. Young Frey, although getting none of it in his stomach, was likewise attacked with vomiting, emitting some white blood tinged with colored substance. He is, however, out of danger, but terribly frightened at the narrow escape he made in sharing the same fate as his young companions. The representative physicians of the town are making a post-mortem examination, but it will doubtless take several days to properly determine the nature of the root which caused the death of these young men, as the illness and nature of their death was of such a rapid and violent form that the possibility of it being a wild parsnip root is not seriously entertained. Both boys were sturdy, hardy lads and left their homes in perfect health a short time before their death.

Maxims Proposed in the Lime-kiln Club.

During the past week the Committee on Internal Harmony have been busy with pen and ink, and as a result Brother Gardner was asked to submit the following maxims to the club for adoption:

"Adversity makes heroes, but we doan' want any adversity."

"Misery lubs company, but de company hain't worf 'soshatin' wid."

"De man obleeged to borry an ax am nebber situated to lend a spade."

"It's none o' yer bizness who jibs next doah if he doan' steal your wood."

"Bread cast upon the waters may return, but eight per cent. interest, wid a good endorser, am mo' like business."

"De man who kills your chickens am ready to respect you if you kill his dog."

Brother Gardner finished the reading, placed the paper under a weight, and then said:

"It seems to me dat abstract maxims am like woolen mittens in July. I have no doubt dat one could sot down an' call to mind five hundred mottoes, maxims and sayins dat would read off werry fine, but it would be a useless task. When you have told a man to be honest, industrious an' forgivin', you have got de essence of all de maxims ober written, an' you have given him all the burden he kin b'ar up under. De work of de committee will not be lost, howeber. We will lay de maxims aside until an opportunity offers to send dem to some Common Council or odder public body."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stories About Animals.

A singular encounter between a dog and a donkey occurred recently in Blackpool, England. The dog rushed at the donkey as he was standing in a field, and fastened on his nose. The donkey shook him off, bit him about the head and shoulders, and tossed him wildly about. The dog again seized the donkey, and the combatants could not be separated. After the fight had lasted half an hour the owner decided to have the dog shot, as it had by that time fastened with a firm hold on the donkey's nose. A gun was procured, but so savage was the fight that it was difficult to shoot one animal without killing the other also. At last aim was taken, a bullet was put into the dog's head, and it dropped to the ground. When the smoke cleared away the dog was dead, but the infuriated donkey had returned to the charge, kicking, biting and tramping on the dog. It was with great difficulty the donkey was at last driven off.

Mr. Farler, the Colonial Secretary of Honduras, says the London *Telegraph*, while exploring the interior of the colony, was overtaken by a drove of peccaries, and was compelled to scramble up a tree, dropping his rifle in the performance. The whole packed gathered around his perch, grunting and sharpening their tusks. "Now the peccary is not only ferocious, but patient, and rather than let an object of its anger escape will wait about for days, so that the Secretary had before him only two courses—either to remain where he was until he dropped down among the swine from sheer exhaustion and hunger, or else to commit suicide at once by coming down to be eaten there and then. While he was in this dilemma, however, what should come along—and looking out for supper, too—but a jaguar. Never was beast of prey so opportune, for the jaguar has a particular fondness for wild pork, and the peccaries know it, for no sooner did they see the great ruddy head thrust out through the bushes than they bolted helter-sketer, forgetting, in their anxiety to save their own bacon, the meal they were themselves leaving up the tree. The jaguar was off after the swine with admirable promptitude, and the Secretary, finding the coast clear, came down, reflecting as he walked toward the camp upon the admirable arrangements of nature, which, having made peccaries to eat Colonial Secretaries, provided also jaguars to eat the peccaries."

A remarkable story of a dog that died of a broken heart is told by Dr. Martin, of Atlanta, Ga. W. H. Harvill, the father-in-law of Dr. Martin, who died recently at a ripe old age, was the owner of a very fine bulldog, by name Ponto. "For several months before his death," says Dr. Martin, "this dog was his constant companion. There was something almost human in the devotion of the dog to his master, and, as a natural consequence, the master was particularly fond of his dog. The daily movements of the old gentleman for a long time before his last sickness were as regular as those of a clock, and Ponto followed him as surely as his very shadow. When the old man died, Ponto took his place by the coffin, and did not budge until it was taken from the room. Then he got up and followed it closely to the hearse, and followed the hearse to the grave. Ponto came back to the house a changed dog. Every night he lay upon his rug in the porch and moaned piteously all night long. Every day found him making the rounds just as he used to do before the old man died. I tempted him with the choicest meat, but he refused to eat. I offered him the warmest milk; he would not drink. He went about with his head down, the very picture of sorrow. He dwindled away almost to a skeleton. One day, about five weeks after the old man died, Ponto came dragging his lank and weak body down the street. When he got by the fence there he stopped and sank upon the ground. I ran to him, and, lifting him in my arms, carried him into the yard, for he was dead!"

The Tyranny of Buttons.

Among all the possible arguments for woman's natural inferiority to man, the only one having real force has never been formulated; this is her meek and unquestioning submission to buttons.

The buttons of the male habiliments are always coming off—notably before breakfast, when the average husband is about as amiable as a bear with a sore head. At this time, if he finds a button loose, he gives it a "yank," and then looks about helplessly for his victim—the first woman coming into his field of vision. He holds the button up before her, says it has "come" off, and she is expected to sew it on straightway. Generally the victim is his wife; and though the baby may be crying and the breakfast preparations in need of supervision, while the tyrant himself has nothing on earth to do but make his toilet, and has, moreover, sewing-materials right before him on the bureau or dressing-table, he never rises to the conception of his possible competence to supply his own wants. Woman, in his eyes, is the preordained supervisor of buttons; and a delicate consideration for her rights and prerogatives is his motive for relegating the task to her; at least this is the way he apologizes, when in a playful mood, for his lack of deftness with the needle, which, as a rule, is wholly the fault of the women who had charge of his boyhood. They should have taught him to replace the buttons he is forever wrenching off with his rude fingering. One or two lessons about the time the boy begins to go to school, a little work-box placed in his room containing needles, thread, two or three kinds of buttons, and an open-top thimble—the only kind that ever should be worn—and the problem is solved for a lifetime; for whatever one is accustomed to do from childhood one does easily and dexterously. Women have shown their capacity for accomplishments and attainments supposed to be exclusively masculine. It is time for a corresponding display of ambition and adaptability on the part of men; and they can not make a better beginning than by learning to sew on their own buttons.—*M. H., in Lippincott's Magazine.*

There are said to have been about 520 divorces granted in Maine last year, or one to every twelve marriages. Exact returns from five counties show 223.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Joseph Albert, the renowned Munich photographer, has invented a new process by which it is said that he is enabled to produce pictures of persons and objects with the finest shades of their natural color.

The various urban sanitary authorities of England and Wales have expended no less an amount than $75,000,000 during the last five years in works of a sanitary nature, and judging from the steadily decreasing death-rate of the period, it is implied that the large sum has been judiciously laid out. The example is one that might well be followed, and that with profit, by many localities in this country.

A remarkable bed of kaoline, covering an area of eighty acres and of a considerable depth, has been discovered near Bremond, Tex. A factory for the manufacture of the article into porcelain ware has been established at New Orleans, and it is said is turning out work fully equal to that made from imported kaoline, and which will compare favorably with ware made in Europe and other foreign countries.

The number of elementary substances recognized in chemistry has now reached over 64, though for many years past it has been expected that this number would be diminished rather than increased by the discovery that these supposed elementary substances are really various compounds of a few. Spectroscopic observations and chemical mathematics can be made to demonstrate that probably the four remarkable substances, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, constitute the whole earth and its inhabitants.

According to the *Chronique Industrielle*, considerable quantities of beautiful objects of artificial amber are now being produced in Vienna, and sold as of real amber. The substance employed is chiefly colophony, or resin, obtained by decomposition of turpentine, though several other ingredients are used to give it the requisite qualities. The imitation is so perfect that the product has the electric properties of true amber. Ingenious manufacturers have even introduced into the substance foreign bodies, insects, etc., to make the similarity more striking.

PITH AND POINT.

Some of the most timid girls are not frightened by a loud bang.—*Lowell Citizen.*

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Two bits in the West means a quarter of a dollar."—*St. Louis paper.* In the East it means death to the dog.—*New York Graphic.*

A great many people owe their gentlemanly appearance to their clothes, and a great many owe their clothes to the tailor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Advertising is a good deal like fishing, the more lines you throw out the more you are apt to catch. But be judicious; do not throw out bait that cannot be swallowed.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Domestic Economy—The art of living on nothing while doing a good business. Political economy—The art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power. Social economy—The art of living off somebody doing a good business, without doing any business yourself.—*Toronto Grip.*

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a suburban agricultural club. After an hour's debate the secretary of the meeting was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.—*New Haven Register.*

A well-to-do farmer strode into a jewelry store at Muncie, a few days ago, and paid for a ring he confessed to have stolen from the proprietor fifteen years ago. He said he had "been in hell" ever since. If it took fifteen years of it to goad him up to paying for that ring, it can't be such a bad place as it has been made out.—*Boston Post.*

George Eliot.

The author of "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda" was a woman of extraordinary insight and reasoning power, with a mental training and comprehensive acquirement which, without her imaginative genius, would have made her famous not only among women, but among all contemporaries. There is some disposition, accordingly, and naturally, to underestimate her high and beautiful imagination. But if the lofty company of "Shakespeare's women," as Shelley called them, received no real addition until Scott's Jeanie Deans, has there been any such permanent and noble accession to their society since Jeanie Deans as Dinah and Romola? Dicken's women are amusing, Thackeray's Becky Sharp is an enduring figure of its kind, Jane Eyre is pathetic, and a lovely throng flutter through all the lesser novels; but for mingled dignity intelligence, pathos and supreme womanliness, the range of our imaginative literature shows no nobler forms than Dinah and Romola.

Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot are the chief Englishwomen among the novelists, and unquestionably the one of greatest power is she who lately died. The distinctions among them are absolutely marked. The first two conformed to Scott's assertion that the business of the story-teller is to amuse; the last two were inspired by the humane desire of great souls not only to amuse but to assist mankind. How far this desire is a constitnent element of creative genius, and whether, if the moral purpose be excluded severely from art, the moral result is not more surely attained, we need not now consider. It is very possibly true. It is possible that Scott will outlive the distinctively humane school, and that he and Shakespeare and Homer are moral only as nature is moral, and therefore more deeply and effectively moral than any other literary influence can be. But none the less the great genius which was lately withdrawn from us, and which will be always known in literary history as George Eliot, will be always honored also as one of the greatest literary forces in our common language.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Republican.

P. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

HARD TIMES.

HARD TIMES! and so they be, honey; cupboard and hearth are bare,
We can scarcelins boil the kettle, with the weed thou'st gathered there.
Nay, thou maunt touch t' brass I't teapot; that's for the rent, thou knows,
I'd liefer perish here at home, than live on't best I't House.

I've never troubled the parish yet, and I've none so long to wait,
And mebby things 'll be better, now t'iron's got ngate.
But I've had harder times than this; whist! thou wilt rest enow
I could mak sleep my supper when I was as young as thou.

I have had harder times, I say; the body may ploe and spare,
But when the heart is fauishing it's a bitterer thing to bear;
Come hup thysel I't blanket; I'll tell thee o'er my tale,
'Twill make a better lullaby than the call of the rising gale.

Thou think'st a deal on thy golden curls and those blue eyes of thine;
I tell thee, lass, at their brightest they never matched wi' mine!
Aye, I hear thee, laugh an it please thee, I know what my Willie said,
Art thou to mock at his judgment, because he's cold and dead!

It were a summer morning when I stood out there on t' pier,
And tried to laugh as brave as aught, and tried to join the cheer,
As the Lecta swept o'er the harbor bar, and her sail flew out to t' breeze,
And taut and trim like a bird she went, over the treacherous seas.

And Willie lent ower t' bulwarks, and waved his hand to me,
And held the rose I'd geen him up, for all t' crowd to see;
And when I'd watched the last on her, I turned up this very court,
To sew my wedding duds, again the Lecta rode in port.

Bulrn, summer glowed to nutmnn; autumn to winter paled:
It was six long, weary months at last from the day the L. cta sailed;
Six; and two should bu' seen her back, and hope was sinking down,
And never a word to the yearning hearts that waited in the town.

But worse than cold or clemming were those weary, watching days,
While the wild wind swept the angry seas; or the cruel crawling haze
Hid even the great gray tossing waste, where I'd stare from dawn to dark,
Just for a chance on the far blint line of the sail of a home-bound bark.

Day by day and week by week, and month by month dragged past,
And hope died out, and cold despair turned o'er the page at last;
The silent doom hung heavily, till, like a funeral pall,
"Missing, the Lecta, and all hands," closed slowly over all.

And now, a bitter woman, lonely and old I sit,
Beside this barren hearth of mine, and tell a bairn of it!
Hard times! thou hast to bear a bit; but get away! thou'rt young,
There's hope in each rising sun for thee, and joy in a glozing tongue.

Wait till thou know'st that thou might'st weep, and not a soul to heed,
That thou might'st die and none to mourn, die like a useless weed,
Wait, till thine all of love and life lies in you wild wide sea,
Then dare to even woes, and come to 'plain "hard times" to me!

—All the Year Round.

THE FULL PARTICULARS.

TO THINK that you should really be here, Irene, after all these years, and that things generally should be just as they are—it is all so strange! And yet, at the same time it is not strange at all, for how could anything else have been my very own life?

I know I must have written you a good deal about people and things when I first came home from school. And I dare say I wrote you about the neighbors, of John Powers and the Gardners, and the church (Jim used to sing in the boy-choir), and—most likely I wrote you a good deal about—well, about the music and the organist. Did I say a great deal, Irene, and did you believe it all? What did you really think when it turned out so? Honestly, you know, it was as much the music as anything, for he could play—he could seem to put a living soul into those organ-pipes. And then he was handsome, too; not in a sturdy, flesh-and-blood fashion like Jim, but sleader and pale, with slim, white hands and a fine-cut mouth. I used to imagine he was just a little like the pictures of Frederick Robertson—he had something of that relined, spiritual look when I saw him first. And Arthur Lawrie is a good name you know, and I always had my fancies about names. Just imagine a girl in the full possession of her senses becoming Mrs. *Uriah Hodskin!* That's what my cousin did.

You never lived in the house with another family, Irene. Well, there are disadvantages in it, of course; you are more than ever at the mercy of Fate in the way of neighbors, and you feel obliged to hush up the boys' fraternal disagreements for the sake of the family reputation; but then there are advantages in it too. I shall always count it among my mercies that the Steeles lived in the other half of the house, and that Arthur Lawrie came to board with them. You remember his picture that I sent you? I was really more than half offended when you said you didn't like it—that you thought he was selfish. I used to keep that picture in a box in my bureau drawer, under all my ribbons, and one day when the Jaffrey girls were here and I sent Jim upstairs for a handkerchief, what on earth did the child do but come down and say, "Will this one do! It's got a hole in it—and say, Winnie, where'd you get that picture of Mr. Lawrie? Did he give it to you?" And there sat Helen Jaffrey, and *didn't* I long to shake him! I saw a great deal of Arthur Lawrie that winter; there were a good many young people at St. Mark's, and we had fairs and tableaux and all sorts of good times. Yes, I did have a delightful time, for you know it *is* pleasant to be in your teens, and not so very plain, and have people like you pretty well. Honestly, Irene, I never knew a vainer girl than I was; not conceited, you understand, but just hungry for every word and look that should show that anybody cared. I think it wasn't very strange that I should have drifted as I did; you wouldn't wonder if you could have heard him talk—perhaps I should say seen him talk, for his manner was as much as anything. All the girls were more or less interested him; everybody admired his talent. What could a foolish girl like Winifred Guest do but fall in love with him herself? (Isn't it horrible to be telling this all over now? But you know I have never told the whole story to anybody but—one. Mother knew, and I think she was pretty anxious for a while.)

As I said before, there were a good many of us young people and we had a pleasant winter. Most of the others were old friends and neighbors, John Powers and the Gardners and the Edison girls and the rest. John and I had always been good friends; we had had but one real, genuine quarrel that I can remember, and that was my own fault. It was years and years ago, about something or other that I did at school or was planning to do, and it *wasn't* exactly honest and he said so, and I was dreadfully angry. I wouldn't speak to him for a week afterward, and then I was so ashamed I couldn't stand it any longer, and I told him I knew it was mean and I shouldn't really do it. "I knew you wouldn't. Come on and let's go skating," said he, and that was the end of it. I dare say he hasn't thought of it since, but somehow I never forgot it. I liked John, of course; I knew him so well that he seemed almost like the boys at home, and of course I enjoyed being with him and talking with him in a certain way, but then he was only John Powers, and, well, he certainly didn't have Arthur Lawrie's music or his eyes or his graceful manners, and —— I was a romantic little goose. What could you expect? I didn't snub John, you know; I went out with him sometimes, and I tried to make it pleasant for him when he came in of an evening, as he used to do pretty often at first; but if now and then I rode down to the Port with Arthur Lawrie instead, or he came in and found Arthur playing on the venerable piano down-stairs —— oh, Irene, he used to play such delightful things! Well, it often happened so about John and Arthur; I liked them both, you know, and I knew they both liked me in a way, and so ——.

I don't know. What do you mean by flirtation, Irene? Perhaps so, though there was no malice aforethought about it; only wanted to have a good time. I did feel sorry after a while when John gradually left off asking me to go skating, and didn't come over in the evening so often as he used to, but it didn't matter so much, because I saw a good deal—yes, a great deal of Arthur. I'm ashamed to say it, but I never was half so particular about church going —— partly for the church of course, but partly for the music, and sometimes to look after Jim.

Our pew was down in front, just where I could always see the organist. I remember his profile used to come just over one of the carved oak panels, and he looked like a picture, with his fine, clear-cut face and his musical expression. Not that I sat and watched him all the time, either.

And then, Irene, he always had that way of treating you as if you were an angel, and you know one does like that, even along with the consciousness of being a miserable little sinner; and—though he was never what one would call obtrusively religious, still he could say a great many nice things about unselfishness and renunciation of personal aims and all that. And, my dear, I believed in him as thoroughly as I did in the rector.

It was the next spring that there was a little talk of his leaving St. Mark's and going to Albany, and we half expected he would go, though nobody knew. One afternoon a party of us went up in the woods behind the county farm to get May flowers. I remember John didn't go, for he was in the office at Brown and Grover's then, and had to work like everything. The air was warm as June. We two were a little behind the others coming back; he was carrying my basket and looked a good deal more sober than usual.

"How can you," said I, "with all those flowers, and such a sunset in your face?" And he said he was wondering if it would be the last time he should go a-Maying in those woods and with the same companion.

"And are you really going away, then?" said I. Somehow it made me rather sober, too, and I suppose I showed it more than I meant, for he turned and looked down at me—he was tall and slender. "Should you care a bit, Miss Winifred, if I did go?" he said, in that pathetic little way of his. He had been talking just a few evenings before about the beauty of loving our friends faithfully and without demands, even though they might never care one-half so much for us. I couldn't help remembering it, and I suppose I blushed and said of course I should care—a little—and then—well, the end of it was that he didn't go. (I found out afterward it was because he quarreled with the Albany church about the salary.)

Of all unconscionably blissful little idiots I suppose I was a shining example. There was no public engagement, in fact he never actually and in so many words said so very much about a home or a wedding-day, but he talked a great deal about companionship and sympathy and the fine capabilities of a woman's nature for general sweetness and light—and he used to play to me by the hour, and talk machinery with father and praise Jim's voice to mother—and I used to sit and think how refined and pale and handsome he was. And then, you know, he came to board with the Steeles in the other half of the house.

Mind you, I don't say that the next twelvemonth didn't bring some revelations to Arthur Lawrie as well as to me. I don't pretend to be a saint, and I was very, very far from it then; but of course I can't really judge of the other side—all I know is that it was with my own self like the "King of France, with forty thousand men," who "marched up a hill, and then —— marched down again." There was nothing tragic about it (I think I should have liked a tragedy better). It wasn't falling in love with a hero, and finding out that he was a villain who had committed two or three interesting and horrible crimes, but simply waking up to the fact that he was at heart a very commonplace mortal, with a most commonplace love of his own gentlemanly self. And it didn't come all at once either, as the news of a murder or a forgery or a forsaken sweetheart might have done; it was only that I grew better acquainted with him, as people must when they live within the same four walls, and gradually and little by little the ideal prince faded out. And then Mrs. Steele was a tremendous gossip and little Fred was Jim's inseparable companion, and I absolutely couldn't help hearing about various small items now and then; nothing very dreadful, as I said before, but simply disenchanting. You couldn't imagine "John Halifax" spending twenty minutes over the arrangement of his hair and necktie, or "Adam Bede" sleeping late in the morning and being sulky and disagreeable because the rolls had grown drier in the meantime; and if it weren't for the fact that Enid trudged down town with a market-basket while Yniol and Geraint discoursed at home of princely topics, I never would believe that a knight of the Round Table could be so sublimely indifferent as he was to the inconvenience and thankless pains of womankind at home! Now, Arthur Lawrie always carried my shawl and opened the door for me and gave me the easiest chair, and he would have done the same for Helen Jaffrey or any of the other girls if it had happened so.

Things went on in that way for a long time; I was proud and didn't want to own even to myself how much I'd been mistaken, or that a fine-cut face and those magic fingers weren't enough to make a woman happy. Perhaps they might be enough for some women, but you must remember I was vain as well as romantic, and the prospect of settling down to admire my husband's talents and wait upon him forty years or so with the privilege of admiration for reward didn't seem so very alluring. I never said much to Arthur—somehow one couldn't have the face to criticise him directly—and he played to me and we read German together, but I kept up all the time a sober thinking. I didn't write to you very often then—somehow I didn't know what to say; I was just waiting to find out fairly where I stood; and it was that October that brought my fate.

I suppose it is partly because of the crisis it brought, and partly because I've told so many people the story of how it happened, but I can remember every single thing about that day as clearly as if it were only yesterday. I remember just how I ran up and down stairs that morning; I never felt more completely well and strong; and how Mrs. Steele came dragging herself up after me. She said her side was very bad that morning, and I said I was sorry; and I was sorry, but I understood about as much of how she felt as a squirrel would in the top of a beach-tree.

We started off, a dozen or so in all, just after dinner. I gave Will Hallowell my Scotch plaid circular and he wore it all the way over to Sanborn's Hill. John went with us, too, that day; he took Nelly Gardner's cousin in his care—she was visiting Nelly at the time—a Miss Something or other, Harrington, I think. Arthur had Helen Jaffrey's basket, and they were away up in the clouds somewhere in company with Beethoven or Mozart—Helen was wise in music and I never was. If you've ever been nutting you know what fun it is. The grove had been used by picnic parties the summer before, and there was an old swing, forgotten and still left hanging from the limb of a great hemlock. George Edison was swinging me; it was delightful, with a long, outward sweep that made you feel like a bird.

"Oh—just a *little* higher," said I catching my breath with delight.

"No," said John very decidedly, "don't send her any higher, George."

But he did give just one more tremendous push, and laughed and said we'd "let the old cat die" after that, and I went once more sailing up, and out, and farther into space. * * * * You know what happened next. I heard a sort of cracking, snapping sound just as I was starting to come back—I heard Nelly Gardner scream—and the next I knew I was falling.

You know how horrible that feeling is in a dream? It isn't much pleasanter in reality. It seemed hours instead of seconds before I touched the ground. I remembered every single thing I ever did. There was a sudden terror in it all—and then there came a blinding crash of pain and I supposed I was dead.

They told me afterward John carried me, in a limp, white bundle, down to Deacon Sanborn's, and they sent for a carriage and a doctor and finally got me home. Arthur was almost faint himself at the sight of blood, and even if it hadn't been for that he never could have carried me down that steep, rough hillside, for he was slender and light and wasn't used to more violent exercise than organ voluntaries and dancing. Now, I love to dance, and always did—but—still—but of course he wasn't to blame for *that*.

I'll spare you an account of the weeks that followed, Irene. I saw nobody for weeks but father and mother and Doctor Spear—such a bundle of quivering nerves! Still, you know the novelty wears off from everything. Happiness grows to be an old story after a while, and so I found it was with pain. I used to lie there flat upon my aching back and try to imagine how I could ever have awoke in the morning from sound sleep to any sort of comfort in being alive. I couldn't bear to see anybody, or do anything but think how miserable I was. It set my nerves on edge to hear the children laugh, or to be asked a single question; in fact I was the most exacting and querulous and dismal invalid you ever saw.

Arthur Lawrie? Oh, yes, he was in town, but he left the Steele's and went somewhere else to board because he couldn't use the piano there on account of me. I don't wonder that he found it pleasanter at the Gardners'. As for my ever caring about that matter of Nelly Gardner, you know whether that made any difference to me. He used to come in to see me sometimes when I got over the first unwillingness to see anybody—but it didn't amount to anything—we both knew it didn't, and that we really never belonged to each other; and so, finally, when he was going away to a new situation in Providence, I felt sure it would be better to say so plainly and have it over. I gave him back the ring I had worn till the day of the accident, and told him I knew that whatever might possibly have been but for that day was out of the question now, even if I had cared a great deal for him; but that I knew my feeling had really changed beside, and and so it was best every way. And of course he protested a little and was pathetic a little, and somehow managed to leave me with the impression that he had in some way been very magnanimous and self-sacrificing to give me up.

And after he was gone I did miss him—yes, I did. I felt sure that in real honest truth he was glad to go away a free man, but somehow I felt sorry and forsaken. "My doll was stuffed with sawdust" and I knew it—but it was a handsome doll that everybody admired, and I had once been very fond of it. What wonder if I spent some sentimental sorrow over its destruction?

I don't know now just how it was that I ever came to think of any better way of spending the weeks and months than in moaning and groaning over my own troubles. I began to smooth out a few of the wrinkles then, and I saw the girls and tried to talk with them; and I let Elsie stay with me sometimes instead of mother. And John came in to see me too.

Now you know "there's as much difference in folks as there is in anybody." In some people a strong physical constitution almost irritates an invalid, it seems so coarse-fibered and obtrusive. One doesn't look for fine shades of sympathy in a trained athlete. But you see John was strong all over every way; just like his name—" John Powers." It wasn't simply that he could lift heavier weights than the others, or merely that he was a fine scholar and knew just what he knew to the end of creation—but he was strong in these and in the best way of all beside—somehow just that sort of man whom one would trust and ask for help; not in a sentimental way, exactly, for he was no more sentimental than handsome—

Why, no, I don't call him handsome, and I'm glad of it; I don't like handsome men. His nose isn't straight, and his eyebrows are too heavy, but—Irene—you're laughing at me!

John's little visits did me a world of good. It was a delightful relapse into cheerfulness during those spring weeks; I thought they were going on forever, or at least until I grew to be a marvel of serenity and saintliness; but they didn't, for in the last of May John went to New York, and I thought I *should*—never mind—only that did seem to me pretty hard to bear. He had never really come to the stage of loverhood, and never put on any air of being slighted or jealous in the days of Arthur Lawrie, and I liked him all the better for it. But now, you see, it was carrying the matter too far. I felt sure he cared nothing for me after all in any but the most utterly commonplace way, and though I knew it was thoroughly just, it cut me to the heart, for I had come to care a great deal for him. I thought I should die, the day he went away.

To make a long story short, then, I fell back into the Slough of Despond.

We got through the winter somehow—the machine-works were opened once more—oh, and John used to write to me; not love-letters (I'll show you some of them by and by) but the best letters you ever saw. I began to think I did have a good many happy things after all, though, once in a while, when I imagined perhaps John would get married some time and settle down in New York—and bring his wife to call on me when he came home in a summer vacation—it seemed to me I never could bear *that*.

And then, after all the rest * * * * * You've heard of Doctor Rothenhausler? He has performed a great many operations in just such cases. (To think, Irene, of being regarded in the bony light of a "case!") We had heard of him, and it was partly on that account that father worked so hard on his model, for he wanted to get the money together and send for this surgeon from Philadelphia. But somehow everything went against it; his model wouldn't work when he got it done, and it didn't seem likely that I'd see the owner of that long name for a good while yet. But one day in the last of February there came this letter from the doctor himself, saying that he had been requested *from Boston* to come on to see the young lady and so forth, and would it be convenient to appoint such a day? And he came. He looked a good deal; he talked very little; and—there's no use in going through the long particulars of the long affair; and though at first I hardly dared to hope, you see it did come true. Oh, Irene! if I could tell you a hundredth part of the happiness there was in getting well once more! You knew a little of what it is in an ordinary illness—there's nothing more delicious than a steady convalescence, when you feel a little more strength as each week passes; but when you've been so helpless for so long, and find you are really going to be alive again, along with the sweet, new freshness of a country spring ——.

It wasn't three months after the doctor came that father did something more to his model that made it just right, so that he got the patent. And I assure you we felt as rich as if we owned the whole United States. Uncle Gershom wrote a very odd letter about the doctor; acted as if he was ashamed to think we knew he did it; but he was always queer, so we didn't think it so very strange. John's plans were accepted for a new Court-house, and brought him a great deal of money at the same time. He came home for almost the whole summer. It could have been nothing but happy for me, for John was here, and I saw what meant to me the very best thing of all. No, I don't know whether I'll tell you just how it happened. It was one evening in the fall. I was in the big arm-chair and he had started to go and he came and stood beside me. I think we neither of us said much; there was no need.

"Oh, John!" said I, "I don't see how you can!"

"My *dear!*" said he—and that was the end of it.

I never knew for a long time afterward about that matter of Uncle Gershom, but I did find out wholly by accident that it was John himself who sent the doctor, as he had sent the chair before, and how it was more for that than anything else that he had gone to New York and worked so hard.

"If I had known it I never would marry you in all the world," said I.

"But you'll have to now, or be sued for breach of promise," said John, trying to look resigned.—*Mabel S. Emery, in Good Company.*

A WIDOW residing in the vicinity of Lake George, N. Y., has adopted a novel but very successful method of filling her ice-house. She places a number of milk pans containing spring water out of doors at night and in the morning packs the frozen chunks away, solidifying the same by pouring water over it and leaving the door of the ice-house open.

Our Young Folks.

TROUBLE.

COME, you little maiden, hush awhile your fretting—
Surely you have trouble with your ribbons, and your rings,
And trouble with the rain—which always is forgetting
That you want to go to church—and with many other things.

You have trouble with the sun, which, instead of being pleasant—
Only pleasant, nothing further—is too gracious with his heat;
And there's trouble with the moon, which is sometimes just a crescent,
When it *should* shine full and golden through the shadow at your feet.

You have trouble with the blossoms, which keep lying close and curly,
Afraid of wind, and all that, although you want to wear
A bud of rose or violet, that's "out" a little early,
To some beautiful pert party, in your muslins and your hair.

You have trouble, through your books, with some hundred thousand oilies,
With a spiky lot of Islands, and a stormy set of seas;
With your moods sometimes imperative; and certainly one pities
A golden head so sadly vexed with unknown quantities.

You have trouble with all nations, too, through history or tradition,
With their manners, dress, religions, with their kinks and with their wars;
And perhaps, somewhat remotely, through the telescopic vision
Of Professor This, or That, you have trouble with the stars.

Now, since you must have trouble, since to bear it you seem able,
(I fancy even trouble may be made a little sweet),
Suppose you take your trouble and arrange it on the table;
Let the china, glass and silver show that trouble can be neat.

Suppose you try with trouble if you cannot p case the baby;
He has many a petty failure, and many a grievous loss;
And suppose you dust a chair or two, as charmingly as may be,
And suppose you teach a housemaid just how not to be cross.

—The Pansy.

A SLEIGH-RIDE FOR LIFE.

THE month of February was drawing to a close. There had been a thaw, with a warm, drizzling rain, all day; but just before dark the wind changed, and great masses of inky clouds rolled up from the northwest. It grew cold very rapidly, and before nine o'clock the soft, "sposhy" snow had become a frozen mass of ice. The morning dawned clear and bright, with the mercury only four degrees above zero. Frosty particles glittered in the air, and the cleared fields at the base of the distant blue Oquago Mountain seemed cased in fetters of ice.

"Boys," said father, rising from the table and going where the warm fire was glowing like molten gold in the open grate, "can't you take Mr. Fenton's sleigh home this morning as you go to school? It's down hill most of the way, and you can draw it easily by hand. You will have plenty of time before school commences, and then you'll not be bothered to come home with the horses."

Of course we could take it just as well as not. John was seventeen and I was nineteen, hale and hearty; and, with our strength of muscle and ambitious spirits, we undoubtedly felt, as most young men of that age do, that we were a "full team" for almost anything. The long yellow sleigh, with three seats and heavy swan-necks in front, was soon at the door. The dinner basket and books were placed therein, and each took his place at the pole, for a brisk run along the icy road.

"Let me say one word to you, boys, before you go," said father, coming out upon the stone steps. "Don't undertake to ride down hill. It's icy and it's dangerous. Remember what I tell you."

"All right," we replied in concert, as we started on a run. The half mile that intervened between our place and the school house was soon passed. A number of girls and boys were running about the yard as we came up.

"Hurrah for a sleigh-ride—a genuine old-fashioned good one!" I shouted, as we halted before the door. "Come, boys and girls, get in. Load up the old sleigh, and go down to Mr. Fenton's with us. We'll have a glorious time, and we can all get back before school commences. Come!"

Alas, in our moments of excitement and hilarity, how soon was the admonition of a kind father forgotten!

"Good!" ejaculated Harry Siggars, buttoning up his coat and drawing on his mittens. "Girls, get your cloaks and shawls, and bundle up, and we'll have a half-hour's fun fit for a King."

In less than five minutes the long sleigh was well-filled with a laughing, merry crowd, and we were ready to start. Billy Smith stood up in front to hold the pole, and two of the larger boys took their places on the sides to steer. Herb Martin stepped behind and pushed the sleigh two or three rods as fast as he could run, and then leaped aboard. We were fairly under way. Before we had passed over ten rods I began to see that we had undertaken a dangerous ride. On we flew, gathering speed faster and faster with every rod we passed over, until the keen air blew in our faces, and the trees and fences seemed to dash past us at an amazing rate of speed. What if we should happen to meet a loaded vhhicle? I could not help shuddering at the thought. The boys who were acting as steersmen were stout fellows, who knew their duty well; but I noticed they already had hard work, and the sleigh, with its heavy load of human freight, was getting beyond their control. We had not taken into consideration the icy road, and the weight of the load that was propelling the smooth steel sleigh-shoes with almost irresistible power.

We had a good mile of down grade to ride, and scarce a quarter of the distance had yet been passed. A short way below us the road made an abrupt turn to the right, around a spur of the steep hill-side. The ground had slid away on the lower side of the road around this turn, and an almost sheer precipice yawned below for more than 150 feet. Could we make the turn? We had little time to think. A loaded sleigh had passed along the road the night before, and the runners had cut deep furrows in the soft slush, which was now frozen like adamant. Doubtless these aided greatly in keeping our sleigh in its proper position. We dashed around the dangerous turn like wildfire. I shuddered as I caught an instantaneous glimpse of the tall tree-tops away below us, and lower still the clusters of willows that lined the icy shore of the river.

At the same moment a column of white steam shot up from the foot of the bank directly below us, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive rang fearfully in our ears. It was the up mail-train, sounding its approach to the station.

The road extended along the steep hill-side in a southwest direction for half a mile or more, when it crossed the railroad, near the foot of the descent. In many places the rocks had been sliced down forty or fifty feet to form the road-bed and a precipitous cliff extended below to the railroad track. Neck and neck we flew along, even with the great puffing iron monster below. It was a wild race for life; for if we met the train at the crossing, no earthly power could save us.

The engineer saw us, and promptly sounded the danger signal—sharp and distinct. It rang alarmingly in our ears, like the knell of approaching death. The steersmen grasped the sides of the sleigh with the energy of despair, and setting their teeth together, made a last concentrated effort to check our lightning-like career. But the moment their feet touched the surface they were thrown violently upward, nearly jerking them from their positions, and the mad runaway sleigh dashed on as before.

The engineer seeing our situation—as we afterward learned—opened the throttle and threw on every pound of steam the engine was made to bear. Fearing for our lives, he made the effort to pass the crossing before we reached there. It was an awful moment. The sleigh-track spun out behind us like silver ribbons, and the stumps and corners of fences seemed to dash past us like flashes of lightning. Little pieces of ice from the road-bed flew spitefully in our faces, and the wind blew so hard we could scarcely breathe.

Oh, how forcibly did father's kind words of warning come back to our recollection now, and pierce our disobedient hearts with mental anguish! Thoughts of home and eternity passed vividly through our minds in quick succession. The girls clasped each other's hands, and with staring eyes and bated breath tremblingly awaited the dread moment. A moment only we had to think; and we were at the crossing, and the crisis was at hand.

The sleigh struck the iron rails just ahead of the cow-catcher, and with a sudden shock, leaped forward and upward. There was a frightful clanging and hissing around us, and a deafening screech from the steam-valves as we leaped the track. The hot breath of the fiery monster fairly swept in our faces as we dashed before him; and he even left his mark, in the shape of a long and deep indentation, on the rear of the sleigh-box.

The girls uttered a wild shriek of despair, and two of them fainted in each other's arms. Billy Smith sank down, pale and trembling, and the steersmen tottered and shook as though their almost palsied limbs were struck with deathly weakness.

It was all over, however. We had won the race; we were at the bottom of the hill, and we were safe. The engineer and fireman swung their hats, and a score of handkerchiefs fluttered at the car-windows as they dashed past us; but we were too much frightened and excited to return the congratulation.

Our rate of speed diminished rapidly as we crossed the little flat, and, shortly after we struck the ascending grade, ceased altogether. The shock to our nervous systems had been considerable; but nevertheless we soon recuperated, and while the girls slowly wended their way back to the school-house, we drew the sleigh to its destination.

We returned to the school-room that morning ten minutes late. The teacher had heard the story of our narrow escape, but did not mention it to us then. Perhaps our blanched faces and nervous glances revealed the fact that we had learned a lesson we were not soon to forget.

Aye, so it was! For weeks after that exciting event I often saw in my dreams the great, hissing iron steed just dashing upon me, and with the alarming scream of the steam-whistle I would give back the answer with a despairing shriek, and awake, trembling with mortal terror. Father kindly forgave us when he heard of it, but it was the last of our riding down hill; and from that day to this I cannot witness the sport anywhere near the railway without recalling my fearful experience, when so many of us passed through such a narrow escape from a death so horrible.—*Golden Days.*

Presence of Mind.

There is nothing like having presence of mind. A farmer near Mount Brydges, Ontario, was drawing a log across the Great Western Railway track, when the sleigh stuck in the rails. Now, when a loaded, iron-shod sleigh gets stuck on a railroad track it is no slight job to get it off, and the farmer's horses proved unequal to the task. As the Atlantic express was in sight, some people might have lost their presence of mind. Not so the farmer. He quietly unhitched his horses and removed himself and them to a safe distance. He did not signal the engineer, as some foolish people would have done, but waited with great faith in the power of the engine to do what his horses were unable to accomplish. To the credit of steam, it is said that he was not disappointed. Not only was the sleigh removed from the track, but the engine also. As was previously remarked, there is nothing like presence of mind. —*Free Press.*

AN old Ruby Hill miner, says the Carson City *Appeal*, who has had fifteen years' experience under ground, says that he has observed one peculiar fact, that between twelve and two o'clock in the night, if there is a loose stone or bit of earth in the mine it is sure to fall. Says he: "About this time it seems that everything begins to stir, and immediately after twelve, although the mine has been still as a tomb before, you will hear particles of rock and earth come tumbling down, and if there is a caving piece of ground in the mine it is sure to give way.

A VERMONT lady, who died recently, left five sisters, aged 91, 87, 85, 81 and 76 years

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Hon. John Ritchie, of Frederick, is spoken of as the successor of Judge Bowie, late Chief Justice of the 6th Judicial Circuit.

The average Democratic organ is accustomed to swallowing tough doses, but a large majority of them refuse to defend the proposition upon the part of the Democratic Senators to proceed to organize the Senate committees before the Republican vacancies are filled.

Senator David Davis has declined the chairmanship of the judiciary committee, tendered him by the Democratic caucus. In doing so he said he would have to sustain the Democratic organization of the Senate, although it is far from acceptable to him.

President Garfield is reported to have remarked to an Ohio editor that long service in office would not be a bar to the continuance of incumbents in public office, provided they had discharged their duties faithfully. This is a rather better article of civil service reform than the reformers themselves deal out.

The well-*posted* Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: "President Garfield has informed one of his friends that he does not intend to make general removals among officers who are now performing satisfactory service. He said further whoever came here as an officer seeker, looking for the removal of an officer against whom there were no charges of inefficiency or neglect, would come to no purpose."

Governor Hamilton should take warning by the terrible fate of the Emperor of Russia and put away that bombshell which he is carrying in his pocket. Bombshells are very dangerous things for inexperienced persons to handle. Should a premature explosion take place, the probability is we would lose our Governor, and what would poor Keating and Barney Compton do in the Board of Public works without Hamilton. Could they get along without him, think ye?

Why don't some enterprising reporter, one who has as much cheek as a government mule, go to Ex-Gov. Whyte and ascertain whether he intends hereafter to co-operate with the Gorman or Hamilton wing of the Democratic party? Ascertain exactly what his political views are, if they are of such momentous importance to the country. Get his *position* exactly. Then ask Gorman if he intends to resign the *presidency* of the canal company, and if so, who is to be his successor. Give us something definite upon these points and then give us a rest.

Death of Judge Bowie.

Hon. Richard Johns Bowie, Chief Judge of the Sixth Judicial District of Maryland, and Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, died at Rockville, Montgomery county, late Saturday night, in the 73d year of his age. Few men in this State have more justly, and in a greater degree, enjoyed the honor and esteem of their fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, than Judge Bowie, in his long public career. He was everywhere, and by all with whom he came in contact, recognized as a man of unblemished integrity, a nice sense of honor, never seeking political office, but belonging to that class of men of whom few are now to be met with, who believed in the principle that the office should seek the man—and it frequently sought him. The trust reposed in him by his fellow-citizens was never betrayed. Though a consistent Whig, and afterwards an ardent Republican, he could always command votes from the opposition whenever a candidate for any office, and as member of the legislature, member of Congress, and as judge, he discharged the duties of each position in a manner reflecting credit upon himself, as well as upon his State.

Englishmen reserve their boasted liberties exclusively for home consumption, and when dealing with other people exhibit a superb disregard for individual rights. The trials of this country during the Revolution, of the Irish people for centuries, and of the brave Dutch colonists who are now struggling for independence in South Africa, are conspicuous illustrations of the harshness of British rule as administered under the thin disguise of constitutional forms.

The water has been turned on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as far as Williamsport, and the Consolidation company have begun shipping coal to that point. They sent out one boat Saturday and loaded two Monday, one of them having cleared. It is understood the freight paid to Williamsport was the same as the ruling rate at the close of navigation last year.

The water will be turned on to Georgetown about the 20th inst. It is not definitely known when general through shipments will begin.

It's a good year for the temperence people. The North Carolina Legislature has passed the bill providing for a vote of the people on the question of prohibition, and if the act is ratified at the polls it will go into effect on the 1st of October. It is possible that the politico-liquor interests will compass the defeat of the measure at the election; but public sentiment is strongly in its favor, and it is endorsed by many citizens who are not partisans of temperance in any way, but who feel that the material welfare of the State requires the adoption of a prohibitory law. In South Carolina also the Temperance party is beginning to show its strength, and although the last legislature refused to do more than pass a stricter license law, there are signs that the advocates of prohibition will ultimately carry their point. It is noteworthy that the Charleston *News and Courier*—the leading paper of the State—is a stalwart supporter of the temperance movement.

Whether or not it is advisable to insure is a question which has long ago been settled in the affermative, especially in those cases where adequate provision has not otherwise been made for the ordinary contingencies of life. Indeed, in view of the innumerable instances in which a well timed life insurance policy has saved helpless families from poverty and privation, it is surprising that public opinion does not emphasize, with much greater force than it can be said to do at present, the duty and the obligation of such provision, especially during that period of life when the risk is greatest and the protection least adequate. Even in a country like this, where money is so easily and so rapidly earned, the number of men who, before the age of forty, have made the fortune of their families secure, is comparatively small, and thus during a period of some fifteen or twenty years they have given hostages to fortune without protecting themselves against those reprisals which fortune so often inflicts. Just here is where life insurance offers its most opportune aid and works its most beneficial results. It eliminates the element of risk from that which without it is one of the most solemn and perilous responsibilities which a man can take upon himself, and it gives a sense of security which is in itself no slight addition to the pleasures and amenities of married life. It renders life itself more enjoyable, and it takes away from death what is often its last and worst sting. We are inclined to think that the advantages—we had almost said duty—of life insurance would have become far more generally recognized, but for the many instances in which the supposed protection was no protection at all; in which the insurance has failed to insure. Such catastrophes, however, can now be very easily avoided by taking a certificate in one of the many mutual aid associations. In these associations you obtain insurance at the least possible cost, and you retain your money until it is actually needed. An instance has never occurred where one of these associations has failed. We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Sun Mutual Aid Association," which will be found in another column, and we can assure you it is in every way worthy of your confidence.

Alexander, Emperor of Russia, was assassinated Sunday, in St. Petersburg, while returning to the Winter Palace. The Czar was riding in his carriage with the Grand Duke Michael, when a bomb was thrown and exploded under the carriage, damaging it considerably, but without injuring the occupants. The Czar at once alighted, when another bomb was thrown at his feet and exploded with terrific force. The Czar fell unconscious, and on being picked up and taken to the palace, it was discovered that both legs had been torn off below the knees, and that he was otherwise terribly injured. At 3:25 P. M., less than an hour and a half after the attack, his death was announced. The royal family were all present at the death-bed, and the Emperor received the sacrament before dying. The news of the assassination was at once telegraphed all over the world, and amongst others to Secretary Blaine, who immediately sent a message of condolence to the Czarwitch in the name of the President and people of the United States. The regicides were both arrested, and it is reported that one of them was so severely handled that he has since died. The Czar was in his sixty-third year, and will be succeeded by his son, who was hailed by the populace upon leaving the palace after his father's death as Alexander III.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Edward Townsend, who for eleven years has been warden of the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, has resigned, on account of advanced age, and is succeeded by Michael Cassidy, the principal overseer, who has been connected with the institution for twenty years.

There is a small-pox scare at Meriden, Middletown, New Britain, and several other Connecticut towns in that section, and vaccination is the order of the day. It is thought it was first brought to Meriden by an Italian woman who had the disease. In that town alone 8,000 persons have been vaccinated within the past ten days

John Thackeray, of Good View, Georgia, became despondent because he had been compelled to draw one thousand dollars out of his capital of thirty thousand, which he had kept intact for twelve years, and forthwith committed suicide. He could be happy living on the interest of thirty thousand, but died rather than live on twenty-nine thousand.

The High Shoals Mill site, on the South Fork of the Catawba river, in North Carolina, including eleven thousand acres of land, has been sold to Messrs. White & Davis, of Pittsburg, for $100,000. The water power is very valuable, there being a clear fall of twenty-six feet, and on the land attached several gold mines have been opened, the metal being there in paying quanities.

Father Ahern, the Catholic priest at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, who recently took part in a shooting affray with C. F. Emery, a lawyer, has been sent to jail for five days for contempt of court. The priest was accompanied to the Pascagoula jail by his sister, who insisted upon being locked up with him. The Sheriff told her she could not enter, when she cried out that she had been struck, and the combative priest struck the Sheriff with his walking stick, inflicting a painful injury.

In taking down an old chimney at Powhatan Court House, Va., the other day, a medal was found imbedded in the mortar, which appears to be a valuable relic. On one side is a battle scene, with "Rebellion justly rewarded" bordering above it, and below, "Culloden 16, A. P., 1746." On the other side is a figure in bas relief of the Duke of Cumberland, with name and date of birth. It is thought to be the original medal awarded by the British Government to the old hero.

Ames Fox and Hiram O. Rose, of Michigan, went to California thirty years ago, worked in the mines together, making their interest one, and returned to Northport, in their native State, with capital to start in business. In the entire thirty years they have been partners without any written agreement or book account. At last, however, justice to their families demanded a division of the joint property, and this was accomplished in an hour without a shadow of disagreement.

James Hainsworth, of Wilmington, Del., returned home on Saturday from a trip to the inauguration, and found that during his absence his wife had gone on an excursion also. She is a native Cumberland, Maryland, and was desirous of returning to her former home. Her husband supposes she has been carried away by homesickness, expecting that her husband would follow her. He declines to do so, and having rented his house, has gone to boarding.

Mrs. Martin, the wife of a laboring man in Brooklyn, on Monday was found dead in her room, where she had perished, unattended, with the small-pox. Ten days before her husband had been siezed with the disease and taken to the hospital. The house was disinfected, the wife remaining alone in her room. She was shunned by the other inmates, who at last, not seeing the poor woman, informed the health officer, and they found her lying dead on the floor, with unmistakable marks of the dread disease upon her face and person. Her husband is still an inmate of the hospital.

There are upwards of 140 cases of small-pox in the parish of St. Alexis, on the Sagueny river, Canada.

Mr. Damond, vice-principal of the public school at Stapleton, Staten Island, was fined $25 on Thursday for several whipping one of his pupils.

A delegation of Cincinnati gentlemen who doubted the extraordinary stories of the New York firemen in regard to the length of time it takes them to hitch up, went all the way to the metropolis to investigate, and on Thursday visited several engine houses and carefully timed the hitching-up process with stop watches. One company was "ready" within three seconds after the gong struck, and one turned out in exactly one and seven-eights seconds. The Cincinnatians went home more thoughtful and much wiser men.

Another bruiser of "the finest police force in the world" is in trouble in New York for causelessly beating Patrick J. O'Brien, a hall-boy at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The boy had been sent by a lady to a Mrs. Goldberg, living on Twenty-first street, to get some lace which had been left to be repaired. On arriving at the house he failed to find Mrs. Goldberg, but some one told him a policeman named Goldrich lived in rooms there, and that possibly Mrs. Goldrich might be the lady he was looking for. He went to Mrs. Goldrich's room and was standing in the door explaining his errand when Goldrich, who was sitting by the stove, arose and brutally assaulted him. Goldrich says he thought the lad was a sneak-thief.

A fellow who gave his name as George D. Phelps, dressed in a close-fitting suit of Scotch plaid, in which large yellow and black blocks predominated, and wearing a long ulster and a brown Derby hat, was brought before the Jefferson Market police court, in New York, on Thursday, charged with insulting ladies in a Broadway stage. A gentleman in the stage finally gave the rascal what he deserved—a good drubbing—and another caused his arrest. He was very impudent in court, and referred to his tailors as to his character. The judge took the sensible view that a man may wear good clothes and still not be a gentleman, and fined him $10 and required him to give $500 bail. In default of bail, Mr. Phelps was locked up.

A lad named Elmer H. Green lost his life on Saturday at Illipolis, Illinois, in a strange manner while playing in a corn bin in the elevator. The spout below being suddenly opened to fill a car, the boy was dragged into the aperture, and death occurred before he could be extricated.

There was a disorderly scene in the House of Commons late Tuesday night which threatened to end in fisticuffs. Mr. Finigan characterized the constant interruptions as "beastly bellowings." The Speaker took exception to the remark, when Mr. O'Donnell, an Irish member, defended it, and declared he would speak on a point of order. The confusion became very great, and O'Donnell was finally named." He at first refused to leave the House, but finally, on the advice of Mr. Parnell, went out quietly.

On Monday a junction was made at Deming, about one hundred miles northwest from El Pasco, of the tracks of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads. This opens the second route to the Pacific to compete with the Union Pacific route. The outlet on the Pacific is the port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, which is said to be as good as that of San Francisco. As a route to China, South America and Australia, it has the advantage of being several thousand miles shorter than via San Francisco. The Santa Fe main line is being rapidly completed to that important town of New Mexico, and from there it will soon pierce Mexico, and be part of the line to the capital of that republic.

D. D. Domer, of the Shamokin *Times*, and John Summers, who were injured in the accident of Saturday last on the Baltimore and Potomac road, are both in a precarious condition at Shamokin, Pa. A long screw that had penetrated Mr. Domer's back has been extracted.

A military company from Waynesburg, Pa., appear to have shamefully abused the Pennsylvania Railroad car occupied on the excursion to the inauguration. The seats were torn up and the glass broken by large stones that were found inside, and which had evidently been thrown with malicious intent.

David Atley Webster, a first cousin of Daniel Webster, who died recently in New York, was for forty years connected with the Croton Water Department. He was an inventive genius, and the actual originator of the Woodworth planing-machine, though he derived but little benefit out of the millions it yielded to the owners of the patent.

The Caledonian Beneficial Society, a novel organization of Philadelphia, has just been reorganized for the present year. At the end of each year the old society is dissolved and a new one organized. The funds remaining are divided pro rata among the membership, after the sick and mortality benefits have been paid. By this arrangement the sick list is not carried on from one year to another, as none are readmitted except those in good health.

A correspondent writing from Georgetown, Sussex county says it has just come to light that Peter McColley, of the Rehoboth neighborhood, has married his own aunt. McColley is a school teacher, and he boarded with his grandmother, the Widow Gosless. During the winter, McColly and Laura—the old lady's youngest daughter—fell in love with each other. The affair nearly crazed Mrs. Goslee, and on Tuesday last her worst fears were realized by the marriage of aunt and nephew. The pair are described as nearly of the same age, neither being much beyond their majority. The girl is said to be a pretty blonde, and the family are well thought of in the secluded district in which they live. McColly is a good-looking young fellow of some education. The case excites much comment.

Edward Brewer, of London, England, has filed a complaint in the United States Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota which sets up a remarkable piece of Minnesota legislation. He shows that the city of Duluth was authorized by law to deliver to the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company bonds of the said city to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and, in order to meet the liabilities of the city and extinguish or fund its indebtedness, the Common Council was authorized to issue and dispose of its bonds, payable to bearer, to an amount not exceeding in the aggregate fifty thousand dollars; that he is the holder of some of these bonds and coupons; and that the city authorities sought to defeat the payment of the same by procuring the passage of an act to create a village out of the city. He prays that this act shall be declared unconstitutional by the federal court.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mch. 15, 1881.

The long anxiety of the Democrats over the vote of Senator Mahone, was brought to a climax yesterday when that gentleman voted with the Republicans in favor of a motion to go into Executive session. The vote of the Senator aroused that vindictive hate of all who dare oppose them, and which has long slumbered in the breasts of the Bourbon Democrats, and after short speeches by Messrs. Pendleton and Bayard, and a reply to them by Senator Conkling, Ben. Hill got up and in his usual blind fory style proceeded to attack Senator Mahone for what he called treachery to the Democratic party. He laid much stress upon the honor of Virginia and much feared that as a Virginian Senator Mahone was about to sully his honored name. He talked about long enough to get Senator Mahone thoroughly waked up, and when Senator Hill finished, and Mahone rose to reply, it began to dawn upon the Democrats that they had caught a Tarter. His speech did not belie first impressions. He served notice on the Democrats that he intended to be the custodian of his own Democracy, and did not intend to be run by any Democratic caucus; he claimed to be in every sense a free man, and trusted to be able to protect his own rights, and to defend those of the people whom he represented. He also expressed regret for the circumstances which compelled him to obtrude his remarks upon the Senate, when he preferred to remain silent, to listen and to learn. His speech made a most favorable impression upon the Republicans, and he gave evidence of soon becoming one of the shrewdest debators on the floor of the Senate.

After the discussion between Messrs. Hill and Mahone had quieted down and after Senator Logan had indulged in a few remarks concerning the War record of Mr. Hill, Senator Hoar made a speech, which for elegance of diction, eloquence, and grace of thought, surpassed anything of the day and has been seldom equalled in the history of the Senate. I quote a few sentences. Speaking of the conditions of the Democrats of the South he said: There are Democrats in the South who do not mean to live any longer in the graveyards and in the tombs, whose face is toward the morning, and on whose brow the rising sunlight of the future generations of this country is already beginning to be visible. Of such Democrats the *Avant Courier* has already reached the Senate Chamber after long waiting and yearning. The Republicans of the North desire to stretch forth a friendly hand. That desire is inspired by no miserable ambition for office or for political victory, but by a spirit of patriotism which loves the South fully as much as it loves the North. It is in the spirit of a united, not of a divided country; it is in the spirit future, and not of the past; it is in spirit of Union and not of sectionalism, and that we are holding out our hand to those brave and noble Democrats of Virginia whose representative took his seat to day on this floor.

There was a marked absence of anything like a crowd at the lower departmets to-day. In the Interior department there was scarcely any rush at all, while the few callers at the Post Office department are of that class who "stick" until they get something. Judge Tyner who looks after the cross roads post office, was not at the department to-day, being in attendance upon the funeral of a friend. Post Master General James, remained at the office until about noon, when he went to the White House to call upon the President. Among those who called upon Mr. James, was Ex-Governor Pinchback, of Louisiana, but the Governor says he was not after a post office.

LOGAN.

Triple Murder Near Norfolk.

NORFOLK, VA., March 14.—One of those horrible tragedies, the occurance of which at irregular intervals for years past has given the county of Princess Anne the unenviable reputation of being the "dark and bloody ground" of Eastern Virginia, occurred about twilight Saturday evening on the Gum Swamp road, about three miles and a half from the court house. The details of the terrible affair, which reached this city to day, have created intense excitement, and are as follows: A wagon, containing four men—Messrs. William Whitehurst, an old citizens of the county, aged 73 years; Edgar Old, Thomas McPherson and Wm. Fisher, the latter three formerly from North Carolina—was being driven along the Gum Swamp road, when, without warning, the party was fired upon from a blind, built to the height of about five feet and a-half, between two trees in a pine thicket, a short distance from the road. At the first fire—which was harmless—Mr. McPherson jumped from the cart into the ditch and exclaimed, "Hand me my gun!" Immediately another volley was fired, the charges of buckshot killing Messrs. Whitehurst and Old instantly. Mr. Fisher has not been seen or heard since. The bodies of the two men were horribly butchered—Mr. Whitehurst having the top of his head literally blown off. The traces of buckshot were found on the trees in the vicinity, showing that the weapons were charged with shot of that size. The party were returning from the court house, and were at the time within three hundred yards of the house of Mr. McPherson. The horse was frightened at the discharge of the guns and ran off, and had not been found up to 12 o'clock yesterday. Although it is not known by whom the assassination was committed, it is thought that it grew out of bad blood engendered by the "No fence law" which prevails in that part of the country. It is said that Mr. McPherson, the surviver, had taken down his fences, and had shot several cattle belonging to his neighbors which had trespassed on his grounds. On Saturday he had a case nt the court house which grew out of this occurrence, and the murdered men were witnesses for him, the case being decided in his favor. Whether there is any connection between this case and the assassination is not known as yet. A deep feeling prevailed in the neighborhood against McPherson, and it is supposed that the scheme of the murderers was to kill him at any rate. Mr. McPherson states that at the time of the first fire he saw the face of a man with a white beard behind the blind, but could not identify him. Intense excitement prevailed yesterday in that part of the county, and there appears to be a strong determination to ferret out the murderers and bring them to justice. Mr. Whitehurst, one of the murdered men, was well-known in this city, and was one of the most inoffensive men in the county. He leaves a large family of grown children. The murder took place on the road from the court house to London bridge and is near the spot where Dr. McAlpin was shot and killed before the war by William Ewell. It is also in the same neighborhood in which occurred the famous Batten tragedies of a few years ago. A coroner's inquest was held, the proceedings being secret. From information furnished the jury, they ordered the arrest of two men, Messrs. Joseph Murden and Bartee, both of whom are in jail. Mr. Murden is well known in this city, and his friends are confident that he is not guilty of any complicity in the dreadful affair.

Later.—Two men named John Marden and Theo. Darick Bartee have been arrested for the murder of Old and Whitehurst in Princess Anne county on Saturday.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The way to make a profit, on your purshases is to buy where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Died at Selbysport, Md., March 9th, 1881, Mrs. M. M. Frazee, wife of Chas. F. Frazee, in the 19th year of her age.

—If you want to get the value for your money, spend it where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Justice Gonder has removed his office to the rooms recently occupied by Jas. A. Enlow, in the REPUBLICAN Office building.

—What you can save in buying your goods at Daily &co., will stock a moderate sized saving bank.

—Mr. Daniel Chisholm is improving the property now occupied by him as a Drug Store, and proposes removing his family shortly.

—If you want bargains, real genuine corn and cob crushing bargains, go where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Married, March 13th, 1881, by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, Mr. Columbus L. Paugh, and Mis Mary L. Moon, at the residence of the brides father, Garrett V. Moon.

—Ezekiel Totten, Esq., one of our oldest and most highly respected citizens, died at his residence on Tuesday night, after an illness of a few days. He was born July, 1799.

—By invitation the Longfellow reading circle held their regular meeting on Thursday of last week, at the residence of Rev. S. E. Jones, where they were handsomely entertained.

—The prettiest of colleretts, ruscbing, invisible nets and pins &c., are where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Wild geese passed over this place in considerable numbers during the past week, which fact, our weather seers say, is an indication that winter has broken. Now bring in your poetry and let's have some good weather.

—Constable Allen, of District No. 4, arrived here Tuesday evening on No. 10, having in custody, J. A. Marshall, who is charged with stealing meat, at Bloomington. He was lodged in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—Farmers desiring something good and cheap in the line of a feed cutter, will do well to call on I. W. Slonaker, of this place, who is offering a splendid cutter for the small sum of $3.00. Mr. Slonaker is sole agent for Garrett and Allegany counties.

—The protracted meeting at Glade Valley, mentioned in our last issue, closed on Tuesday, with 13 conversions, 7 reclamations and 20 accessions to the church on probation. At the close of the meeting the Deer Park church building enterprise was presented, and subscriptions obtained amounting to over fifty dollars.

—Mr. William E. Henshaw, an enterprising merchant of Lonaconing, Allegany county, died on Sunday morning last. Mr. Henshaw was a gentleman whose genial nature, quick intelligence, and ready wit made him friends wherever he was known. His death will be deeply regretted by all who knew him.

—Mrs. Mary M. Frazee, wife of Chas. F. Frazee, died at Selbysport, March 9th, 1881, aged 20 years, 11 months and 2days. Sister Frazee was a Chalstian lady and bore her affliction with patience and resegnation. She was a good wife and affectionately requested her husband to meet her in Heaven. The large concourse of people who followed the remains from her late residence to the Baptist Church, on "Frazee Ridge," where her funeral was preached by the writer, attested the fact that she was greatly respected by her neighbors. The beautiful casket with all that was mortal of our late sister was interred in the family buriug grounds where she will quietly sleep until the Master shall say "come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom pregared for you from the foundation of the world."

JOSEPH DEWITT.

Personal.

Hiram Frazee, Esq., of District No. 2, was in town Wednesday and called to see us.

Mr. M. C. Totten, of Piedmont, W. Va., was in town this week attending the funeral of his father, the late Ezekiel Totten.

Mr. Lloyd Stalnaker, who has been on a "Western tour" for the last few days, returned here Tuesday.

Mr. E. J. Fringer has removed to his own property on Liberty street.

Miss Mary Caton, who has been visiting relatives in Washington City, returned home last week.

Mr. M. R. Hamill has moved to the property owned and lately occupied by John W. Smith, Esq.

Church Services--Sunday.

Communion Service in the Memorial Church on Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m. Preparatory service Saturday at 7½ o'clock p. m.

Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10½, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 7 o'clock p. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Tribute of Respect.

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of His Providence it has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us, by death, our worthy Brother A. J. Stotlemyer, who died at his home on the 16th day of February, 1881, and while as a Lodge we mourn the loss of our Brother, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doth not willingly afflict, but whose judgments we regard as for our good. Therefore be it.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family and friends of our deceased brother in this the hour of their affliction, believing that the loss we have sustained in the death of our late Brother, will be his infinite gain.

Resolved, That as a mark of our respect to the memory of Brother Stotlemyer, that the hall of our Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that the Brothers wear the usual badge of mourning for the same period.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings, signed by the Noble Grand and Secretary, be transmitted to the family of our deceased Brother, and that they be also published in the newspapers of Oakland.

DAVID BARRETT, N. G.
J. H. FISHER, Sect'y.

MARYLAND NEWS.

A kindergarten has been opened in Havre de Grace.

The Choptank fisheries begin about the middle of the month.

The grain and potato crops of the peninsula are still mostly on the farmers' hands.

The Cambridge people boast that, notwithstanding the severity of the winter, not a man, woman or child has been arrested for thieving.

William McKee, residing near Church Hill, Queen Anne's county, died very suddenly on Sunday night a week ago. He got up to quiet a restless child, and returning to bed died in a few minutes.

Several persons of Queen Anne's county have contracted to grow beets for the Delaware sugar Company whose offer ranges from $3.50 to $8 per ton, according to the per centum of sugar they contain.

The water has been turned into the Cumberland division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in order to allow the passage of boats which were caught by the closing of the canal early in the winter. The canal will be opened to Williamsport next Monday, so as to supply the dealers there with coal. The canal will not be opened to Georgetown till the end of the month.

It is estimated that there are $100,000 worth of logs carried off by the ice in the Susquehanna river, now lying along the shore of the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries. By the law these logs have to be advertised for three weeks, and the owners can reclaim them by paying for the advertisement and twenty-five cents for each log. If the owners do not claim them they must be advertised for sale for three weeks by the owners of the shore, who become responsible for the excess over the twenty-five cents for each log and the cost of advertising.

Last November the names of three out of fifteen hundred colored voters of Dorchester county were dropped in the box containing the names to be drawn as jurors, and they are there yet. At the same time twelve colored voters were represented in the names placed in the Allegany county box, and at the last drawing five were drawn out. Dorchester has six colored voters to every one located in Allegany; but then the circuit judge of Allegany is a Republican, while the judge of Dorchester is a Democrat, and that is supposed to explain the mystery.

Harry K. Hunter, of Rockville, who was picked up in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, in a dying condition, was a victim of pneumonia, as shown by the post-mortem examination of the coroner.

The Washington County Mutual Insurance Company has declared a dividend of five per cent. The original policy-holders of the company have received in dividends nearly as much money as they have paid in for annual renewals of their policies.

The Chestertown *Transcript* relates an incident of a visit made to that town by General Garfield (now the President), during the political excitement of 1863, when he addressed a Creswell meeting in the court-house. While General Garfield was speaking an egg was thrown at him, narrowly missing his head, and striking the wall behind him.

A son of Captain Trader, of St. George's Island, St. Mary's county, is said to have been drowned a few days since while sailing in a canoe off Piney Point.

Mrs. Fannie Brown, widow of Joseph Brown, who was killed by the explosion of the yacht Carrie in Baltimore, died at Havre de Grace on the 3d instant of consumption.

Mr. Charles Stone had a narrow escape from death at the Montgomery county gold mine last week. He was handling a glycerine cartridge, when it exploded, injuring him so as to lay him up for some time.

The defalcation of Mr. Johns, of Harford county, that has been pending in the courts for several years, has been compromised, and $6,000 were received, the claim of the state being paid in full, and the balance going to the county.

A story is current in Middletown that a book belonging to a young lady was loaned to several parties, and returned, with a fifty-dollar note used as a marker still safe and sound. It is generally believed that the note was a counterfeit.

Caleb J. Moore recently purchased four acres of unimproved land near the Fallston depot of the Baltimore and Delta Railroad at the rate of $150 per acre. The prospective opening of the railroad has more than doubled the value of the land.

The venerable Charles Thompson, of St. Mary's county, was seized with a paralytic attack on the 8th inst., while returning in a buggy from a visit to Leonardtown. He fell from the vehicle, and was found lying under it, the horse having stopped, as if conscious of the accident. He recovered his speech and reason; but being in the eighty-second year of his age, his condition is regarded as critical.

A man has been lodged in jail at Hagerstown on suspicion of being the German who recently committed an outrage near Gettysburg, Pa. He fully answers the description of the offender received by telegraph, and will be detained until identified.

Robert Bradshaw and Jackson Mears, on Friday, were engaged in duck shooting off Tate's Bank, a few miles above cambridge, when the boat was suddenly upset. Another boat went to their assistance, but too late to save the life of Mr. Bradshaw, whose body was recovered. Mr. Mears was completely exhausted when his rescue was effected,

The writ of error in the Munshower case has been granted by the Circuit Court of Frederick County, and the case will now go to the Court of Appeals. No decision can be had until May, and consequently the Governor's warrant for the execution of Munshower on the 25th inst. will be withdrawn and withheld until a decision is reached by the Court of Appeals on the question of errors in his late trial.

Captain Firman Layman, whose funeral took place at Chesapeake City on the 8th instant, was more than thirty years ago in command of one of the steamers of the Ericsson line. Subsequently he was engaged in towing vessels with the tugboat Islander. Later in life he became the landlord of the Bayard House, at Chesapeake City, and continued in business until his death. He was in the 71st year of his age.

The rain-storm of Tuesday night caused all the streams near Denton to overflow their banks, and many of the bridges were damaged. Miss Laura Melvin, a school teacher, while returning to Denton over the bridge near Col. Carter's residence, was thrown into the stream by her horse missing his footing, owing to some of the planks at the bridge having floated away. She regained the shore without serious injury.

W. W. Tunis & Brother, of St. Michael's, has bought all the drift logs from the Susquehanna river by an arrangement with the owners. They are all to be taken to the sawmill of the firm, where they are to be inspected and the marks recorded by an agent representing the owners.

The Hampshire *Gazette*, published at Northampton, Mass., publishes a great number of letters from recent settlers on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, speaking in the highest terms of the soil and climate, and the kind and hospitable reception they encountered from their neighbors.

The Eastern Shore Railroad, from Claytown down the Peninsula, is reported as having adopted a plan similar to the restaurant system of "meals at all hours," and will steam up at any time and carry a single passenger from one town to another for $2. A commercial traveler fathers this report, and they never *lie* in a business way.

There are a great many office-seekers at Washington. The number far exceeds the number of offices to be filled. "Many are called, but few are chosen." Hotel keepers are happy all the same.

The Debt Question in Virginia.

The following is an extract from a letter of an intelligent and reliable Richmond correspondent of one of our leading banking houses:

"All the information that I can get from the country is to the effect that the people are almost unanimous against the consols and ten-forties and in favor of a readjustment on the terms of the Riddleberger bill. The only hope for the debt and for the good name of the state is in the Republican party. If they will plainly take the position of maintaining the public credit, I think it extremely probable that enough of the better element of the state will go with them to Republicanize the state and save its character.

"If the present state of public opinion towards the debt continues general, I believe means of legislation will be devised to force the measures of readjustment through, and virtually destroy the tax receivability of the coupons. Any bill that may be presented will be adjusted to the Supreme Court's decisions, so as to avoid them. Still, the Dutch holders of Confederate bonds may continue in the market. They should certainly become the fortunate possessors of any that I might control.

"Yours truly, ——"

That the way of the transgressor is hard is again illustrated in the case of Henry W. Genet, the last of the notorious ring of Tweed thieves, who was sentenced on Saturday in New York to eight month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of nearly $10,000. Genet, it will be recollected, was convicted in 1873 for fraudulently obtaining money for materials which he never furnished. He escaped to Canada, but recently returned and surrendered himself for trial. There has been a good deal of sickly sentimentality indulged in in the case of Genet, but it is gratifying to be able to record the fact that justice, though slow, has finally overtaken him, and that he will, at least, have to make measurable amends for the systematic frauds he and his colleagues practiced for so long a period of time.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in April, 1881,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers, hearing appeals and attending to any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
3 10 td. Clerk.

Order of Publication.

Louisa Fleegle and others vs. Joseph M. A. Kelly and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity No. 217.

The object of the Bill filed in this cause is to obtain a decree for the sale of the tract of land called "Browning's Manor," and a distribution of the proceeds of the sale to those entitled thereto, according to their respective interests.

The Bill of complaint states that in the year eighteen hundred and fifty eight, Meshack Browning, was seized and possessed of all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, called "Browning's Manor," containing seven hundred and sixty-eight and one quarter acres of land.

Second. That being so seized and possessed of said land, the said Meshack Browning, died testate, but made no disposition of said land, by his last will and testament.

Third. That Joseph M. A. Browning, was appointed administrator of the estate of the said Meshack Browning, and that said estate has been fully administered, and that in order to pay off the entire indebtedness of said estate, the said administrator advanced the sum of two hundred and seventy-two dollars and thirty-two cents, of his own money and claims that the said sum is a charge upon said land.

Fourth. That the said Meshack Browning, left the following heirs at law to-wit: Dorcas Kelley, who has since died testate, and devised all her interest in "Browning's Manor," to her two children Joseph M. A. Kelly and Louisa Fleegle; 2, William Browning, who has since died intestate, leaving the following heirs at law: Mary who intermarried with Archibald C. Dewitt, William Browning, Richard T. Browning, John T. Browning, Reuben Browning, Louisa C. who intermarried with Joseph F. Frantz, Edward A. Browning, Nathan C. Browning and George D. Browning; 3, John L. Browning; 4, Jane H. Browning; 5, Nancy, who intermarried with John Kitzmiller; 6, James Browning; 7, Thomas Browning; 8, Joseph M. A. Browning; 9, Jeremiah Browning; 10, Rachel, who intermarried with Joseph Friend, and who has since died, leaving the following heirs at law: Truman Friend, Harriet who intermarried with William Bray, Mary Chisholm, (widow) Rebecca, who intermarried with John Chisholm and Hanson B. Friend; 11, Sallie, who intermarried with——Nethkin, and since died leaving the following children: Norman B. Nethkin, Catharine who intermarried with Bartley Rabbitt, Louisa who intermarried with Charles Gilpin, Jennie who intermarried with Doctor Boyd, Francis T. Nethkin, Alfred Nethkin and Thomas A. Nethkin.

Fifth. That the said tract of land called Browning's Manor is not susceptible of a partition, in kind, and that it cannot be divided among the parties entitled thereto without great loss and injury, and that it will be to the interest and advantage of all parties to have the same sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties according to their respective interests.

Sixth. That the said Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

The Bill then prays for process and such other relief as may be proper.

It is ordered by the Court, this sixteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one, that the Complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the non-resident Defendants, Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben M. Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm, and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt, and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of September A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk. 3 19 4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 872, one half of Military Lot No. 861, one third of Military Lot No. 1204, and one third of Military Lot No. 11,

Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs, said lands being assessed in the name of N. L. Dashiel.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county. Being

ONE TOWN LOT

on Third Street in said town of Oakland, together with the improvements thereon. Also one cow and one lot of household and kitchen furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Susan Miner.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale,

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, being

One town Lot on the corner of Fifth and Liberty Streets,

in said town of Oakland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Charles H. Gilpin.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as the

"SMITH FARM,"

containing 230 acres of land, also one horse seven cattle, twenty sheep, ten hogs, household and kitchen furniture and farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of William W. Ashby

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 4042

containing fifty acres. Also two horses, one heifer, three hogs, one lot of household furniture and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of James King.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known as

"SMALL MEADOWS"

containing five hundred acres of land, being the same land which was conveyed to J. B. Davidson, by Peter Martin. Also a certain other tract of land called "Small Meadows" containing seventeen hundred acres. Said lands have been seized and taken in execution to satisfy State and county taxes for the year 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of J. B. Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL.
JOHN BARNARD.
3 19 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described as

LOTS NOS. 22 AND 23

in Wilson's addition to said town. Also three lots in the town of McHenry, also household furniture and office furniture. Said property has been seized and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of Hiram P. Tasker.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known as

LOTS NOS. 65, 66, 67 AND 68

on Alder Street in said town, also two cows, two hogs and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of Joseph Claymire.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land, situate in the town of Oakland, and described as follows:

Lots Nos. 81, 82 and 83,

on Alder street, in said town. Said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, together with the interest and costs, said lots being assessed in the name of Samuel M. Shoemaker.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county and described as

Eight Acres of Military Lot Number 846,

being the same land which was conveyed to Theodore Bantz by E. G. Hall and wife. Said lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said lot is assessed in the name of Theodore Bantz.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 4037,

also, two cows, one hog and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property is assessed in the name of Emily F. Hinebaugh.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Part of Military Lot No. 832,

containing 25 acres, together with the improvements. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon, said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Ellen King.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, and known as part of

"William and Mary,"

containing one hundred and seventy five acres. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Lot on Oak Street

in the town of Oakland. Said Lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879 with interests and costs thereon. Said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of "Prescott Smith's Heirs."

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Famine.

A LARGE portion of our Northern States is at this writing suffering severely from famine, and deaths in consequence of it are of daily occurrence. It is true that the crops of 1880 were of unprecedented abundance; it is true that there is plenty of fuel, coal and wood at reasonable prices; but for all that our people are dying of famine. Even in the palaces of the wealthy, where there is no lack of money to supply every want, no less than in the cellars where poverty and filth hide themselves from the light, there are daily deaths from famine! It isn't said that people die of famine; they are said to die of scrofulous consumption, of typhoid pneumonia, of rheumatism, and a thousand other complaints, but they are really dying of famine. How can this be? Let us enter this handsome house where the mother lies prostrate on her death bed. Double windows exclude all access of air through them. Weather strips at the doors bar out the cold; by ingenious warming apparatus the temperature of the house is kept at summer heat, and it may be the moisture of the air is preserved by house-plants or other agencies at the healthful point. The store-room is full of provisions, the closets lack nothing that comfort demands for clothing, but the choking sensation that soon seizes the incomer from the open air declares that famine too is here. Let us go into this cellar where human beings are huddled together like—we were about to say beasts of prey, but that is unjust to the beasts. Here it is warm and choking too, more choking it may be than in the handsome house, but the quality of the atmosphere is identical. It reeks with human exhalations.

Is there so scant a supply of pure, life-giving air that we are dying for the want of it? The supply is unstinted, the quality is perfect; it is only the want of access to it that produces the famine of which so many are dying. We will not let it come into our houses; we shut ourselves away from its healing power and choose death that we may die. At every breath we throw out from our lungs effete matters which, absorbed through the pores, are as poisonous as arsenic or strychnine. Every hour exhalations emanate from the body that, reabsorbed, are deadly poisen. Access of fresh air would chemically neutralize or dissipate these poisons, but access of air means access of cold, and that can by no means be permitted. So persons go on breathing out and exhaling poisons which in part they immediately reabserb, until their whole systems become loaded and clogged with effete matter, their blood is black with corruption, their skin loses all power of resistance to cold or poison, headaches afflict them, appetite fails, they take cold on some slight exposure, the weakest part of the body receives the shock, and the whole structure crumbles and falls. "A mysterious dispensation of Providence has removed our brother, our sister, a beloved child, from our midst."

Now for the common-sense view. It is well known, and should be universally known, that those men who are most in the open air in any healthy climate are least liable to attacks of sickness. Letter-carriers, stage-drivers, wood-choppers, physicians, and all who habitually are out in all weathers, suffer less from disability by sickness than their fellows. They breath fresh air, their clothing and their skins are aerated, purified, made wholesome by the open air.

But there must be stay-at-house people, invalids, children, who can not get out of doors easily in our cold winters. Then the air must be brought to them. As Professor Youmans has said, "ventilation is, after all, a question of expense." We "can not heat all outdoors," and that is not necessary or even desirable; but if we don't let some of it into our houses and heat it we pay big doctors' bills, we suffer, we die.

A great many persons who think they are for the winter shut into their houses might go out if they would only wrap up enough. If an overcoat isn't enough, put a cloak over that, a shawl over that, put on leggings and overshoes, wrap up the head and face, if need be, with scarfs and veils, have a warm brick or soapstone at the feet if the going out is in a vehicle. The only way to resist weather is to conquer it, and everybody knows how much better one feels after a bath in the open air. The more we shrink and shut ourselves away from contact with the clear, fresh, outdoor air the more tender do we become and the more liable to death from the attacks of disease or exposure to draughts and accidents that can not be foreseen or guarded against.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Rats Charmed to Their Death.

A MOST remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in the Second Ward, this city, on Friday afternoon of last week, being no less than large numbers of rats being enticed from their holes by the roll of drums. A number of the small boys of this city, hearing it said that rats could be brought out of their holes by the beating of drums, determined to try the experiment. So, procuring a number of these instruments of marshal music, and a half dozen dogs with a weakness for rat flesh, they proceeded to a barn near Pearson's flouring-mill, in which structure were known to dwell many well-fed rodents, who subsisted on the contents of the grain-bins near by. Stationing part of their number with drums in the hay-mow of the stable, and the others at the doors with the dogs, everybody was eager for the fray. The drummers brought their sticks down on the taut calf-skin, and soon the building shook to its very foundation with the deafening roll. Several boys had been stationed at various knot-holes in the floor of the hay-mow, and these youths, peering down into the semi-darkness below, soon saw little twinkling eyes appear at certain apertures all around the apartment beneath. The drumming was continued, and sharp-pointed noses and then sleek bodies of rats came from the holes. Soon the rapid rolling of the drums seemed to excite the rodents to a point beyond self-control. They began to caper and whisk around the stable-floor as if intoxicated. They ran around the feed-bins in a wild chase after each other. So rapidly did they turn corners that their tails snapped with a report like that of a bull-whacker's whip, and making the fur fly from their caudal appendages so as to fill the apartment with dust. Now was the time for action. The boys with the dogs were signaled, the doors opened, and the hungry canines let in on them. The unfortunate rats seemed to be under a spell, and made no attempt to seek their holes. For five minutes slaughter reigned supreme, and when it had subsided the floor was covered with the bodies of forty-three rats. Again were the drums called into requisition, and the same scene ensued again. This time thirty-eight rats bit the dust. The boys continued their operations with their drums and dogs all the afternoon, and when evening came there were piled up in front of the stable, mangled, cut, and torn, the bodies of four hundred and seventy-nine rats; in fact, all the rodents which had lived and thrived for years on the grain in the mill had been totally exterminated.—*Newcastle (Pa.) News.*

Imagination.

THE following story is told by an old physician of Worcester County, Massachusetts.

I was called into a neighboring town to visit a patient. It being about the middle of the day, the old gentleman of the house (over sixty years old) invited me to step and dine. At dinner he says:

"I don't know as you like my dinner."

"Why, yes," said I; "I do; I like it very well; it is very good."

"I guess you don't know what you are eating?"

"Why, yes I do," said I; "it is some new corned beef."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "it is horse beef."

"I don't believe it," I replied.

"It is," said he, "I declare it is some of my old mare."

I was not much acquainted with him at that time; I looked at him, supposing him to be joking, but could not discover a muscle of the face to alter or change. I had just taken another piece on my plate and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth, and in fact it was horse-meat sure enough—I could taste it as plainly as my olfactory nerves would discover the scent of an old horse. The more I chewed it the more disagreeable it tasted. I continued picking and tasting a little sauce which I could swallow, but the meat, as the negro said, would not go. I at last gave a swallow as I do with a dose of physic. I thought that I would have thrown the contents of my stomach up at the table. I afterward tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat into my mouth, and kept time with the family. Glad was I when dinner was over. It being cool weather, the old gentleman went to smoking and telling stories. At last he says:

"I won't leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horse-meat for dinner, and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was, for I swapped her away for a steer, and that was some of the beef."

I have ever since been glad that the old gentleman put the joke on me, for I never should otherwise have known how far imagination could have carried me.

Japanese Carriage Runners.

THE Japanese "hack" is a large, two-wheeled baby-carriage drawn by a man. It is called *jin-ri-ki-sha*, Chinese for "man—power—carriage," or *Kuruma*, Japanese for wheel or vehicle. It was invented but a few years ago, and already there are nearly twenty-three thousand in one city. Men make so much more by drawing them than by other kind of labor that thousands of young men flock to the towns to let themselves out as draught-animals. Over level ground a good runner can trot forty miles a day, at the rate of about four miles an hour. The average duration of a runner's life is only five years, as he is liable to heart or lung disease. Formerly the runners went almost naked. But European ideas have influenced the Government to decree that they shall wear clothes, under penalty of severe punishment if found unclothed. But when away from the cities and towns, the runners return to nature's costume. A lady, while being drawn in a jin-ri-ki-sha through the interior, met a policeman. As soon as her runner saw the officer, he fell down on his face, so suddenly as nearly to throw her out, and began wriggling into a garment, which he had carried on the cross-bar. The young men drawing the two carriages behind crouched behind her vehicle and tried to get into their clothes. Her man groveled in the dust, and every time the policeman spoke raised his head a little, to bow it more deeply. He knew that he was liable to be punished for not having his clothes on, and this was his method of supplicating mercy. The lady's intercession, and her plea that the day was very hot, propitiated the policeman. As soon as a turn in the road took the policeman out of sight, the two young men, throwing their clothes in the air, gamboled in the shafts and shrieked with laughter. The old runner, however, did not recover his spirits nor take off his clothes. He felt that he had had a narrow escape from the clutches of the law.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Freak of the Frost.

A STRIKING illustration of the force exerted by water in the act of freezing may be seen in St. Lawrence Cemetery. The Werner monument, which stands near the entrance, rests upon a heavy iron slab, which in turn is supported by several large spherical iron globes, about eight inches in diameter and about half an inch thick. These hollow iron balls have small openings at the top, and during the rain which preceded the very cold spell one of them became filled with water. The water then froze in the ball, and in doing so burst it in two and threw the fragments several yards off into one of the paths. A solid ball of ice which fell out of the globe when it burst was found near one of the fragments.—*Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

A POETICAL mission in England sends beautiful sea-shells, which are generally collected by children, to little sick people in homes or hospitals. Since May, 1879, it has distributed a quarter of a million of shells, from the West Indies, South Africa, and Spain, as well as from the English coast.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A HANDSOME boy of poetical temperament is now one of the reigning London beauties. His name is Oscar Wilde.

THE Austrian Empress, having again chosen Ireland and England as her hunting ground, will probably spend in Ireland another $100,000. Last year she brought eighty attendants and all her own horses.

THE Princess Louise will return to her husband in May, and the two will join a large party of English visitors in a fishing excursion on the lower St Lawrence. The Princess will then, with her English guests, visit Manitoba and the northwest provinces of the Dominion.

THE presence of the Prince of Wales at the marriage of Mr. Leopold Rothschild has caused much satisfaction in Jewish circles, as, following close on the speeches of the Crown Prince of Germany, it is regarded as a sign that there is no royal sympathy with the persecutions of the Jews. No English Prince has visited a synagogue since 1809, when three of the royal dukes attended a service at one.

A LARGE cross, hewn out of white granite, has been placed at the head of the grave of Adelaide Neilson, in Brompton Cemetery, London. At the foot of this simple mouument is this inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ADELAIDE NEILSON,
Died August 15, 1880.
GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL.
RESTING.

MR. BLENNERHASSET will introdnce in the British Commens this session a bill for extending the hours during which marriages may be solemnized. His proposal is that the time should be between 8 in the morning and 6 in the afternoon. But no clergyman of the Church of England would be under any obligation to solemnize a marriage after midday. The advantages of such a change was recently shown at the Rothschild marriage, all the arrangements working much more comfortably on account of the lateness of the hour at which the ceremony took place.

THE marriage of the Bareness Burdett-Coutts will doubtless lead to an almost interminable lawsuit. It is understood that a bill will be filed in Chancery to restrain the trustees under the will of the Duchess of St. Albans from permitting the Baroness to continue to receive the income heretofore paid her under her life-interest in the property devised by the Duchess, including her share in the profits of Coutts's Bank, the house in which she now resides in Piccadilly, and landed estates in Hampstead, worth altogether £100,000 a year. The Baroness has received hitherto not less than £50,000 a year from the bank alone. It is resolved that the suit will be contested on the ground, first, that the provision of the will is illegal, because Mr. Bartlett is not an alien, but a naturalized subject. If the contested property be lost to her, the remainder will amount to £2,000,000, all of which will devolve on Mr. Bartlett if he survives the Baroness.

The Basutos.

IT seems generally supposed, by English writers and speakers on the subject, that the Basutos are an ancient race of mountaineers long settled in their present country, and for many generations past in the enjoyment of freedom, and conspicuous for their loyalty and attachment to the British Crown. This, however, is far from being the case. Under their present name, and in their present position, the Basutoland Basutos have no history beyond the memory of many men still living. They in fact owe their existence as a separate community, their name and their position, entirely to their old and able chief Moshesh, who, less than twelve years age, handed himself and his people over to the British Government to save them from utter destruction and dispersion. The Basutos have, in fact, only come to what we now call Basutoland within the last generation. Within living memery, before Chaka created the military organization of the Zulus, most of the clans of Bechuanas now settled in Basutoland lived in the open country north of the Orange River, between the twenty-second and twenty-eight degrees of south latitude and the twenty-second to twenty-ninth degrees of east longitude. The Bechuanas were mere civilized and peaceful than the Zulus and other Kaffir tribes between the Drakensburg and the sea, and Basuteland had then few human tenants save Bushmen.

Early in the century the growing Zulu power disturbed tribes far inland from the present Zulus. Among the more civilized and peaceful Bechuana tribes then inhabiting the Transvaal was a small clan ruled by the widow of a chief, who had for her counselor Moshesh, a natural statesman and general. Moshesh first of all shared, and eventually superseded, the authority of his chieftainess, made himself independent, and attracted to his rule many of the broken clans who had been ruined by intestine wars, or who were flying before the advancing hordes of Moselakatze, the emigrant Zulu chief. On the other side of the Bechuanas, advancing from the southwest, were the forerunners of the great Boer emigration from the Cape Colony. Retiring before these adverse forces, Moshesh sought refuge in Basutoland, which was then inhabited by few but the aboriginal Bushmen of the country. Here, in comparative peace, he consolidated his power, his people settled down in the deep valleys and multiplied, drawing to them many fugitives from all quarters, and over these Moshesh ruled with much wisdom and sagacity.

When responsible government was granted to the Cape Colony eight years ago, the Basutos, like all other inhabitants of the colony, whether of European or native origin, came under the authority of the colonial Ministers, responsible to the Cape Parliament.—*Contemporary Review.*

MACON, GA., is considerably exercised about a bull that has taken possession of a vacant lot near a schoolhouse, and makes the children's lives a burden to them. Macon has a clause in its city laws prohibiting cows from roaming the streets, but nothing is said about bulls. Hence these steers. The city fathers are gravely debating whether the bull can be abated on the ground that he is a nuisance.

Religious.

MY TRUST.

TAKE Thou my hand, O Lord,
And guide my way;
Without Thy loving voice
I can but stray.
Not as I will, but Thou
Shalt choose each lot for me.
I leave it all, and still
Trust where I cannot see.

In every pathway dim
Hold Thou my hand;
I grasp it firm and tread
At Thy command.
Thou canst not lead astray,
I can but follow on,
Secure in every way
Where Thou hast gone.

Shall sorrow be my lot,
'Tis at Thy will;
Shall pleasure crown my days,
I praise Thee still.
Through life hold Thou my hand,
In death be at my side,
I fear not Jordan's wave,
Still trusting in my guide.

—*Mary V. Ewing, in Interior.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Mar. 6—Witness of Jesus to John. Luke 7: 19-28
Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend .... Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom Luke 9: 1-6

MISS ANNA OLIVER.

MISS ANNA OLIVER, the young lady pastor of the Willoughby Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, in Brooklyn, is much more successful in her ministry than many young men of her age, and her church has become one of the most prosperous in its vicinity. The church she occupies was purchased under a foreclosure sale by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank to satisfy their first mortgage of $15,000. Offers were made for it to turn it into a livery stable and a beer garden, but Miss Oliver purchased it in her own name for $14,000, and gave a mortgage for $13,000. She organized a church in the spring of 1879 in accordance with the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but without the official sanction of any of the preachers of that Church, who, although sending word that they felt pleasantly toward her enterprise, also said that they could not recognize a female preacher. Miss Oliver was about to deed the property she had bought to the Church in the usual way, when she concluded that if she did the Conference might accept the property and turn the worshippers out. Accordingly she had a legal document drawn, deeding the church to certain persons for the purposes of the Willoughby Avenue Methodist Church,. but not subject to the direction of Conference. Miss Oliver's energy was unbounded, and when she heard that neighboring church members were saying that her enterprise would not last a year, she redoubled her exertions, and now, at about the completion of her second year, she has reason to be gratified at the retrospect.

Miss Oliver is about 26 or 27 years old, with coal-black eyes, brunette complexion, and raven black hair, which falls in glossy curls over her shoulders. She brushes her hair smoothly back from her forehead and face, and in other respects her toilet is in contrast with the "fashionable young lady of Madison square." She dresses in black, usually in alpaca, cut to neatly fit her slender figure, and the somber costume is relieved only by delicate bits of white ruche at the throat and sleeves. No jewelry, except a black jet pin, is worn by the girl pastor. Her manner is that of an earnest religious devotee, and her conversation seems unmixed with cant. Her sincerity has won her many friends, and many veteran Methodists who sit weekly under her teachings would not exchange her for a Bishop.

"We have put the church and chapel buildings and the land in good condition," said Miss Oliver, in response to a question about the temporal condition of her church, "and we pay as we go. The buildings cost $47,500 to erect, but their present value is hard to estimate. The eight lots on which they stand are valued at from $1,000 to $2,000. We have new furniture for the church and chapel, estimated to be worth $1,600. We settle all bills monthly, and each month's proportion of interest on the mortgage of $13,000 is deposited in the savings bank, so that when the six months' payment becomes due, it is all on hand. We hold that no church can be conducted more economically than ours. Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars a year meets our entire expenses, pastor's salary and all. We recently had a gift of two buildings lots in New York City, which we are trying to sell."

"Have you an income from pew rents?"

"Not a dollar. No pews are rented. Our motto is: 'Have faith in God.' We believe that if the Lord needs a church, and the church does the Lord's work, He will just as surely give it the money to meet its current expenses as He will give it the Holy Spirit to lead its meetings. We do not believe in church fairs, festivals, oyster suppers, necktie sociables, leap-year entertainments, charades, tableaux, cantatas, wax works, or any other of the numerous projects gotten up by other churches in order to meet their expenses, which turn the Lord's sanctuary into a playhouse, an eating saloon, or a house of merchandise. Our method of raising money is to ask the people to give it in return for the profit they derive from the church services. Our only debt is that $13,000, and I am asking the Lord for the money. I believe He has the money somewhere, and will, before long, give it to us."

Miss Oliver has overcome obstacles that would cause many young women to sit down and have a good cry. Her church was stripped of furniture some time after she bought it by a man who had a chattel mortgage upon it, given by a former society. Miss Oliver at once decided it was the best time to clean the church, and organized a scrubbing-brush committee, with herself as chairman. She rolled up her sleeves and went to work with soap and water to clean the house.

A few weeks ago it was necessary to comply with a promise to some advertisers in an annual publication made by the church to print a picture of the edifice on the title page. It was discovered that there was no engraving of the church, and none could be obtained unless a drawing of the church was furnished. Miss Oliver turned artist and made a truthful pen-and-ink sketch of the church, the chapel and the trees, and so kept the promise to the patrons of her enterprise. A Western admirer of Miss Oliver's pluck has presented her with a live buffalo from the Kansas plains. She has devised a plan to make it a source of profit.

Miss Oliver's bitterest disappointment was in the refusal of the Bishops of the Church to ordain her. She has appealed for this recognition in vain, but she is met by the answer that the law of the Church does not authorize the ordination of women.

"I have made almost every conceivable sacrifice," she says, "to do what I believe is God's will. Brought up in a conservative circle in New York City, that held it a disgrace for a woman to work, surrounded with the comforts and advantages of ample means, and trained in the Episcopal Church, I gave up home, friends and support, went counter to prejudices that had become second nature to me, worked for several years to constant exhaustion, and suffered cold, hunger and loneliness. The things hardest for me to bear were laid upon me. For two months my own mother did not speak to me. When I entered the house she turned and walked away. When I sat at the table she did not recognize me. I have passed through tortures to which the flames of martyrdom would be nothing, for they would end in a day."

Miss Oliver's true name is Anna Olivia Snowden. Her critics have often referred to the fact that she preaches under an alias. Out of respect to her family, who at first thought that she disgraced them by public speaking, she dropped their name and altered hers to Anna Oliver. Some years ago her family became reconciled to her, and even proud of her, and then wished her to use their name; but, having won her way as Anna Oliver, she determined to cling to that name, which, it is whispered, she has several times refused to change.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Excited Congregation.

THE New England States were never more deeply in a state of suspense than when waiting the result of General Gates' campaign to prevent the march of Burgoyne's army. The following anecdote exhibits the deep anxiety which pervaded all classes:

The indecisive action at Bemis' Heights but deepened the suspense, and during the following days every clatter of hoofs upon the road was a startling sound, for all hearts were awaiting fresh news. On an October Sabbath a large congregation filled that same church in Sharon from which we saw four hundred men sent forth at the news from Lexington. The pastor, Mr. Smith, had prepared a sermon to cheer the hearts of his people and fill them with fresh courage. He announced his text, "Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh." After recalling the promise of God, he briefly reviewed the situation, and then, looking away from the dark prospect around them to the light of God's love, he suddenly lifted his face, shining with a glorious, prophetic faith, and cried:

"We are on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory. Lo! the morning *now* cometh! I see its beams already gilding the mountain-tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness bursting over all the land!"

Then, closing the Bible, he bowed his head and added, in deep, tremulous tones, "Amen, amen."

As the deepest stillness filled the sacred house, a clash was heard far off upon the road, and then the rattle of a horse's feet, in furious motion. The pastor's eye kindled with triumph; the people looked at one another with speaking faces. Horse and rider approached, stopped at the church; yet not a person in the congregation stirred. A solemn awe rested upon all. The next moment the foam-bespattered horseman walked hurriedly up the aisle, and stretched out a slip of paper to the pulpit. The pastor's face blanched and his hand quivered with excitement, as he stooped to take the message. As he opened the paper, he looked like one struck dumb with sudden joy; then, with choking voice and streaming eyes, he cried:

"Burgoyne has surrendered!"

The scene of confusion that followed—the sobs of women and the prayers of men—was as pure a service of praise as that sanctuary ever witnessed.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gems of Thought.

HE that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—*Colton.*

THE Christian life is progressive, and never stationary, for if we move not forward we are certainly sliding backward.

THE experience of every soul that turns to God is convincing proof that there is light somewhere, and that which is bright and clear.

LET it not be thought that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess, for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely better.—*Pascal.*

IF thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou professest thy love to God; for by thy love to God the love to thy neighbor is begotten, and by the love to thy neighbor thy love to God is nourished.—*Francis Quarles.*

TO DISBELIEVE ill of any one until you have positive proof; to disbelieve that the majority of men and women are false; to disbelieve that honor, virtue and integrity are losing their hold in this world—such skepticism is a Christian grace. It is a pity there were not more of it in the world.—*Golden Rule.*

SOME people's idea of "the higher life" expresses itself in that style of "perfect trust" which does nothing, and lies down on one's hard-working brethren for support. We venture to suggest that, high as that sort of life is, it would bear lifting up a peg or two more with entire safety.—*Congregationalist.*

AN active, working church never fails to prove itself a power for good in a community. Christian sacrifice and service are sure to be recognized and appreciated, and the chief reason for the manifest lack of influence of some churches is the fact that they are not engaged in any good work. Let the people see that religion is a practical thing, having purpose and power in it, and they will be made to respect it.—*Baptist Weekly.*

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HOME AND FARM.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat the yelks of four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; a teaspoonful of flour; then stir into a quart of milk, and bring it to a boil, stirring it all the time; have the whites beat nicely, and slip it on the top of the milk, dipping a little of it on to cook the egg, then grate nutmeg over the top; let it cool, and it is ready for the table.

BEEF LOAF.—Chop two pounds of beef and three large slices of salt pork fine; add four well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of butter, and the inside of a medium-sized loaf of bread, and season with salt, pepper and spices if you like. Form into a loaf, cover with cracker-crumbs, and bake an hour and a half. If it does not stay in good shape, add rolled cracker-crumbs until it will.

THE old adage, "stuff a cold and starve a fever," has been thoroughly exploded by science and experience. Often the best thing to do for a cold is to starve it, to the extent, at least, of giving the patient a very light and simple diet till the cold is broken. Moderation in diet, or even a touch of actual fasting by the sacrifice of a meal or two, will often prove better than medicine in subduing the cold.

IN France, when a nice dress is packed the skirt is covered with tissue-paper, so that the folds of the material never come in contact, and rolls and balls of paper are placed here and there to keep a sleeve in shape, to support a trimming or to prevent a facing from becoming crushed. In consequence of this care, when the dress is lifted from a case or trunk, no matter how long it has lain there, it is free from crease or mark.

A DELICIOUS lemon-jelly cake which will keep well, and which is in fact better after having been kept for a week, is an easily obtained luxury. Take two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and three cups of flour. This makes five layers. For the jelly use the grated rind of two large lemons and the juice also, one cup of sugar, one egg, half a cup of water, one teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little water; boil until it thickens and then place between the layers of cake.

THE roots of shrubs and trees dug up from the woods or fields should be carefully covered to shield them from the sun and wind while they are being carried home, and, indeed, until planted. They should also be severely cut back. The only reason why nursery trees are more safely transplanted than those from the fields and forests is that a more abundant root growth has been secured by transplanting. The old, long, woody roots are cut away and a more compact growth of fibrous roots is induced. A tree in the woods is supported by long tap or surface roots, extending far away from the stem. These, in transplanting, must be sacrificed. The inequality, then, between what remains and the stem and branches is great. The latter must be cut back to create new equilibrium. Unless so treated, most forest trees will fail after removal.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Color in Gardens.

WITHIN a few years this taste for bright colors in plants has reached America, and the Centennial grounds showed our people what could be done with masses of coleus, geraniums, arundos, cannas and other high-colored plants.

Yet even these, beautiful as they are in their prime, cause for half the summer a colorless, disagreeable blot on the lawn. Planted in June, they rarely cover the ground until August, and for the intervening time the bed in which they are planted is a mass of almost naked earth. Before the middle of October they succumb to the frost, and then for eight months more they do nothing to hide the bare earth in which they are planted. Eight months of ugliness is too high a price to pay for two months of beauty. Yet these bedding-plants have become the fashion, and fashion is uncompromising in its demands. The gardeners naturally encourage people to buy them, because they bring a good price and are easily propagated. Thus the continued use of exotic plants for bedding is likely to increase rather than diminish, unless the taste is subjected to rigorous criticism. The only remedy is for men and women of true taste to insist on a better example upon their own premises and among their friends. They should not inveigh against color, but should persistently demand from their gardeners permanent plants of color, which would be beautiful for a large part or for the whole of the year.

Few things are finer than a bed or border of ivy contrasted with a border of the dwarf *Euonymus radicans*. Then there is a sort of ivy with white and green variegation, and the periwinkle, with its pale blue flowers crowning dark evergreen leaves. The golden yew and the procumbent yew, both evergreens, one with a rich dark foliage and the other with a luster of burnished gold, can be planted in masses, and kept down to six or twelve inches. They can also be pruned into globes, ovals, pyramids, columns, or any desired form. And then come the grand flowers, fawn and orange, of the *Bignonia grandiflora*, blooming freely for many weeks. In truth, all the vines can be treated as bedding-plants if the knife be judiciously used. I think that one of the most striking things I have seen was a common honeysuckle grown in a flat bed, the edges neatly trimmed, and the whole surface covered with flowers. I saw another honeysuckle trained to a stake four feet high, and then allowed to fall over, making a mound four feet high and five feet in diameter. Few know the capabilities of climbing plants for great variety of form—for flat beds, for mounds, for columns, for arches, for cornices, for sides of buildings, or for any other form that taste can devise.

I have applied my remarks to flat beds, in order to show that permanent hardy plants with leaves and flowers of high color could very properly take the place of the present fashionable masses of coleus, geraniums, etc. I would by no means limit the use of these plants to flat beds. True taste requires variety, and these masses could be made to assume various shapes and heights. Even in the foliage of large trees there is sufficient variety of tint to make a lawn seem like a large picture.—*S. B. Parsons, in Harper's Magazine*

THE DAIRY.

A CHEAP and excellent food consists of two rations per day of sweet corn fodder, one of hay and one of corn meal.

BUTTER globules vary in size from one to six thousandths of an inch in diameter. The large globules rise first, churn quickest and make the best quality of butter. In order, therefore, to secure the best results, Mr. T. D. Curtis, of Watertown, N. Y., recommends skimming twice or three times, taking off the first cream after the milk has stood six or eight hours, and churning the different grades of cream separately.

IF a profit and loss account were kept by a dairyman, he would need to charge up against his herd ten or twelve per cent. per annum for depreciation of stock. This he must make up by raising or buying young cows, and that item of expense is as legitimate to count on as the cost of feed. The failure to make allowance for depreciation of stock brings many a farmer and merchant out at the little end of the horn, when they imagine all the time they are making money.

IN cold weather, or in a cool place, cheese will keep without material change for months, but in warm weather or in a warm place they ripen more rapidly, and from a ripe state pass into that of decay. Many persons do not understand that under certain circumstances cheese is a perishable article as much as milk is. As a rule, cheese made in September are most highly esteemed, first, because the milk is both rich and plenty in that month, and second, because the ensuing months are just warm enough to permit of its ripening nicely up to the time that most of it goes into consumption. Buyers for the Southern market must not expect the best cheese until, say October and November, and purchases made during warm weather almost certainly result in more or less disappointment unless consumed quickly.—*Exchange.*

WE find the following in one of our exchanges, and the comments thereon are worthy of consideration: "'One car load of butter will bring to the producer as much money at thirty cents per pound, in New York, as fifteen car loads of wheat at $1.20 per bushel, or thirty car loads of corn at sixty cents, or six car loads of cattle or hogs at five cents per pound in New York.' The above extract was taken from the proceedings of the Farmers' Institute, held at Maquoketa, Iowa, Jan. 26, 27 and 28. It would certainly be wise for farmers, as well as others, to thoroughly investigate the truth of this statement. It bears upon its face an appearance of exaggeration, but it would hardly have been made by a practical man, like the one who made it, and in an assemblage of practical men in this line of business, without there being some foundation for it. If it is a fact, it is one of vital importance to every farmer in the land, for the trouble and expense of conducting a good dairy is far less than is required to carry on a wheat farm, and it would increase our receipts of butter, thus driving that odious compound, oleomargarine, out of the market more readily than will all the resolutions of all the dairy associations throughout the land."—*Elgin (Ill.) Advocate.*

Summer Butter.

MOST dairymen know how to make good butter in cool weather, but there are comparatively few who do in warm weather, when they could make as good if not better butter, if there was only more strict attention in regard to the condition of the cream before churning. My experience has taught me that not only is better butter made, but enough more to pay for all the extra expense and trouble, the difference being from five to ten per cent. more butter. I have found the best mode of setting to be deep setting, using cans about nine inches in diameter and twenty inches deep and placed in a tank large enough to hold four milkings.

I cool the milk as much as is possible with water (ice being a great help if it can be had) the first twelve hours; then take it out and let the cans stand covered in the open air until the cream becomes slightly acid when it is put into the tank again and cooled to about fifty-eight or sixty degrees, and then draw the milk from under the cream. I have found a fifteen gallon tin churn the best, which will churn from fifteen to twenty pounds of butter, it being convenient for keeping the cream as well as cooling before and while churning. I have had the best success in commencing churning at sixty degrees in warm weather and not allowing it to get above sixty-two degrees while churning, (there always being a perceptible loss when allowed to get warmer than that,) and gathering the butter at sixty degrees, when I draw the buttermilk and wash with water which is about forty-eight degrees. I wash in two to three waters as quickly as possible, and after working out all the water and buttermilk I can I salt with about seven-eighths of an ounce of salt to the pound, working the salt by using the churn. I then work the butter from the sides of the churn with a butter ladle and empty into a butter dish, and immediately work in a trough butter worker until the salt is well worked through, but not enough to make the butter soft or sticky; when I pack ready for market, I prefer to do in this way because I think our butter has kept better than when we let it stand twenty-four hours before working.

We have the last year used soda, putting it into the cream just before churning at the rate of one-third to one-half tablespoonful to the gallon. Our cream has come from one-third to one-fourth sooner, and the buttermilk, in warm weather, has not troubled about thickening, consequently washing easier, and I am well satisfied the butter has kept better than it did before we used soda. In warm weather I have found the first two hours after daylight the only time I could satisfactorily carry out my plan, but have been able to keep the temperature low enough to keep my butter hard and pack it well when the thermometer stood at eighty degrees in the shade. I salt my butter in the churn because I can keep it from warming less than to work it in a butter worker.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

—Michigan has produced a pig with a trunk. This should be checked.

[Philadelphia Record.]

A National Blessing.

The nineteenth Century above all other ages has been noted for its many inventions; it has given us the steam power in its thousand-fold applications, the Telegraph, the Telephone, the Electric light and innumerable other discoveries, all blessings to humanity;—each day bringing us new surprises until we have become so accustomed to the exhibitions of the genius of our century, that any new development is at once received as a matter of natural consequence and most people will simply remark, "I told you so." As an instance of this fact, we would only call attention to that wonderful discovery St. Jacobs Oil. A few years ago this great German remedy had never been heard of in this country; to-day you can hardly find a man, woman or child in the United States who has not used the remedy for some pain or ache, or, at least, has witnessed its use and seen its wonderful effects on a fellow being. St. Jacobs Oil has become a National remedy, for it is known in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. It is a cosmopolitan preparation; for it is praised by the Americans, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, Spaniards, French, yes, even by the "Heathen Chinee." It may be termed the universal blessing; for it is indorsed by the rich and poor, the clergyman and the physician, the merchant and the laborer—in fact, by all classes of the community. St. Jacobs Oil by its almost marvelous properties, can be employed for a simple cut or sprain, or the worst case of inflammatory rheumatism. Persons who have been confined to their bed for years with that terrible disease, rheumatism, have been completely cured by the use of a single bottle. Such cases have been quoted by the leading journals of our country; for instance: The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says: Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government, is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me the most excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually eighty, fell to thirty-five; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour, I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.—The Boston *Globe* says: Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., Builder, No. 9 Bolston street and 106 Harrison avenue, Boston, thus speaks: The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express, can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism incurable. Specifics almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance, I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.—The Chicago *Times* says: Everybody on the South Side knows J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., who has been a resident of Chicago for over twenty years. Mr. Harvey expressed himself on the "oil subject" as follows: "I have spent over $2,000 to cure my wife of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity. It is a boon to the human race, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of testifying to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did I not lift my voice in its praise."—The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: Mr. George I. Graham, 830 Nineteenth street, Philadelphia, is a journalist of many years experience, and is actively connected with the Philadelphia *Sunday Mirror*, a leading theatrical and musical journal. During the "late unpleasantness" Mr. Graham was Captain of Company K, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Regiment and through exposure in the field he contracted a variety of ills, and he says a very troublesome case of rheumatism in the right leg and foot was a war inheritance that he had in vain tried to get rid of, until he was recommended to try "St. Jacobs Oil." He states that he felt a slight relief even on the first application of the Oil. Before the first bottle he purchased had been used up he had but few traces of his rheumatism, and at this time he says the disease has entirely left him, which he attributes entirely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He remarks: "No person need suffer with rheumatism if St. Jacobs Oil can be obtained; to those who are afflicted with that complaint it is worth its weight in gold."—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: Capt. Paul Boyton, the world-renowned swimmer, thus speaks of the Old German Remedy: From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me, until I got hold of this Old German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without St. Jacobs Oil as I do not see how I could get along without it. St. Jacobs Oil has been indorsed by persons of national reputation; who would not lend their names if they were not convinced that it was a duty they owed to suffering humanity; they have experienced the wonderful effect of the great German remedy and they want their fellow creatures to know the result. We would only mention in this connection the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio: Excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases. It has benefited me greatly.—Mme. Marie Salvotti, Prima Donna Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt reliable cure for the ailments named." Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Superintendent, New York Post Office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious. Ready relief for rheumatic complaints." Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York: Referring to Superintendent Wareing's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil: "I concur." Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: "Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything they have ever tried." Major T. A. Hillier, No. 2235 Master street, Philadelphia, suffered so with rheumatism that he was confined to his bed for weeks at a time, absolutely helpless; happened to hear of St. Jacobs Oil, tried it and was cured.—Geo. W. Welling, Esq., Supt. Police, New York City: "Member of this Department relieved of rheumatism by its use."—Stacey Hill, Esq., Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine."—D. B. Cooke, Esq., American Express Co., Chicago, Ill.: "Gladly bear testimony to its efficacy."—Capt. Henry M. Holzworth, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "Surprising relief. A world of good." —Prof. Edward Holst, Pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims." —In conclusion we would say, that it is the imperative duty of every family to have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on hand for all emergencies; for the remedy is a true friend in need, and the occasion for its immediate use may come when it is least expected. Follow this advice, and it will not be long before you will join us in calling St. Jacobs Oil "A National Blessing."

—A Norwich (Conn.) firm makes many shipments of live frogs to various parts of the country, but principally to New York and Buffalo. The frogs are caught in the ponds of the surrounding towns and give considerable revenue to the boys in warm weather, who receive from seventy-five cents to $1.25 a dozen. They are shipped alive after having been properly fattened for the market. They are fed on fish.

—How it struck the boy. Pater-familias, having made the whole family uncomfortable, by grumbling because the room was so cold, had drawn himself up as near the open fire-place as possible, to the exclusion of the rest of the family, when the irrepressible only son quietly remarked: "The fust thing we know, papa will he sucked up the chimbly."

—If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn," even in midwinter, and he will develope freckles on his countenance as quick as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in mid-summer.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for March.*

—The New York elevated railroads now run five hours in the day for five cents a trip. Since they have adopted this cheap system their receipts have more than doubled. This is but another proof of the well known maxim that the nimble five cents is better than the slow dime.

—Virginia has raised 1,400,000 bushels of peanuts this year. Just about enough to keep a gate-courting couple in ammunition for a month, and nearly enough to supply a circus for a thousand years, making the liberal allowance of six nuts to a glassful.

—Been is not always pronounced "bin" The Boston girl says: "I have bean to breakfast, thanks," when asked to lunch.

—A foot-note—The shoemaker's bill.

[Worcester (Mnss.) Spy.]

Nothing on Earth So Good.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kasehop, with Mr. George E. Miller, 418 Main street, this city: I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter, that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs Oil and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism as St. Jacobs Oil. It acts like a charm.

A WOMAN in Michigan had her ear so badly frozen that it dropped off. This style of ear-drop will not probably become popular.—*Steubenville Herald.*

[La Crosse Republican Leader.]

HAVING been cured by St. Jacobs Oil, I recommend the same to all sufferers with Rheumatism, says Mr. L. Shiffman, 2304 Calumet avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I USED to believe that women prefer those whom they think handsome. Error. They prefer those who think them handsome.—*Charivari.*

CORN is the worst used of all the cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

"SEIZING the gigantic Indian around the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from crag to crag until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment—" just at that moment the father of the boy who was reading this trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the woodshed matinee that followed the boy had no thought of flinging the old man down a chasm There was no chasm handy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE cremationists have at last discovered that Washington, Pa., is that country from whose bourn no traveler returns.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE writer of an elaborate treatise on the origin of evil has suffered at the hands of the proof-readers. He meant to say, "The soul of man is of Divine origin; the body of man is of Satan." But the wicked printers have made him to say that "the body of man is of Satin." This, however, is not worse than the case of the tine of a hymn which, by a similar manipulation, or a lack of carefulness, was changed from the triumphant expression, "We raise our lofty shouts" to the very infelicitous and unpoetical one, "We raise our lofty snouts."

"I HAD no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam; it's tough enough as it is," replied the boarder.

THE present winter has been a grand season for match-making. Tucked under the same robe with a pretty girl and the music of sleigh-bells in his ear, the temptation is too strong to resist. A man who would not make love under such circumstances does not deserve much happiness in this life. There have been more weddings this winter the country over than ever occurred in one season. Good times doubtless had something to do with it, but 'the beautiful snow' and the long sleigh-rides have done more.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ENGLISHMEN often acquire the habit of carrying an umbrella in pleasant weather. But they don't keep it up.—*Boston Post.*

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had pooh-ed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—THE PARENTS.—*Telegram.*

"HE is a man of moist habits," is the delicate way of alluding to an excessive drinker if he is in comfortable circumstances.—*Newark Call.*

"Piso's Cure for Consumption

Has been sold in Davenport under a guarantee, and in three years not a single bottle has been returned. This fact is a good recommendation of the medicine."—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

THOSE troubled with coughs, colds, whooping-cough, weak and bleeding lungs, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated James Cough Pellets have been put on sale in this section. Ask your druggist. Only 25 cents.

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WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S FOR THE Lungs. BALSAM

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

ASTHMA.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc." T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

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1. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Kansas—her people, her homes, her lands, her products, her towns, her counties and her public institutions?

2. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about the wonderful climate, the no less wonderful scenery, the charming summer resorts, the magnificent mines and the marvelous growth generally of Colorado.

3. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about New Mexico, which is just developing a climate and a mineral wealth surpassing even that of Colorado?

4. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Arizona, without doubt the richest mineral country in the United States, with other advantages of climate and soil?

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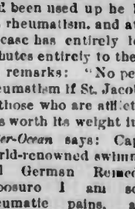

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MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a distinct aversion to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are certainly the BEST IN THE WORLD, having won HIGHEST AWARDS for DEMONSTRATED SUPERIORITY at EVERY ONE of the GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS from THIRTEEN YEARS; being *the only American organs which have been found worthy of such at any.*

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Margaret Frantz vs. Emaline Rogers and others

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, In Equity No. 25.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of the real estate of which John Frantz, of Joseph, late of Garrett county, deceased, died seized and possessed, and for a distribution of the proceeds of such sale among the widow and heirs at law of the said deceased.

The Bill states that on the sixth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven a certain Samuel Hoff and Eliza Hoff, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, containing seven acres and six perches, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Samuel Hoff and wife to John Frantz, of Jos.

Second. That afterward, to-wit, on the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the said John Frantz, of Jos., obtained from the State of Maryland a tract of land called "France," containing two hundred acres, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a patent from the State of Maryland to John Frantz, of Jos.

Third. That afterward, to-wit, on the seventh day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a certain David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, which will fully appear by reference to a deed from David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., bearing date the seventeenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, reference to said deed is hereby made for a full and particular description of said land, a certified copy of said deed being filed with the Bill.

Fourth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, a certain Isaac Updike and Catharine, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, and known and described as Military Lot, numbered two thousand nine hundred and forty-four, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Isaac Updike and Catharine Updike, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Fifth. That afterward, to-wit, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty six, a certain William Sliger and Mary Sliger, his wife, conveyed to the said John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot, piece or parcel of land lying in the town of Oakland and distinguished on the plat of said town as lot numbered fourteen, containing one-fourth of an acre, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from William Sliger and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Sixth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two a certain Hiram Frazee and Rebecca A. Frazee, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, called the "Hoffman Sugar Camp," and containing seventeen acres, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Hiram Frazee and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Seventh. That afterward, to-wit, on the sixth day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight a certain Charles Bolden and Maria Bolden, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot or piece of ground lying in the town of Oakland, which is described as the North front half, (s3½x-three and one-half feet, of lot numbered fourteen in the said town of Oakland, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Charles Bolden and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Eighth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed of said lands, as aforesaid did on the twelfth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, convey to a certain John Fike, Senior, all that tract, piece or parcel of land called "Lime Kiln," containing twelve acres which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed, from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Fike, Sr., which is filed with the Bill.

Ninth. That afterward to-wit, on the fifth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Thomas Coddington, a lot of ground in the Village of Selbysport, containing fifty-seven perches which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Thomas Coddington, which is filed with the Bill.

Tenth. That afterward to-wit, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Jacob Beeghly, certain land which are fully described in a deed from Jon Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife to Jacob Beeghly, bearing date the twenty-first day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Eleventh That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Bryson Welch, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Twelfth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain John Anderson, a certain lot or parcel of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one half acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Anderson a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Thirteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain William H. Frazee, a lot of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one-eighth of an acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to William H. Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fourteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to a certain Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing six acres, which is fully described in a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fifteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the third day of March, in the year, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to a certain Richard Selby, a tract of land lying in Garrett county, known and described as Military Lot, number two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Richard Selby, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Sixteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to Matthew Cullen, a certain lot of ground in the town of Oakland, described as the north front half of lot number fourteen, on the plat of said town, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Matthew Cullen a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Seventeenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., after executing the conveyances aforesaid, still owned two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land, the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land being the quantity which the said John Frantz, of Jos., purchased as aforesaid, after deducting the quantity conveyed by the said John Frantz, of Jos., as aforesaid.

Eighteenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed as aforesaid of the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land sometime in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, departed this life without having made any disposition of his real estate by will, leaving your oratrix, his widow, and his daughters Emaline, Amanda, Felicia and Ella, and his son Thomas H. Frantz, his heirs at law.

Nineteenth. That the said Emaline intermarried with a certain Timothy Rogers, and the said Amanda inter-married with a certain —— Moore, the said Felicia inter-married with a certain William H. Frazee, and the said Ella inter-married with a certain Jasper Guard.

Twentieth. That the said Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, and the said Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, and the said Thomas H. Frantz are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

Twenty-one. The Bill further states that the land of which the said John Frantz, of Jos., died seized and possessed is not susceptible of a partition among the parties entitled thereto, according to their respective interests, without great loss and injury, and that the Complainant is willing that the said land shall be sold free from her dower, and she consents to accept such amount of money in lieu of dower that may be allowed her under the rules of Court.

Twenty-two. That it will be to the interest and advantage of all the parties in interest to have said land sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The Bill then prays for such relief as the Complainant may be entitled to, and also the usual prayer for process, and also for an order of publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is ordered by the Court this 9th day of March, A. D. 1881, that the complainant cause a copy of this order together, with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each week for four successive weeks before the 11th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the defendants Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, Thomas H. Frantz, Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of November A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hoopole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CHIDDINGTON,
3 5 5 BOWIE JOHNSON.

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of Equity, in a cause wherein Charles Fike and others are complainants and Norman Fike and others are defendants, said cause being No. 20 Equity, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Trustees will, on

MONDAY,
the 28th Day of March,

A. D. 1881, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate of which Christian Fike died seized and possessed, which is described in a deed from John Fike and others to Christian Fike, bearing date the 11th day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and forty eight, and recorded in Liber H. B., No. 2, folio 611, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the land to be sold.

The above farm contains two hundred and thirty-five acres of land, more or less, a large proportion of which is in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the

BEST GRAZING FARMS

In Garrett county. It is improved by a

Good Dwelling House and all necessary Out-Buildings.

It is located in a good neighborhood, and schools, stores, mills, &c., are accessible.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are: "One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, and the remaining one-third in two years from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale until paid."

Any further information with regard to this property can be obtained from A. J. Fike, Esq., Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., or upon application to the undersigned.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
3 5 tds Trustees.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m.

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst, for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.
2 19 2m

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE.
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least one month's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Collector's Sale.

hereby give notice that on the

21st Day of March A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

CHEVIOT DALE,

containing four thousand and thirty six acres of land. Also, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

HUNTING DALE,

containing one hundred and sixteen acres of land. Also all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in said county, called

MILL-SEAT.

containing seven acres of land, more or less. These are valuable timber lands, and have been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of State and County taxes due by the heirs of James Cunningham, deceased, for the year 1878, and also to satisfy the further sum of eighty-eight dollars and thirty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January A. D. 1881, being State and County taxes due by the said heirs of James Cunningham for the year 1879, said lands being assessed on the books of Garrett county to James Cunningham's heirs.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
2 26 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1871 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given,

That the undersigned, appointed by the county commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by F. C. Browning and others, is to pass said road to begin at the Parndise Hue, on the Altamont and Bittner School House road, and running thence to the South West corner of Luke Woods lane through the lands of J. R. Browning, Dr. S. P. Smith, and F. C. Browning will meet on the premises on Monday the 21st day of March, 18 1, to determine whether the public convenience requires the said drawing or relocation of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

S. W. FRIEND,
L. A. STEMPLE,
2 16 5t JOS. SPIKER,
Examiners

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

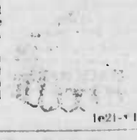

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y 1

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT; a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 11 y

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the former of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH Style 5000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub, Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.
NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH Piano Style 5. 7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstring Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys. Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra, fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symmetrical battelle, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Rosewood Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.
Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.
NO MONEY WANTED.

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Ho! any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Pugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

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PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-3 r

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Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

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v3n47.

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

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☞FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞Stop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.45 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
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The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

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my 1n6

BEST business now before the public, you can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Having rented the Shaffer mill, one mile west of Oakland, I am prepared to do country work promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov 20-1f. H. WATSON.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm, his tract contains about 238¾ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

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MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
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HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and Referees are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as noted, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a pro rata proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, as *valued* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to dying members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association more *desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Valuable Dogs for Sale.

The subscriber has eight Shepherd Pups for sale. Pure blood.

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881. NUMBER 5.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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K[illegible] & YEAGLY [illegible]

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. PEDDICORD & COMBS.

AMONG FLOWERS.

In the garden were leisurely walking
Brave Robin and Roxy the fair,
And Robin, while wilking and talking,
Twined roses in Roxy's brown hair.

Rosebuds and Roses all blushing,
With sprigs of the sweet mignonette,
While the blood of their faces kept rushing
When Robin's eyes Roxy's eyes met.

Jasmine, laburnum, and larkspur,
Verbenas, deep-dyed and pale:
Gay pansies and white valley lilies
Heard love tell his stammering tale,

While the lovers kept walking and talking,
Four eyes bent down to the ground,
Two hearts had been lost they discovered,
And then discovered them—found;

But didn't know what to do with them—
The lost and found hearts—for a while;
So each plucked a new and fresh nosegay,

Each a stem of For get-me-not gathered,
And each said, "Oh, take and keep this;"
Their vows thus exchanged with fresh flowers,
They sealed the exchange with a kiss.

Fidelity, secrecy, silence,
Each promised to faithfully hold,
Till Robin could earn for his Roxy
A home and some sheckels of gold.

But, alas, some open-eared listeners,
Winged messengers hurrying by,
Saw what had been done in the garden,
And lattled to earth and to sky.

"O! Robin and Roxy are lovers,"
They piped with a song and a shout,
"And have plighted their troth in the garden;"
So the delicate secret was out.

The world soon had the whole story,
Which Robin could not deny;
And Roxy, when bantered about it,
Blushed back 'neath a mischievous eye.

So Cupid and Robin and Roxy
Made love with the flowers for words,
As they walked and talked in the garden,
And nobody told but the birds.

—*American Garden.*

STORY OF A WORKING GIRL.

Lily Vennor was late home from her work on this particular night.

A dismal February night it was, with a gray fog above, through which lamps shone like yellow dots of sickly flame, and a desolation of thawing snow and streaming gutters below. But Lily was used to all sorts of weather—a degree more or less of dreariness and discomfort [illegible] little difference to her.

Lily Vennor was a "glove-hand." [illegible] sat, with seven and-[illegible] girls, in a long, low-ceiled room, on the upper floor of a monster building in one of those grimy, narrow streets that run parallel to Broadway, working at the machine, guiding the rapid steps of soft, buckskin and immense with deft, cautious fingers, piling up dozens of pairs on the shelf in front of her machine, until she vaguely wondered within herself if there were hands enough in all the world to wear out these gloves. It was hard work, and it was poorly paid; but Lily Vennor had known what it was to be without employment for weeks at a time, and she was thankful even for Mr. Morex's dollar a day, with stipulation that, in case of extra haste, an hour or so over-time should not be objected to.

The poor are generally worsted in their bargains, nor was our little heroine an exception to the rule.

But the machine was closed at last, the work delivered up to the sour-visaged forewoman, and Lily was in the outer room, tying her curls under the brown felt hat whose tasteful loops of ribbon had been sponged and turned so often, and folding her worn shawl across her shoulders; and, as she took up her dinner basket, she heard the fellow-workers, saying, merrily:

"St. Valentine's eve! You don't mean that you have forgotten it, Ida? Why I expect a dozen valentines, at least, to-morrow."

Lily Vennor glanced up at Mary Reid, as she spoke. A dozen valentines? Yes, there was every probability that she would receive as many as that. She was a dark-eyed, brilliant complexioned young beauty, with a pretty Greek nose, a dimple on the left cheek, and teeth as white as sliced cocoanut. She would be one to marry early, and escape from this bondage of toil and poverty; and, for a moment, Lily Vennor wished that she, too, were beautiful.

And then came a second thought. St. Valentine's eve; and she had promised Midge and Edith, the two little twin sisters at home, a valentine for this year when Midge had submitted to the ordeal of vaccination, and Edith had been so docile at the task of learning to mend stockings; for Lily Vennor, girl though she was, had already been burdened with the cares of life. Her father had married a second time and lost his wife, leaving Lily at his own death, with the care of these two little ones, Edith and Margaret, commonly known as "Midge."

It was a hard, hard task, but Lily never quailed. She had accepted it simply as she would have accepted any other decree of Providence, and the two little orphans had learned to love her with all their innocent hearts.

And now she paused in front of the brilliant shop widows, with her open purse in her hand, trying to decide upon some particular style of valentine which would be pretty enough to suit the children, and which yet should not be too dear.

"I should like that little gilt Cupid nestling in the roses," she said to herself; "or the pretty child who puts the bower of cut-paper leaves ashie, and holds up a tiny letter, or the yet [illegible] But they must be at least a dollar apiece, and I have but five cents to spare."

So she went into the store, humbly awaiting her turn, and bought the two five cent valentines, which the clerk superciliously tossed toward her.

"I should like two postage stamps," said she, meekly.

"Stamps?" echoed the clerk. "This ain't a postoffice?"

Lily pointed to a printed placard, of Stamps for Sale Here, and the clerk, grumbling under his breath, reached down two stamps, and took the four pennies.

He did not relish doing business on so small a scale, especially while other customers were waiting at the counter.

The next morning, however, little Midge and Edith danced up and down with joy when the postman left the two valentines at their door.

"And here's a valentine for you, Lily," said Midge. "Only the envelope hasn't got such pretty gilt roses on as mine and Edie's have."

Lily was standing with her hat on, all ready to go to the glove factory, as the children ran up to her.

"A valentine," said she, "for me? But I think you are mistaken, little Midge."

She opened the letter with a sensation of wonder as to whom it could possibly be from. For she got so few letters, this gentle, drudging little creature, that the very sight of an envelope in a strange hand was a circumstance to startle her.

"From Doctor Ingraham," she said, to herself. "He will call here to see me this evening. Oh, dear, me! I knew how it would be. He thinks it's so strange that I haven't said anything about paying him for his attendance on Midge and Edie when they had the scarlet fever. But he doesn't know how poor we are! And he doesn't know—how should he?—that I was going to his office this very week, to ask him for the bill, and try and save up the amount, little by little until I had amassed the sum. Oh, dear! oh, dear, what am I to do?"

She laid out the children's rations on the table—a bowl of milk, and two liberal slices of bread for each—and cautioning them not to go near the fire—which smoldered in a little cast-iron stove—went to her daily work with a heart which felt like lead within her bosom.

Mary Reid was talking, in her high, soprano voice, about the valentine she had received. Leila Payne and Parah Howell were giggling over gilt and-tasseled epistles, directed in masculine hands, but Lily went straight to the forewoman.

"Mrs. Dobbs," said she, "can you lend me ten dollars?"

"I?" said the forewoman, in surprise.

"I need it very, very much," said poor Lily; "and if you will give it to me to-day—this very afternoon, I mean—I will pay you my next two weeks' entire wages as it comes in—and that, you know, will be twelve dollars."

Mrs. Dobbs did a little mental arithmetic in the recesses of her brain, as she stood there staring with fishy eyes on Lily Vennor.

Yes, the interest was not so bad. She thought it might "pay;" and so she lent the ten dollars for a term of fourteen days, Sundays and holidays inclued.

And Lily, mustering up what courage she could, stopped at Doctor Ingraham's office, on her way home from work.

"I won't give him the trouble to call," said she to herself; "for, of course, it will be a disappointment to him to know that he can't get his whole bill. But I will tell him I will pay the rest as soon as ever I can. And I hope he won't be very much vexed; for, oh, he was so good to me when the little ones were sick!"

Poor Lily Vennor! None but the children of poverty can ever realize the agonies of distress and mortification which their wretched class have to endure as a part of their inevitable fate.

Doctor Ingraham's pretty little gig was at the door when Lily went into the office, and Doctor Ingraham himself sat at the table, in his fur-trimmed coat, pouring some mixture from one phial into another, a tall dark man, with eyes as black as sloes, and a beard as long and as soft as floss silk.

He glanced up with a smile as Lily entered, and something like a flush colored his dark cheek for the moment.

"Sit down, Miss Vennor," said he. "I am just through with my visits for the present. In five minutes I shall be ready for office practice."

Lily had turned pink and white, by turns, as she grasped the ten-dollar gold piece tightly in the palm of the hand within her worn little muff.

"I—I will not detain you long," said she; and she waited until he had prepared the pharmaceutical compound, and sent it out by his man.

"And now?" he said, standing opposite to her, with folded arms and a height that seemed to her positively commanding.

"I received a note from you," she said, "this morning."

"Yes; and why did you not wait for me to call?" he asked, quietly.

"I was ashamed to put you to the trouble," said Lily, in a low voice. "I knew, of course, the object of your call."

"Did you?"

He elevated his brows slightly.

"And I knew very well that I had not the money for you," she added, in desperation. "But here is ten dollars, and if you will please let me know the whole amount, I will endeavor to pay it in installments, as best I can."

"You are mistaken, Miss Vennor," said the doctor, quietly. "My motive in calling had nothing whatever to do with the collection of my bill."

Lily looked at him with eyes of blue, innocent surprise. She did not understand him.

"I had a question to ask you," said the doctor.

"About the children?"

"About yourself."

"A question?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Yes," he said, "and I will ask it now, Miss Vennor. In those weeks when I came daily to your house and saw you stand like a ministering angel, at the bedside of those little ones, I made up my mind that you of all women, came nearest to my ideal of sweet, womanly perfection. And I vowed within myself to ask you to be my wife. So now, Miss Vennor—Lily—you know why I was coming!"

It seemed like a dream of unreal bliss to Lily Vennor—that homeward walk through the twilight, with Bruce Ingraham's arm to support her—his beloved presence so near to her. She had been a toiler in life's shadow ever since she could remember; but she was coming into her heritage of happiness at last.

Little Midge and Edith were looking out for her, over the stairway, as she came home.

"It's Lily," cried Midge, in an audible stage whisper. "Our Lily! But she isn't alone. There's some one with her. Oh, Edie, I guess it's her valentine! Old Mrs. Norris says that every one has a valentine to-day."

"You dear little prophet!" cried Doctor Ingraham, catching up the child in his arm. "You are right. It is Lily's valentine."

"Doctor Ingraham!" said Edith, slowly. "Well, if I was to choose a valentine out of all the world for Lily, I should say Doctor Ingraham!"

And Lily, in a voice that was almost a whisper, added.

"So should I!"

Never the Same

No, my dear girl, don't be in a hurry to marry; you will never find such love as awaits you at home. Your husband will love you in his man's fashion; but you will not be little Lily, who was a baby once, who learned to walk and talk, and was prettier than any other baby ever was; nor the little girl who was so wonderful a genius when she played her first tune on the piano, or worked her first book-mark. He who falls in love with you will have known twenty pretty girls and will have been in love with half of them. In some things you will fall short of some one he has known. Your eyes will not be as fine as those of Miss Lavinia, and you will not make cake as his mother does. But here, in your girlhood's home, you have been perfection, even if prudence kept your parents from saying so; they cannot believe anyone quite so nice as their Lily. Ah! there is time enough. Linger a little where some one else shoulders the burdens and gives you all the ease; where the love is a love that does not change because of a new face; where the fonder you are the more you are adored. It may be all that you hope for the new life you long for, but—it may not; and assuredly the childish freedom from care will never come again when once you are the one to shoulder the burdens. Do not, then, be in so great a hurry to assume them; stay at home a little longer.

Vennor's Appearance---How He Came to be a Prophet.

Before me stood Vennor, the young probabilities; a man below the medium height, and of stout build, modest in manner, of pleasant address. Vennor has a hardy, weather-beaten countenance, and is of sandy complexion, and presents an appearance that does not indicate a man above 35 years of age.

"What position do you occupy in the government service?" asked your correspondent of Mr. Vennor.

Vennor replied: "One of the late Sir William Logan's staff of field explorer's and naturalists. I was appointed on the survey of Canada by Sir William in 1865, when I spent four months in a hut on the Great Manitoulin Island, in Lake Huron. I have been out continually since, exploring different sections of Canada. Besides geology I study ornithology, and have men out at private expense making collections. I am engaged now on a work on the 'Birds of Canada,'"

In answer to the question as to what prompted him to make weather predictions Vennor said: "It was on account of mistakes made by supposed authorities when I was in quest of information myself. Finding these altogether unreliable, I commenced a series of observations for myself and soon fared much better."

"When did you make your first predictions?"

"In the fall of 1875," answered Vennor, "and on my return from a survey of the Madawaska and Bonnechere rivers in eastern Ontario. The attempt was so novel and startling that the press termed it 'Vennor's daring prediction.' My predictions were fulfilled almost to the letter and much more closely than I had dared anticipate."

Vennor stated the grounds on which he makes his predictions to be as follows: First, on the principle of recurring periods in the weather at irregular but ascertainable intervals; second, from a close study of charts for the winters for past seasons embracing a period of fifty years; third, from upward of eighteen years out of doors and camp life, and original observations of the habits of birds and animals; fourth, from impressions intuitively formed and not describable.—*Montreal Letter.*

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.—Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining; food agreeable—for pity's sake thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good, and you too. There are many women to-day thirsting for words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it fresh and agreeable, so smoothe and lustrous.

Two convicts at the New York Auburn prison, while dressing in their out door outfit, prior to being liberated, one day last week, were detected with letters concealed in their boots from convicts inside to their friends in New York. By good conduct they had earned several months of commutation from their original sentences, but this discovery was fatal to their hopes of liberation, and they went back to their cells, knowing that there was no commutation for them.

White Lies.

Not a day passes, probably in which we do not listen to several of those polite fibs which usage sanctions. For instance: "Cigars do not affect me in the least; indeed, I am quite partial to the aroma," says the white-lipped girl to her gentleman friend, who smokes constantly at her side; her sufferings only equalled by those of the other girl who persists in riding with her back to the horses, and says that the motion does not affect her in the least, though knowing that many times before she has been reduced to a state of miserable seasickness by a similar proceeding. "Not at home to-day, John;" and the footman receives and delivers the message to visitors as unconsciously as though there were no moral wrong involved in the transaction. I recently heard an animated conversation concerning the propriety and morality of polite lying. Several, including a minister, asserted that both politeness and kindliness demanded that we frequently say that which we do not mean, admire that we do not like, assent to that with which we do not agree, and in many ways speak and act lies to avoid wounding the feelings of other people. One lady present, who immediately received the sobriquet of "Puritan," maintained that while it is not necessary to say all that we think; while we need never give adverse opinion unless it is positively called for; while we need not obtrude our likes and dislikes, nor express our unfavorable criticism; while, indeed, we should seek for something which we can honestly admire and praise in every one, all shams and subterfuges, all seemings that were not realities, and especially all words spoken with intent to deceive are, in plain Saxon, lies, and no amount of kindliness of purpose can change their character. A lie is a lie—nothing more, nothing less.

Keep the Life Pure.

Once upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the instruction not to open it until a year had rolled around. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time impatiently waited for when the jeweled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever, Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"Dear pupil: May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when inclosed, had upon it a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

Mrs. Wm. D. Prentiss, of Lowell, Mass., was surprised the other day to read of the marriage of her husband on the 5th ultimo, to her own sister, Miss Rhoda Louisa Derby. The guilty pair denied this report, but wife No. 1 went to the clergyman who, it was said, married them, and had her very worst fears confirmed. The two sisters have been living together since the second marriage. Miss Derby acknowledges the crime, but says she was drunk at the time. Prentiss has been arrested.

Philip Truschal, a German lad, who had been a year in this country, and was employed by his uncle, a florist, in Flatbush, N. Y., chose a horrible death on Tuesday. While alone in the greenhouse he deliberately crawled in upon the live coals in a small furnace until most of his body was inside. He was found with his legs sticking outside the furnace door, while his head, chest and body were simply reduced to a crisp. He left a note bidding good-by to all, and adding, "If one is tired of life, he need only do as I am about to do."

Do not trifle with a cough, cold, or affection of the throat, lungs or bronchial tubes. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a positive cure and prevents consumption.

The Republican.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ARACHNE.

I WATCH her in the corner there,
As restless, bold, and mad'ning fair,
She slips and floats along the air,
Till all her subtle house is made.

Her home, her bed, her nets for food,
All from that inward store she draws;
She fashions it and knows it good
By instinct's sure and sacred laws.

No silver threads to weave her nest
She seeks and gathers far or near,
But spins it from her faithful breast,
Renewing still till leaves are sere.

Till, worn with toil and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set,
For frost hath stilled the insect strife,
And gilded flies her charm forget.

Then, swinging on the shroud she spun,
She sways to every wintry wind,
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of storms unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan!
I, too, from out my store within,
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away,
Destroy its pearled and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done—
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot,
Soft shining in the autumn sun,
A sheltered, silent, tranquil spot.

I know what thou has never known,
Said foresight to a soul allowed—
That not for life I spin alone,
But day by day I spin my shroud.
—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Atlantic.*

OUR QUEER LODGER.

WE kept a little variety shop, sister Margie and I, the profit of which was quite as small as the wares we sold. But then we had no rent to pay; owning the brown, old-fashioned house in which we lived, and which looked strangely out of place among the stately-looking modern dwellings that crowded up against it on either side, quite putting it out of countenance by their superior height and appearance.

Grandfather built it when the place was new and he a young man, and when all that brick and mortar were verdant fields and well-kept gardens, dotted here and there by houses as low and modern as his own. He owned a large farm, and was considered a wealthy man for those days; but acre after acre had been sold until nothing was left except the house in which my father had been born, and which was the only inheritance of his children. But we made the most of it, Margie and I, as you will see.

I hardly think we should have dared to do such a thing while father lived, who would have considered it a sort of sacrilege; but soon after his death we turned the front part of the house into a shop, with show-windows which opened out upon the street, in which to display the articles we kept for sale.

This was a matter of necessity rather than choice, it being all that I could do at home; and I could not leave Margie. Poor Margie was a cripple; she had received a fall when only four years old, and had never walked since. She had been a great care to me for many a year, but never a burden. She was so thoughtful, patient and cheerful, that in the event of our separation I think I should have missed her quite as much as she would me. She was very useful, too; lying all day on the lounge in our little sitting-room, her hands were never idle, crocheting tidies, mats, mittens and edging, and doing various kinds of fancy-work, for which I found sale in the shop, and though the price asked was only moderately in excess of the cost of material, it helped us not a little.

Margie kept all the accounts, too; having a clearer head than I, and a knowledge, or rather intuition, of character that was wonderful, considering how secluded her life had of necessity been. I never thought of taking any step without consulting Margie.

We two lived very quietly, having few acquaintances and no near relative or friend—except John. John was my lover, and no girl ever had one more kind and true. He was poor in worldly goods, but, oh! so rich in goodness and manly worth. He might have seemed plain to those who knew him not—I can not tell how he looked to other eyes—but there was more than beauty, to me, in that frank, honest face, and in the big, brown hands that were so strong and helpful.

We had been engaged ever since I was eighteen—I was twenty-three now—and no nearer to being married, as I could see, than we were five years before. But still we loved on and hoped on. John had a widowed and infirm mother, and I Margie; and though she was anything but burdensome to me, I could not think of adding any further weight to the hands that were full enough already.

Trade not being very brisk during the summer, Margie and I decided to eke out our slender income by renting the room over the shop. It was low, and the slant of the roof on one side and big chimney made it full of queer nooks and corners. The furniture was old, being some that grandfather had when he was married; but with the help of John, who could spare me an hour or two evenings, I furnished it up so that it looked very well. By dint of piecing and contriving, I covered the floor with a neat carpet, the bed and windows were draped with white, some pretty prints hung upon the wall; and on the whole I was very well satisfied with the result of our labor.

When all was done, John wrote a notice: "Room to let. Inquire within." But, though I placed it in the shop window, where it could be plainly seen from the street, nearly three weeks passed and we had only two applications for the room, and from persons who only looked at it, and then went away.

One morning, as I was dusting the counter and putting the shop to rights, I saw a queer-looking, oddly-dressed old man standing in front of the window, his eyes fixed upon the notice in it, and his moving lips slowly syllabifying each word. He wore shoes with big buckles on them, and a snuff-colored coat, with short waist and long skirts, and which looked as if it might have been his grandfather's. But the oddest thing about him was the long white hair which fell upon his shoulders and the heavy beard of the same color which touched his breast. A broad-brimmed hat completed his quaint, Quaker-like appearance.

The door being ajar, before I had time to lay aside my duster he was at the counter.

He stared at me for some moments without speaking, and then pointing to the notice with his cane, said:

"Will thee let me look at it?"

Inwardly hoping that this application would not share the fate of those that had preceded it, I led the way up stairs. To my great relief, our prospective lodger, far from objecting to the sloping roof and old-fashioned furniture, seemed to regard them with feelings of positive interest and admiration.

"It is like the chamber that I used to sleep in when I was a boy," he said, as he looked around, and speaking more to himself than me.

As I wanted Margie to see him before I decided, I took him down through the sitting-room where she lay.

"This gentleman thinks of taking our room, sister," I said, as she glanced up at us.

"If within my means," interposed the stranger. "I am a poor man."

Margie's clear, soft, penetrating eyes were quietly reading the face of the speaker. What she saw seemed satisfactory, for she nodded in reply to my questioning look.

In spite of his threadbare apparel; he looked so thoroughly respectable that I was half ashamed of the question I was obliged to put:

"I suppose you have references, sir?"

"No; all are dead who might speak for me if they could. You will have to take me on trust."

I looked at Margie again, who, giving me another nod, said:

"Perhaps the gentleman will mention what he feels able to pay?"

The stranger did so, adding:

"I am poor, and can not pay one penny more."

Then counting out upon the table the amount he had stated, he pushed it toward me, adding:

"My name is Thomas. I'll be here to-morrow morning with all my traps."

The traps mentioned were an old-fashioned hair-trunk and a large chest, the latter being mainly filled with books. We were not long in finding out that our lodger was very odd, though his oddities were of the most innocent and harmless nature. He asked me to substitute a patchwork quilt for the white counterpane on his bed; and spent a whole day rummaging auction rooms to find an old-fashioned chintz to take the place of the pretty muslin curtains on which I had spent so much time and labor. I had taken a rocker for him from the sitting-room, but spying, one day, an old, leather-bottomed chair, that had belonged to my grandfather, he asked me to exchange with him, which I was very glad to do. Not long after, a chest of drawers, that was my grandfather's, found its way back to its old place, together with the quaint, brass-mounted mirror that always hung over it. So that, at last, the room looked very much as it did before we rearranged it with so much care and labor.

John and I had a quiet laugh over it, but so long as it suited its present occupant we did not mind, and it seemed to suit him completely. He spent much of his time reading. No one called to see him, or wrote to him, though he received quantities of papers and magazines.

It was Margie that first suggested that we invite him to take tea with us one day, when we had some unusual delicacy—early strawberries, I think.

"He must be very lonely, poor man!" said my gentle-hearted sister. "Perhaps he doesn't have enough to eat? He spoke about being poor, you know."

After this he dropped in, occasionally, evenings, bringing some new magazine or paper, and reading to us as we sat at work. Finally it became an established custom with him to take tea with us twice, and sometimes three times a week; frequently inviting himself, though we always knew he was coming by the advent of the market boy with a liberal supply of provisions, all of the best quality.

This troubled Margie's tender conscience, and she remonstrated with him one day.

"It is wrong," he said, with a grave shake of the head. "I'm a poor man; and ought to be more prudent."

But he continued on the same way; and we finally got so used to his oddities of speech and action as to think little of them.

He and John were, apparently, on the best of terms, and yet he was always finding fault with him to me.

"To think of his taking the entire charge of his mother, when she has other children, and sending money to his brother's widow, beside!" he said to me one day. "He is a poor man, and always will be!"

Now, I could never endure the slightest reflection upon John, and I defended him with a spirit and indignation that seemed to amuse Mr. Thomas not a little.

"With thy pretty face and ways, thee ought to do better, Ruth," he resumed, when I paused for want of breath. "Not but what John is good, but he is poor. I've heard that thee refused Mr. Hart, who is worth a million. What made thee do such a foolish thing as that, child?"

"Because I didn't love Mr. Hart; and I *do* love John."

The silence that followed made me glance up at my companion, who had turned toward the door. It was growing dusk, and the face was partly averted, but I was almost sure that the eyes were full of tears.

Mr. Thomas generally used the plainest language, almost invariably so when speaking to me or Margie, and until I saw that he was a regular attendant at St. Luke's, I supposed him to be a Quaker. When I alluded to this impression, he said:

"I was brought up in that faith; and it comes back to me now that I am growing old, and the end is near."

It was nearer than I thought. He had been feeble all winter, though it seemed more like the gradual loss of strength than actual disease. In the early spring he was knocked down by a runaway horse, sustaining some internal injury from which he never recovered. John and I took turns in nursing him; it was pleasant, afterward, to remember that he wanted for nothing.

John, Margie, and I were there. He had been lying in a stupor for some hours; now he roused himself and began to talk, startling us not a little by his strange expressions and allusions.

"I was born in this room," he said, glancing around; "and I shall die here!"

Thinking his mind was wandering, I laid my hand gently on his.

He smiled as he looked at me.

"Thee hast my mother's name, Ruth, and her kind heart as well, but thy eyes are like thy father's. He has been here, thanking me for providing for his orphan girls. This was our room when we were boys, thee knows. Dear old Joe! before the dawning of another day we shall meet."

John and I looked at each other in wondering awe. Two years before I stood by my father's dying bed; was it the same mysterious shadow that made their faces look so strangely alike?

The dying man continued:

"Thy father and I were brothers. Did he never speak to thee of his brother Tom, who forsook home and country because a girl, as false as fair, broke her plighted troth to wed a richer suitor? You have both been very kind to the poor old man who came to you a stranger. I have not forgotten it, as the papers in my desk will show."

An examination of the papers alluded to not only proved that my poor uncle spoke truly, but that he died in the possession of bonds and stock to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; "to be divided equally"—so ran the few lines that comprised his will—"between my two nieces, Ruth and Margaret Gray."

Of course, John and I married. His mother and Margie live with us, and a happier home it would be hard to find. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Hardly-Won Bride.

SOME years ago a young lady came to Boston from a country town in New Hampshire. She was a good specimen of the country girl, in robust health, and formed after the English model in frame—or after what has been supposed to be the English model, for I observe that Mr. Richard Grant White denies that the English girl is of buxom build. This girl made no pretentions to "style." She was well-educated, and first got some copying work to do, later receiving employment in the Public Library. There her English lover saw her. He was the younger son of a distinguished and a noble family, and he had very large wealth in his own right. He was here partially in the hope that change of air would cure a defect of hearing with which he was afflicted. He used to visit the Public Library and talk, mostly in a business way, about books with this young lady. By and by he asked permission to call on her at her boarding-place—one of the respectable but far from pretentious places in the city at which boarders are taken. She declined to accord the permission. He then one night left the library with her, and waited upon her to her boarding-house door. There her brother, who boarded with her, saw him, and objected to this being continued until she knew more about him. The gentleman then went to some friends in the city and procured letters setting forth who he was. On this the lady consented that he should call. He came regularly afterward, and soon formally offered himself to her in marriage. She refused him outright. She reminded him of the difference in their conditions, and declared she would never agree to a marriage which must be so distasteful to his family. Without telling her what he was to do, he took the next steamer for England, and in a few weeks reappeared with a collection of most cordial letters from all his near relatives promising the lady a warm welcome into the family, and accompanied by a really dazzling array of presents. She refused to touch one of them, and again declared that she would not marry him—this time because her parents would object. The lover in the same quiet way started for the New Hampshire farm. He came upon the parents unheralded and introduced himself. They, too, refused him. But they were struck with his manliness and simplicity, and agreed finally to leave the decision with the daughter. His devotion had its effect upon her at last. She yielded, but, with a genuine American independence, she would be under no obligation to him till they were married. She would not even accept an engagement-ring. She made her own trousseau, and it was very simple. They were married and went abroad. She said the severest ordeal of her life was when she first met her husband's relations. To show how simple her life had been, it is a fact that at the reception there made for her she put on an evening party dress for the first time in her life. Her husband had the tact to take her very early to the Continent. They spent a year of travel there, and when she came home she understood all about what was required in her new life. One of her sisters was with her during this year, but after it was over came back to America and went to work to earn her living again. The couple visit America occasionally. They have spent one year in California. The marriage has proved a very happy one. In these days of Daisy Millers, wasn't the story worth telling, so as to fully bring out its better points?—*Cor. Hartford Courant*

Progress of the Telephone.

LOWELL, Mass., is connected by telephone with over one hundred cities and towns in the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The longest circuit is from Springfield, Mass., via Worcester, Fitchburg, Lowell, Lawrence, to Exeter, N. H., over 150 miles, which is worked successfully. The telephone business between Boston and Lowell, a distance of twenty-six miles, amounts to $3,000 annually. The Lowell District Telephone Company, which owns and operates the systems of Worcester, Lowell and Fitchburg, and the lines of the Northern Massachusetts Telephone Company, use 2,500 telephones, and pay the American Bell Company a monthly royalty of over $1,200. The company controls over 1,500 miles of wire, and employs in all divisions about twenty-five ladies and seventy-five men and boys.—*Scientific American.*

VON MONS, the great Belgian horticulturist, is reported as saying grafts came into his hands after being three years in the mails, which he grafted and they grew.

GENERAL.

COONS are very plenty in Virginia.

THE Chinaman is coming into vogue as a lackey in some of the monster stores of Paris.

TWO Senators and six Congressmen were found by the police in a gambling-house raided at Washington, the other night.

MR. SPENCER COCHRAN has just been married to Miss Bethany Hubbard in Virginia. The groom is only ninety-two and the bride forty. The granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the groom "stood up" with the young couple, and his son married them.

A HEARTLESS Montreal landlord turned a man, his wife, and seven children into the street the other day when the thermometer was 15 degrees below zero. The victim was a recently-arrived Englishman, unable to get a place and robbed of his usual income by the failure of a creditor in England.

EDISON was 34 years of age on Feb. 11. Ten years ago he went to New York City from Boston, and had to walk the streets all night, not having money to hire a bed. His associates say that he will be the richest of all inventors yet known to man. A few months ago his London agent brought him out one check for $75,000.

THE Mexican people are said to be the best judges of cotton, linen, and silk goods on the continent, as the Government impost regulations have been based on the principle the finer the goods the lower the imposts, which has induced German, English, and French factories to send their best goods. The Mexicans are like the negroes, however, in preferring bright colors.

SOMEBODY in Boston has discovered, and asserts very positively, after the Boston manner, that in the house of the future the bed-room will be dedicated to sleep, and the bed, with perhaps a chair or two, will be the only furniture; there will be no hangings, no papered walls, no carpets, nothing to catch and hold the dust, and the bed will stand in the middle of the room, where the air can circulate freely around it.

THE late Vice-President Wilson was always quite frank when speaking of the depressing influences that surrounded his early years. He used to say that until he was twenty-one years old he never had a dollar in money to spend for anything. During his whole apprenticeship his master never gave him a penny but once; then he gave him three cents, and allowed him to spend it at a muster. Mr. Wilson never had but twelve months' schooling, but even in his youthful years he was an insatiable reader.

MRS. MARY DROVER COWDRY, who recently died at Passaic, N. J., was a daughter of the Seventh New York Regiment until she married in 1861. Her father, the regimental Adjutant, left her an orphan of four years in 1850, and the command showed its respect for his memory by assuming the support of his child. Her formal adoption when nine years old was touching to all concerned, and the regiment gave her up at her marriage with a present of $2,500.

THERE are in the United States, according to the census reports, 25,520,582 males and 24,632,284 females. The natives number 48,475,506 and the foreign-born 6,677,360. There are 48,404,877 whites, 6,577,151 colored, 105,463 Chinese, and 255 other Asiatics. There are 15,158 colored persons to each 100,000 whites, against 14,528 in 1870; 15,359 foreigners to each 100,000 natives, against 16,875 in 1870, and 96,519 females to every 100,000 males, against 97,801 in 1870.

ONE of the villages of New Zealand is built on a thin crust of soil roofing over a vast boiler. Hot springs hiss and seethe in every direction—some spouting upward and boiling with the greatest fury, others merely of an agreeable warmth. So thin is the crust on which the people have built their little homes that in most places, after merely thrusting a walking-stick into the ground beneath one's feet steam instantly follows its withdrawal; and the greatest care is necessary in walking among the hot mudholes and boiling springs.

"INDIAN JIM," or James Jacobs, a famous hunter of the Seneca tribe, was found dead in the woods of Potter County, Pennsylvania, lately by a party of hunters. He was 80 years old, and it is supposed he died of heart disease. During his life Jim took great pride in wearing the typical dress of the backwoods, and was always seen in beaded moccasins, buckskin breeches, a doeskin shirt, and velvet vest. He was known far and wide, his trapping and hunting territory extending from the headwaters of the Lackawaxen River to the Susquehanna and Delaware, and embracing nearly one hundred square miles of wooded country.

ONE of the best attested cases of extreme longevity is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Treadwell Weston, of Peterboro', N. H., who celebrated her one hundred and third birthday at Greenfield on Feb. 15. It has been maintained with much pains and ingenuity that there is no proof that any person in modern times has lived to the age of 100 years; but most persons believe that overwhelming evidence exists to upset this theory. In the case of Mrs. Weston the family records are very clear. According to these, she was born Feb. 15, 1778, in Petersboro', and married Abel Weston in 1796. Five of her twelve children are now living, the eldest of them, Deacon Samuel Weston, in his eighty-fifth year.

Another Claimant Puzzling England.

QUITE a sensation has been caused in Leicester by the announcement that a gentleman has appeared claiming to be heir to the estates of Mr. Wynn Stanley, who some eighteen years ago mysteriously disappeared while he was High Sheriff of Leicestershire. The case is enshrouded in great obscurity, but it appears that, in consequence of some family disagreement, Mr. Stanley left Leicestshire suddenly, telling his mother that she would never see his face again. He was traced to France, and his relatives raised £10,000, which was given to him while there to provide for his wants. He, however, again disappeared very suddenly, and it was subsequently discovered that he had unwisely intrusted the £10,000 to several gentlemen, and it was lost in an unfortunate agricultural speculation. All trace of Mr. Stanley was lost, and £1,000 was offered as a reward for his discovery or the finding of his body. A Leicester detective, named Smith, went to Russia and Germany, and finally succeeded in finding a body in the Rhine bearing certain marks which were known to exist on Mr. Stanley. This body was recognized by an innkeeper as that of an unknown traveler who had not paid his hotel expenses, but had left his jewels as security for payment. These jewels were recognized as those of Mr. Wynn Stanley, and some handwriting was also sworn to by his valet. All the private marks on the linen, however, had been cut off, and although there were grave grounds for doubt, it was generally believed that Mr. Wynn Stanley had committed suicide. It is now asserted that while in France he was married to a French lady to whom it was known he had an attachment, and it is a son of this alleged marriage that is now put forward as the heir to the estates near Leicester. What lends additional interest to the case is the fact that a few months ago a Leicester Workingman's Land Society purchased with the consent of the Court of Chancery about six acres of land for cottages from Mr. Carlyon, into whose hands the estates have passed, at a cost of £2,040, and the purchase being not quite completed they are in great difficulty what to do under the circumstances. The society have taken the opinion of Mr. Rigbye, Q. C., upon the question, and he thinks that under the peculiar circumstances the Court of Chancery would consent to have the sale annulled. Meanwhile the sisters of Mr. Stanley have made a declaration to the effect that to the best of their knowledge and belief he is dead, and that he was not married in England.—*Liverpool Courier.*

A Sensation at a Wedding.

YESTERDAY afternoon a well-known man led to the altar at St. John's Church on Dryads Street a fair bride, in the presence of a host of friends of both parties, and the ceremony of marriage proceeded until interrupted by the entrance into the church of a closely-veiled woman, who carried a child in her arms. She staggered rather than walked up the center aisle, and stood immediately back of the contracting parties until the officiating father asked the question, "Does any one object to this marriage?" when the woman threw her veil aside, and stepping in front of the bewildered groom exclaimed, "I do." Then, turning, she stooped and laid the child she carried at the feet of the groom, saying, "Here is your child. You are my husband. I am lawfully your wife, and you shall not marry this woman." Of course everything was in the greatest confusion in a moment. The groom and his friends raged; the bride wept; the accusing woman flew at her betrayer, and would have torn his clothing into sheds had not an officer hurried to the scene of the frantic struggle and carried the infuriated woman from the church by main force, during which time her screams and denunciations were terrific. The ceremony then proceeded quietly to a close. The woman who created the disturbance stated the groom of yesterday and the husband of to-day has led her to believe for the past four years that she was his lawfully wedded wife, and laboring under that belief had lived with him, but some time ago he began a series of neglects which terminated in a separation, and total desertion on his part of both herself and their helpless child. She is in a state of absolute despair, and almost mad with grief. The story of the girl is a sad one. She said she was a green, unsophisticated girl when she met her fate in the shape of the man who was married on Wednesday. He was then employed as an officer at one of the lake resorts. She had accumulated some $200 or $300, and this she had lavished on the one she firmly believed to be her husband. He was wont to show her what he alleged to be a marriage certificate, and happy in the thought she forbore asking questions, satisfied in his truth and trusting to his honor.—*New Orleans Special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Sunken Island in Lake Michigan.

FROM Mrs. Josephine Graham we learn some particulars concerning the so-called "sunken island" in the vicinity of Port du Morte (Death's Door). Mrs. Graham states that the island was situated in Lake Michigan, about five miles southeast of Rock Island, and known as "Little Gull," because of its whiteness and appearance of a gull at long range. The island was irregular in shape, being about fifty feet in width by one hundred feet in length; was entirely a formation made of small stones, ranging from the size of a walnut to rocks weighing several pounds. By no means was the island a place of vegetation, for not even grass grew upon it. In the summer of 1846 or 1847 Mr. Graham built a fish shanty or house on "Little Gull," to be handier to his nets that were set "outside." Into the small fish palace on the island of sea pebbles Mrs. Graham went and cooked for her husband during the summer months, but, as fall approached and old Michigan began to froth, the inhabitants of "Little Gull" returned to Rock Island, where terra firma was more extended. The next season Little Gull was too small to even "squat" on—having diminished a good deal during the winter. It continued to grow smaller each year, and long years ago disappeared below the surface of the water. Then the spot was referred to as the "outside shoal." Still the work of "going down" continued, and small sail crafts of light draft could navigate over the shoal. A few years ago the water over the shoal was of a depth sufficient to hide the appearance of a shoal, and a large steamer suffered a heavy loss by grounding on the bar. To-day the once dry island is covered by fathoms of water. By the superstitious it is claimed that the disappearance of Little Gull Island is a mystery, and that the neighboring Islands have also settled a number of feet. Landmarks prove the latter statement untrue, while the mystery connected with the "sunken Island" does not seem to be difficult to solve. The fact that the little Island was entirely formed of small stones—unquestionably heaped up by the sea—it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the same power that rolled the stones up could also level or roll them down again.—*Sturgeon Bay Expositor.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

THERE are fifty kinds of flowers growing in the Arctic regions which are to be found nowhere else. They are most of them of a white or yellow color.

A PARIS manufacturer claims to have discovered a process for substituting the leaves of the eucalyptus tree, which in burning emit a delicious perfume, for tabacco leaves in making cigars.

EVEN so inflammable a material as cotton can now be used for the construction of fire-proof buildings. It is converted in a paste—by chemical treatment—which becomes as hard as stone. It is molded into large slabs, and designated as architectural cotton.

A PHILADELPHIA man has invented a method of supplying beacon lights with compressed gas. The apparatus will keep a beacon light going for two months, and will automatically regulate the light. The gas used is made from crude petroleum, and costs twenty cents a thousand.

IN 1669 Johannis Swammerdam wrote a treatise upon insects, in which he declared that he could show all the parts of the butterfly in a caterpillar and could make the change of the caterpillar proceed slowly, so that he could produce a creature half butterfly and half caterpillar. The experiment was performed in the presence of the Duke of Tuscany.

SHIP RAILROADS have a precedent in Germany, where vessels of sixty tons capacity are carried overland from the upper to the lower part of the Elbing-Oberland Canal, in West Prussia. This ship railroad has been in successful operation for over sixteen years, but when the idea was first broached it was ridiculed by everybody. Even then, however, there had been a precedent for the scheme in a road over our Alleghany range, on which four-ton canal-boats were carried.

A LECTURE by Dr. O. J. Lodge, delivered at the London Institution, shows in a very intelligible way the relation between electricity and light. The lecture was for the most part expository, and traced generally the steps by which Clerk Maxwell arrived at the almost certain conclusion that light is an electro-magnetic disturbance, with some of the startling results which that statement implies. A prediction of what seems already theoretically possible, and may be soon practically accomplished, was advanced by Dr. Lodge—the transmission of views and pictures by means of the electric wire.

PITH AND POINT.

WHY is a gasman in winter like a hymn book revision committee? You see, of course. He is always meddling with the meters.—*Graphic.*

QUITE a number of young women have recently been killed while coasting. Young man, if you have a good girl don't let her slide.

TWO of the elephants wintering in Bridgeport were taken with the chills, and four gallons of whisky were given each. An elephant with the chills is the best position in the country.—*Danbury News.*

WHEN you meet a man with a fancy pair of scissors in his vest-pocket, you may set him down as a dry goods clerk or an editor. If his clothes are fine and fashionable, you may know he is not an editor.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THE last words of a dying photographer—"Now keep very still."—*Detroit Free Press.* Those of a dying ferryman—"I'm going over the river."—*Steubenville Herald.* Those of a dying barber—"I'm going to make a dye."—*Richmond Baton.* The printer's—"This is my last take."—*Yonkers Gazette.* The editor's—"All out."—*New Haven Register.*

"I'VE brought this thermometer back," said a down-town man as he threw the instrument on the counter of a hardware store. "There isn't a member of my family that can tell the time of day by it, and I guess the thing's run down. It hain't ticked a solitary once since I've had it. Don't you have any keys for 'em?" and because a young woman who was buying a pair of scissors snickered, he turned red in the face and left the store, muttering something about "new fangled ideas being nuisances."—*New Haven Register.*

SHE stood on the cur-stone so charming,
All dressed in a neat suit of blue;
And she looked far above all earth's harming
So gentle, angelic and true.

But there came by a lumbering wagon,
With wheels splashing mud all about;
And it left her with not a dry rag on,
And wiped all her innocence out.

For I heard—no, I'll never reveal it—
A word that was naughty and tart;
And I buttoned my coat to conceal it
In the depths of my grief-stricken heart.
—*Boston Courier.*

Mistook the Signal.

A WELL-KNOWN engineer on the U. P., who has a slight impediment in his speech, had an interview a few days since with his Division Superintendent, the nature of which gradually leaked out and became a source of considerable fun for the boys. The story goes that on a recent run his engine had a collision with a cow, resulting disastrously to the animal in question. By a rule of the railroad company such accidents must be reported by the engineer and conductor in writing, and for some reason the engineer forgot his duty on this occasion, until he was summoned before the railroad magnate for private investigation.

"Mr. ——," said the Superintendent, "how is it that you failed to report the killing of a cow on your run of such a date?"

"I d-d-d-d-don't remember any su-s-s-s-such accident," replied the knight of the foot-board, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"Well, you certainly must have killed a cow on that run, for it was reported in due form by the conductor," insisted the Superintendent.

"N-n-n-no, I d-d-d-didn't," said the engineer.

"Now just think a moment and see if you can't remember it," said the persistent interrogator.

"No, I ki-ki-can't remember ki-ki-killing any c-c-cow. I d-d-do remember stri-stri-striking one, b-b-but I looked out of the wi-wi-wi-wi-window and s-s-saw her laying on her b-b-back, by the side of the tra-a-ck, moving her feet" (motioning with his hands) "to go ahead, and I to-to-took it to mean that she w-w-was all right."

He was warned not to be too sure of such signals in the future.—*Omaha Bee.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

RULES OF DESCENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

AS LAID DOWN BY KENT IN 1831.

1. If one dies owning an estate,
It lineally must gravitate.
If but one heir, it will annex
To him or her in spite of sex;
If there be more, as well there may,
They all shall take "per capita."

2. But if degrees perchance there be,
Of different consanguinity,
As sons and grandsons; all shall take,
And an estate in common make;
But such grandsons have cause to fear it,
They'll not an item more inherit
Than would have been their father's share,
Had he been the living heir.

3. But if the owner meets his fate—
No lineal heir to his estate,
We've dared the common law to mend,
And his estate shall now ascend.

4. Again: in case the owner do
Lack issue and lack parents too,
His brothers and his sisters shall
Succeed by rules collateral.
If brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces,
They then will take in equal pieces;
If some be dead, some living be,
They'll take by nearness of degree.

5. And in default of father, mother,
And nephews, nieces, sisters, brother,
Or issue, the estate can't fail,
But yet it will rise above them all.

6. Again: and if perchance there shall
Be no descendants lineal—
If parents, brothers sisters, none,
With their descendants 'neath the sun,
Nor the grandparents, the estate
Shall, by unerring legal fate,
Unto the aunts and uncles wend,
And those who from them may descend:
If equally related, they
Will take their part "per capita."
But if in different degrees,
They all shall then take "per stirpes."

7. Provided, if the intestate had
Derived his living from his Dad,
It sit it to annex and unite side,
And issue on the father's side;
And if none such there be perchance,
Then to the uncles and the aunts,
On the maternal side twill go;
And this rule works "e converso."

8. This 8th, last rule, it seems to me,
Is rather stiff for poetry.
—*T. D. Davidson, in Southern Law Journal.*

ANNA CARTER.

I was walking in Chestnut Street, in the great mining camp on the carbonates. I had been crowded by the dense throng from the sidewalk into the street, A galloping horse was jerked back on his haunches by my side. An active figure sprang from the saddle, and before me stood Henry Watson, with outstretched hand. Clasping palms, we gazed at each other for an instant. Then he said, "I am very glad to see you. This is not a place to greet each other after a thirteen years' separation. I am at the Occidental Hotel. I will wait for you there this evening." The pressure of our hands tightened for an instant. He leaped on his horse. I saw the spurs stuck into the animal's side, and, with a great leap, the horse bounded up the hill on a gallop.

That evening we dined together. After supper, drawing his chair nearer to mine as though in need of aid or sympathy, he, in a low voice told me of his life.

"You remember that I left the Sandy Run coal mines, where we worked together, because I saw the specters of the Welsh miners who were killed in the gangway by the explosion of gas, and went into the anthracite regions. I was refused work at the first mine I stopped at, and I decided to walk over the mountains to another mine. I started on my journey through the woods early in the morning. Walking briskly I was at the summit of the divide by noon. I saw a column of smoke rising from the valley, several miles to the south of where I was standing, and I knew it marked the location of the mine. Resuming my walk, I descended the rugged timber-clad mountain flanks obliquely. After walking a few hours I came to an irregular cottage, made by standing oak slabs, with the rough bark on them, upright in the lean, rocky soil, in a small enclosure. The cottage and surrounding fence were covered with vines, bright with many flowers. A well-beaten path led from the house to a huge moss-grown rock a short distance to one side. Directly beneath, in the valley, stood the plant of a great mine. Clustered around the mine buildings were irregular rows of shabby houses, that I well knew were foul with smoke and coal dust. A railroad terminated at the breaker in a couple of tracks and a huge Y. I heard the voice of a woman singing an old English ballad. I turned to the quarter the voice came from and saw a graceful girl walking from the house down the path. She had a water-bucket in her hand. A desire to board at the house made of slabs took possession of me. I grew thirsty, also. Rising, I shouldered my sack of tools and walked rapidly to the rock. The woman did not see me until I was within ten feet of her. To my surprise, I saw a young and handsome woman who had an intelligent face. I was no longer thirsty. I spoke respectfully to her, asking the name of the mine below us. There was a quick look of alarm in her blue eyes as she looked at the canvas sack that I laid carefully on the rock. She raised her eyes to my face when she heard my question, and answered me pleasantly. I asked her name. 'Anna Carter,' she replied. Then I asked if I could get board at her father's house. Quickly she looked at me. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied: "I have no father. He is dead." She would ask her mother if I might board with them, adding frankly that they were very poor, and the money I paid them for my board would be a great help to them. We went to the house. Her mother was a thin, wan woman of about forty-five, evidently greatly shaken. She sat in a low arm-chair by an open window. Her thin hands were crossed in her lap. Her hair was gray. There was an absent, far-away expression in her eyes and on her face. She impressed me as one patiently waiting for the coming of death. She listened to my request, and turning to her daughter said, 'He can live with us if you desire it, Anna.' With a pleased look the girl said she thought it best, and showed me a little room that she said was to be mine. Not doubting that I could get work, I paid Anna two months board in advance, and promising to be back by dark, went down to the superintendent's office in the village. To my great astonishment, he told me the mine was full-handed. I knew he lied. I walked up the dingy streets wondering what I had better do. Dropping into a saloon, I met Fred Haskell. He was an Andersonville prison comrade of mine. Our greeting over, I stated my case to him. He said he was working in the mine, and in sore need of a comrade. Hastily drinking a mug of ale he had in his hand, he took my arm and we walked out into the street.

"'Whom did you apply to for work?' he asked. 'The superintendent,' I replied. 'Bless your innocent heart, you are not in the Broad Top region nor at Pittsburgh. We manage differently here. You must see the man who is supposed to be at the head of the Molly Maguires of this district. He alone can employ you. The mine manager can not, dare not, give you work. I will arrange matters for you.' Passing through a few short dirty streets, we came to a dingy saloon, in front of which a huge green harp, freshly painted, swung creaking on its hinges. A low murmur of many voices came floating out. A strong smell of alcohol pervaded the air in front of the open door. Entering, I saw a throng of miners. All were smoking and drinking. The voices instantly hushed. With thumps the filled and empty glasses were set down on bar or tables. Fierce glances were cast on us. I saw threatening gestures made as Celt whispered to Celt that we were Englishmen. Haskell pushed up to the bar and asked if Mr. Donavan was in. The barkeeper surlily replied that he was in the back room. We knocked on the door. A sharp voice bade us enter. Before a coal fire sat a thin-featured, black-eyed, light-haired Irishman, who arose and greeted Haskell kindly. He was tall, and his face was remarkable for the great breadth of the jaws and the heavy squareness of the chin. I was introduced, and Haskell stated my case briefly. He said he wanted me for a comrade, and significantly added that I was to board with Mrs. Carter, and that she was in great need of money. Gravely Mr. Donavan replied: 'Mr. Watson, you may venture to work with Mr. Haskell. I will see the underground boss, and, as he is a friend of mine, I think he will consent, and add your name to the pay-roll.' I took leave of my friend, and walked up the mountain to the slabhouse.

"I worked steadily in the mine. Slowly I grew to love Anna. Two years passed. Anna's mother looked on me as an elder son. I had been appointed to take charge of the miners engaged in withdrawing the pillars of an exhausted boundary. I expected to be promoted on the successful completion of this work. Then my future would be secure. I should be a mine manager in a few years. So confident was I of success that Anna and I arranged to be married on her birthday in the coming fall. The appointment to oversee the withdrawing of the pillars was actually my ruin. Of course I fell out with some of the miners, who were robbing the near-by pillars before the distant ones had been cut out, and they complained to the Molly Maguires. The society demanded my discharge from the manager. He promptly complied with the demand. I went at once to Donavan and asked him if it was the intention of the Molly Maguires to drive me from the mine, or if I would be allowed to take my pick and earn my bread there. We had a stormy interview. Finally he suggested that I apply to the manager next morning for a room."

Watson sat silently in his chair for an instant. Then, calling for fresh cigars, we lit them. He mused for a few minutes, and then said: "Incredible as it may seem to you, I trusted him after having vowed him. I applied for a room the next morning, and had one directly off the main gangway assigned to me. Fred Haskell had almost finished working out an old room further down the gangway. When he finished he was to join me. Until that time I was to work alone. Willie was then eleven years old, and from a doorkeeper had risen to be a mule driver. He drove on the main gangway. He usually brought me my empty cars.

"One day, shortly after my trouble with Donavan, I walked to the entrance of my room with a bundle of picks and drills that I wished to send to the blacksmith shop. I intended to wait until Willie passed and ask him to take them to the shop for me. Standing waiting within the entrance of my room, I took my lamp from my head and hung it on the wall. Then, leaning against the coal, I looked down the gangway. Far down the great underground avenue I thought I saw the dim outline of a figure gliding stealthily from timber to timber. I lost sight of it immediately, and smiling to myself at seeing one of my Welsh ghosts, I lit a pipe and smoked. Again I saw the figure, so faint and dim in the gloom that I could see it only by straining my eyes, flit in and out among the timbers, then spring lightly on the road-bed and walk cautiously, lightly along. With a flash, as if light had burst on my brain, I realized that I had been condemned by the Molly Maguires, and that the figure I saw was their executioner coming to kill me. I stepped back to my lamp, blew it out, and grasping a pick, I stationed myself behind the first set of timbers at the entrance of my room and waited. My only salvation was to kill the man lurking behind the timbers below me. Standing in the gloom of the entrance to my room, driver after driver passed me, and neither they nor their mules saw me. The last train of cars was drawn by a white mule, and I knew that it was Willie's train. This mule caught a glimpse of a blackened figure standing motionless behind a great oak post. He shied slightly. I trusted that Willie, who was courageous and keen-witted, would notice the movement of the mule and divine its cause. I sprang from behind the post. Raising my pick as if about to strike, I extended my left arm, as though pointing down the great avenue. Turning my face to the passing cars, I stood motionless. Willie had noticed the motion of his mule. Jumping from the last car, where he had been riding, he swung his lighted lamp into the opening that led to my room, as he passed it. His eyes alone betrayed that they had seen me. They flew wide open, then almost closed, and he passed on, not having missed a step. I saw him blow his light out. He knew I had had a rupture with Donavan, and, though he could not know what my present trouble was, he knew I had urgent need of help. Greatly relieved, I stepped behind the post and watched for the reappearance of the phantom-like figure. The coal cars swept around a curve. One by one their lights disappeared, and the grimy avenue was deserted and silent. The faint, yellow, sickly flames of the widely separated permanent lamps only served to reveal the intense blackness of the passage-way. With strained eyes I strove to penetrate the gloom. Soon I saw the specter-like figure glide out from behind the timbers and stand for an instant irresolutely between the iron rails, apparently examining the avenue to see if it were unoccupied. Satisfied that it was deserted, the figure, bending low, came slowly toward me. To my horror, I saw a second figure come stealthily out and follow the first. The second moved faster than the first, and gained quickly on it. The first figure stopped to listen. Instantly the second disappeared. The dull reports of distant blasting made the heavy, smoke-laden air quiver, and the first figure vanished before the air ceased vibrating. The play of the two figures began to wear on me. I half believed they were specters. I grew desperate and waited greedily for their reappearance and approach. Out stepped the first one. I decided to rush on him as soon as he got within eight or ten yards of me and crush him before the other came up. From behind the timbers the second figure emerged and glided after the first. The leader stopped to listen. Again the hindermost disappeared. I then realized that the second figure was hunting the first, who was hunting me. From that moment I knew that Willie had slipped into Haskell's room as he passed it and told him of seeing me standing at the entrance of my room, and knew the second figure was Haskell. I knew, too, that the slayer was to be slain, that death lurked close behind him, and I waited with absolute unconcern for it to fall on him. The shadows glided noiselessly on, coming nearer and nearer to me and to each other. The air grew heavy and foul with the smoke of the exploded powder, almost veiling the figures from my view. Now I could see a part of an arm or leg; then the head of the first would be visible, and only the arms and body of the second; then, as the smoke floated by, the whole of their forms would be indistinctly seen. At last the first figure stood motionless in front of my room, peering into the impenetrable blackness that was before him like a wall. I raised my sharp pick and leaned forward to strike him dead. I was just about to deliver the blow when Haskell noiselessly came behind him. I stayed my hand to let Haskell have the satisfaction of sinking a pick to the eye in the assassin's brain. There was a whiz in the air, a sharp blow, and an indistinct heap of something lying on the tramway.

"'Are you there, Watson?' in a whisper. 'Yes.' 'Help me with him. We will bury him in your goaf.' We dragged him in and buried him deep. Then, putting in a top shot, we knocked fifty tons of slate down on his body. Grasping my hand, Haskell said: 'You will have to get away from here tonight. He will be missed by nine o'clock, when the society meets. Go to the surface as soon as it is dark. Bid Anna good-by, and get away at once. I will not be suspected. You will be killed to-night if you remain. Get out of the anthracite regions.' I went to the surface in the last car. Hastening from the shaft to the house, I saw Anna standing at the gate waiting for me. She cheerfully asked: 'What makes you so late? I feared an accident in the mine.' Before I could answer she ran into the house to prepare supper. I thoughtlessly followed. On entering the room she saw blood on my hands and clothing. Anxious, alarmed, she asked if I was hurt. Assuring her that I was uninjured, I went into my room, washed, and put on my holiday clothes. Excitedly Anna looked at me when I reentered the kitchen, but said nothing until I had eaten my supper. Then, standing in front of me, she clasped my hands, and looking into my eyes said: 'Tell me the truth. Have you had trouble with the Molly Maguires?' I told the story briefly. Her mother had entered the kitchen, and, standing by Anna's side, heard all. Both women said: 'You must leave here instantly. You will be killed for this before morning if you stay. If you escape and can be found you will be brought back and convicted of murder by false testimony.'

"Anna kept our money. She went to a little hole in the slab and drew out a roll of bills and handed it to me, saying: 'I thought we would have this to start in our married life with; but we can not think of that now.' Tears filled her eyes as she saw our happiness passing away. I divided the money, giving her two-thirds. Then, thinking I heard whispering and light footsteps on the mountain side below the house, I passed out of the back door. Anna clasped her arms around my neck, and whispering, 'Do not write, as the postmarks will betray your whereabouts,' kissed me and said, 'Make haste, my love,' and turning, entered the house and closed the door behind her. I sprang lightly over the vine-clad fence and was in the forest. I walked over the mountains, and by daybreak was at a railroad flag-station. I flagged the first train that passed, got on, went to Harrisburg, and from there direct to Leavenworth. From there I wrote to Anna, saying that I could not tell her where to write to me, even if she dared, but that as soon as the power of the Molly Maguires was broken I would return to her. I joined a party of miners and went to Montana with them. I made a fortune in the Little Blackfoot diggings. My comrade in mining on this gulch was a Missourian, a gentleman. When he returned East I gave him money and a letter to deliver to Anna. He returned the letter and money to me, saying he could not find Anna. I engaged in quartz mining, and had great success. Years passed by, and I drifted up and down the Rocky Mountains, making money out of every mine I bought. I finally drifted into the San Juan country. While there I saw in the papers that the Molly Maguires had fallen into the hands of the law, and that the reign of terror was over. I started on my return at once. Arriving at the village, I found only a few charred and blackened ruins of the house where my happiest days had been passed. The miners I knew when I worked in the mine had left the works. The keeper of the saloon where I had first met Donavan was in jail, under sentence of death. I had an interview with him. In the presence of death he had softened a little and probably uttered the truth. He told me that daily for two years a young girl had asked for Anna Carter's mail. The society got the letter I wrote from Leavenworth. After waiting two years and not hearing further from me, and believing that Anna heard from me, they, in revenge, burned her home. Her mother and Willie were burned to death. Anna left the town after the funeral, and the Molly Maguires, not doubting that she was going to join me, had one of their men follow her to New York. There he lost sight of her. I gave up all hopes of finding her, and returned to the San Juan. I do not suppose I shall ever see her again. The thought that she may be in want, that she may be sick, that she is slowly wearing her life out waiting for me, and the knowledge that she is alone in the world, haunts me constantly." Watson sat silent in his chair. There was not a shadow of doubt of the girl's constancy in my friend's mind. I excused myself, after promising to breakfast with Watson the next day. At the hotel the next morning I found him in a high state of excitement, that he vainly strove to conceal. He was exceedingly restless during the meal. Noticing my inquiring looks, he blushed, and with a fretful oath, exclaimed: "No. I have not been drinking. Meeting you has brought back the past so vividly that I could not sleep last night. I am nervous and irritable. Let us walk."

There had been a sharp change in the temperature. The streets of Leadville were white with newly fallen snow, and the air was thick with snow flakes. On coming to the main street we saw an ambulance slowly moving up the hill. Watson spoke to the driver, saying, "Have you patients for the hospital?" "Yes," he answered, "some of the smelters are leaded, and there are some cases of pneumonia." Turning about, Watson said: "Let us go to the Hospital. I have been here six weeks, and, to my shame be it said, I have not been near the hospital nor given it a dollar. I will go up now and make amends for my neglect." We followed the ambulance up the hill and entered the building. There were some dead men there. There were many who would never leave the house alive. In one ward were many plants and vines growing in pots and tin cans. This ward was scrupulously neat and sweet. There were ten or twelve sick men lying on as many cots. They were queerly irritable and unreasonable. We did not receive a civil answer from any of them. All looked as if the mere presence of a healthy man was an insult to them—a cowardly insult, inflicted when they were unable to resent it. At the further end of the room a woman stood, her back toward us. She bent over a sick man; then, seating herself on the edge of his cot, seemed to be feeding him with a spoon. Watson regarded her with a pleased look on his face, and he walked toward her. Standing at the foot of the cot, we listened to her talking cheerily to the sick man, and good-humoredly laughing when he denounced the fellow who invented gruel and demanded fried oysters. I was startled by a clutch on my shoulder. I turned quickly to my comrade, and was shocked at the change in him. His eyes fairly blazed; his face was white, his lips firmly compressed, and his nostrils were expanded and quivering. His chest heaved painfully. I could feel his pulse throb as his wrist pressed against my neck. The sick man turned in his bed. I saw the petulant look flit from his face, and one of angry fear take its place. Then the dim eyes of the sick man flamed with the dauntless courage of the American miner as he glared at the specter standing motionless at the foot of his bed. The woman, seeing the look on the face of her patient, sprang up and wheeled angrily around. She looked at Watson. The blood left her face, her eyes opened widely, her lips slightly parted. She stood firmly for an instant, then wavered as if about to fall. Watson sprang to her side, and, encircling her with his arms, drew her to his breast. She recovered and struggled weakly to free herself. Closer and closer she was drawn to my friend's heart. Bending over her, he kissed her lips passionately. Her arms coiled around his neck, and I heard the murmurs, "Anna!" "Henry!"

I was alone when I walked back through the dead and dying and out into the snow-mantled street.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Glaring at a Sleeper.

THIRTY years ago, one of the popular lecturers in this country was Henry Giles, an Irish Unitarian clergyman. Now, at an advanced age and paralyzed, he is forgotten, save by those who provide for his wants. "Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, tells the following anecdote of the once-noted man. "He was a man of large self-esteem, and considerable capacity of self-assertion, which stood in the way of his success in the ministry. I call to mind one incident which it was my fate to witness. Mr. Giles was engaged one summer Sunday to preach in a town about ten miles from Boston. He stood up in the pulpit to announce his text. Exactly at the same moment, a tired farmer, who occupied a conspicuous pew in front of the pulpit, drew a red silk handkerchief from his pocket, deliberately spreading it over his own bald head and forehead to protect them from the flies, and resigned himself to slumber. This was too much for the dignity of Mr. Giles. He stopped, shut his sermon, and began to glare at the somnolent parishioner. The latter rested in serene unconsciousness, while the rest of the congregation looked to see how this singular duel would end. The silence became protracted, till all at once it appeared to occur to the individual who was the cause of it that it was worth while to ascertain what it was all about. He removed his handkerchief and looked up, only to find himself fixed by the glittering eye of the preacher, and by the eyes of everybody else! With a convulsive start, he abandoned all thought of a nap that day, and the sermon went on. In fact, it was a pretty lively congregation for a hot Sunday."

THERE are only four ladies living whose husbands were Presidents of the United States—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

Our Young Folks.

A CRYSTAL WEDDING.

"'Tis time for our crystal wedding,"
Said Mr. Frost to his wife,
With a suddenly sharp expression,
That cut like a two-edged knife.
"The North Wind must be invited
To bring his friend from the East,
And none of our friends must be slighted
Or fail to appear at the feast."

So then they began to make ready
With speed, regardless of cost,
For the beautiful crystal wedding
Of Mr. and Mrs. Frost.
The North and the East Wind called for
Miss Snow and old Mister Sleet,
And all of that party together
Were sure to have things complete.

In honor of the occasion,
The houses with fringe they drape,
Rich beads and bugles of crystal
Suspended in every shape.
While all the poles and the chimneys
Were drest in transparent suits,
And the trees were overloaded
With loveliest glaced fruits.

The Telegraphs were invited,
So out of town couldn't go;
And the Telephones failed to answer
When any one cried "Hallo!"
The magnates were not forgotten,
Who stand in serene repose,
And Franklin made his appearance,
With an icicle on his nose.

There were acres on acres of icing,
And wonderful rivers and lakes;
Most beautiful caves and grottoes,
And delicate frosted cakes;
While cobweb curtains suspended
Above the scene, in mid-air,
Lent a charm to the crystal wedding,
That proved such a grand affair.

Decanters and tumblers, engraven
With initials of old Jack Frost,
Were scattered about in profusion—
No telling just what they cost;
And I couldn't begin to number
How many from out of town
Came in to this crystal wedding,
And at the ban quet sat down.

Old Sol got wind of the matter
Just as he was going to bed,
And out from between the curtains
He suddenly popped his head
And smiled, as with glowing fingers
He took Jack Frost by the ears,
And loosened the pearls and diamonds,
That straightway dissolved in tears.

Soon faded the lovely picture,
The limpid and sparkling sheen,
That seemed, to our raptured vision,
Like unto a fairy scene;
And some will remember the beauty,
And some will remember the cost
Of the wonderful crystal wedding
Of Mr. and Mrs. Frost.
—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.*

AN EXCITING SLEIGH-RIDE.

Bang, bang, bang! went Philip Sullivan's hammer, as he pounded on his sled "Chain Lightning." "Chain Lightning" had needed mending ever since last winter, but Phil had concluded not to touch it till "just before the snow came."

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

The consequence was that the north wind suddenly puffed up a midnight storm, and Master Phil was awakened one morning by the shouts of the six Dyke boys, who were coasting merrily down "Sullivan Hill."

Phil was out of bed in a twinkling. Ten o'clock found him still working tiercely on "Chain Lightning," his glue-pot simmering before the fire in company with his father's best chisel and his mother's machine oil-can.

The shouts of the Dyke boys still resounded; and not only their jubilation but that of forty more coasters drove Phil nearly frantic.

With all his might Phil worked on, and "Chain Lightning" was beginning to look as if it might hold its own even among newer sleds, when the door leading into the library opened softly, and fair-haired Rosabel, Phil's sister, appeared on the threshold. At the same moment an opposite door flew open with a jerk, and there stood Rosabel "done in sepia," as it were; little brown Kate, Rosabel's twin sister.

Phil glanced up, and then became more than ever absorbed in his work. There was a peculiar expression on the twins' faces. Phil instantly recognized it. "The *errand* cast of features," he grimly called it.

"Phil, dear," began Rosabel.

"Phil, dear," echoed Kate.

Phil handled a screw-driver dextrously.

"Phil, dear, will you please run over to the station and see if my new skates have come by the twelve-o'clock train? Go when the cars are due, won't you?"

"And Phil, dear," chimed in Kate, "can't you manage to go into the city to-day and call for a roll of music which is to be left for me at Hale & McPherson's?"

Now, could anything be more trying to the temper of the average youth than requests like these, make under the existing circumstances? Perhaps some of us may find it in our hearts to forgive Phil for answering with a certain touch of asperity:

"Don't 'Phil dear' me! I'm not going to the station and I'm not going to the city, and—"

Bang, bang, bang! the hammer expressed the rest of his sentiments.

Rosabel arched her eyebrows, and mildly withdrew.

Kate tarried to wheedle the enemy a bit, and, that failing, gave it as her opinion that boys ought never to have been created. Departing she closed the door with more force than was strictly needful, and left Phil alone.

That individual worked on in an injured and gloomy frame of mind.

"Mean enough in them to be forever nagging me, Mean enough in me not to get their skates and music."

It was hard for Phil to decide which was the greater wretch, himself or Kate. Rosabel, he concluded, could never be a "blot on the earth," whatever she did. It was Rosabel who had helped him write his composition on "Spring;" it was Rosabel who knit his mittens; it was Rosabel who never shirked her share of the stirring when they made molasses candy.

The remembrance of Rosabel's virtues haunted Phil even after "Chain Lightning" was in order, and he was shooting down "Sullivan Hill," lying prone on his sled, with his legs waving in the air.

Perhaps that was the reason that when his elder brother Will came hastily up the hill and offered him five cents if he would carry a bundle to a store near the railway station (you see that Phil was regarded as the family errand boy), he condescended to saunter in that direction. Not that he cared for the pennies, although he accepted them as a token of brotherly esteem.

He even quickened his pace as a shrill whistle sounded in the distance, and ended by racing up to the depot just as the twelve-o'clock train stopped.

No one seemed to know about Rosabel's skates.

"Ask the man in the express office—perhaps they came on an earlier train," suggested Fred Rodman, who was standing on the platform. "I'll keep your sled for you. Or, see here, just slip the rope through this iron ring on the rear car."

Phil did as he was bidden, and leaving his sharp-shooter tied with a slip-knot, went into the express office.

The man in the express office had never heard the proverb concerning "a place for every thing;" or, if he had, knowing it was not among the Ten Commandments, felt under no obligation to heed it. He remarked that "somebody had said something about some skates being somewhere," and went fumbling among boxes and bundles, exclaiming, alternately, "Hi! here they be," and "Hol no, they ain't."

At last, just as he laid his hand on a queer looking package, and was next to sure that here were the skates, the engine bell rang, there was a slight scurry outside, and the train began to move.

Phil was out of the depot in a flash.

"Stop!" he cried; but the locomotive paid no heed.

Slowly past the platform glided the cars, pulling "Chain Lightning" behind.

Almost before he knew what he was doing, Phil had thrown himself on the sled and grasped its rope. To his horror the slip-knot suddenly tightened, and "Chain Lightning" was firmly fastened. Every moment the train quickened its speed.

I should not dare to tell the rest of this story, were it not true. I am not "making it up." It really happened.

The sled hung on the rear. Phil Sullivan clung to the sled. Do you suppose he would lose "Chain Lightning?" Not he.

Faster and faster—faster and faster still—dashed on the train. Over the sleepers bounded "Chain Lightning." To this side, to that, it swayed madly. Phil's grasp never slackened. On they rushed. Phil dared not roll off the sled now lest he should be killed. It seemed no less certain death to stay on.

The engine gave short, panting breaths, as if it were frightened, itself, at the trick it was playing the boy.

A kindly tree stretched out a limb, but tried in vain to rescue Phil. The sled bounded far less now as the train whizzed along. The runners were half an inch from the ground. Held by its strong rope, the sharp-shooter was like a small tail to a big kite. Cinders flew—the cars flew—"Chain Lightning" flew—Phil flew. (I am telling you the truth.)

It seemed to our friend as if he had been rushing through space ever since he was born. It seemed as if he had come millions of miles. Would this awful ride never end? Phil's fingers were numb, so tightly did they clasp "Chain Lightning's" edge. He saw stars before him.

And now *thump! bump! bump! thump!* "Chain Lightning" was knocking the sleepers once more. It might have occurred to Phil that he could hardly bear this sort of traveling much longer had not his brain been too dizzy to do much thinking.

Presently, after another small eternity, with a final shriek the locomotive drew up in the city depot.

An hour later Philip Sullivan entered the paternal mansion. Never a word did he say in regard to the black-and-blue spots which dotted him from head to foot, not yet did he feel it necessary to mention that every bone in his body had an especial and separate ache.

"I thought I might as well go into town," he remarked, carelessly. "Here's your music, Kate. Your skates will probably come to-morrow, Rosabel."

"Well, you are a dear," began Kate, looking up from her crocheting. But before she could finish there came a loud ring at the door-bell, and in rushed Fred Rodman. As he caught sight of Phil, his eyes and mouth opened wide, and he stared for a full minute.

At last, "Arn't you dead?" he gasped.

"Pho!" said Phil, loftily. "I've as much right to be living as you, sir."

"Well, I never!" said Fred. "I was over to the post-office when the whistle blew, and came out just in time to see you off, and I raced most of the way to the city after you, and then I turned round and raced back to tell your folks!"

"Pho!" said Phil, again.

We will pass over any family dissension of the incident; but within an hour one-half the boys in town were relating to the other half the story of Phil Sullivan's ride. To be sure the versions differed, and to this day some of the lads a little out of Phil's own circle are convinced he went to town on the cow-catcher, and other some believe that he rode all the way under a car, sitting on a brace between the wheels.

But that evening Phil, much bruised and battered, yet whole in every limb, told to a select few the full particulars of his journey; and the facts of the case are as I have here narrated them.—*Mary Densel, in Wide-Awake.*

—The widow of James K. Polk, now more than eighty years of age, was recently visited by a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who thus describes her: "I was surprised to find in Mrs. Polk a lady of active movement, bright and animated face, clear and firm voice and quick and responsive memory. She is of medium height, rather stout but not obese; has a bright and most pleasing face, without the lines and furrows usually accompanying great age, and her gray or dark-blue eyes are even yet sparkling and full of sweet animation. In her beaming countenance there still remain abundant traces of the rare and radiant beauty, lit up by earnest vivacity, which made her so attractive and conspicuous thirty odd years ago as mistress of the Presidential mansion, and by courtesy or *ex officio*, 'first lady in the land.'"

—A German savant, after much investigation, reports that the average brain of a man is ten per cent. larger than the average brain of a woman.

—The average age of German university students is eighteen, of Dutch twenty and of French seventeen.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
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SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881.

The balance of power—Mahone's ninety pounds.

Democratic dead weight—David Davis' four hundred pounds.

Gorman is relegated to a back seat in the United States Senate, and Continental William smileth serenely while he talks of the "creps."

The truth of the old adage, "marry in haste and repent at leisure," is well illustrated by the National Banks that so speedily reduced their circulation upon the passage of the Democratic refunding bill. They should have trusted to the good sense of a Republican Executive to veto such a measure.

The eagerness of the Press to publish every detail of the private life of the President and his family, must be disgusting to a man of Garfield's good sense. He has the same right that any other American citizen has to control his private life, and if he chooses to get up at seven o'clock and read the papers before breakfast he has a perfect right to do so. Why parade the fact in every paper in the country.

"Senator Mahone has committed political suicide."—*Balto. Gazette.*

He is the liveliest corpse we have seen for a long time, and contributed a good share of noise at his own wake. We predict that the "voice from the tomb," when the roll of the Senate is called on important political questions, will cause consternation and chagrin among the living members of the Bourbon persuasion.

The appointment of Hon. John Ritchie to be Chief Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, should give general satisfaction, as he is eminently qualified to fill the position with credit and honor, and is, besides, the possessor of rare social qualities. Mr. Ritchie has openly antagonized the Gorman Ring for several years past, and we suppose that faction of the party will not be pleased with his elevation to the bench, yet by quietly acquiescing they may bridge over the yawning gulf that divides the two factions, and thus escape the explosion of the Governor's dreaded bomb.

"I tell you," said Mr. Wash. McLean, of Cincinnati, speaking to a friend a few days since, "I tell you the Democratic party is a played-out quantity. They stand up in the Senate like a lot of sheep and take whatever is given them; and if anybody threatens to knock them on the nose they at once apologize for having noses. Where are our Conklings, our Blaines, our Hears, our Logans, our Fryes? We haven't got 'em. The Republican party is a party of pluck and audacity. I'm sick of the Democratic party." Wash. don't ask where "our Mahone" is. His location was discovered in the organization of the Senate, and they are sorely disappointed to find him with the party of progress.

And now Senator Saulsbury gives utterance to the foolish assertion that the Republicans had "elevated a man to the Presidency without right." We are not surprised to hear such expressions from country politicians and ignorant men, but expected better of the Peach Orchard Statesman. He forgets that the "50,000,000 American people," referred to by him, through their representative voters, demonstrated the fallacy of this charge at the polls in November. He forgets that the Democratic party, by its representatives in the Cincinnati Convention, admitted the falsehood of the "fraud" cry when they refused to nominate the hero of the Cipher despatches. He forgets that the matter was determined in accordance with a plan proposed by his party. The day for the fraud howl is over—that question has been settled by the people. Let it remain so.

We are not surprised to hear the many complaints of our citizens over the conduct of corporation affairs. The town is without a Burgess, and for all the good he does, might as well be without a Bailiff. We pay nearly one-fourth as much corporation taxes as we do for state and county purposes, and we cannot see that we are benefitted in any way by it. Men may get drunk and stagger through the streets for hours, indulging in profane and vulgar language, and yet we never hear of the Bailiff arresting any of them? Horses and vehicles are taken and used while their owners are in church, and the offenders, though known, are not arrested. Signs are torn down and property damaged and destroyed with impunity. If we are to be taxed for corporation purposes let us have some benefit from it. The Bailiff is paid a fair salary by the citizens, and it is his duty to protect their persons and property. Frequently the lamps are not lighted on the darkest nights. We remember groping our way home last Saturday night at nine o'clock in darkness so intense that we could only keep on the sidewalk by feeling our way slowly along. Not a single lamp on Second street was lighted. As citizens and taxpayers we ask that we be afforded the benefits and protection intended to be conferred by the act of incorporation, or else that we be relieved from taxation for corporation purposes.

The Hon. Lloyd Lowndes is looming up as a candidate for the position of collector of the port of Baltimore. Mr. Lowndes is too well known here for us to say anything of his capacity or qualifications. He is a straight out Republican and yet very conservative in his views. He is a man who believes in dealing fairly with his political opponents, honorable and highminded, generous to a fault, beloved by all classes except political tricksters, who being dishonest themselves, have no use for honest men, no difference to what party they belong. President Garfield has indicated that he would appoint honorable and capable men to office, therefore we take it that Mr. Lowndes will have the inside track for his appointment, since it is a well known fact that John L. Thomas is a politician, and is also the head of one of the rings in Baltimore that is continually stirring up trouble in the Republican party of the State. Mr. Lowndes on the other hand does not belong to either of the rings, and is therefore free from all such complications, being a man of the people and one devoted to the interests of the people.—*Cumb. Independent.*

The above has the true ring in it, and is a just and merited compliment to Allegany's distinguished and popular citizen. Mr. Lowndes is above the tricks of politicians, and we repeat what we have heretofore said, that his appointment would do more towards restoring and maintaining harmony in our party than that of any man in Maryland. Mr. Lowndes is not a *candidate* for that or any other office, but we hope the President will appoint him, and that for the good of the party he can be induced to accept the office. The Collectorship and Surveyorship should be given to men of high moral character. Men with consistent and honest political records. A premium should not be put upon treachery to party by the retention of such political tricksters as now fill the above offices. There is but little inducement for dissatisfied Democrats, of whom there are many in Maryland, to join with the Republicans in an effort to rescue our State from the control of the corrupt ringsters now in power, while our own party is under the control of such men as Thomas and Vernon. Let us give an earnest of our good intentions by their removal and the appointment of capable and worthy men. Men like Mr. Lowndes, who would inspire confidence and retain the respect of both political parties. Let us have men in the federal offices who will not prostitute and degrade those offices for the furtherance of their own selfish ends.

The funeral of the late Judge Emory took place from his residence in Lutherville, Baltimore county, on Monday last. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. A. W. Webster, of the St. John's Independent Church, Baltimore (of which deceased was once a member); Rev. Dr. Morris, of the Lutheran church, and Rev. Mr. House, of the M. E. church, Lutherville. The honorary pall-bearers were Messrs. C. W. Ridgely, John Mahoney, John G. Cockey, Charles Markell, William H. Carpenter, Benjamin C. Barroll, William S. Keech and John T. Ensor—the last two being members of the Towsontown bar. The active pall-bearers were Messrs. Authur Emory and his two brothers (J. K. B. and William H. Emory), J. K. B. Emory, Thomas H. Emory, Harry B. Wilmer and William Stevens—all nephews of the deceased. The casket was a handsome one, of walnut, heavily plated with silver and enveloped in black cloth. It was surmounted by a beautiful white wreath of natural flowers. The remains were taken into the city on a special train of the Northern Central Railway, and thence conveyed to Greenmount Cemetery, where they were interred. The Circuit Court room has been draped in mourning in honor of deceased's memory, the emblems to remain for thirty days.

Louisiana Under Democratic Rule

From time to time there is renewed a demand for the convocation of the General Assembly in special session for the alleged purpose of meeting some evil which, as supposed, can only be cured by legislation. In view of the fact that the loans contracted to meet the expenses of the Constitutional Convention and of the last session of the General Assembly are not paid, and of the further fact that the State Government in all its branches is running no credit, the public do not hanker after the creation of a new State debt of such large proportions, to be followed with a new depreciation of all State securities. Every fund is deficient. State warrants are selling at a discount of 30 or 40 per cent. The Judges of our courts are unpaid. Our charitable institutions cannot obtain what was appropriated. Deficient levee funds are threatening disastrous consequences. Public schools are suffering, and a large sum designed by the Constitutional Convention to pay the general expenses of the State for the past year is tied up by litigation. The Legislature could not remedy these evils nor replenish the void in the Treasury; it could borrow money to pay its members and officers only by discounting State warrants at a rate not higher than 60 cents on the dollar.—*New Orleans Picayune, March 11th.*

The March Term of the Circuit Court for Howard County commenced on Monday last at Ellicott City, with Hon. Edward Hammond, associate judge, on the bench, and Joseph O. McCauley, sheriff; Edwin Linthicum, state's attorney; and Louis J. Watkins, clerk. The different dockets were called, after which the court proceeded with the trial of cases on the appeal docket. The following gentlemen of the Baltimore bar were admitted to practice at that bar: Henry C. Kennard, R. S. Culbreth, George Creamer, E. Shriver Resse. The session will in all probability be a long one, as the foreign docket is unusually long. Among the prominent cases to be tried at this term are the cases of Miss Murray against Gen. E. B. Tyler, postmaster of Baltimore city, postponed from the September term, and the Bell forgery trial, lately removed from Baltimore. Joseph Hobbs will also be tried for shooting Nicholas Crawford, with intent to kill, on the 27th of December, 1880, at the Sixteen Mile House, in that county. Crawford's eyes were entirely destroyed, as a result from the wound, the load having entered his face and eyes.

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A row has been raised at Danville, Va., because a negro girl has eloped with a white loafer of no account. The novelty about the row was that it was raised by the father of the girl, who objected to a worthless white husband for his worthy black daughter.

The splendid chandelier of rock crystal, in the room where the wedding breakfast of the Prince of Prussia, or rather supper, took place in Berlin the other day, is the identical one under which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms. The late King bought it for $4,000.

Henry W. Mason, a young merchant engaged in business at Winooski, Vt., has disappeared, with liabilities amounting to $100,000. The Merchants' Bank of Burlington has $25,000 of forged paper discounted for him. His mother, sister and other relatives have also been victimized. Mason is known to be in Montreal.

A New York bank not long since received from a gentleman of Boston the sum of $12,300, being the principal and interest of a note that was protested during the great panic of 1837. The note bore the endorsement of the Boston gentleman who has paid the debt which had long been outlawed, and for which the bank had no legal claim.

A Bible student inquires of the Bible translators and reviewers, upon whom the terrible curse pronounced in Revelations upon any one who shall add to or take away from the words of that Book, shall fall. He says evidently the curse must fall upon either the revisers or King James' translators, or both, unless the revisers think that the words of the curse are "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Some time ago the miners employed in the Shenandoah City colliery, in Pennsylvania, became convinced that a fire was burning in some of the old workings, from the fact that the water flowing into the shafts where they were working had become heated. The experts insisted they were wrong, but the fire on Tuesday made its appearance in the abandoned workings where years ago a hoisting engine was used.

John Schreever, a teamster, got drunk at Rome, N. Y., last Monday, and meeting his wife, with whom he had not lived for some time, in the Market Place, drew a pistol and shot her through the neck. He then turned the muzzle of the pistol towards his own head and blew his worthless brains out. Mrs. Schreever will probably recover.

It is reported in Chicago that a movement is on foot for the consolidation of the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Northern Pacific Railway. It is said that by consolidation the companies would reduce the operating expenses of the joint properties 35 per cent., and increase the revenues 40 per cent.

A mad dog took a walk through Montague, Sandiston and several other New Jersey towns the other day, snapping as he went, and biting a large number of dogs. At one place a woman greeted him with a kettle of scalding water, and after running a muck for several hours, he was finally shot. All of the animals bitten by him have been killed.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has chartered the Chesapeake Coal and Railroad Company, whose purpose is to construct a road from Reading to the Maryland line, and there to connect with a road leading to the Chesapeake Bay. There is also a road to be built from New Holland to Lancaster.

The ferry across the Delaware river about to be established by the Duponts below Wilmington will open a short route for Baltimore visitors to Cape May and Atlantic City during the bathing season. The Delaware River Road on the Jersey side connects with the West Jersey Road at Woodbury, which has branches running to both Cape May and Atlantic City. Daily excursions will probably be run from Wilmington over this route.

The Purim ball at the New York Academy of Music on Tuesday night, for the benefit of the Hebrew Benevolent Orphan Asylum Society, was as brilliant as it was successful. The receipts amounted to about $21,000. The costumes of the masqueraders were extremely rich. Among the tableaux was one called the "Rat Catcher's Daughter," the rats personated by a number of active young boys, and the cats by those of large growth. Among the spectators of the brilliant scene were General Grant and his wife.

There is a Frenchman in Nevada who has a herd of forty native-born camels, which he designs using during the summer in carrying goods from the terminus of the Carson and Colorado Railroad to the camps far out in the wilderness. The Nevada deserts furnish the camels with grasses and bitter and prickly shrubs and plants suited to their taste, and on which they thrive.

The steamer Howard, burned at St. Louis on Sunday night, was the largest steamer on the Western rivers, and in 1872 the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, traveled on her from Cairo to New Orleans. It is a singular coincidence that the Czar's assassination and the burning of the steamer should occur on the same day. There were two bridal parties on board, and as the passengers lost all their baggage, the brides had literally nothing left to wear. The passengers had to be lowered into boats at the stern, as the fire cut off their escape in any other way.

The certificate of incorporation of the New York Cremation Society was presented on Monday to Judge Lawrence for his approval. The object of the society is stated to be the dissemination of sound and enlightened views in regard to the incineration of the dead, and the advancement of the public good by providing proper facilities for cremation. Judge Lawrence refused his approval, on the ground of some technical defect in the paper, which will be amended.

A special sale of trotting stock was begun in New York on Wednesday. Fifty-three horses in all were sold, bringing about $22,000. Among the animals disposed of were Robert Bonner's trotters Emma B. for $125, Elsie Venner for $900 and Etta Manning for $165. The two brown mares Astoria and Alma, sisters of the famous Dexter, were next brought out Astoria was purchased by D. Woodmansee (price not given) for Commodore Kitson, of St. Paul, Mich., and Alma by Charles Backman, of Stony Ford, N. Y., for $1,000. Mr. Bonner's twenty-one animals went for $10,820.

A somewhat remarkable "moon" has just been imported into the United States by Mr. Riverston, the New York theatrical manager. The moon, which is eighteen feet in diameter, was made by Dr. Julius Schmidt, director, of the Observatory at Athens, Greece, and was brought over to New York in sections for duty at one of the theatres of that city. It is claimed that the elevations and depressions of the celestial moon are indicated, although on a small scale, with considerable accuracy. The surface elevations are in three-fourths proportions to the dimensions of the sphere. When shown to the public the 5,000 craters, hills, valleys and seas are all brought out in a striking manner by the aid of oxy hydrogen blasts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known as

LOTS NOS. 65, 66, 67 AND 68

on Alder Street in said town, also two cows, two hogs and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of Joseph Claymire.

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Military Lot No. 4042

containing fifty acres. Also two horses, one heifer, three hogs, one lot of household furniture and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of James King.

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at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 872, one half of Military Lot No. 861, one third of Military Lot No. 1204, and one-third of Military Lot No. 11,

Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs, said lands being assessed in the name of N. L. Dashiel.

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ONE TOWN LOT

on Third Street in said town of Oakland, together with the improvements thereon. Also one cow and one lot of household and kitchen furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Susan Miner.

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"SMALL MEADOWS"

containing five hundred acres of land, being the same land which was conveyed to J. B. Davidson, by Peter Martin. Also a certain other tract of land called "Small Meadows" containing seventeen hundred acres. Said lands have been seized and taken in execution to satisfy State and county taxes for the year 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of J. B. Davidson.

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One town Lot on the corner of Fifth and Liberty Streets,

in said town of Oakland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Charles H. Gilpin.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in April, 1881,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers, hearing appeals and attending to any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
3 19 td. Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BARNARD,
3 19 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

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at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as the

"SMITH FARM,"

containing 230 acres of land, also one horse, seven cattle, twenty sheep, ten hogs, household and kitchen furniture and farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of William W. Ashby

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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, one year $1 50
six months 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881.

The balance of power--Mahone's ninety pounds.

Democratic dead weight—David Davis' four hundred pounds.

Gorman is relegated to a back seat in the United States Senate, and Continental William smileth serenely while he talks of the "crops."

The truth of the old adage, "marry in haste and repent at leisure," is well illustrated by the National Banks that so speedily reduced their circulation upon the passage of the Democratic refunding bill. They should have trusted to the good sense of a Republican Executive to veto such a measure.

The eagerness of the Press to publish every detail of the private life of the President and his family, must be disgusting to a man of Garfield's good sense. He has the same right that any other American citizen has to control his private life, and if he chooses to get up at seven o'clock and read the papers before breakfast he has a perfect right to do so. Why parade the fact in every paper in the country.

"Senator Mahone has committed political suicide."—*Balto. Gazette.*

He is the liveliest corpse we have seen for a long time, and contributed a good share of noise at his own wake. We predict that the "voice from the tomb," when the roll of the Senate is called on important political questions, will cause consternation and chagrin among the living members of the Bourbon persuasion.

The appointment of Hon. John Ritchie to be Chief Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, should give general satisfaction, as he is eminently qualified to fill the position with credit and honor, and is, besides, the possessor of rare social qualities. Mr. Ritchie has openly antagonized the Gorman Ring for several years past, and we suppose that faction of the party will not be pleased with his elevation to the bench, yet by quietly acquiescing they may bridge over the yawning gulf that divides the two factions, and thus escape the explosion of the Governor's dreaded bomb.

"I tell you," said Mr. Wash. McLean, of Cincinnati, speaking to a friend a few days since, "I tell you the Democratic party is a played-out quantity. They stand up in the Senate like a lot of sheep and take whatever is given them; and if anybody threatens to knock them on the nose they at once apologize for having noses. Where are our Conklings, our Blaines, our Hears, our Logans, our Fryes? We haven't got 'em. The Republican party is a party of pluck and audacity. I'm sick of the Democratic party." Wash. don't ask where "our Mahone" is. His location was discovered in the organization of the Senate, and they are sorely disappointed to find him with the party of progress.

And now Senator Saulsbury gives utterance to the foolish assertion that the Republicans had "elevated a man to the Presidency without right." We are not surprised to hear such expressions from country politicians and ignorant men, but expected better of the Peach Orchard Statesman. He forgets that the "50,000,000 American people," referred to by him, through their representative voters, demonstrated the fallacy of this charge at the polls in November. He forgets that the Democratic party, by its representatives in the Cincinnati Convention, admitted the falsehood of the "fraud" cry when they refused to nominate the hero of the Cipher despatches. He forgets that the matter was determined in accordance with a plan proposed by his party. The day for the fraud howl is ever—that question has been settled by the people. Let it remain so.

We are not surprised to hear the many complaints of our citizens over the conduct of corperation affairs. The town is without a Burgess, and for all the good he does, might as well be without a Bailiff. We pay nearly one-fourth as much corporation taxes as we do for state and county purposes, and we cannot see that we are benefitted in any way by it. Men may get drunk and stagger through the streets for hours, indulging in profane and vulgar language, and yet we never hear of the Bailiff arresting any of them? Horses and vehicles are taken and used while their owners are in church, and the offenders, though known, are not arrested. Signs are torn down and property damaged and destroyed with impunity. If we are to be taxed for corporation purposes let us have some benefit from it. The Bailiff is paid a fair salary by the citizens, and it is his duty to protect their persons and property. Frequently the lamps are not lighted on the darkest nights. We remember groping our way home last Saturday night at nine o'clock in darkness so intense that we could only keep on the sidewalk by feeling our way slowly along. Not a single lamp on Second street was lighted. As citizens and taxpayers we ask that we be afforded the benefits and protection intended to be conferred by the act of incorporation, or else that we be relieved from taxation for corporation purposes.

The Hon. Lloyd Lowndes is looming up as a candidate for the position of collector of the port of Baltimore. Mr. Lowndes is too well known here for us to say anything of his capacity or qualifications. He is a straight out Republican and yet very conservative in his views. He is a man who believes in dealing fairly with his political opponents, honorable and highminded, generous to a fault, beloved by all classes except political tricksters, who being dishonest themselves, have no use for honest men, no difference to what party they belong. President Garfield has indicated that he would appoint honorable and capable men to office, therefore we take it that Mr. Lowndes will have the inside track for his appointment, since it is a well known fact that John L. Thomas is a politician, and is also the head of one of the rings in Baltimore that is continually stirring up trouble in the Republican party of the State. Mr. Lowndes on the other hand does not belong to either of the rings, and is therefore free from all such complications, being a man of the people and one devoted to the interests of the people.—*Cumb. Independent.*

The above has the true ring in it, and is a just and merited compliment to Allegany's distinguished and popular citizen. Mr. Lowndes is above the tricks of politicians, and we repeat what we have heretofore said, that his appointment would do more towards restoring and maintaining harmony in our party than that of any man in Maryland. Mr. Lowndes is not a *candidate* for that or any other office, but we hope the President will appoint him, and that for the good of the party he can be induced to accept the office. The Collectorship and Surveyorship should be given to men of high moral character. Men with consistent and honest political records. A premium should not be put upon treachery to party by the retention of such political tricksters as now fill the above offices. There is but little inducement for dissatisfied Democrats, of whom there are many in Maryland, to join with the Republicans in an effort to rescue our State from the control of the corrupt ringsters now in power, while our own party is under the control of such men as Thomas and Vernon. Let us give an earnest of our good intentions by their removal and the appointment of capable and worthy men. Men like Mr. Lowndes, who would inspire confidence and retain the respect of both political parties. Let us have men in the federal offices who will not prostitute and degrade those offices for the furtherance of their own selfish ends.

The funeral of the late Judge Emory took place from his residence in Lutherville, Baltimore county, on Monday last. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. A. W. Webster, of the St. John's Independent Church, Baltimore (of which deceased was once a member); Rev. Dr. Morris, of the Lutheran church, and Rev. Mr. Heuse, of the M. E. church, Lutherville. The honorary pall-bearers were Messrs. C. W. Ridgely, John Mahoney, John G. Cockey, Charles Markell, William H. Carpenter, Benjamin C. Barroll, William S. Keech and John T. Ensor—the last two being members of the Towsontown bar. The active pall-bearers were Messrs. Authur Emory and his two brothers (J. K. B. and William H. Emory), J. K. B. Emory, Thomas H. Emory, Harry B. Wilmer and William Stevens—all nephews of the deceased. The casket was a handsome one, of walnut, heavily plated with silver and enveloped in black cloth. It was surmounted by a beautiful white wreath of natural flowers. The remains were taken into the city on a special train of the Northern Central Railway, and thence conveyed to Greenmount Cemetery, where they were interred. The Circuit Court room has been draped in mourning in honor of deceased's memory, the emblems to remain for thirty days.

Louisiana Under Democratic Rule

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A horrible crime was brought to light at Westminister, on Monday evening. Mr. Alfred Bruce, who lives on the Washington road, near the eastern end of the town, went out to his stable Sunday evening to feed his stock, and as he entered his barn-yard his attention was attracted to a large dog, which had dragged a mass of something into the yard and was feeding upon it. It was nearly dark, and Mr. Bruce could not at first tell what it was the dog had, but on approaching nearer he was horrified to find that the dog was making a meal upon the body of a large, well-formed colored infant. He drove the dog away, and then found that the legs of the body had been nearly devoured, but that the head, arms and trunk were unInjured. He at once gave the alarm, and some neighbors gathered. Search was made, but no trace could be discovered of the direction in which the dog had dragged the body, nor from whom he had obtained it. Mr. Peter S. Mikesell, justice of the peace, began an inquest over the remains. Con-table J. McIntosh summoned the following jury: William Moore, N. Charles Moor, Bruce Boyle, Orlando Reese, James M. Shellman, John Bernstein, Frank Beaver, Emanuel Mackley, Emanuel Shaeffer Thos. Turfle, Wm. J. Mitten and John J. Baumgartner. A number of witnesses have been summoned. Suspicion points strongly towards a young colored girl living in Bruce's neighborhood; but, of course, the result of the inquest cannot be foreseen.

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The second day's sale of the Wilson collection of paintings in Paris was devoted to the old masters. There were twenty-four pictures (portraits of Scriverius and his wife), not more than six inches long, were sold for 80,000 francs. Franz Hals was the painter.

Two large sugar refineries in Philadelphia are about to be enlarged so as to increase their combined capacity to four thousand barrels per day. Last year these refineries consumed 156,395 hogsheads of raw sugar imported from the West Indies.

A row has been raised at Danville, Va., because a negro girl has eloped with a white loafer of no account. The novelty about the row was that it was raised by the father of the girl, who objected to a worthless white husband for his worthy black daughter.

The splendid chandelier of rock crystal, in the room where the wedding breakfast of the Prince of Prussia, or rather supper, took place in Berlin the other day, is the identical one under which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms. The late King bought it for $4,000.

Henry W. Mason, a young merchant engaged in business at Winooski, Vt., has disappeared, with liabilities amounting to $100,000. The Merchants' Bank of Burlington has $25,000 of forged paper discounted for him. His mother, sister and other relatives have also been victimized. Mason is known to be in Montreal.

A New York bank not long since received from a gentleman of Boston the sum of $12,300, being the principal and interest of a note that was protested during the great panic of 1837. The note bore the endorsement of the Boston gentleman who has paid the debt which had long been outlawed, and for which the bank had no legal claim.

A Bible student inquires of the Bible translators and reviewers, upon whom the terrible curse pronounced in Revelations upon any one who shall add to or take away from the words of that Book, shall fall. He says evidently the curse must fall upon either the revisers or King James' translators, or both, unless the revisers think that the words of the curse are "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Some time ago the miners employed in the Shenandoah City colliery, in Pennsylvania, became convinced that a fire was burning in some of the old workings, from the fact that the water flowing into the shafts where they were working had become heated. The experts insisted they were wrong, but the fire on Tuesday made its appearance in the abandoned workings where years ago a hoisting engine was used.

John Schreever, a teamster, got drunk at Rome, N. Y., last Monday, and meeting his wife, with whom he had not lived for some time, in the Market Place, drew a pistol and shot her through the neck. He then turned the muzzle of the pistol towards his own head and blew his worthless brains out. Mrs. Schreever will probably recover.

It is reported in Chicago that a movement is on foot for the consolidation of the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Northern Pacific Railway. It is said that by consolidation the companies would reduce the operating expenses of the joint properties 35 per cent., and increase the revenues 40 per cent.

A mad dog took a walk through Montague, Sandiston and several other New Jersey towns the other day, snapping as he went, and biting a large number of dogs. At one place a woman greeted him with a kettle of scalding water, and after running a muck for several hours, he was finally shot. All of the animals bitten by him have been killed.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has chartered the Chesapeake Coal and Railroad Company, whose purpose is to construct a road from Reading to the Maryland line, and there to connect with a road leading to the Chesapeake Bay. There is also a road to be built from New Holland to Lancaster.

The ferry across the Delaware river about to be established by the Duponts below Wilmington will open a short route for Baltimore visitors to Cape May and Atlantic City during the bathing season. The Delaware River Road on the Jersey side connects with the West Jersey Road at Woodbury, which has branches running to both Cape May and Atlantic City. Daily excursions will probably be run from Wilmington over this route.

The Purim ball at the New York Academy of Music on Tuesday night, for the benefit of the Hebrew Benevolent Orphan Asylum Society, was as brilliant as it was successful. The receipts amounted to about $21,000. The costumes of the masqueraders were extremely rich. Among the tableaux was one called the "Rat Catcher's Daughter," the rats personated by a number of active young boys, and the cats by those of large growth. Among the spectators of the brilliant scene were General Grant and his wife.

There is a Frenchman in Nevada who has a herd of forty native-born camels, which he designs using during the summer in carrying goods from the terminus of the Carson and Colorado Railroad to the camps far out in the wilderness. The Nevada deserts furnish the camels with grasses and bitter and prickly shrubs and plants suited to their taste, and on which they thrive.

The steamer Howard, burned at St. Louis on Sunday night, was the largest steamer on the Western rivers, and in 1872 the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, traveled on her from Cairo to New Orleans. It is a singular coincidence that the Czar's assassination and the burning of the steamer should occur on the same day. There were two bridal parties on board, and as the passengers lost all their baggage, the brides had literally nothing left to wear. The passengers had to be lowered into boats at the stern, as the fire cut off their escape in any other way.

The certificate of incorporation of the New York Cremation Society was presented on Monday to Judge Lawrence for his approval. The object of the society is stated to be the dissemination of sound and enlightened views in regard to the incineration of the dead, and the advancement of the public good by providing proper facilities for cremation. Judge Lawrence refused his approval, on the ground of some technical defect in the paper, which will be amended.

A special sale of trotting stock was begun in New York on Wednesday. Fifty-three horses in all were sold, bringing about $22,000. Among the animals disposed of were Robert Bonner's trotters Emma B. for $125, Elsie Venner for $900 and Etta Manning for $165. The two brown mares Astoria and Alma, sisters of the famous Dexter, were next brought out Astoria was purchased by D. Woodmansee (price not given) for Commodore Kitson, of St. Paul, Mich., and Alma by Charles Backman, of Stony Ford, N. Y., for $1,000. Mr. Bonner's twenty-one animals went for $10,820.

A somewhat remarkable "moon" has just been imported into the United States by Mr. Riverston, the New York theatrical manager. The moon, which is eighteen feet in diameter, was made by Dr. Julius Schmidt, director, of the Observatory at Athens, Greece, and was brought over to New York in sections for duty at one of the theatres of that city. It is claimed that the elevations and depressions of the celestial moon are indicated, although on a small scale, with considerable accuracy. The surface elevations are in three-fourths proportions to the dimensions of the sphere. When shown to the public the 5,000 craters, hills, valleys and seas are all brought out in a striking manner by the aid of oxy hydrogen blasts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known as

"SMALL MEADOWS"

containing five hundred acres of land, being the same land which was conveyed to J. B. Davidson, by Peter Martin. Also a certain other tract of land called "Small Meadows" containing seventeen hundred acres. Said lands have been seized and taken in execution to satisfy State and county taxes for the year 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of J. B. Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in April, 1881,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers, hearing appeals and attending to any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
8 19 td. Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BARNARD,
8 19 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as the

"SMITH FARM,"

containing 230 acres of land, also one horse, seven cattle, twenty sheep, ten hogs, household and kitchen furniture and farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of William W. Ashby

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known as

LOTS NOS. 65, 66, 67 AND 68

on Alder Street in said town, also two cows, two hogs and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of Joseph Claymire.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 4042

containing fifty acres. Also two horses, one heifer, three hogs, one lot of household furniture and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of James King.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 872, one half of Military Lot No. 861, one third of Military Lot No. 1204, and one third of Military Lot No. 11,

Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs, said lands being assessed in the name of N. L. Dashiel.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county. Being

ONE TOWN LOT

on Third Street in said town of Oakland, together with the improvements thereon. Also one cow and one lot of household and kitchen furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Susan Miner.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, being

One town Lot on the corner of Fifth and Liberty Streets,

in said town of Oakland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Charles H. Gilpin.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Charley Frazee says he is selling goods cheaper than ever. and he is doing it.

—Anonymous communications will not be published in the REPUBLICAN, and this accounts for the non-appearance of one received this week.

—Jacob gave Joseph a coat of many colors, but that is a small affair when compared with the ready made clothing at the "old stand," Selbysport.

—Died, near the Red House, this county, of membranous croup, on the 13th inst., Elenora Emily Clare, aged 2 years, 1 month and 19 days, "Not lost but gone before."

—If you want to buy goods cheaper than the cheapest, call on Charley Frazee, at the old stand, Selbysport.

—Postmaster Thayer was the recipient of some exquisite rose buds this week, "the first of the season," from Mrs. L. M. Deakins. Fort Pendleton is ahead.

—"Come all ye young men in your wicked ways," and buy your boots and shoes, hats and caps at the "old stand," Selbysport.

—Married, March 20th, 1881, at the residence of the bride's father, Garrett V. Moon, by the Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, Nathaniel B. Harvey and Susan E. Moon, both of this county.

—Hardware, queensware, timothy and clover seed dirt cheap, at the old stand, Selbysport.

—Messrs. Peddicord & Combs, attorneys for Wm. Casteel, Esq., sold at the Glades Hotel, at public auction, Saturday evening, an unredeemed pledge consisting of a gold watch and chain. The amount realized was $31.

—"They all do it," so come along and buy your tobacco, segars and snuff where you get them cheaper than the cheapest, at the old stand, Selbysport.

—The Garrett Literary Society meets this (Saturday) evening. The following is the program: Declamation, A. B. Woodcock; Essay, C. H. Loar; Selection, G. T. Porter; Declamation, J. T. Mitchell; Essay, W. P. Townshend.

—On Sunday evening a daughter of Patrick Martin, a miner of Pekin, Allegany county, was returning home from church, when as she was crossing Georges creek on a log, she fell in and was drowned. Her body was recovered a mile below.

—If you want to live with a clear conscience and die happy, buy your plow points and land sides, for Hartzell's plows from Charley, at the old stand, Selbysport.

—Our young friend Rev. Henry P. Hamill, of the M. E. Church South, formerly of this place, has been assigned to pastoral work at Frederick City, Md. It is always a gratification to hear of the promotion and prosperity of our Garrett county boys, and especially the companions of our boyhood.

—Don't you forget this: Charley Frazee takes produce in exchange for goods, and gives the highest price for it, at the old stand, Selbysport.

—Dr. McGirr and John Marshall, the former charged with assault and battery, and the latter with larceny, escaped from our Jail Tuesday night about 9 o'clock. They made their exit through a sink attached to the Jail, and before they had been caged for the night.

—He don't part his hair in the middle, but steps around lively and accommodates the customers. That's the kind of a clerk you will find at the old stand, Selbysport.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week. The attendance was good, and the exercises were well rendered and highly enjoyable, especially "Peanut John's" essay. The music, as usual, was a pleasing feature of the performance.

—An informal meeting of the active and honorary members of the Garrett Guards was held Wednesday evening, to consider the propriety of giving a literary and dramatic entertainment in the near future. The following committee was appointed, with Capt. Wardwell as chairman ex-officio, to take the matter in hand and make the necessary arrangements; and report to the company this Saturday evening: Th. J. Peddicord, J. W. Veitch, A. B. Woodcock, H. Wheeler Combs, A. G. Sturgiss and F. A. Thayer.

Church Services--Sunday.

Quarterly meeting services at the M. E. Church on Saturday and Sunday. Preaching Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Sacramental services at 10½ o'clock a. m., Sunday, and preaching at 7 p. m.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11 o'clock a. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Personal.

Collector Margroff was in town Monday and Tuesday.

J. Frank Ashby, Esq., called on us one day last week.

Wm. Cunningham, Esq., of District No. 3, was in town Monday.

Mrs. G. W. Delawder is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Boughner, at Fairmont, W. Va.

Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., was in Cumberland Thursday attending to professional business.

O. W. Heiskell, Esq., has rented the "Harness House," and intends to move in a few days.

Mrs. O. W. Heiskell returned home last week from a protracted visit to friends in Wheeling.

Col. John W. Veitch was in Cumberland Tuesday, attending to professional business.

Our venerable fellow citizen John C. Beckman, of District No. 1., was in town Tuesday.

Mr. A. C. Brooke has removed to the property lately purchased by him on Second street.

J. S. Darrell, Esq., of Addison, Pa., was in town Sunday. "Solon" looks well. Married life must agree with him.

Mr. Daniel Chisholm has removed to the property on Second street—the same building which he occupies as a drug store.

Mrs. C. D. Klipstine, of Piedmont. W. Va., who has been visiting friends and relatives in Oakland and vicinity, returned home Monday.

Mr. J. W. Webster, the "polite and accommodating" agent for Loudensiager & Son, of Loudenville, W. Va., was in town Wednesday.

Rev. J. M. Davis and Dr. E H. Bartlett left here Tuesday night for Easton, Md., to attend a meeting of the Grand Lodge Knights of Honor.

Capt. Hayden, foreman of the REPUBLICAN office has removed to his property on Liberty street, recently purchased from Mr. A. C. Brooke.

Miss Bell, of Wheeling, en-route from Florida, where she had been spending the winter, paid a short visit to her sister, Mrs. O. W. Heiskell, of this place.

Mr. Chas. F. Frazee, of Selbysport, called to see us on Tuesday. Charley is one of Garrett county's most enterprising merchants, and we are pleased to see him at any time.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Johnson White, who was painfully injured some time since by being thrown from a sleigh, is now able by the aid of crutches, to walk about the house.

Charley says he is a yard long, a yard wide and almost a yard thick, and that is the kind of dry goods he keeps, and the best is he sells them the cheapest, at the old stand, Selbysport.

We were pleased to receive a call from Mr. Garrett V. Moon, of District No. 8., Tuesday; also Mr. Isaac Myers, of District No. 6., Mr. J. W. Savage, of District No. 4, and Geo. W. Lohr, of District No. 3.

SELBYSPORT, MD.,
March 22d, 1881.

I take this method to express to my friends of Selbysport and vicinity my sincere thanks for their extreme kindness to me and my wife during her illness.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

NEAR FAIRFAX STONE,
March 21st, 1881,

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:— Please find space in your columns for a few words from No. 8:

Our school closed March 4th, it being the end of the second term. Mr. John H. Meyers, the teacher, is a young man of good moral character, and as a teacher we want no better, and we hope that we may be so fortunate as to secure his services for another winter. He was a strict disciplinarian, and the scholars improved more under his tuition than under any teacher we have had in the past.

M. K.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, March 26th, 1881.

Brinkman, Geo. & Co.; Bentley, R. L.; Frey, John; Gauer, Miss Tennie; Lee, Rebecca; Sisler, Louisa B.; Telegraph, A. U.; Wolf, Miss Lizzie; Wolfe, Jas. W.; Williams, Luther. Forde, Wm., (foreign letter.)

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Serious Accident.

Daniel Davis, (colored) of Ryans Glade, was dangerously injured on Friday of last week. Mr. D. was one of a gang of men engaged in placing logs in the North Branch of the Potomac for the purpose of floating them to Davis & Co's mill at Piedmont. A number of the logs took a sudden start down the hill, and in his efforts to escape missed his footing, and four logs passed over him, crushing his shoulder, breaking several ribs and otherwise injuring him. At last accounts his condition was considered rather favorable.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 22d inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt Associate Judge, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

The last will and testament of David L. Hileman, deceased, was filed, proved and admitted to record.

Letters testamentary were granted to Sarah Hileman upon the estate of David L. Hileman, deceased.

The last will and testament of Ezekiel Tatten, deceased, which was filed on the 21st inst., was proven by the witnesses thereto.

Letters *do bonis non* were granted unto Sarah Hileman upon the estate of Geo. W. Hileman, deceased.

Isaac Meyers, administrator of Zacharia Vansicle, passed his fifth account.

Chas. F. Frazee, administrator of the estate of John J. Frazee, deceased, passed his first and final account.

Wm. H. Swauger, administrator of John Swauger, deceased, passed his first and final account.

Josiah Smearmond and Geo. W. Lohr, executors of John Smearmond, deceased, passed their second account.

Court adjourned to meet April 12th, 1881.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 22:

Wm. Browning and wife to N. B. Nethkin, Military Lot No. 1237; $100.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Benedict Benchy, one acre of land; $200.

Wm. Lower to Henry Lower, 103½ acres of land; $1632.50.

Wm. Lower to Margaret A. Lower, 173½ acers of land; $1036.25.

Wm. Lower to Alex. Lower, 103½ acres of land; $1031.25.

Geo. W. Wilson Administrator, *d. b. n.*, to Ebenezer Kitzmiller, Military Lot No. 124; $150.

Wm. T. McCulloh, Trustee, to Wm. M. Price and J. N. Wilson, part of the two tracts called "Hoyes Last Hope" and "John Hoyes Wish."

Joseph Bowser and other to Jacob E. Bowser, Military Lot No. 2659; $400.

Elizabeth A. Moore to Mary E. Kisner, 25 acres of land; $75.

Geo. E. Bishoff and wife to J. W. Lowdermilk and Lloyd Lowdermilk, part of the "Gleanings," containing 50 acres; $350.

T. P. Thayer to F. A. Thayer, Lot No. 35 in Oakland; $1500.

Zevely's Wickedness--He Abuses Positions of Trust and Swindles his Friends and Brothers.

The Wheeling *Sunday Leader* gives an account of trouble into which John H. Zevelry, formerly of Cumberland, but for the past ten years a resident of Wheeling, has gotten. The *Leader* says that it was discovered Saturday that Zevely had forged the name of John T. Frew as endorser on a number of notes in bank, the whole amount secured in this manner having been about $700. Zevely has left for parts unknown and an attachment was issued against his property and the stock in his store and stencil factory, and the funiture in his residence was seized. Zevely is a prominent member of church and is well known here. Mr. Frew is of the opinion that other names on the notes were forgeries. The affair created quite a stir in Wheeling, where Zevely was held in good standing as a business man.

He was Recorder of the Knights of Honor of Wheeling, and the society will lose over a hundred dollars by his dishonesty.

He was also treasurer of Wheeling Encampment, I. O. O. F., and as such has had in his possession large sums of money. In 1879 he deposited $125 in a bank, and when he returned in the certificate of deposit he had raised the figures to $625. This certificate was renewed several times. The loss to the lodge will be at least $500.

As treasurer of the Good Templars he victimized that lodge to a considerable amount. Mrs. Stoner, a widow of that city, became the owner of a sum of money slighly in excess of $1,000 by the death of her husband and the payment of a life insurance policy held by her, and all of this Zevely borrowed at different times and in small amounts. A deed of trust upon his store and fixtures secures this debt. Zevely's whereabouts are still a mystery. Such swindlers should be hunted down.

MARYLAND NEWS.

A raccoon lodged under a law office in Chestertown.

The wheat crop in St. Mary's county is reported as seriously damaged by the intense cold of the past winter.

Hagerstown is enjoying a business boom. So says the *Odd Fellow*.

Three barges of seven hundred tons each are to be built at Cambridge for the agent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company.

James Dryden, a well-known character of Somerset county, died on the 12th inst. He was known by the singular cognomen of "Time Enough."

The stock of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, went up to 203 on Wednesday last. The heighest figure ever attained before was 196.

The business men of Baltimore, propose to give Ex-Senator Whyte, a banquet as a testimonial of his services in behalf of Baltimore City.

The peach trees in Sassafras Neck and along the bay and tributaries in Cecil county have not been injured by the frost, and there is every prospect of a good crop.

A letter from Hot Springs, Ark., mentions the location there of the firm of Hollyday & Feddeman, both of whom are from Queen Anne's county. The firm is prospering.

Frank Pratt, who was stabbed in the affray at Mount Savage on the 11th inst., when his brother Joseph was killed, is still in a critical condition.

James Duckworth, employed in the Maryland Coal Company's mine at Lonaconing, was killed on the 15th inst., by being run over by two loaded cars.

Governor Hamilton, has appointed John Ritchie Esq., of Frederick, to be Chief Judge of the 6th Judicial Circuit, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Bowie.

The Crisfield *Leader* predicts a great scarcity of crabs this spring. The river shore is strewn with dead crabs, and it is therefore concluded that it will be late in the season before they become plentiful again.

The Shenandoah Valley Railroad has been completed to Luray. A gap of eight miles remains to be completed between the two ends of the road, and in about two weeks communication with Waynesboro', Va., will be opened.

William Jolly, a colored voter of Dorchester county, had his name drawn from the jury wheel last week, to serve in place of a white man who was excused. There is now only the name of one colored man remaining in the wheel.

The town election in Cambridge, Dorchester county, on the 12th instant, resulted in the election of Dr. S. C. De Kroft, the regular Republican candidate, who received more votes than the two other candidates combined, a Democrat and an Independent Republican.

The measles are prevalent on Taylor's Island, Dorchester county. The disease is not confined to the juvenile population alone, but the adult population is also afflicted with it.

Mrs. Alice Mitchell, the wife of Hon. John I. Mitchell, the newly-elected United States senator from Pennsylvania, is a granddaugter, of the late Dr. Robert H. Archer, of Harford county.

It is reported at Cumberland that there will be no reduction in canal tolls this season, and that the rates of last year—fifty one cents per ton to Georgetown and four cents wharfage—will be maintained.

John H. Zevely, formerly of Cumberland, but a resident of Wheeling, W. Va., for the last ten years, has disappeared from the latter place, and charges are made that he has committed forgeries amounting to $700.

The Rev. J. L. Estlin, of Wilmington, Del., has been called to the pastorate of the Christ Reformed Episcopal Church of Cumberland, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. J. K. Dunn.

An iceberg, said to tower fifty feet high, passed out of the river at Havre de Grace on the 14th inst. As it grounded in twenty feet of water, it must have been at least seventy feet high. The *Republican* is responsible for this story.

Colonel J. H. T. Magruder, of Prince George's county, lately state librarian, was recently married to Miss Eliza Hoxton. The groom is a youth of 75, and the bride a coy maiden of 55 years, and only consented after a courtship of thirty-five years.

Shadrach Fountain Leden, of Potter's Landing, near Denton, Caroline county, died on Saturday night of heart disease. He retired to bed, apparently, in a perfect state of health, and before morning was a corpse.

The ferryboat which conveys passengers from Oxford across the Third Haven river to a point convenient to Royal Oak and St. Micheal's, was swamped by last week's storm, while anchored about seventy-five yards from shore on the Oxford side.

A four-year-old son of Thomas Clark, of Cumberland, was run over by a wagon near his home on Wednesday while playing on the street. The wheel passed over his hips and abdomen, but his injuries are of an internal nature, and it is feared will prove fatal.

Mr. Cyrus Dennis, living near Fairview, Washington county, while at work at the bottom of a well, was knocked down by the fall of a cart-load of earth and stone from the upper part. He was seriously bruised and one foot crushed, and he considers himself lucky to have escaped with his life.

On the 12 instant some of the students of Washington College, near Chestertown, discovered a fire that had originated in the partition between two rooms in the west building, and succeeded in putting it out. This makes the fourth time within the last two years that fire has broken out in pretty nearly the same place.

Affairs in Cumberland regarding the crossing difficulty between the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroad in Maryland remain in statu quo. At the point of crossing the Baltimore and Ohio have seven cars posted and the track blockaded with heavy stones. Both roads have special officers on duty at the spot.

The Catholic church and residence at Rockville, Montgomery county, were entered on the night of the 11th instant, and various articles were stolen, including an overcoat belonging to Father Gallen. The poor-box in the church was rifled, but an attempt made to force open a drawer where the chalice and pyx were deposited failed.

Mrs. John Ritchie, of Frederick, made a narrow escape from death on Thursday night, by swallowing some oxalic acid in mistake for bromide of potash. She mistook the bottles in the dark, but instantly discovering her danger, a physician was sent for, and an antidote promptly admiuistered averted serious results.

Mr. Peter Culler, a farmer in Middletown Valley, about six miles from Frederick, exhibits a number of specimens of iron ore from a vein of rich magnetic ore found on his land. He also has large quantities of flint crystals, resembling amethyst in color and brilliancy. They will cut glass almost as well as a fine diamond point.

Mr. J. W. West, the mail-carrier between Centreville and Easton, had a narrow escape on the 12th inst., while attempting to ford a swollen stream near Elbow Mill, the bridge being adrift. The carriage was overturned, and, with the horse and driver, was carried down the stream. Mr. West was several hours in the water, but finally he got ashore with his horse and mails. The carriage was carried away.

Mr. Robert Kirkwood, a cousin of Secretary Kirkwood, of the Interior Department, died suddenly at his home, near Shawsville, Harford county, on the 12th inst. He was in the eighty-first year of his age, and had long been the senior elder of Bethel Presbyterian Church.

The Cecil and Harford county agricultural societies have fixed upon the same days next October for holding their fairs. As the Harford county organization selected those days in January last, the Cecil county society is expected to make a change, so that the two fairs shall not interfere one with the other.

Mrs. Susan Brome, wife of Dr. John M. Brome, died on the 16th inst., at the family residence, old St. Mary's City, St. Mary's county, aged 61 years. Mrs. Brome was an example of Christian piety, and dispensed charity without ostentation. Her death is much regretted.

The body of an unknown man, about 25 years of age, was found on Saturday on a small island in the Susquehanna, about two miles from Port Deposit. A jury of inquest rendered a verdict of death by drowning. The man was five feet eight or nine inches high, and the body was destitute of clothing with the exception of one sleeve of a muslin shirt.

Mr. Samuel Richardson, of Cambridge, has invented an improved windlass, which for strength and economy in power has excelled anything of the sort ever used. It will take the place of the common windlass used by oyster dredgers, inasmuch as it saves labor, and can be used without possible danger. As a machine for lifting weights or drawing anchors, it cannot be excelled.

Tom Tumli, the lone Chinaman on the Eastern Shore, has managed to save $1,500 out of his oyster trade. He can make himself understood in eight languages, and has proved himself a fellow of infinite jest. He was in a store at Centreville recently, with a doctor and several other persons, among them a man wearing a tattered coat whose rents were clumsily stitched together. Some one remarked, "We have no need of doctors here; we are all healthy," to which Tom quickly replied, "Lun know, lat man got bad stitch in him side."

At Havre de Grace on Wednesday the people became excited about the small-pox, growing out of a report that John Sheets, the brother of Jerry Sheets, who died of small-pox during the winter, was airing the dead man's clothing on a line attached to a floating shanty near the canal lock, at the upper end of the town. According to the report, John had taken up his brother's body where it was buried on the Cecil side of the bay for the purpose of recovering the clothing in which he was buried. He denied the report, but pending an investigation he took up his anchor and floated away to some other neighborhood.

NEWAD VERTISEMENTS.

Estate of David L. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID L. HILEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 22d day of March, 1880.

SARAH HILEMAN,
3 26 3 Executrix.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, in the town of Oakland, and known and described as

LOTS NOS. 22 AND 23

in Wilson's addition to said town. Also three lots in the town of McHenry, also housebold furniture and office furniture. Said property has been seized and will be sold to satisfy State and Conty taxes, for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of Hiram P. Tasker.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m, at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county and described as

Eight Acres of Military Lot Number 846,

being the same land which was conveyed to Theodore Bantz by E. G. Hall and wife. Said lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said lot is assessed in the name of Theodore Bantz.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 4037,

also, two cows, one hog and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property is assessed in the name of Emily F. Hinebaugh.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, and known as part of

Part of Military Lot No. 832,

containing 25 acres, together with the improvements. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon, said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Ellen King.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, and known as part of

"William and Mary,"

containing one hundred and seventy five acres. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881.

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county.

Being one town Lot on Oak Street

in the town of Oakland. Said Lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs thereon. Said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of "Prescott Smith's Heirs."

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SCHOOL for teaching chambermaids and other house servants has been established at Milan; so far it has worked very smoothly, and Milanese housekeepers have high hopes of the future.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA and her beautiful Spanish women have been one of the chief attractions at the Paris Grand Opera this winter. Her ex-Majesty dresses in blue satin, always displays a large number of diamonds and feathers, and appears to gain ten pounds a week.

LISZT changes his residence three times every year; from Rome he goes to Weimar, from Weimar to Pesth, and at Pesth he is usually occupied in bringing out some of his works. He hates the sea, and it is said that he even objects to going over the suspension bridge at Florence.

VICTOR HUGO contributed a thousand francs for the benefit of the amnestied communists who recently returned to Paris from New Caledonia. The gift was accompanied by the following note: "I have a thousand francs. I send them to the amnestied. The year should be begun with a thought for those who suffer."

AN influential gathering of English residents and visitors was held recently at Nice for the purpose of forming a committee, with sub-committees at Cannes, Mentone and San Remo, to agitate by petitions to the French Government and Parliament and by public meetings the suppression of the Monaco gaming-tables.

LOUISE MICHEL, the famous French communist, was born in Paris, but of Belgian parents who had lived in Vesqueville, and who returned there after her birth. Her father, who had once been a soldier in the armies of Holland, served subsequently as a clerk in a porcelain shop in Paris. Louise in her youth was a teacher, orthodox and pious.

A MOST singular suicide took place in Bucharest on the 27th of January. Three young ladies were examined for a baccalaureat, and although assured by one of the examiners that she had passed a satisfactory ordeal, Mademoiselle Tonesco, fearing that the assurance was not fully justified, entered her house, seized a knife and cut her throat. Death was instantaneous.

PRINCE BISMARCK likes to get his parliamentary guests in a circle about him, and, wrapped in clouds of smoke from pipe and cigar, thence to deliver epigrammatic sayings. "I want no colonies," he is quoted as saying. "For us in Germany this colonial business would be just like the silks and sables in the noble families of Poland, who have no shirts to their backs." At the Prince's latest soiree one of the four laboring men he has appointed as members of the new Commercial Council approached and congratulated himself upon being allowed to discuss questions of state with such a man. Whereupon the Prince clinked his glass with the laboring man, and everybody was delighted.

An Important Surgical Discovery.

THE Cincinnati *Volksblatt* contains an account of a recent very remarkable surgical operation performed in Vienna. The story is taken from the Vienna *Medical Wochenschrift*. The operation was performed by Prof. Billroth and his students. He wrote the report of it himself, so gratified was he at his success.

The thing done was no less than the successful removal of a cancer from the stomach. Prof. Billroth calls the process "stomach resection." It involved opening the stomach, cutting out the cancer, uniting the edges again, and then watching for the result as only those watch who understand what such a thrilling experiment means.

It had never before been performed in the history of the world, and it was successful. Cancer of the stomach is classed among incurable diseases. Sufferers from this terrible ailment are found in all classes of life. If hereafter, then, they are to be relieved and cured, what a discovery is this that Prof. Billroth has made!

Preliminary to describing the case, the Professor refers to previous experiments in this direction, which have gradually led up to the climax. He mentions that seventy years ago a young German physician, Karl Theodore Merrem, performed an interesting series of experiments on dogs. He showed that the lower orifice of the stomach could be cut away and the stomach united directly to the intestine, and recovery take place after the operation. Of three dogs treated in this manner, two survived and recovered. Even then Dr. Merrem ventured to state his conviction that a cancer could be successfully removed from the lower opening of the human stomach in this manner. At that time, though, the very close similarity between human bodies and those of other animals was not so well understood as it is now. Neither had operative surgery progressed so far as it has since; and so the experiments and the prediction of the daring young doctor fell dead upon his generation. The significance of his work was not understood.

So the matter rested for full sixty years. In 1871 Dr. Billroth himself took up the subject again, beginning his practice on dogs. (Doctors seem to have a spite at dogs.) On different occasions he cut out pieces from the alimentary canal of large dogs, drew the edges of the hole together, and had the pleasure of seeing it heal over successfully. The canal was somewhat smaller afterward at the place where the piece had been removed, but still it was easily distended.

The Professor himself, however, was not the first to apply the process to a human being. Dr. Czerny had that honor. He operated successfully on the larynx. A few years later Dr. Billroth removed some cancerous growths which had filled a human larynx. Other surgeons made yet other minor experiments. "This for the satisfaction of those who are of the opinion that my operation was only a crazily venturesome experiment on mankind," says Prof. Billroth.

The Professor and his students prepared for their great operation very carefully. Surgeons who had performed similar operations on animals had arrived at this fixed conclusion: "Stomach resection must and will succeed."

The cancer was a very large one. The Professor says he was "joyfully amazed" at the rapidity with which his patient began to recover. The form of the stomach, he assures us, is scarcely altered by the piece that was cut out. He had expected much disturbance in the stomach and local irritation; when, therefore, everything went on in a comparatively quiet way, without any of these unfavorable symptoms, he scarcely dared believe it could continue. A relapse into the patient's former weak condition might be looked for at any time, he thought, and against this nothing could be done. But the relapse did not occur. A few days after the operation, at the urgent entreaty of the patient, he changed her to a large ward shared by a number of patients in common, because she found herself so lonesome in an isolated room. At first after the operation the patient was only given milk for nourishment. On the seventh day tea and coffee were added to her diet. No unpleasant effects followed. Her temperature was almost normal, and her pulse was stronger and quieter than before the operation. She slept well, and complained of no great pain. At last accounts there was every reason to look for her perfect recovery. The story of the famous surgeon's successful operation is scarcely less interesting to the general public than to the medical profession themselves. No wonder the happy doctor is moved to say:

"I hope we have again made a good step forward in the work of healing human beings hitherto regarded as incurable, or, in case of return of the cancerous affections, at least to relieve them for a period of time. You will, perhaps, pardon me if I feel a certain pride in the fact that through the labors of my students this progress has become possible."

The Sober Consequences of a Practical Joke.

JOHN SANDERS, the United States mail-carrier between Ukiah and Calpella, Mendocino County, was stopped on the 28th of last month, when on the road about twenty miles from Ukiah City. Columbus Harper, or "Tussy," as he is nicknamed in those regions, was the "road agent," who pointed his dexter finger and hand at the mail-carrier in the manner of a pistol and asked for his money, which the carrier refused, whereupon "Tussy" Harper commanded him to surrender the horse, a demand which Uncle Sam's employee declined with an oath, and then, spurring his horse, rode off in haste. The carrier lodged a complaint, and on the day following "Tussy" was arrested by Sheriff J. H. Donohue. Harper was lodged in jail for a few days, and the Marshal was apprised of his incarceration. But the Marshal could not reach Ukiah in time, on account of the condition of the roads, and some influential friends interesting themselves in behalf of "Tussy," he was released from custody, which Deputy Marshal Favor ascertained a few days ago when he reached the jail. After a hunt in the mountains the Marshal found his man on Wiley English's ranch, Harper being a sheep-shearer by occupation. The bogus road agent was brought to this city on Tuesday, and was accompanied by some friends. The facts of the case were represented by them to the United States Attorney, who brought Harper before Commissioner O Beirne. Before him Harper claimed that the whole thing was a huge joke and was done in pure fun, and being somewhat under the influence of liquor at the time he thought to frighten the carrier, whom he had mistaken for a friend, it being the custom of the carrier to go on his route in the morning instead of the evening, as on this occasion. He had no pistol with him, and had only pointed his right finger at the carrier. This story was borne out by the carrier in all particulars. The counterfeit road agent presented a number of letters from persons in Ukiah, testifying to his good character, and in view of all circumstances the charge was dismissed, and "Tussy" Harper was allowed to return to his mountain home and sheep.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Carlyle's Personal Appearance.

THE Boston *Home Journal* contains an article on Carlyle, from the pen of Mr. Geo. M. Towle, which derives additional value from his having visited him twelve years ago. Carlyle's appearance is thus described:

A rather thick-set figure, of medium height, somewhat bent, with rounded shoulders; awkwardly and heavily built; ungainly and cumbrous in movement, attired in clothes which only just escaped the imputation of shabbiness, and which confessed themselves open to the charge of being an execrable fit; unusually large and ugly feet, incased in heavy shoes; these were the first impressions of the man as he slowly walked past, in a dreamy state which kept his eyes fixed on vacancy. The movement of the body was somewhat affected by age; but the long stride indicated what a sturdy pedestrian he must have once been. The face, overshadowed by a big slouch hat, was certainly one never to be forgotten. You thought you recognized a sort of typification of the Scottish national traits; grim adherence to opinion, the puritanic earnestness and obstinacy; the strength and solidity and searching force of the higher range of Scottish intellect. The hair was thick, knotty, gray, and grew far down on the forehead in plenteous tufts. The forehead was low, broad, and projected over the eyes. The eyes were very deep and set in their large caverns, and were shaded by heavy, bristling brows; they were small, dull, and of a grayish blue color. The nose was straight and bold, but fine and sensitive—the only delicate feature of the face. The almost shapeless mouth—with scarcely a curve, the nether lip slightly protruding beyond the upper, was half hid beneath a short, bristling gray mustache, and a rather closely-cut gray beard, which seemed all tangled and knotted, and covered each cheek as well as the chin. The expression of the furrowed features, with their strong deep lines crossing the cheeks, was somber, thoughtful, and wrapt. You could almost read the troublous history of a mind agitated through a long life, in the stern and repelling force of this expression.

Wheat Growing in California.

THE California farmer generally plows his land and sows his wheat as soon as practicable. He can calculate with a great degree of certainty that fully six months of the year will be practically rainless; and during the remaining six months his land is prepared and crops fairly started. The soil varies from the red loam of the Sierra slope—which, following the foothills, is gradually lost in the sandy deposits or the gray and black "adobe" along the San Joaquin and Sacramento—to the sediment and peaty soil of the tules, and from the brown gravelly loam so characteristic of Southern California to the whitish silts of the great deserts. The preparation of the ground is usually done by means of the gang-plow, and this is drawn by from three to five horses. In a large field frequently a half-dozen or more of these plows may be seen at work; and these, followed by the centrifugal sower and wagon of seed-grain, together with the barrow, transform in a day forty to fifty acres of stubble into a well-seeded grain-field. On the larger ranches in the Great Valley, sometimes 50, and even 100, gang-plows may be seen in use; and to some of these are attached appliances for seeding and covering, so that the plowing is done simultaneously with the seeding and harrowing. Sometimes the seed is sown dry in summer-fallowed land before the rains set in; and this, being moistened a month or two later, yields the most handsome returns. During the seeding time thousands of acres are sown in quick succession; and the grain, springing up as if by magic, is soon ready for the harvest. Then, for miles and miles on each side of the public roads, nothing but wheat-fields are seen. There are no fences, few houses and towns; and, from the Coast Range to the Sierras, the play of color upon the waving grain shows more beautifully than the tints of the best artists. Between the seeding time and harvest the haying season occurs, and the crops gathered are of the most bountiful kind. Five or six crops of alfalfa are often taken from the same field in a year, and this furnishes a nutritious hay for all kinds of stock.

When the wheat-harvest comes everybody is astir on a large California ranch. The territory, often embracing thousands of acres, is divided for convenience into numerous sections, and each section has its regular quota of machinery, horses and men. There are blacksmiths, carpenters, machinists, engineers, cooks and servants innumerable, while the rank and file of the men form several companies. The scythe, cradle and reaper, so common in the East, are here scarcely known. Owing to the continued sunshine, the wheat matures rapidly, and must be cared for quickly. The implement used for cutting is the giant header, and this is pushed into the waving grain by from four to eight horses. The heads of the grain, with a few inches of straw attached, are clipped off by the vibrating cutter; and the swath is sometimes twenty-eight feet in width. A revolving apron carries the clippings to the roomy bed of a wagon driven alongside; and this is then taken to the steam thrasher, often in the same field. Several of these wagons drive back and forth between the header and thrasher, and in an incredibly short space of time the wheat is sacked and ready for shipment. Even this energetic mode of farming seems too slow for the farmers of certain sections, and we read of a wonderful combination of header, thrasher and sacking wagon moving through the waving grain, and performing the various operations as it moves. Were a millstone and cooking-stove added but little room for improvement in the future would remain. On the smaller ranches a less energetic mode of procedure is practiced. The grain is cut with a header, but is left in stack until a thrashing-machine can be obtained. The bulk of the straw in every case is left standing in the field, and this is afterward turned off or plowed under, as the fancy of the farmer may dictate. From July to November most of the interior valleys and much of the territory along the Sacramento and San Joaquin are dotted with countless stacks of wheat, and the air is resonant with the hum of steam-engines and thrashing-machines. The thrashing season, after the heading season, is the busiest of the year; and when this is over the supply of tonnage and the condition of the market are the only remaining anxiety of the farmer.

Each traveling machine has its "boss" and complement of men, and goes from one farm to another in accordance with the contracts which have been previously made. The machine itself consists of a portable steam-engine and boiler combined, a thrasher or separator, and a large platform-wagon upon which the separator is conveyed. The full complement of hands to a machine consists of thirteen, namely: engineer, fireman, separator "boss," two forkers, three tablers, feeder, sack-tender, sack-sewer, sack-packer, and straw-huck. Of these the engineer generally gets $5 a day; the separator "boss," forkers and feeder, $4; the first tabler, sack-sewer, and sack-packer, $3; and the rest $2 50 or $2 per day. The work goes on unceasingly from daylight till sunset, save when there is an intermission for meals, or when a fork "accidentally" gets into the cylinder when the hands consider that they are being rushed too hard. Work on a thrashing-machine is generally considered the most severe of the harvest season; and, were there not a certain amount of jollity connected with the change of scene, and a certain incentive to work in consequence of the high wages paid, men would seek some easier means of earning their daily bread. The use of such men and gigantic machinery, coupled with the peculiar climatic conditions, and the extent of territory to be cultivated, are the peculiar feature of wheat-culture in California; and thus this industry is distinguished from the same in other parts of the world. In the Great Valley—a low, broad, and oval tract, nearly four hundred miles long by fifty wide—large ranches are the rule; and some of these are wonderful in their proportions. One of the largest of these is that of John Mitchell, who resides near its center, at Turlock, and which consists of 100 000 acres, with yearly from 25,000 to 50,000 acres in wheat. This gentleman has one warehouse with a capacity of 100,000 bushels, and has paid as high as $30,000 in a single year for sacks with which to sack his crop. His machinery and farming implements represent a fortune in themselves; and his profits in a single good season would be sufficient to purchase a considerable ranch. Many of his neighbors farm from 5,000 to 10,000 acres yearly, and these only boast of an average territory. —*A. R. Whitehall, in Chicago Tribune.*

Spring and Summer Woolens.

THE new woolen fabrics for spring and summer dresses are twills of light quality, or else they have a smooth, even surface that is very loosely woven. To make such goods of the purest wool and of least weight has been the object with manufacturers this winter, as the various cotton goods have been brought to such perfection that they have almost driven summer woolens out of use. Hence there are many new stuffs as transparent as the sheerest muslins, yet of the pliant wools that make graceful clinging draperies. Bayonnaise is one of these fabrics that has long been a favorite in black for ladies who dress in mourning; this is now shown in white, drab, French gray, pale blue, and other delicate shades, for making the entire dress on a silk foundation. Nuns' veiling and the fine French buntings, with many qualities of what is called wool-muslin, are shown again in all the colors used last year, and in some new tints, such as mauve, gray, and olive.

Thicker wool goods, sufficiently heavy for the early spring months, are shown in stripes, both lengthwise and bayadere, plaids *ombre* (shaded), shepherds' checks, and bordered patterns. The colors in these are very rich, and are quaintly combined, so that they produce a quiet effect, notwithstanding a great deal of red and yellow is used. There are suggestions of Oriental tates in the richness of these colors, yet the English fancies seen in Cheviots and homespuns are also recalled by the dark grounds slightly illuminated by threads of brilliant colors. *Ombre* or shaded figures, stripes, and plaids prevail, and to graduate a single color through all its tones, from the darkest to the lightest, is a marked feature of new fabrics of all qualities of wool, and also of silk for trimmings. Among the new colors is Vandyck red, which is darker and softer than the cardinal shades so long used; a great deal of roseda, or mignonette-color, is revived—a gray-green tint that contrasts prettily with many shades; porcelain blue is lovely with white, and also combines well; there is, beside, a great deal of olive and of clear deep green, with the natural beige tints so long used, and a new vivid yellow almost as bright as that of Marshall Neil roses.

For traveling dresses and nice wool suits there are heavy beiges and light camel's-hair stuffs, with ground made up of *mille rayé* stripes—the merest threads of olive, drab, roseda, or porcelain blue, alternating with cream white lines—and provided on one selvedge with a solid stripe for bordering in some rich shade that trims well. This border is often woven like Chuddah to give zigzag herring-bone effects. Pin-head checks sometimes take the place of the narrow stripes on the body of these goods. The cross stripes, called bayadere, are shown in very quiet and also in very gay colors for combining with plain goods. The latest fashion plates show very graceful short dresses, with a single skirt and double-breasted basque. The skirt is covered with flounces of two widths, the wider flounces of the bayadere being double the width of the narrow frills of a single color. The basque is of the single shade, with collar, revers and cuffs of the stripes. Sometimes these stripes are used diagonally, and sometimes lengthwise as well as horizontally; they are also effective for lining and facing plain stuffs, only glimpses of the lining being seen inside the revers and other retrousse bands that are shown on new costumes.

The woolen plaids like those in cotton goods are no longer Scotch tartans, but are mixtures of Madras colors, with the English designs in cloths worn by gentlemen, and these are combined with fanciful French tastes; thus the large plaids will be made up of small checks, the inner block will be a single color, and the bars will give the illuminated threads of Vandyck red, green, etc. There are also half-transparent fabrics that mix these colors up without any apparent design, yet produce a very rich effect. Mixed silk and wool stuffs for parts of suits are shown in block patterns, each block half an inch square, one block with satin surface being next a woolen one; contrasts of colors are the rule in these, such as dark green with old gold, Vandyck red with blue, olive with pale blue, and white with cream, blue or pink. These will be used for basques of dresses that have plain wool for the skirt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Shipping Live Hogs to Germany.

A CURIOUS experiment has been tried in Germany for some months past with success. It is the importation of live hogs from the United States at the port of Bremerhaven, from whence they are shipped to Hanover, finding a ready market at Brunswick, Magdeburg, Cassel and other North German cities. Last June a decree was issued forbidding the importation of American chopped pork and sausages into Germany, presumably on trichinatous grounds, and some ingenious butchers hit upon this method of evading the act, which said nothing about live hogs. It was at first thought that so many hogs would die upon the voyage as to make the experiment rather unremunerative, a loss of five per cent. being the lowest that was thought probable. Experience, however, has proved that the loss is under two and one-half per cent., which gave such an impetus to the undertaking that a company has been formed for the purpose of building large lairs for the arrivals at Bremerhaven, which is to be the hog depot for Germany, the animals being killed there and dispatched into the interior by rail. The American hog has more fat substance and less meat than his German relative, and a suggestion has been made to import a number of German pigs into America for breeding purposes.—*New York Sun.*

MAJ. JOHN T. HAROLD, of New York, has been awarded $35,000 damages by the Supreme Court of New York for injuries by an accident on the Elevated Railroad of New York City.

Religious.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE!"

Walking in brightness through the fields of night,
Pallas, the stars with her soft, silver light,
As into I watched, the harvest moon I saw;
Nor wondered that the children of the East
Bowed down before her splendor, and in awe
Did name her queen of heaven; for, at least,
The sun being gone, she sits upon his throne,
Shining with light and glory not her own,
But witnessing his presence, whom we miss
When darkness falls and his bright beams depart.
But whom she follows with a constant heart,
And ever upturned face, reflecting his.
Could but the Christian soul, I answered then,
So follow in her Master's track, so shine,
Never lose sight of His benignant grace,
So witness of His glory unto men,
Who see Him not, but seeing her bright face
May doubt no more His power and love divine!

Another night the shining orb I scanned
Through a revealing glass, and stood amazed;
For in those fields of glory, while I gazed,
Great chasms opened, dreary wastes of sand
Stretched desolate, and mountain peaks were tossed
In savage wildness; everywhere a dread
And gloomy chaos reigned, all life was gone,
All symmetry destroyed, all beauty lost;
A ruined world it seemed, where all was dead.
And yet the waste and blackened mass rolled on,
Obedient to the law which ruled her being,
As when her course of light was first begun;
And far away, on all her glory seeing,
Reflected brightness from her Lord, the sun.

Thou, who dost govern each created thing,
And from dead matter canst such glory bring,
Thine is all power, Thou rulest Night and Day!
No strength have I, nor beauty, power nor grace,
Yet, by Thy might, Thy laws I may obey,
Heal to my orbit by a power divine;
And if, O Master, upon me Thy face
Be turned in love, how can I choose but shine?
—*Esther Thorne, in Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Mar. 13—The Sinner's Friend.....Luke 7: 36-50
Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom.....Luke 9: 1- 6

SECOND QUARTER.

Apr. 3—Following Jesus.....Luke 9: 51-62
Apr. 10—The Good Samaritan.....Luke 10: 25-37
Apr. 17—The Pharisees Reprov'd.....Luke 11: 37-47
Apr. 24—Covetousness.....Luke 12: 13-21
May 1—Lost and Found.....Luke 15: 1-10
May 8—The Prodigal Son.....Luke 15: 11-24
May 15—The Rich Man and Lazarus.....Luke 16: 19-31
May 22—Parables on Prayer.....Luke 18: 1-14
May 29—Parable of the Pounds.....Luke 19: 11-27
Jun. 5—The Crucifixion.....Luke 23: 33-46
Jun. 12—The Walk to Emmaus.....Luke 24: 13-32
Jun. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Jun. 26—Gospel for the World...Luke 24: 44-53

Delay in the Publication of the Revised New Testament.

There is a sudden pause in the progress of the Revision. It was on the eve of appearing. The work is completed, printed, bound and copies were sent out to the press in England, and to the members of the Revision Committee in this country.

The cause of the unexpected delay is this: The British Committee of Revision was appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury, an ecclesiastical body composed of the Bishops and other clergy of the Province of Canterbury. We have before us the precise terms of the decree of appointment. It was understood that the Committee of Revision had final authority, and that their work when completed would be at once given to the world. But by some indiscretion or mistake a few specimens of the changes made by the revisers (which we published in the *Observer* January 27) appeared in the London *Record*, and excited considerable attention. They were speedily republished in many religious and secular papers. The parties who suppose they hold a copyright in England of the Revision served legal notice on the *Record*, in which the few extracts first appeared, and on those papers that copied the extracts, threatening a lawsuit for the violation of copyright! This unseemly act has justly excited great indignation. It is considered monstrous that newspapers should be threatened with punishment for publishing extracts from the Bible, and especially for doing the very thing that is most desirable and important to be done for the purpose of bringing the value of the work distinctly before the public. If the changes are discreetly made, the sooner they are known the better. If they are not discreetly made, the sooner they are suppressed the better. It is very sad to know that the men who have the legal control of the Revision are men who threaten with legal penalties newspapers which have innocently and at second-hand copied a few texts of the Bible, without note or comment, into their pages. Our contemporaries in Canada, who thought they were doing a good thing by copying these texts, will now find themselves exposed to the dangers of a lawsuit, from which we are happily exempted by the war of 1776. We never knew before how much we gained by our independence of England. It seems that we could not have cited a text from the Revised Bible without first sending over to England and getting permission from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge! That would be very inconvenient, especially in a discussion that required some dispatch.

It appears that the British Committee of Revision were not required by their appointment to submit their work before publication to the Convocation; but it is now intimated that the Revised New Testament will be thus submitted and referred to a new committee, to report upon it at the meeting of the Convocation which is to be held in May—three months hence—unto which time the publication has been postponed.

The "Convocation" is a legal as well as ecclesiastical body. It formerly had the power of levying taxes, which it does not now possess. But it is a Parliament of the Church in a State where Church and State are united. It has two houses, an upper and lower—the former composed of all the Bishops in the Province, the other of the inferior clergy by representatives from the dioceses in the Province. This body has legal authority to examine and censure "books," and from its decision an appeal may be taken to the Crown!

Thus it comes to pass that, if the Convocation does not approve of the Revision, the case may go up to the Government, and the Queen and Mr. Gladstone may yet be called on to decide whether the alterations of the old version are right and wise. Mr. Gladstone is a splendid Greek scholar, and we would give as much for his opinion on a disputed aorist as for that of any man in the Kingdom. If the Convocation does *not* approve of the Revision and the Crown *does* affirm and adopt, then the new Revision will be the Queen Victoria Version, as the old is that of King James.

So the end is not yet. The impression made by the "specimens" already published is that of literal fidelity in the rendering of the revisers. We have carefully noted the remarks of many newspapers for the purpose of seeing how "the thing is taking." The value of the work is appreciated, but the reasons for some of the changes are not understood. When these reasons are given, the public will be better able to judge of their necessity. Of one thing we are assured, that the Revision by the most advanced scholarship of the age sustains every doctrine of the common version and leaves the entire basis and structure of the religion of the Gospel fortified by the examination of experts in England and America.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Heaven.

It is a suggestive fact that Heaven takes its hue from our cherished desire. Robert Hall, who all his life was a sufferer from physical pain, said his idea of Heaven was "Rest, eternal rest!" A celebrated scholar, whose weak body often obliged him to cease his studies, expressed his idea of the Heavenly state by these words, "Labor without weariness."

But there never was a more picturesque compliment paid by a child to a Christian home than the one recorded by Mrs. Peabody in her "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing."

The child was a visitor, when nine years old, at Dr. Channing's summer home in Newport, R. I. The house stood in the midst of an immense garden. In the morning, Dr. Channing would take the children and roam through the garden. He would point out to them the aspects of sky and earth, the beauty of the flowers, and the domestic life of the birds, sometimes aiding them in peering into the nests among the bushes, in order that they might note the progress of the family.

At ten o'clock, when the hurry of the morning work was over, a little handbell called the family, servants and all, to the family worship. Then with a child on each side of him, the good doctor would read from the Bible in a style that made present, even to the children, the sins and temptations of the Israelites, or the teachings and works of Christ. The prayer which followed sympathized with the trials and temptations of children, and inspired them with a sense of their relation to the good Father in Heaven.

"Oh, what a beautiful time we are having!" said the little visitor, one morning, after family prayers, enthused by the freedom and joyousness of the family life.

One Sunday of the next winter, Miss Peabody asked each of her Sunday-school class to think and tell her what they would like Heaven to be.

"Good things to eat and drink," said one, frankly.

"Piles and piles of books," another replied.

"Thousands and thousands of flowers," answered another.

But the little visitor of the previous summer, whispering in her teacher's ear, said, "Newport and all the folks;" and the picture in the child's mind of the beautiful garden, and the family circle, with its rare fellowship, and its reverent, earnest, happy life, was a delightful, and perhaps a fitting, symbol of the hereafter that God has revealed, when life shall be swallowed up in immortality.

The Blues.

When people are sick in body, they usually want to do something for the disease. They ought to be as wise when mentally sick with that unnerving malady, the blues, and do something, with an active emphasis on the do. Too many, I fear, when in low spirits, are tempted to "take something." A dose of morphine, a glass of wine, a good cigar, an exciting novel, or an aimless holiday, seems so pleasant to take. But they do not cure, they only aggravate the ailment. The harmonious and simultaneous employment of head, hands and heart is the availing remedy. Plan some sensible work and execute it. Take hold of plow or hoe, saw or hammer, pen or yardstick, needle or broom, and stir your blood by stirring something to some purpose. Where there is no positive bodily disease, one can do much toward dispelling one's dismal blues of murky misery by helping to put a bit of the clear blue sky of happiness over somebody's head.

If you are sick, do not whine nor sigh nor drizzle a "continual dropping" of complaints. Gird yourself with the spirit of a man and bear your infirmity. Bring your wandering, gloomy gaze within the compass of to-day. Christ has commanded: "Take no thought for to-morrow." But do, do take thought for to-day. Trust God to-day.

It is wrong to give away to the blues. If they rise from bodily indisposition, then fast a little, if need be; exercise wisely, and quit your misguided habits. Live according to God's laws in all things.

If your spirit is wounded with some deep sorrow, do not repine. Go to the loving Christ, who was a "man of sorrows," and who can enter into all your sore afflictions. Trust, love, obey. Find something for hand and heart to do. Never despair. Christ reigns, and His hand, that "in faithfulness" has surely chastened, can richly comfort, in due time.—*Golden Rule.*

—There has been a congress of artists in Italy, at which a Heidelberg professor said that experience had convinced him of the importance of examining the organs of hearing of engineers and firemen on locomotives, both before appointing them and every two years or so while in service. The sense of hearing becomes impaired from various causes, and often without the knowledge of the person suffering from it. Defects in this sense are not less dangerous than color blindness, and sometimes more difficult to discover.

—To fix pencil marks so they will not rub out, take well-skimmed milk and dilute with an equal bulk of water. Wash the pencil marks (whether writing or drawing) with this liquid, using a soft flat camel-hair brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place upon a flat board to dry.

HOME AND FARM.

APPLY glue as nearly boiling hot as possible, especially upon large joints.

FOWLS seldom tire of milk. They may eat too much grain or meat for health, but milk in any form is both palatable and healthy.

TO MAKE SHOES WATERPROOF.—A coat of gum-copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany will make the soles waterproof and make them last three times as long.

NEVER use anything but light blankets to cover the sick. The heavy, impervious counterpane is bad, for the reason that it retains the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed-clothes, which often prevent their getting any sound sleep whatever.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Select good tart cooking apples. Pare, cut in two and cut the core out. Make dough as for cream or soda-biscuits, excepting a little shorter. Roll out and cut into squares. Take half of an apple—or two if the apples are small—and fold in each square. Put into a dripping-pan, and pour around them, so that the pan will be one-fourth full, a sauce made of hot water, a piece of butter the size of an egg, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake about half an hour, or till the apples are soft.

CURE FOR THE BLACKLEG.—It is said that a certain cure for the blackleg in cattle is the application of saltpeter to the affected parts as follows: When the leg begins to swell make an incision in the hide and lay the ground saltpeter in the flesh. The opening is then closed and a running sore is made, which, it is claimed, will prove an effectual cure for this destructive malady. The remedy is a simple one, and we advise cattle men whose herds are affected to try it. It is said to have proved highly successful in Kansas and other Western States.

WOOLEN UNDERGARMENTS when shrunken by washing can not be made to resume their original proportions. Something may be done in that direction, however, in pressing them with a hot iron while stretching them to their full length. To wash flannel so it will not shrink, make a suds of boiling hot water, put the flannel in and pound or souse up and down till it is clean, then wring and put into scalding hot water and rinse; wring dry and hang at once on the line. We have washed flannels in this way without shrinking them till they dropped to pieces from wear. If the water is hard soften it with borax. A machine makes the cleansing of flannels mere play.

IN the process of salting and smoking meat about one-third of its bulk is wasted, consisting of meat-juice, water, albumen, and the soluble salts; unless the process is very carefully conducted but little remains save fiber, and under the action of salt and smoke this becomes dry and hard and correspondingly indigestible. Meats pickled in time do not lose materially in bulk, but nearly all their nutritive elements are imparted to the brine, which, of course, is unfit for use. Fat pork is the only meat which is improved by curing, as bacon, since that process increases its digestibility; lean smoked pork or ham is less nutritious than fat bacon, because its hard fiber is very indigestible. Dry-salted fat pork is more digestible than ham, and therefore shows less proportionate waste; it may be prepared as if for bacon, and then dried without smoking. Pickled pork which has become slightly tainted may be restored by boiling and skimming the brine in which it is preserved, and again pouring it sealing hot upon the meat.—*Julia Corson.*

HARD SOAP.—Slake three pounds of lime in a gallon of boiling soft water. Add six pounds of washing soda and three gallons of boiling soft water. Boil together fifteen minutes, then let it settle and pour off the clear liquid, replacing it with two gallons more of boiling soft water. Put six pounds of clean fat into the clear solution and boil it for two hours; drain the second water from the lime and soda and add it by degrees when there is danger of the mixture boiling over. It should be, when done, of the consistency of honey. Try a little by cooling in a saucer, and when thick enough put in a teacupful of salt and turn it into a wet tub. When firm cut it into bars, place on a board to dry slowly. Rapid drying will make it crack. You will have about forty pounds of good soap, firmer than if made with potash. It should not be used for two or three months.

Trees Destroyed by a Small Insect.

OUR primeval forests are now attacked by a small but exceedingly destructive insect that insidiously cuts into and kills the monarchs of the woods. It is noticeable that on forest lands where cutting has been prosecuted and the sunlight has been let into the tangled wild woods, the trees are not attacked, and the sun appears to be the natural annihilator of the pests. They, as yet, attack only spruce trees. It is the testimony of Mr. Jack, the Crown Land Agent of the Province of New Brunswick, that the destroyer attacks the forests primeval. It is nature's design that the old trees should be cut down to make room for new generations. The operation of the insect is as follows: In July or August a gay little beetle settles upon the bark of the noblest trees, and lays a few tiny eggs; after a short time a small worm similar to a maggot is hatched, and then the busy work of the destroyer begins. The worm eats his way to the very heart of a tree, until at last it falls a wreck. So insidious is the operatinn that many trees which are bored through and through are green at the top and apparently sound, but a blow of the axe, or the force of a gale, causes them to fall, and their worthlessness is revealed. At present, the trouble from these pests is confined to the timber country wntered by the Upper Kennebec, and that in parts of Aroostook and the provinces. In consequence of the forests of New Brunswick having been attacked, Alexander Gibson, Esq., will cause 50,000,000 feet of spruce to be cut this winter on the Nashwaak, for if left standing longer the worms would render the lumber worthless.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

THE DAIRY.

—As the success of dairying depends almost wholly upon the skill with which milk is handled before and during its manufacture and as some of the processes require considerable manuel skill to attain the best results it is being urged that it would be a good thing to establish co-operative dairy schools of some sort in the dairy districts of the country. Such schools are maintained by government in Germany, Sweden, France, England and Russia.

—Cheese making depends upon the existence in milk of caseine, a substance which when pure is found to be an acid and only slightly soluble in water. It can be obtained nearly pure by coagulating skimmed milk with vinegar or dilute acid and forming a jelly-like substance made by an intimate mixture of curd and whey. These soon separate and the whey being drained off and the residue repeatedly washed and kneaded with pure water, almost pure caseine will be obtained. It can be further purified by dissolving in a weak solution of soda, and being left to stand for twelve hours and then repeatedly washed and boiled, which will get rid of all the cream and the milk salts.

—Rennet.—Rennet may be made in large quantities by steeping the salted and dried stomachs of calves in warm water, or warm whey, for twenty-four hours. The water should be about milk or blood heat, and no warmer. The liquid is skimmed and salted to saturation; that is, until no salt will be taken up, and a little is left at the bottom of the jar. It gains strength up to the age of two months. The stomachs may be salted again and dried and kept for some months, when they may be again steeped. Two quarts of water or half of each mixed, are used to each stomach. If the stomachs cannot be procured, the prepared liquid rennet can always be purchased of the dealers in dairy supplies.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Cheddar Cheese.—The system of making cheese known as the Cheddar is based on the method of drawing the whey from the curd while it is yet sweet, and of setting the curd at a low temperature. The milk is heated to only seventy-eight or eighty degrees, when the rennet is added, and no further heat is applied until the curd is set and broken up. The curd is then heated to one hundred degrees, and the whey is drawn off before any acidity becomes apparent without the closest test by an experienced dairyman. The curd is then aired in the vat. This is, in fact, a process of oxidation, by which a certain degree of acid is produced. When this point is reached the curd is gathered up and pressed for a few minutes, to get rid of the whey, then ground, salted and put to press.

Seven Points in Milk Setting.

A correspondent—who says he has succeeded so well in making butter by following the directions given in the *Tribune* that he is able to take premiums at the county fairs—complains that the *Tribune* has never told him what creamer is best. He uses the common pans and hesitates as to what change he had better make for a dairy of ten to twelve cows. Among the many excellent modes for raising cream I would not like to say which is best, if indeed any one is best under all circumstances. It will suffice to state a few general principles and let each one decide for himself. 1. To make the finest flavored and longest-keeping butter the cream must undergo a ripening process by exposure to the oxygen of the air while it is sweet. This is best done while it is rising. The ripening is very tardy when the temperature is low. 2. After cream becomes sour the more ripening the more it depreciates. The sooner it is then skimmed and churned the better, but it should not be churned while too new. The best time for skimming and churning is just before acidity becomes apparent. 3. Cream makes better butter to rise in cold air than to rise in cold water, but it will rise sooner in cold water, and the milk will keep sweet longer. 4. The deeper milk is set the less airing the cream gets while rising. 5. The depth of setting should vary with the temperature; the lower it is the deeper milk may be set; the higher the shallower it should be. Milk should never be set shallow in a low temperature nor deep in a high one. Setting deep in cold water economizes time, labor and space. 6. While milk is standing for cream to rise the purity of the cream, and consequently the fine flavor and keeping of the butter, will be injured if the surface of the cream is exposed freely to air much warmer than the cream. 7. When cream is colder than the surrounding air it takes up moisture and impurities from the air. When the air is colder than the cream it takes up moisture and whatever escapes from the cream. In the former case the cream purifies the surrounding air; in the latter the air helps to purify the cream. The selection of a creamer should hinge on what is most desired—highest quality or greatest convenience and economy in time, space and labor. —*Professor L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Fresh Butter.

IT has become a settled maxim that profitable dairying depends more upon skill than latitude or longitude. The expert makes "gilt edge" butter anywhere across this broad continent. Even Alabama has outsold New York in the Boston market. This was done some two years ago by a dairyman at Montgomery, by means of his skillful management in feeding his cows upon fresh clover in winter. The butter came to market with the aroma of June upon it. It stepped to the front, while New York's choice October butter took "a back seat." Our butter packages, as at present constructed, do not permit of the certain retention of the high flavor and aroma of butter, kept for even three months. The market calls for as nearly fresh butter as possible, and this causes inferior fresh butter to outsell stored butter, that was much better when fresh. This partiality for fresh butter offers a strong inducement to winter dairying; and the greatest obstacle to the production of the best milk in winter is the absence of green food at that season.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—"One Lung" is a Chinese laundryman in Brooklyn.

The Hard Life of an Actor.

The death of Harry Hunter, the "Lone Fisherman," is an instance of the perils of an actor's life. Nobody outside of the profession has the slightest idea of the terrible strain which constant travel exerts on an actor. Last year John McCullough left Memphis when the city was luxuriating in summer heat and traveled direct to St. Paul, where the thermometer was below zero. When the actors put away their wardrobe it was damp with perspiration, and when they took it out again at St. Paul, just before the curtain was rung up, they had to hurriedly force their limbs through clothing frozen stiff. It is a common occurrence for a company to play to-night in summer heat and to-morrow night in mid-winter cold. It was these sudden changes of temperature that killed Hunter. Then there is the constantly varying hotel fare, a comfortable room here and miserable accommodation there, together with unceasing riding in illy-ventilated cars; so that it is a wonder that, aside from the task of acting the mere business of transportation does not kill every actor in the country by the end of a single season.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An apparatus for causing a bell to ring at any desired hour of the day is described by *L'Electricite*, its arrangement being as follows: It comprises a lens by means of which the solar rays are concentrated and directed on a metallic slip or strip, which is susceptible of great and very rapid dilation. The result of the dilation is electric contact, giving passage to a battery current which rings the bell. Although the sun may be covered by clouds, caloriffc power is never diminished so much as not to dilate the strip. An interesting question has been raised, namely, as to what the action of the moon would be, through a lens of high magnifying power, on a very sensitivo strip. The apparatus would also, perhaps, be sensitive of graduation with a view to studying the radiating powers of the sun.

Says one of our most esteemed contemporaries: "Our thanks are due to Hon. Mr. Stiggins for valuable public documents." This is what the editor writes. Then he calls to the boy: "John, throw these books among the old junk. That's all they're good for."

—Salvini, it is said, will smoke none but Italian cigars. Well, he should have no difficulty in getting in a good supply while in this country. A very good quality of Italian cigar is made in New Jersey, but for pure Havanas he must go to Connecticut.

Clinton (Iowa) Herald.

James Butler, Esq., Clerk of the Roxbury Carpet Co., Boston, Mass., employing eight hundred hands, in a late communication concerning the admirable working of an article introduced into the factory, says: "The famous old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has effected several cures among our men, who have been badly hurt in working in the factory, and they pronounce it a success every time.

NEW servant answers the bell, which has been rung by an elderly gentleman. "Is your mistress in?" "No, sir." "Ah, tell her when she returns that her father was passing and called in to say all were well at home." "Yes, sir." Then, as the old gentleman is about to withdraw, "Oh, won't you leave your name, sir?"

(Jackson Daily Patriot.)

Happy Friends.

Rev. F. M. Winburne, Pastor M. E. Church, Mexia, Texas, writes as follows: Several months since I received a supply of St. Jacobs Oil. Retaining two bottles, I distributed the rest among friends. It is a most excellent remedy for pains and aches of various kinds, especially neuralgia and rheumatic affections.

A ROCHESTER lady remarks indignantly to her grocer that she has had all the windfall potatoes she wants.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Haunted Me.

A workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE politest men in the world are those who tell the collector to call again.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A SIGNIFICANT fact connected with the James Conch Pellets is that they are recommended and prescribed by hundreds of our best physicians. Their success in all throat and lung affections is wonderful. Only 25 cents.

IF Arkansas is Arkansaw then sassafras is sassafraw.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE chap that puts the meat into the brine is the real corner in beef.

A STATISTICIAN says a man stands sixteen chances to be killed by fighting to one of being worth a million of money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EUROPE seems unnecessarily agitated over trichinosis, but then she has had one Diet of Worms, and does not care to repeat the experience.—*Boston Transcript.*

DID you ever notice how much more you walk on the foot with the corn on it than on the other one? You hardly notice the other one at all.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

AND now a Detroit physician has published a treatise, on delirium tremens, declaring death by that disease not to be painful, but very peaceful. His practice has since been enormous.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is one boy in Galveston who will never be a musician. He is too independent. His teacher was trying to make him play the right notes, and said to him: "You must not reach way over there on the treble. That's not right." "I guess I'll reach where I please on this piano. We own this piano, I reckon. I'll put my feet upon it if I see fit."—*Galveston News.*

IN a railroad trial it was claimed that a broken rail had caused an accident. The railroad company claimed that the rail was broken by the accident. The plaintiff relied much upon the fact that the fracture showed rust twenty-four hours after the accident, proving, as he claimed, that it must have broken some time before. Mr. Briggs testified as an expert for the railroad company. In cross-examination the plaintiff's counsel put this question: "Mr. Expert, in all your experience and in all your reading did you ever see or read or hear of oxidation of iron or steel taking place in twenty-four hours' exposure?" Mr. Briggs replied: "Yes, I have read of such a case in these words:

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail.

This was a case of oxidation in much less than twenty-four hours."

Rescued from Death.

William J. Congulan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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[Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.]

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NEWAD VERTISEMENTF.

Order of Publication.

Margaret Frantz vs. Emaline Rogers and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, In Equity No. 215.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of the real estate of which John Frantz, of Joseph, late of Garrett county, deceased, died seized and possessed, and for a distribution of the proceeds of such sale among the widow and heirs at law of the said deceased.

The Bill states that on the sixth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven a certain Samuel Hoff and Eliza Hoff, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, containing seven acres and six perches, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Samuel Hoff and wife to John Frantz, of Jos.

Second. That afterward, to-wit, on the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the said John Frantz, of Jos., obtained from the State of Maryland a tract of land called "France," containing two hundred acres, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a patent from the state of Maryland to John Frantz, of Jos.

Third. That afterward, to-wit, on the seventh day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a certain David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, which will fully appear by reference to a deed from David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., bearing date the seventeenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, reference to said deed is hereby made for a full and particular description of said land, a certified copy of said deed being filed with the Bill.

Fourth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of [illegible] in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, a certain Isaac Emide and Catharine, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now [illegible] and described as [illegible] which will more fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Catharine Umtel, his wife, of Jos., which is filed

[illegible] day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six a certain Wilden Shoer and Mary Shoer, his wife, conveyed to [illegible] Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot, [illegible] of land lying in the town of [illegible] distinguished on the plat of said [illegible] numbered fourteen, containing one acre and an acre, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Wildon Shoer and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Sixth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two a certain Hiram Frazee and Rebecca A. Frazee, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county called the "Hoffman Sugar Camp," and containing seventeen acres which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Hiram Frazee and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Seventh. That afterward, to-wit, on the sixth day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight a certain Charles Bolden and Martin Baiden, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot or piece of ground lying in the town of Oakland, which is describ d as the North front half, (sixty-three and one-half feet,) of lot numbered fourteen in the said town of Oakland, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Charles Bolden and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Eighth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed of said lands, as aforesaid did on the twelfth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, convey to a certain John Fike, Senior, all that tract, piece or parcel, of land called "Lime Kiln," containing twelve acres which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed, from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Fike, Sr., which is filed with the Bill.

Ninth. That afterward to-wit, on the fifth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Thomas Coddington, a lot of ground in the Village of Selbysport, containing fifty-seven perches which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Thomas Coddington, which is filed with the Bill.

Tenth. That afterward to-wit, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Jacob Beeghly, certain land which are fully described in a deed from Jon Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife to Jacob Beeghly, bearing date the twenty-first day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Eleventh That afterward, to-wit, on the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the said John Frantz, of Jos., obtained from the State of Maryland a tract of land called "France," containing two hundred acres, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a patent from the state of Maryland to John Frantz, of Jos.

Twelfth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain John Anderson, a certain lot or parcel of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one halfacre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Anderson a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Thirteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain William H. Frazee, a lot of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one-eighth of an acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to William H. Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fourteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy two, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to a certain Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing six acres, which is fully described in a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fifteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the third day of March, in the year, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to a certain Richard Selby, a tract of land lying in Garrett county, known and described as Military Lot, number two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos, and wife, to Richard Selby, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill

Sixteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to Matthew Cullen, a certain lot of ground in the town of Oakland, described as the north front half of lot number fourteen, on the plat of said town, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Matthew Cullen a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Seventeenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., after executing the conveyances aforesaid, still owned two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land, the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land being the quantity which the said John Frantz, of Jos., purchased as aforesaid, after deducting the quantity conveyed by the said John Frantz, of Jos., as aforesaid.

Eighteenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed as aforesaid of the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land sometime in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, departed this life without having made any disposition of his real estate by will, leaving your orator his widow, and his daughters Emaline, Amanda, Felicia and Ella, and his son Thomas B. Frantz, his heirs at law.

Nineteenth. That the said Emaline Intermarried with a certain Timothy Rogers, and the said Amanda Inter-married with a certain —— Moore, the said Felicia inter-married with a certain William H. Frazee, and the said Ella inter-married with a certain Draper Guard.

Twentieth. That the said Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, and the said Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, and the said Thomas B. Frantz are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

Twenty-one. The Bill further states that the land of which the said John Frantz, of Jos., died seized and possessed is not susceptible of a partition among the parties entitled thereto, according to their respective interests, without great loss and injury, and that the complainant is willing that the said land shall be sold free from her dower, and she consents to accept such amount of money in lieu of dower that may be allowed her under the rules of Court.

Twenty-two. That it will be to the interest and advantage of all the parties in interest to have said land sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The Bill then prays for such relief as the Complainant may be entitled to, and also the usual prayer for process, and also for an order of publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is ordered by the Court this 9th day of March, A. D. 1881, that the complainant, cause a copy of this order together, with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 11th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the defendants Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, Thomas B. Frantz, Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, warning them to appear in this Court; in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of November A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioner of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hoopole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CODDINGTON,
BOWIE JOHNSON.

355

[Law Office Peddicord & Combs.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of Equity, in a cause wherein Charles Fike and others are complainants and Norman Fike and others are defendants, said cause being No. 20 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Trustees will, on

MONDAY,
the 28th Day of March,

A. D. 1881, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate of which Christian Fike died seized and possessed, which is described in a deed from John Fike and others to Christian Fike, bearing date the 18th day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and forty eight, and recorded in Ber H. B., No. 2, folio 611, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the land to be sold.

The above farm contains two hundred and thirty-five acres of land, more or less, a large proportion of which is in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the

BEST GRAZING FARMS

In Garrett county. It is improved by a

Good Dwelling House and all necessary Out-Buildings.

It is located in a good neighborhood, and schools, stores, mills, &c., are accessible.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree, are: "One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, and the remaining one-third in two years from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by the single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale until paid."

Any further information with regard to this property can be obtained from A. J. Fike, Esq. Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., or upon application to the undersigned.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

THOS. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
3 5 tds Trustees.

DR. B. F. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m.

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.
A. F. SPEICHER.
2 19 2m

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE.
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

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Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. Ills Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least forty day's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Order of Publication.

Louisa Fleegle and others vs. Joseph M. A. Kelly and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity No. 217.

The object of the Bill filed in this cause is to obtain a decree for the sale of the tract of land called "Browning's Manor," and a distribution of the proceeds of the sale to those entitled thereto, according to their respective interests.

The Bill of complaint states that in the year eighteen hundred and fifty eight, Meshack Browning, was seized and possessed of all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, called "Browning's Manor," containing seven hundred and sixty-eight and one quarter acres of land.

Second. That being so seized and possessed of said land, the said Meshack Browning, died testate, but made no disposition of said land, by his last will and testament.

Third. That Joseph M. A. Browning, was appointed administrator of the estate of the said Meshack Browning, and that said estate has been fully administered, and that in order to pay off the entire indebtedness of said estate, the said administrator borrowed the sum of two hundred and seventy-two dollars and thirty-two cents, of his own money and claims that the said sum is a charge upon said land.

Fourth. That the said Meshack Browning, left the following heirs at law to-wit: Dorcas Kelley, who has since died testate, and devised all her interest in "Browning's Manor," to her two children Joseph M. A. Kelly and Louisa Fleegle; 2, William Browning, who has since died intestate, leaving the following heirs at law: Mary who intermarried with Archibald C. Dewitt, William Browning, Richard T. Browning, John T. Browning Reuben Browning, Louisa C. who intermarried with Joseph F. Frantz, Edward A. Browning, Nathan C. Browning and George D. Browning; 3, John L. Browning; 4, Jane H. Browning; 5, Nancy, who intermarried with John Kitzmiller; 6, James Browning; 7, Thomas Browning; 8, Joseph M. A. Browning; 9, Jeremiah Browning; 10, Rachel, who intermarried with Joseph Friend, and who has since died, leaving the following heirs at law: Truman Friend, Harriet who intermarried with William Bray, Mary Chisholm, widow) Rebecca who intermarried with John Chisholm and Hanson B. Friend; 11 Sarah, who intermarried with ——Nethkin, and since died leaving the following children: Norman B. Nethkin, Catharine who intermarried with Bartley Rabbitt, Louisa who intermarried with Barnes Griffin, Jennie who intermarried with Doctor Boyd, Francis A. Nethkin, Alfred Nethkin and Thomas A. Nethkin.

Fifth. That the said tract of land called Browning's Manor is not susceptible of a partition, in kind, and that it cannot be divided among the parties entitled thereto without great loss and injury, and that it will be to the interest and advantage of all parties to have the same sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties according to their respective interests.

Sixth. That the said Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben Browning, James Browning, Harriet Friend, Rebecca Chisholm and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

The Bill then prays for process and such other relief as may be proper.

It is ordered by the Court, this sixteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty one, that the Complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the non-resident Defendants, Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben M. Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm, and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt, and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of September A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk. 3 19 4

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 4c21-y1

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3099. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE
of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.
NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.
PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!
Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.
Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.
7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.
French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.
Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.
NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.
PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $60, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!
Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.
Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Ho! any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 1 miles of Oakland, and containing 90 acres, now owned by Sarah Pangh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bargain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 7t W. H. TOWER.

PART OF
WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 130 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $300 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine 1620-1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n 7.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of loans. Loans negotiated. jen1-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. E. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

In a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 18th, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 305 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,
AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUAR
Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,
such as
Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,
at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1 n6

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oak mid, adjoining the Yutzy farm, this tract contains about 238¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and little cash. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE, MD.
COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.
HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - President,
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, - Vice President,
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Secretary & Co., Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, General Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 820 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. P. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminster, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryant, wn, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN BUNYON, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money, at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, and used to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, as rated in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1200; all who hold Certificates for that amount will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificate will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age is a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Agents for Garrett County.

Valuable Dogs for Sale.

The subscriber has eight Shepherd Pups for sale. Pure blood.

THOS. E. HAIGH,
3 5 3 Oakland, Md.

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881. NUMBER 6.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store. Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence no Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. PEDDICORD & COMBS.

Where are the Yesterdays Gone?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"Where are the Yesterdays gone, papa," asked my little girl.

As we gain the heights of the present,
And our eyes o'er the interval cast,
Below is the sweep of a river,
And beyond the wide plain of the past.

The Yesterdays here are encamping,
In a line which extends to the wall,
Where clouds with the plain intermingle,
And the night drops her mantle on all.

The Yesterdays camping in silence,
As they went their way one by one,
While we only thought of days coming,
When the present was measured and done.

Through mists they appear as we left them,
And forever and ever will stay,
As changeless and stony as silence,
In the light of the lingering day.

In memory some smile upon us,
And our souls are aglow with the breath
Of the roses of love and affection,
While some are as bitter as death!

Oh! Yesterdays how we regret you!
Oh that prayers deep and fervent would bring
As again all blessings of childhood,
And the light of its blossoming spring!

That we shall pass again never,
By the headland there sets a swift tide;
He who passes it passes it forever,
For no bridge spans the gulf to that side.

In a dream we look in the distance,
Through the mists setting dark on the plain,
The Yesterdays vanish in twilight,
But the morrows will meet us again.

HOW HE READ IT.

Although it was a bachelor's establishment, there were few mansions handsomer than Mr. Howland Coleman's, and many were the feminine hearts which would not have been at all averse to transform the imposing stone front and its rows of plate glass windows, against which the almost priceless lace curtains fell in foamy grace, into a paradise that should not be a bachelor's paradise.

Everything was faultlessly handsome inside, furnished with an exquisite finish of detail that denoted the refined taste of the owner.

People wondered—and had been wondering for twenty years—why Mr. Coleman did not marry.

Forty-eight found him a portly—not too portly—gentleman, with a fine frank face, adorned by a thick, drooping white moustache, bright laughing eyes, as dark as well could be, and thick luxuriant gray hair—a handsome, independent gentleman, who had all his life liked his bachelor life, and his bachelor home that was so gracefully presided over by his widowed sister; who liked the ladies remarkably well, but who had never been convinced he could love any one as he believed a wife should be loved, unless we except little May Dean, whose blue eyes had once or twice been lifted to look at this wonderful rich, handsome, gentleman, who was Mrs. Anderson's brother, and Mrs. Anderson was one of those genuine high-bred ladies who was not ashamed to condescend to be a warm, true friend to May Dean's mother, even if Mrs. Dean did do her plain sewing for her.

May had several times seen Mr. Coleman, and once or twice he had taken especial notice of her, rather enjoying her unconscious awe of him, and very much admiring her undeniable gentle sweetness of manner, movement and voice.

He had come to find himself thinking frequently about her, so frequently that he had been obliged to bring himself to account for presuming to give a second's thought to the insane probability of a little blossom like blue eyed May Dean caring for him—old enough to be her father.

Mr. Coleman sat in his library alone—such a magnificent, imposing room it was, with its high ceiling, its niches where statues of all the great scholars and statesmen stood, its rows of shelves reaching to the ceiling, its long central table, its other tiny tables where low, pleasant looking chairs were drawn up, its sweeping green damask curtains, its carpet like a huge bed of emerald moss.

Mrs. Anderson had gone out that night, and Mr. Coleman was thoroughly revelling in the prospect of a long undisturbed evening, when a servant rapped at the door, with a note on a silver salver.

Mr. Coleman took it rather abstractedly, for notes were of such common occurrence with him, and, besides, he was already impatient to be in the dry details of some projected improvement in one of his big, flourishing factories—an improvement that would be appreciated by the hundreds of girl operatives he employed.

So he took the note rather indifferently until he saw the name subscribed in full—'May E. Dean.'

Just a little look of surprise came into his eyes, and there was just the merest possible acceleration in his steady pulses, not enough to make a perceptible tremor in his hands—as he read the communication—

'DEAR MR. COLEMAN:—I have no doubt but that you will be very much astonished when you find I have taken the liberty of writing to you; but what I wanted to say I thought I had better write. Please do not be angry with me for venturing as I have done. I am not sure that I am doing right in telling you all I do; but I have thought it over and over, and have come to the conclusion that I will. Of course you know how poor mamma and I are—how she has to sew, and how I have been employed in Mrs. Emmett's family with the children from nine till three; but she has discharged me and sent the children to a regular school, and Mr. Coleman, I cannot imagine what is to become of me unless you will have me.'

He paused point blank, and read the long sentence over again, a curious expression coming into his eyes and a smile creeping under his moustache.

'Unless I will have her! Can it be possible that she has really cared for me—cares for me enough to lay aside all conventionalities, and so gracefully offer her precious self?'

His eyes were tenderly solemn, yet triumphantly happy, as he went on, touched to the heart by her artlessness—

'I know I am very, very bold in daring to ask such a favor of you. I am almost sure you will be vexed and refuse me; but I do not mean any harm. I must not let dear mamma be weighted with me; and I know you are very good and kind; and indeed, I will try hard to please you in every way. Please, Mr. Coleman, let me come, will you not? But, if you would rather not have me, do not be afraid of hurting my feelings by saying so. Unless you really do want me I would rather you said no than take me just because I have ventured to ask. If you will write to me just a word I will be very much obliged.

Yours,
MAY E. DEAN.'

There were more suspicions of emotions in Howland Coleman's eyes than had been there for many a long year as he folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket.

There was no thought of the projected improvement in the huge silk mills now—no thought of the details his very soul loved to struggle with.

He walked up and down the library, his eyes fixed on the floor, his head drooped, his hands clasped behind him, thinking of the strange revelation the letter held, trying to imagine the flushes that tinged May's fair cheeks when she wrote it, and being alarmingly conscious that his heart was at last unsealed, and that May Dean's little hand had been the instrument to accomplish that magical feat.

He knew that, although all the love of his mature manhood went out to this little blue eyed girl who had pleaded her cause so well, unless she had pleaded it, he never would have dared presume to think she loved him.

He did not permit an hour to pass in inactivity.

'She will be in an enviable state of suspense until I answer her note. I will go to her at once and tell her how I love her—how far from refusing her I am.'

Twenty minutes later his carriage stopped in front of the house where Mrs. Dean occupied rooms, and a moment later he stood in the plain little parlor, where May stood, her sweet face all light with glad surprise and conscious flushes.

'It is very good of you to take the trouble to come, Mr. Coleman,' she exclaimed, in a low, soft tone.

His heart fairly thrilled under her sweetness and shy graciousness.

'You mean it is more than good in you to allow me to come. Little girl, you have made me very, very happy. Let me kiss you, May?' he cried.

But she shrank away, surprise in every feature of her face.

'Mr. Coleman!'

He was pleased with her shy reserve more than with her little letter.

With a smile on his face he again advanced and tried to take her hand.

'You must never call me Mr. Coleman again, dear. But now let me hear how it sounds to have you say Howland.'

'Oh, sir, I never could do that, Please, Mr. Cole—'

'Yes you can, well enough, you shy little girl! Why not now, as well as after we are married? Tell me, May, when shall it be? I am an impatient lover, now that the ice I so dreaded is broken.'

She looked at him in perfect bewilderment, her face alternately paling and flushing.

'I am afraid something is wrong, I don't know what you mean.'

'Don't you? May, you little rogue, what does this mean, then?'

He held her letter to him towards her.

'Isn't that the dearest letter that ever a man received? Surely you know there could be but one answer to it, and I've come to tell you what I should have done long before had I not been in such fear of a refusal from you. You have asked me, so enchantingly, in this letter, for—'

She interrupted him eagerly.

'Yes, sir, for a place in one of your silk mills. Please say yes!'

Mr. Howland Coleman stood and looked at her, all the ridiculous construction he had put upon her letter occurring to him forcibly.

A place in the mills!'

His very soul sunk with the reaction from happiness to despair.

Then he looked at her, and—

'May, you cannot have a place in any of my mills, although there are always vacancies. But I must tell you what you can have if you will take it—me, and all the mills in the bargain. May, will you be my wife?"

Something Missing.

On the train going up the river yesterday morning was a young man in farmer's dress, who had his overcoat pockets full of purchases. After inspecting two or three parcels he took the wraps of a twenty-five cent thermometer off and examined the instrument with the closest interest. He looked at the face, then at the back, and the longer he looked the more puzzled he seemed. A gentleman who had been observing him finally remarked:

"Been bying a thremometer, I see?"

"Yes, bought her for a neighbor of ours."

"What's the temperature in this car just now?"

The young man took a long squint at the thermometer, turned it over two or three times, and then answered:

"It's about middling, I guess."

Nothing further was said for ten minutes, and the gentleman was busy with his paper, when the other touched his arm and said:

"Say, are you used to thermometers;"

"Yes, slightly."

"Well, I'm a little green, and I'm willing to own up. Seems to me there's something wrong about this 'ere."

"I guess not; it's a cheap instrument, but it seems to be all right."

"Well, it may be; but I had made up my mind there was something missing. I can't find any keyhole, and if it ever had any hands on the face they're gone now for sure."

It took about five minutes to enlighten him, and when he realized "how she worked," he put his hand in his pocket with the remark:

"I'm going home and tell the old man that none of us know enough to tell when we get chilblains."

Sketch for Young People.

"He's the smartest young man in our class."

"Yes, but he gets drunk."

"Oh, but he's so fine looking, so noble and so talented withal! His composition yesterday was the very best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he is writing for a magazine, no older than he is, and not out of school yet! Won't he be a great man, though, some day?"

"No, I don't think he will."

"Why not?"

"He gets drunk."

"Oh, that's nothing; a good many smart men get drunk. Every young man has his wild oats to sow; and because a fellow gets a little boozy once in a while I wouldn't condemn him forever; quite likely he'll outgrow it when he gets older and sees the folly of it."

"More likely that it will outgrow him, and, as to his getting a little boozy, I am afraid he was a good deal so when the boys found him beside the walk, the other night, and had to carry him to his room, dodging around street corners and skulking through by-ways so that none of the professors would see him. I tell you a person who gets drunk at all is not to be depended on. The only young men that I have any confidence in are those who let intoxicating liquors entirely alone."

"Well, I don't care; he is good and smart, anyhow, and I like him."

"I don't; he gets drunk."

So the conversation ran on between two schoolmates, who were walking just ahead of me. Ah, how those words, "He gets drunk," kept ringing in my ears! Possessed of a noble manhood and a glorious intellect; blessed with the greatest and best of God's gifts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates; the pride and hope of a fond father, intertwined in the heart and life of a doting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honor and good name of the institution with which he is connected, of the society in which he mingles, and yet—"gets drunk!"

As a natural consequence that young man who drinks will generally blight the manhood that is within him, change to curses the blessings that are upon him; bring to the dust whatever high born aspirations, whatever longings for greatness, glory and immortality may be his, blast the fondest hopes of parents, put out the brightness of their future in the the darkness of disappointment, pain and sorrow; bring shame and reproach upon brothers and sisters; trample upon the love and confidence of his fellows; shut himself out from all goodness, purity, usefulness and happiness; blot out the image of God that is stamped upon him, and drag himself down lower than the brutes. Aye, so surely does he shut himself out from heaven as "he gets drunk!"

Superstitions of Turkish Women.

The Turkish woman is a fanatical conservative. The world in which she lives is unmoved by the practical facts of the nineteenth century which make life a burden to her husband. No Chinaman was ever more impervious to ideas of improvement. She is fiercely intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth and surrounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition, and these teachings shape her view of the outside world. In obedience to them, she commonly hates foreigners with passion. As she passes you on the street she will pray with audible fervor that your eyes may become blind, or that God may curse you.

She is superstitious in the extreme. In sickness she will use the saliva of an old woman who has never been divorced, or will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriferous and saintly dervish, in preference to the choicest prescriptions of an educated physican. She is assured that Satan in person teaches Americans their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother to ill luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, nor even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The absurdities of Washington etiquette in the matter of first calls cannot be better illustrated than by mentioning how Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Sherman have several times reversed their position with respect to who should make the first call on the other. When Mr. Blaine first came here he was a member of the House of Representives, and Mr. Sherman a Senator, so Mrs. Blaine had to make the first call each year on Mrs. Sherman. When Mr. Blaine became Speaker, it was Mrs. Sherman's duty to call first on Mrs. Blaine. When he ceased to be Speaker, and was still a member of the House, the old order of things was restored. Then Mr. Blaine went into the Senate and Mr. Sherman into the Cabinet, and the order for first calls was again reversed; and now as Mr. Blaine is in the Cabinet and Mr. Sherman in the Senate, it again became Mrs. Blaine's duty to make a first call on Mrs. Sherman. This she promptly did, and Mrs. Sherman returned it on Mrs. Blaine's first reception day as the wife of a Cabinet Officer.—*Wash. Letter to Philadelphia Times.*

One of the easiest things to catch, and at the same time one of the most difficult to get rid of, is a cough or cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, always proves equal to the emergency. Price 25 cents.

No Provision for Illness.

Few of our houses are built with a view to illness in the family. In every house there should be one room set apart for a sick chamber. This room should, in the first place, have a warm, sunny exposure. The window light should be ample, and command the widest possible view. The first essential in a sick room is a good, liberal fireplace. Through it, and by means of the warmth which generates, the whole room is kept in its atmospheric conditions which is wholesome and pure. Not only so, but a slow, burning fire with its lights and shades, its rising sparks and glowing brands, its curling and many colored smoke, and its changeful embers, furnishes ceaseless diversion to the sick one who lies watching it. Nothing is more soothing and quieting than the influence which subtly steals into the senses of him who gazes dreamily into the gentle flame. It is a companionship itself. The walls, too, should have their proper adornments. Pictures that suggest quiet and peace, and the free, fresh life of nature outside, should be on them. A bracket, with its vases of flowers; a green clambering vine, clinging ambitiously to the ceiling; a library case filled with familiar books; curtains that soften the light while admitting it—all these are helpful to one who lies in weakness, and can take no more of life than what a little room reveals.

Origin of Storms.

Speaking of storms and their origin, an exchange declares it has been proven that atmospheric disturbances usually move in the same direction across the ocean as across the continent, viz., from west to east, and that about sixty-one per cent. of the storms which we have to encounter on the Atlantic have arrived there from the American continent; but it is also known that thirty-nine per cent. of the storms originate upon the Atlantic itself; that only fifty per cent. of the storms observed on the Atlantic arrive at Europe, and that the telegraphic reports sent by the New York *Herald* weather bureau from America to Europe have only an imaginary value. In order to make meteorological observations of real benefit to the mariners Mr. Hoffmeyer, of Copenhagen, proposes to erect a regular weather service on the islands of Faroe, Iceland, South Greenland, the Azores and the Bermudas, connecting these stations by telegraph with the continents. It is expected that the meteorological institutions of Europe will take steps to make a practical test of these suggestions in the near future.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The personal appearance of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose recent marriage in her sixty-seventh year to her young American secretary, Ashmead Bartlett, created such a flutter in English social circles, is thus described: She is tall and graceful and has dark-brown hair and hazel eyes. Her energy and vitality are extraordinary, and when she is well she defeats her age by a dozen years. Her hands are very small and delicate, and have been modeled as specimens of perfect beauty. She usually dresses in dark velvet or silk of a well chosen and subdued color. She wears no head-dress in the morning, but in the evening she is to be seen in an Angot cap. She has an abundance of most rare and costly jewelry, but she rarely makes any display of it on her person. Occasionally she wears a tiger's claw, richly set, as a pendant to the gold chain round her neck. It was presented to the baroness by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and she values it highly. The baroness is a good horse-woman and is fond of exercise, and she walks with an elasticity that many a younger woman might envy.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.—A dog rushed out of a yard on Galveston avenue and bit an elderly lady. She was taken home in a hack, and in about ten minutes her son, a big stout six-footer, put in an appearance and wanted to see the owner of that dog, who expected that killing would be the least that would happen to him. "Your brute of a dog has bit my poor, aged mother, who is weak and feeble. She is ninty years old," and the son's eyes filled with tears. "I am very sorry," said the owner of the dog, feeling very uncomfortably. "If you are sorry how do you suppose I feel?" and he buried his face in his hands. "If she dies, who have I got left in this cold, cold world to saw and split that cord of oak fire-wood I bought yesterday—and oak is so hard to split with a dull axe;" and the strong man shook all over with suppressed emotion.—*Galveston News.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

THE PRELUDE TO "THE KING'S MISSIVE AND OTHER POEMS."

"I spread a scanty board too late;
The cold-time guests for whom I wait
Come few and slow, me thinks, to-day.
Ah! who could hear my messages
Across the dim unsounded seas —
On which so many have sailed away?

"Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
And let us meet, as we have met,
Once more beneath this low sunshine;
And, grateful for the good we've known,
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
Shake hands upon the border-line.

"The favor asked too oft before,
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and, if belated here
To slower, feebler measures move,
The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise.

"And ye, O younger friends, for whom
My hearth and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadows long,
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown
The minor of my even-song.

"For, equal through the day and night,
The wise Eternal oversight
And love and power and righteous will
Remain; the law of destiny
The best for each and all must be,
And life its promise shall fulfill."

TEN TERRIBLE MINUTES.

One November evening a few years ago I had occasion to travel from Cannan Street to Spa road station, on the Southeastern Railway. It had been a cold, foggy day throughout, and there were comparatively few passengers. The compartment which I entered—a second-class—had but one previous occupant, a stoutly built man of thirty-five or forty. He was attempting, with evidently small success, to read a book, and he fidgeted about on his seat in rather a testy fashion.

Having a doubt as to the regularity of the trains on such an evening I said, "I suppose this stops at Spa road?"

"Spa road! Of course it does," said this gentleman, with what I considered unnecessary vehemence. "All these trains stop at Spa road."

"Don't thank me, sir," he said, a moment later. "I only answered a simple question—a fool or madman could do that."

Here the train slowly moved off, and the speaker, whose face I had not yet seen, resumed his efforts to read, muttering now and again an imprecation at the expense of the fog and the cold.

When we reached the glass dome of the Borough market the train came to a stop, and for the first time I found myself in a position to obtain a good view of my fellow-passenger. Hitherto he had obstinately kept his back or shoulders toward me. Now he threw his volume down on the seat and faced about. He was, as I have said, a man in the full prime of life. Rather over the average height, he had the broad shoulders, full chest, and nervous hands of an athlete. The impression which his features produced was decidedly unpleasant. Yet, save for the eyes, which had a peculiar and indescribable glare in them, the face was not an unhandsome one.

"I did not know that we were so close to the Crystal Palace," he said brusquely.

"The Crystal Palace!" I said, in some surprise. "We are not near the Crystal Palace."

"The fog has affected your eyesight, my friend," was the reply. "Trouble yourself to look out of this window."

"Oh, that!" I said, smiling. "You like your joke, sir, I perceive. The Borough market must feel flattered, indeed, to be mistaken for the Sydenham palace."

"Borough market! Of course, it was only my joke," laughed my companion. But there was no mirth in the laugh.

He now took up his book again and made another attempt to read. Though he fixed his eyes on the page and now and then turned a leaf, it was evident that his reading was little better than a pretense. Indeed, it was so dark in the carriage that to see the small characters in an ordinary volume had become quite impossible. While he was thus engaged the train reached London Bridge. The moment we entered the station my companion, who had drawn nearer me, returned to his seat in the corner furthest from the platform. From this he gazed with evidently eager interest on the people passing and repassing the carriage door. As at Cannon Street, the number of these was not great, and we were still alone when the train again moved off.

The moment we were outside the station a change came over my fellow-passenger. He threw his book on the floor, and rose to his feet. Hitherto, I had, being preoccupied with my own thoughts, given little heed to him. Now, without knowing why, I felt myself fascinated. There was a light in his dark eyes, an expression in his mouth which at once repelled and attracted me. "Have you been much of a traveler?" he asked, suddenly. He was standing with his back to the door watching me curiously.

"I have never been out of the island," I replied.

"Ah!" he said, "I have been everywhere—Italy, Russia, India, China, Timbuctoo, Ashantee—anywhere—everywhere. I have been near the North Pole and quite to the South."

"Indeed, you must be a very great traveler, sir," I said.

"I have never been to the moon. No man can be a great traveler who has not been there."

"Then I'm afraid that, with the exception of those famous heroes of Jules Verne, there are very few about."

"Just so, just so! And yet a trip up above this detestable fog, beyond the clouds, would be enjoyable. In a night like this it would be peculiarly so; don't you agree with me?"

"Not quite," I said; "for my own part, I'd much rather be at my fire-side."

"You would, would you? Look at that, smell that, taste that cursed fog." He threw open the window, and certainly the fog which poured in was bad enough in all conscience.

"I grant you it is not pleasant, either for eyes or throat," I said.

"I knew you would," continued my strange companion. "Anyone would be glad to get out of it. The man who could free you from it would deserve your thanks, would he not?"

There was a light in the speaker's eyes which I did not like, and there was a movement at the corners of his mouth the opposite of pleasant. While not feeling the least dread of him, I was yet not without a strong desire to reach Spa road. As bad luck would have it, while yet we had not made half the short journey, the train again came to a sudden stop.

"Yes, he would be a public benefactor who could deliver the people of London from fog," I said.

"He would, would he not?" whispered my companion, eagerly. "Then I am the man."

As he spoke he crouched down and looked up at me with a glare that made me start. He buttoned his coat and pulled up his sleeves, as he whispered again, "I am the man. I can free you from these fogs—I can free myself."

For the first time the thought now flashed into my mind that I was alone with a madman. I recognized now that wild light in his eyes, that strange twitching at the corners of the mouth. I do not suppose that I am constitutionally more timid than most of my neighbors; yet at this moment I felt a cold sweat break all over me, and I know that I looked eagerly out in the darkness, hoping that as now the train was slowly moving we were near the station. I saw only the thick fog and the feeble light of here and there a lamp.

Yes, the man was mad, raving mad. There could be no doubt about it. Only a maniac could laugh the mirthless laugh which now came from his throat as he drew two steps nearer me and hissed at me, "We shall travel together to the moon. Adieu to the fogs; say with me, adieu to the fogs."

I was now erect, watching my companion intently, nerving myself for a struggle, which it was easy to tell was very near. I could easily see I was no match for such an antagonist. My hope was that I would hold my own for the few minutes necessary to reach Spa road, where plenty of assistance would be available.

"Your balloon would scarcely travel on such a night," I said, with affected indifference. "The atmosphere is too thick!"

"Too thick! Do you think so?" he said.

"I do. Consider the density of the fog. How could we possibly get through it?"

"Well, there's something in that," he said, sitting down. "Yet the effort is worth a trial. Yes, it is worth a trial."

He sprang anew to his feet, and approached me. He threw out his strong hands, and made a clutch at my throat.

"This is how we begin, this is how I get the gas for the trip. I kill you first to give you a start. Then I start myself and follow you." One shout I gave for help, but it was lost in the report of a fog signal; then we were swaying backward and forward in the carriage in a struggle which was literally for life or death. The madman's breath came hot on my face, his strong arms held me in a fierce embrace. There was a fierce joy in his eyes.

The foam worked out of his mouth, and his teeth gnashed angrily against each other.

Life is dear, and I felt no inclination to yield mine without a desperate struggle. I tore my antagonist's hands from my throat, and for a moment forced him to act on the defensive. I shouted again and again for help, and how I longed for Spa road no words can describe. The train was now running at a good rate and I knew the station could not be far off. If only I could hold my own for one half minute all would be safe.

Pausing in his exertions for a moment the madman suddenly quitted me. Just then, to my horror, the train rushed through my station without even slackening speed. I was in the wrong train, and there was no hope of assistance till we reached New Cross. It was evident that my fellow-passengers had not heard my shouts for assistance.

Without a word of warning my companion again threw himself upon me, this time with a fury so resistless that I was borne to the floor.

"We shall go to the moon," he shrieked. "I have a knife—we can cut our way through the fog."

I felt myself helpless. My previous exertions had exhausted my strength, while that of the maniac seemed to increase with the struggle. Strive as I might I was utterly and entirely in his power now.

How slowly the train seemed to move! I believe now that it was going at a good speed, but to me it appeared to progress at a snail's pace. And how curiously vivid were my thoughts. I saw the home where I was expected, the kind faces waiting to greet me. I wondered what they'd say when they heard of my death. I caught myself thinking how ugly were the madman's eyes, and I even noticed the color of his necktie—blue, with white spots. I no longer felt any inclination to shout for help. I looked upon myself as dead. I even began to look at myself as a third person, and to lament, in a philosophical fashion, the ill fortune which cut off at the beginning of his career a promising young man. Then I remembered that I owed a shoemaker for a pair of boots, and I pitied the unfortunate tradesman for the bad debt he had made. While these and a hundred other thoughts were passing through my brain, it seemed to me that an age had transpired. In reality I do not suppose that at the outside more than a minute had elapsed since my unlucky fall. Suddenly, as in a dream, I heard the madman, who now was seated astride my chest, hiss:

"We'll cut our way to the moon—my knife is sharp. Let's try it on your throat."

With curious deliberation he drew a strong pocket-knife and opened it.

"All right, friend, eh?" he cried, laughing. "Now, mind, do not leave the carriage till I have come up to you."

"I am swift," said I, and I declare I did not recognize my own voice. "If I go first you shall certainly not overtake me—you start and I'll follow."

"Me start?"

"Yes, you're braver, stronger, and you have the knife; you must go first to clear the way."

"Of course, I forgot that," he cried, almost to my horror, so utterly was I surprised. "Of course, I forgot that," he cried, again. "I must clear the way."

Still sitting on me, he deliberately drew the bright blade across his throat. In another moment I was deluged with blood. At the same time the knife fell from his nerveless grasp. To spring to my feet, to seize the open wound and press the edges together was the work of an instant—though the sudden escape made me stagger. At the same moment we reached New Cross Station, and a porter threw open the carriage door.

* * * * * * *

Fortunately, the self-inflicted wound of the madman did not prove fatal. Ultimately I heard that the blood-letting had a beneficial effect on his brain. I discovered next day that he was a most dangerous lunatic who had managed to escape from a private asylum.

To my surprise, when I looked at the clock at New Cross I found that the journey from London Bridge had not taken ten minutes. They were certainly the longest ten minutes I ever spent.—*Fife (Scotland) News.*

A Gigantic Land Scheme—Reclaiming the Florida Everglades.

AN immense transaction, involving the reclamation of 12,000,000 acres of land, says the Philadelphia *Press*, has been undertaken by a company of Philadelphia gentlemen, with every prospect of success. About one-third of the State of Florida is a huge swamp, termed "the Everglades"—a dark, impenetrable, unknown region. No white man has ever fully explored it, and all that is known of it is—a great swamp, with a number of lakes, and here and there islands, upon which roam ferocious wild beasts. It is par excellence the home of the crocodile, and a place of wonderfully luxuriant vegetation. On the outskirts a few miserable human beings—a mongrel race of white, Indian and negro blood—manage to exist in a state of barbarism. The project of reclaiming this wonderfully rich country has been talked of for years, and it has long been considered feasible by many noted engineers. Some time since the State of Florida made a move in the matter, which is likely to culminate in the reclamation of the immense body of land which has lain under water for thousands of years. Under a contract with the State of Florida a Philadelphia company is about undertaking this great scheme. The leading men in the enterprise are Hamilton Disston & Sons. Associated with them are ex-Sheriff Wm. H. Wright, W. C. Parsons, Whitman H. Drake, A. B. Linderman, all of this city; J. Coryell, of Florida, and others. Under the agreement already made with the State, the company are required to begin surveys within sixty days, and within six months to put a force equal to 100 men on the work, and continue as expeditiously as possible until it is completed. It is proposed to drain the land by a canal from Lake Okeechobee to the Caloosakachee River, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Another canal may also be constructed to the East, tapping the St. Lucie River, which flows into the Atlantic. These canals will entirely drain the swamp, and from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 acres of the richest land in the world will be reclaimed. The company will receive for the work one-half of the land recovered, and it is expected that this will largely repay all expenditure of money that may be made in the work. A leading Louisiana planter was shown a sample of sugar-cane raised on the plants on the swamp, and he at once said that the land which would produce such a rich specimen was worth $150 per acre, and it is said the land will produce twice the amount of sugar that can be raised in Louisiana. The entire property of the company is below the frost-line, and there would be no such damage done orange plantations as those in Northern Florida have suffered this winter. Every production of the tropics can be raised on this land—indigo, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, coffee, jute, etc. The latter, which has become a most valuable article in manufactures, grows wild, and can be produced in large quantities at little expense. A number of Irish manufacturers who use large quantities of jute have already applied for stock in the company, and will aid it financially. The company will organize at once, with Hamilton Disston as President. It is proposed to issue 1,000,000 shares of stock at $10 par value. Each share will carry with it the right to an acre of land. The stock will be put on the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, and, it is expected, will be sold readily. A number of applications for stock have already been made by prominent gentlemen in the city. The proceeds of 50,000 shares will be used as the working capital. It is not known how long it will take to fully develop this stupendous scheme, but the gentlemen who have undertaken it will push it to completion as soon as possible. George McGowen and Thos. J. Barger, well-known gentlemen of this city, will leave for an extended trip southward on next Tuesday. They will go to Tallahassee, Fla., where they will look into the title of the State of Florida to the Everglades, on behalf of the company mentioned above. They expect to return to Philadelphia by May 1, but prior to that time the preliminaries to the Everglade scheme will be pushed forward by the interested parties in this city.

Too Poor to Have a Name.

Among the insane convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary is a middle-aged man who has a propensity for burning barns and houses. Recently one of the Inspectors inquired his name. "Well, sir," replied the convict, as he pressed one of his hands against his forehead, as if to refresh his memory, "you have got the best of me. I did have a name once—I think it was Jack—but the fact is I am now too miserably poor to have a name. But sir," and there was a look of earnestness in the man's eyes, "I wish you would please inquire among those who know me, and if you can find out what my name is tell me. It's frightful to be without a name."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Prof. Perosino and Dr. Licht, who have both experimented upon the principle of the transmission by telegraphic wires of the forms and colors of objects in the same way that sounds are transmitted by telephone, hope to ultimately succeed in contriving an apparatus by which two persons who are separated by an ocean will able to both see and hear each other.

Bright Women at the National Capital.

The woman correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* writes from Washington:

It has been suggested in a recent clever study of Washington life, as it appears to the casual visitor, that the women here are not equal to the men. This may be true sometimes—where is it not?—but the instances are quite as conspicuous, some of them made so by the light falling on very high place, where all the success of the man has been due to the prominent power of the woman. It is probably not in Washington alone, either, that invitations are answered after this fashion: "I and Mr. Jones accept with pleasure," etc.; and elsewhere as well as here one meets women whose acquaintances are spoken of as "those parties;" but I suppose this city only would furnish an official leador of society who would offer this excuse for a lack of civility: "Well, you know they haint of the same politics we be!" Stories quite as bad, however, are current of the distinguished gentlemen themselves, and these things do not properly represent the ladies of Washington society. Women of acquirement, of wit, of social charm, are so common that a would be hostess has often an embarrassment of riches. There is no better *bonmot* in literature than the reply of a girl who heard her father criticised severely across a dinner-table. The careless critic paused a moment to say, "I hope he is no relative of yours Miss L.," and quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance, "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage." It can hardly be true that the women are generally inferior where you may meet at any turn those famous women, Grace Greenwood, Jean Davenport Lander, Gail Hamilton, Harriet Prescott Spofford and Frances Hodgson Burnett; where less public characters could be named by the score, equally brilliant, and some more charming; where every public officer I know, with possibly a half dozen exceptions, has a wife fully his equal and quite as attractive; to which the scientific men continually gathering here have brought wives bearing names already distinguished and themselves honoring those names. One, the young wife of perhaps the greatest discoverer of modern times, is said to not only keep abreast of her husband, but to make many suggestions to him of great value. And whatever lack there may be of sterling virtues, the society can not be stupid that contains in a single decade women of such political power as Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Williams, social queens like Mrs. Belknap, Mme. Hegeman and Mrs. Robeson; leaders in official life like Mrs. Blaine or Mrs. Fish; where the belles even match brilliancy to beauty like Miss Stanton, Miss Bryan, Miss Beck, Miss Edith Fish, Miss Page or Miss Frelinghuysen. The list is too long for patience or propriety, and it stretches on with no diminution unto this present time.

To-day, as in past years, the repartee of one woman, the bonmots of another, are more than equal those of professional wits; the tact and diplomacy of a third deserves the celebrity of a Recamier. Some of these women have the grace and beauty of youth. One, a Senator's daughter, of a family for many generations distinguished in political life, adds to the many accomplishments of civilization a brilliancy and a cleverness which is almost sharpness, that makes her a most coveted partner at the dinners she chiefly affects. Another young woman of striking face and figure is so brilliant and unusual that she is suspected of sitting for the portrait of every heroine that appears in successive novels of this society, and clever men seek her acquaintance for the piquancy of her talk and originality of her action. Another, in the bloom and beauty of 20, has the unerring instinct which makes no mistakes and omits no attention, with the sweet graciousness that seems a personal compliment to all recipients. Washington rejoices that she is fastened here for many years to preside over one of the most elegant and profuse households. Still another, a matron, bears a name honored especially in our State, and wears the dignities it has repeatedly brought to her own. Dispensing a prodigal hospitality, the tact and discrimination with which it is done are a matter of general comment, and a lesson to the debutante. Her unfailing graciousness makes no discriminations, but guests are without knowing it most fitly grouped together. Strangers from other lands, as well as this, meet under her roof the distinguished names of the nation; clever men are presented to appreciative women; the hobby-rider finds himself seated by his kind; the shy woman falls into the hands of a kindly friend; acquaintances are gathered together and new relations formed by the apparently casual phrase of introduction bringing two people *en rapport*; here the uninteresting and neglected catch their only glimpse of the coveted "society," and find themselves under the skillful treatment become so interesting as to surprise even themselves; the books, Christmas cards, photographs and bric-a-brac lying about are skillfully selected to suggest topics of conversation to tardy minds; an unerring instinct of society places each guest at once, and afterward he is never outside the plan of the hostess, who, though working by means of many clever and well-trained and attractive girls, still keeps her own guiding hand everywhere. Beauty and wit and fashion are eager to be bid by this famous hostess, who may boast, if she likes, of being friend as well as acquaintance of most of the distinguished people in any walk in her own land, and of many names regarded almost with awe under other skies. The charm and possible power of social life are here so exemplified that no caviler can say it is fruitless or frivolous.

—Lin-fu-Yen, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador in Berlin, entertained a large number of distinguished Germans on her native New Year. Maj. Tsheng-Ki-Song, the military attache of the Embassy, has mastered the German language to such a degree that he lately delivered in it, to the great gratification of the Berlinese, a lecture on the matrimonial customs of the Chinese.

—The pistol fired by Major Pitcairn at Lexington, which was the first shot in the Revolution, is said to be in the State Library at Albany, N. Y.

Religious.

TRUST.

I know not what the future holds,
Of good or ill, for me and mine;
I only know that God infolds
Me in His loving arms divine!

So shall I walk the earth, in trust
That He who notes the sparrow's fall
Will help me bear whate'er I must,
And lend an ear whene'er I call.

It matters not if dreams dissolve
Like mists beneath the morning sun,
For, swiftly as the worlds revolve,
So swiftly will life's race be run.

It matters not if hopes depart,
Or life be pressed with grief and care,
If love divine shall fill my heart,
And all be sanctified with prayer.

Then let me learn submission sweet
In every thought, in each desire,
And humbly lay at His dear feet
A heart aglow with Heavenly fire!

—*Mrs. J. W. Penn, in N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER, 1881.

Mar. 20—Review of the Lessons.
Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom.....Luke 9: 1-6

SECOND QUARTER.

Apr. 3—Following Jesus.....Luke 9: 51-62
Apr. 10—The Good Samaritan....Luke 10: 25-37
Apr. 17—The Pharisees Reprov'd.Luke 11: 37-47
Apr. 24—Covetousness.....Luke 12: 13-21
May 1—Lost and Found.....Luke 15: 1-10
May 8—The Prodigal Son.....Luke 15: 11-24
May 15—The Rich Man and Lazarus.....Luke 16: 19-31
May 22—Parables on Prayer.....Luke 18: 1-14
May 29—Parable of the Pounds..Luke 19: 11-27
Jun. 5—The Crucifixion.....Luke 23: 33-46
Jun. 12—The Walk to Emmaus..Luke 24: 13-32
Jun. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Jun. 26—Gospel for the World...Luke 24: 44-53

"Where Two or Three Are Met Together.

When only two or three are present is it worth while to have the meeting? This is a question which is often asked by the minister, or by his deacon, or by the two or three, and sometimes discouragement gets the better of faith, and the very ones who for their loyalty and effort ought to have been rewarded with sermon or address, or whatever the expected provision was to be, are sent empty away. We believe it is always best to hold the meeting that has been appointed, even if there is only an audience of one. Two incidents have lately come to our knowledge which we proceed to narrate in illustration of this thought.

Not many days since a missionary meeting was appointed for one of the wealthiest congregations of Boston's Back Bay. A foreign missionary was to be present and speak of his work. The evening came. Unfortunately it was the evening of a great and overpowering attraction elsewhere, and a congregation of only about twenty persons assembled. The pastor was more than disappointed, he was disgusted. The missionary, used as he was to impediments, would have preferred to proceed, but the pastor had lost all heart. It was no use, he said, in that great church, to hold a missionary meeting with only twenty persons, and no meeting was held. The twenty people who had come went away.

Now, among those twenty people, as we happen to know—we cannot believe that the minister in question knew it—were, first, a lady, the near relative of a very distinguished official who sustained very close and important relations to the foreign country represented by the missionary who was to have spoken, and who had come from a considerable distance in order to furnish herself with materials for exerting a quiet influence in behalf of the mission; second, the distinguished pastor of a neighboring church, whose congregation, a Sunday or two previous, had made an offering of between four and five thousand dollars for foreign missions, and who certainly was in a position to influence the giving of more; and thirdly, a wealthy and liberal Boston merchant, who, out of his own pocket is now building a church in one of the suburbs of Boston, which is to cost probably not less than $150,000. These were three of the twenty people who came to that missionary meeting, and for whom it was thought not worth while to hold it! Was it not an unfortunate mistake?

The late Bishop Randall was wiser and more fortunate on a somewhat similar occasion, which forms our second incident. He was announced to preach in an Eastern church in behalf of his missionary work in Colorado. The evening came and proved dreadfully stormy. Only six persons appeared. For a moment the good Bishop hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment; the question of congregation was none of his business. Accordingly the service went on, and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was an offering alone of $200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman asking him to call at such an office. The Bishop responded. "I am the one," said the gentleman, "who gave you the $200 last night. But after getting home I did not feel quite satisfied with doing that. I propose to make the sum up to $1,000; and here is my check for the balance."

What Bishop Randall felt at this we will not venture to say, but he never after had any doubts as to his duty in the face of a small congregation. And if this article should meet the eye of other clergymen who ever have similar doubts, we trust it may help to remove them. Among the two or three who gather together of a stormy evening may be the very one to whom God has appointed you a messenger.—*Christian Union.*

Time to Awaken.

[From a Recent Sermon by Prof. David Swing, Chicago.]

"It is high time," said the Apostle, (Romans xiii, 11), "to awake out of sleep." It is quite generally admitted that all the apostles expected an early end of the world, and that in the immediate presence of such a solemnity Paul felt that the time for inaction and for peaceful days had passed away. On the eve of such an event a strange enthusiasm should spring up in each Christian soul. We differ from those early saints in our not expecting any near end of this human dynasty, but we agree with the saint in the feeling that great events are in the morrow, and that it were disgraceful to sleep with a cold dead creed in our hand. It is time to awake out of sleep, not because the world is about to be closed up, but because it is rather to go on, and ask those Christians now living to help it go onward the more sweetly. It is to go on, and vice and skepticism and even atheism are mixing poison into the cup. The world has too much of ignorance, too much wickedness, too much poverty, too much unhappiness, too much distrust of God and Christ and another life; and with all this this unfitness it is moving into that immense area called to-morrow. Our earth is as solemn in its continuance as it would be in its ending. The thought that here are soon to be a hundred millions of people, all of whom ought to find homes and education, and a simple religion, and something of happiness, and that the streams of these things are all to flow out of our age into their century in one whose weight of responsibility cannot be measured. Instead of sinking into graves and leaving the earth without an occupant, millions are to go onward with all that awful power of the soul for joy or tears. Our institutions are to move into another century in a few years more, and the Christians now living under the names of many denominations will be guilty of great neglect if those laws and customs which to-day surround us shall not pass to our children much better fitted for all the wants of the people.

In presence of such a thrilling future we may affirm this: that what the ruling ranks or the higher class of Christians most need is enthusiasm. All the other forms of human life are fully aroused. Our age runs along its many paths. Empty of all inspiration, religion sits down and gently sleeps. When awake it debates or studies rather than loves. Enthusiasm would transform such a desert into an Eden.

"Awake, for the time is short," said the glowing soul of Paul. Not short for humanity, but, short for each individual. Differ as students may about the end of the world, we all agree in this: that each one of us will soon quit these scenes. If we have any task to perform in the name of God, we must hasten to the work; if we have any kind words to speak, we must hasten to speak them: if we are to hand any cup of refreshing water to mankind, we must fill it now. It is time to awake from the sleep that has long enchained the brain and heart. Each day reads to us a list of friends or of strangers who have gone. While piety sleeps, death is fully awake to his awful task.

A distinguished son of our West has just gone. A slow disease took down the habitation of flesh and the mind has returned to its God. As long ago as last summer Mr. Matt H. Carpenter must have begun to think of the near ending of his powerful life, and, with that thought, there must have come to his gifted mind many an hour of pensive and perhaps comforting meditation. In the last of last September he wrote to me quite a long letter regarding the intrinsic merit of the Gospels, and from it I give a few sentences to show its spirit: "Whoever will read Cicero's twilight speculations about duty and the future life, remembering that, perhaps, he was the fullest man of antiquity, the ripest scholar and student of the highest period of civilization, and remembering that, from the birth of Cæsar to the birth of Christ, the only change that came to civilization was a decline, and that Jesus belonged to an out-of-the-way people, a people apart from the high tides of human greatness, and then will read from the Sermon on the Mount, I cannot comprehend how he can escape the conclusion that the difference is not one of degree but of kind." . . . "That Jesus, surrounded as he was, could have promulgated a system of morals embodying all that is most valuable in the prior life of the world, and to which nineteen centuries of civilization have not been able to add a thought or impart an ornament, is a fact not to be explained by any ridicule." If such sentiments seemed the more rich and valuable to the Senator because he must soon pass into the unseen world, the same reason for the same line of thought stands good for you all. The time is, indeed, short. Awake! arise! and attempt to measure and realize the worth, and responsibility, and dignity, and the unparalleled beauty of this world! Mark its moral landscape! What an expanse life may be made to be of faith, and hope, and love, and happiness. Mark what noble characters have passed along these paths of religion! What service they have rendered the human race! What fame they have honorably won from mankind, and in what blessed hopes they have bidden adieu to this existence.

Choice Selections.

—Some persons, instead of "putting off the old man," dress him up in a new shape.—*St. Bernard.*

—Reason is a fine thing, but let us not think too much of it. God does not. We know of a surety—we know on the authority of His Word—that all the proud and high things of man's intellect are of infinitely less value in His sight than the humblest aspiration after mercy and truth, than the heart-uttered groan of a contrite spirit—*Kitto.*

—God is Alpha and Omega in the great world; endeavor to make Him so in the little world; practice to make Him thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest: so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding rectified in the day: so shall thy rest be peaceful, thy labors prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.—*Francis Quarles.*

—Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we since we have Him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits.—*G. Macdonald.*

—Evening Prayer.—

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine:
With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool to rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my rest be sweet.
At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

—*H. E. Kinsman.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

JACK CHIDDY.

A True Incident of the Rail.

Brave Jack Chiddy! O'i, well you may sneer,
For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale,
If it bears upon railway men and the rail.
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there you are smiling again
At the name, which I own is both common and plain—
Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his mates,
Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no chance
But to see that both lines were in gauge and range;
Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains fr. m giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise,
Say, at times, in a moment before our eyes,
Or right in our midst, ere we know it, and do
The work of a giant and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I'm coming to that;
Though I wander a little—now, where was I at?
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of the Breslington tunnel from here?

You see it! Well, right on the bank at the top,
When at licking some blocks, all at once, down the slope
A huge slab of stone from the rest shore its way,
And fell down on the up-line of metals and bay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all.
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall.
We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath, then a cry, that thrill'd our hearts through—
"My God! the 'Flying Dutchman' is overdue!"

Hark, straight from over the hill we can hear
A dull, dead sound coming faint to the ear,
Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast
That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone,
And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on.
In a minute or less he would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

"Now, for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the stone.
Not of his own life, for wife and child's sake,
Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength
And a heave of the shoulder the slab move I at length—
Slipp'd clear off the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash
Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay
As the train tore along, making un for delay;
Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the "Dutchman" had pass'd and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon those tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years.
When we found him one look was enough to reveal
That Jack's life-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer
At the name, which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

—*Alexander Anderson, in Good Words.*

PETS.

I.

Jack and I had been married a year before we went to housekeeping. People say that the first year of married life is the most trying. All I can say is that we did not find it so. We never had a word of serious difference so long as we boarded, but almost as soon as we were settled in our own tiny, pretty house, our troubles began.

Jack and I have never been quite able to decide when our unpleasantness commenced. He puts the date of it in June, when Lettice Green went to Europe, and left me her canaries as a parting gift—two of the loveliest little yellow and green darlings that ever were seen. That is quite absurd, though. The real trouble began a month later, when he himself brought home the great, clumsy, blundering Newfoundland pup, which was the pest of the house for many a long day.

It wasn't so bad at first. Jack only laughed when he saw the canaries, and said, "Why, Madge, little woman, you'll have your hands full now, if you never did before."

"Nonsense!" I said; "it's nothing to take care of a pair of birds." But Jack only laughed.

Such darlings as those birds were! I can't say that they ever learned to know me—not really, you know. They fluttered just as much and were just as hard to catch the last day that I let them out of their cage as on the first. That was one of the things that Jack objected to—my letting them out of their cage, I mean. Jack wrote, you see—for the press, I mean—and the back parlor, which was also his study, was the only place where I could keep the birds.

"Really, Madge," said Jack one day, "I wish you could find some other place to keep those birds, or else I wish you would not let them out of their cage. Their favorite promenade is my desk, and I never can find a paper that I want after they have been rooting about there."

"But, Jack," I said, "they must have their morning fly, poor little dears, and I have always let them have it while you are taking your constitutional, so that they need not disturb you. If you would rather have me let them out while you are at home, though—"

"Thanks, not any," said Jack. It's bad enough to see the results, without having them flopping down hodily upon my head. Never mind. I'll be careful to leave my inkstand uncovered, and they'll be drinking the ink some day, and that will be the end of them."

"Jack, you are very unkind," I said; but Jack only laughed, and went out of the room. I was always careful to see that the inkstand was covered after that, though.

It was soon after that that he brought home his dog. I never shall forget that day. He knows that I never could bear dogs. I am afraid of them, horribly afraid, and I never thought he would be so cruel as to bring one of the great blundering things home to scare me out of my poor little wits.

"Here, Madge," he said, as he came in, leading the thing. "As you are so fond of pets, I have brought you one worth having."

Then the thing rushed at me, with its great red mouth wide open, and its white teeth shining, and its eyes glaring, and before I knew it, the two big hairy paws were on my shoulders, and the frightful face close against mine.

"Jack!" I screamed—"oh, Jack! take him off, or I shall die."

Jack laughed, and caught the creature by his collar and pulled him away.

"Why, bless your heart, Madge!" he said, "the dog won't hurt you. He is only a pup—nine months old to a day—and as full of affection as he can stick. He only wanted to make friends with you."

"But I don't want to be made friends with in that fashion," I said, as well as I could speak for crying.

Jack laughed, and caressed me, and apologized; but it was then that our troubles began, for all that.

What a nuisance that dog was no one who has not brought up a Newfoundland pup can imagine. Now it was one of the best tablecloths not only pulled off, but torn into rags; or my lace set—Aunt Clarice's wedding present—which had been laid out to bleach, had disappeared bodily, all but a fluttering end which hung out of Hero's mouth as he careered about the yard; or it was one of Jack's dress boots chewed to a pulp, and grave enough Master Jack looked that time. I only wish his belongings had suffered oftener; but unluckily he took precious good care to keep them out of the way.

Jack and I were poor enough, but we had rich relations. Jack had an uncle, Mr. Philip Phelps, and I an aunt, Clarice Vaughan, both of whom had declared their intention of leaving us their respective heirs. Aunt Clarice was a childless widow, and Uncle Philip a bachelor. Both of them were peculiar in their way, and full of whims and "fads." We had never been able to entertain them hitherto, but as soon as we were settled in our own house each of them had promised us a visit. It was time for Uncle Philip's arrival soon after Jack brought home that wretched dog. Uncle Philip had always seemed very fond of me, and I resolved to appeal to him privately to induce Jack to banish the horrid thing from the house.

Uncle Philip was stout and rubicund, with a bald, pink head fringed with white hair, and a laughing blue eye—two of them, in fact. Unluckily for my private plans, he took most kindly to Hero from the first; and as I watched the softening of his eye over the pup's clumsy gambols, I realized that any attempt to influence him as I desired would be utterly in vain. We were all collected in the back parlor on the night of his arrival, he sitting in a large easy-chair in the window. He was just giving us a graphic description of a recent visit to New Mexico, when he started, and clapped his hand to his head, with a sudden ejaculation.

"I thought you told me you had no mosquitoes here," he said with a puzzled air.

Neither had we, as Jack and I both assured him, and after a moment he took up the thread of his narrative. Crack! another slap at his bald head, and another break in his tale. Crack! crack! crack!

"What do you mean by denying mosquitoes?" he cried, indignantly. "I know that mosquitoes and malaria are two things that the inhabitants of a swamp will never confess to; but I thought that you two were above such weaknesses."

Our earnest "But, indeed, dear uncle," was suddenly interrupted by a sudden flutter of wings, and a *douche* of cold water exactly on the center of Uncle Philip's head. Jack sprang to his feet.

"It's those beastly birds, Madge," he said. "They've been chucking their seeds at Uncle Philip, and now they've finished up with a shower-bath. Taking their bath in their drinking-cup, too, the little brutes! It's too bad, I vow!"

Uncle Philip was silent, but his face, as he glared at the cage overhead, was a study. I apologized, eagerly, abjectly, and, I hoped, to some purpose. Then we adjourned to the front parlor, and finished the evening quietly.

Uncle Philip was up bright and early next morning. I was surprised to find him in the dining-room when I went down, before the bell rang, to see that the table was properly set. Hero was beside him, blinking up with his great stupid eyes, one big paw laid upon Uncle Philip's knee, and his red tongue lolling out idiotically. Uncle Philip greeted me affectionately, though, I fancied, with rather an air of constraint.

"Did you sleep well, Uncle Philip?" I asked.

Uncle Philip hesitated.

"It was quiet enough most of the night," he said, "but I was somewhat disturbed toward morning."

"Not used to the city noises?" I asked; but Jack, who had come in behind me, laughed.

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "You forget that Uncle Philip lives in Chicago, which is not exactly country. It was all those birds of yours again. Uncle Philip's room is directly over my study, and the things tuned up at daylight, as usual. Nobody could sleep in such a confounded racket. Now confess, Uncle Philip, was not that the trouble?"

"Why, Jack!" I said, half crying. "It is too bad of you. The little darlings couldn't disturb anybody with their singing, and you know there is not another window in the house where they can hang. Uncle Philip's is the only other east room, and they must have the morning sun."

"Oh, pray don't disturb your arrangements on my account," said Uncle Philip, rather grimly. "No doubt I shall get used to it in the course of time."

Just here Hero made a diversion by an unexpected and successful spring at the chop on Jack's plate, with which he vanished through the back door, while Uncle Philip and Jack laughed and applauded.

Uncle Philip staid with us less than a week, growing daily more silent and testy. When, on the fifth day, he announced his intention of leaving us, I could not feel deeply grieved; but Jack was.

"It was all very well for you," he said. "Uncle Philip is no relation of yours, and you have no old claims of affection and kinship pulling at you. It is not his money, as you very well know, but he is the last one of my mother's family left, and to have him driven out of his nephew's house by those ridiculous pets of yours—well, it's hard, and no mistake."

"Nonsense, Jack! The birds have nothing to do with it," I said; but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said; "but a man of Uncle Philip's age and habits can't stand being wakened at daylight every morning, and disturbed at all hours of the day and night beside."

"I don't disturb him," I said.

"You do," said Jack. "You spend your whole time prancing up and down stairs, opening and shutting the window just below his room, because you fancy that those blessed birds are dying of too much or too little air."

"But, Jack," I said, "the poor things are setting, and they need constant care. You wouldn't have me let them die, would you?"

"I'd have you consider the comfort of human beings before that of animals," said Jack. "However, the thing is done now. Nothing would induce Uncle Philip to spend another night here. He has business to attend to in the city, though, and has taken board in Ninth Street for a few weeks."

I was sorry that Jack was vexed, of course, but I really could not feel very unhappy at losing a guest so utterly unfeeling and inconsiderate. Beside, Aunt Clarice had written to ask when it would be convenient for us to receive her, and she could now come as soon as she felt inclined.

It was the very day after Uncle Philip left that I found Jou-jou, the female bird, lying dead upon the floor. My first idea was that it was a mean piece of vengeance upon Jack's part, and I taxed him with it, but he denied it indignantly.

"I'm not such a brute as you seem to think, Madge," he said. "I don't like the birds, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of their tails. Look here, though," as he poked out with the point of his penknife something that had lodged in the tiny beak. "Here is what did the mischief. Stolen from my desk, too, by Jove! A clear case of poetic justice."

It was a tiny bit of red wafer which he held out for me to examine, and of course I had to acknowledge that it alone had caused the catastrophe. I buried my little pet mournfully, and thought of bringing another to replace her, but Jack put his veto upon any such proceeding.

"But, Jack," I said, "Bijon will die of lonelliness."

"Let him," said Jack, savagely, and that was all.

Well, Bijou didn't die of loneliness. On the contrary, after reflecting on the situation for a few days, he plucked up heart, and launched himself into such a torrent of rollicking song that Jack was more frantic than ever. Not even the melancholy sight of the nestful of cold little blnish speckled eggs seemed to dash his gayety in the least. To tell the truth, I was slightly disgusted (though I would have died before I would have told Jack so), for, try as I might, I could not pursuade myself that that triumphant, rollicking, gurgling song bore the slightest resemblance to a wail of despair.

We saw Uncle Philip tolerably often, though he no longer staid with us. I noticed, however, that he could with difficulty be pursuaded to enter the back parlor. Even the sound of Bijou's singing, which penetrated the closed doors, made him start and wince in a manner which was simply absurd, though he never said anything.

II.

We were in daily expectation of Aunt Clarice's arrival, the date of which was not quite certain, as she was staying with friends who continually urged her to prolong her visit. After the day for her coming to us had been three times fixed and as often postponed, I made up my mind not to expect her until I saw her. Consequently I had dismissed all thoughts of her from my mind.

I was sitting at my sewing one morning, when Jane came up to tell me that a lady was in the parlor, who declined to send up her name.

"An agent, no doubt," I said. "I wish you had asked her business, Jane. But no matter; I must go down soon, to shut up Bijou, in any case."

So I sowed on tranquilly until I had finished the piece of work on which I was engaged, and then ran down stairs, humming a blithe little tune as I went. I never finished that tune, though; for the first thing my eyes fell upon in the hall was Aunt Clarice. Yes, Aunt Clarice, sitting demurely in the hall chair, but with no very demure expression upon her face. On the contrary, it was a much agitated and dishevelled Aunt Clarice upon whom I looked—an Aunt Clarice who appeared equally divided between tears and indignation, and who met my astonished gaze with one full of wrathful meaning.

"Dear Aunt Clarice!" I cried. "Who ever dreamed of seeing you to-day? Why in the world didn't you go into the parlor, even if Jane hadn't sense enough to take you there? That girl's blunders are really beyond anything."

"Don't scold the girl," said Aunt Clarice, grimly; "it's not her fault. She took me in there fast enough; but if people will turn their parlors into menageries, they can hardly expect their friends to stay in them."

"Menageries! Dear Aunt Clarice," I cried, "I never thought *you* would mind poor Bijou too. You're as bad as Uncle Philip."

Aunt Clarice turned slightly red. "If that's your idea of a *bijou*," she said, "I have no more to say;" and she began to gather up her belongings as if she meditated instant flight.

"But, dear Aunt Clarice," I cried, "don't be so frightened! I was just going to shut him up, for he has been out quite long enough." ("I should think so," said Aunt Clarice). "But I never knew that you minded birds so much."

"Birds!" said Aunt Clarice, with an indescribable intonation. "But I do mind birds very much—such birds as this; birds that walk on four legs, and wag their tails, and make grabs at your ankles."

"Aunt Clarice," I cried, "it's Hero that you mean—Jack's great, horrid dog. Do you mean to say that he is in the parlor? Oh dear! what shall I do? Jack says that there is no harm in him, but he always dances and grins at us so. How shall we ever get him out, for neither Jane nor I dare touch him?"

Aunt Clarice had relaxed slightly when she found that I had nothing to do with Hero's presence in the parlor, and now she began to laugh.

"Don't trouble yourself about getting him out," she said. "He is safe enough there, for I shut the door upon him. He kept quiet until Jane had gone, but as soon as I was left quite alone and unprotected, he floundered out from under the very sofa that I was sitting upon, and 'danced and grinned' at me until I fairly took to my heels. Now I'll go up stairs and take my things off."

Jack only laughed when I complained to him of Hero's escapade, said that as my pet had the run of his study it was only fair that his should have the run of the rest of the house. He positively refused to chain him, or even to keep him in the yard and cellar, as I implored him to do, if only on Aunt Chalice's account.

"No, no," he said, "my relations have had their turn; it is time that yours took their share now."

Of course, when Hero had once found his way up stairs there was an end of everything. Nothing would induce him to stay down after that. It is my belief that he had found out some way of worming himself through key-holes, for no amount of locking and barring would keep him out. The worst of it was that he took a violent fancy to Aunt Clarice. Or rather I am inclined to think that he found her irresistibly *tasteable*, and was deep and artful enough to pretend a firm confidence in her fondness and admiration for him. At all events, wherever Aunt Clarice was Hero was sure to be somewhere near. If she sat down upon a sofa, Hero wriggled out from under it; if she entered a room, Hero bounced at her from behind the door; nay, he even secreted himself under her bed at night, for the express purpose of coming out in the small hours, and waking her by the contact of his cold wet nose and warm wet tongue. After she had twice aroused the whole household by her wild shrieks at these uncanny visits, Aunt Clarice mildly but firmly announced her determination.

"My dear Madge," she said, "I am very fond of you; I am fond of Jack, too; but really a man who keeps such a wild beast about his house is fit only for Bedlam. I can't expect you to turn him out for me, so I have decided to turn myself out for him. I am not quite ready to go home yet, so I have taken board for a few weeks where I shall be quite comfortable."

Jack only laughed, and said "Tit for tat," when he heard of Aunt Clarice's departure. He laughed still more when, on comparing notes, we found that she and Uncle Philip were now inhabitants of the same boarding-house in Ninth Street—a curious coincidence, certainly, but not worth going into hysterics about. It really seemed as if Jack would never get over it. Every now and then, during the whole evening, he would suddenly throw himself back, kick up his heels in the most undignified manner, and roar. When I asked him his reason for such behavior, he would say only, "Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice!—ho! ho! ho!" And for days the mention of either name would bring a most absurd and diabolical grin to his face, which was a handsome enough one in general.

III.

It was rather curious, I thought, that since Aunt Clarice had left us so abruptly we had seen nothing either of her or of Uncle Philip, although more than a week had passed. Aunt Clarice was always out—or so the servant said when I called; and as for her, she had never once crossed our threshold since that unlucky day.

I was just expressing my feelings upon the subject to Jack, with Bijou hopping about the carpet at my feet, when the door-bell rang, and Jane brought in the morning's mail. There was only one letter, and that I saw in a moment to be from Aunt Clarice.

"High time, I think!" I said, as I tore it open. Then, in another moment, and with a shriek, "Jack, look here!"

This is what Jack looked at:

MY DEAR MADGE: I have not seen you for the last week because I was trying to make up my mind whether or not to be an old fool, and in such cases the fewer witnesses one has the better. I've decided at last, whether for better or for worse remains to be seen. Perhaps you know that Jack's Uncle Philip Phelps and I are old friends, and meeting now and all— Well, the long and short of it is that we have made up our minds to be married.

This is all at present from
Your attached aunt,
CLARICE VAUGHAN.

P. S.—If Master Jack and you hadn't seen fit to turn your house into a menagerie, it wouldn't have happened. A mutual hatred of pets was our first bond of union.

I was crying by the time Jack had finished the letter, and even he looked grave, though there was a most exasperating twinkle in his eye.

"Good-by to our fortunes, little woman," he said.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" I cried. "And to think it was all the doing of that hateful dog!"

"Not at all," said Jack; "my dog hadn't half so much to do with it as your birds. If they hadn't driven Uncle Philip out of the house, there would have been no room in it for Aunt Clarice, and in that case they might never have met again."

"Nonsense!" I cried, indignantly. "If it hadn't been for the dog, Aunt Clarice would have been here safe and sound at this minute. I've a great mind to poison him."

Jack suddenly grew very stern. "If you do, I'll wring the neck of your miserable bird," he said.

I had never seen Jack look so angry, nor anything like so angry, before, and for one minute I stopped short in absolute terror; then— But before I could speak there was a hasty scuffle on the stairs, and Hero in person rushed into the room. Bijou lifted his head and flattered his wings, but he was too late. In another instant Hero had pounced upon the tempting plaything. There was a strangled squeak, an agonized gasp, and poor Bijou had disappeared bodily down the gaping red throat, and Hero was on his back, kicking convulsively, while I rushed screaming from the room.

IV.

Of course Jack and I "embraced, with tears," after the double tragedy. Neither of us could accuse the other, you see, for if his pet had killed mine, mine had proved equally fatal to his. Then and there we forswore all future division of interests, whether in the shape of pets or anything else.

Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice Phelps prove to be the most cheerful and contented of elderly couples. It seems that it is an old love affair. Jack knew of it all along, which was the reason of his profane laughter when he found that they had established themselves in the same house. They were engaged when both were young, but quarreled. Aunt Clarice married Mr. Vaughan out of pique, while Uncle Philip remained a bachelor for her sweet sake.

We are thoroughly reconciled now, and stranger things have happened than that we should be their heirs after all.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Clothes and Conversation.

FROM time to time a wail comes to us, now from the city, now from the country—for the village seems as burdened as the town—"Our social life is gone. Hospitality is dying out, and conversation is a lost art. Tell us what to do."

If this were one form of the mild pessimism fashionable just now in some circles, one could let it go with the comfortable certainty that the evil complained of had either righted itself before its existence had been positively formulated, or had been taken in hand on the instant of its discovery by the energetic reformer always lying in wait for budding evils, whether in morals or manners. That something more and deeper is involved is soon found to be the fact, and Goodwin Sands are responsible for Tenterden Steeple more nearly in this case than in the original difficulty on that point.

Clothes and conversation would seem to the casual observer by no means necessarily related, unless it be through the reflex action referred to by Emerson, the peace of mind enjoyed by the wearer of perfect garments "only second in its nature to the consolations of religion," and thus admitting that entire serenity and poise essential to the unbiased consideration of any topic. In reality, clothes are at the bottom of half our social difficulties—most of all, the present one. In every circle we all have knowledge of at least one woman whose gifts and tastes fit her in the highest degree for a broad social life, yet who avoids carefully any chance which may draw her into such life. "Perfectly charming when you know her, but she won't allow anybody to have that satisfaction," is the puzzled comment; and there it ends.

There are others without all the gifts, perhaps, but with strong social longings and admirable for many social purposes, excellent administrators where management is required, and filling essential places in their own way, who still remain in the background and allow affairs, whether of church or every-day life, to remain in hands often far less fitted to carry them. Each village, shut in and remote as it may be, holds one or more who could mold the daily life and thought if they would, but whose influence remains unfelt or known to only one or two. And from all comes the same answer: "Yes, we know it. We want to do this and we ought to do that, but don't you know this dreadful clothes question is always in the way? We have not money enough to compete with the people who lead in town. Indeed, we do not want to compete; but, say what you will, there is a certain mental depression when alpaca encounters velvet and diamonds which is not conducive to the best relations. It is easier to stay at home and let those who care to do so come to us."

Here comes the point upon which this matter hinges. Why not one unchanging black silk?—black, while open to some objections, being the one color admitting the wearing of any shade with it, and always capable of simple elegance. Why not, if made in a style which may be always picturesque, no matter what the mode of the moment may be? Worth has reproduced in some of his latest dresses exact copies of pictures of Catherine de Medicis and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth, fabulously rich as to material, but so thoroughly a departure from the fashions of the day that they may serve as texts for a general departure. The dress-coat remains much the same from one year to another, the points of variation being discernible only to the eye of a tailor or the professed dandy. Why not, then, the lady's state dress? and why should not some woman of sufficient wealth and assured position inaugurate a fashion which only needs such indorsement to become an established thing? Elaborate toilets have their own place, and may be beautiful and legitimate in that place, but for all of moderate means and busy lives a permanent fashion is a necessity. A moderately-trimmed dress cut with square neck, filled in with soft lace, and a half-open or tight-fitting sleeve, according to age and taste, is becoming to all alike, and once accepted as the standard for all small gatherings, would simplify life and give us the many who now shrink from the demands of trimming.—*H. C., in Lippincott's Magazine.*

—The late Thomas Brassey, "England's wealthiest son," so far, at least, as personal property was concerned, was a native of Cheshire, and his sons have lately restored the southeast angle of the cathedral in his memory. Mr. Brassey bequeathed to his eldest son his modest patrimonial estate, a farm in Cheshire, but divided $30,000,000 between the three.

—James Franklin's old printing press, at which his brother Benjamin worked as an apprentice, is on exhibition at the Old South Church, Boston. It is now the property of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Prof. Bouchardat attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very sensible diminution of intermittents. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

—In a paper by M. Muntz on the conservation of grain in reservoirs, read before the French Academy of Science, it is stated that to secure all the advantages of such means of storage the grain should be comparatively dry, the closure perfect, the temperature of the walls pretty constant.

—A simple hygrometer can be made by a piece of catgut and a straw. The catgut, twisted, is put through a hole in a dial, in which a straw is also placed. In dry weather, the catgut curls up; in damp, it relaxes; and so the straw is turned either to the one side or the other. Straws do not only "show which way the wind blows," you see.

—A corporation has been recently organized in Boston, with a capital of $1,000,000, to finish the bottoms of boots and shoes by a new invention. It is claimed that by the aid of the machine six hundred to eight hundred boots can be finished by one operator in one day, where one hundred and fifty to two hundred are now done by hand.

—Mr. W. H. Preece has determined, with a very close approximation to accuracy, the area protected by a properly adjusted lightning rod. His conclusion is that a lightning rod protects a conic space whose height is the length of the rod, the base being a circle having its radius equal to the height of the rod. This was the conclusion arrived at by Sir William Snow Harris when engaged in fixing his protectors to the masts of ships.

—A dairying company of London has lately established a laboratory at which samples of milk received from farmers are subjected to chemical analysis. Prizes have been offered by the company, which are to be given to those farmers whose milk-supply stands highest in quality during a stated period of time. The samples of milk are carefully examined by the company's analyst, whose analyses and reports will decide the competition for the prizes. It is expected that much valuable information respecting methods for producing the richest possible milk will be secured in this way.

—A Nuremberg chemist has devised a new method of decorating silks and other fabrics, which is expected to supersede embroidery. The art is called "adographie," and the operator uses hollow pencils which are charged with a fluid metallic compound. On exposure to air the compound instantly hardens. Every color can be produced, and the designs traced with the pencil are exceedingly durable, lasting as long as the materials on which they are traced. Glass can be stained and woodenware and pottery decorated by the same process. The manufacture of the pencils has already become a considerable industry in Germany.

PITH AND POINT.

—Every man's house is his castle, but every man can't be King of Ashantee.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—An umbrella always reminds us of the man who wants to bet. It is a "put up or shut up" contrivance.—*Boston Post.*

—It is remarkable how much of good can be found to say of a man after he is dead. A skinflint died in this State not long ago, and numerous virtues were squeezed out of his memory by the power of the printing press.—*Danbury News.*

—Limerick—No; an editor doesn't know everything. Editors only claim to average about three times as much knowledge as the ordinary run of men. But perhaps this is a low estimate. Editors are naturally modest—*Boston Post.*

—Ashmead and the Baroness are just as happy as two sucking doves. He calls her "Birdie," and she keeps her new teeth in his shaving-mug. Bless the dear old girl; she always was a giddy thing.—*Hawkeye.*

—Vaccination parties are the latest lovelty in society. The young people meet together, the doctor pops in and the company is vaccinated in the most jolly and approved manner.—*Syracuse Herald.*

—The sexton's sweetheart's name was Nell,
And sh· was called the village belle;
When hope had made the sexton bold,
One night his love for N ll he told'd,
While to his neck she fondly clung,
And lovingly her hand he wrung;
His sentiment with his m·t chimed,
And his ap·peal she thought well-timed,
And having told'd his love so w·ll,
She whispered he migh· ring the bells.
—*Somerville Journal.*

—The young lady in seal sacque and fur bonnet was at the lecture, and during the entire hour her pencil was busy. An elderly lady had noticed this with unconcealed pleasure. At the close of the lecture she stepped up to the young lady and congratulated her upon her good sense in taking such copious notes. "Oh," exclaimed Miss Senlskin, "I wasn't taking notes. I was only putting down a list of things I have got to get on my shopping trip this afternoon." The elderly lady simply said "Oh!" but she looked cruelly disappointed.—*Boston Transcript.*

State of Man Before Death.

A Danish physician, E. Hornemann, has written an interesting essay on the state of man just before death. Much experience and fine insight have led the author to conclusions which can not but be grateful to those who stand at a death-bed, to those who mourn over a loss, and to those who fear death. Here is one statement out of many: "The feeling of death's approach changes and purifies the inner sense, while the outer sense, including that of bodily pain, is made dull by the gradual decrease of the vital functions." The experience of others corroborates this. A slow death usually prepares the mind of the patient for the final step, and often makes the latter welcome. Hence, so few people who are mortally ill are really afraid to die. Persons who have for a time lost the use of their senses by drowning or suffocation confirm this experience, while persons in perfect health shrink from death as they do from eating an unknown drug or from playing with unknown animals. Death seems hard chiefly to surviving friends.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881.

The Frederick correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* says: "Mr. Urner has been to see the President in support of Mr. F. M. Darby's application for the Maryland District Attorneyship." We hope Mr. Darby will get the appointment, as we know him to be eminently qualified to fill the position. Every member of the Garrett bar, Republicans and Democrats, cordially endorsed and recommended Mr. Darby for appointment, and we trust that Mr. Urner's visit to the President in his behalf will prove successful.

In the death of Mr. John T. Crow late managing editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, the newspaper world sustains a great loss. Mr. Crow was a just man and carried into his editorial work the conviction that a journalist should examine carefully and weigh well all that he writes or approves. He believed in a free and independent press, and aimed at truth and accuracy of statement. No man knew the power of the press better than he did, yet in a long editorial career he never attempted to abuse that power. Death found him at the post of duty engaged in the arduous labors of his position.

The enterprise of the proprietors *Sun*, in having had an analysis made of the different water supplies of Baltimore, is certainly commendable, and has had the effect of bringing the city authorities to a sense of their duty in the premises. The report of Prof. Tonry, the chemist engaged by the *Sun*, is quite lengthy, and shows that much time and care has been given to the investigation and analysis. The report shows that the water received from some of the lakes is unfit for use on account of the organic matter it contains. The remedy recommended by the Professor is the removal of the organic matter, or the agitation of the water by the injection of air. The report has been carefully made and will no doubt prove interesting and valuable to the citizens and city authorities.

The desire of the colored Republicans of Maryland for recognition in the distribution of patronage is a laudable one, provided it is kept within proper bounds, and we hoped that the convention which assembled in Baltimore last week would unite upon certain ones among them for positions which they were competent to fill, and that they would be harmonious in their efforts to secure their appointment. Such scenes, however, as were enacted in that convention, can only have the effect of retarding the advancement of capable and worthy colored men. We hoped that our colored friends would, by their harmonious action, set an example worthy to be followed by the white portion of the party. Our hope, alas! was a vain one. Federal patronage has been a curse to our party in Maryland, and will continue so to be until disinterested men of high character and integrity, who do not want, and would not accept office, take the matter of recommendations in hand.

The Democratic hospitals for the relief and support of worn-out as well as active politicians, known as the Tobacco Warehouses, in Baltimore, have become odious to the shippers of tobacco. A recent letter from the American Consul, at Bremen, shows that the difference in value, between the samples drawn from nine hogsheads of Baltimore tobacco by the Tobacco Inspectors and those fairly representing the contents of the hogsheads, amounted to as much as 33½ per cent. He closes his letter with the hope that the system of State inspection, which neither furnishes proper evidence of quality or quantity, may be done away with. The loss on the tobacco in question was $258, and fell upon the Baltimore shipper.

The reputation of Baltimore as a reliable tobacco market is injured and will be wholly destroyed, unless this compulsory inspection be abolished. An inspector, that does not inspect, is an unmitigated nuisance. If these warehouses are only kept in existence to supply offices to partizan wire-workers and not for any business purpose, they should fly the Hospital flag and cease to pretend to be what they are not.

President Garfield's determination to use all the constitutional power of the government for the suppression of polygamy among the Mormons will receive the cordial endorsement of thoughtful Americans, without reference to party lines. Now that slavery is extinct, Mormonism is the one blot on the fair escutcheon of the republic, and no false sentimentalism should be permitted to stand in the way of its prompt and thorough removal. And yet, we fancy even President Garfield would find it difficult to name offhand an effectual way of exterminating the evil. It seems clear to us that Mormonism can never be suppressed until juries that are free from Mormon influences can be obtained to try polygamists; and that will never happen until Utah is blotted out of the map and her territory portioned off among her gentile neighbors. In Utah jury trial is a farce so far as the Mormons are concerned; but if Salt Lake City were in Nevada or Colorado it would be possible for the United States district attorney to remove cases to Virginia City or Denver, where a fair hearing of polygamist causes could be had, and a conviction secured if the evidence warranted it. We trust that President Garfield will give something more than passing consideration to this subject.—*Balto. American.*

Pleading the Baby Act.

The doughty Bourbons, who so lorded it in the Senate two years ago that they proclaimed through Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, that they were alone responsible for legislation, and that no Republican need so much as offer to amend any proposition, are now supplicating for a little longer time at the public crib for the officers and employees of that body. They are so taken by surprise! They have no place to go to! The Departments are closed to them, so one Senator said. How are they to live without office? They declare that they did not know their days were numbered. They had no idea that General Mahone would be true to the men who sent him to the Senate. They thought he would be false, as Hill, of Georgia, who is here by the aid of negro votes, added to the minority of the Democratic members of the Legislature of that State. They never mean what they say when they prate of "accepting in good faith the amendments to the Constitution," and they hooed that he did not. True, they knew that in the campaign of 1879, which resulted in the election of General Mahone, the members of the Legislature who elected him never received a vote from any man who did not vote against the party which is recognized by the Bourbon Senators in Congress as the Democratic party. Every "regular" Democrat fought against and voted against Mahone. He has been anathematized by the Virginia regulars as fiercely as Ben Butler ever was at New Orleans. Bayard and Vance and Bayard and Barnum, and the regular National Democratic Committee, went into Virginia last fall and excommunicated him and all the Readjusters from the national organization. Every regular Democrat voted anti-mahone in 1879. Every man elected to the Legislature by the regular Democracy of Virginia that year voted against Mahone and in favor of Withers. The only hope the Bourbon party, North or South, had of General Mahone was that he might be base enough to desert his followers, cowardly enough to obey those who had vilified him, and false enough never to have had an honest conviction on the subject of a fair ballot.

Never was a clumsier falsehood than the pretense that the thirty-seven Democrats and their Illinois friend have been wronged by General Mahone's refusal to train in their company. They had full notice that he was not of them. Every Bourbon newspaper in Virginia announced it when he was elected. When Indiana and California elected Republican Legislatures, everybody knew the sceptre of power had departed from the Bourbons in the Senate. The Georgia overseer cracked his whip, to be sure, to frighten Mahone, after a Democratic caucus committee had failed to buy him with committee positions: but, instead of stirring up a dough-faced cur, they waked a tiger, and the prints of his teeth are on the hands that laid hold of him. and so they bawl and rant of a bargain, and of Mahone's wicked ways on the debt question, although when they wooed him he was "a marvelous proper man." They swore they had thirty-nine Democrats, and piteously asked: "Who is going to desert?" General Mahone was all the Bourbon heart could desire if he would only be a Bourbon. But he never deceived them for a moment. They were always held off at arm's length. They meanly slander him and degrade themselves when they pretend that they ever counted on him, or had even the slightest claim upon him. Of course their hearts are filled with wrath because they cannot intimidate him. They are maddened by the universal response of his Virginia followers applauding his course. They cry aloud in their anger, while ever and anon their strident notes are changed for a minor key, in which they beg for a short time longer at the provender. —*Washington National Republican.*

The Desire for Public Office.

The desire for a public office is one of the mysteries of life. There are comparatively few of our government officials who get enough salary to pay their expenses. It is not unusual for a $5,000 office to require a bond of $2,000,000. Of our foreign ministers not one in five receives as much salary as he is compelled to spend to keep up the dignity of his position at his foreign post. Consuls at the leading posts have salaries varying from $2,000 to 5,000, and are compelled to give a rigid account of all moneys received above these amounts. Their living must be obtained cheaply to make both ends meet, and there are constant demands upon purses for aid to unfortunate and impecunious countrymen. As for clerkships at Washington, any young man of spirit had better maul rails, plow, or do any kind of honorable labor before accepting such a position. Washington clerkships have ruined hopelessly a multitude of young men. Take good advice, young man, and go to work and crush the ambition to hold a public office.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

An Editor's Trials.

No words can tell how much Thackeray's, generous soul, suffered in his editorial capacity. There is a class of people who look upon an editor's office as a bureau of general relief; young widows with numerous children send in manuscript with a frank avowal that they are conscious of possessing no literary ability whatever, but that they feel sure this or that one will be accepted, as otherwise they and their little ones must starve; there are farmer boys, who write diagonally across brown wrapping paper, and beg for favor as a means of acquiring an education; there are thousands who have failed at everything else, but are sure they can write; some are pretentious and impudent, others modest and appealing, and with the latter it is particularly hard to deal. A great many are vituperative, and look upon the editor as installed to crush all rising genius. More than once, when Thackeray paid out of his own purse for articles which he could not use, the writers reproached him for suppressing matter which surpassed his own. The work became unendurable to him and he gave it up.

A special to the *Inter-Ocean* from Omaha, Neb., says: The Platte Valley, about 75 miles west of this place is the scene of the most disastrous flood experienced in the history of the Union Pacific Railroad. The Platte is a broad and shallow stream, which easily overflows its banks. All its tributaries are now pouring vast volumes of water and ice into it, and it has become a rushing flood, overflowing the level prairies for miles on either side. The freshet which has done most damage occurred Saturday, when an immense ice gorge in the Loup river, which is a tributary of the Platte, broke and let loose the accumulation of water and ice, which tore out the Omaha, Niobrara and Black Hills Railroad bridge. The water flooded the surrounding country, and struck the main line of the Union Pacific, washing out the track and the telegraph poles between the Union Pacific bridge over the Loup at Columbus, a distance of almost a mile and a half. The damage done will probably reach several hundred thousand dollars, and fears are entertained of loss of life. When the news of the flood was received at United States headquarters at Chicago, warning was telegraphed to the towns below on the Platte. People took refuge on the roof of the houses. Barns and fences were carried away and all the stock drowned. The $50,000 wagon bridge at Columbus was washed away. The flood reached Schuyer a 5 o'clock Saturday night, and was a raging torrent at North Bend at 9. The telegraph poles at all these points are down, shutting off communication. so that it is impossible to state the loss of property or whether any lives have been lost. The Union Pacific had just finished building a mile and a-half of new track around the washout at Fremont when the new disaster came."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

James Bass, a prominent lawyer of Calhoun, Ga., blew his brains out with a shot-gun, last Thursday. Before doing so he wrote a note of farewell to his wife and family, portions of which, partly burned, were picked up near him. The cause is ascribed to mental aberration.

The New York firm of Schultz & Southwick find on examination that their loss by the defalcation of James Orr, their late bookkeeper, amounts to $45,000. The property of Orr has been attached.

Henry Slater, a Jersey City vagrant, found a new lodging place in a small-pox ambulance several nights last week. He was, of course, unaware of the fact until he was arrested and sent to the work house.

A political assassination is reported from Arkansas. Frank Foster shot and mortally wounded John Dixon, near Toledo, on Wednesday last in a quarrel. Both were candidates for the same county office last fall, Foster running on the Greenback and Dixon on the Democratic ticket, and they have been enemies ever since. Dixon, who was unmarried, was shot twice by Foster.

A girl named Lizzie Barton pleaded guilty, at Clinton, Illinois, on Wednesday, of horse-stealing, and was sent to the county jail for twenty-four hours, she being too young to go to State prison on that charge. She also pleaded guilty of arson, and on this was sentenced to the penitentiary at Jolliet for one year.

The substitution of steamers for sailing vessels in the sealing trade has caused a great decline in the number of persons engaged in the industry. Formerly 200 vessels and 12,000 seamen were engaged, but at the present time fifteen or twenty steamers and sailing vessels, with 4,000 men, catch as many seals as when the smiling vessels had the monopoly of the trade.

Peter Josephs, who was born in 1780, and is more than a centenarian, appeared recently in the United States District Court at San Francisco and made an affidavit preparatory to an application for a pension. He served in the war of 1812, and for six months in the Union army during the Rebellion, having raised a company in Missouri. He never received any pension or pay for his services in the war of 1812, and is now applying for the pension to which he is entitled.

A circular addressed to the fifteen leading locomotive works in this country as to how soon they could deliver twelve locomotives, received answers showing how far the orders already on hand exceed the ability to fill. Only two mentioned as early a date as December next, four could not possibly fill the order this year, three replied February next, one mentioned April, and another June of next year, and the others declined the order or mentioned some time next year.

Mr. A. B. Stone, of New York, may be credited with a beautiful charity. He has purchased for $20,000 a site at Bath, L. I., called Bath Park, for the Children's Aid society. It contains four and a-quarter acres, with many trees, several nice pavilions, ninety bath houses and many conveniences for the future home, and has a frontage on the sea of some 450 feet. The bathing is peculiary safe. The new summer home will be the resort of the poor children of the tenement-houses during the hot weather.

The beauty of a lady, giving her name as Clara Florence McNeil, got her into trouble in New York on Thursday. She was wanted for the larceny of $1,250 worth of diamonds in Chicago, and a detective, who had been supplied with a fine large portrait of the fair fugitive, found no difficulty in recognizing her. She was taken to Chicago yesterday. The lady's name is Mrs. Dr. Ward, who, while stopping at the Palmer House in Chicago, succeeded in getting from George Perkins a diamond ring worth $200, under the pretence that she could find a purchaser. The story as to the value of the diamonds is exaggerated.

Last Monday evening in New York three burglars broke open the apartments of Catharine Busch, a dressmaker, and stole $300 worth of property. They were about leaveing the house, when they encountered a boy, and one of them, who stuttered, asked him to report if he saw any policeman near by. The boy reported that he did not, and the burglars left with their plunder. The stuttering circumstance furnished a clue to the detectives, and on Wednesday the burglar with an impediment in his speech was arrested, and part of the stolen property recovered.

It has been discovered in California that grape cuttings inserted in the trunks of the cactuses growing wild on the Mojave desert grow and thrive as luxuriously as on cultivated land. By the use of a chisel, it is said, a man may plant a large vineyard in a day, and the vines so planted will climb the cactus and grow rapidly without cultivation or irrigation. The dry, hot sands of the desert afford a fine place for drying raisins. It has been proved that melons, cucumbers and tomatoes will also flourish from cactus stock, so that the desert may soon blossom as the rose by this mode of cultivation.

A greasy, grimy tramp was arrested in Cincinnati on Monday, and concealed among his rags was found the sum of $800. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $5; but the miserly instinct in him being strong, he said he would work out the fine at the workhouse. The judge would not listen to the substitute, and the man had to pay the sum, although it nearly broke his heart.

A committee of arbitration is busy, under the rules of the New York Produce Exchange, looking into some alleged fraudulent transactions in ginseng. This root grows wild in Tennessee and North Carolina, and 1,250,000 pounds of it are annually shipped to China, where it is highly esteemed. Lately much of it has been rejected on the ground that it is grossly adulterated by the admixture of a worthless root. Another reported deception consisted in boring out the dried root, filling the cavity with melted lead and plugging it up. Its execution is ascribed to Chinese packers and sorters in New York, and the detection of it is said to have amazed the Chinese importers of the root at Hong Kong.

On account of the bad quality of the water furnished the city of Denver, an enterprizing citizen named M. B. Knowles, began to peddle water last fall from a spring a short distance from town. The water was clear and sparkling, and his business increased, until now he employs four or five carts. He charges two and a-half cents a gallon. The *Rocky Mountain News* Company recently caused analyses to be made of this water and the water furnished the city from the reservoir, which disclosed the fact that the peddled water was actually inferior to that from the water-works, showing a much greater amount of organic matter in solution. The result will doubtless be the breaking up of the water pedler's profitable business.

The "mixed wrestling match" between William Muldoon and John McMahon, in New York, Tuesday night, proved to be a graceful affair. The first bout (Græco-Roman) was won by Muldoon, and the second (collar-and-elbow) by McMahon. In the next bout (catch-as-catch-can), McMahon objected to Muldoon's cardigan jacket, but finally concluded to see "how it worked." He took hold of the jacket and pulled it over Muldoon's head. At this the latter grew angry and retaliated by treating McMahon's jacket in the same way. McMahon then refused to continue unless Muldoon's jacket was changed for a canvas one. The row then began in earnest, and many persons left the hall. Finally, the referee decided the match a draw, after the quarrel had lasted for over an hour.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, in the town of Oakland, and known and described as

LOTS NOS. 22 AND 23

in Wilson's addition to said town. Also three lots in the town of McHenry, also household furniture and office furniture. Said property has been seized and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of Hiram P. Tasker.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Part of Military Lot No. 832,

containing 25 acres, together with the improvements. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon, said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Ellen King.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, and known as part of

"William and Mary,"

containing one hundred and seventy five acres. Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881.

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county.

Being one town Lot on Oak Street

in the town of Oakland. Said Lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs thereon. Said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of "Prescott Smith's Heirs."

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as the

"SMITH FARM,"

containing 230 acres of land, also one horse, seven cattle, twenty sheep, ten hogs, household and kitchen furniture and farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes, for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of William W. Ashby

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known as

LOTS NOS. 65, 66, 67 AND 68

on Alder Street in said town, also two cows, two hogs and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the year 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said property being assessed in the name of Joseph Claymire.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

the 4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county. Being

ONE TOWN LOT

on Third Street in said town of Oakland, together with the improvements thereon. Also one cow and one lot of household and kitchen furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Susan Miller.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, being

One town Lot on the corner of Fifth and Liberty Streets,

in said town of Oakland. Said Lot with the improvements thereon, has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said land being assessed in the name of Charles H. Gilpin.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known as

"SMALL MEADOWS"

containing five hundred acres of land, being the same land which was conveyed to J. B. Davidson, by Peter Martin. Also a certain other tract of land called "Small Meadows" containing seventeen hundred acres. Said lands have been seized and taken in execution to satisfy State and county taxes for the year 1879, with interest and costs. Said property being assessed in the name of J. B. Davidson.

JASPER GUARD.
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county and described as

Eight Acres of Military Lot Number 846,

being the same land which was conveyed to Theodore Hantz by E. G. Hall and wife. Said lot has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with the interest and costs thereon. Said lot is assessed in the name of Theodore Hantz.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 4037,

also, two cows, one hog and household furniture. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest and costs. Said property is assessed in the name of Emily F. Hinebaugh.

JASPER GUARD,
3 12 3 Collector.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of David Little, Esq.; also to merchant tailoring establishment in another colum.

—Messrs. Peddicord and Combs sold at Trustee's sale Monday, to A. J. Fike, the farm in District No. 2, known as the "Christian Fike Place," for $3,750.

—Jon. H. Zeveley, who left Wheeling under a cloud a couple of weeks ago, returned and gave himself up Monday last. He was committed to jail in default of $3,000 bail.

—Mr. Henry Felgh, of Accident District, reports a calf owned by him, which wheighed 115 lbs. when two hours old. Mr. Felgh challenges any one in Garrett county to produce a better specimen of the bovine race.

—A Missionary Society was orgrnized in connection with the M. E. Church Sunday School at its regular session Sunday afternoon last. The following officers were elected: President, J. M. Davis; Treasurer, A. G. Sturgiss; Secretary, F. A. Thayer. A basket collection was taken up and $6.34 contributed.

—The residence of Rev. H. E. Friend, near Johnstown, this county, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon, together with nearly all the contents, including grain and provisions. The fire was caused hy a defective flue. Loss about $400; no insurance. This loss falls heavily upon Mr. Friend, and he should be promptly and liberally assisted by his neighbors.

—The committee appointed hy the Garrett Guards to consider the propriety of giving a dramatic entertainment, reported Saturday night as follows: That they have concluded to give said entertainment in the near future, probably about the 3d of May. The tragedy of Julius Cæsar, the comedy, "The Loan of a Lover," with appropriate tableaux, &c., &c., will constitute the program. Mr. D E. Offutt proposes fitting up the commodious hall above his store room for the purpose. The management of the affair is in competent hands, and nothing will be left undone to make it a success.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Personal.

Our sanctum was brightened on Thursday, by the smiling face of Mr. Chas. Leowenstein, of Grantsville.

Mr. Samuel Lawton returned home last week after a protracted visit in the East.

Mr. O. W. Heiskell removed to the Harness property on Monday.

Mr. J. M. Arnold removed on Friday to the Henry Egger's property, on Oak street.

Mr. H. B. Wolfe removed on Wednesday to Mrs. Fairall's house on Second street.

A. L. Osbourn, Esq., of Duffield's, W. Va., was in town this week.

Miss Sarah Lawton, who has been spending several months in Philadelphia, returned home Saturday.

Dr. J. Lee McComas has been confined to his house for several days past with a severe illness. "Physician, heal thyself."

Mrs. E. E. Ison has been quite ill for a week past.

S. D. White, of Ryans Glade, has moved to and taken charge of Crane's Mill, near Cranberry, W. Va.

Mrs. Lucinda Roach, of Grafton, W. Va., was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stalnaker, last week.

Jacob Brown, Esq., of Cumberland, was in town last week.

W. A. Daily, Esq., has removed to the property lately purchased by him from John H. Heckert.

Jacob Harshberger, of District No. 1, and Emanuel Custer, of No. 5, called to see us.

Hon. G. W. Wilson, of District No. 8, was in town Wednesday.

Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, were in Lonaconing Thursday, on professional business.

New Goods at Davis & Townshends.

J. M. Davis has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, where he has purchased a full line of newest style goods. These goods are bought at bottom prices for cash, and will be sold accordingly.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the followlng parties during the month of March:

S. P. Bowser to Marry Merrill.

Sanford Thompson to Elizabeth Bittinger.

A. B. Harvey, Jr., to Susan E. Moon.

C. L. McCroble to Elenora Lower.

Two with request not to publish.

Confirmation and Communion.

There will be a series of services and sermons at the Evangelical Lutheran Church, commencing next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock and continuing throughout the week. Confirmation and Communion on Palm Sunday, April 10th. Rev W. Y. Cline, of Aurora, is expected to assist the Pastor during the meeting. The Pastor will meet applicants for membership on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week for special catechetical lectures preparatory to Confirmation, at 6½ o'clock, that is just before public service and preaching on those two above named evenings. May the Lord put it in the hearts of all Christians in this town and community to go to special and hearty prayer and co-operation for a rich and abundant blessing upon our Church, our town and our community. Dear brethren and friends, we need a revival of religion—of vital Godliness—in our little Church, as well as in the ranks of the backsliders and sinners, the lawless and fearless of God and man, who infest the borders of the Church no less than those of society. The Lord has promised good concerning his people, and the time has fully come when we must have these holy promises of God verified. The conditions on our part are plain, practicable, easy. "Ask and ye shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," "Knock and it (Heaven's bounty-house, the heart of God) shall be opened unto you," "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven," "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," says Jesus. Let us, then, dear, trusting children of God, approach him with holy boldness and importunity, saying,

"Lord we cannot let Thee go,
Until a blessing Thou bestow."

If we, like Jacob of old, would "prevail in prayer," we must wrestle, like him—wrestle till the morning cometh—and

"Though He may awhile forbear,
He'll not our suit deny.

Let us all unite in prayer of faith and importunity, and with expectant hearts await the time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, the out-pouring of the Holy Ghost upon us individually and collectively.

REV. WM. STOUDENMIRE.

Meeting of Town Commissioners.

The Town Council met in their Chamber Tuesday evening. Present Burgess Osbourn and all the Commissioners except Thos. H. Carr.

John Shatzer was before the Board asking that an obstruction in the ditch in front of his shop be removed. On motion of Dr. Bartlett the Bailiff was directed to remove the obstruction, and also to open the stone wall on the bank of the run so that the water may have a free flow.

Bailiff Chisholm paid over to Burgess Osbourn $114.27, amount of taxes collected since January 1st, 1881.

The Bailiff was ordered to erect street lamps at the following places: On the corner of Second and Water streets, corner of First and Pennington streets, near Mr. Tower's residence, and at the gate entering the Harness property, near H. Wheeler Combs' residence.

The Bailiff was instructed to have all manure, ashes and other obstructions removed from alleys before May 1st.

A statement of all monies received by the Treasurer, from every source, and a detailed statement of disbursements will be completed some time before the expiration of the term of thep resent Board.

Adjourned to meet again on the 1st Monday in April, for the purpose of appointing Judges and Clerks of election.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 27:

Gabriel Friend and wife to Abel Garlitz, part of Military Lot No. 2879; $325.

Solomon Turney and wife to Amaziah Turney and others Lots No. 2642, 2645, 2648, 2649, 2650, and 2651, except 2 half Lots on the South side of said Lots; $2,500.

Wm. Ryland and wife to J. M. Friend, 6½ acres of land in Garrett county; $125.

A. Hunter Boyd, Trustee, to John P. Powell. Military Lots No. 521, 524, and 525.

G. S. Hamill, Trustee, to Emily P. E. Droege, a lot of ground in the town of Deer Park; $500.

John P. Powell to Martha J. Powell, Military Lots No. 521, 524, 525.

Jos. Lashorn and wife to Rachel Thrasher, Lot No. 1424; $325.

G. S. Hamill, Trustee, to Benjamin Ison, a lot of ground in Oakland known as the Everstine Property; $2,500.

T. J. Peddicord and H. W. Combs, Trustee's, to Jacob Hauser, 218½ acres of land; $1,500.

Death of an Old Citizen.--The Living.

GRANTSVILLE, Mch. 28, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the recent past I was in the habit of sending an occasional communication to the REPUBLICAN, when under the management of your worthy predecessor, mainly in reference to personages of the living, as well as the dead, in this section of the county. I venture a communication to the new firm.

The event of the day is the death of Henry Fuller, which took place on the 23d instant at his home at Shade Run, about one mile West of this place, from a long, though not suffering illness, or rather from the effects of old age, he having attained the good old age of eighty-one years and two months. So death in his tardy coming was both expected and welcome to him, who was for many days ready and waiting for the endless journey. Mr. Fuller, on account of his great age and many excellent traits of character, was much respected in the community in which he resided for forty-four years. This esteem was abundantly evidenced by the very many acts of tenderness shown him during his long confinement from kind friends and neighbors, and also by the large throng of people, of all shades of thought, who followed him to his burial on Friday last.

Mr. Fuller leaves surviving a widow with whom he lived in the utmost harmony for almost sixty-one years, and quite a number of children, some of whom are prominent citizens of this and the kindred county. He was born in Frederick county, Maryland, but was raised up to early manhood in Martinsburg, Va. From there he moved to Somerset county, Pa., where he married Drusilla Shockey. From there he moved to Grantsville in 1837, and then down to the little valley where he lived in quiet for so many years.

A stone mason by trade, and a good, honest one, too. Much of his work is yet to be seen in the neighborhood. He was also for some years a hotel keeper, being the builder of the Slicer House in this town, and the first in New Grantsville, as it was then called. But he quit business for good, and returned to the trowel, square and plummet for the remainder of his working days.

He was a man of strong native sense, with quick and accurate perceptions, and a keen and searching eye. A generous, out-spoken nature was his own. No dissimulation or whispering with him. Honest, fair and square in all things. He was a fine rifle shot in his young days. It used to be said that he could knock a bumble bee from a sunflower at twenty paces with the old-time rifle. Such is and was "Harry Fuller."

This imperfect sketch comes willingly and freely from one of his many old friends.

Having said thus much about the worthy dead, might I not with as much propriety add a few just remarks as to the real merits of his aged neighbor, who, according to the course of nature must soon follow. John Farrell, who lives only a few hundred yards West of Grantsville, was born in Ireland in 1797, emigrated to America in 1819, since then a good and true citizens of Allegany and Garrett Counties, always industrious, honest and honorable. Several times unsuccessful in business matters, but never paying his debts with less than 100 cents to the dollar. One of the first to help mine out the "black diamonds" at Frosburg, with the late Meshach Frost, then a laborer on the Old National road, and a boss over working men like himself, but not such a boss as uses the political lash over subservient followers. A stage driver for many years on the Old National high way, and then an agent. Always faithful to his trust whether it be, high or low. As yet he has not in any degree relaxed his active and industrious habits, although he is quite comfortable in his circumstances.

The "Boss," as his old friends familiarly call him, is much liked by all who knew him, and his acquaintance is very extensive in this and Allegany counties. He is warm hearted and generous, and his friendship when won, is as enduring as its object is worthy. Never passive in any relation. Always decided but never excessive or unreasonable.

He is democratic in principle, and honestly so. He will put his foot upon dishonesty in his own party, and keep it there, just as readily as in any other. He never had any taste for office, but a good many years ago he was elected one of the County Commissioners for Allegany county, but before his term near expired he saw, or thought he saw, something crooked, and he refused ever afterwards to attend the meetings of the Board. In religion he is Catholic, but here he is entirely reasonable and tolerant. All forms of religion respect him, and his own. His wide nature has room for practical benevolence. It is told of him that in the year 1820, when Cumberland was scourged with an epidemic, he went down from his mountain home to act as nurse. He too was taken down, and laid up for many months, and returned penniless, having several hundred dollars when he went on his charitable commission. In his domestic relations he is not at all fortunate. His wife died several years ago, and long before an only son lost his life by the accidental discharge of a gun; and an only daughter is married and gone. So he is solitary and alone in this respect. It is not aside to note a most remarkable coincidence in reference to the two aged men already noticed and another. Henry Durst, of Grantsville, an octogenarian too, hut, as he says, nearly good as new, because he came of a mould and usage no longer in vogue in these refined days. The three combine 245 years, and all lived in an air line immediately on the old National road, just one mile from one end of the line to the other. So all of the aged men of this end of the county are, or were, in a friendly group. On the last National day the two oldest of the trio drove up to Slicer's Hotel and called for a little refreshments, which were brought to their wagon. This, their last toast, was, "Independence forever."

Good and true old men, all honor and peace to you.

RECOLLECTIONS.

SELBYSPORT, March 28, 1881.

Mr. James B. H. Frazee left here this morning for a trip to Princeton, Ill. This makes his fifth trip to that place. He was accompanied as far as Pittsburgh, by Mr. C. F. Frazee.

Mr. Chas. F. Frazee, our enterprising young merchant, is certainly selling a great many goods, for he receives a load every few days. It will pay to go and see his stock, at the old stand.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Wm. Burnite has nearly completed his steam saw and spoke mill at Cowantown.

Thomas Brundige, Esq., of the Baltimore bar, has been admitted to practice in the Cecil County Court.

Mr. Wm. McComas, of Hagerstown, and Anthony Martin, of Baltimore, have created a sensation in Hagerstown by appearing on bicycles.

Wye Island, the historic Paca plantation, now contains fifteen farms and a population of one hundred and fifty, but there is not one public road.

There are eight Dunkards on the Eastern Shore, and they have determined to build a church near Easton, at which Mr. Wingate will officiate as minister.

Two little girls, aged respectively six and ten years, walk five miles to attend the M. E. Sabbath school at Elkton, and are promptly in their places when the weather is at all fit for them to turn out.

During a thunder-storm on the night of the 19th inst., a farm-house at Fair View, Hartford county, was struck by lightning. One end of the building was shattered and a valuable cow killed.

The Cumberland *Daily News* says one of the rural chaps who helped along the Morey letter perjury visited his principals there a few days since while drunk, and theatened an expose while demanding money.

Mr. Frank Robinson and Mr. Lash were in danger of drowning on Monday last by the upsetting of a boat in which they were crossing the Choptank. They were rescued by Captain E. S. Harrison, of the oyster police force.

The improvements at the North East Iron Works are progressing rapidly. The steam engine for the new sheet-iron mill is already arrived. The old mill will continue to use the water-power.

Westminsier is considering the practicability of a town supply of water by an artesian well. The experiment will he an interesting one for many towns on the Peninsula which must have such a supply as there are no streams near them from which a supply of drinkable water can be drawn.

J. Butler Groves, of North East, on Saturday, was passing a shaft turning the grindstone in the grist mill, when his coat became entangled around it, and he had a narrow escape for his life. He was saved hy his little son, who threw himself on the grindstone, thereby displacing the belt and stoping the revolution of the shaft.

On the 18th instant, George Simpson, a youth of 18, while at Camp Springs, Prince George's county was showing what amount of powder he loaded his gun with to shoot robins, when it was accidentally dicharged. The load passed through his hand and entered his head above the eye, causing death in about twelve hours.

The Havre de Grace *Republican* states that many years ago Mr. John S. Clarke, the great comedian, with Edwin Booth (afterwards his brother-in-law), gave a performance at Belair to so sparse an audience that the receipts footed up only seven dollars. Quite a contrast to the $600 that each now receive per night.

Daniel Dew's log barn, near Middletown, Frederick county, was burned on the night of the 23d inst., with all its contents, including two horse and three cows. The entire loss was about $2,500. The dwelling houses was set on fire by the sparks, but saved through the exertions of the neighbors. It is believed that the barn was set on fire.

Mr. Daniel Ridenour, sexton of St. Paul's Church and well known in Hagerstown, where he was in the huckstering business, was killed on the night of the 23d inst. His dead body was found in the road covered with produce that had been in the wagon he was driving. The horses are supposed to have run away and thrown him out, as the wagon was found a mile further on the road badly broken.

Nathan Tyson, charged with causing the death of his newly-born infant child, was tried at Elkton on Thursday last. It was proved that he gave it a dose of laudanum, but owing to a belief that the accused was not of a sound mental condition, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Andrew Griffith, who died in Dorchester county last year, aged 84, was born in Caroline county. When quite a youth he had three dreams, all of which were literally fulfilled. The most remarkable one was that he would live to see the year 1880. Although decrepid and almost helpless many years before his death, he repeatedly asserted his faith in the fulfillment of that dream.

During a visit made by a committee of the Harford county commissioners to Montevue Asylum, it was discovered that Eliza Chase, a colored woman, for whom the county was paying $150 per year as an insane patient, had been working for six or seven years in the kitchen. Isaac Mixon, a colored man, was a similar case, and arrangements have been made for their discharge, so as to relieve the county from the expense of their support.

Brady wine Station, Prince George's county, has become exceedingly lively, owing to the operations of the two rival roads that propose to connect at that point with the Baltimore and Potomac Road. The Washington City and Point Lookout Road have graded six or eight miles, and the contractors for the Southern Maryland are also at work distributing the cross ties and putting down the iron. Each company professes to be ready to put an engine on the road as soon as connection with the Baltimore and Potomac is made.

It has been rumored at Annapolis that through the exertions of President Leavitt, St. John's Colledge had been made the object of Colonel Thomas Scott's munificence in the shape of a $50,000 donation. Inquiry at the college discloses that no such good news had reached the authorities, although President Leavitt is now among his friends seeking such aid as will put the college buildings in thorough repair. It is understood that there are encouraging prospects of the college receiving handsome pecuniary aid.

Seamen Henry Jones, aged 75 years, was hurled at the Naval Cemetery with naval honors, the sailors and marines of the Naval Academy, Captain Kane, Chaplain, Wallace and Admiral Balch attending. The deceased had seen many years of naval service, and once had an experience that falls to the lot of few men and is desired by still less. He was, with three others, cast away on a raft, and, getting out of food, the four cast lots as to who should die for food for the rest. Jones helped to kill and eat the man on whom the lot fell, and also did the same with a second one. Before the third lot was taken he and his companion made the Sandwich Islands. Jones would never speak of this terrible experience except when he was in his cups.

The stockholders of the Annapolis Water Company held their annual meeting, and President Wm. H. Gorman presented his report for the year. The total receipts were $14,841.66; expenditures (which include sinking fund, interest and dividend), $11,012.36, leaving a balance of $3,829.30. The receipts increased over last year $2,758.22, and the expenses decreased $152.86, making the net increase $2,911.08. The President recommends a new pump and boiler at the reservoir, which can be put in without embarrassment to the company. It will be done. The stockholders elected William H. Gorman, president and Thomas J. Keating to represent the State; Wm. H. Blans, Wm. T. Iglehart and James H. Hodges as directors.

Many old relics have been exhumed by the dredging machine in excavating the channel of the Elk river. One was a copper disk, the size of a silver half dollar, apparently designed to be worn as a breastpin. One side of this unique relic was quite smooth; the other contained this inscription: "Long live our President G. W.," was surrounded by the initials of the thirteen original states, composing the Union at the time Washington was president.

Dr. Oelig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY,

42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY!

"CALMESE PLACE."

The undersigned will sell at public sale in front of Coddington's Hotel, at Oakland, on

the 16th day of April, 1881,

at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

Military Lots Nos. 804, 805, 1030 and 1032, containing TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, more or less, and known as the

"CALMESE PLACE"

This place is beautifully situated on the road to Deer Park, about two miles from Oakland. The place is well watered by a fine spring and running stream of water, is improved by a Log House and Stable. Lot No. 804 is very finely Timbered.

At the same time will be sold Lots numbered 807, 808, 1026, 13¾ acres of 809, 3½ acres of 1025, and 5 acres of 1027.

TERMS—One-fourth Cash, the balance in three equal annual payments, or should the purchaser desire it, longer time will be granted on deferred payments.

423 D. ANNAN.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as follows:

Military Lot No. 872, one-half of Military Lot No. 861, one-third of Military Lot No. 1204, and one-third of Military Lot No. 11,

Said land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interests and costs, said lands being assessed in the name of N. L. Dashiel.

JASPER GUARD,

3123 Collector.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on the

4th day of April, 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known, and described as

Military Lot No. 4042

containing fifty acres. Also two horses, one heifer, three hogs, one lot of household furniture and one lot of farming utensils. Said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy State and County taxes for the years 1878, and 1879, with interest and costs thereon. Said property is assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of James King.

JASPER GUARD.

3123 Collector.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Bar on road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BARNARD,
3195 PETER J. STEPHEN.

GENERAL.

—A gravestone in a Woonsocket (R. I.) cemetery bears, beside the ordinary inscription, the words "This stone is not paid for," cut in by the irate maker.

—A circus proprietor has offered a premium of $10,000 to the loveliest lady in America on the condition that she give her services for thirty days as the main participant in a grand daily pageant. It is stated that as beauty, and not talent, is required, good looks alone will secure the prize. But what man, or men, will dare decide the question?

—James Brown was at a social dance given by Yellow Jacket Hose Company in the old Capitol Saloon building, Virginia City, Nev. He got drunk, and became noisy. Town Marshal Kennedy told him to keep still or he would arrest him. Brown said: "If I was heeled you couldn't take me." Keanedy pulled his pistol out of his pocket and handed it to Brown, saying: "Now you're heeled, what are you going to do? You are afraid to shoot." Brown had scarcely taken the pistol in his hands before he fired, mortally wounding Kenaedy.

—In France the damage caused by the ravages of wolves has been roughly estimated to reach a sum of 50,000,000 of francs a year. Such a winter as the present is very favorable to the depredations of these animals, which swarm into the departments into which the Alps and Pyrenees extend. Several deaths have recently been reported in outlying districts, the wolves showing a boldness which they have not exhibited since they followed in troops in the wake of the invading German armies ten years ago.

—Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, is about to propose a parcel post at uniform rates, regardless of distance. The charge up to two pounds is likely to be six pence; between two pounds and four pounds, one shilling, the payment in each case being made by stamps. The railway companies will carry and the Post-office will collect and deliver, and the receipts will be divided equally—one-half to the Post-office and the other half to the carrying companies.

—The Khedive of Egypt has given orders to the Grand Chief of the Religious Corporations that the ceremony known as the "Dossa" must henceforth cease. The "Dossa" was a procession which took place annually in Cairo in the national ceremony known as "Mewled-et-Nabi," and consisted of the passage of a sheik on horseback over his prostrate co-religionists. The Khedive has also made important modifications in reference to sects who at these ceremonies devour serpents and submit themselves to blows from swords; "in short, for the future these religious fetes will alone consist in the offering up of prayers."

—The device by means of which several artesian wells are driven near to each other, and these and a pump are connected by means of a suction main, has in several cases been productive of a large and pure supply of water. One of the paper-mills at Holyoke, Mass., has a group of fifteen wells, driven in a square, nine feet apart, from which two hundred and sixty gallons a minute have been steadily pumped for more than a year. A manufacturing company in Providence, R. I., has six wells in a group, and obtains from them more than one hundred and sixty gallons of perfectly pure water a minute.

—The most noted of the valleys in Washington Territory are, for wheat, Kittitass, Walla Walla, Palouse, Colville, Spokan, Aptanmum, Wenass, Natchee, and Klikitat; for corn, Simcoe, Touchet, and Grand Coreles; for hay, East Kittitass, Tee-al-um, Coral Creek, and Okauagan; for peaches, plums, grapes, apples, cherries, and apricots, Walla Walla, Snake, the whole length of the Columbia River flats, Simcoe, Dry Creek, Wenatchee and Meetrow. Fruits, as well as grains, grow to perfection in the Territory. The cattle lands are on all the hill sides, plains, and mountain slopes east of the Cascade Range, which are densely covered with bunch grass, wild rye, and timothy, upon which hundreds of herds of cattle graze the year round.

Thirty Minutes in the Smoking-Car.

"Do you remember," the Jester said, "the time we met J. W. Riley, of the *Journal*, the poet and the humorist of Indiana, down at Spencer, when we went to Indianapolis with him, sitting in the quiet seclusion of the smoking-car?

"'Do you ever notice,' Riley said, 'how men smoke? There is one type in the middle seat, the man who always smells his cigar suspiciously before he buys it, as though he was afraid it was spoiled by being kept too long.'

"'And the man,' said the sad passenger, 'who mellows his cigar between his fingers, softening the hard places by violent compression, as though he was going to eat it, rather than smoke it?'

"'And the man,' Riley said, 'who always thrusts his cigar clear into his mouth, and carefully licks it with his tongue from end to end, over and over again, before he lights it?'

"'What does he do that for?' asked the Jester. 'Has he any reason for it, or is it some hereditary trait or old family custom that has been handed down to him?'

"'Nobody knows,' said the tall, thin passenger. 'And then there is the man who always has a broken cigar—never was known to smoke a whole one. Either carries his cigars in his overcoat pockets, and so sits upon them, or he breaks them into pieces in his vest pocket by leaning up against the bar.'

"'And he bandages the broken places,' said the man on the wood-box, carefully holding his own cigar out of sight behind the stove, 'he bandages the broken place with a piece of white paper.'

"'And the man,' said Riley, 'whose cigar always has a flap of the wrapper peeling off near the puffing end, and he frequently takes the cigar from his mouth to fondle and plaster down this obtrusive flap, stroking it tenderly with his fingers, like a boy nursing a wounded thumb.'

"'And the man,' said the cross passenger, 'who doesn't smoke a great deal, but spits more than any ten men in the car.'

"'And the man,' said the Jester, 'who always talks his cigar out, and uses up all the matches in the crowd smoking up one cigar.'

"'And the man,' said Riley, 'whose cigar always burns up sideways; a perfect salamander on one side, and a conflagration on the other. Gives the smoker an angular, one-sided sort of an expression.'

"'And the man,' said the sad passenger, 'who always holds the ashes on his cignr until they break off and fall down inside his vest.'

"'And the man,' said the cross passenger, 'who always holds his cigar at such an acute angle of elevation that he smokes into his eyes all the time.'

"'And the man,' said Riley, 'who holds his cigar in the middle of his mouth, and works both cheeks like a bellows.'

"'And the man,' said the fat passenger, 'who smokes as though he were paid for it, and consequently hated it and wanted to get through as soon as possible.'

"'And the man,' said the woman who talks bass, 'who thinks he is the only man in the car who knows how to smoke.'

"There was a brief silence, which was broken by Riley remarking that the ideal smoker was to be found in the 'Squire of a small village. 'I have seen him,' the poet went on, 'in the quiet summer evening, when all the male population of the village gathered around the tavern to sit on the long bench by the front door and smoke their pipes. And the 'Squire always, and he alone, smokes a cigar. He brings it out of the case carefully, and it is always the only one in the case. After examining it with great care and deliberation, he prepares it for smoking. He is never known to bite the end off; he cuts it off with one particular blade of his knife. Then he holds the end in his fingers for a second, deliberating where to throw it. Finally, he selects a spot on the ground off to his right and tosses it there, not at random, but carefully, and with the intent of making it drop just where it does. Then he finds a match and lights it. He holds it in his hand until every possible trace of sulphur is burned away—and his match was never known to blow out, not even if the wind was blowing a gale—then he puts the cigar into his mouth, turns it over once or twice until it settles into exactly the right position, and then he lights it. Then he holds the match in his hand until it burns clear up to his finger-nails, when he tosses it away, in a direction opposite the discarded cigar end, and then he smokes. Slowly; with chair tip-tilted back against the tavern, one leg thrown over the other, and his calm, judicial eyes fixed on the universe at any indefinite point in his immediate front. If there is a dog fight down the street, or a hurricane up the street, that drags all the other villagers away as eager and excited spectators, it never moves the 'Squire. Calm as a sphinx he holds his place, and smokes. And he gets twenty cents' worth out of every five-cent cigar he lights.'"—*Burdette, in the Hawkeye.*

He Dared.

His Honor had before him the case of a young farmer who was arrested for disturbing the peace and being drunk, and when asked for his defense he said:

"Well, I live out here about twelve miles. Yesterday morning, as I was splitting rails, Bill Adams he came along and dared me to come to town with him. And I dared."

"You hadn't any errand?"

"None at all. After we got here Bill Adams he says to me he'd dare me to take a drink. And I dared. Purty soon after we had been to a harness shop, he dared me to take another. And I dared."

"That was two drinks?"

"Yes, sir, and after Bill had bought four pounds of nails he dared me to get swizzled. And I dared."

"What is swizzled?"

"Just drunk enough to think you can lift a barrel of salt, but you can't lift one end of a hat full of bricks."

"Well, go on."

"Well, when we got swizzled Bill he dared me to upset a man carrying a step-ladder. And I dared."

"That's when you got that black eye, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I upset the man, but he got up and knocked me pizen West."

"Yes."

"Well, then we saw a policeman marching along, and Bill Adams he dared me to pitch him into a snow-bank. And I dared."

"Was it much of a pitch?"

"No, sir—not for the officer. He gave me two cracks on the head and brought me down."

"Well, now I shall dare you to go to the Work-house for thirty days," concluded his Honor as he settled back.

And he dared.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Summons Had Come.

"Word reached me las' night dat Uncle Bill Williams lay a-dyin'," said Brother Gardner in the Limekiln Club, as a hush fell on the meeting. I went ober dar' wid Sir Isaac Walpole and Waydown Bebee. De ole man was one ob de charter members ob dis club. He made de ninth man on de roll. Fur de las' two y'ars we haven't seen him heah, kase he was old an' weak an' trembly, an' waitin' fur de summons. When he felt dat de summons had come, he sent fur his friends to be wid him. De good ole man! His journey had lasted fur eighty long y'ars. He had slaved in de rice swamps and toiled in de cane. His path had been crooked an' full of sorrow. If anybody else had reason to hate men an' to doubt God it was dat poor ole Uncle Billy. An' yit he lay dar' wid a smile on his face an' his mind at peace. In his heart he forgave everybody, an' he prayed for de men who had wronged him de most. We set dar' till de ole man's lamp of life went out, an' we got sich a view of Heaben dat de music keeps ringin' in my ears. De world will say of him dat he was only a poo' ole nigger, but in dat las' hour of life he would not have changed places wid the greatest king on airth. Dat faith which he had car'd in his heart fur a lifetime had not deceived him. De pray'rs he had whispered in de rice swamp war' to be answered. His skin was black, his mind weak, an' his l'arnin' was dat of a child, but we set dar' an' saw de gates of Heaben swing open to let his soul pass in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Something About the Boers.

Anothony Trollope, in his work on South Africa, gives an account of the curious customs of courtship prevailing among the Boers. The young Boer, says Mr. Trollope, who thinks that he wants a wife, and has made up his mind to look for one, begins by riding round the country to find the article that will suit him. On this occasion he does not trouble himself with the hard work of courtship, but merely sees what there is within the circle to which he extends his inspection. He will have dressed himself with more than ordinary care, so that any impression which it may make may be favorable, and it is probable that the young ladies in the district know what he is about. But when he has made his choice, then he puts on his very best and cleans his saddle or borrows a new one, and sticks a feather in his cap, and goes forth determined to carry his purpose. He takes with him a bottle of sugar-plums—an article in great favor among the Boers and to be purchased at every store, with which to soften the heart of the mother—and a candle. Everything depends upon the candle. It should be of wax, or some wax-like composition; but tallow will suffice if the proposed bride be not of very high standing. Arrived at the door, he enters, and his purpose is known at once. The clean trousers and the feather declare it; and the sugar-plums which are immediately brought forth—and always consumed—leave not a shadow of doubt. Then the candle is at once offered to the young lady. If she refuse it, which my informant seemed to think was unusual, then the swain goes on without remonstrating and offers it to the next lady upon his list. If she take it, then the candle is lighted, and the mother retires, sticking a pin into the candle as an intimation that the young couple may remain together, explaining their feelings to each other, until the flame shall have come down to the pin. A little salt, I was assured, is often employed to make the flame weak, and so prolong the happy hour. But the mother, who has, perhaps, had occasion to use salt in her own time, may probably provide for this when arranging the distance for the pin. A day or two afterward the couple are married, so that there is nothing of the "nonsense" and occasional heartbreak of long engagements. It is thus "freyling" is carried on among the Boers of the Transvaal.

Marriages are usually early, and are fruitful in the rule. From ten to twelve children to a mother is the average, and fifteen or eighteen are not at all rare. The case of one venerable Boer is mentioned whose descendants, including sons and daughters-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, amount to 280. Out of this rapid increase of population grew the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. Land being very dear in the Cape Colony, and scarcely affording pasturage for the cattle there owned, it has become the custom for the Dutch farmer to send one or more of his sons to those regions where real estate can be bought comparatively cheap. To purchase land is the great passion of the Boer. Farms of 6,000 to 8,000 acres are the rule, and there are some farmers the area of whose land is equal to that of a little German principality. Next to the land the cattle constitute the chief wealth of the Boers—great, long-horned neat herds, together with merino sheep and Angora goats. The first business of the farmer's day is the inspection of the "kraale," or corrals, large inclosures of thorn hedges, or, with the wealthy Boers, stone walls, where the cattle are kept over night, there being no cattle sheds in South Africa. The darky who watches cattle through the day is a striking-looking figure, dressed in sheep or goat-skin, and a wornout English, French or German military uniform, these uniforms being sent to South Africa by the hundred by old-clothes dealers. Owing to the slight rainfall, only such farms are fit for agriculture as are situated near the rivers and convenient for irrigation. The farmer is also plagued by locust swarms, hail, and rust in his grain. But the productiveness of the country is increasing, and in the last fifteen years the exports have nearly tripled in value. The raising of ostriches for their feathers has become a considerable industry.

The so called "nachtmaals" form a characteristic feature of Boer life. The principal religion is the Dutch Reformed Church. Every three months a special Sunday is set apart for the communion of the Lord's supper. From great distances the Boers stream into the "Dorp" or chief place of the region, for the celebration of the festival. The "cart"—the principal vehicle of the country, a sort of box hung between two high wheels—not being large enough for the numerous family, the great ox-wagon is drawn into requisition, drawn by a large number of draught animals; the wife and daughters and younger children occupy the interior, while the Hottentot and Kaffir servants sit like lackeys on the back seat. The "baas" takes his place on the driver's seat, armed with the mighty whip, with its 30 or 40 feet length of lash, while the grown-up sons ride along on horseback, the great team being led by a negro carrying a fine. The day is also an occasion for political and social gathering, and the young men use it as a favorable opportunity to look around among the daughters of the land for suitable better-halves. The farmer generally contrives to reach the place on the Sunday before, when he visits the shops and makes his purchases for the next three months, also securing a market for his own products. The church being usually too small to accommodate the great mass of worshipers, a large number of them are usually seen waiting their turn to enter and receive the sacrament. Around the church are hundreds of oxen wagons, standing in long rows, making a highly picturesque impression, especially at evening, when the white coverings reflect the glow of the camp-fires, and the music of solemn hymns resounds in the air.

The Boers are strictly religious. Light reading and even newspapers are seldom seen on the farms. The Bible is read more than anything else, and the people are fond of comparing themselves with Israel in the desert. So grave are the Boers that some of them have been known, while in the fullness of their manhood, to make their own coffins and keep them in their houses as a constant reminder of their mortality. There is a sect among them called the "Doppers," resembling the Methodists in their religious principles and the Quakers in their garb. The Puritanism of the Boers is not the cloak of hypocrisy, but is the result of their isolation upon their lonely farms, and the influence of the solemn aspect of the surrounding nature upon the plains.

Floral Decorations—How Much is Spent for Flowers in New York.

The unusually large number of social gatherings in this city this winter and the severe weather of the last two months, says the New York *Tribune*, have considerably raised the price of cut flowers. The custom that has sprung up within the last few days of a lavish display of flowers on all possible occasions—weddings, funerals and receptions—has induced florists to exert themselves to the utmost in the production of elaborate and tasteful designs, constructed of such flowers as seem most appropriate to the occasion. Nowadays the floral decorations at a fashionable wedding, dinner or reception are a noticeable feature. For the construction of a bouquet or design considerable skill, ingenuity and taste on the part of the florist are absolutely necessary. The old saying that true art is perfect harmony of details is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the correct grouping of the flowers of different sizes, shapes and colors.

In the more pretentious florists' shops trained male assistants, whose main employment is the arranging of bouquets, are employed. They are nearly all Frenchmen or Germans, who have been bred to this work in their native lands, where far more attention is paid to scientific and systematic floriculture than in this country. But efforts are now making to bring American floriculture up to the European standard. A prominent and experienced dealer in this city, in speaking about the increase in the taste for flowers, said recently: "In the last thirty years there has been a remarkable increase in the use of flowers for decorative purposes. Years ago the elaborate patterns in cut flowers that can now be seen at any wedding, funeral or public occasion were unknown. If a wreath was to be made its base was usually a piece of willow or a barrel hoop; if a cross, two pieces of lath formed the groundwork, and the whole device when completed was such as usually reflected little credit upon the artist. Now everything is changed; there is no device or design, however intricate and complicated, that can not be constructed at a first-class establishment. Crosses, harps, stars, lyres, and devices figurative of the vocation of the deceased person are much in vogue for funerals, while the pretty English innovation of the wedding bell, made usually of white roses and other delicately tinted flowers, is now very fashionable. Among the queerest devices that I have made up were Greek letter monograms presented by college fraternities to orators at commencement exercises. In 1844 the sale of flowers for New Year's day, in what was then the largest florist shop in the city, amounted to only $200, and probably for the whole city of New York did not exceed $1,000. Now the amount spent for floral decorations on that day is estimated at $50,000, while for the whole year the amount spent in these perishable ornaments amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. There are almost 500 florists' establishments within a radius of ten miles of New York City, and the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than $8,000,000. The green-houses from which come the flowers and plants that are sold in this city are in the upper part of Manhattan Island, in Hudson County, N. J., in Staten Island, and in the Long Island towns within ten miles from New York. While the profits in plants are large, being about 100 per cent, the profits in cut flowers are still larger. Why, during Christmas week fine Jacqueminet roses brought $2 each."

That there are fashions in flowers as well as in everything else must be patent to the most casual observer. One season this flower has an enormous sale, the next season that. The Jacqueminot, Mareschal Niel and Nepheta roses have been most popular this season. A few flowers are imported. A beautifully shaped and tinted Jacqueminot rose comes from England, and, it is said, can not be matched in this city. Violets and mignonettes have been scarce and high this year. A bunch of the former now costs about $1, but a few weeks ago it cost as much as $5. Of the tropical plants sold here, the dragon plant is perhaps the most popular. The street flower peddlers have had very little business this winter, and many have adopted other means of gaining a living; but with the return of warm weather they will again enliven the street-cars, stages and boats with the old cry, "Bouquets, bouquets, only five cents."

A Baby's Wake in Chili.

When a young child or infant dies, the baby, after being cleansed, is arrayed in the finest garments, and placed upon an altar in the best room in the house; a pair of wings are fastened to it, and a crown upon its head; above is hung a dove, and the entire surroundings adorned with flowers and ribbons. A guitarist is provided, who from his seat in front chants and sings airs, generally of a laudatory and lamenting nature, for the loss of the child; but as the "poncha" or drink begins to make itself felt upon the friends who have gathered round, it then becomes a scene of mirth and gladness that the child is now an "angelito" (or little angel). This generally continues for several days, until the body gives forth anything but pleasant odors. This custom at the present day is more general among the lower classes, for, although it exists among the rich, there is nothing of the boisterous style about it.

—The evidence of the physicians before the Coroner's Jury at York, Penn., in the case of the boys who died suddenly from eating a poisonous root, went to show that the lads had eaten *Cicuta macalatta*, commonly known as cow bane, or swamp hemlock, in mistake, supposing it to be sweet myrrh.

—Song of a man with a rope around his neck and a mob at the other end: "I'm saddest when I swing."

Our Young Folks.

THE FOX AND THE SQUIRREL.

Two squirrels on an oak-tree sat,
Engaging in a social chat,
When one—the younger of the twain—
Of his accomplishments quite vain,
Began to boast of what he'd done,
How all his mates he could outrun;
And, if but half he said was true,
He could outjump a kangaroo.

Now, as it chanced, the jagged rocks
Beneath the tree concealed a fox,
Who, ove hearing what was said
Among the oak-leaves overhead,
Bethought him of a sly design,
Whereby he might on squirrel dine;
So up he sat and clapped his paws,
Loud shouting, with unmock applause:

"Bruvo! Bravo! my agile friend!
Your wondrous skill I must commend.
But, really, I should like to see
You jump from out this tall oak-tree
To yonder ash, ten feet away."
('Twas twenty, I am bound to say.)
"The feat will please my children well,
When I their bed-time story tell."

"Nay," said the elder to young Frisky,
"Don't undertake a jump so risky."
To which the younger one replied,
Puffed up with flattery and pride:
"Though *you* may lack ability
I'll show you *my* agility."
Then wildly leaped with aim so blind
That—Mr. Fox on squirrel dined.

And when the stars winked overhead
That children should be put to bed,
Did Reynard to his young ones said:
"These precepts I would have you heed:
Let others praise your own good deed;
Let not the flatterer mislead;
Despise not what your elders say;
Nor let blind pride your judgment sway."
—*Benjamin Lander, in St. Nicholas.*

A WHOLE WEEK.

"Oh, mother! not for a whole week!" Patty's brown eyes were wide with doubt and surprise.

"Why, child, you just said *never*, and a week's a good deal short of that," answered busy little Mrs. Keniston, tucking another stick into the fire, with an odd little gleam, either from the fire-light or some inward amusement, dancing round the corners of her mouth. She was used to Patty's *nevers*, and a little tired of them.

Patty went to the window, and drummed on the pane, and stared rather forlornly into the small yard, where red-haired Job Twitchett was jumping up and down, jerking the handle of the old blue pump. He stuck out his tongue at her and winked one eye, but she was too abstracted to notice this customary beginning of hostilities. It was all very well to quarrel with Matty Monroe, and vow never to speak to her again (Matty was real mean to stay away from the spring, just because Kez King had said she *might* drop in that afternoon; she had no business to break her promise, and she had *promised* Patty, *certain sure*, that she would come and bring Rosinella and the tea set with her), but to be forbidden to speak to her for a week was quite another thing. Why, Sir Leon was to have married Rosinella before the week was out!

There was a great commotion in the yard. Job was setting Tug at Tabby. "Hi! look at yer old cat!" he shouted, starting a war-dance on the platform of the clothes-drier, and pointing derisively to poor pussy, who stood on the wood shed roof, with her tail the size of a hearth-brush. But even this attack on her favorite could not dispel Patty's melancholy. She just glanced out to see that Tabby was really out of reach, and then went slowly up-stairs to her little room in the attic to find Sir Leon.

Sir Leon was a doll. He was a very splendid doll, with brown eyes and hair, a black velvet cap with a long white feather, a silken cloak and slashed trousers reaching only to the knee, like a knight of olden times. He even had long gray stockings, and—crowning glory! a pair of top-boots made of chamois leather. Cousin Evelyn had dressed him for Patty's birthday, and Cousin Evelyn came from New York and could do anything.

Patty picked him up and looked fiercely in his amiable waxen countenance.

"I don't care a snap for your whiskers!" she exclaimed hotly, giving him a vicious little shake. "I don't believe but what Cousin Evelyn just stuck 'em on herself; and it's my opinion you were made for a girl, Sir Leon de Montmorenci."

And at the thought of that dreadful possibility and Matty Monroe's faithlessness, she sat down on the hoot-box and cried.

Next morning Mrs. Keniston was rolling out pie crust in the kitchen when Patty entered slowly, with a kind of dubious brightness in her face, and curled up in a big chair by the table, with her head on her hand. A pencil and some paper projected from her apron pocket.

"Well, Patty," said Mrs. Keniston, cheerily, "what kind of turn-overs shall it be?"

"Mamma," responded Patty, soberly, "did you ever have any love-letters?"

Mrs. Keniston paused, with rolling-pin upraised in astonishment.

"No. Yes. Of course. What ever put it into your head to ask such questions, child? There, take that, and go get your little pie board, and roll it out smoothly, and I'll let you bake some dolly's pies. Don't worry your silly head about love-letters yet awhile, my dear."

"But did you?" persisted Patty. "Because I want to write one—at least Sir Leon does—and we don't know how to begin. How did yours begin?"

"I think my first began, 'My dear Miss Holliwell,'" said Mrs. Keniston, laughing. "Ask papa. He'll know."

"Did it?" inquired Patty, rather doubtfully. "Why, when Mr. Cope wrote to you to borrow that book, he began, 'My dear Mrs. Keniston,' and his couldn't be a love-letter, you know, because you're married to papa, and he's engaged to Miss Dover. I don't think that sounds lovery enough."

However, she took out her pencil, and began to write, spelling over each word noiselessly to herself as she put it down.

"Who is your letter to, Patty?" asked her mother at last, as she folded it up with a sigh of relief, and wrote an address on the back.

"Why," said Patty, rather falteringly, "it's from Sir Leon to Rosinella. That isn't the same as if I wrote to Matty, is it? Because, you know, Sir Leon's a man, and I'm not, and Matty—well, Matty isn't Rosinella. Matty never was Queen of Beauty at a tournament the way Rosinella was when we had one in the orchard the day after Cousin Evelyn told us "Ivanhoe." And it isn't Matty's trousseau we're making; it's Rosinella's. And Rosinella has golden hair, and Matty has auburn. And—I may send it, mayn't I?"

"Yes, indeed, you may," said Mrs. Keniston, laughing much more than was necessary, Patty thought. "May I see it?"

Patty handed it across the table, with a glance of mingled pride and apprehension, and this is what Mrs. Keniston read:

"MY DEAR MISS ROSINELLA, ANGEL OF MY LIFE.—I do miss you very much indeed and o how I wish we could see each other before wensday which is such a long way off but I supose we cant becomse Patty Kenistons mother says she mussent speak to Matty Monroe till then because they quarreled. I hope they will never quarrel again dont you?

"Patty Keniston says she wont. She has been very lonely without Matty and wonders if she has finished your wedding dress which she hopes she has because she wants us to be married wensday anyhow in her dollshouse. She is going to have a reall frosted wedding cake for us and hopes Matty will bring over some rasberry vinneger for wine to drink helths with the way they allways used to do you know. O how I do want to see you and be married. Answer this soon and write a long letter for I am dying to hear from you my own preslous Rosinella.

"Ever your loving knite
"SIR LEON DER MONTMORENSY."

Mrs. Keniston laughed until she cried, and had to wipe her tears with her apron; but all she said, when she gave back the letter, was, "Oh, Patty! Patty! of all the children—"

Of course the postman was late next morning; but when he came, he was in remarkably good-humor, and wore a smile that creased his whole countenance as Patty danced up to him, asking, excitedly, "A letter for me? a letter for me?"

But he only chuckled, and shook his head for answer, and then said, slowly, "Wa'al, no, little gal; I'm sorry ter disapp'int yer, but ther' ain't," adding, with a twinkle, "Does anybody by the name of Montmorenci live hereabout?"

"Oh, it's my letter! it's my letter!" screamed Patty. "*Do* give it to me, Mr. Skinner."

"Couldn't possibly, little gal. 'Tain't yours, yer see. It's d'rected ter 'Sir Leon de Montmorenci, Knight.' That ain't *your* name, ye know," said Mr. Skinner, producing a tiny envelope.

"Oh yes, it is! I mean, it's my doll's!" shouted Patty; and seizing the precious letter, she ran into the house with it, and left Mr. Skinner still chuckling to himself with a hearty enjoyment of the little girl's delight.

Here is the letter:

"MY DEAR SIR LEON.—Many thanks for your kind letter. I am quite ready to be married. Matty made my wedding dress yesterday. It is of white satin a piece left over from her Mother's had trimmed with white lace. I have a lovely veil. Matty says she will bring the raspberry vinegar. ("She's spelled it different from what I did," thought Patty; "guess she asked Lida") "and some cruffiers. And now I have an idear. Let us have a telegraph. You ask Patty Keniston to come to the gate post at nine to-morrow and Matty will meet her with her end of the string. I think it is nice to live next door. Tell Patty Matty won't speak to her so she needn't be afraid to come. I think your letter was lovely. I cannot make one-half so nice but then your the gentleman and I'm the lady so anyway it wouldent be proper. I love you. Tell Patty to be sure and come. Ever your faithful ladilove,

"ROSINELLA SAUTERNAINE."

"How splendid!" said Patty. "We can write all the time, then. I may, may'n't I, mother?"

Mrs. Keniston nodded. She was trying on a dress, and her mouth was full of pins.

And after that it wasn't hard at all. The telegraph was such a blessing! But still, when the week came to an end, Patty and Matty flew into each other's arms as if they had been separated for a year.

"Oh, Matty!" said Patty, and "Oh, Patty!" said Matty, and "Hi!" said Job Twitchett, bobbing his head over the fence, "yer'll light agen in a fortnit."

"Go away, you bad boy," said Patty, facing him fiercely. "We shall NEVER fight again!"

And though Job repeated "Hi!" and snapped his fingers, they didn't—for a whole month.—*Harper's Young People.*

Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to have died of disease of the heart, we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the heart as the cause; this silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble and inconvenience of *post mortem*. A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of disease of the heart that many an opium eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short, this report of disease of the heart is the mantle of charity which the politic coroner and sympathetic physician throw around the graves of generous people.

At a scientific congress at Strasburg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful *post mortem* showed that only two persons had any heart affectation whatever—one sudden death only in thirty-three, from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty die of apoplexy—one out of every seven; while forty-six—more than two out of three—died of lung affection, half of them congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room for air enough to get in to support life. It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common every-day causes of this congestion of the lung, a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many persons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor or a long, hasty walk; going too suddenly from a close heated room, as a lounger or listener, or speaker, while the body is weakened by continued application, or abstinence, or heated by a long address; these are the frightful causes of sudden death in the form of congestion of the lungs; but which, being falsely reported as disease of the heart, and regarded as an inevitable event, throw people off their guard, instead of pointing them plainly to the true causes, all of which are avoidable; and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn on the subject.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—Last year 68,477 persons were arraigned in the Police Courts of New York City for various crimes, and 46,338 of them were held to answer. The fines collected amounted to $53,623.

HOME AND FARM.

—Doddlings.—Take three cups of fine rye meal, three cups of Indian meal, one egg, and three tablespoonfuls of molasses; add a little salt and allspice, and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

—Stale Bread Breakfast Cakes.—Soak five or six slices of stale bread over night in three cupfuls of buttermilk. In the morning mash the bread fine; add two well-beaten eggs, three teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, and flour to make of just the right consistence to fry on a griddle. These are better than the ordinary griddle cakes.

—Carbonate of Ammonia.—A few drops of carbonate of ammonia in a small quantity of warm rainwater will prove a safe and easy antacid, and will change, if carefully applied, discolored spots upon carpets, and indeed all spots, whether produced by acids or alkalies. If you have a carpet injured by whitewash this will immediately restore it.

—Codfish and Cheese.—Just bring to a boil a pound of freshened codfish, chop fine and stir in a cup of drawn butter, season with pepper and a little minced parsley or celery leaves and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Turn into a baking-dish, strew fine bread-crumbs on top, and brown in the oven.

—The Children's Pudding.—Mix six ounces of bread-crumbs (well grated), three and a half ounces of sugar, and a pinch of salt; then take one and a half pounds of apples, pare, core and quarter them, arrange them in close layers in a deep tart dish, and strew among them four ounces of sugar and the grated rind of a fresh lemon; add the strained juice of the lemon. Then place the bread-crumbs in a thick layer over the apples, sift powdered sugar over the top, and bake in a quick oven for rather more than three-quarters of an hour.

—Canning Fruit and Vegetables.—For home use the manner of canning one kiud of fruit or vegetables applies to almost all kinds, except corn. Tomatoes keep best in tin cans; in fact, tin is preferred for vegetables. Next to tomatoes, the vegetable most readily canned is, perhaps, the string bean. Remove the tough strings at the sides and break the bean into two or three pieces. When all is ready throw them into a little boiling water, scald, and then can them. For success the vegetables should be quite fresh and only so many scalded at one time as may be carefully canned while boiling hot. Asoorn requires special treatment, a separate recipe is here given, and housekeepers who are liable to need the same are requested to preserve it so that there will be no necessity of repeating it. Fill the cans with the uncooked corn (freshly gathered) cut from the cob and seal them hermetically; surround them with straw to prevent them from striking against each other and put them into a boiler over the fire with enough water to cover them. Heat the water gradually and when they have boiled an hour and a half puncture the tops of the cans to allow the escape of gases, then seal them immediately while they are still hot. Continue to boil them for two hours and a half. In packing the cut corn in the cans the liberated milk and juices surround the kernels, forming a liquid in which they are cooked.

Where to Locate an Orchard.

When the country was new it made very little difference where the first settlers located their orchards; they grew thrifty and bore well wherever they were planted. Since the forests have been cut away, and the hard winds in winter and summer have been let in upon us so freely, it makes quite a difference with the farmer where he now locates his orchard. The variation of soil, or subsoil, in different parts of the farm, would favor some particular kinds of apples as more specially adapted to particular locations. But the main object will be in reference to the prevailing winds, either to plant the orchard where it will be protected from them, or locate it where the orchard will protect the farm buildings and gardens and small fruits from such winds, acting as a windbreak for them. The prevailing winds in this section are from the west-southwest, and I will give what I consider the best plan for locating an orchard here, and the reasons for it, which of course would have to be changed and modified to suit the conditions of other localities.

Suppose the farm to lie on the south side of an east and west road, and to have a middling even surface. I would have the house about at the middle of the front, at a good distance from the road, and a lawn with some trees and shrubs, extending in good breadth each way on the front. The barn should stand at a fair distance to the southeast of the house, and the garden east of the house, lying between the barn and the lawn. Then locate the orchard south and west of the buildings, planting as near them as it will do to look well, and have it front into the lawn or road as it extends beyond the lawn. This, of course, will be aiming to have the orchard shelter the house and adjoining buildings from the prevailing winds. The orchard should have the shelter of one or two rows of thickly planted forest trees along its west and south boundaries. This would make a more effectual windbreak if evergreens like our native white cedar were planted between the forest trees, where they would grow readily and add much to the warmth of the grounds.

The difference between living in such a sheltered place as this, or in an exposed location, is so much that man or beast or even plants find it decidedly in favor of the former. In the garden here, other things being equal, it will be comparatively easy to grow its products early and to a great degree of perfection; while in the one exposed to the driving winds the plant growth will be slow and unsuccessful, even after spending more time, care and work over it. There is only one other plan that I think might be preferable, and that I can only commend as a theory. It is to plant forest timber in the place of this orchard, and four or five times as thick on the ground, for permanent growth, and plant the orchard east of the garden and buildings, when all would be more completely sheltered. The farmer would derive more comfort and benefit from the forest growth than most farmers do from their native wood lots.—*H. Ives, in Country Gentleman.*

Practical Hints About Strawberry Growing.

Among all the fruits that have been bestowed upon man, the strawberry stands first, or queen of the list. Other fruits have their peculiar merits, and each, in turn, claims our attention. This delicious fruit, coming at a time when there is no other and when every one has a natural craving for something of the kind, is especially welcome. It stimulates the appetite, thus promoting health, and preventing sickness, and perhaps being guilty of causing a lean streak in the doctor's purse. One of its great merits is its certainty. People sometimes imagine that if we have a dry time in May or a heavy frost late in spring there will be no strawberries; but we have the promise of seed time and harvest—and for the last twelve years the crop of strawberries in this section has not failed on account of drouth or late frost. It has been lessened sometimes, but never entirely cut off. If there is any crop, even grass, more sure than the strawberry, I can not think of it. Another of its recommendations is its universality. It flourishes from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On the stony hills of New England and the sandy soil near the sea coast from Long Island to Florida, and on the black prairie soil of the West, in Canada, in the South and in all the Pacific States—it grows spontaneously, and with cultivation. It will thrive wherever civilized man makes his home.

Still another merit of the strawberry is its cheapness. A small piece of ground and a little time and attention will provide a liberal supply for a family throughout the season. But perhaps its chief attraction, after all, is the pleasure that attends its cultivation and use from first to last. There is a sort of fascination connected with it that is delightful to experience. Setting out the plants, knowing that in a few months they will yield so abundantly; cutting off the runners, with the assurance that every one stopped means more nourishment stored up in the crown for the production of fruit; covering in winter to protect the roots from being broken and wrenched by frost; removing the winter covering and seeing the plants start into growth—all this is delightful. But to watch the fruit as it increases in size and ripens is the crowning pleasure of all.

Few crops will compare with the strawberry in profit. An acre of land that will raise from fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn will, with the proper attention, grow from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty bushels of strawberries.

In naming the characteristics of the perfect strawberry, five points are to be considered: 1. Vigor and hardiness. 2. Productiveness. 3. Size. 4. Appearance. 5. Quality.

For field culture, plow and subsoil the ground in the fall to the depth of fifteen to eighteen inches; set the plants in the spring, as early as the ground can be worked and thoroughly prepared; mark off the rows with shallow marker three and a half feet apart, and set the plants twenty inches apart in the row, with all strong growing varieties; set as deep as possible, so that the crowns are not covered, leaving the plants a little below the surface. Cultivate thoroughly, keeping all weeds and grass down with cultivator and hoe. As soon as the runners make their appearance turn them into the space between the plants in the row so as to form a matted row fifteen to eighteen inches wide. Keep all the bloom cut off the first season, as this will very materially increase the first crop of fruit. As soon as the ground freezes hard cover your beds from one to two inches with clean wheat straw. As soon as spring opens remove the straw from over the plants, and place it in the space between the rows; this keeps the ground moist and the weeds down. As soon as the fruit is all gathered remove the straw, and plow and work thoroughly—same as first season.

It is a good plan to set new buds every spring, and after the third season plow up one, and so on. Another good plan of renewal is, as soon as fruiting is over, to take a small turning plow and run on each side of the rows, cutting them down to ten or twelve inches wide, and then chop out the plants, where too thick, a foot or so wide, at short intervals, in the rows.

If one expects to make strawberry culture a success, and at the same time a paying business, seven conditions are essential and necessary: Right kind of soil; proper preparation of the same; strong and vigorous plants; clean and thorough cultivation; winter protection; summer picking; careful picking and handling. These strictly complied with, a yearly crop of strawberries is as certain as a crop of any kind of grain, and fills the pocket with greenbacks much faster. The past season's crop in this vicinity was about an average one. Prices very good. Nice, well-handled strawberries will always bring a good price in this market. Not much danger of glut, as it takes a little more labor and closer attention than most fruit-growers are willing to give them.—*W. M. Hopkins, in Rural World.*

—Knee Sprung.—The bending forward of the front legs at the knee-joint is caused by a contraction of the back sinews resulting from sprains. The treatment should be as follows: Let the animal rest; put on a shoe with high heel-caulks; apply hot fermentations every day for two weeks; then remove the high-heeled shoe and put on a level one and apply blisters. Confirmed cases have been completely restored by dividing the tendon below the middle of the shank and putting on splints to straighten the limb until new tissue unites the tendon again. A competent surgeon can easily perform this operation. In young horses perseverance in the above treatment and stiff bandages might produce relief.

—The late Mariette Bey was a striking-looking man, tall, broad-chested, and commanding in manner, but modest in soul. With quantities of decorations, he never wore any except when officially compelled to don the Legion of Honor—which was, indeed, hidden under his coat. He was a marvel of industry, and was to be found busy in his library at 6 in the morning all the year round. He was a charming talker, and lavishly hospitable. He has left his family almost penniless.

THE DAIRY.

—Gentleness, and gentleness only, will overcome a vicious, turbulent disposition in a cow. Shouting at her, kicking or otherwise maltreating her, will never mend her manners; but it is a bad creature indeed that will not yield to persevering gentleness of treatment.

—It is worth while to remember that gentle treatment and rapid and close milking will tend to the greatest development of the milk in cows, while the opposite practices will have the effect of materially reducing the quantity. But with kind treatment and careful milking there must be an abundance of the best feed provided, if the best results are desired.

—In reply to a correspondent who asked if it would be advisable to build an ice-house with milk-room attached, and have the drain from the ice pass through the milk-room the *Rural New Yorker* says: Your plan will not work. Many persons have tried it and all have failed. It wastes the ice and does not cool the milk. Your best plan is to set your milk in deep pails, in a cistern, a trough or pool covered from the air, and use the ice in the usual manner to cool the milk directly. A water-tight box is easily made of plank for this purpose. It would require many times more ice to cool the air of a milk-room than to cool the milk itself. Fifty pounds of ice will cool 200 pounds of milk to forty-five degrees in a close non-conducting box or refrigerator. The box should be lined with tin.

—Dairying during the season of 1881 promises well from the outlook at present, especially in the northwest. In Wisconsin cheese will be the main product of the dairy, although not a few factories will adopt the plan of making butter, if not through the entire season they will as soon as the cheese season closes. A number of new factories will be erected in various portions of the State. In Iowa butter will be the product, and from reports the make for 1881 will greatly exceed that of 1880, when the product reached fully 50,000,000 pounds. In Illinois a few new creameries will be erected and butter and cheese will both be produced as formerly. In none of the foregoing States can much cheese be found at present and the opening of spring will give a good market, especially for the better class of goods.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

—With good management soiling may be made a very profitable practice. No dairy can well be managed without it, excepting where land is very cheap and one has abundance of grass and pasture. One cow has been kept on an acre the year round by a good system of soiling, but it is very easy to keep a cow on an acre and a half or two acres. The crops usually grown are winter rye or wheat for the first green fodder to be cut in May and June; clover and grass to be cut in June and July; oats, or oats and peas, to be cut in July and August; corn to be cut in August and up to November with Hungarian grass or millet if need be; then mangels for fall and winter feed with dry corn fodder and hay until the rye comes again the next spring. It is necessary to plant the crops for cutting at intervals so as to have them fresh and not too ripe.

Butter Preservatives.

As FRESH butter is a very perishable product, and to a large extent in both small and large dairies is required to be preserved in good condition for lengthened periods, the methods of preserving it are worthy of notice. At the outset it is necessary to utter a caution against all the so-called butter powders which are offered for sale and pressed upon public notice as agents for increasing the quantity of butter as well as for preserving it. Some of these deserve to be called frauds, for they are not what they are set forth to be and the stuff produced by them is not butter but a mixture of butter and curd made by means of alum, salaratus and other similar substances, with sufficient coloring matter to give it some appearance of butter. But it is not butter by any means, and can only be disposed of by false representations. As a matter of course, no person would make such stuff for his own use; but many might be deceived by the delusive advertisements into purchasing and trying these butter powders to their own disappointment and injury. As a general rule, all these mixtures by which the quantity of the butter is proposed to be increased, may be considered as injurious, because the butter cannot be increased in any manner whatever, except by the addition of milk, curd or water and any one of these is hurtful to the butter and to the extent that the additional weight and bulk are not butter it is a deceit and a fraud.

Saltpeter, sugar, borax and some preparation of borax have been and are used in packing butter. Saltpeter and sugar are both antiseptics and add an agreeable flavor to butter. On this account they are used with salt to repack butter that has been badly packed at first, or to mix with inferior and poorly made butter as a means of disguising its bad qualities. They are really for the use of the poor dairyman or for the professional packer of "store-butter," who gathers from all sources butter of all qualities of badness and repacks it for sale. For this purpose one part of saltpeter and one part of white sugar finely powdered are added to four parts of salt, and an ounce and a quarter of the mixture is used with each pound of butter previously well washed with pure water.

The use of borax in dairying is somewhat new. There is no doubt that this salt—borate of soda, which is a combination of 36.58 per cent. of boracic acid with 16.25 per cent. of soda and 47.17 per cent. of water—is an excellent antiseptic; but its effect upon the human system is said to be injurious. Some experiments have been made in Europe with borax as a butter preservative with no positive ill results, and it seems that its suspected disadvantages may, after all, be more fancied than real. It has been used as a substitute for salt in the usual quantity, viz., about six per cent., having first been freed from the water of crystallization by heating it on an iron plate and then reducing it to a fine powder.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Much better than gold—Unlimited credit.

Odor of Human Hair.

In *Le Progress Medicale* M. Galippe calls attention to the medico-legal value of the odor of human hair. He asserts that from the simple smell of a lock of hair he can tell whether the lock has been cut from the living subject or whether it has been composed of hair that has fallen out. Hair dressers have in some cases so acquired this art that it is said never to fail them. Hair which has fallen out has a dull appearance, attributable to disease, and is not easily made up; it has no peculiar smell. The hair of the Chinese has a characteristic odor of musk, which is so persistent that it cannot be concealed by cosmetics, for it cannot be destroyed even by washing with potash; their hair has also a reddish tinge and is polyhedral in section. The hair of hysterical patients has a peculiar and distinguishing odor, which is most perceptible at the approach of a crisis. Certain hair is electrical, the electricity being developed more readily after rubbing.

—A German named Rubner has been making some interesting experiments to determine what proportion of the several ingredients of various foods are absorbed in the body. It was found that with carrots and potatoes no less than thirty-nine per cent. passed through the body, leaving sixty-one per cent. to be retained. It was proved that far more of flesh is retained than of any other food.

—King James I., in his "Declaration Concerning Lawful Sports" (1618) commanded that all who attended church on Sunday should be allowed after the service to amuse themselves with dancing, archery, leaping, etc., but forbade bowling, interludes and bull and bear baiting.

—"I declare!" exclaimed a slovenly writer, "I wish I could find a pen that would just suit me." And instantly came the chorus, "Try a pig pen."

[Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.]

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio;—Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., 9 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.;—Capt. Paul Boyton, the World-Renowned Swimmer;—Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.;—Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Ass't General Superintendent New York Post Office;—Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York;—Stacey Hill, Esq., Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio, are among the myriads who have experienced the beneficial effects of that most remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and who have testified to its efficacy in unqualified terms.

EVERY business man likes to be patronized, provided his patron does not patronize him in a patronizing manner.—*Rome Sentinel.*

[Ypsilanti (Mich.) Commercial.]

OUR representative lately learned the following from Mr. Carl Siegmund, corner Congress and Washington streets: My daughter suffered from Rheumatism to such an extent that it crippled her, rendering her unable to walk at all. We consulted many physicians and used all kinds of medicines, but in vain. At last St. Jacobs Oil effected the happiest results. It cured my daughter.

BECAUSE a man says he lives on faith you must not infer that he will refuse a good dinner.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried, talented doctors to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.*

THE decline in eggs is attributed to the fact that hens are shelling out more freely.

MRS. A. MILLER, 112 Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "James Congh Pellets cured me of a very bad chronic cough. I can recommend them to all troubled with coughs or lung difficulties, as the best remedy known." Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

"Piso's Cure for Consumption

Has been sold in Davenport under a guarantee, and in three years not a single bottle has been returned. This fact is a good recommendation of the medicine."—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of three-quarters of a century.

CHEAPER than blacksmithing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

THE Boston *Commercial Bulletin* notes the fact that Cain was the first man who went out slaying.

THE last Montana yarn is to the effect that the cold was so intense last week in Madison Valley that the wind was unable to blow, and ducks, prairie chickens and other feathered game, in endeavoring to reach the Geyser basin, were frozen solid in the air, where they will be compelled to remain until the spring thaw.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

"EASY steps for little feet" is the title of a recent work. It has no sale in Chicago.—*St. Louis Paper.*

"HOW DO you like the room?" asked Mrs. Dotonart, who was showing the Smithin tons over her new house. "Oh, they are perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Smithington, "and they are furnished so sweetly! What exquisite paques those are, aren't they, Smithington!" "What, them dishes on the wall! Yes they are pretty enough but why in thunder didn't they have some closets in the house to put the crockery in!" Mrs. Dotonart goes into mild hysterics, and Mrs. Smithington gives Smithington such a look.—*Boston Transcript.*

THEY met, they smiled, they wept, they loved;
He called her Jane, she called him Thomas—
A richer man rode down the lane,
And Tom brought suit for b. each of promise.
—*Steubenville Herald.*

TWO country fellows stop before the window of a hat store and view with admiration a hat having a little mirror at the bottom. "Why do they put a looking-glass at the bottom of the hat?" asked one. "So the man who buys it can see whether it fits him," replied the other.

"WHAT is it in which a woman finds the greatest satisfaction?" "Her beauty." "No; the other woman's lack of it."

A CERTAIN lawyer always began his examination of a witness by saying, "I'm going to put a question to you, and I don't care how you answer it." The habit was so strong that one day he met a very dear friend, and said, "I'm going to put a question to you, and I don't care how you answer it. How do you do?"

DR. A. L. CLUM'S LIVER CATHARTIC.

This Remedy acts as a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative, and a certain Corrective, cleansing the system of all the impurities of the body by its perfect action upon the Stomach, Liver and Blood. Try it. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WARRANTED IN ALL CASES.

Ask your Druggist for it and for Testimonials. CLUM COMPOUNDING CO., Proprietors, Red Wing, Minn.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

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DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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75 VALUABLE RECIPES with directions to prepare each article well; 25 or 50 will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. stamp. Address Dr. Savery, 513 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
CONSTIPATION and PILES.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. B. Hogabon, of Berkshire says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

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IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

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☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in ☜
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☞ Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, ☜
☞ for the convenience of those that cannot ☜
☞ readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency* ☜
☞ *in either form.* ☜

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00.
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ASTHMA.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY

Has been used in thousands of the worst cases with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]

"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.'" T. H. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

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To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "*Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.*" Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

PENSIONS for SOLDIERS, for Fathers, Mothers, Widows, Children, etc. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions for any wound or disease. Bounty yet due to thousands. Pensioners entitled to increase of Pension. New laws and decisions. Time limited. Apply at once. Address, with two stamps for laws, blanks and instructions, N. W. FITZGERALD, U. S. Claim Attorney Box 588 Washington, D. C.

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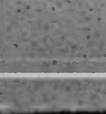

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LADY Canvassers wanted for a new article. CORONET CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

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HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. BARTRAM, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Margaret Frantz vs. Emaline Rogers and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity No. 215.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of the real estate of which John Frantz, of Joseph, late of Garrett county, deceased, died seized and possessed, and for a distribution of the proceeds of such sale among the widow and heirs at law of the said deceased.

The Bill states that on the sixth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven a certain Samuel Hoff and Eliza Hoff, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, containing seven acres and six perches, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Samuel Hoff and wife to John Frantz, of Jos.

Second. That afterward, to-wit, on the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the said John Frantz, of Jos., obtained from the State of Maryland a tract or land called "Prance," containing two hundred acres, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a patent from the State of Maryland to John Frantz, of Jos.

Third. That afterward, to-wit, on the seventh day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a certain David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffmnn, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, which will fully appear by reference to a deed from David Hoffman and Harriet Hoffman, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., bearing date the seventeenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, reference to said deed is hereby made for a full and particular description of said land, a certified copy of said deed being filed with the Bill.

Fourth. That afterward, to-wit, on the ninth day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, a certain Isaac Umble and Catharine, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, and known and described as Military Lot, numbered two thousand nine hundred and forty-four, which will fully appear by reference to a certified copy of a deed from Isaac Umble and Catharine Umbel, his wife, to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Fifth. That afterward, to-wit, on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year eighteen nundred and sixty six, a certain Wtlliam Silcer and Mary Silcer, his wife, conveyed to the said John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot, piece or parcel of land lying in the town of Oakland and distinguished on the plat of said town as lot numbered fourteen, containing one-fourth of an acre, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from William Silcer and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Sixth. That afterward, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two a certain Hiram Fraze and Rebecca A. Frazee, his wife, conveyed t John Frantz, of Jos., a certain tract, piece or parcel of land lying in what was then Allegany but now Garrett county, called the "Hoffman Sugar Camp," and containing seventeen acres, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Hiram Fraze and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Seventh. That afterward, to-wit, on the sixth day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight a certain Charles Bolden and Maria Bolden, his wife, conveyed to John Frantz, of Jos., a certain lot or piece of ground lying in the town of Oakland, which is described as the North front half, (sixty-three and one-half feet,) of lot numbered fourteen in the said town of Oakland, which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed from Charles Bolden and wife to John Frantz, of Jos., which is filed with the Bill.

Eighth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed of said lands, as aforesaid did on the twelfth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, convey to a certain John Fike, Sentor, all that tract, piece or parcel of land called "Lime Kiln," containing twelve acres which will fully appear by a certified copy of a deed, from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Fike, Sr., which is filed with the Bill.

Ninth. That afterward to-wit, on the fifth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Thomas Coddington, a lot of ground in the Village of Selbysport, containing fifty-seven perches which will fully appenr by a certified copy of a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Thumas Coddington, which is filed with the Bill.

Tenth. That afterward to-wit, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Jacob Beeghly, certain land which are fully described in a deed from Jon Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife to Jacob Beeghly, bearing dnte the twenty-first oay of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Eleventh That afterwnrd, to-wit, on the thirtieth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to Bryson Welch, a certain tract or parcel of land, which is known and described as Military Lot number two thousand nine hundred and fourty-four, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Bryson Welch, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Twelfth. That afterwnrd, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the snid John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain John Anderson, a certain lot or parcel of ground lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, containing one half acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to John Anderson, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Thirteenth. That afterwnrd, to-wit, on the ninth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, the said John Frantz, of Jos., conveyed to a certain William H. Frazee, a lot of ground lying in what was then Allegany, hut now Garrett county, containing one-eighth of an acre, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., to William H. Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fourteenth. That nfterward, to-wit, on the thirteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife conveyed to a certain Rebecca Anu Frazee, a certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, hut now Garrett county, containing six acres, which is fully described in a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Rebecca Ann Frazee, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Fifteenth. That afterward, to-wit, on the third day of March, in the year, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frnntz, his wife, conveyed to a certain Richard Selby, a tract of land lying in Garrett county, known and described as Military Lot, number two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife, to Richard Selby, a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill

Sixteenth. That efterward, to-wit, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, the said John Frantz, of Jos., and Margaret Frantz, his wife, conveyed to Matthew Cullen, a certain lot of ground in the town of Oakland, described as the north front half of lot number fourteen, on the plat of said town, which will fully appear by a deed from John Frantz, of Jos., and wife to Matthew Cullen a certified copy of which is filed with the Bill.

Seventeenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., after executing the conveyances aforesaid, still owned two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land, the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land being the quantity which the said John Frantz, of Jos., purchased as aforesaid, after deducting the quantity conveyed by the said John Frantz, of Jos., as aforesaid.

Eighteenth. That the said John Frantz, of Jos., being so seized and possessed as aforesaid of the said two hundred and seven acres and nine perches of land sometime in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, departed this life without having made any disposition of his real estate by will, leaving your oratrix, his widow, and his daughters Emaline, Amanda, Felicia and Ella, and his son Thomas H. Frantz, his heirs at law.

Nineteenth. That the said Emaline intermarried with a certain Timothy Rogers, and the said Amanda inter-married with a certain —— Moore, the said Felicia inter-married with a certain William H. Frazee, and the said Ella inter-married with a certain Jasper Guard.

Twentieth. That the said Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, and the said Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, and the said Thomas H. Frantz are nonresidents of the State of Maryland.

Twenty-one. The Bill further states that the land of which the said John Frantz, of Jos., died seized and possessed is not susceptible of a partition among the parties entitled thereto, according to their respective interests, without great loss and injury, and that the Complainant is willing that the said land shall be sold free from her dower, and she consents to accept such amount of money in lieu of dower that may be allowed her under the rules of Court.

Twenty-two. That it will be to the interest and advantage of all the parties in interest to have said land sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties entitled thereto according to their respective interests.

The Bill then prays for such relief as the Complainant may be entitled to, and also the usual prayer for process, and also for an order of publication, against the non-resident defendants.

It is ordered by the Court this 9th day of March, A. D. 1881, that the complainant, cause a copy of this order together, with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 11th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the defendants, Emaline Rogers and Timothy Rogers, her husband, Thomas B. Frantz, Amanda Moore and —— Moore, her husband, warning them to appear in this Court; in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of November A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 16, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in April, 1881,

and remain in session one week, for the purpose of noting transfers, hearing appeals and attending to any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
3 19 td. Clerk.

Estate of David L. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID L. HILEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 22d day of March, 1880.

SARAH HILEMAN,
3 26 3 Executrix.

FOR SALE!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

Hol any one having money, come forward and buy a farm within 4 miles of Oakland, and containing 50 acres, now owned by Sarah Paugh—formerly by Hugh Moore, Esq. Come forward at once and close the bargain. Don't delay and thereby lose the bergain which I will offer until 1st April, at which time, if not sold will be for rent.

2 12 7t W. H. TOWER.

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.
A. F. SPEICHER.
2 19 2m

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least forty day's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Louisa Fleegle and others vs. Joseph M. A. Kelly and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity No. 217.

The object of the Bill filed in this cause is to obtain a decree for the sale of the tract of land called "Browning's Manor," and a distribution of the proceeds of the sale to those entitled thereto, according to their respective interests.

The Bill of complaint states that in the year eighteen hundred and fifty eight, Meshack Browning, was seized and possessed of all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegnny, but now Garrett county, called "Browning's Manor," containing seven hundred and sixty-eight and one quarter acres of land.

Second. That being so seized and possessed of said land, the said Meshack Browning, died testate, but made no disposition of said land, by his last will and testament.

Third. That Joseph M. A. Browning, was appointed administrator of the estate of the said Meshack Browning, and that said estate has been fully administered, and that in order to pay off the entire indebtedness of said estate, the said administrator advanced the sum of two hundred and seventy-two dollars and thirty-two cents, of his own money and claims that the said sum is a charge upon said land.

Fourth. That the said Meshack Browning, left the following heirs at law to-wit: Dorcas Kelley, who has since died testate, and devised all her interest in "Browning's Manor," to her two children Joseph M. A. Kelly and Louisa Fleegle; 2, William Browning, who has since died intestate, leaving the following heirs at law: Mary who intermarried with Archibald C. Dewitt, William Browning, Richard T. Browning, John T. Browning, Reuben Browning, Louisa C. who intermarried with Joseph F. Frantz, Edward A. Browning, Nathan C. Browning and George D. Browning; 3, John L. Browning; 4, Jane H. Browning; 5, Nancy, who intermarried with John Chisholm; 6, James Browning; 7, Thomas Browning; 8, Joseph M. A. Browning; 9, Jeremiah Browning; 10, Rachel, who intermarried with Joseph Friend, and who has since died, leaving the following heirs at law: Truman Friend, Harriet who intermarried with William Gray, Mary Chisholm, (widow) Rebecca, who intermarried with John Chisholm and Hanson B. Friend; 11, Sallie, who intermarried with—Nethkin, and since died leaving the following children: Norman B. Nethkin, Catharine who intermarried with Bartley Rabbitt, Louisa who intermarried with Charles Gilpin, Jeodie who intermarried with Doctor Boyd, Frances T. Nethkin, Alfred Nethkin and Thomas A. Nethkin.

Fifth. That the said tract of land called Browning's Manor is not susceptible of a partition, in kind, and that it cannot be divided among the parties entitled thereto without great loss and injury, and that it will be to the interest and advantage of all parties to have the same sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties according to their respective interests.

Sixth. That the said Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

The Bill then prays for process and such other relief as may be proper.

It is ordered by the Court, this sixteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one, that the Complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 16th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the non-resident Defendants, Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben M. Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm, and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt, and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of September A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk. 3 19 4

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. (e21-yr

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.42 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, HALBERT E. PAINE, STORY B. LADD.
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House. v3n 17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyneing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. E. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred perss, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1871, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hooppole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CODDINGTON,
ROWIE JOHNSON

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.,

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - President.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SADLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cumberlidge, Md
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. F. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. A. H. PRICE, Ex Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberlnod, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay them and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; nit the members will be assessed, *as stated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed nre rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permnently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysterin, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. HEATHBURN, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

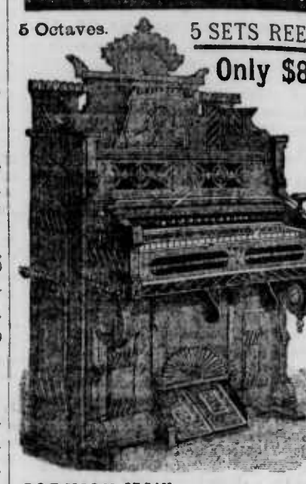

CORNISH ORGAN 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS Style 3000. REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadence or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you, write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO STYLE 6. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners, Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and Lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you, write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.
CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine 1e20-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881. NUMBER 7.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MAHONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KELDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St,

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate. PEDDICORD & COMBS.

GO SLOW.

BY MADGE ELLIOTT.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet
That makes your heart in rapture beat;
When one voice seems to you more sweet
Than any other voice you know—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For brightest eyes have oft betrayed,
And sweetest voice of youth and maid
The very falsest thing have said,
And thereby wrought a deal of woe:
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

When you're convinced you are a poet,
And, wishing all the world to know it,
Call on some editor to show it,
Your verses full of glow and blow,
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For many a one has done the same,
And thought to grasp the hand of Fame,
And yet has never seen his name
In print. And why—waste-baskets know—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

When you to greed for money yield,
And long the mighty power to wield
That's always found in golden field,
With senseless pomp and pride and show,
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For thousands, tempted by the glare
Of wealth, have fallen in the snare
Set for the thief. And now despair
Regret and shame have brought them low;
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

The good old earth is never wrong;
Each of her works takes just so long;
Months pass before a happy throng
Of daisies in the meadows grow.
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
And spring gives life to summer's flowers,
And summer's sun and summer's showers
Prepare the fruit for autumn bowers,
And autumn frost brings winter snow—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

RENEE'S LOVE.

"Renee! Renee!"

The sweet French name floated out from the open window of the cottage and Renee Courtland came out from the shadows of drooping trees, her broad hat hanging loosely on her shoulder where she had pushed it back from her face while standing in the shadow.

Margaret Gray's voice had roused the girl from the dreams of Lester Sinclair, the handsome blue-eyed stranger visiting at the house that nestled amid linden trees, in the hollow below where the old-fashioned cottage of Gray's stood.

She had been dreaming of his deep, laughing eyes, his sunny, chestnut curls, his grave, nonchalant manner that always changed to tenderness for her.

Whatever was the charm of Lester Sinclair's manner, he had surely won the first tender love of Renee Courtland's girlish heart.

Years before, the father of Renee Courtland had left her to the care of Margaret Gray—fair, calm Margaret Gray—who had been his girl love in early youth, and who had never married in memory of that first love dream.

She scarcely knew herself what had come between them, only it had ended in bitter words and in a more bitter parting, and then, in his passion, Charles Courtland had married a pretty dark-eyed French girl—the mother of Renee.

Years after, when his wife died, he had come to his early love and asked her to be his wife and a mother to his child.

But with all her gentleness, Margaret Gray was prouder than many haughty women, and she gravely answered him "No." Gently, almost sorrowfully, yet it still was "No."

He made no second appeal, knowing how useless it would be.

But when three years later death called himself, he left his orphaned, penniless child to the care of Margaret Gray.

The child had grown up to be a dark slender maiden, with great eyes and a child like smile, to be the darling of Margaret Gray's heart and the day star of Victor Gray's life.

Some distance down the road Victor Gray stood leaning against a tree, his face grave and thoughtful, even beyond his wont.

He was not a handsome man, this Victor Gray.

But there was something better than beauty in his proud, dark face, for manhood was stamped on his broad brow. Courage, honor, and truth gleamed in his eyes, and though the great expression of his face was stern, his smile could be as gentle as a woman's, and this man loved pretty childish Renee with all the strength of his heart, and she—well, she loved Lester Sinclair.

He threw away his half-burned cigar and turned toward the cottage, his face still grave, stern.

Renee came to meet him.

"Oh, Victor, can't I go down to Ramond's this evening? Kathie is going to have a croquet match. Margaret says no, but you—oh! Victor, may I go? You might come with me, Victor. Kathie asked you."

He looked at the pretty, childish face. "Yes, I will go, Renee," he said.

Two hours later Renee came down looking like a wild rose in her pink muslin robes, with clustering flowers in her breast and hair.

They were rather early on the croquet grounds, so Kathie and Renee played a game by themselves.

Victor Gray watched Renee with passionate, pitying eyes, knowing the pain in store for her, which he had been too cowardly, he thought bitterly to warn her of.

"I could not tell her," he said "and yet I wish I had."

He watched her eyes wander to the gate.

She had thrown her hat aside and the soft breeze lifted the short, dark curls of her low brow and deepened the rose tint on her cheeks.

He saw the red lips part in smiles and the lovely dark eyes deepen, and turning toward the gate he saw Lester Sinclair coming to the pathway a lady leaning on his arm.

The one look of Renee's face told Victor that she never suspected the truth,

Her faith like love, was unwavering. She believed in Lester Sinclair as she did in her own loyal love.

The lady on his arm was a delicate little thing, with a certain kind of beauty of the wax doll order, with big blue eyes, dainty features and clustering flaxen hair.

They came forward to where Renee stood.

"Clare," he said, "this is the young lady I told you of. Miss Courtland. Renee—Miss Courtland my betrothed wife, Miss Duvane."

"His betrothed wife!"

The words rang in Renee's ears, that seemed to die away with a faint moaning sound.

Remember she was only seventeen and childish for her age.

The bright young face grew pallid as death and all the sweet light seemed to fade from her eyes.

Victor strode to her side.

"Take me home, Victor, I—I don't feel well! Please take me."

The words died away on her lips and the next moment Victor held her white and senseless in his arms.

* * * * * *

A magnificent room, large lofty, and furnished with almost Oriental splendor, from the velvet carpet, into which the foot sank noiselessly, the silken inlaid furniture, the wondrous gems of art that adorned the walls, the rare statutes that filled every conceivable nook, to the most minute articles in the room.

At one of the windows a tall, slender woman stood, holding back, with slender jewelled hand, the foaming draperies—a woman radiantly, rarely beautiful, that even the casual passerby half paused with a look of involuntary admiration on the face.

The low, white brow, the great dark eyes, the curving crimson lips, and waving masses of blue-black hair, made a picture almost perfect in its rare loveliness.

And yet, it was not a satisfied face; there was a look of past pain and present longing, strangely mingled, resting upon it. Where the expression lay you could hardly tell, only it was there.

And this graceful woman, who seemed born for the wealth that surrounded her, was Renee Courtland, who had laid so white and still in Victor Gray's arms six long years before.

The change in her life had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly. An uncle of her father, who had never spoken to him after his marriage with the pretty French girl, had seen Renee, and being childless, had left her all his wealth.

"Not for love," he said, "she was too much like her Frenchified mother for that, though there was something of the Courtland about her as well, but simply because she was a Courtland and nearest of kin."

But loyal Renee had never forgotten her old friends, for when in her stately home, Margaret Gray was with her, and every summer the little cottage welcomed her fair young face again.

For weeks and months after the day she fainted in Victor's arms Renee had been the shadow of her former self.

Pale and listless, it seemed as if hope would never reassert her sway in the tender young heart, and Victor watched her, suffering almost as much in his own great love for her.

It seemed at times to Renee Courtland as if her heart must break, with its passionate pain, but hearts do not break easily at seventeen, and Renee conquered her love, then buried it out of sight forever, as time passed on, if it rose to confront her, she put it aside with all the strength of nature.

Then came the great change in her life, and smiles came back to the beautiful face, though sometimes the shadow of the old pain darkened it.

Four years later she met Lester Sinclair again, handsomer, if possible, than ever, with a new gravity of air that became him well.

He laid his fair young wife to rest in the grave, and was free again.

Renee grew pale when she first heard it, paler still when he bent over her hand and the past seemed forgotten.

Even when he married the wealthy Miss Clare Duvane, Lester Sinclair knew that the little dark-eyed girl held more of his heart than he would willingly acknowledge, and not seeing her day after day, to revel in her loveliness, the old love deepened, till Renee Courtland held every hope of happiness for him.

As time passed on, Victor Gray noticed an added restlessness in Renee's eyes; that the weary look around her mouth deepened and could scarcely understand it.

He enters the room now, graver, perhaps sterner than of old and the girl came forward to meet him.

"You are welcome, Victor," she said, clasping his hand, "and Margaret will be so very glad."

"You do not look happy this evening Renee", he said, his eyes on her face.

The girl turned away with a quick, impatient gesture.

"I am not happy," she said, "my life has been one mistake."

"Which will be righted in time," he answered quietly, though his face paled slightly.

When Victor left her she went back to her place by the window.

"Will happiness pass me by forever?" she cried; "is he blind, or is it that he will not see?"

Only that morning Lester Sinclair had stood before the girl, whom he wronged in early girlhood, and pleaded for her love as a man might plead for life itself.

Coldly, almost haughtily, she had answered him.

"No. My love died for you years ago; it never could come to life again."

"Renee, Renee!" he cried, in a passionate pain, and the girl knew if she wished revenge on Lester Sinclair most truly she had it now.

"My love died long ago," she repeated more gently, half pitying his pain. "No, Lester, it can never be."

Victor Gray merely went up to change his business suit and speak a few words with his sister, and in less than an hour he joined Renee again.

As he entered the room he saw she had a portrait in her hand.

"How you love that man, Renee," he said bitterly.

The proud, dark face flushed.

"What man?" she asked coldly.

"Pardon me, Renee I was rude; I scarcely knew what I said. You are not angry, Renee?"

The girl was silent for a moment, then she crossed over to him.

"If you mean Lester Sinclair," she said, 'you are wrong, Victor.' This morning he asked me to be his wife and I refused him.

"You refused him! Why Renee?"

"I loved him no longer," she said.

Was Victor Gray blind?

He bent his stately head.

"Renee, my darling, you love me?" he said.

The next moment he held her in his arms and kissed the sweet red lips.

"Say you love me, Renee. I have only said it myself," he said.

A smile hovered around her lips.

"And no one at all said that you loved me, Victor."

"Loved you, Renee! I think I have loved you all my life—long before you smiled on Lester Sinclair."

"That is past," she said gently. "It was only a girl's first wild love, dream; but to you, Victor——"

"You have given what?"

"My last, my purest love. Are you content, Victor?"

And as he bent and kissed her again, all shadows fled from Renee Courtland's face. Her heart had made its choice, and it rested in peace in the light of Victor Gray's loyal love.

John Lewis, the famous dwarf died at Watertown, Wis., last Monday, aged 24. He was 27 inches high, and weighed about 19 pounds. He had a "web" foot, and both his hands were without thumbs, but in all other respects he was a perfect little man. He possessed more than ordinary intelligence, speaking the Welsh and English languages fluently.

[From Our Western Correspondent.]

Among the Aztecs.--Curious Modes of Agriculture.--Mines and Mining.

NESILLA, NEW MEXICO,
March 7, 1881.

The denizens of this strange city and the surrounding country are a curious study. This letter will be devoted to giving your readers some idea of their habits of life and their modes of agriculture. The Mesilla valley from which this city takes its name is one of the most famous in New Mexico for its agricultural products. It extends along the Rio Grande for seventy-five miles and having an elevation of near 4000 feet the air is permeated with electricity and ozone making it a sanitarium which is visited by many afflicted with asthma bronchial and pulmonary diseases. The climate is superb, the thermometer never reaching zero. Snow rarely whitens the earth, and hot and sultry nights are unknown. To an Eastern traveler the novel sights and experiences he encounters are so full of interest that he is loth to depart from this land of the Aztecs I came here "in the full of harvest time" when this beautiful valley along the Rio Grande was yellow as gold with its carpet of ripened cereals. Since then I have learned much by being brought into contact with the people of this foreign country who until within a few months have been so isolated and shut out from the outside world as to know nothing of its modes, styles and modern civilization. Let me show your readers a picture of this valley. On either side grand old mountains rear their peaks high up into heaven's pure ether. Coursing along at our feet in sluggish quiet rolls the Historic Rio Grande which chains rises in Colorado, runs into New Mexico between the two of the Rockies, and continues southward through the whole length of the territory. Just there on its bank is gathered a large number of Mexicans bedecked in gay and bright array. Hilarity and mirth rule queen of the hour. Men and women join in dances and strange sports. A little distance away a gay fandango is going on to the time of monotonous music. We approach and in our "half-grown Spanish" ask why this merry-making, and are told that it is "the harvest festival," The God of the Aztecs has smiled upon the cereals and the harvest has been abundant. At a little distance to the left the process of threshing out the grain is going on. Shades of Coronado! How antiquated! A circular enclosure is made by driving poles side by side close together into the earth. The hard ground has been swept clean and the wheat to be threshed is spread upon it. Within are a dozen goats and as many children who are shouting and laughing and driving the frightened animals round and round the arena, while now and then a halt is made to allow the master of the harvest to turn over the straw, when off again scamper the goats and children. This is kept up for several days when the straw is removed and the plump grain gathered into bowl-shaped grass baskets, to be picked over, winnowed and cleaned by the women. The harvest time is always a gay season, and all the young people join in the festives. Now let me show you one of their agricultural implements. You will, I fear, laugh but you must not let them see you for these are a sensitive and unforgiving people.

Here is a plow, a long beam, to one end of which is hitched a single steer or ox, while the other end is smoothed off for a handle. Fastened to it about midway in a sloping position, is a stick pointed at the lower end, which scratches up the fertile and mellow soil. This is the chief implement of Mexican agriculture. Imagine it, you farmers on the prairies who ride upon your sulky plows and sow your wheat with drills. This condition of things, however, is soon likely to change, to be superseded by American implements. The fertility and magnificent climate of the Rio Grande valley, the great demand for agricultural products, owing to the advent of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. is settling this valley with a better class of farmers who will not only open the eyes of the Mexicans but make fortunes for themselves. I had sooner own a good farm (and they can be had for a song) in this valley than any place I have visited in the west. The vast mineral interests and the mining camps are creating a great demand for cereals and vegetables. Fruit grows here luxuriantly and is found in great abundance. Apples, pears, plums, apricots, quinces, figs, pome granates and all small fruits are grown in great perfection. The grape was introduced by the Spaniards long years ago.

I never tasted such luscious fruit and the clusters rivaled those of Eschol in size and beauty. This surely is the garden spot of the southwest. Mines in this region are being rapidly developed and the wealth of yield found is wonderfuid. The excitement is like the furor over the early discoveries in California, and many a miner is going back to his eastern home in a few years with his pockets full of coin and a healthy bank account. I would advise any young man who has nerve and grit to come to New Mexico. More fortunes will be made here in the next few years than in any other locality in America.

F. S. P.

A Fault-Finding Wife.

"My dear niece," said Aunt Susan, looking at the young matron's frowning face, "when you are dead, your husband will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find. She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as bright as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, in fact, I think she will not, but she will be good-natured. She may not love him as well as you do, but she will be more good-natured." Here the wife looked up with a startled face. "Yes," quietly resumed Aunt Susan, "every day you are making your husband more in love with good-natured women. To-day, when he was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, all that you did was to look up and say. 'There, Will, just see your muddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault finding. Now, child believe me, the strongest, most intellectual men of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest woman and the most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will, as gentle, as loving and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affection will die a long struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference. But, Hester," added Aunt Susan more kindly, seeing the tears in her niece's eyes, "you are not dead yet, and that sweet tempered woman has not yet been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence. It is never too late to mend, my dear, and your whole life's happiness depends upon yourself and your own actions."

Cut this Out.

We publish the following receipt for small-pox remedy, which is said to be very efficacious in the treatment of that loathsome disease. A correspondent of the Stockton (California) *Herald*, writes as follows, concerning it:

"I herewith append a receipt which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox though the pittings are filled. When Jenner discovered the Cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this receipt as a panacea for small pox it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the receipt as I have used it to cure the small-pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain—foxglove (digitalis) one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix with two teaspoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every three hours. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, a smaller dose, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AN ANGEL.

At breakfast late, her pouting lip
Tells nothing suits her ladyship.
Curl-papers fill her frouzy hair;
Her slovenly dress is worse for wear;
Her face is pale and scarcely clean,
And she—well, she is sixteen.

Piano bangs she till the noon,
Which, like herself, is out of tune;
And then struggles down to munch
Some cake and pickles for her lunch.
She scolds her maid with sister spats;
And calls the children horrid brats.

At eve—a transformation scene.
In dress she looks a radiant queen;
Her cheeks are red, her eyes are bright,
Her smile is sweet and all delight.
What means this change? Oh! well, you see
Her beau is coming after tea.

In parlor sits T. Edward Jones,
Charmed by his "angel's" gentle tones,
And dazzled by her beauty, while
She eats his candies with a smile.
Poor fellow! ere he pops may he
See Sarah Jones as others see.

—*H. C. Dodge.*

DOUCE.

She was so quiet and gentle in voice and manner that her family called her "douce" (sweet), and Douce was her name to all the neighbors.

She had been christened Helen, but to all intents and purposes the nickname was the only one by which she was known. She was not a pretty girl so far as features and complexion went, but with nothing mawkish or insipid about her, as might be inferred from her name.

The tones of her voice were so even, her movements so quiet and deliberate, that you could not understand how Douce was the ruling mind in a family of six children, five of them boys, and unruly ones at that. But the truth was, she was the most daring of all of them, though she would climb the tallest tree and ride the most dangerous horse with the same calm composure of manner.

Her mother had been an invalid for many years, and her father, a prosperous merchant at the little town of Oakport, about two miles from his residence, was too busy a man to do more than pass his nights at home, generally too tired when he reached there to spend much time in social intercourse with his family.

Mr. Tureau's residence, as I have said, was about two miles from town, but one mile was through a thick, swampy forest, very bad walking in rainy weather, and dark and dismal enough even on a summer's morning.

It bore, too, an evil reputation among the country people in the neighborhood, for, fifteen years before, a peddler had been robbed and killed there, and his body had been found near an old rotten log by the roadside. On a large beech tree which overhung the spot had been carved by some boy, "Here Amos Crowe was murdered."

Of course, the ghost of the peddler was presumed to haunt the spot, and as the murderer had not been discovered, the ignorant, superstitious people of the neighborhood all believed the spirit would never rest in its grave until the criminal who did the deed was brought to justice.

To the little Tureaus these woods were a perpetual delight. Such nutting, such berries, such persimmons were found there, that in spite of a thrill of terror when they passed the spot of the sad tragedy, nothing short of a visible apparition would have kept them from the woods.

Douce, who feared neither man nor ghost, was always their leader in these expeditions. At sixteen she was as fond of swinging on grape-vines and mounting to the top of tall trees as when she was ten. This sounds as if Miss Douce Tureau was rather tomboyish; but she did these things so gravely and quietly that somehow no one ever thought of reproving her for her gymnastic feats.

"Let Douce alone," said her father. "She has a wary eye, and a firm, strong grasp, and she'll never come to harm. It is not a ladylike amusement for a young girl to climb trees, but she is not a tomboy, and does not climb them because she is of a rough, masculine nature. It is, perhaps, an eccentricity, and in her case I accept it when I should not in some other children. Besides, it strengthens her muscles and makes her hardy."

One fine September morning Mrs. Tureau astonished them all by insisting upon walking to town with her husband.

"The walk is too long for you, Mary," he remonstrated.

"No, indeed," she answered, "I feel equal to it, and I prefer the walk to riding. I will spend the day with Cousin Jane, and be quite rested when you return in the evening. The cook (Dora), too, wants to go to town to spend the day and night with her sister."

"As you please; but if Dora is going, who will stay at home with the children? We shall not get back until after dusk, you know."

"You're not afraid to stay here with the children, Douce, are you?" asked her mother.

"Afraid? Why, mamma, I did not suppose you thought me such a foolish coward! What can harm us?"

Of course it did not seem as if there could be anything to harm them in that quiet place; so, after an early breakfast, the children walked part of the way to town with their parents. Douce stood and looked after them as they left, with a strange heart-sinking, she afterward said.

"I thought it was because mamma was always at home," she said. "The house would seem so lonely without her. But then I was so glad to see her able to walk again, that I could not understand my depressed feeling."

There was a deal of work to be done that day. The house was to be cleaned, churning done, and Douce thought she would surprise her father and mother by a nice tea when they returned. Assisted by her sister Alice, a girl of twelve, she was still hard at work when the clock struck twelve.

"Is it possible?" she cried, "noon already, and not a thing cooked for dinner! Well, children, there's bread and cold meat and some jam in the safe, and we'll make a cup of tea and have a picked-up dinner."

Picked-up dinners, with tea and jam, are things not to be despised by children. They sat down, a merry, noisy party, to the table.

"Hush, children!" cried Alice, "don't you hear somebody knocking at the hall door?"

"One of the neighbors, I suppose," said Douce. "Go, Arthur, and see who it is."

In a few minutes the boy returned, breathless.

"It's a horrid old man," he cried, with a gray beard, and such a red face, and such dirty hands! and he asked for the master of the house, and I told him pa was in town, and he said he must see you, Douce, or somebody."

Douce felt her heart beat a little quicker when she reached the hall door and saw a repulsive, grimy-looking man, who had seated himself on the gallery.

"Well, sissy," he said, with an insolent grin, "I'm desperate hungry, and I reckon you've got to come across some meat and bread fur me. Better fetch it quick lest I take a bite at you."

The tone was one of command, and after a little pause Douce saw that she must obey.

"Better not be too scared to bring my vittles!" he called out, "or maybe I'll foller you in spite of locks!"

Douce felt that the locks would be of little avail if the man chose to enter the house. She hurriedly filled a plate and carried it to him.

"This is all we have in the house," she said, quietly.

Without a word he seized it, and Douce watched him ravenously devouring the food like some wild animal.

"Got any whisky or wine?" he growled.

"No; nothing but milk," and she brought him a pitcher full. She tried to appear unconcerned, snipping the dead leaves off of her geraniums, and whistling to the mocking-bird in the cage; but she knew the hard gray eyes were watching her every movement.

"Ain't you scared, gal, to be left here alone?" the tramp said, as he rose and slung his dirty bundle over his shoulder.

"What would harm me?" she said, with a faint laugh. "My parents will soon be back."

The man then went boldly into the hall, and Douce saw him look upstairs and into the rooms on the lower floor. She tried to appear cool and indifferent; but when he marched out of the house, without a word of farewell or thanks, she felt like uttering a cry of relief. She watched him disappear in the woods, and then returned to the frightened children.

This unexpected incident cast a gloom over her spirits that she could not throw off. A sudden shower of rain came up late in the afternoon, and she began to fear her parents would remain at Oakport all night. The rain, however, held up before sunset, and her mind was made up that she and the children must not remain alone in the house that night. She felt assured that the tramp would return.

Without expressing her suspicions, she said to Alice, "I must run to Oakport, if you don't mind staying a little while alone with the children."

"But what do you mean by going at this hour?" cried Alice. "Pa and ma will be on their way back, I reckon."

"It's a great secret!" and Douce laughed, or tried to laugh. "You'll know all about it when I get back."

She left the house and walked rapidly until she got to the woods, but then, turning from the path, she moved cautiously, looking on every side, and with the stealthy step of an Indian.

About half-way through the woods she paused, and looked intently before her. Then quickly she seized a vine and swung herself into a magnolia tree, that was so draped by the gray Spanish moss that even its leaves could hardly be discerned.

When seated in the tree she was completely hidden from view. Soon after there was a crackling among the bushes, and two men came in view, one of them her friend of the morning, and the other quite as wicked-looking. They were lounging slowly along, pausing every now and then, and their words came distinctly to her.

"Think he'll be back to-night?" said one.

"Of course. He's left his children all alone, and he and the ole ooman will be sure to go back. Wish he'd left her at home. Two 'stead of one, and one on 'em a squally ooman, is hard to manage."

"Did you see the money? Mayhe he'll leave it in his store."

"Got it arter the bank shut up. Col. Sparks he counted it out, three hundred dollars, and I heerd Tureau say, 'Reckon I'd better take it home to-night, as they say there's tramps in town.' Didn't know I was listenin' outside."

"Whar's the best place to wait for him?" said Douce's acquaintance.

"The best place, where you kin see furthest, is the peddler's tree. You take your stand there, and I'll watch near town, and foller him behind. When he comes up, you ax for a dime, and I'll be ready if he kicks up a row when we eases him of a few more dimes."

"I don't want to do any killin' of it ean be helped," said the other ruffian. "We kin gag the ooman. But look here, Dick, I don't like doin' the job on that spot. They say Amos is a-walkin' round of a night, and maybe the ghost will appear."

"You're a blasted fool!" cried Dick. "You git to your post, and don't be a sneak!"

They separated, Dick going toward town and the other slouching slowly along in the other direction.

Douce's heart beat like a sledge-hammer. She could not get to town, for the only path was blocked up by the ruffian. She felt sure her parents would be murdered, for she knew that her father would resist to the death. By this time they must be on the way.

Thought after thought surged through her brain as she sat there, when, suddenly remembering the tramp's terror of ghosts, an inspiration came to her.

She knew a short cut to the peddler's tree. In a few minutes she had descended and was gliding through the bushes. No one was at the tree, and she had hidden herself in it when the tramp appeared, looking timidly around him.

He stopped nearly under the branches, and looked down the road. Twilight was approaching into darkness when Douce heard steps approaching, and her father's voice.

She was dressed in white, and taking off her apron, she tied it around her head. As the man was preparing to advance, she uttered an unearthly groan and dropped at his feet.

He gave one look and a screech, and taking to his heels flew like the wind. His companion, who was behind, not knowing what had happened, joined in the flight, and neither of them were seen again.

Douce's explanations were soon made, and her father never wearies of telling the story to every one. He firmly believes that her love of climbing led to something useful after all, though quickness of mind and quiet movements should count for something in the story of that evening.—*M. B. Williams, in Youth's Companion.*

Snow Out West.

"Much snow—much snow out in Minnesota this winter!" he almost yelled in answer to the query—"well, we've had a few flakes, and don't you forget it!"

It was at the Union Depot, and his loud voice soon drew a crowd around him.

"You Michiganders puff up and feel powerful big over a fall of two feet of snow," he went on, "but you are a vain set. Do you know how deep the snow is on the highways in Northern Minnesota? Well, it's about fourteen feet, as near as you can get the figures. That is, it was four weeks ago, and the chances are that another five feet have been added since I left home."

"Must be bad traveling," suggested an Eastern man.

"Probably it would be if anybody tried to travel," was the reply. "We don't go spooning around there in the winter."

"Is twenty feet the deepest snow you've had?"

"Deepest! Who's been talking about deepest? That's what we call a flurry. On the 2d day of January we had nine feet of snow on a level. It then snowed for ninety-eight hours without a stop. When it ceased we had thirty-six feet of snow on the ground. My house was at least fourteen feet below the surface, and no building could be seen in any direction."

"And you dug your way out?"

"I did, eh? What fur?"

"Why, didn't you?"

"No, sir! It was twenty-six days before the snow settled below the tops of the windows, but I was in no hurry."

"Wasn't it lonesome?"

"Lonesome—humph! I had just brought home my second wife, and I had nine children in the house, and if you'd been within a mile and a half of the cabin you'd been dead-beat to know which side to bet your money on! Lonesome! Well, I guess not!—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Looking for Mamma."

Into the Gratiot Avenue Police Station yesterday there came a father leading a little four-year old child. He asked for his wife—inquiring if she had been arrested. The police knew the man well, for he had been there before looking for the woman who was his wife. They did not pity him, for the wife was a morphine eater and a drunkard, but when the little golden-haired child cried in pleading tones:

"Oh! p'ease find my mamma; won't 'ou, p'ease?" the sergeant took the little thing in his arms and declared that he would find that mother and bring her home. Then the abject father, whose spirit seemed to have been all crushed out of him, led the little one away.

Later in the day a patrolman, finding the woman on the street reeling along in a half unconscious way, took her to her home, where the father and little one awaited the coming of her who disgraced the name of mother.

"I tell you," said the patrolman, who related the incident to the reporter, "it was touching to see that little one rush into that drunken thing's arms and call her 'mamma.' I couldn't stand it to hear her laugh and sneer at her husband, who sat crying near the stove, and I left them alone. Just at dark last night I found the little one wondering along Gratiot avenue crying, and I asked her what she was doing. She replied: "I'm a-looking for mamma. She went out again, and papa said he'd kill hisself.' I took her to a neighbor's near her home and left her there for the night," continued the patrolman, "and if I find either the father or mother to-night, I'll club them and 'run them in' if I get bounced for it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Lottery Story.

Some years ago, in Berlin, a poor orphan girl dreamed three times running of a certain number, which appeared to her in luminous figures, while an unearthly voice, repeating over and again, "This number will win the first prize in the Class Lottery," resounded in her mind's ear. She imparted the vision to her guardian, and he repaired to the Royal Lottery office and inquired what had become of the ticket bearing the number in question, receiving answer that it had been disposed of to a well-known lottery agent in Koenigsberg. He forthwith wrote to this person inclosing the price of the ticket and requesting that it should be forwarded to him by return of post. In reply to his application he was informed that that particular ticket had been sold over the counter a day or two before, to whom the agent could not say. He, however, inclosed in his letter another lottery ticket, which he naively recommended as "an excellent and highly-promising number." But the youthful dreamer's guardian, failing to recognize any special merit in the ticket thus urged upon his acceptance, sent it back with peremptory instructions that his money should be returned to him without delay. His vexation may be imagined when, at the next drawing of the State Lottery, the number winning the first prize of $15,000 proved to be not that of which his ward had thrice successively dreamed, but the one he had refused to purchase at the recommendation of the Koenigsberg agent.—*London Telegraph.*

—Discoveries of clear sheet mica have recently been made near Baldy Mountain, twenty miles northwest from Las Vegas, which can be cut in large clear sheets.

—Judge Pardee, of New Haven Conn., sent a man to prison for thirty days because when his wife was about to testify against him he shook his head at her.

GENERAL.

—A feminine debating society, known as the Wranglers, has lately been established in London.

—A negro has been elected a member of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans, recently in convention in Louisville. He is very black, and was given his freedom by Henry Clay for gallant conduct at Buena Vista.

—Ultra fashionable ladies now display a heterogeneous collection of ornaments—bandeaux, necklaces, brooches, rings, chatelaines, gold bands and innumerable bangles, in the shape of bugs, bees, birds and beasts, all glinting and glittering with every kind of jewel known to the lapidary.

—A landlady in Louisville, Ky., was so importunate in her demands that her sick tenant sold his body to a physician for dissection for $16, to be paid the woman provided he died before the end of the month. The *Courier-Journal* says that he is now patiently awaiting death or recovery; but should he linger on and not recover before the time expires, there will no doubt be a lively scene when the monthly gatherer of rent-money calls.

—Austin Moriarty went home to his wife at Putnam, Conn., and said that if he was not mistaken he had on the previous day been married to Phœbe Brown, at Providence. He had a dim recollection of going with some friends to a clergyman's house while drunk, and becoming the bridegroom in a marriage ceremony. His memory proved sound, for an officer soon arrived with a warrant to arrest him, but his wife by strategy enabled him to escape to Canada.

—Mrs. J. J. Astor, of New York, is doing a noble work. She recently sent a party of 100 homeless children, through the Children's Aid Society, to homes in the West and South, at a cost of nearly $1,500. Of these, seventy-six were placed in homes in Kansas, Iowa and Missouri, and twenty-four of the larger boys found employment with Virginia farmers. The total number of children sent by Mrs. Astor through the Society is 813, at a cost of over $11,500.

—The frontier battalion now in Texas consists of five small companies, numbering in all 120 officers and men, and during the last two years they have performed the following services: 1,001 scouts, seven fights with Indians, thirty-one Indian trails followed, five fights with outlaws, 685 fugitives from justice arrested, sixty-seven courts attended by request of civil authorities, sixty-seven jail and other guards furnished, 180 escorts supplied, 152 other assistances to authorities, 1,917 horses and cattle recovered, one Mexican child recovered, and twelve outlaws killed.

—The champion bee-keeper lives, very appropriately, in Beeton, Cal., and bears the not unfamiliar name of Jones. In the year 1879, from 300 colonies of bees he obtained 75,000 pounds of honey, and in 1880, from 400 colonies he obtained 20,000 pounds, worth $2,000, and the latter was a bad year for honey. During the latter year he obtained 600 new colonies from the 400, and commences 1881 with 1,000 colonies of bees, valued at $7,000, independent of the cost of the hives. Mr. Jones says he will clear at least $10,000 this year, unless some unforeseen accident occurs.

—A curious matrimonial agency flourishes in Paris, which not only arranges marriages, but undertakes to make all the necessary visits for the contracting parties. Among its staff are a number of "highly correct gentlemen," who are got up with beard, whiskers, or mustache, to represent as closely as possible the intending bridegroom, and these pay visits, leave cards, and transact all the needful social business of the wedding.

—Vienna physicians have been examining with much interest a three-year-old pair of twins, who are not less of a natural curiosity than the Siamese twins were. From the breast bone down they have but one body; above that they are two wholly separate and complete organisms. They have only two legs and feet, but four arms. The sense of feeling in the upper part is entirely distinct and individual. At the moment of medical inspection, one of the heads looked peevish and occasionally cried on account of a painful tooth, while the other looked fresh and lively, and shouted "Mamma!" The inner arms come in conflict, and cause fights between the twins. Though the pair have one body below the breast, they do not get hungry at the same time. The left foot seems to be connected only with the left hand, and the right foot with the right head. One of the feet was pinched, and only the head on that side cried.

—German physiologists have been experimenting to ascertain the best mode of restoring frozen animal life, and they announce that the hitherto accepted theory that persons who have been exposed too long to extreme cold should not be brought into contact with warmth except by slow degrees is wholly erroneous. Dogs were frozen by artificial applications until breathing and pulsation had almost wholly ceased, and then attempts were made to restore twenty of them in a cold room, twenty in a warm room, and twenty in a bath of warm water. Of the first, fourteen died; of the second, eight; of the last, none. The warm bath brought about restoration in a remarkably short time.

Stock Raising on a Huge Scale.

"Yes," said Uncle Rufus—surnamed Hutch—"I've watered stock in my time, but this is another sort. It waters itself and doubles without watering, and doubles in value as fast as it's issued. I've turned Granger, and gone from raising the stock market to marketing the stock raised. We shall have a stock exchange where it won't cost $30,000 a year for standing room where you have to put your elbows in your pockets. Then we can constantly increase our stock without adding to our capital. Isn't that capital stock?"

All of which is more or less pertinent to the fact that the revered father of puts and calls has become the sponsor for a new company which intends to do a big thing in cattle raising on the plains.

The raising of cattle by private individuals on the plains is estimated to produce an assured profit of 25 to 100 per cent. per annum, and it is claimed that even a greater percentage of profit can be reached with larger capital and larger herds, provided, of course, the management of the company on the spot is in the hands of experienced men who have a direct personal interest in the business and who participate directly in the profits.

The new company met yesterday afternoon at the office of Mr. K. Simon, No. 181 Broadway, to perfect its working details. It has purchased an immense range in Southwestern Kansas, along the line of the Cimmaron River, and in a country that is claimed to have many advantages. Several creeks pass through the range, which is forty miles long by thirty miles wide, and includes 1,200 square miles of all-grass land. There is salt on the land, and the nucleus for a large business already in existence, since Mr. John J. Drew, the Superintendent, has occupied portions of the range for several years, and has 1,800 head of cattle now on the place. He puts in $35,000 of the capital of $250,000, which latter it is not intended, under any circumstances, to increase. The plot of ground lies between the colder ground of Northern Kansas and the dry lands of Texas, and it is claimed that the winter's losses in this district, between the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth parallels, will be less than in any other section of the country this winter.

A gentleman who has recently come from there said yesterday: "The losses in Southern Kansas will not average more than two per cent. for the season from present prospects, while 200 or 300 miles to the north they will reach ten per cent. The losses in average winters in our region have not been over one per cent." Cattle men, however, claim that a straight herd can lose thirty per cent. and still save the herder on his gross work.

During the spring it is intended to run the amount of stock up by purchases for breeding, principally cows with calves by their side, to 15,000 or 20,000 head. By making it a mixed stock and selling the three-year-olds at the end of the season, the company promises to pay a dividend in the fall of ten per cent., and to add about fifteen per cent. per annum to that by natural increase. Enthusiastic cattle men say that the legitimate profits run up to fifty per cent. per annum at the end of ten years.

The new range is within 100 miles of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad at Dodge City, and thence sixteen hours from Kansas City, the market. The ground between the breeding point and the railroad is said to be covered with excellent grass and well watered, so that by slow marches the cattle can be got to market in excellent condition. The present trustees have paid up in cash $125,000, half the capital stock.—*New York Graphic.*

"The Gray Mare Is the Better Horse."

This proverbial saying, instead of being Flemish, is more likely of British origin, and may have taken its rise from the following circumstance: A gentleman having married a lady of considerable beauty and fortune, but whose domineering temper and disregard of marital authority on all occasions made his home wretched, entreated her father to take back his daughter, and her dowry into the bargain. "Pooh, pooh!" said the old gentleman, "you know not the world. All women govern their husbands, and it is easily proved. Harness the five horses in my stable to a cart, in which I will place a basket containing 100 eggs; leave a horse at every house where the husband is master, and an egg only where the wife governs. If you should find your eggs gone before the horses, you will think your case is not so uncommon; but if your horses are disposed of first I will take my daughter home again and you may keep her fortune." At the first house the son-in-law came to he heard the wife, in a shrill and angry voice, bid her husband answer the door; here he left an egg without any inquiry. He visited a second and a third house with the same result. The eggs were nearly all gone when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of position in the county. Having asked for the master, who happened not to be yet stirring, he was ushered into the presence of the lady. Humbly apologizing for the intrusion, he put the question of obedience; and on the lady replying she was proud to obey her husband in all things the husband entered the room and confirmed his wife's words; upon which he was requested to choose which horse he liked. A black gelding struck his fancy, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, as more fit for a side-saddle. Notwithstanding the substantial reasons given why the black horse would be more useful, the wife persisted in her claim for the gray mare. "What!" said she, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, well, my dear," replied the husband; "just as you please, if it must be so." "Oh," quoth the gentleman-carter, "you must now take an egg, and I must take all my horses back again and endeavor to live happily with my wife."—*Notes and Queries.*

A Musical Mouse.

A performance somewhat out of the usual line occurred at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, the other evening. The first notes of the orchestra had scarcely been heard before Mr. Hassler observed a small mouse run out of a hole under the stage into the inclosure where the orchestra was seated. The little animal frisked around, keeping perfect time to the music, and Conductor Hassler found it somewhat difficult to preserve his gravity and direct the orchestra, as his attention was so much occupied by the capers of the mouse. As the last notes were heard it suddenly disappeared in a dark corner, and nothing more was thought of it. As soon as the curtain rose upon the next act the musicians dived down under the stage and proceeded to the music-room. It was noticed that the drummer seemed rather uneasy, and frequently clutched wildly at the leg of his pantaloons. Suddenly he gave a loud yell, and danced across the floor, shaking his trousers vigorously. As he did so a little mouse dropped out and ran under the floor. An attempt was made to secure the miniature musical connoisseur, but it managed to escape.

PITH AND POINT.

—Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched.—*Holmes.*

—"I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely well of his rheumatism?" said a doctor to a fashionable Galveston lady. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be, but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer, if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."—*Galveston News.*

—A countryman from New Hampshire, who had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into a soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop-skirt."—*American Queen.*

—Gulls.—They were watching the sea-gulls whirling in graceful circles above the waters of the bay, while the rays of the sinking sun covered the landscape with a flood of gold. Finally he turned to her, and in a voice trembling with emotion asked: "Darling, if we were sea-gulls would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds, "No, George, I'd let you fly away, and then I'd have all the rest I wanted here."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Now, I tell you, there's nothing particular about me," said the *fat man* by the stove. "I ain't one of those kind who is always finding fault with my victuals and that sort of thing. So long's a meal is well cooked and served hot, and there's enough of it, and it's nice and rich, I'm satisfied, and I don't go growling around the women folks. I'm one of those men who can put up with anything in the shape of eating, as long's it's good and nice."—*Portsmouth Times.*

—The other day one of Westfield's young lawyers had a case on trial before the local court, and the testimony of the opposition being rather uninteresting and monotonous he let his thoughts ramble to pleasanter themes. At any rate that is a fair supposition, for when the other side was through with the witness and the voice of the Judge spoke the lawyer's name, he opened his half-closed eyes with a sudden start and ejaculated, "What did you say, dear?" The Court and witnesses roared, the young limb of the law looked confused, and the jolly Judge remarked that it was not good taste to get the different kinds of courting mixed up, though each was good in its place.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The underground surveyors in the hot Comstock mines, as well as the miners, use respirators filled with ice. The contrivances are made of gauze wire to fit over the face, and a piece of ice put inside the mask keeps the air cool.

—A common process for discovering the presence of vegetable fiber in woolen goods is to take half a dozen sticks of caustic potash and put them into a gill of water, which boil. Put the sample into the boiling solution, and let it remain about twenty minutes, in which time all the animal matter will be dissolved, and that of vegetable origin will remain intact.

—The manufacture of cheap candles from white earth, or terra alba, mixed with a little sugar and glucose, is carried on extensively in New York. A census taker who investigated the confectionery business reports that 75 per cent. of most candies is composed of these substances, and some others, notably "gum drops," contain still less sugar.

—It is reported that a wild plant, which grows so profusely on high lands in Louisiana that the planters have tried for years to exterminate it as a pest, has been discovered to yield a woody fiber closely resembling jute, but of a much finer quality. It is claimed that the process of preparation is very simple, and far less expensive than that of jute or ramie. The planters' name for it is the American or Creole tea plant.

—Prof. Carnelly of Sheffield has shown that liquids can be reduced to a solid or frozen state and still retain their heat. In order to convert a solid into a liquid, the pressure must be above a certain point. As long, therefore, as the necessary pressure is maintained, no amount of heat will liquify it. By observing this law, Prof. Carnelly succeeded in freezing some water in a glass vessel which remained so hot as to burn the hand.

—Some observations made at Giessen last winter by Herr Hoffman throw light on the way in which plants are injured in time of hard frost. The great advantage of a hilly position was then apparent; the plants so situated took little or no harm, while in the valley there was extensive injury. The injury, too, decreased in proportion to elevation above the valley. Still more instructive was the fact that one and the same bush was killed in its foliage on the south side, while on the north side it remained green. The author infers that it is not a particular degree of cold that kills a plant, but the amount of quick thawing.

—The "resonator" is the name given by Signor Baeh to his new invention for increasing the volume and power of the human voice when singing. This appliance is based on the office performed by the hard portion of the palate, which acts as a kind of sounding board when the mouth is open for singing, and it is for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the palate in this respect that the resonator has been designed. It consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth—much in the same way as the gold plate of a set of artificial teeth—the plate having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downward in both directions. A hollow sounding board, as it may be termed, is thus formed, and is said to have a remarkable effect on the volume of sound producible by the person wearing the instrument. It is also stated that the apparatus has no prejudicial effect upon the distinctness of articulation, and that it can be used without the slightest inconvenience after moderate practice.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A TRANSVAAL SONG.

THE MARSEILLAISE OF THE DUTCH BOERS IN THEIR WAR WITH ENGLAND.

[The following verses were recently written by a Transvaal Boer to stimulate his countrymen in their contests against the English forces. They are now sung before going into action. The author's name is unknown. This translation was made from a copy, in Dutch, of the song which has just been received from the Transvaal.]

When came Kleinfontein's bloody day,
In all the fury of the fray
There was one thought that ruled us all,
And that was this—"The foe must fall!"
For all men dearly loved their land,
Not one but scorned the tyrant's hand.
And so our song must ever be,
"We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be."

To yield our freedom is no task,
It is no wonder that we ask
Only what rights to us belong,
Only that tyranny is wrong.
Can we not keep our sad, sore land?
It is not worth a robber's hand.
Yes, yes, we will forever be—
We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be.

This is our own, our darling land.
A farther's wise and careful hand
Made these dear plains a pleasant home,
To which the invader now has come.
But still we hold our precious land,
And all our work but fearless hand
Cry, "Yes, it must be—forever be,
We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be."

The teeming fields our fathers sowed
With tears; their crimson blood that flowed,
Their heavy sighs that move us still,
Shall steel anew our souls until
We clasp each other hand in hand
And cry, "Forever free's our land!
We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be."

The emblem that our fathers gave,
The tree of freemen, not of slave,
Shall never kiss a conquered earth.
'Twill grow and bloom o'er our hearth.
Its roots will make a mighty band
To clasp together all our land,
And then our song shall ever be,
"We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be."

A little while we may be chained,
But hard lost fights may be regained.
The land that smiles may melt in tears,
And tells Natal the tale of years.
But shall we never understand
The fire that Sandlawana fanned?
It meant, "We will forever be—
We will be free,
And on our side the right shall be."
—*Montreal Herald.*

BESSIE'S STORY.

What my own—my true own name may be or may have been, I do not know. I have a fancy, like a dream, that perhaps it has been Adele. And yet I can not say why. My father, the Captain, whose daughter I am by adeption, gave to me the name of Bessie, for his wife, nnd Luna, for the moon. Thus within the log-book it is written Bessie Luna Wray.

Girls that have upon the shore their home can tell to an exactness what age they have and when their birthdays shall be. But for myself, who have only a home upoh the sea, I may know but this—that I have nearly fifteen years of age, "or thereabouts," as the Captain says. I have never known of the birthday—only an anniversary. And when I have forgotten myself of the day of the month on which *that* happens, I obtain the "Petrel's" log-book for the year of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, where I find this of record:

"Journal of hemaphrodite brig 'Petrel,' Wray, master, from San Francisco to Honolulu, Dec. 25, 1861.

"This day begins with clearing weather and light airs from S. E. Middle part of the day wind light and baffling. At 3 p. m. passed a quantity of floating wreck stuff. Moon full at 11 p. m. At 11:30 p. m., lat. by obs. 30 deg. 15 min., hove to, and picked up a boat of French build with 'Toulon' written in pencil on the seat, and a female child about one year old wrapped in a capote such as is worn by the pilots of Dieppe. Got under way at 12 m., course W. b. N. Call the child Bessie Luna Wray. So ends this twenty-four hours."

Such is all I know of my beginning of life—excepting that only for the uncommon brightness of the moon, the lookout had not seen the drifting boat. It is said, in all the books I have read, of the babe who is discovered, that it smiles sweetly in the face of its benefactor. But the Captain tells me often that I rent the air with crying till I was black in the face, until, arriving on the deck of the "Petrel," old Candace, the negress, took me in her embrace. She it was who was stewardess, with her husband Jim (also of color) as cook.

The Captain would at once have had me fed with Port wines, condensed milk, canned soups and like nourishment. But Candace said "no," and gave me of food in small quantities. "Dat ar' little stummick mus'n be filled to depletion," is that which the Captain repeats as her words to him.

Remining on board, she had a care of me for four years. I would not be on the shore for even an hour. I cried bitterly when out of sight of my Captain. Again we had a stewardess who was English, with her husband to cook. She taught me my sewing, and a prayer to say to the good God. But as I became more old in years the Captain gave to me my instruction in books. He learned me of many things useful, and it is said of me that I have a marvelous power to attain in study. At my present age I am thin—*svelte*, as old M. Jacques, the former mate, says—with a complexion of brunette, and eyes and hair which are black. This it is, with the readiness which I had in learning the French language of M. Jacques, which gives me to think that my mother at least was French. The accent and words seemed to always be known to me as of a dream.

But the Cnptain will have it to say that I nm a gift of Christmas from his wife who is with the good God. Be that as it may, I am to him as his very, very own, and he to me as father and mother in one, "the child of his old age," he insists; for though straight and erect as the mast of the "Petrel," he is in age sixty years.

He had provided for me everything of comfort and eleganee that a young girl could wish. For the "Petrel" is a small brig which goes over all the world where a keel may float, in order to trade. It may be to purchase shells in the Indian Ocean, furs in St. Petersburgh, fruits at Hnvana, spices in Ceylon, silks nt Nankin, diamonds or ostrich feathers at Cape Town, knick-knacks in Londqn, or *bijouterie* at Havre—anywhere and everywhere that a bargain may be made, we go. And in every port the ladies of the consignee, or the American consul, will have me at their homes, and are *so* good to me. They take me to the galleries of art and places of interest. I attend the service of the church with them, and at their homes I meet people who are delightful. Thus I have learned to love things which are beautiful, and the Captain is only too willing to get for me what I desire.

But it is in especial of one voyage—the last—of which I have to tell, for it came near to become an adventure. We were bound to Lisbon, seeking a cargo of the light wines for the market of New York, and the Captain had with him for the purchase three thousand dollars in gold. He had shipped for the voyage a different chief mate, nnd also two men of the crew who came on board with him. It happens to me to notice small things, and I remember that I looked with surprise at the familiarity which these common sailors had secretly with the first mate. Old Jacques would hardly have spoken to a sailor even upon the land, except in the way of duty. I had for this Mr. Atkin, as he called himself, a strong dislike. His face had a smooth badness, but he was fluent of tongue, with an appearance of education, and the Cnptain smiled at what he said was childish prejudice. Yet the good God has given me to read the human face, nnd I often have chosen out those from the crew who I felt would make trouble to the officers, and was seldom with mistake.

The second officer was Waters, a man very young but brave and active. He too regarded this Atkin with suspicion. "Tell your father, Miss," he said to me in private, "to keep his weather eye open, and look out for Atkin."

The Captain did but laugh when I told him, and bade me not to trouble my little head with fears. But I found him wntchful in a quiet way after that, though there happened nothing for some time of suspicion.

I find as I copy from my journal that I do not sometimes frame these sentences in the exact order that I read them in books. I can not seem to readily correct myself, ns I have made a peint to put down all the conversation which I remember exactly as it was spoken by those of whom I shall write. It will be a good prnctice for me. I began to keep my journal three years since, with view of having a better command of lnnguage.

We linally made sight of Teneriffe Peak among the Canary Islands. It rises many thousand feet above the sea, and for miles is visible in the clear weather.

That night the winds died nway and we were becalmed, and *so* warm as it was! I could not sleep, and in the first watch—that of the Captain—I went upon deck. Old Dan is a sailor who has been at sea with us a great many years, and the only one that the Captain wishes me to speak with when he is not present.

So after I had chatted with the Cnptain a little, he went forward a moment with a command for the second mate.

"How do you head, Dan?" I asked of him idly.

"Mostly all round the compass, there being no steerage way to spenk of, Miss," he made answer.

I yawned, for I had a strong desire to sleep, yet cared not to go to the elese air of below.

All at once I thought of the life-boat which swings at the "Petrel's" stern, covered with canvas, and how delightful to be in it were it possible. If there came a breath of wind I should feel it there; and remembering that I had seen a torn fore-royal put into the boat a few days previous, I made up my mind what to do. "Look you, Dan," I said, "I am going to sleep in the life-bent till you shall come to the wheel again in the morning watch from twelve till four, and then you can call me."

"Very well, Miss," he made reply, though he regarded me with a little doubt, "only maybe Cap'n Wray wouldn't think—"

"Ho need know nothing of it," I said, with impatience, for I have a will headstrong, which often causes me afterSorrow. And without other words I slipped myself within the boat, pulling the cover in place with care.

"Where is Miss Wray?" I heard the Captain to ask as he came nft a moment after.

"She's turned in, sir," was the answer of Dan.

Then the Cnptain began his walk of the quarter-deck with vain whistlings for the breeze.

But it was charming, laying upon the old sail, listening to the twitter of Mother Cary's chickens and the cool swash of the sea about the rudder.

It is not a wonder, then, that I fell into fast sleep, only to awaken by the bell striking "one, two, three, four," which I knew had the meaning of two o'clock of the morning, and I had some regret at my foolish whim, for it had become quite cool and damp. Yet I knew I might not release myself until four o'clock, when old Dan again had the wheel.

I raised a corner of the cover and peeped out. Spanish Joe stood with one hand upon the wheel, looking sideways in the half darkness of the night. The light from the binnacle was upon his swarthy face with strength, and I told myself, with a little shiver, that it was the face of a brigand, such as I had gazed upon in some gallery of pictures. But figure to yourself my feelings as Mr. Atkin, after listening a moment at the open window of the state-room of the Captain, came directly behind the wheel, nnd seating himself upon the taffrail, so near that I could touch him, began with an absent drumming of his fingers upon the cover of the boat itself!

"Everybody is sound asleep but you and I, Joe," he said, in a half whisper.

"*Bueno*," was the reply of Joe; "an' now s'pose you say what you have think 'bout us try to get dis money you tell us of, eh?"

"Well, Joe," he answers, and you can not imagine to yourself how like oil was his voice, "I've laid the thing out about this way. To-morrow night, when Dan is steering and the Swede on the lookout, we'll give young Waters a little surprise, and when he comes to himself he'll find that his hands are lashed and something over his mouth to keep him from making a noise—savey, Joe?"

I trembled in every limb, and was with a cold perspiration on my face. Had I been one who swoons readily I should have fainted. But at once I recovered myself. "Be brave, Bessie," I repeated to my heart; "it is for the dear Captain's sake."

"Then we'll get the Captain out," the wretch continued, as Spanish Joe made a small nod of the head, "and serve him so, and if the cook, or Dan, or the Swede make a fuss (which they won't dare do) they'll see that the balance of power is with us, for we've got pistol's and they haven't. Eh, Joe?"

"Then w'at?" asked Joe, with much of engerness.

"Why, then," Mr. Atkin goes on with the ease that he would remark upon the weather, "we'll put the long-boat over the side, and politely invite Captain Wray, Miss Wray, Mr. Waters and the cook or one of the men to step in. They can shape their course for the Azores, only thirty miles away, Joe, and we'll shape ours for Europe."

"But will you?". I thought within myself, with my teeth clenched.

"I'll take command, of course," thus the bad man continued; "and when we are near the land we'll rig up the life-boat here"—and he thumped it with his hand—"take some provisions, water *and* the money—"

"One tousan' apiece," breaks in the sailor.

"Take the money," Mr. Atkin went on as if Joe had not interrupted; "and when we get ashore every man will take his share, Joe—and *scatter!*" he said, with a flourish of his fingers.

"But the brig shall find harbor, too—they gives alarm and sends after us," said Joe.

"Not after I have fixed the rudder and taken away the compass, my good Joe," said the smooth Mr. Atkin; "so now you can let Jerry know whnt is expected of him, and to-morrow night—"

He made no finish of his words, though, and, rising, walked slow away.

Ah, how slowly passed the time! but finally, Joe, with yawns, struck the eight bells, and the wheel was relieved by old Dan.

Surely I lost no time in coming from my hiding-place, and sought the Captain, who, without removing his clothing, had reclined himself upon a lounge in the cabin. I revealed to him in whispers that which I had heard.

"My brave little girl!" he said, as I had made an end of my story; but I could not think what there was of bravery in laying *perdu*, and listening to conspirators. Had I not given him counsel, though, I think he would have been for dashing upon the three who thus conspired, and smiting them hip and thigh. But I told him to communicate in secret with Mr. Waters, and they two together might make plans of strategy which would avail without bloodshed; and he did so.

It was unfortunate that the Captain was entirely without firearms of any kind. I think I myself would have dared to use one in such an emergency. But he whispered to me that he had that which should serve the same end; and with a beating heart I awaited the result.

The calm remained into the forenoon of the next day. The sea was like oily glass, without a ripple as far as one could view, and the sun made itself hardly to be endured, so fierce did it beat down upon the scorched deck, in the seams of which the pitch fairly melted. The sails hung without motion against the mast, and the wheel was idle.

With a heart fast beating I followed the Captain, who had told me to be without fear, upon the deck.

"I wish we had a couple of the turtle that are laying round so plenty, asleep on the water, this morning," said the Captain, as if to myself, who stood by him, though in a careless way.

I had no meaning of his words, but Atkin, who was near, looked at the black specks upon the water some distance away, with interest.

"Yes, sir," he made reply, "there's always lots of them about the Azores in calm weather—nice soup they make, too."

"You might take the long boat, if you like, Mr. Atkin," said the Captain with a yawn, as if it had but then occurred to him, "nnd with your watch take two or three—it would be a change from salt beef."

"Very well, sir," Atkin replies; for this man was a lover of nice food—a *gourmand*. "Here, you Joe and Jerry, get the boat over the side."

I began to guess that there was a purpose in this. I saw that the Captain had, under a mask of carelessness, a face of anxiety, nnd that the hand that held his glnsses, with which he viewed the horizon, trembled never so little as he paced backward and forward while the two men were putting over the boat. When nll was ready, Mr. Atkin in the stern-sheets pushed off from the vessel's side.

"Stop a bit!" now called the Captain, as I watched with strong anxiety his fnce. There was a stern ring in his voice which I had seldom heard. And at the same time I saw Mr. Waters, Dan and the Swede come from the cook's gallery with buckets of hot water which they brought to the rail.

"Well?" asked Atkin with inquiry. And he motioned the two men to cease from rowing.

"You see Teneriffe Peak, do you?" again spoke the captain.

"Why, yes, sir," was the answer of Atkin; "what then?"

"Just this," said the captain; "my advice to you, scoundrels, is that you pull your prettiest for the Azore Islands; for while my nnme is Wray not one of you ever shnll set foot again on this brig's deck!"

Ah, then what oaths! what cries of rage! And so desperate was this villain Atkin that he drew a pistol and commanded his men to pull back, which they did with hesitation. But they were scarce within reach when old Dan discharged the contents of his hot-water bucket full at them. I clapped my hands. I could not resist. For Atkin caught enough of it on his neck and shoulder to cause him to fall backward over the thwart with a roar, and by accident discharge his pistol in the air.

Then it was they saw they were entrapped, and pulled hastily away to a distance, where they laid upon their oars with angry words each to the other.

And, oh! how with eagerness we watched for a breeze, which came not until in the late afternoon. But when once more the ripple of the water made around the bows, and the sails swelled out with a wind from the southwest, I breathed with freeness, and we all thanked the good God as we watched the boat of the conspirators to disappear in the distance.

There were left on board, the Captain, Second Mate, two men, the cook and stewardess. And Captain Wray said I should be his Second Mate, Mr. Waters acting as chief officer.

Many times I stood at the wheel for three and fours hours before we reached Lisbon. But the "Petrel," which has but a tonnage of one hundred and sixty, was easily handled, and the good God gave us favoring winds, as also fair weather; so with much fatigue, but otherwise well, we linally reached our port in safety.

The captain sometimes speaks as one who is getting too old for the life of the ocean—in particular of late does he say this. And he has made hints at a home upon the lnnd, with a house which shall look far out over the sea, and be over within the sound of its voice. It may be that after a time, and with him, I should be content thus to live. But as now I regard it with drend. I had somehow dreamed of a continuation of this life which so delights me, and some day to be buried under the blue waves. But we shall see.—*Frank H. Converse, in Wide-Awake.*

The foregoing story is entirely true in all its essential features. I was somewhat acquainted with Miss Wray, and it was with sorrow that in the list of disasters two winters ago I read that the brig "Petrel" was lost in the English Channel, with all on board, in a December gale. F. H. C.

Rescue of Two Drowning Hounds by a Comrade Dog.

A most remarkable illustration of canine intelligence was given the other day by a Newfoundland dog owned by Mr. May, of Livermore. A reverend gentleman, well known for his love of coursing, who witnessed the nffair, described it to a *Chronicle* reporter. It can be accepted as bare fact. Two greyhounds, the Newfoundland dog spoken of and a small terrier were accompanying a party of hunters the other day near Livermore. The hunters had occasion to cross a very wide and rapid creek, and made their way over the torrent on a fallen tree which spanned it. The dogs could not cross in that manner, and plunged into the stream, the greyhounds taking the initiative. The greyhound is peculiarly unlitted for the water, nnd the two dogs in question were unable to make headway across the torrent. One of them was swept down the creek, and the other, having struggled into an eddy, was barely able to hold his own. The predicament was not a pleasant one either for the dogs or the hunters, as the animals were valuable and had just been borrowed from a fond master for a course. In the midst of the excitement, while the hunters were rushing up and down the banks cheering the drowning dogs and trying to extricate them with a pole, the Newfoundland voluntarily plunged into the rescue. Being a powerful animal he could swim almost straight across the torrent, and making direct for the weakest of the hounds, seized him by the collar and carried him to the bank, where several friendly hands were stretched to his assistance. The rescuer then swam back to the other hound and repeated the performance. The intelligent animal had always been noted for his ferocity, and several times his owner had thought of disposing of him in some way. The remarkable exhibition of forethought and bravery so astonished and delighted Mr. May that he vowed that $500 would not buy the intelligent dog. Another and even greater surprise was in store for the hunters, however. The terrier had evidently made up his mind that where the greyhounds could not get through he would have little business. He rushed up and down the bank barking excitedly and making very extravagant demonstrations of his anxiety. The Newfoundland tried several times to lead him into the water by boldly plunging in and wagging his tail in a confident manner, but the terrier only barked the louder and kept further away from the water. At last, disgusted by the timidity of the little cur and tired of the exhibition, the big dog rushed at the alarmed terrier, seized him by the neck and jumped into the torrent with him. The terrier yelled "murder!" and "police!" in the most expletive language known to the canine tongue, until the Newfoundland deposited him safely on the other side. "There isn't money enough in the State to buy that dog," said Mr. May, as the great shaggy beast gamboled up to be patted for his achievement.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Severe Blow to the Fruit Trade.

The ravages of a parasite insect on orange and lemon trees are attracting much attention in Italy and the West Indies, and have begun to create alarm in Florida, Louisiana and California. J. H. Bostwick, Inspector of Customs, who has charge of the fruit department of the New York Custom-house, is taking great interest in the matter, and has some specimens from cargoes of oranges, the rinds of which are covered with incrustations of these parasites. The matter is a serious one, for vast numbers of trees are ruined by these insects. Mr. Bostwick says that the Italian Government has offered a prize of 300,000 francs for an effectual remedy for the pest, and that a wealthy Italian has added 100,000 francs to the offer on his own account. He says that thirty years ago he stopped the ravages of a similar pest by washing the trunks and large limbs of fruit trees with soap and sharp sand. If the trouble continues to increase as it is doing now, the importation of fruit from Italy and the West Indies will be much reduced, and there will be heavy losses in the orange groves of Florida, Louisiana and California. The value of the fruit imports at this port in 1880 was $4,198,737, the duty on which was $746,031.—*New York Tribune.*

—Vice-President Arthur is a widower. His first wife died abrond, and it was while returning with her body to this country that he met the lady whom he made his second wife. She died two or three years ago. Mr. Arthur is to be married to his third choice—a society lady—in a few weeks, and it is said will maintain n handsome establishment at the Capital.

—In a Philadelphia pantomimic play a coach is drawn on the stage by live horses, two wheels come off, and the upset throws the passengers (who are skillful acrobats) into grotesque attitudes in all directions.

Our Young Folks.

THE BABY'S NIGHT-BELL.

Oh, it was funny! Upon my word
The queerest story that ever I heard—
The one that lately to me was told
About a baby just one year old.

It gives a baby a terrible fright
To wake up suddenly in the night;
And what can it do but cry and scream
When it's had such a dreadfully naughty dream!

But this little baby of whom I tell
Reaches over the crib and takes a bell,
Which he rings as loud as ever he can,
Till the mother comes to her little man.

You may be sure that she gives a spring
When she hears the bell go ting-a-ling-ling,
And hugs and kisses away each trace
Of a frown that rests on the baby's face.

Now, I wouldn't believe this story: I couldn't,
If I'd made it up; and I know you wouldn't;
But it's *true*, for 'twas told me not long ago
By the baby's mother, who ought to know.
—*Youth's Companion.*

TROTTY'S MISHAP.

"The baby's dreadful sick, and mother wants you to come quick."

Aunt Rachel put down her sewing, and looked first at little Tom Jackson, who stood in the doorway, all out of breath and much frightened, and then out of the window to her nephew, Trotty, who was busily engaged building a snow man just then.

"Wou't you come?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"I suppose I must—and trust to Providence," replied Aunt Rachel, rising and putting away her work. But, judging from the look of anxiety on her face, her trust in "Providence" was not very secure.

"There is no knowing what he'll take into that head of his to do," she said to herself, as she put ou her bonnet, looking Trottyward.

Aunt Rachel considered all boys as unnecessary evils, and this partienlar speeimen of the species she regarded as one of her grentest means of grace. Not that Trotty wns a particularly bad boy, but he *was* a thorough boy, going from one piece of mischief to another with untiring energy.

Just at present he was stopping with Aunt Rachel. The twins had the measles, the baby was teething, and poor mamma, between them all, was about used up. So Aunt Rachel had benevelently taken Trotty home with her for a visit.

It certainly did seem very inconsiderate in baby Jackson to take this time to fall sick; but, since she had, Aunt Rachel could not in eonscieuce refuse her aid. So, with many a caution to Trotty, who appeared to have not a thought in the world beyond his snow man, and many a foreboding, she set forth.

She had not been gone five minutes before he conceived the brilliant idea of arraying his image in her Sunday bonnet and cloak.

This seeming to him an unusually happy thought, he at once set about putting it into effect, without for a moment stopping to consider whether or not Aunt Rachel would object. "It'll be the funniest thing that ever was," he chuckled to himself as he rushed into the house.

The cloak, he knew, was hanging in the hall closet, the bonnet was in its box on the lower shelf of the china closet.

Alas for Trotty! another unlucky thought occurred to him as he opened that door, and spied on the top itself numerous jars of preserves. Trotty had one weakness, nnd that was plum preserves, particularly Aunt Rachel's, and never in all his life hnd he anything like enough. There stood a large jar of it right in front; did ever anything look more tempting!

Trotty deliberated a minute or two, looked out of the window, down the street. No sign of Aunt Rachel. Then he looked up again, and a minute after he had the big family Bible in the chair, and was climbing up.

He had his hand on the jar, and was slowly working it along to the edge of the shelf, when something happened, he never quite knew what, only down came the preserves, chair, Bible and himself, all in a heap on the floor.

Such a looking child as he was—preserve in his curls, eyes, on his jacket and pants, everywhere but in his mouth, and for the first time in his life he had no desire to have it there. He was very sure, in fact, that he would never want to taste it again, no matter how loug he lived.

But what should he do was the question he asked as he picked himself slowly and sorrowfully up nnd surveyed the scene.

"I—want—to see my mother," he said, with a queer little quiver in his voice.

Then, after another brief survey, he pulled his cap down over his sticky curls, put his hands, likewise sticky, into his pockets, and went straight out of the house, down the street, looking neither to the right nor left.

Mamma had given the twins their supper in the nursery, had undressed baby and was rocking him to sleep when the door opened, and a queer little figure came rushing up to her with outstretched arms.

"I—fought I'd come home," he sobbed.

Mamma put the baby down in the cradle and took the little wanderer up.

"How did you get here, my son?" she asked, helping him off with his boots, and holding his almost frozen little hands and feet in hers.

"I comed myself. I got lost two or free times, and I was awful tired, but I kept a coming, 'cause I wanted you."

Mamma waited in speechless anxiety. What *had* this little son of hers been doing? Had he set fire to Aunt Rachel's house, or what?

"Well, dear, tell mamma all about it," she said at length.

"I made a snow man, an' Aunt Rachel went away, nn' I fought I'd dress it up in her fings, you know; and—I saw the plum preserve—and—I—didn't think to say 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' like you told me to—and I slipped, I guess, and—it—broked and spilled—and I came home to you."

That was Trotty's story, told with many tears. Mamma drew a breath of relief; it was not so bad as it might have been. But, nevertheless, Trotty must not be allowed to view the matter in that light, and for a few minutes mamma was puzzled to know what to do with him.

"I think," she said, after what seemed a long time to Trotty, who was waiting anxiously to know his punishment, "I think my little boy must go right back to Aunt Rachel. Here comes papa, he will take yon."

"Oh!" cried Trotty, in dismay, "I don't want to. You punish me yourself, mamma, harder'n everything."

But mamma was firm. Trotty had disobeyed Aunt Rachel, and to her he must go, confess and submit to whatever punishment she decreed.

It was almost dark when Aunt Rachel found herself at liberty to return home. She looked anxiously all the way up the street, but no Trotty was to be seen anywhere, and her observant eyes took in the fact that the snow man was just where she left it; Trotty having evidently abandoned it immediately. Then she went into the house; all was still and dark.

"Trotty!" she called.

No answer. What had happened to him! But the instant she lighted a lamp she discovered what had taken place.

"Did I ever in all my life!" she exclaimed, indignantly, as she surveyed the ruins. "Of all things in the world, deliver me from a boy!"

Presently she began to wonder where the child was, and she left things as they were to search for him. But no Trotty was to be found anywhere.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, really worried now. "What if he has started home and got lost. I declare I believe I'd forgive him a dozen times over to know he was safe."

Just then the door opened, and there stood somebody of about Trotty's size. For a minute or two he stood hesitating, with downcast eyes; then, very cautiously, he hnzarded a glance up into Aunt Rachel's face, and then—why, he burst into tears! "I'm—sorrier'n anything," he sobbed; "please forgive me."

He looked so pitiful, so frightened, so "sorrier than anything," that Aunt Rachel took him up in her arms and kissed away the tears, kindly assuring him he was forgiven.

"I don't see what makes me do so many naughty things," said Trotty to his mother, as she tucked him into bed that night. "I mean to be real good, and then something comes into my mind, and I does it before I finks, sometimes—and sometimes I *does* link, only I don't hard enough, I guess. I should s'pose I'd learn, cause I have so much tronble and tribilation being naughty. I guess I have learned some to-day, though."—*Kate Sumner, in S. S. Times.*

The Jingling Bells.

How many boys and girls know how the jingling sleigh-bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle; in making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball with the jinglet inside is placed in the mold of the outside and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and mold.

When the mold is taken off, you see a sleigh-bell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be all shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell.

Bragging Boys and Doing Boys.

Have you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now: we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make nn effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief.—*Well Spring.*

—In New York there are about 500 venders of sawdust, having a capital of $200,000 invested, and doing a business amounting to more than $2,000,000 annually. Forty years ago the mills were glad to have sawdust carted away; twenty-five years ago it could be bought for fifty cents a load, but the price has increased, and now it brings $3.50 a load at the mills. It is used at the hotels, eating-houses, groceries, and other business houses. It is wet and spread over floors in order to make the sweeping cleaner work. Plumbers use a great deal about pipes and buildings to deaden walls and floors. Soda-writer men and packers of glass and small articles of every kind use it, and dolls and some living creatures are more or less stuffed with it. Washington market takes two or three loads a day, and a great deal is spread on the piers, and stables require many loads a day. Yellow pine makes the best sawdust, as it is the least dusty, and has a good, healthy smell. But any white wood dust will do. They make a great deal of black walnut sawdust, but it will not sell, and is burned.

—The British colonies that have exhibited the smallest increase between 1873 and 1879 are Tasmania and Western Australia. Neither of them possesses the same great attractions as their neighbors, but both have lately shown signs of more rapid progress. New Zealand, the Britain of the South, shows the most marked increase of population, that having risen from 296,000 in 1873 to nearly 464,000 six years later.

—An Erie Railroad engineer always catches his dinner as he passes his residence in Wellsburg, his wife handing it to him as the train goes by, and she has missed but once during the past eight years.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

The scene between Mahone and Vorhees was what might have been expected by a country debating society, but certainly not in the Senate of the United States.

Mahone and Vorhees ought to be content with the "here." It is, we have no doubt, much more endurable than they will find the "hereafter" to be. "'Tis better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of."

The effort on the part of some parties to keep up factions and to prejudice the President against these who supported General Grant will amount to nothing. General Grant's meetings with the President are entirely pleasant, and he (General Grant) remarked that he never saw a better disposed man than Garfield. It remains with General Garfield to say whether he will have the solid support of the "306" for his administration, as he had the earnest and effective support of the Grant men for his election. The Grant men, so called, have raised no such questions, and in common with all well-meaning and true party men believe in one solid Republican party.

The magnitude of the late census work can scarcely be comprehended. To enumerate in a few days fifty millions of people is in itself a great work, but when you remember that not only is this done, but that everything connected with this population, their business, production and manufactures are given. The improvement, development and resources of the nation given in detail. An advance publication of the work in the census bulletins is given the public as the work goes on towards completion. Of course many inaccuracies and imperfect statements will occur in this advance publication, which will be corrected or explained in the completed work. But there is no doubt that the tenth census, when completed, will be far in advance of its predecessors in illustrating the growth and development of our country's resources. Superintendent Walker has not only improved largely upon the methods previously employed for gathering, collating and comparing the facts in the material history of the Union, but he has also brought around him a most competent and active staff of assistants, experts in every department of statistics and industry, with whose aid he cannot fail to put forth the most intelligent and comprehensive reviews of the particular industries which employ the people, their health, education, and all the essential parts of social statistics, which together make up the life of a nation. The most careful efforts are being made to present, in an exhaustive and intelligent form, all that can be known in regard to the wealth, debt and taxation of the country as a whole, and of its various political divisions taken separately. The chief difficulty so far encountered in this branch of the subject has grown out of the great mass of material which needs to be worked up. No better instance of this, and at the same time of the exhaustive methods resorted to by the bureau to reach positive and instructive results, can be found than in some of the tables already issued by the census department of the "Financial Condition of Cities and Towns of 7,500 Inhabitants and Upwards." Take the case of Massachusetts, which supplies thirty-nine towns of this character. The various exhibits present the date of the reports, the population, the aggregate and per capita assessments, the aggregate tax levy and its per capita and the rate of tax; the debt in all its various classes, such as bonded, floating, per capita, the sinking fund to meet it, and the gross debt less sinking fund; the income from revenue and from loans, with their aggregate; the expenditures, exclusive and inclusive of debt and interest, with its per capita, &c. Exhibit No. 2 analyzes in a most careful way the character of the bonded indebtedness, with the various rates of interest paid, and the several dates of the different loans, and the periods of maturity; while Exhibit No. 3 analyzes in the same careful and elaborate way the receipts and expenditures. Such a system applied to the whole United States will give a body of figures such as the country greatly needs, and certainly does not now possess.

The following letter recently published in the Frederick *Examiner* speaks for itself, and indicates that the movement against the Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore is not confined to a few only. The complaints against the Custom House officials are assuming such a character as to render an investigation necessary for the welfare and honor of the Republican party in Maryland.

"The movement against a further continuance in office of the Surveyor is attracting considerable attention, and the fact is being remarked upon that those most hostile to him are the men who have had the best opportunity of becoming familiar with him, and as each gives his personal experience and relates the indignities and injustice they have received at his hands, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that his reign of brutality and tyrany must come to an end, when the state of affairs are brought to the attention of the President, as they undoubtedly will be and supported by the sworn statements of those making them. In the early stages of the movement for redress at the hands of the authorities at Washington, the Col. professed the utmost indifference, but now that the movement has assumed formidable proportions, and presents a defiant front, he is becoming alarmed and efforts are being made to tone down if possible the bitter feeling of resentment that has naturally followed. The argument used and the one that is supposed will accomplish much, is that if one link is broken in the chain of federal officials now holding office, that no one can forsee the result on the balance. But the men engaged in this movement are not novices in politics, and who that knows the Collector of the Port, shrewd politician that he is, supposes for one instant he would suffer his political interests to become identified with those of the Survey, or whose political following in this State would not make a corporal's guard, and outside of his dependants is absolutely nothing. To you at a distance from Baltimore it might seem impossible that the State of affairs should last so long, and no effort be made by those who have born the yoke to shake off the hand of the tyrant; but you must remember that the hybrid administration which, thank God, is gone never more to return, was a personal one, and those interested had little hope or faith in it. Now that we have a President, a Republican administration and new blood in the departments at Washington, a hearing will be asked for, and no sane man who knows the evidence that will be presented can doubt what the result will be. The men who composes the force of inspectors, weighers, &c., in the different departments that come under the control of the Surveyor, are the representatives of every section of our State, included in their number are men of intelligence and means, men from every avocation in life, men who have stood in solid phalanx to resist the march of Lee's batalliens, men who carry the mark of the rebel bullet and sabre, and men who have worn as high an insignia of rank and of honor as he who has sought to degrade their manhood. Let it be distinctly understood that the movement against him is not that of any clique or faction, in its ranks are Blaine men, Grant men and Sherman men. Neither are they opposing his further continuance in office as the representative of any clique or faction, for to use the language of his now admirers he would be "too heavy a load to carry," for either one. It is simply a revolt against a man who is unfit to have power over men entrusted in his hands. If he must be provided for at the public expense let the administration send him in some capacity to our newly acquired dominions of Alaska, or to some post on the frontier, where his refined and amiable disposition might conciliate the savage, and the Indian problem solved at a great saving to the Government. The Col. was very much disconcerted at the renomination of your present able and worthy representative and it was a severe blow to his little programme that he had arranged, and which I shall endeavor to enlighten you on in the future. Now however that you have succeeded in electing him, I suppose, that true to his selfish instincts, he is loudest in his protestations of devotion to the member elect. Whilst his organ in your city indulges in fulsome flattery, those behind the scenes laugh at the farce being enacted. It has often been a subject of considerable comment whether the clerical force of the Surveyor's department receive compensation from the government for services performed in the discharge of their duty at their station in Baltimore or whether they are paid for spending the principal part of the time in walking about the streets of Frederick, and lounging in the country. Another question in Civil Service reform is how can an employee of the Surveyor's office, go to Frederick and perform clerical duty for the Agricultural Society, at the same time he is being paid for services supposed to be rendered the government. I will tell you in my next all about that conspiracy to defeat Naill and others at the election in 1879.

VERITAS."

Westward the emigrant continues to wend his way. In New York last week 10,031 immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, making a total of 29,708 for the month, against 21,094 in March, 1880. During the quarter 47,543 persons arrived, while the number for the first three months of last year was 31,675.

Prohibition in Maine.

PHILIPPI, W. VA., March 13.

The following letter from General Neal Dow, of Maine, was received by Mr. Edward S. Taft, of this place, one day this week. It places in a very clear light the advantages accruing from the prohibitory law in that State. It is the latest statement on the subject from the pen of Mr. Dow, and will, no doubt, be read with interest by the friends of prohibition in West Virginia:

PORTLAND, March 9th, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—Your note of the 4th inst. is just received, with slip enclosed cut from the Wheeling *Daily Register*, asking for a statement of the actual facts as to the result of the Maine law, that they may be laid before the people of West Virginia.

The *Daily Register* quotes from me the following paragraph, and seems to regard it as proof of the failure of the Maine law to accomplish any good in the way of suppressing the liquor traffic, while I supposed it to be the highest proof of the efficiency of the law:

"Mr. Dow now says of the result:

"'Whiskey in Maine is carried in small bottles in the pockets of the liquor sellers and dealt out upon the sly; it is put into tea-pots, placed upon the kitchen sheif; it is built into the walls of houses, in tin cans, with a small rubber pipe by which to draw it off; it is concealed in bottles in the bed; it is concealed in bottles under the floor, put there through a trap that can only be reached by removing the bed; it is concealed in small flat bottles in the ash pits under the ovens of cooking stoves; it is hidden in wells attached to strings fastened some inches below the surface of the water; it is buried in manure heaps; it is concealed under the floor of the pig-sty; it is hidden away upon the flat roof of the house, access, to it being had only by a ladder through a scuttle; it is hidden in attics, under the floor, and in cellars buried in the earth.'"

Now, that is a fair statement of the present condition of the liquor traffic in Maine; what was it before the law? It is only by looking at this and that that we can learn whether the law has been useful or otherwise.

Before the law, the licensed liquor traffic was everywhere, wholesale and retail, all over the State. Immense quantities of molasses were imported, which was converted into rum at our numerous distilleries, and great quantities of West India rum were imported, also, by the cargo—many cargoes. This molasses and rum were received in exchange for the immense quantities of lumber shipped from the State to West India ports. This lumber business and the molasses and rum business constituted the principal industry of the State, and it was on a very large scale.

Now there is no distillery or brewery or wine factory in the State. They have all been suppressed by the law. We had seven great distilleries, two great breweries, and a wine factory in this city, the distilleries and breweries running night and day. Now we have not one in the State, nor is there a puncheon of rum imported. The liquor consumed in the State is smuggled in small quantities and in small packages, concealed in flour barrels or small boxes, packed in saw dust, chaff, chopped straw, salt, corn or sugar. I have seen it concealed in all of these ways and in many others.

The liquor traffic has been diminished fully nineteen twentieths of its former volume, and the fraction of it left is in the hands of the worst part of our foreign population only, and is carried on upon the sly, in the manner indicated in the slip from the *Register*, which you sent to me. There were in this city, before the law, many establishments, any one of which sold far more liquor than is now sold by all these secret rum-dens. Maine's share of the national drink bill—and we used to consume our full share, and more—would be now about thirteen million dollars. I am confident that half a million will cover the cost of all the liquor smuggled into the State and sold in violation of law. These liquors are smuggled in, concealed in the ways I have mentioned, because officers appointed for the purpose, seize them on sight, wherever found, at railway stations, steamboat landings or elsewhere, if they are supposed to be intended for unlawful sale.

The liquor traffic here, small as it is in amount, is confined entirely to the cities and large towns. It has been suppressed entirely in the small towns, villages and rural districts, because the penalties of the law are sufficient easily to kill off country rumsellers, but more stringent pains and penalties are necessary to exterminate the city rumsellers. These penalties we shall have by and by. Maine saves in cash every year, at least twelve million dollars as the result of the law, and as much more indirectly, which would otherwise be spent, lost and wasted through the liquor traffic.

The Republican party has always, from the first, made the Maine law a chief plank in its platform. For some years the Democratic party favored "license," but for the last few years it has emphatically repudiated license in its State conventions, voting it down by overwhelming majorities, as much as fifteen to one; so that now all parties here accept prohibition as the settled policy of the State, in the highest degree favorable to every legitimate interest of the people. No party in Maine could survive a declaration against prohibition and in favor of license. We have tried both, and know, thoroughly, that the latter breeds poverty, pauperism and every species of misery among the people, while the former promotes industry and economy and thrift, and social peace and quiet and domestic comfort and happiness.

Respectfully,

NEAL DOW.

A Bomb from Hagerstown.

A Democratic newspaper published at the Governor's Hagerstown home, speaking evidently by authority, announces that the assaults on the Governor from ring sources will not, in the slightest degree, cause him to hesitate in doing what he thinks right to be done, and further on says that ring rule and boss rule must come to an end sooner or later; that the bosses' organization is corrupt and week, and that it is only necessary that their own blown up bubble be punctured to disclose how empty it was of any real or substantial thing. It asserts that the Governor in going before the people two years ago, did so with the conviction that the pledges in the party platform would be carried out, and whilst he was enforcing it before the people with his usual earnestness, the managers had already or were fixing up a legislature that would thwart the hopes of all those who were honestly for the platform; that the legislature removed no abuses and corrected no errors and wrongs, and that the bosses, fearing a coming storm, are now busy assailing the Governor, to attract attention in that direction, in order that they may cover themselves from the observation and scrutiny of certain ohioquy. The article does not stop here, but goes into the details. It charges the ring with "wrecking" nearly every branch of the service which they control; that the "oyster navy" is a political machine and a nuisance, used more effectually to control primary meetings than to protect the interests of the poor oystermen; that the canal is made to take part in low machine politics, and that its management has run down to the lowest possible point; that they have despoiled the treasury by applying to illegal purposes the tax levied for the redemption of the debts, necessitating the negotiation of other loans to pay them; that the sinking fund is a wreck, and that the law and the Constitution in this respect were flagrantly outraged; that the last legislature curtailed no expenses, abolished no offices, and that its expenditures were scandalous and a knowledge of their details shocking; that the excesses of the legislature under the management of these men are as bad (though not to the same extent, on account of the want of material) as the worst species of carpet-bag government in the South or Tweed rule in New York; that the legislative printing for the last twelve or thirteen years was between $300,000 and $400,000, before the war it cost only fron $8,000 to $10,000.

The forged Morey letter case will come up in a day or two in New York, when Kenward Philp, Joseph Hart, Louis F. Post and Charles A. Byrne, of the *Truth*, will be discharged, Assistant District Attorney Bell being convinced that the forged letter did not originate in the office of the paper named. O'Brien alias Lindsey, who confessed to perjury, will probably be sent to the state prison; and Henry L. Morey, who swore that he was the uncle of the mythical "H. L. Morey," will probable be discharged, he having confessed and rendered the prosecution service. The question, "Who wrote the Morey letter?" still remains unanswered.

The Democrats kicked Mahone out of the party last fall, and tried by every means in their power to crush him. They did not succeed, and now that Mahone has voted against them, in the Senate, they are horrified at his treachery. And they say he has soiled the honor of Virginia, too. This is really too dreadful. Let Mother Shipton's prophecy be fulfilled at once. With the "honah" of Virginia tarnished, the world might just as well come to an end. There is no further use for it.—*Mountain Echo.*

Wade Hompton is mad as a hornet because Ben Hill is just now a few points ahead of him in making a fool of himself for the benefit of the Republican party. But Wade consoles himself with the thought that the next time he gets a chance to yawp about "the principles of Lee and Jackson," he will show Benjamin what's what.—*Mountain Echo.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Most of the large employers of New York have conceded the demand of the bricklayers from $3 to $3.50 per day, but a few smaller employers continue to hold out.

Michael Herold, of Williamsburg, N. Y., in climbing a fence the other night, had his palm pierced by a nail and hung two hours before relief came. Michael was drunk.

Gloveless hands are the fashion in London, because at a recent reception the Prince of Wales forgot his hand coverings. The snobs took the cue and voted gloves unfashionable.

The two hundred locomotives ordered by the Mexican Narrow Gauge Railroad Company, to be built at the Baldwin works at Philadelphia, involves an expenditure of a million and a-half of dollars.

It is reported that a prize-fight was fought at Mystic Island, near New London, Ct., between Billy Edwards and Mike Donovan, a few days ago and that Donovan was badly beaten in sixteen rounds. Seventy-five or eighty roughs witnessed the mill.

Secretary Blaine has decided not to give letters of instruction to Americans going abroad other than to officers of the government traveling on official business. It has been found that indiscriminate letters of introduction are subject to abuses.

A shoemaker in Broadway, New York, has adopted a novel mode of advertising. A large dog stands in front of his store, holding a basket filled with business cards in his mouth. He can be seen at his post through the whole day, except when he is called into the shop to get his dinner.

The committee appointed by Bishop Potter to investigate the case of ex-"Shepherd" Cowley, who was sent to prison for cruelty to children in his charge, continue to examine witnesses in secret session. The ex-Shepherd, is usually present at the meetings. It is supposed the committee will conclude their investigation early next week.

Miss Minnie Clyde, the handsome leading lady at the Volks' Garden, in New York, who bears an excellent reputation, cowhided a young fellow who had spoken insultingly of her last Tuesday evening. The sympathies of the lookers-on were wholly with the actress.

Testimoney in the suit brought by Mrs. Katharine Chase-Sprague against William Sprague for a divorce will be taken in Waskington early in April before a special commissioner in private session. It is understood that the testimony will only relate to the financial part of the suit, allowances during its continuance, etc.

A soldier from the Dayton, Ohio, Home was discovered head downward, the other day, lodged between the stringers of the Miami Railroad bridge, where he had fallen while attempting to cross. He was released and found not to be seriously injured, but was unable to tell how long he had been suspended in his critical position.

The library of the late Rev. E. H. Chapin will be sold in New York on the 18th of April. It comprises 4,100 titles of rare volumes. It is said that there is no branch of modern thought, whether it be poetry, essay-writing, history, science, theology, or art, which does not find itself represented by famous authors in the best editions and finest bindings.

The story is told of a San Francisco man of sudden wealth, who desired a gallery of family portraits, and supplied the want by buying a lot of old portraits while traveling abroad. He had the noses of all rubbed out, and his family nose, which is peculiar, carefully painted in, thus making the pictures probable.

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, one of the fish commissioners of New York, on Friday and Saturday will give an exhibition in Fulton Market, New York, of all the species of American trout that are found in the streams and lakes between Maine and California. Among the trout exhibited will be one weighing ten pounds.

In a secluded spot called Raven Run, in the Pennsylvania coal regions, there dwells a man who is truly a curiosity. Though a fraction less than four feet in height, he is as bulky as a full grown man, and weighs eighty six pounds. He is in his thirty-second year, and stopped growing many years ago. He earns his living by dress-making, but has to stand on a chair while taking the measurements of his customers, and professes to be a jack of all trades.

The town council of Bottstein, Canton Argovie, Switzerland, deny sending an insane girl to America, but there is no denial of the fact that the authorities of that town recently shipped two disreputable females to New York. This fact is admitted by the people, and even by some of the officials, who, with cool impudence, say they see no harm in sending such people to the United States.

At a Land League meeting at Dublin on Tuesday, the subscriptions received during the week were announced as a amounting to £2,399, all but £100 being from America. Mr. Dillon stated that the organization was spreading rapidly, and that there was now a larger number of strikes against the payment of rent than at any previous time.

On Tuesday last, Edward Thode, a wealthy citizen of Galena, Illinois, died suddenly of apoplexy. The next day his niece died. A week previously, a sister of Mr. Thode and mother of his niece, was carried to the grave, and another sister who had come to Galena to attend the funeral, was recalled to her home at Omaha by a telegraphic message announcing that her husband had met with a dangerous accident.

Wm. Cullen and Ann Collins, of Brooklyn, wanted to get married, but were too poor to set up housekeeping; so they concocted a scheme to steal two children, and get the reward which would probably be offered for their recovery. A part of their plan miscarried. They stole two little girls, but before they could secrete them were arrested and locked up.

The great astromical event of the present month is the twenty-year conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn on the morning of the 22d. The planets will be too close to the sun to be visible to the naked eye. Around this conjunction the astrologers have clustered their worst prophesies; but the astronomers, however, take a purely mathematical pleasure in the conjunction.

Ralph Gibbons, 38 years old, a mining boss at Centralia, Columbia county, Pa., died at the Pennsylvania Hospital, last Tuesday, from injuries which he claimed were inflicted, with homicidal intent, by a band of coal miners, who waylaid him one night last August, and, after beating him, threw him down the shaft of a coal pit. Thinking to finish their work, they fiendishly fired a number of revolver shots after him. The matter will be investigated.

Mrs. Polly Haskins, accused of poisoning her husband, was acquitted at Delhi, N. Y., on Wednesday, it being in evidence that he was a perjurer, a forger and a suicide. When the verdict was rendered the prisoner burst into tears, and threw her arms around her little daughter sitting by her side and kissed her. Her counsel shook her hand in congratulation, and her sisters embraced her, while the tears ran down their cheeks. Many of the audience also wept.

Several Months ago, a Newark gentleman bought a pair of prairie dogs in Colorado, and last December decided to give them their customary winter sleep under ground. He had a deep hole excavated, and, placing the dogs therein in a box, he shovelled in the earth until the box was buried several feet. On Tuesday last, the box was dug up, and the dogs were found close together in a sound sleep. They were taken into the house, quickly regaining consciousness, and frisked about like kittens.

A one hundred-year old negress died suddenly, to all appearances, in Pointe Coupee parish, La., a short while ago, but in the midst of preparations for her burial she revived again and seemed as well as ever. This circumstance has created a frenzy of excitement among all the negroes of the district who firmly believe that the old woman was really dead and has come to life again, and that she can, in consequence, cure the lame, sick and blind and perform all kinds of miracles.

A woman named Mrs. Stephen Cantine, who recently lived at Mackey's Corners, Schoharie county, New York, recently related to a reporter of the New York *Sun* the story of an outrage perpetrated upon herself and husband by a gang of masked men. On the night of the 9th instant they were taken from bed and stripped and tarred and feathered, it is understood because of a report that Mrs. Cantine has another husband living. Seven parties were arrested, and four convicted and fined $20 each.

A man lying on the floor in a filthy basement in Monroe street, New York, in the last stages of delirium tremens, surrounded by three famishing children, was the sight which met the gaze of a policeman on Thursday night. The man was sent to the hospital to die, and the children were cared for by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The mother was sent to the hospital last week suffering from delirum tremens.

Gov. Churchill, of Arkansas, is charged with having embezzled $47,000 while he was state treasurer. The Governor says that the alleged deficit is simply the result of a clerical error, as a rigid examination of the books will disclose. He says, further, that he courts the fullest inquiry into his official conduct while treasurer, and has demanded the investigation not only to set himself in a proper light before the people, but also to protect the fair name of the State.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Died. at Deer Park, Friday morning, April 1, 1881, James Gleeson, aged 15 years.

—E. R. Browning, Esq., has removed from near Oakland to his steam mill on Deep Creek.

—Mr. J. N. Erwin, called to see us on Saturday and gave us a word of encouragement.

—Joseph white, of Glade Valley, is assisting his brother, S. D. White, in the milling business at Crane's Mill.

—The mercury at this place registered, Tuesday morning, 3° below zero, and 9° below Wednesday morning.

—Died, near Wilt's Store, Preston county, W. Va., April 2d, 1881, Anzina Caroline, wife of J. Frank Mosser, aged 24 years, 5 months and 7 days.

—Married, May 17th, 1881, by the Rev. Merrill, A. P. Beachy, of West Salisbury, Pa., to Matilda Yoder. The groom's age 54 years; the bride's 22.

—A valuable horse belonging to Hugh Moore, Esq., ran away one day last week and broke his leg, and had to be shot. This is quite a loss to Mr. M., as it was the only work horse he owned.

—Married, Monday, April 4, 1881, at the residence of H. W. Hessen, by Rev. J. S. Lefevre, Lewis Werner, of Ogden Center, Michigan, to M. C. Upperman, of Oakland, Md.

—The cry from all over the county is a scarcity of provender. We are credibly informed that John Garrett lost 7 head of cattle from want of feed; also Isaac Male 6 or 8 head of sheep and a steer.

—A series of services and sermons will be commenced at Deer Park on Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Services each evening during the week. Confirmation and Communion will be attended to and administered on Easter Sunday.

—Mr. E. D. Kepner takes this method of announcing to his former customers and friends that he has resumed the boot and shoemaking business, at the old stand, on Alder Street, where he would be pleased to have them call. Mending a specialty.

—We repeat for the benefit of our readers that communications will not be published, unless accompanied by the writers name, not necessarily for publication, but as guaranty of good faith on the part of the writer; nor will communications of a personal character be published.

—The regular appeal and transfer term of the County Commissioners was held this week, with a full board present, and as usual attracted quite a number of the citizens throughout the county to town. A full report of the proceedings will be given in our next issue.

—The Garrett Literary Society meets this (Saturday) evening. The following is the program: Selection, T. Delawder; Declamation, Harry Loar; Essay, F. P. Arnold; Selection, A. B. Woodcock; Essay, W. P. Townshend; Declamation, Chas. Boyer; Essay, J. T. Mitchell.

—Rev. Baumgardner, of Deer Park Circuit, M. E. Church, has just closed a two weeks' meeting at Little England appointment. He reports 11 conversions and 13 accessions to the church. This closes his special meetings for the season with 47 accessions to the church, 15 reclamations and 28 conversions in all.

—Mr. John L. Browning lost a valuable 3-year old steer and a fresh milch cow on Saturday last. The steer in some way hung himself in the straw rick, and his carcass was hauled out into the meadow. The other cattle collected about it, and, becoming excited or infuriated, set upon the cow and killed her. His loss is $75.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching Confirmation and Communion Sunday morning.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Our Lady Friends.

Ehricks' Fashion Quarterly is like the swallows; its coming proves that Spring is here in earnest, and that the dreadful winter of 80-81 has at length receded into the past, to furnish forth a fruitful theme for fireside discussion on a future winter night. The Fashion Quarterly, as usual, is full of information for the fair. It tells them what to buy and how to get it; what styles have gone out of fashion, and what are coming into vogue: and its copious descriptions and price lists will enable its readers to practice a wise economy, by foreseeing, and providing for, every item of the season's necessities. A strictly novel feature of the present number is the system of Ladies' unmade dresses: which is intended to enable a lady to secure the most fashionable goods and patterns, without being subjected to the charges of a New York dressmaker. Under this system, the Ehricks' furnish the materials and patterns of the various costumes illustrated in their journal, for a fixed price; sending not only the dress goods, but the lining, trimming, buttons, sewing silk, and, in short, everything but the needle and thread. The economy of this system is evident, and it is safe to predict for it an immense success. The Fashion Quarterly is published by Ehrich Brothers, Eighth Avenue, New York, at 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a copy.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 5:

T. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, trustees, to Jacob L. Hauser, 218 acres of land in Garrett county; $1,500.

Thos. Coddington, late Sheriff, to Edmund Jamison, a piece of land in the town of Deer Park.

Edmund Jamison to Henrietta Lashorn, a piece of land in the town of Deer Park; $25.

Jacob Hauser and wife to William Haun, 156¼ acres of land; $1,020.

Patrick H. Mason to James R. Bishop, 1 4-5 acres of ground called the Herring Lot; $100.

Jos. R. Andersen and wife to Henry Paugh, military lot No. 1975; $350.

Beckwith A. Shrout and wife to James E. B. Shreut, lot No. 491; $100.

T. B. Philpot and wife to Joel T. Ward, lot No. 11 in subdivision of lot No. 57 in Wilson's Addition to Oakland; $75.

Rebecca A. Tyson and others to Mary F. Goldsborough, a lot of land situated in the town of Oakland; $2,500.

Geo. P. Thistle and others to Henry Spiker, 13 acres of land in Garrett county; $300.

Chas. J. Nine and wife to Thos. B. Arnold and John A. Arnold, part of Elk Garden, containing 10 acres; $150.

Manor Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company to School Commissioners of Garrett county, ¼ acre of land in Garrett county; $1.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to School Commissioners of Garrett Co., ¼ acre of land in Garrett county; $5.

Jos. R. Andersen and wife to Elias Merrill, 89¾ acres of land in Garrett county; $519.

J. P. Davidson and wife to W. Y. Waltz, 115¼ acres of land in Garrett county; $500.

Pine Swamp School.

Saturday evening witnessed the closing exercises of the Pine Swamp School, and despite the inclemency of the weather, a respectable and respectful audience favored us with their presence.

It would, perhaps, be improper for me to lavish praise upon my pupils, and needlessly crowd your space. Suffice it to say that I challenge any school in Garrett county to produce a class that can give a better rendering, in concert, of Poe's popular poem, "The Bells," and Hood's "Robin, the Miller."

I take the liberty to subjoin two pieces, as follows:

SALUTATORY—SCHOOL DAYS GONE BY.

MISS ZOURI O. FALKENSTINE.

For six long months we've gathered here,
As pupils of this school,
We've filled our places, done our tasks,
Obeyed our teacher's rule.

Our days in school were pleasant ones,
With motto try and try,
But all those days are ended now,
And numbered as gone by.

All's hushed and still where once rang out
The jubilant shout of youths at play,
And as we pass this dreary spot,
We'll think of all that's passed away.

No more we'll hear our teacher's voice,
That was so kind and full of cheer;
But may his paths be strewn with flowers,
With present joys, his future clear.

His earnest efforts to instruct,
With grateful hearts we would requite,
And tender him our best regards,
While friendship's link our hearts unite.

When first we met 'twas our intent,
To work as friends in peace together;
But, love hath woven us a chain
That rolling years will fail to sever.

Life bears us on, we must not stay
And ponder on those pleasures past,
For soon shall come that closing day,
Of days on earth, which is the last.

What lies before us is unknown;
We cannot lift the misty veil;
Death soon may rob us of our all,
And we his victims shall bewail.

Then let us make our pathway straight,
Improve the present while we may,
And strive to gain that happy fate,
And meet in that eternal day.

At the close of day the shades of evening came trooping around us, darkness settles down upon the earth, the fair face of nature is mantled in gloom, and the busy world is lulled to quiet and rest; but soon the gloaming is born into the glory of night, and the bright, twinkling stars shine out all over the heavens.

Just so at the close of school, as the king of our educational day leaves us—when teacher and pupils must separate, though the parting be a sad occasion, yet we, as pupils, will try to appear as bright, as cheerful and as joyous as youth and childhood only can be. Our aims are higher than the arching skies; our destiny grander than the stars. They may cease to shine, for

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

The stars may grow dim, and their fires be extinguished; but the glow of the immortal spirit will brighten forever and ever.

You are greater, we are greater than the stars. We welcome you, one and all, old and young. We are children of the same Heavenly Father. We want a latitude of thought as broad as space, and a longitude of thought as long as eternity. Heaven opens above us, and the earth is spread out at our feet. Both are ours to enjoy. Let no one view us with contempt while we seek to move on in the shining orbits of knowledge and truth. But rather let every immortal mind—bright with thoughts for God, humanity and truth—strive in peace and harmony to circle thro' the realms of duty, until the light of noble deeds dies in the heaven of our imagination and hope, where no night cometh and the sunlight of love divine glows eternal.

I must again thank the patrons for lively interest manifested in school work. Stand by the school, parents. "Let your sons and daughters go up higher," that they may "rise up and call you blessed."

Respectfully reported,
A. W. FREDERICK.

The Old Braddock Road.

GRANTSVILLE, April 1st, 1881.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN: — After thanking you for publishing a former letter on the old Braddock road. We will now send a second one for publication.

We will start at the Little Crossing, where we left off before; but before we cross the river we will take the reader up stream about a half mile. Here at the the head of the mill dam is still every evidence of a bridge or place of crossing at one time, from the fact that the stone abutments are yet plainly to be seen, about fifty years ago there was found here a cooking vessel by a party of young men who were on a fishing excursion. One of the party still lives in Garrett county, now an old man, and whose word can be taken for truth in any matter. He says the kettle was very much rusted, and would contain ten or twelve gallons. This was evidently used for cooking purposes by either Washington or Braddock. We will now cross the river about a hundred yards above the stone bridge of the National Road. Here we start up ascending ground, through the farm of Henry Wagner, and on till we come to another once famous place. This property was once owned by the late Shultz family, and others who were still before them. W. C. Broadwater is the present owner. It is a splendid property and "King Billy" knows how to run a farm. We now cross the Oakland or Glade road and through the farm of N. Slicer till we come to where old or first Grantsville was located. Here the writer attended Sunday School nearly fifty years ago. Here, too, is the burying ground of the town and neighborhood. We will now go on down Shade hill, and cross Shade run, and ascend the hill on the West side till we come to the old Thistle farm. We pass through this farm near the middle and close by the residence of the present owner, Mr. Henry Miller. We will now ascend Negro Mountain, Nearly half way up we cross to the North side of the National Road. Right here was a noted place for rattlesnakes when the National Road was made, and this spur of the mountain is still known as Snake Hill. We now travel on a little North of the old Haideman and Shultz taverns, both of them well known in days gone by. We now descend the west side till we come to the residence of the venerable Esquire Butler. Here we cross to the South of the National Road again, and Pursley run. We cross Pursley and ascend Keyser's Ridge to another memorable old place. Here for many years lived James Steddard, afterwards owned by Truman Fairall, and now in possession of Henry Miller. We now go over this broad ridge and on down the West side to the once famous hotel property now owned by D. Beachly.

And now, Mr. Editor, we are within a mile or so of Mason and Dixon's Line, at winding Ridge. We will stop at this point, hoping that the readers of the REPUBLICAN will make due allowance towards the writer, when they come to know that the two Braddock Road Communications were the first ever tried by the writer.

With high regards,

A READER OF THE REPUBLICAN.

Carpets! Carpets!

The largest, finest and cheapest lot of carpets ever brought to Oakland. Come and see matting from 15 cents up, ingrain carpets from 22 to 58 cts., all-wool from 75 cts. to $1, Brussels from $1 to $1.30. Do not forget the place—at John Shatzer's Furniture Store. 492

MARYLAND NEWS.

Projects are on foot in Frederick for a car factory and a shoe factory, in that city.

The business men of Denton are about organizing a national bank to be located in that place.

The sale ordered by the receiver of Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, took place on the 6th of April.

A Cecil county farmer last week on opening his potato pit found, out of 1,200 bushels put away last fall, he had 1,000 bushels ruined by freezing.

George Ross, an idiotic white boy, who has been in the Easton almshouse for ten years, was burned recently by falling upon a stove in an epileptic fit, causing death a few days afterwards.

James Ewing, of Cecil county, died suddenly on the 31st ult., of apoplexy, while waiting for a train, at Liberty Grove. He was in the 88th year of his age.

Elk river is infested by a gang of thieves, who are in the habit of stealing fish from the nets of the fishermen, but also steal the lead from the sinkboxes of the gunners.

On the 28th instant John Luman, a hand in the ore mines at Catoctin Furnace, was killed on the track. He was struck by the cars decending the grade before he had time to get out of the way.

The steamer Tangier ran into the pungy Dodger on Tuesday night near the wharf at Crisfield, and damaged her to the extent of $50. There was no light on the pungy and no one on board; hence the accident.

The largest score ever made by a duck shooter on the Havre de Grace flats with a single gun was that of William H. Dobson on the opening day of last season. He killed 501 ducks with a double-barrelled breech-loader.

It is reported at Cambridge that a steamer from Baltimore has been chartered to run on the Little Choptank route, and that she will be commanded by Capt. Samuel Travers, now of the oyster police navy.

An ex-member of Congress and a prominent lawyer of Princess Anne was seen spinning tops with the boys in the streets. He said he had not spun a top for sixty years, but he could beat all the youngsters at it.

At a competative examination for a free scholarship in St. John's College from Baltimore county, held recently, Allen S. Will, son of Mr. Wm. R. Will, at one time a teacher in St. George's county, was the successful candidate.

The wheat prospects in Caroline county are not so promising as they were last spring. On the low land much of it is still under water, and will be perhaps, a total loss. On other soils it has been damaged by freezing and thawing, which has broken the roots, and thus left it to perish from want of nourishment. The reports from Talbot are rather more favorable, though not equal to the prospects at this time last year.

James Chambers, a breakman on the Delaware Railroad, who was recently killed near Clayton, Delaware, was a native of Elkton, though he resided with his mother in Wilmington. She has been singularly unfortunate, having now only one child left, out of an interesting family of five.

The body found drowned last week in Bennet's Creek proved to be that of Charles Atkins, who during the war was a member of the Seventh Maryland Regiment. He had been in Frederic on business regarding his pension, and it is supposed fell into the swollen creek while on his way heme.

The artesian well at Oxford, Talbot county, having struck a stratum of rock 260 feet below the surface, dynamite was used on Friday last with perfect success in perforating the rock. The explosion was effected by electricity, and the water spouted up ten feet high. The work is being done by the Leach Brothers for the Chesapeake and Delaware Railway.

Very recently it was discovered that a note for $500 discounted last November by the Easton National Bank was a forgery. It bore the names of George T. Purvis, Frank Wright, John Coppage, Samuel W. Walls and John E. Chance. A warrant was issued for the arrest of George T. Purvis, and he was captured after a fruitless attempt to escape and lodged in jail at Centreville on the 24th inst.

On the 25th ult. a boy seven years old, while playing in a batteau near the landing on Piney creek, near the Elk river, fell into the water and was drowned. His grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Keathley, was at work near, but never missed the child till he was ready to go home in the evening. The body of the boy was found near an oar, which was sticking in the mud near where he was playing.

Michael Newcomer, an aged resident of Beaver Creek district, Washington county, died on Saturday evening in the eighty-second year of his age. He was, in his time, an influential politician, and filled several responsible offices; among the rest, he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention and represented his district in the legislature. He leaves eight children, three of whom are married and five single.

The St. Michael's *Comet* corrects a report that was lately circulated by stating that "Solomon Holland only went into winter quarters, it seems, and has now been resuscitated from his state of torpor, and like the spring frog warbleth forth his song of deliverance. Solomon is in Baltimore, and the papers which reported his freezing-to-death process were in error. The idea of 'shuffling off this mortal coil' has not yet disturbed the mind of this relic of bygone days."

On Monday morning the dead body of Solomon Reese, an old resident of Cumberland, was found on the Little Valley Road, near a lime-kiln. He had apparently sat down to rest and then dropped dead. Persons passing the spot the previous evening saw him lying prostrate, but supposing it was a drunken man, paid no attention. There is no suspicion of foul play. The deceased was a farm hand, about 60 years old, and leaves a wife and child at home, and several others who are married.

Young Ford Combs, a son of R. C. Combs, of Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, had a narrow escape on the 25th ult. while on a ducking expedition in the bay. He was in a boat with his cousin, Willie Combs, when he noticed the gun lying in the bottom of the boat at full cock and the muzzle pointing at him. Ford told his cousin, and while the latter was changing its position, the lead was discharged. A dozen of the shot struck Ford, knocking him overboard. His injuries were not serious, and he regained the boat with the loss of his gun.

Captain Donaldson, Superintendent of the Antietam National Cemetery, was recently written to by a lady living in Denver, Colorado, inquireing whether her brother, Marcus J. Pardee, of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, was interred in that cemetery. By referring to the records, he was able to answer her in the affirmative, and give the number of the grave which her brother's remains occupy. The Sharpsburg *Enterprise*, in mentioning the above instance, states that there are seventy-nine national cemeteries, under the care of governmedt officers, in which repose the remains of the brave men who died in defence of their country, and that the names of every occupant, as far as they could be ascertained at the time of burial, are recorded. These cemeteries are kept with care and tastefully ornamented, befitting the places where slumber the nation's dead.

Miss Louise Montague, a variety actress, who has been recently playing an engagement at a Philadelphia theatre, has been awarded the prize of $10,000 offered by Adam Forepaugh, the veteran showman, for the services of "the handsomest lady in the land," to personate Lalla Rookh in the gorgeous pageant which is to form a conspicuous feature of his street procession every day. Miss Montague was selected out of some three or four thousand applicants, many of whom were very beautiful. In making his choice Mr. Forepaugh's representative was guided largely by other considerations than those of beauty alone. Besides a pretty face, they included a symmetrical and graceful figure, respectability and intelligence. Miss Montague is a native of New York city, and 21 years of age.

It is a curious fact that, according to the census returns, the average intelligence of the inhabitants of California and Colorado is greater than that of any other States in the Union. In Colorado graduates of Eastern colleges are found in almost ever position in life. The former president of a business college in Kansas drives a coal cart in Denver. A graduate of Yale, of the class of 68, and afterward, for two years, a professor in Cornell University, is pastry cook in a hotel in one of the mining towns, while the dish-washer in the same hotel belongs to the bar of the Supreme Court of New York. All of them are waiting, like Micawber, for something better to turn up.

The fruit growers along the valley of the Hudson river, who have within the last five years planted not less than six million peach trees, are recovering from their scare about frozen buds, and now anticipate a fair crop. Thousands of young trees will bear for the first time, and make up for the orchards that have been damaged by the severity of the winter. The strawberry plants have been benefited by the deep snows sheltering them from the cold, and the prospect for a large crop is very promishing. The other kinds of small fruit promise to reach their usual quality and quantity.

The man who committed suicide at Pepper's Hotel on Saturday, and who was supposed to be J. R. Ames, of Pittsburg, Pa., was identified by John M. Cook, of Hagerstown. A satchel was found in Washington, left there by him, and inside was the name John M. Cook. Mr. D. R. Thurston, bookkeeper at G. S. Griffith & Co.'s, also identified the body. The brother of the suicide, L. M. Cook, employed in the Treasury Department at Washington, was notified, and arrived and fully identified the remains.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR RENT.

The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

49tf E. D. KEPNER.

ORDER NISI,

Charles Fike and others vs. Norman Fike and others.

No. 201 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this Fifth day of April A. D. 1881, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of May, A. D. 1881. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the second day of May A. D. 1881.

The report states the amount of sale to be three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars ($3,750.00.)

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
493 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BANCORD,
PETER J. STEPHEN.

3t95

THE FATE OF FIFTY GAMBLERS.

A Remarkable Story Concerning the Rescue of Vicksburg from Cut-throats.

It is because I was in Vicksburg when the event which I am about to describe occurred that I am able to give the exact facts of what was the most exciting epoch in the history of that city up to the war. This occurrence, I believe, has never been described—at least I have never seen it—and it furnishes perhaps better than anything else an idea of the state of society as it existed at that period in the wild Southwest. On the Fourth of July, 1835, there was a grand celebration in honor of the national holiday. The town was gayly decorated, bands were on the streets, and there were evidences on every hand that the day was one of general rejoicing. A barbecue—a favorite feature of the Fourth of July celebrations in the South—was the event of the day, and to this everybody was invited. For the time the utmost good feeling reigned. Even the vengeance sworn against the gamblers was forgotten, or, if not forgotten, at least suspended. Eminent speakers had been invited from other States, and among those there on that day were Alexander McClung, of Kentucky, with Foote and Prentiss and others equally well-known in that day, if not so well remembered in this. One table had been reserved for invited guests and the other eminent persons present, and at this were seated some thirty-five or forty men. In such a mixed assemblage as the barbecue attracted there was not unnaturally a large number of gamblers—professional gamblers—of whom it was estimated there were not less than 250 in the city at the time. These gamblers had their headquarters in a colony of their own, or rather in three houses, known as the "Kangaroos, Nos. 1, 2 and 3." With them were associated the most abandoned wretches of both sexes to be found in the whole Southwest. Some of the notorious among these gamblers were known in every State along the Mississippi, among them being George Blackburn, Frank Cabler, Bill Esken, Alexander McCoy, Jim Hood and Tom Carr. The military had turned out and were under arms as part of the attractions of the day. While the speech-making was going on the gambler Blackburn, who was present in company with Cabler, his partner, both being seated at a table apart from the speakers, began an interruption, Blackburn remarking that he was "going to have some fun, if he cleaned out the whole table." Somebody shouted to Blackburn to sit down and not cause a disturbance. It was no use. He was bound, he said, to start the fun, and, so saying, he jumped on the table.

THE FUN STARTED IN EARNEST.

As he did so several of the soldiers jumped from the table where they were sitting and demanded that he sit down. Blackburn refused and defied them. Presenting their guns, the soldiers jammed them against Blackburn and pushed him off the table. He struggled fiercely, but was finally overpowered and cut in the struggle. Cabler, who attempted to assist him, was also mastered. Both men, bleeding, but still defiant, were then bound, a canoe was got, and they were placed in it and pushed from the shore. In another moment they were floating down the Mississippi, being rescued by their fellows some half mile below. The gamblers were furious and threatened revenge, making no secret of the threat that they would burn the town down during the night. The barbecue broke up. It was known, everybody felt, that the gamblers meant business and that the lives and property of all respectable people were in the most imminent danger when night came. Nobody thought of anything but safety, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Citizens everywhere were seen arming themselves to await the struggle that all felt was at hand. In the midst of all the commotion, however, there were some people who did not lose their heads. One of these was Dr. William Bodley, of Kentucky. He quietly selected a number of men, formed them into a vigilance committee and placed himself at their head. This done, the vigilance committee assumed the offensive and sent word to the gamblers that they only had five hours to leave Vicksburg or ——! Many of them did so. But in the meantime five gamblers were not idle. They were North, Helms, Dutch Bill Haines, John A. Murrell and another man whose name I have forgotten. These men had gathered at North's gambling rooms, near the river. Here they barricaded themselves, and at the command to leave, swore that they would not move and would kill any man who interfered with them. Dr. Bodley, hearing of this, went down to North's place, as he said, to make one last effort to convince them of the folly of resisting the people. He made his last effort—he had hardly got within speaking distance when a shot from one of the gamblers was fired and Dr. Bodley fell dead in his tracks. He never breathed again. The result may be imagined. The peace-loving citizens, who but an hour before were simply bent on self-protection, were transformed for the time into a blood-thirsty mob, and reckless of danger they charged on the house, and breaking down the barricades captured the five gamblers.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

The "Kangaroos" were separated from the city by a bayou, which was crossed by a wooden structure known by the suggestive name of the "Bridge of Sighs." Across this the now frenzied people hurried the captive gamblers. On the other side trees were selected, and in less than an hour after the murder of Dr. Bodley the five gamblers were swinging by the necks, dead. But this was not the end; it was only the beginning of the terrible retribution to be exacted. The mob advanced on the three houses known as the "Kangaroos" and found that there were still many of the gamblers who had not taken flight while there was yet time. These were seized, some of them shot down, others driven into the river, and two of them taken by the mob and thrown from the "Bridge of Sighs" into the stagnant waters of the bayou far below. For over an hour this terrible scene continued, before the vengeance of the mob was satisfied and their work considered done. How many men perished that night will never be known, but I have heard of between fifty and sixty who were at "the Kangaroos" on the Fourth of July, and who were never heard of afterward. The bodies of the five gamblers who were hanged were kept swinging for two days, a guard standing by with orders to shoot down anyone who should attempt to remove them. Nor were the people of Vicksburg even then satisfied. They followed the most notorious of the gamblers into adjoining States, and more than one fell a victim to their vengeance. But they did their work thoroughly—they rescued their town from the domination of the cut-throats who had ruled it, and thereafter Vicksburg was never called, as she had been before that memorable Fourth of July, "the gambler's paradise."—*J. H. Greene, in the Philadelphia Times.*

The Strange Story of Eccentric Mr. Howe.

Mysterious disappearances are as common now as they ever were, but there has never been one more mysterious or fantastic than that which is known as the Howe case.

About 1706 there lived in London one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of £700 or £800 per annum. He married a young lady of good family in the west of England; her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife.

Seven or eight years after they had been married he rose one morning very early and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business; the same day at noon his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month.

He was absent seventeen years, during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, while she was at supper with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing said:

"You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant."

Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting. This surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that day to the time of his death.

But the most curious part of the tale remains to be related.

When Howe left his wife they lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St. James' Church; he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week.

Changing his name and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they died young a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament, to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. The act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodgings, which he frequented.

Upon his quitting his house and family Mrs. Howe at first imagined that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount, and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, etc., but her fears were entirely baseless. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, removed from her house in Jermyn street to a small house in Brewer street, Golden square. Just over against her lives one Salt, a corn chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him that he usually dined with him twice a week. From the room in which they ate it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match, a subject which they frequently discussed with much gravity. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James' Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not be seen by her. After he returned home he would never confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the cause of such singular conduct—apparently there was none, but, whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it.

Death in a Lime-Kiln.

A Paris dispatch to *The London Standard* says: "A report from Pau, in the Basses Pyrenees, announces a dreadful catastrophe to some workmen in a lime-kiln. Two men, while watching the kiln, perceived something half way down the side of the furnace which required remedying. One of them, in trying to reach it, became asphyxiated and fell to the bottom. His companion, in trying to save him, met with the same fate. Three others lost their lives in endeavoring to save the two men, and a sixth was only saved by his wife, who prevented his descending into the furnace. It is needless to say that the five bodies, when recovered, were almost beyond recognition.

—The gayest social event which has occurred in Montreal for years was a masquerade and carnival on the ice, at which the Governor-General was present.

HOME AND FARM.

—An animal treated with unvarying kindness will soon learn to have confidence in its master. Such an animal is more useful, more readily trained, and is more valuable.

—Mixed crops always yield better than if sown separately. Oats and peas, barley and oats, or wheat and rye, mixed in the usual quantities sown, will usually yield nearly as much on one acre as on two when sown separately. The practice of mixed sowings is useful for growing fodder crops.

—Temperance Cake.—Two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, six eggs, teaspoonful of soda. Mix flour and butter well together, put in the sugar, dissolve the soda in a little water and work that in, then add the eggs, well beaten. Work this well together, roll thin, and cut in rounds or any shape you fancy. Bake only a few minutes in a quick oven. Flavor to taste.

—Wash for Fruit Trees.—A fruit grower gives the following remedy for codling moth: One quart of lime, such as is used by the plasterers in "white coating;" one peck of bleached wood ashes, two pecks of cow manure, one quart of soft soap and one large tablespoonful of Paris green. I wet the mixture thoroughly to make it like paste; beating it thoroughly it becomes tough. I added twelve quarts of water, or enough to give the trees a thorough coating. I find on the trees so washed that the old bark is dropping off and leaving the new bark perfectly smooth. On all the trees I have washed I see a perfect improvement.

—Scrapple.—Take such parts of the pork as are not used in packing—hearts, tongues, portions of the head, etc.—about equal parts of lean and fat. Thoroughly clean, and boil quite tender in water enough to cover the meat. When done take it up, remove the bones, and thicken the water in which it was boiled, and while boiling, with corn meal, until it is the consistency of mush. Let it boil a few minutes, season with salt, pepper and summer savory. Chop the meat and return it to the mush, add more salt and pepper to the taste, and let it cook a few minutes more. Dish it out, and keep in a dry, cool place. Cut in slices and fry brown as needed.

—Application of Liquid Manure to Roses.—Mr. George S. Wales tells of an experiment he made last season which proved highly satisfactory. About June 1st, he planted out twelve small-sized plants of different varieties, about a foot apart each way, in rich, heavy soil. After every heavy rain he took from the barnyard the leachings of the manure pile; with a pointed stick he punched four or five holes in the ground a few inches from each plant, and poured in the water; the next day, or as soon as the ground was dry enough, he stirred the surface with a hoe, and kept it loose by frequent hoeings, until again watered during the season. He applied the liquid manure probably eight or ten times during the season. The result was wonderful. They began in five or six weeks to bloom, and until October 1, when they were taken up, there was hardly a day but that beautiful buds might have been picked.

—Some advise the burning of potato plants affected with disease in order to prevent the germs from spreading. To say nothing of the difficulty of such a course, its entire uselessness has been well demonstrated by an experiment made by Mr. George Murray, as related in *The Journal of Botany*. He placed fourteen slides, such as are used with microscopes, near a field in which about 2 per cent. of the growing plants were affected. The whole surface of these strips of glass was only about five inches square, yet in fifty hours seventy-two potato fungus germs had fallen on them, showing that millions may be floating in the air and being deposited even before their presence is suspected.

The Fallacy of Large Farms.

And still the cry is for more land. Why don't they cry for more brains, or more food for the brains they have, and let the coveted acres go until they know what to do with them? Many say that they had rather let their land lie still than to hire help, and so it lies as still as they can make it. However, it does not lie quite still. It is an elephant on their hands, eating with its huge teeth of interest and taxes a big hole into the tilled acres for its unworthy support. This is the cause of it. It is no Government bond that can be hid away and is the better for keeping quiet, but there it is, exposed to the assessor's eye, exhausting the strength of the owner and the profit of the rest of the farm for its unprofitable existence. The land-possessing mania has worked more mischief with progressive farming than any other one obstacle ever found in its path. That it springs from worthy motives it is impossible to deny, since the holders of much of this land have inherited it from a long line of ancestry who would consider the sundering of a part a sacrilege. The ancestral yoke has proved a bond of strength in keeping certain families true to the love of soil, though it may be questioned whether it has not always been the means of extirpating many a family, root and branch, who would otherwise to-day be in possession of a home, had the call of duty not yielded to the call of pride.

Could a computation of wasted energies, time and means in our methods of farming ever be made, it would be enough to set every farmer to-day in an independent position on his estate. Think of the average returns of the farmers through the country! It is enough to make a man blush with shame for the honor of his profession. All because he will not concentrate his nervous and muscular energies, his interest account, taxes, and labor hire upon a less number of acres.

Concentration means power; diffusion weakness. When that point is reached that the land fails to pay interest on its valuation, taxes and market rates of wages for the time bestowed in cultivation, it had better go into the hands of the next man who stands ready to try his power upon it. We will hazard the assertion that enough is lost to the farmers every year through this holding of more land than they can swing to pay for what extra help they really need to make the rest of their land return what it should.—*Planter's Journal.*

Religious.

"AND YE SHALL KNOW."

There are briers in our way,
Thorny places do we reach;
Lord, be with us night and day;
From Thy Holy Book, oh teach!
Balm in Gilead let us find,
Thy own tender words of love;
Underneath us put Thy hand;
Father, hear us from above.

"As thy day thy strength shall be;"
"I will guide thee with mine eye;"
Up, look up! If thou wouldst see
One who always standeth by.
Closed eyes, though all upturned,
Could behold no vision bright;
Though so very close to me,
Thou must look to have the sight.

Hear the message, children dear,
E'en from God, whose name is just;
"Cast on me your every care;"
Leave it all, yes! all in trust.
When the "Land of Promise" reached,
Land of rest and no more fears,
"Thou shalt know" why have been set
Copies to be wrought in tears.
—*N. Y. Observer.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1881.

Mar. 27—Preaching the Kingdom. Luke 9: 1-6

SECOND QUARTER.

Apr. 3—Following Jesus.....Luke 9: 51-62
Apr. 10—The Good Samaritan....Luke 10: 25-37
Apr. 17—The Pharisees Reprov'd Luke 11: 37-47
Apr. 24—Covetousness.....Luke 12: 13-21
May 1—Lost and Found.....Luke 15: 1-10
May 8—The Prodigal Son.....Luke 15: 11-24
May 15—The Rich Man and Lazarus.....Luke 16: 19-31
May 22—Parables on Prayer.....Luke 18: 1-14
May 29—Parable of the Pounds..Luke 19: 11-27
Jun. 5—The Crucifixion.....Luke 23: 33-46
Jun. 12—The Walk to Emmaus..Luke 24: 13-32
Jun. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Jun. 26—Gospel for the World...Luke 24: 44-53

The Eleventh Commandment.

We have before us, says the Chicago *Standard* of a recent date, an anecdote which, in all its substantials, we have seen going the "rounds" of the papers for over a quarter of a century. We have two copies before us. In the one the celebrated John Leland, a Baptist minister of Western Massachusetts, in the last generation, is the hero. The one we print below is credited to the *Christian at Work*, and Rev. Alexander McClellan, D. D., of New Jersey, who flourished a little later, is introduced. The rest of the story—names excepted—is nearly word for word. Read it. The story is a very good one whether John Leland, Dr. McClellan or any one of a score of others, figures in it:

It was in a New Jersey town that Dr. McClellan was to preach. The occasion was a special one, and the church, the largest in the surrounding country, would be crowded. At the little station where the cars stopped, Dr. McClellan got off, and taking carpet-bag in hand—and a venerable affair it was—the Doctor tramped along in unclerical garb. With boots more substantial than elegant, and his pants tucked in them, he looked least like a minister and most like a farmer who had just left the plow in the field. At the end of a mile he came to a substantial farm-house, occupied by a well-to-do farmer, Mr. Quirk, we will call him, who was an elder of the church whose pulpit the Doctor was to occupy. It was late Saturday evening. Approaching the house he met a lady, it proved to be Mrs. Quirk, of whom he inquired, "Can I get a bite here?"—for the Doctor, as is often the case with D.D.'s, had quite a sharp appetite. Mrs. Quirk glanced at the doctor and took in the unkempt appearance of the man. "Well," was the reply, somewhat hesitatingly given, "you can go into the kitchen, and the girl will give you something." And into the kitchen he went. After he had fed bountifully, if not daintily, the family assembled in the kitchen as was their wont, and our disguised doctor being among them, conversation was carried on by the farmer and his wife after the usual fashion. In this our friend did not participate to any great extent; but once, Bible themes being touched upon, Elder Quirk, as if to quiz his guest, asked him if he knew how many Commandments there were. "Eleven," said our pseudo laborer; "isn't that right?" "Eleven!—just hear the man," said Elder Quirk. "Eleven! it is a pity you didn't know your Bible better; there are *ten* Commandments, my friend, not eleven;" and then Elder Quirk, straightening himself, proceeded to enumerate them, one by one, adding his own invaluable comments as he proceeded. All this the Doctor took meekly, till the hour for retiring came. "Can you give me a shake-down for the night?" The Elder thought a moment; would it do to house a man who didn't know how many Commandments there were? Finally a happy idea struck him; it involved nothing less than a compromise. There was the room over the woodshed occupied by the farmer's "hired-man." The new-comer could take that—and he took it. Sunday morning came, and the new guest breakfasted as he had supped, "with the help" in the kitchen. Then came church time. Deacon Quirk remarked,

"We are a church-going family; don't you wish to go with us to church? We are all harnessed up; there is some straw in the wagon and you can lie on that; besides, Dr. McClellan is to preach."

"Who is Dr. McClellan?"

"Why! don't you know?—didn't you every hear of the great Dr. McClellan, of New Brunswick?"

"I don't know whether I'll go to church or not; but you go on, and perhaps I'll follow you, and if I do my legs will take me there."

"Well, you had better start on, then, as we are going to look up."

The guest "started on," as was suggested, and the Elder, fastening up the house, got into the wagon with his family and drove to church.

The congregation waited, and it was nearly eleven o'clock before the Doctor came, Elder Quirk meantime growing anxious.

Finally the church-door opened, and tramp, tramp, tramp, down the middle aisle, came the Elder's guest of the night. And what was the Elder's amazement at seeing his friend who slept in his wood-shed mount the pulpit stairs and commence the services!

The Elder in a whisper sought information of the elder next to him in "the Elder's pew."

"Who is that?"

"Why, the great Dr. McClellan, of course."

"You don't say so! (in an agitated whisper)—why, I slept that man in my wood-shed, and fed him in the kitchen!"

[Another version of this story states that the text chosen by the minister on the occasion mentioned was from John xiii: 34: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another"—making up the eleven commandments spoken of by the stranger.]

The Right Lessons of Small Troubles.

To the endurance of a great stroke of misfortune, or a terrible burden of sorrow, the soul gathers up its forces, and girds itself with heroic strength. Fortitude is the natural chain-armor which men put on when they are sorely beset. But great troubles, calamities and disasters are events in life, which, whatever may be thought of the sadness of earth, are mostly exceptional and far apart. The mighty winds of affliction come only occasionally, at periods remote from each other, and with a significance in their desolation which is not lightly overlooked. In a certain sense, all great sorrows which are not crimes are invested with the purple of an imperial dignity. They elevate the sufferer, and we behold him with an accession of mournful respect.

There are constant petty exasperations, aggravations and annoyances which come into ordinary human experience, and which rasp and vex us the more that they are too small in themselves to be talked about. The trifling perplexities and harassments of the average day are often wearing and wearisome, and are frequently received in a temper of impatience and irritation which is blameworthy. Perhaps it was of these that Solomon was thinking, rather than of larger griefs, when he wrote that immortal aphorism, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." We make the grand effort for the great occasion, which comes seldom. For the small occasions, which come continually, and on which our personal ease and the happiness of our homes depend, we make small efforts or none. The self-controlled man in the office, the mart and the shop is the man whose ascendency is undoubted and evident. The self-controlled woman, in the parlor, the school-room, the nursery, or the kitchen, is the woman whose look is a command, and whose voice is an inspiration. Because the majority of people lack self-restraint, just here amid the frictions, embarrassment and provocations of daily commonplace life, it is left to a few to do the governing, set the bright examples, maintain the cheerful, peaceful homes, and show forth the beauty and comeliness of order. The undisciplined heart, the hasty temper, the infirm will, the querulous disposition, and the petulant habit of speech, neither win influence nor retain it in the economy of human affairs. And so we have impertinent servants, disobedient children, ill-regulated schools and business machinery which is imperfectly adjusted, wherever we have men and women who have not learned self-mastery in the midst of the smaller trials of the ordinary day.

What are the right lessons of small troubles? Were we to gain nothing from them, they would surely not be appointed to us. We talk with glib assurance of God's providence when things go pleasantly, when the sun shines, when riches accumulate, when our ships come joyously into port, and when our lives are set to sweet music and cushioned in soft luxury. Then it is easy to see the good hand of our God. But it is God's providence that sends the long illness, the broken hope, the lost money and the deferred success. It is the good hand of our God that sometimes bestows pain and chastisement, and sometimes withholds gladness and coronation. And one of the real reasons why we need thorns and rods, as well as roses and summer breezes, is that our dull senses are slow to acknowledge God's right to do with and upon us as He pleases. When the will of the divine Father becomes sweet, whatever it be, we have learned one lesson which we can never learn except on the pages of adversity that are punctuated with tears.

Then, too, sorrow refines and ennobles. The gentleness that most truly blesses and softens character is acquired most certainly under the stern severities of life, and not under its mirthful aspects. The lesson of sympathy with the tried, of tolerance for the mistaken, and of long suffering with the erring, the lesson of Christian charity, cannot be taken into a life except by degrees. They who have suffered understand suffering. A lady had lost her babe, her only one; she sat by its body in marble composure, deaf to all words of comfort, till a poor, work-worn woman came in, knelt by her side and said: "I know how you feel, I have buried five."

The last, dearest, best lesson which sorrow teaches is that we are sharers of the sufferings of Christ. Heirs of His glory, we are also, in our own flesh, made like to Him in the fellowship of grief. Strangely enough, we learn to know this, not so much in our occasional Gethsemanes as in the dusty highroad of our every-day life.—*S. S. Times.*

—The Gaelic plaid or breacanfeile is as old as the hills of Scotland, and though it was a part of the dress of a Highlander proscribed by the act of Parliament of 1747, after the rebellion of 1745, the restriction was afterward repealed, and the plaid was made part of the uniform of Highland regiments, and was appointed to be worn by the pipers of the Scots Fusileer Guards. The tartan of the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, which is known all over the world as the Forty-second Tartan, was adopted by the regiment on its first embodiment. Several clans, as, for instance, the Munros, Grants and Campbells, which directly contributed to the raising of the independent companies of the "Black Watch," were permitted to wear this special tartan in addition to that of their clan. The Seventy-first and Seventy-eighth Regiments wear the Mackenzie tartan; the Seventy-second the Stuart plaid; the Seventy-ninth belongs to the Cameron clan; the Ninety-second, to the Gordon; the Ninety-third, to the Sutherland; the Seventy-fourth to the Lamont; and in 1863 the Ninety-first Regiment (Argyleshire) was allowed to adopt Campbellite trews, the officers wearing plaids and claymore.

—A Frenchman is about to be beheaded. Under the guillotine a priest approaches him, saying, "My friend, have you any last wish to make? The wish of a dying man is sacred." "Yes," said the doomed man, "I wish to learn English."

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Basques, Draperies, Etc.

The new basques are single-breasted, and fit as smoothly as a Jersey all around the hips until they reach the middle forms of the back, where they are folded in two box pleats that may be triple or quadruple, and are open up the middle seam to show the layers of folds or pleats. In order to keep the round basque perfectly smooth over the hips, it is loaded by weights of lead to hold it down, and these weights are not confined to the front and back as at present, when only four or six are used, but there are now ten or twelve weights placed at intervals around the basque in the facing that completes it. Sometimes the left side form of the basque is made very much longer than that on the right side, and is caught up by a bow of ribbon on the pleats of the middle form. In others, there are four box pleats in the middle, behind, that reach nearly to the bottom of the lower skirt; these are arranged in pairs, two above the other two, are lined with crinoline, and are each as wide as the whole breadth of silk used for lining them; they are then folded in triple pleats, and are pressed flatly into shape; they do not look stiff, because they are usually relieved by sashes of striped stuff, and they fall amidst the intricate curved draperies that are attached to the skirt. The fronts of basques are made often to turn upward and back, and are faced with the bayadere stripes. Sometimes only the right front is turned up, and the striped Surah facing continues as a sash, passing under the long box pleats of the middle form to the left side, where it falls in a straight single sash end to the foot of the dress. The pleated plastron inserted in a Pompadour square, or else with the lower part curved or pointed on the bust, is the most usual trimming for the front, though there are many folds and shirred pieces in long vest shape. A bow of narrow ribbon is tied in front at the waist line across such pleating, and sometimes there are wide ribbons that tie in one huge bow on the left side. Two standing collars are on dresses with striped plastrons; one of these—the inner collar—is striped, and passes all around the neck, while the outer one, of plain goods, is confined to the back, or at most begins where the plain material of the waist begins. Five box pleats, each an inch wide, form a stylish plastron; this is piped all around with the plain goods. A great many dresses have Byron collars of striped stuff; others have a straight piece of striped Surah like a ribbon, six or eight inches wide, gathered to the middle of the back of the neck, passing around to the front, and having a single loop and two ends to finish what recalls the neck-ribbon of old times. Buttons are small and inconspicuous on these new basques, being confined to fastening the front, where they are often hidden out of sight by the many folds, pleats, and shirrings of the trimmings. Pockets are seldom seen on these new garments, or on the newest outside wraps. Belts and a hanging bag take the place of hip pockets. The curved drapery is like that known as hooped drapery, with the length not caught up by pleats down the sides, but drawn up to the belt, and pleated there; the ends are not cut apart below, but are in a continuous curve. There are quite as many long over-skirts as there are short ones, but the object in all seems to be to "corrugate" them; that is, to wrinkle into many folds the soft stuff that lends itself so easily to this graceful draping. Sleeves retain the coat shape, and are most simply trimmed at the wrists, with a tendency to gathering up the inside seam shorter on the arm than the lower part of the sleeve. Facings and piping folds of contrasting color will play a far more important part in trimmings than they have ever yet done. For very dressy costumes, a great deal of lace, very fully gathered, will be used; for black dresses, Spanish lace is chosen; while for lighter dresses, white lace of the inexpensive kinds is colored as dark as coffee yellow, and is also used in great quantities. There are some soft, crushed-looking rosettes of Surah, but the prettiest dresses have many bows—each of the many loops heaped upon each other—of satin ribbon about two inches wide; these are at the throat and waist line, in the cuffs, the back of the hasque, and on the retrousse sides of the skirt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Saving and Spending.

The accumulated wealth of a nation is the sum of its savings. This may be in the shape of money, lands, cattle or any property which costs money or labor, or which is the direct increase of such property. If a person saves out of his income a hundred dollars and keeps it in any form of permanent property, it remains as wealth, and may be used to increase itself. But the moment the hundred dollars is expended in destructible property, that is, such as may wear out or does not reproduce itself, it begins to vanish and finally disappears. For instance, if the hundred dollars be spent for costly clothes, a carriage or a driving horse, a hunting dog or a cask of wine, it is evident that it immediately begins to wear away, to depreciate in value, or to be used up; and if is only a question of time how long, or soon, before it will come to an end. But if a cow, a workhorse, or a piece of land is purchased, or the money or its representative is spent to reclaim a marsh, to drain useless land, or to erect a building, it at once becomes reproductive, remains intact, and earns interest for its use, or it wastes but slowly, and, in the wasting or wearing of it, it not only replace itself, perhaps many times, but gives continual profit for its use. So far as money or labor is used for the latter class of purposes, it is not spent, but is saved. It is also saved and remains or reappears as wealth, when it is used for any necessary purpose, as the production or purchase of food and clothing, suitable for its owner's business; or for tools, or anything which will enable him to work to replace it. It is spent and disappears as property or wealth, when it is used for purposes of luxury or waste of any kind, giving no valuable return for its use, notwithstanding it may have been paid out as wages for laborers or artisans.

A million dollars have been squandered and disappeared in villainous smoke and deafening noise in celebration of the Fourth of July. That money, so far as it represents labor, has gone out of existence, and is totally wasted. The money itself remains, it has gone to China, perhaps, to pay for a year's labor of the many men who have been making fireworks, and these have spent it for food and clothes, while they have been at work; but they have nothing to show for their labor; what has come in has gone out; and so with those who earned the money with which the fireworks were purchased, and every person engaged in the business of making and procuring them. This is a typical case, and there are many others of which this is a type. A person, family, or nation is wealthy or poor as it saves or spends; and if we will only look into the secret causes of many cases of poverty which are just now causes of complaint, we shall find there has been too much spending; and on the contrary, those cases in which a person or family stands in better circumstances than before will be found to have resulted from a habit of saving. Extravagance is without excuse. There is no true enjoyment in wasting anything, nor in squandering the proceeds of former work in idleness; nor working hard for a time, that an opportunity may be secured of going on a debauch. That is a cynical and a vicious, although old, adage, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" it is repeated in fewer words in the modern, "A merry life and a short one." The true philosophy is to use our time and our opportunities that we may increase the true happiness of not only ourselves, but of those about us, and that we may leave the world, when we have done with it, better off than it was when we entered it and inherited the fruits of the labor of others who had preceded us in the same virtuous efforts. And this can only be effected by industry and a well regulated economy which is neither niggardliness nor wastefulness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Health of the Brain.

In Association Hall Friday evening the first of a series of "medical talks" to young men, under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, was given by Dr. E. C. Seguin, his subject being "Hygiene of the Brain." Dr. Seguin said that while the inheritance from parents of a morbid brain might disqualify one from many duties in life, its possession ought not to be looked upon as a source of terror, nor should a tendency to mental disease or disorder be allowed to stand in the way of a choice of vocation. One of the original conditions of a well-acting brain is a freedom from early nervous diseases, which occur during the first five or six years of life. The abnormal condition of the digestive organs is frequently the cause of cerebral troubles. Gluttony stupefies the intellect, and a man who eats heartily is unfitted for work for a certain period afterward. The chief error of all men of sedentary occupations is that they eat too much vegetable and starchy food. Physicians differ on the subject, but it is Dr. Seguin's experience that men who never get a sufficient supply of oxygen cannot burn up this amount of carbon in this kind of food, and that in many cases nervous prostration is the result. Dyspepsia is proverbially known to affect the brain, by a slow and insidious impairment of the cerebral action. Multitudes blame their physicians for not curing them of dyspepsia, but there are very few who have sufficient self-control to abstain from tempting dishes. Want of sleep is often the reason for brain diseases, but its potency in producing insanity is exaggerated. Narcotics and stimulants affect the mind injuriously. Many medical men believe that wine and beer at meals have nutritious powers, but as a body they set their faces against the abominable custom of tippling for sociability or for "toning up." One who is given to this habit is liable to attacks of insanity at the age of thirty-five or forty, and to reverses in life which his friends will attribute to bad luck, but which his physician knows are caused by the physical deterioration of the brain. The use of narcotics is more common than supposed, not among men but among women. Distaste for work, except in one constitutionally lazy, is a sign of cerebral fatigue. Brain-workers should take just enough exercise to keep up a good circulation. For food they require what can be digested easily, such as animal food, milk, eggs, game, fish and oysters. Wealth and power have gradually accumulated in the hands of beef-eating peoples. "The Asiatic nations, the Irish, Spanish and Italian," said Dr. Seguin, "are all non-animal food eaters, and they are weak in will, in body, and poor as well as weak politically."—*New York World.*

A Petrified Baby, or What Is It?

Mr. W. C. Renfrew, of Russell, Ark., and Capt. W. J. Patton, of Little Rock, have gone to Washington to exhibit to the officers of the Smithsonian Institute the "Eureka Baby," a specimen of archæology found on the 1st of last October at Eureka Springs, Ark. The baby was found, about four feet below the surface, on the lot of John B. Holbron, a resident of the town, and it was discovered by a laborer named F. H. Campbell, while he was digging a well. The baby had a coating of a composition about as light as pumice-stone, but this covering, varying in thickness from half an inch to an inch and a half, has since been removed from the entire head and shoulders and the right side of the body, showing one leg complete. The baby is two feet and two inches long, and weighs, with the composition coating, eighty-five pounds. The head and limbs exposed are said to be rightly proportioned. The cheeks are puffed out and the legs and arms are plump. The general color of the baby is a bluish-brown, varying in lightness. The baby looks very much like a Hindoo idol. Mr. Renfrew, the present owner of the baby, has found a good many people who believe it to be a petrified human being, but it is hardly necessary to say that this opinion is not held by a scientist. The body is evidently a work of art, and the first important question to be determed in connection with it is in regard to the time it was deposited at the place where it was found by the well-digger, Campbell. Whether it was placed there by a prehistoric race or by a representative of the present race, the people of the Smithsonian Institute will be called upon to decide.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE DAIRY.

—New York dealers prefer to buy butter packed in ash tubs and Boston men that in spruce, each claiming to represent the wishes of England. Western men claim white oak is the best.

—The necessity for a large variety of grasses and clovers, in order to secure the best flavor and aroma for butter, is now recognized by the best dairymen. Some farmers still go on stupidly, sowing only timothy and one kind of clover.

—As the time is at hand when many cows will be fresh, attention has been called to the fact that dairymen should bear steadily in mind that it is not the cow which gives the most milk immediately after calving which is the most profitable, but the steady milker which gives only a medium quantity at first, but has staying qualities. Milk should be weighed at the end of each week and obtain a record.

—Complaint is made, and with reason, that the makers of cheese show so little desire to please consumers in the quality and form of their product. They make cheese of the form, size and quality desired by English dealers, and the home consumer who would gladly buy a cream cheese weighing twelve or fifteen pounds is obliged to put up with the pieces, which his grocer cuts off, where the waste is immense, the quality not good, and where the cheese when cut is left to absorb the odors of surrounding codfish, mackerel, onions, tobacco and kerosene. For the waste in the store the persons who buy have to pay. As far as form and size go the cheese furnished before the factory system was started was much better than since.

—The new method of gathering cream instead of milk was discussed with favor at the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Convention in Cedar Rapids, Ia. It was thought unfair to compare a long established system with one in its infancy, but the burden of testimony went to shew that if farmers could be taught to set their milk properly and to skim it in the best way, the gathering of cream would be a success. It is being quite generally adopted by Iowa farmers. It is paid for by the inch in most cases. One owner of several creameries said his patrons have received only twenty-five cents a hundred pounds more under the old system than the new, and they had their skimmed milk and had not had to send a wagon to the creamery or cheese factory.

Packing Butter.

This is a nice operation, and demands more attention than it receives. Very much of our butter is deteriorated if not spoiled by bad packing and improper storage. The popular form of package is a bad one for keeping butter. We are aware that the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association expresses its preference for the fifty-and sixty pound ash Welsh tub. This is a convenient form of package to handle and does very well if the butter is immediately consumed. But few families can use up one of these tubs before it will seriously deteriorate. It does not sufficiently exclude the air, and does not permit of covering the butter with brine, thus sealing it from the air, which we consider very essential to the perfect keeping of butter. If you cover one of these tubs with brine, the first you know you find the brine at the bottom and the butter floating up against the cover of the top to spoil. The butter shrinks away from the wood and lets the brine go down. Or if you have not put brine on it the shrinkage lets in the air to spoil the outer surface of the butter and works its way slowly but surely to the centre. We have seen whole dairies spoiled in this way, the different degrees of rancidity indicating the comparative age of the tubs of butter. The best that can be done with these Welsh tubs is to soak them and scald them until all woody taste is removed—as should be done with every form of wooden package—saturate it with brine, and rub the interior surface, while moist, with fine dairy salt, letting all adhere that will. This will prevent the wood from drawing the salt from the butter in immediate contact with it. Then pack carefully, in all cases beginning the pressure in the centre, when a mass of butter is put in, and carefully working outward, perfectly expelling the air. If you begin the packing at the edge, working toward the centre, you will very likely leave a quantity of air at the centre, or near it, to corrode and deteriorate the butter. When the tub is full, spread over it a piece of fine cotton cloth, carefully tuck in the edges and cover the whole with fine salt, wet enough to make it into a rather soft paste. This will dry and harden and afford considerable protection from the action of the atmosphere. Then store the tub in a cool, clean, sweet and rather damp cellar, but set it on clean stone, or on a shelf removed from contact with earth, so the package will not absorb an earthy odor. The cellar should also be dark. In this way, you have the tub in the best condition to keep. But, as we have before said, this form of packing is by no means the best for keeping butter. We much prefer the old-fashioned oak firkin, soaked, saturated and prepared as we indicated for the tub. When we have got this full, we can loosen the hoops, cover the butter with brine poured in through a hole made in the head, cork the hole and set the tub in such a cellar as we have described. In this condition, with a little attention occasionally to keep the butter covered with brine, we know our butter will come out at the end of six months as good as it went in. It will not float up as in the tub, to injure. The bulge will prevent. In the slang of the boys, "we have got the bulge on it." But to prevent it from rising, we can let the plug in the head extend far enough through to prevent it. We are thus particular because so much butter is spoiled by packing and storing. It is not only put in imperfect ash-tubs, which cannot be covered air-tight, but stored in a dry place, where the staves shrink and leave open cracks for the entrance of air and odors, or in a cellar reeking with foul odors from decayed vegetables and perhaps other filth. Few common cellars are fit to store butter in. No place is too clean or sweet.—*T. D. Curtis, in Northern Christian Advocate.*

—When the deluge came Noah saved his bacon by taking Ham into the Ark.

A Curious Stenographic Machine on Exhibition.

I have seen inventions by which every man may become his own washerwoman. To-day I saw one by which every man, and woman too, may become his or her own stenographer. It is a sort of polyglot patent "type-writer," improved. I believe Italy gave the world the first newspaper; now she gives the last short-hand reporter. This stenographer is a piano key-board with signs of the Pittman phonographic style. As you play as on the "type-writer," so you sign as with the phonetic pencil. There is a tape or ribbon of paper of the ordinary telegraphic "clicker" shape revolving and receiving the signs by the agency of automatic mechanism, given force and intelligence by the operator.

Perhaps this machine should be called a phonetic-stenographer, for its first feature of impression is sound and then writing. The operator to-day was a novice. He, however, proved the practicability of the machine thoroughly. Some persons present made speeches in French and in Italian, and though the operator only knew the former language, he correctly reported the speech in the latter. Sixty words a minute were accurately reported in a language unknown to this novice. An English book was read at the rate of fifty words per minute and the same successful result recorded. Some experts on ordinary short-hand were pitted against the machine, and the daughter of the inventor distanced them at a high pressure of words and in a language she knew not. I am told that this machine, in company with the ordinary American "type-writer," can be made a very useful stationary adjunct to reporters' galleries in legislative halls, etc., for "taking down" a report and reproducing it in printed "copy" in less time and with greater legibility than anything known.—*Letter in Buffalo Express.*

—It is recommended to treat inflamed wounds by smoking them with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool, it is said, will take the pain out of the worst wound, and, if repeated once or twice, will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound. The remedy is certainly very simple, and within the reach of every one.

—The following recipe for eloquence is given by a "Down-East" orator: "Get yourself chock full of the subject, knock out the hung and let Nature caper."

[New Albany Ledger-Standard.]

SPEAKING of Governors suggests the mention of an item we received from Mr. Henry A. Knight, Foreman at Chas. Waters & Co.'s Governor and Valve Works, Boston, Mass.: I have used St. Jacobs Oil among our employees and find that it never fails to cure. The men are delighted with the wonderful effects of the Oil, as it has cured them of bruises, burns, etc.

A WISE father to his son: "Now, John, I do not object to your being a fool and an idiot. Be a fool and an idiot if you want to, but what I do not wish you to do is to let everybody know it."

[Elgin (Ill.) Daily Leader.]

THE subjoined opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stogdill & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse *Chronicle:* Some time since, I was attacked with pain in and below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

A YOUNG bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.—*Cambridge Press.*

A Great Enterprise.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.*

HAS any one heretofore remarked that a poster is a stuck-up thing?—*Rome Sentinel.*

Suggestions.

You can buy Buggies and Harness at wholesale prices of the ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS Mf'g Co., Elkhart, Ind. They ship with privilege of examining before paying. Hand-sewed Oak Leather Team Harness $25. Single Harness $8 to $20. Platform Spring Buggies $75, &c. Catalogue and Price-list sent free. W. B. PRATT, Sec'y.

READER, you had best check that cough before it becomes something serious. How? By using James Cough Pellets, a pleasant, efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, hemorrhage and all lung difficulties. Only 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

THE wife of a Congressman, having been abroad, said to a gentleman: "I'm splendid on pictures; I'm a regular common sewer of the art. Mora and over, when I play whist I play third and hand high. In France they have lots of frames and sardines for money. But I've traveled and feel a little *blase.* (Pronounced in one syllable.) That's French. It's a regular language, is French. They don't speak nothing else in Spain and Italy and potage countries."

WHEN a woman becomes a laundress late in life she may be said to have reached the iron age.—*Boston Courier.*

THE superiority of the masculine over the feminine gender is apparent in all the concerns of life, and yet we have found no such irrefutable statement of the fact as that made by a thoughtful Teuton. He said: "If the women look at the moon, they always see a man in it; if they hear a mouse nibbling after dark, it's a man trying to break into the house; and they always look under the bed, the last thing at night, to find a man. Now, a man never looks under the bed to find a woman. Does he?"

IF Worcester spells "Wooster," the Elmira *Advertiser* desires to know why Rochester doesn't spell "Rooster."

ANOTHER great triumph for woman. Miss Mary Kelly, of New York, found a man under the bed the other night. It is a matter of five hundred years since women began to look under the bed for a man, and the fact that their perseverance has at last been crowned with success must be gratifying to every admirer of the sex.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE betrothed young lady has the true ring.—*Syracuse Times.*

"Just been paying my gas bill," said Smith, as he came out of the office and was halted by a man who had been looking for him. "Yes, the rich can have gas," sighed the other, as he put on a dissatisfied look. "And by paying it to-day I save ten shillings," said Smith. "Ten shillings!" "Yes." "Ah! that's the way with this world! Here you can burn gas the year round and save ten shillings a month, while I must use a lamp and pay cash down for my kerosene or have a constable running after me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILLE'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. Use externally and internally.

DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys worms and removes all the Secretions which cause them.

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DISCOVERER OF

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The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best Female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May 1877.*]

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ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures by a natural process of restitution.

HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

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IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the Same Time on

The Liver, The Bowels, and the Kidneys.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect. If they become clogged dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches. are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL RESTORE

the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try it at once and be satisfied. Your druggist has it. Price $1.00.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, In tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.

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Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrana of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and lightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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Mothers, if unable to nurse your babe, place it at once on RIDGE'S FOOD. There is no article in the world that has given such universal satisfaction. WOOLRICH & CO., on every bottle.

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $1.50. Terms surprise Agents. DOMESTIC SCALE CO. Cincinnati, O.

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LAND Warrants and Soldiers' Additional Homestead Floats bought and sold. Highest price paid. N. W. Fitzgerald, Land Att'y, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

BUGGIES ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE CO. CIN'TI, O. Territory given. Catalogue free.

MUSIC HALF PRICE. Catalogue Free. HENRY COOK, 79 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

SOLDIERS Homesteads located. Address with stamp G. M. JACKSON, St. Louis, Mo.

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ELECTRIC BELTS on trial, pay when cured; circular free. Standard Galvanic Co., Cleveland, O.

BEST Paying thing out. Our splendid Photo Family Record Picture. C. F. SHORT, Chicago.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Age of the Earth.

At the Midland Institute, Birmingham, the other day, Prof. Ayrton delivered a lecture in which he gave some estimates of the earth's age. In reply to the question of whether the earth's existence was to be counted by the thousands or by millions of years, he called attention to the geological evidences of organic changes on the earth's surface which required not much less than a hundred million years for the earth's age. There was, however, a better method of approximating to the age of the earth. The changes of temperature belonging to the different seasons were less perceptibly felt as they penetrated the substance of the earth, until at a depth of about fifty feet the temperature was practically constant. If, however, they continued to descend an increase of temperature was experienced at about the rate of one degree per fifty feet of the descent. Supposing this increase went on at the same rate until the centre of the globe was reached, the temperature would be 400,000 degrees higher than at the surface. There was, however, no reason to assume that the increase did go on, or that the temperature at the centre was higher than that of molten rock, 7,000 degrees, or at most 10,000 degrees. Assuming this to be the temperature at the centre, and knowing, by experiment, the conducting power of rock in relation to heat, Sir William Thomson was able to calculate the present distribution of temperature throughout the whole earth, not only in the present distribution downward, but the distribution at any future and at any past time. Taking the temperature of 7,000 degrees as having been once the uniform temperature of the whole body, the result of the calculations was that the earth had been a hundred million years in cooling.

Be Kind to the Children.

Oh, yes; they worry you with their noise and prattle, but if the little feet should slip away and the chattering tongue be stilled forever, think you would you ever hear music so sweet again? Ah, how they cling to you for protection, even as the little vine clingeth to the sturdy oak, and it lies in your power to raise or crush these tender vines. They are a source of great care and anxiety to you; they tire you with their importunities, but if they were removed, oh, how heavily the hours would hang! You would then pine for the cares of which you now complain; would be always wishing for a broken doll to mend or a muddy boot to clean. Be gentle with the children; chide them in a way that will lead them to see their error. Let not the flowers that are springing up in their young hearts be stunted by harsh, unfeeling words.

Be patient, too, with them. They tax you heavily at times. They are often careless, frequently willful, sometimes disobedient and rude; but they love you—yes, they love you—and with their love and sympathy you are amply rewarded for your patience. There may be a time when you will look back to these as your happiest days—a time when the bright faces that surround you now may be waiting somewhere on the other shore, when every unkind word and act will loom up before you and cause you unceasing regret. Be kind to the little ones.—*Courier-Journal.*

Barnum on Pigs' Feet.

"Broiled pigs' feet a la P. T. Barnum" is one of the dishes printed on the Sturtevant House bill of fare, in New York. "Pigs' feet, properly cocked, were given to me to eat long before I was permitted to partake of any other animal food," said Mr. Barnum yesterday. "When old and young feet are boiled two and one-half hours, as usual, the old ones are tough and worthless. If they were boiled three and one-half hours the young feet would burst and the gelatine swim away. Now, the secret is to wrap each pig's foot in a cotton bandage wound two or three times around it, and well corded with twine. Then boil them four hours. Let them remain in the bandages till needed to fry, broil or pickle. The skin will hold it together while being cooked, and when you eat it you will find them all tender and delicate as possible. Housekeepers will be glad to get hold of this new way of cooking pigs' feet. We say new, because it will be new to the general public. It has been known for a long time, and there is a hotel in this State, where pigs' feet are a special feature of the bill of fare, and the reputation of the dish has extended far and wide. They are cooked there in the way described by Mr. Barnum. —*Bridgeport Standard.*

Don't ruin your health, and besides, make yourself disagreeable to other people by your continued coughing. A twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you. At all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY!

"CALMESE PLACE."

The undersigned will sell at public sale in front of Coddington's Hotel, at Oakland, on

the 16th day of April, 1881,

at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

Military Lots Nos. 804, 805, 1030 and 1032, containing TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, more or less, and known as the

"CALMESE PLACE"

This place is beautifully situated on the road to Deer Park, about two miles from Oakland. The place is well watered by a fine spring and running stream of water, is improved by a Log House and Stable. Lot No. 804 is very finely Timbered.

At the same time will be sold Lots numbered 807, 808, 1026, 13¾ acres of 809, 3½ acres of 1025, and 5 acres of 1027.

TERMS—One-fourth Cash, the balance in three equal annual payments, or should the purchaser desire it, longer time will be granted on deferred payments.

423 D. ANNAN.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY,

42tf OAKLAND, MD.

Estate of David L. Hileman, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

DAVID L. HILEMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 22d day of March, 1880.

SARAH HILEMAN,
Executrix.

3 26 3

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-yr

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 2m

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 5th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least forty day's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

2 26

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrinn. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

Louisa Fleegle and others vs. Joseph M. A. Kelly and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, In Equity No. 217.

The object of the Bill filed in this cause is to obtain a decree for the sale of the tract of land called "Browning's Manor," and a distribution of the proceeds of the sale to those entitled thereto, according to their respective interests.

The Bill of complaint states that in the year eighteen hundred and fifty eight, Meshack Browning, was seized and possessed of all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying in what was then Allegany, but now Garrett county, called "Browning's Manor," containing seven hundred and sixty-eight and one quarter acres of land.

Second. That being so seized and possessed of said land, the said Meshack Browning, died testate, but made no disposition of said land, by his last will and testament.

Third. That Joseph M. A. Browning, was appointed administrator of the estate of the said Meshack Browning, and that said estate has been fully administered, and that in order to pay off the entire indebtedness of said estate, the said administrator advanced the sum of two hundred and seventy-two dollars and thirty-two cents, of his own money and claims that the said sum is a charge upon said land.

Fourth. That the said Meshack Browning, left the following heirs at law to-wit: Dorcas Kelley, who has since died testate, and devised all her interest in "Browning's Manor," to her two children Joseph M. A. Kelly and Louisa Fleegle; 2, William Browning, who has since died intestate, leaving the following heirs at law: Mary who intermarried with Archibald C. Dewitt, William Browning, Richard T. Browning, John T. Browning, Reuben Browning, Louisa C. who intermarried with Joseph F. Frantz, Edward A. Browning, Nathan C. Browning and George D. Browning; 3, John L. Browning; 4, Jane H. Browning; 5, Nancy, who intermarried with John Kitzmiller; 6, James Browning; 7, Thomas Browning; 8, Joseph M. A. Browning; 9, Jeremiah Browning; 10, Rachel, who intermarried with Joseph Friend, and who has since died, leaving the following heirs at law: Truman Friend, Harriet who intermarried with William Bray, Mary Chisholm, (widow) Rebecca, who intermarried with John Chisholm and Hanson B. Friend; H, Sallie, who intermarried with—Nethkin, and who died leaving the following children: Norman B. Nethkin, Catharine who intermarried with Bartley Rabbitt, Louisa who intermarried with Charles Gilpin, Jennie who intermarried with Doctor Boyd, Francis T. Nethkin, Alfred Nethkin and Thomas A. Nethkin.

Fifth. That the said tract of land called Browning's Manor is not susceptible of a partition, in kind, and that it cannot be divided among the parties entitled thereto without great loss and injury, and that it will be to the interest and advantage of all parties to have the same sold and the proceeds arising from such sale distributed to the parties according to their respective interests.

Sixth. That the said Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

The Bill then prays for process and such other reliefas may be proper.

It is ordered by the Court, this sixteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one, that the Complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of this Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of April A. D. 1881, giving notice to the non-resident Defendants, Joseph M. A. Kelly, Reuben M. Browning, James Browning, Truman Friend, Rebecca Chisholm, and John Chisholm, her husband, Hanson B. Friend, Catharine E. Rabbitt, and Bartley Rabbitt, her husband, and Alfred Nethkin, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the second Monday of September A. D. 1881, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk. 3 19 4

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-yr1

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE.

Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v2n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. MCCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that on

Wednesday, the 23d day of February, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all that tract, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in Garrett county, called

William and Mary,

containing twelve hundred acres, being the same land which was conveyed to Michael Cunningham by George Forbes and Mary E. Forbes, his wife, by deed dated May 19th, 1876, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, folio 365 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed on the books of said county to Michael Cunningham. Said land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one hundred and five dollars and sixty cents, with interest from the 1st day of January, A. D. 1880, being the State and County taxes for the year 1879, and also to satisfy the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the State and County taxes due by the said Michael Cunningham for the year 1878.

JASPER GUARD,
1 29 ts Collector.

The above sale is postponed until

Friday, April 1st, 1881,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work uguaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at private sale, the farm belonging to the late Archibald Chisholm, deceased, situated six miles South of Oakland, adjoining the Yutzy farm. This tract contains about 253¼ acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared and under fence and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. The land is well adapted to farming and grazing. Any one desiring a home would do well to examine this land before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy and title good. Mr. Yutzy will show the property to any one wishing to make an examination.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
2 12 2m Administrator

BRIDGE NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge at the Narrows of Deep Creek, on the Hooppole and Meadow Mountain road.

JOHN F. BROWNING,
W. M. CODDINGTON,
BOWIE JOHNSON,

3 5 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President,
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President,
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUED BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Tee Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sadlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex Jud e, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryant wn, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. ORODME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitables.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime.) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. GUSTURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Style 3000. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, filled up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners, 3-fold Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

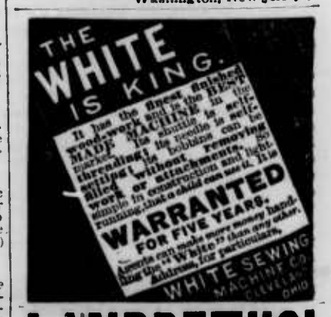

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881. NUMBER 8.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

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ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

It is easy to glide with the ripples
Adown the stream of time,
To flow with the course of the river,
Like music to some old rhyme;
But ah! it takes courage and patience
Against its current to ride;
And we must have strength from heaven
When rowing against the tide.

We may float on the river's surface
While our oars scarce touch the stream,
And visions of early glory
On our dazzling sight may gleam;
We forget that on before us
The dashing torrents roar,
And, while we are idly dreaming,
Its waters will carry us o'er.

But a few—ah, would there were many!—
Ito wrp the "stream of life,"
They struggle against its surges,
And mind neither toil nor strife.
Though weary and faint with labor,
Singing, triumphant, they ride;
For Christ is the hero's Captain
When rowing against the tide.

Far on through the hazy distance,
Like a mist on a distant shore,
They see the walls of a city,
With its banner floating n'er.
Seen through a glass so darkly
They almost mistake their way;
But faith throws light on their labor,
When darkness shuts out their day.

And shall we be one of that number
Who mind no toil or pain?
Shall we mourn the loss of earthly joys
When we have a crown to gain?
Or shall we glide on with the river,
With death at the end of our ride,
While our brother, with heaven before him,
Is rowing against the tide?

THE FRESHET.

She stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet, her dusky eyes fixed intently upon some object, lower down the stream; a little, stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the slim, lithe-limed, lustrous eyed maiden had no claim to any other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills, and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Maplethorp nestled, the widow Bockstone sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom, I'll see what they're after.',

But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket, covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried.

The colored blanket was removed, and underneath, all folded in flannels, they found a little mite of a baby.

Tom's mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I am a lone widow. I won't keep it; I won't; it shall go to the poor house in the morning; now there!"

Tom was silent.

But when the morrow came, and the news got abroad, and all Maplethorpe came flocking in to have a look at the little foundling, Tom got behind his mother's chair, and pinched her arm.

"Mother," he whispered, when she turned round, "don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon, and I'll work for you both."

His mother nodded, and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorndyke, the minister, came with the rest, and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered with court decision.

"I intend to keep it myself."

So the little waif remained at the small cottage. In the sunny pine woods, beyond the village of Maplethorp; and when spring came on, in beauty, Mrs. Buckstone carried her little charge to the village church, and the baby was christened, the minister's wife standing god-mother. Only Rose! And the sweet name suited her well; for the bloom on her dusky cheeks, and the dewy carnation of her young lips, were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as she grew into a girl, everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a wild, bright, defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby house Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar Creek; launching her miniature boats amid the shallows, wading in the cold water, with bare brown feet as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an overhanging willow watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out and out Kelpie," said old Hawks, the Maplethorp miller, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise, and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child; but there came a time when the little slumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capabilities called for some wider field of action. Where there is a will, a way is generally opened. A fine opportunity came up, and Tom availed himself of it at once. But it required a severe wrench to tear himself away from Maplethorp, and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

"Kelpie, I'm going he said when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lambs into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes, "but I shall come back Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue.

"Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

A slight quiver stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said.

A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward, and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel," he cried. "You know how I love you—"

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself of his grasp. "I will not hear another word. You have been kind and good to me all my life, and I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go you your way, and leave me to mine."

Tom drew a deep breath; his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said bitterly. "If I were a young Doctor Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I warrant."

"If you think so, well and good," she made answer, and turning from him followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went. Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a young man in Maplethorp, who would not have risked life and limb for a smile from her shy, red lips, or a glance of favor from her luminous, dusky eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

There came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged, and the mad winds tossed and bent the pines, and tore off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie, as the twilight drew near.

"You'd better stay in doors, and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow, from the chimney cornor.

But Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later, she looked in.

"The house lamb is missing," she said, "I'm going to find it."

"Nay, nay!" cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly, and it may perish. It is a poor, little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Maplethorp was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were uprooted, and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over the rocks at a mad rate.

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her lost lamb, in a clear high voice, that rang even above the clamor of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliffs, a plantive cry answered her; and at the foot of an old pine she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully, picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock, the wind tossing her unbound hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs, and directly a man's voice, in imperative command, reaching her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift-flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon a rough boulder, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford, making vain efforts to cross.

The horse reared and backed, evidently frightened at the swollen stream. But his rider urged him on, with whip and spur, and at last he went in, with a wild leap. Plunging furiously, he gained the opposite shore, but with such a frantic bound, that his rider was thrown from his saddle. The horse galloped off in the direction of Maplethorp, but his master lay motionless.

Kelpie, looking on breathlessly, uttered a low cry, and still clasping her lamb, darted over the rocks, and down the shore of the creek. Before she reached him, or looked into his death like face, some subtle voice within told her it was Tom.

The fall had broken his right arm doubled under him the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a mother might hold her babe; then, with an unspoken prayer on her ashed lips, she caught up her lamb, and darted off through the falling darkness, with the speed of a swallow.

Help came in a very short time, and the injured man was placed on a litter, and borne across the valley to his mother's cottage.

"He is not dead!" said Kelpie, confronting Doctor Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely, dusk face, pallid with suspense and agony; and in that minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his wooing.

"No, he is not dead," he answered, his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight when Tom recovered consciousness.

"Where is Kelpie?" were his first words.

"You mustn't talk," said his mother. But he silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie."

And the girl came. He took her hand in his left one; his right lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. Kelpie, I have found your friends. You are no longer a waif. The man who put you at my mother's door, is dead, I saw him die and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great fortune, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Maplethorp to-morrow, to claim you."

The dark southern face grew fairly dazzling, in its exceeding joy.

"O! thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad are you," he said.

"Yes, I'm glad, very glad."

"Then I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered, hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantle, and the cat purred before the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great tears standing in her eyes. At last she stole to the bed-side, and her slender, brown hand, which had never touched Tom's, only with the shy, coy touch of a bird, fell softly upon his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes, with a great start.

"Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom!"

Again there was a silence.

"Tom," the girl began, at last, her starry eyes downcast, her red lips quivering. "Tom, you remember that morning we parted out yonder by the sheep fold!"

"Yes, I remember."

"You asked me for a promise then—"

"And you refused it wisely enough."

"Tom," and the soft fluttering hand touched his forehead again, if you have not changed your mind, ask me again, ask me now!"

All bruised and bandaged as he was, the young fellow struggled up.

"Why, Kelpie, you don't mean—"

"Ask me, and you shall see, Tom."

Something in her down cast face gave him courage. He caught the fluttering hand, and held it fast.

"Ask you now, Rose? Oh, you know I love you. I have loved you my whole life long. I shall love you till my dying day. But Rose—

"Do you want my promise, Tom?"

"Want it?" I would die for it, Kelpie."

She extended her other hand, and looked up at him, all her woman's heart in her eyes.

"Then it is your's Tom. When you asked me before, I was nameless. I could not bear to think I might shame you some day—but, thank God, all that is past—I am—"

"You are what you always have been to me, Rose, the sweetest, purest creature God ever made. But you forget, child, your mother comes to-morrow, and you are an heiress—"

"I forget nothing, Tom; if I were the queen on her throne, I should say the same thing. I am yours, if you really want me."

Children's Love Affairs.

I think that all mother's of the present day have observed the tendency to sentiment displayed by children, even when very young. Benny will gravely talk of his little sweetheart, Molly, who fully reciprocates his affection. Indeed, Molly's head is quite full of the matrimonial subject. Her very dolls are married gentlemen and ladies, with interesting families of children who are liable to all the ills that flesh is heir to; so that by and-by she sets up a physician, who in his turn, seeks a wife, probably among the dolls of Molly's young acquaintances; and thus the game of life goes on in miniature, and there are no more old fashioned dolls in existence. The whole thing is wrong; but how to regulate it? This is a puzzling and delicate task. We have often heard that little girls talk and think much more about marriage than little boys. We have been taught that an early maturity, a more affectionate nature, and soon, explains this difference; but while it is undoubtedly affected by some of these things, yet I make bold to affirm that another cause operates far more strongly in producing the undesired effect, and that is the difference in their educations. I have noticed that delicate, carefully nurtured little boys are much more apt to dwell upon love-making than sturdy, romping ones. I have also noticed that the so called Tom-boy girls are much less given to silly pratings about courtships and so forth, than the model little misses. Does not the secret of the whole matter lie here? Don't dread the word Tom-boy, mothers; we all dislike bold little girls, but I have seen the most dreadful Tom-boys who were extremely modest and bashful, and I have seen (as I am sure everybody has) little girls who were never guilty of any boyish romping, who were, nevertheless, pert and bold to the last degree. Let children have plenty of exercise in the open air, and cultivate a desire for active play, and their silly sentimentality will be nipped in the bud. Courtship and marriage are far too serious subjects for children to trifle with, and no parents should for a moment countenance such folly.

A Woman's Terrible Experience.

Mrs. Lucy A. Still, of Sharon's Mills, Pa., has passed through a most thrilling experience. She started from her home in that place to visit a sick son who lived near Darney Swamp, about seven miles from there. Mrs. Stilt is sixty years of age, but as spry as a cricket, and she determined to walk the entire distance through this dismal swamp to her son's house, a feat she had frequently accomplished. She started at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and before she had gotten half the distance a violent snow-storm set in, and in a short time the road was hidden from sight. Darkness, too, soon came, and the old lady straggled from the road and became fast in a mire. The more she struggled the deeper she sank, until at last, weary from exertion, she gave up all attempt to extricate herself, and prayed for help. She remained in this mire for a whole day and night. Then, after almost superhuman efforts, she extricated herself, and made her way to a small hemlock three, which she climbed. She kept alive by continually moving her hands and arms. No food passed her lips for upwards of 165 hours, except a few crackers she had in her pocket and some whisky which she was taking to her son. She was compelled to quench her thirst by eating snow and drinking the vile water of the bog by which she was surrounded. She was rescued from her perilous position on the seventh day of her captivity by a party of hunters who had heard her faint cry of distress. She was taken to her son's house, where her mental faculties gave way, and a serious illness followed. The doctors say she will never regain her mental powers. While fast in the mire Mrs. Still saw several bears and scores of deer, and was attacked at one time by a panther. She gave terrible screams as the animal approached her, and he ran away.

White Buffaloes.

White buffalo have frequently been seen and killed. All the Indian tribes regard them as "big medicine," but they have different supersitions regarding them. For instance, Catlin, the painter, while among the Mandans in 1831, saw a white buffalo robe erected on a pole in their village as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. It had been purchased from the Blackfeet, who killed the buffalo, for eight horses and a quantity of goods. On the other hand the Comanches believe it very dangerous to see a white buffalo. In 1869 I saw a young Comanche who had seen a white buffalo return to his camp almost dead with fear. He was taken into his tent, the medicine men were sent for and they smoked him and kept up incantations over him day and night for a week. When he came out he believed that he had a very narrow escape from death. In 1869 a white buffalo was killed by a white man on the north fork of the Red river, I. T., and the hide presented to General Grierson. He desired to have it dressed to preserve it, but failed to get any Indian to undertake the task for a long time. At last he prevailed on a Comanche chief named "Horseback" to have the operation performed. "Horseback" selected one of his squaws, had the "medicine men" of his band go through various ceremonies over her to preserve her life and then placed her in a teepee some distance from his camp, where the hide was taken to her by a soldier and brought away when dressed. No other Indian would look at the hide, much less touch it. Her food was left at some distance from her teepee, and when the robe was dressed "medicine" ceremonies were held over her before she was allowed to rejoin the camp. I twitted "Horseback" about the fear of the robe, calling his attention to the fact that no harm befell any of the white men who handled the robe, but he answered that such might be the case, but what was "bad medicine" for a Comanche might be "good medicine" for a white man and vice versa. He proposed to take no risks in the matter.—*American Naturalist.*

The Three Friendly Printers.

A great many years ago, before the present government printing office was established, there were three printers engaged upon government work who were fast friends and constant associates. They neither had nor cared to have other acquaintances. One day one of the three fell sick and died. Then the question was who would perform the usual rites of friendship for the dead. Nobody outside took any interest in the matter, so that the two friends were obliged to care for the body themselves. Now all these printers were very fond of liquor, and though they never were seen in public barrooms, had many a bout by themselves in a quiet nook.

The remaining friends then sat up with the corpse, and to while away the time, brought their pack of cards and bottle for company. Euchre was the game, and they played for a stake, the winner to drink on scoring a game and the loser to stay dry. The luck ran one-sided. Seated on either side of the corpse, with the coffin between them as a table, the players played and recounted the virtues of their dead friend. But the one who never won was getting more and more thirsty. The cards had run steadily against him, and not a drop of liquor had passed his lips. Finally the luck changed, and slapping down the right bower on the coffin, he exclaimed, "There, now, it's my turn!" With a hasty motion he reached for the bottle, but at that instant consternation filled the breasts of both friends as the supposed corpse rose up and said, "Not a drop till I've had mine." With a scream of horror the two friends jumped up and rushed, one to the door and the other to a window. The latter leaped to the ground in his terror and broke a leg; the other gained the street without misadventure and disappeared. Years have elapsed. Both the watchers have died, but the friend who was supposed to be dead still lives, an eccentric, aged man, who is now a compositor in the government printing office.

William Pollitt, of Somerset county, died on the 18th inst. near Salisbury, aged eighty-four. Mr. Pollitt was at one time a companion of the renowned Davy Crockett, having lived together in Tennessee, and afterwards they corresponded for many years.

Buy Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures. To be had at all Druggists for 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE FORTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

With frosts of silver in her hair
  Discerned by close inspection's art,
But none—thank God!—spite all life's care,
  Yet fatten on the heart—
With scarce a line on cheek or brow
  To tell the Great Destroyer's march,
And childhood's frankness, ripened now,
  Beneath the eyebrows' arch;
Still every year the dearer grown.
  From what the earlier seasons knew—
So to my darling, loved since known,
  Comes ripening forty-two.

"So old!" she says, and shakes abroad
  Her wondrous wealth of dark-brown curls,
That o'er her sweet brow wave and nod
  Luxuriant, like a girl's.
"So old! I cannot quite believe
  That all these summer days have flown,
Or wintry winds, those frosts to weave,
  Been round me making moan!
So old!" Ah, God! if you are old,
  My darling, what am I, who speak,
Who nearly twenty years had told
  Ere life first kissed your cheek?

No! no! not old! Life's bubbling wine
  Of youth, indeed, may sparkle less
Than in those years, both yours and mine,
  What knew hope's fond caress;
But let us trust that much remains
  Of that most worthy ripened thought,
Because through thousand fears and pains,
  By long experience wrought—
That afternoons may be as sweet
  As ever summer's mornings were,
When we have learned their hours to meet
  Sans boldness or despair.

So, forty-two or twenty-one—
  What matter, if the heart be young
And loving words, long since begun,
  Yet linger on the tongue?
There are, who dry as summer dust
  Find all, because they make it so;
There are, who love, and hope, and trust,
  And keep's life early glow,
Till age's lengthened shadows fall
  And Heaven in raptured sight appears,
Defying fate's and fortune's thrall,
  And victors o'er the years!

So may it be for her who hears!
  So may it be with him who speaks!
No matter what those envious years
  May write upon our cheeks!
"It is not all of life to live,
  It is not all of death to die,"
Said one of old, most fit to give
  Sage counsel wise and high!
Remembering thus, who dares to say
  That eye may not return to noon,
And every year that glides away
  Confer life's noblest boon?

What if, in God's eternal plan,
  It should be written down, indeed,
Too blindly for the eye of man,
  In his mad race to read—
That what seems age, and chill decay,
  Is but the veriest, strangest truth,
The treading of an unknown way
  To blest, eternal youth?
Then forty-two and twenty-one
  Would be more blest and welcome far,
As nearer to that Central Sun
  In which all blessings are!

May this not be so? Who can tell?
  Nay, who has any need to know
Before the last and warning bell
  Shall ring for us below?
He who hath made us from the dust
  And given so much of earthly bliss,
May well receive our childlike trust
  In question like this.
In God's Good Time—ay, let the phrase
  Spring forth alike from lips and heart—
Begin, increase, revolve our days,
  Grow weary, and depart.

—*Morford's Magazine.*

THAT ONE-DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night. None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattling up against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair closer to the fire—a great, open mass of glimmering anthracite, and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on the hearth and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire; "I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there is nothing particularly to be done."

"Yes," Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was flitting about between the kitchen and sitting-room with a great blue checkered apron tied about her waist. "I am nearly ready to come in, now. Well, I wonder," sotto voce, "if that was a knock at the door or just a little rush of the wind."

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his reading.

"Tell him he has made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Pratlet.

"Couldn't you tell him no, without the ceremony of coming to me? Is it likely that I should lend a dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I'd a great deal rather throw it among yonder red coals. No—of course not."

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the old Squire. "If he had come to that half a dozen years ago perhaps he would not have been the miserable vagabond he now is."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire, "but it don't alter the fact. He is a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary, and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair, after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was settled.

Mrs. Pratlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"Then I've got to starve like any other dog!" said Luke Ruddilove, turning away. "But after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference if I shuffle out of this world to-day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke, no difference to your wife?"

"She'd be better off without me," he said, downheartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Pratlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, although I'll wager something the Squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough that he should think so, Luke?"

"Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke, in the same dejected tone he used during the interview.

"Stop," Mrs. Pratlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice. "Here is a dollar, Luke. Mr. Pratlet gave it to me for an oilcloth to go in front of the parlor stove; but I will try and make the old one last a little longer. And Luke, for the sake of your poor wife and little ones at home, for the sake of old times, try and do better. Won't you?"

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly at the new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary. I will. God bless you," he said, and crept out into the storm that reigned without. Mrs. Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a foolish thing, but, indeed, I could not help it. If he will take it home and not spend it at the tavern, I shall not miss my oilcloth."

And there was a conscious flush on her cheeks as if she had done something wrong when she joined her husband in the sitting-room.

"Well," said Squire Pratlet, "has that unfortunate gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To the Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not. Josiah."

"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. But Mrs. Pratlet kept her secret in her own heart.

It was six months afterward that the Squire came into the dining-room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders will never cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere with a colony. And they say Luke's not drank a drop of whisky for six months."

"I am glad of that," replied Mrs. P.

"It won't last long," he suggested despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know, I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Pratlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar for liquor.

* * * * * * * * *

Six months—six years; the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had returned to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, so the story went, far off in Eldorado.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he has bought that 'ere lot down opposite the court-house, and he is going to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," observed Mrs. Pratlet.

"And his wife she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness! I can remember when Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Pratlet, emphatically.

"It's to be all of stone, with white mantels and inlaid floors; and he has put a lot of papers and things under the corner-stone, like they do in public buildings."

"Well, that is natural enough."

"I know, yet it seems kind o' queer that he should put a dollar bill in with the other things. He must have lots o' money, to throw it away in that manner."

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheeks flush. Involuntarily she glanced toward the Squire. But he never looked around. She met Mr. Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequosset—Luke himself, save that the demon of intemperance had been completely crushed, and his better nature triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand, saying but the one word:

"Mary."

Tremulously she replied: "I am glad to see you here again."

When Luke had overcome his emotion he continued:

"Do you remember that stormy night when you gave me that dollar bill and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when all others gave me naught but the cold shoulder. You trusted me when all other faces were averted. That night I took a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I treasured it up, and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I have put the bill in the corner-stone of my new house, for it arose alone from that dollar bill.

"I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he said, smilingly, "the luck would go from me with it. But I'll tell you what I will do; I'll give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretches as you gave to me."

The next day Mrs. Pratlet received from the delivery man at her door a bundle which, when she had opened it, revealed to her astonished gaze the most beautiful piece of oilcloth her eyes had ever beheld. This naturally attracted the Squire's attention; and when Mrs. Pratlet told him all, he only replied, with some emotion: "You were right, and I was wrong."

The Fatal Effect of Skipping.

The skipping-rope has added another to its list of victims. The death of Isabella Coyle, an eight-year-old orphan girl, who died at No 1127 North Twelfth Street, was the result of too much skipping. On Saturday afternoon and evening she indulged in a great deal of skipping. On Sunday morning she was too weak to arise as usual. All day Sunday and all Sunday night she grew worse, suffering great pain, until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when death came to her relief. Coroner Frank held the inquest yesterday afternoon and pronounced spinal meningitis the cause of her death, and this disease the result of concussion produced by over exertion in jumping a rope.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Woman Market Reporter.

A woman can do things one would least expect a woman to accomplish, if she sets her head to it. It was my happiness last summer to see a lady in New York City who has succeeded nobly in a career few women would adopt from choice. Her story reads like a romance:

One day, near twenty years ago it must have been, a lady landed from a ship in New York harbor. She had come over the sea to make her fortune in the United States. When she left the ship she had a sixpence, and no more, in her pocket. She dropped it into the seaman's charity fund. The lady had letters to influential persons in New York, and recommendations of the highest order from his Majesty, Victor Emanuel, King of Italy.

One of the gentlemen to whom she had a letter was Horace Greeley. She was admitted to his private office and presented her note, likewise a modest request. It was that the founder of the *Tribune* should give her employment on his paper.

"What can you do?" said H.

She answered in a very ladylike and earnest way that she could report horse races and agricultural fairs. Horace Greeley never could understand a joke, or he would have seen one here. Also he had a general contempt for female intellect, and he probably saw in the young lady before him a mild-eyed lunatic. He merely glanced at her over his spectacles.

From that day to this Miss Morgan has steadily declared that there was only one man in America she thoroughly detested, and that was Horace Greeley.

"He's the meanest person I ever saw," she said. "He never even asked me to take a seat."

The great editor dismissed the aspiring young woman in short order. But somebody about the *Tribune* office, whose name is now lost to tradition, heard the story and thought it would be a good joke to send the lady who wanted to write about horses to the Saratoga races, then about to come off. Quite in the way of a jest this was actually done. It would be such fun, certain jolly under editors of the *Tribune* thought. But to keep matters all straight, and get a proper account of the races, the young man who regularly reported such things was also sent as usual. Ignorant of this the intrepid Middy Morgan wrote out her story of the races and sent it to the paper. The regular reporter sent his. Then it was that the joke turned. Miss Morgan's account was used instead of the regular reporter's. It was in the nature of a stunning surprise to the *Tribune* authorities. It was so well written, so full of spirited life, and showed such entire acquaintance with the subject that from that day on this brave girl found no trouble in getting work. She was sent everywhere to report horse fairs and races. That was her regular work for some years, when she exchanged it for live-stock reporting. She now only reports the cattle market. New York drovers call her the best judge of horned cattle in this country. She can tell the weight of a bull in the twinkling of an eye. There is this peculiarity about her, that whatever work she undertakes she does it better than anybody else. That is why she succeeds so well. She now reports the cattle markets for some four New York papers, among them the *Times* and *Tribune*. She has saved her earnings and is quite well to do.

"Hump! she ought to be," said an impertinent young lady with pink cheeks and banged hair, "she ought to be rich. Two thousand dollars a year and no clothes!"

The young lady did not mean it literally. She only meant to allude to Miss Morgan's simplicity in dress.—*Cor. Oil City Derrick.*

Witch-Women's Arts—Their Charms and Magic Spells.

A few miles across country from Reinholdsville, Pa., in the barren hills near the old Dunkard Cloister, is the unpretentious cabin of Dame Barbara Fischer. Her reputation as a woman who works wonders by mysterious charms, spells, potions and prayers is of wide extent. She is small in stature, aged, and gray, yet keen, sharp, bright and thoroughly independent. She will allow no one to encroach upon her rights, and a short time ago the attention of this entire community was directed to a serious misunderstanding she had with her son, who charged Dame Fischer with having played a prank on a pet animal of his. She indignantly denied that she had in any way interfered with his dog, and had never caused the dog to chase after his tail until he dropped dead with exhaustion. The old woman had her friends, and so did the young farmer. They freely took sides. Subsequently the wells of several neighbors became exhausted at a time when there was no drought, and the cows of other old Dunkard neighbors gave bloody milk. Those persons who had taken sides with the son were all very suddenly more or less affected in one way or the other, which gave rise to great speculation and gossip in all the country around. Generally speaking, the neighbors of the old woman are superstitious, and believe in all sorts of unnatural relics of witchcraft and black art. Hence they are ever ready to believe any story, however monstrously absurd, and they attach much importance to every move the old woman may make. To the strange visitor Dame Fischer will have little to say and less to do. Any one wearing the garb of a city resident and claiming her aid in anything outside of the most ordinary ailment will meet with a very cool reception. The applicant for her aid in anything extraordinary must be known to her personally, or must be introduced by some one with whom she is very well acquainted. A sufferer calling on her in person will be promptly treated, no matter who he or she may be, for all species of bruises, burns, nervous afflictions, "wild fire," St. Anthony's dance, felon, hypochondria, melancholia, and kindred ailments. Dame Fischer will lend prompt assistance to all who may personally apply and exhibit their affliction. In a majority of instances the old woman uses no medicines, but depends upon her "charm" to heal. This charm, or, as the natives hereabouts denominate it, "pow-wowing," consists of a simple breathing upon the wound or sore; a blowing over it, as it were, accompanied by a gentle touch, a wave of the hand, and a silent prayer. The conditions for operating are implicit faith in the mode of treatment, a perfect surrender of all thought antagonistic to the operator, and a serious promise to follow out all directions that may be given. Radical cures are then promised, and, strange as may appear, this class of "wonder-workers" have favorable reputations all over this section of the State for having helped many sufferers to absolute health.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

An Alleged Sure Cure for a Mad Dog's Bite.

Some days ago the *Sun* published a communication from Mrs. Reeves, of Pompton, N. J., relative to a cure for hydrophobia which her husband used successfully for a good many years, and which she has been using since. Mrs. Reeves spoke of ex-Alderman Jacob Ryerson, of Paterson, as one of those who was cured of hydrophobia by this process. Mr. Ryerson is now Superintendent of Outdoor Relief in Paterson. He says that it is true that he was cured as alleged. When a lad, he and four other boys were bitten by a mad dog. They were sent to Mr. Reeves. One of them failed to follow Mr. Reeves's directions and died of hydrophobia. The others followed the directions and recovered. Several animals bitten by the same dog died.

The remedy is said to be a poison that counteracts the poison of the saliva from the mad dog. It was concocted by a man named Penny, many years ago, after long study. He tried the remedy on animals first, and it is related that he then allowed himself to be bitten by a mad dog to test the remedy, and cured himself before he tried it on any one else. It is pretended that no one ever tried the remedy and followed the directions who was not completely cured.

A copy of the recipe could be obtained on payment of $25 and taking an oath never to reveal it. Some years ago a number of physicians went to get a copy, but they reported that they found it so tainted with superstitious quackery that they would never try it. Nevertheless, people came from all parts of the country to be cured, and their faith was boundless. All efforts to obtain the formula have hitherto been futile. There are now in Paterson three copies of the original recipe, which is now for the first time made public. It reads as follows:

PENNY'S RECEIPT FOR THE CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Take two upper and one under oyster shell well freshened and burnt to a lime Roach alum well burnt Bolarmenia or Dragons Blood pulverized taken in middling good white wine beer or ale kept in a glass jar air tight. The Allcompan root must be dryed made fine the shell lime and allcompain must be ¼ the most the other two articles half and half all well mixed together and taken for man or beast weighing 160 pounds one common table spoonful and so in proportion to any heft mix emily in the morning immediately after being bit in white wine beer or ale fasting four hours and neither eat nor drink and put some of the medicine in the wound mix in some grease and bind it on tight and so on for two mornings running and the fourth morning take the third dose fasting each time as the above and ardent spirits must not be drank for three months after.

JAMES PENNY'S RECEIPT.

Frantzdale, Ulster County, April 24th, 1837. To be more explicit the four articles are to be mixed in equal parts by measure except the lime and allcompain to be one eight the most each.

Elecampane is said to have been used by the Indians as a cure for hydrophobia. Bolarmenia, or dragon's blood, is a resinous gum found in South America. Its properties are astringent. Although formerly much used in medicine, it is said to have almost dropped out of use.—*New York Sun.*

A Queen's Robes.

A fashionable modiste of San Francisco had her parlors crowded one entire day with guests inspecting an outfit which she had just completed, per order, for Queen Kaprolani, the wife of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands. Among the many handsome robes was one which, intended for a grand state occasion, is made in the native style of the Hawaiian Islands, and is termed the "holuka." The design is the same as is known in the South, especially in New Orleans, as the "volonta," the robe being in one piece and gathered into a deep yoke that covers the shoulders. The material is the very richest velvet, of a Mario Louise blue, striped with gold and combined with plain velvet of the same shade. Another was of embossed velvet, of the most delicate peach-pink shade, which constituted the train and corsage. This was over a petticoat of plain Turk satin, also peach-pink, and was richly embroidered with white jet. The half sleeves and high-rolling collar were of the satin, and thickly covered with jet embroidery. Handsome white jet ornaments fastened the corsage, which was pointed in the front and back. The most beautiful of the lot, however, was a marine-blue satin combined with ecru satin, and finished with a heavy garniture of crimson-crushed roses. This gown was also made in the "holoku" style, with long, flowing sleeves open at the shoulders and extending nearly to the bottom of the gown, and were lined with crimson satin. Each suit had two pairs of slippers made of the same material as the dress they were to be worn with.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Training Circus Elephants.

"How do you train elephants to do their funny business, standing on their heads and all that sort of thing?" a New Haven reporter queried.

"Use the mechanic," explained Mr. Hutchinson. "We put a band about the hind legs of an elephant when we want to teach him to stand on his head. Then we put a pillow under his head. At the other end of the tackle is another elephant, and when the word of command is given off goes the elephant on the outside of the ring, and the fellow on the inside is obliged to stand on his head, whether he will or no. This is repeated until finally the beast knows what's wanted, and then at the word of command up he goes on his head. And it's so with all other tricks. It's persistency that does it."

He explained further that when once they had received instructions and were chained back to their places they would work at their tricks apparently trying to perfect themselves in them. It is, Mr. Hutchinson says, much more amusing to see them then than at any other time.

—"Buzzing a telephone" is the latest slang phrase.

Bagshot's Assistant.

Col. Bagshot runs a weekly newspaper called the *Union*, up in Chodunk. The Colonel was called away to New York on business, leaving the *Union* in the hands of an assistant who had been in his employ some little time.

Now, the Colonel knew that the said assistant had the check of a brass statue and the audacity of a New England fly—both indispensable attributes to the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week, he began to grow uneasy and telegraphed to Chodunk, "How's things?"

Back came the answer from the *Union's* pro tem. editor: "Bully! Circulation of the old thing's gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red-hot paper, and there's a gang outside that are weeping because they can't hoist the shingles off the roof and knock the whole concern to thunder. Stay away as long as you like."

Bagshot didn't waste a moment after receiving this encouraging dispatch. He started home in the first train, and reached Chodunk before night. The first man that struck him was the ticket-agent.

"Look here, Colonel!" he cried, excitedly, "I've a darned good notion to punch your head, you brazen-faced old liar!"

"Why?" asked Bagshot.

"Read that!" and the ticket-agent shoved a crumpled *Union* into his hand.

There was a paragraph as follows:

RAILROAD NEWS.—The bandy-legged idiot who robs the railroad company at this village has purchased a new pocket-knife. More knocking-down from the cash-drawer.

Bagshot bit his lips.

"Bill," said he, "that's a calumny, and I'll see it righted in our next. It's my cussed assistant's work."

"I don't care whose work it is," growled the agent, "but, if it ain't contradicted, somebody's got to die—that's all!"

Bagshot didn't reply, but sailed down the street to the *Union* office. He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh.

The Deacon seized him by the shoulder and exclaimed: "What do you mean, Bagshot, by inserting that scandalously untrue item about me?"

"Didn't insert any item," replied the Colonel.

"Don't sneak out of it in that way. You know you did. Why, I just cut it out of the *Union*. Listen:

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—That whited sepulcher, Deacon Marsh, was noticed last Saturday night trying to open the coal-hole in front of his residence with a night-key. The Deacon was full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese.

"Now, that's nice—ain't it? saying that I was drunk Saturday night, when I went to bed at seven with a raging toothache."

"It's that reckless fool whom I left in charge," groaned the Colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh;" and Bagshot scurried on again, only to be confronted by Major Blim.

"Colonel," uttered Blim, in his deepest voice, "this is villainous! It's my intention, sir, to call you out and shoot you through the heart. What the deuce do you mean by publishing this note in the *Union*?"

MILITARY JOTTINGS.—Maj. Blim, the tattered old beggar who hid in an oyster-barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple.

"I can't help it, Blim," said Bagshot, wiping his forehead; "it's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red-hot paper. Just wait, Major, and I'll fix things."

Hardly had he done so before young Cooley appeared.

"Col. Bagshot," announced he, "you are a lying scoundrel! This is a nice thing to put in your blackguard sheet about a young lady:"

SOCIETY ITEMS.—Miss Cooley, the old girl on South Street, waltzes around in a patent bustle in the hope of catching a fellow. But she can't—not even if she lays the paint on twice as thick as she does now.

But Bagshot didn't stop to hear it. He flew across the square and into the *Union* office like a flash.

No one was there. That able assistant editor, warned by friend unknown, had dusted forever. Lying on the desk was a *Union*, folded so that this notice caught Bagshot's eye:

LITERARY MEMS.—The bald-headed snipe who pretends to run this paper has gone to New York. We expect to hear every moment of his sentence to Sing Sing for arson and highway robbery. The citizens of Chodunk should congratulate themselves if the Colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide.

Bagshot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation will find it healthy to keep away from him.—*Minneapolis Weekly.*

A Coroner's Juror at the Age of 104.

Louis Lessard, of Montreal, was born in Paris, France, in 1777, and the other day he fulfilled the duties of a Coroner's juror with the keenness of intellect of a man half his age. His extreme age was doubted until he produced a silver snuff-box which he said was presented to him by Napoleon I. after the battle of Austerlitz, and began a narration of facts that bore the impress of truth. He served under Napoleon in most of his great battles, ending at Waterloo. He came to Canada in 1830, and held a commission in the British militia during the French Canadian rising of 1837. He has a most vivid and accurate recollection of the Napoleonic wars. He has been twice married. His first wife died twenty years ago, and his second wife he led to the altar in July last. She is 51 years of age.

—In an essay upon the nutritive value of fish, Prof. Atwater gives this table: Taking medium beef at 100, we have, as the food value of like weights of fish free from bone: Medium beef, 100; fresh milk, 23.8; skimmed milk, 18.5; butter, 124; cheese, 155; hen's eggs, 72; codfish, fresh, 68; flounders, 65; halibut, 88; striped bass, 79; mackerel, 86; lake trout, 94; eels, 95; shad, 99; salmon, 104; salt mackerel, 111; dried codfish, 34.6.

—There was a novel sight in Virginia City the other day. It was of a big Indian carrying a papoose in his arms. The spectators were beginning to express their surprise, when his squaw came wearily around the corner, bending under the weight of two sacks of flour.

—A new Swedish industry is the manufacture of fine sewing thread from wood.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Strawberries cultivated at Charleston, S. C., are expected to yield 1,000,000 quarts for the Northern markets from 250 acres of land.

—The use of gas as fuel enables the manufacturers of steel and glass in Pittsburgh to produce those articles far more cheaply than formerly.

—A tea plantation was established last year by Count d'Amigo upon his estates near Messina, Italy. The tea plant is said to thrive finely there, and its leaves are in no wise inferior to those of the Chinese plant.

—Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., describes a new series of spordumene found in Alexandria County, North Carolina. The vein bearing it runs about due east and west, and dips about an angle of 70 degrees. He expects that further and more exhaustive exploration will result in the discovery of crystals having a commercial value as gems. This new variety he calls by the name of hiddenite.

—Concerning "applied science," Prof. Huxley recently remarked: "I often wish that this phrase had never been invented, for it suggests that there is a sort of scientific knowledge of direct practical use which can be studied apart from another sort of scientific knowledge which is of no practical utility, and which is termed "pure science." But there is no more complete fallacy than this. What people call applied science is nothing but the application of pure science to particular classes of problems."

—Prof. Fleeming Jenkin has stated that the following are the main conditions to be fulfilled in putting a house into good sanitary order: 1. The liquid refuse from the house must have a free passage to the town sewer. 2. The air from the town sewer must not have a free passage into the house drain. 3. No air or gas from the drainage channels of the house must enter the house. 4. No water or liquid must leak from those channels into the ground under the house. 5. The drinking water must be stored in such a manner as to run no risk of contamination. 6. The air of the dwelling-rooms must be supplied without contamination.

—Perfumers are aware of the curious fact that some of our sweetest and most delicately scented flowers are of no value for perfumery. For example, no process has as yet been discovered by which the fragrance of sweet-brier and eglantine can be extracted and preserved, but a good imitation is produced by a compound of neroli oil, with alcoholic extracts of rose pomade and of orange flowers. Lily of the valley, which is likewise unavailable to the perfumer, is well imitated by a combination of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine and otto of almonds. Lilies are little used in perfumery, their odors being too powerful.

PITH AND POINT.

—Barren mountains are not worth ascent.

—Kind words are bald-headed. They can never dye.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"O for the trusting days of youth," sings the poet in the Chicago *Tribune*; from which we infer that her dressmaker has adopted the cash system of getting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fashion says that in the "paper-loop" dance "the gentlemen form a circle, turning their backs to a lady, who is placed in their center and breaks the hoop upon the head of the gentleman with whom she would dance." This is as good as a circus.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"I declare I'll never go to another matinee as long as I live," said young Mrs. Guffey the other day, throwing herself into a chair and fanning herself indignantly. "Wasn't the play good?" asked Guffey. "Oh, good enough, I suppose; but that disgusting, stuck-up Mrs. Diffenderfer sat below me with such a lovely bonnet on that I couldn't hear a word."—*San Francisco Post.*

—A few days ago a youthful Zulu of about twelve summers named Pea-Blossom was convicted of stealing in a Galveston court and sentenced to imprisonment in the County Jail. "He is rather young to steal, I should suppose," remarked a bystander to Uncle Mose. "No, sah, he is not too young to steal, but he is cotched a little earlier den de rest ob 'em, dat's all."—*Galveston News.*

—Young Hayseed, a knowing young fellow from the country, was in town the other day and "put up" at one of the first-class hotels. After dinner he strolled out to the office, and picking up a toothpick from the box on the office counter, used it vigorously on a set of tobacco-stained grinders, and then replaced it carefully in the box, saying as he did so, "Some folks would put that air sliver in their pocket and kerry it away, but there haint nothing mean about me, I kin tell you."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Yesterday was my wife's birthday," remarked a prominent Galvestonian to a friend. "I suppose you made her a nice present?" "Oh, yes; I never omit that." "Did you give her some costly jewelry!" "Well, no; what I gave her was not quite that expensive." "What was it?" "I gave her a pretty strong hint that she would not be overlooked next Christmas, providing she behaved herself properly, made the fires in the morning, and pulled off my boots when I came home tired."—*Galveston News.*

It Was All Right.

Several people were making purchases in a Woodward Avenue grocery yesterday, when an old man with a cane in one hand and a bundle in the other stood in the door and asked:

"Did any of you drive up here in a sleigh?"

"Yes, I did," replied one.

"Was it an old white hoss?"

"Yes."

"And an old woman in the cutter?"

"Yes."

"And can she manage the hoss?"

"I guess she can."

"Then it's all right," said the man of the cane and bundle. "The old hoss has just run away and the old woman is hanging to the dashboard and yelling murder with all her might; but if she can manage him there's no use of anybody getting excited over it. Let me inquire what the price of cranberries is to-day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AT THE MATINEE.

Pretty! She was a stunner, I should say;
The girl I sat beside, that matinee.
I didn't note her when I first went in;
But when to stare at me she did begin,
I looked at her—by Jove, her eyes were bright!
Fringed with long, silken lashes, black as night,
Red cheeks and cherry lips. And then her look
Was so piquant, my heart by storm she took.
She had an escort, but she didn't seem
Him worthy of a single look to dream.
Whenever I looked at her, I caught the flash
Of her bright eyes. I felt I'd made a mash.
I glanced at her, whenever I could see
Her escort's watchful gaze was not on me;
And she as often did return my glance.
I wished to speak. At last I had a chance,
An entr'acte came. Her escort started out,
And I began by asking, as in doubt:
"Pardon me, did you speak?" She answered, "No,
But I've been toeing like so doing, though."
Joy filled me! She went on: "Please keep your feet
Off my dress!" Just then I changed my sent.
—*Boston Post.*

A BAR SINISTER.

CHAPTER I.

Eureka Valley, in 1876, contained half a dozen substantial log houses, and during the severest portion of the winter was the refuge of hunters, trappers, cattle-herders, and that singular class of men who dwell among the awful sublimities of nature, because they have learned to love her in this form—men who seldom forsake the mountains, meadows and lakes, and who would pine and die if compelled to live in the crowded haunts of gregarious man. For weeks terrific storms had raged over the valley. The cabins had long since disappeared beneath the drifting snow, and still the flakes fell. Some men huddled together before a blazing fire on the ample hearth of the largest cabin in the Valley, discussing a problem—a question of life and death. Ben Smith, an experienced mountaineer, and one whose words were listened to with the closest attention, was just finishing a long speech explanatory of the terrible situation.

"We're in fur it, boys," he said, "unless somethin' turns up mighty soon. We can't live through another week of the storm don't let up, or somebody comes to lift us out. Now, it's my opinion thet the storm won't let up, an' 'taint likely nobody's comin' to fetch us out, or set up a fust-rate hotel in Eureka to keep us from starvin'."

"But somethin's got to be done," remarked Joe Skinner.

"I'd like to know w'at?" responded Ben. "Pervisions all gone, six of us rashin' 'ith the scurvy, cabins turned into wood-piles and burnin' to ashes ez fast ez we kin pile on the logs, an' the deuce's own storm a-bowlin' down through the gulches and canons. Somethin's got to be done, sure enough, but w'at? I don't see but one thing to be done."

"What's that?" muttered one of the men. Ben did not reply, but glanced rapidly from one haggard, weather-beaten face to another. The men seemed to understand instinctively what that strange look foreboded, and a shudder quivered through the frames of two or three of the younger men. No one spoke for a moment. Finally:

"Only a week's provisions!" The words came huskily from the throat of Sam Billings.

"A week—scant'lowance," answered Ben. "So ne of it's putrid, but I don't suppose yer particker 'bout n little thing like thet, air ye?" There was another short pause in the consultation, broken by the youngest of the party, a boy named Jerry Homer.

"How long can a man live on nothing but water and toothpicks?" he answered, his pleasanry contrasting horribly with the grim possibilities conjured up by his words.

"'Bout nine days. I've heerd, of he don't die a vi'lent denth afore thet time," answered Ben, and then even the most obtuse understood the hidden meaning of the old mountaineer's remarks, and the proposition toward which he was reluctantly drifting.

"My God! Ben, you don't mean it?" exclaimed the boy, his face blanching as he realized that there was but one resource left.

"Oh, yer beginning to understand, air ye?" replied Ben. "Yes, I menn it," he continued, "an' to be plainer 'ith ye, afore this week's out ther'll be a dinner in this yer camp that wolves might smack their lips over, hut——"

"Which wo're not going to partake of!"

The speaker was tall, gaunt, and cadaverous. He was old and thin; straggling locks of gray hnir fell around his furrowed temples. Every eye was turned toward him inquiringly, his hoarse voice was so positive in its tone. He stepped forwnrd and stood in the full glare of the blnzing fire, like a specter from the other world.

"Wat do you know 'bout it, Tom?" inquired Ben Smith, a half smile playing across his hard-lined feattures.

"I've been listening for the last hour, Ben," replied Tom, "to a lot of talk about starvation, and now I hear hints that lead me to suppose that a cannibal feast is on the cards. Now I don't want to be facetious—it isn't in my line—but I'll eat my own hand before I'll dine off nny human being. I prefer turkey in mine for dinner, and the next square meal we cat together shall have turkey on the bill of fare. Why don't you talk sense?" snid Tom. "Why don't you talk about making a fight for your lives? Come, boys, liven up—be men. Don't sit moping there like n lot of frightened children. Let us take what we can on our backs; let us get out of this."

"How long d'ye s'pose we'll he on the road, Tom?" asked Ben, with sarcastic commiseration.

"A day and n night; perhaps two days."

"Easy trav'lin', I s'pose?"

"Some of us may die on the road."

"No danger of all of us dyin', I s'pose?"

"More chances of our gettin' through snowdrifts forty or a hundred feet deep, tn a storm that shakes the mount'ins, 'n ther' is stayin' here 'till she lets up, eh? Hev ye noticed, Tom, thet the trails out o' the valley are smoother'n mseadam, nn' plsiner'n the nose on yer face? Hev ye noticed that we're all hale'n hearty, an' able to trnvel?"

"I understand all the difficulties and dangers, Ben, and I for one nm willing to brave them. Who goes with me?" and Tom tightened his belt as if prepared for a journey.

"Who'll take the chances with me in the storm?" No one replied. "All right, here goes for liberty or death! hand me the dope, Sam." And nmid profound silence Tom strode to the cabin wall nnd took down a pair of snow-shoes. He examined the strap, bent the light boards to test them, "doped" the bottoms, and placed them once more against the wall. Approaching the silently watching group in front of the fire, he waved his hand nround the room, as he said, in a quiet tone:

"There's shoes enough for us all. Who'll follow old Tom Stoddart to liberty, life, or the other world?" No one replied. The men seemed to be turned to statues. Some o them regarded the fire with a stony stare; others howed their hoads in their hands; while a small minority, among whom was Ben Smith, looked upon Stoddnrt with the singular expression which sometimes overspreads the faces of brave men rendered reckless by despair.

"Nobody wants to go," snid Tom, at last "Well, boys, I understand how it is. You think you see certain death on the mountain; you think you see a chance of prolonging life by staying here—prolonging your life at a horrible expense. I can't see it, ns you do, boys. When I die I want to die trying, I want to die fighting; I don't want to starve to death. But I'll tell you, boys, what I intend to do. I want you to understand that I'm not actuated by selfish motives; I want you to understand that I'm not leaving you in the lurch. I will risk my life on the mountain to bring you relief. I'll be with you again in seven days!"

It was Ben Smith who answered, and his answer indicated sarcastic incredulity:

"I've heerd tell that sperrits do come back to their fren's."

"I'll be here in the flesh."

"Yes," replied Ben, "you'll be mighty likely to get back from a squar meal in civilized parts to a place whar squar' meals are at a discount an' empty stomicks at a premium. I've heerd tell o' sich things, as well as sperrits, but I never seed none o' them."

Stoddard took one step forward, and drawing himself to his fullest hight, exclaimed in n voice that rang through the surrounding rafters, a voice that cut the wailing of the storm like the clarion note of a bugle sounding the change of battle.

"It's a lie, Ben Smith. I'm a soldier of Navarino. I've seen the Turk fall before the scimiter of the Greek. I've fought for the liberty of a glorious nation, nnd I never shirked my duty or forsook a friend in the hour of need. And I tell you here, in this tomb of destruction, that the race to which I belong is a race of knights, as proud, as pure, as faithful as any that ever couched a lance in the cause of honor. I am the oldest of my line, though the sinister bar crosses my escutcheon, and when I am untrue to the traditions of my house may my right arm palsy at the socket and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. I am the Marquis of Nithsdale by divine right, if not by human entail. The blood of n Bruce is in my veins, and the highlands of liberty-loving Scotland can boast of no prouder name."

Nothing more was said—not even a suggestion that he wait until the storm abated somewbat. When Stoddard had finished all his preparations, Smith mentioned the Tholumne River.

"There's no ford, no ferry," he shouted.

"I'll swim it," replied Tom.

The men looked at the speaker with mingled feelings of respect nnd amazement. They knew that old Tom Stoddart bore the reputation of harboring "a bee in his bonnet." His actions in the present crisis, his heated and theatrical reply to Ben Smith, his claim to a doubtful nobility, had all combined to confirm their suspicions of his insanity.

"Good-by, Tom. God speed you, old boy," shouted the men, as the mad hero passed out of the cabin and disappeared in the storm.

"We'll never see him again," said Ben, as they forced the door back in its place and barred it.

"Who knows?" muttered Jerry Homer.

And yet when, half an hour later, the storm having abated and the wind ceased to howl, Sam Billings, who had burrowed his way out, returned and announced that no snow was falling, nnd that the clouds were beginning to drift, a strange wild hope sprang up in each man's heart.

CHAPTER II.

Gloomy, dispirited, and on the verge of starvatiou, the denizens of Eureka Valley crouched in front of the burning logs when, a week later, the day dawned cold and sleeting. Two more unfortunates, Roger Martin and Jack Llnstock, had succumbed to the terrible distemper prevalent in the camp, and with glassy eyes and shivering frames sat gazing languidly at the flames. During the past week the weather had been extremely moderate. The storm seemed to have spent its force in that last terrible outburst, and the sun had shone with cold yet cheerful rays upon that vast expanse of drifted snow. The blue smoke curling heavily from the tall chimney of the cabin half buried in the snow, told where despair lurked in this whited sepulcher of desolation. Ben Smith, the stanchest of the little band of unfortunates, was a second time reviewing the terrible situation. A cruel irony, that cut like the keen lancet of a surgeon who steeled his heart to his duty, persecuted bis realistic speech:

"I don't s'pose you fellers feel n sort o' yearning fur them flesh-pots of Egypt, ez the 'sam singers call 'em. Oh, no; you'd rather fast an' mortify yer flesh—not 'cause ye couldn't hev 'em ef ye wanted 'em. Yo wouldn't tech a rib o' roast ox of it was hangin' 'ithin half au inch o' yer noses; ye'd die fust."

"Go on, Ben," groaned Sam Billings, "go on; tt's like a feast o' reason to hear ye. Did ye say all thet fried coyote was out?"

"Oh, no, Sam; there's plenty o' fried coyote," replied Ben. "But we don't dine offur coyote to-day. We're goin' to fill up on turk. Ol' Tom Stoddart, thet Markiss o' Blifdale, er wa'tever he calls it—'lowed thet nothin' but turk 'd do us fur to-day, an' he'll be 'long in 'bout an hour or two, or mebbe a week or so—it don't matter; so ye'll hev to tighten up an' wait till tho dinner-bell rings. Ye needn't look so crooked, Martin, ez ef ye thought the Markiss was a lyin' w'en he promised us a chicken roast squar. Markisses don't lie, not much! An' the Markiss of Snifdale is morc'n the reg'lar breed o' thet style o' pups. Oh, he'll be here; don't you never fear."

"He is here!" The words sounded like an echo; they were so low and weak.

"It's ol' Tom!" shouted Jerry Homer, in an ecstacy of joy, as he sprang to the door and unbarred it.

"Derned ef he hezn't kep' his promise!" laughed Sam Billings, hurrying to assist in opening the door. As soon as this was accomplished, a shapeless form, covered from head to foot with flakes of snow, staggered into the room. The form stood for an instant rigid; then it wavered, reeled, and fell prone. A low murmur. "I've made the trip, thank God!" and darkness gathered over the understanding of the "Marquise of Nithsdale."

"He's fainted, boys," cried Smith, springing to the side of the prostrate man. "Here, some o' you galoots rub his hands. Sam, take off them boots. Strip yerselves, some o' ye, an' give the ol' man somethin' dry to put on." While issuing these orders, Ben was rapidly reducing the shapeless form to something like humanity.

"Turkeys, by the hide of a grizzly!" he exclaimed; "three o' 'em. Derned ef he hezn't packed them birds nigh onto sixty mile; an' pertatoes an' onions—them's fur the scurvy—an' bread, by jingo! an' coffee, or I'm a liar. An'—boys, handle ol' Tom gently. Git right down on yer knees an' thank him. He's an angel come down from glory, and we're a lot o' mean, mis'able hounds to ever doubt his word. I'm wuss'n a coyoto—I'm a Chinaman. Hullo! w'at's this? Whisky, by the holy smoke! Here, hold on thar!—pry open them teeth, an' chuck in a pint or two o' this. Thet'll fetch him. Every drop o' thet whisky is wuth n twenty-dollar gold piece to ev'ry one of us, but of one swig'd save ev'ry life in this yer shebang, not one o' ye should hev a smell till we fetch ol' Tom through."

The whisky revived the old man, and he opened his eyes. In a few moments more he was able to sit up, and as he rose from the floor a great spontaneous shout went up from the little crowd of starving men.

Then, while preparations for the feast were in progress, old Tom told the story of his perils and hardships—how he had braved the tempest through the gulches of the Grizzly Range, how he lost his way in Cow Creek meadows, how he struggled through the shifting drifts of Tamarack flat, and then now he nearly lost his life swimming the raging waters of the Tuolumne. Then he related how he dragged himself from the icy torrent, and not daring to rest for an instant, battled on, on, on through the night, until he reached the snow-belt, slipping and sliding through snow and slush, his ankles swollen by the leathern straps of his snow-shoes, chilled to the bone, his hands so numb that he could scarcely wield his long, heavy guide-pole, until he reached the welcome shelter of Northup's just as the gray dawn was breaking through the clouds to the eastward.

"It was a terrible trip, boys, but I made it," he continued; "an' it would have done your hearts good to have seen the boys at Northrup's hustle 'round and organize a relief party as soon as I told them how we were fixed. They're coming, boys—they'll be here in a few hours. I couldn't wait for them, and came on ahead. They've got to sled it in, and where there is no trail it's slow work, you know. But they are coming, and we're saved. The trip back wasn't so bad, but I think I broke my ankle coming over Grizzly range. I slipped and fell, and when I got up I nearly fainted with the pain. It was the pain that made me faint just now. I wish you look at it, Ben, and see what's the matter."

"Why didn't you tell us before?" was the indignant inquiry of Smith. "Yer a purty cuss, to set a-gassin' thar 'ith your broken leg, a-tellin' us what you've done fur us, an' lettin' us lay 'round like a passel o' coyote pups waitin' fur the'r grub."

An examination of the injured limb showed that the ankle had received a severe sprain—that was all. But the legs and feet were terribly swollen from the pressure of the snow-shoe straps. Willing hands were soon at work attending to the injuries. Whisky was plentifully applied, and shires were torn into bandages; and when Billings and Martin, who had been officiating as cooks, announced dinner, Stoddart was resting in comparative ease.

It was a glorious feast—that dinner in the heart of the snow-mantled Sierras. And perhaps throughout the length and breadth of the world no dinner afforded more heartfelt enjoyment, for it was eaten by famished men. The vegetables were divided among those afflicted with scurvy, Smith, Homer and Stoddart persistently refusing to touch them.

And no thought was taken of the morrow? Had old Tom not promised that the relief would surely reach them in a few hours? But the following day passed and no relief—and a blinding snow-storm raging. Scarcely an hour went by during the day or night that one or the other of the snow-bound did not force his way out into the tempest and cry aloud for the help that it delayed. How feeble the voice of a human sounds through the whirling snow-flakes of a mountain storm—how dull and dead, how echoless! Hour after hour they shouted—nay, shrieked—from that lonely spot in the Sierra fastness, and no answering shout replied to gladden their sinking hearts. And still the snow-flakes fell, drifting, whirling, driving.

Once more the pangs of hunger fastened upon the vitals of these strong, all-enduring men. On two occasions Ben Smith and Jerry Homer—the only able-bodied men in the camp—attempted to cross the Grizzly range in the hope of meeting the relief, but the storm drove them back. Even old Tom, had he been as strong as he was two weeks before, could not have beaten his way through the tempest. Eight days had now passed since that memorable feast, and the condition of the men was truly pitiable. Martin and Billings were little better than gibbering idiots. Everything eatable had been chewed to pulp and shreds, and those who could least enduro the frightful pangs that racked them were chewing pine leaves and fir twigs, which Smith (iron muscled) brought in from the outside. Smith was the only stay of the camp now, and even he seemed about to succumb.

Then, like a horrid nightmare, the awful problem was again mooted—not by innuendo this time, but openly, with muttered curses, by men who glared ravenously upon each other, eager to ply the deadly knife to appease the now unendurable fever that raged within them. They no longer went to the door. They were consulting who should die to save the rest.

"We'll draw lots," said Ben Smith, in a husky whisper. His tongue was thick and black.

"Hurry up, then; we can't stand it much longer. Let's know who it is," moaned Homer, in a gurgling, cracked voice, his deshless fingers clutching nervously, and his dull eyes rolling in their sockets.

"No, no! Not while I live, boys—not while I live." In piteous accents old Tom Stoddart put in his protest, as he crawled, weak and almost helpless, from a corner where he had been crouching during the conversation. "I'm old and useless, boys. I've fought my fight. My end is near. And if my old body can do anything to alleviate your sufferings, you are more than welcome to it. Let me be the victim."

"No, Tom; you have earned the right to live. We owe our miserable lives to you," said Homer.

"Tom, you've done too much for us already. One of us must die for you—only one is needed. The relief will be on hand soon enough after it is all over. It'll come one life late—but what's the odds? We'd a starved to death ef thet life hedn't gone out."

"Then, boys, if you won't do it for me, I'll save you the trouble. I wanted to die like a soldier, as if my face were fronting the foe; but you refuse, and I must sacrifice myself."

Old Tom had raised himself to his feet during these words, and gradually retreated to the farthest end of the room. As he uttered the last words, his trembling hand sought the bosom of his shirt, and before the stupefied spectators could make a movement a derringer gleamed beside his temple.

"Boys, the heart of the Bruce put the Moors to flight. The blood of the Bruce flows through my heart. May it put the demons of famine to flight after old Tom is gone."

He pulled the trigger, and a crash—shouts—a confused medley of sounds, and a rush for the door. The cap on the derringer had snapped. Old Tom's life was saved. The relief had arrived.

CHAPTER III.

A winter morning, 1877. Midnight had just passed, and the bells of Sonora were chiming merrily. Bonfires blazed, and occasionally a rocket shot up, and, bursting, fell in a shower of brilliant stars. The town was aglow. The people were celebrating the birth of the Savior in a good, old-fashioned way. All was joy, merriment, happiness.

In a miserable hut on the outskirts of the town a man lay dying by inches. Crippled by rheumatism, racked by a thousand agonies, "and hungered and athirst," his soul was tearing itself loose from a decrepit, useless, hopeless body. In the midst of revelry, while joy-bells pealed their melodious notes, the noble heart of a hero was breaking—forsaken by the world, starving while surrounded by plenty, in supreme despair.

"Oh, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!' Oh, yes, you laughing bells, ring on, ring on, but don't remind those who listen that old Tom Stoddart is dying of hunger and thirst in a hole where the sun can scarcely penetrate for the cobwebs that cover the window-panes. They called me crazy—what could I expect? What could a crack-brain, a poor, harmless idiot, expect from an intelligent, a high-souled, pure, and immaculate world!"

He paused, and fumbled under his pillow. He drew forth a derringer, caressed it tremblingly in the utter darkness, and resumed:

"The price of a dinner—perhaps two. But how can I use you to purchase them? What messenger will come to hear you away where death may be exchanged for the staple of life? You played me false once, on a similar occasion, when despair gnawed at my vitals, an occasion when, if you had done your duty I might have died the death of a hero, a godlike death, the fame of which would have rung through the world and crowned my memory with a fleeting halo of glory. Will you fail me now? A few moments will tell the tale. I will wait until the cocks crow. At the crowing of the first cock, old Tom will erase the bar sinister from the escutcheon of the Marquis of Nithsdale."

At last, just at the gray streaks of dawn were silvering with the sun-shafts of the coming day, clear and shrill came the triumphant trumpeting of the morning-greeting cock. But his notes were not answered by the derringer's angry yelp. The soul of a hero had winged it's flight beyond the stars, on wings unstained by the grime of powder. Death had erased the bar sinister from the escutcheon of the Marquis of Nithsdale.

CHAPTER IV.

The Raveley family had invited all their friends to a grand dinner. The Raveleys were an aristocratic "set," as "sets" were graded in the little village of Sonora, and this banquet was to be fully as aristocratic as the "set" from which it originated. Covers were laid for twenty people, exclusive of the family, and the silverware that glittered on the table was an heirloom in the Raveley family, having been presented about the time of the Revolutionary period to the paternal great-great-grandmother, upon the occasion of her wedding.

The dinner was an exceedingly decorous affair, as might have been expected. No vulgar clattering of knives and forks, no clashing of crockery, no unseemly haste in the absorption of soup. Slater alone persisted in contrasting himself with the balance of the company by eating with his knife, and interpointing remarks about the pork and beans he and "old Bill Raveley" had devoured at various primitive repasts ranging through the series of years beginning in 1850 and ending in 1860. Mrs. Raveley, a really sensible woman, unspoiled by her husband's income, humored the old man in his reminiscent mood, but it was plain to be seen that the conversation jarred upon the super-sensitive nerves of the haughty female Snobleys.

"Isn't it really a shame that Mr. Velret could not be present on this occasion?" simpered the youngest Miss Raveley, late of a metropolitan seminary. Mr. Velret was the pastor under whom the Ravelcys and Snobleys sat.

"It is really too bad," assented Miss "Marie" Snobley, "but I suppose his duties compelled him to forego the pleasure."

"A wedding," explained Miss Mattie Dibleton.

"Not much of an affair," quietly remarked Mattie, "only Sallie Evens and her fellow."

"Oh!"

It will be necessary to explain that "only Sallie Evens" was an orphan girl who earned her own living in a vulgar dressmaker's establishment, and that "her fellow" was Joe Humphreys, a young man who, by steady industry and soher habits, had acquired, at his trade of blacksmithing, a sufficient amount to set up housekeeping and consummate a long-standing courtship existing between himself and "his girl."

"Love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing," remarked Sewell, with a sneer.

"Love in a blacksmith shop, I should say," addod Reginald Snobley.

"Good for the gal," blurted Slater, with his mouth full of turkey. "Glory in her spunk, by jingo!" That remark put a damper on the wedding business, and it was dropped instanter.

"What was the text to-day, Tillie?" inquired Miss Adele Raveley. "I've been so busy all day, arranging things, that I could not possibly attend the morning service." Miss Tillie became pensive.

"Something or other in psalms," she murmured. "something about—mamma, you know what it was? I've forgotten it entirely."

"New feather in some other woman's bonnet," muttered the graceless Reginald, his insulted sister rewarding him with one of those peculiarly scornful glances which only a woman laboring with suppressed anger can bestow.

"Really, my dear, my memory is so bad that really I couldn't rehearse the text," answered the maternal Snobley. "I believe it was something about crowns, and paths, and fatness, or something of that kind," she added, dubiously.

"'Thou crownest the years with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness,'" came reverently from the lips of little Miss Hunniwell.

"Why, what a memory you have, Margaret!" was the flattering comment of "Marie" Snobley.

"Mixed metaphor," sneered Sewell.

"And, oh, it was such a lovely sermon," said Tillie, her face lighting up with the recollection of the moral and intellectual treat she had enjoyed. "It was all about the season, you know, and the happy thoughts and calm desires we should entertain. And we shouldn't forget the poor, for they are always with us."

"An' likely to stay, ef they ain't attended to," interrupted Slater, reaching for the pickle-plate.

"And we ought to care for the unfortunate, and give from our store sufficient to lift them above want," continued Miss Snobley.

"I know one case in p'int," remarked Slater, preparing to make an assault on a side dish.

"Whose case is that, Mr. Slater?" inquired Mrs. Raveley.

"Col. Tom Stoddart's." Slater's reply was greeted by a general laugh. "Ye needn't laugh, my friends; I know what I'm talkin' about," he continued. "Thet old man has more genooine diamon'-plated pride locked up in the bottom of his heart'n any three kings in God's universe."

"Calls himself the Marquis of Nithsdale, or something of that kind, don't he?"

"Says he fought at Navarino."

"Belongs to the engine company—heart and soul wrapped up in fire business."

"Always hard up."

"Never borrows a cent."

"And I've heard that he has performed many kind acts for people as poor or poorer than himself," was Miss Hunniwell's comment.

"Yer mighty right, Miss. He was a good Samaritan, an' no mistake, nn' there's more'n one in this yer town thet'll hev cause to remember ol' Tom, now ye hear my gentle racket," said Slater.

"I wonder if he has had his dinner," remarked Mrs. Raveley.

"I'll bet a chaw o' terbacker he hain't had a toothful to-day," replied Slater.

"Then I'll see that he has as nice a meal as anybody in Sonora," was the generous decision of the hostess.

"The old man seems to be a prime favorite," remarked Sewell. "Perhaps it would be a good plan to erect a monument to him, and inscribe his virtues on it in raised letters."

"Perhaps you may be called upon to contribute to that laudable object, my dear sir." It was the Rev. Mr. Velret who spoke. He had entered unperceived in time to catch the drift of the conversation, and hear Sewell's heartless remark.

"Why, Mr. Velret, how do you do?" exclaimed Mrs. Raveley. "Won't you take a seat and join us? We're not half through yet."

"No, I thank you," answered the clergyman. "I simply dropped in to see how you all fared, and I should not have made the remark that announced my presence had it not been for what Mr. Sewell said in relation to one who is at present in more need of a tribute to his memory than a repast."

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Raveley.

"Poor Old Tom Stoddart has gone to his long home, Mrs. Raveley."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

* * * * * * * *

It was the most impressive funeral ever seen in the county. He was hurled under the auspices of Cataract Engine Company No. 1, and the long lines of red-shirted firemen, the draped and garlanded engines and hose-carriages, headed by the local brass band moaning death-dirges, the long-roll of the muffled drums and the nodding plumes of the sable hearse, all contributed to render the spectacle one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As the cortege passed down the street the merchants closed their doors, and even the children left their play, and followed the slowly-moving procession to the pine-embowered cemetery on the hill beyond the town. Here the last sad rites were performed, and as the soulful strains of

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,

floated away on the calm wintry air, it sounded as if an angel choir had swept down from their Heavenly home to hallow the spot where they had laid him to rest.

* * * * * * * *

A costly shaft marks the spot where he sleeps, and it bears an appropriate eulogy, the sincere tribute of a community that began to appreciate the noble qualities of a good and true man when to appreciate them was but a mockery of twice-blessed charity. Thus inadequately did a selfish, thoughtless world make reparation for its neglect of one whose life may be epitomized in the simple words: "He loved his fellow-man."—*Argonaut.*

—Gov. John C. Fremont, of Arizona, may serve as a model for brevity to verbose statesmen. His last annual message was one-half a column in length.

—Gen. Grant has arranged to remove to his Long Branch cottage June 1, and remain there through the summer.

Our Young Folks.

CHICKADEE.

All the world is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast.
All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me
To the tree
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me
To the tree
Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"
Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"
—*Henry R. Dorr, in St. Nicholas.*

HOW BETSEY WAS LOST.

"Is our little Betsey here?" said Mr. Hathaway, putting his cold-purpled nose into the door of the Chase farm-house.

It was a bitter cold night in December, with snow lying deep on the ground, a frozen wind howling through the forest and a fire built as high as they could pile the logs on the old iron fire dogs.

And the farmer and his wife were roasting apples and cracking nuts on the hearth with the children, while a pitcher of cold, sparkling cider and a plate of home-made ginger-bread was on the table.

Charley and little Bell sat side by side on the big settee, in the very deepest angle of the chimney, where, by looking straight up, they could see the stars shining in the sky overhead, and watch the sparks go careering madly up the wide throat of the chimney.

Johnny was on his knees, with the hammer, cracking away at the butternuts and hickory-nuts, and Rosa was reading by the light of the shaded lamp.

"Your little Betsey?" said Mr. Chase, the farmer. "No; certainly not! Come in and warm yourself, Mr. Hathaway. Isn't she over at her grandfather's?"

"No, she isn't," said Mr. Hathaway, with a perturbed face. "She went away at three o'clock, and her mother supposed she was only gone to the saw-mill to play with Minnie Locke. But we've seen nor heard nothing of her since, and nobody seems to know where she is. No, Mr. Chase—thank'ee kindly all the same—but I couldn't sit down nor rest until I know where my little gal is, this freezing winter night."

"You don't think she's *lost?*" said Mrs. Chase, involuntarily shuddering as she clasped little Bell closer in her arms.

Mr. Chase got up

"Wife, where's my big, shaggy overcoat?" said he. "I'm not going to sit here, warming my feet at the fire, when my neighbor's little one is in danger of freezing to death. Get me the lantern, Johnny."

"Father!" cried Johnny, "can't I go and look for little Betsey, too?"

For Mrs. Hathaway's "little Betsey" was a universal favorite in the neighborhood.

A curly-headed, blue-eyed little elf of four years, who was always begging for fairy-stories, ginger-cookies and flowers, who wandered up and down in summertime, with her sun-bonnet hanging down her back, and rode down hill on the boys' sleds in winter, with a fur-edged hood tied tight around her blooming face—little Betsey was everybody's pet.

She had a little difference of opinion with her mother that afternoon, it seemed. She had been sitting up at the table, eating bread and butter and apple-jelly.

"Me want some more jelly, mamma," said Betsey, at last.

"You have had enough," said Mrs. Hathaway.

"Me *will* have some more," said Betsey.

"No, my dear, you will not," said the mother, who sometimes found it necessary to govern the little willful creature with a firm yet gentle hand.

"Then me'll run away!" said Betsey, defiantly.

Mrs. Hathaway smiled a little at the threat. Betsey often "ran away," but she had never as yet gone further than the steam saw-mill at the foot of the hill, where little Minnie Locke, a child of her own age, had a whole colony of dolls, made out of corn-cobs dressed up, and wooden blocks, with eyes, mouths and noses, marked with shoe-blacking, on their faces.

She never even looked around when Betsey stood on a three-legged stool to reach down the scarlet hood, with the edging of gray fur around the face, and trudged off, with her little nose stuck up in the air.

"She will be back long before supper," the mother said to herself.

But supper-time came, and no little Betsey, and the darkness settled drearily over the many hills and frozen woods, and then they became frightened, and Mr. Hathaway went in one direction and Peter, the hired man, in another, and Mrs. Locke, of the mill, came to stay with the terrified mother until news, either good or bad, should arrive of the lost child.

"The worst of it all is," said Mr. Hathaway, "that she may have strayed off into the woods and lost her way. And she's such a little mite of a thing—and the snow so deep, and drifted all about by the wind—and if she should drop down anywhere for a minute to rest, there's that dreadful drowsiness that comes with cold. And I shall never see my poor little darling again!"

"Keep up a brave heart, Neighbor Hathaway," said Mr. Chase, although there were tears in his own eyes. "Never despair. We'll find the little lass yet, God willing."

"And Hunter Gabriel was telling, only last week, of a savage bear that was lurking somewhere among the Rattlesnake Rocks!" said Mr. Hathaway, with a troubled voice. "And every one knows how daring a bear will become when there is snow on the ground."

They tried to comfort the poor, panic-stricken father as best they could, but to no avail.

The country thereabouts was wild and desolate, with here and there a farm-house, or a little settlement of buildings, and wide, wild stretches of forests around, where foxes and wolves crept about, panthers howled at night, and bears were shot every little while.

And if one of these savage creatures were to encounter little Betsey, making her bewildered way through the woods! Oh, it made Mr. Hathaway's blood curdle to think of what would be her fate!

The neighbors separated into little bands, each taking some particular route, with lanterns and sticks, to search for the lost child; and Farmer Chase went with Mr. Hathaway into the "Rattlesnake Woods," so called from the fact that years ago those venomous reptiles made their nests among the wild masses of rocks which were piled together in fantastic shapes in these woods.

It was a lonely place, upon the side of a mountain, where people seldom cared to go, but it could be reached by a foot-path from the mill, and Mr. Hathaway knew that little Betsey had always longed to stray into the wildernesses and look into the mysterious caverns among the rocks.

"Perhaps there are fairies living there," little Betsey had said, solemnly; "or dear little squirrels or raccoons. I should like a raccoon to make a pet of."

Before they had gone very far, they came to the marks of tiny footsteps, obliterated here and there by the drifting snow which had piled itself over them. With a cry of joy they followed up the clue, which, failing them ever and anon, was still pretty steady, curving its way here and there, around the trunks of huge trees, and over piles of jagged rocks, until suddenly it stopped at the mouth of a black and yawning aperture in the rocks, where a little bit of Betsey's scarlet hood fluttered on a brambly, low-growing bush.

The two men stopped and looked at each other, with pale faces.

"*She is there!*" said Mr. Hathaway, hoarsely. "Give me the lantern. I will follow her."

"Stop," said Farmer Chase; "the opening is so low and narrow that you cannot pass.

"Wherever my little one has gone," exclaimed the bereaved father, "I will go, also."

But as he was snatching the lantern away Farmer Chase pointed to something wedged up against the side of the jagged rocks—a whitening bone.

"Man, are you mad?" he cried. "As sure as you are alive that is the den of the very bear that Hunter Gabriel saw!"

"All the more reason that I should follow my little Betsey," persisted Mr. Hathaway, resolutely.

"Let me fire into it, first," said Farmer Chase. "If the creature should be there—"

But Mr. Hathaway struck the barrel of the gun aside.

"And suppose little Betsey should be there, also!" he exclaimed, gasping for breath.

But the gun went off with a prodigious report, which echoed among the hills and rocks. The trigger had struck against a branch of a tree, thus producing the very signal upon which they had agreed in case little Betsey should be found alive and well. And before the echoes had ceased to boom back and forth there came the sound of a shrill, childish cry inside:

"Papa! Papa!"

And then, also, there was a low, mullled sound like the growling of some animal.

Flinging himself on his chest, and pushing the lantern in front of him, Mr. Hathaway made his way into the lair of the wild beast.

It was only for a short distance that it was so narrow, and then it became a rocky chamber of considerable size, with its uneven floor strewn with dry vines, and two young cubs crouching in the corner, while little Betsey was coiled up between them, her yellow curls mingling with the reddish-brown of their fur.

"Little Betsey!" cried Mr. Hathaway, in a breathless pause. "How on earth came you here?"

"It was so cold and dark," said little Betsey, simply; "and I crawled in to get warm, and I hugged up against the dear little bearies, and we have all been asleep together. Papa, can't I take one of 'em home with me?"

Mr. Hathaway, as can easily be imagined, lost no time in rescuing his little darling out of the hideous cavern, with its strange companionship of wild beasts, who were, luckily, too young to harm the coulding child who had invaded their haunt; and, as they carried her down the mountain-side, wrapped in the shawls which Farmer Chase had brought, they met Hunter Gabriel sliding over the snow, with something thrown over his shoulder.

He said:

"Have you found your child?"

"Yes—yes!" they both answered, joyfully.

"So have *I* found something," said he, displaying the head and claws of a huge wild animal. "I found this bear on Rocky Peak, and I've killed her."

It was the very she-bear in whose den little Betsey had sought refuge, and if it had not been for Hunter Gabriel's trusty knife, little Betsey's bones would soon have mingled with the rest that strewed the cavern floor.

So little Betsey Hathaway was found toward midnight of that bitter December night.

"I didn't mean to fire off that signal-gun," said Farmer Chase, with a chuckle; "but it was all right, after all, wasn't it?"—*Golden Days.*

—Letter paper of different color for every day of the week is now adopted in Paris. On Monday fair correspondents pen their epistles on pale green, on Tuesday pink is the orthodox tint, Wednesday, as an unlucky day, is distinguished by sombre gray, blue is used on Thursday, white on Friday, straw color on Saturday, and a delicate mauve on Sunday.

—A corn-dodger: a man who avoids wearing light boots.

—Hieronymous Popp is the name of an individual in Brighton, Mass.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

The Baltimore *Gazette* announces that its entire control and business management has been assumed by new parties, who will proceed to develop it in every possible way. The chief purchaser is understood to be Mr. George Colton, the proprietor of the Annapolis *Republican*, published at Annapolis. Several others, it is stated, are associated with him in the proprietorship of the *Gazette*. Mr. W. H. Welsh, so long connected with the paper, remains in the capacity of editor. The *Gazette* has our best wishes for its success.

Our Democratic friends will find it rather difficult to explain their professions of economy and reform in view of the fact that the appropriations of the last Congress exceeded those of any previous fiscal year by six millions of dollars. Acts, not words, are the true test of a party's honesty; and by this test the Democracy have already been tried and condemned. The financial record of the Forty-sixth Congress will help largely to confirm the people in the opinion that their verdict was not a mistake.

We have just had another illustration of that peculiar economy of the Democratic party, upon the strength of which that party made such frantic appeals during the last presidential campaign. The postmaster of New York has received an intimation from headquarters that after March 31st no money would be available for the expenses of his department. The late Democratic Congress cut down the necessary appropriations far below what was needed to run the department, while they squandered millions upon river and harbor jobbery. And now the deficiencies must be made up.

The much talked of Gubernatorial bombardment of the ring managers seems now about to commence. Indeed it is thought that the fuse is lighted, and that in a few days bombshells will be bursting thick and fast in the Democratic camp. A Hamiltonian newspaper published at Hagerstown leads off, by direction of the Governor, no doubt, with an article calculated to whet the appetite of the hungry expectant multitude who have so long and patiently awaited the Governor's long promised *expose* of the true inwardness of ring rule in Maryland. The article charges the ring with "wrecking" nearly every branch of the service which they control; that the "oyster navy" is a political machine and a nuisance, and used for the purposes of controlling primary meetings in the interest of the ring; that the canal is made to take part in low machine politics, and that its management has run down to the lowest possible point; that they have depleted the treasury; that they have wrecked the sinking fund and flagrantly outraged the law and the Constitution in this respect; that the last legislature curtailed no expenses, abolished no offices, and that its expenditures were scandalous and a knowledge of their details shocking; that the excesses of the legislature under the management of these men are as bad as the worst species of carpet-bag government in the South or Tweed rule in New York; that the legislative printing for the last twelve or thirteen years was between $300,000 and $400,000, while before the war it cost only from $8,000 to $10,000.

Coming, as this does, from Democratic authority, its truth cannot be doubted, and we may reasonably infer that the half has not been told, and in fact, we need not expect a full exposition of the crookedness of ring rule from Democratic sources. We do not expect any very serious bombardment of the ring by the Governor. He has wasted too much time and ammunition in useless talk of what he intends to do, and his wrath and indignation seems to be escaping in this way. The Governor is, in our opinion, as prone to "boss" rule as are those whom he attacks, and is angry because he is not *the* boss.

Notwithstanding the seemingly virtuous indignation of the Governor and his clique the Gorman ring *will* boss State politics; the oyster navy *will* continue in existence for the use of the ring; the canal management *will* remain under the control of "low machine" politicians, and Governor Hamilton will retire from the executive chair to the shades of his Hagerstown farm a political corpse with only enough animation left in him to recount to his granger friends his Quixotic deeds as the "bombshell" Governor of Maryland.

Actual political hostilities have begun, though the Governor has given only a partial signal. Amidst the distressing silence of the leaders, the organs have sounded the slogan, and the war is actually in progress. Secretary of State Briscoe while in Baltimore on Friday of last week stated that Governor Hamilton is being importuned by public men from all sections of the country to issue his proclamation defining his policy. Another friend of the Governor states that the document was prepared three weeks ago, and adds that he could not account for the delay in its promulgation. Gov. Hamilton does not like to speak about it. He dislikes to have it spoken of as "the bombshell," and will never forgive the authors for applying this name to it. His friends insist that it is coming, and his foes maintain that if it ever makes its appearance, it will be too late to do much good. In the meantime the Hagerstown organ of the Hamilton wing, and the Annapolis organ of the managers, have already opened fire upon each other. Last week the Hagerstown *Mail* was warlike and fierce against the bosses, and the Annapolis *Republican* tendered the Governor the olive branch. This week they have reversed their positions. The *Republican* spits fire and brimstone, It accuses the *Mail* of having been one of the recipients of the "press subsidy" since 1872, and that for publishing the laws of the sessions of 1872, 1874, 1873 and 1880 it received $5,377.50, out of which sum the "Coltons" were paid $400 for printing them, and the Hagerstown *Mail* drew the balance of $4,977,50, for which, as the *Republican* charges, they neither set one type nor made a revolution of their press. It calls upon the *Mail* to return the latter amount to the State treasury, and then the *Republican* makes this confession: "For ourselves, we never pretended to have more honesty than the law allows, and while some people are 'bulling' the market with their honesty, we have always had to fight upon a short line."

What is called the Governor's "bombshell" bursted on Tuesday, since the writing of an article on that subject which appears elsewhere in the editorial columns of this issue. A perusal of the "bombshell" will show that we were correct in not expecting *much* from the Governor.

It is a very weak bombsell—in fact it is not a good squib. It is very much like an over-advertised circus—when it comes everybody is disappointed. It didn't surprise any one, for it is only a part of what was made known to the people through the Republican papers at different times during the last few years, hence it dosen't even possess the recommendation of originality.

It is the truth, no doubt, but not the whole truth.

If the Governor cannot get up more destructive missiles than this one he had better quit the business and let his brave and handsome Adjutant General conduct the wars of his reign.

Tenure of Office.

In a monarchical form of government, where privileged classes constitute a necessary element, one can readily admit that there might be tenure of office co-extensive with life. In a Republic, however, where every citizen is eligible—if otherwise fitted for office, and where the pursuits of private life are those of paramount importance for the development and prosperity of the country, such a tenure has the tendency to lessen the sence of responsibility, to weaken sympathy with the majority of the people, to diminish efficiency, and to produce a feeble and indolent spirit. Changes are necessary, not on the principal—that to "the victors belong the spoils,"—but because the chief officers of a government should be in full sympathy with its Executive and the line of policy that the majority has marked out. How far such changes should extend,—how many of the rank and file should be subject to removal because of lack of sympathy with the dominant party, is a question that cannot be answered in the abstract. Where these are not antagonistic and combative, public utility may make it disirable to retain them; but where they employ their official position to interfere with the success of the policy of the administration, it would seem to be simple prudence to fill their places with those more kindly disposed.

Necessarily, all this has nothing to do with competency or incompetency, as tenure of office should be as brief as possible where the latter exists.—Indeed appointments should never be made except where competency is proven beyond a doubt. Nor has it to do with malfeasance of office, as removal in such a case should be instantaneous.

Every man may aspire to any office in the gift of the people or of the appointing power, but he must learn that the very acceptance of office implies that he may be called upon to lay down its duties and its emoluments, and to resume his place with his fellow-citizens in the private ranks of life, whenever his place can be filled by another person more in sympathy with the majority. President Hayes seems to find it no hardship to return to private life, with an anxious desire to do just what his hand may find to do, and the same thought should be in every office-holding mind. He has left the ranks of private life to enter the public service, but he must always face the possibility of being obliged to leave that and to tread once more the pathway of duty in private life. The amount of disadvantage that such a change may be to him should be contemplated before he leaves private pursuits, but the possibility that it will come should be fully realized.

Competency and honesty, conjoined to sympathy with the party in power, and acceptability to the people, may be required to ensure official position. This may be of definite duration so long as the conditions precedent to the appointment continue, but when any of those disappear, it will be better for the people that some one else should be called upon to take the place of the office-holder, and his tenure of office then and there ceases for cause,

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1881.

A Washington Sabbath is now more quiet and orderly than even the largest New England towns. All public buildings are closed and the public business is wholly suspended. Stores, barber shops and drinking saloons are closed. Cigar and periodical stands are only open to a limited extent. Hotel bars as well as all others are closed, though a few of all classes are accessible. A crowd about the front of any one, or any signs of disorder near one would result in preventing even the indirect access. Hacks do not stand in the streets. A theatrical performance would be impossible, to say nothing of tolerating variety shows or dance houses. In short, so far as possible, there is complete outward respect to the Sabbath in the administration of the National and municipal government, and this occasions no complaints. It is respected, and the condition of affairs and restraints are accepted without opposition by all classes of citizens. A very small police force answers every purpose of enforcing the Sunday laws. In fact, so small is this force that it may almost be said that these laws are enforced without municipal oversight. They are not denounced as irksome by any class of citizens, and no contest over them would stand the slightest show of success against the united healthful sentiment of the majority of all classes, without respect to party or Nationality, and in speaking of this outward respect for the Sabbeth, let no one conclude it is all surface show. There is no city in the land where there is more general attendance upon religious worship. It is a respectable thing to attend church on the Sabbath in Washington. The congregations are large and the churches are well sustained. Public men attend in large numbers.

The most prominent of government and of Congress without regard to party, are to be found in the churches on Sunday morning. The idea that a Nation owes allegiance to God, seems always to have a resting place in the minds of public men here, and the large proportion of them have always paid at least the outward respect to religion to which such sentiment of necessity gives rise.

The Sabbath order can not mainly be attributed to the absence of foreign population. This element is over 1700, or one in nine of the population. But this foreign population is as orderly and as respectful to the Sabbath restrictions as the native citizens.

There has been a compromise between the telephone exchange here, and their subscribers. The latter to the number of 327 on the first day of this month, severed the connection between their instruments and the headquarters of the company. Several meetings have been held between a citizens committee and the executive officers of the company, the result of which is as follows:—viz:—

The regular charge for connection with the exchange is $25 per annum, this is exclusive of the cost of transmitting messages. The service rates to subscribers, $4.50 per one hundred calls, discounts will be given as follows: On a thousand calls to be issued in one year, ten per cent on two thousand calls 25 per cent, three thusand calls, 35 per cent. There was a division of opinion in the citizens committee, as to the advisibility of accepting these rates, it resulted, however, in an agreement, to give the new rates a trial for six months. It is believed, however, before the six months expires, a company will be organized here with a new patent and will be able to furnish the citizens with telephonic facilities at one quarter the price agreed upon yesterday.

LOGAN.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Iowa's butter and cheese product last summer was worth $19,000,000.

A Maine woman has made a contract with a Boston firm to supply 15,000 pairs of mittens.

Mexico has a debt of $65,000,000, which she will be able to pay when her rich mines are developed.

An arkansas girl refused to marry her admirer unless he performed some heroic deed, and he eloped with her mother.

It is estimated that the prices at the sale in New York of the third part of the Brinley library will aggregate in the neighborhood of $30,000.

A case has been made up at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to test the constitutionality of the anti-treating law, in the interest of the tavern-keepers.

A pit 135 feet deep has been discovered in the Mammoth Cave, which is only reached by crawling on hands and knees through a long passage.

Mrs. Robinson has applied for admission to the bar at Boston. She is said to be first Massachusetts woman to claim this right.

Henry Bergh, who believes in the lash for wifebeaters, goes further, and says he would punish with many stripes the liquor seller who makes a man drunk.

The oldest couple living on Staten Island are Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Laforge. He is 95 and she is 93. Both are active and enjoy excellent health.

Norman Lockyer says that some time the moon, getting out of balance, will fall upon the earth, in which case we shall be moonstruck. —*New York Herald.*

Dr. Bowker recently investigated the Boston vinegar business. Of 1,500 samples not more than ten per cent. were found to be pure cider vinegar of full strength and good quality.

Maine boasts of having furnished the present governors of Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Michigan, California and Iowa, the congressman from Oregon, and two of the Minnesota congressmen.

A wedding party got so drunk at Waupaca, Wis., recently that the object of the gathering was forgotten by all, including the bride, bridegroom and minister, and the marrige did not take place until next day.

Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, has gone to Manitoba to lecture. He expects to return to the United States next November, when he will lecture on "Great Soldiers of the Old World."

Work on the tunnel under the Hudson at New York is still going on. Forty feet was finished last week. Two hundred and twenty men are employed, and this number will be increased to 300 by May.

Colored men are represented as having handsome farms and valuable herds of cattle in Texas. Senator Burton, of Fort Bend county, is colored, and is esttmated to be worth $50,000. He is also an educated man.

A drunken brute named Wm. Dempsey threw a lighted coal oil lamp at his wife in Brooklyn last Tuesday, and she was so badly burned that she will probably die. Woman-like, she tries to excuse her husband for his awful crime.

The torpedo with fuse attached found under the stoop of a gentleman's house in Brooklyn, New York, a few days ago, was charged with dynamite. A reward for the arrest of the scoundrel who placed it there will be offered.

The Rev. John W. Rennion, of Brooklyn, has secured five carts bearing huge coffee urns, and proposes to furnish poor people with hot coffee and bread at cost price, and thus he hopes to check intemperance in a measure.

Mayor Grace, of New York, sent back to the aldermen on Tuesday the resolution permitting the Edison Electric Light Company to lay tubes, erect lamp-posts, etc., taking the ground that an adequate return for such a valuable franchise had not been exacted.

Scribner's Monthly will appear with a new name next November, but the title has not yet been selected. "Scribner's Monthly" will appear as a sub head for one year thereafter, and will then be dropped. The title of *St. Nicholas* will remain the same, except that "Scribner's" will disappear from the cover. These changes will be made in consequence of the retirement of Charles Scribner from the firm of Scribner & Co.

A Montreal thief was recently about to depart from a store with his plunder, when a paragraph in a newspaper attracted his attention, and he stopped to read it, and was captured. Another instance of the power and usefulness of the press.

The proprietor of the laundry at Belleville, N. J., has concluded to dispense with "cheap Chinee labor," convinced that white labor is cheaper in the long run. The 200 Chinamen he employed struck work a few days ago, and he refused to re-employ them.

A charter was granted by the state of Florida on Tuesday to a company to build a ship canal to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of Mexico. The Philadelphia company recently formed to drain the Everglades, and the canal company are virtually the same enterprise.

A woman writes to a Cincinnati paper that she doesn't like the Russian bath, because she can't see the fun of being laid on a marble slab and scrubbed, kneaded, slapped and dented from head to feet by a woman so stalwart that one can't quite get rid of the suspicion that she is a man in disguise.

Attorney General Field, of Virginia, has entered suit in the Circuit Court at Richmond for the commonwealth against James M. Tyler, late sergeant of Richmond, for money alleged to have been overdrawn by him during his term. The bill of particulars foots up $2,026.50; damages $5,000.

The Northwestern Railway Company has spent over $300,000 in the fight against the snow since October last. Thirty four immense snow plows have had plenty of work, and these have been backed up tremendously by from two to six locomotives each. Nine thousand men have been employed from time to time during the winter as shovellers.

A lady in Calhoun county, Ill., although 70 years old, has recently married her sixth husband. Her last deceased husband was named Race, and the man she has just married is named Farris. A romantic feature of her last matrimonial venture is the fact that Mr. Farris was her first love. She plants all her husbands in a graveyard on her farm.

The California newspapers are calling for Eastern capital to build mills and otherwise develop industries on the Pacific coast, which is looked upon as singular, considering the great number of reputed millionaries in that section. The suspicion is becoming general that the wealth of the bonanza kings has been immensely exaggerated.

On Wednesday last, in New York, Maurice J. Mariga, a pilot, was arrested for being drunk. On the way to the police court, on Thursday, he showed signs of great exhaustion, and begged for a little whiskey, saying that he had been drinking steadily for three weeks. His request was refused, and on reaching the court-room he fell in a fit, and died in a few minutes.

There is considerable doubt as to whether the Jim Currie killed at Los Vegas recently was the man who murdered Porter, the actor. There were two Jim Curries, both of them desperate characters, but it is generally believed that the man who was shot at Los Vegas was not the Texas ruffian. The latter is said to have killed a man since his acquittal on the charge of murdering Porter.

The palaces on Fifth avenue, New York, are to be increased by six residences near Sixty-seventh street, the cost of which is estimated at one million and a-half of dollars. One of these, for Mr. Robert L. Stewart, will cost $350,000, and one for Mr. H. O. G. Armour about a quarter of a million, Mr. Eugene Kelly, the banker, is about to put up a ten-story edifice at the corner of Beekman and Nassau street, occupying a lot one hundred feet square, the cost of which will be $400,000. The Nassau Bank will occupy a portion of the first floor.

A young pig under training to become a learned hog at a dime museum in the Bowery, N. Y., on Monday last approached quite close to the performing bear and greatly incensed him by snorting and grunting. Bruin, as he had often done before, made a spring at the offender, but this time the chain broke, and before assistance could be given the pig was torn limb from limb, and the bear was ferociously hugging the severed head. No attempt was made to secure the animal again until his anger cooled.

The Pittsburg Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers have given the manufacturers notice that all scales of wages will terminate on June 1, causing much anxiety among the employers. The puddlers' scale expires on that date, but the scales of rollers, heaters and numerous other classes of workmen in the iron mills run much longer. Officers of the association declare that the chief object of the notice is to change the scales so that all shall expire on the same date, and thus the wages of the different classes of workmen can be more fairly graduated. There may be some change of prices, however, after June 1.

The Rev. James Crystal has commenced an effort to stay the strides of scepticism in Jersey City by gathering a congregation in the Trinity Orthodox Church. Eight persons were baptized into the faith of the church on Sunday last. The most essential point of difference between his church and the Episcopal is in the form of baptism, he requiring a dip for each person of the Trinity. He designs using the common prayer and ordinal of Edward VI., published in 1549, in this effort to restore primitive Christianity and not the mere shreds of it.

Gabriel Winter, of Flushing, L. I., died nineteen years ago, leaving, it was supposed, no will. His widow, at her death, disposed of the property, and the matter has been in litigation ever since. Last Friday John Livingston, a son-in-law of Winter, found the will of Winter, executed fifty years ago, and duly attested, in an old volume of the Revised Statutes. In the will he left everything to his wife, so that her subsequent bequests were legal. The estate is now valued at $500,000. There is no doubt in regard to the authenticity of the will.

At about five o'clock Monday afternoon two well dressed young men entered the corridor of the Grand Central Hotel in New York under the influence of liquor and annoyed the guests by catching hold of them and attempting to dispute with them. They were ejected by a porter, and on the sidewalk they collected a crowd by trying to whip a keeper of a news stand. They were arrested and taken to the Mercer Street Police Station. They gave their names as Charles Vance and A. B. Munson, said they were visitors in the city, and refused to tell where they were stopping. Vance is said to be a son of the senator of that name.

Samuel Richardson, the oldest inhabitant of Snow Hill, Md., is the shoe-maker who made the first pegged shoe put together in Maryland. The shoe was carried around the town and exhibited as a great curiosity, for in those days the pegs were whittled out by hand. He is now in the 88th year of his age, and bids fair to live to be a centenarian. Of all the companions with whom he was intimate in his boyhood there is not one now alive.

On the evening of the 7th of March a colored woman in Harvystown, Washington co., Md., who had been turned out of her house for non-payment of rent, abandoned her five children, ranging from one to ten years old, leaving them near a fence on the road. They were sheltered by Mr. Jas. Kershner until the next day, and then three of them were taken to Bellevue Asylum.

Proceedings of County Commissioners.

The regular April meeting of the Board of County Commissioners was convened Monday of last week, and adjourned Saturday at noon. A full Board was present. Among the proceedings were the following:

The Examiners' report on the road leading from Piney Grove to the Pennsylvania line, in District No. 3, was taken up and rejected. The costs to be paid by the petitioners.

The Examiners' report on change of road leading from Bloomington to Wilson's Store, was taken up and confirmed; Wm. Sharpless to pay Surveyor's costs.

The Examiners' report for a change in the Grantsville road in District No. 6, was filed.

The road account of S. W. Friend, Supervisor for District No. 1, was filed and approved, and order granted for the amount.

John Miller was appointed Constable for District No. 1, *vice* — Paugh, resigned.

The bond of Geo. H. Allen, Constable of District No. 4, was filed and approved.

The bond of Jos. Blocher, Constable of District No. 3, was filed and approved.

The road account of Henry Warnick, of District No. 4, was filed and approved, and order granted.

The road petition of W. H. Barnard and others, for a road beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road, and running through the lands of the Empire Coal Co., and others, was filed.

It was ordered that the sum of $42.31 be levied E. Draege, at June Levy, 1881, as taxes paid in error.

The road account of W. M. Coddington was filed and approved.

The road account of Jacob Nicholson was filed and approved.

The bond of John Miller, as Constable of District No. 1, was filed and approved.

E. Margroff was re-elected Collector for State and County taxes for the year 1881, at 5 per cent.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Died, Thursday, April 7th, 1881, of consumption, at the residence of Mr. Charles Shaffer, Miss Mary Fink.

—Mr. W. T. Jameson is having posts set preparatory to putting up a barbed wire fence around his glade farm near Oakland.

—The Tyson Cottage, purchased by Dr. Goldsborough, is now undergoing extensive repairs under the supervision of Capt. J. M. Jarboe.

—We are pleased to state that Mr. Ed. Hoye, of Sang Run District, has become a citizen of Oakland, having removed his family here some weeks ago.

—The real reason why people outside of Garrett county think Oakland is dead and has no trade, is because the merchants don't advertise. People not seeing the names of Oakland business men in the county papers naturally conclude there is little trade here to advertise.

Church Services--Sunday.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Personal.

Miss Maggie Chrystol left on Saturday for Baltimore.

A. Leowenstein, Esq., of Frostburg, was in town last week.

Wm. Fisher, of District No. 5, called to see us Tuesday.

Dr. Keller now occupies the cottage vacated by Esquire Osborn.

A. C. Good, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo., is now visiting his family at this place.

Mrs. Civilla C. Crane, of Hutton's who has been visiting her parents, returned home Monday.

Mrs. John A. Grant was called to Baltimore some days ago by the severe illness of her mother.

Mr. Truman West returned home Monday morning, having cut his foot very badly with an ax, at his father's mill, near Swanton.

Mr. Thos. J. Peddicord has been alternating, professionally, between Cumberland and Kingwood during the past week.

Mrs. H. Wheeler Combs, accompanied by her mother, returned home last week, having spent the winter at her old home at Troy, Ohio.

Dr. McComas left here Monday of last week for Baltimore, with one of his patients, Mr. L. L. Loar, Mr. Loar has been suffering from chronic dyspepsia for a year past.

Carpets! Carpets!

The largest, finest and cheapest lot of carpets ever brought to Oakland. Come and see matting from 15 cents up, ingrain carpets from 22 to 58 cts., all-wool from 75 cts. to $1, Brussels from $1 to $1.30. Do not forget the place—at John Shatzer's Furniture Store. 492

Attempt to Wreck a Train.

On Monday morning a diabolical attempt was made to wreck passenger train No 2, which passes here about 4 o'clock a. m., by removing some of the fastenings and partially opening the switch east of the water station. The object was in a measure defeated, as an "extra," an emigrant train, preceded No. 2. The extra was not running at the usual rate of speed from the fact that the engineer intended stopping here for water, or the loss of life might have been fearful, as there were about 200 emigrants aboard. The engine and 6 cars were thrown from the track and much damage done, but no lives were lost, nor was any one seriously injured.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 12:

Mortimer Pollock and wife to Isaac Kuykendall, all that tract of land known as "The Colonel Schley farm;" $6.500.

Richard Glover and wife to Wm. McCabe, part of Lot No. 2977; $60.

J. P. Rhoderick and others to Mary Ann Garvey, Lots No. 16 and 17 in the Town of Bloomington; $1500.

M. Sinclair and wife to John K. Shaw, a tract of land lying between Oakland and Deer Park; $1,600.

Isaac Maile and wife to Joseph G. Nesbitt, Military Lots No. 1095 and 1098 $1150.

Patrick Hamill and wife to Truman W. Castee), part of Military Lots Nos. 826, 839, 825, 837; also 14 acres conveyed to him by E. H. Bartlett, and also one undivided 3d interest in a tract of land conveyed to John Daily, Patrick Hamill and James R. Bishop; $3,600.

James Guard and others to Jackson Fike, 250 acres of land; $2,000.

Agricultural Implements.

Davis & Townshend are agents for the Celebrated Brown Wagon, Champion Reaper and Mower, Champion Grain Drill, Telegraph Feed Cutter, the *Genuine* South Bend Chilled Plow, Dickey Fanning Mill and the famous Thomas Hay Rakes. Our experience in farming, the practical use of the articles of machinery named, and close observation, with a desire to secure and sell none but the best, has led the the selection of the above. The universal praise we have from those who purchased and used them confirms us in the opinion that we have the articles best adapted to our part of the country. We call special attention to the New Champion Mower and Thomas Hay Rake for *rough or hilly* land. We have sold between 25 and 30 of these machines during the last three years, and are safe in saying that there has not been five dollars expended in repairs for the whole in that time. Should repairs he needed persons buying machines in general use will have no trouble in procuring them.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 22d inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

David Hochstedler, guardian to Samuel Mosser and others, passed his second account, which was ratified and confirmed.

Wm. Fisher, guardian to Norman R, Fike, passed his first account, and the same was ratified and confirmed.

The first account of Wm. H. Barnard, administrator of W. M. Owens, deceased, was ratified and confirmed.

Wm. Fisher was appointed guardian to Norman R. Fike.

The fifth account of Isaac Myers, administrator of Zachariah Vansickle deceased, was ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, April 26.

SELBYSPORT, April 14, 1881.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—We understand that Mr. J. B. Frazee, who left this place on the 27th of March last for Princeton, Ill., arrived there safe, but found the snow west of Chicago very deep and high drifts along the line of the C. B. and Q. R. R. Mr. Frazee had a nice trip and his Princeton friends were glad to welcome him back, where he will spend the summer. C. F. F.

STELLA, VINTON CO., OHIO.
April 2, 1881.

ED'S. REPUBLICAN:—We have had a remarkable winter and spring here so far. The most of the winter we had good sleighing, then a rain and hard freezing, which greatly injured our prospective wheat crop. Up to this date it has snowed every day for a week and is now about 18 inches deep. We went to the election yesterday in sleighs, a thing that was never done before in this county. The thermometer stood at 17° above zero this morning and did not get above the freezing point all day, though the weather is clear. This is a hard time on stock that is not housed. We cannot have grass before the 15th of May, and the rough feed is pretty well used up; what there is left is high. Hay is selling at $1 per hundred weight.

J. B. R.

CUMBERLAND, MD.,
April 11th, 1881.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—The April Term of the Circuit Court for Allegany county commenced here to-day, Judge Pearre presiding, Theodore Luman Clerk, Henry Hanekamp Sheriff and David Sloan State's Attorney. Court was called promptly at 10 o'clock. The names of Jurors who had been served were called, after which the Grand Jury was selected and charged by Judge Pearre. No business of moment was transacted beyond calling the several dockets and entering judgments in uncontested cases. The dockets contained cases as follows: Originals, 62; Appeals, 62; Trials, 117; Criminal Appearances, 60; Criminal Trials, 17. It is generally supposed the term will be a short one. The removed cases from Garrett county were disposed of as follows, viz: Frantz's Executors vs. Henry A, Rasche, continued; Hart & Co. vs. D. E. Offutt, for trial. Judge Motter is expected to arrive this afternoon. It is not known whether Judge Alvey will be here or not.

Judge Pearre will go to Oakland on Saturday next to draw the Jury for the May Term.

The funeral of Miss Mary Walsh, eldest daughter of Hon. Wm. Walsh, took place to-day. Mr. Walsh has been sadly afflicted, having buried ten out of twelve of his children.

I. N. COGNITO.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Hagerstown is to have a handsome new bank building.

The late Thomas R. Hollyday, of Easton, was worth about $25,000.

Eight thousand salmon were placed in the Big Elk on Tuesday by the Maryland Fish Commission.

The Cambridge *Chronicle* has been greatly improved in appearance by the use of a new suit of type.

The Kent County Agricultural Fair is to be held on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September next.

Mrs. Hanekamp, wife of the sheriff of Allegany county, died last week, after a lingering illness of heart disease.

The hands employed at the Pocomoke steam saw mill propose to strike for $1 per day, instead of 70 cents that they now receive.

The strike among the miners employed by the Consolidation Company has ended, and work has been resumed. The company made no concessions to the miners.

The election at Frostburg on Monday resulted in the success of Mayor Skidmore and four Republican councilmen. Two Democratic councilmen were also elected.

It is said the friends of Samuel Wickard, Cumberland's defaulting cashier, have made good to Postmaster Johnson the loss which he sustained through Wickard.

The cambridge ship yards have seven vessels in progress—three large sized barges, three schooners and one oyster vessel—giving employment to a large number of hands.

An iron plow that had been left the other night in a field on the farm of George Rickets, near Elkton, was found the next morning broken to pieces by some malicious person.

Mr. John Gold, an aged resident of Hagerstown, died last week quite suddenly. He laid down complaining of being unwell, and soon afterwards was found to be dead.

The Cecil *Democrat* says that if there is to be another Peninsular railroad, let it be chartered by Maryland and start by Elkton, where it ought to be and should have been all the while.

The trial of James Melvin for an assault on ex-State Comptroller Jump last July, terminated in the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in a verdict of guilty, and the Court imposed a fine of one dollar and sixty days in jail.

An escaped lunatic created a sensation in the Catholic Church at Elkton on Friday by dancing a fantastic fandango before the altar. He had to be removed by force.

Mr. D. Wharton Smith, of Philadelphia, having generously released his claim upon St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, at Trap, Harford county, it will be consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Pinkney next June.

A large schooner that arrived in Corsica Creek, to load with ship lumber for Maine, went aground last week, and had to be pulled off by a steamer from Baltimore.

George T. Purvis, charged with forging a check for $500, was held to bail in $1,000 at Centreville, on Tuesday. He accompanied his brothers out of town, and has not returned.

A meeting of the Maryland and Virginia members of the Hedges family is to be held soon in Frederick to take steps for claiming an estate of ten millions, supposed to be awaiting claimants in England.

Thomas W. Dryden, of Somerset county, died very suddenly on Sunday. He had been ill with inflammatory rheumatism, but was convalescing when the disease attacked his heart, and his death was almost instantaneous.

The Rev. J. L. Estlin, of Wilmington, Del., has declined the call to the pastorate of Christ Reformed Episcopal Church at Cumberland. He will be the pastor of the Second Reformed Episcopal Church in Wilmington.

Lonaconing is about to decide by an election whether it shall be incorporated. The Republicans are so confident that the incorporation will be carried that they have nominated William Morgan for mayor

The old stone tavern at Battle Swamp, near Port Deposit, for generations the resort of tipplers and drinkers from regions far and near, has been closed as a tavern in consequence of the anti-license law, which goes into effect in Cecil county on the 1st of May.

Six new double dwelling houses are about being erected at the Providence paper mills, in Cecil county, for the accommodation of the employes. These, with what are already there, will form quite a lively little village.

A young pedagogue of St. Martin's, Worcester county, in taking off his overcoat in church on Sunday night, dragged off his dress coat along with it. An old lady sitting near electrified those around her by calling out, "Hold on to your shirt, young man!"

Dr. H. L. Butler, of Beaver Creek, Washington county, died of apoplexy at his brother's residence in Shepherdstown, last week. He was thrown from his sulky while driving along the road, being intoxicated, and was much bruised, and died soon after reaching his brother's house.

A through freight train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, on Thursday night, was cut in two by the breaking of a coupling, after passing Elkton, and the absence of the rear cars was not discovered till the next stopping place was reached. By good luck, no accident occurred.

Mr. S. J. Peters's saw mill at Royal Oak, in Talbot county, was burned on the 3d instant, involving a loss of $1,000, on which there was no insurance. Financially embarrassed, he had been unable to pay the high rate demanded for insurance, and is unable to rebuild the mill unless he is assisted by his neighbors.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company is about establishing a station for freight and passengers at Iron Hill, in Cecil county. A depot and warehouse are to be erected. The iron pits of Whittaker & Co. and others furnish a large amount of freight, the ore being there put on cars for Principio for reduction.

The local option law will go into effect in Cecil county on and after May 1st, when the licensed sale of liquor will entirely cease. In anticipation of this event, it is said that clubs are being formed for procuring a supply of liquor to be dispensed to the members and those whom they may invite to partake with them.

A piece of plaster falling from the ceiling in the house of the late Richard Smith, Churchville, Harford county, broke a lighted coal oil lamp on the evening of the 3d instant and caused the death of Miss Mary Smith, a young lady of eighteen. Her clothing caught from the burning oil, and she was dreadfully burned. The house was saved with difficulty.

A fire commenced in the academy at Salisbury on Thursday afternoon, causing much alarm among the pupils of the female grammer school occupying the second floor. The fire was extinguished in a few minutes, but in the excitement of the alarm the girls had thrown their books out of the windows, and there ensued a babel of words while they were picking them up.

Many citizens of Charles county, who a year ago took out policies in the Lycoming Fire Insurance Company of Muncy, Pa., are in trouble in consequence of the company having gone into liquidation. They applied for a return of their premium notes, offering to surrender the policies; but both were negatived, and the unlucky policy-holders were notified of an assessment of 12½ per cent. upon the amount of the premium notes. These features of the mutual system they had not calculated upon.

A colored man named Ross was driving home, about ten days since, in an ox cart from a store in Lake's district, Dorchester county, when he met with a terrible death. He was intoxicated, and one of the oxen becoming unyoked, caused a sudden jerk that rolled him into the wheel, which, in revolving, broke his neck and crushed his head. His death struggle must have been terrible, as some of the fellows on the cart wheel showed the indentation of his teeth in the solid oak.

Maria Raymond, a colored woman, who, one hundred and five years ago, was born a slave in Cecil county, died on the 4th instant at Pocopson, Chester county, Pa. She was freed when in her 28th year by the will of her master, when she married and moved to Pocopson. Her husband died forty years ago, and her eldest son, at the age 72, died two years since. She was gifted with a good memory, and could tell many reminiscences of her youth, and retained all her faculties till the day of her death.

The frame dwelling upon the farm of Dr. G. W. Wayson, on St. Inigoes creek, St. Mary's county, was burned to the ground on Saturday morning, April 2. It caught from sparks issuing from a defective flue, and in less than one hour the entire building was in ashes. The Doctor and his family, with the assistance of others, succeeded in saving a few articles of furniture and wearing apparel. Loss between $1,500 and $2,000; no insurance.

Dr. Oelig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
PEDDICORD & COMBS.

FOR RENT.

The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.
49 tf E. D. KEPNER.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic, in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing,

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

GEO. D. WHITE,
4 16 3 Sheriff.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

it being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel H. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 317, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all trat tract or lot of land known as

Part of Military Lot No. 846,

containing 2 acres, being the same land which was conveyed by E. G. Hall to W. H. Myers by deed dated December 18th, 1873, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 361, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to William H. Myers.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot Number four thousand and forty-five.

being the same land which was conveyed to James King by Solomon Simmons and others by deed dated May 24, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 12, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to James King.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots numbers 2900, 2907, 2927, 2928, 2996,

also two lots adjoining the "Glass Place," and one piece adjoining the Pennsylvania line, containing 20¾ acres, and containing altogether 310¾ acres of land and assessed in the name of Dawson V. Hammond.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots numbers two thousand eight hundred and eighty one and two thousand eight hundred and eighty two,

and assessed in the name of M. W. and H. C. Savage.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public sale,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland all that piece or parcel of land called

"Grim's Point Resurveyed,"

containing sixty acres and assessed to Isaac Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"Addition to Sophia and Arabia,"

containing 7¼ acres, more or less, and assessed to Mary Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

ORDER NISI,

Charles Fike and others vs. Norman Fike and others.

No. 201 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this Fifth day of April A. D. 1881, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of May, A. D. 1881. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the second day of May A. D. 1881.

The report states the amount of sale to be three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars ($3,750.00.)

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
4 9 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE

GENERAL.

—Edison lives chiefly on apples and milk.

It is expected that more Americans will go to Europe this summer than ever before.

—British tax-payers will be called on to pay $25,000,000 of the expenses of the Afghan war.

—By a surveyor's blunder a substantial brick hotel was built in a Philadelphia suburb on a lot forty feet from the one bought for the purpose.

—A rabid horse seized a cow by the neck with his teeth, at Evansville, Ind., and dragged her a block before a policeman's bullet released her.

—A California says that a resident of Placer County, that State, has the root of a tree which is in the shape of an eagle. The head, neck, and wings are nearly perfect, and little knots distinctly mark the place for the eyes.

—Recognizing as a fact that life prisoners are notoriously the hardest to manage, for the reason that, however well conducted and industrious they may be, they have no clemency to expect, an attempt is being made to amend the penal code of California by having life sentences commuted upon the life insurance tables, and permitting the discharge a of prisoner after the term he was likely to live when sentenced has expired.

—Railway and telegraphic communication between Aberdeen and Peterhead being stopped by a recent storm, a message was on Sunday sent from Peterhead by North Sea cable to Egersund, where it was translated into Norwegian and sent to Arendal and Christiania, to Gothenburg, Sweden. There it was retranslated and dispatched to Newcastle, where it was again turned into English and sent to Edinburg, and thence to Aberdeen, its destination, which it reached six hours after leaving Peterhead.

—The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. Captain Sturt hung a thermometer on a tree, sheltered both from the sun and wind. It was graduated to 127 degrees Fahrenheit, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube; and the temperature must have thus been at least 128 degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. Nevertheless, in the Southern mountains and the table lands three feet of snow sometimes fall in a day.

—The production of a good and cheap dinner by the New Century Cooking Club, of Philadelphia, described some time ago, has been followed by a nine-cent dinner for twenty-five persons. There were really thirty-two guests, which reduced the cost to seven cents a head, and there was plenty for all. The bill of fare included pea soup, Irish stew, rolls, butter, potatoes, pork and beans, veal croquettes, cold-slaw, maccaroni, rice pudding, apple dumplings, and coffee. Nothing was charged, however, to the account of fuel or labor.

—Speaking of her past, Mrs. Thompson, the philanthropist, says: "I was a poor girl myself, born and raised in Vermont. I had a sensible mother, thank God! who taught me, in fact rang into my ears day and night almost, that 'handsome is that handsome does,' and I have tried never to forget it. It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Thompson, and we were married. It is now some twelve years since his death, and I have always felt that I could in no way so well show my reverence for his character and name as by using the means he so generously intrusted to me to alleviate the sufferings of humanity."

—James Syme, the eminent Scotch surgeon and Edinburg professor, was entirely devoted to the profession. A well-known public character at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterward he returned on the same errand. On being announced, he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face nor, which was still more galling, acquainted with his name. He thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the patient's chest, and heard the peculiar sound the old ailment had made chronic, he exclaimed, "Ah, I remember you now. I know you by your lung."

—Secretary Windom's name, according to the Cleveland *Herald*, was originally spelt Wyndham, and many families living in the Sixteenth Ohio District, where he was born, still retain the old spelling. It is said that when Windom was a school teacher he discovered that his name was not attractive in its old, awkward shape and "declared that no man with such an outlandishly-spelled name could ever amount to anything." He worked hard on the farm during his boyhood years, learned what the meager opportunities of his life threw in his way, and after a common-school education sought an income by teaching. When nearly twenty-five years of ago he began the study of the law.

The Mystery of Theophilus Youngs.

The New York correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* writes: I suppose you don't happen to know a person named Theophilus Youngs, though you must have heard of him. His name has been in the papers lots of times. There's a queer sort of conundrum connected with Youngs. Is he alive and kicking or is he dead?—that's the question. The wife of Theophilus, who calls herself a widow, says he is as dead as Julius Cæsar, but a man who insists that he is the real, genuine, original Theophilus denies this in toto and says he is just as much alive to-day as he ever was. "I'm Theophilus Youngs," says the man, "and you're my wife." "You're not Theophilus," says the woman; "he's dead and you're an impostor." Queer sort of man-and-wife disagreement, isn't it? Perhaps I might as well explain things a little.

Theophilus Youngs disappeared a few years ago, and after a while a body that was identified as his was found in Boston Harbor. As it had been in the water quite a time, it is needless to say that it was dead. It had so many strawberry marks that there was no trouble about identification. The bereaved widow, who is not wholly unconnected with clairvoyance, was perfectly sure about its being the body of Theophilus, and as such it was buried. Then the bereaved widow applied for letters of administration on some property that had belonged to Theophilus. It was at this point that the trouble began. A brother of the alleged deceased stepped in and objected. In the first place, he said, the property belonged to him, under an assignment from Theophilus, and in the second place, Theophilus was still in the flesh. The body fished out of Boston Harbor was some other man's. Theophilus was alive and could be produced at any moment. And sure enough he was produced—at least a man claiming to be the original Youngs came forward and said he was Theophilus. That made the plot thicken. Mrs. Youngs told the man right up to his face that he was a No-such-a-thing. She had never seen him before, and he was not her husband—the poor dead and gone Theophilus—at all. The idea! But the man insisted that he was Theophilus and has stuck to it ever since. The matter went to a referee, who is still trying to find out whether the man is Theophilus Youngs or some one else, and who seems to be in a fair way to wind up in a lunatic asylum before he gets to the end of the conundrum.

It was a comical scene that took place before the referee a couple of days ago. The man stepped up to be examined for strawberry marks. The woman was ready. She knew exactly what sort of strawberry marks her husband was in the habit of wearing. One was a big scar on the left leg, below the knee. Another was a silver plate on one heel, that had been injured. A third was a mole on the left shoulder. A fourth was a scar in the back part of the head. A fifth was another scar under the chin. There should not be any trouble about identifying a man covered all over with trademarks in that way. The woman did not examine for all of them. The only ones she bothered about were chin and cerebellum marks. The sweet and beautiful expression on her face as she clawed through the hair of the alleged Theophilus was a sight to behold. The scar she was hunting for could not be found. If this was the real Theophilus, he had lost the scar somewhere, and the one under his chin has been mislaid, too—that is if the real Theophilus ever had such scars. "There," said the woman, with an elegant sneer playing around her lips, "I told you that man was not my husband. Theophilus is dead. This person is an impostor." But the person would not be put down. He sneered back with interest, and did not seem disconcerted in the least by the woman's repudiation of him. To the spectators the scene was a fine bit of comedy. They had not seen anything better on the stage. To the referee it was a new bother. He was puzzled more than ever. The man was just as positive that he was Theophilus Youngs, even without the strawberry marks, as the woman was that he was not. It is as queer a case in its way as the famous Tichborne one. Is the man the original Theophilus, or is he some one else? The woman seems rather snappy and spiteful—just the sort of a woman to stick to a thing, willy-nilly, when she had once set her mind on it. If the man is really her husband, she is facing it out pretty well, anyway. Several persons have identified him as the true Theophilus, but she says no just as firmly as she did at first. When asked her age, the other day, she confessed to 36, but not over-gracefully. Anyone could see in her face, when the lawyer put the question,

"You're an impudent fellow, I know you are, I know you are, I know you are."

And her answer had a sharp snap in it that made everybody smile. How this curious conundrum will be solved is more than the present chronicler can say just now.

The Electric Light at Sea.

The buoy recently anchored in thirteen fathoms of water about three cables' length south of the Sandy Hook lightship is the implement of an interesting experiment. Rear Admiral Nichols describes it as "an automatic buoy having a 10-inch whistle and a glass globe for an electric light on the top." If the use of the electric light on buoys located in such important places is found practicable, a great contribution to the safety of vessels will thus be effected. Had an electric light shone from the top of the buoy near the Rockaway Shoals the Italian bark Ajace would not have been destroyed. The *Evening Mail* has long believed that the electric light is to be introduced to many uses upon the water. It is to have a place in light-houses, and it will be adopted on shipboard, if not for a permanent headlight, at least for signals in times of distress and danger. It has been argued that the electric light can not be used for a headlight unless it can be trained to a pencil. But it can be thus trained, as a multitude know who witnessed the beautiful pencil of light which shot out across Madison Square from the top of the Hotel Brunswick last evening. Whoever saw that remarkable exhibition will never doubt that the electric light has great value or use at sea.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

Hail.

From a study of phenomena of thunder-storms in the *Gironde* (France) M. Lespiault comes to the conclusion that, *ceteris paribus*, valleys are more struck by hail than hills or tableland. It seems that a certain depth below the clouds is necessary for the formation or the fall of hail to occur without obstacle. Further, the directions of the valleys traversed have a marked influence on the direction of the clouds, though they only cause a momentary deflection, and the clouds, after following them a certain time, are carried on in the general direction of the vortical movement. For example, if a valley be in the axis of the zone of hail, or a little inclined to that axis, the hail clouds seem to be carried along that valley, as dead leaves are carried along by the wind in a trench. If the valley be subdivided by a mountain spur into two others, the hail cloud also divides and the two secondary valleys are ravaged in their turn, at least to the extent in which they are within the zone hail. Valleys lying across this zone have also an influence, though less marked. When the clouds come to pass over them they show a tendency to descend and to spread out on the two sides of the zone, so that the zone is broader over valleys than over plateaus, and the ravages are often greater.—*London Times.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A Parisian paper asserts that American ladies are queens of the skating club; that no French woman can equal them in grace and agility.

—The London *Times* says that "Relatives, though they do not make marriages in England, are as anxious about the circumstances of a marriage as is a family council in France."

—Spanish women are famously vivacious. "There are no such fluttering, chattering, laughing beings in human form when they are young; and when they advance in life, age and flesh do not appear to affect their volatile spirits."

—Mrs. Langtry is credited with making "the high-heeled, low cut patent leather shoes, short skirts and amber-colored silk stockings with bright gold clocks, acceptable and fashionable," even to those of good taste and quiet dress.

—Heinrich Stephan, the Postmaster-General of Germany, is the son of a tailor, and almost entirely self-educated. He has made a study of the postal service, and has been the leading spirit in the formation of a postal union which some think may ultimately bring about a "federation of the world."

—London is afflicted with a lot of æsthetically diseased male and female idiots, who go dawdling, and mouthing, dreaming, and dressing themselves up as guys of centuries departed. The women are called "mop-heads," because they bang their hair all over their eyes, and get themselves up like mediæval Ladies of Shallot.

—Adele Torchout, a beautiful girl who flashed through Paris in the last year of the Second Empire, under the title of La Comete, with dresses from Worth, portraits by Cabanel, sonnets from Theophile Gautier, offers of marriage from ancient Dukes, mansions in the Champs Elysees, equipages and diamonds, died a week or two since, of a lupus, in a hospital.

—The Empress of Austria is a picturesque woman in her hunting-dress. Her dark blue habit, having a trimming of fur round the collar, is perfection, fitting her elegant figure with the utmost precision. Not a crease or a wrinkle is to be seen. She rides magnificently, with a yielding suppleness at every stride of her horse, and with a hand as light as silk but as strong as iron.

—The conflict of race and languages in the Austrian Empire is triangular, being shared with equal intensity by Germans, Hungarians and Bohemians. In Hungary it cost a bitter struggle to obtain a license for a theater where performances may be conducted in German, while in Bohemia village authorities refuse to recognize the Teutonic tongue in official communications. Still, the German is steadily encroaching upon its rivals.

Boers as King-Makers.

A Cape Town correspondent of the London *Standard* publishes the following curious story: "It was in the early part of the present century that Chaka, the great Zulu conqueror, placed over two of the tribes which had fallen under his sway a young chief named Moselekatse, in whom he discovered great ability. Moselekatse was himself of the royal blood of one of these tribes, and he ingratiated himself with the other by marrying the two daughters of the chief. He soon became sufficiently powerful to throw off the yoke of Chaka, and, after some years of wandering campaigns, in the course of which he made an unsuccessful attempt upon Basutoland, he finally settled in the fertile country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, where his name soon became as terrible as that of Chaka in Zululand. Projecting further conquests, he essayed to cross the Zambesi with his army, leaving at home his sons, Kuruman and Lo Benqula, who had been born to him by his two royal wives. A petty chief, who dwelt by the great river, complied with his request to be ferried over, but discerning an opportunity of ridding the country of Moselekatse, he prevailed upon him to have the army first ferried over by detachments to an island in mid-stream. To this Moselekatse consented, and no sooner were the troops concentrated on the island than the canoes made off and left them to their fate. What happened there had better not be known. Those who tried to swim across were either drowned or eaten by crocodiles; those who remained were driven to cannabalism. The few who had not embarked waited in vain on the southern shore for many weeks, and then, returning to the capital, reported that Moselekatse and his army had perished. His eldest son, Kuruman, was thereupon proclaimed King; but hardly was he installed when Moselekatse, with a remnant of his warriors, turned up. He immediately put to death the chiefs who had crowned Kuruman, and the Prince himself was sent to live in seclusion. In 1868 Moselekatse died, and search was immediately made for Kuruman, but in vain. Lo Benqula, his half-brother, although repeatedly presented with a kingly crown, not only refused it, but at his own cost sent messages to hunt up his missing brother. In 1870, however, the people would brook no more delay, and Lo Benqula was duly crowned. No sooner was this done than a "Claimant" arose, who declared himself to be the missing Kuruman. His antecedents when examined were, to say the least, peculiar. He had been shepherd to a Boer; he had been a servant of Sir Theophilus (then Mr.) Stepstone in Natal. The general opinion was that he was a son of Moselekatse by a concubine. Only one section of the tribe espoused his cause, and Lo Benqula, personally heading his army, attacked the rebels and destroyed them almost to a man. Since then nothing has been heard of the missing Kuruman. But it seems that at the time of the Langalibalele affair he got away from Natal, and he is now said to be in the hands of Paul Kruger, one of the triumvirate who direct the movements of the Boers. It will be seen at once what a prize has fallen to them in such a claimant. They have only to carry him across the Limpopo to secure almost their own terms from Lo Benqula, who would see that he could not contend against them, supported as they would be by all the discontented and disaffected of his own people. England would thus have annexed the Transvaal only to create the Trans-Limpopo, and the barrier of Boers between the British and the natives would still remain.

Side-shows in Queen Anne's Time.

We may smile at the following list of wild beasts on show, but we must recollect that it is not so very long since we were without zoological gardens, and the only wild animals to be seen were the lions, etc., in the Tower, the collection in Exeter Change, and the traveling menageries, which, indeed, are even now the only means by which the larger proportion of people in this country can have practical illustration of natural history. First let us take "The old she dromedary, lately arrived from Tartary, and her young one; they are headed like a horse, ey'd like an ox, nos'd like a deer, cloven-lipt like a hare, also neck'd like a swan, tail'd like a mule, and cloven-footed like a cow." "The noble peccary which is very much admir'd by the learned. The noble Jack Call, the lion's provider, which hunts in the forest for the lion's prey. A small Egyptian panther spotted like a leopard. A strange monstrous creature, brought from the coast of Brazil, having a head like a child, legs and arms very wonderful, with a long tail like a serpent, wherewith he feeds himself as an elephant doth with his trunk." "Two wood monsters from the East Indies, male and female, being the admirablest creatures that ever was seen in the kingdom. Also, a little marmoset from the East Indies, which, by a great deal of pains, is now brought to that perfection that no creature of his kind ever performed the like; he exercises by the word of command; he dances the Cheshire Rounds; he also dances with two naked swords, and performs several other pretty fancies. Likewise a noble civet cat from Guinny, which is admired for its beauty and that incomparable scent which perfumes the whole place. Also a mutosh from Rushy, being very wonderfully marked. Also a helliscope from Argier, being the beautifulest creature in all the world; speeked like a leopard." A monkey is described as a wild hairy man from Bengal; it danced on a rope, drank a glass of ale, and "smoaks a pipe of tobacco as well as any Christian. This noble creature flings a strapader," etc. There was also a wonderful animal, the "man teger, lately brought from the East Indies, the like never seen before in England, it being of seven several colors, from the head downwards resembling a man, its fore parts clean and his hinder parts all hairy; having a long head of hair, and teeth two or three inches long; takes a glass of ale in his hand like a Christian, and drinks it." There was a leopard, "a beast of excellent beauty, presented to an English merchant in Turkey, by the King of the Arabs, as a particular mark of favor for eminent services performed, who for the maintenance of it in its voyage from Aleppo, gave 190 of the best and fattest fowls."—*All the Year Round.*

Prosecuting a Government Claim.

Among those whose business renders them familiar with the Capitol and with the incomings and outgoings of Congress, the owner of a claim against the Government which must receive Congressional sanction before it can be paid is known as an unfortunate individual. The claim often proves a curse to its owner, to his family, and frequently to his descendants. Regarding it as just, the owner feels and believes that Congress must and will pay it. He attends session after session, Congress after Congress, always persuading himself that he is making progress; that his claim falled at one session because of some little hitch which was unlooked for, and that it "will surely go through next session." An illustration of the disastrous effects of one of these claims was presented last Thursday. Many years ago the late Thomas H. Benton introduced in Congress a bill to pay a claim of Mr. Joseph Clymer, a resident of a Western State, and then in the pride and strength of early manhood. Mr. Clymer had transported army supplies for the Government across the country to El Paso, then away out upon the frontier, and he claimed that a balance of $18,325 was due him from the Government. Clymer was worth at that time the snug fortune of about $40,000 or $50,000. Mr. Benton said in substance to him: "Clymer, certainly I will introduce this claim for you, and do all in my power to pass it; but let me tell you one thing: If you press the claim it will ruin you; it will make you a poor man, and will destroy your peace of mind before you get the money—if you ever do. But I'll fight it for you, if you say so." Of course Mr. Clymer did not believe anything of the kind, and, therefore, he insisted upon urging his claim. Last Wednesday or Thursday the claim was passed and signed by the President for the original sum. It had gone through one house or the other of Congress repeatedly, but could never be got through both in the same Congress. Mr. Clymer, when he finally got his money, was an old man, and, as Benton had predicted, he had spent all his fortune in pressing his claim.—*Washington Star.*

Trouble from a Grain of Wheat.

Mr. F. C. Newell experienced a singular mishap, some days since, which he thought, for a time, was destined to terminate his earthly career. He paid a visit to the country recently, and while looking over the farm and inspecting the grain of one of his farmer customers, he carelessly tossed a handful of wheat into his mouth and proceeded to chew it up. The beard adhered to the grain and the ticklish little thing lodged in his throat. In a day or two afterward Frank began to feel considerable pain in his throat, which was followed by a swelling of the tonsils. The trouble increased until Mr. Newell could not eat or drink, and for a time could scarcely breathe. Two physicians were called, and after consultation concluded to subject the patient to a thorough "steaming," which had the desired effect of reducing the swelling and causing a relaxation of muscles. Mr. Newell was out on the streets yesterday, but says he don't want another such experience very soon, and that in the future he will give nice-looking wheat the go-by.—*Council Bluffs Nonpariel.*

Fashion Faucies.

Bengaline is a more popular silk than Sicilienne.

A turkey's claw is one of the new hat ornaments.

Watered silks are not as popular in America as in Paris.

A decided change in grenadines will be made the coming season.

Insect jewelry is just at the moment a little in advance of the quadruped style in popularity.

Little soft loose rings of hair falling over the forehead are taking the place of the long favored bangs.

High neck ruches of black lace and white lace plated together are very fashionable and exceedingly becoming.

A novel scarf-pin represents a tiny silver mouse standing upon the edge of the lid of a little gold kettle, apparently in search of the good things inside.

The new Scotch ginghams are very brilliant in coloring, and the fabric is unusually fine. They are as handsome in appearance as the plaided silks of last season.

A growing eccentricity is the wearing upon one arm of innumerable bangles hung with charms of every description, and upon the other a gold band of massive thickness and prodigious size.

The latest style of bouquet is a large bunch of white hyacinths, into which is set a crescent of crimson rosebuds. A bridal bouquet has a crescent of tea rosebuds set into a bouquet of white lilacs and lilies of the valley.

Combinations of materials seem to be as popular as ever, and spring costumes will be composed partly of plain goods and partly of brocade; but when two fabrics are selected for a dress they will be generally chosen both of the same color, unless for very dressy evening toilets, the difference of texture producing sufficient variety.

Rumor reaches America that the elegantes of Paris are going from one extreme to the other in regard to the shape of the sleeve, and that as warm weather approaches the very close-fitting sleeve will, in a measure at least, give way to a full-flowing one. The "pagoda" and the "angel" sleeves are to be worn, as well as the artistic Van Dyke sleeve, and also the old-fashioned "leg o' mutton." Puffed sleeves are in varied shapes, some with a series of narrow pullings which extend to the wrist; others reach the elbow only, and sometimes one large puff from shoulder to elbow joint is worn. Sleeve distendes are worn with the leg-o'-mutton style.—*N. Y. Post.*

Handling Doves as Treatment for Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Recently has gone the rounds of newspapers an improbable story of the cure of a nervous, painful affection of a rheumatic nature, by an old tramp, who accomplished the wonderful feat by passing and repassing the little chap several times over the back of a jackass. This treatment was repeated every day for nine days, during which time it was observed that the animal gradually became ill, while the child improved, until at the end of nine days the jack succumbed to swollen limbs and body, and the child was completely restored. The story, of course, was not taken without salt, inasmuch as the popular impression is that while a child or even a man would be perfectly cured of all earthly ills by rubbing around the vicinity of a mule's hind propellers, the patient, for obvious reasons, wouldn't be able to tell much about it afterward.

This case, however, is merely introductory to brief allusion to a cure which was effected very similarly in the Fourteenth Ward recently. Some years ago a coal-miner named Braun was afflicted so bad within flammatory rheumatism in his hands and arms that he was compelled to seek another way of earning his living. Somewhere he learned that handling doves would effect a cure, and he purchased a number of the birds. These he would take up in his hands, stroke and play with daily, and the result was that the pair he thus manipulated invariably became swollen up, first in the legs and then in the body, precisely as though they had tho rheumatism. Finally death would ensue. In proportion as the doves became swollen Mr. Braun's affliction decreased, and finally, after pursuing this strange treatment for some time, he was able to keep himself wholly relieved from pain. He still raises doves for the sacrifice, and winter and summer alike he is able to pursue his business as a dairyman, a vocation he took up in lieu of coal digging some years ago.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Singular Death of a Cow.

A correspondent of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle* tells this singular tale of the death of a cow owned by W. H. Fraker, of Knox County:

"Some time in February, 1879, Mr. Charles Cox went from my house to church, and my wife gave him a darning-needle. Sometime in the spring thereafter my cow showed symptoms of disease, and I believed from her manner that perhaps she had lost her cud, and she had several spells since and she would swell up and her breathing was labored and made a noise as a person with the phthisic, and on Dec. 4, 1880, she brought a fine calf and milked well for about five weeks, and about Jan. 10, 1881, she became unwell again, and kept her head down near the earth, and appeared to shiver as if suffering with intense cold. Thus she soon died.

"Feeling desirous to learn the cause of her death we cut her open, and thereupon we found the same darning-needle, which had passed through her heart from side to side, and the point was out about half an inch. Her heart was fully three times as large as it would ordinarily have been, and when pressed with a knife was found to be full of corruption.

"The most singular thing about her was that during the time the needle was in her stomach, or heart, which was near two years, she was giving milk, and only went dry about six weeks before she brought her calf; also, that the needle when taken out of her heart was still bright. Mrs. Fraker says she recognized the darning-needle as one she had brought from her father's, and she supposes it was brushed off the table into the slop and fed to the cow."

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Commen Sense on the Farm.

If there is one man more than another that should be possessed of a full allowance of common sense, that man is a farmer. For the good management of a farm calls for a wide knowledge about many things, prompt and correct judgment, perseverance in a somewhat dull routine of duties, and a strict regard for duty in a capacity where one's ambition is not stimulated by the reward of other persons' admiration or approbation, and where, in fact, one's own good conscience only impels, and virtue is really and truly its own reward. For the farmer lives and moves in his own little world, where the center of his sphere is his family, and its boundary is his outer fence; and in these narrow limits he does his life's work. In this little world, however, he is moved and actuated by the very same desires, hopes, and impulses that serve to control other men. He desires and works for success in his calling, for that pecuniary profit and independence which every man is striving for; besides, if he is a good farmer, he has a pride in his farm, and is pleased when the passer-by turns his attention to his garden, his homestead, his fences, fields, and orchard with the affirmative nod of approbation. On the other hand, he feels meanly when an ill-kept dooryard, broken gate, and fences all awry and tottering provoke a depreeatory shake of the head as if one would say, "This must be a poor farmer, or he would not have such a poor place about him." And yet we would give every farmer the credit of believing that he intends to do the best he can in his circumstances. But every one is not endowed with common sense, and so a number fail to reach the full measure of their intentions.

Common sense is simply good judgment. It is to know precisely what is expedient. It is an art that may be acquired. A man is not born with it always. Some persons may be naturally gifted with a faculty for acquiring it, but this faculty may never be developed if the education and training have been defective. Careful training of a child or youth, or the self-control of a man in his maturer life, may develop this sense in a person who might otherwise appear to be naturally deficient in judgment. The mind must be well balanced; it must be trained to deliberate, to examine both sides of a question, and to decide promptly in emergencies, but never without understanding results. Quick apprehension is therefore necessary. A man who would leap in the dark has not common sense.

And this leads us to consider the great fault of those who profess to teach others the mysteries and the practices of agriculture. There should be a good deal of common sense about this business. There are things that we know, and some we don't know. Some would not have any person talk or write of what he does not really know of his own knowledge. That petulant old French writer, Montaigne said, "I would have every one write what he knows, and as much as he knows, and no more;" but he did not practise as he preached. If this were to be the rule we should stop, because we often find out things by considering what persons say they think they know of them, and this is the very basis of investigation. But one who teaches should be careful of assuming superior wisdom. It is his business to lead thought and investigation. He may succeed in doing some things in some particular ways, and it is his duty to relate precisely what he has done and how he did it, and then leave others who read of it to act as their own common sense dictates. But he may, at the same time, suggest thoughts for others to develop. Men nowadays like to get their knowledge done up in packages, sealed and labeled, so that they may take it ready made without the trouble of preparing it. But this is where they fail to use common sense. Information is to be digested and assimilated, just as food is taken into the stomach and dissolved and filtered and made available for the particular requirements of the vital force, and the waste is cast out. A man who spends his life in some particular pursuit, if it is no more than feeding cows and making butter, and is intelligent, and gives his mind to his pursuit and makes it his study, becomes an expert; and agricultural literature is made up of the thoughts and experiences and suggestions of such men. It is, therefore, simply the exercise of common sense to give due weight to these opinions and suggestions, and if one fails to realize all he expects from them, to lay the failure rather to his own want of aptness than to the mistakes of the expert.

A farmer will, then, take a commonsense view of his business by considering it as one of the most agreeable, healthful, independent, secure and comfortable employments to be chosen. He will be proud of it and teach his children to be proud of it, and not consider the labor involved as drudgery, nor the soiling of his boots, clothes or hands as a dirty business.

The field first, and then the barn and then the house will be considered; for the field builds the barn and the house, and a fine barn and showy house never yet made a field rich. "Prepare thy work without and make it fit for thyself in the field, and afterward build thine house," was the wise man's commonsense view of it. But he should by no means be too careful in this respect, for it is a wise economy and common sense to make his house a home in every way pleasant, comfortable and attractive, that he and his children may enjoy the good of all their labor, and encourage a proper self-respect and self-assertion in the community. Men are often taken at their own valuation, and it is common sense to value one's self as highly as may be consistently maintained, but to avoid going beyond that; for, by and by, every man's work is tried, and he is judged by its results.

Farmers are very apt to be led astray by exciting, if not untruthful, reports of grand successes with this or that novel process; this or that new crop; or by wondrous accounts of mythical animals. The common sense way to look at these things is to wait a little for final developments. There are farmers who have money unprofitably invested in cooking apparatus which they were misled into believing would save half their feed, just as Paddy's new stove saved half the wood, and so with two of them he would save the whole. These may wait awhile before they put money in a silo. It is always safe to let the man take risks who likes doing it. If a man has a good thing rejoice with him, but "envy no man's good" so as to be led into trouble in trying to share it with him. If his cow turns out a bonanza, and, like Eurotas or Jersey Belle, becomes renowned as a 700-pound-a-year-of-butter cow, one should not fret because his own cow has not that gilt-edge on her horn, and is in no way remarkable; but be content to let those with plenty of money and little common sense be deluded into believing that any cow in the world can get more out of her feed than was ever in it, and into exchanging their spare funds for scarce experience. Finally the man who possesses a fair share of common sense will be prosperous; but the path to this possession is not a broad one, and is not traveled by the crowd. If common sense prevailed Utopia would be within hailing distance, for if a man could be guided solely by it he would make no mistakes, there would be no crime or unhappiness in the world, and the dream of the philosopher would be realized. But perfection can not be reached in this world, yet we may strive to get as near to it as we can, and as the farmer has broader opportunities for quiet and peaceful enjoyment of the real, actual world than the majority of other men, so the more common sense he can possess the nearer he will approach the perfection of comfort, prosperity and happiness.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

Soil Treatment of Orchards.

I have become convinced that an orchard should not be cultivated much after it begins to bear—or say ten or twelve years from setting; but before that I would prefer to have it most of the time in tillage to some hoed crop, only as the trees advance in age take the more pains to not let the plow go to much depth near the trees, but finish tilling about the trees by hand, and when hoeing be sure to take more pains in hoeing the trees than the corn. After being tended thus with care so as not to have the roots much disturbed up to about the time the trees begin to bear, I would seed an orchard down, not because it will do better for being in grass, but I would thus avoid the risk of having the roots of the trees, which seek to grow near the surface, broken or disturbed, as they would necessarily be by tilling the ground to crop. These surface roots and rootlets I believe to be the ones which principally nourish the growing fruit. Next, to keep the orchard in best condition, I depend on mulching the ground, and especially that under the trees. This is nature's own management for trees, and is found to be the best that man can give them. The mulch may consist of almost any material, but a compost of muck and manure, with some lime and coal-ashes, is very good. The muck should be drawn and some lime mixed with it, and lie so for six months or a year, being shoveled over once or twice in the time; then it is fit to use whether mixed with manure or not, though the orchard should not fail to have the manure in some way. The application of ashes I give separately, and if coal-ashes, use any quantity of them. All this applied to an orchard in turf is good treatment.—*Henry Ives, in N. Y. Tribune.*

To Make a Mustard-Plaster.

Take with you to the kitchen an old handkerchief and a coarser piece of rag of about the same size. Put a little water on the fire to boil. Put a large kitchen plate on the stove (or range) to get hot. Pour into a bowl two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, and a (nearly flat) tablespoonful of mustard. While dry mix them thoroughly; then pour a little boiling water over the mixture until it is of the consistence of thin dough (do not let it be thin enough to ooze through any crack or crevice, as that is what makes it 'a nuisance'). Put your hot plate on the table, place the coarse rag upon it. Lay your "dough" upon that; then spread over it your old handkerchief, and with your hand over the handkerchief press the dough out to the size required; then tuck the edges of the handkerchief under the coarse rag, and turn the plaster over on its face on to the plate. Fold the ends over carefully, and pin them (or, better yet, baste them). Now carry it on the plate to the patient, and the plate will keep the poultice warm while you are preparing the patient for its application. For a baby or young child it is better to use ground slippery-elm instead of flour; it is much lighter and more desirable. Two small tablespoonfuls of slippery-elm to a flat teaspoonful of mustard is about the right proportion for an infant. The plaster may be bound on with a towel or handkerchief, and remain all night. The skin will be just irritated enough by morning. As the chief use of a mustard-plaster is to act as a gentle irritant (*rubefacient*, the medical men call those things which make the skin red), these directions are safe and proper; but in cases of sudden severe pain, where prompt action is required, clear mustard, mixed cold, is required. When applied, it should be carefully watched, and looked at every now and then, in order to avid any blistering.—*American Agriculturist,*

A Reported Wonderful Discovery.

A great discovery has been made on the Mojave desert, which seems destined to revolutionize viticulture in Southern California. It has been found that grape-cuttings inserted in the trunks of the cacti on the deserted ground thrive as vigorously as in cultivated land. This fact is of great importance to the people. By the use of a chisel a man can plant a large vineyard in a day, and the vine so planted will climb the cactus and grow luxuriously without cultivation or irrigation. The dry, hot sands of the desert will afford a fine place for drying raisins. In addition to grapes, it has been proved that melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes will grow from cactus stock, so that the desert may soon bloom as the rose.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The Eastern Band of Cherokees are still a people by themselves in North Carolina. Their chief, Tsalate, is commonly known by the less aboriginal name of Smith, and the tribe preserve none of the former characteristics of their race except laziness. They live in log houses, dress in plain clothes, and live rather poorly by farming.

HOME AND FARM.

—Novelties in Cooking.—A side dish which is a general favorite is made by steaming oatmeal until it is thoroughly done; when cold, cut it in slices and fry till brown in butter; crushed wheat and corn meal may be served the same way.

—Rice au Jus.—Thoroughly boil a cupful of rice, have ready a buttered pie-dish, and a pint and a half of good strong stock. Drain the rice, turn it into the pie-dish, pour the stock over it; add a seasoning of pepper, salt and butter. Place it in the oven for ten minutes, and serve very hot.

—The United States *Miller* advises when one wants to rid their premises of rats to set a trap and catch one alive. Paint him a bright red color and let him go. Then set the trap in another place in the house, mill or barn, and catch a second rat; paint him and let him loose.

—A Nice Plain Pudding.—One quart of flour; butter the size of an egg; a pint of milk; two tablespoonfuls of baking-powder; one cup of cut raisins. Steam one hour in a two-quart dish. Boil a pint of milk, add sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and flavoring for the sauce.

—The *American Chemist* says that a Western farmer discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground. Time and weather, he says, seem to have no effect on it. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and, he adds, there is not a man who will live to see it rot.

—Stuffed Turnips.—Peel and boil in boiling water well salted a quart of medium-sized turnips; as soon as they are tender drain them, cut a slice from the top of each, scoop out half the middle with a teaspoon, mash the part taken out, with a little salt, pepper, butter and the yelk of an egg, and fill the turnips with the mixture; put on each one the slice cut from the top, brush them over with the beaten white of an egg, set them in a baking dish and brown them in a hot oven. Serve them hot.

—Outside Whitewash—Take one-half bushel of good unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water (cover it during the process to keep in the steam); strain the liquid through a sieve, and add one peck of salt, dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste; stir in boiling hot one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, one pound of white glue. Add five gallons of hot water; let the mixture stand a few days, covered from the dirt, and apply with calcimining brush.

—Cottage Cheese.—Cottage cheese is made either of sour milk curdled by heating moderately in a kettle or of sweet milk curdled by rennet. The curd must not be heated over 100 deg. After standing half an hour the curd is dipped out into a thin muslin bag or cloth and hung up in a warm place to drain off the whey. In twelve hours it may be taken out, broken up, salted sufficiently, and molded into desirable shapes, and either used fresh or put away for a week or two to acquire a full cheesy flavor. For immediate use the curd may be mixed with sweet cream and sweetened if desired. By adding lemon-juice, eggs and sugar, the curd may be made into lemon cheese cakes in the manner in which custards are baked.

—Grease is fatal to all insect life. Insects breathe by means of small pores on their sides. Grease or oil that comes in contact with the insects closes the pores and stops the breathing. Mercurial ointment kills as much by the lard in it as by the mercury—that is, so far as the vermin are concerned, but not as to the animals that lick it off from their bodies, so that almost any oily or greasy application will be destructive to insect vermin that infest animals, if it is applied where it will do the most good.

Strawberries for Family Use.

It seems strange that while the families of village and city people usually have a fair supply of this, the most delicious, the most healthful and most easily grown of all the small fruits, not one farmer's family in five has even a taste, of the cultivated varieties at any rate, to say nothing of a good supply through the season; and yet each family might have an abundance at one-half or one-fourth the price the villager has to pay for them. If you ask householders why they don't raise strawberries for their families, the most common excuse is that they cause too much trouble or cost more than they are worth. Nothing that is worth having can be had without some trouble, and a crop of strawberries need not necessarily cost more than a crop of cabbages or potatoes. Wishing to know just how much it cost to raise a small plot, I kept an account of the expense of five square rods, on which strawberries were grown for family use last year. The plants were set early in the spring of '79, in rows four feet apart, one foot apart in the rows. They were hoed and weeded out five times during the season, and the runners allowed to grow and root all they would, and the ground was nearly covered with plants by fall.

The plot produced 186 quarts of berries, which supplied a family of eight persons with an abundance through the season and left 65 quarts to be sold, which brought, at wholesale, 13 cents per quart, or $8.45—more than enough to pay for the work done on the whole plot. But, taking no account of those sold, our berries cost only about three and one-third cents per quart. No account is made of the plants set, because they were of my own growing and cost comparatively nothing; but supposing they had been purchased at the usual prices, the berries would have cost only about five cents per quart. It should be remembered that the same plot will probably bear a good crop this year, with no further expense except that for picking the berries and a dollar or two for fertilizer. I should add that the varieties were Downer's Prolific, Charles Downing and Kentucky; and if there are three more reliable sorts for family use that will cover the strawberry season, and be so valuable in other respects, it remains, I think, yet to be proved. It is well to test the new varieties, and there is a good deal of pleasure in it if one does not mind disappointment; but the main dependence had better be placed on the old, well-tried sorts.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

THE DAIRY.

—All other conditions being the same the quantity of milk secreted will vary with the quantity of flesh forming food digested.

—The best cows are those which give the largest returns for the food consumed, whatever the breed, size, color or pedigree.

—Decaying food should never be used in the dairy, as a part, at least, of the fetid matter will be taken up by the milk. A few rotten potatoes eaten by a single cow have been known to spoil the butter of thirty cows with which the milk was mixed.

—After deducting from the rations of a cow the food of support, which will be the same whether she gives much milk or little, the surplus will be converted into milk and will determine the measure of profit to her owner. It is therefore desirable to make that surplus as large as possible. The last pound of food she can utilize will pay the best.

—If the delicious flavor peculiar to butter is due, as many suppose, to flavoring oils in the vegetation consumed by the milk-giving animal, butter made from the same food should have the same flavor though coming from different animals. It is notorious that it does not. Hence it follows that the true butter flavor must be dependent either on oils built up anew in the animal body or to vegetable oils changed by animal influences. Whenever the flavoring oils of vegetation pass through the body of an animal and appear unchanged in milk, as they often do, they are always there as a foreign element which may be agreeable or otherwise, and always, from their extreme susceptibility to change, injure the keeping of the butter that contains them.

—Buyers of butter, even though they be old experts, are often deceived by the bogus goods that are now being forced upon the market, and so perfect are some imitations that in courts of justice the question cannot always be satisfactorily determined whether the goods on trial are bogus or genuine. Elaborate analyses alone can be depended upon; but these are slow, often requiring days and even weeks to determine, and at the same time too expensive to be of much practical use. Simple, convenient and inexpensive tests are in demand. In this line the *Provisioner*, London, comes to us with a good trick for determining the presence of oleo in butter. It is well worth a trial. Take a clean piece of tallow wick, rub the material to be tried well into it, then set it on fire and if there is any tallow or oleo in the compound the smoke from the burning wick will smell like an extinguished tallow dip—and most of us are familiar with that unpleasant odor.—*American Dairyman.*

Feeding for Milk.

So far as my experience in feeding for milk, for the purpose of sale and for making butter, has gone I have found that what is best for the one is best for the other. For in butter-making one wants the largest quantity of the richest milk, and as a milk producer who had a pride in serving my customers with the best of milk, and an interest in getting the most of it my feeding required precisely the same result in one case as in the other. I cannot say, however, that my experience in supplying milk of this kind to the market has been favorable, for I have found that the public seem to think "milk is milk" anyhow, and if a competitor comes around and offers the commonest kind of milk for five cents a quart, purchasers will give up taking milk that will yield twenty per cent. of cream, if it costs five cents. So that with pure Ayrshire and Jersey cows that will yield a pound of butter for seven quarts of milk, and with butter readily salable at forty cents a pound, it is more profitable to make butter than to sell milk.

If one wants a large quantity of fairly good, well flavored milk for sale, he will find the best and cheapest food to consist of sugar beets, or mangels cut and sprinkled with wheat shorts, or shaps, or bran, and the best clover hay or corn fodder cut and mixed with a thin slop of steeped malt sprouts and cotton seed meal or corn meal. I have fed my milking cows as follows: Morning feed, cut hay or cornstalks, wetted with the above-mentioned slop, made as follows: Two quarts of malt sprouts and one quart of cotton seed meal or corn meal per head, soaked in water in a barrel for twelve hours. This slop is poured over the cut fodder in a mixing box and the whole mixed until the slop is equally distributed; then a heaped bushel basket is given to each cow. Any cow that is a specially good feeder, and will pay for it, is treated to a quart or so of ground feed of corn and rye bran in addition, scattered over her mess. At noon, a peck per head of cut sugar beets or mangels, sprinkled with a quart of the above ground feed, is given. At night the morning feed is repeated. But if I could not get six cents a quart for milk, I would double the allowance of roots giving no meal with them, and give malt sprouts and bran, or only coarse wheat or rye middlings, made into the slop above described. This will make as much or more milk of good salable quality, but not so much cream. If one is near a brewery and can procure brewers' grains, these are an excellent and wholesome food when mixed with corn meal. A bushel a day, with four quarts of corn meal, given to a large cow, with hay and fodder, will produce a copious yield of rich-flavored milk, of a good body and color, although not rich in cream; but a thick, creamy-looking milk, with only five per cent. of cream, will be more satisfactory to the consumer than pure Jersey milk, with twenty-five per cent. of cream, but which is thin and blue when the cream is taken off. This should not be forgotten when considering the feeding of cows for milk. The best cows for a milk diary are large grades of Short-Horn, or Dutch and native, as these yield a large flow of milk, not rich in cream, but thick and of a rich color. Food is a necessary condition, but if it is not put into the right kind of milk-machines, it is wasted, or diverted from its most profitable use.—*H. Stewart, in Country Gentleman.*

—A lame beggar of New York makes on an average about $1,140 a year.

[Mondovi (Wis.), Buffalo Co. Herald.]
Notions of the First Settlers.

Mr. W. H. H. Amidon, one of the first settlers in the town of Gilmantown, Wis., and one of the most industrious and hard-working men in the county, has been very severely troubled with rheumatic pains during the past few years, so much at times that he was disabled from performing manual labor. Learning of the wonderful cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he procured a few bottles and experienced immediate relief. Many others of our acquaintances have used it and express themselves as highly gratified with the relief it has afforded them. This king of medicines can be bought everywhere.

RAILWAY accidents are becoming so numerous that even temperate passengers are often treated to a smash.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]
MR. JOHN MILLER, of 54 West Fifth street, tells us that he was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil of a complicated case of rheumatism of ten years' standing.

YOUNG men may be too fresh, but eggs—never.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich. —*Free Press.*

A MAN having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said: "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."

Facts About Rheumatism.

Mrs. General Sherman says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic."

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Hon. John Cessna, late member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

It absolutely cures when everything else fails. Sold by every Druggist. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

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Has been sold in Davenport under a guarantee, and in three years not a single bottle has been returned. This fact is a good recommendation of the medicine."—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

PEOPLE differ widely in politics and religion, but all parties seem to have united in placing James Congh Pellets at the front as a remedy for coughs, consumption, etc. Sold everywhere—25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

THE sales of Frazer Axle Grease last year were enormous. Stick a pin here.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"AH, dear," sighed Miss Fitzjoy, as she yawned wearily, "there isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and tidies, and embroidered slippers and painted majolica jugs, until I'm weary of life. I believe I'll go down into the kitchen and watch Jane make bread. I suppose I ought to know how many pints of yeast it takes to a loaf." And she penetrated the business part of the house only to find out that bread was "raised" from the baker's cart.

"ARE you a wall flower?" he asked, and she replied: "No, I am a wall sir." Then they waltzed.

THERE was a big crowd on the streets Saturday, so big that it was almost impossible to get along. Mr. Gallagher was in a hurry to catch a train, but could make but little progress. He observed, however, a man with a pot of paint in each hand who seemed to have a fair amount of room. He hailed the man and bought the pots of paint. He took one in each hand. The crowd was just as dense as before, but Gallagher had no more trouble in getting through it. Oh, you bet they gave him a chance to get along!—*Boston Post.*

WEATHER PROPHECY—When you see two cats on the woodshed looking each other in the eye and waving their tails, it is a sign of a squall.

YOUNG man, don't swear! Swearing never was good for a sore finger. It never cured the rheumatism nor helped to draw a prize in a lottery. It isn't recommended for liver complaint. It isn't sure against lightning, sewing-machine agents nor any of the ills which beset people through life. There is no occasion for swearing outside of a newspaper office, where it is useful in proof-reading and indispensably necessary in getting forms to press. It has been known, also, to materially assist the editor in looking over the paper after it is printed. But otherwise it is a very foolish and wicked habit.—*Washington Republic.*

"REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a facetious boy; "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence, "tain't me."

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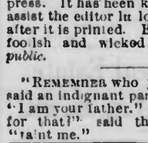
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in either Liquid or Dry Form acts at the same time on the diseases of the
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This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
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Because we allow these great organs to become clogged—or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
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BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
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Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
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Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.
Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for the convenience of those that cannot readily prepare it. *Acts with equal efficiency in either form.*
GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press
Price, $3.00.

For Seeding and Extracting Juice
—FROM—
ALL FRUITS AND BERRIES.
EVERY FAMILY NEEDS ONE.
Send for a Catalogue, Free.
ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.

ASTHMA.
JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY
Has been used in thousands of the worst cases, with astonishing and uniform success, and is offered to the public with full confidence in its merits. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, and an infant may take it with perfect safety.
"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*
[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]
"TO THE SUFFERERS BY ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Etc.—In the interest merely of such persons, without any conference with those who advertise it, I earnestly urge all who suffer by these distressing maladies to use *persistently* 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, etc.'" T. B. ROBERTSON, Broad Run, Fauquier Co., Va.

Do You Wish To Know?
1. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Kansas—her people, her homes, her lands, her products, her towns, her counties and her public institutions?
2. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about the wonderful climate, the nu less wonderful scenery, the charming summer resorts, the magnificent mines and the marvelous growth generally of Colorado.
3. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about New Mexico, which is just developing a climate and a mineral wealth surpassing even that of Colorado?
4. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Arizona, without doubt the richest mineral country in the United States, with other advantages of climate and soil?
5. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about California and the sections of the Golden Slope, both north and south?
6. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW about Old Mexico and its prospects?
7. DO YOU WISH TO KNOW how to reach these States and Territories easily and quickly?
If these are the things you wish to know, write to
Care C. P. & T. A. C. S. GLEED,
A. T. & S. F. R. R. Topeka, Kansas.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.
To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup of the pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so use "*Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime.*" A safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

PENSIONS for SOLDIERS, for Fathers, Mothers, Widows, Children, etc. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions for any wound or disease. Bounty yet due to thousands. Pensioners entitled to increase of Pension. New laws and decisions. Time limited. Apply at once. Address, with two stamps for laws, blanks and instructions, N. W. FITZGERALD, U. S. Claim Attorney Box 588 Washington, D. C.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD,

Fine, Colored Engraving of the Ancient Egyptian Obelisk and the Masonic emblems found under it. Complete Statistics of Free Masonry in North America. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods; also, a description of the magnificent new work for Agents. Sent free to F. A. M.
REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers, 731 Broadway, New York.

Brass Bands LOOK Field Marshal March, arr. J. B. Clene..50c
Polka Militaire, " " ..50c
Scales for all Brass Instruments.....10c
Sent by mail on receipt of price. Trio Horn, L. E. WHIPPLE, 49 Winter St., Boston.

5, 10, 25 cent COUNTER SUPPLIES.
TOYS, NOTIONS, &c. Catalogue free.
CARY, FULTON & CO., 80 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN learn telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address Valentine Bros., Managers, Janesville, Wis.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY. Sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps, $3.00 worth of Choice Music. Address J. F. Perry & Co., 19 West St., Boston, Mass.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. R. GUSTERL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted—In every city of 10,000. No capital required. Address, with references, GARDEN CITY GRAIN ELEVATOR, Chicago, Ill.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; 4 samples 10c. free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, 60. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

LAND Warrants and Soldiers' Additional Homestead Floats bought and sold. Highest price paid. N. W. Fitzgerald, Land Att'y, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

LADY Canvassers wanted for a new article. CORONET CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

$10 WATCHES—Stem-Winders. Warranted. Send for terms & prices. E. E. Brown, Box 168, Windsor, Conn.

BEST Paying thing out. Our splendid Photo Family Record Picture. C. F. SHORT, Chicago.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 616

TEACHERS WANTED $65 to $150 per Month. Steady work all Spring and Summer. For full particulars, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Word to Young Men on Courtship.

Whether a woman is justified in proposing marriage to a man, under any circumstances, is a question still unsettled. Some bashful men would concede them the right, but the majority prefer to enjoy the prerogative unmolested.

Many women are able to encourage a sulter in numerous ways essentially feminine; and this they have an undoubted right to do. A maiden may not be so likely as a widow to give a hesitating man assistance in reaching the point of making a proposal, but probably a few girls are altogether surprised when the momentous question is asked them, and some of them who turn out to be the most exemplary wives take much pains to pave the way to it.

Even if their own modesty and coyness prevent their making the overtures, their mothers may be less shy about the matter, and see to it that the young men are given opportunities to announce their intentions, and are encouraged or cajoled into doing it. But it is a rare thing for a good girl to squarely court a man and directly offer herself to him.

The woman, as the philosophers say, may be the first to fall in love, but she will only let the secret of her affection be extorted from her when the man acknowledges that his heart is captive, and asks her to confess the love she has cherished, but perhaps has sought assiduously to hide from.

Good girls are very charry about making the first advances in any such way as to let men know what they are about, and their instinct directs them rightly in so doing. They wish to be wooed and won, and refuse to surrender to the first summons. Therefore it is safe to warn young men against girls who seem inclined to do the wrong.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Exercise is Needful.

Unfortunately for those who are obliged to live sedentary lives, their occupation begets an almost unconquerable aversion to regular exercise, and the result of yielding to the indisposition is that the mental powers, kept at a steady tension for years, will some day suddenly relax and leave their abuser either lifeless or a helpless paralytic. To literary and professional men is vigorous and regular exercise especially needful, and the example of its effects in a hale old age will suggest themselves to every one. The exercise needed to keep the mind in tone and the physical force unabated, up to the four score years and ten, is not a daily spin behind a fast stepping horse, but the long swinging gait which puts the walker over a country road at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and sends the blood pulsing with invigorating life to every portion of the system. Two hours' exercise a day, so far from being a waste of time, is a positive economy, supplying the nerve force for more and better work in ten hours than the man of street cars and carriages can get out of twelve.

Home Conversation.

Endeavor to always talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they dream in drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental stores enough for each, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull system for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

Captain Charles Pannell committed suicide on Monday evening in the cabin of the schooner Freddie C. Ebbett, while lying in the East river. The Ebbett traded under the Haytien flag, and was ready to sail for Port au Prince. Captain Pannell was very despondent at pecuniary losses, and threatened to kill himself. He went into his stateroom and there fired the fatal shot, spattering his blood over the photographs of his wife and three children hanging upon the wall. He was an Englishman by birth, though a resident of Brooklyn.

Two men were fighting in New York on Monday, and a policeman was trying to arrest them, when the Amazonian sister of one of the men rushed into the fray, and, seizing the policeman's club, wrested it from his grasp and knocked him down. She subsequently paid $8 for the satisfaction of flooring the officer.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY!

"CALMESE PLACE."

The undersigned will sell at public sale in front of Coddington's Hotel, at Oakland, on

the 16th day of April, 1881,

at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

Military Lots Nos. 801, 805, 1030 and 1032, containing TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, more or less, and known as the

"CALMESE PLACE"

This place is beautifully situated on the road to Deer Park, about two miles from Oakland. The place is well watered by a fine spring and running stream of water, is improved by a Log House and Stable. Lot No. 804 is very finely Timbered.

At the same time will be sold Lots numbered 807, 808, 1026, 13¾ acres of 809, 3½ acres of 1025, and 5 acres of 1027.

TERMS—One-fourth Cash, the balance in three equal annual payments, or should the purchaser desire it, longer time will be granted on deferred payments.

423 D. ANNAN.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY,

42tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

I beg leave to state to the citizens of Grantsville and vicinity, that I propose, at the close of the present session of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, to locate permanently in their midst for the practice of my profession. Office room has been secured and definite arrangements made to locate promptly.

Respectfully, &c.

A. F. SPEICHER.

2 19 2m

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make appliention to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN HANCORD,
3 10 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

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PER YEAR

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EVERY VARIETY

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JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

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We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
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Posters,
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Programmes,
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At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

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Attorneys at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 40 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

Insolvent Notice.

Thompson Lower vs. His Creditors. } No. 58. Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 21st day of February, 1881, that the 8th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Thompson Lower, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that H. Wheeler Combs and W. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustees for the benefit of the creditors of said Petitioner, shall, prior to the said Fifth day of May next, give at least forty day's notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—
Test—W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
2 26 Permanent Trustees.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN

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E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
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Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
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Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
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BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, as *rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, in *cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ **$85.00.** ☜

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881. NUMBER 9

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

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THE OBJECT OF A LIFE.

To eat, drink and be merry, because to-morrow we die;
The Master's talent to bury—a gift laid idly by;
To scrape with grim persistence the grains of a golden store;
To dig for a bare subsistence, that keeps the wolf from the door.
But whether in purple and riches we feed on the fat of the land,
Or up to the middle in ditches live hard by labor of hand,
To wrestle for ease and pelf, in a hunger of great and small,
Where it's "every man for himself, and God, if He will, for us all."
With greed that carries pollution of base and pitiful strife,
Can this be the true solution, the end and aim of a life?
No. Surely sparks celestial the seraphim share with us,
By instincts coarse and bestial can never be stifled thus!
And surely within the portals, that bar their brighter sphere,
They yearn for fellow immortals, though groveling worm-like here.
The helping hand to reach us, that gullies with tender care.
The lovlier lesson to teach us of a holier future there;
To whisper how fair and ample the field we husband below,
To tell of the great example, the Man of compassion and woe;
Of footprints left behind Him in the early path He trod.
And how the lowest may find Him, who straightly walk with God.
Who bend their backs to labor, and bend their knees to pray
In honest love for their neighbor, His one command obey;
Who freely bear for others the burden sorrow hath laid,
Accepting all for brothers that need a brother's aid—
Rejoice in the gain resulting from every mile-stone passed,
And travel the road, exulting, that brings them home at last.

—*G. J. Whyte Melville.*

HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE A WIFE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair, and put his feet upon the mantlepiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jennie, which is it?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all 'our set' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need be over bashful? Come, be frank—which is the favorite sister?"

"Well, frankly, then Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the younger, to be the more womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal of cordial welcome and smiles; and let me enter at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the mornings, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly, and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise—as a washerwoman, for instance."

"Good! I will!"

"Will you go there as a washerwoman," cried Clayton.

"Not exactly; but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower; who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place after nearly ten years mourning, and, although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jennie, who, was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed performance for the same purpose. All his attentions were ascribed, by her, to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presented rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining room door; "will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura, send him up."

The servant departed to obey the last order.

In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a course blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snow hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket he carried on the table, and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair Miss," and he held them before Jenny.

"It is my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny, quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat down by Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk!"

"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday—"

"To pay that last dry goods bill," said Jenny.

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh, Laura! I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father.

"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my house keeping money."

"I should not wish to marry in debt, said Jenny.

The old peddler looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, Miss. Look in this glass."

They were becoming, mixing with the glossy, golden hair, and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion.

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-menots were his favorite flowers.

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time, probably, is valuable." Then passing a chair she added: "Be seated sir, you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red camelias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can, Godfrey Horton is rich."

The old man bit his lips.

"Think," said Jennie, in a low tone, "if you love him how much it will grieve him if he should discover this deceit."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is house keeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from father!"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye, in the meantime, running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here."

"I can't! Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend dinner, make a pudding, and the parlor chairs must be dusted, and, there is my white mulled to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are!" cried Laura.

"Drudge! nonsense! I have plenty of time left for enjoyment; and father cannot have a comfortable house, if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura. "There; I have chosen all I want." "Shall I call again for the change?" said the peddler. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

So the peddler took up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, [illegible] and disguise, and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is—"Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other—"I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers."

Lincoln and Hooker.

A story going the rounds of the press relative to President Lincoln's horsemanship recalls the fact that soon after Hooker relieved Burnside as commander of the army of the Potomac President Lincoln paid him a visit, landing from a steamboat at Acquia creek, then the base of supplies of the army. General Hooker and several of his staff rode down to the creek with a "led" horse for the President, reaching there about nightfall. After a few minutes passed in paying respects to Mr. Lincoln, the entire party mounted, and set out in the midst of a blinding snow storm for General Hooker's headquarters near Falmouth, some ten or twelve miles distant. As everybody who was in the army knows, Hooker was a hard rider. The President, bestriding a spirited steed, rode by the General's side, or at least tried to, but Hooker's war horse was the better of the two, and during the ride kept at least a neck in advance. On this occasion Hooker rode furiously. The wind was keen, and the snow, which continued to fall faster and faster, lashed the faces of the riders with the sting of a cat-o'-nine tails; the night was pitch dark, and the mud and slush in places was literally knee deep. Hooker continued to plunge a head through the mud, with the President, who never boasted of his horsemanship, still a neck in the rear, until he finally ventured the remark that perhaps they had better not be in such a hurry. "We're most there now, Mr. President," rejoined Hooker, "and better get out of this infernal storm as soon as possible," and on went the snow-covered and mud-bespattered cavalcade. The fact was that the President was apprehensive that he would be unhorsed should his steed stumble or get a foot stuck in the mud, and preferred the rigors of the storm to having his neck broken outright. The writer was present at Hooker's headquarters when the party reined in in front of the little tented village. Monster camp fires lit up the surrounding pines, and although the snow continued to fall, the scene was far from being a cheerless one. The President, and, in fact, everybody else, was covered with mud from head to foot; his silk tile was a weeping wreck, and as he dismounted in front of Hooker's tent he ungloved and said to the General, "Here, General, are the gauntlets you were good enough to loan me down at the creek." "Keep them, Mr. President," said Hooker, "to remember your ride by." "No, thank you," replied Mr. Lincoln, surveying his mud-bespattered person, "I shall need nothing to remind me of my ride to-night; I shall always remember it, I assure you." It may have been the recollection of that furious night ride which induced Mr. Lincoln some months later, in sending Hooker to Kentucky, to slyly warn the General to "steer clear of Bourbon county."

Kissing and Telling of it.

When the wrong man kisses the right woman or the right man kisses the wrong woman—and both some times happen—it does not always follow that there is a disturbance about it. The world can never know how much unauthorized kissing has been done and forgiven and forgotten. In the naturally wild and audacious career of the human kind there is a great deal of that sort of business, and it is just as well that it is not cruelly dragged before the public on every occasion. If that were always done it would be very discouraging to a reasonable delightful pastime which more or less concerns everybody. Many of the cares and trials of this world find relief in a kiss; it is a very little thing, uncomonly sweet for its size, and one of the few luxuries of this world which well organized people never get too much of. Nobody who understands even the rudiments of kissing disdains its practice, and those who have been so fortunate as to reach something of the science of the thing are not easily restrained in their pursuit of supreme happiness. A kiss doesn't cost anything, and it's a pretty small matter to make a disturbance about, and most people will endure a great deal of kissing without getting angry about it and regarding it as a misfortune to make public complaint. Now and then, however, human nature is put to an awful test in this way, and human nature breaks down. A man may not be so particular about putting his kisses where they will do the most good; the chief aim of man is to get the kiss, and he is frequently too hasty and too reckless about it. But a woman is apt to be little more considerate in her preferences.

There was an Illinois woman, now, who had a prejudice against being kissed by a tailor—possibly because the other eight parts of the man were not around—although the tailor was perfectly free to say that he had no prejudice against kissing the lady. He regarded her as sweet enough to kiss and frankly told her so. There are some cold, proud women who in some unaccountable way have got into this world who would not be affected by any such talk, but the number of these is very, very few. Whether the Illinois woman was one of this rare kind or not is still a matter of dispute. It is also undecided whether she told the tailor he was a handsome man; she insists that, being a truthful woman, she could not have done so conscientiously, while he takes the opposite side of the question. There is, however, no controversy about the one point that he did kiss her, and after all this is the most important thing. It is not certain just what was the matter with this kiss—whether it was not up to the standard or whether there may not be something peculiar about a tailors kiss. But it is certain that the lady didn't loose much time in telling her husband about it, and the husband lost no time in horse-whipping the tailor for doing just what he had doubtless himself done a thousand times. In this way the matter became the property of the public for the tailor proceeded against the husband for assault. Such a course is as strange as it is unusual, and if allowed to go on unrebuked must inevitably cut a tailor off from many of the good things of this world.—*Phil. Times.*

The "Ifs" of Life.

What a potential word is that little "if," without which all things might be different. If husbands and wives studied each other more, for example: if each remembered how dependent we all are upon kind words. If the husband would only strive to win anew each day the love in the hearts of their wives, who have given them all that woman may give—her love, her life, her present and eternal future, an absolute surrender of all but a nominal individuality—if they were as loving and as solicitous for the welfare of their wives and their happiness as they were for the sweethearts in their lover days, how many a broken heart would never have been broken, and how many an untimely grave would now be empty. And on the other hand, if wives would remember that their husbands need a little crumb of new love each day to strengthen them in their battle for those they love, and if they would but send them forth at morn and welcome them at nightfall with a wife's blest words and kiss of cheer, how many thousand eyes would brighten, and how gladly would they welcome toil; whereas now their only hope of peace or rest is the grave—a final home to which they are only too glad to go.

Health Notes. Statistics prove that twenty-five per cent of the deaths in our large cities are caused by consumption, and when we reflect that this terrible disease in its earlier stage will readily yield to a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup (costing 25 cents), shall we condemn the sufferers for their negligence, or pity them for their ignorance?

For Husbands.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than before marriage. Her relation to you is changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities toward her by marrying. She appreciates these things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your buttons still.

Don't make you wife feel that she is an incumberance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs give as cheerfully, as if it were a pleasure to do so. She will feel better, so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business, and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, etc., until you have shut down on tobacco, cigars, beer, etc.

Don't leave your wife home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at nights, to see the show or spend a dollar at billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings, lounging around, away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl about loafing until midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think that board and clothes are enough for all a wife does for you. It will do husbands no harm to read the foregoing over a second time, then cut it out and paste it in their hats.

A Chapter on Spring.

The New York *Express* gets off the following on spring:

Yea, the time approacheth when earth casteth off her snowy shroud and arrayeth herself in a new garment.

The water freeth itself from its icy shackles, and babbleth rejoicing on its way.

For verily it is a time of rejoicing throughout the whole realm of nature.

The fair maiden arrayeth herself in new garments; yea verily, her head attire putteth the roses of the field to shame.

The face of the umbrella man is made glad.

Verily, there cometh a sweet smell of fish from the stalls, and the green apple maketh glad the heart of the small boy.

All nature seems to be glad, and the young man goeth to church with the maiden—for he hath invested his savings in a new plug.

But I say unto you the day of reckoning is nigh at hand.

Behold the editor sitteth at his desk and is sore afraid.

For he heareth the tread of the spring poet on the sanctum stairs.

Nervously he fidgeteth in his chair and savagely fingereth his foot-stool.

Gaily cometh the smiling poet to the threshold! There is a scene of great slaughter and devastation.

Yea, the editor smileth in his exceeding joy, for he has fought a good battle.

Strangled by an Oyster.

A recent letter dated Jackson, Miss., says: Last evening Thomas J. Wharton, Jr., Deputy United States Revenue Collector, son of Judge T. J. Wharton of this place, and W. H. Bailey, son of the late Judge Bailey, of Canton, entered Muller's restaurant, and seating themselves Wharton called for raw oysters and Bailey ordered a steak. Soon after the table had been spread, Wharton, holding up a large oyster on his fork's prongs, good naturedly remarked: "This is the kind of oyster Walter Brooks choked to death on." "Well, Tom, I hope that one will not hurt you," as pleasantly replied Bailey, and scarcely had these words escaped his lips, when, without other converse, he arose and walked to a back entrance. A waiter standing near the door cried out in alarm; "The gentleman is choking!" Wharton jumped up and ran to him, and after trying all the conventional remedies of relief known to him without avail, rushed wildly into the street in search of a physician. Before his return, however, Mr. Bailey's life had passed beyond the recall of human skill. Mr. Bailey was in the very power and bloom of young manhood, highly popular with all who knew him, and was filling the most lucrative office of his county, having been elected Chancery Clerk two years ago by a flattering majority.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A SONG OF SONGS.

Oh, sing to me a roundelay! Chatterton.
Gutiler ye rosebnds as ye may! Herrick.
My heart is wasted with my woe— Tennyson.
This world is all a fleeting show! Moore.
She was a phantom of delight. Wordsworth.
For Scotland's and for Freedom's right! Barton.
She stood breast high amid the corn, Hood.
To live forgotten and love forlorn. Tennyson.
She walks in beauty like the night, Byron.
Her hands are cold, her face is white. Holmes.
The melancholy days have come, Bryant.
O, Mary, go and call the cattle home! Klugsley.
Fly to the desert, fly with me, Moore.
O, lovely Mary Donnelly! Allingham.
Full fathom five thy father lies— Shakespeare.
Maiden with the meek brown eyes! Longfellow.
A Yankee boy is trim and tall, Sheckburg.
When icicles hung by the wall. } Shakespeare
Take, oh! take those lips away, }
Now until the brake of day! Byron.
Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Be still, be still, poor human heart. Mrs. Hervey.
Adieu, adieu, my native shore! Byron.
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more! Shakespeare.
O, Mary, at thy window be! Burns.
Come, let us plant the apple tree! Bryant.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, Burns.
Faintly smiling Adeline! Tennyson.
I can not eat but little meat John Hill.
With one black shadow at its feet. Tennyson.
The shades of night were falling fast, Longfellow.
The little gate was reached at last; Lowell.
Love not, ye hapless sons of clay! Mrs. Norton.
The comet, he is on his way! Holmes.
In cauld November's chilly blast Burns.
My days among the Dead are past. Southey.
Stay, sailor, stay, and hear my woe! Geo. M. Lewis.
The sun upon the lake is low! Scott.
A thousand miles from land are we! Cornwall.
Gille Machree, sit down by me! Griffin.
I am a friar of orders gray— J. O. Keefe.
Put the bridlery frame away! Browning.
The poet in a golden clime was born, Tennyson.
With fingers weary and worn. Hood.
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Tennyson.
Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow! ?
Blow, blow, thou winter wind! Shakespeare.
Vex thou not the poet's mind! Tennyson.
Jog on, jog on the footpath way! Shakespeare.
Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray. Burns.
Thy tewbits are lulled, I wot— } Tennyson.
Thy dark eyes opened not. }
I shot an arrow into the air— Longfellow.
A violet in her lovely hair; Swain.
It was the time when lilies blow— Tennyson.
It was many and many years ago. Poe.
Where the bee sucks, there suck I, Shakespeare.
Where dost thou careless lie! Jonson.
Drink to me only with thine eyes! Shakespeare.
Stop, mortal! here thy brother lies! Elliot.

—Compiled by Fred. Albert Schmitt.

PROFESSIONAL SWINDLING.

Undeniably it must be a pleasant surprise on opening one's letter of a morning to read as follows:

DEAR SIR (or madame): Is this your signature on the inclosed slip of paper? If so, you are entitled to a certificate of gold mining stock valued at five hundred dollars. The money you sent in the letter from which the slip was clipped was invested on the general margin principle, which resulted in lawfully securing for you the certificate of stock referred to above. Now, if you will write to us, and return the inclosed slip, so that we can compare it with your signature, then we shall be sure that the proper party will receive the stock. Respectfully yours,

CLARK & Co.

Very naturally you read and reread the letter, and narrowly examine the signature, of whose genuineness you are speedily convineed. How can this wonderful good fortune be accounted for? Assuredly you have no objection to becoming the owner of valuable stock. You have heard of the fabulous dividends paid by some of the Western mining companies, and visions of an ample income dance before your eyes. But how account for this letter? Perhaps Uncle James or old Aunt Sarah (all Americans being blessed or otherwise with rich relations) has remembered you at last. When did you write them? That must be it! What kind of paper is the signature on? Yes, you had some paper like that just about the time you wrote. Dear old soul to send such a present!

Some similar course of reasoning you would be pretty sure to go through with if you received such a letter, and such courses of reasoning have hundreds of people all over this broad land gone through with on receipt of like letters, for this is a true copy of a real letter.

Of course—unless you happen to be informed as to this particular line of business enterprise—you answer the letter, expressing your surprise perhaps, but viewing with complacency the dealings of fortune in your behalf, and sign your name in full confidence of its identity with the original.

In due time your reply is acknowledged, the identity of the signature established, and the stock certificate, handsomely printed and duly countersigned by Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and so on, is in your hands. If you send a letter of thanks to Uncle James or Aunt Sarah, you may perhaps be a trifle perplexed by their denials; but at any rate the stock is yours, and you await the first dividend with impatience.

Alas! in a few weeks there comes the announcement that the stock has been assessed for working capital, and you must pay so much per cent. or sacrifice your entire interest.

If you are wise you will take no notice of this or any other letter, for the money you send will simply go to feather the nest of some New York sharper.

But how did he get hold of your signature? Easily enough. He purchased it with a thousand others from some dealer in waste paper, or he bribed some office boy to clip it from a business letter, or in some other way he came into possession of it, and your "good fortune" was the result.

This is but one of the tricks whereby bogus mining companies ply their trade. The case cited is one of a group which we may distinguish as "Wall Street Frauds," since they originate in and near that great financial center, and are more or less intimately based upon the manners and customs which there prevail.

Another plan of procedure is to file with the proper authorities a certificate of incorporation, and issue a pamphlet containing a list of trustees and giving maps or drawings of the mining properties, all in due form, with an alleged capital stock of a few millions, more or less. This is sent out to numerous addresses with offers of stock at invitingly low figures and references to the comparatively few instances wherein individuals have really made fortunes by small *bona fide* investments. Perhaps it says the paltry sum of five dollars will secure a hundred times that amount—face value—of stock; but it will be admitted that the pamphlet and circulars, even with the printed stock certificates thrown in, are dear at the price, for they are all that will be received from this extraordinary company, unless it be indefinite assessments for working capital.

Some of these bogus concerns have even gone so far as actually to purchase mining property, the better to carry out their designs upon the purses of others; and the readiness of investors to come forward with small contributions has been such as to enable the President, trustees and so forth—these individuals being usually embodied in one and the same person—to live in a style of princely magnificence.

We may dismiss this group of swindlers with the general warning:

Beware of all mining projects which promise a fortune in return for the investment of a few dollars.

Another group of Wall Street swindlers is found in the operations of bogus bankers and brokers. These operators usually begin by making use of the press—especially, if possible, of the religious press. They send out printed slips purporting to be quotations from well-known journals. It is not difficult to find papers which will print these for a consideration of some sort, and far too many even among reputable journals will print anything as a cash advertisement. In substance these notices assert that by addressing certain parties in New York information will be imparted whereby a fortune may be acquired by the investment of a few dollars according to certain infallible rules known to the brokers whose address is therewith given. On writing to the address in question the seeker for information is speedily made happy by the receipt of circulars galore, ingeniously pointing out, by the indisputable logic of figures, how the accumulation of small sums in skillful hands is made to operate as a mighty whole in the transactions of the Stock Exchange. Compound interest is as nothing when compared with the returns from small capital so invested. And, be it understood, these statements will bear very close analysis. Figures, it has been said, will prove anything except the truth; and the circulars issued by these "brokers" are admirable illustrations of the saying. Under exceptionally favorable conditions of the market, the supposititious profits might not be wholly impossible, but in practice such conditions never occur in a way that can be made widely available. The plain fact is that every dollar sent to a "broker" who makes such promises goes toward making life enjoyable for an out-and-out swindler.

Suppose you send him ten dollars; presently you are informed that an unexpected turn of the market necessitates the investment of five dollars more to save it and make a large profit a matter of certainty. Possibly he even sends you a first dividend; but a call for more inevitably follows, and will be repeated until your resources are exhausted or your credulity gives out.

On this plan the changes are rung in an infinite variety of ways, but the keynote is invariably an appeal to that hope which springs eternal in every human breast, of making a fortune by the investment of a few dollars.

A favorite device for engaging confidence in schemes of this character is to publish with the prospectus a cut of some well-known banking establishment, with the special sign of the bogus concern boldly displayed across its front. This naturally conveys to the reader the impression that a very large part of the building in question is occupied by the firm. The fact is that most of these buildings are occupied in the main by a large number of tenants, who hold small rooms, or sometimes only desk-room, under the roof of the large and reputable houses of whose good repute they thus take advantage.

Mr. Anthony Comstock gives many instances where he has found such concerns in the narrowest quarters, and more where he has not been able to find them at all, and he quotes *in extenso* advertisements which must have met the eye of every one who reads the papers, proclaiming, "Fortunes made every month. Book sent free, explaining everything," and all the rest of it.

The correspondence from which he quotes shows that it is not by any means always the ignorant or ill-informed who fall into the snare thus artfully laid for them. Some of the victims watch the market reports, and speedily demand reasons for failures to make returns on advances in the stock under investment; but their vigilance avails them nothing. Money sent to these sharpers never returns to their dupes unless under process of law, pushed to a conclusion with such celerity and determination as a Government agent like Mr. Comstock can sometimes but not always command.

The bogus bankers and brokers, then, may be sent to the limbo of bogus mining companies with precisely the same caution: Beware of any concern which holds out the promise of a fortune in return for the investment of a few dollars.

Not long since the writer himself, after glancing over the columns of a New York paper, was walking up and down the platform of a country station, waiting for a train, when he was respectfully accosted by an Irish laborer, who asked the loan of the paper, explaining the liberty by saying that he wanted to look at the lottery drawings. The poor fellow had invested some of his hard earnings on the chance—one in ten thousand or thereabout—of winning a prize in return. He was only one of the majority, and the word of friendly caution which he received on ruefully returning it was no doubt thrown away. The scheme in which he was interested was a "genuine" as distinguished from a bogus lottery. Even Mr. Comstock admits this distinction, but in the long run the results of the two are so nearly identical that the difference is inappreciable. In an honestly-conducted lottery—supposing that such exist, which is doubtful—there are a very few chances in a great many hundreds that a prize may be drawn. In the bogus lottery no prizes are ever drawn, and all the money invested goes into the pockets of the advertisers. Here again the press is largely used to give publicity to the scheme. The editor is made to say that his distrust of lotteries in general has been modified in favor of this one in particular. "A prize to every ten tickets!" "Agents' prize tickets free!" Special terms to "clubs," etc., etc. Announcements of this kind, amplified to any extent, are sure to catch the eye of almost every reader, and among the three or four hundred readers of a country paper the chances are that there is some sanguine boy or some simple woman who is ready to take the bait.

Grant that there are in the country five thousand or ten thousand such papers, and that each of them is the means of bringing five dollars into the hands of the principals, it will be seen that a very handsome return is at once provided over and above expenses of printing and postage.

This programme has of late been varied by the innovation of opening the correspondence by sending gratuitously a package of lottery tickets which will become available in some "Grand Drawing" on payment of a trifling sum. The present writer was a few days since the honored recipient of such a package, kindly forwarded from Toronto, Canada. Strange to say, he was not tempted to remit, and the tickets are at the service of any properly authenticated charitable institution.

It is decidedly repugnant to admit a distinction between "genuine" and bogus lotteries, but a strict adherence to the truth makes it necessary. The undoubted fact is, however, that, as Mr. Comstock says, there is in all lotteries an unknown element of fraud which indefinitely reduces the chances of a prize. Let any one who is tempted to invest in a nominally honest lottery do a little figuring on his own account, with the returns of an alleged genuine drawing before him, and the sums total of prizes and ticket-holders as the terms of his problem. He will see how very slender are the chances of success even if the unknown element of fraud be entirely lacking. On this very remote chance, however, multitudes of the human race will continue to stake their scant savings until lotteries cease to be. Probably, after all, the schemes which are nominally honest cause more wretchedness than do those which are manufactured to meet the demand for something new.

Beware of any and all projects, no matter how well indorsed, which offer hundreds and thousands in return for tens.

Small sympathy need be expended on those who pay expressmen for delivering C. O. D. what they suppose to be a package of counterfeit U. S. Treasury notes, but which turns out to be a box of sawdust. They are swindlers at heart themselves, and deserve the lesson they receive at the hands of more successful swindlers.

Of the other frauds exposed by Mr. Comstock, including quack medicines, surgical institutes, and a score of others, each subdivided into as many ingenious phases, perhaps the class which attracts the most victims is that which offers for an absurdly low price "A superb Turkey morocco" volume for a dollar; "A $200 breech-loading gun for $50" (always, by the way, with the name of some famous maker on the breech); "A $75 sewing-machine for $10," or watches and jewelry worth hundreds for a fraction of their real value. Where the transaction is managed by mail the purchaser receives either nothing at all or an article so obviously worthless that he sees he has been duped and surrenders at discretion. Where it is conducted by express or in person a like result is attained, that is to say, his money is secured by means of a hundred devices known to the initiated, and too elaborate for explanation here.

No doubt some will recognize even in these brief references swindling schemes of which they themselves have some time been the victims. If it serves as a warning to a few its purpose will have been amply fulfilled; and in conclusion that warning may be repeated which the most careless reader must have seen elsewhere in these columns:

Trust no advertisement, prospectus, circular or letter which holds out the hope of enormous returns for a small outlay, whether in merchandise, books, money or stock. If such chances ever exist they are promptly taken by those who know and watch the market. Those who advertise or promise them beforehand are invariably swindlers.—*Charles L. Norton, in Christian Union.*

The World's Rubbish.

The Detroit Limekiln Club being called to order, Brother Gardner made these remarks:

"De odder Sunday arternoon," said the old man, as he gave a tug at his shirt collar, "I stopped to look ober a colleckshun of stuff in a yard on Brush Street. Dar was a heap of ole chairs, two ole stoves, two or three lounges, a broken bedstead, two ole mattresses, an' I doan know what else. De stuff spread ober a quarter of an acre of groun' an' yit de hull pile wasn't worf fifteen cents. I turned from de yard to de world aroun' me an' I foun' de same results. Dar am heaps of people, spread ober a vast amount of territory, who am but rubbish to de rest of de world. Dey occupy groun' dat am wanted for better use. Dey consume time an' food an' room which belongs to better men. De man wid his hands in his pockets am rubbish fur good men to stumble ober. De man who sits on a dry-goods box am an ash-heap on life's highway. De drunkard am an alley full of blind ditches. Take de world as you find it an' one-half de people in it seem to have come along jist to fill up an' keep de weeds down. We doan' want any rubbish in dis club. We doan' want members to hold de cha'rs down. We doan' want members simply to fill up wid. Uncle David Cane war axin' me to present his name, an' I had to smile. He began life fifty y'ars ago wid a dog an' a wheelbarrow, an' he's nebber seen de day dat he had two dogs an' a wheelbarrow. He's stood an' stood an' sot an' sot, an' he's had no mo' to do wid runnin' de world dan a gate-post. Trustee Hornback war also sayin' dat he'd like to jine us. You've all seen him. He sticks boaf hands down in his pockets an' walks along wid his head down and his back humped up. He eats an' sleeps an' moves about, but he's a hitchin'-post. Be keerful whom you recommend, and be twice as keerful whom you wote in. No man who carries his hands in his pockets kin keep pace wid de world."

—It is no stretch of facts, says Don Piatt, to set down Senator Vest, of Missouri, as the best story-teller and mimic in either branch of Congress.

The Sacred City of Zuni—Religion of the Pueblos.

The Zunis are the Yankees of the Pueblos—self-supporting, keen at a bargain, thrifty, orderly, clean; that is, clean *for Indians*. I presume every head in the Holy City could furnish numberless offerings such as Diogenes (oldest of tramps) cracked on the pure altar of the chaste Diana.

What Cholula was to the Aztec, Zuni is to the Pueblos; sacred as the City of David to the sons of Israel. Touching the religion of this people opens a subject so broad and so charming I am tempted to give it more than a passing glance, but space forbids. They are pantheists in the fullest sense of the word, and, though missions have been established among them three hundred years, they, like all aborigines, set their faces as a flint against change and still keep to the ancient beliefs and customs. They worship the Supreme One, whose name it is death to utter; Montezuma, his brother and equal; and the Sun, to whom they pray and smoke, because his eye is always open and his ear attends the prayers of the red men. The Moon is the Sun's wife, and eclipses are family quarrels, that will result in disaster to the world if they are not soon reconciled. The stars are their children; the largest are the oldest.

Beside these superior deities, there is the great snake, to which they look for life, by command of Montezuma.

Like our sea-serpent on the Atlantic Coast, he glideth at his own sweet will, is seen at unexpected places, as suits his pleasure, is longer than the tallest pine, and "thick as many men put together."

It has been well said the barbarian is the most religious of mortals. His dependence on the elements for food and comfort make the primitive man regard Nature with eager interest. Powerless against her forces, if there be something mysterious, threatening, the untutored soul supplicates it in prayer, with the inborn faith down deep in every breast that behind the visible lies close the invisible, the Creator, who rules the world he made.

They adore the rainbow, bright headband of the sky, rivers, mountains, stones, trees, bears, and other animals. Their fables appear meaningless to us; but we must not despise them, for many of our beliefs are equally so to them. The aboriginal brain can never comprehend why white men worship a sheet of bunting—white, red, spangled blue, with the eagle totem—suffer for it, fight for it in armies numberless as the sands of the desert, and die for it without murmur.

The myths of the furthest West are wonderfully like the myths of the furthest East. Studying them, one can not fail in the conviction that humanity, in all the ages and races, is the same, formed on one model, unfolding under the influence of the same inspiration; that, left to their own will, men do like things under like conditions, and that certain religious ideas are born in every heart, sage or savage, making worship a human necessity. Here, as in ancient Thessaly, the powers of Heaven have haunts in echoing mountain-sides, by pebbly springs, in the gloomy shades of the whispering pines, and under the rushing river and cataract.

In New Mexico, where the food supply depends so largely on the winds and the uncertain rainfall, the savage is most anxious to conciliate the gods who preside over these forces. There are altars for their worship, mystic stones among the gnarled cedars of the Zuni *mesa*, and a spring of sweet water, sacred to the rain god, rimmed with pebbles precious as the oracular jewels on the breast of the Jewish high priest. No animal is allowed to drink of the holy waters, and they are purified every year, with vessels dedicated to the service—most ancient jars, handed down through the generations since the evening and the morning were the first day. No Zuni drinks from the consecrated *ollas*, for the spirit of the spring is always watching, and will avenge the indignity with instant death. Once a year, in August, the *cacique*, with his chief councilors, visits the spring, and washes its walls, with the elaborately-tinted vases, which were hollowed by the first high priest. They are ranged in order on the rim of the well. The frog, the rattlesnake, the tortoise are painted on them, animals sacred to the presiding deity. Woe to the offender who shall profane them by a touch! A fate awaits him like that of Uzza, when he put forth his hand to hold the ark in the threshing-floor of Chidon. The lightning of the dread god of storms will strike the sinner dead.

Somewhere near is a mysterious divine bird, kept in a secret shrine. As Herodotus says of the Phœnix: "I have never seen it myself, except in a picture."

Like the old Greek, the Pueblo looks up and sees the dead among the stars. When the Aurora flashes a strange, flickering light along the northern sky, it is the mustering of the spirits of the mighty warriors, whirling their spears and marching with proud steps, as the shades of Agamemnon strode across the fields of Asphodel. The earthquake's rumble is the groaning and turning in sleep of a big old giant, with voice of thunder, eyes of fire, and breath of flame. He was so immense that he sprawled across the whole plain, and so powerful the immortal gods, finding they could not kill him, tore up a high mountain and laid on him, to keep him quiet. What is this but Enceladus?

Under Mount Etna he lies.
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

The best hope and strongest faith of the Pueblos are in the second coming of the great King, who is to raise the dead, judge the world, and reign in peace and righteousness. Struggling with shadows and weird imaginings, working out their destiny with many a bitter failure, in anguish of heart, they instinctively reach through the darkness for the almighty hand of the unseen helper. The sons of Montezuma, as they love to call themselves, believe the fullness of time is come and the return of their Messiah at hand. He will leave his bright sun-house to right the wrongs and heal the woes of the race so mercilessly stricken down by the Spaniards. Then there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. Their ideas are vague and dim—legends treacherous as memory, and growing fainter from generation to generation, for their wise men are without open vision and their sagamores have neither written prophecy nor guiding stars.

The view from the top of the *mesa* is unspeakably beautiful. Twined among multitudes of peaks, like tangled ribbons, are streakings of azure and purple, beneath which, as we know by experience, are outspread valleys, broad, treeless, scorched with a tropic heat, which at noonday seems like quivering flame. The pre-historic ruins cover about thirty acres, and are scattered in confusion on the level plateau under the wind-whipped cedars. Here, until within a few years, was kept the consecrated fire burning for centuries—the Montezuma fire; but time fails to tell it all. Another day we will come again, and hear the fanciful traditions, the misty old superstitions which hover about the neglected shrines. They are given with an opulence of fancy which throws mists before the eye. In the hush of solitude the effect of the place is mysterious, and reflection drops easily into belief. Few worshipers now sacrifice in the primeval temples, where of old they must have flocked by hundreds, cherishing the promise of the second coming of Montezuma from the pleasant land where the sun rises. The chiefs crouch with faces toward the east as the morning star goes softly out, and the gray dawn melts into purple and gold, yearning as human hearts have yearned in all ages, seeking a sign from Heaven. The legend runs that he who shall first behold the King in his beauty shall receive some great favor at his hand. Sometimes they wait in silence; again they chant a hymn to their god, watching till he shakes his "plumes of fire" above the mountain-tops and shoots his radiant spears across the roseate sky. But the oracles are dumb. Well are they keeping the mighty secret.—*Mrs. Gov. Wallace, in N. Y. Independent.*

Israelites Who Have Lived in China for Two Thousand Years.

A subject of interest to all and of special interest to Israelites, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is revived by the publication of Dr. Martin's work, "The Chinese: their Education, Philosophy and Letters." The volume is full of instruction, but the point to which we refer is his account of a visit to the families of descendants of Abraham and Jacob, who have for two thousand years lived in the city K'ai-fung-fu in China. This colony of the old race was made known to the Western world in the seventeenth century by the Jesuit missionaries, who contributed so largely to historic and geographical knowledge in those days. They were heard from several times after that, but for more than a hundred years no one from the Western world had visited them, when Dr. Martin went there in 1868. Their present condition is such as to excite profound interest and commiseration. The remarkable fact appears that, after preserving for twenty centuries the laws and rites of the Hebrew religion, they are now presenting an instance unparalleled in the history of the Jews, of a people falling away from the faith, and rapidly becoming pagans or Mohammedans. Three or four hundred of them remain. Their synagogue, however, is falling into decay; they themselves tore it down, and made no effort to rebuild it. After this was gone they dropped all practice of Hebrew rites and ceremonies, began to intermarry with pagans, lost all knowledge of Hebrew, retained indeed, and still possess, all ancient rolls of the law in a strange form of alphabet, which neither they nor ordinary Hebrew scholars can read, but have no knowledge of the contents of the manuscripts, and have almost lost the traditions of their religion.

Dr. Martin prophesies their total disappearance as a separate race, unless Western Hebrews shall send missionaries to them and enable them to rebuild their synagogue, of which now only remains a stone inscribed with the record of its erection, about A. D. 1183, and a subsequent re-erection. The last rabbi who could read the Book of the Law died some sixty years ago. Up to that time this remarkable colony, which had come into China 200 or 300 years before the Christian era, had, with all the characteristics of their race, preserved their pure blood and the faith and ritual of their fathers.

These facts have been published before, and an appeal was once made to the Hebrews of New York by Dr. Martin on behalf of their relatives in China. He says the only result was the reception of some letters in Hebrew, which he was requested to transmit to the people, to whom they were, of course, unintelligible, as none of them could read the missives.

Let Mr. Burnham be Applauded.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Burnham, of 14 Columbia Street West, were walking up Woodward Avenue, and at the Congress Street crossing one of those street-corner oglers of ladies addressed an insulting remark to Mrs. Burnham. Her husband of course heard it, but with great self-control he passed on a few doors, left the lady in a friend's store and returned to the place where the incident occurred. The fellow was still there, leering at other ladies passing by. Walking up to him Mr. Burnham quietly said: "You have insulted a lady, and I am going to punish you for it. Put up your hands." The fellow accepted the challenge, and in about three minutes he was perhaps the most scientifically pummeled mortal the streets of Detroit have seen in a generation. Bleeding, limp and helpless, some men loaded him on a dray and carted him off, while Mr. Burnham wrapped a handkerchief around his swollen right hand, rejoined Mrs. Burnham and went on his way as coolly as if he had not done the community an invaluable service. His example is eminently worthy of emulation. Tom Donor is the name of the person to whom the wholesome correction was applied.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There is more demand for postal-cards than ever before. One day recently there was ordered at the factory at Holyoke, Mass., 5,068,500 cards. This amount filled three cars and weighed twenty-four tons.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Mrs. Mather, the inventor of the submarine telescope, has received $10,000 for her invention.

—Herr Pfyffer, of Berlin, has invented an alarm clock, which, at a given hour, lights a small lamp.

—Fraulein Helene Druscovich, Ph. D., has been lecturing to the Scientific Club, of Vienna, on Leopardi as a pessimist.

—Trichinosis, or the presence of trichinæ in the human body, is said to have been first discovered by Sir James Paget, the distinguished English physician.

—A new theory of the conversion of bar iron into steel, by the cementation process, has been advanced by Mr. R. S. Marsden. He attributes the result to the diffusion of the carbon in the condition of an impalpable powder into the heated iron, and he believes that silicon can diffuse itself in a similar way through iron. This action of the carbon in iron is analogous to the penetration of a red-hot porcelain crucible by carbon.

—The precautions taken in Prussia to guard against trichinæ in swine are exceedingly careful and thorough. Berlin is divided into districts, each of which has its separate inspector of swine's meat, an official who is held to strict accountability. In Konigsberg there is an establishment in which the meat infected with the dreaded parasite, after being cut into small pieces, is boiled for twelve hours, and then subjected to the action of chemicals that reduce it to a powder.

—M. Bonnaud, the successor of the celebrated photographic firm of Numa Blanc, in Paris, has invented a mode of reproducing photographs in colors on baked china at a hundredth part of the cost of the old faiences. By it a common dinner-plate can be converted into a veritable work of art, which under the old system would cost at least $50, and can be produced at a twentieth of that sum, and even then at an enormous profit. The coloring and tints are finer and purer and more clearly defined than anything on hand-painted china, and a revolution in the prices of such bric-a-brac is at hand.

—Though the presence of gold in pyrites has long been known, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the cost of extracting the precious metal has until lately rendered the operation unprofitable. It is stated that an important discovery has been made which at last solves this difficulty. The process, which is of French origin, has yet to be tried on a large scale; but up to this time the experiments that have been made are said to show a return of between one-half and three-quarters of an ounce of gold from each ton of pyrites treated. This discovery is exciting very great interest in the pyrites trade. One well-known concern have secured the right to the patent, and are now erecting the apparatus necessary for working the process.

About Editors.

There are different kinds of editors. The editor-in-chief sits in a room all by himself, but he doesn't have such an easy time as you may think. People who want offices come to see him. He says to each one: "Are you true to the old flag, and will you do what we want you to after you are elected?" If the man says yes, the editor-in-chief writes an article saying that the country is on the brink of a crisis, that the glorious Constitution is the palladium of our liberties, and that the only way out of the woods is to elect the sterling patriot and self-sacrificing hero, Mr. ——, to the office of Constable. When you get to be editors, boys, and want to write an article that will make things hum be sure to ring in something about the palladium of liberty. It is not libelous, and reads pretty. After the editor-in-chief has read all the papers except his own he tells the other editors what to write about. Once a very cultured and esthetic editor in Boston didn't like a speech that Ben Butler had made in Congress, and so he said to another editor who had recently come from Montana: "You might touch up Butler a little to-morrow, and mildly criticise his course." So the new editor wrote an article beginning: "If that cock-eyed victim of strabismus, Ben Butler, doesn't quit biting off more than he can chew somebody should send him a new pair of ears. His present ones are a little too small for a donkey." The next day the new editor said to the editor-in-chief: "How did I handle old Ben? When you want the fur knocked off of those Congressmen, come to me." The editor-in-chief looked at him steadily for a while, and then said the cashier had his money all ready for him in an envelope down stairs.

The managing editor has to read all the correspondence, see that the man in the next room has his letters from Paris and London finished by Friday night, so that they will be ready for Sunday's paper, look after all the poetry that is sent in, and keep an eye on things generally. Managing editors hire other editors and reporters. Once a young man in Kokomo concluded that he would like to assume a prominent position in metropolitan journalism, so he came to Chicago and asked a managing editor if they "were in want of any hands." "Are you a journalist?" asked the managing editor. "That's what I am, boss, and don't let it elude your retentive memory," was the reply. He kept on talking a long while, and finally the editor said: "You must be an awfully strong man." "Why?" asked the Kokomo man. "Because," said the editor, "you act as though you wouldn't drop if a house fell on you." The young man then went back to Kokomo.

Poets are funny people, and bother editors a good deal. A female poet once came into the office of a Chicago paper and handed the editor some manuscript, which she requested him to read. It was pretty tough, but he waded along until he got to a place where the poetess said: "And should your love fail me, I care not whether the morrow comes for me or not." "Is that all right!" said the editor. "Oh, yes," replied the poetess. "Then," said the editor, kindly but firmly, "you had better hustle around, for it is after eleven o'clock now, and if the morrow is coming for you it will be here in precisely forty-six minutes, and no woman ever got ready to go anywhere in less than that time." This editor was a married man.—*From "Tales for the Little Folks," in Chicago Tribune.*

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MICHAEL SMITH'S LETTER.

[After the Seaham Colliery explosion, in September, 1880, the following letter was found in the pit, scratched on a tin water-bottle: "Dear Margaret: There were forty of us altogether at 7 a. m. Some were singing hymns, but my thoughts were on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in Heaven at the same time. Oh! dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell! My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in!"—Little Michael died almost at the same moment this missive was being scratched.]

In deepest darkness of the deadly mine
Many were lying dead, and others knew
They never more should feel the warm sunshine,
Or breathe the sweet air under skies of blue.
Sudden the death-blast came with fearful sound,
And shut them in there, in that living tomb,
In those dim passages far underground—
Some slain at once, and some to wait their doom.
How did they meet it? They were noble men!
No frantic madness seized them in its grasp,
Though the choke-damp was drawing them even then
Within the circle of its fatal clasp.
They were but pitmen, lowly in their birth,
Stained with their toil, yet full of inward light;
Though fate was frowning, still they felt His worth
Whose presence cheered them in their depth of night.
Oh! hard it was, thus far from wife and child,
To part from life, and meet relentless Death;
But this dread thought their faith ne'er once beguiled,
Nor woke one murmur on their fleeting breath.
They grasped each other's hands, spoke words of cheer,
With tenderest blessing and with faltering tongue;
And who dare call that an unmanly tear,
Which thoughts of others from its sources wrung?

Then all at once up rose the sacred hymn,
Deep-chanted, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
Oh, with what depth of hope they turned to Him,
While through that darkest gloom their voices roll!
What burst of light is this, what gleam divine,
That breaks the gloom and bids the darkness fly?
Blest inward light! that in each soul doth shine,
And bids them humbly live or calmly die!
And die they must!—for so 'tis now ordained:
The anguished throbbings of their pulses cease;
And one by one, heart-sore, and travel-stained,
They pass the port of Death, to where is Peace.

But one was there whom ties of kin held strong—
Who left faint message in that darksome hour:
We can not think that Michael Smith was wrong—
Parent all love is full of wondrous power.
While others sang, his thoughts would homeward turn:
"My thoughts were on my little Michael," wrote
This son of toil. Yes; earth-born love may burn;
And when thus pure, with Heavenly love may float,
Upon the wings of Prayer, up to the Throne;
All self was gone; it was but purest love.
The soul of his sick child went not alone;
Both left the earth and soared to realms above.
He wrote: "I thought that he and I would meet
At the same time in Heaven." The self-same hour
Father and child in Heaven each other greet.
Celestial love and earthly do him dower
With blessings: he both child and Father found;
The one from earth held his parental heart;
The Father, He who fills vast space around,
Received them both, no more again to part.
—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE STORY MY BOOTS TOLD ME.

I was pleased, tired and discouraged; so, retiring to my room, concluded the best thing would be to look around among my finery a little, see if my boots were all right—no buttons off, that means—and then take a nap.

The feeling of pleasure spoken of was caused by having received an invitation to Mrs. Col. Flushing's party. The Flushings were very select people, who lived elegantly, kept servants and horses, and, best of all, were possessed of intelligence and refinement. So it was decidedly a pleasure to have been invited to visit them. Then their nephew, Mr. Eugene Flushing, whom I had met several times in company, always came in from the city to attend their receptions, and he was really a very charming gentleman; nor was I alone in this opinion, even Cad Pinkerton, who had refused offers innumerable, was decidedly attracted by Mr. Eugene; and Bessie Wimple told me in confidence—who could help liking Bessie Wimple, with her cheery, loving manners, and fond ways?—yes, she lovingly told me in confidence that at our church festival Cad was very much annoyed, in fact seemed really vexed, when Mr. Flushing offered me his arm at supper-time.

Nor was it the fact of his being reported to be very rich which made him so attractive. He had traveled almost everywhere on the globe, and his conversation was delightful, being just as easy and entertaining on one subject as another; and I always did admire *brains*.

But I was tired. We didn't keep much help, only a "small servant," who helped somewhat, but left me a great deal to do, as father and mother were very particular how things were done, and company was expected for a few days; so I had had a "batch of mince pies," and cake of different kinds to make. If only the company had been coming some other time! But no; of course they must come just when I would have been glad of a little rest, and freedom from that everlasting cooking. And father had just requested me to make a few sliced-apple pies the next morning, as Uncle Nat liked them so much.

The next night was to be the night of the party; but that of course would make no difference; and then, with my real love for pa—poor pa, he had been so troubled of late—I couldn't have refused him anything. Uncle Nat was his oldest brother, a kind, genial old man, who had done pa many a good turn in a business way.

Then I was discouraged. Well, my black silk, also my white India muslin, had been worn and worn, with different ribbons and flatings, and so on, until I was almost ashamed to make my appearance in company again in either one or the other. And there was Cad Pinkerton, who every time she went to a fashionable reception wore a new dress, and an elegant one, too. And how she would bloom out at Mrs. Col. Flushing's! She was pretty as well as stylish, though I knew very well she hadn't my figure; but with her handsome attire and elegant adornments she always, as Bessie Wimple used to say, "looked just *squee*," whatever that meant.

But it was no use; discouraged or not discouraged, I could have nothing new in the way of dress. Pa was straining every nerve to keep business going, and I couldn't tell when ma had her last silk; so I certainly wouldn't distress my kind parents with any needless complaints.

I took my "fancy French boots" from the drawer. They at least were all right, and elegant boots they were! I bought them with a five-dollar bill Aunt Nellie gave me when she went from here after her last visit; and I got them for considerably less than their real value, on account of a small spot on the left one, which could never be seen when the boot was on.

I placed the boots where, as I at length laid down to take my nap, I could see them distinctly, and, still brooding over my perplexities and planning what would be the best adjustment to make of such garments as I could raise for adornment on the night of the party, my eyes unconsciously rested on those beautiful boots, when lo! I suddenly noticed a sort of moving and perking on the part of the right one, and all at once there came from it a low, clear voice, in which it said:

"You think your lot somewhat hard, do you, deary, because the finery others wear so jauntily is denied you, except in too moderate an allowance? and it comes hard for you to so continually use your pretty hands in mixing cake and rolling pastry; but we, the boots you admire so justly, were adorned by hands even softer and whiter than your own, and eyes of a finer hue than yours have gazed on our stylish shape. But the young girl who held us in her tender hands and gazed on us with tearful eyes was far poorer and more forlorn than you ever dreamed of being.

"We first gathered shape in a great building whose doors were always kept locked; whose entrance was guarded well; whose windows were barred, high and inaccessible.

"You've guessed it, have you, deary? Yes; we were cut and 'finished' in a prison.

"We remember well the night poor Sue was committed. She didn't seem hard and defiant nor bold and reckless, as many of them did; but we should say she seemed proud, and terribly hurt; and when the warden asked her name would only say 'Sue;' but the warden was kind and fatherly, and told her gently it would involve him in some difficulty if she persisted in refusing to give her whole name; then she went close up to him, and whispered 'Batterson;' and he nodded his head, and without repeating it after her as they generally do, set it down in his book.

"We were only half completed; there was to be that tracery on the top, filled in with embroidery, and the button-holes were to be worked by hand. We had been rather carelessly placed on a shelf which bore the number '35,' the sadly circumscribed apartment to which Sue Batterson was conducted. For an hour after entering, she sat disconsolately on the edge of the hard cot; then she began slowly uncoiling her wonderful hair. It was literally 'black as a raven's wing,' but soft and silky; and she seemed enveloped in its shiny masses when at length it lay in all its rich abundance about her. After a while she raised her eyes to where we, in our pitying, prying watchfulness, stood silently regarding her.

"Imagine clear, sweet, gray eyes and a soft olive-tinted skin, an oval face and faultless features set off by the intense blackness of that enveloping hair. She would have looked very young but for certain hard lines about the mouth, suggestive of experiences of disappointment and privation.

"After regarding us keenly for a moment she slowly arose, and taking us in her hands, soliloquized:

"'And there are fine, dainty ladies in comfortable homes, who wear such things as these without giving a thought to the place from which they may have come, and knowing nothing of the breaking hearts and aching eyes of those who have helped to fashion them! Ah, me! if mother had lived I should never have seen the inside of prison walls; and if only Reuben Hempstead had not been lost at sea, I might have had my own little home, and never have been forced to enter this rueful place. But I grew tired and discouraged, and when that bad, miserable woman called me the names she did, because I wore such shabby clothes, I struck her a blow, never dreaming so much could be made of it; but when she declared that I tried to kill her the officers believed her, and here I am. The Judge said at first I might 'go on bail,' if any one would come forward; but who, I should like to know, is going to befriend a woman that's *down*? And to be sent up for six months for hitting a woman who dared insult me so!'

"Her face had grown fierce, and the gray eyes shot angry gleams which almost made us tremble, and in her excitement she pinched us unmercifully.

"'It's no use,' she went on; 'I've been a clean, hard-working girl. I've never taken a penny not my own, and my clothes are old and soiled because I *was* clean and honest; but I'll be bad enough to suit them all when once I leave this place! I'll make them trouble enough in time to come; the next time they shut me up it shall be for a cause, I promise them that!' she added, desperately.

"Then her voice changed and she moaned piteously, 'Ah, to be homeless and friendless! Does any girl with parents and a home *ever* repine? then may God be merciful to her! I never went to bed before without saying my prayers; but no more prayers for me, if you please. Mother is dead and gone, and until to-night I've always fondly hoped and prayed that Reuben might not have been lost; but to-night I hope he is dead; for should he ever come home again he would never look at a convict. Ah me!'

"For some reason unknown to us Sue was allowed to remain in her cell more than was customary, and having been found able to do fine 'finishing,' such as we required, she soon had us well under way toward completion. But occasionally some little 'piece' would be brought to be wrought upon by her skillful fingers, to our neglect; so we remained with her, witnessing her pitiable struggles.

"The first night she moaned at intervals through all its long hours, and more than once we heard her say, defiantly, 'I won't, I won't!' And so on, for two or three days, her really fine nature seemed to be resisting something which it was almost agony to contend against; yet she seemed determined not to yield to the counteracting impulse.

"She would take us down at different times, and perhaps work a button-hole, then be interrupted to do something else; but as she held us in her soft, fair hands she often talked to us as though we were living things. How it was she possessed such remarkably pretty hands we shall never know; but certain it is no lady in the land ever had more graceful, delicate hands than poor Sue.

"One day, when she had been in about a week, she finished us entirely—finished us just as the short winter afternoon was beginning to gloom. She held us lovingly, it seemed, and passed her hands over us repeatedly in a sort of caressing way—those *little* hands. Soon tears dimmed her eyes, and, rising, she placed us on the narrow shelf opposite the bed. Sitting down with her wonted habit on the edge of the cot, she slowly unwound her wondrous hair—its weight seemed to oppress her that afternoon—and as it fell in all its rare sweep about her she looked up at us, mutely regarding her, and her expression was the very saddest and sweetest we have ever yet seen on a human countenance.

"Then that conflict began again concerning we knew not what; she crossed and uncrossed her hands nervously, and glanced, now longingly, now angrily, up and down the narrow cell; then she grew quiet and very thoughtful; then tears like raindrops chased over her oval cheeks, and at last, throwing up her hands, with a cry half despairing, half hopeful, she sobbed, 'I will; yes, I will!' and falling on her knees, she prayed—prayed aloud. It was a singular prayer, more like a child's cry than anything else we could think of. It was for herself; for Reuben Hempstead; then a pause, and she prayed for the woman who insulted her so; she promised so much, poor child! about how good she would be, and how she would serve God, and keep a clean, honest woman still, if Jesus would but help her.

"She stopped at length, as though exhausted, but still remained on her knees, her beautiful head down, and her midnight locks touching the floor; and just then in the distance sounded the firm, even tread of two men. The approaching footfalls came steadily along the corridor until they paused before No. 35, and the warden's kind voice said:

"'This is the cell, sir.'

"There was a knock at the door, and Sue, still on her knees, said rather listlessly, 'Come in;' and a man entered alone—a man strong-built and shaggy-browed, with a brown skin but a kindly face and a kindlier voice, who on seeing the kneeling figure of the girl by the side of the little cot uttered one telling word:

"'Sweetheart!'

"There was a slow uprising, an extending toward the visitor those cunning little hands, a radiant flush on cheek, lip and brow, as Sue cried, chokingly:

"'Oh, Reuben, Reuben!'

"She went away that very night, 'bailed out;' no longer a woman who was 'down,' for God, in His great love and tender compassion toward *whosoever* should call on His name, had saved her!

"Just as she was about leaving the cell she looked back at us, and stepping softly up took us down, and kissed *me*, while on my mate there fell a tear; but Sue never saw it, and it remained unwiped away, and that, deary, is the small spot on my mate's side, which is never quite as bright as the rest of the polished French kid, and which lowered our price somewhat."

The voice stilled, and the boots settled and shrank, and appeared slowly retreating; they had almost vanished when I nearly jumped from the bed in my eagerness to arrest their flight; but there they stood, just where I had placed them, and taking up the left boot I gazed with awed interest on the little round spot I'd so often seen, and which I must now always believe was a convict's tear.

My nap had done good service in restoring me to an entirely different and better frame of mind. Going to the closet and taking down my black silk, I decided that with fresh ruches it might be made quite presentable for another evening, and resolving to worry no more over so unimportant a matter I went down to supper with a "face on" which made pa say, cheerily, I looked "fresh as a daisy."

Next day I had splendid luck with my sliced-apple pies, but somehow the heat of the kitchen seat the blood into my face, so that my cheeks would not cool off, not even when I started for Mrs. Col. Flushing's party.

Just as I expected, Cad Pinkerton looked superbly. She wore cream-colored satin, and her laces, gloves and flowers were simply perfect. I hadn't been in the room more than fifteen minutes, when that irrepressible Bess Wimple came and informed me in an undertone that she accidentally heard a gentleman asking Mr. Eugene Flushing who I was, and she said Mr. Flushing's reply was: "If you mean that young lady with the healthy complexion, it is Miss L." "But of course," she added, "they made no further comments."

Now whether Bessie really overheard that I should have had my doubts, were it not that, with all her witchery, I knew her to be too conscientious a girl to tell a direct untruth.

But never for a moment regarding the remark as a compliment, I thought to myself, "Oh, dear! it's those old apple pies flushed me up so." But instantly another thought occurred to me, and in imagination I heard the voice of a gray-eyed, black-haired young convict exclaiming with woeful accent:

"Ah, to be homeless and friendless! Does any girl with parents and a home *ever* repine? then may God be merciful to her!" and I felt happy and contented at once.

Not long after young Mr. Flushing introduced me to a stranger, a Mr. Parker, who said he was very well acquainted with Uncle Nat, who was expected to arrive at our house that night. We had a pleasant conversation and I went with Mr. Parker to supper, but later in the evening Mr. Eugene Flushing offered me his arm for a promenade and finally escorted me home.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, the door-bell rang and pa started to answer the ring, our "small servant" not being permitted, on account of several mortifying blunders she had made, to perform that service any longer.

Now Uncle Nat was just eating some of that sliced-apple pie, which he declared was the *very* best he had ever tasted—he always said that of the piece he happened to be eating—and as pa started for the door he called out, in his comical way:

"If it's anybody to see me, brother, just ask them right in; couldn't think of leaving this pie, not even for the king himself!"

Of course no one supposed for an instant there was the least possibility of its being anyone to see him; but it was Mr. Flushing, who said he had stopped on his way to the train, in behalf of a friend, Mr. Parker, to deliver a message to Mr. Nathan L——, who he understood was visiting us; and if pa didn't blurt right out, just like a man:

"Oh, come right out into the dining-room, Mr. Flushing, come right out; we're at breakfast, but never mind that; fact is, Brother Nat is trying some of Nellie's apple pie, and wouldn't be hired to leave it."

There was some proper remonstrance on the part of the caller, but pa insisted—so queer men always are, you know—and at length out they came; and that tantalizing Uncle Nat only stood up a moment right in his place, on being introduced to Mr. Flushing, then sat directly down again and began:

"Must excuse me a moment, my dear young friend, but this pie is just perfect: the flakiest crust, and the apple sliced so thin and nice, with just enough sugar, lemon-rind and juice, cinnamon, and what not—oh, delicious!"

Here ma laughingly interrupted him, and invited Mr. Flushing to sit up and try a piece. At first he declined, but pa, dear, well-meaning old pa, caught up a chair, placed it beside me and said heartily:

"Yes; come have some of Nellie's pie; she'll feel slighted, I'm afraid, if you don't."

I felt all of a cold tremble. What would the elegant Mr. Flushing think, to be so unceremoniously received? I asked myself.

But to my surprise he replied, almost sadly:

"Ah, my mother used to make such pies as those for me in my boyhood, and I should dearly love to taste them again;" and with most consummate ease and grace, it seems to me, he took the chair pa had placed at my side.

My fingers twitched nervously as I cut for him a piece of pie, such as his mother had often made for him in his childhood, and it was compliment enough when, as I helped him to a second piece, he said softly:

"Well, this is, indeed, a delicious reminder of long-missed satisfaction!"

As Mr. Flushing was about leaving, pa, and also ma, invited him politely to call again. How it was I hardly knew, but from that on he began calling, at first occasionally and then regularly; and at last, out from all the rest of our attractive girls in that populous country town, he chose me for his companion through life.

Pa looked very happy about it, and I knew ma felt it was "all for the best," though I often saw tears in her eyes, and when I heard Uncle Nat hilariously congratulating her upon the prospect of having so fine a son-in-law, she said, "Yes; but you know Nellie is our only daughter!"

Dear ma! did she fancy, I wonder, that my great love for Eugene was going to swallow up all other and longer attachments? If she did, she has learned differently by this time, I hope.

Of course Bessie Wimple called at once and offered loving congratulations with affectionate and well-chosen words. Then she rattled on in her usual, laughable style, and asked me if I'd heard that "Cad Pinkerton had sold all her fine clothes, and was getting up a Dorcas Society?" which of course neither she nor I nor any one else had heard; and a few weeks afterward, at a fashionable assembly, Bessie came and told me that Cad Pinkerton really looked "just as *squee* as ever."

One day, soon after the party at the Flushing's, ma was in a brown study, and upon my exclaiming, "A penny for your thoughts," she said, slowly:

"I've been thinking, Nellie, how well you behaved about those apple pies your father asked you to make the day of Mrs. Flushing's reception. I felt sorry to hear him ask you to do it, but you went about it so cheerfully in the morning it really did me good to see you so good and patient, and I've meant ever since to tell you so."

Ah, my mother knew nothing about the story my boots told me that afternoon, and to this day I've always felt very happy about those pies. And Uncle Nat, dear old man, "in consideration of my having gratified him so often in the matter of cakes and pies," most opportunely placed at my disposal a check, which he said, was to "obliterate all coming emergencies."

When I became a happy wife, a few months ago, I wore the French kid boots which told me their plaintive story, and I resolved firmly and prayerfully never to forget the wholesome lesson they taught; for no matter how much of trial or privation there may be in the life before me, while neither homeless nor friendless, God grant I may never repine.—*Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Golden Rule.*

—Lord Chelmsford, late British General in command in South Africa, does not in the least look like a soldier. He is more like a country rector up in London for a flying visit and a little abashed by the bustle. He is a tall, thin man, with sallow face, black eyes, and whiskers trimly cut away to leave his chin bare. When talking he has a curious way of thrusting his head forward, as if his long neck were not strong enough to support it. He dresses carefully in black and carries an umbrella.

—A bill has passed the Arizona Legislature which gives to lawyers a lien on the money or records of their clients to secure their pay.

Our Young Folks.

GOOD-BY, WINTER!

The meadow-brooks are full, and busy
Getting Winter off to sea;
His trunks of ice, all packed and ready,
Are standing under every tree.

His overcoats, well aired and shaken,
Are dangling from each dripping bough;
For he has stayed till overtaken,
And Spring is right upon him now!

Yes, hurry up, old Winter, hurry!
Sometime, we hope, you'll come again;
But here is Spring, in such a flurry,
Keeping back her stores of rain!

Yes, good-by, good-by, old fellow!
With your coasting, skating, fun;
Bring some more by next December,
When the Summer days are done.

What's the matter, pretty Spring-time?
Always weeping? Some would say
You are vexed, because old Winter
Always lingers in your way.

Well, he's off! The brooks have started!
Now the birds can come and sing.
So welcome to the happy-hearted,
Laughing, budding, genial Spring!
—*Mrs. S. C. Stone, in Youth's Companion.*

HOW LOGS GO TO MILL.

All boys and girls know that boards are made of sawed logs, and that logs are trunks of trees. Few, however, know with what hardship and difficulty the trees are felled, trimmed and carried from the woods where they grow to the mills where they are made into boards.

In the far West and in the wilds of Maine are acres upon acres, and miles upon miles, of evergreen forests. One wooded tract in Maine is so vast that it takes an army of choppers twenty years to cut it over. By the time it is done a new growth has sprung up, and an intermediate one is large enough to cut; so the chopping goes on year after year. The first or primeval growth is pine. That is most valuable. After the pine are cut, spruce and hemlock spring up and grow.

Most of the men who live in the vicinity of the lake region work in the woods in the winter. They camp in tents and log huts near the tracts where they are felling trees. All day long, day after day, week after week, they chop down such trees as are large enough to cut, lop off the branches and haul the logs to the nearest water. This work is done in winter because the logs are more easily managed over snow and ice. All brooks large enough to carry them, all rivers, ponds and lakes are pressed into service and made to convey the ponderous freight towards civilization. All along the shores and in the woods are busy scenes—men, oxen and horses hard at work, the smoke from the logging camps curling among the trees.

Every log has the initial or mark of the owner chopped deep into the wood to identify it. Then, when the ice breaks up, the logs are sent down the brooks to the rivers and through the rivers to the lakes. The logging camps are disbanded, the loggers return to their homes, and the river-drivers alone are left to begin their duties.

The river-drivers are the men who travel with the logs from the beginning of their journey till they are surrendered to the saw-mills. Each wears shoes the soles of which are thickly studded with iron brads an inch long; and each carries a long pole called a "pick-pole," which has a strong sharp-pointed iron spike in the end. This they drive into the wood, and it supports and steadies them as they spring from log to log.

Their first duty is to collect "the drive." The logs which form "the drive" are packed together and held in place by a chain of guard-logs which stretches entirely around the drive, forming what is called "the boom." The guard-logs are chained together at the ends about two feet apart. The guard is always much larger than the boom of logs, so that the shape of the boom may be changed for wide or narrow waters.

And the head of each boom is a raft which supports two large windlasses, each of which works an anchor. On this head-raft about thirty river-drivers take up their position to direct the course of the boom.

To change its position or shape, ten of the drivers spring into a boat or bateau; one takes a paddle at the bow; eight take oars; and one, at the stern, holds the anchor. They row with quick strokes toward the spot where the anchor is to be dropped, the cable all the time running from the windlass.

"Let go!" shouts the foreman.

Splash! goes the anchor overboard. The boat then darts back to the head-works. Out spring the men to help turn the windlass to wind the cable in. They sing as they work, and the windlass creaks a monotonous accompaniment as "Meet me by moonlight," or the popular "Away over yonder," comes floating over the rippling water.

Meanwhile another bateau has been out with another anchor; and as both windlasses turn, the boom swings toward the anchorage, and thus is so much further on its way.

Though the men sing as they work, and make the best of their mishaps with jests and laughter, they often carry homesick hearts. In cold and stormy weather their hardships are great, an involuntary bath in the icy water being an event of frequent occurrence. Also their work demands a constant supply of strength which is very trying; frequently a head-wind will drive them back from a position which it has taken several days to gain, and all the toil of fresh anchorages must be repeated.

The most dangerous part of the work is "sluicing" the logs. When the boom reaches the run which connects the lake or river with the dam through the sluice of which the logs must pass, the chain of guard-logs is detached, and fastened in lines along both sides of the run, and the rafts are drawn off to one side and anchored to trees. The river-drivers, armed with their pick-poles, are then stationed along the run, on the dam, wherever they may be needed.

The liberated logs now come sailing along, their speed quickening as they near the sluice. When they reach it they dart through, their dull, rapid, continuous thud mingling with the roar of the water. How they shoot the sluice! log after log—two, six, a dozen together—pitching, tossing, struggling, leaping end over end; finally submitting to destiny and sailing serenely down the river toward another lake.

Meanwhile the river-drivers with their long poles and quick movements, looking not unlike a band of savages, have enough to do, with steady feet, and eyes on the alert. For of all the vast array of logs—and I once saw twenty-four thousand in one drive—not one goes through the sluice but is guided on to it by one or more of the drivers. They often ride standing on the floating logs, conducting this pushing that, hurrying another, straightening, turning and guiding; and just before the log on which a driver stands reaches the sluice he springs to another.

Woe to him if his foot should slip, or his leap fail! He would be crushed among the logs in the sluice, or dashed among the rocks in the seething water.

After all the logs are safely sluiced, the chains of the guards are slipped, the rafts are broken up, and these, windlasses and all, follow the logs. Then the boats are put through the sluice. Sometimes when the dam is high, some of the river-drivers go through in the boats—a dangerous practice, this; for often the bateaux have gone under water, entirely out of sight, to come up below the falls, and more than once have lives been lost in this foolhardy feat.

A boom generally passes from three to six dams and sometimes takes four months to reach the mills.

Occasionally the logs become jammed in the rivers, and must wait for more water; if this can be supplied from a lake above, the difficulty is easily remedied.

In the Spring of 1880, a jam occurred at Mexico in Maine. The logs were piled forty feet above the water and covered an extent of area as large as an ordinary village. This great jam attracted many visitors from all parts of the country until the spring freshets of the next year could supply the river with water sufficient to loose them and bear them on their way.—*Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels, in Wide Awake.*

Bad Company.

It was during my residence in Yonkers, many years ago, that I discovered the destructive influence of bad company, even in the kingdom of nature. I had a beautiful garden. On the east side of it, next to the street, stood a long row of large ailanthus-trees. When in full foliage, early in the spring, they were very beautiful. I had planted my garden and was anxiously watching the growth of the different vegetables as they appeared above ground, when I soon discovered that all the plants near these trees began to have a sickly appearance, and that scarcely any of them came to maturity.

The ailanthus-tree, while it is symmetrical in form and of beautiful foliage, is nevertheless a poisonous tree. As I looked upon my garden in midsummer, and saw the rich, luxuriant vegetation in one part of it, and everything dwarfed in the other, near the ailanthus, I said:

"Behold the evil influence of bad company!"

My young friends, if bad company among the trees is deadly to all around them, how much more destructive must bad companions be to all who come within their influence? How often during my life, as a teacher, have I seen a good boy growing sickly in all his studies, and after carefully investigating his case have found that when out of school he was in the company of bad boys—boys who themselves are idle and lazy, and perhaps guilty of many bad practices.

Here was the secret. In the company of these boys he heard nothing, he saw nothing, encabling or praiseworthy. Their influence over him was downward, and only downward. At first the evil effects were not so perceptible, but by degrees they began to be felt and seen.

John, at the age of fourteen, leaves home for a boarding-school, one of the best and most expensive. He has been carefully trained at home—it may be by pious parents. He is a noble boy, beloved by all who know him. He leaves home with the benedictions of loving parents, sisters and brothers. He enters a new world.

The principal of the school and his wife are devoted to the welfare of all under their roof. They are careful, as far as lies in their power, to receive no bad boys into their school.

John has for his room-mate a boy a little older than himself. He has been in the school but a few weeks, but thus far was considered a good boy. He has, however, one or two very undesirable traits of character. We need not name them here. Suffice it to say that, in a short time, John and his room-mate are both expelled from school. The influence of his room-mate over John soon led him to commit the same crimes of which he had often been guilty before John entered the school.

Had a room-mate been given John who would have led him in right ways, as he had been trained when at home, he might have graduated from this school with its highest honors.

Let this one example suffice for thousands of a similar character.

Boys, as you hope for a noble and true manhood, be careful who your companions are. Seek the companionship of those who will encourage you in all noble effort to do your duty as a boy to your parents and teachers, and above all, to yourself and your God.

The difference between the influence of good and bad company is as wide as the distance between heaven and hell. —*Washington Hasbrouck, Principal of N. J. State Normal School.*

—There is no better *bon mot* in literature than the reply of a girl who heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say: "I hope he is no relative of yours, Miss L.," and quick as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."—*Troy Times.*

—Very innocent man, old man Mildboy is. A friend found him at his desk the other day absorbed in perplexing study. "I am writing my will," the old man said, "and I want to fix it somehow so that the lawyers can get some of the property."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"In Congress," says the Boston *Transcript*, "more is cared for quorum than for decorum."

—When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in the country.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
Editors and Proprietors.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

There are indications of independent political movements in several Southern states. The men who have the courage to engage in them will be the objects of Bourbon intolerance.

Secretary Windom's plan of refunding the maturing bonded indebtedness meets with the general approval of the business men of the country, and is proving to be a success.

Bourbon Virginia is now in greater terror than that which seized upon it when John Brown, with a formidably army of nineteen wicked Abolitionists, captured Harper's Ferry and held it until the military force of the state dislodged him by a regular siege.

The thing to break down and crush is the aristocracy which calls itself the soldid South, and the poor, wretched "heelers" who are the solid South in the North, the Nothern politicians who bow down and do reverence to any smoke-house which holds a thousand sides of bacon.

Southern cotton mills have made money while their Northern rivals were being satisfied at holding their own. After such experience perhaps the South will turn her hand to other industries, the raw material of which she has in abundance. There would be more money in it than politics, and more honor too.

James O'Brien, *alias* Robert Lindsay, has been sentenced to eight years in the New York Penitentiary for perjury in the Morey case. O'Brien ought to be accompanied by others occupying high positions in the democratic party. He was simply a tool in the hands of these others, the principals in this crime, and if he deserved eight years there are others who were connected with this affair (some of whom live in Maryland,) who ought to have sixteen years.

A panic exists at Glover's Gap, Marion county, West Virginia, on the line of Baltimore and Ohio railroad, near Grafton, on account of the ravages of small pox. The doctors are all sick, and there is nobody to bury the dead. The disease is spreading. The Governor was telegraphed for help to bury the dead, but replied that the county authorities must attend to the matter. Trains pass through the town without stopping. The disease was imported by a young man returning home from the North.

The Nihilist Executions.

The Nihilists who were executed Friday of last week in St. Petersberg, for complicity in the assassination of the late Emperor of Russia, may have been guilty, and it is probable that the most of them were more or less connected with the murderous and brutal affair. But their guilt is not proved by their own admissions and confessions, since these were extorted from them by the medieval process of torture and terror. It is said that General Melikoff—true Armenian barbarian, thinly coated over with Russian varnish, as he is—imported into the midnight dungeons of his vehmegericht the newest and most subtle processes of modern science. He put himself and his government on a level with the Nihilists by replying to Orsini bombs and dynamite mines with torture by the electric battery—searing and carbonizing the flesh of his victims in the intense electric flame, and prostrating their nerve-centres by repeated galvanic shocks, until they were willing to admit anything in order to spare themselves further agony. Confessions made under such circumstances are worth nothing; and, under our civilized forms of criminal law, instead of convicting anyone, the mere fact that torture had been employed would secure the accused's acquital. The world-wide difference between American ideas of justice and those which prevail in Russia, is more strikingly illustrated in the matter of the law's attitude towards the alleged criminal than in almost any other respect. The system there is to entrap the accused—to extort from him, in some way, some sort of acknowledgment of his complicity with the crime; as if confession, irrespective of the means by which it had been obtained, were the most conclusive proof of guilt that can be adduced. In this country, on the other hand, we proceed in the opposite way. The Bill of Rights of Maryland, for instance, declares "that sanguinary laws ought to be avoided as far as it is consistent with the safety of the state; and no law to inflict cruel and unusual pains and penalties ought to be made in any case, or at any time hereafter." Moreover, in addition to the right of "speedy trial, by an impartial jury," which is guaranteed to the accused, it is expressly declared "that no man ought to be compelled to give evidence against himself in a criminal case." How many of the Nihilists just hung could have been convicted under this system, with the additional safeguards of full information of the accusation against them—a copy of the indictment or charge, in due time to prepare for their defence, with counsel, process for witnesses, and the right to confront all witnesses and examine them under oath? Probably, not many; but then, under this system, there would be no Nihilists!

Southern Debts.

We have always believed in showing the largest charity toward the Southern people in the matter of repudiated debts. We have never forgotten the terrible burden imposed on the Southern States by the war, and it would not surprise us, nor should it any business people, if for a long time after the war those Commonwealths failed in meeting their obligations. Not many years have passed since France was in what seemed to be a hopeless sea of bankruptcy. There are men still living who can recall England's embarrassments at the close of the French war. It was only the other day when our own unexceptionable securities were hawked about by German and Dutch brokers at forty cents on the dollar. In time, as they grew strong and rich, England, France and America paid their obligations, so we believe the South will do the same.

But the way to meet the obligations that have been lying dormant for a few years is not to denounce them as the work of "radical usurpation" or "Republican tyranny," and to hail their repudiation as an act of honor and high principle. We venture the observation that there is not a Southern State which has on its back a volume of unpaid debt where Democrats as well as Republicans did not share in the spoliation. We venture the further observation that there is no Southern State where these debts could not have been avoided if the Democrats and the white people had really desired to avoid them. But to open that question would be to revive unpleasant discussion. The debt is there and it should be met in some way.

Let us give our Southern friends a parallel case: Not many years ago a ring of desperate, unscrupulous adventurers obtained possession of the government of New York city, issued bonds and obligations, and in a shameless and improper manner violated legal propriety and public faith. They stole the proceeds of this indebtedness and left the city of New York groaning under a large debt dishonorably incurred. There was just as much reason for the people of New York to repudiate this debt as for Virginia to repudiate her debt. The government which forced the ring upon the city was the government of the State, and not of our own choosing. It was a part of that unhappy system of legislation by which a company of corner grocery politicians from the backwoods assemble at Albany and make for the metropolis. But we assumed the debt, now and it is one of the best securities in this country. The people who took those dishonest obligations took them in innocence and good faith, and New York felt that, however much she might lose by paying, repudiation would involve a loss infinitely greater. If ever the Southern people make up their minds to take hold of their debt question honestly and sincerely they will find willing hands in the North ready to assist. It is a scandal to America as a nation that so many rich and prosperous States should lie under a club of repudiation. The Southern statesman who enters into this matter from a high point of view will do his people a great good and be the benfactor of the Union.—*N. Y. Herald.*

John W. E. Sudler died on Sunday at his residence, Rose Villa, near Sudlersville, Queen Anne's county, after a long and painful illness. He was twice elected to the House of Delegates, and served four years as a Judge of the Orphans' Court.

The peach trees in Somerset county are putting forth leaves, but not one in two dozen shows any blossoms.

Governor Hamilton's Letter

Both the Democratic and Republican press of Maryland indulge in extended editorial comment on the recent letter of Gov. Hamilton upon Maryland affairs. The annexed extracts will serve to show the estimate placed upon the Governor's manifesto:

Salisbury Advertiser: "Gov. Hamilton has performed a duty that will be a lasting benefit to the people of the State. The expenditure of thousands of dollars for no public benefit, the feeding of a useless army of legislative officials are among the matters the Governor calls attention to, and we may consider that he has sounded the death-knell of those most glaring. The people are informed. If they fail to hold their representatives to account, and are willing now to allow the present bad system to continue, they will err willfully. The tone of the letter is to be warmly commended."

Kent News: "We do not look upon the letter in any respect in the light of a 'bomb-shell,' but simply as a claim for certain 'reforms,' within the party, which he maintains the last Legislature failed to carry into effect. But we do not see that the Governor has brought forward anything that has not been discussed over and over again by the press of the State. We do not believe that the people of the State, when they read his letter, will have any information that they did not obtain long ago from the newspapers."

Elkton Democrat: "Our worthy Governor appears to have discovered a dangerous disease in the body politic, but he fails to suggest an adequate remedy. System is the disease, but what is to be done about it?" Elect a Legislature upon a new system, or upon no system, or upon a mixed system? And if mixed, how will he select his ingredients? Will he take a little Whyte wine, a little Gorman mint, a little Bannon Green Isle whisky, a very little Hardcastle & Co. nutmeg and a few cups of Baltimore water well filtered, all well mixed in the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and see how it will work next winter in Annapolis? Maryland is a fine old State, but she is not Sir Thomas Moore's Utophia yet; what she may be when our Governor smites that Philistine system he has discovered by tumbling it down upon his own head we will not venture to foretell. That we need reform in Maryland as elsewhere the world over is a sad fact."

Rocomoke Record and Gazette: "The people do not want two Democratic parties in this State, and, while they recognize Governor Hamilton's worth, and acknowledge him as an honored and trusted member of the party, they will not follow him if he shall marshal his forces to make war upon the regular organization."

Marlboro' Gazette: "We do not look upon the Governor's letter in any respect in the light of a bomb shell, but simply as a plain statement of facts; a simple admonition to the party to be more careful in the future to carry out all promises made to the people if we would wish to hold the reins of the State government."

Frostburg Mining Journal: "Perhaps it is needless to intimate that Gov. Hamilton's course, however honest, however much it may by contrast emblazon his own integrity, will not be regarded as serviceable to the end designed. Ethically a man may be better than his party; politically never. In morals a party may be faithless to its principles and live, but it will not long survive active infidelity to the methods whence it derives life and strength. And no beneficiary of party prestige can live politically who ties his benefactors to the stake and calls upon the multitude to apply the torch."

Westminister Advocate: "Governor Hamilton should endeavor to bring himself to the knowledge that he is not the entire State government. The Legislature is a co-ordinate branch, and has its views of public duty as well as himself. Instead of placing himself above the Legislature, and thrusting his opinions upon the public, courtesy and the public good would seem to dictate an exchange of views and a concert of action. Gov. Hamilton probably means to subserve public interests, but he is too tenacious of his opinions, and not sufficiently considerate of those of others. His letter was entirely uncalled for, out of place, and not in keeping with the dignity of his position.

Ellicott City Times: "It will require something more than vague charges of extravagance against impersonal 'systems' to induce either the State or the party to change its leaders for others on the intimation of being carried to some impossible promised land where the season is always summer."

Hagerstown Mail: "The temperate and forcible presentation of the facts now laid bare, and which no doubt will be followed up with details to enforce them, must carry conviction to the mind of every man in the State who has not a direct interest in the enjoyment of State patronage or office, and will be received by the masses with gratitude."

Belair Aegis: "The party is strong enough to stand a little criticism from one of its own members, and will consider what the Governor says, and act upon it without allowing itself to be rent in twain and destroyed in a useless struggle between contending factions."

St. Mary's Beacon: "Whatever the intention of the letter, the effect will be to embarrass the Democratic party in the struggle for control in the next Legislature and to embolden the Republicans to claim, with strong show of reason, that *they* are the fellows who ought to be employed to restore things. Gov. Hamilton has made a mistake in arranging his party in the manner he has."

Chestertown Transcript: "We venture to say there is not another Governor of another State in the Union that could not sit down and construct a more formidable bomb, by looking into the records of the past Legislatures of the State which he governs."

Port Tobacco Independent: "Gov. Hamilton doubless always means right, but invariably does wrong. His faculty for blundering, both as to men and measures, is remarkable, and we doubt whether any man in his position was ever so successful in doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, in the wrong way and with the wrong men. We would be silly indeed if we did not express our thankfulness that Governor Hamilton has not been able to control the party in this State, for it is our firm belief his leadership could only have resulted in handing the State over to the Republican party."

Prince Georgian: "Upon the whole the candor and fairness of the letter must be admired, and, so far from injuring our prospects, it must, as we have said, materially help the party. There is no quarrel; there will be no one hurt."

Frederick Citizen: "Gov. Hamilton has entered upon a dangerous experiment, and one which, if successful, must result in the total destruction of the Democratic organization in this State. We can well understand that this may be a consideration of small moment to his excellency, whose sagacity has doubtless discovered that with his present official term ends his political career; but to the unselfish battler in the ranks of the party, who loves it for the great good it has done and cherishes it as the only hope of a free people, it is a consummation pregnant with dire disaster."

Cecil Whig, Rep: "We regard the present attitude of the Governor toward other leaders of his party as meaning nothing more than a factional right for party control, in which the people have no direct interest, except in the exposures of the frauds practiced upon them by the now dominant party in the State. It matters little really to the taxpayers who filch them, whether it be the Hamilton or Gorman wing of the Democratic party."

Easton Gazette, rep.: "Gov. Hamilton has disappointed the people. It was supposed they had in him a strong-minded man, a man who would force corrupt politicians to stand in awe, but such appears not to be the case. His flourish of trumpets has dwindled down to a penny whistle, and his enemies in his own party are laughing at his weakness."

Baltimore County Union, rep.: "It tells only what every one knew, viz: That there has been fraud and corruption in the democratic party and in its management for years past—and is now—requiring correction. The Governor either never did intend to make any great explosion or revelation, or, when finding himself in a hazardous place, got frightened, let down easily and 'caved in.'"

Westminster Sentinel, rep.: "In view of the sacred and solemn promises made in 1879 to the dear people by the democratic leaders to economise in the management of public affairs, this expose by their honest Governor must be a bitter pill. We suppose, however, Manager Gorman will be prepared to furnish the necessary amount of jam to cover up the noisome dose. Men who love honesty and good government should now make a stand, and let such leaders know that they have been tried, tried frequently and found wanting, for the democratic party has never in the history of the country exhibited the power to rid itself of criminal excrescences. It has always required the actual cantery of defeat to remove such malignant growth."

Leonardtown Republican: "We shall watch with much interest the devolopments, hoping that out of all these complications there may grow some substantial changes highly beneficial to the State, and that the domination of those who have so long managed affairs exactly to suit themselves may be broken. One thing is at least reasonably certain, that whatever may be the result, the political and financial condition of Maryland can in no sense be rendered worse than it has been heretofore."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The first Connecticut river shad was caught last Sunday and weighed five pounds.

The funds of Yale College now amounts to something handsome—$1,830,000.

The Chicago *Tribune* and *Times* are in close rivalry as to circulation, both showing about 60,000.

A lady about to remove from Hartford, Ct., to St. Louis had four pet cats shipped to that city by express a few days ago.

They have a sensible regulation in Toledo, where no person under twenty-one is admitted to the court-rooms.

Mad dogs have caused much alarm in Clark county, Ark. During the past few weeks nearly two hundred dogs have been killed near Arkadelphia.

In St. Petersburg electric motors were lately tested as a substitute for horses in street railroad cars. The experiment proved successful, but the motors were found to be far more expensive than horses.

Savoy and Switzerland have, in proportion to their population, more paupers and imbeciles than any other European country. This account, for their attempts to palm them on this country as emigrants.

A hairy seal was killed in the Shrewsbury river, near Oceanic, N. J., on Saturday last. Another seals that had been wounded with a bullet, swam ashore and died near Sandy Hook on the same day.

A Berlin pipe manufacturer recently presented Bismark with a superb meerschaum pipe, bearing the Prince's arms. The latter returned it, with a note from his secretary, saying that when he wanted a pipe he could afford to buy one.

Kissing is a dangerous practice in more ways than one. A medical journal of Munich says that diphtheria caught by kissing is likely to assume a much severer form than if the disease were contracted or the contagion imparted in any other way.

An old lazzarone has just died at Naples who married seven times under King Bombs, and had seventy six children, who are still alive; under the Savoy dynasty he was married six times, and raised up forty-seven children, only two of whom died.

The carpenters and joiners of New York will to-morrow demand from their employers an increase of wages from $2.75 to $3.25 a day, with only eight hours' work on Saturdays. The Blacksmiths and Wheelrights' Union is also organizing to demand an increase of pay.

The estimates of the peach crop in Middle and Southwestern Georgia indicate less than half the usual yield. Nearly all the fig trees have been killed, and only half a crop of plums is expected. Pears and cherries are damaged, while apples and strawberries are only slightly affected. The Lecompte pear is a complete failure.

The recent report of the Paris Gas Company shows that the receipts for last year were $2,000,000 more than in 1879, and, consequently, under the terms of the charter, $2,500,000 accrues to the corporation of Paris. This magnificent result, however, was obtained by compelling the gas consumer to pay double what he pays in London.

The St. Louis Cremation Society of that city now numbers among is members some forty or fifty gentlemen of high social position, many of them quite wealthy, and all terribly in earnest. It is announced that the body of a lady who died in that city a few days ago will be sent to the Le Moyne furnace at Washington, Pa., for cremation.

The legislature of Connecticut has authorized the city of Waterbury to purchase a lot of land and present it to the Silas Bronson Library. Mr. Bronson's gift of $200,000 to the city for the library has increased to $225,000, and $175,000 must be kept as a permanent fund. The $50,000 is thought sufficient for the building, but not for the land also.

Anthony Comstock, agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, has been indicted in New York for assault and battery committed on the person of Mrs. Fanny M. Hoffman, whom he arrested a few months ago for writing indecent letters to her neighbors. When the case was first laid before the grand jury, in February last, that body dismissed the complaint.

In 1877 Mr. de Lavergne estimated the value of the agricultural produce of France at $1,500,000,000, including wine, cattle and all other products of the soil. In 1878 Mr. Laird, who is to England what M. de Lavergne is to France, estimated the total value of the agricultural products of the United Kingdom at $783,000,000. The area of France is double that of the United Kingdom.

There are consumed in the United States annually 1,000,000 ounces of quinine. Since the duty on quinine was removed, the richest bark has gone to London and the poor has come here. The stock in five years from 53,234 bales to 110,105 in 1880, and yet to-day there is on hand in the united markets of the world only about four months' supply.

Francis Beleli, a destitute colored man, hung himself on Sunday in the cellar of a boarding house in Brooklyn, where he had been sheltered out of charity by the butler. He was sent into the cellar to get coal, but not returning, was sought out, and found suspended with a chain, the end of which he had wrapped around his neck.

J. R. Bradley, who was charged in the United States District Court at Galveston, Texas, with sending obscene literature through the mails, was acquitted on Friday last. After his discharge he was encountered in the street by a lady who was one of those insulted. She broke her parasol to pieces over his head, and then drew a revolver and would have fired but the interference of a bystander.

Various reports in relation to the remains of the late A. T. Stewart having been secretly interred in the crypt beneath the Memorial Cathedral at Garden City, attracted a reporter to the spot on Wednesday, but he returned, having been unable to ascertain whether such an event had occurred or not. He found a workman relaying the marble slabs forming the flooring on which the sarcophagus was to rest, but could obtain no answer to his queries.

A correspondent writes to the New York *Sun* to state that during a snow storm on the Hudson on Wednesday last he caught two fine shad in a drift net—an unusual occurrence.

The Chicago agent of the Anchor Line of steamships has been consulting with merchants and shippers of St. Louis in regard to the movement of grain and other produce to Europe, via New Orleans, and the prospects for obtaining return cargoes, in order to report as to the feasibility of establishing a line of Steamers between New Orleans and Europe.

Mrs. James D. Wilson, of Galveston, Texas, who has for three years past been searching throughout the country for her child, which was taken from her custody by its father, was rewarded by finding it in North Adams, Mass., on Tuesday last. It was boarding at a house where it had been placed by the father, who is employed by the Ames Lumber Company, of Stamfort, Vt. The mother will return with her darling to her home in Texas.

A lady of stylish appearance, calling herself the Baronne de Livernere, *nee* de Gravos, has been sentenced, in Paris to six years' penal servitude for obtaining a baby from a lying-in-hospital, and pretending to be its mother. She made a youth of seventeen believe he was the father of the child; but her plans were foiled by the death of the baby, and the inquiries instituted by the real mother led to her detection.

The Berks county almshouse and insane hospital, three miles from Reading, Pa., has been invaded by the small-pox. The first cases were two tramps, who were removed to an isolated building, but while raving with delirium they escaped and could not be overtaken. As far as possible the occupants were vaccinated, but the disease continues to spread, and on Friday and Saturday there were thirty new cases and four deaths.

A New York detective on Sunday night secreted himself beneath a bed in a room occupied by a man whom he suspected of being concerned in robbing the residence of Frank Wolf, in Essex street. Henry R. Moses, Henry Schwartz and Charles Coleman came into the room and were talking about the disposition of the goods, when the detective made his appearance, locked the door and captured the whole party. He also found the plunder stowed away in the room.

A Christian clergyman preached and a Jewish rabbi pronounced the benediction at the dedication of the new Unitarian Church in Hartford recently. The church is now one of the most prosperous in that city, though it has been in retirement for twenty years. It got into financial difficulties, when the old church was sold and the money invested. The new church has been built with the accumulations of the purchase money.

The Dean of Chester, speaking lately at the annual meeting of the Chester Diocesan Deaconesses' Institution, said the new translation of I. Timothy, iii. 11, would show that in the ancient church the word "deaconess" did not mean merely the wives of deacons, but a separate organization of women deacons. Had this passage been so read heretofore the English people would not have so long allowed that ancient institution of the church to remain in abeyance.

A remarkable mortgage was recorded at Charlotte, N. C., last Friday. By the terms of this mortgage, Charles Didenover, an intelligent but impecunious man, conveys himself and all right and title to himself to another, to have and hold forever, to secure a debt he owes the mortgagor. Didenover's wife waives all of her rights, titles and claims to him in favor of the mortgagor, and signed the deed of conveyance and acknowledged the same with all due form before a magistrate.

Mr. Christian K. Ross, the father of the lost Charley Ross, is disposed to think that the letter received by Col. John W. Forney, from Robert Benjamin Hugman, of Loughton, Essex, near London, saying that he had reason to believe that Charley Ross was living in Loughton within a year, in custody of an unknown woman, is deserving of attention, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Lewis, who is travelling abroad, will investigate the matter. Three different clews have been worked out in England without result.

The cases of small-pox in the Berks county almshouse near Reading, Pa., have increased to 65, and from the rapid progress it has made it is believed most of the five hundred inmates will be attacked. Guards have been employed to prevent persons escaping and carrying the infection into Reading. A new small-pox hospital has been built, and is now occupied to its full capacity. This infliction is all attributed to a quilt on which a convalescent patient was lying having been washed along with the children's clothing.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Wanted—Two draft horses for tram road. D. E. OFFUTT.

—The place where you can make a "profit on your purchases," is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

Letters Testamentury were granted by the Register of Wills, on Tuesday, to W. P. Totten, Executor of the estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased.

—Don't fail! Go where the "Red Flag Floateth," and you will learn something to your advantage.

—Married, on Sunday, April 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. William E. George, William T. Davis, of Preston county, W. Va., and Miss Willie C. Wilson, of Garrett county, Md.

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Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11 o'clock a. m.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—If the Court please, and Gentlemen of the Jury, we would call attention to the unprecedented inducements that are offered where the "Red Flag Floateth."

Personal.

Col. J. W. Veitch lost a valuable milch cow last week.

T. B. Wiley, Esq., of District No. 3, called to see us Monday.

Messrs. W. J. Wilson, of District No. 8, W. S. McCabe No. 1, and Rev. Henry E. Friend, of No. 6, visited our sanctum last week.

Hon. Geo. W. Wilson was in town Saturday.

Messrs. T. J. Peddicord and H. Combs were in Baltimore during the past week.

W. H. Tower, Esq., attended the sessions of the Presbytery, held at Duffield's, last week.

—Persons visiting Oakland during Court will find it to their advantage to price goods where the "Red Flag Floateth."

Hand Cut Off.

Mr. Charles Casteel, sawyer at Jno. F. Browning's mill on Deep Creek, on Friday of last week had his left hand cut off. Mr. C. was at the time of the accident feeding a shingle saw, when his hand slipped from the block, and coming in contact with the saw, was completely severed from the arm and thrown several feet from him. We are pleased to state Mr. C. is now doing well.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 19:

John E. Horman to Agnes Horman, 87½ acres of land; $25.

Jacob L. Houser and wife to Jno. Kemp, part of a tract of land called "Chance," containing 6½ acres; $468.

Fred'k. W. Berg to Geo. W. Wilson, part of "Elk Garden," containing 100 acres; $160.

Thaddues Glotfelty and wife to Henry Schaffer, 50 acres of land; $800.

List of Jurors for May Court.

District No. 1.—G. W. Kitzmiller, Rudolph Beckman, B. F. Snyder, J. H. Wilson, G. F. Richardson.

No. 2.—Benj. Shepp, Hamilton Frazee, E. M. Friend, Charles H. Stuck, Jefferson Frazee, Wm. Umbel.

No. 3.—James H. Fuller, Charles Bill, Jefferson Broadwater, Gustavus Broadwater, Michael S. Durst.

No. 4.—Thomas Bartlett, Charles Michael, Henry Paugh, Benj. Green, Otho Paugh, Wm. Schell, George L. Michael.

No. 5.—Morgan Conaway, Jonas Beeghley, Eli Brown, John E. Gnagey.

No. 6.—Thos. DeWitt, Nimrod Glotfelty, Allen Enlow, L. F. Johnson, Winfield Friend, E. A. Browning.

No. 7.—W. M. Coddington, A. C. Brooke, Parker Ashby, Wm. Bray, Geo. M. Mason, John Thompson.

No. 8.—John Blamble, Chas. Best, John O. Harvey, I. I. Thompson, C. L. Paugh, M. McKimmey, Ed. W. Miller, J. M. White.

No. 9.—Chas. Johnson.

Sunday School Convention.

The annual Sunday School Convention for this county will be held in Oakland on the 10th, 11th and 12th of June. As the season has come to open the country schools, it becomes my duty, as Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union for Garrett county, to urge Sunday School workers to begin at once. Reopen the schools already formed and organize new ones where they are needed. In determining the point of necessity I would say that in every community where there are children sufficient to form even a small school they need the training and influence afforded by a well conducted Sunday School. There is a growing interest in the Sunday School work in Garrett county, as well as a general interest throughout the world. Nevertheless there is only about one-seventh of the population of the United States attending the Sunday Schools. There are to-day, according to the data we have, about ninety thousand children in this State between 5 and 18 years of age outside of any Sunday School. "Let the workmen gather them in," and throw around the young a healthy moral influence. Ministers especially should interest themselves in this matter. At every appointment there should be a Sunday School. The Maryland Sunday School Union proposes to assist in carrying on the work, not by interfering with denominational schools, but by assisting them if they need help, and more especially to organize schools in neglected and destitute places unoccupied by religious organizations. Persons who know where schools could be formed and are not for want of assistance, will please make it known. In order that our children may grow up to be useful members of society and fill their respective stations in life with honor, the safeguards of virtue and religion must be thrown around them. The heart of the child is tender and will receive and retain every impression that is made upon it. It may be moulded by the skillful teacher into almost any form. To cultivate the intellect and bring out the dormant powers of the mind is a noble work, but to prepare the immortal powers for endless felicity, for immortality and eternal life, is a work of far greater magnitude. This work, great as it is, may be done in the Sunday School as successfully as anywhere else. It is wonderful how *true* love emanating from the devoted teacher touches up the finer feelings of the scholar, and transforms the entire life and character. Many good and brave in the Church to-day are ready to attribute all their moral worth and religious prospects to the efforts of the earnest and faithful Sunday School teacher. With what reverence and respect we think and speak of those who directed our erring feet in our youthful days: they are indelibly written upon the heart; they cannot be effaced. As our County Sunday School Conventions thus far have been successes, let us make this one the best of all. Let every school be represented if possible; if not send a written report. Blanks will be sent by Bro. Baker from Baltimore. If any do not receive them please make it known to me and they will be forwarded. As soon as the delegates are elected forward the names and I will hand them to the Committee on Entertainment.

J. M. DAVIS,
Vice Prest. M. S. S. U.

CUMBERLAND, MD.,
April 18th, 1881.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—A box containing twin babies has been found in an alley in the rear of Wineland's store in Frostburg, which caused no little sensation in that locality. The children were supposed to have been loully dealt with and put there on Saturday night the 10th instant. One of them had a cord around its neck and the other a wound on the back of the head. A jury of inquest was held, and after hearing a number of witnesses, rendered the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased infant children are the illegitimate offspring of Jane Schell, of Allegany county, born unto her between the 16th and 21st days of March, 1881, at the house of Thomas Haltin, in Frostburg, Md., and that the said infant children came to their death at some time between the said 16th and 21st days of March, 1881, by violence inflicted on them by some party or parties to the jury unknown." The accused is in jail.

On Thursday afternoon last Thos. B. Davis, Esq., brother of Senator H. G. Davis, made a very narrow escape from being fatally shot. He was at the time of the occurrence standing upon an elevated spot in the Elk Garden region, in Garrett county, prospecting for coal. He heard the report of a gun, and turning suddenly, felt something strike him above the waist band. Upon examination he found a ball lodged in his vest after having passed through two inches of his flesh. It is supposed the shot came from the gun of a hunter and was an accident. Fortunately the wound is not a dangerous one.

President Henry Loveridge and others made a visit of inspection over the Georges' Creek and Cumberland railroad on Friday last.

Quite a discussion was had as to the propriety of adjourning Court on last Friday, it being Good Friday. Judge Motter declined to sit on that day, but Judge Pearre held Court and conducted the business as usual, thereby saving expense to the county and much confusion and inconvenience to suitors.

The Grand Jury has found an indictment against Alexander Thrasher for murder in the first degree, in killing Joseph Pratt on the evening of March 10th, 1881. The trial is expected to take place during the present Term of Court.

I. N. COGNITO.

KINGWOOD, W. VA., April 15, '81.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—Thinking a letter from this point might be interesting to some of your readers, I send you this, but will not feel hurt if your editorial judgment should consign it to the waste basket.

Kingwood is ten miles from the railroad. Many people, of course, do not know this, but I can assure you if they had to travel from Tunnelton they would think it much more than ten miles.

A nicer, cleaner, neater, prettier little country town than Kingwood we rarely find. The people are nearly all *well-to-do*, so to speak, and it is said by some that Kingwood has more wealth for the population than any town in the State, and I think that this statement, in all probability, is true. The Spring Term of the Circuit Court commenced here on Friday last, and will likely continue till the 8th of May. The docket is very large, owing to the fact that no business of any consequence was transacted at the October Term, and owing further to the fact that the County Court system has been abolished by constitutional amendment. Hon. William T. Ice was elected Judge of this Judicial Circuit last Fall and there has been much speculation here as to what sort of a Judge he would make, and various opinions have been expressed upon the subject. After the Judge has presided over the Court one week, however, I hear but one opinion expressed, and that is highly favorable to the Judge. The members of the Bar are unanimous in their opinion that we have secured an excellent Judge. Judge Ice, I believe, is a native of Monongalia county, but has lived nearly all his life at Phillippi, in Barbour county, where he has been a successful practitioner for many years. He is, judging from appearance, about forty years of age, of fine presence and address; courteous, yet firm and dignified on the bench, in fact every inch a judge. May his shadow never grow less.

I will write you again next week.

MARCUS.

MCHENRY, MD., April 19, 1881.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—The regular meeting of the Armistead Literary Society was held Friday evening, April 15th, Mr. J. A. Paugh in the chair. The following program was rendered:

Declamations, Oscar Stevens, Miss J. L. Head, Miss Lizzie Head and Herbert Nine. Select Readings, Miss O. E. Head, W. M. Nine and W. H. Spiker.

Referred Questions: Which is the longest railroad in the world, and how long is it? To Miss J. L. Head. Answer—The Philadelphia, 4,000 miles. Why is an express car like Mother Eve? To Miss B. F. Nine. Answer—Because it was made for Adam's Express use. How many counties in Alabama? To J. A. Paugh. Answer—Sixty. When can't a rose be beat. To F. R. Nethkin. Answer-When it's a turnup (turnip).

Debate: "Resolved, That example is more powerful than precept." For the affirmative, W. M. Nine, Mr. Stevens and A. S. Speer; for the negative, F. R. Nethkin, J. A. Paugh and W. H. Spiker. The decision was in favor of the negative.

An interesting program is in store for April 22. The following referred questions will be answered: What did Adam leave his children that he himself did not possess? What is a Home Ruler? How many newspapers are published in the United States? What is the length of the longest day at the Arctic Circle? What is a speech upon the throne? And the question, "Resolved, That wood is more useful to man than iron," will be debated.

BERT.

A special to the Cleveland *Leader* chronicles an interesting case at Mount Vernon. Lester Williams shot a stork, which was three feet and a half high when erect. The bird being strange, it was taken to the office of Dr. Robinson and examined by ornithological experts. While being handled the head of a snake protruded from the fowl's mouth. Naturally, the spectators dropped the bird's head and awaited developments. The snake crawled out of his strange prison in the stork's stomach, and proved of as rare a species among ophidians as the stork is in North American fauna. The reptile measured four feet in length and three inches in circumference.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Senator Groome is rusticating at Elkton, after his fierce assault on Senator Mahone last week.

Two colored men in Allegany county are on the grand jury in Cumberland, and three others are on the petit jury.

Miss Lizzie Leonard, one of the teachers of the Cumberland public schools, is about to attend the Pennsylvania Normal School in Washington county, Pa.

Mr. Hiram G. Dudley, formerly of Queen Anne's county, but now of the firm of Dudley & Carpenter, of Baltimore, has purchased Dr. N. Comegys' farm, near Wye Mills, for $9,000.

R. P. McCready, sheriff at Princess Anne, desires to find an owner for an old-style gold breastpin set with pearls and having an inscription. It was found in Princess Anne last October.

The Denton bridge is an unlucky structure. On the 8th inst. the schooner Dexter ran against the west span with such force as to cause it to fall into the river, making the second time that it has been damaged by vessels running into it.

A fight occurred at Frederick on Sunday night between Wm. Heard and Joseph Nelson, two young men. Heard used a small penknife, and stabbed Nelson thirteen times in the neck, side and back. The wounds are not supposed to be dangerous.

Scarlet fever is spreading in Lonaconing, and the children of five or six families are down with it. A bright boy, the son of George Zebner, died on the 10th inst. of the disease.

A cat in the family of Judge Robinson, Queen Anne county, is raising a young fox along with its litter of kittens. The fox was brought home by Master Ralph Robinson when very young, and he was wondering how he should provide for its wants, when the mother cat adopted it of her own free will.

John Barton is under arrest, charged with complicity in robbing the house of Caleb Wilson, at Red Hill, Cecil county, of $320. Wilson had received $350 back pension money, and Barton and another man helped him spend it. That night Wilson was awakened by two men rummaging his pockets, and one he asserts was Barton.

Two young men, brothers, of St. Mary's county, convicted at the last term of the court of maliciously destroying the harness, saddles and other property of persons who had assembled at a social party, have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The offenders were prompted by the fact that they were not invited to the party, and are now paying the penalty.

Nathan Tyson, who was lately tried in Cecil county for killing his infant child, died near Bayview on the 9th inst. of consumption. He suffered greatly during his imprisonment, and after being discharged lived alone as best he could. His neighbors, became aware that he was very sick, sent for his wife, and she was with him when he died.

Mrs. M. Bowers, of Lonaconing, on the 11th inst. was overpowered with delight by receiving a despatch from Baltimore announcing that a son, who disappeared eleven years ago, had suddenly reappeared among his relatives, much to their surprise, as he had been given up for dead. A joyful reunion took place, she having started immediately for Baltimore to welcome back the prodigal son

The body of young Trader, who was drowned off Piney Point several weeks ago, has been found on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, about fifty miles from where he met his fate.

Julius Dougherty, aged 58, committed suicide Saturday morning by cutting his throat. He was formerly a bank clerk, and was in easy circumstances, but had been unwell for several weeks, which made him despondent.

The term of service of Rear Admiral Balch, as superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, will expire shortly. He has been ordered to command the Atlantic station, vice Rear Admiral Stevens, who will be eligible for retirement soon. Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers will be made superintendent of the Naval Academy, and continue in that capacity until he is retired, which will not be many months.

Judge J. L. Milburn, of St. Inigoes district, St. Mary's county, about two weeks ago disturbed two men in his cook-house after dark. One of the men aimed a blow at him, but, missing his aim, received one in return that floored him. The Judge retreated, and, securing his gun, brought one of the retreating burglars down with a load of bird-shot. The wound was not serious, and the Judge allowed him to depart, deeming the punishment he had received sufficient, as no valuables were carried off.

The engineers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company who are surveying a route for the new road to Philadelphia from Port Deposit, express the opinion that the most feasible route is through Rock Run hollow. The bridge, it is thought, will cross the Susquehanna diagonally and be about ninety feet above the water. The route will run to the north of Elkton, and strike the Delaware Western between Landenberg and Newark.

A few evenings since a four-year-old boy in Cumberland, while being taught the Presbyterian catechism, was asked the question, "Who tempted them to this sin?" His mother was astonished to hear him answer promptly: "The devil tempted Eve, and she gave the cake to Adam." The same youth, while discussing Easter eggs, was told by a ten-year-old brother that "we are Presbyterians, and do not believe in Easter eggs," when four-year answered back; "I'm no Presbyterian; I am a Garfield man.

Col. Legg, of Kent Island, who helped to frame the present oyster law, tells a queer story as to the motives guiding him in amending it so as not to absolutely prohibit the taking of oysters during the summer months. He says he happened to bethink himself of Aunt Betsy Smith, an old lady of Kent Island, whose custom it was in mild and warm weather to catch a few oysters each day and exchange them for meat, lard, meal and other edibles with the family of Colonel Legg and the wealthier residents of the island. So, unwilling to cut off the old lady from her means of livelihood, he sent a message down to her, learned that she caught on each good oystering day between May and September about five bushels of oysters, and inserted a clause in the law allowing that amount to be taken per day by persons catching during the summer. It may thus be seen that Col. Legg legislated so that he would not himself be deprived of his usual supply of oysters in summer time.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April. 19, 1881.

The dead lock in the Senate still continues. Contrary to expectation the Republicans held no caucus yesterday from which it seems settled that the contest is to go on uninterrupted by the much needed conformation of a few important officers, until the Democrats yield. I cannot help believing that the continuance of this dead-lock, so injurious to the operations of the government, is of questionable policy. Though the leaders of the party are in favor of it, and although they have acted in the past with seeming lack of judgment, but which turned out for the best in the end, I am afraid the country will demand better reasons than have yet been presented for this long delay in the public business. The President, just entering upon duties new and arduous to him, is hampered in the exercise of his authority by the lack of executive officers, and, in fact, several departments of the government are almost at a dead stand-still, because there is no one to sign official papers.

Information comes here from Kansas that the exodus of negroes from Southern States is beginning again, and bids fair to assume greater proportions this spring and summer than ever before. Much is being done to stop the exodus but all efforts are in vain. Even the State Board, having in charge the care of colored emigrants, find it impossible to stop the in-pouring, aided as they are by money from Southern commercial centres. The political problem in the South will, if this exodus continues several years longer, give way to the more important one of labor.

Lord Beaconsfield, the great English Conservative, and Ex-Prime Minister, died this morning in London. He was born in 1805, and his public career and power as a novelist, gave him a renown during the latter years of his life, enjoyed by but few men in history. Gladstone now stands without a rival, the greatest man owing allegiance to the English crown.

The Secretary of the Treasury has instructed that the following endorsement be printed on all six per cent bonds continued at a lower rate of interest. "At the request of, and for value received by the owner of this bond, the same is continued during the pleasure of the government, to bear interest at the rate of 3½ per centum per annum, from July 1st, 1881, payable semi-annually, as provided in Treasury circular No. 42, dated April 11th 1881."

The State department is just now somewhat embarrassed by the Boynton family. Michael is in prison in England for operations with the land league, and Paul, the swimmer, is in Chili, in durance for participation in the naval operations of the Peruvians. Mr. Blaine will see that both the men have fair play, although it is said he thinks it is rather pushing for a single family to make such a demand on diplomacy.

LOGAN.

Two country neighbors who had had a falling out agreed to submit their differences to an old Quaker, and to abide by his award. It was one of the coldest days in December, the ground was covered with snow, and a stiff breeze was blowing. The old Quaker led the two irate men to the top of a hill where the northwest wind had full sweep, and turning to them, said: "My award is that you both remain here until you settle your differences. Farewell!" When the hot days of summer come, the climate of Washington will put an end to the farce now being enacted by the United States Senate.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
PEDDICORD & COMBS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Apr. 21, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in May, 1881,

for the transaction of such business as may claim attention.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
4 23 td. Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 83 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic, in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing,

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

GEO. D. WHITE,
4 16 3 Sheriff.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

it being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel R. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 347, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that tract or lot of land known as

Part of Military Lot No. 846,

containing 2 acres, being the same land which was conveyed by E. G. Hall to W. H. Myers by deed dated December 18th, 1873, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 301, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to William H. Myers.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 19 3 Collector.

GENERAL.

—President Garfield's mother and children are to spend the summer at their Mentor home.

—Attorney-General McVeagh is the only member of the Cabinet who parts his hair in the middle.

—The men employed at Krupp's manufactory are working night and day in supplying orders for large guns from abroad. Roumania has ordered 100; Greece, 700; Sweden, 50; Holland, 120, and Italy, 400.

—Barry Sullivan had scarcely uttered the words, "Dogs bark at me as I halt by them," from Richard III., at the Cork Theater, lately, when he was disconcerted by the yelping of a cur, which, with its mistress, had to be removed from the theater.

—Some of the professional beggars met with at every street corner can not be so badly off, unless one of them made a mistake yesterday, in asking for charity. It was 4 in the afternoon. "Have pity," he said, on a poor fellow who has not eaten a morsel since noon."

—An Indian woman in a village of British Columbia was taken with an infectious fever. The medicine men held a consultation over the case and decided that she must be buried alive to prevent an epidemic. Victoria newspapers say that the decree was carried out literally.

—While a party of American travelers were visiting the battlefield of Waterloo an iron box was found by one of them. It contained the will of an English officer, Sir Charles O'Neally, and by it the present heirs of his fortune suddenly find themselves dispossessed in favor of the children of his eldest son.

—Genevieve Ward, the actress, demands separate sleeping-cars for women. "I think it is perfectly shocking," she says, "the way ladies and men are huddled together like animals in these sleeping-cars, with nothing but a curtain hanging between them. It shocks a modest woman frightfully to have to endure this ordeal. Where is the much-vaunted decency of the American people, that it does not rise against this infringement of propriety and self-respect?"

—There is in Paris a Post-mortem Examination Society whose members pledge themselves to utilize their bodies after death "for the profit of the scientific idea" by leaving them to the Anthropological Laboratory for examination, dissection, or whatever other purposes may seem fit. The results of the post-mortem will be drawn up at the lowest price for the family of the deceased. Every member is expected to pay five francs annually, in return for which his autopsy will be performed free of charge, provided he dies in Paris. The prime object of the society is to increase the value of post-mortem examinations by offering subjects whose character and personality are known to the operator. It supposed that this knowledge will be especially serviceable in respect to persons who die of brain disease.

—The official executioner of Upper and Lower Austria was visited at his house in Vienna by a decrepit and sorrowful old woman, who begged him to give her a remedy that would cure her son of a propensity to steal. She was evidently possessed of the old superstition that the hangman has peculiar power for giving relief in such a case; and the executioner, playing upon her credulity, gave her a piece of the rope with which the murderer of a letter-carrier had not long previously been hanged, and told her to conceal it under the mattress on which her son slept. He also promised, if this did not work a cure, to draw blood from him with the sword used for beheading criminals. That would surely prove efficacious. All this came out when the incorrigible son was subsequently convicted of sundry crimes and his old and stricken mother told the court of her efforts to make a good man of him, and of all the remedies she had tried. The executioner has now been arraigned on a charge of charlatanry.

Curious and Ingenious Electrical Devices.

Those who pass down Willoughby Avenue, near Throop, in Brooklyn, are attracted by a complicated mass of nickle-plated machinery in motion behind the plate-glass windows of the double brick house which is separated from the avenue by a terraced lawn. The house is one of the curiosites of the vicinity, from the fact that Dr. R. W. St. Clair, who was a classmate of T. A. Edison, has applied his inventive talent, with all the assidnity of his old school friend, to demonstrate how electricity may be made a household servant, an efficient policeman, a scientific assistant, and pleasant companion. The police are never concerned about his residence, on account of the unprofitable experience of burglars who have attempted to enter it. There is a double-wired burglar alarm, with secret springs at so many corners that a little bell sounds almost as soon as the thief begins to make headway. Some time ago burglars made a second unsuccessful attempt to enter the house, but were frightened off by the tinkling of bells. They dropped, in their haste to get away, a roll of bills containing $16, which Dr. St. Clair presented to his daughter Nellie. They returned to fasten to his door a note telling him that his machines were too much for them, but if he would return their money they would forgive him for having his house so well fortified. They told him to signify his acceptance of their terms by wearing a buttonhole bouquet, and for fear that the thieves might consider their terms some day accepted, the Doctor gave up his favorite boutonnieres.

"Yes," said Dr. St. Clair, "it is true that Edison and I began the study of electricity together. I won't admit that he has a greater passion for it than I have, but he has made more noise in the world. Now and then I have kept something to myself long enough to get it patented, but I have not labored for fame with electricity. It has been my pastime and hobby while I have practiced my profession."

A turn of a tiny switch or two sets the Doctor's whole office in motion. Batteries and electric engines are buzzing and whirring. A long pendulum of a clock on the wall run by electricity runs every clock in the house. A music box sets up a lively tune, and when its motive power is sought it is found in a tiny motor three inches square, run by electricity, on the bottom shelf of a table in the window. A ray of sunlight breaking through a mass of clouds strikes the bulb of a little glass case, and starts into motion a little instrument for measuring the heat of the light of the stars. Edison also has one of these. One side of the delicate fans, composing a sort of wind-mill wheel, is composed of platinized silver, while the other side is carbonized.

Upon the next shelf of the little ebony table is a nickel-plated motor, twelve inches long and four inches wide, which, although almost noiseless, runs the sewing-machine up stairs, and sets a small regiment of toys to dancing in the nursery. A battery of three sulphate of copper cells runs the motor six months for household or other purposes, at a cost of ten cents a month. Attached to an exhaust pump, which is used as an aspirator, the tiny machine, that may be carried in an overcoat pocket, does the work of two assistants, when it is needed to assist its owner professionally. A large Holtz machine sets a chime of six bells to ringing. The turn of a switch starts a self-feeding scroll saw by electricity.

Asked to pick up two innocent-appearing sponges swinging from a table, the visitor gets an electric shock from a machine in perpetual motion. Curious to look at a book, the visitor opened a door, and at once the burglar alarm sounded. A phonograph on the table will probably be some day produced in court as a witness. It has a better *vox humana* tone than Edison's, as the metal base is hollow, and therefore resonant, and the mouthpicee, which is adjusted by Edison to different voices with rubber, is by Dr. St. Clair regulated by a screw. Although Edison first invented the phonograph, he was neck and neck with his old schoolmate on the quadruplex telegraph machine. He, however, got his patent and a fortune The model made by Dr. St. Clair is in his curious collection. There are forty-five batteries in the doctor's study, and nearly all of them have something to do. A curious instrument made in Paris, and only duplicated in this country, it is said, in the collection of Dr. W. A. Hammond, throws a stream of water so fine and strong that it penetrates the flesh like a knife. It is used in treatment of sciatica. There is a cautery battery, with $500 worth of electrodes, by which platinum wire, heated to white heat, is used to remove excreseuces; and there is a curious machine worked by a battery which is infallible in detecting curvature of the spine.

Perhaps the most attractive piece of mechanism in this curiosity shop is a double electric motor of eight magnets and sixteen armatures, with four shafts running to a common center, where, by a complex system of wheels, they revolve two horizontal shafts, one inside the other. Two six-inch wheels, one inch apart, revolve in an opposite direction over the shafts. The whole machine, which is of the physician's own manufature, as are most of the things described, is constructed to produce constant currents passing in opposite directions. Its practical application is important in surgery, especially in the rapid removal of a cataract from the eye. A large nickel-plated motor on the Doctor's table runs a lathe whon he is at his mechanical work. He can turn out a screw for his watch while he is waiting for a meal.

By a wire from his burglar alarm Dr. St.Clair has made it easy to turn on the gas to each separate burner of his chandelier, and light it by electricity. As long as the shut-off cock is turned, a constant spark passes over the mouth of the burner, and it is impossible to blow the gas out.

Dr. St. Clair expresses the belief that electricity will yet produce a revolution in domestic economy, and that it can be made a more useful servant than it is. "There is no science," he added, "to which the inventive talent of the young can be turned which promises more. The city's lights, if not electric themselves, should be lighted and extinguished by electricity; fires should be announced by electricity to those who live in their immediate vicinity, and not only to those whose duty it is to extinguish them; there should be underground cables with which householders should have the privilege of connecting, for burglar alarm or other purposes, just as we connect with gas and water mains."—*New York Sun.*

"Bless Me Smith."

When they picked him out of the snow and stood him on his feet he looked around in a dazed way and muttered:

"Bless me fi haint zrunk!"

When they got him to the station and asked his name he answered;

"Bless me—bless me—bless me 'fi know. Put 'er down—bless me—put 'er down Smith."

So they put him down as Bless Me Smith. When he walked out in the morning he looked carefully around him and then exclaimed:

"Bless me! if I haint jugged!"

"You were drunk."

"Guess I was. Bless me if I hain't went and made a fool of myself!"

"Where do you live?"

"Live? Bless your dear soul, hut I'm a farmer."

"Ever here before?"

"Never. Land o' love and bless my soul! but I'm as surprised as a hen on a hot stove!"

"Did you mean to get drunk?"

"Mean to! Why, I didn't take only half a glass of beer."

"Well, what shall we do about it?"

"Don't ask me. Bless you, sir, bnt I never had a lawsuit in my life. I don't know who is plaintiff or defendant, or who takes the witness-stand next."

"I guess you'd better go home."

"Bless you!"

"And yon'd better let beer alone after this."

"I will. I hadn't taken over two swallows before I saw double, and the half-glass took me off my feet in no time. Bless you, sir, bnt I've had a narrow escape and I won't let it happen again."

"Well, you can go."

"Bless you."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sir. Bless you—bless you—bless—good-hy, sir!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Reform in the Household.

Besides the general discomfort of the dwelling and the (often) coarseness of food which were the lot of our Puritan ancestors, their rough toil left but scanty margin for many of the refinements of elvilized life. Their work was that of the pioneer, and many of the eleganees of their former life must have been left behind them. Most of the furniture of their dwellings was of the rudest kind. Some few in emigrating hither brought some articles for domestic comfort, and their knowledge of the decencies of life was not left in England, even if, to a great extent, the practice of them was. The Dutch on Manhattan Island, coming as traders, and the early English emigrants to Virginia, having more of the spirit of adventurers and less that of permanent settlers than the Puritan forefathers, undoubtedly looked more carefully to physical comfort than did they. But those of us who sit down to a well-laid table, with its snowy napery, fine silver, cut-glass and delicate china, or who lounge in our easy-chairs, or enjoy the artistic furnishing of our homes, can have small conception of the want of beauty in those of the early settlers.

Very much time at the present day is wasted in making and nsing llimsy trash having neither true worth nor beauty—only showy and meretricious in every respect. If the settle in the corner of the Puritan's fireplace was rude, it was substantial, and could be sat upon, and, unlike the chairs in some modern parlors, would not give way and let its occupant upon the floor. There was a great fault among the American people in this whole matter of house-furnishing for many years, until within a very short time, and many a good housewife has had her patience tried by broken articles, and felt her money spent in things of little worth. But a decided improvement in the make of many things for household use has taken place, and it is now getting to be possible to purchase, if one has knowledge, most things needed for domestic purposes of sterling value, and in many cases for reasonable price.

There are women and women whose whole life is bound up in a small circle of daily cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping, and dusting. Their families must be provided for, and almost unheeded by them the world with its momentous interests strides on. The spring bird may warble, the seasons come and go; the only changes in their life are those which effect their work. They have little time for reading or thought and are narrowed down in intellectual life. A few women, of greater culture and further-reaching ambition, live less in the treadmill of domestic routine. Opportunity has broadened their life, and their horizon takes in many interests beyond their household cares. But, from the wife of the President, who so gracefully presides over the White House, down to the good wife in the humblest dwelling in the land, some certain duties must be performed, else the wheels of domestic machinery may become clogged, and confusion in the house result. Who has not been in homes where the play of this machinery has been so noiseless and accompanied by so little friction that peace and quietness seemed to be the very atmosphere of the dwelling? and in others where noise and jar destroyed all harmony of thought and feeling? Other causes than adaptability of dwelling and appointments can often be assigned for such disturbance, and it has been well said that domestic peace can not be preserved in family jars; but to any person who keeps house this adaptability to uso is of wondrous service in the making of life run smoothly. There are some things which every woman, from the lady of the mansion to the washerwoman in the tenement-house, who is a housekeeper must have: food for the number dependent upon her. comfortable sleeping arrangements, and facilities for cleanliness. Not every housekeeper has an exact idea of the amount of money she can or ought to spend. Business ofteu fluctuates, and the even balance is difficult to adjust; but after making as close an approximation as possible, the heavy side being in favor of less rather than greater expenditure, then the rule should be necessities first, next comfort, then luxury. In food, the best and most wholesome to be obtained; in clothing, good, plain, serviceable are the cheapest. There are problems of race and climate and resources to be yet solved by this American people, and the housekeepers of the land are daily helping toward their solution or otherwise. Good, strong brawn and muscle as well as fine brain-power are in constant demand, and they can not be made without suitable nourishing food and warm, comfortable clothing. The children of the rising generation are the hope of the nation, and in caring for their daily wants the mothers are slowly but surely laying the brick and foundation-stones of what shall be a fair edifice or a crumbling fabric. Physical development is not all, but in adapting the means of living to the end every faculty of the soul is called into play, and the housekeeper, in the exercise of her daily avocations, is consciously or unconsciously helping to build character as well as homes.—*Christian at Work.*

Spring Jackets.

There are decided changes in the styles of jackets for early spring wraps. Those of last year were English and masculine-looking, with a coat collar, double-breasted cut-away fronts, side pockets, seams across the hips, open seams with flaps at the back, and many large buttons. The new jackets are essentially French and feminine, as they are fitted to the figure, are single-breasted, high about the throat, are of even length all around, quite far below the hips, with every seam closed to the end, have inconspicuous buttons, and in many cases are completed by a belt, to which a bag is attached. These come in light-colored cheviots and other cloths of light weight. Tan and coachmen's drab are the most stylish shades, though gray is sometimes the prevailing hue, when illuminating threads of red, blue or green are introduced in the cloth. Small blocks and checks larger than pin-head checks, and a melange of colors, each of which is in slight dashes, are preferred to the twilled cloths of solid color; there are also some larger irregular plaids used, and occasionally there are striped wraps. The novelty for trimming these garments is the *ombre* striped satin Surah, which merely appears on the edges as facings and as hood linings. Such jackets, however, are meant for service and for general wear, so there is still a preference for finishing them with tailor-like rows of stitching. A favorite ornament for the back of jackets is three festooned cords of passementerie hanging in a deep curve below the waist line from plaques or frogs of cord placed on the back seams of the side forms. The Byron collar, or else a notched turned-over collar, trims the neck, and sometimes there is a plaited ruche of the cloth inside this collar at the neck. The coat sleeves are simply finished with two or three buttons and button-holes at each wrist, and a slight glimpse is given of a facing of striped satin at the edge The belts added to such jackets are only an inch and a half wide, of the cloth, stitched by machine, and the bag is flat and square. Bone buttons with eyes in the center are chosen the color of the cloth. These jackets are meant for plain useful garments, and cost from $6 up to $10 or $12. The shooting-jackets with box plaits, double-breasted fronts, wide belt and bag, also a hood, are shown in cheviots for outside wraps, but these will be confined to very slight figures, as they would look clumsy on those who are stout. Perhaps the most poplar of these jackets is that made with but two wide plaits in the back, a middle seam behind, a short side form each side, and one dart in each front. The box-plaits are sewed underneath from the neck down to three or four inches from the end, where they are merely pressed in shape so that they can be neatly faced and stitched. Jersey cloth jackets are also shown in Jersey shapes made with sailor collars. They are black or navy blue, and are trimmed with gilt braid.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Spring and the Animals.

The general weakening of the hnman system which comes with the advent of spring, and which is already beginning to be apparent, reminds us of a subject to which we feel the advisability of referring at the return of every spring, and that is the inability of working animals to bear the fatigue at the beginning of the season that they can bear after awhile. Horses are often injured by a neglect of owners to observe this well-known fact. An animal is placed before the plow, and expected and compelled to do as much the very first day as on any day during the plowing season, notwithstanding that the system is weak, and, perhaps, temporarily diseased from the effete matter which has been gathering during the long winter months, and imperfectly expelled. Time must be given to get all this effete matter out of the system; to get the system toned up, and to accustom the animal to the different state of things than those to which it has been accustomed during its term of idleness.

We know of no better rule In such cases than that which guides a judicious man with reference to himself. We say judicious because some men abuse themselves as greatly as they do their horses. Happening to be blessed with good health and robust physical constitution, they utterly ignore the demands of nature, and rush into work in spring-time with all the energy that they display at a later season; and at the end of the season they may point to their excellent condition as a refutation of the argument that they are injuring themselves. It is true that such treatment of oneself may not show adversely the first year or the second year, and perhaps not for many years. But the ill results are as sure to come as the sun is sure to rise in the morning. We can not with impunity set ourselves against the laws of nature; we can not force nature to do more than she has strength to do, without robbing ourselves of the strength which we shall need in future years; and, when we should still be strong men, we shall find ourselves prematurely old, comparatively useless and a burden to ourselves if not to others.

The working animal upon our farms will go the same way under similar circumstances. We can take off a few years of its life and several years of its value just as easily as we can off our own. Its system may not be quite as delicate as ours, and yet it is delicate. The system of every living creature is a complicated machinery, much of which is more delicate than the springs and wheels of the watch which we carry in our pocket, which we know we can not strain, and are careful not to do so.

Begin work easily; get at a full and hard day's work gradually; favor yourself and animals. Nothing will he lost in the end. Just as much work will he accomplished, and more than if you rushed into the field and wore both yourself and horses out the first day.—*Western Rural.*

Culture of Cucumbers For Pickles.

The ground should be plowed once or twice in the spring, and if sod land it should be turned over the previous fall. After the middle of June furrow out the field, having the furrows from four to five feet apart; in these furrows, make the hills, and in each hill put a shovelful of well-rotted manure, over which throw a little earth, and on this plant the seed. The cultivator may be used in cultivating, though the work around the hills requires the hand-hoe. When the vines begin to run, pinch them off at the third joint and the crop will be increased. For pickles the seed should be sown the latter part of June or the first of July. The best variety for this purpose is the Green Prolific. It is well to plant plenty of seed, as the "striped bug" may destroy some; and when the vines begin to run, all but three plants to a hill may be pulled up. Fine hone-flour sprinkled on the hills every day or two often rids the vines of these pests. A solution of tobacco put on the vines in the early morning and then a sprinkling of bone-dust are effectnal, but there is nothing better than flour of sulphur mixed with plaster or finely-sifted coal ashes. We have no statistics at hand concerning the yield, cost and profit per acre, further than that a large grower on Long Island realized a profit of from $125 to $150 per acre when the cucumbers were contracted for at $1.75 a thousand.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The present fireman of the White House entered upon his public career under President Fillmore's Administration.

Bill Arp's Coon Hunt, and Some Reflections Thereon.

The boys said it was too wet too plow, and they were going down on the creek to hunt rabbits, so I concluded to go along and tote the game. Mrs. Arp she said she knew we wouldn't kill anything, and we asked her if she would cook all we brought home, and she said, "Yes, and dress it, too." About the time we got started the two little chaps came up and begged me so sweetly to let them go I couldn't refuse, and so there were six of us in all, and two guns and two dogs, and in about an hour we had jumped six rabbits and killed five of them, and they were getting awful heavy when suddenly one of the boys looked up an elm tree that was in the middle of a canebrake and said, "I thought them things up there were squirrels' nests, but I do believe I saw one of 'em move." We all stopped and looked, and sure enough it did move, and the other one moved, and we knew they were coons. I never saw boys get excited so quick. They called the dogs and made for the canebrake. The creek was to cross and nary log in sight, so they just waded through and surrounded the tree and held the dogs fast while one of the boys got ready to fire. By this time I was getting ready to be a boy again myself, and I hollered to 'em to wait, and I pulled the little chaps through the cane till I found a log and got them across and was soon on the battle-ground. Bang went a gun and down came a wounded coon, the biggest old fellow I ever saw, and I never saw such a fight in my life. He wasn't hurt much with the small shot, and he did fight and growl and screech most amazin. First one dog and then the other hacked out with a howl and then set in on him again, until finally old Zip surreudered and gave up the ghost. Bang went another gun and the other coon let go and fell into a fork, and there he lay for dead for about fifteen minutes, when one of the boys said he was going to have him anyhow. So he climbed the tree, and when he had got about fifty feet up the coon straightened up in the fork and looked savagely at him and gave a growl. I wish you could have seen that boy slide. He came down that tree like a fireman comes down a scaling ladder. He left his hat and right smart of his breeches on the bark and grape vines. Well, of course they shot him again, and that tumbled him, and then we had another fight, and the boys say they never had as much fun, and they feel sorry for your town boys who don't have any sport and are penned up within brick walls, and the best they can do is to waste a few dollars on a French actress, and not know a word she said, and then go home and say bully for Sara. Well, I shouldered the biggest coon, and I think he weighed about twenty pounds when we started and about forty when I got home, and I laid him down suddenly in Mrs. Arp's lap and said, "Skin him and cook him, if you please." I oughtent to have done that. It was premature, and not altogether calculated to promote our conjugal felicity. Mrs. Arp is a stately, delicate woman, but I think she got up a little quicker than I had ever observed her. She thought it was a bear, or a hyena, or a catamount, and she screamed accordingly. All that was last Monday, and I think she has about recovered from it now, but if I were to kill a thousand coons I wouldn't try that little joke again. It didn't pay. I wonder what makes men and boys so cruel. My little girl was the only friend those poor coons had, and I can not tell what made me take pleasure in their death. Boys begin early to show their love of cruelty and destruction. They rock the birds and the cats and the chickens, and rob the birds' nests, and then they hunt the rabbits and squirrels, and shoot all sorts of wild animals just for sport. There is an original sin about them that don't belong to girls. Girls are tender and kind and sympathetic. I reckon that is one reason why we love 'em, but why they love us I don't know. I knew a boy once who caught a wild tomcat in the barn and tied a plow line round his neck and tied the other end to a ring behind the saddle that was on the old mare hitched to the fence, and then turned the old mare loose and pitched the cat ou her back, and she run herself to death in fifteen minutes, and the boys all laughed and hollered and enjoyed it splendid. That was mighty bad, bnt that boy married one of the sweetest girls in the country and made a good husband and a kind father. I reckon it's the devil that is in us for a while, and then he quits us and goes into somebody else or into some hogs or mad dogs or something. They say that every boy must sow his wild oats, though I have noticed that it takes some a heap longer than others to do it. They love a noise and a racket. They begin early to shoot fire-crackers and little pistols, and beat drums and tin pans and tie things to the dogs' tails and make 'em run and make 'em fight and set 'em on the cats, and a negro can't go along the road but what they whisper, "Sic him, Cesar!" When they get bigger and have a few bumps on their chin they want to do something more heroic. They want some girl to fall in the creek so they can jump in and save her life, or they want some wild horses to run away with a carriage so they can jump to the rescue of the ladies and seize the furious animals and jerk 'em down just in the nick of time, or he wants to whip another boy because he bucked up to his girl, and what is curious about these boys the girls seem to like that sort the best. If I hadent fought a feller who insulted me I don't believe Mrs. Arp would have surrendered. I don't. Maybe she would have took the other feller, and then what would have become of me and my children? It's melancholy to think of. I'm sorry we killed them coons, for they don't do any harm to speak of, and they are lively varmits and enjoy life. The boys have got four coon skins now, and the girls have promised to make a rug out of them, with a striped tail sticking out at every corner, and I'm going to put it down in Mrs. Arp's corner for her dainty little number twos to rest upon as an atonement for my rudeness. She always comes around right when I show my repentance, and I'm sure to show it sooner or later.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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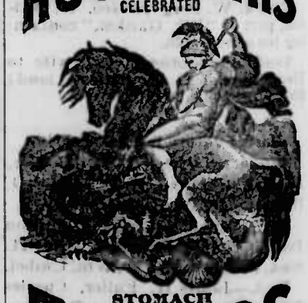

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HOME AND FARM.

—When strawberry plants are set in rows three feet apart and a foot apart in the rows it requires 14,520 for an acre.

—To Mend Glassware.—Take a small lump of unslacked lime fresh from the kiln, mix it with white of an egg, then apply quickly and set away till completely dry.

—The reason why cabbage emits such a disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will thus acquire a greator sweetness.

—Puddings for a Dyspoptic.—Line a deep bowl with bread dipped in hot water and salted a little, then fill full of sliced apples, add a cupful of white sugar and a little grated nutmeg, cover with more of the dipped bread and steam for two hours. If put in a mould it comes to the table very nice.

—Coffee Cake.—This is one of the best plain cakes and is very easily made. Take one cup of strong coffee infusion, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Add spice and raisins to suit the taste and enough flour to make a reasonably thick batter. Bake rather slowly in tin pans lined with buttered paper.

—Harrison Pudding.—Loaf of stale bread, one quart of milk, one-quarter pound of sugar, one-quarter pound of butter, grated peel of lemon, cinnamon and nutmeg, seven eggs. Cut off the crust of the bread, and grate the soft part very fine. Boil the milk and pour on the crumbs. Stir in the butter, sugar, and spices. Stir well and set to cool; then add the eggs, well beaten. Put in a well-buttered dish, and bake one hour. Serve with sauce.

—Black Knot in Cherries.—The black, rough excrescences common on plum and cherry-trees are known as black knot. These are caused by the oozing of the gummy sap through the cracked bark from some unknown condition of the tree. The break in the bark widens, and the wood and bark near it decay. It is best treated by the use of lime and potash as fertilizers for the tree, and by cutting out the diseased bark or limbs and burning them.

—Loaf Cake.—One and three-quarter pound of flour; one and one-quarter pound of sugar; one pound of butter; five eggs; half pint of milk; one and one-half pound of fruit (raisins and currants); one teaspoonful of soda; spices, lemon, etc. Beat the whites and yelks of the eggs separately; dissolve the soda in the milk; stone the raisins, and rub them and the currants in a little of the flour, so as to prevent their setting in the cake; rub the sugar and butter to a cream; add the eggs, milk, with soda, spices, lemon, flour, and lastly the fruit.

—How to Catch a Horse.—If the horse is shy and hard to catch take finely grated castor oils of rhodium and cummin; keep them in separate bottles well corked; put some of the oil of cummin on your hand and approach the horse on the windy side. He will then move toward you. As soon as you can reach him rub some of the cummin on his nose, give him some of the castor on anything he likes, and got a few drops of the oil of rhodium on his tongue. After this you can make him do nearly everything you want. Treat him kindly, feed well, handle gently, and your victory is certain.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

—Lampass consists of tumefaction in the palate. The seat of the trouble is situated in the vicinity of the upper nippers. The tumefaction arises, first, from local emphysema (windy swelling), which renders the palate elastic and augmented; second, from induration (an abnormal increase in the consistence of the palate). This increase is caused by an accumulation of dense particles of the blood which resists free circulation through the affected parts; third, from congestion. This is in some instances passive, while in others it is active. The treatment is very simple. Take a gum-lancet and lance the gums. After this is properly done, take a little fine salt and rub the gums with it. If the gum-lancet is not at hand, a common pocket-knife—which should be very sharp for the purpose—will answer equally as well as the lancet. With the knife make several incisions through the prominence down to the teeth, after which apply the salt as above directed, and where the lampass is unattended with any other local disease the cure is made, and the animal will recover its appetite immediately. Lampass should never be burned with a hot iron.—*N. Y. World.*

Getting Potatoes Early.

To get potatoes early a dry, well-drained piece of ground should be selected, a rich sandy loam seeming the most suitable at all times. If an early crop is desired sprout the tubers, or cut the potatoes in a light, warm room, from four to six weeks before planting, or in a hot-bed two weeks before they are wanted, then lift carefully and plant out—during this time you will procure strong, vigorous shoots which as soon as planted out in the open ground will send out roots and grow more rapidly than those treated in the ordinary way. All planters have doubtless observed in planting that where a set with a long shoot has been planted it has been up above ground a week earlier than the rest, and this shows the benefit of first sprouting the sets. There is no use in planting while the ground is wet, as a lumpy bit of ground will not do for potatoes. Plant as early in the spring as the ground can be thoroughly worked, for a healthy, vigorous growth, and a crop free from rot, in hills or rows three feet apart, and in the rows one foot apart; covering in light, warm soil about four inches, and in cold, wet ground three inches deep. Cultivate to keep down the weeds, and draw the earth to the plants. The practice of hilling or earthing up potatoes has been long continued, and we must allow with satisfactory results, or it would not still be almost universal. It is claimed that it entices root growth, besides allowing of more cultivation than otherwise, the earth holding up the tops. There are many persons however who have tried level culture, and who claim the yield was just as good as under the earthing-up system.—*Cor. Philadelphia Tribune and Farmer.*

Spring Work.

Very much of the enjoyment of life proceeds from the order and regularity with which we attend to every duty in its season, leaving heart and mind free, and unburdened with petty cares and anxieties. It is true that our own obedience to the demands of circumstances and the necessities of daily life do not always relieve us from care; for our lives are so intertwined with those of others that their failures affect us, often very injuriously. Still for these we are not responsible, and all that is required of us is to do our own duty, and assist the world at large by the influence of a good example.

There are people, both men and women, who are in a state of chronic backwardness; nothing that they attempt, or for which they are responsible, is ever executed on time; the spring work lapses over into the summer, the summer into fall, and fall into winter, and that which would have done so much for protection and comfort during the cold weather is lacking, and finally done without or postponed, to the serious detriment perhaps of something or somebody.

Spring work is of many kinds to the housekeeper who is also the mother of a family, and who lives in the country. It begins with twenty things at once, all of which require to be attended to at very nearly the same time. If the amount of help is restricted, the husband engaged in business, or busy with his farming, the garden paths and yards must be cleared of the leaves and *debris*, which the disappearing snow renders so unsightly; plants have to be set out, and those special herbs and seeds planted which the housewife has under her own special charge. Children can be made very useful in this work, and nothing pleases them more than to be set at work which is useful and at the same time fully as much "fun" as play. All that is necessary is to teach them exactly how to do it, have patience with their mistakes, and let them get as much pleasure out of it as they please. Perhaps the next step for the housekeeper to take is the annual cleaning. In the city this is often postponed till fall, and executed just before the "family" returns from the country, superintended by an experienced servant. But this arrangement pre-supposes wealth and trained servants, and we are now speaking for the majority, and especially for those who have houses which they occupy from year to year, or homes in the country. Spring cleaning is a disagreeable necessity, but it can be mitigated, and is really only a necessity for those who live upon carpets nailed tightly to each floor, and incapable of removal except by an eruption or domestic earthquake. If floors were more sensibly and perfectly laid, if they were stained, and only covered in the center with a square rug or carpet which could be taken up, the great need of a general renovation would be done away with, and one source of domestic discomfort very much abated.

The cleaning of bed-room closets and bedsteads should precede the general cleaning, and take place during the month of March, one set at a time. If this work is done thoroughly, and at the proper time, it will not only promote comfort but save labor, and the deterioration of much that is valuable throughout the year. Bedsteads should be taken apart, and first thoroughly cleaned with warm salted water and soap; when dry pour into every crack and crevice drops of kerosene oil, over this blow Persian insect powder through a small bellows. From closets every article of clothing should be removed, shaken, hung out to air, and well brushed before being replaced. In the meantime clean shelves and floor and paint with warm water and soap, scrubbing the shelves and floor, but not the paint; when dry pour round the edges and into every crack a strong solution of salt in boiling water; if there are mice holes shake into them strong cayenne pepper, and stop them up with chloride of lime, sealing them with putty or cement. Sprinkle finally some borax upon the shelves before covering them with paper, and you will not only be clean, but free from the depredations of insects for the entire summer.

The preparation of spring clothing is a work of much less time and difficulty if the fall work has been well done, that is, light clothing mended, washed, and rough dried before having been put away. Dirt impoverishes quicker than wear, and it is above all things foolish and absurd to harbor so deadly an enemy to thrift and comfort.

The sewing-machine has lightened sewing, and the ready paper pattern removed all anxiety in regard to "making-over" processes, as well as the making up of new garments; and for children, and especially for spring and summer, the simpler the better.

There is an immense amount of detail and steady drudging labor to be remembered and performed by conscientious wives and mothers, and it ought to be better known and appreciated by the average husbands and fathers. The sensible woman will do it and make as little fuss about it as possible; but it would strengthen her heart as well as her hands if she felt that in her place she was doing as good and necessary work as he in his, and that he fully acknowledged it. Our homes are the most important element in our lives, and require incessant care, work and watchfulness at all seasons, but the spring makes unusual drafts upon the time of those who are perhaps always sufficiently occupied, and if we can help by labor or patience to lighten the burden, we may well consider it a joyful opportunity to make a contribution to the good genius of spring work.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

—St. Louis has a fire department chief who is a marvel of a man. Though fifty years of age, Mr. Sexton has never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, smoked a cigar nor chewed a chew of tobacco. His whole life has been spent in applying cold water to fires and advocating the use of the same as a beverage.

—To make nice potato cakes for breakfast, add a soup-plate of mashed potatoes half a salt-spoonful of pepper, the same of nutmeg, a little salt, and the yelk of an egg; form into small cakes, put in a buttered baking-pan, brush the top with the white of an egg, and brown in a quick oven

THE DAIRY.

—The Boston Board of Trade recommends that butter be neatly packed in white ash or spruce tubs holding from thirty to sixty pounds. These should be well soaked in brine before using, the butter laid in very solid and neatly covered with clean bleached cotton. Butter of different colors should not be put in the same tub. Care is always found to pay richly.

—The keeping quality and taste of butter depend largely on the quality of the salt used in making it. Salt that contains lime and magnesia, the two principal impurities, is unfit to use. But as the difference in price between the best salt and inferior grades is slight, while that between good and bad butter is very large, it pays to get the best always for dairy purposes.

—Milk From a Farrow Cow.—The milk of a farrow cow is very apt to have small particles of curd in it, and these float up in the cream and so get into the butter. Scalding the milk will only make the matter worse. Nothing can be done to prevent it but to have the cow come in again, unless it may be to give the cow one small tablespoonful of carbonate of soda in her feed every morning for a week or two.

—I always milk my cows while they are in stanchions, summer as well as winter; it saves time, and time is money. If I mess my cows I always do it just before I sit down to milk, sometimes only one cow at a time. I think they give down their milk better and thus give more of it. There are not many days in the year, probably not over sixty, but what it will pay to give your cows a mess of some kind. Some allow two acres of pasture during the grazing season, but I prefer giving them less in the spring, when the grass grows rapidly, and then make up the deficiency, if there should be one, in August or September, with sowed corn or sweet corn stalks, corn and all the pumpkins, beet tops or anything I seem to have.—*J. O. Beal.*

—Moistening Old, Dry Cheese.—Scanty moisture in cheese is a most favorable circumstance for long-keeping. The cheeses described, being dry, are already in condition for preservation and will doubtless last as long as desired. The sharp flavor is also largely due to their being dry. It can be very much abated and the cheese made palatable and otherwise more desirable, by making them moist. This can best be done, after washing them with weak lye to get the grease out of the way, by keeping them wrapped in wet cloths. The absorption of water will be slow, but if preserved in in it will be effectual. It can be facilitated by making small holes in the side and filling them with water. After cutting it may also be hastened by applying wet cloths to the cut surface. It will not do to immerse the cheese in water, either before or after cutting as the water will dissolve out its goodness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Dairy Farmers as Manufacturers.

All dairy farmers are manufacturers, and the manufacturing processes of the dairy, either in making butter or cheese must be regarded as belonging to the class of highly skilled labor, involving knowledge of mechanics and chemistry. Even the preparing of milk for market upon milk farms requires considerable skill in order to ensure the product of the cows reaching market in good order. There is no doubt that much good butter and cheese is made by "rule of thumb," just as a great deal of dyeing is done in the same way. But just as no manufacturer of textiles will now ever employ a dyer who is ignorant of the scientific principles which underlie his art, so no cheese factory or creamery can afford to employ a maker who works solely by guess. It is a fact well-known in the dairy goods trade that only a small fraction of that class of merchandise is of a high grade. The vast bulk of it is second and third rate. Now there is hardly another manufacture in the world which can be engaged in without disastrous failure where first class material is used and only second or third class products turned out. Yet this is the exact position of a very large number of our dairy farms. Good cattle and good feed are found there, but good butter and cheese are rarely produced. It is as though a business man should set up a factory with good machinery and buy good raw material, yet turn out inferior goods through want of skill. Why have cheese factories so generally superseded the farm manufacture, and why is creamery butter so much the most salable? Not because it is impossible to make good butter and cheese upon the farm. On the contrary, the very choicest articles of either product rarely if ever come from the factory. The factory raises the average quality of the product and makes it more uniform, but it is almost impossible to make a strictly choice article of butter or cheese from miscellaneous milk or cream. The very best must always come from the first-rate farm dairy. This fact gives the skillful domestic manufacturer a sort of monopoly, or at least a steady percentage of advantage. Every dairyman who does not avail himself of this fact fails to live up to his privileges.. He should study his business thoroughly, both as taught, directly and indirectly, in books, and also by visiting and learning the practice of the best dairies. Yet that few dairymen and women do this is demonstrated by the low prices at which much the largest part of American dairy butter and cheese is marketed. The total loss to the country by the misuse in manufacture of first-rate dairy material must be reckoned high among the millions annually.—*T. H. Hoskins, M. D., in Examiner and Chronicle.*

—A Placer (Cal.) dog fell into a shaft, and was there forty-two days before he was discovered. During that time he was without food. The bottom of the shaft was tramped as hard and smooth as marble, and the sides as high as the dog could spring were furrowed and torn in its frantic efforts to escape. A diet of warm water and milk were administered, and at last accounts it was recovering rapidly. Its weight before it disappeared was one hundred pounds, and when found it was less than twenty.

—Cincinnati is called by the Boston *Globe* the Hamburg of America.

The Romance of a Tramp.

During the Centennial year, among the thousands of persons who went through the Capitol building one day in July was a tramp named George ——. As he was passing down the steps, after an inspection of the building he stumbled and fell, breaking his arm. A Capitol policeman picked him up, and after preparing a cot sent for a surgeon, who set the arm. This over, the tramp asked the privilege of sitting around in the Capitol Park until he got strong enough to go about again, saying that he had no money and knew that habitual loungers were liable to arrest on a charge of vagrancy. The desired privilege was granted; and, in addition, an arrangement was made by which he was given a comfortable sleeping place in the building. The officer also managed to bring enough food from his boarding-house to supply him. In about two weeks the tramp gave notice that he would start West. He was exceedingly thankful for the kindness shown him by the officer, and said if he ever got half a chance he would endeavor to repay it. The tramp met a Centennial tourist from Salt Lake City, who happened to know his father. After talking the tourist offered to take him West if he wanted to go. The offer was accepted and the Capitol policeman, Arthur Thomas, went to the depot with them and bade them good-bye.

Now let four years pass and the rest of the story comes in. Arthur Thomas, who was a Capitol policeman in 1876, is now, and has been for more than a year, Secretary of Utah Territory, having been appointed by President Hayes on the recommendation of a number of leading men, Republicans and Democrats. Some weeks since a man named George —— entered Mr. Thomas' office in Salt Lake to ascertain something about the boundaries and survey of certain sections of mineral lands. They recognized each other, and had a long talk. The tramp had prospered. Beside having a wife, he can draw and have honored his check for $100,000. Everything he has touched since he has been in the Territory has turned into money, one way or another. The ex-policeman and ex-tramp can be seen strolling or driving about Salt Lake any afternoon, and the wives of each are equally inseparable.—*Washington Cor. Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Joyful Impulses.

Exuberant animal spirits, says the London *Telegraph*, have seldom proved so baneful a gift to their possessor as in the case of a young Australian artisan of German extraction, whom patriotic and loyal interest in the marriage of the heir presumptive to the German throne prompted to travel all the way from Sydney to Berlin in order to take part in the popular rejoicings with which that auspicious event was celebrated last month. This light-hearted enthusiast was joyfully promenading the Linden Avenue on the Friday afternoon before the wedding, inspecting with lively interest the preparations for Princess Victoria's state entry into the Capital, when suddenly he espied a German maiden of extraordinary beauty tripping towards him with elfin grace. In the fullness of his heart he clasped this type of Teutonic loveliness to his manly bosom and imprinted a patriotic kiss upon her lips. The blushing maiden instantly gave him in charge and he was led away to the Molkenmarket, where, interrogated as to his motive for embracing a daughter of the city without the least provocation, he pleaded that "his joyful impulses had outstept his discretion, and irrepressibly stimulated him to salute an incorporate idea of German maidenhood." This extenuating allegation, which might have melted a heart of stone, produced no visible effect upon the Prussian police-lieutenant, who forthwith sent the youthful Australian to prison for five days. When he was released all the festivities he had traveled twelve thousand miles to participate in were over and done with.

—At a conflagration a worthy citizen gazes with stupefaction on the steam fire-engines. "Well, I never," he says with deliberation. "I never expected to see such criminal, senseless, wastefulness! The idea of warming the water before throwing it on the flames."

—Ideal and real: Many a woman who would like to put down a new Brussels carpet in her parlor this spring will be obliged to be content with putting a new hoop on the second best washtub.

Says an English physician: "The uncertainty of meal-taking brings with it a craving for stimulants." That's the way it is with the tramp. He's uncertain about his meals, and always craves stimulants.

A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noises. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

An Englishman who went to see an Irish friend knocked at the street door and asked: "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sorr; but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-merrow," was the response, "he'd have been dead a fortnight."

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

It is not pleasant to have the barber's apprentice practicing upon you, lay open your cheek with a two-inch gash, and then follow the cut with the cheery remark: "Skin's very tender, sir." It is not pleasant. We don't know what it is, but it isn't pleasant.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Princess Louise was thirty-three years old last week. This is one of the penalties of being a Royal personage and having your pedigree recorded. Other English women born within three months of Louise are now only twenty-six.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Johnny," said his father, as the boy took the primal biscuit from the plate, "don't you know that it is impolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, pa, mother told me to help myself befers you." "What do you mean?" asked his father, while his mother looked up with astonishment depicted in every feature. "Why, I heard mother tell Aunt Hannah that she hoped I wouldn't take after you, and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."—*Boston Transcript.*

Manufacturers put down this rent of water power under the head of current expenses.

—A 100-year-old negress died suddenly, to all appearances, in Pointe Coupee Parish, Louisiana, a short while ago, but in the midst of preparations for her burial she revived again and seemed as well as ever. This circumstance has created a frenzy of excitement among all the negroes of the district, who firmly believe that the old woman was really dead and has come to life again, and that she can, in consequence, cure the lame, sick and blind, and perform all kinds of miracles.

—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* for April says that linseed oil is the best substance to coat eggs with for the purpose of preserving them and preventing the evaporation of their watery elements.

[Attleboro' Chronicle.]
Carry the News.

Mr. John Eizenspeiger, manufacturing Jeweler of North Attlebero', Mass., lately communicated to us the following: I suffered so much with pains in my arm, that at times I was completely helpless. I used that incomparable remedy St. Jacobs Oil and was completely cured as if by magic.

The New York *Mail* says the only remedy for a lady of short stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.

[Detroit Post and Tribune.]

I have a little girl, said Mr. Henry Dole, of this city, in a conversation, who was troubled with a severe lameness in her legs, pronounced by some Erysipelas, by others Rheumatism. I had tried several remedies without effect, when I was induced to apply St. Jacob's Oil, and I am happy to say that the use of but one bottle cured her, and she is now able to go to school again.

The land agent worked for four hours trying to induce a man to emigrate to Dakota by telling him how healthy it was out there before he found the man was a professional grave-digger.—*Boston Post.*

No Good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unwieldy nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—*Albany Times.*

Gloves are worn very long now—by people who cannot afford to buy new ones.

Facts About Rheumatism.

Mrs. General Sherman says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic."

General Logan, United States Senator, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have been a great sufferer in the last year with same disease. I be an to take Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, and am satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I recommend it to all sufferers."

Hon. John Cessna, late member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In this space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

It absolutely cures when everything else fails. Sold by every Druggist. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Hephenatine, Washington, D. C.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and he convinced that Consumption can be cured." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Deserved Success.

That is what the proprietors of James Cough Pellets are having. Coughs, colds and lung troubles generally, succumb every time. Pleasant and cheap. Ask for them. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Ask your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

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"My mother had suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to the great joy of the family." Rev. JOS. E. ROY, Chicago Agent of the American Home Missionary Society, to the N. Y. *Independent.*

[*Published in the "Alexandria Gazette," May, 1877.*]
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot Number four thousand and forty-five.

being the same land which was conveyed to James King by Solomon Simmons and others by deed dated May 2d, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 12, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to James King.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

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Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

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On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots numbers 2900, 2907, 2927, 2928, 2996,

also two lots adjoining the "Glass Place," and one piece adjoining the Pennsylvania line, containing 30¾ acres, and containing altogether 310¾ acres of land and assessed in the name of Dawson V. Hammond.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

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4 16 3 Collector.

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On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots numbers two thousand eight hundred and eighty one and two thousand eight hundred and eighty two,

and assessed in the name of M. W. and H. C. Savage.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

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The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public sale,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland all that piece or parcel of land called

"Grim's Point Resurveyed,"

containing sixty acres and assessed to Isaac Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"Addition to Sophia and Arabia,"

containing 7¼ acres, more or less, and assessed to Mary Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

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ORDER NISI,

Charles Fike and others vs. Norman Fike and others.

No. 201 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, this Fifth day of April A. D. 1881, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of May, A. D. 1881. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks prior to the second day of May A. D. 1881.

The report states the amount of sale to be three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars ($3,750.00.)

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
4 9 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLE
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. . T. KELLE[illegible],

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BANCORD,
3 19 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

FOR RENT.

The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

4 9 tf E. D. KEFNER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND,

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EVERY VARIETY

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JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
Statements, &c.,

Posters,
Handbills,
Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

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PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims, Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.13 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.58 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President,
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President,
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUED BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex Jud e, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on reception of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its use the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers,

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 8 SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra brasses. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED.

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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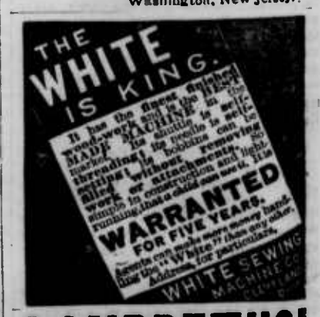

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA. PA.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1626-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881. NUMBER 10

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 2t

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

E. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. ☞ Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

A FEW FRIENDS.

A few friends to travel with us
Up and down the path of life,
Give a zest to each enjoyment,
Pluck the sting from toil and strife:
And if rugged be the pathway—
As it will sometimes t ween,
Friendly hands may point to beauties
Which alone we had not seen.

A few friends, to gather with us
Round the sacred fires of home,
With sweet music, books and converse;
All the world outside may gloam!
Just a few, and not the many—
Lest simplicity depart,
And formality and fashion
Takes the place of brain and heart.

A few friends in time of trouble,
When the soul is bruised and crossed,
Like a ship on stormy billows,
Crippled, lashed and tempest-tossed;
Then, when helpless and forsaken,
Do we prize the precious few,
That will guide us into haven
And still keep our bark in view.

A few friends beyond the river,
Waiting—on the farther shore,
Make us long to reach the harbor
Of the dear ones gone before;
And we strive for nobler virtues,
Scatter seeds of truth and love,
Knowing that they watch and beckon,
From the sinless realms above.

BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

HER SIDE.

An expostulation from my aunt and a frown from my Cousin John; but, unheeding, I continue my remarks:

"I was never so disappointed in my life! To think of calling him a hero—that weakly, delicate-looking cripple?"

"Oh, Midget, hush! He's coming!"

It was a warm afternoon, and we are all out upon the veranda; my cousin is swinging lazily to and fro in a hammock which is suspended just beneath the wistaria vine, and from his elevated position he has been able to see the slow approach along the walk by the side of the house of the individual under discussion. Can he have heard? For once my self-possession entirely deserts me, and I sit with crimsoned cheeks and down-dropped, frightened eyes, ashamed of myself, and deservedly so, for have I not spoken slightingly of a guest and my cousin's dearest friend?

"How cool and comfortable you look!" said a pleasant voice. "I have obeyed your injunction, Mrs. Trevor, and rested a full hour, and I can assure you I feel greatly refreshed after my long journey."

Involuntarily I draw a sigh of relief. He has not heard—if he had he never could look and speak so unconcernedly. He takes a seat near me, and, at last, I ventured to raise my eyes, they meet a calm, friendly, answering gaze. No—it is quite evident that he has not heard. Before proceeding I will describe this college friend and beau ideal of all perfection of my Cousin John. His name is Dr. Robert St. Clair, and his age I should judge to be somewhere about 30. He is not tall and is very delicate looking; and what detracts still further from his appearance he is very lame. Now, somewhere in remote ages—very remote, I should say, as I have heard it quoted ever since I knew enough to be proud of a new sash—some one remarked that "beauty is but skin deep." However that may be, it is just as true that I was born with an eye for homeliness and an aversion to a deformity or a blemish of any kind. A week goes by; seven suns have risen and set since Dr. St. Clair first came to "Scraghead"—by which unromantic name the romantic island upon which our summer home is located is called. The last of these seven days finds my first impression of my visitor decidedly modified. When he is silent I think him plain and my eyes wonder at his catch, but when he speaks and his face brightens till it fairly glows, then I cease to wonder at the charm he exercises over my cousin. Two more weeks hasten by.

"I must go at the expiration of another," Dr. St. Clair says, decidedly. "Now, John, no urging, my kind friend; I cannot neglect my duties any longer."

That night I pushed back my curls and study my reflection in my glass. I have a reason for so doing. That very afternoon, as I sat reading in my favorite retreat, tucked away from the heat and the flies in an odorous bower of nature's own making, with drooping rose sprays falling about and hiding me, only distant a stone's throw from where my cousin and his friend had esconced themselves and were finishing a previous conversation, before I could rise and make myself known I overheard something which effectually kept me where I was.

"I know your admiration for a noble character," John was saying, "but you must not think little Midget as frivolous as she appears. You haven't seen her best side. She is fitful and capricious before you because I think your indifferent manner rather piques her. The child is very young and has been spoiled by too much admiration; she is accustomed to see every man she meets do homage to her pretty face."

The answer came musingly and absently:

"Yes, your cousin might be pretty—nay, beautiful—in some eyes, but to me there is something wanted in the face, perfect in outline and color though it is—the Undine needs a soul."

My glass showed me two dark mischievous eyes, set in a piquante face; a small curved mouth, a straight nose. "Undine needs a soul!" What could he mean? But my mirror does not possess a like gift with the ancient oracle, and turn away unanswered and dissatisfied.

The last week of our visitor's stay has drawn to a close, and he has gone. Ah! truly in three short months of daily companionship I have grown to fully understand John's admiration for Dr. St. Clair. Never before have I had such a mine of varied and entertaining knowledge unlocked before me. Of things above the sky, reverently touched upon—of things below; of the marvels of foreign countries, and of the interesting objects in our own—upon each and every topic he has been equally at home; and though he has paid but little attention to me, I have quietly listened and benefited by what I have heard. Now that he is gone I awake to find that, like John, I have allowed a hero-worship to spring up in my heart, that I miss his quite footfall, and that though I fear he does not even like me—deems me doll-like and frivolous—I have grown to care for this grave, plain man, so different from the shallow youths of whom I meet a plenty in society. When I ask John he readily tells me all about his friend, and I learn how it was that he came to be lame. How, when a mere youth, he had been present at a large fire, and how, when no one else had dared—when even the firemen had feared to risk their lives—he had climbed a ladder in the face of the blazing flames to save a little child. The ladder had broken before descent had been completed, and he had fallen with the little one in his arms. The child had been unharmed, but then it was that he received the injury which made him a cripple. As I listen to John's enthusiastic description of his friend's brave act my heart stirs and throbs within me. This is the man of whom, in my girlish thoughtlessness, I spoke slightingly, almost contemptuously!

HIS SIDE.

There is a lull in the storm. For at least three days I have not been called to any new cases, and at last I think I may safely say that the cloud is lifted which for the past few months has lain so heavily upon the people of this ill-fated South. I write hopefully, and well I may; for, together with the joy of knowing that the woe about me is abating, into my own life has dawned an overwhelming and entirely unlooked for radiance. I will tell how it has come about. As one morning, a month ago, I went my rounds, in one of the hospital wards, bending over a patient, I saw a new nurse. I watched her a moment unseen, when suddenly, as she slightly turned her head, I recognized one whom I had not seen for five years. Notwithstanding the stiff regulation dress and the close cap which confined the hair, I knew her—for was it not a face which the more I had tried to forget, the more it had remained engraved on the inmost tables of my heart? I had seen it first when a dear friend had persuaded me to give myself a short rest to recruit at his country home the health which my arduous duties had impaired. I went, promising to remain a month, if nothing urgent recalled me. I found an ideal home, such as one reads of in books, situated in a spot nature must have created with a smile upon her face. The hostess, a gentle, gray-haired lady, made me cordially welcome—"a friend of her son's was as her own," she said. There was another inmate of my friend's home—his young cousin. A gay, radiant creature, with a music as of rippling brooklets in her merry voice, and a face full of fun and laughter, but without a particle of earnestness underlying its varied expressions, I could see she shrank from me at our first meeting, and I soon learned the reason. I was a cripple, and she was one to whose exuberant health and beauty-loving nature any deformity or weakness gave a sensation almost of repulsion. But as we grew better acquainted, as the passing days opened out to us each other's character, her manner toward me changed. Though she suspected it not, the change was a dangerous one to me. I had thought her incapable of any seriousness of feelings; now I found my mistake. I had thought her superficially fair, but I soon came to find beauty in her girlish face surpassing that of any other I had ever seen. The time flew by until the day came on which I had decided to go, and it was well that it was so, for I knew then that almost unconsciously an all-absorbing love had been growing up in my heart for the beautiful girl, who was no more fitting mate for one like me than a dainty humming bird would be for a grim, sombre raven. Not for such as she was a work-day life like mine, even had I not been as I was—different from my fellows—a cripple. So I went away, thanking my kind entertainers and binding with cords of iron my heart, which throbbed like a wild thing when at parting she laid her little hand in mine and said she was sorry I was going. Sorry—and I, who was more than sorry, could only utter the merest commonplaces. To return to where I broke away into reminiscences. As I stood watching her, she turned and came toward me. I was not mistaken—though graver and paler than of old, before me stood she whom John had playfully christened "Midget," but who was always in my thoughts Margaret. So I addressed her now:

"Miss Margaret, how can it be possible that you are here, risking your life in this fevered atmosphere?"

She gave me her hand quietly, as if it had been but yesterday that we parted.

"I have been in the midst of the worst of it," she said; "for I came to D——(naming a city a few miles distant) six months ago. There I have been since, until yesterday. I was sent here to take the place of a nurse who has been taken sick."

"But your aunt, where is she?" I asked; "and my friend, your cousin? I have not had a word from him for a long time."

An expression of sadness clouded her face.

"Did you not know," she exclaimed, "that both my dear aunt and my noble young cousin—all I had in the world to love and be loved by—were taken from me within one short month? Oh, it was hard! I was almost beside myself with grief. Then I read of the suffering in the South and the need of nurses. I was alone in the world—no circle would be broken by my loss—and I thought that perhaps in hard work I could be able to drown my sorrows. So I came."

As she spoke I gazed with amazement at the brave woman before me (for though young in years, "girl" she could be called no longer.)

"The first month I took the fever," she continued, "but my perfect health brought me through quickly."

Truly the ways of Providence are mysterious! How little I ever thought that I should meet Margaret Hope in such a manner and place. After that I saw her daily; saw her kneeling in prayer by the dying or whiling away the weary hours of convalescence by her beautiful cheery presence. A month passed. It was cooler weather now, and the fever was at an end. The time had come when my services were no longer indispensable and I could return to my Northern home. I called to bid Miss Hope good bye. I found her alone. We talked awhile, and suddenly, although my reason told me it was madness—impelled by an inward prompting I could not resist. I disclosed to my listener the love which had been hidden in my heart all the long years which had passed since we last met. As my passionate words fell on her ear a pale rosedrift tinged the snow of her exquisite face. Ah, I saw only too clearly by the difference that existed between her great loveliness and my poor, maimed body, how foolish I was even to dare to hope, and yet I kept on. Then bowing my head I awaited my answer. It came not in words. Soft, round arms clasped my neck, a tender, tear-wet face pressed itself to mine; there close by my side, with eyes whose joyful light gleamed through a mist of tears, was Margaret.

"Robert, take me," she whispered; "I am yours. Undine has found her soul!"

So she has heard me say that! Well, I tell her later, my offense is cancelled, for I too overheard a remark never meant for my ears—a remark which was the means of forcing me to keep silence then and ever since till now. Was ever man so blest as I? As I picture the future—my love-lit home and the beautiful companion who is to be its guardian angel, a sense of thankfulness rises in me too deep for words, for surely this side of the heavenly shore God can give to man no more precious gift than that of a noble, loving wife.

Evening at Home.

It is a bad sign when a husband does not spend his evenings at home. Some men's business duties will not permit them to do so, and they are excusable, but are nevertheless most unfortunately placed in life for enjoying the sweetest and best part of home happiness. It is even a worse sign when the wife and mother prefers to spend her evenings elsewhere than in the home circle of which she should be the centre and the light. Bad, likewise, is it when the young folks find their enjoyment away from home or are kept in at night only by an authority from which they long to be free. Between a lawless freedom and a stern restraint for children there is not much to choose. Each course sends thousands to their ruin every year.

It is a pity there cannot be a play room in every house where there are young children, fitted up with simple gymnastic apparatus; kept clear of furniture, so that all sorts of lively games and indoor sports may be indulged in, and open to the boisterous little folks whenever they want "a spree." But it is not much to give all an early evening hour in the sitting room for some one of the many pleasant ways in which people can entertain each other when they set about it. Don't save all your "good times," any more than your good manners, for company. If the reading has flagged, or the old games grown stale, devise new methods of amusement. What would you do if a dozen friends were coming in for an evening? Can't you do as much for the children? Don't be afraid of fun, good people, even if it be a little noisy; and prize it enough to plan for it.

Recreation.

The literal meaning of this word is to make over again; but in its ordinary acceptation it is intended to convey the idea of rest, refreshment or rather, renovation. The body is refreshed by rest; the brain is renovated by sleep, by absolute repose. But body and brain may be invigorated for a season by changing the direction of their respective activities. And also by working alternately. A man who has become tired of riding on horseback or in a carriage rests himself, gets rid of his fatigue by walking. The brain which has become weary in thinking of one subject is refreshed by some other study. On the other hand, a man who feels tired all over, by work or a long walk will get rested sooner by sitting down to read than if he did nothing. Rachel, the great tragic actress, when returning from one of her performances at two or three o'clock in the morning, rested herself by spending an hour or two in changing the furniture of her rooms. The best sedative which a public speaker can take after a great effort is to read a newspaper, or anything else that has a variety of short statements.

The great practical idea we wish to convey is, that recreation is not idleness, but a change of direction in the operation of the physical or mental forces. A French actress lately went mad within an hour after the play, because she went home, laid down and let the mind run on in the same track. She should have changed to bodily activity like Rachel.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FED THROUGH THE SKIN.—A remarkable case of abstinence from food is reported at Battle Creek, Mich. Last October Mrs. Henry Ingram had some teeth pulled, and this brought on nausea at the stomach and inability to retain food. The woman is still alive, having eaten or drank nothing since October. She is nourished by being bathed in beef tea, milk, etc., which acts by absorption, the quantity absorbed from these baths being nearly a quart a day. She feels a sort of hunger, which is soon allayed by a bath, after which she feels as if she had eaten. A bath of water will quench her thirst. Her stomach is said to be totally paralyzed.

Ostriches.

A large business is done at Cape Colony in the way of farming ostriches for their plucking. It is only twelve years since the business was started in Cape Colony, and the industry is most profitable. Last year ostrich feathers to the value of $2,500,000 were exported from the Cape. A guaranteed good pair of birds, aged four years, can be purchased for $1,000, and these bring in the first year $100 for feathers. If the breeder has ordinary luck they ought to hatch twenty chicks, which when six months old are worth from $40 to $50 each. Thus, in the first year, the farmer is often repaid for the whole outlay. The first plucking takes place when the birds are about twelve months old, the feathers being then worth about $2.50. The next plucking realizes about $7.50, and so on, increasing in value as the bird ages. Ostriches require very little room, the breeding birds being kept in small paddocks of about four or five acres in extent, and they feed upon Indian corn, or almost any kind of grain.

How to Get Along.

Never stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

A Negro Boy's Fortitude.

Quite a remarkable instance of the fortitude of a negro is related to have taken place at Lynchburg, Va., recently. It appears that a few years ago Frank Helmholz shot a very young negro boy. The ball struck the boy and inflicted a severe wound, from which an entire paralysis of one side resulted. The boy suffered intensely at times, yet attempted to make a living, and as many good people pitied his helpless condition he made a living by the sale of cakes, confections and matches. Last week, during the absence of his mother, he undertook and accomplished the entire amputation of his paralyzed foot with a small penknife and a pair of scissors. When found he was insensible, but the foot was off and the stump wrapped up in a rag and a paper bag, such as is used in wrapping confectionery. Strange to relate, the boy began to improve forthwith, and he has suffered but little since the amputation.

A PEACE MAKER.—The late Rev. Dr. Neale was once asked by the Rev. A. J. Gordon if he ever had any church difficulties. "Oh, yes," he replied; "once it was pretty serious, and the brethern were getting very warm, I said, 'Let us be dismissed.' They rose and before they thought of it, the benediction was pronounced and they were dispersing. Ere another meeting they had cooled off." Dr. Gordon asked Dr. Neale the secret of his long pastorate. "Well," replied he, "when I got vexed and wanted to go, they wouldn't let me, and when they got vexed and wanted me to go, I wouldn't go. We never both got mad at the same time.

The recklessness with which some rural Americans, when sick, swallow anything that any one sees fit to recommend as likely to benefit them, has been illustrated afresh by three grown Yankees of the farming persuasion, resident in South Hadley, in the State of Massachusetts. They were sick; a neighboring ruralist brought them some stuff in a bottle, which he said he had found under a fence, and had used with gratifying results; they dosed themselves with it on this recommendation; the stuff turned out to be horse liniment. One of the men is in a very bad way, and all three have sued the neighbor.

Thousands of the most prominent and intelligent persons throughout the land have testified to the true merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. We advise sufferers to try it. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE NEW LESSON.

You are learning a lesson, maiden fair,
Though a school-girl never more—
Learning a lesson with all your heart
Which you never have learned before.
The sunbeams herald the gladsome day,
And o'er the waters ripple and play,
While you are conning with heart so gay
Your sweet new lesson o'er.

Many a letter your hand has held
From school-girl lover and friend,
And many a promise, merry and true,
Your own little hand has penned.
But there are letters and *letters*, and you
Are learning the difference 'tween old and new,
And studying o'er with heart so true
The story which knows no end.

You are "somebody's queen, fair, gracious, sweet,"
You know, for the letter you hold,
In every line, and o'er and o'er
The same sweet truth has told.
'Tis easy to study a lesson like this,
Since learning it brings such measure of bliss,
And the learning is helped with a lover's kiss;
No wonder it can not grow old.

As the morning heralds the full bright day,
You stand with your hopes and fears
On the very threshold of womanhood,
Crowned with your eighteen years,
Which have gathered you laurels one by one,
Till the days of your childish plans are done,
And the work of your womanhood scarce begun,
Either for smiles or tears.

So keep your secret—'tis all your own—
But the smiles that dimple your cheek,
And the happy light in your eyes, betray
What your lips refuse to speak.
And the sun shall gleam, and glimmer, and play
O'er the waters far away,
Till, at the close of the happy day,
A lover his love will seek.

A DARK DAY.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings at her side, while within reach a bright butterfly hovered about a newly-opened honeysuckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreamlness, and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit quietly down and darn stockings?

A girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window, she saw Susie Lake leaning on the little front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely, and I have something to tell you."

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I will have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window and said, with a mischievous smile:

"Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?"

"I don't know who. The new minister?"

"No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat, red-faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie! but who was it?"

"Now, it was Mr. Walter Hayes. Now, ain't you surprised?"

A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued:

"His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C——, and as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they gave him leave to stop here for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's Station, and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added, laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks and brightened eye. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, bidding her good-by before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand and how he had said to her, in a voice that was low and trembling:

"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her, reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upward of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, beside the Saturday's chores."

Hetty penitently resumed her work; but she was very glad when, toward sunset, it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room, and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door! How tumultuously her heart beat when at length it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss some church matters with her father! Then she began to look at the clock, and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly around to eight o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when, at a quarter to nine, Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also rose, and lighting her bedroom candle, went slowly and sadly upstairs.

When, next morning, she came down her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table:

"Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone, but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee-pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you had gone up stairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know, and I didn't know, until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Eddie's milk toast, while I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the cold corned beef: "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your food like that, cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks.

"Don't you feel well, child? I noticed that you were fidgety last night. You're feverish, I doubt not, with the spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room, but she drew the bed-clothes over her head and wished that she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet, foolish dreams of love seemed to have been rudly stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying up stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice, warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some she'll cut you out."

"William, don't you let me hear any more of such slang talk from you," said his mother, reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes telling Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside, that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and Hetty went again to her lonely room, and wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at a window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance! And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn-looking, with her hair all disordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs, though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched, and Walter never came, and she knew that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant, and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty set off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying by the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when the girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway, Hetty paused at the stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beech boughs, and a breath of spring-time fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and looked dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stand still.

He came straight toward her, his hand extended, his lip smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty, I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of the brown eyes, and she answered, simply and naively:

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!"

She could not have told how it happened; but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close—ah! very close—to his, while all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together he told her that one thing and another had prevented his seeing her; among the rest, Bill having told him confidently at the church that she was too sick to come down stairs that day—a statement which he had unfortunately credited, and when this morning he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he lost no time in following.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell."

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hetty, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and prospects, and to ask you, darling, if, when—"

And the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken, and Hetty wondered, as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day, yesterday.

Routine Work at the White House.

The routine office work of the White House constantly increases. The early Presidents were not even allowed a private secretary by law. They had to pay for all clerical assistance out of their own salaries. Afterward one secretary was provided for; then an assistant was added. From administration to administration the working force grew by the addition of clerks, or the detail of Army officers, until what is practically a Bureau of Appointments has grown up. Including the private secretary, there are now seven persons attached to this bureau, and their places are no sinecures. Often they are busy until late at night bringing up the day's work. If they allow it to get behind it is next to impossible to deal with it satisfactorily. Perhaps a description of the current office duties of the President's personal staff may interest some readers. An enormous mail is received every day. The pile of letters is deposited upon the desk of the private secretary, Mr. Brown, and he and Mr. Headley, the Executive Clerk, open and classify them. Of course it is impossible for the President to read all the letters addressed to him. If he should undertake the job he would have little time for anything else. But it is important that he should be able to select from the mass such letters as he wants to read. So there is a system of briefing the correspondence letter by letter on broad sheets of paper and making a sort of unbound volume of the sheets of each day. By glancing over these abstracts the President can see in a few minutes what letters there are requiring his attention among the hundreds that daily arrive. Such of the letters as are applications for office, and more than nine-tenths are of this class, are put each into a long envelope which has a printed form on its back for indorsement with name, date, office applied for and remarks. Most of these letters are distributed each day to the several departments and go upon their files. There are, however, several files in the White House—one of official letters, to which the President may wish to refer, another of applications and recommendations in cases pending for his decision, one of personal letters, and one, which would furnish curious reading to students of human nature, called the eccentric file. An hour spent in looking over the contents of this file would make the least misanthropic man believe that half the world had gone crazy, or cause him to apply to America the bitter remark of Carlyle, who said that England was inhabited by 30,000,000 of people, principally fools.

President Hayes carried off to Fremont the "eccentric file" of his Administration, thinking it could not be considered by any stretch of the imagination valuable public property. Hayes was a great collector of material of personal and historical interest, and he had an active assistant in his son Webb. All the newspaper criticisms on the policy and appointments of his Administration were carefully preserved by him. He took with him a small library of scrap-books filed with such clippings. Speaking of these scrap-books I must not forget to mention, in connection with the office work of the White-house, the fact that there is a post similar to that of an exchange reader in a daily newspaper office. This place is filled by Mr. Morton, who served under President Hayes. He goes through two or three hundred papers a day, cuts out everything he thinks the President ought to see, arranges his clippings in topical scrap-books and takes the book in twice a day for the President's inspection. By this system a President can, if he gives sufficient time to the matter, keep almost as well posted on public opinion as the editor of a great daily.

In length of service the oldest member of the White House staff is Mr. W. L. Crook, the executive agent and disbursing clerk, who dates back to the end of President Lincoln's administration; but there is among the servants of the house a man who was appointed by President Fillmore; he is the fireman, and his name is Herbert; and the principal doorkeeper, Mr. Loeffler, was put in his place by President Grant in 1869.

The exchange reader does his work behind a big screen in the general reception-room. The private secretary, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Headley have a room to themselves, with two bay windows looking out on the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and a door leading into the President's room. Adjoining is a smaller room where Mr. Prudon, the assistant private secretary, keeps, with the aid of clerks, the records of appointments and removals in formidable leather-bound volumes like the ledgers in a counting-house.

Besides the staff of secretaries and clerks there is what might be called an official staff of servants, who are appointed by the President and whose salaries are provided for by Congress in the annual appropriations. It consists of a steward, doorkeeper, four assistant doorkeepers, a messenger, four assistant messengers (two of them are mounted), a watchman and a fireman. There is also a telegraph operator detailed from the Signal Service Corps. The other servants of the household, such as the coachman, the cook and the waiters, are paid by the President. The repairs and the general good order of the house, its furniture, and its conservatory and grounds are attended to by the Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

—A poor excuse is better than none. We hear of a man who justifies his meanness toward his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore by refusing to furnish her with money he practices the heroic virtue of self-denial.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An international exhibition of machinery will be held at Altona, Germany, from Aug. 18 to Oct. 17. The Hamburg American Steamship Company offers to carry and bring back American machinery at half rates.

A Little Novel For a Cent.

The last gleam of day was silvering the waters of the Guadalquiver, at the mouth of which stands the ancient City of Valencia. Above other buildings rose the tower of Miquilet, with its bell sending its solemn tones far and near, calling the inhabitants to prayer. Far as the eye could reach extended the fertile Valley Huerta Valencia, studded with thriving villages, vineyards and cottages, bound by the sea in the distance and surrounded by the lofty mountains of Catalonia. The stars were gemming the fields of azure and the crescent moon ascending the vault of heaven; it was indeed a night of beauty—a scene to attune the mind to happiness and peace.

The service had ceased, and the congregation was slowly departing from the Catbedral of Saint Cecilius. Among the last of the worshipers was a young female, closely shrouded in a mantilla, yet of so thin a texture was it that her face and figure were almost perceptible. In her hand she carried a fan of the most exquisite workmanship, but seemingly more for ornament than use; behind her hobbled an old duenna, who with difficulty kept pace with the tripping feet of Donna Isabella, for such was the name of the maiden. Close by her side walked a young and noble-looking cavalier, whose deep dark eye was riveted upon her, while ever and anon glances of recognition were exchanged between them, till at length the suspicion of the old lady was aroused, and, seizing the arm of her young charge, quitted her not until they reached a noble mansion in the neighborhood of the ever-verdant Glorietta.

But the young cavalier was not to be thwarted in his design, which was to convey to his lady love a billet of appointment, nor was Donna Isabella deficient of invention in favoring the wishes of her lover, for, just as she was on the eve of ascending the stairs leading to her mansion, she dropped her fan, as if by accident. The opportunity was immediately seized by the young cavalier, who, lifting it, unseen by the duenna, slipped within its folds a billet, and kneeling, presented it to the blushing girl.

"You are too kind," murmured the maiden in tones of silvery sweetness.

"Don't mention it, Belle," was the cavalier's reply, as he gently brushed away with a silk handkerchief the dust that flecked his right boot.

At this moment the duenna began to act impatiently. "Leave me, Pedro," said the young girl, imploringly.

"You will not fail to meet me, as the note says," he whispered, beseechingly. "You understand?"

"I tumble," was the maid's reply.

That night, when the bell of Miquilet told the midnight hour, Isabella stood in her balcony, which overhung the garden. A slight movement was soon heard among the orange foliage, and a tall figure, shrouded in flowing mantle, advanced and stood beneath the balcony.

"Are you ready?" asked the mask.

"O K!" answered the maiden, in a breath scarce audible from terror.

"Secure, then, this ladder to the rails and descend." And throwing a ladder of silken cords, it was caught by Isabella, who, having fastened it as desired, the next moment she was in the arms of her lover.

"Now, then, for the chapel of the nearest Justice of the Peace. Ere the sun-glints fall upon the Alhambra saloon you will be mine."

"That morning you must never see," cried a man who advanced from an umbrageous shrubbery close by, and struck Pedro a powerful blow behind the left ear.

"I am slugged!" cried the unfortunate man, as he sank senseless into the arms of his assailant, who bore him swiftly away.

The next morning the Donna Isabella was buried in grief and a peruale wrapper. Corsetless, and with tear-stained cheeks, she sought her mother. "They have taken my Pedro," she cried, despairingly. "Who could have done it?"

"It must have been the ten-spot or jack," responded the mother. "Nothing less than that can take the pedro."

* * * * * *

In one corner of the Valencia Cemetery may be seen a grave, kept beautiful by flowers which loving hands have strewn upon it. It is the grave of the Donna Isabella. She died at the age of 74, having raised seven children. This is not romantic, but you can bet on its being a center-spot on the truth.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How the Ancients Measured a Day.

The first and most obvious division of time is the day—the time required for a revolution of the earth upon its axis—which could not have been a very difficult matter to ascertain with sufficient correctness. But to mark and fix the time of the sun's apparent revolution through the heavens among the stars was a matter of so great difficulty that it was not exactly ascertained even at the time of the reformation of the calendar in 1582; yet so uniform is the motion of the earth in its orbit that the results of modern experiments render it next to absolutely certain that the time of orbital revolution has never varied even the fraction of a second. In the infancy of astronomy, many ingenious expedients were adopted to ascertain this and other matters connected with the times and motions of the planets and other heavenly bodies, one of which may be mentioned even at the risk of tediousness. To ascertain the exact time of the revolution of the concave of the heavens, two vessels were placed over each other, the upper filled with water, the lower empty. At the moment of the appearing of a certain star above the horizon, the water was permitted to flow from the upper into the lower vessel, and the flow was continued until the same star appeared the next night, when the flow was stopped. The whole concave of the heavens had then made one revolution. The water which had flowed out during this time was then divided into twelve equal parts, and smaller vessels were made each to hold just one of those parts, and on the following evening they repeated the operation, filling successively six of those vessels, and noting carefully what stars rose above the horizon during the time required to fill each of them. Each group of stars which rose during the time of filling one small vessel was called a *station* or *house* of the sun. They then postponed operations upon the other half of the heavens for six months, when they repeated it, and thus divided the path of the sun through the whole heavens into twelve divisions, to most of which they gave the names of certain animals; hence the term *zodiac*, the propriety of which could have been seen only by the fertile fancies of the race. The whole ancient method of dividing and naming the constellations is to us utterly absurd, and is really a hinderance to a knowledge of the stars. —*Prof. E. S. Burns, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Hungry Horde of Government Office Seekers.

A reporter of the Washington *Republican* paid a visit to the Treasury Department the other day to get a peep at a portion of the hungry army of office-seekers. He thus briefly disposes of the subject: Just now there is one room of especial interest, and an hour spent there during the morning watching the great stream of office-seekers will reveal the funny as well as the disagreeable side of the position of appointment clerk. The floor is covered with a rich Wilton carpet, of Egyptian design; between the windows a mirror, in a carved walnut frame, reaches from floor to ceiling; heavy dark blue curtains shade the windows and partially shut out the beautiful view of the Potomac River and the hillsides of Virginia. At a large desk in the middle of the room is seated Major Lamphere, who gives a patient hearing to each one in turn. Some are dismissed with instructions to call again, and some are forced to receive the same old story, "no vacancies."

A smiling, robust colored individual approaches, and, handing a letter to Major L., requests him to read it. After doing so he turns to the hopeful's smiling face with the question, "Well, what do you want?" and the reply comes back, "O, anything you choose to give me," evidently thinking all that is necessary is to walk up to the public crib and receive his share. "I do not want a clerkship, sir. I—I—would like to be a messenger." He is told to make out his application, and he moves ont to make way for a slight female figure clad in widow's weeds, whose sad face and embarrassed air appeal to the sympathy of every one. Her hands are filled with letters and testimonials, which she thinks are of sufficient importance to open the way immediately for her appointment, but she is told to call again; the papers will be filed, and when there is a vacancy she may be considered. She leaves with a disappointed air, and a sigh comes floating back as the door is closed.

A hopeful young man comes next, who is willing and anxious to serve his country in any capacity that will pay $1,200 a year and upward. He has labored faithfully during the campaign; he voted early and often, and there should be some recognition of his services. But he, too, must be patient; the papers will be filed, and when a vacancy occurs his case will receive attention. And so it goes on, day after day, until one wonders if there are any resources outside of Government positions. One-half of the energy devoted to securing indorsements and following up applications, if devoted to some calling outside, would in the end prove twice as remunerative and far more independent than the best position under the Government.

Flannel and Cheviot Dresses.

How to make plain dresses of flannel and of Cheviot for early spring is the inquiry of many correspondents. The newest designs for these are very simple, in some instances consisting of a single skirt, with merely tucks for trimming, and a tucked jacket-waist. Six or eight tucks, each two inches wide, are around the skirt, and a narrow box-plaiting is sewed to the edge like a bayaveuse, or else there is a flounce six inches wide, folded in broad box plaits sewed in the lower tuck without other heading, and made to fall to the edge of the skirt. Such skirts are from three yards to three and a half wide. Similar skirts are very widely stitched, and have a pointed apron draped in front. More dressy flannel suits have a pointed apron over-skirt, with some of the new striped satin for bordering. The apron is really double, and has two points near the right side, while the back breadth has but one point, and that may be in the middle or on one side, according to the wearer's fancy. Such suits are very pretty in coachman's drab, tan or beige-colored flannels, trimmed with satin that has a brown ground striped with green and red. There are other dresses with the satin turned up in retrousse facings on each apron, instead of being merely a border. Sometimes block patterns of soft wool goods are used for these retrousses, also for the gathered lining of the hood, for collars and cuffs. The Carrick collars on basques of new flannel suits are very pretty, and give sufficient warmth to dispense with an outside wrap. These have usually two deep collars, though some basques have three; they are quite straight across the back and front, are widely stitched near the edges, and the larger one is deep enough to reach to the elbows. These collars are sewed permanently to the neck, with the standing English pointed collar above them, and are attached to basques of very simple, plain shape, quite long all around, and completed by two box plaits in the middle forms of the back. The most popular waist for dresses is the belted and box-plaited shooting-jacket. Green-tinted olive and reseda Cheviots are in greater favor than the creamy shades worn last year, and a melange of colors resulting in green as the prevailing hue is very stylish.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The French Chambre Syndicale of watchmakers has decided to open a special school in Paris for the professional teaching of clock and watchmaking. At present France possesses only two watchmaker's schools, one at Cluset, in the Haute-Savoie, which belongs to the State, and the other the municipal school of Besancon.

—January last was the coldest month in Scotland of which records exist. The lowest temperature authentically recorded was 15° F. below zero at Stobo Castle, in Peeblesshire.

The Electric Eel.

In a recent stress of weather a trading schooner hailing from the upper Amazon, and bound to New York, put in at Hilton Head for water, and the curiosity of a throng of darkies was aroused by a monkey and several parrots, and they fairly overran the vessel until the skipper's patience was on the ebb. At length one fellow lifted the cover of a five-gallon tin-can full of water that was lashed to the foreside of the galley and asked, "What you got yere, boss?"

"They're a couple of Chinese eels," said the cook, looking out of his house and tipping a wink to the skipper, who was sitting on the rail.

"Dat's jest my business, boss," said the darky, while the others gathered around, "I'm de boss tredder for sheaders an' eels dis side of Newbern."

"These ain't scrubs like you find around here," said the cook.

"Look 'ere, boss; dis place beats de world for eels," the darky retorted. "I tried one de oder day over three feet long."

"Oh, you're talking about minnies. They wouldn't count them as eels in China. It takes a man to handle a China eel. I don't believe you could lift one from the can."

"'Spose you don't want to bet on dat?" the boss eeler asked.

"Wal, I don't mind," the cook replied, reaching under his apron and bringing out a dollar.

The darkies held a consultation, and scraped together a dollar, which was placed in the skipper's hands. Rolling up what sleeves he had, the champion bent over the big can and commenced to feel around, as the water was rather too muddy to see anything.

"Dey ain't nothin' to be so brash nbout," he said, as he came across something at the bottom. "Stan' back, dere."

Keeping one hand on his find, he put in the other hand and took hold. There was a splash in the can, and with a yell that could be heard half a mile away, the darky jumped in the air with his eyes sticking out of his head, and his arms rigid and fastened like rods to an eel that was more than five feet in length. He roared like a bull, until the eel finally squirmed out of his hands and fell into the water, when the darky staggered back and rushed to the pier, followed by his astonished friends.

"What's the matter?" the cook cried; but the "boss tredder" had disappeared.

The "China eels" were a pair of electric eels—*Gymnotus*—that were on their way to an aquarium in Boston, and the darky's feelings may be imagined when it is known that as soon as he touched the fish with both hands and completed the current, he was struck with a shock equal to fifteen Leyden jars of 3,500 square inches of surface. This wonderful power is confined to four genera of fishes, and that of the *Gymnotus* is the most powerful. In the Upper Brazil country they are used by the natives to facilitate the capture of wild horses. A herd is surrounded and driven in the direction of the stream or lake containing the eels, and into which the frightened horses rush, stamping on the fish, many of which are as large as a man's leg and six feet in length, that in defense thrown out their shocks of electricity, so completely benumbing the horses that they are easily caught. The eels also exhaust their powers and are captured with comparative safety, rallying again, however, in a few hours.—*New York Sun.*

The Humor of Small-Pox.

Generally speaking, there is nothing excruciatingly funny about the small-pox, but the doctors who are called to prescribe for patients occasionally run on something that tickles them. Not many years ago a doctor here was called to see a man at one of the hotels, who lived in Iowa. The man was sick as a horse, and the doctor had his suspicions about what ailed him, but couldn't tell exactly, so he gave him something to quiet him, and told the friend who was with him that he would call in the morning. The friend said he thought as much of the sick man as he could of a brother. The next morning the doctor called and the sick man was alone. He examined him and found that he had the small-pox. While he was dealing out some medicine the friend came in. Said he: "Doc, that medicine ain't worth a continental. This man is very sick." The doctor said he had come to that conclusion himself. "Why," said the friend, "I rubbed him all night. I think he would have died if I had not rubbed his head. When a man is my friend he can draw on me for all that is out, and don't you forget it." The doctor said he was glad to hear it. He said there was nothing more touching to him than pure friendship between men, and he was glad the sick man had a friend that would stick to him. "You bet your life," says the friend. And then he almost intimated that the doctor did not understand his business, and said something had got to be done, if there were any doctors in Milwaukee who could handle the case. The doctor was a little hot, and when a friend asked, "Do you know what ails him!" the doctor said he thought he did. Then he pulled down the bed clothes and pointed to a little swelling near the little toe, and asked the friend if he could see it. "I see it! Of course I can. It's only a little pimple." The doctor said there was only one disease that showed that kind of pimples. "What is that?" asked the friend, impatiently. "Small-pox!" said the doctor, in the most aggravating way. "Suffering Moses, let me out of that door!" shouted the friend, and the doctor said you could have played marbles on his coat tail. The doctor fixed up the patient, and when he went out in the hall the friend was leaning against a trunk, white as a sheet and weak as a cat. "Doc," says he, in a quivering voice, "that man in there is nothing to me. I wouldn't go in that room for a thousand dollars. Is there no way to fumigate me? Say, Doc, I want to be vaccinated. Put a pint of virus into me. Shoot it in with a gun. Hanged if I ever go near a sick man again." The doctor says: "Such is life."—*Peck's Sun.*

—Tenders were lately received by the Royal Russian Railway Board for 5,000 tons of iron sleepers. Such sleepers are becoming general in Germay, and the Berg-Mark Railway has replaced all its defective wooden sleepers by iron ones.

The Republican.

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THE HEN.

A GERMAN FABLE.

A famous hen's my story's theme,
Who ne'er was known to thre
Of laying eggs—but then she'd scream
So loud o'es every egg, 'twould seem
The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
A wiser bird and older,
Could bear's no more; so off did stalk
Right to the hen and told her:
"Madam, that screatm, I apprehend,
Does nothing to the matter;
It surely helps the egg no whit;
So lay your egg and done with it.
I pray you, madam, as a friend,
Cease that superfluous clatter;
You know not how't goes through my head!"
"Humph! very likely," madam said,
Then promdly putting forth a leg—
"Uneducated barnyard fowl,
You know no more than any owl
The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days;
I'll tell you why I do it:
First, you perceive, I lay my egg,
And then—review it."

—*Harvard Crimson.*

PEGGY.

A good many years ago I was invited by my Uncle Peter to spend a month or so at his place in Steepletown. I had never seen my uncle in my life, to my recollection; and from what I had heard my mother, who was his own sister, say of him on different occasions, I was not at all anxious to make his acquaintance. He had always been represented as an eccentric old bachelor, who had imprisoned himself for life in a large house in a little country town, and was never seen nor heard of by any of his relations. The letter which conveyed the invitation to me, however, brought back many pleasant memories of my uncle Peter to my mother's mind. But I could not help thinking that these were only revived for my benefit, especially as my mother now avoided any disagreeable reference to her brother; and the mark of my uncle's favor did not give me such pleasure as it did my parents, who did nothing else but talk of the grand prospects before me from the time the invitation arrived till the day the visit was paid. The prospects seemed to me anything but cheerful.

Uncle Peter was not the man I expected to find him. When the servant carried my name up to him on my arrival at his house, I became quite frightened as I sat in the drawing-room waiting for him to make his appearance. If he had suddenly sprung through the floor or dropped from the ceiling, I should not have been more surprised than I was when he opened the door and walked into the room; for, instead of the wicked old monster I had expected to meet, I found myself face to face with a man who was everything a man should be—except a husband.

My uncle was a bachelor, and a bachelor by conviction. That is to say, he might have married long enough ago if he had so minded, without having turned single blessedness into married misery, for he was quite rich enough to keep a wife; so rich was he, indeed, that there were few girls who would have had the heart—inasmuch as the heart enters into the contract—to have refused him even when he was old and gray, as he was at the time my story begins. He told me as much himself before we had been many hours together. But the songs of the syren, he gave me to understand, had no charm for him; he had no ear for that kind of music. He told me confidentially that he had only loved one woman, except his mother—and he hoped I loved my mother; and I suppose he took it for granted that I did, for he did not give me time to say so, but went on to observe that he had never loved but one woman in the whole of his life.

When I asked him sympathetically why he had not married her, he laughed outright in my face.

"For the simplest reason in the world, my boy," he said, clapping his hands heavily on my shoulders. "Because—"

"Because she refused you," I suggested, gravely. I certainly did not see anything to laugh at in that, but my uncle took it as a very fine joke.

He explained to me that the lady in question was his niece; and, as I did not know what to say to that, I inquired meekly whether she was still alive.

"She's your Cousin Tabitha, boy," cried my uncle.

"Cousin Tabitha—of course!" I replied. I thought my uncle expected me to answer him, and I did not know what else to say.

"Nicest little woman in the world; dearest little woman in existence; sweetest little woman in creation," continued my uncle.

"Is she—"

I was going to say "pretty," for I felt an increasing interest in my charming cousin; but I hesitated, for fear my uncle had not mentioned beauty with her other attractions for some reason of his own.

"Is she what?" said my uncle, sharply, in a tone which implied that he was ready to give me any information I required.

"Is she really?" I returned, innocently.

My uncle then gave me a second edition of her praises, with additions, and observed that I should soon be able to judge for myself. Cousin Tabitha, I concluded, was also staying with my uncle.

"And speaking of women," says he, "I suppose we shall have to get you a wife presently."

I remarked that I should no doubt be able to get one for myself. It struck me then that my uncle intended me to marry my Cousin Tabitha. I turned that idea over in my mind as I dressed for dinner. I meet my cousin for the first time under my uncle's roof; my uncle represents her to me in glowing colors; she is all his fancy paints her; I fall in love with her, marry her, inherit my uncle's fortune: this is the train of thought which runs through my head as I stand before my looking-glass. I am very careful in the selection of a tie, and unusually long over my hair. I was prepared to fall in love with my cousin at first sight, and with my heart beating like a revellie drum, I went down-stairs to meet my destiny.

When I entered the dining-room I found myself alone. I walked to the end of the room, and stood for some time at the window, looking at the dead wall opposite, and listening eagerly for the sound of footsteps on the stairs. I was left alone in a state of dreadful agitation for about twenty minutes; and at the very moment when I least expected it the door suddenly opened. I was posing in front of the looking-glass, arranging my tie, which was unable to keep stiff any longer, and rehearsing the pretty speech and the polite bow with which I was to receive my cousin. I turned from the looking-glass as the door opened, and confronted my Uncle Peter. If Cousin Tabitha had been with him I could not have said a word.

"Tabitha not here?" said Uncle Peter, as he entered.

"No, sir," I answered, unconcernedly.

"Ring the bell; we'll have dinner up."

The tread of heavy feet in the passage followed the ring of the bell. I did not wish to betray my emotion to the servant; so I removed my eyes from the door-handle, which I had been watching intently, and fixed them on the table-cloth. As I did so my Cousin Tabitha—for it was she who had tramped along the passage—marched into the room.

She marched into the room like a soldier. She saluted my uncle with a kiss; and before I could get a glimpse of her feet—for I was curious to know whether she wore top-boots—she came behind my back and kissed me, too; then she took a seat at the table, and I looked up at her for the first time.

She was not the Tabitha I intended her to be. She disappointed me in every way. She was much less than I had thought in every respect, with one exception; for her age was very much more than I had expected. Cousin Tabitha was a woman of forty-five at least, and by no means a pleasant person to look at. A Hindoo might have taken her for an idol, and worshiped her; but my love for my Cousin Tabitha flew out at the window as she came in at the door.

Cousin Tabitha was tall, of a stern disposition, and military in her appearance and habits. She affected high collars and short braided jackets, and always wore a belt. She was captain of my uncle's household, and had been so many years; and the strict discipline she maintained, together with the loud voice and the peremptory manner in which she issued her orders to the servants, often struck me as being very like a way they have in the army. She seemed to be thoroughly contented with a spinster's lot; and, though my uncle spoke to her as to a child, she was not ashamed of her forty-five years, but confessed her age as frankly as an old campaigner. Her love for my Uncle Peter was the one gentle trait in her character; to him she was so tender, so kind, so true, that it was not surprising that he, in his unchanging love for her, still saw in her the little niece who had loved him alway.

To me Tabitha was not unkind, but I could not think of making a companion of her; and my uncle, with a delicate consideration which I well understood, avoided me every morning after breakfast, except when the day was wet; and then he would invite me to his library, saying if I cared to spend an hour with him he should be pleased to see me, but if I had rather postpone our interview till the evening, by all means to do so. He exerted himself much to promote my happiness, devising a hundred little schemes for my amusement; but the idea that an old man was an uncongenial companion to a young one kept him from seeking ever to share my pleasures with me. And so I was left to myself, to row, to ride and to sketch the country round about.

I had made a number of sketches, all of which my dear old uncle and my military cousin admired and praised beyond their merits; I had taken views of the town, the church, the castle, the lea, the hills, the railway-arch and the farm, as seen from the north, south, east and west; and was going to put my sketch-book aside for a while, when my uncle, one evening, suggested that I should take a sketch of the park, between Steepletown and Crumble.

Thither I repaired the very next morning, and, having chosen a spot from which I had the best view of the surrounding scenery I sat down to work. I had finished my sketch, and was very well pleased with it, and was debating with myself whether I should make an old man coming up the path from Steepletown or an old woman descending the slope from Crumble, when Nature put a model in my way. At first I caught sight of a large straw hat; as it approached, a rosy face appeared beneath it; and presently I saw a young woman, with a basket on her arm, hurrying along toward Crumble. She drew a watch from her bosom, and as she put it back she doubled her pace. She passed me before I could say "Good-evening," but not before I could see that she had a very comely face and a very pretty figure.

She was not many yards beyond me, when I found that she had dropped her purse. I called after her, and she turned her head and walked on. By this time she was already out of hearing, so I started after her, calling to her as I ran; and once more she looked over her shoulder, and seeing me pursuing her she took to her heels. I held the purse aloft, and shouted at the top of my voice; but the more I signaled to her to stop the faster she went, so I put the purse in my pocket and my sketch-book under my arm, and turned toward home.

My uncle was delighted with my sketch. Cousin Tabitha startled me by asking whether I had not forgotten to put a figure in the path. I looked at her suspiciously, and answered that I certainly ought to have done so. I said that I would make a better sketch of the place the next day, as that had been done very hurriedly; and I should not fail to take advantage of my cousin's excellent suggestion. My uncle, under the impression that I was putting myself to trouble solely to please him—and I was mean enough to encourage him to think so—declared himself thoroughly satisfied with the sketch as it was. The fact was that the figure had passed out of my mind for the moment; but it had since returned, to take a permanent place there.

There was no harm surely in fostering an intention to return the purse, as I had determined to do, even if I should have to sit in the park day after day till I left Steepletown, waiting for the owner to pass by. Thinking that the contents of the purse might help me to carry out my virtuous purpose, I opened it. It contained a little money, a thimble, an elastic band, an advertisement cut from a paper, and a half-sheet of notepaper covered with bad writing, which I took the liberty of trying to read, and which, as well as I could make out, referred to certain transactions in eggs and butter with E. Higgles, of 11 Lucifer-lane, Steepletown. There was nothing to be done but to return to the scene of my sketch.

My second sketch was a decided failure; for whereas I had forgotten the figure yesterday, to-day it was the only thing I could think of. My trees toppled over, as if they had taken to drink since I saw them last, and the path deviated from the course of rectitude which it had hitherto pursued. I was vexed at heart because I had not the opportunity to restore the purse to its owner, and I returned home later than usual, for I had delayed with the hope of seeing her, and presented my shameful sketch to my uncle. He took it, and thanked me cordially for it; but I could see that he preferred my first one, although he would not for all the world and everything in it have hurt my feelings by saying as much. I explained to him that somehow I had not been in the humor for sketching, but as I had promised him a second sketch that day I did not care to disappoint him altogether, however much my sketch itself must do so; I had made up my mind, however, to do justice to the beautiful spot he had pointed out to me, and I hoped to bring back something better another day.

The next day I went to Lucifer-lane, not to sketch, but to interview E. Higgles. E. Higgles was an irascible woman, and as I was not inclined to tarry long with her, I went straight to the point, and asked whether she could tell me the name of the young lady who had called, I believe, the day before yesterday, to make purchases of eggs and butter. When I had finished, I paused for Mrs. Higgles to reply.

"Well, young man," she mumbled, "what do you want? Speak up!" and she literally lent me her ear.

I saw at once that she was deaf, and had not heard a word of what I had said; in fact, she did not seem to know even that I had been speaking.

"If you please, Mrs. Higgles," I commenced.

"Well, well," she said, impatiently.

"Can you tell—"

"Not well, young man; not at all well," she murmured.

"Can you tell me—" I screamed.

"What?"

"Can you tell me—*that?*" and I took the bill from the purse and placed it on the counter before her.

She picked it up, and glancing at it, she told me there were no new-laid eggs to-day.

I requested Mrs. Higgles to read the paper.

After reading it over six or seven times, and carrying on a long conversation in whispers with herself, she informed me she did not understand figures, and that her boy John would be there by and by, and that he would explain the mistake to the young lady when she called for the things this afternoon.

Having obtained the information I wanted, I walked out of the shop, leaving Mrs. Higgles mumbling such vengeance against her boy John as she did not seem to me to have the strength to execute.

I went, later on, to the park to wait for my young lady. After a while I thought I saw her coming up from Crumble, and I rushed forward to meet her. As I advanced, it struck me that I had made a mistake, and my doubts increased as the distance between us diminished; and when they were confirmed, as they were within a hundred yards, I turned back. When the lady upon whom I had wasted so much energy passed me, I was lying on my back, pulling up the grass impatiently, and scattering it to the wind. From the apprehensive manner in which she looked at me as she went by, I believe she must have thought me mad. She stared at me as if I had been pulling my hair out by the roots instead of the grass, and when she caught my eye she made a curve toward the other side of the path. It amused me highly to think how strange my behaviour altogether must have appeared to such a demure old lady as she was. This idea so tickled my fancy that I fairly roared with laughter; and my roaring, which must have seemed to her as maniacal as my run, so horrified the old lady that she scampered out of the park as if a wild bull had been at her heels.

I should have gone forward to meet my young lady, but there were two roads to Crumble, and I was afraid that she might walk out of the village at one side as I walked in the other way; so I contented myself, as well as I could, with the survey of both roads from the middle of the park. I waited and watched restlessly for her coming. Every bonnet I espied I thought was hers; and the poor specimens of millinery, and the poorer specimens of humanity, which imposed upon my credulity were so numerous that when at length I saw her tripping along, I could scarcely believe my eyes. But there she was, and no mistake about it, basket and all; and if the distance did not deceive my sight, there was somebody with her, and—as I lived—it was a man! As they approached, he left her side, and walked on in front, and by the time he had reached the park he was so far ahead of her that my peace of mind was restored. He had passed me long before she came up to the spot where I stood leaning against a tree, smiling upon her as she advanced.

To my utter astonishment, she did not seem to recognise me as she went by—did not seem to see me, although I could have sworn that she looked hard at the tree. I coughed slightly, to attract her attention, and as she did not hear it, I walked after her, and touched her gently on the shoulder. She gave me such an indignant look that I was afraid to speak.

"Excuse me, miss," I said, politely.

She tossed her head, and told me pertly that she did not know me, and, although she did not say so, evidently did not wish to. I tried to speak to her of her purse, but she refused to hear me. She would not excuse me; she would not allow me to tell anything; so dropping all ceremonial phases, I took the purse from my pocket, and said, as bluntly as if I had that moment picked it up:

"Is this your purse, miss?"

Before we came to the end of the park I had found out that she lived with her uncle, who was a bootmaker by trade; that she had never been to London, but her uncle had; that she came over to Steepletown three times a week, and did not come more frequently because she did not care to; that her age was twenty, and her name was Peggy Giles; that she would not be long in the town, and I might wait for her, if I liked, under a tree she pointed out to me. I had found out, too, by this time, that I was desperately in love with her.

She soon came back. I expected she would have had some difficulty in finding me among the trees; but she remembered where I was at once, almost as if she had been familiar with our trysting-place. Then I took charge of the basket, and we walked on slowly toward Crumble. In another respect we made rapid progress; for our friendship had grown quite ripe before we reached the end of the park, where we parted; not, you may be sure, before we had arranged to meet the next day.

I watched her out of sight, and then turned homeward, building castles in the air as I went. In thinking of Peggy, however, I had forgotten all about dinner; and when I reached home I was ashamed to look the clock in the face, it was so late. I entered the dining-room, quietly took my seat at table, and sat in silence, waiting for my uncle, who considered punctuality a point of honor, to call my attention to the time. But he did not say a word, which only made me more uneasy. Cousin Tabitha soon noticed my distress, and, misinterpreting it, asked kindly what was the matter with me. I pleaded a slight headache.

"I suppose you are beginning to find Steepletown dull?" said my uncle.

"On the contrary," I replied, with no particular meaning.

"What have you been doing today?"

"I've—well, I've been to the park," I returned, as composedly as possible. "But I haven't finished your sketch, uncle."

I had not yet commenced it.

"To the park again!" cried Cousin Tabitha. I turned quite pale. "Do you know what?" she continued, looking me full in the face.

"What, Cousin Tabitha?"

"I've found you out, that's what." The color of my face changed from white to red in an instant. "*You've been smoking.*"

The next day I went to the park, and as I arrived there an hour before the time appointed for our meeting, I commenced to sketch. I became so absorbed in my work that I did not think of Peggy till I saw her standing beside me.

"Well?" she said.

"Well, Peggy," I replied "what?"

"What do you want to tell me?"

"Tell you? What do you mean, dear?"

"Don't you remember what you said yesterday when you left me yonder?"

"Of course I do, Peggy;" and I laughed to think of her innocence. "And can't you guess what it is?"

She shook her head.

"Sit down here then, and I'll tell you. Look at me, Peggy; don't look at that"—she was admiring my sketch—"look straight in my face. Do you know that you are a very pretty girl, Peggy?"

She told me playfully to "Go along!"

I declared my love for her there and then in an eloquent speech, ending with an offer of my hand in marriage. I asked her earnestly what she had to say to my proposal. She said "Go along!" again. I explained to her that I was speaking seriously, for she seemed to think otherwise; and I arranged to meet her again the next day to receive her answer. Then we strolled about the park; and when we separated I flattered myself that I had made some impression upon her heart. I told her at parting to consider well what I had said to her, but not to mention it on any account to her uncle.

Day after day I met Peggy, and wooed her in the park. Sometimes I went over to Crumble and waited for her at the corner of Whipple Street, where she lived. One day, when she was later than usual, I walked boldly into her uncle's shop. As soon as I opened the door, an ugly little man in his shirt sleeves popped up from behind a counter, and invited me to come in. He was delighted to see me, and inquired amiably what he could do for me. It appears that he thought I had come to buy boots; and when he asked me a second time what I wanted to-day, I had not the courage to tell him what I really did want, so I said shoe-laces.

After opening all the drawers in the shop, and pulling very nearly every box from the shelves, he stepped up a ladder leading to a cupboard, which, when he opened it, seemed to contain nothing but a flight of steps. Putting his head inside the cupboard, he called out:

"Where's them laces got to?"

"Don't know, uncle," answered a voice, which I knew at once.

"Jest come down and look for 'em, then."

"Sha'n't," returned the voice from above.

"Sha'n't yer? Come down d'rectly, Miss Imperance, will yer? There's a young gentleman, I tell yer, waitin' to be served."

I fancy I heard Peggy—for of course it was she—say, "O, bother them laces," as she appeared at the top of the ladder.

When she saw me she was not the least disconcerted. She stood there and addressed me with all the simplicity in the world, although I beckoned to her not to recognize me. "I didn't know it was you," she said, and her uncle standing by heard every word. "I shall be ready in a minute. I just wan't to put a stitch or two into my hat;" and she vanished.

From that day forth I was a frequent visitor at the bootmaker's shop. On two or three occasions I met my uncle Peter there; but he never referred to our meetings, and actually pretended, as it appeared, to think that my boots really wanted as much attending to as I made out. Peggy's uncle, who became more familiar with me than I liked, seemed to understand how matters stood, although I had never broached the subject to him. In fact, it was presently as well-known in the village that I intended to marry Peggy Giles as if I had published the bans at Crumble Church.

Three weeks passed, and I was more in love with Peggy than ever. I had made up my mind to marry her; but I had no idea precisely when, and I was therefore very much surprised when she asked me one day if my father was aware of my intention. I replied that I had not yet told him anything about it; and I was sorely worried to think how I should ever be able to do so. And from that moment my love for Peggy commenced to be a trouble to me as well as a pleasure.

I was sketching, and Peggy was sitting beside me, when the conversation just alluded to took place. I had managed to meet her in the park that day, having heard uncle say at breakfast that he intended to drive over to Crumble to see Giles, the bootmaker, and not wishing to excite his suspicions by meeting him there again, if I had hitherto been fortunate enough not to have done so. Peggy was very late, so I set to work again at the sketch which had been left so long unfinished. I did not expect to see her that day, it was so late; but at length she came. She told me that she could not stay long with me, and bade me go on with my work. I promised to give her the sketch if she would wait till I had finished it. After the conversation I have recorded, however, I continued it, as I had commenced it, with the intention of presenting it to my uncle. At any rate, Peggy did not wait, for she rose to go in less than twenty minutes. I accompanied her only to the end of the park. I wished her good-by, and was going to kiss her, when she said that there was somebody coming; and with that she snatched her hand out of mine and was gone. I looked down the road and saw a lady, tall and erect, walking up the hill. She carried her umbrella like a soldier carries his gun; and, as she advanced, I recognized my military cousin.

I returned to my sketch, and was busily at work when Cousin Tabitha entered the park. She halted in front of me.

"It's you," she said, "is it?"

I could not make out what she meant; but I turned very red as I answered:

"Yes, cousin Tabitha. I'm just finishing—"

"Haven't you finished that sketch yet? Well, little man, you're sitting near a very unlucky spot, let me tell you. Your uncle lost a diamond pin there," and she pointed with her umbrella to our trysting-tree. "I say," she continued, after a pause, "you've been up to your tricks again, I see."

"What tricks, Cousin Tabitha?"

"You know," she replied; and she shouldered her umbrella and marched away, leaving me to brood over my doubts and fears.

As soon as I reached home Cousin Tabitha told me that Uncle Peter wished to speak to me, and was waiting for me in the library. I guessed at once what he had to say, and pale and trembling I sought his presence. When I entered the library my uncle was writing.

"I dare say you know what I have to speak to you about?" he said, after a few minutes.

"I think so, Uncle Peter," I replied, looking down at my boots.

"Of course you have found Steepletown dull," he resumed, "very dull—eh?"

I made no answer.

"Don't say you haven't," he continued, "because I know you have."

I thought this was intended for satire, so I said nothing.

"Perhaps you have managed to amuse yourself pretty well—pretty well."

I thought we were coming to it then; but here, to my astonishment, he turned off in another direction altogether.

"But a week or two in Paris would perhaps induce you to think better of Steepletown when you return to London. Now what do you say to a fortnight in Paris?"

I said "yes," with all my heart; and we arranged forthwith that I should drive over to Dover on the following day, and go by the night-packet to Calais.

The next morning I went over to Crumble to take leave of Peggy, and once more I met my uncle at the bootmaker's shop. As I walked into the shop he took up his hat and walked out, and I found myself alone with Peggy. I told her that it pained me much to part from her, but I was obliged to go that very night to Paris. I begged her not to grieve at my absence, and she promised me that she would not.

I returned to England at the end of a fortnight, and from Dover I drove straightway to Crumble. I passed through Steepletown, but I did not call upon my uncle, as the picture I had in my mind of Peggy waiting for my return hurried me on to the bootmaker's shop in Whipple Street. But no welcome was waiting for me there. When I pulled up at the bootmaker's shop I found it closed, and Peggy and her uncle were gone, no one could tell me where.

I consoled myself with the reflection that it was really the best thing that could have happened. By the time I reached Steepletown I felt very pleased to be released from my engagement, and I wished never, never to see Peggy again; and so, with a clear conscience, I went to pay my duties to my uncle. I found him in his library, and his wife was sitting at his side—for my uncle had actually become a husband since I saw him last.

He had married Peggy Giles!—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Popular Methods for Reforming Inebriates and Their Dangers.

The methods, both popular and professional, proposed for the cure of drunkenness are as many and varied as the phases of the disease itself. But a marked increase in the number of its victims—as shown in the yearly returns of the causes of death—proves plainly enough that there is no royal road out of the captivity of alcohol.

The treatment adopted by most physicians is to entirely withhold the exciting cause, to give nourishing food, nervines and tonics, and to allow the system a free field for the action of its marvelously active recuperative powers. Of the popular remedies for the habit—administered for the most part by the wives, mothers or sisters of the sufferers—few achieve any permanent success, though they may appear for a time to be working well. Some of these systems of cure are peculiar in their action, the doses being intended to influence the moral or intellectual nature of the drunkard, while others are expected to cause the stomach to reject liquor or compel the nervous system to abhor it. The more ambitious popular remedies are destined to intimidate the patient and create a superstitious fear of alcohol. The latter is the most illogical remedy, as it tends through its severe action upon the nerve centers to develop the very excitement which it is the aim of all treatment for dipsomania to allay.

These popular methods are often as harmless as they are ineffectual, being of the kind of which it may be said that if they do no good they will work no injury. A certain class of them are, however, far from harmless, while the use of several of the most popular of these means is attended with great danger.

Perhaps the most hazardous of all the popular remedies for drunkenness is the one to which the female mind has become most largely attached; probably because its administration comes directly within her own province. It is the idea of mixing alcohol with all of the patient's food and drink until both body and mind repel it, or he becomes so thoroughly disgusted with its taste and odor as to remain thereafter forever weaned from it.

That this method is extremely dangerous, and that it is frequently followed by brain affections and loss of life itself, is unquestionable. Where death has supervened, it is oftener attributed to the previous drunkenness than to the remedy, and this is probably the reason why the method has not yet lost its popularity among those who are unable to trace the course of disease induced by drunkenness.

Dr. T. D. Crothers calls attention to the fact, in a recent paper upon the subject, that he received a letter from an Ohio physician in which it is related that a lady in his neighborhood had tried the plan of saturating the food with alcohol upon an inebriate husband. The result was to develop a serious mania after five days of treatment, and the man's commitment to an insane asylum as a dangerous person.

Dr. Beike, a Swedish physician, has given an account of this plan as tested in Stockholm several years ago, although no accurate knowledge of its result appears thus far to have reached the popular mind through our periodical literature.

A clergyman in Sweden, who was also a physician and a man of wealth, obtained permission from the authorities to receive inebriates in his home for treatment by this method. Three chronic cases were put under his charge. The patients were given brandy in all their food and drink, and were not allowed to take any form of food that was not saturated with some form of alcohol. Each patient was given the kind of spirits he had used commonly, in addition to the brandy. In the course of two months six patients were received and treated on this plan. One of them died two weeks after admission, of apoplexy or cerebral hemorrhage; two developed into dangerous cases of delirium tremens and were sent to the hospital; the fourth patient became violently delirious and destructive in his mania, and was committed to an insane asylum; the other two seemed to have gone on quietly, in a condition of semi-stupor or alcoholic narcotism. The authorities interfered, and the clergyman was forced to move away to escape persecution from the indignant friends of the patients.

In the year 1860 Dr. Brown wrote to the London *Times* that he had tried this plan of treatment for two days, in three cases, but the effects were so alarming that he gave it up.

Other physicians, successors to the clergyman physician of Stockholm, have, here and there, approved of the plan, for Dr. Crothers tells us that he was once informed by a physician that the treatment was successful in inebriety. It is not likely that either Dr. Crothers or many other physicians agreed with him, for cases of successful treatment by these means are very seldom reported, and there is not a particle of evidence to show that the same result might not have been achieved without employing them. The evidence showing the great danger of such treatment is clear and conclusive. It will be perceived that this method, if used by a really competent physician, would not be so likely to result in danger to the patient as it certainly is when pursued by the average housewife. No really competent physician would continue the treatment after the first indication of a bad result; the wife would not understand what conditions constituted danger.

On the whole, this means of reforming drunkards should be carefully let alone. In may be added that the advice not infrequently given inebriates, to change the form of the drink used, is stated upon the highest medical authority to be improper, as such action is always attended with danger.—*New York Sun.*

—Travelers in Egypt are surprised at the large amount of ophthalmia and blindness prevalent among the inhabitants. Want of cleanliness is the cause. An Egyptian mother, under the influence of a widely prevalent superstition, does not wash her child's eyes until eight days after birth. By that time the organ is frequently ruined. The teachers in the American and British mission schools of Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become invariably angry when urged to wash the eyes of their newly-born infants, and can rarely be persuaded to comply with a request of the kind.

—To a stranger the positive black of a Frenchwoman's eyes, brows and hair is almost startling, especially when heightened in effect by the liberal use of cosmetics, which a coquettishly thin veil does not conceal. A natural blonde is a phenomenon and is usually taken for a German or Englishwoman, unless she has small feet, in which case she is always "la belle Americaine."

—The Rhode Island Legislature has repealed the law forbidding the intermarriage between blacks and whites.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

Wade Hampton's confession in the Senate last week is worth all the deadlock has cost the country. One or two more such "calls to the unreconstructed" by the senator from Maine will "fix the facts" exactly where they belong. Reconstruction goes bravely on.

It is to be hoped that the good work begun by the Postmaster General in clearing out the star-route gang of plunderers will be continued relentlessly until the department has been purged. There is no manner of doubt that the government has been swindled in a wholesale way by postoffice contractors and others.

The verdict against General Tyler does not convince any one, who has a knowledge of the circumstances of the case, that he was guilty of the charges made against him by Miss Murray. It does show, however, the power of a newspaper, like the *American*, to manufacture public opinion. The prosecution of this suit has more the appearance of a conspiracy to break down a character than an effort to obtain compensation and redress for an injured one.

The entertainment to be given at Offutt's Hall on Tuesday evening next is for the benefit of the Garrett Guards. This company has received no aid from the State. The members have purchased their own equipments, and the proceeds of this entertainment will go towards reimbursing them for the amount thus expended. We trust our people will aid the enterprise as far as they can consistently. The committee of arrangements, as well as the company are doing all they can to make the entertainment a success. Don't forget to go.

A conference of prominent Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District was held at the Carrollton Hotel, in Baltimore, on theevening of the 20th inst. Every county in the District was regresented, and needed reforms in the party fully discussed. Mr. H. Wheeler Combs, of this county, was chairman, and Mr. H. C. Keefer, of Frederick, secretary of the conference. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Republican cause in the State of Maryland has been greatly injured by the misuse of official power by the present incumbents of certain Federal offices in the State; and whereas, the said officials have used said offices for their own personal advantage, regardless of the interests of the party; and whereas; the said officials have used the power of their offices to defeat the regular nominees of the party in certain instances; and whereas, the retention of such officials is a great detriment and disgrace to our party; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Representatives of the Sixth Congressional District in this Conference, That the President be requested, for the welfare of the party in the State and the perpetuity of Republican ascendency in our Congressional district, to remove said officials and appoint in their stead representative Republicans whose character, antecedents and known Republicanism are guarantees against the continuance or repetition of these offenses.

Resolved, That in order to carry out the above views a committee of three from each county be appointed to present these resolutions and evidences sustaining these charges therein contained to the President of the United States, and urge that prompt action be taken in the premises.

Resolved, That all true Republicans throughout the State are cordially invited to co-operate in this movement for the strengthening and purification of the party.

Resolved, That the honored representative of the Sixth Congressional district is hereby respectfully requested to aid our committee in bringing about this much-needed reform.

This is a move in the right direction. As we understand it was not in the interest of any applicant for office, but, on the contrary, the conference determined not to endorse the claims of any of the many candidates, and in the selection of the committee to wait upon the President none were chosen but those who do not desire and would not accept office. We are in full accord with the movement, and hope and believe it will receive the hearty support of all Republicans in the State who have the good of the party at heart. Treachery to the party by those who receive its favors should meet with a speedy punishment. Integrity of character, honesty, competency and party loyalty should be rewarded in the distribution of federal patronage.

We earnestly hope the movement will be instrumental in weeding out dishonest, incompetent and unfaithful officials wherever they may be found. To accomplish this end men who are not seeking office must take an interest in politics and the distribution of political patronage. Factions should not be encouraged or recognized, and until this is done and there is a thorough weeding out of obnoxious officials our party in Maryland will not grow in strength.

Both political parties were kept in a state of excitement last week. In the Republican camp there was considerable maneuvering in the early part of the week, both in this city and in Washington, in regard to the appointment of a new postmaster. On the other hand, the feeling in the Democratic clans was that of uneasiness. It is now apparent that the campaign in the Democratic ranks will not be one-sided, as the Hamilton men, after a season of lengthy procrastination, have nailed their banner on the outer wall, and his excellency, their commander-in-chief, has followed up his grenade by a discharge of grape and canister.

The Hamiltonians have been roused to action the past week. The presence of their commander at one of the meetings of their leaders in the city, and his words of encouragement, coupled with the announcement that the time for work has come, infused new life into the organization. It was then determined that every county in the state should be canvassed, that the mismanagement of ring rule should be exposed, and that twenty thousand pamphlets giving the details of legislative extravagance should be distributed all over the State. Headquarters for the distribution of documents will be secured in the neighborhood of St. Paul and Lexington streets, and meetings in the city and in the counties are to be held as soon as the campaign fairly opens. The leaders of the Hamiltonians' organization claim that this is not the Governor's contest, but the fight of the people, and it would, therefore, be a misnomer, they say, that they should assume the name of Hamiltonians. The banner and the sign under which they propose to conquer is that of the "Old Line Democracy," with Hamilton as commander-in-chief, and their cry will be "Old Hickory" and "Old Continental;" the latter, of course, being in honor of their commander. They disclaim fighting any portion of the Democratic party, but maintain that the foe they propose to meet in the struggle for power is named the "New Issue" (and they claim that it is an illegitimate one), officered by the managers, and solid in the ranks of the veteran and victorious bosses. The O. L. D.'s propose to make the fight of the people against the legions and their campaign will be the old-fashioned appeal to the masses to rouse them to enthusiasm, and then to storm the stronghold of the "New Issue."—*Sunday American.*

Tammany Reformers on the War-Path.

Nearly one-half of the braves of Tammany are on the war-path, and the object of the expedition is John Kelly's scalp. Two hundred and fifty members of the Tammany Society, which has a total membership of six hundred, assembled in New York on Thursday night, pursuant to a private call, but with the open and avowed object of organizing a movement to depose Mr. Kelly from his control of Tammany Hall. Many of the strongest and most influential members of the society were present. David McAdam was called to the chair, and an address to the members of Tammany, setting forth the necessity of reform and the nomination of a ticket for officers of the society, was presented, to be submitted to the members for acceptance at an adjourned meeting to be held to-night. The address, without referring to Mr. Kelly, pointed out the necessity for a change in the management of the society; referred to the loss of the State and of the presidency by the divisions in the democratic party of New York, and earnestly entreated the members of Tammany to come together and support a ticket "that will make Tammany Hall a source of democratic harmony and success, and not of discord and defeat." The speech of Mr. Purdy, which followed the address, was less reticent in respect to personal references. He spoke of the loss of the State as the act of a selfish cabal that had forfeited all claim to support, and declared that Tammany was opposed to one-man power, and to selfish leaders who, through evil machinations and treacherous alliances, had handed over the State to the republicans. The reformers claim that they have a large majority of the members of the Tammany Society in favor of their movement. But it is also known that Mr. Kelly is rallying his supporters for the struggle, and his friends assert that he will be successful in maintaining his control of Tammany, The rival tickets are to be voted for on Monday night, and, in any event, there is certain to be an exciting contest.—*Balto. Sun.*

Governor Hamilton does not seem to have any higher opinion of the Democratic party than the Republicans themselves, but it has taken him a precious long time to find the party out. Indeed, we suspect that the Governor has only recently begun to read the *American* regularly; otherwise he would surely have given due credit to this journal for publishing in 1880 what he now announces as a brand-new discovery. Of course, the Governor is not to be blamed for this; it is not his fault, but his misfortune, that he is always a year or so late in politics. He is to be pitied, not to be scolded; and our Democratic cotemporaries who manifest a disposition to wax indignant over what they are pleased to term the Governor's attempt to break up the party, should remember that this is only one of his periodic masquerading frolicks. The Governor is very fond of posing as a simple-minded country gentleman with old-fashioned ideas purity of in the administration of public offices, but everybody knows that when it comes to filling those offices with men of his own appointment, he picks out, in his happy ignorance of human nature, a set of gentlemen whose chief distinction is that they only became reformers when there was no longer any chance for them to be anything else. If, perchance, the O. L. D.'s should succeed in getting control of the nominating conventions, we are very much afraid that reform would be sprinkled with camphor and speedily laid away in the party clothes-press with the fancy costumes of previous campaigns. The Governor is one of those amiable persons who believe only what they wish to believe, and his advisers doubtless take good care not to snicker in his presence. They are perfectly willing to let the Governor draw their chestnuts out of the fire, if he can, no matter how badly his own fingers may be burned.—*Balto. American.*

Music in our Homes.

Dr. Oscar Jennings, a noted physician of Paris, writes a discriminating letter to the London *Lancet* on music as a remedy for disease, and among other things says: "Whatever may be its mechanism, there is no doubt that music does exert a powerful physical action. Pythagoras held that music might be made serviceable in the treatment of various diseases, and so have many generations of physicians down to our own time. 'Music,' says Esquirol, 'acts upon the physique by determining nervous vibrations, by exciting circulation. . . . It acts upon the *morale* by fixing the attention upon sweet impressions, and by calling up agreeable recollections.' 'In the treatment of mental disease,' says the same author, 'I have constantly used music. It calms and soothes the mind, although it does not cure; it is, however, a precious agent, and ought not to be neglected.' Pinel, who was no mean authority, also gives ample proof of its value in his classical treatise on 'Mental Alienation.' At the present day concerts are a standard element of treatment in many lunatic asylums, but as usually conducted they may be considered to form a part of the hygienic and moral treatment, and to differ entirely from the therapeutic selection of various kinds of melody, according to the particular condition of the patient. The use of music as a remedy may be truly said to date from the very origin of medicine. In one of his odes Pindar relates that Æsculapius himself so treated some of his patients."

A Washington special to the New York *Times* says the whole star route steal is practically divided between what is known as the Dorsey gang and the Gilmer and Saltsbury party, the latter being by far the most extensive operators in the swindle. The Dorsey gang is composed of J. W. Dorsey, J. M. Peck and J. R. Miner, who have acted as blinds for Stephen W. Dorsey, ex-senator from Arkansas, and, it is believed, pocketed $412,000 in excess of the amount called for by the original contracts. The excess of pay received by the Gilmer and Saltsbury combination over that called for by their original contracts amounts to the neat little sum of $778,508, with more still to hear from.

It is announced from Washington that the venerable Simon Cameron has been to President Garfield and assured him in a friendly and confidential manner that he ought to withdraw Judge Robertson's name, and thus acknowledge that Senator Conkling is President. It is also announced that President Garfield declined to follow the advice. How strange!

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 26, 1881.

The statue of the late Admiral David G. Farragut was unveiled here yesterday, and it was the first statue ever erected by the Government to one of its dead naval heroes. The ceremonies were under the control of the naval authorities, and the parade consisted in the greater part of sailors from the ships of war lying in the Potomac, the regular Army and the District Militia participating by invitation.

At the suggestion of Mr. Shock of the Navy, the bronze metal used for the statue was from the propeller of the "Hartford," Farragut's Flagship. It was a very happy idea, and eagerly adopted. Before the statute was raised to its position, documents containing memoranda reciting the services of Admiral Farragut, giving a brief history of the statue were placed in a copper box, which was imbedded in the pedestal. A copy of the Army and Navy Register, and a small model of bronze of the propeller of the Hartford were also placed in the copper box.

I don't think much ought to be said at this time of the frauds discovered in the letting of contracts for the star routes of mail service, and of the illegal increase of service and remuneration of ninety three of them. Many of the reports given to the public are sensational, and implicate many persons who are guilty through ignorance, and not intention. Besides the postal authorities fear that if all that is now known be given to the public, the investigations of what is not now fully understood, will be embarrassed. Of course there has been fraud and rascality, and the guilty will be punished.

In many of the papers which come under my notice I see hints and rumors thrown out that the real object of Gen. Grants visit in Mexico is to eventually make himself a power in that country, and perhaps some day dictator. All these reports are wholly without foundation Gen. Grant has not the remotest intention of connecting himself in any way with the Mexican Government. He is in the country wholly in the interest of the United States, believing that the establishment of a system of railroad communication will do wonders in the settlement and development of our rich South-western country, and that the working of the rich mines of Mexico by American capitalists will be more to the advantage of the United States than to Mexico.

I am led to believe from present indications that the dead-lock in the Senate will soon be dissolved. The Republicans will consent to hold an extra session, confirm the Presidential nominations and then adjourn until next December. Of course this will be a back down, and many of the Republican Senators are not in favor of it. But what cant be cured must be endured, and the contest has been continued long enough for the people to arrive at correct conclusions of the matter, and to place the blame and unwillingness to accede to the constitutional authority upon right-fot Democratic shoulders.

Messrs. Gilmore & Co., of 629 F Street of this City will commence in May the publication of an eight page paper called "*America*." Its Motto will be, Free Thought, Free Speach, Free Labor, and it will be devoted to the Interests of the people. An immense edition will be issued, and the papers will be first class in every way.

LOGAN.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Fifteen hundred miles of railways are in course of construction in Italy.

At a dinner party in Japan it is common to have five courses of soup.

The four outgoing steamers from New York on Thursday took 56,730 letters.

A few Florida farmers who have planted arrowroot make as much as $1,000 on an acre.

The number of telegrams sent in Italy in 1880 was 26,332,579, being 2,398,824 more than in 1879.

The net proceeds of the charity ball held in Philadelphia in February last, amounting to $12,597.73, have been handed over to the Pennsylvania University Hospital.

The French Chambers have voted $1,200,000 to indemnify those who suffered by the *coup d'etat* of Napoleon III. in 1851. It is computed that in all it made 8,000 victims.

The New York *Tribune's* Newport, R. I., letter announces that Colonel and Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, will take possession of their Newport villa early next month.

In May last Stephen J. Case, a merchant of Kerhonkson, N. Y., aged about 35 years, married a little girl 13 years old. The child wife soon tired of married life, and she recently brought suit for divorce.

Mrs. Thomas Crumy happened to be very drunk when a fire broke out in her house in Brooklyn on Thursday afternoon, and was burned to death. Her children were rescued with much difficulty.

A man named Thomas L. Fox conceived the singular notion that he was the husband of the widow of Commodore Vanderbilt, and called to see her in New York on Wednesday. He was an escaped lunatic, of course.

A six-pound brook trout was caught with a pin-hook near Morristown, N. J., the other day. The Jersey and Pennsylvania brooks are said to be full of the sly beauties, but within a few weeks the fishermen will doubtless, outnumber the trout.

A young woman named Mary Werner, failing to get satisfaction from the Kings county, N. Y., court, on Thursdays, for her alleged betrayal by Louis Weber, fell upon him, and, with the aid of a statwart sister, gave him a sound beating after the trial was over.

At the continuation of the sale of the late Rev. Dr. Chapin's library, in New York, on Thursday, the highest price obtained was $46.50 for Mackay's "Rambles Among the Ruins." "Mr. Briggs and His Doings Fishing" brought $36, and Richard Lovelace's "Lucasta," $200.

A stock company has been formed for publishing a Republican paper, at Dallas, Texas. It is to be called the *Gazette*, and will be edited by W. J. Grant, a cousin of General Grant. J. C. Jones, formerly connected with the Cincinnati *Times*, will be the business manager.

A mortgage for $1,000,000 was filed in the Registor's office of King's county, N. Y., Wednesday, by the New York and Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company. It is executed to the Cntral Trust Company of New York to secure the payment of six per cent. bonds, to run for thirty years.

Brooklyn is moving for rapid transit by elevated railroads. A meeting of capitalists was held at the Mayor's office on Wednesday, when it was resolved to build a trunk line with branches from Fulton Ferry, the terminus of the East river suspension bridge, to the intersection of Flatbush and Atlantic avenues.

Abe Buzzard, the father of the notorious Welsh Mountain gang of thieves in Pennsylvania, has been sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment for the different robberies of which he was convicted. Jos. Buzzard, his son, a youth of twenty, and Detter Clark, belonging to the gang, escaped with four years each.

Rev. Emory J. Haynes recently seceded from the Methodist Church and was appointed pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. On Saturday 150 members of the church announced their intention of severing their connection with it, because Mr. Haynes' style of preaching was "feathery, not solid, and not doctrinal."

The New York police on Saturday night made a raid on a number of low dens, in which fifty persons, men and women, were arrested. At one place there was a trap-door in the middle of the room, through which visitors, after being made drunk and being robbed, were dropped into a room below and then carried out into the street and deposited in the gutter.

Gyuntbere, the Hungarian, who has spent sixty-five days in a sleeping trance in the Lehigh County Almshouse in Pennsylvania, gave signs of reawakening on Saturday. He opened his eyes, and when an attendant sportively shook his fist at his nose, he smiled. Subsequently he was walked about the yard, and appeared to enjoy a bath.

The new steamship, the British King arrived at Philadelphia on Thursday with 370 passengers in all, and with one case of small-pox on board—a little girl ten years old, belonging to a Polish family on board. The vessel was anchored in the stream, and at night all the passengers were vaccinated, preliminary to their discharge yesterday. The patient, with her family, was sent to the small-pox hospital.

Joel M. Vanarsdalen, recently arrested at Montreal for forging the will of the Philadelphia millionaire, Whittaker, was trying to raise the wind by a matrimonial speculation when taken into custody. He had numerous letters from ladies with whom he had opened correspondence, but none of them were encouraging, and he had taken refuge in the Montreal House of Industry in complete destitution.

A family was found in a shanty in Sixty-sixth street, New Nork, the other day in a sad plight. It consisted originally of father, mother and ten children, including four pairs of twins. Recently two of the children died of pneumonia. The youngest of those that were left was dying from bronchitis, and three suffering from diphtheria. All of the eight children have for six weeks had the whooping cough.

The Gunnison *News*, a paper established a year ago in a mining camp at Gunnison, Colorado, in its last issue has a cut of the log cabin in which the first number was printed, contrasted with another cut of the fine edifice recently completed for the publication office. The building is of sand-stone from quarries in the vicinity of the town, three stories in height, with a capacious basement for the press-room. The prosperity of the paper has, of course, kept pace with the rapid progress of the mining camp into a prosperous and flourishing town.

An auction sale of thorough-bred and blooded shorthorns at Waukegan, Wis., last Wednesday netted at out $30,000. One cow, known as the Duches of Oxford XXI., was started at $1,300, and bounded up to $2,000 at the next bid. She was finally knocked down at $4,200. There were bidders on the ground from Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri. Kirklevington Duchess XXVI. brought $2,550. The Seventh Duke of Kirklevington was sold after a heated contest for $1,000, starting at only $400.

Messrs. Thurber & Co., of Richmond, Va., have been receiving large quantities of goods ordered by some unknown person in New York pretending to represent the firm. The scamp is supposed to be a young man formerly employed in a Richmond drug store. Of course, he managed to get fraudulent drafts cashed by the New York firms he favored with the orders. The goods ordered by him amounted to about $20,000; but, fortunately, the seller of a thousand barrels of kerosense found out the fraud before shipping them.

A few days ago, while Jerry Seerat, an eccentric farmer and hunter, who lived in the heart of Boston Mountains, twenty miles west of Fayetteville, Ark., was returning home, a white man and two negroes suddenly sprang from a hiding place in the underbrush and poured the contents of three pistols into him. Thirteen bullet holes were found in the dead man's body. His pistol lay at his feet, but had not been discharged. The murder grew out of a feud engendered by Seerat's homesteading land which other parties wished to enter.

The Staunton *Valley Virginian* states that a lady who had been an insane patient of the Western Lunatic Asylum for twenty one years, was recently found to be in possession of a five-dollar gold piece and a two thousand-dollar bond of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company. She had carried them in a small bag which she wore about her body, and the contents were never known until one day she asked one of the patients to take a cent out of the bag to buy some tobacco. The paper, supposed to be worthless, was torn in two, but was pasted together again when its value was discovered.

A strange tramp, calling himself Henry Miller, was arrested near Pottstown, Pa., last Wednesday, on suspicion of being the murderer of Samuel Clugston, of Valley Forge, but there being no evidence against him, he was released. It is now regarded as almost certain that the Clugston murderer was the same man who broke into a dwelling at Malvern on the night after the murder and carried off a lot of clothing and a pair of shoes. It seems that in the mud near the scene of the Malvern burglary was found a pair of socks which are the exact mates of another pair found in the pocket of the overcoat left behind by the murderer at Valley Forge.

A statement of the amount of logs secured for the season up to April 15th in the principal logging districts of the Northwest was published in Chicago Wednesday. The exhibit shows in the Mississippi Valley, Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Eastern Michigan and Wolf River regions a total of 6,275,960,000 logs. To arrive at the grand total there must be added to these figures the quantity of logs that will be put in by summer logging, and the amount that has been or will be obtained to supply the mills along the different railways. These cannot fall much short of 1,150,000,000 feet, which will raise the total log stock to 7,429,950,000 feet. The prospects for a successful drive were never better.

The editor of the San Jose *Mercury* made the discovery not long ago that the widow of John Brown was living in a destitute condition in Santa Clara county, Cal. He went to work to get together money enough to relieve the widow and family and to pay off the mortgage on the farm. Subscriptions began to pour into the *Mercury* office with liberality, and when almost enough was received to lift the mortgage the news came across the continent from Washington that the widow of John Brown was at the Capital trying to get government employment. Mr. Owen is now investigating the matter, and steps will be taken to ascertain which is the genuine widow of John Brown.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go and C what Cheap John has to sell.

—D. E. Offutt, Esq., lost a valuable Durham cow last week.

—It is worth seeing. I mean the entertainment at Ouffutts Hall.

—The May Term of the Circuit Court convenes Monday next.

—Gardening has been a popular pastime in Oakland this week.

—If you get hungry while attending Court go to Cheap John's.

—The place where you can make a "profit on your purchases," is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Call at A. G. Sturgis' drug store, and secure your seats for the entertainment at Offutts Hall.

—"Peanut headquarters" has been lately renovated and enlarged by "Cheap John."

—For sale by D. E. Offutt—4 yearlings and 5 2-year old cattle. May be seen on the Stoteimire farm.

—Everybody who comes to Court should go to the entertainment at Offutts Hall on Tuesday night.

—Don't fail! Go where the "Red Flag Floateth," and you will learn something to your advantage.

—Pop! Pop! Pop! Manufactured by Cheap John. Plenty for Court week.

—Telephonic communication has been established between Cumberland, Md., and Bedford, Pa.

—Died at Oakland, Md., April 26th, Mrs. Wagner, mother of Wm. M. Wagner, Esq., in the 70th year of her age.

—Persons visiting Oakland during Court will find it to their advantage to price goods where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Mr. Lewis Nydegger warns all persons not to trespass upon his lands for the purpose of hunting, fishing or otherwise.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held Thursday evening of last week. The attendance was large and the exercises interesting.

—Cheap John has enlarged his store room and is going to have a fine stock of Candies, cakes, fruits, nuts, &c., for Court.

—They are selling like hot cakes. I mean reserved seats, for the entertainment at Offutts Hall.

—A very interesting letter from Grantsville received, but was unavoidably crowded out this week. Will appear in our next issue.

—Died April 26th, 1881, near Mt. Storm, Grant county, W. Va., Mary Chisholm, mother of Daniel Chisholm, Esq., of this place, in the 75th year of her age.

—A portion of the Deer Park road near Broadford is said to be in an almost impassable condition. Persons who are compelled to travel the route complain very much. The attention of the Supervisor in charge is called to this matter.

—Gilmore & Co., 629 F st., Washington, D. C., request every soldier or sailor who served in the Union Army during the late war, to send his name and postoffice address on a postal card. Write plainly name, postoffice, county and state. In return you will receive a copy of a new paper, *America*, containing valuable information.

—D. E. Offutt, Esq., chairman of a committee appointed about five years ago to take into consideration the erection of a Town Hall, is now ready to report to said committee, as the Hall is completed and ready for occupancy.

—A large number of delegates to the Supreme Lodge Knights of Honor from the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, the District of Columbia, will pass through this place on the morning of the 7th of May, *en route* for Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the Supreme Lodge holds its session. Dr. E. H. Bartlett is one of Maryland's representatives.

—The family of Rev N. L. Baumgardner, of Deer Park, has been visited with severe affliction in the loss of the eldest child, Earnest Wesley. He died on Friday, April 22nd, from congestion of the brain. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis on Sunday afternoon. The bereaved family deserve and will receive the deep sympathy of all who know them. Little Earnest was a bright boy of nearly seven years. The hopes and plans of the parents for their first born have all been shattered. God, in infinite wisdom and love, has taken him to the tender care and loving presence of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me:"

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,"
"When He was once a child."

The bereaved hearts which he gladdened for a little while are filled with sad, sweet memories of the past, but faith and hope and love combine to brighten the future with an anticipation of a reunion which death shall never break.

S. E. J.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 7½ o'clock p. m.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—If the Court please, and Gentlemen of the Jury, we would call attention to the unprecedented inducements that are offered where the "Red Flag Floateth."

Personal.

Col. J. I. McCarty, of Washington, D. C., was in town Tuesday.

Patrick Reynolds, Esq., has removed to the house on the corner of Third and Alder streets.

Mr. Theodore Bush, formerly of this place is engaged in the mercantile business near Alexandria Va.

Mr. John J. Smith, editor of the *Democrat*, has been quite ill for the last few days, but we are glad to say is now improving.

Messrs. Thos. K. Harvey, Joseph Friend, and Louis Nydegger, of District No 8, Jas. E. Pangh, of No. 1, M. L. Nine, of W. Va., and Anson Clement, of Ohio, called on us since our last issue.

—The entertainment at Offutts Hall on Tuesday night will be well worthy of your patronage, THE REPUBLICAN which is a truthful Journal vouches for this.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, March 30th, 1881.

Jas T. Browning, Kate Brandern, Horace C. Bowman, Mrs. Milton Biggs, A. C. Browning, Fannie Friend, Thos. Hayes, Wm. F. Johnson, Elizabeth Jenkins, Mrs. Wm. Minerd, Taylor Ramer.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 26:

John T. Mason to Abraham Rex, part of a tract of land called "Winston;" $5000.

Samuel Brenneman and wife to John Brenneman and Benedict Beachy, Military Lost Nos. 2417, 2418, 2419 and 2120; $4000.

Mrs. Sarah Snyder to Thornton Gilpin, thirty-four acres of land; $245.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of April:

Andrew J. Lee and Christine E. Lower.

Lewis Werner and Marin E. Upperman.

Chauncey Bittinger and Christena Bowman.

Henry Clay Uphold and Sarah F. McCabe.

Wm. F. Davis and Willie C. Wilson.

Nathan C. Browning and Annie E. Fazenbaker.

Joseph M. Holmes and Joanna Trickett.

Jacob L. Durst and Alcinda Baker.

Wm. S. Sharpless and Sarah M. Fulmer.

Agricultural Implements.

Davis & Townshend are agents for the Celebrated Brown Wagon, Champion Reaper and Mower, Champion Grain Drill, Telegraph Feed Cutter, the *Genuine* South Bend Chilled Plow, Dickey Fanning Mill and the famous Thomas Hay Rakes. Our experience in farming, the practical use of the articles of machinery named, and close observation, with a desire to secure and sell none but the best, has led the the selection of the above. The universal praise we have from those who purchased and used them confirms us in the opinion that we have the articles best adapted to our part of the country. We call special attention to the New Champion Mower and Thomas Hay Rake for *rough or hilly* land. We have sold between 25 and 30 of these machines during the last three years, and are safe in saying that there has not been five dollars expended in repairs for the whole in that time. Should repairs be needed persons buying machines in general use will have no trouble in procuring them.

A fire at Westernport, Sunday morning last, destroyed six dwelling houses belonging to Mr. Henry Rehs, one owned by a man named Craumer, several outbuildings and the platform of the Pennsylvania railroad station.

Docket for May Term Circuit Court.

ORIGINALS.

No. 1. Henry Rowland and Samuel Bayard, vs. Jacob Snyder. Cox for plaintiff.

2. Helen S. Hessen, by her next friend H. W. Hessen, vs. Jacob Snyder. Cox for plaintiff.

3. Henry Weber and Wm. D. Hoye, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiff.

4. Samuel Keller, vs. August Bonig. Hamill for plaintiff.

5. Walter F. Fundenburg vs. Theodore Heckman. Hamill for plaintiff.

6. Walter F. Fundenberg, vs. John W. Lee. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

7. Mary J Minmey wife of Edward Minmey, vs. Henry H. Warner. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

8. Mary J Minmey and Edward Minmey, vs. Henry H. Warner. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

9. Strickler, Weaver & Co. vs. John Mellinger, Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

10. A. H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

11. Gray & Purdy, vs. James W. Newman. Hamill for plaintiff.

12. Edward Hoye, vs. Silas L. Waller. Hamill for plaintiff.

13. Thonius Coddington, vs. Andrew Klumell. Hamill for plaintiff. (Dismissed.) Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

14. Norman H. Nethkin, vs. John M. Browning. Hamill for plaintiff.

15. Abraham Brannan, vs. J. H. Rafter & Co. Hamill for plaintiff. (Dismissed.) Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

16. Calvin Alwell & Co., vs. August Bonig. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

17. Nathan Enlow, vs. James Enlow. Hamill for plaintiff.

18. John Shatzer, vs. the Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

19. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr., George Hill Sr. and Thomas Miller. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

20. Wm. P. Totten, vs. Alpha Hinebaugh. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

21. Johnson, Sutton & Co., vs. E. J. Fringer Hamill for plaintiff.

22. Solomon Armstrong, vs. Christian J. Brenneman and John Brenneman. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

23. Singleton Townshend, and Mary V. Townshend, vs. Daniel Yommer and John G. Brininger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

24. Harriett Miller by John Miller, her husband, vs. Melchoir J. Miller. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

25. State of Md., vs. Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. Jasper Guard and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant, Same vs. Edward Margraff, et al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

26. State of Md., use of Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. James Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

27. State of Md., use of Medulry & Bowers, vs. Jasper Guard, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

28. Issac Greenbaum & Sons, vs. E. J. Fringer. Hamill for plaintiff.

29. State of Md., use Medulry & Bowers, vs. Jasper Guard, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

30. State of Md., use of Medulry & Bowers, vs. Edward Margraff, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

31. State of Md., use of Medulry & Bowes, vs. James Z. Browning, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

32. Madison Blackburn, vs. C. F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs Jacob P Bauer. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

2. John Spiker vs Susannah M. Russell and Henry Russell. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend and Cox for defendant.

3. Samuel A Moore vs. Samuel Specht. Peddicord for plaintiff and Cox for defendant.

4. Levi Comp vs Bernard Sliding. Peddicord for plaintiff and Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

No. 5. Harney Dilley, Administrator of Jos. Dilley deceased, vs. Frank McKenzie. Seiss & Richmond for plaintiff. Veitch for defendant.

6. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord & Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant.

7. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill, Sr. Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for defendant.

8. George H. Williams, vs Garrett Dixon. Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

9. Edward K. Heyndman and Daniel Jones, vs. Patrick Hamill and A. J. Wornick, Gordon, Brace & Richmond for plaintiff. Veitch, Hamill, Peddicord and Semmes for defendant.

10. R. S. McCulloh, use of J. P Hubbard, vs Andrew A. McCrobie.

11. R. S. McCulloh, use J. P. Hubbard, vs Henry Tasker.

12 Madison Blackburn vs. Frederick Yeager. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

13 John L. Browning, et al, vs Jos Adair, and Benj. Shaw. Peddicord and Cox for plaintiff, and Veitch and Hamill for defendants.

14 Crampton Harvey vs. James W. Abernathy. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

15 Joel Wiland vs James Bowser, garnishee of Simeon Biddinger. Peddicord for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

16 Thos H Brantz and Henry Frazee, executors, vs John Helbig. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff and Gonder for defendant.

17 John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, executors, &c. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant.

18 Hannah Ashby by Jesse J. Ashby, her husband and next friend vs Peter P. Lohr. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.

19 Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch and Semmes for defendant.

20 Horace Hersey, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F Denklins and Lou M. Denklins Price and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defd't.

21 Peter McCleary vs Wm. Ryland. Hamill for plintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

22 Mortimer C. Totten vs Wm. M. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

23 Thos A Nethkin vs White McWilliams. Hamill for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

24 State of Maryland, use of John W Veitch vs Jas. Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

25 Same, vs Jasper Guard, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

26 Same vs Edward Margroff, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

27 John H. Blackburn by his next friend Madison Blackburn, vs Christian F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

28 Wm. T Briscoe vs Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

29 John H Briscoe vs. Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

30 Edward T Briscoe vs Jas. A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

31 Elizabeth C Hidingsley by her next friend, James H Hidingsley vs James A Gary, ejectment. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

32 Wm A Loraw, use Adair & Vickery, vs John L Browning et al. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

33 H C Watts & Co., vs John S Combs and H Wheeler Combs, ex. &c. Hamill for plaintiff and Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

34 Wm Ryland vs Peter McCleary. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

35 Geo Hill, Jr., use of R T Semmes and G S Hamill vs Samuel W Friend. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

36 Elias P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

37 A Jackson Fike vs John M Schlossnagle. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Price, Willison and Cox for defendant.

38 Eva C Tasker vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill and Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

39 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

40 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for def't.

41 J McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for def't.

42 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Grove and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant.

43 Synthia Marvill, by her next friend, Geo Marvill, vs B & O R R Co. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, and Boyd & McCleve for defendant.

44 Zebedee Warmen vs Daniel Hendrickson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

45 Sarah Ann Moses, by her next friend Arthur Foundling, vs David Evans. Sloan for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs and McDonald for plaintiff.

46 Solomon Howell and Laishley Weaver vs John Richardson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs, and Hamill for defendant.

47 Levi Tents vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

48 William Frey vs Simon Wolf. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for def't.

49 Jonathan Fichtuer, vs Charles Wheizel, Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

50 Jonathan Fichtner, vs Lewis Bush and Son. Hamill for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

51 John A Delawder, Jr., vs Geo D White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Cox for defendant.

52 Corilla E. Delawder, by her next friend John A Delawder, vs Geo D White. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Cox for defendant.

53 State of Md., use of Daniel E Offutt, vs James Z Browning, et al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

54 State of Md., use of Daniel E Offutt, vs Jasper Guard, et al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

55 A J Merrill, vs Lochiel Lumber Mining Manufacturing and Improvement Company. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff.

56 Varinda Cunningham, by her next friend Geo L Layman, vs The Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

57 Henry Rowland and Samuel Bayard, vs Jacob Snyder and Geo D White. Cox, Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

58 Helen S Hesen, by her next friend Harmon W Hesen, vs Jacob Snyder and Geo D White. Cox for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

59 Henry A Rasche, vs John T. Barney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

60 George W Feidt, vs Theo Beckman, John L Filzwater. Hamill for plaintiff.

61 Wm H Moon, vs Thompson Lower, and Margaret Lower. Hamill for plaintiff.

62 A Allen Perry, vs John H Summers. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

63 Norman Barnard, vs Henry Beckman. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

64 Fink, Bros & Co., vs E. G Blackburn. Hamill for plaintiff.

65 Elizabeth Biddinger, vs Daniel Yommer. Price & Wilson for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

66 Mary F. C Good and husband, use Chas M Miller vs Thos A Nethkin and wife. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

67 John J Metts vs David Evans. Blackiston & Ellegood and Fuller for plaintiff, and McDonald for defendant.

68 James Danley and wife vs same. Same counsel.

69 Wm J Metts vs same. Same counsel.

70 Wm H Metts vs same. Same counsel.

71 Benj F Metts vs same. Same counsel.

72 George Metts vs same. Same counsel.

73 Alex Metts vs same. Same counsel.

74 Howard Lease and wife vs same. Same counsel.

75 Annie Mells vs same. Same counsel.

76 Wm Spiker and wife vs same. Same counsel.

77 Samuel Teeters and wife vs same. Same counsel.

78 Sarah J Metts vs same. Same counsel.

79 Charles O Metts vs same. Same counsel.

80 State of Maryland, use of Jos King and wife vs H wheeler Combs, garnishee of Thompson Lower. Veitch and Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

81 Same, use Mary E King vs same. Same counsel.

82 Same, use of Charlotte E Williams and husband vs same. Same counsel.

83 Same, use of Sarah E King vs same Same counsel.

84 Same, use of Ann A L Thrasher and husband vs same. Same counsel.

85. Same, use of Amy E Kimmell and husband, vs same. Same counsel.

86 Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and husband. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

87 John M Miller vs Elias Miller, Williams, Schley and Thomas for plaintiff.

88 Josiah H Gordon vs J McClure Mason. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

89 Henry Rowland and Samuel Bayard vs Geo Kildow, garnishee of Jacob Snyder. Cox for plaintiff.

90 Helen S Hessen and husband vs Chas H Simcell, garnishee of Jacob Snyder. Cox for plaintiff.

91 Wm H Hall vs Crampton Harvey. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.

92 Henry Garlitz vs James Dorsey. Brown and Cox for plaintiff, and Price and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Mrs. Harman Hobrock, of Cumberland, was seriously burned Monday last, by her clothing catching fire while making soap in the yard of her residence, in that city.

John Douglass, Esq., of Lonaconing, has been appointed to the vacancy in the Allegany county School Board occasioned by the resignation of Dr. G. B. Fundenberg.

A farmer in Trappe district, Talbot county, has five ewes which have added sixteen lambs to his flock this spring, and all are doing well. Four of them had three lambs and the other four.

Great excitement prevails in the ancient city of Annapolis on account of the numerous indictments found by the grand jury against persons for selling whisky to minors.

The lawyers of Princess Anne file so many demurrers that one of the judges the other day remarked that "Princess Anne beats any place for demurrers and dogs that he had ever seen, read or heard of."

Edwin Savage, formerly of Salisbury, died at Denver, Colorado, on the 16th instant. The announcement gave a great shock to his grandmother, Mrs. Byre, who had not heard from him for a year past.

Dr. Severn Reggin, a respected citizen of Crisfield, died of heart disease on the 17th inst., though a moment before he was apparently in good health.

Mrs Amelia J. Rowland, formerly a teacher in the public schools of Harford county, has been appointed by Secretary Kirkwood to a clerkship in the Interior Department, at a salary of $900 a year.

On Thursday George Clark, a youth of 18, who was driving a wagon loaded with wood, at Edgewood, in Washington county, fell off and was run over by the hind wheel, crushing him to death.

John A. Kolb, Jr., of Cumberland, whose name had been drawn as a member of the petit jury, was relieved from duty on account of being under 25 years of age, and was therefore incompetent.

Denton bridge is still impassable, and will continue to be so for several weeks. The span thrown down by a schooner colliding with the abutment cannot be replaced, as the iron is so sprung as to be almost useless

Grase Ditto, a girl six years old, whose parents live near Hancock, in Washington county, was jolted off a horse on which she was riding, and, her clothing catching in the harness, she was dragged some distance by the horse over the ground, causing her death soon afterwards.

Negotiations are in progress for starting a second glass works in Cumberland.

Philip Quinlon, a slave belonging to parties at Snow Hill, returned to that place recently after an absence of thirty years, which he spent in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He means to spend the rest of his days amid the scenes where he was born.

The widow of the late Joseph Pomeroy, of Shippensburg, Pa., who died recently, bequeathed five hundred dollars to the Presbyterian Church, in Emmittsburg. She was formerly a Miss Stewart, and lived near Emmittsburg.

L. R. Daner, a painter at Cumberland, fell head foremost off the house of the late Philip Roman, a distance of 45 feet, on Thursday, and was instantly killed. He was about 50 years of age, and leaves a wife, three sons and a daughter.

Col. John Gale dropped dead on Monday morning in the yard of the Washington Hotel, in Princess Anne, of heart disease. He was a brother of Dr. Wm. H. Gale, formerly register of wills of Somerset county, and was a clerk in the register's office.

It is now stated that the engineers engaged in surveying the new railroad route between Baltimore and the Susquehanna have adopted Watson's Island as the point for bridging the river. This location would place the line within a mile of the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road.

Joseph Offner, who was in prison at Chestertown, charged with stealing a watch and two pistols from James P. Carothers, made his escape on the night of the 18th inst. By means of a poker he broke off his leg-irons and picked a hole through a brick wall. The grandjury brought in an indictment against him the next day.

Mrs. Hanes, the wife of Frank Hanes, the man who eloped from Frederick with his sister-in-law, is lying in a critical condition. When she heard of the elopement the shock was so great that she was compelled to resort to a narcotic to induce sleep. She took a dose of thirty drops of laudanum, which threw her into convulsions, from which she is still suffering.

A correspondent of the Wilmington *News* describes the court-house at Elkton as a cast-off barn built just after the Revolution. The judges' bench has the look of an auctioneer's block, and everything is in harmony with it. The building is called an eye-sore and a disgrace to the county, and totally unfit, from the want of ventilation, for the assemblage of large crowds.

For two months past there has been a dead-lock in the councils of Frederick from parties being equally divided, and the policemen have been deprived of their salaries. An application to the court was resorted to at last, and they obtained a judgment against the city for the amount of their March salaries. The same legal process will have to be gone through with every month as long as the dead-lock continues.

The barn and corn-house on the farm of Captain J. H. Strain, near Brooksville, were burned on Saturday night, with five horses, nine cows and two calves. Two carriages and all his hay and corn were destroyed. His loss amounts to $4,000, on which there was $2,700 insurance. The origin of the fire cannot be accounted, for and he had gone the round of his premises only half an hour before the fire broke out.

On Wednesday Frank Haine eloped from Frederick in company with Florence Baker, his sister-in-law, a girl of sixteen, leavin his wife absolutely without a cent, he having previously sold his household goods and pocketed the money. He is a man about thirty-three years old, and has been five years married. The deserted wife is his junior by several years, and is represented as a very estimable woman, who has been living a very unhappy life. The runaway pair left on the 5 o'clock train on Wednesday morning for Baltimore, but have probably gone further, as he has plenty of money.

On Wednesday Captain Wilson, of the sloop Cooke, of Crisfield, was arrested while dredging oysters within the waters of Port Tobacco creek. The offender pleaded ignorance that he was within the lines, and the judge dismissed him with a reprimand. The officers of the sloop complain that hordes of boats are continually dredging for oysters in the Potomac since the season expired in Chesapeake Bay. The Maryland law of 1880 prohibits the taking of oysters in the Maryland waters after the 15th of April, but as the state has not exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of the Potomac, the law is deemed to be inoperative, because a similar law has not been passed by the Virginian legislature. The dredgers are taking advantage of this technicality to pursue their dredging, in spite of the season being over.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfontz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as

"Recourse Survey,"

containing eleven hundred and sixteen acres and assessed to Mrs. Hamilton White and J. McFerran.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those pieces or parcels of land situate and lying in Garrett county, and described as

Military Lots Nos. 3069, 3070, 3071, 3031, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3047, 3033, 3054, 3052, 3050, and 12 acres of vacancy, containing in the whole 612 acres,

and assessed to Zals & Wolford.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the year 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 3 Collector.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Apr. 21, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in May, 1881,

for the transaction of such business as may claim attention.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
4 23 td. Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 53 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic, in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing,

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

GEO. D. WHITE,
4 16 3 Sheriff.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Hiraut's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

it being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel R. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 347, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 ts Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

GENERAL.

—The highest ambition of a woman, according to Worth, should be to look jaunty under a plain hat.

—Brush had hard work to borrow $5 when he was working at his electric light. Now his income is $1,000 per day.

—Tom Thumb has run through with the comfortable fortune he retired on eight years ago, and must now take to the road to earn his bread and buttor.

—Among the curious articles in the Indian court of the Melbourne Exhibition are two hollow elephant tusks, fitted with a gold cover. They were sent to the Viceroy of India by the Rajah of Burmah, who used them as an envelope for an official communication. They are valued at $1,000.

—In the first week of last January was constructed the first section of railway built by Americans in Asia, running from the Otarunal Harbor to the Paronio coal fields via Lupparo, the capital of the northern island Yezo; and the Japanese officials are said to be highly pleased with the prospect of an American system of rapid transit.

—Robert M. Cutter, a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, is one of the veterans, being now in his ninety-seventh year. He traveled nearly two hundred miles to reach the Legislative Chamber. He was a member of the House of Assembly sixty-two years ago, and has been for forty years a member of the Legislative Council.

—In China literary property is on the same footing as any other property. A person printing and selling the works of an author without his permission is liable to a punishment of 100 blows of the bamboo and three years' deportation. If he has stopped short of printing and has not begun to sell, the penalty is fifty blows, together with the forfeiture of books and blocks from which it is intended to print.

—Germany must be the paradise of such as frequently have to make use of the telegraph. In England the uniform charge all over the kingdom is one shilling for the first twenty words, and the people are now seeking to obtain a reduction of this. A German correspondent of a London paper says that the uniform charge in Germany for messages sent to any part of the Empire is one cent a word, and that under this system the wires are sources of profit, whereas under the old system of receiving no message for less than 25 cents, they were continually the source of loss.

—In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalm lvi., verses 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.

—Safe-blowers in Philadelphia have hit upon a new plan. Two men work the game. They enter offices and exhibit a patent lock, resembling a safe lock, and request the loan of a safe key just for a second, because they have lost their own key. They are such well-dressed, bland fellows that the request was generally complied with. A man with a lock takes a borrowed safe key, inserts it, twists it around a little, and in a minute remarks, "Confound it, it's too bad, it won't fit," and then returns the key to the owner, with many thanks, and departs. The lock is a dummy, and is ingeniously contrived, so that a wax impression of the borrowed safe key is taken in the operation of attempting to unfasten it. The office is visited by night soon afterward, the safe opened and robbed, and relocked, in the most mysterious manner. There have been two robberies reported to the police already.

—The terrible Oriental plague known as the "Black Death," that in former centuries caused such devastation in Europe, and that in 1874 made its reappearance in Tripolis after men had long ceased to fear its visitations, is still alive and has recently appeared in Armenia and on the borders of the Caspian Sea. In 1876 it showed itself in Mesopotamia. In 1878 it crossed the boundary line of Russia, and eases that were detected in Nishni-Novgorod, Moscow, and other places, spread uneasiness throughout all Europe. Germany and Austria closed their boundaries, and cut off all communication, railway as well as other, with the empire of the Czars. The dread disease did not spread in Russia, and finally disappeared from the European domain, some say on account of the energetic sanitary and quarantine regulations of Loris Melikoff, others because the atmospheric conditions happened to be unfavorable to its extension. But the Black Death has continued its work ever since, and has just given a sign of renewed activity by annihilating a whole party of pilgrims from Mecca, and crossing the Euphrates to show itself once more in Mesopotamia.

The Body of the Czar Lying in State.

From Mr. Sala's graphic account of the obsequies of the Czar we make the following abstract: "Meanwhile the black flag, bearing the cipher of the deceased Czar, embroidered in white, had been hoisted to a tall, gilded spire on the cathedral within the fortress. The center of the nave of the cathedral was filled by the huge catafalque, with its cloth of gold, lined with ermine, rising to the very roof of the edifice. Beneath this was a dais, with three grades covered with crimson velvet, while surrounding the pillars of the catafalque, shrouded alternately, were draperies of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, bearing the monogram of the lamented Czar. In accordance with the Russian custom, black draperies are but scantily employed in the interior of churches. At length the head of the cortege, consisting of the personal escort of his late majesty—a brilliant band of cuirassiers, with white tunics and silvered helmets, mounted upon superb black chargers—appeared at the Ivanovskiua Gate; foreign ambassadors, ambassadresses, ministers plenipotentiary and consorts, with members of the respective legations, ladies-in-waiting, the maids of honor of the late Empress, Senators and such high Russian officials whose rank entitles them to places in the Church, ranged themselves around the steps of the catafalque, anxiously watching for the bringing in of the illustrious dead. Bishops, priests and deacons, in copes of sable velvet, stiff with silver embroidery; choristers, acolytes in cassocks of black serge, stood in readiness, expectant and immobile in dead silence. Then mutely filed into the church a great body of officers of superior rank, bearing on cushions decorations, crosses, badges, crowns, sceptors and diadems, all intermingled in such glittering, glistening confusion that the scene could only be likened to some swollen river full of gold and silver, fresh flowing into a sea of *lapis lazuli* and diamonds. These stood around the head of the coffin in a semicircle. The regalia were arranged on either side of the imperial standard. To the left lay the shield and sword, and on the right were the orb and sceptor crusted with brilliants and surmounted, one by a matchless sapphire and the other by the celebrated Orloff diamond. Adjoining these were the crowns of all the kingdoms and principalities which together make up the empire of all the Russias. In delicate Oriental metal work and uncut precious stones, greater than all these, was the imperial crown itself, matchless in beauty, shining resplendent in jeweled luster. Then followed the body of the deceased Czar in a sumptuous gilt coffin born by Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas, Vladimir, Paul, Sergius and the Duke of Edinburgh. It was reverently placed exactly beneath the center dome of the catafalque. The Emperor and his brother removed the lid from the bier, and the upper part of the body of the Czar, attired in the green uniform of the Preobrajinski Guard Regiment, with massive epaulettes of gold bullion, was exposed to view. The Emperor Alexander III. placed himself with the Empress and the imperial children at the head of the coffin. The priests and choristers intoned the dirges of the Russian funeral service, while the Metropolitan handed each person present a lighted taper, and the deacons asperged the church with holy water. The scene was one of great splendor. At the lectern stood a black-robed priest reading the words of the gospel in the sonorous Slavonian Russian Liturgy. At the four corners of the catafalque stood as many aides-de-camp general. Motionless on the steps of the dais were the guard of military cadets. In the midst of all this splendor lay the murdered sovereign, with ghastly, upturned face and folded hands. The lower part of the body was completely hidden under a heap of fresh flowers, deposited by loving hands. When the service was concluded, Alexander III., kneeling on one knee, kissed the hand of his dead father. The Empress followed his example. Then, bowing slightly to persons in the immediate vicinity, the imperial couple left the cathedral. The Duchess of Edinburgh and grand duchesses present were successively conducted to the coffin to pay the last tribute of love and reverence to the murdered sovereign. Then followed all the imperial royal mourners, foreign princes and members of the corps diplomatique."

The Weatherwise Muskrat.

I am at last convinced that we need not go to Canada for a good weather-prophet. One of my neighbors—who, I am sure, never reads the papers, and never gossips with the wiseacres about him—gave warning of the past early and severe winter while the fall weather was yet mild and fair. I have before referred to this Vennor of a muskrat in these notes, and I have now to adduce still further proof of the truth of his forecastings. As I have before said, the high water and severe winter of 1878-9 found him prepared, as far as muskrat could be prepared, though the floods finally overwhelmed him. When the next fall came, he was very tardy about beginning his house, laying the corner-stone—or the corner-sod—about December 1, and continuing the work slowly and indifferently. On the 15th of the month the nest was not yet finished. This, I said, indicates a mild winter; and, sure enough, the season was one of the mildest known for many years. The rats had little use for their house.

Again, in the fall of 1880, while the weatherwise were wagging their heads, some forecasting a mild, some a severe, winter, I watched with interest for a sign from my muskrats. About November 1, a month earlier than the previous year, they began their nest, and worked at it with a will. They appeared to have just got tidings of what was coming. If I had taken the hint so palpably given, my celery would not have been frozen up in the ground, and my apples caught in unprotected places. When the cold wave struck us, about November 20th, my four-legged "I-told-you-sos" had nearly completed their dwelling; it lacked only the ridge-board, so to speak; it needed a little "topping ont," to give it a finished look. But this it never got. The winter had come to stay, and it waxed more and more severe, till the unprecedented cold of the last days of December must have astonished even the wise muskrats in their snug retreat. I approached their nest at this time, a white mound upon the white, deeply frozen surface of the pond, and wondered if there was any life in that apparent sepulcher. I thrust my walking-stick sharply into it, when there was a rustle and a splash into the water, as the occupant made his escape. What a damp basement that house has, I thought, and what a pity to rout a peaceful neighbor out of his bed in this weather, and into such a state of things as this! But water does not wet the muskrat; his fur is charmed and not a drop penetrates it.

Where the ground is favorable, the muskrats do not build these mound-like nests, but burrow into the bank a long distance, and establish their winter quarters there.

Shall we say, then, in view of the above facts, that this little creature is weatherwise? The hitting of the mark twice might be mere good luck; but three bull's-eyes in succession is not a mere coincidence; it is a proof of skill. We shall see if they do as well in the future.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner's*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Gen. Eaton, the Commissioner of Education, calls the attention of American scientists and engineers to a prize of 25,000 francs offered by the King of the Belgians for the best work "on improving ports established on low and sandy coasts;" the awards to be made by a jury of seven, three of whom will be Belgians and four foreigners of different nationalities.

—Owing to the difficulty, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, of distinguishing between a lighthouse and an ordinary lamp on shore, it is proposed in England that each lighthouse should be able to establish its identity by a system of group flashings—that is, by a combination of long and short flashes similar to the Morse telegraph system. Fog-horns are to make themselves known by long and short notes.

—The large quantity of milk used in manufacturing establishments is remarked upon by the London *Times*. In certain classes of pigment-printing work, which is indeed a species of painting—colors being laid on the face in an insoluble condition, so as to present a full, brilliant face—milk has been found a convenient and economical vehicle for effecting the process. Woolen manufacturers, also, have long made great use of a mixture of olive oil and milk, the animal fat in the latter furnishing an element of more powerful effect upon the woolen fibers than purely vegetable oil alone.

—A new mineral called Hiddenite has been discovered in Alexander County, N. C. It is said to be not only the finest and most beautiful of American gem stones, but like the emerald has taken its place among the gems of highest rank and value, some specimens having been recently sold for the price of diamonds of equal size, and in one instance a stone not entirely perfect, of about 2 1-2 karats, was sold at the rate of over $125 a karat. In the gem mart its name is lithia-emerala, and is to the species spodumene precisely what emerald is to the species beryl, being only a beautiful green variety. This is said to be the first purely American gem ever discovered, and its remarkable beauty is highly prized by mineralogists and dealers in precious stones generally.

PITH AND POINT.

—An hour-glass is liable to reverses.—*Somerville Journal.*

—It is customary for an official to be sworn into office, and to be sworn at while he remains in.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—New York consumers have complained so bitterly of the high price of coal that the dealers have kindly reduced the wages of coal shovelers.—*Philadelphia News.*

—When Matt Carpenter was a boy he didn't like to work on a farm, and he became a United States Senator. Farmers, cut this out, and don't let your boys see it.—*Boston Post.*

—A French chemist can take sugar, flour and other substances and make a nicer egg than any hen ever left in a nest, and now the only excuse for keeping fowls is that they may annoy the people next door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A poet tells us "It is not always May." Not until this winter did we decide that this was correct. Now, however, we are prepared to go further and say that it is sometimes December, and frequently January, and we are pretty sure we've had a little February, and just now it seems very much like March. In fact we don't remember that it was ever May. It may have been once, but up to the time of going to press history has not repeated itself. March will continue the attraction until further notice. See Vennor's advertisement.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Lines to the hog:

Rooting grunter, lowly pig,
Awake! Arise! thy fame is big;
Thy name is passed from mouth to mouth
From east to west, from north to south,
Men of business, men of wealth,
Where'er they meet, ask of your health.
And men renowned, our Lowell, Noyes,
With one accord lift up their voice
And tell the natives over there
That trichinosis is a scare.
—*Newburyport Herald.*

—"Don't you know it's very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady, in a railway waiting-room, to Young America, who persisted in puffing a cheap cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort. "Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost strangled the old lady. "But you never heard of a cure from smoking," continued the lady when she had regained consciousness. "Oh, yes I did," persisted the boy, as he formed his mouth into a young Vesuvius working on full time; "that's the way they cure pigs." "Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Good Joke on a Lawyer.

An honest German laborer was passing along the street a day or two ago, when a small dog rushed out of a yard and bit him on the leg, tearing his pants and leaving the print of his teeth in the calf. The German hastened to a lawyer's office and asked the barrister if he could not sue the owner of the dog for damages. The lawyer agreed to take the case, and made propositions for filing a suit for $5,000 damages, alleging that the dog was a ferocious animal, and that plaintiff's flesh had been terribly lacerated, necessitating the expenditure of large sums for medical attendance and for a new pair of pants. The client was directed to go to the house of the owner of the dog the next day, make a demand for the $5,000, and ascertain the name of the defendant. He called at the house early the next morning, and asked for the "hoss." He was somewhat surprised when the lawyer presented himself as the owner of the little dog. The lawyer was no less surprised to learn that his black-and-tan was the cause of the trouble, and he informed the client that a suit would not be maintained, as the injury done was a mere trifle, and the dog was only in fun. The result of the conference was that the lawyer gave the client 65 cents to pay for patching his pants, and took a receipt in full satisfaction of all claims for damages. Both parties were satisfied, and the courts were spared the trouble of trying a vexatious and costly damage suit.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Our Young Folks.

HOW THE BOYS FOOLED UNCLE BUDGE.

Rick and Karl always spent a week in the spring at Uncle Budge's.

It had chanced for two or three years that they were there on All-fools' Day, and at the end of the last visit Uncle Budge, on leaving them at the cars, had urged them to come on for the same time next year, adding, "If you succeed in fooling me then, I'll give you each a gold piece."

Uncle Budge as completely forgot having made such an offer, five minutes after the boys had waved their hats in good by, as though there were no April-fool Days and no gold pieces in the world.

But not so with the Barnes boys. Gold pieces were not so plenty with them that they would be apt to let such an offer pass in one ear and out of the other. Already seats at the circus, fishing-rods and skates were in wild confusion in their brains.

"A whole year to think up something!" said Rick.

"I don't believe there's a bit of use in trying," answered Karl. "We've come to the conclusion no end of times that we can't fool Uncle Budge, and we can't. That's all there is about it."

"No harm in trying," venturned the not easily discouraged Rick, thinking how often he had admired the gold dollar on Chan Holmes' watch chain. "Let's try, anyway."

So next April-fools' Day finding them at Uncle Budge's, Karl and Rick were tiptoeing about very early. They spread the Berkville *Morning Argus* of April 1, 1880—which they had slipped out of Uncle Budge's life the day before—out on the floor, sprinkled some water over it, folded it carefully, and Karl went quietly down stairs, opened the side door, laid the paper there, and took up stairs the *Argus* that the carrier had just thrown.

About an hour afterward the breakfast-bell rang, and the boys went down stairs. There lay the paper by Uncle Budge's place, which caused so preternaturally solemn an expression to come over their faces that Aunt Budge was quite worried.

"Now, I hope you're not getting homesick," she said to Karl; "I know there's not much goin' on for you, as is used to a large family and a good deal of noise; still"—in a more cheerful tone—"we'll think of something after I've done up my work."

An amused smile played about Rick's lips, to hide which he leaned his head on his hand.

"Your toothache ain't come on again, Richard?" inquired Aunt Budge, sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm all right," said one, while the other assured Aunt Budge that he didn't want to go home a bit, and was having the best sort of a time.

"Uncle Budge has gone over to Wilson's," said Aunt Budge, "but may be in any minute. He left word not to wait breakfast. Can you reach the *Argus*, Karl?"

"Well, well," began Aunt Budge, "if another of those Wilkinses isn't married! Amanda J. Why, now, I was thinking that Amanda went last year; but no, come to think, it was Alvira. It does seem that just as reg-lar as spring comes round, off one on 'em goes. Now Amanda is—"

But Aunt Budge's dissertation was cut short by a choking scene, in which Rick pounded his brother with such force on the back that it was a wonder they heard the front door open at all.

"There's Uncle Budge," said Rick, hurriedly. "Don't tell him anything you've noticed in the *Argus*, Aunt Budge, or he'll suspect."

"Suspect!" echoed Aunt Budge, her mind still on the Wilkinses. "Suspect!"

"Sh—sh!" implored Karl. "It's a fool, Aunt Budge. Help us to carry it out. Last year's paper—don't you see?"

"Well, well, I declare!" said Aunt Budge, as the real state of the case flashed over her. "Then," collecting her thoughts, "I was right about its being Amanda, and—" But Aunt Budge interrupted herself by laughing so heartily that the boys found themselves compelled to join her, though it appeared from the conversation, when Uncle Budge came to breakfast, that Aunt Budge had been recounting some of the boys' pranks of years before.

"How old was I then?" asked Karl. "I mustn't forget to ask mamma, when I get home, if she remembers it."

Uncle Budge seated himself, and asked for the paper. Squinted at the date as Karl held it toward him, and then said: "I believe I'd rather have a little *younger* paper than that. This comes within one of it, boys, but I guess I'll take the *one* on the eighty."

"Well, now!" exclaimed Aunt Budge, admiringly. "And he never so much as took it in his hand."

"We can't fool Uncle Budge," said Karl, uttering each word slowly. "That may as well pass into a proverb. It can *not* be done."

"I'm not so sure. We're not through trying yet, you know," put in Rick, with a peculiar look at his brother.

Karl motioned him aside after breakfast.

"What did you mean?" he asked.

"That I've an idea. Just listen;" and a great many questions and answers were exchanged in a hurried undertone.

"Grand—if it will work. Then we must be all ready by the time he comes down stairs?"

"Yes, and before that send a telegram to the boys."

"The boys" meant Hal and Jack Putnam; "a telegram," a note pinned to the string that went round a wooden peg at one of the Budgett windows, and another at the Putnams'.

"Why?" querried Karl.

"You'll see," repiled Rick, as he hastily penciled:

"'Be on the look-out for Uncle Budge. B. S.'"

The telegram came as the Putnam boys were breakfasting, and Jack laughed as he read it aloud.

"What is the fun?" asked Mrs. Putnam. "And how strange it is I cannot remember those boys' names. Which one, now, is it that signs himself 'B. S.'?"

"Neither," laughed the boys, merrily. "'B. S.' means 'Big Show.' An April-fool on Mr. Budgett."

"And mustn't be missed," added Hal. "Jane, please tell us when you see Mr. Budgett come down street."

Jane went into the kitchen, where she hurriedly told the cook that Mr. Budgett would probably be coming down town soon, with "April-fool" chalked on his back.

"Ye don't mane it!" cried the interested Bridget. "Oh, thim byes! thim byes!" and she flew after the departing milkman with the news, omitting, however, the word "probably."

But to return to Mr. Budgett. Just as he was putting on his coat, he heard whispers of,

"He's going, Karl, as sure as I'm alive!"

"And hasn't noticed it. Well, that's too good."

"He's looking in the glass now."

"Sh—sh! don't make so much noise."

"He sees it, I'm sure, or he'd have gone long ago."

"Sh—sh! can't you?"

Mr. Budgett heard it all. "I believe I've left my pocketbook," he said, half aloud, as he turned to go up-stairs.

"It's all up now," said Karl, vexedly.

"Maybe not. Keep dark."

"Couldn't very well do otherwise under these coats. Why doesn't he go? I'm smothering."

This decided Mr. Budgett. Up he went, and with Aunt Budge's hand-glass and the mirror took a complete survey.

"Did you find it?" called Aunt Budge, as he came down again.

"Yes," from Uncle Budge, who was listening for more whispers.

"We'll open the wiudow, and watch him down the street."

"Sh—sh! How the Putnams will stare!"

A suppressed giggle followed.

The shutting of the front door was a signal for the boys to rush wildly out of the hall closet into the dining-room, where Aunt Budge was hovering over the breakfast dishes.

"What is it?" cried Aunt Budge, putting on her glasses. "Oh, what red faces! Did you get shut in?"

"We're fooling Uncle Budge," said Rick, breathlessly. "He promised us each a gold piece if we could," and he dashed up-stairs after Karl.

They raised the windows cautiously, but not too quietly for Uncle Budge. He heard but did not look up, though he began to feel a little ill at ease; and no less so when the milkman, who was dashing away from the Putnams', reined in his horses very noticeably, nudged the small boy on the side of the wagon, and both looked curiously at him.

Mr. Budgett walked a few steps, then looked furtively behind him. Imagine his feelings at discovering that the milkman had stopped his horses, and that the small boy was running quietly after him, but stopped as he noticed Mr. Budgett glance around.

"There certainly is something wrong," decided Mr. Budgett; "though I didn't think those little rascals would make a spectacle of me. As I live, their heads are out of the window yet. And look at the Putnams!" he exclaimed, aloud.

Well might he stop in surprise. There was Mrs. Putnam standing in the library window, with Abby and Sarah on tiptoe beside her; the two boys at the large upper window poking each other and giggling audibly; Mr. Putnam at a third, apparently consulting a thermometer, but looking across at Mr. Budgett as though he possessed far more interest for him than any degree on the indicator; and lastly, Jane and Bridget on the side stoop, gazing as though they were candidates for Barnum's.

Uncle Budge turned abruptly and went home.

"Polly, what's the matter with me?" he asked, walking into the dining-room, where Aunt Budge was drying her coffee-cups. "All Berkville is agog."

"Berkville agog!" cried Aunt Budge, inspecting Mr. Budgett critically. "I'm sure I don't know over what. However, the boys are up to something, for they said as much."

"Of course they are," agreed Uncle Budge; "but can't you take it off, Polly? It's on my back, I guess."

"Something alive!" screamed Aunt Budge. "Why don't you shake yourself, Jacob?"

Uncle Budge laughed heartily.

"It would be as well," advised Aunt Budge, "to give 'em the gold at once, for they'll play the trick, Jacob, whatever it is, on you till you do."

"Give them the gold!" exclaimed Uncle Budge, wonderingly. "My dear Polly, what do you mean?"

"They say you promised 'em a gold piece last year if they'd come on and fool you this."

"I did?" with still more surprise in his voice—"I did? 'Pon my word I'd forgotten it. Well, well," producing the purse that Polly had knitted for him years ago. "Where are the rascals? Then going to the stairs, "Rick and Karl, come down here," he called, with an affected sternness in his voice. "The idea of your daring to make a guy of your old uncle!"

"We haven't made a guy of you," said the boys, rushing down; "and it isn't a mean fool at all, Uncle Budge, for it's really nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Aunt Budge.

"Why is everybody staring, then?"

"Only the Putnams," they explained. "We sent a telegram to the boys—"

"Telling them what?" interrupted Uncle Budge. "Not all about it, I hope?"

"No; merely to be on the look-out for you."

"You don't mean it!" chuckled Uncle Budge; "and that that whole family is fooled from garret to cellar, milkman included. Well, well, pretty good, pretty good. You deserve a reward, boys, for there'll be few tricks played to-day that'll end as pleasantly as this. It's the right kind of one, and the more of that sort the merrier."

"Beauties, ain't they?" cried Aunt Budge, admiringly, as the boys laid their gold pieces on the table where the sun came streaming in, and called her to look at them.

"Seems to me," said Karl, "they're bigger than Chan Holmes'."

"His has worn down, perhaps," said Rick, spinning his glittering coin. "Why, look here! what's this? 'Two and a half *D.*'"

"No you don't," answered Karl, knowingly. "I'm too well posted on the day of the month."

"Well, I know these are two-dollar-and-a-half pieces," cried Rick, snatching his hat, "and I'm off to thank Uncle Budge for *his* fool," and away he went, and Karl after him when he found it was true.—*Kate R. McDowell, in Harper's Young People.*

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Starting Plants for Early Blooming.

There are some plants which inexperienced persons cannot always propagate profitably, nor compete with the professional florist either in the quality of plants produced or the facility of producing them. For instance, one who knows but little of the methods of increasing plants had better not try to raise camellias without first trying some of the more easily propagated varieties, such as verbenas, heliotropes, geraniums, etc. Such plants as the last named may be propagated very readily with but little trouble.

No garden is complete without a good-sized bed of verbenas, and no plant gives more show and profusion of flowers for the effort required to produce it. A small plant of perhaps three or four inches in height will, if planted in good mellow soil, cover a yard square before autumn, and afford a continuous succession of gorgeous bloom during the season. When plants are propagated from cuttings, of course the varieties are the same as those of the parent plants; but as the verbena is subject to almost infinite variation by seed reproduction, some amateurs will find it more interesting to raise their plants from seed. Whichever method is pursued, there is no need of having the plants large or old. Small, vigorous ones are much better. If grown in pots, never allow them to become pot-bound or the roots hard, if you wish to have them make a vigorous growth from the start. Also, never allow the plants to grow tall or spindling, but if necessary nip in the long shoots. In purchasing varieties, if only a few very desirable ones are wanted, by all means get pure white, deep crimson, scarlet with white eye, maroon, light pink, and deep purple.

Lantanas are chiefly valuable on account of their free-blooming qualities and rich tints, the perfume of both flowers and leaves being rather offensive than otherwise. Still, a few of the high-colored sorts, at least, are worthy of a place in every garden. They are easily propagated from slips or cuttings, but are impatient of being transplanted unless pot-grown. Heliotropes are as easily and quickly grown, bloom as freely, and are so useful for summer bouquets that they should be liberally planted in every garden. They do well, and make a good appearance, planted either in masses or interspersed with other bedding plants. Heliotropes delight in heat and moisture, hence never allow these conditions to be wanting either in propagating or growing the plants. They also need plenty of pot-room, and when growing freely need frequent shifting. In removing heliotropes to the open ground, they should be well-protected from the wind for some time, or it will be almost sure to blacken and wither the foliage.

Of the ornamental-leaved plants, such as are used for ribbon or carpet beds, geraniums, coleus and achyranthes are among those most easily raised at home. Those varieties of geraniums having the most clearly defined zonale marking on the leaves are the most showy for this style of planting; but free-blooming varieties should always be chosen. The General Grant is always desirable on account of its rich color and free-blooming qualities. Notwithstanding the many new varieties of coleus that have been introduced of late years, the old Verschaffeltis, a dark, velvety, crimson sort, is still regarded as one of the best for bedding purposes. "Tip" cuttings of coleus and all other bedding plants are always preferable.

Geraniums propagated now will make small plants for setting in the open ground on the approach of summer, after which they may be stored in the cellar or kept in the house during winter. If wanted to bloom in winter, the buds should be removed during summer. Keeping geraniums in pots during the summer is a good plan when they are wanted for early fall and winter blooming. By careful selection, cuttings of geraniums can often be taken from plants without injuring their symmetrical form, and sometimes with positive benefit to the appearance of the plant. When new and vigorous shoots start out from the base of the plant, the older part of the plant may be cut away entirely. These new shoots will form a fine shapely head. Geraniums that are kept in the cellar during winter may be brought up to the light and allowed to grow a few weeks before setting out in the open ground. Window plants often suffer from lack of light, which causes them to grow one-sided and tender. To counteract this in a measure they should be turned occasionally, that the light may strike all sides of the plant. Plants of German ivy are very useful for filling stands and baskets, and for other similar purposes. Large plants of this and other trailing and creeping plants may be easily raised in small pots. Two and one-half inch pots are large enough if kept plunged in sawdust, and the plants plentifully supplied with water.

Those who raise annual flowering plants from seed will do well to sow some of the seed early, in order to have early bloom. Plants of these kinds should be grown in pots like other plants, for convenience in transplanting. The extra care and expense required to produce early annuals of the favorite varieties is well remunerated by the early bloom. It is during the early part of summer that flowers are most needed; hence the earlier annuals can be made to bloom the better, especially when there is a lack of early bulbs, roses, shrubbery, etc. A good-sized bed of what are usually termed greenhouse or bedding plants is always a valuable addition to a garden, for they make a show of flowers and foliage earlier than plants raised from seed. In the fall, also, after early frosts, there is a scarcity of flowers. Chrysanthemums and arillmeslas are excellent for late blooming. Almost every garden has some secluded corner where the sun shines but part of the day. This is just the place for pansies, and without a few of these plants the flower-garden is incomplete. In order to hasten early bloom the seed must be sown early. When the seedlings are of sufficient size they should be transplanted into pots of small size, from which they may be shifted to open ground. Pansies will not do well if planted in a very sunny situation, or in too light a soil. Watering every night during hot weather will aid in keeping up a vigorous growth.

Salvia splendens, and the different varieties of Canna indica, are fine plants for ribbon beds or planting in masses. Seeds sown now will make good-sized plants for summer planting. Asters, balsams, candytuft, dianthus, petunias, portulaca, stocks and zinnias are all general favorites, and should not be neglected in making up seed lists.

Cheap flower-seeds are not the ones even for amateurs. A paper of flower-seeds at five cents may be dearer than one at twenty-five. Double varieties are nearly always the finest, and always the most expensive.—*C. A. Maclean, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

What the Farmers Should Know.

Let us see what the educated farmer in this nineteenth century ought to know in order to be up with the times in which he lives.

1. His work is to get out of the soil useless, inorganic, and even poisonous material, and transform it into shapes in which it will serve the human race. He must therefore know the nature of soils; of what they are composed; what soils are best adapted to what products; where he can get corn, where wheat, where cotton, where timber, where fruits of the various kinds. He must know this, not merely by observation on his own limited farm, but also by the ability to make chemical analyses, in order that he may apply his knowledge in other localities and to other soils. He must know this in order to know how both to select his farm and how to till it to good advantage. For this is axiomatic: he never can get out of the soil what has not been put into it by nature or by himself.

2. He must know how to prepare this soil; how to get out what he wants, and how to leave in what he does not want. He must therefore know how to drain it if it is wet, how to irrigate it if it is dry, how to till it, when it needs deep and when shallow plowing, and when spade husbandry. He must know how to feed it; for he must feed his farm and his grain and his trees, as well as his cattle, his horses and himself. He must know something of the nature and effect of manures and fertilizers.

3. He must be a mechanic. His success as a farmer will depend on his choice and use of tools; and that in turn will depend on his acquaintance with at least the fundamental principles of mechanism. The machinery adapted to the prairie of Illinois is useless on the hillsides of New Hampshire. He cannot act on general recommendation of venders, or even agricultural newspapers; he must be able to judge of the adaptation of plow and harrow and cultivator to his own fields. He must be a practical mechanic as well. He cannot afford to send off to the city to a machinist, or even to the village for a blacksmith or a carpenter, for every break. The modern farmer is in some sense an engineer, and he must be able to repair as well as to run his engine. Whether his cows give good milk or poor, whether he sells his butter at fifty cents a pound, or can sell it at no price, depends on his outbuildings and his dairy-room; and this again depends on his knowledge of the principles of construction and ventilation.

4. Much of his labor is necessarily performed by horses and cattle. Much of his success depends on their condition, and on that of his pigs, hens, sheep, etc. He must therefore be something of a veterinary surgeon. He ought to be acquainted with animal physiology; to know the nature of the operations on which their health depends; to know what are the laws of animal hygiene, what conduces to health, what promotes disease. He ought to be familiar with those forms of vegetable and animal life, parasites, which are one of the most common causes of disease and disaster.

5. In any farming on a large scale he must employ at times considerable help. He has to deal with men as well as with animal and vegetable life. He needs, therefore, to be acquainted with men; to have skill in managing them; to know how to make their industry so adapted to immediate and prospective needs that the losses will be reduced to the least possible fraction, and the returns will be the largest possible. In other words, he must understand the labor problem in all its various aspects—tenant farming, hiring labor, working on shares, co-operative farming, wise distribution of labor. His work in this respect requires much more practical sagacity and skillful administration than the management of a great factory, where every branch of work becomes a routine, and endless repetition. On the farm there is no routine; there is endless variety.

6. Farming is a perpetual battle. Every harvest is the spoil won on a hard-fought field. The farmer must understand the tactics of his enemies, and must know how to conquer them—weeds, insects, birds, various forms of disease, late rains, long droughts, early frosts. He must know how to pit one against the other; how to make the birds kill the insects; how to forecast; how to adjust his crops so that neither a driving rain, nor a scorching drought, nor an early frost will neutralize all his labor and leave him with absolutely empty granaries. He must avoid putting all his eggs in one basket, or all his baskets in a row, where one disaster will overwhelm them in a common crash.

7. He is not only manufacturer, but merchant. His laboratory is not an endowed institution. He must make it pay. He must therefore know how to carry it on with the least expenditure and the best result. To this end he must know his market; that is, the markets of the world. If he does not, when his crops are gathered he is at the mercy of speculators or middle-men, and sows that they may reap. Of all the men in the world, the farmer is the one who should take the best newspaper money can purchase, and keep himself well acquainted with the great world's movements.

In a sentence, the ideal farmer is a chemist, a physiologist, a manufacturer, a merchant; all trades and callings except teaching, preaching and litigation are combined in his profession; and for the perfection of his industries he needs to be the broadest and best educated of men.—*Christian Union.*

—The New York *Sun* says our best and most skilled veterinarians admit that the cause of stringhalt in horses is unknown. All methods and medicines for that affection have also proved unsatisfactory.

HOME AND FARM.

—The seed of the amber sorghum cane is said to be valuable for hens.

—A Safe Depilatory.—Hair may be removed from the skin, and the hair follicles destroyed so that the growth will not return, by means of an application to the skin of lime paste. The paste may be spread on the skin and left until it becomes painful, when it may be washed off, and sweet-oil or lard applied to the part.

—Marlborough Pudding.—Grate apples enough to make eight ounces, add to this eight ounces of white fine sugar which has been well rubbed on the rind of a large lemon, six well beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cream, the strained juice of three lemons, eight ounces of butter, add quantity at pleasure of orange flower or rose water. Line a pie-dish with rich puff paste, put in the mixture and let it bake in a quick oven.

—Starch (very fine).—Two tablespoonfuls of starch wet in cold water; add one teaspoonful each of gum arabic, white wax, and fine salt; pour on one quart of boiling water; boil ten minutes, then strain; add two more tablespoonfuls of starch wet in cold water to the strained starch. If any is left over it can be kept for next time; it will be good though thin as water. If a polishing iron is used after the usual ironing the clothes will look like new.

—The following is my method of preparing pressed meat. I boil a piece of beef or veal until tender, and then chop it up quite fine and season with salt, pepper and spices if desired. The water in which the meat was cooked should be allowed to boil down and about a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little water added before removing it from the fire, so that when cold it will form a kind of jelly. Pour this liquid while hot over the chopped meat and stir up well together. If the meat is then pressed down tight into a stone jar, it will become firm and solid when cold, so that it can be readily cut into thin slices.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

—Charcoal for Fowls.—There is one thing which nature does not supply and which civilization renders quite necessary to fowls. It is charcoal. Charcoal made of wood does not answer the purpose; it has no taste of food, it is not attractive to fowls, and is seldom eaten. But if anyone will put an ear of ripe corn into the fire until the grains are well charred and then shell off the corn and throw it to the flock, he will see an eagerness developed and a healthy constitution brought about which will make a decided improvement. All pale combs will become a bright red, the busy song which precedes laying will be heard and the average yield of eggs greatly increased.

—Corn-Starch Hasty Pudding.—Four tablespoonfuls (heaping) of corn-starch, one pint boiling water and the same quantity of scalding milk, salt. Heat milk and water to scalding in a pail set in a pot of hot water. Wet up the corn-starch with a little cold milk, adding the salt. Stir this into the boiling milk and water, and keep stirring until the mixture is about as thick as hot mush. Turn into an uncovered deep dish, and set in hot water to keep warm until you are ready to eat it. It is very good eaten with sifted sugar mixed with nutmeg or cinnamon, and milk—or cream, if you have a can—or with a simple custard poured over it, or with butter and sugar. If you have plenty of milk, use no water in cooking the corn-starch. A cheap, wholesome and nice dessert.

—How to Wash Clothes Without Fading.—A lady correspondent sends us the following receipt, which she has tried with success on all kinds of fabrics: Wash and peel Irish potatoes and then grate them into cold water. Saturate the article to be washed in this potato water and they can then be washed with soap without any running of the color. I have taken oil out of carpets saturated with this potato water when simple cold water would make the color run ruinously; have set the color in figured black muslins, in colored merinos, in ribbons and other silk goods. Often the potato water cleanses without the use of soap; but the latter is necessary where there is any grease. In such cases (without soap) I take the grated potato itself and rub the goods with a flannel rag. In woolen goods it is necessary to strain the water, else the particles will adhere, but this is not necessary in goods from which they can be well shaken.

Dress Children Neatly and Warmly.

No child is prettier for an elaborate design of dress. A single ruffle at the edge of the skirt does very well, but it is quite as well without it. And to cut up the tiny space of a child's dress with loopings and trimmings and ornament seems to us to make them look like monkeys. Not even the sash is beautiful for a child. A child is constructed first of all to eat, that it may grow; to receive impressions, that it may learn; therefore the head and stomach are large in proportion to the rest of the body. When the little figure is nude, so that the soft, fleshy form can be well seen, all this is beautiful; but to emphasize in the draped form of the child the large stomach by a broad sash is utterly against all rules of beauty. The legs and arms are often beautiful, but to show the legs by cutting off the dress at the hips is immensely awkward, and seems chiefly to serve to display the drawers, which are not a beautiful garment, and should be entirely hidden. Beside this, in winter our climate is wholly inappropriate for any such exposure, and we shall best see the beauty of a healthy child in the easy, untrammeled motion as it moves about in a simple dress (of as handsome a material as you like, provided that it is untrimmed), which is long enough to be warm and loose enough to be comfortable. If you want your children to be graceful, let them be unconscious; if you want them to be healthy, let them be sufficiently warm. No woman can have a fine complexion who, as a child has been habitually chilled, and we see in the winter many children who seem literally to have nothing on them from the waist down. They could much better afford to put it the other way, and wear nothing from the waist up, the lungs and heart being at less expense to warm the upper portion of the body than the legs, which are further away from them.—*Harper's Magazine.*

American Inquisitiveness.

Some travelers have reported disparagingly of American inquisitiveness. A stranger being besieged with questions of a very personal nature, seemed to me a very natural thing in a country of widely-dispersed settlers. So many are far away from centres of news that they have a craving for it others never know. The stranger is to them a peripatetic newspaper. His object in coming there, his destination, the place whence he first set out, the place which he has left, all imply new information. He knows something which is unknown to the inquirers, and they want to know what it is; it is partly curiosity and partly necessity. There is something stirring elsewhere, or he would not be stirring there. The craving for news is a passion of the settler's condition, and the habit of acquiring it clings to him when he is in a position to obtain information otherwise. The saturated English traveler from populous cities, where news is heard from a thousand tongues, is too apt to forget that the isolated have parched minds and thirst for details.

The splendid school system of the country causes a much higher average of intelligence than we have in England. I frequently heard young ladies of fifteen or eighteen years of age speak familiarly and intelligently of public questions, cite the names, recall the record, describe the capacity of public men with an accuracy of judgment which would be thought unusual in ladies in England of mature age. Where general intelligence reaches so high a level, persons of distinguished attainments are less conspicuous than they are in a nation where a majority are ignorant. Where the many know little, a person whose knowledge reaches only the standard of mediocrity has a chance of being conspicuous, and a person of ordinary attainments is eminent. But it implies a higher state of progress where the majority are well informed, than where only a few are so. In America there are a million villas to a single mansion. This implies a far higher average of comfort than where there are a thousand great houses and a million hovels.—*George Jacob Holyoake, in the Co-operative News.*

—One Cuylen, a notorious Paris confidence man, has lately come to grief. Nature, according to French police authorities, has endowed M. Cuylen with "a melancholy and sympathetic countenance," and on the strength, apparently, of his dolorous mien he devised a system of what may be described as "the Mourning Department of Swindling." He kept a very sharp lookout for funerals among the affluent classes, and a day or two after the ceremony it was his practice to wait on the bereaved representatives of the deceased and make ostensibly as an employe of the obsequies authorities, a demand for the payment of some small item of expense which he alleged had been omitted in the list of charges made by the administration of the Pompes Funebres. Cuylen had obtained no fewer than 400 distinct sums of five-and-twenty francs each by this fraud alone.

—According to the official returns, the exports of Swiss products to the United States in 1880 were greater than in any year on record, exceeding those of 1879 by 15,000,000 francs. Watches alone showed an increase of 5,000,000 francs. The improved trade is greatly benefiting the Federal finances, for instead of the usual deficit, the receipts of 1880 exceed the expenditures by upward of 3,000,000 francs.

—Nerve impulses are conducted along the nerves very slowly in comparison to the speed of electricity along a copper wire. The latter travels sixteen million times as fast as a nerve impulse, and yet the nerve impulse travels with the speed of the fastest railroad train.

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Edgar T. Page, Esq., Druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls, that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wilda Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism and it cured him, as if by magic. He also used it with great success among his horses, in cases of sprains, sores, etc., and it cures every time.

SAYS Aaron to Moses, "I've got trichinosis!" Says Moses to Aaron, "You shouldn't pork fare on I"—*Punch.*

[Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.]

We notice the following in an exchange: Mr. G. B. Haverer, Foreman N. Y. & N. H. S. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

A BAGGAGE-MASTER'S game — Checkers.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

A LARGE store in this city contains a department with a sign-board: "All mistakes corrected here." An elderly lady from Scranton walked up to the desk, and, handing a piece of paper to the young clerk, said: "Sonny, I've made a mistake in that 'ere figger work for he thing will not gee. Please keerect it fur me." "We do not correct the mistakes of other people," said the clerk, indignant because he was called "Sonny." "Law sakes!" said the old lady, surprised; then she 'stated for a moment, and said sharply, "Oh, I see! It takes all yer time to keerect yer own mistakes! All right!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

THE Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee,
Have not the power,
At the dinner hour,
Of the bell that summons
Mary Jane and me.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A CHICAGO young man broke into the room of the girl he loved, to carry her away, as she refused to marry him. She was absent but had left the bulldog asleep on her bed. The room was dark. The dog didn't bark, but worked. In about seven minutes the remains of the young man came out and said he wouldn't marry that girl for $70,000.—*Boston Post.*

A MAN should be taken for his worth; not for the worth of his money.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IT will soon be time to make gardens. Cabbages should be sown in drills not less than three feet apart, in order that the fruit may have room to ripen in the hot sun. Potatoes should not be set out before the 1st of April, and then carefully taken in at night until the season is well advanced. Pumpkins should, when possible, be grown in a separate field, as when they fall from the trees they often damage things growing nearer the ground.—*Graphic.*

A MEXICAN with ninepence in his pocket is considered a *real* gentleman.—*Boston Transcript.*

Be Wise and Happy.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug corsalls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.—*Press.*

NEVER allude to a favor once conferred.—*Ex.* Certainly not. If a man owes you five dollars be careful, upon all occasions, to avoid the very name of money. It might hurt his feelings.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Facts About Rheumatism.

Mrs. General Sherman says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic."

General Logan, United States Senator, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have been a great sufferer in the last year with same disease. I began to take Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, and am satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I recommend it to all sufferers."

Hon. John Cessna, late member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

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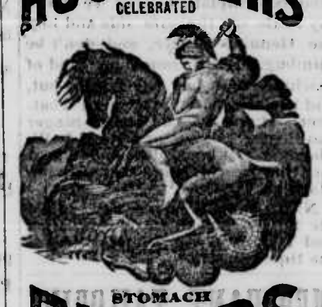
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Mansfield, Richland Co., O.

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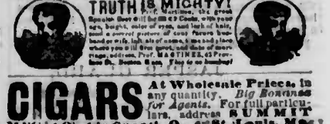
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AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

LAND Warrants and Soldiers' Additional Homestead Floats bought and sold. Highest price paid. N. W. Fitzgerald, Land Att'y, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction.

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot Number four thousand and forty-five.

being the same land which was conveyed to James King by Solomon Simmons and others by deed dated May 2d, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 12, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to James King.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of innd situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots numbers 2900, 2907, 2927, 2928, 2996,

also two lots adjoining the "Glass Place," and one piece adjoining the Pennsylvania line, containing 20¾ acres, and containing altogether 310¾ acres of land and assessed in the name of Dawson V. Hammond.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection Districts of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots numbers two thousand etght hundred and eighty one and two thousand eight hundred and eighty two,

and assessed in the name of M. W. and H. C. Savage.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland all that piece or parcel of land called

"Grim's Point Resurveyed,"

containing sixty acres and assessed to Isaac Vanskikle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"Addition to Sophia and Arabia,"

containing 71¼ acres, more or less, and assessed to Mary Vanefckle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the third collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public sale,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland all that piece or parcel of land called

Part of Military Lot No. 846,

containing 2 acres, being the same land which was conveyed by E. G. Hall to W. H. Myers by deed dated December 18th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 361, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to William H. Myers.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 19 3 Collector.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

feb1-yl

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Savage River, at or near Thomas Broadwater's, on the Grantsville and Barton road.

ELIAS MERRILL,
JOHN BANCORD,
3 19 5 PETER J. STEPHEN.

FOR RENT.

The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

49tf E. D. KEPNER.

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We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

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and every description of

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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Gerrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jet4-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE.

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.32 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work ugaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 997, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, of BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July3-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
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ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUED BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Sennior, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses,) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Takes a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, in *cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receeption of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 600. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. A beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ **$85.00.** ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action, Full Iron Frame with Extra braces, Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout, Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ **$275.00.** ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial,

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881. NUMBER 11

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can,
Minded and built
On the generous plan,
Though he may neither
Have silver or gold,
Title or fortune,
"To have or to hold."

Though he may labor
With spade or with hoe,
Though ye may not
But his mother-tongue know,
Though he may live under
Society's ban,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can,
Gentle and tender
Though he lost a man,
One who will treasure
His child or his wife,
Scorning to rob them
Of sweetness in life.

One who will never
The brute's part assume,
Filling his household
With sorrow and gloom,
If on love's altar,
The flame you would fan,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

You will be happy,
And you will be glad,
Though he only
Be commonly clad,
Pleasure is fleeting,
And life but a span—
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

THE MISTAKE GARNET MADE.

A little low browed, yellow cottage, sleepingly nestling 'neat a canopy of branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs. Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she was commonly called by the inhabitants of Linden. Here, since the departure of her niece, Garnet, her brother Robert's child, for the city to learn her dressmaker's trade, which event occurred a couple of years ago, she had lived alone, subsisting on the produce she raised on the few acres of ground attached to the cottage, which she managed to sell or barter away for groceries at a thriving town three miles distant.

Day was fast verging into dusk. Indeed for sometime twilight had lain gray upon the scene, and only a silver line kissed the purple tops of the distant mountain. The Widow Darley sat by the window busily engaged in darning a wretched—looking stocking over a mammoth mock orange, bemoaning with her every stitch her recent attack of rheumatism, which confined her to the house, when she was thoroughly conscious of the fact that her services were needed out doors. Now was the time to dig her potatoes, now the time to gather certain apples, and—do everything, in fact, and here she was, not only unable to get about, but so heavily trammeled by debts, that she found it impossible to secure the assistance so much needed.

'Well, I declare!'

This exclamation was caused by the rumbling old stage coach, that daily passed her house, stopping at the front date, from which alighted her niece, who ran lightly up the walk and into the house followed by a strongly-built man, bearing on his shoulder a goat-sized trunk, which he deposited in the hall ere making his exit.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Susan?' with a hug and a kiss. 'Not a shave to rheumatism, I hope?'

'Yes,' replied the Widow Darley, who, by the way, was a tiny woman of 40, with a face not unlike the wrinkled apples that grew on the tree in the garden, 'the monster has me again in his clutch. But, whatever brings you home? You haven't surely been sent adrift?'

'Yes, Aunt,' a tremor of pain threading her voice, in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, 'times are dull and Madame Brown has so little work that she deemed it expedient to dispense with the services of those girls who proved the most incompetent. I, being the least skillful of all her apprentices, was discharged without regret. Most summarily she dismissed me, withholding the few faint words of commendation she grudgingly bestowed upon the others. I have no taste for dressmaking, and am termed a regular botch. Not a very good recommendation to hold secure another situation, eh? But, never mind, aunt! I see I am needed at home. How are things prospering?'

'Not at all,' in her most doleful tone; 'the place is fairly weighted down with mortgages, and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr Lincoln may foreclose any day. Yes, any day may find us without a shelter. Our larder is about empty, and there is no money to replenish it, all of the flour has been scraped from the barrel, and to-day I was obliged to borrow a pailful from Jane Gray; then, too, there is not a leaf of tea in the caddy, and I do not know how to exist without my cup of tea. I had meant to have dug a few bushels of potatoes, and got Mr. Denven's horse to go to market to obtain some of the things I cannot get along without, but I am good for nothing—good for nothing!' with a profound sigh.

'Never mind, aunt, don't worry. I'll see what can be done in the morning.'

And next forenoon, about 10 o'clock, with a hoe swung over her shoulder, and a half-bushel basket in her hand, in which reposed a half dozen potato bugs and a dainty repast done up in a newspaper, she trudged to the potato-lot, to see what could be done, for the widow's niece, Garnet Embers, was a girl equal to any emergency. She was a slender, graceful girl, neither blonde nor brunette, but a combination of both, as pretty a creature as one would care to see, with her wonderfully fair complexion, tinged with the rarest flush of pink, her dark eyes, almond shaped, and full of vim, shadowed by black, curling lashes and a superb abundance of red-brown hair, coiled low on her well-shaped head. She had donned a dun-hued calico dress, which she had fastened on all sides to keep clear of the dirt, thereby displaying a foot arched and slender as an Arab's and over her head, hiding her wondrous hair, was one of her aunt's sunbonnets, making her look, as she declared, a regular guy. She reached the lot and set to work in earnest, but somehow she made little progress. Oh! if some strong handed masculine creature were but around! What short work he would make of the job!

At this juncture the report of a gun sounded near, and Garnet looked up just in time to see a chipmunk, running along the fence dividing her lot from Mr. Denven's, topple over and in an instant after a man in gray, muscularly framed and handsome as Apollo, with wide sombrero shading his face, appeared in sight. How propitious the fates were! What she had devoutly wished for was yonder—a man. Mr. Denven's hired man, without doubt. She suspended operations and with her hoe raised aloft, cried out:

'Here, young man, come here! I want you to help in digging a few bushels of potatoes. I will see that you do not incur Mr. Denven's displeasure by doing as I desire. And, indeed, for that matter, you might as well be working for me as to be idling away your time in killing harmless creatures. Come, what do you say?

'All right, Miss; I'll be with you as soon as I can exchange my gun for a hoe, for I suppose you intend to keep on digging?

'Certainly. Now don't be long about it. That's a good man!'

She was earnestly digging away when he vaulted over the fence, and stood by her side, hoe in hand, his hat lower down on his face than ever. But Widow Darley's niece paid no attention to his personal appearance. He was nothing but a hired man, so whether ugly or comely, what mattered it to her? Old Sol, an inflamed ball of heat, glowed upon them savagely, and the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon their faces, as they toiled on Mr. Denven's hired man making no better progress with his row of potatoes than Garnet with hers. The girl glanced at him contemptuously.

'You don't succeed any better than I—a girl. You are the greenest hand at digging potatoes I ever saw. Mr. Denven will not keep you long, I know.'

'Perhaps not,' he said in a melancholy way. 'I am a green hand at it. I acknowledge, but I guess I can learn after awhile. See, Miss, if I have done my work well.'

'O, my!' she cried out vexatiously, 'how stupid—how very stupid you are! You have not got the potatoes half out of the hill, and those you have hauled out are well-nigh chopped to pieces by the hoe. You wield that instrument as if it were your intention to mutilate, to destroy. You need dig no more!'

'Well' leaning contentedly against the hoe handle and wiping the perspiration from off his forehead with the daintiest of white handkerchiefs, from which eminated the perfume of violets, 'what next shall I do? Issue your commands, Miss—Miss——'

'Embers, young man, and an especial friend of your master, Mr. Denvens. Well, as you do not manage the hoe adroitly enough to be anything but detrimental to auntie's potatoes, you may as well take the half-bushel basket, gather them up and put them in the bags. They are such blows, and are sure to bring an excellent price in the market; Mr.—' She stopped and eyed him narrowly for the first time, styling him a remarkably handsome and distinguished looking person for a hired man.

'You may call me Bob,' he said with a comical grimace. 'Mr. Den—n calls me that.'

'Well Bob, to work? Don't lag, and when noon comes you may share my lunch with me under the apple tree.'

Quite an inducement. A feeling of lightsomeness came over him, and he fairly shook with laughter. Was he laughing at her? Garnet drew herself up proudly, with a spark of fire in her big dark eyes.

'What makes you laugh so immoderately, Bob? It is not polite of you, and I shall certainly report your ill-behavior to Mr. Denven.'

'Pray don't, Miss Embers,' with an affected humility. I 'couldn't help it. Indeed I couldn't. If you had seen that ill favored hoptoad leap over that potato, you'd laugh too. It was so funny. The toad was so small, whereas the potato has grown to an enormous size—a regular whopper! Look, Miss Embers, there goes the fellow now under that straggling vine!'

'Humph!' was all the answer she vouchsafed him, as she went on with her digging, but she doubted the existence of the toad and believed he was making sport of her.

The minutes crept on, twelve o'clock came, and Bob was waxing savagely hungry. As he emptied the fourth basket of potatoes he said

'It is noon now, Miss Embers, I am sure. See! Old Sol is directly over us. Come, let us have our lunch under the apple tree. I am hungry as a cannibal.'

'I too,' acknowledged Garnet. 'Get that paper yonder, Bob, and don't squeeze it, else you will crush the cranberry tarts in it. Aunt Sarah made them, and she is a famous pastry cook.'

'Cranberry tarts! Me for both beginning to water. 'You bet I'll hold it lightly. I am especially fond of them. But what delicacies does the luncheon contain, Miss Ember, by your hands?

'Not any, Bob, with something that sounded like a sigh. 'I am no better cook than dressmaker. We have both missed our avocation. I worked two years in Madam Brown's establishment endeavoring to learn how to cut and make dresses, but failed ignominiously, was therefore sent home minus a recommendation. So it will be with you, Bob. Although a thoroughly good man, Mr. Denven is a very exacting one and if your work to day is a specimen of what you can do, he will not keep you in his employ any longer than what is absolutely necessary. What uphill work is life for the poor! Dear me! I wonder what I am good for, anyway?'

'Good to look at,' he muttered under his breath, wishing that she would toss off the sunbonnet that almost concealed her face. Then aloud, 'Good to dig potatoes, I suppose.'

At which both laughed heartily and together they wended their way to the apple tree, weighed down with golden fruit, at whose foot they were to partake of their lunch. A musical streamlet threaded its way over a pebbly bed, washing the roots of the apple tree as it ran merrily on. Here on the grass, in sound of its babbling voice they seated themselves and prepared to partake of the repast, which Garnet spread daintily out on a newspaper, first throwing off the offending sunbonnet, which motion caused the red-brown hair to tumble about her face, making a picture at which Titian would have raved.

'By Jupiter!' ejaculated Bob, 'she is even prettier than I imagined. She is a perfect witch.'

He had doffed his sombrero, and his picturesque, Moorish face illuminated by darkly splendid eyes, Garnet thought the handsomest in the world.

'If he were not a hired man,' she mused, 'or even had so small an income, I believe I could love him. As it is, the idea is simply ridiculous. I will sound him to see if he is as intelligent as he looks.

She did so, and fell into a conversation so agreeable to both that time passed by unheeded. A man's voice aroused them. It was Mr. Denven's.

'Helgho?' he cried, in a hearty tone, 'having a picnic on a small scale? Plaguy mean of you, Miss Garnet, not to extend an invitation to your nearest neighbor. When did you arrive.

'Last night. And Mr. Denven as they shook hands, 'I took the liberty of soliciting help from your hired man in in digging a few bushels of potatoes to take to market.

'Ha, ha, ha?' The good man's laugh rang out loud and clear. 'Did you really take Bob for a hired man? Why, this is my guest, Mr. Lincoln—the gentleman who holds the mortgage on your aunt's place. He, to use an expression in vogue, is fairly rolling in riches. Ha! ha! ho! my hired man! Miss Embers, Mr. Lincoln.

He strolled away and the two were left alone. No reply; the fair face was buried low in her hands, and Garnet felt as if she could never meet his gaze again. How came she to make such an egregious blunder? Well, no apology would be admissable now, and she must brave it out as well as possible.

'Garnet,' and now the hands were removed from the flushed face, and held in his warm clasp, 'you have made a mistake, and the only way you can rectify it is to accept me as your friend. Will you.

And plucky little Garnet, with a coquetish glance from under her jet black lashes, said:

'I will. That is,' with a pretty hesitation to her voice, 'if you'll take me and auntie's potatoes to market with Mr. Denven's horse. I wish to purchase some groceries.'

It is needless to say that he did as she desired, and late in November, when the air was chill and keen, and the flakes of snow eddied to the ground and covered it with a mantle of white, Robert Lincoln presented Mrs. Darley with a deed of the place, and took Garnet away with him to his city home, where, as his wife, she reigns quite royally; and he always blesses the day when he dug potatoes with her, and she took him for 'Mr. Denven's hired man.

Popular Ornamental Trees.

Much of the beauty of the home surroundings may often depend upon the position or suitableness of, perhaps, only one or two trees.

It is by no means necessary to obtain costly trees in order to secure the best effect. Fine feathers and costly silks or seal-skin *sacques* may at times be necessary to bring out the full beauty of some of the lithesome birds of paradise, that are seen gayly tripping along the promenades of our principal cities; but some of our commonest American trees, to be obtained at the expense of a few shillings, will, with their branches, render a place as picturesque and beautiful, as would some trees costing five times that amount. Then, again, there are few ways in which owners of homes or of real estate can invest a few dollars at a greater profit, or at a more rapid increase of interest, than by setting out a few trees. A dollar or two judiciously expended in this way would, many a time in ten or twenty years, or perhaps even in five, add as many hundreds to the selling value of a house or lot, as there had been single dollars invested in the beginning. At least, such has been a pleasing experience in thousands of cases in the past, and no doubt it will be true in many more in the future.

Maples, of nearly all varieties, are excellent for planting out as ornamental trees. Sugar or Rock maples have the advantage of affording amusement to children, or their elders, in gathering maple sap from the larger trees in early spring; while Silver maple, with their spreading branches and rapid growth, are also favorites with others. For planting along the road side, or near the house, maples are sometimes preferred to elms on account of their being nearly entirely free from the attacks of caterpillars or insects. If planting shade trees of the larger habits of growth near a house, then a suitable distance is usually from fifteen to twenty feet out. The south and west sides, but especially the south-west side, of a house, should usually be protected in this way, so as to shield the house from the summer's sun during the early afternoon.

The "Year Without a Summer."

We continue to receive occasional inquiries concerning the year in which there was no summer." Some persons appear to have a wrong idea as to the time. It was the year 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer;" for there was sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in Connecticut who remember it well. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, and winter cold. In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer.

Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, even here in Connecticut, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 per bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, the rest of the month was cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.—*Hartford Times.*

A Dandy.

Thackeray's idea of a dandy is supposed to be given in the following note lately printed in a newspaper of Hull England: "My dear Edward—A 'dandy' is an individual who would be a lady if he could, but as he can't does all that he can to show the word he's not a man. That is my idea at any rate. To culminate in a 'dandy' is to my mind almost as absurd as leading a life in which the world 'fast' comes in. No! Endeavor to prove a respectable member of society—not an eyesore to those who lead a modest, manly life. Many affairs—good, sound and secure—are open to you; a power of them, indeed. When I have more time to spare and when my own health is better I will write at length and state my views. Ever yours sincerely, W. M. Thackeray."

The Custom.

An English lady, accustomed to traveling abroad, and able to converse fluently in the languages of the countries she visited, recently found herself alone in a railway carriage in Germany, when two foreigners entered with pipes in their mouths, smoking strong tobacco furiously. She quietly told them in their own language that it was not a smoking carriage, but they persisted in continuing to smoke, remarking "that it was the custom of the country," upon which the lady took from her pocket a pair of gloves and commenced cleaning them with benzoline. Her fellow passengers expressed their disgust at the nauseous effluvium, when she remarked that "it was the custom at her country." She was soon left alone in the carriage.

Have a Purpose.

Carlyle once asked an Edinburg student—who tells it in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*—what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

While the Hon. Neal Dow was delivering his temperance lecture at Belair, on the evening of the 18th inst., an owl entered through the window of the Court house, and perched on an elevation overlooking the speaker and audience. For a time he distracted the attention of the people from the lecturer.

It is a great pity to see how many people allow a cough or cold to go unnoticed, and thus pave the way to an untimely grave from the effects of consumption. A pleasant, safe, reliable and cheap remedy is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

A BALLAD OF NEWPORT.

There's a little old woman lives over the way,
In a gambrel-roofed cottage unpainted and gray,
And where the brown grape-vine is climbing across,
The shingles are covered with patches of moss.

By the wood-fire side, in the winter she sits
In a list-bottomed rocker, and sings as she knits,
In a quavering voice with a tremulous croon,
And the click of her needle keeps time to the tune.

Her Bible she reads, slowly turning the leaves,
And she mourns bright grain from its beautiful sheaves;
And the tears dim her eyes as she lifts them on high
In search of her treasure laid up in the sky.

In her best Sunday gown, whether ailing or well,
She trots to her meeting at sound of the bell,
And she sits in her pew like a wren on a perch,
This little gray dame in a Puritan church.

Our very old people remember, they think,
When her hair was as glossy and black as a mink,
And her cheeks red as roses, her teeth white as pearls,
And this little old woman the fairest of girls.

She had a dear lover, slack and a day!
A sailor who sailed from the beautiful bay;
And the summers may blush and the winters may pale,
But their sun never shines on his home-coming sail.

At a little round table from over the sea,
She sits at the sunset and pours out her tea,
And the delicate cup and the saucer are white
As a floating pond lily, just kissed by the light.

And a ship under sail, with its flag at the mast,
All laden with memories brought from the past,
Is painted upon them as life-like and fair
As the mirage that floats in the orient air.

His ship that he sailed in, his sweetheart to wed,
By others forgotten—the sunset grows red—
But the little old woman just murmurs a prayer,
And smiles as she knows that her lover is there.

But a day will soon come when the lilac's perfume
Through the half-open window will float through the room,
And the house will be quiet and she be at rest,
With a single white rose on her motionless breast.

And the angels will come with their glittering wings,
While the parson he prays, and the choir it sings,
And bear to the home that is fairer than day
The little old woman from over the way.

—*Providence Journal.*

THE BALM OF VESUVIUS.

"What is the meaning of that crowd, if you please?" asked a young American of a fruit seller in the streets of Naples, of whom he had just bought some grapes

"It is an improvisatore, Signor," replied the man.

"I must hear him," said the foreigner, delighted.

Now, this American had read of the improvisatore often. He is a peculiarly Italian institution—a man who, generally at twilight, pauses in a crowded place, casts down his hat at his feet and improvises a story in prose or verse. He is much more romantic than the organ-grinder, and gets many more small coin.

The American felt quite delighted at the opportunity afforded him, and took a place very near the porch on which the man had elevated himself. He posed himself, this improvisatore, most gracefully; beside his hat lay his knapsack. He was handsome, as we all expect poets to be and seldom find them. His eyes rolled about him, and caught glints of light, and sparkled and grew soft as the eyes of the most estimable English-speaking person never could. His hair was black and rippling, and his olive cheek smooth as a girl's. The American waited eagerly, and with romance in his heart, for the beginning. This is what he heard:

"Signors and Signoras, and Signorinas also," said the Italian, with that musical accent which makes the speech of some parts of Italy almost a song to foreign ears—"Signors, Signoras and Signorinas, I am about to tell you a true story—a tale of fact, not of imagination. Think you it will interest you less for that? No; assuredly you will remember that fact is stranger than fiction. Beside, my grandmother was the prettiest woman in Naples. 'His *grandmother!*' I hear some one cry, laughing. Ah, Signor, you need not laugh; I am speaking of my grandmother, Beatrichi Pancini, at eighteen years of age. She was the beauty of the town, the envy of the girls, the adoration of the youths of the place. Not a young fellow in Naples but admired her—but she had given her heart to one alone, Luigi Vannicci, the bravest of all the young Neapolitans, and when he was rich enough they were to be married. Meanwhile no other, however handsome or gallant, could get so much as a smile from her. She was as constant and true as she was beautiful. Half way up the slope of Vesuvius, in a little house long since destroyed by eruption, she lived with her father. Her mother had perished at her birth, and the father was very old. He had about his dwelling a little vineyard and a few fig trees, but his subsistence he derived from the sale of a lotion which he himself had discovered, of which no one else knew the secret; he called it the 'Balm of Vesuvius.' To procure its ingredients it was necessary that the old man should arise at night and climb the mountain and pluck a certain weed that grew in the hollows of the earth before the sun had dried the dew upon it. At times, after the mountain had been silent for a long while, a strange vine began to grow in the crate. This he must tear from its bed, for the roots were precious. He dared not confide his secret to any man, and, at his age, the task of gathering the ingredients for his lotion had grown laborous. However, when made, this mixture was a sovereign remedy for all those wounds and bruises the mountaineers and guides were so apt to receive. It also cured rheumatism and allayed the anguish of fever pains. As he was honest and asked but a fair price for this precious balm, the two managed to live upon its sale, for Beatrice was a careful housekeeper and did not waste money as most girls of her age will do.

"They were happy in their little home, this good old man and his beautiful daughter; and, surely, it must have been a demon who could have plotted evil against Beatrice—a demon or a jealous lover." The Improvisatore paused and folded his arms.

The American folded himself more comfortably and prepared to be interested. *Now* the romance was coming; a few small coin rattled into the hat lying at the story-teller's feet. It was what he was waiting for, and he went on:

"Piedro Tupelo was in love with Beatrice and hated Luigi Vannicci bitterly.

"Love is a strange thing, Signoras. The disappointed lover scarcely knows what it is he feels for the woman who scorns his passion. Is it love? Is it hate? He longs for her, yet he could kill her. Often when Beatrice and Luigi wandered hand in hand amongst the vines in the soft summer evenings, Piedro was behind them. Twice he had drawn his dagger to stab his rival, but had sheathed it without striking, for Pedro could hate as hotly as he loved; but his life was precious to him, and he feared the wrath of Luigi's kinspeople, if it were known that he had been his murderer.

"Alone, when no eye saw him, Piedro had resolved to do the bloody deed—alone, near the dark crater of Vesuvius, or on the lonely road infested by brigands, who robbed the wealthy or made them captive until their ransom was paid. Signors and Signoras, it was not always a brigand who drove the knife to the heart of the dead man found at dawn staring with blank eyes toward heaven. It was sometimes the very kinsman who most bewailed his taking off, who had followed and done him to death for the sake of an inheritance, and oftener a jealous lover in whose way he stood, for Italians love and hate as they do not elsewhere.

"Piedro waited his opportunity, bearing his token glimpses of Paradise as best he might, and the moment came at last."

There was another pause. The American tossed a handful of coin into the hat. The improvisatore went on:

"Signors, Signoras, and Signorinas, you would not care to know on what embassy the handsome young Luigi was sent on the day when Piedro followed him out of Naples. It was one of importance, however, and he was employed by the Count de L. If he pleased this patron, some good place would surely be given him. Piedro heard him tell this to Beatrice as they parted at the door of her father's cottage.

"'We can be married, Beatrice,' he said. 'We will all live together, and your poor old father shall never know want. How happy we shall be, my Beatriee.'

"At this moment the dark face of Piedro looked in upon them from the vine trellis, but neither saw it.

"He was gone, the beautiful Luigi. The days passed; the hour came when he should have returned, but he came not.

"Piedro walked about the city as usual; no one had missed him.

"The count began to cast doubts on Luigi's honesty. His friends spoke of bandits—for he had a valuable package entrusted to his care—and, in her father's house, Beatrice, after a long fit of weeping, fell into a strange swoon, and in it seemed to die.

"The old man was in despair; the watchers sat in the low room; the crucifix lay on her breast, and the candles burned beside her bier. On the morrow she would be buried.

"Meanwhile Luigi had performed his task and was returning by night over a road that seemed as lonely as though the world were deserted, when a sudden step, hastening into a run, behind him, startled him. He turned and saw Piedro. No thought of his purpose occurred to Luigi. He smiled and held out his hand.

"'Welcome,' he said. 'Whence did you drop? From the moon?'

"For answer Piedro rushed toward him and plunged a dagger into his breast; another stab, another and another followed, and then Piedro lifted the bleeding and senseless body of Luigi in his arms and bore it to the edge of a deep precipice and cast it over. It fell with a thud to the bottom, and Piedro rushed away horror-stricken at his own deed. He alone of all Naples knew that Luigi lay in the depths of the dark chasm; and even he did not know that Luigi was not dead.

"Down in the dark hollows between the rocks Luigi came to himself. He could not move, he could not even lift his hand. At first he could not see, and there was a roaring in his ears. He felt that his life's blood was oozing away, and tried to say a prayer to Heaven for his soul. As he prayed his brain grew clearer; he thought of Beatrice and her grief when the news of his death should reach her; and suddenly he seemed to see her, or something like her. It was a figure, delicate, transparent and clothed in white, with her face, her smile, her loving glance.

"It stood for a moment above him on the edge of the chasm and then descended. In its hands it held two yellow flasks that glittered in the light. It knelt beside him.

"'I have come to save you, Luigi,' it said, and from the flasks a soft and healing balm fell on Luigi's wounds, healing them like magic. Strength returned to him—he moved a little; he was able at length to rise. Leaning on his elbow he addressed the lovely vision: 'Is it indeed my Beatrice, or an angel in her form?' he asked. But as he spoke his senses were lulled in a dreamy calm, his eyes closed and he slept.

"When he awakened, greatly refreshed, he found a yellow flask lying beside him. He knew at a glance that it was the balm which the old father of his Beatrice prepared from the weeds and vines that grew in the hollows of the volcano, 'The Balm of Vesuvius,' and he felt that he was saved.

"At that moment the watchers about the bier of the beautiful Beatrice started to their feet, staring at each other and calling upon all holy names, for the girl's face was slowly changing from its dead whiteness to the brilliant hues of life; her eyes opened; her lips moved; she spoke.

"'My friends,' she cried, 'I am not dead. I have only been absent from my body a little while. I have been with Luigi—Luigi, who also lives. Stabbed by the hand of the wicked Piedro, he lies at the bottom of a deep chasm; but I have healed him. Unseen, I bore from this place some flasks of the balm my father makes so well. He is saved; he will be here ere long. Lift me from this bier, and help me to attire myself to meet him.'

"Signors and Signoras, I can not explain the mystery to you. I can only tell you the plain, unvarnished truth. Beatrice and Luigi were united. The Count fulfilled his promise, and they prospered. Pursued by the wrath of Luigi's kinsfolk, Piedro fled from Naples forever. My grandmother lived to be a very old woman, thanks to the Balm of Vesuvius, and dying, left me the receipt as a legacy.

"Signors, Signoras and Signorinas, I have in this knapsack a number of flasks of this precious balsam. It will heal all wounds and bruises, cure rheumatism, and, taken inwardly, break a fever. Who will buy? Remember it has magical properties. Remember the story of the way it was conveyed to my grandfather, in yellow flasks, exactly resembling these. Who will buy the Balm of Vesuvius?"

A good many did. The yellow flasks came, one after the other, out of the improvisatore's knapsack; but the American, who had been so anxious to listen, thrust his hands into his trowsers pockets and walked away, uttering one English word—"Sold." He did not mean the Balm of Vesuvius.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Capture of Roussakoff, the Regicide.

A very interesting account is given by an army surgeon-assistant, who states that he was one of the first to seize Roussakoff, and accompanied him to the Prefecture. The writer, Wassil Grokhoff, narrates that he was proceeding along the Kateniroisky Canal toward Nevsky Prospect, when he overtook a man of medium height and long brown hair, dressed in a thin overcoat and a tall fur cap. The man was carrying a small, white parcel. The Emperor's carriage appeared on the canal road, and having saluted the Emperor, who, Gorokhoff says, returned his salutation, he heard a violent explosion, which impelled him forward, and looking round he saw a Cossack fall from his horse and another staggering. The man whom he had previously observed then ran toward the Nevsky Prospect without any parcel in his hand, and he seized him, a policeman and two soldiers immediately laying hold of the man. The Emperor approached them, asked if he was the criminal, ordered him to be searched, and turned, proceeding toward the carriage. Gorokhoff appears to have a dim recollection of having seen a man of short stature go quickly toward the Emperor, and then something was thrown either by this man or from between the railings of the canal, which fell at the Emperor's feet with a deafening explosion. The Emperor, and all standing around, including the man he had noticed, fell to the ground as if mowed down. Gorokhoff saw the Emperor lying on his right side, and an officer with white epaulets—this was the Police Colonel Dvorjilsky—drag himself toward his Majesty, who slightly raised his head, which then sank again on the snow. While the young man who had been seized running away was being held after this second explosion, a soldier came up and struck him on the head, saying: "You miscreant, what have you done!" Roussakoff replied, "For God's sake don't strike me! You will know afterward. You are ignorant people." He was then placed in a sledge and taken to the Prefecture, where he was undressed and examined. He was respectably clad, and had a purse containing three rouble notes, a passport and other papers. When interrogated in another room Roussakoff first gave a fictitious name, but soon acknowledged his real name. Among other things, he stated that he had met his friends the week previously, who had explained to him that on the Sunday following he would have to shoot at the Emperor. Roussakoff also affirmed that he knew others would be appointed to carry out the same deed, but did not know who they were. About one p. m. he had proceeded to the Canal Road, but, being too early, walked across the bridge to the small market place adjacent. There Roussakoff says he met a young woman, seventeen years of age, good-looking, well-dressed, who knew him, and whom he knew by sight, not by name. She handed him a parcel, telling him he was to throw it and it would explode violently. After remaining a short time in the market place he returned to the Canal Road. What followed is only too well known.—*London News.*

The "Hair-Cut" Indians of Arizona.

The load that an Indian woman will carry on her head is surprising. She is aided by netting, fastened to two sticks, which cross each other near their ends, in the shape of a V, leaving the upper portion projecting about three feet above the netting, and the lower long enough to make a ground rest, so that when she sits down on her heels a strap fastened to the V will reach and pass over the forehead. When she straightens up the load is lifted, rests on the head and is steadied by the shoulders. An Indian woman packing a load of hay presents a queer spectacle. The length of the sticks above the V enable her to tie on an immense load, which entirely hides her from view, and gives the appearance of a good-sized haycock traveling of its own accord, the only motive power visible being a pair of naked legs, an average load being 200 pounds, which they will carry with apparent ease ten miles a day. Many of the Indians work as miners in the dry placer diggings and earn good wages. Some of them have small farms, and produce a clean and fine sample of wheat, which commands the highest price in the market. These "hair-cut" Indians, trained by the ancient padres, have a knowledge of the sacredness of marriage, and are very strict in their management of the women. It is said the woman who violates her marriage vow is punished with death. This is in strange contrast to the other tribes, who do not appear to know what virtue means.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The New York *Herald* expresses its belief that the penny postal service and the ten-cent telegraphic dispatch all over the Union would in ten years add largely to the revenues of both the Post-office and the telegraph companies.

Knowing Our Bounds.

We still receive letters of inqury from women in every part of the country concerning their chances of earning a living in this or that occupation. They always write to know the highest income possible in each of them, and the best ways or place in which to make the attempt. But most of all they are urgent in stating their own necessities. The stories are usually pitiful enough. They have themselves or helpless children or parents or husband to support; they are willing to go to work at any honest business which will bring them in money. But there is one singular omission in the letters which explains why these, and so many other women, have failed in the attempt to support themselves. They do not state, and, it would seem, never have inquired of themselves, what business they are fitted for. Apparently they think they are fit for any. A man in going about a job of work looks to see if his tools and material are suited to that work. He does not try to make a fine bit of jewelry with an axe, nor cut down a tree with a turning lathe. But in this, the biggest job of work which can fall to the lot of any human being, the occupation by which to earn a livelihood, men, as well as women, seldom look to their tools. They do not examine their own brains, physical skill, or disposition, to find out what they really can do. A woman discovers one day with a shock that she must buy her own food and clothes, and straightway goes to work writing verses or working tablecovers, not because she has any peculiar fitness for poetry or crewels, but because they are popular and genteel ways of earning money.

The way before a woman who wants to earn money reputably in this country is full of difficulty; their letters and every newspaper we open are full of hints of their terrible anxiety and almost despair. One word of advice we can give to them all which will make their first step at least successful; it is to study their limitations. Find out the bounds which nature has laid down and keep inside of them. That a woman sees her hungry children about her, and is educated and thoughtful, is not enough to make her a popular writer. The very realities of life which she has had to face, grim and sad; the hard, monotonous line of reflection in which her brain has moved so heavily and long, may have gone far to destroy the light thoughts, the foolish, airy fancies which publishers and public want and will pay for. She reads stories which she justly calls "trashy" in the magazines with famous names attached, and hopefully sends her own MS.; "she has more sense than is shown there." But the MS. comes back with thanks. The fact is she probably has too much sense to write stories at all. She has precisely the energy, shrewdness and tact which would enable her to succeed as the keeper of a dry-goods or grocer's shop; in France she would go directly to such work. But here she makes sad messes with heroes and villains and odes to spring, and besieges wretched publishers with them. Unfortunately, too, the occupations which women usually attempt are those which require specific and rare qualifications—creative power, imagination, capacity for prolonged and unflagging work, the artistic eye. Not one woman or man in a thousand possesses these; and not one man in a thousand tries to earn his living by them. Men go into trade—they raise wheat, flowers, pigs, poultry, they hang paper, run laundries, control manufactories of candy, bonnets, all kinds of women's gear. In many cases they are doing work, and growing rich at it, which women could do just as well. Whose fault is that? The public would be quite as well satisfied to pay women for the same service if the women would undertake it. But they will do nothing except attempt to embroider, paint, lecture and write for the magazines. Effeminate men carry on the retail trade and Chinamen the laundries; they at least know their limitations and keep within them; women do not. There is the key to the whole difficulty. Now let any woman who wishes to support herself, who reads this, decide dispassionately what kind of work she could do best if she were a man, and then go at it, regardless of what the world says. The world will not trouble itself about her. It does not care a jot whether Polly or Peter writes its books or weighs its sugar, provided book and sugar are genuine.

There are a good many other folk besides poor struggling women who would do well to examine the work they have taken up and see if it is within the inexorable bounds which nature has laid for them in their intellects and temperament. Men with the purest motives and highest aims set about accomplishing a reform or controlling a body of other men, or they write, or preach, or practice, and break down in the prime of life with paralysis or softening of the brain, or some other nerve disease, simply because they did not examine at first the tools with which they had to work. Other men, under the influence of a passing passion or freak, marry, when they have not a single quality which fits them to be husbands or fathers. The result is miserable homes and vicious and neglected children. There are others who have chosen to be artists or lawyers when nature meant them for mechanics, or mechanics when they should have starved during their youth to gain the education which nature demanded. There are on every hand good, high-purposed men preaching to the world in the press, the pulpit and in society, when they have neither the force, the tact or the feeling to reach another soul. In short, there is hardly a roof in the world that does not cover the honest, well-intentioned man who makes a fool of himself because he does not know his own limitations.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hot Ice.

The paradoxes of science are sometimes as wonderful as the tricks of the old magicians. That a liquid may be frozen in a red-hot vessel appears almost miraculous, and that ice may be made so hot as to burn the hand or scorch paper is a kindred marvel. Dr. Thomas Carnelly, of Sheffield, in a paper recently read before the Royal Society, described the experiments by which he had obtained this hot ice. Andrews had already shown that a gas can not be changed into a liquid by compression, however great, if the temperature during the experiment be maintained above a certain point, which differs for each gas, and is known as the point of actual temperature. In the same way, it seems that a solid can not be melted into a liquid by a considerable application of heat, if the pressure of the vapor evolved be kept below a certain amount. Dr. Carnelly has illustrated this in the cases of ice and corrosive sublimate, and similar results could doubtless be obtained with other solids. Our readers will be interested in the following account of his experiments with ice, which we take from our London contemporary, *Design and Work:*

A large bottle, holding about a pint and a quarter, is fitted with a cap, and through this is passed a wide glass tube. The glass and tube are filled with mercury, certain precautions being taken to obtain sound joints and exclude air, and they are then inverted over mercury contained in a trough. The mercury runs out of the flask and upper part of the tube, and the lower part of the tube remains filled with a column of mercury equal in height to the barometer. The whole system, therefore, is equivalent to a barometer tube with a large bulb in the upper vacuous part. Inside the glass flask and tube thus exhausted a thermometer is previously arranged, and after the vacuum is established a small quantity of water, previously boiled to deprive it of air, is passed up the tube. The flask is now surrounded by a mixture of ice and salt. These materials, when mixed, produce an intense degree of cold and cause the flask to act as a powerful condenser of any vapor that may be caused to rise from the water from the vacuous portion of the tube above the mercury. If the condensation be sufficiently good the vapor is absorbed as quickly as it can be formed, even when the water is heated by a Bunsen burner, and the water passes into the solid state and can not be liquefied, even although the tube in contact with it is made sufficiently hot to burn the hand.

In these experiments the thermometer has repeatedly been observed to rise to a higher temperature than that of boiling water when imbedded in the ice, the tension of vapor inside the apparatus being always below 4.6 millimetres of mercury. But as it was suggested that possibly the temperature as registered by the thermometer was not the same as the temperature of the ice itself, although it is difficult to conceive how this could be, Dr. Carnelly has taken the precaution to drop some of the hot ice into cold water, and has found the temperature of the water to be thereby raised instead of being lowered considerably, as would be the case with ordinary ice. This experiment, which we understand was undertaken at the suggestion of Prof. Roscoe, conclusively proves not only that the ice is hot, but that it is hotter than boiling water, for in the experiments detailed by Dr. Carnelly it must have existed at 122 deg. C. —*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Spring Styles.

The regal magnificence of Solomon, which was overshadowed by the simple eleganee of the lily of the field, was barely a presentiment of the present splendor of feminine attire. The artificial Calla lily blushes upon the crown center of a rose-pinked puffed hat, and the gorgeous tiger lily grows scarlet in ombre, when brought in contact with the glittering rainbow-tinted fabrics, the many-hued feathers and the wonderfully colored flowers that are the leading features of the spring's millinery.

What shall we say of the head-gear? A colored photograph would be only a one-sided affair, for the bonnets not only have two distinct sides, but back and front, which should be seen, for each portion shows new characteristics; from one side droop feathers; flowers are in front; the other side reveals a cascade of lace, and from the back, mingling with the ends of shaded plumes, are loops of ombre ribbons.

The fancy straius in all manner of lace conceits and oriental designs are really only ornamental, for they require a bonnet of complete lining of silk, satin or surah, and they are garnished most elaborately and exquisitely.

In one specimen a flat, round shape in fancy braid, with rich lace border in the yellow straw, rests upon crown of changeable satin, while under the lace edge all round the hat is placed a full wreath of dogwood blossoms, yellow jasmine, crab-apple blossoms, scarlet honeysuckles and hawthorn sprays, tied in the back with ribbons in the shadings of the wild flowers.

A pretty shape in fancy straw, over a satin shading from cream to orange, is trimmed with lace and ombre plumes and is tied under the throat with strings, one being in maize color and the other a bright orange. Others are made over puffed surah, the soft silk coming up in raised effects through the lace openings in the straw.

A peculiar hat of puffed pink gauze has decorations of pink roses and other wild flowers, lace and pale pink-tipped plumes. An odd-shaped bonnet is a net-work of steel and gold, with ruffles to match, of the metal lace, and has long, shaded plumes, ribbons and flowers as garniture; and a little gem of lace and flowers has on one side a cascade of lace, filled in with the flowers of trailing vines, while on the other side is one string of wide ribbon, which is brought round and joined under the lace and flower bride.

The ornaments in gold, silver, steel and bronze, with and without jeweled effects, claim attention, for they come in all conceits of bugs, birds, butterflies and animals, and are used to secure the strings to the bonnets, or to fasten on the loops and bows of ribbon to the surface of the hat.

The bonnets embrace all the fabrics used in creating costumes, and can be en suite; in truth they should be, for the leading artists show only one illustration of each and every style as model, and will make only to order to suit the appearance and garments of the would-be wearer; therefore, we see in the styles for spring all the fancy braids and straws by side of laces in all the costly points—languedoc, miracourt, Genevre, guipure and Spanish; gossamer and firm fabrics, ombre-hued textures, plain, changeable, striped and brilliantly lighted or illuminated with lines of gold, silver, steel or bronze and threads of iridescent spun glass, of which evening fabrics are now manufactured.—*Philadelphia Times.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Statistics collected by Prof. C. G. Rockwood show that since March 1, 1880, there have occurred on the American continent forty-five earthquakes—thirty-five on the North American continent, four on the West India Islands, and six in South America.

—A correspondent of the Michigan *Medical News* cites two instances which tend to show that door and window-screens protect the inmates of houses provided with them from malaria. It is certainly a precaution worth trying by those compelled to live in malarial districts.

—The works for the proposed tunnel from Dover to Calais have made such satisfactory progress that its promoters are now able to employ three shifts of men constantly throughout the twenty-four hours, and are sanguine of being able to bore about thirty feet per day when all the machinery is completed.

—In a paper on dew and fogs, Ilerr Dines says that morning fog along a river course arises when the water is warmer than the air over it, the evaporation going on more quickly than the vapor can be carried away, and is, therefore, condensed and spread as a fog. The evening fog on moist, low-lying meadow land he attributes to a lowering of temperature of the grass surface by radiation, and a consequent condensation of the aqueous vapor in the lowest layers of the atmosphere.

—The explorations recently made of deep-sea bottoms show a novel constituent of such bottoms to be pumice dust, arising, it is presumed, from submarine volcanic action; so general is it, in fact, that it rarely fails to appear when carefully looked for in any of the dredgings, and it is believed to be the chief origin of the deep-sea clays. An additional element, which appears to have been detected at great depths, is "oosmic dust," or dust formed of aerolites. Another interesting point in these explorations is the finding of manganese peroxide in nodules inclosing organic remains —sharks' teeth and pieces of bone.

—The works for the Paris Exhibition of electricity will soon begin. A viaduct will be built for the English electrical railway by Siemens, which will convey visitors from the Place de la Concorde to the Palais de l'Industrie. The internal arrangements will only be made at the end of the Art Exhibition, which will take place from May to July. The French exhibitors of the electric light have come to an agreement in order to combine for the illumination of the nave and other parts. They are trying to obtain from the High Commission an idemnity for their working expenses.

—Mr. Shelford Bidwell describes in *Nature* the result of some experiments in sending pictures by the telegraph. This he accomplished by using an apparatus resembling Bakewell's well-known copying telegraph. In the transmitter the image was focused upon a revolving cylinder, to which a selenium cell is attached. At the other end of the wire a platinum point presses against the surface of sensitive paper prepared by passing it through a strong solution of equal parts of iodide of potassium and water. The arrangement is such that the selenium cell, by intercepting the current, causes a white spot to appear on the receiver corresponding in shape and size to the picture focused on the transmitting cylinder. The experiments are as yet crude, but full of promise.

PITH AND POINT.

—Nature unadorned—A leafless tree. —*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—It will soon be a case of shear necessity with the sheep.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—McStiven says the crowned heads of Europe are all trembling in their boots. —*N. O. Picayune.*

—Why continually speak of the printer's craft? As a rule typos are as honest as any tradesmen in the world.—*N. Y. News.*

—Even the broker will get broke.—*Yonkers Gazette.* But the plumber is always plumb.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—A man should always be polite to the minister who married him. Any other treatment might be misconstrued. —*Philadelphia News.*

—There are 100,000 commercial travelers in this country. Among such an array of drummers there must needs be many sticks.—*Boston Transcript.*

—If we ever start a newspaper we shall call it "The Blood." It would have a circulation all over the world.—*Whitehall Times.* Yes, and be universally red.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—"Acquires the confection," is the Boston girl's translation of "Takes the cake." Similarly, "The proper caper" becomes "The correct contortion."—*Boston Times.*

—"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried," and then as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face, and went away, mad.—*Boston Post.*

—An ethereal maiden called Maud
Was suspected of being a fraud;
Scarce a crumb was she able
To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—Oh! Lawd!
—*Augusta Chronicle.*

—There has been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families, hence there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend, in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body." "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do."—*Galveston News.*

—The recklessness with which some persons, when sick, swallow anything that anyone sees fit to recommend as likely to benefit them, has been illustrated afresh by three grown Yankees of the farming persuasion, resident in South Hadley, in the State of Massachusetts. They were sick; a neighboring ruralist brought them some stuff in a bottle, which he said he had found under a fence, and had used with gratifying results; they dosed themselves with it on this recommendation; the stuff turned out to be horse liniment; one of the men is in a very bad way, and all three have sued the neighbor.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

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WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A land that man has newly trod,
A land that only God has known,
Through all the soundless cycles flown.
Yet perfect blossoms bless the sod,
And perfect birds illume the trees,
And perfect unheard harmonies
Pour out eternally to God.
A thousand miles of mighty wood,

Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood;
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to us;
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

—*Joaquin Miller, in the Californian.*

SWINDLED.

There were four of us in the party—a bank manager from St. Paul, two Englishmen going out on the plains to hunt, and myself—and we occupied a section in a car on the train bound for Glyndon, in the Red River Valley. That was as far as the train went in those days. We had been discussing the strange things that happened occasionally out in the Western world, and our conversation received the silent attention of two other people beside ourselves. One listener was a tall man, in ordinary dress, with a clean-shaven face, excepting in so far as that he wore what the Americans sometimes call "a chin whisker," and over one eye he had a green shade. The other was a small, elderly man, whose dress and general appearance stamped him as being a frontiersman. The tall man sat in the section ahead of us, on the next seat to us, as if for the purpose of better hearing our conversation. Not in an offensive way, but as men listen to a general conversation in a public place. The little man sat on the opposite side of the car, leaning out of his seat across the passage in our direction.

"Well, yes," said the bank manager, in answer to a question put by one of the hunters, "once I was. It was during the week of the State Fair at St. Paul. At that time all the farmers, or grangers, as we call them sometimes, are in the city. The State Fair is a good deal like your agricultural shows; I guess it's the same thing under another name; anyhow, it fills the city with agriculturists of every kind and every kind of business man that has to do with them. On the Thursday afternoon, just before the bank was going to close, I was standing inside the counter, near the teller's drawer, when in walked a regular old prairie hay-seed. The town was half full of them, and this fellow was a type of a certain class of them. He had on an old pair of trousers tucked into a pair of boots that probably had never seen blacking since they were bought, and a buffalo coat thrown back, exposing a flannel shirt without any collar, but set off with a bran new green satin tie. He had, I supposed, bought this, and the new hat he wore, to fix himself up a little for the fair. He wanted polishing up badly enough. He wore also a pair of large spectacles with broad horn rims. To look at him you would see at once that he was one of those everlasting bores that talk you to death about crops, and argue all night about the merits of rival mowers. He lounged up to the teller, and said in a voice that sounded like a clap of thunder in a vinegar-jar, 'Say, mister! are you running this yere bank?'

"'What is't you want?' asked the teller, curtly, who was about to check his cash and get away.

"'Waal, I'll tell you how it is,' and then he turned and addressed his conversation to me. 'You see, Squire, I've got some animals down to the fair here. There's two on 'em is the finest steers out of the hull crowd, and they han't given me no prize for 'em neither; but I'll be goldoused if you or any square man won't say as my two steers—mind you, I'm speakting of the two red steers—ain't the best in the hull lot. They are, Squire, and you'd better believe it.'

"'Well, I haveu't got anything to do with awarding the prizes,' I said impatiently; 'and we're going to close the bank now; office hours are about up.'

"'You ain't got nothing to do with them, I know, Squire, I know that well enough; but don't crowd a man. Lookee here, I've sold them steers, and six more, to a Chicago buyer, for a matter of $550. It's dirt cheap, Squire, and you'd say it if you saw them steers of mine. Mabbe you've been down to the fair?'

"'Yes, yes,' I said, anxious to get rid of him. 'I saw the steers, and the cows, too.'

"'Why, them ain't cows; them's Durham calves,' he began, when I struck in and said:

"'Look here, I don't know anything about your steers or your animals, anyhow; what's your business with me?'

"'Well, Squire, I hearn you was the handiest chap at your business on the hull street, and I want you to go slow a bit, for I ain't much up to your business folk's ways, and I'll tell you what I'm a-running for.' He pulled out a long, greasy-looking pocket-book from the depths of an inside pocket, and began to untie the twine that fastened it up. 'This yere Chicago man has given me this yore check. Now, I ain't much on tho count myself, and I want to know if this is a square deal. He says that's the same thing as $550 in greenbacks. Now, I want to know if that's so, for no man ain't going to take away them steers if there's any shenanaghin about this yero check; you can bet your sweet life on that, Squire.'

"I examined the check, which was drawn on the First National Bank, Chicago, and signed W. R. Chitty. It appeared to be in due form; but though I had heard the drawer's name I did not know him, and so I told my granger friend.

"'Waal, I don't know a heap about him, myself,' he said. 'I sold him some cattle last fair time, and he paid me part in cash and part in one of them checks, and I got the money all right; but the checks worn't the same color as this yere one, and didn't say nothing about no National bank on to it. It had two men's name on it, and ono of their pictures in the corner, so as folks could know him, I guess, if he didn't act square up to the handle with them.'

"'A different bank, that's all. You say the check he gave you was paid?'

"'Yes; yes, it were paid O K; and if you say this yere's all right, why, I guess I'll let him take them steers away on Monday.'

"'I don't know that it is all right; I only suppose so. I can't cash it for you, if that's what you're after.'

"'No, no; go slow, Squire, I ain't asking you to do nothing that ain't reg'lar; but mebbe you could do something with this yere thing in a day or so, if I leave it with you, as would fetch the dollars and cents out of it, eh, Squire? How's that?'

"'I'll send it to Chicago for collection, if you like;' and I couldn't help laughing at the scared look he put on at the proposition.

"'Send it to Chicago! Hold up there, Squire, I don't suppose but you know your business; but I have heard they're a mighty slick lot down to Chicago.'

"'O, that will be all right, you needn't be afraid,' I said; for he evidently thought the people of Chicago were on the lookout for greenhorns.

"'Waal, Squire, if you're satisfied, I am; but be mighty keerful them heats down to Chicago don't swindle us both out of them five hundred and fifty dollars. It would come mighty hard on me just now, for I'm going to put up a new house on my place down to Kandiyohi County, and the old woman's on the build, too, for her cheese fixings.'

"Then he invited me to come down to the fair next day to look at his two red steers, and offered to stand the drinks there and then if I would come out; and then he went off. I may tell you that when I told him to endorse his check, he first wanted me to do it because it wasn't much in his way, and he'd had to get a neighbor to do it last year; but finally he wrote 'Sed Bird, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota,' across the back of the check, making one line of each small word and two of Kandiyohi and Minnesota, in letters of about a quarter of an inch long.

"Next day he was in again to ask how that affair was getting along, and to show a shawl he'd bought for his old woman. 'Married her twenty-three years ago down to Wisconsin, squire,' he said; 'and she can hitch up a span of horses quick'rn any woman and most men around the place.' He had to tell me, too, that a neighbor of his had sold a steer to this same buyer, and had been paid in cash, and he wanted to know whether I didn't think this suspicious. I told him it was not, but rather the contrary, as I supposed the amount being small, the Chicago buyer preferred settling for cash. No doubt, I said, his own check would be paid in a few days by return mail. He said that was all right; he worn't in no hurry. Then he offered to introduce me to his friend who had sold the steer, but I promptly declined. One of that crowd was enough for me.

"Soon after the bank opened on Saturday he was in again to tell me that he had met another neighbor from Kandiyohi at the hotel, who had sold to another Chicago man for a check, and that he had advised its being brought to me to be fixed. I thanked him, and again declined an invitation to come right along and see them steers. He left, saying he had to get a few things for the old woman right away, as he calculated upon getting up the line home that evening. Just before the bank was going to close, however, he was back again.

"He had bought a span of horses from a man who was exhibiting in the fair, and had agreed to give $250 for them. The man wanted his money down, because he had to take his animals out of the fair ground; and my granger, also, wished to get home for Sunday, the fair being over. Had I got the money from Chicago yet? No; there wasn't time. I couldn't receive it until Monday morning.

"Well, he'd heard at the hotel, he said, that the Chicago buyer was a square man, and did regular business around the State, but his fear was that the Chicago bank might hornswoggle me about the money. I told him there was no danger of that, and he then asked whether I couldn't pay the man for the horses and deduct it out of the amount of his check. This was not usual, of course, and there was no time to make inquiries about him, as the bank was just going to close for the day, it being Saturday, but there seemed to be no danger about doing so. He was evidently one of the granger crowd that filled the town; he had pressed me on several occasions to accompany him down to his stalls at the fair, and his story generally hung so well together that, after a little hesitation, I said I would do so.

"I knew Chicago men were in town buying, and I had old hay-seed's indorsement; so I handed him a check and told him to make it out for $250. It ended in my having to fill up the body of the check, and he signed it. He counted his money, held out his hand to shake hands, and, inviting me to call in whenever I came down to Kandiyohi, departed. I never saw him again. The check was returned from Chicago marked, 'Not W. R. Chitty's usual signature;' and as I read it I knew that a confidence man had gone through me for $250."

"One of that crowd was enough for you, then, evidently," said one of the Englishmen.

"Good enough," said the manager, smiling. "The worst of it was that thinking over the matter that evening it all of a sudden flashed across me that the hand I had shaken was not that of a regular granger. It wasn't rough enough. That shaking hands was the only weak part of the cuss's whole game. It was too late, however, then, to do anything, even if I had been sure."

"Pretty tough on you, sir," said the car conductor, who had stood by to hear the end of the story.

"Yes," said the manager, "I used to get mad about it for a long time; but I've got over that now."

"Couldn't play it on you again, sir?"

"No, not worth a cent."

"There's some fellow playing the confidence game along the line now," the conductor said; "scooped a granger out of a hundred dollars yesterday, and went through a Canadian emigrant, on his way to Garry, for all he was worth. I guess he'll get away, though, before we strike him. He'll have a rough time of it if any of the boys about Glyndon lay hands on him. I'm told there's an old prairie crusher along here somewheres, that he went through last fall, that swears he'll raise his hair if he catches him."

I had noticed that both the fellow travelers near us had listened attentively to the story, the long man smiling as the manager related the way he had been taken in, and the old frontiersman leaning further and further over the arm of his seat, till his head almost reached across the passage of the car. When the conductor had ceased speaking the old man broke into the conversation with a burst that was almost a yell, "and by the Eternal, I'll do it!" We all turned to look at the old fellow, who had worked himself into a great state of excitement, though we had not paid much attention to him. "Jumping Judas!" he continued, "if ever I set eyes on that all-fired skunk again—see here, mister," he said, pointing at the bank manager and getting off his seat the better to ask the question, "did you take note of that white-livered hound's eyes?"

"Not particularly," said the manager. "He wore spectacles, but I noticed a scar running back from one eye almost to his ear."

"It's him!" said the old man, and forthwith he delivered himself of a string of ingeniously blasphemous invectives. Indeed, it struck me at the time that in this particular he was quite equal to any Western stage-driver I had ever met.

"Went through you too, did he?"

"Did he! See here, I'll tell you."

"Wire in, old man," said the manager; "but look here, there's a parson and a lady at the other end of the car, so let up a little on those ornaments of speech of yours."

"I ain't going to say nothing to hurt the minister nor yet the lady, but I'll raise that slab-faced galoot's hair, sure as you're born, if ever I strike his trail agin. You can bet your bottom dollar on that, Colonel. I'd been out for a couple of year on the Yellow Stone, tradin' along with a half-breed from Pembina, and I'd made a matter of six hundred dollar or thereabouts. I come in last fall, making for Chicago. I'd put a-one side a few dollars for a bit of a bend at St. Paul, me and that half-breed Joe Bourinet, and the rest was a-going to my gal at Chicago. She was to school there along of a convent and a-going to be married to a young chap. They was agoing to move West a piece and set up store and the old man was a-going to do it for them. I hankered after this all the time I was out tradin' with them Sioux, for I han't seen her better'n six year, and I was nimighty fixed on this here idee of mine. I was agoing to whoop it up lively for them, you'd better bet, and the old man was to be the big toad in the puddle, too. Well, I come along up the river with Joe, and crossed at the Forks up here, and come on down till I struck this here railroad. Joe, he got into a muss with a fellow at the Forks and got hurt, so I had to leave him to be looked after by the man as runs the shanty at the crossing; but I come across a chap who made himself as sweet as situp. He was up the valley buying wheat to ship East to Chicago, he was, and he'd been out a little way on the plains, he had, to see something of the Indians on their native plains, and it give him great satisfaction to meet a man as had lived years with them. There worn't nothing pleased him so much as meeting me, the measly-faced son of Judas Iscariot, and he fooled this here blamed old idiot as is telling you till he couldn't keep his blamed old tongue still, but got talking about his trading and what he'd realized. When I thinks of it I get's maddern'n a hunted buffalo. Well, Colonel, we traveled along together, sittin' side by side in one of these here car-seats; and he brings out a small bottle of brandy—what you got at the hotels wasn't good enough for him—and nothin' would do him but I must tell him all about my life among the Tetons, for he was a-going to make a book, he was, to show up the rascality of them Indian agents. We sot down to dinner together at one of the stations along here, and got to be as friendly as a couple of prairie dogs; and when we got to St. Paul nothing would do but I must stop along of him at his hotel. He had a small oak box bound with iron with him, and he kept this between his feet all the time, and took it in to dinner with him, and wouldn't let the conductor nor no one handle it. One time he went into the baggage car to find the boy with the cigars he left the box with me and told me to be all fired particular that no one else didn't touch it, for it was filled with money as he was using, buying up wheat for shipment to Chicago. 'No woman with her first baby worn't so particular as he were about that box. When we get to the hotel and slicked ourselves down some, he says, 'My friend, I want you to come along with me to the bank, while I take this box and deposit it there. I don't know but what, out West here, some evil-disposed person might not attack me in the street, if they saw me carrying it. If you are with me it will be safe.' I waited outside while he took the box in; and after awhile he come out and said that was all right, and his mind was easy. Then he went back to the hotel to eat, and he said he was a-going out. 'I've got to see the freight-agent of the railroad,' he, says the lying sealawag; he didn't want no freight-agent. 'I'm a-going to see him to make arrangements for the shipment of some car-loads of wheat I have down here to the depot, to go through by the freight-train to-night. When I've fixed that I'll come back, and we'll go together to the show up here, to the theater.' 'Good for you,' says I, for I thought he was a little on the minister side of the trail, and didn't go to no shows, leastwise not to that kind, as the pictures was about all over the walls. Well, I waited about an hour, having a drink or two with the boys round; for they had a first-rate elegant bar down to that hotel, when back come my friend all of a lather, as if he'd been running afore a war party.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'It's real bad,' he says. 'I must find that bank cashier somehow; the freight agent won't let the wheat go on to-night to be paid on delivery. He wants the freight charges paid in advance or the wheat can't go; and it's got to go, for it's sold for delivery.'

"And then he stood thinking, a-gathering his brows, and then figuring on a slip of paper, and muttering about dollars and cents and car-loads, and every once in a while saying as it was too provoking he hadn't left his money with the hotel clerk instead of taking it to the bank.

"'Why in thunder don't you take it out of the bank again?' I asked him.

"'I can't,' he says, 'the bank's closed and I can't get it till the morning.' And then he began walking up and down the room again and muttering all about figures and bushels and such like, and once and again looking over at me. At last he says, 'If you'll wait here for me I'll go up to that bank cashier's private residence and explain the case. Mebbe he'll come down to the office and let me have that box out again this evening; for get it I must, or I'm clean busted on that wheat.'

"'That's all right, pard,' I says; 'step right up to the cuss's shanty and bring him right along. I'll come with you, and if he won't come, by thunder, it wouldn't be much of a job for you and I to handle him ourselves.'

"'No, no, no; that won't do,' he says. 'If he saw another person he might think we meant no good and might refuse to open the bank till the clerk did it in the morning. I'll go alone and you'll wait for me here.'

"Waal, I was agreeable, and so I stepped down and set 'em up again with the boys at the bar; and then it came over me why in thunder I didn't lend him the money till the morning instead of fooling away the time arter that cashier, when we might have been having a high old time at the show. So when he came back in half an hour, looking as if he'd seen all his relations scalped before his eyes, and said that the bank cashier had gone into the country for the night, and that if he couldn't get that wheat on he was a ruined man, cos wheat had risen ten cents a bushel, owing to some sealawags cornering it,' I says right off:

"'How much does that freightman want?'

"'Let me see,' says he, looking, as bright as a new dollar; 'six car loads, sack freight, to Chicago.' And then he got to figuring again, and says at last, 'With what I have in my pocketbook, I guess I can fix it with $480. It's a new proprietor at this hotel, or I guess I could have borrowed it at the office till the morning. I've the best part of $1,000 left in box up at the bank.'

"'Four hundred and eighty,' says I; 'well, I'll let you have it till the morning;' for I know'd if he'd got the money, for I'd handled that iron-bound box myself; 'and then we'll git right away and see that show.'

"I took out a bear-skin pouch I had, and counted out what money I had left. There was $560 rolled up there, and I asked him if $480 would fix it up.

"'Let me see,' he says, '$480;' and then he began to figure again. 'Yes, that is more than enough with what I have. Four hundred and seventy-five will do. I need only keep enough to pay the theater, because in the morning I shall go to the bank to once.'

"Waal, gentlemen," he continued, addressing us all collectively, including the conductor and the boy that sold the cigars, apples, books, etc., on the train, "I counted out $475 to that everlasting thief; and when he had jaw'd his thanks for my timely aid, and told me to wait a quarter of an hour while he paid the freight-bill at the depot, he went off. Wait! I waited, I guess I did. I waited until I felt a kind of cold sweat over me when he didn't come back; and I went down, pale and trembling, as weak as a calf just born, to the office, for I thought if anything goes wrong with this here business my gal's chance is busted. I kinder staggered up to the office and told the clerk I was afeard something had happened to my friend. Then he asked me the particulars, and got to looking mighty cross as I told him.

"'I guess you'll not see him again,' said the clerk. 'There's always some galoot going through the greenhorns in this hotel. Why in thunder they don't try the other house I don't know. Here, put on your hat,' said he, madder'n a Texas cow, 'and come along with me.'

"There was a bit of a crowd had gathered round the counter, and one of the boys wanted me to have a drink to set me up a bit, for I felt pretty bad, but I hadn't no heart to drink.

"'If o ain't got no time to drink now,' said the clerk, as he came out of the side door. 'Here, hurry up, and we'll go to the depot first.'

"Waal, gentlemen, we tried the depot, and found there warn't no such wheat going through; we found the chief of police and told him, and he said he'd set his crowd on the tracks, but it was a pretty slim chance, and I went back to the hotel, and hauled myself up them stairs step by step, as if I'd lost the use of my limbs, and laid down on the bed and cried like a gal whose lover's gone back on her.

"In the morning I got that clerk to send the balance of the cash, after paying the bill, to my gal; for I hadn't the heart to see her and tell her, and all the while she thinking I was coming with my pocket full of dollars. When she got the news she told her man, and he behaved like a valler dog, he did, the blamed cur. He made excuses; said he couldn't leave his situation just then and that his mother was til East and he had to go to see her; and finally he backed out of marrying her, and she, poor critter, took to crying and sorrowing about it, and got herself ill; and then she wrote to him to come and see her, and he writ back to say as he couldn't; and then she started out to find me, and got ill on the road and got worse; and finally the poor little thing passed 'em in, and they planted her way down here on the line."

The old man's voice got a little gruff when he told us so far, and he ceased speaking for awhile, during which time the train began to slow up for the station, and several of the passengers, including the long man that had sat in the next section to us, rose and prepared to leave the car. Then the old man suddenly broke out, in a harsh but somewhat suppressed voice:

"I've never met that man since, but when I do, by the powers—see here!" he added, suddenly breaking off in his speech, and showing the handle of a navy Colt revolver underneath his deerskin shirt. "I've carried this here loaded for him ever since; and when we cross trails again I'll end that sneaking, prowling, white-livered wolf on the spot where I meet him!"

The passengers were getting out to dine at this station, and some of those from our car were already on the platform. The long man was stepping off the car, when the train-boy, who had heard all the old man's story, pulled him by the sleeve and said something to him.

"What's that you say, sonny? Him as was setting there?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I noticed under his eye-shade a scar reaching right back from his left eye."

The old man said no more, nor waited to hear any more, but made straight for the door of the car. The same impulse that moved one moved all four of our party; for, seizing our hand-satchels, we all sprang from our seats and followed the old frontiersman, or rather three of them did; for, seeing a quicker way, I turned and got out of the door at the other end of the car, outside of which the car platform was clear. By this means I reached the station platform as the old man stepped upon it. I saw him look hurriedly round, as I did myself, in search of the long passenger with the green shade over his eye; but he did not at first see him. He had left the car hardly a minute before us, but he was not in the small crowd of passengers on the platform. Perhaps he had gone into the dining-room; before the door of which the waiter was striking a gong, while the proprietor was yelling, "This way for dinner! twenty minutes for dinner!" The old man moved excitedly about, looking first at one passenger and then at another, when the idea evidently struck him that the man he was seeking had gone to dinner. He had turned to go there, and was nearing the door where the waiter was still hammering the gong when he saw, as I too saw, for I was following closely, the other passenger moving quickly across an open space at the back of the station, in the direction of a small board house that stood away out by itself. He looked over his shoulder just as the old Indian trader had leaped from the platform in pursuit, and on the impulse quickened his pace to a kind of run. But the old man was running hard, and the other, seeing apparently that he could not gain the shanty before being overtaken, resumed his former step, and quickly moderated that to a leisurely walk. As his pursuer neared him he stopped, and then turned around, at the same time, as I noticed, quietly slipping his right hand behind him.

"Stop!" shouted the old man. "Lift that roof off of your eye."

"By shade," said the other. "Excuse me, I have a sore eye."

"It's his voice," said the old man to himself; then aloud, "Sore eye or not, lift."

"What do you want with me?" asked the other.

"Want! you wolf-souled thief! I'll show you what I want! I want my daughter's life, I want what you can't give. I want your black heart out of you! I'll show you what I want;" and as he spoke he pulled the heavy revolver from beneath his leather dress.

But he other was too quick to be thus dealt with, and his hand, now grasping a revolver, was round in a second, and as the intention of his enemy was beyond doubt, he leveled his pistol and fired. The bullet hit the old man, but was not fatal, for he raised his pisol and fired, and then rushed on the other, who had been brought by the shot upon his knees. Two more shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the old man staggered forward and fell dead upon the corpse of the swindler.

A number of people, attracted by the pistol shots, were hurrying to the spot, and among them were the two Englishmen and the bank manager. The latter, as he reached the bodies, stooped and lifted the shade from the eye of the dead man, and after a moment's examination replaced it, and remarked:

"That's my granger, sure enough. Well, he'll do no more swindling now. I'm stopping over here until to-morrow, and I'll see them decently buried."—*London Society.*

How to Use Bones.

Plant food is concentrated in bones; and most gardeners who make a business of raising fruits and vegetables appreciate their value. The great drawback to their use is the difficulty of reducing them to sufficient fineness, so that plants may immediately appropriate them. If bone-mills were more common, and the adulteration of the ground bone were less frequent, this excellent fertilizer would be more commonly used. Even without bone-mills there is no need of wasting the bones, if one has a garden. We have applied them with great profit in several ways. In tree planting they are almost indispensable. They can be had of village boys generally for about twenty-five to fifty cents a barrel. They pick them up about the streets, gardens, and slaughter-houses, the remnants of butcher's meats sold to families. This kind of bone is fine enough to be put into borders for grape-vines and fruit-trees, and to bury under old trees, without any preparation. A bushel of these bones to a newly planted tree is none too much, and one may safely plant five bushels under a bearing apple or pear-tree, or grape-vine. So large results will not follow immediately from these coarse pieces as from the ground article, or from superphosphate. But there will be in the soil a supply of food for many years to come, and the roots will appropriate it as they have need. The fine rootlets will seek the bones as eagerly as they seek water in a tile drain. We have frequently taken up grape-vines planted in this way, and found the whole mass of bone, once solid, penetrated with fine roots. We doubt if any investment in fertilizers pays better than in these bones from butchers' meat, which are quite plentiful in all our villages. Another method of using them is with the preparation of the hammer or stone sledge. This requires some expenditure of muscle or of money. The common bones are tough, and require heavy blows to crush them. Parts will be crushed quite fine and some will remain in inch pieces. They may be applied to the soil for all ordinary crops, especially for turnips, in this partly broken state, with profit. It is still better, however, to reduce them to a finer state, by fermentation in a compost heap, or by treating with wood ashes. If they are put into a cask and mixed with alternate layers of wood ashes, and kept moist, they will soon go to pieces, and the fine mixture will have a large accession of potash and be made more valuable and better adapted to crops that want a good deal of potash. If wood ashes are not convenient, the bones may be fermented in a compost heap with good garden soil. Put them into any fermenting mass of vegetable or animal matter, and the bones will add to the heat and become very fine. After the fermentation is over, the whole mass should be shoveled over, and intimately mixed, and it may be spread broadcast or put in the hill as a concentrated manure. This way is good enough, though it requires more time than the reduction of bone by sulphuric acid, which costs money, and requires more careful handling. We have used bones in all these methods, with great profit, for thirty years, and expect to use them while we eat the fruits of the garden. Never throw away any of the bones.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Whittaker is going to lecture

Our Young Folks.

CROOKED SPECTACLES.

An elf lived in a buttercup,
And, waking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles,
And stepped out on the lawn.
"Dear me," said he,
"I source can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble-bee
Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear—
"It is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumble-bee,
Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
And thus accosted him:
"Why don't you wear your green coat straight,
And look in better trim?
It frets me quite,
In such a plight,
To have you field-folk tn my sight."

He saw an airy dragon-fly
Float o'er the meadow-pull:
"Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
"So upside down you sail,
The sight will make
My poor head ache;
Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree,
Blinked as great, staring eyo:
"To folk in crooked spectacles
The whole world looks awry.
To-whit! to-whee!
To-whoo!" said he,
"Many such folk I've lived to see."
—*Susan Hartley Swett, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SOLITARY BEES.

Carpenter, Upholsterer and Leaf-cutter.

One of the surest indications of the approach of spring is when the bees begin to venture abroad. They attempt short flights, and if they find a few stray, puny flowers, they seek them, only—

"To find their honey dreams in vain,
And feebly go back to their hives again."

Most young people know a great deal about the *social* bees that live in the hive, but not so much about the *solitary* species that begin and finish every part of their wonderful nest without assistance of any sort, while the hive bees labor for one common end, bringing their beautiful work to its completion together.

The solitary bees constitute a very interesting part of the insect kingdom, and they are not behindhand in their ingenuity and skill. Let me tell you of some of the homes which they make for the protection of their young, and you can see for yourselves how very curious they are.

We will take first the little carpenter or "violet bee," so called because of the beautiful coloring upon her wings. But her workmanship is much more to be admired than her beauty of color. Her house is a sort of tunnel, or several tunnels, in some piece of wood which has been softened by decay, and which, when finished, is twelve times the length of her body, chiseled out as smoothly as if by the tool of an experienced workman, (and is it not? for it is really much easier for the bee to build her nest than for a carpenter to build a house, even though he builds many, and she but one!)

After the tunnel is prepared it is divided into separate cells of an inch in depth. And what do you think the partition is made of that divides them? A very insecure one for a house of yours, you would say, and yet it is exactly suited to the bee's purpose: nothing more or less than sawdust—cemented sawdust! Sometimes she prefers the little chippings which are made by the excavation, collecting them as she works, by the side of her nest, for future use; but when she is all through with her work there is never a chip to be seen anywhere! These pieces of wood, when used, are cemented together so as to form such a durable shelf that it is as solid as if but one piece, though really in many fragments.

Now, that our little bee architect has finished her home, she places there her first egg, and over it the pollen of flowers—which, you know, is the fine dust of their stamens—making it into a soft paste by the use of honey. This paste is nearly an inch high—for she knows exactly how much the young grub will need before it can take care of itself. This again is covered with the cemented ceiling, which serves for the next chamber in this little house. So she goes on until she has completed ten or twelve cells, each containing an egg. The main entrance is then closed by a wall of the same material.

Having done all this, the knowing mother leaves the rest for Nature to do, and very soon the perfect little bee appears in this comfortable nursery. Of course, the first cell contains the first living occupant. But how is it to get out of its prison hedged in as it is? When the carpenter built the nest, see how admirably this emergency was provided for. If you could examine the cells, you would find at the bottom of each a hole bored, and waiting for the exit of each new-comer when it is ready to come forth.

As we have said, the violet bee makes but one nest, and yet it is as beautifully finished as if she had made a thousand—and without a pattern, too! Yes, but there is One who told her just what to do, and she obeyed the teaching. Is He not a wonderful God?

Now let us turn to the poppy bee, another of the solitary workers, and one who is emphatically an upholsterer—for she not only, by her great skill and ingenuity, makes her nest, but thoroughly furnishes it. An old writer says of this nest, comparing it with our own elaborate specimens:

"Royal cradles, lined with down,
Ily plume surmounted, or by crown?
Ah! there are chambers in the earth,
With a cradle in each dwelling,
Furnished for a humble birth,
Yet all your workmanship excelling—
Far as the lily's robe of gold
Outshone King Solomon's of old!"

And it is so; her work is so interesting, and the drapery so showy which she selects, that this little upholsterer is greatly distinguished. The only material which she uses in the adornment of her nest is the petals or leaves of the scarlet field poppy, which are very beautiful, as you know. This gives her the name of "poppy bee."

But I have not told you how this nest is formed. A hole is dug in the ground about three inches deep, gradually widening as it descends, until it assumes the form of a small flask. Inside this excavation it is uniform and polished, in order to prepare it for the tapestry with which it is to be hung, and which is the next step in the work. Then the architect begins at the bottom, laying three or four leaves, one above the other, and around the sides there are never less than two; and to fill in the crevices, she prepares small oval pieces, seizes them between her legs and conveys them to the spot, and if the piece is too large, she cuts off what is not needed and throws the shreds away. If we were to do this, the leaf would shrivel up under our hands; but the bee understands it better than we do and knows well how to spread the pieces she uses and have them as smooth as satin.

And now that our poppy bee has hung the little chamber with this gorgeous drapery—and she uses it very lavishly, too, for she even carries it beyond the entrance—she fills it to the depth of half an inch with pollen mixed with honey. In this full store-house, which she has prepared for her young, she leaves an egg, and over it she folds down most carefully these beautiful scarlet petals from above! The upper part is then filled with earth.

And now we are wondering what her motive can be in this choice of poppy petals for her nest. But why may not a bee see warmth and brightness and cheer in this selection as well as we? At any rate, they must have a very refined taste. If we were only a poppy bee, we should know all about it.

The rose-leaf cutter is another wonder worker in upholstery. Naturalists have long noticed this bee. So extraordinary is her nest that it is said of a French gardener, in digging one up, that he was sure that it must be the work of a magician! If you look at the rose-bushes in the summer you will see certain leaves out of which have been cut one or more pieces of a circular form, as smoothly and with as great regularity as if done with a pair of scissors. These cuttings show the scissor-like jaw of the bee that has been at work there. It would be a pleasant thing to watch this busy little body at her cutting-out, and then to follow her as she carries her work home to some old wall or post—wherever it is, it is in the form of a cylindrical hole, excavated. If you can find it, you can see for yourself this wonderful leaf-lined nest, six to ten inches deep in the ground, the cells about the size of a thimble and about that shape, lined with these bits of rose-leaves—from nine to twelve pieces in each, one inserted in the other like a row of tumblers—and as each is finished she makes a sort of "rose-colored couserve" of the pollen and honey from flowers and the common thistle.

Then comes the egg, placed in this labyrinth of sweets. This little provider covers it all over with three or more pieces of leaf, cut in a circle "as truly accurate as compasses could describe," room being left above this ingenious cover for another cell. Our upholsterer thus works until her nursery tunnel is completely filled up.

Are these not wonderful creatures that we have been talking about? It will not be very long before you will be able to watch their architecture, if you feel inclined to do so. Many valuable lessons may be learned from the bees. When we see how much *they* can do, let us be very diligent in *our* sphere, and God, who watches over them and us, will be as well pleased with us as He *must* be with them.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

Being Good and Strong.

There is a period of time in European history called sometimes the Dark Ages, sometimes the Middle Ages. Times were not dull then. There was ever so much adventure then; ever so many brave deeds done. There were knights in those days who rode horses covered with steel coverings, and were themselves covered with the same. They fought with spears. It was before there were guns. These knights were very brave and strong men. How came they to be so? I find in a book by Mr. Ruskin something I want you should read—his answer to the question how they made knights in the Middle Ages. "What do you suppose," asks Mr. Ruskin, "was the substance of good education—the education of a knight in the Middle Ages? What was taught to a boy as soon as he was able to learn anything? First, to keep under his body and bring it into subjection and perfect strength; then to take Christ for his Captain, to live as always in His presence: and, finally, to do his *devoir* (duty. Mark the word) to all men." Men living in the Middle Ages made knights of their boys by teaching them as Mr. Ruskin has said. Such teaching is good for our boys. When you shall read the exploits of the knights, and are made to wonder at their endurance and are charmed by their prowess and valor, you will or should feel all through you how splendid it is to be strong.

I wish all boys were ambitious to be strong; were determined to be. If they were, there are some hurtful things they would not do. Boys bent on being strong would let tobacco alone. It may be tobacco does not hurt men after they are grown up, their appetites regulated, their bones firm. If it may not hurt grown-up men, it does hurt growing boys. A doctor in England examined thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who used tobacco. Twenty-seven of them he found seriously injured, made unsound, by tobacco. Another doctor says: "We do most unequivocally condemn the use of tobacco by growing boys, in any form. It will certainly do them injury." The boy who smokes, if he keep on smoking, will be a diseased boy and cannot be a strong boy.

There are people who say it does no good to say such things to boys. I think better of boys. You are not so bad as not to care for what is true. I have told you two truths. One is that it is a most splendid thing to be strong; the other is that tobacco in growing boys destroys strength. You will (because you are boys, and want to be manly, strong boys,) pay attention to the truths I have been telling you. I could have told you more.

A man writing to boys (Mr. J. T. Field) says: "If I were a boy again, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do." So would I.

Go to bed early, let tobacco alone, and you will have a good chance to be strong; being strong, the chances are you will be good; and, being good and strong, you will do a great deal of good in a world in which there is need that much good should be done.—*Rev. J. L. Jenkins, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

F. A. THAYER & CO,
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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

The Baltimore *American* came out last Saturday greatly improved in appearance by its new spring suit of type.

Having utterly failed to prove a contract or bargain between the Republicans and Mahone, Senator Butler will now, if he is a gentleman, resign his seat in the Senate. What a pity!

Mrs. Garfield, the President's mother, is quoted by the Syracuse *Journal* as saying to Mr. Frye, with a friendly pat on the shoulder: "Frye, I like you, because you are stalwart. I don't want any son of mine ever to weaken in the face of the enemy.

President Garfield may go right ahead now in the course he has mapped out, because at a spiritual seance in Washington on Sunday night a letter was received from the late Mr. Millard Fillmore endorsing his administration. What will Mr. Conkling say now?

The latest "bargain" attempted at Washington was an offer from the Democrats to General Miller, Senator from California, who was importuned to help them break the dead-lock, and was promised assistance in the Chinese treaty matter. It is well enough to understand that this was not corruption—it was statesmanship.

The trial of Colonel Geo. S. Marsh, on the charge of setting fire to his house, was completed at Annapolis Tuesday. The jury was only out twenty minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty. The Colonel was exceedingly agitated while the jury was out, and remarked that while he expected an acquittal, he was prepared for anything.

A decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States Monday in the case of Wm. Neal against the State of Delaware in error from the court of Oyer and Terminer for New Castle county. Neal, who is a negro, was indicted, tried and sentenced to death by the State court for the crime of rape. The Supreme Court sets aside the judgment and verdict because colored men were improperly excluded from the jury.

The last table showing the popular vote cast at the late Presidential election is made up from returns received from the Secretary of State in each and every State in the union, and it gives Garfield a popular majority over Hancock of 3,522. In Virginia the funder and readjuster vote is credited to Hancock, and the vote of both Republican factions in Louisiana counted for Garfield. This table, based upon the certified vote of every State, after the vote has been counted all errors rectified, is undoubtedly correct, and answers the oft-propounded query as to which candidate received the highest popular vote.

The new editor of the *Gazette* promises to keep Republicans posted as to the doings in our party, and proceeds to give an account of the fight for the control of appointments to federal offices in Maryland. His comments upon the Frederick convention show his incapacity to keep any one posted in the affairs and doings of the Republican party. In speaking of that convention the *Gazette*, deceived, no doubt by the statements of Republican papers in the State, makes statements of occurrences that have no foundation in truth. At some future time we intend to review the action of the Frederick convention, meanwhile we would advise the *Gazette* to study Democratic politics and keep its readers posted, if it can, upon the war between Hamilton and the Ring, and we have no doubt of the ability of the editor to speak advisedly of the true inwardness of Ring rule in Maryland.

The Nihilists, as saluted by their enemies, are certainly very objectionable people. They are said not to believe in God, religion, government, or the marriage relation; in other words in nothing, hence their name. On the other hand, their apologists say that their aims are beneficent; that they want the world to become better, and only wish to destroy what stands in the way of the happiness of mankind. Those of them that excuse the murder of the Czar say they could not help themselves. There is no free press in Russia and no parliament. Corruption is rampant in every government department, the people are oppressed by the police, and there is no way of reforming things except by violence. They say that before they strike they warn, and that they did all they could to make Alexander II. give Russia a constitution before they killed him. No doubt there are some very objectionable people among the Nihilists and their sympathizers in this and other counties; but there are revolutionists and revolutionists, some violent and disorderly, others seeking by every proper means to accomplish worthy ends. Still regicide, the killing of kings and rulers, has always been regarded as one of the foulest of crimes. It never accomplishes any good, and the horror excited by the violent act retards the object had in view by those who committed the crime.

The Color Question in Ohio.

A case was tried before Judge Baxter, in the United States Circuit Court, at Cincinnati, a day or two ago, in which the right of a colored boy to attend school with white children was involved. In one of the school districts of Clermont county, Ohio there are two public schools—one for white children and one for colored children. The plaintiff in this case, a colored man, lives near to the school attended by white children, but it is five miles from his house to the other school. He accordingly sent his boy to the white school, and there was no objection until a teacher named Buntin was employed, who put the boy out of school, and beat him when he attempted to enter after being sent back by his father. The matter was brought before the school trustees, and a resolution was offered dismissing Mr. Buntin from the school. There were two votes in favor of this resolution and six against it. The teacher regarded this as an indorsement of his course by the school trustees, and he continued to keep the colored boy out of his school. The boy's father brought suit against the teacher and the school trustees, but there being no evidence to show that the trustees had done anything to prevent the boy from attending school, Judge Baxter directed a nonsuit to be entered as to them, but he decided that Buntin had violated the law, and a verdict was found against him, the damages being assessed at $50. It seems to be the settled law, in Judge Baxter's circuit at least, that where no schools are provided for colored children within a reasonable distance of their homes, they have the right to attend the schools for white children.

The Nihilists' War in Russia.

BERLIN, May 2.—Intelligence from St. Petersburg reports that a manifesto of the Nihilist executive committee, printed on the 17th of April, says: "The verdict against the Nihilists, who have just received a martyr's crown, was dictated as well as confirmed by the Czar. The first act of his autocratic will thus has been the hanging of women, without waiting for his coronation. He sprinkled his throne with the blood of champions of national rights. Over the graves of our colleagues we publicly affirm that we will continue our efforts for the liberation of the people. We will no more be deterred by the gallows than were Solovieff and the other champions of the last reign. After the event of the 13th of March the executive committee informed the Emperor that the only means of reverting to the path of peaceful development was by an appeal to the people. Judging by the execution, the supreme power has elected to appeal to the hangman. So be it." The committee defers pronouncing any judgment on the general policy of the Emperor, but it declares that a reactionary policy will lead to consequences more disastrous than the event which took place in March. The manifesto concludes by appealing to all to shake off slavery, to co-operate in the struggle for liberty.

The people about Honesdale, Pa., are excited over a prospect of being able to strike oil in that locality. Ten thousand dollars have been subscribed to make an experiment, and some of the land owners signed an agreement upon what terms they will agree to lease if the oil is struck. The application is based upon the belief of Professor White, a geologist, that the outcroppings of sandstone indicate that oil can be found.

The Moody and Sankey revival in San Francisco made twenty-three hundred converts in twenty weeks.

He (Conkling) has clogged the wheels of government, subjected the civil service to the danger of disorganization, reduced the Supreme Court almost to impotency, and exposed the people to losses by embezzlement and defalcation after official bonds have expired—all for the purpose of defeating a single nomination. And he has done this in a sneaking, hypocritical way that is worthy of contempt as well as condemnation. It is time that this new phase of Conklingism should be snuffed out.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Senator Conkling is a man of towering ability, and is a great leader. All men of ability are great leaders when they lead in the direction that people are inclined to travel. The Senator is now giving out through his friends that he has it in his power to distract, divide and destroy the Republican party; and the threat is made that he will do so unless his every wish be gratified. Possibly he will attempt to carry his threats into execution; but if he does he will soon find himself without a following.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The speech delivered by Senator Hill in the Senate attacking Mahone has been printed with this title—*Fidelity to trusts the highest Duty*, and the motto—All men respect an honest change of opinion, but the people of no *portion of this country will tolerate treachery*. And yet Hill deserted his country's flag, arrayed himself on the side of the Rebellion, and was a member of the Rebel Congress. Having been a Bell and Everet elector he became a Union delegate to the State Convention, and then swallowed secession. Possibly at Ben's changes of opinion have been honest, and Mahone's couldn't have been because they are turning out to the destruction of Bourbonism!—*Frederick Examiner.*

Whenever the Democratic party attempts to carry out a policy they invariably assert the people are behind them. The last election proved conclusively the truth of their oft-repented declaration. The people were behind them—so close behind, indeed, that the kick they administered to the most respectable part of the Democratic anatomy landed the party outside both Houses of Congress, and left it too mad to cry, and too sore to sit down for quiet and prayerful self-examination. To the Democrats who are at present checking public business by refusing to obey the will of a majority in the Senate we say, "The people are behind you." Their boot is lifted and rapidly approaching contact with the old familiar spot it knows so well by having so often visited.—*Maryland Gazette*

John M. Wilson, United States consul at Panama, who is now in Washington, informed a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* on Saturday that the work on the De Lesseps ship canal is progressing very slowly. He said: "There are about forty Frenchmen down there, about half of whom appear to be running lines in various directions, while the other half are commissaries and so on. There are besides about a hundred Jamaica negroes engaged in cutting brush. Wyse has returned to France. Six stations have been established on the proposed line across the Isthmus; but no house has been built, and the men are living in tents. The rainy season has begun, and the men will soon be driven out of their tents by the storms. The truth is, it does not look to me as though De Lesseps ever intends to dig a canal there."

The proprietor of a New York paper, Mr. George Jones, has succeeded in raising $250,000, the interest upon which is to be given to ex-President Grant while he lives, and to some other ex-President when he dies. In aristocratic countries munificent provision is often made for those who have done the state service in periods of peril. Wealth and dignities, for instance, were showered unstinted upon Marlborough and Wellington. But Congress declines to do anything for General Grant, who, it seems, is to-day a comparatively poor man. It is idle to complain, for in Democratic countries, where the vast majority of the voters are in receipt of day wages, it is useless to expect that rich gifts to officials or soldiers will ever be popular. We pay very low salaries in this country to those who represent the nation at home or abroad. The etiquette of his station forces our Secretaries of State to spend from $40,000 to $50,000 per annum, but the salary is only $8,000. Our minister abroad gets $12,000 per annum, but the social demands upon an ambassador force him to spend a great deal more money. Hence our ministers abroad are necessarily confined to rich men. An ordinary judge in England gets four times the pay of our Supreme Court judges. But we are much more generous to our common soldiers and sailors, and to minor officers, than they are across the water. In Europe in the conscripted armies, the soldier does not get as much in a year as the privates in our federal army receive in a month.

The immigration to this country during the present year threatens to be enormous. The prosperous state of the nation, the cheap lands offered to immigrants, and the disturbed condition of Europe, all conspire to add to the numbers who wish to settle within the limits of the United States. Nothing will stop half a million of foreigners from landing at our seaboard cities, except some sudden misfortune to us as a nation, or a general failure of crops during this coming summer. We could stand one, or even two years of bad crops, for the surplus in the country is very large. But for the next four months the immigration will be unprecedented. Fortunately for themselves and for the country, these foreigners do not now stop in the seaboard cities, but are immediately transported to the West, where there is no surplus labor, and where the virgin earth "will laugh with the harvest, if tickled with the hoe."

The De Molay Commandery of Knights Templar of Boston, and the St. John's Commandery, of Providence, R. I., will start on their proposed visit to Richmond on the 19th inst. They will remain in Washington until the morning of the 23d, and reach Richmond on the afternoon of the same day, where they will remain till the 27th. The pleasant relations existing between the visiting commanderies and the Richmond commandery commenced in 1858, when the latter visited Providence and Boston on the invitation of their brethren of those cities. The return visit of the Providence and Boston Templars was made in 1859. The war caused a break, and it was not till 1875 that fraternal relations were resumed by the Richmond Commandery revisiting Boston and Providence on the centennial of the battle of Bunker Hill. On the first visit to Boston the Richmond Commandery had 168 members on the roll, and of that number 92 are now no more.

America is a great nation in other things besides its productions. Within a few years we have become the greatest consumers of cigarettes in the world. According to the tax returns in the year 1870 Americans smoked 13,881,477 cigarettes. We steadily increased this number until the year 1880, when we consumed the enormous total of 408,708,365. What a frightful waste of money, especially when we recall the fact that cigarettes are principally consumed by boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, men, as a rule, preferring cigars and pipes. Tobacco stunts the growth of our youths, and impairs the health of adults. France comes next to the United States in following this pernicious habit, for it consumes 300,000 000 cigarettes in the course of a year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Germany has now eight thousand miles of telegraph wire under ground.

At Nanticoke, Pa., Andrew Porteck, Adam Uncho and John Martin were killed by a fall of rock.

Colorado has twenty-six Protestant Episcopal churches, and, unlike many in the older states, they are all free from debt.

The New York Central is running 160 trains per day, which is the full capacity of the road, as they run but nine minutes apart.

A faithful watchdog by his barking aroused the inmates of a burning dwelling in Newburyport, Mass., one night last week, and he alone was allowed to perish in the flames.

A bill is pending in the Michigan legislature to deprive the Catholic bishops of the management and control of the church property, and to vest the trust in the hands of laymen.

There are now 1,200 entries for the dog show in New York next week. Almost every breed of dogs known will be on exhibition, including many very valuable animals from abroad.

A vessel recently arrived from the Rio Plate, landed in London nineteen thousand carcasses of sheep in a frozen state. Their average weight was thirty-six pounds each, and they were sold off rapidly at 4½d. per pound.

Inquiry among the fruit raisers and dealers throughout the region tributary to Cincinnati goes to show that a light crop and high prices this summer may be expected. The yield of small fruits will be light. The strawberry crop will not be more than half as large as last year. Reports from Tennessee are generally unfavorable. Of the later fruits predictions are more favorable, but the orchards bear the marks of the severe winter, and an average yield is probably all that can be expected.

The Jewish boys in the public schools and colleges of New York City are as 1 to 40 of all the other sects and races combined. But the young Hebrew boys and girls take 1 out of every 3 of the prizes put for competition in the public schools. One hundred medals were distributed to the best public school scholars on the day the obelisk was erected in the Central Park. Twenty-seven of the medals were given to the children of Jewish parents. There is something in blood.

The Baptists of New York are to have a grand anniversary parade of their Sunday School children on the 17th of this month. Bewteen thirty and forty Sunday Schools will turn out.

Sixty thousand immigrants arrived at New York during the month of April, swelling the arrivals this year to one hundred and five thousand, or twenty-five thousand more than during the corresponding period of last year.

The largest vessel ever built for Lake navigation is the schooner David Dows, recently launched at Toledo, Ohio. Her extreme length is 278 feet, and her carrying capacity is 140,000 bushels of grain. She has five masts, and has cost $100,000.

Sixty-eight millions of dollars have been invested in railroads and mining enterprises in Mexico within the last seven months by the capitalists of the United States, and yet the press and people of Mexico are jealous of the encrochments of Americans.

The Mexicans engaged in running skiffs across the river from San Antonio, Texas, to the Mexican shore are displaying hostilities to the railroad operations. They say if the bridge is built it will deprive them of the means of earning a livelihood, and they are determined not to allow it.

The Zoological Gardens, at Philadelphia, now contain 436 mammals 370 birds and 95 reptiles and batrachians, making in all 901, living specimens, valued at $49,251. During 1880 the visitors numbered 208,478 persons, and the amount received for admission was $40,248.16.

Seven hundred and twenty-two steerage passengers on the steamer Republic, at New York, were vaccinated on Thursday, because there was a single doubtful case on board. Out of one hundred thousand passengers arrived there since the 1st of January there have not been twenty cases of true small-pox.

Walter Coats has been convicted at the Campbell county (Va.) court for outraging Ida Turpin, his sister-in-law, a girl twelve years of age, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. A motion for a new trial has been made. The accused was a minister at the time of the outrage.

The Westminister Kennel Club sat down to an elegant dinner at the Windsor Hotel, New York, on Saturday. Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, and others spoke. From remarks made by representative of the West and others it would appear that our gamebirds are fast dying out, and that while we are improving the breed of field-dogs there would soon be nothing for them to hunt.

Over one hundred young ladies were present at a girl's tea or dove party given in Philadelphia on Thursday evening, at the residence of the Misses Thayer, on Pine street. All the "rosebuds of the garden of girls," including nearly every debutante of the past season, were among the guests, and the party "was just too lovely for anything."

The flock of Southern sheep from Druid Hill Park, purchased a year and a-half ago for the Philadelphia Fairmount Park, has increased from forty to one hundred thoroughbred sheep. A purchase of deer from Druid Hill is to be made soon, to be added to the live stock in Fairmount. That park is well stocked with partridges that are very tame, from being well cared for during the severe weather last winter.

It is now settled that Mr. J. H. Haverly is to have a new theatre in Chicago. It is proposed to erect the handsomest theatre in America. It will be 12 feet narrower than McVicker's Opera House, and while apparently smaller than Haverly's present house, will, in fact, have one-third greater seating capacity. There will probably be nine proscenium boxes, and in the rear of the first balcony 20 lodges, similar to those in most of the European theatres.

While a literary society of the University of New York was in session the other night some of the members of a rival society tied the door with strong wire. The imprisoned members finally broke out a panel, but in attempting to remove the fastenings were pounded on the hands by outsiders. They finally got out by breaking down the door. The society which played the trick is nervously expecting a retaliatory attack.

J. N. McCullough, of Pittsburg, who is prominent from his connection with the leased lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the West, is of the opinion that the coming grain crops to be moved by rail will be less than last year. Winter wheat is damaged so that the average per acre will be decreased, and it is all guess-work regarding the spring wheat. In many places the farmers have not commenced plowing, whereas at this time last year they had nearly finished it. The loss of cattle has been exaggerated, and there will be sufficient for home consumption and export.

A discussion is just now going on in some of the scientific papers over the question whether the Northern Lights, which have appeared unusually brilliant in England of late, make any noise. Some persons assert that they have heard a rustling sound in the sky when the auroral curtains were shaken in the North. Others maintain that the supposed rustling is fanciful, and that it is physically impossible that any such noise should be heard.

The largest steamship cylinder in the world was successfully cast on Thursday at the Morgan Iron Works in New York. The casting was a complete success, and nearly 100,000 pounds of iron were used. The cylinder is nine feet two inches in diameter and fourteen feet stroke, and is for the new iron steamer now being built for the Old Colony Steamboat Company. The two main shafts for the engine will be the largest forgings in the world. Each will be forty feet long and twenty-seven inches in diameter, and will weigh 85,000 pounds.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers, which assembles at Staunton, Va., on the 30th of May, will attract thither some of the most distinguished engineers and iron manufacturers of the day. A week or more will be spent in business meetings, interspersed with excursions to the iron and coal regions in that neighborhood. The *Valley Virginian* urges the citizens of Staunton to start a movement for a rolling mill, with a capital of half a million, and show an earnestness on their part by subscribing liberally, so as to induce the visiting capitalists to join the enterprise.

The miners of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania are much interested in a competition between the Empire shaft of the Wilkesbarre Coal Company and the Nottingham shaft at Plymouth, as to which should hoist the largest number of cars in a day. The Plymouth had raised 1,102 cars in nine and a-half hours, but the Empire employes exceeded that number on Monday last by hoisting 1,137 cars in eight hours and a half. The miners of Schuylkill county think they can beat Luzerne county, and will soon enter the contest.

The rocks are now being blasted on the south side of Fifty-ninth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, New York, to make way for a new apartment house, which will be known as the "Hawthorne." It will cost $125,000, and the three lots were purchased to $63,000 by the Hawthorne Apartment Association. The fourteen stockholders will live in the house, and there will remain six additional apartments to be rented. The structure will be eight stories in height, with a frontage of seventy five feet and a depth of ninety feet. It will probably be ready for use late in the fall.

A New York broker, standing in Wall street, New York, a few days ago, saw Jay Gould trying to cross the street. Gould seemed abstracted, and did not notice that a stage was almost upon him. When the broker saw his dilemma, he told a reporter, "I spread out my overcoat and made up my mind that if he was knocked down and run over I would dart out, throw my overcoat around his head so that nobody could see who he was, then drag him into a back basement office, jump in and sell all of his stocks short by the thousand shares." Fortunately, some one saw Gould's peril and drew him back just in time to save him from being run over.

In the northern part of Pike county, Arkansas, there is one of the greatest of natural curiosities, giving its name to Wall mountain. On the top of the mountain is a natural wall, half a mile long, ten feet thick, and from thirty to forty feet high, as regularly built as was ever constructed by experienced masons. Most of the stones are about the size of a bale of cotton, but some are five times that size. On each side of the wall the ground is as smooth as a floor, and there is not a loose rock except at one end, where a few rocks are lying about as if left there when the wall was completed. The people in the neighborhood believe the wall to have been built by some race of men occupying that country before America was discovered.

There is a young married woman named Melinda Jaggers living in Philadelphia, who was bitten when a child by a Spitz dog, and who has several times since suffered with a malady resembling in its symptoms hydrophobia. She barks like a dog, froths at the mouth, is thrown into convulsions at the sight of water, and has the usual difficulty about the throat. She was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital on Sunday for treatment. Some years ago she was attacked by the same symptoms of hydrophobia, and was admitted to the Philadelphia Hospital. She left the institution three years ago as cured, but any excitement brought a return of the convulsions, with all the accompanying barking and frothing as in rabies.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock a. m.

—Died April 28th, 1881, at Mr. George Stiger's, near Oakland, Miss Emma Hickson.

—The Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church will be elected on Sunday, May 8, 1881. All members in regular communion and fellowship are expected to be present and cast a vote.

—A telegram was received here Thursday morning announcing the death at Columbus, Ohio, of Mr. Lloyd Stahl, who, with Mr. Lloyd Bell of this place, enlisted in the regular army in February last. The particulars of his death we have not learned.

Church Services--Sunday.

Methodist Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 11½ o'clock a. m.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones. A Sunday School service. All are invited.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7:45, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Personal.

The following are a few of the many gentlemen who called on us this week: Jacob Brown, Louis Muhlenberg, M. Nathan, Jos. Kemp, Jonas J. Beachy, P. C. Boucher, Frederick Kolb, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty, J. W. Raley, Joseph A. Spiker, Elias Merrill, Nimrod Glotfelty, Israel Glotfelty, Norman Jacobs, Thos. F. Geary, Benjamin Shepp, F. S. Cline, William Schell, Nelson Savage.

Bears Killed.

Jacob Anderson, Jacob Abernathy and Nicholas Rinker, after an exciting chase with dogs, captured three cub bears, near the residence of Mrs. Grimes, in District No. 8, April 29th. The mother, after making an attempt to save her offspring, fled and left them to their fate. The little fellows "treed" and were shot. They were about the size of full-grown ground hogs.

Circuit Court.

The May Term of the Circuit Court began Monday, with Judges Peare and Motter on the bench.

Among the Attorneys presents from Allegany county were Messrs. Brace, Brown, Semmes, R. H. Gordon, Sloan, Price, Williams, Boyd, Thomas and Fuller.

John E. Gregory was selected as Foreman of the Grand Jury.

Owing to the fact that court convenes at Hagerstown Monday next the witnesses in all civil suits were discharged Wednesday morning, the criminal docket occupying the remainder of this term.

Town Election.

The election held last Monday for Burgess and Commissioners, resulted in a grand victory for the entire Republican ticket. The Republicans made no nomination for Burgess, but Capt. J. A. Hayden received several complimentary votes. Oakland for several years past has given a Democratic majority of from 15 to 40. This time the tables were turned and the Republican nominees received handsome majorities. The following gentlemen now constitute our town authorities: Burgess, A. B. Gonder; Commissioners, S. L. Townshend, W. M. Coddington, John C. Dunham, John O. Michael.

Destructive Fire at Grantsville.

A dispatch was received here on Tuesday afternoon announcing that about 11 o'clock Monday night the barn of Wm. Broadwater, familiarly known as "King Billy," at Grantsville, was entirely destroyed by fire with all its contents. Twenty-four head of cattle, 10 of them milch cows, 2 valuable horses and between 30 and 40 tons of hay and all of Mr. Broadwater's farming implements, including a machine drill and threshing machine, were destroyed. The total loss was about $4,000, which is covered by $2,000 insurance. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, as repeated attempts have been made within the last year to burn property of members of the family.

Appointment of School Trustees.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Dr. Bartlett, Secretary of the Board of School Commissioners, calls a meeting of the Board on May 26th, at which time school trustees, for the ensuing year will be appointed. The board requests the co-operation of the citizens of the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as trustees, such recommendations to be sent in not later than the 25th inst. This is a matter that the people should attend to. The Board cannot possibly know who are the most suitable persons to fill these important positions, and the citizens of every school district should come together and agree upon names to be submitted to the Board.

A Card of Thanks.

JOHNSTOWN, April 27, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:— Please allow me space in the columns of your valuable paper to express my sincere thanks to my numerous friends for the liberal manner in which they have aided us in our late misfortune. When I returned home Sabbath afternoon, March 27th, and found my house, with nearly all its contents, had been consumed by fire, and my large family of little children weeping around its smouldering remains, while the cold, piercing northwest wind was blowing furiously, the scene was sad indeed; but through the kindness and sympathy of our friends our hearts have been cheered. Although our loss has not been half restored, yet the gratitude we feel for the kindness and liberality of our friends, in a large degree compensates us for our loss. May they all receive a hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come eternal life.

H. E. FRIEND,

Commissioners' Proceedings.

The Board of County Commissioners convened Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Present a full Board.

The bond of E. Margroff as collector of taxes for the year 1881, was filed and approved.

The Examiners' report on the change in the Grantsville road in District No. 6, was taken up and adopted, Samuel Specht, Mahlon Glotfelty, Douglass McLean, Jesse Glotfelty and S. P. Specht agreeing to open and pike the road free of expense to the county, as per agreement filed.

John Harned, Henry Warnick and G. T. Michael were appointed examiners on the road petitioned for beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel run, and running thence to intersect the public road leading from Frankville to the North Branch at or near John Paugh's.

The road account of Philip Darst filed and approved for $130.36, and order granted.

The examiners' report on the Kitzmiller bridge was taken up and laid over until next meeting.

The office of road supervisor of District No. 4 was declared vacant, and the following appointed to fill the unexpired term:

Henry Warnick—All roads from Kogan's to the county line, and from Water Trough to Bloomington,

Marcus Facenbaker—Road from Huckleberry ridge to county line, and from Franklin road and Hill road to Savage river.

David Evans—From county line near Barton to Savage river.

Norman Jacobs—From county line to H. Spiker's and Swamp road to top of Savage mountain.

John Crow—From Savage river to county line and Lonaconing road.

Philip Kilpatrick—Road from John Warnick's to Gregg's school house.

Floyd S. Kline—Road from Frankville to the ford of Savage river, and the Bear Pen road.

Death of a Good Woman.

Died, near Minntstown, Grant county, W. Va., on Tuesday morning, April 26th, 1881, Mrs. Mary Chisholm, wife of James Chisholm, Sr. Mother Chisholm was about seventy-six years old. Was born in the Highlands of Scotland, and emigrated to America, she, her husband and a number of the Chisholm family about fifty years ago. The whole party became residents of Garrett county, well-known and respected citizens. Mother Chisholm, who has lately passed away, was well known in Garrett county, and loved by all who knew her. Her deeds of charity and benevolence and her true Christian character still live, though she is gone. She was an invalid for a number of years previous to her death, but bore her affliction with true Christian fortitude; the more she suffered the more humble she seemed. She was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church for many years, and followed closely in the footprints of her Lord and Master, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the poor, needy, sick or distressed. But she is now gone to join the little squad who so many years ago crossed the billowy ocean with her, and have now all gone across the stream of death to the shores of the unknown world," but her husband, with his children and friends, who, followed her to her tomb and seen her laid to rest in a quiet peaceful spot by the side of their first born son, James, who died about five and a half years ago, and when the grave hid from view all that remained of the dear wife mother and friend, and the large crowd of relatives and sympathizing friends withdrew from the silent grave, the aged husband and father returned to his lonely home a withered reed bent and bowed by the arm of time, tempest tossed and shaken by the surging winds, having already lived his four score years. He now awaits the summons of his Master from the "other shore" calling him over to join the ship crew of loved ones who once crossed the briny deep with him, and have now left him here all alone on the shores of time, whilst they have all emigrated to fairer lands and there await his arrival and are beckoning him on. This wife and the mother who has so lately left will be missed in the family circle, her kind loving voice will sound no more in our midst for it is silenced here to take up the song of praises to its blessed Redeemer in the land of rest. The day before her departure she called her weeping family around her and told them they must let her go and not weep for her for she would soon be living with the angels and her suffering ended. A few days previous to her death she dreamed that she was in a deep pool of water, and almost sinking and her son James, came to her aid from the other side of the pool, gave her his hand and took her across. Did he meet her in the stream of death, and give her his hand? Perhaps he did and that they two are singing together to-day, the song of the redeemed. She selected a hymn out of the Presbyterian hymn book to be sung at her grave, commencing.

"The hour of my departure's come," &c.

Father and children all have our deepest heartfelt sympathy, all your love and tender care could not detain her when the summons of death came.

Lo 'round the throne at God's right hand
Our sainted friends in myriads stand;
Tho' gone from us, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labors now they rest,
And lean upon their dear Lord's breast.

They feel the howling blasts no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from all their eyes,
And sorrow yields to endless joys.

M.

The Guarrett Guards Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the Garrett Guards and their honorary members, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights of this week, was a very successful affair, and was well patronized. The military exercises were perfect, and reflect great credit upon Capt. Wardwell. "The Madman," rendered by Mr. A. B. Woodcock deserves special mention. The comedy, "The Loan of a Lover," was sparkling, humerous and pleased every body. Miss Ella Peddicord, as "Gurtrude," acted with a charming *naivete* that won her numerous compliments. Miss Addie Tower as "Lady Ernestine," enacted her *role* with ease, grace and dignity. The music was kindly furnished by Mrs. H. A. Rash and the Oakland Cornet Band, and was very fine. We are sorry that space will not allow a more elaborate description of the whole play.

GRANTSVILLE, MD.
April 23, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having noticed that the columns of your paper are at all times open to the reception of church and religious matters, I have thought the new turn of affairs in the Amish Church a matter of sufficient importance to interest your intelligent readers. This sect or denomination are quite numerous in this portion of Garrett county, and still more so on the other side of the Pennsylvania line. They are proverbial for their thrift, industry and material prosperity. Some of them are quite wealthy and influential. Poverty is almost unknown amongst this people. The great body of them are what are known as well-to-do people. If one of their members happens to fail in business, the church will promptly put him on his feet again. This is a part of their religion. They are instinctively tillers of the soil, and but few are engaged in any other occupation. Their routine is to commence at the time of their majority at farm labor, and continue till money enough is made to make a payment upon a piece of land, and perseverence and industry will accomplish the balance. For many years they have been pressing southward and westward from the Anglo-German districts of Pennsylvania. They are prone to supplant the Gentiles who are less thriving than themselves. Hence there has always been something of a jealousy or prejudice against them, though unjustly so, for no people more deserve the fruits of their labor, as they gain nothing outside the old-fashioned, honest way.

Who are the Amish, and what are they? They are a branch of the Mennonites, who sprang from their Menno Symons, who started his sect as far back as in the sixteenth century, and who were greatly persecuted on the Continent of Europe on account of their religious belief. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the liberal-minded Penn invited them to his colony in Eastern Pennsylvania. They came over in considerable numbers, and settled at Germantown, Pa., whence they have spread over a large part of our country, always finding the best agricultural districts. The Mennonites and their branches now number from 150,000 to 200,000 souls.

The Omish, or Amish church is a branch of the Mennonites, and are the followers of Jacob Amish, who was too rigid and straight for his native church, so he founded a new sect for himself and followers in Switzerland, more than two hundred years ago, and, like their parent organization, have been gradually growing and spreading in this and the old world. They are mostly confined to the German speaking race. I believe a few are to be found in Russia; at any rate a goodly number of the Mennonites are to be found in that vast empire, but they are leaving that incongenial power, fast as they can for more liberal countries. Many are now settling in the West.

The religious creed or tenets of the Amish are extremely simple, and somewhat narrow. They do not vex themselves with theological questions and dogmas—quite the reverse. They profess to follow in the footsteps of our Great Master and His Apostles, as nearly as they can, and to adhere to the letter and spirit of the Bible, and more especially the New Testament. Their mode of worship is also simple and primitive. Up to now they have eschewed church edifices entirely. Their religious meetings being held alternately at their houses, or barns when circumstances require—on the Sabbath day. A reading of some portion of the Word and a plain talk from their preacher, without singing, constitutes their Sunday exercises. Bread and wine are not used by them upon communion occasions. Some kind of a broth or soup form their sacred emblems. Their sacrament is more in the nature of an ordinary meal than like the communion of the Evangelical churches. Their meetings have also a social and hospitable feature—all must be fed, and then several hours are spent in social and friendly conversation, which, it is said, sometimes takes a business turn. Gentiles, and outsiders, are not excluded from their meetings or worship. It is worthy of remark that they do not practice infant baptism, and that sacrament is performed by sprinkling.

They are decidedly Quakerish in their ways—will not under any circumstances take an oath upon the Bible, but always affirm, whether as jurors or witnesses. They are also opposed to bearing arms, but in all other respects are good, loyal, law-abiding citizens. As an evidence, in the late war they were, to a man, on the side of their country. They did everything a good citizen could do, except to shoulder the musket.

Their mode of dress is not only very plain, but unique. The clothing of both sexes is almost exclusively of home-made fabrics, and almost entirely of blue color. As particular and neat in their cheap garbs as any persons. Cleanliness in both sexes is a rigid rule with them. Hooks and eyes are substitutes for buttons; hence they have, in years passed, been called "Hookers." They have but little use for the razor and scissors. Their healthy young ladies, with their clean, blue dresses, and snow white handkerchiefs about their necks, and close cap, in contrast with their ruddy faces, form anything but an unsightly spectacle. But for some time past they have been experiencing trouble in regard to the dress question. The young of both sexes are becoming contaminated with the ways of the outer world, and they are tending towards other denominations where there is less restriction upon the style of dress. They want buttons, instead of the time-honored hooks and eyes, more fabrics in their garments, and a little more variety in color. The signs are that young folks sooner or later will win.

And the Amish people are about to take another new departure. I have already stated that heretofore they have entirely eschewed church edifices, but the young blood have been contending for church buildings and the fathers have had to yield. This is a new era in their history, now over two hundred years old. No less than four new churches will be built shortly within a radius of five or six miles of Grantsville, one on the Maryland side and three on the Pennsylvania side. This revolution has come suddenly and unexpectedly, at least to us outsiders.

Upon the whole they are about as blameless a body of Christian people as can be found in any country, but in one thing they are far in the rear in this civilized age, and that is upon the subject of education. It cannot be justly said that they are opposed to all education, but certainly they do not favor a general or wide system of education. They hold that too much education often leads to dishonesty: an enlightened head makes lazy, thriftless hands.

The most foremost man in all this country in this sect is Mr. Joel Beachy, who for goodness, integrity and reliability is second to none. Every one respects and has entire faith in "Joel." He is their Bishop and preacher, with full and wide-extended authority. Several years ago, after accumulating a handsome competency by hard labor, he retired from business entirely, and now lives on one end of his farm, about a mile from this town. He is about sixty-five years of age, but hale and hearty. Church matters have claimed nearly the whole of his attention and time since he retired from business. He is thoroughly consecrated to the good work, and he does it well and satisfactorily. His predecessor in office was his venerable uncle, Jonas Beachey, who died six or seven years ago, over ninety years of age. He, too was a man of great worth, and much respected by all classes of people. Was for many years bishop, and devoted the whole of the evening of his life to his ministerial duties, which often carried him a long distance from home.

It is to be noted that their ministers, or preachers, receive no pay whatever for their services. They reason that the great Head of the Church, when upon earth as a minister, did not preach for money. His incomparable sermon on the Mount was preached to the multitude in the open air, gratis.

Their ministers are not educated or trained for their calling, and are selected on account of good sense, influence and excellence of character.

OBSERVER.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The Cecil County Agricultural Society has fixed upon October 4th to the 7th inclusive as the time for the fall fair.

The millenium is to commence in Elkton on Monday, and then, under the option law, there will be no more whisky no more lager, and no more racing.

There is an old abandoned family burial ground near Elkton where tombstones can be seen dating as far back as 1535, while others, probably older, are so defaced that the dates are obliterated.

The Susquehanna is said to be teeming with black bass. They are taken with hook and line in quantities, some of them weighing six to eight pounds. They have also been caught in the Choptank river.

The wharf at Frenchtown, at one time the terminus of the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad, and the connecting point of the railroad with the steamers from Baltimore, and in those times a busy place, is now used as a headquarters by the fishermen on the river. The glory of the place departed many years ago.

Seven marriage certificates were issued in Howard county during the month of April, being an increase of one over the same month last year.

The fishermen near Denton report innumerable potato-bugs in the water. They find thousands of them clinging to the cork-lines attached to their nets when hauled ashore.

The contract for replacing the iron span for the section of the Denton bridge carried away by a passing vessel has been awarded to Mr. Bollman, of Baltimore. He is to receive $1,250, furnishing all the material, and to complete the work in four weeks.

Mrs. Sophia Van Leer Findlay died on the 21st ulto., in the 78th year of her age, at her residence, near Williamsport. She was the widow of Archibald Findlay, the son of Governor Findlay, of Pennsylvania, whom she survived thirty years, and the mother of John V. Findlay, of Baltimore, and Judge James Findlay, of Washington county.

Hamilton Desston's yacht Mischief sailed from Philadelphia on Saturday with a party of gentlemen for a two-weeks' cruise along the Atlantic coast. Sunday was spent at the Seneca Point Fish House, and Norfolk Va., will be the next point visited. In returning, Cobb and Chincoteague Islands will afford the pleasure-seekers an opportunity to shoot sea fowl. At Norfolk, Va., Hamilton Desston, who is now in Florida, will join the party to enjoy the return trip.

What vast sums are spent by mankind for stimulants and narcotics. One half the value of the imports into China are of opium, $51,000,000 per annum. Of tea, that country exported only $5,000,000, and of silk $10,000,000. Great Britain has forced the consumption of this poisonous drug upon the Chinese. The government of that country prohibited its importation, but the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium was one of the profitable monopolies of the East Indian Company, and hence the opium war. In the course of time, hundreds of millions of human beings will have suffered the degradation and misery caused by indulgence in this terrible drug, because of the desire of a few merchants to add to their unholy gains.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Stirgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The Board of County School Commissioners will meet on

Friday, May 27th,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
5 7 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as

"Recourse Survey,"

containing eleven hundred and sixteen acres and assessed to Mrs. Hamilton White and J. McFerran.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those pieces or parcels of land situate and lying in Garrett county, and described as

Military Lots Nos. 3069, 3070, 3071, 3031, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3047, 3033, 3054, 3052, 3050, and 12 acres of vacancy, containing in the whole 612 acres,

and assessed to Zais & Wolford.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the year 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

it being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel R. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 347, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared in do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 6t DAVID LITTLE.

GENERAL.

—Mr. Sassoon, an Indian millionaire, has put his stables on the top of his house in Belgrave Square, London. The horses are carried up by an elevator.

—Lady Campbell, who is visiting in Washington, is thought to be more like an American in dress, style, and manners than any other noble Englishwoman who has visited us.

—Senator Sherman was recently reminded that he had been for six or eight hours out of office, on March 3, for the first time in twenty-six years. He resigned as Secretary of the Treasury in the afternoon of that day, and the term of Senator Thurman, whom he succeeded in the Senate, did not expire until midnight.

—March 13 was the centenary of the discovery of the planet Uranus by Herschel, at Bath, while engaged in the telescopic comparison of a large number of stars. The name given by Herschel to his new planet was Georgium Sidus, in honor of the reigning King, George III. But this name gave no satisfaction to astronomers, and, after a variety of suggestions, that of Uranus, at the proposal of Bode, was adopted.

—A man built a house worth $10,000 at Andover, Mass., without spending a dollar. He bought all the material on six-months' credit, and at the end of that time refused to pay. All the stuff was fast in the house, which he sold to his wife. The labor was obtained on the same plan, and even the widow who boarded the workmen was swindled. The man lives placidly in his fine residence, but is not greatly loved by his neighbors.

—Mr. Valentine Roth, of Washington, sued the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad Company for $5,000 damages for the loss of the services, etc., of his daughter, Francis Roth, eight years of age, who was killed by an engine of the company while playing upon the track. She was deaf, and did not hear the train coming. The Court (Judge MacArthur) ruled that there was contributing negligence on the part of the parents, and the jury awarded a verdict for the defendant.

—Porters of sleeping-cars in the East get ten-cent pieces from passengers, as a rule, and many travelers never give anything, except for some special service. In the West, a quarter is the common fee, and the Chicago *Times* is authority for the statement that the Pullman and Wagner companies take the fees into account in fixing wages. During seasons when travel is lightest, the pay is from $20 to $30 a month, but as traffic increases the rate is lowered to $8, and sometimes to nothing at all. The places, however, are eagerly sought.

—The ship Jerusalem, which sailed recently from Gravesend for Melbourne, had on board an invention in the shape of a little boat four feet in length, built on the principle of a life-boat. It carries a sail on which is a scripture text executed in phosphorus. The idea is that when a vessel is wrecked the fate of the ship might be written down and the record deposited in a dispatch-box on the deck of the little boat and the craft committed to the mercy of the waves. With a moderate wind the boat will travel four or five miles an hour. The captain intended launching the boat about three hundred miles off the Scilly Isles.

—Sophie Pieoffsky, one of the persons arrested for complicity in the assassination of the Czar, is the daughter of a former Provincial Governor and the niece of an officer of high rank in the Russian army. She is a woman of considerable talent, and of education superior to most Russian women. According to her confessions, it appears that she was the chief spirit of the conspiracy to murder the Czar. Roussakoff was a mere instrument and implicitly obeyed her command. She had an idea that the death of the Czar would result in the establishment of a Social Republic in Russia.

—In 1877 Mrs. J. C. Best, of Gloverville, N. Y., fell and injured her arm. Her husband engaged Dr. A. M. Vedder, of Schenectady, to attend his wife. Afterward it was claimed that through the negligence of Vedder the bones and joints of her arm were left so as to be useless to her. A suit for damages for $5,000 was then begun. Pending this action Vedder died. It was then moved that action be continued against the executors of the estate, but this was denied on the ground that the cause lapsed with the death of the defendant, but that the husband might sue the estate for loss of service. This he did, and has just recovered $2,500. This ends a peculiar and interesting case.

—Dickens satirized the costs of the English Court of Chancery, and, says the London *Telegraph*, it still "grinds men's bones to make its bread." Anne Richardson, a domestic servant, had saved two hundred and forty pounds, to which her master, Sir George Balfour, added a free gift of sixty pounds, lodging the whole with trustees, who were to pay her the interest. After a time, Anne wanted to go to New Zealand, and desired the possession of her capital. The trustees had no objection, provided they obtained the leave of the Master of the Rolls. For that purpose a friendly suit was instituted, and the leave obtained, but the costs amounted to two hundred and sixteen pounds. This merely to ask the formal assent of the Court of Chancery to a change of this kind swallowed up more than two-thirds of the sum in question. Lord Coleridge, on hearing of the facts, which came incidentally before him a few days ago, aptly said, "It appears as if Chancery, to prevent any one from being hurt, sometimes takes care that nobody should get any good."

Mumbo Jumbo.

In no part of our globe are there so many curious customs, unknown or not understood by civilized and enlightened people, as in Africa. There, for instance, is a great river which comes down to regions inhabited for thousands of years by the ancient Egyptians, who built the most wonderful temples and pyramids, and carved in stone great statues, which have been the admiration of ages, and yet it is only within a few years that the source of this celebrated river, Nile, has been known to Americans and Europeans. Great lakes, which were not known to exist, have lately been discovered by African explorers, and tribes of people, not only unlike other human beings in their minds but even in their bodies, have been met with. One of our countrymen, Henry Stanley, made a journey across the center of the African continent, and, in so doing, traversed vast regions never seen before by white men, and, although he saw and described so much, there are no doubt a great many strange things yet to be discovered in Africa.

Among the most difficult puzzles in this great riddle-box are the customs of the African tribes. Of course, all savage and heathen people do very strange things in connection with their religion and their laws, yet, however odd and ridiculous some of these may seem to us, the people themselves believe them right and proper, because they are so taught by their priests and rulers.

But some African tribes have fantastic and unsurd customs in which it would seem that they could not have any faith whatever; still they really attach a great deal of importance to them.

Among these are the trials by Mumbo Jumbo, a character met with in many villages on the west coast of Africa. Mumbo Jumbo is nothing at all but a man on short stilts, with a sort of cloak wrapped about him, and a great false head fastened above his own head. All this, of course, makes him look very tall, and a pair of wooden arms, which stick out below his big head, help to give him the appearance of a man about twice as big as anybody else.

Dressed up in a strange way, he stumps about through the village, and the people believe that he has the power to point out any person who has committed a crime; or, in case of family quarrels or disputes, he can show which party is in fault. Accordingly, when there is an occasion for the exercise of his wonderful power, Mumbo Jumbo, followed by a crowd of his fellow-savages, beating drums, blowing horns, shouting and dancing, sets out on his business of discovering the person who has broken the laws of the tribe.

It may be that a theft has been committed, and that the thief has managed his affairs so secretly and cunningly that the people of the village can not find out who he is. So Mumbo Jumbo, with a great deal of twisting and stumping about, goes from house to house, and pretends to examine the faces of the people he finds within. When he has finished this examination, he looks at every man, woman, or child whom he may meet, and even goes among the crowd accompanying him, making believe to glare down, with his painted eyes, into the faces of the howling and dancing negroes, to see if he can discover the guilty person.

Of course it would never do for Mumbo Jumbo to give up the search without pointing out some one as the thief, and so, after he has led the crowd about as long as he pleases, he settles upon some unfortunate person, who is as likely as any one else to have stolen the missing property, and declares him to be the thief. This man is then seized, tied to a post and whipped, and everybody believes him to be justly punished, when, in reality, Mumbo Jumbo himself may have been the thief.

In disputes between families or individuals, Mumbo Jumbo lays down the law in the same way. He goes, with his stilts, and his mask, and his noisy crowd of followers, to the place where the disputing parties are assembled, and declares which side is right.

Now the most curious thing about all this is the fact that these negroes know, all the time, that Mumbo Jumbo is nothing but a man on stilts, with a big false head and a long cloak. There does not seem to be any attempt to conceal this fact, for, when Mumbo Jumbo is not needed, his cloak, head, arms and stilts are hung upon a convenient tree in the village. It is likely, also, that these foolish negroes know just what man among them is performing the part of Mumbo Jumbo, when that important person is stalking about. And yet they believe in the decisions of the false head, which could make decisions just as well when it is hanging on the tree as when borne about by one of their fellow-negroes.

Now does not all this seem very much like a riddle, and a pretty hard one, too? Why should these people believe in a thing which they know is all nonsense? But it is not easy to give answers to all the puzzles in the great African riddle-box.—*John Lewees, in St. Nicholas.*

Hugged to Death by Her Lover.

The other night the family of John J. Rail, living near Keokuk, Iowa, was thrown into intense excitement and despair by the sudden death of an only daughter, Miss Minnie Rail, 16 years of age. The young lady was in the parlor at the time in company with Charles Gray, her affianced. It seems from the statement of Mr. Gray, which was given with broken sobs and tears, that the two were seated on a lounge and he was urging her to name an early day for their wedding. The girl was coy and bashful and hesitated about it. But the lover was importunate and sought every way to induce a compliance with his wishes. At last she consented, saying: "I will marry you in April." In the excitement and joy of the moment Mr. Gray threw his arms around her waist and drew her to him with a quick, passionate embrace. He was not conscious of exerting unusual strength and does not believe that he did. But the girl gave a short, sharp scream, and exclaiming "Oh! Charley, I'm gone!" fell dead in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder. His frantic cries alarmed the family, who came rushing into the room to find the pitiful sight of the dead girl lying pale and inanimate in her lover's arms. A messenger was dispatched post-haste for Dr. Hale, who arrived within an hour. But nothing could be done. The young lady was beyond all human aid. It is the opinion of the physician that heart disease was the immediate cause of the girl's death. She was frail and delicate and had long complained of trouble with her heart. The excitement incident to her conversation with her lover had probably superinduced the attack which led to her premature death. Naturally the family are overwhelmed with grief, and young Gray is almost beside himself with horror and despair. Miss Minnie was a very handsome young lady and was well known in society circles. She was extremely delicate and possessed a slender frame which succumbed to the slightest attacks of ill-health.

Literary Pseudonyms.

In all ages and in all countries authors have shrouded themselves under the veil of an assumed name. The reasons for this are probably as numerous almost as is the variety of appellations, and, could they be marshaled before one, would afford a curious insight into the peculiarities and individualities of those who, either for pleasure or profit, choose to wield the pen.

William Lloyd Garrison, when quite a boy, employed in a certain newspaper office, began to write under an alias for the journal on which he worked. Faithfully preserving his incognito, he must have been about equally gratified and amused to receive one day at the post-office a letter from his master, thanking him cordially for his previous contributions, and urging him to continue them in future.

It is not often that a great and influential periodical is started entirely anonymously or under pseudonyms. Yet the famous *Edinburgh Review*—the first of the great periodicals which form a marked feature of the critical literature of the nineteenth century—was commenced in this way. So great was the secrecy felt or believed to be necessary, that the knot of promising young men who joined the enterprise, chief among whom were Francis Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Horner and Henry Brougham, held their "dark divans" for some time in a dingy garret in the rear of Williamson's printing-office in Edinburgh, to which each one concerned repaired alone stealthily, under cover of darkness, and by devious and unfrequented paths; and so little encouragement did the enterprise receive, that at first hardly one of the articles were avowed by the writers under their rightful names.

Without doubt the most celebrated pseudonym was that over which the "Letters of Junius" were written. These, a series of remarkable political epistles, were published in the columns of the London *Public Advertiser*—then the most popular and weighty journal in England—from 1769 to 1772. In them the writer, concealing his identity under his signature, attacked many of the public characters of the day who were in any way connected with the Government, not even sparing the King himself. The most determined efforts were made, alike by the persons assailed and the general public indignation, to discover the author, but in vain. Of all these efforts, strange to say, "Junius" was only too well aware. He wrote to the publisher: "It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me unless I make myself known; all arts, all inquiries, or rewards would be ineffectual." At a still later date he remarks: "I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me." Since 1849, however, evidence has accumulated which goes very far to indicate Sir Philip Francis as the author of these memorable Philippics, though it only fair to state that other facts point very strongly to Edmund Burke. It is among the certainties, however, that the identity of "Junius" will never be revealed.

Though, as a rule, a pseudonym is an undoubted convenience, there have been cases where, probably, an avowal of the writer's real name would have secured earlier recognition of merit. But this would take away the undoubted fascination which exists to many minds of watching their literary progeny, unsuspected of their immediate acquaintances, cast upon the world to live or die, without the mortification due to the one result, or the heralding of one's name by fame's trumpet in the other.

Doubtless many will be gratified, in perusing the appended list of pseudonyms, to lift the mask from many of our most enjoyable writers in this country and in England:

Arthur Sketchley, George Rose.
A. L. O. E. (a lady of England), Miss Charlotte Tucker.
"Aunt Mary," Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury.
A Veteran Observer, E. D. Mansfield, LL. D.
"Benauly," Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman Abbott, collaborateurs.
Barry Gray, R. B. Coffin.
Bon Gaultier, Prof. W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin, collaborateurs.
Bill Arp, Charles H. Smith.
Barry Cornwall, Bryan Waller Proctor.
Carl Benson, Charles Astor Bristed.
Cantell A. Bigly (Can-tell-a-big-lie), George W. Peck.
Currer Bell, Charlotte Bronte.
Cuthbert Bede, Rev. Edward Bradley.
Country Parson, Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.
Dunn Brown, Rev. Samuel Fiske.
Dr. Oldbam, of Greystones, Caleb S. Henry, LL. D.
Dr. Syntax, William Coombe.
Elizabeth Wetherell, Susan Warner.
Elizabeth Berger, Elizabeth Sheppard.
Edmund Kirke, J. R. Gilmore.
Ethan Spike, Matthew G. Whittier.
Fanny Forester, Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson.
Fat Contributor, A. M. Griswold.
Fleeta, Kate W. Hamilton.
Fanny Fern, Sara Payson Willis Parton.
Frank Forester, Henry William Herbert.
Florence Percy, Mrs. Akers.
George Sand, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant.
Gail Hamilton, Mary Abigial Dodge.
Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Sarah Jane Clarke Lippincott.
George Eliot, Marian Evans Lewes Cross.
"Gath," George Alfred Townsend.
Howard Glyndon, Miss Laura C. Redden.
Harry Gringo, Lieut. Henry A. Wise, U. S. N.
Hohne Lee, Mrs. Harriet Parr.
Helen Mar, Mrs. D. M. F. Walker.
Ike Marvel, Donald G. Mitchell.
Jennie June, Mrs. D. G. Croly.
John Phœnix, Capt. Geo. K. Kirby, U. S. A.
January Searle, George S. Phillips.
Josh Billings, Henry W. Shaw.
Kirke White, Henry Kirke White.
Louisa Muhlbach, Madam Clara Mundt.
L. Pylodet (anagram), L. Leypoldt.
Monk Lewis, Matthew Gregory Lewis.
Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Elizabeth Penrose.
Mark Twain, Samuel Langhorne Clemens.
Mrs. Partington, B. P. Shillaber.
Miles O'Reilly, Col. Charles G. Halpine.
Minnie Myrtle, Miss Anna L. Johnson.
Major Jack Downing, Seba Smith.
Mrs. Gilman, Mr. Ballou.
Marion Harland, Mrs. M. V. Terhune.
Nimrod, Charles J. Apperley.
Oliver Optic, William T. Adams.
Old Humphrey, George Mogridge.
Owen Meredith, Hon. Edward R. Bulwer-Lytton.
Orpheus C. Kerr (office-seeker), R. H. Newell.
Paul Creighton, J. T. Trowbridge.
Porte Crayon, Gen. D. P. Strother.
Parson Brownlow, William Jahuary Brownlow.
Peter Parley, Samuel Griswold Goodrich.
Peter Pindar, John Wolcott.
Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, David R. Locke.
Samuel A. Bard, Ephraim J. Squier.
Sophie May, Miss R. S. Clarke.
Se De Kay, Charles D. Kirke.
Sam Slick, Judge Thomas C. Halliburton.
Stonehenge, John H. Walsh.
Shirley Dare, Miss Susan Dunning.
Talvi, Teresa A. L. Von Jakob.
Timothy Titcomb, Josiah Gilbert Holland.
Trusta (anagram), Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
"Uncle Will," Prof. William Wells.
Zadkiel, Lieut. Richard J. Morrison.

—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Lincoln on Horseback.

Mr. Lincoln wore what was commonly called a plug hat, and although it may have only been of conventional length it appeared to me extraordinarily tall. Although it may well be doubted if any other species of hat would have better become him, I remember thinking at the time that the stovepipe added greatly to the oddness and grotesquerie of his appearance.

The troops were to be reviewed on the day of his arrival, and I remember the General was very much perplexed as to the character of the President's mount, and finally consulted him as to the kind of charger he would prefer. I remember his answer as plainly as if it were only yesterday.

"General," said he, "any kind of a quiet beast will do. I don't think I was cut out for a cavalryman, and I'm afraid a high-spirited war steed might prove a little too much for me."

In the General's stud was a little sorrel mare called Bonnie, the soul of gentleness and good temper, and he at once proposed her for Mr. Lincoln's use.

"All right," said the President; "I guess the mare will suit me to a T; beside, among horses, that sex is much the easiest to manage. This remark, however, he added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "does not hold good of humanity."

When Mr. Lincoln was mounted on Bonnie his appearance was more peculiar than ever. The little mare was not more than fourteen hands high, and so great was the length of the President's legs that once fairly settled in his saddle his feet nearly touched the ground. As he ruefully remarked, glancing at his extremities, "If I was only two inches longer, I think I'd get off and walk."

Mounted by his side on a splendid stallion, prancing and rearing, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, Gen. Sumner looked like a veritable cavalier of old, while the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, by comparison, had the appearance of some quiet country parson who in ambling to morning service had fallen among military men by mistake.—*Boston Times.*

Liberated by the Legislature.

The Connecticut House of Representatives has voted to release from the Wethersfield State Prison John R. Johnson, a Swede, about forty years of age, confined under a life sentence for murder. Johnson is not his real name, but what it is he will not disclose. He is a man of education and refinement. He was at one time Lieutenant in the Swedish army, and his family were of the nobility. His father dissipated his property at the gaming table, and soon after this his mother died. The son gathered such funds as could be secured from his ruined fortune and assumed the name of Johnson. He fled to America, went to the West, essayed farming, lost his money, and then he drifted to Meridian, Conn., and lived at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Hess. She was pitiless with those of her boarders who were in arrears with their payment. Johnson, injuring his hand, at one time was unable to work for several days. He fell behind with his board, and going to the house one day was told by Mrs. Hess that he could not go to his room, and that she intended to detain all his effects. A struggle ensued, and Mrs. Hess approached him with a heavy pitcher uplifted. He struck out wildly with a knife in his hand, which he had been using to cut tobacco, and the blade entered the woman's neck. Her death resulted within an hour. Johnson was arrested and sentenced in 1874 to life imprisonment. An incurable malady has settled upon him; his death is but a matter of time. By over-time work in prison he has accumulated about $75, and charitable gentlemen will enlarge this sum to enable him to make his journey comfortable. It is known that whatever influence and station can command could have been secured for him long since if he would have revealed his name or that of his mother, whose family has wealthy representatives not only in Sweden but in New York; but he is obstinate about this, and says he would rather die in prison than bring disgrace upon his mother's family.

A Brother Reprimanded.

The President of the Detroit Limekiln Club looked up and down the aisles, got his eye on the man he wanted, and said:

"Brudder Litchfield Jones, will you please walk up heah?"

Mr. Jones came forward at an acute angle, made several efforts to bow, and was asked:

"On the 19th of March you war' took-en sick?"

"Yes, sah."

"You considered yourself dangerously sick?"

"I did, sah."

"Yes, I 'spect so, for your wife applied to de club fur relief, an' I instructed de Treasurer to pass ober three dollars far dat week. I need not tell you dat we all feel sorry fur you, an' dat we wore long faces at de ideah of losin' you from dis lodge. You war' took-en ill on de 19th, was considered dangerous on de 20th, an' on de 21st your wife was giben $3. Am I k'rect?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, den, on de 22d you borrowed a shot-gun an' went out to hunt rabbits. I doan' know how much game you bagged, but I kinder reckon dat speedy recovery of yours was a mos' wonderful thing."

"Yes, sah—de sickness went right off in de night."

"Brudder Jones," continued the President, after a long look at him, "you played dirt on dis club. It's no use to deny it, kase we have all de evidence. Las' y'ar you jumped into de ribber and saved the life of Pickles Smith. Dat's de reason I doan' bounce you now. You mus' return dat money an' apologize fur your meanness, an' if I eber cotch you slippin' agin, you'll git out of Paradise Hall so fast dat shoe-leather can't obertake you!"

Brother Jones made a very full apology, restored the three dollars, and the club adjourned amidst songs of peace and expressions of harmony.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Prince Bismarck says that Emile Zola and other French novelists are responsible for the running away of his son Herbert with another man's wife.

—Princess Stephanie, of Belgium, is patriotically having her wedding garments trimmed with Brussels lace, one piece of this lace having alone cost 11,000 francs.

—At a recent ball at the Elysee President Grevy shocked Parisian society by wearing no decorations and shaking hands almost as freely as if he had been President of the United States.

—The leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

—An American officer has a right to remain covered in the presence of the Queen, and an ancestor of Lord Forrester held a grant from Henry VII., still extant, conferring the privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence.

—Queen Victoria's gold and silver plate, which is kept at Windsor, is said to be worth $15,000,000. When the Queen entertained the late Czar shortly after the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of Edinburgh, gold plate to the value of $10,000,000 was used. The custodianship of the gold pantry at Windsor is considered an office of great trust.

—Prince Oscar of Sweden and the Princess Victoria of Baden will unite by their marriage the ruling house and that which was deposed to make way for it. The Princess, who is the only daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, had for her paternal grandmother a daughter of Gustavus IV. of Sweden, whose uncle and successor, Charles XIII., was the last King of the house of Wasa, and was followed by that lucky ex-lawyer, Bernadotte.

—Gambetta's last speech has been printed on broad sheets, and posted on the walls and pillars of Paris and of provincial France. People remark that Gambetta has thus assumed a sort of sovereignty, and that M. Grevy is nowhere. It is thought that before the end of the year he will accept responsible office as chief of the Cabinet and Foreign Minister, and that next year he will hint to M. Grevy that he is ready to pass from the Palais Bourbon to the Elysee Palace. France is mindful of many centuries of monarchs, and will not object to be governed by the strong will of one man.

—The late Czar is said to have been not so apprehensive of plots against him during the last few weeks of his life as he was last year; so that he fell into the old routine he was accustomed to follow before the days of the duel between Nihilism and Imperialism. His new wife, however, had not an easy moment when he was away from her. Although a woman of easy temper and lymphatic, she was a prey to the gloomiest apprehensions whenever he went abroad, and his return was always the occasion of a domestic festival.

English "Good Cheer."

To offer refreshments is the most sacred rite of English hospitality. This is peculiar to every class. Call on the rich, and they offer wine and biscuit, no matter how short the stay. Call on the poor, and they send out for ale or something stronger; or if temperance principles prevail, they bring forth tea and bread and butter. In England they know how to make tea. The sloppy decoction of tannin, out of which the aroma of the herb has long since boiled or simmered away, which in the American restaurant stands all day in a burnished copper, is unknown in the land of our forefathers. The poorest there will have none other than a cup of tea freshly drawn. In England starvation and sociability do not go hand in hand. There, an evening gathering, whether impromptu or premeditated, never passes without the offer of refreshments. It is more convenient for the English family to do this, for they have more servants and better servants than we. Their division of meals also enables them the more conveniently thus to refresh the caller. If the dinner be at 5, tea and toast are brought in at 7, and no inconvenience ensues from furnishing the caller with an extra cup. The late supper of meats, hot or cold, is set at 10 p. m. or half-past. The poorer classes have but to send a plate to the nearest fish kitchen, and for a sixpence bring back sufficient fried sole and fried potatoes for half a dozen. A few pence more buys the pitcher of ale. By 11 o'clock at night you may see the counters of these fish kitchens lined three deep with customers, plate in hand. Besides on every side at this hour are other varieties of cooked food served hot—such as eel pies, kidney pies, roast potatoes, ham and corned beef, soups and hot sausages.

You learn the full meaning of the term "Good Cheer" in England. They do not believe in talking on empty stomachs, or in going to bed with them. My theory is that we might rival the English ruddiness of complexion if we ate as much and ate as often. With us, however, the opinion prevails that such habits of eating, and especially eating late at night, lead directly to dyspepsia. "Late suppers" with us sound as badly as "strong drink." Yet in England millions of stout, sturdy people eat these late suppers during their whole lives and die at the usual good old age. And England, it must be remembered, is a pretty strong country.—*Prentice Mulford, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Roman Dress Described.

At the invitation of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, an audience composed principally of members of the Club and of artists assembled last evening in the Members' Hall to listen to a lecture by F. D. Millet on "Roman Costumes." The simplicity, beauty, and grace of the method of wearing the toga were admirably illustrated by the draping of excellent models. Premising that the first form of the toga was a rectangular piece of cloth twice the hight of the wearer in length and in width one-half as much, Mr. Millet introduced his first model, a man clad only in a short tunic, and threw around him a toga of the time of Cicero, three times the model's hight in length and slightly semi-circular, beginning at the left shoulder, passing under the right arm and over the left shoulder again. The inner fold in front was slightly pulled out to serve as a pocket, and the rear folds were sometimes pulled over the head. Priests when sacrificing twisted the toga tightly about their legs. Different ways of wearing this, which was the State toga, were shown in a statute of Cicero. The toga Greconika, nearly the same as the Etruscan toga, was shown—narrower and hanging in straight, less flowing lines, as in a statue of Sophocles. This, which from its texture and style cost as much (about $500) as the large toga, was worn by way of relief, and was often clasped over the right shoulder. All were weighted at the corner to aid in throwing them over the shoulders, and to assist the proper disposition of the folds.

The military sagum was described, and then Mr. Millet passed to the tunic, a long sack-like belted garment with short sleeves, and the half-boots of untanned leather, strapped about the ankles. Sandals were never worn with togas. The Roman peasant's costume was also shown, consisting of a long loose tunic, a rough bell-shaped overgarment, a high fez, and a piece of cloth about the feet, which were presumably protected by sandals of rawhide. The different varieties of tunics—those with broad stripes for Senators and those with narrow stripes for knights—were described, and Mr. Millet said that the costume of Wallachian peasants exactly resembles that of some figures on Trajan's column. After the wars with the Gauls a kind of trousers was introduced, first wide and long, later tight and short; their use was confined chiefly to the soldiery. The model was then attired as an ordinary soldier, in tight short trousers and a tunic, over which was a leather jacket, with shoulder pieces, and carved bands of steel and a similar waist piece, an iron helmet, and a scutum or large rectangular shield with a convex surface, and a short two-edged sword, worn high up on the right side. Then the model appeared as a heavy-armed gladiator, with huge brass helmet and visor, greaves, and armguard, and afterward as a retiarius, with trident and net.

A female model was then brought forward, her hair bound with a fillet, clad in the long white flowing tunica intima, confined by the Roman form of corset, a band around the waist crossed over the bosom. Over this was put a long white skirt, clasped at the shoulder with a febual.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Volcanic Outburst.

Given a large volume of heated vapors and liquid rock that has burst its way upward through the subjacent strata, in what way will it manifest its presence, and what traces will it leave behind? This vapor does not seem to exist separately from the molten rock or lava at any great depth, but as it approaches the surface the enormous pressure is reduced, the water and other gaseous matters expand, separate themselves into little bubbles scattered through the highly heated liquid magma. These will collect, to a certain extent, and from their lightness will float to the surface of the lava and there burst. The vapor may have commenced to form at great depths, and in its upward journey may have become exceedingly bulky, so when it reaches the surface it would escape with a loud explosion. If we watch lava in the crater of a volcano in a quiescent state, such as Vesuvius, we see these great bubbles, so to speak, continually forming and bursting. As they burst, the surface of the vesicle is blown up as soft, pasty fragments, to the height of many feet. These masses appear black by day, but red-hot by night; they may cool or not, before falling; if the latter, when they strike the ground they adapt themselves to the irregularities of the surface, and form, as it were, a cast thereof. This condition is much exaggerated at the first outbreak of an eruption; the vast column of fragments often reaches an altitude of two and three thousand feet. There the pieces ascending meet those descending, and a continual grinding is going on between them; the fine dust is taken by the wind and transported often many miles, forming the so-called clouds of volcanic ash. The larger fragments (or *lapilli*, as they are sometimes named) may again fall back into the opening or around its edge, thus building up an annular bank. This is really the foundation of the cone.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Town Built on Diamonds.

No town in South Africa can boast such rapid growth as Kimberley, the seat of the Government in Griqualand West, and the headquarters of the South African diamond diggings. Eleven years ago not a hut stood where now some 16,000 people, with a trade of over $2,000,000 a year, form one of the most thriving communities on the African continent. It is now discovered that the town is built upon land that promises to be as productive of diamonds as the neighboring "diggings" which have been the source of its wealth and the very origin of its existence. Kimberley is identical with the "New Rush" diamond settlement of 1870; and the thousands who flocked to the locality to secure a "claim" in the valuable reefs, which have been worked further and further to the east of the future town, where in such a hurry to seek their fortune in the diggings that they forgot to inquire whether the soil on which they pitched their tents or erected their log-huts was not equally diamondiferous. As the wooden shanties have given place to more substantial buildings, it has been found that Kimberley itself has been built on a diamond field, and that the west end or residential part of the town is as full of gems as the actual diggings themselves at the eastern or working end of the town. New claims are being taken up in all directions, and land which was beginning to acquire considerable value as building sites has suddenly assumed importance as possibly containing some new "Star of South Africa." How many houses will be pulled down in the search for the diamonds upon which they are built it would be difficult to say. But it will be interesting to watch the future progress of a town which owes its existence and its subsequent partial destruction and removal to the same cause—the abundance of the diamonds in the midst of which it appears to have grown.

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Send for Circular to W. M. R. FRENCH,
Secretary Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

HOME AND FARM.

—The application of n little vinegar to the nose of a bullock will make it get up immediately, if lying down from weariness or sulks.

—Every housekeeper should be supplied with a large wooden spoon, with which to stir cakes and sauces.

—It is said that the grated root of horseradish will afford instantaneous relief in most obstinate cases of hoarseness. The person who will use it freely just before beginning to speak will not be troubled with hoarseness.

—Lime slackened with a solution of salt in water, and thinned with skim-milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it is said renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles and for all farm buildings.

—To Cook Cabbage.—Cut the cabbage fine as for coldslaw, put it in a stew-pan with cold water and a little salt. Cover it closely and cook till nearly done. Then pour off the water, pour on milk or cream, add butter and pepper and cook till thoroughly done. This makes a delicious dish.

—A correspondent of the New Hampshire *Patriot* preserves his pear trees from blight by winding a rope of straw around the trunks so as to completely cover them from the ground to the limbs, keeping it on, moderately tight, through the season. His theory is that the blight is caused by the rays of the hot sun coming in contact with the body of the tree, heating the sap and causing it to dry up and the bark to grow to the wood of the tree.

—It is difficult to utilize straw without a large number of cattle; but yet it may be done without trouble if the right method is taken. This is to use the straw for top-dressing wheat or potatoes; it acts as a mulch to the grain in the winter, protecting it from the rigorous weather, and rots down before harvest, when it may be plowed in with the stubble with ease. For potatoes it may be spread over the newly-planted ground quite thickly, the potatoes not being covered very deeply, and this covering will avoid the necessity for cultivating the ground, as weeds will not grow. After the potatoes are gathered the straw can be plowed in.

—Brown Stew.—Take three pounds of good round of beef, cut in small squares, brown them in a stew-pan in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, sifting it gradually in and stirring till the flour is brown; cut a carrot small, peel half a dozen small onions, and put with the beef; season with a half dozen cloves, as many allspice, half a salt spoonful of black pepper, a pinch of cayenne, a tablespoonful of mixed herbs, thyme, sage, and marjoram; cover with boiling water and let it simmer steadily for three hours; just before serving, a gill of tomato-catsup can be added.

—The rice pudding is beyond comparison the best ever made, in spite of the fact that it is the cheapest. The secret of its perfection is the long cooking it gets. For a six o'clock dinner the rice and milk should be put on the stove early in the forenoon. The best thing to cook it in is a double kettle. Add to a quart of milk two heaping tablespoonfuls of rice. Let it simmer on the back of the stove—it must never boil—until a couple of hours before dinner. It will then be a thick, creamy substance. Then salt and sweeten it to taste, put it into a pudding-dish, and bake in a moderate oven until it is of a jelly-like thickness and the top is slightly browned. It can be eaten either hot or cold. If the latter is preferred, the pudding may be made the day before if that is most convenient. If desired, a flavoring may be added. This is emphatically the perfect pudding of its kind.—*Exchange.*

—Strawberry Culture.—The best implement for cutting strawberry runners is a common hoe kept very sharp. With this, the runners can be cut while hoeing with very little extra labor. But if any one wants a special tool for the work, the best I ever saw was simply a piece of an old saw-blade made into a circle about ten or twelve inches in diameter. To the upper side three iron braces are riveted, which are fastened to a wooden handle three to four feet long; an old fork-handle is good. The lower edge is kept sharp, and by striking down over a hill of strawberries every runner may be cut at one blow, and a bed gone over in a very short time. Clean off the strawberry beds and fork in a good supply of woods' mold mixed with a very small quantity of well-rotted manure. After the plants have been thinned and hoed, lay straw between the rows to protect the fruit from beating rains.

Wash for Outside Walls.

The inquiry is frequently made as to the best kind of cheap paint or wash for out-buildings, having any good degree of durability. The material usually recommended is a mixture with lime as its base, which the experience of all parties using it proves is short-lived and poorly rewards the time and other expense of putting it on.

I have long used for whitening my walls in my dwelling, and also for barns and sheds, the following preparation: Dry zinc, one pound; white glue, one ounce; or in the same proportion of ingredients for any quantity needed.

The zinc must be ground or pulverized, and dissolved in water moderately hot, stirring it thoroughly during this process. The glue is to be dissolved in a vessel by itself in the usual manner and added to the zinc mixture while yet hot, stirring the same during the process, and for some time afterward. The object desired is a thorough admixture of the ingredients. The preparation when ready for use should be of the consistency of ordinary whitewash. It is best applied with a wide brush. Walls treated with this mixture, which have not been limed, will preserve a pure white for several years, and will not rub off. Twelve years since I applied this mixture to my barn and sheds, and to-day it is nearly as white as when first put on, and can not be rubbed off with the hand. If tinting for border is desired, I have no doubt that a slight admixture of lamp-black would give a leaden color. I have not used it on newly-dressed surface, and do not know whether it would adhere. A good quality of dry zinc should be purchased for from six to seven cents per pound.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

THE DAIRY.

—It has to be again and again repeated that new milk, cream and newly-made butter are all powerful absorbents, and that strict cleanliness and purity of air are necessary to a successful dairy. It has been proved that even while in the udder milk is affected by powerful odors, probably in some way through the respiration of the cow.

—In feeding for milk it is better to give the feed moist, not wet, more especially when oat and wheat chaff is fed. Then the meal given with the feed is eaten with it and the cows will not push the feed about the trough in the effort to get the meal first. The feed is also better masticated and digested when it is given slightly moist.

—Three kinds of cheese are made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony. Potatoes of the large white varieties are preferred. They are boiled and reduced to a pulp, to five pounds of which one pound of sour milk is added and all kneaded together. After lying certain days salt is kneaded in, superfluous moisture is allowed to evaporate and a cheese is formed which improves with age.

—The period of milking may be classed in three parts. For the first six or seven weeks after calving the largest quantity of milk per day is produced. After this the yield falls off pretty considerably, but then remains at about the same figure for two or three months when a steady decline sets in until the cow is perfectly dry. By careful feeding the best parts of the milking periods may be prolonged, and this ought to be the aim of all the milk producers. If green fodder and other food which stimulates milk secretion can be used at the right time, a considerable extra quantity of milk may be produced. During the milking periods the proportion of casein increases and that of butter decreases. Milk produced by cows soon after calving contains, therefore, more butter and less casein than later and the difference is great enough to make itself felt in the larger dairies if the cows calve about the same part of the year.

Cleansing and Purifying Factories.

Factory managers will usually talk very sensibly upon the necessity for pure air and sweet surroundings for factories. But when a person of delicate olfactories goes into the manufacturing room of most factories, he will observe a peculiar and not altogether pleasant smell, but as the operator of the factory has become used to the odor he does not notice its pungency. This disagreeable smell arises, in most cases, from the decaying whey which has soaked through the cracks in the floor, the floor not being absolutely watertight, as it should be. Sometimes holes are even bored in the floor, so as to let the whey through more easily, and soaking into and completely saturating the earth under the room, a foot or more deep, warming up in summer, fermentation and putrefaction follow, with such odors as a pig sty cannot equal. This latter description is true of only a few factories, but defective floors and bad drainage are too common. Cheese, after bandaging, is not quite so receptive of odors as butter, but while in the curd vat it readily absorbs odors, and such an atmosphere will certainly not improve its flavor. It does appear that greater care might be used to prevent the spilling of so much whey upon the floor, and the floor might be water tight so as to be kept absolutely sweet by the aid of a little copperas water every day. The whey vat is also likely to become a source of vile odors. It frequently remains uncleaned for weeks. Every factory association should make stringent rules in regard to the whey vat. Here carelessness, if not absolute neglect, occurs at a majority of the factories. The manager excuses himself on the ground of neglect on the part of the patrons to carry home all the whey each day. The whey should not be permitted to remain in the vat more than twenty-four hours; and after the whey is all drawn out the vat should be cleansed with steam at least two or three times per week. If the manager would make any proper effort to discuss the matter at a meeting of the patrons, a stringent regulation in reference to the prompt taking away of the whey could be enforced. This is most emphatically in the interest of economy as well as a sanitary regulation. When a portion of the whey remains for several days in the vat it becomes very sour and very unwholesome to animals. Its value is not more than one-half that of nearly sweet whey. The patrons should be made to understand that whey has a very considerable value, when fed in proper condition. The whey from 4,000 pounds of milk is well worth for feeding, either to calves or pigs, $5. Dairymen must study all the economies of their business. One of the first matters to examine in the spring is proper sanitary arrangements about the factories. This should be attended to before the factory opens business.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

About Churning.

As a rule the best butter is produced by using a moderate motion in churning. The operation at the commencement should always be slow, in order that the cream shall be well mixed together. After this the motion may be faster, but its rate of speed should be made uniform and adapted to the construction of the churn. The objection to very fast churning is that the larger butter globules come first and are gathered into lumps before the smaller ones are churned; hence a loss in quantity if the churning is stopped at this point, and if continued under a very rapid motion the butter globules that first come are liable to be injured. We have never yet seen any of the so-called "three minute churns" that uniformly made good butter by churning in this short time. Of course there is a difference in creams, that from the milk of Jersey cows will ordinarily churn much more quickly than cream from the milk of common cows. But under any circumstances very rapid motion tends to do injury to the cream, and especially is this the case when the butter begins to come. In churning, the object sought should be to have all cream churned alike and in about the same time, and when the butter appears in a granular form, cease churning.

—Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.

Indians In Civilized Clothes.

The Indians that have been at Hampton between two and three years, are now beginning to learn the value and use of clothes. They see that it is a little more trouble to get a suit of clothes than a blanket, which they could make answer for hat, coat, vest and pants. The girls who are accustomed to keep both body and head buried beneath heavy shawls on all occasions and in all places, are beginning to leave them off more frequently. A few mornings ago, a girl came in the class with her shawl all drawn up round her head. One or two of the girls began at once to motion and pull at her. She soon dropped it from her head. One of the girls seeing that I had been noticing what was going on, said: "Indian girls at Mr. H.'s school wear shawls on their heads, but Hampton girls not do it." Suspecting that they had been recently lectured on the subject, I replied, "I am glad they know better." Several times in the same class a girl would unconsciously gather her shawl about her head, but a mere nod or look from the others was enough to make it drop. I think a reform in this matter has begun. One accustomed to deal with the Indians would be surprised at the large amount of clothes required for the first one or two years after taking off the blanket. To say that the boys are hard on clothes is to put it too mildly. The first two years they found many strange uses for their bed clothing. Blankets would be cut up and decorated for fancy pants, sheets would be turned into strings to serve their many purposes, and even now if a boy is in need of them he will not hesitate to use his coat linings. Whatever is new must be worn in preference to anything else. If a boy has a new summer suit, it is hard to make him understand why he should not wear it in February. They think they ought to be permitted to wear a new pair of cotton overalls to the exclusion of the woolen pants for a few days, till the novelty of them is gone. The following is about the average of the principal garments needed for a boy for the first two years: Eight outside coats, nine pairs pants, two overcoats, ten pairs shoes, eleven outside shirts, fourteen pairs socks, nine neckties, six pairs suspenders, eight hats or caps.—*Southern Workman.*

A Snake in a Sleek's Stomach.

The Cleveland (O.) *Leader* chronicles an interesting case at Mt. Vernon. Lester Williams shot and killed a stork three and a half feet high when erect. The bird being strange was taken to the office of Dr. Robinson and examined by ornithological experts. While being handled the head of a snake protruded from the fowl's mouth. Naturally the spectators dropped the bird's head and awaited developments. The snake crawled out from its strange prison in the stork's stomach and proved of as rare a species among the ophidians as the stork is in North American fauna. The reptile measured four feet in length and three and a half inches in circumference.

—Orson Shepard, of Tonawanda, N. Y., received $60,000 in railroad bonds. His wife saw him put them into the safe which held all his valuable documents. He died four days afterward. The administrator of the estate had the safe broken open, the capitalist not having revealed the combination, but could not find the bonds. Every drawer was removed and every bundle of papers examined over and over, but in vain. It was deemed clear that the treasure had been stolen. Everybody who had been near the safe after it was opened was suspected. Detectives were employed and the whole town was excited. A reporter of the Buffalo *Courier* went to Tonawanda to write up the case. He examined the compartments of the safe critically. One of the drawers had a thicker bottom than seemed necessary. He pried it up and found the missing $60,000 in a secret receptacle.

—Somebody quick at figures has ciphered out that a cow will have 143 descendants in ten years, in case all her descendants are heifers and each of these breed at two years of age.

[Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

There is now a substance which is both professionally and popularly indorsed and concerning which Mr. J. B. Ferschweiller, Butterville, Oregon, writes: I have often read of the many cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil and was persuaded to try the remedy myself. I was a sufferer from rheumatism and experienced great pains, my leg being so swollen that I could not move it. I procured St. Jacobs Oil, used it freely and was cured.

It is better to ho up with the lark than down with the measles.

Spring ode of the Lime-Kiln Club:

De robin am chirpin',
De blue-bird am singin'
De voice of de blue jay am heard in de land;
De wild ducks am flyin',
Do gunders am sighin',
An' de big bunko man he am showin' his hand.

De mud's growlin' deeper,
An' thunder's a comin',
An' de possum comes out of his log for to see;
De warm rain's a fallin',
Do spring calf am bawlin',
An' de white-washin season has opened for me.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"PA, what is the difference between civilization and barbarism?" "Civilization, my son, is blowing your enemy to pieces with a bombshell at a range of four miles. Barbarism is knocking his brains out at arm's-length with a brutal club!"

POSSIBLY a mistake: "James," said a motherly woman to a young man whose first sermon she had just heard, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man, and then came the reply, "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that you heard!—*Hartford Courant.*

PRISONER, you are charge with drunkenness," said his Honor. "I guess I was." "Have you any excuse?" "I have. It was all on account of family troubles." "What were those troubles?" "Well, sir, I kindly allowed my wife to earn two dollars by washing, and then she wouldn't whack up. Such ingratitude so disheartened me that I flew to drink to drown my sorrows." He was given sixty days in which to recover his former cheerfulness.

A COUPLE of young men went out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm-house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away—and they went.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

IT is said that the drinking water in Paris is so very bad that if a spring of it were to be discovered at one of the American summer resorts, five hundred thousand persons would go there next summer for the express purpose of drinking it.—*Norristown Herald.*

[Louisville Home and Farm.]

Frank O. Herring, Esq., of the Champion Safe Works, 251 and 252 Broadway, New York, reports the use of St. Jacobs Oil for a stiffness and soreness of the shoulder, with most pleasant and efficacious effects.

"NO KISS!" he said, pleadingly; "no kiss from my darling to-night?" "No," she said emphatically, "no kiss. I hear there's mumps in your family."

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer, and yet they are not happy.

Facts About Rheumatism.

Mrs. General Sherman says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic."

General Logan, United States Senator, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have been a great sufferer in the last year with same disease. I began to take Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, and am satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I recommend it to all sufferers."

Hon. John Cessna, late member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

It absolutely cures when everything else fails. Sold by every Druggist. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

Not Bad to Take.

You can hardly find a medicine which is at the same time so effective and so pleasant as Piso's Cure for Consumption. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1.00 per bottle.

"None Such in Existence,"

Is what thousands of physicians are saying of James Cough Pellets. They cure coughs, colds, and all lung affections. 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Beery's Carbolic Salve.

The BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Buy BENAY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, all others are *counterfeits.*

Dr. Greeo's Oxygenated Bitters

Is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, disorders and diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Vegetable Cathartic Regulators.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

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STOMACH BITTERS

Shooting Chills Down the Back,

Dull pain in the limbs, nausea, biliousness, are symptoms of approaching fever and ague. Use without delay Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which substitutes for the chilly sensation a genial warmth, regulates the stomach, and imparts tone to the liver. The bowels, the stomach and the biliary gland being restored to a healthy condition, the disease is conquered at the outset. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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This Great Remedy

In either Liquid or Dry Form acts at the same time on the diseases of the

Liver, Bowels and Kidneys,

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Billous pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

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(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

For Chills and Fever AND ALL DISEASES

Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.

A WARRANTED CURE.

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☞ Send also for circulars of Revised Edition of New Testament, or, to save time, 50c. for complete outfit.

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Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West.

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CENTENNIAL Cake and Baking PAN.

Housekeepers cannot afford to do without it. Price, 75 cts., also our Domestic CLOTHES Sprinkler. A new, novel, useful, rapid-selling article. Price, 30 cts. A rare opportunity is here offered Agents to make money. Send for our *Illustrated Circulars* and our unusually liberal terms. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., 194 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

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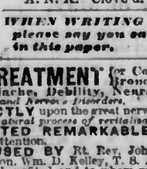

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A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and *all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and *cures by a natural process of restoration.*

HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES, which are attracting wide attention.

HAS BEEN USED BY Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, who have been largely benefited, and to whom we refer by permission.

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED! "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Inderan Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

THE OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT contains two months' supply, with inhaling apparatus and full directions for use.

SENT FREE! a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures. Write for it. Address

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1879 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot Number four thousand and forty-five.

being the same land which was conveyed to James King by Solomon Simmons and others by deed dated May 2d, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 12, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to James King.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots numbers 2900, 2907, 2927, 2928, 2996,

also two lots adjoining the "Glass Place," and one piece adjoining the Pennsylvania line, containing 30¾ acres, and containing altogether 310¾ acres of land and assessed in the name of Dawson V. Hammond.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Casb on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots numbers two thousand eight hundred and eighty one and two thousand eight hundred and eighty two,

and assessed in the name of M. W. and H. C. Savage.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland all that piece or parcel of land called

"Grim's Point Resurveyed,"

containing sixty acres and assessed to Isaac Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"Addition to Sophia and Arabia,"

containing 7¼ acres, more or less, and assessed to Mary Vansickle.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all trat tract or lot of land known as

Part of Military Lot No. 846,

containing 2 acres, being the same land which was conveyed by E. G. Hall to W. H. Myers by deed dated December 18th, 1873, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 301, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to William H. Myers.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 16 2 Collector.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
E. HINKLE
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. . T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
25 3m

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1e26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 23 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
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AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

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OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
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OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n 18

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H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.41 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July5-3r

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
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E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. B. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMISON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, as *rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, in *cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association more *desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
o. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

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CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY [illegible], 1881. May 14, 1881. NUMBER 12

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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MY FIRST CIGAR.

'Twas just behind the woodshed
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the singing sun
Pursued its westward way.

And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar
From all of earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the boyish fancies,
Wrapped in the wreathes of blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,
Rayless without a star;
Grim death I thought had found me,
And spoiled my first cigar.

Ah, pallid was my noble brow,
The waning night was late;
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"

I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

A LUCKY SOVEREIGN.

They made a strikingly contrasting picture, standing in the warm June twilight, and the fragrant odors of the tea roses and the woodbine, and the budding grape vines lingered around them as if the tender scents were fitting tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age to an hour, and as unlike as sisters could possibly be, and each a perfect type of her own style of loveliness—both of them peeresses in their royal dower of beauty.

Rose stood leaning against the railing of the veranda, her haughty eyes, that could melt from the cool, brilliant gray they now looked, into such liquid darkness when occasion required—splendid, calm, cold eyes—were roaming away into the gathering dust, that was falling in a purple-gray veil of tissue over wood and lawn.

She turned her face toward her companion. Her eyes suddenly recalled in their wandering, listless glances, and showed a half-vexed, half-amused expression.

"Bell, how much longer are we going to stay here?—At least, how much longer do you want to stop? I am sure I shall die of *ennui* if I have much more of it."

"Oh, don't think of going back to town yet, Rose. I wish we might never have to go."

"Never go back? Why Bell, is it possible you are so infatuated with the country as to actually wish that? Child, for three months it is very well to bury one's self as we are buried, and I've no doubt that mamma will feel much better and stronger for it; but to stay longer—in a hired cottage, with only one half-grown girl to assist in the work, and no amusements of any sort, and our joint stock of earnings exhausting itself daily—I tell you, Bell, I prefer our own suit of rooms at home, with a chance of occasional enjoyment."

"I dare say you are right, dear. But I do love the country, Rose."

"So would I if, for instance, I lived in the mansion over yonder, Fernley Court, you know, where the stately housekeeper showed us through, and descanted on the many qualities and vast wealth of its owner, I forgot to tell you, Bell, there will be a grand reception given a week after he gets back, and he is expected hourly."

Bell lifted her eyebrows in a graceful little gesture of surprise.

"A reception? Oh, Rose, and of course there'll be a dance. Oh, dear, how I'd like to go!"

"Of course you'd like to go. But do you think for a moment the aristocratic families around here would condescend to associate with us?"

Bell's face grew stern.

"We are ladies born and bred, if we do work for a living."

"You foolish child. I can tell you our faces and our handsome dresses—if we had them—would take us where our family name would not. And I can tell you something else, Bell——"

The little gate at the roadside opened at that instant, and the sound of lagging footsteps coming toward the house interrupted Rose's remark, and then a dusty, travel-stained man paused at the foot of the steps, and touched his dingy hat-rim to the girls.

He was evidently one of the many respectable, discouraged, disheartened men one so often sees tramping through the country in search of work.

Rose drew herself up.

"Go away. We have nothing for you. We don't encourage tramps here.

He touched his hat—the rim was decidedly battered and dusty.

"I beg your pardon, ladies; but if you will give me a—"

Rose swept across the floor angrily.

"Will you march off, or will I have the dog set on you? Bell go tell Jane to unfasten Rover."

The man turned away slowly, as if to move an effort, and Bell sprung up in an impulse of remonstrative protest.

"Rose how can you be so heartless? He is pale as death, and only see how he drags himself along? You might have let him sit down a minute, and at least have given him a kind word and a piece of bread and butter."

A contemptuous laugh pealed from Rose's red lips.

"Tired and ill? Drunk and a thief, you'd better say? A piece of bread and butter! Absurd, Bell!"

Bell raised her finger warningly.

"Oh, Rose, don't! He'll hear you!"

Rose raised her voice a key higher.

"Let him hear, then! Perhaps you had better sit and watch that he does not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house, leaving Bell with her cheeks flushing, and a compassion born of the sweet, womanly sympathy glowing in her blue eyes as she watched the man walk slowly, painfully along, and finally halt at the gate as if in utter discouragement at the long stretch of road between him and the next house, where he might find what Rose had rudely denied—the magnificent country seat of Lionel Granville, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

Bell saw him, and her quick instincts told her what she imagined his manner meant,

Quick as a bird, she dashed up stairs to her room and snatched her portemonnaie from the bureau drawer, and was down again with a sovereign in her hand, as she ran softly after him, still leaning against the gate post, and still looking with that same strange expression on his pale face at the towers of Fernley Court.

Here, please. It isn't much, but it's all I have to spare. Take it, please."

He looked surprisingly at her, and then at the money.

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken, I only wanted a—"

Bell thrust the money in his hand.

"Never mind, please. I think I can see you are proud; but take it. There!"

He seemed amused at her eagerness, but made no more ado about accepting the gift and pocketing it, and he stood and watched her slim figure flitting away like the spirit in the dust.

The next day Rose came into Bell's room radiant as she only permitted herself to be under rare circumstances, her gray eyes flashing and her red lips parted in a smile of triumphant delight.

"Bell, see this! Now what do you say?"

She laid a square monogrammed envelope in the girl's lap, addressed to the Misses Melton, and bearing inside invitations to the reception at Fernley Court for a fortnight from that night.

Rose watched the girl's sweet face glow, under the surprise, then saw, to her amazement, that flush of delight fade.

"Well, Bell, of course we'll go, I'll take some money I can spare and get some *suisse*, and wear natural flowers with it; and I know you have a sovereign laid aside for an emergency. You can get a good many things with it—gloves and a sash, you know—and who knows but what Lionel Granville may be captivated!"

Bell laid the envelope softly down.

"I can't go, dear, unless I wear my old white muslin, and I will look wretched beside your new *suisse*, I—I've spent my money!"

Rose frowned.

"Spent your money? Why I saw it yesterday morning in your drawer. I noticed that the edge of the sovereign was a little chipped, and remembering whether it was a good one or not. Spent your money! Bell, what do you mean?"

Bell met the vexed eyes as calmly as she could. She was just a little in awe of this magnificent sister of hers.

"I gave it to that poor man last night, Rose. I was so sorry. I am sure he wasn't the sort of a man to talk to as you did. I know he deserved the money."

Rose sat down, and folded her hands in icy wrath.

"Give a sovereign to a tramp—a beggar! Well if it dosen't pass my comprehension!"

Rose swept out of the room—she was like a duchess in her movements, and poor Bell went on with her sewing, wondering if her white muslin wouldn't look pretty well if it was nicely got up, thinking that there was a sea-green sash somewhere she had never worn, and a pair of white kids at home that Rose could go for when she went to buy her *suisse*. So, while her busy, deft fingers sewed through the summer days on Rose's air dress, little Bell decided she would go, after all, and wear her fresh white dress, and ten roses in her golden tresses, and the sea-green sash knot tied to her skirt—a simple, exquisite toilet, that made a very Undine of her, that made people turn their heads for more than a second or third look when she and Rose entered the magnificent ballroom.

It was perfectly delightful everyway. Mr. Granville possessed none but highbred intelligent friends, and the Misses Melton were treated accordingly.

The music was heavenly, and from her seat, where she sat, like a queen in state, Rose watched her handsome host, who had bowed low over her hand when he was introduced—watching him, as, in his quiet, self-possessed manner, he went among his guests.

Her heart was beating—would he, oh, would he ask her for the first dance, or would he go among the groups of stylish ladies from the city, any of whom would be so honored by his attention?

And then Rose saw Mr. Granville go straight across the room, right by her, and bow slowly to Bell as he said a few words, and offered his arm.

Bell! Bell to lead the grand quadrille! Bell on Lionel Granville's arm, the observed of all observers—as fair as a seanymph, and so graceful, so sweetly unconscious of her radiant beauty.

Rose sat gloomily through the first quadrille, and watched Lionel's pale, handsome face as he bent it very near Bell's golden curls, his ardent, admiring eyes, that looked so eagerly into the sweet, girlish face, that others beside Rose noted his attention.

Then, the dance over, Lionel gave Bell his arm.

"That has been a delightful quadrille, Miss Melton. By the way, did you know I have something that belongs to you?"

They had reached Rose's chair by this time, and Bell turned laughingly to him.

"Something of mine! I do not see how that can be, Mr. Granville. Do you Rose?"

Rose favored him with her most fascinating smile.

"Indeed I do not, seeing that this is the first time we ever saw Mr. Granville."

He smiled in Bell's eyes.

"I'll leave you to fathom the mystery. Don't forget, the first waltz for me, Miss Bell."

He went away, so handsome, so courtly and Bell's foolish little heart was throbbing with new, vague delight, while Rose was almost suffocating with envy at the signal triumph of her sister. Mr. Granville came promptly for his waltz,

He drew her hand through his arm almost authoritatively.

"Miss Bell, it seems I have always known you, yet you say you never saw me before. Suppose we take a walk through the conservatory instead of having this waltz?"

I to the fragrant semi dusk they went where fountains tinkled and rare flowers bloomed, and the music came in veiled sweetness and richness.

"I want you to be sure I am right, Miss Bell, when I say I have something of yours. Look at me me closely. Have you never seen me before?"

He bent his face near hers. It was gravely smiling—and so tender and good—and Bell looked timidly in the smiling yet stern eyes.

"I am sure I never saw you before, Mr. Granville."

"Then have you ever seen this?"

He drew from his pocket a sovereign—the very one, with a tiny bit chipped off it, that Bell had given the tramp.

"Don't you understand, dear child? I had taken a freak into my head that I would walk from town here, and it was a grand walk, although it took three days and ruined my clothes I stopped at your little cottage to beg a glass of water. You know the rest."

Bell's face was a marvel at that moment.

"In your kindness and goodness you gave it to me, Miss Bell, and the little act gave me an insight into your heart that a year of ordinary intercourse would never do. I shall keep it until you will buy it back. I have set a price on it, and if ever you are ready to give it you can have it."

He put the money reverently away in his breast pocket, and took her out among the crowd again, a strangely happy girl.

And before the summer roses had faded, Bell paid the price for the chipped sovereign—her own heart—that Lionel Granvill plead for so eagerly.

She is the mistress of their grand house now, and Rose visits her once a year, not oftener, because Bell's husband does not care much for her. But the invalid mother has a lifelong home amid the luxuries of Fernley Court, and Bell is happier than the birds that sing in the trees of the big old park.

Florida Ship Canal.

A dispatch from Philadelphia says: "Now that the Philadelphia capitalists, who are about to reclaim the immense tracts of land in the state of Florida, known as the "Everglades," have completed their contract with that state, it is no longer a secret that one of the main features of the gigantic scheme is the building of a ship canal across the state of Florida. This project almost equals in importance that of reclaiming the twelve million acres of the richest land in the world, south of the frost belt. A ship canal across the state of Florida has been the dream of engineers for many years. It would not only shorten the distance between the American ports on the Atlantic coast and all European ports to New Orleans, Mobile and all shipping points on the Gulf of Mexico, but it would avoid the dangers to navigation which are experienced on the countless keys and coral reefs off the Southern and Southwestern coast of Florida. All ship captains know of this danger, which is often aggravated by hurricanes, which are common to the southward of Florida, but which are comparatively unknown on the west coast, in the region of Tampa Bay. It is well known that a number of New York capitalists have been endeavoring for some years to get a charter from the state of Florida to build a ship canal, but the Philadelphia company, with a great deal of shrewdness, have got ahead of them. In connection with the Panama Canal, now in the course of construction, the Florida canal must at once attract the attention of the capalists, not only of America but of Europe.

Living in Style.

Fashionable living brings many trials upon its victims; and the mistress of a well kept house finds her fatigue greater than her enjoyment. Take one item alone. Have any of our readers tried to estimate the work to be done in simply washing the dishes after a well served—not a stylish—dinner? I once had the curiosity to count the dishes used for a party of six people as the servant girl washed them. There were one hundred and sixteen different articles to be handled over, each three times—washing, rinsing and wiping. "What an elaborate dinner." Not at all. Count the soup plates and spoons, the meat-plates knives and forks; a separate saucer and spoon for succotash, tomatoes and sauce; meat-platters and carvers; vegetable dishes, coffee cups, saucers and spoons, etc. To look on the table, there do not seem so many articles; but wash and wipe them yourself and count as you proceed, and after that you will have more respect for the work necessary to keep the dining room in order. But the toil of providing for the house and table is but trifling compared with that which is extracted by fashion in dress, amusements, and the prescribed amount of "calls" interchanged. Even if the cares of a household are sometimes severe and overtax the strength, yet there is a chance for the full and healthful exercise of the whole body, and a good amount of it in the open air. But what benefit can be extracted from the selecting and making of an elaborate dress of the day? Is it any wonder that the fashionable woman is always tired?

Lost Letters.

Letters are sometimes lost and found in an odd way. A letter containing money, and directed to a New York man, was, with others, given to the carrier to deliver. Soon after, the man to whom the letter was addressed complained that it had not been delivered. An investigation was made, but without any satisfactory result. The next year, during the season of "spring cleaning," the mystery was solved. The oil cloth in the hallway was taken up, and on the floor, close to the front door, was found the letter which had so long been missing. The place had been closed when visited by the carrier, and in thrusting the letter under the door he had pushed it beneath the flour covering. Some years ago, a young man was discharged from a Connecticut postoffice, on suspicion of dishonesty. The suspicion arose from the unaccountable disappearance of some money letters from the box rented by an insurance company. When the cool weather of autumn caused the president of this company again to wear the light overcoat which he had laid aside at the end of spring, he found these letters in one of the pockets. Then he remembered that he must have taken them from the office one Sunday morning, on his way to church, afterward forgetting them, and putting away his overcoat for the season. Thus an innocent young man had suffered from the criminal carelessness of another.

An Editor's Life.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has ever tasted of the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and its happiness. He does $200 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides $25 worth; and then he is looked upon a dead-head or half-blown dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe $10 worth and gets 1 in "complimentaries," and is thus "passed free," If the hall is crowded, he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in in many instances a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July, base-ball club, or a church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor; he passes "free" you know.

Rustic Work.

Rustic ornaments, appropriate to the extent of the grounds, add much to the embellishment of the garden and lawn. Many climbing and trailing plants cannot be shown to better advantage than on a rustic arbor or trellis, and for the most favorable display of "basket plants" nothing is better adapted than tubs or tables made of rough bark and roots. Hanging baskets, window boxes, brackets, and an endless variety of articles suitable for window and house plants, can easily be made. Most plants feel more at home in such rustic receptacles, and thrive better than in glazed and ornamental pots. Winter is a favorable time to procure the necessary material from woods and swamps. Any one possessed of natural taste and some mechanical skill, can during winter construct many ornaments of this kind, enjoying the work as much almost as the cultivation of the flower beds during summer. Professional carpenters are seldom good hands at this kind of work; they square and plane your choicest rough and crooked roots and branches until all their beauty is gone.

The people of Marblehead, Mass., are excited over the murder of Frank Hathaway on Monday night. It is supposed he was knocked down, robbed, and then thrown into a ditch, and his head held under the water until he drowned. Two tramps who passed through Lynn on Tuesday morning, and were seen counting a roll of notes, are suspected, and the police are on their trail. The deceased was recently divorced from his wife, who was about to sue him for a share of his property, but this is not supposed to have any bearing upon the murder.

Lizzie Devene, with the Barnum-London circus, while performing the catapult act at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Tuesday, fell upon the netting and struck her chin upon her knee, causing concussion of the spine. She has lost all power of motion and sensation of the lower limbs. Her recovery is doubtful.

Remove all cause of irritability and discomfort from the baby, by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, the surest, best and hence cheapest remedy in the world for the diseases of babyhood. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE YEARS.

The years are all alike. With childlike laughter
They follow butterflies with endless wings;
They peep into the bird's nest; they look after
While lambs and other pretty little things.

Then, in the first flush of their youth, they bring us
Shy gifts of violets in a gallant way;
And ah! what charming low love-songs they sing us
From leaf-green shadows, where the wild doves stay!

But somewhat later they show bearded faces,
And sway the scythe and bear the shears about
In the hot fields, and quite forget the graces
They had of old—as others do, no doubt.

Still later, they go out for us and gather
The scarlet fruit in and the yellow corn,
Or walk about the withering woods, with rather
A faded look, and sigh and seem forlorn.

Then they sit very still and watch the embers
Behind the curtains in some pictured room,
While each one somewhere in his heart remembers
The dew, the summer moon-rise, and the bloom.

Then comes the last night-watch, the lonesome tapers,
The few tears of the many, prayers quicksaid;
The black-lined columns in the morning papers,
And—yes, the many virtues of the dead!

—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE BURNING TUNNEL.

"Well, yes, sir, I have had some rather exciting adventures since I became an engineer; but the time that my hair stood the straigbtest, and my heart beat the fastest, was when I was firing an engine instead of taking charge of one; and, as soon as we reach the long up-grade, I will tell you about it if you care to hear."

So said the tall, well-shaped, keen-eyed young fellow who was controlling, with such a cool, nonchalant air, the great iron Cyclops that was bearing us so swiftly over its seemingly endless pathway of gleaming steel.

Of course I was all anxiety, and when the up-grade was reached the engineer began, his eyes meantime being faithfully kept ahead:

"It was nearly six years ago, but it stands out before me as plainly as if it happened yesterday. I was a fireman on the No. 5 of the W—— Railroad, as smooth a road as ever was built, and just as straight as a rail, sir, except at one point. There it curved sharply, and just beyond was a tunnel, about a hundred yards in length.

"This tunnel was very heavily timbered—in fact, the inside was a close network of immense great joists; and, at the time of its completion, the contractor had boasted that it would last until the Judgement Day.

"Harry Burton, the engineer on the No. 5, was called a handsome fellow, and at times, especially when he was thinking or talking about Vinnie Clyde, and his great black eyes would soften and shine, and his dark face would flush and dimple just like a woman's, sir, he then would really deserve the compliment.

"But there were other times that, when he had been vexed or crossed in any way, a hard, ugly look would creep into his eyes, and his lips would shut together, in a tight, cruel line, and he would look as ill-favored as a jail-bird, and cause me to think pitifully of Vinnie Clyde's future if she intrusted it in his care.

"Little Vinnie Clyde was the prettiest girl I ever saw. Just as light as a bit of thistle-down, with dark-blue eyes and a mass of soft, crinkly, yellow hair, that made a goldon frame for a face as soft, and smooth, and pink as an apple-blossom; and she had such a pretty way of acting, such a sunny disposition, that one couldn't help loving her.

"There is no doubt but that Burton fairly worshiped her; but he was quick-tempered and jealous, and over-bearing by nature, and assumed the air of lord and master so often that I think the little girl got tired of his harshness.

"But, anyhow, be flung himself aboard one morning in such a manner as gave me to understand that something unusual had happened; and that day he was so savage that at last I got out of patience, and told him pretty sharply that if he expected I was going to put up with his growling any longer he was mightily mistaken, for I would not do it.

"He looked at me as if he was somewhat surprised, and then said, pretty low:

"'I suppose I have been pretty bearish, Ned; but I couldn't help it, as no man could, who had seen all the joy and hope of his life stolen from him. The whole world seems black to me.'

"And his head sunk on his breast, as a deep groan escaped his lips. I saw at once that he was wretched about something, and, of course, it changed my anger to sympathy, and I asked him as soothingly as I could what the trouble was.

"'Well, you must know, Ned,' he burst out, as if he could bear it no longer, 'I went up to Clyde's last night, and I found a white-faced, white-handed fellow there, whom Nellie introduced to me as Raymond Melton. I hated him the moment I saw him, and I had a frantic desire to throttle him every moment of his call. When he was gone, I turned to Vinnie, and I snpposo I fairly raved; but before I had finished, Vinnie stood up, with her eyes blazing, and handing me my ring, swept from the room without a word. Of course I knew what it meant—simply that Raymond Melton had stolen her from me, with his soft ways and oily tongue; and I want you to understand, Ned Lyons, that a man who runs me off the track has heavy damages to pay,' and his face was frightful to see; but he said nothing more about his trouble or anything else that day.

"Well, sir, in the days and weeks that followed, I had anything but an agreeable companion. Burton was either so sullen and gloomy that he didn't have a civil word for any one, or else he was raving mad with jealousy and hate.

"I talked with him, and tried to reason him into a better frame of mind, but it was of no use. He grew worse and worse, and finally took to drinking, and when under the influence of liquor, Harry Burton was absolutely ferocious.

"Of course, with such habits, Burton could not rightly perform his duties, and as soon as his untrustworthiness was known at headquarters he received a prompt dismissal; and in a month from the time that Vinnie returned his ring, Ray Melton took his place as engineer on the No. 5.

"Burton had deeply prejudiced me against his rival, but in a week Ray Melton and I were sworn friends. He was not as good-looking as Burton, but one look into his clear, honest eyes would tell you that he was true and manly to the core.

"He was personally very neat; but one morning, in particular, I joked him considerably about his purple and fine linen.

"'The fact is, old boy,' he said, with that happy laugh of his, 'there is to be a grand excursion to-day, and when we get to Denton we may have to take a passenger in the cab, the cars will be so crowded.'

"I understood in a moment who he referred to, and therefore was not surprised when, as we stopped at Denton, he assisted Vinnie Clyde into the cab.

"She was looking her very sweetest that day—as the girls say, she was 'perfectly lovely,' from her white hat to her little walking-shoes—and no wonder that Melton had hard work to keep his eyes in the right direction. But he was faithful; for there were twenty cars behind, overcrowded with excursionists, whose safety depended on his watchfulness.

"Vinnie was just as gay as a bird—full of laughter and merry chatter, that was so droll it amused Melton and myself extremely, and made the time pass away so pleasantly and fast that before I knew we had reached the curve.

"Just as we were rounding it, Vinnie came quickly over to the window by which I was sitting, and clasped her hands at the pretty view.

"'Is it not lovely?' she said.

"And I was about to answer, when the engine gave a sudden plunge forward. I looked at Melton in surprise, for we had been going fast enough, and I thought it reckless and dangerous to put on a full head of steam in that way; but the sight of his face stopped the question that trembled on my lips. It was just as gray and set as if cut out of granite, and his eyes had a strange, desperate look in them, as that of a man who is facing death, and has made up his mind to grapple with him.

"I glanced ahead, and I saw a sight, sir, that drove all reason from my mind and filled it with a wild, blind terror.

"That long tunnel was a mass of flame. The strong current of air that was drawing through it would push out great volumes of flame-flecked smoke, and give glimpses of red-hot tongues of fire that lapped eagerly in every direction; and the train was plunging toward it with the speed of a race-horse, as if eager to run that hideous gantlet of death.

"'Are you mad, man?' I screamed to Melton. 'Whistle for down brakes!'

"And I attempted to catch the cord but be pushed me back.

"'Would you stop the train in the midst of that tunnel?' he said, fiercely.

"And then he flung a rubber coat over Vinnie, who had crouched in a little white heap on the floor of the cab. Another instant and we had entered the burning tunnel. Melton said that we were but seven seconds going through it; but it seemed to me as if I heard the roaring of the fire, and felt its heat and suffered the horror of it, for half an hour.

"But at last the cool, sweet air, untainted by smoke or the hot breath of the fire, fanned my face and I opened my eyes with a feeling of thankfulness, as I knew that the burning tunnel was behind us and we were unharmed. I tried to thank Melton—rather brokenly, I confess—but he was so busy in kissing the color back to Vinnie's lips that he gave me not a whit of attention.

"The train slowed—stopped; the passengers, full of excitement, came crowding out and massed about us as we stepped from the engine. Melton was obliged to tell his story over and over again, but he did it so modestly that I felt called on to add a word.

"And such a time as they all had over him! Such a flood of compliments and thanks, and hand-shakings would have wilted most any one.

"Just then the conductor came along, winked at Ray, and sung out, 'All aboard!' giving him a chance to escape.

"We had a very pleasant time when the excursion party stopped at the great Wyatt Grove. Ray was the hero of the hour, and all the ladies envied Vinnie, who couldn't help showing how proud she was of him.

"In a short time they were married, and as Vinnie persuaded Ray to break off railroading, he took her and his 'testimonial' to California.

"Last year I went to see them, and found him a successful farmer, with one of the finest ranches in the Golden State, and extremely proud of his pretty wife and two lovely children.—*Saturday Night.*

Offered His Own Medicine.

Letters of recommendation, like curses, sometimes come home to roost. Not many months ago Attorney-General MacVeagh gave a young man named Knox, who was an applicant for a position in the Census Bureau, a letter of recommendation, in which he told Gen Walker: "Were I in your place, I should appoint Mr. Knox at once, even if it were necessary to discharge some less competent man to make a place for him." This was before MacVeagh dreamed of becoming a member of the Cabinet. Knox didn't get a place, but when MacVeagh was appointed Attorney-General, he started for Washington with the letter in his pocket. It occurred to him that this would be as strong a card as he could play. He hardly knew how the Attorney-General could discard his own indorsement. When the applicant filed his papers Mr. MacVeagh was extremely surprised at the neat little game which had been played upon him: but the young man has not yet secured a place.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Physicians in the mining regions say that the presence of diphtheria is directly traceable to oleomargarine, adulterated molasses, sugar, etc., which are largely used in that section.

That Old Shoe.

Enterprising confectioners have a fashion now-a-days of imitating old shoes in chocolate, and putting them up in their shop-windows. One Boston candy-dealer, in a merry mood, hung up a *real* old shoe in his window. The thing took amazingly. Nobody ever saw "such a perfect counterfeit." Among others who stopped to admire it was a wealthy *bric-a-brac* collector from the South End. As soon as he had fully surveyed it from the outside, he entered the store and inquired for the proprietor.

"Is that old shoe for sale?" inquired he.

"Well, I hardly know myself," answered the proprietor. "I did not put it there with an idea of selling it, but merely for an advertisement; but it attracts so much attention as to impede public travel, and I fear I shall have to take it in. As I have no use for it otherwise than as an advertisement, I presume I would dispose of it."

"Do you know whether there is another like it in the city?" asked Mr. Connoisseur.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief," replied Mr. Confectioner, "its exact duplicate does not exist. It was made in France. There was a pair of them originally, but the other one got so badly broken that it was worthless for any purpose, and was thrown away."

"What value do you place upon the one in your window?" asked Mr. Connoisseur.

"The original pair," said Mr. Confectioner, "cost ten dollars to import. Presume this ought to be worth half that amount."

"Certainly it ought," said Mr. Connoisseur, "and I'll give you that for it, for it is the best thing in its way I ever saw in my life."

"Very well, sir, you can have it," as he took it from the window, to the great disgust of the crowd outside, and proceeded to wrap it carefully in tissue paper.

He then deposited it in a neat bonbon box, wrapped the whole nicely in white paper, and tied it neatly with a pink string. Mr. Connoisseur paid his five dollars and left the establishment with the package under his arm, happy in the consciousness of possessing one of the finest specimens of *fac-simile* work that had ever been seen in Boston.

The crowd in front gazed upon him with a kind of admiring envy as he passed out of sight in the direction of his palatial Back-Bay home.

The confectioner waited a day or two, in the hope of a call from his customer, but as he didn't come, the following note was dispatched to his residence:

MY DEAR SIR—Inclosed please find five dollars, the amount you paid me for the old shoe. If you still admire it you will please retain it, with my compliments, as I have no further use for it. Yours sincerely, ——.

It is needless to say that the old shoe was a genuine French leather shoe, in the last stages of dilapidation, worthless even to make a pair of hinges for a hen-coop door, which the confectioner had picked up on an old dumping-ground, on his way to business one morning, when the idea of the joke occurred to him.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Fable---How the Coon Presided.

Once upon a time there was a general assembly of fowls and animals, called together to discuss the question of reform. The Tiger shed tears over the wickedness of the Rabbits, the Hyena wept at the rapacity of the Vultures and the Wild Cat pressed his paws to his aching heart and sighed over the villainies perpetrated by the Rats and Mice. A venerable old Coon was made chairman of the meeting, and after clearing his voice he began:

"My friends, there is great need of reform. We are drifting down to perdition at race-horse speed. Speak, brothers, speak, and let us have a full and frank expression."

"I am for reform," said the Tiger, as he rose up. "I see the Coons out every night stealing corn and raising old Ned generally, and I hope they may be brought to see the error of their ways."

"Reform is my watchword," began the Buffalo, as he secured the floor, "and I hope the Tigers will commence the good work in their midst. The Tiger who just addressed you has the blood of my slain calf still on his lips."

"It is my opinion," began a veteran old Hyena, "that reform is most needed among the Vultures. They have become so bold that I hardly stand a show nowadays to find a carcass for myself.

"And since men have taken to carrying guns and swords I hesitate to attack them," said a Wolf. "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that it is the sense of this meeting that men no longer go armed."

"Hear what I have to say," pleaded the Wild Cat. "I move that the Panther be censured for eating flesh."

"And my friend the Crow should be forced to let grass alone," observed an Elephant.

"In order to get the sense of the meeting, I move that we no longer eat flesh," observed a Deer.

"I move to amend by substituting the word 'grass,'" promptly responded a Wolf.

Amendments and resolutions were coming in like the Pacific Express, when the old Coon in the chair called for order and said:

"My friends, let us begin our reform by routing out the Serpents."

"No! no!" protested a Fox, "I lease my cave to a family of Serpents at excellent cash figures. Let's drive the Worms out of the country."

"But we feed on Worms," chirped a hundred Birds. "Drive them out and we'd starve!"

Thus they continued, each one anxious to preserve whatever was good for himself and sacrifice whatever was good for his neighbor, until the Coon cut the discussion short by saying:

"Order! Order! Now, then, any bird or fowl who is willing to begin this reform campaign by sacrificing personal gains please stand up."

Everything continued to sit.

"Well, then, any one willing to begin the reform at home and under his own hat please stand up."

No one stood up.

"I think we have bitten off more than we can chew," said the Coon, as he laid down his gavel. "This is a very wicked world, and there is great need of reform, but when Tigers set out to reform Hyenas and Wild Cats find fault with the doings of Wolves it's time to dismiss the meeting."

Moral—Charity may begin next door, but reform should commence at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Devasted Island Chio.

The Island of Chio (also spelled Scio and Khio, and in Attic Greek Chios), which the cable tells us has been devastated by an earthquake, is one of the loveliest and most fertile of the Ægean Archipelago, and at the same time an island of perhaps unsurpassed interest to the historian and the scholar. It lies off the Gulf of Smyrna, and is 110 miles in circuit. Its length from north to south is about thirty-two miles, its greatest breadth about eighteen, and the width of the strait which divides it from the mainland is about eight miles. Its first inhabitants were Ionians, who colonized it at the time of the great migration, at or about 1000 B. C. Chio became an important member of the Ionian league, and remained an independent and powerful maritime State, under a democratic form of government, until the great naval defeat of the Ionian Greeks by the Persians, 494 B. C., after which the Chians, who had taken part in the fight with 100 ships, were subjected to the Persians, their island was laid waste and their young women carried off into slavery. The battle of Mycale, 479 B. C., freed Chios from the Persian yoke, and it became a member of the Athenian league, in which it was for a long time the closest and most favored ally of Athens; but an unsuccessful attempt to revolt, in 412, led to its conquest and devastation. In 358, with Cos and Rhodes, it recovered its independence and afterward shared the fortune of the other States of Ionia. Twice during the Christian era has the island been the scene of rapine by the Turks, in the early part of the fourteenth century and again in 1822. The population of the island at the time of the latter invasion was about 120,000, and history records no more dreadful massacre than that which ensued. The Moslems put to death a majority of the inhabitants and made slaves of the remainder. This was in consequence of the islanders having yielded to the entreaties of the Samians and joined in the struggle for Greek independence. The present population is about 50,000. The island is covered with rocky mountains, clothed with the richest vegetation, and has always been celebrated for its wine, figs, lemons, oranges, gum-mastic, and other natural products; also for its marble and pottery, and for the beauty of its women, and the luxurious life of its inhabitants. Of all the States which aspired to the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, Chios (alone, with any plausibility, says Dr. Smith), contested the claim with Smyrna, and it numbered among its undisputed natives the tragedian Ion, the historian Theopompus, the poet Theocritus, and other eminent men. Its chief city has for more than 3,000 years stood on the eastern side of the island, at the foot of its highest mountain.

A Difference in Pronunciation that Cost a County $800.

A few weeks ago, in Pittsburg, Pa., and before Judge Kirkpatrick, a case was tried in which a farmer living in one of the outlying townships was the plaintiff and the county the defendant. Some time ago, as a little daughter of the plaintiff was crossing the creek, a footlog, which was the only bridge, broke, and the little one fell into the water and was drowned. A suit for damages was instituted, but it did not come up for trial until a few weeks ago, when the jury awarded the plaintiff damages in the sum of $800. A little story in connection with this verdict has just leaked out, which, if it is true, and it was related to the reporter by a reliable gentleman, will have a tendency to convince most people that only the most cultured jurors should be selected to sit in a court presided over by a Judge of such eminent culture as his Honor, Kirkpatrick.

D. T. Watson, Esq., was counsel for the defendant, and in his address to the jury stated that "if the plaintiff knew the route (pronouncing the word rout) over which the child crossed the creek was dangerous, and had not sent her over another route, the county could not be held responsible for any damages which might ensue." This evidently struck Judge Kirkpatrick as being pretty sound logic, for in his charge to the jury he repeated the statement. Unfortunately for the county, however, the Judge in this instance adopted the pronunciation for the word route preferred by a great many men of culture (which is quite correct), and informed the jury that "if the plaintiff knew the route (root) was dangerous," etc., the county could not be held responsible. The jury retired, and, much to the surprise of all the attorneys who had watched the case, soon brought in a verdict of $800 for the plaintiff.

A few days afterward W. D. Moore, Esq., happened to meet one of the jurymen in the Court-house rotunda, and almost the first question asked was: "How in the world did you jurymen reconcile your verdict with the Judge's charge?"

"Why," responded the juror, "we had no trouble on that score. The Judge informed us that if the plaintiff knew the root was dangerous, the county was not liable. Now, all of us knew it was not a root which broke and caused the child's death, but a rotten log, and we could not return a different verdict."

It is not known whether Mr. Moore informed the uncultured juror of the fact that the proper pronunciation of the word "route" was either "rout" or "root," but at all events, those who have been made acquainted with the circumstance enjoy it hugely, and allege (whether seriously or not is not stated) that Judge Kirkpatrick's pronunciation cost the county $800.

—Jack Croker went sailing on the lakes, leaving his wife at Detroit, and she was soon told that he had been drowned. Frank Bradford gave her the money to live on, searched in vain for her missing husband, and at length married her. The ceremony had not been long over when there came a loud rap at the door. "Are you Frank Bradford?" asked the man who had rapped. "Yes, sir." "Well, your wife is my wife, and you'd better up and git." Mrs. Crocker went obediently away with her first husband.

How the Parsees of India Dispose of Their Dead.

What Beacon Hill is to Boston, Murray Hill to New York, Nob Hill to San Francisco, Malabar Hill is to Bombay, for its aristocratic summit is closely dotted with the palaces and bungalows of native princes and affluent Anglo-Indians; but the borders of Malabar Hill fall just upon the outskirts of the native city on the one side and are lapped by the lazy ripples of the Indian Ocean on the other. The climb up the hill from the esplanade is picturesque to a degree, and the well-kept lawns, the broad, cool verandas inclosed with Venetians peep out at one from unexpected perches on the side of the hill, with a swiftness of change suggestive of the tricks of the irrepressible Fakir. But leaving them all below us we at last reach the vicinity of "the towers of silence."

From the midst of a grove of palms rise two circular towers, near which stands a large building looking not unlike some public institution in any well-to-do city in America, but which is in truth one of the temples which seem so necessary to every Indian landscape. The "towers of silence"—what does not the fancy picture when the name is heard for the first time? A religious retreat, where one wearied with the din and turmoil of the city below may find peace and rest. Or perhaps it is designed as a place of punishment, and persons caught in crime are brought here to wear out in silence their term of sentence, which will last till life flickers feebly and hope dies. Away runs imagination; but a talkative "wallah," or, literally speaking, fellow, who is our guide, soon brings back wandering fancy by the announcement that the towers are in truth the Parsee cemetery or mortuary.

Directly a Parsee dies he is brought to the temple, and then after the other rites are performed the body is disrobed, anointed with sacred oils; after that it is taken to the towers, which are about 20 feet in diameter and entirely open at the top, and then placed upon an iron grating for the vultures to come and devour the flesh. In every direction one can see the majestic palms bending low with their burdens of vultures and kites waiting for new prey; the air resounds with their hungry cawing, while it is also laden with the sickening odor of decaying flesh. While a body is being placed in position the edge of the tower is filled with cawing, chattering spectators hungry to make the first plunge upon the victim. With one accord they dash down out of sight, and one knows by the change from tumult to quiet that the Parsee interment is taking place. That which but a short time ago was a human being, with hopes and fears and aspirations such as still animate us who gaze transfixed with horror, is being torn shred by shred and carried into the air, to be dropped and picked up and quarreled over, or else to be consumed with genuine satisfaction. No sooner does a sated bird fly on lazy wing to some far-off tree top to sleep off the effects of his gluttony than a fresh one arrives upon the scene to carry on the hideous work. Others swoop down upon us, the living, and brush our very faces with their noisome wings. Beside us stand some Parsees, who watch the circling birds with loving interest, and one English-speaking guide tells us that they frequently stand and watch them till they know their dead to have been consumed. As soon as the birds have cleaned all the flesh from the bones, they are dropped into a well at the bottom of the towers, where they are covered with quick lime and consumed. The tower is then flooded and disinfected, and so, it is claimed, there is no taint in the air; but any one having the sense of smell unblunted feels that that boast is not founded upon truth.

Night, which in India treads upon the heels of day too closely for one to ever taste a twilight, drove us down the hill and back into the thronged streets of the city before we had watched as long as we wished, but we had seen enough to turn with a sickening soul from the religion which makes this awful custom a necessity. We had stood beside the Ganges and watched the Hindoos sprinkling the ashes of their lately cremated dead upon its sacred bosom. The crooning tone, the quiet hour, the intense earnestness, had melted our cold Western hearts and we had wept from sympathy. The Hindoo and the Parsee had each shown us how superior their customs were to those practiced by "Christian dogs," and we had by silence at least given consent to their form of interment; but we came back to our own belief in the grave and the worm with renewed devotion, for we remembered that it was not from the sacred bosom of the Ganges, neither was it from the birds of the air, that we received our Savior, but it was from the grave that he came forth our risen Lord. —*Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

"Funeral Conductors."

For a period of fifty years or more the undertakers of Michigan were satisfied to call themselves by that name, and aspired to nothing above modest offices, plain windows, a high death-rate and cash customers. Three or four years ago a change began to creep o'er their ranks. Here in the city we saw carpets put down, desks purchased, plate glass windows put in, and an attempt to surround the business with style. The infection spread, and it was only a few weeks ago that a State convention of undertakers gathered to repudiate the term which their grandfathers fought and bled to maintain. We have no more undertakers. There is no longer any force to the remark of the man who said he had run half a mile to overtake an undertaker to have some undertaking done for a man who overtook a fatal fall. Not a single undertaker stood up and battled for the good old name, but there was a division on the question of a new one. Some thought that "Funeral Furnisher" would look well in gilt letters on a black background. There were house-furnishers, mill-furnishers, steamboat-furnishers and so on, and why shouldn't there be Funeral Furnishers?

And yet, when they came to discuss it, there wasn't quite enough "tone" to the term. It would be well enough for a grave-digger who had a few dollars ahead, but it lacked length of coat-tails for men dealing in caskets worth $400 each. "Manager of Obsequies" was then proposed by an undertaker living in a diphtherical district, but that was going a little too far. A stranger who should ask the way to a Manager of Obsequies' shop would raise a smile, and smiles didn't work in with the undertaker's business.

"Funeral Manager" was then proposed, but a majority were opposed to the term manager in any shape. It reminded them of theatrical troupes and opera-houses and play-bills. "Conductor of Obsequies" was likewise proposed and rejected, and the convention was in despair when an old bald-head, who has laid hundreds at rest, suggested "Funeral Conductor." It was a hit; while it might remind some of railroad trains, yet each human life was but a train speeding from the cradle to the grave. It was at once decided "by a large majority" to adopt the name, and to frown down any attempt on the part of the public to perpetuate the old term. Detroit has no more undertakers. The costly curtains behind their plate-glass windows read: "Funeral Conductors," in gold letters and graceful curves. Their offices are filled with flowers, sample coffins are covered up, and a stranger would imagine himself in an insurance boudoir. We don't like it at all, but it will be so. We wanted to be laid away by an undertaker in plain black, mild of speech, sympathetic of soul, and soft of step; but a change has been ordered and our ideal will probably wear his hat on a rake, have a flash tie, sport a big seal-ring, and "conduct" the services with a presence stolen from some actor. Good-by, old undertaker! We used to take solid comfort in dropping in on you and watching the soft rub of your hands, the eye which looked nothing but pity, and the step which had no jar for sore heart-strings. You had crape and coffins piled about you, and one was solemnly warned by the sight thereof of the flight of time and the grand hereafter. You had a good word for all your dead, and you kept the word "business" apart from the word "affliction." We shall see you no more as an undertaker. As a "funeral conductor," we will bring out our trotter and beat you best two in three for oats or hay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Mem."

Ten minutes after the Flint & Pere Marquette train had pulled out of the depot yesterday noon a young man with a grab-bag in his hand and a cigar in his mouth sauntered in as if he had half an hour to spare. After walking up and down for about five minutes he stopped at the ticket window and asked:

"Has the Flint train gone yet?"

"Yes, a quarter of an hour ago."

"The deuce! Why, I was to go on that train!"

"Well, you didn't."

"That's so, and I'm placed in an embarrassing situation. I was to be married to a girl up the road to-night. No other train, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"And I can't get there?"

"Perhaps you could hire a locomotive."

"Ah! perhaps I could. I'll finish my smoke and go and see about it."

After the end of his cigar had been reduced until the fire warmed his nose, the young man went up stairs and said to the Superintendent:

"Could you, ah, for about five or six dollars, ah, give me a locomotive as fat as Flint, ah?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, you can't? Well, that's bad-ish. I was to have been married at six o'clock this evening. I might say seven dollars for a locomotive."

"And you might say seven times that."

"Couldn't do it—'pon honor, I couldn't, though I'll go down and smoke another cigar and perhaps make you another offer after a time."

He lit another cigar and paced up and down, and all at once began hunting his pockets. He shortly pulled out a note-book and after running over the leaves he approached the ticket-seller and said:

"I find that I am saved."

"How?"

"Here it is, just as I wrote it down last fall! 'Mem: The said party of the first part—which is me—agrees to wed the said party of the second part—which is Helen—on the evening of April 4, 1881, *provided*, that blizzards, floods, broken bridges, railroad delays or other acts of Providence permit.' I always make a mem. of these things to save misunderstandings. I missed the train, and that comes under the head 'railroad delays,' eh?"

"I think so."

"And she has no grounds for breach of promise?"

"Can't see any."

"Nor I. My conscience tells me that I ought to offer about $9 for a locomotive to run me up there, and if it is refused I'll go back to the hotel and take things easy till to-morrow. Are you married?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"I—I expect so."

"Make a mem. of it, and give Providence plenty of latitude for delays! It's not only business, but you've got 'em tight as a wedge. Mem. it right down in black and white, and if they talk sassy show 'em the door. Bye-bye, old fellow—see you later."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—European residents in China have recently founded several daily papers in the vernacular, and it is said that their circulation grows rapidly. They contain leading articles, general and local news, legal reports at great length, and in fact nearly all the features of European newspapers. Not long ago advertisements were unknown to Chinese journalism, but now they are published in large numbers. It is thought that the superstitious conservatism of the people will not be able to stand long against the information and ideas diffused by the new press.

—Within a month Assistant United States Fish Commissioner Pierce filed at Washington nearly 200 applications for the food carp to be distributed this season by the Government. Nearly one-fourth of the applications are from citizens of Philadelphia who own places near the city. A large number of persons are making elaborate preparations for carp culture in various parts of the country.

—An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—*Swift.*

The Republican.

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SPRING.

When I am weary and the spirit flags,
Spent with life's struggle and too dull for prayer,
One haven of delight is still mine own,
All unassailed by care.

In that dear realm the fancy wanders free,
And drinks unsullied joy at every well;
My years are lost in the eternal youth
Of thy sweet spell.

Too old for innocence, too young for rest,
My troubled spirit wanders to thy feet,
Beloved Spring!—with ever new delight,
I feel thy heart's strong beat.

For ever new the radiance of thy smile,
Thy tender waking out of sleep, how new!
All else is changing that is not yet changed,
But thou remainest true.

Breathe on my cheek for breath that Death hath stayed,
And kiss my lips for lips that are no more,
Or bring the fragrance of undying Spring
From Heaven's far shore.

And if in sunless cities' haunts I stray,
And lose thy birds and flowers, this grace still bring—
That somewhere I may know thou art on Earth,
That some see Spring!

—*London Spectator.*

CAPTAIN CAMLION.

In the month of May, 1864, we were encamped, under Grant, on the bank of the Rapidan. The opposite side of the river was held by Lee's forces. Our regiment—the Two Hundredth Massachusetts—had fought in many of the bloodiest battles of the war, and comparatively few of the original volunteers now survived. Camlion, Fred. Belton and myself, however, still held together, and neither of us, in all the dangers to which we had been exposed, had ever received a wound.

Our acquaintance antedated the war. We had been classmates in Harvard University. I remember we used to nickname Camlion "Captain" long before the war of the rebellion was thought of. He was tall, strong and serene, with a dignity about him, half boyish and half manly, which made him respected as well as loved. He was president of every college society to which he belonged; he pulled the heaviest oar in the University crew. No exertion tired him, and no provocation put him out of temper, though I do not forget his encounter with Fred Belton. It was, indeed, the beginning of their friendship. Fred was a Virginian by birth, though he afterward fought on the Northern side; he was full of fun and humorous mischief, but subject to ungovernable outbursts of passion.

Another follower of Camlion's—and he had many, though his intimates were few—was Frank Capel, also a Southerner and a well-mannered, pleasant fellow enough. He was chiefly noted for his fanatical devotion to a certain famous sister of his, to whose praises his friends were obliged to listen in season and out. She was, according to Frank, the cleverest, most beautiful, most fascinating creature above ground. Her dancing, her riding, her music, were all perfection, and Frank used to declare that she could beat even Fred Belton hollow at shooting.

In short, she was the ideal of all that woman can or might be, and we looked forward with interest to her promised appearance on our class day.

"We'll introduce Camlion to her, and he shall make her an offer of marriage!" said Belton, with a chuckle.

The joke of this suggestion lay in the fact that the else heroic Camlion was what is called "afraid" of young ladies, that is, he could never be got to open his mouth in the presence of any woman who was not over thirty and married, and if brought to bay would stammer and blush like a school-boy, and stand twisting his great hands behind him and glancing anxiously this way and that for a chance to bolt. To imagine him carrying on a courtship was too daring a flight of fancy for any one but Belton. With children, however, Camlion was completely at home, and he would spend hours of uproarious happiness in a nursery, tumbling his gigantic frame about on the floor amid the screams of delight of the small people. He treated them with ardent reverence and abject forbearance, and they led him unresistingly captive.

Our class day came round at last—the longest and loveliest day of summer—with its "spreads" in the men's rooms, it's dancing on the college green, its illuminations in the evening, and its various other diversions. Miss Capel was there, and beyond doubt she was, in appearance at least, nearly all that Frank had declared her to be. But for my own part, while recognizing the bewitching brilliance of her face and manner, I found her slender lips too satirical and her clear brown eyes too unsympathetic to command my entire fealty. She was one of those women who, as a bare return for condescending to exist in the presence of a man, demand from him a devotion scarcely distinguishable from slavery. She was witty, rapid and at once subtle and daring. There was in her, I fancied, more of intellectual appreciation of passion than of passion itself. She seemed to think that the proper place for her arched foot was on the neck of the rest of humanity. She had never been opposed, much less rebuked or humiliated; she expected that your eye would fall before hers. Her figure was tall and lithe, and nobly proportioned, graceful erect and alert. Fred Belton, on the other hand, considered her "divine," and 'squired her about almost inveterately; she accepting his homage in good part, and laughing with him, or at him, quite affably. For several hours he was a general object of envy. At length, catching sight of Camlion, he whispered a few words to his beautiful companion, glanced at our serene Hercules, and she nodded her head. A moment later he had been brought up and presented.

"See you again in half an hour in Harvard Hall," said Belton, and was off, chuckling to me, "We've cooked old Camlion's goose for this time, at all events."

Perhaps he had, though not in the way he imagined. What induced Miss Rosalind absolutely to lay herself out to captivate Camlion of all men? Was it from a subtile feminine perception that no woman had yet won him, when yet he was worth any woman's winning? Was it, perhaps, that she was really impressed by something in the man's noble, simple nature that revealed to her possibilities she had never till then suspected? Or was it a mere whim, because she was weary of being worshiped, and wanted to have the novel sensation of finding herself on the soliciting side? I can not say; but, at all events, she did it—how effectually and lastingly no one knew until years afterward. Meanwhile, it may be remarked that she and Camlion did not make their appearance at Harvard Hall, where Fred waited for them until his patience was exhausted. On the contrary they kept together by themselves all the rest of the day and evening; and it was not until the illuminations were over, and most of the merry-makers dispersed, that Belton came across them wandering arm-in-arm under the trees at the outskirts of the college grounds. They met his rather discomfited greeting composedly.

"I thought you two must have decamped for good!" he exclaimed, with a reproachful look at the lady. "You know, Miss Capel, you were engaged to dance the first waltz with me at the hall, and afterward to come to my spread, and——"

"I found better employment," interrupted Miss Capel, with a glance of superb insolence.

Her white hands, which Belton noticed were ungloved, were clasped over Camlion's mighty arm, and now she looked up at him, in the bright moonlight, with what seemed to Belton an expression of secret intelligence. Camlion bent toward her and said something; but in so low a tone that Belton did not catch it. Miss Capel then turned to the latter and demanded brusquely whether he knew where her brother was.

"I came to escort you to him," was Belton's reply.

She allowed her hands lingeringly to leave Camlion's arm; they confronted each other for a moment; their eyes meeting.

"Don't forget," she said to him at length, almost in a whisper.

"I shall be there," he answered, lifting his hat as he spoke.

After another pause she turned away from him slowly and began to move toward the college, quite ignoring Belton, who nevertheless walked beside her. He addressed several remarks to her, to which she vouchsafed no answer whatever. At last, being piqued, he said:

"Well, Miss Capel, I hope you've enjoyed your visit to Harvard and like the men you've met here."

"I have met only one man here," she replied, facing him imperiously. And this was all he got from her that evening.

Next morning Camlion was not at breakfast, but some hints of his adventure of the previous evening leaked out, and Belton had to sustain a good deal of chaff about the manner in which he had been "cut out." As for Miss Capel, it was known that she was staying with her father and brother at the Tremont House in Boston. After breakfasting, curiosity or idleness carried me around to Camlion's rooms. I was surprised to find him hurriedly packing his trunk, his usually healthy looking countenance very pale and drawn. I asked him what was the matter.

"I'm going home," he said. "I got a telegram this morning—something very bad has happened to my father." I muttered my sympathy. Presently he resumed: "You were introduced to—to Miss Capel, I think? Will you see her before she goes, and tell her—say I would have come if it had been possible; and—I hope I may see her again some day?"

I promised, wondering, that I would do what he asked, and soon after I bade him good-by. We did not meet again for some years. When I called on the Capels to deliver his message, they were not in, and I did not have another opportunity of discharging my commission. In the course of a few days the newspapers contained the information that, something having gone wrong in the banking-house of which Camlion's father was manager, the latter had committed suicide.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Fred Belton, when he heard the report, "I almost wish it had been me! Dear old Camlion!"

When Camlion and I found ourselves together again at the outbreak of the war, he was much matured in appearance, though his boyish simplicity and gentleness were unchanged. I have heard, in a vague way, that he had devoted himself, not without success, to paying off the liabilities which his unhappy father had incurred. But contact with men and the world, and the hearty pre-occupation of his struggle to atone for the sins of the dead, instead of embittering him, had brought his strong nature a more cheerful frame; and his quiet geniality made his companionship more than ever delightful to me. But once, when I asked him, half jocularly, whether he had no thoughts of getting married, he looked at me very gravely, and answered, in his deep, straightforward voice:

"I never met but one woman whom I could have married, and I gave her up long ago. Do you remember Miss Capel?"

This led to my telling him how his message had failed to reach her; and the intelligence seemed to produce a great effect upon him. He murmured to himself several times, "That may have been the reason," and thereafter became totally uncommunicative on the subject. I do not know whether Fred Belton ever heard of this conversation; but for my own part the stirring events that were daily happening around us soon put it out of my head.

As I began by saying, we were encamped on the Rapidan River, just before that terrible series of battles in the Wilderness which ushered in the close of the rebellion. Meanwhile there was an ominous quiet in our neighborhood; the only exception being a rather annoying one in the shape of a sharpshooter on the Confederate side of the river (which was there about 300 yards wide), who unerringly picked off any one of our men who ventured to show so much as his elbow on the Federal bank. As he had established himself opposite the only spot in a couple of miles where it was practicable to water our cattle, his presence was particularly inconvenient, and we expended an apparently disproportionate deal of trouble in our efforts to dislodge him, but nothing had any effect. As ill-luck would have it, there were no guns available at this point; and it was in vain that we peppered the place whence the deadly shots proceeded with our rifles. Every day several valuable men were lost, until at last the question, What was to be done? became a serious and pressing one. The unknown marksman never was known to miss; and all that any of us ever saw of him was the puff of smoke from the muzzle of his weapon.

One afternoon Fred Belton came to my tent (I was surgeon to our company) in a state of such manifest discomposure that at first I thought either the Colonel had been killed or the mysterious sharpshooter captured. It turned out to be quite another matter, however.

"What do you think?" he began, in an excited undertone. "Whose house do you suppose is a mile off there, on our left?" And without giving me the time to hazard a guess he went on: "The Capels's, as sure as you are there. And whom do you suppose I saw? Miss Rosalind herself, as I'm a living sinner! She rode up on horseback, just as I was palavering at the front door for provender. By Jove, she's more divinely handsome than ever! And, oh, my wig! didn't she give me a rating though! Whew!"

"What did she scold you about?" demanded I, amazed.

"For being a Virginian and fighting on the Northern side. I tell you she made me feel like a born sneak and blackguard. A little more, and I believe I should have ratted again, and joined the Johnny Rebs. 'If I were a man,' said she, 'I would make it my business to catch such creatures as you, and hang you!' It's my opinion if a few hundred women like her were to enlist on the Rebs' side we would be thrashed out of our boots in a month. But luckily there is not another woman like her on the planet."

"You'd better look out, or she'll make a conquest of you in more ways than one," said I, laughing. "By the way, this news would probably interest Camlion. Does he know?"

"No; and I don't mean to tell him," replied Belton, rather sharply, and after sitting a few moments longer he got up and left me in apparently no very good humor.

That same evening, however, he appeared again, this time in a preoccupied mood, and with his pipe in his mouth. The conversation presently turned upon the ever active sharpshooter, and after a few remarks had passed, Belton suddenly exclaimed:

"I've made up my mind to kill that fellow, and I have thought of a way how it may be done. I guess I'm as good a shot as he is, and if I can get sight of as much as a square inch of him he's settled!" He then went on to unfold to me his scheme, which appeared feasible, though there were certain obstacles in the way. After we had discussed it for a while, he said: "Do you know why I want to shoot him?"

"From patriotic motives, I trust," was my reply.

"That's very well so far as it goes; but there's something else. I believe I know who he is—or what he is, at all events. I believe he's the man whom Rosalind Capel means to marry. From something she said to-day I'm certain she knows him, and that there's something more than ordinary between them. And I don't intend that she shall marry him if I can help it."

I did not much like this attitude of Belton's, and I told him so; but he took my strictures in such ill part that for the present I judged it best to say no more. Plainly, he was in love with Miss Capel. I devoutly wished that she was out of the way, but before breakfast time next morning I was destined to hear of her again. It was about the hour of sunrise, when Camlion, who had been out on picket during the night, entered my tent, his face flushed, and his blue eyes kindled with repressed excitement.

"I have seen Miss Capel," he said, going to the point at once, as his custom was. "There was an alarm at my outpost two hours ago, and one of my men fired. We heard something fall, went out, and found a rider entangled with his horse, which was shot dead. I knew her in a moment, though she was in man's clothes—a blouse and high boots. She had lost her way, and had stumbled on us in the darkness. Their house is near here, she says. It was a narrow escape; if she had been killed—I could not have borne it! I wish this war was over."

"Was she armed?" I inquired, feeling more uneasy than I cared to confess.

"No. Why should she, poor girl? She had been to see some friends of theirs somewhere up the country. I gave her a man to see her safe home." He had spoken the latter sentence in a low voice; now he looked suddenly up and said, with the deepest emphasis, "I would give my life to know that she loves me still as I love her! She did love me once! There's no other woman in the world for me."

"You must bear in mind that she's a red-hot rebel," I ventured to remark.

"On the contrary, she's more than half inclined to our side," returned Camlion, eagerly. She told me almost as much. In her heart she loves the Union best."

This unlike assertion increased my misgivings ten-fold; but before I could make up my mind what to say, I was summoned to attend another victim of our mysterious enemy on the opposite bank. The man was mortally wounded; but before he died he was able to state that he had seen his executioner, a young man with a straw hat and a dark blue jacket or shirt, who parted aside the bushes and looked across at him, the smoking rifle in his hand.

"If any one with a good alm had been with me," added the poor chap, "we'd had him potted then, sure!"

They were his last words. But it was not the last time the terrible sharpshooter had been known to show himself under similar circumstances; and it set me thinking again of Belton's scheme of the night before.

At five o'clock that afternoon the officers and non-commissioned officers of our company were summoned to meet the Colonel; I was also present. As I anticipated, it was Belton's scheme that was the subject of discussion; the long and short of it was as follows: A volunteer was to be found to show himself on the bank and take the enemy's fire. Belton meanwhile was to conceal himself close at hand, and as soon as the "young fellow in the straw hat" peered out of his ambush to see the effect of his shot, Belton was to put a minnie ball through his head. There were only three things that might interfere with the successful prosecution of this plan: the lack of a volunteer prepared to meet almost certain death; the possible omission on the enemy's part to reveal himself, and finally, the chance that Belton might, after all, miss his aim. Nevertheless, the Colonel gave his consent that the thing should be tried, in default of any better suggestion; and the following morning was appointed for the experiment.

At six o'clock I saw Camlion leave his tent and set off in the direction of our left. I had already noticed Belton heading the same way about a quarter of an hour previous; and putting this and that together, I awaited the issue in some suspense. But before seven o'clock Camlion returned, passed me with a strange look on his face and without returning my greeting, and immediately re-entered his tent, where, as was afterward inferred, he must have spent a great part of the night in writing, and arranging some papers. What had happened (as nearly as I can judge from subsequent developments) was this: He had started with the intention of calling on Rosalind Capel, at her house. The way lay through a wood; but just before emerging from it into the open ground in front of the house, he saw a man and woman standing beneath the shade of some trees about fifty yards away. The man was Belton, the woman Rosalind. Belton was apparently speaking eagerly and excitedly, Rosalind occasionally replying briefly and moving her head as if in assent. After a minute or two Belton ceased; she extended her hand to him, which he grasped in both his and raised to his lips. The next moment he had drawn her to his breast and kissed her face passionately and repeatedly, she not resisting. When Camlion saw this a hoarse cry broke from him, and he strode forward a step with fire in his heart. There he stopped; a cold and torpid feeling came over him; he turned about, and, sluggishly at first, then more rapidly, made his way back to the camp.

A little before noon next day Camlion, Belton and myself, and another man, Haydon by name—a reckless, daredevil fellow, who had volunteered for the post of danger on the occasion—moved silently and cautiously down toward the fatal spot on the river's brink. The adventure was kept a strict secret, for since the night previous there had been whispers of treachery in the camp, and we knew not where to look for the traitor among us. It was, of course, indispensable to the success of our plan that the sharpshooter should have no suspicion of there being more than one person in the neighborhood. Keeping heedfully behind cover, we crawled along, and at length lay hidden in the bushes a few yards from the place. Then Camlion, with Haydon in his charge, slipped a little way down toward the left, until they were concealed from our sight by the intervening shrubbery. Belton got his rifle in readiness, and I made my preparations to do all that could be done for Haydon, as soon as the enemy's bullet had struck him. When I last caught sight of the poor fellow there was a drop about the corners of his mouth and a yellow pallor in his cheeks which showed that he was not insensible to the gravity of the situation. But Camlion had taken care to bring a flask of brandy along with him, and a quiet, steady cheerfulness of demeanor that was perhaps a better cordial still.

Left to ourselves, Belton and I had nothing to do but wait; and we did wait for what seemed to us many intolerable minutes. The river lapsed smoothly and silently by, a bird skimmed over the surface, a breath of wind rustled the leaves over our heads. I began to fear lest the suspense should make Belton's hand unsteady. Just then a half-smothered exclamation reached our ears from the direction of our unseen companions, and almost simultaneously with it the sound of a heavy step passing from the bushes to the open margin of the stream. The time was come. Belton crouched with rifle at his shoulder; our eyes were fastened on the opposite bank. Suddenly a white puff of smoke leaped forth—a sharp, flat report like the cracking of a whip; then the low, unmistakable thud of a bullet striking its quarry. The stricken man staggered and fell—still out of our sight, could we have had eyes for him then. But all depended upon our absolute immobility during the next few moments. The white smoke drifted down to windward. Before it had passed away I saw the figure for which we were lying in wait emerge quietly from its covert on the other side and stand revealed. At the same instant the bang of Belton's rifle rent the stillness, yet I had time to remark something inexplicably familiar in that alert, graceful form—something not compatible with its blue belted blouse and high boots. And what happened next? To me it seemed like an ugly, tumultuous dream. I remember leaping down through the bushes to the water's edge. I remember seeing Haydon, alive and unhurt, supporting Camlion's dying head on his knee, while he tore open the front of his uniform, and disclosed the shirt stained with blood. I remember Belton, with ghastly face and sobbing breath, tearing loose the painter of a small skiff that was moored close at hand, and putting off with frantic haste across the stream. And I know—but how can I tell—that he was going to fetch the body of the woman he loved, and whom he had slain! For the famous sharp-shooter of the Rapidan was Rosalind Capel.

She was still living when they brought her in, but she had been hit mortally in the right side and was fast bleeding to death. But she smiled as we lifted her out, and her voice, though very faint, was distinct and composed.

"Lay me by Captain Camlion," she said; "I shall like to lie beside him. Had you no more worthless man in your army but you must lime me with a man like him?"

"I was the one you were to have had," said Haydon, "but at the moment the Captain flung me down and went forward himself. It was too late to help it then. God knows I am sorry!" and he burst into tears as he said it.

Rosalind smiled strangely and moved her hand until it touched Camlion's.

"Captain Camlion acted like the hero he always was," she said, now almost inaudibly. "I loved him—never any one else—never you, you double traitor!" she added, turning her darkening eyes on Belton, who knelt in voiceless despair before her. "Last night you sold your adopted country for a kiss." Her eyes half closed for a moment and she breathed stertorously. She opened them once more, turned her face toward Camlion, and made an effort to lift his hand to her lips. I helped her to accomplish her purpose. "Thanks!" she whispered. "I am not fit to kiss his mouth; but—if he were alive—I would ask his leave—and—his pardon!"

She did not speak after this, and in a few minutes she died very quietly.

Among Camlion's papers was found a letter to Belton, explaining his object in sacrificing himself. "You are my friend," it ran. "I will not stand between you and her, now that I know you love each other; but I shall never find a better time or cause to die in than this."

Poor Belton! He was acquitted by the court-martial appointed to try him on the charge of having given information to the enemy; but I fear there was that in his memory which made the remainder of his life more bitter to him than any death.—*Julian Hawthorne, in London World.*

The Mulch.

The value of covering the soil has been known so long and so commonly as to become a proverb—"Snow is the poor man's manure." Science and experiment have shown that what is so beneficial in winter is even more advantageous in summer and that few things can be more harmful than to denude the soil and allow it thus to remain for a length of time. They have demonstrated that the soil is increased in fertility by covering much more than the amount of material placed upon the ground as a mulch. 1st. A large amount of atmospheric ammonia deposited by the rains is retained. 2d. A certain proportion of water in the soil is necessary to the best conditions for chemical action, to make the largest amount of plant food available and to enable the fibrous roots of plants to feed to the best advantage; mulching retards evaporation. 3d. Our torrid sun acting upon the black, prairie soil, produces an amount of heat injurious to the fibrous roots of many plants; mulching cools and equalizes the temperature near the surface. 4th. Sudden extremes of temperature effect plants, as animals, unfavorably; mulching equalizes conditions, retards the action of frost and allows the plant to adapt itself to the change. 5th. Mechanically; it breaks the force of the rains and prevents them from compacting the soil. Other advantages might be named; but granting at this point the value of the mulch upon the soil, the practical question arises, how mulching can be done upon a scale sufficiently extensive to benefit field crops? On this some suggestions may be made.

1. All the straw, leaves and coarse waste of the farm should be kept till fall and spread on the fields to be plowed in the spring.

2. Scatter as much manure on the meadow and the pasture late in the fall as practicable. It will waste some by evaporation, but the mulch will more than compensate.

3. Keep the pastures and the meadows from being grazed too closely in the fall, so that a natural mulch will be upon the field at the commencement of winter.

4. The fields devoted to small grain should be plowed as soon as the crop has been removed and sown to oats or rye, as are best suited to future crops. The oats would make from twelve inches to two feet growth by the first of October, when the stock can be turned on to them. Rye can be grazed both in the fall and in the spring. The plowing and sowing to oats or rye would thus answer several purposes. It would destroy weeds, mulch the land and afford considerable late grazing, each of which would more than compensate for the labor. Where grazing is not desired the oats may be plowed under for green manure; or a crop of rye may remain until spring and then turned under for corn.

Under our present system of tillage, lands devoted to wheat and oats are allowed to mature a crop of weeds after harvest, or, if plowed to kill the weeds, remain uncovered nearly nine months out of twelve to the serious detriment of the soil.—*Professor Knapp, in Iowa College Quarterly.*

Memory in Sheep.

I was settled in North America, farming, and kept a number of merino sheep, including several valuable bucks. These latter, with a few yearlings, I trained to come to call, and in especial had christened one "Jack;" a fine young lamb "Tommy." Christmas, 1879, I passed at a friend's, and on my return found no response to my calls for either of them when visiting the yards. I also missed about a dozen owes. Marks of "bobs" on the snow near the inclosure showed that thieves had been at work, but, although I hunted the surrounding country, I could find no traces of my lost property. A month elapsed, and I received a hint as to the whereabouts of the animals, and getting a search-warrant, I rode away some twenty miles, accompanied with the Marshal for the district, to a settler's farm.

My request for the return of the loan was laughed at and theft denied; but being well armed, my companions (by this time increased in number) and myself insisted on viewing a flock of sheep grazing on the prairie some little distance away. When about 100 yards off I commenced calling "Jack, Jack, Jack!—Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" when to my delight and the extraordinary surprise of the bystanders the sheep detached themselves from the herd and came up to me at a gallop. The whole affair was so evident that restitution and subsequent punishment followed in due course. The poor animals had been changed as to appearance in every possible way, but memory (and a hope of oats as usual) proved unimpaired. This fact was given in court as evidence, and was verified by the onlookers.—*London Field.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The vapors of nitrous ether are recommended by M. Peyrusson as a disinfectant and antiseptic. They have neither a disagreeable nor hurtful smell.

—The object-glass for the Lick Observatory telescope in California is to be three feet in diameter, and, if successful, will be the most powerful instrument of the kind ever made. About three years will be required to finish the telescope.

—An instrument, called the margarimeter, has been invented by two Parisian chemists for detecting the presence of margarine in butter. It is based on the different densities of butter and the greasy substances substituted for it or mixed with it.

—By means of a strictly vegetable diet, Dr. Hureau de Villeneuve states that he has succeeded in ridding himself of attacks of gouty rheumatism, with which he had been afflicted for years, and of which several of his ancestors had died.

—Last year it was said that Professor Baeyer, of Munich, had produced indigo artificially, but the process did not admit of the successful production of indigo blue on a manufacturing scale at a reasonable cost. Since that time the Professor has continued to work on the problem, and he has, so far succeeded that he has taken out a patent for the artificial manufacture and application of indigo blue.

—As the result of his personal observations, M. Carlet states that the walking of insects may be represented by three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of arachnids can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

—A very fine preparation for making steel very hard is composed of wheat flour, salt and water, using, say two teaspoonsful of water, one-half a teaspoonful of flour and one of salt; heat the steel to be hardened enough to coat it with the paste—by immersing it in the composition—after which heat it to a cherry red and plunge it in cold, soft water. If properly done, the steel will come out with a beautiful white surface. It is said that Stubbs' files are hardened in this manner.

—The oldest medical work extant is a roll of papyrus obtained by the celebrated German archæologist, Ebers, in Egypt. He was traveling in that country a few years since and learned that a papyrus roll had been discovered lying by the side of a mummy. After considerable difficulty he became possessed of it. It is about eleven inches wide and sixty feet long, and is in excellent preservation. It was written 1522 years before the Christian era, when Moses had just reached his twenty-first year. The author is believed to be the great Thoth, who was deified by the Egyptians on account of the civilization which he brought them. It is the intention of Ebers to make a complete translation of this work.

PITH AND POINT.

—The last words of a lawyer—I'll soon lie on the other side.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is a wise man who knows which side his bread is oleomargarined on.—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is noticeable that thin women always talk the fastest. A double chin can not be wagged with celerity, even by a woman.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives up his seat.—*Washington Post.*

—Dr. Holmes complains that "making verses is not so easy as sliding down hill," thus exposing himself to the contempt of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.—*Boston Post.*

—That very popular Polish nobleman, Hotwiski, is going into retirement in a few weeks. He will be sadly missed in social circles, and his place will be largely filled by the German Count, Eiscolager.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Shall I read you a pretty story, Effie?" "Has it got a moral to it?" "Yes darling." "Then, Mumsey, I'd rather not. A story with a moral to it is like jam with a powder in it."—*Punch.*

—"Look here, boy," said a stern Galveston parent, "you are telling me a falsehood. I can read it in your face." "Why, pa, you know you can't read worth a cent without your spectacles."—*Galveston News.*

—The Chinese professor at Yale had one student last year. The student progressed so favorably that at the end of the session he was able to enjoy reading his first tea chest.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

—Out in Leadville when one is introduced to a stranger the polite thing is to ask, "What was your name before you came here?" The next question, according to the rules of etiquette, is, "How did you manage to escape?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Guatemala Volcanoes.

The mountain climbers seem to have become dissatisfied with the limits of the Alps. They are scattering over the globe in search of new peaks to conquer. The recent exploits of Mr. Whymper and his companions among the giants of the Andes have just been followed by a still more hazardous performance in Guatemala, where some fearless explorers clambered to the top of the active volcano, El Fuego, boldly penetrating the curtain of deadly vapors about its summit under protection of a favoring wind. The volcano and its neighbor, El Agua, have a curious history. The City of Guatemala was first placed near El Agua, and in 1541 was destroyed by an earthquake and inundation. The inundation was ascribed to the mountain, and so the city was rebuilt further to the north. This brought it nearer to El Fuego, which proved to be as formidable an enemy as the other mountain. It shook up the inhabitants with earthquakes and terrified them with eruptions of lava, until in despair they moved their town a second time, and, going still further north, founded the present Capital City of Guatemala upon a high plain.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

one copy, one year $1 50
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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

With this number THE REPUBLICAN again changes hands, and in again assuming the control and management, we would say that we will do the best we can to make it a faithful exponent of Republican principles, and devoted to the best interests of Garrett county, and to the public good generally.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

The date on the first page of this paper is incorrect; it should be 14 instead of 12.

The Census Office has just given out some daily newspaper statistics. New York State has the largest number of daily papers, 115; Pensylvania next, 98; Maryland has 14; Florida and West Virginia have the lowest number, 3 each.

Ex-Governor Seymour, it is said, has written an earnest letter to a democratic Senator, urging the confirmation of Judge Robertson, speaking highly of his character and capabilities, and saying that his appointment will emancipate and purify politics "by breaking up a tyrannical machine's misrule in this State."

Now is the time for prudent Republicans to lay by ammunition for the coming fall campaign by clipping and pasting in their scrap books what the Hamilton faction bugles say about the Canal Bosses, and what the Bosses say about Hamilton. It will make interesting reading along about next October. Both sides no doubt tell the truth.

Petroleum V. Nasby proposes to "do" Europe, and will write a series of letters for the (Toledo, O.) *Weekly Blade*, commencing this month. He will undoubtedly give the American public some rich reading. The *Weekly Blade* will be sent to any address three months for 50 cents, including an elegant large portrait of D. R. Locke (Nasby). See advertisement in another column.

The frantic appeals of the Bourbon papers in Virginia to the Democrats not to desert to Mahone show how strongly they have become impressed with the fear that many will take that course. And well they may be. The last two general elections in that State give good ground for trepidation in the Democratic ranks. In 1879 the party first split into the debt payer and readjuster factions. The election that year resulted in a nearly equal division, each faction polling about 75,000 votes. In the Presidential election last fall the regular Democratic electoral ticket received 96,000 votes, the Readjuster ticket 31,000 votes, and the Republican ticket 83,000 votes. If the two last named parties unite on a State ticket there will be an end to Bourbon rule in Virginia.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* states that the President is reported to have said that his action was not prompted by unkind feelings toward the New York Senators, nor to invite a contest with the Senate over nominations. He had made the nominations for New York in the public interests, and with a view of harmonizing and strengthening the Republican party in that State by recognizing fully and fairly all the elements. There was no issue in the nomination of Judge Robertson to-day that did not exist when it was presented to the Senate, and the withdrawal of the others did not affect that issue. The Senate could have acted on the nomination intelligently any day since its presentation. He desired successfully to carry out his purpose to give fair recognition to all the various elements of the Republican party in New York and in other States, and he felt that he would be unable to do this if the Senate first proceeded to act upon those of one class, leaving the others subject to a contest that might terminate in such a way as to leave him at a disadvantage and without resources to provide for new complications. He therefore withdrew the five nominations referred to in order that should Judge Robertson's name be rejected by the Senate he would be able to make such disposition as would enable him to carry out his desire to act with equity and justice to the various elements of the Republican party. The President manifested no feeling whatever in reference to the controversy, but seemed determined to adhere to his purpose as above explained.

Secretary of War Lincoln is trying to send the dancing contingent of the United States army—the cotillion squad, so to speak, who are usually called "Coburgers," because they have light duties and make good marriages—to some place where they can cool their heels. The "Coburgers" are a class of social pets, who are never assigned to army duty, and never see the frontiers, because they are nice young men of good figures and good manners. The Washington ladies keep them because they are so handy in the lancers. They are skilful "cavalieres serventes," their uniforms are always in spick-and-span order they belong to "the staff" and despise "the line." Mr. Lincoln is trying to have these band-box warriors assigned to actual service, and he will probably fail. "Back stairs" influence, which these young men know so well how to bring to bear, will, in all probability, defeat him. —*Baltimore American.*

Postmaster General James may not have got to the bottom yet of the star-route iniquity, but the arrest of straw-bidders in Philadelphia shows that he has some of the contractors on the ragged edge. Straw-bids are a well-known game to let in contractors at high figures. A man bids for a mail contract at such a low figure that he is sure to get it. When he is called upon to give bond he has disappeared, and the contract agent awards it to the next lowest responsible bidder, who has made sure to bid high. The other bidder was simply his "stall." This way of doing business is an old one, and has been so thoroughly exposed that there are express provisions against it in the Revised Statutes, under which, indeed, Blackman and Funk have been arrested. Brady seems to have been so sure of his position that he thought he could afford to revive the straw-bid business, in addition to his raised contract jobbing. The arrest of these parties will probably lead to other disclosures. It shows, anyhow, that Postmaster General James means business, and that he will convict for one class of offences, if he cannot secure point-blank evidence as to those of a graver character.—*Balto. American.*

AN ENCOURAGING EXHIBIT.—The March report of imports and exports shows a balance in favor of the United States of nearly $25,000,000. Instead of a falling off in the exports, as had been feared, they seem to be steadily increasing, as for six years past. The excess of exports over imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1876, was $79,643,481. In the next year the excess was nearly double. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1879, the excess was $261,661,666. In the last fiscal year the excess was $167,908,359, which was a very considerable decrease, but for the nine months of the present fiscal year ended March 30, the excess was $234,814,278. The excess of exports over imports, including the fiscal year of 1876 to March last, inclusive, was the enormous sum of nearly $1,200,000,000. This is a magnificent showing, and goes far to sustain the glowing predictions of the future wealth and prosperity of the United States.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Jogging Mr. Beecher's Memory.

The Cumberland *Daily News* publishes the results of an investigation into what passed between the Rev. Mr. Beecher and the Cumberland Agricultural Society after the failure of the former to fulfil his contract. Mr. T. P. Morgan, Jr., of Cumberland, who visited Mr. Beecher after the fair, and notified him that a suit would be instituted for damages, contradicts the statements published as if from Mr. Beecher, of what occurred at the interview. Mr. Morgan made no threats and no offer to compromise on $1,000 or any other sum. Mr. Beecher used no such language as "go to the dogs," and the interview was pleasant throughout. Mr. Beecher's only excuse was that his other engagements in this section failed, and that he could not afford to come to Cumberland for a single lecture. When the society's representative was leaving Mr. Beecher remarked that it might be possible for him to deliever a lecture here at some future time. The second committee of the society, who visited Mr. Beecher in January, 1880, consisted of Dr. S. P. Smith and Mr. T. L. Coulehan, secretary of the Agricultural Society, who was the spokesman on the occasion. He states that nothing unpleasant occurred. Their business was to ask Mr. Beecher whether it would be possible for him to deliever the lecture, and he said that he was working on his "Life of Christ," and could not come. The interview was, however, characterized with politeness and good feeling on both sides.

"So, it is evident that either Mr. Beecher has been misrepresented in the account of the interview, or else is badly mistaken about what passed, for both gentlemen whom our reporter interviewed, are quite sure about what passed. The gentleman who acted as the first committee also tells us that a member of the firm of Hathaway & Pond informed him that they were only acting as Mr. Beecher's agents in the matter, and were not responsible; and, moreover, that as late as the Saturday before Mr. Beecher was to have been here he expressed to one of the firm his willingness to come to Cumberland."

The Victims of Hate.

The fate of southern generals, no matter how brilliant their career during the war, who have ventured since the peace to entertain opinions disagreeable to their fellow citizens, many of whom remained at home during the conflict, is not a pleasant one.

First we have Longstreet, a soldier of approved valor and superior renown, who was second to Lee in the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. He gave his blood to his cause. Longstreet at the close of the war believed that the south could do better than by following the dismal lead of Bourbonism. From that hour until the present he has been denounced and renounced by the South.

There was no more brilliant partisan leader in the south than Col. John S. Mosby. The history of the war shows that Lee expressed the highest admiration for Mosby's skill, energy and devotion. At the close of the war Colonel Mosby ventured to think a Virginian might do as well under republican government as under the government of the men who brought ruin on her fields and disaster on her firesides. From that hour to this Colonel Mosby has been an outlaw in southern society

And now Mahone! General Mahone's record in the southern army is a part of the history of the Confederacy. He began with the beginning, he fought to the end. When the end came it found him on the side of Lee, a trusted and brilliant subordinate. General Mahone's name was then and for some time after an embodiment of devotion to the cause of the south. So long as he remained in sympathy with the Bourbons he was the darling of the southern Democracy. When he discovered that possibly there was a better way to serve Virginia than keeping her under the heels of men who had done so much to wound the old Commonwealth, he found himself an outlaw and held up to scorn by men who were hiding in bombproofs while he was fighting through the Wilderness.

The National Republican League.

The Independent Republicans have organized a new party on the Republican platform in Pennsylvania. Their object is to secure an organization of 1,000 members in each county of that State, and then to commence operations in other States. Its President is William R. Wister, and among the names of those composing its Executive Committee is Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh. The platform is as follows:

The National Republican League, standing squarely on the platform of the Republican Party agreed upon by the Chicago Convention of 1880, adopts as the basis of its future action the following articles:

I. To purity and elevate the Republican Party.

II. To place the party machinery in the hands of men of superior character.

III. To stimulate the moral sentiment of the people in behalf of political activity.

IV. To maintain that the United States is a nation, and its government is invested by the Constitution with all the rights and powers necessary for the maintenance of our national existence, including the protection of voters in the exercise of their political duties.

V. That the principle heretofore sustained by the Republican Party of meeting all financial obligations, whether in the form of bonds or currency, with absolute good faith, should be adhered to strictly, and any effort of Commonwealths or municipalities to escape by direct or indirect means from their financial contracts should be condemned and opposed.

VI. The national well being requires a continuance of that policy of protection to our industries which has always been a leading principle of the Republican Party.

VII. That the worst of the existing evils of our national life, being the results of former Democratic rule, should be remedied by the restoration in our local, State, and national Governments of the tenure of routine officers for life or during good behavior, with the establishment of pensions for superannuated officials and merited promotion within each department of the public service.

VIII. That the relations established by the National Constitution between different branches of the Government should be scrupulously preserved in order to defend as well the Executive in its duties from such encroachments as are now being made by a portion of the Legislature, as to protect the Legislative and Judicial branches themselves against improper interference on the part of the Executive or of each other.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1881.

The Republican Senators held a caucus yesterday, at which the nomination of Judge Robertson was discussed. Senator Conkling made a long speech complaining of his treatment by the President, and asking that, in order to soothe his wounded feelings, the nomination of Judge Robertson be rejected. It is thought that when the time for voting comes only ten Republican Senators will vote against the confirmation of Robertson. It is also said that the adoption by the caucus of the rule to let all contested nominations go until last, was not adopted with any intention to defeat the President, but simply as a matter of convenience, and that as soon as all the other nominations are acted upon the contested nominations will come up. Nevertheless it is certain that the caucus rule gives Senator Conkling considerable advantage over the President.

The Chairman of the Republican National Committee has issued a circular inviting expressions of opinion from Republicans throughout the country in regard to the best methods or rules that should be adopted for electing delegates to the next national convention in 1884. The circular recites the requirements of the last convention, for the National Committee to prescribe rules and announce rules on this subject in twelve months from last June, and also narrates the preliminary action taken by the Committee in March last, when the whole subject was referred to a sub-committee consisting of Wm. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Thos. C. Platt, of New York, John M. Forbes, of Massachusetts, John M. Martin, of Kansas, and Chauncey J. Kelley, of Missouri. Chairman Jewell now gives notice that suggestions on the important questions involved are desired, and will be received by him at Hartford, Conn., or by any member of the sub-committee.

The Senate Judiciary Committee yesterday morning voted to report adversely on the nomination of Stanley Matthews as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. The nomination was reported accordingly to the Senate in executive session in the afternoon. It is understood that the vote in Committee on this nomination as follows: Mr. Lamar for confirmation; against confirmation, Messrs. Edmunds, Logan, Ingalls, McMillen, Davis of Illinois, and Bayard. Absent, Messrs. Conkling and Garland.

The President sent a message to the Senate yesterday withdrawing the nomination of W. A. M. Grier, of Pennsylvania, to be Third Assistant Postmaster General. Mr. Grier having been solemnly promised the Second Assistant Postmaster Generalship by the President, refused to take the other place, and wrote the President a letter of declination. Hence the above action.

LOGAN.

Father Maloney's Miracles.

The pretended rasing of a girl from the dead and various cases performed by Father Maloney at Erie, Pa., have been exploded by the investigation of a reporter of the Cleveland *Leader*. The Bishop of Erie and all the Catholic clergy of that city had previously denounced him as a fraud, and Maloney in turn complained of them to Aarchbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, but as he was formerly guilty of certain violations of his priestly vows, no attention was paid to him by the Archbishop. The raising of Ellen McQuillian apparently from the dead was performed at Summit township, and was witnessed by a number of people who saw her lying cold and stiff, when as Maloney called upon God she raised to a sitting posture, and made the sign of the cross. It has now been ascertained that there was collusion between the girl and the priest. He, however, had numerous believers, and was receiving letters from all parts of the country asking his prayers, and enclosing money for masses. The reporter after becoming acquainted with the priest was asked by him to further his plans, by spreading the news of miracles throughout the country. Maloney informed the *Leader* reporter that a lady in San Francisco had offered to give $10,000 to the Lord if He would cure her daughter through Maloney. Maloney expected to be able to get the money, and promised to give the reporter $1,000 if he would work with him, and gave the newspaper man $4 as an earnest of the bargain. Immediately after leaving Maloney the reporter went to Alderman Diefenbach and made an affidavit embodying the foregoing facts. It is estimated that Maloney has received hundreds of dollars every week through the mails, to say nothing of the offerings left behind by home contributions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Temperance candidate for mayor of Charlotte, N. C., was elected on Monday by 23 majority.

Boston is talking about a world's fair in 1885, using as a nucleus the grounds and buildings now being prepared for the minor expositions this fall.

On Monday passenger cars commenced running on the Cambria and Somerset Railroad, between Johnstown and Somerset, Pa. This is a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The thirty millions of frances that many papers reported had been carried off by DeLesseps' defaulting cashier from Panama, has dwindled down to fifteen thousand frances, and even that has been recovered.

The increasing wealth of France is shown by the augmentation of railroad receipts in 1880 over the preceding year. The increase was one hundred and fourteen million frances, and the total receipts one thousand and twenty-eight millions.

Allegheny county, Pa., has nearly completed the payment of losses caused by the railroad riots of 1877. Thus far claims amounting to about $2,750,000 have been liquidated, and bonds to the amount of $2,650,000 have been issued. It is thought that $45,000 will cover all the unsettled claims.

The members of the South Carolina Press Association will have their annual meeting at Beaufort this week. They will be entertained by the citizens, enjoy a steamboat excursion to Port Royal, and take part in a ball. On Friday they embark for a trip to Florida.

At a wedding in Muscatine, Ohio, the bridegoom, immediately after the ceremony, put on his hat and overcoat, said "Good-by" to his wife, and telling the guests that he had no intention of living with her, coolly walked away.

Over twenty-three thousand dollars was paid for a herd of Jersey cattle, consisting of six bulls, fifteen cows and twenty-one heifers, sold in New York on Thursday. The Alphea bull Polonius brought alone four thousand six hundred dollars.

The anniversey of the battle of Bunker Hill—the 17th of June—will be celebrated this year by a parade of the Charlestown Antique Association, followed by the unveiling of the Prescott statue, with an address by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

The proprietors of the three principal theatres of New Orleans have entered into a pooling arrangement, by which the receipts for the next three years are to be divided at the rate of forty per cent. each for the St. Charles and Academy of Music, and twenty per cent. to the Grand Opera House.

William Baynard, the bigamist who pleaded guilty in New York on Wednesday, spoiled the future matrimonial prospects of his first wife by bidding her adieu with the words, "It is worth ten years, madam, to get away from you."

The celebrated trotters St. Julien, Santa Claus, Oakland Maid and Overman are on the way East from California, in charge of Mr. Owen A. Hickok, the renowned driver of St Julien, to engage in important contests on the turf this season.

William Geisel died in Philadelphia on Monday from an injury received in a curious way. He got a drink at a saloon, and, in rushing out to avoid paying for it, he ran against the handle of a push-cart, receiving a wound that ended in his death.

The consumption of opium is rapidly increasing in San Francsco. There are four hundred places where opium is sold, and each one of them receives an income averaging $75 a day from the traffic. The religious and secular press are calling attention to the matter.

Mr. Rice, of Charleston, Iowa, discovering that his wife had eloped, examined his wallet, and finding it as full, apparently, as when he had last seen it, said that he felt no further concern about the matter. His interest was revived on discovering that the money had been replaced with scraps of paper.

Five drivers of a bob tailed line of cars in New York have been arrested for conniving with three men who were always riding with them as passengers. The latter had keys with which they opened and robbed the padlocked boxes where the fares were deposited. The company had been losing $50 a day in this way.

During the late freshet in the Des Moines River, a man supposed to be deranged, passed down astride of a log, keeping upright by means of an oar. He shouted out to the spectators that he was bound to New Orleans and had no time to stop.

The immigrant passengers landed at Castle Garden on Thursday footed up no less than 4,728—larger than any number recorded on any one day since last summer. The aggregate for the present month will probably exceed sixty thousand, which will be unparalleled in the history of immigration.

The group of grogshops and dance-houses on Houston street, New York, known as Murderers' Row, is to be demolished, to give place to more modern buildings. During the war it was the headquarters of bounty-brokers, and at all times the haunt of the vilest of the city vile, counterfeiters, thieves and cut-throats.

J. H. Meredith, claiming to be a Methodist minister at Trenton, N. J., and also a temperance lecturer, was convicted yesterday in Philadelphia of stealing two books from a second-hand book store. He pretended that he intended paying for them, but he had only fifty cents with him, and their value was three times that amount.

The Philadelphia Fuel Savings Society held its sixtieth annual meeting in that city on Tuesday. During last summer 1,982 depositors lodged their savings, amounting to $16,829, with the society, and during the winter were supplied with coal at wholesale prices, or 75 cents per ton below the winter rates. It is a truly benevolent society, the manager serving without pay.

William Priester, who was shot by his son, Wm. H. Priester, at Allendale, S. C., died on Friday night. The quarrel between them grew out of an old feud and had nothing to do with the son's marriage. The murderer escaped in his buggy after the assault, and has not been seen since. A warrant has been issued for his arrest, and the excitement is so great that lynching will probably be attempted if he is caught.

During some recent excavations at Durkheim, in the Rhenish, Palatinate, the workmen came upon an enormous iron chest containing the celebrated treasure of the Abby of Limberg, which disappeared after the siege of the abby in 1504. The treasure is supposed to have been put in safety by the Abbot out of fear of an attack. It is composed of a large number of vases and other objects of gold and silver, of precious stones and coins of the fifteeth century.

The New York fire insurance underwriters are excited over danger to houses by the accidental contact of an electric light wire with one connected with a telephone. The contact sent in flash to the telephone box, destroying it, and caused some damage to the building. Buildings using the electric wire are threatened with being rated as "specially hazardous," and the electric light companies are making arrangements to insulate their wires, a precaution previously adopted by the Brush Company.

The monument erected over the grave of Thomas Lett Hackett, who was killed in the Catholic riot in Montreal in 1877, contains an inscription declaring that he was "barbarously murdered by an Irish Roman Catholic mob." The cemetery company has decided that the inscription is improper, and the offensive words must be erased. The Orangemen claim proprietorship of the monument and grave lot, and threaten legal proceedings if the company erases the words, which is intended by the officials.

The stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company went up to 70 in Philadelphia on Wednesday—the highest figure it has ever touched. Its increase in value has been steady since 1856, when it sold at 40. There are those who think that with continued prosperity in five years, if not sooner, the stock will have reached 80, doubling its value. The Allegheny Valley Railroad directors met on Wednesday and re elected John Scott president. It was announced that the negotiations of Mr. Gould for the use of this road as a part of the eastern connection for his Wabash

A bill before the New York legislature, imposing a tax of one dollar per head upon every immigrant arriving at Castle Garden, has created an excitement among the agents of the foreign steamships. They say it is an attempt to revive the capitation tax, already declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. The law attempts to evade that decision by authorizing the Commissioners of Immigration to "inspect alien immigrants and their effects," which is now effectually done by the health officer. It is feared that the enforcement of the law would drive the immigration business to Philadelphia, Baltimore and other competing ports.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Lawton commenced operations at his woolen factory this week.

—The largest stock of hats and caps in Oakland is at G. E. Hinkley's.

—P. A. Chisholm, Esq., has moved into the New Glade House.

—Messrs. F. A. and R. H. Thayer lost a valuable young horse last week.

—Mrs. Reed, of Omaha, is visiting her father, Mr. John Dailey.

—Men's and boys hats and caps at Hinkley's, opposite Dailey's Hotel.

—Go to M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store, and see the lates styles and fashions.

—The most brilliant and attractive line of Dry Goods is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—The Republican City Convention of Cumberland Tuesday renominated J. W. Shaffer for re-election as Clerk.

The largest assortment of ladies' sacqueing cloth, boys' and men's cassimeres, is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Mrs. Sarah Mason will receive a few boarders at her residence next door to J. O. Michael's store.

—Mr. Zealous Tower, who had been seriously ill, is now able to attend to business.

—Hon. H. G. Davis and family have taken up their residence for the summer at Deer Park.

—Dr. Chas. Keller, of Grantsville, spent most of this week in Oakland with his brother, Dr. B. T. Keller.

—Mr. Geo. F. Loughridge has employed a first-class boot and shoe maker, and is now prepared to execute all orders with dispatch.

—The most exquisite line of ladies' and children's trimmed hats and bonnets, artificial flowers, &c., is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Messrs. M. Cullen and D. Ryan and their families arrived in Oakland this week. They have spent several months in the south.

—Died, at Altamont, April 20th, 1881, George Pouge, colored, aged 85 years. He leaves a wife aged 50 years, and four small children.

—Rev. John Coffin Nazaro will preach in the Deer Park Church Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Subject: "The Divine Eloquence of Revelation."

—The ten-pin alleys at the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels, crushed by the weight of snow last winter, have been repaired.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas last week received a diploma from the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland. He has also been appointed a local member of the State Board of Health.

—The case of the State vs. Alex. Thrasher, charged with the murder of Joseph Pratt, removed from Cumberland to Hagerstown, has been set for trial Tuesday, May 24.

—The Council of the Ev. Lutheran Church at Deer Park will be elected on Sunday Morning, May 15, 1881. All members of the Church are expected to be present and assist in the election.

—The public schools of Oakland closed Friday. Persons desiring to send their children to a good school during the vacation in the public schools, should consult the Misses Jones, Lutheran Parsonage Oakland.

—Dress silks of every variety, trimming silk, satins and brocades, lace goods in absolute profusion; cashmere and knit summer shawls, bereges, Parisinia, Grenadine de Lyon, Hamburgs, and indies' furnishing goods, just received where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—In the notice of the appointment of road supervisors, and the assignment of roads, for District No. 4, published last week, a mistake was made in giving Mr. Warnick more territory than was assigned him by the County Commissioners, and omitting Mr. Aden Duckworth altogether. It should have read: Henry Warnick, all roads South of Bloomington. Aden C. Duckworth, roads from Kogan's to county line and from water trough to Bloomington.

—Clara Bell May Wentzell, aged 4 years, 10 months and 27 days, after suffering for five weary weeks, departed this life on the 10th of May, 1881. Little Clara was consecrated to the Lord by the rite of Baptism in her early infancy, in the Ev. Lutheran Church. She was being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—in the way that she should go. Being a precocious child, she was the idolized pet of the family. She learned many beautiful verses and songs which she repeated and sung with effect upon her attendants and relatives during her fatal illness. When her strength gave way she would call others of the family to hear up her broken strains and chant her favorite songs. Her patience and resignation was that of mature womanhood. She spoke often of going to Heaven and being with her brother gone before her. Just before the hour of final dissolution she spoke of the darkness which veiled from her vision the sight of her flowers, and sighed for that home where there is no darkness; where all is light, joy and peace. Her little life was short and transitory, but bright, sweet and impressive as the early bud—the delicate blossom of spring. Though she leaves fond parents and friends to mourn her early departure, she leaves with them the comforting hope that though her life is closed, her voice is hushed on earth, she lives and sings in Heaven. Her life and death conspire to woo and beckon her loved ones home. Sorrow not then, bereaved ones, as those who have no hope;

For she's now sweetly resting,
Her dreams no pains molesting.
Where Jesus lay she's sleeping,
Then where's the cause of weeping?

If Jesus rose immortal,
To enter Heaven's portal,
Your Clara shall with blessing
Awake the same possessing.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 7¼ o'clock p. m. Sunday School opens promptly at 9 o'clock.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a.m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Spring and Summer Millinery Goods.

We have now open a full stock of Ladies' hats and bonnets, Misses' children's and boy's hats, in all the new brands. Also a full line of silks, ribbons, feathers, ties, sun umbrellas, and many new and desirable goods.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

Bright Church Prospects at Swanton.

The church building enterprise at Swanton is being pushed forward, and not only is an eligible lot secured, but about $200, besides fair and substantial promises from reliable parties. We hereby ask any who may feel disposed to aid in this grand and much needed enterprise, to forward their promises or aid to Mr. C. M. Miller, Swanton, Md., who will gladly receive and acknowledge any amount of money, material, aid or time for the erection of the church at Swanton. Don't be ashamed to put in your mite if you can't spare a large sum. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and so do we in our time of need. W. S.

GRANTSVILLE, May 9th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please allow me space in your columns for a few corrections in "Observer's" communication, which appeared in your issue of last week. The author says the Amish do not use bread and wine on communion occasions. This is not correct. They use bread and wine exclusively, and do not make a full meal, nor does a kind of broth or soup form their sacred emblems. The author is also mistaken in saying that their services are conducted without singing. It is the invariable custom to sing before and after preaching. S. B.

Town Council Meeting.

The Newly elected town Commissioners, Messrs. Townshend, Coddington, Dunham and Michael, met at the call of Burgess Gonder and qualified according to law.

H. Allen Ison was appointed Clerk until a permanent Clerk shall have been elected.

On motion of Commissioner Coddington a committee of two was appointed to canvass the town and examine the streets and sidewalks, so as to report at the next meeting what repairs are necessary. The committee, Messrs Coddington and Michael, was also instructed to have the Davis bridge examined and to report concerning it.

Adjourned to meet on Tuesday evening next, at 7½ o'clock.

...ood weed pasture, and I ...re say that I am of opinion if ...of the weeds so eagerly eaten by ...were domesticated and properly ...ated they would prove more satisfactory for hog pasture than anything ...of grass kind.

A burglar lately entered a house in ...outskirts of Buffalo, and found a ...r sitting up with a sick child. ...' said she to him in a whisper, as ...as she could compose herself to ..., "there is nothing of value in this ...except that child's life, at least to ...but you may find otherwise. Here, ...by keys, search everywhere, take ...you want, but speedily and without ...oise, I implore you." She handed ...he keys, placed her finger on her ...nd pointed to the door. The ...r moved quietly away, then turned ...aid in a low voice: "Is he very ..." "His life hangs on the continu... of this sleep." "Then he will re... all the noise I'll make," the ..., answered, laying down the keys ...noiselessly taking his departure, ...olutely nothing else.

Waffles—One pint cold boiled rice, ... with cold milk, add one egg, beat ...ether well; add a small piece of ..., and stir in flour enough to make ...er stiff enough to bake.

Court Proceedings.

Very little business was done in the Circuit Court which closed Saturday evening. The only cases of general interest disposed of were the following:

APPEALS.

August Bonig vs. Samuel Keller. Judgment reversed.

Samuel Johnson vs. William Layman. Judgment reversed.

County Commissioners vs. E. B. Fuller. Non prossed.

William Ryland vs. Alfred Daniels. Jury trial. Verdict for appellant.

J. H. Gregg & Son vs. Daniel M. Sant. Submitted to the Court. Judgment reversed without prejudice.

County Commissioners vs. Peter Boucher. Non prossed.

County Commissioners vs. Jasper Guard. Non prossed.

Frederick Cutter vs. Henry Spiker. Non prossed by appellant's attorney.

TRIALS.

Samuel W. Friend vs Geo. Hill. Verdict for defendant.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

State vs. Moses McKinzie. Selling liquor to minors. Plead guilty. Fined $20 and costs.

State vs. Isadore Garlitz. Selling liquor to minors. Plead guilty. Fined $20 and costs.

State vs. H. C. Shaw. Attempted arson. Verdict not guilty.

This case was the most important one on the docket, and occupied two days, during all of which time the court house was crowded with spectators, a large number of whom were ladies. It seemed apparent to outsiders long before the case was given to the jury that Mr. Shaw would be acquitted, and when the jury returned after a few minute's absence, all anticipated the verdict, and when it was announced those in attendance manifested their approval by clapping of hands and stamping of feet until called to order. The State was represented by Messrs, Veitch and Price, and the defence by Messrs. Peddicord & Combs, Seyster and Brown.

The Bee Moth.

I believe many readers of your valuable *Journal* will read with pleasure a simple method for destroying that pest, the bee moth. The following is one which I have used for the past three years:

I placed a gallon mustard jar in my apiary in which I put about 4 inches of water sweetened with refuse honey. The first year I caught hundreds, as well as codling or apple moths; the second year I did not get so many, and the last year I caught but few. I think I will soon destroy them all. The vessel must not be too narrow at the neck. The moths only fly at night; the vessel must be taken in in the day or many bees will be lost in it. The moths must be removed every 2 or 3 days, otherwise those which come into it will light on them and be able to escape.—*American Bee Journal*.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The Dorchester fair grounds have been sold to a Baltimore gentlemen for a farm, so that the fairs of Dorchester are over.

Mr. E. L. White, formerly a clerk in the store of Messrs. Miller & Co., of Baltimore, died near Preston, Caroline county, on the 1st instant.

The Elkton hotel keepers complain that since local option went into operation his customers carry their whiskey flasks and consume his ice water in cooling their liquor.

Philip H. Pyfer, an estimable citizen of Frederick, died on Wednesday evening, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Mr. Wm. Ritchie, a member of the Frederick bar and brother of the Hon. John Ritchie, has gone to Chicago to take a position in a law office there.

The peach orchards along the Choptank are alive and unharmed, but there will be no crop made in the interior of Dorchester county, away from salt water.

Wm. Kinsett's large peach orchard on the top of the mountain at Fair view, Washington county, has not been harmed by the frost, and now promises to yield a full crop.

A curious spectacle was lately witnessed in a half acre lot near Westminster. A man and woman were engaged in plowing the ground. They had a small plow, he doing the pulling and she pushing at the handles.

Several Sassafras Neck farmers are planting Spanish chestnut trees this spring. There are a number of these trees in bearing in that section, and the crop is said to be very remunerative to the grower.

The run of fish in the Susquehanna near Havre de Grace during the past week has been so great that several millions of herring have been turned out of the seines and floats for the want of time, room and facilities to take care of them. Messrs. Osmond & Co. gave away one hundred thousand after bringing them ashore. The run of shad has also been very good.

The new court-house at Upper Marlborough, Prince George's county, has been completed at a cost of $20,000 on the plans prepared by Frank E. Davis, the architect, of Baltimore.

Judge Dickson, who sold his stock in the Milford Bay Shore Railroad Company, has another road for sale—the Delaware Central—running from Mahon's river to Marydel. The road has a surplus in bank of $11.50.

A great oyster-shucking match took place at Oxford, Md., last week. There were four entries. Moses Johnson won the champion oyster-knife. He opened one hundred oysters in five minutes and twenty-five seconds.

On the 28th ult., John E. Miles, of Burkettsville, Frederick county, hung himself in the kitchen of his residence. It is supposed he committed the act because his family had decided to go West against his wishes.

On Friday last a freight car containing furniture belonging to Mr. George A. Abobtt, of Baltimore, and a quantity of new furniture of Mr. David W. Brooks, of Frederick, was crushed to pieces in consequences of a defective brake. The furniture was completely demolished.

David Yingling, who died on the 1st instant near Manchester, had $3,000 life insurance at the time of his death. Applications amounting to $51,000 had been made, but some of the policies had been dropped and the rest had not been returned.

Mr. Tillard, an English gentlemen, who has recently purchased land in Carroll county, has returned home and will bring his family here in the fall. He is so well pleased with this section of the country that he will bring out a colony with him, it is expected.

Messrs. Jack and Jeffords, of Philadelphia, have leased a track of land on Elk Creek, and are digging clay for the manufacture of wares and paints. Barge loads are sent daily to Philadelphia via the canal. The best quality of the clay lies beneath the bed of the creek, and a cofferdam is to be built so as to get at it.

One day last week seven car-loads of tobacco, aggregating fifty-six tons, were shipped on the York and Peach Bottom Railroad from Delta and Woodbine stations. This tobacco was raised in the upper section of Harford county, Md., and the lower end of York county, Pa.

Mrs. A. W. Emmons, wife of the general secretary of the Young Men's Cristian Association in Cumberland, died on Thursday at her home in that city, after patiently suffering for nearly twelve years with a disease that baffled the skill of all the physicians that attended her.

Two children and the mother of Mr. Frank Payne, near Gilpin's point, on the Choptank, were taken ill last week, and died with symptoms of cholera. Mr. and Mrs. Payne still continue ill with similar symptoms. The disease was caused by drinking water from a well that had caved in.

Miss Maggie Bell Frantz, a girl thirteen years old, died on Sunday last at Clearspring, Washington county, from injuries received from a fall nearly a month before. She had clambered up a ladder and fell about ten feet, striking a scraper, which penetrated her body. Her father is greatly commiserated, as within a few years he has been bereaved of his wife, mother and three children.

Henry Sempers, of Easton, who has been a patient in the Maryland Hospital, at Baltimore, for more than a year past, returned to his home on the 3d instant, reporting that he had been discharged. Soon afterwards he gave evidence of being as crazy as ever by buying a knife to kill his son-in-law, and he was lodged in prison for safe-keeping.

The handsome town of Cambridge is to be improved this season with with several church buildings. The M. E. Church South will build a new edifice at the Southwest corner of Main and Race streets. The M. E. Church north propose building a steeple upon and otherwise improving its present place of worship. The Methodist Protestants have made arrangements for building a new church in East Cambridge.

The Laurel *Herald* reports the robbery of the Catholic Church in that town. The robbers gained an entrance through one of the windows by the use of a ladder. They went into the confession room, and breaking open the tabernacle, carried off a solid silver vessel, the inside of which was plated with gold. It cost about $150. There is no clue to the thieves, but they are supposed to be the same who recently robbed the church at Rockville.

Frank Crow, of Mount Savage, a boy thirteen years old, is a prisoner at Cumberland under peculiar circumstances. He was convicted at the last term of court of larceny, but not sentenced because of a motion for a new trial. The court adjourned without acting on the motion, and he remains, enjoying a jolly life at the expense of the county, with the privilege of parading the streets when so inclined.

In Centreville a strange cat that cannot be domesticated in the family a year ago assumed the task of matronizing a brood of fowls, and she watches the hen-house with all the care of a faithful watch-dog. She sees that all enter, and then goes in and remains with them all night. During the day she keeps herself where she can overlook her adopted chicks, but dashes away when any of the family approach her.

In widening a carriage road leading to St. Luke's Church at Church Hill, Queen Anne's county, it became necessary to move the remains of David Latimer, who died March 1st, 1795, in the 28th year of his age. The teeth, hair, skull and the brass buttons on his coat were found well preserved after being buried 86 years. But little traces of the coffin were found, and some of his bones had crumbled into dust.

Mr. Solomon Full, of Fairmont district, Somerset county, died on the 25th, aged eighty-six. He was a great trapper and hunter, and eccentric in his notions, one of which was that there was no hereafter. He was buried in a coffin that was made for him about three years before his death, he furnishing the walnut lumber for the purpose. When the undertaker who had accepted the job came to measure him for the coffin, Mr. Full asked him to take a social glass, a novel occurrence, considering the circumstances.

Mr. Abner P. Bailey, of Wilmington, Del., has in possession a curious piece of sandstone that came from Lynch's Station, Kent county, Md. The stone contains several well defined and unmistakable hickory nuts, which have become petrified and as hard as the stone itself. The nuts are partly open, and give the idea of having just fallen from the tree. In some instances the kernals are discernable. The stone itself and its strange composition make a rare curiosity, and it is seldom, indeed, that anything so remarkable is seen in the mineral world.

The Rev. E. B. Newman, who refused to fill the station at the Snow Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, says that the health of his family would not allow him to go there. He states that "he has been in the ministry several years, and that while tow or three appointments had asked for him, as was the case during last conference, he had been put aside, and men transferred from other conferences had secured the appointments they desired. He says he has no objection whatever to the good people of Snow Hill, but he don't propose to be ignored in his wishes, while so many pet brethren are gratified." He has consented to preach this year for an independent church in Washington, but will reside in Baltimore.

Ezekiel F. C. Jeffers, who in 1877 was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, was last week pardoned by Gov. Hamilton. He was convicted of setting fire to the barn of his wife's father, on Kent Island, where he carried on the wheelwright and blacksmithing business. He was very dissipated at that time, and as a bad feeling existed between him and Wm. M. Brown, whose daughter he had married, led to his being suspected of the crime. Mrs. Brown testified to seeing him running away when the fire broke out, and his hat was found close by, which was probably knocked from his head by the limb of an apple tree as he fled from the spot. He could not account for his whereabouts on that night, but his friends have always doubted his guilt, and his friends at last succeeded in obtaining his pardon.

Local Option has made one undying enemy to States' Rights. Montgomery county, Maryland, has a strict local option law, but nevertheless, there is a distillery in the county, working under a United States license. Now as no man makes whisky for fun, and as the instances are rare of men who can alone consume the product of a distillery, the manufacturer naturally sought to sell the whisky to his neighbors, but Local Option came in and forbade him and when he complained to the United States authorities he was informed that the general government guarantees no right where it conflicts with the State law.

The Philadelphia *Record* of Monday points the following, which, although somewhat faulty in statistics, is important if true:

By a new arrangement the Pennsylvania railroad company is to pool with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company the large tonnage of coal secured from the bituminous fields near Cumberland, Maryland. The new outlet to these coal fields is as follows: The George's Creek and Cumberland railroad company has built twenty-one miles of road from the coal fields to Cumberland; from the latter point to the State line seven miles of road have been secured, which joins the Bedford division of the Pennsylvania railroad at Bedford, and the Huntingdon and Broad Top to be used to the main line of the Pennsylvania road at Huntingdon. The total production of the Cumberland region is 2,000,000 tons per annum, one-fourth of which is controlled by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, and the other three-fourths will be taken by the Pennsylvania railroad company.

Dr. Oellig & Pfontz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $1.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $5.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Dissolution Notice.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of F. A. Thayer & Co., was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
F. A. THAYER.

Oakland, Md., May 10, 1881.

FOR RENT.

A completely furnished Cottage, suitable for Summer visitors. Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. — Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE is hereby given, to all whom it may concern, that David Enos, of Garrett county, Maryland, did on the 10th day of May, 1881, apply to the Circuit Court for said county, for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of the State of Maryland, and that the undersigned was appointed on this day the preliminary Trustee of said petition under the law in such case made and provided. All persons interested in any manner in said proceedings or the estate of said insolvent are required to appear at the County Clerk's office in the town of Oakland, County and State aforesaid, on Wednesday, the 18th day of May, 1881, at the hour of 11 o'clock, A. M., of said day, to choose a permanent Trustee for the estate of said insolvent.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Preliminary Trustee.

NASBY IN EUROPE.

May 11th Mr. D. R. Locke, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of Letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st. They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

TERMS:

For Three Months, post paid, 50 cts.
For Six Months, - - - - $1.00

NASBY PORTRAIT FREE.

Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Mr. Locke's European Letters, for either three or six months, will receive, free of charge, a splendid

PORTRAIT OF MR. LOCKE,

in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50 cts. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to the BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait, will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

Specimen Copies of the BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription at once. Address

BLADE CO.,
Toledo, O.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

it being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel R. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 347, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—So great is the Empress of Austria's horror of noise that wherever she may be thick carpets are laid down to drown the sound of even her own footsteps.

—The Princess Dolgorouki left her children behind her when, three hours and a half after the Czar's death, she was ordered to retire from St. Petersburg. Her sister, also, now at Warsaw, has received instructions to withdraw to Italy.

—The town of Elbing, in Germany, has been accustomed to make an appropriation every year for an illumination of the Rathshaus on the anniversary of the Emperor William's birthday; but this year it takes the significant action of devoting the money to the poor of the city.

—Several French ladies of high rank who are unwilling to part with their children to go abroad, and are unwilling also to separate them from the religious teachers to whom they have been hitherto confided, have emigrated for a time to Jersey, where several French convent schools are established.

—Lenten parties in Paris are held under certain restrictions. Operatic music or strains of a frivolous character are prohibited, and only classical music or oratorios are allowed, nothing but harmless sirups or tea may be drunk, and the sole game at cards approved of is a quiet rubber of whist or of piquet.

—Alexander III. has a decided liking for France and the French. During the Franco-Prussian war he forbade those about him to speak any other language than Russ or French. The fine inflicted for speaking German amounted to 100 francs. On one occasion the Czar called on him and jocularly said in German: "Good morning, my son," handing him five louis as his penalty.

—Madame Tarnowski is a Russian lady who has just been unanimously elected an active member of the Society of Physicians in charge of the lunatic asylums of her native country. She received several years ago the diploma of M. D. at the St. Petersburg University, and since entering actively upon the profession she has shown so much skill, power of thought, and success in her treatment of difficult cases that she has earned a wide reputation even among specialists.

—An article on Alexander III., written by a Russian of high position, says the new Czar will strive to maintain good relations with Germany, toward whom his attitude will be simply the same as was that of his father. France will enjoy a more marked sympathy. The relations with Austria have the appearance of distrust. In any case, the triple alliance will not be seen again. Relations with England will be more cordial probably on account of the Czar's warm friendship for the Prince of Wales.

Have Women Intuitions?—Do They See Deeper Than Men?

It is very generally assumed that women are superior to men in their intuitions. We are told continually by novelists, social essayists, and would-be philosophers of the drawing-room that, while man is forced to reach conclusions by laborious processes of reasoning, woman leaps to hers by swift and unerring intuition. This thing has been asserted so often that many people accept it as a matter of course; we do not remember, indeed, of ever hearing the assertion disputed.

Nevertheless we believe the theory to be entirely without support. There is not only not the slightest evidence in its favor, but all the facts distinctly indicate that there is no such thing. To declare that women have the power of perceiving facts or acquiring true knowledge by intuition is to endow them with a sixth sense; to equip them in a way that must necessarily give them an advantage over men in nearly all the affairs of life. In such a case, women would be safer guides than men in almost everything, and especially in those things unsusceptible of proof, in which we are necessarily governed by our impressions.

Women ought to be, admitting this theory to be true, much better judges of character than men. They would be furnished with means for more prompt decision in many emergencies. They would make fewer mistakes in social questions. They would be better protected against the designs of scoundrels. They would be less susceptible to delusions of the senses, and less easily led away by false logic. Intuitional perceptions being the operation of a natural force, women who possess them would not only be able to reach results sooner than men, but their conclusions would be more sound and trustworthy.

For to reason rightly requires training and experience, and, consequently, while men with little experience and no training would stumble greatly in their efforts to sift evidence and arrive at the truth, women would commonly be right offhand. To state the proposition fully is really to prove its absurdity. But let us see how intuition serves women in affairs generally. We have never been able to detect in the other sex a special fitness for dealing with the problems of life, big or little.

If women have intuitional perceptions, they ought to be very successful speculators, and, though they can not well go into Wall Street themselves, Wall Street men would be sure in such a case to act solely by the advice and direction of their wives; and, if married brokers availed themselves of this power at their hand they would soon drive bachelor brokers out of the field, or at least into matrimony. If it were true, no politician would ever make a move without having first consulted the intuitions of some accomplished woman.

Women have sometimes acted wise parts in politics, and some successful men have acknowledged the happy aid rendered by their wives; but in these occasional instances the women have possessed superior intellect and good reasoning powers; they have, we may be sure, aided the men along the lines the men have worked; they have helped them to their ends by the highway of reason and judgment, and not seduced them into morasses by promises of mysterious short cuts.

In ordinary business there is no evidence that intuition is worth anything, much less equal in value to experience, or that it can in any way be substituted for it. The trader, man or woman, who, instead of studying the market, bought and sold by intuition, would soon go to wreck. In domestic life women do not secure more trusty friends than men do; they are not more successful than men in selecting servants; they do not adjust themselves more happily to the tempers and failings of companions, nor more quickly perceive the consequences of a misspoken word, nor read character more accurately, nor exhibit more insight into the future than the masculine sex does.

In all these things there are great differences in individuals, but there is no evidence on record attainable to show that the difference separates along the line of the sex, and it is notoriously the woman and not the man who is deceived by the soft manners and oily pretensions of the quack; it is the woman always who is overcome by the hypocritical unctions of the Rev. Honeymans.

And now we reach the most decided test of all. The most important event in the life of a woman is the selection of a husband. In nothing else would the power of intuitional perception have a better opportunity to evince itself, or be of greater service to the possessor.

This may be fairly called a critical test; and the moment we apply it we see that the theory falls to the ground utterly. That men, who confessedly are without intuitions, often make sad mistakes in selecting their life-companions we all know; but do they err as frequently as women do? Men are often fascinated by bad women, deluded by selfish, wrong-hearted women; but of all hopelessly blind creatures there is none to equal a young woman enamored of an unworthy man.

Sometimes it is a smooth and plausible rake; sometimes a showy, innately-vulgar fellow, with bad habit and atrocious tastes; sometimes a man whose fiber is coarse, and who is sure to develop into a brutal and tyrannical master; sometimes it is a man whose cold and selfish heart is for the moment concealed under the affectation of sympathy and affection. In whatever guise it comes, the woman, in a majority of instances, is utterly deluded.

She fails to see the mask, or to detect the real character that it hides. She refuses to listen to reason; she will not believe the wise cautions of her friends; she rejects evidence; she will not listen to admonitions or warnings; she insists upon trusting to her intuitions, so called, and as a consequence, her happiness is wrecked for life. It is monstrous for people who ought to know better to talk of womanly intuitions in the face of facts like these. They do incalculable injury.

Instead of showing that reason is the only safe dependence, that all persons must be wary of hasty impressions, that one can not trust any guide but sound judgment, young women are brought up with the notion that they are endowed with a special talisman; that they possess an occult, mysterious, short-hand method of getting at facts; that they are not obliged to sift evidence and weigh circumstances, but have only to trust implicitly to certain impulses or instincts; and as a result they too frequently make appalling and irretrievable mistakes.

There was never a more unfounded, brazen, audacious humbug than this theory of womanly intuitions, and, as it is infinitely mischievous, those who advise it ought to be brought sharply to the bar of a revised public opinion.—*Appleton's Journal.*

How Justice is Administered in Russia.

Panjutin, one of the government officials in command of the district embracing Odessa, in Russia, is described at some length in the Berlin Tageblatt. Within a few months after his assuming office, ninety-three persons were dispatched "administratively," which means without trial, conviction, or even accusation, to East Siberia, among them several whose ages ranged between 14 and 17 years. Some of these arrests and banishments were effected in such haste as to occasion trifling mistakes, like sending off the wrong man. Thus, in place of the student Andreas Ostrowski, the type-setter Waldimir Ostrowski was carted off; and the same thing happened to a railroad laborer, one Kusehnirenko, in place of a student of the same name. In the same category may be placed the arrest and banishment of a postillion, with his wife and babe a year and a half of age, the child being recorded as guilty of treason, and transported for that crime. Panjutin selected congenial tools for the execution of his orders. He directed one of his subordinates to search the laboratory of the University of Odessa. The man made the search, and found nothing that he could safely seize; but he nevertheless expressed strong suspicions because there were so many of "those electric batteries" around. Teachers and professors were especial objects of Panjutin's kind offices. One of the Odessa faculty resigned his chair and quitted the country to get out of the man's neighborhood.

The Baron's Watch-Pocket.

One of the most illustrious of our Judges, a contemporary tells us, was traveling once with a friend through the South of France, and so into Italy. He was at the time of his journey the possessor of a brand-new and very splendid chronometer, of which he was very proud. A constant source of complaint on the journey was that no watch-pockets were affixed to foreign beds, and that the chronometer, placed under the pillow at night, slipped, after the custom of chronometers, from that position, and, in so doing, incurred risk of breakage. At length, at a small hotel near Lugano, at which a night's rest was to be taken, the Baron found, to his delight, the pocket the absence of which had marred the pleasure of his journey. So overjoyed was he that there was some talk of arranging the next day's journey with a view to returning to sleep once more at an inn so far in advance of its rivals in its attention to the comfort of guests. In the morning, however, the Baron came down with a rueful visage and showed the chronometor, now silent and ruined. What had been taken for a watch-pocket at the head of the bed was a small vessel full of holy water. In that the watch had remained all night without experiencing the benefit a more responsible being might or might not have received from such an immersion.—*Manchester (Eng.) Times.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Old stalks and other litter harbor insects. Rake up and burn.

—Rare-cooked fresh meats are far more easily digested, and furnish much more real nutriment than those "well done." Habit will make one enjoy the rare cooked steak as mere juicy and palatable, and it is certainly better as food.

—A cow with three rings on her horn is six years old; with four she is seven years old. No new rings are found after the tenth year. The deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age.

—Crow's Nest Pudding.—Pare some nice mellow apples, and slice them in a deep buttered tin. Then for the batter take one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a good batter. This is eaten with cream and sugar.

—Towels with handsome, bright borders should never be boiled, or allowed to lie in very hot water; they should not be used till they are so much soiled that they need vigorous rubbing to make them clean. It is better economy to use more towels than to wear out a few in a short time. A gentle rubbing in two suds and then conscientious rinsing in warm water and then in cold ought to be all that is required.

—Float or Freneh Custard.—Beat the yelks of five eggs with ten table-spoonfuls of sugar, stir in a quart of new milk; place over the fire and stir until it creams (don't cook too long). Pour in a dish you can cover. Spread carefully over the top the whites of the eggs, which must have been beaten to a stiff froth; cover and leave till cool. Grate nutmeg over the top before serving. This is nice for tea.

—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "We have been pestered with little red ants for a year or two, in winter as well as summer, and had tried everything without doing any good. Raw onions were recommended, which I think have succeeded in banishing them from closets, etc. We are particular that the chips shall be perfectly dried, as the least moisture seems to attract them."

—Chopped Onions and Potatoes.—This makes a nice breakfast relish. Take boiled potatoes that are a little under-done, and chop them fine; add a boiled onion well minced. Put a large coffeecupful of milk into a saucepan or spider; let it boil up and add a piece of butter as large as an egg; let it melt and turn in the onion and potatoes, and let them cook until they look creamy—perhaps twelve or fifteen minutes. Serve very hot. Omit the onion if not to your taste.

—Grease Heels.—Attend to cleanliness. Apply during two days poultices of equal parts of bran, flaxseed meal, and powdered charcoal. Thereafter apply twice or thrice daily a portion of oxide of zinc ointment, previously removing all secretions of matter as well as dry scabs and crusts. If, after a week or ten days, the case does not improve satisfactorily, apply instead of the ointment twice or thrice daily a portion of a mixture of one ounce Goulard's extract and half an ounce of carbolic acid to half a pint of water. Give loosening food, among which may be mixed two drachms of nitrate of potash, morning and evening, during one week.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—For land infested with wire-worms there seems to be but one entirely satisfactory remedy—the starvation of the worms through summer fallowing. And in order that this remedy prove effectual, it is necessary that the fallow be thorough, so that the weeds and grass he kept down during the entire year. The sowing of buckwheat for one year in the infested ground has often been advised; and doubtless this plan would result in some benefit, as the roots of the buckwheat are distasteful to the worms. But this method is not so sure as that of summer fallowing; for in most cases there will be weeds and grass growing among the buckwheat upon which the insects can feed. Manuring well, and using every possible means to promote a rapid and vigorous growth of any crop put upon the infested land, would without doubt do a great deal toward securing a good harvest. The sowing of salt has been tried many times; but experience proves that enough salt to effectually eradicate the worms will also destroy vegetation. In case it is desired to rid a small piece of land of these pests, as a flower or vegetable garden, it may be done by trapping them with slices of potato placed under boards; the potatoes to be examined each day and the worms collected and destroyed.—*Prof. J. Henry Comstock, in N. Y. Witness.*

Transplanting Evergreens.

There has always been much said as to the proper time for transplanting evergreen trees. The first tree we ever planted on our own account of the evergreen family was a cedar-tree. We wanted about a dozen with which to make a hedge, and were told to select the month of August, as that was the year to remove them with certainty. We did so, and were three years before we could get enough to grow. It is true good-sized trees were selected, but they were not two hours out of the ground before they were in again, and during even that short period the roots were protected against the sun.

We never tried August again; and subsequently in planting the Hemlock and Norway spruces, the double white spruce, the common mountain spruce, the white pine, the Excelsior pine, the Criptomeria, the Austrian and Scotch pines, the Irish juniper, the Irish yew, the American, Chinese and Siberian arbor vitas, we do not at this time remember that even *one* was lost by the transplantation. We set from the middle of March to the end of May, and on one occasion the Norway spruce was planted when it had shot fully two inches.

August and the autumn months may be very good transplanting times for some people. We merely mention our own experience, which may or may not be considered satisfactory; but August and the autumn can not be *better* than the spring when, if properly attended to, *all* the trees grow.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Our Young Folks.

A WRIGGLER.

A sad little wriggling boy was Ted;
The very curls wagged on the top of his head;
He never was quiet from morning till night,
For hopping and jumping was all his delight;
He pranced and danced,
Till he made you quite ill;
He wriggled and jiggled
And *never* kept still!

Well, his arms and his legs came loose one day,
And waved about in a dreadful way;
So to tie on a string was all they could do,
And then they painted him yellow and blue!
As a Jumping Jack, Ted
Could pounce his fill—
He could wriggle and jiggle
And *never* keep still!

—*Wide Awake.*

BE KIND.

A Ten-Minute Sermon for Children.

"Be ye kind to one another."—*Eph. iv., 32.*

Did you ever notice the way in which a train of railroad cars are fastened together? At the end of each car is a bolt, which slides in and out a little way, to which is hooked another bolt just like it on the next car. When the engine backs and the two cars come together, they do not strike with a hard *bump*, jolting the passengers out of their seats, but the two fastenings meet, each slides in a few inches, breaking the force of the blow, and the two cars come together easily and gently. These slides are called *buffers*, because they *buff* each other and save the cars from many a bump. Now, do you know that everybody can carry with him a buffer, which will help him to avoid hard hits with other people? That buffer is *kindness*. A kind word, spoken gently even in answer to an unkind one; a kind action, seeking the good of another; above all, a kind heart, full of love, will make all around us friendly and fill the world with sunshine.

You remember how Joseph went out of his prison to become a Prince. If he had moped and sulked in Potiphar's house, as he had some reason for doing, or had sat down in the prison cross and snappish, do you suppose he would ever have risen to greatness? No, for all his ability, but for his kindness, and cheerful, helpful spirit, you and I would never have heard of his name. More than one man since his time has found kindness useful in bringing him success.

Once a young man with very little money opened a small store in a New England city. So few people came in to buy his goods that he grew discouraged, and said to himself, as he shut up his store one Friday night, "If I don't have more customers to-morrow I'll give it up and go away." Just then a little girl came along, looked up at him, and said:

"Are you the man that keeps this store?"

"Yes," he answered, "this is my store; but it is shut and locked up now."

"Well," said the little girl, "won't you please open it again and sell me a spool of No. 70 cotton? All the stores are shut up, and my mamma wants it to finish my dress to-night, so that I can go and visit my auntie to-morrow."

The young merchant could not refuse the child's pleading voice; so he unlocked the store, went in, lit his lamp, found for her the spool of thread, and took her six cents. She went happy on her way home; the next day her mother came in with two other ladies, thanked him for his kindness, and bought some goods, as did the other ladies also, who had heard the story. Perhaps they told it to others, for more customers came in, and from that day his store was successful. Afterward he became very rich, and used to say, "I owe it all to that spool of cotton." But it was the kindness, more than the cotton, which won him friends and success; for who wouldn't rather buy of a kind, pleasant person than of one who seemed selfish and careless of others?

And kindness will overcome difficulties when harsh and severe treatment only increases them. Once—so runs an old fable—the Lord commanded an angel to destroy a great iceberg, giving him a thousand years for his task. He called together an army of men with pickaxes and shovels, and let them dig at the iceberg for five hundred years; but even then they had only made a hole in it, and it seemed as big as ever. Then he called for the storms to beat and blow upon it. For four hundred years more the rain and snow fell, and the north wind whistled around its crown, but it only grew the greater. At last the angel went back to Heaven and said, "Lord, I cannot destroy this great mountain!" Then the Lord said, "I will show you how to conquer it." So he called upon the sun to shine with warm rays upon it; and the soft south wind to breathe upon it; and soon the great mountain of ice melted away and only showed where it had been by the green meadows, all the greener because of its moisture. So, if you want to conquer an enemy, watch your chance, not to throw a stone at him, but to do a kind act or speak a kind word, which will melt him and make him your friend forever. That is the way that Christ wins us, by loving us, and blessing us, and dying in our stead; and even so may we, Christlike, win and save others.—*Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, in Christian Union.*

What a Big Man Am I!

Tommy Stiles lived on a farm went to the district school. He was bright boy, and always learned his sous well. But he liked best to the older children recite. He fond of history. He liked to hear wars, and the brave deeds of soldi One fine June day Tommy thought would play soldier himself, and war. He put on an old red vest his father wore in the brass band mother made him a paper soldier with plumes. He had a wooden gun, tin sword and a small drum.

There was no other boy there to with him and so he "made believe was the whole army. He was Cap Thomas, and Tommy the drum boy, and Tom the soldier—and three were the army. Then Cap Thomas said, "Forward, march!" waved his sword. Tom shouldered gun. Tommy beat the drum—but was not easy, for Tom's gun and tain Thomas sword were in the Then the army marched to the behind the barn.

Up and down it filed, back and fo now quick, now slow. Indeed, and then it hopped! Captain Tho had to call out to Tom pretty to keep step. But there was trouble to find with Tommy drummed so hard that he scared the hens and sheep. All went well, only for one thing. Once Tom ran so fast that he tumbled down and bumped the army's nose against a stone. Then Captain Thomas was angry, and scolded poor Tom well, I can tell you.

At last a grand charge was made. The army raced after Spot, the calf, and thumped the drum, and shook the sword, and threw stones. (This was firing the gun.) Poor Spot was put to flight. He ran off up the hill, with his heels and tail flying wildly in the air.

Then the army marched back to the garden fence, and Captain Thomas made a speech. "Soldiers," said he, "we have whipped the whole world, and it has run away. I did it with my sword. Now I must be the King."

Just then Trix, the gray goose, stretched her neck through the fence and bit Tommy on the leg. The Captain, the drummer, and the whole army raised a loud yell, while Trix hissed fiercely. Then down went the drum, and the gun, and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the kitchen. Had you seen Captain Thomas, soon after, sobbing on his mother's lap, you would not have dreamed he was the little man who had just "whipped the whole world."

Notice.—Do not boast of what you have not done. Some old gray goose may hear you.—*Our Little Ones.*

Skipping.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror made out who went through the country he was trying to subdue and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you, if you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me," and it was just there the Professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of these I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the accurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will he like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.—*Morning Star.*

When They Found Her Dead.

Children are the sunshine of life. They are the soft wind which thaws away the snow and ice of selfishness. They are the atmosphere in which old age finds hours of youthfulness. On Prospect street lived an old woman who made herself a terror to every child who passed her door. Her house was old and grim. The dark curtains were always down, the doors were seldom opened, and no child passed it without fearing the evil spirit that seemed to lodge there. The old woman cursed any one who dared peer through the fence, and if seen abroad she was carefully avoided.

A few days ago the children saw the inside of her house for the first time. The old woman had been found dead, and men and women had assembled to respect her cold clay. With them came the children. They were the first to forget what she had been, and the first to shed tears over the close of her earthly career. Men and women were satisfied when the body had been dressed for the grave, but the children brought flowers and laid them on her grizzly hair until she seemed to wear a crown of glory; they placed a beautiful lily in her bony fingers, a green vine over her breast, and when the curtain was raised and the sunshine streamed in and fell upon the dead, men and women said:

"It is the face of a mother and a woman, and we were too harsh with her. Let God remember that she was all alone and had much to endure."

The work of the children had robbed death of its look, and melted frozen heartstrings, neither stood around the ceived in a curious way. He drink at a saloon, and, in rushing o to avoid paying for it, he ran again the handle of a push-cart, receivi a wound that ended in his death.

The consumption of opium is rapidly increasing in San Francisco. There are four hundred places where opium is sold, and each one of them receives an income averaging $75 a day from the traffic. The religious and secular press are calling attention to the matter.

Mr. Rice, of Charleston, Iowa, discovering that his wife had eloped, examined his wallet, and finding it as full, apparently, as when he last seen it, said that he felt no further concern about the matter. His interest was revived on discovering that the money had been replaced with scraps of paper.

Five drivers of a bob tailed line cars in New York have been arrested for conniving with three men who were always riding with them as passengers. The latter had keys with which they opened and robbed the padlocked boxes where the fares were deposited. The company had been losing $50 a day in this way.

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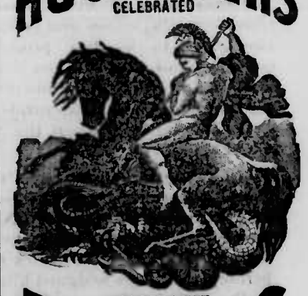

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Spring Work in Orchards.

In localities where orchards are liable to be infested with canker worms the trunks of the trees should now be protected either by patent protectors or strips of tarred canvas or paper tied about the trees. If the females are prevented from crawling up the trees and depositing their eggs on the branches much annoyance and loss will be saved.

The apple-tree borer, a troublesome insect in some sections of the country, should also be looked after. When the borers have not been kept out of the trees it will be well to examine each one and destroy any of the pests that may be found. There is no more effectual method of destruction than the old one of inserting the end of a wire into their burrow and killing them. The beetle is striped brown and white and is about three fourths of an inch long. It deposits its eggs in June in the bark of the trees near the ground. Here the larva is hatched and becomes the whitish grub that saws its way into the tree and accomplishes so much mischief. The same means are taken to guard against this pest as is practiced against the peach grub, viz., placing a mound of ashes or gravel and coarse sand around the base of the trunk in the spring and allowing it to remain until after the season in which the beetles deposit their eggs. These mounds prevent them from reaching the soft bark at the surface of the ground, the place usually selected.

Where the codling moth and its larva, the apple worm, destroys much fruit, the bark of the tree should be scraped and cleaned in spring to insure against any cocoons being left in the crevices. While removing the loose bark of the trunks of these trees is advised, it is not recommended to roughly scrape the trunks and branches, as is sometimes done.

Trees that have not already been examined for tent caterpillars ought also to receive attention. The clusters of eggs deposited last season in rings on the branches should be destroyed, by cutting off and burning the branches on which they are found; otherwise, during the latter part of May or first of June, they will be hatched out and begin their work of devouring the leaves of the trees.

The peach-tree borer, a most destructive insect when allowed to increase in a peach orchard, should be prevented from multiplication by all possible means. The eggs are deposited in summer, under the bark of the tree, either in the stem or roof, or both, producing an effusion of gum. When trees are already affected, the most efficacious plan is to remove the earth from around the collar of the root, clear away the gum, destroy any cocoons that may be found, trace the grub through its holes in the tree and kill it; then fill up about the tree with fresh earth and place a shovelful or two of ashes around the base. Ashes or slacked lime applied every spring and at the end of summer, scattered about the tree, is beneficial. Rutter, in his manual on the peach and its diseases, suggests, wherever the larva of the peach-borer is removed by the knife, that about one ounce of hard soap be firmly rubbed around the base of the tree, an inch or so beneath the surface, and about the same quantity applied to the place injured by the worm and in the incision made by the knife, as the soap assists in healing over the wound and gives vigor to the tree. The potash in this case, Rutter argues, has its direct application to the sap circulation, and will do more good to the tree than will ashes sown broadcast on the surface of the ground. Strong soapsuds is frequently used on limbs and branches, instead of whitewash, to destroy bark insects, aphides fungi, and the like. A wash advised by Rutter for the limbs and body of the peach tree is composed of half a peck of unslacked lime, one quart of soft-soap, and enough warm water to make it the consistence of whitewash.

In plum orchards, whenever the plum wart or black knot appears, the diseased branch should be cut back to sound wood and burned up. When the branches cut back are large the wounds may be covered over with grafting-wax.

Pear blight and yellows in peaches are two diseases that have long baffled the most active and intelligent of pomologists, who, being in doubt as to the origin of the trouble, have never found efficient preventives or remedies. The usual plan has been with the yellows to instantly destroy all trees exhibiting symptoms of this disease. Of late some of our foremost fruit-growers—as Prof. Meehan, Mr. John Rutter, Mr. J. T. Lovett and Prof. T. J. Burrill—incline to the belief that both the pear-blight and yellows arise from the action of parasitical fungi. Mr. Lovett, in a paper read before the last meeting of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society, urged, as it is known that caustic lime, potash and sulphur are destructive to fungus, that experiments be made with these substances. He proposed to use sulphuric acid in various ways, with the hope of arriving at something of value.—*N. Y. World.*

Manure.

Put back into the ground as much as you take out of it, is a good maxim. No more important problem presents itself to the farmer than how to do this. There are many ways; all are being tried, and many of them are good ways; but the best in every respect is as yet unknown, and for many reasons. It is impossible to arrive at any accurate value of manure because of circumstances: crops, as to kind, their value and the skill of the farmer; the condition of the land and its character; the material out of which the manure is made, as to the animals and their feed; the preservation of its fertilizing constituents until applied to the fields; the proper disposition of the manure when obtained, and the differences in climate and of seasons. All these things are to be considered in estimating values in manures, and even then conclusions differ. But while all these points are being practically settled, there is much that can be done with just such material as lies about us, which is often neglected or wasted. It is a good principle to turn into manure every available substance about the farm. Naturally, in doing this many errors are committed, many foolish theories applied, and that frequently in defiance of available knowledge. In a certain sense science is the radical element in farming, and is necessarily a disturber. But a farmer who prefers spending his hard-earned money in all the patent composts or compounds to honest, faithful application of knowledge, just so fast as he can obtain it, is lacking in the other essential or the conservative element, experience. For if experience does not prove our science correct, then there is loss in every direction.

If a farmer finds that manure produces better results when drawn out and spread as often as possible (but considering cost, always) than when heaped, it is simply because he concludes that the much-dreaded evaporation is after all as nothing compared with the leaching, especially under the drippings of barn roofs. His common sense will prevent the spreading of manure upon hard hillsides or in very rainy seasons. The valuable constituents of barnyard manure are phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen. The last only in the form of ammonia can take the gaseous form and escape into the air. In fresh manure a large proportion of the valuable constituents are not soluble, but they become so as fermentation takes place, and are thus liable to loss from leaching. When ammonia is formed in the process of slow fermentation, the organic acids fix it in the form of soluble salts that also may be wasted in the same way. Turning hogs in to work up the manure is therefore a bad practice, although some believe in turning them into the barn-yard and letting them add to as well as work up the manure, or as it were compost it. But experience finds that disease is entailed in this way; and it is even surmised that the Western hog-cholera is caused by the hogs disposing of material that is only half utilized by the cattle.

Yet hogs produce excellent enrichment if fed for it and this idea is kept in view. As to this or any composting or fermented manures, it involves labor and expense, adds nothing to the value of manure, except by making its constituents more soluble, and merely changes its form, and is required not in ordinary farm practice, but rather for plant-growth. Besides, there is danger of losing valuable constituents in the process, however carefully it may be carried on.

A farmer's experience is that liquid manure thoughtlessly allowed to escape into his garden has wonderfully enriched it. Another points to the rich grass adjoining his milk-yard and attributes it to the natural flow of fluids. All liquid manure should be utilized, and this can best be done in the bedding. For this, sawdust is the most serviceable. It is drier, cleaner, saves work on the cattle, works up better as manure, is an excellent absorbent, and, all things considered, is most desirable. Many object to manure accumulating in stalls and stables. But experience again proves that sheltered manure (some shed it all over) gives the best results. It is thought that manure injures hoofs, eyes, and produces scratches, etc. Probably uncleanliness will produce many other difficulties. Yet alternate layers of bedding and manure, when compacted by the animals and thus prevented from fermentation—for it is only when this is rapid that there is loss—do not prove injurious, and will produce the very best manure if properly done. Sawdust may not be the cheapest thing in some localities; nevertheless the principle to be observed is that manure, whether inside or out, should be kept solid, compact, never in high heaps, but in level layers, so that the volatile form of ammonia, which is changed to a soluble salt by action of vegetable acids, may not escape.

Equally important with the preservation of manure is the proper feeding of animals for producing it. What are generally known as concentrated foods, as the cereal grains, beans, peas, oil-cake, clover, etc., make the best manure, while straw and the grasses, like timothy, are of inferior value. It follows, then, that those animals which are more highly fed, with rich food, will produce the best manure. These few suggestions show, then, how essential to successful farming is the skill displayed in the management of manures, including their production, preservation, and application.—*Christian Union.*

Clover and Rye for Hogs.

In my experience, says a writer, I have found nothing so profitable for hog pasture as clover and rye, and I think rye preferable; and the reason they are better than timothy, blue grass and all similar grasses is, they remain more tender for a longer period than other grasses, which so soon become wiry and hard, partaking of the nature of hay, and I have never known hogs to thrive on it, although other stock does. To use rye profitably for pasture fall rye should be sown for spring pasture and spring rye for later pasture, and by not pasturing too long and too close there will be considerable head out, which when ripe will, with the weeds that naturally grow among grain, make good pasture until time to commence feeding corn; at least such is my experience. As to using any of the grasses named for hog pasture, I would prefer a good weed pasture, and I will here say that I am of opinion if some of the weeds so eagerly eaten by hogs were domesticated and properly cultivated they would prove more satisfactory for hog pasture than anything used of grass kind.

—A burglar lately entered a house in the outskirts of Buffalo, and found a mother sitting up with a sick child. "Sir," said she to him in a whisper, as soon as she could compose herself to speak, "there is nothing of value in this house except that child's life, at least to me; but you may find otherwise. Here, take my keys, search everywhere, take what you want, but speedily and without noise, I implore you." She handed him the keys, placed her finger on her lip, and pointed to the door. The burglar moved quietly away, then turned and said in a low voice: "Is he very sick?" "His life hangs on the continuance of this sleep." "Then he will recover for all the noise I'll make," the robber, answered, laying down the keys and noiselessly taking his departure, but absolutely nothing else.

—Waffles—One pint cold boiled rice, thin it with cold milk, add one egg, beat all together well; add a small piece of butter, and stir in flour enough to make a batter stiff enough to bake.

THE DAIRY.

—Makers of fine butter only work the product with suitable implements; they never think of touching it with their hands.

—The best feed for milk and butter is coarse middlings and corn-meal. Malt sprouts are very good feed for cows when they are steeped in water. They can be procured only at the malt-houses where malt is made.

—Cheese making is defined as an art, not acquired by the committing of rules, or by deduction from a scientific method. It is a personal accomplishment, an individual acquisition, which others may, or may not, successfully imitate.

—A cow may be dried in a short time by not quite milking her out, and leaving some in the udder each milking, and by feeding dry corn-meal at the same time. If a cow is to be fatted, this plan will lay on fat and gradually dry her off at the same time. Feed four quarts of meal a day.

—The prospect seems to be that the relative price of cheese and butter is to remain practically unchanged during the coming season and it is wisdom therefore for persons who have profitably made butter to continue at that rather than change to cheese. Those who have a good cheese maker will wisely continue at that.—*Utica Herald.*

—A closet for keeping tubs of butter may be made with double walls, filled in with sawdust and a double door. A zinc shelf at the top may hold the ice, and a lead pipe bent in one place to make a trap to keep the air from coming in from the outside may be used to carry off the water. If the closet is kept tightly closed the ice will last longer. If the air in the closet is damp keep a peck of fresh lime in it which will absorb the moisture.

—J. Stahel, the American Consul at Hiogo, Japan, states that he sees no reason why the United States can not control the butter and cheese trade of Japan which is a rapidly growing interest. During 1880 half the butter imported into Japan was from this country, and in 1879, two-thirds. He states that much butter is taken from America to Europe and there reworked and shipped to the East. With care in making and packing he believes American butter would soon be without a competitor.

Important Factors in Curing Cheese.

Professor L. B. Arnold in a paper on curing cheese read before the Dairymen's Association, said: "When it is desired to have cheese fit for use in thirty to sixty days, and having keeping quality to last from four to six months, rennet enough should be used to cause coagulation to begin in night's and morning's milk in fifteen minutes at ninety degrees, provided it is to be cured at seventy degrees in air of average moisture. The amount of moisture in curd affects the length of time required for curing, since whey contains four or five per cent of milk sugar, which is liable to be changed into lactic acid, which, as has been stated, hinders curing. If there is too little water in the curd the action of the rennet will be retarded and the curing go slowly, notwithstanding there is less acid formed to hinder its progress. The action of rennet has been explained to be the action of digestion; to go on well it must have plenty of moisture. The drier the curd, all other conditions being the same, the slower the curing and the longer the lifetime to the cheese. The life of a cheese may be prolonged almost indefinitely simply by reducing its moisture, with but little variation in other respects. A cheese which is a very long time in curing seldom cures as evenly and as perfectly, and is consequently not so easily and perfectly dissolved and digested, as when cured more rapidly. Lack of water seems to be the principal reason why skim cheese is generally so imperfectly cured and much poorer in quality than they need be. It would be a safe rule to leave in water enough to equal the weight of casein, no matter whether it was large or small. When a pound of cheese is made from ten pounds of average milk the per cent. of water and of casein will be very nearly equal.

Another important factor in curing cheese is temperature. A variation to temperature in the curing room may be made to hurry or retard the progress or alter the character of the curing. There is always some particular temperature at which a cheese, according to its make, cures best. A cheese with a tight, rubber-like rind must be cured slowly, or more gas will be pressed in it than can escape through its rind, and it will puff. A cheese full of fat must also cure slowly to prevent over-heating on account of the heat developed within it. The inside of a cheese cures faster than the outside, for the reason that the outside is drier than the inside from the easier escape of moisture, and also because the heat developed in the oxidation going on all through the cheese is given off, like the moisture, more rapidly from the exterior than the interior. A cheese with but little fat in it oxidizes slowly and of course develops but little warmth. Skim cheese requires a little warmer room than one from whole milk.

Salt enters into the question of curing, because it affects the amount of water in curd. It gives firmness and flavor to cheese, but it absorbs three times its own weight in dissolving. A green cheese, then, placed in a curing room, is affected by the amount of rennet and moisture it contains, by temperature, air, acid, fermentation and salt, and at the same time, it may be added, it has a power of absorbing odors from its surroundings.

—They turn out a finished engine daily in the great Borsig Works, Berlin, Germany, whereas in 1841, the year they made the first locomotive, but one was completed in the twelve months. The works give employment to 3,000 men.

—Cupid used to bring down his game with noiseless arrows; now he shoots with a bang.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"When can you pay me?" asked the polite dun. "Dun no," replied the truthful debtor.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—The hand-organ men are re-turning.

A Nameless Heroine.

Some days since a farmer's wife in Grayson County, whose name we have not obtained, was frying meat for dinner at her house, situated near a mountain range in a rather wild and sequestered place, her husband in the meantime being engaged at work some distance from the house. The savory odor of the bacon was scented by a couple of young bears that were ranging on the premises, and enticed them to follow the scent until it even drew them into the house where the meat was on the fry. The lady of the house secured the strange visitors, and her knowledge of bears led her to think that these young ones had strayed from their maternal parent, which would soon follow their trail and hunt them up. Her judgment was correct, for it was but a few moments before the old she bear came in sight—an enormous black brute, of a kind which, many of our readers know, will fight to the death for her young. The woman drew down from its rack the old, true, tried and trusty mountain rifle and fastening the door she made a loophole of the window and waited the approach of her bearship within a sufficient distance for a shot. She waited not long and fired, the ball taking effect but not proving fatal. The report of the rifle drew her laboring husband from his work, who coming near the house was chased several hundred yards by the bear, which then gave up the pursuit and returned in quest of her young. The plucky backwoodsman's wife had in the meantime reloaded the rifle and with the second shot the old she bear keeled over, underside topmost, and yielded up the ghost. The cubs, we are told, sold at Independence, the county seat of Grayson, for $26, and the skin of the bear, which was very large, brought the sum of $8 at the same place.—*Wytheville (Va.) Enterprise.*

—Women have been employed as clerks in the Stockholm Enskilda Bank, Stockholm, Sweden, for sixteen years, and A. O. Wallenberg, a director, writes, "Since the 4th of July, 1864, sixteen young ladies have been engaged in the bank. Out of these are still in the service of the bank, 8; married and left, 5; advanced to more remunerative positions in other institutions, 2; dismissed for inaptitude, 1. Of those remaining 3 are cashiers on their own responsibility, 1 is assistant to the keeper of the head ledger, and 4 hold inferior positions.

—W. S. Coe, of South Livonia, N. Y., cut his foot badly with an ax. His uncle, L. M. Coe, dressed it, and the patient was soon free from pain. But his uncle began to feel pains in the same spot on his own foot, and on pulling off his boot and stocking he found a mark just like the cut on the injured man's foot, and experienced the sensation of a fresh wound. He has even had to walk with a cane part of the time. Doctors call it a case of pure sympathy.

[Battle Creek (Mich.) Daily Journal.]

Upon being spoken to concerning St. Jacobs Oil, our fellow townsman Mr. Theodore Wakelee, said: I had been suffering with rheumatism, and obtained the greatest relief from the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It has also been used in my family for some time, and has never been found to fail in giving prompt relief.

The bluebird was not originally blue. He was golden and scarlet. But he came in a trifle too early one spring, putting too much confidence in a weather prediction, and he has never since been the bird that he was.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

[South Bend Evening Register.]

When certain powers are claimed for an article, and everybody testifies that it does more than is claimed for it, to gainsay its worth is useless. This is the substance of the St. Jacobs Oil record.

Every cloud has a silver lining. The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Is It Possible

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

The Khedive says he doesn't care how much Turkey cuts up. All he wants is his desserts.—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Watches at Low Prices.

Write for illustrated catalogue to Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Long Range Guns

Cheaper than ever; write for illustrated catalogue. Gt. Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mourning glories—the fashionable widow's weeds.

Indians get their queer names in the following manner: When an Indian baby is born the medicine man or some one of the family looks out of the door and casts his eye upon some object. The first thing that he sees furnishes the child's name. Hence "Sitting Bull," "Red Cloud," etc.—*N. Y. Times.* If this rule was followed in Chicago most of the children born here would be called "Hoopskirt-in-the-Back-Yard," or "Man-Going-into-a-Saloon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A report on the state of religion in Nevada would be almost as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The following anecdote might, however, be inserted: "At the recent opening of the Nevada Legislature an Eastern minister was invited to perform the religious service. He accepted the call and closed the ceremony with the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, State Senator Doolan turned to Senator Hammond and remarked audibly, 'He stole that prayer and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word in Eureka at a funeral over ten years ago.'"—*Sacramento (Cal.) Star.*

A very expensive young lady—Em Broidery.

"Pa, what is ensilage?" "Why—h'm—ensilage, my son, is—ur—ensilage is—oh, something like mucilage, my son; something like mucilage; used to stick things together, you know. There now, run away to your play, and don't disturb me now." And that boy thinks his pa is a very encyclopædia of wisdom. Happy child! Ere many years have elapsed, the boy will think he knows everything and his pa nothing! Happy childhood!—*Boston Transcript.*

There is a certain Galveston family that does not attend church as regularly as they should, but they send the oldest boy every Sunday, to keep up appearances. Last Sunday the head of the family said: "Go dress yourself, boy; it's time for you to go to church." "I would like to know," responded the boy, sulkily, "why I am the only one in this family who has got to be religious!" "Because you need it most, you scoundrel—that's why!" thundered the stern parent, feeling for the young martyr's hair.—*Galveston News.*

We understand there is a movement on foot to build a monument to the James Cough Pill Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., as a mark of appreciation of their Pellets. They cure coughs, colds, consumption, etc. Right. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., Wholesale Agents.

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Big Pay Selling Rubber Hand Stamps. Circulars free. Adams Rubber Stamp Wks, Adams, Mass.

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Celebrated Poisoners.

At one time, poisoning was largely practised in Italy. The most celebrated of the Italian poisoners were two women named La Spaza and Tophania, who were both executed. The latter confessed that she had been instrumental in poisoning six hundred people, during a life of seventy years. Her poison was colorless and tasteless, and could not be detected. It was put up in phials and labelled by her "Manna of St. Nicholas," though it was usually known by her own name as Agna Tophania. So common a thing did poisoning become, that fashionable ladies kept bottles of this fatal water upon their dressing tables, as they would lavender water. By regulating the dose victims could be despatched in a week, a fortnight, a month, or a longer period, as suited the plans of the poisoners. In England seventeen persons were poisoned by Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. Madame de Brinvilliers, a young and beautiful Frenchwoman of most engaging manners, ran a distinguished career as a slow poisoner. By the advice of her husband, she leagued with a poisoner by the name of Saint Croix, to despatch her father and brothers, that she might inherit their property. The fellowship of crime inspired her with a guilty passion for her accomplice, and she afterward sought to poison her husband that she might marry Saint Croix. But the latter had no fancy to form a closer connection with this wicked woman, and, by the secret administration of antidotes, prevented the husband's death. She was at length detected in her practices and perished on the scaffold.

Making Money.

Why some men are so eager to make money is a problem; they certainly do not spend it freely. They care nothing for the good things of life. They seem to value money for its own sake. Most men start in life with a bright object before them, the means of attaining which is money, and so they resolve to make money. But the means push the end out of sight. A new fascination springs up, which banishes the younger dream. The real pushes the ideal from its seat. Money acquires, or seems to acquire, a value of its own; it becomes both means and end, and making it grows into a habit seldom lost. The proverb says that "Use is second nature; and it is proved, when the natural desire of men for happiness is obliterated by the habit of making money.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The Board of County School Commissioners will meet on

Friday, May 27th,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
5 7 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as

"Recourse Survey,"

containing eleven hundred and sixteen acres and assessed to Mrs. Hamilton White and J. McFerran.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those pieces or parcels of land situate and lying in Garrett county, and described as

Military Lots Nos. 3069, 3070, 3071, 3031, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3047, 3033, 3054, 3052, 3050, and 12 acres of vacancy, containing in the whole 612 acres,

and assessed to Zais & Wolford.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the year 1878, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 ts Collector.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used, beside most of the shops are three and four stories. The boxing and crating shop alone cut over one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day for boxing and grating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold throughout the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLE
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. E. T. KELLE,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1e26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 23 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

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ONLY

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EVERY VARIETY

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JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co., Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
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Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
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Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

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Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD.
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. E. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. E. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.43 P. M.
No. 3		11.32 P. M.
No. 5		7.28 A. M.
No. 7		5.20 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.36 A. M.
No. 6		9.15 A. M.
No. 8		8.28 A. M.
No. 10		5.59 P. M.
Way		9.25 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 5 to 10 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of black smithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1505, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july3-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Inv Deniers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WERDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
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BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
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Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
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Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sums needed, to pay a Certificate; as the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1,250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. O. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places the instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with rosal French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ **$85.00.**

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 6. **SQUARE GRAND.**

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners, Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symphonetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ **$275.00.**

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS are BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a *Postal Card* for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

FOR RENT.

The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland, Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

49 tf E. D. KEFNER.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881. NUMBER 13

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., *Dealers in General Merchandise.* Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

E. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes, Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

BRAZOS PETE.

"Say! 'fore you start another dance
Just let me speak a word,
For when the music's goin'
I mighn't p'r'aps be heard.
A sick gal's lyin' in this house
With fever—awful bad;
And when you swing them hoofs around
The noise 'most drives her mad.

"I heard you tell her mother
'Stuff cotton in her ears,'
And lots of other drunken gab;
Besides, I saw her tears,
When she told me that the doctor says
The gal *must* be kept still;
Or else what she's a sufferin'
Is pretty sure to kill.

"So I thought I'd come myself this time,
And hint to you galoots,
That if that fiddle squeaks again
Or cornet howls its toots,
And you go prancin' round this room
Like frightened Texan steers
When first they feel the lasso fall,
Why, then, it just appears—

"I'll have to jine the orchestra;
I'll have to lead the band;
I play a one-keyed piccolo
With any in the land;
And, if I sound its gamut, while
I stand beside this door,
You'll recognize old Brazos Pete,
If you never did afore!"

—*Sunday World.*

FISH CULTURE.

Commissioner Seth Green Tells All About It.

The subject of fish culture is one that is fast growing in interest, and increasing in popularity and usefulness, in all parts of the world. Although fish culture was first practiced in the old countries we are to-day far ahead of them in almost everything pertaining to the art. Many of the ideas that have originated in this country have been forwarded to our friends over the sea, and they are fast making use of our improvements; and through the interchange of knowledge it will not be long before we will all be on an equal footing.

Although, as I have said at ove, we as a nation are far ahead of other countries, in the artificial propagation of fish; still, from my daily experience in the way of correspondence and conversation with parties with whom I am brought in contact, I find that comparatively few have more than a meager understanding of the practical points of what is necessary to carry on fish culture, even in a small way. Perhaps I can not better explain a few of the leading points necessary to obtain satisfactory results, than to give you a little of my first experience.

When I commenced active operations in fish culture in the year 1864, I soon learned that the great drawback to success in the artificial production of fish was the small percentage of the eggs taken that could be impregnated by the only method known at that time. First let me state for the benefit of your readers, who may not know, that eggs or spawn produced by the female are impregnated by mixing in a pan with the milt or spermatozoa produced by the male, and they must be brought in contact as quickly as possible after they have left the fish. The old method, and one which I used in my first experiments, was to take the spawn and milt in a pan full or nearly so of water; by this process but 25 per cent. of the eggs thus taken were impregnated—that is, 25 per cent. was the best percentage that anybody had ever succeeded in impregnating, and from that down. I made up my mind that, if out of every one hundred egges I took I should be obliged to pick out seventy-five that were of no use, that there could not be much profit in the business.

I set my wits to work and soon settled on an experiment which, though simple, proved a great success. To be brief, the success was accomplished by taking the spawn and milt in a dry pan, without the use of any water, and in this way I impregnated from 90 to 100 per cent. on the average. Improvements are constantly being made in fish culture apparatus, but there is no probability that there will ever be any way discovered of bettering this process of impregnation.

My first operations and experiments were made with brook trout, as they commanded a high market price and our waters were fast being depleted of this valuable variety of fish; and as there is no better fish to experiment with, I will give your readers a few ideas of the way in which they can be cultivated in the easiest manner and with the least outlay.

There is scarcely a farm in the United States but what has a spring or stream of cold, clear water flowing through it, the temperature of which ranges from 36° Fahrenheit in the coldest weather, to 68° in the warmest weather; and how to utilize it for the purpose of fish propagation in the best way is the question we shall discuss. Of course there are no two situations exactly similar, and it will in many instances perhaps, be necessary to deviate slightly from the way I shall describe.

It is found necessary, for various reasons, to carry on your operations under cover, and the nearer to your spring or water supply you can locate your hatching house the better. It is also necessary to have a fall of three or four feet. After you have selected your location, whether it be in the cellar of your house, or in some convenient outbuilding, or you have erected a small house for the purpose, the first thing in order is the erection of a tank for the reception of the water before entering your troughs. This tank can as well be on the outside as the inside of your building. Its object is to give the water a chance to settle, and also filter. As the tank should be provided with grooves for the reception of wooden frames tightly covered with coarse red flannel, of course the more screens of this kind your water filters through, the purer it will be, and two or three is few enough. In size the tank should be as long as the extent of your troughs are wide, and about three feet deep and the same wide. Each trough should be provided with a faucet or sliding door, to regulate the flow of water.

The hatching trough or troughs can be made of any length desired. Twelve to fifteen feet long, fifteen inches wide, inside measurement, and six inches deep, are the dimensions I have found to be most convenient. They should be made of seasoned timber one and a half inches thick and should have an inclination of about one inch in eight feet. It is necessary, for reasons it is needless to give here, to paint the troughs on the inside with coal or gas tar, mixed with turpentine enough to reduce it to the consistency of paint. It is applied with a common paint brush. In order to obtain uniform depth of water, the through must be divided into compartments of about eighteen inches in length each. This division is made by tacking strips of inch stuff across at the intervals above stated. At the lower end of trough a spout should be made for the overflow, and the escape of the eggs or fish should be guarded against by placing a fine wire screen at the end, made to slide in grooves on an angle with the slant down stream.

For convenience sake the troughs are raised about two feet from the floor, or high enough so that a person can sit on a chair or stool and look over the eggs; but the spawn will hatch just as well if the troughs are placed on the floor. Great care must be taken to have your troughs stand level; if they do not, the water will flow in greater volume down one side of the trough than the other, and cause the eggs to pile up and wash away. The trough is now prepared, with the exception of placing in the gravel, on which the eggs are laid. There are other materials on which spawn are hatched; but where but a moderate number of eggs are to be hatched, it is important to avoid expensive preparations.

The gravel for the trough should be quite fine, about the size of peas and as uniform in size as possible—the uniformity can be obtained by sifting the gravel through a wire screen. Any kind of gravel is good that is free from iron rust. It should be washed thoroughly, and I would even recommend boiling it in order to destroy any of the eggs of insects that may be adhering to it, and also getting it perfectly clean. The gravel should then be placed in the trough one-half an inch deep, which will bring it within a half inch of top of cross piece.

In regard to ponds, always build them in proportion to the amount of water you have at your command. A great mistake is generally made by building them too large. A complete change of water should take place every twenty four hours, and your ponds should be built so that this will occur at the season of the year when you have the least flow of water.

The spawning race should be located at the head of your pond, and the water which feeds it should flow through the raceway. The raceway should be made as follows: It should be thirty or forty feet long and about four feet wide, with water flowing through six inches deep. The sides should be made of one-half inch plank one foot in width. The bottom must be covered with coarse gravel, and the bottom of the pond made to slope gently up to the mouth of raceway. The entrance must be prepared with grooves in which a net, made of strong canvas tacked on a wooden frame made to fit the grooves, is inserted to catch the fish when ready for spawning.

As the season of the year when the trout are ready to spawn, which varies in different sections from the first of September to the first of November, the trout will run up the raceway, which must be kept covered with wooden doors, so that any person or animal approaching will not disturb them. When the trout are caught in the net, they are emptied into a tub of water. The females which are ripe and ready to be delivered of their spawn, are distinguished by taking the fish in the hand and rubbing the fore finger down the belly; if they feel soft and flabby to the touch, they are ripe, and the spawn will come by the aid of a very gentle pressure. Those that are not ripe will feel hard like shot, and immoveable. Only those that are perfectly ripe can be operated with.

After the eggs are taken in the pan, a little water should be added; and as they will be found to adhere to the bottom of the pan, they should be allowed to set in a cool place in your hatchery for twenty minutes or half an hour, when they will come loose and can be placed in the trough. They must be kept perfectly clean and the dead ones picked out as soon as discovered; they are distinguished from the others readily, as they turn to a milky white.

The spawn hatches in from fifty to seventy days, according to the temperature of water—the warmer it is the sooner they hatch. When the young fish are hatched there is attached to them an umbilical sac on which they subsist for about forty days; after this is absorbed, if they are not placed in streams where they can find their own food, it will be necessary to feed them regularly at least two or three times a day. The best food is fresh calve's liver chopped to the consistency of blood, and mixed with a little sweet cream.

One of the greatest secrets to success in fish culture is cleanliness, and success can not be attained unless this important element is constantly observed.

It is difficult to give more than a dim outline of this subject in a brief newspaper article, and if I have failed to make any of the points plain, I am always ready to give information when applied to. In conclusion, to show your readers what has been done in this State in the way of stocking public waters, I will copy a letter received from a correspondent residing at Cooperstown, N. Y., which runs as follows:

"I am happy to say that the 100,000 salmon trout you sent us were successfully put into our lake (Otsego), and again I sincerely thank you for your personal attention to our order. We have but little trouble now in raising funds to pay the expense of getting fish. A few years ago it was different; but when you convince the people that the restocking of lakes, rivers and streams with fish is surely a success, there is little trouble in raising funds to pay expenses. I would like to have some one tell me in what way a person can invest a few dollars better to benefit the poor man than to put in a lake, suitable for them, 100,000 trout.

"To show you; two men on our lake, two weeks ago, both fishing in a little shanty, caught twenty-three trout that weighed over sixty pounds—one of them weighed eight pounds. At fifteen cents a pound, for which they sell readily, you have $4.50 for each man for his day's work. This is only one instance of the kind. Last June, two men out of one boat caught forty-three trout that weighed eighty-four pounds, in one day. A little over a year ago, myself and wife caught out of one boat, in one day, seventeen trout that weighed fifty-six pounds. Now, these are facts I know to be so. So I ask in what way the people of this country can invest money for the benefit of the poor that will do them more good than by restocking our waters with fish? Poor people, as a rule, are most all fishermen, and when they are out of work, or after their day's work is done, take their hook and line and in a short time catch a meal, although but a small amount is invested by them in fishing tackle. There is no danger of a famine in this country. We have in the village of Cooperstown a great many families that get the greatest part of their living from fishing; and so it is all over the country.

"While traveling through the southern part of New York State I found that the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, and nearly all of the other rivers, have been restocked with black bass, and such other fish as would live in rivers, and the people were pretty delighted; all saying that they were catching large quantities of fish. We have protected our lake from net fishing for three years; two years have already passed, and we find that all kinds of fish are increasing. The two hundred black bass we got of you five or six years ago have increased wonderfully, and also the rock bass. I don't believe there is a lake in New York State where a man can have better sport than in Otsego lake.

"We shall always point with pride to such men as yourself, Hon. Horatio Saymour and R. B. Roosevelt who have spent their lives in this great enterprise and made it a grand success."

This letter is signed by Mr. A. W. Thayer, of Cooperstown, N. Y., and is but one of many that I could produce, but this will serve to show your readers what the people of this State think of artificial fish propagation.

SETH GREEN.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb., 3, 1881.

Christian Training.

Perhaps the strangest obstacle to the success of Christian training is unbelief. Christian parents do not generally expect their children to grow up pious. They believe that a religious education will very likely be highly beneficial to them in various ways; that it will restrain them from vice, and furnish their minds with valuable knowledge, and facilitate their conversion at a later period; but we seldom find a father or mother who really looks upon Christian education as a divinely-appointed means of grace, and as God's chosen agency for the salvation of their offspring. They pray that sanctifying, saving grace may be showered down upon their babes, even before they can walk or speak; but, with a strange inconsistency, postpone all hope of receiving answers of prayer to a future period, distant by many years. They follow a theory which allows, and almost requires, a career in sin and impenitance, before a gracious state is attained. When the subject shall have been thus prepared for hitter repentance, they trust he will be arrested in his folly, and, under the influence of some prevalent, powerful religious excitement, brought to bow at the Cross. The revival is the agency often looked to for a result which God proposes to accomplish by his blessing on Christian education. The theory will have years of transgression; the devine word would forestall all of this guilt and danger, by training up the child in the way he should go, not that he may come into it at a mature age, but that he may walk in it all along, and never depart from it. Upon this theory, then, which does not expect the result promised in the divine word, parents do not seek it, nor work for it. The exertions which they actually put forth do by no means satisfy the idea of training. That involves the notion of patient protracted, incessant effort; of earnest, trustful prayer, of effective, intelligible, appropriating faith; of a holy, emphatic example; of a gentle, winning, loving spirit of an obedient all-embracing, and intense piety, which should transform our homes into Bethels, and our hearths into holy, consecrated altars, upon which incense and peace-offerings shall blaze evermore. They err grievously who conclude that such results as are proposed by the theory here discussed would supersede revivals. They would wrap the Church in a heavenly flame and triple its energies. They would beautify it with holiness. Influences powerful as the pentecostal state, would stream out on every side; and sinners, of whom charity itself has ceased to hope, would be penetrated by the mortal power of a sanctified Church. The "unlearned and the unbeliever," on coming into the presence of such a Christian congregation, would be compelled to recognize, in the "still small voice" of its universal testimony, an authority more potent than the miracle of 'tongues.' 'Convinced of all and judged of all,' the secrets of their hearts would be made manifest, "and so, falling down on their faces, they would worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth,"—*The Rev. Dr. Stephen Olin.*

A Dying Child's Request.

A correspondent writes: A circumstance occurred recently that has left a marked impression upon the community. A family that lived in close proximity to church, but had never suffered themselves to be brought under the power of the gospel—the children rarely, if ever, being allowed to enter the sanctuary or Sabbath school—recently suffered the loss of one of their number by death. The father was an avowed atheist. As one of the dear children of that household lay at death's door, just prior to her departure from this world, she called her father to her bedside, and, taking his hand in hers, she said: "*Father I want you to pray.*" He treated this first solicitation with an air of indifference, as if he had not heard what she said; when she repeated her request: "Father, I want you to pray with me." The man's hands fell to his side, as if powerless and paralyzed, and looking into the face of his child, he said: "*I cannot pray—I do not know how to pray.*" He left her bedside to search for one who could come and perform this service for her and satisfy his child's desire. A few hours after that, her spirit had taken its flight, and she had departed to her eternal home.

That father could not shake off the conviction produced by that child's expression. His son, on hearing of his sister's death, hastened home, and was met at the door by the grief stricken and convicted father, with the exclamation: "*Joe, there is a God—I know there is a God!*" His atheism was rebuked. His child's deathbed expression had convinced him. "*And a little child shall lead them.*

The Bank of England.

At a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to the directors of the Bank of England on the evening of February 28, Mr. Birch, the governor of the bank, made some interesting remarks on the management of that great machine of exchange. The business transacted by the Bank of England had no parallel with that of any other establishment in the world, inasmuch as it combined with an ordinary banking business the management of the national debt and the issue and payment of the greater portion of the note circulation of the country. Some idea of the magnitude of that work might be formed when he told them that there were no less than 236,500 accounts open in the public funds; that the number of bank notes issued during the last year was above 15,250,000, representing a sum of 338,000,000 pounds, and a similar amount canceled, an accurate register of each operation being kept, so that any note paid into the bank during the last five years could be produced within a minute or two, with information as to the channel through which it had found its way back to the bank, although the register represented 77,000,000 notes, stowed away in 14,500 boxes. If stitched end to end these notes would extend to 12,500 miles. It was generally thought that the bank was extravagant in canceling the notes which come in, but the matter had been well considered, and it was calculated that if they were to keep a register of the notes in the way it was the custom of the bank to do, the system they followed was the cheapest. The last four years had not been without moments of anxiety to the banking world, and the autumn of 1878 must be fresh in the memory of most of them. The Bank of England was in a very satisfactory position at the time, and the knowledge that they could lend a hand to outraged credit in case of need might not have been without its influence. From the position he had occupied he naturally watched with anxiety the crisis produced by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, and he could but congratulate the banking community in general upon the admirable manner in which they had weathered the storm.—*Balto. Sun.*

Torpedoes were placed in the grave of the late Frank W. Hammond at Syracuse, N. Y., as a preventive against the body being resurrected. The deceased had a peculiar curvature of the spine that it was supposed the doctors would be anxious to investage.

The time has passed for the 'Elixirs,' 'Cordials' ect. for the Baby, and Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is now the established and reliable remedy. Price 25 cents.

The Republican.

F. A. THAYER & CO., Publishers

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE BALLAD OF BETSEY CODDINGTON.

Abont two hundred years ago,
When spring kissed off the winter snow,
Under the royal law,
Good William Coddington was made,
With all the olden time parade,
Rhode Island's Governor.

A handsome, courtly man was he,
New England's aristocracy,
And rich in gold and lands,
With diamond buckles, powdered cue,
Knee-breeches, broad-cuffed coat of blue;
And ruffles 'round his hands.

He wore a blood-red signet ring,
With coat of arms and quartering
And old heraldic crest,
A sword, with rubied, silver hilt,
And curious gold-embroidered quilt
Upon his satin vest.

His manners, calm and dignified,
Were tempered with a proper pride
Of goodly ancestry.
His gabled, quaint old house was known,
With massive chimney built of stone,
For hospitality.

A century gone! at early dark,
In summer time, the old town clerk,
His dull day's labor done,
Shuts his small office's creaking door;
He hears the honored name o' yore,
Of William Coddington.

Crooked and queer, with eyes that blink,
And hands enstained with truant ink,
With pleasant, dove-like look,
Albeit the day is cold or hot—
He travels on a little trot,
And lugs a ponderous book.

Now by his broad wood fire-side,
He chats with a befitting pride,
Of wills, and bonds, and deeds;
While Betsey, handsome, tall and bright,
His child, his household's warmth and light,
His oft-told wisdom heeds.

She looked and moved a Gypsy queen;
Rare contrast to the quiet scene
And low-browed room was she,
As from a silver tea-pot old,
Graved with devices manifold
Of "C's" entwined with griffins old,
She poured the fragrant tea.

Years glide like ghosts; the old town clerk
Sleeps 'neath a slate stone, grim and dark,
And all the folks amazed,
On Sunday after meeting's done,
Gather in groups, and one by one
Say, "Betsey she is crazed."

'Twas said a red-checked Englishman
Stole her heart's love, and with it ran
Across the sea.
Be that as't may, nor wind nor gale
Filled with its soft perfume the sail
That proved his constancy.

So she went mad; and when the snow
Fell silently and soft and slow,
She stalked the narrow street,
A leafless branch in her brown hand,
Waving it like a witch's wand
At those she chanced to meet.

Grotesque and weird her motley guise,
Like coals of fire her glowing eyes;
And even boys in fun
Paused as she passed—always alone—
And whispered in an undertone,
"Poor Betsey Coddington!"

And so a day in winter came,
When sunset lights its crimson flame,
On Narragansett's Hill;
On Coaster's Harbor, cold and white,
The Poor-house shines with evening light;
And Betsey, she is still!

Yes! stiff and cold, and stark, and dead,
Upon a pauper's narrow bed,
And on the white wall at her head,
Now life's short dream is done,
There hangs a painting, old and rare,
With costume rich, and powdered hair,
Of Governor Coddington.

And at the poor, worn, weary feet,
That nevermore will tread the street—
Safe from all storms and harms,
There is a faded canvas spread,
Strange mockery to the pauper dead,
Her ancient coat of arms!

—*Ex-Gov. C. C. Van Zandt, in Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

UNCLE JIM'S ROMANCE.

"Uncle Jim, were you never in love? Upon your honor, now."

Uncle Jim stole a startled glance at the fair young questioner, and endeavored to evade her unpleasantly direct inquiry.

"Nonsense, Milly! You're getting into your sentimentals again. Been reading some novel, haven't you?"

"Uncle, this is a cold, drizzly day, and you know you daresn't step out doors on account of your rheumatism. Ada and I are the only ones in the house with you, and we have vowed to give you no peace and no supper unless you answer the question to the extent of your ability. Upon your honor, were you never in love?"

Uncle Jim hem'd and ha'd and glowered sternly, but all to no effect. Milly sat upon a rug, with her elbows resting on a chair, and her bright eyes looked up at him with a calm decision that he knew could not be baffled.

"Well, I guess maybe I was, once."

"I knew it," said Milly, triumphantly. "When was it? Tell us all about it. Did you ask her to marry you?"

"That question doesn't come under the vow, too, does it?"

"Of course. You must tell us all about it, or else—no supper."

"Well, then, yes. I did pop the question once, if you must know."

"What did she answer?"

"She didn't answer a blessed word."

"Oh, wasn't that glorious! Overcome by her feelings, she threw herself upon your manly breast, and in the love-light shining through her tears of joy you beheld your answer! Was that the way of it, uncle?"

"That might have been the way with Lord Montmorency, or Duke Warburton, or Count Belvidere, or some other high-toned hero; but it wasn't the way with me."

"Did she faint?" queried Milly.

"Faint! Did you ever hear or read of a woman's fainting at a marriage proposal? They'll faint, some of them, at the sight of a mouse, or a drop of blood, or the news of the death of their pet poodle; but in the whole history of this world, real or fictitious, there is not one case reported of a woman's fainting when asked for her heart and hand. No; she didn't faint."

"I know," said Ada. "She was deaf, and didn't hear you. Oh, Uncle Jim, what a joke!"

"I'm sorry to spoil a joke, but that wasn't it either."

"Were you interrupted? Did an envious rival rush forward and stab her to the heart? Maybe she was dumb, and had to answer on her fingers. Do tell us, uncle."

"I don't mind if I do, girls—it was so long ago. But you musn't tell anybody else. It was—let's see, twenty from forty-seven leaves twenty-seven—twenty-seven years ago. I was a high and mighty senior in the university then. As we had no dormitory or boarding-hall, we took our meals at private boarding-houses—half a dozen here and half a dozen there. There were five of us students at the Dorsets'—two or three women, and a young attorney.

"About the middle of the spring term a young lady, who called herself Isadore Graham, came to town and began taking her meals at Dorsets', representing herself as a music-teacher, who was about to start a class. She was as beautiful a creature as I ever saw before or since—skin pure, and delicate as a baby's; hair a light wavy chestnut; and such eyes!—I couldn't tell you now whether they were blue or brown or black, whether they were large and lustrous or small and ferrety. They never looked the same for two successive moments. When they rested upon you they seemed to look clear into the very marrow of your bones, and when there was nothing special attracting attention, she seemed to be looking at everything at once.

"She didn't talk much, but what she did say was said with such delicious inflections, and in such a queenly manner, that it gave the impression of rare conversational ability and society experience.

"Of course we young fellows went daft at once; but from the very first she appeared to take a fancy to me, and the others had no chance. I was powerfully smitten, neglected my studies, dreamed night and day of her beauty, and sought her presence at all practicable moments; in short, I was as big a fool inside of three days as any love-lorn swain that ever breathed a sigh or tried to sing a serenade.

"I knew nothing of her history, but I was ready to stake existence on her respectability, or even nobility; and in manners and dress she did appear to be a perfect lady.

"The fourth evening of our acquaintance I ventured to offer her a present of a dainty little throat-clasp. She received it without a flutter of embarrassment, thanked me graciously, and immediately fixed it in place. I felt very exalted, of course, and it must have been nearly midnight when I left her that evening, and quite dark. I had passed but a short distance beyond the gate when I was startled by hearing her voice pronounce my name in a suppressed whisper close behind me. I could hardly see her face, even when she came beside me and took my arm, but her voice indicated intense excitement.

"'I am going to tell you who I am,' she said. 'I would not do so in there, for the very walls have ears, and everything and everybody seem to conspire against me. You I trust. You will not betray me. I feel sure of it. Swear that you will not.'

"I did as she commanded. Her tones, her touch, thrilled me through and through. I had left her so composed, and she was now so agitated, that it seemed as if some magic *presto* must have wrought the change.

"'I am not what I seem,' she continued, as we walked back and forth. 'My father was Count Magdolino of Italy. Twenty years ago he was one of the most powerful noblemen in that realm. But he was exciled because of the misrepresentations of envious tongues, and came to this country. On the journey hither I was born, my mother, the Countess, dying in a day or two after. My father and I lived in great hardship till one year ago, when he died, leaving me almost penniless. One week after his death a letter came informing me that the decree banishing our family had been revoked, and the former estate, now a mammoth fortune, was again ours.

"'I immediately wrote to my uncle, living in England, of my father's death and my destitution, and waited in vain for an answer. But I received a warning from an old servant in my uncle's employ that he, my uncle, had instructed agents to seize me and keep me in close confinement. At once the devilish plot flashed across me. He would declare my death, and seize my share of the estate. I fled at once, and have up to this time escaped his emissaries. But what shall I do? I am a poor, helpless gir—lagainst a pack of bloodhounds who will leave nothing undone to hound me to the death. This is why I tell you: I want your counsel and aid. You are a man, and can do things without exciting suspicion.'

"What do you suppose I felt like, girls, with that beautiful creature clinging close to me in the darkness, and in the sweetest tones imploring my protection, and expressing confidence in me. I felt as though I had grown about two inches while she was speaking. I was to be a knight-errant, a gallant hero protecting helpless beauty from the machinations of villainy. That was what I felt like; what I was, I suppose, is—an egregious ass. And yet," and he gazed musingly into the fire, "I believe I would rather relish the same condition again for a while.

"I needn't tell you all the vows I made to her. I verily believe I should blush if I tried. I was young and romantic, and her rare beauty and charming manners dazed me past all reason. After assuring her of my eternal allegiance to her interests, I would have gone on and declared my passion, but she left me as suddenly as she had come, and gliding through the gate with a whispered 'good-night,' softly entered the house.

"Several days passed, and I saw her every evening. She often talked of her past life, describing it, and the tales her father had told her of Italy, with a minuteness that would have banished all my doubt, if I had room in my system for such a thing. Her mother was American, she stated, which explained her light hair and fair features. When I proposed laying her case before legal authorities she was much frightened, declaring it would merely reveal her whereabouts, and her uncle would find some way of thwarting legal measures.

"Saturday afternoon we were driving. It was a balmy, beautiful day—just the kind for a lover's confession—and I made up my mind that there should be one. We were driving slowly along a country road, and I opened fire upon the citadel of her affections. She had been speaking of her persecutions, and had again referred to me as her only hope of protection.

"'Isadore,' I began, 'you may ever depend upon me as a protector to the utmost of my ability. I feel grateful for the confidence and proud of the trust you have in me, and yet—I may be unreasonable—that doesn't satisfy me.'

"I saw her start and droop her head, and half turn away, as though she would conceal her blushes.

"'Yes, you have given me confidence and trust; but I have given you more than that: I have given you my whole heart, Isadore. It is not a fair exchange. Can't you give me your love, darling, in return for the passion that fills my whole being and makes the whole world seem gross and barren without you?'

"Still she did not speak, and her face was averted, but I could hear her breathing heavily, as though trying to repress deep emotion.

"I took it as a favorable indication, and went on to press my suit with an eloquence that would have made my reputation in our literary society. As she leaned forward, her dainty little waist formed a most tempting sight, and finally passing my arm around it I attempted to draw her closer.

"Then with a sudden motion she sprang to her feet in the carriage, and looked back over the road. Her eyes were roving wildly, and there was an intensity in her countenance that held me spell-bound.

"'Hist!' she whispered, 'I hear them. They are coming. The bloodhounds are on the track.'

"I looked back also, but could see nobody.

"'Ha!' she muttered, 'they stop. They are balked. No; they start again. They are descending the hill—they are crossing the bridge. Demons! devils! I defy you,' and with a shrill shriek she turned, and snatching the whip began to lash the horses into a frenzy.

"Just as she turned, two men came galloping around the curve about a quarter of a mile in our rear. I caught but a glimpse of them, and turned to control the maddened steeds. Quick as a flash she snatched the reins from my hands, and threw them into the road with a wild laugh, and continued to ply the whip frantically.

"My story seems to be getting rather melodramatic, doesn't it, girls? Well, I assure you the situation was anything but commonplace. It soon became almost tragic. Some distance ahead the road made a short turn on the bank of a river. The slope from the road to the water was steep and high, and at the foot was a jumble of huge rocks. I knew the consequence of ever reaching that curve at our terrible speed.

"Whatever was so be done must be done quickly. I caught Isadore, and attempted to wrest the whip from her. She struggled with a superhuman strength, and with the carriage swaying and bounding, it was no easy task, and every moment was precious. I gave up the attempt, and drawing my revolver, fired its contents in rapid succession into the horses. One fell stone-dead, and the other stumbled. Before he could regain his feet, I sprang out and cut the traces. We were saved. But it was a narrow shave. We were only a few rods from the bank. It makes me shiver even now."

Uncle Jim paused, and the two girls drew long breaths, and waited for the conclusion. But he continued to gaze into the fire with a provoking silence.

"But what about Isadore, uncle?"

"Oh, she was saved too. She wasn't hurt at all."

"But what became of her? Why don't you go on and finish?"

"Sure enough; I forgot. Well, she leaped out and ran in the fields a short distance; but the two men overtook her and carried her away, and I never saw her again. Let's have some supper, Milly."

"And you stood by without doing anything?" asked Milly, in an indignant tone.

"Why, bless you, they didn't need any help. Come, hurry up supper," said Uncle Jim chuckled as he looked in the excited and perplexed faces of his nieces.

"The reaction," he added at length, "left her weak, and they had no trouble at all about getting her *back to the lunatic asylum.*"

"Oh-h-h!"—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

An Ancient Battle Called to Mind.

The excavations which have been going on under the famous Lion at Chæronea, where the Bœotians who fell in the battle with Philip of Macedon, August, 338 B. C., were interred, have thus far disclosed two hundred and seventy skeletons. Among the most recently examined, two have been found transfixed with iron lances. Six of the skeletons, more or less preserved, and remarkable for the fractures of their bones and the firm manner in which they died of their wounds, have been prepared to be taken from their places in plaster and transferred to the museum in Athens, where they will remain among its greatest curiosities and wonders. The face of the monumental lion, who sits with head thrown up, expresses rage, grief and shame, together with that moderation which is characteristic of all Greek art. Pausanias, who wrote about 180 A. D., says: "On approaching the city is the tomb of the Bœotians, who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of these men. The inscription has been omitted, I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess." It is interesting that, after the lapse of two thousand, two hundred and almost nineteen years, we are able to read in the bodies which have been thus exhumed, in the fractures of their bones, and in the iron lances by which they are pierced, the story of their heroic struggle to maintain the independence of their country.

—In consequence of a strong taste of carbolic acid perceived in the Passaic River at Newark, N. J., an investigation was made in December, when the cause was traced to a paper mill on one of its tributaries, no less than four miles distant, where 100 pounds of waste carbolized paper which had entirely lost all smell of carbolic acid had been washed in a pond preparatory to reworking it. Only about ten pounds of the acid had been originally absorbed by the paper, and probably half had evaporated, and the five pounds or seven pounds remaining were sufficient to be diffused through two hundred million gallons of water extending a distance of four miles.

—The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand disperses.

Precautions Against Assassination.

There is, so far as we can see, no possible method of preventing a repetition of such a crime short of locking up the sovereign in a well guarded prison. The bowling has permanently beaten the batting. Modern science has applied itself to the work of destruction, and there is no longer any possibility of protecting a life for which a resolute enemy is willing to give his own. The use of the knife can be prevented, for it presupposes contact; and what with guards, rapid driving, and incessant watchfulness, contact between a sovereign and an enemy can be rendered nearly, if not quite, impossible. The sovereign can be armed, too, and can make as good a fight for his life against the dagger as any other soldier. Even the use of the rifle can be prevented, partly by armor, partly by mailed carriages, and partly by the constant interposition of attendants between the sovereign and any point from which he could be threatened. It used to be said of Napoleon, as he drove up the Champs Elysees, that it was impossible to "cover" him with a stick, and that was very nearly, though not literally, true. No man along the line could have drawn a pistol without some Corsican seeing him. The movements of guards distract the marksman, who, though he does not care whether he kills the innocent or not, does exceedingly care not to miss his aim.

But neither these precautions nor any other are of avail against one or two men throwing in succession bombs powerful enough to blow up a carriage or shatter a crowd. There are always points at which a calvacade really enters a pass, or approaches some foreseen angle, and assassins stationed at the side have only, as it were, to pitch a cricket ball tolerably straight to change the succession of a throne. If the murderer knows how to measure distance, the speed of the carriage is useless, the iron plates give way, the guards are destroyed like him they guard, and the sovereign is slain as he would be slain if a shell reached him in the midst of armies. Of course, if by any chance he leaves the carriage, the chances are increased by his immobility. The only conditions required are that the assassins shall be careless of escape, that they shall have bombs, and that they shall just have nerve enough at the moment to pitch straight; and none of these conditions can be absolutely prevented. True courage is hardly required, only a kind of resignation, very common in some races, especially among women.

Few of the assassins of recent days have cared to escape. Hodel made no effort, nor did Solovieff, nor, till her acquittal, Vera Sassulitsch, nor is there any method of shaking their nerve. They risk always one of the most horrible of fates—lynching by an excited mob, which breaks their bones. Horrible punishments, even if modern feeling would allow them, would not do it, for you could not go beyond breaking on the wheel or burning alive, both of which have been tried, the one in France, the other in the Southern States of America, and both have failed. The modern fanatical assassin is always ready to commit suicide, and on a man raised or lowered to the suicide temper threats of inflicting torture have no effect. He will only kill himself, and so baffle inquiry into his motives and resources. Nor is it possible to confine the use of explosives to known persons. Laws to that effect only drive the criminals to learn chemistry for themselves—that is, invest them with a new power of keeping their own secrets. Any student of chemistry can make gun cotton or nitro-glycerine, and powder is an article which must be manufactured, and, if manufactured, can be stolen.

Granted a few resolute conspirators, with one man of education among them, and some little command of money, and no conceivable laws or rules of police or detective arrangements can prevent their making and carrying and throwing bombs, which are as dangerous to the victims as hostile batteries only fifty yards off. Science has armed the assassin, and governments, with all their endless resources in men and material, are almost as powerless as if their opponents could wield the lightning or direct the course of earthquakes.—*London Spectator.*

Mesmerism and Crime.

Dr. William A. Hammond addressed the Medico-Legal Society last evening on "The Medico-Legal Relations of Syggignoeism, or Hypnotism," and illustrated his remarks with practical experiments on a young man. He said Mesmer, who first called the attention of Europe to the subject of hypnotism, was wrong in supposing that it was the result of any peculiar power possessed by the operator. The peculiarity which renders the condition possible is in the person operated on, and he can generally pass into the state spontaneously if he wishes. The speaker thought syggignoeism, which signifies a condition in which the subject agrees with the person operating on him, was the proper word to express the state, and suggested this name in place of hypnotism. About two out of every ten males and four out of every ten females make good subjects for experiments. Dr. Hammond confessed his inability to explain the phenomena exhibited by persons when in the hypnotic state, but he stated a theory which he thought might prove to be correct. This was that the superior or intellectual part of the brain is entirely cut off from all action when a person becomes mesmerized, so that he has practically no will of his own, and does and says things which he would not do and say if his intellectual faculties were under his control. He thought the law should take cognizance of this condition, as unscrupulous men might cause a subject to commit the greatest of crimes, while they remained hidden and free from detection. It was to show the members of the society how easily the perpetration of crime might be arranged by means of hypnotic instruments that the doctor made several experiments. The young man selected for the experiments was reduced to the proper condition in thirty seconds, by simply holding a piece of glass before his eyes, upon which he gazed intently. His eyes became fixed, and he was then a passive instrument in the hands of the operator. He was first made to commit a burglary. A step-ladder was placed against the wall, which he was told was a store-house. A large easy-chair represented the stoop. He was told to enter the basement through the window, go up-stairs, and secure the money in an oak box. He crawled under the chair, going through the motions of opening a basement window, climbed the ladder, and filled his pockets, in imagination, with the money, returning by the same way, as cautiously as a genuine burglar would have done. He was then made to believe that he was under arrest, taken to the station-house, released on bail, and finally returned the money to the chamber from which he took it on promise of a pardon by the governor. The subject was next made to commit a murder. He was handed a piece of paper for a dagger, and told to kill a gentleman standing in the doorway, who had killed his mother. He crept silently up behind him, struck him twice in the back, and then threw the paper dagger away. Upon his return to the platform his attention was called to an angel with a flaming sword. He breathed so hard upon seeing this vision that he could be heard to the furthest end of the room, clasped his hands in agony, and finally, with a shriek, darted from the stage and fell prostrate to the floor. The last experiment was to cause him to forge a check for $25,000, which he did, imitating the signature of the President, C. S. Wood, very successfully, presented it at an imaginary bank, and drew the money on it. The lecture and experiments occupied nearly three hours.—*New York Times.*

A Remarkable Dwarf Child.

There is now being exhibited in Paris, we learn from *La Nature*, a child of remarkably small size. She is only thirty-eight centimeters, say fifteen inches in height. In a representation given of her, she stands on a table and appears only a little taller than an ordinary quart bottle on the table. True, she is only four years old, and it is probable that she will yet grow a little. But a new-born child of the average length of fifty centimeters (twenty inches) would be almost a giant in comparison.

She is being exhibited at the Cirque Fernando. There she walks along the galleries, where all may see her, and may speak with her (the latter at least on the rather difficult condition of being able to speak Dutch, her native tongue). She was born on the frontier of Belgium and Holland, a few kilometers from Atwerp.

M. Bertillon gives a few further particulars in our contemporary. Her head, though small, is large for her poor little body. She has a very small, pale face, with the lines already formed. Her blue eyes are not without intelligence. She has a good crop of fine blonde hair. Her teeth are in very good condition. Her cephalic index is about 80.8. She is very restless, though her walk is difficult and embarrassed. She speaks often, in a thin voice, and she is fond of the amusements of her age. Considering her bad walk, M. Bertillon thought at first she was deformed. It appears that her vetebral column is normal, but her small, thin legs lack supporting force, so that they are always bent in walking. It is only fourteen months ago that she became able to walk alone.

The calf of the leg at its thickest part is 9.8 etm. in circumference. If we remember that the ring of an average man is about 7 etm. in circumference, we shall be able to appreciate the thinness of this little leg. The limbs are pretty well shaped. The feet are somewhat turned outward.

The Princess Paulina, as she has been named, is the seventh child of her parents. Her brothers and sisters are of normal size. She was born at the ordinary term, and then was extraordinary for her small size. She had not grown from birth until quite lately, when she gained two finger widths in height. Her weight is six pounds and a-half.

She enjoys good health, and sleeps ten or eleven hours at night; but her little heart beats with great rapidity. As she is constantly restless, it is very difficult to ascertain her pulse. Applying his ear to her chest, M. Bertillon counted a hundred pulsations per minute. In new-born infants the number ordinarily reaches 120. It is remarkable that she has passed through an attack of whooping-cough.

The general aspect of this child suggests that of athreptic children, who do not benefit by what they eat. Her sorry exterior is happily counterbalanced by a pretty, mobile and lively physiognomy. Some one having given her a doll, she embraced it with transport, and seemed delighted to possess it.

Astrology and Astronomy.

Astrologers have spent their strength in forebodings concerning this disastrous year, and memorable events thus far chance, says a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, to accord with their predictions. But intelligent observers of the political condition of Europe would have drawn a similar picture of the events shadowed forth in the coming year, and students of astronomy familiar with the results of the sun-spot period would have expected the advent of storms, earthquakes and epidemics in varied forms, for there is little doubt that the disturbed condition of the sun is reflected in the meteorological condition of the earth. And yet at this very time, when astrology as a science has nearly exploded, astronomy is discussing the question whether these planets whose positions were supposed to rule the destinies of men born under them may not be the exciting cause of some of the phenomena agitating the globe, their attraction acting upon the sun, and the sun in turn acting upon the earth. Planetary action is thus made the indirect agent in the death of many thousands of human beings, the victims of the unusual elemental warfare that will make this year one long to be remembered.

It is only a theory, like almost everything connected with astronomy, and the giant planets must swing round to perihelia many times before the question can be decided. There may be something in it, however, and if so, astrology, in a new phase, will shake hands across the intervening ages with the ancient science which saw in the beaming planets, as they tracked the heavens, friends and foes, watching over the nativities and destinies of the human race.

—Young man, take a wife, for now is the spring tie 'em of life.—*Whitehall Times.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The *Journal of Chemistry* cries out against athletic training, and says that diseases of stomach, heart and veins are usually brought on by that system of development.

—The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has resolved to institute a traveling dairy during the coming summer, to demonstrate in different districts the best modes of butter making, etc.

—Mr. Pierre Veron, in a recent article on "The Age of Adulteration," relates that a wine merchant, giving death-bed injunctions to his son, said: "Always bear in mind that wine may be made with *anything*—even (with a melancholy smile) grape juice."

—Sir Wyville Thompson has estimated that the pressure upon a man's body at a depth of 12,000 feet beneath the surface of the sea would be equal to the weight of twenty locomotives, each with a good train loaded with pig-iron.

—Viewed solely in relation to health, the best air for a man to breathe is believed to be that which is found about 1,200 feet above the sea level. It is more invigorating and more conducive to long life than either the higher or the lower altitudes.

—A valuable discovery of telluride ore has been recently made at the head of Johnson's Gulch, east of town, says the Silver Cliff (Colo.) *Gazette*, a large vein having been opened in the opening of a tunnel site located by two gentlemen of the Cliff. Both walls are of granite, about twelve feet apart, while the vein stone is feldspathic in character, and threaded with thin seams of tellurite, worth near the surface about $100 per ton.

—It is not generally known that milk is not only a good solvent of quinine, but that it also disguises its bitterness. A writer in a medical journal states that if one grain of the sulphate be dissolved in an ounce of milk the solution is scarcely perceptibly bitter. A dose of five grains may be taken in two ounces of milk without rendering it unpleasant, and if taken in a tumblerful of milk the bitterness disappears. Another surgeon recommends the use of a solution of quinine in glycerine, in the proportion of one grain to one dram, the dose to be taken in a wineglassful of milk.

—The Mekarski engine is about to be introduced for street railroads in England. It can be used in combination with a car or separately. This locomotive weighs about seven and a half tons, and consists of cylindrical steel reservoirs that are charged with air at a pressure of 350 pounds to the square inch before starting, a special regulating apparatus, and ordinary cylinders and driving gear. The air passes through a reservoir of hot water and steam to the regulator, and thence to the cylinders. The heat thus imparted to the air increases its volume and prevents the freezing of moisture in the exhaust passages. When this engine is working there is no noise, and there is the further and obvious advantage of an absence of smoke. This type of motor has been in successful operation in Nantes for about two years.

PITH AND POINT.

—Fogg says his sister Ann will talk culture till he falls asleep. He says she is a sort of Ann æsthetic.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"It's easy enough, after you get your hand in," was the reply of the criminal with the fetters on his wrist.—*Meriden Recorder.*

—"This is very like a whale," as the school boy said when he received a merited castigation from the teacher.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A New York man has discovered an "invisible soap." It is the same article that small boys have used in their morning ablutions from the most remote periods.—*New Haven Register.*

—Said Fogg, smarting under the hands of the barber: "I wish you were where your razor is." "Where is that?" asked the tonsorial artist. "Underground," replied Fogg, with a snap.—*Boston Post.*

—"What luck did you have fishing, Breckenridge?" asked a Galveston gentleman of a well-known impecunious character who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."—*Galveston News.*

—The female plaintiff in a Western divorce suit was asked, upon taking the stand and prior to being sworn, if she believed in a future life: "I used to," she answered; "but since I was married I've had all the nonsense taken out of me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Carlyle and the New England Girl.

I recall the uproarious mirth with which he and Mrs. Carlyle used to recount the incidents of a visit they had received from a young New England woman, and describe the earnest, devout homage her credulous soul had rendered him. It was her first visit abroad, and she supposed—poor thing!—that these famous European writers and talkers, who so dominated her fancy at a distance, really meant all they said, were as innocent and lovely in their lives as in their books; and she no sooner crossed Carlyle's threshold, accordingly, than her heart offered its fragrance to him as liberally as the flower opens to the sun. And Carlyle, the inveterate comedian, instead of being humbled to the dust by the revelation which such simplicity suddenly flashed upon his own eyes of his essentially dramatic genius and exploits, was irritated, vexed and outraged by it as by a covert insult.

His own devout soul had never risen to the contemplation of himself as the priest of a really infinite sanctity, and when this clear-eyed barbarian, looking past him to the substance which informed him, made him feel himself for the moment the transparent mask or unconscious actor he was, his self-consciousness took the alarm. She sat, the breathless, silly little maid, between him and Mrs. Carlyle, holding a hand of each, and feeling the while her anticipations of Paradise on earth so met in this foolish encounter that she could not speak, but barely looked the pious rapture which filled her soul.—*Henry James, in the Atlantic.*

—They have no union railroad depots in Europe. In Berlin, for instance, the ten or twelve depots are from one to six miles apart, and no one cares for the convenience of passengers.

The Republican.

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THE ROBINS.

They chose their nook, the bonnie birds,
'Mid the crab-tree's perfumed snow;
And her three blue eggs the brown hen laid
In her warm, soft nest 'neath the blossoms' shade;
And patient she kept her watch of love,
And patient her mate to feed her strove,
But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a weary wait they had,
While the hours danced by, 'neath the sweet spring sky,
And the thickets rang where the thrushes sang,
And the fields were with cowslips clad.

They hatched their eggs, the bonnie birds,
By one, by two, by three;
And hour by hour each yellow bill
Gaped wide for the parents' toil to fill;
And the robins, on swift, untiring wing,
Tended each clamorous nestling.
But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a heavy task was theirs,
As from morn's first light to the fall of night
Still to and fro on their quest they go,
Nor ever might cease from cares.

They tended their young, the bonnie birds,
Till the counted weeks were past.
Till the down grew dark upon back and crest,
And the red turned bright on each little breast;
And with chirp and twitter and preen of feather,
The brood hopped out of their nest together.
And it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
Who had watched and worked their day;
Worked hour by hour, through sun and shower,
For their task was done, and then one by one
The fledglings flew away!

—*All the Year Round.*

KATRINE'S LOVERS.

A prettier sight than Katrine Van Elten, as she tripped lightly along the mountain path leading from her father's farm to the Kaaterskill Falls, it would have been hard to find. Her life had been spent at the quaint Dutch farm nestled away in the heart of the Kaatskills, and perhaps the mountain air, and free life, unfettered by conventionalities, had given her that light, springing step, and that wild grace in every movement, as well as the clear light in her deep blue eyes, and the brilliant glow on her cheek. Be this as it may, between her personal charms and the more substantial blessings with which a thrifty father like old Hans Van Elten would endow his only child, Katrine was the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood; and right royally did the sauey maiden receive the adoration of her many suitors.

It must be confessed that she was somewhat of a coquette, and had bestowed her smiles by turns on half the youths of her acquaintance. Indeed, the only one of her admirers to whom she seemed resolved never to be gracious was the one whom her stepmother was equally resolved she should wed. This was Tjerck Solpaugh, who had, in some marvelous and unknown manner, succeeded in making himself agreeable to Mrs. Van Elten, for the rest of the inhabitants would not have contradicted pretty Katrine when she poutingly said to her father:

"What can mother want to marry me to that man for? He is old, cross and awkward and ugly. Nobody likes him but mother. I am sure I don't."

And poor Mr. Van Elten, who had long ago resigned himself in all things to his bustling wife's will, as the only way of having any peace in life, would softly stroke the bright waves of Katrine's hair, and puff placidly at his pipe, as he answered:

"Ach well! Never fret, my little one! All things will go right if you do not fret."

And usually Katrine did not fret, but danced through life, making the most of its sunny side, and paying as little heed as possible to the sudden clouds—perhaps we might be permitted to say squalls—that Dame Van Elten sometimes raised about her.

But of late there had been a little shadow on Katrines's spirits. She was as brisk and busy as ever, and none among the maidens of the neighboring farms could compare with her in spinning, weaving, churning, or any of their household duties. No, her bread was still the whitest and lightest, her butter the most golden, her washing the first on the line, her milk pans and pails the brightest, and her kitchen the most spotless. She was still at every merry-making, and apparently the gayest of the gay, and yet there was a little change creeping over Katrine.

Old Hans noticed it as he sat in the shaded stoop smoking, and watching Katrine flitting about her work.

"I am afraid the old vrow is not too kind," he soliloquized. "What does she see to like in Tjerek Solpaugh, with his big talk of what he has seen and done in Holland, and how rich he was there, and all the rest of it? Why did not he stay in Holland, and not come here to torment my little Katrine? Suppose he has got a big farm. It 's not paid for, and I believe it never will be. He is no farmer. Now there is Hermann Schoonmaker, as fine a lad as you can find in all the country, and the dame don't like him, just because Katrine and I do, I think, for surely there 's no other reason. To be sure he has no big farm like Tjerek, but he is a real hard-working farmer, which Tjerek will never be, and I am growing old, and this farm is big enough—big enough!" with a complacent glance sweeping over the broad, well-tilled fields, and resting with pardonable pride on his large, well-stocked barns and granaries. "I must be careful, or the dame will scold, and be more against Hermann than ever; but I think I will give Katrine one little hint. She is a good girl, and she looks so like my own Gretchen!" and the old man sighed as he thus recalled the wife of his youth. "Kathrine," he called softly.

"Do you want your pipe filled father?" asked the girl as she came quickly toward him.

"Yes—no. That is, you might make believe fill it."

And he held out the half-filled pipe.

"Might make believe fill it?" repeated Katrine, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," answered Hans, rather confusedly, "just while I speak to you. You see, Katrintje,"—using the pet name he had had for her as a child—"Hermann Schoonmaker is a very fine lad."

"Yes, father," murmured Katrine, now assiduously employed in refilling the pipe.

"A very fine lad," repeated the old man, with rather a comical glance at his daughter's blushing face.

"Yes, father," murmured the girl again.

"Well, that is all I wanted. You are a good girl, Katrintje! Now run back to your work, or the dame will scold."

Perhaps fifteen minutes had elapsed when he again called softly:

"Katrine."

And again Katrine came to his side.

"You are all the child I have, little one," he said, fondly. "Do you think I would leave my money away from my own child—to strangers?"

Katrine stooped down and kissed him affectionately.

"There, that will do! Run away or the dame may see," he said, hurriedly. Then, as Katrine turned, he whispered, "There 's many another clergyman besides our own dominie, Katrine."

And met her inquiring glances with many mysterious words, which only served to bewilder his daughter as she once more resumed her work.

For full half an hour Hans puffed placidly and silently. Then he arose deliberately, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and laid it aside, watched till Dame Van Elten's back was turned, and as he passed the table where Katrine stood at work said softly:

"I shall tell Hermann you will meet him at the falls this afternoon, as he asked you to do."

And he walked quietly away.

"How did he know that Hermann asked me?" thought the astonished girl; "and what does he mean by there being other dominies? and by his not leaving his money to strangers? Has Hermann been talking to him?"

She could not answer her own questions, but there was a bright light in her eye, and a tell-tale blush on her cheek, as she worked, that spoke of some unwonted excitement.

At last dinner was over, the dishes washed, and the kitchen in perfect order. Katrine now took refuge in her own little room, but only long enough to re-arrange the heavy coils of her hair, and to substitute a neatly-fitting ginghnm dress for the loose sack and skirt of the morning, when, as we have seen, she took her way toward the Kaaterskill Falls.

It was but a rude foot-path through the woods, sometimes passing so near the edge of a precipice that a single misstep would have sent her crashing down hundreds of feet, and again coming out on a comparatively level and open spot, whence she could look off and follow the course of the beautiful Hudson for miles. Often her path would be crossed by a tiny mountain stream, dashing from the rocks above, and hurrying on to find some opening through which it might escape to join the larger streams below. Lovely flowers bloomed on every side, yet Katrine passed by, unmindful of their beauty, though usually she would have gathered huge bouquets to decorate every nook and corner of the old farmhouse. But now she was busily recalling her father's looks and words of the morning, and endeavoring to decide whether she should tell Hermann of them, when a clear, loud whistle roused her, and a moment later she saw Hermann approaching her by an opposite path.

"Your father said you would come," was his first salutation, "and I hurried lest I should keep you waiting."

His words seemed so entirely a part of her thoughts that she hesitated no longer, but hastily recorded the events of the morning, concluding with:

"What does my father mean, Hermann?"

"He means," replied her lover, as he drew her to a seat beside him on a mossy rock, "that he does not like to see his child ill-treated, and being afraid of Dame Van Elten's wrath if he expresses his opinions, he decided that if we ran off and got married it would settle the question with the least amount of trouble. But I told him," continued Hermann, hastily, as he saw a shadow gathering on the bright face beside him, at the thought of her consent being taken as a matter of course, "that I was quite sure you would never consent to such a plan, and, for my own part, if I were ever so fortunate as to win you, I should want to be married in our own church, where all might see how proud and happy I was, and not to sneak away as if I were ashamed."

The young man's eyes flashed and his face glowed as he spoke, and Katrine looked lovingly at him, and forgot to draw away a little hand that he had taken in his.

"I have been planning how we may get rid of Tjerek Solpangh," Hermann continued. "I never knew until last week why your step-mother was so desirous for your marriage with him."

"And what is the reason?" queried Katrine, eagerly. "I never could discover."

"Tjerek had been drinking too much, and he told the whole story to Charley Hommel," replied her lover. "It appears that he has not paid a cent on his great farm or stock, and, unless he can raise some money within a few weeks all will be taken away from him, and that will not suit him after the great display he has made and the great stories he has told of his wealth. Your mother's fortune will be yours on your marriage, and he has solemnly promised one-half of it to Dame Van Elten, while with the remainder he will make the first payment on his farm and stock, and still have a little left to live on, till your father's death, when he expects to have entire control of all his property. Dame Van Elten, as you well know, will do almost anything for money; and this is why she so favors Sotpaugh. If I can only make some plan to drive him away, I should much prefer it to your father's idea of a secret marriage, though, at the same time, I feel very grateful to your father for thus showing that he did not suspect me of trying to secure your fortune."

"No one could suspect you of such a thing," begnn Katrine."

But Hermann shook his head.

"That is exactly what your step-mother does suspect me of. I have often wished that you were entirely destitute, that I might prove that it is you, and not your money, that I enre for."

"I tried last night to frighten Tjerek so that he would not dare to come again," said Katrine, laughing at the recollection of her misdeeds. "He is such a coward that it is as much as he can do to get courage to go at all in the dark, and I told ghost stories and the legends of the mountains, till his teeth fairly chattered, and he trembled so he could scarcely stand when he bade us good-night."

Hermann sprang to his feet.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, impetuously. Then in answer to Katrine's bewildered look, he continued: "You have found the best means of getting rid of the fellow. Only help me now, and I promise you he will soon disappearl But give me one little promise, Katrine," he pleaded, in earnest tones. "Only say that you will be mine, and I will never rest till he has gone."

Katrine did not answer in words, but slipped her hand again into her lover's, nnd bestowed on him a glance that seemed satisfactory.

"Tell me, little one," questioned Hermann, breaking the "eloquent silence" that had fallen upon them, "have you ever told him the legend of the man who, having overtaken his fugitive servant, tied her to his horse's tail, when the horse became frightened, and ran, dashing her to pieces among the rocks? You know it is said that the horse dragging a skeleton is often seen."

"I know the story," answered Katrine, with a shudder; "but I have not told him that because it happened at Cairo, and that is too far for the horse to be likely to be seen here."

"Never mind that," interposed Hermann. "You need not be particular to mention the exact place. Among the Kaatskills is near enough. Tell it with all the horror you can think of; not omitting the fiery eyes of the gigantic white horse, nor the unearthly shrieks and groans that filled the air as he passed. When can you tell him, that I may be ready to perform my part?"

"He will come to-night, as usual, I suppose," answered Katrine; "and the dame is spending the afternoon and evening at one of the neighbor's, so she will not be there to notice if I do not tell the exact spot where the ghost is usually seen. Shall I tell of her cow that stands moaning among the rocks?"

"Yes, tell all you can think of, and leave the rest to me. Do you know which path he usually takes?"

"The one we are now on, which leads him by the falls. O Hermann!" and her face blanched at the thought, "you will not drive him too elose to the edge of the precipice?"

"Never fear," returned her lover. "I will not hurt a hair of his head, except to frighten him; nor would I do that could I find any other way to defeat his plans against you, but I know of none. Even if we followed your father's advice, the dame would always be against me; but if he runs away, breaking his promises to her, I have strong hopes that, in her wrath against him, she may change her opinion, and become friendly."

But the sinking sun now warned Katrine that she should be returning home. She could not promise when she could again meet Hermann, as it was only when her step-mother was absent that she could leave the house without being cross-questioned as to where she was going, but blushingly consented to send her father as a massenger when a favorable opportunity should occur. This was a great concession for the coquettish maiden, who had never before been so gracious, and Hermann, appreciating the fact, was duly grateful, and thanked her eloquently when they parted.

A dark, cheerless evening succeeded the lovely day, and Katrine sat very demurely knitting, after getting her father's supper, and chatting gayly to him while he ate it; and, while she washed the dishes and tidied the kitchen, wondered to herself whether Tjerek would dare to take the lonely walk from his farm to that of her father. She was arranging in her own mind what would be the most natural way to introduce the legend of which Hermann spoke, when the outer door burst open, and Solpaugh entered with such a wild, terrified look, that Katrine instantly concluded that Hermann had already commenced operations.

The new-comer seemed anxious to appear at ease, and took a seat by Hans, who was smoking as usual; but fright soon got the better of his discretion, and he falteringly inquired whether Katrine had seen or heard anything unusual that evening; and, on her replying in the negative, he proceeded with trembling lips to relate how, as he came along the mountain side, he had heard wild cries, and once, far before him, fancied he saw some large, white animal moving back nnd forth among the trees, but when he reached the spot it had disappeared.

"No doubt," observed Katrine, who, seemingly intent on her knitting, still watched Tjerek elosely as she spoke, "no doubt it was poor Nattie's cow that you saw."

"Poor Nattie?" responded Tjerck questioningly; "and who was poor Nattie?"

"The murdered girl who haunts these mountains," answered Katrine, as coolly as though she had remarked that it was a dark evening.

"Haunts! Did you say haunts these mountains?" asked Tjerck, in terrified tones.

"Certainly. Have you never heard the story? I will tell it to you. It is just the night for a ghost story!"

Katrine threw a fresh log of wood on the fire, for the evening was sufficiently chilly to make the kitchen fire most agreeable, and was soon recounting the tragic tale in low, thrilling tones, while the wind moaned and shrieked about the house like spirits seeking for a victim, and the fire burned and glowed, and cast flickering lights and shadows about the kitchen. Katrine, as was the custom of the house, had lighted no candle, the firelight being quite sufficient for knitting purposes, which was the usual employment for the dame and herself, while Hans only smoked and dozed, and could do either, or both, in the dark. But the uncertain light greatly added to the ghostly tale Katrine was relating, and Tjerek grew more and more nervous as she proceeded, till his teeth chattered, and his voice trembled as he asked:

"And did you ever see this horseman?"

Katrine glanced across the fireplace to where her father sat; but he was evidently too fast asleep to contradict, so she answered;

"Of course. Didn't I tell you that every one about here had seen him?"

Her victim sat in silence, until the sound of the old Dutch clock, striking ten, warned him that he had lingered longer than was customary in those primitive times.

Katrine was exceedingly anxious to have him leave before her step-mother's return, and had almost entirely ceased speaking. So, with a half audible sigh, Solpaugh rose and took his hat. Katrine most obligingly opened the door for him.

"What a dark night," she said peering out. "You could scarcely see the horseman if you met him to-night, unless his horse really breathed forth fire, as some people say."

"Oh, I h—h—hope I shan't meet him!" stammered Tjerek, appalled at the idea.

"If you should, be sure and remember just how he looks, and what he does or says," laughed Katrine. "Good-night, Mr. Solpaugh."

And she closed the door somewhat abruptly.

Poor Tjerek hurried along the mountain path, so blinded by his fear that he stumbled over every root or stone that came in his way. Every twig that cracked beneath his tread, he imagined some one in pursuit of him; every moan of the wind was a cry of the murdered Nattie, or at least of her faithful cow.

On he ran, unmolested, until he was quite near the Kaaterskill Falls, and was just beginning to comfort himself with the idea that his journey was nearly over, when he distinctly heard tread of horse's hoofs behind him. He cast a terrified look over his shoulder, when, to his indescribable horror, he beheld the very specter that Katrine had described—a large white horse, with flames issuing from his nostrils, a figure in white on his back, and dragging along the rocky road was something—doubtless the skeleton of the murdered girl!

Tjerck gazed a moment in speechless dismany, then he ran desperately on, hoping that he was unseen. But the faster he ran, the faster grew the beat of the hoofs behind him, while moans and cries, apparently from the ghostly rider and his victim fell on his ears. Evidently the apparition was gaining upon him! Yes, it was almost close to him, and, with a wild ery, Tjerck rushed on till he reached the falls where the water dashes over two precipices, the first one hundred and eighty feet high, the second, a few rods below, over ninety feet. By this time the ghostly rider was so near him that the frightened man expected momentarily to be seized and carried off to unknown regions.

He ventured onee more to glance backward, and plainly saw a female figure swaying from side to side along the ground, evidently fastened to the horse's tail, and at that instant a low, mournful wail burst on his ear! With a howl of terror he rushed forward directly toward the edge of the precipice! Another moment and the foaming waters would have swept him down hundreds of feet, when directly in his path was a second phantom, thereby saving him from a water grave. Tjerck stopped in utter bewilderment, then, as the creature moved, he recalled Katrine's story, and concluded that it was Nattie's cow that had rescued him. But two ghosts, one in front, the other in the rear, left little time for reflection, and with a yell which would have done credit to a Camanche, he dashed again into the path, and never stopped nor looked behind him, till he had burst into his own house, and bolted the door securely.

Several days passed. Nothing was heard of Tjerck Solpangh at the farmhouse of Hans Van Elten. The dame had been summoned from home to attend a dying relative, and Hermann and Katrine ventured to meet once more, when the latter heard for the first time of Tjerek's ghostly escort.

"How did you manage it, Hermann?" she asked.

"I covered the old horse with a sheet, and hung a small lantern each side of his head," replied her lover, "and trusted to Tjerek's fright to make him believe that it was a white horse breathing flames."

"And the cow?" asked Katrine.

"The cow was personated by two boys, good friends of mine, who undertook, with the help of an old hide and pair of horns, to keep Tjerek from jumping over the precipice."

Katrine shuddered at the idea.

"Where is he?" she asked presently. "He has not been at our house since that night. Is it possible the fright killed him?"

Hermann laughed.

"Never fear," he replied. "Tjerck was seen the next morning, with a bundle in his hand, hurrying down toward the river. It is my belief we shall never see him again."

And he was right. Weeks rolled by, but no Tjerck appeared. Dame Van Elten had returned home, and in answer to her diligent inquiries after her favorite, she was finally told by a fisherman that he had rowed Tjerek across the river on the morning after he was last at her house; that Solpaugh had seemed very nervous and excited, and at last had intimated that he should not return. "He was going back to his own country, where there were not so many spooks." On the fisherman inquiring what he had seen, he only dropped some dark hints about horses in flames, and murdered girls.

Thoroughly disgusted with the failure of her plot for wealth, Dame Van Elten thenceforth ignored any allusion to Tjerek.

In due time Hermann and Katrine were married, and then the old man seemed not to have a wish unfulfilled, but to the day of his death considered he had made the match by sending Katrine to meet her lover on that memorable afternoon; and sometimes, while watching her at her work, he would call:

"Katrintje!"

And when she would hurry toward him to know what he wanted he would shake his head solemnly, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, and say:

"Hermann Schoonmaker is a very fine lad, Katrintje."

And she would laugh, and, blushing as deeply as of old, answer:

"Yes, father."

And busy herself over his pipe.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

—Arrangements have been made for illuminating several of the staterooms and the great corridor at Windsor Castle with the electric light. If the experiment prove successful, the light will probably supersede gas at Balmoral.

Our Young Folks.

MASTER SWEET-TOOTH.

Said Sweet-tooth: "If I were a grandee
I'd own a confectioner's shop;
And O, with the sugar so handy—
A house full from bottom to top—
I'd stay the year round eating candy,
And never would stop."

Master Sweet-tooth had goodies in plenty;
With dainties his pockets run o'er;
And never a holiday spent he
But sugar-plums came from the store—
He would stuff down a dozen or twenty,
And whimper for more.

There were lozenges, crumpets and kisses,
Sweet-paste, in the lump and the card,
Jaw-breakers, and clove-buds, and nuesses
Of butter-scotch greasy as lard,
And sticks of long saccharine blisses
Devoured by the yard;

There were comfits and cakes big and little,
And junkets that melt at a bite,
Soft caramels, peppermints brittle,
Red candy, brown candy and white;
His stomach kept full as a kettle
All day and all night.

Not a morsel, if Sweet-tooth came nigh it,
But quickly prepared to be crunched;
It was tid-bit and lollipot diet
When he breakfasted, suppered, or lunched;
With jaws that would never be quiet
He munched and he munched.

O, the snaps and the pellets he swallowed!
The chocolates, barleys and creams!
And the gum-drops and taffy that followed,
And honey and treacle in streams!
He went to sleep eating—and hallooed
For more in his dreams!

Like an ant every sugar deposit
He'd smell, and climb to it, and cram,
Was it bon-bons or cookies, or was it
A tumbler of jelly or jam,
He'd find every ounce in the closet,
And leave not a dram.

'Twas the same thing to-day and to-morrow—
No gorging could surfeit his greed;
Must he buy them, or beg, steal, or barrow,
On sweets the young gourmand would feed,
Till, alas!—for the warnings of sorrow
Came sorrow indeed!

There were stomach-aches, tooth-aches and fever,
And torments with doctor-book terms,
Lumbago, and pains in his liver,
And shakes, and dyspeptical squirms;
Old folks saw him sicken and shiver,
And said it was "worms."

And now, pale and peaked and pining,
The poor little plum-eater goes,
With eyes, that have lost all their shining,
Like his wits, ever half in a doze,
And a baby-voice peevish and whining
That talks through his nose.

And he learns, as he scowls o'er his gruel,
Or the medicines brought by his nurse,
If the want of a good thing be cruel,
Too much of a good thing is worse,
And the loss of health's beautiful jewel
Leaves nought but a curse.

—*Rev. Theron Brown, in Wide-Awake.*

THE DUTCH CAPTAIN'S DEVICE.

"Sail on the starboard bow!"

"What is she?" asked Captain Martin Pieterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the Captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman.

"Can't quite make her out yet," answered the look-out at the mast-head; "looks like a brigantine—very rakish cut altogether."

The Captain's face darkened, and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the look-out hailed again, "She 's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to *harden* suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates, and there was not a single cannon—not even an old musket—aboard the vessel.

It was a terrible moment for them all—more terrible still for the poor Captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship, and facing every kind of danger, until he made enough money to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in her, and was now going home for good, to settle himself in a snug little house on the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment, he found himself face to face with a hideous peril, which threatened him with the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea with its huge white sails outspread like the wings of a swan—a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were begining to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship, and die like men, than be flung into the sea like dogs, when the Captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he hurst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him.

"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing; "all's not over with us yet. Come, knock the head out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it—sharp, now!"

The men only stared blankly at him, thinking he had gone mad, and even the stolid mate opened his heavy mouth in amazement.

"Do you hear?" shouted the Captain. "Look sharp, will you? there is no time to loose. Grease the whole deck fore and aft, and the rigging, too, as high as you can reach. We'll give the rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow.

Then the sailors began to understand, and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates had they been within hearing. In a twinkling the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all.

"Now, boys," cried the captain, "on with your sea boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a handspike, and be ready."

The pirate was now so near that they could see quite plainly the rabble of gnunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran along-side, and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck.

But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right out into the sea on the other side. The second tumbled head-foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerately piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet.

"Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de 'Flying Dutchman,' him de 'Sliding Dutchman!'"

The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blaw; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their own vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible.

For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of whom the boys used to begin singing,

"Captain Martin Pieterszoon
Made his ship a buttered bun,"

and his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter-dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter.—*David Ker, in Harper's Young People.*

The Very Young Rooster.

I am rather young, to be sure, but I expect to outgrow that, and ought not to be blamed for it.

My mother seems to thiuk I am too young to know anything. She is always telling me what to do, and what not to do, as if I, seven weeks old, were not able to take eare of myself.

She is a very excellent person, indeed, but she is only a hen. Hens, you know, never eau erow.

All the big roosters in the yard erow. I suppose it is because they eat corn. I told my mother I was going to eat corn so I could crow. But she said I must keep on eating curds and meal and water, just like any hen chicken, and the crowing would come all right in time.

I thought she couldu't be expected to know anything about crowing, so I made up my mind I'd try the corn.

I tried it—but I didn't erow.

I *choked*.

I turned over on my back with my claws in the air, and didn't eare for awhile whether I ever crowed or uot. But I got over it.

Then I thought I'd try roosting with the big roosters, and see if that would help me. My mother said I'd better not, but of course she'd say that.

It was very hard work to climb up beside them. It wasn't so nice there as I thought it would be. It was eold, and I was all the time afraid of falling. But I shoved up elose to the rooster that has the biggest red eomb, and held on as well as I eonld.

Very early in the morning they all flapped their wings and crowed.

Then I flapped *my* wings—but I didn't crow.

I toppled over.

I thought my neck was broken, but at last I managed to crawl under my mother's wing and get warm. I begin to think she knows something, if she is a heu. She eau't help being one, and I never shall be so meau as to throw it up to her.

But there is one thing I'm bound to do. I shall not tell her, for she'd be sure to make a fuss. They always make a fuss.

I am going to swim. My mother says I eau't, but of eourse that is because *she* can't.

Look at those waggle-tail, waddling ducklings, and those great squatty goslings! If they can swim so well with their flabby feet, why can't I?

Look at my slender, nicely turned elaws, and my genteel figure. Do you see what a high-bred air I have when I turn my head, and how well my wings are hung? When I walk through the yard, they all turn to look at me, and my cousin, young Brown Leghorn, stiffens up his little snip of a eomb, and says, "What a vain young popinjay!" That's all envy, you see; my comb is an eighth of an inch higher than his.

But just wait till I show them all what swimming is. I shall walk quietly down to the water (not with a scramble and a spatter like the ducklings), and glide out with a graeeful sweep, while they all stare at me and wish they could do it so.

Well, I have had a dreadful time. When I got in the water, it was very eold, but I wasn't going to stop for that. I began to swim, but somehow it didn't work well. My legs didn't seem to amount to anything, so I tried my wings, and they went flap, flap—splash, splash! and I wished I was somewhere else.

The ducks cried, "wa—wa—wa—wa—wack, wack, wack," and Mother Goose said, "Garrr—arr," and I was just going down, down, down—down in the eold water, when Biddy came by with a dish of eurds. She fished me out with a stick, and flung me on the bank to dry in the sunshine.

I might have been drowned, and then I never should have learned to erow.

I suppose I had better take my mother's adviee yet for awhile. She really knows a great deal (for a hen).

What a pity she was not a rooster!—*Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.*

—Salt cake is produeed in quantity in California in the manufacture of nitric acid, but as coal and limestoue are dear in that State, Le Blanc's process for the manufacture of soda is not economical. Mr. J. Putnkow, therefore, in a recent number of *Dingler's Journal* proposes to mix a solution of salt cake with calcium sulphite and pass in sulphurous acid. Soluble calcium bisulphite is formed, and by decomposition calcium sulphate and sodium bisulphite. The two salts are separated by filtration, and the sodium bisulphite is treated with milk of lime. The result is a solution of caustic soila, retaining a certain quantity of sodium sulphite and sulphate, which is evaporated down in the usual manner, and of calcium sulphite, which is used again in the process.

—Mr. Gould, inspector of English factories and workshops in England, says that the number of women who kill themselves "to keep themselves alive" is greater than is generally supposed. No statistics, he asserts, can be framed of the percentage of deaths, of enfeebled constitutions, of the amount of disease engendered in the first instance by the deadly atmosphere of the work-rooms in second and third-class establishments devoted to the dressmaking and ladies' elothing trade in the west end of London.

—The average age of members of the Garfield Cabinet is fifty-one. Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet averages fifty-eight. The are two septuagenarians in the English Cabinet, but the majority are between fifty and seventy.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that Secretary Windom is liked as Secretary of the Treasury more and more, and predicts for him as successful a career as Sherman had.

The New York *Tribune* says: The Democrats are jubilant over what they think is a split in the Republican party. They were never more mistaken. The Republican party is solid. Bossism is the institution that is about to be split.

Hon. H. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, is the coming candidate on the Republican ticket for the State Senate this fall from Garrett county. Mr. Combs would no doubt make a very acceptable member of the Senate.—*Cumberland Independent.*

One of the speakers in the Republican caucus at Washington on Monday, claimed to have found a basis for "Senatorial courtesy" in the Constitution in the words, "by consent of the Senate." Yes, but by consent of a majority of the Senate—not by consent of one Senator.

Now, wouldn't it be curious if it should turn out that Governor Hamilton's two assistant foremen in the reform movement had been specially engaged hy the ring to serve in that capacity in the present campaign, in order to prevent real reformers from doing the work? It would be just like those wicked managers to play such a trick upon an unsuspecting agriculturist.—*Baltz. American.*

A decision, of considerable interest to farmers, has been made by Judge Wickes in the Circuit Court for Kent county. It was to the effect that where a farmer hires a laborer for a year, or a part of a year, at a given price per month, and the laborer leaves without any just reason before the time expires, the employer is not bound by law to pay the employee anything he may claim to be due him at the time he quits his service.

The Richmond *State*, the Bourbon organ of Virginia, is in a state of mind over the political situation in that State. In a recent article devoted to the abuse of Mahone and his followers, the *State* says: "We had no idea that any portion of our white people could prove recreant in their duty to their race and join with the men whose power we had broken—the negroes and radicals of the State—to confound all our councils and destroy all our hopes of the future." If the Mahoneites are to confound all the councils and destroy all the hopes of the Bourbons in Virginia, it should be the policy of the Republicans to encourage them.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, the organ of the Democratic ring in Maryland, treats Governor Hamilton and his friends in the following disrespectful style:

"Directions to housekeepers and tax-payers—How to cook Reform: Catch a fat office-holder, lift him tenderly out of his salary and perquisites and simmer him gently over a slow examination of his official conduct. Disregard his 'claims' and the solicitations of his friends until patriotism begins to rise to the surface. Skim it off, and then set him out in the cold until he gets tender and patriotic. Then stuff him with false facts and false statistics about corruption; season to taste with personal abuse and serve him hot before a political meeting."

It's a poor day for business now when Mr. James cannot save to the Government four or five times the amount of his year's salary by running his pencil through a few Star routes. Tuesday he struck off $55,000 worth of these shams. One route, which returned to the Government a revenue of less than $50 a year, was costing $10,000 a year; the work will now he done for about $40 a year. Another route bringing in less than $40 a year was costing $4,000; and a third, which was bringing $1,000 into the Treasury, was taking $30,000 a year out. Some of these honest and hard-working mail contractors ought to he beyond the reach of want hy this time.

The Great Sensation.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—At noon to day the Vice President received the following communications:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16, 1881.

Sir:—Will you please announce to the Senate that my resignation as Senator of the United States from the State of New York has been forwarded to the Governor of the State.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

(Signed) ROSCOE CONKLING.

To Hon. C. A. Arthur, Vice President.

This communication was received with great sensation, which was heightened when the Vice President laid the following before the Senate:

SENATE CHAMBER, May 16, 1881.

To the Hon. C. A. Arthur, Vice President of the United States:

Sir:—I have forwarded to the Governor of the State of New York my resignation as Senator of the United States for the State of New York. Will you please announce the fact to the Senate. With great respect your obedient servant,

T. C. PLATT.

Shortly afterwards the Senate went into executive session where a large number of nominations were confirmed, that of Judge Robertson and Wm. Chandler, however, not being among the number.

The effect of the resignation upon the Senate is thus described by an evening paper: As soon as the letter announcing Conkling's resignation had been read, "What's that?" inquired a dozen or more Senators instantaneously. As quick as lightning the hum of voices ceased, a silence reigned, and several Senators, not doubting but that they had misunderstood the document, called for another reading of it.

Once more the brief notice of Senator Conkling's resignation was read. Senators were surprised; astounded. Each looked from one to another, as if to silently inquire whether or not his ears had deceived him. More than one Republican Senator's countenance, assumed instantaneously, a grave expression. Another envelope was given to the clerk by Mr. Arthur, and amid silence the brief note it contained was read. It stated that the resignation of Thos. C. Platt, as a Senator from New York, had been sent to the governor of that State, and requested the Vice President to so announce to the Senate. The silence which had so suddenly overcome the Senate continued for a few seconds, all present looking toward the Vice President as if to see whether he had another surprise in store. When it became evident that all the resignations had been read confusion succeeded silence. Senators moved about expressing their surprise and inquiring what this meant.

There is a great variety of opinion pro and con as to the effect of these Senators' action. The purpose of Messrs. Conkling and Platt was known, it is said, only to Senators Don Cameran, David Davis, and one or two others, prior to the official notification in the Senate. The almost universal opinion as far as expressed was that Conkling and Platt will both go before the legislature for re-election; that they will regard their re-election as a rebuke to the administration as well as an approval of the course they have taken. Some of the Democrats spoke of this action as "claptrap," saying that Conkling and Platt, know, in advance, precisely how the legislature stands; just how many votes they can get, and that they are in no danger of losing their seats. These who are disposed to criticise to any extent hold that the "endorsement" Conkling and Platt will get will not count for much, because they are assured of the result; that if they would wait and go before the people that course would be more commendatory. After the Senate had adjourned an admirer of Mr. Conkling expressed the belief that he will not ask a re-election from this legislature, but will go before the people next fall and make a fight to elect a legislature which will re-elect him. Neither Mr. Conkling nor Platt has been at the Capital to-day, and in the absence of any authoritative explanation from them, the motives and meaning of their resignations are left subject to mere speculation and conjecture.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The *Evening Post* says: "To-day, for the first time since the organization of the government, the state of New York is without any representation in the Senate of the United States. The first comment on this proceeding is that it is a genuine surprise. If the report was less circumstantial, it might be regarded as a not very ingenious invention of some practical humorist in Washington. Until the senators shall vouchsafe an explanation of their course, there is wide room for conjecture as to its meaning. It is hard to conceive of any theory consistent with the dignity and manliness, which are the most obvious qualifications for their high offices. If they are seeking an 'endorsement' of their conduct by means of a re-election, the experiment is a dangerous one to make with the legislature that a little while ago unanimously approved the nomination of Robertson."

The *Express* says: "This double resignation fills the city with excitement, and speculation is rife. Senators refuse to talk. They evently feel deeply. It has precipitated a crisis. Conkling and Platt, of course, appeal to the legislature of New York, and whose 'primacy' they have maintained. Can they be re-elected? Some of their friends say yes, emphatically. Others shake their heads. The administration men say 'no,' but are evidently doubtful and speak in their shoes. Conkling's splendid audacity in refusing to be crushed in the coils of the administration anaconda, leaping into the arena and seizing fate by the foretop, awakens admiration. The odds are against him. What if the legislature should elect Depew and Curtis to the two vacant places?"

The *Tribune* captions its editorial "A Theatrical Exit," and says of course no one takes these resignations seriously. Neither Mr. Conkling nor Mr. Platt has any idea of leaving the Senate. There is a character in a French comedy who is forever quarreling with his mistress and quitting the house in a rage. But he always leaves his umbrella behind him as a pretext for return and means of reconciliation. It is safe to say that neither of our senators has given up the lease of his lodgings. The farce at Washington will be completed by the farce at Albany, and they will have whatever glory they can get out of the theatrical performance.

The *Sun* says: "The resignation of the two New York senators is a highly-sensational proceeding. It is a novel, as well as a very far-reaching complication, which Mr. Conkling has now added to the previous difficulties of the Republican situation, and all intelligent citizens will wait with unaffected interest to see how it comes out."

The *Times* says: "The representatives of the State of New York in the United States Senate evidently intended to formulate a challenge and a defiance to the administration. They have merely planned a clumsy apology for an act equally without precedent and without excuse."

The *Herald* sustains Senator Conkling, and calls on Secretary Blaine to resign.

The *Staats Zeitung* does not consider their probable re-election by the legislature as a vindication for Conkling.

The *Journal of Commerce* severely criticizes Conkling and Platt.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The *National Republican* says: "The Republican senators have almost as one man regretted, and most of them have urged the withdrawal of the nomination of Robertson. They have been met with the arrogance and obstinacy of a weak man adhering to a wrong act."

UTICA, May 16.—The *Herald* says: "The wording of Senator Conkling's letter proves that the resignations are a display of spite because the President refuses to surrender to their contol the functions of his office. The act degrades the office of senator to the level of a mere broker in patronage."

CINCINNATI, May 16.—The *Commercial* says: "It is absurd in the disaffected senators to go to their legislature for endorsement. The New York Senate endorsed Judge Robertson, but Mr. Conkling did not seem to be much impressed thereby.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16—The *Times*, *North American*, *Record* and *Inquirer*, contain articles condemning Senators Conkling and Platt.

RICHMOND, VA., May 16.—The *Dispatch* says: "Conkling deserts his post in the first watch, and leaves his faithful soldiers to their fate. Only one does he take with him in his guilty flight, his man Friday, the pretended junior senator from New York, but really the subservient tool of lordly Roscoe. Beautiful pair of traitors they are! Conkling's resignation is the mad freak of a spoiled demagogue, who would ruin his country to spite his enemies."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16.—The news of Conkling's resignation is the talk of the town. Prominent Republicans express the opinion that he has done a very foolish thing, and in official circles his action is generally considered a mistake. The *Bulletin* thinks his retirement can hardly be considered a calamity. The *Post* regrets it.

A Washington dispatch of the 17th says those most indignant over Senator Conkling's course are his personal friends. These say that he should have advised them of the step he was about to take, inasmuch as his own and Senator Platt's retirement leaves the Democrats in possession of the Senate. Conkling's side meets this with the declaration that neither of the New York Senators are under obligations to either the President or the Senate. Certainly not to the President, and as the Republicans of the Senate were about to desert them they were under no obligations to take counsel from those willing and ready to humiliate them.

Another statement touching last Friday's caucus is this: Senator Conkling found he was beaten; it was developed that Judge Robertson would certainly be confirmed, for the President would not withdraw him. Logan, who had stood by Conkling up till then, told him that he would be compelled to vote for Robertson to save himself. Then and there Conkling told Logan he had done with all caucuses; that he should never again go into one, as the Senate was then made up, and he should in his own way, upon his own responsibility, and in his own good time, decide what his next step should be. On the same day Senator Platt left for New York and returned Sunday night.

Now, the theory is, that before Platt left for New York, himself and Conkling made up their minds to take the decisive step which culminated Monday. It is evident, too, that Platt consulted with the friends of Conkling in New York as to the situation and to make sure that the legislature would promptly re-elect them if they resigned.

The New York *Tribune* says no other Administration in the history of the country, we believe it may be truly said, has accomplished so much for the public welfare within its first two months as has been accomplished by the administration of General Garfield. It has honored the Nation abroad, guarded its foreign commerce protected its credit and saved it $14,000,000 yearly in interest, purged one branch of its service of a great scandal, and stopped a great leak. In all this, rare ability, unflinching fidelity, pure and earnest patriotism have been shown by the President and Cabinet. Genuine statesmanship, the quality that makes a country more prosperous and more honored, shines through all the splendid record of those two months of public service.

How the People's Money is Squandered.

Dr. Henkle, in his speech at the Democratic meeting in Annapolis, showed how the people's money has been squandered by the last Legislature. He said:

The law forbids more than seven of the officers of the previous Legislature to attend the organization of a new one, and specifies who they shall be. Yet, in direct and open violation of the law, *twenty-three* attended and were paid by the officers of the treasury $2,251,00. This was an open and flagrant violation of a plain statute, and cannot be defended or excused.

One hundred and five officers and attaches were required to wait upon one hundred and eleven members, and their compensation amounted to $1,427 more than the mileage and per diem of all the Senators and Delegates of both houses. This was reform with a vengeance.

The Senate has 26 members and had 38 employees, besides chaplains. Their pay was $21,995.00; that of the Senators $13,941.00.

They had five door-keepers and only one door to keep, and a like bountiful supply of attendants in all departments.

In the House the same extravagance prevailed.

Six door-keepers and only 2 doors to keep.

Four messengers; 2 keepers of the committee rooms.

Paid for hoisting flag, $425.

Carpenter $490—what for?

Eight folders, $3,976.00—(two boys can fold all the documents of both houses.)

Eight committee clerks. Not work for four.

Ten newspaper reporters having no earthly connection with the House, $200 each—$2,000. And so on through the list.

This exhibit is certainly bad, but another remains more outrageous than all the rest. The cost of the committee on Engrossed bills was $5,350.00.

The usual number of members on this committee is five Senators and seven Delegates—but 26 appear on the list each receiving $150 extra pay $3,900—26 clerks and one messenger $1,450. Every dollar of this large sum was paid without authority of law.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An Omaha undertaker finding business slack, has leased a beer garden and expects an improvement.

Not more than one out of every twnty of the converts to Mormonism arriving in this country can read.

A runaway horse at Dayton, Ill., recently seized a little girl with its teeth, carried her several blocks, and then trampled her to death.

Four cases of sunstroke in New York and two in Brooklyn occurred on Wednesday, one case proving fatal.

The editor of the Albany *Journal* is rejoicing over the repayment of five dollars loaned to a needy printer forty-five years ago.

Over one thousand printing presses have been shipped by the manufacturers in this country to France since the wonderful exhibit made at the Centennial.

The American Watch Company, at Waltham, Mass., is making an addition to its works that will increase its capacity for production to one thousand watches per day.

After thirty years' absence Robert Thorn, of Haverhill, Mass., came home the other day, and his first business was to kick over a tombstone that had been erected to his memory many years before.

One thousand coolies arrived at San Francisco on Sunday, and the people are outspoken in their denunciation of the capitalists who sent for them. They were taken to Chinatown through the least frequented streets, to avoid trouble.

Franklin county, Missouri, after fourteen years spent in attempting to escape the payment of bonds for $250,000 for railway purposes, has finally compromised the debt and interest for $325,000.

Partial records of the live stock interests of Texas show a yearly yield of about four hundred thousand head per annum. Eight dollars a head is about the average price at San Antonio.

Captain Sam Ludlow caught a shad in the North river, off Hoboken, which is 26½ inches long and weighs eight pounds. It is the largest and finest shad caught this season in the river.

The cable steamer Dacia has been endeavoring to recover the broken Key West cable near Havana. It has been grappled four times, and each time broke loose, so great is the resistance owing to the strong currents and the fact that it is deeply imbedded in sand.

A New York physician of extensive practice has been effecting many cures of his lady patients complaining of lame backs by prescribing slippers and woolen stockings for a week, to be followed by wearing low, broad heels to their shoes, in place of the high French heels that had caused their ailments.

On Thursday afternoon a number of Italian workmen were repairing the track near the Manhattan Beach Hotel, when a few drops of rain fell, attended with a single flash of lightning. The men at the time were walking along with their shovels over their shoulders. At the flash the last one in the line fell dead, and the one in advance shrieked with fear and rolled over. He was scorched and stunned, but not seriously hurt.

The speculators in Tennessee bonds at Memphis have filed an application for an injunction to restrain the State Funding Board from funding the debt at par with three per cent. interest. It is thought they will not succeed in getting a permanent injunction, as the sentiment of the people is favorable to the settlement.

The warm weather of the past week has released about nine hundred canal boats that had been fastened in the ice along the Erie Canal all winter. The canal was opened for business five days sooner than the date fixed by the superintendent. Over three hundred boats waiting at West Troy entered the canal on Thursday, bound West.

It is said that Chinese tobacco is being consumed largely in this country and in England. The supply is large, and the leaf so fine in color, texure and fragrance, that merchants are exporting it Westward to be mixed with Havanas. Under the name Turkish tobacco it is used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Eight million pounds have been exported from Hankow in foreign vessels within a year.

Mr. Christian Boos, the Norweglan and Swedish consul at New York, confirms the report that a steamship line in Hull, England, has contracted to bring to this country eighty thousand Scandinavian emigrants during the summer. They are to be landed at Hull in steamers from Norway and Sweeden, and then transferred to Liverpool by rail, to there embark on steamers for New York.

Michael Hackett, formerly a policeman in the New York park, killed his wife on Wednesday evening while in a drunken fury, by firing three shots into her head and body. She was the mother of five children, and had for years been a sufferer from his brutality. He was discharged from the force for beating his wife a year ago, and had been arrested several times on similar charges.

Two patients in an Iowa insane asylum, a man and a women, escaped by means of a rope ladder, one night lately, saddled horses in the stable, rode twenty miles to a clergyman, and by him were married, nothing in their manner at that time indicating that they were not sane. They continued their journey until afternoon, when each became convinced that the other was demented and applied for protection.

Amid the present activity in all that pertains to the iron trade, it is strange to hear of the failure of the Georgia Iron Works at Atlanta, which started in October last with a capital of $250,000. The company bought out the Atlanta Rolling Mill Company for $200,000, and had $50,000 for a working capital.

Sixteen families of foreign immigaants arrived at Charleston, S. C., on Monday, by steamer from New York. There were fifty-four persons in the party, eighteen of whom were children. They were from Bremen, and not one of them understood a word of English, being natives of Poland, Austria and Germany. This is the first arrival of immigrants effected through the agency of the State Bureau at Columbia to which point they have been sent by railroad.

During a violent thunder storm in Philadelphia on Thursday evening a man on the street carrying a pitcher in his hand was thrown upon his knees simultaneoulsy with a flash of lightning. He retained his grasp of the pitcher, and, on recovering from the shock, found that a hole had been cut through the bottom one and a half inches long, as if done with a diamond.

The entry of Forepaugh's Circus into Erie, Pa., on Thursday, was marked by a spectacle not included in the program. Mr. J. Forepaugh was seated in a cage between two lions, when one sprang upon him. The attack was met by the lion-tamer with a sharp pike, which was driven twice into the animal's mouth. By dint of pluck and nerve, the beast was brought into subjection again.

During the political excitement last fall the politicians attended the Sunday School out-door celebrations near Pottstown, Pa., and provided beer for all who would drink it. Dancing, and games in which kissing was the chief feature, were also indulged in. The matter has been discussed in the Goshenhoppen classis of the Reformed Church, and the following resolution adopted: "That no minister of this classis be allowed to address, or even attend, any Sunday School celebration held on Sunday, or at which any intoxicating drink is sold, or other unchristian practices, such as immodest games or dancing are engaged in, and that our elders and deacons be advised to the same effect."

The Bostonians appear to be in earnest about that world's fair of theirs since the virtual abandonment of the New York exposition. A site has been selected adjacent to the Back Bay Park, and an architect has prepared a plan of the building, covering sixty acres, crescent in shape, extending from the hall of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association to that of the New England Mechanics and Manufacturers' Association. The necessary funds, estimated at three million, are proposed to be raised by one hundred corporations, societies, railway companies firms and individuals, each subscribing thirty thousand dollars, no subscription to be valid until the entire amout is vouched for.

Ida Keilly, of Itasca, Minn., sent a note to Sol Greisaer, her lover, with whom she had quarrelled, to come on a certain night to elope with her. Sol—highly elated at the prospect of triumphing over her parents, who had opposed the match—kept the appointment, and brought the ladder by which she descended. She came down dressed as for a journey, and taking a seat together they discussed the question as to where they should go. Ida was in Sol's lap with her arm around his neck, when suddenly with her disengaged hand she gashed his throat with a razor. Having murdered him, as she supposed, she ran back to bed, first regaining the letter that had lured him to the spot, leaving the razor beside him. The wound was not mortal, and she will be tried for attempted murder.

Emile de Girardin died with perfect unconcern. His physician told him that he was about to prepare some medicine for him. "No good," he replied, "it is all over. After all, I might just as well die now as in a year's time." The doctor declared that his patient would go through another political campaign. But Girardin was not deceived. "The end has come," he said. "The hour of repose has arrived, and I prefer dying at the moment my work finishes." Ten days before his death, after a sudden attack of illness, the doctor said to him: "You always asked me to let you know when your life might be considered endangered. After an attack at your age there is always risk. Have you put your affairs in order?" "Yes," "everything is ready, and I am ready."

At a sale of bric-a-brac, rare china and bronzes in New York on Tuesday most extraordinary prices were obtained from the devotees of decorative art. The following are specimens: For an old Worcester dessert service, twenty four pieces, $64; an old Swansea tea service, $100; a Spode plate, 1805, $11; a pair of old Dresden vases, $40; a Nantgraw white dish, $10; a pair of Dresden vases, $48; an old Bertin tete-a-tete service, $40; a Louis XVI. Sevres plaque, $45; an old Vienna plate, $31; a Bow figure of a girl, $12; an old Sevres plate, $37; a Capo di Monte cup and saucer, $9; Flight and Bow cup and saucer, $26; pair of antique silver plated candle-sticks, $32; a brass French clock and brass candelabra to match, $66; an elaborately ornamented Louis XV. clock and bracket, $181; an old Chippendale cabinet, $30; an ebonized Queen Anne cabinet, $115; Italian walnut card-table, $30; an English Pollard oak sideboard, $100; six solid English Pollard oak chairs, $15 each; a large Turkey rug, $130.

It is better to wrestle with Bossism now than to wait till 1884.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. A. A. Perry was in town a few days this week.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas visited Baltimore last week on business.

—The large addition to Dailey's hotel is rapidly approaching completion.

—Mr. John Daily has laid a substantial plank walk from the railroad to his hotel.

—If you want to see the most varied line of dry goods ever brought to town, "go where the Red Flag Floateth."

—D. E. Effutt has just returned from from the Eastern cities with an immense stock of goods. Call and see him at the Mammoth Store.

—Mr. Wood, of the Eutaw House, Baltimore, is to have charge of the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels. The Hotels will be opened on or about the 1st of June.

—A beautiful line of ladies' underwear, wrappers and linen suits, with a lady clerk in attendance, is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Dr. Goldsborough, who recently purchased and improved the Tyson cottage, has a large force of laborers employed in grading and otherwise improving the grounds.

—A new schedule will go into effect on the B. & O. R. R., on Sunday. No important changes will be made except in the Accommodation going East. It will be about three hours earlier than at present.

—Dress silks, satins, cashmeres, and crepe shawls, laces, lace goods, ladies' and children's trimmed hats, beautiful hat ornaments and jewelry, where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Rev. John Coffin Nazaro, D. G., Jewish Imperial Messianic Bishop of Baith-El, of Jerusalem, will preach Saturday night, at 8 o'clock, from Prophecy, in the Memorial Church, Oakland, upon the coming of the Messiah. A missionary contribution will be solicited.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 10¾ o'clock a. m. Sunday School opens promptly at 9 o'clock.

Preaching at Swanton at 3½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by *Rev. S. E. Jones.*

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

The Cumberland City Election.

At the city election in Cumberland Monday, the Democrats succeeded in electing the Clerk, (Col. Horace Resley,) and four out of six Councilmen. The new council will stand six Republicans and five Democrats. Col. Resley's majority was 151. A light vote was polled.

Sunday School Re-Organized.

The M. E. Sunday School at New Germany was re-organized May 8th, with the following officers and teachers: Superintendent, J. M. Durst; Assistant, S. Wiland; Secretary, C. C. Swauger; Librarian, F. M. Green; Treasurer, W. C. Durst; Male Teachers, H. M. Broadwater, C. C. Swauger, John Bancord, Joel Wiland; Female Teachers, Mrs. C. Bancord, Miss M. E. Crow, Miss A. B. Durst.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 18:

Chas Schlossnagle and wife to Thos. Turney, part of military Lots Nos. 3341, 3343, 3342, and 3338; $700.

W. C. Pennington and wife to Annie L. Brown and Margaret Sturgiss, part of the tracts of land called Corunna, Bridgeport, Megara, and Mechlenburg, and also all of the tract Thessalia; $200.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Henry Broadwater, Part of Cheviot Dale; $500.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to J. M. Durst, Part of Cheviot Dale, 77¾ acres; $502.

Geo. Hubbard and wife to Jackson Rodeheaver and others, Trustees M. E. Church, a lot of ground in Deer Park; $190.

Jos. R. Anderson and wife to Laura E. McCornell, part of Latent Worth, 50 acres; $350.

Catharine Engle to Henry Miller, part of military lot No 2214; $150.

John H. Ridgely and others to Thos J. Stanton, military lots Nos. 2226, 2217, 2215, 2214, 2216, 2213, 2263, 2262, 2228, 2225, and 2227, and part of lot 2209; $3,000.

Town Council Meeting.

The Town Council met Tuesday evening last. Present, the Burgess and Commissioners Townshend, Coddington and Michael.

The committee on sidewalks, &c., submitted their report, which was adopted, and property owners required to repair their sidewalks; failing to do so after being notified, the corporation will have the same repaired at the expense of the parties. The committee also reported that they were unable to have the Davis bridge examined. The committee was continued.

Commissioners Townshend, Dunham and Michael were appointed a committee to investigate the financial condition of the corporation.

Permission was given Dr. Goldsborough to grade Oak street in front of his residence, he agreeing to do the work at his own expense, and leave the street in as good condition as at present.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Burgess.

H. A. ISON, Clerk.

Report of the Cove School.

ENGLES MILLS, May 13th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—If you will allow me a small space in your valuable paper I will give you the average per cent. of the first and second grade scholars of this school:

First Grade--Emma B. Lohr, 98⅔; Lydia V. Bowser, 96⅔; Amanda Boyer, 88 7-12; Hasey Boyer, 81; Sally Bowser, 91 6-7; Mary Kolfiesh, 92½; Mary Weaver, 92 7-22; Mary Georich, 94½; Lewis Smearman, 81; Adam Georich, 88 5-6; Frank Bowser, 88 7-12; Henry Hachmann, 91 3-7; John Richter, 92½; Wm. Kamp, 90½; Fred, Hachman, 95½; Peter Brown, 93⅔.

Second Grade—Annie Reichter, 92; Barbara Georich, 93½; Araminta Kamp, 92½; John Smearmon, 94 5-6 Ella Fisher, 95 6-7; Amanda Bowser, 90⅔; John Bowser, 94; Wm. Fisher, 93.

Our school closed on the 13th inst. with 32 scholars present. We have had a very interesting school here this season. I feel very thankful toward the people of the Cove for their kindness while with them, and wish them every success.

JOHN J. BEEGHLY, Teacher.

Report of Bear Creek School.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—If you will allow me space I will give a few items from this school.

Friday, May 13th, witnessed the closing of the Bear Creek school. Despite the busy season, a respectable number favored us with their presence. The school has been kept open 7½ months. The per cent. of the school, exclusive of small scholars, was as follows:

Albert Mosser, 99 3-7; Maggie Kease, 99½; Francis E. Speicher, 99⅔; Wilson Swalp, 95; Martha Bucklew, 96½; Minnie Swalp, 97⅔; Silas Bucklew, 95; Edward Hetrick, 81 7-13; Mattie Swalp, 97 7-10; Anna Miller, 97; Wm. Miller, 89 1-10; Lizzie Speicher, 98⅓; Andrew Engle, 99½; Chas. C. Speicher, 99½; Sallie Lininger, 88⅓; Alice C. Speicher, 97 2-9; Ella M. Miller, 95⅓.

E. F. DEWITT, Teacher.

GLADES, MAY 14th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—A space in your columns for the following brief remarks is kindly solicited by the undersigned, but the chagrin of the writer would not be overwhelming should your editorial judgment convince you that this hastily written sheet was more appropriate to a space in the waste basket than in the columns of your much read paper.

The theme of my remarks is to say a few words about the school which has been under my control since October 18th to May 13th. The school house is pleasantly situated in the Glades 10 miles south of Oakland on the main road leading from Oakland to St. George, W. Va. The school under discussion is principally composed of bright and amiable pupils; there are, however, a few exceptions who have too much love of recreation, but they never allowed that propensity to so far predominate as to cause them to become unruly.

I desire here to extend my thanks to pupils and patrons of this school for their liberal patronage, and also for the cordial and condescending manner in which they have always treated me. I shall leave the old school house now "to pass its threshold no more," but I presume my thoughts will often wander back to the school house in the Glades, and the many pleasant hours passed within its narrow limits. I sincerely hope that my efforts to inculcate into the minds of these pupils a few of the truths of science have not been an entire failure; and if not prodigiously successful, I hope that they have been to some extent benefitted, and that they may continue their efforts to obtain knowledge, is the earnest desire of their late instructor,

B. B. SAVEDGE.

Report of Bray School.

MR. EDITOR:—I have many times had the pleasure of reading very interesting raports from different schools in the county, but have never had the pleasure of reading one from this school; and knowing it to be interesting to teachers especially, and believing it to be encouraging to scholars, if you will allow me space in your paper I will try to report briefly.

This school is located about seven miles North of Oakland, in the region of Davis' mills, hence the country is not attractive, timber and rocks being the objects presented to view; and surely if there were nothing more entertaining to the teacher than the wild landscape, it would not be a pleasant location for teaching. But it is. I have never heard the people of this neighborhood spoken of disparagingly, but always as being kind, moral, charitable and good citizens generally, and I have found nothing to the contrary, and desire heartily to return to them my thanks for the uniform kindness shown to me as a stranger among them during the past winter. But praise is not alone due to parents, for the scholars deserve a liberal share. Although this school had been unfavorably reported to me last fall, (and the reports were true,) yet I was pleased to soon learn that the fault was not altogether with them, and it was not their natural disposition. They have been studious, well-behaved, obedient, kind and respectful to me during the winter. I believe it due to them to make this statement in defense of their character as a school.

I have enrolled in this school 53 scholars, and have had a very good average in each term, and can truly say that I have neither taught nor known a school of more intelligent scholars. Such scholars are, of course, easily taught, and progress is certain; at least these scholars have progressed rapidly during the past Fall, Winter and Spring terms. I believe there are high positions in life awaiting some of these scholars, if they but continue their studies, and I hope they will, and gradually ascend the scale of knowledge until they prepare themselves for a pleasant and profitable occupation in life.

After spending a long and severe winter very pleasantly among them I feel loath to leave them, but that time has come, and I must bid them farewell, for at least a time.

In conclusion I have but to again return my thanks to the parents for their earnest co-operation in the interests of the school, and to the pupils for their kindness, obedience and respect which they have ever shown to me. I have done all for them that I could, and have spared nothing to make the school both pleasant and profitable to them all, and I feel fully compensated for what I have done for them, with the thought that they are all pleased with the results, and that I have succeeded in discharging my duties to the best of my ability, and if I never have the pleasure of teaching them again, I hope they may secure one who will do more for them than I have been able to do, and that they will treat him kindly as they have me.

JAMES W. BEEGHLEY, Teacher.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The growing wheat in Kent county is looking well, and promises a full yield.

The Methodist Protestants of St. Michaels are about to spend $1,000 in improving their church edifice.

W. B. Dorsey, a well known citizen of Ijamsville, Frederick county, was paralyzed Wednesday last.

On account of the heat, night work has been suspended in the Cumberland rolling mill for the present.

Over a million young shad have been placed in the Pocomoke river, they were hatched at Sharp's Point.

The water in the Susquehanna has fallen so low that rafts from the upper waters cannot reach Port Deposit.

Ledyard G. Payne, a pensioner of the war of 1812, died on Wednesday in Stafford county, aged 101 years and 11 months.

The Elkton gas company is reported to be in financial difficulties, and may have to suspend. The receipts do not meet the expenses.

Mr. Geo. Colton, of Baltimore, has been invited to deliver the annual address before the Kent County Agricultural Association this fall.

Dr. G. E. Porter and Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Lonaconing, and Capt. Andrew Spier, of Cumberland, will leave for an extended trip to Europe at an early day.

The Baltimore and Delta Railway Company brought thirteen new suits at the May term of Harford court against delinquent subscribers to its capital stock.

The members of Talbot Circuit M. E. churches propose holding camp-meeting at the old camp ground, in Broad Creek Neck, commencing on the 5th of August and continuing 10 days.

The loiterers around a church door in St. Michael's were amused at the following inquiry and retort between two of the growing-up generation: Youth of eleven—"Miss, can I see you home this evening?" Miss of fourteen—"No, sir; we haven't any cradle in the house."

Kitty Sykes, from the vicinity of Snydersburg, Carroll county, was found on Friday morning in a field near Westminster in an unconscious condition, apparently from sunstroke on the previous day.

A disease resembling the epizootic of former years is prevalent in the neighborhood of Taylor and Upper X Roads, Harford county. Several valuable horses have already died from the disease.

The authorities of Caroline county have commenced an investigation of the death of Major Charles Maurice Smith, formerly editor of the Richmond *Whig*, which occurred about two months ago.

The Havre de Grace *Republican* of Friday of last week says: "The catch of shad and herring at our various shores and fionts have fallen off very considerably since last week, and as a consequence prices are ruling higher. We quote shad at $14 per hundred and herring at from $3 to $5 per thousand.

At the Talbot county Circuit Court, commencing on Monday, the suit of Jacob C. Wilson, of Milford, against the commissioners of Caroline county, to recover twenty thousand dollars damages will be tried. The suit grows out of a bridge which was so much out of repair that the plaintiff and his family fell through it into the water.

John Kirkpatrick, who superintended the building of the main edifice of Girard College, Philadelphia, died at the Goodyear Mansion, Elkton, on the 11th instant, aged 85. He was the father of Alexander Kirkpatrick, who for some years was secretary and treasurer of the American Sunday School Union, and who recently died in Philadelphia.

Contrary to the general impression, a number of the peach orchards in the First district of Cecil county give promise of a considerable yield of fruit. Among the number are those of Jeremiah C. Price, William Ward, Miss Carrie Cruikshank, the orchard on the Grove Point farm, and several others bordering on the Elk, Bohemia and Sassafras rivers.

A young lady, recently on a visit to a family living near the Cambridge ship yards, on retiring at night left a pair of buttoned gaiters on the floor. The next morning she found that the rats had eaten away all the uppers of the shoes, leaving only the soles. The breakfast bell rang in vain for her, and she had no appetite until the gentlemen left.

The chandelier in the Union Church at Rocky Ridge, Frederick county, fell on Sunday evening just as the sexton was about to light up, and was completely destroyed. It had gradually become unscrewed from the rod in the ceiling to which it was attached. Had it fallen when the church was crowded, a serious stampede might have followed.

The farmers living along the shore of the Chesapeake bay are astounded at the large number of potato-bugs that are wafted across the bay on the water from the Eastern Shore. They not only survive the voyage, but climb up on shore prepared to devour every green thing. All efforts to check their advance are futile. Though myriads are destroyed, as many more are continuously advancing—a tireless, ravenous horde, resembling in their work of destruction one of the plagues of Egypt.

The old frame house that stands on the Point near the site of the ancient court-house on Bohemia Manor is said to be occupied by two ghosts. A headless woman is said to infest the cellar, and another woman, who must have a head, as she is said to make night hideous with her groans and sighs, has appropriated the garret for her abiding place. The house is supposed to have been built in the last century. Near by is an old log hut, just as ancient in its origin, now occupied by a negro family.

Mr. John B. Chenowith and his wife, an aged couple of Carroll county, who celebrated their golden wedding in march last, started out recently on a second wedding tour to visit some of their children in Baltimore and Pennsylvania. There are others scattered in Texas, Indiana, Colorado and Ohio. They have seven sons and daughters, all of whom are living except one son who went South before the war, and who has not been heard of since. Mr. Chenowith is the only survivor of a cavalry company raised in Hampstead neighborhood during the war of 1812, every member of which was six feet tall or upwards. The company was commanded by Captain Wm. Houck, and offered their services for the defence of Baltimore, but the government was unable to arm and equip them. The company had a bugler, and marched away with a flourish of trumpets and was splendidly mounted.

Newspapers are public properly, and everybody knows how to conduct one far better than those charged with the duty, no matter what earnest anxiety or talent may be employed. The London *Times* puts the matter exactly when it says: "If an editor omits anything he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes he is an idiot. If he does he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets injuries go unmentioned he is a coward. If he exposes a public man he does it to gratify spite, or is the tool of a clique. If he indulges in personalities he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid.

One meets every day a class of people who think they were brought into this world for no other purpose than to destroy the liquor and beer traffic—not by prohibition laws, but by consuming these beverages faster than they can be distilled or brewed. And there are times when we think that they would succeed if the distillers and brewers would only cease distilling and brewing while they are sleeping off their debauches. To this class we commend the following extract from the remarks of Chief Justice Parker, of Connecticut, in sentencing a murderer: "You sent Daniel J. Hayes to a premature grave, made his wife a widow, and his children fatherless. No doubt you were stimulated to the commission of the fell deed by alcoholic liquors, the immoderate use of which has caused more misery, more pauperism and crime than all other causes whatsoever. Every term of a Criminal Court everywhere produces abundant evidence of the truth of these alarming facts. Let all those who are on the downward road of intemperance take heed by the terrible illustration which your case furnishes of the ruinous consequences of such a course."

The *Independent* says, "the difficulties which have confronted the President, and hitherto prevented the success of his theory in this State (New York), have mainly sprung from the personal selfishness of one man, and that one man is Roscoe Conkling, who assumes to be the rightful dictator of the President and who, moreover, more than once has shown his willingness to split and even destroy the party, if he cannot control it for his own purposes. We confess our hearty disgust with the domineering assumptions of this one man, and assure the President that the majority of Republicans in this State will sustain him in exercising the prerogatives of his office, whether Senator Conkling likes it or not."

Mr. Davis is an old man, not without the garrulity and the vanity of his years. He is all unconcious of the new generation which has sprung up in the South. This generation is not in the least concerned about the war of the sections, and is abundantly able to take care of itself without the help of either a history or a dictionary of the Southern Confederacy. Old women and cripples only need such consolations as may be had this side of the grave to which the living have long ago consigned the dead. The race that is looks forward, not backward. It sees in a united country a hope; it sees in the end of slavery a blessing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

As a rule, a newspaper is valuable to an advertiser in exact proportion to its circulation; but this rule is modified in several ways. For instance, a paper naturally gives that little greater prominence; a well printed paper naturally gives greater prominence to its contents than one badly printed. The influence of a paper has something to do with its value as an advertising medium, and a paper which is purchased because it is wanted, is much more likely to benefit an advertiser than one which is given away; this is the reason why experienced advertisers look with so little favor upon mere advertising sheets, intended for gratuitous distribution.

How a Dog was Rebuked by a Parrot.

A gentleman living near this village, says the Port Jervis *Union*, has a parrot who knows a good deal more than the law allows. Last summer a friend of his, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, called at his house one day. A valuable young dog, a pointer, was with him. The two gentlemen sat on the porch smoking, and the parrot, which is very tame, was seated in an interstice in the trellis about the porch. The dog was lying on the floor at his master's feet, and finally his attention was called to the bird, which was looking steadily at him. The dog sprang up, drew on the parrot and fastened. There he stood, still as a statue, for full three minutes, when the parrot, with a contemptuous flirt of his feathers, screamed at him: "Go home, you cussed fool!" The dog dropped tail and ears, wheeled round and struck a beeline over the fields for home. Since that time he has refused to point a bird.

Dr. Oelig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Dissolution Notice.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of F. A. Thayer & Co., was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
F. A. THAYER.

Oakland, Md., May 10, 1881.

FOR RENT.

A completely furnished Cottage, suitable for Summer visitors. Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 18, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in June, 1881,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
5 21 td. Clerk.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Paugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881 for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. L. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 10th day of May,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, and known and described on the plat of "Brant's Addition to Oakland" as the

"John G. Rhinehart Lot,"

It being the same land which was conveyed to N. B. Harvey and others by Daniel R. Brant, by deed dated December the 24th, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 317, &c, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and assessed to J. A. Fullerton.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
4 16 3 Collector.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Ex-Marshal Bazaine, who was charged with having betrayed Metz to the Prussians, spends most of his days in a Madrid coffee house, playing billiards and drinking chocolate.

—The Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, is so sickly and puny that it is feared he will never ascend the throne of his fathers. His father and mother were double first cousins.

—On the great battle plains of Lombardy there are upward of twenty houses preserved as having been the headquarters of the great Napoleon during the campaigns with the Austrians.

—Worth lately made for an English lady what is reported to be the handsomest cloak which ever left his shop. It is of green velvet, bordered and trimmed with the tails of Russian sable. The cost was $8,500.

—Instead of being a period of gloom, as many had anticipated, the Dublin season was this year exceptionally brilliant, and it was remarked as a gratifying and unusual circumstance that the attendance of persons of distinction at the levees and drawing-rooms was irrespective of party.

—The lately burned "Printemps" dry-goods house at Paris was insured for over $1,000,000 in twenty offices. This fire has elicited loud complaint against the Paris fire brigade, which, having no horses, has to requisition those of omnibuses and cabs, a cause, of course, of great delay.

—Eugenie is having a fan made for the Princess Beatrice, in Paris, that ought to take the wind out of everybody else's fan. It is painted by Albert, from designs by Lelois; the sticks are of mother-of-pearl, and the letters of the word "Beatrice" are traced out in tiny pink convolvuli, while a crown of splendid brilliants decorates the handle.

—The late Emperor of Russia, says Labouchere, in London *Truth*, was not only one of the handsomest men in his dominions, but one of the best, and his manners were always most courteous to all who were brought into contact with him. It is more than twenty years since I saw him. He then used frequently to call and take tea at the English Embassy. He was always under the impression that his intention was not known beforehand. But even then precautions were taken to insure his safety, and his coachman, unknown to him, informed the Embassy of the contemplated visit some hours before it took place. He had then a worn, sad air, as though the empire, if not life, were a trouble to him. His honest desire was that all under his rule should be happy. His own idea of happiness seemed to be to play at cards for small stakes with his cronies, and occasionally kill a bear. Any one more utterly unfitted to reign as an autocrat never did reign as one.

The Late King John of Abyssinia.

A recent cable dispatch chronicles the death of King John of Abyssinia. From an account given by Mr. De Cosson of his visit to this mighty cheftain in 1873, we glean the following:

Long before King's John's presence is reached (wrote Mr. De Cosson), the traveler hears of his wisdom, strength and prowess. At Axum, the monolith, 70 feet in height, is shown over which Prince Kasa used to hurl his heavy warspoar. A league from the camp a detachment of stalwart men armed with long rifles decorated with jackals' tails, under the command of a little lieutenant who gave his orders in English, met Mr. De Cosson and escorted him to the confines of an immense camp, in the midst of which stood the King's tent and audience hall. Two interpreters, dressed in long silk robes of honor, conducted the English envoys to their tent, which was spread with rich carpets from the King's treasury. There speedily came the monarch's gift of welcome—two jars of a dreadful drinkable called tedge, fifty loaves of bread, an antelope's horn filled with mingled salt and red pepper, and a live cow, which the escort at once slaughtored, piling up the meat before the visitors. The King's cook and taster, who must be a priest and a celibate of stainless life, followed with four dishes of curry. At dawn next day came an officer, splendidly dressed in a robe of flowered silk, with silver-mounted pistols in his sash, one of the officials who have the dangerous distinction of going into battle dressed and armed precisely like the King, to inquire in John's name of the strangers' health. Early in the afternoon came the interpreter, attended by an esquire bearing the royal sword and shield, in whose company, amid the sounds of drums and trumpets, and a salute from a battery of brass howitzers, Mr. De Cosson proceeded to the audience hall. It was a wooden building roofed with rushes, of oblong form and vast extent. A double colonnade of tree-trunks led to the center, where the King sat cross-legged on a high divan draped with purple velvet. On the cushion on either side rested an English rifle, cocked and loaded; his slippers of solid silver filigree were on the carpet in front. The King wore a robe of cloth of silver; falling in heavy folds around his face was a long veil of crimson silk, beneath the great triple crown of Ethiopia blazing with gold and jewels; by his side was a sword in a sheath of velvet and enamel. Two gigantic eunuchs, clad in purple and green silk and holding drawn swords, stood beside the throne; behind it was a guard of honor as magnificently dressed, also with sabres drawn, while the court was crowded with officers and warriors in trailing robes of silk and velvet of every color, their scarlet scabbards gleaming with filigree of gold and silver and their shoulders adorned with the skins of the lion and black panther. The air shook with the wild notes of the trumpets and the roll of the drums; the barbaric splendor of the scene was perfect. The King shook hands with his English guest, who bowed. The company being seated on the carpets, there filed in a long line of slaves, each bearing a basket covered with red cloth and filled with flat cakes of bread. One of these was placed before each guest. Meanwhile, at the threshold, other attendants were slaughtering cows and sending great hunks of the raw and yet smoking meat to be placed on the baskets of the guests, the stranger being first served; the others made the round of the hall, one distributing knives from a case carried at his side, the other offering an antelope's horn filled with salt and red pepper. The King sent the stranger his own drinking-glass, a gift of Queen Victoria, and painted with a head of Cupid he had taken for a potrait of the Prince of Wales. Next day Mr. De Cosson dined with the King *en famille*, when all wore the universal garment of Abyssinia—a white blanket with a crimson stripe, worn so as to bring the stripe over the left breast, where the Saviour's heart was pierced by the spear. The King's head was bare; he wore a small diamond pin in his braided hair, his only other ornament being a string of silver beads at each ankle. This king, "who is a great soldier, a just judge and a powerful ruler, of distinguished and refined appearance, a fine horseman, a master of all athletic exercises, alike learned and practical in his religion, interested in other countries and unquestionably the ablest prince who has been allotted to his own," is thus described by Mr. De Cosson:

"King John is about thirty-five, and his stature somewhat under the middle height; his figure is perfectly proportioned and indicative of great strength and endurance; his hands and feet are very small and delicately shaped. His face is delicately molded, the brow slightly retreating; the nose is aquiline, with very finely formed nostrils: the eyes are deep-set and not very large, but singularly courageous and penetrating; the cheekbones are high for an Ethiopian; the mouth and chin are sharply chiseled, and the ears almost as tiny and shell-like as a woman's. He is grand to see, mounted on his beautiful charger, with its elegant harness and saddle-cloth, carrying his spear and his shield; bareheaded and barefooted, the great toe only in the stirrup, which is merely a silver ring. He is a splendid shot, and very fond of firearms. He is entirely devoid of the boastfulness and the vanity which distinguish most savage princes, very simple in his demeanor, of a secretive turn of mind and taciturn habit, of a studious disposition, well read in the laws of Ethiopia, and of remarkable sobriety and piety of life. He keeps his word when he has put it in writing, and has made 'by the death of Johannes' the most binding oath among his people."

In camp King John rose at 9 a. m. and read the Psalms of David by candlelight for two hours; then he went to church, then usually sat, fasting, in open court to hear all cases that might be brought before him. He was a just judge, if severe. The rest of the day was spent in the hospitalities of the camp, in attending to the affairs of the state and in the martial exercises of the *goaks*, a game resembling the *djereed* of the Moors while still they used shields. Two or three hours of the evening were given to study. The King retired at 9. When General Kirkham presented him with the great Abyssinian Book of the Laws, captured from Theodorus and returned by the Queen, King John received it with great courtesy and gratitude and ordered a copy of the Queen's letter in Abyssinian to be placed in all the churches, that his people might know the graciousness of "his Mother of England."

At the departure of the King's guests the royal interpreter, with a retinue of pages, led to the envoy's tent a beautiful cream-colored horse, fully caparisoned in Abyssinian fashion, the headstall and breast-plate being profusely ornamented with plates and bosses of solid silver. This gift was accompanied by one of the King's shields, richly ornamented with silver-work, a pair of light javolins and a mule with "the golden saddle," a curiously-worked saddle of scarlet and green leather, which can only be conferred by the soverign and only used by his highest officers.

The Hindoo Juggler.

Much has been said about the remarkable deceptions practiced by the Hindoo jugglers, and their skill in performing their tricks is simply marvelous. In a recent letter from India, a gentleman narrates his experience as follows:

"Arriving in the city in the morning, Dick and I made up our minds to witness some of the illusions about which we had heard so much, and which are generally performed by travelling conjurers and mountebanks. After asking for information on the subject, we ascertained that there was to be given that afternoon, in one of the small halls of the town, a performance which, as our guide told us, was not to be excelled, as one of the most skillful and adept jugglers in the country was to preside. We found the place, after some trouble, and after paying our dues at the gate to an old Indian with a gaudy turban wound around his head we entered the place, which was a low, dingy building with accommodations for about a hundred persons. At the extreme end of the hall was a platform, over which dirty red curtains were draped. When we entered the juggler had already commenced his performance, and was whirling several dangerous looking knives around in the air. After going through various movements with those weapons, he exchanged them for some flaming brands, which he tossed about from hand to hand with the rapidity of lightning, forming various lines and circles of fire as the brands turned over and over. He continued this dangerous sport for a while, and then going to the table on which he kept his paraphernalia he took up a large black ball, and tossed it up in the air; as it rose to a certain height it broke into about a dozen small balls, which on striking the floor changed into as many snakes, which rapidly glided away, leaving no trace of the balls. We were completely puzzled by the illusion, and watched with breathless interest to see what he would do next; but still greater was our surprise when he began whistling in a low tone, and the snakes came gliding back upon the stage again. The juggler snatched them up in his hand one by one, and holding them by their tails, swung them round and round his head until our eyes could scarcely follow them. With a sudden jerk he stopped the motion, and holding up his hand, we saw there, instead of the snakes, the original black ball. He did many other wonderful tricks, among which was the well known basket illusion, also the old trick of making a tree loaded with ripe pomegranates grew from a small flower-pot filled with earth. After witnessing his wonderful performance we left the hall, well pleased with what we had seen."

Amphibious Fishes.

Several genera of fishes have amphibious characteristics. A fish found in Ceylon is often seen out of water, and when the pool in which they live becomes shallow, the fish burrow in the mud, working their way downward sometimes to a depth of four feet. If the drought penetrates them there, they wriggle to the surface again, and in a body move into the woods in search of water, and by some peculiar instinct they generally travel in the right direction. By the aid of the grass they are enabled to keep an upright position, slowly moving along by means of the pectoral fins, that in this family are very strong and long. Some jump and use the tail, but the general motion is by a backward and forward movement of the fins. Not alone for walking is the lovas famous. It builds a nest of leaves, carefully deposits its eggs in it, watching them until they are hatched, and then guarding them with a devotion rarely seen in higher animals, and certainly not expected in a fish.

That certain fishes were inclined to live on shore was well known to the ancients, and Theophrastus is supposed to be the author of a work entitled "Fishes that Lived on Dry Land." He says that in India certain little fishes resembling the mullet leave the rivers for a time and return to them again. Although a commentary on this treatise was published in 1665 at Naples by Severinus, it was not properly understood until 1797, when M. Daldorf communicated to the Linnean Society his observations on the tree-climber (*Anabas scandens*), one of which he had himself captured as it was ascending a palm tree that grew near a pond. The object of the fish in making this ascent is said to have been to reach a small reservoir of rain water collected in the axils of the leaves, and full of insects. This faculty of climbing has been vouched for by some other observers, and denied by several. Dr. Cantor says that in the Malay countries the anabas is eaten by the poorer classes, who do not attribute to it either the medicinal qualities or the climbing propensities for which it is celebrated in Bengal. It can live long, however, out of water, and is frequently sent in a dry vessel from the marshes of Jazor to Calcutta, a journey of several days, which it survives.

A curious fish in the Amazon has a habit of descending into the mud at the approach of the dry season, and rolling itself in it finally encases itself in a ball of mud perfectly tight, except at the end opposite the mouth, where a small orifice is left for the animal to breathe through. To test their power of living under such circumstances, a Brazilian scientist packed a dozen of these "fish balls" in a trunk, and sent them to a friend in France. The vessel was thirty days on the passage, and forty-five days after the recipient of the entombed fishes received them, according to accompanying instructions, he treated the cakes to a warm bath. The mud slowly dissolved, and in a short time the inhabitants shook off the remaining dirt and swam off as lively as possible, much to the astonishment of the gentleman.

Most of the South American fishes that burrow in the mud, and thus pass the dry season, as well as a number of others, have a curious habit that is not generally known, and perhaps would be discredited if it was not well substantiated. It is that they carry their eggs and young in their mouth. They not only pick up their young when alarmed in their capacious jaws, but the eggs, probably immediately after they are deposited, are taken in, and the young are seen in the bottom of the mouth, between the gills, passing in and out in all stages, from the egg to quite good-sized young. The natives of South America accredit the gigantic herring, the *Piraruca*, with this protective habit, but in the fish that are related to our cat-fish it is the most noticeable. Prof. Agassiz observed them on his visit to Brazil, and in a letter to a friend says: "Thus I have observed a species of geophagus in which the male has a very conspicuous protuberance on the forehead, wholly wanting in the female and the young. This same fish has a most extraordinary mode of reproduction. The eggs pass, I know not how, into the mouth, the bottom of which is lined with them, between the inner appendages of the branchial arches, and especially into a pouch, formed by the upper pharyngeals, which they completely fill. There they are hatched, and the little ones, freed from the egg case, are developed until they are in a condition to provide for their own existence. I do not yet know how long this continues, but I have already met with specimens whose young had no longer any vitelline sac, but were still harbored by the progenitor. Occasionally, instead of eggs, I have found the cavity of the gills, as also the space inclosed by the branchiostegal membrane, filled with a brood of young already hatched. The eggs, before hatching, are always found in the same part of the mouth, namely, in the upper part of the branchial arches, protected or held together by a special lobe or valve, formed of the upper pharyngeals. The cavity thus occupied by the eggs corresponds exactly to the labyrinth of that curious family of fishes inhabiting the East Indian Ocean, called Labyrinthici by Cuvier. This circumstance induces me to believe that the branchial labyrinth of the Eastern fishes may be a breeding pouch, like that of our chromides, and not simply a respiratory apparatus for retaining water. In the Amazonian fish a very sensitive network of nerves spreads over this marsupial pouch, the principal stem of which arises from a special nervous ganglion, back of the cerebellum, in the medulla oblongata. This region of the central nervous system is strangely developed in different families of fishes, and sends out nerves performing very varied functions. From it arise, normally, the nerves of movement and sensation about the face; it also provides the organs of breathing, the upper part of the alimentary canal, the throat and the stomach. In the electric fishes the great nerves entering the electric battery arise from the same cerebral region, and now I have found that the pouch in which the egg of the acara is incubated, and its young nursed for a time, receives its nerves from the same source. This series of facts is truly wonderful, and only shows how far our science still is from an apprehension of the functions of the nervous system."

Brazil and the countries of South America are all rich in curious animals, and what are called the forest fishes might be mentioned. They are never seen except at the times when the rivers overflow and spread through the forests. The little fishes then appear in the shallow pools. That in itself would not seem strange, but fish like them are never seen or found in the river itself. When the waters go down again they disappear; where to, or where they come from at such stated intervals, is an enigma yet to be solved.—*New York Sun.*

How Mr. Livingstone, of New York, Astonishes the Natives of Florence.

Although the Florentines love to stand about the streets in the sunshine, and to make picturesque groups of themselves, yet every one rides the moment it becomes a question of a half-dozen blocks, be they rich or poor; and on this point extremes meet, for while travelers and persons of moderate wealth patronize the public carriages, only the wealthy resident families and the poor own their own equipages; and most certainly the contadino makes a greater show with his gay market cart and little donkey hung around with tinkling bells and scarlet tassels than the owners of satin-lined coupes and English thoroughbreds. But the most sensational turnout in Florence belongs to Mr. Livingstone, of New York, who drives, a "twenty-in-hand." Viva l'America! These twenty horses are finely matched in size and color, being all bright bay; and they are decked out with gorgeous harness loaded with heavy gold-plated clasps and buckles, of which they seem as proud as a young girl of her first ball dress. The happy possessor of these horses, and also of a great mania for notoricty, insists upon "holding the ribbons" with his own hands; therefore, as he is advanced in years, and is quite feeble, he is fastened firmly and securely to the high front seat of the English "drag," which he usually prefers, though on grand occasions he drives a mail-coach made after the approved model of the London coaching club. These leather straps have been added by his family quite lately, and much against the old gentleman's will; but having not long since tumbled out of his place, to the consternation of his attendants, who picked him up none the worse for his fall, but very dusty and in a state of towering indignation against everything and everybody, he has given a grudging assent to their wishes, naturally not desiring to literally "bite the dust" a second time. His fondness for notoriety must certainly be gratified, for the band wagon of Barnum's great moral show never excited more attention than does the Livingstone turnout. An hour ago he passed my window on his way to the Caschine, where he shows himself on most pleasant afternoons. His horses pranced and capered, and the great golden buckles of their harness gleamed brightly in the sunshine. Two preternaturally solemn footmen, clad in blue liveries, sat with folded arms upon their perch, and the main seats of the drag were occupied simply by a small, black terrier pup, who amused himself by jumping backward and forward, vigorously barking at the crowd. Mr. Livingstone sat in solitary grandeur strapped securely into the coachman's place, wrapped in an overcoat lined throughout with magnificent Russian sables, with fur-formed collar and deep cuffs, a garment which a young American belle might well envy him. A retinue of 30 or 40 ragged gamins escorted him, commenting on the points of the establishment and watching for stray centessimi; but the owner of all this magnificence sat rigidly upright, his eyes fixed upon his frisky leaders, for although he is said to enjoy the plaudits of the admiring crowd, he is not given to any unnecessary expenditure of copper coins. The people call him "l' Americano," or the American.—*Florence (Italy) Cor. Chicago Times.*

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half-worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow-covered, in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.—*Telegraph Operator.*

—The following is from an advertisement published at Bristol, Conn.: "Lost, strayed or stolen from his bereaved household, one red-headed man, five feet and eight inches tall, full set of false teeth on upper jaw, and one real one on lower jaw. Please cause said man to be arrested and returned to his bereaved wife."

—A man in Ancona, Italy, having married one of the twin daughters of a widow lady, after her death married his mother-in-law; the latter died, and then he espoused the remaining daughter.

Three Distinguished Confederate Generals.

The following is an extract from Jefferson Davis's memoirs:

When Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston reached Richmond he called upon me, and for several days at various intervals we conversed with the freedom and confidence belonging to the close friendship which had existed between us for many years. Consequent upon a remark made by me, he asked me to what duty I would assign him, and when answered in the West, he expressed his pleasure at service in that section, but inquired how he was to raise his command, and for the first time learned that he had been nominated and confirmed as a General in the army of the Confederacy.

Gen. Robert E. Lee had been commissioned by the State of Virginia as Major-General and commander of her army. When the army was transferred, after the accession of Virginia to the Confederate States, he was nominated to be a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, but was left, for various reasons, in command of the forces in Virginia. After the seat of Government was removed from Montgomery to Richmond the course of events on the Southern Atlantic coast induced me to direct Gen. Lee to repair thither. Before leaving he said that while he was serving in Virginia he had never thought it needful to inquire about his rank, but now, when about to go into other States and meet officers with whom he had not been previously connected, he would like to be informed upon that point. Under recent laws authorizing appointments to higher grades than that of his first commission he had been appointed a full General; but so wholly had his heart and mind been consecrated to the public service that he had not remembered, if he ever knew, of his advancement.

In November, 1861, reports became current that the enemy were concentrating troops west of the Valley of the Shenandoah with a view to descent upon it. The vigilant, enterprising and patriotic soldier, Gen. T. J. Jackson, whose steadiness under fire at the battle of Manssaas had procured for him the sobriquet of "Stonewall," was then on duty as District Commander of the Shenandoah Valley. He was a West Virginian, and, though he had not acquired the fame which subsequently shed luster upon his name, he possessed a well-deserved confidence among the people of that region. Ever watchful and daring in the discharge of any duty, he was intensely anxious to guard his beloved mountains of Virginia. This, stimulating his devotion to the general welfare of the Confederacy, induced him to desire to march against the enemy, who had captured Romney. On the 20th of November, 1861, he wrote to the War Department, proposing an expedition to Romney, in Western Virginia. It was decided to adopt his proposition, indorsed by the commander of the department, and, further to insure success, though not recommended in the indorsement, his old brigade, then in the army of the Potomac, was selected as a part of the command with which he was to make the campaign.

A Tale of Three Cities.

CHAPTER I.

Miriam McIntyre stood idly beside a *fauteuil* in the parlor of her father's stately residence on Beacon Hill, Boston. She was a tall, fair girl, with the pale, rose-tinted complexion that one sees so often in women of gentle birth and proud lineage, and a lithe, willowy figure, every feature of which was set off to perfection by the simple morning wrapper of soft gray cloth cut *en Princesse*, with a Pompadour waist and a double row of plaiting down the front, the bottom of the skirt being relieved by a narrow trimming of red, while at her snowy throat nestled a blush rose—she stood out a beautiful picture against the dark background of the room in which the shadows of approaching night were rapidly darkening. One could see by the calm, joyful smile that now and then flitted across her face—each flit being a complete act in itself—that her thoughts were of a pleasant nature. In three short weeks she would be a happy bride, wedded to a man in whose love her whole life was centered. While thus engaged in rosy meditation some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Miriam.

A boy entered the room and handed her a paper. She looked at it closely. It was published in Cleveland.

"Who could have sent it!" she said to herself. The boy had gone.

Opening the pages of the paper her eyes were attracted by an article headed "Matrimonial." She read, at first carelessly, and then with ever-increasing interest, her eyes fixed upon the print with a wild look. At length she gave a shriek of horror and fell senseless on the *fauteuil*.

What she had been reading was an account of the marriage of her betrothed. He had basely deserted her.

The girl's shriek brought her mother to the room, and the unconscious form was borne away to bed.

* * * * * * *

The next morning her hair had turned white!

CHAPTER II.

Beatrice Malone stood in the parlor of her father's home in Chicago. Her complexion and dress were all right, same as the other girl's. A boy came in and handed her a paper. She looked around for a *fauteuil*, but the chambermaid was bumping the dust out of it in the back yard. Beatrice decided not to faint. The paper contained an account of the marriage of the man to whom she was betrothed. She gazed at the print with a wild look, and saying softly to herself, "I was afraid that sucker would get away," began eating an apple. The noise brought her brother to the room. She handed him the paper.

* * * * * * *

The next morning, after the faithless lover came back from Cleveland, his eyes turned black and blue and his nose was spread all over his face.

He had seen her brother.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Siamese delegation has arrived at London with a cart-load of the most costly presents for Queen Victoria. The chef-d'œuvre of the collection is a golden spittoon. Among the Siamese the spittoon is a piece of furniture of the highest importance.

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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HOME AND FARM.

—A Western New York farmer says he has always found that a horse of from 1,050 to 1,100 pounds can endure more than one of 1,300 weight.

—When a cow has a depraved appetite and chews coarse indigestible things, or licks the ground, it indicates indigestion and she should have some physic. Give one pint and a half of linseed-oil or one pound of Epsom salts, and afterward give in some bran one ounce of salt and the same of ground ginger twice a week.

—Spanish Eggs—Cook one cupful of rice half an hour in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. A stick of cinnamon improves it. Drain through a colander and add one tablespoonful of butter. Spread very lightly on a hot platter. Place on the rice six poached eggs, and serve.

—Scratches should be treated as follows: Wash the part daily with water and soap, in which a few drops of carbolic acid are mixed. Give the horse a dose of one pound of salts and afterward one ounce of hyposulphite of soda daily until the disease disappears. Then apply to the parts an ointment of four ounces of lard, one ounce of turpentine, half an ounce of bees wax, and one dram of acetate of copper well stirred in the melted mixture until it is cooled.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A simple and inexpensive mode of growing water lilies is to saw a clean barrel in half and sink the bottom half in the lawn. In this tub put several inches of sand and loam and plant the roots therein. Then carefully fill the tub with water, and during the season as fast as the water evaporates pour in more. On the approach of cold weather the tub must be protected by a covering of boards and sufficient coarse material to keep the water from freezing.

—Filling a horse's rack with hay, as some persons do, and permitting a constant supply to remain before the animal, is one of the most probable means of producing disease, and most positive in rendering animals unfit for fast work. Large supplies of hay have the effect of making the stomach large and weak, the belly in course of time becoming pendulous. Not only does the stomach increase in capacity, but the large intestines become enlarged.

—Copper utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, with the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless persons. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously; then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or brass.

—Waffles.—One pint of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder; half a teaspoonful of salt; three eggs; butter the size of an egg; and one and a quarter cups of milk. Sift salt and baking powder with the flour; rub in the butter. Mix and add the beaten yelks and milk, and last stir in the whites which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake *at once in well-greased waffle-irons.* By using two cups of milk, the mixture is right for pancakes. If sour milk is used, substituto soda for the baking powder. Sour cream makes delicious waffles.

—Rolled Steak.—Two pounds of beefsteak from the round, three tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful of catsnp, one tablespoonful of butter, one half tablespoonful of salt, one half tablespoonful of sage, one half tablespoonful of marjoram, two bay-leaves, pepper. Make a stuffing of everything noted above, excepting the steak and bay-leaves; spread it over the steak; roll it up; fasten with a skewer, and tie with twine; roll in flour. Put one spoonful of butter into the frying-pan and brown the steak; when nicely browned put into a stewpan. Stir one tablespoonful of dry flour into the butter; add half a pint of boiling water, salt, pepper and one tablespoonful of walnut catsup; pour over the steak, and let it simmer three-quarters of an hour, or longer if not tender.

—Onion Soup.—Take three large onions, slice them very thin, then fry to a light brown in a large spoonful of either butter or stock-fat. the latter answering equally as well. When brown, add half a teacupful of flour, and stir constantly until red. Then pour in slowly one pint of boiling water, stirring steadily until it is all in. Boil and mash four fine large potatoes, and stir into one quart of boiling milk, taking care that there are no lumps. Add this to the fried onions, with one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of white pepper. Let all boil for five minutes, and then serve with toasted or fried bread. Simple as this seems, it is one of the best vegetable soups, though it is made richer by the use of stock instead of water.

Shade Trees in Pastures.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be among farmers as to the propriety of having trees in pasture-fields as a resort for cattle in very warm weather, no one can deny that the advantage they are to animals in the midst of the heated term, beyond the damage the trees may do the land, is very considerable. But it must be understood that some trees do more damage to the ground than others, and these are well-known to most farmers, who will exercise their own judgment when selecting them. The cherry is confessed one of these, which, while it hurts the land scarcely appreciably, is as fine a tree for shade as any in the catalogue, and besides affords a profit in fruit. Where will be found a more beautiful shade-tree than the Black-Eagle, Elton, or Downer's late cherry? They are hardy and good bearers. Then again there is the yellow locust, which is one of our most beautiful trees, though not generally so dense in its foliage as the cherry, which does no perceptible injury to the land, and the wood of which is valuable, like the cherry, when there may be occasion to remove them. These facts show that there is no good reason why the cattle should be deprived of this great protection against summer heat on the ground of damage to the land, which is seriously done by the oak, the walnut, the beach, and some others.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Seed-Sowing.

For the past thirty years we have learned a great deal about seed-sowing, and there is plenty to learn yet. The seedsmen get a good deal of blame for things that they are as innocent of as is a new-born babe. There are plenty of poor seed sold, it is true, but it is only poor in variety, not in germinating qualities. A friend last year bought seed from two parties; one sold his seed for under one-third less than the other, but the high-priced seed was worth more than five times the low-priced, when they were grown, for scarce one in five were anything like what they ought to be. Out of two acres of cabbages there were nearly all kinds, but mostly the cheap old worthless sorts; this seed was bought at $2.50 per pound. For the second batch $8 a pound was paid; and, as the owner said, were cheaper even if he had to pay more, for the seed was true to name and nearly every plant raised and headed well.

Cheap seed of any kind is often very dear, and it is far better to pay for good seed and have what we want, than be growing a lot of poor stuff, for good plants only take up the room that poor, unsatisfactory things do.

Much seed is lost by careless sowing, whether it is good or bad, and often the seedsman is blamed for what is really the sower's fault.

A good rule for sowing is to put seed five times its own depth in the soil. For example, if a pea or a bean be, say, a quarter of an inch in diameter, it may be covered one inch and a quarter with soil, and so in proportion for other seed. Small seeds, such as lobelias, musk, portulaca, celery, or others are best sown on the surface, and merely worked into the soil with the open hand or a flat piece of wood; but however sown, the seed should be made to feel the soil; that is, the soil should be made firm about the seed. If large fields or large patches are sown a roller is an indispensible thing, to roll over the ground where the seed has been sown. Very small seeds are best sown in boxes about three inches in depth, eighteen inches wide, and about two feet long, so as to be handy to carry around. About two inches in depth of soil is enough to put in the boxes to sow upon. Let the soil be made firm with a flat piece of wood or the open hand. Sow on the surface, and if the seed is like musk or lobelia it is best worked in with the hand, as a rough piece of wood would be likely to carry off part of the seed.

A good compost for sowing seed on can be made by gathering a few old droppings from cows that have lain exposed to the weather for some months, and if a little leaf mold is handy, or some spent hops from a brewery or tea leaves, if not allowed to mold, take any of these with any common soil and mix equal portions of each together to raise seed upon. Let the droppings be broken up as fine as possible, and all be well mixed together. If leaf mold, hops or tea leaves are not handy, a little old sawdust or sand will be good help whenever the native soil is heavy.

A good way to germinate small seeds, whether sown in boxes or open ground, is to make a frame of four pieces of wood, then tack upon it any pieces of cloth or old carpet, or rough gunny bags, and use such as a covering, letting it remain over the seedlings until they get strong, occasionally raising such covering morning and evening, unless the weather is rough or cold. Many choice plants can be raised in this way without the aid of a hot-bed. Small seedlings or young plants just raising from seed should be invariably protected from cold or drying winds, or strong sunshine.

In sowing seed for crops it is poor economy to sow too thin or too small a quantity. It is by far the best to put in plenty of seed and to follow the selection idea after, pulling or cutting out all weak or poor plants, and leaving the robust to grow for what is wanted.

Many market gardeners adopt a very good plan when sowing onion, carrot, parship or other slow germinating seeds. They sow a thin sprinkling of radish seed along each row, this comes up in a few days and shows them where their rows are, and by this means they can begin to hoe between the rows as soon as the weeds appear, which saves a great deal of labor and expense, the radishes can be drawn out before they hurt other things, and two crops are got from the same land.

In ordinary private gardens it is possiblo to grow two crops each year, and enjoy more vegetables than is generally done. Spinach, lettuce and such generally mature in a few weeks, and their places can be occupied by other things for the rest of the season. Early peas could be replaced by celery or late beans, and many things that were sown early could be replaced by late crops.

When vegetable seeds are sown in rows or hills in small gardens, the soil can be pressed to the seed by walking up the rows or pressing the soil with the feet. This serves another good purpose; if between the rows is not pressed hard fewer weeds will come up, thereby saving much labor.

Flower seeds, many of the annuals, are bad to transplant and should be sown where they have to grow, such as petunias and mignonette. Any others that can be transplanted are best sown in hot-beds, boxes and sheltered places, if wanted for early bloom.

Heat, air and moisture are always required in order that seed may germinate, and if any one of these are absent or in excess, germination stops and seeds will lay for ages without moving.

Some gardners prefer old seeds, such as cucumbers, melons and squash. The only thing in this theory is, that the plants from such seed are likely to be weaker and produco more flowers, consequently more fruit, but in such cases the plants will require extra good soil, or help with liquid manure, as they would be exhausted soon by excess of flowers.—*A Gardener, in Prairie Farmer.*

—Honey Ginger-snaps—One pint of honey, three-fourths of a pound of butter and two tablespoonfuls of ginger; boil together a few minutes, and when nearly cold put in flour until it is stiff; roll out thinly and bake quickly.

—A New York reporter teaches an evening school, delivers sermons, has a class in drawing and pays his board by giving piano lessons.

—In July the Ironclad Lepanto will be launched at Leghorn. Its total cost will be $5,000,000.

THE DAIRY.

—A well-known western dairyman, who has experimented with the "anti-huff" compound, both in buttermilk and sweet milk, says there appears little change at first, but in a week the milk becomes red like blood, that it seemed to dissolve the caseine in buttermilk. Examining it under the microscope he discovered crystals of bicarbonate of soda and bicarbonate of potash.

—Butter dealers claim that the standard of first-class butter is getting higher every year, and what would readily sell for a choice article a few years ago is now put down as second or third rate. Very few dairy lots now coming in from Vermont or New York run even, and after selecting two or three tubs from an invoice, the remainder has to be sold at a very low price.—*Boston Traveller.*

—The exposure of the windows of the cheese room should be toward the north and east and in cold weather a double sash is most desirable. In this close, even room, we are able to detect the aroma of the strictly fine cheese. On opening the door to enter, the perfume strikes the sense most pleasantly. The odor can be likened to that from many fragrant sources, as fancy dictates. At one time, in turning up the cheese, the perfume of the pineapple is certainly apparent; again, we think only of the strawberry, or the rose. Under whatever name, there it is, a delicately subtle exhalation of the cheese curds, which shows the maker where he stands. The character of that cheese is fixed beyond a question. If the patrons would take pains to inform themselves on this point of flavor it might help them to decide how the work of the season is progressing. This perfume, however, need not be looked for unless all other exterior signs of cleanliness and care correspond. It will not be found in connection with cracked, leaky cheese, or in a room where the door is all spotted over with whey running from the tables.

Artificial Coloring for Butter and Cheese.

The culture of the plant producing the coloring matter known as annatto is chiefly carried on in the French colonies of Guadaloupe and Cayenne, also in some parts of South America. It is a small evergreen tree growing ten to fifteen feet high; the leaves are heart-shaped, smooth and shining; flowers in a tapering panicle, pale pink; capsule two-valved, prickly on the outside; the fruit is like a chestnut, and contains a certain number of seeds smaller than peas. These seeds are covered with a soft, viscous, waxen pulp or pellicle of a beautiful vermillion color, and this latter is the substance knowu as annatto.

The annatto is separated from the seed by several different processes, such as washing, steaming and fermentation. The common mode in which it is maintained is by pouring hot water over the pulp and seeds, and leaving them to macerate, finally separating them by pounding with a wooden pestle. The seeds are removed by straining the mass through a sieve. The pulp being allowed to settle, the water is poured off gently, the pulp placed in shallow vessels, in which it is gradually dried in the shade. After acquiring a proper consistence it is made into cylindrical rolls or balls. This roll annatto is largely used for coloring cheese and butter in the British and Continental dairies.

Much of the superior American butter color has more or less annatto in its composition. Annatto, when genuine, affects neither the tasto or smell of the cheese or butter to which it may be applied. It is entirely harmless, the Spanish Americans mixing it with their chocolate for producing a beautiful tint. The Indians in the tropical climes employ the leaves and roots in cooking to increase the flavor and give a saffron color. Mixed with lemon juice and gum it forms the crimson paint with which the Indians adorn their bodies.

Coloring cheese with annatto is a very old practice among English and Dutch as well as American dairymen. At first it was only used by mixing with lard for rubbing on the crash; afterward it was dissolved in a weak solution of potash and mixed with the milk at the time the rennet was applied. Years ago no dairyman thought of coloring butter nor would such an article have been easy of sale. Now since public taste and fashion demand it, nearly all gilt edge butter is artificially colored, and especially is this true during the winter months. To annatto are we largely indebted for June butter at Christmas. In fact, the eye must be pleased in this respect as well as the taste, and if the coloring matter be as simple and as harmless as annatto, this adornment of a market product is unobjectionable.

Not only is winter butter indebted to annatto for its fine color, but also much that is made in summer. Nothing but the freshest of grass, as cattle food, will give butter its peculiar, natural color, so desirable to consumers. When the grass in the pasture becomes dried the butter product loses its color. Frequently July and August butter are naturally as colorless as the winter product. Those dairymen who practice the soiling of their cattle are forced to give their butter an artificial coloring even during the summer months. Green rye makes pale butter, such is also the case where barley and oats are fed. However highly we may esteem green corn fodder for feeding milch cows yet it lacks the power of giving such a color to the butter product as is obtained by feeding young, fresh grass.

At one time carrots were much used in coloring dairy products, but the time and labor expended in their preparation for use, as well as the uncertainty attending the shade produced, with other marked defects, have led to the adoption of something more easily prepared or purchased and more certain in its results. Concerning the artificial coloring of butter, it is urged by many old-fashioned dairymen that when they were young no such methods prevailed. However it must be borne in mind that, in addition to the demands of prejudice and fashion as to the color in dairy products, in olden times but little if any butter was made during the winter months. Cows were generally dried off in October, coming in again in April and May. These old ruts are now nearly filled up, and the old roads are almost wholly abandoned.—*American Cultivator.*

—The original lancers—old time doctors.

Railway Raillery.

"Speaking of St. Louis," the man on the wood-box said, "did you notice the rich, old saddle color of the river?"

"I did," replied the Jester, "in my room at the hotel. When a man takes a drink of water in St. Louis at this time of the year, he dreams all night that he is a sand-bar."

"When in reality," said the man on the wood-box, "he is only a mud-scow."

"Speaking of pleasant things," the cross passenger said, "I see the bronze railing of Mr. Vanderbilt's house alone cost $40,000."

"O, yes," the man on the wood-box said, "but he can't slide down it, now that he has it. There isn't a bell-boy in a hotel that doesn't have more fun on the rail than Mr. Vanderbilt."

"And I see that Mary Anderson," the fat passenger continued, "travels in a special palace car, with an upright piano, a book-case and a hammock."

"Yes," the sad passenger said, "but she can't sit in the smoker and put her feet on the stove and spit out of the window. Of what use is wealth when it debars us from enjoying the primary comforts of life?"

"And I," said the Jester, "I have a suit of new spring clothes. They are fair to look upon, and they fit like an umbrella-cover for snugness; they look like a dream of May, and what is it all when all is done? It has snowed every day since I got them, and I carry them about with me like ballast. I can't wear them in the snow. De I want people to take me for a crocus?"

"Verily no," said the sad passenger, "for this we are not supposed to be a cluster of croakers. Everything seems to go wrong this spring. The world turns round so fast."

"And there are spots on the sun," the tall, thin passenger said.

"And the moon is gibbous," said the fat passenger.

"There was a hair-pin in the soup," the man on the wood-box said.

"And there's moths in the carpets," said the woman who talks bass.

And yet it is a good sort of a world after all. "It won't always snow," and everyday's troubles end at bed-time.—*Burdette, in the Hawk-Eye.*

A Peculiar Affliction.

Mr. Edwin Cowles, the editor of the Cleveland *Leader*, has a peculiar affliction. From boyhood he has been troubled with deafness sowewhat of the nature of color blindness. He has never heard the sound of the bird, and until he grew to manhood he had always thought the music of the bird was a poetical fiction. "You may till a room with canary birds," says Mr. Cowles, "and they may all sing at once and I never would hear a note, but I would hear the flutterings of their wings. I never hear the hissing sound in the human voice, consequently not knowing of the existence of that sound, I grew up to manhood without ever making it in my speech. A portion of the consonants I never hear, yet I can hear all the vowels. About a quarter of the sounds in the human voice I never hear, and I have to watch the motion of the lips and be governed by the sense of the remarks in order to understand what is said to me. I have walked by the side of a policeman going home at night and seen him blow his whistle, and I never would hear it, although it could be heard by others half a mile away. I never heard the upper notes of a piano, violin or other musical instrument, although I would hear all the lower notes." Mr. Cowles has consulted the most eminent surgeons, physicians and aurists in the country and they are unanimous in declaring his peculiar affliction to be without precedent.

—A Boston exchange says that the "Boston woman is never dismayed by wind or weather. The elements have no terrors and power over her."

[Rockford (Ill.) Register.]
Fell Against a Sharp Edge.

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by falling against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it at least a half-inch, and leaving a very painful wound. After suffering for a time, I concluded to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to say that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling and by continued use, made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

When it comes to descending a ladder the bravest of us generally back down.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A match safe—One put up where the small boy can't get at it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Prosper Merimee was very far from good looking, and knew it well. In the midst of a fete, one summer day in Paris, he came accidentally upon two English ladies who were unable to find a cab. As he was politely helping them in their embarrassment, he heard one of the ladies remark in English that he was amiable but dreadfully ugly. Merimee, who spoke English perfectly, turned round briskly, took his hat off, and said: "Madame, a lady so beautiful as you are ought to be more indulgent."

The syllable "leo," in oleomargarine, means that it is as strong as a lion.—*Puck.*

When that curious woman was turned into a pillar of salt, her Lot was not a happy one.—*Boston Transcript.*

He was squirting tobaco juice all over the sidewalk and tapping on a dry-goods box with a buck-horn bandied knife, and finally he heaved a deep sigh and said: "No, gentlemen, no. Them good old times has gone forever. We shall never see no sich times agin." "How?" asked one after a long pause. "Waal, in lots o' ways. In the fust place folks don't use each other as they once did. I leave it to you, stranger, if they do?" "No, sir!" was the prompt reply of the man who had stopped to inquire his way to the depot. "Thirty years ago, tho more tobaco juice you spit on a man's boots the more he loved you, but if you squirt any more of the stuff in my direction I'll make your back mop the sidewalk, old as you are!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is a remarkable fact that one meets with the greatest inn attention at the best hotels.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Soox," remarks an editor in the Wabash Valley, "will the twitterings of the birds and the sight of the daisies and forget-me-nots remind us that spring has come." This is undoubtedly true, but for a dead sure thing you had better depend on the gentle he-haw of the canal mule.—*Chicago Tribune.*

South End Maiden wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.—*Boston Post.*

[Chambersburgh (Pa.) Herald.]
After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom,) Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

Believe about half you hear, and keep it to yourself, that reputations may not suffer.—*N. O. Picayune.*

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—*Express.*

Out on a scratch—the hen which escaped confinement and wandered into the flower garden.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Those troubled with coughs, colds, whooping-cough, weak and bleeding lungs, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated James Cough Pellets have been put on sale in this section. Ask your druggist. Only 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., Wholesale Agents.

Best Watches and Lowest Prices.
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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine &
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It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.
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ACTS DIRECTLY upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures by a *natural process of revitalization.*
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IS STRONGLY ENDORSED: "We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence."—*Lutheran Observer.* "The cures which have been obtained by this new treatment seem more like miracles than cases of natural healing."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.* "There is no doubt as to the genuineness and positive results of this treatment."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*
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Sleep for Children.

If you would preserve your children from wasting diseases, do not stint them in their sleep; chlorotic girls, especially, and weakly babies need all the rest they can get. If they are drowsy in the morning, let them sleep; it will do them more good than stimulants and tonic sirups. For school-children in their teens, eight hours of quiet sleep is generally enough, but do not restrict them to fixed hours; in mid-summer there should be a siesta-corner in every house, a lounge or an old mattress in the coolest nook of the hall, or a hammock in the shade of the porch, where the little ones can pass the sleep-inviting after-noons. Nor is it necessary to send them to bed at the very time when all nature awakens from the torpid influence of the day-star; sleep in the atmosphere of a stifling bedroom would bring no rest and no pleasant dreams. But an hour after sunset there will be a change; the night-wind arises and the fainting land revives; cool air is a febrifuge and nature's remedy for the dyspeptic influences of a suitry day. Open every window, and let your children share the luxury of the last evening hour; after breathing the fresh night-air for a while, they will sleep in peace.—*T. L. Oswald in Popular Science.*

New Names for the Months.

Puck proposes to rename the months, describing them by names which would suggest their most prominent qualities. This would enable children to learn the names readily on the kindergarten plan, and the months, if this plan were adopted, would be named as follows: January would be Slushuary, February would be Slopuary, March would be Winduary, April would be Rainuary, May would be Buduary, June would be Floweruary, July would he Roastuary, August would be Boiluary, September would be Fruituary, October would be Chilluray, November would be Frostuary, and December would be Snowuary.

A new and destructive insect is reported on the farm of Emmor S. Jones, in Chester county, Pa., where it has nearly destroyed his fields of young tobacco plants. It somewhat resembles the Colorado beetle, with a hard and unyielding shell. Its operations are directed to the roots of the plants, which it nips off and then throws the rest of the plant out of the ground. It burrows like the mole under the surface of the plant-bed, and can be tracked at its work by the movement of the earth. When disturbed it ceases operations and rolls over as if dead, but resumes business when left alone.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The Board of County School Commissioners will meet on

Friday, May 27th,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
5 7 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as

"Recourse Survey,"

containing eleven hundred and sixteen acres and assessed to Mrs. Hamilton White and J. McFerran.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due and owing thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 3 Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 24th day of May,

1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those pieces or parcels of land situate and lying in Garrett county, and described as

Military Lots Nos. 3069, 3070, 3071, 3031, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3047, 3033, 3054, 3052, 3050, and 12 acres of vacancy, containing in the whole 612 acres,

and assessed to Zais & Wolford.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the year 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
4 30 ts Collector.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used. The boxing and crating shop alone cut three hundred thousand feet of lumber per month for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY.
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. F. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $20 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1e26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 2 3 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.
PEDDICORD & COMBS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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AND AID IN THE

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JOB PRESSES

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ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

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Late Commissioner of Patents.

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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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AND
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

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H. B. WOLFE.

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.52 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YEOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

(GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July6-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

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THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
ST. DLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
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GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
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Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, in *cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGIS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 2l y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 5000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 12 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with rool French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers: this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style K. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, copped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symmetrical, pathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15. Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881

If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

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The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

4 9 tf E. D. KEPNER.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881. NUMBER 14

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alderson & Second Streets.

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G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KELDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

E. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Snouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res, near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

"AND YE SHALL KNOW."

There are briars in our way,
Thorny places do we reach;
Lord, be with us night and day;
From Thy Holy Book, oh teach!
Balm in Gilliead let us find,
Thy own tender words of love;
Underneath us put Thy hands;
Father, hear us from above.

"As thy day thy strength shall be;"
"I will guide thee with mine eye;"
Up, look up! if thou wouldst see
One who always standeth by.
Closed eyes, though all upturned,
Could behold no vision bright;
Though so very close to me,
They must look to have the sight.

Hear the message, children dear,
E'en from God, whose name is just;
"Cast on me your every care;"
Leave it all, yes! all in trust.
When the "Land of Promise" reached,
Land of rest and no more fears,
"Thou shalt know" why have been set
Copies to be wrought in tears.

—*New York Observer.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It is the evening of a military ball at Trowchester, and the assembly rooms are brilliantly illuminated and decorated.

Outside there is the throng of carriages usual to such occasions, and the orthodox crowd of spectators collected to criticise the appearance of arriving guests.

Inside, in the large hall-room, the gay uniforms, the bright dresses, the sparkling smiles, the tiny, swiftly-moving feet, the glittering spurs the profusion of light and color, and the sweet, rich order of the flowers which line and conceal the many *tete-a-tete* corners and recesses, combine to form a scene not easily forgotten, and two present will remember it to their live's end.

The centre of a goodly group, mainly composed of gallant sons of Mars, is a slender, graceful girl, with dark hair and eyes, and cheeks as red as a pomegranate blossom.

Glistening, dew-tipped water-lilies nestle in her bosom, and fasten back her sea-green skirts.

She is Edith Wyndham, the only daughter of the richest mill-owner in the town, and the acknowledged belle of the evening.

With ready *repartee* and merry laugh she bears her part in the lively conversation going on, adroitly parrying all entreaties to join the dancers, or retire to the cooler atmosphere of the temporary conservatory with some favored cavalier.

Every now and then, however, a weary, inaudible sigh escapes her, and she watches the door with furtive anxiety. Suddenly the delicate bloom on her cheeks deepens, and the eyes, over which the lids so shyly droop, are shining like stars.

A gentleman who has just entered made his way toward her. He is attired in civilian's evening dress, and she quietly greets him as "Mr. Grantley."

'You have remembered your promise, I hope?' he says in a low tone.

"Yes,' she answers, without looking up; 'I have reserved two dances.'

He stoops down to whisper his thanks, which are apparently very eloquent and expressive.

'This is our galop,' she says, hurriedly rising from her seat.

In another moment they are floating away to the mad music of the 'Royal Mail,' and many an admiring glance follows them.

No wonder either, for their dancing is perfection, and their good looks are undeniable. They are a well-contrasted couple. She is of the pure dark type of beauty, and he is fair and Saxon in Style. His figure is tall and stalwart; his face is frank and faithful, with a firm mouth, a rather blunt nose, and keen blue eyes. His hair is closely cropped, but it asserts its independence nevertheless in many a willful twist and curl.

Presently, when the dance is over, he asks.—

'Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon?'

'Yes, I think so,' she rejoins, nervously playing with her boquet.

'That is well; for I want to see you. I can never get you by yourself for even a scanty ten minutes, and I am growing quite desperate. You will be alone?' he adds, bending nearer.

'Perhaps; but I may have other callers, you know,' she makes reply with just a *soupcon* of mischief.

'But for once you can deny yourself to any one else. I must see you alone; I can't say what I have to say in all this Babel and confusion. Promise me now that there shall be no one else there?'

She hesitates; but catching sight of another partner bearing down upon them with the evident intention of claiming her, she gives him the desired promise.

* * * * * *

A hushed and darkened chamber; the firelight flickering as though in sympathy with the human flame so near its expiring; the furniture handsome and costly, and the heavy, brocaded bed-hangings drawn back, for there, propped up on many pillows, the master of the stately mansion lies dying.

Listen! There is the muffled bustle of an arrival below, and on the stairs sound hasty, approaching footsteps. The dim, sunken eyes, that for long hours have never ceased their weary watch of the door, lose their terribly strained expression, and from the parched lips comes a murmered 'Thank Heaven!'

'Father!'

'My boy—my boy!'

The doctors and the housekeeper have retired, and those two are left together. The father but yesterday hale and hearty, and bearing his years with a dignity of health and strength, to-day stricken into death; and the son summoned with all speed from a scene of festivity and mirth, worn with travelling and suspense.

The old man furrows his head with a look of unspeakable anguish.

"Do you know all, Ralph?' he asks, almost in a whisper.

'Yes sir,' is the concise reply. 'Are not the papers full of the failure of Grantly & Co?'

'I have been so blind and credulous. I trusted Curtis implicitly, and he deceived me. He has absconded, and I'—bitterly wails the weak voice—'I am dying, leaving the stain of ruin and disgrace on our name—our name that has never been sullied before! Oh! if I might have lived to wipe it away—to restore it to its untarnished integrity. But you are young, Ralph; you have years of life before you. Oh! my son—my son, will you do this for me? Will you make reparation in my stead? It is a hard heritage to leave you; but I cannot die happy unless you undertake it. I have been so proud of the honor of my name, and I—oh! woe is me!—I have been the one to drag it down from its high place. I'—

In his excitement he has raised himself, his hands grasping his son's arm, his voice gathering power from intense emotion, and his face convulsed with wild entreaty. Suddenly the illusive strength deserts him, and he falls back panting and breathless.

In dire alarm Ralph summons assistance, and restoratives are promptly administered. They have the effect of restoring consciousness for a short time longer, and Ralph resumes his former place.

In obedience to a beseeching gesture he lowers his head to the level of the poor, quivering mouth.

'Will you give me this promise, Ralph? Will you—pay—all claims—I cannot—prepare to die—till my mind—is at rest.'

With infinite effort, and in short choking gasps, comes this last appeal.

It is a solemn responsibility to undertake, and Ralph knows it. Time and opportunity may fail, or at least he must devote the choicest years of his manhood to a thankless task. For it he must relinquish many a golden dream, many a fair hope.

With the quick perception of a clear, decided brain he has counted the cost; but hard must the heart be that can deny a death-bed request.

'Father, Heaven helping me, I will do as you wish.'

An expression of comple content and easement steals over the haggard features, and the fluttering clasp of the thin fingers speaks the thanks which speech is powerless now to do.

Four hours later and George Grantley has played out his part on this world's stage, and 'finis' may be written at the end of life's drama. He has journeyed to

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller ever returns."

* * * * * *

Eleven years have passed away. It is a warm, balmy evening in the beginning of May. The clock at the little lodge is striking six, as a gentleman enters the iron gates of the Court, a spacious, rambling old-fashioned house, standing in extensive grounds on the outskirts of Trowchester.

As he walks quickly along the smoothly-gravelled drive, and the shifting light from either side falls upon him, it is not difficult to recognize Ralph Grantly.

Time has delt kindly with him, or rather time has but added to the gifts which nature has already bestowed upon him. His figure is as erect and well-set-up as of yoe, and his face has gained an expression of calm control and of gentle manliness that makes Ralph Grantly one to whom women and children instinctively turn for succor or protection, and never in vain. He has obeyed his father's dying behest. There is no shadow on the old name now, no taint of reproach can cling to it. The streaks of gray that are here and there discernible in the fair hair and curling beard tell how sharp the struggle has been. He has sacrificed at the altar of stern, uncomposing duty; but to-day there is no memory of by gone trials to cloud his brow. He dreams only of the possibilities of the dear future.

'Miss Wyndham at home?' he inquires of the footman, who promptly appears in answer to his summons at the bell.

'Yes sir.'

'Will you ask her to grant me the favor of a short interview?"

'What name, sir?'

'No name.'

The man is too well trained to express surprise, as he ushers the visitor across the wide paved hall into the morning room, a pleasant flower-scented apartment, with a home-like litter of books, and music, and work, about it.

He is not kept long waiting. There is a rustle of silken garments without, the door is quietly opened, and the lady he desired to see is before him.

Overpowering agitation renders him silent and motionless. His thoughts fly back to a vision of a long ago. A vision of a crowded ball-room, with music gayly playing, and whirling figures sweeping by, of a green-robed maiden, with archly-smiling lips, standing by his side—a maiden in the first flush of girlish beauty, and radiant with the joyousness of a youth that has known neither care nor sorrow.

Now he beholds a graceful woman, the promise of early loveliness brought to maturity, gracious in presence and self-possessed in manner, with tender, hopeful patience, and sweet cheerfulness written in the curves of the sensitive mouth and shining out from the depths of the dark eyes. Such a one might the poet have had in mind when he wrote of

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

'You wished, I think—' she begins courteously and a little stiffly, for Ralph stands with his back to the window, and she imagines herself addressing a stranger.

He moves quickly toward her. With a subdued cry she recognizes him, and her cheeks grow almost white. She essays to falter out some polite greeting, some commonplace welcome; but the words die away ere her tongue can give them utterance.

He takes her hands in his, his own face very pale, and his voice rugged and broken.

'Do you remember the last time we met, and the request I made you then?

She bows her head mutely.

'Did you guess? Ah, surely you must, what I intended to ask you the next day?'

Again she signifies a mute assent.

'Am I too late? Oh? love—love, may I, dare I, ask that question now?'

The slender fingers lie passive in his clasp, the drooping head is raised, the steadfast eyes look bravely up, though every limb is trembling, as she answers:—

'I have waited for you; I knew you would come some day.

A Brave Queen.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Times*, writes: The Queen of Italy recently gave striking evidence of that courage, presence of mind and goodness of heart for which the house of Savoy is so distinguished. She had alighted from her carriage and was walking along the road outside the Porta Angelica, when two gentlemen and a lady on horseback approached at a rapid canter. Reining up suddenly on recognizing her majesty the lady's horse fell, and in a moment the queen sprang forward, seized the bridal with one hand and with the other helped the lady to rise, before either of the gentlemen could leave their saddles or her own attendant offer assistance.

One quart of cheap whiskey (the cheaper the better) judiciously applied, will do more business for Satan than the smartest deacon he has got.

What are Wanted.

A gentleman in a responsible government office, when complimented on his long and efficient services, replied: "There's nothing like making yourself indispensible." This is certainly worth thinking of. If you've a good place, and wish to keep it, try to make yourself so useful that your employer cannot do without you.

The other day a gentleman was making inquiries for the purpose of finding a man to fill a responsible position in a large mercantile house. He came upon a man whom he believed would give him accurate and honest information concerning several men whose names he had. One was discussed, and another, and another. Then the name of Mr. —— was mentioned.

"The very man for the place, competent and worthy in every respect, but he cannot possibly be spared from the position he now holds."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "we dont want a man who can be spared."

There was a whole volume in that remark. "We don't want a man man who can be spared!" What a multitude of men who can be spared encumber every avenue to promotion.

The barnacles, the sharks, the makeshifts, somebody's nephews, somebody's proteges, somebody's good-for-nothings. Young man please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled.

Playing Mazeppa.

The boys in Lamar, Kan., concluded to play "Mazeppa," the Tartar of the Ukraine breed to be an old cow which was grazing in a neighboring lot. A local critic describes the representation. The boys coaxed the cow into the barn, barred the door and drew lots for the Mazeppa. The boy who drew the short straw, a wiry little fellow of 13 years, was tied securely upon the cow's back. The noble animal seemed to take in the situation and to realize that her reputation as an actress was at stake. Her acting was magnificent, indeed, for she brought down the house—by sections. Although the audience all had parquette and parqueete circle tickets they thought they could look at the play better from the gallery, and so they slid up into the hay-mow and tried to crowl out through the roof while the old cow was churning about fourteen years' growth out of Mazeppa and bellowing like a steam calliope, while Mazeppa passed most of the time yelling like a pig fast in a fence. The performance might have been going on until the present time, only the owner of the barn, under the impression that an earthquake was confined in that structure, rushed in and rescued the amateur Mazeppa, and permitted the cow to proceed to its quiet cud-chewing after the excitement of the occasion had passed away.

Fretful Words.

Why be so severe in dealing with the faults of those at home while we excuse anything friends or acquaintances may do? The laws of politeness should be binding at home as well as abroad. We enjoy seeing our husbands and wives polite to our neighbors, only let us be sure to practice our good manners at home. There are husbands who would hasten to assure a neighbor's wife, who had, in her haste, burned her biscuits, that they "greatly enjoyed them when they were so nice and brown," who would never think their own wives needed the same consideration. No man can be a gentleman, though ever so genial abroad, who is a tyrant or habitual fault-finder at home; and no woman is a real lady who is not a lady at home in her morning wrapper, as well as in silk in her neighbor's parlor. One member of a family who begins the day with fretful words and harsh tones, is generally enough to spoil the happiness and temper of the whole for the day. Not all who hear the impatient word give the angry answer, for many choose to suffer in silence; but every such word makes somebody's heart ache; and, as a rule, it is somebody whom we love and would do anything for, except to keep back the unkind, sarcastic word. Then do not let us make ourselves and others miserable by being fretful at home.

The pronounced opinion of the ablest physicians all over the country indicates that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy for all the sufferings of little children caused by Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa or Summer Complaint. Price 25 cents.

Does Wealth Bring Happiness?

On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. Johns Hopkins called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place, because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasure will be lost or dropped?" The gardener replied that the sketch was true. "Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me?" "Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener, "do you think a very rich man is happy?" The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations." Mr. Hopkins rejoined: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

Curious Illumination.

The Paris *Figaro* gives the following method of obtaining linght instantaneously, without the use of matches and without danger of setting things on fire: Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Of Course Not.

A Detroit lady of wealth recently made a will, and, to make assurances dauhly sure, requested the presence of her numerous legal heirs to witness the signing of the same. Upon the assembling of the wealth-expectors the old lady desired to know if any of them had any doubts as to her sanity, or as to whether there were any objections to her disposing of the property as she pleased. Not a doubt or an objection was expressed, and the will, without its being read to those present, was duly signed and witnessed by disinterested parties. Now those interested "would like to know, you know," haw the old lady has disposed of her property. It was taking advantage of the innocents, but then it is a first class way of putting one's relations on their good behavior.

The many sanguine people in the country who had been led to believe that there was a large fortune in the Bank of England for the heirs of the Hyde estate may find something in the following note from S. G. Gray, chief accountant of that bank, addressed to Henry M. Walker, solicitor of Court of Chancery, England, in response to a letter of inquiry in regard to the matter from Mr. Walker: "In reply to your letter of the 6th of January I have to inform you that the bank has no record of any deposit for the Hyde family. Two small unclaimed dividends—one under £1 and the other a little more—have been traced, one in the name of John Hyde and the other in the name of Thomas Hilde; but there is no evidence these dividends belong to the persons referred to in your letter."

Lumber dealers throughout the country find themselves with a very meagre supply of walnut, and the price rapidly advancing. In Boston it is said that some grades of walnut have advanced at least $12 per thousand feet during the past year, and the price in other markets is proportionately higher.

The revenue to the Government in England from patent medicines is over $1,000,000 a year.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AN IDYL.

I know a spot,
Where she I love oft spends her lonely hours,
All spangled over with forget-me-not
And other flowers.

See! this and that
Upon my brow, all bumps that have been made
Of late; the frequent and ferocious gnat
Intesls the shade.

A quiet nook,
Save for one little silver ring of sound,
The baby chatter of a tiny brook,
All's silence round.

With hopping gait
The lively frog provokes a female scream;
I hurry to the rescue, but too late:
He passeth as a dream.

Bend, branches, bend,
Entwine in leafy canopy above,
Let not a single raindrop e'er descend
Upon my love.

This really is
Inf——slightly damp, love! dost not find it so?
And I am subject unto rheumattz.
I think we'll go!

CATCHING SEALS.

The purchase of Alaska by the United States Government in 1867 gave American merchants and ship-owners new and valuable opportunities for the capture of seal. In consequence of the reckless destruction of these animals in regions open to all who chose to hunt them, comparatively few are now to be found elsewhere than on this coast, where they have been preserved from extermination through the care of a company which under the Russian Government enjoyed the monopoly of their capture. When, in 1867, negotiations were in progress for the purchase of Alaska, Mr. Haven, a merchant of New London, corresponded with Secretary Seward to learn if citizens of the United States would be free to hunt seal in that Territory when its transfer was completed. Learning that they would have the desired privilege, Alaska was no sooner ceded than Mr. Haven dispatched two vessels thither, equipped with the necessary crew and appliances for hunting seal. Sitka being the only port of entry, they reported there to Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, in command. With his approval they pushed out to St. Paul Island, the great sealing ground, two hundred and fifty miles from the mainland. There they effected the first landing after the purchase, and raised the first American flag. As a result of their venture they soon had 45,000 seal-skins ready for shipping.

Within a short time there were Californians and others on the Alaska sealing grounds, but after a while a combination was formed between Eastern and Western ship-owners, and a lease, dated August, 1870, of St. Paul and St. George Islands, was obtained by them from the Government, with the exclusive right of seal-catching, under certain restrictions. These two islands are quite isolated, being thirty miles apart, and are little more than barren rocks of the Aleutian range, running from the coast of Alaska toward Kamtchatka. A small population, principally of native Aleutians, a people essentially Esquimaux, occupy these islands, and pursue the seal fishery.

The men work in parties at their seal-killing, being paid according to the number of seals killed. It is said that a skillful Aleut will skin fifty a day. Not only are young seals and females exempt from slaughter, but no seals are killed at their "rookeries," or gathering places on the coast. They must first be driven or coaxed to the "killing grounds" in the interior of the islands, out of sight and out of scent of the coast. This precaution is necessary because of the peculiar sensitiveness and timidity of the seal. "Very strange are these seal," says Dr. Kane, in recording his first killing of one in the polar seas; "a countenance between the dog and the mild African ape—an expression so like that of humanity that it makes gun-murderers hesitate." "Have naturalists ever noticed the expression of this animal's phzi?" he asks, as he tells of the dying look given him by his first victim. "Curiosity, contentment, pain, reproach, despair, even resignation, I thought I saw on this seal's face."

Although the male seals will fight manfully in defense of the females when cornered, the discharge of fire-arms, the barking of a dog, the tainting of the water around them with the blood of one of their number, or even the smell of lighted tobabeo, is sometimes sufficient to drive them from their rookeries. And driving them away permanently means their extermination, for if they can not come back to the waters where they were born they cease to increase. An illustration of this truth is found in the story of sealing on Kerguelen Land, after the seals were newly discovered there some years ago. So abundant were the seals at first that as many as 1,700,000 were killed in a single year by the vessels flocking thither from all quarters. But in the space of three years they were practically exterminated, there not being enough left to make their catching remunerative. On the Alaska islands, however, the rigid regulations concerning the taking of seals are enforced not only by the presence of resident Government inspectors, but by the obvious interests of those engaged in the work. As a result, more than two-thirds of all the seals now taken in the world are taken from those islands; and there they are on the increase. At first the fur seals were killed in immense numbers by the Russians. At one time three hundred thousand skins were destroyed, in order that the market might not be overstocked. It was only when their numbers were greatly diminished that the number annually killed were limited and the other mentioned restrictions were imposed.

On the coasts of New Foundland the decline of the seal fishery, which at one time ranked in importance almost with the herring and the cod, has been a great misfortune. Formerly, however pitiable and destitute the poor classes might be during the winter, after St. Valentine's day things would take a sudden turn. The busy sound of axes and hammers would reverberate from the hill-sides around the harbor, and not a rotten old schooner, brig, or lugger which could float, or floating be insured, but was trimmed up and provisioned to join the great spring seal fishery.

For many years this great fishery, or hunting expedition on the ocean fields of ice, as it should be more properly named, had brought hundreds of thousands of dollars among the community yearly; and lucky was the man esteemed who had secured his berth in a ship to be sailed and commanded by some smart and experienced hand. For three weeks to a month the hearts of all classes in the great fish colony palpitated between hope and dread incessantly. The first thing on awaking, the last before sleeping, the only observation hazarded in the streets was the state of wind and weather bearing on this momentous voyage. All had a stake in it; the merchant, in his ship stores and winter credits to the fishermen; the fishermen, to pay these debts, in order —and in order solely—to obtain more credit for the summer cod-fishery.

The return of the expedition was an event of the most tremendous importance. "One by one," writes Lieutenant McCrea, "all through that great day of all others in the year, they come gliding through the Narrows, until, just as the sun tips the crest of Signal Hill with a farewell crimson kiss, the last laggard of the fleet anchors in the channel to wait until the little, busy, bewildered tug shall have leisure to haul them inside. But in truth it matters little whether the ships anchor or not; for, surely as the sun sinks, out go the boats, and, leaving the Captain to take care of the ship as best he can, in a few minutes the greasy hunters jump on shore, and are hauled off by friends and women as mad with joy as they are. In streets, in lanes, in cottages of the poor as well as in mansions of the rich, the night is prolonged in one great, universal orgy." It was on one of these occasions that an officer of rank, sent up from Halifax on an official commission, said, in answer to a question as to what sort of place it was, "Well, sir, I was only there three days, and they appeared to me to be all drunk."

In April of last year a curious event took place off New Foundland. There was a visitation of seals such as would have been deemed extraordinary even in the palmy days of the fishery. For many years the hardy fishers of the southern coasts have scarcely hoped for a paying harvest of seal, even after fitting out their rough boats, and proceeding to the ice-fields of the North. On this occasion the valuable creatures came floating downward on great sheets of ice, within easy reach of the hunters, and but for the loss of life that took place it might have been regarded as a special providence to all concerned.

It was during the first days of the month of April that the news began to spread that the seals were coming, and within a short time the hunters who had staid behind when the regular fleet left for the North began to congratulate themselves on having remained. They were ready for the unanticipated harvest, and as the ice gathered around, squads of them might be seen hurrying from the harbor of St. Johns out through the Narrows and into the broad Atlantic Ocean. Far away, north, south and east, extended the interminable ice sheets, with here and there a watery breakage. From Signal Hill, which rises 600 feet above the sea-level, an almost unbroken view might be obtained extending nearly forty miles seaward.

The rich spoils presented to the hunters excited them to recklessness. The women, too, who seem in this Northern latitude to be in complete sympathy with the toils of the husbands and brothers, shared in the general craze. It was not uncommon even for wind-and-sun-browned damsels, daughters of the hardy fishermen, to gird on the seal-hunter's armor and enter the lists with their brothers in competition for the treasures of the oil fields. The distance traversed away from the land over the ice sheets varied from one to eight or nine miles, according to the position of the seal patches or the good fortune of the hunter. One gang of men, more fortunate than another, would alight on an abundant patch within a mile or two of the shore, from which spectators, without the aid of a telescope, might witness all their operations. Others, less lucky, would have to wander over rough and broken ice for many a weary mile before coming up with the objects of their eager search. When found, even at the end of a long and tiresome ramble, the seal-killer felt himself amply repaid for his toil. Thus all went well for several days. Men came and went, and no record of disaster reached the shore. Thousands of dollars' worth of seals were daily captured, were brought on shore and rapidly consigned to the oil vats on the south side of the City of St. Johns.

From three to four days the hunters had been at work, venturing further and further upon the ice, when suddenly the wind fell. The great masses, held in place by a strong northeaster, began to yield, and the "hunting-grounds" to give way beneath the feet of the unhappy fishermen. So sudden was the change that it seemed almost instantaneous. At one moment the men seemed to be quietly at work; at the next the panic had spread in every direction. The ice had moved from the shore, and, except at a very few points of contact, the water began to flow between it and the main land. Hundreds of men saw before them the prospect of being carried out to sea upon the melting mass. Those who were most cool-headed ran for the ice-bridges yet remaining and succeeded in reaching the shore. Others, less rapid in their movements, or coming up too late to avail themselves of these pathways, plunged into the water, and, swimming across, were hauled up on the crags by comrades waiting to receive them. Within the harbor small boats also were sent to the rescue, and these brought off many who had succeeded in reaching the edge of the ice-fields.

It was at first reported that some two hundred and fifty men were afloat upon the ice, and the consternation and agony on shore were frightful. Hundreds of families were mourning for some missing member, and the scenes enacted, as one man after another arrived, are beyond description. Finally, however, it became apparent that the number of missing had been greatly exaggerated. Before night fell the joyful tidings reached St. Johns that several men had gained the shore safely at the villages of Quidi, Vidi, and Logy Bay, where the ice, in careering out of St. Johns Bay, had for a brief time impinged and hung on the jagged rocks. Later on intelligence was received that a sealing steamer had picked up some forty or fifty others, and had landed them safely at Cape Spear. A screw steam-tug, stanch and strong, built especially to battle with ice, which had been sent to the rescue by the Government, also returned, bearing seven of the lost sealers to shore. At last, as one man after another was restored to his home, the conviction began to spread that awful as the tragedy had been there was deep cause for thankfulness that so many had escaped.

The harvest of seal so mysteriously sent to the southern shores of Newfoundland brought with it a certain amount of prosperity to many who are accustomed to privation and suffering. The life of the fisherman of the North is a peculiarly hard one. They can not supply their necessities by any kind of agriculture, for their soil will yield nothing; they are unskilled in trade and manufactures, and are usually the victims of the merchants who bring the necessaries of life within their range. Their only reaping ground is the fickle sea, which gives or withholds its treasures with a mysterious caprice.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Strange Story.

"In the year of our Lord 1881, Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias, will be assassinated." Such were the words uttered by a self-named prophet from the Court-house steps at Meadville, Pa., in the fall of 1876. This man, once the counselor of an Emperor and high in court favor, now lies in a pauper's grave in one corner of the Crawford County Poor-farm, with but a slab of wood to mark his last resting place. Few people knew his inner life. To people hereabouts he was known as Frederick Hyren. It was but an assumed name, however, and if the papers which he left behind can be believed, his career was a most remarkable one.

Frederick Hyren was born in Finland and his parents were serfs. While quite young his natural abilities so pleased his master that he was freed and sent to school. Subsequently he was admitted to the court service at St. Petersburg, and in a short time rose to a position of importance. About this time the late Czar, then Czarewitch, started on his journey in search of a wife. Young Hyren, by a lucky chance, was chosen to accompany him. Everybody knows the romance of that journey, and how the Czarewitch finally chose an obscure but beautiful Princess from one of the smaller German courts. This was the cause of Hyren's future downfall. He carried a message to the father of the Princess. He and the Princess met, and a responsive love was kindled in their hearts. They pledged eternal love. When the Czarewitch saw Hyren's loved one the match was made. Hyren, however, had an unconquerable ambition, and laid a plan to frustrate the Czarewitch. The latter had grave doubts as to whether he would be allowed to marry an unknown Princess. Hyren volunteered to hasten back to Russia and prepare the Czar. When he arrived, instead of advocating the marriage, he deprecated it. His idea was to have the affair broken off, gain credit for doing it, and marry the Princess himself. There was an outcry in court circles against the marriage, but it was found impossible to prevent it. When the Czarewitch discovered the manner in which Hyren had treated him he sought his ruin. Hyren appealed to the Czar, however, who sent him to Constantinople to study the Oriental languages. He spent six years in Turkey. When he returned to St. Petersburg he gradually rose until he was considered the chief of the secret advisers of the Czar. It began to be whispered about that all was not right between the Czarewitch and his wife. Hyren's name was connected with hers. Then the Czar died, and Hyren new that the pent-up wrath of the new Czar would be poured upon his head without stint and he prepared to fly.

He took ship for America, changed his named to Hyren, and Russians always supposed that he was secretly assassinated by order of the late Czar. The ship in which he came across was wrecked, and the wreckers seized the money and valuables he had, leaving him without resources in a strange land. He managed to get to New York city, and would have succeeded well in his new home if his mind had not given way. He was an excellent English scholar, and easily obtained a position as teacher. He brooded over his lost chances, became morose, and at times was almost wild. Then he saw a note in a Russian paper that he was supposed to be living in America. He became fearful of his life. Every stranger he met who had the appearance of a countryman of his would cause him to tremble. His mind gradually gave way, and about two years after his arrival in this country he became insane. He wandered away from New York city, and finally fixed his habitation in Western Pennsylvania. He would go from town to town in this section, calling on the people to repent and believe, for the end of the world was at hand. As he seemed to be perfectly sane except on religious subjects, he was never molested. He made a confidant of a gentleman in this section, and confided to him a large amount of manuscript under seal, with instructions to read after his death. This was written immediately after his arrival in this country, and was a minute account of his early life. The exposure which he endured at last began to tell on him, and he was sent to the Crawford County Poor-house, where he died.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

—A New Haven (Conn.) firm sends thousands of the red American fox skins to Russia every year. These skins, which are used in the Muscovite country to line costly garments, are contributed to a considerable extent by Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. That we should send furs to Russia is as odd as that we should send wines to France; and yet both these things are done.

—Mr. Russell Sage, one of New York's men of millions, said to a reporter the other day: "Yes, I began at the bottom of the ladder, in Troy, N. Y. When I was a young man my wife assisted me to earn a living by making collars and cuffs for a Trojan manufacturer."

GENERAL.

—Garfield's boys are the liveliest boys who ever had a home in the White House.

—King Kalakaua has been received with great respect by the Chinese and the foreigners in Shanghai.

—A milk-white, red-breasted robin is exciting considerable interest among citizens of Sewickley, Pa., where she has been discovered building a nest, assisted by a male robin of normal color, save that he has a white head.

—It is "officially" reported that only fourteen persons committed suicide at Monaco last year as the direct result of losses at the gaming tables; but Mr. Polson, a gentleman of high official position of Nice, estimates the real number of suicides at an average of about three a week. For obvious reasons, the local journals suppress, as far as possible, the publication of such cases, and set down to a careless use of firearms many deliberate takings-off.

—A novelty in shape of a snow castle was erected by Thomas Buller, in his field in Prince Edward's Island. It took fifty men three days to build the structure, which was 40 feet long, 27 feet wide, and capable of holding 450 persons seated. An entrance hall 17 feet long was also made. It was opened for the sale of coffee and tea, at an admission fee of 4d., and proceeds were given to the poor. For several evenings an instrumental concert was given to full houses, gas being introduced into the snow building without difficulty.

—Among the numerous appliances added to the ship which goes in search of the Jeannette is an observatory balloon, from which it is expected a view of thirty miles can be had if it reaches the altitude of balloons sent up in this climate. Bombs will be used in the progress of the search to give sign of their presence in the Arctic. The vessel is not to winter in the Arctic except to promote the search for which she is sent out, nor then except in a secure harbor; nor is she to remain more than one winter away from home.

—The cold winds of the past winter passed through the whole of Mexico, and the effects of one of them were experienced as far south as the Isthmus, an event perhaps never recorded before. In Northern Mexico all the cotton fields and banana trees were badly damaged, and injury was sustained by the coffee trees of the Isthmus. The personal suffering endured by the population of Mexico was not the least of the winter's evils. Mexican houses are made for summer, not winter, weather. They are open to the breeze on every side, and have neither stoves nor chimneys, all the cooking being done out of doors. Through these habitations the freezing northers blew with hardly an obstruction, and the scantily attired people suffered intensely.

—Some of the people of Burmah who have not yet accepted Christianity are finding their own religion so unsatisfactory as to feel a desire for something better. The idea is expressed among them that possibly a new Buddha may come before long, to meet the demands of the new state of things brought about by steam and electricity. An intelligent Burman in a railroad car being asked, "What signs of a Buddha do you see?" replied: "I see change in all things. Five years ago we were all afraid when we saw these iron wires on the tops of the telegraph posts, but now we see scores of birds sitting up there. Two years ago I was afraid of this great fire wagon, and walked half a day rather than venture this ride of an hour. Now I never think about fear, but sometimes sleep all of the way. Everything is so changed that I think a new Buddha will come to us."

A Mighty Hunter.

"It's all very well, strangers, for you to chin about gittin' lots o' quail and ducks, but whar I live we call that yer slim shootin', now you hear me. Only gals shoot birds out my way."

"I suppose you have much larger game," suggested an admiring bystander who had been telling how he bagged some robbins over in Jersey in the fall of '56.

"Now you're talking language—b'ars, buffaloes, elephants, camels, giraffes, kyotes, mastodons is nothing fer us to git. I laid in a stock o' jack tigers year afore last that would make you fellers weep with lafter fer to see 'em, and people come for a thousand mile to see my coral o' polar b'ars, captered right onto my own premises."

"Won't you take a little something?" asked a man who had theretofore paralyzed the mob with his wild-duck stories.

"You might stir a little sheet-lightnin' into some assafedity, and gimmo a squirt o' vitriol into it," observed the stranger. "I'm accustomed to powerful stuff, but I got hurt in a seal fight, and hev to drink pooty light now."

"Tell us about it!" chorused the mob.

The stranger sipped in silence a moment and then opened up: "You see the elephants had been stealin' my hens for some time, and I jest sot a trap for 'em; I bought a steamboat and took off her hog-chains for a slip-noose, and fastened one end around a hole about a quarter of a mile thick; I know'd no dog-goned elephant could start that; then I put an ostrich that my daughter had killed on her way from school in the loop, and went to bed; about four o'clock in the morning I heard a row and found I had got a buck seal in the trap; he showed fight and I went for him, and fer nearly a week it was hard to tell which had the best of it; finally I downed him, and out o' that seal I got 'leven hundred ba'rls o' ile and nigh unto a squar mile o' skin, good fur, and worth $16 a yard, but it crippled me financially."

"How?" demanded a breathless listener.

"In the fuss thet yer seal knocked over my house and buildin's and tore up my arable sile clear to bed-rock. Couldn't plant a thing."

"Won't you try another drink?" asked a sympathizer.

"Gimme a little powdered sulphur and half a dozen red peppers in some nitro-glycerine, will yer? Doctor says I got to be keerful for a month or six weeks. I got sciar', though," he continued. "I kim out ahead. When I got to open thet ostrich I found a fourteen-acre farm, well stocked and watered, eighty-two miles o' barb-wire fencin', three hundred ton o' hay, and a Baptist Church, all in good repair, only the steeple was a little bent. It was a good haul, strangers."

"Did you ever get the elephants?" inquired an Oyster Bay man, who claimed to have walked over to Great South Beach on the backs of a school of blue-fish.

"Only nine of 'em. Only nine or ten of 'em, stranger. I started a sewin' circle in the church, and when the elephants heard the cacklin' they thought it was chickens, and I got eight thousand pounds of ivory, besides six pounds that was on gold plates, and a job lot o' old sun-bonnets and shin-bones and p'inted elbows thet only need assortin' for the market. It strained the church so that I sold it second-hand to the county for water-works, and it irrigates the whole deestrict."

"Won't you try something more?" queried an *Eagle* reporter who had skirmished around the outside of the crowd during the relation of these marvels.

"Jest drop a tablespoonful of prussic acid into a couple o' pints o' hartshorn. You'll hev to excuse me from goin' heavy, I got some business this afternoon. I come down fer n Gatling gun to see if I can't git some o' them eight-eyed lions that's been stealin' whales out o' my aquarium. My old smooth-bore cannon busted the other day under a charge o' cook-stoves the baby had rammed in to kill a sea-sarpint which was stealin' milk from a pot cow he had been trainin', and the discharge busted the usefulness out o' a gorilla I had been raisin' to carry tramps to the pigs. Otherwise, I would jine you, gentlemen. I want to git home pooty early, 'cause a couple of my devil-fish broke loose yesterday, and my wife don't like to go down cellar while them sea-spiders is slingin' eighty-foot legs for fresh meat. Then the baby is liable to get among the tarantulas and eat 'em up."

"Where do you live?" asked the *Eagle* man. "Where's your home?"

"I am naturally a Nevada man," replied the stranger, "but it was too tame out in them parts for my folks, and so we moved to New Haven, Conn., more for the sportin' than anything else. Come up and see me any time and take a hyena hunt with me. Won't cost you a cent, and when you git back there ain't a man on Long Island as will want to talk hunt within forty mile of where you're tellin' about you're experience. Glad to see you all at my house, gentlemen," and the orator bowed gravely and retired.

It was an hour before a word was spoken, and then the Oyster Bay man began to speak about quails; but the rest looked at him so sadly that he stopped short, and silence reigned profound until the proprietor of the saloon closed up.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

How Whistler Painted a Ceiling.

Probably you have heard of Whistler's extravaganza in houses. He was engaged to decorate a noble mansion in Belgravia; the price was no object to the owner—and for that matter neither was it to Whistler. One day a friend asked me to go over and see one of the rooms that was nearly completed, and I hastened to accept the invitation. This is what we saw on entering: A very slim, spare figure extended on a mattress in the middle of the floor; beside him an enormous palette, paints, a half-dozen long bamboo fish-poles resting on a line with their butts close at hand, and a very large pair of binocular glasses. Whistler, dressed wholly in black velvet, with knickerbocker pantaloons stopping just below the knee, black silk stockings and low pointed shoes, with silk ties more than six inches wide and diamond buckles, was flat on his back, fishing-rod in hand and an enormous eyeglass in one eye, diligently putting some finishing touches on the ceiling, his brush being on the other end of the fish-pole. Occasionally he would pick up his double glasses like some astronomer peering at the moon, and having gained a nearer and better view of the effect, he would again begin to agitate the paint-brush at the other end of the long pole.

"Now wouldn't I be a fool," said he, "to risk myself on a scaffolding and nearly twist my head off my shoulders trying to look upward when I can overcome the difficulty and annihilate space so easily thus?"—and he gave a wave of his fish-pole.

And such a room! one mass of gorgeous purple and blue, ornamented solely with an enormous number of the eyes of a peacock's feathers. It was a room to make a man a lunatic in a week. It was as if all the peacocks in Christendom had settled down upon one, and were about to smother one in tail-feathers. And this was the celebrated "peacock room" about which all London went wild not long afterward.—*London Letter.*

Mouth Penmanship.

The way in which one-half of the human anatomy can be trained to perform the functions of another which has been lost or disabled, says the St. Louis *Republican*, has seldom had a better illustration than in the case of Mr. R. L. Lloyd, of Dalton, Mo., who has schooled his mouth to do the legitimate work of his hands in writing. The writing thus executed is of the best quality, that which in other men would be called the "hand" being free and flowing, with each letter formed after the most approved pattern. Mr. Lloyd is a merchant in Dalton, dealing with a wholesale firm in this city. The following letter written to them, which Deputy Sheriff Thomas Vermillion keeps as a curiosity, was yesterday shown by him to a reporter:

DALTON, Mo.

Messrs. ——

GENTLEMEN—Your bill of goods of the 9th inst. at hand, for which receive thanks. On your bill you make comments upon my crippled condition, and express regret that I am in that condition of helplessness, for which I am thankful. You also say that you think some public mention of it would not be inappropriate. In answer, though not desiring to bring myself into notoriety, I will make this statement as a gratification to my friends: I was a member of Capt. Hi. Bledsoe's battery, under the command of Gen. Sterling Price, and at the battle of Lexington, Mo., which occurred on the 21st day of September, 1861, I lost both my arms while loading red-hot shot. I have since then attempted to perform all my duties in life and bear with patience my "affliction" with "never give up the ship" for my motto. It is true that I write with my mouth—was forced to learn to write thus in order to conduct my business properly. If this letter can be of use to you or any others, you are welcome to do with it as you please. Yours, very respectfully, R. L. LLOYD

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The new light at Eddystone will be visible in clear weather for seventeen and a half miles; it is to be 133 feet above high water. It will be in full working order by March, 1882.

—The Chief of the Paris Fire Brigade has recommended that the lighting of large warehouses by electricity be made compulsory, in order to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster as the destruction by fire of the Printemps establishment.

—The waste of material in coal mining is enormous. It is estimated that only two-thirds of the coal in workable veins is taken out; there is a further loss of 25 per cent. in the preparation and delivery. The Reading Railroad Company has spent $300,000 in the attempt to utilize waste coal by burning it in locomotives constructed for the purpose.

—A new process of tanning is extensively used in Germany. Bark is wholly dispensed with, and inorganic compounds take its place. The new process requires from four to six weeks for its completion, and the particular feature is described to be the action of chromic acid, for the generation of which a number of substances, soluble in water, are brought together so as to effect the decomposition of bichromate of potash.

—It has long been known that sulphur cools a hot bearing, but the reason why is doubtful. Von Heeron states that the fine metal dust formed when a journal runs hot, and which strongly acts upon both journal and bearing, forms the sulphide with the iron. This compound, which grows soft and greasy, does not cause any appreciable amount of friction. Sulphur and grease in combination are in regular use on board the steamers of the North German Lloyds.

—An easy method for showing whether butter is adulterated with beef fat has been submitted by Hager. He saturates a cotton wick with a suspected sample, which is first melted. He then lights the wick and permits it to burn for about two minutes. At the end of that time, when the wick is extinguished, an odor like that given off by a tallow candle, when its flame is blown out, is readily perceived if the butter is artificial.

—Although some of the underground telegraph wires in Germany have been in use for five years, they have cost nothing for maintenance, and are not likely to need any repairs for years to come. There are now 8,000 miles of such wires employed. The plan adopted consists in enclosing seven or more separately insulated conductors with a coil of moist hemp, surrounded by a complete sheath of iron wire, which again is covered with a layer of hemp-yarn impregnated with a protecting compound.

—The American Meteorological Society proposes, as the span of territory from Newfoundland to Oregon is 60 degrees, four hours of time, that a standard time for the country be obtained by taking a meridian in the middle of the continent, 90 degrees west of Greenwich, and proceeding to the east and west by steps of one hour each. In other words, the continent would be laid out in four parallel north and south strips, each 15 degrees, one hour, wide, in each of which and for the whole of which standard time would be based on the meridian in the middle of this strip.

PITH AND POINT.

—The singer is better than most mortals. He is happy when he finds his cake in do. Si?—*Lowell Courier.*

—Spring chickens and maple sugar are always in season, without any regard for spring.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Why is a fellow with a bad cold in the head like Niagara Falls? Because he's a catarrh-racked.—*N. Y. News.*

—A bonnet to be in the hight of fashion now must not be the shape of any other bonnet.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Everything has to pay up sometimes; even the little chickens have to shell out.—*Steubenville Herald.*

—We are glad to see that the usual full-grown panther is around this year on time, and has been killed in various parts of the country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A circus proprietor advertises his show as the greatest thing under canvas. This is a mistake. The greatest thing under canvas is the ham.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—It is supposed that when winter was going out it collided with spring coming in, and the seasons were so badly telescoped that it is difficult to tell t'other from which.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A professor at Cornell, lecturing on the effect of wind in some Western parts, remarked: "In traveling along the road, I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went around."—*College Journal.*

—Sweet flowers! that from your sunny nooks
Give welcome to the vernal sun!
How joyous, as each bright eye looks
Aleit, doth seem the life begun.
How eloquent ye seem of days
When lovers near your haunts will chance,
And she your dainty forms will praise,
And he up sodded cliffs will prance,
And get—much verdure on his pants.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Two Cincinnati ladies, who had lately returned from a trip abroad, were exchanging opinions in reference to the famous pictures they had seen. "Give me the Reconnaissance school of art," exclaimed one, "so full of sympathy, of poetry; so different from the Pre-Rachelite." "It's very true what you say," observed the other, "but as for me, I just dote on the Dustledorp school, the paint is so much fresher."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Austrian Diana.

The Empress of Austria is one of the greatest horsewomen of the age. There are few men in the world who can keep up with her in a ride across the country. It is true she carries only 117 pounds, while the average weight of horsemen is 160 and over. She prefers Ireland on account of the roughness of the country to hunt in; but the land disturbances this year have forced her to go to England. So she has settled at Combermere Abbey for six weeks. She hunts four times a weeks, and no lady in England can keep up with her. She is not afraid of the most fiery steed that any man dare mount. She expects to spend $100,000 before her return to her own country.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MAPLE SUGAR-MAKING.

This is still the sugar camp, with the shivering woods around it.
Where the eager, early alders loosen first their kerchiefed curls,
By the distant, russet flanks of the dripping maples bounded:
Hither, in the April weather, come the country boys and girls.

Out across the olive down, still the lagging feet are guided
To the fire of shattered branches, lightning riven long ago;
By the narrow, bubbling brook, field and forest stand divided,
With the scarlet maple blossoms whirling in the pool below.

Here they feed the open blaze; here they build the shelter lightly;
Here they swing the gipsy-kettle—merry-hearted Jack and Sue;
Here they follow one another through the dusky woodlands slightly:
While the silver April crescent drops to westward in the blue.

Still the buckets back and forth to the heavy kettle bringing,
Fain to hear the squirrel's warning or the sparrow's note of war,
Treading to the broken pulse of a robin's careless singing—
Such a rhythm, such a measure, never dancer listened for.

Soft and sultry are the days that the watchers spend together,
With the stolen sweets of April—month of promise and delay;
And the searching winds at night touch with frost the ardent weather.
Ere the little play is ended, with the coming of the May.

—*Dora Read Goodale, in the Evangelist.*

MRS. TRUMPET'S TELESCOPE.

Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet moved through life's various scenes like a catapult, a battering ram, an eighty-once-ton gun, a thunderbolt, or anything that is the embodiment of all-conquering force.

She was a widow. Fifteen years ago she had been Miss Mainwaring, with plenty of good blood in her veins but no money in her purse. Benjamin Thursby Trumpet, Esq., a Bristol merchant, sprung from the gutter, and, worth a heap of money, "came" and "saw" Miss Mainwaring, and was "conquered." He proposed for her; she accepted his money. In three weeks' time she was Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. She became rich, and rare were the gems she wore; but O, that vulgar husband! With all her eccentricities, she was a lady; and O, that husband! Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet learned the lesson that others have learned before her—that you can not sell yourself and have yourself at the same time. Well, she fetched a handsome price, and, to do her justice, she did not grumble much.

Benjamin Thursby Trumpet—like Mr. Bounderby in "Hard Times"—loved to talk of his origin, and how he rose from nothing, leaving the audience to infer what a clever, hard-headed fellow he must be. But he grew too fond of this practice, and one day, when he had been riding his hobby pretty hard, a wag, upon his leaving the room, caught up his visiting card, and reading the initials aloud—"B. T. Trumpet"—called him on the spot Mr. Blow the Trumpet. The name stuck. Two months after she was married a loving friend said to the bride:

"Do you know they nickname your husband Mr. Blow the Trumpet?"

The bride broke into a langh; the shaft of such a malice could not harm her. She rather enjoyed it; and the friend had to search her quiver for another arrow.

"And they do say—you don't mind, of course, dear—that he has met his match, and that you are Mrs. Blow the Trumpet. Horribly low, I call it, dear. Don't you?"

The bride nearly fainted with indignation, and for the first and only time in her life needed smelling salts. She was not half so excited on the memorable night when her husband was found sitting in his dining-room over his port, quite dead. She pronounced it apoplexy at a glance, sent for the doctor and flew about the house with brandy and basins of mustard poultices and hot flannels, reminding all who saw her in some inexplicable way of a fire engine making its way to an exciting conflagration. But she did not faint, and never asked for so much as a whiff out of a smelling bottle.

Thus did Miss Mainwaring become Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, widow, with a large fortune all her own. The vulgar husband was gone—"mercifully released, my dear," the widow would say; though what it was from—except herself—no one could have told. And yet Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet was not happy. Who is? She wanted to get rid of this dreadful name, Mrs. Blow the Trumpet. How should she manage it? Apply to the Queen for a patent? Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet bethought her of an easier, a more agreeable, and a more economical way.

The rector of her parish was a widower, tall, lank, gloomy, and always wearing a comforter. An ordinary hedgestake, neatly dressed in clerical attire, with a white woolen wrapping at the upper end, surmounted by a black hat, might have passed for the Rev. Arthur Arrowsmith at a very short distance. Mr. Arrowsmith was a powerful preacher, and in common life grave, yet apt at times to be seized with a kind of grim humor, of which the sign would be a series of violent inhalations. These, in an ordinary being, would have denoted the onset of a fit, but with Mr. Arrowsmith only meant that his fancy was tickled. He had been twice married. His first wife had £10,000, and she lived ten years. He became trebly gloomy for the space of eighteen months, and always had an allusion in his sermons to the grave where one's heart was lying. Suddenly he cheered up and married another lady, this time with £20,000, and his sermons began to allude to the possibilities of comfort that are provided for even the greatest sorrows. The second Mrs. Arrowsmith, however, held out better than her predecessor, and it was twenty years before her relict found himself raking up his old allusions to the quiet grave and the people who are there. And now Mrs. Arrowsmith the second had been dead for eighteen months clear, and Mr. Arrowsmith, thinking once more of consolation, fixed his eyes on Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. His eyes were not much to look at, being deep-set and no-colored, but they told their tale to Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet as clearly as if they had been azure or jetty orbs, signaling from the most delicate environment of hair and cheek. Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet saw that the Rev. Arthur Arrowsmith had fallen in love with her. To show her appreciation of his taste and her reciprocity, she bounded into love with him—took a kind of header into the sentiment, and immersed herself with an amazing splash. They were engaged two days after. Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet talked about the affair everywhere. She laughed over it, cried over it, grew crimson about it, published it on the housetops, swore her friends to secrecy about it, and generally behaved like Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet gone mad outright, which may be taken to denote mania of sevenfold power.

She courted Mr. Arrowsmith at the Sunday-school, and stood so close to him when he came to visit her class that one morning she trod on his corn and made him jump three paces clean, with a squeak that frightened the whole room. She ogled him from her front seat in the gallery with such directness and power that several times he lost his place and spoiled his best sentences. She ran after him in the street, coming up to him—sly, solemn and endaverons as he was—all breathless and heat, which, at her time of life, did very well for blushes. She sent him presents of slippers that he could not wear because they were too small, and worsted jackets for the cold weather, which hung about him in vast loose folds, because, in her headlong way, she had taken the measure of her own frame for the pattern. She never lost an opportunity of talking about him, praising him, dragging him forward and linking him with herself. Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet vowed and declared that every night of her life she dreamed of Mr. Arrowsmith without ceasing, and awoke calling upon his beloved name. In fact, her love was a perfect cataract, always going on, and making a most tremendous noise in the meantime.

At last a grand idea struck her, in pursuit of which she started for London by the early express, getting to Paddington at ten o'clock. She gave the porter a half crown to catch her the very first cab. She told the cabman that she would give him half a sovereign if he drove her to Dollond's in twenty-five minutes. She sprang from her cab and rushed into the shop panting, and demanded to see the very best telescope manufactured for field use. She saw one with stand complete for forty pounds, tried it in St. Paul's Churchyard, bought it, paid for it in five pound notes, got her discount for cash, was in her cab and rattling back to Paddington again exactly in ten minutes and a half. She caught the return express and was home again before lunch, having traveled between two and three hundred miles and transacted all her business. Her lunch was a pheasant, and she ate the bird to the bones and then set about completing her design.

Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet's boudoir window looked straight across to the rectory, at a distance of about one mile. In her boudoir window she erected her telescope, aimed full at the dining-room and study of the rectory. She adjusted the focus, and, scarcely breathing with excitement, applied her eye to the glass.

A long silence ensued. Adams, the maid, who stood by, with a serious expression carefully spread over a derisive grin, began to think that the experiment had failed, when, after a long interval, Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet sprang to her feet with a violence which upset the telescope, stand and all.

"I saw him," she cried, triumphantly, "as plainly as if he were in this room!"

With trembling fingers she set up the glass again, and now, in a more composed frame of mind, began to explore anew. Another long silence followed; and then Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, never taking her eye from the glass, called out in a grave voice, like an astronomer who discovers a comet, but who, having expected it, is not amazed, only gravely elated:

"Adams, Adams, he is at his dinner. I know everything. Soup three times and fish twice; shoulder of mutton three times at least, and I am not sure about a fourth, for I breathed on the glass and had to clean it. Sweets twice, for certain; cheese, dessert and six glasses of wine in all. I think, Adams, I do think—"

"They requires it, ma'am," Adams said, firmly; "it's the call of nature, that's what it is."

"Well, I suppose so," the mistress said, reasoning with herself, as her maid prepared to go down stairs. "You see my size, and how little I eat."

"Just so, ma'am," Adams said.

"The doctor says," continued Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, laughing, "that I live on my fat."

"That's just it, ma'am," Adams said, leaving the room; only when the door was closed behind her she added:

"Three eggs and bacon to breakfast this morning, and a cold trout, with marmalade to follow. That's living on your fat, I suppose. Well, it's easy knowing what your fat lives on."

Under the most favorable circumstances Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet never could keep a secret long, and now, in her elation at her own brilliancy, she told several friends of the contrivance by which she was enabled to watch her beloved one at all hours. Of course, people laughed, and thought the whole thing a capital joke; that she did not mind the least. But matters grew serious when the rector heard that his whole parish was laughing at him on account of Mrs. Trumpet's telescope. He had never heard of the telescope before.

The observing reader will have remarked in his passage through human life that just in proportion as men are ludicrous, in that degree do they hate the idea of becoming so. To smile, like Falstaff, because we are the cause of wit in others, is given only to the immortals of waggery; your average man hates, of all things, to be laughed at. Now, when Arrowsmith the grim, the solemn, the lank, discovered that he was the laughing stock of his congregation, he came to a determination in the gloomy recesses of his mind that he would break off his engagement with Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. But how accomplish that? He could not openly allege the telescope as a cause. Fancy an impassioned counsel haranguing a jury against a reverend defendant who broke off his engagement because a woman who loved him better than life had looked at him through a telescope! That would never do; the matter must be accomplished by craft, and Mr. Arrowsmith set himself to think how it could be done.

At this time there came to settle in his parish a maiden lady of enormous wealth—that is, for every thousand pounds Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet possessed Miss Quick possessed three. Miss Quick was fifty-four; possibly she had been pretty in a lackadaisical sort of way thirty years ago. But since then Time and Miss Quick had had several interviews. She looked now rather like an old wax doll which had fallen on its cheek in a toy-shop window on a hot day and put the features out of shape. Traces of bloom were on her face still, but the two cheeks did not match in size, which was a little awkward. Ah, yes; but while certain of Miss Quick's charms had faded, others had burst into bloom. Her papa, who was something in Bermondsey, and used always to have a leathery kind of smell, died and left Miss Quick £150,000. How many faded charms will that sum renew! Bethink you, how many dimples, ringlets, pearly sets of teeth, carnation lips, fairy feet, peachskin cheeks, ivory fingers and taper waists are equal for bewitchment to £150,000? Miss Quick made open love to Mr. Arrowsmith, though never a word she spoke; Mr. Arrowsmith replied that if the thing could be arranged he was ready, though never a word he spoke. And now for Mrs. Trumpet and her telescope.

Six days later Mr. Arrowsmith drove past Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, and in his carriage was seated a young and pretty girl. No sooner did Mr. Arrowsmith see his engaged wife than he drew back in the carringe with all signs of confusion, and tried to hide himself. "O-ho!" thought Mrs. Trumpet, coloring up till she was as red as a soldier's coat. That was Saturday. At Sunday-school, next morning, Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, severely, suddenly and with evident distrust in her voice, asked Mr. Arrowsmith who that young lady was with whom he drove out yesterday afternoon. The clergyman was so palpably confused and made such fearful blunderings in his reply, and he so obstinately declined to tell who the girl was, that Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet closed the interview by glaring at him like a dragon. Indeed, had the dragon ever glared at St. George so, in all probability the champion would have tumbled off his horse before the fight began, and we should never have had any legend at all. Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet came home after church as sulky as a thundercloud.

"Adams," she said, in an appalling voice, "I have been deceived!"

"Lawk, ma'am!" Adams said.

"Yes, deceived, Adams," the mistress went on. "He has been flirting with a woman—a minx—a hussy not twenty!"

"Lawk, ma'am," Adams said, "to think of it! And him such a thin gentleman!"

"I don't see what that has got to do with it, Adams!" remarked her mistress. "But," said Mrs. Trumpet, pacing her room like Lady Macbeth, "I shall—I shall—I shall—"

"I would, ma'am," Adams said, "if I was you."

"You don't know what I was going to say, Adams," the mistress rejoined.

Next morning at twelve o'clock Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet sat down to her telescope as usual, only the eye that gazed through it burned so that it might have melted the glass. In a moment she sank back with a scream.

"Adams!" she cried, "she's there!"

"Who, ma'am?" asked Adams.

"The minx!" screamed Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet.

"Lawk, ma'am!" said Adams.

Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet applied herself to the telescope for a few minutes and then burst into another scream.

"He's kneeling before her, Adams!"

"Well, I never!" Adams ejaculated; but her excited mistress heard her not.

"Adams!" screamed Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, in agonized tones, "he has got his arm round her neck! Oh, Adams, Adams," cried she, drawing back from the instrument, "I am going to faint! Hold me up, Adams."

"Couldn't you see it out first, ma'am," suggested Adams, "and faint then, ma'am, when all is over?"

"I will, Adams," the mistress cried, resolutely; and she began to gaze again. Alas! new disclosures awaited her.

"Adams, are you there—are you there?" she screamed out. "He is kissing her!"

"My gracious!" Adams exclaimed. "Well, there is no being up to the men."

"Once, Adams," the infuriated lady continued; "twice, three times! Again, again! That's five, isn't it? Another! Six kisses, Adams; and the last such a long one!"

"Long or short is much the same, ma'am," Adams ventured to remark.

"It is not the same," said Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. "It makes a great deal of difference; but of course you know nothing about it."

"No, ma'am," Adams said; "I have been mercifully preserved."

Adams was thirty-five, brisk and good-looking, and had just quarreled with her eighth beau.

More like Lady Macbeth than ever, Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet stood up and said, in tones that made even the favorite Adams shake in her shoes, "The carriage!" "The rectory!" she called out, in the same thrilling tone, to her coachman, as she stepped into the vehicle. "I must see Mr. Arrowsmith," she said to the servant at the rectory. She never asked was he out or in. "I must see him," and she strode with avenging steps across the hall and into a small morning-room. "Say that Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet wishes to see him instantly. Instantly! do you hear?" she said to the servant.

"Yes, ma'am," the man answered. "In a taking, she is!" he remarked, as he went to deliver the message.

The infuriated Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet might have heard two or three gasp-like inhalations before the door opened. She might have seen the faintest remnant of a grin on the rector's lean face as he entered the room. But she saw no smiles, heard no sound of laughter; she was riding on the whirlwind of her rage, and alive to nothing but the chastisement she must inflict.

"Arthur Arrowsmith," she began, "you are found out. Walls have ears and windows have eyes. Oh, you perjured man!"

"They may have," retorted the rector, who seemed wonderfully prepared for the attack; "but even if that be so, however curious and interesting the fact may be considered in the light of an unexpected and rather inexplicable phenomenon, still I don't see what it has to say to my being a perjured man."

"You were seen in this room," the lady went on, "seen when that clock was pointing to twenty-eight minutes past eleven. What was going to happen just then, Arthur Arrowsmith?"

"I should say the clock was going to strike the half hour," the rector answered, with perfect composure.

"Oh, you wicked and most shameless man!" cried Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. "I could not have believed it, only I saw it with my own eyes."

"Aided by Dollond's telescope," remarked the rector.

"Yes, aided by Dollond's telescope!" his accuser answered. She did not care that the fact was discovered. "And let us be thankful for any instrument that finds out the baseness of men. Carrying on with that chit of a girl! I declare I could not have believed it!"

"Why should I not carry on, as you call it, with that girl if I please?" demanded the clergyman, not the least moved by her vehemence.

"Hear him speak!" she screamed, invoking some invisible power. "Oh, Arthur Arrowsmith, to behave so with that white tie round your neck!"

"The only thing to be said about the tie round my neck is that there is not quite enough starch in it," replied the rector. "That, I take it, is the laundress's fault, not mine."

"And your gray head!" continued Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, sweeping forward in her invective, regardless of his flippant interruption.

"Now as to my head, the clergyman said, for the first time with a little warmth, "there is not a gray hair on it."

"Well, with your bald head, then!" cried the frenzied Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet. "With your bald head, to behave so—it's appalling!"

"If I were to behave so without my bald head, it certainly would be appalling," retorted the rector. "Surely, Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, you don't mean to say that if I were decapitated my conduct would have been more becoming?"

This sardonic mood he maintained through the interview; but no such toyish opposition could stem the rush of Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet's wrath.

"You knelt before her!"

"Yes; her shoe-string had come undone."

"You put your arms about her neck!"

"She asked me to fasten her neck-ribbon. By the way," the rector added, "what do they call these ribbons that stream down their backs? A name in jest. Follow-me-lads! That's it. She asked me to fasten her follow-me-lads."

"Her follow-me-lads," repeated Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, in a voice that sank into the deepest bass with indignation. "Well, if the earth were to open and swallow me up! But," she cried, darting back to the main track of her impeachment, "I saw more than that; you kissed her."

"As to kissing," the imperturbable rector replied, "that might be the kiss of peace."

"Kiss of peace, indeed!" echoed the scornful dame. "A likely story! The kiss of peace was not given half a dozen at a time. And if the first was a kiss of peace, will you tell me what were the other five?"

"I shall answer no questions," replied the rector, seeming to become very grand and dignified all of a sudden.

"Oh, then, you don't even repent!" Mrs. Trumpet went on. And now her last bit of patience vanished. "You glory in it! Arthur Arrowsmith," she cried, in a voice that rang through the room, "I renounce you; I cast you off. I would rather marry your coachman than you. We are strangers from this moment and forever, and I only wish that there were witnesses to hear me say the words."

"Witnesses are here," the rector said, breaking into a smile, and throwing open the folding doors as he spoke. "You were not likely to miss much of Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet's interesting conversation, were you?" he added, addressing himself to the adjoining room.

There two ladies sat at luncheon. One was the pretty rival, the other Miss Quick. Both ladies seemed trying to suppress their laughter, only the younger one was a little rosy red amid her amusement.

"Miss Quick you know," said the rector, now quite calm. "This is my dead brother's only child, my adopted daughter; a dear, good girl;" and he stroked her cheek with a warmth that was pleasant to see, while she grew rosier red than before.

Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, for once in her life, lost her power of speech. She stood and gazed, but words would not come.

"Here," said the rector, drawing his niece's neck ribbon through his fingers, "here is her follow-me-lads. I tied it smartly, did I not?"

"I have made a mistake," gasped poor Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet at last. "I have made a mistake; I apologize; I withdraw my words. We shall be as we have ever been. I mean," she added, hanging her head a little, "as we have been this past two months."

"No, thank you," the rector said; "you have renounced me and cast me off. If you please, we shall be as we have been for the past two minutes."

"What? Do you mean that—" Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet could not finish the sentence.

"I mean," the rector said, drawing himself up and buttoning his coat tightly round his thin frame, "that any lady who takes telescopic views of my private life shall for the remainder of her existence be kept at a telescopic distance from me. From henceforth, Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet, distance shall lend enchantment to any view of me and my concerns that you may take; and from what I have seen I am inclined to think that any enchantment which I may derive from the inspection of yourself will be in a great measure owing to the interposition of the same agreeable medium."

Light broke on Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet at last.

"I have been ensnared," she cried, more furiously than ever; "I have been deceived!"

"You have, by your own telescope," the clergyman answered. "Take my advice and keep that valuable instrument for the observation of the heavenly bodies, and let other bodies alone."

"Well," Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet retorted, with a creditable rally of her spirits, just as she marched out, "all I can say of my telescope is this, I have not tried it on any heavenly body yet. Good morning to you!" and with somewhat of a recovery of majesty, she swept from the room.

"Adams," she said, when she reached her own chamber, "it's all over. We are strangers now. Our lives are parted, Adams, and will run in separate channels to the great ocean."

Adams was not quite equal to this high metaphorical flight.

"Broke off, is it, ma'am?" she asked.

"Broken off," her mistress said; "yes, broken—shattered."

"Well, ma'am," Adams said, "there may be a blessin' in it. You see, ma'am, he was such a very thin gentleman."

Miss Quick became Mrs. Arthur Arrowsmith and the blooming niece lived on at the rectory. The story of the telescope got abroad and, of course, everybody laughed, until at last Mrs. Mainwaring Trumpet very wisely resolved to laugh herself. And, finally, to show that she feared the ridicule of no human tongue, the doughty dame lent the instrument to the museum, and there it stands, with a great ivory plate underneath bearing this inscription in Roman capitals—Mrs. Trumpet's Telescope. —*London Society.*

Cultivation of Asparagus.

The requisites necessary to success in asparagus culture are depth in richness of soil, and one of the chief errors is crowding plants in the bed. The most expeditious way of starting asparagus beds or rows is to set out the plants, which may be obtained at small cost. One-year-old plants will succeed, but two years old are preferable.

Any good garden soil properly cultivated will grow asparagus, but the soil best adapted is a deep sandy loam. The land is prepared by plowing in a good dressing of manure, and harrowing and rolling it. Where the plants are set in beds the latter should be marked out sufficiently narrow to permit of cutting to the center without stepping on them.

Many gardeners are giving the preference to long single rows over the shorter beds. In these rows a hundred or two of plants are set, a foot and a half to two feet apart, so that the crowns are four or five inches below the surface of the ground, with the roots well spread out. Other cultivators set out several rows, striking the furrows out with a plow three and a half to four feet apart. The roots are planted six or eight inches below the surface after the furrows are filled, so as to permit of the employment of a harrow over the tops of the roots without injury to them. The space between these rows is sometimes planted to another crop, such as carrots, and after this supplementary crop is harvested the ridges are leveled down.

Plants may be raised from seed sown early in the spring in rows a foot apart and kept clean by frequent hoeing and weeding. It is well to soak the seed, previous to sowing, in tepid water for twenty-four hours. A pound of seed will produce about 3,000 plants. Two hundred plants are sufficient to supply the requirements of a family. About 15,000 plants are required to set an acre of ground. Plants grown from the seed may be transplanted to permanent rows or beds at one or two years old. At time of setting out care must be observed not to cover the roots too heavily at first and thus smother the plants, but leave some soil to be raked in and fill up the ditch gradually with each after-cultivation.—*N. Y. World.*

Eating Between Meals.

This habit should always be discouraged. Three regular meals are enough for almost every one. I can not think of any case where a person of average health, or a child old enough to talk plain, can habitually need more frequent meals, if these three are of good, wholesome food. Eating lunches between meals is a habit easily acquired, but troublesome and unhealthy. To keep little children from acquiring this habit, see that they have plenty to eat at their regular meals—plenty of good, nourishing food. Many seem to suppose that if the stomach is filled with something at a meal, especially if that something be made to "taste good," it matters little what the filling may be. People speak of an empty stomach as the one great evil in case of delay about meals. Genuine hunger is the real need of the body for more building material. Hunger is often fancied (more often than genuine hunger is felt) by those who have plenty, because there is a sense of emptiness in the stomach, which is kept so constantly filled as to have little chance for rest. My baby's case convinces me that eating between meals is mostly a mere habit. He has always been well nourished. I found that he was more contented and slept better at night when he had good, full meals—mostly sifted Graham gruel and milk, or bread and milk, after weaning, for a few months—and he always expected to finish his meal before he turned to anything else. Before he was a year and a half old it was quite noticeable that he hardly ever wished for anything between meals, even when others around him were eating. Some who had a theory that children should eat little and often, felt sure that he ought to have something between meals; but if they can show me a stronger, plumper (not *fat*), or more rosy-cheeked, healthy fellow of two years, I should like to see him.—*Cor. American Agriculturist.*

—For over two years the County Court at Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon, has been engaged at intervals in deliberating as to the ownership of a certain calf. A whole herd of full-grown cattle with a corral full of calves could have been purchased by either party in interest with the money expended in this suit.

Reminiscences of Beaconsfield.

When Earl Beaconsfield was Mr. Disraeli he was often hard up for cash. He was not an extravagant man in the way of gratifying his own personal whims or tastes; on the contrary, his habits were simple, his wants few and his individual caprices seldom costly. But he was very free with his money—when he had it—and he never refused any one who asked him a favor. There is a well-authenticated story of his giving to an impecunious friend the last sovereign in his pocket and then walking home because he had not money enough to pay for a cab.

It was said that his wife, who was the widow of his fellow member for Wycombe, Mr. Lewis, proposed to him, and not he to her. She had conceived a great admiration for him during the life of her first husband. After the death of Mr. Lewis she found herself the mistress of a large fortune, and without any incumbrance in the shape of children or poor relatives. She had the foresight to see that a great career was open to Disraeli, but that he was hampered by debt and the want of money. She proposed to lend him—practically to give him—a very large sum of money. He declined the generous offer. He could not, he said, accept such a favor from any one—most positively not from a woman. "Not even from your wife?" asked Mrs. Lewis, placing her hand in his. She conquered, and he was her devoted friend and lover ever after.

But Mr. Disraeli was essentially an actor, in private as well as in public life, and it has been hinted that he even acted his professed love for his wife, and really had no romantic or sincere affection for her—regarding her only as a nephew might look upon a rich and affectionate old aunt, who would give him all the money he wanted so long as he was good and kind to her. This was, most probably, baseless slander. Mr. Disraeli was not a sensualist. He had a most vivid imagination, which enabled him to invest any object with the attributes and charms which he desired it to possess. In this way he made of his wife—who certainly was neither beautiful nor very highly gifted with intellect—a paragon of everything that was charming and worshipful, and he accordingly thus worshiped her.

One of the unexplained mysteries in Mr. Disraeli's political life is that most curious declaration of his made at a meeting of his constituents at Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, concerning the Queen. He said, in his most emphatic and deliberate manner, that her Majesty had become "physically, morally and mentally incapacitated from discharging her functions as a sovereign." The reporters for the London papers who were present—all of them experienced stenographic reporters and accustomed to take down Mr. Disraeli's speeches in the House, were astounded as they recorded these extraordinary words—and could scarcely believe that they had correctly understood his meaning. They consulted with each other at the end of the speech and found they all agreed in their notes of this sentence. Still, fearing there might be some mistake, and wishing to be positively certain, they deputed one of their number, Mr. Thompson Cooper, of the *Times* staff and editor of "The Men of the Times," to go to Mr. Disraeli and ask if they had correctly understood him. "Read your paragraph as you have it," said Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Cooper. He read it. "You are quite right;" said Mr. Disraeli; "that is exactly what I said and what I meant to say." The excitement which this strange phrase, when published in the London papers, created throughout the kingdom is still well remembered. Mr. Disraeli never retracted it, nor made any explanation of it. But it was this lady—who, in Mr. Disraeli's opinion, was a physical, moral and mental wreck—whom he afterward made Empress of India, and from whose hands he received his titles of Earl, Viscount and Knight of the Garter.

Nor did this strange utterance at all militate against the cordial and affectionate relations between the Queen and himself. She always was fond of him, and at times displayed her friendship for him in such a pronounced manner that the story went abroad that she intended to order him to marry her. He was a wicked wit who said, in relation to this story, that "there were two Johns who stood in the way of the proposed nuptials—John Bull and John Brown."

Mr. Disraeli's relations with Mr. Gladstone were curious. Bitterly as they opposed each other in public, each of them respected and admired the other. Occasionally, but not often, it fell out that they met each other in society—at a dinner or at some other social gathering. And then it was amusing to see the awkwardness and embarrassment of Gladstone and the ease and self-possession of Disraeli. The latter once said in private that he thought Gladstone would die either in a monastery as a Roman Catholic lay brother or in a mad-house. Some tattler took the tale to Gladstone and it made him very angry. But after Gladstone had written his anti-Vatican pamphlet Disraeli remarked that there was no longer any danger of the monastery; and after the last general election, which resulted in Gladstone's victory, he said, with a sigh, "Perhaps it is I and not Gladstone who is to end his days in a mad-house."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Giant's Breakfast.

In regard to the appetite of Chang, the giant, the *National Republican* (Washington) has the following: For breakfast, when he was feeling well, he drank a large pot of coffee, a pitcher of milk, ate three pounds of steak, two good-sized trout, a half-dozen hot rolls, with a few et ceteras thrown in and a lot of fruit to taper off with. Mr. Chang always emerged from these dietetic contests smiling, but the waiters were sort of withered and limp. So was Col. Pierce. He, however, feels relieved now that Mr. Chang has taken his departure. He was a very pleasant, quiet guest, but $6 per day does not, as a rule, balance his table performance.

—It is known that about thirty Mussulman women were assembled in one of the houses during the Chio earthquake and that not one of them escaped.

—The present Czar is the first since Peter the Great who has not married a German wife.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

The Indianapolis *Journal*, edited by Grant's old United States Treasurer, John C. New, which has taken the Conkling side of the present controversy, is obliged to confess in a leading editorial article that "It is manifest that the sentiment of the republican party of Indiana is with the administration in the present very unfortunate quarrel in New York.

Now that Governor Hamilton, with the assistance of the Board of Public Works, has figured out a plan by which the George's Creek and Cumberland railroad can cross the Baltimore and Ohio without damage to either, he should set himself to work to discover how the O. L. D. Narrow Guage can cross the regular party tracks without a general smash-up.—*Baltimore American.*

Gen. Howard has abolished band music at Sunday parades at West Point, believing that no exercises should occur on the grounds on Sunday which would in any way attract visitors from along the river on that day. He has also abolished the position of cadet barber, and hereafter the cadets will have to shave themselves.

T. L. Clingman, the ante-bellum senator from North Carolina, and afterwards a Confederate officer, is quoted as saying: "I have been a hard worker in the Democratic party in every contest, but I feel as if I had been a horse behind a wagon, trying to push it along with his forehead, while a weak team and an awkwark driver were directing it against stumps and into mud-holes. I think that's the way the Democracy has been led."

The Covington (Va.) *Tribune* learns that W. D, Ritchey, of Pennsylvania, who has spent several years in the vicinity of Covington getting out hoop poles for Cuba, has succeeded in inducing a party of Philadelphians to bring machinery to Virginia suitable for reducing chestnut timber so that it can be used for tanning hides. It is said that every part of the tree is peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and makes an excellent grade of leather. The machinery in question will be erected at Millboro', Va.

A semi-official explanation of the President's meaning in sending back the New York nominations is that he wants it widely known from Buffalo to Brooklyn that the object of his administration is to abolish factions in New York and to have one grand, united, harmonious, enthusiastic Republican party in the state. He thinks there is room in New York for one Republican party, to be led by the administration, but that there is not room for another Republican party, to be led by Mr. Conkling.

Commissioner of Railroads French, who is now on the Pacific Coast looking into the affairs of the Central Pacific Railroad, reports that it is true that the line has declared dividends in the face of a declaration of its inability to meet the interest of its indebtedness to the government, and he will recommend to the next Congress that proper legal steps be taken to recover the amount due the United States. The last attorney general intended to prosecute this company, but his term expired before he was able to prepare a case.

A London cable special to the New York *Tribune*, dated the 21st inst., says: "The revised version of the New Testament, published on Tuesday, was awaited with keen interest, and was received with almost unbroken chorus of disapproval. The public are astounded at the number and character of the changes in the authorized text. The Bishop of Gloucester, in presenting the work to the Convocation, announced that in the Gospels the changes average nine to each five verses, and in the Epistles three changes to each verse. Elaborate criticisms appear in most of the daily papers, all condemnatory, and convicting the revisers of disregarding their pledges to introduce the fewest alterations possible. The *Saturday Review* complains of the childish pedantry of the revisers, and describes the new version as sadly inferior to the old one in general vigor and beauty of language. It predicts that it will never come into general use. The other papers express in similar terms regret, grief and astonishment at the revisers' wanton disregard of the reverence and love felt by the English people for the existing text, saying that the revisers may know Greek but not English, and protesting against defacing the noblest monument of English prose. It is understood that an act of Parliament is required to enforce the use of the new version by the Established Church. The government have no intention of proposing such an act. Meantime, 2,000,000 copies have been sold."

The Rev. Uriel Graves thus expresses his notions in the *National Issue* regarding politics and religion: "A spirit seems to prevade both the Church and the world, which teaches that religion is one thing and politics quite another. Of all absurd ideas, this is the most absurd. The religion of Jesus Christ demands a man to be a Christian everywhere and under all circumstances. A man cannot act religiously on Sunday, and then carry out his political wishes on Monday uninfluenced by the same moral obligations. No man can be religious who does not act thoroughly conscientious politically. And let me add here, our duty lies not so much in the casting of a ballot on election day as in teaching political truth throughout the whole year, with God's word and eternal truth as our guide in these matters of right and life."

A more delicious political stew than the various factions of the Maryland Democracy are now engaged in serving up for hungry office-seekers, has not come to our notice for many a day. The O. L. D.'s, the Committee of One Hundred and the Regulars, all three have had a hand in mixing the ingredients, and between them the dish has been very highly seasoned. Yet, somehow the cooking does not appear to be entirely to the taste of any of them. With all Governor Hamilton's efforts to stimulate the appetite of Senator Whyte, the latter seems disposed to season his stew to suit himself, while the regulars are evidently inclined to make the others take it as they find it, or go without. It is an old saying that too many cooks spoil the broth, and perhaps, by the time the Democratic leaders have come to blows, the Republicans will be in a position to step in and send the quarrelsome chiefs about their business. The confessions of Democratic corruption so far made by Governor Hamilton do not contain anything new—although they undoubtedly will strengthen the conviction on the part of those who voted for Governor Hamilton last year, that to secure reform they should have cast their ballots for the Republican candidate—but he would hardly have entered upon his present course unless he had been prepared to help the rogues of his party to a cell in the penitentiary, and we may, therefore, hope that he will yet place in the hands of the Republicans the weapons with which to overcome the Democracy of Maryland. It is true that such a course might occasion serious inconvenience to some of his confidential managers, but according to the Governor's own statement it is reform, pure and more or less simple, that he is contending for; and that being the case, he will, of course, not shrink from the duty of beheading a few friends for the sake of slaying a numerous enemy.—*Balto. American.*

The past is past. Mr. Conkling was a vigorous Republican leader, and there are many Republicans who were sorry to see him commit political suicide by a causeless resignation. But his act was utterly without excuse. He had a right to vote as he pleased upon the nomination of Mr. Robertson. But he had no right whatever to throw up his trust from the Republicans of New York, to desert the Republicans and the Independents of the South, and to leave the control of the Senate in Democratic hands, because he could not have his own way about one office.—*New York Tribune.*

A special from Dallas, Texas, to the *Republican* says that the wheat harvest has begun in that section and that the quality is better than at any time during the past twelve years. The yield will average eighteen bushels to the acre. The prospects of all the crops are good, but the general acreage will be smaller than last year on account of the scarcity of labor.

Up to the close of business Monday $239,000,000 of the $250,000,000 of 5 per cents have been extended at 3½ per cent. There remains but $11,000,000. This is a financial feat that has never been surpassed in the history of refunding. The Government will pay out for the redemption of bonds between this and September about $105,000,000.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24, 1881.

The rumblings of the political contest now going on at Albany over the Senatorial election, keeps Washington politicians in a fever of excitement, and I doubt not the situation is as much and as earnestly discussed here as in Albany. While many of his friends deprecate his action in resigning, and wish to have him re-elected, they protest earnestly against what appear to be the methods adopted by his backers to secure this—the aid of Democratic votes in the Legislature. They say it puts their leader in the light of a humiliated political mendicant, or that of a traitor making bargains with the enemy, and that sooner than accept such assistance, his name better be kept out of the contest. Mr. Conkling is making a strong personal fight, but it is to be regretted that he has lost his popularity to such an extent that his own presence and influence is necessary to secure what is even then in doubt.

There has been started out from this city by some person caring more for sensation than truth, the report that Secretary Blaine was going to New York to use his influence against Mr. Conkling. Of course, such is not the fact. Mr. Blaine may go to New York, but will hold himself aloof from any connection with the contest.

The Treasury Department officials are much excited over an investigation being made into the affairs of the office of the Custodian of the Treasury Building. The amount of money that annually is expended by the Custodian is $132,000. This is for furniture, carpets, water-pitchers soap and articles necessary for the comfort, convenience and work of the officers and employs of the department. But lately the abuses of the office have become so flagrant that the attention of Secretary Windom has been called to it. It is found that the purchases have been surprisingly extravagant, and it is being developed that high officials will be shown to have received benefits from such extravagance in the way of furnishing residences, buildings, &c.

The holders of five per cent. bonds have been much more prompt in accepting the offer of Secretary Windom than were the holders of sixes. This is explained by the fact that ownership of the latter was much more diffused than of the fives, the fives being held in large amounts by National Banks. More fives will be tendered for continuance than the Secretary will accept, and there is no longer a question of the full success of the "re-funding" scheme. What action Congress may take is of course unknown, but the high premium on the Secretary's issue of three and one half per cents. would seem to to leave no reason to doubt the success of a three per cent. bond which had the sanction of the law making power.

In the event, happily now but little feared, of a serious termination to the sickness of the President's wife, we might have something of such a row among the doctors as here was in the case of the lately deceased British Premier. The Washington physicians of the family are homœopathists, and one of them a woman. A physician from Ohio, lately called, was not of that school. There is already much talk among the physicians. The weather is unfavorable to the health of the patient, but the latest report is that she is gaining steadily.

LOGAN.

A Great Change.

"Bull Run" Russell beholds in Washington city, perhaps, the most wonderful transformation to be seen in America. In place of muddy avenues, with teams sticking fast in it, and great gaps in the middle of the city, and wide, open fields without fences to be encountered within two squares of the President's house, it is now a city of about 140,000 people, having more population than it had during the war with the army appended which filled the forts. Every street is paved, and most of them are paved better than the streets of Paris. A hundred miles of shade-trees, all grown up since the war, have been planted in the avenues. All the public buildings have been finished, including the Capitol, which was an unsightly mass during the war, and new trees have been added of surpassing splendor. Slavery has been gone only seventeen years and it has not one mourner left in all this region of country. The Democratic instincts of the people, also imbibed by the negroes, have made them quiet and faithful citizens, who still do nearly all the work in the territory surrounding the Capital, and on Sundays they are as well dressed, often as fashionably dressed, as the best class of whites, thereby becoming consumers of manufactures of all kinds, practically adding six or seven millions of customers to our industries.—"*Gath*" *in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

(From the Toledo Blade.)

Mr. Nasby Has Something to Say Regarding the Conkling Trouble.

NOO YORK, May 8, 1881.

Jist afore planting my foot onto the deck up the steamer that bares me from my native shores, and makes a Irish patriot uv me, in Paris, I must paws between drinks, to express my delite at the turn things is takin in Washington.

Tho 'Harp of Erin's s'loon,' where I hev bin slaying for some time, wuz a seen uv the wildest eggscitement last nite. Teddy M'Grath, wich kin reed, bret us the nooze that the grate Conkling hed determined to stick, and that Robertson's confermashen ez Collector uv the port uv Noo York wood be resistid to the bitter end.

Nobody kin imagin the delit that pervadid the entire party.

'This eends the Republikin party,' sez Teddy.

'This gives Noo York to the Dimocrisy,' yelled Tim O'Shaughnessy.

'And it elex the next Dimocratic candidate for the Presidency, and turns the kentry over to the solid South,' ejackilatid me, with eyes suloosed with emoshun.

'And with the Dimocrisy in power we shel hev onlimitid greenbax,' sed Patsy M'Ginnis.

'And with the Dimocrisy in power wat chance will the Nigger hev uv votin?' sed Col. McPelter, wich is on here to see that I actilly sale for Europe, and don't git back to the Corners.

'And we shel git the Noo York Legislacher and not be bothered any more about wat Tammany does in the City,' yelled Dinnis O'Brien.

'And we shel hev control uv the Treasury and do the squeezin ourselves,' sed a red faced gent, wich wuz drinkin whisky every five minits.

'And we shel hev a Dimocratic Congris, and the appropriashens for the South that we hev waitid for so long, and our Confederit soljers will hev their pay and penshuns,' sed Deekin Pogram, who is here to assist Col. M'Pelter in seein that I git away in sich shape that I don't git back.

'And all that the Republikins made by electin Garfield will be lost to em, and we shel possess the land,' sed a Tammany politishen who jist dropped in to partisipate in the jollificashen.

I sot there quietly musin, takin my drinks whenever I wuz askt.

'Grate heyins,' I sed to myself, 'what a world is this! In the words uv the poit:—

> "Grate God, upon wat slender threds
> Hang everlastin things."

Here wuz the Dimocrisy uv the Yoonited States postrate at the feet uv its foes. So desprit wuz the outlook that I myself hev consented to be a eggsite, and abandon the old ship in despair. There is great questions involved, wich both parties consider vital. Jist at this junctur there comes up the question uv the appointment uv a collector, and our foes go all to pieces onto it. Wood that I cood back out and git back to the Cross Roads. Ef I kin tide over the next three years that post offis is mine shoor. Conklin won't yield—the Republikin party will split up becoz it seems that Conklin is all ther is uv it, and our Heavens begins at once. Thus I mused. Thank God for Conklin.

We immejitly past resolooshens endersin Sen. Conklin, and ashoorin him uv the support in this struggle, uv every one present. We urged him to continner the fite agin the President to the bitter end, and to spare no pains to prevent the confirmashun uv Robertson and all uv Garfield's nominashens, and then we went and took down the portrate uv Hancock that wuz hungin on the wall, and put up one uv Conklin in its place, which we haled with three cheers and a tiger.

It is very plain to see, and it pleases me, that the grate Noo York Senator holds that the Republikin party wuz made for him instid uv his hein made for the Republikin party. It's a good idee. What diffrence does it make to him anyhow, what becomes uv the nigger, the nashnel debt, the tariff, and sich, if he ain't in public life to be floatid by them questions? I wunst knowd a reformer who sot down and cried when slavery wuz abolished.

'Why weep?' asked his friend, 'heyn't yoo accomplished the desire up your life?'

'Too troo—too troo, but what am I to git to Congris on, now that I heyn't got no cause? Why coodn't the nigger hev been kept under till I wuz ready to die?'

The great Conklin hez made an immense fame out uv the causes that go to make up the Republican party, but ef he can't yootilize it's success to his own benefit, wat good is it to him?

He is the kind uv man I like. He hez to hev followers, and he is going to keep em faithful by keepin em in provender, or he will sink the ship. That's right. Oh how I wish he hed bin a Dimekrat. Hed he bin one uv us, I wood not now be on the eve uv making a eggsile uv myself. His rallyin cry. 'The spoils or death,' soots me eggsackly.

I shel never git over lovin these independent Republikin Senators. A independent Senator is one wich firmly beleeves in Republikin principles, but alluz votes with the Dimocrisy to show that he is reely independent and can't be controlled by party cawcusses and sich.

In view uv these complicashens I don't want to go to Europe at all. Ef the great Senator from Noo York keeps on ez he hez begun, my chances are much better at home. Better a Postoffis in Kentucky with a shy at contrax, than to be a Irish patriot abroad.

And ef this fite goes on in the Republikin party we shel hev it ez shoor ez time rolls on.

But inesmuch ez Conklin may be left after all, I shel wate. The wise man is never in a hurry. I shel wal and see.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Hopeful.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention is set for Wednesday, July 13, at Columbus.

Constantinople has forty-five thousand Jews, nearly all of Spanish origin. They have thirty eight synagogues.

There are sixty steamers now running on the mississippi and its tributaries that are successfully using electric lights.

Since 1870 twenty large buildings have been constructed in Rome for government use, at an outlay of twenty-five millions of dollars.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad will build a bridge across the Diablo Canyon, 510 feet long, and resting on trestle-work 220 feet in height.

A Greenback-Labor conference is to be held in Trenton, N. J., on Monday, 30th instant, to transact business, the call says, of vital and immediate importance.

On the first day of its issue 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament were sold in England and about 1,000,000 in this country—the greatest book sale in the history of the world.

Col. Thomas A. Scott, the leading railroad man of his day in the world, died in Philadelphia last Saturday evening. He has been in declining health for several years, and his death was not at all surprising. He was 57 years of age, and is reported to have left a fortune of $17,000,000.

The past week was another remarkable week of immigration, and the probabilities are that the total arrivals for May will exceed 70,000. Such a number for a single month would be beyond all precedent.

In addition to the ordinary scourges of the army worm and potato bug to trouble our farmers this summer, there is a new insect pest in the shape of a black asparagus bug, which easily digests Paris green; and the destructive locusts in some regions are preparing to take the field.

Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of President Lincoln, is so near the grave that hopes of her recovery have been abandoned. Mrs. C. M. Smith, her sister, says that she daily grows weaker, and Springfield and Chicago physicians intimate that she cannot survive many days. Secretary Lincoln will be at his mother's bedside this week.

Two swords that had belonged to Major General C. W. Sanford, which originally cost $800 each, were sold at auction, in New York on Friday. Ya Yee, a Japanese merchant bought one at $80, and the other was bought in by a representative of the estate for $13. Two swords used by Fechter, the actor, brought $5 and $10.

The latest sensation in Georgia is the appearance of clouds of locusts in various sections of the state. In middle Georgia especially they are very numerous, and much speculation is indulged in as to the probable result of the visitation. Immense numbers of them have appeared in the swamps below Augusta. As yet the planters are not apprehensive.

John Hensley has been profiting from a damaged spine, from which he had been suffering for a long time. He found an unprotected hole in a street in Indianapolis, carefully fell into it and got $1,000 damages. Then he went to Chicago, fell into another hole and succeeded in getting $2,500 from that city. Further profit from that bad spine has been cut off by Hensley's arrest for perjury.

A project has been formed at Oswego, New York, to test the vlidity of the law allowing the various towns and cities to issue bonds in aid of the several railroads now in operation or in progress. A Syracuse lawyer named Stephens is at the head of this proposed repudiation, which, it is feared, will create a panic among the holders of these bonds. They have been regarded as the safest of securities, and are held by savings and other banks in such amounts that their repudiation would be a serious matter.

Saturday was a great day for whale shooting at Cape Cod, no fewer than twenty five being peppered with bomb lances and captured at Provincetown alone. With such sport whale shooting excursions will in time become fashionable.

Arthur Smith, a boy of 13, the son of Judge Fayette Smith, of Cincinnati, was found tied to the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Derry Station, in an unconscious state, on Wednesday night. He was laboring under the effects of a parcotic, and when aroused could not explain. He could only remember going to bed at home on Monday night.

A boy six years old, and his sister, two years younger, were nearly burned to death near Canton, Ohio, on Monday. They had shut themselves up in a smoke-house, which caught fire in some way. The neighbors had to break open the door in order to rescue them.

During a violent thunder storm at Brooklyn about three o'clock on Sunday morning a ball of fire (variously described as to dimensions) burst in the air, and immediately it appeared to the affrighted citizens as if ten thousand tons of scrap iron had landed on ten acres of the roofs, so overpowering was the crash that followed. The city was spared from any damage.

The subscriptions to the increased capital of the Sibley Cotton Mills, in Augusta, Ga., now amount to $206,000. As a Boston capitalists has stated that he intends to subscribe $50,000, there is a fair prospect that the $400,000 required will soon be made up. The mill will have 1,000 looms and 30,000 spindles.

The hangman who bungled the execution of the Nihilists at St. Petersburg had primed himself for the task by swallowing too much brandy. He was in fact, drunk when he officiated at the gibbet. He was heavily flogged in payment for his service, but this did not add any impressiveness to the remembrance of a spectacle which excited the horror of all who witnessed it.

On Saturday last a man who had registered at a hotel in Cheraw, S. C., as Henry Darius, Denver, Col., committed suicide by cutting his throat. His real name is believed to be W. J. Powers, and he originally came from Hyde county, N. C. In his trunk he had $850; but there were no papers to tell his real name, or whether he had any relatives to be interested in his fate.

At Statesville, N. C., on Tuesday, a man named John Brown, in order to break a little nephew of the habit of eating dirt, took him out to a tree, threatening to hang him. He tied a rope round his neck and swung him up to the tree for the purpose of frightening him, but on letting him down found that he had carried his experiment too far. The child died the same evening from the effects of the shock and injury.

The statistics of births, deaths and marriages for 1879, in Paris, show the increase in population to have been only 96,000. The births were 869,400, and the deaths 839,800. The illegitimate births throughout France, compared with the legitimate, are as 7¼ to a hundred, while in Paris they rise to 32 to a hundred. These figures corroborate the general impression that the French people have almost ceased to multiply.

In a down-town quarter of New York is a dingy building occupied as a one-cent restaurant. Its proprietor—known as Frenchy, though he is an Italian—serves out coffee at a cent a cup, soup two cents, and various other dishes ranging from two to five cents. The latter is macaroni. There are two waiters and five men in the kitchen, superintended by the proprietor's wife. The proprietor is doing a brisk business and says he is making money.

Among the puzzles the Londoners are arguing over with regard to Lord Beaconsfield is whether he died a Christian or a Jew. His baptism as a Christian occurred when he was a lad of thirteen either through the interference of the poet Rogers or a Mrs. Ellis. There is no statement that the lad was in the least consulted as to his own wishes, and at the age of thirteen he could have had no theological convictions. But the fact remains that through life he nominally adhered to the church which Mr. Rogers or Mrs. Ellis selected for him when he was a boy. It is now pretty well understood that this adhesion was political. Cardinal Newman is reported to have said that "he would no more expect Lord Beaconsfield to look at a religious question, except with the eyes of a politician, than expect a chimpanzee to give birth to a human baby." The *Catholic Times* says that "two peers and a baronet stood at his bedside, to which he admitted no parson, nor priest, nor rabbi." He appears to have followed the example of his father, Isaac Disraeli, who, after he abandoned the synagogue, lapsed into a state of complete indifference.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Secretary of the Interior Kirkwood, wife and daughter are at the Glades Hotel.

—Mr. John Shatzer will in a short time have his new furniture rooms completed.

—Mr. P. A. Chisholm is improving the residence and grounds of Mr. Matthew Cullen, on Oak street.

—Attention is called to the notice of the postponement of the meeting of the School Board.

—The finest goods, the most superb novelties, fancy goods and trimmings, is where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Mr. Robert Porter had a valuable bull killed about a mile east of town, Wednesday afternoon, by a freight train.

—One hundred and sixty delegates are expected to attend the Sunday School Convention, heginning on the 10th of June.

—Capt E. H. Wardwell was appointed one of a committee to arrange and consult about the better support of the Militia of this State.

—School reports from Elk Plains and Asher's Glade were received too late for publication this week. They will appear in our next.

—The Sunday School Convention promises to be a grand success. Homes have already been secured for one hundred delegates, with canvassers yet to report.

—If you wish to do business, go to business places. If you you want to do a profitable business buy your goods where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Oakland is beginning to put on her summer appearances. Painting and whitewashing is being done all over town, and in the way of new improvements, certainly is doing better than ever before.

—Richard Mooney, of Piedmont, a brakeman on the B. & O. R. R., fell between the cars near Hutton's Switch, Tuesday evening, and was instantly killed. His body was taken to Piedmont for burial.

—At the Lochiel Mills, Bloomington, Messrs. Clark & Arnold, contractors, one day last week cut in nine hours 63,000 feet of lumber and 36,000 laths and fence-pickets. The mills are steadily working on full time.

—Dr Bartlett, who had been absent attending the Supreme Lodge K. of H., which was in session at Minneapolis, Minn., has returned home. The Doctor speaks in the highest terms of the courtesies shown by the people of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 8 o'clock p. m. Sunday School opens promptly at 9 o'clock.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Swanton at 3½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

$1,000 Reward.

We understand that Mr. Wm. C. Broadwater, of Grantsville, this county, who has lately suffered a good deal from incendiarism, has offered a reward of $1,000 cash for information that will lead to the conviction of the person or persons who set fire to and destroyed his barn and stock on the night of May 2d, 1881.

The First Salmon Trout.

Master Percey Veitch, son of Col. J. W. Veitch, has the honor of taking the first California Salmon trout caught in this neighborhood. The fish was caught in Shaffer's mill dam, a mile below Oakland; measured 13 inches in length and weighed a pound. These fish were put in the Little Yough three years ago by G. W. Delawder, Esq.

Boiler Explosion and Loss of Life.

About 2 o'clock P. M., Thursday afternoon of last week a steam saw mill owned by D. E. Offutt, Esq., located about 4 miles west of Oakland, in this county, was blown to pieces by the explosion of one of its boilers. The mill was operated by Chas. H. Whetzell in the manufacture of lumber, staves, &c. Marshall Butler, the fireman, was blown some six hundred feet, and his body was found about two hours after the explosion, in a laurel swamp on the opposite side of the Youghiogheny river, driven head foremost into the ground to the depth of two feet under some old logs. Wm. Browning, Esq., who happened to be in the mill at the time of the explosion, was caught under the *debris* of falling timbers, pulleys, &c., and bruised in a serious and painful manner. He is now doing well, and no doubt of his ultimate recovery is entertained. There were seven or eight men in and about the mill who escaped with slight injuries. The boilers were of the old-fashioned cylinder pattern, one of which, thirty-one feet long and thirty inches in diameter, was thrown across the river in the opposite direction from the body of Butler, a distance of near 700 feet up the hillside. One end of the boiler struck the opposite bank of the river, and rebounded end-over-end, cutting off trees over a foot in diameter in its course. Experts who have visited the scene say they never witnessed anything so terrible of the kind before. Sheriff White summoned a jury of inquest as follows: Geo, M. Mason, E. D. Kepner, John F. White, John T. Bowers, John O. Michael and Thos. W. Ashby, Jr. The inquision was held before Justice A. B. Gonder, and a verdict was rendered that "Marshall Butler came to his death by the accidental explosion of D. E. offutt's saw mill boiler." Butler was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and five small children in indigent circumstances. Mr. Offutt does not propose to rebuild the mill.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, May 28th, 1881.

Amos, Jos.; Amsline, B. V.; Brady, S. M.; Bowman, H. C.; Everstine, Mrs.; Davis, J. D.; Davis, H. G.; Davis, Benj.; Echard, Willis; Evich, Marsh; Ford, John; Friend, Maddison; Hine, W. L.; Huston, W. B.; Holland, Mrs.; Kydendall, Isaac; Lee, Elvia C., Mrs; Mason, Hiram; Ryne, Danl.; Stantmier, Jas.; Shaffer, Mary E.; Smith, Wm. A.; Thom, Anna; Walker, Elizabeth.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

The Revised New Testament.

An American Edition of this long looked for work is announced by the enterprising and reliable house Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia. It is to be an exact re-production of the English Edition, and from the well known character of the house, accuracy and a really excellent book may confidently be expected. A special attraction of this edition we learn, is that it will contain a complete History of the whole Revision Movement, the reasons for it, the errors of the old version, the plan of the work, with sketches of the distinguished men engaged in it, &c. The English edition will not contain this, and certainly every-one will want to know all about it. As the price of this edition, containing both the Testament *and* History, is placed extremely low, it seems certain to become decidedly the most popular because the most desirable edition issued, at a positively low price.

F. S. Cline, of Floyd, is agent for this county, and will soon call on the people with the book.

Sunday School Convention.

The Garrett County Sundy School Convention, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union will be held in the M. E. Church, Oakland, commencing on Friday, June 10. It is expected that a large number of delegates and visitors will be in attendance, and arrangements are being made for their entertainment. The order of exercises are as follows:

First Session.—Friday afternoon, at M. E. Church. Convention called to order by the President of the last Convention. Consecration Service, conducted by F. L. Morling of Baltimore County. Appointment of Committee to nominate permanent officers. Report of committee and election of officers. Address of Welcome by Rev. S. E. Jones. Reply to address of welcome by Rev. J. J. Young. Appointment of business Committee. Time of opening and closing convention designated.

Second Session.—Friday evening. Devotional Exercise. 1st Question. The use and abuse of lesson leaves, and question book. Opened by Rev. S. E. Jones. Verbal reports from Sunday Schools of Garrett County by delegates, five minutes each. Question box to receive questions. 2nd Question. Which are most useful to Sunday Schools, Library books or Periodicals.

Third Session.—Saturday morning. Devotional Exercises. 3rd Question. What is the obligation on church members to engage in Sunday School work, and how may they be induced to do so. Opened by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. 4th Question. How can the regular attendance of both Teachers and Scholars be secured in our Schools. Opened by C. M. Miller. Question box and answers

Fourth Session.—Saturday afternoon. Devotional Exercises. Fifth Question. "How to make Sunday School teaching a success." Opened by W. A. Baker. Sixth Question. "What is the best method of controling refractory scholars." Opened by Rev. J. J. Young. Selection of place for next Convention.

Fifth Session.—Saturday evening. Devotional Exercises. Seventh Question. "What is the relation of the Pastor to the Sunday Schools." Opened by Rev. J. S. Lefever. Eighth Question. "Relation of Sunday School to Missionary work." Opened by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner. Resolutions, &c.

Sunday morning.—General Prayer Meeting at 9 o'clock. Sermon at 10.30 o'clock in the Memorial Church, by Rev.——

Sunday afternoon. Children's Meeting at 2 o'clock, with appropriate addresses and singing by the children of the different schools.

Sunday evening. Devotional Exercises. Promise, Praise and Sunday School Teachers Experience Meeting. Closing Exercises.

P. S.—The delegates will be expected to take part in the discussion of all questions promptly.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 25:

G. S. Hamill and wife to John Ridder, Military Lot No. 1219; $200.

W. H. Tower, Trustee, to G. S. Hamill and D. E. Offutt, three-fifth interests in Military Lots Nos. 429, 434, 433 and 428; $5.

Geo. D. White, Sheriff, to Gilmor S. Hamill, 3¼ acres of land adjoining the Town of Oakland; $12.50.

H. W. Combs, Trustee, to John S. Combs, part of "Walnut Hill," about 100 acres; $10.

G. S. Hamill and wife to Mary V. Paxton and Susannah Slonaker, a lot of land in the Town of Oakland; $5.

Amanda B. Hall, to Theodore S. Bantz, part of a Military Lot No. 816; $400.

Wm. H. Hall, to Crampton Harvey, Military Lots Nos. 1387 and 1389; $1,000.

In Memory of Peter Brant.

On last Saturday, May 21, 1881, our fatherly friend and brother, Peter Brant, departed this life, in the 69th year of his pilgrimage, after a very short period of suffering from an unyielding, distracting disease of the brain. One by one the fathers, the veterans, the mothers, the strong supports and friends of our church and town are being called from us to their records above. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Totten, Mrs. Wagner, Mr. Brant, one by one, has called us and their many friends to the funeral march to the grave. Scarcely does the pall of gloom occasioned by the removal of these ancient landmarks disappear ere there is another shock, a darkening and saddening of homes and hearts in our church and town.

Mr. Brant was reared, lived and died without changing the haunts, associations and friends of his youth. He was a man of strong mental capacities and moral conceptions. His physical, mental, moral and spiritual powers being symmetrically developed in his early youth, he became a model young man, a worthy friend and companion, a pious and eminently useful and exemplary member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in the abounding faith of which he triumphantly died the death of the righteous. His worthy character, his faithful life of words fitly spoken and deeds richly embelishing, fall as a mantle of blessing upon his household and relatives, his church and community. The last book he opened on earth was the Bible, the last duty he tried to perform was one that filled his mind every morning of his christian life—family worship. Though our worthy brother was called suddenly from his earthly home to his Father's house above, he had made due preparation long before; even selected the time, a beautiful Sabbath eve, a place near his sainted mother, and a hymn that best expressed the sentiments which he desired to be rife on the occasion of his funeral; all of which God permitted his relatives and pastor to carry out to the letter. God called him up higher on Saturday, at the end of the week, as a faithful servant, having well-done, to receive his everlasting reward, thus making it especially appropriate to fulfil his request made, while yet in health, that he should be hurried, like his mother, on Sunday evening. The funeral service took place accordingly on last Sunday at 4 P. M. Though the notice of his death was short, the occasion was thronged with bereaved and sympathizing relatives and friends. Nearly every family in Oakland was represented. The officiating ministers were Revs, P. Hamill, of the M. E. Church South, J. S. Lefever, of the Presbyterian Church, J. M. Davis, of the M. E. Church, and Wm. Stoudenmire, of the Ev. Lutheran Church. The services conformed to the Lutheran liturgy of the Book of Worship. The occasion was not prolonged but exceeding solemn and impressive. The songs of Zion which he delighted to teach and sing while he lived, by request, were sung with the spirit and understanding at the grave while the sods were being tenderly laid upon his cold, but cherished, remains to hide them from the face of his friends, until the resurrection morn shall come, when the deep silence of the grave shall be broken and our loved ones shall come forth with their bodies and souls reunited, immortal, celestial—with the likeness and glory of the Son of God. Dear friends,

An awe profound pervades each heart,
As from such solemn scenes we part,
To mingle with the world again—
To see its rush and hear its din.

Emotions rise like billows high
Above the cresled wave,
To warn each one that death is nigh,
That Christ from death can save.

WM. STOUDENMIRE, Pastor.

SHADE MILLS, May 23, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Doubtless a short communication from this portion of Garrett county may be somewhat interesting to your readers. I will give you a few items of business and other matters as now seems to be moving along. Your correspondent had been absent on an extended trip to Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, about two months, and upon his return rested up a little, and on the 1st March visited Washington, Baltimore and other points East, being absent four weeks more, may be his apology for not giving his 1st April communication. It may not, however, be too late at this time.

Rain, rain, rain, seems to be the order of the day and night, and all things now assume a beautiful appearance—fallage, grass, grain and everything has a lovely appearance, and the outlook now for abundant crops is certainly splendid. Some of our farmers are not through with oat sowing, some gardening is yet to be done, and many potatoes yet to be planted, but all are hopeful of dry weather in time to finish up spring crops.

Our lumber trade, of greater importance than any other, is quite brisk. All are busy and overstocked with orders. The firm of Dorsey & Willson are as usual cutting steadily from eight to ten thousand feet per day. Ravenscroft & Co. are cutting large quantities for boat building purposes, all delivering to this point by tram road and by teams to Frostburg, and shipped by rail from that point wherever desired. These two mills are about two miles South of Shades and have first class white pine and white oak timber, with enough to keep them cutting for five years at the present rate. The firm of Dorsey & Willson have completed their large contract for about 1,700,000 feet for the Georges Creek R. R. Co., from Lonaconing to Cumberland, for trestling, bridges, &c., and the quality of timber pronounced by the builders superior to any they have ever worked. This timber is in the same region as the famous timber region of Shade Mills, so largely used by the B. & O. R. R. for bridges and trestling a few years ago. The Clearfield County Lumber Co. are now cutting from 25,000 to 30,000 feet per day of white pine, white oak and hemlock. This mill is operated by the responsible firm of Boynton & Son, of Clearfield, Pa., Hon Andrew Dill, W. H. Dill and Watson, of Clearfield, constitutes this firm, all enterprising and clever gentlemen. They have erected first class mills at the mouth of Piney Run, near Salisbury, Pa., and have a narrow gauge steam railroad and iron rail, about 6 miles from the mill up Piney Run, and about 2 miles from this point. This firm two years ago purchased of Thos. W. Frost and C. M. Graham, of Frostburg, about 2,600 acres of timber land from which the parties will be able to cut 60,000,000 feet of lumber. There remains about 4,000 acres of this land unsold and held by Frost and Graham, and for which offers have been made but refused. The Lumber from this mill is being shipped North and East.

Preparations are on foot on an extensive scale for bark peeling at this time. Hemlock and chestnut-oak bark is much in demand. Companies of men are now ready to slay the hemlock flats and ridges of oak on this land for bark, and followed by the log men and delivered to mill for sawing.

Your correspondent spent one day at the Lochiel Lumber Co's mills, and took in things in general. My observation and conclusion was that in about two years more the pine and hemlock will be extinct—at least all within five miles of Savage river. There are now, I am informed, about 100 men employed at the different camps, some within 3 miles South of the National road, and two other camps about five and six miles south of the first, and the Company expects to put a large force on the bark business. The steam power at this mill is run entirely by saw dust—new and novel to me—yet it gives all the power required to cut from 60,000 to 70,000 feet of lumber per day of ten hours, and about 25,000 to 30,000 lath and pickets. The quality of the lumber is first class. I would suppose there were from 60 to 70 men employed in the mill. The Superintendents and those in charge of affairs make one feel quite at home. The distance of driving logs on the Savage is from 12 to 25 miles from the different camps. Cutting logs and peeling them, hauling and skidding all summer, and when the floods come in the fall, winter and spring, run them to the mill. Thus it goes bravely on and perhaps may continue until all the pine is consumed in this region.

Our National road in Allegany and Garrett counties is in pretty good order, and if our County Commissioners continue our levies we will have a splendid road from this point to Frostburg. Heavy lumber teams are pretty rough on roads. Ten to twenty thousand feet, as is sometimes hauled over our road, when muddy, as is the case now, of course will make its impression.

This week ushers in plenty of work for farmers—corn planting, potato planting, oats ploughing and sowing, sheep clipping, finishing up gardening, &c., all of which will be about finished up this week, if no rain. Grain, grass and pastures are looking splendidly, and everything has a fine start.

Thos. W. Frost, Esq., of Shade Mills, will leave in a few days for an extended trip through the Valley of Virginia, to look out some farming lands and for other purposes, reported. Of this your correspondent is not posted. SHADES.

Kind Words from Our Exchanges.

Another change in the proprietorship of the Oakland REPUBLICAN. J. A. Hayden is back to his old place in the tripod, and we hope may long control the destinies of the best paper Oakland ever had.—*Myersdale (Pa.) Commercial.*

Capt. Jas. A. Hayden has re-purchased the Oakland REPUBLICAN, and is now sole proprietor. The REPUBLICAN is a handsomely printed and well edited paper, and its new proprietor has our best wishes for his future success.—*Grafton Sentinel.*

Jas. A. Hayden has again assumed the control of the Oakland REPUBLICAN as editor and proprietor. This is a sufficient guaranty that the REPUBLICAN will continue to be a first class paper.—*Keyser Echo.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has again changed hands, Mr. Jas. A. Hayden, who but a few weeks ago sold it, again becoming its editor and proprietor. The REPUBLICAN is a very neat and sprightly paper, sound in its political views, and we heartily wish it success.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has again changed hands. F. A. Thayer & Co. having sold out to the former proprietor, Jas. A. Hayden, whom we wish abundant success, as the REPUBLICAN has ever been one of our brightest and most readable exchanges, and well worthy the support of the people of Garrett county, who want a live home paper.—*Cumberland Independent.*

Mr. Jas. A. Hayden has again assumed the control and management of the REPUBLICAN, published at Oakland, Md. The REPUBLICAN is a faithful exponent of Republican principles, and devoted to the best interests of Garrett county and to the public good generally.—*Westminster Sentinel.*

We are glad to see that Mr. Jas. A. Hayden has again taken charge of the Oakland REPUBLICAN. Some how or other he has the nack of making common-place items as interesting as specials. We hope that brother Hayden may receive the encouragement his enterprise and ability deserve.—*Rockville Montgomerian.*

Capt. Jas. A. Hayden has again become the editor and proprietor of the REPUBLICAN, a newspaper published at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland. Mr. Hayden was born and raised in this county, and is a son of Jacob Hayden, of Springhill township. He is a practical printer, having learned the business in this place many years ago. The REPUBLICAN is a good newspaper, and we wish the Captain success financially. *Uniontown (Pa.) Genius of Liberty.*

MARYLAND NEWS.

A spoke mill is now in successful operation at Cerventown, Cecil county, Md.

Samuel Cornish, one of the oldest citizens of Cecil county, died last week, aged 80 years.

The Union Grove camp-meeting of the Methodists of Allegany county will begin Aug. 18.

It has been determined to hold a camp at Wye on or about the 3d of August. The camp will last ten days.

The store of Miller Brothers, Westernport, was entered by burglars last Friday night and robber of clothing to the value of over $100.

Two weeks ago Jas. Vernon, 14 years of age, of Caroline county had one of his feet trudden on by a horse and badly mashed. Lockjaw ensued, and the youth died last Monday.

The Kent Guards have abandoned the idea of entertaining the State militia in Chestertown on the approaching Fourth of July. The company did not receive sufficient encouragement to prosecute the undertaking.

A meeting "to indorse Gov. Hamilton and reform" is to be held at Chaneyville, Calvert county, May 28. Dr. E. J. Henkle and Mr. Michael Bannon and Mr. Thomas McCullough are advertised to address the meeting.

In speaking of the dairy products of Harford county, Mr. G. E. Haddaway, of the Easton *Ledger*, says: "Col. E. H. Webster, for instance, who has a dairy farm, gets 50 cents a pound all the year from Barnum's Hotel for his butter, but he keeps very fine stock, and has recently paid as high as $500 apiece for cows.

The funeral of the late City Councilman W. J. Taylor took place from Christ Reformed Episcopal Church, Cumberland, Saturday afternoon, and was attended by five secret societies in regalia, the city council, employes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad turning shops and large numbers of friends of the deceased.

Captain C. C. Hedges, of Cumberland, and other members of the Hedges family, of this State and West Virginia, have just returned from a convention of the family in Cincinnati, held to take steps looking to the recovery of an estate claimed to be $16,000,000 to $20,000,000 in England. The convention included members of the family from nearly every State in the Union. A business committee to confer with London lawyers was appointed.

The indications are that the republican organizations of New York city will range themselves strongly on the side of President Garfield in his controversy with Mr. Conkling. The Independent Republican Association has already unanimously adopted an address, which will be sent to every member of the Legislature, in which they condemn the course pursued by the New York Senators, and urge that they should not be re-elected. The Central Club of which Mr. Sheridan Shook is president, also held a meeting on Thursday evening and unanimously adopted resolutions indorsing the President's course and severely criticising Mr. Conkling. Speeches were made by Mr. Henry C. Robinson, ex-Judge Duttenhoefer and Hon. George H. Yeaman, formerly minister to Denmark, all of whom handled Mr. Conkling quite roughly.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dissolution Notice.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of F. A. Thayer & Co., was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

TH. J. PEDDICORD,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
F. A. THAYER.

Oakland, Md., May 10, 1881.

FOR RENT.

A completely furnished Cottage, suitable for Summer visitors. Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners advertised for May 27th, has been postponed until

Saturday, June 11th, 1881,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
6 28 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in a case in said court, wherein Alexander M. Bush is plaintiff and Richard T. Browning is defendant, and to me the undersigned directed, the same being No. 26 Judicials to December 7th, 1880, of said court, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Garrett county did seize and take in execution on the 13th day of December, 1880, all of the undivided one-third (⅓) interest of the said Richard T. Browning, in and to all that tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, commonly known and called by the name of

"SKIPNISH,"

containing for the whole the quantity of 868¾ acres of land, and now I, George D. White, Sheriff, as aforesaid, do hereby give public notice that by virtue of the aforesaid levy and seizure, I will sell all of the aforesaid undivided one-third (⅓) interest both at law and in equity, of the said Richard T. Browning, in and to the aforesaid described tract of land, at public auction, for cash on the day of sale to the highest bidder,

On Tuesday, the 21st day of June, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, county aforesaid, to satisfy said execution and costs. Said tract of land is located on and near Muddy Creek, and about 8 or 9 miles North of Oakland, and adjoins the tracts of land called "Milk and Honey," and "the Falls of Muddy Creek," and (the resurvey called "Ralier," now owned by James Morrison. Said tract called "Skipnish" is said to be well timbered and is considered good land, and is the the same land that was conveyed to the said Richard T. Browning, by Edward Jamison, Sheriff, by Deed dated 20th September, 1875 and recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 2 Fol. 197 &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
5 28 4w Sheriff.

FASHION NOTES.

—Steel buckles are in great demand.

—A new shade of brown is called *La Giroflé*.

—A new shade of blue is called duck's-breast.

—Black chantilly lace is coming again into vogue.

—The poke bonnet in its modified shape is a decided favorite.

—Shirring is seen upon skirts, bodices, tabliers, scarfs, mantles and bonnets.

—Boots laced up the instep are coming largely into favor for the promenade.

—New and lovely tints of steel-gray are introduced in millinery and dress fabrics.

—White and tinted crape bonnets trimmed with delicate wreaths and sprays of flowers will be very fashionable headdresses the coming season.

—Bayonnaise is a very fashionable fabric for spring toilets. It comes in the delicate shades of Persian mauve, steel gray, pale pink, and coru color.

—Mourning gloves for full dress are embroidered with jet beads on the back, and have a broad band worked in at the waist to simulate a bracelet.

—The delicate cactus lace straws, lined with bright colored Surah and daintily trimmed with lace and flowers, are decidedly the prettiest hats thus far exhibited by the importers.

—Broad sashes of ombre satin merveilleux will be very much worn with delicate summer toilets. These sashes are very elegant, and the gradual shading from the faintest tint or color to a deep rich hue gives them peculiar and beautiful effects.

—Dotted Surnh in one or more shades is still a very fashionable fabric this spring, but a more novel material is that known by the name of Bayadere tussore woven in bright colored stripes. This very pretty material is very effective when combined with cream-colored tussore.—*N. Y. Post.*

Promptness and Self-control in Sudden Illness.

Sudden attacks of illness no doubt frequently terminate fatally, but it is worthy of notice that such results are comparatively few if the attack occur when at home or among those who have the ability to keep their heads cool and clear whatever of pain or alarm their hearts may have to contend with. Most cases of sudden, almost instantaneous, death occur when the sufferer is alone, unable to summon prompt attendance, or in the streets, or a public assembly, or in some similar position, where indications of such an event will cause tumult, confusion or uncontrollable excitement. On such occasions the spectators are unbounded in their indications of real kindness and sympathy, but mostly lack calmness and self-control; or, mistaking the cause of the attack, especially if inexperienced in the care of the sick; but zealous to do something, they often administer the wrong remedies, and by so doing hasten the catastrophe that by proper treatment might have been averted. No doubt many are stricken down and die who could have been easily saved if some friend had been near who understood their liability to acute ailments and was able to hold himself quiet and steady.

When a person faints, every effort should be made to disperse the crowd that will be likely to gather close about the patient. One, or at the most two, are all that can act to any good purpose. Lay the patient down, secure a large supply of fresh air, bathe the face in cold water, or sprinkle the face with a sudden dash, not to deluge the patient, but to start circulation quickly by the shock of the cold water on the face. Apply cologne, or hartshorn, but not in a rash, impetuous manner. Act rapidly, but calmly and quietly, with no loud talking, or quick, frightened exclamations. Everything of this kind must be avoided, for the return to consciousness in fainting may be instantaneous, and usually is, and any such excitement will be injurious, and may cause the patient, if nervous or easily alarmed, to relapse into another fainting condition, which will be more difficult to manage than the first. Rub or slap the hands quickly, bathe the face freely in cold water, and after dash the water sharply over the face from the wet hands. In common cases recovery from fainting fits is not difficult, but unless it is speedy send for a physician at once, while the attendants continue their efforts actively until he comes. It is safer to summon medical aid when there is any delay, because there may be a more serious state of things than is apparent to spectators, that a physician could easily detect and for which he is more competent to find a remedy.

But it is not always safe when a person falls, apparently insensible, to treat the case as a faint. Many have trouble with the heart, which is not necessarily alarming if proper attention is paid to the symptoms at once. But the two, fainting and heart trouble, are so entirely unlike that a mistake in treatment, if not fatal, is very unsafe and a source of some additional and needless suffering to those afflicted thereby, especially in a crowded room or public assembly.

In fainting the pulse is imperceptible, the face pallid and rigid as the dead, and all power of moving, all sight and hearing are lost. But where the heart is the seat of trouble, the face, often for a few moments only, is almost purple, then becomes very pale, but not corpse-like, a bluish tint usually underlying the pallor. In all cases that have come under our own immediate knowledge, the eyes close firmly, as if glued down, the tongue refuses to speak, but the hearing and perfect consciousness are unnaturally acute, although the limbs refuse to perform their duty. The blood rushes to the heart faster than the lungs and brain can pump it out, the veins on the neck seem about to burst and the top of the head ready to follow. If any one can administer a teaspoonful of raw whisky instantly, the attack can in most cases be almost instantly relieved.

In all cases of heart disturbance, *never* attempt to lay the patient down. That will fearfully increase the suffering, even if it does not speedily end fatally Never put ammonia, cologne, or any thing of the kind to the nose, or sprinkle cold water in the face. That renders breathing still more difficult. Never fan a person thus afflicted. It will stop the little breath remaining. None but those who suffer from some irregularity in the action of the heart can realize how much suffering is caused to those afflicted, even when in their common state of health and not laboring under a sudden and acute attack, by the irrepressible fanning that is almost incessant in crowded halls or large assemblies. They forget, those who keep up ceaseless fanning, that to their near neighbors who sit behind them, in front or on either side, they may be causing great discomfort and perhaps serious evil. Never fan another without being requested to do so, and do not be unmindful of others' comfort when fanning for your own individual gratification. It is perfectly easy to secure all the pleasure of fanning, if there is any, and the fatigue and exertion besides, without molesting those who fail to find comfort in the act. If one fans quietly toward her own face —a front motion, not from right to left— she can secure this private enjoyment without discomfort to any one.

The more rapidly the space about one suffering, either from fainting or disturbed action of the heart, can be entirely freed from spectators, and only those absolutely needed remain, the quicker will be the recovery and the after effects entirely dispelled or greatly modified. Fill the room with fresh, pure air, but let no draft chill the patient, or blow directly into the face. If from home secure a carriage, and lift the patient gently into it and drive home as soon as possible. If fainting, the action of the air outside, while being carried to the carriage, will usually do all that is needed except a few hours' rest and quiet.

If the heart has caused the commotion, the recovery may not be as rapid, unless a teaspoonful of whisky can be given, in as short time after the attack as possible. That will usually relieve the pain, and make the act of breathing less difficult; but the strength will be much weakened for some days. As soon as the patient reaches home, while seeking to insure quiet, be sure that all surroundings are cheerful. By quiet we do not mean that the person is to be carried to the bed-room, and urged to find quiet by undressing and going at once to bed, unless the attack was developed late in the evening. Let the easiest and most suitable chair be provided, but not a rocker, and the least excitable of the family gather around, with cheerful conversation. See that the usual family arrangements are carried on without any noticeable change, or indications of anxious watchfulness over the invalid. For however brave and self-controlled one may be, even under acute suffering, and the after weakness incident thereto, anxious looks, a distressing effort to speak low, walk softly, constantly pausing to scrutinize the individual, or inquire if anything more can be done to make him comfortable, is annoying and depressing to the last degree. But as soon as remedies used have procured relief, let everything settle into the usual routine as easily and rapidly as possible, without constantly alluding to or speculating on the recent alarm.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the Christian Union.*

A Modest Office-Seeker.

The following letter, recently received by a gentleman occupying a high official position in Washington, has been given to the press for publication:

NEW YORK, 9th April, 1881.

The Honorable ——— ———:

DEAR SIR—I don't think that there is any doubt that more than any man I was the Chief Engineer of the last Presidential Campaign. it cost me great labour, which I performed with great care. Not only did I labour to organize victory for the Republicans single-handed, but also in connection with the National Republican Campaign Committee here. And scarcely a move was made in this great game which was not suggested to them by me.

My Petition is signed by a number of our weightest citizens, Republicans, bankers & others. I ask the office of Surveyor of the Port of New York. Possibly it is better to retain me here. If not I propose to have the Mission to Brazil or the Consul-generalship of Italy & Spain.

You must know how much I have laboured these past twelve or fifteen years for the good of the nation. I do not know another man in the Country who has toiled so long and hard without his Services being rewarded. I sent my Petition to Senator ——— (not a New York Senator), to be handed to the President. If nominated I have no doubt I will be confirmed.

Although I have laboured so long for the good of our great Republic, I am a Licentiate for the Presbyterian Church. I have been for ten years in the office of Eminent lawyers & accountants, so that I am eminently qualified for public business—beyond most men.

The Excellence of my character is not only attested in my Petition, but it can be supported by hundreds of our best Citizens—many of them millionaires.

It is high time my eminent Services were rewarded. The Bible tells us the Servant is worthy of his hire. Yours sincerely,

A Southerner's Flying-Machine.

It is now learned that Dr. Daniel Asbury's flying-machine will be given its finishing touches within one week. For two years Dr. Asbury, with the aid of a skilled mechanic, has been engaged in perfecting his idea. So far as can be gathered from the description of those who have enjoyed the privilege of viewing its construction, about the following idea is given of it: The invention reverts to first principles for its basis. Nature furnishes the model, and the birds of the air are robbed of the secret of their motive power for its purpose. The body of the invention is in shape something between a boat and the body of a bird. The wings are made of canvas and constructed in imitation of a bird's wings. They measure thirty feet from tip to tip. They are made to operate, not by working the arms, as is supposed, but by ingenious machinery to which a pedal is attached, and which is worked by the foot like a sewing-machine. This is only used when it is desired to ascend. As soon as a proper altitude is reached the flapping of the wings is dispensed with, and the wings being extended on a level, the bird-machine, with the aid of propellers on the sides, sails through the air any distance desired. The machine is nicely balanced, and if it is desired to descend, all that is necessary is to throw a little extra weight forward to give the beak the right incline downward and the object is attained. Dr. Asbury's reputation as an inventor is established by his method of curing tobacco, extensively in use in this State and in Virginia, and leads to a hope that his latest idea may be a success.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Lord Lorne has $50,000 a year and a furnished house as Governor-General of Canada.

—The Empress of Russia is Honorary Colonel of the Chevalier Guard Regiment.

—Alexander III. has promoted to a Captaincy the young Lieutenant who wrapped his own mantle around the wounded Czar just after the explosion.

—The London *Lancet* says that the actual cause of the Czar's death was loss of blood, and thinks it most extraordinary that a monarch who always moved in the shadow of death had not a surgeon close at hand.

—The Princes Dolgourouki, who was so discreet as to quit Russia instantly after the assassination of the Czar, will not be left in destitute circumstances. She is said to have a trille of $30,000,000 to her credit at Berlin.

—A Berlin pipe manufacturer recently presented Bismarck with a superb meerschaum pipe, bearing the Prince's arms. The latter returned it with a note from his secretary, saying that when he wanted a pipe he could afford to buy one.

—Lord Derby is one of the half dozen English noblemen who have most ready money. Except a villa near London he has but one place to keep up, and his income is at least a clear $750,000 a year. He is childless, and of very simple, inexpensive tastes and habits.

—Gen. Melikoff carries his 56 years lightly. He has a large nose, bright, restless black eyes, a genial expression, and long whiskers. He is of middle height and thin. Although not a man of private means, his disinterestedness has never been called in question. His manner is gentle and conciliatory.

—The Empress of Austria is at present spending £1,000 a day in England. Ireland, but for the Land League, might have reaped this by no means small expenditure. She still retains all her Irish grooms, and is far more at home with them than any members of her household that come from other countries.

—Queen Victoria's drawing-room is a dismally ceremonious thing; but the last time it was held there was a pretty bit of youthful brightness visible. Between the folding-doors at the end of the gallery peeped and peered Alexandra's three small daughters, their sparkling faces and dancing eyes little according with the deep court mourning they wore.

—The German Socialist Most, whom the English Government have decided to prosecute, is well known in Vienna, having been implicated in the demonstration that took place in front of the Reichsrath in 1867. He was prosecuted and condemned to three years' imprisonment, but, benefiting by an amnesty to political offenders, he was elected to the German Reichstag. He is a Bavarian by birth, and has had differences with many members of his party, being of a somewhat domineering disposition.

Esquimaux Dogs.

If it were not for the inconvenience they put you to, and the fact that carrying a heavy load upon your back has the effect of quieting any tendency to inordinate mirth, a pack of dogs loaded for the march would afford no end of amusement. In addition to their usual back-loads, the tent-poles are fastened to the dogs, sometimes one on each side, and the inextricable confusion they get into at times is perfectly irresistible. They go prowling around, smelling of different stones and places just as if they had nothing on their backs, until, at last, one pole still dragging behind, the other sticks out in front, and the dog is as firmly planted as if in the stocks. He can neither go ahead nor back out. Your attention is called by his yelling, for they do not like to be left far behind the marching column—they have too wholesome a fear of wolves. Sometimes they indulge in fighting even when loaded, for they are the most savage dogs in the world, though they seldom bite people. In their tussles a dog will get knocked completely over, and then he is anchored, for when the load is beneath the dog can not rise; it keeps him there. Occasionally they get involved in each other's sticks so that they have to be unloaded before they can be extricated. At each halt while on the march, some of the dogs require attention. There are some in almost every pack that never are at ease until they get their loads down under their bodies and dangling between their hind legs. Then they are perfectly happy, and they trail along the stony places and wade through the marshes until whatever has been assigned them to carry is totally ruined—unless, perchance, it be meat, which is never unfit for use. They are most affectionate creatures, pant their warm breath into your ear and slobber down your neck, and when you drive one way he immediately pitches into the dog nearest him out of revenge and, others joining in, there is a general row. Lines are broken, loads dropped, meat-bags burst open, and then for a moment attention is diverted from fighting to eating all the provisions you had counted on for supper for the night. They take the deepest interest in everything you do, and watch every movement you make, evidently imagining that you might be eating, and will throw them a morsel if they only watch long enough. They never rest. Should a reindeer or a rabbit come in sight they are off at once, handicapped though they may be, and it requires the united exertions of the men, women and children to bring them back again. They generally obey the women better than the men—that is, they will come to the women when they call more quickly than they will to their masters. I have read that the dogs are allowed to sleep in the *igloo* and *tupics* to help keep the occupants warm, but such has not been my experience. In fact I have seen every energy exerted to keep them out. It seems to be the one great aim of the Esquimaux dog to get inside of his master's house, and the master seems to live for nothing except to keep the dogs out. Sometimes a favorite leader is allowed to occupy the door-way of an *igloo*, which is so small that he acts as a plug to keep the others out. But you will see his shaggy body framed with noses sniffing the warm air with evident delight, and scenting the luscious blubber that fills the large stone lamp. The leader understands his privilege and will seldom molest anything; he patiently waits until something is dropped upon the snow floor, then if his nose recommends it he eats it, and resumes his position near the door. If you halloo at him to clear out, he immediately turns upon the dogs in his rear with a growl, as much as to say, "Don't you hear what master says? Keep back there!"

There is always one bully in every team, who gets all the choice bits that are stolen by the others, and generally manages to keep fat, no matter how short they are of provisions. He waits for the others to make the raid, and then stands on the outside to take it away from them. These bullies are in several grades. There is the chief, of whom all are afraid, and then there is the next in rank, of whom all are afraid but the chief; a third, of whom all are afraid but two, and so on down. Sometimes the food is cut into small pieces and thrown out upon the ice for all to help themselves, and then there is a rough-and-tumble fight, and snarling and growling, as if a whole cage of hyenas had broken loose. But here the bullies have no advantage; indeed, the advantage is with the small, lively fellows that slip in and get the meat while the big ones are fighting. When a dog manages to steal a piece of meat he has a lively time of it, for soon every other dog in camp is after him, and he has to eat it on the run, if at all, headed off at every turn by one of the bullies, and whining and choking at the same time. It certainly is one of the most comical exhibitions ever witnessed.—*W. H. Gilder, in Scribner's Monthly.*

How the Australian Savages Marry.

Mr. Howitt's account of the Kurnai people, just north of Bass's Straits, introduces us to a new set of marriage customs. Here the rule is elopement. The lad and girl make love to one another without the knowledge of her parents, and run away together. The bride's family, furious, go in quest of her; and if caught and brought back she will be severely punished, her mother and brother will beat her, and her father even spear her through the legs. As for the husband, whenever he returns he has to fight his wife's male relatives. The pair may have to elope two or three times, with new pursuit and fighting, till at last her family grow tired of objecting, and the mother will say, "Oh! it's all right; better let him have her." The wonderful thing is that this is not exceptional, but the regular marriage rite of the tribe. The anger is not real, and when the people are charged with being cruel they answer that it is not intended as cruelty, but simply to follow an ancestral custom. The consequence of this Kurnai custom is a change toward civilized ideas of marriage; it is no longer a shifting union between one group or tribe and another, but a real pairing by mutual choice of man and wife, and, to some extent, male descent comes in with it.

The Kurnai elopement marriage shows another interesting feature. Though it is condoned at last by the wife's family, the man is never allowed to look at, speak to, or live in the same camp with his wife's mother. This is the best fact yet produced in favor of the explanation of the custom of avoiding parents-in-law, as meaning that the act of taking their daughter, though practically allowed, can not be openly agreed to by their acknowledging him. So deeply rooted is this custom in Australia that it retains its hold on natives under missionary influence.

"A Brabrolung, who is a member of the Church of England, was one day, talking to me. His wife's mother was passing at some little distance and I called to her. Suffering at the time from cold, I could not make her hear, and said to the Brabrolung, 'Call Mary, I want to speak to her.' He took no notice whatever, but looked vacantly on the ground. I spoke to him again sharply, but still without his responding. I then said, 'What do you mean by taking no notice of me?' He thereupon called out to his wife's brother, who was at a little distance, 'Tell Mary Mr. Howitt wants her,' and, turning to me, continued, reproachfully, 'You know very well I could not do that—you know I can not speak to that old woman.'"—*London Academy.*

Capturing Monkeys.

The monkeys are frequently captured in nooses, and in traps built in the shape of houses. The only entrance is a trap-door in the roof, which communicates with a trigger set upon the ground. Food is spread about inside, the monkeys enter, and, skirmishing around, disturb the trigger and the trap shuts them in. The third method for catching them is a most ludicrous one. An old, hard cocoa-nut is taken, and a very small hole made in the shell. Furnished with this and a pocketful of boiled rice, the sportsman sallies into the forest, and stops beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys; within full sight of these inquisitive spectators, he first eats a little rice, and then puts a quantity into the cocoa-nut, with all the ostentation possible. The nut is then laid upon the ground, and the hunter retires to a convenient ambush. The reader may he sure that no sooner is the man out of sight than the monkeys race helter-skelter for the cocoa-nut. The first arrival peeps into it, and, seeing the plentiful store of rice inside, squeezes his hand in through the tiny hole, and clutches a handful. Now, so paramount is greed over every other feeling connected with monkey nature, that nothing will induce the creature to relinquish his hold. With his hand thus clasped he can not possibly extract it; but the thought that if he lets go one of his brethren will obtain the feast is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears on the scene; the unincumbered monkeys fly in all directions, but the unfortunate brute, who still will not let the rice go, is thereby handicapped beyond hope with a cocoa-nut as large as himself—a state of affairs quite fatal to rapid locomotion, either terrestrial or arboreal. The sequel is that he falls an easy capture to the hunter, a victim to his own greed. Even when caught, he reads in the actions of his captor a design to rob him of his rice, and he clutches it all the harder; and the very first thing he does when the nut is cracked and the hand released is to cram its contents into his mouth. Thoughts of escape come afterward.—*London Field.*

Our Young Folks.

ONE CAT AND TWO PIGS.

A poor little kitty turned out by its mother,
Without any sister, without any brother,
Was very unhappy,
Was very unhappy;
Oh, very unhappy, indeed!

She couldn't find any companions to stay with;
She couldn't find any companions to play with;
And so she was lonely,
Oh! ever so lonely;
Oh, yes! she was lonely, indeed.

One morning she noticed two little pigs running
Along by the house; they were pretty and cunning,
And it made little kitty
Feel bad—what a pity!—
A very great pity, indeed.

She made their acquaintance, and then in clear weather
The three funny playmates would frolic together,
And kitty was happy,
No doubt she was happy;
Oh, yes! very happy, indeed.

The piggies would drink up the milk that was given
To kitty, who oft from the basin was driven;
For they were quite greedy,
Yes, rather too greedy;
Oh, yes! very greedy, indeed.

And, when they had corn, how the piggies would chew it!
While kitty looked on, wondering how they could do it;
'Twas queer that she couldn't,
Quite strange that she couldn't;
She'd tried—but she couldn't, indeed!

At night, when the piggies in slumber were dozing,
Miss Kitty curled up on their backs was reposing,
And all were quite happy,
Remarkably happy;
Oh, yes! very happy, indeed.
—*Josephine Pollard, in Nursery.*

DREAMING AND WORKING.

"I have dun at lenght with dreeming;
Henceforth, oh, thou solo of mine,
Thou must take up sord and gantlet
In the warfare most divine."

That was what a little girl eleven years old had written in a fair, round hand in a diary ou that pleasant summer morning out under the trees.

"Why, Hattie Jordan, what dreadful spelling!" exclaimed her sister's voice behind her. "You had better stop dreaming at all events till you learn how to spell the word, and go to studying your spelling-book instead. Why, there are six words wrong there."

"I wouldn't peek, anyway, answered Hattie, springing up, flushed and angry.

"I really didn't, dearie," replied wise Agnes, drawing her down to her side. "I called you twice, but you did not answer. But now tell me, Hattie, what are you going to do in the place of dreaming, for you know you've spent a great deal of time in that?"

"Oh, sister, I want to do everything that's strong and good. Sometimes I think I'll be a great scholar, as Margaret Fuller was, or a writer, or lecturer, or something. Oh, Agnes, what would you do first?"

"Well, dear, I think the first thing I would go to the dictionary and study until I could spell every word in that pretty verse of yours correctly, and every day of this vacation I would write out one page of something and then study it out in the same way until I could do better. What do you say, for I must go now."

But Hattie only shrugged her shoulders and, left alone, leaned back against the tree and watched the birds flitting about, and thought of doing great things by-and-by, until the dinner bell called her in to more practical things.

After dinner Hattie's father, who was a minister, came out on the piazza, and asked the little girl to write a note for him, as his right hand was bound up from a bad cut, and everyone else was busy.

"Ask Deacon Conners if he will please send the choir up here," her father said; for they often practiced with his organ.

"So Hattie wrote, "Please send the quire up here."

And about an hour later who should come up the steps but Deacon Conners —who was a bookseller—and in his arms several packages. "I didn't know which kind you wanted, sir, so I brought several," he said, wiping his hot face.

Mr. Jordan looked in surprise at the various styles of paper displayed, and finally said, "but I was not needing any paper just now."

Then the deacon took out Hattie's note, and the laugh they had over it sent the poor child in tears to Agnes.

"You will believe me now, dear," said her sister, "that if you want to be of any use or help in the world, you must be willing to begin improving just where you see you need it. Thinking of doing isn't working. Now you know you are a poor speller; begin there and that will be one step."

Then Hattie took her pretty diary and the dictionary and made those six words right that she had spelled so poorly that morning; but that seemed such a little step toward becoming a woman.

"I believe I could do better if I had a verse to go by," she said to Agnes that night.

"Then here's one for you: 'By patient continuance in well-doing.' Six words made right does not seem much to you to-night; but six words every one of the more than the three hundred working days in the year make how many?"

"Most two thousand," answered Hattie quickly.

"Yes, and if every one of them means, in God's sight, something done so as to make you a wiser and more helpful woman to others, and taking care of the talent He has given you, isn't that worth while too, darling?"

And Hattie answered very softly, "Yes," for she saw then how her life might be like a ladder reaching up to what God called her to be, and the steps of the ladder would be the patient doing of each little duty or work she found in her way.—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Sail in a Tub.

Polly and Peggy were two little girls who lived in a big white house beside a pretty river. Pollie's eyes were brown, like chestnuts, but Peggy's were blue as the sky.

One day their mamma went away to spend the afternoon. The little girls promised to be very good indeed while she was gone. They were to have bread and butter, baked apples with cream, and little sugar cakes for their supper, with their own pretty tea set to eat from.

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone and the birds sang sweetly. The little girls did not want to stay in the house.

"Let us go to the river and catch some fish," said Peggy. So off they started with their little poles and lines, and bent pins for fish-hooks. The fish did not bite very well, and by and by the children took off their stockings and shoes and waded into the clear, cool water.

"I wish we had a boat," said Pollie, "I would like to have a sail." Just then Peggy spied a wash-tub on the bank.

"O Pollie," she cried, "somebody has been washing, and left a tub here; that will make a splendid boat."

"Let us get in it right off," said Pollie, dancing about. "We must have some oars."

"These sticks will do," said Peggy, picking up two almost as big as herself.

They rolled the tub into the river, where it danced about like a cork. "I will hold it until you get in, Pollie, and then you must keep it steady with your stick for me," said Peggy.

Pollie did exactly as Peggy told her, and soon both were seated in their funny boat. The river was not deep, but the current was strong, and the tub floated very well. What fun it was! They could see the white pebbles on the bottom of the river, and the bright little fish playing hide and go seek. But by and by the tub floated right on a big rock in the middle of the river, and the little sailors were upset into the water.

"We shall be drowned!" screamed Pollie, hold on to the rock, the water streaming off her.

"The fishes will eat us up!" said Peggy, beginning to cry.

Just then a man walking on the bank saw them. He waded out into the river and carried them safely to land. When the two wet little girls reached home, nurse was much frightened, and put them to bed right away. They had only bread and butter for their supper. Peggy and Pollie think they will never go sailing again.—*Mary B. Ferry, in Our Little Ones.*

The Echo Boy.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said, "Mother, sister and I went out in the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said the mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out, 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'Who are you?' So I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back, and I said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head.' And he said, 'I will punch your head.'"

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you get to be a man, whatever you will say to others they will by and by say back to you; and his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

One of the Discomforts of Life in the Arctic Region.

One of the greatest discomforts of Arctic travel is the enforced uncleanliness. It is often asked, How could you associate and maintain such intimate relations with those dirty savages, living in the same tent or snow-hut with them? To this the answer very naturally assumes the form of another question: How could they live with us? For certainly we were about as dirty as they could be. In winter, water is too scarce and too precious an article to waste in washing. Generally all the water you have is ice or snow melted over an oil-lamp—a very tedious process. Another obstacle is the fact that you must wipe your hands and face pretty soon after washing or they will soon be frozen; and when a towel has once been used its future usefulness is seriously impaired. It then becomes frozen as stiff as a board, and about as available as that for wiping one's hands and face. When in permanent quarters, it is, of course, different, and a certain degree of cleanliness can be observed. Then when a towel is used it can be hung near the lamp, and will eventually get dry; but in the meantime it catches the particles of soot from the lamp, and after using it the second time it is hard to tell whether your face has been washed or not. The natives never wash, and, as they are a healthy race, suffering only from pulmonary diseases and disorders of the stomach, occasioned by overloading with rancid meat, it becomes an open question whether cleanliness is necessary to health. They have no cloth, and consequently no towels, and it is amusing to see the devices to which they are forced to provide substitutes. The men eat while sitting or standing in a circle, and pass a large piece of meat, either cooked or raw and bloody, from one to another, each in turn seizing a morsel in his teeth and cutting it off with a large knife, to the imminent peril of his nose. At the end of the meal, their hands and faces look as if they had been eating out of a trough. They don't mind the dirt, but they hate to waste the blood or gravy, so they scrape their hands, fingers and cheeks very carefully with their knives, and then lick the knives clean with their tongues. If either the men or the women get their hands covered with oil by handling blubber, they first lick off the oil and then wipe their hands upon a napkin improvised from the skin of a bird. When a duck, goose, dovekie, or any other large bird has been killed, they skin it, gnaw the fat from the skin, and then dry it in the sun. Then these skins are put carefully away, to do service as napkins and towels.—*W. H. Gilder, in Scribner's Monthly.*

—A dog by his barking awoke and thus saved the human inmates of a burning dwelling in Newburyport, Mass., but the dog was suffocated in the flames.

HOME AND FARM.

—Paulet a la Creme.—This is a dainty dish for an invalid. Boil a chicken, chop or pound the flesh to a paste, rub it through a wire sieve, mix with a little cream and two or three eggs, season with pepper and salt, put in a mold, steam and serve hot.

—Radishes can be grown smooth only in very fine sand, well enriched with very fine manure. A sandy loam is the best soil for all the roots, such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, etc. They grow much more quickly and smoothly in such soil than on stiff soils.

—Barley Water.—I have found this useful in private practice to keep up the strength of a patient: A cupful of barley in two quarts of water, allowed to boil two hours. About an hour after it is on the fire, add a dozen stoned raisins; strain before serving. If I wish a stimulant, I put in the glass or cup in which I serve it a teaspoonful of brandy or sherry wine. It ought to be cooked in a porcelain-lined vessel, or it is apt to discolor.

Omelet Souffle.—Use the yelks of three eggs, mixed to a cream, with six tablespoonsfuls of powdered sugar, and one tablespoonful of any flavoring essence; add the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix the two together very gently, so that you don't break down the whites—not make them liquid; put them by the tablespoonful in the pan, which you may butter a little; dust them over the top with powdered sugar, and bake the omelet about ten minutes in a moderate oven. Bake it until it is light brown all over, and then have it eaten as quickly as possible.

—To Dye Straw Hats Black.—In order to obtain a level color a solution of gluten is added to a lye of soda, which is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours and filtered. The hats are then steeped for twelve hours in the clear liquid. The straw is thus freed from grease, and the mordants of nitrate, sulphate or acetate of iron, as well as the decoction of logwood mixed with sumac or galls, is very evenly taken up by the fiber. A slight addition of bichromate of potash improves the tone of the dye, and the goods are finished with gum or gelatine.—*Baden Gewerbezeitung.*

—Chowder.—This dish is always made in a deep iron pot. Cut six ounces of pickled pork into dice. Put it, with two large onions sliced, into the pot; fry till the onions begin to brown; remove the pork and onions. Slice five or six medium-sized potatoes and three pounds of fresh or other firm fish. Put into the pot a layer of potatoes, then one of fish, seasoning each layer as you proceed with a sprinkling of the fried onions and pork, a few soup herbs, pepper and salt. Pour on cold water enough to barely cover the whole, and boil twenty minutes; and then add three large shipbiscuits soaked in milk, also half a pint of hot milk. As soon as it boils again remove it from the fire and serve at once.

—The Removal of Grease-spots.—Fatty oils have a greater surface-tension than oil of turpentine, benzole, or other. Hence, if a grease-spot on a piece of cloth be moistened on the reverse side with one of these solvents, the tension on the greasy side is larger, and therefore the mixture of benzole and fat or grease will tend to move toward the main grease. If we were to moisten the center of this spot with benzole, we should not remove it, but drive the grease upon the clean portion of the cloth. It is therefore necessary to distribute the benzole first over a circle surrounding the grease-spot, to approach the latter gradually, at the same time having blotting-paper in contact with the spot to absorb the fat immediately.

—The month of June is the usual time for sowing millet, though it can be sown later. In this it has an advantage over other feed-producing grains: when the timothy or clover crop is known to be a failure, it is still time to turn the sod and put in a crop of millet. It is a demonstrated fact that it will produce more feed to the acre than oats or the hays. With sheep-growers it is a crop that can not well be done away with. It has a strong, pithy stem and sheep prefer it to hay or oats. Its grain is nutritious, and the best results are obtained when fed in the straw. It is a crop easily handled, and though it antedates well, and has an age numbered by centuries, it does not seem at present to enjoy the popularity due to its great age.

Sweet Corn.

Our readers will pardon us if we bring this subject frequently to their attention. We do it now for the reason that it is near the season of the year that it has to be adopted for this year or left until another time. And some facts stated by that practical and reliable man, Asa C. Bowen, of Sand Spring, Iowa, tempt us to present them. He is radical on the subject. He plants and cultivates about the same way heretofore stated in these columns. Mr. B. has a dairy of 45 cows, and keeps over 100 head of hogs. He kept up the flow of milk through the heated period and late into the fall, and his cows were strong and healthy to enter the winter. The hogs fattened finely on it, and even his herd of brood sows were pushed forward after weaning with such rapidity that their average was fully up to their herd of barrows that had been fed all the season on good old corn. This result was obtained from twelve acres, which lasted till the new crop of Dent corn was matured, and the finishing feed was quickly and cheaply done, with the results named. There were no signs of disease among either cattle or hogs. He claims that this experiment is sufficient to prove the value and economy of sweet corn in the dairy and for hogs. He says that a litter of young pigs, dropped August 13th, were fed sweet corn, when about a week old the kernels were shelled and placed on a board to which they had access. They soon learned to eat it, and increased a pound a day from the start. The sow was fed the same, and in six weeks was shipped to market in fine order.

Young calves are also very fond of it and make rapid growth. And it is especially valuable for old horses, whose teeth are defective. As a winter fodder it is not only excellent for cattle, but hogs will eat both stalks and corn when cold, and store hogs can be carried through the winter on it. This is the testimony of one of our most reliable men.—*Iowa State Register.*

Grasses for Lawn and Dooryard.

There is a lack of practical information as to the grasses best adapted to lawns and dooryards. What we get from books is far from being satisfactory, while the lawns of the country give little desired information. This paucity of accurate knowledge is, to a large extent, owing to the diversity of soil and climate, which affects the character of the grasses throughout the country, so that what applies to one section and to one kind of soil, will not do equally well for another, the different plants requiring different soil and climate. Yet in the older States there ought to be experience enough to afford a safe and satisfactory guide for that section.

What is wanted in lawn and dooryard is a perpetual green from early spring to late fall, and through all the variations of the season, not excepting the great drouths which, instead of killing the grass, should only dim its freshness and check its growth for the time, to start again at once after that and rapidly assume its wonted verdure. There is one grass that answers this purpose, but, unfortunately, it is not otherwise suitable, as it appears in tussocks. I refer to orchard grass. For a large lawn and allowing it to grow, cutting it just before it puts forth its stalk, it does very well. Indeed, I have never seen a large lawn in other grasses equal to one covered with the heavy, advanced growth of this grass, always luxuriant on rich gronnd. Beside, the occasional cuttings afford a heavy yield of the best hay, and the grass rapidly shoots up again, so that in a few days the surface is green. Its beauty is in the long leaves it puts forth, shooting up at first, then bending down, arched over the ground, its numerous tufts showing with some distinctness, which gives that beautiful variety to the surface which can not be obtained of equal grace and richness in any other grass. It extends up to the boles of the trees if the fertility is kept up, as it endures shade well. I would not advise it in a small lawn or dooryard, where a closer, finer and evener green is desirable.

Poa pratensis is recommended as an ornamental grass. The fault with it is that it will not endure the hot, dry weather of July and August, though excellent early and late in the season. On land facing the north, and in places somewhat shaded, it does well as a single grass, and only as such should it be used, as, like orchard grass, it grows too fast for most other grasses. In a few days after mowing it shoots up above them, giving a provokingly uneven and ragged appearance to the surface. I have had much annoyance in this way. This shows the necessity, where more grasses than one are employed, to have them of equal size.

Red-top has its advantages. It is one of the most common native grasses one meets here, and is pretty sure to work its way into meadow and pasture if time be given it. In moist, rich soil it thrives exceedingly, maintaining itself permanently, and is apt, either alone or in connection with timothy, to drive out all other grasses, growing with a density and luxuriance that I have never seen surpassed. It is therefore suited to dooryards or lawns having moist ground, if such should occur. It will not do for dry land. Although it may maintain its foothold in the absence of a crowd of other grasses, it will suffer, make slow progress, is easily checked by heat or drouth, and its light green color assumes a dull, pale cast. In a moist season it will recuperate and show well, but for general ornamentation it will not do.

White clover, though not a grass, is a favorite in dooryards, and looks well in a lawn where a moist season sometimes pushes forth, as it is a native here, growing best on our elevated drift or hemlock soil, and densely, displacing other small vegetables if the soil is enriched, particularly if gypsum is applied. This, then, is a good fertilizer where it is desired to introduce white clover, which makes a nice carpet and withstands heat pretty well, being a moisture-loving plant, like red-top and timothy, overpowering and running out both ordinarily, especially if aided by plaster, which favors the clover more and the grass less. It commenced running over my dooryard two years ago, and it will probably make a finish of the grass the coming season. I encouraged it by irrigation and plaster, as I could not rely upon the grasses, the extreme heat scalding and withering them, situated as the dooryard is, without trees to shade it, and favoring the concentration of the rays of the sun. I have tried timothy, but it was injured by heat in conjunction with drouth, and the other grasses speedily drove it out, as the clover in turn is driving out the grasses.

There are dooryards in the village here that for many years have produced nothing but red-top and the small blue grass, a dense, unfailing growth from year to year, without manure; the soil a deep, rich loam, partially shaded by trees. The fertility is maintained by the clippings. Whether manuring would bring in white clover or other grasses, or whether those now present would thicken and maintain themselves, is an interesting question. Were the soil other than it is, there would doubtless be a change, and if clay, the change would be effected without manure. A similar effect results by transferring sod—less if the sod is quite thick—for the subsoil has an important influence upon grass in our hot, dry and changeable climate. We see this effect strikingly in open, permanent grass land, which always has a more or less wet subsoil—less and less permanent as you advance toward a light, sandy condition. On such moist, permanent grass land, a variety of grasses is usually found; never all the grasses, whether foreign or native, only such as are adapted to moist ground, having a perpetually moist undersoil to sustain them, the constant evaporation keeping the plant cool, so that the sun has less effect. Sod transferred must, therefore, have similar soil where laid, to continue the variety of grasses. If drier, the sod of a drier soil should be used.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—To remove "black-heads" in the face, place over the black spot the hollow end of a watch key and press firmly. This forces the foreign substance out, so that it may be brushed off, and is a cure.

—A man should never undertake to control a horse till he has learned to control himself.

THE DAIRY.

—There is no reason why "creamery" butter should be better than that made in a private dairy. It is only lack of care that makes the latter inferior in quality. The product of some dairies is so superior that it is always "snapped up" for private consumption before it reaches the markets.

—"Cream from the milk of a cow eighteen months after calving," says Professor Arnold, "requires about one and a half the time for churning as at one month after calving." The longer the time which has elapsed since calving, the longer, as a general rule, the cream will be in turning to butter.

—A cow will consume such feed as bran and shorts in far greater proportion than can be turned to butter. The capacity for changing food into butter varies in cows, and the extent of this can only be learned by experiment; for what one cow may do another may not. Usually four to eight quarts of mixed feed of shorts and corn-meal can be given to a cow profitably, but not more than eight quarts.

—When a cow drinks a large quantity of water, it all goes into the blood, a portion helps to make milk, but no greater part of it than in proportion to the solid matter which helps to make milk. If the feed is increased in quantity or quality more of the water will be used up in making milk; but the water alone will not make any milk. If salt is given to increase thirst the water drank goes only to supply that carried off from the blood by the effect of the salt upon it, chiefly through the kidneys. The remainder of the water escapes by perspiration through the skin and through the kidneys, so that it is useless to force a cow to drink more water than she actually requires.

—Milk Refrigerators.—Cool rooms constructed on the most approved plans such as used by our city butchers, have proved failures. The cold air in the cool room would not cool the milk while in bottles, sufficiently to serve out on the milk route. The milk would get warmed up in transit, and to cool it properly, the bottles had to be taken out of the shipping boxes and immersed in ice water up to the shoulder of the bottle, and lumps of ice placed on the tops of the bottles. A zinc lined box with double sides, filled in between the sides with pulverized charcoal and a tight fitting lid would give satisfaction. This has been the experience of Brooklyn milkmen who receive bottled milk. We cool our milk in a large can such as is used in cheese factories. It is placed in a zinc lined box that is filled with ice water and a follower inside the can rests upon the milk; this is also filled with ice. In the hottest weather, our night's milk is down to forty-five degress in the morning when we begin bottling. This milk is thoroughly stirred to mix the cream evenly through the whole before bottling. The morning's milk is cooled below sixty degrees, then bottled, sealed and placed in shipping boxes, and with the night's milk, taken to the depot for the 6:15 a. m. train in the summer months.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Change of Food.

The testimony of the best dairymen and stockgrowers, as well as the teachings of common sense, prove that the change from dry to green food should be gradual. Sometimes however, a man is met with who holds that cows should be allowed the run of the pastures and grass lands in early spring, or at all times when the weather will permit, arguing that many tufts left of last year's grass supply considerable nutrition, that should at the same time be removed so as not to obstruct the new crop just ready to start; besides this some stress is laid upon the assertion that the health of the animals is promoted by the exercise they get, and the saving in the quantity of fodder required for spring feeding.

This plan is not good economy nor judicious for several reasons. It is true that where a pasture was not grazed late and close in the preceeding fall, there is considerable dead grass which the cattle will eat, but it contains very little if any nutrition, and is only useful as "roughness." It may be of some value in this way, but the injury to the pasture with the ground just as the frost is leaving it, is to be considered at the same time. While the pastures are in a soft and unsettled condition the roaming of cattle over them, cuts them up and poaches them badly killing out the grass in a great many spots. But this is not the only injury done. At this season nature whets the appetite for green grass, after a confinement of months and a diet largely of dry food, and cattle not only graze the young blades clear to the surface but often gnaw down into the ground and pull out the grass by the roots in their eagerness to obtain the fresh and succulent morsel. Every one knows that the productiveness of pastures thus treated is much injured, and it is scarcely necessary to add that such grass lands must deteriorate, for where the sod is thus broken and destroyed, weeds almost invariably spring up and become a fruitful source of annoyance. This is one cause of the running out of pastures, making it necessary to plow them up and re-seed.

There are those, however, who pursue the opposite course and carry it too far, or wait until the grass has obtained too large a growth before turning their cows to pasture. In this case the cows frequently overfeed, and gorge themselves, and this deranges their health, often resulting disastrously.

The judicious method is a middle course. When the ground is well settled, as a rule the grass will have obtained a fair start, and then the cows may be turned to pasture four or five hours each day, and then supplied with sufficient dry food to satisfy their wants. In this way they will gradually get accustomed to the change from dry to green food and receive no injury, while the pastures will remain in tact, yielding better results than when cropped too soon or later than is necessary.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The slaughter of buffaloes goes on at the rate of 200,000 per year.

—Some of the country schoolboys call the school-houses tanneries.

[Chicago Western Catholic.]

The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
201 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

[Kansas City Mail.]

Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police New York, in one of our exchanges.

THE fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Worthless Stuff.

Not so fast my friend: if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See other column.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A MAN who rises by his profession—a builder of elevators.

Nature's Remedy.

It is evident that a large portion of our city people suffer from diseases of the liver, bowels, or kidneys. Kidney-Wort is nature's remedy for them all. Those that cannot prepare the dry can now procure it in liquid form of any druggist.—*Globe-Democrat.*

BLOOM'S popular edition of the Laws of Ohio is having a "popular" run in the State. ROBERT CLARK & Co., publishers, CINCINNATI, want hundreds more agents. Some now in the field are making twenty-five dollars per day canvassing for it.

A SIGNIFICANT fact connected with the James Cough Pellets is that they are recommended and prescribed by hundreds of our best physicians. Their success in all throat and lung affections is wonderful. Only 25 cents. Renton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., Wholesale Agents.

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Write for illustrated catalogue to Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficacy by a test of three-quarters of a century.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* knows of a youth of roving tendencies who is undecided whether to join a circus or become a Methodist minister.

WHEN Mrs. Partington heard of the proposition of Senator Blair regarding the protection of underclothing, she was just engaged repairing a pair of Ike's galligaskins. "Well," said she, "it seems to me that though Congressmen may think it dutiable to make underwear considerable, *over* wear would be far the most sensible and beneficious to look after. I don't know anything about the tariff, but the tear is a very prepossessing duty and plenty of it, with nothing to do but—" "Darn it!" said Ike, as he stuck a pin into his finger. The ejaculation seemed so much a part of her own thought that she failed to rebuke it, deeming she had said it herself.—*Hartford Post.*

OLD as the hills—The valleys between them.

SAID Miss Posigush to Syntax, the college tutor: "So you teach at Harvard! That must be so delightful, I'm sure. But then I should be frightened to death to meet any of the students, with half a dozen foreign languages at their tongues' end. I suppose they never speak English at all." "Very seldom speak it," said Syntax, in a dreamy way. "There! I knew they didn't," continued Miss Posigush. "What language do they speak most, Mr. Syntax, Greek or Latin, or——" "Slang," replied the tutor, with laconic simplicity.

AFTER a man gits to be thirty-eight years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he kan do is to steer his old ones.—*Josh Billings.*

At a social gathering the other day on the sidewalk of Galveston Avenue, the respective merits of Pete Freer and Bill Hoefling as conversationalists were discussed. Ed. Braden, who was present, contended that, while Bill Hoefling had the most beautiful flow of language, Pete Freer used the best grammar, and more of it, and was the best-looking man of the two. "That may be," responded Gilhooly, who was present, "but I had rather listen to Bill Hoefling keep his mouth shut for half an hour than to hear Pete Freer talk all day." Then the caucus went into executive session over in George Horner's saloon.—*Galveston News.*

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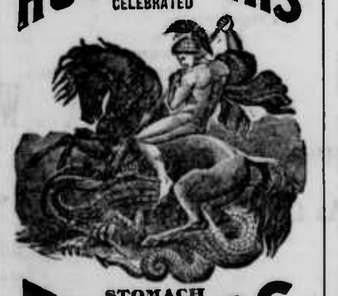

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For Chills and Fever
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Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.
A WARRANTED CURE.
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The New Bible.

Quick Work As previously announced, we propose fully to meet the demands of the great army of friends of the Literary Revolution for the new version of the New Testament, which is now promised positively by the English publishers on the 17th of May. Our printers will put the entire work into type inside of a few hours from the time a copy can be procured, and we shall manufacture at least 10,000 copies a day until the demand for it is met.

IN CHAINS!

A few centuries ago the few Bibles in existence were commonly chained in the churches and accessible only to a few. Those who attempted to **free them,** (translate them, and give them to **the people,** had the stake and the scaffold for their reward. This new version of the Testament was completed, printed, and bound months ago in England, but that the English publishers might be able to monopolize its sale, and make a few hundred thousand dollars the more, it has been withheld from the public. The Copyright Law in England is such that at least two newspapers, which, by some method, secured copies of portions of it, and published extracts, with comments, were compelled to desist from repetition of the "crime," and to publicly apologize for their "wrong." We are in favor of an equitable international copyright law that will give authors due reward for their labor, but Americans will not care to see such an English law transferred to this country.

On May 17th these monopolists promise to unbind the "chains" and release probably a million testaments to the world. They promise one edition in very small type in paper covers at **15** cents per copy.

We propose to give, with speed never before equaled in the history of publishing, in type of nearly double the size used by them, the New Testament **complete** for **10** cents, the Four Gospels complete for **2** cents, the Gospels separately, each for **2** cents; and in many various forms and styles up to full Turkey morocco, gilt edges, for the new and old versions on pages facing for **$1.50.**

GOOD WORK.

Remembering the past, our friends will not be surprised that the publishers and booksellers who do not like the Literary Revolution are slandering in advance our editions of this work, pretending that there will be many errors, resulting from its hasty production. In reply, we can only promise to those who have trusted us, and have not found us wasting, that it shall be, typographically, **one of the most accurate works ever printed on this Continent.** The printing house of S. W. Green's Sons, Nos. 74 & 76 Beekman street, which will do the work, has no superior in this country in the character of its workmen, and no equal in its ability to do good work quickly. They will take double pains to do the best work possible, as this will be, for their reputation, the most important work they have ever printed, and following them, our own proofreaders and critical scholars engaged on our Encyclopædia will all unite to make the work absolutely free from error.

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Furthermore, to demonstrate the superior quality of our work, we propose to send, post paid, **free, to the name of any person applying,** by letter or postal card, a complete, beautifully-printed copy of the **Gospel of St. John.** Only a single copy will be sent to any applicant. We propose to print, if called for, a million copies for gratuitous distribution. Persons who would like this specimen **in quantity,** for distribution, will be supplied for the price of **50** cents per **100** copies, or at that rate for a larger number.

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The religious public will be glad to know that about July 1st we shall be prepared to offer them the largest and most complete variety of Testaments and Bibles ever sold in this country, ranging from the smallest Testament to most elaborate Teachers' Bibles and the largest family and Pulpit Bibles at prices from **2** cents for a single Gospel to **$25** for the largest and best quarto Bibles with illustrations and commentary. The prices for all of them will be proportionately low with our other incomparably cheap standard publications. Full particulars, with specimens of the typography will be ready soon, and will be sent free upon application.

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Our new edition of this magnificent work, which may fairly be called the "Webster's Unabridged of Religious Literature," is now ready. By its aid the unlearned English reader is given ready access to the information heretofore accessible only to those learned in the Hebrew and Greek languages, or by the aid of expensive and often inaccessible Greek and Hebrew Lexicons and Concordances. In connection with the new version of the Bible, particularly, it proves especially interesting and helpful, giving what no other work supplies, clues to the considerations which have led scholars to make the varying translations which have been given to the world in the centuries past, enabling the intelligent reader in large measure to decide for himself what is the meaning that will best satisfy his own understanding and the demands of his own conscience. Specimen pages sent free on request. Price **$2.25,** postage **37** cents.

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The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

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This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable history of the Great Civil War published; it abounds in narratives of personal adventure, thrilling incidents, daring exploits, heroic deeds, wonderful escapes, etc.; and contains life-like portraits of **100** leading generals. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address **NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,** Philadelphia, Pa.

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THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Postoffice Story.

Mr. John H. Hallett, one of the oldest public servants in the New York Postoffice, remembers that in 1835, a young woman used to call every week for a letter addressed Miss Mary H. Russell, Postoffice." The regularity of her visits, and her apparent unwillingness to give any account of herself, elicited much curiosity among the clerks, but their inquisitiveness was never gratified. Years passed away and gray hairs appeared on the woman's head, but she made her calls as regularly as ever, and the expected letter was always waiting for her. Nearly ten years have elapsed since her last visit, but the letters still come addressed to her name, although the intervals between them are longer than in the old time. These letters have, of course, been opened, but they contain no clue to the identity of either the writer or the recipient. Each contains a $5 bill with a few lines of writing to say when the next remittance would be made. No address, no date, no signature. The handwriting is that of a man apparently feeble with age, and another letter with the usual superscription is, at present writing, lying unopened at the post office. Maria H. Russel, an elderly woman ten years ago, is probably dead. The letters with their contents are sent to Washington, but no one can guess who the anonymous writer is who so faithfully maintained his correspondence. Postoffices are essentially practical places, but little bits of romance may sometimes be found even in their history.

Some Old Dutch Proverbs.

We must row with the oars we have, and, as we cannot order the wind, we are obliged to sail with the wind that gives.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at the mouse's nest, the mouse will not escape.

The ploughman must go up and down, and whatever else play be doue, there is no other but the long way to do the work well.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost it is a good time for the fox.

Fools always ask what time it is, but the wise know their time.

Grind while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of God's providence.

God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

The dawn of day has got gold in its mouth.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving always will be in a cloud of dust.

Never set your feet in a dirty and crooked path for the love of money. It is a work that will bring bad interest if you wish to suck honey of thistles.

You will need a long spoon if you wish to eat with the devil out the same dish.

The Sultan and Satan.

There is an eastern story of a Sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to pray. "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "O, no matter," replied the other; "my act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." "Yes," replied the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad a I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That s all very well, replied the sagacious and prudent Caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business; and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray." "Well," said the devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know, I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers you would have been sorry for it afterward and penitent; but; if you go on, as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence, more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be Inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 18, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in June, 1881,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

5 21 td.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Paugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. L. MICHAEL,
Examiners.

5 21 5

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

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The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used. The boxing and crating shop alone cut three hundred thousand feet of lumber per month for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a twenty acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY.

4 21 f OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.

2 5 3m

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
SAMUEL JONES.

4 21 5

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
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Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

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AND
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☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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AND
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Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:20 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.56 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

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OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july8-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
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H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
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GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
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Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Atty at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Atty at Law Richmond, Va.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

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CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 8 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its use the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, lifted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $35, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstring Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symphonetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

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Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

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RESIDENT DENTIST

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

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The NEW GLADE HOUSE, on the corner of Alder and Third street, Oakland. Centrally located. Well adapted as a boarding house. Apply next door East.

4 9 tf E. D. KEPNER.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881. NUMBER 15

Dr BULL'S

BABY

SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

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Carpenter, Contractor,
And Builder.
Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN,
Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE,
Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER,
Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON,
Residence on First street.

CUI BONO.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing ice board
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is what he gets.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

AN INVITATION TO BREAKFAST.

'Walk out to my house and have breakfast with me some morning.' Such was the invitation given to me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged collector in whose firm I was articled, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterward, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old Abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering of the birds, the sparkling dew, and soft low breeze, all tend to exhilerate one's spirits and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued, I wondered what kind a breakfast there would be to appease the appetite stimulated by the breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers on their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see so stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savoring so of the town for their group of country residents; they all call their several houses by the name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a traveling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: 'This 'ere one as I've jist come from, sir.' Walking up the path I found the door invitingly open, and the housemaid putting the finishing touch on the bell-handle.

'Master is not down yet, sir,' she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

'Oh, then, I will come in and wait,' I replied.

'Just tell him Mr. Brooks has called, and he will understand.'

So saying, the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should have possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two wide French windows that opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. While noticing these things the house maid had gone up stairs to announce me, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

'Please, ma'am, Mr. Brooks is down stairs.'

'Mr. Brooks!' Who is he? was the response, in a muffled female voice.

'I don't know ma'ma,' the maid replied. 'I never saw him here before. But he is a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down.'

'Whoever can he be, and what can he want bothering here at this early hour?' continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked around for something else to occupy the moments which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with 'Good morning, uncle; here is your buttonhole bouquet.'

I started up in a little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily-shaped head, her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened, too, by a blush when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's buttonhole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humor of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke in a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay to breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her leaving the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, 'Good morning, uncle,' followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp 'Good-morning.' I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: 'He is some visitor,' but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologized for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who, in less than five minutes, I had found I was already in love with.

I said a hurried 'good-morning,' and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, would you believe it? that tall, dark man burst out in a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gayly discussed at the breakfast-table, before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation keenly; but this open merriment at my [illegible]

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. 'You really must forgive; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one.'

Now this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart 'Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning.' So saying he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the most kind and considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind hearted people. I found their neice even more sensible, more genial and more kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower garden, I received from her a rosebud for my buttonhole, which I kept for some years afterward. When saying good bye I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining the situation to my worthy employer, Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me; and that "fairy-like girl" is now *my* wife. The local milkman, bless him, got a handsome 'tip' upon our wedding day.

Some Causes of Dyspepsia.

Why should bread fresh from the oven be indigestible, and the same bread, after it has become stale, perfectly wholesome? I think you will readily see the reason by crushing a piece of each between your fingers. You will find that the new bread simply forms a toughish mass, while the stale crumbles into a fine powder. Dip a piece of each into water, and the new bread will only take up a little, while the stale sucks it up like a sponge. These two properties of the stale bread—its ready pulverization and its sponge-like absorptive power—render it easily broken up and easily saturated by the digestive juices, so that it is quickly and conveniently digested; while the new bread is liable to form, in the stomach and intestines, pieces which are not readily permeated by these juices, and are, therefore, dissolved with comparative slowness. The same thing is the case with meat. When it is taken into the stomach in large lumps, the gastric juice can attack it only on the outside; but, when it is thoroughly broken up by the process of mastication, it is dissolved with great facility.

We see the advantage of a fine subdivision of food in the case of milk, which in the stomach is curdled into small flakes, which are digested with great rapidity. These fine flakes are seen in healthy infants who regurgitate some of their food after having taken too much. But, in children whose stomachs are out of order, the milk curdles in a different way, is thrown down in large indigestible lumps, which are either vomited up, or pass into the bowels, causing diarrhœa. In such cases, we mix the the milk with lime-water, which causes the casein to be again thrown down in small flakes, and thus prevents a repetition of the mischief.

Now, imperfect mastication is a very common condition, and is the source of a great deal of the dyspepsia with which we meet. It may have several cases. Decayed teeth are one cause. Even when, on cursory examination, the teeth appear to be fairly sound, a small spot of caries on one of them will make it tender, and its posessor uses the other side of the mouth almost entirely for mastication. If there be tender teeth on both sides, he is tempted to bolt his food after masticating it very imperfectly. Want of teeth is another cause. We sometimes see patients whose teeth, so far as they possess them, are either decayed, or, more generally, carefully stopped, but who have large blanks in either jaw, whence the molars which formerly filled them have been removed. Those molars which remain are sometimes rendered almost useless from the want of opposing molars in the other jaw, and thus the food is very imperfectly broken up. Another cause, and perhaps a still more frequent one, is the habit of eating hastily, without taking time to masticate. This is not unfrequently induced, in the present day, by the necesty of catching a train shortly after a meal, or by swallowing the food during too brief an interval from business. Another cause is the habit of reading about or thinking of, during meals, such subjects as relate to one's daily actions. So long as a man reads about something which has no direct reference to his own activity, I do not think it does him much harm; but, if his thoughs be directed toward any thing which concerns his active life, the case is very diferent.—*T. Lander Brunton, M. D., in the British Medical Journal.*

Rice Culture in the South-West.

Before the war the rice crop came chiefly from the Carolinas. During the past ten years the rice industry has been extended to Louisiana, where over fifty thousand acres are now devoted to it, and the annual crop of the country has been doubled. In the meantime great improvements have been made in the methods of thrashing and cleaning the grain by the introduction of machinery. When the grain is cut it is stacked in the fields to sweat, to facilitate the thrashing, after which the rice is sent to special mills for hulling and polishing. There are seven mills of this sort which have been built in New Orleans during the last decade. Each mill employs from twenty to forty hands, and all are busy. The rough rice is received in large bins, from which it is taken by elevators to the upper floor, where it is winnowed and sifted to remove sticks and rubbish. To remove the beard the rice is passed through a revolving "hoodlum," from which it is carried to the "stones," which crack off the hulls. Then the dark-colored grains are polished for market. The polisher consists of sheepskin, tanned, stretched over sheep wool on revolving cylinders, the space between the sheepskins and wire gauze being just sufficient to allow the rice grains to find their way by degrees to the bottom. The grains are highly polished by the friction against the skins, which rubs off the bran and leaves the grain clear and white. The bran amounts to eight barrels for every hundred barrels of clean rice. It is sometimes used to adulterate spices. The waste in hulling averages about five or six per cent., but sometimes reaches as high as twenty per cent. The hullers receive from half a cent to three quarters of a cent per pound for hulling.

A Sensible Dinner Giver.

When a man wants to give a big dinner in celebration of some particular event he usually selects his guests from the class that dines so much and exercises so little that it is too fastidious to heartily enjoy such parts of a repast as are not served in bottles. Recently, however, a St. Louis contracter signalized the completion of his work upon a very large building by giving a dinner to all the men whom he had employed. No matter how well spread the home tables of these honest fellows may have been, it may be safely assumed that every man brought a good appetite to the contractor's dinner, for ten hours of steady work per day insures good digestion and a keen palate. Nor can there be any doubt that there was a great deal of good feeling around the board. The chances are about a hundred to one that if ever that contractor's men think themselves underpaid they will not strike without notice, nor stand sulkily about and wish they dared to; they will select a clear-headed man or two to talk the matter over with their employer, and not fear that they will have to inflict any wrongs in order to get their rights. Capital and labor ought to become better acquainted, and the best place to do it is around a well covered dinner table.

A Child's Letter to Emperor Williams.

Emperor William, of Germany, has frequently and successfully been applied to by juvenile petitioners. One of the latest applicants was a young girl of eleven years, the daughter of a poor but honest Israelite woman, living at Muchlen, a hamlet near Ems. The child was anxious to go to a high school in order to receive a thorough education, far beyond the means of the indigent mother. On the occasion of the Emperor's sojourn at Ems in 1873 the girl took courage, and unbeknown to her parent or friends addressed a letter to the emperor, conceived in the following laconic style: "Mr. Kaiser—I am very anxious to learn something; but mamma is too poor, and my aunt says I am a little good-for-nothing. That is not true, I can assure you, and as you are very rich I beg you to let me go to school." The superscription to the letter reads: "To the good Kaiser of Germany at Ems." The child's request safely reached its destination. "Mr. Kaiser" caused an inquiry to be made by the competent authorities, in consequence of which the girl was sent to an Israelite institution, where she graduated with honor as a proficient teacher. At present she is governess in a rich English family in England and amply able, as well as delighted, to support her sick and aged mother.

Jackson and Garfield.

History repeats itself. The action taken by President Garfield closely resembles an occurrence during General Jackson's Administration. At that time Calhoun was the pride, hope, and dictator of a branch of the Democratic party, and assumed to dictate by means of a cabal to the fiery Jackson. The General promptly accepted the issue, and said it was a good time to ascertain who was President—the man elected by a majority of the people, or a Senator or a party of Senators. The result we all know. The people decided that Jackson was President, and it is a historical fact that every Senator who attempted to rob him of his prerogative in the power to select pub-servants, for whom he was held directly responsible, was relegated to oblivion.

If General Garfield will throw himself upon the common sence and inherent love of personal right among the people, he will come out triumphant everywhere except in the boss-ridden State of New York.

When the Senate, during Jackson's Administration, rejected the nomination of Van Buren as Minister to Great Britain, Senator Benton told that august body that they had broken a Minister and made a President; and it was true, though very contrary to the desires of the Senatorial cabal.

Manner and its Influence.

Many a person who has nothing but a sweet manner to recommend him, is remarkably popular among his fellows. Suave people seldom go out of their way to help a friend in distress, but they have a smile for everybody, which costs nothing. They lubricate the paths of their pilgrimage with soft words. "If they feel obliged to decline" doing the favor which you ask of them—and this they are pretty sure to do—they refuse with such a grace that they seem to be confering an honor upon you. Others are unpopular, simply because of their want of manner. They may be just and generous, but they are not always careful to confer favors with gentleness and amenity. Those whom they aid do not love them any better for their gifts. They never give unless they are satisfied that the gift is needed, and will be rightly used. They never give, merely because they are asked to give. They do not make a parade of their gifts, because they are not liberal for the sake of making themselves popular. They are far better friends than the first named class, but they are not nearly so well beloved.

If any trouble is attendant upon the Baby's teething, don't hesitate to use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is invaluable. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,"
He said—and he stopped and kissed me then—
"Over the ocean for many a day—
Good-by," and he kissed me once again,
But only a few short months had fled,
When again I answered my husband's kiss;
"I could not tarry away," he said;
"There is never a land as fair as this."
Again I stood by my husband's side,
"I go on a journey, sweet, to-day;
Over the river the boatmen glide—
Good-by; I shall linger long away."
"Ah, he will come back soon, I know,"
I said, as I stooped for the parting kiss;
"He can not tarry, he told me so,
There is never a land so fair as this."

But many a month and many a year
Have flown since my darling went away,
Will he never come back to meet me here?
Has he found the region of perfect day?
Over the ocean he went and came;
Over the river, and lingers there!
Oh, pallid boatman! call my name!
Show me the region so wondrous fair.
—*Argosy.*

THE LADY BLANCHE LIFEBOAT.

He was drunk as usual on his watch, though there was a big gale blowing out at sea, with gathering sings of a storm overhead; and it might be that the lifeboat would have some work to do before morning.

But what did Peter Pencorrow care about the lifeboat, except for the salary of £1 a week which he drew as its custodian? Nobody in the village of Polloot had looked with kindly eye on the arrival of this foolish boat—as they called it—which was to take the "harvesting" out of their mouths. For the population were wreckers to a man and woman, and they termed it "harvesting" when some well-freighted ship was driven on to the great Needle Rock off their coast and went to pieces.

Such accidents happen too rarely for their taste—once a year or thereabouts, and the booty was often miserably small. But there had been years within the memory of some of the inhabitants, who were not yet old, when a dozen vessels of all sizes had foundered in a single winter, and when the luck of the wreckers had been large. It was in a winter of this kind that old Peter Pencorrow had made his fortune. He was young then, and it was said that he had picked up a package of diamonds from the Brazil as his share of the spoils. Anyhow, he disappeared from Polloot and went to live in London, like a gentleman, as some supposed; though others affirmed that he ran through his money pretty fast, and went through a multitude of queer adventures afterward. Twenty-five years after his departure he returned to the village with a boy of sixteen and a girl one year younger; and soon afterward he was appointed custodian of the lifeboat Lady Blanche, which had been presented to Polloot by the rich and good Cornish Earl, and christened after his favorite daughter.

Peter Pencorrow was not liked at Polloot. It was said that he had "blown the gaff." He was accused of having, while steward on board an ocean steamer, told a number of ugly stories to the Earl and Lady Blanche, who were returning home from a tour in America; insomuch that my lord and his daughter had made a vow to dedicate a lifeboat at once to the salvation of human life. There was some talk of blasting the Needle Rock, and erecting a lighthouse on that dangerous part of the coast. Engineers had come to take soundings, and their operations had been watched with sullen wrath. Harold Trecorpe, the biggest, most scowling, fisherman in the village—a fellow whose face looked murder, and whose mouth never opened without a curse—had sworn that if he hanged for it Pencorrow should never live to see a life saved by his boat nor a vessel warned of danger by the beacon of a lighthouse. Before long, however, Peter Pencorrow ceased to be so much hated. He was a worthless scamp, always drunk, and his chosen companion came to be Harold Trecorpe, who had several times threatened his life. Drunken men are not dangerous, save to themselves, at least such is the popular idea, and Harold used to laugh an odd mocking laugh when anybody talked of what things the Lady Blanche would do with her signals, her rockets, and all her costly and complete apparatus for salvage the first time that a vessel stood in peril of touching on that dangerous Needle.

Three years passed, and the lifeboat did nothing. They happened to be exceptionally disastrous, from the Polllooters' point of view, for though wrecks enough took place on other parts of the coast, no craft of any consequence foundered on the Needle. By this time Harold Trecorpe was captain of the lifeboat's crew. He and seven other men received £12 a year apiece from the Earl to go out practicing sometimes with the boat, and to hold themselves in readiness at any time when their services might be wanted. If they saved lives, they were to have each a bounty of £1 on every human head rescued. Nay, they were to have fifteen shillings, too, for every dead human body they brought to shore. Thus had the Earl and his daughter tried to enlist the cupidity of these men on the side of humanity, hoping, maybe, that some higher agencies would work, too, for the reclaiming of a population as barbarous and debased as any in these isles.

Peter Pencorrow lived in a pretty house which his patron had built for him near the large white shed where the lifeboat was kept. There was a pharmacy in the place, with two rooms holding three beds each, which were to be reserved for half-drowned men and women who might be drawn out of the sea; and there were a great number of useful appliances for restoring lives that might be just flickering out. Sometimes the Earl and Lady Blanche would drive to the village to see if everything was in good order; but since their carriage could be seen five miles off as it wound down the steep road on the rock side, leading to Polloot, Peter and his daughter Meg always had about an hour's notice to set things tidy. Peter now lived alone with his daughter Margaret. His son had left him in disgust to enlist, and Meg only remained with him because there was nothing else for her to do. She had been cursed at and cudgeled by him all through her childhood; she had been his drudge, his scapegoat in everyone of those drunken fits of his, which recurred daily, and her body bore marks of brutal kicks he had given her when she was a little thing, with limbs still tender and weak. But now she had grown up to be a tall, strong girl, with a tanned face and a determined look, so that Peter was afraid of her. He used to hide his money from her, as a bad boy does from his mother, and if she wanted anything for household expenses she had to search his pockets when he was dead drunk. However, more than thirty pounds out of his fifty-two a year used to melt in drink, and Margaret had to eke out a subsistence for himself and her by making nets and shrimping. Sometimes Lady Blanche used to give her a sovereign, and this, too, helped the household along.

Margaret had a wild, dogged sort of attractiveness in her appearance. She never wore shoes or stockings, and her black hair fell down her back in one thickly plaited tress. A red handkerchief formed her head-covering and was tied under her chin; her rough, brown arms were always bare to the elbow. Harold Trecorpe had cast his eyes upon her from the time when she was seventeen, but she hated him. The first time he tried some rough piece of gallantry on her she caught up the stump of a broken oar to protect herself and merely glared at him, without saying a word. On another occasion, when he came behind her unawares and took her by the chin, she lifted a heavy fishing net, all bronzed with age and salt, and dashed it in his face with such violence that he was knocked down on the shingle.

"Curse yo', wench!" he swore, as he picked himself up. "Yo' wouldn't have done that to Mark Brathwaite; but let him look to hisself if he crosses me."

"If yo' lay a finger or Mark Brathwaite yo'll have to look to yosself," answered Margaret, contemptuously; and Harold contented himself with scowling at her from that time.

Mark Brathwaite was Margaret's second lover—a fair-haired boy, about her own age, whom she had saved from drowning one windy day, when he had been dashed out of his fishing boat by a flap of a loosened sail, which had hit him on the head and stunned him. Margaret had swam a couple of furlongs in a tumbling sea to effect the rescue, and Mark Brathwaite had loved her from the moment when he opened his eyes and found her bending over him and breathing life into his body vigorously from her own lungs. Margaret, however, treated him like a younger brother. He was the only human being who could draw a smile from her, but he was not the man to teach her what love was, though he tried hard and made himself pretty wretched in the attempt.

Sometimes Peter Pencorrow's daughter, sitting outside her father's house on fine afternoons to make nets, would drop her hands into her lap and look out with a dull, wistful expression over the sea, so broad, blue and mysterious. Her finely shaped head might have been a storehouse of knowledge and great thoughts, but it was empty. She could neither read nor write; she knew nothing of the world except in its most sordid aspects of dire poverty, drunkenness and brutality. She had never set foot in a church, and had no idea of a God save that she had heard and believed that there was something above those skies which were now so golden with sunlight, now so black with thunder. Occasionally such natural impulses of good as were in the girl's heart would well up in short scraps of advice which she gave to Mark Brathwaite: "Mark, yo'll not get drunk like father. There's no good in drink;" or, "Mark, if I were a mon, I'd learn summut and become a scholard."

This is what Margaret Pencorrow was at eighteen, and on the night alluded to in the first line of this story, when her worthless father stood, drunk as usual, on his watch, and unheedful of the storm that was gathering.

* * * * *

The storm broke presently with frightful fury. Long streaks of lightning rent the skies, and the waves were dashed upon the shore with a roaring loud as thunder. In despite of the deluge of rain the crew of the lifeboat came to the shed to get all in readiness, and a great many other fishermen and their wives trooped out of the cottages; but this was only because sleep on such a night was impossible. Most of the eyes that looked seaward with expectant glances were rather hoping for a profitable wreck than eager for a chance to save life.

Margaret stood in the shed with Mark Brathwaite beside her, Harold Trecorpe being on the other side of the boat. The occasional glow of the pipe he was smoking lit up his rugged face and made it seem devilish as he cursed the ill-luck that had fallen upon Polloot, and expressed his conviction that the life-boat had "witched" the place, driving wrecks off it. "Dong yo'!" cried he, striking his fist on the boat's side. "Yo've done us harm from the day yo coom here! Yo hev'."

Suddenly there was a cry from every one under the shed: "A light! a blue light! Look, there's another!"

Far off in the offing there was a ship in distress sending up blue lights. They rose swift and pale, then burst into a bright gleam and vanished. Harold Trecorpe uttered a shout of exultation. "It's a big ship," cried he. "Here, gie us the blue rockets, wench."

"What for the blue rockets?" asked Margaret, who was standing near a box of fire-signals. "Ye must burn three red lights first to warn 'em the coast's dangerous. Then three blue 'uns to say the life-boat's coming. That's what my lord told me."

"Cuss your lord and yo' too!" blurted out Harold, savagely, as he ran around to the other side of the boat. "Here, lads, bear a hand and heave this wench out."

"Harold, I'll fire a light in yo'r face if yo come near me. Mark, keep that mon off," cried Margaret, panting; and seizing the lantern from Peter Pencorrow's drunken hands, she held a rocket at Harold's face as if it were a pistol.

But there were others beside Harold who wanted the ship to be wrecked, and several of the lifeboat's crew were among them. They were willing enough to go out with the boat by-and-hy, but they wanted the vessel to be wrecked first. These scoundrels drove Margaret and Mark Brathwaite back, and it was resolved among them that no lights should be burned at all for the present. In her energetic language unadorned, Margaret Pencorrow hurled anathemas at them, but they only laughed, and suddenly the girl vanished through the crowd with Mark Brathwaite.

Where had they? gone For several moments their disappearance was not noticed, but suddenly a broad sheet of lightning that lit up the whole coast, showed the girl and the boy running as hard as they could down the shore in the direction of the Needle Rock. The tide was coming in fast, but it was evidently Meg's object to get near the rock before it. Why? They learned presently. A loud hiss, a blaze of red light and up went a red rocket; then another; then a third. Three danger signals rose rapidly, one after another, under the eyes of the enraged wreckers. Then all became black again. The storm rumbled away, and no more blue lights were burned out at sea. Margaret had rushed off with the red rockets, which had probably warned the distressed ship to keep clear of the treacherous coast. Anyhow, the ship was not wrecked nor heard of again.

Nor was Margaret Pencorrow ever seen again or heard of. Mark Brathwaite, returning pale, exhausted and half-crazed at daybreak, announced that she had suddenly been swept away by a wave, but whither he knew not, though he had swum, and dived, and sought for hours, risking his life twenty times. "God knows where she is!" he cried, sobbing.

And doubtless God did know.

* * * * * *

At present there is no more Needle Rock off Polloot. Lady Blanche had it blasted, and a fine light-house has been erected where it stood, to warn vessels of the other dangerous rocks in the vicinity. It is called "The Margaret Light-house," and Mark Brathwaite is the keeper.—*London Truth.*

The Birthplace of Salmon.

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary-line between the dark fir-forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain, a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile, the dense fir-woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile, a lighter green of grass and bushes give place in winter to white; and, on its uppermost mile, the snows of the great Ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that this mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Rainier is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Rainier is a cold, clear river fed hy the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half-buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but, like the philosopher's monads, each one had in it the promise and poteney of an active life. In the water above them, little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not he worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not east a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good, and there were flies, and worms, and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence," still went on.

By-and-hy, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up-stream, and so to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River they went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last, they began to grow hungry, and, coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of the boys opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around that angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed hy a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, hut only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came hack, and the others went on their course wondering.—*Prof. David S. Jordan, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—A citizen of German extraction residing in Virginia City, Nev., recently made preparations to visit the country of his fathers. In order, however, to show his patriotism and his love for this, his adopted land, he wore a pair of boots in the soles of which he had caused thin layers of earth to be placed. Wherever he goes he will now say, "I stand on American soil."

Liars.

The other day a stranger walked into a Woodward Avenue establishment employing ahout ninety people and inquired:

"Have you any liars in your employ?"

"Yes, sir; we have at least sixty!" was the prompt reply.

If you were to go np and down the country asking each man you met if he knew of the whereabouts of a liar you would discover that about sixty per cent. of the population of this country could be included under that head. You meet liars on every corner, you pass them on every block; you sit heside them on every street-car, and lying has become such a custom that liars are as well thought of as truth-tellers.

What do people lie about? Everything. First on the list is the weather liar. Fact is, unless a man is prepared to tell a big lie about the heat or the cold he'd better keep still altogether. Coming down in the car in the morning we all like to hear some one say that it is forty-eight degrees helow at Fort Garry, and the liar knows this failing and lies to please the crowd. Eight men out of ten, if asked if they ever saw a hotter or a colder day, will at once reply in the affirmative and draw on their imagination for facts.

On a Jefferson Avenue car a few days ago a business man, whose word is as good as gold in business circles, was asked if he ever saw more than three feet of snow in the streets of Detroit. Without the least hesitation he replied:

"I should say I had! In 1859 the snow was five feet deep along here, and I kept two teams at work for three days hauling the snow off my front. We had sleighing that winter until the 28th of March. Snow fell on the 3d of November and lasted right through without a thaw."

It was afterward ascertained that the man was in France from July, 1858, to October, 1861. Why did he lie? Simply because no American will take a bluff. When you ask him if he has seen this or that you invite him to lie, or at least he feels that you do. Tell him a strange story and he feels that he must tell a stranger one. A case in point occurred in the office of one of the hotels a few evenings since. A party of gentlemen were talking about the New York obelisk, when one of them observed:

"The Pyramids of Egypt must be a grand sight. Won't some of you who have seen them tell me exactly how they look to moderu eyes?"

Thereupon a man who was never further east than New York, or further west than Chicago, gave a detailed description of his visit to the great wonders, and described every little detail so particularly and pleasantly that he was voted a bottle of wine. Why did he lie? Simply because he was invited to. Indeed, he felt that the questioner would be disappointed if he did not.

Men will lie about horses when they would scorn to approach an untruth on any other subject. Last fall a citizen purchased a horse back in the country on the understanding that the animal was reasonably fast. That is, the seller said the horse could jog along in about three minutes. He lied at least twenty seconds in that "about." The new owner at once told all his friends that he had secured an equine which could "get there" in 2:30. He lied plump thirty seconds. In a few weeks it was generally understood that the horso was fast, and more than one person asserted that they had seen him trot in 2:32 at Recreation Part, although he was never inside the fence. When the snow came and the "flyers" were given rein it was found that the 2:30 horse was nowhere. First and last, fifty men had lied about his speed, and yet he had none.

The newspapers come in contact with the liar every hour in the day. Let a man fall from tho roof of a shed on High Street and break his arm, and the news travels about as follows:

One block away—"Broke both arms."

Two blocks away—"Both arms and a leg."

Three hlocks away—"Smashed all to pieces and was dead when they picked him up."

Four hlocks away—"Committed suicide."

Five blocks away—"Shot his wife and then blew his head off."

At the City Hall—"Set fire to his house, hrained the hahy, stabbed his wife and then blew himself up."

Every inducement is held out for reporters to exaggerate. Indeed, plain facts are of no interest to hundreds of readers. In December last a reporter on this paper assisted a policeman to take a drunken man from an alley, where he was freezing, to the Central Station. The "item" regarding it was only a three-liner, bnt covered all the facts. Next day a citizen encountered the scribe and said:

"Was that fellow badly frozen?"

"No."

"Will he lose his feet?"

"No."

"His hands?"

"No."

"His ears?"

"No."

"Hadn't he been robbed?"

"No."

"Or drugged?"

"No."

"Was he trying to commit suicide?"

"No."

"Then what in Texas did you want to say anything ahout it for? What do we care about a man being picked out of a snow-hank and hauled to the station!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A man in Westfield, Mass., recently received a letter from an Englishman, setting forth that his son had landed in New York, and gone, he believed, to "a place called Texas." The father wanted to know whether it would "he asking too much" to heg that his correspondent run over to Texas, and learn whether the young man is there.

—The Roanoke *News* reports the trial of a suit for sixteen cents (as damages for trespass) by the Superior Court of Northampton County, N. C. The plaintiff lost the suit and had to pay $380 costs. The trial occupied four days, and the case had been pending for several years.

—A native paper states that with a view to promote longevity, a series of inquiries has been instituted into the early life, habits and morals of all Japanese who are over ninety years of age

Feeding and Care of Animals.

Those who have never given the subject any attention, have but little conception of the enormous waste caused by injudicious feeding and improper care of animals; yet the most careless observers well know that there are some men who always drive poor horses, milk poor cows, and never have a good sized fat hog; this is usually attributed to poor food given in small quantities; but observation convinces us that while in some cases this is the cause, in a very large proportion of cases it is caused hy injudicious feeding and improper management. Mr. A. will feed out a ton of hay and make it last a third longer than Mr. B., and yet his cattle will improve in condition, while the cattle fed by Mr. B. will grow poorer every day. There are men who will feed a horse eight quarts of corn-meal every day, and give him as much good hay as he will eat, and yet will not own the horse three months before every rib in him can be counted at a distance of several rods. To feed the animals on the farm so that the food given will do the most good, is a business that is thoroughly understood by very few. Far too many who have the care of farm stock do not stop to consider that an animal that is at work should have different food from one that is giving milk, or one that is being fatted; but the time is coming when animals will be fed with the food that is richest in the elements necessary to produce the desired results; on this point we have yet much to learn; to estabiish anything very positive it requires many carefully tried experiments, which should be conducted under the direction of some organized body.

If we look among the intelligent and successful farmers of to-day we shall find that they have left the old way of feeding as practiced by their fathers, and adopted one that saves time and food, and at the same time keep their cattle in better condition; instead of feeding five times a day it is now believed by the most intelligent that three times is enough, and some contend that hay should be fed only twice. There are yet many farmers who cling to the ways of their fathers, not only in feeding cattle but in all of their operations on the farm; they put before their cattle late out hay in quantities that shows a wasteful extravagance; the cattle, after picking it over and breathing on it, leave a large portion which they will never eat; this finds its way to the manure heap. Cattle fed in this way never look well, yet it costs much more to keep them than if kept in good condition by giving them only what food they will eat up clean, and feeding them at intervals so far apart as to give them time to properly digest what they have eaten.

The greatest care should always be taken not to cloy the appetite by overfeeding; for to over-feed an animal, especially a pig, injures it for a long time. The care and the treatment of animals has much to do with their condition. A cold barn, a harsh voice and cruel treatment, often keeps animals in poor condition, even when well fed. While a barn should always be kept warm in the winter, it should be well lighted and ventilated, the cattle should be kept dry and clean. A daily carding is said to be equal to a quart of corn, the truth of which we can not vouch for, but we are satisfied that animals kept well carded do much better than those that are not. While the modern barn is warmer, and better in almost every respect to the barn of a half century ago, in one respect it has not been improved; that is by having a manure cellar under it. For many reasons this is not desirable; among them may be mentioned, first, the air in the barn is not kept as sweet; second, if the manure is to be worked over by swine, as is the usual practice, it is an unhealthy place to keep them; third, a cellar is a very unhandy place to get manure out; fourth, the barn cellar is wanted for the storing of roots and fruit; but the fruit should be kept in a separate apartment. Manure should be kept in a shed built on the side of the barn where the cattle are kept, and four to six feet lower. The shed should have large doors at each end, with the ground so graded that when the manure is removed the cart can pass in at one end and out at the other. In this shed the swine will find a comfortable and healthy place, and they can be looked after and fed to much better advantage than in the cellar. No animal kept on the farm feels good treatment quicker than the hog; and success in producing pork is rarely or ever attained except by those who understand the importance of giving their swine good healthy quarters and feeding with great care and regularity.

In providing for the various wants of animals, the importance of providing a sufficient quantity of good water should not he overlooked, either in winter or summer. How often cattle, in hot, dry weather, are compelled to drink water thickened with mud and other material still more undesirahle and unhealthy; and how often in the winter are they compelled to travel in the cold long distances to drink water at the freezing point! The farmer who takes good care of his cattle will provide good, pure water both winter and summer, and will not compel them, in zero weather, to drink water at the freezing point while standing in the open air exposed to the cold winter blast. —*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

An Infant's Half-Million Gone.

Eight years ago William H. Taylor, of Albany, died, leaving a son four years old and an estate, to which the infant was sole heir, estimated to be worth at least half a million of dollars. In an argument before Judge Westbrook, at Albany, on a motion involving the transfer of the proceeds of real-estate sales, it was charged that the income of this once princely fortune is not now sufficient to support the heir and pay taxes and interest charges. Bad management, depreciation of values, and various other causes have, it is said, contributed to this result. Judge Westbrook made an order for the payment of certain taxes and judgments, and will at a future day take proof relative to charges preferred hy the Hon. Hamilton Harris against the managers of the estate.—*Troy (N Y.) Times.*

—A woman at Camden, N. J., warns all persons against marrying her, on account of "a temper which often induces her to smash things."

Spring Bonnets.

"And how much is this sweet thing?" says Mrs. Gushington, taking up a crown of fancy straw, with a hush full of ripe currants twined about it, and a rose dangling over one shoulder. "This," answers the milliner, staring vaguely into the crown as if she expected to see the Delphic oracles engraved there, "this is $25; no, it can't possihly be as low as that: well, it's a mistake at that price, it cost $30, hut you can have it at the figure I named. Did you ever see anything so becoming? Makes you look ten years younger, my dear madame."

Mrs. Gushington inspected the back of her head with a hand-glass. It does look young, decidedly youthful. Then she turns hlandly to the large mirror and sees a face that is fat, fair, and forty, enshrined by a circle of fancy straw and a wreath of ruby currants.

"Doesn't—it—seem—rather—small?" she asks, hesitatingly.

"It is small," answers the milliner. "How could it be fashionable if it were anything else? Perhaps you would like a last winter's scoop or a sun hat? Mrs. Col. Brown wants this sent up to-day to match her new ruby silk. I shall charge *her* $35 for it."

That settles it. The bonnet is bought and sent home, and when Mrs. Gushington walks out those who see the back of the bonnet think she is a miss of sixteen, and those who see its face know she will not miss sixty. So in either event it does her an injustice, but it is a case in which ignorance is bliss.

"Trim my bonnet the prettiest on the left side," says a youthful matron in a whisper to her milliner, and the modiste smiles and brings all her skill to hear in a culminating bow or arrangement of flowers at that point. She knows that it is to he worn Sunday, and that is the "congregation side."

The new honnet will have a great deal to answer for through its human representative; the woman who goes to church with one on has no idea of being a stumbling hlock in the way to Heaven, but the bonnet is larger and more important than the church, the steeple, and all the people. "Line upon line and precept upon precept," says the minister.

"Feather upon feather and flower upon flower," says the bonnet.

"Come out of darkness into the light," says the minister.

"Am I not lovely in this half light?" says the bonnet.

"Hallelujah!" chants the choir.

"Hardly-knew-you!" responds a sweet-faced singer, as she peers under her friend's new bonnet. The dainty scoops that frame arch Puritan faces and sweet, kissable lips are the wickedest bonnets of all; seventy years old without, and seventeen within, what trouble they give to gallant young men who *will* peep under their brims to see if it is their great-grandmother, in which case they plunge madly down a side street, or the Hebe of their youthful dreams,

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

It is forever a pity to cover up sleek young heads and sun-hright hair with coal-scuttle bonnets. A field daisy with a pair of strings should suffice.

As clay in the hands of the potter is the average woman in the hands *of her* milliner; she may have a small, weak, flower face, with a pensive pink color, and the autocrat of bonnets places a leghorn combination on her head, which has a cardinal lining, three old-gold feathers, and a hunch of poppies and ties a yard long and nine inches wide; overtopped by this structure, the little woman is lost to sight; she is all bonnet, and gold, and crimson shadows; she is the antithesis of Mrs. Gushington, but the samo milliner created them both.

And grave, somber Mrs. Amity, who spends her life prowling ahout the purlieus of wickedness, rescuing poor children from tho slums, is provided with a new hat that tips down over one ear, and flares back off the face, and has a rakish, jaunty, dissipated air totally at variance with the good woman's disposition, and of a carnal nature that gets her into all sorts of difficulties, which she lays to the total depravity of human nature instead of bonnets.—*Exchange.*

Locomotive Bell-Ringing by Steam.

Railroad men are just now greatly interested in a novel appliance to locomotives, whereby the heretofore laborious task of ringing the bell at crossings and while approaching towns and villages, which has devolved upon the fireman, to the manifest negleet, in many instances, of his other duties, will be automatically performed by steam power, easily regulated and controlled. The not infrequent loss of life hereabouts, as well as through the Western country, where grade crossings are as a rule unprotected, has set railroad men to thinking, as in a majority of cases verdicts against the road employing the careless firemen have been recovered. It seems strange that so simple an application of steam, of which there is always a surplus in locomotive boilers, should not have ere this been made. The device consists merely of a small cylinder containing a revolving piston, connected directly with the bell-yoke by means of a shaft. The motion is regulated by a valve and cut-off, so adjusted that by a slight movement, it is thrown "off the center," and instantly set in motion. The bell then rings continuously until checked by a similar slight movement. It is in constant readiness for use, steam heing "on" continually after the firing of the engine, and is thus instantaneously available in cases where it is desirable to give warning. The device is easily applied to locomotives, of whatever make. There are districts in the West through which for miles the firemen are required hy law to ring their hells continuously, and, at the same time, are required to keep their fires up to the required standard.—*Boston Herald.*

—John Eans, of Henry County, N. C., thinks his stomach is the same as that of a chicken, and that it is necessary for his digestion to swallow after eating a handful of gravel. He keeps the gravel in water to keep it cool, and regularly swallows a handful after each meal. He has been swallowing gravel for many years. Once he had to call in a physician, who extracted the gravel from his hody. He is 45 years old and seems to be in good health.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

AS BRET HARTE MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT.

Brown o' San Juan,
Stranger, I'm Brown,
Come up this mornin' from Frisco—
Bea a-saltin' my speckle-stacks down.

Ben a-knockin' around,
Fer a man from San Junn,
Putty considable frequent—
Jes' catch onter that strenk o' the dawn!

Right thar lies my home—
Right thar in the red—
I could slop over, stranger, in po'try
Would spread out old Shakespoke cold dead.

Stranger, you freeze to this; there aint no kinder gin-palace
Nor no variety show lays over a man's own rancho.
May be it haint no style, but the queen in the Tower o' London
Aint got naathin' I'd swop for that house over thar on the hill-side.

Thar is my ole gal, 'n' the kids, 'n' the rest o my live-stock;
Thar my Remington hangs, and thar there's a griddle-cake br'llin'—
Fer the two of us, pard—and thar, I allow, the heavens
Smile more friendly-like than on any other locality.

Stranger, nowhere else I don't ake no antis-tion.
Gimme my ranch 'n' them friendly old Shang-hai chickens—
I brung the original pair f'm the States in eighteen-'n'-fifty—
Gimme them, and the feelin' of solid domestic comfort.

Yer parding, young man—
Hut this landscape a kind
Er flickers—I 'low 'twas the po'try—
I thought thet my eyes had gone blind.

* * * * * * *

Take that pop from my belt!
Hi, thar—gimme yer han'—
Or I'll kill myself—Lizzie! she's left me—
Gone off with a partner man!

Thar, I'll quit—the ole gal
An' the kids!—run away!
I be dermed! Howsomever, come in, pard—
The griddle cake's thar, anyway.

—*H. C. Bunner, in Scribner.*

THE BOTTOMLESS BLACK POND.

About half a mile from the town of Danford, there was an exteasive and beautiful piece of forest land. Many of the trees were large and picturesque, the ground beneath them was generally free from unpleasant undergrowth and bushes, and, in some places, it was covered with moss and delicately-colored wild flowers; there were green open, glades, where the bright sunshine played fantastic tricks with the shadows of the surrounding trees, and, altogether, the Danford forest was a delightful place, and any visitor, of ordinary reasoning powers, would have supposed it to be a favorito resort of the towns-people.

But it was not so; very few people, excepting now and then some boys of a disobedient turn of mind, ever visited it. The reason for this was the fact that near the center of the woods lay a large pond which had a bad reputation. This pond was so largo that in some parts of the country, where such bodies of water are not common, it would have been called a lake.

In ordinary cases the presence of *such a sheet of water* would have greatly added to the attractions of the place, but this pond exercised an influence which overbalanced all the attractive beauties of the woods, and made it a lonely and deserted spot.

The reason of this was the peculiar reputation of the Black Pond. A great many strange things were said about it. Its color was enough to mystify some people, aad terrify others, for it was as black as ink. Persons who had stood upon its edge and had looked down upon it, and over its wide expanse, were unable to see an inch below the surface of the water, which, instead of being transparent, appeared, when there was no wind, like one of those dark-colored mirrors called "Claude Lorraino glasses," in which a whole landscape is reflected like a little living picture, with all its proportions, its perspective and its colors, perfectly preserved.

It might have been supposed that this lake would have presented an attractive picture, on bright days, when the sky, the clouds and the overhanging foliage were reflected in its smooth and polished surface; but water which is as black as ink is not the kind of water that people generally liko to look at. There are ordinary ponds and lakes and rivers, in which the sky, clouds and trees are reflected in a way that is good enough for anybody.

But although it was in color such a blot upon the beauty of the Danford woods, tho blackness of this pond was not the greatest objection to it. The most dreadful thing about it was that it had no bottom! Thero is something truly terrifying in the idea of a body of water that is bottomless. There are persons who would feel mucb safer in sailing over those portions of the ocean which bave been proved to be five or six miles deep, than over the vast expanses of rolling billows where bottom bas never been found.

And it was well known that bottom had never been found in the Black Pond. Sons had heard this from their fathers, and fathers from their fathers, for Danford was an old town, and the Black Pond had always been the same, as far back as the local history and traditions went.

For a long time no attempts at sounding or examining in any way tbe waters of the pond had been made. Any undertaking of the kind would havo been too dangerous. There was no boat on the pond, and it was not easy to carry one there, and if persons wished to go out in the middle of the pond to make soundings a raft would have to be built, and the consequences to any one falling off this would be too terrible to contemplate. Even the best swimmer would fear to find himself in water where he would probably become cramped and sink, and bo sucked down, and down, and down, nobody knows where.

In winter, when the pond was frozen over, and so might have offered a temptation to the skating boys of the town—for there aro boys who think that any kind of water is safe if it is covered with ice—the parents and guardians of Danford so sternly forbade any venturing on the surface of that dangerous pond that no owner of skates ever dared to try thom on the dark ice which covered a still darker mystery beneath.

In fact, those l oys who had even ventured to the edge of the pond, in winter or summer, had generally been fellows, as has been intimated before, who had been told never to go near it.

And so it happened that the presence of this dismal piece of water made people unwilling that their children should go into the woods, for fear that they migbt wander to the pond. And, as they did not wish to do themselves what they had forbidden to their children, they took their own rural walks in others directions, and the woods, thus getting a bad namo throughout that country, gradually became quite lonely and deserted.

At the time of our story thero lived in the town of Danford a man named Curtis Blake, who was well known on account of a peculiar personal characteristic. He had no arms. He had been a soldier and had lost them both in battle.

Curtis was a strong, well-made man, and as he had a very good pair of legs left to him after the misfortunes of war, he used them in going errands and in doing anything by wbich walking could be made useful aad profitable. But, as there was not much employment of this kind to bo had, he frequently found himself with a great deal of time—not on his hands exactly—but which he could not advantageously employ. Consequently be used to ramble about a good deal in a purposeless sort of way, and one summer afternoon he rambled into the Danford woods.

He found it very cool and pleasant here, and he could not help thinking what a pity it was that the towns-people could not make a resort of these woods, which were so convenient to the town and so delightful in every way. But, of course, he knew it would never do for families, or for any one, in fact, to frequent the vicinity of such a dangerous piece of water as the Black Pond.

And, thinking of the Black Pond, he walked on until he came to it and stood upon its edge, gazing thoughtfully out upon its smooth and somber surface.

"If I had arms," said Curtis to himself, "I'd go to work and find out just how deep this pond is. I'd have a boat carted over from Stevens's Inlet—it's only four or five miles—and I'd row out into the middle of the pond with all the clothes-line I could buy or borrow in the town, and I'd let down a good, heavy lead, that wouldn't be pulled about by currents. I'd fasten on line after line, and I think there would certainly be enough rope in the whole town to reach to the bottom. But, having no arms, I couldn't lower a line, even if I had a boat. So I can't do it, and I'm not going to advise any other folks to try it, for ten to one they'd get excited and tumble overboard, and there would be an end of them, and I'd get the blame of it. But I'd like to kuow, anyway, how soon tho bottom begins to shelve down steep. If we knew that, we could tell if there'd be any danger to a little codger who might tumble in from the shore. And if it does shelve sudden, the town ought to put up a high fence all around it. I've a mind to try how deep it is near shore."

If Curtis had been like other men, he would have cut a long pole and tried the depth of the pond a short distance from land. But he could not do that, and there was only one way in which he could carry out his plan, and that he determined to try. He would carefully wade in and feel with his feet for the place where the bottom began to shelve down. This was a rash and bold proceeding, but Curtis was a bold fellow and not very prudent, and he had become very much interested in finding out something about the bottom of this pond. It was not often, now, that he had anything to interest him.

He wore high boots, in which he had often waded, and his clothes were thin linen, of not very good quality, so that if they became blackened by the water it would not much matter. As for taking cold when he came out, Curtis never thought of that. He was a rough fellow and could soon dry himself in the sun.

Having made up his mind, he did not further delay, but stepped cautiously into tho water. Even near the shore he could not see the bottom, and he moved very slowly out, feeling his way carefully with one foot before he made a step. He did not expect that the bottom would begin to descend rapidly very near the shore, but as he got out ten or fifteen feet from land and found the water considerably above his knees, he began to take still greater precautions. He advanced sidewise, standing on one foot and stretching the other one out as far as he could, to make sure that he was not on the edge of an unseen precipice. In this way he went slowly on and on, the water getting deeper and deeper, until it was up to his waist. He now felt a slight rise in the bottom before him. This made him very cautious, for he knew that where there was a great opening down into the bowels of the earth there was, almost always, a low mouad thrown up around it, and this mound he had probably reached. It sloped up very gently on the side where he was, but on the other side it might go down almost perpendicularly.

So no man over moved more slowly through the water than did Curtis now. A few inches at a time, still feeling before him with one foot, he went cautiously on. He was very much excited, and even a little afraid that he might unaware reach the edge of the precipice, or that the ground might suddenly crumble beneath him. He had not intended to venture in so far. But he did not turn back. He must go a little further. He had almost reached the edge of the great mystery of the Black Pond!

But he had not reached it yet. The ground on which he stood still rose, although by slow degrees, so that he was really higher out of water than be had been ten minutes before.

Suddenly he looked up from the water, down on which he had been gazing as if he had expected to see some deeper blackness beneath its black surface, and glanced in front of him. Then he turned and looked behiad him. Then he stood still, and gave a great shout.

The shout echoed from the surrounding woods; the birds and the insects, and the rabbits, which flew, and hummed, and jumped about so freely in those solitudes, must have been amazed! Such a shout had not been heard near the Black Pond in the memory of any living thing.

It was repeated again and again, and it was a shout of laughter!

No wonder Curtis laughed. He was a good deal more than half way across the pond! He had walked right over the place where that mysterious depth was supposed to be, and the water had not reached his shoulders. The gradual rise in the bottom, which he supposed to be a mound, was the rise toward the opposite shore!

When Curtis Blake had finished laughing, he pushed through the water as fast as be could go—he almost ran—and in a very few minutes he stood on the bank, at the other side of the pond. He turned and looked back over the water. He had crossed over the very middlo of the pond!

Then he laughed and laughed again, forgetting his wet clothes, forgetting everything but the fact that he, without ropes or leads or boat or raft, or even arms, had found the bottom of this dreaded piece of water, that he had actually put his foot upon the great mystery of the Black Pond!

When his merriment and delight began to quiet down a little, he waded into the water again, at a different point from that where he came out, and crossed the pond in another direction, this time walking freely, and as rapidly as he could go. Theu he ran in again, and walked about near the middle. In no place was it much above his waist.

When Curtis was fully convinced that this was the case, and that he had walked pretty nearly all over the bottom of Black Pond—at least, that part of the bottom where tho water was deepest—he came out and went back to the town.

Curtis met no one as he hurried along the road from the woods, but as soon as he reached the town he went into a large store, where he was well acquainted. There were a good many people there, waiting for the afternoon mail, for, at one end of the store was the post-office.

"Why, Curtis Blake!" exclaimed a man, as he entered. "You look as if you had been half drowned."

"I ought to look that way," said Curtis, "for I've been to the bottom of the Black Pond."

No one made any response to this astounding assertion. The people just stood and looked at one another. Then Mr. Faulkner, the owner of the store, exclaimed:

"Curtis, I am ashamed of you! You must be tipsy."

"No man ever saw me tipsy," said Curtis, without getting in the least angry. He had expected to astonish people and make them say strange things.

"Then you are crazy," replied Mr. Faulkner, "for no man could go to the bottom of Black Pond and come back alive."

"There isn't any bottom!" cried one of the little crowd. "How could he go to the bottom when there is no bottom there?"

This made the people laugh, but Curtis still persisted that what he had told them was entirely correct. Not a soul, however, believed him, and everybody began to try to prove to him, or to the rest, that what he had said could not possibly be true, and that it was all stuff and nonsense. There was so much interest in the discussion that no one thought of going to see if any letters had come for him. There could be no more exciting news in any letter or newspaper than that a man avowed he had gone to the bottom of Black Pond.

"Well," said Curtis, at last, "these clothes are getting to feel unpleasant, now that I'm out of the sun, and I don't want to stay here any longer to talk about this thing. But I'll tell you all, and you can tell anybody you choose, that to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I'm going again to the bottom of Black Pond, and any one who has a mind to can come and see me do it."

And with these words, he walked off.

There was a great deal of talk that evening in Danford about Curtis Blake's strange statement and about what he had said he would do the next day. Most persons thought that he intended some hoax or practical joke; for a man without arms, and who, therefore, could not swim, could not go to the bottom of an ordinary river and expect to come back again alive. Of course, anybody could go to the bottom and stay there. There was certainly some trick about it. Curtis was known to be fond of a joke. But whatever people thought on the subject, and there were a good many different opinions, every man and boy who could manage to do it made up his mind to go the next day at nine o'clock and see what Curtis Blake intended to do at Black Pond. Even if it should turn out to be all a hoax, this would be a good opportunity to visit the famous pond, for, with so many people about, there could not be much danger. Quite a crowd of interested towns-folk assembled on the shore of the Black Poud the next day, and Curtis did not disappoint them.

About nine o'clock he walked in among them, wearing the same boots and clothes which he had worn the day before, and then, after looking around, as if to see that everybody was paying attention, he deliberately walked into the pond.

At this, everybody held his breath, but in a moment there arose calls to him to come back, and not make a fool of himself. He had no board, no life-preserver, nor anything with which he could save himself when he should begin to sink. But, fearful as the people were for his safety, not one dared to run in and pull him back.

On he went, as he had gone before, only walking a good deal faster this time, and the people now stood still, without speaking a word or making a sound. Every minute they expected to see Curtis disappear from their sight forever. Tho birds, the insects and rabbits might have supposed that there was nobody about, had it not been for the swashing of the man who was pushing through the water.

As Curtis approached the middle of the pond, the excitement became intense, and some men turned pale; but when he hurried on, and was seen to get into shallower water, people bogan to breatho more freely, and when he ran out on the opposite bank there went up a great cheer.

Now all was hubbub and confusion. Most people saw how the matter really was, but some persons could not comprehend at once, that their long-cherished idea that the Black Pond had no bottom was all a myth, and that there were incredulous fellows, who were bound to have a reason for their own way of thinking, and who asserted that Curtis had built a bridge under water, and that he had walked on it! As if a man, without arms, could build a bridge, and walk on it, without seeing it!

Curtis, however, soon put an end to all conjectures and doubts by walking over the bottom of tho pond, from one side to the other, in various directions, and by wandering about in the middle in such a way as to prove to every one that there was no mystery at all about the Black Pond, and that it was nothing but a wide and nearly circular piece of water, witb a good hard bottom, and was not four feet deep in any part.

The news of this discovery by Curtis Blake made a great sensation in Danford. Some people felt a little ashamed, for they had taken a good deal of pride in telling their friends, when they went visiting, about the wonderful pond, near their town, which had no bottom; but, on the whole, the towns-people were very glad of the discovery, for now they could freely enjoy the woods, and many persons were astonished to find what a delightful place it was for picnics and afternoon rambles.

As if no portion of mystery should remain about the Black Pond, evon tbe color of its water was investigated and explained. Some scientific gentlemen from a city not far away, who came to Danford about this time, and who heard the story of the pond, went out there and examined into the cause of its inky hue. They said that it was due, like the darkness of the water of many creeks and pools, to the overhanging growth of pine, hemlock and similar trees which surrounded it. They did not explain exactly how this darkening process had been carried on, but they said it probably took hundreds of years to make the pond as black as it now was, aad nobody doubted that.

But although the woods and the pond became a favorite summer resort with the Danford people, it was in winter that they really enjoyed the place the most. Then the Black Pond was frozen over, and it made tho finest skating ground in that part of the country. And its greatest merit was its absolute safety. Even if a small boy should break through—which was not likely to happen—any man could step in, or reach down and take him out. The ice was generally so thick that there was scarcely three feet of water beneath it, in the deepest parts.

On fine days, during the cold months, people came out to the pond in carriages and on foot, and they had gay times, with their skating, and their games on the ice. But they were hardly so gay as the folks who could not come in the day-time, but had to do their skating in the evening. On moonlight nights, tho pond was beautiful, but the skaters came on dark nights, all the same, for lamp-posts were set up in different parts of the pond (holes were cut in the ice, and they were planted firmly on the bottom), and thus the pond was made as bright and cheerful as the merriest skater could desire.

Among the merriest skaters was Curtis Blake, for skating was one of the few things he could do, and Mr. Faulkner gave him a capital pair of skates.

But this was not all the reward he received for solving the mystery of the Black Pond. Several of the leading citizens, who thought that the town owed him something for giving it such a pleasant place of resort, consulted together on the subject, and it was decided to make him keeper of the woods and pond. He had a couple of old men under him, and it was his duty to see that the woods were kept in order in summer and that the pond was free from snow and obstructions in winter.

And thus the great mystery of the Black Pond came to an end. But there were elderly people in the town who never went out to the pond, and who believed that something dreadful would happen there yet. There used to be no bottom to the pond, they said, and they should not wonder if, some day, it should fall out again.

"Yes," said Curtis Blake to one of these, "I expect that will happen—just about the time my arms begin to grow."

—*John Lewees, in St. Nicholas.*

Two Ways of Looking at Things.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes, the other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to day;" the other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two children looked through colored glasses. One says, "The world is blue," and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said, "I would rather have something other than this;" the other said, "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen; a guest that it is priacipally parlor.

"I am sorry that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else than he receives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Aaother thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man makes up his accounts from his wants. Another from his assets.—*New Haven Register.*

—A Liverpool servant girl found a revolver belonging to a lodger in a chest of drawers. While she was examining the weapon it exploded and a shot entered the lower part of her body. She managed to crawl down stairs and knock at the door of the next house, where her mistress was, but fell on the steps in an unconscious state. Surgical aid was called, but she died the same night.

—The cabmen of Dublin last year found and restored to owners almost 500 umbrellas.

Our Young Folks.

JOHN.

Whistle sounding loud and clear,
Laughter that I love to hear,
Marbles rattling far and near:
Must be John!

Out at elbow, out at knee,
Hat-brim tattered wofully;
Turn him round and let me see
If it's John.

Dimples in a ruddy cheek,
Eyes that sparkle so they speak,
Turned-up nose, reverse of meek;
Yes, 'tis John!

Yet this morning, clean and sweet,
Speckless collar, hat complete,
Trousers mended, down the street
Whistled John.

"What's the matter with you, lad?
Where's the hat-brim that you had?
Whence came all these rents so sad?
Answer, John!"

"Marbles." And he kicks his toe.
"Breeches will wear out, you know;
'Knuckle-down' is all the go,"
Falters John.

In his pockets go his hands,
Looking foolish, there he stands.
'S'pose you'll scold?" For stern commands
Lingers John.

Catches mother's laughing eye;
In a flash the kisses fly,
And I hear, as I pass by,
"Bless you, John!"

—*S. M. Chatfield, in St. Nicholas.*

A WONDER THEN AND NOW.

Our young folks, or, moro strictly speaking, our little folks, open their eyes with wonder as we tell them stories of the olden time, when there were no railroads, no telegraph wires, no steamboats; and when messages were carried by men on horsoback or slower stage-coaches, and when people traveled along leisurely, never imagining that they would ever bo whirled through the country by steam-cars or exchange the canal packet for the palatial and swiftly-going steamers.

To those of us who for many years have enjoyed the benefits of all these modern improvements it is difficult to realize the incredulity of the masses of the people about them when they first appeared. Yet it is true that so recently as 1837, Fernando Wood, who had served his country long and well, and had been in Congress for many years, was considered fanatical and visionary because he had faith in Prof. Morse and his invention. Fernando Wood was a member of the Congress which appropriated thirty thousand dollars to Prof. Morse for his experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and on account of it was defeated after his next nomination to Congress. The people wished to punish the man who had so misrepresented them as to vote for so visionary a project as transmitting intelligence through the air upon wires strung upon poles. Prof. Morse waited year after year for Congress to pass the bill appropriating the amount for building the first line, and the last night of the session he went to his rooms discouraged, being told that it was scarcely possible that it would pass. But, to his great delight, a young lady brought him the good news, a few hours afterwards, that just before the adjournment the bill passed with the President's signature. The professor was overjoyed, and said to the young lady who had brought him the word: "You shall send the first message over the wires;" and she telegraphed from Baltimore to Washington,

"*What hath God wrought!*"

A short time after this, when a political convention was in session in Baltimore, the announcement of the nomination of a candidate was telegraphed to Washington, but so reluctant were the people to believe in this new invention; that they regarded the message as a pure fabrication, and would not publish it in the Washington paper until a courier arrived from Baltimore confirming it. And we wonder how that the people were so slow to believe in these great inventions.

In the "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare, the incident is related that in 1829 a company of noted people were invited to Liverpool to see the first locomotive and train of cars, and to ride in them. One who was there writes:

"To *us* who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realize any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts; this *thing*, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles *in an hour*, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool, by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. Tho effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad, and watch the machine coming, it seems not to *approach*, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. * * * We were soon seated in one of the carriages, and started off at the rate of thirty miles an hour; our speed increased as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and our passing objects so rapidly. I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. I tell you all this, yet you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it."

The majority of the people in Europe and America were incredulous about all these inventions until they had seen them, and some would scarcely believe their own eyes.

I well remember our first sight of and experience with a sewing-machine. My father, who, although a college professor of one of the dead languages, had a good knowledge of mechanics, nearly thirty years ago examined with delight and entire satisfaction the first sewing-machine brought to the city in which we lived. After testing the new invention thoroughly, he came home one day stating to my mother that he had seen the machine stitch a shirt-front and cuffs in five minutes, and that we could hardly estimate the value of one in a large family. I remember our astonishment at the statement, and our mother's words—

"Well, John, I can hardly believe that until I see it with my own eyes."

A few days after the machine was purchased, and its coming proved a red-letter day in the history of our family. How we all stood about watching the wonderful needle with its eye near the point instead of at the head, as it flew up and down while our father showed us the beautiful stitch it made, and we rejoiced at the thought that the sewing would be accomplished as if by magic. With beaming joy he showed us the perfection of the machinery, the gauge by which we could shorten and lengthen the stitch, the screw by which we could tighten or loosen the thread, the presser-foot which held the work firmly in place, the shuttle which carried the lower thread and helped form the lock-stitch, and the treadle which set the machine in motion, and by which we could regulate its speed. We were enchanted with it. Our mother sat down to try it, but such a complication of machinery, so many things to look after at once, were distracting, and to her impracticable. Then our father guided the work while mother tried to give regular strokes to the treadle, but after five or ten minutes' trial, mother said:

"It is too complicated, we can never use it. I feel as if I were rushing along on a railroad train, and we should have a collision in a moment, or go to destruction in some way," and so saying she rose from her seat, and, with a solemn look on her face, said:

"We have been rash in this purchase, and have made a great mistake."

Then sitting down before the fire, and quieting us all, who "were *sure* we could make it work," she said to her husband,

"I will tell you what you had better do, John? I can never do anything with such a machine, and I do not believe it will ever work, and we must get rid of it as soon as possible. You had better go down immediately and see the agent, and offer to give him ten dollars if he will take it back, and we will promise to say nothing about it, to injure him, to any one."

Then an earnest discussion followed, which at last resulted in mother allowing her oldest daughter to try her skill at the machine, although she feared that such trial would result in severe damage to it. The experiment, although accomplished in a jerky, zig-zag fashion, proved that the machine could be used, and it was retained, and fully justified all that had been predicted concerning it. But from that day to this, our mother never again seated herself before it, preferring to continue her work in her quiet way, and allowing the children of this generation to enjoy the modern improvements.

So slow have many been to credit the practicability of those things that now seem a necessity to us all.—*Chicago Standard.*

How to Behave at the Table.

"I wish my mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank at once added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you when I said that; I meant strangers, like ministers and gentlemen from out West, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be sure that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and so at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home-folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal without making a proper toilet beforehand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not intermed. Of course you know that you are not to eat with your knife. Fifty years ago people frequently ate with their knives, and it is quite possible that now and then you may see some old-fashioned person doing so; but it is not customary now, nor is it safe or convenient. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, you should leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table-cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the very last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly, and not hastily. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. Poor Frank's unhappy state of mind was caused by his thinking too much about himself, as well as by a little uncertainty as to what were precisely the right things to be done.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Swell's Dress.

We often describe women's dresses; here is a description of a man's—unique in its way: Black silk swallow-tail coat, fitting closely to the figure; trousers of the same material; white silk waistcoat, cut low, made without a collar aad without pockets, and buttoned with three peculiarly-shaped pearls. The neck was encircled with folds of muslin and lace, tho ends falling over the shirt bosom like a woman's bonnet-strings. Black silk socks and small pointed shoes, the whole on the person of a young Austrian of rank at a New York reception.

—A beautiful maid in Carlisle
On the back of her neck had a bisle.
When her lover forgot,
And hugged the sore spot,
Her screams could be heard for a mile!

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

The New York *Herald* accounts for the immense audience Colonel Ingersoll gets there on the theory that every bad character in that city wants to believe that Christianity is a fraud.

Fred Douglass has got a position which pays $7,000 per annum, and will not kill him in the performance of his duties. His predecessor, Sheridan says: "I liked the position, and told the President I wanted to keep it, although I was overworked. My office hours were from half past 12 to a quarter of 1 every other Wednesday.

The result of an experiment recently made at a municipal election in Rockford, Ill., is a significant straw which shows which way the wind will blow when women are allowed to express their opinions at the ballot-box. There is no law in the State allowing women to vote, but the city council had separate boxes provided to enable all who desired to express their preferences for license or prohibition. As was to be expected, the result showed a majority of three to one in favor of prohibition.

Union Memorial Day was generally observed throughout the United States, and especially in this State, the last resting place of so many of the Union dead. In Cumberland the soldiers' graves in the various cemeries were decorated. The main exercises were at Rose Hill Cemetery, where an address was delivered by William Brace, Esq., and there was singing by the Arion Society. Tyler Post, G. A. R., the Hamilton Light Infantry and Voltigeures were in the procession. A salute was fired from a Parrot gun during the decoration of the graves.

Sixteen years after General Grant paroled the confederate army at Appomattox, and told them to take their horses home and plow their fields, a member of the Southern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church objects to sending fraternal greetings to the Northern Assembly saying that the latter body should take the initiative, having never atoned for alleged wrong done by it to the Southern Church. Were some political blatherskite to talk this way in Congress, it would be only silly and ridiculous. But when a Minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the "Prince of Peace," so far forgets his sacred calling, it is not only painful but disgraceful.—*Cumb. News.*

The New York Legislature, in pursuance of the requirements of the law of the United States on the subject, Tuesday went into a preliminary vote for Senators to fill the seats vacated by Messrs. Conkling and Platt, both of whom are seeking re-election as a vindication of their course in resigning their seats. The vote was taken in each house *viva voce*, and besides Messrs. Conkling and Platt a number of other persons were put in nomination by the members of both political parties. Only one ballot was taken. Mr. Conkling got nine votes in the Senate and twenty-six in the House, making a total of thirty-five, or one less than assembled in the Conkling caucus on Monday. Eight votes were cast in the Senate for Mr. Platt and twenty-one in the House, making a total of twenty-nine. If this is to be taken as a test of the strength of Messrs. Conkling and Platt, they are already defeated, and New York will send other Senators to Washington to take the seats they only too rashly abandoned through an overweening confidence in their ability to return to them indorsed in their recusancy by the representative Republicans of the State. Wednesday and each succeeding day thereafter the two houses of Assembly will meet in joint session and take at least one vote until the vacancies are filled, or until both houses agree on an adjournment. There is, of course, in the subsequent voting, the probability of a deadlock, which might ultimately force an adjournment. But as such a course might inure to the benefit of the Democrats, who, in consequence of the division in the Republican party, might carry the elections next fall and so be in a position to send Democratic Senators to Washington, every effort will doubtless be made by the Republicans now controlling the Assembly to choose two Senators of their own party before adjourning.

New Testament Changes.

One of the most important changes made by the Revised New Testament is the omission of what is called the doxology from the Lord's Prayer in Matthew's Gospel—"for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen." These words are an interpolation found on the margin of the text in some of the early manuscripts, and not found at all in the oldest one. Its origin can be traced back to remote Aryan sources, and it can be found almost literally in one of the hymns of the Zend Avesta, to which some students of Iranic literature give an antiquity as great as 2,000 years before Christ, and which is indisputably older than the time of Cyrus and the cuneiform inscriptions (about 559 B. C.) In this hymn, addressed to Ahura-Mayda, the Creator and Good Principal, occurs the following passage: "To Him belongs the Kingdom, the might and the power." Evidently this doxology or ascription is one of the earliest expression of worship adopted by the Aryan mind. Its omission from the Lord's Prayer will not be generally welcomed, for it unquestionably forms an impressive and beautiful climax; but as there is now no reason for supposing it was in the original Gospel the Christian world must give it up. Biblical scholars are all agreed that no claim for inspiration can be made for it.

Another change which will be even less readily accepted because it rests upon the meaning of a word and not upon a question of authenticity now fully determined, is that of substituting love for charity in the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians. St. Paul's praise of charity as the chief of Christian virtues, in the beautiful chapter which is probably more firmly imbedded in Christian thought than any portion of the Bible except the Sermon on the Mount, now becomes the praise of love. It must be admitted, however, that the argument in favor of this alternation is a strong one. The Greek word rendered charity in King Jame's virsion does not mean alms-giving, nor merely a tolerant, kindly frame of mind toward the weaknesses and faults of other, as the word charity signifies in the English of the present day but something much broader, deeper and more active—the love of the soul for God and humanity. The inefficiency and liability to misconception of the word charity in the chapter in question have long been recognized by Biblical scholars. Trench says: "Love and charity are used in our authorized version of the New Testament promiscuously, and out of the sense of their equivalence are made to represent one and the some Greek word; but in modern use charity has come almost exclusively to signify one particular manifestation of love—the supply of the bodily needs of others—love continuing to express the affections of the soul." The Revision Committee cannot, therefore, be charged with making a novel rendering in this instance. The change they propose has long been anticipated and approved by scholars.

The almost entire absence in the Revision of changes having a possible doctrinal significance will be much commented upon. The explanation will be found, no doubt, in the fact that most of the important Protestant sects were represented upon the Committee and that a considerable majority was required to make a change in the face of a contest. Perhaps there was also a feeling of courtesy which caused the majority to refrain from pressing alterations which might have some effect on the peculiar doctrine of any of the denominations having a membership in the Board. At all events, there is a notable absence of sectarian feeling in the criticisms thus far made upon the new text.

The appearance of the new translation, its enormous sale, the discussion of its merits, and the publication by the newspapers of the history of early manuscripts and versions, will no doubt arouse a fresh interest in the Gosnel narratives and the theology of the Epistles, by which the churches may expect to profit in the way of fuller pews and increased membership. Much will depend, however, on the direction this fresh interest takes, whether it proves to be reverent or only critical and argumentive. Possibly we are on the eve of a great revival of Christianity. The sale of a quarter of a million of Testaments in a few days may be taken as a sign of such a revival, or it may be nothing more than a passing phenomenon of this doubting, investigating age, which eagerly seizes upon everything that is new, and delights to find imperfections in all that has been regarded in the past as sacred. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

PITTSBURGH, PA., May 29.—Dr. Philip Schaff, chairman of the American branch of the Bible revision committee, addressed a large audience to-day on the subject of the revised New Testament. After briefly reviewing the different translations made from time to time the speaker said that for forty years there had been a growing demand for a new translation. There were two reasons for such a revision. First, the changes in languages, and second, the progress in biblical scholarship Every living language, he said, changed from time to time. Certain words have changed to directly opposite meanings, such as "prevent," used in the sense of "precede;" "let," for "hinder;" "carriages," for "baggage;" "by-and-by," for "forthwith," etc. The most important reasons, however, is the growth of knowledge. The forty-seven persons who made the King James translation had none of them been in Palestine and knew little of biblical geography. They were thus liable to make errors, and did make many. Since then Egypt has given up her treasures, Sinai has been explored, Palestine has been traversed, Babylon and Nineveh have risen from their graves to testify to the truth of the Bible and lend their manuscripts and inscriptions to the explanation of some of its passages. Older manuscripts, since discovered, have been used in the present revision and many actual errors rectified. "Strain at a gnat" has been changed to "Strain out a gnat," and a great many such typographical errors have been corrected. Two words in the original were both translated "hell" in the King James version—"hades" meaning the abode of souls after death, and "Gehenna," meaning the abode of the damned. In the revision this has been corrected. So also has the distinction between "devil" and "demon" been brought out. The division into chapters first made by a Roman Catholic cardinal in the thirteenth century, and that into verses first made by a Paris publishing house in the sixteenth century, have been done away with and the text has been divided according to sense. Italicized passages, when they were unnecessary and weakening to the true sense, have been discarded.

History of Western Maryland,

Being a History of Frederick, Montgomery, Washington, Allegany, Carroll and Garrett Counties, together with a separate history of each of the cities, towns and election districts.

Mr. J. Thomas Scharf, author of History of Maryland, Chronicles of Baltimore, etc., is now engaged in the preparation of a History of Western Maryland from the earliest period to the present time. The work will be classified under proper headings, with an especial effort towards preserving valuable statistical and reference matter, and, at the same time, give as much as possible of the interesting memories and incidents in the early history and settlement of the numerous cities, towns, and election districts in the six Western counties of Maryland. The psoposed contents of the book will be too various and extensive to be announced now in anything like detail, but everything that relates to or bears upon the counties of Frederick, Carroll, Montgomery, Washington, Allegany, and Garrett will be exhaustively treated, and neither time, money, nor labor will be spared by either author or publisher in the preparation of the work.

The work will contain a complete geological and topographical survey of the mineral resources and wealth of Western Maryland, including the coal fields of George's Creek and the Potomac, the Meadow Mountain and Youghiogheny in Garrett and Allegany counties; character of soil, productions and modes of cultivation; Indian history; early settlers and population; proprietary interests and land titles; establishment of courts and form of government, with a separate history of each; organization of counties, cities, towns and election districts, with a separate history of each; Mills, furnaces, manufactures, mining and metallurgy; early manners and customs; organization of various religious denominations; agricultural societies and farmers' clubs; political parties; trade and mechanical industries; French and Indian war; newspapers, periodicals and printing; the wars and muster rolls of 1776, 1794, 1812, 1847 and 1861; battles and battle-fields; medical and secret societies; fire companies and military organizations; biographical matter; Judges of courts; Attorneys-General, deputies, and District Attorneys; Sheriffs, Registers of Wills, Coroners, and Clerks of the Courts; County Commissioners, Treasurers, Members of Assemblies, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Mayors, City Councilmen, and a list of Attorneys and dates of admission to the bar, together with such other matters, statistical, commercial, industrial, mechanical, professional, political, religious, private, and public, as will make the volume a book of the most comprehensive character, of great use for ready reference, and as a repository of valuable knowledge not elsewhere to be obtained; pervaded throughout with scenes and narratives of the most romantic interest.

The work will be profusely illustrated with maps, views, plans, and portraits, printed on first class paper, finely bound, making an Imperial octavo volume 8 x 11 inches when bound, and will contain between 1000 and 1500 pages, including illustrations. It will be issued from the excellent press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

The nature of such a work, however, makes it evident that, in order to secure the best results, the author will need to obtain information and material assistance from persons specially familiar with local histories and events. Persons having in their possession old plans, documents, narratives, or information upon these subjects, or who have in mind any family, individual, or incident which they think should be noticed, will confer a favor by forwarding information of the same to the author at an early day.

This work is recommended by some of the best men of Maryland, and we hope the representative men of Garrett will give it their co-operation and support,

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1881.

"Decoration day" was celebrated here yesterday, with more beautiful and appropriate ceremonies than for some years past. The soldiers graves at every point within reaching distance of the city were decorated. Arlington, of course claimed the greater share of public attention. The President was the orater of the day, and the entire programme passed off pleasantly, and the day will be long remembered by those who visited the Cemetery.

The custom, as now observed, of decorating the graves, is a beautiful and proper one. It does not, as some may think, fan sectional fires and keep open the wounds of war. On the other hand, it serves to show those now living that the country loves those who died for its sake, and it thus awakens and keeps alive that spirit of patriotism which is essential to the preservation of any Nation, and most of all to one in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty like ours. In this sense, and with this purpose in view, the usage deserves to be observed as long as the Republic shall last, and each year it will come to have a deeper significance and exert a holier influence. There is one circumstance in connection with this Decoration ceremony which I am sure will do much to bring the two sections of the country to a more kindly feeling toward each other, and that is the doing away with the distinction, among the friends of each, of Union and Confederate graves. Formerly the authorities would not allow the Confederate graves to be decorated on Decoration day. But this year all were treated alike by kind friends. I am glad to see the distinction done away with, and am sure the spirit in which it is done will be appreciated by all.

The situation at Albany does not indicate any great change. The anti-Conkling men fully maintain their grin, while there are signs of demoralization in the Conkling ranks, as shown by the charges of false play and treachery fully bandied about amongst them, and which are levelled especially against a stalwart of the prominence of Governor Cornell. To New Yorkers this contest is probably one of great interest, but to men of like politics in other States, the quarrel is becoming rather monotonous, and there is a desire abroad in the land that the affair be fired up somehow, and that quickly.

It is noted in Cincinnati, as a good omen that the first decision made by Judge Matthews as an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court was against some railroad interest.

Ex-Governor Davis, of Texas arrived here to-day. It is said that he will be appointed Solicitor General. Governor Davis was Chairman of the Texas delegation at the Chicago Convention, which was split up between Grant and Blaine.

The failure of the Brazilian line of steamships, will probably force upon Congress the necessity of passing some measure assuring Government assistance to the projectors of such enterprises.

LOGAN.

Gov. Foster, of Ohio, did not get a Cabinet position, but he is pretty certain of renomination and re-election as chief executive of his state. A special from Cincinnatti to the New York *Times* says there is every indication that Hamilton county will send a solid Foster delegation to the Republican State Convention, which assembles in Cleveland on the 8th, and that the prospects are that Foster will be given a nomination for re-election by a unanimous vote of the convention. Of course, if he is nominated the Republicans of Ohio will see that he is re-elected.

The Government Chemist's Report on Baking Powders.

To the Editor of "The Republican."

The recent publication of the report giving the comparative merits of various baking powders, according to tests made by the Government Chemist, has induced some of the manufacturers of brands, whose inferiority was thus brought to light, to resort to various means and publications. In order to rid themselves of the results of that unfavorable exposition of their inferiority.

That the public may fully understand the matter, and to avoid any misconception arising out of statements of our competitors, seeking to break the force of the report, I herewith subjoin the main part of the report, in which the comparative values are correctly given.

Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

Name of the Baking Powders.	*Available Gas, Cubic inches, per each oz. Powder.*	*Comparative Worth per Pound.*
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127.4	50 cts
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122.5	48 cts
"Rumford's" phosphate) old	32.7	13 cts
"Hanford's None Such,"	121.6	17¾ cts
"Redhead's,"	117.0	46 cts
"Charm," (alum powder)	116.9	— *
"Amazon," (alum powder)	111.9	— *
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz)	110.8	43 cts
"Czar,"	106.8	42 cts
"Dr. Price's Cream,"	102.6	40 cts
"Lewis's," condensed	98.2	38½ cts
"Congress," yeast	97.5	38 cts
"Andrew's Pearl,"	93.2	36¾ cts
"Helker's Perfect,"	92.5	36 cts
"Bulk Powder,"	80.5	30 cts

*The Government Chemist also adds: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself. He also informs me that he, himself, purchased the can of Royal Baking Powder at the store of Park & Tiltord.

I have only to add that for 20 years the Royal Baking Powder has been before the public, and it is to-day the standard for purity and excellence throughout the world. Because of its intrinsic merit, and by virtue of honorable enterprise, the Royal Baking Powder has taken this rank, and I am therefore not surprised to find adventurers in the business anxious to assume their preparations to be its equal.

J. C. HOAGLAND,
President Royal Baking Powder Company.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1881.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

One of the projects to heal the woes of the British farmer is that he should grow tobacco; but this is prohibited by law, both in England and Ireland. In the latter country tobacco was grown until about 50 years ago, when an act of Parliament put a stop to it.

Richard Misner, of Griffin's Corners, New York, has a daughter, aged sixteen, who weighs but thirty pounds, and is only three feet in height. She speaks in such a peculiar manner that few except her parents can understand her.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who has just returned home from a trip around the world, finds that New York surpasses any other city he has visited in the filthiness of its streets. Since leaving New York, on the 2d of November, he has traveled nearly thirty thousand miles.

There is much confusion in Brooklyn growing out of an order to the police for the arrest of all persons engaged in distributing advertisements in the streets. The parties arrested are immediately discharged by the magistrates, as there is no law to punish such an act.

A small boy, ten years old, has been arrested in New York for breaking the windows of the cars on the elevated railroad by firing bullets through them. The weapon he used was an elastic bean shooter, which throws a bullet or buckshot with great force and precision.

A giant from Norway, known as Mr. Burstadt, has arrived in New York, who is said to rival the Chinese monster. He wears a ring, a reputed present from the King of Sweeden, and a silver half dollar will readily pass through it. He appears to be somewhat less than nine feet high.

The telegraph steamer Faraday landed the shore end of the American cable at Dover Bay, Nova Scotia, on Monday, and the first and only Atlantic cable owned by American capitalists is now being laid at the rate 130 miles per day. The steamer also has the eastern shore end of the cable on board, and if the weather is pleasant will put it down on the way to London.

If the volume of European immigration continues unchecked, we shall soon find timid people advocating restrictive treaties similar to the convention now existing between the United States and China, to be made applicable to all foreign nations. No less than 2507 immigrants landed in New York last Wednesday. The aggregate number of immigrants landed since the 1st of January is 166,374.

The ground occupied by the stable in which the great Chicago fire commenced is about to be built upon, and the historical Society will place a memorial tablet on the front wall, with a suitable inscription. The northern terminus of the fire is also to be marked by the erection of a monument or tablet.

James Lindsky, an Irish immigrant who had been in New York before, went ashore in spite of the warnings of a police officer, complained at the station next morning that he had been robbed of $500. He took a single glass of beer in a saloon, fell asleep, and became an easy prey to the sharper who had drugged the beer.

In Holyoke, Mass., there are seven thousand French Canadian mill operatives, and the children have become Americanized so that they speak English instead of French. The parents petition for a French school, and are strict in requiring that they shall be addressed by their French names, discarding the changes that have been made by the Yankees.

The Virginia State Agricultural Society are making arrangements for holding a big fair on the company's grounds at Richmond during the Yorktown Centennial. An offer from the City Council to loan the society $10,000 for the erection of permanent buildings has been declined, and the manufacturers of agricultural implements and other machinery are invited to erect suitable buildings for the display of their exhibits.

A cruel blunder was recently made in announcing the verdict in a St. Louis murder case. The foreman handed several slips of paper to the clerk of the court, who, opening one, read, "We find the prisoner not guilty, on the ground of insanity." While the culprit and his counsel were shaking hands over the verdict the foreman said, "You've read the wrong slip. The one signed is our verdict—guilty of murder in the first degree."

A deed from the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad Company to secure second mortgage bonds amounting to $4,600,000 has been recorded in Richmond, Va. The deed was ordered several months ago, pending negotiations with the Pittsburg Southern Railroad, to enable the Richmond and Alleghany Road to build their road to the junction at the West Virginia state line. These negotiations are still pending, and it is not proposed to use the bonds unless the Pittsburg connection is ordered, but it was necessary to record the deed before the consolidation became absolute on the 23d of June.

The Fairmount Manufacturing Company has put a cotton mill in operation near Williston, S. C., for making yarns direct from the seed cotton by means of the Clement attachment. The machinery is driven by water power, though the pond is fifty feet below the elevation of the mill and 433 feet from the water course. The turbine wheel supplying the power is close to the water course, and the power is transmitted by means of a wire rope running over grooved sheaves, one near the turbine and the other in the factory building. Much of the yarn produced will be consumed in the manufacture of hose and underwear, the machinery for which is placed on the third floor.

Henri Rochefort's sensational newspaper, the Paris *Intransigeant*, gives publicity to a startling story from St. Petersburg, that on the 16th inst., just four days after the birth of her baby, Hesse Helfman, who was implicated in the murder of the late Czar, was hanged in prison. It is said that she was daily tortured in the most fiendish manner to wring confessions from her. Night after night she was wakened to be told that her hour was near. For several days she was strung up, and cut down just in time to prevent her expiring. On the 16th the hanging process was continued too long, and she was strangled to death. The *Intransigeant* adds that the excitement and indignation in the city are intense. The troops are not suffered to leave their barracks on any pretence, and a revolutionary movement is anticipated.

Absolom Brown, a widow, living near Statesville, N. C., went away from his home on Monday, leaving his three children alone in the house. The youngest, a boy three years old, had long been sickly, and the two older children, a boy and girl, conceived the idea of putting him out of the way. They tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to a post, where he was found a few minutes later by a colored woman of the neighborhood, who happened to pass by. She cut the child down, and succeeded in reviving it. She then went her way, and, returning homeward some time later, stopped again at Brown's house, when she ascertained that the brother and sister had taken the young child off the bed, carried it on behind the garden, and buried it. She hastily dug the mound up. It was still living, but died the next day from the shock.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Copious rains have fallen during the week.

—The Evangelical Lutheran Conference will meet a Deer Park June 14th.

—Mr. Smithman is erected a dwelling house on the corner of Third and Mill Streets.

—The County Commissioners will meet next Monday to make the an nual levy.

—Those indebted for subscription are requested to call and settle. We need the money.

Mrs. E. A. Kilbourn, of Jessup's Cut, Md., one of our regular summer visitors, arrived this week.

Mrs. M. C, Barry's family arrived at Hazelwood on Tuesday morning from Washington, D. C.

—Married, on the 29th day of May, 1881, at the bride's residence, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Rev. J. G. Breuninger, to Miss Mary Gortner.

—A beautiful line of ladies' and children's trimmed hats, sundowns and bonnets of the very latest styles, *where the "Red Flag Floateth."*

—Died, near Wilt's Store, Preston county, W. Va., on May 24th, 1881, Geo. R. Mosser, aged 2 months and 19 days. "Not lost but gone before."

—A communication received from "Forks," Grantsville District, is not published, for the reason that we cannot afford to publish advertisements gratis.

—Messrs. H. Allen Ison, Mortimer Smouse, Daniel Miller and Edward Kidow, of Oakland, attended the Decoration ceremonies at Grafton, W. Va., Monday last.

—Johnstown, this county, is looking up as a business place. They now have a store, a mountain tea distillery and a blacksmith shop, and will have a post office July 1st.

—Wm. Browning, Jr., who was injured at the explosion of Offutt's saw mill two weeks ago, and had been taken to the residence of Mr. C. H. Whetzell, was carried to his home on Saturday last. His injuries will disable him for several weeks.

—A fire occurred in an up-stairs bed chamber in the residence of Daniel Chisholm, in Oakland, Monday last. The fire was extinguished after it had destroyed a bed and some clothing. The origin of the fire cannot be accounted for.

—Children's corset waists, infants' cloaks and cloaking cloth, hunting, dress silks in plain, plaid and Japanese *styles*, French and Japanese grenadines, lawns, cassimeres and melanges, where the "Red Flag Floateth."

—Persons attending the Sunday School Convention next week, are respectfully invited to call at Cheap John's, where they will find every thing in the line of fruits and confectionaries, as well as soda water, cigars and tobacco. Three good cigars for 5 cents.

--On Sunday last a Union Sunday School was organized at Harrington Manor, by the election of Simon Wolf Superintendent, W. C. Davis and Isaac Kykendall Assistants and W. H. Hall Secretary. Fifty-four persons were present. Rev. J. M. Davis conducted the services and assisted in organizing the School.

—Alexander Thrasher, convicted in the circuit court for Washington county, at Hagerstown, May 27, of manslaughter in the killing of Joseph Pratt, at Mount Savage, March 10, was brought into court at Hagerstown Monday morning and sentenced to three years' confinement in the penitentiary. The limit of the sentence as prescribed by law is ten years.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching by Rev. Stoudenmire at 10½ o'clock a. m. Confirmation services.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Swanton at 8 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 3 p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Confirmation services.

New Furniture and House Furnishing Goods.

Mr. John Shatzer has just returned from Baltimore, where he purchased a large lot of furniture, mattresses, carpets, mattings, window blinds, &c. He has also added to his usually large and varied stock a full line of brackets, of every pattern and design. Persons attending the Commissioners Court and the Sunday School Convention next week, are cordially invited to call and examine his stock in his new furniture rooms on Second street.

Accident District Items.

George Keller, Esq., residing near Accident proposes erecting a large dwelling house this summer.

Benj. Shepp, Esq., is also preparing for the erection of a residence.

Mr. Alex. Fresh is making improvements in the way of handsome out-buildings.

The Messrs. Kahl are engaged in building a school house near the residence of Mr. James Skiles, in the Flat Woods settlement.

The oats and corn is all in the ground in this district. The wheat and rye, as well as the grass is in a flourishing condition. With favorable weather a large harvest is anticipated.

Mr. Aaron Boyer is erecting a large barn on his farm one-half mile south of Accident.

Sunday School Organization.

In pursuance to a call issued by those immediately concerned, a meeting was held at "Elk Plains," school house, on Sunday last, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School. Mr. Geo. W. Wilson acted a chairman of the meeting, and the following officers and teachers were chosen to conduct the "Elk Garden Sunday School:"

Superintendent—Isaac W. Abernathy.

Assistant—Charles J. Nine.

Secretary—Geo. W. Wilson.

Treasurer—John W. Harvey.

Teacher—Charles J. Nine, Sophia Abernathy, John D. Everts, and Lida Wilson.

Forty-nine pupils were enrolled, and $10.50 was paid in by those present to be used in the purchase of a library.

Geo. W. Wilson and John W. Harvey were elected to represent the School at the coming Convention.

Report of the Asher Glade School.

ASHER GLADE, May 25, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Allow me a small space in your valuable paper to give a short report of the Asher Glade School.

The busy season was not unfavorable to our closing exercises, for we were favored with the presence of many friends and patrons of the school—the house not being large enough to hold the half that was present. I can hardly thank the patrons and scholars enough for their kindness towards me. Thanks are especially due the young ladies and gentlemen for the interest they manifested in preparing the house. The decorations were very tasteful.

The per cent. for the term was as follows:

Class A—Anna B. Umbel, 100; Elmy Umbel, 98; Nancy J. Umbel, 97; Monterla Barnthouse, 100; Ida B. Barnthouse, 100; Feely A. Barnthouse, 99 3-7; Mary E. Thomas, 96; Lucretia Thomas, 95; Ephriam Thomas, 98; Geo. B. Frazee, 100; Jasper Barnthouse, 100; T. F. Umbel, 99 1-7.

Class B –Josie Stuck, 100; Mary E. Stuck, 99 6-7; Theodocia Umbel, 100; Mary Umbel, 100; Minna Umbel 96 3-7; Sily B. Fike, 100; Lucretia Fike, 95 3-7; I. N. Frazee, 100; J. W. Stuck, 100; Anna Fike, 100; Lloyd Umbel, 100; Nancy Maust, 95 3-7; Mary E. Maust, 96 6-7.

The C Class is not as good as the A and B, but is good, We claim that No. 8 stands second to no second drade school in the county.

I again thank both patrons and scholars for kindness to me, and I will say to the scholars: treat your teachers hereafter as you have treated me, and you will surely succeed.

E. J. STUCK, Teacher.

Report of the Wilson School.

ELK PLAINS, May 24, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Will you allow me space in your paper for a few items in regard to School No. 3, district No. 8, known by the name of the Wilson School, which I had under my control for the past seven months. This school numbers 25 pupils, principally bright, intelligent and possessing very amiable dispositions, which is no small thing in a school room.

Young ladies and gentlemen of Wilson School allow me to wish you every possible success. May you become great and good men and women, and credit to your predecessors, and a blessing to your kind and worthy parents. I trust that the worthy Secretary of our School Board may in the coming school year recommend your school to a more able instructor than I.

I have the pleasure to be your well wisher,

ARTHUR ASHBY, Teacher.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of May:

Wm. H. Durst and Annie Custer.

Albert Fitzwater and Florence White.

Columbus Duckworth and Belle Coleman.

Wm. J. Lavelle and Susan Griffith.

J. G. Brenninger and Mary Gortner.

And one with request not to publish.

Photographs.

Pritchard's Gallery, on the corner of Oak and Alder streets, is now in operation. Having better facilities for the business than ever before, expects to give satisfaction to customers.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 1:

Peter R. Roach and wife to George Pritchard, Military Lot No. 420; $550.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Samuel D. Hummel, 73 acres of land; $150.

Susan Miner to Louisa Miner, a lot of land situated in the Town of Oakland; $5.

James T. Brady and wife to Margaret Adams, part of the tract called "Republic," containing 91 acres; $350.

Narrow Escape from Drowning.

On Saturday last while a party of young people consisting of Letitia Friend, daughter of Judge Friend, Edward A. Browing, Harrison DeWitt, Ferdinand Browning and Charles DeWitt, of Sang Run, this county, and a Miss Douglass, of Grafton, W. Va., were engaged in fishing in the Youghiogheny river, near Sang Run, the boat sprung a leak and sunk before they could get it to the shore. Several of the party would undoubtedly have been drowned had it not been for the exertions of Mr. Harrison DeWitt, who was the only good swimmer in the party. He succeeded in getting the entire party safely to shore.

Coal Ashes.

Coal ashes are not as valuable for fertilizers as they are for other purposes. We know of no better absorbents than coal ashes, and we are always surprised to see large, unsightly piles of such ashes lying around dwellings, when they might be profitably used in the privy vaults and for absorbing the sewage from the house. There is very little, if any, free alkali in them, so that they never liberate amonia, but rather absorb it, also absorbing other offensive smells. Coal ashes could also be used to advantage in the hog pen, but much of their value depends upon the temperature at which they are burned. Ashes are frequently vitrified; that is, they are burned at such a high temperature that they are dissolved to a certain extent. When this is the case, they make excellent garden walks. Their mechanical effects upon the soil are excellent; they render stiff chyey soils more porous, and, strange as it may appear, they render sandy soils more compact. We have frequently spread them upon grass lands, and have been satisfied of their beneficial effects there; but have not yet determined whether the benefits arose from their mechanical effects in breaking the continuity of the sod, or from the small amount of alkali they contained.—*Boston Cultivator.*

How to Keep the Boys on the Farm

Boys on the farm grow tired of the every-day farm work, and even of their homes, unless there is something to relieve the monotony. Farmers make a serious mistake if they fail to make provision for recreation for their children. Give them something they can truly consider their own, and see how soon they become interested therein. Let them have pets, pigeons, poultry, a calf, lamb or even pigs, with the understanding they may have all the profit they can make from them, and it will be seen that the care and sales will inculcate a business tact, and at the same time engraft on the young and pliant mind a reverence for God's creatures that will be of lasting good through life. Visit a farm-house where the children are thus cared for, and note with what cheerful countenances they visit their pets, their own garden plots, their flower beds, after the toil of the day is done, seeming to forget in their enjoyment how tired they were, and if you won't realize that it is more blessed to give than receive, rest assured you have no soul. Is it any wonder that boys are anxious to leave the farm just as soon as they become old enough to be of assistance, when they have no home attractions, where "home" means toil, toil, no recreation of any kind, not even a circus? Farmers, make your homes attractive, furnish the children good reading matter, and see that they enjoy themselves and then instead of driving the boys away it will be found they have formed pleasant attachments for their homes that will be sufficient inducements for them to remain.

Sugar beet raising is receiving some attention in the neighborhood of Rising Sun, Cecil county. Job Haines has three acres, Cecil Stubbs has two acres and Wm. Brown has one acre planted. The Delaware Beet Sugar Company agree to take all they can raise, for which they pay from $3 50 to $8 40 per ton delivered on board the cars at Rising Sun depot.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Wheat is heading out finely in the Eastern Shore counties.

Churchville, in Harford county, is about to have its name changed to Harlan by the Postoffice authorities.

During the week ended Saturday there were 3,213 loaded cars hauled over the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. John Horsey, of Andersontown, Carroll county, died very suddenly on the 25th, while seated at the supper-table.

It is understood the Mutual Union Telegraph Company will shortly run their wires through Cumberland from Baltimore to Pittsburg.

Mr. Thos. P. Dixon, president of the board of county commissioners of Kent county, died Friday last. He was one of the leading men of the county.

A party from Bonaparte, Iowa, is negotiating with the directors of the Western Maryland Agricultural Society for the purchase of the fair grounds, at Cumberland.

Negotiations in regard to the starting up of another glass works at Cumberland are still in progress, but definite and final arraugements are not yet made.

John K. White, of Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, Pa., has leased the "Battle Run" tannery, near Cumberland, from Deford & Co., of Baltimore, and will hereafter run it.

Last week about 800 tons of coal were being shipped daily over the Georges Creek and Cumberland Railroad, via the Pennsylvania Road, to points in the East.

The herring were so thick in the Potomac at Little Falls last Sunday that some were crowded out of the water and left dying on the shore. One boy picked up twenty-nine in the course of an hour.

William Williams, a colored man from Shepherdstown, was drowned in the canal, near that place, on the 21st instant. He was in the act of throwing a rope from a canal coat, when he fell overboard.

A leak in the berm bank of the canal near Great Falls was discovered on the 20th, in time to prevent a break of great magnitude. The leak was at the bottom of a wall sixty feet high, but was soon repaired.

The Denton *Union* calls the depositing of 250,000 young shad in the Choptank "mere follishness." The Choptank must be very different from other streams if the shad once placed there do not return to spawn when grown to maturity.

Mr. B. F. Newcomer, formerly of Hagerstown, paid all the expenses of the trip of the pupils of the Blind Asylum to that town last week, where they gave a free concert.

Dr. Robert E. Yoe, a well-known physician of Calvert county, died on the 26th at his residence, near the village of Huntingtown. He leaves a wife and three young children.

The Rev. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, is advertised, through some mistake, to lecture both in Cambridge and at North-East on the 7th of June. He has an appointment to speak in Denton on the 6th of June.

The long expected parasite that is to destroy the potato bug has appeared in Cecil county. It is a small brown bug, that covers the potato-bug in myriads, and sucks the juices out of their ungainly bodies, leaving their lifeless carcasses to bleach in the sun.

There will be no camp-meeting this year at Concord by the Denton circuit of the M. E. Church, but an independent camp at that place, by people of the neighborhood, is talked of.

The county commissioners of Dorchester county will levy six thousand dollars for the support of public schools for the next scholastic year, and two thousand dollars for the erection and repair of the school houses.

A crazy man, calling himself Ed. Readdy, from Savannah, was lodged in jail at Elkton on Friday. He is supposed to be a commercial agent, though he says he was a bar-keeper. His clothing was good, though wet and muddy. He had a through ticket to New York, and got off the train at Elkton.

In the trial of certain local option cases in Talbot county the fact was disclosed that in a certain shop where three men were at work they procured a quart of pure alcohol, and adding to it a quart of water, the whole was used up in a single afternoon. The men, thus primed with liquor, got into a riot the same night, and have been in trouble ever since.

Noah and John Bruner, of Middletown, who shortly before the death of their aged grandmother had taken out policies on her life from the Southern Pennsylvania Mutual Relief Association of Hanover, Pa., have received about $1,400 out of the $3,000 called for by the policies. The deficiency was caused by three hundred of the policy-holders failing to pay the assessments when called upon. This fact indicates that the whole system cannot last very long

The projectors of the Denton Bank have not yet succeeded in perfecting their arrangements, having met with several set-backs in their attempts to obtain the subscriptions. At the first meeting there was $7,000 lacking; then when that was obtained, Colonel Arthur John Willis, who had subscribed for $26,000, giving him a majority of the stock, became dissatisfied and retired from the field. Since then his defection has been remedied, and in a few days the directors will be chosen.

Bosses.

The Republican party came into existence without the agency of a Boss or Primate. It grew from nothing to the stature of a giant without the aid of a Boss. It fought its terrific fights, gained its glorious victories, and became the dominant power in the Nation without a suspicion that a Boss was needed. All that is creditable in its history has been accomplished without Bosses; all that has been wrong and shameful has been the work of Bosses. Bosses have always urged the nomination or appointment of a grade of men from low to very bad. They have always insisted upon expedients and time-serving in the party's policy, instead of adopting a line of action based on principle, and appealing to the reason and convictions of the people. No one can point out a single great principle advocated or promoted by a Boss; no one can show an utterance of theirs which has lifted the people up and inspired them to greater efforts.

The permanent ascendancy of these men will mark the decadence of the Republican party, even as the same fact marked the decadence of the Democracy.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Asks for Too Much."

Maryland Democrats are aghast at the boldness and "indiscretion" shown by Governor Hamilton in publicly demanding that party pledges shall be redeemed. In his warfare upon the Democratic state ring, Governor Hamilton points out that the declarations of the party, as regarding the reduction of the state debt and the retrenchment of the public expenses, have been laid aside as so much useless lumber. The laws relating to the provision of ways and means for the extinguishment of the state debt have not been carried out, and the sinking fund has been destroyed. The state has nothing on hand, and must borrow money. But to the outside observer, the Governor's speech criticising Democratic mismanagement of the state finances must seem almost quixotic. He talks as if he really believed that his party had made pledges which they intended to keep. Does a Democratic platform often mean anything more than emptiness and glittering generalities? The Maryland Democracy are no worse than their party in other states, although it is not often that a successful Democratic candidate for office insists that his party shall perform what its leaders have promised. Governor Hamilton asks for too much.—*New York Times.*

On Arriving at New York, Saturday last, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt expressed great curiosity in regard to the resignation of Senator Conkling and the position of political affairs in the State. On this subject Mr. Vanderbilt said, with great earnestness: "Mr. Conkling made a grave mistake in resigning his seat in the Senate. He left the State without representation and the Republican party in a minority. He could not afford to do that. I have regarded him as a man of considerable ability, and that he should have made a quarrel with the administration is a pity—a very great pity. Still Mr. Conkling is likely to discover his mistake. The party is more than the man, and when the question shall be submitted to the people whether to follow the party or Mr. Conkling, the people will rally all together around the party. Mr. Conkling will find himself alone. Mr. Conklink should remember that the collectorship of this port is as much a national appointment as any office in the gift of the President. There is nothing against the fitness of Judge Robertson for the office."

A census bulletin recently issued by Gen. Walker, locates the center of population for 1880 at a point in Kentucky, 8 miles west by south from the heart of the city of Cincinnati, and one mile from the south bank of the Ohio river, and one and a half miles southeast of the village of Taylorsville. This bulletin also contains a table showing the movement of the center of population for every ten years since 1790, when it was 23 miles east of Baltimore; in 1880 it was 18 miles west of Baltimore, and for each succeeding ten years moved as follows: to 40 miles northwest by west of Washington; 16 miles north of Woodstock; 19 miles west southwest of Moorefield; 16 miles south of Clarksburg; 23 miles southeast of Parkersburg; 20 miles south of Chillicothe; 48 miles east by north of Cincinnati and thence to 1880, when, as mentioned above it was 8 miles west by south of Cincinnati. The center of population is the center of gravity of the population of the country.

Thirty thousand bushels of spring wheat shipped from St. Paul, Minn., to Glasgow, Scotland, for 28 cents per bushel! This shows what the New Orleans route can do. Sacked flour (for British market), 50 cents per 100 lbs. from St. Louis to Liverpool via New Orleans! Evidently the era of cheapness has not culminated yet. The New Orleans competition has already put down all-rail rates for wheat from Chicago to New York to 25 cents per 100 lbs., and private contracts and rebates reduce this in some cases to a net of 19 cents, equal to 11 2 5 cents to 15 cents per bushels. Even at these rates, however, St. Paul can ship more cheaply by way of New Orleans. In 1860 all-rail rates from Chicago to New York were 60 cents per bushel on the average; in 1869-70 about 65 cents. The wheat crop of Minnesota is 35,000,000 bushels. The farmers, therefore, in that state save, in the difference of freight between 1870 and 1881, an annual sum of $17,500,000. Low freights have been worth to them over $100,000,000 since the reduction began. Is it any wonder that the Western farmers are getting rich so rapidly? —*Balto. American.*

A Cincinnati dispatch says: "Arrangements have been made by prominent Democrats of this city for holding an indignation meeting on Saturday evening of this week, on which occasion the reform mayor will be denounced as disloyal to the Democratic party. The leaders say he is untrue to all the principles for which the party fought, and they do not want that his name should be longer associated with their party. They say they are going to give him back to the little clique of wealthy and easy going fellows from whom he came. His offence lies in not receiving any of the acknowledged leaders of the party into his councils or giving them any part in the distribution of its patronage. The mayor has studiously avoided the politicians. He refuses to counsel with them or to make any appointments where political influence is brought to bear. The effect has been to put the working Democrats in very bad humor."

The New York *Sun* is inclined to think there is something like snap-judgement in the adverse decision of carping people in the matter of Bible revision after a ten minutes' perusal of the work, which it took thirty-eight scholars ten years to complete.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR RENT.

A completely furnished Cottage, suitable for Summer visitors. Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS.

EXECUTORS' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Mrs. Louisa Moffett, late of Garrett county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executors, will sell at public auction, in front of Garvey's Hotel, in the town of Bloomington,

On Saturday, the 18th day of June,

1881, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that piece or parcel of land known as

LOT NO. 6, on the Plat of the Town of Bloomington.

Said property is improved by a comfortable house, with all the necessary out buildings, good well in cellar, and is a desirable home. Terms made known on day of sale.

E. KEMP,
H. H. KIGHT,
6 4 3 Executors.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, Insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4 0ds Permanent Trustee.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Queen Margherita is one of the most skillful sewing-women in Italy.

—The Empress of Austria recently sent to a reporter a dressing-case embossed in silver, as a mark of her pleasure at his account of some of her exploits in the field.

—The Princess Dolgorouki, beside innumerable jewels and other souvenirs, has received from the late Czar a legacy of about $10,000,000, which at her death will go to her children. Most of the money came from the gold mines of the Oural and of Siberia, which belong to the reigning Czar of Russia.

—Dr. Kidd, who was Lord Beaconsfield's regular physician, has the largest regular practice in London, and is an eclectic. With the exception of this gentleman, it is a curious circumstance that all around the bedside of the dying ex-Premier—Dr. Quain, Lord Burrington, Lord Rowton, James McClennan, his servant, and the two nurses—were Irish, "sentimental and self-sacrificing race," as he has styled them.

—Many Russian young ladies of position appear to have been beguiled into more or less complicity with the Nihilist party. It is said that an intimate friend of the Duchess of Edinburgh, a young lady who only the other day was one of the party who officially received the Duchess on her arrival in St. Petersburg, has since, under the pangs of remorse, confessed to a very close acquaintance with Nihilist leaders.

—The Middlesex magistrates in England have been using their power and have stopped a religious service in a music hall. Great indignation has been aroused; the Home Secretary, the Earl of Shaftesbury and others have been appealed to, and the meetings have been held in the open air pending some redress from the local authorities or else a regulation forbidding the use of theaters and places of amusement for religious purposes.

—Lord Beaconsfield had two brothers—James, deceased, and Ralph. He never associated with any of his kindred, but he appointed James, in 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, the salary of which is £2,000 a year, and his brother Ralph was, at his request, appointed by Lord Chancellor Cairns, in 1867, deputy clerk of the House of Lords, the salary of which is £1,200. They both, particularly James, bore a strong likeness to their remarkable brother.

A Picture of Havana—How the Cubans Live and Move.

Cuba is one of the fairest lands under the light of the sun, and one of the healthiest. There is probably no other country in the tropics where people of Northern birth can live more safely. It is true there is yellow fever in Havana at all times, and in the summer it becomes epidemic; but this is the effect of local causes. For a winter residence for Northern people nothing can be more delightful than the Cuban climate. Through February this year the average of the thermometer was about 70, and there was only one day of rainy, unpleasant weather. Still, the climate is never a bracing one. Even in winter a white man can not do as much hard work as he can in Pennsylvania or Iowa; and in summer he must rest during the middle of the day.

Havana is a very attractive city of semi-Moorish aspect. It is built on the western slope of a long and narrow bay. The declivity is sufficient to insure good drainage. The streets are narrow and the sidewalks are often only wide enough for a single person. The houses are built of stone, and the older ones are generally of one story. They are painted light blue and yellow. The roofs in many cases are of red tiles. In the intense sunlight of the day, the general effect is exceedingly bright and gay. The public promenades are charming, with their handsome drives, smooth walks, fountains, palms and masses of tropical flowering shrubbery. In the evening they are brilliantly lighted and filled with throngs of people, sitting, walking, talking, smoking, listening to the music, enjoying the soft, delicous air. The picture is like that of the Boulevards of Paris, except that it is broader, more varied, less crowded and less noisy.

The sewage of the city is all carried into the long and narrow harbor. The mouth of this harbor is less than half a mile wide, and the rise and fall of the tide is only two feet. Accordingly, there is no current outward, and during the hot weather of summer the contents of the bay stagnate and ferment. Hence malaria, yellow fever and the unhealthiness of the town. Engineers say that it might be changed at no great expense by cutting a canal from the head of the harbor northwestwardly to the sea, producing a current and changing continually the waters of the harbor.

The cabs of Havana are Victorias with one horse, carrying two persons. The horses are a small, active, native breed. There are thousands of these cabs, and no one has to wait to find one. The drivers are honest beyond the wont of their trade. I did not hear of an instance of one attempting to extort from a foreigner more than his lawful fare. The price of a drive to any part of the city, whether there are one or two persons in the cab, is forty cents in paper or twenty cents in coin.

Cock fights are a regular institution all over Cuba. In every village festival they play a part. Sunday appears to be a favorite day for them, and I heard of country priests going from the altar to a cock fight. In Havana there are also bull fights on Sundays, when the placards say the bulls are fought to the death; but, I did not have an opportunity to attend any of these exercises. The cock-fighting people are said to be especially gentle and kindly; though for that matter brutality and ruffianism seemed to be absent everywhere.

Hotels in Cuba are dirty. There is no clean hotel in Havana, and those most frequented by foreigners seem, if possible, to be dirtiest. It is said that in visiting any place where Spanish is the language the safe way is to go to the newest hotel.

The usage everywhere is to begin the day, say at six o'clock in the morning, with a couple of fresh oranges and a cup of coffee with sugar and milk. Breakfast, a very substantial meal, with wine and a desert of sweetmeats, follows at about 11, and dinner from six to seven. The best cooks are Chinese.

There is a great deal of dram-drinking among the people. Gin is the favorite liquor, and large quantities of it are sold, but I did not see anywhere a drunken man. Smoking is as universal and constant as breathing, but I saw no ladies smoking, though no one refrains from smoking because they are present. Cigarettes are more frequently used than cigars. No apology is required for introducing them, and no one asks his visitor or companion to join him in smoking because he assumes that the visitor has his own tobacco in his pocket and would light his cigarette if he wished to do so. The only places where one can't smoke are the churches and the theatres. At the opera I saw a man who had begun to smoke in the parquet compelled to quit the indulgence; but at the same time a cloud of smoke blown from one of the private boxes back of the proscenium excited no attention whatever. In the railroad cars everybody smokes without restraint and a special car for the purpose would be ridiculous.

There are few railroads in Cuba, and some of them are in good condition. The first-class cars have cane seats, and all the cars are shabby. In some cases, however, the road-bed is smooth and in good order. The trains are slow.—*C. A. Dana, in N. Y. Sun.*

Genius and Laziness.

About as foolish a notion as can lodge itself in the head of a young man is the idea that he is a genius, and, *therefore* industry is not necessary to his success.

The example of Sheridan, who united in himself the endowments of three extraordinary men, being a wit, a dramatist and an orator, is not unfrequently mentioned as supporting this notion. Sheridan was a genius, and he was lazy. His indolence, however, together with his dissipated and prodigal habits—the three are natural associates—weighted him so heavily in life's race that it was only now and then he appeared among the foremost. He never reached the goal. Even these appearances were due to spurts of hard work, to which he was spurred by the necessities of the occasion or the protests of friends.

"You know I am an ignoramus," he would say to political associates, when they urged him to make a speech on some important measure before the House of Commons, "but instruct me, and I'll do my best."

They would cram him with information, which his quick intellect mastered and arranged. Then he would prepare a speech, writing the more brilliant parts two or three times over. The greatest speech of his life was that which he delivered in the House of Commons, against Warren Hastings, on the question whether he should be impeached for his conduct while Governor-General of India. The best orators and critics placed it above all ancient and modern speeches. Logan, one of Hastings' defenders, said to a friend, after Sheridan had spoken for an hour. "All this is declamatory assertion without proof."

"A wonderful oration!" he muttered, when the orator had consumed another hour. "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably," was his confession at the end of the third hour. The fourth hour drew from him the indignant assertion, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal!" The orator went on, and just as he was concluding—he spoke five and a half hours—Logan exclaimed, "Of all monsters, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!"

It is not strange that Pitt, at the conclusion of his speech, moved an adjournment to give the House time "to collect its reason." Of course, it was the product of a genius who was a natural orator. But genius had been hard at work for days, preparing with elaborate care even the pettiest details of the wonderful oration.

Sheridan, though habitually lazy, could, in special emergencies, toil like a cart-horse drawing a load up-hill. He had, at times, "the capacity for infinite pains-taking," which is Carlyle's definition of genius. If young men will add this idea to their notion of genius it will do them no harm to think themselves members of that endowed class.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Daughter of Ethan Allen.

In his reminiscences of Montreal in the *Star* of that city, Mr. J. H. Dorwin writes: "I have one more little event to mention, one that is scarcely worth recording, only that it interested me very much at the time it happened, and recalls the name of a man somewhat renowned in the Revolutionary war, and connected with an important event in Montreal's history. On the 10th of December, 1819, there died at the Hotel Dieu, on St. Paul Street, a nun known as Sister Allen. Her full name was Margaret Allen, and she was the daughter of the famous Col. Ethan Allen, who, it will be remembered, accompanied Montgomery in his invasion of Canada in 1775, and attempted, with a small detachment, to surprise Montreal, but was defeated and captured and sent to England in irons. She came from her home in Burlington, Vt., in 1808, when twenty-four years old, and thus spent eleven years in the nunnery. I never knew of her presence here until one afternoon I heard on the street that the daughter of the brave but unfortunate old soldier had just died in the Hotel Dieu, and I hurried over to see her. Her body was lying in state in the chapel, and, it being my first visit to a convent, the solemn stillness of the place, the wax burning beside the coffin, the nuns kneeling there repeating prayers for the departed soul, and above all the thoughts called up by the name and presence of the dead, all made a strong impression upon me. The body lay thus for three days, and was visited by a great many people. She was one of the most beautiful women, even in death, that ever I saw, and belonged to one of the best families in New England, and why she left the world to become a nun I never knew. It was strange, too, that the daughter should seek refuge in the very city which the father had invaded and where he met with his worst misfortune."

—In North Carolina a woman was recently admitted to the bar because, as the Chief Justice said, there seemed to be no law for or against such admission

The Zero-Motor—Steam Superseded by Ammonia and Water.

A late Washington letter says: There is at the Navy Yard here an apparatus known as the Gamgee ice-machine. In fact, it has no distinct name as yet, but when it shall be completed, some three months hence, it will be known as the zero-motor. The machine has excited great interest among various persons, but Prof. Gamgee has only exhibited it in motion to President Garfield, Secretaries Hunt and Windom and a few prominent officials.

The primary idea of the inventor was to secure a machine for the economical manufacture of ice, and he constructed a compound-ammoniacal engine, to which was attached a steam engine of peculiar construction and an ammoniacal pump, all three of which are connected by the same shaft. The affair represents a large turning-lathe mounted on iron boxes, the latter serving as boilers or generators. The fuel consists of gaseous ammonia, generated from liquid ammonia by the heat in hydrant water of ordinary atmospheric temperature. So far as making ice is concerned the apparatus has proved a success. While making these experiments Prof. Gamgee discovered that in his compound-ammonia engine he could generate a great power, and without any trouble it could be controlled so as to be used for driving machinery. Therefore he has determined to cut off the steam attachment, and will make improvements by which he hopes in the near future to revolutionize the entire motive power of the world and dispense with steam.

Chief Engineer Isherwood, of the Navy Department, was detailed to investigate the machine, and he made a report to Secretary Hunt, in which he stated that the scheme had an entirely practical look about it and he doubted not that if but a short time should be allowed Gamgee he would produce a motor capable of furnishing power without the combustion of coal. It was for this reason, and with a view to securing to the Government the use of a motor of this sort, that the President interested himself in it.

Prof. Gamgee exhibited his drawings and explained all the details, and when the President, with a critical and mechanical eye, desired to know the use of some mysterious-looking tubes which extended about the engine, it was shown that they carried water to the joints and bearings, the aequeous fluid being used for lubricating purposes instead of oil, which becomes heated. To the ordinary reader a scientific explanation of the details would be bewildering, and is therefore unnecessary. The only ingredients for generating the gas were liquid ammonia and pure water from a hydrant near the machine shop. In a short time the pipes were covered with hoar frost, which accumulated in great quantities. The power of the vapor could be distinctly felt when one placed his hand near a guage which was suddenly opened. A small volume shot out, so cold as to send a chill over the whole body by mere contact with the hand, and of such force as to knock it from in front of the cloud. No attempt has been made as yet to utilize the power for motive purposes, but the inventor asserts that he will be able to run steamships and cars and machinery without the use of coal, and that the day for boilers is fast approaching an end. When Keeley first started, it was claimed his engine was an ammoniacal one, but he disproved this by drawing off the water and allowing it to be tasted. The present engine shows forty-horse power, requires the services of one man, some hydrant water and a small quantity of ammonia. Gamgee has been at work only a few years, and has expended but a small amount of money. The power of expansion and contraction possessed by ammonia has already been applied—by the aid of other mechanism than Prof. Gamgee's—to the running of light machinery, but whether it is a practical motor in actual use or not is a matter for future experiment.

Mr. Corporal.

It is related that during the American Revolution the Corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty; and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave oh!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned round, with all the pomp of an Emperor, and said:

"Sir, I am a Corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that!" and, taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said: "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

He then dismounted and lifted till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the Corporal, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The Corporal was thunderstruck. It was none other than Washington who thus addressed him.

A Kentucky Bird Convention.

A sight so strange that it would pay strangers to come miles to see, occurs every night five miles south of this place, on the Cedar Bluffs of the Cumberland River. Every evening, just about sundown, the sky is darkened as far as the eye can see by great flocks of birds coming to roost in these cedars. Your correspondent, accompanied by a native and a lantern, spent a couple of hours last night among the cedars, watching this wonderful congregation of birds of every tongue, plumage and almost every country this side of the tropics. Startled by our approach, great crowds of the chattering tribe would rise from their perches in the cedars and fly off with a noise like deep and distant thunder. We had to scream at the top of our voice to hear one another speak. Large limbs of the trees were broken off, caused by the accumulated weight of birds. Hundreds, blinded by our lanterns, would fly into our faces. We could pick thousands of them from the branches of the trees.

But what seemed so strange about this bird convention was the seeming peace and harmony that existed between the birds. The hawk and dove roosted in peace on the same branch, while hundreds of robins and sparrows circled in perfect safety around the perch of large owls. In the early morning, when these songsters of the groves left their perches in the cedars for the fields of the open country, it was a most beautiful and gorgeous sight to behold. With the blue of the jay, the crimson and red of the fence wren and red bird, the yellow and gray of the yellow and sparrow birds seemed like some grand and splendid panorama of the floral kingdom endowed with the power of music moving through the air in a procession composed of all the colors of the rainbow. Hundreds of people go every night to see this strange wonder.—*The Somerset Special.*

Hints for Preventing Diphtheria.

The following brief memorandum of sanitary duties will be of use in families and communities exposed to diphtheria, and is published by the New York State Board of Health to aid in the repression and prevention of this terrible disease.

Diphtheria is an infectious and dangerous disease, readily communicated by the sick and by clothing from the sick-room. The room itself is apt to retain and communicate the infection. Its spread is prevented by great care to have the sick, their clothing, and the persons who nurse them, kept entirely away from others, especially from children; and to such care should be added cleansing.

The sick must be nursed in a clean and airy room, on a floor where there are no other children.

Every cloth and cup, and all clothing and bedding used in the sick-room, must be cleansed and disinfected before being handled or used by other persons. The house itself must be disinfected as soon as the sick recover or die. Cleanliness and ventilation should be enforced night and day.

Open windows and open fire-places—with fire in them day and night—protect the sick and all who attend them. The cloths and dishes used by the sick should be put into boiling hot water as soon as removed, without being taken to another room. The soiled clothing from the sick and the bed that can be boiled should be thrown into a disinfecting fluid, made by dissolving four tablespoonfuls of sulphate of zinc ("white vitriol") and two tablespoonfuls of common salt in a gallon of boiling water (one-fourth pound of sulphate of zinc to two ounces of table-salt to the gallon). When the time for washing comes, thoroughly boil the clothing, etc., before washing.

The woodwork, chairs and stools of the sick-room should be washed with the disinfecting fluid. The chamber vessels and spit-cups used by the sick should be drenched with this fluid before they are removed from the room.

The grounds surrounding the house, the ditches and drains and the privy and chip yard, must be drenched with the cheap solution of green copperas (sulphate of iron), made by dissolving five pounds of the dry copperas in a large pailful of water.

As soon as the sick-room is vacated let it be fumigated with sulphur, and let all rugs, beds, blankets and other furniture remain in the room and near where the kettles or pans of sulphur are placed. From two to five pounds of sulphur, or broken brimstone, laid upon ashes and coals in iron vessels (set into large tubs that contain a few inches depth of water) will be necessary for fumigating an ordinary chamber. The physician will direct how to do this; but it will be well done if the rooms to be fumigated are so closed that the suffocating fumes do not escape from flues and crevices, and the burning of the sulphur at last ceases for want of fresh air before all the sulphur is consumed. Let the fumes be kept shut in all day. Finally, let all plastered portions of the room be well whitewashed with fresh slacked lime. Let the bottom and sides of cellars be sprinkled thickly and repeatedly with quick-lime. All house-drains, ditches, filthy grounds, garbage-tubs and decaying materials should be cleared out and disinfected, and waste-pipes, drains and sewer connections so improved that no gases from them shall enter the house.

The sick should be nursed by adults who have no children about them. Avoid the patient's breath and matters ejected in coughing.

Children and visitors should keep away from the house where there is diphtheria. The burial of those that die should be strictly private. The corpse should be wrapped in a sheet saturated with the zinc disinfectant.

Children who recover from diphtheria should not visit or be visited, attend school or meetings, nor mingle with others of the family from which separated, until the physician permits.

The mother, father or other member of a family who needs to become the attendant upon the sick when quarantined for diphtheria, should practice all possible precautions to prevent spreading the infection in the family. Nurses of such patients should keep away from other families and from children of the same family.

It must be remembered that not only the mild cases, but the convalescent, may and frequently do infect others fatally, and that by this means diphtheria is thoughtlessly spread from place to place.

It is a public as well as domestic duty to apply the sanitary rules wherever a case of diphtheria occurs. This disease should be treated as an enemy to be conquered in every house it enters.

Perfect drainage and cleanliness, thorough ventilation and dryness, and repeated disinfection of all the house drains, and foul places are necessary to the safety of the family and the neighborhood.

—There was a cry of fire in a theater in Lyons, France. A rush was made for the doors, and many persons were wounded. After the panic the audience returned to their seats, but found that thieves, who had raised the cry of fire, had meanwhile made way with the shawls, cloaks, opera-glasses and other property left on the floor and the seats. The *Figaro* advises the Parisians to keep cool when they hear anybody cry "fire" in a theater and collar him.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Dr. Herz, a foreign electrician, has shown that it is possible to telephone six hundred miles.

—M. Ader has just been awarded 3,000 francs by the Paris Academy of Sciences for his advances in phonetic telegraphy, as also telephony.

—Vines are said to extract yearly from the soil only about three-fourths of the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid that the cereals take up.

—Paris has oxygen gas works capable of supplying about 11,000 cubic feet of oxygen daily. Nothing is known as to the method of producing the gas, as the establishment is still in its experimental stage; but if the oxygen is of the purity claimed, and can be sold at a reasonable price, the enterprise bids fair to succeed.

—M. Lefranc has called attention in the *Journal de Pharmacie* to woolen mattresses as a possibly fertile *nidus* for disease. In a large city such mattresses may represent millions of fleeces that have been only partly cleared of grease, and have, moreover, been affected by long use through successive generations. They are rarely efficiently purified, and might become an active medium for the propagation of infection.

—A suggestion to employ artificial lights for the capture and destruction of noxious insects has found considerable favor. A medal was awarded at the last exhibition of agriculture and insectology in Paris for a lamp especially adapted for catching insects. The electric light has been found to be a very effective insect-trap, and its eventual coming into use for this purpose in bug-infected gardens and orchards may be regarded as among the things that are possible.

—M. Muntz's experiments (the iodoform reaction) show that alcohol is to be found in all kinds of water, except very pure spring water. Rain and river water contain about one gram per cubic meter; snow and cold rain a little more. It also exists in the earth, even poor soil, in the quantity of 100 to 200 grams, giving the iodoform reaction. The diffusion of the substance in nature is accounted for on the theory of the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation.

—A thermometric bureau has been established in connection with the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, for the more accurate graduation and verification of thermometers. The thermometers in common use are, as a rule, not graduated with any approach to scientific accuracy, and the best of them, however exact they may be when new, increase their readings rapidly within a few months, so as to become as much as 2° in error in the course of a year. This is a matter of particular importance with clinical thermometers, of which several thousand are bought every year; and to instruments of this class special attention is paid.

PITH AND POINT.

—The weight of the world—about twelve ounces to the pound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A move in the right direction prevents collision when teams meet.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A tooth-pulling shop is known as a sore gum manufactory.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—"What is the moon good for?" asked Prof. Miller. "What are its principal uses?" And the smart bad boy looked up from the foot of the class and said, "To rest the gas companies."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The man who knows the most is not an owing man.—Man is like a carpet when he is kept down by tax.—Man is like a pin; the size of the head does not indicate how sharp and pointed he may be.—*Whitehall Times.*

—Specimens of the mephitic plant known as skunk's cabbage are sold in the streets of New York under the attractive name of California lilies, and they smell so much better than the streets that there is quite a demand for them. Anything is welcome as a change.—*Boston Post.*

—Tight lacing caused the liver of an Indiana woman to grow fast to the epigastrium, causing her death. Ladies can not be too careful in guarding against such a calamity as this. When tight lacing must be indulged in the epigastrium should be removed and locked up in the bureau-drawer for safety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—She was a young lady fresh from boarding-school, and she went into the laundry to learn how to iron shirts. She did not succeed very well, and she said, "Oh, Katy, I shall never be able to get any polish on this bosom." "Sure, miss," was the answer, "you want to put a little elbow grease on it." "Please get some for me right away, Katy," was the innocent response.—*Boston Courier.*

Throwing the Hatchet.

In the fourteenth century the situation of Public Executioner to the City of Florence became vacant, and, as it was a place of considerable emolument, there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and, when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner and if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring off his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable incident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

A GREAT REVELATION.

Some Valuable Thoughts Concerning Human Happiness and Timely Suggestions About Securing It.

Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered by Dr. Charles Craig Before the Metropolitan Scientific Association.

"The public speaker of the present day labors under difficulties of which the speakers of the last century never dreamed, for while the audiences of the past received what was said without question, those of the present day are usually the mental equals or superiors of the ones who address them. Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, when a theological student, supplied a church in a neighboring town, and on his way to preach one morning met an aged colored man. 'Well, uncle, do you ever go to hear the young preacher?' asked the unfledged doctor. 'No, Massa,' replied the negro, 'dis chile don't let none o' dem students practis on him.' The darkey had begun to think. The free and independent thought of this age accepts statements only where they are proven to be truth, while the development of mental power seems equally great in every other department of life. The valuable inventions of the day are counted by thousands. The increase of scientific study is universal. The spirit of inquiry in all fields is so marked as to cause

COMMENT ON EVERY SIDE,

while people seem investigating and advancing in every direction which can help them morally, mentally or physically. This is specially true of the human body and everything which concerns it, and the truths which the people have found, even in the last fifty years are simply marvelous. How really ignorant some cultured and supposedly scientific people were only a few years ago, as compared with the present day, may be better understood from a few illustrative facts. A prominent writer prepared an elaborate essay to prove that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and his pamphlet was issued just in time to be carried by the first steamer that went to England. People once believed that the heart was the seat of life and health. It is now known that this organ is only a pump, simply keeping in motion what other and more important organs of the body have created and transformed. It was once supposed that if a person felt a pain in the back, the liver was deranged; if a pain came in the lower chest the lungs were affected and consumption was near; it is now known that a pain in the back indicates diseased kidneys, while troubles in the lower chest arise from a disordered liver and not imperfect lungs. A severe pain in the head was once thought to come from some partial derangement of the brain; it is now known that troubles in other parts of the body and away from the head, cause headaches and that only by removing the cause can the pain be cured. It is a matter of

PRIVATE HISTORY

that General Washington was bled to death. His last illness was slight, and caused principally by weariness. A physician was called who 'bled him copiously.' Strange to say, the patient became no better. Another doctor was called, who again took away a large amount of the vital fluid. Thus in succession four physicians drew away the life of a great man who was intended by nature for an old age, and who prematurely died—murdered by malpractice—bled to death. That was the age of medical bleeding!"

The speaker then graphically described another period which came upon the people, in which they assigned the origin of all diseases to the stomach, and after showing the fallacy of this theory, and that the kidneys and liver were the causes of disease, and that many people are suffering from kidney and liver troubles to-day who do not know it, but who should know it and attend to them at once, continued:

"Let us look at this matter a little more closely. The human body is the most perfect and yet the most delicate of all created things. It is capable of the greatest results *and is to* liable to the greatest disorders. *Slight apparent* causes sometimes seem to throw its delicate machinery out of order while the most simple and common-sense cure restores and keeps them in perfect condition. When it is remembered that the amount of happiness or misery we are to have in this world is dependent upon a perfect body, is it not strange that simple precautions and cure are not exercised? This is one of the most vital questions of life. People may avoid it for the present, but there is certain to come a time in every one's experience when it must be faced.

"And here pardon me for reciting a little personal experience. In the year 1870 I found myself losing both in strength and health. I could assign no cause for the decline, but it continued, until finally I called to my aid two prominent physicians. After treating me for some time they declared I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that they could do nothing more for me. At this time I was so weak I could not raise my head from the pillow and I

FAINTED REPEATEDLY.

My heart beat so rapidly it was with difficulty I could sleep. My lungs were also badly involved: I could retain nothing upon my stomach, while the most intense pains in my back and bowels caused me to long for death as a relief. It was at this critical juncture that a physical longing which I felt (and which I most firmly believe was an inspiration) caused me to send for the leaves of a plant I had once known in medical practice. After great difficulty I at last secured them and began their use in the form of tea. I noticed a lessening of the pain at once: I began to mend rapidly; in five weeks I was able to be about and in two months I became perfectly well and have so continued to this day. It was only natural that such a result should have caused me to investigate most thoroughly. I carefully examined fields in medicine never before explored, I sought the cause of physical order and disorder, happiness and pain, and I found the kidneys and liver to be the governors, whose motions regulate the entire system."

After describing at length the offices of the kidneys and liver, and their important part in life, the doctor went on to say:

"Having found this great truth, I saw clearly the cause of my recovery. The simple vegetable leaf I had used was a food and restorer to my well-nigh exhausted kidneys and liver. It had come to them when their life was nearly gone and by its simple, yet powerful influence had purified, strengthened and restored them, and saved me from death. Realizing the great benefit which a knowledge of this truth would give to the world I began in a modest way to treat those afflicted, and *in every case* I found the same

HAPPY RESULTS

which I had experienced. Not only this but many, who were not conscious of *any* physical trouble, but who, at my suggestion, began the use of the remedy which had saved my life, found their health steadily improving and their strength continually increasing. So universal, where used, was this true, that I determined the entire world should share in its results, and I therefore placed the formula for its preparation in the hands of Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., a gentleman whom I had cured of a severe kidney disease, and who, by reason of his personal worth, high standing and liberality in endowing the Astronomical Observatory and other public enterprises, has become known and popular to the entire country. This gentleman at once began the manufacture of the remedy on a most extensive scale, and, to-day, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the pure remedy that saved my life, is known and used in all parts of the continent.

"I am aware a prejudice exists toward proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but the value of a *pure* remedy is no less because it is a proprietary medicine. A justifiable prejudice exists toward quack doctors, but is it right that this prejudice should extend towards all the doctors who are earnestly and intelligently trying to do their duty? Because Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life before it became a proprietary medicine, is it reasonable to suppose that it will not cure others and keep still more from sickness now that it is sold with a government stamp on the wrapper? Such a theory would be childish."

The doctor then paid some high compliments to American science, and closed his lecture as follows:

"How to restore the health when broken and how to keep the body perfect and free from disease must ever be man's highest study. That one of the greatest revelations of the present day has been made in ascertaining the true seat of health to be in the kidneys and liver, all scientists now admit, and I can but feel that the discovery which I have described permitted to make, and which I have described to you, is destined to prove the greatest, best and most reliable friend to those who suffer and long for happiness, as well as to those who desire to keep the joys they now possess."

Sowing Grass Seed.

No operation connected with farming is accompanied with so unsatisfactory results as the sowing of grass seed. Most intelligent farmers in any section of the country agree in relation to the time and manner of sowing most crops. But such is not the case in regard to grass. Among twenty good farmers living in the same neighborhood it is rare to find two who agree in regard to the best kind of grasses to raise, the amount of seed required for a given number of acres, the time of sowing, or the manner of covering the seed. Timothy is the fashionable grass in this part of the country, and many farmers sow no other kind. They know that it will not remain in the soil many years, but they think that red top and blue grass "will come in naturally."

Some sow the seed in the fall, and others in the spring; some cover it with a harrow, some by means of brush, and some employ only a roller. A few advocate sowing the seed on the surface of n late snow, or on the bare ground while it is still frozen, and rely on the action of rain or the thawing of the soil to cover it. Some think that soil on which grass seed is to be sown should be "as mellow as an ash heap," while others declare that it should be "firmed" before the seed is scattered over it. Some sow grass seeds at the same time they de grain, others wait till the grain is up, and still others defer sowing till the crop of grain is harvested. *A few advocate seeding to grass alone as the* best method of securing the best stand in the shortest time, and of the employment of the smallest amount of seed.

That but n very small proportion of grass seed produces plants that "live and thrive and grow," is evident from the great amount of seed sown and the comparatively small number of plants that appear. In many parts of the country it is the general practice to sow n bushel of red top seed, half a bushel of timothy and four quarts of red clever to the acre. If all these seeds germinated and became established in the soil, there would be 95,000,000 plants on an acre of land, or about 2,000 on every square foot. Of course, such an amount of vegetation could not be supported on the soil. The plants would crowd each other so closely that they would destroy each other. Still, many sow a larger amount of seed than that given above. In preparing some of the parks in this city eight bushels of grass seed were sown on an acre.

Of course, "something must be wrong somehow," for with all the seed sown there is often n very poor catch; that much of the seed sown is worthless is certain. The grains are too small to admit of examining their condition with the naked eye, and few persons are willing to take pains to test their vitality by counting out a certain number and placing them where the progress of germination may be watched. Most very small seeds do not retain their vitality a great length of time, especially when they are exposed to the air in n climate that is variable. A large amount of grass seed is carried over from year to year, and if not sold in distinct lots is mixed with that of recent growth. A considerable nmount of grass seed loses its vitality before it is threshed, on account of its becoming wet. Heating in *the stack is another cause* of the destruction of the vitality of grass seed.

When grass seed is sown on the snow or on the surface of frozen ground, much of it is picked up by birds. Some may be blown away by the winds and some washed off by the rains. If the seed is subjected to the freezing and thawing process several times, it is not likely to retain its vitality. If the seed is covered quite deep, as wheat and other grains are, it may not germinate at all, or if it does, the sprout may not reach the surface of the soil. If there is not sufficient covering, or the ground is too dry, the seed will fail to germinate for want of moisture. Grass seed, will rot if placed where there is too much moisture, and it is often deranged with water for some days after it is sown. When grass seed is sown with grains that make a rapid and vigorous growth the ground may be shaded to such an extent that it will not germinate.

Seemingly it would be best to sow grass seed on ground where no other crop is raised. By so doing, it will have all the benefit of soil and sun. But, as a rule, it is not advisable to do this. If no oats or other grain be sown, weeds will be almost certain to take and keep possession of the soil. The soil may then be free from foul seeds, but weeds will make their appearance before the grass does and will tower above it; what is worse, they will attain n large size, shade the ground, keep the grass in check, and ripen their seeds. In truth, they will be the means of keeping the ground foul for several successive years. Grass seed may be sown by itself to good advantage when the ground has recently been cleared and burnt over, or when it is situated at a considerable distance from land that has been under cultivation, and produced a crop of weeds. The pieces of land, however, are scarce on which grass can be sown to itself without the appearance of weeds. In n portion of country as much exposed to the action of winds as the prairie rigions of the West, the seeds of weeds blow in all directions. They are also carried from one place to another by birds and numerous small animals. They possess great vitality and are able to adapt themselves to soil, season and climate.

Many persons fail to obtain a good stand of grass which is sown at the same time grain is, because they sow the latter too thick. It completely shades the soil, and if the grass seed germinates at all the plants make a very spindling growth. A heavy crop of grain is harvested about the time the hottest weather of summer occurs. The slender, tender grass plants are at once exposed to the passing rays of the sun and they are likely to wither and dry up, especially if a protracted drouth occurs. A good stand of grass is rarely obtained when a rank growth of straw and a heavy crop of grain are harvested from the land where the grass seed was sown. In seeding lawns it is usual to sow only one-fourth the amount of oats or other grain that is put on land where a full crop is expected. The grain is generally cut high before the grain ripens, the lower portion of the stalks remaining to afford some protection to the tender grass. By following this course the introduction of weeds is prevented. Sufficient shade is afforded and the grass attains a vigorous growth. Farmers are generally too anxious to obtain a heavy crop of grass to take the proper course to secure a good stand of grass.—*Chicago Times.*

Poisoned in Pasture.

Mrs. L. Chapman writes of "what is called 'milk-sick,'" prevalent in some localities of Western North Carolina: "The cows are poisoned by something they eat, but the curious phase of the case is, that, after careful examination of the ground, nothing poisonous could be discovered of a vegetable nature, and when cows are kept shut up till the dew is off the grass, no injurious consequence results. Persons drinking the milk or eating the butter from cows thus sick receive the poison into their system fully as badly as the cows. From what does the poison come? Can it be a mineral poison that this dew has the power to extract? If remedies are not applied soon the cows die in great agony."

"Milk sickness" in cows is caused by their eating poisonous plants. Poisons, like all medicines, and all substances entering the stomach which can be taken into the circulation, find their way out of the system mostly through the large glands—the liver, kidneys and mammary glands. The latter being one of the largest and most active, its secretions get the largest share. All poisonous plants affect milk in the same way, the intensity of the effect varying with the intensity of the poison each plant may contain. Death is produced only when the poison is very virulent. Milk sickness is not necessarily confined to one plant. It may be produced by different plants in different localities. Just what causes the sickness in the above case can not be told without a special investigation. Cases of milk poisoning occurred in Pennsylvania a few years ago from poison hemlock (Conium maculatum) and from wild carrot (Daucus pusillus), but none of them were fatal. It may be something else in North Carolina. But the sickness is said to be produced by something the cows get while the dew is on. This is a common occurrence with plant-poisoning. The poison in many plants is very volatile and escapes easily with the drying effects of the wind and warm sunshine. The cool night air and dampness of the dew check its escape, and hence such plants are the most poisonous in the morning and also in wet weather. Wild parsnips that can be handled with impunity in the middle of the day become poisonous when wet with dew or rain. Ivy and many other plants are affected in the same way. Milk sickness in Indiana, which often proved fatal, was found to be produced by poison weeds growing only in swales and damp, shady places. Such localities are much more likely to produce poisonous vegetation than high and dry land.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Reform in Woman's Dress.

A meeting was held last week at Berlin with the view of forming a League for the abolition of the present female dress. There were present twenty-five women.

The lady who presided explained that the movement was to abolish all unhealthy and inconvenient articles of woman's dress, and to replace them by "a dualistic form of attire for the lower as well as the upper limbs."

The supporters of the movement desired that no more should be heard of long skirts and such fashionable frippery. They wanted to wear trousers, because in them alone they had a form of dress worthy of the human race.

Only one person spoke in defense of the old costume, on the ground that flowing robes are more graceful than tight-fitting garments, but her voice was drowned in a storm of opposition, and the anti-petticoat resolution was carried almost unanimously.—*Vienna Correspondence.*

GENERAL.

—A woman in a New York hospital is having a new scalp grafted on her head.

—"English girls," the New York *Post* quotes an American girl just home from England as saying, "learn to regard themselves as pieces of property to be disposed of by their mammas to the best possible advantage in the matrimonial market, and even in school in France it was not uncommon to find English girls contemplating with entire equanimity the plans that were made or making for their sale to a good bidder."

—The *Aurora*, of Rome, announces the discovery, not far from Bagdad, of the remains of a Babylonish city, situated in the bed of the famed ancient canal, the Nahr Molka or Flumen Regium. The archæologist, Hormuzd Bassan, who directs the excavations upon the soil of ancient Nineveh and Babylon, now carried on at the exposne of the British Museum of London, has found many inscriptions, both in cuneiform and hieratic characters, all of which will be forwarded to that institution.

—A remarkable case of the "ruling passion" was witnessed in the United States Court-room at Cincinnati the other day. Mr. Haskell, who has been the court crier for a quarter of a century, fell at the noon session stricken with paralysis. They picked him up, placed him unconscious in a chair, when the bailiff opened court and the trial of a case proceeded. Suddenly the old man revived, and noticing the Judge on the bench began to shout, in a feeble tone of voice, "Oyez, oyez, the district," etc. Immediately he was stricken a second time and carried home.

—A young Duke ont of health goes to Florence, Italy, with his bride for a winter's relief from the rigors of a severe climate; there he learns that a palace built by his own ancestors several centuries ago is for sale, and he buys it; in making repairs he discovers that a certain wall once had a door in it, and tearing away the masonry which closed this ancient door, he discovers a room and in it a great mass of manuscripts that have been shut up there for centuries, and upon examination these prove to be documents of the rarest historical value. It is not from n novel that these particulars are taken. They are, in outline, the story of what has recently happened at Florence, as related by a correspondent.

HOME AND FARM.

—Wagon spokes made of yellow locust will outlast two sets of oak felloes.

Cotton-wool wet with sweet oil and laudanum relieves the earache very soon.

—Coffee Cake—Five cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of coffee prepared as for table, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful soda, spices, clove and cinnamon.

—Tamarind Whey—Two tablespoonfuls of tamarind stirred into a pint of boiling milk, and strained; a quarter of an ounce of cream of tartar may be similarly treated and a little sugar candy added. This is a laxative.

—Omelet—Beat four eggs one minute, add four spoonfuls of milk, beat well, cook slowly in a hot, well-buttered frying-pan. When mostly thick, sprinkle over it a pinch of salt and turn one-half over on to the other half, and serve immediately.

—Fruit Roll.—Make a crust as usual, which roll out in a long sheet. Cut a quantity of fruit, peaches, apples, or plums, or small fruit mashed, or jam, which spread thickly over and sprinkle with sugar; roll up and fold the ends over; then wrap in a strong cloth and tie closely, and place in a steamer. Serve with sauce or sweetened cream.

—The ordinnry yield for potatoes is 100 bushels per acre; a good yield, and one that is easily produced by the best culture and choice of seed, is 250 to 300 bushels, and sometimes more than this is produced under especially favorable circumstances. The largest crop recorded is 1,100 bushels per acre, by garden culture.

—A cheap and Wholesome Soup.—One gallon of cold water, one pound of beef, and two tablespoonfuls of rice; let this boil, and then add an onion, or two or three leeks; boil an hour. Peel and slice eight potatoes, wash them in warm water, add them to the soup with a seasoning of salt and pepper, stir it frequently; boil another hour, and then serve.

—A serious loss entailed upon farmers is the rough and ignorant handling and use of farming implements and lack of proper supervision of the proprietor, as well as improper exposure to weather. It is not uncommon to see a reaper left in the field, exposed to the weather, for weeks and even months after harvest. So with regard to other implements, and this applies equally to carts, wagons, etc., which are frequently left unsheltered throughout the year. How much is lost in this way?

—In catching sheep, never seize them by the wool on the back, as it hurts them exceedingly, and, in some cases, has been known to kill them, particularly in hot weather, when they are large and fat. Indeed, the best way is to avoid the wool altogether and to accustom yourself to take them by the hind leg, or what is still better, by the neck, placing one hand under the jaws, and the other at the back of the ears. By lifting up the head in this manner, a child may hold almost any sheep without danger to the animal or himself.

—Broiling is unquestionably the best manner in which to cook meat. By it the meat is thoroughly cooked and the juices remain incorporated with the fleshy fiber. To perform it properly the fire should be very hot, so that the outside of the meat is at once hardened, thus imprisoning the juices within the piece so treated. The gridiron should be turned every few minutes, so as to cook all parts evenly. Broiling meat in the flame of a coal fire gives it an unpleasant odor and taste, due to the gases of the coal, and broiling over a smoky wood fire is also to be deprecated. Hickory wood coals impart a peculiar and very pleasant odor and taste to meats broiled over them. Broiled meats should be served while hot.

—Osage Orange Wood.—The *Prairie Farmer* speaks strongly in favor of the great durability of the wood of the Osage orange, and states that a sapling three to five inches in diameter will last longer than any other post of that size and adds: "We have known poles three to four inches in diameter to lie on the ground under a hedge perfectly sound for fifteen years—sound enough to be used as hand spikes to roll logs with." Others cut fourteen years ago for grape stakes still remain, while white oak and sassafras became useless at three years. The timber is easily cut and split when green, but when seasoned is extremely hard. "Why, then," the editor asks, "plant the soft-wooded offensive ailanthus, larch elms and maples, when Osage can be had at so little cost?"

About Washing Sheep.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Globe* says: "American woolgrowers and woolen manufacturers have long been at war on the question of washing. The growers say it is a cruelty to both men and animals to require washing, and it is noticed that the sheep fall off very materially, even so far south as Ohio, where the streams are usually very cold up to shearing time. Mr. McKellar told how they wash in Australia and New Zealand. They construct large dips in which the water is warmed and kept up to a temperature of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Benches of battens are made just above the surface of the vat upon which the sheep is held for washing. The fleece is thoroughly lathered, about 100 pounds of soap being used for 1,000 sheep. After lathering, the sheep is removed to another table beneath a spout, through which clear water pours, with the force created by a powerful pressure above. The water is led down in iron pipes to a sort of trough, about the length of a sheep. The lower edge of this trough is split, the opening of which can be regulated by screws to any required width. Upon a table beneath this spout the sheep are held and turned till thoroughly washed, when they are released and run into a clean paddock of English grass, with fleece as white as the driven snow. To-day's washed are moved up one paddock; to-morrow's wash take their place, and so on for six days after the washing and before the shearing. On the sixth day after the washing the sheep are taken into a shed, where, sometimes, thousands are found at a time for shearing. As they are shorn, the fleeces are graded, the bellies, flanks and ends being separated and thrown into screw presses, where they are baled for the London market."

An Alleged Mountain of Solid Silver.

A schooner sailed yesterday from this port in search of the silver mountain in Alaska. The *Chronicle* several months age published a story of the discovery of a silver mountain of great value on Fish River, Alaska. It was regarded by many as an ingenious fiction, but the facts were gained from Capt. Gallagher, who is to command the expedition, and are corroborated by the first mate, Ryan, who was with him. Briefly stated, the facts are as follows: When last season in the neighborhood of Behring Straits the Captain ran his vessel up into Fish river to get a supply of fresh water. The natives came from the shore to trade, and indneed the Captain and Mate Ryan to go with the boat's crew twenty miles up the river to their home where there was plenty of water.

The country was rough and sterile. Some of the natives had pieces of ore. The Captain examined them, but could not tell the nature of the mineral. He and the mate went to the top of a neighboring hill. There, in what seemed the crater of an extinct volcano, they found the rock from which the natives obtained their specimens. It cut like lead or silver, and Ryan dug down for six feet and found a bed of ore apparently inexhaustible. Some specimens brought to San Francisco and analyzed were found to yield $8,000 in silver to the ton, while none gave less than $2,000. The report of this rich find was divulged to a few friends, and a prospecting party was made up, consisting of several practical mining men of Oakland. Ten joined the party, and the schooner R. B. Marsh chartered for the trip. She is provisioned for six months and loaded with tools and mining machinery. It is expected she will make the trip in about twenty-five days. The crew consists of six men. The intention is to fill the vessel with high-grade silver ore and bring it down to this city.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Mohammed-el-Sadoke, the present Bey of Tunis, lives in a palace which is a marvel of Moorish architecture. The exterior walls are of dazzling whiteness and reflect the sun's rays like a mirror, the upper part of the building being a mass of embattled towers, green and yellow cupolas, and varnished roofs. The central gate gives entry to the Escalier des Lions, whence the visitor passes into the vestibule with its covered walls, arabesqued ceilings, and rainbow-colored columns. In the center is an inner court, in the midst of which plays a fountain casting an agreeable and cooling spray over the surrounding apartments. Round this court lie the Bey's private rooms.

—A Florida correspondent of a sporting journal asserts that he saw, recently, a water moccasin lying on the body of a six-inch pecan tree which might have leaned a trifle from the perpendicular, though only a trifle. His head was down, and his body laid straight as an arrow up the tree, which was smooth and straight. He asks: "Did he crawl down the tree in this position, or how did he take it?"

[New York Union.]

Did Him Good.

Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following: Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago, suffered much from rheumatism and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so successfully, that all pain has left him and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has done him good.

THE mother who gave her little boy castor oil was informed by the infant that he would be much obliged if she would castor oil elsewhere.—*Somerville Journal.*

[Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., News.]

We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain;—neuralgia for instance. In relation to this malady Mr. George Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected.

THE wicked Nihilists have determined that the new Czar shall not live. As soon as green apples come into the market they are going to send him a barrel.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.—*Telegraph.*

THE sassyest man I ever met iz a henpecked husband when he iz away from home.—*Josh Billings.*

EVERY dog has its day. Harmony yiel-is the nights to cats.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SAY, for instance, a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?—*Steubenville Herald.*

THE new spring style in bonnets is just too sweet for anything. It is made out of some kind of stuff sort of delicate in texture, and of a rather lightish color, kind of cut away on the sides, and rolled back on the top, and scooped out underneath, and trimmed with some sort of ribbon stuff that looks nice, and some kind of other sort of material that is handsome, and it is all fixed on in that kind of way which looks so much like something that we can't remember, and the whole effect is very exquisite, reminding us of a most beautiful something or other whose name we can't just at present call to mind.—*Rockland Courier.*

EVERY lady should belong to an archery club. Skill in drawing a beau is very desirable.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

WHEN is a horse like a business man in trouble? When it breaks.—*Philadelphia Sun.* When is he like a miner? When he is working in the shafts.—*Steubenville Herald.* When is he like a man selecting cheese? When he has a bit in his mouth.—*Richmond Baton.* When is he like a tower? When he is going on a swinging gait.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

YOUNG men, learn to wait; if you undertake to sett a henn before she iz ready you will lose yor time and confuse the hen besides.—*Josh Billings.*

"OF all animals, man not excepted, none are so faithful, none so affectionate and none so forgiving, as the dog," says a communication to the Bowling Green *Democrat.* The tender sentiment is evidently that of a man, the seat of whose pantaloons have never been ravaged by his friend's over-zealous canine pet; whose children has never been chewed beyond recognition, and whose experiments in sheep-farming have always been profitable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SOME enthusiastic fashion writer predicts a revolution in underwear. Well, a change in some things is necessary once in a while.—*Lowell Citizen.*

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILLS' SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. Use externally and internally.

DR. ROOER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys worms and removes all the Secretions which cause them.

Did You Know It?

Some people suffer for years from weak kidneys and torpid bowels and liver. If you know such a person tell them that Kidney-Wort is a certain cure. It can now be had in either liquid form or as a dry vegetable powder. The same effect either way.—*Evansville Tribune.*

MRS. A. MILLER, 112 Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "James Cough Pellets cured me of a very bad chronic cough. I can recommend them to all troubled with coughs or lung difficulties, as the best remedy known." Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Best Watches and Lowest Prices.

Write for illustrated catalogue to Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, 15c.

Shoot Quick, and Then—

But, first of all, write for our illustrated catalogue. Gt. Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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STRONG, COBB & CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

Sold by MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Why Suffer Needlessly

With the convulsing, spasmodic tortures of fever and ague and bilious remittent, when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, acknowledged to be a real curative of malarial fevers, will eradicate the cause of so much suffering. No less effective is this benignant alterative in cases of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, and in general debility and nervous weakness. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the" INVALID'S DIET.

RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 35 cents, 65 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

PENSIONS

ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight, disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 8 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,

P. H. FITZGERALD & CO., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and Pres't Central Bank both of Indianapolis.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR

This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable history of the Great Civil War published; it abounds in narratives of personal adventure, thrilling incidents, daring exploits, heroic deeds, wonderful escapes, etc.; and contains life-like portraits of 100 leading generals. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE

KIDNEY DISEASES,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?

Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?

Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?

Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

From John P. Epply & Co., Undertakers, Cincinnati, O. After using one pair of your Springs, on my private buggy, I put them on my coffin wagons, and on other buggies.

From D. & W. Ballman, Livery Stable, 38 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Your Springs work to perfection, and we can recommend them with confidence. From Lingers & Moorman, Undertakers and Livery, Cincinnati, O.—We cheerfully recommend them to anyone using buggies or carriages. From John Kill, Phœnix, Oswego Co., N. Y.,

May 21.—I have just commenced putting on the Springs. I have sold them in Monroe and Onondaga Counties. Sandusky, May 9, 1881.—Send me 6 doz. prs. No. 2 Springs, 2 doz pairs No. 1 Springs, 3 doz. pairs No. 3 Springs, 1 doz. pairs No. 4 Springs.

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On the line of the

WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.

For full particulars, which will be sent *free*, address

CHARLES L. COLBY,

Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

IF YOU WOULD SMILE

All over your face for Six Months, just send for the RED Hot Flirtation Cards, Sixty for 30c., or Samples sent for two 3c. Stamps. These Cards are Regular Tearers! They cannot be beat. We stump everything of the kind. You will laugh till you cry if you send for them. P. O. Stamps same as silver to us. Address

Eclipse Co., P. O. Box, 1457, Boston, Mass.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

For Chills and Fever AND ALL DISEASES

Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.

A WARRANTED CURE.

Price, $1.00. For sale by all Druggists.

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Over 1,000,000 Acres of Choice Farming Lands in the Near West.

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Also, principal office for HENRY DITTIN'S American patent Piston-Valve Band Instruments. 42 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y.

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Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Including all Blanks needed to make settlements with customers. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Address The Aultman & Taylor Company, Mansfield, Richland Co., O.

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Full descriptive catalogue Free.

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GEMS OF DEPORTMENT. With Art Illustrations. Miss Donahue, Pittsburgh, sold 25 in 25 hours. AGENTS WANTED. Forshee & McMakin, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—To whom the most liberal inducements are offered—to sell our Great Family Help Washing Machine. Positively the best in the market. Send postal card for description, etc.

UNION FOUNDRY AND M'F'G CO., Reading, Pa.

WANTED immediately 37 young men to learn Telegraphy. Written guarantee given to furnish good situations. Address with stamp, OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. $5 a Day made with our new, useful and fast Selling Domestic Scale. HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Co., Cincinnati, O.

DRUNKENNESS OPIUM HABIT And the Craving for Stimulants CURED By LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. ☞ Books free.

"BEAUTY'S SECRETS," a rare book for old or young, 50 cents. "FUNNY BONE" only 10 cents. Send to Box 733, HANNIBAL, MO.

AGENTS. Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

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$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; a sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich

BUGGIES ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE CO. CIN'TI, O. Territory given. Catalogue free.

A. N. K. Clevo'd. 67 823

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Sunny Room.

If you are fortunate enough to have large windows in your house, do not darken them with shutters or heavy curtains until only a struggling ray of sunlight can be seen. If bay windows are too expensive, a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary sized windows side by side, with a white, capacious ledge at the bottom for seats, or for plants. A room with a window like this cannot fail to be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay window to outer heat and cold. To sleep on unsunned beds in unsunned chambers, and to work day after day in unsunned rooms, is the unrepented sin of half a nation, vigurously affirms a prominent writer. Dwell in the sunniest rooms your house affords; if you have a north-windowed apartment, reserve it for the guest chamber, which is seldom used.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in a case in said court, wherein Alexander M. Rush is plaintiff and Richard T. Browning is defendant, and to me the undersigned directed, the same being No. 26 Judicials to December 7th, 1880, of said court, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Garrett county did seize and take in execution on the 13th day of December, 1880, all of the undivided one-third (⅓) interest of the said Richard T. Browning, in and to all that tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, commonly known and called by the name of

"SKIPNISH,"

containing for the whole the quantity of 888½ acres of land, and now I, George D. White, Sheriff, as aforesaid, do hereby give public notice that by virtue of the aforesaid levy and seizure, I will sell all of the aforesaid undivided one-third (⅓) interest both at law and in equity, of the said Richard T. Browning, in and to the aforesaid described tract of land, at public auction, for cash on the day of sale to the highest bidder,

On Tuesday, the 21st day of June, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, county aforesaid, to satisfy said execution and costs. Said tract of land is located on and near Muddy Creek, and about 8 or 9 miles North of Oakland, and adjoins the tracts of land called "Milk and Honey," and "the Falls of Muddy Creek," and the resurvey called "Ratler," now owned by James Morrison. Said tract called "Skipnish" is said to be well timbered and is considered good land, and is the the same land that was conveyed to the said Richard T. Browning, by Edward Jamison, Sheriff, by Deed dated 20th, September, 1875 and recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 2 Fol. 197 &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
5 28 4w Sheriff.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners advertised for May 27th, has been postponed until

Saturday, June 11th, 1881,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
6 28 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 18, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on the

First Monday in June, 1881,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order,

F. A. THAYER,
5 21 td. Clerk.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillerville to the North Branch River at or near John Pangh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. L. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing, horse shoeing a specialty. Prices as low as first class work. Shop [illegible]

6 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and eighty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used. The boxing and crating shop alone cut three hundred thousand feet of lumber per month for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Browning house.
2 5 3m

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HERERY GINEN. That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 28 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
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At the Lowest Rates.

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WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD,
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Late Commissioner of Patents.

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PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE.

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5.20 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 4	9.45 A. M.
No. 6	5.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m

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WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

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Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 300. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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7¼ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 2 feet 7 inches.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881. NUMBER 16

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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D. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. [illegible] Deer, Oakland, Md.

J. [illegible] Address, Post Office.

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[illegible] Boots and Shoes. Also, Trunks, Valises Furnishing [illegible] Boots and Shoes. [illegible] Accidents' office.

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FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Ah! good wife, have you forgotten
Days when you were young and fair?
Time of rosy cheeks and dimples,
Time of sunny golden hair?
Not a thought of toil could vex us,
Grief or care we did not know;
You and I were young together
Five and twenty years ago.

In the strength of hopeful manhood,
Lithe and straight and tall I stood;
And you walked close beside me,
Crowned with blooming womanhood;
Now, life's twilight shades are falling,
While the years crowd on apace,
And on heart and form and feature
Care and grief have left their trace.

We have heard the church bell tolling,
We have filled pale hands with flowers,
We have robed our precious darlings
For the grave's dark, lonely hours;
We have seen the wee chair vacant,
Aged friends we've bid "Good-bye;"
O'er green graves we've wept together—
Ah! how often I you and I.

But the summer bloom is followed
By the "sear and yellow leaf,"
And the golden harvest comes not
Till we break the burdened sheaf;
Hearts may love in sunny weather,
When youth's freshest roses grow;
That can ill betide the waiting
For the ripening years of snow.

But the rapture of love's morning
Brightens still our noon-tide ray,
And hope paints a glorious sunset
For our last declining day;
And even long or short the journey,
That our lagging feet may know,
Love is ours, the love we plighted,
Five and twenty years ago.

MISS LAWSON'S MONEY.

'Clark, there's been a robbery at 84 G—— street,' said my chief one morning in June, 1872, as I entered the office. 'I want you to go there and see about it at once. There's a reward of $1,000 offered.'

Of course I lost no time in starting for 84 G—— street, which I found to be an unpretentious looking little cottage, standing in the midst of quite a large and uncultivated garden. I was shown into the parlor and a minute later was joined by a short, stout, elderly lady, who introduced herself as follows:

'Mr. Clark, the detective, I presume. I am Miss Harriet Lawson, the owner of the house and the person who sent for you. Suppose we proceed to business at once.'

I signified that such was my desire and the old lady proceeded in her abrupt manner.

'Of course you want to know all I can tell you about the robbery. Well, it is not much that I know—it's all mystery to me. Yesterday afternoon I drew the sum of six thousand dollars from the savings bank. I locked it up in my safe, and when I went to get it this morning, for the purpose of paying a note which fell due today, it was gone. That's all I know about it.'

'What sort of a safe have you got?' I asked.

'You can see for yourself,' replied the lady. 'Step this way.'

I followed her to an apartment on the floor above.

'This is my room,' she said, as she opened the door, 'and there is my safe in the corner.'

'It has a patent combination lock,' I said, and bears no marks of violence.'

'[illegible],' interposed Miss Lawson, [illegible] that puzzles me. Last [illegible] the safe without waking me.'

'Did any one beside you know the combination?'

'No; but—well, I hate to confess I was such a fool—but the truth is, I was afraid I might forget the combination and so I wrote it on a slip of paper, which I put in my top bureau drawer.'

Unfortunate. Well, Miss Lawson, who lives in the house beside yourself?' I asked.

The old lady looked me steadily in the eye.

'Nobody in the house took the money. I will not allow such an idea to enter my head.'

'This is not an answer to my question, Miss Lawson.'

'Mr. Clark,' said the old lady, 'but two persons besides myself slept in the house last night. They are my servant, Barbara, and my companion, Miss Alice Trafton. Neither of them knows anything of the matter.'

'Still I would like to examine them both,' I persisted.

'I will not allow it!' exclaimed the old lady angrily. "Barbara Heath is an old, trusted servant, whom I have had for many years, and Alice Trafton is the daughter of a dear, deceased friend, has been my companion for two years past and will be my heiress. They are both above suspicion. I will not permit you to question either of them.'

'Then, madame, I throw up the case. I will bid you good morning.'

'Stop!' she cried, as I was leaving the room, "what do you mean?'

'I must conduct the case in my own way, or not at all."

Miss Lawson reflected.

'I suppose you must have your way,' she said, 'but do not let either of them think they are suspected for a moment. If you will step down to the parlor I will call them.'

Two minutes later Miss Alice Trafton and the servant, Barbara, stood in my presence. The former was without exception the most beautiful girl I had ever seen—a blonde, with a wealth of shining golden hair, and a pair of glorious blue eyes that sent an electric thrill through my frame as I looked into them. Her companion was a tall, angular, middle-aged woman, who stared at me with manifest displeasure.

I first questioned the servant, who answered my inquiries with great promptness. She heard no noise during the night, and knew nothing of the affair except what Miss Lawson told her that morning. This was her testimony, after hearing which I dismissed her, and turned my attention to Miss Trafton, who seemed to be laboring under great embarrassment. The color came and went on her beautiful face as I questioned her, and several times she seemed on the point of bursting into tears. Presently I asked her:

'You were in the house all night, were you not, Miss Trafton?'

After a moment's hesitation, she answered in an almost inaudible tone of voice:

'I was not, sir?'

'Why, Alice,' exclaimed Miss Lawson, starting to her feet, 'what do you mean?'

'I will not attempt to deceive you,' said the young girl: 'I was absent from the house between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock.'

'After I supposed you were abed and asleep! myself!' exclaimed the old lady. 'Where were you?'

'That,' said Miss Trafton, 'I cannot tell you, aunt.'

'Cannot tell me!' gasped Miss Lawson.

'And you will not tell me?' I asked.

'No, sir,' was the gentle but firm reply.

'That will do, Miss Trafton,' I said. "You may go.'

When she was gone, I turned to Miss Lawson and asked:

'Was Miss Trafton aware of that memorandum in your bureau drawer?'

'Yes, sir, she was,' replied the old lady; "but do not, I beg of you, think of suspecting her. She is incapable of such a crime. Rest assured she has some good reason for refusing to tell me where she was last night—some reason which she will divulge to me when we are alone.'

I made no reply, but as I arose to take my leave I said:

'I will commence work at once, and will communicate with you immediately when I succeed in making any discovery.'

'No matter what your suspicions may be, promise me that you will not let Miss Trafton know them until you are absolutely certain of her guilt,' pleaded Miss Lawson.

'She shall suspect nothing if I can help it,' I said.

All that day, while I was at work on the case, Miss Trafton's beautiful face haunted me. Do what I would, I could not drive the thought of her from my mind. In all my life I had never seen a woman to whom I left so strongly attracted. But I resolutely steeled my heart against the softening influence of her lovely face and determined not to let it stand between me and the conscientious performance of my duty as an officer.

Three days passed, and the afternoon of the third day, as I sat in my office summing up the results of my investigations, who should rush in but Miss Lawson.

'Mr. Clark,' she said, dropping into a chair and beginning to fan herself violently, 'I could not wait for you any longer, so here I am. Have you discovered anything?'

'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'I have discovered where Miss Trafton went between the hours of eleven and twelve that night. She has not told you yet, I presume?'

'No, sir;' despite my pleading, nay, my commands, she has refused to tell me. Where did she go?'

'She went to the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth street, where she met a man to whom, under the light of a street lamp, she paid a sum of money.'

'Heavens! are you certain of this?'

'[illegible] it from the lips of an eye wit[illegible].'

'[illegible] who was the man!'

'[illegible] know, Miss Lawson. That's what [illegible] trying to find out.'

'[illegible] you a description of him?'

'A very vague one. He was described to me as tall, slim, and wearing a black moustache. Have you any idea who it was?'

'Not the slightest. Oh, this is terrible, Mr. Clark, I would have staked my life on the virtue and integrity of that girl. And even now I will not believe her guilty. Perhaps she can explain it all. But, sir, I have news for you. I've had more money stolen.'

'More, Madam? When?'

'Two hundred dollars last night and the same amount the night before. Both sums were taken as before, from my safe. Now, Mr. Clark I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to keep a watch on my house to night. At eight o'clock this evening I will send both Alice and Barbara out upon errands, and while they are gone you can come. I will conceal you in the spare room, which is directly opposite my apartment. You can sit in the dark, unseen and unsuspected, and watch, and I am confident that your vigilance will be rewarded by some discovery of importance.'

At the appointed hour that evening I presented myself at Miss Lawson's cottage, I was at once ushered into the spare room. At nine o'clock Miss Trafton and the servant returned. Half an hour later the entire, household was in bed.

The place was still as death as I sat there, a dark lantern by my side, watching and waiting. The clock struck ten, and I had seen or heard nothing to excite my suspicions. At eleven my watch was still unrewarded. I had but little faith in my desirable result from my vigil, I looked forward to the long dreary night which was before me with anything but pleasurable emotions. But I was destined to be happily disappointed. As the half hour after eleven struck I heard a slight noise, and a moment later Miss Lawson's door opened and the old lady appeared, a loose wrapper thrown over her, a lamp in her hand.

Her eyes wore a strange meaningless stare. She did not, as I first expected, enter my room, but proceeded with noiseless tread along the passageway. Instantly a quick suspicion of the truth entered my mind, and I arose and followed her.

She went down to the lower floor, then turned into a passage-way, walked the whole length of that opened a door and descended a flight of stairs into the cellar. Arriving at this apartment she proceeded to one corner where a number of boxes and barrels were stored, and knelt upon the ground. She then drew from her pocket a roll of bills, which she placed in one of the boxes. Then raising to her feet she began to retrace her steps.

Of course the reader understands by this time, as clearly as I then understood, that Miss Lawson was a somnambulist.

As she reached the foot of the cellar stairs, I stepped forward and awoke her. For a moment she seemed at a loss to comprehend her position, then as she gradually recovered the use of her faculties she said:

'Why! have I been walking in my sleep again? I thought I was cured of that trick long ago.'

'That's just what you've been doing, madam,' I said. 'But don't go up stairs yet. Look here,' and I stepped to the corner, where she had knelt, drew forth the box and displayed the contents before her.

'Why here is every penny of the missing money!' she exclaimed. 'How came it here?'

'You put it there, Miss Lawson. You have been robbing yourself all this time.'

For a moment the old lady stood transfixed, then she cried:

'Exactly! I see it all now! I have been so worried about the safety of my money, that the idea has preyed upon my mind while I slept, and this is the result. Well, thank heaven, it is all explained now. I knew Alice could have nothing to do with it. And now she must explain about that man. I'll have her up at once and make her tell me all about it. I cannot sleep until I know all.'

Despite my remonstrances Miss Lawson rushed up stairs and knocked at Miss Trafton's door crying:

'Alice—Alice, put on your wrapper and come out here at once, I want to see you.'

'In a moment, aunt,' said the wonderful voice of the young girl.

I would have withdrawn, but Miss Lawson bade me remain.

'I want you to be convinced, as I am certain you will be when the truth is known, of my poor Alice's innocence,' she said.

In less than a minute Miss Trafton emerged from the room, wearing a rose [illegible] wrapper, and looking more beautiful than ever.

In a few moments Miss Lawson explained the situation to her, and then asked:

'Now, Alice, who was that man you met that night?'

'I would gladly have kept the truth from you, dear aunt,' said the young girl, her voice trembling with emotion; 'but as you know so much now, it is better I should tell you all. When, at the death of my mother, you rescued me from poverty and misery, and gave me a home in your house, I did not tell you that I had a brother who had gone astray—who was even then an inmate of the State prison. You were so good yourself, and your ideas on such matters were so strict that I thought it best to keep this a secret. But I have from time to time secretly communicated with my brother, and last week, upon his release from prison, I had an interview with him, at which he told me, to my horror, that another warrant was out for his arrest on a charge of which he swore he was innocent. He begged me to raise him some money so that he could leave the country and begin life anew in a foreign land. I had saved nearly three hundred dollars from your generous allowance, dear aunt, and this I promised to give to him on the night that your money disappeared. He was the man that I met on the corner of Eighteenth street and Broadway. He is now far away from New York. Now you know my secret, can you forgive me?'

For answer the old lady clasped Alice to her breast. How I envied her! I now took my departure, first receiving a cordial invitation from the old lady to call again.

I did call again, and—well, Alice and I were married six months from that night.

Christ's Sentence of Death.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the Journal *Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is ward for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Providence of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeeth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove.

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excised the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the law.
4. He calls himself the son of God.
5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion Quirrills Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution; forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiqities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caster. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Dennon had a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospel.

System in Farming

Farmers, as a class, do not seem to realize the great importance of system. System in nearly all pursuits, if adhered to, is the key to success. Too many of our farmers look upon the improved agricultural implements of the day as innovations instead of actual improvements; they plod along in the old ruts of their grandfathers planting their crops in the signs of the moon, etc.; look upon the papers especially devoted to agricultural as theoretical nonsense. The granges, with their meetings and practical lectures, have done an immense amount of good toward awakening the Rip Van Winkles among the farmers. There is no reason why the farmer should not study and post himself in agriculture, as to successfully follow it he should be well versed, for it is certainly a scientific branch. The intellectual farmer soon amasses a comfortable competence, while the unskilled one will toil year after year for a mere maintenance. Education, therefore, combined with a systematic manner of conducting farm work, is what our farmers should possess. In this connection the *Kansas Farmer* pointedly remarks: When we speak of education, we do not necessarily mean that obtained at academies and colleges, but that practical kind, within the reach of all who will read, observe and think. The literature of our day pertaining to the calling of farmers is so abundant, and so cheap, that only those who prefer to need be groping and blundering in ignorance. All branches of rural industry, including stock raising, grain raising, and fruit raising, in the various divisions, and treated in text books by standard authors, and each week the agricultural press sends its hundreds of thousands of sheets, filled with the latest and best, for the enlightenment, encouragement, and advancement of those who wish it. Farmers, you are in the majority, and have the requisite power in your hands to be the peers of any. The levers to do this with are better cultivated brains. Your farms need to be manured with them, and your stock to be fed with them. You do not need quite so much bodily but a great deal more mental labor; more thought, more discipline of the mind, more time spent in reading and investigation of the subjects and sciences pertaining to your calling, and more concert of action, more co-operation in your various enterprises. As helps toward the accomplishment of these, you have the press, the grange, the alliance, and other kindred organizations; but they can avail little unless given a more cordial, earnest support than you have yet accorded them. No niggardly five-cent milk-and-water support will build up your press or your organizations. If you would be the peers of your fellows, you must give the efforts in that direction time, thought, work, and money. This is plain talk, but true, which we think our readers will accept in the right spirit.

A Scolding Wife.

'Tis only the husband of a scolding woman who has any dread of her. At other hands than his she once in a while gets her due. When Dr. South paid a visit to Dr. Waterland the latter asked him to stay to dinner. The lady of the house was so insulting about the extra trouble that she was put to that her husband said, in a pet, "My dear, if it were not for the presence of a stranger I should certainly punish you as you deserve." This was before the day of woman's rights. Dr. South looked up quietly from his book and said, "Dr. Waterland, I beg you not to make a stranger of me, but to proceed as though I were not here."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay—
And of there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have sumpthin' put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestuns to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Beside, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
Sof I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fires don't do any good—
I'd be savin' of sope, an' savin' of fle,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather spurrin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And elder is good enough for me.
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money:
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one do.
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro,
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:

"You talk of savin' wood and fle
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

—*Interior.*

THE ROMANCE OF A NOTE-BOOK.

Everyone in Paris knows Darley, the livery-stable keeper. His establishment is now half a century old, and he furnishes the Faubourg St. Germain with all the carriages they hire. Many of the upper ten have their homes in the country, and never take their horses to Paris. Therefore Monsieur de Merisi, immediately after his arrival, went to see Darley to engage a coupe.

After the usual salutations, the following dialogue began:

"Well, Darley, I want a handsome coupe, with one horse; how much will it be?"

"What will the amount of work be, sir?"

"Oh, not very much. I never want it before five in the afternoon. I pay a few visits, and take a drive in the park. In the evening I want it to take me to the theater, or home from the club."

Darley reflectively scratched his head.

"Well, how much a month do you want for it?"

"Hum—let me see. For a new coupe and a good horse, in May, the busiest month—seven hundred and fifty francs is cheap."

"What! from five o'clock to midnight or one o'clock in the morning?"

"You must remember that during the remainder of the time I can't use either the coupe or the horse."

"Well, let us say seven hundred francs; that's handsome pay for so little work."

"All right," grumbled Darley. "Same place, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll send it round to-morrow."

An hour later Darley received, with the utmost respect, another important customer, Madame de Belroy.

"Well, madame, what can I do for you? Carriage, eh? Well, let me recommend a landau—in that madame's toilet can be seen to the best advantage."

"No, sir; as you see, I am yet in mourning, and came to Paris only to settle some affairs."

"But madame will pardon me if I say that in a coupe her beauty——"

"No, Monsier Darley, I am a widow, and I live retired. I want a carriage only for my shopping and such things; a coupe will do me—a simple coupe with one horse, elegantly hued, but dark. How much will it be per month?"

"That depends upon the work."

"Oh, it will not be much. At nine o'clock I drive to mass; after breakfast I shall have calls to make and shopping to do; at three o'clock I shall drive home. That is all, for I never go out in the evening."

"Well, madame, during May, our busiest month, the price is seven hundred francs a month."

"Too much, I think. It seems to me that six hundred francs——"

"Come, madame, I have just what will suit you; something very elegant, but quiet; lined with silk——"

"You tempt me. Well, be it so. Send it around to-morrow morning."

And so it happened that Monsieur de Merisi and Madame de Belroy had the same coupe by the month.

The gentleman found this out soon. One day he saw in one of the coupe pockets a note-book, with gray enameled cover and gold border, in which were several cards. On the back of some of these were memoranda, such as calls to be made, impressions, reflections, etc. He examined a card, and read on one side: "Madame de Belroy." On the other side, in a delicate feminine handwriting, were penciled some appointments, ending with "At three o'clock, Julius."

The coupe stopped at the club.

"She must be a saint," thought Merisi; "but who the deuce is this Julius?"

He replaced the note-book where he had found it, and, alighting, said to the coachman:

"Some one left a note-book in the coupe. Consequently, some one must have used it."

The coachman's confusion showed Merisi that he was not mistaken. The name of Madame de Belroy was not unknown to him, but he had lived so long away from Paris that he couldn't remember who she was. As soon as he had entered the club-room, he sought for information.

"De Bassino," said he, "do you know a Madame de Belroy?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman, "she that was little De St. Saone. Poor Belroy died last year, and she is plunged in grief. It was a great loss."

"Who? Belroy?"

"No, his wife, who is charming, but always invisible. Society sees her no more."

Merisi now waited anxiously for another lind in the coupe. But, alas! for a whole week neither note-book nor anything else was forgotten. But the little "saint," who spent her time so piously, occupied his mind incessantly. So he said one evening to the coachman:

"I have discovered that my coupe is also used by a Madame de Belroy. Do not deny it. I am sure. Now, I am curious to see this lady. Tell me where I might do so."

"Well, sir, every morning at nine o'clock I take her to mass at the church of St. Philippe."

Next morning Monsieur de Merisi was punctual, and saw his saint at her devotions. It seemed to him that never before had he seen such a lovely face. She was still in mourning. She wore a small bonnet of black tulle, which framed her lovely blonde hair; a long veil of black gauze hung down on the train of her dress, which was of deadblack silk, trimmed with black surah. In her black-gloved hands was a missal full of saints' pictures and illuminated texts.

Merisi paid little attention to the mass. "Ah," thought he, "if I had known there was on earth such a woman—beautiful, young, modest, and shunning society, oh! I would have adored her. How gracefully she makes the sign of the cross. She is a little saint. But that Julius—who the deuce can he be?"

From this moment Monsieur de Merisi hung upon her steps. He saw her every morning at the church of St. Philippe, and followed her coupe in another one. Her route was nearly always the same: To her grandmother's, to the parish priest's, to the Sisters of Charity, to her lawyer's office, and a long stay at a house on the Boulevard St. Michel.

At last De Merisi came to the conclusion that he was a fool. He was occupied with Madame de Belroy to such a degree that he neglected for her sake the affairs for which he had come to Paris. There was only one thing to be done, to ask permission to be presented to her, and to pay his addresses. His state of mind was becoming intolerable. So one day, at the club, he said to Monsieur Villeperte, who was nicknamed the "elite directory:"

"Do you know the Belroy family, Villeperte?"

"Very well indeed; but there's not many left—only the grandmother and her daughter-in-law?"

"Could you present me?"

"Hmm—not easily; the grandmother is eighty years old; the young widow is nearly always in the country, and lives very retired since the death of her husband."

"Come, now—as a great favor to me."

"Well, I'll see."

"But at once, because I'm going away."

"Well, I'll go to-morrow and see the grandmother."

"Are you acquainted with the young widow, too?"

"Known her ever since she was born, my dear boy; a handsome, distinguished and graceful woman."

The grandmother had been very amiable, and had given Monsieur de Villeperte permission to present his friend. This was soon done, and Monsieur de Merisi fell deeper in love than before, if it were possible. The old lady befriended him, too. He was her partner at the card-table, and used to read to her the newspapers and the newest novels. He was a clever fellow, was De Merisi.

But he was a suspicious fellow, too, and he had retained the coupe hoping again to find the note-book which had so deeply interested him. "Julius" stuck in his memory. But his researches were far from being successful. Being more and more captivated by Madame de Belroy, he at last dared to declare his intention, and he was strongly supported by the grandmother. Madame de Belroy did not say "No," and so the engagement began.

One day De Merisi leaped into his coupe to make a purchase required by his new situation—an engagement ring, of fabulous value and exquisite taste. Instinctively he looked into the carriage pocket. The gray note-book was there. He opened it. The memoranda had changed very little: "The lawyer's; the priest's; the milliner's; flowers; bring Julius a shako."

A shako! Not one of the friends of the Belroy family was in the army; what could it mean? With feverish haste he turned the card over. Alas! he found too easily its meaning: "He looks adorable in his new shako. How silly I am! He would not leave my room last night, and I pretended to be angry."

Tingling with jealous rage and shame, Merisi ordered the coachman to drive him immediately to Madame de Belroy's house. She was waiting for him at her window.

"Why, how funny!" she exclaimed, "you are in my coupe! How did it happen, and what does it mean?"

Merisi was deadly pale, so angered was he. He choked with rage as he endeavored to find words to upbraid her.

Suddenly an unexpected visitor made his appearance. It was a little boy, four or five years old, adorned with a shako and a saber. So frightened was the little fellow by the agitated air of Monsieur de Merisi, that he sought refuge in the folds of Madame de Belroy's dress.

"Why, Julius," said she, patting his cheek, "what is the matter?"

"Julius!" roared the discomfited lover, "is this Julius?"

"Yes; he is my god-son—a poor orphan. By-and-by I shall tell you all about his mother, and the trouble I had to be appointed his guardian, and how I used to go and see him at the Boulevard St. Michel, where he lived. Now, Julius, go and kiss Monsieur de Merisi, who, I am sure, will be very kind to you—if he loves me truly."

Monsieur de Merisi did love her truly. He loved her so truly that he would have died rather than tell her that he had doubted her.

And she does not know it to this day. —*French Paper.*

A Brief but Romantic Courtship.

Nothing in fiction is more romantic than the following leaf from the pages of real life. Joseph Schmidt, of Los Angeles, Lower California, came to this country from Germany some years ago, and was among those who profited by the gold fever. The news of his success was carried to the old country with a letter from him to a friend of his boyhood, urging him to come over and find a home under a free flag. His friend came and rented a house in Van Buren Street in Chicago, where he resumed his trade as a locksmith. He was a married man, and his business grew until he became known as a thrifty, well-to-do citizen. Mr. Schmidt, who was in love with the beautiful scenery of Los Angeles, tried to induce his Chicago friends to come and live with him, but business was so good that they declined.

Mr. Schmidt pined for German society, and so one day he put a few thousand dollars' worth of gold dust into his belt and took the Pacific Express for Chicago. "I have come," he said, when he entered the cosy home on Van Buren Street, "to take you all back to California. The journey shall not cost you a cent. I will pay all the bills, and when we reach Los Angeles I will set you up in business in true Western style." The husband and wife finally assented, and just as they were about to start, the California man sighed loud and long, and said there was only one thing to make him happy. "I want a good, honest, German wife." "Oh," replied the hostess, "I wish I had knowed dot a lettle sooner. De pest girl in all de vorlt schust vent away to New York to sail in de pig sheep from Chermany. Dot gell sails in two days for her fodder landt mit Cologne." The California man sighed again, and when the lady went on to say that the girl was very rich and had been visiting her in the very house they were then in, he jumped from his chair looked at his watch, then at the railway timetable. "Will she marry?" he asked, breathlessly. "Yaw." "Will you go with me to New York to find her before she sails?" "Yaw." "That settles it. I don't care for her money. I can't spend what I have now, but I want a wife. While we are gone yot pack up," said he to her husband, and, half an hour later, the Californiat and his friend's wife were in a coach dashing through the streets to the depot. They barely caught the express, and last Thursday morning they reached Jersey City. The steamer Gellert, of the Hamburg line, was to sail at two o'clock, so there was no time to lose. They reached the pier in Hoboken, and one of the first persons they saw on the ship was the young lady from Colonge, Miss Pauline Wahn. She was delighted to see her Chicago friend, but she did not understand why she had brought a stranger—and such a handsome, dark-haired man, in a piratical sombrero. He was introduced and the object of his mission eloquently told. The proposal somewhat staggered her wits, and she said she would accept the hand of her miner lover. Only a couple of hours remained before the steamer was to sail, and a hurried arrangement had to be made for the recovery of the baggage and also her money. That feature of the programme being settled, the California man grew impatient. "Where is the Jedge! I want a Jedge, or a preacher, or a clergyman, or some kind of a chap what can splice us without any more delay." The Constable then led the way to Justice Strong's office in Washington Street, where the party, which had been enlarged by some witnesses, grouped themselves around the man of law while he listened to the Constable's story, and with the gravity and the necessary ceremony made the two lovers husband and wife, "Put it thar, Jedge," said the man from Los Angeles, "you've made me the happiest man in the 38 stars of this 'ere American Union." The marriage register showed him to be 39 years old, and his young wife, a blooming German bride, 23 summers. They started West by the Erie Road Thursday night.—*New York paper.*

Adventure in the Cave of Cacahuamilpa.

A serious, but fortunately not fatal, termination came to a recent excursion from the City of Mexico to the Cave of Cacahuamilpa, in honor of some American visitors. About fifty persons left Mexico, but the party received so many accessions by the way that when the cave was reached there were as many as 500 persons in the company, including the military guard.

It appears that Senor Carlos Quaglia, Governor of Morelos, had ordered a banquet to be prepared in that portion of the grotto which bears the name of "The Organ Salon," on account of the stalactites which have there assumed the form of an organ. The place was illuminated by electric lights, yet there were also many torches of resinous wood burning. The *elite*, who numbered perhaps ninety persons (there were also a great many servants), occupied the Organ Salon. In close proximity were placed several shelter tents for the ladies and children to sleep in. These were filled with sleepers, and along one side of the banqueting hall many gentlemen were lying on mattresses, mats, or blankets. A few of the more animated guests lingered over the table until two o'clock in the morning, and were chatting, when Governor Quaglia fainted. All efforts to restore him to consciousness seemed futile. While he remained in this condition some ladies complained of illness, others were asphyxiated, and a gentleman suggested that all this might be due to mephitic exhalations. Mothers at once hastened to their children, and, finding some in a stupor, comprehended the danger. A panic ensued. General Diaz ordered an instant retreat from the grotto. General Ord and others instructed the soldiers to carry out the ladies and children. Ex-Governor Romero Vargas aided Senor Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Relations, to scramble over the rocks. In fact, all who had strength assisted those who were asphyxiated, and every person was removed to a purer atmosphere. Some persevered until they reached the entrance of the cave (three miles distant) and threw themselves down on the bare ground, almost exhausted with fatigue, but safe.

Detectives at Fashionable Weddings.

There are in New York a hundred or more weddings in the course of a year where there is a crush of guests in full dress, where ladies who have passed their youth feel it allowable to wear a wealth of diamonds, and where the displays of presents surpass the show cases of fashionable jewelers. These weddings and other sociable gatherings of the same class of persons are a very paradise of thieves and pickpockets, when, as occasionally happens, they can gain admission in the guise of a guest. This, as will be imagined, few professionals can do without the risk of being bowed to the door by the host as strangers in unwarranted dress-coats; yet many simple and shrewd devices are used to maintain a footing once obtained in such assemblages. The host and hostess are avoided. Efforts are made to scrape acquaintanceship. References are boldly made to some previous social assemblage. The thief must have special gifts and a special training.

Yet it is not professional thieves that those who get up fashionable entertainments chiefly fear. The most dangerous class, because the most numerous, are included among the invited guests, and are called, when detected, kleptomaniacs.

For almost every large and fashionable wedding there is a request made upon Inspector Byrnes, in charge of the Detective Bureau of the Police Central Office, for an officer to watch the array of presents, and in general to protect the house and its guests from loss by theft. Among the Central Office detectives on whom this duty frequently falls is George W. Lanthier. He is a young man of good address and appearance, who wears a fine diamond in his shirt front and whose clothes fit him. His fellow-detectives say that when he is arrayed in a Prince Albert coat, with silk facings, for an afternoon wedding, there is nothing left to be asked for by the most critical observer, but when he appears attired in full costume, for an evening wedding or reception, language fails. Mr. Lanthier was sought out yesterday. He said his duties were simple, and for the most part agreeable.

"The first thing, I do," he said, "when I go to a reception is to take a look through the house up and down stairs in order to acquaint myself with the different rooms as well as with the position of valuable articles. For this reason I usually go a short time before the guests are expected. While the guests are arriving I usually stand in the hall to watch them as they enter. I am very apt to know a professional thief by his face. Where the presents are very numerous and valuable I generally have the smaller ones, such as the diamonds and other jewelry which a person could pocket and carry away readily, put on a table by themselves. Then I take a seat near them. I am supposed, by the most of those who see me, to be a guest. If anybody guesses otherwise, I am contented they should have their opinion. I inform myself about the presents, and when guests come up to inspect them, they naturally fall to talking to express their admiration. I am able to tell them about the presents. One guest, therefore, sees me talking with another, and he is not likely to remark that I remain in one part of the room all the afternoon or evening. If I sat still and said nothing, I would soon become an object of notice.

"I have never," continued Mr. Lanthier, "been compelled to make an arrest at a reception, although I have attended many dozens of them, nor have I ever seen an attempt to steal a valuable present. If a professional thief gets into the assembly he probably knows what my presence means, and if anybody else has any designs on the presents he discovers after a time that they are never left alone.

"I have seen many very brilliant arrays of presents; large diamonds and rubies of very great value, chests of silverware, pyramids of the finest cut-glass decanters, antique cups, and costly fans. I never saw a lady in such an assembly whose jewelry was guarded by an attendant detective, but I have seen some of middle age and older various parts of whose dresses were decorated with great clusters of diamonds. To these small weddings and receptions come the same set over and over again, and a person who attends them soon learns to know their faces and names.

"As to personal treatment, the guests at the assemblies I have attended have always treated me with courtesy, and I do not see how they could have done otherwise, even when they knew my business, for I never sought acquaintanship, while I have always been willing to talk on any subject I knew anything about, and I never ask questions about matters that don't concern me."

Stories are told by detectives of ladies, whose families are of the highest respectability, whom they have pointed out to the givers of entertainments as having stolen valuable presents. In several cases related to the reporter, the valuables were recovered under threats of arrest, and scandals resulted. In others the host was unwilling to make accusations, preferring to avoid the scandal that would follow an exposure. In one case a lady fainted when she was accused. She would not confess, and she was not searched, but it was afterward said a diamond ring was returned by her father, an action which the detective who told the story criticised as inexcusably simple on the father's part if he had in view merely the reputation of his daughter. It is said that several series of thefts have been committed by young men so fascinated with society life that they lived beyond their means, and at last were driven, by what appeared to them necessity, to steal.

Two or three years ago a young man of this class purloined several watches and other valuable articles from the houses of Chief Justice George Shea of the Marine Court, John D. Townsend, and others, at a series of entertainments running nearly through the season. A warrant was issued for him, but he escaped arrest. He had formerly moved in good society of right, but he had introduced himself at the first of this series of entertainments by sheer impudence. He committed so many thefts that at last he was watched, but even then he escaped with his last booty without being detected, and it was said that the evidence against him was largely inferential. His flight, however, confirmed it. This case was publicly exposed at the time.

Only a few weeks ago a polite gentleman, who appeared in the guise of a guest at a fashionable entertainment, succeeded in making off with a valuable assortment of overcoats.—*New York Sun.*

What Becomes of all the Promising Children?

In a very thoughtful and suggestive inquiry as to the reasons why "promising" children so seldom turn out as parents and friends anticipate, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* discovers a potent cause of failure which parents will find worthy of serious consideration. After speaking of the more familiar ways of spoiling children by unwise management or improper training, the *Ledger* says:

The truth is, we need more forethought and less self-indulgence in the training of our youth. We please ourselves too much, and study their future too little. It is so easy and pleasant to gratify our own vanity or ambition by stimulating and exhibiting them in points where they excel; it is so hard and comparatively tame to exercise them in what they are deficient, and to foster their most meager abilities. Yet until educators acquire the necessary self-control and patience to do the latter; until they can work quietly and steadfastly without display, and fix their aim on future results instead of present glitter, the most promising children will continue to sink down into inferior men and women.

The qualities that are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But when the child exhibits these qualities, even in their incipient stages, we are annoyed, and, perhaps, repulsed. Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself, in whom we delight, and whose feeble will we make still feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet, when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation, and, perhaps, disgraces himself and his family, we look at him in imbecile wonder that so *good* a child should have turned out to be so bad a man, when, in truth, his course has only been the natural outcome of his past life and training. The power of standing firm and going alone we know to be desirable in the adult, but the child seems more lovable who is utterly dependent upon us, and we therefore strive to cherish this dependence, shutting our eyes to the fact that we are thus actually unfitting him for the life that awaits him. Concentration, too, is a quality that we admire in the adult, but greatly undervalue in the child. We prefer that he may be easily drawn away from what he is engaged in, and quickly turned from one thing to another at our pleasure; and while we praise him for his ready obedience, or rebuke him for seeming absorbed, we are really breaking down the power of concentration and depriving him of its invaluable results.

It is true that many things are suitable for manhood that are not for childhood, but this is not the case with mental and moral qualities. If it were there could be no such thing as consistent preparation for a good and useful life. Every quality that the man or woman needs is incipient in the child and needs development and exercise. Our part in his training is not to cherish in him simply what is most attractive to ourselves, or what feeds our own and his vanity, but rather to study his future needs and to help him to supply what is most lacking. It is where he is deficient, not where he excels, that our earnest efforts are demanded. Not until parents and teachers realize this so fully as to identify with it their highest interest and pleasure in their charges will promising children fulfill their promises, and the question no longer be asked, "What has become of them?"

Brevity not Clearness.

It commonly supposed that brevity is the essence of a telegram, and that the shorter a message can be, the better; that if you have a thing to say in ten words, it is better to say it in seven; if you have a thing to say in seven, it is better to say it in five. This appears to be the creed of the general telegram-sender. No doubt, if his sole object be to swell the revenues of the State, his procedure is laudable; but there are other considerations to be taken into account; and if he wishes his telegrams to be rendered in such guise that they shall be understood *par qui de droit*, he will strive rather to make the wording plain than laconic. Redundancy is, of course, to be avoided, but too great brevity is equally to be eschewed. Laconic writing, it is to be born in mind, tends to obscurity; obscurity makes it impossible for the telegraph operator to know when he is sending sense and when nonsense; and if he has no guide as to what he is sending, the chances are at least equal that he will go astray. There is no doubt another motive which weighs with some, and that is the desire that the message should not be intelligible to the officials through whose hands it will pass. But it is short-sighted policy to make the wording obscure, in order to frustrate hypothetic official curiosity. If secrecy is important, it would be better to use a cipher. In the majority of cases, however, the true plan is to take the officials into your confidence, and write your message in such guise that he who runs may read. As an illustration of the ingenuity with which people will express themselves as if for the very purpose of defeating their own object, we may cite the following: A lady some short time since telegraphed: "Send them both thanks," by which she meant, "Thank you; send them both"—the "both" referred to two servants. The telegram reached its destination as "Send them both back," thus making sense as the official mind would understand it, but a complete perversion of the meaning of the writer. Nothing was gained by putting it in this way; the cost of the message would have been just the same if put differently, and as the telgraph ignores stops the message as it stood read like nonsense. It happens that "th" is not unlike "h" in the Morso alphabet, and this, coupled with the fact that "back" seemed to be required as the last word, fully explains the error.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Professor Helmholtz says that his invention of the ophthalmoscope, now of important and universal use in surgery, was the result of an accident.

—The saving in coal by recent processes in the manufacture of pig-iron and steel rails amounts for England alone to about 6,000,000 tons a year, or about one ton in twenty-five on the annual production.

—An apparatus for transmitting pictures by telegraph is now on exhibition at the Royal Institution, London. It consists of a "mosaic" of selenium cells, each cells in telegraphic communication with one of a corresponding number of devices, by which a small mirror is adjusted to throw more or less light on a screen.

Prof. Tidy, in a paper read before the London Chemical Society, restates, in reply to Dr. Frankland, his firm conviction that a fairly rapid river, having received sewage in quantity not exceeding one-twentieth of its volume, regains its purity after a run of a few miles, and becomes wholesome and good drinking.

—Dry-plate photography has been so much improved within the past year or two that negatives are now taken with an "exposure" so brief that the name painted on the paddlebox of a steamboat passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour comes out as sharp as a street sign taken at absolute rest. Amateur photography has received a very marked impetus by the perfection of the dry-plate process.

—A soldering iron, heated by the electric current, and capable of melting all kinds of solders, such as gold and silver solder (which have hitherto required a blowpipe), has been patented by Mr. Ball, of Philadelphia. The electrodes extend through and project beyond the handle and embrace a piece of platinum or other material offering sufficient resistance to the current to get heated more or less. One of the conductors is interrupted near one end of the handle and bridged by a button made partly of conductors and partly of insulating material, so that by turning the button the circuit may be completed or broken as desired. In another arrangement the handle is in two halves, pressed apart by a spring, and, in that position, short-circuiting the current. On pressing the halves together the current is sent through the refractory point.

PITH AND POINT.

—Why is your wife's new bonnet like a snipe? Because it is pretty much all bill.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An enthusiast iz an individual who believes about four times az much az he kan prove, and he kan prove about four times az much az anybody believes.—*Josh Billings.*

—Say, girl, do you know why the fellow you inveigle into proposing is like a private secretary? It's because he's a man-you-win-sis. We feel awful degradet when we read that over.—*Boston Post.*

—Pendleton, who is something of a billiardist, calls the crying of his measles-afflicted baby a spot bawl. "Oh, carom me away!" is the proper thing to say when Pendleton makes this shot.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A New York "dollar store" was robbed a few nights ago of eleven gold bracelets, six watches, three diamond pins, fourteen gold brooches and fifty-four finger rings. The loss is estimated at two dollars and twenty cents.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Two ten-cent drinks a day will supply a family with flour—that is, if the drinks are not taken and the money is invested in flour. We throw in this little economical hint as our Monday temperance lecture. Moral: Let somebody else pay for your drinks.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Mother," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."—*Brooklyn Chronicle.*

Persons Who Will Not Learn.

Ah, how many gifted and ambitious persons there are whose one fatal fault is unwillingness to take what they feel to be the humiliating attitude of docility before others, and learn from them what they need! Who has not often known such persons, vain of their powers, yet making no use of them, chafing against outer facts as the causes of their inner failure, showing an obstinate addiction to their routine, a singular combination of profound self-complacency with a universal querulousness, angrily resenting every attempt on the part of their friends to teach them what they are slowly sinking and dying for the want of? A modest openness to advice, and a resolute acceptance and application of it, would save them, and lead to the successes they wish. But try to tell them this, offer them practical help on the condition that they will practice your precepts, and they turn on you as an enemy. At last every earnest and noble friend is obliged, in despair of doing them any good, to leave them to their conceit, their caprice, and their self-created fate. There is in such a one—and it is astonishingly common too—a most subtle and powerful propensity to picture himself in his own imagination as superior to others, and so he *criticises* what he meets, instead of *studying* it. He has a large and complacent idea of himself, with which he is forever secretly glutting his mind; and this preoccupation causes him to shed even the most valuable suggestions, unless they chance to flatter his bent. Quite unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less really, he asserts himself and clings to his biases, in place of trying to pass out of his mere selfhood, in order accurately to estimate all that is proposed to him, and to gain from it. He looks down on his advisers, and repels them and their teachings. Whereas the imaginative, practical habit of those best fitted to improve, and who do really make the greatest progress, is to picture self as in presence of something superior, and to take the position of a disciple who is ever looking up, and welcoming whatever can strengthen, instruct, or guide him. —*Alger's "School of Life."*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A STREET-CAR IDYL.

Perhaps you think I'll rant and rave like the rest
At the wealthy folk, because they are gay and fine.
D'ye s'pose I don't know that when we put on our best
And they their worst, they're just as sure to outshine!

Or rather one is—you're laughing now; but it's true,
It does one good such pretty young things to meet;
Put a thousand colors before me, I'd choose the blue,
Because her eyes are so blue and so bright and sweet.

And there's something about her walk that thrills me, too,
As if her footsteps, like flower-throbs, touched my heart,
And her smile is like sunshine on clover buds white with dew,
My shop-mates tell me that everything there is art,

And that I have always had notions odd and queer.
They dub me "poet," because I make rhymes now and then.
O heaven! if only I were, I'd not be lolling here,
But telling the world of her beauty with gladsome pen.

They say she is idle. Well, so is the rose; and yet
It fills with fragrance and color the earth and air.
They say she hates poverty, makes a white poodle her pet,
And that she's as false and cruel as angel-fair.

It may be, but once in a crowded car I stood,
Sore, tired and sad, for I had been ailing long.
She sat just before me, looking so gentle and good,
And she said, "You must let me stand; I am young and strong."

Yes, true she did, all dressed in a shining silk,
With feathers like curled mist round a snowy dove,
With laces like frost-work and forehead as white as milk,
Bright from the hem of her robe to her pretty, dainty glove.

And with one little hand she softly pushed me—so;
And I sat down like a sluggard in his sleep.
I'm sure I tried to smile and tried to say, "No,"
But neither would come, though her voice made my pulses leap.

I'll never forget the touch of that tiny hand—
I can feel it now when I sit by myself and think;
And it makes me dream sometimes of that other land,
Where we of the rougher sort may rise from the brink

Of all these needs and dreads and terrible sins,
To something that our lives lose as we live to-day,
To that fine, delicate sense of grace that clings
Round them, that seem made of a fairer, rarer clay.

So I'll never rant and rave and go on like the rest,
At the richer sort, because they are gay and fine.
We show at our worst; they don't always show at their best;
But I've seen one angel among them that makes all the others shine.

—*Mary A. Denison, in Christian Union.*

DUST TO DUST.

"I do wish William were come; surely he ought to be here before this. What is the time, Aunt Betsy?"

"Never mind the time, dear; your husband will be here soon; you may depend upon it, he will not stay away a minute longer than he can help. But they are always busy when putting on a new mine; you can never tell what may turn up to keep the men over time."

"Yes; I know that. But he ought to have been home at six o'clock, and I am sure it is a lot past that. I do wish he were come; and I am so weak;" and as she spoke thus, Mrs. Pollarrack could not restrain the tears which soon filled her eyes.

"Now, don't give way so, there's a dear," said Aunt Betsy. "Think of your child. What a mercy it is that the little thing is sound and strong, and that you have got through your trouble so nicely. How proud William will be when he comes home, to find himself the father of a fine boy!"

A glow of motherly pride lighted up the young mother's face as she thought of the pleasure her husband would feel on taking his first-born in his arms, and she looked down on the babe that lay safe by her side.

William and Mary Pollarack were a young married couple; he, a strong, active miner of twenty-four, skillful about pit-work; she, a farmer's daughter, barely twenty, as pretty a girl as could be seen in the west of Cornwall. Hers was not a delicate beauty, but that strong, healthy sweetness peculiar to a simple country girl. Though they had been engaged for three or four years, they did not cease to be lovers after marriage; their wedded life, which was now of some twelve months' duration, had been a continuation of their courtship. Theirs was a true union—a union of kindred spirits. The arrival of their first baby had been looked forward to with some anxiety by William; but in the morning of the day in which the event took place he had gone to his work at a tin mine called Wheal Splendour, satisfied that his wife would be taken care of by his father's sister, Aunt Betsy, who came to them the night before to stay a few days.

Wheal Splendour had recently been restarted, or rather a company had been formed to rework it. It was an old mine, near C——, that had lain idle for thirty years. The engine shaft was down eighty fathoms below the adit, which was forty fathoms from surface. A band of men, of whom William Pollarrack was one, were engaged clearing and securing this shaft; and at this time they were about half-way down to the adit.

But to return to the young mother. Aunt Betsy's advice was acted upon with good effect. Mary *did* think of her child; wondered all sorts of things about it; whom it would be like; whether it would be dark or fair; what they should call it after all; for William had always said if they had a son, he should like it to be called John, after his father; while Mary herself thought there was no name like William for a boy; and then she remembered one occasion, when the subject was up between them, how her husband had laughingly said: "All Williams are not alike; you must not think, if we had a son called William, he would grow up as fine a man as his father;" and how she had answered: "I don't know that; I suppose there are men as fine as you in the world—ah! and a deal finer too, for that part of it, indeed." They had had other quiet jokes and word-play; and Mary went through many of them over again as she lay still in bed, and thus a good half-hour went by without a sound escaping her.

It was a beautiful evening, early in August; the sun had set, but the crimson clouds in the west reflected his glory through the window of the room. The old-fashioned clock down-stairs struck eight in measured tones. The sound roused Mary from her reverie; she turned and looked at Aunt Betsy, and was just going to speak, when they heard some one outside the front door.

"There; he has come at last!" Aunt Betsy exclaimed.

"No; it's some one knocking at the door. I trust nothing is the matter. Run down and see who it is," said Mary.

Aunt Betsy did as she was bid, prudently shutting the bedroom door after her. On opening the front-door, she saw, to her surprise, not one, but four men waiting admittance, the foremost of whom, a respectably-dressed man, inquired if Mrs. Pollarrack was at home.

"Yes, sir; but she can not see you just now. Will you come inside and sit down a minute? The fact is, sir, Mrs. Pollarack has got a baby; and a fine boy it is," said Aunt Betsy, as she dusted a chair with her apron.

"Heaven help her, poor thing!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Good gracious, whatever is the matter?" asked Aunt Betsy.

But for a few moments no one answered her; and she felt a giddy sensation creep over her as the other three men glanced significantly at one another.

At length the one who first addressed her began again, with an evident effort to keep calm: "My name is Captain Woodly; I am agent at Wheal Splendour. Mrs. Pollarrack's husband worked there."

"Go on," said Aunt Betsy, leaning against the table for support; "I knew what is coming."

"Poor William!" resumed the Captain; "I would not have had it happen for a hundred pounds. The men were just leaving work; his comrades had already climbed by the chair to the collar or upper gallery, where the ladder-road commenced, when they heard a noise below; it was a run in the shaft. The planks on which they had been standing had fallen away with Pollarrack. They shouted down; but there was no response; and as the ground was constantly breaking away from the sides, they saw the necessity of getting up as quickly as they could. It was fortunate they started when they did, for before they reached the surface the run became general, and the bottom collar and ladder were carried away."

"Whatever shall we do!" cried Aunt Betsy. "Is there any chance that William is not killed?"

"None, I'm afraid," the Captain replied. "When the run had stopped, and we thought it safe for a man to descend, we let one down in a kibble; but he could not go far. The shaft is choked for several fathoms; some timber must have lodged across the shaft, and the stuff accumulated over it. Now, the chances are a hundred to one against the poor fellow's having fallen into the adit plat, and that too without being killed; he is more likely to have fallen into the water in the shaft. I fear it will take weeks to clear the shaft and get down to him."

Just then, they heard Mrs. Pollarrack knocking with a chair against the floor in the room above.

"The poor darling," sobbed Aunt Betsy; "I must go to her. And what *can* I say to her?"

"Is anything the matter, Aunt Betsy? Who are those people down-stairs, and why isn't William come?"

"Hush, dear; don't be disappointed; William is not coming home to-night."

"Oh! *why* did he go away at this time?" said Mary, reproachfully.

"He was obliged to go where his master sent him. But come now; try and sleep a bit, there's a dear," was the reply.

Mary answered with a sigh. The thought of seeing her husband in the morning brought comfort, and she fell into a pleasant sleep.

The next morning, a great number of visitors came to the house. Aunt Betsy, however, was up early, and thoughtfully engaged a neighbor to intercept them in the garden, that the noise might not arouse unpleasant surmises in Mary's mind. Captain Woodly called again at the same time as the doctor and the clergyman. Aunt Betsy consulted with them as to what she should tell the patient. The doctor said that if the sad intelligence were conveyed to her in her present condition, the consequences might be fatal, adding: "She will know it soon enough."

The Captain informed the party that he had received orders from London that morning to stop the mine; that as it was the general opinion that William must have been killed by the fall or drowned in the shaft, he did not think the adventurers would attempt to recover the body, especially as weeks must elapse before they could get down to the adit. The only thing he could think of was to recommend the company to offer a substantial sum by way of compensation to the widow.

"I will try to keep her quiet; but it will be a hard job," said Aunt Betsy. "She will be asking all sorts of questions; and how to conceal the truth I don't know. I could not think of telling her a downright lie about it."

Aunt Betsy was right in her conjecture. It was no easy task to induce Mrs. Pollarrack to rest satisfied. Every few minutes she would restlessly inquire if William had returned yet; and she would want to know where he was sent and on what business.

"My dear," Aunt Betsy would reply, "I cannot tell you more than I have told you already. Your husband has gone on a journey; nothing is said as to when he will return."

As time wore on the difficulty of pacifying the young mother increased. The suspense and anxiety told upon her seriously. The doctor, who was unremitting in his attendance, visiting her two or three times a day, told Aunt Betsy she was in a critical state. The brain was overtaxed, and there were dangerous symptoms of fever.

The third night after the accident Aunt Betsy was keeping watch by Mary's bedside. The tallow candle was giving a dim light, its long wick not having been snuffed for some minutes; for Aunt Betsy had put on her spectacles to read a few verses, which exercise at such an unusual hour caused her to feel drowsy; and unconsciously letting the Bible sink gently in her lap, she closed her eyes. But she was not permitted to sleep long. Suddenly the invalid awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; a wild light was in her eye.

"Aunt Betsy, Aunt Betsy!" she cried, "I've been dreaming about William. But look! there he is. Don't you see him sitting in that chair? See! he is covered with blood! He is turning his head round this way. Oh, what a look! Why, he is dying. My darling, I'm coming." With a shrill cry, Mary sprang forward, and fell with her face on the coverlet.

Aunt Betsy gently lifted her back to her place without resistance on her part. The sudden outburst of energy was followed by a reaction. Mary remained in a stupor, from which she had not awakened when the doctor came next day.

Aunt Betsy told him what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively to every word, after which he looked at the young mother lying so calm and still; the color was gone from her cheeks, her breathing was so low as to be hardly perceptible; then he said, slowly: "She will awake again—probably in the evening. Be in readiness."

The sun was sinking in the golden west when Mary opened her eyes. "Aunt Betsy!" she whispered.

"Here I am, dear. You have had a long sleep."

"Where is my baby? Hold him before me, please. My William," Mary continued when the child was disposed so as she could get a full view of it, "has gone on a long journey—don't look surprised, Aunt Betsy—he has gone on a long journey, and I am going too, very soon. Take care of baby, Aunt Betsy, and call him William, please. He will never remember his father and mother; but he will see his father's form one day; and mind you tell him to lay his father in my grave. Kiss me, Aunt Betsy; I feel so tired."

Before night threw its mantle over the earth, Mary Pollarack's spirit had fled.

No further attempt was made to recover the body of William Pollarrack. Everybody admitted it would have been of no use. The adventurers had already decided to abandon the mine; and it was the general opinion that it would not be worth while to clear the run, which could not be done except at great expense, to find a corpse. Better to devote a part of the money it would cost to the maintenance of the unfortunate miner's orphan. This was accordingly done. The sum of two hundred and fifty pounds was voted by the Company to be invested in the name of trustees for the use of the child, who remained in the care of his great-aunt Betsy. She lived to see her charge grow up to man's estate. It was her desire that he should be taught some trade, anything rather than mining; but young William's predilection in favor of his father's calling was so strong that it was useless to think of opposing him. He was allowed to follow the bent of his mind. Beginning about the slime-pits, he passed through the several initiatory stages at surface; then he was allowed to go underground, as a boy, at thirty shillings a month, and in due time he was admitted on equal terms with the men. All this while he was not neglecting the improvement of his mind; following the judicious advice of Aunt Betsy, he attended, when able, the night classes held in connection with the C—— Institute.

His steady conduct attracted the attention of an influential mine-captain under whom he worked, and who, finding the young fellow more intelligent and better educated than miners generally, promoted him from time to time, and eventually procured him a situation as under-agent at a mine in Devonshire.

William left Aunt Betsy before receiving this good appointment; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that she felt amply repaid for the pains she had taken with him; she had seen enough to be satisfied that her trouble was not thrown away. It was not until she was near her end that she told him his mother's last words. The general circumstances of his father's fate had been early made known to him; and in common with other boys of his own age he used to experience a certain terror when passing by the shaft where his father had met his fearful doom. This feeling wore off as he grew older, yet he could not but think at times of his father, whom he had never seen, lying so many hundreds of feet down in the earth. And when Aunt Betsy related the manner of his mother's death, and the words she had uttered just before, he promised faithfully to carry out her dying wish, if ever his father's remains should be brought to light.

Some months after William's taking his post at the Devonshire mine, one of the men there died underground, which circumstance greatly affected him. The man had been working with a boy in a branch shaft when, saying that he felt unwell, he left his comrade to go to the surface. On the boy subsequently making inquiries for him, he could not learn that he had been seen at surface since he first went down to work; nor had he gone straight home, as the lad found on calling there. His wife being alarmed, hurried back to the mine with the youth, and persuaded two miners to go down and search for the missing man. They found him in a corner of a plat about half-way up from the place where he worked, sitting on a piece of timber, dead.

The excitement attendant upon this incident kept William, or Captain William, as we must now call him, awake for a long time after he retired for the night. Scenes of peril in which he had been placed himself, stories of accidents that he had heard, rushed upon his mind, and when he did at last fall asleep, they mixed themselves in wild confusion in his dreams. Toward morning his mind became more settled and less extravagant; and in the last dream of all, he was in a level gazing at a man sitting on a piece of rock, leaning forward, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. The man had no hat on, and his hair was thick with clotted blood. As the dreamer stood and looked, not with astonishment or fear, but as it were spellbound, he heard Aunt Betsy's voice saying in his ear: "Remember your mother's last words." He went forward and touched the man on the shoulder; when the whole scene immediately faded away, and he awoke.

William was not accustomed to attach much importance to dreams, and seeing sufficient in what had occurred the previous day to account for the troubled state of his brain in the night, he soon dismissed the subject of his dreams from his thoughts. An advertisement in the local paper, however, which met his eye in the course of the morning, brought it all up again. The advertisement ran thus: "Wanted, a resident agent for Wheal Splendour. Apply to Captain Benny, C——."

A rise in tin had again taken place; enterprising mining men were again looking out for suitable ventures to recommend to their clients; and once more Wheal Splendour, after being neglected for twenty-five years found advocates who could speak confidently of its chances of success with tin at sixty pounds a ton. And some gentlemen being willing, and that not unreasonably, to believe this, a company was formed as before to give the mine a trial. Hence the advertisement which William saw, and resolved to answer.

In applying for the situation, he mentioned, as a circumstance that would stimulate him to use every exertion in superintending clearing the shaft, that he trusted to find some relic of his father, who had been lost there twenty-five years ago. His application was granted; and William soon found himself established as agent at Wheal Splendour.

In due time the adit was reached. They had found nothing so far among the debris in the shaft; and the young Captain concluded that when his father fell down, he must have dropped straight into the water in the shaft, and have been borne down by the falling mass. After a careful examination of the plat, he turned aside into the adit level; but he had not gone far before he saw something which made him stop short and tremble from head to foot. It was his dream come back to him! There, a few feet off, was an object that one might at first have taken for a human being, in exactly the same posture as the man he had seen in his dream.

"Look!" he exclaimed to the men behind. "Isn't that the figure of a man? It is my dead father!" And beckoning them to follow gently, he approached the figure. It was like clay in appearance, smooth all over. Resting on a stone and leaning forward, the general outline of the head and trunk was preserved, and the two legs reaching to the ground were quite distinct.

A solemn pause ensued. The men looked at each other, but knew not what to say. At last William stretched out his hand and touched the figure; it immediately collapsed and fell, a little pile of dust, at his feet.

And William laid his father's dust in his mother's grave.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"Measuring the Baby."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door-casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair, and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the others; here they are:

His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly!)
His mouth like a flower unblown;
(That's him again),
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown.

And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, there'd be another mark on the door-casing "*so* much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way! You see there's no mark there, and it wasn't superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jenny had kept without knowing why, to the Bible.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.

And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the light of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a bush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Four poor Philadelphia housewives joined in the purchase of a whole barrel of flour, and found it considerably cheaper than their previous practice of buying a few pounds at a time. They extended the plan to other supplies, and then to additional members. Next they hired a room and a woman to superintend the purchases and distribution. Fifty families now get all their groceries through this association at the lowest wholesale prices.

Our Young Folks.

"THE KING OF HEARTS."

His kingdom is the nursery.
And mother's lap his throne;
His subjects—all the household,
O'er which he reigns alone.
Woe monarch of our hearts is he,
This white-robed, blue-eyed "Willie woe."

We speak in softest whispers
Where'er he lies asleep,
And at the dainty slumberer
Take many an anxious peep;
And e'en a fly can hardly dare
To brush the silken, golden hair.

And every twinkling dimple
In neck, and cheek, and chin,
Is where we snuggle kisses
And kiss them deeply in;
For loving baby so, you see,
A bundle of sweet love is he.

And when our King awakens,
For his first glance we run,
And fast the glad news travels—
"The monarch's nap is done!"
And on his throne he sits in state,
While loyal subjects on him wait.

No King o'er ruled a kingdom
As rules our Willie wee,
O'er hearts as fond and loyal
As ever hearts could be.
Long live our little King so fair,
With sweet blue eyes and golden hair?

—*Mary D. Brine, in Youth's Companion.*

LITTLE LIZZIE'S PERPLEXITY.

"Lizzie!"

How the little girl started!

"Lizzie," again mamma repeated; "if you'll mind baby for an hour, to-morrow you may go to school with Cady."

"And wear my new ruffled apron?" exclaimed Lizzie, throwing down all her playthings, and, jumping to her feet, she clapped her hands in very glee.

"Yes," returned the indulgent mother "but you must not murmur during the hour, or in any way be unkind to Baby Fred."

"O, I'll be the *goodest* little girl in the wide world, mamma, the very *goodest*," and little Lizzie spun round and round, until Grandma declared it made her own head grow dizzy to watch her.

The low-spoken, "Be quiet, dear," by mamma, who was tying her bonnet in front of the large mirror, was answered by:

"I can't, mamma, I's so happy."

"Happy—happy—happy!" she kept repeating, stooping over the cradle where Baby Fred lay fast asleep.

First, she said "happy" in a whisper; then louder and louder, until grandma had again to reprove her.

"Yes, dear," mamma once more said, "you must be quiet; rock the cradle every time baby stirs," and she kissed the little, rosy lips, and went out.

"Going to school" meant for Lizzie what a journey through Wonderland might mean for you and me.

Over and over, until it did seem that grandma's patience must be completely worn out, had Lizzie said:

"If Cady can go to school, why can't I?"

"'Cause I isn't old enough!" she would exclaim, when grandma tried to explain the reason. "I's big as Cady! That's auffin, grandma; nuffin't all."

Now, she was really going to school, if only for half a day, and in anticipation of the event she was quiet, after mamma went out, and did not bother grandma with a single question. When Freddy awoke, she found for him the pretty, bright-colored blocks, which possessed great attraction for the blue-eyed baby, and to him also, she confided:

"I'm going to school to-morrow!"

"Co-oo-o," replied Freddy.

"Yes, I am," affirmed Lizzie, "and wear my ruffled apron, too."

Baby Fred crowed loud, then, and threw down ever so many blocks with a bang! which made grandma jump, as she slept in her easy chair. But baby did not cry, and when mamma returned, she was convinced that Lizzie had earned the favor.

It was only down one street, then around the corner, and a few steps up another street to the school-house.

"Take but a minute to get there," Lizzie said, when they started.

So many girls! Why, in all her life before Lizzie had never seen so many at one time. When the bell rang, however, they dispersed themselves into different rooms, so that by the time she was seated at the desk with Cady there were not so many new faces.

It was not like school as she expected to find it, though Lizzie's little imaginative brain had associated the school-room with her class at Sunday-school, and when the teacher assumed a commanding voice the dear little girl grew frightened, and wished herself at home. But after she began watching the scholars at their studies she forgot all about it, only it was terrible to be quiet for so long a time.

They read pretty stories that interested her, and recited their lessons very nicely, so it seemed to Lizzie. The class in geography was the most astonishing of any.

When the teacher asked a little girl about the shape of the earth, she told her it was "round, like a ball or an orange." In reply to another question concerning its motions, she said that it "made two revolutions; one daily, the other yearly."

Then followed explanations. There was a big wooden globe, which swung on pivots, that the teacher said represented the earth. By turning it over and over, she showed her scholars how the earth turned on its axis and revolved around the sun.

The little girls reciting their lessons could comprehend it, but Lizzie could not. She began wondering how it was possible for the world we live in to turn over and over and not upset everybody living in it.

Dear little Lizzie! She did not consider the number of years she had already lived, and that papa and mamma and grandma had lived a great many more, and had never yet been upset by the turning over of the world.

No; she did not reason at all, only grew more frightened while they talked about it. Cady must now know it, Lizzie thought, so she folded her arms on the desk, making quite a comfortable pillow for her poor little head that fairly ached with the amount of knowledge so shortly obtained. There she lay, until it was time for the school to dismiss.

"Too tired to talk about school to-night, please," Lizzie replied to grandma, papa and mamma, when they questioned her. A whole hour before her bed time Lizzie declared she was sleepy, and said:

"Please, mamma, hear me say my prayers, now," and by the time she was fairly "tucked up" in her little bed the blue eyes closed, and she never knew that mamma kissed her good-night.

How long she had been asleep she did not know, but the first thing she remembered when awaking was that the earth turned over.

"Likely as not," Lizzie began to conjecture, "it begins turning over in the morning, 'cause it's so big, it would take it all day to roll over. Why, of course," she concluded, "it would have to get turned over by night-time so as to be all ready to begin new in the morning." And what if she should slide off, or if the bed should turn upside down?"

"Cady!" she called; "Cady!"

But Cady was sound asleep, and the door leading into mamma's room was closed, too. What could she do! The more she thought about it, the more frightened she grew. Just then she remembered that the under drawer of the bureau pulled completely out. It was big enough for her to get in and lie down, "and it's so low," she reasoned, "that if the earth rolls over she wouldn't be smothered, as she could by the mattresses and heavy bed-clothes that would fall on her in case her own little bed went bottom-side up."

So she pulled out the drawer and dragged it into the middle of the room, and, instead of blankets to keep her warm, she put another night-dress over the one she already wore, and then buttoned her heavy ulster over all, and tried to lie down. But dear me! she had to "cuddle all up in a little heap," just like kitty in the basket.

When grandma came in next morning to call the little girls she was very much alarmed, supposing, of course, that Lizzie was forming the habit of walking in her sleep.

Before waking her, she called papa and mamma.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the frightened mother.

"Consult our physician at once," papa was saying, when the sound of their voices caused Lizzie to open her eyes.

"O, papa! mamma!" she said, before trying to get out of the drawer, "has the world got turned over?"

Each looked at the other in astonishment.

"Tell me, grandma," she continued, reaching her little pink-colored foot over the edge of the bureau drawer, "has the earth rolled way over?"

"She is thinking about the geography lesson," Cady laughed, sitting up in the bed close by. "Yesterday the lesson was about the motions of the earth—"

"Yes," interrupted Lizzie; "all about the earth rolling over and over, and making folks turn somersets."

How papa laughed! So did mamma, and grandma laughed and laughed.

Then papa took Lizzie right up in his strong arms, and, tossing her on to his shoulder, carried her into the nursery.

After his merriment had subsided, he told her that every evening she repeated her little prayer, and asked God to take care of her through the night. "Has He not done so?" papa questioned.

Lizzie said, "Yes."

Then papa explained to her that the earth was cared for in the same way—the earth, and all that live on the earth. He told her, also, that there was knowledge too vast for her little brain to comprehend, but as she grew older, she would be capable of attaining to the same, as was Cady and her older brother.

"You must love mamma, grandma, Baby Fred and your older brothers and sisters—"

"And papa—" Lizzie interrupted.

"Yes, and papa," he repeated, kissing the little upturned face, and folding Lizzie close in his arms. "Love every one, dear; be kind to all your little playmates, but always keep in mind that if you obey rightly, and learn the lessons to be taught you, you need never fear that God will not govern aright this great, big, wonderful world, which He made," and papa kissed her two or three times, over and over.

Ask your mamma, little boy and little girl, to tell you all about little Lizzie's perplexity.—*Golden Rule.*

An Appeal to the Head of the Family.

There are few women in our middle classes who have not suffered keen pangs of humiliation from their need of an allowance which may permit them to spend fifty cents or a dollar upon occasions when circumstances seem to demand it. "What do women want with money?" a father or husband asks, conscious of making suitable provisions for their dress, lodging, sustenance and traveling expenses. It is among the many curious results of civilization that the male sex may have constantly-recurring petty needs for private expenditure, while women can have none. It is the legitimate result of this narrowness that women clutch at the opportunity for foolish, lavish, almost wanton, spending, when they have money in their hands. It would be well if each father of a family should think for and with his wife and daughters in this matter of his income, and decide what is fair and just for him to allow them. Any woman is capable of actual pleasure in economy and making the most of things if she realizes that her claims are properly apportioned in the family estimate.

—The central station for the carrier pigeons kept by the German Government for use in the event of war is at Cologne, in a disused monastery. The keeper and offices are located on the ground floor, and above is a huge pigeon cote. The birds are kept in training by being sent on regular journeys, short in winter. They are all reared at Cologne, and thence dispatched to Mayence, Strasburg and Metz. The central station is connected with Berlin by intermediate relays.

—Miss Posignsh says she should love to be a soldier—they have so many engagements. She should remember that where there are so many engagements a fellow has to be on guard.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A mink has killed nearly eight hundred trout in a pond in West Cumberland, Me., owned by the Hon. W. L. Prince. Mr. Prince has killed the mink.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

Should Gov. Cornell be elected to the United States Senate, he would vacate the executive chair on the first Monday in December, and would be succeeded by Lieut.-Gov. Hoskins, who would hold the office until January 1, 1883.

Tuesday's *American* conlains an editorial favoring the retention of Hon. John L. Thomas as Collector of the Port of Baltimore, but the *American* article does not reflect the sentiment of the party in the State in this matter by a large majority.—*Valley Register.*

The Hamiltonian executive committee for the city of Baltimore and counties of the State has been announced by the chairman of the recent Maryland Institute meeting. Mr. R. D. Johnson is the member for Allegany county; Mr. C. V. S. Levy for Frederick; Col. J. W. Veitch for Garrett; Dr. Edward Wooten for Montgomery, and Mr. H. H. Keedy for Washington.

The long standing dispute between our Government and Great Britain, growing out of the outrages upon American fishermen in Fortune Bay and elsewhere along the shores of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, has been settled by the British Government agreeing to pay $75,000 for the injuries sustained hy our fishermen. American fishing boats, mostly from Gloucester, being found within the coast line in various bays, were attacked and destroyed by native fishermen.

Friday of last week, Hon. William E. Cameron, of Petersburg, was upon the fourth ballot nominated for Governor by the Readjusters convention at Richmond, Va. Col. Cameron is the editor of the Petersburg *Appeal*, and is now Mayor, serving his third term as Mayor of that city. He has been a prominent member of the Democratic party since the war. Hon. John F. Lewis, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and Captain Frank S. Blair, for Attorney General.

The policy of the Conkling and Platt stalwarts is now pretty well defined. They hope to keep up the deadlock until they force an adjournment. The fight would then go over until after the November elections, and in the event of the Democrats getting control of the legislature, the Governor would reconvene the present legislature and the balloting would be begun anew. The alternative of choosing two Republicans or leaving the elections to the next legislature would be prevented, and the half-breeds, foreseeing no chance of splitting the Conkling ranks, would, under pressure from Washington, vote for Conkling and Platt rather than Democrats should have their seats.

Why the Democrats Carry Maryland.

The Baltimore *Tribune*, a Democratic paper, makes the following strong point against the ring:

"Mr. F. A. Prevost, Clerk of the Superior Court, has *officially* published that there are now upwards of 84,000 registered voters in this city on the poll books. The population of the city of Baltimore, by the census of 1880, is 332,190. Allow that one person out of every five is a voter, and that *every voter votes*, this would make, in the city of Baltimore, 66,000 voters, instead of 84,000—making it plain that there are 18,000 *fraudulent names* as voters now on the poll books. At the last Presidential election the total vote in Baltimore city was 63,010 (the largest ever cast). Take this number from 84,000, and we have in round numbers 21,000 *fraudulant names* as voters on the poll books. It is with these fraudulent names the "Ring" Mangers control primary elections, and also regulate elections.

There are thousands of claims now pending in the War Department at Washington in favor of ex-soldiers, their widows and children which cannot be adjusted on account of missing records of disbanded volunteer commands. These missing books and records are in the possession, in many instances, of officers of the late volunteer forces. Adjutant General Drum has issued a circular, calling attention to the fact that all such books and records should be deposited in the Adjutant General's office, and earnestly requesting that they be forwarded without delay to the Adjutant General at Washington. No expense other than postage, or proper express charges when packages exceed four pounds (the limit for mail parcels,) can be paid hy the Government. In the interest of the great number of widows, orphans and disabled soldiers whose claims are involved, the newspapers of the country are requested to give the substance of this circular the greatest publicity.

The High Crimes of the Ring.

Mr. J. V. Findlay, a prominent and influential Democrat of Baltimore, in his speech at the Hamiltonian mass meeting in that city, last month, spoke of the paragraph in the resolutions which stated that there were 25,000 names on the registration lists of the city which should not be there, and argued that the charge of incompetency and misconduct was made out against the registers. While on this topic he said:

"In the name and in the presence of this great city bound and gaged—outraged so often in her most sacred right and apathy has succeeded to shame, helpless in the tangled meshes of a complicated conspiracy from which there seems to be no escape—in the name of an insulted, despoiled, humilated constituency we demand the removal of the registers as the first step towards the recovery of our liberties. Remove the registers, we repeat, and give us men in their stead who will purge the lists in accordance with law. It is not legislation that we so much need as the rigorous enforcement of the law we already have.

"This is essentially a Baltimore want. There is a pervading sense through this whole community that the registration lists are a snare, a sham and a fraud. The purity of the ballot-box, like the chastity of a woman, should be above suspicion; but here it is a poor, miserable, draggled thing, that has almost sunk beneath contempt. Who cares to vote when the result is known before the ballots are cast? Who is ambitious to hand in from the outside a pitiful piece of paper when the feltow on the inside of the window has already stuffed the box with a handful? Who cares to vote on his own name when ruffianly repeaters can kill the vote with a dead man, who, it is to be hoped, has forgotten the strifes of this world in the peace and bliss of another and better? It is a matter of no moment whether you vote or not. Nominations, which are the equivalents of election in this city, do not depend upon the popularity of the candidate or the numercial force of his supporters at the polls. They depend upon the decrees of one or two political despots. They are the incarnation of the ballot, the condensed milk of suffrage. If they are with you it matters not who are against you; and, on the other hand, if they are against you it is a matter of equal indifference who are for you! They set up whom they will and pull down according to their good pleasure."

This is the way the correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Rockville, puts the local option question, which has been settled in Montgomery county; he says:

"Nearly every one who resides in this county is now thoroughly convinced, it matters not what their previous opinions were, that the local option law, which has been in operation since the first of May, is a success in correcting the evils that it was destined to correct. It has not prevented any one from drinking liquor of any kind, for all who want it and have the money to pay for it can send to places outside the county and purchase as much as they desire; but it has prevented a great deal of spreeing and disorder. The hotels and saloons are closed up now at 10:30 o'clock at night. When liquor was sold few of them could close before midnight. It has made temperance fashionable, and as the great majority of people want to be in the fashion, they find no difficulty in giving up a habit which was expensive as well as unpleasant in its consequences, to say the least. Private drinking has never done the harm that public drinking has. The local option law, as is well known, does not interfere with any one's rights in the matter. For private drinking liquor can be brought into the county at all times. Where the law does its greatest good is in removing the temptation, which, when the saloons sold liquor, was all the time offered. It was only the weak that yielded to it, and it is the same class that the law now endeavors to protect."

The Vice Presidency was given Mr. Conkling to placate him, and the Independents of New York, to whom Mr. Arthur was deeply distasteful, so anxious for party harmony that they overcame that dislike, and gave the ticket a hearty support. Recent events show that the man elected is so pliant and ready a tool that he is merely an extension of Mr. Conkling. Still the latter was not satisfied. Then five excellent appointments were given as rewards to his most devoted friends in the State. He took these without so much as saying "Thank you;" but the instant there was an attempt to recognize others who did more to secure the State than he did, who labored cheerfully for the party from the first, while he was yet sulking in retirement, he flies off in a petulant rage, and hence all these tears.—*Toledo Blade.*

A London cable dispatch speaks of the continued unpopularity of the Revised New Testament in England. Religious and literary circles there appear to regard it with a feeling to positive hostility, and almost the only commendation it receives from the press is based on the opinion that it will go far toward dispelling the notion that the King James Bible is infallible. In this country the reception of the new edition is friendly if not enthusiastic, and no sect, except perhaps the Baptists, who want the word baptize rendered immerse, has thus far shown any antagonism toward it. This marked difference in the sentiment of the two English-speaking countries may be accounted for hy the force of tradition and established forms in Great Britain, and the greater mobility and liberality of the American mind.

It used to be said during the Civil War that the preachers and the women were the most bitter rebels in the South. After the war ended, many of the Southern preachers were conspicuous for their efforts to keep alive a feeling of animosity toward the North. We entertain no doubt that the great body of the Southern clergy have fully emerged from the slough of sectionalism, but there are a few stragglers left behind. One of them objected to a certain hymn-book in the Southern Presbyterian Assembly on Friday because it was published hy a Northeran firm. He wanted the patronage bestowed upon Southern concerns. We wonder how this reverend gentleman manages to use the Bibles made by the American Bible Society. It must annoy him to read the word New-York on the title page. But perhaps he imports an English edition.

The magnificent success of Secretary Windom avoids the issue and sale of any new four or four and a half per cent bonds. This is exceedingly fortunate. It would not have been a popular step to sell four per cents at this time, however large the price obtained, because an additional portion of the debt would thereby have been placed beyond the reach of payment for many years. Hereafter the surplus revenues can be used until 1891, if it is deemed best, in paying off the three and a half per cents which are payable at the pleasure of the Government, or, if the condition of the market should render a purchase of the four or four and a half per cents more advantageous, that course can be taken. For the next nine years an average of $60,000,000 a year can be applied to the reduction of debt, however, without paying more than par for any bond, retired, if that course is preferred. These splendid results show what the Administration is doing for the public welfare.

Very probably those eminent literary artists who furnish platforms for Democratic conventions will pronounce the revision of the New Testament a humiliating failure. Judged by their standards it undoubtedly is. There is no "reiteration of eternal principles" in it, though the principles it enunciates may, in consideration of a score of centuries of age, be regarded as entitled to deserving more of reverence than the Resolutions of '98. It does "not point with pride" to anything in particular, though it may well do so, considering what has been accomplished by it since it was first given to the world. It does not "renew its declaration of unwavering fidelity to the fundamental precepts," but that fidelity is a very real thing for several hundred million people. It does not "repel with scorn," or "indignantly denounce" or "spurn with contempt" anything in particular; in fact, it seems to lack pretty much all that forms the bones and sinews of a platform of great principle, but nevertheless it manages to say a great many things that go right to the spot, and stay there, though they who wrote them are dust, and again part of the dull clods whence they sprang.

Our Representative.

Frequent inquiries have been made recently, through the press and otherwise, as to what part our Representative in Congress will take in adjusting the difficulties, growing out of the proper distribution of the Federal patronage in Maryland? This is a question which has, no doubt, given Mr. Urner more or less concern, and very properly so. Our honored member of Congress, has at all times sought to serve his constituents faithfully, never showing any want of interest in them, nor manifesting any impatience at the ceaseless demands made upon his time, but on the contrary he has ever evinced a remarkable degree of solicitude for, and willingness to aid his people in every possible way. Very soon after he entered Congress, he gave unmistakable evidence of his fitness for the important trust confided to him, in the discussion of the question of the duty of the government to those charged with enforcing the laws and maintaining the just powers of the government under the Constitution. In this debate he bore himself with manly dignity and becoming circumspection, towards the able gentlemen whom he opposed on this question. At the same time he dealt powerful blows upon the untenable positions assumed by his adversaries, and adroitly warded off the vigorous assaults leveled at him in the course of debate.

In this discussion, he impressed the whole House with the soundness of his views upon this important constitutional question, and secured for himself a high rank both as a lawyer and debater; and the learning, research and ability displayed hy him on this occasion, called forth from many of his associates, high encomiums. Having acquitted himself so ably in this instance, as well as on subsequent occasions, as the faithful representative of the people, it is but natural to assume that he will prove equal to the emergency in the matter of the proper disposition of the Federal appointments.

We are confident Mr. Urner will display, so far as it may be incumbent upon him, his accustomed sagacity, prudence and honesty of purpose, in enabling the President to reach a correct conclusion in disposing of this perplexing, but certainly all important matter. Mr. Urner's relation to this question is one of the utmost gravity, and he, doubtless, very fully appreciates its importance. He is sensible of the fact, that he holds a highly representative relation to his party in Maryland, and to the administration; and that it is of paramount importance to both, that a wise policy be at once inaugurated, looking to the building up of the former and assuring the success of the latter, so far as our own State can contribute to this result.

We suggest, in a spirit of utmost frankness and candor, divorced from all selfishness, and with an eye single to the true interest of the party in this State, that the necessities of the case requires the immediate decapitation of the leading officials in the Baltimore Custom House, for the reason that they do not enjoy the confidence and respect of the Republican party. They are not in accord with the party organization in the State, they cannot lead it and they stubbornly refuse to follow it. Hence the party is disjointed and abnormal, and its forces therefore cannot be rallied to a common center, but habitually meet the enemy with broken and dissevered ranks, vulnerable at all points and consequently easily put to flight. No one better understands the obstacles in the path to success than Mr. Urner; and no one better comprehends the remedy which would remove the obstructions, which have long blocked our pathway to victory. Therefore let him confer with the other leading men in the party, and thus secure united party action, and go before the President prepared formally to present the whole question to his Excellency, and ask in the name of the future of the Republican party, that it be wisely and effectually disposed of at once.—*Frederick Examiner.*

It seems that in the negotiations for the transfer of the ashes of William Penn from their resting-place in England to the great city which he founded in America no account was taken of the trustees of the cemetery in which they have rested for 163 years. After the consent of his surviving lineal descendants had been obtained it was supposed that there was no other person in existence who could interpose any legal obstacle to the proposed removal. The mayor and councils of Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Historical Society and the State Legislature united in a request to the English descendants of Penn to permit the people of Pennsylvania to pay this posthumous honor to their illustrious ancestor. Gov. Hoyt requested Mr. George Lelb Harrison, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who was about to sail for Europe, to act for the State government, and to do whatever might be necessary to secure the object in view. Mr. Harrison is now on his way across the ocean, but it is not likely that he will succeed in his mission. Under date of June 4 Mr. R. Littleboy, one of the trustees of the burial ground in Buckinghamshire in which Penn is buried, writes to the London *Times* that no application has been made to the board of trustees for the removal of the remains, and that if such a request were made it would not be entertained. It is to be presumed that without the consent of the legal custodians of the cemetery the grave of Penn cannot be disturbed, and it is said that Penn and his last wife were buried side hy side in the family lot, and that there is no record hy which the one grave can be identified from the other.

George W. Gassman, a former citizen of Cumberland, Md., has been nominated for county treasurer of Somerset county, Pa., by the democrats.

The Egotist.

He is an unendurable bore, and you must listen to the exploits of "Great I" or else appear uncivil. It never occurs to him that you may not find his talk interesting. Nothing surprises people of this kind more than to show them you are ignorant of what may have befallen them, and that you have not turned over and learned by heart the last uninteresting little chapter of their small lives. The trifling incidents of their household comprise everything which is worth knowing—to them; and your ignorance of said accidents is looked upon as a personal affront and the sign of almost criminal indifference. If these worshippers of "Great I" have any specialty—say they are artists, musicians, authors, actors, and what not—they assure you there was never such triumph known as that which they have just now achieved. Their experience is absolutely phenomenal. Even their charities are done out of their supreme selfhood. "I helped him; I was his salvation in the day of need; he came to me for advice, and I pulled him through." How often we hear these phrases form the showy, self-complacent folk who think their smallest deeds are worthy of being trumpted forth to mankind as the finest heroisms of the noblest men! Where the soil is poorest for humanity, there is it the richest for egotism. The roots of the "Great I" are in us all, more or less, but we prefer the less to the more; and, if we must have excess, would rather by far it was an excess of thought for others than of thought for ourself.

During the burning of the Waring Fertilizer Company's works at Colora, Cecil county, sixty tons of sulphuric acid and as much of sulphur were liberated and poured into a small stream of water close by, killing all the fish and every living thing for a mile away. The sulphur melted and flowed away like a stream of fiery lava, but on reaching the creek was cooled, and filled up the bed for a hundred yards. Since the fire, men have been employed in quarrying this hardened sulphur. About forty men were thrown out of employment, but the work will be rebuilt very soon. One of the iron safes in the office contained $4,000 in notes, which were found uninjured, though the iron was at a while heat during the fire.

Three enterprising citizens of Keedysville, Washington county, Md., have purchased forty acres of land near that village, for the purpose of establishing a fruit farm and engaging extensively in the cultivation and marketing of the choicest grades. It is their intention to plant about 5,000 peach trees, and of that number nearly 2,000 have already been located. Together with the apples, peaches, and grapes, which will enter largely into the yield of their farm, other small fruits will also be cultivated.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The June immigration commenced on Wednesday with the landing of 4,363 from five steamers. Among them were 287 deluded Mormon converts.

One hundred and sixty-eight passenger trains arrive and depart from the Grand Central Depot in New York every day. Seventy-six of this number go over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Jesse Little died in Jefferson, Mo., last week in destitute circumstances at the age of eighty-three. It is said that policies on his life to the amount of $68,000 were recently taken out in different speculative companies by various persons.

The Bostonians have appointed a committee to ascertain the probable cost and income of a world's fair, the cost of a site, the time and other points of importance. The expediency of holding the fair has already been resolved upon.

The locust plague is reported as ravaging the whole Chowan section of North Carolina, eating up every kind of vegetation. The reports must be exaggerated, as the locusts are said to be destroying the forests of saw mill timber, which would be something never heard of before.

The project of tunnelling Mont Blanc is declared by engineers to be more feasible than that of the Simplon route, the estimates of the cost being twelve million dollars less, while the route will be shorter. The most favored line of the projected tunnel is from Chamounix to Courmayeur.

A wealthy Chicago widower is about to marry the wife of Mike Weaver, a notorious burglar. Mike robbed the man's house of $4,000 worth of plate and jewelry and was sent to prison. Mrs. Weaver is pretty, and when the widower called on her to negotiate for the return of the plunder he lost his heart. The marriage is to take place as soon as she can obtain a divorce from the convict.

Half of the new American cable has been laid by the steamer Faraday. The end will be buoyed, and the steamer will proceed to London to take on board the other half. The tests have been kept up all the time, and the weather has been favorable, enabling the laying of more than nine hundred miles of cable in less time than was ever before accomplished.

John Reynolds, a wealthy drover of Andes, Delaware county, New York, has eloped with the wife of Wm. A. Gladstone, a poor man, each deserting a child about four years old. Reynolds transferred all the property he could not carry away to other persons, leaving his wife and child penniless, and the guilty wife of Gladstone plundered him of his savings.

The general government is threatened with a suit for $150,000 damages, all on account of Gen. Butler's opening the Dutch Gap Canal, which has rendered valueless the wharf and railway of the Bright Hope Company at Osborne's landing, on the James river. In consequence of shallowing water at Osborn's Landing, the railway has to be extended to Bermuda Hundreds.

Several years ago, Albert Mattison, a convict, on his way to the California state prison, leaped overboard from a ferry-boat, and being heavily loaded with chains, was supposed to have been drowned. Recently he has been heard from in Arizona, and the manner of his escape made known. The water was low at the time, and he crawled along the bottom, and finally concealed himself in a boat from which a boy was collecting drift wood. At night he made the boy take him to a blacksmith shop, where he got rid of his irons and hurried away.

Sir Anthony Musgrove, Governor of Jamaica, now on a visit to New York, expresses a desire that a number of Americans should settle on the island and become interested in plantations. Land is selling cheap by the government, and Americans, by becoming owners and introducing improved agricultural implements, would infect the ease-loving people with the enterprise needed to improve them. American goods are admitted on the same footing with English, and there is a fair field for competition.

A party of thirty-two colored men, women and children, who arrived in New York three weeks ago from Charleston, S. C., in order to go to Liberia on the Colonization Society's bark Liberia, have been reduced to destitution by the postponement of the day of sailing. They made application for help to the Department of Charities and Correction, and steps have been taken to reclaim the money they had paid to the Colonization Society and send them back to their former homes.

Wall street and the New York merchants are excited over a report that the development of the New Orleans barge route is to be attended with a scheme for the colonization of Texas, by sending immigrants in the steamships now going to New Orleans in ballast. An English company has been formed for the purchase of a large tract of land in Texas, upon which the immigrants are to be settled. In this way the English steamers bound to New Orleans to load with grain can make a profit on their voyage both ways, while the barges on the Mississippi can be used for the conveyance of immigrants.

Among the immigrant passengers on the steamer Germanic on her last trip to New York was Mrs. Margaret Phillips, a poor Welsh woman, who was on her way to join her husband. When but three days at sea she gave birth to a daughter. The saloon passers, including Wm. H. Vanderbilt, J. K. Vanderbilt and Captain J. H. Vanderbilt, made up a purse of $350 for the mother, and she was presented by W. H. Vanderbilt with a letter to the New York Hospital managers, to see that the poor woman received the best of care. The child was christened Mary Germanic Vanderbilt Phillips, in honor of the steamer and her generous benefactors.

During the ceremonies at the New York Academy of Music on the evening of Decoration Day, Major General Doubleday met Bishop Stevens, of South Carolina. General Doubleday, in his speech, stated that twenty years ago he aimed the first gun fired in the war at the Confederate cause—referring to Fort Sumter; and that twenty years ago Bishop Stevens, then in command of Stevens' battery, Charleston harbor, aimed the first gun of the war against the United States, flag, waving over the "Star of the West," which came with reinforcements to Fort Sumter, and that he offered him his hand as a token of the reconciliation between the North and the South, as exemplified in his appearance at the Academy to do honor to the Union dead. The audience, at the request of the presiding officer, Major General Sickles, rose en masse and ratified the contract by enthusiastic applause.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The annual levy list will appear in our next issue.

—Senator H. G. Davis was at the Glades Hotel last Sunday.

—Fresh flowers, strawberries, vegetables, &c., at Cheap John's.

—Hon. John S. Combs made a flying visit to Oakland last week.

—We will give a full report of the proceedings of the Sunday School Convention in our next issue.

—The Council in the Lutheran Church of Deer Park will be installed Sunday morning after appropriate services and sermon by a visiting brother.

—George Boiman, of Shade Mills, this county, received painful injuries from the kick of a horse, last week, at Grantsville. His jaw was badly fractured.

—The County Commissioners have been in session all week engaged on the annual levy, which was not completed at the time of going to press. The tax rate will be about the same as last year.

—*At a meeting of citizens of Oakland*, Monday evening last, held at Offutt's Hall, it was determined to give an entertainment in the near future, for the benefit of the widow and children of Marshall Butler, who was killed at the recent explosion at Offutt's saw mill.

—Mr. Michael Maroney, one of our livery men, last week received from the celebrated carriage factory of Fordyce, of Clarksburg, W. Va., one of the finest carriages ever brought to Oakland. The carriage cost $350, and with Mr. Maroney's fine span of blacks, will make a handsome turnout.

—The new city council of Cumberland Monday, elected J. W. Cook president; J. W Shuck, city treasurer; Alexander J. King, re-elected police magistrate, and Hopewell Hebb, re-elected for the fourth term city collector, he being the only one ever holding this office that long. Mayor Walton sent in his annual message and a number of appointments for policemen.

—When a child begins to read it becomes delighted with a newspaper because it reads of names and things that are familiar, and it progresses accordingly. A newspaper, in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and *having a more immediate* charge of the children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate, and more easily managed.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Sunday School Convention. Sermon by Rev. J. E. Moffatt, of Cumberland, at 11 A. M.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by one of the visiting brethren at the Convention.

Dwelling House and Contents Burned.

The dwelling house of Mrs. Graymiller, a widow lady residing near Accident, together with all its contents, was destroyed by fire last week, during the temporary absence of the occupants, who were planting corn on a distant part of the farm. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective flue.

Total Eclipse of the Moon.

The full moon for this month falls on Sunday, and gives the rare treat of a total lunar eclipse. It can only occur at the time of full moon, and on the morning of the 12th the conditions are favorable for a grand exhibition of the darkening power of the earth's shadow. The eclipse begins at 26 minutes after midnight. The total phase commences at 1 hour 29 minutes, and ends at 2 hours 51 minutes. The eclipse ends at 3 hours 52 minutes.

Meeting of Town Council.

The newly elected members of the Town Council met Monday evening for permanent organization, present the Burgess and Commissioners Michael, Townshend and Dunham.

H. Allen Ison was elected Clerk.

The bond of Burgess Gonder was read and approved.

The Board proceeded to the election of a Bailiff and Collector. Propositions were made by P. A. Chisholm and H. B. Wolfe. A ballot being taken Mr. Wolfe was declared elected.

Mr. Rowan White was elected Assessor, to make the assessment of property in the corporation.

The Burgess gave notice that a special meeting would be held June 20th, for the purpose of approving the Collector's bond and the transaction of such other business as might come before them, and an adjournwas made until that date.

H. A. Ison, Clerk.

We Ought to Praise Him.

While songsters and flowers are sweet'ning for men
The mornings and evenings again,
And sunshine and seasons are giving to all
A promise so hopeful for all,
Most grateful petitions should daily arise
From mortals of earth,
To the King who ruleth the skies,
Our Father from birth.

While blessings of plenty and peaceful content,
With healthy atmosphere is sent,
And business and churches are building so fast
All over our country so vast,
Most joyful thanksgiving to heaven should go,
From Christians, at least,
To Jesus who all did forego
To spread us the feast.

While flaunting with glory the Gospel is sent,
By preachers and laymen with heartiest intent,
To nations that're thirsty, and hungry for bread,
With power to raise them, though dead,
With voice of music and spirit of praise,
God's people should vie
In chanting the glorious grace
Of our God on high.

REV. WM. STOUDENMIRE.

Oakland, Md., May 24, 1881.

Church Etiquette.

By a careful perusal of Lord Chesterfield or any of his worthy compeers, we may have well defined ideas for all our social intercourse, and thus make all that we do and say graceful, charming, profitable to ourselves and all with whom we come in contact. What a delightful satisfaction to have our minds stored with knowledge such as tells us just how to salute a host or hostess on entering his or her house. The fact is, we like to know how to enter the house of a friend or neighbor, how to salute the inmates, how to conduct ourselves in general, with best taste so as to confirm friendship and make new friends wherever we move in society. Etiquette being both natural and important, most individuals study it with great success, in regard to visiting earthly friends and hosts, but in regard to visiting God the Great King, our heavenly Father, at his earthly courts, it is studied with ill success. As the heaven is high above the earth so is the etiquette pertaining to the House of God high above the etiquette of all other departments of society. How unpardonable it is for a guest, having reached the door, to staud and gaze or languidly to loiter for half an hour, or for even a few minutes, while the inviting home is anxiously welcoming him or her to its number! How inexcusable to enter without respectfully saluting the host or hostess! How insulting carelessly to interrupt all present by being unruly or inattentive! How green it looks, and how shocking to fine sensibilities for one to leave *in medias, res* abruptly, without at least having a good excuse. Now, friendly reader, do you know any one who goes to church and stands at the door and stares in and around for half an hour, or for only a few minutes, before entering? Do you know of any one who goes into the church, the house of God, and forgets to address the great Host, God, to salute him with a short prayer, at least? Do you know any one who carelessly, by being unruly, impatient or inattention interrupts the worship of God in his holy sanctuary? Do you know any one who abruptly, *in medias res*, jumps up and leaves the church as though in a passion? You hand this article to him, please, and tell him please to study a little church etiquette, that the eyes of the people of God are on him, and that he is laying himself liable to the laws of both his country and his God. That law of our country which carries men to the Penitentiary for interruption of religious worship, is often inflicted upon those who will not study church etiquette. The Bible is the best and surest guide to church etiquette—the choicest rules it doth impart.

A FRIEND OF GOD.—W. S.

A$20.00 Biblical Prize.

The following Biblical prize is offered by the publishers of *Rutledge's Bright Light*:

To the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Bible by June 20th, 1881, we will give a $20.000 gold piece as a prize. Should more than one correct answer be received the prize will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner June 25th, 1881. Those who try for the prize must send 10 cents with their answer, for which they will receive the July number of the *Bright Light*, a handsome, spicy, interesting monthly, in which will be published the name and address of the winner of the prize, with the correct answer thereto. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 532 Northampton St., Easton, Pa.

Training Tomatoes.

A letter in the *Country Gentleman* says: The season for planting tomatoes is nearly at hand, and I fear that all lovers of this delicious fruit do not know how to grow them successfully. When the plants are ready for the garden, make a considerable hill of good compost. Chip manure is excellent, and a quantity of chicken manure is good. After the hill is made, drive a long stake through it. This may be six feet high. Set the plant near it. The training will require attention. The plant will immediately begin to sucker, or throw out side shoots, just above each leaf. These must be cut off, and then the plant will run up vigorously. Tie it to the stake, and do not be afraid to use the knife. Keep on cutting each stem that appears in the axil of a leaf, and keep on tying. The first bearing branches come directly from the body of the plant. Remember that this trimming must be continued as long as the plant bears. Thus trained, the fruit is superior in size, quantity and flavor, besides being less liable to rot or drop off.

The Joint Conference

Of the Maryland and Virginia Synods will meet at Deer Park, Garrett county, Md., June 14th, 1881. The opening sermon will be preached by the President, Rev. J. Q. McAtee. The first question to be discussed, "Can men be saved as well outside of the church as in it?" will be opened by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire; 2 "What are the proper subjects of Baptism?" by Rev. J. J. Young; and an essay, "The evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the beginning and progress of the Christian life," by Rev. Sam'l. Stauffer. That accommodations may be in readiness for all, the brethren will please notify brother Stoudenmire of their coming, by addressing him at Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Brethren, let all of us make an earnest effort to be at this meeting.

W. Y. CLINE, Sec'y.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 8:

Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Hanson B. Durst, part of the tract of land called "Glen Eyre;" $650.

Asa Savage and others to Jonathan Glass, 71 acres of land in District No. 2; $625.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Wheat harvesting on the Eastern Shore is expected to begin about June 20. Last year it commenced ten days earlier than this.

Mr. Nicholls, of Montgomery county, has this spring in one shearing obtained from 13 sheep 106 pounds of wool, and has raised 22 lambs.

The Masonic lodge room at Rockville, Md., was broken into recently, and the jewels of the order and a valuable sword stolen. Loss $150.

Miss Mary Douglass, daughter of Judge John Douglass, of Lonaconing, Md., who started West a couple of weeks ago for the benefit of her health, died in Iowa a few days since.

All the stock of the Denton National Bank has been taken and the stockholders will meet in Denton June 30 for the purpose of organizing the bank.

T. F. McCardell, of Cumberland, it is stated, will probably go to Colorado shortly in the employ of Mr. W. L. Hoblitzell, who is constructing a railroad there.

During last week there were about 6,000 tons of coal shipped over the Georges Creek and Cumberland Railroad. Passenger trains will begin running on the road in about a week.

The tax rate for Washington county for the proximate year is 83 cents on the $100 on a basis of $17,900,000, against $17,375,000 last year.

The cut worms in Harford county continue ravaging the corn and tomato fields, and don't even spare the tobacco plants.

On the 30th ult. Jeremiah Fanwell fell about fifty feet at Goodwin's quarry, near Westminster, Carroll county, and was dreadfully injured, but he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Jennie Smith, whose father lives on the road between Newark and Elkton, died on the 29th ult. from blood poisoning, brought on by an attack of toothache.

W. W. Hoffman, a prominent citizen and ex-banker of Hagerstown, committed suicide Saturday night by drowning himself in the Antietam near town. His body was recovered. The cause assigned is ill health.

Oil of some kind has been discovered at Great Falls, in the branch between the canal and the river. It rises and spreads upon the surface of the river, and a company to bore a well is talked about.

Since local option went into effect in Cecil county, there is a brisk sale of liquor every Saturday night at Lapidum, in Harford county. The customers cross the river in boats, and not only drink liberally, but come with bottles and jugs to fill up for continuing their carouse the next day.

The people of Sharpsburg are dissatisfied with the ceremonies at the Antietam cemetery on Decoration Day, and the old soldiers there are anxious for the formation of a Grand Army post to take charge of the observances in the future. The citizens had provided a lunch for the Hagerstown military, but the officers were in such a hurry to leave that the men were forced to leave without refreshments.

A portion of Washington county is threatened with an invasion of grasshoppers. Mr. W. F. Weaver, while plowing a grass field, turned up millions of diminutive insects, which on examination proved to be young grasshoppers.

Six Republican candidates for the sheriffalty of Charles county are in the field, and several districts to hear from. Matthew S. Proctor, colored, announces himself as a candidate for county commissioner, and says he has honest reasons to expect Republican support.

By the death of Andrew Humrick, aged 79 years, it is said that about $160,000 insurance money will be claimed by policy holders in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg, Md., from a number of insurance companies.

The Allegany members of the democratic State central committee met in Cumberland, Saturday and fixed on June 16 for holding their primaries and June 21 for holding the county convention, to elect delegates to the State convention, which meets in Baltimore June 23.

Mr. Robert Atkinson, of Snow Hill, who lately had an operation performed for cancer on the tongue, and was thought to be cured, is again a sufferer from the same disease. It has spread in a more virulent form, and he can no longer take either food or stimulants. His condition is now hopeless, and his wife and six children are in great distress.

A. C. Long and Oliver Wood, of Baltimore, and D. R. Brewer, of New York, have recorded at Elkton the papers for the incorporation of a new line of railroad between Reading, Pa., and Perryville, to be known as the Reading and Chesapeake Coal and Railway Company. The road is in charge of the Reading Railroad Company, who propose to build it as a branch and establish a coal station at Perryville.

The Cecil *Whig* is responsible for a story about two prolific hens, who have been competing with one another as to which shall exceed in egg-making: "They began on the 13th of September last, and every day since have laid either two or three eggs each. The rule is two eggs apiece each day, but every third or fourth day they lay three for good measure, averaging twenty-three eggs a week each, or forty-six to the pair. Now, this is hard to beat."

A man calling himself the Rev. E. Randall, and pretending to be an evangelist, has been fleecing the citizens of Upper Marlboro'. He held an open air meeting, distributed Scripture texts, begged from door to door, and, taking advantage of all who befriended him, left town in a hurry, neglecting to pay his board bill. It is now reported that several years ago the same man was convicted in Virginia of forgery and sent to the penitentiary.

About one o'clock Thursday afternoon of last week, Van S. Cresap, aged about 37, and son of the late Michael Cresap, committed suicide by shooting himself through the breast with a large-sized revolver, in the barn at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Cresap, near Rawling's Station, 13 miles from Cumberland. He had been in ill-health and depressed mentally for some time past, imagined persons were after him to kill him, etc. He once resided in Cumberland, where he was clerk in the Pittsburg and Connellsville freight office. He leaves a wife and two children.

Exaggeration.

The spirit of exaggeration is necessary to perfect human happiness. No man has yet been found from the beginning of the world who could tell what happened to him without increasing the size of the story every time he told it. If he happens to have fallen out of the first story of his house and to have landed on a hay mow uninjured he makes the incident more interesting by rhetorically removing the hay mow and substituting a hard brick sidewalk when he relates it to his neighbor. The next time he tells it he fell from the second story window, and after that nothing will satisfy his own idea of the momentousness of the event except to declare that he fell from the roof of a four story dwelling into a well seventy-five feet deep. The old adventurers of the fifteenth century were fond of this kind of exaggeration. When they came back from the odd corners of the earth they told the most wondrous stories of what they had seen and heard, and as there was no one to contradict them they were naturally believed. One of the most curious of their yarns we lately met in a musty volume. They visited Patagonia, and, on their return to England, declared that the inhabitants were all dwarfs, about four feet high, and that they were characterized by the immensity of their ears, which were frequently so long that when the people went to bed at night one ear served as a mattress, while the other was used as a blanket. Thus it will be seen, without referring to our own personal experience, that to tell a lie is one of the inalienable rights of human nature, without which life would become vapid and prosaic.

Webster's Case.

"I will repeat an anecdote which I feel sure that Webster gave at that dinner, though, as I made no note of it, it is just possible that he told it in my presence at some later date. The conversation was running upon the importance of doing small things thoroughly and with the full measure of one's ability. This Webster illustrated by an account of some petty insurance case that was brought to him when a young lawyer in Portsmouth. Only a small amount was involved and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that, to do his clients full justice, a journey to Boston, to consult the law library, would be desirable. He would be out of pocket by such an expedition, and for his time he would receive no adequate compensation. After a little hesitation, he determined to do his very best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston, looked up the authorities, and gained the case. Years after this, Webster, then famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried the day after his arrival, and one of the counsel had been suddenly taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case. 'I told them,' said Mr. Webster, 'that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this, after some demur, I consented to do. Well, it was my old twenty-dollar case over again, and, as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my finger's ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquirements. So, you see, I was handsomely paid both in fame and money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's own self-approval should be enough."—*Quincy's Anecdotes.*

Bookbinding.

The bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Mi-lan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal, or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description, likewise bindings in cloth of gold wrought with silk of many colors. At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jest and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers and produced brazen bindings gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was always a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold, seeing that the kings and potentates who came to visit the Papal See invariably gave and received presents of splendid books.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

A Good Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm, situated 3 miles south of Accident. This farm contains 150 acres, about 90 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing. The improvements consist of a comfortable two-story dwelling house, a barn 40 by 67 feet, three good orchards of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

HENRY FEIGH,
Accident, Garrett county, Md.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a new Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,
—OR THE—
STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square,
6 11 9 m New York.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Pugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881 for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. T. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

FOR RENT.

A completely furnished Cottage, suitable for Summer visitors. Apply to

H. WHEELER COMBS.

EXECUTORS' SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Mrs. Louisa Moffett, late of Garrett county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executors, will sell at public auction, in front of Garvey's Hotel, in the town of Bloomington,

On Saturday, the 18th day of June,

1881, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that piece or parcel of land known as

LOT NO. 6, on the Plat of the Town of Bloomington.

Said property is improved by a comfortable house, with all the necessary out-buildings, good well in cellar, and is a desirable home. Terms made known on day of sale.

E. KEMP,
H. H. KIGHT,
6 4 3 Executors.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4ods Permanent Trustee.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GENERAL.

—Henceforward the State of Connecticut will exact from all itinerant physicians a license of $20 a day.

—The doctors say that the increase of typhus fever in New York portends a possible epidemic of Asiatic cholera.

—Mrs. Ellie Grover, of Beach Ridge, in York, Me., reached her one hundredth birthday a few days since, receiving and entertaining friends.

—An offer of a free passage to this country and a home when they reach it, is the most powerful argument that the Mormon missionaries use in making converts.

—Miss Bettie Green, of Forsyth County, Ga., has two silk dresses which she made herself, having raised the worms, spun the silk, colored and woven it with her own hands.

—Nearly 8,000 innocent persons—men, women and children—were left on the Paris pavements when the French troops were wheeled during Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat and poured their volleys into the defenseless crowd. The French Chambers have just voted an indemnity for the surviving sufferers of $1,500,000.

—Mrs. Garfield has decided to restore their distinctive colors to the White House parlors, and to replace the woven carpets by others bought by the yard. It is a beautiful testimony to American manners that the reason for doing this is the carelessness of visitors who do not care to brush the mud from their boots before entering the house of the Chief Magistrate.

—A little boy in Ballachalish, Scotland, who was never taught anything of arithmetic, possesses an extraordinary intuitive mastery over figures. "Getting hold the other day," writes a visitor, "of a large slate, we figured a question in simple addition, of nine columns and with sixteen figures to the column. We ordered him in Gaelic to add up the sum. This he did in a few seconds. He seemed to add column after column in the usual way, but with extraordinary rapidity, muttering the addition to himself in a soft, bee-like hum, until the sum total was reached. It was the same in the most difficult questions of compound addition, though where he got the knowledge of the money table, indispensable in the working out of such sums, neither father nor anybody else could tell."

—The Prefect of St. Petersburg, M. Baranoff, suddenly gave notice, the other day, that the town would be surrounded by a military cordon, and persons entering or leaving the town subjected to a rigorous examination. St. Petersburg is chiefly dependent for its daily supplies of milk, butter and eggs on the services of persons who live in the environs. One fine morning the town awoke to find the breakfast table minus the accustomed accessories. The peasant purveyors were being rigorously examined by the authorities. On the subsequent morning the cordon was undisturbed by the demands of the dairyman for passage; but milk, butter and eggs were, however, as plentiful as usual in St. Petersburg. The peasants had displayed a knowledge of the by-ways into the city which had baffled the authorities. After such a fiasco the cordon was removed.

A New Method of Conversation.

It is pleasant to learn that the human eyelid has lately been turned to a new and useful purpose. Hitherto the two recognized uses of the eyelid have been the protection of the eye and the peculiar process known as winking. It has, however, been held among all well-bred people that winking is an offense not more excusable than punning. It is permissible for a man to wink at another man either with a view of explaining his own joke or as a cautionary signal, but winking for any other purpose, and especially between the sexes, is sternly prohibited. And yet the power of quickly moving the eyelid is one which nature has given us for a good purpose. That we have failed to develop this power and put it to good uses has always been a reproach to us, and all true lovers of progress will be glad to learn that this reproach is about to be taken away.

For some little time we have heard a good deal concerning the alleged spread of diseases of the eye in this city, and the doctors have unanimously attributed it to the dusty condition of the streets. Undoubtedly eyes have been inflamed by dust, but the symptoms which the doctors have attributed to an epidemic of inflammation of the eyelids are really the results of the new use to which the power of winking has been put. A profound and well-known philosopher, having noticed that an intelligible signal was made in his presence by one young man to another by means of a wink, and having somewhere met with the axiom that in certain circumstances a wink is as good as a nod, conceived the idea of making a complete code of winking signals by means of which a silent conversation could be carried on. For this purpose he adopted the Morse telegraphic alphabet, which, as everybody knows, consists of dots and dashes. He decided that a quick wink should represent a dot and a slow wink a dash. He engaged the co-operation of a young lady who was an operator in a telegraph office, and found that she could read his winks with perfect ease. In the course of a month the two became so proficient in winking that they could sit on opposite sides of a room and converse with winks almost as rapidly as with the voice. The philosopher at first made all his winks with the right eye alone, but his fair assistant improved the system by winking with both eyes—a plan which, she assured the inventor, would save his invention from the reproach which attaches to ordinary single-eye winking between the sexes.

The new system of conversation has spread with amazing rapidity in the Eastern States, and especially in this city, where its able inventor resides. At our theaters, on the street, and at church young men and young women are now constantly conversing in the language of the eyelid. The ignorant man, when he sees a young lady winking rapidly with both eyes, instantly imagines she is the victim of some disease of the eyelids, although, in point of fact, she is merely informing some young man that she expects to be at the Metropolitan Museum next Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. The doctors who have noticed the sudden and inexplicable increase of winking among young persons have similarly jumped to the conclusion that disease of the eyelids has become fearfully frequent in consequence of the dust which fills the streets. They may put their minds at rest. The human eyelid is for the first time in its history in a fair way to have its great and useful powers developed, and the happy time may yet come when the Senate of the United States will debate with silent winks, and a political campaign will lose half its horrors by losing all its noise.—*New York Times.*

Slaughter of Food-Animals Among the Jews.

According to the analysis of Dr. Rabbinoniez, of Paris, the Jewish Talmudic rules concerning the slaughter of food-animals were framed with the special object of providing for the infliction of the least possible suffering upon the animal, and of procuring the meat in the most wholesome condition for food. They prohibit the stunning of the animal by a blow on the forehead, because it is far from certain that the blow immediately annuls pain, and it is certain that it does not annul it if inflicted by an awkward hand. The rules require that the act of killing shall be performed by the sweep of a long, sharp instrument, which shall at once sever, more or less completely, the trachea and œsophagus. They do not require the arteries to be cut, for the nature of those vessels was not known when the rules were made, but the arteries and the important nerves around their sheath are cut in practice, and the animal speedily faints into insensibility and dies of hemorrhage. The important points of the code are, that the steps in slaughter shall be continuous, because any interruption, however, minute, in the process, is likely to prolong the sufferings of the animal and make it unfit for food; that the cut shall be made by a to-and-fro stroke, without any pressure beyond what is required to carry the knife down to the necessary depth; that the incision in the skin shall accurately coincide in length with the deeper portion, so as to leave no "tail" to the wound; that the wound shall not be made so high as to risk contact of the knife with the bony structures above the cartilaginous rings of the trachea, for this would be likely to cause preventable suffering to the animal, and compel the rejection of its flesh as food; and that no tissue should be torn or jagged. The candidate for a license to slaughter has to go through a long course of preparation, of which a kind of rough anatomy forms a part, and afterward to prove his competency to the satisfaction of the appointed authorities. The heart is also carefully examined, to ascertain whether it is fit for food. The rules on this subject, although made before anything was accurately known of pathology, contribute, as a whole, to the selection of that which is good and to the rejection of that which is bad. The use of the blood is forbidden, and it is in the blood that science to-day tells us the germs and the matters that are detrimental are most likely to be found and to be most active. The lung is the organ most diligently searched and severely tested; and it is the lung which is most liable to disease, and in which, when disease is present, it is most obvious. Fewer directions are given concerning search for morbid conditions in the other organs, "for, as it was known that animals were but rarely perfectly sound in their entire system, a more rigid search would have been nearly tantamount to depriving the people altogether of animal food. But, although a search for other diseased organs is not enjoined, any morbid condition observed by the practiced eye of the slaughterer insures the rejection of the animal as food."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Freaks of the Telegraph.

Names are always a great stumbling-block to the clerks, and addresses are composed of names. Most of us have tricks of writing names in any but a distinct fashion; and although the Post-office persistently reminds us, on the forms given us to write our telegrams on, that the writing should be plain, this advice, like most other advice, is but too often neglected. Hence many telegrams get altogether astray, sometimes to the not slight discomfiture of those into whose hands they fall, and who, unwitting that any error has been made, forthwith act upon them. It is related that a woman residing in some small street in Manchester once received what appeared to be a summons from her husband to come up to him in London. Very much alarmed, she at once started. On her way she got into conversation with another woman who was in the same carriage, and who she found was also going up to see her husband, who was in London ill. This woman had been expecting to receive a telegram from her husband, and, not hearing, had grown anxious and had finally set off without the telegram. Further parley revealed the fact that their names were the same; that their husbands' names were the same; that they both lived in the same quarter in Manchester; and it finally transpired that the telegram which had been delivered to the first woman was the very one which the second had been waiting for—the error in delivery having been caused by some such mistake as "Hamilton Street" for "Henrietta Street"—a mistake very likely attributable to want of distinctness in the writing. Another curious case of coincidence of which we have heard was that of a telegram addressed, "John Stillingwise, Brookdean, nr. Kirkby, Lonsdale," from Robert Stillingwise, his brother, begging him to come at once to him at a hotel which he indicated, in Leeds. The address "Brookdean" was in some way altered, and the telegram was delivered to another John Stillingwise living somewhere in the neighborhood of Kirkby, Lonsdale. This unfortunate man, who had not heard anything of his brother Robert for some twenty years, at once started off in stormy, wintry weather, reached Leeds in the evening, and was told by the landlord that he could not see his brother that night, as he was very far from well, and had gone to bed. The next morning he was ushered into Robert Stillingwise's room expecting to see this long-lost brother, when, to his extreme astonishment and disgust, he found himself confronted by an utter stranger!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Emperor of Germany will go to Ems in June.

—The furniture in Mrs. Langtry's little house, where the Prince of Wales used to invite himself to breakfast, has been sold for the benefit of creditors, and the Jersey Lily has disappeared from the London world.

—Emile de Girardin had always a large white horse to his brougham, which was painted yellow. This was to enable him to find it always on coming out of receptions or dinners. He was very well preserved to the last, looking many years younger than he was.

—The Duchess of Marlborough is never weary of doing good. Her latest manifestation of charity consists in providing the entire outfit for fifteen Irish families who were to be given free passages to Manitoba and settled there in neatly furnished homesteads.

—Ten years ago Louis of Bavaria was handsome enough to answer for a model of a young god; tall and graceful, with brown hair curling on his forehead, with dark blue eyes full of fire and poetry. He is still thought to be the handsomest king in Europe.

—Up to 1871 Paris, and indeed the feminine world generally, looked to Longchamps at Easter to learn by the Empress Eugenie's dress there how bonnets and gowns were to be made the ensuing summer. Nowadays Paris is a republic in feminine attire as in other things.

—The Grand Duke Constantine's eldest son, who has been so many years in disgrace, applied himself humbly to the Emperor to be allowed to visit St. Petersburg, and to gaze once more on the honored features of the late Czar. The unfortunate Prince met with a cruel rebuff, and was informed by telegraph that the misdoings of him and his could never be forgotten.

—"The young and well known Earl" who eloped with the wife of the proprietor of a large colliery in England is the Earl of Shrewsbery and Talbot, the premier Earl of England The title he bears dates from 1492 and has been borne by many illustrious men. He is in his twenty-first year, and succeeded to his title and estates only four years ago. He is the lord of Alton Towers—one of the handsomest show places in England—and his income is about £70,000 a year.

Mexican Social Customs.

Society as we understand it, meaning the free and easy intercourse of friends and acquaintances, of men, women and children, does not exist in Mexico. Naturally reserved and solitary, the Mexican has been forced to remain so by the circumstances of his life. His home is not only his castle, but his citadel. His social circle consists mainly of his wife and children. His business he transacts at his office. His friends he meets at the cafe, or on the Alameda, or the Paseo, but his family—that's nobody's business. He is next to the Turk in the exclusiveness with which he regards the seclusion of his home.

When we speak about society, and especially of "good society," we mean lovely woman, and in American society the prominent feature is the supremacy of the young ladies. The position of woman in Mexico is something very different. In fact, as far as the ordinary life of every day is concerned, woman is conspicuous chiefly by her absence. At first sight Mexico recalls Denver or Deadwood by its excessively masculine aspect, and the question promptly arises, "Where are the women?" They are at home, where the Mexican thinks they ought to be. In the morning one may see a few of them going to church and returning—for it is Lent, and the custom of daily mass is partially observed, and Friday devotions are well attended—but they never go unattended, and they look neither to the right nor left. In the afternoon those who have shopping to do sit in their closed carriages outside the store, while the clerks bring them goods for their selection. Later, as the sun is setting, they go out for a formal drive, always in closed carriages, in the Calzado de la Reforma, and slowly drive up and down the watered half-mile. Night comes on very rapidly after sunset, and the carriages drive home with lighted lamps. There may be a deep, delirious intoxication in watching a lot of carriages go by in the dark and fancying that they hold the lovliness of creation, just as there may be in eating soup with a fork; but I have failed to see it.

As far as I know, every newspaper correspondent who has been in Mexico has had a desperate time in guarding his tender affections from the bewitching influence of the soft Creole eyes, from the languishing glances, the tender flirtations, the supple grace and myriad charms which lie about his path. The story has been told so often that it sounds plausible, but it is manufactured out of the whole cloth, and it is repeated partly because it costs nothing, and partly because nobody likes to acknowledge that he has been in the land of romance and hasn't had any of the romance.

My Mexican friends tell me that with few exceptions the women are poorly educated; society is not intellectual; intercourse is not cultivated; girls are kept in prison until they are married, and after marriage only find closer confinement with harder labor. Naturally the ties of family are all more closely drawn, and the domestic affections absorb the hearts of the women, as their household duties absorb their time. They say, "We would like to have things as you have them in the States, but we simply can't do it. It must be the work of time to change these long-established social rules, and as long as they last our society must be comparatively a dull affair."

The natural result of the absence of women is that among the men there is a general disregard of a great many amenities of conduct. At dinner they generally wear their hats, because the houses are cooler than the streets, and there is a great dread of colds; they keep their elbows on the table, they expectorate a great deal, and they have unfixed principles in regard to folks. That Chicago belle who set her visitors down as vulgar people because they put the edge of their knives in their mouths instead of the backs would be astonished at the feats of the knife-swallowers here. Yet this is a tender point with good society. A Mexican lady complained to me the other day, saying, "Why do your people always accuse us of eating with our knives? One would think we were not civilized." Half an hour later, at her own hospitable table, out of the eight gentlemen, who were fellow-countrymen of hers, there were just eight who scorned the fork.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Case of Self-Control.

"You may say what you please about old Bill Gridley," said a gentleman just down from Bodie, to the crowd who were spinning for hot-scotches in Phil McGovern's back room the other night. "I know there's lots 'er fellers talking against him—'specially now that he's dead—but I allers speak of a man as I find him, and old Bill was as fair and square a one as I wish ter see, spite of his crankiness."

"Putty bad tempered, wasn't he?" said Phil, who was sprinkling red pepper on the salt herring to encourage trade.

"Well, he was—and he wasn't. I've seen that man keep his grip on himself and go along cool and easy like when any other man in the camp would have stood on his hind legs and rared. I call to mind suthing that had happened once away back in the flush days that showed what a big heart old Gridley had in his shirt. You see, we were at a mining-camp called Lone Skull, upon the Feather River, and Bill's claim had panned so rich that he began to put on a good deal of style. He had the largest shanty in the place—four rooms—and what must Gridley do but send clear round the Horn for a carpet for the parlor. It took him nearly a year to get it out, and then it was the only carpet in that part of the State. White ground with yellow and red flowers. Folks used to come for miles to see it."

"Is this yarn in one act?" growled a friend of the miner, who was wistfully watching the barkeeper take the lid off some hot chowder in the other room.

"It's in one scene," continued the party from Bodie. "Lemme see; where was I? Well, to make a long story short, I was playing pedro in Bill's best room one night with some prospectors just up from Frisco, and was losing considerable dust, when I dropped on one of 'em taking a 'jack' out of his sleeve. As luck would have it, I wasn't heeled that night, so I just picked up a tobacco knife that lay on the table and cut the fellow's throat clean across."

"Good scheme, too," grunted a faro-steerer in approval.

"Well—as I was saying, old Gridley, who was in the next room, heard the scuffle and came in. There was that cut chap lying on the floor, with his blood streaming all over the carpet—the whole thing just ruined. Everybody was scared to see Bill's face—he looked just awful. I expected to get a bullet through my head quicker'n a wink.

"'This is pretty tough on me,' says Gridley, looking at the carpet.

"'I know, Bill,' says I, 'and I axe yer parding, old man. I never once thought of the carpet. I wouldn't 'er done it if I had.'

"'No; I don't believe you would, Tom,' says he, kinder sorrowful like—'I don't believe you would.' And he actually helped me heave the corpse outer the winder, and kinder wiped up the muss a little. I tell you, gentlemen, old Bill Gridley was a white man, he was; and, if I ever go back on him after that, I'm a coyote!"

And they all agreed that a man must have a pretty big heart to act like that, after all.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Deed of a Philanthropist.

Benjamin Fitch, an old and well-known citizen of New York, has just given $200,000 for the erection and maintenance of a charitable institution in Buffalo.

A reporter who called upon him was very cordially received. "I am in my 81st year," said Mr. Fitch, "but can hardly consider myself an old man when I look at my old friends, Peter Cooper, who is in the nineties, and Thurlow Weed, who is four years my senior. I have a clear head, and still transact considerable business. I am not a rich man, but I have always sympathized deeply with the deserving poor, and have endeavored to aid them from time to time in many ways. I own certain lands in Buffalo, and was desirous of appropriating them and the income from them to the permanent benefit of the worthy poor of that city, irrespective of creed or nationality. I have accordingly made the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo my trustee in so disposing of the property. The objects of the enterprise, as expressed in the language of the deed, are as follows: 1. To maintain in said hall a course of free lectures each year on scientific and other instructive topics. 2. A free reading-room. 3. A provident coffee and soup room. 4. A dispensary for supplying medicines and medical attendance. 5. A training school for domestic work for girls. 6. A hospital for the temporary treatment of persons injured. 7. A place of deposit for small sums of money (not exceeding for any one person $50) by working people, to be drawn out by them as their needs may require, or to be made good to them in orders upon stores, with which economical arrangement may be made by the said society for the purchase of the necessaries of life for such depositors. It is thought that the building itself will cost about $75,000, and the corner-stone will probably be laid on or about July 4, at which ceremony I hope to be present, if my life is spared. The trustees were here last evening, and the deed was then conveyed to them. My intention is that the institution may be to them what the Cooper Institute is to New York."

Mr. Fitch is also the founder of the Fitch Creche, of Buffalo, which was formally opened to the public on January 6, 1881. It is a temporary home for the children of working-women while their mothers are engaged in service away from their homes, and not able to take care of them during their daily toil. The new building will be erected by the side of the creche, and both will be under the management of the Charity Organization.

Mr. Fitch is of Connecticut origin. The Home for Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers, at Darien, Conn., was endowed by him.

The Composer of "Grandfather's Clock."

It would be incorrect to call Henry Clay Work a famous composer, though many of his songs, foremost among which are recalled "Marching Through Georgia," "Wake Nicodemus," "Kingdom Come," and "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," are famous throughout the length and breath of the land. Yet the very name of their author, a shy, retiring man, is scarcely known to one person in ten thousand. Mr. Work is a native of Connecticut. The family possessed little means, and consequently Henry began life as a journeyman printor. He did not know how to play a single instrument, but the time came when the melodies floating in his brain were placed upon paper and found quick appreciation, but the composer remained obscure and almost unknown. He managed, however, to make considerable money, by reason of the popularity and immense sale of his ringing and stirring war songs, and after the war went to Europe and spent some time wandering about after a Quixotic fashion.

His mode of composition is most peculiar. Music and words form themselves in his brain, and are submitted to paper and sent to publication without ever being tried on any instrument or heard from any lips. In addition to the songs previously mentioned he is the author of "Grandfather's Clock," "Babylon is Fallen," "Echo Dell," "The Mystic Veil," "A Thousand Years," and "Joy in Heaven." The latter is the most ambitious and powerful of his compositions, and the account of the singular circumstances attending its conception, gathered from his letters by a lady of San Francisco, can not fail to interest the public. Soon after he came to Brooklyn, and while listening to Mr. Beecher's choir, he began to feel a strong desire to write something for them to sing—a composition more elaborative, imaginative and descriptive than an anthem; something greater and grander than he had ever before undertaken. He was closely occupied all day, but began to collect material mentally, and finally commenced to compose the melody and words as he walked to the ferry, sat in the cabin, or stood at his case in the printing office. All day long he hummed it over, continually changing, improving, perfecting. At the further end of the room were a dozen steam presses, under the cover of whose continuous thunder he was sheltered from notice. Occasionally, after puzzling for hours over a knotty point, a sudden light would flash upon his mind, and the long-sought harmonies burst upon him with such exceeding grandeur that he found himself almost overcome with excitement and quite oblivious of typographical distinctions; yet, as his employers seemed satisfied, he must have, during the greater portion of the time, carried on simultaneously two distinct varieties of composition, each requiring close mental effort. At noon and during every odd interval he penciled on scraps of paper the literary and musical efforts. In the evening he assorted and compiled them, working under the greatest disadvantage in a sitting-room where there was everything to distract the mind. One Saturday the manuscript was completed, and he sent it to Mr. Beecher, with an explanatory note, hoping that he, after looking it over, would immediately send it to the choir, and that they would examine it at their rehearsal that evening. There ensued a painful strain of nervous suspense. At last he wrote three notes, one after the other, requesting the return of the MSS., but received no reply. Just as he was completely discouraged daybreak came, and a note from Henry Camp, the organist, stating that he would be pleased to sing the composition as an opening anthem. The famous Plymouth Church choir of seventy voices was to sing his melodies, and the great organ, with one exception the largest and finest in the United States, was to echo his harmonies. The delay in responding to the author had been caused by the loss of his address. He received a hearty greeting at Plymouth Church that evening. The organist clasped him by the hand and held it fast all the while they walked across the lecture-room to the choir library. He said he liked the piece very much, and that the final chorus was very effective and grand, and all the while the composer had never heard a single note sung or played.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Effects of Petting on Animals.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, London, has remarked that while adult carnivorous animals—lions, tigers, leopards, etc.—can seldom be tamed and then only at the cost of danger, the young become very tame and fond of those who feed and caress them; on the other hand, housed vegetable-feeding animals—stags, antelopes, oxen, sheep and goats—if reared by hand from birth, become when adult the most dangerous animals to be met with; while, if caught after they have grown up, they are timid and fly from man. His experience with all animals of the latter class has been the same as with the lamb, whose case he describes, that was brought up as "one of the family." As it grew larger and stronger, it became self-conscious and independent, having "no fear and less gratitude," and grew so saucy that it had to be consigned to a large field, where it became a terror to passers—for, "with hop, skip, and jump, he was behind any one in an instant; with one good spring, the unfortunate traveler was on his hands and knees, if not on his face"—and was finally sentenced to the butcher. Such of these animals as have been bred in captivity (not petted and handled) and reared by the parent, become exceedingly wild if an attempt is made to catch them, pack them up, or move them from one place to another. The reason for these curious manifestations appears to be that the tamed animals, having lost their fear of man and become familiar with him, when the time comes for them to manifest their belligerent propensities, have no respect of persons, and are ready to attack their former friend as they would any other real or imaginary antagonist; but, when anything new is attempted with them, it is as novel as it would be in their natural state, and awakens all their natural wildness.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—Life is but sighs, and when they cease 'tis over.

THE TRUE TEST.

The Merit of Religion, Government, Persons and Things Must Rest upon a Basis of Worth.

Some Truths Illustrating this, and Testimony of Value to All Readers.

[*Christian at Work.*]

The true test of any religion is the effect it produces upon the lives of those who profess it. And, indeed, the test of real merit everywhere must be the power it possesses of accomplishing desirable results. In this age of the world men are not judged by what they claim to be able to do, but by what they can do; not by what they are reputed to be, but by what they are. Here is where the religion of our own country rises superior to the faith of Mohammedan or Hindoo lands; for while there is much hypocrisy in the Church, and far too much worldliness, there is yet an absence of those sensual and brutal elements which characterize the religions of Arabia and the Ganges.

This principle is equally true in all other departments of life. The same rule which applies to persons is equally applicable to things. Unquestioned merit must characterize them all, or they cannot be acceptable, much less popular. The clear and well arranged lecture delivered by Dr. Charles Craig before the Metropolitan Scientific Association appeared in the columns of this paper a short time since. In this lecture some new truths were brought to light bearing directly upon, and affecting the interests of, the entire community. These facts, as stated by the doctor in his lecture, have been discussed in the columns of the religious press to a considerable extent in the past, and that, too, by very prominent persons. A few years ago the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, who is promineatly known among the Congregational denominations of the country, published an article upon the same subject which drew forth most bitter replies from prominent physicians, and in response to these articles Dr. Rankin published long communications in the New York *Independent*, the Boston *Congregationalist* and the Chicago *Advance* reiterating his former statements and strongly emphasizing them. In these articles Dr. Rankin frankly stated he was as strongly convinced of the efficacy of the means used as he was that the Genesee River emptied into Lake Ontario. He further said: "I have known too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing, and I want, in the interest of humanity, to recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

Now while very few people are afflicted as severely as was Dr. Craig, or the cases Dr. Rankin refers to, still it is a lamentable fact that the great majority of people, in all parts of the land, are suffering to a greater or less extent from ill health and that this lack of health arises from either disordered kidneys or liver. Some additional facts, from the highest sources, of special interest upon a subject of such importance to the community have therefore been collected by this paper, and are herewith given:

Rev. D. W. Bartine, M. D., D. D., is known in all parts of the land as a prominent and efficient leader in the Methodist denomination. In speaking upon this same subject as shown in his own experience he said: "Some few months since I found myself suffering from a kidney difficulty which I knew to be the first stages of Bright's disease. By the use of a reliable test I found that my system was giving off albumen, and in some instances in a coagulated state. I also suffered severely from dropsy, particularly about the ankles, together with slight pains about the kidneys, derangement of digestion and great dryness of the skin. I had at all times much thirst, and of course this was followed by a gradual failing of strength. That was about the state of things when I commenced using the preparation known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I took about six tablespoonfuls every day for a week, and found all my symptoms decidedly improving. I continued taking the remedy until I entirely recovered."

In a communication made by Rev. Dr. C. A. Harvey, the well known financial and educational secretary of Howard university, Washington, D. C., the doctor says:

"I have for the past few years been acquainted with the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and with its remarkable curative efficacy in obstinate and so-called incurable cases of Bright's disease which occurred in this city. In some of these cases, which seemed to be in the last stages and had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy cures which were wrought by this remedy seemed to be little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's disease in all its stages, including those first symptoms of kidney troubles which are so easily overlooked, but are so fraught with danger, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this, and I hope that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure may become as widely known as is the existence of the maladies which it will cure."

Rev. A. C. Kendrick, D. D., LL. D., who is Professor of Hebrew and Greek languages in the University of Rochester, N. Y., and who is one of the American revisers of the New Testament, in speaking of the effect which Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure had upon himself, stated most emphatically that he had received marked benefit from it, and he cordially recommended it to the use of others.

Rev. A. Brumley, pastor of the Arsenal street M. E. church, Watertown, N. Y., testified in a recent interview that the first few bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure had entirely removed the distinctive features of a severe kidney difficulty, and that while he had not been able to lie upon his back without great pain for more than five years, he was now not only able to do so, but slept soundly, ate heartily and calls himself a well man.

Rev. A. P. Hill, of Shocheel, N. C., having been troubled with a severe kidney and liver disease for a number of years, said: "I have been praying for relief for four years, and I believe I got it in answer to prayer. May God bless the firm who manufacture Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Many of my friends have also used it with marked benefit, and I hope my testimony in its behalf may save the lives and relieve many who are now severely suffering from kidney or liver troubles in some of their many and dangerous forms."

Rev. P. F. Markley, in writing from Montgomery, Ala., said: "I have paid at least one thousand dollars for doctors and medicine and never received any relief until I commenced taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am too thankful to express in words the benefit this medicine has done my family and myself. I have been to the hot springs, sulphur springs and several other places noted for the curative properties of the waters, but this great remedy did for me what everything else failed to do—it cured me. I hope the Good Father may crown the efforts of those who are manufacturing it, for the noble work they are doing."

There are no more reliable endorsements to be found in this land than those above given and coming from divines of such prominence they prove beyond a doubt the value of the great remedy of which they speak. It should also be remembered that Mr. H. H. Warner, the proprietor and manufacturer of this remedy, was himself cured by its use after having been given up to die by several physicians. So grateful was he for his remarkable cure that he determined the world should know of this remedy, and he therefore began its manufacture. Mr. Warner is also a prominent patron of other public enterprises and the sciences and by endowing the Warner Astronomical Observatory at Rochester, as well as by his many other public benefactions has become known to, and respected by, the entire land. His standing alone is an ample guarantee of the purity and worth of the remedy he makes, but the thousands of testimonials from all parts of America gratefully telling of the relief it has given, prove it beyond a question. As a result, it is attracting great and universal attention throughout the entire country. No one fact has been more apparent in the past few years than that kidney and liver troubles are alarmingly increasing. When, therefore, a remedy has been found which not only cures the worst as well as all minor troubles of this nature, but also regulates, controls and keeps in perfect order these most important organs at all times, it is certainly cause for gratitude. This is just what has been done in thousands of cases in addition to those above mentioned, and it is what will be done in tens of thousands of other cases in the very near future.

HOME AND FARM.

—Don't forget the birds when you eat celery or lettuce. Save the tender ends and greens, and if you dine at night place these in water to give the songsters for their morning refreshment.

—The crops that may be grown in an orchard should be such as require cultivation, and that have low growth. Potatoes are the most suitable crop; corn shades the trees too much by its tall growth: grain is too exhaustive of the soil. When the soil does not require cultivation, clover is the best crop that can be grown under fruit trees.

—Pan Pudding.—This is a New England dish, and is nice where appetites are expansive. Take three cups of fine rye meal, three cups of Indian meal, one egg and three tablespoons of molasses; add a little salt and allspice, and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

—Hints to House Cleaners.—Wipe the mirrors with borax water, the cloth being wet enough to dampen it. In scouring paint, sapolio is better than sand, and in all cases a little borax should be placed in the water. Mirrors can be cleaned with whiting, afterward being rubbed with a woolen cloth, or they can be polished and dried with old newspapers. Oil paintings should simply be wiped with a damp cloth, and if picture cord is soiled, that should be wiped off to secure against moths. Soap should never be used on varnished work of any sort.

—Dried fruit can easily be preserved from worms, which are the larvæ of flies or moths, or both, by packing them in paper bags or cotton grain bags, and tying them up closely. The bags should be kept in a dry, airy, well-lighted room. It is a common error to believe that flies and moths will not go into dark rooms. Moths are nearly all night-flying insects and would ratber work in dark rooms than light ones. If the windows of the store-room are opened for airing they should be protected by fine wire gauze.

—For snow-pudding cover one-third of a package of gelatine with a little cold water and, when softened, stir into a pint of boiling water. Add one cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. When cold and beginning to thicken add the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Beat all smoothly and lightly together, pour the mixture into a mold and set it away until bard. Serve in the center of a platter, with a boiled custard poured around, made with the yelks of three eggs, one pint of milk and half a cupful of sugar.

—Miss Corson recommends puddings as being good substitutes for pies, and believes them to be as a rule more easily digested. A chocolate pudding is very easily made. Proceed as if you were to make a common custard pudding, and just before taking it from the fire add enough grated chocolate to color and flavor it; pour it into cups to cool; first wet the cups in cold water. When dinner is ready turn from the cups on saucers and serve with cream; the cream may be sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

—**A Good and Cheap Whitewash.**—Few people know how easily whitewash is made and how valuable it is when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but is greatly conducive to the healthfulness of buidings, whether wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it about half a bushel of lime; slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and put in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slackened; when the slackening has been thoroughly effected dissolve it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable a beautiful cream color may be given to the above by adding three pounds of yellow ocher, or a good pearl by lead, lamp, vine or ivy black. For fawn color add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American—the latter is the cheapest—one pound of Indian red, one pound of common lampblack.

Warbles.

The so-called wornils, *alias* warbles, or grubs, are caused by a species of gadfly depositing its eggs beneath the skin along the back of the cow during the summer. It is a fly similar to the large horse-fly which causes the so-called bots in horses. Every herder or farmer has seen these flies hovering about his cattle in the pastures during the months from June to September, and has witnessed the amount of uneasiness caused by them. Who has not seen the cattle, especially on sultry days, after a moment of apparent attentive listening, all at once take to trotting, increasing the trot to a furious gallop, with the tail erect or curled over the back, and the animals bellowing and scattering in all directions? This is the time when the gadfly, peculiar to the ox, deposits its eggs, after penetrating the skin of the animal. Even the humming sound of the approaching fly is sufficient to cause the animals to scamper and seek refuge in the nearest pool or stream of water. Gradually, as the larvæ develop, swellings or tumors appear, having a small orifice in the center. When present in large numbers they cause considerable irritation of the skin, but generally do not interfere with the general health or condition of the animal. After the larvæ have departed from their abode during the spring months, they burrow into the ground, where, after undergoing certain transformations, they ultimately appear as full-fledged gad-flies, which will next proceed to preserve the existence of their species in the same manner as their progenitors did. The larvæ may be removed from the skin of cattle by squeezing them out through the central orifice of the tumors. When many are present on the animal they should not be removed all at once, because the operation is not only painful, but may cause a considernble degree of irritation and inflammation of the skin. After removal, no further trentment will be necessary.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Cultivated Creps.

If one should doubt the useful effects of cultivating crops, let him leave a few rows of potatoes or corn in a field to grow up with weeds, or with the soil hard and beaten with rains, or baked with the sun, and notice the effect as compared with the other rows that have been worked with the cultivator and the hoe. Every farmer knows how poor will be the crop unless it is well cultivated, and every farmer's boy knows it, too, although he may not very well understand the reason for it. It matters not what crop it may be; it may be corn or potatoes, or it may be an apple-tree in the orchard, or onions in the garden. A farmer who grew the largest crop of potatoes ever known, and received a large premium for it, said his success was owing to the fact that he hoed his crop every day. This may be true, because there is no doubt that without this constant stirring of the soil the manure used would not have been fully prepared for the complete nourishment of the crop; for the effect of the frequent cultivation of the soil is very varied. In the first place, it enables the air to circulate in the soil; next it enables moisture to penetrate to the roots; then it helps to attract moisture in a dry season and also helps to retain it in the soil; lastly, it prevents the growth of weeds. Let us consider how these effects are produced.

It is well known that when earth is moistened and spread and plastered and packed down tightly the air will not penetrate it. We have heard of mud cabins, and many of us have either lived in log houses that have been chinked with mud or we have known persons who have lived in them, and these houses are very warm and comfortable, although poor and humble. They are warm because the cold air is kept out, but if the mud becomes cracked and open and full of crevices, through which the wind passes, all the warmth and comfort is gone. It is precisely so with the surface of the soil. When this is beaten down and plastered and packed by the effect of rain storms and wind, the air can not pass through it. The moisture-laden breezes blow over it without adding a particle to allay its drouth; the rains fall upon it and flow away without sinking into it; the hot sun dries and bakes it, and it is unable to support the life of a plant; because where air goes moisture goes with it—the air is never free from moisture. A cubic foot of air will dissolve or hold in suspension a cubic inch of water, but the power of air to hold water varies with its temperature. Very hot air will hold the most water, and as the air cools the moisture becomes condensed and appears as mist, gathers in drops on the leaves, grass, twigs of trees and the surface of the ground as dew, or falls in rain. Now, when the surface of the soil is loosened by cultivation and becomes warmed by the sun, the air in it is warmed and dissolves moisture from as far below as the warmth reaches; then, when the soil is cooled in the night, and the air shrinks in cooling, air from without goes into the soil, carrying more vapor with it. This vapor is condensed and absorbed by the soil, and every warm summer's night millions of gallons of water may be thus carried into the soil on a moderate-sized farm, and the crop is refreshed.

But this constant circulation of air has another effect. It meets with organic matter in the soil and this is acted upon by the oxygen of the air and decomposed. The air deprived of a part of its oxygen has then a surplus of nitrogen, and we have reason to believe that in this oxidation or organic matter nitrogen is left free and forms nitrates in the soil, and these have a most useful effect upon plant growth. So the circulation of air in the soil has both these useful effects. Then when a shower falls upon the loose soil how fast it sinks into it and becomes absorbed. This water forces out air and as it sinks and becomes absorbed fresh air returns again, so that the effect of the water is to help the air to exert its effects. And when this water has become spread through the loose soil and the space is then reoccupied by air, the great heat of the sun does not penetrate so far, to dry out this water, as it would if the soil were hard. So that the loose soil acts to let the water in and to keep it there when it has entered. Thus by cultivating the soil we keep it moist and make it fertile. We are manuring it in fact, for this tillage, in effect, produces elements of fertility in the soil that would not exist there without it. Therefore, when we say tillage is manure we only state a fact. Lastly we prevent weeds of cultivation. If we were to give a horse a feed of oats, and a dozen or two of rats should come and help him to eat them, as indeed some farmers permit them to do, that horse would become poor and thin. He would not thrive, because he had not enough food. It is precisely the same with a hill of corn or potatoes. If we permit a dozen or two of weeds to feed with it, it is robbed of a portion of its food and becomes poor and weak. And it is to avoid this that we carefully cultivate these crops. Many farmers suppose this is all that they do by their work, but the other effects pointed out are far more beneficial to the crop and of far greater advantage to the soil.—*"Farming for Boys," by Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—A delicious cocoanut pudding is made in this way: Beat well the yelks of three eggs, add a quart of milk, a pint of fine bread-crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a cup of sugar or a cup of desiccated cocoanut, which you have soaked for an hour in half of the milk; bake till like thick custard, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a frost, and a tablespoon of pulverized sugar beaten in with them. If you choose you can put the eggs in without separating them, or to be very economical take the whites of the eggs to make a cake with. This pudding does not require sauce; flavor with lemon extract. By omitting the cocoanut and adding the juice and rind of a lemon you will have a nice bread pudding.

—To Remove the Smell of New Paint.—Newly-painted rooms are very unpleasant for several days, but if a handful of hay is strewn on the floor upon which is sprinkled a little chloride of lime, after a couple of hours the offensive smell will have entirely disappeared.

Butter Facts.

Dr. E. L. Sturtevant delivered an address on butter and butter-making, at the Franklin County, Mass., Farmers' Institute, which contains some facts of interest to dairymen: One parcel of milk, he said would make butter while another would not, showing great difference in its characteristics. The quality of milk may be influenced by the feed given to the cows. He would treat of these animals as butter cattle, stock cattle and store cattle, confining his remarks at present to the former. He raised four tons of corn stover to the acre, equal in feeding value to six-tenths the weight of good hay. Good butter can not be made from the milk of cows fed entirely on corn stover; in fact milk is deteriorated to the extent of stover thus fed. Corn meal does not increase the flow of milk, only so far as its nutritive value exteuds: Cotton-seed meal increases the flow of milk. Give a cow all the good hay she will eat, and the addition of corn meal will not increase the flow of milk.

A milk yielding eight per cent. of cream will often give more butter than one yielding sixty per cent. The constituents of milk can best be illustrated by the use of the microscope, in comparing the clusters of butter globules therein contained. Through this test the Jerseys were proved emphatically to be the butter cows, the largest butter globules always producing the most and best butter. Where cream rises rapidly, leaving a blue skim-milk, then the cream is best. When skim-milk looks of a whitish color, smallness of globules is indicated and an imperfect separation from the milk. The length of time consumed in churning is determined largely by the size of the butter globules, the largest specimens giving the quickest results in the churn.

Any food that is acid is bad for butter-making. Feeding corn stover reduces the size of the butter globules, while corn-meal tends to increase their size, and hence is best for butter. Shorts are the poorest feed known in butter-making, reducing the size of the globules. Cotton-seed meal conveys a bad taste to butter, reducing the market value of the product. Linseed meal occasions no injury, while cotton-seed does when fed to excess. Cob meal from Eastern corn is as valuable for feeding cows as Western corn meal, pound for pound. One characteristic of linseed meal was to avert disease. The admixture of different parcels of milk reduces the butter product, as the size of the butter globules is changed, or rather different sizes are combined, the largest coming first, while the smaller, remaining unbroken, simply serve to enrich the butter milk. Two quarts of cotton-seed, or of linseed, daily, is a large feed for a cow, three pints being a safer quautity to feed.

A Good Pasture.

Certainly one of the essentials for making the finest quality of butter or cheese is to have milk of the purest quality. To accomplish this, the first requisite is pure and uncontaminated food for the cow. It must be borne in mind that not only man but nature sometimes adulterates or mixes feeds. We find this particularly the case with pastures, and especially with new pastures or old ones in wet seasons, when everything takes on a rank growth.

That not only weeds but other plants can destroy the fine aroma and taste of milk, and ultimately the dairy products, may be observed easily by pasturing the cows say for one week on rye and the next week on clover. The breath of the cow detects the difference so with the smell or taste of the milk. Even the color of the cream or butter from such milk will point out the difference. One has a rank, the other a sweet smell and taste. Of course these characteristics find their way into the butter and cheese. For this reason the farmer should be very careful to select the best pastures for his cows and let the other stock on the farm feed upon the most objectionable grasses. Often he has a fine pasture with a very objectionable swamp corner to it, which should be fenced off from the butter cows and used for calves and other stock. Thus grass that is exposed to the sun on hills or high uplands is far better for dairy uses than wood pastures or grass that grows long and rank in the shade. This fact may be noted by seeing the cows reject the rank grass and crop the hillsides that are exposed to the sun, and often too much cropped already. Horses, sheep, calves, steers and other stock that only make flesh out of the grass, may with impunity be put upon pastures that contain rank growth, shaded grass, or even leeks and wild onions, without doing the least harm, as there is never enough of these objectionable features to taint the flesh; but milk is too near a product of the feed to be trifled with, and only the purest food can retain its virgin purity. So far as practical, the dairyman should fence his pasture land off into lots of varying grazing quality and pasture them out to the stock according to the various requirements from them, giving to those yielding the most delicate product the choice of lots.

He should also do all in his power to remove weeds, shade trees and other objectionable features from his pastures early in the season, so as to give his cows the best possible chance to do their best toward producing a perfect quality of milk.—*American Dairyman.*

—Harris Lewis, a Herkimer County dairyman, stated at the meeting of the American Dairymen's Convention, that not more than one cow in three in Central New York nets her owner a profit, the other two not paying the cost of keeping, or barely doing that, some of them. Let these profitless cows be sought out at once by experimenting and sent to the shambles, and retain only those that pay their owners a profit. The same would be found true of cows that are kept for making milk to be sold by the can for village and city supplies.

—Facts and experiments go to prove that a cow high in flesh will yield more butter in proportion to the yield of milk than one in low flesh.

—The railway up the side of Mount Vesuvius is lighted by fourteen electric lights.

—Vaccination must take well to become fashionable.

—Philip Wenzel, of Steinbach, Germany, has been sentenced to death for murdering his betrothed. Philip could not hope to marry the girl for several years because he had to complete his term of military service first, and when she determined to remove with friends to another city, the fear of losing her and the forebodings of jealousy caused him to take her into the garden behind her house and shoot at her until she was dead.

[Port Huron Commercial.]

Charles Nelson, Esq., Proprietor Nelson House, speaking to us recently, observed: I suffered so much with Rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and, by the continued use of the Oil, entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for *it saved my life.* It also cured my wife.

YOUNG SWELL: I should like to have my mustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly, did you bring it with you?"—*College Journal.*

[Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.]

When about twelve years old, said Mr. Geisman, of the Globe Chop House to our representative, I met with an accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured, and ever since I have suffered with the most excruciating rheumatic pains. Of late I applied St. Jacobs Oil which has given me almost total relief.

A FLY is said to have 16,000 eyes. No wonder he is careless as to where he leaves his specs.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

CIRCUS MEN turn everything to their own advantage—even shandspring.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache, and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause. Kidney-Wort has been proved to be the most effectual remedy for these and for habitual costiveness which so afflicts millions of the American people.—*Farm and Fireside.*

READER, you had best check that cough before it becomes something serious. How? By using James Cough Pellets, a pleasant, efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, hemorrhage and all lung difficulties. Only 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

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AN inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazer Axle Greasc.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

A PAYING business—the cashier's.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"PAPA—"That picture shows the story of Prometheus and the vulture that fed on his liver. Every day the vulture devoured it, and every night it grew for him to eat it again." Sympathetic Child—"Poor, dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day!"

FOWLS are gluttonous; they take a peck at every mouthful.

"WHEN is spring like a young lady?" asked Henry. Lucy of course gave it up. "When it is a little forward," said Henry. "And I suppose it is like a young gentleman because it is the vernal season," replied Lucy. Tableau.

JOB was doubtless the first humorous paragrapher.

THE good old lady kept a private bottle from which she refreshed herself from time to time, as she felt the need, though none of the family knew it. One evening her daughter, in rummaging through the pantry for doughnuts for her beau, spied the bottle and had the curiosity to draw the cork and apply her nose to the aperture, at which moment the old lady hove in sight and angrily demanded: "Well, are you any wiser than you were? What do you suppose it is?" I don't know what it is, mamma," answered the shrinking maiden, "but it smells just like Charlie's mustache."

SPECIMEN OF SIGN LANGUAGE—"Walk in;" "Shut the door;" "If you don't see what you want ask for it."

IF you would shine in the world, be a bootblack.

IF fine feathers don't make fine birds, why isn't a crow as handsome as a peacock?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A YOUNG lady weighed herself in the early morning and again after dinner, when she found she had gained forty pounds. She ate very sparingly. It was not that. She had all her hairpins in position. That was all.

ONE of Maud S.'s colts has been sold for $6,000. The little dear!

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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To keep in good humor the good people who delight in good books; to wake up the slow booksellers who are inclined to go to sleep in the summer, instead of, like a 'possum, in the winter; and to prevent our friends, the Cheap Books, book publishers, from forgetting us, we have concluded to publish a few more cheap books. If we are to name him at all, we must, of course, head the list with the immortal Shakespeare, and will give you either his "Merchant of Venice" or "Hamlet," or any one of his fourteen other principal plays, in beautiful type, for 5 cents. At the same price you may have Macaulay's "Life of Frederick the Great," former price $1.25, or Carlyle's "Robert Burns," or Lamartine's "Life of Joan of Arc," or "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," or Thomas Hughes's "Manliness of Christ." Washington Irving's wonderful, delightful, heretofore inaccessible "Sketch Book," which contains the incomparable Rip Van Winkle, you can have for a dime. For the same price you may have Tom Brown at Rugby," the best boy's book ever written, except "Robinson Crusoe," which you can have also for 10 cents. To charm those who delight in fiction, we give also for 10 cents each, Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," one of the most justly celebrated American novels, and Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," which worthily ranks at the very front of famous historical fiction. These are only specimens of the cheap books we publish, as are all in good type, neatly printed, and are not in the broad side or any other "side" or "square" style, but handy pocket volumes, of course in paper binding. Our motto, however, has always been that a book worth reading is worth preserving as well as worth owning, and our large list of standard books, to which we are making additions, with speed unprecedented in the history of publishing, are all elegantly and strongly bound, in cloth or better style, and sold at prices proportionately low with those in paper covers. We issue these few only in pamphlet form, as specimens of the quality of our good literature, and these special terms will not be long continued. 5,000 Booksellers throughout the United States and Canada are prepared to either abundantly supply or liberally slander our publications. We give liberal terms to clubs where no bookseller acts as agent. Descriptive Catalogue, and illustrated pamphlet describing book-making and type-setting by steam, will be sent free, on request. AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, 764 Broadway, New York. JOHN B. ALDEN, Manager.

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This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable history of the Great Civil War published: it abounds in narratives of personal adventure, thrilling incidents, daring exploits, heroic deeds, wonderful escapes, etc.; and contains life-like portraits of 100 leading generals. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WISCONSIN 500,000 Acres LANDS On the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.

For full particulars, which will be sent *free*, address CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

Book for Threshermen Worth $25. For sale for 25c.

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GEMS OF DEPORTMENT With Art Illustrations. Miss Donahue, Pittsburgh, sold 85 in 3½ hours! AGENTS WANTED. Forshee & McMakin, Cincinnati, Ohio.

5, 10, 25 cent COUNTER SUPPLIES. TOYS, NOTIONS, &c. Catalogue free. CARY, FULTON & CO., 80 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cin., O.

AGENTS WANTED, $5 a Day made with our new, useful and fast selling Domestic Scale HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Co., Cincinnati, O.

YOUNG MEN learn telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address Valentine Bros., Managers, Janesville, Wis.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

$350 A MONTH! AGENTS WANTED! 75 Best Selling Articles in the world; 4 samples free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 824

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Sunlit Rooms.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that sometime during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwelling cannot be too highly estimated; indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an insolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Builder and Wood-worker.*

It was a brisk two hours conflict between the Baby and the Colic, with all the doubts in favor of the Colic, until Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup put in an appearance. Of course the Baby was safe in less than ten minutes. A twenty-five cent bottle did it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in a case in said court, wherein Alexander M. Rush is plaintiff and Richard T. Brawning is defendant, and to me the undersigned directed, the same being No. 26 Judicials to December 7th, 1880, of said court, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Garrett county did seize and take in execution on the 13th day of December, 1880, all of the undivided one-third (⅓) interest of the said Ricoard T. Browning, in and to all that tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, commonly known and called by the name of

"SKIPNISH,"

containing for the whole the quantity of 888¼ acres of land, and now I, George D. White, Sheriff, as aforesaid, do hereby give public notice that by virtue of the aforesaid levy and seizure, I will sell all of the aforesaid undivided one-third (⅓) interest both at law and in equity, of the said Richard T. Brawning, in and to the aforesaid described tract of land, at public auction, for cash on the day of sale to the highest bidder,

On Tuesday, the 21st day of June, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, county aforesaid, to satisfy said execution and costs. Said tract of land is located on and near Muddy Creek, and about 8 or 9 miles North of Oakland, and adjoins the tracts of land called "Milk and Honey," and "the Falls of Muddy Creek," and the resurvey called "Ratler," now owned by James Morrison. Said tract called "Skipnish" is said to be well timbered and is considered good land, and is the the same land that was conveyed to the said Richard T. Browning, by Edward Jamison, Sheriff, by Deed dated 20th September, 1875 and recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 2 Fol. 197 &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
5 28 4w Sheriff.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 4, 1881.

The meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners advertised for May 27th, has been postponed until

Saturday, June 11th, 1881,

at which time SCHOOL TRUSTEES for the ensuing year will be appointed. The Board requests the co-operation of the citizens throughout the county, and recommend that they meet in their respective school districts, select suitable persons and recommend them as Trustees to the Board. The names of persons recommended should be sent to the Secretary of the Board, not later than Wednesday, May 25th.

A list of the school districts will be published after the appointments, and any school not embraced in the list, will not be recognized by the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
6 28 3t Sec't'y. Ex'r, &c.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Prugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. L. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and forty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used. The boxing and crating shop alone cut three hundred thousand feet of lumber per month for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold throughout the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine wherever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office at the Bruwning house.
2 5 3m.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. Any one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. je26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the month of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
SAMUEL JONES.
4 2 3 5

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

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JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

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We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
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Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v2 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport:
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work uguaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YEKOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july8-yr

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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MARSHALL & FISHER.

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DIRECTORS.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
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Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses,) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250: all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Takes person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT; a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3600. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its and the softest, sweetest cadence or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881. NUMBER 17

Dr. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

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VIVA'S LANDLORD.

"Viva, dear, it's coming near the first of May!"

And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming elbowless, and looked across the lamplit table with anxious eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.

Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark-brown hair gathered loosely behind shell pink ears, and lips red as the cactus flower, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.

"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown school-girl, "because the front gate's off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and——"

"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."

"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly. "Some place where the rent would be moderate; but"—a sudden look of longing shining out of the pain-worn face—"I would give all the world, dear, to see the country again. I feel stifling here."

A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety-brown eyes.

"And so you shall, mamma!" she said, emphatically.

"My darling, how?" in mild surprise.

"Well"—Viva puckered up her low, white brow, and tried to look wise and business-like—"you see we could get a cottage in some of the suburban villages at half what a city house would cost. Besides everything is so much cheaper in the country, and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"

"But your pupils, Viva?"

"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week—taking the train in, you kown, is almost as cheap—and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.

"It looks plausible at first sight, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how that boy does wear out his clothes."

Viva came over and clasped two maroon merino arms around the invalid figure before her.

"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried, gayly; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised 'cheap'—in italics, you know—and then—"

The rest was too glorious to describe.

Three days later, Viva danced in, out of a blinding April shower, with rose red cheeks and starry eyes.

"Here it is, mamma," she cried, enigmatically, with a hearty kiss and hug that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair. "Now listen!"

And from the open paper of that morning, she read aloud:

TO RENT—IN SUBURBAN VILLAGE. Twenty minutes ride from the city, an eight-room cottage, with garden attached. *Cheap*, to good tenant. Apply to Clifford Chandos, Room 12, 71 E—St., City.

"I am sure this will suit—'cheap,' in italics, as I said mamma. You will have our happy countryfied summer, after all," with an exultant little laugh. "Now, for a while, good-bye!"

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To see about this, mamma. Lessons are over—"

"Yes, but I do not quite like your going alone, Viva."

"What! An old-maid music teacher like me? I almost acquire the dignity of age in this voluminous waterproof and green veil. Green! Just think of it! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I'll be back before you know I'm gone."

And with this decidedly sweeping, but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the rifting, drifting April sky, and going city ward as fast as the street cars could take her.

In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of dingy stairs went Viva.

A timid knock at Room 12.

"Come in!"

She turned the handle, and with the green veil well down, went in.

Two or three gentlemen, writing at baize covered desks, looked up carelessly as she entered, and went on with their work.

A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced toward the door, as the graceful figure in threadbare waterproof came timidly in. Down came the feet, out went the cigar, and Clifford Chandos, pushing a chair forward, bowed gravely, questioningly, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage advertised."

"The cottage? Oh, yes to be sure! Will you please to be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"

And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the tall, grave man, with straight, black brows and keen, kindly eyes, explained the terms with pleasant courtesy.

And when she lifted the obnoxious green veil a moment, Clifford Chandos started ever so slightly as he saw the pretty, girlish face before him, as serence and dignified in its grave, business-like composure as though it owner were eight-and fifty instead of eight-and-ten.

"When will you look at the place, Miss——"

"Rayner!" supplemented Viva.

"Miss Rayner. Shall we say to-morrow at one?"

"At two, if as convenient."

"Certainly. Two, if preferable."

Then he held the door open as courteously as though she wore sealskin and diamonds, while with a quiet grace she bowed slightly and passed from the room.

And Clifford Chandos went slowly back to his chair, a softer light in his keen gray eyes, and actually for once in his life forgot to relight his cigar.

* * * * * *

The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty, roomy, raftered cottage, where honeysuckle and wild roses straggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.

And Viva, coming home from the dusty city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low, happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—grown young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.

It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in. It was more curious that their quiet, handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.

He grew into their simple lives in those days. Mrs. Rayner came to link the cheery voice better than any medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him, and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm footstep on the garden path.

One evening, when the soft May wind was swaying the "lady-fingers," as the children call them, over the door, Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.

Just a little more tired than usual after a desperate struggle to teach an irritably obtuse pupil the mysteries of crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers.

She stood there, a fair, girlish figure in her soft white dress, a great bunch of blue meadow-violets at her slender throat and waist. The scented wind gently loosened the dark-brown hair and blew a fitful drift of rose-bloom into the pure, pale face.

Very pretty?

Well, Clifford Chandos thought so, at all events, as he came along the uneven country road with his light, firm footfall.

"Good evening, Miss Rayner!"

She turned suddenly, the faint flush deepening to carnation.

"Good evening, Mr. Chandos!"

I think a person can give one a very tolerable shake hands without holding one's fingers quite a minute. But apparently Mr. Chandos thought differently.

"Miss Rayner, will you come for a walk—just a little way down the road? There is a show place there I should like to have you see."

He asked pleadingly, hurriedly, as though fearful of a refusal.

"Is it far?"

"No," eagerly; "quite near. Besides Miss Viva, I have something to tell you—or, rather, ask you."

They were already strolling slowly on. She paused and looked up in vague alarm.

"To ask me, Mr. Chandos?"

"Yes, Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose cottage."

Was he mad?

To leave Rose cottage!" she repeated, blankly.

She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown, bewildered eyes.

"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"

"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I asked you!"

"Me? Why, Mr. Chandos—"

She broke off abruptly as she saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her. Such a look as would make more successful wooers in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her spite of herself.

"Viva, my darling—my darling!" he cried, all the mischief in his voice gone away in his fiery earnestness, "don't you understand? I love you very dearly, Viva, and I want you for my wife!"

"Yes—I understand," she said, simply.

"I am not a rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy!"

She looked up at him with bright, unshining eyes, and tho' her cheeks flamed hotly, she said, in her gentle, straightforward, girlish way:

"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chandos!"

"Mr. Chandos!" sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford!'"

And, her hand in his, she said it, simply:

"Clifford!"

In a short time they paused before a massive entrance gate and pretty gothic ledge

"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva shall we go up and look at it?"

They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country-seat, stretching verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.

"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a curious smile.

"But the owner?"

"I go with his permission."

Then, passing the servant at the door he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste. Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were drowsily falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical, dusky nooks.

"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood 'neath the darkening sky.

"Handsome? Oh, Clifford! with an ecstatic, long-drawn breath.

"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried, quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum!"

"Yours!" she gasped. "You said your were not rich."

"Well, not Rothchild nor Vanderbilt, love, but," with a sudden change of tone, "richer than all the world, sweetheart, in you."

So, after all, Viva graces a home worthy of her. And Jessie sententiously remarks:

"'Twas well we moved."

And Viva nods and smiles as she slips her little sparkling hand into her husband's loving clasp.

Significance of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, goverling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of Gypsies in the parlor and owls and vultures, in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnance fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as the beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows and blossems into lovelliness which art cannot equal.—*Home Journal.*

Appalling Statistics.

How many drunkards are there reckoned to be in the United States?

To state it at much less than the most carefully prepared statistics seem to show, we may say 300,000.

How many die every year?

By a similar computation, we may say 30,000.

How many under the influence of intoxicating drinks are sent every year to prison?

The official estimate is 100,000 men and women.

How many children thus sent yearly to the poor-house?

Probably 200,000.

How many murders thus yearly committed?

Probably 500.

How many suicides?

Probably 400.

What is the proportion of deaths of those who use these drinks intemperately to those who do not?

According to the records carefully kept, both in England and America, it is about four to one.

How does the use of these drinks affect crime?

The testimony of magistrates, chaplains, and prison keepers goes to prove that four-fifths of all the crimes have their origin in intoxicating drinks.

What relation does intemperance bear to pauperism?

On the same authority, it is the cause of seven-eighths of all the pauperism that exists?

What does it cost the United States every year to support pauperism and crime?

Sixty millions of dollars, according to statistical reports.

Of fermented and brewed liquors, how much is made in the United States for home consumption?

At least 250,000,000 gallons.

Of distilled liquors, how much?

At least 85,000,000 gallons.

How much imported liquors are consumed?

Twenty millions of gallons—making a total of 355,000,000 gallons.

What is the whole cost of the liquor made, sold, and drank in the United States annually?

Not less than $700,000,000.

What is the amount of revenue received by the Government on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors?

Officially stated at $50,450,815 annually.

What, then, is the direct loss to the Nation?

More than ten dollars to every dollar received as revenue.

How long would it take to pay the National debt if this sum were applied to its payment?

Less than three years.

What are the material wastes and mischiefs, to the entire country, of the liquor traffic and dram drinking when expressed in a singe aggregate?

At least two thousand millions of dollars annually.

In view of these stupendous facts relating to both the body and soul, to both time and eternity, what shall we say?

Gross Superstitions.

In my grandfather's family the old cook was accustomed to bake cakes in large rounds, which she cut into four with a sharp knife, each quarter being put to bake by itself. She was most careful that during baking the pointed end of each of these quarters should not break, otherwise a death might shortly be expected. Even the slipping of a piece of soap from a person's hands when washing has been construed to mean that the death of some relative is imminent, as, indeed, is also the persistent burning of a fire on one side only of the grate.

Every one knows that to dream of losing teeth means that some calamity may be looked for. If the eyes of a corpse are difficult to close, they are said to be looking for a successor; and if the limbs do not become quickly stiff, it is supposed that some one of the family will be soon also among the dead. If the house-door is closed upon the corpse before the friends have come out to take their places in the carriages, Sheffield people say another death will happen before many days; and if at a funeral where the mourners walked, the procession went in a scattered straggling manner, this was thought in the west of Scotland to betoken the same misfortune. Even if the mourners walked quickly the omen was bad. To walk under a ladder betokens misfortune, if not hanging, as it does in Holland. To meet a funeral when going to or coming from a marriage was considered very unlucky in Lanarkshire; for if the funeral was that of a woman, the newlymade wife would not live long; and if it was that of a man, the fate of the bridegroom was sealed. If one heard a tingling in his ears, it was the "deid bell," and news of the death of a friend or neighbor might soon be expected. If knocks were heard at the door of a patient's room, and no person was found there when the door was opened, there was little chance of recovery; and if a man caught a glimpse of a person he knew, and found on looking out that he was nowhere to be seen, this was, says Mr. Napier, a sign of the approaching death of the person seen.

The Mystery of Dreams.

A man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned. The shock of finding the halter about his neck aroused him into consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself for his pride made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard, and how, upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle filled with water, which he had overturned when he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes, when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? It is possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not?—*Church Union.*

Forepaugh Tired of his Beauty.

From the far-off town of Aurora, Ill., news comes of a falling out between Adam Forepaugh and his $10,000 beauty, Louise Montague. Instead of a $10,000 contract, it is said, Forepaugh's engagement of the lovely Louise was at $150 a week, but it appears that Forepaugh, the gilded edge having worn off, regards even that as rather an extravagant sum to pay a woman for riding an elephant in parade about once a week. The beauty is reported, however, as being determined to hold the mammoth showman to his bond, and she will continue to ride that elephant until the thirty weeks for which she was engaged have expired.

If the public debt is reduced as much this month as it was last, the total reduction for the fiscal year will foot up a round $100,000 000. Alluding to this fact, the New York *Tribune* says:

Do Americans realize that theirs is the only nation in the world that is systematically and rapidly paying what it owes? If Mr. Gladstone could report such a surplus at his disposal on the last day of every month, his success would turn the heads of the soberest financiers and economists in London. England and the Netherlands have done something during the last ten years toward reducing national indebtedness, but these are the only States in Europe that have made any advance whatever. Meanwhile our own country has gone ahead like a rocket.

The largest elevator in the world but one is elevator C at Locust Point, Baltimore, now rapidly approaching completion. Nine hundred and forty-one men are now at work on it. Its capacity is 2,500,000 bushels. In its construction 8,000,000 feet of lumber, 2,500,000 bricks and 5,000 kegs of nails will be used. The length of the elevator is 407 feet, width 84 feet, and height 169 feet.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

VICTIMS TO HIGH ART.

[Air—"A Norrible Tale."]

Oh, a curious tale I'm going to tell
Of the singular fortunes that befell
A family which late resided
In a slum by High Art much derided.

They never dreamed of the Weird Intense,
Though a family of undoubted sense,
Till a Kyrle Man came with his lyre and lily,
And drove that unfortunate household silly.

He came, soft caroling "Lo! I come!
My mission's the bringing of beauty home!"
And he opened the door, and he led her in,
A weariful damosel, pale and thin.

With eyes as dusk as the vall of Isis,
Like the incarnation, she seemed, of Phthisis,
When in he ushered this spectral Psyche,
The family's comment all round was "Crikey!"

But the spell was on them, they stood and gazed
Till their souls grew dim and their sight grew dazed;
From the youngest child to the father burly,
Their views of life, straight before, grew Kyrley.

The father—he was a hearthstone vender—
Strove to make his street-cry as subtly tender
As a Chopin Nocturne, and pined to a shade,
And ruined his voice, and lost his trade.

The mother—she used to go out to "char"—
Fell madly in love with a Japanese jar,
The pot, with cold scraps, in her basket left,
And was quodded for Taste, which the law called theft.

The eldest son—and he carried a hod—
Yearned his ladder to mount with the grace of a god
In Attic story, but failed and fell
From the attic story, and ne'er got well.

The eldest daughter—a work-girl plain—
Would touzle her hair and wear gauze in the rain;
Caught cold, sought cure in a peacock's feather,
And died of High Art and the state of the weather.

And the other children, of whom there were nine,
For Consummate Beauty did peak and pine;
To the Kyrle Man's goddess they clung, and quickly,
Like her, grew flabby and false and sickly.

One sunflower grew in their bare back-yard,
One boy—a bootblack—essayed the bard;
That spidery blossom be-hymned and cherished,
And when eats killed it he paled and perished.

Beefsteak mother disdained to bite,
Because not "precious" nor "awfully quite;"
E'en the youngest quarreled with bread and butter,
Because, though wholesome, it was not "utter."

So man, and woman, and boy, and girl,
They victims fell to that Man of Kyrle,
For Beauty, languid and lackadaisy,
Drives people crooked and sick and crazy.

And to bring her home to the poor man's shanty,
A pallid scarecrow in garments scanty,
Is feckless folly foredoomed to fail—
That's the straight tip to the Kyrle tale.

—*London Punch.*

MRS. JOSLIN'S BURGLAR.

She bowed her fourth caller out politely and hurried upstairs with an unusual degree of alacrity; for she was a very social little woman, and generally had at least a dozen things to say to her friends after the more formal adieux were over. This afternoon, however, she was preoccupied in manner, and when at liberty bounded to her rooms like an elastic cord suddenly loosed from long tension. Her mother observed her unusual manner, and, following her, came upon her suddenly and found her engaged in a novel work of reconstruction.

She had an entire suit of her husband's clothing, and at the moment of her mother's entrance was just completing her work of art by securing a fur tippet underneath a countenance manufactured of charcoal on a ground-work whose ghastliness made it something to remember.

She had just fastened the bristling beard in place and drawn back to gaze somewhat admiringly at the result of her own handiwork when her mother's sudden exclamation surprised her.

"Augusta Joslin! what are you doing?"

"Making home attractive," said that lady, demurely; then she sat down, not gracefully in a chair, I am forced to record, but dumpily on the floor, and dropping her chin to her receiving hands—you all know the attitude—she gazed attentively on her Knight of the Mustache.

"Won't it be funny!" she said; and then she explained, but not so definitely as will be necessary to acquaint my readers with the existing state of affairs in Mrs. Joslin's family.

She was a nice, cheery little woman. The heart of her husband reposed in her so entirely that he never thought it necessary to spend all his evenings at home to see to her. Indeed, the largeness of his liberality in this respect was something more bountiful than Madame Augusta was prepared to enjoy. She would have been more than happy could she have had a larger portion of the society of her liege lord. His intentions were doubtless of the very best, but he was the creature of circumstances to a wonderful degree, and it filled his wife's brain with amazement, and her heart with grief, to learn how many friends he had who were liable to be taken suddenly ill, and in consequence, to require his fraternal care for the night. Then there were lodges and various other devices to waylay unsuspecting husbands and keep them from their peaceful homes.

After due consideration of all these facts, our little madame resolved upon a plan, whose efficacy she was now about to try. After she had built her man, she allowed his comely figure to repose on the floor until the gathering dusk should permit her to station him just outside of the door which opened on a second story veranda.

She then attached a small, strong cord to the door-knob, let the end pass to the floor and thence to another room, where a dinner-bell was attached, and then back to a point from which she could control it from her bed, her intention being that the same movement which should ring the bell should also open the door and reveal the burglar.

With these preparations completed, she went down to tea, with but little hope of meeting her husband, as it was not his habit to trust himself to her society at that hour unless willing to spend the entire evening at home. For three successive nights he had left her to loneliness, and entered at an hour when most she wished to sleep. And as his entrance was not always a noiseless one she could not have done so had she been more indifferent than she really was to the loss of his society. Twelve o'clock. One; and shortly after she heard the familiar step coming rather wearily up the stairs, and ten minutes later the deep, regular breathing which assured her that he was asleep.

A little longer she waited, and then rising softly she put on her wrapper and went to an adjoining room for a lamp which was on this occasion to replace the gas. She had just placed it where its rays would fall most directly on the apparently incoming figure. She was about to pull the cord which would open the door and reveal the coming man, when her husband suddenly awoke and asked in a startled manner, "What's that lamp burning for?" then seeing his wife, "What are you up for? Is anything wrong?" There was but an instant for her to frame a reply which would cover the entire change which must now be made in her plans; but she did it: "Oh, there's nothing wrong, Mortimer, only I'm so nervous I find it impossible to sleep, so I got up and have been wandering around." With these explanatory remarks she curled herself up comfortably on the foot of the bed, drew a little shawl about her shoulders and began telling him of the various incidents of the day. Every bit of gossip which had come to her during her morning walk and evening calls was faithfully recounted.

She talked in her liveliest and most engaging style. She asked his opinion of this or that statement, just as he thought she was about to draw to a close. She told him she had at last found that lovely little song that Mrs. B—— sang so charmingly, and then she warbled out the final strain, ending with a cadenza so stirring that her poor husband gave up all hope of immediate slumber, and began mildly to expostulate:

"Now, Augusta, you're a treasure! you're an angel. You are Heaven's best gift to man. If you will only let me go to sleep now, I assure you solemnly that in all our journey down life's hill together, I'll ——"

"Now, Mortimer, don't! You've no idea how I've reproached myself for not making your home more attractive to you. I'm going to be a better woman hereafter."

"All right, my dear! but wouldn't you as soon defer it until to-morrow morning?"

"'Procrastination is the thief of time,' Mortimer! I've often heard you say, on coming in late, that there *are* duties which will not admit of delay."

"Now, Augusta, I'll surrender at discretion and beg your merciful consideration. Be a good girl now. Kiss me good night and let me go to sleep."

That dreadful woman turned her tempting little mouth to receive the proffered kiss, and her deluded husband, accepting that as a "flag of truce," rashly ran his mouth against a pin. "Thunder and blazes! Are you an animated pin-cushion?" and with an indignant bounce he turned his face to the wall and snored resolutely.

Augusta passed a few reflective moments in silence as she had done occasionally at a certain stage of a game of chess. She was evidently considering her next move. "Mortimer, Mortimer!" cried she, in an excited whisper (she had determined on her plan for a checkmate). "Mortimer, hush! There's some one in the house."

"Yes, I should think there was," and then his wife crept closer to him, apparently trembling in every nerve. "There is, Mortimer! Please get up, dear!"

"Now, you've really accomplished what you wished to, I suppose. Probably hysterics will be the next card." Entire silence for a short time. There are occasions when nothing is more effective.

"Now, won't you get up, Mortimer, and go through the house? and then I will let you go to sleep; but I hear such a queer noise, and I have such a strange feeling, I'm sure there's some one around."

"I wish you would have a lucid interval and go to sleep before it subsides. I'm tired of this."

"So am I," in a nervous, frightened tone.

"Well, come on! If you want a promenade, I'll lead the procession, but you've got to follow! No hanging back! Where do you want me to go?" said the desperate man, as, with lamp in one hand and pistol in the other, in all the classic simplicity of his nocturnal attire, he confronted his trembling wife; "come on, I say!"

"Go up the tower stairway," suggested she, meekly, and he went.

"Now through the back chambers," and he went, she following somewhat timidity, yet confidence in her husband's prowess supporting her faltering steps.

"Well, is that all?" as they turned from the unsuccessful quest. "Does the line of march halt here? If not, just lead on, General. Can't give the military salute, you know, as both hands are full."

"Just look out on the north veranda, dear, and then I won't say another word."

Augusta judiciously took the lamp at this juncture, and fell back in order to leave her husband's hands free for the dread encounter. He opened the door. He uttered a fervent ejaculation, he made a sudden upward and backward movement and he fired his pistol, and these all so nearly simultaneously that their order of succession would have been difficult to determine. Some one fell heavily to the floor, but it was some one behind him and not before him. Had he shot his wife? He turned to see that injured person in a little heap upon the floor holding her sides. He rushed to her!

"My darling, have I killed you?"

"Oh, no! I think I shall get over it;" and then came an explosion which caused him to look again toward the door and see his burglar standing there calm and majestic, gazing at him with what seemed an air of mild rebuke.

I think our special artist should have been at hand just then. The few minutes occupied by Mr. Joslin in taking in the situation would have been full of inspiration to one of genius. It was a *tableau vivant*, where the full light fell on the central figure, and all the accessories were entirely classic and simple. Mrs. Joslin will always remember it. She says she could have studied it longer had not Mortimer turned the light out so abruptly.

There was no further conversation that night, but Mrs. Joslin's brief replies to queries regarding the firing of that pistol, led to an article in the daily paper headed: "Daring Attempt at Burglary." Mr. Joslin, however, absolutely refused to be interviewed in reference to it, but it was observed that he spent all of his evenings at home for an entire week from that date.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Daring Exploits of Modern Highwaymen.

In commenting upon the recent escape of Billy LeRoy, the daring road agent and mail robber, while being conveyed from Denver to Detroit, under a ten-years' sentence, the Detroit *Free Press* says:

Several months ago, while writing prison sketches, our reporter found a prisoner in the House of Correction who, under the name of "Dandy Jim," was for a year or more a sharer in LeRoy's dangers and successes. The two planned and executed some of the boldest adventures, and their success in evading capture was something marvelous. In the fall of 1867 they stopped a coach in Arizona and robbed eight passengers. Pursuit was made by thirteen men, and the party came upon the road agents while they were seated on the ground dividing their plunder. A complete circle was formed around the pair, but with the arms captured from the stage coach they drove the men over half a mile and put them to rout.

In the same year, one day when the pair were riding along the highway about forty miles from Fort Smith, they were suddenly attacked by a force of about forty soldiers, herders and ranchmen. Their horses went down at the first volley, but the two men, shooting right and left handed, produced such confusion that escape into the bushes was an easy matter. In this affair Dandy Jim got two bullets through his hat and a rake across the left shoulder, while LeRoy had a charm an his watch-chain shot away and two bullet holes in his clothing.

A month later the pair rode into a ranche in the Indian Territory and asked for dinner. While at the table a posse of nearly twenty men surrounded the house, captured the outlaws' horses, and demanded the surrender of the men themselves. The house had but one room, lighted by one window and entered by a single door. While Jim guarded the door LeRoy took the window. With a cup of coffee in one hand and a revolver in the other he would fire a shot and then take a sip, having no more fear than a man of stone. The fight lasted upwards of two hours, and ended by the posse retreating and giving the outlaws a clear road to escape.

In 1868 the two men planned the plunder of a Texas railroad train. Each was armed with two revolvers, and at ten o'clock at night they built a fire on the track in an unfrequented spot. The calculation was that the train would come to a stop at sight of the fire, and while Jim mounted the engine and took care of the engineer and fireman LeRoy was to go through the passenger coaches. They knew it was a train carrying at least 250 passengers, with a probability of half the men being armed, but the one man had planned to take all the chances against him. The engineer saw the fire and suspected a trick, and instead of shutting off steam he put on more, and dashed the burning brands clear over the smokestack as he rushed his train out of danger. No fewer that five men, outside of this instance, have tackled such a job as train-robbing, but these two were going through the whole business alone, and they might have reaped a rich harvest for all that is known to the contrary. Both LeRoy and Jim have stopped stages when alone, and made from five to eight persons get down and submit to robbery.

Later telegraphic news from Del Norte, Colo., describes the lynching of Le Roy and a companion named Potter.

The Regicidal Dynamite.

On April 16, in a suburb of St. Petersburg, there was destroyed by explosion the black dynamite which has been taken out of the mine made in Little Garden Street, and the explosive jelly with which were charged the bombs found in the rooms of the conspirators. Both explosives are the Nihilist preparation. The weight of the explosives was eighty-five pounds. The experiment was made on a vessel, 112 feet long, which was sunk during the Crimean war. Under its bottom, ten feet under the surface of the water, were placed four charges; the first charge was thirty-five pounds of the black dynamite; the second, fifteen pounds of the black dynamite and nine pounds of the cellulose dynamite; the third, twenty-nine pounds of the black dynamite; and the fourth, seven pounds of the explosive jelly and twelve pounds of the cellulose dynamite. The ice covering the surface of the water was nearly three feet thick. The dynamite was exploded by electricity. In places where the water was cleared of ice huge columns of water rose, carrying along wooden debris of the vessel, stones, and sand. Shaking of the ice was perceptible 140 feet from the place of the explosion. The fourth charge, containing the explosive jelly, was the most powerful. The first charge was not exploded on account of bad arrangement of the conductors. It was raised from the water and exploded on the open space. The can contining the black dynamite was placed in snow on the ice, and it was covered with a stone weighing about six hundred pounds, and a beam ten feet long and eight inches thick was placed upon the stone. Two pieces of the beam, three feet and a half long, were thrown in different directions. One fell 196 feet away, and the other 350 feet from the place of the explosion. Smaller pieces were picked up 490 feet away. The stone was broken into small pieces, which were scattered.

On the trial Nihilist Kibalchich, the dynamite and bomb manufacturer, tried to prove that the quantity of dynamite and of the explosive jelly put in the mine was the minimum required to accomplish the purpose—killing the Czar—and that no passer-by on the sidewalks, nor the people living in the houses nearest to the mine, could suffer any fatal injury. The experts decide that, had the mine been exploded, it might have produced great destruction and a loss of life.—*St. Petersburg Golos.*

—Woman was the first side-speculation on record. The dividends have been enormous.—*Boston Transcript.*

GENERAL.

—The great salt mines of Cracow, in Poland, employ 500 to 600 men at a time, and are in fact underground cities, with streets, roads, and a large population of human beings and horses. In these mines the natural salt forms the sides, roofs, and floors of a series of vast caverns, and when the men are all at work, and the light gleams from torches and lanterns on the toiling figures and glittering white crystals, the scene is very striking.

—It will no doubt be news to many that Chinese tobacco is being consumed to a considerable extent both in this country and in England. The supply is so large and the leaf is so fine in color, texture and fragrance that merchants are exporting it westward to be mixed with Havanas. It is used largely in the manufacture of cigarettes under the name of Turkish tobacco. In twelve months close upon 8,000,000 pounds of this leaf were exported from Hankow in foreign bottoms alone.

—Says Prentice Mulford: "Two hours' work about a hot stove exhausts more than four hours work out of doors. Americans in Europe are shocked, or pretend to be, at sight of women doing men's work in the fields. They are much better off than the American woman, five-sixths of whose life is spent in the kitchen. The outdoor woman shows some blood through the tan on her cheeks. The American kitchen housewife is sallow and bleached out."

—The Hon. George Grantley Fitzhardinge-Berkeley, of Dorsetshire, England, who died recently, left a curious will. The testator bequeaths to his faithful servant Matilda Leversuch, if in his service at his decease, his little terrier dog "Jack," and an annuity of £60 so long as "Jack" shall live; on "Jack's" death he gives her an annuity of £30 for life, and to such person as she shall leave it to at her decease for his or her life; there are bequests to some of his other servants, and the residue of his property he gives to his sister.

—Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, had been a guest at the Catskill Mountain House (N. Y.) for several seasons. He always had the best in the house, and paid well for it. One day last summer his little daughter, who was sick, wanted some chicken broth, and Mr. Harding requested the proprietor of the Catskill Mountain House to prepare it. "If you want so much waiting on," was the reply, "you had better buy some land and build a hotel yourself." Mr. Harding said: "Well, I declare; I never thought of that before. I believe I will act upon your suggestion." Harding left the Catskill Mountain House soon after this incident, and immediately went to work to erect a new house. The result is the Kaaterskill House, situated a short distance from the Catskill Mountain House, which contains 520 rooms.

—A Durango correspondent describes a terrible scorpion known as the *alacran*, which infests that region. Its sting is mortal in every case, and no remedy has ever been found to counteract its deadly poison. The spasms are so violent that it takes three or four strong men to hold a patient stung by it. Happily, the suffering is short, for after two or three hours it is all over. Patients emit from their mouth a greenish-yellow scum, which turns into a black spongy matter in a short while. Every year thirty or more deaths are recorded as the work of the *alacran*. The Government pays a premium for their scalp, and boys hunt them and derive quite a revenue from that source, but the pest does not seem to diminish any. They are said to occupy but a small belt of land, running east and west, taking in Durango and Mazatlan.

Discharging a Cargo of Chinamen at San Francisco.

The landing of a thousand Chinamen on the Pacific Mail wharf creates a scene of most amazing confusion and disorder, and presents many curious studies in life—studies brilliant only in physical color; dreary and blank enough otherwise. The City of Tokio arrived on Sunday with 1,040 Chinese steerage passengers, and having passed quarantine was at once placed alongside the wharf and commenced landing passengers. The Chinamen are discharged from a freight port-hole down a gang-plank and into an improvised pen, where their persons and baggage are searched by the Custom-house officers. The pen begins at the gang-plank and includes a space on the wharf about 100 feet long and 25 feet wide, running parallel with the length of the wharf. On one side of the pen is the bay; the other three sides are fenced in by an iron fence, outside of which and at a distance from it of six feet a rope is stretched. This rope prevents outside Chinamen from coming too near the pen and receiving contraband goods from the passengers. In the end of the pen furthest from the gang-plank is a gate, guarded by two officers, between whom the Chinamen pass after their backs and baggage are properly chalked by the examining officers. Two hundred and fifty Chinamen are taken from the ship into the pen at a time. When all is ready they begin to crowd out of the port-hole, which is so low that they must stoop to pass through and on to the gang-plank. They crowd from the inside so in their eagerness to land that the port-hole is frequently blocked and impassable, until after a vast amount of pulling and hauling one of the wedged-in mass is extricated, and the gorge being broken, those behind fairly pop out like champagne corks from the impelling force behind. Each one has his baggage lashed to either end of a bamboo pole and slung across his shoulders, which makes the work of breaking a "deadlock" all the harder. Half way down the gang-plank each Chinaman is stopped by a special police officer, to whom some kind of a ticket is delivered. At the foot of the gang-plank a coatless and perspiring Custom-house officer grasps the stumbling, overburdened Chinaman by his arm or shoulder and gives him an energetic push toward the further end of the pen. Sometimes the Chinaman is strong enough, or well enough balanced on his feet to retain his equilibrium under the circumstances, but generally he is not, and sprawls out on the wharf and is buried under his bags and baggage. This always gains the officer a round of applause from the crowd around the outside of the pen. As they leave the gang-plank officers excitedly direct the Chinamen to the lower end of the pen, packing them as close together as their baggage will permit them to stand. Each Chinaman carries his bedding, extra clothes, shoes, hats, etc.; his entire household goods, including tin cooking utensils, dried vegetables of various kinds, drugs, medicines, smoking outfit, and a strange and varied assortment of articles of all kinds and shapes, packed in baskets, chests, trunks, bags, bamboo and straw matting, and in every imaginable character of baggage. As the baggage is tumbled and dumped on the wharf the Chinamen are directed to open it, and, as in its most compact form it leaves not an inch of space uncovered, the untying, opening and distributing process results in articles becoming buried, overlaid, hidden, lost, and utterly and seemingly inextricably mixed. When thirty or forty Chinamen have been crowded into the end of the pen nearest the gate, the corps of twenty Custom-house Inspectors begin the process of "going through" the outspread baggage. What was confusion now becomes chaos. The officers walk over the baggage, open bags and trunks, dive their arms into the interior of packages and scatter their contents in bewildering drifts. While this is going on more of the allotted two hundred and fifty are being packed into the pen. Every Chinaman gesticulates and talks. Every officer explores, sweats and comments. Hustled on the wharf in this scene of wild confusion, the Chinaman without the remotest idea of what it is all about, is jerked to the edge of the mass of squirming fellow-countrymen, unlashes his baggage, opens it, sees it scattered, collects what he can of it, stands upright to be searched from his outer garments to his bare skin; is chalked on his back and told to "git."

The search of their person and baggage is very thorough, yet few articles are confiscated. Two officers move about with large bags, into which confiscated articles—some of them—are thrust. An occasional piece of silk; a bundle of fans; a few packages of tobacco, or a few silk handkerchiefs constitute the general run of discovered contraband articles. The search for opium is unusually strict, even the shoes on the Chinamen's feet being examined.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Wandering Needles.

The London *Lancet* observes that the vagaries of needles which have been introduced in the body, and have escaped immediate removal, have in all ages attracted the attention of collectors of the marvelous in medicine. Hildanus related an instance of a woman who swallowed several pins and passed them six years afterward; but a more remarkable instance of prolonged detention was recorded by Stephenson, of Detroit—that of a lady, aged seventy-five, who last year passed a pin which she had swallowed while picking her teeth with it in the year 1835—forty-two years previously. Occasional pain in the throat was the immediate symptom, but in 1845 she was seized with severe gastric pain, which passed away, and she had no symptoms until hæmaturia in 1876. This curious tolerance of such foreign bodies exhibited by the tissues is often observed in lunatic asylums. M. Silvy recorded some years ago the case of a woman who had a penchant for pins and needles so strong that she made them, in effect, part of her daily diet, and after her death 1,400 or 1,500 were removed from various parts of the body. Another case almost as striking has been recorded by Dr. Gillette—that of a girl in whom, from time to time, needles were found beneath the skin, which they perforated, and were removed by the fingers or forceps. Concerning the way in which they had got into her system no information could be extracted from her. She was carefully watched, and in the course of eighteen months no less than 320 needles were extracted, all being of the same size. Most were black and oxidized, but none had retained their polish. The majority were unbroken. They passed out of various parts of the body above the diaphragm at regular intervals, but in a sort of series and always in the same direction. The largest number which escaped in a single day was sixty-one. A curious phenomenon preceded the escape of each needle. For some hours the pain was severe, and there was considerable fever. She then felt a sharp pain, like lightning in the tissues, and on looking at the place at which this pain had been felt, the head of the needle was generally found projecting. The needles invariably came out head foremost. No bleeding was occasioned, and not the least trace of inflammation followed. The doctor in attendance extracted 318. They were sometimes held firmly, and seemed to be contained in a sort of influrated canal. It was conjectured that they had been swallowed with suicidal intentions; but, on the other hand, the way in which the needles escaped in series, and their direction with the head outward, suggested that they had been introduced through the skin.

That little weight is to be attached to the pace at which the needles escape as proof of their mode of introduction is evident from a case recorded by Villars, of a girl who swallowed a large number of pins and needles, and two years afterward, during a period of nine months, 200 passed out of the hand, arm, axilla, side of thorax, abdomen and thigh, all on the left side. The pins, curiously, escaped more readily and with less pain than the needles. Many years ago a case was recorded by Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, in which 495 needles passed through the skin of a hysterical girl, who had probably swallowed them during a hysterical paroxysm; but these all emerged in the regions below the level of the diaphragm, and were collected in groups, which gave rise to inflammatory swellings of some size. One of these contained 100 needles. Quite recently Dr. Bigger described before the Society of Surgery of Dublin a case in which more than 300 needles were removed from the body of a woman who died in consequence of their presence. It is very remarkable in how few cases the needles were the cause of death, and how slight an interference with function their presence and movement cause. From time to time their detection by a magnetic needle is proposed as a novelty; but, as Dr. Gillette reminds us, this method was employed by Smee nearly forty years ago, and has often been adopted since.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Gen. Beauregard is the inventor of the system of traction for propelling cars or other vehicles on land or water which is used on the San Francisco street cars.

—The last application of the luminous paint promises to be a very serviceable one. Mr. Browning, the well-known optician of London, has hit upon the idea of coating compass dials with the pigment, so that the belated traveler or seaman need have no fear of losing his way for want of light.

—The electric railway now in successful operation at Berlin is six miles in length. An ordinary tram-car is used, with a battery concealed between the wheels, the principal battery being at the station. A speed of only eighteen miles an hour was allowed by the authorities.

—There is a growing interest in raising silk cocoons among American farmers. The American manufacturers decline to buy the raw silk in such small particles as are furnished by individual growers. A new association, therefore, acts as middlemen, buys the cocoons, sorts, and forwards them in gross. A sure market is thus provided for the small producers. The price of cocoons varies with their size and quality, ranging from $4 to $5 per ounce.

—A French doctor has called attention to a case of illness caused by sleeping in a newly papered room. Upon examination it was found that the paste used for attaching the paper was in a state of putrefaction. Further inquiry brought to light other cases of illness, which were also traced to the impure odor from paste or size undergoing septic change. This change can easily be arrested by the addition of salicylic acid, oil of cloves, or any other antiseptic medium. Most people are familiar with the unpleasant smell of a newly papered room, and when they know that it is sometimes accompanied by actual injury to health they will be careful to point out the easy remedy to the careless workman.

—Mr. Thomas Meehan, of Philadelphia, has observed that the *Yucca gloriosa* has the property of collecting moisture on the outer surface of its flowers to such an extent that drops will fall to the ground. In the plant in which this peculiarity was first noticed, the whole outside of the flowers was covered with moisture; it accumulated in drops at the tip of each leaf of the perianth, and the under leaves showed by their appearance that a dropping of water had been going on for some time. Mr. Meehan could not decide whether the liquid was an exudation from the leaves or had been condensed from the atmosphere through some special property of the plant, like that which is attributed to the rain-tree (*Pithecolobium saman*) of Peru.

PITH AND POINT.

—Our lives are like the moon; we never see but one side of them here.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Young ladies are forming archery clubs for the purpose of drawing the bows.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

—"I find that with light meals my health improves," said the candle, and down went another candle.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Sitting Bull's daughter is named Sleeping Water. She is evidently no relation to the water that Chicago people are drinking just now.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A little Lowell boy has discovered why Adam and Eve were never babies. It was because there was nobody to take care of them.—*Lowell Courier.*

—This is his first season on a farm, and he has planted ten acres with tomato-cans. He expects the ground will produce a heavy crop of canned tomatoes.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—Six million people in this country have bilious attacks in the spring, just about the time a man can do the best kind of work with a rake in the back door yard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Some men will act unscrupulously to get wealth. A Chicago man invented a mirror that would make even the homeliest woman look pretty, and purchasers invariably select one of his mirrors as the best.—*Boston Post.*

—A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing over which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps; so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps, while the sleeper runs on, as well as sometimes leaps off the track.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

—The average clerk is rather fast and lives up to his income. A few days ago a merchant on Galveston Avenue, on looking over the books turned over to the book-keeper and said: "I think we had better discharge young McSmither." "Why, he is one of the most polite and efficient clerks we have!" "I know, but there must be something wrong about him. He never overdraws his account, and I never knew a clerk to do that before. There is something mysterious about that young man. He will do to watch."—*Sweet's Sayings.*

Important Prehistoric Discoveries.

A well-known miner who returned last Wednesday from the valley of the Grand River, near the Grand Canyon, about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Kokomo, brought several specimens of ancient pottery and brick picked up on the site of reported ancient mines. The miner is an old pioneer in that section, and says that the ruins can readily be traced there for a space one hundred feet long by twenty feet wide, and that they are elevated above the surface from a foot and a half to two feet. The brick is of much better quality than that now manufactured, having withstood the elements, possibly, for thousands of years. The people who lived before the flood may have inhabited that country, for all that we know to the contrary. Similar ruins, mainly circular formations, are found in localities directly in the vicinity of the canyons, which either mark the site of ancient pueblos or forts, or are a singular freak of nature. The remains of pottery found in the vicinity seem to point to the conclusion that they were habitations, of which only the traces remain.—*Kokomo (Colo.) Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP."

"My brave little laddie, my winsome wee treasure,
So princely and noble that men that you wear,
Oh, what can I do, dear, to give you a pleasure,
My own bonny boy, with whom none can compare?
Shall I sing, shall I dance, shall I set my tongue tripping
At sweet baby talk till you dimple with fun,
And toss tiny hands as the nonsense keeps slipping
And skipping like ripples that flash in the sun?

"You need but command, and I'll fly to obey you,
For never was sovereign more fondly adored,
In the finest of linen and lace I'll array you;
There's a ring on your mite of a finger, my lord—
A bright golden token that nothing shall harm you,
And only the loving attend you; in sooth,
A pledge that the merriest music shall charm you—
I bought it to honor the first peeping tooth.

"And, pet, when your eyelids droop down like a flower
O'erweighted with perfume, why, then,
The house shall be mute for your wee worship's hour,
A silence invoked, when to sleep you incline;
Not puss with her silken-soft footfall shall venture
To play with the curtains or toy with the fan,
Nor birdie trill once lest his darling I censure,
And darken his cage—yes, my fair little man.

"O baby, my precious, they fear I will spoil you,
They bid me be careful, nor foolishly weak;
But I pray every night that no ill may assail you,
And still what is best for my darling I'll seek—
To foster the good, and with gentle endeavor,
If naughtiness come, just to coax it away.
I doubt, baby dear, if I'm wondrously clever,
But I'll love you and please you whatever they say."

Complacent the little one laughs at her wooing,
And beams his delight from the great easy-chair,
And answers her tones with oracular cooing—
A fashion as royal as babies are fair.
Dominions may rock in the wildest confusion,
And nations be shattered and war flags unfurled,
But aye there's one scepter that's waved in seclusion—
The scepter of helplessness governs the world.

The strong and the beautiful, lofty and lowly,
Alike in the palace and cottage they bow
In homage intuitive unto the holy
And trustful control on the baby's pure brow.
Small despots, dear tyrants, superlative treasures,
Oh, what can we do for the kings of the race,
Whose tenure of power frail infancy measures,
Who reign till another is born in their place?

—*Harper's Bazar.*

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

There's no doubt about it that Robinson was a good fellow at heart, and *meant well*; but it's astonishing what an amount of trouble a man may bring upon himself by undertaking too much for his fellow-creatures. I don't suppose there was another man in our store that took the interest Robinson did in the different wardrobes of his fellow-clerks. If a man got a new hat, Robinson noticed it right away; wanted to know where it was bought, and why, and generally concluded by saying that if the purchaser had consulted him, he might have made a better bargain. And I've no doubt he would. Robinson would have made it a point to favor him with his influence and experience, both of which were considerable. The same way with coats, or pants, or boots, or *anything!* But, notwithstanding all this, very few of our boys consulted Robinson in these matters; they generally bought their articles with a reckless indiscrimination that was painful to a man constituted as Robinson was. It seemed hard, when a man took the interest in his fellow-creatures that Robinson did, that his motives should be misconstrued and unappreciated. I remember when I bought that new Ulster of mine, I disliked, for some reason or other, to see Robinson. I had a ridiculous aversion to telling him just where I got it, and when, and how much it cost, and what I did with the other one. It was a kindly sympathy on Robinson's part, there's no doubt about that; but it was wasted, as far as our boys were concerned.

"Why don't the fellow mind his own business?" they said. "What does he want to manage other people's concerns for?"

So I was glad when he told me, confidentially, that he was about to be married. I felt then that his interest would be so absorbed in the one object that it would be impossible to diffuse it all over the universe.

Robinson seemed to have found a treasure. Of course everybody thinks so; but I knew that Robinson would know more, and see more, and be less likely to be deceived than other men, and he had, as I supposed, gained the confidence of the family into which he proposed to marry. I was afraid his projected mother-in-law might object to some of Robinson's ways, but he told me he got on with her splendidly. I thought she was a remarkable woman, not altogether because she got on so well with Robinson, but from Robinson's conversation I imagined she must be very clever.

"The fact is," said Robinson, "we are mutually interested in the same topics. We sit and talk about domestic matters for hours together, while Annie thrums over her new piece on the piano; and Mrs. Page has told me, time and again, if there's one thing more than another she admires in my character, it's the interest I take in little domestic details that most men despise or hold in utter indifference. You see, Smith, marriage is a sacred obligation."

"Undoubtedly, Robinson."

"And requires study, Smith. I wouldn't have been a successful buyer if I hadn't inquired into all the little intricacies of our line of business."

"You certainly can judge of a good article, Robinson."

"Ah, Smith, the one I've secured now is beyond price. She's just the kind of goods a man wants to rest his eyes upon when he's tired of shams and shoddies. Annie isn't brought up to dazzle and deceive. Her mother has taken great pains to inculcate in her daughter qualifications of mind and character that will make her a good wife and mother. Mrs. Page is an excellent woman, Smith."

"And I suppose her daughter is like her?"

"Well, no, Smith. She can't converse and reason as her mother can, nor has she her mother's appreciative qualities. Annie's mind is less astute."

"Well, she's young yet."

"She's as simple and pliable as a little child. I'm a happy man, Smith."

I was delighted to hear him say so, and told him so, and at the wedding I expressed it as my opinion that his happiness would last. I was charmed with his wife. She seemed such a nice, jolly little creature, so unaffected and simple in her manner, and had a wonderful magnetism about her. She was as plump and round as a little partridge, with big black melting eyes and a pretty little mouth. I can't say I was so much drawn to her mother. She was a fine-looking woman, with a deep voice, and something very firm about the contour of her jaw. Mrs. Page had more of what they call character in her face than her daughter would ever have; but I haven't the admiration for a face with character that some men have. Robinson always said that he liked that kind of a thing, and he certainly had it in his mother-in-law. Robinson spent the better part of an hour talking with her that night, while I was chatting with his wife. I came away convinced that marriage must be a very pleasant thing, with a little wife like Robinson's, and my bachelor quarters looked exceedingly dingy and forlorn.

I don't know how it was, but I took an extraordinary interest in Robinson's marriage, and was sorry to see a cloud on the matrimonial horizon before six months were over.

"We've gone to housekeeping, you know," said Robinson. "I was afraid Annie would want to board at home with her mother, but Mrs. Page agreed with me it was better to build a little nest of our own. She took the kindest interest in everything, and wanted to go house-hunting with Annie, and to help her pick out the furniture. But I had already secured a house, and bought the furniture from friends of mine in the business, who would favor me in prices. As to bed-linen, carpets, and things of that sort, I got them here in the store at cost. In Heaven's name, Smith, is there any reason why a man shouldn't hire his own house and purchase his own furniture?"

"None whatever," I replied, "unless it may be that his wife desires the same privilege."

"But she didn't, Smith; Annie said she was glad to leave it to me. I took the dear little woman in my arms and kissed her, and felt my heart lightened of a heavy load that somehow had rested there since my last interview with her mother. But Mrs. Page's manner is yet very unpleasant, Smith—very. I don't want to say that she accuses me of robbing Annie of any legitimate happiness, but she conveys some such impression to my mind, and it makes me feel like a malefactor. I'm so fond of my wife that the thought of depriving her of the smallest joy is misery to me."

"Well, these little trifles will all come right, Robinson. It isn't as if your mother-in-law lived with you."

"She's only round the corner, Smith. I thought of that when I took the house, that it would be so comfortable for Annie to live near her old home, and have the attention and advice of her mother. As Heaven is my judge, Smith, I have tried to take every burden from my wife. I've opened accounts with the neighboring grocer, butcher, baker, and hired an excellent servant. I leave a generous margin for sundries, which I look into rigidly at the first of every month, and settle with the other accounts, when we begin again with a clear, fresh record. A woman certainly ought to be happy when she has nothing to do but enjoy herself. I've even persuaded her to put all her little expenses down in my book, so that she knows where every penny of her money goes; and, as I said before, I take care of the household expenses myself. The servant comes to me every morning for orders before I go to business, so that Annie scarcely knows what she's going to have for dinner. Could a man do more for his wife than that, Smith?"

"Perhaps he might better do less, Robinson. I'm only a miserable bachelor myself, and know nothing about women; but the question is, if you're not erring on the generous side—if you're not taking too much upon yourself."

"A man can't do too much, Smith, for the woman he adores."

Just then a customer came in, and I was glad to get away. Robinson evidently had the best intentions in the world. He loved his wife. He even esteemed his mother-in-law. I never saw a man work so hard in what he considered his line of duty, and so utterly fail to recommend it to others, as poor Robinson. But he began to be brighter and apparently happier. The anniversary of his wedding was close at hand, and he was interested in a gift to his wife.

"I was puzzled what to get," said Robinson. "You see she's got almost everything, Smith; her wedding presents embraced so many little adornments and knickknacks. At last I hit upon a black silk dress—a woman can't have too many, and I can get a bargain down in the store just now. She said she'd rather have the money, and buy it outside; but I persuaded her that would be foolish. So she's coming in to choose the trimmings this afternoon, and if she comes while I'm out, you'll take care of her, won't you?"

"With pleasure," I said. And it so happened that she did come while Robinson was away, and seemed to bring all the sunshine with her.

I told her that her husband had left her in my care, and begged her to use me in any way that suggested itself to her; that it would be my happiness to serve her.

I suppose there was an honest fervor about this declaration that impressed Mrs. Robinson. It had so happened that I was able to show her some little favors and attentions in return for the many that her husband had done for me. I had told her I was under obligations to Robinson. Of course I didn't explain that it was in his desiring to help me select my hats and coats and boots, it wasn't necessary to enter into those little details, but she understood that a natural gratitude on my part led me to send her in return a few little trifles, like bouquets, or new books, or music, or opera tickets, once in a while. So she knew the declaration of mine that day at the store, that I would be happy to serve her, came straight from my heart.

"You are so good and kind," she said. Then all at once an eager wistfulness leaped into her eyes. "I wish I could dare ask you to do me a favor, Mr. Smith—a very great favor," she said.

"Do," I replied. "I won't abuse your generosity."

"Oh! I wonder if it will be right?" she said, clasping her little gloved hands, and looking up in my face with a charming air of indecision. "I wonder if I ought to do such a thing?"

"The fact that you desire to do it is a proof that it is blameless," I replied.

"I do desire it, ever so much," she said, "and it is perfectly blameless. I've set my heart on giving my husband a present upon our marriage anniversary."

"Is that all, Mrs. Robinson?"

"All!" she replied tapping her foot with her parasol, with an air of vexation. She was looking upon the floor now, and a warm color burned in her cheek. "It is so hard to explain to you," she said. "I don't like to borrow money of mamma, because she don't understand my husband, and makes so many unpleasant remarks, and it's quite a large sum I want for the present. I'm afraid it will cost ten dollars." Here she hesitated, and her color grew more vivid.

"Ten dollars isn't a very large sum," I said. I had decided now that she wanted to ask me to lend her the money, but didn't know how to go about it, and I was at a loss how to help her. I had two crisp five-dollar bills in my vest pocket, but how to get them into her hand was a problem. In the meanwhile time was flying, and Robinson would be back.

"*You* understand my husband, Mr. Smith. *You* know how kind and good he is to me. He has told me how he confides in you. You must know he is the dearest, best of husbands."

"Of course I do, Mrs. Robinson. We are like brothers," I said, with intense friendly fervor.

"I hate even to deceive him for a moment, Mr. Smith. Of course I shall tell him afterward; but I want to surprise him. I wouldn't care to give him anything if it wasn't a suprise."

"Of course you wouldn't, Mrs. Robinson. Any other way would be so humdrum and commonplace. I know just how you feel about it."

"And my husband is so thoughtful, he is so anxious to relieve me of every care, that he knows just where every penny goes; and, oh dear, it's too bad!"

Big tears gathered in her beautiful eyes; it was too much for me.

"I understand it all, Mrs. Robinson," I blurted out. "Don't fret over such a trifle as this," and I thrust the two five-dollar bills in her hand.

She was on her feet in an instant. White now to her lips, and an awful expression in her eyes, of reproach, rage, regret, Heaven knows what and all. The five-dollar bills had dropped on the floor.

"Good-morning, sir," she said. "I have been mistaken in you. Please tell my husband I could not wait for him."

She was a little woman, but she seemed about ten feet high as she swept out of our department. Fortunately some foreign cases had effectually screened us from observation. It was some time before I could pick up the bills. I felt stunned, bewildered, and exceedingly humiliated and miserable. I had made an ass of myself in some way, and innocently outraged the feelings of this excellent little woman whom I was most desirous to serve.

When Robinson came back he thought it so strange that his wife hadn't waited for him. He wanted to know when she came, how long she staid; whether she sat down or stood up, or said she'd come in again, and if so, when. At last I was desperate, and went out into the street. Before I knew what I was about I was up town, and ringing the bell of the brown-stone house that Robinson hired. The servant he had selected came to the door, and showed me into the parlor he had furnished. His wife came right down to me, and the moment she entered the parlor I saw that her good sense and kind heart had gained their own again.

"Not another word, Mr. Smith," she said, when I began pouring out apologies and explanations. "I was myself to blame for it all. I wanted you to sell something of mine for me, and with the money help me to get the present at cost. There, now, that's the whole of it. If I had only told you at once, instead of beating about the bush in that way! But I've given up that idea, because he'd be sure to know if I parted with anything, he's so interested; he'd know if a silver thimble was gone. But I've hit upon another plan, and I'll tell you all about it, if you'd like to hear."

"Of course I'd like to hear," I exclaimed. "You are an adorable little woman to forgive that stupid blunder of mine. I was so miserable to have offended you; and your husband," I added, for I thought I noticed a growing rigidity in her manner from the word "adorable," "we are like brothers, you know, Mrs. Robinson—*twin* brothers!"

"Well, I'll tell you what I've decided to do, Mr. Smith. I had to take ma into my confidence, for she's going to help me. You know I'm to have a new black silk, and it costs a good deal of money to have it made. Mrs. Jones, my dressmaker, wouldn't do it for less than twenty dollars, and mamma and I will make it ourselves, and take the money we'd have to give Mrs. Jones for the present. That will be really my own money, because I shall earn it—my very own. Isn't it a capital idea?"

"Splendid!" I said; and shortly after I took my leave, thinking all the way down to the store what an amount of trouble Robinson innocently gave that dear little wife of his.

We settled upon a dressing-case for Robinson before I left that day, and Mrs. Robinson and I had to go together to look at the different varieties of these articles, and I didn't want her to choose anything in a hurry, and then be sorry afterward; and altogether it was astonishing how absorbed I became in the purchase of that dressing-case. I thought of nothing else.

The anniversary of Robinson's wedding came upon a Saturday evening, and the next morning I was walking in the Park, thinking it all over—how happy Robinson must have been when she surprised him with the dressing-case, and what a confoundedly lucky fellow he was, anyway. I fell into quite a sentimental mood. I suppose the scene around me had something to do with it. It was one of those delightful mornings in May, when happy ripples run through the grass, and the young shrubs burst suddenly into bloom and verdure. Birds sang gayly in the hedges, and the air was full of a vague perfume. Some white-winged butterflies flitted by. I took off my hat. Though a little bald, I enjoyed the radiance of the sunshine. I began to understand how at certain seasons a man might slip into rhyme, or matrimony.

All at once this celestial silence was broken by an advancing figure. It was Robinson—and alone. His head was bowed, his hat jammed over his eyes; the only part of his face that was at first visible was of an ashen hue. His whole aspect was one of unutterable misery and despair.

"Good heavens! Robinson," I cried, rushing up to him and seizing his arm, "has anything happened to your wife?"

"To my wife? Yes," he said; and I sank into one of the iron benches. I thought she was dead, and was relieved to hear the next sentence. Relieved, though startled.

"My wife has left me, Smith. She's gone home to her mother."

"Left you? Gone home to her mother? Why, wasn't last night your anniversary?"

"Yes; that was how it came about; that was the way I found her out, Smith. She's deceived me—shamefully and persistently deceived me, and yet, miserable wretch that I am," added Robinson, sinking into the seat beside me and covering his face with his hands, "I love her still."

"You have deceived yourself in some way," I cried, naturally indignant and incredulous. "It is some miserable mistake of your own. I know that your wife is the soul of integrity and honor."

"God bless you, Smith!" he cried, grasping my hand fervently. "Would to Heaven I could believe what you say! but the facts are too convincing. Up to yesterday I was the happiest man in the universe. I went home early, and on my way stopped at Mrs. Jones's, my wife's dressmaker, to see if her black silk was done."

"What?" I shrieked.

"Her black silk, you know," said Robinson—"the one I told you about. She said at least a dozen times that it was in the dressmaker's hands. I gave her twenty dollars long ago to pay for it, and I thought I'd step in on my way home, so that there would be no disappointment. That was perfectly natural, wasn't it, Smith?"

"Go on," I groaned.

"I went to the dressmaker's, rang the bell; Mrs. Jones came to the door, and she said that she *hadn't seen my wife for six months*, that she never heard anything about a black silk dress. I was stunned, bewildered. I tried to persuade her she was wrong; she shut the door in my face. I hurried home naturally vexed and indignant. My wife came to meet me, smiling and fond, Smith—it breaks my heart to think of it. I asked her about the black silk. Was it done? Not quite, she said. Was it at the dressmaker's? Yes. At Mrs. Jones's? And was it to cost twenty dollars? Yes; but why was I so troubled about it?

"'Because, madam,' I cried, 'you have deceived me; I have just stopped at your dressmaker's. She hasn't seen you for six months.'

"My wife turned pale, called to her mamma, and fell back into Mrs. Page's arms in a dead faint.

"Mrs. Page then flew into a violent rage, and abused me shamefully. She used language, Smith, that it is painful to repeat. She called me a sneak and a petty tyrant, a spy and a miser. She declared that her daughter never had a penny that I didn't know when it was coined, and how she spent it; that Annie had no more to do with her own house than a Dutch doll, and the sooner she was out of it the better. She sent my servant for a cab, and before my wife had fully recovered, she took her away. I have paced the floor all night, Smith. I shall never go back to the store again. I'm a ruined man—for there's something behind all this, Smith; my servant told me last night that my wife has been in the habit lately of seeing a gentleman, of going out with him, and remaining a couple of hours; he is stout and dark, a little bald, and wears spectacles."

I burst out laughing. "That's me!" I cried. "Look at me, Robinson. I'm the man!"

Robinson glared at me in a dazed but desperate way. I saw that he was upon the point of frenzy, and hastened to tell him all about his dressing-case. Before I was half through, he had absolutely thrown his arms about me, and cried like a baby.

"My mother-in-law was right, Smith," he cried. "I have been a sneak and a spy, and perhaps a miser."

"You meant well, Robinson; but it's better to let women manage their own affairs."

"It's better to mind one's own business," said Robinson. "I've been a miserable meddler, and deserve to be punished. Before Heaven, Smith, it was with the best intentions."

"I know it, Robinson."

"But I'll never do it again—never! And now let's go after my wife—you and I can explain the thing to Mrs. Page. I don't wonder she hates me, Smith. Poor little Annie! What a life she has led! I wonder she remains fond of me."

"Well, I can vouch for that," I replied, honestly enough; and I persuaded him to stop at home and tidy up a bit, get shaved, and have some breakfast.

"That servant must go," said Robinson, savagely.

"Let your wife hire the next," I said. And just as I imagined, when we reached Robinson's, there was the dear little woman waiting for him. He fell on his knees at her feet, and began his protestations. I thought it best to leave them alone together; but how exceedingly lonely and forlorn my bachelor chambers did look when I reached them!—*Harper's Weekly.*

Our Young Folks.

COURTESY.

Summer said to the Spring: "What a wonderful thing
It is to bring in so much sweetness and grace—
I am sure that to you my blossoms are due,
And I feel I am taking your place.

"I never can blush but I think of your blush;
And the eyes of the flowers at evening are wet;
There was something so fair in your innocent air
That your going we can but regret."

"You beautiful Comer," said Spring to the Summer,
"I lived out my life but to brighten your way;
I heard the buds swelling, and could not help telling,
For I knew you would see them some day.

"It was only my duty to bring you the beauty,
And to help one another is lesson for all;
And perhaps you'll be willing, your mission fulfilling,
To leave something to brighten the Fall."

—*Mrs. L. C. Whilon, in Wide-Awake.*

A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A STORK.

"Did He give us the beautiful stork above,
On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?"—*Gottlieb.*

"No, not the stork; by God in Heaven,
As a blessing, the dear white stork was given."—*Longfellow.*

"No house so blessed as that whereon the white stork has built its nest," says the voice of the people who live in Holland, Germany, and the regions of the Northland; "and nothing else brings the benediction of peace and domestic joy that the dear white stork does, for it sheds over the household something of its own spirit."

Far back in the days of ancient Greece, when Priam was King of Troy, and the beauty of Helen was rousing the Nation to war, Juno, the jealous goddess, is said to have changed a sister of the King into a white stork because she boasted of her beauty, but knowing that she was as lovely mentally as physically, allowed her to retain all her amiable qualities. Whether this is the reason of the stork's virtues or not we cannot tell, but in all the countries of the Old World it is regarded with an affection bordering on veneration. Even in the language of the ancient Hebrews we find the word used for stork signifying "pious" or "blessed."

Early in the spring of 1880 a pair of newly-wedded storks flew over the town of Lowenberg, Germany, to find a suitable home for their summer housekeeping. Those who saw them used every art to attract them to their houses, but in vain. Even the Mayor, or Burgomaster, failed to entice them to settle on his handsome house, where the chimney seemed to have been built on purpose for a stork's nest. The stork husband saw this at a glance, and, ambitious to begin life under the most favorable circumstances, he said to his wife, in tones quite positive:

"We will build here, my dear; there is no place like it in the whole town."

But the stork wife replied even more positively: "By no means, my dear. Too public, by far. Imagine our dainty children annoyed from day to day by the rattling of carts over the stones, the shouts of noisy boys on their way to school, and on Sundays the ringing of bells. No, no, it would never do. I have found a most delightful spot, shaded from the hot sun by the broad-leafed linden-tree, and far removed from noise and confusion. There we can rear our little family in seclusion, and send out into the world storks that will be an honor to it. Where is it? On the top of the barn at the cross-roads; not another such place for a stork's nest in the whole region."

"Just as you say, my dear," said his storkship; "I'll bring the sticks directly."

Slowly the nest went up. Stick by stick, selected by the stork husband with great care, and brought from hedge and forest and orchard, until the nest was completed, the last stick having been properly laid, and Mrs. Stork settled herself with a satisfied air and began housekeeping. In a few days eggs were to be seen in the nest; beautiful eggs all mottled with yellow. Now Mrs. Stork took no more long flights—not even to see what her friends were doing—but she busied herself at home sitting upon the eggs to keep them warm. Three weeks passed by in patience, and then one morning the good creature was delighted by the sound of young storklings under her wings, chattering with their little beaks or mandibles, and the stork papa and stork mamma did nothing but wait upon them.

Summer days drew near before the storklings could fly. The air was parched and heated, and the barn had become as dry as tinder; if there could only be a shower they would have strength to try their wings.

"Oh, how glad I am to see that cloud!" said the stork mamma, as a little shadow floated above the western horizon; "all my fledgelings need is a shower, and then they will fly to-morrow."

Larger and darker grew the storm cloud, until at last the whole sky was covered. From the north burst sharp flashes of lightning that shot across the heavens, cutting the darkness of the clouds as with a knife; then the thunder began to roll in its grand monotone over the world; but the little storks were not afraid, for had not their mother said this was just what was needed, and was she not flying over their heads telling them what it all meant, and picturing to them the delight they would feel when once they found themselves upborne by the dreamy, delicious air in the first ecstacy of flying.

Suddenly there came a crash, a blinding light and deafening shock, almost stunning the brave mother bird caring so tenderly for her children; and when she recovered her consciousness it was to see flames kindling on the barn, that would burn like tinder, and her storklings would be burned to death in the heat.

Without a second's pause to consider what might be done, she plunged into the flames and brought out one of her children in her beak. She flew to a meadow near by, where a little brook trickled over a pebbly bed, and, laying her burden under the overhanging alders, she flew back for another. This, too, she brought to the meadow and laid by the side of its brother. One more remained; she must hasten to its rescue; but, alas! just as she neared the blazing barn she saw the nest and the little stork fall through the roof into the fire below. A crowd of spectators had now gathered around, and every heart stood still when the mother stork again plunged into the crackling flames and smoke for her child.

Slowly she arose the third time, with something in her beak; but now she flew slowly and heavily, as if she was weary, and took her way to the meadow brook again, left it with its brother and sister, and the papa flying overhead to guard them; then she went a little distance farther and stretched herself on the ground, cruelly burned.

The little brook rippled and murmured, the breeze blew up from the west, but none of these things had power to ease the sufferings of the brave bird who had risked her life for her children.

The Burgomaster, passing this way soon after, found the poor creature, and ordered her to be carried tenderly to a house in the village, where she should be nursed and cared for. The best physician in Lowenberg was sent for; the children employed all their spare moments in catching mice and frogs for the invalid; older ones brought soft linen to dress the burns with, while the Burgomaster himself drove up every morning to ask after her.

The stork papa devoted himself to the children, flying over every little while to tell his wife how they were getting along. With all this attention, it was no wonder she improved rapidly, was soon able to fly again and join her family, who by this time were quite up in the art of flying, and could stand on one foot on a lily-pad, and catch frogs as well as the best.

The good people of Lowenberg said that many a saint had been less brave and heroic, few had shown such patience, and none had been willing to die for others as had this white stork mamma; therefore she should be the patron saint of the village, and she and her children honored for evermore.—*Mrs. Margaret B. Pecke, in Harper's Young People.*

Weezy's Sambo.

Little Weezy Haynes had more dolls than she could take care of, and they were always falling into mischief. Her china twins had but one leg and one arm between them, and not a sign of a head. Her pretty wax Rosa was without a nose. And as to her gutta-percha baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that Weezy rubbed the window-panes with it when she played at cleaning house. Phebe Redlan cut paper dolls for her by the hour, but these frisked out of the window or into the fire; and of Weezy's large family there was left only one sound child.

This was little Sambo, knit of worsted; black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers, and all. When he tumbled into the wash-bowl Weezy squeezed him out, and dried him over the register. When he raveled mamma darned him, and made him as good as new.

O, he was the nicest kind of a doll! and from his white sewing-silk teeth to his black stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every inch of him. Yet she did love to punish him. One morning when she found him in papa's boot she shook him till one of his bead eyes dropped out.

"What for Sambo run away and hide?" cried she. "Now mamma mus' tie Sambo, 'cause Sambo didn't mind."

She looked about the hall for something to tie him to, and saw papa's overcoat on the hat-tree. The buttons on the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo must be tied till he is a good boy," said she, winding the ends of his tiny scarf round one of the buttons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen to tease Bridget for "two big plums."

Pretty soon Papa Haynes came out of the sitting-room to go down town. It was rather dark in the hall, and he put on his overcoat without seeing the doll. Next he drew on his gloves, and walked briskly into the street with Sambo bobbing up and down from the button at his back.

It was funny enough! One little boy laughed so hard that he rolled off the door-step. Some school-children on the corner shouted, and clapped their hands. Papa Haynes wondered what all the noise was about. He couldn't see anything to laugh at.

He might have gone on right through the village with Sambo's yellow legs dancing a jig behind him, if the minister hadn't called to him.

"Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front of the minister's gate so suddenly that the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he went on, reaching his hand behind his back.

"Something that belongs to Weezy, I fancy," laughed the minister, unwinding Sambo's scarf.

When Papa Haynes saw the doll he couldn't help laughing, too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty figure," said he, with a very red face. "No wonder the boys shouted!"

He felt like tossing Sambo over the fence, but then he thought of his little daughter.

"I suspect Weezy is crying this minute for her lost baby," said he, cramming Sambo, head first, into his pocket. "I'll take it home to her this time, but she must look out how she ties it again to my coat-button!"—*Our Little Ones.*

—The improved French method of preserving wood by the application of lime is said to be found to work well. The plan is to pile the planks in a tank and put over all a layer of quicklime, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time, according to its thickness. The wood acquires remarkable consistence and hardness, it is stated, on being subjected to the simple process, and the assertion is made that it will never rot. Beechwood prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for iron-works is found to acquire the hardness of oak, without parting with any of its elasticity or toughness, and it also lasts longer.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

A witness in an Ottawa court refused to be sworn on the old version of the Bible, and the judge allowed the use of a Revised Testament.

The fact that robins have selected fence-corners and bushes for their nests this season, is said to portend violent storms all through the coming summer.

General Longstreet, after serving his country faithfully abroad, comes back a more ardent American than ever. Personal observation has convinced him of the superiority of our free institutions over those of foreign countries.

The regents of the University of Michigan contemplate establishing a school of political science, in connection with the institution. It will include instruction in political economy, international law, constitutional law, history of political institutions, the history and principles of finance, and sanitary law.

Lexington, Ky., had are minder of the good old times of slavery the other day, when the services of two colored paupers for one year were sold to the highest bidder. A forlorn-looking old negro about seventy years of ago was knocked down at $34, and the other, a strapping six-footer, went off at $112.50, railroad contractors being the purchasers in both instances.

The Cologne *Gazette* estimates the production of beet-root sugar this year in Germany at 530,000 tons, and that probably that country will stand first in beet-root sugar countries. Last year Germany, with 409,000 tons, was very little behind France, with 460,000 tons. Tho *Gazette* recommends a reduction of duty, as in England and France, to stimulate consumption.

Blaine is the man who smashed the third-term campaign, and all citizens who are of opinion that it would not have been wise to have forced this country to accept the issue between a third term and the Democratic party, should stand up for Blaine. His influence upon the present administration has been wholesome, and we are not aware of any instance in which, when his advice was followed by President Garfield, a mistake was made.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Democratic Adoption of Republican Principles.

[Frederick Examiner.]

At the meeting of the Hamiltonian Democrats in Baltimore, when Hon. W. Pinkney Whyte was nominated for Mayor, the following platform was adopted, which simply rehearses all that the Republicans have been accustomed to say about Democratic customs and usages, especially in Baltimore. It is singular that a party, which thus unreservedly acknowledges its past errors, should make any demand in the way of reform, except on its own members, who are alone responsible for fraudulent registration and a dishonest ballot-box. The wrongs committed agalust tho suffrage have been the result of Democratic plans and the benefits have been reaped by Democratic candidates. Let the offenders retire it they are penitent, and make way for those who are free from the charges they bring against themselves.

The platform is, however, amusing reading in the light of the past history of the party:

That the present system of primary elections is a fraud on the Democratic party, and is solely for the purpose of stifling its real wishes. We therefore repudiate the same.

We denounce the management of the political bosses and rings whereby the Democratic party is deprived of its right of self-government and the public interests are sacrificed to the private and corrupt ends ot the managers.

We demand, in the name of the whole people, a free vote, a fair count, an honest ballot-box and a pure registration, whereby the will of the people may be fairly and legally ascertained and declared.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 13.—Eleven weeks ago to-night the boy preacher-evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, began a revlyal in Roberts Park Church (Methodist, in this city.) The first night he predicted that over one thousand conversions would be made; that all the churches would be thrown open, and that the city would be stirred in every part. The large churches have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and many have been unable to get admittance. At a meeting of the Ministerial Association this morning the total number of conversions is reported at about twenty-two hundred. In Roberts Park the number is said to be one thousand eighty-nine, and hundreds are unable to gain admittance to the meeting. Sixteen churches are now open for revlval work. The use of all the theatres has been tendered for Sunday service.

A fatal accident took place in Frederick Monday, resulting in the death of two Germans, Michael J. Hanstein and Michael M. Hanstein—a father and son—aged respectively about 65 and 35 years. The two men were engaged by the corporate authorities to remove a pumpstock from an old well on East Patrick street. After the first section had been taken out the younger man descended to attach a rope or chain to the second section in order to raise it. Whilst in the act of doing this he was suddenly overcome by a rush of foul and poisonous gas and almost instantly prostrated. Beholding him fall, the father, under his first natural impulse, quickly lowered himself with a purpose to rescue, but only, unfortunately, to share the same fate. They were drowned, after being overcome hy the foul air. Young Hanstein leaves a wife and three children and his father a wife and fivo children. The two men had recently removed to Frederick from Waynesboro', Pennsylvania.

Two years ago, the Ring, discovering in time the tide of popular sentiment, which was running high in favor of Gov. Hamilton, gracefully threw themselves into it and allowed him to be unanimously nominated. The innocent people then believed the Ring was crushed, and that great reforms were about to be instituted at once in the ranks of the Democracy. How sadly, how bitterly they were disappointed. Again the Ring has yielded to popular sentiment in favor of ex-Senator Whyte. Will the people allow themselves to be deceived again into the belief that any *reform* will follow this movement? This is not what is meant by it. It means that Mr. Whyte is too strong in the city for the Managers and that therefore they will make him their candidate as a matter of policy. Thus it means that Mr. Whyte intends to make this the first step towards *reforming* himself back into the Senate it possible. If the people expect reform within the Democratic party of this State they will have to wait patiently until long after both Mr. Whyte and Mr. Gorman are dethroned.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Hayes on Conkling.

The Cleveland *Herald* June 1st published an interview with ex-President Hayes, in which he said: "Mr. Conkling is a monomaniac on the subject of his own importance. He is so impressed with his own greatness that it has become more than eccentricity—it is monomania. A patient often imagines that he is some distinguished character or superior being. The men who do his bidding Mr. Conkling considers in a state of subjection to him, and those who refuse to obey his dictates he considers his most bitter enemies. He thinks they are trying to humiliate him. Humiliate is a favorite term with him. In 1879 Gen Robinson asked Mr. Conkling to come and make speeches in Ohio, and his reply was, "Why do you ask me to come to Ohio when they have insulted me there?" "Insulted you? How?" asked Gen. Robinson. "Why, have they not endorsed this man Hayes's administration, thereby making a direct drive at me?" Conkling's downward tendency dated from 1876. He tried then in every way possible to defeat the Republican party in New York. Gov. Morgan, a candidate for Governor in New York that year, was well satisfied that Conkling did all in his power to defeat him. Conkling made three attempts to betray the Republican party. This was one of them. The next was the electoral commission. He had a speech already prepared to overthrow the action of the commission relative to the returns from Louisiana. Senator Morton discovered his plan, and succeeded in defeating it. There never would have been a Potter investigating committee but for Conklink. The Democrats were loth to go into it, and only did so at the earnest solicitation of Conkling. I do not say he falsified in this case, for I think he really believed that the men on the Louisiana boards had entered into a bargain for the sale of that State, and Conkling assured Southern Senators that I would, from very shame, leave the White House in thirty days after the investigation had begun."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1881.

The New York Legislature, strange to say, has not followed the advice given it by your correspondent last week. They are still balloting at Albany, and beyond the rather disgraceful charges of bribery preferred by the "Stalwarts" against the "Half Breeds," and the concentration of the anti-Conkling men upon Chauncey M. Depew for the long term, the situation remains unchanged. The friends of Mr. Depew, however, claim that he will be elected to one of the vacancies this week.

General Grant will be in New York this week. Though it is known that he will not enter actively into the contest, he will by the fact of his presence and earnest friendship for and support of Mr. Conkling, do all he can to aid him. Since he has arrived within the range of reporters, the General has expressed himself emphatically against the President and the colleagues of Mr. Conkling in the Senate. To use his own term, Mr. Conkling has been treated "outrageously."

In relation to the business which called the General to Mexico, he says he obtained all he asked for. He says that articles published in the Chicago papers, hinting at annexation, caused him some trouble. But that he went before the Mexican Congress, and, in a short speech, told them what he wanted, and they granted his wishes at once. The railroad—the object of his visit—is to be seven hundred miles long, running from the city of Mexico to the Pacific, in the United States. It will be a great advantage in developing the resources of both countries. The road must be completed in ten years, but in all probability it will be finished in three. The General will spend the summer in this country, returning to Mexico next winter.

LOGAN.

Fleeing Conscription.

Three thousand immigrants arrived at New York on a recent Sunday night. This number is rather moderate. During a month they arrive to the tune of sixty or seventy thousand. Three-quarters of a million annually appears to be the number that may be calculated upon with a considerable degree of certainty. Bismarck's efforts to stem this threatening current, which is depopulating certain sections of Germany, do not seem to effect that purpose. And it is not alone Germany which is thus pouring its population upon our shores. Although some of its districts are almost depopulated, some other sections of Europe appear faring no better. Undoubtedly many of these people, who thus turn their backs upon their fathers' halls and their native land, do so because they know that they can occupy broader lands and enjoy greater freedom on this Western continent and have opportunities to better their fortunes in the matter of accumulating wealth. With others, and doubtless with many, a very influential cause is a desire to escape the enforced service in the army, whether in peace or war, with possibilities of the latter at any time. The European system of the present day—armed neutrality—has no certainty of continuance. A blunder, a mistake, an overt act like that of France in the Tunisian affair, may at any day involve the nations in war and set the millions of armed men in motion. No one can be blamed for desiring to escape from a condition such as that.

Talmage Rejects the Revision.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Rev. Robert Collyer admires the revised Bible.

Dr. Talmage declares it will multiply infidelity, and pronounces the revision literary bosh. It will never be adopted in his church if the fearless criticism of the people speaks out its mind. "I reject this revision, because it is a mechanical failure, because the verse and heading have been abandoned. Here is a paragraph a column and a half long in the middle of which are buried the blessed words, 'Jesus went' instead of standing out in solitude with all their grandeur, pathos, tenderness and omnipotent meaning. I reject the new version because of its amazing triviality. You remember Christ's sermon where he speaks of putting new wine into old bottles. The new version substitutes the word skin, as if they could not explain bottles as well as skin. [Laughter.] 'Show me a penny' said Christ. The revisors say 'show me a denarious.' [Laughter.] The old translation was too much for the delicacy of our American part of the New Testament Company. Where it says 'for he was naked, the Americans chose that it should read 'had on his under garment only.' [Laughter.] The new shook the faith of a great multitude in the Bible and gave a color to the attacks of infidelity. He deplored the circulation of the statements that there are 40 errors in King James' version of the Sermon on the Mount, and 150,000 errors in the New Testament. He believed the revision would make more infidels than 38 revisions could reclaim in the 969 years of Methuzelah, and a half dozen other Biblical patriarchs of great age combined. Since it was claimed that the mistakes corrected were not important he could not see the necessity for correcting them.

Everywhere you go, you are certain to hear of the wonderful virtues of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

Altamont Items.

We are now having fine weather after a week's heavy rains. The crops in this this vicinity look well.

The merchants at this place, S. E. Hoye and E. G. Blackburn, are doing a good business.

We had a grand Wedding in this place on the 12th, the happy pair being Mr. W. M. Harvey and Miss Rose Brady.

The steam thresher, known as the Browning and Friend machine, is being put in complete running order.

A pic-nic will be given, near Frank Nethkin's on the road leading from Sand Flat to Deer Park, on the 4th of July, with the usual amusements. No Intoxicating liquors will be allowed on the grouds. A. C. Browning, J. H. Beckman and P. S. Hetzell constitute the committee of arrangements.

B. C. A.

—Wilson Fields and George Scott, two colored men belonging to Oldtown, Allegany county, became involved in a quarrel on Saturday evening about a bet at a horse race in the afternoon. Scott seemed desirous of avoiding a light, and retreated, when Fields struck at him. A second blow was passed, when Scott returned a terrible blow under the jaw, knocking Fields backwards. He then followed up the blow, kicking the postrate man in the chest and face and head. Fields lay motionless, and after one or tow gasps expired. The corner's jury returned a verdict that the death was caused by Wilson Fields, by inflicting a kick which broke Scott's ribs and produced paralysis of the heart. The deceased owned a farm and supported a large family of children, including five small ones, who have no mother. Scott has been committed for trial, and his plea will probably be self-defence.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland, Md

6 18 tf

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY.

1881.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1881, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1881.

ROAD LEVY.

District No 1		$ 415 00
" 2		422 58
" 3		515 00
" 4		450 00
" 5		422 59
" 6		415 00
" 7		615 00
" 8		415 00
" 9		105 00
Total,		$3,775 17

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 7 ms, 4 dys		$ 8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate,	2 "	4 00
C T West, "	2 "	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent		5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 22m, 4 ds		9 76
John M Miller, associate,	2 "	4 00
Lucien Frazee, "	2 "	4 00
Thos B Welch, clerk, use P T Garthright, 2 days,		4 00
Wm W Frazee, clerk, 2 days		4 00
Jacob stuck use Chas F Frazee h rent		50

District No. 3.

S J Beachy, return judge, 27 ms, 4 days		10 16
Charles O Warnick, associate,	2 "	4 00
Wm H Chapman, "	2 "	4 00
Jas K Arendt, clerk,	2 "	4 00
John T Patterson, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent		5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merrill, return judge, 27 m, 4 days		10 16
Samuel Harshbarger, associate	2 "	4 00
Geo T Michael "	2 "	4 00
Thomas Garvey clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo L Michaels "	2 "	4 00
Thos Garvey, house rent		5 00

District No. 5.

Eli McMillen, return judge, 17 m, 4 days		9 36
Henry Zinkan, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Feigh, "	2 "	4 00
Aaron Boyer, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Nelson McGettigan, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent		5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 13 m, 4 days		9 04
Jeremiah H Enlow, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Sines, "	2 "	4 00
Geo E Bisholf, clerk,	2 "	4 00
B F Hoye, "	2 "	4 00
Elijah Friend, house rent		5 00

District No. 7.

Geo W Legge, return judge, 3 days		6 00
Edmund Jamison, associate, 2 days		4 00
Samuel Lawton, "	2 "	4 00
W O Ison, clerk,	2 "	4 00
G W Merrill, clerk,	2 "	4 00

District No. 8.

Wm J Wilson, return judge, 7m	4 days	8 56
Garrett V Moon, associate,	2 "	4 00
Jas W Mason, "	2 "	4 00
Jas W White, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Ward "	2 "	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent		5 00

District No. 9.

Michael Durst, return judge, 41 m,	4 dys	11 52
Samuel Johnson, associate,	2 "	4 00
Isaac Winebrenner "	2 "	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Richard Graham, "	2 "	4 00
Johnson Bros, house rent		5 00
Total,		$207 12

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use J A Hayden,	$12 35
E F Droege,	7 35
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
Levi C Fike,	4 75
A J Warnick,	8 50
Wm Hinebaugh,	9 90
R B Jamison,	15 90
A L Osbourn, use J A Hayden,	12 20
Total,	$82 20

CONSTABLES' FEES.

J W Savage, use R White,	$ 3 00
Same, balance,	3 65
W S Wolf	5 85
J S Johnson	13 80
Geo W Baugh	1 50
Jos Blocher,	75
F Kolb	8 70
J Miller, Jr.	3 90
Total	$40 95

REGISTRARS.

D Hinebaugh	$ 45 50
W H Barnard	53 00
R F Green	40 00
Isaiah Fuller	48 00
D Corey	53 00
Thos Browning	48 00
W H Hall, use Davis & Townshend	48 00
W O Hamill, use D E Offutt	49 32
Wm F Deakins	49 00
Total	$333 82

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Lewis Lininger, 1878	$18 56
B F Friend, 1878 and 1879	3 54
Alex Poland, 1880	16 37
E Friend, ot E	10 77
Jacob Hinbaugh,	3 95
E Droege,	42 31
Total	$95 17

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

F M Garlitz, 1 cat		$ 2 00
Israel Garlitz, 1 cat		2 00
R A Garlitz, 1 cat and 3 foxes		5 00
Peter Sigbaugh,	1 "	1 00
N Silcer,	13 "	13 00
Jacob Becket,	3 "	3 00
A W Friend, 1 cat,	3 "	5 00
Noah Garlitz 1 cat		2 00
Rodeheaver & Childester,	5 foxes	5 00
Rudolph Beekman	1 "	1 00
I F Frazee,	2 "	2 00
J H Enlow,	1 "	1 00
J W Uhle,	6 "	6 00
W H Hoye,	6 "	6 00
J A Enlow,	3 "	3 00
Elijah Hoye, 1 cat,	1 "	3 00
J G Steyer I	2 "	4 00
Henry Paugh,	1 "	1 00
H H Lour, 2 cats,	13 "	17 00
Geo W Wilson,	3 "	3 00
Keller & Getty, 1 cat,	2 "	4 00
M Fazenbaker,	3 "	3 00
Jasper Frazee,	1 "	1 00
Joshua Titchinell,	3 "	3 00
W P Totten,	17 "	17 00
C T West,	4 "	4 00
P T Garthright 1 cat	8 "	10 00
John E Gnagey, 7 cats	48 "	62 00
O W Helsicell & Co	8 "	8 00
Geo Mosser,	2 "	2 00
P F Michael,	6 "	6 00
J H Bevans & Bro,	2 "	2 00
M Bowser,	3 "	3 00
Thos Coddington,	9 "	9 00
G W Legge, 2 cats,	6 "	6 00
John Wass	2 "	2 00
H C Shaw, 2 cats,	2 "	6 00
P Bowser,	1 "	1 00
Lafayette Friend,	2 "	2 00
C C Michael,	5 "	5 00
Garrett V Moon 1 cat.		2 00
Self & Speelman,	2 "	2 00
Jos Robinson, 2 cats	3 "	7 00
Jos F Frantz,	8 "	8 00
W H Tower 2 cats,		4 00
O M Hatfield, 1 cat	6 "	6 00
J S Broadwater, 1 cat	5 "	7 00
Davis & Townshend,	5 "	5 00
P T Lipscomb,	3 "	3 00
A Bonig, 1 cat	2 "	4 00
Total,		$205 00

BRIDGES.

J G Knauer, bridge over Swan Sun	$ 40 00
J F Browning, lumber for Deep Creek b	42 18
Geo W Wilson, bridge over Sand Run	14 50
Jeff Frazee, bridge over Buffalo Run	57 50
Thomas Wilburn, bridge over Meadow Mountain Run	11 95
Geo L Michael, Bloomington bridge	40 00
Total	$206 13

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jesse Michael	$ 21 00
Geo W Michael	28 00
John H Riley,	40 00
Wm Casteel	5 20
Philip Durst,	9 41
J M Mason,	5 00
Hiram Duckworth examiner 3 days on Savage River road	6 00
Jacob Sisler,	3 00
G W Detawder, use O Hart & Son	9 25
W W Ashby,	70 25
Luke Mall	19 50
P T Garthright	83 28
Total	$298 92

ROAD EXPENSES.

Sharpless and Paugh road, John Harned surveyor,		$10 00
Wm C Titchenell chain carrier 1 day		2 00
Joseph Paugh, " " "		2 00
Otho Barnard, axeman "		2 00
Wm Sharpless examiner "		2 00
D J Bever, " "		2 00
Joshua Titchenell "		2 00
Bloowington and Blackbone road, Wm H Barnard, examiner 1 day		2 00
Wm Warnick, examiner, 1 day		2 00
Jno M Titchenell " "		2 00
F R Sharpless, chainman, "		2 00
G W Turney " "		2 00
Kitzmiller bridge, E Kitzmiller ex 1 day		2 00
D Wilson " "		2 00
G F Richardson,		2 00
Jos King road, R J Head exam'r 2 days		4 00
Jno Friend of N, " "		4 00
L H Schoolfield, " "		4 00
C H Tillson, surveyor "		10 00
Alf King, chainman,		2 00
Newman Miller,		2 00
Ashby bridge, Wm White of Jos ex 1 day		2 00
Geo Anson "		2 00
F P Arnold "		2 00
Grantsville road, John Harned, exam'r and surveyor 3 days		15 00
Noah Pysell, examiner 1 day		2 00
Wm DeWitt, " "		2 00
Samuel Specht chainman		2 00
Joseph Meese, "		2 00
Total		$93 07

PENSIONS.

Benedict Beachy, support of M. Foy			$ 15 00
Benedict Beachy	"	Jas Foy	15 00
Charles Leese	"	E Mayhew	20 00
J C Rodeheaver	"	Geo Woods	25 00
Davis & Townshend	"	A King	25 00
D E Offutt	"	Nancy Lee	20 00
C C Wheeler	"	Thos Brady	15 00
D E Offutt	"	Saml Parks	10 00
D E Offutt	"	Geo W Goff	15 00
Davis & Townshend	"	M Moon	25 00
John T Geary	"	Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle	"	Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabella McKinzie	"	Switzer child	15 00
Ira E Friend	"	Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend	"	crippled boy	20 00
Henry Creitzberg	"	James Layton	15 00
P T Garthright	"	Ruth King	25 00
L Glass	"	Indigent child	15 00
			$325 00

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	600 00
Total	$1,600 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hospital to July 1st, 1881	$1,073 75
Montevue Hospital to July 1st, 1881	450 00
Total	$1,523 75

SHERIFFS' FEES.

Thos Coddington, late sheriff	$ 21 00
Geo D white, use 3d Nat Bank, Cumb'd	400 00
Same, balance,	477 70
Total	$898 70

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk,	$ 997 80
Estimate to pay jurors and state witnesses at Septe aber and May Term,	2,000 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1880, use 2d Nat Bank	1,342 33
Wm Smouse, crier	12 00
James Bell, bailiff	12 00
Total	$4,370 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges,	$285 00
W H Hagans, register, use Peddicord & Combs	50 00
Same, use J A Hayden,	45 00
Same, balance	20 11
Total	$400 71

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

D W Sloan, by order Court	$ 30 00
Peddicord & Combs, 3 felonies, 2 mis	36 66
Peddicord, Combs and Price, 1 misde'r.	3 33
Peddicord, Combs and Hamill, 1 misd'r	3 33
H W Combs, 2 felonies,	20 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
J W Veitch State's Attorney, 51 misdemeanors, including recognizances, & 6 felonies,	240 00
Same, trial fees,	225 00
Peddicord & Combs, trial fees in criminal cases,	35 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

S Butler, cor. over body of Polly Hoover	5 00
Dr E P Keller, on body M Butler	5 00
Dr E H Bartlett, " "	5 00
Dr G H Hocking " John Riley	10 00
Total	$25 00

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D H Friend, per diem and mileage to date	$ 25 56
John Wilhelm, per diem and mileage	
use E Margroff	32 40
Same, balance,	27 16
W W Broadwater, per diem and mileage to date	50 38
F A Thayer, clerk, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, Counsel to Board use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland	600 00
Total	$1,135 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

John J Smith, use Henry Russell, Printing	$ 142 00
Same, balance,	12 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers,	61 10
Stark, Phipps & Co., stationary for c h	78 20
E D Kepner, load wood for c h	2 00
C H Sincell, repairing pump, &c at c h	2 80
G A Shirer, stove, &c. for jail	21 45
D E Offutt, supplies for jail,	12 82
G W Legge, supplies for jail,	8 65
Lloyd Chambers, work at jail,	11 75
Samuel Specht, boarding prisoners &c	9 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail	3 00
Medalry & Bowers, stationery &c. c h	70 70
J H Medalry & Co, stationery &c, c h.	95 70
Nat Bank of Piedmont, bal due on act	1 10
W P Totten, coal &c for c h	8 00
Dr G H Hocking, med. attendance to pauper,	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas, med. attendance to paupers,	51 00
E Mergroff, 35 assessments	17 50
D Chambers, salary as Janitor from Oct 3, 1880 to Jan 1, 1881, use T J Peddicord,	5 00
Same, balance,	31 00
Same, salary as Janator from Jan 1, 1881, to Jan 1, 1882, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
W Y Waltz, coal for jail and c h	15 00
Allegany county, costs in Shirer case	257 51
James Guard, supporting Lorawchild	75 00
Davis & Townshend, supt'g Amanda King	10 00
Same, supporting same	8 00
Same, " August King	10 00
Same, " E Loraw	10 00
A Getty, " Wm Hoover	20 00
J C Rodeheaver support'g Geo Woods	15 00
Jeremiah Guard, supplies furnished to Jacob Savage and Jacob Barnhouse	11 30
John Shatzer, work in Clerk's office	46 00
Davis & Townshend, supplies for c h	15 70
M Y Grim, use C C Wheeler, coffin for pauper,	5 00
O Hart & Son, supplies for jail	4 00
Jasper Guard, col. amt. overpaid contract, 1878 and 1879, use Peddicord & Combs,	100 00
Same, balance	498 99
J A Hayden, printing &c	700 00
Total	$2,604 76
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$1,518 19

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes,	$1,575 00
Same, " State "	35 23
Total	$1,910 23

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

Henry Feigh, road leading from Accident to Oakland,	$ 20 00
W M Coddington, repairing Helbig bridge,	125 00
Elijah Hoye, repairing Sang Run bridge over Yough,	50 00
Norman Jacobs, for building 3 bridges over Laurel Run, in District No 4	105 00
National road,	570 00
Total,	$ 870 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,775 17
Elections,	267 12
Magistrates' fees,	92 20
Constables' fees,	40 95
Registrars	333 82
Taxes paid in error,	95 17
Foxes and Cats	205 00
Bridges	206 13
Road Appropriations,	298 92
Road Expenses	93 00
Pensions,	325 00
Sheriff's fees	898 70
Clerk's Office	4,370 13
Orphans' Court	400 71
Court House Fund	1,600 00
Hospitals	1,523 75
Attorneys' fees	599 98
Coroner's Inquest	25 00
County Commissioners	1,135 50
Miscellaneous	2,604 76
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent fund	1,518 19
Collector's Commissions	1,910 23
Special Road and Bridge Levy	870 00
Total,	$31,702 56
Total Assessment of Garrett Co	$3,636,626 00

By 87¼ cents on each $100 assessable property, $31,729 56

The State Tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which, added to 87¼ cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.00 on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1881.

FRED. A. THAYER,
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

Estate of John Tice, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN TICE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1880.

SAMUEL BEACHY, of Jonas,
6 18 3 Executor.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late nt Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office and residence in the Osbourn house.

2 5 3m.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Miss Mollie Peddicord is visiting friends in Baltimore.

—Mr. R. S. Miller, of Kansas, is visiting relatives and friends in this county.

—John A. Delawder, of G., has been appointed agent at the Deer Park Hotel station.

—Mr. H. A. Ison has been appointed assistant railroad agent at Oakland during the summer season.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels were opened for the reception of guests Wednesday.

—Married, at the residence of Wm. H. Murghy, June 2d, 1881, by Rev. Thomas Digman, Mr. W. H. Moon and Mrs. Clylla Trent, all of this county.

—A festival was held in Swanton last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the new church enterprise at that place, at which forty-three dollars were realized over expenses.

—A petition is being circulated in Oakland requesting our town Council to demand of the B. & O. R. R. company that a watchman be placed at the crossing in *front of Coddington's Hotel*.

—Democratic primary meetings have been called in this county for Saturday, to elect delegates to a county convention, which will meet in Oakland Tuesday, 21st, to select delegates to the State convention, which meets in Baltimore Thursday, 23d.

—We have been requested to call the attention of our town authorities to the fact that stock is being allowed to run at large within the corporate limits, much to the annoyance of many of our citizens, and "contrary to ordinances made and provided."

—Visitors at Hazlewood Cottage June 16th: Mrs Simmons and family, Mrs. Webb, Mr. Nickolas Barry, Miss Nellie Barry, Dallas, Texas; Gen. Brown, Winchester, Ind.; Mr. Thaw and family, Miss Alice Heath, Washington, D. C.

—Messrs. C. L. Springer of Dunbar, Pa., and Frank Springer, of Uniontown, Pa., are at Dailey's Hotel. They will spend some time here in fishing and hunting. Frank will be remembered as the young gentleman who "got away" with our Oakland boys in glass ball shooting, last fall.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church–Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church *every Sunday morning at 10½*, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Swanton at 3½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

County Commissioners.

The county Commissioners adjourned on Friday afternoon.

The following was the only business transacted of general interest, outside of the annual levy:

W. S. Wolf, constable of District No. 7, offered his resignation, which was accepted.

The Examiners' report on the road beginning at the west end of Totten's lane and running through the lands of George Spiker and others, was filed.

The Examiners' report on the J. R. Browning road was filed.

The petition of Charles Murphy and others for a road on Crab Tree, was filed.

The petition of Alex. Reed and others for a road to be known as the Dry Run road, was filed.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 15:

Philip W. Lish, to Frank L. Lish, his interest in Military Lots Nos. 492 and 493; $100.

James Foy and others to Wm. R. Getty, Lot No. 2128.

Jacob Nickleson, to Daniel Harshberger, part of the tract called "Hard Struggle," containing 149½ acres; $1600.

Washington A. Smith, to Wm. H. Knepp, Military Lot No. 1326.

W. F. Daniels and wife to Ferdinand Grause, part of the tract called "Anything," containing 12¼ acres of land; $275.

John Dally, et. al., to G. S. Hamill, part of Lots Nos. 1 and 3 "Penningtons Addition," to Oakland; $500.

Mary A. Tasker and husband to G. S. Hamill and D. E. Offutt, all of her undivided one fifth interest, in the surface of a tract of land called "Mount Gilbon;" $150.

Norman Barnard and wife to Henry Beekman, 269½ acres of land; $2,000.

John Tice and wife to Jonas J. Tice, 203 acres of lands; $6,000.

John P. Spiker and others to Valentine Kahl, 20 acres of land; $400.

John P. Spiker and others to Lewis Kahl, 17 acres and 125 perch of land; $307.84.

John P. Spiker and others to Lewis Kahl, 20 acres of land; $200.

Valentine Kahl, to Catharine Kahl, ¼ of an acre of land; $30.

Henry Richter and wife to John L, Richter, 80 perches of land; $30.

The Sunday School Convention.

The fifth annual Sunday School Convention for Garrett county was held at Oakland last week, commencing on Friday afternoon at 2½ o'clock and adjourning on Sunday night. The sessions of Friday and Saturday were held in the M. E. Church, and the Sunday services in the Memorial Church. Although the weather during the entire week was unfavorable, being rainy, dark and gloomy, and prevented the attendance of many who had a great desire to be present and fully intended to be, the Convention was a great success, more so than any heretofore held in the county, and fully met the anticipations of those interested. Words of pleasure and satisfaction were uttered and heard on all sides and by every one; and not only was it evident from this and from the general religious feeling prevailing and the Christian fellowship exhibited, but also by the number of schools represented and reported, the number of delegates present and the number of persons from every portion of the county in attendance during its sessions, any or all of which exceeded those of any former and similar occasion in this county. The interest manifested was also very great, as the facts just referred to show, and when compared with the other years show very conclusively that the holding of Sunday School Conventions has been a great benefit to the county, spiritually, has aroused the interest of all its people, created a new era in the religious work, given an impetus and has been very beneficial to the Sunday School cause, to morality and Christianity. In 1878, at the convention held at Oakland, there were but 31 schools and 1878 officers, teachers and scholars reported; in 1879, at Accident, 39 schools, and 2423 officers, teachers and scholars reported; in 1880, at Grantsville, 37 schools and 2517 officers, teachers and scholars were reported, and at the Convention just held 42 schools and 2707 officers, teachers and scholars were reported, and several schools heard from since not herein reported. The attendance of delegates was also greater: At Accident, in 1879, the number was 60, at Grantsville, in 1880, about 50, and at Oakland in 1881, 75 were present, while 120 were elected, nearly all of whom would have attended had the weather and roads been favorable. Not only is the beneficial effects thus seen, but also in the meetings and services of the Convention, the spirit with which the services were engaged in, the attention paid to and the interest displayed in the same, the harmony and Christian feeling manifested, and in the interchange of religious ideas and expressions of religious experience, are seen the results of the efforts thus put forth for the advancement of the cause of Christ.

After the exercises were concluded the people here gathered together separated; departed for their respective homes gratified and benefitted beyond expectation, their souls rekindled with fire from on high, their energies invigorated, their zeal renewed, their hearts encouraged and filled with Christian love, and each one expressing the best wishes for the future welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all here assembled, and with the prayer that all may in the future be "gathered home" and there engage in "Singing and Praising Forever."

Rev. Wm. A. Baker, Secretary of the Maryland Sunday School Union, was present and untiring in his efforts to make the Convention a success, and to extend the Sunday School work in the county, and by his efficient aid as usual elicited the praise and obtained the prayers and good wishes of the people, and deservedly received the hearty thanks of the Convention.

Rev. J. M. Davis, Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union for Garrett county, was also actively engaged, did a noble work, and was, as he always is, unceasing in his endeavors to promote the Sunday School cause.

The caring and providing homes for the delegates devolved upon Mr. John Shatzer, who did it in such a manner and so satisfactorily as to entitle him to the thanks of all.

Prof. R. G. Richardson presided at the organ and lead the singing, and, as usual when he is thus occupied, the music was grand, and called forth the encomiums and received the compliments of the people.

In the absence of the minister selected for the purpose, Rev. J. J. Young was requested, late Saturday evening to preach the sermon on Sunday morning. He did so without any previous preparation, and filled the appointment to the entire satisfaction of the Convention.

Following are the proceedings as recorded by the efficient Secretary of the Convention, W. P. Townshend, Esq.:

Friday—The Convention assembled in the M. E. Church at 2½ o'clock, and was called to order by Rev. J. M. Davis, Vice President for Garrett county, of the Md. Sunday School Union. Reading of the scriptures by Rev. Benjamin Ison, followed by singing "all Hail the Power of Jesus," and prayer by Rev. B. Ison.

On motion of Rev. W. A. Baker the President appointed a committee consisting of Bros. C. M. Miller, Jas. A. Hayden, John Shatzer, G. S. Hamill and Rev. W. A. Baker, to nominate permanent officers for the Convention. Bro. Jas. A. Hayden, not being a delegate was on motion of Bro. Baker, admitted as one.

While committee was preparing report convention engaged in singing.

Committee reported as follows: For President, Rev. S. E. Jones, Vice Presidents, Rev. W. Stoudenmire, D. H. Friend, A. C. Hamill, P. T. Garthright, Charles Keller, Elijah Kemp, Rev. J. J. Young, Hon. Geo W. Wilson and Aaron Wilhelm; for Treasurer, Dr. B. T. Keller; and that the convention would not recommend any one for Secretary, the permanent Secretary of Garrett county Sunday School Convention being present; and also as a rule regulating the discussion of questions, the convention reported that the persons opening the discussion should have fifteen minutes in which to speak, and those following five minutes each.

On motion the report was adopted.

Rev. S. E. Jones, then delivered the Address of Welcome, which, after singing, was replied to by Rev. J. J. Young.

Singing, "More Like Thee."

President then appointed a business committee as follows: Bro. Wm. Hinebaugh, Revs. J. M. Davis and Wm. Stoudenmire.

On motion from 9 to 11½ o'clock in the morning, 2½ to 5 in the afternoon, and opening at 7½ o'clock in the evening, were the hours fixed for the sessions of the Convention.

Letter from C. J. Otto read, followed by singing, after which Convention engaged in consecration services conducted by the President.

Bro. Stoudenmire was appointed to conduct devotional exercises at evening session.

Convention then adjoined with doxology and benediction.

Friday evening.—Convention assembled at 7½ o'clock, and first half hour engaged in devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Wm. Sotudenmire, after which the regular order of business was proceeded with, Vice President Wm. Stoudenmire presiding.

On motion the minutes of afternoon session were read and approved.

On motion the calling of roll was postponed until morning session of Saturday.

Discussion of the 1st question. "The use and abuse of lesson leaves and question books," was opened by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "Singing and Praising Forever."

The discussion was then continued by Rev. J. J. Young and Bro. E. Lee, after which the resolution following was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention, that lesson helps should be used as they were intended; to aid the teacher and scholars in the study of the lesson and not be relied upon as a substitute for the careful study of the word of God.

2nd question, "Which are most useful to Sunday Schools Library books or Periodicals?" was opened by John A. Grant, who was followed, after singing, by Bro. G. S. Hamill, John Shatzer, G. A. Pritchard, J. M. Davis and C. M. Miller.

Reports of Schools taken up; some of them read and verbal reports received from delegates. Time having arrived for adjournment, hearing of further reports was deferred until to morrow.

Rev. J. J. Young was appointed to conduct devotional exercise of morning session to morrow.

Singing and adjourned.

Saturday morning.—Convention met at 9 o'clock, and half hour occupied in devotional exercies, conducted by Rev. J. J. Young, at conclusion of which the regular business was taken up and proceeded with.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Roll of delegates called and fifty-three present, after which the discussion of the 3d question, "What is the obligation on church members to engage in Sunday School work and how may they be induced to do so?" was opened by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Singing, and discussion continued by W. A. Baker, Revs. J. J. Young, P. Hamill, H. E. Friend, Miss Marian Hauser, Miss Jones, of Cranberry, and Rev. J. M. Davis.

Singing, and the resolution following adopted:

Resolved, That the Convention deem it obligatory upon members of the Church of Christ to heartily engage in the Sunday School work, which is indeed the teaching of the old and new testament and the desire and hope of the Church.

The 4th question, "How can the regular attendance of both teachers and scholars be secured in our schools?" was then taken up and discussed by Bro. C. M. Miller.

Singing, "Must I go and empty handed."

On motion the questions in question box were taken up and referred to business committee, and while the committee was preparing its report the reports of Sunday Schools were taken up, some read and verbal reports received from delegates and representatives.

Time having arrived for adjournment, on motion the time was extended so as to give Bro. Gabriel Friend an opportunity to speak, making a verbal report of the Sunday Sunday represented by him and asking aid for it.

The business committee reported questions in question box, and on motion they were read and their discussion deferred until afternoon session.

Rev. P. Hamill was appointed to conduct the devotional exercises in the afternoon.

Doxology sung and Convention adjourned.

Saturday afternoon.—Convention assembled at 2½ o'clock, and devotional exercises engaged in for half hour, at expiration of which time regular business was taken up and proceeded with.

Minutes of morning session read and approved.

Discussion of the 4th question, "How to make Sunday School teaching a success," was opened by W. A. Baker. Singing, and discussion continued by Rev. J. J. Young.

The 6th question, "What is the best method of controling refractory scholars?" was then taken up for discussion, which was opened by Rev. J. J. Young, and participated in by Mrs. Almira Steele, of Massachusetts, and Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Questions in question box, reported by business committee were taken up.

1st question, "How ought teachers who are seldom in their places when school opens to be dealt with?"

2nd, "Does the new revision of the Scriptures in any manner affect the Sabbath School system of instruction?" discussed by Rev. P. Hamill.

3d, "How can we control our Sunday School musicians who are too ambitious?" taken up by Revs. Wm. Stoudenmire, W. A Baker and J. M. Davis.

4th, "When the teacher is refactory how can he control his scholars?" answered by W. A. Baker, "He cannot do it."

The next business was the selection of place at which next Convention shall be held. On motion it was deferred until evening session.

On motion it was ordered that Sunday Schools hereafter shall be represented in the Convention by the Pastors, Superintendents and one delegate from each school.

Rev. Bowlin was appointed to conduct devotional exercises at evening session.

Roll called, doxology sung and Convention adjourned.

Saturday evening.—Convention met at 7½ o'clock, and half hour devoted to devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, after which order of business was taken up.

Minutes of afternoon session read and approved.

On motion the vote adopting the resolution changing the representation of Sunday Schools in Conventions hereafter to be held, reducing the number of delegates from two to one from each school, was reconsidered.

The question then before the Convention being the adoption of the original resolution offered by Hon. P. Hamill in afternoon, which was discussed by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, John Shatzer and Hon. P. Hamill, after which, on vote being had, the resolution was lost; the number of delegates from each school remaining unchanged.

The 7th question was not discussed.

The discussion of the 8th question, "Relation of Sunday School to Missionary work," was opened by Rev. J. J. Young, in the absence of Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, to whom was assigned the question.

Singing, "Gathering Home."

Discussion continued by John Shatzer, Rev. S. E. Jones, Hon. P. Hamill and Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Singing, after which, on motion of Rev. J. J. Young, Accident was selected as the place of holding the next Convention.

The following resolutions were then offered by W. A. Baker, which were read and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the President for the able manner in which he has presided over its deliberations and also to our Secretary and Vice President.

Resolved, That our thanks be tendered to the pastors and officers of the Churches of Oakland, for the use of the same during the sessions of the Convention.

Resolved, That we will ever hold in kind remembrance the citizens of Oakland and vicinity for the kind and Christian hospitalities extended to the delegates.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are hereby tendered to Prof. R. G. Richardson and the Choir, for the delightful music rendered during the sessions of the Convention.

Immediately after which the following was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Convention be tendered to Bro. W. A. Baker, of the Maryland Sunday School Union, for the great interest displayed by him in the meetings of the Convention, and for the efficient aid he has rendered, and which has to a great extent, made it a success.

Report of Lindale School then read and verbal report received from Bro. Henry Beekman, delegate, who, asking for information, was answered by Bro. W. A. Baker.

After which the question, "What is the best way in which to get those children to come to the Sunday Schools, whose parents do not belong to the Church and would rather see their children engage in any sport or pastime which they may prefer to going to Church." Submitted to be answered by Rev. J. M. Davis, he being absent, however, it was answered by Revs. Wm. Stoudenmire, J. J. Young and Bro. E. Lee.

Singing, and announcement made of Sunday services which are to be held in the Memorial Church.

Condensed report of Sunday Schools in county read and Convention adjourned.

Sunday morning.—General prayer meeting conducted by Rev. S. E. Jones, held in Memorial Church at 9 o'clock.

At 10½ o'clock regular Church services were held, and opened with singing "Jesus Lover of my Soul," quartet, by Misses Mattie Kepner and Ella Peddicord, Rev. S. E. Jones and Prof. R. G. Richardson, and also "Wonderful words of Life" by congregation, followed by the reading of the 3d chapter of 2d Timothy, and prayer by Rev. A. M. Bowlin.

Singing, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," after which Rev. J. J. Young, in the absence of Rev. C. U. Heilman, who was to have preached and also of Rev. J. E. Moffatt, substitute, delivered a sermon, selecting as his text the 15th verse of the 3d chapter of 2d Timothy. At the conclusion of which a collection was taken up to defray expenses of Convention and for the Maryland Sunday School Union.

Singing, "He will hide me," Doxology and benediction.

Sunday afternoon. — Children's meeting, conducted by Rev. S. E. Jones, held at 2 o'clock, and consisted of the following exercises:

Singing, "I'll stand by you till the morning," and "Gathering Home;" followed by the reading of a portion of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew and prayer by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "My Redeemer."

Address by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "Oh I am so happy in Jesus."

Address by Rev. Wm. H. Baker.

Singing, "Out of Darkness into Light."

Address by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Singing, "On Jordan's story Banks I stand."

Doxology and benediction by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire,

Sunday Evening.—Promise, praise and Sunday School teachers experience meeting, conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis, held at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Singing, "Will praise Him Forever."

Prayer by Rev. J. J. Young.

Singing, "Open the door for the children."

After which the services of the evening were commenced and engaged in by Revs. J. M. Davis, S. E. Jones, W. A. Baker, J. J. Young, A. M. Bowlin, P. Hamill, Wm. Stoudenmire and H. E. Friend, and Bros. Jas. A. Enlow, John A. Grant, F. A. Thayer, G. S. Hamill, W. H. Hagans, John Shatzer, Wm. Hinebaugh, David Enlow, J. A. Wise, Geo. M. Mason, E. Lee, and Mrs. S. E. Jones, Mrs. J. J. Young, and Miss Marian Hauser, at the conclusion of which Revs. J. M. Davis and S. E. Jones made short addresses.

The services were interspersed throughout with music.

Singing, "Blest be the tie," after which services closed with benediction by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, and Miss Emma Brooke, presided at the organ during the sessions of the Convention.

List of schools and number of teachers and schools reported.

Wilsons Chapel, 26; Davis Mills, 62; Bear Creek, 59; Hellman, 28; Fairfax, 35; Johnstown, 118; Armstead, 52; Selbysport, 36; Cove, 78; Emanuel M. E. South, 52; Accident, 154; Oakland Presbyterian, 104; Sunny Side, 70; Winding Hill, 45; Sand Spring, 66; Bolton Chapel, 63; Lindale, 22; McHenry, 48; Glade Valley, 55; Reformed, 43; Swanton, 62; New Germany, 47; Deep Creek, 35; Sang Run, 52; Mercy Chapel, 53; Deer Park Lutheran, 61; Grantsville Lutheran, 41; Oakland Lutheran, 96; Harrington Manor, 31; Pleasant Valley, 51; Blooming Rose, 40; Emanuel Lutheran, 70; Oakland M. E., 151; Elk Plains, 53; South Point, 58; Negro Mountain, 68; Grantsville, M. E., 41; Bethlehem, 31; Chestnut Grove, 29; Trinity Reformed, 95; Fairview, 39; Deer Park Union, 74;

Number of Officers estimated, 210; Teachers reported, 288; Scholars, 2,209; total, 2707. Number of Scholars united with the Church during the year 78. Number of Schools reported 42. Number of schools using uniform lesson leaves, 31; that do not, 8. Number of schools reported open the entire year, 31; number of schools part of the year, 11. Number of Union schools, 12; Methodist Episcopal, 14; M. E. South, 2; Ev. Lutheran, 6; United Brethren, 4; Presbyterian, 1; Reformed, 1; German Reformed, 1; Baptist, 1. Number of Ministers and Delegates present 75.

Ministers present—Wm. A. Baker, J. J. Young, S. E. Jones, Wm. Stoudenmire, J. M. Davis, Benjamin Ison, P. Hamill, A. M. Bowlin, J. S. Laughlin, D. H. Friend, A. C. Hamill, H. E. Friend.

DELEGATES ELECTED.

Wilsons Chapel, J. R. Harshbarger, supt; J. H. Wilson, F. McRoble.

Davis Mills, Geo. W. Kepler, supt; C. M. Trowbride, Mollie Lewis.

Bear Creek, Joel Diehl, supt; Austin Speicher, Miss Mollie Weller.

Hellman, John M. Davis, supt.

Fairfax, Marion McKimmey, supt; Jere Harvey.

Johnstown, Geo. E. Bishoff, supt; J. P. Lowdermilk, Sallie Fergurson.

Armstead, J. H. Stevens, supt; R. J. Head, W. H. Spelcher.

Selbysport, Thos. B. Welch, supt; A. M. Frazee, Edward Liston.

Cove, W. M. Lohr, supt; P. M. Miller, Lyman Frazee.

Emanuel M. E. South, George A. Crow, supt; Ephraim Lee, Allee Durst.

Accident, Wm. Hinebaugh, supt; Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Ell McMillen.

Oakland Presbyterian, William H. Tower, supt; G. S. Hamill, Jno. A. Grant.

Sunny Side, David S. Arnold, supt; Miss Marian S. Hauser, Frederick Stahl.

Winding Hill, Robert Sterling, supt; Morgan Conneway, R. Enlow.

Sand Spring, Jno. W. Frantz, supt; Gabriel Friend, Isaac Myers.

Bolton Chapel, R. B. White, supt; D. A. Friend, J. A. Steele.

Lindale, John Moon, supt; H. Beckman, A. J. Lee.

McHenry, Joseph Welmer, supt; Levi Echard, S. P. Specht.

Glade Valley, Jhonson White superintendent, Alfred King, G. P. White.

Reformed Grantsville, G. C. Meese, supt; G. C. Keller, Eli Stanton.

Swanton, A. C. Hamill, supt; C. M. Miller, John H. Beekman.

New Germany, J. M. Durst, supt; S. Willand, F. M. Green.

Deep Creek, Jacob Sell, supt; Annie Wilburn, A. S. Spear.

Sang Run, Elijah Hoye, supt; Cornelius Savage, Elijah Friend.

Mercy Chapel, George W. Frazee, supt; G. W. Groves, Jonas Wass.

Deer Park Lutheran, B. F. Thrasher, supt; W. S. Lantz, L. A. Stemple.

Grantsville Lutheran, Henry Winterberg, supt; Jere H. Wagner, Louisa Wagner.

Deer Park Union, J. C. Rodeheaver, supt; J. S. Laughlin, Miss May Clary.

Oakland Lutheran, John Shatzer, supt; Wm. D. Hoye, Hezekiah Lowe.

Harrington Manor, Simon Wolf, supt; Joseph B. Davis, Isaac Kuykendall.

Pleasant Valley, J. A. Wise, supt; David C. Enlow, Clark Deberry.

Blooming Rose, Wm. McCabe, supt; Geo. D. Frantz, Ira E. Friend.

Emanuel Lutheran, Th. H. Bittinger, supt; Thomas B. Wiley, Harriet Beachy.

Oakland M. E., John M. Davis, supt; Ralph Thayer, Mrs. S. M. Offutt.

Grantsville M. E., Charles A. Snyder, supt; Noah Broadwater, Miss Emma Chapman.

Negro Mountain, Charles Werner, supt, John Yommer.

South Point, John Close, supt; Misses Kate White, Clara Russell.

Elk Plain, I. W. Abernathy, supt; Geore W. Wilson, John W. Harvey.

Bethlehem, Benjamin Moon, supt; Columbus Paugh, W. Demit.

Chestnut Grove, Jackson Warnick, supt; Henry Paugh.

Trinity Reformed, C. J. Otto, supt; Mrs. C. V. Otto, Olower Durst.

Fairview, George F. Richardson, supt; L. C. Hamill, H. Junkins.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Secretary.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down hearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfouts, Waynesboro, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

A witness in an Ottawa court refused to be sworn on the old version of the Bible, and the judge allowed the use of a Revised Testament.

The fact that robins have selected fence-corners and bushes for their nests this season, is said to portend violent storms all through the coming summer.

General Longstreet, after serving his country faithfully abroad, comes back a more ardent American than ever. Personal observation has convinced him of the superiority of our free institutions over those of foreign countries.

The regents of the University of Michigan contemplate establishing a school of political science, in connection with the institution. It will include instruction in political economy, international law, constitutional law, history of political institutions, the history and principles of finance, and sanitary law.

Lexington, Ky., had are minder of the good old times of slavery the other day, when the services of two colored paupers for one year were sold to the highest bidder. A forlorn-looking old negro about seventy years of age was knocked down at $34, and the other, a strapping six-footer, went off at $112.50, railroad contractors being the purchasers in both instances.

The Cologne *Gazette* estimates the production of beet-root sugar this year in Germany at 530,000 tons, and that probably that country will stand first in beet-root sugar countries. Last year Germany, with 409,000 tons, was very little behind France, with 460,000 tons. The *Gazette* recommends a reduction of duty, as in England and France, to stimulate consumption.

Blaine is the man who smashed the third-term campaign, and all citizens who are of opinion that it would not have been wise to have forced this country to accept the issue between a third term and the Democratic party, should stand up for Blaine. His influence upon the present administration has been wholesome, and we are not aware of any instance in which, when his advice was followed by President Garfield, a mistake was made.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Democratic Adoption of Republican Principles.

[Frederick Examiner.]

At the meeting of the Hamiltonian Democrats in Baltimore, when Hon. W. Pinkney Whyte was nominated for Mayor, the following platform was adopted, which simply rehearses all that the Republicans have been accustomed to say about Democratic customs and usages, especially in Baltimore. It is singular that a party, which thus unreservedly acknowledges its past errors, should make any demand in the way of reform, except on its own members, who are alone responsible for fraudulent registration and a dishonest ballot-box. The wrongs committed against the suffrage have been the result of Democratic plans and the benefits have been reaped by Democratic candidates. Let the offenders retire if they are penitent, and make way for those who are free from the charges they bring against themselves.

The platform is, however, amusing reading in the light of the past history of the party:

That the present system of primary elections is a fraud on the Democratic party, and is solely for the purpose of stifling its real wishes. We therefore repudiate the same.

We denounce the management of the political bosses and rings whereby the Democratic party is deprived of its right of self-government and the public interests are sacrificed to the private and corrupt ends of the managers.

We demand, in the name of the whole people, a free vote, a fair count, an honest ballot-box and a pure registration, whereby the will of the people may be fairly and legally ascertained and declared.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 13.—Eleven weeks ago to-night the boy preacher-evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, began a revival in Roberts Park Church (Methodist, in this city.) The first night he predicted that over one thousand conversions would be made; that all the churches would be thrown open, and that the city would be stirred in every part. The large churches have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and many have been unable to get admittance. At a meeting of the Ministerial Association this morning the total number of conversions is reported at about twenty-two hundred. In Roberts Park the number is said to be one thousand and eighty-nine, and hundreds are unable to gain admittance to the meeting. Sixteen churches are now open for revival work. The use of all the theatres has been tendered for Sunday service.

A fatal accident took place in Frederick Monday, resulting in the death of two Germans, Michael J. Hanstein and Michael M. Hanstein—a father and son—aged respectively about 65 and 35 years. The two men were engaged by the corporate authorities to remove a pumpstock from an old well on East Patrick street. After the first section had been taken out the younger man descended to attach a rope or chain to the second section in order to raise it. Whilst in the act of doing this he was suddenly overcome by a rush of foul and poisonous gas and almost instantly prostrated. Beholding him fall, the father, under his first natural impulse, quickly lowered himself with a purpose to rescue, but only, unfortunately, to share the same fate. They were drowned, after being overcome by the foul air. Young Hanstein leaves a wife and three children and his father a wife and five children. The two men had recently removed to Frederick from Waynesboro', Pennsylvania.

Two years ago, the Ring, discovering in time the tide of popular sentiment, which was running high in favor of Gov. Hamilton, gracefully threw themselves into it and allowed him to be unanimously nominated. The innocent people then believed the Ring was crushed, and that great reforms were about to be instituted at once in the ranks of the Democracy. How sadly, how bitterly they were disappointed. Again the Ring has yielded to popular sentiment in favor of ex-Senator Whyte. Will the people allow themselves to be deceived again into the belief that any *reform* will follow this movement? This is not what is meant by it. It means that Mr. Whyte is too strong in the city for the Managers and that therefore they will make him their candidate as a matter of policy. Thus it means that Mr. Whyte intends to make this the first step towards *reforming* himself back into the Senate if possible. If the people expect reform within the Democratic party of this State they will have to wait patiently until long after both Mr. Whyte and Mr. Gorman are dethroned.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Hayes on Conkling.

The Cleveland *Herald* June 1st published an interview with ex-President Hayes, in which he said: "Mr. Conkling is a monomaniac on the subject of his own importance. He is so impressed with his own greatness that it has become more than eccentricity—it is monomania. A patient often imagines that he is some distinguished character or superior being. The men who do his bidding Mr. Conkling considers in a state of subjection to him, and those who refuse to obey his dictates he considers his most bitter enemies. He thinks they are trying to humiliate him. Humiliate is a favorite term with him. In 1879 Gen Robinson asked Mr. Conkling to come and make speeches in Ohio, and his reply was, "Why do you ask me to come to Ohio when they have insulted me there?" "Insulted you? How?" asked Gen. Robinson. "Why, have they not endorsed this man Hayes's administration, thereby making a direct drive at me?" Conkling's downward tendency dated from 1876. He tried then in every way possible to defeat the Republican party in New York. Gov. Morgan, a candidate for Governor in New York that year, was well satisfied that Conkling did all in his power to defeat him. Conkling made three attempts to betray the Republican party. This was one of them. The next was the electoral commission. He had a speech already prepared to overthrow the action of the commission relative to the returns from Louisiana. Senator Morton discovered his plan, and succeeded in defeating it. There never would have been a Potter investigating committee but for Conkling. The Democrats were loth to go into it, and only did so at the earnest solicitation of Conkling. I do not say he falsified in this case, for I think he really believed that the men on the Louisiana boards had entered into a bargain for the sale of that State, and Conkling assured Southern Senators that I would, from very shame, leave the White House in thirty days after the investigation had begun."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1881.

The New York Legislature, strange to say, has not followed the advice given it by your correspondent last week. They are still balloting at Albany, and beyond the rather disgraceful charges of bribery preferred by the "Stalwarts" against the "Half Breeds," and the concentration of the anti-Conkling men upon Chauncey M. Depew for the long term, the situation remains unchanged. The friends of Mr. Depew, however, claim that he will be elected to one of the vacancies this week.

General Grant will be in New York this week. Though it is known that he will not enter actively into the contest, he will by the fact of his presence and earnest friendship for and support of Mr. Conkling, do all he can to aid him. Since he has arrived within the range of reporters, the General has expressed himself emphatically against the President and the colleagues of Mr. Conkling in the Senate. To use his own term, Mr. Conkling has been treated "outrageously."

In relation to the business which called the General to Mexico, he says he obtained all he asked for. He says that articles published in the Chicago papers, hinting at annexation, caused him some trouble. But that he went before the Mexican Congress, and, in a short speech, told them what he wanted, and they granted his wishes at once. The railroad—the object of his visit—is to be seven hundred miles long, running from the city of Mexico to the Pacific, in the United States. It will be a great advantage in developing the resources of both countries. The road must be completed in ten years, but in all probability it will be finished in three. The General will spend the summer in this country, returning to Mexico next winter.

LOGAN.

Fleeing Conscription.

Three thousand immigrants arrived at New York on a recent Sunday night. This number is rather moderate. During a month they arrive to the tune of sixty or seventy thousand. Three-quarters of a million annually appears to be the number that may be calculated upon with a considerable degree of certainty. Bismarck's efforts to stem this threatening current, which is depopulating certain sections of Germany, do not seem to effect that purpose. And it is not alone Germany which is thus pouring its population upon our shores. Although some of its districts are almost depopulated, some other sections of Europe appear faring no better. Undoubtedly many of these people, who thus turn their backs upon their fathers' halls and their native land, do so because they know that they can occupy broader lands and enjoy greater freedom on this Western continent and have opportunities to better their fortunes in the matter of accumulating wealth. With others, and doubtless with many, a very influential cause is a desire to escape the enforced service in the army, whether in peace or war, with possibilities of the latter at any time. The European system of the present day—armed neutrality—has no certainty of continuance. A blunder, a mistake, an overt act like that of France in the Tunisian affair, may at any day involve the nations in war and set the millions of armed men in motion. No one can be blamed for desiring to escape from a condition such as that.

Talmage Rejects the Revision.

NEW YORK, June 6.—Rev. Robert Collyer adnires the revised Bible.

Dr. Talmage declares it will multiply infidelity, and pronounces the revision literary hosh. It will never be adopted in his church if the fearless criticism of the people speaks out its mind. "I reject this revision, because it is a mechanical failure, because the verse and heading have been abandoned. Here is a paragraph a column and a half long in the middle of which are buried the blessed words, 'Jesus wept' Instead of standing out in solitude with all their grandeur, pathos, tenderness and omnipotent meaning. I reject the new version because of its amazing triviality. You remember Christ's sermon where he speaks of putting new wine into old bottles. The new version substitutes the word skin, as if they could not explain bottles as well as skin. [Laughter.] 'Show me a penny' said Christ. The revisors say 'show me a denarious.' [Laughter.] The old translation was too much for the delicacy of our American part of the New Testament Company. Where it says 'for he was naked, the Americans chose that it should read 'had on his under garment only.' [Laughter.] The new shook the faith of a great multitude in the Bible and gave a color to the attacks of infidelity. He deplored the circulation of the statements that there are 40 errors in King James' version of the Sermon on the Mount, and 150,000 errors in the New Testament. He believed the revision would make more infidels than 38 revisions could reclaim in the 969 years of Methuzelah, and a half dozen other Biblical patriarchs of great age combined. Since it was claimed that the mistakes corrected were not important he could not see the necessity for correcting them.

Everywhere you go, you are certain to hear of the wonderful virtues of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

Altamont Items.

We are now having fine weather after a week's heavy rains. The crops in this this vicinity look well.

The merchants at this place, S. E. Hoye and E. G. Blackburn, are doing a good business.

We had a grand Wedding in this place on the 12th, the happy pair being Mr. W. M. Harvey and Miss Rose Brady.

The steam thresher, known as the Browning and Friend machine, is being put in complete running order.

A pic-nic will be given, near Frank Nethkin's on the road leading from Sand Flat to Deer Park, on the 4th of July, with the usual amusements. No intoxicating liquors will be allowed on the grounds. A. C. Browning, J. H. Beckman and P. S. Hetzell constitute the committee of arrangements.

B. C. A.

—Wilson Fields and George Scott, two colored men belonging to Oldtown, Allegany county, became involved in a quarrel on Saturday evening about a bet at a horse race in the afternoon. Scott seemed desirous of avoiding a light, and retreated, when Fields struck at him. A second blow was passed, when Scott returned a terrible blow under the jaw, knocking Fields backwards. He then followed up the blow, kicking the postrate man in the chest and face and head. Fields lay motionless, and after one or tow gasps expired. The corner's jury returned a verdict that the death was caused by Wilson Fields, by inflicting a kick which broke Scott's ribs and produced paralysis of the heart. The deceased owned a farm and supported a large family of children, including five small ones, who have no mother. Scott has been committed for trial, and his plea will probably be self-defence.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland, Md

6 18 tf

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY. 1881.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1881, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1881.

ROAD LEVY.

District No 1		$ 415 00
" 2		422 58
" 3		515 00
" 4		450 00
" 5		422 59
" 6		415 00
" 7		615 00
" 8		415 00
" 9		105 00
Total,		$3,775 17

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 7 ms, 4 days		$ 8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate,	2 "	4 00
C T West,	2 "	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, Clerk,		5 00
Michael Brady, house rent		

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 22m, 4 ds		9 76
John M Miller, associate,	2 "	4 00
Lucien Frazee,	2 "	4 00
Thos B Welch, clerk, use P T Garthright, 2 days,		4 00
Wm W Frazee, clerk, 2 days		4 00
Jacob stuck use Chas F Frazee h rent		5 00

District No. 3.

S J Beachy, return judge, 27 ms, 4 days		10 16
Charles O Warnick, associate,	2 "	4 00
Wm H Chapman,	2 "	4 00
Jas K Arendt, clerk,	2 "	4 00
John T Patterson, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent		5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merrill, return judge, 27 m, 4 days		10 16
Samuel Harshbarger, associate	2 "	4 00
Geo T Michael	2 "	4 00
Thomas Garvey clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo L Michaels	"	5 00
Thos Garvey, house rent		

District No. 5.

Eli McMillen, return judge, 17 m, 4 days		9 36
Henry Zinkna, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Feigh,	2 "	4 00
Aaron Boyer, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Nelson McGettigan, clerk,		5 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,		

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 13 m, 4 days		9 01
Jeremiah H Enlow, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Sines,	2 "	4 00
Geo E Bishoff, clerk,	2 "	4 00
R F Hoye,	"	5 00
Elijah Friend, house rent		

District No. 7.

Geo W Legge, return judge, 8 days		6 00
Edmund Jamison, associate, 2 days		4 00
Samuel Lawton,	2 "	4 00
W O Ison, clerk,	2 "	4 00
G W Merrill, clerk,	2 "	4 00

District No. 8.

Wm J Wilson, return judge, 7m	4 days	8 56
Garrett V Moon, associate,	2 "	4 00
Jas W Mason,	2 "	4 00
Jas W White, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Ward	"	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent		5 00

District No. 9.

Michael Durst, return judge, 44 m,	4 dys	11 52
Samuel Johnson, associate,	2 "	4 00
Isaac Winebrenner	2 "	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Richard Graham,	"	4 00
Johnson Bros, house rent		5 00
Total,		$267 12

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use J A Hayden,	$12 35
E F Droege,	7 35
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
Levi C Fike,	4 75
A J Warnick,	8 50
Wm Hinebaugh,	9 90
R B Jamison,	15 90
A L Osbourn, use J A Hayden,	12 20
Total,	$82 20

CONSTABLES' FEES.

J W Savage, use R White,	$ 3 00
Same, balance,	3 65
W S Wolf	5 65
J S Johnson	13 80
Geo W Paugh	1 50
Jos Blocher,	75
F Kolb	8 70
J Miller, Jr.	3 90
Total	$40 95

REGISTRARS.

D Hinebaugh	$ 45 50
W H Barnard	53 00
R F Green	40 00
Isaiah Fuller	48 00
D Carey	53 00
Thos Browning	48 00
W H Hall, use Davis & Townshend	48 00
W O Hamill, use D E Offutt	49 32
Wm F Deakins	49 00
Total	$433 82

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Lewis Lininger, 1878	$18 56
B F Friend, 1878 and 1879	3 54
Alex Poland, 1880	16 37
F Friend, of E	10 77
Jacob Blubaugh	3 95
E Droege,	42 31
Total	$95 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

F M Garlitz, 1 cat		$ 2 00
Israel Garlitz, 1 cat		2 00
R A Garlitz, 1 cat and 3 foxes		5 00
Peter Sigbaugh,	1 "	1 00
N Slicer,	13 "	13 00
Jacob Becket,	3 "	3 00
A W Friend, 1 cat,	3 "	3 00
Noah Garlitz 1 cat		2 00
Rodeheaver & Childester,	5 foxes	5 00
Rudolph Beekman	1 "	1 00
I I Frazee,	2 "	2 00
J H Enlow,	1 "	1 00
J W Uuble,	6 "	6 00
W H Hoye,	6 "	6 00
J A Enlow,	3 "	3 00
Elijah Hoye, 1 cat,	1 "	1 00
I G Steyer 1	2 "	4 00
Henry Paugh,	1 "	1 00
H H Lour, 2 cats,	13 "	17 00
Geo W Wilson,	3 "	3 00
Kelter & Getty, 1 cat,	3 "	4 00
M Fazenbaker,	2 "	3 00
Jasper Frazee,	1 "	1 00
Joshua Titchinell,	3 "	3 00
W P Totten,	17 "	17 00
C T West,	4 "	4 00
P T Garthright 1 cat	10 "	10 00
John E Gnagey, 7 cats	48 "	62 00
O W Heiskell & Co	8 "	8 00
Geo Mosser,	2 "	2 00
P F Michael,	6 "	6 00
J H Bevans & Bro,	2 "	2 00
M Bowser,	3 "	3 00
Thos Coddington,	9 "	9 00
G W Legge, 2 cats,	8 "	10 00
John Wass	2 "	2 00
I Shaw, 2 cats,	2 "	6 00
P Bowser,	1 "	1 00
Lafayette Friend,	2 "	2 00
C C Michael,	5 "	5 00
Garrett V Moon 1 cat.		2 00
Sell & Speelbi,	2 "	3 00
Jos Rolidson, 2 cats	3 "	7 00
Jos F Frantz,	8 "	8 00
W H Tower 2 cats,	6 "	8 00
D M Hatfield, 1 cat	5 "	7 00
J S Brondwater, 1 cat	5 "	5 00
Davis & Townshend,	3 "	3 00
P T Lipscomb,	2 "	4 00
A Bonig, 1 cat		
Total,		$295 00

BRIDGES.

J G Knauer, bridge over Swan Sun	$ 40 00
J F Browning, timber for Deep Creek b	42 18
Geo W Wilson, bridge over Sand Run	14 50
Jeff Frazee, bridge over Buffalo Run	57 50
Thomas Wilburn, bridge over Meadow Mountain Run,	11 95
Geo L Michael, Bloomington bridge	40 00
Total	$206 13

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jesse Michael	$ 20 00
Geo W Michael	28 00
John H Riley,	40 00
Wm Casteel	5 20
Philip Durst,	9 44
J M Mason,	5 00
Hiram Duckworth examiner 3 days on Savage River road	6 00
Jacob Sisler,	3 00
G W Delawder, use O Hart & Son	9 25
W W Ashby,	70 25
Luke Mall	19 50
P T Garthright	83 28
Total	$298 92

ROAD EXPENSES.

Sharpless and Pugh road, John Harned surveyor,	$10 00
Wm C Titchenell chain carrier 1 day	2 00
Joseph Paugh, " " "	2 00
Otho Barnard, axeman "	2 00
Wm Sharpless examiner "	2 00
D J Bever, " "	2 00
Joshua Titchenell "	2 00
Bloomington and Backbone road, Wm H Barnerd, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm Warnick, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Jno M Titchenell " "	2 00
F R Sharpless, chainman, "	2 00
G W Turney " "	2 00
Kitzmiller bridge, E Kitzmiller ex 1 day	2 00
D Wilson " "	2 00
G F Richardson,	2 00
Jos King road, R J Head exam'r 2 days	4 00
Jno Friend of N, " "	4 00
L H Schoolfield, " "	10 00
C H Tillson, surveyor	2 00
Alf King, chainman, "	2 00
Newman Miller, "	2 00
Ashby bridge, Wm White of Jos ex 1 day	2 00
Geo Mason "	2 00
F P Arnold	
Grantsville road, John Harned, exam'r and surveyor 3 days	15 00
Noah Pysell, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm DeWitt, "	2 00
Samuel Specht chainman	2 00
Joseph Meese, "	2 00
Total	$98 07

PENSIONS.

Benedict Beachy, support of M. Foy		$ 15 00
Benedict Beachy	" Jas Foy	15 00
Charles Leese	" E Mayhew	20 00
J C Rodeheaver	" Geo Woods	25 00
Davis & Townshend	" A King	25 00
D E Offutt	" Nancy Lee	20 00
C C Wheeler	" Thos Brady	15 00
D E Offutt	" Saml Parks	10 00
D E Offutt	" Geo W Goff	15 00
Davis & Townshend	" M Moon	25 00
John T Geary	" Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle	" Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabella McKinzie	" Switzer child	15 00
Ira E Friend	" Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend	" crippled boy	20 00
Henry Creitzberg	" James Layton	15 00
P T Garthright	" Ruth King	25 00
L Glass	" Indigent child	15 00
		$325 00

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	600 00
Total	$1,600 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hospital to July 1st, 1881	$1,073 75
Montevue Hospital to July 1st, 1881	450 00
Total	$1,523 75

SHERIFFS' FEES.

Thos Coddington, late sheriff	$ 21 00
Geo D white, use 3d Nat Bank, Cumb'd	400 00
Same, balance,	477 70
Total	$898 70

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk,	$ 997 80
Estimate to pay jurors and state witnesses at Septe ober and May Term,	2,000 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witnes hund for 1880, use 2d Nat Bank	1,348 33
Wm Simouse, crier	12 00
James Bell, bailiff	12 00
Total	$4,370 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges,	$285 00
W H Hagans, register, use Peddicord & Combs	50 00
Same, use J A Hayden,	45 00
Same, balance	20 11
Total	$400 71

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

D W Sloan, by order Court	$ 30 00
Peddicord & Combs, 3 felonies, 2 mis	36 66
Peddicord, Combs and Price, 1 misde'r	3 33
Peddicord, Combs and Hamill, 1 misd'r	3 33
H W Combs, 2 felonies,	20 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
J W Veitch State's Attorney, 51 misdemeanors, including recognizances, & 6 felonies,	240 00
Same, trial fees,	225 00
Peddicord & Combs, trial fees in criminal cases,	35 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

S Butler, cor. over body of Polly Hoover	5 00
Dr B T Keller, on body M Butler	5 00
Dr E H Bartleit, "	5 00
Dr G H Hocking " John Riley	10 00
Total	$25 00

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D H Friend, per diem and mileage to date	$ 25 56
John Wilhelm, per diem and mileage use E Margroff	32 40
Same, balance,	27 16
W W Broadwater, per diem and mileage to date	50 38
F A Thayer, clerk, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, Counsel to Board use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	600 00
Total	$1,135 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

John J Smith, use Henry Russell, Printing	$ 142 00
Same, balance	12 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers	61 10
Stark, Phipps & Co., stationary for c h	78 20
E D Kepner, load wood for c h	2 00
C H Sincell, repairing pump, &c at c h	2 80
G A Shirer, stove, &c. for jail	21 45
D E Offutt, supplies for jail	12 82
G W Legge, supplies for jail	8 65
Lloyd Chambers, work at jail	11 75
Samuel Specht, boarding prisoners &c	9 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail	3 00
Medairy & Bowers, stationery &c. c h	70 70
J H Medairy & Co, stationery &c, c h	95 70
Nat Bank of Piedmont, bal due on net	1 10
W P Totten, coal &c for c h	8 00
Dr G H Hocking, med. attendance to pauper	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas, med. attendance to paupers	54 00
E Mergroff, 35 assessments	17 50
D Chambers, salary as Janitor from Oct 3, 1880 to Jan. 1, 1881, use T J Peddicord	5 00
Same, balance,	31 00
Same, salary as Janator from Jan 1, 1881, to Jan 1, 1882, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
W Y Wiltz, coal for jail and c h	15 00
Allegany county, costs in Shirer case	257 59
James Guard, supporting Loraw child	75 00
Davis & Towashend, supt'g Amanda King	10 00
Same, supporting same	8 00
Same, " August King	10 00
Same, " E Loraw	10 00
A Getty, " Wm Hoover	20 00
J C Rodeheaver support'g Geo Woods	15 00
Jeremiah Guard, supplies furnished to Jacob Savage and Jacob Barnhouse	11 30
John Shatzer, work in Clerk's office	46 00
Davis & Townshend, supplies for c h	15 70
M V Grim, use C C Wheeler, coffin for pauper	5 00
O Hart & Son, supplies for jail	1 00
Jasper Guard, col. amt. overpaid at sect, 1878 and 1879, use Peddicord & Combs	100 00
Same, balance	498 99
J A Hayden, printing &c	700 00
Total	$2,601 78
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$1,318 19

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes	$1,575 00
Same, " State "	35 23
Total	$1,910 23

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

Henry Feigh, road leading from Accident to Oakland,	$ 20 00
W M Coddington, repairing Helbig bridge,	125 00
Elijah Hoye, repairing Sang Run bridge over Yongh,	50 00
Norman Jacobs, for building 3 bridges over Laurel Run, in District No 4	105 00
National road,	570 00
Total,	$ 870 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,775 17
Elections,	267 12
Magistrates' fees,	40 95
Consables' fees,	433 82
Registrars	95 47
Taxes paid in error,	295 00
Foxes and Cats	298 13
Bridges	298 92
Road Appropriations,	98 00
Road Expenses	325 00
Pensions,	898 70
Sheriff's fees	4,370 13
Clerk's Office	400 71
Orphans' Court	1,600 00
Court House Fund	1,523 75
Hospitals	599 98
Attorneys' fees	25 00
Coroner's Inquest	1,135 50
County Commissioners	2,601 78
Miscellaneous	8,500 00
Public Schools	1,318 19
Contingent land	1,910 23
Collector's Commissions	870 00
Special Road and Bridge Levy	
Total,	$31,792 56
Total Assessment of Garrett Co	$3,636,626 00

By 87½ cents on each $100 assessable property $31,792 56

The State Tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which, added to 87½ cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.06 on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1881.

FRED. A. THAYER,
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

Estate of John Tice, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN TICE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1880.

SAMUEL BEACHY, of Jonas,
6 18 3 Executor.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office and residence in the Osbourn house.

2 5 3m.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Miss Mollie Peddicord is visiting friends in Baltimore.

—Mr. R. S. Miller, of Kansas, is visiting relatives and friends in this county.

—John A. Delawder, of G., has been appointed agent at the Deer Park Hotel station.

—Mr. H. A. Ison has been appointed assistant railroad agent at Oakland during the summer season.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels were opened for the reception of guests Wednesday.

—Married, at the residence of Wm. H. Murphy, June 2d, 1881, by Rev. Thomas Digman, Mr. W. H. Moon and Mrs. Civilla Trent, all of this county.

—A festival was held in Swanton last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the new church enterprise at that place, at which forty-three dollars were realized over expenses.

—A petition is being circulated in Oakland requesting our town Council to demand of the B. & O. R. R. company that a watchman be placed at the crossing in front of Coddington's Hotel.

—Democratic primary meetings have been called in this county for Saturday, to elect delegates to a county convention, which will meet in Oakland Tuesday, 21st, to select delegates to the State convention, which meets in Baltimore Thursday, 23d.

—We have been requested to call the attention of our town authorities to the fact that stock is being allowed to run at large within the corporate limits, much to the annoyance of many of our citizens, and "contrary to ordinances made and provided."

—Visitors at Hazlewood Cottage June 16th: Mrs Simmons and family, Mrs. Webb, Mr. Nickolas Barry, Miss Nellie Barry, Dallas, Texas; Gen. Brown, Winchester, Ind.; Mr. Thaw and family, Miss Alice Heath, Washington, D. C.

—Messrs. C. L. Springer of Dunbar, Pa., and Frank Springer, of Uniontown, Pa., are at Dailey's Hotel. They will spend some time here in fishing and hunting. Frank will be remembered as the young gentleman who "got away" with our Oakland boys in glass ball shooting, last fall.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church every Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Swanton at 3½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

County Commissioners.

The county Commissioners adjourned on Friday afternoon.

The following was the only business transacted of general interest, outside of the annual levy:

W. S. Wolf, constable of District No. 7, offered his resignation, which was accepted.

The Examiners' report on the road beginning at the west end of Totten's lane and running through the lands of George Spiker and others, was filed.

The Examiners' report on the J. R. Browning road was filed.

The petition of Charles Murphy and others for a road up Crab Tree, was filed.

The petition of Alex. Reed and others for a road to be known as the Dry Run road, was filed.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 15:

Philip W. Lish, to Frank L. Lish, his interest in Military Lots Nos. 492 and 493; $100.

James Foy and others to Wm. R. Getty, Lot No. 2128.

Jacob Nickleson, to Daniel Harshberger, part of the tract called "Hard Struggle," containing 149½ acres; $1600.

Washington A. Smith, to Wm. H. Knepp, Military Lot No. 1326.

W. F. Daniels and wife to Ferdinand Grause, part of the tract called "Anything," containing 12¾ acres of land; $275.

John Daily, et. al., to G. S. Hamill, part of Lots Nos. 1 and 3 "Penningtons Addition," to Oakland; $500.

Mary A. Tasker and husband to G. S. Hamill and D. E. Offutt, all of her undivided one fifth interest, in the surface of a tract of land called "Mount Gilhon;" $150.

Norman Barnard and wife to Henry Beckman, 269½ acres of land; $2,000.

John Tice and wife to Jonas J. Tice, 203 acres of lands; $6,000.

John P. Spiker and others to Valentine Kahl, 20 acres of land; $400.

John P. Spiker and others to Lewis Kahl, 17 acres and 125 perch of land; $307.84.

John P. Spiker and others to Lewis Kahl, 20 acres of land; $200.

Valentine Kahl, to Catharine Kahl, ¼ of an acre of land; $30.

Henry Richter and wife to John L. Richter, 80 perches of land; $30.

The Sunday School Convention.

The fifth annual Sunday School Convention for Garrett county was held at Oakland last week, commencing on Friday afternoon at 2½ o'clock and adjourning on Sunday night. The sessions of Friday and Saturday were held in the M. E. Church, and the Sunday services in the Memorial Church. Although the weather during the entire week was unfavorable, being rainy, dark and gloomy, and prevented the attendance of many who had a great desire to be present and fully intended to be, the Convention was a great success, more so than any heretofore held in the county, and fully met the anticipations of those interested. Words of pleasure and satisfaction were uttered and heard on all sides and by every one; and not only was it evident from this and from the general religious feeling prevailing and the Christian fellowship exhibited, but also by the number of schools represented and reported, the number of delegates present and the number of persons from every portion of the county in attendance during its sessions, any or all of which exceeded those of any former and similar occasion in this county. The interest manifested was also very great, as the facts just referred to show, and when compared with the other years show very conclusively that the holding of Sunday School Conventions has been a great benefit to the county, spiritually, has aroused the interest of all its people, created a new era in the religious work, given an impetus and has been very beneficial to the Sunday School cause, to morality and Christianity. In 1878, at the convention held at Oakland, there were but 31 schools and 1878 officers, teachers and scholars reported; in 1879, at Accident, 39 schools, and 2423 officers, teachers and scholars reported; in 1880, at Grantsville, 37 schools and 2517 officers, teachers and scholars were reported, and at the Convention just held 42 schools and 2707 officers, teachers and scholars were reported, and several schools heard from since not herein reported. The attendance of delegates was also greater: At Accident, in 1879, the number was 60, at Grantsville, in 1880, about 50, and at Oakland in 1881, 75 were present, while 120 were elected, nearly all of whom would have attended had the weather and roads been favorable. Not only is the beneficial effects thus seen, but also in the meetings and services of the Convention, the spirit with which the services were engaged in, the attention paid to and the interest displayed in the same, the harmony and Christian feeling manifested, and in the interchange of religious ideas and expressions of religious experience, are seen the results of the efforts thus put forth for the advancement of the cause of Christ.

After the exercises were concluded the people here gathered together separated; departed for their respective homes gratified and benefitted beyond expectation, their souls rekindled with fire from on high, their energies invigorated, their zeal renewed, their hearts encouraged and filled with Christian love, and each one expressing the best wishes for the future welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all here assembled, and with the prayer that all may in the future be "gathered home" and there engage in "Singing and Praising Forever."

Rev. Wm. A. Baker, Secretary of the Maryland Sunday School Union, was present and untiring in his efforts to make the Convention a success, and to extend the Sunday School work in the county, and by his efficient aid as usual elicited the praise and obtained the prayers and good wishes of the people, and deservedly received the hearty thanks of the Convention.

Rev. J. M. Davis, Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union for Garrett county, was also actively engaged, did a noble work, and was, as he always is, unceasing in his endeavors to promote the Sunday School cause.

The caring and providing homes for the delegates devolved upon Mr. John Shatzer, who did it in such a manner and so satisfactorily as to entitle him to the thanks of all.

Prof. R. G. Richardson presided at the organ and led the singing, and, as usual when he is thus occupied, the music was grand, and called forth the encomiums and received the compliments of the people.

In the absence of the minister selected for the purpose, Rev. J. J. Young was requested, late Saturday evening to preach the sermon on Sunday morning. He did so without any previous preparation, and filled the appointment to the entire satisfaction of the Convention.

Following are the proceedings as recorded by the efficient Secretary of the Convention, W. P. Townshend, Esq.:

Friday—The Convention assembled in the M. E. Church at 2½ o'clock, and was called to order by Rev. J. M. Davis, Vice President for Garrett county, of the Md. Sunday School Union. Reading of the scriptures by Rev. Benjamin Ison, followed by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus," and prayer by Rev. B. Ison.

On motion of Rev. W. A. Baker the President appointed a committee consisting of Bros. C. M. Miller, Jas. A. Hayden, John Shatzer, G. S. Hamill and Rev. W. A. Baker, to nominate permanent officers for the Convention. Bro. Jas. A. Hayden, not being a delegate was on motion of Bro. Baker, admitted as one.

While committee was preparing report convention engaged in singing.

Committee reported as follows: For President, Rev. S. E. Jones, Vice Presidents, Rev. W. Stoudenmire, D. H. Friend, A. C. Hamill, P. T. Garthright, Charles Keller, Elijah Kemp, Rev. J. J. Young, Hon. Geo W. Wilson and Aaron Wilhelm; for Treasurer, Dr. B. T. Keller; and that the convention would not recommend any one for Secretary, the permanent Secretary of Garrett county Sunday School Convention being present; and also as a rule regulating the discussion of questions, the convention reported that the persons opening the discussion should have fifteen minutes in which to speak, and those following five minutes each.

On motion the report was adopted.

Rev. S E. Jones, then delivered the Address of Welcome, which, after singing, was replied to by Rev. J. J. Young.

Singing, "More Like Thee."

President then appointed a business committee as follows: Bro. Wm. Hinebaugh, Revs. J. M. Davis and Wm. Stoudenmire.

On motion from 9 to 11½ o'clock in the morning, 2½ to 5 in the afternoon, and opening at 7½ o'clock in the evening, were the hours fixed for the sessions of the Convention.

Letter from C. J. Otto read, followed by singing, after which Convention engaged in consecration services conducted by the President.

Bro. Stoudenmire was appointed to conduct devotional exercises at evening session.

Convention then adjoined with doxology and benediction.

Friday evening.—Convention assembled at 7½ o'clock, and first half hour engaged in devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, after which the regular order of business was proceeded with, Vice President Wm. Stoudenmire presiding.

On motion the minutes of afternoon session were read and approved.

On motion the calling of roll was postponed until morning session of Saturday.

Discussion of the 1st question. "The use and abuse of lesson leaves and question books," was opened by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "Singing and Praising Forever."

The discussion was then continued by Rev. J. J. Young and Bro. E. Lee, after which the resolution following was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention, that lesson helps should be used as they were intended; to aid the teacher and scholars in the study of the lesson and not be relied upon as a substitute for the careful study of the word of God.

2nd question, "Which are most useful to Sunday Schools Library books or Periodicals?" was opened by John A. Grant, who was followed, after singing, by Bro. G. S. Hamill, John Shatzer, G. A. Pritchard, J. M. Davis and C. M. Miller.

Reports of Schools taken up; some of them read and verbal reports received from delegates. Time having arrived for adjournment, hearing of further reports was deferred until to morrow.

Rev. J. J. Young was appointed to conduct devotional exercise of morning session to morrow.

Singing and adjourned.

Saturday morning.—Convention met at 9 o'clock, and half hour occupied in devotional exercies, conducted by Rev. J. J. Young, at conclusion of which the regular business was taken up and proceeded with.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Roll of delegates called and fifty-three present, after which the discussion of the 3d question, "What is the obligation on church members to engage in Sunday School work and how may they be induced to do so?" was opened by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Singing, and discussion continued by W. A. Baker, Revs. J. J. Young, P. Hamill, H. E. Friend, Miss Marian Hauser, Miss Jones, of Cranberry, and Rev. J. M. Davis.

Singing, and the resolution following adopted:

Resolved, That the Convention deem it obligatory upon members of the Church of Christ to heartily engage in the Sunday School work, which is indeed the teaching of the old and new testament and the desire and hope of the Church.

The 4th question, "How can the regular attendance of both teachers and scholars be secured in our schools?" was then taken up and discussed by Bro. C. M. Miller.

Singing, "Must I go and empty handed."

On motion the questions in question box were taken up and referred to business committee, and while the committee was preparing its report the reports of Sunday Schools were taken up, some read and verbal reports received from delegates and representatives.

Time having arrived for adjournment, on motion the time was extended so as to give Bro. Gabriel Friend an opportunity to speak, making a verbal report of the Sunday Sunday represented by him and asking aid for it.

The business committee reported questions in question box, and on motion they were read and their discussion deferred until afternoon session.

Rev. P. Hamill was appointed to conduct the devotional exercises in the afternoon.

Doxology sung and Convention adjourned.

Saturday afternoon.—Convention assembled at 2½ o'clock, and devotional exercises engaged in for half hour, at expiration of which time regular business was taken up and proceeded with.

Minutes of morning session read and approved.

Discussion of the 4th question, "How to make Sunday School teaching a success," was opened by W. A. Baker. Singing, and discussion continued by Rev. J. J. Young.

The 6th question, "What is the best method of controling refractory scholars?" was then taken up for discussion, which was opened by Rev. J. J. Young, and participated in by Mrs. Almira Steele, of Massachusetts, and Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Questions in question box, reported by business committee were taken up.

1st question, "How ought teachers who are seldom in their places when school opens to be dealt with?"

2nd, "Does the new revision of the Scriptures in any manner affect the Sabbath School system of instruction?" discussed by Rev. P. Hamill.

3d, "How can we control our Sunday School musicians who are too ambitious?" taken up by Revs. Wm. Stoudenmire, W. A Baker and J. M. Davis.

4th, "When the teacher is refactory how can he control his scholars?" answered by W. A. Baker, "He cannot do it."

The next business was the selection of place at which next Convention shall be held. On motion it was deferred until evening session.

On motion it was ordered that Sunday Schools hereafter shall be represented in the Convention by the Pastors, Superintendents and one delegate from each school.

Rev. Bowlin was appointed to conduct devotional exercises at evening session.

Roll called, doxology sung and Convention adjourned.

Saturday evening.—Convention met at 7½ o'clock, and half hour devoted to devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, after which order of business was taken up.

Minutes of afternoon session read and approved.

On motion the vote adopting the resolution changing the representation of Sunday Schools in Conventions hereafter to be held, reducing the number of delegates from two to one from each school, was reconsidered.

The question then before the Convention being the adoption of the original resolution offered by Hon. P. Hamill in afternoon, which was discussed by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, John Shatzer and Hon. P. Hamill, after which, on vote being had, the resolution was lost; the number of delegates from each school remaining unchanged.

The 7th question was not discussed.

The discussion of the 8th question, "Relation of Sunday School to Missionary work," was opened by Rev. J. J. Young, in the absence of Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, to whom was assigned the question.

Singing, "Gathering Home."

Discussion continued by John Shatzer, Rev. S. E. Jones, Hon. P. Hamill and Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Singing, after which, on motion of Rev. J. J. Young, Accident was selected as the place of holding the next Convention.

The following resolutions were then offered by W. A. Baker, which were read and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the President for the able manner in which he has presided over its deliberations and also to our Secretary and Vice President.

Resolved, That our thanks be tendered to the pastors and officers of the Churches of Oakland, for the use of the same during the sessions of the Convention.

Resolved, That we will ever hold in kind remembrance the citizens of Oakland and vicinity for the kind and Christian hospitalities extended to the delegates.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are hereby tendered to Prof. R. G. Richardson and the Choir, for the delightful music rendered during the sessions of the Convention.

Immediately after which the following was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Convention be tendered to Bro. W. A. Baker, of the Maryland Sunday School Union, for the great interest displayed by him in the meetings of the Convention, and for the efficient aid he has rendered, and which has to a great extent, made it a success.

Report of Lindale School then read and verbal report received from Bro. Henry Beckman, delegate, who, asking for information, was answered by Bro. W. A. Baker.

After which the question, "What is the best way in which to get those children to come to the Sunday Schools, whose parents do not belong to the Church and would rather see their children engage in any sport or pastime which they may prefer to going to Church." Submitted to be answered by Rev. J. M. Davis, he being absent, however, it was answered by Revs. Wm. Stoudenmire, J. J. Young and Bro. E. Lee.

Singing, and announcement made of Sunday services which are to be held in the Memorial Church.

Condensed report of Sunday Schools in county read and Convention adjourned.

Sunday morning.—General prayer meeting conducted by Rev. S. E. Jones, held in Memorial Church at 9 o'clock.

At 10½ o'clock regular Church services were held, and opened with singing "Jesus Lover of my Soul," quartet, by Misses Mattie Kepner and Ella Peddicord, Rev. S. E. Jones and Prof. R. G. Richardson, and also "Wonderful words of Life" by congregation, followed by the reading of the 3d chapter of 2d Timothy, and prayer by Rev. A. M. Bowlin.

Singing, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," after which Rev. J. J. Young, in the absence of Rev. C. U. Heilman, who was to have preached and also of Rev. J. E. Moffatt, substitute, delivered a sermon, selecting as his text the 15th verse of the 3d chapter of 2d Timothy. At the conclusion of which a collection was taken up to defray expenses of Convention and for the Maryland Sunday School Union.

Singing, "He will hide me," Doxology and benediction.

Sunday afternoon. — Children's meeting, conducted by Rev. S. E. Jones, held at 2 o'clock, and consisted of the following exercises:

Singing, "I'll stand by you till the morning," and "Gathering Home;" followed by the reading of a portion of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew and prayer by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "My Redeemer."

Address by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Singing, "Oh I am so happy in Jesus."

Address by Rev. Wm. H. Baker.

Singing, "Out of Darkness into Light."

Address by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Singing, "On Jordan's story Banks I stand."

Doxology and benediction by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire,

Sunday Evening.—Promise, praise and Sunday School teachers experience meeting, conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis, held at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Singing, "Will praise Him Forever."

Prayer by Rev. J. J. Young.

Singing, "Open the door for the children."

After which the services of the evening were commenced and engaged in by Revs. J. M. Davis, S. E. Jones, W. A. Baker, J. J. Young, A. M. Bowlin, P. Hamill, Wm. Stoudenmire and H. E. Friend, and Bros. Jas. A. Enlow, John A. Grant, F. A. Thayer, G. S. Hamill, W. H. Hagans, John Shatzer, Wm. Hinebaugh, David Enlow, J. A. Wise, Geo. M. Mason, E. Lee, and Mrs. S. E. Jones, Mrs. J. J. Young, and Miss Marian Hauser, at the conclusion of which Revs. J. M. Davis and S. E. Jones made short addresses.

The services were interspersed throughout with music.

Singing, "Blest be the tie," after which services closed with benediction by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, and Miss Emma Brooke, presided at the organ during the sessions of the Convention.

List of schools and number of teachers and schools reported.

Wilsons Chapel, 26; Davis Mills, 62; Bear Creek, 59; Heliman, 28; Fairfax, 35; Johnstown, 118; Armstead, 52; Selbysport, 36; Cove, 78; Emanuel M. E. South, 52; Accident, 154; Oakland Presbyterian, 104; Sunny Side, 70; Winding Hill, 45; Sand Spring, 66; Bolton Chapel, 63; Lindale, 22; McHenry, 48; Glade Valley, 55; Reformed, 43; Swanton, 62; New Germany, 47; Deep Creek, 35; Sang Run, 52; Mercy Chapel, 53; Deer Park Lutheran, 61; Grantsville Lutheran, 41; Oakland Lutheran, 96; Harrington Manor, 31; Pleasant Valley, 51; Blooming Rose, 40; Emanuel Lutheran, 70; Oakland M. E., 151; Elk Plains, 53; South Point, 58; Negro Mountain, 68; Grantsville, M. E., 41; Bethlehem, 31; Chestnut Grove, 29; Trinity Reformed, 95; Fairview, 39; Deer Park Union, 74;

Number of Officers estimated, 210; Teachers reported, 288; Scholars, 2,209; total, 2707. Number of Scholars united with the Church during the year 78. Number of Schools reported 42. Number of schools using uniform lesson leaves, 31; that do not, 8. Number of schools reported open the entire year, 31; number of schools part of the year, 11. Number of Union schools, 12; Methodist Episcopal, 14; M. E. South, 2; Ev. Lutheran, 6; United Brethren, 4; Presbyterian, 1; Reformed, 1; German Reformed, 1; Baptist, 1. Number of Ministers and Delegates present 75.

Ministers present—Wm. A. Baker, J. J. Young, S. E. Jones, Wm. Stoudenmire, J. M. Davis, Benjamin Ison, P. Hamill, A. M. Bowlin, J. S. Laughlin, D. H. Friend, A. C. Hamill, H. E. Friend.

DELEGATES ELECTED.

Wilsons Chapel, J. R. Harshbarger, supt; J. H. Wilson, F. McRohle.

Davis Mills, Geo. W. Kepler, supt; C. M. Trowbride, Moille Lewis.

Bear Creek, Joel Diehl, supt; Austin Speicher, Miss Mollie Weller.

Heilman, John M. Davis, supt.

Fairfax, Marion McKimmey, supt; Jere Harvey.

Johnstown, Geo. E. Bishoff, supt; J. P. Lowdermilk, Sallie Fergurson.

Armstead, J. H. Stevens, supt; R. J. Head, W. H. Speicher.

Selbysport, Thos. B. Welch, supt; A. M. Frazee, Edward Liston.

Cove, W. M. Lohr, supt; P. M. Miller, Lyman Frazee.

Emanuel M. E. South, George A. Crow, supt; Ephraim Lee, Alice Durst.

Accident, Wm. Hinebaugh, supt; Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Eli McMillen.

Oakland Presbyterian, William H. Tower, supt; G. S. Hamill, Jno. A. Grant.

Sunny Side, David S. Arnold, supt; Miss Marian S. Hauser, Frederick Stahl.

Winding Hill, Robert Sterling, supt; Morgan Conneway, R. Enlow.

Sand Spring, Jno. W. Frantz, supt; Gabriel Friend, Isaac Myers.

Bolton Chapel, R. B. White, supt; D. A. Friend, J. A. Steele.

Lindale, John Moon, supt; H. Beckman, A. J. Lee.

McHenry, Joseph Weimer, supt; Levi Echard, S. P. Specht.

Glade Valley, Jhonson White superintendent, Alfred King, G. P. White.

Reformed Granisville, G. C. Meese, supt; G. C. Keller, Eli Stanton.

Swanton, A. C. Hamill, supt; C. M. Miller, John H. Beckman.

New Germany, J. M. Durst, supt; S. Wiland, F. M. Green.

Deep Creek, Jacob Sell, supt; Annie Wilburn, A. S. Spear.

Sang Run, Elijah Hoye, supt; Cornelius Savage, Elijah Friend.

Mercy Chapel, George W. Frazee, supt; G. W. Groves, Jonas Wass.

Deer Park Lutheran, B. F. Thrasher, supt; W. S. Lantz, L. A. Stemple.

Grantsville Lutheran, Henry Winterberg, supt; Jere H. Wagner, Loulsa Wagner.

Deer Park Union, J. C. Rodeheaver, supt; J. S. Laughlin, Miss May Clary.

Oakland Lutheran, John Shatzer, supt; Wm. D. Hoye, Hezekiah Lowe.

Harrington Manor, Simon Wolf, supt; Joseph B. Davis, Isaac Kuykendall.

Pleasant Valley, J. A. Wise, supt; David C. Enlow, Clark Deberry.

Blooming Rose, Wm. McCabe, supt; Geo. D. Frantz, Ira E. Friend.

Emanuel Lutheran, Th. H. Bittinger, supt; Thomas B. Wiley, Harriet Beachy.

Oakland M. E., John M. Davis, supt; Ralph Thayer, Mrs. S. M. Offutt.

Grantsville M. E., Charles A. Snyder, supt; Noah Broadwater, Miss Emma Chapman.

Negro Mountain, Charles Werner, supt, John Yommer.

South Point, John Close, supt; Misses Kate White, Clara Russell.

Elk Plain, I. W. Abernathy, supt; Geore W. Wilson, John W. Harvey.

Bethlehem, Benjamin Moon, supt; Columbus Paugh, W. Demit.

Chestnut Grove, Jackson Warnick, supt; Henry Paugh.

Trinity Reformed, C. J. Otto, supt; Mrs. C. V. Otto, Olower Durst.

Fairview, George F. Richardson, supt; L. C. Hamill, H. Junkins,

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Secretary.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A bust of Carlyle is to go into the poet's corner in Westminster Abbey.

—Journalism pays in France. Emile de Girardin died leaving over a million dollars.

—His doctors have declared that in order to restore his health, the Pope must leave Rome during the summer months.

—The Crown Prince of Sweden is acting as Regent of the kingdom during the absence in England of his father and mother.

—Victor Hugo, who writes so feelingly about the trials of the poor, is a rich man, it seems, his interest in a single bank amounting to over a third of a million dollars.

—One tragic phase of the recent execution in Russia lay in the fact that the Judge who pronounced the death sentence upon Sophie Pieroffska was a companion of her childhood and once a suitor for her hand.

—M. Cabanel has painted a picture of Miss Mackay, daughter of Bonanza Mackay, for the Paris salon this season. She is represented as a young girl with fair hair, in a white dress against a blue ground, with a halo round her head. The work is said to remind one of a virgin on the stained-glass window of some old cathedral.

—Newspaper trains start daily at 5:15 a. m. from four great railway termini in London and deliver the metropolitan papers in all the large cities of England before noon. The circulation of the great dailies has been thereby increased. The *Telegraph* circulates 250,000 copies daily, the *Standard* 180,000, the *Daily News* 170,000, the *Times* 100,000.

—The Earl of Shrewsbury, who received a well-merited thrashing from the gentleman with whose wife he eloped, is only twenty years of age. His grandfather obtained, by decision of the House of Lords, the title of Earl of Shrewsbury and the estates which had been left by the last Roman Catholic Earl to Lord Edmond Howard, the second son of the late Duke of Norfolk. He is the youth with whom it was falsely reported Mrs. Langtry had eloped. His sister, Lady Castlereagh, is regarded as the beauty of the London season.

—Of the late Lord Beaconsfield a London correspondent writes: As a young man, the extravagance of his dress and the smartness of his conversation made him known in society. A friend of mine remembers his appearing thus at a dinner party: In a black velvet coat, lace ruffles, black waistcoat with a striking yellow embroidered design like a huge sunflower, dove-colored trousers, patent-leather shoes, a half score of rings, and two or three long gold chains displayed on his waistcoat, showing several handsome cameos. The lady whom he was escorting to dinner said, "Ben, this is too bad; are you a Lord Mayor or a mountebank?" This youthful extravagance involved him in debt, and when he married a large part of his wife's fortune was required to meet his liabilities; yet he was never so poor as stated in some papers.

A Glimpse of Lisbon.

We floated this morning down the Tagus, the glittering panorama of the city unfolding before us. Its houses, built of creamy, marble-like stone, terraced the hill-sides, forming a stately staircase, down which Lisbon stepped as a queen to the water's edge. We could not dispute her claim; whatever city may be ranked first for beauty of situation, Lisbon can be classed no lower than second among all the cities of the globe. Its wonderful atmosphere bathed all with a golden glamour. The tiled fronts of the houses, which, seen nearer, suggest patchwork bedquilts hung out to air, flashed back the sunshine from their glazed surface like so many gems; dome and cupola, church tower and palace facade, outlined themselves in graceful profile against the sky, as exquisite as a poet's dream, and as unreal as some prehistoric legend.

A nearer view of Lisbon streets, while it dispels in a certain degree the vision-like enchantment of the distant picture, brings out details of never-ceasing interest. We spend our days in long walks and drives up and down mountainous streets, that wind and climb, criss-cross, angle, and lose themselves in labyrinthine tangles, blind alleys, or pleasant squares. We wonder alike at the bizarre costumes of the lower classes, and the similarity to American—or rather Parisian—styles displayed by the more well-to-do. We saunter along the quays, and study fishermen and Gallegos. We look up at the balconies draped with a bright rug or gay shawl, at the party-colored awnings and windows, where a beautiful face shows against a dark background like a Rembrantesque portrait. We scan the attractive windows of the goldsmith's shop in the Rue Aurea, or jingle along in the Americano, as they christen the open street-car, through the Broadway of the city, which leads to the Belem suburb. The people live much upon the street, and it is here that they are to be studied to the best advantage. The houses of the poor open to it, and we have a full view of the home life from the narrow sidewalk. In the more elegant quarters the wistaria droops in purple festoons over the balustrades which edge the roof, while spots of rosy pink or vivid scarlet tell of blossoming oleanders or cacti, for the roof of one row of houses often forms its own garden, or that of the houses upon the next terrace. These hanging gardens reminded the eccentric Beckford of places of interment, "as if the deceased inhabitants of the palace were sprouting up in the shape of prickly-pears, Indian figs, gaudy hollyhocks, and peppery capsicums."

Here and there roofs of red semi-cylindrical tiles projected over the house fronts, suggesting the fluted frill of an old lady's cap. Everywhere there was sparkling color and dazzling light. Sometimes the tiles on the fronts of the houses formed mosaics of gigantic figures, vases of flowers, and baskets of fruits; now and then, above some rusty lantern, which in Southey's time served the double purpose of illuminating the streets and burning in honor of the sacred pictures above them, the tiles shaped themselves into Madonnas, martyrs in flames, and saints in glory—a circumstance which called from the merry poet the *bon-mot*, "These saints are the most enlightened personages in Lisbon." If the streets of Lisbon were dark in Southey's time, they have blazed with light since the advent of gas; the poor saints alone remain in the obscurity of the Dark Ages.—*Lizzie W. Champney, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Prime Minister of Greece.

M. Coumoundouros, whose name and whose views so often crop up in dispatches from Athens, has had a very remarkable career. At the end of the last century, his family were the Chiefs of Maina, whose inhabitants had always preserved their freedom and independence, Coumoundouros betook himself to Athens to pursue his studies, but he distinguished himself rather as a leader of his fellow-pupils, than by severe application. While thus engaged, the Cretans broke out into revolt. To Crete he went, where he fought and was wounded. He was conveyed to his home, and as soon as he was cured of his wounds he returned to Athens to continue his studies. On their completion he settled in a provincial town, and remained there until 1856, when he was sent to Athens as a Deputy. There he speedily made his capacity as a leader of men felt. He was chosen President of the Chamber, and a few days later became a Minister. Since then he has been the acknowledged head of the party of action, but it was not until 1866 that he took a leading part in foreign affairs.

Many stories are told of his fearless courage. Once an old soldier, who had been dismissed from some small post, determined to kill him. The would-be assassin waited for him at the door of the Ministry, and on his appearance raised a loaded pistol, and pointed it at him. Coumoundouros rushed forward, snatched the pistol from the man's hand, and held him until the arrival of the guard. Finding, on inquiry, that injustice had been done to the man, he reinstated him a few days later in the post from which he had been dismissed.

Here is another story: When Otho had been expelled, Coumoundouros and his friends made prisoner Leotsakes, the Colonel of a regiment that was acting against them. A report reached the regiment that Leotsakes had been killed, and they managed to seize on Coumoundouros, in order to slay him. Nothing daunted, Coumoundouros pretended to regard himself as their guest, and so effectually did his courage and eloquence stand him in good need, that he and his captors were soon engaged in drinking toasts to their common country.

As a Minister, his chief fault is that he never knows how to refuse anything to his friends, and, owing to his amiable weakness, there are men about him who might be better away. He is now about sixty years old, and possesses a wonderful facility for work, often reading official documents and giving orders to half a dozen subordinates at the same time. To his untiring energy it is due that Greece has now sixty-five thousand men under arms, well drilled and well equipped.—*London Truth.*

Egypt and Its Ruins.

What is now the valley of the Nile, we have reason to believe, was peopled by pilgrims from Western Europe at a time when the Strait of Gibraltar had no existence. They warred with the wild beasts, which then occupied the land, and against which the negroes, who occupied the more southern country, could not contend. We can trace their history from the time when their rude huts were built of mud, then of bricks—first sun-dried, and afterward kiln-dried—then of logs, and after that of sandstone, until we see the magnificent monuments of stone, down to the time when Egypt was ruled by its first king, variously estimated at from 2700 B. C. to 5700 B. C., and when Egypt first began to relate its own history and was ruled by laws. Egypt's pyramids are the greatest monuments ever erected on this planet; yet, when people ask me why to-day no such monuments are built or can not be built, I reply that if one man could control the labor of 100,000 men for 66 years he could build a monument beside which Egypt's greatest pyramids would look like mole-hills; but thank heaven no one man can now control the labor of slaves as did the pyramid-builders, and if he could he would not want any such monuments to the greatness of kings. The pyramids were only vast sepulchers, and are evidence that the Egyptians once believed in the resurrection of the body. They thought that in three thousand years the soul returned to the body and reinhabited it; and so they wanted to keep the bodies of their kings only as a mighty pyramid could keep them.—*Prof. Denton.*

A Gander Leads a Blind Horse.

It is said that the greatest difference existing between man and brutes is shown in the love existing in the human family, which is never seen in the lower orders of the animal creation. But it sometimes occurs that a community of feeling is exhibited in as marked a degree by the brute as can be found among human beings. Mr. Phillips, a well-known citizen, living on the Franklin Pike, six miles from the city, owned an old blind horse. A flock of geese occupied the pasture jointly with him. An old gander, seeing the difficulty the horse had to go around, attached himself to the horse, leaving his fellows for that purpose. All day long the gander could be seen going in front of the horse, giving signs of his presence by a constant cackle, the horse following the sound. The gander piloted the horse to the best pasture and to water. A perfect understanding was had between them and they seemed to know what each wanted. At night the gander accompanied the horse to the stall, sat under the trough and the horse would occasionally bite off a mouthful of corn and drop it on the ground for his feathered friend, and thus they would share each other's meals. Finally, on one Sunday, the old horse died. The gander seemed utterly lost, wandered about disconsolately, looking everywhere for his old comrade, refusing all food, and at the end of the week he, too, died, although his life was but just begun, for a goose will live forty or fifty years. This is a true story and can be verified by numbers of persons who often saw the strange parties marching around, and displays the wonderful affection that sometimes springs up among the lower orders.—*Nashville American.*

How to Repel Parasites.

The thousands of different species of parasites which infest organic matter may be included in two grand divisions, animal and vegetable. The first may again be subdivided into what are termed insects and worms (entozoa). Among the former the most familiar are the several species of bot flies and gad flies, which infest horses, sheep, and various domestic and wild animals, passing only a portion of their lives within their victims; while other insect parasites, like the ticks, lice, and mites, feed upon the skin or suck the blood of the animals which they infest. The entozoa or internal parasitic worms sometimes live entirely in the intestines, as in the case of the tape worm and hair worm; others penetrate to every part of the flesh and muscles, as in the case of the trichina; while others infest only particular organs, like the gape worm in the windpipe of chickens, and liver fluke in the liver of sheep. Of the parasites belonging to the vegetable kingdom the most troublesome and destructive to cultivated plants and animals are those known as microscopic fungi, and there is not a plant or animal on this earth which is not, under certain conditions, liable to the attacks of these minute pests. Even the hair on our horses and cattle is often infested with a vegetable growth which destroys its elasticity and renders it as brittle as glass.

The grains in our fields are attacked by rust, smut, and mildew, as are also many kinds of fruits, these being the vulgar names of the various kinds of microscopic fungi which grow, bloom, and ripen their spores, as those minute organs are called which perform the functions of seed. There are also giant species of parasitic plants, like the mistletoes, which sometimes destroy the largest trees of our forests; but they are not sufficiently common to do much harm, or of any special interest to the agriculturist, the minute species being the most formidable, and causing the most severe losses to both the farmer and fruit-grower.

To write the natural history of the most common species of parasites infesting cultivated plants and domesticated animals would require volumes; consequently we can only briefly touch upon the general principles which govern their multiplication and the best methods of repelling their attacks. It would appear from a general view of the habits of the minute parasites, whether of the animal or fungoid tribes, that their special mission is to hasten the destruction of the feeble among their natural victims and avoid the strong and vigorous. For instance, if a farmer neglects his horse, giving him only poor, innutritious food, and compelling him to sleep in a filthy yard or stable, with all surroundings of a nature to cause general debility, millions of parasitic enemies, hovering about, pounce upon the unfortunate brute, adding to his miseries and hastening his destruction. If his feet and legs are constantly covered with filth, fungoid diseases, known as grease, foot rot, or thrush, appear on them, eating into and destroying both horn and flesh. If grooming is neglected in summer, the eggs of the bot fly remain on the hairs of his legs and breast until licked off by his tongue and carried into the stomach, where they soon hatch and become troublesome bot worms or larvæ. If kept in filthy stables in winter, lice multiply in his hair, the mange mite burrows in his skin, the hair comes off, and deep and troublesome sores are produced. With clean stables and good grooming such parasites would be destroyed; and even if the animal could have unrestrained liberty in the open air, he would probably be able to resist these attacks, provided the climate was not too severe. Intestinal worms invariably appear when the animal is kept upon poor food, because he is unable for want of strength to resist their attacks, and the poor old neglected horse is the natural and principal prey of both internal and external parasites.

Among cattle the same principles hold good. Wet pastures, filthy, muddy yards, exposure to severe storms, with insufficiency of good nutritious food, destroy the natural protection to the feet; foot-rot sets in, and general debility is an invitation to all the hordes of parasitic enemies ever present awaiting a victim. It is not medicines that the stock owner should seek, but preventives, and these are always to be found in proper care and food. Horn-ail and wolf-in-the-tail are imaginary diseases that have their origin in exposure to cold storms and an empty stomach. Intestinal worms never bother the sleek, well-fed horse or ox, because they are abundantly able to resist the attacks of such insignificant natural enemies. Mange in horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, and other animals, means filth and unfavorable surroundings, and while it may spread from the unhealthy to the healthy and well-cared for, it is always readily cured among the latter.

If we pass from animals to plants, we find that the resistant theory still holds good, and that the apple-tree that is carefully and liberally fed is always able to resist the attacks of the various species of bark-lice and similar parasitic enemies. Of course we must make exceptions with respect to trees planted in unfavorable soils and climates, for in such cases weakness and general debility follow from other causes than lack of sustenance and care, and there may be instances where over-stimulation will produce unhealthiness in both plants and animals; but these are comparatively rare. An animal may become too fat by generous feeding, with little or no exercise, but parasites seldom infest the overfed, while they are certain to attack the poor and feeble.

Mildew on plants is usually attributed to unfavorable seasons, which is no doubt true; but it is the extremes in temperature or some hygrometric condition that weaken the vitality of the plant and make the conditions favorable to the attacks of the microscopic fungus recognized as mildew. Our grasses are frequently attacked by mildew during the summer, after several days of cloudy weather, which prevents the leaves from performing their proper functions; but several cold dry days may produce the same results; and this leads us to believe that any extreme which weakens vitality is favorable to mildew. The finding of *bacteria* in the branches of peach-trees, or of a particular species of fungus on the curled leaves in spring, is no indication that these parasites are the cause of disease, but merely the result of it.

The mistake which a majority of our farmers and fruit-growers make in treating the plants and animals under their care is in seeking remedies for curing diseases instead of the means of preventing them. The idea that plants and animals may be so cared for as to resist disease seems never to have been thought of by a large proportion of our people; hence the great demand for medicines and the services of the doctor. If our theory is the correct one, and we believe it will stand the test of experience, generous feeding, abundant exercise and a full development are the best of all remedies for parasitic diseases of all kinds, whether in the animal or vegetable kingdom. We call the attention of farmers to this, with the hope that they will put it to the test, not only in the cultivation of their crops and feeding and care of their animals, but also apply it to their own persons and those of the members of their families. To make a fire we must have fuel, and the better the fuel the stronger and more fierce the heat. The same is true with plants and animals; food is necessary to produce growth and insure strength, and when this is supplied in proper quantities and quality, it gives the power to resist the attacks of parasitic enemies, as well as to fulfill the true mission of the individual plant or animal on this earth.—*N. Y. Sun.*

General-Purpose Horses.

Everybody, aside from the farmer, who buys a horse, buys him for some special purpose. One man buys for the street cars, another for driving on the road; a third purchases for the omnibuses; still another selects with reference to use for the heavy express wagons of our streets, or the lumber regions of the North; while another wants a carriage horse. Each of these purchasers selects with a special reference to the adaptation of the horse to the use to which he is to be put; none of them want a general-purpose horse, or horse of all work. The horse is always selected *for a purpose;* and in proportion as he is adapted to that particular purpose, he is considered desirable by the purchaser, and the price is governed by this consideration alone. The only one who uses the same horse for a great variety of purposes is the farmer, and even here the range is not very great. Those who are in easy circumstances keep a single horse, or a pair of horses, for driving on the road; while their other horses are selected with special reference to their usefulness for the purposes of the farm. But the great mass of farmers, who are not able to keep more than one or two teams, require horses combining to as great a degree as is possible the qualities of the roadster with those of the draft horse. Such a horse as this would not be likely to be awarded the highest prize in a ring composed of first-class draft-horses, neither would he be a winner in a good roadster class.

A better name, therefore, for the class of horses to which our correspondent, no doubt, alludes, would be, not the "horse of all work," or a "general purpose horse," but a "farmer's horse," or the "agricultural horse," because it is mainly by the farmer and for the purposes of agriculture that such horses are used. The horse best adapted to this use is one weighing from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, and fifteen and a half to sixteen hands high, compact, vigorous, hardy, active and docile, and then the more of fine form and style, allied to good action, we have, the better. Such horses as these are well adapted for use in cities for rapid draft, and are much sought after for use in omnibuses and express wagons, and always meet a ready sale everywhere, because such horses are really better adapted for a variety of uses than any other; and in this sense a horse of this type may more properly be called a "general-purpose" horse, or a "horse of all work," than any other style of horse that could be described.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

FASHION NOTES.

Enormous rings are once more fashionable for ladies.

The new bonnets are large, small and medium, to suit all faces.

Princess dresses are revived both for long and short costumes.

Surah silk is to take the place of *satin de Lyon* for summer wear.

Modified poke bonnets, extremely small at the sides, will be worn.

The Gainsborough hat has its wide, soft brim unwired this season.

Gold, steel and silver will be worn more than jet and colored bead embroidery.

Collars and cuffs made of peacock's and Guinea-hen's feathers are much admired.

Ladies with narrow shoulders should avoid hoods, but wear small capes instead.

Black velvet ribbon is worn like a bracelet above the elbow with short-sleeved dresses.

Petticoats are made of foulard satin and silk, and have flat lace flounces or ruches at the bottom.

The old bishop sleeve, gathered at the shoulder and at the wrist, is seen on a few of the latest dresses.

Very few overskirts are now worn; the trimmed skirt has all the effect of an overskirt, and is more desirable as to economy.

New styles of linen collars are simply straight bands fastened with a gold button. The ends are slightly curved and are made to lap.

The passion for steel-color and silver is growing more and more marked; *modistes* seem impatient to try against it the effect of every color.

The front skirts of dresses are a good deal trimmed and invariably draped, while the back remains perfectly plain, many times without any bottom trimming.

The new batistes are as soft as mull muslin, and almost as transparent, with quaint Japanese designs in quaint colorings on delicate grounds of cream, lilac and pink. They have a border along one selvage.

Black brocaded grenadines are usually in Mexicaine grounds. They are blocked with black velvet and brocaded by threads of gold-color, or strewn with large or small figures of tulips or pansies in black plush.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

Housework.

If a certain man once offered an excuse for suicide to the effect that the necessary routine of rising every morning, making a toilet, and retiring every night had rendered life tedious to him, who can wonder that the housekeeper sometimes finds the dull details of housework almost insupportable, and questions if they are not sapping the sources of youth, strength and good spirits? Washing dishes thrice daily, making beds and fires diurnally, dusting perpetually, going through with the weary round of washing, ironing, sweeping and baking day, week after week, with no variation but a wet Monday or a poor oven; planning out the meals that there may be variety enough to stimulate appetite without much expense or the waste of a farthing; add to these the spring and fall cleaning, and we have the programme of ordinary housework. It may be presumed that it is not so much the labor that oppresses many women and inclines them to slackness and shiftlessness as the wearying repetition of acts in which they have small interest, when they would be about work of their own choosing, and the certainty that, perform each task as faithfully as may be, there is nothing enduring in its nature; and, since it must be often repeated, why should one be so nice in its accomplishment? They may argue: How will a slight here and there signify in a matter so immaterial? And thus, in spite of the adage that "practice makes perfect," neglect creeps into the practice and mars its perfection. Perhaps the housewife does not sweep her rooms so thoroughly to-day because the operation must be repeated to-morrow, nor dust so particularly, since dust, unlike her coffee, has a trick of settling often. Why should she take unsparing pains with food which is to be eaten as soon as it is out of the oven, and not by visitors either, who would credit her with skill? Or why be "fussy" about the beds that are to be tumbled in a few hours? At the same time, what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, they tell us. Why did she undertake a business for which she had no talent, and in which she finds nothing congenial? For whom does she brave and brew? Whose breath does she keep in the nostrils by her handiernft? For whom does she seek to make home neat and attractive? Are not those dearest to her benefited by her exertions, and shall irksome routine stand in the way of their welfare and comfort? Does not nature herself set us an example of routine and repetition in which there is no shadow of shirkage? What if she should omit some such little detail as the grass, the early and later rains, the planetary movements? In the economy of the household every disregarded duty or slighted task tells its own story in the long account, as the old geologic foundations have registered the rains of their period; and as every household is a fraction of the divine economy, housework in its homeliest phases is promoted from a menial, unconsidered thing to dignity and power. —*The Housekeeper.*

Money-Earning Wives.

It is frequently a subject for thought and conversation as to why professional women—actresses, milliners, dressmakers and principals of young ladies' academies, etc.—have so much trouble with their husbands; and it is also frequently observed that the husbands of money-earning ladies are idle or lazy, or both, or are dissipated, or else shrink into quiet nonentities who are apparently endured because of the feminine belief that it is good to have a man about the house anyhow. It is certainly true that the husbands of money-earning women are generally the quietest and most unassuming of their sex—in their domestic life. To some this condition may appear a cause for merriment and ridicule, but in reality it involves the serious question as to whether it is good for a man to marry a woman who desires or will be forced to earn her share of their income in actual hard cash, and not by staying at home, minding the house and economizing in groceries, dry-goods, gas and fuel. A man who marries with this contingency staring him in the face risks a good deal concerning his domestic happiness. A woman who can contribute a share of money earned by her own labor to the common household fund is naturally prouder of it than a man would be, and, womanlike, she wants to crow over it a bit, and it frequently happens that this crowing becomes irksome and embarrassing to the man. His responsibilities as a man, a husband and a father are lessened, and with the burden that is lifted from his back goes something of his self-esteem, something of his self-respect and sturdy independence. His pride in himself and his self-assurance receive a blow. We know there are many worthless shirks whose unmanly selfishness and lack of pluck have thrown the heavy burden of providing for the home upon the slender shoulders of their brave and patient wives. We know, too, how nobly a woman assumes such duties when they arise before her, and we know of her marvelous self-sacrifices and endurance, but these are not the money-earning wives we refer to. These generally marry with all the pretty dreams and hopes of wifehood that are natural to young wives, and then, when it is too late, they discover that it is the woman who must be strong and the wife who must provide.

Our original proposition is that a rightly proud man will do any sort of labor rather than have his wife work for him. If his wife has the time and the fancy to employ either her brains or fingers in tasks that will bring remuneration, this money is hers, and not his, and when he begins to look forward to her earnings as a part of his income, he also begins to lose his pride in being the bread-winner and protector of his family. Another and very strong moral reason why women whose husbands can and do support them should not seek "paid work," is that they may be taking work away from some woman who really needs it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The old bachelors and old maids have been remembered by a spinster at Stettin, Pomerania. She has bequeathed to the city 300,000 marks on condition that this sum be applied to the founding of an asylum in which ten bachelors and forty single women, above the age of 50, are to find shelter.

THE DAIRY.

—Annatto is superior to carrots for coloring butter because in using the latter the vegetable matter incorporated is likely to decay and impart a bad flavor. The annatto is also a vegetable substance, but being dissolved in potash only the mere coloring matter is left, and such a minute quantity is needed that it cannot impart any flavor to the butter.

—A cow is not inclined to gluttony. Usually when the appetite is satisfied a cow will stop eating. Any cow's appetite may be gauged in this way: Give her all the feed she will eat and have some left. Weigh what is given to her and notice what is consumed. Then make the ration three-fourths of the quantity eaten. No animal, not even a man, should have all it can eat, and the surplus above what is necessary is injurious, and produces disease. Generally more harm is done by overeating than by starving. The staple ration for a cow is fifteen pounds of hay and five pounds of meal, or the equivalent in either feed. As grass or green fodder contains seventy-five per cent. more water than hay, four times as much grass or green fodder should be given in place of hay; that is, sixty pounds with the meal. Some cows will require more, and very few less, than this quantity of feed.

—It is not true that the butter from the cream of farrow cows is lost in the churn when it is mixed with the cream from fresh cows. It may seem reasonable at first sight to suppose that if a fresh cow's cream may be churned in fifteen minutes, and a farrow cow's cream in thirty or forty minutes, and when the two are mixed the butter comes in twenty minutes, that the cream of the farrow cow is lost and not churned. But it is easily seen on considering the principle involved that it is not so. For the butter exists in the cream in small globules in the condition of an emulsion or mixture. Now, when the butter from one cow's cream begins to form the small particles gather up and coalesce with the butter of the other cream and very soon unites with it. It may be tested by taking the butter out of the churn and going on with the churning of the buttermilk, when it will be found that no more butter can be procured.—*N. Y. Times.*

Deep Setting of Milk.

"Whether more cream is obtained by setting the milk in shallow pans instead of pails does not seem to be clearly known; but one great advantage of deep setting," says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, "is the convenient consistence of the cream, which is removed in the best condition for the churn, being diluted with about half its bulk of milk.

"One cannot churn pure cream as it comes from a shallow pan, and it is always necessary to mix with it a certain proportion of milk at the skimming to bring it to a proper state of dilution. When set in a deep can, twenty inches or thereabouts in depth, good milk, such as that of a Jersey, Guernsey, or Ayrshire cow, will show five or six inches of cream, so called, but if this is removed and set again in a shallow pan, one-half of it will separate as milk. Thus the cream skimmed from a deep pail is just in the right condition for churning as it is skimmed. Another advantage is economy of room. This is very important, especially when a pool or other contrivance for cold water or ice-setting is to be constructed. The dairyman will therefore naturally incline to this mode of setting milk for cream. There are, however, some points about the use of deep cans which do not seem to be well understood, and frequent inquiries are made concerning them.

"One of the most common of these inquiries is as to the covering of the pails, or rather of the milk. A good deal of fuss has been made about the animal odor of milk, and this notion is at the bottom of most of the trouble gratuitously made in regard to the covering of the milk. If the milk house is free from dust there is no necessity to cover the milk at all, but the milk will take no harm from close covering. The method of submerging the pails (a patented one, by the way, and not to be used without paying royalty) requires close covering, and so does the Hardin method, so called, of setting the pail in a refrigerator with ice above it, which drips upon the pails as it melts. I have tried both these methods and modifications of them. The common plan of setting the pails in the brick lined pool, supplied with a flowing spring, which keeps up a constant current, is convenient for all purposes, and in this case the pails may be covered with an ordinary lid, similar to that of any other tin pail.

"No one need borrow trouble about the animal odor. No one suspected this until Professor Arnold made the discovery. Butter makers had been making the best of butter for years without knowing that the milk contained any such disagreeable impurity. Persons had even drunk the newly-drawn milk fresh from the cow without perceiving it. I verily believe that this so-called odor only exists when a concentration of filth has polluted the milk. I have never perceived it in my own experience, but I can easily understand how some milkers and feeders of cows can get a good deal of this animal odor in their milk. Not long ago a writer defended the practice of permitting cows to devour horse manure from the stables. Doubtless animal odor would be found in the milk of such cows, and also in that from cows fed on turnips and half-decayed turnip tops, and probably, too, in the milk of cows fed on sour ensilage. But with pure food, clean keeping and a clean, pure milk-room, the milk may be kept in covered, deep pails, without fear of anything wrong in the butter made from it. If one still objects to close covering, the covers of the pails may be made conical, with a sort of peut-house roof over the larger part, made so that if any condensation of this dreaded animal odor upon the cover may run down the inside of it and drop on the outside of the lower part, and from that into the pool. But if the dairy is managed in a cleanly manner the pails may be covered or not, according to the fancy of the owner."

—The retired theater star is always an ex-acting creature.

Breaking the Colt.

Many a fine horse is ruined before it becomes a horse at all, and the owner can charge his loss upon the mismanagement of the colt at time of breaking. We have seen colts, after remarkable patience with the stupidity or viciousness of those breaking them, at last resort to kicking or balking, through fear or in self-defense, and in many cases the defect is lasting.

A very great mistake is to permit the colt to run wild from the time it is foaled until it reaches the proper age for breaking. It is not uncommon to find colts that are as wild as hawks, because they have never been even fondled, much less familiarized with the touch of any part of barness. Very naturally such a colt is handled with difficulty and danger when the attempt to break it is made. Such a result is utterly inexcusable, for it is rather a pleasure than otherwise to familiarize the colt with being handled, and the accomplishing of that object should be begun at once, and the breaking of the colt, in the proper sense, should be commenced as soon as it is weaned. That is to say, it should be accustomed to the halter, to being led about, and even tied up for short periods. The surcingle can be applied; anything that can be done without injury to the colt to accustom it to the touch of harness should be done, gradually of course, for not only would nothing be gained by doing everything at once, but the irritation that would be caused might be injurious to the young animal. After the first year the breaking should be more in earnest. The colt can then be bitted, care being taken to select a much smaller bit than is generally used and one that will not hurt the animal's mouth. A wooden bit is a good thing to commence with. When he has become accustomed to the bit, which he will in a few days, it is advisable to fasten ropes to it, and extend them to a looso girth over the back, attaching them thereto. Thus barnessed he may be driven as it were over a field, the trainer pulling the ropes occasionally. Portions of the harness can be very soon placed upon him, and by the time the colt is really old enough for use he will be pretty thoroughly "taught," if such a course is followed. In handling a colt, or for that matter a horse, we never want to forget our first duty is to gain the animal's confidence, and, in the next place, that the animal can not do anything if it does not understand what is wanted of it. An incompetent trainer attempts to induce the animal to do a certain thing, and because it does not understand what is required of it and consequently can not do it, the trainer flies into a passion, the animal becomes excited, loses confidence both in itself and in the trainer, and great injury is done. No man is fit to handle a horse, much less a colt, who has not just as much patience as a competent teacher has with a child. He should proceed just as a teacher proceeds. The teacher explains and explains, until the idea is grasped, and if the child is very stupid so much more patience is necessary and given.

But how frequently we hear men swearing at a horse or lashing him, because he does not do what he does not understand. A man that will whip a horse under such circumstances is foolish enough to swear at a tree because it does not fall when he tells it to. If we can not be gentle and patient we have no business to touch a colt, whatever else we may think ourselves competent to train. A writer upon the horse has truly said that a trainer needs but three requisites—firmness, steadiness and patience.—*Western Rural.*

Crops in Short Seasons.

Short seasons are not without their advantages, so far as the production of crops is concerned. It has long been noticed that the best vegetables are those that grow and mature very quickly. They are tender and free from blemishes of every sort. The quicker potatoes are raised the better they are in every respect. Long seasons cause the tubers to be ill-shaped and generally of poor quality and unpleasant flavor. The best potatoes come from places where the growing season is very short. Aroostook County, Maine, supplies the Eastern cities with the finest potatoes they receive. The best potatoes in this market come from the Beaver Islands, which are situated near the northern extremity of Lake Michigan. The season is so short there that it is common to plant potatoes in the fall. Snow generally falls in such quantities during the latter part of November as to prevent the soil from freezing. There is virtually no spring. As soon as the snow melts, it is summer. Potatoes have but a short time in which to grow, and they make the most of it. From the time the tubers commence to form till they mature their growth is constant. Every portion of them is of the same quality. What is true of edible roots is also true of small fruits. They are best when produced in a short time. Cultivated strawberries, raspberries and blackberries are superior to those that grow wild chiefly for the reason that they grow quicker. With rare exceptions all the small grains are best that mature quickly. Canadian barley is generally of better quality than that produced in the United States, and the difference in its quality is undoubtedly owing to the short time in which it matures. The best quality of any crop grown for food is generally produced in a region where the season is so short as to render the ripening somewhat uncertain. The best grasses also grow where the seasons are short. They are tender, juicy, and nutritious. When converted into hay, stock of all kinds will eat it with little waste.—*Chicago Times.*

—Ginger Drops.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of cold water, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of ginger (cinnamon is very nice in place of ginger). Stir rather hard and bake in a quick oven. Drop on buttered tins.

—The walls of the lately burned Palace Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., were thrown down by blasting with giant-powder. The charges were fired by electricity, and the bricks and stones of the 160-foot tower all fell within a radius of seventy feet, and not a window was broken in any of the neighboring houses.

HOME AND FARM.

—Steak should be broiled without salt. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desired to keep these if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently. Salt and pepper to taste.

—The grease which has become hardened by dust on the axles of machinery can all be cleaned off by the use of kerosene.

—To Clean Cistern Water.—Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water be clarified and fit for washing.

—Loaf Cake.—Beat together two cups white sugar, one scant cup butter, three eggs and three teaspoons baking powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and then gradually beat in three heaping cups of flour. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the top of the cake before baking.

—The following jelly is excellent and nutritious when given to an invalid: One calf's foot and one pound of veal; this put in four pints of water and boiled very slowly for fully five hours; when the water was reduced to one-third it was strained, the seasoning of a little pepper and salt and nutmeg being added last. This jelly keeps quite well. It should have no vegetables in it, or it will spoil.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

—The sourness of rhubarb or "pie-plant" stalks is due to malic acid (the acid of apples) and citric acid (found in lemons), both of which are as healthful as they are agreeable. In some conditions of the system, however, these acids may not be beneficial. A simple rule with regard to the use of rhubarb is, if you find it doesn't agree with you, don't eat it.

—Oil-cloth washed in hot water or in soapsuds, or with a brush, will look dingy when dry, and soon crack and peel off; but when always washed in luke-warm water with a piece of soft, old flannel, and wiped perfectly dry each time, will last longer and retain its young looks down to old age; it greatly improves its appearance to use half milk and half water. Skim milk, if not sour, is just as good as new milk. This makes oil-cloth look as if varnished. Neither soap, hot water or brush should ever be used on it.

—Farmers! don't sign anything to pass into the hands of a stranger. Don't sign any contract, receipt, note, nor even put your name down on a piece of paper, or your residence. There are so many devices to procure fraudulent notes, and so many innocent banks to buy them, and so many legislators to defend them, that it is not safe to sign anything to a traveling man. Don't rely on your sharpness to protect you. The sharpest men in the State have been taken in. And we know one case where a member of the Legislature was roped into signing the worst kind of a fraudulent note. Don't!—*Iowa State Register.*

—Where water can be commanded there is nothing so profitable as to well soak the soil about small fruits; first about the time that they have set their fruits. Much of the value of this operation, however, will depend on the nature of the soil. The advantages are least in a tenacious, and greatest in porous soil. It is said that an animal derives most benefit from food when it is hungry before it begins to eat; it is certainly so with plants. Water applied to soil already wet is an injury; and water never has so telling an advantage or vegetation as when every leaf is about to wither up for the want of it. A plant that never seems to want water is in a very doubtful condition in regard to its health.

—Fruit pies in deep dishes, such as made by the English and French, are preferable to ordinary fruit pies, because you obtain more juice and fruit. The best method of making these is as follows: Take a deep, oval pie-dish, china (not tin), line the edge with paste, also about half its depth inside. Now place a small cup, an egg cup is best, and one that will stand a little above the edge of the dish; next fill your dish with fruit, then add a little water if your fruit has not too much juice. Some fruits, such as currants and raspberries, have enough juice; also add sugar to taste. Now cover this with a crust of short paste, wash it with water or white of an egg and dust with powdered sugar. Make a few fancy cuts on it before baking and after it is washed and sugared do not cut too deep. These cuts give it a rich-looking appearance. The cup in the center collects the juice, and if the whole of the pie is not eaten at one meal what is left can be supplied with juice by simply lifting the cup and allowing the juice to escape. The edge of this pie, to be artistic, should be pinched up with the finger and thumb, then notched with a knife. If you use fruit which gives too much juice you can prevent the boiling over by mixing a little flour with the sugar, about one teaspoonful of flour to twelve of sugar.

Quince Seeds.

There is, it seems, a corner in quince seeds. It will strike the uninformed public as a little curious, but the girls buy up all the quince seed to make curls of. There is nothing in the world to compare with the glue obtained from quince seed to make these awfully lovely curls, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, which lie upon the marble brow of the girl of the period like a mashed angle-worm upon a Philadelphia front step. Why any girl should want that sort of thing zig-zagging down to the edge of her eyes and rolling back around her ears, held together by an invisible net which everybody can see, is quite beyond ordinary comprehension, but nobody ever expects a girl to give a reason for any eccentricity of personal decoration. But while the crushed angleworm ornamentation of the feminine forehead is persisted in the demand for quince seeds will continue. These seeds are mostly imported from Russia, and the trade has grown from 500 pounds a year to 10,000 pounds, and the demand is not satisfied with that. They are handled by the druggists, and the prices have gone up so that a great many girls can't afford quince-seed curls, but fall back on gum tragacanth and soap, either of which will serve the purpose very well and create an appropriate degree of ugliness around the prettiest face.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Nice Little Bridge.

The big bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been for over ten years in course of construction and is not yet done. Another bridge which was long ago planned to connect the two cities has now been begun and will be finished, if all goes well, in three years. This is to be a comparatively inexpensive structure, because instead of requiring a sixteen-hundred-foot span, as is the case with the big bridge, it will use the rock foundation of Blackwell's Island as a resting place for two piers. The bridge will cross from Seventy-first Street to Ravenswood, a suburb which was formerly occupied by the mansions of the wealthy, but which was sadly damaged by chills and fever and by the bad smells of the oil refineries and other manufacturing industries of Hunter's Point. The floor of the new bridge will be about 180 feet above high water in the East River, which will allow considerably more room for passing vessels than will be afforded by the floor of the big bridge. The whole length of the new bridge will be 2,052 feet and its longest span 734. It is to furnish roadway for all sorts of vehicles, including steam cars and locomotives, making connection between the railways which center at Grand Central Depot and those which wander to and fro over Long Island. As this bridge is a private undertaking, and there are no chances for public stealage in connection with it, it will probably be pushed to speedy completion. It will cost about $5,000,000, which will be about one-fourth the cost of the big bridge.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Curious Incident.

The intelligence of old troop horses is the subject of many anecdotes which, wonderful as they often are, will rarely be doubted by any one who is familiar with horses. A good story illustrative of their sagacity is told and vouched for as authentic by a South African paper. "The scene of the occurrence was Potchefstroom, where our men and the Boers were known to be very near neighbors; so near, indeed, that when the horses were turned out to water they had their headstalls and halters taken off, so that if the enemy suddenly appeared and tried to catch the animals they would have nothing to lay hold of them by, and the horses would have a chance of escaping into their own lines. One evening, as usual, the horses were let out of the fort to water and rushed straight to the place where they usually drank. But the Boers were uearer than had been suspected, and jumping out of some trenches, succeeded in capturing the animals, in spite of the fact that the halters were missing. The Boers, being admirable riders, as is well known, mounted, and would, probably, have been able to guide their new steeds into the town, when suddenly the bugle at the fort sounded 'horses in at a trot,' and straightway the whole of them turned and made for home, carrying their unwilling freight. The Dutchmen threw themselves off right and left, but four were carried right into the camp and taken prisoners."

—A few days ago a Chinaman went to San Francisco to be treated for a large tumor on the neck, directly under the chin. He was taken by his friends to a Chinaman who pretended to have a practical knowledge of medicine and surgery, and who guaranteed to cure him for $50. The pretended physician, after looking at the tumor, called for a razor, and without delay made a long, deep gash in the excrescence, cutting entirely through it and partially through the throat of his patient, severing the carotid artery. The patient expired almost instantly. The "doctor," thoroughly frightened at the awful result of his operation, fled and has not been arrested.

—An Englishman, who is an expert bicyclist, has undertaken to run on the wheel from Boston to New York, 240 miles, in three days.

—The British postage-stamp saving system is to be introduced in Italy.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

SUITS for divorce are cut bias, discarding yoke necks.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE inhabitants of the rural districts of Ohio betray their New England origin in many ways, but in no way so unmistakably as in their tendency to exalt the importance of literary culture. Two ladies from the vicinity of Cleveland were recently discussing literature in the drawing-room of a Washington hotel. First lady: "Above all modern novelists I admire George Elliot. Do you like him?" Second lady: "Do I like him? I think he's just grand, massive, superb." First lady: "So do I. And which of his novels is your favorite?" Second lady (reflecting): "Well, I think I prefer 'Daniel Veranda.'"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I'm just getting my hand in," said the irate feminine as she clutched her husband's hair.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NEW ENGLAND woman was the much disappointed wife of a Harvard University geologist. She was all poetry and imagination; he was all paleontology and geological research. Upon a certain occasion when his scientific accomplishments were being praised in the presence of a stranger, the latter turned to her and said: "May I ask, madame, what your husband is?" "Certainly," she answered, frankly, "he a relic of the stone age."

JUDGING from the cereal displayed on the summer bonnets in the shop windows, the milliners have not finished sewing their wild oats.—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUTH was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Tentonian, as the circus pageant passed the city hall this morning: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar." "Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too," and strolled up Delaware avenue, humming, "Emildy is de baby, his gradle's gone."—*Buffalo News.*

A DRUM is quite an instrument for producing noise, but a drummer can beat it all hollow.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

THE Philadelphia *News* says that a New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.

THE farmer's favorite author—Fielding. That of the barrel maker—Cooper. That of the jeweler—Goldsmith.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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Breaking the Colt.

Many a fine horse is ruined before it becomes a horse at all, and the owner can charge his loss upon the mismanagement of the colt at time of breaking. We have seen colts, after remarkable patience with the stupidity or viciousness of those breaking them, at last resort to kicking or balking, through fear or in self-defense, and in many cases the defect is lasting.

A very great mistake is to permit the colt to run wild from the time it is foaled until it reaches the proper age for breaking. It is not uncommon to find colts that are as wild as hawks, because they have never been even fondled, much less familiarized with the touch of any part of harness. Very naturally such a colt is handled with difficulty and danger when the attempt to break it is made. Such a result is utterly inexcusable, for it is rather a pleasure than otherwise to familiarize the colt with being handled, and the accomplishing of that object should be begun at once, and the breaking of the colt, in the proper sense, should be commenced as soon as it is weaned. That is to say, it should be accustomed to the halter, to being led about, and even tied up for short periods. The surcinglo can be applied; anything that can be done without injury to the colt to accustom it to the touch of harness should be done, gradually of course, for not only would nothing be gained by doing everything at once, but the irritation that would be caused might be injurious to the young animal. After the first year the breaking should be more in earnest. The colt can then be bitted, care being taken to select a much smaller bit than is generally used and one that will not hurt the animal's mouth. A wooden bit is a good thing to commence with. When he has become accustomed to the bit, which he will in a few days, it is advisable to fasten ropes to it, and extend them to a loose girth over the back, attaching them thereto. Thus harnessed he may be driven as it were over a field, the trainer pulling the ropes occasionally. Portions of the harness can be very soon placed upon him, and by the time the colt is really old enough for use he will be pretty thoroughly "taught," if such a course is followed. In handling a colt, or for that matter a horse, we never want to forget our first duty is to gain the animal's confidence, and, in the next place, that the animal can not do anything if it does not understand what is wanted of it. An incompetent trainer attempts to induce the animal to do a certain thing, and because it does not understand what is required of it and consequently can not do it, the trainer flies into a passion, the animal becomes excited, loses confidence both in itself and in the trainer, and great injury is done. No man is fit to handle a horse, much less a colt, who has not just as much patience as a competent teacher has with a child. He should proceed just as a teacher proceeds. The teacher explains and explains, until the idea is grasped, and if the child is very stupid so much more patience is necessary and given.

But how frequently we hear men swearing at a horso or lashing him, because he does not do what he does not understand. A man that will whip a horse under such circumstances is foolish enough to swear at a tree because it does not fall when he tells it to. If we can not be gentle and patient we have no business to touch a colt, whatever else we may think ourselves competent to train. A writer upon the horse has truly said that a trainer needs but three requsites—firmness, steadiness and patience.—*Western Rural.*

Crops in Short Seasons.

Short seasons are not without their advantages, so far as the production of crops is concerned. It has long been noticed that the best vegetables are those that grow and mature very quickly. They are tender and free from blemishes of every sort. The quicker potatoes are raised the better they are in every respect. Long seasons cause the tubers to be ill-shaped and generally of poor quality and unpleasant flavor. The best potatoes come from places where the growing season is very short. Aroostook County, Maine, supplies the Eastern cities with the finest potatoes they receive. The best potatoes in this market come from the Beaver Islands, which are situated near the northern extremity of Lake Michigan. The season is so short there that it is common to plant potatoes in the fall. Snow generally falls in such quantities during the latter part of November as to prevent the soil from freezing. There is virtually no spring. As soon as the snow melts, it is summer. Potatoes have but a short time in which to grow, and they make the most of it. From the time the tubers commence to form till they mature their growth is constant. Every portion of them is of the same quality. What is true of edible roots is also true of small fruits. They are best when produced in a short time. Cultivated strawberries, raspberries and blackberries are superior to those that grow wild chiefly for the reason that they grow quicker. With rare exceptions all the small grains are best that mature quickly. Canadian barley is generally of better quality than that produced in the United States, and the difference in its quality is undoubtedly owing to the short time in which it matures. The best quality of any crop grown for food is generally produced in a region where the season is so short as to render the ripening somewhat uncertain. The best grasses also grow where the seasons are short. They are tender, juicy, and nutritious. When converted into hay, stock of all kinds will eat it with little waste.—*Chicago Times.*

—Ginger Drops.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of cold water, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of ginger (cinnamon is very nice in place of ginger). Stir rather hard and bake in a quick oven. Drop on buttered tins.

—The walls of the lately burned Palace Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., were thrown down by blasting with giant-powder. The charges were fired by electricity, and the bricks and stones of the 160-foot tower all fell within a radius of seventy feet, and not a window was broken in any of the neighboring houses.

HOME AND FARM.

—Steak should be broiled without salt. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desired to keep these if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently. Salt and pepper to taste.

—The grease which has become hardened by dust on the axles of machinery can all be cleaned off by the use of kerosene.

—To Clean Cistern Water.—Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water be clarified and fit for washing.

—Loaf Cake.—Beat together two cups white sugar, one scant cup butter, three eggs and three teaspoons baking powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and then gradually beat in three heaping cups of flour. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the top of the cake before baking.

—The following jelly is excellent and nutritious when given to an invalid: One calf's foot and one pound of veal; this put in four pints of water and boiled very slowly for fully five hours; when the water was reduced to one-third it was strained, the seasoning of a little pepper and salt and nutmeg being added last. This jelly keeps quite well. It should have no vegetables in it, or it will spoil.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

—The sourness of rhubarb or "pie-plant" stalks is due to malic acid (the acid of apples) and citric acid (found in lemons), both of which are as healthful as they are agreeable. In some conditions of the system, however, these acids may not be beneficial. A simple rule with regard to the use of rhubarb is, if you find it doesn't agree with you, don't eat it.

—Oil-cloth washed in hot water or in soapsuds, or with a brush, will look dingy when dry, and soon crack and peel off; but when always washed in luke-warm water with a piece of soft, old flannel, and wiped perfectly dry each time, will last longer and retain its young looks down to old age; it greatly improves its appearance to use half milk and half water. Skim milk, if not sour, is just as good as new milk. This makes oil-cloth look as if varnished. Neither soap, hot water or brush should ever be used on it.

—Farmers! don't sign anything to pass into the hands of a stranger. Don't sign any contract, receipt, note, nor even put your name down on a piece of paper, or your residence. There are so many devices to procure fraudulent notes, and so many innocent banks to buy them, and so many legislators to defend them, that it is not safe to sign anything to a traveling man. Don't rely on your sharpness to protect you. The sharpest men in the State have been taken in. And we know one case where a member of the Legislature was roped into signing the worst kind of a fraudulent note. Don't!—*Iowa State Register*

—Where water can be commanded there is nothing so profitable as to well soak the soil about small fruits; first about the time that they have set their fruits. Much of the value of this operation, however, will depend on the nature of the soil. The advantages are least in a tenacious, and greatest in porous soil. It is said that an animal derives most benefit from food when it is hungry before it begins to eat; it is certainly so with plants. Water applied to soil already wet is an injury; and water never has so telling an advantage on vegetation as when every leaf is about to wither up for the want of it. A plant that never seems to want water is in a very doubtful condition in regard to its health.

—Fruit pies in deep dishes, such as made by the English and French, are preferable to ordinary fruit pies, because you obtain more juice and fruit. The best method of making these is as follows: Take a deep, oval pie-dish, china (not tin), line the edge with paste, also about half its depth inside. Now place a small cup, an egg cup is best, and one that will stand a little above the edge of the dish; next fill your dish with fruit, then add a little water if your fruit has not too much juice. Some fruits, such as currants and raspberries, have enough juice; also add sugar to taste. Now cover this with a crust of short paste, wash it with water or white of an egg and dust with powdered sugar. Make a few fancy cuts on it before baking and after it is washed and sugared do not cut too deep. These cuts give it a rich-looking appearance. The cup in the center collects the juice, and if the whole of the pie is not eaten at one meal what is left can be supplied with juice by simply lifting the cup and allowing the juice to escape. The edge of this pie, to be artistic, should be pinched up with the finger and thumb, then notched with a knife. If you use fruit which gives too much juice you can prevent the boiling over by mixing a little flour with the sugar, about one teaspoonful of flour to twelve of sugar.

Quince Seeds.

There is, it seems, a corner in quince seeds. It will strike the uninformed public as a little curious, but the girls buy up all the quince seed to make curls of. There is nothing in the world to compare with the glue obtained from quince seed to make these awfully lovely curls, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, which lie upon the marble brow of the girl of the period like a mashed angle-worm upon a Philadelphia front step. Why any girl should want that sort of thing zig-zagging down to the edge of her eyes and rolling back around her ears, held together by an invisible net which everybody can see, is quite beyond ordinary comprehension, but nobody ever expects a girl to give a reason for any eccentricity of personal decoration. But while the crushed angleworm ornamentation of the feminine forehead is persisted in the demand for quince seeds will continue. These seeds are mostly imported from Russia, and the trade has grown from 500 pounds a year to 10,000 pounds, and the demand is not satisfied with that. They are handled by the druggists, and the prices have gone up so that a great many girls can't afford quince-seed curls, but fall back on gum tragacanth and soap, either of which will serve the purpose very well and create an appropriate degree of ugliness around the prettiest face —*Philadelphia Times.*

A Nice Little Bridge.

The big bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been for over ten years in course of construction and is not yet done. Another bridge which was long ago planned to connect the two cities has now been begun and will be finished, if all goes well, in three years. This is to be a comparatively inexpensive structure, because instead of requiring a sixteen-hundred-foot span, as is the case with the big bridge, it will use the rock foundation of Blackwell's Island as a resting place for two piers. The bridge will cross from Seventy-first Street to Ravenswood, a suburb which was formerly occupied by the mansions of the wealthy, but which was sadly damaged by chills and fever and by the bad smells of the oil refineries and other manufacturing industries of Hunter's Point. The floor of the new bridge will be about 180 feet above high water in the East River, which will allow considerably more room for passing vessels than will be afforded by the floor of the big bridge. The whole length of the new bridge will be 2,052 feet and its longest span 734. It is to furnish roadway for all sorts of vehicles, including steam cars and locomotives, making connection between the railways which center at Grand Central Depot and those which wander to and fro over Long Island. As this bridge is a private undertaking, and there are no chances for public stealage in connection with it, it will probably be pushed to speedy completion. It will cost about $5,000,000, which will be about one-fourth the cost of the big bridge.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Curious Incident.

The intelligence of old troop horses is the subject of many anecdotes which, wonderful as they often are, will rarely be doubted by any one who is familiar with horses. A good story illustrative of their sagacity is told and vouched for as authentic by a South African paper. "The scene of the occurrence was Potchefstroom, where our men and the Boers were known to be very near neighbors; so near, indeed, that when the horses were turned out to water they had their headstalls and halters taken off, so that if the enemy suddenly appeared and tried to catch the animals they would have nothing to lay hold of them by, and the horses would have a chance of escaping into their own lines. One evening, as usual, the horses were let out of the fort to water and rushed straight to the place where they usually drank. But the Boers were nearer than had been suspected, and jumping out of some trenches, succeeded in capturing the animals, in spite of the fact that the halters were missing. The Boers, being admirable riders, as is well known, mounted, and would, probably, have been able to guide their new steeds into the town, when suddenly the bugle at the fort sounded 'horses in at a trot,' and straightway the whole of them turned and made for home, carrying their unwilling freight. The Dutchmen threw themselves off right and left, but four were carried right into the camp and taken prisoners."

—A few days ago a Chinaman went to San Francisco to be treated for a large tumor on the neck, directly under the chin. He was taken by his friends to a Chinaman who pretended to have a practical knowledge of medicine and surgery, and who guaranteed to cure him for $50. The pretended physician, after looking at the tumor, called for a razor, and without delay made a long, deep gash in the excrescence, cutting entirely through it and partially through the throat of his patient, severing the carotid artery. The patient expired almost instantly. The "doctor," thoroughly frightened at the awful result of his operation, fled and has not been arrested.

—An Englishman, who is an expert bicyclist, has undertaken to run on the wheel from Boston to New York, 240 miles, in three days.

—The British postage-stamp saving system is to be introduced in Italy.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

SUITS for divorce are cut bias, discarding yoke necks.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE inhabitants of the rural districts of Ohio betray their New England origin in many ways, but in no way so unmistakably as in their tendency to exalt the importance of literary culture. Two ladies from the vicinity of Cleveland were recently discussing literature in the drawing-room of a Washington hotel. First lady: "Above all modern novelists I admire George Eliot. Do you like him?" Second lady: "Do I like him? I think he's just grand, massive, superb." First lady: "So do I. And which of his novels is your favorite?" Second lady (reflecting): "Well, I think I prefer 'Daniel Veranda.'"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I'm just getting my hand in," said the brute feminine as she clutched her husband's hair.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NEW ENGLAND woman was the much disappointed wife of a Harvard University geologist. She was all poetry and imagination; he was all paleontology and geological research. Upon a certain occasion when his scientific accomplishments were being praised in the presence of a stranger, the latter turned to her and said: "May I ask, madame, what your husband is?" "Certainly," she answered, frankly, "he is relic of the stone age."

JUDGING from the cereal displayed on the summer bonnets in the shop windows, the milliners have not finished sewing their wild oats.—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUTH was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Teutonian, as the circus pageant passed the city hall this morning: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar." "Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too," and strolled up Delaware avenue, humming, "Embdy is de baby, his gradle's gone."—*Buffalo News.*

A DRUM is quite an instrument for producing noise, but a drummer can beat it all hollow.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

THE Philadelphia *News* says that a New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.

THE farmer's favorite author—Fielding. That of the barrel maker—Cooper. That of the jeweler—Goldsmith.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

ENS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

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Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Paugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. T. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

EXECUTORS' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Mrs. Louisa Moffett, late of Garrett county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executors, will sell at public auction, in front of Garvey's Hotel, in the town of Bloomington,

On Saturday, the 18th day of June,

1881, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that piece or parcel of land known as

LOT NO. 6, on the Plat of the Town of Bloomington.

Said property is improved by a comfortable house, with all the necessary out-buildings, good well in cellar, and is a desirable home.

Terms made known on day of sale.

E. KEMP,
H. H. KIGHT,
6 4 3 Executors.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4 0ds Permanent Trustee.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLE
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in a case in said court, wherein Alexander M. Rush is plaintiff and Richard T. Browning is defendant, and to me the undersigned directed, the same being No. 26 Judicials to December 7th, 1880, of said court, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Garrett county did seize and take in execution on the 13th day of December, 1880, all of the undivided one-third (⅓) interest of the said Ricnord T. Browning, in and to all that tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, commonly known and called by the name of

"*SKIPNISH*,"

containing for the whole the quantity of 888½ acres of land, and now I, George D. White, Sheriff, as aforesaid, do hereby give public notice that by virtue of the aforesaid levy and seizure, I will sell all of the aforesaid undivided one-third (⅓) interest both at law and in equity, of the said Richard T. Browning, in and to the aforesaid described tract of land, at public auction, for cash on the day of sale to the highest bidder,

On Tuesday, the 21st day of June, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, county aforesaid, to satisfy said execution and costs. Said tract of land is located on and near Muddy Creek, and about 8 or 9 miles North of Oakland, and adjoins the tracts of land called "Milk and Honey," and "the Falls of Muddy Creek," and the resurvey called "Kaller," now owned by James Morrison. Said tract called "Skipnish" is said to be well timbered and is considered good land, and is the the same land that was conveyed to the said Richard T. Browning, by Edward Jamison, Sheriff, by Deed dated 20th, September, 1875 and recorded in Lib. W. H. T. No. 2 Fol. 197 &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
5 28 4w Sheriff.

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ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

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4 2 3 5 SAMUEL JONES.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.43 P. M.
No. 3		11.32 P. M.
No. 5		7.28 A. M.
No. 7		5:29 P. M
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.36 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		8.28 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881. NUMBER 18

Dr BULL'S BABY SYRUP

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LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies;
Not a game of idle fancies;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged height of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of wisdom, less pretension;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dissever,
And in whatso'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

THE TWO MISS AMBERLEY'S.

Within a vine clad window, two charming girls in the severely ample attire that fashion prescribes for traveling. Without, a long, well-knit, masculine figure lies perdu in the grass, face invisible, being covered by the owner's hat. Toward him there saunters another gentleman, dark, stylish and wide awake.

"Hulle, Kingston! Wake up. Got something to tell you." And he unkindly draws away the sweltering hat, disclosing a handsome, angry face.

"Confound you! What makes you pester a fellow so in this warm weather?" says the victim, sitting up disconsolately.

"Did I spoil your nap? Have a cigar, instead. I wanted to tell you of the new arrival, Aggie Amberley, the great heiress, with her cousin and companion. There's a chance for you to get a rich wife, my boy!"

"Don't want one. Hang this cigar, it won't draw. A poor man like my-self can't afford to marry a rich wife."

"I should say that he couldn't afford to marry anything else," laughed the other, "and Aggie Amberley is a beauty as well as an heiress. You don't often meet such a prize."

"You had better make up to her yourself," said Kingston, dryly.

"Perhaps I shall and leave you to the cousin, who is also a beauty in another style. Hanged if I'll tell which is which, though! And you'll never find out from the manner of our hosts toward them. There are no worshipers of the golden calf in this house."

"Humph!" said Kingston, and smoked a few minutes in silence; then he broke out: "The man that marries a woman for her money is the meanest creature that crawls on this earth! You have money enough of your own, Preston, for your motives to be above suspicion, but as for me—by Jove! I would not marry a rich woman if I loved her ever so well! I've no fancy for the name fortune-hunter."

"Bravo, Don Quixote!" laughed his friend. "Now, suppose we go and take a skim. You need some cooling off."

They strolled away, unconscious of fair eyes watching them.

Then said one young lady to the other:

"If that man does not marry a rich woman my name's not Aggie Amberley."

A few days later Mrs. Courtney and her guests were grouped on the lawn—the ladies with some dainty needle-work, Mr. Preston reading aloud to them; Harry Kingston in his favorite position, flat on his back in the grass, working at a certain problem which had been troubling him for some days. Which was Aggie Amberley? That tall, stylish blonde in lilac silk, with pond lilies on her bosom, or this graceful, dark-haired fairy in fluttering white muslin?

"The fair-haired one for the money! She looks more like a fashionable beauty, as Jim Preston said the heiress was. Not that charming little gypsy. Providence would never bestow a fortune on a girl with such a bewitching face. It would be too much partiality. But she don't look much like a poor relation, either. I'd give a good deal to hear one of those ladies call the other by her Christian name."

Said the fair Miss Amberley: "Aggie, have you a needleful of violet silk?"

Said the dark Miss Amberly: "No, Aggie, but I can get you some from up-stairs."

Harry fairly gasped.

Later he learned that the blonde was called Agnes and the bruuette Agatha.

Then he began to notice that Miss Agatha dressed more simply than her cousin, and that she was always ready to offer small services to the other calmly accepted. And one day the young lady expressed it as her opinion that riches must be a great burden, although, to be sure, Cousin Aggie had such a mind for finances! But for her part, she hoped no one would ever leave her a fortune.

This was said in a confidential way, with her great eyes looking into his.

"And what eyes the little thing has," thought Kingston, "they look a fellow's heart right out of his body."

After that Kingston considered his first problem very happily solved. Another had taken its place. How much money was necessary for the luxury of marriage? Jim Preston was courting Miss Agnes Amberley without any attempt at disguise. Perhaps his example was a little bit infectious. At all events Kingston and Miss Agatha were thrown much together, and their confidential talks increased in number and interest. On the last day of Kingston's visit he took a farewell stroll with Agatha. They stopped on a little rustic bridge thrown over a hollow. They were telling each other their first impressions.

"So you thought my cousin looked as though she was born in the purple. And pray what did you think of me?"

"You'll be angry."

"Oh, no, I won't."

"Well, then, I said to myself. 'What a dear littly gypsy.'"

Of course Miss Amberley was not angry. She had said she would not be, but she struck her hand hard against the rough woodwork.

"Take care, you will hurt yourself. And now may I ask your first opinion of me."

"I thought—that is, I said to myself—There is a man I shall just enjoy making a fool of," she answered spitefully. "Oh!"

She had run a great splinter into her hand. It was very painful. Harry worked forgivingly to get it out. Just as he had succeeded Miss Amberley turned alarmingly white and murmured:

"Don't be frightened—how foolish I am—I feel like—" And but for his arm she would have fallen.

Kingston was too much bewildered to do anything but hold her tight and cover the wounded hand with kisses.

Strange to say this peculiar method of reviving a young lady succeeded. She opened her eyes and the color returned to her face.

"Mr. Kingston!" pulling her hand away.

"Oh, if you wanted to make a fool of me," he said goomily, you have entirely succeeded. I love you?"

He expected her to draw herself coldly from his hold, but she did not. She seemed quite contented where she was, only a rosy glow overspead her face, and she whispered:

"Are you sure—very sure?"

"I wish I was as sure of my eternal salvation."

"Oh, Harry! No, you must not do that! Do you love me enough not to care whether I am rich or poor?"

"Ten thousand times yes!"

"And—and you want me for your wife, anyhow?"

"Of course I do."

"Then take me! You may kiss me now, Harry."

And he did.

"Of course it makes no difference to you," said the young lady, presently; "but you have offered yourself to the rich Miss Amberley. You needn't start so. You can't throw me over now, sir!"

For a moment that was just what Harry thought of doing, but the quick tears in his companion's eyes brought him to his senses.

Voices below. Mr. Preston passed through the ravine in company with the other Miss Amberley. He was holding her hand, and her stately Harry Kingston and Mrs. James Preston became the belles of the season.

"Gwine Away."

"De Lake Sho' train am de one we is lookin' fur, boss, kase I'ze going to send de ole woman to Toledo. Poo' ole soul! she's ben cryin all de mawnin' kase she's gwine away from me, an' to tell de truf, I can't keep de tear outer my own eyes long 'nuff to see 'cross the depot."

It was an old, old, colored man, stoop-shouldered, trembling with age. He was accompanied by his aged wife, who had on her Sunday best and carried a bundle in her hand. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief, and in lieu of somethim better, he was using his coat-sleeve.

"Is your wife going away on a visit?"

"Bress you, no; We wouldn't be feelin' like chil'en if it war only a wisit. You see, sah, we's got so ole an' poo' dat we can't keep house, nor airn a libin' any mo.' We's felt it comin' on fur a long time past, but I neber 'spected de day would come when we'd have to separate."

"Then she won't come back?"

"Dat's what ails us. You see, I'ze got a son heah who will gib me a home, and she's got a darter down in Toledo who will take keer of her. She's gwine away dis mawnin,' an' I 'spect I'll neber sot eyes on her no mo'. 'Taint fur down dar, but we is poo' an' ole, an' I'ze gwine to kiss her fur de las time. Hold up yer face, Mary, till I kiss ye! You an' me has trabbled in the same path risin' of sixty y'ars, an' now when we am grown ole an' poo', an' waitin' fur de call we has got to separate! Dar', dar', chile, don't take on so! It's sumthin' we can't help, an' if you sob that way you'll brake de ole man right down. Dat's de train ober dar, an'—an'—"

He put his arms around her, and his tears fell on her cheek as he said:

"We slaved together, an' we has starved an' shibered an' met trouble wid de same speerit. Hush, chile—it's all fur de best! Maybe de Lawd will bring us together agin. If—if he doan' do it, you'll meet me up dar' in Heaben. We kin trust de Lawd fur dat. If I git dar' fust, I'll wait for you right at de gate, an' if you am fust taken, I know you'll watch fur me."

She kissed him and clung to him like a child, and it was only when the train was ready to go that he disengaged her arms, kissed her once more, and led her to the gate with the words:

"I'll be prayin' de Lawd to be good to ye, an' I'll fink of ye ebery hour in de day. Keep down your sobs, chile—we can't be chill'en no more. Here you am good bye—good by."

She went away sobbing like a child, and he passed out of the depot with big tears in his eyes and a heart almost breaking with sorrow.

"I'll trust—I'll trust in de Lawd," he whispered, as he went his way. "Tell ye what, it's powerful sad on two folkses like us to be all broke up an' seperated like dis, but we couldn't do better. Bress her dear soul! but de poo' body was nigh done fur wid grief when I turned away de las' time!"—*M. Quad.*

Wigwam and His Gate.

Mr. Wigwam is a farmer, and recently one of those agents that infest the country came along and tucked off upon him an automatic gate. The gate was so arranged that the weight of a person approaching it would cause it to rise, and when they had passed it down it came. This gate was painted red, and the day it was put in position a cross bull, owned by Mr. Wigwam, discovered it. A bull some how has a rooted antipathy of that hue, and this animal no sooner discovered the gate than it made a rush ever and awful mad. Another trial. Bull only succeeds in rooting his nose in the ground. Bull almost delirious with rage. Wigwam, who is watching him from the house, in same condition with laughter. The bull evidently made up his mind to hit that gate or die in the attempt and he tried the thing seven more times, and yet the gate stood there, every time when he looked back. Then, having wrenched himself and scraped the hide off his nose and got quite out of breath, the animal became discouraged and drew aside and merely watched the gate.

But Wigwam hadn't enough of the fun. He took a mirror, and went out and climbed upon the gate and caught the sunlight on the mirror, and flashed it in the bull's eyes to madden him. The bull rushed once more at the gate. Wigwam expected the gate to rise up with him and let the bull pass. But his weight held the gate down. The bull hit the gate square—Wigwam was knocked forty feet, and got his mouth and eyes full of dirt and badly skined. The mirror was shattered. And the bull caught his horns and one foot in the gate, which, broke from its fastenings and he went carreering about with it, struggling to release himself, and Wigwam didn't dare to go to his rescue and was too much hurt to do anything, anyway, and finally the bull, after tearing up everything in his reach, threw himself and broke his neck. Loss, $300.

Wigwam lays the blame on the gate, which perhaps, is natural.

Dreams That Came True.

A belief in the truth of dream-warning has lingered even to our own day. It was yet more prevalent in past centuries. Macauley has ridiculed Archbishop Laud for the care with which he recorded his dreams in his diary; but the prelate was no more superstitious in this respect than were many of his contemporaries. The mediæval historians generally note some dream prophecy before any great event took place. A pious monk dreamt of the fatal accident that should befall the Red King. Henry IV. of France was oppressed by evil dreams the night preceding his assassination. It is an undisputed fact that, in the present century, a murder was discovered from the circumstance of one of the parents of the victim dreaming where the body was concealed.

Bishop Hall relates a curious story of a cure effected by means of a dream; a cripple dreaming that he bathed in a certain well in Cornwall and was restored to health. Acting on this visionary perscription he recovered the use of his limbs. The bishop attributes this dream to a "good angel." Probably, as Lord Byron says of propheeies, people note the fulfilment of dreams and forget the failures—pass over the ninety-nine baseless visions, but record the hundredth that happens to be verified.

Authors, artists and musicians have carried on their work in their dreams, sometimes with more success than in their waking hours. Tastini, an Italian composer, dreamt that he heard a fiend perform an elaborate solo on the violin. He attempted to reproduce it when awake; but, though his "Devil's Sonata" is ranked among his finest productions, the composer declared that it was so inferior to the music of his dream, he could have broken his instrument with vexation at his failure to produce that beautiful melody. Condorcet and Franklin worked out elaborate calculations in their sleep, and remembered them on awaking. Lord Thurlow is said to have composed part of a Latin poem in a dream; and Sir J. Herschell has left a verse which occurred to him in similar circumstances. Goethe records that his dreams often assisted him in his compositions.

Abraham Lincoln's Son.

Miss Barton related an interview she had recently had with Secretary Lincoln. "I wished to see him because he was Abraham Lincoln's son," she said slowly and softly, and I went to his office desk, handing him my card as I approached him. 'I have no favor to ask of you, Mr. Secretary,' I said, when he had risen and the conversation had opened, 'except that you will take from me a little burden I have carried about with me many years. I know I am [illegible] and kindness to me in whatever I do for our soldiers. He received me and arose for the little things I [illegible] and when I [illegible] to her making a record of the missing,) so great as to appall a woman with seeming impossibility, yet which the entreaties of many survivors forced me to attempt; when other officials said, 'It cannot be done,' he, the head and heart of it all, said, 'I will help you.' And he smoothed my way and made it all possible and plain. When the task was ended, and I came back to Washington feeling deeply the obligation I owed to him, he was not here to receive my grateful thanks. He had gone beyond all that. It was a sad little burden to carry around with me unuttered and unshared but I have carried it. At home and beyond the sea, wherever I have been, it has gone with me; and I have come today, to ask you, as his representative to accept that burden of thanks for him.'

"I felt my tears flowing before I had finished and was ashamed that I had failed to control them, but when I glanced up at the Secretary I saw he was weeping too. He reached out his hand, and said: 'I do accept your tribute of thanks—for my father;' and then I came away."

Shortness of Life.

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. And farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our relationships? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow the trival misunderstanding to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends and neighbors on the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding of pride, or ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of kind words, our commendation, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?

THE FLEA.—This insect belongs to the genus Pulex. When he gets on your arm, you Pulexcitedly at your sleeve. Your are anxious also for the insects leave. The flea has a strong love for a man, but he manages to get over his attachment. He is a leaper. In olden times they used to drive the leper out of the synagogue. When the flea gets on, he sets sin agog in your heart. The flea is a parasite. You have not to cross the ocean, therefore, to see a Paris sight. Fleas are very plentiful. You remember that Mary had a little lamb whose fleas were white as snow. In ancient times, however, the golden fleas were very scarce, and consequently much sought after. There can be no doubt about the habitat of this social insect, for does not the Bible speak of it as the "flea, from the wrath to come?" And again it is referred to as the "wicked flea" which "no man pursueth." But we prefer not to dwell on the subject. Neither do we wish to have this subject dwell on us. We might, ere long, have a flea in our ear should we not stop.

There is no use in endeavoring to thoroughly relieve your child of Colic, Dysentery or other painful and dangerous stomach troubles by the various opiates recommended so strongly. Give Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will at once relieve and permanently cure by its soothing action. Price 25 cts.

The Republican.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

I told her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.
The favored youth who gains the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh, thou dear mistress of my heart!
My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said—
"You make me tired."
—*Bric-a-Brac, in Scribner.*

MINING CAMP'S FIRST PIANO.

It was in 1858—or it might have been two years earlier or later—there was a mining camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over, the men did not rest from their labors, like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef, and that the bodies were coming in.

Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with the pull. The cart contained a good sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible through the glimmer of a stray light here and there, than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe and lit it, as he contined: "Wish the bones and load had gone over the bank."

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once. "I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just bust the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other a moment, and the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about happening to see a corpse go over a bank, all I have to say is that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got the board off, and then pulled out some old rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astounded.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he made up his mind to pull his weapon at first sign of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole box cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for. Had a dozen dead men been in the box, their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that piano caused. By the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace the hurdy gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest man in the State. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position, amid a confusion of tongues after the manner of the tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

One day a three-card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of a piano, if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in." The report spread about the camp, but on being questioned, he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a curious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument, and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man [illegible] a beefsteak in a restaurant [illegible] there was no doubt that this [illegible] music in his soul, perhaps in his fingers' ends, but did not dare to make a trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch that piano.

There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

* * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-house with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words:

$20 Reward

To a compitant Pianer Player.

This he stuck up on the music rack, and, though the inseription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merry-making went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouched near the fire-place. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once and a while as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that it gradually seemed as if this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advanced and remarked, cheerfully:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his steaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and walked over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to penetrate the stranger, he seemed to expand and straighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty dollar bet on the tray, paused, and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note; the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his cords together, the music laid its spell upon every one's ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man threading the uncertain paths, but gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The speaker wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hand kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more of the revelry elements left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so?"

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As he dashed out into the storm, the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the words "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was as pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn a blanket over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's tracks through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card-monte man, who used to deny point blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind how the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24, 1861.

The Bank of England.

"As safe as the Bank of England" is an assurance of safety which is never questioned. No one ever lost money by the Bank of England. Its notes are good all over the world. Many strangers go to see it. Only a few persons can go round at once, with a guide. In one room notes that have been paid have the corners torn off and holes punched through them. Over fifty thousand notes, worth one million pounds, are paid every day, and thus cut out. They are kept five years, and if you give the number and date of a note, in less than three minutes it can be found; so that if you paid a note you owed and a man said you did not do so, you could prove that you had paid it. The largest note is one thousand pounds. One hundred and twenty men are in the room where paid notes are clipped, and 1,200 in all the bank. All the notes used are printed in the bank, and the printing-machines keep a register of every one. Here pensions are paid to crippled soldiers. Here gold and silver plate—private property—is kept. Two things I heard interested me. "Gold is very brittle," said our guide. "If you throw a good deal about upon a counter—that is, a number of gold pieces—and then sweep it off the counter, you will find that the fragments count up. We are very careful of them. In the weighing-room all gold sovereigns that you put in your pockets in the morning, with other pieces of coin, at night will not be just the same. We know that, and weigh every sovereign that has once been out of the house. The bankers loose the difference. We have sent boxes of gold coin to them by express that have come back to us unopened, yet the rubbing of the gold has worn off five pounds' worth." We came away agreeing that this great bank is one of the world's wonders.

A Man Who Sets Type With His Teeth.

The most remarkable newspaper man in the United States lives at Angels Camp, in Calaveras County. His name is S. S. Waterman. He is twenty-four years old and has been paralyzed ever since he was born. He was born in Angels and has never been away from the town but once, when he went in search of medical aid, but failed to find any. His paralysis is of the upper and lower limbs, which he can not move. His speech is also affected and it is only with difficulty that he can talk at all. Early in life he manifested a liking for movable type, which he placed in position with his teeth. He soon began to cut type out of wood, holding the engraving tools between his teeth when he used them. He has made a good deal of block type in this way, with which he at present conducts a small job printing business. He also sets metal type with his teeth. Waterman was one of the founders of the *Mountain Echo*, a weekly paper now being published in Angels. He set a good deal of the type on this paper with his teeth, and, having a good education, manufactured his editorials and other articles as he went along. He is now out of the newspaper business, and confines himself entirely to job printing and engraving. He does all the programme and invitation work for the town, frequently engraving special designs for his jobs. His presswork, of course, he can not do with his teeth, and employs a boy to do that part of the work for him—the only part that he can not do himself.—*Stockton (Cal.) Mail.*

—A little bunch of lilies of the valley sent from New Orleans by mail has been received in fresh condition in Providence, R. I. They came inclosed in a potato, the inside of which had been dug out leaving a thin shell.

Paper Pulp from Wood.

The following interesting description of the process of making wood pulp is from an account of the opening of the Thorold Pulp Paper Company's establishment, published by the Thoroid *Post*, Canada:

The wood, four feet in length and of any thickness, is brought in at the basement, placed in the barking-jack (one stick at a time), where two men, with draw-knives, rapidly peel off the bark. It is then conveyed by the elevator to the first floor, sawed in two-foot lengths with a cross-cut saw, where it is slabbed (that is, a small portion of wood on opposite sides taken off), to permit its resting firmly in the grinding engine. It is then passed to the boring machine (an upright and a one-half inch auger, with foot attachment driven by power), where the knots are bored out. The wood is then placed in racks of the same size as the receptacle in the grinding engine and carried out to the ground. The grinding engines are upright, and receive at a filling one-twentieth of a cord of wood.

The wood is placed in a receptacle, and by a simple, variable automatic feed process is pressed flatwise between two outward revolving rolls, composed of solid emery, which are flooded with a spray of water, carrying off the fibrilized pulp in a stream through revolving screens to the tank or stuff chest in the basement. It is then pumped up into a vat that forms part of the wet machine. In this vat is constantly revolving a large cylinder with fine brass wire cloth, which picks up the particles of pulp out of the water and places them on the felt (an endless piece of woolen goods which makes between rolls, for different purposes, a continual circuit of the wet machine). On the cylinder is turning a heavy roll, called the concha; between the two, where they meet, the cylinder leaves the pulp, with most of the water pressed from it.

The pulp now makes its appearance on the felt above the concha roll in a beautiful sheet, thirty-eight inches in width, and is carried along in a steady flow a distance of about eight feet, where it passes between but not beyond two heavy rollers, the upper iron, the lower wood; it adheres to the upper roll, which is constantly turning, wrapping it up, and when a sufficient thickness is attained is cut off by a knife being pressed to the roll, attached to the machine for that purpose. It now leaves the roll in a thick white sheet, which is received by the boy in attendance on a table conveniently attached to the machine, and folded into sheets fourteen by twenty-six inches. It is then placed on scales until the weight is one hundred pounds, when it is placed in the press and firmly tied into square, compact bundles. It is now ready for shipment to the paper mill, to be made into printing and tea paper. The wood paper pulp has been placed in the market and found a ready sale.

Grecian Beauty.

Much has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word; we might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long silky eye-lashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white, and well set; a fine regular profile, a pale-olive complexion, and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the old Oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization, they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence, and count as nothing in society; the men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns, where servants are kept, they are of the poorest class of peasant, who know nothing, and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them, to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor wornout mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her silk-worms and cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servants over again.

Self-doctoring.

The desire to be "his own doctor" seems, like hope, to "spring eternal in the human breast," and often leads to most disastrous consequences. Many a man who, if his horse or cow is sick, sends at once for the veterinary practitioner, will run the risk of prescribing for ailments of his own that are on the face of them quite as serious and as much in need of professional treatment. He will take the advice of an ignorant neighbor as to what is "good for" an illness, when he would laugh at the idea of going to the same person for counsel in any other business or concern whatever. In the days of our grandmothers, when the household materia medica consisted of "roots and yarbs," with a few simple drugs like epsom salts, this domestic or "lay" prescribing was less dangerous than in these days, when concentrated and powerful agents have become so common and familiar. The household remedies of the olden time were rarely liable to do much harm, even if they did no good. The cure was generally in reality left to nature, though the "roots and yarbs" got the credit of it. But most of the drugs of our day are not of this inert or negative character, and the danger in their use by the ignorant is a real and serious danger. The most powerful medicines that unprofessional people of a former generation ventured to fool with bore about the same relation to those now in vogue that gunpowder does to nitro-glycerine; yet the latter are used even more recklessly than the former ever were. The spread of popular information upon physiological and medical topics has made many persons more self-confident and careless in these matters, while the agents they use require vastly greater caution. A little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing, but when it leads a man to think that he can "doctor" himself, in ailments of any serious nature, the old and often abused proverb is indisputably true.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A Squaw's Patrimony.

A suit has been brought in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburgh, involving the title to a large amount of property. Many readers will remember the case of Cub-a-You-Quit, daughter of William Mowry, formerly of Pittsburgh, which was tried about two years ago, and in which the defendants were successful. The recent suit is similar in nature, but varies in one important particular. In the Cub-a-You-Quit case the plaintiffs failed to prove a legal marriage between the mother of the girl and William Mowry, but in the present case, instituted by a cousin of Cub-a-You-Quit, it is claimed there will be no difficulty on that score. The history of the case is as follows: Alexander Addison Mowry, a brother of William Mowry, settled in Saginaw Valley, Michigan, in 1844 or thereabouts. That section of the country was then a wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and a few white traders. Addison Mowry, who was a sort of hale-fellow-well-met, followed the general custom of the whites and took to himself as wife O-Gaw-Baish-Kow-Mo-Quay, who was noted for her beauty and intelligence; but, unlike many others, it is alleged that he had a formal marriage ceremony performed by Seth Willy, at that time a Justice of the Peace in East Saginaw. He died in 1852, leaving to survive him his Indian widow and his and her daughter, Nancy, or, in the Indian tongue, Waw-Se-Ge-Zhe-Goquay. The plaintiffs in the present suit, Nancy and her mother, now come into court and demand that those who have long occupied lands in Pittsburgh of great value, once the property of Addison Mowry's father, be ejected and the property given to the widow and her daughter as heirs of Addison Mowry. The attorneys in the case include some of the ablest lawyers in Pennsylvania and Michigan. The value of the property in dispute is estimated at from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000.

"Trancevoyance."

Some interesting scientific experiments demonstrating the truth of the disputed phenomena of clairvoyance have recently been made by Dr. G. M. Beard, of this city. The "sensitive" was a lady, the wife of a lecturer on mesmerism. A first experiment failed, but on a second trial the lady, whose eyes were covered with cotton and closely bandaged, was able to name accurately cards drawn at random from a pack and held by the doctor upon her forehead. She also read the title-page of a volume which the doctor took from his pocket. Other experiments with coarse print were equally successful, but she was unable to read fine print.

Dr. Beard calls the faculty trancevoyance, and thinks that it may be developed to such a degree that the person gifted with it can read entire pages of ordinary print held against the forehead. The lady, describing her sensations when in the trancevoyant state, says that an electric light seemed to be thrown forward from the back of the brain upon her forehead, illuminating it and enabling her to see it distinctly. A further study of this curious power of reading without eyes will no doubt be of great value to the development of the still rudimentary science of brain and nerve action. Such experiments as those of Dr. Beard are heavy blows at the theories of the materialists who claim that all mental action is a physical phenomenon depending on the organs of sensation. What power is it, will they tell us, that reads coarse print when the eyes are practically blinded? There must be a faculty of perception in the brain quite independent of the organs of sight, which, under certain rare conditions, comes into play. What is it that sees without the aid of optic nerve or retina? Here is a question which opens a wide and interesting field for speculation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It Will Be Useful.

The instantaneous photograph process is now used in Paris, to take, without his knowing it, the portrait of any suspicious looking person presenting a draft or check at the banks; and also by means of clock-work to expose a series of sensitive plates for hours in succession, so as to inform an absent employer how his clerks conducted themselves—whether they attended to business, or smoked, lounged and went out; and to give an account of the children's behavior when their mother or schoolmaster shall leave them to themselves. Its success will probably bring it into general use. A jealous husband can go to Chicago feeling assured that the tell-tale camera will give an account of the way in which his wife spent her time. It will be very useful to wives who spend the summer with the children in the country, enabling them to know how deeply Charles Augustus and William Henry had occasion to regret their absence and whether they really did "read in the lonely library until they were sleepy and went to bed before 10." It would also be useful in furnishing the public with illustrations of the way public officials do public business in city halls, State capitals and Washington departments.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Green canaries were exhibited at a recent bird show in Berlin, Germany. Others were red, light brown and gray. The variations of color had been caused by the daily use of cayenne pepper in their food. The pepper was at first given in small quantities, and the birds appeared to like it, but the feathers soon fell, giving them a molting appearance. In a short time new feathers of divers colors sprouted. The variations were ascribed to the different qualities of the pepper and the quantity given.

—A ringed and feathered little Indian princess smilingly presented a purse of her own manufacture to the Duke of Sutherland during his recent visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The first cotton mill in California is in process of erection.

—A solid mountain of fine red, brown and white sandstone has been discovered near Regan, on the Texas & Pacific Railroad.

—The underground military wires in the German empire, according to telegraphic operators, conduct electricity far better than the overland lines.

—A silk association has for some time past existed in Utah, and extensive preparations have been made for the manufacture of silk. Skilled European operatives have been sent for, and the factory will probably open about the middle of June.

—The following recipe for imitation of ground glass is from an Antwerp scientific journal: Paint the glass with the following: Sandarach, 18 drachms; mastic, 4 drachms; ether, 24 ounces; benzine, 6 to 18 ounces. The more benzine the coarser the grain of the imitation glass will be.

—Contagion is largely propagated by means of the clothing, and clothing is best disinfected by heat. No form of contagion can withstand a dry heat of 220 degrees. The clothing should be placed in a box or a closet maintained at that temperature for perhaps an hour. Carbolic acid will not destroy the effect of vaccine virus but for the time being.

—A very interesting experiment with a new telephone invented by Robert M. Lockwood and his son, William, of New York City, was tried recently between New York and Philadelphia over the ordinary telegraph wires. The result was a surprise to all who were present. Conversation, even to a whisper, in Philadelphia, was heard with perfect distinctness of articulation, such as is perfectly practicable for commercial purposes. The principle claimed by the inventors is that of molecular disturbance and the suppression of all vibration.

—A valuable plastic material has been introduced in Germany for ornamental and other purposes. Five parts of sifted whiting are mixed with a solution of one part of glue, and, on those two being well worked up into a paste, a proportionate quantity of Venetian turpentine is added, in order to prevent brittleness; a small amount of linseed oil is also put with the mixture, to obviate its clinging to the hands, and the mass may be colored by kneading in any color that is desired. The substance thus formed may be pressed into shapes and used for the production of bas-reliefs and other figures, and may be likewise worked by hand into models—the hands to be rubbed with linseed oil and the mass to be kept warm during the process. On becoming cold and dry, which takes place in a few hours, it is as hard as stone.

PITH AND POINT.

—They're still on the hunt for oleomargarine. Tallow ho!—*Hartford Journal.*

—You can not cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The citizen who keeps his own cow can have his fresh milk at sixteen cents per quart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"It is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good." The boy whose sister has the scarlet fever gets a long vacation.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

—"This is the widow of my discontent," said the old man who had married a fashionable young woman who had planted her first husband under the sod of sorrow and bankruptcy.—*Steubeaville Herald.*

—Ella Wheeler, in poetry, says: "I often dream of love, holy as the moonlight on a grave." We should like to know if moonlight on a grave is any more holy than moonlight on a woodshed roof.—*Boston Post.*

—"You are fond of the British poets, Miss C.?" "Oh, *awfully* so!" "Have you read Lamb?" "Yes; and with *such* pleasure!" "Are you fond of Hogg?" "Yes; but I so dread trichinosis!" Curtain.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to Brother Amos. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."—*Rochester Herald.*

—A Lowell woman accidentally swallowed a pin the other day and in exactly three minutes afterward it came out of the ear of the cat she was holding in her lap at the time. This is a lie, but we wanted to get up one of those stories that our readers could believe.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Just think of it!" exclaimed Jones; "Pingrey's new block is one thousand meters long!" "Is that so?" asked Fogg, adding, "By the way, Jones, how long is a meter?" "Blamed if I know," said Jones, "but judging from the distance my gas-meter covers every month it must be something immense."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rebuking Pride.

Music is a good servant to devotion, but a bad master. The late Dr. Muhlenberg once impressed this sentiment upon a youth, with such distinctness that it was never effaced. The Doctor, then the rector of an Episcopal Church school, had introduced a boy-choir into the chapel services. One of the choristers, whose duty it was to get the number of the psalm and hymn, went to the Doctor's study one Sunday morning for the purpose. The young man, while the rector was turning over the leaves of the prayer-book in order to make a selection, remarked, "We did pretty well in the choir last Sunday?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, without raising his head.

"That anthem went finely," continued the chorister, fishing for praise.

"Yes," said the Doctor, still turning over the leaves.

"What shall we sing to-day?" asked the youth, somewhat chagrined, and thinking the rector's search a long one.

"Why," replied the rector, lifting his head, "let us sing to the praise and glory of —— [inserting the youth's name], this psalm and that hymn."

The lesson was never forgotten. The youth became a clergyman, and in telling the story added that whenever he felt the old vain-gloriousness rising, he thought of the rebuke his teacher once gave him.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HEBE.

The elder buds opened in the valley by the stream,
Aud the roses had unenried their silken leaves;
The harvest days were passing, and the reapers' scythes aglean,
Till the level fields were dotted with the sheaves.
It was then my Hebe whispered, in the gleaming, at the gate,
While the daylight bloom was drifting into gray—
"Love, the time is swift approaching—as the summer groweth late—
When her last red rose shall crown our bridal day."

I kissed her in the darkness, with the stars alone to see,
And her brown eyes shone like jewels in the gloom,
The night breeze fluttered faintly in the lofty locust tree,
And lightly waved the rose's royal bloom.
But before the week was ended, ere the harvesting was o'er,
I had left my darling Hebe and my home,
Left all love and peace behind me—left my sunny western shore,
And was sailing far 'mid reeling waves of foam.

Ah, jealousy is cruel truly, cruel as the grave;
Oh, my love! my love! 'twas doubt had changed my heart;
In blind and reckless haste I sought the danger of the wave—
Tore in cruelty her life and mine apart.
Yet when winds were dashing madly into gulfs the whirling tide,
And the skies were dark with clouds of stormy blue,
I heard the words that once she whispered at the fountain side—
"Remember, I will ever pray for you."

They came like birds of promise 'mid the howling of the storm,
And the misery and doubt of terror's reign;
Through the tempest and the torrent in my heart they nestled warm,
And my trust in Heaven's care revived again.

Summer's golden hours were over and the autumn reigned in pride,
When again I trod my sunny western shore,
I met my loving Hebe at the crystal fountain side,
And the demon, doubt, was dead forevermore.
Autumn's cloudy splendor hovered over nature like a dream;
Almost perfect were the mellow autumn eaves,
Where the elder blooms had faded glowed the sumach by the stream
That was dashed with burning crimson ivy leaves.

Rose vines swung about the doorway, and they hung beside the gate,
But the roses, royal fair, had passed away,
Save one bud my darling cherished, one sweet gem that blossomed late,
And that last red rosebud crowned our bridal day.

—*Hattie Whitney, in Boston Transcript.*

TORPEDO JIM.

"I am dying; yes, dying."

Away up on the Bingham lands, in the great northern oil field of Pennsylvania, a man lay dying. The flare of a huge gas-jet came struggling through the wide crack of the rude hemlock board shanty and fell on the form of a man upon whose features the hand of trouble and sorrow had left heavy traces. He was alone, save the writer of this, and as the hours dragged slowly along he grew uneasy, as if he feared and dreaded the end which was inevitable. With an effort he roused himself.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Nine o'clock."

"Big Jack won't be home till half-past twelve, and before that time I will be locating 'wild cat' wells in another world."

"Shall I go for him?"

"No, oh, no! Don't leave me. I couldn't watch out the last tour and run the last bit alone. I want to tell Big Jack something, but you will do just as well. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a strange story I've got to tell, and I want somebody to know it before—"

He paused a long time for breath. The cabin or "shanty" in which he lay was situated in a sheltered spot among a cluster of giant pines, and was the only habitation for miles around. Five men occupied the cabin—two drillers, two tool-dressers and a male cook. Two of the men were, at nine o'clock at night, busy with the test-well half a mile away, two others were on a visit to Bradford for provision supplies and the fifth one lay in a rude bunk above the gas stove, tossing from side to side and waiting for the "silent summons." It was Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter. What his real name was no one knew; he went under the dime-novel name of Torpedo Jim. Some men called him Jim Barton, but whether or not that was really his name none of his friends and acquaintances could tell. Jim had been sick for three days, so the head driller, Big Jack Sanford, said, and as I stood by the side of his bunk and watched the pain-contorted face I wished I might lift the veil hanging over this man's life and so learn the romance and tragedy lying deeply hidden beneath the blue shirt and heavy coat. As I stood watching and waiting he started up in a fright.

"My God, did you hear that?" he almost shrieked.

"No: I heard nothing. What was it?"

"A woman's scream. I have heard it before more than once. Go outside and listen."

Curiously wondering what the man could mean I opened the door and stepped out into the night. All was still and dark, save a low whispering among the pines and the flare of the burning gas. Away off down the valley at the test-well I could hear the puff, puff of the laboring engine as it swung the ponderous drilling tools up and down, and the ring of the heavy hammer as the tool-dresser pounded the bit into proper shape. No other sound broke the stillness of the night, and the little cabin under the pine was as silent as the grave. Into the room again and by the invalid's bunk was but a step, and as his eyes met mine the mute question was quickly answered:

"I could hear nothing except the well; all is still," was my reply.

"It must be that I am dying; yes, dying," the man murmured once more, "and I can not go with a secret on my mind. Say, stranger," said he, suddenly, "do you think God forgives the blackest sins and crimes?"

He waited eagerly and with emotion for my answer.

"Yes, if you ask it in the right spirit."

"Do you think so? Well, I'm glad of it, and I have been praying a long time these three days I have been sick for God to wipe out the black spots and stains in my life, and oh, I do hope He has heard what I asked. But I feel that the end is near and I'll tell you my story."

After having been propped up with a pillow of old coats and boots he began:

"I s'pose you have heard of Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter? Yes? Well, that's me, and I got the name because I'm the only living man that took active part in two glycerine explosions and lived. I've handled hundreds of tons of the infernal stuff, both in the employ of Roberts, the torpedo monopolist, and working for myself, skulking around the woods at night and shooting wells against the law. I've been a pipe-line man, a tool-dresser and a driller and a heap of other things beside, but the worst business I ever got into was this same moonlighting. A man will stay out of it so long as he fears God and regards man, and I tell you he gets pretty well hardened before he can sneak around nights with enough frozen stuff to blow him into four different townships in the wink of an eye. When a man gets so that he don't care whether he lives or dies the next minute he goes into moonlighting and makes a heap of money. Oh, yes, there is lots of money in it, but it is dearly earned cash. But I wasn't always a moonlighter. Oh, no; I used to be as promising a boy as ever walked, and that was only a short time ago. I am only twenty-six years old now, but I have felt to be nearly fifty for the past two years. What made me a moonlighter? I'll show you. There, that made me a moonlighter and—a—murderer!"

It was a picture, a small locket picture, of a beautiful young woman with dreamy brown eyes, sweet pouting lips and a wealth of dark-brown hair. A most lovable young lady, surely, if the picture might be taken as a basis of calculation. The features were strangely familiar to me, for they resembled the features of the wife of a prominent oil operator whom I had met several times at private receptions and small parties. The man continued without interruption:

"Ah, you start," he said, with a fierce laugh. "You have seen the original? Yes? And you will see her again, too. Four years ago I was engaged to that woman and I was as happy as the day was long. I had bright prospects in life then, and my father, who was in business in Philadelphia, where we lived, was supposed to be pretty comfortably fixed in life. But somehow or other after he died and his affairs were straightened out my mother and I hadn't a cent to give a beggar. I tried clerking and book-keeping in Philadelphia for awhile, but it was no go, and to cap the climax of my misery the young lady I was engaged to broke off the engagement with the polite excuse that she thought too much of me to hamper me with an engagement, and that I could climb the ladder of fortune much better if I were not bound by ties of any kind. Very tender and considerate, wasn't she? She never cared for me as much as she did for my money, but I just worshiped her, and when she threw me over in that cool way I wilted right down and left the city. I landed in the lower oil country and tried to do something. And then when I saw my mistake it was too late to get good bargains on leases in the northern field, but I came here all the same and tried to make my way. I had my mother to support in Philadelphia all the time, and it was through her that I learned of the marriage of the woman I loved to a wealthy man from the oil regions. I was sick for two weeks after that, stranger, and when I came to my senses I wasn't the same man. I didn't care to live, and if it hadn't been for my poor old mother I should have killed myself. I became rough and reckless and did the roughest kind of work I could find. I drove team for awhile and then built rigs and dressed tools. After awhile I turned driller and tried to save money for my mother, but I didn't make it fast enough. The longer I lived in the northern field the more reckless I became, and it wasn't long before I was a moonlighter. I made torpedoes for shooting wells against the law, and lived out in the woods in a little log hut and hated the sight of man. I soon became the boldest and most successful moonlighter in the country, and every cent I could get above expenses I sent to Philadelphia. I got on the inside of a lot of information some lucky speculators had, and took a flyer on the market with splendid result. I made money hand over fist, but fortune came to late to do me any good, and though I was still a young man I looked forward to nothing this world could give. A year ago this winter I took to drinking 'tangle-foot' whisky, and after two or three sprees I got to going at a terrible rate, and one day in the early part of 1880, some time in April, I think, I got into a row with a man at the head of Tram Hollow and we had a red-hot fight. We were both drunk, and when I found I was getting the best of him a wild thrill ran through me, the devil took full possession of my actions and before I could think twice I had stabbed him to the heart and my hands were stained with the blood of a fellow creature!"

The dying man shook with agony as the thought of that terrible deed came upon him, and his pain-distorted face was lifted in prayer for mercy and forgiveness. It was a solemn hour for a stranger to that rocky country—the death-bed confession under the moaning pines and the long shadows of the giant trees casting their somber forms about in the flickering light of the gas-jet. A silence fell upon us suddenly; the moaning of the pines sank to the faintest of whispers; while from afar down the valley came the whirr and roar of the bull wheel as the cable of the heavy drill at the well ran with lightning speed over the crown pully down into the earth two thousand feet.

"Hark!" said the man whom death was about to claim. "Big Jack is running the tools and is letting them slide so that I can hear. It is the last time I will ever hear that sound. I have heard it often and handled the bull-wheel brake many times. I never will again; no, never again on this earth."

He was silent again, and so still was the wintry night that I could hear the thud of the walking-beam and the rattle of the cable against the derrick. The silence became absolutely painful, until at last the melancholy face of the dying man was raised again.

"Stranger, come nearer; I'm going fast and I must tell you the rest. After I had killed that man I hid the body in a clump of brush and searched him to learn who he was. I never found out, for he had on his oily clothes and there was nothing in his pockets only this, a little piece of paper, and on it is written: 'What is life? 'Tis but a vapor; soon it vanishes away.' True, isn't it? At least I have found it so. Well, after I hid that man in the brush heap I waudered around the country and couldn't eat or sleep. It was glorious weather at that time; everything was as dry as a bone; and the next day as I stood before that brush-pile, by some power of attraction that made me go there, I saw a great column of black smoke rise up near Rew City. I knew it was an oil fire, and I knew it would sweep a large area of country and leave nothing but ashes and the casing in the oil wells. The ground was sprinkled with oil all over the field and the leaves were as inflammable as powder. Well, I watched the Rew City fire grow larger and larger, and all at once I became a fiend incarnate and set the leaves and oil-soaked brush on fire around the big tender-pile that hid the body of the unfortunate pauper I had killed. Instantly the whole place was a blazing mass and the fire spread so fast I had to run for my life. Did you ever see an oil fire? Yes? And saw the fires in Rew City, Tram Hollow and Foster Brook on that awful day? Is that so? Well, then, you know how fast they run and what a roar they make. It was just awful that day. I never saw anything like it. It was reported that the Tram Hollow fire was accidental, and that the fire started from some sparks that had been smoldering in a stump pile. That's all nonsense, for I started the fire myself and had to run for life to keep out of its way. Like a crazy fool I ran down the valley, with the wind and the fire following me like a monster ready to avenge itself. There were some houses down in the valley and they used to call the place Oil Centre, and when I reached the first house the fire had caught up to me and I jumped into the creek and ran down in safety out of the reach of the fire.

"Pretty soon I came to a house that belonged to a woman, and it was all she had between her and poverty, and I saw her trying to carry out some things, but before she could do anything the fire swooped down and caught up that house like a whirlwind. That woman turned to me, gave one unearthly, heartrending scream and fainted away. I took care of her until she was able to walk, and then put her in charge of some of her friends. Oh, that awful scream! I have heard it many times since, and I heard it to-night while you were here. It has haunted me day and night; it has given me no rest. I sometimes think that the pauper I killed was a relative of hers, and that her scream comes to me in punishment for the deed. You know the result of that Tram Hollow fire? Scores of people thrown on the world homeless and penniless; thousands upon thousands of dollars lost; children crying for bread about the skirts of their heartbroken mothers. I have since done what I could in a feeble way to see that those homeless people did not suffer for the necessaries of life; but, oh, the remorse that has gnawed at my heart since that fatal day! Why, oh, why did I ever touch the accursed whisky that made me a fiend? Why, oh, why did the woman I loved drive me to this?"

He stopped as if stricken dumb, his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, his face a picture of horror and fear.

"My God!" he shrieked; "that scream again! Did you hear it? No, how could you, for it comes only to me. I feel that I'm going very fast now, and oh, I hope God has forgiven me. Come closer. Here, take the picture and keep it, and—some—day show it—to the woman it represents—and tell her—and—tell her—I—I—loved her—to—the—the—last!"

The gaslight came struggling through the cracks in the rough cabin and fell upon an upturned face, from which had faded sorrow and care and hate and fear, and all things earthly, and which as the angel of death released the suffering spirit, reflected from its cold form the look of peace and love of the dead but unforgotten past. Slowly, reverently, I closed the door of the rude building and left the dead alone with the changing shadows under the moaning pines. Out into the wintry night, down the little valley to the test-well, I walked as in a dream, and as I opened the door of the derrick and stood before the giant form of Big Jack Sanford, that large-hearted man gazed at me in surprised silence.

"The man up at the shanty—" I began, and a lump seemed to come into my throat all at once.

"Yes?" said Jack, interrogatively.

"He is—is—dead!" and I sat down on the anvil in sheer despair.

"What! Jim Barton? Torpedo Jim?"

I could only nod assent.

"Dead! Torpedo Jim dead! Poor Jim!" And a great sob shook the burly form of the driller as he groped blindly for the throttle wheel.

Softly we entered the little cabin and stood in the presence of the dead. It seemed so strangely that death should come down and lay his hands on the sick man under the health-giving pines; it didn't seem like other haunts of death, like funerals in churches and grand houses, where sorrowing friends crowd around the silver-trimmed casket and take a last look at the tenement of clay. There it was pomp and worldly sorrow; here it was poor, unfortunate James Barton, Torpedo Jim, lying in his bunk so cold and still and silent. We sat in the little cabin a long while in silence, each man busy with his own thoughts and strangely affected by the presence of death in the lonely forest. The night wore on apace and after awhile Big Jack Sanford, the driller, rose and went out of the room into the early morning, closing the door carefully, as if afraid he might disturb the corpse of his friend. Hours passed and as one by one the stars faded away and the sun came gleaming through the tree-tops the tool-dresser and I dropped off to sleep, and when we were awakened by the sound of footsteps on the frozen snow we saw Big Jack coming toward the cabin with a rough hemlock box shaped like a coffin.

"It isn't so nice as I could wish," said Big Jack, as he deposited his burden on the board table; "but it is the best we can do."

With the loving tenderness of a father, Big Jack gathered the inanimate form of Torpedo Jim in his strong arms and laid him gently in the narrow coffin. And then he and the tool-dresser lifted the remains and carried them through the doorway and down the path leading past the well. It was the most sorrowful funeral procession I have ever seen; it wasn't much of a procession, to be sure. Jack and his fellow-worker led the way with the body and I followed. Yet there was sorrow there; sorrow for the dead and aching hearts and broken sighs joined with the moaning pines in chanting a requiem for one to whom fate had been a bitter enemy. Down past the well to a lightning-blasted giant pine tree, and at its foot was a newly-made grave, the last loving labor that noble-hearted Jack could do for his dead friend. And then, as we lowered the blue-eyed man into his last resting-place, the sun burst through a cloud and fell full upon us and cast a halo of golden glory about the scene, and when all was done the driller raised his arms and said, slowly and solemnly:

"Peace to his dust and ashes through time and eternity. Amen."

Poor Jim? Yes, poor Jim; for away out in the Bingham forest, under the world of snow, sleeps the blue-eyed man who will always be in the great army of those who die unknown to home and friends and who will to the end of time be among the missing. And in her comfortable Philadelphia home the patient, loving mother waits and watches for her boy, the boy who will gladden the old, tried heart and brighten the old home never again on this earth, and by and by she will put away the well-worn Bible and gold-bowed spectacles and lie down to sleep the sleep that rights all wrongs, heals all wounds and gives the beloved eternal peace and rest.

And in a little valley in the great northern oil field there stands a giant blasted pine, with these words:

"Sacred to the memory of Torpedo Jim, who died unknown, January, 1881."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mange in a Horse.

Mange in the horse, as in all other animals, is due to the irritation and ulceration caused by the burrowing of minute insects. The disease is contagious, only requiring for its development the passage of the mites or their eggs from infected to healthy animals. This transfer may take place by the sound animal coming in contact either with an ailing one of the same sort, or on some object on which the mites or their eggs have found a resting place. Moreover, any animal may accidentally be the carrier of this little pest from infected to clean subjects. Various causes predispose animals to afford development to the mange parasites and to aggravate their ravages, such as neglect, dirt, starvation, ill usage, etc., and in curing the ailment these should be remedied. The disease, in horses, usually first shows itself on the side of the neck just at the edges of the mane, and on the insides of the quarters near the root of the tail. Thence it spreads along the back and down the sides. The first symptom is an excessive itching, causing the horse to rub himself engerly against any obstacle. The skin becomes scabby, the hair falls off in patches, leaving the skin at first smooth with a few small, red patches, each of which contains one of the parasites, technically known as acari. In time the pimples multiply, harden into scabs, under which the acari may be found like mites in cheese. The constant irritation soon makes the infected horse feverish, thin and wretched.

The only way to rid any animal of the mange is to kill the mites and their eggs. This can be done only by the application of a remedy to the parts affected; for although internal treatment is often beneficial, the mites must be killed by external local applications. Just like the itch-mites on the human subject, the mange mites on a horse can be certainly destroyed by sulphur, turpentine, arsenic, hellebore, and corrosive sublimate; but inasmuch as some of these are almost as dangerous to the horse as to the parasites, milder remedies are preferable. As a first measure the infected animal should be as thoroughly as possible cleaned of scab and dirt with a wisp of hay and the light, gentle use of the curry-comb. Then prepare one of the following recipes, the first for a mild case, the second for a severe one: First, common sulphur, six ounces; sperm or train oil, one pint; spirits of turpentine, three ounces. Mix and rub well into the skin with a flannel, or, in preference, with a painter's brush. Second, compound sulphur ointment, eight ounces; train or sperm oil, one pint; spirits of turpentine, three ounces. Mix and use in the same way as the other. Whichever of these dressings is used should be well rubbed in every third day for a couple of weeks in trifling cases, and for three or four weeks in severe ones. Another effective recipe is the following: Animal glycerine, one quart; creosote, one gill; turpentine, one pint; oil of juniper, one gill. Mix well together and shake, and saturate the whole skin with it as nearly as possible, rubbing it thoroughly in with a soft cloth. After leaving it for two days, wash the animal with warm water and soft soap; rub him until dry; after which rub him again all over with the same dressing; and repeat the operations until a cure is effected. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient. All the stable fittings and all objects with which the infested animal came in contact, and against which he or others may come in contact afterward, should be thoroughly washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate, made in the following proportion: corrosive sublimate, one ounce; methylated spirits of wine, six ounces; water, one gallon. Dissolve the sublimate in the spirit by rubbing in a mortar, then mix with the water and use with a brush, stirring it up constantly to prevent settling. Of course the druggist will "fix" the above recipes. Infested clothing should be destroyed, as it is nearly impossible to cleanse it thoroughly. If the use of it is risked, it should be thoroughly washed, and when dry saturated with spirits of turpentine.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Persons who are troubled with ants in their houses may get rid of them by rubbing the shelves with gum camphor. Two applications will be sufficient, with a week intervening.

Our Young Folks.

"WHAT IS A HERO?"

Mamma closed her book as the eve grew dim;
'Twas a beautiful story, too—
About a Captain who gave his life,
In a storm, to save his crew.

Her little boy sat on her knee, and thought
Of the tale she just had read;
Then, lifting his eyes to his mother's face,
"What is a hero?" he said.

"Is he always, I wonder, a great, strong man?
Does one ever come to this town?"
Then mamma softly bends, and strokes
The curls of chestnut-brown.

"A little boy, like you, can be
A hero brave and true,
Fighting, not giants, but faults, my pet—
Willing to dare and do.

"In days of old, brave men were called
By the good name of 'knight;'
They helped the weak, and ever fought
For justice, truth and right.

"All heroes that the world has known
Once were but boys who tried
To lead a noble life, and leave
A grand name when they died.

"The bravest hero, dear little one,
May never in fac uands roam,
Or do great deeds: but every boy
Can be a hero at home!"

—*Golden Days.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOYS.

I have lately had a letter from my nephew, Johnny Briggs. As the spelling and grammar are a little defective, I will only give the postscripts, which, however, contain the pith of the letter itself. They run thus:

"P. s. one Reeson I have decydid to Go to see, is Because I Am so fond of Fun and advenchur.

"P. s. s. can I rize quickist in the navey or Ily going in the Merchant servis?

JOHNNY BRIGGS."

It is a great many years since I was a boy like Johnny—a great many; yet not so long ago but that, after reading his letter and its postscripts, I fully understand Johnny's frame of mind. He is tired of the sameness of life—the eating and sleeping and going to school are all so uneventful. There are no pirates, or wild Indians, or typhoons to be encountered in this prosaic existence, no fair young maidens to be rescued from peril of field, fire or flood. His ardent soul pants for adventure, and he is aflame to encounter the excitement which he fondly believes to be inseparable from

"A life on the ocean wave."

According to his letter, this new-born desire is due to "a unquenchibel Spirit of Roving," which he darkly hints is an inheritance from a very remote ancestor, who is mentioned by Johnny as a "freebooter." My own impression, however, is that it arises from the fact that the newsdealer at the corner of the block where Johnny lives deals in five-cent nautical novels of the most startling kind. I saw one of them once. It was called "The Boy Blockader; or, The Strange Secret of Hampton Hall." I was interested to notice that the publishers announced it as of thrilling interest, and intended especially for the instruction and edification of youth! All for five cents! But I am wandering from my subject.

Now Johnny has asked my advice on this matter of going to sea. True, I know that, like advice asking people in general, he will only take so much of it as coincides with his own ideas—the remainder will be contemptuously ignored as the views of an old fogy. But Duty with a big D stands at my elbow, so out of my past experience I have evolved the following:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—"The Burlington *Hawkeye* man, who is one of the most charming persons I know, says this: 'Everybody likes a candid man till he gives a candid opinion that interferes with their own. Then he's a bigot.' So before I finish this letter you'll know what a bigot is, and that will be something.

"Your fondness for fame and adventure is—if I may so express it—a family weakness. It sent your father to California in '49, and brought him home with rather less money than he took away with him. Me it sent to to sea: and if I learned nothing else there, I found out that present-day seagoing hasn't quite as much fun or adventure about it as present-day sea-stories would have us believe. If you, my dear Johnny, should go to sea, you would probably make the same discovery. I doubt even if you would find among your shipmates a daring Dick Dashaway, a romantic Ralph Rackstraw, or even a jolly Jack Easy. The men who have taken the place of these heroes of fiction are literally on earth, earthly, rather than of the sea, salt. I don't know just why the salt should have so lost its savor since the days of Cooper and Marryatt. But one would think now-a-days that it was henceforth fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, such a downtrodden race are the sailors of to-day.

"For you will no longer, my dear Johnny, find the jovial tar who in the words of your favorite song,

"'Sings as he views the gathering cloud,'

to be the manly, independent mariner of fiction. Rather is he (literally, oftentimes) under the iron heel of a brutal taskmaster.

"I have never heard heard him sing as he viewed the gathering cloud, though I *have* heard him, under his breath, use unpleasantly emphatic words on the subject of the weather. And my impression is, my dear nephew, that after you have been to sea a short time, you yourself will not look upon the gathering cloud in the light of a subject for tuneful melody; because when a man is called out of his watch below to help shorten sail four or five times every twenty-four hours, he is apt to lose his ear for music.

"Why, the summons to this unpleasant duty is of itself calculated to make a boy think of home. The officer of the deck does not send word for'ard that as the weather is likely to be unpleasant he would be obliged to the sailors if they would kindly arise and appear on deck as soon as they can conveniently. Oh, no! But the second mate, who is muscular of arm and powerful of voice, thunders away at the forecastle door, shouting in a tone that doesn't admit of discussion:

"'Turn out here to short'n sail; and he quick about it, too!'

"I may remark in passing, my dear John, that it will at such a time be useless for you to plead fatigue, drowsiness or even a sudden headache, as an excuse for not obeying, or even to remark that you'll be up 'directly.' I should not care to be in your sea-boots if you did.

"But by the time you are drenched with the driving rain and flying spray, have plunged frantically into the lee scuppers and been requested with more emphasis than courtesy to get aloft on the topsail yard, you will forget your drowsiness. For it will be all you can do to cling to the yard with your elbows while your feet are balanced on the slippery, swaying foot-rope and your numbed fingers clutching at the slatting canvas which seems trying to knock you from your perch.

"'But,' I hear you say quite scornfully, 'it isn't *always* storming on the ocean.' And I have no doubt but that you picture yourself, arrayed like a 'Pinafore' sailor, leaning idly against the rail as the ship glides smoothly onward before the steady trade-winds over some sparkling tropical sea; which I confess is a charming picture, my dear nephew, the drawback being that it is as unlike the reality as a ten-cent 'chromo' is unlike a photographic negative.

"In certain latitudes there are summer seas and skies for days at a time. Were it not so, my dear boy, the unpleasant and endless jobs of tarring and greasing, and splicing and mending, and scrubbing and painting, and scraping and oiling, which are always going on on shipboard but never finished, would have to be done in bad weather instead of fine. For the good Captain and his kind-hearted officers not only mean that you shall have no time to 'mope' or be homesick in, but they bear in mind the beautiful suggestion of Dr. Watts, that

"'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

So that you will find every moment spent on deck is filled and running over into the next one with tasks of every conceivable kind—tasks which are invariably connected with clinging tar and odorous grease—tasks which will take you from the keelson to the royal truck a dozen times in a day.

"True, should the Sabbath prove exceptionally fine, you *may* have time to read a chapter in your Bible, though such rare occasions are generally occupied by sailors in the necessary duties of patching and mending.

So, my dear Johnny, in summing the matter up, I have to tell you frankly that going to sea before the mast does not give the boy the chance to gratify the love for fun and adventure of which he fondly dreams. True, being dismasted in a typhoon or wrecked on a lee shore may savor of adventure, but even these exciting episodes have some very unpleasant features—so unpleasant, in fact, that it not unfrequently happens to the participant in them that he never returns home to relate such adventures.

"And finally, as to rising in the naval or merchant service, that, my dear nephew, depends. If you have an iron constitution, gutta-percha joints, and perfectly tempered steel springs all over your body; if you have a quick mind to take in both the practice and theory of seamanship; if you have a never-tiring energy, which can cause such body and such mind to be in the perpetual motion, and if you have enough of the yeast of ambition about you to keep the whole in a sort of unceasing ferment—why then, in the course of time, you may rise in either branch of the service. But you will never rise above hard work, exposure, anxiety and responsibility, even if you are elevated to the quarter-deck. In conclusion, my dear Johnny, my own impression is that, generally speaking, you will find the best part of sea-going to consist in staying at home and reading truthful accounts of the sailing experiences of others."—*Frank H. Converse, in Christian Union.*

The Chained Fox.

A fox that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowls and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing!" said its mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back, than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump red pullet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain!" cried the woman, "and I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," answered the fox, "as long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the "put off studying your lessons to the last minute," for that runs off with your good marks at school: Master Reynard "speaking without thinking," which is always getting its owner into trouble; and Slyboots "nobody will see you do it." Chain them up! that's the only way to manage them.—*Kind Words.*

Home Influence.

It was Napoleon who said that the character and fate of the child was the work of the mother. Largely this is true, though not in a sense to exclude the influence of the father, especially in the case of boys. The child is often left to the mother's care. A double duty is hers; to that which God gave is added that which man shifted upon her, and with her rests the whole work of preparing her child for the grave encounters of life. In how many homes does a mother's intercourse with her children alternate between caressing indulgence and pettish faultfinding? In how many are the bodies pampered and dressed, children reduced to mere ornaments to gratify paternal vanity, while the affections are thwarted, and all the highest possibilities of the mind either uncultured or repulsed. Girlhood and boyhood pass, the old home is left, and the new begun away from old scenes and associations, restrained no longer, but altogether free, still you trace childhood influences. When your boy steps into the street he opens all the doors of his home; he carries out a photograph of his parents to be seen of their neighbors. When the little girl goes into the next house she carries the domestic newspaper abroad. Dear reader, is your domestic newspaper readable?

—Philadelphia is talking about a great public library.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, one year $1 50
six months 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

The Philadelphia *North American* says of the much-abused William E. Chandler, that the principal Democratic objection to him is that he is one of the best organizers of a political campaign in the country. It adds that his reputation is quite up to the average, and his abilities far beyond that.

The call for the Greenback state convention in Maine says: "The existing demoralization and distrust which for more than eight months has retarded the growth and well-nigh destroyed the discipline and spirit of our young and progressive party is the direct result of the insane attempt to make an open alliance with the Democratic party in the choice of a presidential ticket."

Mr. Campbell, who has received the Governor's certificate of election as Delegate from Utah, is determined to fortify himself for the contest which is likely to arise in the House of Representatives. He has brought an action in court, to establish the truth of the charge that ex-Delegate Cannon is not a citizen of the United States, and was not eligible to citizenship at the time he claims to have been naturalized, and to obtain a degree declaring the naturalization papers fraudulent and void. It would be somewhat curious if it should be found that the man who has occupied a seat in Congress in defiance of public decency, had held it also in violation of public law.

With the present Collector and Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore retained in office, it will be almost impossible to organize the Republican party for the Fall campaign. *They* are fully aware of the universal hostility which exists to their retention; *they* know the splendid opportunity which lies before the party in an active and well directed campaign, and yet, they ask only to hold on until the expiration of their commissions. These are the "zealous and unselfish Republicans" who for a few months salary would wreck the party on the eve of a most important campaign. But "until expiration of commissions" is simply a blind. They hope in the meantime to discourage the party from futher opposition, and that the threatened party lethargy will become so universal, that from sheer disgust and indifference, none will be found to hope or ask for any relief for Maryland.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Ring Doings.

As the Comptroller of the Treasury fixes the amount of compensation to be paid to newspapers in the State for publishing the laws, and as he issues his warrant upon the Treasurer for the payment of the money, and as the Constitution of the State expressly provides that no money shall be paid out of the Treasury except by direct authority of law, and as our present Comptroller is a candidate before the Democratic party for renomination and election, it will be intesesting and proper to inquire into his official acts in the disbursement of the people's money for the aforenamed purpose.

The law provides expressly that laws taking effect before the first day of June next ensuing the adjournment of the Legislature, shall be published in *two* newspapers in Baltimore city, one of which shall be printed in the German language, and *one* newspaper in each county, having the largest circulation.

The amount paid for this work is arbitrarily determined by the Comptroller. He allows what he considers a proper compensation for the work done, and we invite the attention of our readers to the manner in which he has discharged this duty.

In Baltimore city, where the law authorizes the publication to be made in only *two* papers, he has them published in *three*, viz: the "*Gazette*" "*Correspondent*" and "*Sun*," giving each of them $1,850.

Now we want to know by what authority Mr. Keating paid three papers for this work when the law expressly provides for two, and two only?—Here is a plain violation of the letter and meaning of the law. If two papers for $1,850 each, performed all that the law authorized, why has he paid out $1,850 more to a third paper? Where is the law for this expenditure of the people's money? Is not Mr. Keating responsible upon his official bond for this violation of the law.

Again the law authorizes the publication of the laws in only *one* paper in the county. Yet in eleven different counties he has paid for their publication in *two* papers, viz: in Caroline, Charles, Dorchester, Frederick, Harford, Kent, Montgomery, Worcester, Prince George's, Queen, Anne's and Talbot.

Twenty-two papers have received $600 each, where the law only authorized the payment of eleven. If one paper in a county could and did publish the laws for $600, why give $600 more to a second one in direct violation of law.

In this way $6,600 of the people's money has been wasted and paid out without authority of law.

Again, in counties where there is only one paper published, he has paid to the proprietors of such papers, in every instance, $1,200. But a paper in a county having two papers got only $600. How does it happen that it costs $1,200 in one while the work is done for $600 in another county? To illustrate. The Port Tobacco *Times* got $600, while the St. Mary's *Beacon* got $1,200 for the same work. Does it cost twice as much to print a law in St. Mary's county as it costs in Charles county? If the Port Tobacco *Times* and the *Independent* published the laws for $600 each, why did not Mr. Keating require the St. Mary's *Beacon* to do the work for the same sum? Why give them double price for what they do?

This difference in the compensation allowed holds good in all cases. Where there was but one paper in a county, it got $1,200, and when there were two papers they got $600 each.

These facts, for facts they are, require explanations. The people should pause before re-electing an officer who squandered their hard earnings in such a wasteful way, and in such plain and gross violation of the law. By these acts large sums of money have been wasted in order to gain the support of the press of the State for the Ring. These papers fearing that, under a wise and truly Democratic administration, their large profits would be curtailed, are almost a unit for upholding the present Ring rule. The people will surely not submit to these outrageous abuses in order to enrich the publisher of a few newspapers in the State.—*Baltimore Tribune.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1881.

Secretary Windom is coming in for much abuse from the Democrats at present because of his refusal to make public the preliminary report of the Committee appointed to investigate the irregularities in his Department. The charge that the investigation has been stopped and the report suppressed. It is due to the Secretary, in view of these stories, that the facts be known. Enough rumors were spread abroad during the progress of the investigation to implicate a number of the higher Treasury officials in the irregularities. Now it is not within reason that the Secretary would, knowing of the stories concerning some of his trusted subordinates, keep from the public the facts developed, leaving a taint of dishonesty upon the character of the gentlemen, and still retain them in the service as he has announced his intention of doing. The report recently made is merely a supplementary one, gotten up for the immediate information of the Secretary, and upon its evidences of fraud he has already discharged Pitney the "custodian" and abolished his office. Other changes will be made upon the 1st of July among subordinates, and when the final report is completed the Secretary if for no other reason than a sense of justice, toward his slandered assistants, will give it to the public. The investigation itself is about completed. The report will come out shortly after the 1st of July, and, it is said, will contain some mighty interesting reading.

General Grant and the President are both at Long Branch. Now look out for sensational news, concerning "compromises," etc.

The Committee recently appointed to recommend a system of reorganization for the Post Office Department will submit its report to the Postmaster General on the 26th of this month. This Committee is an outgrowth of the Star-route investigation, and is intended to devise measures whereby the Government can be protected from like frauds in the future. Postmaster General James said a good word yesterday for young men. He said he believed in the employment of young men in the public service, as his experience was that all the successful reformers were young men.

It is said that shortly after the publication of General Grant's letter to Senator Jones, President Garfield wrote to the former a sort of explanatory letter of his course in matters then prominent. Democrats are trying to make much out of this circumstance, and are accusing the President of toadyism and want of back bone. If such a letter exists, it is safe to say that it was written with the best of intentions on the part of the President, and without a trace or suspicion of what is charged in it.

It is hoped that the New York contest will be ended this week. There are vindications that point that way.

LOGNN.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eleven thousand eight hundred and forty-six immigrants were landed at Castle Garden, New York, last week.

It is estimated that seven hundred delegates will be present at the National Temperance Convention which meets at Saratoga on Tuesday.

The money loaned by England to foreign governments that are in default amounts to one thousand and fifty million dollars.

Dr. Albert G. Mackey, one of the most prominent Masons in the world, died at Fortress Monroe Monday, aged 74 years.

The wife of an English officer in India, having embraced Buddhism, has written to her husband that she, in right of her new faith, has divorced him.

At the base of the Santa Catalini mountains, in Arizona, and about six miles north of Camp Lowell, the remains of an ancient town, covering over sixty acres, have been discovered.

The new California constitution allows the property-owners to fix their own assessments, their affidavits guiding the assessor. In this way the assessments have been reduced $32,000,000.

The members of the Divinity School at Yale who have made a specialty of Hebrew have revised the prophecy of Habakkuk, which they have published. Should their revision meet with favor they propose to revise the other Old Testament books, possibly completing their work ahead of the regular reviewers.

About two hundred Chinamen attend the Sunday schools in Brooklyn, and in going to and fro they march in single-file, two rarely walking side by side. They are exemplary in their attendance, and are greatly attached to their teachers, which they manifest by little gifts sent them from China.

There has been a decided advance in the cost of black walnut in the last few months, on account of the limited supply, and there is said to be great alarm among manufacturers who have large investments in the business. Among the woods in Central America suggested as substitutes for black walnut are, besides mahogany, rosewood, cocobello (a hard and beautiful wood), ebony caray or tortoise-shell wood, guachitillin, a handsomely variegated wood, and several other varieties.

Mr. John Klog, Jr., first vice-president, and Mr. Wm. Keyser, second vice-president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, have resigned, the first named on account of failing health and the latter to engage in other business.

On the spot where the late Emperor of Russia fell the Russians are building an expiatory church, the cost of which is defrayed by subscription throughout the empire. The subscriptions received in St. Petersburg alone amount to close upon $45,000.

A chinaman who died in Boston had a Christian funeral, the services being conducted in church by a Methodist clergyman, and interpreted to the hundred or more Chinamen present by one of their countrymen. The remains were not shipped to China.

The schooner Harriet Ross, now at Toledo, was formerly Commodore Perry's flagship the St. Lawrence. Her upper works have been several times rebuilt, but her hull is as sound as when she went into the battle of Lake Erie on the 10th of September, 1813.

W. H. Williams and W. R. Brown, two wealthy cattle men, charged with robbing the United States' mail near Gainesville, Texas, on June 3, have been indicted in the United States District Court, and bail has been fixed at $10,000 each.

The Washington monument Tuesday reached the height of 200 feet, and when completed will be 550 feet high—higher than any other monument in the world. Thirty-five, and possibly forty-five, feet will be added before next winter, and it is expected that the structure will be completed in three years.

J. S. Crane, the defaulting post master of London, Ohio, goes to prison for a year to reflect upon the folly of his dissipated life, which has reduced him from wealth to become the tenant of a prison cell.

The one-hundred and-fourth anniversary of the adoption of the American flag was commemorated on Tuesday evening in New York by the members of the Teachers' Association with a musical and elocutional entertainment.

Mrs. General Sherman and her son and daughter Miss Lizzie, will leave towards the close of the month for Newton, Mass., to visit Mrs. Thackara. They will remain there about a month, and then probably go to Oakland, to which place Mrs. Sherman is much attached, having spent several summers there.

There was a slight earthquake shock at Ottawa, Canada, Sunday morning, and many persons believed Mother Shipton's prophecy was about to be fulfilled. At Quebec a number of people sat up all Saturday night waiting for the final catastrophe.

Colonel Thomas Buford, the Murderer of Judge Elliott, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, but acquitted on the pretence of insanity is now at liberty to repeat his offence against some other innocent person. He has been for six months in the insane asylum, and says he has come out for recreation.

Another million dollars is wanted to acquire more land for the approaches to the Brooklyn bridge in New York and Brooklyn. It seems that a slice cut of the City Hall Park is required. The bridge so far has cost $12,884,737.23, and the requisition for the last million authorized for the bridge.

Governor St. John, of Kansas, says the decision of Judge Crozier pronounced part of the prohibitory liquor law of that State unconstitutional is in conflict with several decisions of the Supreme Court, and must soon be revised. He says that prohibition in Kansas is a great success, in spite of this decision encouraging the whiskey ring.

The United States grand jury at Raleigh, N. C., on Thursday found true bills against a majority of the Board of Canvassers of Halfax county for fraudulently refusing to count the votes cast, and also against the inspectors of election at Enfield, in the same county, for changing the ballot-box for another box containing a large number of Democratic ballots for Congressman.

The action of the Switzerland Sanitary Commission in relation to American meats is a rebuke to France for her hostile attitude towards the persecuted pig. The favorable report of the sanitary commission has induced the federal government to officially declare that no prohibition or compulsory inspection of American meat is justified or will be required in Switzerland.

A Republican journal, to be called the *Debt-Payer*, is soon to be started in Richmond, Va. Col. H. C. Parsons, vice president of the Richmond and Allegany Railroad, is said to be the moneyed man of the concern; and as Secretary Blaine is one of the capitalists of that road, the publication of the new organ at this time is taken as an evidence of Mr. Blaine's disposition to crush the Mahone movement.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY.

1881.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1881, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1881.

ROAD LEVY.

District No 1		$ 415 00
" 2		422 58
" 3		515 00
" 4		450 00
" 5		422 59
" 6		415 00
" 7		615 00
" 8		415 00
" 9		105 00
Total,		$3,775 17

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 7 ms, 4 dys		$ 8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate,	2 "	4 00
C T West, "	2 "	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent		5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 22m, 4 ds		9 76
John M Miller, associate,	2 "	4 00
Lucien Frazee, "	2 "	4 00
Thos B Welch, clerk, use P T Garthright, 2 days		4 00
Wm W Frazee, clerk, 2 days		4 00
Jacob stuck use Chas F Frazee h rent		5 00

District No. 3.

S J Beachy, return judge, 27 ms, 4 days		10 16
Charles O Warnick, associate,	2 "	4 00
Wm H Chapman, "	2 "	4 00
Jas K Arendt, clerk,	2 "	4 00
John T Patterson, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent		5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merrill, return judge, 27 m, 4 days		10 16
Samuel Harshbarger, associate	2 "	4 00
Geo T Michael "	2 "	4 00
Thomas Garvey clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo L Michaels "	2 "	4 00
Thos Garvey, house rent		5 00

District No. 5.

Eli McMillen, return judge, 17 m, 4 days		9 36
Henry Zinkan, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Feigh, "	2 "	4 00
Aaron Boyer, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Nelson McGettigan, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,		5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Pysell, return judge, 13 m, 4 days		9 04
Jeremiah H Enlow, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry sines, "	2 "	4 00
Geo F Bishoff, clerk,	2 "	4 00
B F Hoye, "	2 "	4 00
Elijah Friend, house rent		5 00

District No. 7.

Geo W Legge, return judge, 3 days		6 00
Edmund Jamison, associate, 2 days		4 00
Samuel Lawton, "	2 "	4 00
W O Ison, clerk,	2 "	4 00
G W Merrill, clerk,	2 "	4 00

District No. 8.

Wm J Wilson, return judge, 7m 4 days		$ 56
Garrett V Moon, associate,	2 "	4 00
Jas W Mason, "	2 "	4 00
Jas W White, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Ward "	2 "	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent		5 00

District No. 9.

Michael Durst, return judge, 44 m, 4 dys		11 52
Samuel Johnson, associate,	2 "	4 00
Isaac Winebrenner "	2 "	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Richard Graham, "	2 "	4 00
Johnson Bros, house rent		5 00
Total,		$267 12

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use J A Hayden,	$12 35
E F Droege,	7 35
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
Levi C Fike,	4 75
A J Warnick,	8 50
Wm Hinebaugh,	9 90
R B Jamison,	15 90
A L Osbourn, use J A Hayden,	12 20
Total,	$82 20

CONSTABLES' FEES.

J W Savage, use R White,	$ 3 00
Same, balance,	3 65
W S Wolf	5 65
J S Johnson	13 80
Geo W Paugh	1 50
Jos Blocher,	75
F Kolb	8 70
J Miller, Jr.	3 90
Total	$40 95

REGISTRARS.

D Hinebaugh	$ 45 50
W H Barnard	53 00
B F Green	40 00
Isaiah Fuller	48 00
D Carey	50 00
Thos Browning, use O W Heiskell & Co	48 00
W H Hall, use Davis & Townshend	48 00
W O Hamill, use D E Offutt	49 32
Wm F Deakins	49 00
Total	$133 82

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Lewis Lininger, 1878	$18 56
H F Friend, 1878 and 1879	3 54
Alex Poland, 1880	16 37
E Friend, of E	10 77
Jacob Blubaugh,	3 95
E Droege,	42 31
Total	$95 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

F M Garlitz, 1 cat		$ 2 00
Israel Garlitz, 1 cat		2 00
R A Garlitz, 1 cat and 3 foxes		5 00
Peter Sigbaugh,	1 "	1 00
N Sliger,	13 "	13 00
Jacob Becket,	3 "	3 00
A W Friend, 1 cat,	3 "	5 00
Noah Garlitz 1 cat		2 00
Rodelheaver & Childesler,	5 foxes	5 00
Rudolph Beckman	1 "	1 00
I T Frazee,	2 "	2 00
J H Enlow,	1 "	1 00
J W Uhle,	6 "	6 00
W H Hoye,	6 "	6 00
J A Enlow,	3 "	3 00
Elijah Hoye, 1 cat,	1 "	3 00
J G Steyer 1 "	2 "	4 00
Henry Paugh,	1 "	1 00
H H Lear, 2 cats,	13 "	17 00
Geo W Wilson,	3 "	3 00
Keller & Getty, 1 cat,	2 "	4 00
M Fazenbaker,	3 "	3 00
Jasper Frazee,	1 "	1 00
Joshua Titchinell,	3 "	3 00
W P Totten,	17 "	17 00
C T West,	4 "	4 00
P T Garthright 1 cat	8 "	10 00
John E Gingey, 7 cats	48 "	62 00
O W Heiskell & Co	8 "	8 00
Geo Mosser,	2 "	2 00
P F Michael,	6 "	6 00
J H Bevans & Bro,	2 "	2 00
M Bowser,	3 "	3 00
Thos Coddington,	9 "	9 00
G W Legge, 2 cats,	6 "	10 00
John Wiss	2 "	2 00
H C Shaw, 2 cats,	2 "	6 00
P Bowser,	1 "	1 00
Lafayette Friend,	2 "	2 00
C C Michael,	5 "	5 00
Garrett V Moon 1 cat,		2 00
Sell & Specht,	2 "	2 00
Jos Robinson, 2 cats	3 "	7 00
Jos F Frantz,	8 "	8 00
W H Tower 2 cats,		4 00
O M Hatfield, 1 cat	8 "	8 00
J S Broadwater, 1 cat	5 "	7 00
Davis & Townshend,	5 "	5 00
P T Lipscomb,	3 "	3 00
A Boulg, 1 cat	2 "	4 00
Total,		$235 00

BRIDGES.

J G Knauer, bridge over Swan Sun	$ 40 00
J F Browning, lumber for Deep Creek b	42 18
Geo W Wilson, bridge over Sand Run	14 50
Jeff Frazee, bridge over Buffalo Run	57 50
Thomas Wilburn, bridge over Meadow Mountain Run,	11 95
Geo L Michael, Bloomington bridge	40 00
Total	$206 13

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jesse Michael	$ 20 00
Geo W Miesinel	28 00
John H Riley,	40 00
Wm Casteel	5 20
Philip Dursi,	9 41
J M Mason,	5 00
Hiram Duckworth examiner 3 days on Savage River road	6 00
Jacob Sisler,	3 00
G W Delawder, use O Hartz & Son	9 25
W W Ashby,	70 25
Luke Mall	19 50
P T Garlbright	89 28
Total	$298 92

ROAD EXPENSES.

Sharpless and Paugh road, John Harned surveyor,	$10 00
Wm C Titchenell chain carrier 1 day	2 00
Joseph Paugh, " "	2 00
Otho Barnard, axeman	2 00
Wm Sharpless examiner	2 00
D J Bever, "	2 00
Joshua Titchenell "	2 00
Bloomington and Backbone road, Wm H Barnard, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm Warnick, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Jno M Titchenell "	2 00
F R Sharpless, chairman, "	2 00
G W Turney "	2 00
Kitzmiller bridge, E Kitzmiller ex 1 day	2 00
D Wilson " "	2 00
G F Richardson, " "	2 00
Jos Klug road, R J Head exam'r 2 days	4 00
Jno Friend of N, " "	4 00
L H Schoolfield, " "	4 00
C H Tillson, surveyor " "	10 00
Alf King, chairman,	2 00
Newman Miller,	2 00
Ashby bridge, Wm White of Jos ex 1 day	2 00
Geo Mason "	2 00
F P Arnold "	2 00
Grantsville road, John Harned, exam'r and surveyor 3 days	15 00
Noah Pysell, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm DeWitt, " "	2 00
Samuel Specht chainman	2 00
Joseph Meese, "	2 00
Total	$93 07

PENSIONS.

Benedict Beachy, support of M. Foy			$ 15 00
Benedict Beachy	"	Jas Foy	15 00
Charles Leese	"	E Mayhew	20 00
J C Rodcheaver	"	Geo Woods	25 00
Davis & Townshend	"	A King	25 00
D E Offutt	"	Nancy Lee	20 00
C C Wheeler	"	Thos Brady	15 00
D E Offutt	"	Saml Parks	10 00
D E Offutt	"	Geo W Goff	15 00
Davis & Townshend	"	M Moon	25 00
John T Geary	"	Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle	"	Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabella McKinzie	"	Switzer child	15 00
Ira E Friend	"	Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend	"	crippled boy,	20 00
Henry Crellzberg	"	James Layton	15 00
P T Garthright	"	Ruth King	25 00
L Glass	"	indigent child	15 00
			$325 00

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	660 00
Total	$1,660 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hospital to July 1st, 1881	$1,073 75
Montevue Hospital to July 1st, 1881	450 00
Total	$1,523 75

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Thos Coddington, late sheriff	$ 21 00
Geo D white, use 3d Nat Bank, Cumb'd	400 00
Same, balance,	477 70
Total	$898 70

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk	$ 997 80
Estimate to pay jurors and state witnesses at Septe aber and May Term.	2,000 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1880, use 2d Nat Bank	1,349 33
Wm Smouse, crier	12 00
James Bell, bailiff	12 00
Total	$4,370 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges,	$285 00
W H Hagans, register, use Peddicord & Combs	50 00
Same, use J A Hayden,	45 60
Same, balance	20 11
Total	$400 71

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

D W Sloan, by order Court	$ 30 00
Peddicord & Combs, 3 felonies, 2 mis	38 66
Peddicord, Combs and Price, 1 misde'r	8 33
Peddicord, Combs and Hamill, 1 misd'r	8 33
H W Combs, 2 felonies,	20 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
J W Veltch State's Attorney, 54 misdemeanors, including recognizances, & 6 felonies,	240 00
Same, trial fees,	225 00
Peddicord & Combs, trial fees in criminal cases,	35 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

S Butler, cor. over body of Polly Hoover	5 00
Dr B T Keller, on body M Butler	5 00
Dr E H Bartlett, "	5 00
Dr G H Hocking " John Riley	10 00
Total	$25 00

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D H Friend, per diem and mileage to date	$ 25 56
John Wilhelm, per diem and mileage use E Margroff	32 40
Same, balance	27 16
W W Broadwater, per diem and mileage to date	50 38
F A Thayer, clerk, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, Counsel to Board use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	600 00
Total	$1,135 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

John J Smith, use Henry Russell, Printing	$ 142 00
Same, balance,	12 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers,	61 10
Stark, Phipps & Co., stationary for c h	78 20
E D Kepner, load wood for c h	2 00
C H Sincell, repairing pump, &c at c h	2 80
G A Shirer, stove, &c. for jail	21 45
D E Offutt, supplies for jail,	12 82
G W Legge, supplies for jail,	8 65
Lloyd Chambers, work at jail,	11 75
Samuel Specht, boarding prisoners &c	9 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail	3 00
Medairy & Bowers, stationery &c, c h	70 70
J H Medairy & Co, stationery &c, c h	95 70
Nat Bank of Piedmont, bal due on act	1 10
W P Totten, coal &c for c h	8 00
Dr G H Hocking, med. attendance to pauper,	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas, med. attendance to paupers,	54 00
E Mergroff, 35 assessments	17 50
H Chambers, salary as Janitor from Oct 3, 1880 to Jan 1, 1881, use T J Peddicord,	5 00
Same, balance,	31 00
Same, salary as Janitor from Jan 1, 1881, to Jan 1, 1882, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
W Y Wattz, coal for jail and c h	15 00
Allegany county, costs in Shirer case	257 50
James Guard, supporting Loraw child	75 00
Davis & Townshend, supt'g Amanda King	10 00
Same, supporting same	8 00
Same, " August King	10 00
Same, " E Loraw	10 00
A Getty, " Wm Hoover, use H C Shaw	20 00
J C Rodcheaver support'g Geo Woods	15 00
Jeremiah Guard, supplies furnished to Jacob Savage and Jacob Barnthouse	11 30
John Shatzer, work in Clerk's office	46 00
Davis & Townshend, supplies for c h	15 70
M V Orrin, use C C Wheeler, coffin for pauper,	8 00
O Hart & Son, supplies for jail	4 90
Jasper Guard, col. amt. overpaid on acct, 1878 and 1879, use Peddicord & Combs,	100 00
Same, balance,	498 99
J A Hayden, printing &c, from June 1 81 to June 1882	700 00
Total	$2,601 76

Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$1,318 19

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes,	$1,575 00
Same, " State "	35 24
Total	$1,910 24

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

Henry Feigh, road leading from Accident to Oakland,	$ 20 00
W M Coddington, repairing Heibig bridge	125 00
Elijah Hoye, repairing Snag Run bridge over Yough,	50 00
Norman Jacobs, for building 3 bridges over Laurel Run, in District No 1	105 00
National road,	570 00
Total,	$ 870 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy,	$3,775 17
Elections,	257 12
Magistrates' fees,	2 20
Constables' fees,	40 95
Registrars	133 82
Taxes paid in error,	95 47
Foxes and Cats	295 00
Bridges	206 13
Road Appropriations,	298 92
Road Expenses	93 00
Pensions,	325 00
Sheriff's fees	898 70
Clerk's Office	4,370 13
Orphans' Court	400 71
Court House Fund	1,660 00
Hospitals	1,523 75
Attorneys' fees	509 98
Coroner's Inquest	25 00
County Commissioners	1,135 50
Miscellaneous	2,601 76
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent fund	1,318 19
Collector's Commissions	1,910 23
Special Road and Bridge Levy	870 00
Total,	$31,792 56

Total Assessment of Garrett Co. $3,638,636 00

By 87¼ cents on each $100 assessable property $31,720 56

The State Tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which, added to 87¼ cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.06 on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1881.

FRED. A. THAYER,
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county known and described as

"Eel Shine,"

containing seventy-nine and one quarter acres of land.

This is a valuable tract of land and has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of three dollars and eighty five cents, with interest from the first day of January, 1880, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Daniel Chisholm for the year 1879, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Daniel Chisholm.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. P. Hamill, Jr., is at home spending his vacation.

—Mr. Delphey T. E. Casteel, of the West Virginia University, is in Oakland for the regular summer vacation.

—A valuable cow belonging to Mr. James Mehen was killed Monday last at the Procter crossing, on the railroad, half a mile below Oakland.

—The Oakland District Conference of the M. E. Church will be held in Grantsville, commencing Tuesday evening, August 9th, next.

—Mr. W. C. Devecmon, of Frostburg, nephew of H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., secured the highest graduating honors at the St. John's College last week.

—Friday morning of last week, during a wind and rain storm, a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Geo. Fazenbaker, residing 10 miles South of Oakland, was killed by a falling tree.

—Miss Laura Stalnaker returned to her home in Oakland last week, *from St. Mary's Seminary*, having graduated with high honors in one year less than the time usually required to pass through the prescribed course of studies.

—Ferdinand Lewis, a prominent citizen of Greenland Gap, Grant county, W. Va., was so badly injured by a falling tree, Thursday of last week, that he died the next day. The accident occurred near Archibald Chisholm's.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell, who has been attending St. John's College, Annapolis, is spending his vacation at home. He secured a prize for proficiency in the study of Shakspeare, and also special mention for proficiency in ancient history Latin, French, German and English.

—Summer visitors are arriving by every train, principally for the cottages and boarding houses. Mr. Bosley had 26 guests early in the week. But few have as yet arrived for the Deer Park or Oakland Hotels. The manager expects to fill these houses by the middle of July.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church at 8 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., *except the second Sunday of* each month.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Pic-Nics on the 4th.

The Ev. Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland, will celebrate the 4th by a pic-nic in the Procter grove near Oakland.

The Pleasant Valley Sunday School propose to have a pic-nic on the 4th of July. All are invited to attend. Bring your baskets. Committee, Clark Deberry, J. A. Wise and David Enlow.

A basket pic nic will be held at McHenry, on the old pic-nic ground, on the 4th of July. All are invited to come with full baskets. Committee, Geo. H. Fulmer, S. P. Specht, H. C. DeWitt, D. R. Smith, Jerome DeWitt.

A pic-nic will be given, near Frank Nethkin's on the road leading from Sand Flat to Deer Park, on the 4th of July, with the usual amusements. No intoxicating liquors will be allowed on the grouds. A. C. Browning, J. H. Beckman and P. S. Hetzell constitute the committee of arrangements.

The Garrett Guards and Yorktown Centennial.

Capt. Wardwell is in receipt of General Orders No. 1, issued by the Governor, notifying him of the Maryland Militia going to the Yorktown Centennial. Brigadier General Herbert is thereby placed in command of the M. N. G., and will at once inspect all the troops of the State and report their condition and wants to the Adjutant General's office, in order that they may be fully equipped.

The Garrett Guards will be at once uniformed and fully equipped. They have a few vacancies in their ranks to fill, which are open to sober, steady men, who reside within ten miles of Oakland. For information apply to R. S. Jamison, orderly Sergeant, at the U. S. Hotel, Oakland, Md.

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, consisting of ginghams, lawns, bunting, black and striped grenadines, cashmeres, melanges, poplins, aipaccas, brocade, plaid and plain silks, Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, hang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maltese, vermicella, languedoc, maraciec, point de allencon and Irish crochet laces, valenciennes, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, herege, silk lace and dotted veilings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepe shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard.

DAILY & Co.

Leaders of low prices, and one price only. je25tf.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic county Convention, to send delegates to the State Convention, assembled in the court house Tuesday afternoon, and organized by electing W. H. Barnard, Esq., Chairman, and C. M. Miller, Esq., Secretary. Six districts were represented, namely: No. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, and 8. Col. J. W. Veltch and Messrs. John Dally and Jasper Guard, were selected as delegates. The proceedings were harmonious.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 22:

Peter Martin and wife to H. C. Kildow, part of "Small Meadows," containing 101¼ acres; $500.

Emil F. Droege and wife to Wm. H. Chadderton, part of Deer Park, containing 4½ acres; $25.

Lonisa Minor, to Jno. M. Davis, lot of land in the Town of Oakland; $50.

Solomon Calhoun and wife to Jas. R. Bishop, part of Military Lot No. 848; $500.

Geo. Smith, Executor, to James R. Bishop, part of Military Lots Nos. 848 and 850; $500.

Jasper Guard and wife to George W. Groves, 6 acres of land; $100.

Town Council Meeting.

The Town Council met at their chamber Monday evening at eight o'clock, a full Board present.

The resignation of H. B. Wolfe, as Bailiff and collector was read and accepted.

Jas. S. Johnson, being the only applicant for the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Wolfe, he was unanimously elected to the position.

Mr. R. S. Jamison presented the petition of 111 citizens of the town of Oakland and vicinity, requesting the Board to take steps to have a watchman placed at the railroad crossing on 2d street, in front of Coddington's Hotel. A committee was appointed, with Burgess Gonder as chairman, to notify John W. Garrett of the substance of the petition, and to take such steps as might be necessary to procure a watchman as petitioned.

The clerk was instructed to have the new assessment recorded by next meeting.

The Burgess was instructed to take such action as may seem best to him in relation to a settlement with Ex-Burgess Osbourn.

The clerk was ordered to have copies of Ordinances printed and posted in public places in the town.

On motion W. M. Coddington was authorized to procure teams and hands, at the lowest prices they can be procured, to repair the streets of the corporation.

At the request of Wm. Castell it was ordered that a street lamp be placed in front of his hotel on Second Streets.

A Home-Made Refrigerator.

A good refrigerator from the shops costs from $18 to $50, according to the size and finish. Every housekeeper may not be able to possess one, and so it is worth while to see what can be done in the way of a decent substitute. Secure two dry goods boxes, the more substantial the better, one of them to be three or four inches smaller than the other on all sides, and fix the top to open on hinges of iron or stout leather. The larger the boxes, of course, the more convenience and comfort is afforded. Place an inch or two of sawdust over the bottom of the larger box, and set the smaller one into it. Bore a three-quarter-inch hole through both boxes at either end, near the top, and insert a roll of stiff pasteboard in each to act as ventilators. Then fill all the space between the boxes with sawdust. Put in shelves at either end, leaving space in the centre for the large deep pan or pail that is to hold the ice. There can also be two or three pegs, on which to hangs pails of milk of fruit. A large tin pail, with a thin round board at the bottom to prevent it being bruised, would be the most convenient thing for holding the ice. Such a refrigerator, placed in the pantry, or some cool room and covered in the hottest days with a folded blanket over the top, which is not protected with sawdust, would keep ice for twenty-four hours; and in half a dozen such days, pay for its slight cost many times over in the amount of food it would help to preserve.—*Farm Homes.*

MARYLAND NEWS.

Baltimore was visited Monday afternoon by a violent storm, which did considerable damage in all parts of the city. The rain fell at the rate of seven inches an hour, and the wind blew almost a gale. Harford Run overflowed, flooding the cellars along its line. There were also floods from Chatsworth Run and other sewers in West Baltimore. A large washout occurred on McMechen street, and a narrow escape was had from a serious accident.

James P. Beall, of Harford county, was attacked by a large black snake last Monday while chopping wood. A fight ensued, but Mr. Beall finally succeeded in killing the snake with a stick of wood. When stretched out it measured seven feet and two inches in length and seven inches around.

James Worthington, who resides on the Bloomsbury farm, near Havre de Grace, had a field of fine wheat, near the railroad, entirely flooded by the recent rains and covered with railroad ties and other debris, so as to completely destroy it. He estimates his loss to be at least $1,000

The Centreville Observer says: "The wheat harvest is upon us and the prospect for a large yield was never better. The growth of straw is not so large as last year, but the heads are well filled with grain."

A report comes from Kent Island that the army worm is passing through the wheat fields on the island. They were first seen in the wheat field of John H. Price, but have not done any material damage.

Mr. John T. Dixon, a well known citizen of Cumberland, Md., was thrown from a buggy Monday and had his left shoulder dislocated, besides receiving some bruises about the body.

The foundation walls of the new Presbyterian Church at Belair have been condemned by the architect, and they are to be taken down and built of better material.

Mr. Thomas Waters has announced himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Legislature in Montgomery county on Governor Hamilton's platform.

The Thomas W. Jones & Co. slate quarry, a little over four acres, on Slate Ridge, Harford county has been sold to John Parry and others for $8,400.

A four-year-old son of Alen Butcher, of Frederick county, was killed last week by falling from a porch, a distance of fifteen feet, whilst playing.

The county levy in St. Mary's county for 1881 has been fixed at 95 cents on the $100, which with the State tax makes $103¾ on the $100.

The county tax levy in Talbot is 65 cents on the $100, making with the State levy 83½ cents on the $100—same as last year.

The new M. E. Church on Deal's Island was struck by lightning last week and considerably damaged.

Col. Joel Thomas has sold his farm near Ingleside, Queen Anne's county, to R. A. Merrick for $10,000.

Capt. Budd, of Harford county, raised this year 3,000 quarts of strawberries on half an acre of land.

Mr. George E. Ways, a well-known citizen of Cumberland, died Wednesday, of pneumonia.

Character of Present Immigration.

The character of the emigration from Europe to this country has changed very much from what it was a few years ago. Especialy is this true with regard to Germany. Formerly those who came hither from that country were from the large Towns, where an overcrowded population found it difficult to find a comfortable support. Word of the land where plenty reigned went back and the result was the flocking here of that class of people to whom the United States owes the establishment of beer gardens, breweries, etc., that now seem a part of the nation's institutions. Very few went into the country to buy farms, as does the bulk of the present German emigrants. The latter are from the rural population, a thrifty, industrious set, who have left the "Vaterland" because of enforced military service and the excessive taxation made necessary to support the large standing army and other expenditures that Bismarck's policy make necessary. A few years of thrift and industry here will make them more prosperous than a lifetime of hard labor there. That this is becoming thoroughly understood is evident from the fact that the Germans lead all other nations in point of numbers in immigration to this country, and the extent of it has grown to be a matter of serious alarm to their Government.

Among the most valuable of the incomers are those from Sweden and Norway. They are almost without exception hardy, self reliant and industrious, being among the hardest tollers of the nation's adopted children. Adding as they do always to the material wealth of the county, they are among the most welcome of the foreign-born people who fill the constantly arriving steamers. Rarely do they add one to the paupers of the country. It is a matter of congratulation that their numbers are increasing every day.

As said before the change in the character of the immigrants is great, and one which increases the material prosperity of the country. Taken together they are more intelligent, more sober, more industrious. They have a little money and their object is to gain possession of a few acres of land which will be their own, and on which they immediately set about making the most. The time is very short before they have become strongly identified with the people and institutions of this land, and prize the vote which constitutes them a citizen as highly as any native born American. They are entirely different from the majority of those who crowd into the cities ready to demand everything and give little in return, who think freedom means license, and who fill the jails and almshouses.

Statistics show that thus far this year the greatest number of arrivals have been from Germany. Next come the Irish, and third in point of numbers are the Scandinavians. After them are the Swiss who constitute a class desirable in Cities, being most of them skilled artisans in silk weaving and the manufacture of watches.

Grant on Mexico.

General Grant's views upon the present condition and future prospects of the republic of Mexico are far more interesting and valuable than his views upon the senatorial squabble at Albany. In his several visits to Mexico he has had an opportunity to make a close examination of the affairs of the republic, and his position as president of the Mexican Southern Railroad has brought him in close relations with President Gonzales and other Mexican officials. To a reporter who interviewed him on the subject, General Grant said that he thought there was a great future in store for Mexico, and that the Mexicans are very fortunate in the possession of their present President, who, with the other principal men of the republic, is fully alive to the best interests of the country and in full sympathy with the improvements which are going on there, and has sufficient firmness to resist the effort of selfish men who stand in the way of all enterprises which they cannot manipulate to their own advantage. Everything he saw impressed him with the fact that President Gonzales was a man of great firmness—able to resist persons who had been regarded as all-powerful in the government, and whose ideas were in opposition to any advancement. He thought he could see a great change among the people, too. They now move about as if they had an object in view before them. All sorts of trades are being established, and the business—as far as carried on—seems to be prosperous. He judged that, with the mass of the people, ex-President Diaz was one of the most influential men in the country. The internal improvements now in progress were begun under his administration, and if they have the support in the future which they have had in the past, he feels assured that Mexico would advance more rapidly than any other country ever did. Their soil and climate give products that are very valuable in the world's commerce, and the people are industrous and ready to work whenever they can find employment and receive their wages regularly. He hoped this new state of affairs would be brought about by American capital and under American auspicies, because he wanted to see a strong, self-sustaining republic near the United States. He wanted to see the closest commercial relations established between the two republics, believing that it is to our mutual interest. Mexico is the complement of our own country. She can produce everything that is required for man's use which the United States cannot produce, and the two together are capable of everything that grows under the sun. We are now very large consumers of tropical and semi-tropical products, which we receive from countries that take little or nothing of our own manufactures in return, and these same countries collect a large portion of their revenues from their duties on exports. Mexico can produce all of these articles, and she ships them free of export duty, and in return for them we can expect to pay in whole or in large part in the products of our manufactures and soil together. In regard to his railroad, General Grant said that after he had corrected the erroneous impressions which prevailed in Mexico in regard to it, he secured the firm friendship of President Gonzales and obtained from the Mexican Congress a concession, as submitted, with one amendment—that the railroad guards should be native Mexicans. Four sets of engineers are now making the preliminary surveys of the line, which is to run from Vera Cruz to Oaxaca.

A silver coin with a hole punched in it, is worth 5 per cent. less on that account. There is evidence going to show that the punching of holes in silver coins is done for profit, as there are an unusually large number of them thus mutilated. No such coin is a legal-tender, and they are not received by the U. S. authorities at all.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEST VA UNIVERSITY.

Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins September 7th, 1881. Attendance last year from 28 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories; Number of students larger than for ten years previous.

***For catalogues and other information, apply to the Acting-President, D. B. Purinton, Morgantown, West Va. 6 25 4m.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., June 21, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Tuesday, July 5th, 1881,

for the purpose of appointing Judges of Election, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the Board.

By order,

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

6 25 td.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot piece or

Parcel of land

lying and being in Garrett county, in the town of Deer Park, it being the same land that was conveyed to Nannie Burton by H. G. Davis and others, by deed dated the 1st day of October, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, one of the land records of Garrett county.

This land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one dollar and twenty-nine cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Nannie Burton for the year 1878, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Nannie Burton.

J. Z. BROWNING, Collector.

tf

NOTICE.

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County Court of Mineral county, W. Va., and the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., duly authorized by the same, will meet at Piedmont, Mineral county, W. V., on Wednesday, July 27th, 1881, at the Mayor's office, to receive sealed proposals and plans for the erection of an Iron Truss Bridge across the North Branch, at Kitsmillersville, of the following dimensions: One span of 120 feet in length and 12 foot roadway, one span of 50 feet in length and 12 foot roadway; the Truss to be 18 feet high and not sustain a strain of over 12,500 lbs. to the square inch of iron, and to bear 80 lbs. to square foot of roadway.

Also at the same time and place will receive bids for the rebuilding of the abutment on the Virginia side, dimensions: Base 16 feet, top 14 feet, height 10½, and 3 feet thick. Two wing walls each: Base 8 feet, top 2 feet, and height 10½ feet. Also 2 dressed rock 18 inches thick, 5 feet long and 2 feet wide on centre pier, and 2 dressed rock on each abutment 2½ feet long 2 feet wide and 18 inches thick. All to be laid in cement, ready to receive the bridge.

J. S. ARNOLD, Mineral county, W.Va.
JESSE SHARPLESS, Piedmont, W. Va.
E. KITZMILLER,
G. F. RICHARDSON,
DANIEL WILSON, Garrett county, Md.

6 25 td

GET THE BEST.

See above picture in Webster, page 1164, giving the name of each sail,—showing the value of

DEFINITIONS BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The pictures in Webster under the 12 words, **Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships,** (pages 1164 and 1210) **Steam engine, Timbers,** define **343** words and terms.

New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

WEBSTER'S is the Dictionary used in Govern't Printing Office. 1881.
Every State purchase of Dictionaries for Schools has been Webster's.
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IS IT NOT THE STANDARD?

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

WEBSTER

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. This space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

A Good Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm, situated 3 miles south of Accident.

This farm contains 150 acres, about 90 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing. The improvements consist of a comfortable two-story dwelling house, a barn 40 by 67 feet, three good orchards of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

HENRY FEIGH, Accident, Garrett county, Md.

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Principal Office, 34 Union Square, New York.

6 11 9 m

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Pangh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. T. MICHAEL,
Examiners.

5 21 5

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 40 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, Insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS, Permanent Trustee.

6 4 40ds

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs along distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.

4 2 tf

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY, OAKLAND, MD.

4 2 tf

GENERAL.

—Russian soldiers are taught a trade, and allowed, when off duty, to earn money by it.

—A fasting girl in England has stopped fasting on being threatened with a lunatic asylum.

—Among the floral offerings sent to a New York bride the other day was a barrel of gilded straw filled with flowers and coiled with roses.

—A dog belonging to James Gormley, of Parkesburg, Pa., is kept chained to its box on account of its aversion for chickens. The dog has a sort of friendship, however, for one of the feathered tribe, and whenever this hen wants to lay an egg she walks up to the dog-house, and after cackling for a few moments succeeds in attracting the animal to the outside of the box, where it will remain in all kinds of weather until the work of the hen is finished.

—Master Arcine Alton, aged twelve years, is a telegraph messenger in New Orleans. He recently found on the street a package containing negotiable bonds to the amount of $14,000 and turned them over to a lawyer, receiving for his honesty fifty cents. A detective then stepped in and was paid $700 for having the bonds returned to the real owner, while the honest telegraph boy has to be content with his reward of half a dollar.

—An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

—A Kentucky cow raised on the farm of Erastus Ellsworth, of East Windsor Hill, has a remarkable record. April, 16, 1877, she gave birth to twins, one male and one female; March 18, 1878, she gave birth to triplets, two males and one female, making five calves in eleven months and three days; July 9, 1879, she gave birth to twins, both males; Oct. 7, 1880, she gave birth to triplets, two males and one female, making ten calves in the three years five months and twenty-one days. The calves have all been of good size, healthy and handsome, and have been raised on the farm.

—Travelers in Egypt are surprised at the large amount of ophthalmia and blindness prevalent among the inhabitants. Want of cleanliness is the cause. An Egyptian mother, under the influence of a widely-prevalent superstition, does not wash her child's eyes until eight days after birth. By that time the organ is frequently ruined. The teachers in the American and British mission schools of Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become invariably angry when urged to wash the eyes of their newly-born infants, and can rarely be persuaded to comply with a request of the kind.

—The province of Adana, in Asia Minor, has been thrown into a state of frantic excitement owing to an unpleasant discovery that all the cultivated land between the ports of Mersina and Litifghe was found to be covered with locust eggs. The eggs lie in compact layers, and are supposed to have been deposited by an army of locusts which passed through the district toward the middle of last year. On the state of affairs having been made known by telegram to the Governor, Abeddin Pasha, orders were at once transmitted to the authorities of Tarsus telling them to summon all the able-bodied men and women who could be mustered and to set them to work to destroy the eggs.

—Dr. Thomas, a dentist of Vienna, was summoned recently to Kirwin, in Russian Poland, to perform a dental operation upon the Countess Waleska. At the border station of Radjwilow he was stopped, required to show his passport and have his baggage searched. His name at once awakened suspicion, from its resemblance to that of Thomassen, the infernal-machine man of Bremerhaven; and when the officials found a mysterious apparatus in his baggage this suspicion became fixed and positive, and the unfortunate dentist harrowly escaped faring roughly. He tried to explain the workings of the apparatus, but without much avail; and when he was finally allowed to go on his way a detective accompanied him until he met the servants and carriage of the Countess. The machine, however, had been previously confiscated. Such is traveling in Russia.

A Fiery Cat.

They had a bilin' old time at the West End recently. Mr. Monkey's boy took the family cat and rubbed phosphorus all over him. It was about nightfall when he completed the job and let the cat go. The hoodoo began right away. The cat got into a barrel and commenced to yowl, and that attracted the attention of a bull-dog, and he came along and danced about and barked, and got terribly excited. It was a case of "dog in the light, cat in the shadder, dog full of fight, cat growing madder." Pretty soon the dog upset the barrel and went in after the cat. But it was a surprise party for him. The phosphorus glowed in the darkness and he beheld a cat of fire. He came out of that barrel and went off howling as though a policeman had stepped on him. Then the cat went up on the roofs, where other cats do congregate, and tried to chum round with 'em. But it was no go. They fled from him as if he were a bootjack. He didn't understand it and gave chase, and there were about forty cats on the roofs, and they were all scared and fled from him, howling dismally; the noise was something fearful, so that folks in the vicinity who heard it, were scared and had cold sweats. The cats continued to tear about and yell so that it couldn't be endured. Mr. Monkey and others got up and went upon the roofs with clubs. And at first the sight of a fiery cat frightened them, and one lady who saw it screamed and fell through a skylight and nearly killed a man sleeping beneath it, and made him think Mother Shipton was right. Finally, Mr. Monkey and his friends made a desperate charge on the fiery cat, and the poor cat took a flying leap to the street. He hit on a policeman, saving his life, but nearly scaring the officer out of his, as he thought he was struck by lightning. The cat jumped to the ground and an astronomer came along and took him for an aerolite and tried to pick him up. To his amazement the aerolite ran. Then he was scared, too. Finally the cat got into a haymow and somebody thought the barn was afire, and they called out the engines and got seven streams turned on him. He fought well, but they fixed him. And then investigations showed no fire, but only a dead cat. And they told the stableman he was a cross-eyed fool to mistake a cat's eyes for a fire, and so they left him. And all the West End is talking of the mysterious fiery cat, and only young Monkey understands the mystery.—*Boston Post.*

The Fuegians.

The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego are described by a writer who recently visited that extreme part of South America as a remarkable race—remarkable in so far as they move in the lowest grades of civilization. The men are ugly, the women uglier than the men; and both are copper-colored, have matted black hair, and huge shark-like mouths. Indeed, their mouths must be larger than those of any other known race. Considering the struggles they have for existence and the humidity of the atmosphere they live in, they are more fully fleshed than was anticipated; but, like the trees of their forests, they do not appear long-lived, no old individuals being seen among them. For some time the manner of disposing of their dead remained a mystery, but a woman was found buried in a split in a rock, from which it is inferred that the dead are placed in splits or caverns in rocks and covered with stones. Efforts were made to ascertain where they made their canoes, but they were unsuccessful. Portages made of trees were found, however, over which it was evident canoes had been carried, and it was supposed that the canoes were made in the interior and carried to the seashore. Those who followed the ship did so in bark canoes, and as each successive port was reached went ashore, where they erected for themselves huts of boughs with skins laid roughly over them. The huts were too low for a person to stand upright in, and, like those occupied by Esquimaux, were semi-globular.

In spite of the coldness of the climate, the natives remained almost nude, even during the winter months, though occasionally some threw sealskins over their shoulders. They relied upon coatings of dirt for warmth apart from that they obtained by crouching over fires, but were always shivering with cold outside their wigwams. So long as they were supplied from the ship with provisions—and these frequently disagreed with them—they would not fish, neither would they work, being in this respect closely akin to their congeners, the Australian aboriginals. Though they have fires, they seem too indolent to cook much, and frequently eat their seal flesh *au naturel*, even when it is decomposed. Those on board the vessel were mild-mannered, but given to annexing articles belonging to the sailors, and on this account a close watch was kept upon them. Generally the race are suspicious of strangers, and until their confidence in them is thoroughly established the women are always sent inland. When their suspicions are dispelled they mingle with Europeans freely enough.

An Ancient and Venerable Tile.

The most shocking bad hat seen in America since Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep in the Catskills was exhibited at the *American* office yesterday by Mr. D. L. Brown, of McMinnville. Mr. Brown has sold a good many immigrant railroad tickets to immigrants to the West from Tennessee, and one of his queerest customers was an old citizen of White County named Wm. L. Lewis, aged 77 years, the possessor of the venerable tile above referred to. Mr. Brown was struck with its antiquated appearance, and asked the old man how long he had worn it. The ancient immigrant replied: "I've worn that ar' hat now forty-five years." Mr. Brown desired to obtain it, and the old gentleman readily consented to give it up if Mr. Brown would show him where to get a new one, which was done, and the old citizen, with a new hat and a ticket for "the Arkansas," has journeyed toward the setting sun. Mr. Brown has placed the old hat on exhibition at the Exposition, where it will no doubt attract curious and interested investigation. It is the most dilapidated specimen of old hat that has been seen for many a day. During the period of near half a century that it sheltered his weather-beaten features the wearer had never seen a railroad or a locomotive until he came to McMinnville the other day.—*Nashville American.*

The Ibex in the Alps.

The Ibex, it would appear, promises to be again naturalized in the Alps. A herd which was turned out on the Grisons are reported to have survived the winter without damage and to be making themselves at home in the vicinity of the glaciers. This can not fail to be a source of gratification to the thousands who make Switzerland their autumn play-ground. For some time past the Alps were each year getting barer and barer of life. The chamois had almost disappeared from some of the more accessible parts, and even the marmot could scarcely have long survived the edelweiss, which the Governments of the different Cantons have also put under their protection. The ibex, or, as it more familiarly called, the bouquetin, is a species of goat which shares with the chamois the upper reaches of the mountains. But it climbs even higher than that animal, and can rarely be seen below the limits of perpetual snow. In German Switzerland, where it is known as the steinbock, the ibex was at one time comparatively common. But the persecution of tourists and the multiplication of cheap rifles, have all but exterminated it on the higher Alps, and of late years it could scarcely be seen except on those of Valois and Piedmont, where, thanks to the enlightened efforts of the late King Victor Emmanuel, it was carefully protected.—*London Telegraph.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Baroness Burdett-Coutts was received in a chilling manner by the Queen at the last drawing-room.

—Twenty large public buildings have been constructed in Rome since 1870 for Government use, at an outlay of $25,000,000.

—At a recent horticultural exhibition in London, the new orchid from India, with snow-white flowers, sent by Mr. Titley, was bought for a thousand dollars by Mr. William Bull.

—When at home at Hawarden on Sunday Mr. Gladstone always reads the lessons for the day, in the parish church, with modesty and nervous hesitation. His voice is mellow, and his expression poetic, and people go miles to hear the Premier perform this duty.

—Lord Denman, a friend of the domestic quadruped creation, drives a horse about the streets of London that wears spectacles. The animal was found to be near-sighted, and its owner has successfully tried the experiment of remedying the defect in the same way as is done with human beings.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie has decided upon the final resting place of her late husband and son. She intends to build a church on the estate which she has bought, some fourteen miles from Chiselhurst, and thither the two tombs are to be transferred from the little chapel of that village.

—Crown Prince Rudolph gave to his bride a wedding present of a charming little pony-carriage ornamented with gold and two uncommonly small ponies of the most beautiful shape and color. This little equipage has been sent to the castle where the young pair are spending their honeymoon.

—There is a bit of romance yet in the Austrian Empress' heart, though she is credited with being such an Amazon. She cherishes in a beautiful jeweled box, not a stone of great price, but a little faded nosegay of edelweiss, that mountain flower, white and delicate as a snowflake, which Austrian peasants attach to their button-holes as a sign of love. The little nosegay was given the Empress by her husband the time they were betrothed.

—Apropos of the Royal Austrian marriage, it is related that when the Queen of the Belgians, mother of the bride, crossed the Belgian frontier at her marriage she wore a bonnet trimmed with artificial grapes. Being tired with her reception, she took the bonnet off and laid it on one side, when an officer of the escort, anxious for a souvenir of the day, surreptitiously picked off a grape. A comrade followed suit, the example spread, and soon all the trimming was ripped off, next the strings disappeared, and lastly the straw itself, bit by bit. When the Queen looked for her bonnet it had vanished, and she resumed her journey with a very dubious opinion of her daughter's future subjects.

—The abolition of primogeniture has had the greatest effect, within the present century, in emptying the chateaux and castles in France. Fortunes have so often been divided down that there are fewer great incomes than there were among the French aristocracy. It thus happens that a French nobleman who inhabits a chateau may only have furnished one nook of it, and his roomy stables may have only one or two horses at the stalls. To withstand the effects of the abolition of primogeniture, many French families agree to enjoy their revenue in common. But full chateaux, with several generations of relatives in them, even under the methodical life of Frenchmen, may not be permanently successful.

Arequipa, Peru.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes:

The City of Arequipa is situated in a most charmingly picturesque valley at an elevation of some 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and differs from Lima and other cities near the coast in that it seems to be more nearly what one would naturally look for in a South American town. The population of foreigners has not become large enough to make a European city of it, as has been the case with Valparaiso and Lima. Here the native Indians are to be seen in all their untrammeled freedom, wearing the picturesque costumes which were in fashion among them centuries ago, and which by their gay and brilliant colors are perhaps the first thing to catch the eye of the visitor. Droves of llamas from the interior, laden with sugar, rice or charcoal, are frequently encountered in the streets. These mild-eyed, peculiar-looking creatures seem to be a sort of cross between a camel and an ostrich as they stalk along, driven by some small Indian lad, whose voice they obey most perfectly. Nothing seems more natural than that they should be beasts of burden, and also thoroughly docile, but let anything occur to provoke them and they show unmistakable signs of vicious temper, and spit and kick at any one approaching until their temper has had an opportunity of cooling down. Under these circumstances the philosophical native who has the animals under his charge seats himself by the roadside and awaits the pleasure of the brute, knowing perfectly well that it is the only thing to be done. A North American mule can never hope to rival the South American llama when it comes to a question of downright obstinacy, for in the matter of that they are simply perfect. On the street corners, protected by a scanty awning from the sun's rays, are to be seen small stands, resembling, to a considerable extent, the peanut and apple stands of our own Republic, where the native drink of *chicha* is supplied to the thirsty wayfarer from the mountains for the moderate compensation of two cents per quart. It resembles sour small-beer in taste, but being made from fermented Indian corn possesses considerable nutriment, and serves both for food and drink. This seems to be about the extent of the dissipation of the Indians in Arequipa, although I am told that "fire-water" has been introduced among them in the mines further inland with quite as much success as in some of our "reservations," and that they take to it most kindly and are willing to pay any price in valuable ores for it. I dare say, in time the mines may be made to pay very well without the importation of any more costly machinery, for they are unquestionably rich, and the Indians have long since discovered where they can be easily worked. Those in the vicinity of Arequipa are an industrious race, and cause very little trouble. The men are mostly donkey and llama drivers, and make trips of hundreds of miles into the interior with freight. The women remain behind and attend the chicha stands. While waiting for customers they are never idle, but are always employed in knitting or spinning or in making some article of dress.

Their dresses are peculiar, consisting of a skirt of some bright color, with a shawl whose shade contrasts effectively with the dress; a man's straw hat surmounts the head. The hair hangs down the back in two heavy braids, to which is frequently added a "switch" of cotton twine, which is popularly supposed to add to its beauty and increase its growth. The children, when small, are slung in a shawl on the mother's back, and sleep most contentedly with their heads dangling over the outer edge of their nests. No carriages are to be seen in any part of the city. One street-railroad connects with the railroad station and the main business portion of the town, about a mile distant. Everybody rides on horseback, and here, as in most Peruvian towns, the horses are all taught to pace. A horse with any other gait is at once recognized as a "Chileno." The streets are all paved with stone, and on either side is a stream of running water from the mountains, always fresh and clear. To this alone Arequipa owes much of its reputation for being the healthiest city in South America. Invalids who have been given up to die with consumption come here, and in a few months are apparently restored to perfect health. In the environs of Arequipa are several celebrated baths, all maintained at the expense of the city, and free to all. Many of them contain minerals in large quantities. One of them, known as the "Banos de Jesus," is said to be almost miraculous in its cures of rheumatic affections. The waters are hot, and chalybeate, and sulphurous.

The houses in Arequipa are built in the most substantial manner, to protect them from earthquakes. The walls are of stone, about two feet thick, and generally from one and a half to two stories high. The roofs are arched, and these are built of a sort of cement which protects them from rain and resists the shock of earthquakes better than a flat one.

The exception to the prevailing style of architecture is to be found in the churches. These have enormous spires and bell-towers of stone, which come tumbling down into the adjacent streets every time an earthquake happens. The Plaza is large, and has a handsome fountain and flower-garden in the center. The buildings on three sides of it were destroyed by the great earthquake of 1868, and the buildings are only now being rebuilt. The Cathedral stands on the North side of the Plaza, and is now in good repair, and is the largest and finest in Peru. The earthquake of '68 destroyed the towers, but these have since been replaced. The Cathedral is built of sillar-stone, which is found in great abundance in the quarries near the city; the blocks are cut and dressed at the quarries and brought in on the backs of donkeys, a block of stone about eighteen inches long by five in width and four in thickness, carried in panniers on each side, forming a load for a donkey.

In wandering about the streets of Arequipa one is struck by the large number of ruins caused by the earthquakes of former years, no attempt having been made to rebuild, except in the case of some of the churches here and there. Upon asking a citizen of Arequipa why so many houses were allowed to remain in their present wrecked condition, I was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "What is the use of rebuilding? They may tumble down again any day."

A Pretty German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. It is said they first derived the idea from the Arabs, who at certain hours of the day and night are called to prayers by the long wailing cry of the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming as it appeared to me from the heavens, I was puzzled to know its object and the sources whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its source. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air. It was like the invisible heavenly choir that enraptured St. Cecelia. A few days afterward, happening to be in the same neighborhood and at the same hour of the day, I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above, its pealing notes coming to me from some far distance like the strains of a church organ. Near me was the Stifts Kirche, an old church built in 1308, which has attached to it an immense octagon tower rising up to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Encircling this tower near the top is a balcony, on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four selections in all were played, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward, I found that this playing from the church tower had been in practice for more than a hundred years. A German lady, "once upon a time," belonging to one of the noble families bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half-past eleven to twelve at noon. The musicians for their services are paid two marks (fifty cents) a day each—a mark for the morning and a mark for the noon service—which, for walking up and down that long flight of steps in addition to playing several pieces of church music, is a small enough remuneration. Chorals are also played from another of the church towers in Stuttgart by a brass band, and also from church towers in Ludwigsburg, Rossenstein, Friederichshafen, near Stuttgart, and in others of the very old German cities and towns.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

House-cleaning—How to Best Wrestle with the Carpets.

Carpet-cleaning is always more or less of a bugbear and conundrum to ordinary, work-a-day people. Those who can afford to hire a professional carpet-lifter need no suggestions on the subject and they have but little comprehension of the outlay of strength and patience required to obtain satisfactory results by their poorer but equally godly neighbors. Outside of cities or towns, it is often impossible to find any one to do such work, and the burden falls on weary shoulders which can hardly bear the daily routine of housework when the time of house-cleaning is yet afar off. Those old-fashioned housekeepers who delight in hard work, and who *make* it for the pleasure of doing it, likewise need no suggestions.

In the first place, don't be a slave to housework and tear up carpets because it is "house-cleaning time" in your vicinity, but wait until a "convenient season"—until the weather, and health, and work, are most favorable, such days come sooner or later—and then begin gently. Some people charge a room as if it were a fort, and the noise and dust thereof remind one of the accounts of battles recorded in the Old Testament. If one pair of hands must perform the usual and extra work as well, it is almost always best to do the lamp-filling, dish-washing, etc., at the customary time, rather than leave them to be done when one is tired out. After removing everything movable in the room, begin tack-lifting, which need not be a long job if the tacks have been properly driven, viz., not quite as far as they will go. Then begin at one side and lay each breadth over on the next one to it, till the middle of the room is reached, and then begin at the opposite side of the room and proceed in the same way until both halves can be folded together. Then begin at each end of the strip and fold toward the middle until it is small enough to carry out. When taken up in this way less dust is raised to be taken into the lungs and skin of the one in the room, and the carpet is easier to handle when out of doors.

When once out of the house there are various ways of disposing of it. One little neighborhood I know of used to put all its carpets (rag) into the mill-race for a day or two. And a certain hygienic lady who ordered her ingrain carpet to be taken up and cleaned caused her servant to put it in a washtub and rub it out, much to the poor girl's sorrow and disgust. Thoroughly shaking and sunning a carpet is usually enough, and if it isn't the carpet should either be steamed by machinery or sold to the ragman.

Commonly carpets are hung upon a line and beaten—sometimes with barrel staves or boards or poles, which should never be allowed, as the stiff end, combined with the "snap" of the fabric, is sure to injure it if it does not make a hole. A carriage whip is very good for beating carpets provided one does not mind the wear on the whip. Peabush is the best of anything to whip with, as it can do no harm and covers a large surface at once. A much better way than to hang the carpet upon the line, and one quite as easy in the country, is to prepare a good bed of peabush and spread the carpet upon it and whip it. The dust falls directly out instead of merely dropping a few inches. Laying it upon clean grass and sweeping it (on both sides) is another very good way to clean a carpet when one has not the strength to hang it up. When the carpet is well beaten it should be folded again and laid in the room so that it shall fit when opened breadth by breadth.

There are different opinions as to what should be placed under a carpet to prevent its wearing. Catherine Beecher recommends straw matting because it is flat and the dust sifts through it instead of wearing the wrong side of the carpet. She also cautions against the use of hay, because it wears the carpet in spots. Besides this it has to most people an unpleasant odor, especially in damp weather. Many people use newspapers, partly because they do away with much hard scrubbing of the floor, and partly because they make the floor warmer in winter. This, however, has the disadvantage of keeping the dust next to the carpet. Partly worn matting with newspapers beneath make an excellent protection for both floor and carpet. Paper for this purpose can be obtained where carpets are sold. The carpet padding which can also be had is liable to gather dampness and is long in drying if anything is spilled on the carpet.

A good floor of contrasting woods can be put down in any room that has three-quarter inch thresholds at about the same cost as a good carpet, and with warmish clear water and a self-wringing mop can easily be kept clean, and surplus energy can be worked off by rug making, in which is displayed so much taste, not to say high art, nowadays. In the good time coming when tacked carpets are as much a thing of the past as sanded floors are to us, perhaps our descendents will be able to strengthen the weak backs and stomachs bequeathed to them from the over-taxed powers of the present generation of housekeepers. But just as long as the custom prevails of heavy carpets fitted and nailed into place, so long will the love of cleanliness cause women to sacrifice their strength—which signifies health—to their floors.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Sanitary Condition of Farm-houses.

Farmers who are about to build houses, by observing certain precautionary measures will greatly mitigate all sickness arising from malaria, such as ague or intermittent fever and neuralgia. The farm-house should be situated not only on high ground that has a dry surface, but the subsoil ought also to be dry. In a word, it should have a perfect drainage, natural or artificial. The drainage of the ground about the house is of great importance, and this should be directed away from the well that supplies the water for domestic use. A whole chapter might be written on the evils resulting from drinking water from wells that are supplied with surface water and the filtering of slop-drains, etc. In districts in near proximity to rivers, marshes or other sources of malaria, account should be taken of the direction of prevailing winds, so that the house will not be erected on the side of these malarial-producing districts to receive the malaria brought by the winds. For instance, if the prevailing winds are westerly, avoid building on the east side of a marsh or pond. While a house ought not to be densely shaded by trees, it is well, in damp localities, to plant rapidly-growing trees, because they take up much of the moisture. In malarial sections the sleeping-rooms should be at the top of the house, not on the ground floor. An observance of these and similar rules will do much toward promoting the health of a family. One word more—avoid outdoor exposure early in the morning and late at night in malarious regions; boil all the water that is used for drinking purposes, and prevent any vegetable matter from decaying in or around the dwelling.—*Cor. N. Y World.*

The Farmer's Laboratory.

The coming farmer has got to be a scientific man, and the sooner the matter is squarely faced the better for him and all his folks. The capabilities of soil are as important as the capabilities of the teams selected to work them; and the farmer who is a good judge of horse flesh, and a poor judge or no judge at all of his land, is in a sorry predicament. There are many farmers who cannot read or write, who have never heard a discussion on soils, who know nothing about phosphates, nitrogen or potash; but nevertheless have never yet failed to work any land which has been put into their care with perfect success. Notwithstanding their want of education they have been close observers, with a good memory, and have stored away in the recesses of their brain, never to be put into words, but only to be brought out in their own practice, a fund of useful knowledge as profound as the most learned professor ever dreamed of.

These men are scientific farmers in the true sense of the term; yet they cannot express themselves by any mode, only by example. Precept is beyond their powers. They never could become teachers because it would take a lifetime to show what they know, and their pupils would be superannuated before they were ready to graduate.

These home-made scientific farmers have no apparatus to perform such experiments as terra-culture calls for; no chemicals with which to test the many fallacies laid before the rural public; but only a few little grains of common sense which in a pure soil would grow such a terribly sound crop of experience.

And here lies their safety: they do not know enough to be misled by any of the many plausible theories offered them; they cannot understand them, and their brain remains unmuddled. Blessed be ignorance when so eminently useful.

There is a class of farmers coming to the front, however, who are possessed with the desire for knowledge, who have learned that in this year, 1881, "knowledge is power." These men have not the technical knowledge to enable them to use philosophical apparatus, or to cull samples, or to create combinations from the constituents of the soil on their farms, and are thus held back *from much practical knowledge absolutely* necessary to their prosperity. To this class I wish to offer a few ideas, which, if pursued, will prove extremely interesting as well as profitable.

Soils are extremely various, ranging from clay so pure as to make the best of brick down to sand so pure as to travel to and fro with every wind. Every kind of soil when acted upon by water (rain) acts as a filter. Clay allows but little of the mineral components to pass, while sand suffers all to descend to a certain depth. The various mixtures of clay and sand, the basis of all soils, arrest the fertilizing properties of liquids according as the proportion of each predominates.

Here we have the secret of profitable manuring. A clay soil will retain the fertilizing principles near the surface, and short or surface-rooted plants will find their food there when they need it. A sandy soil allows the strength of manure to wash deeper, consequently deep-rooted plants must be placed there. The exact place of retardation of the strength of a manure in any given soil, then, is a matter of great importance.

Without this knowledge crops may be put in so contrary to their requirements as to cause a general failure over the whole farm; while with it, by a mere shifting to congenial fields, every crop would have been successful.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

A Hint for Mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing for well-bred and intelligent women to make the mistake of speaking of their children in their presence as if having ears they hear not. Where is the man who can not look back to childhood and recall distinctly the delightful feeling of importance with which he thrilled as he became conscious that he was the subject of conversation? How many times their bright sayings are repeated before them in a way that tends toward undue self-esteem. "Mamma, you haven't told Cousin Libbie what I said the other day," a small boy said reproachfully to his mother, and she being reminded of it told over some very wise remarks he had made, but their charm was lost as one noted the avidity with which they were listened to by the young man himself. Sometimes the fond mother proceeds on the assumption that if she speaks in a lower tone than usual those two ever-open ears will not take in the force of her remarks. It is astonishing to see how many men and women appear to have "burned their ships behind them;" they seem to possess no power over their past; they do not appear to be able to recall anything which will bring their own childhood near enough to be of any service to them in their relations to their own children. A mother one day sitting beside a sick child told a neighbor that "she had a very bad spell about two o'clock in the morning; if we can get her past this hour without another such attack, we shall hope she will get well." I submit to every right feeling person if this was not downright cruelty; the poor, nervous child, with excited imagination, could hardly get past that hour without increased suffering. How watchful we need to be, and with what constant care we have to seek for higher wisdom to help us in the management of our children!—*N. Y. Post*

GENERAL.

—Russian soldiers are taught a trade, and allowed, when off duty, to earn money by it.

—A fasting girl in England has stopped fasting on being threatened with a lunatic asylum.

—Among the floral offerings sent to a New York bride the other day was a barrel of gilded straw filled with flowers and coiled with roses.

—A dog belonging to James Gormley, of Parkesburg, Pa., is kept chained to its box on account of its aversion for chickens. The dog has a sort of friendship, however, for one of the feathered tribe, and whenever this hen wants to lay an egg she walks up to the dog-house, and after cackling for a few moments succeeds in attracting the animal to the outside of the box, where it will remain in all kinds of weather until the work of the hen is finished.

—Master Arcine Aiton, aged twelve years, is a telegraph messenger in New Orleans. He recently found on the street a package containing negotiable bonds to the amount of $14,000 and turned them over to a lawyer, receiving for his honesty fifty cents. A detective then stepped in and was paid $700 for having the bonds returned to the real owner, while the honest telegraph boy has to be content with his reward of half a dollar.

—An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

—A Kentucky cow raised on the farm of Erastus Ellsworth, of East Windsor Hill, has a remarkable record. April, 16, 1877, she gave birth to twins, one male and one female; March 18, 1878, she gave birth to triplets, two males and one female, making five calves in eleven months and three days; July 9, 1879, she gave birth to twins, both males; Oct. 7, 1880, she gave birth to triplets, two males and one female, making ten calves in the three years five months and twenty-one days. The calves have all been of good size, healthy and handsome, and have been raised on the farm.

—Travelers in Egypt are surprised at the large amount of ophthalmia and blindness prevalent among the inhabitants. Want of cleanliness is the cause. An Egyptian mother, under the influence of a widely-prevalent superstition, does not wash her child's eyes until eight days after birth. By that time the organ is frequently ruined. The teachers in the American and British mission schools of Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become invariably angry when urged to wash the eyes of their newly-born infants, and can rarely be persuaded to comply with a request of the kind.

—The province of Adana, in Asia Minor, has been thrown into a state of frantic excitement owing to an unpleasant discovery that all the cultivated land between the ports of Mersina and Litifgho was found to be covered with locust eggs. The eggs lie in compact layers, and are supposed to have been deposited by an army of locusts which passed through the district toward the middle of last year. On the state of affairs having been made known by telegram to the Governor, Abeddin Pasha, orders were at once transmitted to the authorities of Tarsus telling them to summon all the able-bodied men and women who could be mustered and to set them to work to destroy the eggs.

—Dr. Thomas, a dentist of Vienna, was summoned recently to Kirwin, in Russian Poland, to perform a dental operation upon the Countess Waleska. At the border station of Radjwilow he was stopped, required to show his passport and have his baggage searched. His name at once awakened suspicion, from its resemblance to that of Thomassen, the infernal-machine man of Bremerhaven; and when the officials found a mysterious apparatus in his baggage this suspicion became fixed and positive, and the unfortunate dentist narrowly escaped faring roughly. He tried to explain the workings of the apparatus, but without much avail; and when he was finally allowed to go on his way a detective accompanied him until he met the servants and carriage of the Countess. The machine, however, had been previously confiscated. Such is traveling in Russia.

A Fiery Cat.

They had a bilin' old time at the West End recently. Mr. Monkey's boy took the family cat and rubbed phosphorus all over him. It was about nightfall when he completed the job and let the cat go. The hoodoo begun right away. The cat got into a barrel and commenced to yowl, and that attracted the attention of a bull-dog, and he came along and danced about and barked, and got terribly excited. It was a case of "dog in the light, cat in the shadder, dog full of fight, cat growing madder." Pretty soon the dog upset the barrel and went in after the cat. But it was a surprise party for him. The phosphorus glowed in the darkness and he beheld a cat of fire. He came out of that barrel and went off howling as though a policeman had stepped on him. Then the cat went up on the roofs, where other cats do congregate, and tried to churn round with 'em. But it was no go. They fled from him as if he were a bootjack. He didn't understand it and gave chase, and there were about forty cats on the roofs, and they were all scared and fled from him, howling dismally; the noise was something fearful, so that folks in the vicinity who heard it, were scared and had cold sweats. The cats continued to tear about and yell so that it couldn't be endured. Mr. Monkey and others got up and went upon the roofs with clubs. And at first the sight of a fiery cat frightened them, and one lady who saw it screamed and fell through a skylight and nearly killed a man sleeping beneath it, and made him think Mother Shipton was right. Finally, Mr. Monkey and his friends made a desperate charge on the fiery cat, and the poor cat took a flying leap to the street. He hit on a policeman, saving his life, but nearly scaring the officer out of his, as he thought he was struck by lightning. The cat jumped to the ground and an astronomer came along and took him for an aerolite and tried to pick him up. To his amazement the aerolite ran. Then he was scared, too. Finally the cat got into a haymow and somebody thought the barn was afire, and they called out the engines and got seven streams turned on him. He fought well, but they fixed him. And then investigations showed no fire, but only a dead cat. And they told the stableman he was a cross-eyed fool to mistake a cat's eyes for a fire, and so they left him. And all the West End is talking of the mysterious fiery cat, and only young Monkey understands the mystery.—*Boston Post.*

The Fuegians.

The inhabitants of Terra del Fuego are described by a writer who recently visited that extreme part of South America as a remarkable race—remarkable in so far as they move in the lowest grades of civilization. The men are ugly, the women uglier than the men; and both are copper-colored, have matted black hair, and huge shark-like mouths. Indeed, their mouths must be larger than those of any other known race. Considering the struggles they have for existence and the humidity of the atmosphere they live in, they are more fully fleshed than was anticipated; but, like the trees of their forests, they do not appear long-lived, no old individuals being seen among them. For some time the manner of disposing of their dead remained a mystery, but a woman was found buried in a split in a rock, from which it is inferred that the dead are placed in splits or caverns in rocks and covered with stones. Efforts were made to ascertain where they made their canoes, but they were unsuccessful. Portages made of trees were found, however, over which it was evident canoes had been carried, and it was supposed that the canoes were made in the interior and carried to the seashore. Those who followed the ship did so in bark canoes, and as each successive port was reached went ashore, where they erected for themselves huts of boughs with skins laid roughly over them. The huts were too low for a person to stand upright in, and, like those occupied by Esquimaux, were semi-globular.

In spite of the coldness of the climate, the natives remained almost nude, even during the winter months, though occasionally some threw sealskins over their shoulders. They relied upon coatings of dirt for warmth apart from that they obtained by crouching over fires, but were always shivering with cold outside their wigwams. So long as they were supplied from the ship with provisions—and these frequently disagreed with them—they would not fish, neither would they work, being in this respect closely akin to their congeners, the Australian aboriginals. Though they have fires, they seem too indolent to cook much, and frequently eat their seal flesh *au naturel*, even when it is decomposed. Those on board the vessel were mild-mannered, but given to annexing articles belonging to the sailors, and on this account a close watch was kept upon them. Generally the race are suspicious of strangers, and until their confidence in them is thoroughly established the women are always sent inland. When their suspicions are dispelled they mingle with Europeans freely enough.

An Ancient and Venerable Tile.

The most shocking bad hat seen in America since Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep in the Catskills was exhibited at the *American* office yesterday by Mr. D. L. Brown, of McMinnville. Mr. Brown has sold a good many immigrant railroad tickets to immigrants to the West from Tennessee, and one of his queerest customers was an old citizen of White County named Wm. L. Lewis, aged 77 years, the possessor of the venerable tile above referred to. Mr. Brown was struck with its antiquated appearance, and asked the old man how long he had worn it. The ancient immigrant replied: "I've worn that ar' hat now forty-five years." Mr. Brown desired to obtain it, and the old gentleman readily consented to give it up if Mr. Brown would show him where to get a new one, which was done, and the old citizen, with a new hat and a ticket for "the Arkaasas," has journeyed toward the setting sun. Mr. Brown has placed the old hat on exhibition at the Exposition, where it will no doubt attract curious and interested investigation. It is the most dilapidated specimen of old hat that has been seen for many a day. During the period of near half a century that it sheltered his weather-beaten features the wearer had never seen a railroad or a locomotive until he came to McMinnville the other day.—*Nashville American.*

The Ibex in the Alps.

The ibex, it would appear, promises to be again naturalized in the Alps. A herd which was turned out on the Grisons are reported to have survived the winter without damage and to be making themselves at home in the vicinity of the glaciers. This can not fail to be a source of gratification to the thousands who make Switzerland their autumn play-ground. For some time past the Alps were each year getting barer and barer of life. The chamois had almost disappeared from some of the more accessible parts, and even the marmot could scarcely have long survived the edelweiss, which the Governments of the different Cantons have also put under their protection. The ibex, or, as it more familiarly called, the bouquetin, is a species of goat which shares with the chamois the upper reaches of the mountains. But it climbs even higher than that animal, and can rarely be seen below the limits of perpetual snow. In German Switzerland, where it is known as the steinbock, the ibex was at one time comparatively common. But the persecution of tourists and the multiplication of cheap rifles, have all but exterminated it on the higher Alps, and of late years it could scarcely be seen except on those of Valois and Piedmont, where, thanks to the enlightened efforts of the late King Victor Emmanuel, it was carefully protected.—*London Telegraph.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Baroness Burdett-Coutts was received in a chilling manner by the Queen at the last drawing-room.

—Twenty large public buildings have been constructed in Rome since 1870 for Government use, at an outlay of $25,000,000.

—At a recent horticultural exhibition in London, the new orchid from India, with snow-white flowers, sent by Mr. Titley, was bought for a thousand dollars by Mr. William Bull.

—When at home at Hawarden on Sunday Mr. Gladstone always reads the lessons for the day, in the parish church, with modesty and nervous hesitation. His voice is mellow, and his expression poetic, and people go miles to hear the Premier perform this duty.

—Lord Denman, a friend of the domestic quadruped creation, drives a horse about the streets of London that wears spectacles. The animal was found to be near-sighted, and its owner has successfully tried the experiment of remedying the defect in the same way as is done with human beings.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie has decided upon the final resting place of her late husband and son. She intends to build a church on the estate which she has bought, some fourteen miles from Chiselhurst, and thither the two tombs are to be transferred from the little chapel of that village.

—Crown Prince Rudolph gave to his bride a wedding present of a charming little pony-carriage ornamented with gold and two uncommonly small ponies of the most beautiful shape and color. This little equipage has been sent to the castle where the young pair are spending their honeymoon.

—There is a bit of romance yet in the Austrian Empress' heart, though she is credited with being such an Amazon. She cherishes in a beautiful jeweled box, not a stone of great price, but a little faded nosegay of edelweiss, that mountain flower, white and delicate as a snowflake, which Austrian peasants attach to their button-holes as a sign of love. The little nosegay was given the Empress by her husband the time they were betrothed.

—Apropos of the Royal Austrian marriage, it is related that when the Queen of the Belgians, mother of the bride, crossed the Belgian frontier at her marriage she wore a bonnet trimmed with artificial grapes. Being tired with her reception, she took the bonnet off and laid it on one side, when an officer of the escort, anxious for a souvenir of the day, surreptitiously picked off a grape. A comrade followed suit, the example spread, and soon all the trimming was ripped off, next the strings disappeared, and lastly the straw itself, bit by bit. When the Queen looked for her bonnet it had vanished, and she resumed her journey with a very dubious opinion of her daughter's future subjects.

—The abolition of primogeniture has had the greatest effect, within the present century, in emptying the chateaux and castles in France. Fortunes have so often been divided down that there are fewer great incomes than there were among the French aristocracy. It thus happens that a French nobleman who inhabits a chateau may only have furnished one nook of it, and his roomy stables may have only one or two horses at the stalls. To withstand the effects of the abolition of primogeniture, many French families agree to enjoy their revenue in common. But full chateaux, with several generations of relatives in them, even under the methodical life of Frenchmen, may not be permanently successful.

Arequipa, Peru.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes:

The City of Arequipa is situated in a most charmingly picturesque valley at an elevation of some 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and differs from Lima and other cities near the coast in that it seems to be more nearly what one would naturally look for in a South American town. The population of foreigners has not become large enough to make a European city of it, as has been the case with Valparaiso and Lima. Here the native Indians are to be seen in all their untrammeled freedom, wearing the picturesque costumes which were in fashion among them centuries ago, and which by their gay and brilliant colors are perhaps the first thing to catch the eye of the visitor. Droves of llamas from the interior, laden with sugar, rice or charcoal, are frequently encountered in the streets. These mild-eyed, peculiar-looking creatures seem to be a sort of cross between a camel and an ostrich as they stalk along, driven by some small Indian lad, whose voice they obey most perfectly. Nothing seems more natural than that they should be beasts of burden, and also thoroughly docile, but let anything occur to provoke them and they show unmistakable signs of vicious temper, and spit and kick at any one approaching until their temper has had an opportunity of cooling down. Under these circumstances the philosophical native who has the animals under his charge seats himself by the roadside and awaits the pleasure of the brute, knowing perfectly well that it is the only thing to be done. A North American mule can never hope to rival the South American llama when it comes to a question of downright obstinacy, for in the matter of that they are simply perfect. On the street corners, protected by a scanty awning from the sun's rays, are to be seen small stands, resembling, to a considerable extent, the peanut and apple stands of our own Republic, where the native drink of *chicha* is supplied to the thirsty wayfarer from the mountains for the moderate compensation of two cents per quart. It resembles sour small-beer in taste, but being made from fermented Indian corn possesses considerable nutriment, and serves both for food and drink. This seems to be about the extent of the dissipation of the Indians in Arequipa, although I am told that "fire-water" has been introduced among them in the mines further inland with quite as much success as in some of our "reservations," and that they take to it most kindly and are willing to pay any price in valuable ores for it. I dare say, in time the mines may be made to pay very well without the importation of any more costly machinery, for they are unquestionably rich, and the Indians have long since discovered where they can be easily worked. Those in the vicinity of Arequipa are an industrious race, and cause very little trouble. The men are mostly donkey and llama drivers, and make trips of hundreds of miles into the interior with freight. The women remain behind and attend the chicha stands. While waiting for customers they are never idle, but are always employed in knitting or spinning or in making some article of dress.

Their dresses are peculiar, consisting of a skirt of some bright color, with a shawl whose shade contrasts effectively with the dress; a man's straw hat surmounts the head. The hair hangs down the back in two heavy braids, to which is frequently added a "switch" of cotton twine, which is popularly supposed to add to its beauty and increase its growth. The children, when small, are slung in a shawl on the mother's back, and sleep most contentedly with their heads dangling over the outer edge of their nests. No carriages are to be seen in any part of the city. One street-railroad connects with the railroad station and the main business portion of the town, about a mile distant. Everybody rides on horseback, and here, as in most Peruvian towns, the horses are all taught to pace. A horse with any other gait is at once recognized as a "Chileno." The streets are all paved with stone, and on either side is a stream of running water from the mountains, always fresh and clear. To this alone Arequipa owes much of its reputation for being the healthiest city in South America. Invalids who have been given up to die with consumption come here, and in a few months are apparently restored to perfect health. In the environs of Arequipa are several celebrated baths, all maintained at the expense of the city, and free to all. Many of them contain minerals in large quantities. One of them, known as the "Banos de Jesus," is said to be almost miraculous in its cures of rheumatic affections. The waters are hot, and chalybeate, and sulphurous.

The houses in Arequipa are built in the most substantial manner, to protect them from earthquakes. The walls are of stone, about two feet thick, and generally from one and a half to two stories high. The roofs are arched, and these are built of a sort of cement which protects them from rain and resists the shock of earthquakes better than a flat one.

The exception to the prevailing style of architecture is to be found in the churches. These have enormous spires and bell-towers of stone, which come tumbling down into the adjacent streets every time an earthquake happens. The Plaza is large, and has a handsome fountain and flower-garden in the center. The buildings on three sides of it were destroyed by the great earthquake of 1868, and the buildings are only now being rebuilt. The Cathedral stands on the North side of the Plaza, and is now in good repair, and is the largest and finest in Peru. The earthquake of '68 destroyed the towers, but these have since been replaced. The Cathedral is built of sillar-stone, which is found in great abundance in the quarries near the city; the blocks are cut and dressed at the quarries and brought in on the backs of donkeys, a block of stone about eighteen inches long by five in width and four in thickness, carried in panniers on each side, forming a load for a donkey.

In wandering about the streets of Arequipa one is struck by the large number of ruins caused by the earthquakes of former years, no attempt having been made to rebuild, except in the case of some of the churches here and there. Upon asking a citizen of Arequipa why so many houses were allowed to remain in their present wrecked condition, I was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "What is the use of rebuilding? They may tumble down again any day."

A Pretty German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. It is said they first derived the idea from the Arabs, who at certain hours of the day and night are called to prayers by the long waiting cry of the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming as it appeared to me from the heavens, I was puzzled to know its object and the sources whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its source. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air. It was like the invisible heavenly choir that enraptured St. Cecelia. A few days afterward, happening to be in the same neighborhood and at the same hour of the day, I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above, its pealing notes coming to me from some far distance like the strains of a church organ. Near me was the Stifts Kirche, an old church built in 1308, which has attached to it an immense octagon tower rising up to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Encircling this tower near the top is a balcony, on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four selections in all were played, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward, I found that this playing from the church tower had been in practice for more than a hundred years. A German lady, "once upon a time," belonging to one of the noble families bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half-past eleven to twelve at noon. The musicians for their services are paid two marks (fifty cents) a day each—a mark for the morning and a mark for the noon service—which, for walking up and down that long flight of steps in addition to playing several pieces of church music, is a small enough remuneration. Chorals are also played from another of the church towers in Stuttgart by a brass band, and also from church towers in Ludwigsburg, Rossenstein, Frederichshafen, near Stuttgart, and in others of the very old German cities and towns.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

House-cleaning—How to Best Wrestle with the Carpets.

Carpet-cleaning is always more or less of a bugbear and conundrum to ordinary, work-a-day people. Those who can afford to hire a professional carpet-lifter need no suggestions on the subject and they have but little comprehension of the outlay of strength and patience required to obtain satisfactory results by their poorer but equally godly neighbors. Outside of cities or towns, it is often impossible to find any one to do such work, and the burden falls on weary shoulders which can hardly bear the daily routine of housework when the time of house-cleaning is yet afar off. Those old-fashioned housekeepers who delight in hard work, and who *make* it for the pleasure of doing it, likewise need no suggestions.

In the first place, don't be a slave to housework and tear up carpets because it is "house-cleaning time" in your vicinity, but wait until a "convenient season"—until the weather, and health, and work, are most favorable, such days come sooner or later—and then begin gently. Some people charge a room as if it were a fort, and the noise and dust thereof remind one of the accounts of battles recorded in the Old Testament. If one pair of hands must perform the usual and extra work as well, it is almost always best to do the lamp-filling, dish-washing, etc., at the customary time, rather than leave them to be done when one is tired out. After removing everything movable in the room, begin tack-lifting, which need not be a long job if the tacks have been properly driven, viz., not quite as far as they will go. Then begin at one side and lay each breadth over on the next one to it, till the middle of the room is reached, and then begin at the opposite side of the room and proceed in the same way until both halves can be folded together. Then begin at each end of the strip and fold toward the middle until it is small enough to carry out. When taken up in this way less dust is raised to be taken into the lungs and skin of the one in the room, and the carpet is easier to handle when out of doors.

When once out of the house there are various ways of disposing of it. One little neighborhood I know of used to put all its carpets (rag) into the mill-race for a day or two. And a certain hygienic lady who ordered her ingrain carpet to be taken up and cleaned caused her servant to put it in a washtub and rub it out, much to the poor girl's sorrow and disgust. Thoroughly shaking and sunning a carpet is usually enough, and if it isn't the carpet should either be steamed by machinery or sold to the ragman.

Commonly carpets are hung upon a line and beaten—sometimes with barrel staves or boards or poles, which should never be allowed, as the stiff end, combined with the "snap" of the fabric, is sure to injure it if it does not make a hole. A carriage whip is very good for beating carpets provided one does not mind the wear on the whip. Peabush is the best of anything to whip with, as it can do no harm and covers a large surface at once. A much better way than to hang the carpet upon the line, and one quite as easy in the country, is to prepare a good bed of peabush and spread the carpet upon it and whip it. The dust falls directly out instead of merely dropping a few inches. Laying it upon clean grass and sweeping it (on both sides) is another very good way to clean a carpet when one has not the strength to hang it up. When the carpet is well beaten it should be folded again and laid in the room so that it shall fit when opened breadth by breadth.

There are different opinions as to what should be placed under a carpet to prevent its wearing. Catherine Beecher recommends straw matting because it is flat and the dust sifts through it instead of wearing the wrong side of the carpet. She also cautions against the use of hay, because it wears the carpet in spots. Besides this it has to most people an unpleasant odor, especially in damp weather. Many people use newspapers, partly because they do away with much hard scrubbing of the floor, and partly because they make the floor warmer in winter. This, however, has the disadvantage of keeping the dust next to the carpet. Partly worn matting with newspapers beneath make an excellent protection for both floor and carpet. Paper for this purpose can be obtained where carpets are sold. The carpet padding which can also be had is liable to gather dampness and is long in drying if anything is spilled on the carpet.

A good floor of contrasting woods can be put down in any room that has three-quarter inch thresholds at about the same cost as a good carpet, and with warmish clear water and a self-wringing mop can easily be kept clean, and surplus energy can be worked off by rug making, in which is displayed so much taste, not to say high art, nowadays. In the good time coming when tacked carpets are as much a thing of the past as sanded floors are to us, perhaps our descendents will be able to strengthen the weak backs and stomachs bequeathed to them from the over-taxed powers of the present generation of housekeepers. But just as long as the custom prevails of heavy carpets fitted and nailed into place, so long will the love of cleanliness cause women to sacrifice their strength—which signifies health—to their floors.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Sanitary Condition of Farm-houses.

Farmers who are about to build houses, by observing certain precautionary measures will greatly mitigate all sickness arising from malaria, such as ague or intermittent fever and neuralgia. The farm-house should be situated not only on high ground that has a dry surface, but the subsoil ought also to be dry. In a word, it should have a perfect drainage, natural or artificial. The drainage of the ground about the house is of great importance, and this should be directed away from the well that supplies the water for domestic use. A whole chapter might be written on the evils resulting from drinking water from wells that are supplied with surface water and the filtering of slop-drains, etc. In districts in near proximity to rivers, marshes or other sources of malaria, account should be taken of the direction of prevailing winds, so that the house will not be erected on the side of these malarial-producing districts to receive the malaria brought by the winds. For instance, if the prevailing winds are westerly, avoid building on the east side of a marsh or pond. While a house ought not to be densely shaded by trees, it is well, in damp localities, to plant rapidly-growing trees, because they take up much of the moisture. In malarial sections the sleeping-rooms should be at the top of the house, not on the ground floor. An observance of these and similar rules will do much toward promoting the health of a family. One word more—avoid outdoor exposure early in the morning and late at night in malarious regions; boil all the water that is used for drinking purposes, and prevent any vegetable matter from decaying in or around the dwelling.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

The Farmer's Laboratory.

The coming farmer has got to be a scientific man, and the sooner the matter is squarely faced the better for him and all his folks. The capabilities of soil are as important as the capabilities of the teams selected to work them; and the farmer who is a good judge of horseflesh, and a poor judge or no judge at all of his land, is in a sorry predicament. There are many farmers who cannot read or write, who have never heard a discussion on soils, who know nothing about phosphates, nitrogen or potash; but nevertheless have never yet failed to work any land which has been put into their care with perfect success. Notwithstanding their want of education they have been close observers, with a good memory, and have stored away in the recesses of their brain, never to be put into words, but only to be brought out in their own practice, a fund of useful knowledge as profound as the most learned professor ever dreamed of.

These men are scientific farmers in the true sense of the term; yet they cannot express themselves by any mode, only by example. Precept is beyond their powers. They never could become teachers because it would take a lifetime to show what they know, and their pupils would be superannuated before they were ready to graduate.

These home-made scientific farmers have no apparatus to perform such experiments as terra-culture calls for; no chemicals with which to test the many fallacies laid before the rural public; but only a few little grains of common sense which in a pure soil would grow such a terribly sound crop of experience.

And here lies their safety: they do not know enough to be misled by any of the many plausible theories offered them; they cannot understand them, and their brain remains unmuddled. Blessed be ignorance when so eminently useful.

There is a class of farmers coming to the front, however, who are possessed with the desire for knowledge, who have learned that in this year, 1881, "knowledge is power." These men have not the technical knowledge to enable them to use philosophical apparatus, or to cull samples, or to create combinations from the constituents of the soil on their farms, and are thus held back *from much practical knowledge absolutely* necessary to their prosperity. To this class I wish to offer a few ideas, which, if pursued, will prove extremely interesting as well as profitable.

Soils are extremely various, ranging from clay so pure as to make the best of brick down to sand so pure as to travel to and fro with every wind. Every kind of soil when acted upon by water (rain) acts as a filter. Clay allows but little of the mineral components to pass, while sand suffers all to descend to a certain depth. The various mixtures of clay and sand, the basis of all soils, arrest the fertilizing properties of liquids according as the proportion of each predominates.

Here we have the secret of profitable manuring. A clay soil will retain the fertilizing principles near the surface, and short or surface-rooted plants will find their food there when they need it. A sandy soil allows the strength of manure to wash deeper, consequently deep-rooted plants must be placed there. The exact place of retardation of the strength of a manure in any given soil, then, is a matter of great importance.

Without this knowledge crops may be put in so contrary to their requirements as to cause a general failure over the whole farm; while with it, by a mere shifting to congenial fields, every crop would have been successful.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

A Hint to Mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing for well-bred and intelligent women to make the mistake of speaking of their children in their presence as if having ears they hear not. Where is the man who can not look back to childhood and recall distinctly the delightful feeling of importance with which he thrilled as he became conscious that he was the subject of conversation? How many times their bright sayings are repeated before them in a way that tends toward undue self-esteem. "Mamma, you haven't told Cousin Libbie what I said the other day," a small boy said reproachfully to his mother, and she being reminded of it told over some very wise remarks he had made, but their charm was lost as one noted the avidity with which they were listened to by the young man himself. Sometimes the fond mother proceeds on the assumption that if she speaks in a lower tone than usual those two ever-open ears will not take in the force of her remarks. It is astonishing to see how many men and women appear to have "burned their ships behind them;" they seem to possess no power over their past; they do not appear to be able to recall anything which will bring their own childhood near enough to be of any service to them in their relations to their own children. A mother one day sitting beside a sick child told a neighbor that "she had a very bad spell about two o'clock in the morning; if we can get her past this hour without another such attack, we shall hope she will get well." I submit to every right feeling person if this was not downright cruelty; the poor, nervous child, with excited imagination, could hardly get past that hour without increased suffering. How watchful we need to be, and with what constant care we have to seek for higher wisdom to help us in the management of our children!—*N. Y. Post*

HOME AND FARM.

—Keep begonias moist, or at least where the temperature is not too dry, and they will not drop their leaves.

—Quick Pudding.—Boil some rice; when done soft, break in three eggs, half a cup of cream or milk, and flavor to suit the taste. Give it one boil and send it to the table with bits of butter on the top.

—At the first sign of gapes in your chickens, says the *New-England Farmer*, treat the patient to a bread-pill thickly coated with red pepper on a small lump of camphor. It may be necessary to repeat the dose. It is an unfailing cure.

—Home-made Crackers.—Beat two eggs very light, whites and yelks together; sift into them a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt; add a tablespoonful each of butter and lard, and nearly a tumblerful of milk; work all thoroughly together; take a fourth of the dough at a time and roll out half as thick as a milk cracker, cut in small rounds, and bake quickly to a light brown.

—The *Scientific American* finds still another use for empty cans. It recommends piercing several small, holes in the bottom and sides and sinking them in the earth near the roots of strawberry or tomato or other plants, the holes to be made of such size that when the can is filled the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. A very little care in filling the cans occasionally will keep the ground well irrigated. Tomatoes would scarcely need the watering—but the plan might prove excellent for strawberries.

—Old-fashioned Cup Custards.—In a shallow pan beat six eggs till very light, thick and smooth. Stir them gradually with the milk, together with a teacup of fine sugar. Turn the mixture into cups, set them in an oven to bake till the top is a rich golden brown, and as they cool grate nutmeg over the surface of each. The cup must be placed in an iron pan half full of warm water. They should bake in fifteen minutes. If kept baking too long they will be porous and tough, and whey will settle in the bottom.

—To Preserve Cherries.—To every pound of cherries allow one and a quarter pounds sugar, one gill of water. Select ripe cherries, pick off the stalks, and reject all that have any blemishes. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; put in the cherries, and boil them for ten minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Then turn the fruit, etc., into a pan, and let it remain until the next day, when boil it all again for another ten minutes, and, if necessary, skim well. Put the cherries into small pots, pour over them the syrup, and, when cold, fasten down tightly.

—Savory Rice.—Chop an onion very fine and fry it in butter till it be of a gold color; then stir in a teacupful of rice; let it cook in the butter for a few minutes, stirring all the time; then add one pint of good gravy and let it simmer slowly. When nearly cooked, put a little grated nutmeg, Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Mix it up well, and when thoroughly done let it stand a few minutes before the fire, and just before serving stir in a small piece more butter. Serve garnished with croquettes of any kind of meat, with stewed tomatoes or with slices of fried bacon.

—To Dry Hop Yeast.—Hop yeast cakes are made as follows: When the yeast is completely made and light it is mixed with as much corn-meal and a little flour as will make a stiff paste. This is rolled out into a cake a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into squares of about two inches thick. These are placed on a dish and kept in a warm place, but not over 100°, until they are quite dry. The warm closet of a stove or range is a suitable place, as it is necessary to dry them quickly. They are then carefully wrapped in parafline paper or tissue paper and packed in a box and stored in a dry, warm closet.

Packing Eggs.

The secret of packing eggs for importation lies in solid packing with an elastic material between the layers. Be sure, especially in the summer season, that the eggs to be shipped are not only sound, but recently laid. The motion of the cars so muddles all eggs not entirely fresh that they appear cloudy and stale, and will soon spoil if they are not already bad. Do not hold lots after they are packed; ship at once while fresh. A New York commission merchant furnishes the following directions for packing eggs for shipment: Use long, stiff barrels. Put two or three inches thickness of long, soft hay or straw evenly over the bottom of the barrel, then fine-cut straw or wheat chaff (never use oat or buckwheat chaff) to a depth of two or three inches, then a layer of eggs laid upon the sides evenly embedded in the packing, with the ends toward the barrel, but fully an inch from the staves. Cover this layer of eggs with packing to the depth of one inch, rub well in between the eggs with the hand. Place about three inches of packing material over the last layer, and then about the same quantity of long straw or hay as at the bottom, filling so high that the head must be pressed by a lever or other mechanical power. This will hold the contents so firmly that they cannot shift in the barrel. In winter guard against frost by using more packing material, leaving the eggs further removed from the packages. Never pack in new oats, straw or chaff; these will sweat and rot the eggs in a short time. Dry oats make good packing material, but are too expensive. Do not crowd too many eggs in one package. For an ordinary flour barrel from sixty-five to seventy dozen are quite sufficient. Put, say, four and a half dozen in the first layer, and increase, half a dozen to the layer, up to six and a half dozen in the two middle layers, then decrease again at the same rate. Count carefully—mark the number on the barrel. In warm weather forward the packages by express. When only a small quantity of eggs are sent, and at short distances, those may be packed in mill-board partitions, an egg in each square cell, thirty-six in a layer, resting on cardboard sheets, one above another, and the whole contained in a handy-sized packing-case. Or, with careful packing in straw and chaff, baskets may be used. When there is a sufficient quantity to fill it, a barrel makes the best package.—*N. Y. World.*

Chinese War Vessels.

A firm of English ship-builders is building two remarkable vessels for the Chinese navy. The Chinese authorities designate these two vessels as ram cruisers, and the title, though somewhat ambitious, may yet be justified. The vessels are provided with rams, which, like the hull, are of steel, and the coal-carrying capacity is equal to four days at full speed, or twenty-eight days at half speed. They are unarmored and the displacement is only 1,430 tons, while the speed is fully sixteen knots per hour. Propulsion is given by twin screws and the engines work up to 2,400 indicated horse-power. Instead of carrying only one gun, as in the previous vessels, these new ships carry two twenty-six-ton ten-inch breech-loaders, and four forty-pounder breech-loaders of the new type. Each of the big guns is lodged in a species of turret, or circular splinter-proof screen, one at the bow and the other at the stern, conferring the advantage of nearly an all-round fire. These guns take a charge of 190 pounds of powder and fire a projectile of 400 pounds, with a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, the penetrating power being equal to twenty inches of iron. A vessel of the same design has been built by the firm for another foreign government, and has been lately tried at sea, the guns firing heavy charges without any damage to the vessel or the machinery. A speed of sixteen knots per hour was maintained during a run of forty knots. These vessels will shortly be taken out to China by Chinese crews, under the command of Admiral Ting, who distinguished himself as a General in the war against the Taepings and was afterwards made an Admiral. The production of vessels capable of carrying so powerful an armament, and traveling at so high a speed, with so great a coal capacity, and yet having so limited dimensions, is a result, says the London *Times*, which can not fail to attract considerable notice.

—A woman named Blynn, residing near Forest Grove, N. J., died the other day under rather singular circumstances. Finding it necessary to have some teeth extracted, and not liking to resort to gas or chloroform, she resolved to try what virtue there was in whisky. She called upon C. K. Fish, a dentist of North Vineland, to have her teeth extracted. Before submitting to the operation however, she drank half a pint of ordinary whisky, and in a few minutes followed it with half a pint of Jersey apple-jack. This mixture of drinks produced the desired unconsciousness, during which the teeth were pulled. In a short time she revived, but only to become wild with delirium, her ravings having all the appearance of one in the last stage of tremens. Becoming exhausted, she lapsed into a semi-conscious condition, and, gradually growing weaker, in a few hours she died.

—A South Carolina plantation is to receive Chinese laborers from San Francisco by way of experiment. They are to be sent there under the watchful supervision of an overseer, who is to see to it that none of them take advantage of having their expenses paid to the Atlantic States to slip away and settle down among their countrymen in one of the larger cities. If they provo desirable laborers others will probably follow.

—A Georgia paper makes the assertion that, fifty or sixty years ago, young girls in that State ate young cotton bolls with as much avidity as they devour green plums to-day.

"I FEEL quite a tome here, how do you feel?" as the bound volume upon the library shelf said to a neighboring album. "I feel just like a book," replied the album.

DID you ever have a sort of cramped feeling in your hands, a weakness at your elbow, a slight touch of lameness in the deltoid muscle, find your clavicle and scapula working with an awful creek, the muscles and cords that brace up your spine sore, your legs a little bit uncertain and tremulous, the perspiration oozing out from every pore, and your lungs all out of "breath?" Never did. Then you have omitted to saw half a cord of wood before breakfast.

LAW PROFESSOR: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Professor: "Then, if a man enters your door and takes five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir, because that would break me."

A PLEASANT little girl: "So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes? And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looks exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

"THE fact is," said Smith melodramatically, "my heart goes out to the distressed. I am all heart." "I guess you are," remarked Fogg, more in sorrow than in anger; "I know you are always on the beat."

"I CANNOT sing the old song," shrieked an amateur soprano the other night, and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had looked in for a moment was heard to remark casually but emphatically, "You just bet you can't." It broke up the concert on the spot.

HER HAND was evidently not on good terms with soap and water, but was heavily loaded with jewelry. "By George!" whispered Fogg, "there's some rich digging over there. I should say that dirt would assay a dollar an ounce."

—Dr. Emil Holub, the distinguished African traveler and author, is a young Austrian physician, who has had a wide and exact scientific training, and who has had a longing to explore Africa from his boyhood. As soon as his education was complete he started for his field of work in as deliberate and business-like a way as if he had gone to settle down to the practice of his profession. Indeed, he simply made use of his medical knowledge to obtain the means wherewith to carry out what he seems to regard as the work of his life—the scientific exploration of Africa. He frankly tells us that he landed at Port Elizabeth with only ten shillings in his pocket; but happily he soon found friends, and his profession stood him in good stead.

—When a big fellow makes a peculiarly impertinent remark to you, and your health is, as it were, not very robust, the best plan is to take the remark home with you and gnaw on it after you are in bed. You will find an excellent exercise for the imagination in thinking of neat epigrammatic things you might have said in reply.

Get Out Doors.

The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having an abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. See another column.—*Christian Recorder.*

SUNDAY evening courting must be a hard thing to understand, for after years of experience young folks are very much in the dark about it.

Facts.

Ponder on these facts—you cannot be well or get well if your bowels and kidneys refuse to act properly. Kidney-Wort will restore their healthful action. Buy it in either the dry or liquid forms and give it a faithful trial. Druggists sell it. See adv.

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That is what the proprietors of James Cough Pellets are having. Coughs, colds and lung troubles generally, succumb every time. Pleasant and cheap. Ask for them. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

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PILLS

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Go and See the People Who Write These Letters, if possible.

TWO LETTERS FROM OHIO. DO NOT FAIL TO READ THEM.

HANESVILLE, MEIGS CO., O., July 5th, 1880.

DR. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I write this to give you an account of my case, and to ask if your medicines will do me any good.

I am forty-five years of age, and before this sickness I was a strong, healthy man. I am six feet two inches high and broad shouldered, my usual weight before my sickness being about one hundred and eighty-six pounds. The first indication I had of any disease was a slight tickling in my throat, which in a week or so developed into a hacking cough. This has continued for a long time and troubles me so much that I cannot sleep at night. I have lost my appetite, and from lack of nourishment have grown so weak that I can walk but a short distance before I am completely exhausted and obliged to lie down. I have a great deal of roaring and wheezing in my breast, which leads me to think that the bronchial tubes are all stopped up. My bowels are usually costive, and I have lost thirty or forty pounds of flesh.

Please let me hear from you soon. Your medicines are not sold in this neighborhood, but if you advise me to use them I will send to Gallpolis for them.

Yours truly,
LEVI JACKS.

HANESVILLE, MEIGS CO., O., Feb. 21st, 1881.

DR. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—Please excuse me for not writing to you before this. You will remember that when I wrote to you last July, I was very low with Consumption. As soon as I received your letter I sent for the medicines you told me to get, that is, your Mandrake Pills, Seaweed Tonic and Pulmonic Syrup, and began to use them as directed. I soon saw a marked improvement in all my symptoms, and, after using them for some time, I was entirely cured. I am now free from all pain and trouble with my lungs, and weigh more than I ever did in my life. I am very thankful to you for your attention to my case, and I do not believe that I should be alive to-day but for the timely use of your medicines. Consumption is in my family, my father having died of it at the age of forty; as well as several other members of my family. I advise all who have Consumption or any Lung trouble to use your remedies, as I believe them to be the best medicines in the world. Since my recovery, I have been told by a doctor that he did not know what was in your medicines, but that they had cured me of Consumption.

Yours truly,
LEVI JACKS.

Mr. A. B. Griffin, of Ravenna, O., says:

Some years ago I was cured of bleeding of the lungs by Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. I have since used it in my family, and recommended it to others with good results.

From Mr. Robert W. Jones, of London, Ohio.

DR. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—About four years ago I was taken sick with what my physician told me was Consumption of the Lungs. I had a bad cough, and was reduced very much in my weight. At different times, I had seven physicians of this place and also one from Bloomsburg, attending me, and although they all thought they could help me, I grew worse very fast under their treatment. I was compelled to give up all business for two years, and no one believed, nor did I myself believe, that I should ever get well. One day I happened to call at Mr. Auburn Smith's Drug Store, in this place, and picked up one of your pamphlets. In reading the certificates of cures, I found one case so nearly like my own that I at once concluded to give your Medicines a trial. I bought the Seaweed Tonic, Pulmonic Syrup and Mandrake Pills, and began their use according to the printed directions, and I can truly say, that from the first I saw a marked improvement in all my symptoms. This encouraged me to continue their use until I was entirely well. I have had good health since my recovery, and I believe your Medicines saved my life. I know of several other persons in this city that have been cured by your remedies.

Yours truly,
ROBERT W. JONES.

London, Ohio, October 9th, 1880.

From Springfield, Ohio.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Jan. 29th, 1880.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—From a feeling of gratitude and a desire to benefit others, I send you this certificate that all may know of the virtue of your remedies. For over one year my case seemed hopeless; I had night sweats, loss of appetite, a very severe cough and a complete prostration of my whole system. My physician pronounced my disease Consumption, I was reduced almost to a skeleton and all the medicines I took failed to give me any relief. I had fully made up my mind that I was incurable, when an acquaintance recommended your remedies. I had little faith in them however, having lost all hope, but in a very short time after commencing their use, I found to my great surprise that I was getting stronger and that my worst symptoms were fast disappearing. I persevered in taking them until I was restored to perfect health. I assure you that language fails to express the gratitude I feel towards you for your skill in preparing so good and great a remedy.

Gratefully yours,
CATHERINE A. STEWART.

From Mr. John G. Nothacker, of Shelby, Ohio.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir—In May, 1879, I caught a heavy cold, which gradually settled on my lungs, causing great difficulty and pain in breathing. I could not rest at night, being kept awake by coughing. The loss of sleep and appetite at last reduced me very much—from 160 pounds, my usual weight when in health, to 138 pounds. I took the prescriptions of physicians, but they did me no good. One day, while looking over the *Cleveland Herald*, I noticed that your Medicines had cured many cases that were at least as bad as mine, and so concluded to use them. They were rather slow in their action at first, but after I had used them for a couple of weeks, I saw that I was getting better; my appetite improved, the pain and difficulty in breathing was relieved, and after using eight bottles I felt that I was restored to perfect health. I soon recovered my former weight, and I have been quite well ever since. I am satisfied that I owe my recovery entirely to your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills.

Truly yours,
JOHN G. NOTHACKER,
With C. H. Asken, Shelby, Richmond Co., O.
February 21st, 1881.

From Akron, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

AKRON, OHIO, Feb. 17th, 1881.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—Having been asked by many in regard to your medicines, and the benefit I had received from them, I have concluded to give you an account of my case. In the winter of 1873 I was pronounced an incurable Consumptive by every physician of this place, as well as several in Cleveland. I had all the symptoms—cough, night sweats, great debility and loss of flesh. I was reduced in weight from one hundred and fifty pounds to eighty pounds. I had given up all hope of recovery, when I was told by Mr. James Scanlan that he had used your medicines with good effect, and he advised me to give them a trial, although I do not think he believed they would cure me, for I was so sick at this time that no one thought that I would ever get well. I thought, however, that they might give me temporary relief, and with this object I commenced to use your Pulmonic Syrup. I had not taken it two days before I felt great relief, especially in the severity of my cough. I then took the Mandrake Pills and Seaweed Tonic, and in two weeks my appetite came back, and I began to gain strength. I took your medicines for about three months. I was too sick to do any kind of work for two years. Your medicines made a perfect cure, and I have been in good health ever since. I do not know that I can say more than this, unless it be that I believe your medicines to be good, and that they will do all that you say they will do.

Yours very truly,
J. A. REILLY.

Mr. J. McGonigal, of the Empire House, Akron, Ohio, Writes Feb. 14th, 1881:

My mother was saved from a Consumptive's grave by the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines, and I advise all who are afflicted with lung disease to use them.

From Mrs. Waistlen, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was cured of Bronchitis in its worst form.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Sir—When living in Hudson City, N. J., I was very sick with Bronchitis. My condition was so bad that I was given up as a hopeless case by five of the best doctors in that city. My throat was so stopped up with phlegm and matter that it sometimes seemed as though I would choke to death. I gradually became so weak from loss of sleep and nourishment that I had night sweats every night. I could scarcely get an hour's sleep, as I coughed the whole night. When I was at the worst I went to see you. You told me that my condition was very bad, but that your medicines would cure me. I immediately commenced the use of your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills as you directed. They seemed to fit my case exactly, their action being entirely different from anything that had been given me by the other physicians.

The Syrup seemed to soothe the irritated parts and to loosen the phlegm and matter so that I could breathe easier. Soon after this my cough left me entirely, and I have had no return of it since. Yet I was very weak and had but little appetite. So I continued the use of the Tonic, which soon entirely cured me. I feel that I have not only received temporary relief but that I have been permanently cured.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ALLIE WALSTIEN.
No. 473 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

From M. Herbst of Buffalo, N. Y. —He is cured of Dyspepsia by Dr. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic—He writes under date of January 8th, 1880.

Two years ago I was very sick with Dyspepsia. Nothing I ate seemed to digest, and I very often had severe spells of vomiting on rising from my bed in the morning, and also after eating. I suffered with pains in all parts of my body. At this time I was handed one of your books on the Treatment of Consumption, Dyspepsia, etc., and finding that many cases of Dyspepsia similar to my own had been cured by your Seaweed Tonic, I concluded to give it a trial. I am glad to say that it was just the thing I needed and that after using four bottles I was perfectly cured, and have had no return of the disease since.

M. HERBST.
150 East Gennesee street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Lady of Brockport, N. Y., Cured of Chronic Liver Complaint, who, from its effects was fast going into Consumption.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer with Liver Complaint, as well as disease of the lungs. Last February I became much worse than I ever was before. Large ulcers formed on my liver, which would gather and break every two or three weeks. I was also bloated very bad. My cough was very troublesome, especially at night, and the loss of sleep and rest soon made me so weak that I could not walk. I had several quite severe hemorrhages. I was attended by some of our best doctors, but their medicines seemed to do me no good. At last one of them suggested that as a last resort I should try the effect of your remedies; and I believe that it was from taking this advice that my life was saved. I took several bottles of your Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, and also your Mandrake Pills, according to your printed directions, and I can truly say that they cured me. I have since recommended your medicines to many, and in all cases they have done all that you claim for them.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. C. A. FELLOWS.
Brockport, N. Y., January 13th, 1881.

From Bay City, Mich.—Another Case of Consumption Cured by Dr. Schenck's Medicines.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I write this to give you an account of the cure of my mother by your medicines. Six years ago, from the effects of a heavy cold, she was reduced very low with Consumption, and was pronounced incurable by her physician. She had a terrible cough, and some of her coughing spells would last so long that she would turn black in the face and often raise as much as a pint of blood at a time. When she was first taken sick she was quite stout, but from the loss of blood by hemorrhages, and loss of sleep, she was at last reduced to almost a skeleton. While in this terrible condition, I happened to read your advertisement in an Oswego, N. Y., paper, where we were living at this time. The statements of those who had used your medicines seemed so candid and reasonable that we concluded to give them a trial, and I can truly say, that by coming to this conclusion my mother's life was saved from a Consumptive's grave. She commenced by using all your remedies, as directed by you, and we soon saw a marked improvement in all her symptoms. In conclusion I will say, that she continued their use until she was entirely well, regaining her former weight and strength. Yours respectfully,

BENJ. TIFFANY.
Bay City, Mich., Nov. 10th, 1880.

☞ **Dr. Schenck's Medicines, Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are sold by all Druggists, and full directions are printed on the wrappers of every package.**

☞ **Dr. Schenck's Treatise on the Causes and Cure of Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia is sent free post paid on application.**

ADDRESS

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,

537 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

SOLD BY

STRONG, COBB & CO. Cleveland, Ohio,
Sold by MORRISON, PLUMMER & Co., Chicago, Ill.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

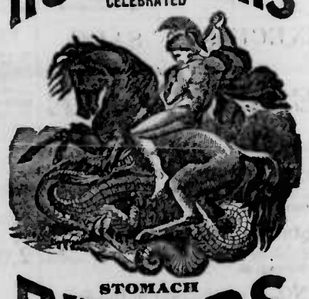

STOMACH BITTERS

The Traveler who Wisely Provides

Against the contingency of illness by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, which he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

KIDNEY-WORT

Book for Threshermen

Worth $25. For sale for 25c.

THRESHERMAN'S BOOK KEEPING,

Including all Blanks needed to make settlements with customers. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Address

The Aultman & Taylor Company,
Mansfield, Richland Co., O.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

A Good Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm, situated 3 miles south of Accident.

This farm contains 150 acres, about 90 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing. The improvements consist of a comfortable two-story dwelling house, a barn 40 by 67 feet, three good orchards of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

HENRY FEIGH,
Accident, Garrett county, Md.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THE—

STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

Road Examiner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for is to pass, viz: Beginning on the Bloomington and Kitzmiller road at the mouth of Laurel Run, and running thence, through lands of the Empire Coal Company and others, to intersect the public road leading from Kitzmillersville to the North Branch River at or near John Paugh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises, on the 22d day of June, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
HENRY WARNICK,
G. T. MICHAEL,
5 21 5 Examiners.

EXECUTORS' SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Mrs. Louisa Moffett, late of Garrett county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executors, will sell at public auction, in front of Garvey's Hotel, in the town of Bloomington,

On Saturday, the 18th day of June,

1881, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that piece or parcel of land known as

LOT NO. 6, on the Plat of the Town of Bloomington.

Said property is improved by a comfortable house, with all the necessary out-buildings, good well in cellar, and is a desirable home.

Terms made known on day of sale.

E. KEMP,
H. H. KIGHT,
6 4 3 Executors.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4 0ds Permanent Trustee.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

A Huge Concern.

The manufacturers of the Genuine Singer Machine state these facts: That they employ forty thousand persons and forty thousand horses. Have their own steamboat and locomotive transporting machines and material between New York and their immense factory at Elizabeth, N. J. The total estimate of offices throughout the world is over four thousand five hundred. Their factory covers an area of thirteen acres of ground, and every square foot is daily used. The boxing and crating shop alone cut three hundred thousand feet of lumber per month for boxing and crating machines. To drive the machinery in this enormous affair six stationary engines are required, which have the combined strength of one thousand horse power. Four hundred men are employed in the foundry, which melts up sixty tons of iron every day in the week. Just imagine a two acre field filled every day with castings for sewing machines. The necessity for this great factory is the constant demand for the Genuine Singer machine, as the following will show: In the year 1878 three-quarters of all the machines sold through out the world were Genuine Singers, and the following year they increased their sales over one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and during the year 1880 they sold over half a million Genuine Singer Machines. Still the demand is greater than the supply, as subordinate offices often have to wait for machines. To those who contemplate buying we would say: Be on the safe side and buy the Genuine Singer, and don't be humbugged with some new kind of machine that has lately come out, and has no reputation or merit whatever. If you wish a Genuine Singer [no Bogus] call on or address I. W. Slonaker, Oakland, Md, who is agent for this world renowned Sewing Machine.

N. B. Singer agents will adjust the Singer Machine whereever they find it, *free of charge*, regardless of the time it has been in use.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY.
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FOR SALE,

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
6 18 tf Oakland, Md

Estate of John Tice, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN TICE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1880.

SAMUEL BEACHY, of Jonas,
6 18 3 Executor.

DR. B. T. KELLE,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office and residence in the Osbourn house.

2 5 3m.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. For one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1e26-1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next meeting after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to examine and ascertain whether the public convenience requires the location of a county road, to begin at Frankville and run up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, then up Spring Lick to its head, then by the most accessible route to Swanton, the said petitioned road to run through the lands of Joseph R. Anderson and others.

GEO. S. LEE,
ELIJAH HOWELL,
4 28 5 SAMUEL JONES.

Money to Loan

On mortgage on real estate.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE REPUBLICAN,"

AND AID IN THE

CIRCULATION

—OF—

The Cheapest Newspaper

IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

ONLY

$1 50

PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE.

EVERY VARIETY

OF

JOB WORK

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

We desire to call the attention of Merchants, Mechanics, and Business Men generally, to our extensive facilities for the prompt, speedy and accurate execution of

FIRST-CLASS

JOB PRINTING.

We keep on hand, for printing purposes, an assortment of the best Paper, Envelopes, Cards, &c., and have one of best

JOB PRESSES

now in use, and the

ONLY ONE IN OAKLAND.

We are determined to be up to the times in everything connected with the printing business.

Address

"THE REPUBLICAN,"
Oakland, Garrett Co.' Md.

We have also a complete stock of

New Plain and Fancy Type, &c.,

of the latest styles, for all the different kinds of Job Work and can now fill all orders for

Show Cards,
Business Cards,
Circulars,
Letter-Heads,
Bill-Heads,
Legal Blanks,
Certificates,
Envelopes,
Tags,
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Posters,
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Programmes,
Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Dodgers, &c., &c.

and every description of

Plain and Fancy Printing

At the Lowest Rates.

Drop in and take a look at a

—COMPLETE—

Printing Office,

YOU WILL BE

WELCOME AT ALL TIMES.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD,
HALBERT E. PAINE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing. Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 8-tf.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.23 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. july6-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated. and Certificates for $5,000, ½ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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THE DEAD HERO.

From that inner life, from that sacred shrine,
From that purified and guarded place,
Steps my gallant boy, steps my soldier lost
With light of glory on his face.

See him as he stands, leaning on his sword,
God-like in his beauty—in his youth;
See his loving eyes—gray and steadfast eyes—
Luminous with courage and with truth.

Oh, my treasure gone! given at such cost,
Out of life and sight, but not of thought!
Does he see my joy, does he know my pride,
At the fame his youthful hands have wrought?

Like a bugle blast from the far free West,
Blown across the land he died to save,
Rings a soldier's voice, sounds a leaders praise
Honoring my hero in his grave.

Then my yearning arms, empty all these years,
Fold themselves upon a Spartan breast;
Grief by pride subdued, joy forbidding tears,
Vain regrets and longings all suppressed.

Are they held whom nations guard and keep;
So I yield him, counting not the cost,
Yield him to his country, and to sleep.

A THRILLING STORY.

A few years ago, as I was riding on an out-of-the way railroad in one of the second cars of a more prosperous road, I was very much annoyed by the incessant rattling of the car windows. 'Tis said that misery loves company, and I at last shouted my feelings on the subject to the passenger beside me—a middle-aged business looking man—who shouted back.

'Yes, it is pretty noisy, but it don't mean anything, and ain't dangerous. You probably never heard a window talk rationally, not to say intelligently?' he said.

'Not that I can remember,' said I, a little ironically. 'Did you?'

'I have,' said he, 'and as soon as we stop I will not only make a window talk, but possibly get no answer from some other window.'

When we had stopped, my neighbor touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Now let me sit by that window, and I will show you something amusing, and afterward tell you a story.'

I changed seats with him, and he, taking hold of the window, began to rattle it at a lively rate, pausing every few seconds to listen. Pretty soon I was surprised to hear a window at the other end of the car behind us rattle in the same manner.

'Now,' said the stranger, ask me a question about the back of some special person sitting behind us without either of us looking behind.'

'Well,' said I, 'describe to me the appearance of the back of the head of, say the outside passenger in the third seat behind us.'

He rattled the window and then listened to the answering window. Then he said:

'There is no person just sitting there. Try again.'

I looked and sure enough he was right. So I made it the fifth seat.

'Short black hair, parted behind, one side grey, high shirt collar and coat collar turned up. Railroad ticket in the back of his hat,' said my companion at the window.

Stepping back I found that the description was correct, one side of the man's hair being turned white, probably from disease.

'How did you do it?' I asked as I took my seat again.

"By telegraphy,' he said. 'I at first sounded the single word 'Fire!' over and over till it caught the trained ear of an operator in the other end of the car, and he telegraphed what I wanted to know. So you see that a window may rattle intelligibly.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and now about the story.

And he proceeded to relate: Ten years ago I was a telegraph operator at a small town in New Jersey, but my health failing, I gave up the situation, and taking an agency, traveled westward until I reached San Francisco. While there I took a fancy to visit a mining region, so selecting suitable goods to sell to miners, I went and satisfied my curiosity, made a little money and was returning in a stage-coach, when the incident I am about to relate occurred.

There were besides myself three inside passengers; an old man of sixty, and two roughly dressed men, apparently miners. These two men sat at opposite ends of the coach, not appearing to know each other, while the old gentleman and myself sat close together. I noticed that the old gentleman had a tin or iron box between his legs which he seemed anxious to keep out of sight.

After a short conversation with him on all subjects I allowed myself to drift gently into a doze and while in that condition my ear, trained as it was to the intelligent sound of the telegraphic instrument, caught a rattle, tic, tic, which resolved itself into the following words:

"Bill, the young one is going to sleep and I will tend to him while you pitch the old one out over the precipice when I make the signal, and secure the box.'

I was now wide awake as if I had been 'called' by an operator to receive a message; but I pretended to be still dozing, while I listened intently. Then I heard the window rattle and it read—

'All right, Bob. We will be to the Big Jump in twenty minutes and then give the word and out he goes.'

Taking a curious look from between my eyelids I saw that one of the villians was telegraphing by vibrating a knife blade between his teeth, while the other used the window for that purpose, neither of them appearing to notice each other.

I knew the precipice to which he referred, a terrible place where a miner had once jumped off in a fit of despair at his bad luck, from which it was known as the Big Jump. How to communicate to the old gentleman I was at a loss to determine; but finally I took out a newspaper and underscored the words, in a lengthy editorial, which if read consecutively, would read 'Be cautious, sir. These two villians here intend to murder and rob us in ten minutes. When I arise you attack the one with the moustache and I will take the other. Kill if necessary.'

I then handed the paper to the old gentleman, saying: "Have you read this, sir? It's a most excellent editorial.'

He took the paper, put on his glasses, and commenced to read. Soon the underscored words drew his attention and he began to study them. Then I saw him grow pale and feel for his box with his foot. Handing me back the paper he said significantly:

"Do you believe that, sir?"

'I know it to be true, sir,' I said.

'Horrible!' said he, slipping his hand in his breast pocket, a stern look coming in his face as he added: 'I believe that I'd feel like shooting some one.'

I saw I had a man of courage to help me, so I cared little for the villainous smile which his remark brought to one of the ruffians' face. I saw we were near the Big Jump and were going down a steep grade at a lively rate when one of the villians telegraphed. 'Now!'

The next minute I was on him, knocking him senseless with my revolver. The old gentleman did equally as well, the ruffians being taken completely by surprise at our sudden attack. We had passed the precipice now, and calling the driver to stop, he and one outside passenger helped to bind our prisoners, whom we left inside, while we climbed to the top. But when we arrived in Sacramento we found that the robbers had released each other and dropped out along the road.

The old gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Stamford, a Sacramento banker, and insisted on my accepting the hospitality of his home, saying that I had saved his life and a large amount of money. I consented and was driven with him to his handsome residence on the outskirts of the city, where I was introduced to his wife and two daughters.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that I never hear a window rattle without thinking of the warning it gave me.

A Nevada Story.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, or sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more of life and feeling than it had ever before been accredited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability.

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders and the operation had "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it threw out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in Summer when teased. This odor so filled the air and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived. It is probably needless to add that the whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.

Faithful Mary Burt.

About fifty years ago a prepossessing young woman appeared suddenly in a small mountain village near Asheville, North Carolina, and obtained work in a farmer's family. She called herself Mary Burt, but gave no further clue to her origin. Her tasks were so skilfully performed and she could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well that she became a village favorite. Fifteen years later the mystery surrounding her was forgotten. Having declined more than one good offer of marriage, she settled down as a good-natured old maid, became the benificent "aunt" of the neighborhood, and was finally pursuaded to take charge of a country school near by. After several years of teaching her whole character seemed to change. She became moody, melancholy, and fond of solitude. Purchasing a lovely and lonely spot among the mountains, she had a rude log hut built, and there she lived without any companionship but that of her dog, cat, cow and chickens. Her only book was the Bible, and this she nearly learned by heart.

The publication of this woman hermit's story in the Asheville *Citizen* not long ago brought a solution of the mystery. The article was copied into a Vermont paper, and attracted the notice of Robert Fletcher, a prominent citizen of that State, and Fletcher soon after visited Asheville, sought the editor of the *Citizen*, and together they went to Miss Burt's house. The hermit did not recognize the Vermonter, but she soon learned that he was her old lover. A mistake had kept them apart for half a century, but when Fletcher left Asheville a few days later, Mary Burt Howe, for that was the hermit's full name, accompanied him as his wife.

When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young they were engaged to be married. The young woman fancied her lover was attached to another girl, however, and suddenly left her home in Maine. Going to Boston, she shipped as stewardess on a ship bound for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked on the North Carolina coast, and after many adventures at sea in an open boat and among friendly Indians on land, Miss Howe found her way to civilization. Robert Fletcher traced his runaway sweetheart to the ship on which she sailed, and hearing of the loss of the vessel, always mourned her as dead till the North Carolina paper gave him a happy surprise.—*Springfield Republican.*

How to Prevent Drowning.

Mr. Harry McCormac communicates to a London scientific journal the results of some careful investigations as to the best means of preventing drowning. As the season for seaside bathing is at hand, which means for many the drowning season, Mr. McCormac's study of this subject is timely. The great resource of any one getting into water beyond his depth who cannot swim is to imitate the motions of a dog and other brutes, which, not even the household cat excepted, take to water on occasion and sustain themselves perfectly well without any prior experience whatever. "The brute in the water," says this writer, "continues to go on all fours, and the man who wishes to save his life and cannot otherwise swim must do so too, striking alternately one-two, one-two, but without hurry or precipitation." The great peril of persons unable to swim and suddenly entering deep water is paralysis of muscular power from fright, and Mr. McCormac is not far from the truth when he says: "Nothing is less difficult, whether for man or brute, than to tread water, even for the first time." The mere knowledge of this fact might in some cases inspire those wholly lacking in natatorial experience with that confidence which is one of the best safeguards against drowning. The rule to "tread water when you find yourself beyond your depth" and to "float when you are tired" is certainly simple enough and practicable enough to be tried in an emergency.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Women in Peru.

The Peruvian ladies do not work; they consider labor disgraceful. Yet they are generally occupied. They rise early, take a cup of tea, and go to mass. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black, and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt is sometimes seen a little below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the *manta* is thrown over the head, falling gracefully down almost to the bottom of the skirt, and gives them a charming appearance; for it may conceal many defects of a face that is not handsome, and it sets off to advantage the charms of a beautiful face. A lady never goes out alone in Lima; two or three go together, and a black woman servant walks behind. Young girls are carefully escorted by their friends wherever they go, and are never permitted to see persons of the opposite sex alone. All the matches are made by older people, and so effectually is this done that the ladies all marry, and none are divorced. The subject of dress claims most of their time and attention; their ball dresses and opera and *soiree* suits are magnificent. Their boots especially are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvian. The ladies are not very intelligent, and care little for music or books. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn twenty when they begin to fade. One thing always lasts with them, and that is their gait. Their movements are gliding and graceful, and the same is true of the men. On the street they never jostle each other. Their manners are excessively courteous; but their conversation amounts to little, being chiefly gossip about domestic affairs.

A Story of Rufus Choate.

In order to counteract the odious reputation arising from the many modes of thwarting and defeating justice in the interest of debtors and of delay, certain judges conceive themselves to be inspired by a divine mission for "dispatching business," which reminds one of the celebrated dialogue between a Chief Justice of Massachusetts and Mr. Choate:

Chief Justice—You must be brief, Mr. Choate; the calendar is long, and I have a great many cases to dispose of. State your points briefly.

Choate—If your honor has not time to hear me without condensing my argument before it is made, I prefer to wait until I can make it in full.

Chief Justice—I have time to hear you, but you must be brief.

Choate—But I wish to be heard in full, and cannot afford to be brief.

Chief Justice—Mr. Choate, you are aware that I sit here this morning for the dispatch of business.

Choate—Indeed! Then I ask to have this argument postponened until your honor is ready to sit for the administration of justice.

A Cannon to Shoot Ten Miles.

The making of the patterns for the Lyman-Haseell accelerating or multi-charge gun, at the Scott foundry of the Reading, Pa., iron works, has begun. The gun will be twenty-five feet long and have a bore six inches in diameter. Along the bore four pockets will be located, in each of which a charge of powder will be placed, with the view of accelerating the speed of the ball after it leaves the chamber of the gun and during its progress through the bore. Experts who have seen the drawings and have given the subject of the manufacture of heavy ordnance a study have expressed the opinion that the gun will throw a ball a distance of ten to twelve miles, whereas five miles is a good range for the best cannon. The charge of powder will be 130 pounds, and the weight of shot 150 pounds. It is calculated that a shot from the gun will penetrate through two feet of solid wrought iron.

An Ornamental Carp Pond.

Mr. A. A. Wright, of North Griffin, Ga., has a pond covering nearly an acre, in which there are now not less than a million of carp, ranging in size from the tiny ones to those twenty-three and twenty-four inches in length. It is supplied with water from a large cold spring that bubbles up in the centre and from other springs conveyed to the pond by underground pipes. Water from the pond is forced by a powerful ram all over the owner's residence, also supplying a large fountain. Two large weeping-willows stand near the centre on two small islands. The pond is surrounded with magnolias and weeping-willows, and on the surface of the water bloom the beautiful yellow water lilies, yellow lotus, curcutian recurruta, calladium, essulantams, and a variety of other ornamental aquatic plants. The spot is said to be one of the most lovely places in Spalding county.

The reasons given by persons for committing suicide are as diverse as they are generally foolish. An Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

When a small boy came to the owner of the trout-hatching establishment at a certain country summer resort and wanted to buy about one hundred fair-sized trout, the owner was surprised and wanted to know what the lad proposed to do with 'em. And the boy explained: "I want to get money for a base-ball suit, and if I take the trout and contrive to meet on the edge of town those city chaps that I saw starting out with poles this morning, I reckon the profits will be enough to do it." and the man said: "Sonny, you'll get along in the world and grow up to be a nabob. You know what's what."

The New York *Tribune* directs attention to the fact that "the Republican is the only party in this country that has ever washed itself. Other parties have been defeated, taken by force out of office, and ducked under the pump of public exposure. The Democrats can inform us from personal experience how that operation feels. But the Republican party has been exposing its own knaves, and holding them up to the light, and publicly washing its hands of them, ever since it assumed the responsibilities of government."

A successful jockey in England gets a larger salary than most professional men in that or this country. Archer, who rode Iroquois in winning the Derby, received $5,000, which is more than many a hard-working minister's salary for a year, though he rode the race in less than three minutes. Archer has probably been more talked about in England during the past week than Mr. Gladstone or the Prince of Wales, and his appearance on the street would cause more enthusiasm among his admirers.

A political economist found a poor fellow who had been arraigned for stealing sheep, and looking at him with pitiful glance said philosophically: "You ought to have known that to deliberately steal a sheep is a great crime, which there is no earthly necessity to perpetrate. Why didn't you just buy the sheep and not pay for it. That would have simplified matters and saved you from prison."

Congressman Speer, (Independent Democrat,) of Georgia, says he is going to vote with the Republicans on the organization of the next House. He is a young man, full of fire and snap, and has on several occasion shown his contempt for Bourbonism. He expects to get as complete a racket as did Mahone, when he left the Bourbon camp.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A FLOWER FANCY.

Some flowers are like faces of friends that died;
This lily, that's pure as a flower can be,
Sets sail a thought on memory's tide;
And down from the past it drifts to me,
A thought of a face with a lily's grace,
In it's pure, white beauty of youth. Ah me!
Where it used to be there's a vacant place,
And the face like a lily I no more see.

Here is a rose. I am thinking now
Of a face as sweet in the days gone by,
With the sun of life's June on its cheek and brow,
And its light in the depth of it's loving eye.
Oh, beautiful face, I shall not forget;
I see you again in the roses here,
And think, while my eyes grow dim and wet,
The happy dead do not need a tear.

I catch the odor of Mignonette,
And a face from the fragrance looks at me;
Oh, dear old friend, I remember yet
The faithful face I'd be glad to see;
Though it lacked the beauty that others wear,
A heart right royal beneath it beat,
And, shining through, made the features fair;
Dear, plain little flower, you are wondrous sweet!

And here is a violet fair and shy,
With the spell of the spring-time captive here
In its yellow heart, and I think, with a sigh
For the sweetest blossom of all the year,
Of a face like the flower, with violet eyes,
And hair a-tangle on neck and brow;
Away on the hillside of Paradise
The face like a violet's shining now.

And here is a snow-drop, dainty and white,
A delicate creature of frost and air;
A face looks out of the flower to-night,
The face of a child that is strangely fair;
And I think with tears of the babe whose years
Were only two when she went away;
Oh, the flower that the angels took from me,
Fair in the Garden of God to-day!

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Vick's Magazine.*

THE BIBLE.

History of the Manuscripts Upon Which It Is Founded.

The appearance of the seventh revision of William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, made three hundred and fifty years ago, is the most noteworthy literary event of the day. The vast and increasing popularity of this book is significant. During the present century about 122,000,000 copies have been issued by the three leading publication societies of England, Scotland, and America. The demand increases each year, for these societies now print over 3,950,000 copies annually. Even this number is inadequate to supply the popular demand, as is shown from the supplementary issue of several hundred thousand copies more by scores of large publishing houses in these three countries.

Various schemes toward a revision or retranslation of the New Testament have been put forward during the last hundred years. In 1764 Anthony Purver, a Quaker, issued a new translation, designed to remove the "obsolete, uncouth and clownish" expressions of the authorized version; and his work had some merit. Four years later Harwood produced a translation, made, as he announced, "with freedom, spirit, and elegance," the bathos of which is indicated by a single sample, Luke xv., 11: "A certain man had two sons," is spread into, "A gentleman of splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons." Three revised versions were issued in the last decade of the eighteenth century, but failed to secure more than transient public notice. Dr. John Bellamy issued a mediocre translation in 1818, and Dr. Conquest's Bible, with its many thousand corrections, followed it in 1841. Since then the discussion has grown in interest and vigor. A number of revisions of single portions have been put forth, and a few of the whole New Testament, the most ambitious of which was that of the American Bible Union in 1862.

Since 1856 efforts have been made at different times to have the work of revision taken in hand by representatives of the English Church; but the motions to this effect, whether in ecclesiastical convocations or in the House of Commons, came to naught. But the public demand grew apace.

While the general current of discussion is turned upon these, it is also interesting to notice the explorations and discoveries by paleographists which have furnished to the great libraries of Europe the ancient copies that are appealed to as authorities for the changes now made, and to sketch the changes in the book world during the fifteen centuries since these antique manuscripts were first written. The revolution in the business of book-making in general and the changes of form and material in the Christian scriptures are brought into prominence with the publication of a volume which appeals for the authority to make its corrections to the times and the books so long antecedent to the discovery and the use of printing.

There is little probability that the identical leaves on which the apostles and evangelists wrote were long in existence. They were doubtless in active use while they remained in the hands of the Christians who first received them, and were soon worn out. The material on which the Gospels and epistles were written was undoubtedly the papyrus—paper which is alluded to in the twelfth verse of the second letter of John, which we have already seen to be very fragile and perishable. Of course it is within range of possibility that veritable pages once traced by the hand of an apostle may still remain, decaying undiscovered in some obscure spot; for we have many papyrus pages, from buried cities and ancient tombs, of greater age than these would possess. But it is not at all likely that the apostolic autographs were in existence more than a few generations. Jerome remarks of a library in Cæsarea that its papyrus manuscripts had partly perished in less than a single century. If this was true of books carefully preserved in a library, it would be much more likely to be the case with autograph letters passing from hand to hand and from church to church.

The most ancient Scripture manuscripts now in existence are not only copies, but copies of copies at the third or fourth remove.

In ancient times copying was a distinct profession or business, as printing now is. There were great centers of the copying business, and books were much more largely multiplied than many have supposed in modern times. The fact that the pursuit was a business followed by many for a livelihood conduced to accuracy in the work. For men were, of course, paid in proportion to the neatness and faithfulness of their books. This made a powerful motive to fidelity.

But there were also many amateurs in the work. Nobles, persons of rank, others of a retiring literary disposition, gave much time to the transcription of books.

In the case of the Christian Scriptures another very effective motive was added. It was long esteemed a meritorious religious act to transcribe a part or the whole of the Bible. Bishops, nobles and princes often employed themselves on the Scriptures as a religious duty, and esteemed themselves happy in aiding the good work of multiplying the sacred books.

But after a while the business of copying was almost entirely transferred to the monasteries. Each religious house had its scriptorium, or copying-room, and its scribes, who gave their time regularly and industriously to an employment better suited than any other that can be imagined to the rules and usages of monastic life. The churches, libraries and convents of Asia Minor, the islands of the Ægean and Eastern Mediterranean were rife with copyists. The multitude of religious establishments on the sides of Mount Athos, the monasteries of the Morea, Calabria, Western Europe and the British Islands contribute large numbers of manuscripts.

During the last century extensive explorations were made throughout Europe and the East in these old monasteries, and the collections have been large and invaluable. Undoubtedly many important Scripture manuscripts remain undiscovered, or are inaccessible because of the unwillingness of their present owners to part with them.

Of late European scholars have found far more difficulty in purchasing Scripture manuscripts from Eastern convents than formerly. The monks, though unable to use them, have a superstitious reluctance to parting with them, which is probably stimulated by the evident desire of scholars to secure these decaying books and place them on the safer and more useful shelves of European libraries.

At Cairo, in the library of the patriarch of Alexandria, there are five copies of the Gospels, ranging from six hundred to nine hundred years in age, with three copies of the Acts and Epistles. The patriarch of Jerusalem has at least seven ancient manuscripts of the Gospels. In the monastery of the Holy Sepulcher, at Jerusalem, there are known to be at least twenty-four copies of different portions of the New Testament.

The gloomy convent of Mar Saba lies in a wild and rocky ravine between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. This strange group of buildings is placed in a situation of singular grandeur, clinging to the steep sides of the precipices, springing from the sharp points of the rocks and connected by a labyrinth of covered galleries and narrow stairways. The deep chasm below, down into which the buildings seem about to plunge, is shrouded in gloom. The massive and heavily buttressed walls are surmounted by a stately square tower commanding the strong iron gate which is the principal entrance.

The large dome of the church, which is very solidly built, rises from the point of the rock. Within the church a traveler who was there forty years ago climbed a rickety ladder rising about ten feet to a small door, which opened into a square closet hollowed out from one of the great buttresses supporting the walls. This was the library. He found there about a thousand old manuscript books, many enormous folios, a copy of the first eight books of the Old Testament, and a Bulgarian volume in ancient letters. Since then visitors have experienced great difficulty in getting permission to see the library. It is, however, known that the monks hold at least twenty-three manuscripts of portions of the Bible, some of them nearly a thousand years old. They are in wretched keeping and condition, some of them falling into rapid decay in the old lumber-room, miscalled the tower library. But they are tenaciously retained and left to fade and pass away untouched by their present keepers.

The little island of Patmos, rugged and bare, rises to a commanding height at its southern end, which is crowned by the celebrated monastery of "St. John the Divine." Here was once a great library, which contained until lately over 600 more or less valuable manuscripts. Of these only about 200 remain, among them five ancient Gospels, two copies of the Acts and Epistles, one of the Apocalypse, and a number of interesting Greek Church service books dating variously between the tenth and fourteenth centuries. The patriarch of Jerusalem, at Constantinople, has at least seven ancient Gospels, some of which were once brought to England by Mr. Carlyle, but had to be restored in 1817. There are known to be over two hundred of these antique Bible manuscripts in the different Oriental monasteries of Turkey.

The number of the Christian Scriptures transmitted to us by the industry of these ancient copyists is remarkable. Notwithstanding the vast mass of Scripture manuscripts which have perished, and without considering those yet to be recovered from unexplored localities, we have many more ancient copies of the Bible in Greek than of all the writers of classical antiquity together. A law of the Jewish Talmud, commanding the destruction of any synagogue roll as soon as it became torn or imperfect through age, has deprived us of Hebrew copies of the Old Testament older than the tenth century. But we have two Greek Bibles, undoubtedly copied more than fifteen hundred years ago, and several written within a century later. From that time the number of our copies increases so rapidly that they are counted first by scores then by hundreds.

The libraries of Europe now contain nearly two thousand ancient copies of the Bible, entire or fragmentary. Of these more than a hundred are written in the antique uncial letters. Every year adds to the number by its new gains. Since the wonderful discovery of the Sinai Bible, by Tischendorf, we may well suppose that other copies of Scripture, as antique and as precious, may yet be found buried in the decaying monasteries of the East.—*Chicago Times*

—The net cost of 1,000 cubic feet of gas of sixteen candle power, the price of coal being $4.50 per 2,000 pounds, is not over 62 cents.

Reminiscences of Colonel Scott.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott died worth about $13,000,000. He might have been much richer had he cared to be so. But he was in the habit of saying that $10,000,000 were quite enough for any one man to possess, and rather too much for any one to leave to his heirs.

Colonel Scott's administrative and executive abilities, were of the first order. He knew how to do everything himself, and he inspired his subordinates with his own energy and belief that whatever was necessary was possible. He possessed in a remarkable degree the affection of his subordinates and associates, and he had a way not only of making friends but of keeping them.

Simon Cameron early learned to appreciate his abilities, as also did President Lincoln in the spring of 1861, when the outbreak at Baltimore severed railroad communication between Washington and the Northern and Eastern cities. Cameron, who was then Secretary of War, telegraphed to Scott that "a man of great energy and decision with experience as a railway officer" was needed to restore the broken communications, and that he was just the man for the place, and he fully justified Cameron's high opinion of him, for before the President and the country fairly realized the nature of the work, a new railway line between Washington and Philadelphia, by way of Annapolis, was opened, and troops from New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were pouring in for the defense of the Capital. For this he was made Colonel of the District of Columbia Volunteers, and subsequently Chief of all Government railways and telegraphs and Assistant Secretary of War.

Colonel Scott's personal bravery was as great as his energy. As an illustration of this the story is frequently told by the employees of the Pennsylvania road how he ran a train loaded with ammunition into Antietam just before the battle there. He took charge of the train himself and ran it so fast that the wheels of both cars and locomotive began to smoke, much to the alarm of the brakemen. He would not stop, however, until the army was reached, despite the danger.

He was married twice. His first wife was a Miss Mulison, of Columbia, Pa., and they began housekeeping when his salary was fifty dollars a month. After her death, more than twenty years ago, he married Miss Anna Riddle, daughter of the editor of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Commercial*. He had two children by each, the elder in each case being a boy and the younger a girl. Those by his second wife are respectively eight and six years old.

Colonel Scott, like many other Philadelphians, was never lacking in public spirit. He was ever ready both with his time and money to serve his fellow-citizens. His connection with the public works of the Quaker City was ever honorable, and in one case at least quite remarkable. When a new bridge was to be built over the Schuylkill River in 1875 he undertook the contract to have it ready at a certain time and at a certain price. He turned it over to the authorities a month sooner than was required, and subsequently he repaid to the city a large percentage of the contract price, explaining that the work had not cost so much as he anticipated.

Colonel Scott held the following offices during his life: Collector of Canal Tolls at Columbia, Pa., Chief Clerk in the office of Collector of Tolls at Philadelphia, General Agent of the Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, General Superintendent of the same road, Vice-President of the company, Colonel of the District of Columbia Volunteers, Chief of Government Railways and Telegraphs, Assistant Secretary of War, Colonel and Assistant-Quartermaster on General Hooker's staff, Chief of Transportation, President of the Pennsylvania Company, President of the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, President of the Union Pacific and the Atlantic & Pacific Railroads, and Director of the Southern Railway Security Company.—*New York Graphic.*

The Profit of the Revision.

The question has been asked again and again: Where do the profits of sales of the revised New Testament go? There is no Bible Society or Missionary Association to profit thereby, but after paying expenses, which by the English Committee are given as $100,000 for work thus far done on both Testaments, all other profits go to the University Press publishers, who at the outset in lieu of the copyright guaranteed all expenses to the revisers there. The American Committee, however, do not receive and will not get one cent. Their expenses, not for labor, but for travel, correspondence, stationery, etc., have been paid by private subscriptions up to this time. The profits must be very great if the Oxford publishers have already sold, as reported, 2,000,000 copies. But this number includes the 500,000 sent to this country. The different styles are sold cheaper in the United States than they are in England, Canada and the colonies, because of the lack of international copyright here. For example, the very popular twenty-cent edition sold here in New York sells in London and Quebec for twenty-five or thirty cents, and the higher-priced copies are proportionally increased.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mrs. Langtry.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Times* says: Mrs. Langtry was thoroughly mobbed by a well-dressed crowd at the Royal Academy the other day. The famous beauty, with her party, entered the exhibition through the last instead of through the first room, and as there were comparatively few people in this part of the galleries her presence was at first not noticed. Soon, however, the word went round to the principal rooms, which were at the time inconveniently crowded, and a general move was made to meet Mrs. Langtry, with the result that the doorways got completely choked up, and people were pushing each other backward and forward as if they had been a mere commonplace crowd, instead of one composed exclusively of superior persons. Mrs. Langtry is, however, well used to being stared at, and bore the infliction with great equanimity, though I fear she saw very little of the pictures.

—It is estimated that there are now 10,000 Americans in Rome, Italy.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Toledo has a skewer factory which made and sold 45,000,000 skewers last year.

—Tobacco smoke contains about eight millilitres of carbonic oxide per 100 grains burnt.

—A Cincinnati paper says that there are over five hundred men in that city studying and making experiments with electricity, with a special view to utilizing it as a light.

—Cases of tetanus and trismus are said to have been successfully treated by Dr. Sporer, who merely applied to the nape of the neck and along the spine of the patient large pieces of flannel dipped in hot water of a temperature just bearable to the hand.

—An immense galvanic battery, consisting of 14,400 cells of chloride of silver and zinc elements, has been constructed for use in the lectures at the Royal Institution, London. The charging of the battery occupied three persons a fortnight.

—Dr. William James, the Harvard Professor and brother of Henry James, Jr., has been giving practical talks to the students on physiology and hygiene. As to the vexed question whether alcohol is food or not, the Professor thinks that it takes the place of food by temporarily reducing the normal demand for it, but that "this effect is not desirable" or consistent with perfect health.

—A special committee of the English Institution of Mechanical Engineers have set forth the following explanation of the hardening of steel: Referring to the generally held opinion that ordinary steel contains a certain proportion of occluded gases consisting of hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic oxide, they suggest that the application of heat expels these gases through minute fissures, and that sudden cooling shuts the door, so to speak, to the re-entrance of these gases, and perhaps forces out what of them may remain in the metal, thus rendering it harder and denser than before. When the metal is reheated the gases are reabsorbed, and the various changes it undergoes in consequence are indicated by variations in color.

—The Agricultural Department has received samples of jute fibre prepared by American machinery from green stems grown in Virginia. It satisfactorily solves the problem that has engaged the attention of the Department for over ten years. The fibre is largely used in the manufacture of gunnybags, paper, ropes, carpets, bagging, and oilcloths. It will be impossible to glut the market with it, as its use is so diversified and essential. The plant can be successfully grown in any section south of New York. For several years it has been raised in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Virginia. To clean and prepare the fibre by hand for market is a slimy and profitless business, and the American laborer in this work could not compete with the women, children, and other cheap labor of the East Indies. A machine to do the work was essential to make the cultivation of jute a success on American soil. The Commissioner is satisfied that such a machine has been invented.

PITH AND POINT.

—Assessors have a way of finding out how poor a man is.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The best thing for a boil, about these days, is a nice bunch of asparagus.—*New Haven Register.*

—Time to plant dogmuzzles.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Better plant the dogs, and you will have a doggone sure thing of it.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—The Western Indians have a green corn dance. If it is anything like the green apple dance that white men indulge in, there can't be much fun in it.—*Boston Post.*

—For simply trying to get ahead in the world a poor little Philadelphia boy was sent prison. He stole a head of cabbage.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—An epicure is a man who knows what is good to eat, and who talks about his food incessantly. All an epicure needs is bristles, and then he could be classed at a glance.—*New Haven Register.*

—"The Bible says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself,'" the parson remarked; "but of course we must not take this literally. If you manage to love your neighbor one-hundredth part as much as you do yourselves, many of you, it will be all that can reasonably be expected of you."—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is remarkable how many things will explode—bottles of catsup, doughnuts, soda water fountains, boilers, roast potatoes, and now man. At least, we read in a novel that "Eugenie's father, upon hearing this, exploded with indignation." This should teach fathers never to fool with indignation!—*Norristown Herald.*

When to Use Gestures.

A writer in the *Golden Rule* rebukes the tendency to a gushing and over-fine style in literature as well as in oratory, and emphasizes a useful hint as follows:

A young lady in France, placed under the tuition of (we think) Madame Clairon, was constantly offending her teacher by excessive action with her arms. She was in the habit of flinging them about in a supererogatory way which tore passion to tatters, "in Ercles vein."

After many admonitions, the lady resolved to tie her pupil's hands to her sides with a piece of string.

"Now," said the girl, "I can't move them at all!"

"Go on with you part," kindly replied the other, smiling.

And go on she did, with elocution all the better for action the less. At last, on reaching the climax of her part, her excitement nerved her little wrists, she burst the strings and, as your charwoman would phrase it, she "gestulated" with great vehemence. When it was over, she apologized, with tears in her eyes, saying she really "could not help it." To her surprise, her instructress praised her action this time.

"That, *mon enfant*, is what we want. Reserve your vehement displays of feeling till you can not help making them, and they will be both appropriate and successful."

Surely the lesson is a large one. Quiet energy, with readiness to strike the iron when (but not before) it is hot, is the secret of success in most undertakings

Summer Fashions.

No one need be anxious as to whether she is "dressed in the fashion" or not this summer. Actually there are no arbitrary styles. Each lady dresses herself and her children according to her own ideas of what is beautiful, fit and becoming, regardless of any but general rules. Of course, if her bonnets are large, they are neither the Dunstables nor calèches of forty years ago, but they may be Gainesboroughs, pokes, gypsies, coal-scuttles, Mother Hubbard, or Quaker shapes, and trimmed just as she chooses; and if they are small bonnets or hats they may be Fanchons, bebe, turban, cottage, Normandy, Glengary, or Scotch caps or bonnets, or they may wear a Derby or a sailor, a Panama or a Fayal, a Leghorn or porcupine straw at pleasure, and according to her age and the occasion. The capote and the empire bonnets are also much worn, with broad, soft strings tied under the chin or under the chignon, as taste or fancy may dictate.

Some very pretty bonnets are made of steel lace. This lace, it will be remembered, is not glittering, but possesses a sufficiently metallic luster to make it dressy and bright. Such bonnets, adorned with bright-colored flowers and feathers and colored ribbon or surah strings, wide, soft and long, make a unique style of coiffure for carriage, theater and ceremonious visiting wear, but the effect is too striking for general use. This caprice can not last long, and ladies who can afford only two or three hats or bonnets are not advised to have one of them of steel lace.

Among the prettiest materials for inexpensive spring and early summer suits are the checked and hair-lined cashmeres of light quality, with self-colored cashmeres to match for combining in the suit. More expensive cashmere nuns' veilings and other light wool fabrics come in dress patterns of twenty yards—sixteen of plain material, and four of Bayadere striped stuff for trimmings. To be more explicit, when the four yards of striped stuff are cut up into trimming bands, there are five yards of narrow striped bands for the waist and fifteen yards of wide striped bands for the skirts. Tall ladies make the stripes up to form horizontal lines or diagonal trimmings, while the more *embonpoint* trim the dress in longitudinal or slightly oblique lines. A plate accompanies each pattern, showing how the dress is to be made. Of course, the same effects can be produced in cheaper goods, either woolen or silk, or in combinations of the two materials.

Louisine silks are selling for seventy-five cents a yard, mostly in dark plain colors and black. These Louisines are hair-lined in a delicate twilled stripe. They are exceedingly soft and crushable. Some are changeable or shot, being woven in two shades of color. Other inexpensive silks are the Tussores, bright and gay printed India pongees; intended for parts of costumes to be combined with plain or self-colored pongees. Checked summer silks and silks in "jasp" or broken check patterns are also at very low figures this season, varying from forty-five cents up to seventy-five cents. These make beautiful, inexpensive costumes for demi-toilet, and, when trimmed with bright striped Bayadere or ombre silks, are very dressy for misses in their teens.

Plain pongees, trimmed with embroidered bands, are worn by women of refined and fastidious tastes. Other pongees, with small dots or stars in dark color and black, are scarcely less in demand. Such dresses are used for morning robes and traveling costumes by the wealthy conservative woman whose tastes have been formed under the standards of traditional dress usages.

Gloves are a feature in fashion this summer. No short, absolutely short, gloves are worn. All gloves and mits have long wrists. Buttonless gloves are preferred. The Swedish and Tyrolese undressed kids are most favored by fashion, but the extreme heat of our summers renders the wearing of Lisle thread or silk gloves and mitts a necessity in the warmest weather. These come in all the new shades of color, condor browns being the favorite, through the tans, grays, ecrus, and creams, and also in black and white. The wrists are half long, long, and extra long. The extra long glove reaches above the elbow, the long glove to the elbow, and the medium is about the length of a four or five-button kid. Both the Lisle thread and the silk glove in this style come at very reasonable prices, say from seventy, eighty, and ninety cents for the shorter lengths up to a $1.25 for the extra longs. The fit and finish of these gloves are very fine. The silk mitts, in all shades of color, black and white, are also brought out in the same lengths, and priced from sixty-five cents upward to a $1.25. The line lace mitts of course come higher, ranging from $1 up to $25, or even $50 when of the finest quality and extra length. In this connection it must be remembered by our readers that, all sleeves being made half or three-quarters long now, the wearing of half-long gloves is indispensable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Chinese Beds.

There are two kinds of Chinese beds, and both are arranged for a complete shutting in by means of hanging curtains and tapestry. The expensive kind is like a sort of cage, having a flat wooden roof just the size of the bed proper, supported at a height of eight feet from the floor on four corner posts and two intermediate ones. Then there is a sort of frieze or entablature work running around horizontally above and below, so that when you are in bed you are safely penned in a sort of cage and cannot possibly tumble out. The carving on these beds is sometimes very rich and they cost much; but the ordinary and cheaper kind is made of two frames of wood shaped something like an old-fashioned "settle" which are stood upon the floor facing each other. A mattress is placed on the projecting parts of these frames and a couple of slight sticks across the top; then curtains and hangings shut all in and make it look as pretty as the taste and money of the owner are able. Inside there is a cotton quilt laid on the mattress frame. The occupant of the bed lies on this, having a little roll of stuff for the head and for a covering a very thick cotton quilt.

GENERAL.

—Some of the big wholesale houses have quit drumming and gone to advertising, and they report it as a profitable change.

—A Georgia farmer, removing to Alabama, took his cow with him. The other day the cow wandered back to her old home in Cobb county, a distance of ninety miles.

—At Morrisville, Madison County, N. Y., a pet dog was permitted to lap the face of a girl sick with scarlet fever, and the dog has since been killed because of symptoms of hydrophobia.

—Mrs. Cassie Watson, of New York, wife of Albert Watson, a law clerk, sued Hermann M. Meyer to recover $1,000 for a stolen kiss. She made out a case, and the jury awarded her six cents damages.

—North Carolina's outlaw chief, Henry Berry Lowery, a man of many romances, recently was reported dead. The *Robesonian*, published in that State, now says Lowery is alive; that he left the mountains and North Carolina about the time of his reported death, being carried in a tool-chest through Charlotte and across the border. He went West, enlisted, and is now leading the quiet life of a Sergeant in the United States Army.

—The Salem (Mass.) *Gazette* is 113 years old, and very sedate, but it tells the following story: "A Salem mother has a daughter who so closely resembles her that the one is frequently taken for the other. The other day the mother walked up to her own reflection in a large mirror in a dry-goods store, and putting forth her hand, said: 'Why, Maria, when did you come home? I thought you were to stay at your uncle's a week?' A broad smile rippled round the store as the mystified lady touched the glass."

—A correspondent of the Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* asserts that the crow is exterminating the singing birds of New England. He says, "Few are the nests that escape his vigilant search, and fewer still the young birds that do not go to satisfy his ravenous appetite and fill his capacious maw. I have watched and cursed them for years. I have seen them pounce upon the nest of the lark and of the plover; I have seen them leaving the nest of the robin with the young in their beaks. For several years I had watched the return of a pair of robins to an old apple tree near my house, where they had built their nest and reared their young. One morning I heard the piercing cry of the old birds, foreboding danger and distress. I ran to the window just in time to see a crow fly from the tree with a young robin in his mouth. In less than five minutes the crow returned, dived into the tree, and this time the last of my four half-grown pet robins was borne away."

—Old Nell Giles is a negro fortune-teller at Augusta, Ga. She lives in a cellar, in the midst of weird things, and is a hideous hag. The negroes believe she is a veritable witch. Joe Stevens went to her from Edgefield to get a cure for his rheumatism. She performed some mummery over him, anointed his rheumatic arm, and the pain ceased. She assured him that he had been "conjured" by some secret enemy, and that he could not be permanently cured *until he shed some of that person's blood.* Her directions to Joe for discovering the guilty one was to shake hands with all his acquaintances, noting whose hand he held when a twinge came into his arm. Joe went to church, and did a great amount of hand shaking before the services began. His arm gave the warning when Andy Richardson shook it. Joe went home, procured a long knife, hid it in his sleeve, returned to the church, and plunged the weapon into Andy's heart. Whether this would have brought about the cure promised by Old Nell cannot be determined, for the patient has been hanged.

Impure Air and Disease.

Dr. J. Ward, health-officer of an English sanitary district of considerable extent and population, has given the *Sanitary Record* an account of a large number of instances which have come under his immediate observation in which impure air, arising either from defective ventilation or noxious surroundings, has appeared to be directly associated with diseases of the lungs or other organs. Of eight fatal cases of pneumonia occurring within a year among children and persons in middle life, in all but one the air was defiled by some neighboring source of filth. In about ninety fatal case of diseases of the respiratory organs, other than pulmonary consumption, most of which are acute or sub-acute, undoubted defects of ventilation existed. In some cases there was no fireplace or air exit in the room; in some such opening, where it had existed, had been closed tight; in some the bed, with many in it, was in a close corner; in others the air was defiled by some neighboring household or farm nuisance. Similar defects were observed in nearly all of thirty cases of disorders of the lungs following whooping cough—in sixteen of which last, "filth influence from immediately contagious byre, pig-styes, stables, water-closet, or sewer, was noticed." The sanitary investigation of the interior and surroundings of houses where inflammatory affections of the brain have occurred has forced upon Dr. Ward the conclusion that diseases of this class are also frequently, and, it may be inferred, causatively, associated with similar insanitary conditions. In twenty-eight fatal cases of this nature, seventeen cases of tubercular meningitis, and twenty-two cases of convulsions in children, the air was either confined or polluted. Dr. Ward draws from these observations the obvious lesson that it should be the aim of sanitary administration to secure for each habitable room, especially in the crowded cottages of the poorer classes, some suitable provision for a constant change of air. Particularly should care be taken in fixing the position of the bed so that it shall not be in a corner remote from the influence of the door, window, and fire-place, but should be near some opening through which a constant circulation may be relied upon. In transforming old houses, the provision of fresh air, now neglected and too often prevented in the arrangement of partitions, should be carefully looked after—else the sanitary condition of the house may be made worse than it was before.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AMO.

When he told me that he loved me,
'Twas the flowery time of May,
I put roses in my ringlets
And went singing all the day;
When he told me that he loved me,
In the pleasant month of May!

Still, he told me that he loved me
In the summer-time of June,
When the roses blushed the redder,
And the birds were all in tune—
And I blushed (because he loved me)
Redder than the rose of June!

Yes! because I knew he loved me,
I went singing with the birds.
All the day I listened to him,
All the night I heard his words.
Dreaming nightly that he loved me,
I was blither than the birds!

But—I didn't know I loved him!
Till I found, one summer day,
That, in saying how he loved me,
He had wiled my heart away—
Only saying how he loved me
Through the long, bright summer day!

Still he told me that he loved me
When the roses fading fell;
And the birds had all forgotten
That sweet tune I learned too well;
For I loved him and he loved me,
More than any words can tell!

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE A. STEELES.

The peculiarity of the Steele family lay in the fact that all their individual names began with the letter A.

Anthony Steele lived on the hill that stretched away from Mad River, in a long, bare, lonely lift of land, that looked, when you were below, as though it might be the very topmost height in the universe. His home was a red, roomy farm-house, and he was a venerable A. Steele, who had stood face to face with the Indians on the same spot years before. Under the hill, near the river, was a story-and-a-half cottage, white and snug, where Albert Steele, the miller, lived.

Lastly, there was, close to the river, the brown grist-mill, with its biggest-in-the-region water-wheel, to which all the folk came, from far and from near, fetching their rye, wheat, corn, oats, and buckwheat to be ground.

March came, and the mill was full of grain. The earth began to stir and move uneasily beneath her snowy wraps, as though weary of her attire, and anxious for a change. First, she trimmed her garments with icicle-fringe. But that was stiff, and creaked and rattled to pieces when the wind blew, and made one feel as though things in general were about to break up.

Nature has spasms, and one was coming on.

The water-wheel had been out of order, and the winter had been so cold that very little had been ground in the mill; but now the wheel was as good as new, and so much grain was at hand that the heart of Albert Steele, miller, beat high with hope.

The miller had four children. Andrew Steele (sixteen) looked at the length of wrist and arm below his coat-sleeve, and hoped that now a longer sleeve in a new coat would soon cover up his year's growth. Ann Steele, pretty as the mayflower, made the spinning-wheel *fly*, and had visions of a white *dress for the next Fourth of July*. Augustus Steele just hoped that now father would feel rich enough to let him have on his sled the iron runners that he had been waiting for pretty much ever since he could remember. Abby Steele, in the cradle, wanted her dinner, and cried for it, which cry drew Ann from her vision and the wheel to lift up her motherless little sister; for there was no Mrs. Steele to hope or wish for anything from the old mill on Mad River.

Nature's spasm was very near now. Sun, clouds, rain caused it.

"It'll be the biggest freshest that ever was," said the sage of the red house, when the rain began.

"I don't feel quite easy about the mill," said the owner, when ten hours' rain had fallen. The snow could accommodate ten hours' rain very well, in its many-crystalled chambers on a thousand hillsides, and it did hold it without moving.

The next morning everybody thereabout thought of bridges and wash-outs—although there was not at that time a railroad within ninety miles of Mad River—and of taxes; for taxes began when the "Mayflower" paid wharfage to the Indians at Plymouth Rock and have gone steadily on, beginning without ending, from that day to this.

Below the mill a few hundred feet there was a foot-bridge, the delight of boys and of daring girls, but the terror of persons with nerves, whether young or old. It was like the half of an immense barrel-hoop rising over the river with its ends set into the banks. The rise and the round of this bridge were such that innumerable cleats were nailed up and down its sides and a very shaky hand-rail had been provided to climb by. These cleats were constantly getting loose, helped oftentimes by small lads.

And to think that on this rainy March morning, of all mornings in that year, Albert Steele should be taken down with rheumatism!—the effect of his efforts of yesterday in getting home the sheep from across the river in case of a freshet, which now seemed inevitable. He had driven them through the snow-water and around hy the wagon-bridge, above the fall a half a mile, and had been out until after the night came making things snug at the mill, and so, as has been written, he was on this morning helpless. Before any one was up in the house there came a thunderlag knock at the side door and a voice sang out:

"Ho! miller!—Ho!"

"Ho yourself! Who's there?" responded Andrew.

Andrew spoke from the little four-paned window, just below the point where the roofs joined.

"Call your father, quick! I want to get corn ground in a hurry, before the river breaks up. *Must be done!*" answered a breezy voice.

But, as we know, Mr. Albert Steele could grind no corn that day; he had been suffering terribly all night from the pain of his rheumatism, and Andrew so told the man.

"Come along yourself, then, and I'll help you, for my critters'll starve to death, unless, indeed, I should give 'em whole corn," said the young man.

Andrew had never run the mill in his life, but he had helped often enough to know what should be done. The upper gate and the lower gate were raised and the big wheel felt the stir of the water in its every bucket. In tumbled the corn from bag after bag into the hopper, and the upper millstone ground on the nether millstone, and the yellow corn became yellow meal, and was poured into the bags, and away went their owner, happy over his success. When he was gone Andrew ate breakfast, and down came the water faster and in greater volume every instant; and the old mill thundered at every swift revolution of the great wheel, that actually groaned on its axis, as the water plunged and splashed, filling the wheel-race with foam.

Meanwhile honey and buckwheat cakes kept Andrew busy at the table, until Augustus, who had breakfasted while his brother played miller, opened a door and called out:

"Father wants to know if Mr. Cook helped you shut the gates."

"Oh, my!" whispered Andrew. "Don't tell Father, but the gates are both wide open. Come on, Gus, and we'll get 'em down."

Away went the boys. They darted under the door-way and ran through the mill to the race and the upper gate. The current was very strong; the race itself could not hold all the water that came to it. The force of it resisted the lads' united strength, for the water was full new of slush.

Ann stood in the door-way, baby Abby in her arms, and watched the boys at work.

"There's something wrong at the mill, father," she said. "I'm going to run down and see, if you'll hold Abby."

The poor miller sat there, helpless, and groaning way his troubles to the baby, while Ann appeared at the race, sledge-hammer in hand.

"You must stop it at once," she cried, "or the wheel will break, and then what *would* become of us?"

With mighty blows from as many hands as could lay hold on the hammer, the gate went slowly down as far as it could be driven, and, by the time the lower gate was reached, it was easy to close that, but still the water came from somewhere. The old mill fairly shook amid the creaking cries of its straining wheels and timbers.

"The river is breaking up! The ice is coming over the fall? The water is up to the mill-floor!" cry one and another in horror.

"Out, out with the meal! Let us save all we can," shouts Andrew. "I can manage one bag, and you two can carry another. Take these first."

One, two, ten, twenty, forty bags of corn and rye the young Steeles saved before the water drove them out of the mill. And the wheel worked faster than ever all the time, and the air was full of the rush and the roar of Mad River at its breaking up.

Meauwhile the miller himself set the baby a-crying, out of pure sympathy with her papa's lamentations (but children did not say "papa" in those days), for he verily believed that he should be compelled to sit there until the flood came and carried him away—so long were the children gone, and so alarmed was he at the thundering noises.

He was about to do something desperate with Abby, when the arbutus face—a little poppy-like now, it must be owned—appeared in the door-way with:

"Oh, Father! I'm afraid the mill will go down, but we've saved every bit of John Lathrop's rye, and Mr. Holmes's wheat. We thought we'd get *theirs*, 'cause *they'd* need it most, and the river is rising so fast you can *see* it come up, and—and—but here comes grandfather! He's managed to come down the hill this morning."

"Where's your father? Where's your father? Where's your father?" Resounded through the kitchen before Ann had time to get into that room and to reply.

"Dreadful times, Ann, my dear," he said, "but I think there isn't much danger of the house's going, though there is an awful power of snow up the valley to get away somehow. Don't be frightened, child," he added, as the warm color paled in the girl's face. "I've seen many a freshet in my time, and paid taxes for more new bridges than—I declare, Albert, *you* down again with the rheumatism! Too bad! Too bad! We'd better manage to get you up the hill afore night," he ran on. "Meanwhile, I'll see to things at the mill. Don't you worry now, my boy. Your old father is worth something yet," and away went the good old man, peering here and looking there, to see to this and that, and feeling very glad that all the sheep and the cows were on the hill side of the river. It would be so easy to escape up the long lift of land. Anthony Steele had built his house up there with due regard to possible times like the present one.

Nowhere could he find Andrew and Augustus. They had disappeared from sight.

"Where are the boys, Ann?" called their father. "Why don't the boys come and see me? I want to speak to them."

Ann heard, but something made her hesitate.

"Ann, call the boys!" came at last, in a tone that she felt, and that made her paler than she had been before.

"Father!" she said, "they wont hear me. They've gone!"

"Gone where?" he thundered. "Where could the rascals go to, when we are all on the verge of destruction?"

"They went over the foot-bridge, father, and I thought it would go while they were on it, it shook so; and they were hardly off it before one end gave way, and it snapped in two in the middle, and now it hangs by the other end."

"What on earth are they gone for?" questioned Mr. Steele.

"Why, father, can't you guess? It's Hester and her mother that they thought of. You know, somebody must save them."

"Oh, this rheumatism, this rheumatism! Ann Steele, do as your father tells you, and never marry a man whose father or mother, or uncle or aunt, ever had the rheumatism. Get out my crutches! Be quick about it, and get my great-coat. My boys! My boys!" he groaned. "Father," he added, as the good white head appeared at the door, "the boys have gone to try and save Hester Pratt and her crazy mother. I am afraid we shall never see them again."

"Why, I never thought of the Pratts. They are right in the heart of the flood! Their house must have been surrounded early this morning. May the Lord forgive me for thinking only of my own, and so little of His other children!"

Meanwhile, no remonstrance kept Albert Steele from donning his great-coat and hobbling about on his crutches, in the vain effort to see down the stream to the mite of a house on the river-bank where sweet Hester Pratt spent her young life in caring for her insane mother, who was too weak and too helpless to harm a living soul.

When the boys started they seized, instinctively, a coil of rope from the mill. As they crossed the bridge they made the two ends fast, and clung each to the other, or rather clung to the rope, one end of which Augustus carried, while Andrew held the other.

On the further side of the bridge they plunged into the river's overflow, and were again and again nearly forced to go down with the current.

"Hold on, Gus! Hold on, laddy! Remember everybody, and the baby!" shouted Andrew (the baby was Augustus's pet), as the younger boy gasped. "Andy, I e-a-n-'t get o-n! I'm go-ing down!" he shrieked. He lost his footing and went under, carried down by the current, but still clinging fast to the rope.

In that moment, Andrew Steele became a dozen boys in one. He fought with ice-cakes, and water, and current; fought for the little figure that was bobbing up and down. So near, and yet so far! But he felt the strain on the rope, and it gave him courage.

There was no human eye to witness the strife, as he got to his brother and struggled with him to the firm land, on which the boys sank for a moment.

"That was a pretty bad time, wasn't it, Bub?" said Augustus, as soon as his eyes and ears were clear of water. "I don't want any more of that."

"Oh, we pulled out first-rate; and now we must hurry, or there won't be a stone left in poor Hester's chimney, for I don't see how the house is going to stand up before this flood. Maybe it is gone now."

But the house with the stone chimney was not gone, and presently it came into view.

"Good gracious!" cried Andrew, as he took in the sight. The cottage looked lower and smaller than ever. It was standing, window-deep, in a sea of snow-water, with ice-cakes thumping at the door every moment.

"Oh, they are out. Somebody must have thought of 'em. I know somebody must," argued Augustus, as they tramped through the water-soaked snow.

"Anyhow, we'll make sure of it. We are the nearest to 'em, and if we didn't think, who would? I declare, Gus, do see how the river rises! It's mad enough now, goodness knows, and I do believe the covered bridge will boom down and take the mill with it." They struggled on.

"See! see! the water is running in at the windows this very minute. Run, Gus, run, or we can't get near the house."

They lost no time, poor wet lads, in getting to the highway and to the verge of the running water that came up the road. The little house lay below the road, between it and the river, but well above the touch of any ordinary freshet.

"Let us call out," said Andrew.

"Hester! Hester!" they screamed.

All was silent within.

"Nobody there," thought Gus.

"But suppose they are drowned in there. I'm going in," announced Andrew.

"Oh! Andy, Andy, don't. I can't spare you. Wait till somebody comes along."

"No time to wait. I must find out," urged Andrew.

Even as he spoke, he ran to the stoutest tree by the road-side and swung a rope-end about it, made it fast, and said to Gus:

"You stand by, whatever happens, and you pull with a will when I give the signal."

"Good-bye, Andy," whimpered Gus, shaking in his wet clothes, as his brother with the rope stepped into the cold flood.

At that moment a sash was raised in an upper window, and a pale, agonized face glanced up the river, and from that to the clouds.

Gus saw that it was Hester, and that she was praying, although no word escaped her lips.

She did not see the small figure standing by the great tulip-tree across the road, but suddenly Gus called out:

"Open the door for Andy! Andy is at the door. Let him in, quick!"

The sash was left up; the face disappeared. Never did feet descend steps with more willing speed to admit succor. As soon as Hester could get away the packing at the sill, the door was opened, Andy climbed in, and the door closed. The water went in with him.

"Hester! where's your mother?" was the first question.

"In bed; and oh, Andy! I've had such hard work to keep her from knowing. She thinks we've moved down by the sea, and she likes the waves so much. Oh, Andy, you mustn't stay. You must go right now, or you'll go down too. Go! Go!" she begged.

"I am going, and you, too."

"I'll never leave my mother—never, Andy Steele."

"Of course not. Do as I tell you. Get a lot of dry blankets—all you can carry—bundle 'em up, quick." The blankets were tumbled out of a big chest that stood handy, and were wrapped up.

"Now, tell your mother that you've taken another house, 'cause the tide comes too high here, and you just wrap a blanket around her, and give her to me. I'm going to carry her."

Hester obeyed, and her mother assented, without trouble. She even permitted the rope to be tied about her waist.

"Got a clothes-line, Hester?" asked Andy.

"Right here," answered Hester.

"Put it around your waist, and give me the other end, in case anything happens to you while I am gone."

"Now, we are all ready. Going to move into another house, Mrs. Pratt," said Andy, gently. "I'll carry you."

"Hester, Hester, Hester, Hester," moaned Mrs. Pratt. She never forgot Hester, even when she was at the wildest. She clung to that name, and it seemed sometimes as if that name were the one little ray of reason left in her darkened life.

"Yes, mother; I'm going, too, but you know I can't carry you. You must let him," coaxed Hester.

She let him help, and, together, Andy and Hester lifted the light figure from the bed, and splashed through the water with it to the door, which Hester threw open.

It was not more than sixty feet to the highway and safety. The little rope-man stood at his post by the tulip-tree.

"Steady, now, Gus," signaled Andy. "Let go, Hester, and mind the line. You stay till I come for you."

Andy put a stout young arm about Mrs. Pratt's waist, and, mustering all his strength, plunged with her into the flood, knowing that every step would be a step into less of water.

The cold flood arose about the poor woman—so wan, so weak, so insane! She gave one shriek that might have pierced any heart; and then she shivered and clung and clung, and, but for the steady rope that Gus drew, she would have taken Andrew from his feet.

"It's all right, now, Mrs. Pratt," said the boy, as he got where he could lift her more easily and make his way out of the water.

"Yes, it's all right," said Mrs. Pratt; "but where is Hester? I want Hester."

"What the mischief!" cried a man on horseback, suddenly splashing into the scene, his horse breathing twenty breaths a minute, as he threw himself off, and proceeded to receive the helpless figure that Andrew bore.

"I thought I should be in time," he gasped. "Never rode a horse so in my life."

"I'm going now for Hester," said Andrew, paying no attention to the horseman's remarks, "and for some dry blankets. I'll hurry."

"Better let me go!" said the newcomer, who held Mrs. Pratt.

"Save Hester. Go!" moaned Mrs. Pratt.

For the third time that day, Andrew Steele plunged into the cold flood.

"Hold the bundle high as ever you can, Hester!" said Andy, as Hester awaited him.

The water became deeper. He swam with her a few strokes. He whispered, as he put her on her feet and received the bundle to paddle out with, and she heard the whisper above the flood, as Andy softly said: "I—I *believe*, Hester, *that your mother is all right now.*"

"All right?" demanded Hester. "Andy Steele, what do you mean? Tell me."

"Go and speak to her," was Andy's answer, "and you'll find out, maybe."

"Here I am, mother," said Hester, approaching her gently; "and we'll soon be in the new house, now," she added.

"Hester! Hester! My child! My darling! Why, Hester, I haven't seen such a flood since I was a little bit of a girl; and father carried me out then; and the water made me feel, I remember, just as it did to-day."

Certainly, these were not words of insanity, such as Hester was sadly accustomed to hear from her.

Hester Pratt's fingers shook, and her heart was all a-tremble with gladness, as she and Augustus got the blanket-bundle open, and wrapped many a fold about the shivering figure.

"Didn't I tell you so?" whispered Andrew, as the tears began to well over from Hester's happy eyes.

"We must get out of this as soon as possible, or the highway will be covered before we can strike away from it!" exclaimed the horseman, for the water was rising faster than ever.

"There goes the bridge! There'll be no getting home to-night!" cried Gus, as sections of the covered bridge from above the mill went rushing down.

"My father helped build that bridge. I remember it," said Mrs. Pratt, feebly.

The new-comer, Augustus, and Andrew lifted the blanket on which they had laid the invalid, and prepared to march to the nearest house—Hester led the still panting pony. And it was her *mother* who had told her she "ought not to ride when so chilled and wet." Was not this what any mother would say to her daughter? Hester felt no chill, although her flesh was shaking—she would have walked forever in wet garments with such joy in her heart to keep it warm.

"After so many years!" she murmured. "After so many years she will get well at last—at last!" she repeated, her eyes fondly resting on the covered figure, borne on the blanket in front of her, and then on the seething waters, that rushed and crept, and crept and rushed even into the road-bed, as they went onward.

"Oh, you blessed, blessed Mad River!" cried Hester, in her joy, forgetting herself.

"What's the matter?" called back the bearers, in front.

"Nothing," answered the happy follower; at which answer the pony whinnied a remonstrance, and deliberately poked his nose over Hester's shoulder into her face.

That same afternoon the Pratt cottage was swept away. News went over the flood that the boys were all right; but no code of signals then known could tell the glad tidings that Hester Pratt's mother was no longer "that poor crazy woman." Steele's Mill stood through the freshet, and for a generation afterward ground wheat and corn. Mr. Steele' rheumatism left him after a few weeks. The covered bridge, in due time, was rebuilt; but the quaint hoop bridge, with its shaky hand-rail, was not "built up," and that river will never know its like again.

Hester Pratt rejoiced for many years in a sweetly sane mother, her sanity the work of a Mad River freshet. And of all the friends who rejoiced with them, there was none more truly happy than the lad who had carried the poor woman through the flood. So nobody was surprised when, later on, Hester and her mother went to live with him and joined the respected family of the A. Steeles.—*Sarah J. Prichard, in St. Nicholas.*

—A farmer has been raising cane upon the same field for eight or ten successive years, and every year he has succeeded in obtaining a better quality of sirup and about as much cane, if not more, per acre. He is very careful to keep his ground as clear of weeds as possible.

Our Young Folks.

A RUNAWAY TRUNK.

"No, sir," said John, determinedly, "we won't give it up if we have to go on foot."

"Well," said Fred, "I don't see any way, unless we do go a-foot, for we have only got two dollars between us and the fare to Portland is more'n two dollars apiece."

"Pete Ratestuff got over harder spots than this," said John, "and I know we can."

John Sheldon, a bright, quick-witted boy, of about fourteen, is the son of a well-to-do farmer of Oxford County, Maine. The other boy, Fred. Harding, is the village doctor's son, a few months younger. The two are excellent friends. They have been reading "Perilous Adventures of Pete Ratestuff, the Boy Sailor." Roused by the daring deeds and wonderful escapes of the hero, a mania to go to sea has fallen upon them. They think there's no good in asking their father's advice, so they are laying plans in secret.

John has learned that the fishing-schooner Brittomart sails for Newfoundland the 25th, and it is now the 24th. The two boys start from beneath the "High Top" sweeting-tree, in the orchard where they have been sitting.

"Ain't there no way to go on the freight train?" asked Fred, throwing an apple-core toward a chipmonk, chattering on the stone wall.

"No, I guess not," said John, thoughtfully. "But I've got an idea!" he exclaimed exultantly, crumpling up his old straw hat, and giving it an upward fling.

"Quick! out with it," said Fred.

"There's an old trunk of grandpa's up in the garret! Do you see, Fred? Chuck what we want in that, get in, and one of us goes as baggage! What do you say to that?"

"You've struck it!" exclaimed Fred. "Let's go at it. I'm in for that. Why you're as cute as 'Pete.'"

"We'll have to start in the morning," said John. "We'll have a gay time. We'll see a bit of the city when we're through our business with the Captain."

Not a doubt but that they could go as sailors had once entered their heads. Of course Captain Daly would take them.

It was decided that Fred should get leave, and come down and stay all night with John. He was to take with him what he wanted, and they'd pack what they could in the trunk.

A little after dusk, Fred came over, bringing his best suit, a lot of doughnuts, a small pistol, and his new base-ball, tied together in an old handkerchief. These, with some of John's possessions, were packed in the trunk, leaving not a very roomy place for a boy. Half a dozen or more air-holes were bored in the sides. All was ready for an early start in the morning.

The boys retired in good season, but not to sleep. At half-past eleven, John looked at his watch, for he had a pretty silver one given him at his last birthday. He said:

"Why, Fred, if you'll believe it, it ain't but half-past eleven."

The same was repeated at one, and again at half-past two. At three they rose and dressed, went softly down the stairs, and out into the cool, drear, September morning.

Each taking a handle of the trunk, they went toward the station, about three miles off. They reached the depot, as they hoped to, before any one was about.

It required some talking, on John's part, to persuade Fred that he, being the smaller, ought to go in the trunk. There was just room for him to curl down on his side.

He got in, John shut the cover, locked the trunk, and sat down beside it.

"How d'ye feel, Fred?" he asked, at length.

"Kinder boxed up," said Fred. "There ain't no room to spare."

Soon the depot was opened.

John bought his ticket, got his check and when the train came steaming in he first made sure the trunk was put on, and then he got on board, and off they went.

John enjoyed the ride. Twice only had he been on the cars before, and never alone, so there was the charm of novelty about it.

At D—— Station, in a yard just behind the depot, were kept some deer, a fox, a raven and other animals.

Their fame had reached John's ears, and, as there promised to be a stop of several minutes for breakfast, he left the car and went round to see them; and, for a time, they quite drove his sea-voyage from his mind.

There came a sudden reminder, however, when he heard the puff, puff, of the engine and the rumbling of the cars.

Then he started and ran round to the front of the depot, only to see the train moving off—without him!

John felt badly, and did not know what to do.

"Well, now, I was a fool!" he thought, as he looked after the vanishing train.

He asked a man, standing near, when the next train went to Portland.

"Not till afternoon," was answered.

This was a blow to John. Added to his desire to reach the city was not a little anxiety as to Fred's condition in the trunk.

What a long four hours he had to wait! Time had never dragged so before!

At last the longed-for train came, and John reached Portland in safety.

The next thing was to find his trunk. He went up to a man standing near some baggage, and asked him how to get trunks.

"Where's yer check?" asked the man.

John showed it.

The man looked among the trunks.

"There ain't no trunk like that here," he said.

John stood a minute, dismayed.

"There must be one somewhere," he said, not a little anxious. "Is there another place to find trunks?"

"Not's I know of," said the man. "Did yer trunk come along with you?"

"I've just come," said John; "but my trunk came this morning."

The man looked again.

"Wal, the trunk ain't here, that's sure," he said.

Poor John! What was to be done? One thing was certain—he must find the trunk. He was sure it was put on board. Where was it now, and where was Fred?

"Can you tell me what to do to find it?" asked John, very earnestly and anxiously.

"Lor', boy, I'll help you all I can," said the man, good-naturedly. "Did you say yer trunk come on the early train? Did you see it put on?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "I saw it put on that train myself."

"Well, well," said the man consolingly. "You wait here a minute and I'll see if I can find out anything about it. I guess it's all right."

John's frame of mind was anything but an enviable one as he stood awaiting the man's return. A few minutes later he came back, and Conductor P—— with him.

"You are John Sheldon, are you?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, sir," answered John, a little surprised.

"You've lost a trunk, have you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. Can you tell me where to find it?" the latter questioned, eagerly.

"Did your trunk contain anything very valuable?"

"Very!" said John; "and I must find it," looking anxiously around at the trunks.

"Any objection to telling me what your trunk contained?" asked the conductor.

John hesitated. Yes, he had decided objections. He half-wished himself out of this scrape.

"There was a boy shut up in that trunk, was there?" questioned the conductor, narrowly watching John, who started visibly. "Do you think a boy could live till this time shut up like that?" went on the conductor, in a sterner tone.

"I—don't know," said John, with a catch in his voice.

Running away to sea thus far had proved a doubtful pleasure.

"That's a thing you should have thought of before trying such a foolhardy trick as this," said Conductor P——. "If you wanted to go to sea, why didn't you do it like a man, and not sneak off like a thief?"

John stood abashed, terror-stricken, too, at the thought of what might be Fred's fate.

"You want to go to sea, do you?" continued the conductor, ironically.

"I—don't know," said John. "But I want to find the trunk."

"Naturally you do," mercilessly said the conductor. "I should suppose you would, after leaving a boy in a dangerous situation like that!"

"Oh, sir, if you know anything about Fred, please tell me!" with a sharper catch in his voice.

"The best thing you can do is to go home and learn the result of your folly. You may be in time to attend the funeral!"

Poor John! No one to blame but himself! He feared the worst had come, and certainly wished himself at home—more, that he had never left home.

The conductor turned away, saying that he had an engagement of a few minutes, and that John could wait there if he liked till he came back.

Unhappy John he waited; for he didn't know what else to do.

Meantime, let us return to Fred in the trunk.

Fortunately, the trunk was put in right side up, and, for a time, he went quite comfortably. At one of the stations where more trunks were put in, one came crash on top of Fred's. The cover cracked, and Fred shrank down.

"Gracious, that came near smashing me!" he thought. "Hope they won't put in many like that!"

His bones were beginning to ache, and he felt stiff from being cramped in one position so long.

He tried to stretch—in vain; he then tried to turn a little, with a like result.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned; "this is anything but fun."

All this time other trunks were piling up about him, thus lessening his supply of fresh air.

To add to his discomfort, he began to feel sick; his head ached—yes, and he ached all over.

"I'd give ten dollars to be out of this," he thought. "I wish I hadn't come in this sneaking way."

He grew sicker—real seasick. He wondered if he were going to die; he was sure he felt sick enough.

If any of you, readers, were ever seasick you can sympathize with poor Fred and know a little of the misery he was suffering.

At last he could endure it no longer. He heard men in the car, and he cried out:

"Let me out!"

"Hello, there!" exclaimed one of the men. "What's that?"

They stood still a minute, listening.

"Let me out! Oh, let me out!" came in muffled tones to their ears.

"Robbers!" shouted the man, jumping back. "Thieves in here!" and, for a few minutes, there was quite a lively time in the car.

The trunks were pulled out, and guided by a rather stifled howl, Fred's trunk was broken open, and a miserable, haggard, homesick boy was found.

The conductor came along, and Fred, in a bit of shamefaced way, confessed all about the sea-going plan—but only after various questions from the conductor. Even John might have forgiven him for telling, if he had seen what a wretched, homesick boy he was.

"Well," asked the conductor, with a dry smile, "do you want to keep on and go to sea?"

Fred's longing for the sea had cooled. His experience in the trunk had taken the romance all out of a sailor's life for him.

"I'd rather go home than do anything else in the world," said Fred, with more energy than he had before displayed.

Conductor P—— knew the boy's father, and he decided to send Fred home. He had looked through the train for John, thinking to see if his mind had changed; but no boy answering his description was found, as we, who remember his adventure at D—— Station, know.

But Fred, a sadder and somewhat wiser boy, was left to take the next train home.

Quite late in the evening, there was a rap at the Sheldon door, and a shame-faced, though quite light-hearted, boy was let in.

Running away to sea was never a pleasant subject to the two boys afterward.—*Golden Days.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

The idea of the Chicago *Times* that Jeff Davis' book shows the mistake of not hanging him at the close of the war appears erroneous. The most complete punishment that could have been administered was to let him live and make an ass of himself as he has done.

Democratic State Convention.

The Maryland Democratic Convention met in Baltimore on Thursday and ronominated for Comptroller of the State, Hon. Thomas J. Keating, for a third term. Out of 117 votes in the convention he received 109, the delegates from St. Mary's and Washington declining to vote.

The platform adopted defends the Democratic administration since 1867 as generally in the interest of good government and sound financial policy; it requires retrenchment of legislative expenses, and names a committee composed of the Governor of the State, the Attorney-General, Hon. C. B. Roberts, Henry D. Farnandis, ex-Gov. Phil. F. Thomas and S. Teackle Wallis to draft a new election and registration law to be embodied in one article of the code and present the same to the next Legislature for adoption; and also to draft a law making the jury system uniform in the State, and to recommend any other changes in the criminal law which they may see fit to recommend.

As harvest time approaches the state of the wheat crop becomes an interesting subject of speculation. It is a foregone conclusion that the yield will fall short of that of last season, but it remains to be determined what that deficiency will be. The latest reports indicate that the decrease east of the Mississippi will vary from one-fourth to one-third, as compared with last year, but much less when measured by the average of former seasons. West of the Mississippi there has been a marked gain in acreage, and the condition of the grain is much more favorable. From California a failing off is reported in production, but a considerable portion of the old crop remains to be marketed. Advices from Europe indicate a moderate increase in production. As bearing on the probable course of the market, it may also be stated that the exports from Atlantic ports for the nine months ending June 1 were 114,000,000 bushels, or the same as for the corresponding period a year ago, while the supply in sight is now only 13,802,000 bushels, as against 16,441,000 bushels at the same date last season, suggestive of a large home consumption and a greater reserve stock in the hands of farmers. The export demand for the balance of the crop year is estimated at about 3,000,000 bushels per week. Unless the deficiency in the new crop proves to be much larger than now seems likely, it is probable that the foreign demand will continue active, and that we shall have a liberal surplus with which to meet it, so that there is no reason to expect any serious fluctuation in the market arising out of natural causes. There is, however, the contingency that unfavorable weather for harvesting may upset all calculations at the very last moment.

Pity the sorrows of a poor O. L. D. man! The victory of the regulars, instead of consolidating the opposition, seems to have had the effect of disorganizing it. There seems to be an impression on the part of some of the "Real Democrats," as Mr. Hodges calls them, that designing men have made use of them to better their own political fortunes; and there is talk of forming a more original reform committee than the one already in existence. That, as we have already pointed out, might very easily be done, since it was evident some time ago that some of the gentlemen engaged in the work of regeneration had scarcely a speaking acquaintance with reform; but a new movement at this late day would be powerless to accomplish anything. The Great Disgusted must realize by this time that it is idle to expect the Democratic party to reform itself; and if they are really desirous of destroying the ring, they should make haste to join forces with the Republicans, who have always been in favor of a fair vote and an honest count.—*Baltimore American.*

Hon. Milton G. Urner Interviewed

The Frederick correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* recently interviewed Hon. Milton G. Urner on political affairs, and sent a long report to his paper under date of June 11. From it we select some of the most salient points, which may interest our readers:

Herald Man—What do you think of the political situation in Maryland?

Mr. Urner—Well, as a Republican, I think it is in the main encouraging. If the Republican party was as harmonious as it ought to be, I would think the outlook exceedingly bright, and with a fair prospect of carrying the State this fall. I do not despair as it is. I do not see how the antagonism in the Democratic party can be harmonized. The Governor has arraigned his party for mal-administration. It is generally believed that except for fraud Mr. Harris would have been elected Governor in 1875. The Democratic platform of 1875 conceded the necessity for reform still to exist, but as Mr. Hamilton, who was considered the special champion of reform, was the international candidate, he received the votes of many who voted for Mr. Harris in 1875; but now Mr. Hamilton confesses that he has been powerless to correct the abuses, and I should think it was about time for Democrats, who really desire a better administration of State affairs, to be convinced that the only way to effectually remedy the wrongs of which they complain is to vote the Republican ticket. If we make a judicious nomination I think our chances of electing a Republican comptroller this year are first class.

As to Federal appointments in Maryland, Mr. Urner says:

I am in favor of that which will best promote the interests of the Republican party. What that may be it is difficult to determine. I am on friendly terms with all the present officeholders in Baltimore, and personally, I like them, but, if convinced that the best interests of the party would be promoted by a change, I would recommend a change. I have friends in office and friends out of office who want to get in. I cannot favor them all, and the only course left for me, which is the right course, is to have an eye single to the public good. We want men to fill the Federal offices in Maryland who will not only faithfully discharge their duties, but who will labor honestly and unselfishly to build up the Republican party in the State and make its principles triumphant, and if the present officials do not meet this requirement we should make changes to secure such as will. We want the offices manned with men who consider party above faction, and who command the respect and confidence of all.

Mr. Urner thinks the Federal patronage very unequally distributed in Maryland, and that Baltimore City in proportion to her Republican vote, has received very much more than her share of the spoils that naturally fall to the victors, while to the counties, more especially Western Maryland and Washington county, the 6th District, the only section where Republican victories are recorded, receives less than any other District except the Second. Mr. Urner confesses his inability to correct this.

In answer to the question whether there were many persons desiring office he said:

Many? They are without number. Do you see this pile of letters on my desk? They are nearly all about office. I have been industriously employed for months answering letters and trying to secure offices for my constituents, and yet the letters accumulate faster than I can answer them. With the assistance of my partner, Mr. Eichleberger, and Mr. Norwood, who also occupies our office, we have written more than sixty letters in a single day, and yet they accumulate. The public mind seems to be given up largely to office seeking. I am told the ruge for office was never so great as now, and more applications are being filed in the departments in Washington than were ever known before. I would like to serve my friends and constituents who want office, but I have no appointing power, and can only recommend, and of course, can only successfully serve but few. It necessarily takes up a great deal of my time.

Upon the question of civil service reform he thinks there is room for improvement, and says:

I cannot say I am a friend of what is commonly known as "civil service reform." I am in favor of reform in the civil service, and think there should be some additional legislation or constitutional provision upon the subject. Just what it should be I have not yet given the subject sufficient thought to say. I have always been somewhat of a believer in the Jacksonian theory, "to the victor belong the spoils," and I am opposed to the competative examination principle as conducted by Secretary Schurz, because I do not believe it is the best method to secure employees of competency and efficiency. The boy fresh from college, who knows nothing of business and is wholly without experience, or a knowledge of how to do what is to be done, will generally outstrip in the examination a young man of better natural intellect, who is practically far more competent to discharge the duties required, but who has been compelled by stern necessity to learn the practical duties of life while his more favored rival has been at school. I am opposed to that kind of "civil service reform."

Being asked whether he expected to be a candidate for the chief judgship of his district, he frankly admitted that the position would be congenial to his tastes, and that his ambition had run in that line. He says:

But the Republicans of this Congressional district almost against my protest renominated me for Congress, and I was elected. The House of Representatives of the forty-seventh Congress has not organized, and will not organize until after the next election. The Republican majority will be very small, it is possible my vote might be required to elect a Republican speaker, and with that condition of affairs, however sure my election to the judgship might be, and however much I desire it, my duty to those who elected me, and whom I now represent, would absolutely forbid my resigning and abandoning the trust confided to me. I desire to say, however, under no circumstances would I make a scramble for that office. The position of judge is one of such high honor, its duties are so grave and delicate, and its responsibilities so great, that while I would consider it the highest compliment to be thought worthy to fill it, I would not make a fight for the nomination, nor do I believe any man fit to hold the office who would.

Good Work at Washington

While public attention is consentrated upon the miscrable squabble at Albany and the efforts of General Grant to rescue his political partner Conkling from the ruin he has brought upon his own head, it is well to remind readers again and again that something else is going on in Government affairs which will be of advantage to the country and redound to the credit of the Republican party long after the row over the New-York Senatorships is over. At Washington the new Administration is quietly, intelligently and effectively performing its duty of managing the business of the country in the interests of the people. It has achieved already some very notable successes. Indeed, it is safe to say that no other Administration ever accomplished so much thoroughly good work in the first few months of its career.

Let us glance for a moment at a few of the conspicuously meritorious acts of the President and his Cabinet. The State Department, under Mr. Blaine, has defended our commerce against the unjust and selfish prejudices of foreign nations and shown that the attacks upon some of our chief articles of export were without reason. It has also asserted very broadly and positively the right and duty of this Government to protect its naturalized citizens, and to claim for them from foreign countries the same recognition given to native-born Americans. This reassertion of the American doctrine of citizenship, which had fallen somewhat into abeyance of late, may have important diplomatic results.

The Treasury Department, under Mr. Windom, has successfully solved the problem of funding the five and six per cent bonds—a problem over which the late Democratic Congress argued and quarrelled all last winter without coming to any conclusion. Mr. Windom's practical business sense speedily opened a way to the retirement of all the high interest bonds, and to the saving of many millions of money. The action of the Treasury has commanded the approval of all business interests at home and the admiration of the financiers of Europe.

The Post Office Department, under Mr. James, has exposed and broken up a powerful conspiracy for plundering the Treasury, which has its defenders in Congress and its paid agents in more than one of the public offices at the capital. The discovery of the Star Route frauds and the new economies introduced in the Department have already produced a saving of expenses which will amount to over a million of dollars per annum. At the same time the efficiency of the postal service is being constantly improved.

Much might be said in praise of the conduct of the other Departments. All that the public sees and hears of their management is to their credit. For all the Departments, however, and for their success or failure, the President is responsible. To him as well as to his Ministers belongs the credit of the good work done in the various branches of the Executive service. He is, moreover, entitled to high and special praise for firmly maintaining, in spite of open assaults and the insidious undermining of powerful party influences, the constitutional prerogatives of his office. By his course he has struck a deathblow to the twin evils of our politics—State bossism and Senatorial courtesy.

Let soreheads, schemers, patronage-mongers and the baffled adherents of broken rings rave as much as they like at General Garfield's administration. The people judge it by its deeds. Their verdict is, "Well done"; their advice is, "Go ahead."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A well at Castle Rock, Wis., runs down forty feet through shale, and then through forty feet of solid rock. At the junction of the two substances a stream of air pours in so cold that ice forms, and so strong that light things are blown out of the well.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Private despatches from Paris state that the purchase of the Panama Railroad has been ratified by De Lesseps' Panama Canal Company, and that the first payment of $4,000,000 will be paid on the first of July.

South America is sending to the London markets large quantities of tongues in cans.

The experiment of lighting the streets of Albany by electricity has been so far successful that one hundred and eighteen gas lights have been cut off in the circuit now illuminated with twenty-five electric lights.

Charles H. Jellison, a boy of Biddeford, Me., was bitten by a black spider at night recently. He complained of it to his mother, and showed the mark just over one eye. Nothing was done for it for three days, though the swelling and inflammation rapidly increased. A physician was called in, but in spite of all the remedies applied, the boy became delirious until death ended his agonies.

Dr. Richard Coates, of Batavia, New York, has exploded the story regarding the bones found in a stone quarry near Pembroke being those of Morgan, the exposer of the secrets of Masonry, by declaring them to be those of a woman—probably an Indian squaw—as the place where they were found was near the old reservation of the Tonawanda Indians. The ring and the tin box, with the paper containing threatening language, were all fiction, the work of a penny-a-liner.

The Hungarians would rather go hungry than touch American hams, bacon or lard. The importation of all hog products is now prohibited.

The libel suit brought by Governor Bishop, of Ohio, against the Cincinnati *Gazette* has ended in a verdict for $500 damages. The charge against the Governor was that he was accessory to a conspiracy during the election excitement of 1879 to enable the Republican ring to overthrow the Democratic majority in the police board of Cincinnati.

A toast to the President at the banquet of the Seventh Regiment of Uniformed Veterans at Long Branch on Thursday was responded to by Secretary Windom. He spoke of the responsibilities of the President, and confessed that he had become more than ever an advocate of civil service reform, having found that the office-seekers take up nine-tenths of the time both of the President and his cabinet. Postmaster General James was called out by a toast, and he congratulated Secretary Windom on his conversion to theoretical and practical civil service reform. He claimed that the postal service of the United States was the best in the world, and had a marvelous growth. Referring to the star routes, he merely said that twenty contractors are not as powerful as fifty millions of people; that the Department of Justice was in the hands of Wayne MacVeigh, and that General Garfield is President.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GARRETT COUNTY LEVY.
1881.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Maryland, for the Year 1881, Levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1881.

ROAD LEVY.

District No 1		$ 415 00
" 2		422 58
" 3		515 00
" 4		450 00
" 5		422 59
" 6		415 00
" 7		615 00
" 8		415 00
" 9		105 00
Total,		$3,775 17

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 7 ms,	4 dys	$ 8 00
Daniel Wilson, associate,	2 "	4 00
C T West, "	2 "	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, Clerk,	2 "	4 00
Michael Brady, house rent		5 00

District No. 2.

Thos H Cuppett, return judge, 22m,	4 ds	9 76
John M Miller, associate,	2 "	4 00
Lucien Frazee, "	2 "	4 00
Thos B Welch, clerk, use P T Garthright, 2 days,		4 00
Wm W Frazee, clerk, 2 days		4 00
Jacob stuck use Chas F Frazee h rent		5 00

District No. 3.

S J Beachy, return judge, 27 ms,	4 days	10 16
Charles O Warnick, associate,	2 "	4 00
Wm H Chapman, "	2 "	4 00
Jas K Arendt, clerk,	2 "	4 00
John T Patterson, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Mrs Figgy, house rent		5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merrill, return judge, 27 m,	4 days	10 16
Samuel Harshbargor, associate	2 "	4 00
Geo T Michael "	2 "	4 00
Thomas Garvey clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo L Michaels "	2 "	4 00
Thos Garvey, house rent		5 00

District No. 5.

Eli McMillen, return judge, 17 m,	4 days	9 36
Henry Zinkan, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Feigh, "	2 "	4 00
Aaron Boyer, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Nelson McGettigan, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,		5 00

District No. 6.

Jacob Fysell, return judge, 13 m,	4 days	9 04
Jeremiah H Enlow, associate,	2 "	4 00
Henry Sines, "	2 "	4 00
Geo F Bishoff, clerk,	2 "	4 00
H F Hoye, "	2 "	4 00
Elijah Friend, house rent		5 00

District No. 7.

Geo W Legge, return judge, 3 days		6 00
Edmund Jamison, associate, 2 days		4 00
Samuel Lawton, "	2 "	4 00
W O Ison, clerk,	2 "	4 00
G W Merrill, clerk,	2 "	4 00

District No. 8.

Wm J Wilson, return judge, 7m	4 days	$ 56
Garrett V Moon, associate,	2 "	4 00
Jas W Mason, "	2 "	4 00
Jas W White, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Geo W Ward "	2 "	4 00
Wm F Deaklas, house rent		5 00

District No. 9.

Michael Durst, return judge, 44 m,	4 dys	11 52
Samuel Johnson, associate,	2 "	4 00
Isaac Winebrenner "	2 "	4 00
Chas A Murphy, clerk,	2 "	4 00
Richard Graham, "	2 "	4 00
Johnson Bros, house rent		5 00
Total,		$267 12

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use J A Hayden,	$12 85
E F Droege,	7 55
Henry Winterberg	11 25
Levi C Fike,	4 75
A J Warnick,	8 50
Wm Hinebaugh,	9 90
R H Jamison,	15 90
A L Osbourn, use J A Hayden,	12 20
Total,	$82 20

CONSTABLES' FEES.

J W Savage, use R White,	$ 3 00
Same, balance,	3 65
W S Wolf	5 65
J S Johnson	13 80
Geo W Paugh	1 50
Jos Blocher,	75
F Kolb	8 70
J Miller, Jr.	3 90
Total	$40 95

REGISTRARS.

D Hinebaugh	$ 45 50
W H Barnard	53 00
B F Green	40 00
Isaiah Fuller	48 00
D Carey	51 00
Thos Browning, use O W Helskell & Co	48 00
W H Hall, use Davis & Townshend	48 00
W O Hamill, use D E Offutt	49 32
Wm F Deaklas	49 00
Total	$433 82

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Lewis Lininger, 1878	$18 56
B F Friend, 1878 and 1879	3 54
Alex Poland, 1880	16 37
E Friend, of E	10 77
Jacob Hinbaugh,	3 95
E Droege,	42 31
Total	$95 47

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

F M Garlitz, 1 cat		$ 2 00
Israel Garlitz, 1 cat		2 00
R A Garlitz, 1 cat and 3 foxes,		5 00
Peter Sigbaugh,	1 "	1 00
N Sliker,	13 "	13 00
Jacob Becket,	3 "	3 00
A W Friend, 1 cat,	3 "	5 00
Noah Garlitz 1 cat		2 00
Rodeheaver & Chidester, 5 foxes		5 00
Rudolph Beckman	1 "	1 00
I T Frazee,	2 "	2 00
J H Enlow,	1 "	1 00
J W Uuble,	6 "	6 00
W H Hoye,	6 "	6 00
J A Enlow,	3 "	3 00
Elijah Hoyes, 1 cat,	1 "	3 00
J G Steyer l "	2 "	4 00
Henry Paugh,	1 "	1 00
H H Loar, 2 cats,	13 "	17 00
Geo W Wilson,	3 "	3 00
Keller & Getty, 1 cat,	2 "	4 00
M Fazenbaker,	1 "	3 00
Jasper Frazee,	1 "	1 00
Joshua Tichinell,	3 "	3 00
W P Totten,	17 "	17 00
C T West,	4 "	4 00
P T Garthright 1 cat	8 "	10 00
John E Gnagey, 7 cats	48 "	62 00
O W Helskell & Co	8 "	8 00
Geo Mosser,	2 "	2 00
P F Michael,	6 "	6 00
J H Bevaus & Bro,	2 "	3 00
M Bowser,	3 "	3 00
Thos Coddington,	9 "	9 00
G W Legge, 2 cats,	6 "	10 00
John Wass	2 "	2 00
H J Shaw, 2 cats,	2 "	6 00
P Bowser,	1 "	1 00
Lafayette Friend,	2 "	2 00
C C Michael,	5 "	5 00
Garrett V Moon 1 cat.		2 00
Sell & Specht,	2 "	2 00
Jos Robinson, 2 cats	3 "	7 00
Jos F Frantz,	8 "	8 00
W H Tower 2 cats,		4 00
O M Hatfield, 1 cat	6 "	8 00
J S Broadwater, 1 cat	5 "	7 00
Davis & Townshend,	5 "	5 00
P T Lipscomb,	3 "	3 00
A Bonig, 1 cat	2 "	4 00
Total,		$206 00

BRIDGES.

J G Knauer, bridge over Swan Sun	$ 40 00
J F Brownlig, lumber for Deep Creek b	42 18
Geo W Wilson, bridge over Sand Run	14 50
Jeff Frazee, bridge over Buffalo Run	57 50
Thomas Wilburn, bridge over Meadow Mountain Run	11 95
Geo L Michael, Bloomington bridge	40 00
Total	$206 13

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jesse Michael	$ 20 00
Geo W Michael	28 00
John H Riley,	40 00
Wm Casteel	5 20
Philip Durst,	9 44
J M Mason,	5 00
Hiram Duckworth examiner 3 days on Savage River road	6 00
Jacob Sisler,	3 00
G W Delawder, use O Hart & Son	9 25
W W Ashby,	70 25
Luke Mull	19 50
P T Garthright	83 28
Total	$298 92

ROAD EXPENSES.

Sharpless and Paugh road, John Harned surveyor,	$10 00
Wm C Titchenell chain carrier 1 day	2 00
Joseph Paugh, " "	2 00
Otho Barnard, axeman	2 00
Wm Sharpless examiner	2 00
D J Bever, "	2 00
Joshua Tichenell "	2 00
Bloomington and Backbone road, Wm H Barnerd, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm Warnick, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Jno M Tichenell "	2 00
F R Sharpless, chainman, "	2 00
G W Tarney	2 00
Kitzmiller bridge, E Kitzmiller ex 1 day	2 00
D Wilson " "	2 00
G F Richardson,	2 00
Jos King road, R J Head exam'r 2 days	4 00
Jno Friend of N, " "	4 00
L H Schoolfield, " "	4 00
C H Tillson, surveyor " "	10 00
Alf King, chainman,	2 00
Newman Miller,	2 00
Ashby bridge, Wm White of Jos ex 1 day	2 00
Geo Mason "	2 00
F P Arnold	2 00
Grantsville road, John Harned, exam'r and surveyor 3 days	15 00
Noah Fysell, examiner 1 day	2 00
Wm DeWitt, " "	2 00
Samuel Specht chainman	2 00
Joseph Meese, "	2 00
Total	$93 07

PENSIONS.

Benedict Beachy, support of M. Foy		$ 15 00
Benedict Beachy	" Jas Foy	15 00
Charles Leese	" E Mayhew	20 00
J C Rodeheaver	" Geo Woods	25 00
Davis & Townshend	" A King	25 00
D E Offutt	" Nancy Lee	20 00
C C Wheeler	" Thos Brady	15 00
D E Offutt	" Sami Parks	10 00
D E Offutt	" Geo W Goff	15 00
Davis & Townshend	" M Moon	25 00
John T Geary	" Jacob Savage	15 00
Geo Ruckle	" Jacob Spiker	15 00
Isabella McKinzie	" Switzer child	15 00
Ira E Friend	" Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend	" crippled boy	20 00
Henry Creitzberg	" James Layton	15 00
P T Garthright	" Ruth King	25 00
L Glass	" indigent child	15 00
		$325 00

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	660 00
Total	$1,660 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hospital to July 1st, 1881	$1,073 75
Montevue Hospital to July 1st, 1881	450 00
Total	$1,523 75

SHERIFFS' FEES.

Thos Coddington, late sheriff	$ 21 00
Geo D white, use 3d Nat Bank, Cumb'd	400 00
Same, balance,	477 70
Total	$898 70

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk	$ 997 80
Estimate to pay jurors and state witnesses at Septe aber and May Term.	2,000 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1880, use 2d Nat Bank	1,348 33
Wm Smouse, crier	12 00
James Bell, bailiff	12 00
Total	$4,370 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges,	$235 00
W H Hagans, register, use Peddicord & Combs	50 00
Same, use J A Hayden,	45 00
Same, balance	20 11
Total	$400 71

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

D W Sloan, by order Court	$ 30 00
Peddicord & Combs, 3 felonies, 2 mis	36 66
Peddicord, Combs and Price, 1 misde'r	3 33
Peddicord, Combs and Hamill, 1 misd'r	3 33
D W Combs, 2 felonies,	20 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors,	6 66
J W Veitch State's Attorney, 54 misdemeanors, including recognizances, & 6 felonies,	240 00
Same, trial fees,	225 00
Peddicord & Combs, trial fees in criminal cases,	35 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

S Butler, cor. over body of Polly Hoover		5 00
Dr B T Keller, on body M Butler		5 00
Dr E H Bartlett, " "		5 00
Dr G H Hocking "	John Riley	10 00
Total		$25 00

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D H Friend, per diem and mileage to date	$ 25 56
John Wilhelm, per diem and mileage use E Margroff	32 40
Same, balance,	27 16
W W Broadwater, per diem and mileage to date	50 38
F A Thayer, clerk, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, Counsel to Board use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	600 00
Total	$1,135 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

John J Smith, use Henry Russell, Printing	$ 142 00
Same, balance,	12 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for pauppers,	81 10
Stark, Phipps & Co., stationary for c h	78 20
E D Kepner, load wood for c h	2 00
C H Sincell, repairing pump, &c at c h	2 80
G A Shirer, stove, &c. for jail	21 45
D E Offutt, supplies for jail	12 82
G W Legge, supplies for jail	8 65
Lloyd Chambers, work at jail	11 75
Samuel Specht, boarding prisoners &c	9 50
J M Arnold, whitewashing jail	3 00
Medairy & Bowers, stationery &c, c h	70 70
J H Medairy & Co, stationery &c, c h	95 70
Nat Bank of Piedmont, bal due on act	1 10
W P Totten, coal &c for c h	8 00
Dr G H Hocking, med. attendance to panper	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas, med. attendance to panpers	54 00
E Mergroff, 35 assessments	17 50
D Chambers, salary as Janitor from Oct 3, 1880 to Jan 1, 1881, use T J Peddicord	5 00
Same, balance,	31 00
Same, salary as Janator from Jan 1, 1881, to Jan 1, 1882, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
W Y Waltz, coal for jail and c h	15 00
Allegany county, costs in Shirer case	257 50
James Guard, supporting Lorin w child	75 00
Davis & Townshend, supt'g Amanda King	10 00
Same, supporting same	8 00
Same, " August King	10 00
Same, " E Loraw	10 00
A Getty, " Wm Hoover, use H C Shaw	20 00
J C Rodeheaver support'g Geo Woods	15 00
Jeremiah Guard, supplies furnished to Jacob Savage and Jacob Barnhouse	11 30
John Shaizer, work in Clerk's office	46 00
Davis & Townshend, supplies for c h	15 70
M V Grim, use C C Wheeler, coffin for pauper	1 00
O Hart & Son, supplies for jail	2 00
Jasper Guard, col. and, overpaid on acct, 1878 and 1879, use Peddicord & Combs	100 00
Same, balance,	498 99
J A Hayden, printing &c, from June 1881 to June 1882	700 00
Total	$2,604 78
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$1,318 19

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes	$1,575 00
Same, " State "	335 23
Total	$1,910 23

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

Henry Feigh, road leading from Accident to Oakland	$ 20 00
W M Coddington, repairing Helbig bridge	125 00
Elijah Hoye, repairing Sang Run bridge over Yough	50 00
Norman Jacobs, for building 3 bridges over Laurel Run, in District No 4	105 00
National road,	570 00
Total	$ 870 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$3,775 17
Elections	267 12
Magistrates' fees	82 20
Constables' fees	40 95
Registrars	433 82
Taxes paid in error	95 47
Foxes and Cats	295 00
Bridges	206 13
Road Appropriations	298 92
Road Expenses	93 00
Pensions	325 00
Sheriff's fees	898 70
Clerk's Office	4,370 13
Orphans' Court	400 71
Court House Fund	1,660 00
Hospitals	1,523 75
Attorneys' fees	599 98
Coroner's Inquest	25 00
County Commissioners	1,135 50
Miscellaneous	2,604 78
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent fund	1,318 19
Collector's Commissions	1,910 23
Special Road and Bridge Levy	870 00
Total,	$31,792 56
Total Assessment of Garrett Co	$3,636,626 00
By 87¼ cents on each $100 assessable property	$31,729 56

The State Tax is fixed by law at 18¾ cents on the $100 of assessable property, which, added to 87¼ cents for county and other purposes, makes the sum of $1.06 on each $100 of assessable property of Garrett county for the year 1881.

FRED. A. THAYER,
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county known and described as

"Eel Shine,"

containing seventy-nine and one quarter acres of land.

This is a valuable tract of land and has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of three dollars and eighty-five cents, with interest from the first day of January, 1880, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Daniel Chisholm for the year 1878, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Daniel Chisholm.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Spend your 4th at Cheap John's.

—Mr. D. Ryan is improving his residence on Oak Street.

—Burgess Gender is the right man in the right place.

—Rev. S. W. Davis and family are visiting relatives and friends in Oakland and vicinity.

—Cheap John's treat on the 4th, 3 glasses of ice cold soda water for 10 cents and 3 cigars for 5 cents.

—Misses Ella and Bessie Thaw, of Washington, D. C., arrived at Hazelwood Cottage Monday.

—Died, Monday of last week, in Sang Run District, this county, Leonard Sines, aged about 80 years.

—The addition to the Glades Hotel will be completed this week, when the capacity of the Hotel will be doubled.

—Our new Bailiff has made a good start. Keep it up during the entire year, and all good citizens will heartily support you.

—The Herrington Manor Sunday School will hold a pic-nic on Saturday, July 2, at the William Schley spring. Rev. S. W. Davis will address the audience.

—Visitors are arriving at Oakland in the last few days in such numbers as will soon test the capacity of our hotels and boarding houses to entertain them.

—The first excursion train from Baltimore and Washington to the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels will arrive to-day (Saturday). The price for round trip ticket from Washington is $4.

—C. C. Michael is ready for the 4th, having just received a fresh stock of French and common candies, cakes, cheese, oranges, lemons, cigars, &c. Ice cold lemonade and pop always on hand. Call and see on the 4th.

—A fishing party consisting of Rev. S. E. Jones, Col. Spence, and Messrs. A. Paull and H. Wheeler Combs, Monday took 99 trout from Deep Creek. A friend suggested to Mr. Combs that he should have claimed 100, when he replied that he would not tell a lie for one trout.

—In our notice of Miss Laura Stalnaker's graduation, in our last issue, we accredited her to St. Mary's Seminary, instead of the Western Maryland College at Westminister. Miss Laura delivered the first valedictory for the female portion of the class, her theme being "The day is done." She received a handsome gold medal.

—Married, on the 28th inst., by Rev. J. M. Davis, at Mr. M. L. Scott's, in Oakland, Mr. Demus Spiker and Miss Mary Skiles, both of Garrett county. The bride had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Scott, for several years, and as a token of friendship they gave her a splendid wedding dinner, which was partaken of and enjoyed by a number of the neighbors. May the happy couple live long and enjoy life.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church-Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. W. Davis.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, June 2d 1881.

Dechenney, Wm; Davis, Reese; Herman, Lewis; Hays, Jane, Mrs; Kelley, John; Keasner, Cherriotte, A; Lycett, Martin; McLean, Hector, Mrs; Parsons, James, 2; Snider, Lewis; Tucker, Mary C.; Wolf, J. S. Mrs; Walter, L.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 29:

Julius Oester and wife to Charles C. Hanft, one hundred acres of land; $700.00.

John Augustine and wife to Jonas Frazee, 10,602 square feet of land; $200.

Crampton Harvey, to Joseph F. Nine, 143 acres of land $5.

Crampton Harvey, to Rufus C. and Anson Clement, 740 acres of land; $5

Crampton Harvey, to Peter Culp and wife, 100 acres of land; $5.

Accident to a Former Oaklander.

Samuel S. Davis, oldest son of Mrs. M. E. Davis, of the Davis House, Oakland, and for some time a resident of Somerset, Pa., met with a painful and severe accident on Thursday morning of last week. He is a brakeman on one of the freight trains between Johnstown and Rockwood. He was out oiling the engine, when the engine shot off the steam, the sudden jar threw him off the engine and on to the track, the engine passing over and mashing one of his feet so badly that the foot had to be amputated. At last account he was doing well.

Official Census Bulletin.

We have received from the Census office at Washington Bulletin No. 192, giving the census of this county:

1st election district	1,561
2d election district	1,250
3d election district	2,152
4th election district	1,537
5th election district	1,309
6th election district	794
7th election district	2,077
8th election district	1,033
9th election district	402
Total	12,175

The population of the towns and villages in the county are as follows: Oakland, 910; Bloomington, 341; Franklin Hill, 260; Grantsville, 220; Deer Park, 195; Accident, 114.

Dr. Chancellors visit to Oakland.

Dr. C. W. Chancellor, Secretary of the State Board of Health, arrived at Oakland Saturday last and remained until Monday. The object of his visit was the perfecting of the organization of the Board of Health for this county. The Board will be composed of three members from each district, and the State's Attorney and Burgess of Oakland, who are *ex-officio* members of the Board. The members from Oakland will form the Executive Committe, and the district committees will report to them regularly the sanitary condition of the various districts, and all matters that would be of interest to the Board.

Dr. Chancellor will visit this county again, probably during September court, when he will deliver a lecture for the benefit and instruction of the Board.

While here the Doctor's opinion was requested in reference to the unhealthfulness of keeeping and rearing pigs in proximity to human habitations, which is forcibly given in the subjoined letter.

OAKLAND HOTEL,
OAKLAND, MD.,
June 27th, 1881.

Drs. E. H. Bartlett, J. Lee McComas, Col. J. W. Veitch and others: Gentlemen:

Since my arrival in your place my opinion has been requested in reference to the unhealthfulness of keeping and rearing pigs in proximity to human habitations. It is not necessary to say much in demonstration of the fact that the keeping of swine in a town or village, or even near a solitary residence is injurious to health. The reports made by health officers in all parts of the country abound in illustrations of the nuisance created by hog pens wherever they may exist, and it cannot be said that the two or three pigs commonly kept in the rear of houses are relatively less objectionable.

It is a matter of fact that pigs are habitually kept in a most uncleanly and unwholesome manner, and the out cry against their being so kept is natural and not to be wondered at when we consider the fact that zymotic diseases may be occasioned by it. My own judgment, formed from recent observation, is that there is no one course more fruitful in engendering typhoid fever and diptheria, than the effluvia which arise from pig styes, and my opinion is, therefore, very decided that is is an evil which should not be tolerated in any community. The keeping of swine within the precincts of a town or even within a defined distance of inhabited dwellings in the country should be forbidden absolutely.

The offensive odor from ill-kept and ill-managed piggeries will travel with the wind considerable distancies. The nuisance has its sourse in the filthy condition of the styes, the accumulation of matter often in a fermenting condition, and in the storage and subsequent preparation of the food. The swill-tub in most towns and villages is an "institution," and throughout the year, during hot as well as cold weather, the process of filling it goes on, the swill being generally unmitigated filth.

Uncleanliness is reckoned as the deadliest of our removable causes of diseases, and it is among the oldest and most universal of medical experiences that population living amid filth, especially filthy privies, pig-styes and slaughter houses, and within direct reach of their polluting influences, succumb to various diseases which under proper conditions, are comparatively or entirely unknown. The broad knowledge that filth makes disease is represented in the oldest records which exist, of legislation meant for the masses of mankind, and the universal experience of sanitarians affirms the fact that diseases are exceptionally frequent among residents in proximity to such establishments as I have mentioned. To these may also be added cow and horse stables, back yards and cellars kept in an uncleanly condition, especially where the effluvia from such keeping are concentrated within a confined space. We may, then, set it down as a truism from which there is no escape, that pig-keeping near an inhabited dwelling is unquestionably injurious to health, and, therefore, all pig-styes should be banished from towns and villages.

It is axiomatic that cleanliness and the due removal of all accumulations of filth, from whatever source they may arise, are the prime essentials of health, and I trust you will endeavor to impress this fact upon the good people of your place.

Very respectfully, &c.,
C. W. CHANCELLOR, M. D.,
Sect'y of the State Board of Health.

Pic-Nics on the 4th.

The Ev. Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland, will celebrate the 4th by a pic-nic in the Totten grove near Oakland.

The Pleasant Valley Sunday School propose to have a pic-nic on the 4th of July. All are invited to attend. Bring your baskets. Committee, Clark Deberry, J. A. Wise and David Eulow.

A basket pic-nic will be held at McHenry, on the old pic-nic ground, on the 4th of July. All are invited to come with full baskets. Committee, Geo. H. Fulmer, S. P. Specht, H. C. DeWitt, D. R. Smith, Jerome DeWitt.

There will be a pic-nic at the Glade Valley Church, by the Sunday School at that place, on the 4th. There will be good speaking and good music. Bring well filled baskets. Mr. G. P. White is chairman of the committee of arrangements.

A pic-nic will be given, near Frank Nethkin's on the road leading from Sand Flat to Deer Park, on the 4th of July, with the usual amusements. No intoxicating liquors will be allowed on the grounds. A. C. Browning, J. H. Beckman and P. S. Hetzell constitute the committee of arrangements.

Full stock 4th of July goods at Cheap John's, candidies, cakes, fruits, nuts, toys, fire works, flags, Drums and accordeons. *Well I'll go and C.*

Election of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Alta Lodge, No. 574 K. of H., Thursday night of last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Dictator--Jas. A. Hayden.
V. Dictator—Geo. M. Mason.
Asst. Dictator—Chas. H. Sincell.
Treasurer—John Compton.
Reporter—W. H. Tower.
F. Reporter—A. G. Sturgiss.
Chaplain—J. M. Davis.
Guide—Samuel Lawton.
Guardian—M. L. Scott.
Sentinel—Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

Monday night Shealtiel Lodge, No. 122, I. O. O. F., elected officers for the ensuing term as follows:

N. G.—Geo. A. Spedden.
V. G.—Fred. A. Thayer.
R. S.—Th. J. Peddicord.
F. S.—W. H. Tower.
Treas.—Geo. W. Legge.

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, consisting of gingbams, lawns, bunting, black and striped grenadines, cashmeres, melanges, poplins, alpaceas, brocade, plaid and plain silks, Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, hang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maltese, vermicella, languedoe, maraclec, point de allencon and Irish crochet laces, valenceines, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, berege, silk lace and dotted veilings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepe shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard.

DAILY & Co.
Leaders of low prices, and one price only. je25tf.

Largest Book Published.

The edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary recently issued, in the quantity of matter it contains, is believed to be the largest volume published.

It will surprise many readers to know that it contains eight times the amount of matter contained in the Bible, being sufficient to make 75 12mo. volumes that usually sell for $1.25 each! Its vocabulary comprises over 118,000 words (4,600 of which have recently been added).

It has a new Biographical Dictionary, giving brief important facts concerning 9 700 noted persons.

There is a Memoir of Noah Webster, a brief history of the English language, Principles of Pronunciation, Lists of 4,000 Scripture Proper Names, 10,000 Geographical Names, 700 common English Christian Names, several pages of Proverbs, &c., a vocabulary of Names of Noted Fictitious Persons and Places, and many other valuable features,—all of which, in a volume of 1,928 pages, embellished with 3,000 Engravings, go to make up a great store house of useful knowledge.

MARYLAND NEWS.

At Frederick, on Wednesday, Miss Kate Keefer, a sister of Mr. Harry C. Keefer, one of the editors and proprietors of the *Examiner*, was married to Mr. H. S. Evney, a business man of York, Pa.

The Marlboro' *Gazette* has just celebrated its forty-fourth birthday. It was never more vigorous and newsy.

The county tax in Harford county for 1881 will be about 60 cents on the dollar, or 21 cents less than last year, whereat the taxpayers are happy.

Isaac W. Beckman has built a large canning factory on his property near Dublin, Harford county, and will can the produce of 85 acres of corn and tomatoes this season.

During a recent storm lightning struck the house of James R. Wheatley, in Dorchester county. One person was severly paralyzed and has not yet recovered, and four or five others were stunned by the shock.

Capt. Alfred C. Williams, of Harford county, was stricken with paralysis on Monday of last week, and died on Wednesday. He was one of the oldest vessel captains on the Chesapeake, and was widely and favorably known. He was 85 years of age.

Lieut. C. B. Gatewood, of the sixth United States cavalry, was married at Cumberland on Thursday to Miss Georgie McCulloch, of Frostburg, Md. The newly-wedded pair left for a brief visit to the home of the groom, in Woodstock, Va., after which they will proceed to Arizona, where he is stationed.

The county levy in Wicomico will be 86 cents on the hundred dollars, about seven cents less than in 1880.

The wheat harvest has been concluded in Caroline county. The result is variously represented—some farmers say their wheat is not half filled, while others say they have an average crop.

The commissioners of Frederick county have contracted with L. M. Findley, of Castle Fin, York county, Pa., for the erection of eight wrought iron bridges over creeks in that county, at a cost of $8,790.

Dr. C. W. Chancellor, secretary of State board of health, lectured on the public health at the Academy of Music, Cumberland, Thursday evening to a good-sized audience, including many of the most intelligent citizens and a number of ladies. Drs. Ohr and Wiley and Messrs. D. W. Sloan and B. L. Turner, of the county board of health, were on the stage. Dr. Chancellor Friday examined Cumberland's sanitary condition, and much of his lecture was new matter, especially prepared to show the evils existing there dangerous to public health, and giving plans for their removal. He referred particularly to Wills creek and the mill race, whose use as sewers he considered dangerous.

The O. L. D.'S and the Comptrolership.

The anti-ring element in the Democratic party has not yet become reconciled to Comptroller Keating's nomination. They are still discussing the propriety of placing in the field an independent candidate, but the difficulty appears to be how to accomplish that end. Some of the members of the Committee of One Hundred are very much in earnest about it, but there are as many opposed to such a movement as there are in its favor. A prominent member of the organization states that all they have to do is to select a man from one of the counties as the standard-bearer. Quite a number of patriotic Democrats would be willing to run on an Independent ticket for the comptrollership if they had the assurance that the Republicans would endorse such a nomination. But the probabilities are that the Republicans will do nothing of the kind. The latter will place in the field a straightout Republican candidate for comptroller, and take the chances of winning the fight with him. The Old Liners, or, as Mr. Hodges calls them, the "Real Democrats," openly state that they are satisfied that Comptroller Keating cannot be elected. They claim that if there is no other Democratic opponent in the field, a sufficient number of Democrats in the city and the counties will abstain from voting, and in this way indirectly aid in the election of his Republican opponent. If a conservative Republican is nominated, they think that the prospects of his election are very good. The O. L. D.'S state that they prefer an anti-ring Democrat, if they can get one; if it is found impossible to obtain the latter, they would rather see a Republican in the comptroller's office than Mr. Keating. The delegates from Washington and St. Mary's counties, who declined to vote for Mr. Keating, are incensed at the action of the anti Keating delegates from the Eastern Shore, who did not present to the convention the names of the men for whom they were pledged. But these delegates say that when it was apparent that Mr. Keating had more than three-fourths of the convention votes, there was no use putting up their candidates for the purpose of having them knocked down, and that their constituencies would not have approved such a course. The agitation for the nomination of an Independent candidate for the comptrollership does not appear to be strong enough at present to justify the belief that anything will come out of it.—*Sunday American.*

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluableas a toule; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all persons trespassing on my premises, either for the purpose of huntlng, or taking fruit or herries therefrom, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law

7 2 3 ABRAHAM SPIKER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 21, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Tuesday, July 5th, 1881,

for the purpose of appointing Judges of Election, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the Board.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
6 25 td. Clerk.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 11, 25, 30, 79, 84, 90, 123, 127, 130, 131, 250, 286, 469, 857, 859, 909, 1125, 1134, 1165, 1189, 1325, 1326, 1397, 1912, 2088, 2500, 2550, 3032, 3038, 3049, 3095, 3166, 1199,

said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Thomas Donaldson.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 1890, 1891, 1895, 1896, 2033, 2110, 2111, 2127, 2143, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 221, 301, 306, 308, 75, 77, 78, 180, 314, 2151, 2150, 2149, 2144, 224, 315, containing one thousand fourhundred and one-half acres,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Wm. Morten's heirs.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the door of the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 3040,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of E. W. Cecil.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
7 2 ts Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SURVEYOR.

ENS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

NOTICE.

OAKLAND, MD., June 20, 1881.

The Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland will receive sealed bids up to 12 o'clock noon, of July 5th, 1881, for the

Building or Repairing of the Davis Bridge,

over the B. & O. R. R. on Oak street, Oakland.

By order of the Board.

H. A. ISON, Clerk.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,
—OR THE—
STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 31 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

WEST VA. UNIVERSITY.

Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins September 7th, 1881. Attendance last year from 28 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories; Number of students larger than for ten years previous.

**For catalogues and other information, apply to the Acting-President, D. B. Purinton, Morgantown, West Va. 6 25 4m.

A Good Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm, situated 3 miles south of Accident.

This farm contains 150 acres, about 90 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing. The improvements consist of a comfortable two-story dwelling house, a barn 40 by 67 feet, three good orchards of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

HENRY FEIGH,
Accident, Garrett county, Md.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4tds Permanent Trustee.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

much of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot piece or

Parcel of land

lying and being in Garrett county, in the town of Deer Park, it being the same land that was conveyed to Nannie Burton by H. G. Davis and others, by deed dated the 1st day of October, 1873, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, one of the land records of Garrett county.

This land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one dollar and twenty-nine cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Nannie Burton for the year 1878, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Nannie Burton.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is said to be worth a million dollars.

—Queen Victoria refused to receive a Peeress who became a widow not very long ago, and who has since contracted a second marriage.

—A Frenchman in Nevers, France, has left a valuable piece of landed property and 1,800,000 francs to build a home and support decrepit or aged members of various professions. Painters, sculptors, architects, engravers and designers come within the class mentioned.

—Queen Victoria has taken possession of the pet peacocks which Lord Beaconsfield kept at Hughenden. When the gorgeous birds arrived at Windsor, the Queen, her daughter Beatrice and her son Leopold drove to the aviary to give them courteous welcome.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett is again reported engaged to be married. The young lady mentioned this time—by the London *World*—is Mlle. Bonaparte, daughter of Pierre Bonaparte, who has resided nearly all his life in retirement in the South of France.

—It is related in Paris that a young beauty troubled with a too talkative admirer bade him be dumb, and he, swearing to obey her behest, did it so thoroughly that all the world believed he had lost the use of his tongue from melancholy, until one day the lady undertook to cure him of his dumbness, and by pronouncing the word "speak!" brought her lover's two years' silence to a sudden close.

—Since Englishmen were forced to admit that some things are better done in this country than in theirs, American improvements have rapidly invaded the British Isles. The luxury of Pullman cars having become domesticated there, it is now proposed to introduce the hotel cars upon the long railway lines, and the Government inserted a clause (which it subsequently withdrew) in the Customs and Inland Revenue bill allowing railroad companies to take out licenses for the sale of liquors and cigars in passenger carriages. A dining-room car has already been introduced upon at least one line.

—Frances Evelyn Maynard, the young heiress who has just been married to Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, is one of the most beautiful women in England, and as generous as she is beautiful. Under her father's will she inherited the whole of his immense wealth. Before her marriage she alienated a good share of the property and settled it on her only sister, who has just appeared in society. Lady Brooke's wedding gown is described by competent authority as beautiful and simple. It was plain white satin and of immense length. It was half covered with magnificent old lace interspersed with a few orange blossoms. Her veil was of point lace, and her only ornament a single row of pearls. Lady Brooke's pet name is "Daisy," and her husband gave her a wedding present of a diamond collar with pendant daisies.

The American Colony In Mexico.

A ball in Mexico has many advantages over a ball anywhere else, because you can always count on the weather, and if the house is too small you have all out-doors. People here don't understand remarks about the weather, and in my capacity as a general interpreter I have had occasion fifty times to explain to my fellow-countrymen that they need not expect me to translate their comments on the weather. Sometimes a daring neophyte, flushed with his mastery of Castilian, will open the conversation with the remark, "Hace bol tiempo," "It's very fine weather," and I have never failed to notice a look of dismay and surprise on the face of the Mexican—as much as to say, "What does he mean by saying it's fine weather?" It's always fine weather, and the weather for the Minister's ball was what it always is—not too fine, but just fine enough.

The Legation is like nine houses out of ten here, where a building lot is 100 feet square, and where, instead of putting the house in the middle of the yard, they put the yard in the middle of the house. The Minister lives on the first floor, and neither knows nor cares who inhabits the ground floor nor the second floor, except that there is a concierge or porter in a cave near the entrance. The porter and his wife are Indians; they wear low-necked shirts and trim their hair with a jack-knife; their children don't wear much of anything, and don't trim their hair at all. They earn their salary by saying "Quien sabe" when visitors ask if the family are at home, but on this occasion their services are dispensed with, and we walk upstairs in a procession of all nations. Upstairs the landing opens on a broad porch that runs all around the patio or court. Opposite the landing are the ante-room and main parlor, occupying one side of the court, of which three sides are given up to the reception. We pass through the ante-room, and at the door of the saloon we are received by the Minister and Mrs. Morgan; in the center are General and Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Grant is obliged to sit down, on account of a sprained ankle. Young Mrs. Grant is not well, and can not come, but there is a Miss Sharp in the imperial party, a niece of Mrs. Grant, and a very pretty girl, but with a dangerous resemblance to her aunt. Don Matias Romero is steering the Grant party, an insignificant-looking steersman; but I think better of him subsequently, when I am presented to Mrs. Romero; she was a Miss Allen, of Washington, and her husband showed good taste, if she didn't. Mrs. Mariscal, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a blonde from Baltimore, and more than sustains the reputation of the belles of the Monument City. In fact, America shows up well. Judge Morgan has three pretty, bright-eyed daughters, fresh from school in Paris, but thorough Americans for all that. Consul Trowbridge has come up from Vera Cruz with three daughters, who were born in Decatur, Ill., but who after twelve years' residence in the tropics are more Spanish than the Spaniards in a certain slimness of shape and a sinuous grace of movement. Gen. Frisbie, of Syracuse, has two daughters who are more than half Spanish in virtue of their descent from old Governor Vallejo, the last Mexican Governor of California. I could make a catalogue as long as the list of Homer's ships, but I forbear, because, without any disparagement to the American beauty, I had to admit that Mexico took the cake. Truth is greater than patriotism, and I am willing to stake my reputation for veracity on the assertion that there were at the ball a dozen ladies of Mexico who, in face, form and style, eyes, hair, gait and dress, would be acknowledged as unusual beauties in any ball-room in the world. I had been looking for the much-vaunted beauty of Mexico so long I had begun to doubt its existence, but there was no doubting the evidence of my senses, and if I resisted firmly I surrendered gracefully when surrender was inevitable.

The ball was much like any American ball in Europe. The little diplomatic corps here was well represented, the official world was present with its wife, Mexicans making more than a majority of guests. Then came miscellaneous Americans, English globe-trotters, a sprinkling of French, Germans and Belgians, and, of course, the inevitable admixture of those strange little creatures called "society men," who are the same all the world over. There was dancing and flirting (I suppose) and refreshments and much supper. The redowa and the mazurka and the schottische have not yet disappeared from Mexico, and the gallop and the racket are yet to come. Ices and punches circulated between the dances, supper was served from eleven o'clock until the close, and only the young and enthusiastic remained after midnight.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Early Mines of New Mexico.

The early colonists were all miners; but owing to the care taken in concealments of them by the natives, little is left to indicate operations except miles of earth cut into running galleries and driven tunnels. Slavery everywhere when applied to field labor is destructive to human life. What must it have been when applied to mining under taskmasters who did not value one life at a pin's fee?

Even with the aid of science, machinery, and the many humanities of the Nineteenth Century, mining is the most melancholy of trades. The task of him who "hangs in midway air" to gather samphire is not half so dreadful as work done in danger from every element.

The ruins of a large prison among the placers of the Miembres Mountains, abandoned mines reopened and traditions of Indians clearly show that the conquered races were treated as though they did not belong to the human family. There is an infinite pathos in the banishment of the untamed Indian from the free Sierras and the glad sunshine to gloomy caverns where thousands were actually buried alive. They were driven to toil under the lash and at the bayonet's point in the midst of dangers from falling walls, deadly gas, sudden floods, and the work was done by manual labor alone. They broke the rocks with miserable tools and insufficient light, and mixed the ores slowly and painfully with naked feet. Quartz was ground in rude arastras or mills to which men and women were yoked like cattle. Every ounce of precious metal was literally the price of blood.

So changeless are the Spaniard and Indian that the description of a miner near Chihuahua, written last year, will do tolerably well for the Pueblo of the seventeenth century. Then, as now, the Spaniard was the overseer. The peon is the slave of to-day. As a rule, Mexicans, however intelligent and educated, have no genius for machinery. They blow, crush, and drill as their fathers did before them, and for transportation of ore they prefer a train of mules to a train of cars. The miner in the sepulchral shades of San Domingo has never heard of crushing-mills or carts. A yard-square piece of untanned hide, stretched on two sticks, is his wheelbarrow. The drill, the pick, the crowbar, are his only tools. Out of the back-door of the mine he steps quickly, lightly, though weighted by a sack containing a hundred and fifty pounds of ore. A broad band of rawhide attaches the burden to his forehead. He is naked as when he came into the world. He neck and limbs are like a prize-fighter's. The perspiration streams from his sooty face and body and his breast heaves spasmodically. There are no air-shafts, and for two hours he has been down in the hydrogen of the mine. The path he has traveled in ascending winds hither and thither; now up, then down; now in a chamber of whose extent he has no conception; now in a gallery narrow as the cavity of a sugar-hogshead—so narrow that, to bear his cargo through, he must double and crawl like a panther; now along a slippery ledge, where the slightest error in the placement of a hand or foot is instant death, because on one side is an abyss which for the matter of vision might as well be fathomless. Now it turns a sharp corner; now it traverses rough masses of rocks, which are not all *debris* from blasting, for some of them have tumbled from the roof, and may be followed by "companion pieces" at any moment. Woe to him whom they catch! Thus for more than half an hour the poor wretch has come. To such a feat, performed regularly six times a day, what is crossing the rapids of Niagara on a wire? What wonder that the breast heaves and the sweat pours? Have you not heard a man escaped from drowning tell of the agony thrilling him the instant the life-saving air rushed into the cells of his collapsed lungs? Something like that this poor miner and his comrades say they suffer every time they pass the door of the mine suddenly into the rarified atmosphere of the upper world. Horrible life! And how wretchedly rewarded! Between mining and morals there is no connection, still the question comes: Was it for this God gave him a soul?—*Mrs. Gov. Wallace, in the N. Y. Independent.*

—While Vienna was hurrahing over the recent imperial marriage, a poor tailor, the father of five children, all starving, shut himself up with them in a room, butchered them, and stabbed himself. Suspicion having been aroused, the door of the room was burst open, and the police found him just alive, but covered with blood. He sat up for a moment, glanced at the five corpses, and then at a cage in which a canary was singing. "Give him to the janitor," he remarked, "otherwise he will starve to death;" then he lay down and died.

A Digger Indian Fandango.

"Would you like to attend the dance to-night at the rancheria of the Indians?" said a gentleman to a friend and myself, as we loitered in one of the small towns in Northern California. Now, having been informed of the dance during the afternoon by no less a personage than the chief of the rancheria, we had stopped over night for the purpose of witnessing the same; and right happily were we to be joined by a gentleman who was thoroughly familiar with every point of interest in the neighborhood, and who was well known to many of the Indians themselves.

From the barking of the dogs and the wailing of a squaw we knew that we were now in the midst of the rancheria; and Indian forms flitting about the "sweat-house" informed us where the "fandango" was to be held. This house had been built of strong poles and branches ingeniously fastened together, and was in the shape of an inverted bowl, being about forty feet in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to the size of a center-pole at the top. The outside being covered with earth to prevent the escape of the heat, and there being neither windows nor doors, the appearance of the whole was like that of an old-fashioned bake-oven; and the simile was not inappropriate, as we afterwards learned.

Under the escort of Capt. Jack, to whom we were each required to pay fifty cents, we crawled rather than walked through the small aperture on one side, and, having gained the interior, we were assigned a bench immediately in front of the fire. It was now about ten o'clock, but the dancing was not yet begun. About 150 Indians—the males and females mixed indiscriminately—were lounging around the edge of the house, and, save the bench upon which we were seated, not a single article of furniture was seen. Upon hooks projecting from the wall were hung blankets, beadwork, bows and arrows, canes, slippers, and other convenient and fancy articles, while the various costumes to be used in the dances gave the whole the appearance of a well-stocked bazar. The only light of the place emanated from the huge wood-fire which burned on the ground near the center of the house; and during the entire evening a decrepid old Indian, who had been detailed for the purpose, kept piling on fuel until the spectators on the bench, and the Indians themselves, were well nigh roasted.

THE MUSIC.

It was already late when the dancing began. The orchestra was composed of about a dozen braves; and these, with their instruments of torture, huddled together near the pole in the center. In the book "Between the Gates," a Chinese orchestra is described as a combination of ticks, and chicks, and jingles, and squeaks, and tinkles of bells, and a frog and locust interlude, and emaciated fiddles, with a roar of gongs and clash of cymbals added; while elsewhere the music of the Digger Indians is described as a deafening uproar like that produced by a thousand cross-cut saws filed by steam power, or innumerable pigs caught under a gate, or a multitude of tom-cats lashed together and flung over a clothes-line! But neither of the above descriptions will do justice to the music which broke upon our ears as the signal was given—for soon were distinguished notes and pauses in accordance with the figures. Each member of the orchestra contributed his share of the noise by striking a split piece of wood against his knee or arm; and this was accompanied by a plaintive wail, now low and subdued, again loud and foreible, as the occasion demanded.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the music the dancing began. A dozen or more squaws glided barefooted into the center of the ring, and, after circling the fire on tiptoe two or three times, glided away as unceremoniously as they came. Probably the second and last dances were the best of the evening, and a short description of each is herewith appended. Previous to the commencement of the second dance, which an Indian informed us in broken English was called "the squaw dance," the ten squaws changed their apparel and donned their costumes in full view of the audience assembled, and then formed in a line between us and the fire. The dresses must have been owned by the community in general, for they were exactly alike in every respect, and, when the dance was concluded, each was returned to the hook from which it had been taken.

THE SQUAW DANCE.

The body of each dress was made of black calico, with red and white scollops below the waist, and also at the bottom. An abalone belt fitted tightly around the waist, and four long streamers from the back and breast waved to and fro with the body. On the head was a cap, which in shape was not unlike a huge crab; and starting from the top of this was another streamer, which extended even to the ground. Each of the squaws held a horse-tail in the right hand, and four had peculiar wooden whistles in their mouths. The dancers varied in age from the young girl in her teens to the grandmother of the tribe; and a stoical indifference to pleasure or applause was manifested on every face. During the dance the feet were never wholly lifted from the ground, and the motion was a sort of shuffling "hobbledehoy"—the dancers now supporting themselves on the heel, now on the toes—now turning around and around—now following the leader with a snail-like pace around the fire. Every few minutes, without the least sign, the beating of the sticks and the humming of the musicians would suddenly stop, and then, by way of applause, the old Indian by the fire and one or two others would utter a sound which was a sort of cross between a groan and a yell.

After the dance had continued some time and the squaws had well nigh exhausted themselves and everybody else, they darted off suddenly into the passage leading to the aperture by which we had entered; and thereupon a single brave, with his face painted and almost naked, appeared in front of the audience. Holding a drumstick in each hand and a whistle in his mouth, he danced to the spot where the squaws were assembled; and these, following him, two by two, twice around the fire, were dismissed to their seats, and the squaw dance was over.

THE DEVIL'S DANCE.

Other dances followed in quick succession. The fire was made to burn hotter than ever and the heat was almost unbearable. A single hole in the roof served as an outlet for the smoke, but through this outlet the smoke was in no hurry to go. The atmosphere, breathed over and over by every Indian in the place, was poisonous itself; and reeking with carbonic-acid gas and charcoal-fumes it was moistened with human perspiration. The fire heated the passions as well as the body, and the uproar became greater. Two braves now appeared before the fire, and a grunt of satisfaction indicated that a climax was to be reached. One was small and agile, but as tough as a tiger; the other showed a symmetry in form and proportions such as we had seldom seen equaled. Save a few feathers in the hair and a girdle around the loins, each dancer was naked, and their muscles stood out like great lumps on their bodies. The music beginning, they shot like race-horses twice around the fire and then pausing for a moment they set to their work. They jumped; they yelled; they beat the ground with their feet; they tossed their arms aloft; they beat their head to their knees; they threw their bodies into contortions; they danced like devils in human form. But such exertions could not last forever. Nature asserted a limit and beyond this physical endurance could not go. The dancing became slower and the music more subdued. Suddenly, when pity had taken the place of excitement and performers and spectators were alike gasping for air, the music stopped with a triumphal crash. Then, the aperture being opened, the two braves vanished into the open air and the "fandango" was over. And when Capt. Jack in his broken English had told us that it had been a "heap big dance," and we found ourselves once more under a clear, open sky, we no longer wondered that the Digger Indians are placed lowest in the scale of civilization and that they are doomed to extinction as complete as that of the Narragansetts of New England, whose language and monuments can not now be deciphered.—*A. R. Whitehill, in the Chicago Tribune.*

Locomotive Engineers.

A practical engineer says, through the Detroit *Free Press:*

So much has been said of the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing heroism of locomotive engineers, as displayed during the few seconds intervening between the discovery of immediate impending danger and the actual occurrence, that it has become the subject of much annoyance to our profession. During my experience of over ten years as engineer of both slow and fast trains, on various prominent lines, there has never been, to my knowledge, one accident where the presence of an engineer on his engine, after certain acts have been performed (unless as a precaution of personal safety), was not the height of foolhardiness, and this in justice to all concerned in the general result.

On a passenger train, after the air-brakes are applied, the engine reversed, and the sand-lever open, the presence of a whole cabful of cool-headed, experienced engineers would not alter the result one single bit. Now as to the "eagle-eyed hero" who has so many lives at his mercy in times when mortal danger stares his train in the face. What is the man there for, if not to use every possible exertion to avert impending calamity? Is it not the intention of his superiors that he shall take the train safely to its destination, and in passing over his run to use every known precaution for safety? We are familiar with and use daily methods for safety unknown to the public and not definitely provided for in the regulations of the company. An engineer who would abandon his engine at the first sight of danger, without having first used the means at his command to lessen the result, would (save in very exceptional cases) be hooted out of the country. From the very earliest stages in the apprenticeship of an engineer, it is daily brought to his notice that the correct and proper thing to do in all cases where a sudden stop is required, is to reverse and open the throttle, using sand to keep the wheels from slipping, and in his usual work on local freight trains he has it continually in use before him, while doing switching, etc. Thus long before he becomes a passenger engineer it is second nature to him to adopt this method when occasion demands. In addition to this means all passenger engines are provided with air-breaks, and their application becomes from frequent usage quite as mechanical under all circumstances as in the previous mentioned means provided. It takes much less time than those uninitiated can imagine to accomplish all that is possible for an engineer to do to stop his train; a very few seconds suffice, and nearly always he has ample time to jump and save himself from quite probable injury. We who are daily liable to be subjected to the requirements know the uselessness of running unnecessary risks, and how few are the thanks we receive from our employers when (and they are the ones we are most concerned in keeping on the right side of), perchance, one of our number, by an error of judgment, suffers personal injury. If the truth were known, it is not quite freely accepted as a fact, after the usual means to stop have been made, many a good man has gone to his death by reason of being seized with a sort of paralysis, and being rendered helpless for the time being by the thought of the terrible calamity to follow. It is customary to tell the fireman to jump, and as he can in nowise assist in these emergencies, he usually escapes unhurt.

Occasionally on crooked roads collisions occur so suddenly that both men on the engine are killed without the usual few seconds' warning, and then it is customary to laud those killed as brave men who went to their death rather than desert their posts of duty, while in reality the poor fellows had only time to feel the sudden choking sensation always present when sudden mortal danger stares at us.

—The City of Boston opened its public baths on the 1st of June. The season lasts four months, the baths are 18 in number, and last year 646,200 males and 215,535 females availed themselves of their advantages.

Getting Used to It.

A great many questions may be asked which admit of only one answer, and that is: "He has got used to it." I could fill this entire column with such questions, but it would not be very lively reading. A few specimen's will suffice, taken from the conversation of my friend over the way, who is in the habit of dropping in of an evening, and never fails to have some forty or fifty things to ask about: "How do you account for it that Mr. A is willing to have Mr. B live with him in his house? With his peculiarly offensive ways it must be a terrible infliction to have the man always hanging round and prying into everything that is going on. I should think he would rather pay his board at a hotel or send him to the almshouse." Again: "How do you suppose that Mr. C can bear to live where he does, and in such an old rattle-trap of a house, away from everybody, without even a tree near him, and with that dreadful bog right in the rear of his house? I should think they would all die in six months, and that, at any rate, life would not be worth living in such a hole as that." Again: "How do you imagine Mr. D can manage to support his family on such a small income? And how can he endure to earn his living in such a disagreeable business?" To all which, and sundry other questions, all that I could say was that he had got used to it.

There is an astonishing power in human nature to conform itself to circumstances. We can become habituated to almost any sort of diet, and after a while begin to thrive on the strangest kind of food. A man who has lost one of his limbs, or his sight, or his hearing, soon gets accustomed to it, and manages in some way to supply the deficiency. Chronic invalids get used to lying in bed and doing nothing, and even come to be more or less unconscious of pain, if it is of a steady, persistent nature and does not rack the body.

People get used to doing the most extraordinary things, and to exposures, which seem to give them no concern. They will scale precipices, traverse lofty ridge-poles and steep roofs, climb church spires, swing out on the yard-arm in a midnight storm when everything is cased in ice, shoot rapids and cataracts, ride tip-toe on the back of a galloping horse, walk on their heads, leap about among flying trapezes, thrust naked swords down their throats, breathe fire and smoke out of their mouths, and perform a hundred other inscrutable tricks before our eyes, simply because they are used to it. A tired workman will lie down and go to sleep in the inside of a copper boiler while forty brawny arms are riveting bolts on the surface, because he is used to it. If the noise should stop he would wake up. A car conductor will tell who has paid, and who has not, let the bustle and crowd be ever so great, because he is used to it. A porter will swing a trunk upon his shoulder which others could not possibly lift, because he is used to it. A blind man will tread his way through the streets, turning the corners and allowing for the curbstones with marvelous facility, because he is used to it. A deaf man will find out what is said by watching the lips of the speaker and studying his expression, because he is used to it. Other creatures besides man have the same gift of adapting themselves to circumstances, in a limited degree. How is it that the dog, who is second cousin to the wolf, can be willing to become the servitor of man, and run and fetch for him, take his food from him, follow his footsteps, and, if need be, even die for his master? How is it that the descendant of the wild steed of the desert could ever be reduced to the menial position of a poor omnibus horse, stumbling over rough cobblestones and gutters, with a whip over his head, and a heavy load of human beings dragging behind? How is it that the haughty elephant does not break his heart when he finds himself marched about as a show, subject to the tyranny of a keeper, whom he could wipe out of existence at a blow—forced to bow and snort and wave his trunk about, and make a fool of himself in general, and all for the amusement of such a pigmy race as ours? How is it that the bird, whose home is among the clouds, can be content to sing in a little cage of wire, and even lay aside his wild-wood notes, to copy the tinkling melody of a piano of wire? They get used to it, that is all you can say.

Even the vegetable creation, to some extent bends to the power of circumstances. A tree, transplanted from the close protection of the wood to the open lawn, where the sun beats upon it unchecked and the winds toss it about at their pleasure, gradually conforms to its changed condition and strikes its roots farther and deeper into the soil, and braces itself to bear the new strain to which it is subjected as best it may. The willow, that craves the water courses, if it is taken away from the stream and placed in some other region searches about under ground for the springs and the rivulets, and so manages in some way to thrive. It is true that the oak cannot accommodate itself to a flower-pot, neither could a very great man adapt himself to the condition of a boot-black. There is a limit to both vegetable and animal endurance, and there are some things to which neither a tree, or a beast, or a man can get used. Nothing can get *used* to being *abused*. I do not believe that any one, unless he has the skin of a rhinoceros, can ever become so habituated to calumny as not to suffer under it. I wonder if certain eloquent defamers of their fellow-men, who hurl their arrows, tipped with steel and saturated with venom, at almost every distinguished citizen of the Republic, ever think of this.

It is easier to accept the inevitable than it is to submit patiently to a calamity which might have been avoided. To grow old in the course of nature is not hard to bear, but to become prematurely old as the result of irregular habits or of disease brings with it a peculiar bitterness. To become poor by the dispensation of Providence is more endurable than it is to lose your all by the treachery of a friend or your own folly and carelessness.

It is a bad sign when a man gets used to certain things which he ought not to be willing to tolerate. When one becomes indifferent to his own shame he is past redemption. When profane and blasphemous words become so habitual to his lips that he does not know how offensive he makes himself to all decent people, his unconsciousness of evil shows how low he has fallen. There are some things which it was never intended we should "get used to."—*Bishop Clark, in New York Ledger.*

A Death-Dealing Destroyer.

There was an air of grim desperation about him as he stalked into the restaurant and sat down at a table. The bar-keeper regarded him suspiciously and waited for an order, but none came. The man who sweeps out the establishment for his morning cocktail crept into his corner and dusted the hinges of the door assiduously, while the customers without money who were waiting for the customers with money laid their heads more closely together and unanimously agreed that the drought would ruin the crops.

"Why did I kill those two unfortunate strangers?" demanded the desperate man, bringing his fist down on the table and glaring around fiercely.

"Ah—h!" murmured the impecunious customers, "he has killed two men," and they edged up toward the wall. The honest artisan rubbed the hinge with his sleeve and glanced toward the bar-keeper, who stared at the stranger with one eye while he searched around for the bung-starter with the other.

"They may have had families dependent upon them!" continued the ruffian, a gloom of remorse stealing over his visage, "and the other three that I killed yesterday may have been the heads of happy households. Why did I slaughter them? Why did I do it? I ask," and he arose from his seat and paced the room with nervous strides.

"Five men!" muttered the penniless chorus. "He has killed five men in two days!" The man at the hinge picked at a blotch of iron rust with a pin, and the bar-keeper laid hold of a beer-faucet with a hysterical grip.

"Had I the right, because three wouldn't treat me and two wouldn't trust me, to imbrue my hands with their blood? Was I justified in taking human life because they opposed my insane efforts to secure the liquor my soul craved?" went on the desperate man, scowling around him.

"He killed them for drinks," whispered the congregation of hard-ups. "They wouldn't treat or trust him!" The sweeper wet his thumb and tried to oil the hinge, and the bar-keeper reached under the counter for a mallet.

"But I would do it again!" continued the reckless stranger, with a smile that looked more like a groan. "Opposition to me means death. You hear me?" he cried, approaching the bar.

"He'll do it again!" moaned the empty-pocketed spectators to this horrible scene. The man at the hinge breathed thereupon and polished it with his elbow, while the bar-keeper fumbled in the till for a revolver.

"Let there be an end to bloodshed!" said the stranger, gloomily. "Let this wanton sacrifice of precious life stop right here. Give me some whisky and charge it to me."

"Give it to him!" shouted the little mob of anti-monopolists. "Let him have what he wants!" The hinge-cleaner crept up behind the ruthless slayer and fixed his gaze on the bar-keeper. Suddenly, and with a noise that shook the building to its foundations, the bar-keeper closed one eye. The sweeper-out-for-his-morning-cock-tail grasped the stranger by the neck and annex and fired him out. Out through the swing doors! Out over the cold, merciless pavement! Out through the golden glare of the laughing sun! Out into the muck and shadows of the resistless gutter!

"Did you know him?" asked the breathless scorners of bonds, as the sweeper settled into his corner and drew his thumb nail through the crack of the frowning hinge.

The speaker turned his pale face toward his questioners.

"I have six saloons on my route," he answered, with a hoarse glance, "and it was at the other five that he did the killing he spoke of."

"And he killed them?" they asked. The bar-keeper stopped mixing the cocktail he had under preparation for the sweeper and listened curiously.

"He did," replied the sweeper-out, running his eye over the hinge to moisten it. "He did it remorselessly."

"Who were they! How did he do it?" asked the pallid throng.

"They were bar-keepers, and he hung 'em up," whispered the sweeper, and as he filed away the cocktail in the mountain fastnesses of his stomach, the impecunious customers crowded out one by one, and went next door to see if they could get change for the holes in their pockets.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Gymnastics as Cure of Disease.

Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, inscribed on the wall of his lecture-room, "I gave the medicine, God cured the disease." He was far in advance of the doctors of his era, and promulgated ideas which were then novel, but which science has since made commonplace. In an age of dosing, when quantity was as much thought of as quality, he said:

"When I reflect on the immunity of hard-working people from the effects of wrong and overfeeding, I can not help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically, instead of chemically, by climbing a bitter-wood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves."

Every school-boy now knows that physical vigor is the basis of bodily health, and may only be retained by exercise. But in those days few physicians cared to utter the truth, even if they themselves knew it. The ancient Greeks, knowing that an effeminate man is half-sick, provided gymnastic exercises. They used these to promote health and prevent disease. An old Greek doctor, Asciepiades, is quoted as an authority by Dr. Oswald to enforce the dogma that gymnastics will cure disease. This philosopher had found that health could be preserved, and, if lost, restored, by physical exercise alone, and not only discarded the use of internal remedies, but made a public declaration that he would forfeit all claim to the title of a physician if he should ever fall sick or die but by violence or extreme old age. Asclepiades kept his word, for he lived upward of a century and died from the effects of an accident. He used to prescribe a course of gymnastics for every form of bodily ailment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Book-Farmers.

A few years ago the phrase "book-farmer" was used as a term of reproach. It was intended to refer to a man visionary, ignorant, unpractical, and, of course, unsuccessful. It was used by persons who believed that the art of farming could all be learned behind the plow, and that nothing remained to be known beyond what was already known by the most ignornnt man who ever plowed a furrow. Now, it is a sad and serious truth tbat none think they know so much as they who know the least, and it has turned out that those persons who were used but a few years ago to scorn a book-farmer, or a farmer who read agricultural papers and books, have been more helped and benefited by these very studious men than they know of. In fact, they owe nearly all that they know to books and book-farmers, for if they have learned something from other farmers, nnd have adopted plans and methods and the use of tools and implements and seeds and crops from them, they have either directly or indirectly gained this knowledge from book-farmers, who learned it from books. There is nothing new under the sun, we are told. And book-farming is by no means new. Some persons are apt to think that the present age is the only one in which men knew much, and that the old times were scarcely worth living through, so ignorant were the people of those days. But this is a great mislake. There were no railroads or telegraphs in those times, and people were not so refined or cultured as we now claim to be, but so far as farming is concerned very much of what we know and practice now was quite commonly known then. Some of the highest arts of farming were practiced thousands of years ago. The merino sheep was at its best at the time of the Roman Emperors, whose royal robes of imperial purple were woven from the finest fleeces from Spanish merinos, which were carefully protected by coverings wrapped around the sheep. That old book-farmer, Virgil, teaches us the art nnd practice of the selection and breeding of seed, and our modern "pedigree" corn and wheat is nothing more than the practice of what he advised. In many things those old Romans could give odds to our best farmers, shepherds, cattle-breeders and feeders, horsemen, and even bee-keepers, and take the premium every time. After them certainly came dark ages, in which the arts of peace were lost in the midst of wars and bloodshed, but when men emerged from these the books, fortunately, were left, and there were some book-farmers then who read these books, profited by them, practiced their suggestions, and other farmers learned by the example of these reading farmers.

And so we come down to what we may call the modern age, that in which America was peopled; and in a measure we may claim it as our own age, because our country and people were planted and began to grow at the beginning of it. And if we go back to that period, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we may find not only book-farmers but books on farming in plenty. The farmer who flings a gibe at a book-farmer today may be told that it is to an old book-farmer that he owes the knowledge of clover as a farm crop; that the practices of drainage, of the rotation of crops, of green manuring, of summer fallows, of cultivating crops, of soiling cattle, nay of the very practice of ensilage, about which some person are at their very wits' end of excitement, as being something decidedly novel and worthy of the very highest consideration, because they have been experimenting on it—that all these and more, in fact, are all mentioned in old books, and moreover, that those persons who wrote about these practices were treated very much by farmers of that day as books and book-farmers are treated by some now. For it was nearly sixty years after clover was first described and recommended by an English author in a book on agriculture tbnt it was tried in a small way, and then only after a second book was written about it and a prominent and wealthy landowner imported seed for distribution. We can easily fancy the farmers of that day joking about tbis new plant as the vagary of a book-farmer, and treating it as something to be despised and rejected because the knowledge of it came to them in a book. But the fact should not be lost sight of, because it goes to show that some things may be learned from books that never could be learned in the field.

But it may be said, Why lay so much stress upon this matter, now that we are learning better about it? To which might be replied, It is very well, so far, that farmers are discovering that some knowledge can be gained from books, and are frequently ready to sit on the fence of a book-farmer and watch his new methods nnd criticise them, and when he sees their vnlue and advantages to adopt them; to beg some new seeds from him; to borrow the services of his breeding-animals and the use of his improved implements; all this is well, so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, for we would have every farmer to be a book-farmer himself, that is, to be a reading farmer, a studious and thoughtful man, and one that lindsn delight In knowing all the ins and outs and the secrets of his business.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

A Place for Everything nnd Everything In Its Place.

Experience shows us that unless the habit of being orderly is cultivated in youth it never will be ours in mature years. The disorderly girl may be subject to spasmodic fits of tidiness, and at such times her closets, bureau drawers and boxes will be put In order, but as these attack are but temporary they are soon over and the old way fallen into ngain. Such a girl may be good and clever in many respects, but her want of order and system, besides being an inconvenience to herself, will also be, more or less, a trial to those about her. Girlhood is the time when habits are formed, and if an impulse to be orderly is followed then, it will grow upon us until it will become n second nature, and *disorder* will be a pain to us.

If, however, during these years we are careless, put things in their proper places if it is convenient, and if not leave them nround for some member of the household to pick up and put away for us, we are doing ourselves an injury which, if not apparent now, will be when we have reached womanhood.

Some girls make their things last so much longer than others, and we wonder sometimes by what magic they can be worn so long without looking shabby. The reason is, that they take good care of them. Their dresses are brushed carefully and the slightest spot upon them removed before hanging them away, ribbons and laces are folded and laid away with care, gloves are mended when the tiniest hole shows itself, a button lost from a shoe is restored immediately, and "the stitch in time" keeps many n wardrobe looking fresh and new, which otherwise would become old and worn out if neglected from time to time. Girls! don't give wny to self-indulgence and laziness in regard to your own personal belongings. If you have a desire to leave things around, or to put off mending n garment, because you don't feel like being tidy at the time, or in a mood for mending, don't yield to it, for every time you do you are strengthening the impulse to be disorderly, and are taking the steps that will influence your character for the whole of your future life.—*Christian at Work.*

Flaxseed for Sleek.

From all accounts, the amount of flaxseed sown this season is unusually large. In many places where the prospect for a crop of fall-sown wheat was poor, the ground was plowed up quite early in the spring and sown to flax. In some parts of the West, farmers sow flax on newly-turned sod for the purpose of preparing the ground for a crop of wheat the following year. It requires less labor to sow and harvest a crop of flax than to plant and gather a crop of corn, and many state that the ground is in better condition after the flax than the corn. Sod corn is not salable, but flaxseed always finds a ready market. The expense of marketing flaxseed is less than for any crop that can be raised on the same amount of land. It is generally worth more per bushel than any kind of grain, and it is manufactured in the West instead of in the East. In many sections the manufacturers of linseed oil furnish seed to homesteaders and other poor farmers with a view of securing their crop when harvested. The manufacture of this oil is very profitable, as the oil-cake sells for more than half the sum paid for the seed from which it is made. Nearly all of it goes to Great Britain, where its value for feeding to all kinds of stock is better appreciated than in this country. But little use is made of oil-cake or of ground flaxseed in the United States, except to feed to calves and milch cows that are in poor condition in the spring. Few have employed either of them as a part of the regular diet for stock, or for the purpose of preparing animals for the butcher. There is no necessity for extracting the oil from flaxseed before feeding it to stock. In fact, the oil it contains is the most valuable portion of it. Pure ground flaxseed, when fed alone, is too rich, but if mixed with meal, bran or shorts it is excellent for all kinds of stock. An experienced feeder recommends mixing one bushel of flaxseed with seven of corn and the same number of oats and grinding them together. There is no better feed for calves "brought up by hand" than boiled flaxseed and skimmed milk. It is the best substitute for fresh milk. A small amount of flaxseed should be fed at first, but the amount can be increased to a pound n day by the time the calves are a month old.—*Chicago Times.*

Maintaining Meadows.

As a general thing, with land that is capable of fnir tillage, I would not leave any one seeding to lie more than two or three years before breaking and tilling, so as to thoroughly overhaul the land, and then reseed it, giving it a change of crops and a change of condition which well ngrees with almost any soil. But it is often the case, from one cause or another, that the farmer would prefer to let certain fields go to grass year after year, if its fertility and productiveness could be maintained. And it can be without any more outlay for manure than we would think necessary to apply to the same land if we were aiming to get from it a good crop of almost anything else. The trouble generally is that we think the grass ground can run itself, and the result is it runs itself out usually before we really beslir ourselves to do anything for it. But by applying manure judiciously to grass ground it will be likely to show better results than when used anywhere else on the farm. I should prefer to apply manure to any grass land in the fall, and at any time during the winter, but if deferred until early spring, use finer and better manure and more of it, and after spreading evenly as possible, drag once over it, then apply a light seeding of grass seeds and drag once or twice more, which will probably give very satisfactory results the same year. But for the future treatment apply the manure in the fall and winter, never minding whether it be fine or coarse, only if it is lumpy cuff them out with an old fork, so as to get it even over the surface, and if ever so coarse and strong, it will all settle to the ground, out of the way of mowing, and help wonderfully in keeping the ground moist and in favorable condition for the grass crop. It will be found most practical to apply this treatment on clayey and stubborn soils.—*Henry Ives, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Lightning did terrible work at Cedartown, Ga., recently. In a double log house occupied by a family named Prince and another named Brazier, the bolt entered the roof and struck dead Mrs. Brazier, who was standing by the fire roasting coffee. Her neck was broken and her head split open by a piece of the mantel tbnt was torn off by the lightning and hurled at her with terrific force. Mr. Powell, who was holding Mrs. Brazier's infant, was knocked senseless. Jeff Yancey, who was in the same room, was struck deaf. Mrs. Prince, who stood in the hallway between the two rooms, was instantly killed, and a hole was made in the floor under her feet as if a rifle-ball had pierced it.

—Col. Jones, of Cincinnati, is very odd. The way he does it is to get one boot blacked one day and the other the next. It tickles everybody.

—Some farmers do not know thal seasoned fire-wood gives more heat than green wood. But tbnt is the fact.

HOME AND FARM.

—H. W. Hill & Co., Decatur, Ill., report 100,000,000 of Hill's *triangular* hog rings sold since 1872, using 550,500 pounds of wire mensuring 3,408 miles.

—Alsike clover gives smaller crops than red clover, but of better quality. It is especially recommended for soils liable to heaving by frost, and affords excellent ground for bees.

—The red louse or spider, if once they get n good foothold in the hennery, are more tenacious and troublesome to hens than are the common body lice. The ordinary methods employed to dispatch these insidious pests fail to dislodge the red louse. Kerosene oil rubbed through the feathers to the flesh is a good remedy.

—Cake or Fruit Sandwiches.—Four eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter; warm the butter and beat it to a cream, then stir the flour and sugar into it gradually, beat up the eggs and stir them in. Beat the cake well for about half an hour and bake in n rather quick oven. If for sandwiches slice the cake in half nnd put preserves between.

—Leachings from the manure pile were poured eight or nine times during the season into small holes made with a sharp stick four or five inches from young rose plants set in clay soil, and the surface stirred with a hoe the following day, and the result, according to the *Rural New Yorker*, was n "wonderful" show of bloom, continuing through the summer into October.

—Float.—One pint of sweet milk, six eggs; separate the whites from the yelks. Beat the yelks with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour the yelks and sugar into the milk and boil it till thick. Flavor to taste. Beat the whites to a froth. Put a few spoonfuls of the whites in a dish and pour tbe boiled custard in it and then put the remainder of the whites on top of tbe dish.

—Stomach staggers is the common name for a congested or apoplectic condition of the brain consequent upon indigestion. The stomach, being overloaded with food, acts upon the circulation in such a way as to gorge the brain with blood nnd produce excessive pressure. The result is temporary loss of sight, giddiness and inability to stand; the horse falls and struggles for a few minutes, and then gets up, but remains dull and stupid for some time. The remedy in bad cases is to bleed at once from the neck, and then to give a quart of linseed-oil to relieve the bowels. In moderate cases it is better to give a pint of oil and repeat it the third day for three times. Then feed lightly and give a dram of ginger and as much sulphate of iron in tbe feed twice a day.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Strawberry Tartlets.—Make some short paste with two oz. of sugar, two oz. of butter, the yelks of four eggs, a little water, a pinch of salt and flour just enough; work it lightly and roll out to the thickness of one-eighth of an inoh. Line some pattypans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. When brown remove the rice from each tartlet and fill it with strawberries which have been previously heated through in an oven in n covered dish, with sugar, but no water. To be served cold.

—Manuring of grapes should be regulated by the nature of the soil. If it be damp—in most cases a bad condition for grape-growing—stable manure in great quantities means diseased vines. In dry ground, it has a beneficial effect. Many persons of small places have grapes in damp ground, or can have none. They must take care to keep the roots near the surface; never crop the ground about them to destroy the small fibres, if it can be avoided, and even good may often follow, when the vines seem failing, to carefully follow up the roots left near the surface, and encourage, as much as possible, those remaining there. Wood ashes, bone-dust, and such like fertilizers are best for grape vines in low ground.

—In preparing salads for the table great care should be exercised in cleaning them. Vermin of various sorts may be inadvertently taken into the mouth. This is particularly the case in regard to those boiled, such as spinach, turnip-tops, beet leaves, corn salad, or asparagus. They should be boiled in clean water with a little salt thrown in and drained quite dry. They look nicer chopped line, pressed still drier, and formed into shape in the dish, seasoned with a little butter before shaping, and slices of hard-boiled eggs placed around the pile. In selecting the *menu* for a dinner, two sorts of vegetables are seldom too much, and this dish will occasionally form one for a perfectly plain dinner.

Destroying Tree Growth.

We observe much discussion in some o' the papers on the various operations oi prnning, cutting back, cutting up and grubbing out, in which no distinction is made between a dormant and growing condition of the trees or shrubs operated on. One inquirer asks for a method for getting rid of an Osage hedge, set where it is not wanted. The answer is, cut it off even with the surface of the ground. If done when the hedge is dormant, the result would be a profuse sprouting up from the stumps or roots; but if performed while in a rapidly growing state, a severe check would be given, requiring little repetition of the operation. For the same reason, if we wish to promote the growth of a young hedge, cut it back when not in leaf; but if making an overgrowth which requires checking, cut it at midsummer. Bad mistakes are made by deferring the shortening back of young or newly transplanted trees until the buds have opened; in doing which such trees as the cherry, which do not reproduce shoots freely, have been actually killed by the operation. Remedies nre sometimes prescribed to prevent or remove the suckers which spring up around fruit or ornamental trees by digging them out. If the removal is done early in spring, before growth has commenced, there will be plenty to spring up and take their places; but in June or July, little trouble from new suckers will be the result, and few repetitions of the work will be needed. We have before urged the importance of this distinction, but many seem slow in receiving and appreciating it. On old trees it is less essential than on younger ones.—*Country Gentleman.*

—The report of the Postmaster-General of Japan for the fiscal year ending June 30 last abounds in tokens of progress. The postal system, as now established, includes money-orders and savings-bank accounts, registration, postal cards and newspaper, book and sample post. The number of receiving houses, large and small, is 6,990, besides 1,897 street letter-boxes. About 69,000,000 letters, cards, newspapers, etc., were carried during the year, of which number the letters alone represent one-half. The Post-office is financially prosperous, yielding a profit of 7½ per cent. on the total expenditure.

—A man of an unbounded stomach in Paris, known to his intimates as "The Jackal," has distinguished himself and won a considerable stake by devouring five feet of blood pudding in twenty minutes, washing it down with a quart of wine.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Buy HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, all others are *counterfeits.*

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

Is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, disorders and diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Vegetable Cathartic Regulators.

MME. HOBART PASHA, the wife of the Turkish Commander, is an artist of creditable ability, and has lately exhibited several paintings at Pera.

Almost Young Again

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

SOME one has formed 1,051 English words of not less than four letters from the letters in the word "regulations."

Important.

Have you found the key to perfect health and strength? It is Kidney-Wort, the only remedy that overcomes at once the inaction of the kidneys and bowels. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths. —*Home and Farm.*

We Recommend

For coughs, colds, weak lungs, and all kindred affections, James Cough Pellets. Ask your druggist for them. Price 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, 15c.

Best Watches and Lowest Prices.

Write for illustrated catalogue to Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shoot Quick, and Then—

But, first of all, write for our illustrated catalogue. Gt. Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

IT is very fashionable for young ladies to learn to play the violin, and there are several orchestras throughout the country said to make very good music.

"WHY, I'm so glad you've come. Did you know that I've been worrying about you, John, all evening?" "That's just what I married you for. It is pleasant to think that there is some one home worrying about you." Somehow this view of the matter didn't exactly coincide with her ideas of marital amenities.

FUNNY items are made by adroit turns of the humor wrist.—*Yale News.*

YOUNG LADIES: The latest and most expressive agony is assumed by putting on a fixed stare, opening the mouth and tiptilting the nose. This gives you the appearance of an angel who has just touched the earth and finds nothing good enough for it.

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Victory

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JOHN TICE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1880.

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No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

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The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

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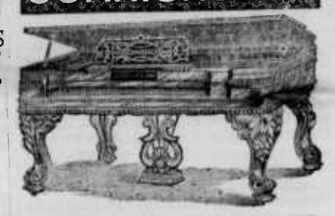

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881. NUMBER 20.

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Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $300; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins September 7th, 1881. Attendance last year from 28 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories; Number of students larger than for ten years previous.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

Howard Simpson and Loraine Bliss, two young men of great intimacy and dissipated habits, were on their way to a gambling saloon, where the night previous they had won considerable, and on passing a church, the doors of which were opened, paused a moment by the steps peeping in out of idle curiosity, just as the minister was giving out the text: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

"We are not farmers, so we do not sow anything to reap," said Howard, the elder and most profligate of the two; but Loraine looked thoughtful and kept silent as they walked along toward the place of their night's debauch. And often during the jubilant gayety of the revelers that passage, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," flashed into his mind.

"It is as my grandmother tells me," thought he; "we must suffer for evil deeds done in the body, and my deeds are constantly evil. But from this night I will do differently. I will not be caught in this place again.

"What ails you, Bliss? You are as dull as a November hoe," said Graybright, one of the ringleaders of the company.

"Guess he's thinking about reaping what he sows," answered Simpson and then about a dozen rude men burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What did you mean by that remark?" one of them presently asked.

He then told them of the text given out by the minister as they were passing the church.

"The minister go to ——, and he surely will," said Reardon, one of the most blasphemous of the whole gang.

This profane remark, with others no better, grated harshly on the mind of Loraine, for he was really feeling more serious than he ever felt before; but he made no reply, knowing if he did it would only serve to call forth still harsher language. He left as early as he could, which was not till 1 o'clock, and after he got home crept to his chamber as noiselessly as possible, lest he might awaken his father, who at times was very harsh to him. Then, for the first time in his life, he offered a sincere prayer to God, beseeching him to give him strength to turn from the evil way into which he had been led.

Meantime, his father having heard him enter the house, was denouncing him in the severest terms.

"Do not be harsh with him," pleaded the mother. "I hope he will soon learn to do better; he is young and wild, though not vicious, I trust."

But the old gentleman could see naught but wrong in his boy.

"He shall leave the house! I will disinherit him if he does not stay at home at nights; he is a disgrace to the family. Think of the money I have paid out for him—sent him to college, given him the privilege of studying law with me in my office. But no, chooses to spend his time carousing with a set of loafers."

"Perhaps if we are gentle with him—" tremblingly whispered his mother.

But the old gentleman did not heed this advice, for the next morning his first salutation to Loraine was:

"Where did you stay so late last night, you young scapegrace? Unless you mend your ways you'll leave these premises for good and all."

"Loraine, who had been penitent through the night, resolved to do better in the future, now felt his temper rising and his resolution melting away, and he sat down to the table in a sullen mood. But he shortly after made up his mind to go to the meeting that evening and return home at 9 or 10 o'clock. Therefore at half-past 7 he started for church, and on meeting three or four of his old associates, told them of his plan.

"Well, come with us first, just for a few minutes, to the club rooms," said they.

"No, no, not to-night," he replied. "I have to go home early and I cannot possibly go with you."

But they dragged him along and it was impossible to get away from them; and once there, there was no such thing as leaving, for in the excitement of the place he was induced to drink, and as the liquor was dragged he felt no inclination to move from the charmed spot.

So the hours moved on until late into the night before he went home. When he reached that place it was 3 o'clock. His mother was at the door; she had not slept a moment, she said, from watching for him, and his father had awaken three or four times, angrily inquiring for him. But he was now asleep, and she wanted Loraine to creep noiselessly to bed, so he might not awaken him. But alas! he did awake and the scene that ensued was awful.

Meeting the stupified boy on the stair landing, he ordered him to leave the house at once; he could stay only at the peril of his life. The poor mother begged that he might be allowed to remain until morning; but no, into the street he was driven, with the threat that if he entered the house again he should be expelled with still greater harshness. Loraine crept silent to the most convenient shelter, which was the carriage house, and there slept on the carriage cushions till morning. There his mother found him, as she arose before her husband.

"My dear boy," she said, winding her arms about his neck, "it will not answer for your father to find you here, so I will bring you out some breakfast, and some money with which to get out of this town, where you will find something to do and become good and steady. After a few days write me where you are, and I will send you a trunk of clothes and another of books. In future shun all evil company, and when you next meet your father let him see one who has entirely reformed, and who will bring him no further dishonor."

"I will, dear mother, do just what you say. I did not mean to get into disgrace last night. I started for church and should have been at home at an early hour only that I was fairly dragged in another direction by my companions. I think if father had taken a different course with me I would not be where I am now. You know how stern and crabbed he has been, and never since I left college have I felt that I could enter his office and study under his tuition. Had he been kind and gentle like you, dear mother," said Loraine, kissing her tearful cheek, "he might have induced me to do just what he wished; but after this I will endeavor to do right. That text, 'As ye sow, so shall you reap,' is continually in my mind, and I am going to begin anew and try to do right."

Four years passed, and his name had never been mentioned in his father's household to his hearing. And just four years from the day he left home a Mr. Bliss, from no one knew whither, had an appointment to preach at the Congregational Church, where Loraine's parents usually attended. On this occasion the old gentleman said to his wife:

"We must go, I suppose, to hear this Bliss; perhaps he may be some relation of ours; no telling, although I have never known a relative of mine to be a minister."

"Yes, we will go," Mrs. Bliss replied, "and if we learn that he is a relative it would be very proper to ask him to come home with us and spend the night."

"I do not know that I would have any objection to that," her husband replied.

Somehow he appeared to be in a more melting mood than common; probably he was reminded that it was the anniversary of the fourth year since his son left them; at all events, he this evening, on his way to church, spoke Loraine's name for the first time in his wife's hearing.

"It is four years to-day," he said, "since Loraine went away, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, mournfully.

"Wonder where he is now? Sometimes, wife, I think I was a little to hasty with him."

"Then you would be glad to see him, perhaps."

"If I could be sure he had reformed."

By this time they had reached the church, finding they were a little late, as the minister was giving out his text: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Quietly they entered the door, and there for a moment Mr. Bliss speechless stood, and then trembling moved along to his seat, where his wife was sitting with her head leaning on her seat ahead of her. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the long lost one stood before him—not as before but still the same?—Yes, it was most assuredly his son, whom he drove as a vagabond from his door, clothed in the garb of holiness, a commissioner from God. And he listening to him stood like a guilty wretch, transfixed to the spot. His injustice toward the one now so superior to him rose before him and he felt condemned.

It was observed by the audience that the preacher was becoming deeply affected as he looked in the direction of the old remembered pew, and each moment waxed more and more eloquent as he enlarged upon the subject of his text: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

"Yes," thought the old gentleman, "as I sowed, so have I reaped. For the last four years I have lived in constant regret of my unjust treatment, my harsh language to thee, my son. Had I been kind and forbearing with him from the first he would not have been led away to the haunts of dissipation which came so near proving his ruin. By his mother's gentle conduct and the grace of God his feet have been arrested in the slippery downward course he once pursued."

After the services were ended Mr. and Mrs. Bliss remained in their pew until a part of the congregation had left the aisles, and then moved forward to the pulpit to meet their son and pour their tears upon his neck. Then all was forgotten, and he went to their home, never to be turned from their door again.

Jim Keene's Washerwoman.

"The fact is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival to Jay Gould, as he relaxed his usual taciturnity under the genial influence of one of Sam Ward's dinners the other day; "the fact is, that no matter how clever and through a man's system of stock operating may be, there is always occurring some little unforeseen and apparently insignificant circumstance that is forever knocking the best laid plans into a cocked hat."

"As how?"

"Well, for instance, about a year ago I was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a big cleanup. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened the profits. I soon saw that there was some operator who was kept informed to my movements in time to make me pay for his knowledge."

"Broker gave you away?" said several.

"Not at all. I never gave an order in advance, and, besides, I used as new half a dozen brokers, and also gave 'cross' and 'dummy' orders in plenty. One day, while I was standing at the window of my up town place, cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupe drove past, and stopped just around the corner from my door. It contained a richly dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell, and was admitted. I sent for my man servant, and inquired who the girl might be."

"'She comes for the wash, sir,' he said.

"'Does she generally come in a coupe?' I inquired.

"'Why no sir,' said my man, very much surprised; 'her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor.'"

"Just then my own carriage drove round for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupe on her lap. This excited my curiosity, so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupe stopped, and the dirty little girl got out with the bundle and went into a brown stone front on Twenty-ninth street. The coupe then kept straight on down to Wall street and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt cuffs in her hand.

"Shirt cuffs?" cried the entire company.

Exactly; shirt cuffs. I saw thorough it all in a moment. You see, I am—or rather was—a great hand while at dinner, or at the theatre in the evening, to think over my plans for the next day, and to make memorandums on my cuffs to consult before starting down town in the morning. My washerwoman had found this out, and had been quietly 'coppering' my game by means of my cuffs, for over a year."

"Well, by Jove!" said Sam Ward, pausing for a single instant in the sacred mystery of salad dressing.

"It's the cold fact," continued Keene. "In less than eight months she had cleaned up over $600,000 and was washing my clothes—at least my cuffs—in an $80,000 house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest."

"You didn't make any more cuff memos, after that?" laughed several.

"Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator, holding his Burgundy up to the light. "I believe I kept it up about a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's bank account, and even had a mortgage on the brown stone house. It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it? But perhaps the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, nor as reliable."

And the "King of the Street" emptied his glass with an indescribable wink that made Beach, who was short on Harlem, shiver like a cat who had just swallowed a live mouse. —*San Francisco Post.*

Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The story goes that during the building of Solomon's Temple that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter?"

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another he said: "What is your trade?" and the reply was "a mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated he was a stone cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seeming almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king.

"The blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make them myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon proclaimed him the king of mechanics, because he could not only make his tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

It is believed that seventy million dollars will have been disbursed at the close of the present year on account of pensions, while the indications are that next year as much as one hundred million dollars will be required to pay this class of claims. In view of the enormous expenditure made necessary by the hasty legislation under which the bulk of these claims are payable, the ability of the government to proceed so rapidly with the liquidation and refunding of the national debt bears striking witness to the wonderful recources of the republic. Of course the outlay on account of pensions does not represent an absolute loss. The money does not leave the county, and while much of it is absorbed by middle men much goes to benefit deserving people. But the wonder is that this exceptional expenditure should be concurrent with a large and steady reduction of the debt, and with a lightening of the burden of taxation. The only possible explanation is to be found in the substantial prosperity and the great natural wealth of the nation.

Col. Valentine Baker, an officer in the British army, was convicted in August, 1875, of insulting conduct towards a young lady who was traveling in the same railway car. The lady sprang to the platform and clung to the guard-rail in an exceedingly perilous position until the train stopped. Col. Baker was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £500. He was also dismissed from the army and expelled from the Army and Navy Club. When the war broke out between Russia and Turkey he entered the service of the Sultan and was honored with the title of "Pasha." According to a cable dispatch, his old associates have so far condoned his offence as to readmit him to membership in the Army and Navy Club.

We have no respect for an unreformed Reformer, who is simply trying to reform himself into office again. Heaven knows we need reform in Maryland, but a set of political dead beats, who have lost all character and influence in their own party, and are howling Reform simply to create sympathy for themselves, in the vain hope of regaining their lost estate, are not the men to give us relief. The only hope for reform lies in the success of the Republican party.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Three Notable Men.

Three men were sworn as members of the House of Representatives on the 7th of December, 1863, whose lives have been full of coincidence. These men were William B. Allison, James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield. The first was born in 1829, the second in 1830, and the last named in 1831. From the very day they first took the oath they became fast friends; and that friendship has not been marred or broken up to the present day by an unkind word, thought, or deed. Each one was born on a farm. All taught school, all studied law, all went to the lower House of Congress, and all were promoted to the Senate. Of the three the oldest is much the youngest in appearances. Indeed, Mr. Allison, though fifty-two years of age, might easily be taken for forty; while the other two look as old as they are.

Another Independent Movement.

The spirit of Independence is not confirmed to Virginia. Register Bruce has received a telegram from Mississippi stating that a large meeting of independent Democrats, Greenbackers and Republicans was being held at Jackson for the purpose of forming some plan of agreeing upon a State ticket by which they could this fall wrest the State from Bourbon control. It was not proposed to renominate a ticket, simply to agree upon how it should be divided. Register Bruce says the State is largely Republican, with a fair count, and believes that with a coalition of the kind proposed, not only the State ticket could be elected, but that a majority of the Legislature, which elects a successor to Lamar, can be secured.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will conceal the slattern. A young lady with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband, he will turn out in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody and had better be well done than ill done.

The investigation into the distribution of the Government bonds is not completed, but some of the figures ascertained in a general way and stated in Washington dispatches are of interest. Mr. Porter divides up the registered bonds as follows: New-England States, 11 per cent; Middle States, 40 per cent; Southern States, 2 per cent; Western States, 8½ per cent; banks and other corporations, 35½ per cent. Some of the figures are curious. For example, Massachusetts, with only one-fifth as many registered bonds as New York, has 17,000 holders to 15,000 in New York. Mr. Porter estimates that the National debt is owned by less than 100,000 persons.

Sixty millions' worth of gold bullion, weighing seventy-nine tons, are piled within a single room of the New York Assay Office. This unproductive gold, if it could be placed at five per cent. interest, would yield a golden stream of three hundred and forty-two dollars an hour, running day and night. There were ninety millions' worth received at the New York Assay Office in the ten months ending on the first of May last, and only one-third of it could be sent to the Philadelphia Mint, because Congress only appropriated twenty thousand dollars for transportation when fifty thousand was asked for.

The American *Chemist* says that a western farmer discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground. Time and weather, he says, seem to have no effect on it. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the receipt: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and he adds there is not a man who will live to see it rot.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said farmer John,
"To fret or to bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs get out, and the cows get in,
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and in the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of temper quite,
And well nigh out of my head,
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man—
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay; what with the pain, and what with the fret
Of sitting with nothing to do—
And the farmwork botched by a shiftless hand,
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and wished, and fretted, and fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"I will ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,
A happier man, or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence, and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was jolly fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
'Twill last him his whole life through.
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I tell you what," says Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the Devil's chosen tools."

—*Ellen P. Allerton, in Chicago Tribune.*

HOW THEY CALLED THE ENGINE.

Fred, Sophie, Jack, Teddy, Emma, and Sally Whitely were cousins, and lived with their fathers, who were brothers, on three separate farms in the valley of the Delaware.

Fred and Sophie lived with their father and mother on the east side of the valley, high up on the mountains. Their home was called the "Hill Farm."

From the lawn in front of the house there was a wide view for miles up and down the magnificent valley. Directly opposite, about four miles away, were the wooded mountains that bounded the valley on the west.

In a little cross valley could be seen a small white house, so far off that it looked merely like a white speck. This was called "Beechwood," the home of Emma and Sally.

Far away to the southwest could be seen the spires and chimneys of a town, and on a hill just above the town could be seen another white speck. This was "Hazeldell," the home of Jack and Teddy.

Between these three houses were miles and miles of woods and fields, farms and orchards. There was a river flowing down through the valley, a canal and a turnpike, and several country roads.

Beechwood and Hazeldell could be seen from the Hill Farm, and, of course, the boy-cousins near the town, and the girl-cousins in the side valley, could see the white house high on the mountains to the east. At the same time, Beechwood could not be seen from the town, because there was a projecting spur on the mountan range that cut off the view.

To get from the Hill Farm to Beechwood, Fred and Sophie took the road down the mountain-side toward the northwest, till they met the valley road, when they turned to the left and went over the river and canal till they struck the turnpike, when they turned to the right and went up the valley beside the canal for some distance, and then turned to the left into the lane that led to Beechwood Farm.

In all, it was about four miles and a half, though in an air-line it was less than four miles. To go to the town and to Hazeldell they took the same road till they struck the turnpike, when they kept to the left and followed the canal and the river to the town.

In passing along Main Street they saw the post-office and the steam fire-engine house, and Hazeldell was about a quarter of a mile out of the town. This ride was over ten miles, and the trip there and back made a good day's journey.

These things are all very important, if you wish to understand the wonderful way in which these boys and girls used, every sunny day, to talk to each other over this wide and beautiful valley.

They had a telegraph? No. Or a telephone? Not at all. These things would need a wire from one farm to the other, and would cost a great deal of money.

Every pleasant day Fred and Sophie would talk to the girls at Beechwood, or the boys at Hazeldell, and they in turn would talk to the cousins in the Hill Farm.

But if Emma and Sally wished to say anything to their boy-cousins at Hazeldell, they had first to say it to Sophie or Fred, and they in turn repeated it to the boys.

The mountain spur rather interfered with conversation between Hazeldell and Beechwood, and the talk had to go way round nearly thirteen miles by the way of the Hill Farm.

It all came from something they read in the newspaper, one morning in May, while all the cousins were spending the day at the Hill Farm.

Fred thought he could make the machines, and every one said he or she would learn the alphabet. The alphabet? Yes. The Morse alphabet, of dots and dashes. You know it. - — means A, — - - - means B, - - - means C, — - - means D, - means E, - — - means F, etc. The things Fred said he would make were certainly very curious.

First, there was a piece of wood two feet long, five inches wide, and one inch thick. At one end was fastened a thin piece of pine, nine inches square, and having in the center a round hole, two inches in diameter. About three inches from the other end of the long piece of wood, on the upper side, was bored a round hole, and in this was placed a wooden pin, that fitted rather tightly, and yet loose enough to be easily turned round by the hand. This pin projected slightly out of the hole, and on top was fastened by a screw a flat piece of board about six inches square. On opposite sides of this were placed wooden standards, or uprights, six inches high. Between these, near the top, was pivoted a small pocket mirror.

The mirror turned easily on the pivot, just like the glass on a bureau, and as the little table on which it stood could turn round on its center, the mirror had two motions, round and round horizontally, and up and down, or vertically. The wooden backing of the mirror was taken off, and a small pinhole was made in the quicksilver with the point of a penknife.

There was also a second pocket mirror, to be held in the hand when needed.

Three machines, exactly alike, were made, and the girls at Beechwood had one, the boys at Hazeldell had one, and the other was kept on the Hill Farm.

Such machines as these are called "Heliographs," and by the aid of the sun they may be used to send a message over miles and miles of country.

In the United States Coast Survey, and in the army, they are sometimes used to send a message from one station to another, fifty miles apart.

This is the way the cousins worked their apparatus:

On the lawn before the house at the Hill Farm, and in plain sight of Beechwood and Hazeldell, Fred set up two short posts, and nailed a board on top, for a table on which to place their heliographs.

Suppose Sophie wished to talk to the girls opposite or the boys far down the valley. She placed the instrument on the table and pointed it, say at the house in Beechwood. Then she stooped down and looked through the tiny hole at the back of the mirror—in fact, looking through the mirror. Then she moved the instrument about till she could see the house directly through the hole in the sight. Now she knew the center of the mirror and the hole in the sight (or front of the apparatus) and the house at Beechwood were in a line. Then, by moving the glass up or down, or round on its pivot, she caused the light of the sun falling on the mirror to be reflected through the sight directly to the house at Beechwood. Emma and Sally would then see, away on the hills to the east, a small white star, very bright, and having a strange, quivering motion.

If the sun was not in the right place in the sky to shine on the mirror, Sophie used the second mirror, held in her hand, to throw a reflected beam on the glass.

Of course, as the earth turned round the sun would appear to change its place in the sky, and the machine would not work. To correct this, Sophie had only to watch the beam of light falling on the sight, and to move the mirror once in a while and thus keep the light shining on the hole in the screen. As long as this was done the apparatus would work, no matter how much the earth moved.

Now the whole thing is clear enough. If the beam of sunlight sent from the hill could be seen at Beechwood, Sophie had only to shade the mirror with her hand or a piece of card-board, and thus she might cut off the light at will and split it up into long and short flashes.

If she let it flash once quickly, and then once twice as long, the girls at Beechwood would see the flaming white star give a short wink, a flash, and then a long flash, and they knew that meant the letter "A;" one long flash and then three short ones would mean "B;" two short flashes, then a pause and one more short flash would mean "C;" a long and two short winks stood for "D;" one short wink meant "E," and so on.

So it was the six cousins, with their heliographs, telegraphed to each other every sunny day, and sent all sorts of messages flying over the country in the most lively manner possible.

The mountain between Beechwood and Hazeldell prevented the messages from going direct, so they were sent three miles across the country to the hills, and Fred or Sophie repeated them ten miles down the valley to the boys.

To tell of all they did would fill a book; to relate what funny work they made with the flashing letters, and how a cloud sometimes passed before the sun and cut a message in two, would no doubt be interesting, but more important things were about to happen.

One day, in haying-time, the family at the Hill Farm were all seated at dinner, and the farm-hands were eating theirs in the barn, when the dairy-maid came rushing to the house, screaming:

"Fire! Fire! The barn's on fire!"

The whole family ran out of doors and over the road to the barn.

Sure enough. One corner of the barn was blazing brightly and the roof was covered with smoke, leaking from every shingle.

It was the old, foolish story. One of the men would smoke, and the barn was to be the price of his folly.

Farmer Whitely saw at once that the great danger was from sparks setting fire to the dwelling-house. He told the men to save the horses, carriages and tools and let the barn go—nothing could save it—and he would ride to town to call the steam fire-engine.

Fred and the men worked manfully to save what they could from the barn, and his mother and the maids carried pails of water up stairs to pour on the roof, in case it took fire.

As for Sophie, she disappeared and no one knew what became of her till after it was all over.

Farmer Whitely's horse had been at work all the morning. The road was steep and stony. Twice he stumbled and nearly fell. The farmer whipped him dreadfully.

Poor man! When his house was nearly on fire, the life of one horse didn't seem to be of much value.

The poor beast did his best, for it was a terrible race—twelve miles to the town. It took more than six minutes to get to the turn where the road branched off toward the river.

Ah, there's the bridge! Soon he would be on the turnpike and have a straight road to the town. Ah! what's that? A team, tearing along the road at full speed. It was his brother from Beechwood.

He stopped a moment and held up a fire-extinguisher, to show he was bringing help.

The brothers did not say a word, but each whipped up his horse and drove on.

Farmer Whitely wondered how his brother could have got the news so quickly, but he supposed that he must have seen the smoke from his house.

The horse made better time on the turnpike, and twice the farmer looked back to see the tall column of smoke rising over the woods.

On and on he rode, as fast as the poor old horse could go. Perhaps there would yet be time to save the house.

Ah! what's that? Smoke? He stopped the horse and looked ahead. There was a column of inky smoke rising over the trees. It was the steamer!

He had just time to turn aside upon the grass when it came up—four horses on the full run, and the driver standing up and cracking his long whip over their heads. It went thundering by, leaving a trail of sparks behind it upon the ground.

What's that? A cloud of dust in the road—a bell ringing furiously. In an instant the hose-carriage came tearing along the road, and behind it came a light express-wagon, full of men and boys.

It was his brother from Hazeldell, with the two boys, Jack and Teddy, and half a dozen firemen.

Farmer Whitely did not stop to ask how they got the news. He only turned his horse and followed the frantic procession amid a cloud of dust and smoke, as it raced along the dusty turnpike.

The blazing barn sent up columns of smoke, and showers of sparks fell over all that part of the farm.

A load of hay in the fields took fire, and burned till the wheels of the hay-cart fell to pieces. Nobody paid any attention to it, for the house was in great danger.

Twice the roof took fire, but they managed to pour water from the attic window and put it out. At last a spark lodged on the cornice behind the chimney, where it was not seen for a few moments, and very soon a corner of the house was all afire. Then there was the wildest confusion. The house would go. Nothing could save—

"Hurrah! Here's the engine!"

It came up the hill, tore round the house right through the flower-garden to the well, and in half a minute the hose-cart was there and all the men. In exactly three minutes they had on a good stream. The house was saved!

The barn was a total loss, and the engine played upon the ruins to prevent the sparks from flying.

Farmer Whitely invited his brothers and the boys and all the firemen to supper, for every one was tired and hungry. Even the engine horses were let out into the fields to have a roll and a bite of grass.

Of course, they all talked it over, and said the engine came just in time; yet there was one thing nobody could understand—how did the brothers and the firemen get the news?

"Well," said the captain of the fire company, "the first thing we knew, your nevies—the little chaps from Hazeldell—came to the station and told us. They didn't holler fire in the streets, but they just said as how you had a fire. Of course, we hitched up and started right away, and when we were about a mile out on the road we saw the smoke. How the boys found it out is more than I know."

Brother Whiteley, from Beechwood, said:

"I was in the barn, just putting the horse in, when Emma and Sally came out with the extinguisher and said your barn was on fire. I don't know how they heard of it, unless they saw the smoke. Even then I don't understand it, for they said it was the barn, and we can't see the barn from our house."

Sophie and Fred and Jack and Teddy were solemn as owls, and never said a word.

Brother Whitely, from Hazeldell, said:

"I was at the post-office with the team when I saw the engine start out. The boys came along just then and said it was your barn, and I took them up and the firemen, and started. How the boys heard of it I couldn't guess."

Then it all came out, and everybody wanted to kiss Sophie. Every one said she was a bright and sensible girl to call the firemen and her uncles. She had saved her father's house by calling the engine with a heliograph.—*Golden Days.*

A Flunkey and a Sovereign.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome has just departed for New York after a somewhat extended sojourn on this side of the water. Everybody knows of the jolly "Larry," and will therefore be able to appreciate the following anecdote of an experience in London inimitably told by himself. His niece, Leonard Jerome's daughter, is the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill, who also needs no introduction to American readers, and behold, therefore, our friend Larry at the portals of their town house, accosting a stately footman:

"Is Mr. Churchill at home?"

(The footman shivers.)

"Me Lud is in Ireland."

"Humph! What's he doing in Ireland?"

(The footman is silent with horror.)

"Is Mrs. Churchill in?"

(The footman quivers with indignation.)

"Me Lady, sir, is not down stairs yet."

"Not up! Humph! A pretty time of day to be in bed! Well, you just tell Mrs. Churchill——"

(The footman pales and is about to summon assistance to eject the audacious intruder when—a silvery laugh and a voice floats down from over the banisters, "I hear you, Uncle Larry! Come right in!"

The footman, bowing low, "Oh, sir, me Lud! pardon me. If you please, me Lud, this way."—*London Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

—In Leicester, England, many persons are being daily summoned to the police court for refusing to comply with the compulsory vaccination act. A fine of ten shillings or seven days imprisonment is the penalty, and over 2,000 cases remain to be tried.

—The Canada Pacific Railway has sold 200,000 acres of land to a French agricultural society at $1.25 per acre.

The Proper Dinner Hour.

A good deal of attention has lately been attracted by a declaration made in a paper devoted to the study of proper food for man that good health could only be secured by taking a hearty meal at midday. The writer went on to say it was better for business men to take time for a substantial meal at midday than to snatch the hasty lunch that is usual, for the latter proceeding was simply inviting fate. This opinion attracted the attention of some of our morning contemporaries, who seemed to agree with it. Therefore, a *Commercial* reporter was sent on a tour among well known physicians of this city to ascertain whether it is advisable and healthful for active, pushing men to stop in the midst of their day's work and consume a hearty meal. The majority of those spoken to laughed at the theory thus propounded. An eminent physician living in the upper part of the city said the reason why a heavy midday meal would be injurious, while the evening dinner was really healthy, was that business and professional men were generally in such a hurry in the middle of the day that they could not spare time to masticate the food they ate, much less allow it to digest, before rushing again to their work. He had visited restaurants in the lower part of the city between twelve and one o'clock in the day and had seen respectable men grabbing and swallowing food the same as hogs at a trough. This method of eating was decidedly unhealthy, and it would be far better if they would merely nibble a hard cracker during the middle of the day, for they would have to masticate that and take a little time over it. It was far healthier, in his opinion, for professional men to dispose of a hearty breakfast, say from seven to eight o'clock in the morning, eat lightly during the middle of the day, then take time to their dinners after their day's labors were over. A dinner at about five or six o'clock, eaten slowly and enjoyed amid pleasant family surroundings, interspersed with cheerful conversation, was more productive to health than all the midday meals which could be thought of. A heavy midday meal would unfit professional men for carrying on any business in the afternoon, as it would make them heavy and sleepy, for nature requires some kind of repose to aid digestion.

Another well-known physician said the system of eating in this country was ridiculous, as any person of common sense would see. The majority of persons thrust three heavy meals into about ten hours, and leave the body without a fresh supply of food for the remaining fourteen hours of the day and night. He thought two good meals, morning and evening, would be the proper plan, with perhaps a light lunch of crackers at about one o'clock in the day. This would allow both of the heavy meals to digest before the next was taken. As to a heavy midday meal for men who have to tear around as if the next moment were to be their last, it is perfectly ridiculous, as the food, instead of digesting and forming blood, muscle and brain, would act as a block to those forces of nature—choking up a sewer, as it were.

Other physicians expressed similar opinions, the same ideas being given, only in different phrases and modes of expression.—*New York Commercial.*

Our Faithful Servant.

To pass the very important matter of value entirely, the faithfulness and nobility of the horse claim our respect and kind, considerate treatment at our hands. But it is not improbable that with most of us the consideration of value outweighs every other. Let us treat the subject, therefore, in that light, hoping, however, that the matter of kindness is not foreign to any of us who own horses. At the beginning of the work-life of the horse, most of us commit a serious error. We begin to work our colts too young, or rather begin to work them hard when they are too young. It cannot be expected that a very young animal can as easily perform labor as one that is fully developed. It is very true that the expense of keeping a young horse in idleness, or comparative idleness, is considerable, but the question is, Is it as great as the damage done by working it too early? At four years old the colt is not fully developed; it is still in the process of growth, and to exact of it as much as we would of an older horse would necessarily be detrimental. The animal should be worked lightly, but not to extremes, and if the farmer will adopt the plan of favoring the young horse until it is five or six years old, he will find that he has made money by the operation.

The matter of proper feeding is one of great importance in the treatment of our farm horses, and yet one that some men appear to regard as exceedingly slight. With the vast majority of farmers there is excellent system in feeding, because there are regular hours for going to work and regular hours for quitting work. But this is not universally true, and if there is one thing more reprehensible than another in the management of farm horses, it is the irregularity of feeding. Irregularity of feeding ourselves or our animals will soon show its results. Whether in man or beast, imperfect digestion will soon be the consequence, and an imperfect digestion is a good foundation for all kinds of diseases and a forerunner of permanent disability. No excuse is sufficient to relieve the irregular feeder of the responsibility which rests upon him. The horse should be fed at certain times, and nothing should prevent it. If so fed he will do his work easily, will be generally free from ailments, and will remain a good horse, if he was one at the beginning.

Next to regularity is the importance of proper food. Generally the horse is given too much bulky food. He literally stuffs himself with hay, and in such condition the most inexperienced can not help seeing that the animal is very uncomfortable, and that it is an effort for it to move or breathe. The lungs have not room to expand, the digestive apparatus is overloaded and clogged, and the nervous system is naturally affected. Under such circumstances it is positively dangerous to require of the animal any heavy work or a fast pace. One authority states that at least one-half of the diseases to which the horse is liable are caused "by bad food or good food badly administered." In order to have a farm horse in workable condition, do not overload its stomach with hay, and see to it that he has plenty of grain.

Water regularly also, and provide good, clean water. There is no animal so particular about the quality of the water it drinks as the horse, and while it may be forced to drink impure water, it is an outrage upon the animal's sensitiveness. Nineteen times out of twenty such compulsion is the result of sheer carelessness or downright indolence of those whose business it is to furnish the horse water, and so becomes about as reprehensible as a human act can be.

In addition to all this, have the harness well fitting and comfortable. Many a horse is driven to fretfulness through an ill-fitting harness, which, perhaps, a few minutes' work would make all right. Some harnesses would fret a stone post. If careful attention is given to such matters as are here mentioned, the horse will be comfortable, healthy, and willing.—*Western Rural.*

A Wife's Devotion to a Worthless Husband.

The death in Jersey City of Mrs. Sarah M. Hamilton recalls a touching story of wifely devotion. Mrs. Hamiltor was connected with a highly respectable family. She was married to Alexander D. Hamilton, whose family connections were equal to her own. Hamilton associated with politicians, and eight or nine years ago was made Treasurer of Jersey City. He had been in office a trifle less than three years when he fled, and it was discovered that he had stolen $80,000 worth of city bonds. He was tracked through the country until he was finally ascertained to be in Mexico. Police Sergeant, now Chief Benjamin Murphy, was sent to that country to capture him. Murpby found that Hamilton had placed himself under the protection of Cortina, who was the leader of a powerful band of outlaws. He declared that his protection would last only so long as Hamilton's money, and he patiently waited in Mexico till the outlaws should turn the fugitive out from among them penniless. He did not have to wait many weeks. Cortina robbed his ward of all he had and then abandoned him. Murphy brought him back to Jersey City. The first person to meet him was his faithful wife. She forgave him the disgrace he had brought upon her and their children.

When he was arraigned he pleaded guilty. More in response to her entreaties than to any circumstances mitigating his offense, the court leniently imposed a sentence of but three years imprisonment. Mrs. Hamilton went at once to the Governor to seek her husband's pardon. When she found that he could do nothing without the aid of a Court of Pardons, she importuned everybody in her large circle of friends to intercede with the members of the court in her husband's behalf. She sacrificed health and fortune in her efforts to get him out. A year before his term would have expired he was released from confinement.

Mrs. Hamilton then placed the remnant of her little fortune in his hands, and bade him make a new man of himself. His friends believed that he was on the fair road to redemption, and gave him a lifting hand. He established a milk route that gave employment to three men, and yielded a handsome income; but he soon fell back into evil company. Selling out his milk route, he purchased a saloon on Grove street. There he started a variety show of the very lowest character. He practically deserted his wife for the lewd women that performed on his stage or gathered to witness the plays. The police raided the place and arrested him. Mrs. Hamilton sat in court during his trial, acting the part of a faithful wife, notwithstanding his treachery to her. During this time Mrs. Hamilton's family and friends saw with anxiety that her health was failing. They begged her to discard the man and leave him to his fate. She turned a deaf ear to them. Several years ago Hamilton disappeared from his home. The faithful woman heard nothing from him, and her death from a broken heart is the reward of her fidelity.—*N. Y. Times.*

Queer Proceedings of a Nevada Tree.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, and very clearly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, or sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more of life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability.

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up, he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders and the operation had "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived. It is probably needless to add that the whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A tricycle, propelled by steam, has been made in Geneva, Switzerland. It accomplishes about twenty-five miles an hour.

—M. Shvedoff endeavors to maintain in the *Journal* of the Russian Physical and Chemical Society that hail is of cosmic origin, and is a variety of meteorites.

—A French veterinary surgeon has discovered a remedy, by inoculation, for the disease called "charbon," which kills millions of francs' worth of sheep yearly.

—The *American Architect* says that many architects, in constructing houses this spring, are providing them with insulated wires laid under the plastering, ready for the introduction of electric light.

—The wool clip of the world has increased five times since 1830, when it was about 320,000,000 pounds in weight. In 1878, the latest year for which there are complete figures, the total was 1,586,000,000 pounds.

—The beet-root sugar business in New England is reported to be a failure, mainly for lack of cheap labor and other factors necessary to produce a large supply of beets at small cost. There is no trouble, however, in getting good sugar from the beets that New England produces.

—Prof. Bouchardat attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very sensible diminution of intermittents. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

—The Minneapolis *Tribune* boasts that since the adoption of the "new process" of making flour in 1871 that city leads the market. From 30,000 barrels in 1860 and 585,000 in 1873, the production of 1880 reached 2,051,841 barrels. The capacity of the Minneapolis mills is now 25,255 barrels a day.

—To Duter, of Greifswald, is attributed the first visible demonstration of the circulation of blood in the human body. In this operation, the patient's head being fixed in a frame having a contrivance for supporting a microscope and a lamp, his lower lip is drawn out and fixed on the stage of the microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost, and having a strong light thrown upon it by a condenser. This arrangement being complete, all the observer has to do is to bring the microscope to bear on the surface of the lip, using a low power objective, and focusing a small superficial vessel; at once he sees the endless and wonderful procession of the blood corpuscles through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks dotting the red stream.

PITH AND POINT.

—When two persons fall in love the only way to get out is to fall out.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Pittsburgh plumber stole $700 from a house in which he was working the other day. It was a great streak of luck for the house-owner, as the plumber didn't dare to come back for his pay.—*Boston Post.*

—"Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir, very sorry, sir, but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"—*Austin Siftings.*

—Fair book agent to venerable merchant—"I've a work here to which I wish to call your attention." "Madam, I blush to tell you that my education was neglected in early life; and I am only just learning to read words of one syllable. If you had a primer, now—"—*Puck.*

"You wouldn't believe it," remarked Bliffers, who had just returned from "Yurrup," "but I tell you it's a fact. There are plenty of little shavers in Paris, not more than three or four years old, who can speak French!" And Bliffers wondered why we manifested so little surprise at the remark.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—The Legislatures of Michigan and Wisconsin both debated a bill entitled: "Any person who shall, after the passage of this act, knowingly falsify as to the number and size of fish taken at any time shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by thirty days in the county prison, without relief."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In a certain aristocratic Galveston family there is a young lady, and she has a beau, and the presumption is he is not particularly bashful when he and the apple of his affection are alone, or think they are. What strengthens this view of the case is the fact that the young lady has a small brother named Tommy, and the other night there was a tea-party at the family mansion, and the supper table was very much crowded, so much so that Tommy's younger sister was crowded up very close to him, whereupon he made the remark out loud: "Mamma, sis crowds me so close I can't breeve. I ain't her beau, am I?" If Tommy should become unwell that beau would not be the proper man to send for the doctor in a hurry.—*Galveston News.*

A Practical Temperance Lecture.

One of the most practical and common-sense temperance lectures that we have seen is contained in a circulars issued by Dr. F. J. Bancroft, surgeon of the Denver and Rio Grande Road. It is worth considering by everybody. The circular says: "The continued or the excessive periodical use of malt or alcoholic liquors should be abstained from by every one engaged in operating the road, not only on account of the great risks to life and property incurred by intrusting them to the oversight of those whose intellects may be dulled at times when most care is needed, but also, and essentially, because habitual drinking has a very bad effect upon the constitution, which is a serious matter to men so liable to injury as railroad employees always are. It so lessens the recuperative powers of the body that simple wounds are followed by the most serious and dangerous complications. Fractures unite slowly, if at all, and wounds of a grave nature, such as those requiring the loss of a limb, are almost sure to end fatally. No employee can afford to take such risks, and the railroad company can not assume such responsibilities."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE ENGINEER'S LAST RUN.

"Pile in the diamonds, Tom, for the run is long,
And the Lake Shore train from the east is a little late;
And the minute we hear the tap of the depot gong
The old girl want's to strike her liveliest gait.
The night is black as death, and the wind is in the west,
And the sky above us is streaked with dusky bars;
Whether it storms or not, the night will be dark at best,
For that climbing bank of clouds is blotting out the stars.

"I wish we could start on time, Tom, for we're pullin' a heavy train—
Three coaches, a smoker, two Pullman, baggage, express and mail;
And the old girl leans at the draw-bar as though she could feel the strain—
I can see her holding her drivers awfully close to the rail.
There goes the gong; look out, Tom, the signal is on your side.
'Afraid?' I hear him; what does he signal? 'All right,' say you? 'Go ahead!'
Now girlie, we'll give these folks in the sleepers an all-night ride,
And we'll laugh at the Mississippi 'ere the eastern skies are red.

"Steady, old girl! Go easy; look out for yourself—don't slip;
Look at you now! Hold close—that's right—there ain't no hurry just yet;
Here's a handful of sand for your drivers; it'll help you to hold your grip—
Look out for that crossing—don't stub your toe—easy, old girl; don't fret.
Now then, you run a little; we haven't no time to dream;
I'll just let you take a six-mile gait till we're well outside of the yards;
So we're past Grand Crossing—now rush right along—just help yourself to the steam,
And we'll give old Time and distance our swiftest and best regards.

"Ha, ha! Do you feel her quiver, Tom? It's a little too fast, I know,
She knows she has time to make up—she is running so wild and glad;
And I haven't the heart to hold her, Tom, when I see she wants to go;
When I know by the throb of her nervous pulse that she wants to run so bad.

"It must be nearly morning, Tom, the night has worn away,
But the skies grow blacker and darker; it seems, as the weary night wears on;
And though I can tell by the smell of air that it must be nearly day,
Yet the clouds have blotted out the stars that should pale in the early dawn.
She shows two gauges, doesn't she, Tom? this light, I can't half see—
The very headlight shows dull and dim, falters as it flickers along the rails;
I reckon I'm nervous with this long run; and it always seems to me
That along in the early morning, a fellow weakens and fails.

"We must be near the river, Tom; I wish I could see it now;
But we'll hear it sweep round the great stone piers, I reckon, by and by;
We're right on time, and I don't feel afraid of anything, but, somehow
I wish I could see old Darlington's hills upbooming against the sky.
Just feel her spring! How eager she seems! How faster than life she goes!
Hear, when I touch the whistle, what agony in her scream;
And you can not count the whirling miles that over her shoulders she throws—
Why, the night's run seems to me, boy, like a strange, wild, unreal dream.

"My hand is heavy, the whistle I blew just now I could not hear;
And your voice is so strange and distant, Tom, I can't tell where you are.
Have we dropped the train? Its roar is hushed—but murmuring cold and clear,
I can hear the sweep of the river now—it can't be very far.
The headlight's out, and this air-brake, boy—it won't work any more;
There's something wrong, but I'll drive ahead; there is no cause for fear—
It's dark and still as the grave behind, it's dark on the track before.
But the signal lights are set all right—'the block ahead is clear.'

"The river is close ahead, boy, I can hear its ceaseless flow,
Tho' I can not see in the darkness the rush of its chilling tide;
It isn't the Mississippi, Tom, it's some river that I don't know;
And the shadowy sweep of its waters is dark and cold and wide.
There ain't no bridge, I can see, Tom, but I know the way is sure,
And I'm going to pull right straight ahead through the quiet, starless night,
For I see across the river, and white and clear and pure,
The signal-lights burn steadily, and they're set—'Come ahead. All right!'"

—*R. J. Burdette, in the Burlington Hawkeye.*

WALLINGHAM BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

We did not think it worth while to light the gas, as we were going out again. So we sat and talked in the firelight, Frank and I, just as we sat and talked a hundred times before, in the busy, backward years which we two brothers had spent together. But this evening, for the first time, we talked without dropping, now and then, into that utterly restful silence which only those can enjoy who understand each other well; perhaps, indeed, only those who love each other dearly. It had been a busy day, but for me its work had been light in anticipation of of the pleasure the evening was to bring. It was Lettice Oldfield's birthday, and we were to keep it to-night at the Dome House. I had been walking all day, yet when the penciled cross was put against the last name on my list of town patients, I had entered our quiet sitting-room, feeling nothing of fatigue or hunger; feeling only that, after an hour's rest, the chief joy which the world held for me would be mine—I should be with Lettice. But while I sat opposite Frank, and watched the firelight playing on his face, slowly there crept into my heart something that was as far deeper than fatigue or hunger as our thoughts were deeper than the idle words we spoke—a feeling which I vaguely knew must be pity, but whether for myself or Frank I could not tell.

Suddenly looking up, Frank met my eyes fixed on his face, and, running his fingers lazily through his hair, he laughed; but his laugh had not his old warm, careless ring.

"How well Bent seems to be getting on out in Melbourne, Max. His letter to you is filled with his own prosperity."

"It seems to me merely written to ask if we could send him out an assistant," I answered, speaking lightly; for I do not want to-night to hear Frank complaining of our lot. He had lately got into the way of seeming discontented with the struggle of his life, and I had failed in every argument with him. Half our time and attention was taken up by our dispensary duties, which brought us in eighty pounds a year; and only very slowly and gradually could we make our own practice in Redbury, but—knowing Frank loved the old town dearly, and had chosen his own profession—I felt there was nothing for us to do but to struggle on.

"Of course you don't know any assistant to send out to Bent," Frank said, turning his eyes to the fire again and speaking with slow petulance. "The poorest young surgeons of your acquaintance are Wallingham Brothers, and, thank Heaven, we have not yet fallen quite low enough to exile ourselves voluntarily as drug-mixers to Bent. I would not change quarters with him for any consideration, but I fear I envy his success. You must own, Max, that it is hard fighting here."

"So it is everywhere, in any profession, just at first," I answered, quietly. "Still, however small our income, we can live down to it and work hard to increase it. That, I take it, is the secret of success, Frank. Now, don't talk about these things to-night. Why should we take gloomy faces to the Dome House, to greet Lettice on her birthday?"

"You will never talk about our poverty," Frank complained, his head bent in the caressing firelight, his gaze deep in among the ruddy coals. "But I think of it day and night. How am I to marry on such a pittance as we possess now."

Very slowly, and to me inexplicably, the crimson rose to my face, though no eyes could see it.

"We can talk of that," I said, as gently as I could, "when you want to marry."

"You speak as if we were boys," he answered, impatiently. "I am more than five-and-twenty now, and Lettice is eighteen to-day."

"Yes; eighteen to-day."

The words were uttered clearly in the silence, yet my own voice sounded unfamiliar to me. I tried to read Frank's face, but my eyes ached so sadly in their eagerness that involuntarily I raised my hand and covered them.

"You see, Max, if I had a good practice," he went on, still without looking up, "I could propose to Lettice at once; and we might be married in—a year, say, at latest. But, as matters stand, the thing is impossible. Now, isn't it hard to know this?"

"You wish to—marry Lettice, Frank?"

"Yes. How oddly you speak! You acknowledge at last how hard it is to wait and struggle?"

"A man could wait very patiently, and struggle very hard with such a hope as that."

"*I* cannot," he answered, peevishly. "I love her so that waiting is a fearful trial."

The firelight flickered and faded a little. Frank lay back in his low chair, his head still bent, his eyes still tracing out his thoughts among the coals. With a heavy pain at my heart, I watched his face, and tried to grasp the great intangible sorrow which surrounded me.

"Frank, do you feel that the waiting is a trial, too, for—her?"

"Of course it is," he answered, slightly pausing—"of course it is."

"Do you know it?" I questioned, in a low voice, whose sadness touched my own heart. And he answered with no pause at all.

"Yes, Max; of course I know it."

Again it was I who broke the long silence, and again my own voice almost startled me.

"We have so little time to-night that we will not begin to talk of this. Another day we can look into your chances of marrying."

"So precious little they are," he muttered, rising as I did, "that looking into them won't take us long."

Frank was standing in the gas-light at the hall door when I joined him. At the sound of my step he laughed and turned his face. Such a bright, handsome face! What wonder Lettice loved him!

"You have been longer dressing, Max, than I ever knew you; yet, by Jove, how white and odd you look!"

"I haven't been quite all this time dressing," I answered, lightly. "I have been doing a little book-keeping, and reading over Bent's letter again, and making up my mind."

"The last an elaborate process, evidently," he laughed, as we walked through the quiet streets together. "To what fashion have you made it up to-night?"

"I have made up my mind to go out to Bent."

"To *what*?"

Frank was standing still upon the pavement; his one detaining hand upon my arm; his eyes filled with a great, incredulous astonishment.

"What are you saying, Max?"

"Simply what I mean. Come along, and walk off your surprise. I want a change, and a change holding out some prospects of success. Why should I not seize this opportunity?"

"But you take me so completely by surprise," stammered Frank. "Why, you are a far cleverer surgeon than Bent; you to go and be his servant! You must be mad."

"Then all the more need of change for me."

"But how is it? You have always been so fond of this town. Your friends are all here."

"I will try to make others there."

"I say again the proposal seems madness, Max. What on earth has made you form this strange, sudden resolution?"

"Many thoughts," I answered, a little wearily. "I feel it is the best thing for me."

"But I never believed you faint-hearted," Frank persisted. "Where is your favorite maxim, that 'Each unto himself his life can fortunize?'"

"More than ever in my heart to-night, dear fellow. The fortunizing will be easier to me there than it—can be here. Now let us forget business for a few hours. Here we are at the Dome House."

We stood under the bare old lime-tree which in summer shaded the doorway, and my hand was on the bell, when Frank staid it, and spoke a few words in unusual earnestness. "Tell me one thing, Max, before we go in. You do not decide to leave here for *my* sake—I mean, because I have so often complained that our practice is not sufficient for two; and because you know I want to marry, and can not do so as we are? You would not leave your home and your friends, and me, to go out to drudgery for that reason, Max? I shall not be comfortable unless you tell me that you do it for your own sake."

Knowing that my going would spare me one great pain which, in my cowardice, I shrunk from, I answered him with an honest, truthful "Yes;" pulling the handle of the bell sharply as I spoke, that he might not have time to question me more. But before we entered the hall, he laid his hand softly on my shoulder and whispered, "I always trust implicitly in your better judgment, Max, and I always will." And from that moment I felt that the way lay straight and smooth before my brother, and that even he himself could see no shadow on it.

How distinctly, through a long, dark vista of lonely years, do I see the dainty, white-clad figure of the dear, bright little friend who was my hostess on that last night! How distinctly could I afterward recall every word and smile of hers, though never before had it been pain to me to watch her and listen to her as it was upon that birthday night.

CHAPTER II.

Frank and I walked home that night very silently. I think we had never before passed along the narrow, quaint old streets, after an evening spent with Lettice, without talking of her, and of the home she made so bright and happy. But when we entered our own silent room we both hesitated, as if unwilling to separate so.

"Max," began Frank, at last, stooping down to push a spill into the smoldering fire, "this house seems dreary enough to return to, even with you. What will it seem, I wonder, when you are gone?"

"It depends on who shall live here then, dear fellow," I answered. "No one where you and Lettice live could be dreary in any way."

I could see the scarlet rush into his face, even before he lighted the gas. Then he turned to me with joyous eyes, and leaning on the chimney piece, asked me laughingly when I would come back and prove that for myself.

"I will come—let me see—in about twenty years perhaps."

"Oh, nonsense, Max!" he cried, in his quick earnestness, unconsciously laying one hand upon my arm; "you will come for my wedding."

"For your wedding?"—I echoed the simple words as if they had bewildered me. "Frank—Frank, does she really love you?"

"Why, Max, old fellow, I never saw you so nervous before. Are you afraid that I am deceiving myself, or that she is deceiving me?"

"No; never afraid of that. You know she loves you, Frank?"

"Yes, Max; I—feel sure."

"Then I will come—unless you marry within ten years' time."

Frank's whistle of astonishment broke into a hearty laugh. "A nice little waiting time you allow us, Max. We shall certainly have had leisure to think it all over."

Day after day, until the very last hour came, had I shrunk from bidding farewell to Lettice. Then I just went to her, as I had gone many and many a time before; standing and chatting idly in the pretty room where we had often been so gay together.

"If Frank is to drive here for you in time to catch the express, you allow us a very short time, indeed," said Mr. Oldfield.

"And yet it is a long good-bye," added Lettice, quite lightly. "You are not coming home for a long, long time, are you, Max?"

"Frank and I have made an important arrangement about that," I answered, trying to jest, because I fancied she would understand what he had asked me to do. "I am going to stay ten years unless he sends for me."

"If he does not send for you, you prefer staying out there?"

"Yes. What prospect is there of any one else wishing for me?"

"I suppose none," she answered, quietly, "as you say so; but we shall all be glad to see you when you return. Not that you will care for that either, for you care for nothing, you know, except fortunizing your life."

Her words, in their quiet, simple scorn, stabbed me to the heart.

"That is a wide word, Lettice," I said, "and a word which even yet I have not fathomed."

"But you expect to do so in Melbourne?"

"I hope so."

With an odd little laugh she changed the subject, and very soon Frank drove up to the gate. Mr. Oldfield and Amy went out, and Lettice and I followed more slowly. She lingered a minute under the bare old lime-tree, with the winter sunshine on her bright young face, and I, looking down upon her, knew that this picture would dwell in my heart through all my lonely life.

Her jesting scorn was all gone now; her eyes were only a little puzzled, and a little sad.

"You will be quite happy, Max," she said, "with that happiness which makes others happy, too."

"Tell me how, Lettice," I cried, the strong and passionate love of my heart trembling in my voice. "Tell me how to win this happiness."

"I can not," she answered, softly. "I can not teach you what you know so well."

From the gate I looked back wistfully to where she still stood under the leafless branches, and she smiled one bright, quick smile. Then she ran in.

I sat down beside Frank, and Amy, Lettice's little sister, sprang up and gave me, with tear-filled eyes, the only kiss among all my sad good-byes.

Later on, in the frosty winter morning, we two brothers, who had been together all our lives, parted on the deck of the great waiting vessel, with only a few broken words, and one long, close, lingering hand-grasp.

CHAPTER III.

"The ten years are nearly over. You must keep your promise, Max, and come."

I read the words again. It was now more than seven years since I had set foot in Melbourne, and in every letter Frank had sent me through these long years I had expected him to tell me what he had told me at last. Yet, now that it was told, the lines seemed to swim before my eyes and my fingers would not write the glad and congratulating words I wished to send him.

So, upon a bright spring morning, Frank and I met once more in England; and, tired with a tiredness which I had never felt before in all my life, I rested that evening in my own old chair beside the cheery home fire, striving to look back joyfully in my brother's beaming face. It hardly looked older for the seven years we had spent apart, but it was changed wonderfully by the happiness which seemed to overflow his life. How could it have been otherwise, I thought. What might not my own listless face have been if——

"You are very tired, Max," said Frank, in his quick, glad tones.

"A little; but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking how utterly content you look, Frank."

"So I ought, because I *am* so utterly content. Do I look changed in any other way?"

"No, none."

"*You* do, Max," he continued, a little thoughtfully. "You look—I can hardly tell how—as if you had been living much longer than I have, and yet I don't mean that you look much older. You are just as you always were, I think; and yet you look as if you lived a great deal in those seven years—if you can understand. But, indeed, you must have been working to some purpose, to have won yourself such a name as you have done. What will Bent do now without you? for you are never going back, Max—never. I suppose he has earned a fortune, as we said he would; if he has not, he ought to have done so with such a partner; and he must keep up his practice alone. Mine has increased so lately that it can only now be carried on by Wallingham Brothers. Max, old fellow, does not the old name sound more winning to you than that of the new firm out in exile? But I will not urge this to-night," he added, almost as if he could read what pain the thought gave me. "So I look utterly content, do I? Yet I have had trouble, too. You ought to say you see the trace, Max."

"What trouble?"

"A trouble of five years ago," he answered quietly; "a trouble I never felt that I *could* tell you in a letter. When I first asked Lettice to be my wife she—refused me, Max."

"I feared so, Frank," I said, so low that he stooped forward to catch the words. "I feared so from your silence at that time. But never mind, dear fellow, as it has ended so brightly."

"No, I don't mind one atom. It has ended so brightly, as you say. You are too tired to go out this evening of course, Max; but as I promised to run in and tell them all of your arrival, as soon as I had brought you safely to Redbury, I will just go across for a minute or two, if you don't mind."

"I will go with you," I said, and rose at once. It would be less hard now than it could ever be again.

It seems like a dream to be walking once more at Frank's side, along the shadowy streets; and still more like a dream to be entering unannounced, as of old, the pretty, familiar room where Lettice sat alone at the window, sewing in the twilight.

"Lettice," cried Frank, in gay eagerness, "here's Max!"

I was standing opposite her, looking down upon her with still, calm eyes—the grave elder brother of her affianced husband. She dropped her work, and put her two hands into mine, in quick, glad greeting; and I spoke to her just as I knew Frank would wish me to speak to her. She was changed more than he was. The face that had been almost childlike in its sunny beauty was a woman's face now; deeper and graver, but infinitely more beautiful, I thought, as I saw its old bright, sunny smile still there. She looked up at Frank, a wonderful light shining in her eyes.

"Now, you have all your wish, Frank," she said. And I felt that she was as happy in his love as he was in hers. I stood beside them, talking in laughing, genial tones; hoping she could never guess how hardly I had schooled myself to this.

Presently Frank passed out through the window, and Lettice, looking after him, raised her eyes questioningly to me.

"You think us all changed, I suppose, Max. Even Frank?"

"Yes," I answered, absently.

"But you have not seen Amy yet," she went on, smiling. "She, of course, is most changed of all. Frank has gone to fetch her, I fancy. He says she is like what I was at her age, but that is only his pleasant flattery, for she is very, very pretty."

I followed her words dreamily, wondering whether it could really be seven years since Lettice and I had stood talking to each other last; while I felt how impossible it was that the little one, whom we had all combined to pet and spoil, could be at all what Lettice was in those old, sweet days.

"Frank seems to know exactly where she will be," Lettice went on, a little nervously, I fancied in my silence. "You remember the old seat under the lilacs, Max? Amy is as fond of sitting there as—as I used to be when I was her age. You used to say, too, that you loved to rest there on a summer evening. But you have been away so long, doing so much, that those old memories will be all buried now?"

"Yes; all buried now," I answered, feeling the scarlet mount into my face, to contradict the coolness of my words.

She smiled—a little wistful smile, which had a strange, brave tenderness in it.

"I, too, have lived seven years since then," she said; "but the old memories are dear to me, Max; and I would not bury them for all the world."

"Because it is so different with you and me," I faltered. "I—I think I have no courage left. How long Frank stays!"

"I see them in the lower garden now," she answered, gently, looking away from me, as I struggled with my pain.

"How quickly Amy would have run in to greet me in the old times." I said speaking once more as I had schooled myself to do; only that a bitterness *would* creep into the tone.

"Yes," laughed Lettice, softly, "but she will not come this evening without Frank. She has been quite timid about your return. She asked me to-day if you would think Frank had chosen unwisely, because she is so much younger than he is—so ignorant and untried, she said."

In the bewildered, breathless silence which followed Lettice's words, she looked up at me; deep shadows gathering in her eyes, almost as if she could feel the agony of the doubt and hope which were stirring me.

"*Do* you think Frank has chosen unwisely, Max, in taking my little sister?" she asked, speaking plainly the truth, which she knew now that I had never heard

"Lettice—Lettice, is it so?" I stammered, my fingers tight upon the chair below me, and my heart beating wildly.

"Yes, Max," she could read the whole story of my deep and lasting love written now in my face.

"And *you*, Lettice?"

"I," she answered, almost in a whisper; "I have waited."

Then I covered my face hurriedly; for the boyish tears had overflowed, in the untold joy of this surprise.

"Max," she said, in a bright, low tone, her gentle touch upon my arm, "I thought that you knew this, and had come home for their sakes."

"No; not for their sakes, Lettice; for Frank's and—yours."

"Why for my sake?" she asked, tears shining in her own eyes as she looked brightly into mine.

Then, low and brokenly, I told her of my love; the long, hopeless love which would not die. And at last she answered, with her little gentle hands on mine, and a deep, true gladness shining behind the tears:

"Max, dear Max, I am very glad I—waited."

"Max," said Frank that night after we got home, "may I have the old plate put back upon the door?"

We both laughed at the idea—for Frank was Dr. Wallingham now, and I had half a dozen letters after my name—but we took a candle, and went off at once to find it. Then Frank—sitting down, and taking it upon his knee, brushed the thick dust from it quite tenderly; while I, leaning over his shoulder, read the letters as he cleared them:

WALLINGHAM BROTHERS!

"Yes, yes, Frank, you may put it back again, and let us thank God for the truth it tells."

Gradual Disappearance of the Larger Animals.

The species among the different classes of animals which exceed their congeners in size are now more than ever threatened with extermination. The progressive diminution in their numbers has been more rapid during the recent geological period because they have had man as their competitor; and the present age may be destined to witness their entire disappearance. In consequence of the new competition opposed by man, more formidable than any other that the large animals have had to meet, many species have already become extinct, and many of those which are still represented among living beings are daily diminishing in numbers. The animals comprising these species, being those which are hunted with profit, or those the destruction of which is important for human security, are for these reasons inevitably the most exposed to be driven from every region in which the privileged being has established his abode. In the struggle which they have to sustain against the new rivalry they labor under the two marked disadvantages, as compared with smaller animals, that they require a more abundant supply of food and that their reproduction is less frequent and more limited, so that the losses they endure are hardly repaired. The smaller species keep up their numbers, and even increase, in consequence of their extreme fertility, in spite of the most persistent efforts of man to exterminate them. The larger animals would be totally destroyed in a very short time if they had to suffer the same proportion of losses. It is hardly rash to assert that the whales, the cachalots, the *Sirenidæ*, the morses, certain species of seals and otaries, the great white bear of the Arctic coasts, and the other bears, the large carnivorous cats (lions, tigers, etc.), the gorillas, the great armadillo, the great ant-eater, the giraffes, the elan, the aurochs, the bison, the elephants, the hippopotamuses, the rhinoceroses, the great kangaroo, the elephantine turtles, the crocodiles, the birds of the ostrich group, the great penguin of the frozen sea, etc., are threatened with the fate that has within a few centuries befallen the enormous epiornis of Madagascar, the gigantic moas of New Zealand, and within less than two centuries the dodo and the giant bird of the Island of Mauritius, the two latter species representing the largest columbid and the tallest waterfowl that have ever existed. The great carnivora are already fast disappearing before the bullets of emulous lion and tiger hunters; the whales and other larger mammalia are becoming scarce. The largest of the deer, the elan, is less widely distributed than formerly; the largest of wild cattle, the aurochs, which formerly ranged over all Europe, is now found only in the forests of Lithuania and Moldavia; the bison no longer covers the prairies with boundless herds; the great armadillo is disappearing from South America, and the great kangaroo from Australia; and numbers of the other animals we have named are gradually diminishing. It is time for science to be busy in completing the study of these animals before some of their species go to join the ranks of those which are represented only in fossils.—*La Nature.*

The Limekiln Club Determine to Celebrate.

The President stated that he was in receipt of two more kind invitations to the club to take part in Fourth of July festivities, one being from Chicago and the other from Hamilton, O. He could not yet announce what action he should advise, as it had not yet been determined whether Detroit would celebrate or sit in the shade. Pickles Smith thereupon offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, In de y'ar 1776, or purty soon aroun' dat date, de King of England sot out to gin dis kentry a thrashin'; an'

WHEREAS, De said King not only bit off more'n he could chaw, but was made dreffful sick by de bitin'; now darfore—

Resolved, Dat any town or city too lazy or too stingy to celebrate de anniversary of our Independence desarves de contempt of ebery true patriot, and should be marked "N. G." on de maps.

The resolution was adopted, and Giveadam Jones, Elder Plato and Trustee Pullback were appointed a committee to wait on the Mayor and inform him that the Limeklin Club stood ready to go in with the white folks and make the coming Fourth a day to be remembered for a hundred years to come.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—There is a rumor that Gladstone is to be raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Oxford.

—M. de Girardin left $2,000 to each of the three constituencies he represented in the Chamber.

—Prince Bismarck is Knight Grand Cross of sixty-four orders, more than half of the existing number of such distinctions.

—A French newspaper states that when Sara Bernhardt arrived at Havre, she received a perfect ovation. The whole city was on foot, and more than 30,000 people lined the pier and streets leading to her hotel.

—In order to preserve the plant of the edelweiss, the Government of Lucerne has decided to impose a fine of from six to fifty francs upon any one selling the plant with the root. The flower, alone, however, will be sold without restriction.

—The London *Cuckoo*, speakiag of weddings, says that "at one of the fashionable weddings this week the bride carried a bouquet six feet in circumference. It is to be hoped that this precedent will not be followed. It would mean ruin to men with a large circle of lady friends and small incomes."

—The Princess Beatrice, who also rejoices in the names of Mary Victoria Feodore, is twenty-four years of age. All of her sisters were married before they had reached that age, and her elder sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, at twenty-four, was the mother of three children. Of the Princess Beatrice's marriage there is yet no sign.

—Mrs. Ashman Wright, the queen of the London æsthetics, is to be seen daily enjoying with all the notabilities of the sect the last moment of their reign at the Grosvenor Gallery. They move through the rooms like spectres released from the Egyptian tombs to breathe the air around the base of the pyramids. The ladies are all attired in sad-colored garments, fitting tight to the figure, showing without disguise the want of proportion which makes the waist thicker than the hips and the shoulders on a level with the ears. One or two wore their robes made in the fashion of those in which Perugino and Fra Angelo clothe their angels—square at the neck, reaching in a straight line to the feet, with a narrow train. This fashion of robe is made in the stuff called "erash," a coarse kind of linen of unbleached hemp.

Let No Fat Man Escape.

Fat? You bet he was! And he was one of those cautious men who wear their winter flannels and socks up to the first of June for fear of cold waves and rheumatic twinges. It grew hotter and hotter as he came down Grand River Avenue, and he finally slid under the awning of a saloon and dropped down on the head of an empty beer-keg and groaned out:

"Lands alive! but she's more than biling! Seems to me that I've commenced to melt!"

He hadn't got the perspiration wiped off one whole ear yet when a tall, lean man came along from the other way and also halted. Not a drop of moisture could be seen on his face, and his hair was as dry as a clothes-line.

"I presume, sir," he began, "that you find this heat uncomfortable?"

"Great snakes! but I'm roasted!" groaned the other.

"Nevertheless, I desire to make you an address on the subject of the weather. The seasons are divided into four. We will first take the winter season."

"Oh! I don't want to hear anything about the weather. I want to cool off and get home."

"Nevertheless, the winter season includes December, January and February," continued the lean man, as he walked up and down. "Do you know why we have cold weather in the winter and warm weather in the summer?"

"Say, let me alone, won't you? I came within an inch of being sunstruck."

"Spring is the next season, and sometimes it is wonderful how closely it follows winter, and then again it is wonderful how it hangs off until fall. Spring is supposed to include March, April, May and several blizzards and freshets."

"Say, I won't stand it! If you don't move on I'll injure you for life!"

"We now come to the third season," observed the lean man, as he folded his hands behind his back. "The third season is called summer, and includes the months of June, July and August. June was named after old Juneberry, a Greek orator who conteaded ——."

"Will you move on!" yelled the fat man, as he pushed his handkerchief down the back of his neck.

"I will not," was the calm reply. "June was named after old Juneberry, a ——."

"Who the dickens cares!"

"All of us. Old Juneberry contended that the sun was composed of ——."

The fat man tried to get up, but little creeks of perspiration ran down his back, one of his suspenders broke short off, and he fell back and yelled "police!" in a voice so husky that he seemed to have a peachstone in his throat. Three or four men came out of the saloon, and he pointed to the lean man and gasped out:

"Five dollars to the man that mashes him!"

"And we now come to the fourth season," coolly remarked the lean man, as he walked slowly away, "which includes September, October and November, and in leaving this for another field of labor I want to say to you, old fatty, that I'll lay for you from now until the end of dog-days but what you shall hear the remainder of my address and old Juneberry's reasons for believing that the sun was composed of scraps and ends of lightniag which had drifted into a sort of aerial whirlpool. You may sweat and blow and call for the police, but I'll trail you to the bitter end, and don't you forget it?"

And he walked briskly away under the hot sun just as the fat man was going to raise the reward for smashing him to $50—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Japanese theatres are curiously simple in their scenic arrangements. There are no traps or other accessories, everything is done by hand, yet the minor details are singularly realistic. If a man is stabbed the sword is withdrawn, not bright and unblemished, but by some strange arrangement actually dripping with a perfect imitation of blood.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

The Attempted Assassination of the President.

At the time of going to press the condition of President Garfield was so much improved that strong hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Following is a history of the affair, and comments of the Press.

WASHINGTON, July 2—The change from the busy but to most men the trifling rivalries and intrigues of political life at the nation's capital to the sharp, clear-cut occasion when a pistol-shot echoes through the world and brings all suddenly to a reality that all men can appreciate, to life and death, is a change not often made here. These few occasions are the very cameos of history, cut and set into the solid stone that makes imperishable history. The mad attempt upon the life of James A. Garfield, President of the United States, by Charles Guiteau, at the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Saturday, was such an occasion.

THE TRAGIC NARRATIVE.

The story of the shooting, though dramatic enough in some of its details, can be told in a few words: It was announced several days since that the President would start this morning on an Eastern tour, to assist in several college commencements. He arrived at the B-street entrance of the Baltimore and Potomac Road about 9.30 o'clock, the others of his party having arrived shortly before him. They consisted of Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Secretary Windom and Mrs. Windom, Postmaster Gen. James and others, all of whom had taken seats in the cars. The President was accompanied by Secretary Blaine. They came in the same carriage, the President entering the depot in the lead. As he stepped out of his carriage he asked police officer Kearney, the depot officer, if he had any time to spare. Mr. Kearney answered, "Yes, a few minutes." The officer then turned his back, and in an instant the reports of two pistol shots, the one following close upon the other, were heard. Chas. Guiteau, the assassin, had been seen to enter the depot a few minutes before the President arrived, though his actions were not of a character to attract the attention of those who were in the depot. He stood in about the centre of the hall leading from the B-street entrance or ladies room, and advanced towards the President as he entered. Without giving any notice whatever of his intention he fired, the ball from the first shot entering the right sleeve of the President's coat, passing up the same and out at the shoulder. This ball did no injury, except scratch the flesh of the arm, though it was thought at first that it had entered the shoulder. The President at this juncture turned, when Guiteau fired the second time, the ball entering the back, lodging in the kidneys. This staggered the President and he fell to the floor. Mrs. White, the janitress of the ladies' room of the depot, first ran to the President. Secretary Blaine was so shocked by the occurrence that he first ran after the assassin, and finding that he was in the custody of officer Kearney, returned to the side of the President, who was taken up stairs to the superintendent's room, where in a few moments several surgeons were in attendance upon him. They expressed the grayest doubts the moment they saw what direction the ball had taken. The wound bled freely, though the hemorrage was at no time very profuse. The President vomited slightly and fainted; but in a short time recovered consciousness and talked freely to those around him. In an hour it was thought better to remove him to the White House, which was done by means of the police ambulance, Drs. Bliss, Wales and Surgeon General Barnes riding with him, Col. Corbin sitting with the driver, and Col. Rockwell, the superintendent of public buildings and grounds standing on the rear step. Dr. Lincoln and a couple of the other physicians followed in the wagon of the chief of the fire department, which happened to be near the depot at the time.

It is wonderful how the news of the assassination got abroad, and in a few minutes after the shooting took place several hundred had gathered about the depot. Five minutes afterwards the number had quadrupled, and by the time the ambulance started to the White House several thousand had collected about the depot. A platoon of mounted police kept the larger part of the crowd from following, but as they neared the White House they found just as many congregated about the gates there. There was much excitement in the crowd, and many threats at lynching were heard, loud and violent curses being heaped upon the act of the assassin. Anticipating that there was a possibility of this excitement taking shape in some form, the chief of police ordered Guiteau to be taken immediately to jail, which was done. From the moment of his arrest he displayed but little excitement, saying upon his arrival at police headquarters that he had nothing to say in regard to the matter, which he had fully explained in a number of letters which he handed to Lieut. Eckloff. They were tied up in a package, on the outside of which was a letter addressed to the public, as follows;

"JULY, 2, 1881.

"*To the White House.*—The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume that the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death; he is liable to go at any time anyway. I had no ill-will toward the President.

"His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his cojournalists, at 1420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUITEAU."

Another letter was addressed to Byron Andrews, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, requesting him to see that the letters in the package were delivered as addressed. The letter to the public was taken from the package, and copied before the District attorney arrived. Col. Corkhill took the other letters, and declined to allow them to be published, for the present at least. The letter to Mr. Andrews says he does not know him personally, but has sufficient confidence in his honor to leave the letter, in his charge. One of the letters the largest probably, is addressed to "*The American Press*," and an outside note on the envelope says it is for publication. Guiteau, on arriving at the jail, reminded the warden that he had attempted to inspect the jail several days since, and the warden telling him that he remembered the occurrence, Guiteau said: "I was then on the lookout for the quarters that would be given me, for I knew I would come here. You told me I could go through the jail if I called on Monday, but you see I could not wait till then, and I am here now." Again he said: "I have had this on my mind for some time, and I knew I would come here sooner or later."

There are several versions given in regard to what Guiteau said when he was arrested. Officer Kearney told a correspondent, soon after the arrest was made, that Guiteau said, "Arthur will be President now. I did it, and new what I was doing. I am a stalwart, and my letters will explain the rest." The pistol is known as the California or bull-dog pattern. The caliber is forty-four, the ball being as large as the ordinary musket-ball.

PHYSIANS SUMMONED.

The President was taken into a private room in the depot and Dr. Bliss, Surgeon General Barnes, and Dr. Purvis, colored, were summoned. They probed for the bullet which had entered the back, near the hip bone, but failed to find it. The physicians then decided that it was best that the President should be taken immediately to the White House, and he was accordingly carried there, a detachment of the Metropolitan police acting as escort. The President was made as comfortable as possible in his chamber at the White House, and all persons were excluded from the grounds surrounding the mansion. Immense crowds surrounded the grounds.

THE ASSASSIN.

The man who fired the pistol was seized before he got out of the depot building, and was recognized as Charles Guiteau, of Chicago, who was immediately taken to police headquarters, and was afterwards sent to the District jail. When the officer took hold of him in the depot he is reported to have exclaimed: "I did it, and I want to be arrested. I am a stalwart, and Arthur is President now. I have a letter here that I want you to give to General Sherman: it will explain everything. Take me to the police station."

BREAKING THE NEWS TO MRS. GARFIELD.

The following is the dispatch sent to Mrs. Garfield:

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, Long Branch:

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he cannot say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.

A. F. ROCKWELL.

MRS. GARFIELD'S JOURNEY.

Mrs. Garfield left Long Branch at 12.40 o'clock in a special train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. She arrived at Monmouth Junction at 2 P. M. and West Philadelphia at 3.

Mrs. Garfield passed through Baltimore at 5.25, but owing to the breaking of a piston at Bowie Station did not arrive at the White House till 6.45 P. M.

A LETTER TO GEN. SHERMAN.

The following letter was found on the street shortly after Guteau's arrest, envelope unsealed, and addressed, "Please deliver at once to General Sherman, (or his first assistant in charge of the War Department:")

"To General Sherman. "I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully,

"CHARLES GUITEAU."

The question has been raised, what will be done with Guiteau if the President lives? His crime under the law will then be but a simple "assault with intent to kill." The Revised Statutes for the District of Columbia, where Guiteau would have to be tried, provide a minimum imprisonment of eight years, as a penalty for this offense. Such punishment seems entirely inadequate to the crime. The Washington *Star*, commenting on this, says the "question is mooted whether an attempt to take the life of the President cannot be considered a treasonable act, and punished as such with death.

The Secretary of State furnishes the following, with a request that it be given the widest possible circulation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 4—11 P. M.

To the Press—On behalf of the President and Mrs. Garfield, I desire to make public acknowledgement of the very numerous messages of condolence and affection which have been received since Saturday morning. From almost every State in the Union, from the South as bountifully as from the North, and from countries beyond the sea, have come messages of anxious inquiry and tender words of sympathy in such numbers that it has been found impossible to answer them in detail. I therefore ask the newspapers to express for the President and Mrs. Garfield the deep gratitude which they feel for the devotion of their fellow countrymen and friends in this hour of heavy affliction.

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

Press Comments.

From the comments of the press on the attempted assassination of President Garfield we annex the following:

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* says: "Such events as the tragedy Saturday lift people above personal and sectional considerations and make the whole country kin. The only thought in Charleston was that the President had been slain, and that a blow, through him, had been aimed at the mighty heart of the whole Union. We do not pause to count the cost of the bloody work in its effect upon the relation of parties. Far be it from us to fix upon the stalwarts a responsibility which is not directly theirs. But it cannot be forgotten in this sad hour that the intrigues of Conkling and the slanders of Grant wrought up the miserable assassin to the pitch of regarding the death of the President as a political necesity; that he proclaims himself a stalwart of stalwarts, and boasts that he has made Vice-President Author, who is Conkling's man, the President of the United States. Those who are to benefit by President Garfield's death will be early in proclaiming their regret, and we do not question their sincerity. But they were the bitter foes of the President, and what the country will not forget is that the deed is done in their name, and that they and their followers will derive place and power from the President's death."

Philadelphia Evening *Telegraph*: "It was a horrible affair from whatever point of view it may be regarded. From one certain point of view, it was even more horrible and more atrocious than was the assassination of President Lincoln, for its inspiration—if it had any other than out-and-out insanity—was baser and more disgraceful than was that which induced Booth and his associates to climax the bloody tragedy of the civil war in a fashion to thrill with fresh horror a people already satiated with horrors. It may be a harsh thing to say, but it is a true thing, that this attempt to murder the President is but the legitimate outcome of events that have occupied a great portion of the public attention since the 4th of March last.

Philadelphia Evening *Bulletin*: "President Garfield, with all his faults and his shortcomings, is beloved by the American people. He has been tried in the fire of a fierce and bitter presidential campaign and out from it he has come with the respect of his enemies and the affection of his friends. As we contemplate all the possibilities that would follow his removal, there is occasion for deep thankfulness for the report that his wounds are not believed to be fatal. We do not care at this time to speculate upon the feelings which were excited in Albany by this occurrence. It may be conceived that some of those who move amid the slime of that sink of corruption heard it with regret, while others perhaps regarded it with anything but deep sorrow. We may, however, venture to hope that there will be found among the whole body of men at that place enough of a sense of decency to enable them to perceive that public sentiment will not kindly accept, after this assault, a continuance of a struggle which is nothing more nor less than a battle for and against the President."

The Philadelphia *Times* says: "If one so beloved and respected as James A. Garfield can be murdered under the very shadow of the Capitol, when peace and plenty abound throughout the land, when the passions of sectional strife have been stilled, when the waves of party conflict have been calmed, and when only the murmur of the spoilsman could be heard in discord with the general tranquillity, then indeed is the gloom that encircled the nation impenetrable."

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "This crime, which plunges a whole nation into sorrow, is the deed of one maddened fanatic, crazed, it may be by political excitement, and wrought into a morbid state by imaginary wrongs, but representing nothing but his own insanity."

Washington *Critic*: "The tragedy appears to be the work of a maniac. The theory of political conspiracy is, according to all present advices, too absurd to be seriously considered."

Wilmington (Del.) *Every Evening and Commercial*: "The attempted murder of our President is enough, but back of it lies a new source for passionate regret in the fact that if Garfield dies Chester A. Arthur will be President of the United States."

The Boston *Traveller* says: "It is unutterably shameful and inexpressibly sad. Every friend of reaction, every enemy of liberty, every champion of strong, absolute government, will take encouragement from this iniquitous deed. It is a plea for the rule of the Romanoffs and the Bonapartes presented at the bar of history from the land of George Washington. Every citizen of the republic will feel to-day the hot blush of shame on his face and a deep sense of irreparable wrong at his heart.

The New York *World* says: "The whole American people, without distinction of parties, will breathe more freely this morning to know that their elected Chief Magistrate, who was Saturday stricken down by the hand of an assassin, still lives, and that some reasonable hope of his recovery will still be entertained. But if the worst is already over at Washington, let us not underestimate in our thankfulness the weight of the blow that was Saturday struck at the permanence of free institutions, and therefore at the honor, the glory and the greatness of the United States. For that blow was struck not by the wretched assassin who now awaits the just punishment of his crime, but by the people of the United States themselves. Whom but themselves can they righteously hold accountable, if the person of the American Executive has ceased to be more sacred in the eyes of a vulgar and brutal seeker after place and pay than is the executive office itself in the eyes of the myriads of respectable and prosperous citizens who have abandoned politics to the 'machine.'"

The New York *Sun* says: "No event since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln has created such a shock. The sensation of profound sorrow is universal. The American people have but one heart to day, and it is overwhelmed with grief at the sudden, unexpected and tragic striking down of their Chief Executive Magistrate.

The New York *Times* says: "The President's life was assailed by a wretch who represents as distinctly the evil in our system as President Garfield represented the good. For though the murderer was obviously of disorded mind, it is impossible to ignore the causes which led immediately to this act—which directed his ill-regulated will to its fatal aim. He was a disappointed office-seeker, and he linked the bitterness of his present disappointment with a passionate animosity of a faction, inflamed and intensified by the assaults upon the President which have been common in too many circles for the past few months

The New York *Tribune* says: "The President has been shot down not by a political faction, but by the spirit which a political faction has begotten and nursed.

The N. Y. *Herald* says: "Should Garfield die his fate would be a national calamity. The attempt appears to be only the wild act of a mad-man. Demonstration could hardly make a fact plainer than it now is that the assassin was crazy, and that he acted under an insane impulse in his conception that to have refused him an office was an outrage that called for the sacrifice of life.

The N. Y. States *Zeitung* says: "It cannot be denied that a kind of national diseases has a great deal to do with this great event. There may be no just cause for comparing the demoralization produced by office seeking with socialism and nihilism, but when office seekers become mad, just as socialists and nihilists do, when the madness of one drives them to the same outrage against civilization as the madness of the other, it is not to be wondered when mankind condemns all in the same way.

A New Orleans evening paper says: "The mysterious attempt to assassinate the President has given rise to a thousand speculations as to the prompting cause. Though there may be no good reasons therefore, the public mind seems instinctively to connect it in some manner with the Conkling trouble.

The New Orleans *Times* says: "Inasmuch as the general feeling throughout the country towards President Garfield has been more kindly than has been known for many years past, the motive for the attempted assassination is peculiarly mysterious.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The attempted assassination of President Garfield is likely to make a very deep impression upon public sentiment throughout the United States. The peculiar political situation opens the way for rumors and conjectures, and will raise among the masses suspicions of extensive plots and deep-laid schemes.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "The author of this dire crime seems to be the merest vagabond, yet he claims to be a stalwart; and what is there in the character of the men in whose name and interest the deed was done, and whose desperate fortunes it saves from destruction, to rescue them from a suspicion which would, by a change in that author's nativity firmly attach itself to the most innocent people? Mrs. Surratt was hanged on less circumstantial evidence than occurs to the mind as to Roscoe Conkling and Chester A. Arthur.

Richmond (Va.) *State*: "Whatever Guiteau's condition or character, his monstrous crime is rightly received by the people of the United States. If he be a lunatic, he must simply be confined, and that we hope and believe is the solution of the whole matter. If he be an agent of men or of ladies looking to violence as a means to any object, we, the people, will find whom he represents, and will punish not only him, but also them.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says: "We hazard nothing in saying that if the prudent, safe and honest Wheeler were still Vice President, the country would not to-day view with such sorrow the death of the President. It would deplore the crime and the shock to our institutions, but it would not stand aghast at the changes involved."

Hartford *Times*: "Are we in a condition similar to that of Russia, where the assassin's pistol and deadly grenade threaten the head executive?"

Hartford *Evening Post*: "If this poor, weak fellow has been about Washington, nursing his grief from day to day, he must have habitually read the daily diatribes of the so-called Washington organ of the Conkling faction and the star-route gang."

Hartford *Courant*: "Guiteau calls himself a 'stalwart,'—whatever that may be—but it is a lie to give him only a political significance which he never possessed."

Boston *Journal*: "It seems so incredible that a career like his could be cut short by such weapons as are directed against kings and despots in Europe that the first reports of the awful tragedy found few to accept them."

Boston *Herald*: "Assassination has no place in our political system, if ever justifiable in a land of free speech and universal suffrage."

Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*: "The spoils system is directly responsible for the infamous outrage."

St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*: "Doubtless Guiteau is crazy; but not the most consummate craft could have planned a political assasination so opportunely for the purposes of the stalwart chiefs who are benefited by it."

Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: "Should President Garfield die the people will turn in their sorrow and wrath to crush out all the un-American mushroom sophistry that makes assassination possible."

Albany *Argus*: "In the abhorrance of assassination; in the purpose never to let it be naturalized here as a means to vacate offices, or to wreak the revenges of displaced men; in respect for the rights and persons of our rulers; in the resolve that murder shall be made as unprofitable as it is infamous; in adherence to the law, and to the officials chosen by the law, we are all Democrats and we are all Republicans."

Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*: "The news was the saddest sound that has fallen on the hearts of the oppressed millions of other lands, who would fain believe the American republic the best and safest asylum on earth."

Presidential Vacancies.

It will be of interest at this time to recall the constitutional and statutory provisions in the event of a vacancy in the office of president of the United States. The constitutional provision reads as follows:

In case of the removal of the president from office or his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the vice president, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability both of the president and vice president, declaring what officer shall then act as president, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a president shall be elected.

Under this article of the Constitution, Congress has by law provided in the act of 1792:

In the case of removal, resignation or inability of both the president and vice president of the United States, the president of the Senate, or, if there is none, then the speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, shall act as president until the disability is removed or a president elected.

As the Senate during its recent session failed to elected a president pro tempore, and the House of Representatives, not having yet met, has not elected a speaker, there exists no provision for filling a vacancy, should Mr. Arthur be in any way removed or disabled, except by the process of election, which would not, however, be consummated before the meeting of Congress. The provision on this subject is as follows:

Whenever the offices of president and vice president both become vacant the secretary of state shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the executive of every state, and shall also cause the same to be published in at least one of the newspapers printed in *each state*.

The notification shall specify that electors of a president and vice president of the United States shall be appointed or chosen in the several states, as follows:

First. If there shall be the space of two months yet to ensue between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing, such notification shall specify that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within twenty-four days preceding such first Wednesday in December.

If there shall not be two months between the date of the notification and the first Wednesday in December then the electors are to be chosen in the corresponding period of the following year, except when the term for which the president and vice president were elected would expire in the following March, in which case, of course, no special election would be held.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At the exhibition now being held in Japan, the machinery is run with belting made of native paper, which has been tested and found to be stronger than leather belting.

The New York Cremation Society held a meeting on Tuesday evening, when a plan was proposed for the formation of a national society. Action is to be had *at a future meeting.*

The Kebley run colliery, in Schuylkill county, Pa., is now filled with water above the water level, and it is supposed that the fire so long raging in the coal vein is entirely extinguished.

A man who had made a bet that he could haul his wife in a wagon from Waterbury to St. Johnsbury, Vt., a distance of fifty-seven miles, in three days, trudged into the latter place a few days since, having won his bet, with half a day to spare.

During the height of the strawberry season in New York it is said that the sales amounted to one million quart baskets daily. The aggregate value of sales for the season will not be less than three million dollars. Strawberries shipped in refrigerators have been landed in Havana in good order, and in the future an attempt will be made to ship them to Europe.

The Rev. Edward Crowley, who served a term in a New York prison for cruelty to children while in charge of the Shepherd's Fold, is not to be tried before an ecclesiastical tribunal, as was expected. The committee that investigated the case determined that, although censurable with regard to the boy Louis Vietor, in not calling in a physician, there was nothing criminal in his conduct. The shepherd therefore remains a clergyman of the Episcopal church in good standing.

A school of sperm and finback whales have been seen several times during the past week in the ocean off Montauk and Southampton. Several boats put out in pursuit, but did not succeed in the chase. One boat's crew harpooned one of the whales, but it took the boat so rapidly seaward that the line had to be cut. Some of the whales were from fifty to sixty feet long. The steamers now engaged in menhaden fishing propose to engage in the whaling business at the end of the season.

NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—An excellent feature of the New Edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is the New Biographical Dictionary, in which are given the names of nearly ten thousand noted persons of ancient and modern times, with a brief statement of the dates of their birth and death, their nationality, profession, etc. This is designed for purposes of ready reference, to answer the questions which often arise as to when and where certain person lived, and the character of their achievements. It contains many names of persons who are still living, and the pronunciation of each name is given.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Married, Saturday, July 2, 1881, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Lyman H. Frazee and Miss Mary Bach, all of this county.

—Married, Sunday, July 3, 1881, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Jessie Frazee and Mrs. Sarah Illeman, all of this county.

—The July non-jury term of the Circuit Court convened Tuesday. The dockets were called, a few judgments entered, and the Court adjourned the same evening.

—Visitors at Hazlewood Cottage July 3d.—Mrs. Cunningham and daughter Bertie, Mrs. Brooks, Baltimore; Mr. Henry A. Clark, Miss Willie Barry, Miss Webb. Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Bell, Alexandria.

Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire will commence a series of lectures at Swanton Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The subject of his first lecture will be "The Idea and Name of Catechism."

—The following from an exchange is to the point and may contain a hint for some of our readers: "An editor *sees many things that he don't say* any thing about, because he don't know whether the parties interested want anything said or not. We charge for locals in all cases where they are likely to be of pecuniary benefit to anybody, though we are often liberal in this regard with people who are liberal with us. People often come around showing us things that they expect to make money out of, and that they want us to notice, but they don't say it in the right sort of language. We don't appear to understand them as they would like for us to do. Talk is cheap, but it takes a good deal of clean, strained cash to keep a newspaper on its pegs."

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church at 8 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Swanton at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

The Glades Hotel.

The addition to the Glades Hotel was completed last week, and the building now presents an imposing appearance. The new wing is over 100 feet in length and 34 in width, and adds 30 chambers, besides summer and winter dining rooms, kitchen and store rooms. Saturday evening the entire building was thrown open for the inspection of the people of Oakland, and many availed of the opportunity. A lunch was served at 10 o'clock, which was partaken of by a large number of Mr. Dailey's friends. The entire work was done under the superintendance of Capt. J. M. Jarboe. The stone work was done by Jas. S. Johnson, the plastering by Joseph Lasborn, and the painting by Haas & Atkinson. In every department the workmanship is of the best. Mr. Dailey can now accommodate about one hundred guests.

Pic-Nics on the Fourth.

There was no observance of the Fourth in Oakland, except by picnic parties, and they were more numerous than usual.

GLADE VALLEY.

At Glade Valley the day was spent in hearing addresses, singing and innocent amusements. Addresses were delivered by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, Mrs. Walter Steele, and Messrs. A. C. Brooke and John Moon. The Executive Committee, Geo. P. White chairman, passed resolutions tendering thanks to the speakers for the addresses, and to the visitors for attendance and attention.

PEEASANT VALLEY.

The Pleasant Valley Sunday School celebrated on the 4th in the grove near their school house. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Joseph Foster and J. A. Enlow. The day was pleasantly spent by all in amusements and social enjoyments.

THE LUTHERANS.

The Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland had a very pleasant time in Totten's Grove, near Oakland. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire and Mr. John Shatzer. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. W. D. Hoye.

THE CATHOLICS.

The members of the Catholic Congregation of Oakland held a pic-nic and festival in Corrigan's Summer Garden, where dancing, swinging and other amusements were indulged in by a large crowd during the entire day.

THE LONACONING BAND.

The Lonaconing Brass Band and a few friends arrived at Oakland Saturday afternoon, on their way to Mr. Nelson's, near West Union, where they spent Sunday and Monday. While here the band favored us with some good music. They are fine looking men, well uniformed and play excellent. They returned to to Oakland Tuesday and departed on the Cumberland Accommodation for Lonaconing.

Something for the Curious.

A gentleman who recently made a journey through Garrett county informs us that at the farm of Mr. Bouchet, near Grantsville, he came across a genuine curiosity. It was a large stepping stone in use at Mr. Boucher's spring. Upon its surface was the distinct impression of the bark of a forest tree and the imprint of a foot, supposed, from its size and flatness, to have belonged to an Indian. The impressions are deep, decided and plain. The theory is that the Indian stepped on the stone and the bark was pressed against it years ago when it was in the shape of soft sand. A collector of curiosities has already tried to obtain the specimen, but Mr. Boucher declines to part with it. Mr. Boucher also has a stone containing a petrified snake.—*Cumb. News.*

County Commissioners Meeting.

The County Commissioners met Tuesday, a full Board present.

The bond of W. H. tower, for Juror and State witness fund, with J. G. Knauer, Geo. W. Wilson and G. S. Hamill as sureties, was filed.

An appeal was ordered to be taken from the decision of the Circuit Court of Garrett county in the matter of the tax sale reported by E. Margroff vs. James Cunningham.

Judges of election were appointed as follows, the first named being the return judge.

No. 1.—J. Z. Browning, Daniel Wilson, C. T. West.

No. 2.—John Swalp, J. T. Geary, Geo. D. Frantz.

No. 3.—J. J. Beachy, W. H. Chapman, Chas. O. Warnick.

No. 4.—Eli Merrill, Samuel Harshbarger, Geo. Thos. Michael.

No. 5.—Fred. Kemp, H. E. Friend, Lewis Lininger.

No. 6.—Samuel Ferguson, I. M. Frankhauser, R. T. Browning.

No. 7.—G. W. Legge, Samuel Lawton, E. Jamison.

No. 8.—Solomon Yutzy, Isaac Abernathy, Daniel Coneway.

No. 9.—Aaron Wilhelm, Jacob Steinly, Bazil Anderson.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 6:

Daniel E. Offutt and others to Columbus L. Paugh, their interest in a tract of land called "Mount Gilboa;" $500.

Rebecca S. Bittinger and husband to Elizabeth Bittinger, 23 acres of land; $63,00.

Michael Harden and wife to John Echard, 1¼ acres of land.

T. J. Peddicord and H. W. Combs, Trustees, to Wm. H. Barnard, 33¼ acres of land $200

Deer Park Items.

DEER PARK July 6th, 1881.

It may be pleasant for Oakland to know how her sister village is progressing, although there is nothing very wonderful or exciting to report. Business has been very brisk with us, and the usual amount of building makes our little town quite lively. Two new churches are in process of erection. One by the Methodist Society near the site of our Union Church, and a pretty little chapel on the Hotel grounds. Quite a number of new dwelling houses are nearly or quite finished. Senator Davis has recently had the rooms in his summer residence frescoed.

A child of Mr. and Mrs. Willett died last Sunday of diphtheria.

Mrs. Henry Sisk is still very sick, with scarcely any hope of recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Easter and family are spending the summer at Mrs. Graham's.

Wing and Wing intended giving a masquerade ball on the evening of the Fourth, but on the receipt of the terrible news from Washington it was postponed until some other time. The arrivals at Wing and Wing since June 15th, have been as follows:

From Baltimore, Md.—Mr. Henry Hoen, Miss Anna Hoen, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Muller, Masters Julius and Henry Muller and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Bucholtz, Mrs. John H. Muller, Misses Winna and Helen Muller, Mrs. H. M. Jungnickel.

From Washington, D. C.—Mr. H. Martell, Mr. Herman Kahlert, Mr. A. H. Fries, Mr. W. Wagner, Mr. J. McConnell, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Moore, Master Malcolm Moore, Mrs. E. I. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bingham, Master Horace Bingham, Mrs. H. White, Miss Annie Major, Mrs. S. M. Barden, Willie Barden.

From Piedmont, W. Va.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Suter, Master John Suter, Miss Emma Sutur, Mrs. W. R. Davis, Misses May, Mattie, Katie and Daisy Davis, Masters Willie, Tommie and Joe. Davis and nurse, Capt. and Mrs. John Sheridan, Miss Bessie Sheridan and nurse, Miss Kate Downey, Mr. and Mrs. U. B. McCandlish, Master Lindsay and Robbie McCandlish and nurse, Miss Bertha Reider, Mr. F. S. Landstreet, Mr. N. Hocking, Dr. G. H. Hocking.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mr. Geo. Hubbard.

Pennsylvania.—Mr. Humphreys.

West Va.—Mr. W. Neville.

Cumberland, Md.—Mr. G. Morris.

Westernport, Md.—Mr. J. Riordan.

L. S. D.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I send you the following local: The Harrington Manor Sunday School held a pic-nic on Saturday, July 2d, at the Harrington Manor Spring. The weather was all the most fastidious could desire, and early the people began to come—afoot, horse-back, buggy, and spring and farm wagons—and when all had deposited their well filled baskets it looked like they had come to stay some time. The thought forced itself upon us that any one of them would make a good quartermaster. A casual survey showed that all ages and sexes were represented, from baby to grand sire—and they were all good babies—and their number showed this to be a good county to live in. Among those present were Rev. Wesley Davis and his accomplished wife, who are on a visit to his parents.

The first business in order was to make lemonade, which being done and in passing it around, it was discovered that Master Willie McMillen of Accident, was missing. Of course all was excitement, and all the men turned out and searched fields, woods and highways, all to no purpose until about 3 o'clock, when he was returned, and gave the following account of his wanderings: He left the ground, walked upon the hill, became bewildered, walked about 1½ miles, to the residence of Mr. Joseph B. Davis, drank at the spring and passed through the yard and by the house, (which he had left about two hours before,) without recognizing it, and went to Mr. Kuykendall's, where that gentleman kindly cared for him and returned him to his anxious mother

The excitement over, again to business. Next in order was dinner. Now, Mr. Editor, did you ever see or hear of any person who objected to having dinner in the programme? I never did. After all had eaten, (although we did not feed five thousand, as our Saviour did in the desert,) yet, when all had eaten, we took up many basket falls, as was done upon that memorable occasion; which proved that ample provision had been made. The next in order was some very fine singing, led by Rev. S. W. Davis and wife, which was followed by an address by Rev. Davis to the children. The address showed that he was a veteran in that line, though comparatively young in years. He based his remarks upon the lost boy, and run a parallel with the parable of the lost sheep. During his remarks he exhibited an idol which he had just received from India. It had come a distance of ten thousand miles. It was about six inches long, made of bronze, in human shape, with some daubs of red paint upon it. Any Yankee could make such an object, sell them for twenty-five cents apiece and make a fortune, if he could find a ready sale for them. Yet this was an object of worship in India. It was a great curiosity, and proved that one half of the world did not know how the other half lived. He also exhibited some flowers from Jerusalem. All in all it was very interesting.

Now for an intermission, during which, as your correspondent was talking to Mr. Davis, a little boy came up with smiles all over his face, and said: "Mither Davith, Ith you hath any candy now ith a dood time to give'th out." His suggestion was acted upon, and as they took a stick in each hand they showed they had an eye to good things.

From this until all left for home the time was passed in playing, and when all left they were satisfied with their day's enjoyment.

SPECTATOR.

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, consisting of ginghams, lawns, hunting, black and striped grenadines, cashmeres, melanges, poplins, alpaccas, brocade, plaid and plain silks, Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, bang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maltese, vermicella, lanquedoe, maraclec, point de allencon and Irish crochet laces, valenceines, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, berege, silk lace and dotted vellings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepe shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard.

DAILY & Co.

Leaders of low prices, and one price only. je25tf.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Fifty-eight former Pennsylvanians assisted at a barn raising in Caroline county not long ago.

Mr. John Bryan, of Kent county, died on Friday, and his wife followed him two days later. They had known each other from children, and been married fifty-two years.

Dublin district, Somerset county, the only district allowed by law to retail whiskey, has nine grog shops in full blast. They are manufacturing drunkards by scores.

A little son of Noble T. Biddle, of Elkton, while playing with a pet cat, on Wednesday, was bitten clear through the thumb. The animal immediately died, and the child fell into a deep sleep, but roused up after the wound was dressed.

A drunken tramp, who was traveling on the Western Maryland Railroad on Wednesday, fell through the bridge crossing Antietam Creek into the water, about twenty feet below. The chilly watr sobered him, and he scrambled ashore, where he took a rest before resuming his tramp.

A child, five years old, the son of a man named Simmons, living at Tar Creek, Cecil county, got hold of his father's revolver on Wednesday, and while walking across the floor feel down. The weapon was discharged, the ball entering the base of the nose, inflicting a dangerous and painful wound.

A minister of the Gospel happened to be present at a magistrate's office in Worten, Kent county, a few days since. Two men were there who were about to become involved in a suit about a trifle. The minister acted as a peace-maker, though the parties were strangers to him, and succeeded in reconciling them. He even paid the costs himself so as to end the quarrel.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

NOTICE.

The Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland will receive bids until July 20th, 1881, for the

Rebuilding or Repairing of the Davis Bridge,

on Oak street. Parties making bids will give full plans and specifications.

By order of the Board.

7 9 2 H. A. ISON, Clerk.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 5, 1881.

The Garrett County Normal School will open in ACCIDENT,

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST,

and continue ten weeks. For full particulars address Mr. J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 9 3t Sec'y, Ex'r, &c.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURNITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 13, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in several cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. TYE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE.
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 3, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
H. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

The following will show the disbursements of the

CONTINGENT FUND,

in the hands of E. Margroff, Collector for Garrett County, from the 25th of November, 1879, to June, 1881.

Nov. 25, 1879, To bal. in hands Collector,	$ 300 61	
Am't paid out of delinquent taxes on Medairy & Bowers' levy, as per statement of Peddicord & Combs	177 96	
Am't paid out of delinquent taxes on levy of Allegany co, as per statement of P. & C.	205 00	
Jan. 6, 1880, To cash paid F. A. Thayer, as money collected from Road Supervisors	8 95	
Jan 6. By am't to John Riley, as County Commissioner		$ 78 36
Feb. 12. By am't to Peddicord & Combs, as counsel to the board for January		50 00
To am't to balance 1878 contingent account	978 33	
To am't from E. C. Tillson, as per statement of P. & C., as per vouchers:		
May 16	60 82	
"	76 67	
"	100 00	
"	96 00	
"	50 00	
"	100 00	
"	255 00	
By am't to bal. 1878 gen'l acc't		81 27
To cash from J. W. Veitch, as per statement of P. & C., as per vouchers:		
April 1, 1879	545 13	
"	79 78	
To amt from Co. Commissioners, as per statement, &c	1290 00	
April 7, 1880. By am't to Peddicord & Combs, as counsel		150 00
By am't to W. H. Hagans		40 00
" " John Shatzer		1 00
April 10. By am't to F. A. Thayer, Clerk's salary		133 00
April 8. By am't to W. Miller Magistrate's fees		10 00
April 13. By am't to J. J. Jarboe, work on bridge		148 98
May 4. By am't to John Wilhelm, Co. Commissioner		91 88
May 4. By am't to Wm. W. Broadwater, Co. Commissioner		79 62
June 16. By am't to Peddicord & Combs, as counsel		100 00
May 4. By am't to D. H. Friend as Co. Commissioner		72 47
June 11. By am't to F. A. Thayer, Clerk's salary		99 00
Sept. 14. By am't to F. A. Thayer, Clerk's salary		101 33
Sept. 14. By am't to Fred. A. Friend, Co. Commissioner		44 70
Sept. 14. By am't to John Wilhelm, Co. Commissioner		55 90
Sept. 14. By am't to Wm. W. Broadwater, Co. Commissioner		50 30
Oct. 4. By am't to Peddicord & Combs		300 00
Jan. 4, 1881. By am't to John J. Smith, printing		60 00
Jan. 6. By am't to W. W. Broadwater, Co. Commissioner		23 88
Jan. 6. By am't to John Wilhelm, Co. Commissioner		23 84
Jan. 6. By am't to D. H. Friend Co. Commissioner		22 03
Jan. 6. By am't to Fred. A. Thayer, Clerk's salary		100 00
Jan 6. By am't to W. H. Tower, Jury and State witness fund.		1391 18
April 4. By am't to W. Y. Waltz coal for court house and jail.		99 00
June 1. By List of Insolvencies for 1879		292 03
June 1. By discount on taxes collected, 1879		206 09
June 1 By part of discount on taxes collected, 1880		328 89
	$4234 25	$4234 25

F. A. THAYER, Clerk.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all persons trespassing on my premises, either for the purpose of hunting, or taking fruit or berries therefrom, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law

7 2 3 ABRAHAM SPIKER.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 11, 25, 30, 79, 84, 90, 123, 127, 130, 131, 250, 286, 469, 857, 859, 909, 1125, 1134, 1165, 1189, 1325, 1326, 1397, 1912, 2088, 2500, 2550, 3032, 3038, 3049, 3095, 3166, 1199,

said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Thomas Donaldson.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THE—

STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 24 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 40ds Permanent Trustee.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDLK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot piece or

Parcel of land

lying and being in Garrett county, in the town of Deer Park, it being the same land that was conveyed to Nannie Burton by H. G. Davis and others, by deed dated the 1st day of October, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, one of the land records of Garrett county.

This land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one dollar and twenty-nine cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Nannie Burton for the year 1878, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Nannie Burton.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county known and described as

"Eel Shine,"

containing seventy-nine and one quarter acres of land.

This is a valuable tract of land and has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of three dollars and eighty-five cents, with interest from the first day of January, 1880, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Daniel Chisholm for the year 1879, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Daniel Chisholm.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 1890, 1891, 1895, 1896, 2033, 2110, 2111, 2127, 2143, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 221, 301, 306, 308, 75, 77, 78, 180, 314, 2151, 2150, 2149, 2144, 224, 315, containing one thousand fourhundred and one-half acres,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Wm. Morten's heirs.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

GENERAL.

—The ivory of the tusks of mammoths that lived centuries ago, and have been long preserved in the ice of Siberia, is now an article of commerce, and provides the material for many a knife-handle.

—A petrified forest has been found in the hills near Calaveras Valley, Alameda County, California. One silicified trunk which lies exposed is about twenty feet long and seven feet in circumference at the base. Much interest is shown in the discovery.

—The first daguerreotype ever taken in Connecticut, a portrait of Colin M. Ingersall, of New Haven, is in the hands of ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, who died in 1868, and who had owned it for nearly thirty years.

—Among the editorial notes of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* we read of a lunatic dying in a Parisian Asylum at the age of 103, after residing there 81 years. His insanity was caused by injury to the brain by the falling of glass, and it left him with the idea that his body was composed of glass. With this hallucination he almost never moved or spoke.

—Says the Olympia (W. T.) *Transcript:* During a snow-storm, a year ago last winter, a good-sized tree fell between two others. As it was across the road the butt was cut off, and afterward a fire burned more of it. The tree still hangs several feet from the ground, and is green and growing. The supposition is that the sap from the two trees, between which it fell, keeps it alive.

—At a wedding in Frederick, Md., a little dog that was exceedingly ugly but had been the pet of the bride, and who was supposed to be safely locked up at home, marched up the aisle of the church just as the minister was about to begin the service. With a yelp, he looked up in the face of the minister, and seemed to ask the meaning of all this. The dog then, taking in the solemnity of the occasion, stretched himself out on the train of the bride's satin dress, and remained there until the marriage service was concluded.

—On May 24 Queen Victoria attained her sixty-second birth-day, an age which has been exceeded by eleven only of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman conquest, namely: Henry I., who attained 67 years; Henry III., 65 years; Edward I., 67 years; Edward III., 65 years; Queen Elizabeth, 69 years; James II., 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III., 82 years; George IV., 68 years, and William IV., 72 years. On the 20th of June next she will have reigned forty-four years, a period which has been exceeded by four English sovereigns only, namely: Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., who reigned for 50 years; Queen Elizabeth, who reigned 45 years, and George III., 60 years.

A Southwestern Romance.

Col. Albert C. Pelton, whose beautiful 20,000-acre ranch is out toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texans for years. He has believed that he held a Divine commission to kill Apache Indians.

Col. Pelton came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he gradually arose to the rank of Colonel, and finally in 1856 commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Abiquin, New Mexico. Her parents were wealthy, and would not consent to their daughter's going away from all her friends to live in a garrison. The admiration of the young people was mutual, and parental objections only intensified the affection of the lovers. The nature of the Spanish girl is such that, once in love, she never changes. Finally, after two years of entreaty and devotion, Col. Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl, and they were married. Then commenced a honeymoon such as only lovers shut up in a beautiful, flower-environed fort can have. The lovely character of the beautiful bride won the hearts of all the soldiers at the fort, and she reigned a queen among these rough frontiersmen. One day, when the love of the soldier and his lovely wife was at its sweetest, the two, accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers, rode out to the hot springs, six miles from the fort, to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian's arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around them, and a band of wild Apache Indians rushed down upon them, whooping and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows; this frightened the rest, who fled. Another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother dropped in the water, pierced by the cruel weapons of the Apaches. With his wife dying before his eyes, Colonel Pelton leaped up the bank, grasped his rifle, and killed the leader of the savage fiends. But the Apaches were too much for the Colonel. Pierced with two poisoned arrows, he swam into the river and hid under an overhanging rock. After the savages had left he swam the river, and made his way back to Fort Macrae. Here his wounds were dressed, and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life—without love, without hope—with a vision of his beautiful wife, pierced with poisoned arrows, dying, perpetually before his eyes.

After the death of his wife a change came to Colonel Pelton. He seemed to think that he had a sacred mission from Heaven to avenge his young wife's death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions, and consecrated himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whenever any of the other Indians were at war with the Apaches, Col. Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his own soldiers, and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. Nothing gave him pleasure but the sight of dead Apaches. He defied Indian arrows and courted death. Once, with a band of the wildest desperadoes, he penetrated a hundred miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them to their camp in the mountains. So, when Col. Pelton swooped down into their camp with ten trusty followers, firing their Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman.

"Spare the women!" she cried, and then she fainted to the ground.

When the Colonel jumped from his saddle to lift up the woman, he found she was blind.

"How came you here, woman, with these —— Apaches?" he asked.

"I was wounded and captured," she said, "ten years ago. Take, oh, take me back again!"

"Have you any relatives in Texas?" asked the Colonel.

"No. My father lives in Abiquin. My husband, Col. Pelton, and my mother were killed by the Indians."

"Great God, Bella! is it you—my wife?"

"O, Albert, I knew you would come!" exclaimed the poor wife, blindly reaching her hands to clasp her husband.

Of course there was joy in the old ranch when Col. Pelton got back with his wife. The Apaches had carried the wounded woman away with them. The poisoned arrows caused inflammation, which finally destroyed her eyesight.

When I saw the Colonel he was reading a newspaper to his blind wife, while in her hand she held a bouquet of fragrant Cape jessamines which he had gathered for her. It was a picture of absolute happiness.—*Eli Perkins, in the Chicago Tribune.*

The Date Tree in Algeria.

The date tree requires not only abundant irrigation but great solar heat. The Arabs say that it stands with its feet in the water and its head in the fires of Heaven. The love of the Arab for this precious tree may well be imagined, growing as it does in the sand, contenting itself with water so saline as to destroy ordinary vegetation, giving a grateful shade when all around is burned up by the ardent heat of summer, resisting the winds which bend but can not break its flexible stem, and affording a fruit sought for in every part of the world.

The male tree, of course, bears no fruit; it has merely a bunch of flowers inclosed, until maturity, within a spathe. The females have also bunches of flowers, which, however, can not be developed into fruit until fecundated by the motion of the male flower. To insure this result the Arabs ascend the trees in the month of April and insert into every female spatho a portion of the pollen of the male flower. The fruit then begins to swell and forms long clusters, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, each tree producing from 160 to 200 pounds in a season. To multiply the date tree the Arabs do not sow the seed, as they could not then be sure of the sex of the trees; they prefer to plant the suckers from the base of a female tree, whence the name "Phœnix;" these become productive in about eight years, but do not attain full fruition before twenty or twenty-five. The trees are about forty-five feet high, and as they are planted very close together they afford a dense shade, in which, however, the air circulates freely, so that all kinds of fruit, vegetables, etc., can be cultivated below them. The trees will live for about 200 years; they are not worth preserving after a century. When they are no longer valuable for the fruit the sap is extracted to make a kind of insipid wine, and the heart or cabbage of the tree is also eaten. They are then cut down and the wood, although very inferior in quality, is here valuable, where no other kind can be procured. The roots are used for fencing and roofing and the leaves are made into mats, baskets, sacks and cords.

Like all other species of cultivated plants, the date tree has numerous varieties. In the oasos of the Zipas seventy distinct varieties are recognized.

The trees come into flower in spring, in March or April, and the fruit is ripe about October. The date is called the King of the Sahara, and is regarded as the most nutritious of fruit. Many of the Arabs live on dates and bread.

Asiatic Opium-Smokers.

A correspondent of the London *News*, traveling in Persia, writes as follows of the chief vice of the men of that part of the world: "After supper of boiled rice plentifully greased, the men, of whom some eight or nine were present, commenced smoking opium, a vice frightfully prevalent in this part of the world, as one can see from the corpse-like complexion and dull, leaden, vampire-like stare of the eyes of half the people one meets. Even here in Kelat, in the room where I am writing this, three men are diligently plying an opium *kalian*. They lie at full length on the floor, their heads together on the same pillow, their feet outward, like the spokes of a wheel. Close to the pillow is a small circular table of alabaster a foot wide, and raised five inches from the ground. On this is a small lamp of the same material, fed with butter. This is covered by a glass bell about seven inches high, its edges resting on three small copper coins, so as to allow air to enter. In the top is a small hole, bound with brass. The flame comes within a couple of inches of this aperture. A piece of opium as large as a good-sized pea is stuck on the point of a kind of metal bodkin, and held over the flame. It is repeatedly melted and tempered before smoked. The opium pipe consists of an earthen or metal pear-shaped bulb, about the size of a boy's peg-top. In the broad end is inserted a wooden tube, ten or twelve inches long. In the side of the bulb is a very small hole. A piece of roasted opium is placed on this hole and pierced with the bodkin, so as to allow the passage of air. The smoker holds the opium thus placed over the aperture in the glass bell, and inhales the smoke, a companion all the while turning and manipulating the opium with the bodkin. After half a dozen whiffs the smoker relinquishes the apparatus and sinks back in a semi-lethargic state. My head is dizzy, and I feel quite sick from the heavy, sour-smelling fumes which pervade the apartment. I can not very well ask them to stop or go out, as I am their guest. It is singular that while this vice is so universal among the more easterly Turcomans, it is almost unknown among the Turcomans of the Atterek and Caspian littoral."

Injuries Produced by Heat.

Cases of sunstroke become more frequent in town and country with each succeeding summer. Prostration from the effects of the heat of the sun is not limited to human beings. During the last few seasons cases have been common among horses and oxen, and even among milch cows. There is also a large increase of sickness and mortality, aside from sunstroke, that are plainly attributable to the effects of the heat of the day. Travelers observe that less out-of-door labor is performed in most other countries during this period. In all tropical and semi-tropical regions it is as common to rest for several hours during the hottest portions of the day as it is at night. Farm laborers generally sleep after they have eaten the noon meal. To make up for the time lost, they commence work earlier in the morning, and continue later at night. Even in those countries in Europe where the climate is nearly similar to ours, and where the masses of the people are in poorer condition, less labor is performed during those portions of the day when the heat is the greatest. The desire for gain is less, or the people are possessed of a greater degree of prudence. As a consequence of avoidance of the rays of the sun when they fall directly on the head, there are very few cases of sunstroke and other injuries produced from the same cause. If men work less hours during the day, they are able to work more years during a life, and the law is true of all animals that are trained to labor. Custom has much to do with the matter, and the custom set in this country is productive of very injurious results.

During the past few years several appliances have been introduced for the purpose of affording protection from the rays of the sun. Among them may be mentioned canopies that extend over the seats of mowing machines, harvesters, riding cultivators, sulky-plows, and hay-rakes drawn by horses; small shades for the heads of draft animals; linings for hats that will hold a considerable amount of water and sponges saturated with water and placed on top of the bridles of horses. All of these have been highly beneficial for the purpose for which they were designed, and their employment should become more general. The condition of animals in pasture could be rendered more comfortable by providing more shade on farms that are situated on open prairies. Trees afford the cheapest shade, and every pasture should contain a sufficient number to afford ample protection to all the stock it contains. Bass or linden or cottonwood trees grow very rapidly and have a large amount of foliage. Elms make a slower growth, but are long livers and produce much shade. A cheap protector against the rays of the sun may be made by erecting an open frame of light materials and covering it with hardy vines. The American ivy and wild grape-vines are admirable for the purpose. The branches of trees and the foliage of vines not only protect the stock from the rays of the sun, but they render the ground beneath them cool. Cattle and sheep that have no protection from the sun during the hot weather of July and August often suffer greatly and fall off in condition.

Hogs generally gain very little during the summer, on account of the neglect on the part of their owners to provide for their comfort. In some cases their skin cracks open by the influence of the direct rays of the sun, and sores are formed which are infested by insects. The large amount of fat contained in the body of the hog renders it impatient of heat, and means should be provided for rendering the animal as cool as possible. The pastures in which hogs are kept should be well supplied with water, not only for drinking but for cooling purposes. If there are no natural streams or ponds, there should be pools made in which they can wallow when they desire. They should have plenty of grass and other green food, as well as sour milk and slops. Corn and other heating articles of food should be fed sparingly. Cooling shade is essential to the comfort and well-being of hogs during the hot days of summer. Farmers who have the advantage of groves and forests located on the banks of streams and rivers, or on the shores of lakes, generally have little trouble with hogs during the summer. The ground protected by the trees and bushes remains cool and moist even when that exposed to the rays of the sun is parched and hot. The streams and ponds afford water for drink and bathing. The hog is a cleanly animal when it is allowed a fair chance. If a hog pasture contains no natural shade and water, they should be provided. Water can be conducted through pipes from springs and wells at a small expense, and made to supply pools and watering troughs. Shade can be afforded by planting trees or erecting sheds covered by straw or running vines.—*Chicago Times.*

Pare the Toes of Colts.

It is not generally recognized how much harm comes to horses from the simple overgrowth of the toes; and yet, in the case of young and unshod horses especially, hardly anything is more destructive to their soundness and permanent utility. Judging from the number of colts turned out everywhere with the whole winter growth on their toes, there seems to be a surprising amount of ignorance on this matter; and it becomes the more necessary to draw special attention to the need of paring.

A good average slope for the front of a healthy hoof is one forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the ground on which it rests. In other words, if a perpendicular line were drawn upward from the toe, the line of the front of the hoof would be midway between such vertical line and the flat surface of the sole or ground. But the average foot grows more rapidly at the toe than the heel, and wears off much more slowly. The heel, too, as it grows, turns inward, so that even with an equal growth it never projects as does the overgrown toe. As the foot increases in length, therefore, the effect is shown and felt, especially at the toe, and with every addition to the length of the toe, the front of the foot and of the pastern recedes further from the vertical position, and approaches nearer to the horizontal. So much is this the case, that an increase of one and a half to two inches at the toe will often diminish the angle formed by the front of the hoof and the ground by one-third. In other words, the angle formed by the front of the hoof and the ground becomes about thirty degrees, instead of forty-five degrees. This increasing obliquity of the foot and pastern throws a greatly increased strain on the cords supporting the fetlock and pastern joints, and gives them an enormously increased predisposition to sprain and injury. But this evil of increased obliquity in the pastern is seriously aggravated by the length of the toe. An increased length of two inches, as suggested, together with the greater obliquity, throws a line rising vertically from the point of the toe at least three inches further forward from the shank, and increases the leverage exerted by the toe to an equivalent amount. If we now consider that this lever is acted on by the weight of the body, and that the fulcrum is at the fetlock and pastern joints, we can see plainly enough how overgrown toes determine ruinous ringbones in young animals. The extra strain consequent on the increased length and obliquity must be borne by the posterior and lateral ligaments of the fetlock and pasterns; and as these latter come from the sides of the pastern bones, the consequent injury determines inflammation and bony deposits on the sides of the pasterns. Similarly, the back sinews, which act as supports to these joints behind, become sprained, thickened, and shortened, inducing knuckling over at the knee, and general unsteadiness of the limbs.

In paring, remove the whole projecting lower border of the hoof wall down to the junction with the sole. The greatest danger is from the toes; but overgrown heels, curled in on the sole, imprison masses of hard, flaky horn, bruise the sole, and determine corns and a train of evil consequences. The process should be attended to in winter as well; but it is especially in summer, when the colt is running at liberty in the fields, that the effects of undue length are to be feared.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Self-Education.

The farmer who is well educated as a farmer, must be master of all the usual operations of the farm. He must know how to buy advantageously, and to use economically, as well as to how to raise crops profitably and to sell them well in the market. He should also have some knowledge of the constituents of soils, the composition and character of plants; should understand something of life, and vital force, and enough of town, State and National affairs to be able to perform such services as may fall to him. How shall such an education be acquired? Not in the common school, that can only lay the foundation; not in the college, for the college leads rather from than toward the farm; but the farmer who would acquire that knowledge which he most needs must gain his education while engaged in his work, as Elihu Burritt did his. He should read the literature of his profession as found in papers and books, and he should learn to read by the page or column, and skip whatever he does not need. He must also learn by observation, first learning how to observe. Then he will investigate, and study nature, ask her how such and such things are done, applying the answers to practical use in the management of his own soil. He should learn to think clearly, and to discern the adaptation of things and then to use them. In following a course of investigation and reasoning, his rule should be, hew to the line wherever the chips may fly. And when he has thought out a subject he should try to express his thoughts either in speech, writing or by action. In speaking, learn to speak carefully and with exactness. With many writing is more difficult than talking, but remembering that things that are easy to acquire are not always the most useful things to have, the thinking farmer should learn to write out his thoughts, that they may reach out through the press into a larger field of thought. Writing and publishing is a profession of faith, but to confirm one's faith he must put his thoughts into action. This will require constant experimentation and investigation. Do not lay away too many jobs to be done on rainy days. The farmer should not need to work 313 days in the year, but should take time for reading, writing and study. He should have recreation, too, though much recreation can be taken while the hands are not absolutely idle. Much work may be done automatically, while the mind is busy in other fields. In short, the farmer should be a student through his whole life.—*J. M. Hubbard, of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture.*

How to Keep Cool.

As warm weather approaches, we devise all sorts of plans to keep cool, and one must be tranquil—and avoid unnecessary exertion. The prudent housekeeper will make her morning fire suffice to do the chief part of the cooking for the day. Cold boiled meats cold vegetables, cold deserts for dinner, when that meal comes in the middle of the day, are in order. Potatoes made into salad are not to be scorned by any lover of that vegetable. If a cup of hot tea or coffee is desired, it can be made on an oil stove, and such food as is prepared warm can be warmed over. But custom renders cold food as palatable as, and during hot weather even more palatable than, hot food is in cold weather. A little persistence on the part of the house mother will prove this the case, and the experiment is certainly worth trying. Farmers' wives who stew over the stove in mid-summer noons have a harder time of it than farmers do in the fields, and there is no necessity for this. Iced tea and coffee and milk are as delicious as hot tea and coffee when one's palate is accustomed to them. The hardest part of the work should be done in the morning, if possible, and if you can lie down for awhile in the heated part of the day, so much the better. Plenty of sleep, with frequent baths, will enable almost any one to bear the warm weather philosophically.

—As two or three rich New Yorkers have recently built fine villas in Switzerland, it is not untikely that others will follow their lead. In all the wide world there is not, probably, any region so delightful on the whole for a summer residence as the little republic nestling among the Alps.

Our Young Folks.

ANOTHER RIP VAN WINKLE.

"March!" said Spring. Quickly melting, he
  tee reu away,
And the frost hurried out of the ground.
And the leaves, brown and dry, dropped with
  Autumn's "good-by,"
With the wind went a-skurrying round.
And from the deep mud in a low, swampy
  place
A turtle lit long neck thrust out,
And, winking and blinking his runny round
  eyes,
Ito lazily peered all about.

Then he dragged from the mire -like a snail
  on his back
He bore it—his box-like abode,
And patiently climbed for an hour or more
  Up the bank, till he came to the road.
There an old man he met, who was crooked
  and gray,
And who walked with a stout oaken cane.
Cried the turtle: "Hollo! please tell Ned that
  I'm here,
And am widing to see him again."

"Who's Ned?" asked the man. "Just examine my top
  (I suppose you have learned how to spell),
And a name and some figures he carved with
  his knife
  When we parted, you'll find on my shell."
The old man he stooped with a grunt, for he
  was
  Decidedly lame in each knee,
And he read, "August 1, 1820—Ned Mott."
  And then chuckled, "Good gracious! that's
  me."

"You!" the turtle exclaimed. "Why, Ned
  Mott is a boy
  Whose laugh can be heard for a mile;
With hair brown as earth, and with eyes
  bright as mine—
  You! Excuse me, I really *must* smile."
"I *am* he." "It can't be." "Yes, it can.
  Don't you see,
  Many years since you saw him have sped?"
"What's years? I know nothing 'bout years,
  but I know
  That *you* are not rosy-cheeked Ned.

"He's a *boy*, and he wears a small cap with a
  peak,
  And in summer picks berries called whor-
  tle.
Oh! the stupidest thing is a stupid old man."
  "You mistake, 'tis a stupid old turtle.
I'm Ned Mott." "You are *not*." "If I'm
  not, I'll be shot."
  "Then be shot," and he dropped with a
  thud,
That sleepy, that ancient, that obstinate tur-
  tle,
  Head-foremost back into the mud.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

THE MASTER KNEW BEST.

A certain young mastiff being near dog's estate, his master judged best to trim and shorten his ears. This the mastiff thought hard, and complained accordingly. But as he grew older and met dogs of various tempers, he was often obliged to fight for himself and his rights: then his short ears gave great advantage, for they furnished no hold to the enemies' teeth, while the long-eared dogs, whom he had formerly envied, came from the fray torn and suffering. "Aha!" said the mastiff, "my master knew better than I what was good for me."—*Old Fable.*

"But why mustn't I?" said Towser.

Towser was not a dog, as you might suppose, but the nickname of a boy. Exactly why his school-fellows should have chosen this nickname for Tom Kane I don't know; perhaps because his brown, short-nosed face was a little like a dog's—perhaps because he was bold and resolute, a good fighter, and tough in defense of his rights and opinions. I hardly think it was this last reason, however. Boys are not much given to analyzing character, and are apt to judge things and people by a happy-go-lucky instinct, which sometimes leads them right and sometimes wrong. But whatever the reason may have been, Towser was Tom's school-name, and stuck to him through life. Even his wife called him so—when he grew up and had a wife—and the last time I saw him, his little girl was stroking his hair and saying, "Papa Towser," in imitation of her mother. Towser isn't a pretty name, but it sounded pretty from Baby May's lips, and I never heard that Tom objected to the title, either as man or boy.

But to return to the time when he was a boy.

"Why mustn't I?" he said again. "All the fellows are going except me, and I'd like to, ever so much."

"It isn't a question of like," answered his father, rather grimly. "It's a question of can and can't. All the other boys have rich fathers; or, if not rich, they are not poor like me. It's well enough that their sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there isn't much to any of 'em, but it's a great deal for you. And what's more, Tom, there's this: that if they'd take you for nothing, it isn't a good thing for you, any way you fix it. I pay for your schooling, and I paid for those boxing lessons, and may be, another year, I'll manage the subscription to the boat, for I want you to grow up strong and ready with your fists, and your mind, and all parts of you. You'll have to fight your way, my boy, and I want you to turn out true grit when the tussle comes. But when it's a case of camping out a week, or extra holidays, or spending money for circuses and minstrels and such trash, I shut down. You'll be all the better off in the end without this fun and idling and getting your head full of the idea of always having a 'good time.' Work's what you're meant for, and if you don't thank me now for bringing you up tough, you will when you're a man, with, may be, a boy of your own."

Mr. Kane was a silent, gruff, long-headed man, who never wasted words, and this, the longest speech he had ever been known to make, impressed Towser not a little. He did say to himself, in a grumbling tone, "Pretty hard, I think, to be cut off so at every turn," but he said it softly and only once, and before long his face cleared, and, taking his hat, he went to tell the boys that he couldn't join the camping party.

"Well, I say it's a confounded shame!" declared Tom White.

"I call your pa real mean," joined in Archie Berkley.

"You'd better not call him anything of the kind while I'm around," said Towser, with an angry look in eyes, and Archie shrank and said no more. Tom was vexed and sore enough at heart, but he wasn't going to let any boy speak disrespectfully of his father.

"I say, though," whispered Harry Blake, getting his arm round Tom's neck and leading him away from the others, "I'm real disappointed, old fellow. Couldn't it be managed? I'd lend you half the money."

Harry's mother was a widow, well off, and very indulgent, and he had more pocket-money at command than any one else in the school.

Towser shook his head.

"No use," he said. "Father don't want me to go, for more reasons than the money. He says I've got to work hard all my life, and I'd better not get into the way of having good times; it'd soften me, and I'd not do so well by and by."

"How horrid!" cried Harry, with a shudder. "I'm glad mother doesn't talk that way."

Harry Blake was fair and tender, with auburn hair, which waved naturally, and a delicate throat as white as a girl's.

Tom looked at him with a sort of rough, pitying tenderness.

"I'm glad, too," he said. "You'd die if you had to rough it much, Harry. I'm tougher, you see. It won't hurt me."

A sturdy satisfaction came with these words that almost made up for the disappointment about the camping out.

Still, it was pretty hard to see the boys start without him. Ten days later they returned. The mosquitoes were very thick, they said, and they hadn't caught so many fish as they expected. Joe Bryce had hurt his hand with a gun-lock, and Harry Blake was half sick with a cold. Still, they had had a pretty good time on the whole. Mr. Kane listened to this report with a dry twinkle in his eyes.

"Two hundred dollars gone in giving twenty young fellows a 'pretty good' time," he said. "Well, all the fools aren't dead yet. You stick to what you're about, Towser, my boy."

And Towser did stick, not only then, but again and again as time went on, and first this scheme and then that was started for the amusement of the boys. Now it was an excursion to Boston; next, the formation of an amateur rifle company; after that a voyage to the fishing-banks. Every few months something was proposed, which fired Towser's imagination, and made him want to join, but always his father held firm, and he had no share in the frolics. It seemed hard enough, but Mr. Kane was kind as well as strict; he treated his son as if he were already a man, and argued with him from a man's point of view; so, in spite of an occasional outburst or grumble, Towser did not rebel, and his life and ideas gradually molded themselves to his father's wish.

At sixteen, while most of the other boys were fitting for college, Towser left school and went into the great Perrin Iron Works, to learn the business of machine-making. He began at the foot of the ladder; but, being quick-witted and steady, with a natural aptitude for mechanics, he climbed rapidly, and by the time he was twenty was promoted to a foremanship. Harry Blake came home from college soon after, having graduated with the dignity of a "second dispute," as a quizzical friend remarked, and settled at home, to "read law," he said, but in reality to practice the flute, make water-color sketches, and waste a good deal of time in desultory pursuits of various kinds. He was a sweet-tempered, gentlemanly fellow, not strong in health, and not at all fond of study; and Tom, who overtopped him by a head, and with one muscular arm could manage him like a child, felt for him the tender deference which strength often pays to weakness. It was almost as if Harry had been a girl; but Tom never thought of it in that light.

So matters went on till Towser was twenty-one, and beginning to hope for another rise in position, when suddenly a great, black cloud swooped down on the Perrin Iron Works. I don't mean a real cloud, but a cloud of trouble. All the country felt its dark influence. Banks stopped payment, merchants failed, stocks lost their value, no one knew what or whom to trust, and the wheels of industry everywhere were at a stand-still. Among the rest the Perrin Company was forced to suspend work and discharge its hands. Tom was a trusted fellow, and so much in the confidence of his employers as to know for some time beforehand of the change that was coming. He staid to the end, to help wind up books and put matters in order, and he and Mr. Perrin were the last persons to walk out of the big door.

"Good-by, Tom," said Mr. Perrin, as he turned the key in the heavy lock, and stopped a moment to shake hands. "You've done well by us, and if things are ever so that we can take another start, we'll do well by you in our turn."

They shook hands, and Tom walked away, with a month's wages in his pocket and no particular idea what to do next. Was he down-hearted? Not at all. There was something somewhere that he could do: that, he was sure of; and, although he looked grave, he whistled cheerily enough as he marched along.

Suddenly turning a corner, he ran upon Harry Blake, walking in a listless, dejected way, which at once caught his attention.

"Hallo—what's up?" inquired Tom.

"Haven't you heard?" replied Harry, in a melancholy voice. "The Tiverton Bank has gone to smash, with most of our money in it?"

"Your money!"

"My mother's. It's the same thing, exactly."

"Was it much? Is the bank gone for good?"

"Sure smash, they say, and seven-eighths of all we have."

Tom gave a whistle of dismay.

"Well, Harry, what next?" he demanded. "Have you thought of anything to do?"

"No. What *can* I do?" Harry's voice sounded hopeless enough.

What could Harry do? Tom, who had never wasted a night's sleep over his own future, lay awake more than once debating this question. Hard times were hard times to him, as well as to everybody else; but he had a little money laid by, his habits were simple, and to pinch for a while would cost him small suffering; besides, he could turn his hand to almost anything—but poor Harry? One plan after another suggested itself and was proposed, but each in turn proved a failure. Harry lacked bodily strength for one position, for another he had not the requisite training, still another was insulted to his taste, and a fourth sounded so "mugenteel" that his mother would not listen to it. It would break her heart, she said. Tom, himself got a temporary place in a locomotive-shop, which tided him over the crisis and enabled him to lend a helping hand, not to Harry only, but to one or two other old comrades whose families had lost everything and were in extremity. But these small aids were not enough. Permanent situations were what was needed. At last Harry obtained a clerkship in a drug-store. He disliked it, and his mother hated it, but nothing better offered, and it is to his credit that he did the work well and diligently, and only relieved his mind by private grumblings to Towser in the evenings.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom one night, after patiently listening to one of these lamentations, "you boys used to think my father strict with me when we were at school together, but I've come to the conclusion that he was a wise man. Where should I be now if I'd grown up soft and easily hurt like you? Giving knocks and taking knocks—that's what a business man's life is, and it's a good thing to be toughened for it. I used to feel hard to my father about it, too, sometimes, but I thank him heartily now," and he held out his brown, strong hand and looked at it curiously and affectionately. Well he might. Those hands were keys to pick Fortune's locks with—only I'm afraid Towser's mind was hardly up to such a notion.

"You're right," said Harry, after thinking a little, "and your father was right. You're true grit, Towser—up to any work that comes along, and sure to succeed, while I'm as easily knocked down as a girl. I only wish I'd had a wise father, and been raised rough, like you."

Harry had repeated this wish a good many times in the years that have passed since then. Life has gone hardly with him, and business has always been distasteful, but he has kept on steadily, and his position has improved, thanks to Tom's advice and help. Tom himself is a rich man now. He was long since taken in as a partner by the Perrin Company, which re-opened its works the year after the panic, and is doing an immense business. He makes a sharp and energetic manager, but his open-handedness and open-heartedness grow with his growth, and prosperity only furnishes wider opportunity for a wise kindness to those who are less fortunate. His own good fortune he always ascribes to his father's energetic training, and Mr. Kane, who is an elderly man now, likes to nod his head and reply: "I told you so, my boy; I told you so. A habit of honest work is the best luck and the best fortune a man can have."—*Susan Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.*

—Mrs. Spangles breathlessly said: "Dear, I will tell you an awful, awful thing. Do you know that Mr. Slowhox cannot take his breakfast in the morning without a cocktail? Now, my Mr. Spangles never does such a thing as that. He would not think of a cocktail. He simply rolls in his bed, looks around the room for his clothes, and says: 'Mary, for the love of the great stars above us, I feel as if I had a cinder in my mouth! Give me a pitcher of water—none of your confounded little goblets, but a bucketful. Hurry.' But you never hear him ask for a cocktail. He hastens down to the store without his breakfast."

—The Norristown *Herald* hopes the time is near at hand when a patent corn-sheller, two threshing-machines, a bed-quilt, a foot-race, a soap-peddler and a horse-trot will not make one county agricultural exhibition.

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HOME AND FARM.

—Beasts with small chests do not fatten readily and are very susceptible to disease.

—Lemon Pie (with crust).—One cup sugar, one lemon grated—remove seeds, one tablespoon corn-starch, two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one teaspoon butter, one cup boiling water.

—Good roads add value to the real estate near them. Farmers do not always think of that when road discussions are under way.

—To clean Marble from Grease.—Make a paste of calcined magnesia and fuller's earth in equal parts with warm water, and spread it on the greased marble. When it is dry, wipe off with a soft towel, and, if necessary, repeat the application until completely effective.

—As a general rule, the best mulching for young or old fruit trees is a clean, well-cultivated top soil, but there are some exceptions. Trees may stand in positions where they can not be subjected to efficient culture, and in such instances mulching a broad circle is a good substitute. The operation is very important for newly-set cherry-trees, which often perish when the soil becomes heated and dried in summer by the sun's rays. A good, heavy mulch applied in time will prevent any harm.

—In making tea the pot should be earthen, rinsed with boiling water, and left to stand a few minutes on the stove to dry; put in the tea leaves, and let the pot stand a few minutes longer; pour on boiling water, leaving the pot standing where it will be at the boiling point, yet will not boil, for from three to five minutes; for moderate strength use one teaspoon of tea to a pint of water; if the water is soft it should be use as as soon it boils, but if it is hard it is best to boil it twenty to thirty miuntes; the boiling causes the mineral matter which hardens the water to sink to the bottom of the kettle, and the water becomes soft.

—It would seem to be about time for breeders of horses to turn their attention toward encouragiug the very valuable quality of fast walking. Millions are wasted yearly on the fast trotters, which are of no benefit to the farmers; while not a cent goes for the development of fast walkers. Yet a fast walker is a prize. One of our neighbors has a fine gray gelding that made five and a half miles in one hour and ten minutes a few days since with a good load behind him. This speed ought to be the rule instead of the exception among farm-horses. Let the managers of our agricultural societies offer prizes for this quality and see how the fast walkers would come to the front.—*Christian at Work.*

—Strawberry Syrup.—Make a syrup in proportion of three pounds of sugar to half-pint of water. Boil and skim until clear. Have ready the strained juice of strawberries. Allow two and a half pints of strawberry juice to the pint of water. After you add this let it boil hard for not less than five minutes. Take it from the fire before it loses its fine color, and pour hot into self-sealing jars. This syrup preserves even the odor of the fresh strawberry when opened months afterward, and flavors ice-cream delightfully. With the addition of a little pokeberry jelly the delusion is perfect; you fancy that you are enjoying *fresh strawberry cream. No sweetening is needed for the cream* but what is supplied by the syrup.

—Household bugs may be destroyed in the following manner: Take the furniture in which they harbor to pieces and carefully wash all the joints with soap and boiling water, carefully exploring all the cracks and openings with a stiff piece of wire. When the wood is dry, saturate the joints with kerosene oil, using a small paint brush. Fill up the cracks with a mixture of plaster and linseed oil. If the rooms are papered, saturate the places where the paper joins the base-board with benzine, using a brush or a sponge and carefully avoiding the presence of a light. Do the same with the linings of trunks and have a general cleaning up. If the floor cracks are infested fill these with plaster and linseed oil. By using these precautions whenever any of the pests are seen around, and hunting them out, the house may be kept free from them, unless they have found a lodgment in the frame of a building, when nothing short of a fire will clean them out. Bugs naturally harbor in the wood.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Canning.

A lady says, in the *Fruit Recorder:* "We have ten acres of fruit of all kinds, and I take a great deal of pride in canning fruit. I get nearly all of the prizes at the fairs. I wish you could just peep into my cellar to see my tomatoes and peaches—some canned last fall and some a year ago—not mentioning my other fruit. I will tell you how I can my tomatoes, both red and yellow. I pick the apple tomatoes—the smoothest and best shaped—and scald and skin them very carefully; take the stem out with a penknife, taking care not to cut the tomato so as to let the juice or seeds run out; then I place them in the cans, some of them with the stem end next to the can and some with the blossom ends; then I take the juice that has run out of some that I have had peeled to cook, having no seeds nor pulp, and add a little salt, and pour on my whole tomatoes until nearly full, then place them in a kettle of cold water and let them cook till I think they are hot clear through; then I seal them. I use nothing but glass jars—two quart jars—and after the cover has been on about five minutes I take it off so they will settle, letting the gas out; then I fill up with juice and seal again, and my cans are always full to the cover. A great many have not learned this. You have no idea how nice they will look through the glass—they show every vein and rib and look as if they were put up raw, and when used, they are just as if they had been taken from the vines, and if you don't believe me try it this summer. I always keep my fruit in the dark and it don't fade through the glass. Now, I will tell you how I can peaches and pears. I get them as near of a size as I can, and sound, but ripe, and peel them, dropping them in cold water as fast as I peel, having my cans all ready; then I fill the jars with fruit, and to every two-quart can I melt one-half pound white sugar with water enough to cover the fruit, and pour it on, setting them in my boiler, which holds eight cans; as soon as they are heated through I take them out, having syrup ready to fill up, then I seal as with tomatoes."

The Corn-fodder Crop.

Corn fodder, both for feeding green and in a dry state, has become one of the staple crops. Sweet corn is the sort very generally preferred for fodder. While not making so large a growth as some kinds, there is less waste in feeding than in the gourd varieties, because cattle will eat a large proportion of the stalk. Sweet corn is, however, more difficult to cure, being liable to mold, and for this reason some farmers practice sowing field corn when the fodder is required for winter use. Blount's Prolific corn, owing to its large yield, has proved a popular sort in some sections for fodder.

Corn for fodder is still occasionally sown broadcast, but as a rule this practice is not advised. The seed is usually drilled in with sufficient space between rows to insure the air and sunshine having free access to the plants. A plan bringing good results is planting in drills three feet apart, with about ten kernels dropped per foot. Thicker planting will make more fodder, but the quality will be poor. Many of our most successful farmers are using only one to one and a half bushels of seed to an acre. This amount grows a yield sufficiently thin to allow the stalks to stand up in ordinary summer weather. When sown excessively thick the fodder is liable to lodge, under heavy storms, losing afterward the beneficial effects of ample sunlight and ventilation, and often rotting in consequence on the ground.

For early feeding, the first planting of fodder corn should be early, of course. Much of the seed is put in, however, during June and July with good results, as this crop makes a heavy growth on land comparatively dry, and in dry weather.

As soon as the plants are two or three inches high a cultivator may be run close to the rows. The crop ought to be cultivated two or three times, for best results. The fodder may be fed green when two feet high, and provides an excellent material for tiding over the season between the perching up of grass in July until fall rains have revived the pastures.

The difficulty of curing and saving it in its immature state tempts many farmers into permitting fodder corn to become too ripe before cutting. The very best time to harvest fodder corn is an important consideration. If cut too early, it has not a sufficient amount of the albuminoids, sugar and starch, to make it nutritive, and loses much weight in drying because of the water in it. If cut too late, on the other hand, the cellulose, which for the most part is digestible, is changed into crude fiber, which is mostly indigestible, and the epidermis or external layer of the stalk, that otherwise would be soft and easily masticated, becomes glazed and is thereby rendered not only indigestible but injurious to the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal. The stage of flowering is coucidered the best time to cut other forage crops, and corn appears to be no exception. The rule is to cut corn-fodder for drying in the early blossom of the tassel. Prof. Pendleton, who has given the subject consideration, thinks the most nutrition is secured when the crop is cut just as the corn is beginning to develop the tassel. An analysis made gives to corn-stalks cut and cured in early tassel sixty per cent. of digestible matter, and corn-stalks cured in the usual way forty per cent.

The general impression prevails that fodder corn, at whatever stage, ought to be cut previous to a frost, though there are occasional cultivators who contend if corn be cut immediately after a frost no great harm will be done. The safe plan is to harvest the crop before it has been touched by the frost.

When large areas of corn fodder are grown the wholesale way of cutting it, with a reaping-machine, and gathering it, like hay, with steel-tooth rake, is practiced. Another plan is to cut the stalks with a corn-cutter in the right hand and the cut corn under the left arm, and without dropping it on the ground, forming it into erect, snug shocks, which when dry may be drawn to the barn or stacked near the feeding yards.

Cultivators frequently leave fodder out in the shock. When this is done the stacks are best made medium to small size, with the middles kept high, so as to turn off water. Fodder ricks are conveniently built just outside of the feeding inclosure, on a spot where water will not stand. One plan for building a fodder rick is as follows: First place a layer of bundles in the direction it is desired to build the rick, so as to raise the middle. Next lay bundles crosswise, with the butts out, lapping them sufficiently to keep the middle highest. Build in sections of, say, six feet, as high as practicable, for it will settle considerably. Finish each section by placing a few sheaves lengthwise in the middle; over these stand others slanting so as to form a sort of roof. This rick may be made any length required, and should be fed out from the end the building was left off at.

All who have had no experience in curing fodder will do well to cut their crops during settled weather; permit it to dry a day or two before binding it in small bundles, and expose these in turn to drying influences before setting up in stock or storing elsewhere.—*N. Y. World.*

Material for a Romance.

Fourteen years ago a Maine man left his wife and children at dinner and sauntered away. One day ten years later he sat in a hut under the comfortable shadow of Table Mountain, Cal., a tired, unlucky miner, and was eating his brunette bacon and beans. His wife and daughter, the latter grown to be a young lady, entered. He raised his eyes from his plate and said: "Ye've got here at last, hev ye?" and went on with his meal. Two years later the two women disappeared from that home. The other day the mother was fourth in a San Francisco walking match, credited with 398 miles, and the daughter, forsaken by a lover, tried to drown herself, was confined at Oakland while laboring under temporary insanity, and is now under care of her mother. Bret Harte, where are you with this fact?—*N. Y. Herald.*

To Remove old Paint.—Take sal soda, two pounds; lime, one-quarter pound; hot water, one gallon; stir all together and apply to old paint while warm. The mixture will soon loosen the paint so that you can easily remove it.

THE DAIRY.

—Whenever a cow manifests the slightest sensitiveness when being milked, the udder should be thoroughly examined. Milking is a pleasure to the cow when all is right. Whenever it ceases to afford gratification to her there is evidently something wrong, which should at once receive attention.

—This advance in the art of butter making will compel an equal advance in the quality of milk production. The skilled manager of the butter factory will see the absolute necessity that the milk should be of the highest quality, and when dairymen study this question of quality of milk they will see that it must include the quality of food. The dairyman will soon learn that a highly flavored milk cannot be made from a single food. This will lead him to study the quality of various foods.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—A Dairy School is about to be established in the south of England, for which the purchase of an estate of over 1,000 acres is contemplated. Two classes of pupils will be received, one of students who will pay £25 to merely cover the cost of board and lodging, and who will be employed as apprentices for six months, and another from whom a higher fee will be required and with whom actual manual labor will be optional. The breeding of cattle is to be included, with all the best processes and appliances of modern dairy practice.

Requisites for Making Good Cheese.

To make cheese of good keeping quality and of fine flavor, and such as suits the tastes of consumers in England, and to a large extent in this country, it is essential that acidity be developed in the curds before salting and putting to press.

During the last quarter of a century the tastes of English speaking people have changed materially in regard to the flavor of cheese. Years ago, a very pronounced *sharp* flavor was thought to be perfection in cheese, and many preferred it so sharp that it would almost take the skin off the tongue while eating it. Nor was cheese objectionable that was tainted, or what we call "off flavor," many preferring a kind of taint like limberger-cheese, of which the Germans are so fond. This kind of cheese, about twenty-five years ago, was very common, and the general practice then was to make on the sweet curd plan. In those days the makers took the greatest care to keep the whey and curds sweet during the process of cheese-making, and any development of acidity was considered a great injury and something to be carefully avoided. But gradually the tastes of English-speaking people have changed so that now a clean, nutty, rich, full flavor is required, while anything strong, harsh and tainted in the taste proves very objectionable.

Now, in order to get this desirable flavor, it is important that the milk-sugar be changed into lactic acid, and in this state separated from the curds in the whey; for if any considerable quantity is retained in curds as on the non-acid or sweet curd plan, it induces undue fermentation in the cheese on the shelf; hence noxious gases are evolved, tainting the cheese, and then follows more or less rapid decomposition, and we get cheese of bad flavor and short-lived, having no keeping qualities. The non-acid or sweet curd system, which some theorists have attempted to introduce, has been very pernicious in its influence on the quality and flavor of American cheese, wherever it has been tried and adopted. It seeks to overthrow the progress in cheese making during the last twenty years and to return again to the old way of cheese manufacture, with its sharp, tainted and stinking product. The "sweet curds" produced has no long keeping qualities—it must be eaten when from thirty to forty days old (if a sharp tainted flavor is to be avoided) for it is often in its best estate. But cheese properly made on the acid plan will keep from one to two years and yet be *sweet, mild* and *nutty* in flavor.

But the use of acid can be abused, for when the curds are allowed to lie in the sour whey for a long time, it is often very injurious, causing a dry, hard, weak flavored cheese. The better way in manufacturing is to draw the whey early, or on the near approach to acidity and then let the proper degree of change or acid develop in the curds while in the vat or exposed to the atmosphere.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about making cheese on the "non-acid plan" and then "oxidizing the curds" until they have "a cheesey smell"—just as if this was some new system and wonderful discovery. Put in plain language that every one can understand, this means making cheese on the *acid plan*—oxidation is nothing more than exposing the curds to the atmosphere and the "cheesey smell" is developing acidity until the curds give off that peculiar odor which is always the result of developing acidity, and never occurs at this stage of the process from any other cause. Hence we say if fine flavor and long keeping qualities are sought for in cheese it is essential that acid be developed in the curds before salting. The act of salting checks further progress in this direction, and the result is we get that sweet, nutty flavor so much sought after by the lovers of good cheese.

The feeding of whey to cows is not a practice to be recommended. It has a tendency to sour and decompose the milk more rapidly than it should, and besides it often gives to milk a bad flavor which is carried to the products made from it. About the time that the factory system began to be established many dairymen inaugurated the plan of feeding whey to their cows, but "whey-fed milk" was found to give a great deal of trouble to cheese makers, and to produce an off flavor to cheese, so the feeding of whey soon dropped out of practice in the best dairy districts, and no progressive dairyman can now be found who will recommend it. We say to our correspondent, if he wants to produce good, sound, fine-flavored milk avoid feeding whey to his cows—clean, fresh running water and good, sweet food are important elements for making sound and fine-flavored milk.—*American Dairyman.*

—"Let's shake!" as the Jersey ague said to the earthquake.

—The death is announced of M. Ramel, whose name will always be associated with the Eucalyptus, or fever-destroying blue gum tree of Australia, introduced mainly by his means into Algeria and Europe. Twenty years ago there were spots and whole districts in Algeria so fearfully unhealthy from miasma that alike colonists and Arabs were decimated by fever. By means of Eucalyptus plantations, the seedlings springing in a few years to lofty trees, large tracts have thus been rendered quite healthy.

[Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.]
The Family's Best Friend.

We are not believers in every trash that is called medicine, and have, on many occasions, warned our readers to beware of the stuff; but there is an article which has been before the public for a long time, and which has been indorsed by the most eminent men in the land, including many of our most respected and learned bishops and priests. We refer to the world-renowned St. Jacobs Oil. We have known a great many people who were suffering from that terrible disease called rheumatism, and who believed their cases hopeless, they having tried almost everything. We recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the cures were almost miraculous, and now these good people remember us in their prayers, and are never without St. Jacobs Oil in their houses. The Oil is possessed of a great deal of merit, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

WHEN a Boston man walks instead of riding in the street cars, the *Globe* credits him with saying: "A fare saved is a beer gained."

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Nuvda News.*

LAVATER says the more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint. Newspaper men have no saintly airs about them.

Refined Women.

Refined and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney disease, or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. Druggists sell both dry and liquid.—*Home Journal.*

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Is what thousands of physicians are saying of James Gough Pellets. They cure coughs, colds, and all lung affections. 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

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THE little knots of hair on the head of a Chinaman are curly-queues.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

"SO THAT'S the Grand Jury, is it?" asked the man from the suburbs, after scanning the forms and features of the twenty-four individuals in the box—one man with unkempt sandy locks, another with an aroma of sentimental seediness brooding over him, a third with a look of benign vacuity irradiating his countenance, and the others indicating different stages of wretchedness and misery. "Well, sir, if you've got any common, every-day jurymen around about here, I guess I don't care to look at them."—*Boston Transcript.*

BALDHEADED men will be sorry to hear that the crop of hair will be cut short owing to warm weather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. PRIM went fishing, and on his return told some terrific lies about what he caught. Said Sharp to him: "What do you want to tell such yarns as that for? Tell something possible, if not probable. Don't you know that everybody saw that you were lying?" "Yes," answered Prim. "Then, what the blazes did you do it for?" "Why, I wanted them to know I was lying. I didn't want them to think I was eccentric."—*Boston Post.*

NO MAN is wholly bad. There is the forger, for instance. He is ever ready to write a wrong.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT always produces a queer kind of sensation to meet a lady relative or friend after an absence of ten or fifteen years. You look at her and think: "dear, dear, what a change to be sure, what an old-looking hen she has grown to be." And she looks at you and thinks: "Well, well, and this podgy, baldheaded old rooster is all that is left of my handsome Jim, Dick, Bill or whatever your hideous name may be." Then you both exclaim with one breath: "Why, how well you're looking; not a day older." What liars we mortals are.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

IF "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," where shall we look for the proof of a printers' pi?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1868 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship. It has developed through a century of Cyclopaedia making; its various editions having been many times revised, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as outstanding at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and better adapted than any other Cyclopaedia for popular use. It contains such full and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek, upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign market, and could not be expected to give as much prominence to American topics as American readers might desire. To supply these and other deficiencies a large corps of American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopaedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

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Of course the old and wealthy publishers who have grown rich (it is said) that the Appletons have made a profit of nearly two million dollars on their Cyclopaedia) from the sale of their high-priced publications, are not pleased that their monopolies are broken and their power overthrown. Of course the book agents and booksellers who have been used to getting from 40 to 60 per cent commission for selling these high priced books are not so well pleased to sell the Library of Universal Knowledge on 15 per cent commission, though those who are not short-sighted discover that their own interests, after all, are identified with the interests of *the people*, and their real profits, in the end, are increased, by the immense sales which result from meeting the people's wants. The majority of booksellers, however, are better pleased to *slander* than to *sell* this and our numerous other standard and incomparably low-priced publications. But *the* Literary Revolution has always looked to *the people*, in whose interests it is, for its patronage, and it has never looked in vain, as our more than one million volumes printed last year (this year being increased to probably more than two millions) abundantly prove. You can order the Cyclopaedia directly from us, and by uniting with your neighbors and friends you can secure club rates as follows:

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.43 P. M.
No. 3		11.32 P. M.
No. 5		7.28 A. M.
No. 7		5:20 P. M
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.30 A. M.
No. 6		9.45 A. M.
No. 8		8.28 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		9.28 A. M.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.
2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

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The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

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The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses,) and assessments, as called, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

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Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881. NUMBER 21.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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**For catalogues and other information, apply to the Acting-President, D. B. Purinton, Morgantown, West Va. 6 25 4m.

THE HOMESTEAD.

"But, my dear Katy, won't you listen while I explain how it was that I was unable to be with you yesterday?"

"No, Mr. Amory. I will listen to no excuses, nor do I wish to continue your acquaintance. Did you not promise, for certain, to be at the picnic and row me on the lake? And was I not asked to keep the first dance for you? A nice laughing stock you made of me before Lizzie Randall and Clara Ward. Of course they knew why I refused to dance the first set—although Frank Churchill would scarcely take a refusal. Then to think you should have slighted me before them all! Don't think, sir, I allowed them to see I was annoyed; I just danced all the evening, and enjoyed myself thoroughly."

"Dear Katy, I am so sorry I disappointed you; but—"

"Disappointed! Mr. Amory, not at all. I found Mr. Churchill a most amusing companion, and a much better waltzer than you are. Lizzie Randall was cross enough when she saw that he did not leave my side all the day. But the most delightful part was his driving me home in his charming Stanhope; I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. He drives admirably—as he does everything else, I fancy. I expect him every minute, for he said he should certainly call and inquire how I was after the exertion of yesterday."

"Then, Miss Langley, I have the honor to wish you good afternoon. I should be sorry to intrude my unwelcome presence when so entertaining a companion is expected."

Each turned from the other, Katy going toward the house, and Mr. Amory walking with quickened pace toward the village.

The above dialogue had taken place at the gate of an old fashioned farmhouse. The speakers had for some time been looked upon as lovers, although no pledge had been made on either side. Katy's angry words will explain in what manner Harry Amory had offended.

She was an only child of Farmer Langley's, who, having lost his wife when she was five years old, had since done his best to spoil his pretty daughter. At the time we make her acquaintance, she was just eighteen, and although a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, yet, from her position as beauty of the village, had met with such homage from the village swains that she could ill brook the apparent neglect of her most favored lover.

Could Harry have seen her as she hastened to her own little room, and there, throwing herself on the bed, gave way to a hearty cry, he would not have felt so bitterly angry at the petulant beauty's harsh words.

"I won't cry any more," said she; "he will be sure to come to-morrow, and then I will be good and make up with him. He must know I did not mean what I said of that conceited Frank Churchill! I hate him, and only danced with him to tease Lizzie Randall, who makes love to him so openly. Harry is worth a thousand such as he! Coming, father!" she cried, as she heard his voice.

"Where have you been, pussy? I have good news for you. Harry Amory was sent for yesterday by the squire, and has been promised the steward's place. I always thought the lad would do well. I met Humphrey, the head gardener, and he tells me it is quite settled. Harry was with the squire all day yesterday, going over the accounts. I fancy some one knows who will be mistress of that pretty cottage near the park gates," he added, pinching her cheek. "Ah! here comes Harry. I suppose he'd rather tell the good news to you alone; so I'll be off to the kitchen and get something to eat."

Katy's cheek flushed with pleasure as she heard the latched raised, and she rose to welcome her lover. What was her disappointment and disgust to see—not Harry, but Frank Churchill, who, noticing Katy's eager joy, came forward with the greatest alacrity to take her outstretched hand.

Poor Katy could scarcely command herself to give the intruder a civil greeting. Her guest, however, evidently considered his presence acceptable, and took no notice of her embarrassment; if he remarked it at all, he rather put it down to the overpowering honor he was conferring in visiting a mere farmer's daughter.

Frank Churchill had come on a visit to his uncle, the village doctor. He had studied medicine, but having a small, independent income, was too indolent to make much progress in his profession. He was to stay with his uncle six months, and then see if he would like to be taken as his partner.

As yet, he had done nothing toward ingratiating himself with his uncle's patients; but, on the contrary, had caused great heart-burning in the younger portion of the inhabitants. The men despised him for his conceit and foppishness, while he looked upon them as mere clods. The village lasses were dazzled by fashionable clothes and his many perfumes. Then, again, he had brought from London a Stanhope which had never been seen in those parts before.

Lizzie Randall, the lawyer's daughter, laid furious siege to this Adonis, but he treated all with the most supercilious air. Katy, [illegible] had passed him by as unworthy of notice; and this, from the village beauty, had piqued his vanity. On the day of the picnic, what was his delight to find that he had made a favorable impression! He thought it would be a good way of passing his six months probation to make love to the village belle.

Little did Frank Churchill think that he was making slight impression by his lisping talk, while he stroked his moustache with his delicate-looking hand. Even his conceit would have received a check had he known how different his companion was to his most flattering attentions.

Katy was greatly relieved when her father entered the room, and so took her visitor's attention from herself. Farmer Langley was not pleased to see who his guest was, for he, like most others, looked upon him as an empty-headed, affected fellow. The young man soon took his leave, after vainly asking Katy to allow him the pleasure of taking her for a drive on the morrow.

Just as he was leaving the house, he came upon Harry Amory, who, between struggling with his anger and love, was wandering about the neighborhood of the homestead, undecided whether to call and make it up with Katy or not. He had loved her for a long time, and had only waited to have some settled income before asking her to be his wife.

The rector had early taken a fancy to the intelligent lad, and had devoted many hours to the improvement of his mind. Harry Amory was consequently better educated than most of his class. His good friend had not stepped at this, but had recommended him to the squire, who, finding him useful, had employed him in many ways. He was often called upon to perform the duties of the steward, who was old and infirm. No direct promise had been made by the squire, but still enough had been said to lead Harry to suppose that upon the death of the old man he should fill his office. All in the village looked forward to his then asking Katy to be his wife, and installing her as mistress of the steward's lodge.

"So, Amory, I have to congratulate you on your rise in life," said Churchill. "Well, my good fellow, make haste and find a wife to keep you company in your pretty cottage. Shouldn't mind living there myself, and fancy I know one who would be glad to go with me," and he nodded toward the homestead farm. "Katy Langley is not so much amiss, eh Amory? And she's deucedly fond of your humble servant. Well, ta ta; shall be glad to hear just such another has taken a fancy to you."

"The heartless coquette! So this is the fool's game she has been playing with me!" exclaimed the irate lover. "So that is the fellow she prefers to me who has loved her so long! Let him have her, then, I say—but I won't stop here to witness their courtship. So this is the end of all my hopes! Just as my desire is accomplished, and I can offer her a home, I am balked of my greatest treasure. I will be off to the squire, and let him know that I have altered my mind about accepting the steward's office. Ned Glover will be glad to have it, so I shall be doing no harm. So good-by, Katy Langley!" he cried, as he waved his hand toward the homestead. "May you be happy with your new-found lover!"

**** **** ****

"Katy, child, what is this I hear? Giles, the ploughman, has just brought the news that Harry Amory has thrown up his new situation and is gone to London! I wonder if the lad is mad! But what is the matter with the lass? Here, Martha! hurry! Why, the child has fainted!"

Katy had not fainted; she was keenly alive to her sorrow. So Harry had taken her hasty words in earnest, and was gone—forever, perhaps! Should she never see him again?

Taking the weeping girl in his arms, her fond father soon learned the particulars of the lovers' quarrel.

He saw his child was to blame, but could not understand Harry's not attempting to see her again. He did not know of his meeting with Frank Churchill, and the wrong impression that had been made on him.

Poor Katy! She was indeed severely punished for her petulance.

**** **** ****

Three years passed away, and she only heard that Harry was in a merchant's office in London, and was doing well. All this time he had never once visited his native place. She hated Frank Churchill so thoroughly for being connected with her quarrel with Harry that even he could not mistake her sentiments toward him.

Katy passed her time chiefly in attending to her old father. She seldom joined her companions in any of the village gayeties, and was entirely changed from the hasty, coquettish beauty who had smitten so many hearts. Many were the offers she had, but she turned a deaf ear to them all, vowing withing to remain true to her love for Harry.

"Katy, there is to be a grand cricket match next week; so get your finery ready child, and we will both go to see it," said Farmer Langley. "I was a good hand with a hat in my younger days, but I hear they have some new-fangled mode of bowling, and I should like to see it."

Katy remembered with a sigh that Harry had been the best bowler in the village; but she smothered it quickly, and promised to be ready.

Very lovely she looked on the Saturday afternoon when she went with her father to the cricket field. Her complexion was still as purely white and her cheeks as rosy red as when, three years ago, she had parted from Harry. But now, added to this, was more sensibility—more heart in the expression of her face; and her soft blue eyes, though bright as ever, were more often cast down. Not a word had her father said as to who was expected to take part in the match.

Harry Amory, after so long an absence, had come on a visit to an aunt in the neighboring town. His old comrades of the cricket club had soon looked up their best bowler, and upon his play they chiefly depended to beat their antagonists.

"Ah, Amory, glad to see you again!" The voice was Churchill's. "Just married, you know, and spending a few weeks with the old man before settling in London. Deuced slow hole, this, to pass one's days in. Got the old fellow to advance me enough money to purchase a practice. You know my wife, I think; will go and bring her to speak to you."

"Ah, Harry, how are you, my lad? Glad to see you again! How long do you intend to stop among us? But I must not keep you," said Farmer Langley, "for there's the umpire calling you to play. I'll see you again presently."

Harry's party were very nearly disappointed of their victory. He played so recklessly at first that the Ainsworth Club was delighted. All at once he seemed to brace himself for the struggle, and one after the other threw down their bats to make room for others, till the match was gained at a single inning, with forty runs to spare.

"Gloriously done, Amory!" said Churchill. "See your hand has not forget its cunning. But come, my wife is in yonder tent, and wishes to congratulate you. Here she comes to speak for herself!"

Turning quickly around to make his escape, Harry came face to face with a lady.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Amory! Charmed to think that you have beaten the Ainsworth Club! Don't you find the country dull after London? Perhaps we shall be neighbors there."

"Neighbors, Miss Randall! Your father is not going to London, is he?"

"Oh, dear, no! And I am not Miss Randall," she simpered. "Why, you have been talking to my husband; and only think, you did not know I was married! Frank, I thought you had told Mr. Amory of our marriage."

Harry never knew what answer he made, but just then catching sight of Farmer Langley coming toward him, he hurried to him and astonished the worthy man by drawing him aside and eagerly asking if Katy had not once been engaged to Frank Churchill.

"Engaged to Frank Churchill!" exclaimed the farmer. "What are you dreaming of? Katy despised the fellow! He's got his match now. Lizzie Randall was always a rare vixen, and her father was only too glad to give Churchill a round sum of money to marry her. I don't envy him his life with her."

"But Katy! Is she single—where is she?" cried Harry.

"Ah, lad, you were over hasty to take notice of a spoiled child's angry words. She is not far off. I left her in one of the tents."

Katy watched the game with the greatest interest; she had at once recognized the famous bowler, and her heart beat fast as she did so. Would he notice her? There was her father talking to him; and—yes, they were coming toward the tent! Seized with a sudden fit of shyness, Katy made her way out of the tent, but was soon overtaken and brought back to Harry.

"Katy, dear Katy!" he exclaimed; "three years ago I left you, thinking you had thrown me over for Frank Churchill. I was a simpleton for believing his talk. I came to-day expecting to find you his wife, and only just now found out how vilely I have been deceived. Katy, will you forgive me when you know I have been wretched ever since we parted?"

Katy's answer is not recorded; but what it was may be guessed from the fact that Harry left the cricket field with Katy leaning on his arm.

Katy being unwilling to leave her father, and the post of steward being vacant and a second time offered to Harry, he threw up his appointment in London and once more settled down in his native place. A month after, the bells of the village church rang out merrily in honor of the handsome couple who were that day united.

Henry Bergh.

Henry Bergh, the New York philanthropist, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, discovered his true mission in life in St. Petersburg about the year 1862, when he was secretary of the United States legation. In Russia the common people have or had a profound respect for official position, and Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said "I have found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as executive officer, sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruelist" he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a regular "blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect; though so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting poetry in an off-handed way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife finding the double windows and large furnaces of St. Petersburg damaging to their health, Mr. Bergh resigned his office and, returning to New York, devoted the remaining portion of his life to the cause of humanity toward the lower animals. In 1866, after the passage of the charter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and laws by which its principals might be enforced, Mr. Bergh, the President, sallied forth armed with new authority to battle for the dumb animals. His attention was attracted to a brutal driver beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision, and offered to pummel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry.

In the early days of the movement Mr. Bergh was subject to constant disappointment, principally through the unfaithfulness of the officers who would not administer the law. His wife, who was a tower of encouragement and a never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go up stairs to his room, and have a "jolly good cry." The next morning always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

One June morning he met opposite the City Hall of New York, two young men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, "that may be, but the milk is nature's and belongs to the flourishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the man in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging and frisking its tail in veally ecstacy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the street when the udders were unnaturally extended.

One day a poor, emaciated horse fell at Duane street on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hours rest and feed, was able to get up and go home.

During the erection of a brick dwelling in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow in a hollow girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workers, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries, and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause, and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr. Bergh, "to prosper in your business, with such a crime sealed up in your building? How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built to the cornice, I would still compell you to render justice to humanity. Order those walls taken down at once, or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed; and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

Through such deeds as these Mr. Bergh has made his influence felt in New York city, and throughout this continent.

The Wheat Crop.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* of Monday last, speaking of the prospects of the wheat crop, says there is nothing in the recent reports to change the opinion expressed a month ago that the average yield in quantity would be fully equal to the average of former years. The quality, of course, cannot be determined until the harvest is over. If any deficiency should occur, compared with the yield of 1879 and 1880, it must be remembered that these years were very much above the average, and, if the present harvest proves less productive, there is a large surplus left over from last year to make up for that deficiency. The estimate for the requirements of the United Kingdom is that two million bushels a week will be needed throughout the summer months till the 1st of September, which, with one million bushels for other European markets, will make a weekly export demand of three million bushels. There is therefore no reason to fear, either very low or very high prices, for the surplus of wheat on hand in the Atlantic or Pacific states. The accounts of the crops in Europe are conflicting; but, if the latest reports are reliable, it is evident that the export demand for the present crop will be less than last year; but this will be offset by the increase in the home demand. In addition to the natural increase of population, immigration alone will have added more than half a million to the army of consumers of the crop of 1881.

On Tuesday night last the church at Luthervilie, Frederick county, was broken into and the contents of the contribution box (about $10 or $12) carried off.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CHILDREN.

"I'm tired of this ceaseless worry"—thus the
weary mother said:
"I rise up betimes in the morning, and I'm al-
ways the last to bed;
Yet my labors are never ended, and the chil-
dren's frolic and strife
Seems sometimes to drive me crazy, and I'm
tired of this wretched life."

I grieved for the weary mother, for her face
was worn and wan,
And a rosy bride I'd seen her but scarce five
summers gone;
But, when I looked at the children—so happy,
so healthful and gay—
I spoke not a word of pity, but turned with a
sob away.

For I minded how once my dwelling, now or-
derly, still, and neat,
Re-echoed my children's voices, and the pat-
tering of their feet,
As they scampered thro' hall and parlor, and
in and out at the doors,
While dollies usurped my sofas, and picture-
books strewed my floors.

And I minded the day they sickened, and their
voices grew sad and weak,
As the fatal fever brightened, and wasted the
burning cheek,
Till over the pale, pinched features, so changed
from their winsome grace,
Crept the look—O so hard to witness!—of woe
on a baby's face!

O God! Thou dost all things wisely, and I
question not Thy decree!
Perchance I had else forgotten that my treas-
ures were lent to me,
But, ah! the benumbing anguish to list for the
failing breath,
As the dear form chills and stiffens in the cold,
cold clutch of Death!

To-day, thro' my lonely dwelling, so quiet,
precise and neat,
Where the echoes are sadly silent, I wander
with restless feet;
I find not that old confusion which once did
sorely annoy,
But I moan, 'midst the drear precision, for the
sight of a broken toy!

O courage! ye weary mothers, whose labors
seem never o'er;
Ah! vapid and vain your being should your
little ones need no more!
My children are gone forever; but all that a
mortal might strive
Were bliss—but bliss—could I clasp them safe,
safe in my arms, alive!

—*M. E. Harmon, in Chicago Tribune.*

THE WRONG VERDICT.

"Do I want any tapes and shoe-lace?" said Mr. Penfield, in his big, comfortable voice, that always seemed to have the supicion of a laugh down in its sonorous depths. "Do I look like anybody that is likely to want tapes and shoe-laces. No, sissy, I don't!" And then, as Flora Rawson was moving slowly away, with a mute, uncomplaining expression of despair in her face, he added, kindly, "But, all the same, you had better come in and warm yourself; you look half frozen to death."

"Thank you, sir," said Flora, and she came gratefully to the fire, setting her basket of cheap wares on the floor, and warmed herself, shyly glancing around the while at the cozy little private room with its cheerful red carpet on the floor, the curtains at the window and the leather-cushioned easy-chairs. The fire blazed and crackled in the grate—Flora secretly wondered how anyone could have the heart to waste coal so recklessly—a clock with a plate-glass front ticked leisurely on the wall, and Mr. Penfield, making entries in his big ledger and day-book, whistled softly under his breath as he did so.

"What is your name, child?" he asked, at last, without turning his head.

"Flora Rawson, sir," was the meek reply.

"How old are you?"

"Going on fourteen, sir, I believe."

"And how does it happen that you're selling gimcracks like these around the country, instead of being put at some honest trade," said Mr. Penfield, with his quill in his mouth, while he got up to search for some blotting paper.

Flora hung down her head. "There's only me," said she. "Father and mother are dead, and my step-mother says I've got to earn my own living!"

"Where do you live?" said Mr. Penfield, brusquely.

"In Holmes' Lane—the little cottage just this side of the china factory."

"Humph!" said Mr. Penfield. "That locality has a bad name!"

"Yes, sir," Flora made haste to explain, "there was a bad set lived there last year. But my step-mother, sir, she tries to be decent and honest—and she goes out washing and cleaning, by the day, to support my little half-brothers and sisters, and—"

But here she became conscious that Mr. Penfield was intently surveying her, and colored scarlet, all of a sudden.

"Would you like to learn the gold-leaf business?" said he. "And work here in the factory, with these girls who are coming up now for their wages?"

Flora glanced timidly at the long line of bright-faced, neatly dressed young women who were collecting outside Mr. Penfield's sliding window, which afforded easy communication with the ware-room without.

"*Could* I, sir?" said she, drawing her breath quickly, with a sort of sob.

"I don't know why not," said Mr. Penfield. "It's a pity that a smart, likely girl like you should be tramping around the country, selling buttons and pins, when there are respectable trades to be learned. I'm busy to-night. Come here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll see if we can make room for you. No—you needn't go until you are thoroughly warm," he added, with a sudden sentiment of compassion, as he noted her blue fingers and slight, shivering frame. And then he applied himself with energy to the task of paying off the hands—a ceremony which took place every Monday afternoon at five precisely.

Flora Rawson stood by the fire a little longer, but she felt the eyes of the smartly-dressed operatives upon her, and became painfully aware of the deficiencies of her faded dress, shabby worsted shawl and frayed straw bonnet with its mangy velvet bows—so presently she crept away, without disturbing kind Mr. Penfield.

He finished his task presently—all except paying old Mrs. Reilly, who scrubbed the floors, polished the windows and carried out the ashes.

"Hallo!" said he, glancing uneasily around. "This is very strange. I'm sure I laid out a five-dollar bill here for you, Mrs. Reilly—just here by the glass paper-weight, but I don't see it now!"

He lifted up papers, pen-rack, ink-stand—even shook the daily newspaper which lay there, to see if, perchance, the missing bill had hidden itself away in its folds—but all to no avail. He searched through his pockets—and all the time, old Mrs. Reilly, who was very deaf, stood smiling and courtesying in front of the sliding window.

A sudden light flashed across his mind—he turned quickly and cast a searching glance around the office.

"I thought so," said he. "The girl is gone. And so is the money. What a fool I was to listen for a moment to her plausible story. Well, its rather an expensive little lesson, but it serves me right!"

He paid Mrs. Reilly out of his own private money-drawer, shut up the office and went home, rather disenchanted with his ideal view of respectable poverty.

"There's no use in going to Holmes's Lane," thought he. "The girl don't live there—and never did."

But the next morning, as he sat over his books, just as the clock was striking nine, in its slow deliberate fashion, there came a knock at the panels of the door, and Flora Rawson presented herself, with her raven curls brushed tidily back under a net, her face shining with recent soap and water, and some attempts made at mending up the more hopeless of the rents in her dress.

Mr. Penfield's face grew hard as adamant, as he beheld her.

"I am surprised at your audacity in coming here, girl?" said he, sternly.

"Sir?"

Poor Flora looked at him in amazement not unmingled with terror.

"Leave this office," said he. "And never dare to show your face here again."

She shrank away like a chidden dog, while Mr. Penfield went grimly on with his writing.

"I suppose I'm a fool for not giving her up to the police," thought he. "But she is very young, and somehow I hadn't the heart to do it."

He went home that night—and his wife, a cheery, apple-cheeked little woman, looked up with a smile as he entered the sitting-room where she was at work.

"Well, Bob," said she, "I've mended that coat you left here this morning. I sewed on new buttons, bound the sleeves with fresh binding, and—"

"That's right, Kitty; that's right," said Mr. Penfield, drawing off his gloves.

"But that isn't all," persisted Mrs. Penfield. "I found a rip in the bottom of the upper left-hand pocket; and when I was sponging off the skirts I came across something hard, so I ripped it open and found—what do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Penfield.

"Well, a pocket-knife, a business-card, three cough lozenges, and a five-dollar bill," said Mrs. Penfield, laughing.

"A—what!" almost shouted Penfield.

"A five-dollar bill," triumphantly repeated his wife, holding it up. And he instantly recognized it for the same bill, slightly discolored with some sort of acid, which he had laid aside yesterday for the payment of old Mrs. Reilly!

"I must have put it in my pocket in a fit of abstraction," said he to himself, "and it slipped down through that unlucky hole, of which I never dreamed! And that poor little girl with the big eyes and the loose mane of black hair—I've condemned her without judge or jury!"

Robert Penfield, however, though an impulsive man, was not unjust. He put on his hat, and went straight to the cottage in Holmes's Lane, where Flora Rawson lived.

It was a dreary place, uncarpeted, without much fire, and the broken window panes stuffed with rags, where Flora was tending a flock of unruly children, while the shrill tones of her step-mother's voice sounded from the back yard, where she was hanging up clothes to dry. She started and looked frightened when she saw him standing in the doorway.

"My good girl," said he, "I have misjudged you. I am sorry I sent you away so harshly this morning. We'll try and make a place for you if you'll come again to-morrow!"

And then he explained to Flora and her step-mother, who had by this time hurried in, with a pocket-handkerchief tied around her head, and steaming, soapy arms, the peculiar combination of circumstances by which Flora had been adjudged to be guilty of theft!

Mrs. Rawson tossed her head and bridled as she listened.

"Our Flora has her faults," said she, "and plenty of 'em—but, thank the Lord, she ain't a thief; no, nor never was!"

And Flora herself burst into tears.

"I am so thankful that you found the money," said she. "Because—because you had spoken kindly to me, and I couldn't bear that you should think me such a one as *that!*"

So Flora Rawson got an excellent place in the gold-beating establishment, and Mr. Penfield was always a little kinder to her than he would have been if it had not been for that one act of injustice toward her in the very beginning.

"It only shows," said he, "how easy it is to be mistaken!"—*Fireside Companion.*

A Natural Bridge of Snow.

On the east fork of the Yuba River, about five miles above Downieville, Cal., is a snow-slide, which completely covers the river for a distance of several hundred feet. This slide formed a year ago this winter, and was then perhaps 75 feet deep. The summer sun of last year failed to melt it, and it is now, with some of the winter's snow, at least 40 feet in depth, the old snow being as hard as ice almost. The river has worn its way through, and the arch is as regular as though formed by human hands. It lies in a gorge where the sun strikes it only a few hours in the day.—*Downieville Messenger.*

The number of Scandinavians coming to this country at present is unparalleled. Whole towns and villages of Northern Europe are becoming depopulated. The Swedish Government has commissioned Capt. Emil Lindburg, a native of Stockholm, general agent at New York City, to look after the interests of these emigrants and forward them to desirable localities. Many of them will be sent into the Southern States.

Table Manners.

Nothing is so important in the training of a family of children, after teaching them reverence and to tell the truth, as to give them good table manners. It is said by foreigners to be a great national defect with us Americans. We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at table. In the first place we eat too fast, and are very apt to make a noise with our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouth without a sound, lifting up the spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly. In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the open mouth, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of the fork.

Therefore a child should be taught to eat with his fork in the right hand early, and to manage knife and fork with ease and composure. He removes them from his plate when the plate is placed before him with them on, and he crosses them on his plate when he has finished, so that they may be easily removed. He also learns to use a spoon properly, not leaving it in his cup, which it may tip over, but putting it in his saucer. He breaks his bread neatly, not covering the table with crumbs; nor does he make bread pills of it, as some slovenly people do.

No one should leave the table eating. Let the food be swallowed slowly, and a few minutes' conversation follow the last drop of the final cup of coffee, which generally ends the repast of dinner. It is not well to talk or laugh loud at table; all well-bred people take a quiet ton at meals. A good appetite is no disgrace, but the people who eat a great deal, ravenously and fast, are never considered refined. We should moderate our appetites in all things, and learn to keep the rebellious body in order.

Next to greediness, indecision should be avoided. Always refuse or accept promptly. Tell your host if you prefer white to dark meat; do not give him the labor of choosing. Be firm in your determination not to take any kind of wine if you do not wish it. It is generally poured by the waiter, that he may drink it himself after dinner. Never play with food, nor handle the glass, silver or china unnecessarily, but try to be composed in manner even if you do not feel so.

The mouth should be carefully wiped with the napkin after soup, after drinking, and after eating anything which can leave its traces on the lips. Gentlemen with mustaches should be very careful in this respect. It is not now the fashion to pin the napkin up to the coat or dress, although some elderly people do it. The napkin is placed across the lap, ready, at the right hand.

It is no longer the custom, as it once was, to wait until every one is helped. The service of a modern dinner rather demands that every one eats what is put before him when it is placed there. A little tact will, however, decide this question. A hostess must always notice if some one is behind the rest in finishing, and must *pretend* to eat, to keep him company, unless her guest is unreasonably long in getting through.

If a person is so unlucky as to break anything at table, the best apology is a very short one. Do not lose your composure, or trouble your hostess. She will be far more sorry for you than you can be for her, if she is a kindly, well-bred person, and if she is not, her feelings are of not so much consequence.

If anything is to be removed from the mouth, let it be done from behind the napkin, and all use of the tooth-pick should be also from that obscurity. Nor should one drink or speak with eatables in the mouth.

In getting rid of the skins of grapes, or the pits of fruit, much delicacy should be cultivated. The hand is the proper medium from the mouth to the plate. Some people eat instinctively with great elegance, some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, or inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Table manners should begin before going to table, in making one's self fit for the table. If no further toilette is possible, one should attend to the cleanliness of his hands and face, and the smoothing of hair. In ordinary households one can make modest toilette for dinner. In any event, students and clerks, or women who are artists or authors, or shop-girls, or in any walk of life, can at least make themselves clean. And then the business of mutual respect and mutual good-breeding begins. The humblest meal may show the highest manners, and the real lady or gentleman shines at the boarding-house table as at the queen's banquet.

Abuse of one's food is in bad taste everywhere. Traveling in America is yet rather a severe trial to those who have cultivated the gustatory powers, and the cook is not abroad. There are often reasons for complaining. But the person who spends the dinner hour in complaining of the food makes one more dish at a bad dinner; ten to one he has not been accustomed to better meals at home. Every one can appreciate the mutual misfortune of a bad dinner; therefore let each one bear his burden smilingly and well.

There are a thousand little laws which our forefathers regarded as important which we have forgotten. One was that an egg should be eaten out of the shell instead of out of the glass; that pepper and salt should be handed from left to right; that no one should help another to salt, for fear of quarreling; that there should be toasts drank at dinner (now fortunately gone out of fashion); that the host or hostess, or, worse still, that some guest, should carve—all of which brought about an awkwardness.

Table manners include that beautiful custom that the men should rise when ladies leave the table. If it is only the mother or the sister who leaves, or who arrives after the gentlemen are seated at the domestic breakfast or dinner, every man should rise until the ladies have either seated themselves or have left the room.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible. No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions. But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

In rising from the table, put the napkin by the side of the plate, unless you see that the custom of the house demands that you fold it. If so, do as the rest of the company do. In most modern houses, however, napkins are used but once.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Poisonous Toilet Articles.

Cold lead may become injurious to life in more ways than in a parabola from a gun-barrel, and there is little doubt that its victims in peace are pretty nearly as numerous as in war. It is a subtle and stubborn enemy; can effect an entrance into the human system in many ways without leaving a mark to indicate its passage, and when it thus insidiously attacks its victims it can not be removed with surgical instruments. The injurious effects of fresh paint are due to the lead out of which they are mixed, and painters' colic is a disorder caused by taking the minute particles of metal into the lungs and through the pores. Ladies may escape its ambushes of this kind, but they are likely to give it all the opportunity it desires in other ways. For instance, hair dyes are alleged to contain varying amounts of lead. These colorless preparations, which, the purchaser believes, can restore the original tints to the hair, hold lead in solution, while the cosmetics for the face which go by the high-sounding names of enamel, and so forth, yield the analytic chemist larger or smaller precipitates of white and red lead when properly treated. The death of a young lady of Buffalo from lead-poisoning through the foolish habit of resorting to artificial complexion serves to direct public attention to the subject again. In this case the leaden particles were absorbed by the pores of the skin into the system. For eight years the unhappy girl had been an invalid, and at length death relieved her. Bismuth, antimony, and other minerals are made use of more or less liberally, and all bring about their natural results sooner or later.

Even when the cosmetic is no more deleterious in composition than rice-water or chalk, it is injurious, since it chokes the pores of the face. Effete matter is carried from the skin through the system to an extent that would surprise anybody who had never paid attention to the subject, and so necessary is this dermal exertion that the loss of one-third of the breathing surface of the body is sufficient to produce death. But the mere fact that the application of cosmetics is attended with danger, will not prevent their use by ladies. Physical debility, torture, and far more serious complications resulting from their use, have not prevented the wearing of tight shoes and corsets, and never will, and health and comfort are only too gladly sacrificed for beauty and the admiration of the foolish. It is curious to note how local is the fashion of using cosmetics. Compared with the mode of a century ago, when every woman had recourse to the cosmetic pad, the absence of artificial color is extraordinary. Few ladies of good taste in New York and Brooklyn will consent to apply a false complexion. In Philadelphia, however, it is considered quite a proper thing to paint, and even young and pretty girls are to be met whose lovely natural skins are deeply overlaid with the most ingennous coats of coloring matter. It may be that Philadelphia prefers to be a law to itself, but that the descendants of the "drab-colored" Quakers should make a fashion of falsity, is rather singular, to say the least. Ladies, however, who use cosmetics with the idea that gentlemen are either deceived by them or pleased, labor under an extraordinary mistake.—*New York Times.*

Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forhead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we can not think. There is no denying that there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his troubles in the same way when you leave off the sugar. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad Iren, or some smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage.

—Judge Wilson, of Polk County, Fla., has an orange tree that bears annually seven thousand oranges.

Sleeping with an Alligater.

A corrrspondent of *Forest and Stream* has a pleasant word for the hideous reptile, the alligator, and suggests that kind treatment may make it docile:

The long wharf at Mandarin, Florida, stretches some six hundred feet out into the peaceful St. Johns, and hither repair the fishermen, after their night's toil in their row-boats with their nets, to sell the quivering fish to the inhabitants, and ship the surplus by morning steamer to Jacksonville. I strolled down the wharf in quest of mess and met a tall, bony fisherman on whose face the habit of fishing all night had left a very plain impression.

"Haven't got a fish," said he. "No luck at all last night. I should have had some luck, too, if it wern't for an alligator. He got into my net and it took me nearly all night to get him out, and thar was two of the prettiest schools of bass flopping close by that I ever saw. Instead of getting a good lot of um as I ought ter hev done and would hev done if it wa'n't for that alligator, here I am this morning with nothing at all in the boat except the thing."

"Have you got him in the boat?" I asked.

"Yes; don't yer want to come down and see him?"

I followed him down to the end of the wharf, and preceding us went his fisher companion, a lad of about seventeen. The boat lay moored to the bulkhead, and up above on the wharf, under a shed, sat about a half-dozen negro women with their babies, waiting for the next steamboat. The boy, with an animated grin, ran down the flight of steps into the boat, and as we approached pulled out an alligator, four or five feet long, by a cord that was fastened about its neck, and held it on his knees, bending its tail around from side to side. The negro women at the first look grabbed their babies, and fled in all directions, notwithstanding the boy's good-natured "He won't hurt you." He picked him up and put him down, coiled his tail, rubbed his sides and put his ugly head upon the boat thwart for general exhibition, and through it all the alligator was as quiet as a lamb. Indeed, he seemed rather to like the process he was undergoing. Perhaps he liked the jolly disposition of the boy.

"Won't he bite him?" I asked.

"No; alligators won't generally bite," said the fisherman, "unless you tantalize um. That boy there," he continued, "is jus' like a baby; jus' as quick as his head is down in the night he's asleep."

Now this seemed just unlike most babies to me. I said nothing, while he went on—

"Last night, sir, after we ketched that 'gator we put him in the bottom of the boat forward, and that boy there went and laid right down alongside of him, and sir, ef he and the alligator didn't sleep together, rolled in the same blanket the rest of the night!"

I looked in the boy's face for some trace of kinship to the ugly saurian, or some sign of that which had won its mild behavior, but the kind eyes and look of jolly good-nature were all I could see. Possibly, if all the winter visitors to Florida were endowed with good-humored, rollicking natures, the ugly brutes might yet be transformed into affectionate domestic pets, which we might lead about with a pink ribbon, or dandle in our arms with interested love.

How Successful British Generals are Rewarded.

Grants to successful warriors have generally been made in England, varying in manner and amount according to circumstances, and the more or less imposing services of the recipients. Thus Marlborough got manors and broad estates, a sumptuous palace, and a perpetual pension. Wellington received marks of the national munificence in various installments; a peerage and a pension after Talavera; increased rank and a double pension after Cuidad Rodrigo; a hundred thousand pounds after Salamanca; half a million more, to purchase an estate, at the close of the Peninsular war; after Waterloo an additional two hundred thousand pounds, to help build and furnish Apsley House and keep up Strathfieldsaye. Nelson got a couple of pensions for three lives; Rodney, a couple of thousand a year for himself and his heirs forever. Lord Lake, the hero of Laswaree, received a peerage and a pension; Lord Keane, the same after Ghuznee and the Afghan campaign of 1839. Lords Hardinge and Gough were very liberally treated after the Sikh war, the first with a pension of eight, and the latter with one of four, thousand a year. More recently Sir Henry Havelock was granted a baronetcy, with a pension for three lives, after the relief of Lucknow. Sir Garnet Wolseley got a lump sum of five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and refused a baronetcy, for his "courage, energy, and perseverance" in the Ashantee war; and now Sir Donald Stewart and Sir Frederick Roberts are to have a similar sum divided equally between them.

Something About the Barnacle Family.

The young barnacle, writes Dr. Andrew Wilson, is a "nauplius," three-legged, free-swimming, single-eyed, and possessing a mouth and digestive apparatus. In the next stage we again meet with the six pairs of swimming feet, with enormously developed front pair of legs serving as "feelers," and with two "magnificent compound eyes," as Darwin describes the organs of vision. The mouth in this second stage, however, is closed, and feeding is, therefore, impossible. As Darwin remarks, the function of the young barnacles "at this stage is to search out by their well-developed organs of sense, and to reach by their active powers of swimming, a proper place on which to become attached and to undergo their final metamorphosis. When this is completed," adds Darwin, "they are fixed for life; their legs are now converted into prehensible organs; they again obtain a well-constructed month, but they have no antennæ, and their two eyes are now reconverted into a minute, single, simple eye-spot." A barnacle is thus simply a highly modified crab-like animal which fixes itself by its head to the floating log, and which "kicks its food into its mouth with its feet," to use the simile and description of biological authority.

—An important bed of coal has been found in Manitoba.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The manufacture of oil from American cotton seed has begun in Italy on a large scale. It is mixed with olive oil, and sold for table use.

—The first rolling-mill in America was built at Middleboro, Mass., for Peter Oliver, one of the Crown Judges in the Province, in the year 1751.

—The German Post-office has adopted and uses postage stamps whose colors can be canceled by water. This prevents fraud, for as soon as the stamps are washed the color is obliterated.

—Mr. W. H. Preece suggests that the flow of tidal waters, and in elevated stations wind power, might be used to reduce the cost of producing the current for the electric light.

—Efforts are now in progress to attract to Louisiana the silk-growers of Provence, whose prospects in France have been blighted by plagues affecting grapevines and the silk culture.

—A Dresden man has made a good lubricant for shafts by mixing the whites of eggs with the finest graphite powder, until the consistency of a firm dough. This is kept in boiling water until the whole is coagulated. The mass is then reduced to powder.

—Belgium promises to become the great industrial teacher of Europe. Many foreigners are now attending her schools. She has fifty-nine technical schools, thirty-two industrial schools, and a higher commercial school—all receiving funds annually from the State.

—It will surprise many to learn that rice has a nutritious percentage of 8, while beef has but 26. Still civilized mankind will adhere to the latter with the idea that it has the most nourishment. The difference between a pound of beef and a pound of rice is very marked, the latter being 100 per cent. cheaper and 100 per cent. more valuable to the common laborer than the beef diet.

—A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* thus describes a filter which he says he uses with perfect success for all the water his family requires. It is a gallon-glass funnel with a small piece of sponge in the bottom, and on which rests half a dozen slender sticks to facilitate the percolation, then placed at intervals all around and beneath a piece of muslin a foot or so square. The muslin is filled with, say, a pint of closely powdered charcoal. Through this he filters the water. At first a little of the charcoal passes through, but it soon becomes a perfect filter.

PITH AND POINT.

—Goes by water—A toper.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

—Two million hobby-horses were made in the United States last year. This is an average of about two and a half to a politician.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The man who was the coolest person at the battle of Waterloo has just died. He hid in the ice-house at the chateau during the contest.—*Boston Post.*

—Edison is at work on an electric dressing machine which will do its work so rapidly that the owner can change his clothes with the weather and yet have time to eat two square meals and a lunch each day.—*Philadelphia News.*

—When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet she says: "Oh, how deliciously sweet; its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A down-east girl simply says: "It smells scrumptious; thanks, Reuben."—*Waifs.*

—An over-fastidious fellow at a first-class restaurant was complaining because a beef-steak was not cooked to suit his taste. "It takes away my appetite," he said, "to eat it." "Then it must suit you," said a friend. "Why so?" "Because that is what you are eating it for."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

—When a boy sees a big hornet's nest depending from the branch of a tree he is not satisfied that it is loaded until he hits it with a stone. He would rather heave a rock at it than to have five dollars. In a few seconds he would rather five dollars that he hadn't heaved the rock.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I can't think that all sinners will be lost," said Mrs Nimbletung. "There's my husband, now. He's a bad man, a very bad man, but I trust he will be saved at last. I believe he has suffered his due share in this life." "Amen!" shouted Nimbletung from the back seat. Mrs N. gave him *such* a look, but said nothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Do Birds Bury Their Dead?

While strolling through the woods at Goguac Lake yesterday afternoon, I suddenly came across half a dozen birds of the variety known as brown-thrush or mocking-bird. They were all busy working at some object on the ground, and did not notice my intruding till I was upon them, when, with a shrill cry, they flew off a short distance, and perched on the trees to watch my movements. Having my curiosity aroused, I went to examine what I supposed was a nest of young birds, when to my surprise I found the dead body of a female thrush, which had been killed by a shot from some hunter's gun, and had fallen where it lay. The birds which I noticed about it had been covering it over with leaves, sticks, little tufts of grass, etc., until only its feet stuck out. Immediately the story of the Babes in the Wood covered with leaves by robins came to my mind, and all seemed real as the time when in childhood I read the story and believed it to be true. Anxious to see what the birds would do, I stepped back of a large tree to a little distance and watched them. Slowly the birds came back one by one, and continued the work of burying the dead bird. While engaged hopping about after leaves and grass, they would chirp, in a low, melancholy key, what I took to be the dirge-notes of the little bird's funeral. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them, and watched them at their labors for a full half-hour, at the end of which time the dead bird was completely buried.

This in some way answers the questions so many times asked: "What becomes of all the birds? Do they ever die? And do their mates bury them?" I have no doubt but that the various species of birds thus dispose of their dead.—*Battle Creek (Mich.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

STANZAS

ON READING "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

I would not be a butterfly—
Nay, Mr. Hayly, nay;
Although you rhyme to ear and eye
In such a dainty way.
Those pretty words, that pretty air,
Admit but this reply:
It strikes me I should hardly care
To be a butterfly.

A charm there is in being born
Within a rosy bower,
Where sunshine on a summer morn
Should grace my nuptial hour.
But I was born a cockney, sir;
A cockney I shall die.
Pray, why on earth should I prefer
To be a butterfly?

The plants that in a garden grow,
Are fresh and very sweet;
But more befitting for a show
Than proper things to eat.
I love my soup, I love my fish,
My joint and apple-pie:
My *menu* never makes me wish
To be a butterfly.

'Tis only just a month or so
The things can keep alive;
One year's career they can not know,
And mine are forty-five.
I hope to earn a little fame
Ere many more go by,
It would hardly prove a paying game
To be a butterfly.

I tell you frankly, Mr. B.,
I would not if I could;
In fact, as far as I can see,
I could not if I would.
To many things we all aspire,
For many things we sigh;
But how should mortal man desire
To be a butterfly?

—*Henry S. Leigh, in Belgravia.*

THAT FADED BRAID.

A RAILWAY PHANTASY.

The railway train was ready for Pocahontas and way-stations. I had taken my ticket for Battle-Axe. As I entered the car I stood so long admiring the effects of the horizontal rays of a bright afternoon sun in December on the women's hats and the men's whiskers, that all the seats were seized before me. Yet not all the seats; there was one unoccupied, except by a heavy bundle of contract clothing in the rough, and ready for the needle. The poor sewing-woman to whom the parcel appertained showed the usual disproportion in size to weight she had to carry. Why sewing-women, as a class, are so small and light, and their bundles are so huge and heavy, is a question in social science not hard to solve. None but women reduced will attempt such burdens. The simple reduction becomes double when they have assumed the load. If it were less in quantity, the work would not yield even the present scanty subsistence.

Only the one seat, and several passengers standing. The conductor looked at the woman inquiringly. She looked up imploringly. She could not have taken the babe on her own knees. That would have been to complete summarily what the slower process of the needle must eventually accomplish gradually—her extinction. I came to the rescue, and said, "I will hold it." The conductor was relieved; the poor woman was half pleased, half perplexed. But I manfully assumed the burden. Charity *hides a multitude of sins*; the bundle hid me, sins and all, as it was placed "on end" and towered above my head.

"Perhaps we can share it," said the owner. Hers was a sweet voice, but suggestive of scanty food and little strength. And so we arranged it. For the music of that voice I took the heavy end. It was rather a hinderance to freedom of motion, but tended, as it afterward proved, to freedom of thought.

I stole a side glance at my neighbor. She delicately rewarded me with a smile, and then looked forward, or turned her face to the window. She was pretending to be unconscious of the stolen glances, which I was soon emboldened to convert into a steady gaze—not a rude gaze, but a respectful study. It did not annoy her, for she had read in my countenance that I was not an ogre to be propitiated or a man to be distrusted.

I would have dropped the car blinds—for we were on the sunny side—but to move was impossible, as we agreed in pantomime; and she contented herself with the dropping of her eyelids as a protection against the light. And I gave myself up, with all assurance, to the study of the companion to whom I was fast bound, and, so to say, Siamesed. Her features were not regular, perhaps, but her appearance was suggestive of a soul which had endured and could endure still. Her face, though so wasted that I did imagine that I saw the red light of the setting sun through her transparent nostrils, still bore indication of the power to love and to hope. She was a person of refinement, serene in her innocence and self-reliance. There is a dress which expresses defiant, deserved and cureless poverty. And there are poor toilets, cloth worn threadbare, textures faded, the memorials of what has been and is no more, yet carefully attended to and conserved, as if in the tokens of better days comfort could still be taken. I took in all these circumstances, and as my neighbor's feigned sleep grew real, and her guard over herself diminished, her shawl falling open showed a braided jacket. And under her chin was a well-worn ruffle of a sort of domestic lace which some of the ladies used to weave—perhaps they do now—with their own fair fingers.

I received it as a compliment that she had fallen asleep. Whatever her fatigue in bargaining and walking in the city may have had to do with her drowsiness, it was an evidence of her confidence in the gentleman who volunteered inconvenience—yes, absolute discomfort—for a *poor* woman. A woman without bracelets or ear-rings, or a beetle or a lizard in her hair, or a purse in her hand, or a seal-skin sacque, or an Ulster, which, under all-enveloping ugliness, hides all other, should not and does not count on man's gallantry on a railway train. He is a gentleman, and much more, who accords it; and as such, I am sure, she thought me. And so in confidence she slept; but she did not dream of *me*, I happen to know.

A broken glove had exposed on her finger the marks of a needle and coarse colored thread—marks to be aggravated and renewed by the bundle which began to press upon me like the nightmare. When that faded finery was new, the face of that woman could not have been so wan, the cheeks so hollow. When she wove that lace, hers were nimble, fairy fingers. But those days were past. Her comeliness was waning, and as the freshness had worn away from braid and edging, she had faded out of her life all but the memory of hope and beauty.

The short winter twilight was over, and night had fallen. Railway lights are not brilliant, but they cast deep shadows. And here in the shadows we were rolling along, a freight of humanity liable at any moment to be collided with, or run off the track, or telescoped. The lack of faith in railroad safety no doubt makes the sharers of a common danger trust each other. But my friend and I were held by more than that usual bond. The bundle of dry-goods pressed heavier and heavier upon me, and of course upon her. We were certainly *en rapport* with each other. No magnetic pass could have bound us so firmly as did that pile of dry-goods. And as she slept on the confiding sleep of the just, I too began to fall into the night side of nature, if that, as I presume, means magnetic sleep. My senses and perceptions, however, acquired new activity; and though my body was oppressed, my mental faculties wildly danced in the freedom of supernatural vividness. I heard voices in conversation. One I recognized as that of my fellow-passenger, though more full and sweet, yet still subdued, than in the few words she had spoken to me. There were expressions of affection in a tone which she would not address to a stranger. They were made to some happy Charley. And my name is not Charles, but Arthur. The dimly-lighted car had faded away out of my vision, and instead I saw a cozy room. It was not, to be sure, much better lighted than the car; but everybody knows that when a third person is one too many, light is superfluous. Yet there was light enough for nimble fingers to be plied, near the lamp, if Charley would let them alone, and the pattern they were weaving was identical with that around my neighbor's neck. My own place in the room I could not fix. I seemed to be there, and yet not there. That I was not, was the evident presumption of Charley and Minnie. Minnie was what he called her. I need not say that she was a vision of maidenly beauty, such as I knew my traveling companion, restored and rejuvenated, would be.

There was no harm in what they said to each other, and none in their caresses. But I could readily understand that the words were not for other ears, or the acts for other eyes than their own. I tried to speak, but could not. I tried to hum, but it was of no use. I tried to move, but being in a state of double limbo, magnetic and materialistic (clothing-shop materials), that effort was fruitless. Under a consciousness of not very agreeable detention, I heard the old, old story, and witnessed, what no grown man needs to witness, the rehearsal of how a wooing may be wooed, and a maid (foregone conclusion) may be won. It is to be presumed when one has passed the years of adolescence and bread-and-butter experience has been gained in that direction. There is no more need of a second-hand repetition than there is of the stale scraps of an old feast.

The light in the room flashed up, and I heard a door slam, and a step, and the railway car and the room seemed mixed, and the conductor's regulation cap appeared to change to a woman's. But whether he were she, or she were he, I could not tell. Just then Minnie's voice said, as she lifted up her work, "See, mother, how fast I am getting along with my tatting!" Then I plainly discerned Minnie's mother, with a light in her hand. The railway official's form and face had vanished like a dissolving view, though it must have been he who slammed the door, conductor fashion. It was his step I heard, and his lantern which refreshed the light; and yet he had given way to Minnie's mother, whose face wore a half-suppressed frown. It fitted upon her like a customary habit. Charley looked red, and Minnie just a little abashed, and the old lady pointed significantly to the dial of the clock in the corner. It was a family piece, with a ship at the top, which moved with the pendulum, laboring forever, as if in a head-beat sea. I congratulated myself that Charley and Minnie had made better progress than that plunging ship, which pitched bows under at every even clock-tick, and lifted itself at every odd one. My fellow-passenger gave me a push, gentle but effectual. "I do believe we were both asleep," she said, "and I have had *such* a dream! Your heavy breathing" (anybody but a lady would have said *snoring*) "awakened me."

I did not tell her that I had been pitching with that ship; nor did I ask her to tell me her dream. Being *en rapport*, I knew all about it. As one often does when, fancying he is awake, he tries to recall his dreams, I fell off again, car and parlor getting intermixed till nothing was left of either of them.

I was at the sea-side. Charley and Minnie were on the pier. Where I stood I can not say; but nobody seemed to mind *me*. Minnie wore a tidy jacket (beg her pardon—corselet), which looked as my traveling companion's did when that old braid was new. Somehow that nautical clock came into the vision again; but the ship launched itself from the clock case into the sea, and Charley appeared on board, waving his hat, while Minnie, on shore, waved her handkerchief. Her mother led her away sobbing. The mother's crabbed style of consolation so angered me that I would have interfered if I could. But a smell of indigo seemed to stifle me, and I found my nose buried in that horrible bundle of blue jackets. Crash! went the ship against the pier, and there arose a horrid scream.

"All out for Wampum Station!" shouted the conductor. The crash, then, was the car-brakes, the scream was the steam-whistle.

"Wampum Station!" I cried. "Why, I was to get off at Battle-Axe."

"We passed that an hour ago," said the man, sharply.

"What am I to do, then?"

"Why, stay here for the next train down, I suppose," was the answer. "All out for Wampum!" he cried out again. My sewing-woman stopped at Wampum, and I helped her to alight. Landed on the platform with her bundle, she looked like Atlas distressed with the world to carry.

"When is the next train down?" I asked.

"In about three hours."

"And that means past midnight, and the railroad office light is out already. Where is the hotel?"

"Hotel at Wampum Station there is none. But if you will come home with me, mother, I am sure, will give you shelter."

"I do not like to intrude—"

"If it were your own act and intention, it would be an intrusion. But it is not. You can not stay out of doors in the cold and the snow; and I owe you something for your considerate politeness."

Politeness—well, there was something in that, as the numbness of my limbs, from the weight of the bundle, testified. And as to my respectful consideration, she must have meant my silence. So I continued considerate, took her parcel, and we trudged out into the night, she leading, and neither of us saying a word.

Ushered into the house, I was fairly taken all aback. There was the identical clock in the corner, and the same old ship laboring against a dead-beat sea. My fellow-passenger had turned on the stove draughts, the room warmed up, and I sat down in the chair she offered me. She had lighted a lamp with a neat paper spill, and gone for her mother. The pretty receiver which held the paper lighters would have caught my eye at any time. It was the center of a bouquet of tropical vegetable: snowy plumes and native autumn leaves and grasses—such a trifle as speaks the model woman and housekeeper. But the thing had a greater wonder for me. It was precisely like what I had seen in my—trance, shall I call it? I put my hands on my knees to find *that* bundle, and could hardly understand why it was not there still, for the weight was there; and I curiously associated it with all the articles in the room, as they came out, one by one, like aquaintances of a time gone by. I could even perceive that they were older than when I saw them before, or seemed to see them. In spite of care—or, perhaps, in consequence of it—they had gather the marks of age. They had been brushed and and rubbed into premature decay, though the effort was evident to keep them as they were forever.

I pinched my ear to ascertain whether I was in the body, and I stretched out my legs to the stove to make sure that awful bundle of dry-goods was not still cramping my limbs. Just then I saw it resting upright against the wall, where I myself had placed it. It was sailor's clothing, and seemed to take the shape of a man, with Charley's head on it. This was too much. I sprang to the spot, and discovered that on the wall above the parcel hung a life-sized photograph of the features of that very Charley whom I had seen in this room when I was dreaming in the railway car. "Fudge!" I snorted, and rubbed my eyes and thrashed my limbs, to work myself, if possible, out of my mystification.

It was not to be. I should not be awakened from my cloudiness so readily. The door opened, and my fellow-traveler returned, preceding her mother. And that mother was the mother whom I had already seen. She had the same dissatisfied look with which she disturbed the tete-a-tete of Charley and Minnie. But the lines in her face had deepened, and the discontent of time had palpably worked into her features. I could have counted the years in the indurated wrinkles which had stereotyped her frown since I saw her dismiss poor Charley from that room. You will observe that I speak of the railway experience as of an actual one of many years ago. I can not help it, and have no other mode of expressing the idea as it impressed my mind.

I bowed, in deprecation of all ill-humor, and turning to the daughter, said, "Minnie, I will go away on the next train. I—"

"Minnie, indeed!" the old lady broke in—"Minnie indeed! You have grown wonderfully familiar on a short acquaintance. My daughter told me that she had never seen you before, and I can not tell whether she has brought home a tramp, or a burglar, or a forger, or what."

Poor Minnie's face put on a look of wondering confusion. So, I suppose, did mine. The old lady continued:

"And, Mary, you must have become quite confidential in your ride, when this man—this *gentleman*—knows you by a pet name never heard out of this house."

It was a quandary, more for Minnie than for me, and yet sufficiently mysterious even to myself. Just then I heard a railway whistle. Eager to escape, I said, "There's my train, and I'll go at once."

"It is the eleven o'clock *up* train," said Minnie; and her mother's brow darkened, if possible, still more. "Your train down will not be here for an hour yet."

What more might have been said or done in the fog we were all in—Minnie even more perplexed than I, and the mother wrathful besides—will never be known. For there came a knock at the door, at which mother and daughter started and stared aghast. Only a birth or a death should cause a summons like that, at near midnight, in the village at Wampum Station. The knock being unanswered, there came a tap upon the window—a trembling, nervous tap. The mother reluctantly went to the door. Scarce had we heard her challenge, and the sound of the bolt withdrawn, when she came flying back, screaming in terror, and rushing as far as the narrow limits of the room would allow, her hands to her head, and her face in a corner. Following her, entered a stout good-looking sailor fellow, who stood for an instant by the roll of goods and the portrait, presenting to my confused eyes and my departing wits *two Charleys!*

An instant he stood—it was only an instant. Minnie threw herself upon the living Charley, who, nowise loath, seconded her hug with ardor. And I? Why, I naturally looked round to see what part the old woman took in this chapter of accidents. There she lay, dropped down in a confused tangle on the floor.

"Charley?" I said.

"You seem to have got my name and the number of my mess, shipmate," he answered, gruffly.

"Look there!" said I, and pointed to the mingled mass of woman and night shawls.

"Avast hugging for a bit, Minnie, while we uncoil your mother. She's like a bunch of foul hawse there in the corner."

And forthwith Charley took the old lady by the head and shoulders and straightened her out on the floor. I beckoned him away, and, with Minnie, chafed (I slapped) her hands, and bathed her temples with water. (Minnie bathed; I confessed that I doused.) As she opened her eyes at length, she stammered,

"Where—where is—where is the—The Ghost?"

But, not to multiply words, the old lady finally kissed Charley with her two lips and all her heart—which she did not do when I first saw her at that other distant time—and declaring that she was "clean tuckered out and done over," she tottered out of the room.

"There is my train now," I said, catching up my hat.

"Hold on there, and belay all!" said Charley. "You don't go yet."

"No," said Minnie, laying one hand on my arm, while she clung to Charley's waist with the other. "Wait till morning."

So I did. Meanwhile the mother, finding her wits in the kitchen, was soon joined by Minnie on hospitable thoughts intent. While the women were out I told Charley my story, with frequent interruptions of Minnie's face at the door, and now and then a rush in to seize the supposititious ghost round the neck, and to be sure of his existance in the flesh.

The reader knows all I could tell Charley, and what he told me will bear compression. They had been married, Minnie and he, seven years. From his first voyage, after his marriage, he returned in safety. On his second his vessel was lost, and he had this night on that "up train" brought the earliest tidings of his survival. Sorrow and poverty are twin sisters. Heart-sick with hope deferred, Minnie had been put to the sad straits in which I met her.

A cup of hot coffee somewhat restored my mental poise; and a tough doughnut convinced me, not in spite of my teeth, but by the aid of my molars and incisors, that I was possessed of my normal strength. I did not again that night dream one note of a dream. Perhaps that was because it takes two to dream such a dream as this. The morning sun awakened me at its earliest convenience—not so very early on a December day. When I came down to breakfast a little voice piped out:

"Mamma! grandma! here comes another papa!"

We all tried to compare notes. But the impalpable affords no positive basis of comparison. I commenced, very oracularly, at last—having read about odic forces, and subtle sympathies, and spiritual cognitions, and unconscious cerebrations, and mental physiology, and phonographs, and all that sort of thing—I commenced to say, "The solution of all this—"

"Oh! bother the solution!" said Charley. So said they all. And so say I. You have the story of *that faded braid*, and may make the most of it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Hay-making.

As the season of hay-making approaches, one of the prominent questions which arise is the best time to cut the grass. This question should be decided according to the best interest of each individual farmer. Some varieties of grass will bear earlier and more frequent cutting than others, and seem to do all the better, in a series of years. Grasses like timothy, which renews itself by annual formation of bulbs, for the best results of several seasons, must be allowed to complete maturity and perfect seed. Cutting down the stems before the plant has come to maturity shortens the life of the plant, as the bulbs require a certain amount of nutriment to be returned from the stalk and leaves, and this is always done after maturity—never before. The point indicating completion of nutrition is indicated by dryness of the stem near the crown of the bulb. When these indications appear the seeds are fully developed, and ripen fully as the ripening of the stem ascends. After this first appearance cutting ceases to injure, for the bulbs have received all necessary nutriment for the renewal and prolongation of the plant. If the grass be cut before thus matured nutrition is arrested, proper growth ceases, and an effort to repair injury by sending out small bulbs which produce only weak and unhealthy stalks, and the plant ultimately succumbs from drought, cold, or other natural cause.

Timothy left to take its natural course remains fresh and green during winter, but this green portion should never be severed by any close cutting or grazing, or the life of the plant is sacrificed. Most kinds of grasses are not injured so easily, and may be cut at an earlier stage without injury to the plants. Grass cut when in full bloom makes as good hay for feeding and fattening purposes as at any stage, according to my observation, if we except timothy; that I have found most fattening when cut after the maturity of the seed. The proper curing and saving of hay is of as much importance as the time of cutting, for unless properly done it matters little at what stage the grass is cut after the seed stem shoots. For my part I am in favor of saving and storing hay in tight barns in as green a state as is possible, to save it and not have it blacken by heating. To do this, little of the hot, burning sun rays should be allowed on it when spread after cutting. It will surprise many old-style farmers how green hay may be put in the mow, in a tight barn, when cut while the grass is not wet, and thus cured.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—The editor of the Santa Rosa (Cal.) *Republican* is provoked at a telegraphic account of a forest monarch 315 years old being cut down to make lumber, and says: "We know of one tract of 440 acres of redwood and other timber on Russian River, almost the last compact body of it there, that the saw mills won't get leave to touch while the writer is above ground. Talk about 315 years! There are redwood trees there 45 feet in circumference and 300 feet high that were (by all evidence) large trees 2,000 years ago.

Our Young Folks.

I WISH I WAS A GROWN-UP.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
And nobody could say:
"No, no, you can't do so-and-so,"
Or, "If you're good, you may."
If grown-ups waited to be good
Before they had their fun,
A great deal that is going on,
I guess, would not be done.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
Then I'd play with bigger boys,
And spend a hundred dollars
For nothing else but toys.
I'd give the fellows all a boat,
A knife and kite and ball;
I'd sit up late, and sometimes
Wouldn't go to bed at all.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
I'd wear my very best,
With long gold chain a-dangling
Across my stiff white vest;
With big top-boots so heavy
I could wade out anywhere;
With a gold watch in my pocket,
And a close shave on my hair.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
As tall as my papa,
I'd have a pistol and a cane,
And marry Maggie Carr.
I'd have a party every night—
How jolly it would seem!
I'd have a house of citron cake,
And a lawn of lemon cream.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
I'd have a stunning yacht;
And eat at the first table
While the beefsteak was hot;
I'd go right in the parlor,
No matter who was there;
I'd have a span of horses,
And keep a dancing bear!

But, then, I ain't a grown-up,
I'm a boy that has to mind,
With a little blue-checked apron,
That buttons up behind;
And the women come and kiss me,
And call me "little dear;"
And I shan't be a grown-up
In many a long year.

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.*

A WORD TO SCHOOL-BOYS.

Whenever I meet a party of you on your way to school, I am strongly tempted to stop and have a little chat with you. Possibly you might call what I would say very much like preaching. Well, it might start earnest thoughts, and we are apt to call words which do that preaching. I wonder, boys, if you realize what it costs to get an education. Have you ever heard how much your own city or town annually devotes to the schools. Have you ever considered how much your parents must expend to keep you clothed and in school for ten or twelve years? How much parents often deny themselves, how many pleasures and luxuries, that the boys may have a good high-school education, and then, perhaps, go to college. Then how much labor you yourself must give, how many years of labor it costs you to obtain even an ordinary education to fit you for a business life, and if you study for a profession there must be three or four years more of hard work.

So you see it costs a great deal in money, and in that which is of more value than money—in time, self-denial and close application to acquire an education; but let me tell you a secret. It costs much more not to have one! For without it how helpless you are; all your life long you will have to be paying others for the use of their brains, and are at a disadvantage at every turn in life. If you have capital and go into business, you must pay a high-priced man for doing much which you ought to be capable of doing, and even then you are in a measure in the power of another. If you are so unfortunate as to have a dishonest book-keeper or cashier, he may swindle you out of half your profits, and you will never be able to discover it.

I remember years ago a janitor employed in our school building who could neither read nor write. He frequently hired the boys to add up a bill for him, or write a letter, and they invariably charged him ten or fifteen cents for their service. It was not very large-hearted for the boys to ask payment for such a small service; but that is not the point I want to make. The ignorant man had to pay for the use of a little learning, and you will find it the same the world over: all business men will tell you that knowledge and judgment are hired only at a great expense. In any profession or trade you will find (other things being equal) the man of the best education has the advantage.

And lastly, the lack of knowledge will cost you the society of cultivated people, for of course you cannot associate with the educated if you are ignorant; they would not enjoy your society, nor you theirs. Ignorance will cost you much mortification and many regrets for lost opportunities, so when you grow disheartened that you are giving up so much for your education, remember it will cost you much more not to have one.

If you will carefully observe men you will find that most of them have an ambition; by that I mean a fixed determination to possess something, or to succeed in some undertaking. One man longs to become learned, and will spend his days and nights in study, giving up many pleasures that he may have more time to spend over his beloved books. Another wants to be famous as an explorer, so he turns away from all the comforts of a quiet home, and wanders over strange countries, suffering untold discomforts that he may become noted as a traveler or discoverer. Another has set his heart upon riches, and toiling early and late turns his heart and mind from much that is ennobling, becoming old and worn in his pursuit for gold.

Now, do these win the object for which they are striving? Invariably, if they are persistent in their efforts; there are few things within the bounds of possibility that you cannot possess if you patiently and perseveringly work for them. Then how important is it that your ambition should be a noble one. Have you ever asked yourself the question, "What is my aim in life?" Probably you will say that you are now too young and inexperienced to determine what trade or calling you will follow. That is true, but if you are old enough to be in school you can understand that you may work for some object, and this should be clearly defined. You want to get the most thorough education possible. Your advantages may be limited, or may be very good; in either case you want to make the most of them. Having set your heart on this, do not look far ahead and expect to accomplish great things when you take up advanced studies. Do not expect algebra and geometry to make you accomplished mathematicians unless you have first conquered arithmetic. Remember the duty which is of first importance is the one which lies nearest.

Do you remember the legend of the man in pursuit of the four-leaf clover? When a boy he was told that if he could find a four-leaf clover it would be to him a talisman of good fortune, and with it in his possession success in any undertaking was sure; so early in life he started out to search for this little token of good. He left his home and friends to wander alone in this pursuit, traveling across continents and oceans in his search, but all in vain. At last, a disappointed and worn-out old man, he returned to the old homestead to die; and as he tottered up the familiar pathway, lo! close beside the doorstep grew a four-leaf clover. It may be that your assurance of success lies hidden between the leaves of the despised speller; it surely is somewhere among your school books.—*Golden Rule.*

Work and Play.

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and if possible, the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write; and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railroad presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment quickly, doing a thing, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.—*Scholar's Companion.*

Insects Killing Insects.

It is often found that human interference with the arrangements of animal life does more harm than benefit. Many a time the destruction of birds as the supposed foes of the farmer has left the ground free for the worse devastations of unchecked insect life. In a recent article, commenting on some of Sir John Lubbock's entomological observations, the writer says:

"While men have been devising scientific schemes for the amelioration of insect plagues, and fondly imagining that upon ourselves has rested the burden of keeping the animal world within proper limits, the insects themselves have taken the matter in hand and been actively carrying into effect the plans and suggestions which, if left to us, would never have got beyond the preliminary stages of consideration. In the orchard the fruit farmer watches with lamentation the depredation of the wasps among his plums, and his children come crying to him with the tale of their sufferings, how they picked up a fallen pear and were stung by the wasp inside. Yet all this time, so naturalists tell us, there are wasps that sting wasps and hornets that lie in wait among the tempting fruit to carry off or decapitate the smaller depredators. In the hot summer days flies annoy us, but it is a comfort to know that whenever they sit down on bushes their enemies are on the watch for them; that not only spiders catch and eat them, but winged things of their own kind devour them readily. The cockroach is an abomination in a kitchen, but if he ventures to walk abroad the *Pompilus* takes him by the nose, and, having stung him senseless, drags him away to some convenient chink that serves it for a larder. The spiders that creep about where they have no business to be, and spin threads across pathways, so as to catch the faces of passers-by, are constantly beset by fly foes, who treat them with a delightful contempt, using their fat, round bodies to lay their eggs in, and even storing them up like apples to feed the young flies when they are hatched. The caterpillars that destroy our vegetables and work havoc in the flower garden are not the irresponsible tyrants that they seem, for they go in mortal terror of their lives all day long, not only from other caterpillars that eat them, but from a number of winged creatures that take a truculent delight in their tender bodies. The beetle which we call a cockchafer, and which in France does almost incredible damage, has another beetle told off to it, whose only duty is to hunt and kill it. The wheat-fly, snug though it thinks itself tucked up inside the husks of the grain, is found out by a special fly whose whole work in life is to lay its eggs in the other's body; and even the gall-flies inside their secret chambers, the clover-fly hidden in the little flower, and the wireworm under ground, are each of them the particular objects of pursuit and slaughter to appointed insects. To this complete chain of crime and punishment man can add nothing, but he can at any rate take the broad hint which the insects give him, and assist them to indulge their beneficial appetites."

—The old Childs house at Norwich Town, (Conn.), has not been tenanted for many years. It was decided the other day to smoke out the myriads of swallows that year after year had found lodging in the wide-mouthed chimney. Straw was procured, placed in the fire-place and lighted. As the smoke went billowing up, the swallows came down by the dozens and hundreds. Not less than four or five hundred were killed.

—At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber's shop is looking for a short cut.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

If human hopes or human prayers can save his life, the President will recover.—*Boston Post.*

When told that the Archbishop of Baltimore had directed that the clergy shall offer prayer during mass for his recovery, President Garfield exclaimed, "Bless the good-will of the people."

The condition of the President at the time of going to press is such as to warrant the greatest confidence in his recovery. No unfavorable symptons have manifested themselves, nor is there any immediate ground for anticipating any. He sleeps well, eats well, is cheerful, confident of the result, and has faith in the ability of his physicians to meet successfully the points in the case.

Hon. Henry Stockbridge, chairman Republican State committee, has stated to a Baltimore *News* correspondent that he will call the State committee together in September so that the State convention can be held later in that month or in October.

The leading candidate for the Comptrollership nomination appears to be Hon. Wm. J. Jones, of Cecil county, although others are mentioned in that connection.

The Somerset *Herald*—a Democratic paper, for they don't have any other kind in that country—says: "Mr. Keating has been Comptroller since 1877, and a majority of the voters of Maryland think he has held the office quite too long already, notwithstanding his nomination. He enters the campaign with a strong feeling against him;" and if it is possible to get a fair registration in the State, the prospect is that he will be elected to stay at home.

In conversation a few days ago Gov. Hamilton said "The Ring managers of the Democratic party in Maryland are a set of infamous political scoudrels, but I do not intend to stand quietly by and allow them to steal the whole State if I can prevent it. The reason the Republican party holds together and continues so strong in this country, is because they indict and punish the rascals whom they find in their ranks, whilst the Democrats condone the corrupt villians, and continue to exalt them, simply because they are Democrats." This is strong but truthful language for a man who has always been a consistent Democrat and who can prove the truth of what he says. To vote the Democratic ticket this fall means to vote to sustain these "infamous political scoundrels" in power. Let us see what the voters will do about it.—*Frederick Examiner.*

One of the most magnificent and at the same time delicate manifestations of the anxiety of the American people to do all that can aid in the recovery of President Garfield, was that made by the New York Chamber of Commerce at its meeting on the 7th inst. Such acts give wealth a lustre, which it cannot obtain when employed merely as a means of erecting palatial mansions or of living in aristocratic luxury.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted, setting forth their unspeakable grief and indignation at the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and that they were deeply moved by the Christian heroism with which he had met this appalling calamity, that has alarmed the whole country, and compared with which political contention and personal interest have sunk into insignificance, tendering to the President their heart felt congratulations on his having survived the perils that surrounded him, and offering to his heroic wife, aged mother, and his children their deepest sympathy.

It was then announced to the members present that a number of gentlemen had determined to raise $250,000, which is to be invested in United States bonds and deposited with the United States Trust Company, and the income therefrom to be paid to Mrs. Garfield during her life, and at her death, equally divided among her children, in appreciation of the noble character of the President.

Keating for Comptroller.

"Now that Mr. Keating has been nominated for Comptroller, can it be possible, says the Frederick *Examiner*, that the honest taxpayers will vote for him, whether Democratic or not, after the terrible arraignment to which he was subjected by the protest of the large and respectable body of independent Democrats, which was submitted to the same convention which gave him his nomination. This arraignment and indictment was prepared by the members of his own party, through the assistance of the Governor of the State, who has access to all the necessary sources of evidence to establish the truth of the charges. It was presented by men claiming to be Democrats and yet who demand that the voice of the popular will shall not longer be suppressed by the cruel and corrupt domination of the Ring. They protest against the nomination and election to an office of so great importance and responsibility—one in which the people's money has heretofore been so corruptly squandered—of any man, simply because he is the servile creature of the Bosses, although he is known to have been recreant to the trust already reposed in him and has without warrant or authority of law, used the people's money for purposes entirely foreign to those for which it was collected from them as taxes.

"This man was elected two years ago upon a "Reform" platform and during a campaign in which the most splendid promises were made of retrenchment, and the purification of the State government. He has been tried upon those promises, and now his own party declares that he has been unfaithful to his trust, that he has forfeited the public confidence, and has committed the grossest and most outrageous frauds upon those who gave him so recently their support at the polls. Two years ago, as now, the vital question in the campaign was the overthrow of the Canal Ring and a termination of their miserable tyrannical policy of rule and ruin. Upon that issue, which has proven to have been utterly ficticious, Mr. Keating was elected with the balance of the Democratic ticket. No sooner had he entered the office than he commenced a nefarious career of bargain and sale with those Bosses whom the people had endeavored to repudiate by the election of a Reform Governor.

"As a member of the Board of Public Works, he was the willing slave of the President of the Canal, and instead of protecting the people against the Ring, he gave his vote and influence to continue in the Ring the control of the entire financial department of the State, the tax and insurance departments, the public works, including the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the grand old oyster navy.

"These with all their power and patronage constitute the foundation upon which is maintained one of the most corrupt Rings ever known in the history of any State. Could the dark doings of this powerful conclave be exposed to the light of day, the honest voter would stand aghast at the audacious and unscrupulous manner in which the people have been plundered of their money, which should have been appropriated to pay the public debt, and the reduction of their taxes. And yet this is the man whom the honest, liberty-loving people of Maryland are asked to place again in a position where he will continue to assist these whining hypocrites, to carry out their nefarious schemes. This is the man who is nominated by the machine politicians with a great flourish of trumpets, and whom the subsidized organs of his masters call a faithful public servant. This time there can be no excuse for blindness, the experience of the past few years have been sufficient to open the eyes of all who are willing to see, and now it is to be hoped that the people will combine to treat this man to an overwhelming and ignominious defeat at the polls.

"Let this be the first great step toward the overthrow of the Bosses and grand and beneficial results will speedily follow."

Lincoln and Garfield.

The following remarkable artice on Lincoln and Garfield, is taken from the New York *Post*, and comes from the fullness of information and the striking faculty of analysis and description of Carl Schurz:

"The effect on the public mind of the attack on President Garfield differs in kind from that produced by the attack on President Lincoln in that the shot fired at Lincoln was regarded as the last shot of the civil war. The land was still covered with camps and smoking ruin and newly-made graves. Men's pulses were still throbbing with the hates, and fears, and hopes, and sorrows of the struggle through which the country had just passed. Even the most sanguine of the victors was still not sure that peace had really come. So that though there was something wonderfully pathetic in Lincoln's career, in its close as well as in its progress, his death was not received in pure sorrow. There was rage as well as grief in the mourning round his grave, and none who mourned him could forget for a moment in 1865 that a very large proportion of the population of the South regarded him as the author of immense National calamities, and as the champion and representative of an unjust cause.

The sympathy and sorrow which the attack on President Garfield has aroused has, however, no taste of bitterness or discord in it. He has fallen under the assassin's bullet in a time of profound peace, of general prosperity, and of unequaled hopefulness. His title was disputed by no man, and to no citizen in any part of the Union did he represent anything but order and legality, and social and political harmony. He was, in fact, on Saturday morning July 2d, the Chief officer of the happiest and most cheerful nation on the globe, the nation which looks into the future with least fear or misgiving, which to all outward appearance has least to dread either from foreign aggression or domestic treason. In this he is happier than Lincoln, though much less happy in the record of accomplished work. When Lincoln died he had successfully borne the burden of the most conspicuous, the most responsible, and, in many ways, the most trying office ever filled by man, at least in modern times. For it must be remembered that failure and shortcomings are easily forgiven to him who attempts great things with scanty resources. If Washington had failed, the world would have simply wondered that with such troops and such a treasury he should ever have expected to succeed. But Lincoln was the master of one of the largest armies and some of the best rank and file the world has seen since Cromwell drove the king off the field at Naseby, and he was able to spend in four years the sum which other nations have used to meet the cost of two centuries of war, and he had at his back an enthusiasm whose depths were never fathomed. To wield such weapons was to undertake an immense accountability. To wield them so that when all was over the civilized world cried, "Well done!" was to achieve a wonderful fame.

"No such opportunity came in General Garfield's way; none such will come in any man's way, probably, for centuries to come. But in the slow and steady fight with adverse circumstances through which he rose to prominence in public life there was the same picturesque and pathetic interest which has made Lincoln's life one of the most popular of modern tales. He started in just as humble a position, with prospects in no way better, and he got out of life everything that life in this country gives to steady toil and endeavor, except wealth. He made himself, too, far more accomplished and better equipped, as far as intellectual cultivation goes, than Lincoln ever was. The duties of the Presidency had nothing to teach him. He had achieved at forty-eight a long and wide experience of civil affairs, and had served with distinction in the field.

He was emphatically a self-made man, and he had kept himself completely free from the greatest defect of the self-made man, the notion that his own personal experience is more valuable than that of the rest of the human race, and what he does not know is not worth knowing. The rise of a self-made man in American life, too, is not a hardning process, as it is in many other countries. He encounters very little of the embittering indifference to patient merit, of the insolence of office, and of the hindering malice and envy through which the ambitious youth, who seeks eminence from humble beginnings, has to fight his way in the old world. On the contrary, at nearly every mile of the road he finds a helping hand and an encouraging world. This sweetens rather than sours the temper, and if it has and injurious effect at all, it lies in making an easy temper too easy, any increasing the difficulty which probably every high officer finds the greatest difficulty in the successful discharge of executive duties in a Democratic country—the difficulty of saying No. General Garfields fault as an executive officer, and most of his troubles, have arisen out of this shrinking from refusal. But it is the fault of a man to whom the world has been kind and helpful, to whom friends came easily, whom every one likes and who sees life on that large scale, without which, as has been well said, it is not possible to be either hopeful or happy."

Jeff Davis and Andersonville.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, whose undisturbed enjoyment of the blessings of life and the adulation of his dupes for the past 16 years, is a monument to the generous mercy of American people, reiterates in his book his old sneer at the genuineness of the sufferings at Andersonville. It is natural that he should do so. He is aware, though he does not admit it, that he will pass into history as the most ruthless destroyer of the human race of this century. Napoleon bears no comparison to him in this respect, because the Conqueror of Europe never shed blood or evoked wholesale human misery without political reasons that seemed to him sufficient to justify the means employed to gain the end. But the verdict of history on Mr. Davis will be that he was capable of and did cause the slaughter of countless hecatombs of men, and scattered ruin over a smiting land, for no higher object than the gratification of his own personal feelings. He unblushingly confesses so much in his abuse of his Generals for not protracting the war long after it was apparent to every one that such a struggle was utterly hopeless, and that to continue it was simply to causelessly murder that many more gallant men. And Mr. Davis also knew, quite as well as any one else, that if Lee and Jackson had postponed their surrender 30 days it would have prevented crops being planted over the whole South, and 11 millions of people would have been visited with all the horrors of such ghastly famine as usually attends so great and destructive a war as the Rebellion was. This illustrates how little Mr. Davis cared for human misery, when his piques and prejudices were concerned.

As regards the genuineness of the horrors of Andersonville, we have only these facts to present, which seems to preclude the necessity of any argument on the matter:

Andersonville really began about the middle of May, 1864. This was when the prisoners captured after the beginning of the operations of the campaign of 1864 began to arrive in large numbers. The prison really ended about the middle of September, when the bulk of the prisoners were removed to other prisons. In these terrible four months about 12000 men died. These men were not weaklings from the hospital; they were not even the usual class of men gathered at a recruiting rendezvous. They were the hardy veterans, seasoned by years of service, and from whom all the feeble and ailing had been rigorously weeded out by field service. We all know the wonderful tenacity with which these men clung to life; they had a stock of vitality which it seemed impossible to destroy. They were unquestionably the most difficult to kill of any men on earth. Yet for all this in four months from the time of their entry into prison over 12,000 of them were dead. Two out of every three did not last so long as four months. These are figures taken from the Rebel records and which even Mr. Davis cannot dispute. When these facts are admitted the case is made out. It is unnecessary to detail the pangs, or the hardships which brought about this terrible mortality. We know that they must have been more terrible than the imagination of man can conceive of to produce such awful results in so short a time. We know that nothing but the most awful sufferings could have rent the bodies and souls in twain of those active, vigorous, high-spirited young men; we know that not one of them died until he had waged a gallant, even desperate resistance, with the grim destroyer.

Against this knowledge all Davis's sneers, all the strenuous denials of all the accomplices in that stupendous crime will avail nothing, and Andersonville must go into history as the foulest blot upon the civilization of 19th the century.—*Toledo Blade.*

Henry Watterson on the Assassination.

The bloody work of Saturday is without a parallel in point of unexpectedness, and seems to verify the French saying that it is the impossible which always happens.

A people's President, the kindliest and simplest of human beings—but four months in office and for the most part immured in the sick-room of his wife—two amiable and charming types of our system, our civilization and our race—two gentle and pleasing illustrations of what an honest, aspiring boyhood and girlhood, going hand-in-hand, may achieve from the humblest beginnings in this land of ours—separated for a few days—are about to meet for a little holiday; good, Christian people, their hearts full of thanks to God for sparing the life of the weaker; plain, unpretending offsprings and representatives of the people, and no crowns, nor uniforms, nor escortage—a sweet July morning, and the children peeping overwistfully into his coming fourth—presto! a flash, a bullet, a flash, another bullet—and, with peace and plenty all around about, and not a private enemy in the world, and not an act or a word to wrong or injure any living thing—this happy-hearted man—girdled by that sovereignty only which doth hedge an honest citizen—is shot down like a dog or a Czar! And the wires carry the dreadful word to the eager, expectant woman, who shall hurry forward, feeling in her anguish and in spite of her courage, how cruel, how miserable it is to be great! Nor is this all; for it does not include the children, nor yet the gray-haired old mother, far away, who is kindly kept ignorant that her forebodings have come true. Indeed may you be appalled, Mr. Secretary of State, for it might have been you! And, alack, I say, Mr. Secretary of War, you may well look on with eyes that are prematurely sad, for you alone, of our public men, know what this is.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The trustees of the Lancaster City Home for Founding Children have donated two acres of land for the founding of the House of Refuge, in accordance with the will of the late Thaddeus Stevens, who left the sum of $50,000 for that purpose.

The Sympathy for Garfield in the South.

The Boston *Herald* says editorially: "A gratifying feature of the expressions of popular feeling over the assault upon the President's life has been the swift and manifestly heartfelt sympathy with General Garfield and his family evoked at the South. Public meetings quickly assembled to express the citizens' horror at the crime, and to voice their sorrow and their hope. Municipal officers telegraphed in the name of their cities, and the Southern press speaks with characteristic chivalry and warmth. Of course it was not expected that any respectable opinion at the South would have the slightest sympathy with assassination as a political weapon, or have any other feeling than horror at a murderous blow struck at a Republican President. But the universality and spontaneity of right feeling in that section show what progress the spirit of nationalism has made there. It is their President who has been stricken down—their government that has received a shock. Charleston speaks through her mayor with a promtness and felicity of phrase that show how deeply buried are all the enmities of the war time. The voice of nature and the spirit of patriotism again show the nation to be one. Around the couch of the suffering President all are Americans and brethren."

Speaking of the President, Col. Corbin says: "I think that a very important factor in this case is the fine physical condition of the President. He is very uniformly and well developed, and it is a matter of pride with him to keep himself in fine form. He is a very companionable man with his children. On the morning of the shooting, as the family were getting up, the second son, Harry who is somewhat of an athlete, came into his father's room while he was yet partially undressed, and, with a run, placed his hand on the middle of the bed and made a handspring over it. Turning to his father he said: 'Would you not like to be able to do that?' 'Oh, I guess I could if I tried,' the President replied in a pleasant way, and after a bit of bantering back and forth between father and son, the President himself did the feat as neatly as his son had done it. This was the very bed to which he was brought back in a few hours wounded in a way that would kill any ordinary man."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Germany proposes a treaty between Italy, Austria and Germany for the protection of singing birds.

Philadelphia and New York are connected by more telegraph wires than any other two cities in the world, the number being 110

A Georgia editor says: "Gold is found in thirty-three counties in this state, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

A Frenchman who recently did the almost unheard-of thing of killing his antagonist in a duel, has been compelled to pay the family of his antagonist one hundred thousand dollars. If such a penalty could be enforced down South, the days of the duello would be numbered.

Silas M. Waite, now serving a term of imprisonment for roguery in connection with the Brattleboro' Bank, of which he was president, actually contributed $100,000 of his own money for dividends to the stockholders after the concern was bankrupt. In this way and by perjured returns he kept the bank in existence. His motive for doing so is not clear, but he is about to sue the stockholders for a return of this dividend money.

The New York *Evening Post* hopes that "future vice Presidents, mindful of the terrible catastrophe of these days, will carefully abstain from all active participation in party politics as soon as they enter upon an office from which the death or disability of the President will open to them the way to the first place in the government."

A San Francisco woman refused to accept a portrait which an artist had painted for her, on the ground that it did not do her justice. For revenge he heightened the bad points by retouching, so that the picture became a caricature, though remaining a likeness. The work was then put on exhibition in a store window on a principal street. A suit for damages is to be brought by the woman.

Dr. Henry Draper, the astronomer, though not able to confirm the statement made by Professors Stone and Wilson, that they had seen the comet separate in two, forming a double comet, says it is by no means improbable. Such separations have been known before, and the discovery now would occasion no surprise. Dr. Draper has been engaged in experiments with the spectroscope to determine the existence or non-existence of carbon in the comet.

A new system of smuggling has recently been discovered on the Canadian border. A number of women have been in the habit of carrying children across the line and wheeling them back in carriages purchased on the Canadian side, which are thus brought over without the payment of duty.

The whole of the stock of the Charleston Manufacturing Company, being half a million of dollars, has been subscribed and the books closed. More than three-fifths of the whole stock are held in Charleston, and the prospects for a profitable investment are cheering. Since the purchase of the site for the building the property in its vicinity has increased in value.

There is in Bethlehem, Pa., a young lady who has lost her health by hard labor for the Moravian Church, and has been for years unable to leave her room. The church has expressed its gratitude for her labors by putting up a telephone from the pulpit to her bedside, a distance of three squares, and now the helpless invalid can hear the services with as much distinctness and pleasure as if in the house of God.

The Potter Press Company have a mill at plainfield, New Jersey, which is always idle on Saturdays, the owners being Seventh-day Baptists. During the rest of the week, including Sundays, the mill is in operation night and day, being lit by electric lights at night. There are two sets of hands, for day and night, and those who object to working on Sundays are allowed to work eleven hours a day, so as to make up for their enforced idleness on Saturdays. The workmen are all paid by the hour.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* suggests a plan for accurately determining the location of the ball in President Garfield's body. It is to take Guiteau, place him in the same relative position, and with the same weapon cause a ball to strike him in the same place; then, by means of vivisection, find its place in Guiteau. The writer volunteers to do the shooting himself.

Charley Lee, a boy seven years old, the son of John Lee, of Bayonne City, N. J., was accidently shot in the head on Sunday morning by a man who was cleaning his pistol. The ball entered about an inch above the right eye, and passed clean through the brain and bedded itself in the occipital bone. The child was still alive on Saturday, had recovered consciousness, talked intelligently, complained of no pain and showed indications of speedy recovery. The case is attracting wide attention among physicians.

At a Fourth of July picnic in Louisiana the game of throwing rubber balls at the head of a negro as it was thrust through a hole in a canvas, attracted attention through the wonderful dodging of the living target. Nobody had yet hit him, and he had grown over-confident, when a drunken fellow offered five dollars for five throws with a stone. The bargain was made, and the crowd eagerly watched the dangerous sport. Three times the negro dodged the missile, but on the fourth it hit him squarely in the forehead, fracturing his skull.

The house in which Chief Justice John Marshall was married in Richmond, Va., is still standing. It is an old-fashioned story and-a-half house, with a Dutch roof, and stands next to St. James Episcopal Church. It is probably the oldest structure in that section of the city. His tomb in Shockoe Hill Cemetery consists of a marble slab, held by four upright columns. Upon the slab is the simple inscription of the age and time of death of one of the most distinguished men that Virginia has given birth to. He died on the 4th of June, 1835, forty-six years ago.

The wife of John Platte, a moulder of Louisville, Ky., on April 2d last was discovered sitting in a chair unconscious, with the side of her face resting against a hot stove. All the flesh on the left side of her face, the ear and the scalp to the top of her head was cooked into a crisp and was ready at the least touch to drop off. She remained unconscious until the next day, when she rallied, but was delirious for nearly a week. In two or three weeks all the burned flesh became loose from the bones, and was taken off, and she complained of but little pain. She was attacked with erysipelas, and her death was considered a foregone conclusion; but, strange to say, she rallied and was able to move around the house. The process of decay went on until the jaw and cheek bones and the skull on that side of the head were laid bare. After the flesh was removed the dry bones of the jaw, cheek and side of the head appeared as if they had been scraped. The injury destroyed the jugular vein, yet the woman announces her determination to recover, and it really appears as if her indomitable will may carry her through. The wound presents a most ghastly sight and how any one can live under the circumstances is a mystery.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Miss Maggie Peddicord is visiting friends in Westernport.

—A valuable cow belonging to Mr. John Rinehart, of Oakland, died last week.

—Mr. Robert Garrett has rented H. P. Tasker's handsome residence for the season.

—Wm. Moody, Esq., of the Baltimore Custom House called on us Thursday of last week.

—Rev. B. Ison has been on a visit, to New York, Port Chester, Philadelphia and Ocean Grove.

—The rains of the last fews days have been of great benefit, but have not cooled the weather, which still remains very hot.

—The Memorial Church is being thoroughly repaired and painted. The work is being done by the B. & O. R. R. Company.

—Miss Mollie Peddicord, who had been visiting relatives and friends in Baltimore and Howard counties, returned home last week.

—Rev. J. M. Davis and wife of Oakland have been visiting relatives and friends in Somerset county, Pa.

—Mr. W. A. Peddicord and wife, of Howard county, and Mrs. and Miss Morling of Baltimore county, are visiting at Mr. Th. J. Peddicord's.

—The passenger trains on the George's Creek and Cumberland railroad between Cumberland and Lonaconing began runing Monday.

—The hotels and boarding houses in Oakland are about all full, and many of them have been compelled to turn away many applicants.

—Visitors at Hazlewood Cottage since our last report: Mrs. Charles A. Elliott and family, Miss Lizzie Elliott, and Master George Dutraw, Washington D. C.

—The heat here for the past ten days has been very oppressive to the natives, the extreme being 86° in the shade. The nights, however, are cool and pleasant.

—Mr. Anthony Shaffer employed on the B. & O. R. R., had his foot severely cut and bruised Saturday last, by being caught between two railroad bars.

—The proceedings of the Mt Zion and Immanuel Sunday School celebrations were received too late for publication this week. They will appear in our next issue.

—Dr. J. Daily, resident Deutist of Westernport, Md., will visit Oakland on Monday July 25th, and remain *one week only*. Persons desiring work done will please call early. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

—Amoung late arrivals at Oakland we note the following: Mrs. W. T. Sherman and daughter and Miss Blaine, Mrs. Genl. Crook, Mr. M. Boaman and daughters Mollie and Fannie, Col. H. J. Johnson, of the Cumberland *News*, and Mr. Parker Walter, of the Pittsburgh *Post*.

—Married, June 31st 1881, at Piedmont, W. Va., by Rev. M. M. Davis, Mr. E. W. Moore, of Westernport, and Miss Annie Wilburn, of this county. Westernport is the gainer and Deep Creek the looser, as we very much miss Miss W. in all phases of society, and especially in the Sunday School. She leaves warm friends here who commend here to the friendship of the good people among whom her lot is now cast. May prosperity and happiness attend them.

BERT.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 13:

Sarah Friend and husband to Elijah M. Friend, lot No. 3281 and part of lots Nos. 3280 and 3282, and part of the tract "Salem;" $1000.

S. S. Durst, to C. U. Heilman, 109 acres of land; $1

John Matthews, to James R. Bishop, 12 acres of land; $170.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of June:

Wm. H. Maon and Savilla Trent.

Louis Sperline and Mary E. Hostettler.

Philip Wolf and Ann Sophia Massey.

William W. Harvey and Rosa E. Brady.

Edward M. Liston and Jennie A. Miller.

Singleton T. McCroble and Mary Hoopjoe.

Demus Spiker and Mary Skiles.

Geo. W. Garlitz and Mary Newman.

Jesse Frazee and Sarah Hileman.

Lyman H. Frazee and Mary Bach.

Official Timber.

Amoung the names prominently mentioned for positions on the Republican ticket this fall in Garrett county, are the following: For the State Senate, Hon. H. Wheeler Combs, Hon. Geo. W. Wilson, and Dr. E. H. Glotfelty; for House of Delegates, Messrs. William Frost, S. J. Beachy, Isaiah Boucher, Geo. L. Michael, and William Schell; for Sheriff, R. B. White, W. S. Pew, and W. M. Coddington; for county Commissioners, Melchoir Weller, Eli McMillen, S. J. Beachy, M. Nathan Eli Merrill, Joseph Inskeep, E. Klizmiller, John G. Knauer, George E. Biskoff, J. E. Otto, and Louis Nydegger, and for Surveyor John Harned.

The Butler Testimonial.

The entertainment given at Offutt's Music Hall, Thursday evening of last week, for the benefit of the widow and orphans of the late Marshall Butler, who was killed at the Offutt mill explosion several weeks since, was a great success. The large hall was filled with a very large and appreciative audience. Col. Wood, Manager of the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels, kindly allowed the hotel band to furnish the music, which added much to the entertainment. The success met with was largely due to the energy and perseverence of Capt. E. H. Wardwell.

Following is the programme, which was well rendered:

PART I.

Overture, "Comedy,".....Keler Bela.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER,

(Comedy by Blanche.)

Captain Amersfort.....Mr. F. A. Thayer.
Swyzel.....Mr. H. A. Ison.
Peter Spyke.....Mr. E. H. Wardwell.
Delve.....Mr. Ding Delawder.
Lady Ernestine.....Miss Jamison.
Gertrude.....Miss Peddicord.

PART II.

Air d'Englise, "Se I miei sospire,"...Stradella.

MR. F. H. POTTER.

(Violincello obligato by HERR JUNGNICKEL.)

Selection, "Carmen,".....Bizet.

Piccolo Solo,..... Mullenhauer.

HERR BLADIN.

PART III.

Overture, "Festival,".....Bach.

"ROMBASTES FURIOSO,"

(Burlesque by Rhodes.)

King Artaxominous.....Mr. J. W. Veltch.
Fustos,.....Mr. A. B. Woodcock.
Bombastes .....Mr. E. H. Wardwell.
Distallina,.....Miss Tower.

An Interesting Test Suit.

Mr. A. H Boyd, as counsel for Sheriff Hanekamp, has docketed a suit against the commissions of Allegany county, Md., which involves an interesting point. In 1880 the Legislature passed an act reducing the fee of the sheriff for boarding prisoners at the jail from 50 to 35 cents for each prisoner daily. The act went into effect last January, and at the last levy the commissions levied to the sheriff at the reduced rate from that date. Mr. Boyd, counsel for the sheriff, claims that under the constitution the compensation of an officer cannot be reduced during his term of office. The suit is brought to test the constitutionality of the commissioners' action. Messrs. Brace and Richmond are counsel for the commissioners, and the case, which has been submitted on an agreed statement of facts, will probably be tried at the September term of the Garrett County Court.—*Cumberland News.*

A Model Pic-Nic.

On the 4th of July the Lutheran Sunday School met at the church, and handed themselves together in companies for a celebration and picnic, placing each teacher as commanding officer of his or her class. With banners unfurled, the whole school, with pastor and superintendents as pilots, took up its march for the beautiful grove, about half a mile from town, called Totten's grove. The joyful ranks rang out with songs of praise along the way, the cheerful feet soon brought the little band to the inviting grove, where ample preparation had been made. There were a stage, with an organ upon it, seats, tables, lemonade, ice cream and a large number of scholars and friends of the Sunday School awaiting to join and enhance the pleasure of the day. After all received refreshments the program was taken up for the morning as follows: Music by the choir, organist Mrs. Maggie Hamill; address by assistant superintendent, Mr. Arnold. Music by choir and school; address by Mr. E. H. Sincell. Music by choir and school; address by Mr. John A. Grant. Music; a few words of congratulation to the Sunday School and friends upon their happy selection of grove and speakers for the morning program and dismissal for the good things 'neath which the tables were now groaning, by the Pastor, Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Teachers took charge of their respective classes at the table. Dinner being enjoyed, the older boys and girls amused themselves on the base ball and croquet grounds, the little chaps by ring games, singing at the stand, &c. At 3 p. m. the program of exercises was continued, as follows: Music, Prof. Richardson at the organ. Address by the Superintendent, Mr. John Shatzer. Music by choir and school. Reading the Declaration of Independence and a few remarks by Mr. W. D. Hoye. Music. Address by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Treat to the Sunday School by the Superintendent. The audience was then dismissed by benediction by the Pastor.

The day was spent in pleasure and profit to all. May we all be permitted to spend many such happy seasons on the joyful anniversary of our Independence. God bless our Sunday School cause, our Nation, our President.

WM. STOUDENMIRE.

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, consisting of ginghams, lawns, bunting, black and striped grenadines, cashmeres, mehonges, poplins, alpaccas, brocade, plaid and plain silks, Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, bang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maltese, vermicella, huguedoe, miracle, point de allencon and Irish crochet laces, valenceines, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, berege, silk lace and dotted veilings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepe shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard

DAILY & Co.

Leaders of low prices, and one price only. je25tt

MARYLAND NEWS.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer, the poetess, is summering near Boonsboro'.

The drawings of the new town hall at Rockville have been received from Franklin Davis, the architect, of Baltimore.

John Thomas Moore, calling himself a poet, and claiming relationship with Tom Moore, is in jail at Westminster for being drunk and disorderly and inability to pay his fine and costs.

A Southern opera troupe that had been giving variety performances in Betair came to grief a few days since, from the inability to pay hotel bills, and the instruments of the musicians and other paraphernalia of the troupe were siezed, as security.

During a stone-fight at Cumberland on the 4th inst. between negroes, a stone thrown by one of them struck John W. Bursley, a youth of seventeen, who was passing at the time, and causing a fracture of his skull. The injury is slight, and may not cause death.

The Baltimore and Delta Railway Company have determined to complete their road to Towsontown, having disposed of bonds sufficient for that purpose. Trouble is anticipated in procuring engines, all the locomotive builders in the country having as many orders on hand as can be finished within a year.

Edwin M. Muncaster, of Montgomery county, died on the 5th instant at his residence, near Redland, in the 72d year of his age. In his youth he was a cadet at West Point and a classmate of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He resigned for the purpose of entering mercantile life in Baltimore, and after a few years settled in Montgomery country.

On Sunday Morning last Mr. Slee, while on his way from Baltimore to Churchville on his bicycle, stopped to take a rest on the bridge crossing the turnpike near Richford's Mill. The rail against which he leaned gave way suddenly, and he fell into the stream, with his bicycle on top of him. Fortunately he escaped with a few personal bruises, a cool ducking and a damaged bicycle.

The Catoctin *Clarion* claims for the management of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the credit of putting on their road, in 1841 or 1842, the first sleeping car ever built in this or any other country. This car was used between Frederick and Baltimore, leaving Frederick in the middle of the night, on the arrival of the stages from the West, and landing their passengers in Washington by the early train from Baltimore. The principal managing officer of the road at that time was James Murray, a Frederick county man, a civil engineer, and possessing great skill as a mechanic.

Mrs. Hedrick, a German woman living in Cambridge, succeeded in kindling a fire on Wednesday last with the aid of coal oil without setting herself on fire. After this imprudence, she placed the can on top of the stove, and the heat caused an explosion. This set her dress on fire, and she was dangerously burned before she could extinguish the flames.

Wm. Poole, one of the oldest citizens of Middletown Valley, Frederick county, died a few days ago, aged 93 years.

A large barn on Jacob R. Gorman's farm, near Frederick, was burned early on Tuesday morning, with all its contents.

Mr. C. M. McCullough, of Frostburg, hearing a man approve of the attempted assasination of President Garfield, struck out with such a determination that he dislocated a finger in giving the blow that prostrated the advocate of murder.

A big fight is in progress at Churchville, Harford county, over a proposition to change the name to Harlan-bert—a combination of the name of Dr. Harlan and his wife. Dr. Harlan owns a great deal of property in the town, but the change is objected to by the farmers, who have their fine live stock registered in the Churchville district. A large cannery there uses the name of the town on its brand, and the proprietors join in the opposition.

Col. Agustus P. Shull, for sixteen years a favorite passenger conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, once high constable of Baltimore city and three times mayor of Martinsburg, W. Va, died at his home in Baltimore Sunday. He was in the 66th year of his age, and had been sick about five weeks. He was at one time inspector of trains between Baltimore and Wheeling.

A Remarkable Surgical Case.

In referring to the recovery of the President, the Ottava *Free Press* publishes the following account of an extraordinary recovery. Mr. W. C. Perkins, barrister, of this city, when fifteen years old, was accidentally thrown forward on a circular-tutting saw about sixteen inches in diameter. His right arm was instantaneously cut off about two inches above the elbow, and a frightful wound inflicted in the lower part of the right side of the chest, about nine inches in length, completely cutting through the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh ribs, laying open the cavity of the abdoman, and finally wounding the convex surface of the liver to the extent of about four inches superficially, and to the depth of one inch at the deepest part, as measured in the periphery of the saw. The escape from instant death was miraculous, as the cicatrix remaining on the skin shows that the saw went within half an inch of the median line posteriorly on the spine, and within about two-and-a-half inches of the median line of the sternum anteriorly. When visited by the doctor the wound inside was gaping about three inches wide, and was partially dammed or plugged up by the liver, which exhibited the incision on its surface. The next day he was surprisingly well, and in seven weeks was able to walk about, the wounds being almost entirely healed. Dr. Hill, a prominent surgeon, who attended him, says that within the limits of his extensive practice this was the first case he had met with of such an extensive injury of the liver, and he looks upon the case as unique in every respect.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by 168 merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county known and described as

"Eel Shine,"

containing seventy-nine and one quarter acres of land.

This is a valuable tract of land and has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of three dollars and eighty-five cents, with interest from the first day of January, 1880, being the amount of state and county taxes due by Daniel Chisholm for the year 1879, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Daniel Chisholm.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
BALTIMORE MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1880.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MOINOONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have need your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 29, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. J. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 175, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 175.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* Three fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election the return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three moths preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
jy 16, 3m Sec'y of State.

J. W. Laughlin, M. D.,

Having permanently located in Deer Park, tenders his professional services to the people of that vicinity. Office and residence near the telegraph office. 7 16 3m*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ENS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 5, 1881.

The Garrett County Normal School will open in ACCIDENT,

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST,

and continue ten weeks. For full particulars address Mr. J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 9 3t Sec't'y, Ex'r, &c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THE—

STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving front is piece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
8 4 4ods Permanent Trustee.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

JOHN B. GOUGH'S bran' new book, entitled

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

is the *best* chance offered to you. Its Scenes are drawn from the bright and shady sides of *life*, portrayed as only

John B. Gough

can portray them. This grand work—*now for the first time published*—is the "booming" *book for agents*, and is outselling all others *ten to one. The thirty-third thousand* is now in press. Its immense sale has been made entirely by active canvassers. No other book compares with it for quick and profitable returns. We are wanting more agents now than ever before, and we believe the sale of this book will reach *One Hundred Thousand Copies in the next few months.*

We want 1000 more agents at once, to supply this grand book to the thousands who are waiting for it. Remember the sale is *only now commencing.* The book is entirely new, and *most of the territory is now clear.* Agents, *now is your time to make money,* and at the same time circulate *a thoroughly first-class book.* Exclusive Territory and very Special Terms given. Send for our large circulars containing full particulars. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I hereby give notice that

On the 19th day of July, A. D. 1881,

at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House, in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot piece or

Parcel of land

lying and being in Garrett county, in the town of Deer Park, it being the same land that was conveyed to Nannie Burton by H. G. Davis and others, by deed dated the 15th day of October, 1872, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, one of the land records of Garrett county.

This land has been seized by me and will be sold to satisfy the sum of one dollar and twenty-nine cents, with interest from the first day of January, A. D. 1879, being the amount of State and county taxes due by Nannie Burton for the year 1878, said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county to Nannie Burton.

J. Z. BROWNING,
tf Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 11, 25, 30, 79, 84, 90, 122, 127, 130, 131, 250, 286, 469, 857, 859, 909, 1125, 1134, 1165, 1189, 1325, 1326, 1397, 1912, 2088, 2500, 2550, 3032, 3038, 3049, 3095, 3166, 1199,

said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Thomas Donaldson.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

NOTICE.

The Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland will receive bids until July 20th, 1881, for the

Rebuilding or Repairing of the Davis Bridge,

on Oak street. Parties making bids will give full plans and specifications.

By order of the Board,

7 9 2 H. A. ISON, Clerk.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all persons trespassing on my premises, either for the purpose of hunting, or taking fruit or berries therefrom, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law

7 2 3 ABRAHAM SPIKER.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Duke of Buccleuch has kept a pack of hounds, and hunted them entirely at his own expense, for fifty-four years.

—The simplest of small headstones marks the grave of William Penn, in Buckinghamshire, England. The only inscription it bears is "William Penn, 1718." It is almost hidden in grass and wild flowers.

—The Emperor William and King John, of Abyssinia, have been exchanging gifts and affectionate messages through Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs. The Emperor sent the Doctor all the way to Abyssinia for no other reason than to carry these evidences of friendship.

—The editors of the principal Japanese newspapers have been fined for the publication of a document addressed by two of the Ministers to the Government deprecating official trading and too much paternal interference with trade. The paper was surreptitiously obtained by the leading metropolitan sheet, and almost universally copied by the other papers.

—The Austrian Archduchess Isabella was driving the other day beneath a steep cliff near the Danube. There is a quarry in the face of the cliff, and as the Archduchess's carriage passed under it, a huge block, weighing over two tons, became detached and fell close beside the vehicle from a height of over forty-three yards. The Archduchess was for a time almost paralyzed at recognizing the terrible danger from which she had so narrow an escape.

—Alexandra of Wales is represented as looking, at a recent State ball, the "prettiest and most charming lady in England." Her dress was of silver-gray tulle, embroidered in a Greek pattern with pearls, and caught here and there with bouquets of silver daisies. The tulle train was spangled with silver, the corsage was studded with pearls and diamonds, and the tiara that crowned the Princess's soft brown hair was made of the same precious stones. One gazes at the slight, dainty figure and young face and, with a very strong effort of memory, recalls that this is the mother of a young man of seventeen, and four other scions.

—Mr. Healey, the artist, says that Prince Bismarck talks very rapidly and with great freedom about men and things. "We talked much of Motley," says Mr. Healey, "of whom, strangely enough, Bismarck could hardly speak without tears. He was anxious to see a portrait of the man for whom he had had a very tender and prolonged friendship, and one morning I brought Motley's picture to him. He took it in his hands and was quite overcome by the sight of it. Bismarck repeatedly said of Motley that he was one of the most interesting men he had ever met. I subsequently painted a portrait of the eminent historian for Prince Bismarck. Bismarck is so intensely individual that he is very easy to paint. He was somewhat nervous, but always willing to agree to do exactly what the artist requested him."

Testing a Sentry.

Just after the Franco-Prussian war the Adjutant-Major of a certain French infantry corps, in order to test a new sentry, who had been placed on a responsible post, and affecting to have forgotten the word, at length, by means of threats, prevailed upon the ignorant soldier to allow him to pass without giving the word. This he immediately reported, the result being that the poor fellow was sentenced to be shot, this decision being fortunately commuted to banishment to Algeria by influence brought to bear from high quarters. This Adjutant-Major at length met with a well-merited rebuff, as the following narrative—the dialogue of which we give in English—shows. Finding a newly-joined man placed on a similar duty, he determined to repeat his former experiment. Fortunately, however, the sentry had already been warned by his comrades, and was resolved not to be outwitted. As the night wore on he observed the officer approaching alone, lantern in hand, and at once challenged: "Who goes there?" "Officer of the guard!" at once came the response. "Approach with the word, officer of the guard," continued the sentry. The officer, approaching, said: "I have forgotten the word, and you must let me finish my round without it." But, forewarned, the only reply made by this sentry was: "The word! Stand back, or I fire!" "I have forgotten the word, I tell you," persisted the officer. "Can't pass without the word," was the only answer made by the sentry, as he kept him at bayonet's point. "You know me perfectly," insisted the officer, in a tone of chagrin. "I am your officer—your Adjutant." "I don't know you. Keep back, or I fire," was the only reply vouchsafed him. "You dare not fire on your superior; and as it is I will have you severely punished for thus detaining me from my duty." So saying, the officer seized hold of the bayonet and endeavored to force his way past. The sentry, once again shouting, "Stand back!" drew away his bayonet and made as if to charge the officer. Stepping back, the officer drew his sword and came on again, but was instantly disarmed by the sentry. Seizing hold of the muzzle of the rifle, he next endeavored to wrest it from the sentry's grasp. The sentry, being new to the corps, and knowing perfectly who his opponent was, refrained from firing, not knowing what the consequences might be of firing on his superior, even though the pass had been refused. In the struggle, however, the rifle went off and the bullet whizzed past the officer's ear, carrying with it a piece of his headdress. Half stunned, and utterly confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, the officer lost his presence of mind, and actually took to his heels, and without reflecting on the probable consequences of his act he reported the fact of his being fired on by the sentry, who was at once taken to the guard-room. Next morning a court-martial was convened, and the sentry, after having been charged with firing on his superior, was asked what defense he had to make. In a few simple words he explained that he had been placed on duty at a certain spot, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass without giving the countersign; that an officer, whom he now recognized to be the Adjutant, had endeavored to force pass without giving the word, and on being prevented had seized his rifle, which had gone off by accident. The Adjutant-Major, on being interrogated, could not but admit the truth of this statement, and the Colonel, a severe but just disciplinarian, amid the cheers of those present, gave judgment as follows: "The Adjutant will remain in his quarters during the next eight days, having unnecessarily endeavored to cause a private to perform a breach of duty. The name of Private D—— will be entered on the *ordres du jour*, and remain there during the same period." This was equivalent to eight days' imprisonment for the officer and to the highest praise given to privates, the entry in the *ordres du jour* being read to the assembled regiment at each morning parade as follows: "Monsieur le Colonel compliments Private D—— on the zealous performance of duty under the most trying circumstances." This public rebuke to the officer had a salutary effect. However, to his credit be it said, he never attempted in any way to molest the sentry for his share in the affair.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Marrying Foreign Titles.

An American lady, who "loves those dear aristocrats" devoutly, was telling me some time since about an American girl, Miss X——, of one of our Western States, who was sold to a Baron De——. This high aristocrat married her with the distinct understanding that he should receive with her a *dot* of $700,000. But as this sum constituted the whole of the fortune left Miss X—— by her father, the noble Baron De—— was obliged to ask that the family of the intended bride should raise an additional sum of 400,000 francs to pay off the gaming and other debts. This the mother of Miss X—— paid out of her own private fortune, so eager was the mamma to have her daughter well married! The noble Baron De—— would take the daughter on no other condition. How humiliating it must be to a girl, if she has the slightest self-respect left, to know that she gains a husband only by such ignoble barter and upon such base terms! "But then," added my lady informant, "you must recollect that she had the honor of dining after her marriage with some of the best families in Europe, with the Prince De Thingumbob, the Count Von Whatshisname, the Princess De Whodyecallem and all those! And I have heard say she has even been presented at court in Vienna and Berlin and spoken with the Emperor and Empress!" Just think of it. Contemplate the tremendous honor, and then say if you do not think that all that glory was dirt cheap at the price Miss X—— paid for it. To have had three minutes' conversation with an Emperor—is that not cheap at $500,000? To have sat at the board of a Prince—is that not worth at least a million?

An American, now a resident of Paris, who married one of his daughters to a Prince De L——, about five years since, and gave the husband $500,000 to take his daughter off his hands, says that he has one more daughter left and another $500,000 to spare for the right prince or other nobleman when he comes along. Mr.—— ought not to have to wait long for a bridegroom. The price is sufficiently high, in point of fact extravagant. There are plenty of played-out noblemen to be bought for one-fifth that amount every day in the year in Paris, plenty of counts, dukes and not a few princes who would bite eagerly and hungrily at a bait gilded with one or two hundred thousand dollars. It sounds much grander and looks a great deal larger when multiplied by five, and converted into francs. One million francs certainly seems a great deal more money than $200,000. Apropos of marrying for money, I am reminded of a funny story told me by an American young lady who has been studying music for some time in Vienna and Paris, and is now singing with great success in Italy. I allude to Miss Clara Bernstein, of Cincinnati, O. One evening at a social gathering a Frenchman asked her: "Your musical education must have cost you a great deal of money, has it not, Mlle. Bernstein?"

"Oh, yes; quite a sum."

"Well, now, don't you think you would have acted more wisely to have saved that money and got married?"

Miss Bernstein looked at her interrogator quizzically and responded: "Perhaps so, but on the other hand I don't believe I could have bought just the husband that would suit me for that amount of money, you know!"—*Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Wonderful Lake.

The Bodie (Cal.) *Free Press* publishes the following description of Mono Lake, a remarkable body of water: Notwithstanding the steady influx of five large fresh-water creeks and innumerable small streams, its bitter but pellucid waters continue to give a sedimentary analysis of 45 parts soda, 40 parts salt and 15 parts borax and lime; that the lake is 20x19 miles in diameter and more than 200 feet deep in places; that it contains two large and several small tufa islands, the first in magnitude having an area 2,200 acres and the second 1,500 acres; that upon the second island is the crater of a volcano that was in active eruption as late as 1858; that upon the larger island and out 100 feet from it, in 70 feet depth of water, are boiling springs of asphalt, and that no living thing exists in the waters of the lake except the Piute shrimp, a pink-eyed worm which attains a length of about three-fourths of an inch. The valley—commonly called a desert—surrounding the lake is about 30x50 miles in diameter, and has at some not remote period of the past been wholly submerged by mineral waters similar to those which now occupy the deeper portion of the basin, as the water-mark along the western wall is nearly 1,000 feet above the present surface of the lake.

—Nevada has enacted a law designed to prevent opium smoking, which makes the possession of opium or of an opium pipe a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment. The statute is very obnoxious to the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco, and interferes with their profits, and they have retained three leading lawyers, two of California and one of Nevada, to test the law, and, if necessary, to carry the question to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Mark Twain" on the Art of War.

At the recent banquet given to the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Hartford, Conn., Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) responded as follows to the regular toast—"The benefit of judicious training:"

"Let but the thoughtful civilian instruct the soldier in his duties and the victory is sure."—*Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Art of War.*

MR. CHAIRMAN: I gladly join with my fellow-townsmen in extending a hearty welcome to these illustrious Generals and these war-scarred soldiers of the Republic. This is a proud day for us, and, if the sincere desire of our hearts has been fulfilled, it has not been an unpleasant day for them. I am in full accord, sir, with the sentiment of the toast, for I have always maintained with enthusiasm that the only wise and true way is for the soldier to light the battle and the unprejudiced civilian to tell him how to do it. Yet when I was invited to respond to this toast, and furnish this advice and instruction, I was almost as much embarrassed as I was gratified, for I could bring this great service but the one virtue of absence of prejudice and set opinion. Still, but one other qualification was needed, and that was of only minor importance. I mean knowledge of the subject. Therefore I was not disheartened, for I could acquire that, there being two weeks to spare. A General of high rank in this Army of the Potomac said two weeks was really more than I would need for the purpose. He had known people of my style who had learned enough in forty-eight hours to enable them to advise an army. Aside from the compliment, this was gratifying, because it confirmed an impression I had had before. He told me to go to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and said, in his flowery, professional way, that the cadets would "load me up." I went there and staid two days, and his prediction proved correct. I make no boast on my own account—none. All I know about military matters I got from the gentlemen at West Point, and to them belongs the credit. They treated me with courtesy from the first, but when my mission was revealed this courtesy blossomed into warmest zeal. Everybody, officers and all, put down their work, and turned their whole attention to giving me military information. Every question I asked was promptly and exhaustively answered; therefore, I feel proud to state that in the advice which I am about to give you as soldiers, I am backed up by the highest military authority in the land—yes, in the world, if an American does say it—West Point.

To begin, gentlemen, when an engagement is meditated, it is best to feel the enemy first, that is, if it is night, for as one of the cadets explained to me, you do not need to feel him in the daytime, because you can see him then. I never should have thought of that, but it is true—perfectly true. In the daytime the methods of procedure are various, but the best, it seems to me, is one which was introduced by Gen. Grant. He always sent an active young man redoubt to reconnoiter and get the enemy's bearings. I got this from a high officer at the Point, who told me he used to be a redoubt on General Grant's staff, and had done it often. When the hour for the battle is come, move to the field with celerity—fool away no time. Under this head I was told of a favorite maxim of General Sheridan. General Sheridan always said, "If the siege train isn't ready, don't wait—go by any trains that are handy; to get there is the main thing." Now, that is the correct idea. As you approach the field it is better to get out and walk. This gives you a better chance to dispose of your forces for the assault. Get your artillery in position, and throw out stragglers to the right and left to hold your lines of communication against surprise. See that every hod-carrier connected with a mortar battery is at his post. They told me at the Point that Napoleon despised mortar batteries, and never would use them. He said that for real efficiency he wouldn't give a hatful of brickbats for a ton of mortar. However, that is all he knew about it. Everything being ready for the assault, you want to enter the field with your baggage to the front. This idea was invented by our renowned guest, General Sherman. They told me that General Sherman said that the trunks and baggage make a good protection for the soldiers, but that chiefly they attract the attention and rivet the interest of the enemy, and this gives you an opportunity to whirl the other end of the column around and attack him in the rear. I have given a good deal of study to this tactic since I learned about it, and it appears to me it is a rattling good idea. Never fetch on your reserves at the start. This was Napoleon's first mistake at Waterloo. Next, he assaulted with his bomb-proofs, and ambulances, and embrasures, when he ought to have used a heavier artillery. Thirdly, he retired his right by *ricochet*—which uncovered his pickets—when his only possibility of success lay in doubling up his center, flank by flank, and throwing up his *chevaux de frise* by the left oblique to relieve the skirmish line and confuse the enemy—if such a maneuver would confuse him, and at West Point they said it would. It was about this time that the Emperor had two horses shot under him. How often you see the remark that General So-and-So at such a battle had two or three horses shot under him. General Burnside and many great European military men, as I was informed by a high artillery officer at West Point, have justly characterized this as a wanton waste of projectiles, and he impressed upon me a conversation in the tent of the Prussian Chiefs at Gravelotte, in the course of which our honored guest just referred to—General Burnside—observed that if "you can't aim at a horse so as to hit the General with it, shoot it over him, and you may bag something on the other side, whereas a horse shot under a General does no sort of damage." I agree cordially with General Burnside, and Heaven knows I shall rejoice to see the artillerists of this land, and of all lands, cease from this wicked and idiotic custom. At West Point they told me of another mistake at Waterloo—namely, that the French were under fire from the beginning of the fight till the end of it—which was plainly a most effeminate and ill-timed attention to comfort, and a foolish division of military strength; for it probably took as many men to keep up the fires as it did to do the fighting. It would have been much better to have had a small fire in the rear, and let the men go there by detachments and get warm, and not try to warm up the whole army at once. All the cadets said that an assault along the whole line was the one thing which could have restored Napoleon's advantage at this juncture, and he was actually rising in his stirrups to order it, when a sutler burst at his side and covered him with dirt and debris, and before he could recover Wellington opened a tremendous and devastating fire upon him from a monstrous battery of vivandieres, and the star of the great Captain's glory set to rise no more. The cadet wept while he told me these mournful particulars.

When you leave the battle-field, always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in case of a drawn battle it is neither party's place to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the City Government of New York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and cripple his resources, you want to take along plenty of camp followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service, and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as Scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but I remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army with bummers." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointers said a private should preserve a respectful attitude toward his superiors, and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his General in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the general in the field.

Joseph Sabine, the Noted Bibliopolist.

Joseph Sabine, who has just died at New York, aged 60, was placed by the trade as the first book expert in the country, and as perhaps the best book auctioneer in the world, and to all librarians he is known as a great cataloguer. Born in Northamptonshire, England, his intimate acquaintance with the rank and file of the vast army of books with which the world is overrun was due in some measure to the thorough training given by a long apprenticeship to an Oxford stationer; but the love of books for their own sake seemed born in him and gave his knowledge a fullness and accuracy which no amount of mere persistence could have conferred. He married at twenty-three the daughter of an Oxford architect, but soon after came to this country, intending to farm it in Texas. Finding his farm not next door to New York, as he had thought it, he entered the service of W. H. Appleton, the bookseller, then of Philadelphia. In time he established himself there as a book importer, but at the beginning of the war he opened a store in New York and began the greatest work he undertook, a dictionary of the titles of all books relating to America. Thirteen volumes of this dictionary have appeared, the last covering the letter O, and more than 100,000 books are named. Many stories are told of his wonderful memory for books, which might be called photographic, so exact was his recollection of the size and appearance of thousands of volumes. He astonished the New York book connoisseurs at an auction once by bidding $9 for a copy of "Smith's History of New York," printed in London in 1753, more than they could think it worth. But when it was knocked down to him he explained that it was printed on paper a little wider than the ordinary edition, and he sold it for $200. He could recognize books even when wrapped up. "Where are you going with that Hogarth?" he once cried to a passing friend with a parcel under his arm, though not of unusual size or shape. It is said that he could walk by the shelves of any large library and tell something interesting about 90,000 out of 100,000 books. He bought for many libraries and collectors and had the reputation of compiling more catalogues than any man in the country. At this, as well as at great book sales, he made a great deal of money, netting, it is thought, $5,000 out of the three Brinley sales; but of late years the impracticability which seems characteristic of bibliophiles has lessened his prosperity. Though his vitality has been recently impaired by Bright's disease, of which he died, he persisted in going to his store up to the last for the companionship he found in his rare volumes.

Cotton-Growing and Manufacturing al the South.

The cotton crop last year reached the unprecedented figure of 5,757,397 bales, each of which was twenty pounds heavier than the bales of the greatest ante-war crop. The aggregate yield of this great staple during the fifteen years following the war was larger by 10,000,000 bales, and more valuable by nearly $700,000,000, than during the fifteen years preceding the war. The crop of the present year will be the largest raised yet, and is expected to amount to more than 6,000,000 bales. Since 1870 the capacity of the Southern cotton mills has increased from 11,000 to more than 15,000 looms, and from 400,000 to 700,000 spindles. Within the same period the consumption of cotton has more than doubled. It was 45,000,000 pounds in 1870, and in 1880 it had increased to more than 100,000,000. The census returns show that during the last decade the South has made more rapid strides in cotton factories than either the country at large or New England, the great center of the industry in America. The progress that it has made, and promises to make, suggests the very important inquiry whether the South has not at last set out upon that course which in time must lead to the achievement of one of the great possibilities that nature has put within its reach. That the American cotton crop should be sent raw to English mills, and returned manufactured to Cisatlantic markets, is as abnormal and unnatural as that water should run up hill.—*New York Herald.*

GENERAL.

—A license has been issued in Boston for the marriage of two young Japanese. The groom is a student; his bride is seventeen years old, and was his playmate in their native land.

—There is an interesting fish in the Lake of Constance. It weighs from sixty to eighty pounds, catches and eats any birds that fly too close to the water, and when taken from its element it makes a noise like that of a young calf.

—The *Monitor*, of Union Township, Huntington County, Pa., says it is true that a large viper was killed in front of the residence of D. P. Pheasant that had two legs protruding from its body the length of one's little finger, and feet like that of a toad.

—Two Toronto suitors of the same girl wanted to take her out for a drive on the same afternoon. They fought in the street for possession, and finally seized her, each pulling her with all his might toward his own carriage. Her clothing was badly damaged before the victor had secured her.

—The New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute, of Boston, proposes to issue bonds to the amount of $100,000, to erect a building to promote the interests of manufacturers, and the Hon. E. R. Mudge and Mr. James L. Little have informed the Trustees of the Institute of Technology, of the same city, of their willingness to take $50,000 of these bonds for presentation to that institute, provided other friends of the institute will present the other $50,000 to it.

—A very romantic affair took place at the Falls of Niagara recently. A fine-looking man, known as Dr. Harry Darling, of Atlanta, Ga., recently registered at Roshi's Hotel, and after remaining a few days, spending his money freely, visited the Table Rock House and Museum, where he was equally free in his expenditure. Finally his gaze rested upon one of Mr. Davis's handsome assistants, Miss Annie Murphy, formerly of St. Catharine's. He asked her if she would like to be married, and have him for a husband. She said she would, and she did. Next day the pair went across the river and were married.

—Dr. Hammond, of New York, supposed to be the highest authority on nervous diseases, condemns as injurious the smatterings of physiology taught to children, and especially to girls, in the schools. He thinks that the lively imaginations of young girls will be so wrought upon by the revelations of physiology as to the bodily functions that nervous diseases are likely to result. The Doctor does not hesitate to declare that: "It does a woman harm to know where her liver is; for instance, I am quite sure that the large increase in diseases of the nervous system among women in recent years is to a great extent due to the pernicious system of calling their attention in schools to organs that they had better know nothing about. I know that such attention deranges their health, mentally and physically."

—A member of the League of American Wheelmen passed through Albany, N. Y., the other day, on a bicycle with a wheel fifty inches in diameter, on which he had journeyed from Lima, O., to Boston, Mass., and was then on his way back again to the West. From Marseilles to Nevada, O., he said, he rode for forty miles in a rut made in the hard clay road by heavy wagons. From Westfield to Buffalo, N. Y., he rode between the tracks of the Lake Shore Railroad. From there to Syracuse he rode, in company with another wheelman, between the New York Central tracks, frequently going fifteen miles an hour, and making the whole distance—ninety-three miles—in twelve hours. "I experienced," he added, "the hardest time in New York City. I rode up Broadway followed by a crowd of hooting hoodlums, who poked sticks through the spokes of my wheels, and harassed me in other ways. As laid out the trip was ten hundred and sixty-five miles, but I shall run enough out of the way to make it twelve hundred, at least."

A Fearful Half-hour.

In the early days of the Cincinnati Southern, before it had attained its present system, and immediately after the road had been opened for traffic to Somerset, occurred an event the recollection of which even to this day serves to bring out goose-flesh on those who were cognizant of the impending disaster.

Within a few days after passenger travel began, the officers of the Southern sent invitations for a trip over the road to all of Cincinnati's wealthiest men and heaviest tax-payers, and on the morning of the excursion dozens of carriages left the Burnet House, the place of meeting, and conveyed them across the river to Ludlow, where the "special," headed by No. 1, the crack engine, with Mat Coombs at the lever, was in waiting. Miles N. Beatty, now Superintendent of the Southern Division, was conductor. When all the excursionists were on board, the engineer and the conductor went into Train-Dispatcher Cooledge's office, where they read and signed the following order and placed copies in their pockets:

"Meet and pass No. 2, north-bound passenger train, at Williamstown."

To Williamstown, for delivery to north-bound passenger train on arrival, was sent the following order:

"——, *Conductor:* Meet and pass south-bound special at Williamstown."

So that the situation stood thus—either train reaching the place indicated first was to go on the siding and wait there until the one coming from the opposite direction had arrived and gone ahead on the clear track. Of the wealthy passenger-load some were seated chatting, others were standing on the platform, and still others on the summer-car, when, glancing up and down his train, the conductor, finding everything in good order and readiness, waved his hand to the watching engineer, and the special pulled out, slowly at first, but as it moved on the speed increased until it went out of sight around the curve a-flying, and a little later a rumbling sound told of its crossing the trestle, and that it was well and fairly started on its way south. It was understood that extra fast time was to be made, and to offer no obstacle the track had been cleared of everything save the passenger train referred to.

One-half hour after the start from Ludlow, No. 2, fifteen minutes behind time, reached Williamstown, at which place the standing rule was imperative that conductors should at all times stop and inquire for orders. Stopping only long enough to unload a passenger in the mud, the conductor, thinking only of making up lost time, signaled the engineer, and the train went on.

The horrified operator saw No. 2 dash northward to what seemed inevitable destruction, as the telegraph line between his room and Ludlow was unbroken by a single instrument, and at that moment two trains at high rates of speed were rapidly lessening the distance between each other on the single track. He telegraphed at once to Ludlow that "No. 2 had passed without stopping for orders."

All color left the face of Train-Dispatcher Cooledge as he received the message, and as he communicated the dire intelligence to Jack Redmond, Master of Transportation, that individual's countenance assumed a similar hue. With him to think was to act. Stepping to the station-door he quietly beckoned several men to him and composedly gave instructions to each. One-half dozen of them went on the double-quick in different directions for physicians. The station-keeper went into the warehouse and gathered together sponges, baskets, material for splints and soft muslins for bandages. Meanwhile other employees had run up to the engine-house, and starting a fire under an idle locomotive, had hitched on to a caboose and backed down in front of the station, where the car was transformed into a hospital-coach. To all save Redmond and Cooledge these preparations were mysterious. The relief-train was soon in readiness, but did not start. Redmond, seated at his desk and estimating the rate of speed at which the trains were moving, calculated about where the collision would take place. Some of the passengers would escape unhurt, and one of them would hasten at once on horseback to Williamstown, the nearest point, for medical aid. Here the operator would learn the exact locality of the accident and send a dispatch to Ludlow. Possessed of this information Redmond could send his waiting engine and car, with its corps of physicians and nurses, to the spot at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The other and slower plan would be to have let the "relief" start out and cautiously find its way around the many curves. He chose the wiser course. The scene in the train-dispatcher's office was painful. Cooledge, leaning over the silent instrument, watched it with feverish eyes as if to read its secrets before transmission. On another chair was Redmond, with big globes of perspiration coming from the pores of his face and rolling down unheeded. Neither man spoke. Five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes that seemed like ages passed, when came a sharp click. It was Williamstown calling Ludlow. Cooledge's hair rose up on end as he gave the response. Redmond stood up and placed a hand on the door-knob. The next moment Cooledge fairly yelled, "No collision. No. 2 has *just* backed into Williamstown." The two men shook hands with the same vigor as if they were twin brothers and hadn't met for a thousand years.

It was then ascertained that, by the most fortunate circumstances, the trains had simultaneously entered from opposite ends upon the longest piece of straight track between the two telegraph stations, and instantaneous applications of brakes had brought them to a stop within twenty feet of each other. No. 2, recognizing the "special's" right of way, backed to Williamstown, where it went on the siding, and Cincinnati's millionaires and capitalists proceeded unhurt on their journey.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Colored Man's Account of Liberia.

On Friday last, Elijah Gordon, colored, reached Hawkinsville, after an absence of about ten years in Liberia. He says that the emigrants on reaching Liberia take the fever, and many of them die. Nearly all of them would return immediately if they had the money. He describes the climate as very warm—no difference between summer and winter. Coffee and ginger are the only money crops. The people live on fruits and "cassadas," a kind of root something like a sweet potato. These crops are never gathered, but taken from the ground as they are wanted for food. Plows are not used in the cultivation of the land. He says a cotton seed planted when they arrived ten years ago made a large stalk, which grew like a tree, and was still growing and bearing cotton when he left. The people have no stock. The natives subsist in a nude state, living upon the natural products of the land, and are separated by tribes, which hate each other, and are continually at war. He does not think the country is improving any, as the main efforts of the immigrants, after they have seen the country, are devoted to plans or means by which to obtain money to return to the United States.—*Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch.*

The Plague.

This dread enemy of the human race is raging at Nedjaf, in Mesopotamia. That town contains only a few thousand inhabitants, but nearly sixty persons a day were dying, at last accounts. One of the advantages of living in these modern times is, that before these destructive pestilences reach civilized communities, sanitary measures are inaugurated to check their progress. The Turks are fatalists, and do not care to oppose the will of Heaven by fighting disease. Hence, if left to them alone, this dreadful pestilence would make its way to civilized nations. But, fortunately, the latter believe in a human as well as Divine providence, and they force the Turks to try and stamp out this disease at its birthplace, and they generally succeed. The modern civilized world is learning the lesson that God helps those who help themselves, and that the physical ills which effect humanity can be relieved, if not entirely got rid of, by wisely directing human efforts. When this lesson is thoroughly understood communities will protect themselves not only against plagues, but against all manner of foul-air diseases. Three-fourths of the disorders of mankind are preventable, if the environment of each individual is properly looked after.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

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Rye a Profitable Crop.

During several months past the price of rye has been higher than that of wheat in all the leading markets in the country. The crop last year was somewhat short while the demand for it was unusually large. A very large class of our foreign inhabitants were accustomed to the use of rye in their old homes, and continue to eat it in preference to wheat after they come to this country. Bread made of rye retains its moisture longer than that made of wheat. It has more flavor, and on that account is more palatable when eaten without butter or fruit sauce. The great number of persons who are daily arriving from various portions of Germany and the Scandinavian countries will cause a large demand for rye next season, and farmers will do well to consider this fact in deciding what grains to sow. The circumstance that the price of rye is higher than that of wheat shows that the former is a neglected crop, and one that is deserving of more attention than it receives. Rye is a more productive as well as a more hardy plant than wheat, while it is less liable to be injured by insects. It will produce a good crop upon a poorer soil, and one that has received less preparation. Many tracts of loose, sandy soil will produce large crops of rye, on which a paying crop of wheat, corn or potatoes could not be grown. There are many large tracts of sandy land in the Western States, considered almost valueless, that will produce large and excellent crops of rye. These tracts could be purchased and utilized by growing rye to most excellent advantage. With very few exceptions rye is only raised by small and poor farmers. A large proportion of all the rye produced in the country is raised on little patches of from one to five acres in extent. We have wheat fields extending over several thousand acres, but it is an unusual thing to find even a quarter of a section of land in one body devoted to the grain that is worth more than wheat.

Other plants classed as cereals are of little or no value except for the grain they produce. Their foliage and straw are not of sufficient worth to take into the account in estimating the value of the crop. In many parts of the country the straw of wheat, barley and oats is burned in the field. In other places they are only used for feeding stock. The straw of rye, however, is very valuable for a large number of purposes. It makes excellent paper stock. It forms the best material for thatch. It is superior to any other kind of straw for use in packing furniture, glass, and crockeryware, for tying round nursery stock, for filling beds, and for covering the tops of stacks. Next to flags that grow in marshes and water courses it is the best material for bands for tying up bundles of grain and corn stalks. When designed for this purpose the stalks should be cut at the season of blossoming. They are then strong and pliable, and bands made of them are easily applied to bundles. These bands will be readily eaten by stock of all kinds. Bands made of rye straw, cut when the plant is in blossom, are also useful for tying up grape vines. If rye is harvested at this stage in its growth the ground can be plowed up sufficiently early to admit of raising another crop on the same land. Rye is an excellent crop to raise for feeding off *at those seasons of the year when grass* affords but little food. The seed may be sown to excellent advantage between the rows of standing corn, and covered with the cultivator when the crop is worked for the last time. In a favorable season it will afford much food during the latter part of the fall as well as during the winter and early spring. Rye is also a very valuable crop to raise for the purpose of plowing under with a view of fertilizing the soil. A heavy growth of it may often be raised on land that will produce but very little red clover, which is generally raised for the purpose of plowing under. The seed costs less and the period of growth is much shorter.—*Chicago Times.*

Sensible Advice on Training Horses.

Forty-six years ago, David Lewis, then a handsome, round-headed Welshman, was driving from Utica, N. Y., to Hamilton College, having a load of lads returning after a spring vacation to their studies. As he neared Middle Settlement attention was called to a farmer maltreating a colt which could not and would not keep up in his work with an older horse harnessed beside it. David, displeased at the unreasonable farmer, murmured, "Tu-ra-lu-ral," (but did not swear,) and stopped for the farmer to come to the roadside, and the two commenced talking in Welsh. We college boys had no Welsh professor, and were ignorant of the language. The tongues of David and his countryman had a short spat. As we started on our way, I asked for a translation of the Welsh dialogue. Says David: "The man asked me how to break his colt, and I told him to go in the house and first break himself." No man can master a colt properly who can not control himself. There is no mystery in education. The whole method is according to law. Rewards and punishments underlie just government. Beware of an improper punishment of a colt, as you would of a human being; for you must command respect if you would educate either. Never trifle nor deceive. When you must draw the whip to compel attention, remember to reward obedience with sugar, or some pleasing gift. First make your colt your friend, and then educate without impatience or severity. Condescend to talk to your horse and be clear in your language, for he can hear and is glad to be coolly and intelligently directed. "Go on! Steady! whoa!" are magic words which should be used to start, to moderate, or to stop the movements of a colt. Repeat them clearly as you have occasion to use them, for just what they mean; and the colt will soon obey them, and be proud of his knowledge. Be at all times considerate, kind, fair and firm, remembering there is a limit to every sensitive organization. It does no harm to tire a colt, but never exhaust one. Groom well, after work, rather than before. If you hate a colt let some one else educate him.—*Brentano's Monthly.*

—Fodder corn is best cut when the ears are partly formed—that is, if any ears appear upon it; if not, it should be cut when the blossom is fully developed. It is then in its best condition for feeding purposes.

The Manufacture of Cheese.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, written and published of the proper method of making cheese, a large percentage of this product is not in quality what it should be, or what it might be if the makers knew just what it required, and insist that all details necessary to produce the highest results shall be rigidly adhered to by those upon whom in any measure rests any responsibility for such results. "How cheese should be made for home and foreign markets" was the topic discussed by Mr. H. F. Dousman, of this city, in a paper presented at the late meeting of the Northwestern Dairyman's Association, held at Janesville, Wis. It is brief, but contains in a nutshell the secret of success in cheesemaking.

A short talk with any cheese dealer in the Northwest will convince you that unless he is greatly mistaken, a large per cent. of our cheese is not of prime quality; that it is either off flavor from the day it is made, or if all right then, it is so badly cured or poorly made that it lacks keeping qualities, and soon becomes deteriorated.

You have seen enough in your own connection with the dairy interest, during the last ten years, to satisfy you that there is no excuse for this state of affairs, but that good cheese can be made so certainly that the per centage of poor ones wont be worth considering.

You have assigned to me the task of telling how this can be done, and I shall give the process by which, under my own eyes, a million pounds of cheese has been made in the last ten years, without a single cheese having been thrown away, or an average of a dozen a year sold for less than the outside market price.

The first step in the process is to procure good milk, for no cheese maker can make prime cheese from milk that is sour or tainted. It may be answered that this is easier said than done, and which I acknowledge. Still I insist that it is possible, and further, that no cheese maker is fit for his place unless he is a competent judge of milk, and besides that, takes pains to inspect every can before he empties it.

In addition, he must have *firmness* enough to send home any milk which is not all right, and *tact* enough to show the patron wherein his fault in caring for his milk consists, and so retain him, if he is worth keeping.

Good milk having been obtained, and the proprietor of every factory should insist that his *maker* takes in nothing else, the *latter* is furnished with *perfectly sweet, untainted rennets.* Economy is sometimes practiced here, and it is generally of the most expensive sort, for a taint in the rennet is a taint in the cheese forever.

I would have the milk set at eighty four degrees, and rennet enough added so it will be fit to cut in about an hour. I would have it scalded to ninety-eight degrees before the heat is shut off, for if it runs up afterward to 100 it will do it good rather than harm.

I would have no mistake or two ways about this matter of scalding, either, for I don't believe a good keeping cheese can be made from an imperfectly scalded curd.

I would leave the curd in the vat till it will just begin to stick to a hot iron, when I would have it dipped into a curd sink and then stirred to prevent packing, and held till it becomes sour enough to draw out about an inch, when it should be salted with the best salt and put to press.

I am aware that many, perhaps most, of our factories let the curd sour in the whey, instead of in the sink, but I do not believe uniformly clear-flavored cheese can be made so, for any imperfection in the milk will remain in the whey and the odor be fastened in the curd, when, if the curd is stirred in the sink while cooling and souring, the exposure to the air gives a chance for the bad odors to escape.

Many makers, too, judge by their nose instead of the hot iron as when to dip and salt, but this I should never permit, for at the best it is guess work, and the cheese made by it will be uneven; whereas the hot iron is always the same, and the cheese made by it will be very uniform.

After making, the cheese should be cured in a room of even temperature, but that, in this land of cheap lumber and tanbark and saw dust, is not very hard to obtain. Cheese so made and cured will be firm and uniform in appearance, and will keep their shape under all circumstances. They will be clear flavored, and while they will gradually grow sharp with age, they will never, with any sort of fair treatment, become unfit for human food. They will command the outside market price always, and satisfy equally the exporter and the home trade groceryman, and the man who buys them once will want them again. The yield of cheese per hundred pounds of milk will not be large, but the dividends in money to patrons will be always satisfactory.

It may be objected that all this supposes competent and therefore high priced cheese makers, and good buildings and apparatus, and first-class supplies. So it does; but provided they are worth what they cost, what does it matter? It is the waste which comes from cheap men and methods, and consequently deteriorated products, which takes off the profit from our American agriculture and would beggar any nation but our own.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The flavor of garlic and other weeds with strong flavor cannot be removed from milk; some of it will remain and appear in the butter. Indeed, it will all go into the cream and, of course, into the butter, because the flavors are contained in an essential oil, and one oil will mix with another oil more readily than with anything else.

—Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished London banker and entomologist, still has some ants which he had begun to observe in 1874, and which are yet living and in perfect health; they now, therefore, must be more than seven years old, being by far the oldest insects on record.

—Two men and a kitten are to cross the Atlantic in a boat fourteen feet long. There is no suspicion of the kitten's idiocy.

—There are 100,000 Shakers in this country.

HOME AND FARM.

—In thinning apples while small we have experimented long enough to know that it is very profitable.—*Prof. Beal.*

—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says the best way of relieving choking cattle is to pour from half a gill to a gill of oil—sweet oil, castor oil or linseed oil—down the throat of the afflicted animal, having first turned its head up to facilitate the operation. As soon as it reaches the obstruction, relief is instantaneous, as the apple, potato or whatever it may be, can be easily swallowed or ejected.

—Tomato Catsup.—Cut one peck of ripe tomatoes in halves, boil them in a lined saucepan until the pulp is all dissolved, then strain them well through a hair sieve, and set the liquor on to boil, adding one ounce salt, one ounce mace, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of red pepper, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, five of ground mustard; let them all boil together, for five or six hours, and stir them most of the time. Let the mixture stand eight or ten hours, in a cool place; add one pint of vinegar, and then bottle it; seal the corks, and keep in a cool, dark place.

—Butter Rolls.—Butter, one tablespoonful; unsifted flour, one quart; baking powder, three large teaspoonfuls; sweet milk. Sift the baking powder thoroughly with the flour and add the butter. With sweet milk, form a dough, knead and roll it half an inch thick and cut: fold each one over to form a half round, wetting a little between the folds to make them stick; place on buttered pans, wash over the top with milk to give a gloss, bake in quick oven twenty minutes, and let stand half an hour before using.

—Old black straw hats that look rusty and dirty may be made to look almost as nice as new, providing they are not battered up so as to be out of shape. The operation is very simple and consists in nothing more or less than blacking them with ladies' shoe polish. It makes a wonderful difference in the looks and no one can tell that they have been blacked. One I saw that had been done this way I was sure was a new hat, and I could scarcely believe it when the lady told me it was the hat I had seen her wearing every day for a long time.

—Catarrh, or nasal gleet, is contagious, and may be communicated from one horse to another. It consists of purulent inflammation of the nasal membranes, and may degenerate into glanders through poisoning of the blood by absorption of the purulent discharge. No horse should be permitted to remain subject to this disease for months or years without an attempt to cure it. The treatment proper for this disease is to spray carbolic acid, diluted with forty times its bulk in water, into the nostrils, and to give an ounce of hyposulphate of soda daily for some weeks. The nose should be sponged with clean water and carbolic soap twice a day.—*N. Y. Times.*

—To get the better of hoof-rot in cattle, the part affected must be thoroughly cleansed. There are many sores on cattle which if kept constantly washed clean with cold water and kept free from dirt would heal of themselves. A Maryland practice of curing hoof-rot is to thoroughly cleanse the affected parts with warm water and soap, and then apply warm tar between the hoofs. In very bad cases there will be a very large core come out—remove it carefully with the thumb and finger; cleanse the cavity as above with soap and water, and then fill it with warm tar. Keep the parts thoroughly tarred, even if necessary to use a bandage. Keep the animal in a clean, dry pasture. It is no more liable to affect the whole system than any other ulcer. When once cured there is no danger of its appearing again unless from the same cause.—*Christian at Work.*

"Handling."

In speaking of the quality of stock, and especially of that of "beef" cattle, there is scarcely any expression that is used more frequently than "handling," or "touch," and there is none the signification of which it is harder to explain. By "handling" the butcher can tell, before purchasing, the quality of the flesh of a living beast; and by it the breeder can ascertain the aptitude to fatten, the constitutional vigor, and the quality and quantity of the flesh an animal can carry. It is the peculiar sensation of softness and pliability under the pressure of the fingers on different parts of the body. The nature of this sensation depends on the degree of perfection of the capillary circulation of the system, by which the nutriment prepared by the digestive organs is freely conveyed to every part of the organization. If the capillary circulation is actively carried on in the skin, at the greatest distance from the large circulatory vessels, it can readily be inferred that the internal parts, which are more favorably situated, will be abundantly supplied with materials for the renovation and increase of their tissues.

In testing by "touch" the first thing to be observed is the hair. A fine, long, mossy coat indicates a good feeder, whose flesh will be fine-grained and marbled. A fine but short coat shows a tendency to the accumulation of too much internal fat, instead of a uniform distribution of it through the system. Harsh, coarse, wiry hair denotes poor feeding capacity and late maturity. A soft, mellow, elastic skin, moderately thick, that yields readily under pressure when the animal is in a moderate condition, but grows firmer as the beast "ripens," indicates good health, early maturity, and a fine quality of flesh that can be rapidly laid on. A hard, harsh, unyielding skin denotes a slow feeder and inferior flesh; while thin, flabby skin portends a feeble constitution, coarse, stringy flesh, and soft, oily fat. In all cases the skin should be elastic—springy; the indentations made by pressure should be effaced promptly, not sluggishly, as are those made by pressing the fingers on a dropsical limb. To discriminate correctly by this method requires a delicate sense of touch that can be acquired only by a great deal of practice, and where there are differences in the condition of the hair and skin frequent comparisons of different animals are needed to avoid mistakes. By examination of his own stock, however, any farmer could acquire a good deal of useful information with regard to the "handling" qualities of animals.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Power of the Imagination.

At a large hotel the not uncommon dilemma arose of their being only one room in the house vacant when two visitors required accommodation for the night. It was a double-bedded chamber, or was soon converted into such, and the two guests—who were both commercial travelers—agreed to share it. One of these gentlemen was a confirmed hypochondriac, and greatly alarmed his companion by waking him up in the middle of the night, gasping for breath. "Asthma," he panted out; "I am subject to these spasmodic attacks. Open the window quickly; give air!" Terrified beyond measure, the other jumped out of bed. But the room was pitch dark; he had no matches, and he had forgotten the position of the window. "For Heaven's sake, be quick!" gasped the invalid. "Give me more air, or I shall choke!" At length, by dint of groping wildly and upsetting half the furniture in the apartment, the window was found; but it was an old-fashioned casement, and no hasp or catch was to be discovered. "Quick, quick; air; air!" implored the apparently dying man. "Open it, break it, or I shall be suffocated!" Thus adjured, his friend lost no more time, but seizing a boot, smashed every pane; and the sufferer immediately experienced great relief. "O, thank you; a thousand thanks. Ha!" he exclaimed, drawing deep sighs which testified to the great comfort he derived; "I think in another moment I should have been dead!" And when he had sufficiently recovered and had expressed his heartfelt gratitude, he described the intense distress of the attacks and the length of time he had suffered from them. After a while both fell asleep again devoutly thankful for the result. It was a warm summer night and they felt no inconvenience from the broken window; but when daylight relieved the pitchy darkness of the night the window was found to be still entire! Had invisible glaziers been at work already, or was the episode of the past night only a dream? No; for the floor was still strewn with the broken glass. Then, as they looked round the room in amazement, the solution of the mystery presented itself in the shape of an antiquated bookcase, whose latticed glass doors were a shattered wreck. The spasmodically attacked one was cured from that moment. So much for imagination!—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Bishop Did It.

Many years ago a Professor at a College in Connecticut gave an evening party. All went merrily enough until the guests were going down to supper, when their ears were startled by the sudden tolling of the College bell. As every Professor in the College was present at the party there was quite a commotion, and the janitor was sent up into the bell-tower to find out what was the matter. The janitor, who was called "Professor Jim" by the boys, returned and reported everything quiet in the tower. The party again started down to supper, when the bell again rang out. Two or three ladies of the party were badly scared, and the supper was not half eaten. The Professors tried to solve the mystery but they never could discover who rang the bell. Forty years afterward, a gray-haired Bishop attended a "commencement" at that College. "Professor Jim" was still the janitor. Taking the Bishop aside, "Professor Jim" said: "The boys never get ahead of me but once, and that was forty years ago, when you were a student here. Now, Bishop, won't you tell me who rang that bell?" The Bishop, laughing heartily, confessed that he was guilty, and explained that he had gone up in the tower, tied a stout, black silk cord to the clapper of the bell, passed it out through the bars of the tower window, and secured the other end to the top of a maple behind the building. He had climbed the maple, and with his own hand pulled the cord. "I thought 'twas you, Bishop," said the old janitor, "but I never understood how 'twas done till this minute."

—Isaac Alfrey's dog bit Anderson Johnson's hog, at Owingsville, Ky. Then Johnson shot Alfrey's dog. Next, Alfrey shot Johnson's hog. Finally, Johnson shot Alfrey, killing him, and the latest report said that a mob had gone to hang the murderer.

—Mary Anderson says it is a three hours' job for an actress to have her photograph taken, and she will never pass through the ordeal again.

FIFTEEN thousand dentists torture the native American.

PROF. BELL'S first experiments in constructing the telephone were made at Bradford, Ont.

STRAWBERRY shortcake at a church festival is charming stuff to eat. It is such exciting fun to see who gets the strawberry.—*Boston Post.*

"'Tis hard to part from those we love"—and sometimes it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A LITTLE boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child."

A NICE thing in oil—sardines.

WHEN does a sculptor make provisions for the future? When he is planning a head.

AS EVERYBODY believes everybody else is something of a fool, it is fair to presume that all are more than half right.

IT IS quite the thing to display old laces, old shawls and even old dresses, in private parlors. A New York lady has an album in which she has pasted bits of her grandmother's dresses, rich brocades, etc., that she produces to entertain her audiences—those who haven't a grandmother sit there and envy her.

WHEN is a man like a looking-glass?—When he reflects.

A PARIS letter says: "At a recent Mackey ball the toilet of the hostess was a poem." If this thing is to become the rage we have a whole waste-basketful of ball costumes to give away.—*Boston Globe.*

A SMART little boy being asked to give the name of an article of utility, replied, "an umbrella at a picnic."

—In stooping to pick up a wedge while cutting down an old tree, Anthony Summersill, living near Charleston, S. C., heard the loud rattle of a snake and saw a monster coiled and in the very act of striking. He was not quick enough, and soon felt a stinging sensation in his lip, and his face became fearfully swollen and remained so for nearly a week. The snake did not even break the skin, but his sufferings were intense.

[Philadelphia Times.]

We'll Nail Its Colors to the Mast.

"Hello! Denny, what is the trouble?"

"Oh! I'm all 'broke up,'" was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William G. Denniston, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well-known in the southern section of this city, who came limping into the American office yesterday.

"I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended St. Jacobs Oil to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was only another one of those advertised nostrums; but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief and my faith was pinned to St. Jacob and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for St. Jacobs Oil I should in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of and any person who doubts it send them to me at No. 1924 South Tenth Street."

ANY family which will put off the summer vacation until about the 1st of November will be delightfully surprised to find how easy they can give it up altogether.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

AN electric light under a beer-glass and fastened to the shirt front will be the fashionable pin for seaside hotel clerks.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Tormenting Piles.

Kidney-Wort is an unfailing remedy for that tormenting disease, piles. It moves the bowels gently and freely, and thus removes the cause. Do not fail to try it faithfully either in dry or liquid form.—*Sun and Press.*

WE understand there is a movement on foot to build a monument to the James Cough Pill Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., as a mark of appreciation of their Pellets. They cure coughs, colds, consumption, etc. Right. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., Wholesale Agents.

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Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clear out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c.

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

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For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots Nos. 1890, 1891, 1895, 1896, 2033, 2110, 2111, 2127, 2143, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 221, 301, 306, 308, 75, 77, 78, 180, 314, 2151, 2150, 2149, 2144, 224, 315, containing one thousand fourhundred and one-half acres,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Wm. Morten's heirs.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

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P. MARTIN,
6 18 tf Oakland, Md

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On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 3040,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of E. W. Ceeil.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

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G. E. HINKLEY,
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NOTICE.

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County Court of Mineral county, W. Va., and the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., duly authorized by the same, will meet at Piedmont, Mineral county, W. V., on Wednesday, July 27th, 1881, at the Mayor's office, to receive sealed proposals and plans for the erection of an Iron Tius Bridge across the North Branch, at Kitsmilleraville, of the following dimensions: One span of 120 feet in length and 12 foot roadway, one span of 50 feet in length and 12 foot roadway; the Truss to be 18 feet high and not sustain a strain of over 12,500 lbs. to the square inch of iron, and to bear 80 lbs. to square foot of roadway.

Also at the same time and place will receive bids for the rebuilding of the abutment on the Virginia side, dimensions: Base 16 feet, top 14 feet, height 10¼, and 3 feet thick. Two wing walls each: Base 8 feet, top 2 feet, and height 10½ feet. Also 2 dressed rock 18 inches thick, 5 feet long and 2 feet wide on centre pier, and 2 dressed rock on each abutment 2½ feet long 2 feet wide and 18 inches thick. All to be laid in cement, ready to receive the bridge.

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For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.28 A. M.
No. 7	5:29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.59 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work uguaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS
FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July8-yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN
MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - President.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.
MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Jee Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
HACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 21 y

BEST GOODS — LOWEST PRICES

WHEAT

TRADE MARK. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

For $12.00 a Farmer can buy a formula (520 lb) of POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS for WHEAT.

This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.

Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tried, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.

Send for Pamphlet. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md., Sole Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF { Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer, price only $30 a ton net cash. Pure Bone Meal, Pure Dissolved Bone, Potash, Ammonia, and all high-grade Fertilizing Materials.

FERTILIZERS

BROWN'S

IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub, Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent dompressible action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places it entirely under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

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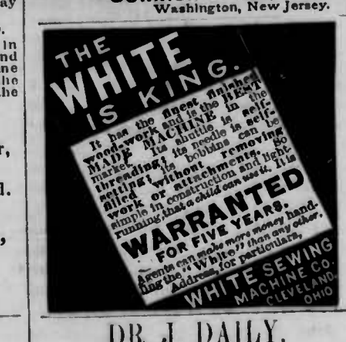

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Styles. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, scraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

GET THE BEST.

See above picture in Webster, pages 1164, giving the name of each sail,—showing the value of

DEFINITIONS BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The pictures in Webster under the 12 words, Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, (pages 1164 and 1219) Steam engine, Timbers, define 343 words and terms.

New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,

Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

WEBSTER'S is the Dictionary used in Govern't Printing Office. 1881. Every State purchase of Dictionaries and for Schools has been Webster's. Books in the Public Schools of the U. S. are mainly based on Webster. Sale of *Webster's* is over 20 times the sale of any other series of Dict's. THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND have been put in the public schools of the U. S. Each new edition has become more and more The Standard. *Recommended* by State Supt's Schools in 36 States, and 50 College Pres'ts

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BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881. NUMBER 22.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak Street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

DR. G. H. HOCKING, offers his professional services to the citizens of Deer Park and vicinity. Office, Deer Park. 7 21

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

E. DEKEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly opp. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office and residence in the Osbourn house. 2 5 3m.

WEST VA. UNIVERSITY

Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged to suit teachers; expenses for one year from $175 to $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Fall term begins September 7th, 1881. Attendance last year from 28 counties of West Virginia and from 8 States and Territories; Number of students larger than for ten years previous.

***For catalogues and other information, apply to the Acting-President, D. B. Purinton, Morgantown, West Va. 6 25 4m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 23, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure* cure every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in several cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 23, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. [illegible] complaints, and I would not be without a bottle in the house for [illegible]

Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE.
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to H. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

***I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Herrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Herrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA HERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,
—OR THE—
STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
6 18 tf Oakland, Md

KENNETH CHARLE'S LOVE.

They are standing upon the cliff together, Kenneth Carle and Grace Ellsworth, and he is holding her hand in his and gazing earnestly into her beautiful gray eyes.

"Grace, turn back," he exclaimed, passionately; "turn back before it is too late. You do not know what you are doing; you—"

"I believe I know my own mind," interrupted Grace, with a forced laugh. "I am perfectly sane, I assure you."

Kenneth looked at her with a sad, doubtful expression on his handsome face.

"I cannot deem it possible," he says. "I never thought that Grace Ellsworth would sell herself for gold, paltry gold!"

She disengaged her hand from his clasp, and drawing herself up haughtily, replies in a cold tone that the tears in her eyes belie,—

"Neither would I, Mr. Carle. You presume too much upon friendship, but there are some things that even friendship does not make admissible. You are very unjust in your accusation. My heart is my own and I am free to bestow it upon whom I please. Pray do not speak of selling again."

"I am to infer, then," he says "that you have never loved me; you have been trifling with me all this time, you—"

"Infer anything you please," retorts Grace, hotly. "It makes no difference to me."

"Ah!"

It is not a short exclamation that Kenneth Carle utters, but a long, low sigh, that thrills Grace's heart with a strange emotion, and causes the color to rush in her cheeks. Then there is a long silence, while Kenneth gazes fixedly at the grass beneath his feet, and Grace stands motionless now and then casting covert glances at her companion.

"Mr. Carle," she says, suddenly, "look at the darkening sky. There will be a storm soon, I shall return to the house. Will you come with me or stay here?"

"I will stay here," he replies, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she turns and leaves him.

At a short distance she pauses and looks behind her. She sees the rocky cliff, with the sea lashing itself into foam at its base; the tall figure standing near its edge, his head bowed, his dark, Greek-like features clearly outlined against the dull gray sky, and an expression of anguish and pain crosses her face. It is succeeded, however, by a look of stern determination, and in a low, firm voice she says,—

"I will not let this foolish love conquer. I shall wed this rich stranger for indeed he is almost a stranger to me, and Kenneth Carle shall never be more to me than a friend."

As Grace has predicted, a storm comes up quite suddenly; and as she is quite a distance from her home, she seeks shelter in a cottage at the foot of the hill.

It is a quaint, low-roofed building of very ancient date, and has been inhabited for many years by a tall, gypsy-looking woman who, when she first took up her abode there, was a comely, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, and now an old woman, yellow skinned and gaunt.

Her black eyes, though, have never lost their keen brightness, but shine with such a steady, piercing light that, when any valuables are lost, the villagers laughingly remark that they could discover them instantly had they the light of Mother Leman's eyes to aid them.

These bright eyes turn upon Grace now as she enters the one room of the cottage that serves as kitchen, chamber and parlor, and a metallic voice says:

"Ah, is it you, my child, Grace? You were caught in the shower; are you not drenched?"

"Oh, no," Grace replies, seating herself. "I have walked very fast, and the wide-spreading trees sheltered me. You are very busy, I see. Do you never rest, Mother Leman?" with an arch smile.

"Yes, when the night comes," replies the old woman. "But, my child, you are ill."

"No, indeed," says Grace. "Why, I thought I was looking unusually healthy. Are not my eyes bright my cheeks rosy? For once, Mother Leman, your eyes, sharp as they are, have deceived you."

"No, I am sure you are ill," the other says, gazing at Grace so earnestly that she grows flushed and warm and wishes those piercing eyes would turn in some other direction. "You are ill, not physically, perhaps, but mentally. Grace, my child," warningly, "take an old woman's advice and never exchange an old love a for new."

Now, Mother Leman has heard several stories, concerning Grace and her two suitors, and determines to discover whether they are real facts or idle rumors. She is satisfied as to the truth when she sees Grace start suddenly, while her face flushes deeply.

"Ah, Grace, my child," she says, "don't act against your own heart. Turn back, turn back, before it is too late."

Grace draws back haughtily, while the same proud, angry expression that she wore when Kenneth Carle uttered the same words crossed her face.

"I don't know what you mean," she says to her lips, but knowing it is useless to try to evade or deceive this sharp-eyed woman, she answers:

"I am acting as my heart dictates. I see no reason why you should warn me."

And Mother Leman, perceiving that the subject is an unpleasant one to Grace, immediately changes it.

It is not long before the storm clears away, and Grace takes her departure. She is fully resolved now; she will marry the wealthy stranger and crush the love for Kenneth Carle. Nothing can alter her decision.

That very day the betrothal is sealed, and preparations for the wedding commenced.

The wealthy suitor showers costly presents upon her with a lavish hand; but somehow they do not afford Grace the pleasure she anticipated. The little ruby ring that Kenneth gave her is far more precious to her than all the millionaire's diamonds.

At last the eventful day arrives, and Grace dons the pure white wedding robes that are worth a fortune in themselves, excepting the costly jewels that glitter on her fair neck and arms, and among the braids of blue-black hair. Then the bridal party are driven away to the village church, and the marriage ceremony is performed.

Grace stands like a statue through it all, her face white and cold as the sparkling diamonds about her, and the village maidens' envy turns to pity, for they see what the love-blind husband does not, that she is an unhappy bride.

Kenneth Carle is not present at the wedding; he went away a week ago, the villagers say, and Grace is spared the pain of seeing him.

A few hours latter Grace and her husband have left the little village and are on their way to the Old World, where, amid new scenes and new people, surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, Grace will endeavor to forget her sorrow.

Ten years later. In the largest, handsomest room that the "Eyrie Hotel" can afford sit two gentlemen; one a slim, blonde young man, whose attire borders on the "dandy" style, the other a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, whom we have met before, Kenneth Carle. But he is no longer known by that name, for some reason of his own he has changed it to Ellis Cary.

Ten years have altered him greatly; indeed, it would be difficult for his nearest friend to recognize him. He is thinking of old times now; and chancing to glance into the mirror opposite, smiles at the bronzed, bearded face revealed there as he contrasts it with the smooth, boyish one of ten years ago. He is aroused from his revery by the voice of his companion, saying,—

"I say, Cary, have you seen the new arrival—a young widow, with no end of a fortune? Worth looking after, I tell you. There she goes now."

Kenneth glanced out of the window in time to see a slender figure, attired in deep mourning, pass by; but her head is averted, and he does not see her face.

"Handsome, too," continued his friend "I got an introduction last evening. I'll present you to-night."

That evening Kenneth Carle, for by that name he is best known to us, meets the young widow in the hotel parlor, and is introduced to her.

"Mrs Ashly, Mr. Cary."

The widow bows low, and softly murmurs a few words of acknowledgement. Kenneth glances at her face and draws a long breath of surprise, for beneath the dainty widow's cap he recognizes the blue-black hair, the dark grey eyes, the piquant features of his old love, Grace Ellsworth.

"Shall I reveal myself to her?" he asks himself; and after a moment's hesitation decides he will not, for the present, at least. She does not recognize him; let her know him only as Ellis Cary.

The days pass by, and slowly the conviction dawns upon him that he is falling in love with Grace Ashly over again. Yet, is it over again? Is it not the old love that he believed dead rising like a phœnix from the ashes? He cannot tell; he only knows that she has grown very dear to him, dearer than the maiden Grace Ellsworth had been.

At last he determines to know his fate, and, without revealing his identity, he asks her to be his bride. Grace's fair face does not flush, nor her eyes drood, as she places her hand in his and replies,—

"Mr. Cary, let me tell you my story, and then if you are willing to claim me, I will consent. Ten years ago I met Kenneth Carle and loved him. He was not wealthy, and in my desire for riches I cast him off for another, who I knew could give me everything thing my heart desired. Everything, did I say? Oh, no! he could not give me happiness. Since his death I have traveled from place to place, until I came here and met you. I like you, I respect you greatly, but I cannot love you. I can never love again. If, knowing this, you are willing to make me your wife, I have nothing more to say."

"And if this Kenneth Carle should return and ask you to marry him, would you do so?" her companion asks.

"No, no," replies Grace sadly; "that is impossible."

"It is not impossible," Kenneth says, passionately. "Don't you know me Grace?"

Grace looks up into his face with a dazed expression. The resemblance has puzzled her, but it is all clear now.

"Yes, Kenneth, I know you now," she replies. "Kenneth, after wronging you so much, can you still love me?"

"I can and do," he replies. "Grace, my darling, is it yes?"

He looks down into her pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and shyly drooping eyes, and there reads his answer.

And on the following September Grace dons the wedding robes for the second time, and ere the merry bells have ceased pealing she has become the bride of her first and only love, Kenneth Carle.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Japanese Fans.

As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labor is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kiota by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be saleable during the ensuing season, and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colors are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at any rate the most important, position on the staff in ordinary. When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workman, together with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed so that they will retain the crease, and this is done by putting them between two pieces of paper well saturated with oil and properly creased. The four are then folded together and placed under a heavy weight. When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least 24 hours in their folds. The next process is to make the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, and "set" them in their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper.

The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time the fan is put up to dry it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed, foreign paper has been tried, and had to be given up as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fanmakers have been able to make some fans with printed pictures which have been sent over from America, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japanese paper. The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and, in consequence, the style of manufacture has had to be changed. Instead of first pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square, and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy work are all done in Osaka and Kioto, and some of the designs in lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly-ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first-class work. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.—*Public Opinion.*

A Touching Incident in Garfield's Life.

The Cleveland *Herald* has the following: "One of the most touching incidents in the remarkable life of President Garfield was his coming home from the front soon after he had donned the star of a Major General to bury a dead son. He took the dead baby in his arms and sat for its photograph, the only one the family ever had of its little dead member. In speaking of the circumstance to his friend, President Hilsdale, he said: 'As I sat with that dead child in my arms, my eyes rested upon my bright blue uniform, so recently bestowed upon me, and I thought how small are all the honors of this life—how insignificant are all its struggles and triumphs! I am grieved and broken in spirit at the great loss which has been inflicted upon me but I can endure almost anything so long as this brave little woman is left me.' This closing sentence comes with special significance just at this time, when everything in this life is at stake with the great man, and when, if ever in this world, he needs the full strength and support of his noble helpmate. It was most touching and proper that they should have been left alone at their first meeting after the catastrophe. Her judgment and wisdom are entirely sufficient for any crisis that can come in the life of her great husband, and if any thing in this world can rally him back to life from the sombre brink of the grave, her presence and care can do it."

The Oriental Craze.

The passion for Oriental goods this year culminates in the various uses to which Japanese umbrellas, parasols, fans, screens, and articles of various kinds are put. Some of the largest Japanese umbrellas are from seven to ten feet across when open. They are utilized as garden and lawn shades, attached to a seat in place of an awning. The insides have the gayest of linings, formed of paper decorated with those grotesque, highly colored figures which adorn the fantastic fans and parasols, only the figures are of larger size. Not only are lawns and piazzas decorated with these big, bright umbrellas, but parasols, banners, and fans of every description, and all sizes, are brought with avidity by women going into the country, for the purpose of turning their rooms into veritable chambers of Japanese horrors. Bright red, blue, and yellow wooden scabbards are purchased, not as toys for children, but to hang crossed on the wall to form decorations. Quaint-shaped little baskets of split bamboo are hung wherever a space is to be filled with something to prevent a plain wall from looking bare. Round and square crape paper mats, made up into tidies, wall-pockets, catchalls, and toilet covers, give a gay appearance to summer quarters. Japanese lanterns, too, are hung in nooks and corners, and Japanese table-mats decorate dining room tables. Queer little Japanese boxes that are a puzzle to open adorn the tables and etarges, the bureaus and dressing-tables, in every house, while costlier or cheaper Japanese porcelain cups, saucers, vases and odd shaped vessels of all sorts do duty also as ornaments. This is extended to toilet sets, even to the most ignoble utensil.

Six lines of railroad now enter Denver, and three more are soon to be added.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A MOSQUITO CONUNDRUM.

"Why am I like mosquitoes, dear,
That you have killed?" he sighed.
"Because you won't go hum, I fear,"
The sleepy maid replied.

"That isn't it—please try once more."
"Well, then, you're like," said she,
"Mosquitoes, for they always bore."
"You're wrong again," said he.

"Because they come 'round every night,
And are a nuisance, too?"
"Oh, no, my love; the reason right
Is that I'm mashed on you."

"What does that mean?" she asked. While he
Explained she gently coughed.
"Oh, now I understand," laughed she—
"You're mashed because you're soft."

H. C. Dodge, in the Detroit Free Press.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A young girl sat in n large easy chair ln the elegantly furnished parlor of her father's palatial mansion. The richest of lace fell over a beautiful hand, which rested upon the soft upholstery of the arm of the chair. It was a hand that the most fastidious of sculptors would have chosen for his model. On its first shapely finger was a magnificent diamond ring, which the son of Mrs. Thomas Fletcher had placed there only the night before. Mrs. Thomas Fletcher was a rich widow; Roland Fletcher had no Identity of his own—he was always spoken of as "the rich Mrs. Fletcher's son," and everybody knew that it was his mother's money that kept him sailing on the top wave of elite society.

Marion Douglass, our heroine, was in deep thought. Her eyes rested upon the betrothal ring upon her finger, and a shade of sadness passed over her face.

"I wonder if there is any real happiness in this world," she said, aloud. "I thought I was going to be so very happy after I promised to marry Roland Fletcher, but this has been the most depressing day I have had for months. How I wish I had something to do; something that amounts to something. I want to be occupied, but there is nothing for me to do; everybody does everything for me. Roland talks about the 'beauty of repose' and rest, but I will tell him to-night that Cowper says, the 'Absence of occupation is not rest.'"

Just then the door-bell rang, and the servant summoned Marion Douglass to the hall. The caller was a sewing-girl from Madame Marmount's, who had come to bring home the new silk dress which had been made to wear at a reception on the following evening.

"Madame wishes me to stay and see if the dress fits well, and if you will wish any alterations made," said the sewing-girl, as she handed the elegant dress to Miss Douglass.

The dress was pronounced n perfect fit, and Marion saw no alterations she wished made, so the young girl fixed the "loopings," and pinned on the flowers. It was with a gaze of rapture that the tasteful dressmaker surveyed the beautiful young lady standing before her, arrayed in the elegant costume, and, clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, "O, how lovely, how lovely!" Then, as if fearing she had been too communicative, she said, "Please excuse me, Miss Douglass, but indeed I could not help expressing myself as I did."

"You are perfectly excusable," replied the young lady, kindly. "If I look well, I am greatly indebted to you for the tasteful arrangement of my dress. May I ask your name?"

"Dora, Dora Curtiss," replied the girl.

"Don't you get very tired sewing all the time?" asked Marion, in a kindly tone of voice.

"O, no, Miss Douglass, I love to sew and help design the beautiful dresses," she replied. "I hope soon to be able to have an establishment of my own, so I can do more for mother and the children."

Marion saw that Dora Curtiss was by no means the "hollow-eyed, thin-cheeked, sad-faced girl" of the average sewing-girl type, pictured in novels. On the contrary, she was a bright, fresh, red-cheeked, happy-faced girl.

"My mother has been an invalid for years," she said, encouraged by the interest the young girl had manifested. "She gets low spirited, sometimes, so I always try to keep a state of bright weather in my heart, and that makes me feel better."

"Wouldn't your mother relish some jelly?" asked Marion, impulsively; "we have plenty of it," and she sent the servant immediately to the store-room to bring two glasses of the nicest jelly.

"I thank you many, many times, Miss Douglass, for your thoughtfulness," said Dora. "Mother will enjoy the jelly so very much."

"How much happier I feel since I met that sewing girl," thought Marion. "I wonder if it is because I happened to think of giving her that jelly! But that was such a little thing to do. How much I might do every day for the happiness of others."

The next morning Marion woke up with the full determination to go and see Dora Curtiss' mother and carry her some fruit. She got ready very soon after breakfast, and while drawing on n pair of well-fitting gloves over her tiny hand, she remembered how often her friends had said, "What beautiful hands you have!" and a feeling of pride filled her henrt for a moment. When she nrrived at her destination she was ushered into a plainly-furnished apartment on the first floor of a tenement house. Mrs. Curtiss received her with many kind words of welcome nnd thanks. She said the fruit and jelly were just what she had been wanting.

As Marion looked around the room, her eye fell upon a paper pinned upon the wall. These words were written on it:

Beautiful hands are those that do,
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the whole day through.

She asked to copy the words in her memorandum book, and, after a pleasant talk with the invalid, Marion left the house. She had only walked n short distance when she unexpectedly met Roland Fletcher.

"Why, Marion, what are you doing in this miserable part of the city?"

"I have been calling on a sick woman," she replied, with a sweet smile.

"So you have turned Sister of Charity, have you?" he replied, in a tone of displeasure. "I trust you will go directly home; don't you know that this is not a proper portion of the city for a young girl like you? Have you no fear of catching contagious diseases? I am afraid to come here myself, and when I have to come to collect rents for mother, she always ties a camphor bag around my neck."

"I am not at all afraid," replied Marion, "and this is not a God-forsaken part of the city, if the people generally are as sweet, patient Christians as the sick woman I have left. I never felt so happy in my life, and have just begun to learn that our truest happiness comes to us through doing good to others."

"Charity begins at home," said the young man, twirling his gold-headed cane. You better make n convert of me, though I don't think much of your religious chaps."

Roland Fletcher walked home with Marion, expostulating with her and trying to make her promise that she would never go into a tenement house again. After they had seated themselves in her father's parlor, he took the tiny hand with the diamond ring on it into his own and said:

"The idea of such a beautiful hand as this is ministering to sick people in tenement houses, and lugging fruit, plasters, and nobody knows what else, through the street for their benefit!"

"My hands are not beautiful, Roland Fletcher," replied the young lady, hastily withdrawing her hand from her lover's. "I have learned to-day that

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.

Hereafter I shall devote myself to ministering to those whom God has not seen fit to bless with this world's goods as abundantly as He has blessed me."

"If there is anything I detest," said Roland, "it's your pious women, your women's rights women, your self-supporting women, and your fanatical women, who think they have a mission. I expect you will be clamoring for the ballot next. You are my individual property now, and I wish you to preserve your true womanliness and not overstep the boundaries of propriety by this nunnery, mission business."

"You and I differ about the meaning of the term true womanliness," repeated Marion, in a trembling voice. "I feel that I have a right to follow the dictates of my own conscience in such matters."

Roland saw that Marion felt hurt, and, as he did really love her as much as his selfish nature was capable of loving any woman, he tried to modify his rash words. Weeks passed on, Marion still continued her visits of love and mercy, but always under protest. Every day she felt that Roland and she were drifting farther and farther apart. The external things of life—the life of pleasure and fashion that had woven such chains about him—were slowly breaking in Marion's soul. Her estimate of the things that bring happiness were very different. She was not surprised one morning to receive a note from Roland Fletcher asking that the engagement might be broken. He closed the note saying: "It has always been against my principles to marry any woman with a mission."

Years passed away. Roland Fletcher and Marion Douglass had drifted apart and lost sight of each other for a long time. Marion had married a wealthy gentleman who believed with her that our happiness in life comes to us "when we make life less difficult to others." They both were of one mind in their ideas of usefulness. Marion's beautiful hands never tired of doing work that was "earnest, brave and true." Three lovely children had come to their home, but amid their present happiness the sorrows of others were never forgotten. One lovely summer's morning Marion started from the "Flower Mission," with her basket of bouquets to distribute in the hospitals. While passing through one of the wards she stopped beside the cot of a new patient who had been brought in the night before.

"Will you have a bouquet, sir?" asked Marion, as she tenderly bent over the suffering one.

"Thank you, madame," the sick man said, as he reached out his hand and took the proffered flowers. "What a beautiful mission the Flower Mission is, and how very kind you ladies are to bring them to us poor sick ones, who are shut out from nature's beauties."

"We are very glad to cheer the sick ones in this way," replied Marion, as she took n stray rosebud out of the basket and handed it also to the patient. The man's eye fell upon the hand of the woman who ministered to him, and he said:

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true."

Marion's face had been hidden beneath her large shade hat, but when she lifted her head there was a mutual recognition. It was Robert Fletcher.

"Marion Douglass!" he exclaimed. "How often I have longed to see you and take back the cruel words I said to you so long ago about true womanliness. I have tried to bless the name of woman. I have been the recipient of her Christian love nnd kindness. When all others forsook me, it was a 'woman with a mission' who nursed me through a malignant disease, and rescued me from a death without repentance and forgiveness. It was n woman's hand that guided me to the 'only Name given nmong men whereby we may be saved,' and it was a band of praying women who rescued me from a drunkard's grave."

Roland's story was soon told. His mother died years before and left him her immense fortune, which he soon squandered in riotous living. He was now a charity patient at n hospital, and he was cared for tenderly and kindly by women who believed they did not overstep the boundaries of "true womanliness" when they ministered in Christ's name to His needy ones. When he passed awny from earth it wns Mnrlon's hand that smoothed his dying pillow—Marion's hand which closed his eyes upon a world in which he learned, as he said, too late, the true secret of right nnd noble living.—*Susan T. Perry, in Chicago Interior.*

—The physicians of Nashville, Tennessee, have petitioned the Common Council to prohibit the tolling of bells for the dead, on the ground that the sound has a depressing effect on such of their patients as have not succumbed

The Storing of Electricity.

Sir William Thomson, of the Glasgow University, has written the following letter, concerning the storing of electricity, to the London *Times:*

SIR: The marvelous "box of electricity" described in a letter to you, which was published in the *Times* of May 16, has been subjected to a variety of trials and measurement in my laboratory for now three weeks, and I think it may interest your readers to learn that the results show your correspondent to have been by no means too enthusiastic as to its greats practical value. I am continuing my experiments to learn the behavior of the Faure battery in varied circumstances, and to do what I can toward finding the best way of arranging it for the different kinds of service to which it is to be applied. At the request of the Conseil d'Administration of the Societe de la Force et la Lumiere, I have gladly undertaken this work, because the subject is one in which I feel intensely interested, seeing in it a realization of the most ardently and unceasingly felt scientific aspiration of my life—an aspiration which I scarcely dared to expect, or to hope to live to see realized.

The problem of converting energy into a preservable and storable form, and of laying it up in store conveniently for allowing it to be used at any time when wanted, is one of the most interesting and important in the whole range of science. It is solved on a small scale in winding up a watch, in drawing a bow, in compressing air into the receiver of an airgun, or of a Whitehead torpedo, in winding up the weights of a clock or other machine driven by weights, and in pumping up water to a height by a windmill—or otherwise, as in Sir William Armstrong's hydraulic accumulator—for the purpose of using it afterward to do work by a waterwheel or water pressure on a piston. It is solved on a large scale by the application of burning fuel to smelt zinc, to be afterward used to give electric light or to drive an electromagnetic engine by becoming, as it were, unsmelted in a voltaic battery. Ever since Joule, forty years ago, founded the thermodynamic theory of the voltaic battery and the electro-magnetic engine, the idea of applying the engine to work the battery backward, and thus restore the chemical energy to the materials so that they may again act voltaically, and again and again, has been familiar in science. But with all ordinary forms of voltaic battery the realization of the idea to any purpose seemed hopelessly distant. By Plante's admirable discovery of the lead and peroxide of lead voltaic battery, alluded to by your correspondent, an important advance toward the desired object was made twenty years ago; and now by M. Faure's improvement practical fruition is attained.

The "million of foot pounds" kept in the box during its seventy-two hours' journey from Paris to Gasgow was no exaggeration. One of the four cells, after being discharged, was recharged again by its own laboratory battery, and then left to itself absolutely undisturbed for ten days. After that it yielded to me two hundred and sixty thousand foot pounds (or a little more than a quarter of a million). This not only confirms M. Reynier's measurements, on the faith of which your correspondent's statement was made; it seems further to show that the waste of stored energy by time is not great, and that for days or weeks, at all events, it may not be of practicable moment. This, however, is a question which can only be answered by careful observations and measurements carried on for a month longer time than I have hitherto had for investigating the Faure battery. I have already ascertained enough regarding its qualities to make it quite certain that it solves the problem of storing electric energy in a manner and on a scale useful for many important practical applications. It has already had in this country one interesting application, of the smallest in respect to dynamical energy used, but not the smallest in respect to beneficence, of all that may be expected of it. A few days ago, my colleague, Prof. George Buchanan, carried away from my laboratory one of the lead cells (weighing about eighteen pounds) in his carriage, and by it ignited the thick platinum wire of a galvanic *cerasear* and bloodlessly removed a nævoid tumor from the tongue of a young boy in about a minute of time. The operation would have occupied over ten minutes if performed by the ordinary chain *ecraseur*, as it must have been had the Faure cell not been available, because in the circumstances the surgical electrician, with his paraphernalia of voltaic battery to be set up beforehand, would not have been practically admissible.

The largest useful application waiting just now for the Faure battery—and it is to be hoped that the very minimum of time will be allowed to pass till the battery is supplied for this application—is to do for the electric light what a water cistern in a house does for an inconstant water supply. A little battery of seven of the boxes described by your correspondent suffices to give the incandescence in Swan or Edison lights to the extent of 100 candles for six hours, without any perceptible diminution of brilliancy. Thus, instead of needing a gas engine or steam engine to be kept at work as long as the light is wanted, with the liability of the light failing at any moment through the slipping of a belt—an accident of too frequent occurrence—or any other breakdown or stoppage of the machinery, and instead of the wasteful inactivity during the hours of day or night when the light is not required, the engine may be kept going all day nnd stopped at night, or it may be kept going day and night, which will undoubtedly be the most economical plan when the electric light comes into general enough use. The Faure accumulator, always kept charged from the engine by the house supply wire, with a proper automatic stop to check the supply when the accumulator is full, will be always ready at any hour of the day or night to give whatever light is required. Precisely the same advantages in respect of force will be gained by the accumulator when the electric town supply is, as it surely will be before many years pass, regularly used for turning lathes and other machinery in workshops and sewing-machines in private houses.

Another very important application of the accumulator is for the electric lighting of steamships. A dynamo-electric machine of very moderate magnitude and expense, driven by a belt from a drum on the main shaft, working through the twenty-four hours, will keep a Faure accumulator full, and thus, notwithstanding irregularities of the speed of the engine at sea or occasional stoppages, the supply of electricity will always be ready to feed Swan or Edison lamps in the engine room and cabins, or arc lights for mast heads and red and green side lamps, with more certainty and regularity than have yet been achieved in the gas supply for any house on terra firma.

I must apologize for trespassing so largely on your space. My apology is that the subject is attracting great interest among the public, and that even so slight an installment of information and suggestions as I venture to offer in this letter may be acceptable to some of your readers. I remain your obedient servant,

WILLIAM THOMSON.

The Texan War—Massacre of Colonel Fannin's Command.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal's* correspondent has interviewed Colonel James Wood, now residing in Nelson County, Ky., who was a volunteer in the Texan War for independence, a member of Captain William P. Miller's company from Alabama, which was captured immediately after landing at Capano, Texas, and taken as prisoners to Fort Goliad, where the tragic events described took place in March, 1836. Colonel Wood's narrative is as follows:

Saturday afternoon a courier arrived from General Santa Anna with instructions to shoot the prisoners at sunrise on the following morning. That night a council was held by the Mexican officers as to whether Santa Anna meant to include our command in his order or not. Upon a vote being taken a bare majority of one was in favor of awaiting further orders. We told some of Fannin's men what we had heard, but they did not believe us, and felt secure in the promise that they were to be exchanged. Sunday morning the sun arose in a splendor of glory and looked smilingly down upon the doomed victims of Mexican treachery and gave no token of the terrible butchery about to take place. At an early hour we were removed from our quarters to a peach orchard, just outside the fort, which overlooked the surrounding country. White handkerchiefs were tied around our arms to distinguish us from Famin's men, we were told. At nine o'clock Fannin's men were ordered to fall into line, and were drawn up in double files, extending across the yard of the fort from the cannon at the gate to the opposite wall. They were then divided into three divisions, and being told that they were required to drive a large herd of cattle into town, the cowardly Mexicans fearing them even in their weakness and without arms, were ordered to march. The first division, as it filed out of the gate of the fort, was marched straight forward, and the second division was made to wheel to the right, and the third division to the left, on lines at right angles with the line of the first division. The Mexican infantry, with loaded muskets, as each division came out, fell in on different sides of it in single file, and at the same time cavalrymen, with drawn swords, fell in parallel with each line of infantry. The prisoners by this time began to feel greatly alarmed. The Mexicans suddenly halted and began fixing bayonets, and just as some one shouted, "Boys, we are about to be shot!" a peal of firearms, followed by dismayed and terrific shrieks from the prisoners in the middle division, announced that the bloody butchery had begun, and the most perfidious act in the annals of warfare was about to be consummated. This opening fire was a preconcerted signal of the cowardly executioners, who, advancing within a few feet of the prisoners, fired directly into their faces. To describe the terrible scene would be impossible. The agonizing shrieks of the wounded as the bloody bayonet met them at every turn, the dead and the dying, and the demoniac yells of the inhuman butchers, are beyond the power of mortal tongue to depict. With that hope born of desperation and agonizing fear, about fifty men made a break and rushed instinctively toward the bank of the San Antonio, pursued by the infuriated soldiery, by whom many were overtaken and killed. About twenty-five men, who had divested themselves of their knapsacks and such articles of clothing as they could as they ran, succeeded in reaching the river, and plunged in. But few lived to reach the opposite shore, most of them being picked off in the water by musket shots. Some of them gained the opposite bank and concealed themselves in the bushes and timber skirting the river bank, only to be hunted down and murdered by a company of Mexican cavalry, which had been posted across the river to intercept any one who might escape the slaughter at the fort. A few succeeded in concealing themselves in such a manner as to evade detection by crawling into the high grass on the prairie away from the river. The Mexicans, thinking they had exterminated the entire band, passed on, and the survivors, without hats, shoes, and no clothing except pants and shirts, ran for miles into the prairie until they sank from utter exhaustion. They remained in this position the entire day, not daring to move or speak, and at night started on their uncertain journey, bewildered, half-starved, and nearly famished. The hardships of these men, and their many hairbreadth escapes, as told me afterward by one of the few that ever reached home and friends, would fill a book. After the massacre we were taken back to our quarters, and in going to the fort saw Colonel Fannin bound to a chair, where he was blindfolded and shot. The bodies of the murdered soldiers were stripped naked and piled up in a large heap nnd burned by the inhuman monsters. Colonel Fanain's body wns also stripped and burned upon the same pile.

Colonel Wood and ten companions subsequently effected their escape by swimming the San Antonio River and taking to the woods, finally reaching Sherman's advance cavalry after six days of terrible hardship.

—One man on the Pacific slope employed four weeks in writing 6,571 words on a postal card so that they can be read without the aid of a glass.

Ten Days too Late.

Yesterday morning a man who lives in the Saginaw Valley was at the depot to take the train for home. As he was buying his ticket, an old friend, who lives here, slapped him on the shoulder and gave him greeting. After a few salutations, the Detroiter said:

"Have you married again?"

"No."

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"Come with me. I know a widow whom I can recommend."

"Can we get back to the depot in fifty minutes?"

"Yes, easily."

"Very well; lead the way."

That's all there was said about it until they reached the Central Market. The Detroiter walked the Valley man up to the stand of n well-known and fair-looking widow nnd said:

"Mrs. Blank, my friend only has a few minutes to spare. You are a widow."

"Yes."

"Three children?"

"Yes."

"Worth $6,000?"

"Yes."

"Healthy, good-natured and a member of the Baptist church?"

"Yes."

"Very well. This is Mr. Blank, of Saginaw. He is forty-seven years old, sound as a dollar, owns a good farm, has two children, and is looking for a second wife. Do you like his looks? Will you encourage him? Do you think you could love him? He is in a hurry and can't fool away time. Yes or no."

"No," replied the widow, as she arranged her pie-plant and radishes. "He's ten days too late. I am engaged to a widower in Toledo."

"That's honest injun?"

"True as I live."

"Nuf sed—good morning, and he has thirty-one minutes to go to the train."

And the Saginaw widower picked up his grip-sack and walked off without a change of countenance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a Mexican Market.

Behind the Palace, south of the long pile of buildings occupied by the President of Mexico and his troops, is now the principal market of the city. It is inclosed by high stone walls, and there are entrances through four gates leading from as many streets. The outer portion of this inclosed square is occupied by shops and projecting "piazzas," beneath which are exposed for sale the different products and manufactures of Mexico; and the central portion is occupied by natives, squatted beneath the shade of squares of mattings stretched over frameworks, and each square supported by a single pole like a huge umbrella.

Several zinc roofs, supported upon stone pillars, give shelter to crowded stalls and cover every variety of merchandise from a squash seed to a wooden spoon. The entire inclosure is densely packed with human beings, especially in the morning, when the purchases are mostly made. The men and women that do business here bring their entire families with them, and for the day live here as at home; there is no possible function of in-door life that is not here exhibited with unblushing indelicacy. The markets are divided, in a way, into the various portions devoted to fruit, vegetables and articles for household use. Upon mats spread on the stone pavement each vender spreads his or her stock in trade regardless of the space necessary to the customer in threading his way through the miscellaneous assemblage. One finds little piles of peppers, eggs, tomatoes, etc., skillfully arranged in a way calculated to arrest the footsteps of the passer-by, and cause him to curse the owner of them. It is all the same to the sellers whether you step on the goods or not; if you do, you must pay the bill for damages; if you don't, you at least will see them and possibly purchase.

In going through this market one Sunday morning, I jotted down the different varieties of fruits and vegetables as I saw them on the margin of a newspaper; and here is the list, transcribed as it ran on there: First, after passing the dealers in fried meats, who were constantly dishing out scraps of pork and shreds of beef sizzling in fat, to dirty *leperos* in sombreros and serapes stationed at the gate, you encounter the fruit stalls and the vegetable stands. There are limes, fragrant as any grown in West India gardens, but without their plumpness and flavor; they perfume the air in the immediate vicinity, despite the sewage odor and the flaunting of vile garments that smell to heaven. Close by are pears—hear are two zones brought close together, but these pears are not equal to those of Northern climes—cherries—peculiar to the country—shaddocks, mangoes, bananas, plantains, oranges—all from the *tierras calientes*, or hot lands, whence also come the cocoanuts and pineapples that lie in heaps on the pavement; the last are very dear, approaching prices in New York, owing to the great expense of transportation over 200 miles of railroad; babies—not from the *tierras calientes*—who keep decidedly cool and comfortable, whether lying kicking on their mothers' mats or peering from the *rebozos* in which they are confined to their mothers' backs; melons, peaches, wooden bowls, buckets, mats, babies; poultry, babies; lettuce, babies, crockery, babies at the breast; tomatoes, peppers, babies on the half shell (of a calabash); beans, radishes, potatoes, babies without a rag on them; onions, leeks, cabbage, corn, babies with nothing on them but rags; peas, carrots, beets, squashes, babies prospecting for nourishment; "hen-fruit," artichokes, babies lean nnd emaciated; birds, brats, children, pumpkin-seeds, babies fat as a post office contract; Indians, with great coops of chickens on their backs, leading babies by the hand; jackasses, with great panniers of vegetables or charcoal, with babies as crowning curiosities; crockery venders with huge crates of earthen jars and pots, every one of which may contain a baby. In fact, there are here the products of every zone and clime, all the productions, including babies, of mother earth.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

—European tours will soon become unfashionable. The horrible discovery has been made that it is cheaper to summer in Europe than at an American watering-place.—*Philadelphia News.*

To Resuscitate the Drowned.

If a doctor can be had immediately, well and good; but do not waste a moment for one, for moments are precious under such circumstances. Whenever the body of a person is recovered, who has not been more than thirty minutes under the water, though seemingly dead, there is a possibility that life may be restored if the following instructions are faithfully carried out:

The first thing to do, when the body is taken out of the water, is to raise it gently, and, if water flows from the mouth, encourage it to do so by a favorable position, but do not use any rough or violent means, such as rolling it on a barrel, or holding it up by the heels, as is sometimes ignorantly done. Such treatment is both absurd and injurious, and is calculated to extinguish any latent spark of vitality that may yet linger in the frame, for you must recollect that death is not caused by water rushing into the lungs, but by the want of air, which was excluded by being under water. After draining the water from the mouth, as above stated, lay the body on the right side, the head and breast slightly raised; get a plank or shutter, and remove the body to the nearest house, or if no house is near, to a dry and warm situation. No time should be lost in doing this. Having cleansed the mouth and nostrils of froth, mucus, etc., the next important step (when a person is found with clothes on) is to strip the body of its wet clothes, rub it quickly dry, and if there is no warm blanket or bed to be had, cover it over with the spare clothes of the bystanders. Let heat be applied to the body in every possible way, for which purpose the hot bath will be found the most efficacious of any, and should always be employed when the circumstances of the case will admit, but in the absence of such convenience, the next application for restoring the natural heat, and which can always be procured, is hot flannels and hot bricks. The hot bricks, wrapped up in a dry cloth, should be placed along the limbs and side of the body, and to the feet. Gentle friction with the warm flannel should be used all over the body. If some whisky or brandy can be had, made warm and poured on the flannel, it will be more efficacious. Not more than a few minutes should be occupied in putting this process of restoring heat in operation—in fact, while it is in process an effort to restore respiration should be used. This is best done by gently opening the mouth, depress the tongue, and draw it gently forward; then press the diaphragm upward, so as to force out the air in the lungs, which will be instantly refilled upon remitting the pressure by air spontaneously rushing in to fill the vacuum. All that is required, therefore, being the alternate pressure upon the abdomen and chest and its remission, which process should be repeated from fifteen to twenty times in a minute, so as to imitate natural breathing as nearly as possible.

During the attempts to restore respiration, friction with the hot flannel should be unremittingly applied to the body, and volatile stimulants (such as spirits of hartshorn or carbonate of ammonia) held to the nose. If the eye looks clear and gives the slightest sign of contraction, and *if any natural* warmth of the body *is detected*, there is every prospect of restoring life.

Persevere diligently and hopefully in the above treatment for at least half an hour, or even more, for, according to the reports of the Humane Society of London, several lives have been saved who were submerged in the Thames over half an hour, and when taken out remained apparently dead for nearly an hour.

Health and Science.

A good many years ago an epidemic of disease was supposed to be a "visitation," or a "judgment," and prayers were offered up that its progress might be stayed. Now-a-days, when individuals or neighborhoods are attacked with typhus fever, diphtheria, or any one of the long range of malarial disorders, there is an immediate inquiry as to the condition of that house, or that neighborhood, and the disease is traced to its source of rotten vegetation, putrid filth, foul air, bad drainage, or some other of the uncleanly causes of zymotic disease.

For this advance we have to thank physiological and sanitary science, but it will not help us much to know a thing unless we act upon our knowledge. It will not get rid of the causes of disease to know what those causes are, unless we go vigorously to work to counteract them. It has been ascertained now beyond a doubt that infectious disease is primarily occasioned by living germs—that these germs have their origin in dirt, over-crowding, bad air, putrid vegetation, imperfect drainage and the like conditions. It makes no difference whether these conditions are found in tenement house, cottage or palace—in the streets of the city, or the green lanes of the country, the result is the same—it is sickness and death.

It is not entirely n gratifying thing to lazy, irresponsible people to find that health, and the best conditions for living useful and reasonably happy lives, are within their own power, and that they are responsible for their fulfillment. It is so much easier to keep on in the old way, to pile up refuse, to let the drainage go, to build a house like a soap box, and transfer the consequences to the shoulders of providence, or the Almighty. But it is too late to do this now. Providence has been made responsible for the results of our short-comings long enough; science has discovered that they are within our control, and that it is our business first to discover what the laws are that govern health and disease, and then adapt ourselves and our circumstances to the obligations they impose.

There is no occasion, in the nature of things, for persons to be born diseased, or die prematurely. A pure and temperate life, in a healthy location, and amid healthy surroundings, are fair guarantees for a green old age.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

—The Petersburg (Va.) *Index-Appeal* says that a magnificent oak tree, which was torn up by the roots in Amelia County, Va., in a recent severe storm, measured eight feet ten inches in diameter. Its branches covered a distance of 140 feet, and the tree was the pride of the county.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MY JUNE BOY.

Sweet as the pink wild roses wake,
And freshness from their petals shake,
So from his head to his small feet
He wakes, all flushed and dewy sweet.
His eyelids like white clouds of morning flee
And clear the heavenly blue for me, for me!

The wonder of the baby's eyes!
Forget-me-nots and morning skies,
And all things blue that lie between:
I named ye blue ere they were seen!
Ho, violets by the reedy run
Of pools, where lights and shadows swim;
Seeing your soft reflections there,
Ye know what things can best compare;
Though in his eyes are depths of mystery
Which never yet were seen, sweet flowers, in thee.

O, rose-bud, rose-bud of the South,
Say, can you match the baby's mouth?
And when your petals softly part,
Is there a white pearl in your heart?
And tell me—If you can tell—who
Has ever heard a rose-bud coo?
And can you bud and bloom, O, rose-bud, say,
And bloom and bud, a hundred times a day,

A dimple is an angel's kiss:
Were dimples ever placed amiss!
O, apple blossoms, do not speak,
To say you're like the baby's cheek,
All white and pink, and fragrant through and through.
Have apple-blossoms little dimples, too?

The sunshine's fairest, finest thread
Graces and crowns his princely head.
Sometimes it gleams a halo faint,
And turns him to a baby saint.
Lo, should I gird him with a little fleece,
The infant St. John of the Veronese!

I give the palm to his sweet chin;
Yet oft his little feet will win—
Sandaled with rose leaves, his pink toes
Buds stolen from some careless rose.
I count his beauties, as the nun
Counteth her beads o'er, one by one.
So many ways my fond heart finds him fair,
It makes each breath a grateful little prayer.

He sweetly breathes in baby rest
On the dear comfort of my breast.
For love, for love, I can not speak:
A tear falls on the baby's cheek.
What, stir at such a grief as this—
A tear warmed by thy mother's kiss!
Do roses sigh at drops of dew?
Will soft winds vex the lilies, too?....
Again in perfect rest he lies,
White eyelids drooped on bluest eyes.
So violets and snow-drops nod together,
And sleep in night-times of the sweet spring weather.

What shall a happy mother bring,
Who hath no costly offering?
No spices from beyond the sea,
No white dove even, own'th she,
No lamb unblemished, nor a stem
Of Mary's lilies. On the hem
Of the Lord's garment just a touch
Of faith brought blessings overmuch.
There may she lay a mother's kiss,
So white with love He will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant lilies, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.
—*Christine Chaplin Brush, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE GRASSHOPPER LAWSUIT.

Everybody in Bethany used to say that it was lucky for Tyrannus Fargo that he had for his next neighbor such a man as Deacon Philo Robbins.

"I wouldn't live alonside the old critter," declared Abiel Crafts, the village tinker and umbrella mender, "not if you'd give me the use of the farm for nothin' and the stock thrown in. He haint pretended to put up a length of fence this ten year, and that old hoss of his has got learnt so he'll go and jump into Robbin's mowing every evening after dark, and jump out again before folks are up. Ed Root seen him doin' it one mornin' early when he was goin' home late from a dance. I wouldn't give much for a church that hadn't got strength to kick *him* out! Wal, yes; Philo Robbins is a church member, too, but then, that aint what makes him so clever. He was born good-natured and it's natural for him to take things easy, but I don't see how he can stand it having his farm join old Fargo's that way, and he never would if he didn't know it would be worse than ever if he tried to stir him up any."

Although Mr. Craft's outspoken opinions but echoed the general sentiment of Bethany, it was usually more cautiously expressed. Tyrannus Fargo was a man of considerable property visible to the naked eye, with rumors of stocks and bonds carefully salted down beyond the reach of taxation; he was a member of the Congregational Church, and he kept the town poor. It was not everyone that cared to speak freely concerning the representative of so much dignity, but all chuckled to hear some one more daring express their own opinions. Tyrannus Fargo, however, was in some respects a great comfort and satisfaction to his fellow men, his reputation affording a valuable refuge to those who felt the claims of the Christian religion upon them, but who were unwilling to yield to its demands. The deformities and excrescences of his character, so conspicuous upon a professing Christian, were gravely pointed out as the natural fruits of his religion, and entirely obscured the vision from beholding all the gentleness, grace, and beauty of character among the rest of the church, which, if brought to mind, were lightly dismissed as being "natural to them;" and even Deacon Robbins, as we have seen, was given no credit for his surprising forbearance, because he was "born so."

But in the constant exasperation and annoyance to which one farmer can subject another, Philo Robbins found that the mild and gentle disposition with which nature had endowed him must be supplemented with powerful drafts upon his Christian principle, further reinforced by the consciousness that retaliation, or even self-defense, would only make the matter worse, and also by the gentle stimulus of his wife's persistent opposition. Mrs. Robbins had rather a poor opinion of the passive virtues in the abstract, and disapproved most vehemently of their being pushed to extremity when dealing with such men as Tyrannus Fargo.

"There's reason in all things," she would say to her husband, "in religion just as much as anything else. We are told not to cast our pearls before swine, and I don't know what else it is, to submit to all that man's imposition. He would respect you a great deal more if you would stand up for yourself a little. You ought to shut up his cattle once and make him pay poundage before he took them away again, and as for having that old horse turned into the street to jump into our mowing—as everybody says it does—I don't think it's anybody's duty to stand it. If you don't want to shut him up, I wish you'd let me do it. I'm not afraid of him."

When Mrs. Robbins' six beautiful Spanish hens, that had been let out after tea for an airing, rashly wandered away and crept into Fargo's oat piece they came flying back over the fence with their necks wrung; and when her husband brought in the stiff and lifeless carcasses and mildly suggested that they had better be dressed off to save them, Mrs. Robbins' indignation rose so suddenly that it overflowed its legitimate channel, and the meek victim before her had no time to escape its inundation.

"Do you think I can ever dress off and eat those beautiful hens?" she demanded. "The first mouthful would choke me. You'll have to dress them yourself if you want it done. If you go on this way, Philo, and never stand up for yourself at all, that man will ride over us rough-shod. Next news, one of the children will crawl through the fence by mistake and be flung back with his neck wrung. Don't go to scalding that hen in the dinner pot; there's a dish kettle. Oh, how I wish you would ever try and spunk up a little! I wonder what he will think he can do to us next!"

Mr. Robbins, who had pulled off the first handful of feathers, was much embarrassed by the unpleasant way in which they stuck to his fingers.

"Wife," said he, helplessly, "what shall I do with these?"

"You never can pick that hen," she declared. "Here, let me take it. I think now you might sue old Fargo for damages. You'd have a strong case against him, and a taste of the law would give him a good scare."

"If you really feel as if you couldn't eat them," said Mr. Robbins, who was picking the feathers from his fingers, "we might dress off a pair and send them to Mr. Fargo, and say we were very sorry for the damage they have done. I should be very glad to give those poor folks a good dinner, and it would be heaping coals of fire on his head."

There was a faint suggestion of lurking mischief in his eyes as he spoke.

Mrs. Robbins found it too great a strain upon her self-control to remain speechless with indignation, as she first intended.

"Philo Robbins, I do believe you are crazy?" she burst forth. "As if coals of fire would make any impression on his tough old head! And you wouldn't catch the town poor getting anything so good; he'd eat them all himself first. He came to the Sunday-school festival with a bag of peanuts he got on the Christmas tree last winter, and a roll of butter he couldn't sell at the store, for his contribution, and then sat down and ate two plates of biscuit and a whole hen. No, indeed! I'll eat them myself before he shall touch a mouthful—besides, I'm going to send a pair over to mother's."

Mr. Robbins discreetly retired from the discussion, but his wife made the neighborhood ring with her grievance. Every good housewife who owned a flock of hens was ready with her sympathy, and there was a general opinion current that Philo Robbins "had stood it about as long as he'd ought to."

"He's afraid of him; that's what's the matter," declared Abiel Crafts. "When Fargo's cattle got in last fall and ate up his corn, I told him then that if he'd sue him for damages it would be more help to his fences than anything he could do. You see Fargo knows he'll never touch him, and that's what makes him so bold. I'm real sorry for Mrs. Robbins, she's a smart, likely woman, and they say she's clean out of patience with her husband. She'd sold twenty-five dozen eggs this spring from them hens, besides what she's set, and haint been sparing of 'em in the house nuther."

Philo Robbins pursued his peaceful way apparently regardless of the criticisms of his neighbors and the vehement opinion of his wife. He gave the subject much prayerful attention, and listened quietly to all the advice given him, forming slowly and deliberately resolves that would not easily be shaken. There were rumors that he had once or twice been seen in earnest conversation with his refractory neighbor, as they hoed their potatoes in adjoining fields; but as these reports did not chance to come to Mrs. Robbins' ears, the secret of the interviews was not wrested from him. The summer went on; by the first of August his haying was over and he could rest a little from the severe tension of mind and body wrought by the supreme crisis of the farmer's year. He sat one evening on his pleasant piazza, in the calm enjoyment of a mind at peace with God and with himself, surveying the smiling fields that lay spread out before him. One mowing in particular was his especial pride, a rich, smooth field without tree, rock or stump to mar its even surface, where the grass grew so luxuriant that it produced two crops a year. It was always cut at the first of the haying, and even now the silver wave ran over it at each breath of the evening breeze. Mr. Robbins had felt a little anxiety concerning his rowen crop, on account of the unusual number of grasshoppers that had lately appeared. Some of the oldest inhabitants remembered when they had done serious damage to the crops; others talked of the mischief wrought in Kansas, and "guessed we'd have them as bad in Massachusetts yet." Mr. Robbins had just returned from his favorite mowing, and remarking to his wife that "the grasshoppers were pretty thick, but he guessed the grass would get ahead of them, and if she drove the turkeys down they would trample the rowen and do more harm than the critters would," sat down to enjoy the beauty of the summer evening and dismissed all anxieties from his mind. His peaceful mien seemed to extend even to his wife, who sat near him, her keen and anxious face subdued to something like repose.

"Talk about miracles!" he began. "You'd ought to see that corn grow. A farming man like me, if his soul's half alive and his eyes half open, don't need a sign from heaven. There's signs enough on earth for those that want to see 'em. And its all alike on the just and on the unjust; one man's corn grows as well as another's if he takes decent care of it."

Upon this devout revery there broke the excited voice of a small boy, who came rushing out at the door.

"Father, old Fargo and the boys is out a drivin' the grasshoppers over into our lot with big brushes."

Mrs. Robbins sprang to her feet in an instant, her face resuming all its lines of care, while her husband rose and followed her to the end of the piazza, whence the distant field was visible. His face darkened.

"This is too much," he said, as he saw his vindictive neighbor and his three boys, each armed with a leafy branch, slowly crossing the field in the direction of his own.

"The grasshoppers is awful thick," pursued the child, delighted to see that his words had made an impression. "I was down a pickin' raspberries in the fence and they come flyin' over my head in clouds. He's been across the lot three times."

"Call the men, Phil," said his father, sternly, "and get Johnny, and you come too."

"Oh, Philo, had you better?" exclaimed his wife, alarmed at her husband's face.

"Yes; I had," he answered, as he turned and walked away.

The boys and hired men, having no responsibility in the matter, showed a spirit of most enthusiastic co-operation, and were quite disappointed when they reached the spot to find their adversaries had departed. They had provided themselves with great rustling branches, and crossed the field three times, driving the grasshoppers in swarms back into their neighbor's enclosure, and then, although the boys were just getting warmed up to the work and would have been glad to continue the sport till dark, Mr. Robbins ordered a retreat.

His wife was awaiting him on the piazza when he returned, but there was something in his face that compelled her silence. She noticed that his evening devotions were prolonged beyond their usual time, and during the night he was restless and wakeful. It was evident that some new impulse was stirring in his mind, and the novel constraint upon her tongue soon wore away.

"I hope, Philo, you won't do anything more about those grasshoppers," she began at breakfast next morning.

"We won't talk about it now, my dear," he replied, glancing uneasily at the children, who were all pricking up their ears. "I hope I shan't have to."

Master Phil, encouraged by his success the evening before, was making frequent sallies from the table, reconnoitering for a new excitement, and presently came running in with his napkin in his hand and his mouth full of breakfast.

"They're all down there again," he cried, "drivin' the grasshoppers back into our lot!"

Mrs. Robbins flew from the room, followed by the children, her husband finishing his breakfast before he joined the excited group.

Fargo and his boys were making a second transit of the field, a long rope extended from one to the other, to which were tied jingling bells, rustling papers and waving branches which they agitated violently as they walked. The children were all talking eagerly, but Mr. Robbins said not a word. After looking on in silence a few moments he returned to the house, whither his wife followed him. He was putting on his hat.

"I'm goin down to see if I can do anything with him," he said.

"Oh, pray don't," she cried, in agitation, sitting down on a chair. "You'll certainly get into some trouble if you do. I wouldn't take any notice of him. It's nothin' but a few grasshoppers."

"I'm a going, my dear," said he with some decision, "and it'll take a good while for you to say as much against it as you've said in favor of my standing it out with him."

"But do have a little judgment about it," she persisted. "This aint the time at all, when its nothing but grasshoppers. You'll be the langbing-stock of the town!"

"My dear, I've got to be the judge of that," he answered, as he left the house.

Mrs. Robbins was more alarmed by her husband's unusual firmness than she would have been by the attacks of a hundred enemies. She watched him on his way to the distant field and saw Tyrannus Fargo come to meet him. They stood leaning over the fence in conversation for more than an hour, her husband's attitude quiet, earnest and persuasive, while his adversary was excited and uneasy, walking to and fro, gesturing violently, and now and then seeming to threaten; until at last they separated suddenly as if repelled from one another, and Mr. Robbins slowly returned to the house.

She fell upon him with a devouring curiosity as soon as he came within hearing.

"I couldn't do anything with him," he said, sitting down and wiping his face. "He won't hear to any sort of reason."

"Well, you talked enough, any way," she answered. "What was it all about?"

"We went over pretty much the whole ground, and I told him, whenever he'd give me a chance, where I thought he hadn't done the fair thing by me, but he wouldn't hear to it at all, and tried to make out I was the one to blame."

"Did you say anything about my hens?" she interrupted.

"Yes, I brought that up, but he talked me right down about the dreadful damage they'd done, and I saw it wasn't of any use trying to reason with him."

"Well, I guess you'd better let it drop, now," she said soothingly. "He's a pretty hard man to get into any trouble with, and everybody says we get on wonderfully with him, considering. I suppose we've got to take a good deal of wrong in this world and suffer ourselves to be defrauded."

Mr. Robbins did not contradict his wife, and the fact annoyed her. He seemed to be silently cherishing thoughts that she did not share, and the most skillful traps she set for him failed to bring out any expression of his opinion. One or two absences from home not strictly accounted for filled her mind with vague suspicions. The days went by; the boys brought inflammatory reports of the damage wrought by the grasshoppers, and Tyrannus Fargo was often seen driving them into the field.

One evening, after the children had all gone to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Robbins sat alone together, he began:

"You know, wife, you've advised me a good many times that if I'd only sue Tyrannus Fargo for damages once it would save a good deal of trouble in the end; and you've heard the neighbors say pretty much the same thing."

"Well, that's no sign I think so now," she answered promptly. "That was about my hens, and the sweet corn his cows ate up in the garden. It's no use now to rake all that up."

"I've thought about it considerable the past year," he went on, "and there seemed to be a good deal in what you and the neighbors said, and I don't know as I have any right to let him have things all his own way just because it's a disagreeable business trying to resist him; so I've made up my mind to take your advice and sue him for the damage those grasshoppers have done that he drove into my mowing."

"Philo Robbins!" exclaimed his wife, "it's the craziest thing I've heard of. And you've no business to lay it off on me as if it was all my doing, for I don't approve of it at all. If you had sued him about my hens there might have been some sense to it, but about a mess of *grasshoppers!* What will folks say?"

"It isn't the damage, nor the kind of critters that did it," he explained. "It's the principle of it. This is the meanest thing he's done yet, and it has took this to show me he ought to be brought up standin'. I was mad about the hens, and the garden sauce, too, and it's no time to sue folks when you're mad. I've got all over my feelin' about this matter, and I don't do it because I want to, but from a sense of duty."

"It's contrary to Scripture," said Mrs. Robbins, with a sudden change of base. "You'd ought to give him the first and second admonition and bring him before the church."

"I think I've followed the spirit of the Lord's instructions, wife," he replied. "I've tried to deal with him in meekness alone by myself, and I've been with some of the brethren and we all agreed, from the spirit he showed, that it wasn't best to bring him up publicly."

"We're in for it now," she declared. "I don't suppose we'll ever have a minute's peace again. Fargo'll be so mad there is nothing he won't do to torment us, and he was bad enough before. The neighbors all say it was a foolish thing, and they don't any of them take sides for you."

But a man whose conviction of duty remains unshaken can dispense with the moral support of his neighbor's approval, and Mr. Robbins was never more peaceful and undisturbed; and while his wife's sharp tongue inflicted frequent stings she was never before so thoughtful of his comfort nor so patient under all lesser trials, and she watched him with the anxious tenderness of a mother over a wayward child. It was only upon the one subject that her words were like wounds.

In the midst of one of her tirades one day there came a knock at the door. She opened it, and silently recoiled. There stood on the doorstep a grim and hard-featured man with a face like a knotty apple, and behind him a pale, frightened-looking woman.

"Walk in, neighbor Fargo," said Mr. Robbins, supplying his wife's omission.

"Have some seats," she added, hastening to place chairs before them, and gazing scornfully upon the meek little creature who crept in behind her husband.

"Brought you for a witness," she mentally remarked.

"Pretty warm weather for the season," began Mr. Robbins, placidly rubbing his hands along the arms of his chair.

"Yes, pretty warm," assented Fargo, who sat bolt upright on the edge of a chair, nervously conscious of Mrs. Robbins's flaming glances.

"I don't know when it has been so dry," continued the deacon, who alone seemed at ease, "but it is grand weather for corn."

His visitor made no reply, and after a few more similar remarks silence fell upon the group. Fargo sat uneasily shifting his hat in his hands, and finally cleared his throat and began:

"I thought I'd come over and see you about that little matter you've been goin' me for. I aint no hand for a quarrel, and it seemed as if it might be fixed up."

He paused inquiringly, but his hearer gave him no assistance, his expression, on the contrary, growing severe.

"It don't look right for us to be havin' a lawsuit," Fargo went on. "I'm willin' to put up with a great deal myself for the sake of livin' in peace, and if you'll agree to leave it out to a couple of the neighbors or even to Squire Hubbell, I'm willin' to pay whatever they say."

The tone of the last sentence implied the conclusion of the whole matter. Mrs. Robbins drew her breath and opened her mouth, but her husband's eye held her as he began:

"Is that all you are a-goin' to say to me?"

"Oh wal, if you wan't me to eat humble pie I'm willin' to own I hadn't ought to have driven back the grasshoppers again. The first time there was a wind a blowin' that had driven over more'n my share, and then your boy was pickin' berries and scared in a considerable many. But if you was small enough to come and drive 'em all back again, I'd ought to have took it meekly. I had no business to have kep' it up. But if I'm willin' to pay fair damages that's more to the point than beggin' pardon."

Mr. Robbins again held his wife's tongue with his eye.

"Neighbor Fargo," he said, "I'm not a goin' back a diggin' up what's past. You know as well as I do how we've lived alongside here for fifteen year, and we know well enough, both of us, when we've been to blame. I don't care anything about the damage the grasshoppers have done. It wouldn't compare with other things I could name; but you've always thought because I took things so peaceable that you could do what you was a mind to and I wouldn't strike back. I have done this thing to protect myself for the future, and what I want is some guarantee that I can live the rest of my life in peace and quiet. If you could bring yourself to own up you've been in the wrong, I expect it would help considerable. I shan't withdraw my lawsuit just for the sake of gettin' your money."

"Well," said Fargo, slowly, and with apparent effort. "I know my fence aint just what it ought to be, but it's been a busy time and I haven't got round to it yet. I was in the woods yesterday lookin' up some chestnuts, and next winter I was goin' to get out stuff for fence rails and put 'em all in shape. There's poor fence in your half, enough on't, but that won't be my look-out. That wall I laid last year, I'll get Crafts to survey it, and if he's says it's on your land I'll move it. The old hoss I've sold just because the neighbors complained of his jumpin'—and as for your hens, ma'am," turning suddenly on Mrs. Robbins, who jumped in her chair, "I ask your pardon for wringin' their necks. They wouldn't half pay for the damage they done, but I ought to ha' showed a meeker spirit, I suppose, seein' they wa'n't grasshoppers. I'm willin' to leave to Square Hubbell whatever's past and gone, and for the futur' I'll try to bear and forbear, and I'm willin' to shake hands and forgive and forget."

Mr. Robbins hesitated but a moment before the outstretched hand. "It's a triumph of grace to get even that much out of him," he reflected, as he laid his hand in Fargo's.

"I've been to blame sometimes, too, neighbor," he said, "and I'll withdraw my lawsuit, and in future we'll try to live in peace."

The news was all over Bethany before the sun went down. A hundred versions of the interview were given, a hundred opinions expressed, but Abiel Crafts voiced the average sentiment when he remarked that "he'd always said a taste of the law would do the old critter more good than anything else;" while scarcely forty-eight hours went by before Mrs. Robbins was heard telling her husband that it was a "pity he hadn't taken *her* advice and sued him long before."—*Katharine Carrington, in Good Company.*

A Japanese Tribe of Hairy People Who Possess Tails.

Can it be supposed that when Dean Swift libeled humanity by degrading it below the level of the brutes in his dreadful fiction of the Yahoos he ever imagined that there existed aught that approximated toward the odious picture? Yet such is the case. There are, undoubtedly races whose attributes do, in various degrees, suggest, if they do not realize, the misanthropic fables of the men-beasts of Houyhnhnms Land. The Niamniams of Africa, who live between the Gulf of Benin and Abyssinia, are said to have tails, a statement confirmed by Dr. Hubsh, of Constantinople, in 1851. The "hairy people" mentioned of old by Hanno seem to have a real existence apart from the gorilla judging from Miss Bird's account of the Ainos of Japan, a strange, savage, little-known race, supposed to be the aborigines of that country, but now only to be found in the Island of Yezo. They are, she says, of a most ferocious aspect, owing to the profusion of their thick, soft black hair and beards, and to the singular fact that their bodies are commonly covered with a vigorous growth of black hair or fur, upward of an inch in length, and incrusted with dirt, for the Ainos never wash. Their food is a "stew of abominable things," and a "thick soup made of putty-like clay, which is boiled with the bulb of a wild lily." They believe themselves to be descended from dogs, but other characteristics of this strange people are not unamiable. Beyond these instances, and presenting a far more striking resemblance to the Yahoo type, there are the Veddas or Weddahs of Ceylon, their duplicates in Borneo and New Guinea, and kindred varieties discovered in the Philippine Islands, Terra del Fuego, and South America. Only none of these are so hateful as the creatures of Swift's invention. It needed that fierce indignation against his kind, which he has recorded in his epitaph, to depict them. The Veddas and similar races in the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago are described as the aborigines of their respective countries, who have shrunk into the jungle and forest to escape from civilization, and have lived there for upwards of 2,000 years. They construct no habitations, but lodge in caves or trees or under overhanging rocks. They are stunted in size, seldom exceeding four feet eight inches in statue, and but feebly built, except as regards their arms, which the constant use of the bow renders very muscular, notwithstanding their short, ape-like thumbs. With this weapon they kill animals for food; devouring, besides, snakes, reptiles, wild honey, ants, eggs, and carrion of all kinds. They lack both memory and foresight, can not count or discriminate between colors, are filthy in their habits, and in everything save a rudimentary language of uncouth guttural sounds and some dim vestiges of religion and social order, are as beasts of the field. Saddest perhaps of all, they never laugh. When they die they believe they become devils. Yet this benighted and outcast race, so low in organization, habits and character as scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys of the jungle among whom they live, practice by instinct virtues which are not too common in civilization. They never lie, steal nor quarrel. Some of these unfortunate creatures have been half-tamed by the Cingalese, and set to out-door work, like the Yahoos of the Houyhnhnms. When the Prince of Wales visited the island in 1876, certain of the jungle Veddas were actually caught in snares and traps to be exhibited to him; and one of the number—a female—positively died of fright in being secured. It was not a humane transaction, but the Veddas are regarded merely as animals. Finally, it may be remarked, in connection with Swift's curious anticipation, that he placed Houyhnhnms Land near the great island continent of Australia. It appears in the map of the first edition of "Gulliver" as due south of Nuyst's Land, in about 38 degrees south latitude, and 125 degrees east longitude. Now, Ceylon is but 55 degrees west of this locality, though above, as New Guinea is just below, the equator. The Yahoos could not have been better accommodated.—*All the Year Round.*

—A correspondent of the London *News* says that "Niko," one of the Greek brigands who captured Mr. Suter, some time ago captured two young girls, about seventeen years of age, of different parents, and demanded a sum of money as ransom for them. One of the fathers could not pay in the given time, the other did and got his daughter back. To the one who could not pay, the body of the daughter was sent by "Niko" cut up in nine pieces. The atrocities committed by this band, he adds, are without a parallel even in the horrible pages of brigandage.

—A statue has recently been found in a mound on the Egyptian Government Railway line. It is believed to be 4,568 years old, and if this is confirmed it will probably be one of the oldest known statues in the world. The statue is about being removed to Cairo.

GENERAL.

—Inkstands cut out of coal and polished are a novelty.

—Twenty-two different kinds of poisons are mixed with the salves, powders and liquids used to make women look handsome, says a distinguished chemist.

—There is a railway in Massachusetts, running from Phillips to Farmington, a distance of eighteen miles, and known as the Sandy River Railroad, which has a gauge of two feet only.

—A few days, ago, while Mrs. John Burch, of Laurens County, Ga., was breaking some guinea eggs into a dish preparatory to cooking, she was greatly surprised, on emptying the contents of one egg, to find that, in addition to the usual white and yolk, it also contained a small egg about the size of a common bird egg, with a perfect shell, and about the shape and color of a guinea egg.

—William Edwards is living in Moriah, Essex County, N. J., in his 101th year, and was recently in good health. He was born in England, and served seven years in the British army, having fought in Spain and Belgium under Wellington, and afterward taking part in subduing the uprising in India. He came to this country in 1824. Eight of his thirteen children survive. The oldest is nearly eighty years of age.

—A new industry has started up in cultured Boston. It provides cobwebs and a first-class blue mold, and a very fine quality of dust, to be affixed to wine bottles marked as old vintage. The deception is very clever, and when a bottle of old port is ordered up, the lower part of the bottle covered with a napkin to prevent soiling of the hands, the cobwebs, blue mold and dust of ages (?) present an appearance that is charmingly delusive.

—Miss Kate Furbish, of Brunswick, Me., who has been for several years engaged in making a collection of the flowers of Maine, and of painting them from nature, has now some eight hundred species, and has set herself to collect one thousand. She has recently gone to Aroostook on her second tour. Last year she added some fifty species to her collection there. She found there a new species of pedicularis, and Prof. Watson of Cambridge has named it after her—*Pedicularis Furbishæ*. This is the first time that a lady has had the honor conferred upon her.

—Symptoms of an outbreak of fanaticism between Hindoos and Mohammedans have manifested themselves at Lahore and elsewhere in India, notwithstanding the efforts made by the leading men of both religions to smooth over the differences. The Hindoos are the aggressors, and have given much offense by publishing a pamphlet which is simply a violent and silly attack upon Mohammedism. So far the Mohammedans have shown remarkable patience under circumstances of the most wanton provocation; but it is doubtful how long they will do so.

How a Schoolmaster was Paid on Long Island over 200 Years Ago.

The following is a copy of the agreement made between the town of Huntington, L. I., and Jonas Houldsworth, its first schoolmaster. This copy has been made for the *Journal of Education* by Wm. S. Pelletrau, editor of the Southampton Town Records, recently printed by order of the town:

"A covenant and Agreement made the eleventh day of ffebruary 1657 at a corte or Towne meeting, Betwixt ye Inhabitants of ye Towne of Huntsington of the one partie, and Ionas Houldsworth of the other partie, whereby the said Ionas Houldsworth doth engage himself to the said inhabitants during the term of four years, to be expired from the thirteenth day of April next ensuing the day of the date hereof. For to school such persons or children as shall be put to him for that end by the said inhabitants. And likewise the said Inhabitants doth also engage themselves to the said Ionas Houldsworth for to build him a sufficient house, and to give him with ye said house a parcell of grounde adjoining to it for accommodation thereunto. And furthermore the said inhabitants doth likewise engage themselves to pay unto ye said Ionas Houldsworth and in consideration of his said schooling Twenty-five pounds or accompt and his diat for the first year. And also to allow him what more may come in by ye schooling of any that may come from other parts. The said Twenty-five pounds is to be paid ye said Ionas followeth. Three pounds twelve shillings in butter, at six pence per pound, and seven pounds two shillings in good well-sized merchantable wampum that is well strung, or strand, or in such comodityes as may suit him for clothing, these to be paid him by ye first of October, and three pounds 12 shillings in corne, one-half in wheat and ye other in Indian, at three & five shillings per bushel (provided it be good and merchantable), to be paid by ye first of march, and x-teen pounds 14 pounds shillings, In well thriving young cattle, which shall then be betwixt two & four years old, the one-half being in the steare kind, these to be delivered him ye yeare is expired. And also the two next ensuing yeares. To pay the said Ionas Houldsworth £35 per yeare with ye aforesaid allowance of what may come in by such as come from other parts. The said £35 is to be paid as followeth (viz.): £5 in butter at 6 pence per pound, and £10 in such wampum as is above mentioned, or in such commoditues as will suit him, these to be paid ye first of October. And five pounds in corne by ye first March, the halfe in wheat, and the other in Indian, at five and three shillings per bushel, so that it be good and merchantable. And fifteen pounds in well thriving young cattle betwixt two and four years old, the half being in the steare kind. These are to be delivered when the yeare is expired, (being valued by indifferent men.) And the fourth or last yeare to pay to the said Ionas Houldsworth 40 pounds in such pay as is above mentioned, according to the nature and time proportionably, and at the aforesaid times of payment. Also, it is agreed of that firewood to be gotten and brought for the schoole when ye season shall require it by such as send their children to schoole. And that the said Ionas Houldsworth shall have liberty yearly for to chuse foure men that shall be bound to him for the true performance of the foresaid engagement."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

The Washington *Capital* says President Garfield is the healthiest man, both physically and politically, in America.

From noon on the 7th instant until noon on the 14th—seven days—there were three hundred and sixty-three deaths in Cincinnatti directly attributable to the intence heat.

At Albany Saturday the deadlock was broken by the election of Warner Miller as United States Senator to succeed Thomas C. Platt, resigned. Miller received 76 votes, or three more than was necessary for a choice. Lapham received 68 votes for successor to Conkling, which was five less than necessary for an election.

A movement is on foot for a reduction of the postage on letters, circulars, etc. It is thought letters can be profitably carried at postage of two cents, and even one. An exchange says: "The day is coming when a letter will go anywhere within the United States for one cent, a dispatch for ten, and a man for a cent a mile."

The Yorktown Centenniai Commission have decided to have a chorus of three hundred male voices to assist in the ceremonies, with Professor C. L. Siegel as musical director. The centenniai ode has been written by Mr. Paul A. Hayden, of Georgia, and the music composed by Professor Mosenthal, of Philadelphia.

A telegram from Cleveland, Ohio, dated July 17, says: "Mrs. Eliza Garfield, had a severe attack of cholera morbus on Friday, from which she partially recovered, but she is now prostrated by fever. On account of her extreme age, she being 81, her condition is regarded as very critical, and fears are entertained for her recovery."

Says an exchange: "If Garfield recovers and commences his public policy where he left off, it will not be a year before all the artificial shades of Republicanism will have disolved into a solid party. More than this, the more independent, least sectional and more thoughtful Democrats will be attracted by thousands, and if Garfield lives and choses, he can be elected by a majority greater than ever before known."

Mr. Conkling withheld his very mild expression of sympathy with the President until he laid himself liable to the charge of having it forced from him by the pressure of public opinion. It can do him no good, because he has shown the entire lack of that spontaneous sympathy with affliction even to an opponent, that if his was a really manly nature he could not have restrained.—*Toledo Blade.*

"The Vice-President," says the New York *Tribune*, "has returned to the city a wiser man. He knows that the public have a better opinion of him now than they had a fortnight ago, and he is not disposed to forfeit their esteem by hastening back to Albany and taking part in the closing scenes. He ought never to have emerged from the retirement in which he now takes refuge. The country is grateful to him for his final spasm of good sense."

A reporter of the Philadelphia *Times*, who has been making some inquiries into the condition of iron manufactures in that city, writes that all the large establishments are run down with orders, with no prospect of a falling off in their business. The Disstons employ 1,300 men in their saw works, and, although running night and day, are a month behind in their supply; and the Baldwin locomotive Works, employing 3,000 hands, have Mexican orders alone for 200 locomotives, and their contracts will run into 1882. Other factors tell similar stories of the pressure of trade, and it is evident that a recurrence of hard times is not to be apprehended in the immediate future.

Mr. Combs Declines.

Oakland, Md., July 18th, 1881.
Editor of THE REPUBLICAN:

In the last issue of your paper I see my name mentioned as a probable nominee of the Republican party for the Senate from this county.

I desire to say through the columns of your paper, to the many friends throughout the county who have expressed themselves in favor of my nomination, that I am not an aspirant for that or any other office, that I will not permit my name to go before the convention and if nominated could not accept a place on the ticket, as my professional duties require my whole time and attention.

I earnestly desire the success of our party this fall and will give my hearty support to the nominees who ever they may be.

Respectfully yours,
H. WHEELER COMBS.

Vice President Arthur and the Administration.

While Mr. Arthur was in Washington he passed through a remarkable experience, which unquestionable produced a profound impression upon him, and, it is thought, modified his views in relation to certain political events in the recent history of the party to an extent that will influence his future relations with the administration. During the darkest days after the attempted assassination he was brought into frequent and close conference with the members of the Cabinet, and there is not one of them but that learned to place a higher estimate upon Mr. Arthur's character. They saw that he fully realized the delicate situation in which he was placed, and that he felt keenly the suspicions recklessly thrown upon him in the heat of excitement following the attempt upon the life of the President. He had neither the hope, expectation nor desire to take an office which he felt that neither a majority of the people nor of his own party wished him to fill. All of his expressions were self-depreciating and full of regret at the unfortunate situation brought about by the assassin's bullet.

Mrs. Garfield was especially touched with his expressions of sympathy, and more than one member of the Cabinet, in reviewing the days when the President's life was in the greatest peril, has been moved to remark with cordial earnestness that Mr. Arthur "has not been thoroughly understood." "He is a man of large heart and generous, manly impulses, very much like General Garfield," said one of the President's political family to day.

What passed between the Vice President and Secretary of State during their frequent interviews at the residence of Senitor Jones is of course not known. But the situation at Albany and Senator Conkling's quarrel with the Administration were among the topics discussed. Under these peculiar circumstances it is believed that the Vice President received then some truthful information that had only reached him before by rumor, if at all, and that the way was opened for a better understanding in future between the President and Vice President. Not a word was uttered by General Arthur while in the city, indicating that his admiration for Mr. Conkling had abated, nor any purpose on his part to alienate himself from his old friend, the ex-Senator. It is believed, however, that General Arthur regrets that being Vice President he entered actively into the contest at Albany against the Administration, and that he now sees the importance of bringing about more harmonious relations between the Stalwarts and the Administration than has heretofore existed, and will not place obstacles in the way of a reunion of the discordant elements. — *Cincinnati Commercial.*

Some Speculations About the Comet.

If the comet were to come in contact with the earth, the temperature, according to Prof. Newcomb, would rise to 10,000 degrees in the shade. The professor says: "At the first contact in the upper regions of the atmosphere, the whole heavens would be illuminated with a resplendence beyond that of a thousand suns, the sky radiating a light which would blind every eye that beheld it, and a heat which would melt the hardest rocks. The highest degree of heat that may practically be obtained in the laboratory is that of the electric arc, which attains a temperature of 10,000 degrees, while, as we have seen, in its motion through our atmosphere, a solid body may generate a temperature of millions of degrees. A few seconds of this, while the huge body was passing through the atmosphere, and the collision at the earth's surface would in an instant reduce everything there existing to fiery vapor, and bury it miles deep in the solid earth." While this is not very pleasant summer reading, it is well enough to know just what we can expect in a certain contingency.

Confession of Guiteau.

United States District Attorney Corkhill has furnished the following statement for publication, in order to correct certain erroneous assertions which have been made relative to Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield:

"The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin, Charles J. Guiteau, came to Washington city on Sunday evening, March 6th, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have.

"On Wednesday, May 18, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into Omeara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F streets, in this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest calibre. He was shown two, similar in calibre, and only different in the price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid $10, he having in the meantime borrowed $15 of a gentleman in this city on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening about seven o'clock he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth street and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place, and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat, and waited his opportunity.

"On Sunday morning, June 12, he was sitting in Lafayette Park and saw the President leave for the Christian Church, on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket, and followed the President to church; he entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window; after church he made an examination of the window, and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he should shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined, therefore, to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. He learned from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th, of June, with Mrs. Garfield, for Long Branch. He, therefore, determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about five o'clock Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river, at the foot of seventeenth street, and fired five shots, to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, with his pistol ready, when the Presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and, I think, States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them, and watched them for some time, in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given.

"On Friday evening, July 1, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone; he followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence, corner of Fifteenth and H, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together, and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about 7 o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to Sixth street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around there, had his shoes blacked, engaged a hackman for $2 to take him to the jail, went into the water-closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder; examined his pistol, carefully tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots. These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with this most atrocious of atrocious crimes."

Wrecked by a Cyclone.

CHICAGO, July 16.—The town of New Ulm, Minn., situated on the Minnesota river, 65 miles from St. Paul, containing about 3,500 persons was wrecked by a cyclone late this afternoon. The telegraph wires went down in the river, and only megre details can be given. It seems that two currents of air swept the valley simultaneously, coming from different directions.

The scene was appalling in the extreme. Stone and brick buildings were razed to their foundations, and the air was full of debris. The town and its suburbs are now a mass of ruins. West Newton, in the neighboring county of Nicollet, was visited, and a family of three persons killed. The following is an imperfect list of the killed and wounded in the ill-fated valley: The killed in New Ulm are Mr. Eckert and his twelve-year-old son, Laura Wright, aged eleven years (found on the prairie, decapitated; head not yet found); a son of Mr. Warner, aged 14, the only body found killed in the town of Severence, near by; Martin Frank, Jos. Kulubo, wife and three children, one child badly wounded, sole survivor of the family. In West Newton, a child of Mr. Loonis, and an unknown old gentleman, who was found with his arms clasped around a tree. The wounded are in New Ulm—John Palmquist, Mr. Luesch, wife and child, probably fatally; H. Fideler, seriously, probably fatal; J. Kuntz, arm and leg broken and cut; George Fogle and wife, seriously; Carl Krubet, M. Reitz and Jacob Miller, legs broken; Mr. Warner and wife, seriously; Mr. Nelson, slightly; Wm. Sharpans, internally, very serious; J. Schuelenger, badly cut by glass. Town of Milford—J. Pfeiffer, seriously; three persons whose names are not yet ascertained. The county is peopled almost wholly by Germans, forty-eight of whom were in Minneapolis at the time, attending the turn fest, and none of them knew of the catastrophe until to-day, when all left immediately for their ruined homes, with no knowledge as to whether they would find their family, friends or property.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has written a letter to the New York *Times* justifying the subscription of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a fund for the benefit of Mrs. Garfield and her children, on the ground of the world-felt sympathy with the President, himself hanging between life and death, and with his heroic wife watching by his side fearing every moment to be left widowed and desolate. He deems, moreover, such a provision necessary and commendable in view of the mortification suffered by Mrs. Lincoln, after the assassination of her husband, in having her case discussed in Congress and in the papers, coupled with the paltry calculation how much—or rather how little—the nation ought to give her—the whole ending with merely the allowance of the rest of that one year's salary and—the franking privilege! "This," adds Mr. Field, "was all that a Congress which voted $30,000 for Lincoln's funeral expenses could give to the support of his widow. This small provision was soon exhausted, and five years after his death, as if from very shame, Congress voted her a pension of $3,000 a year. Thus slowly and grudgingly did the nation for the widow of its martyred President. If this is the way the government treats the family of a Chief Magistrate who has died in its service, it is well that individuals have the public spirit to step forward to save their country from such humiliation."

A good deal of loose talk is being indulged in by the Democratic newspapers and certain alleged Republican journals about the probability of Ohio being lost to the Republican column this year. The same thing is also said of Pennsylvania, and is charged of New York. As for Ohio, none of the newspapers of that State, which are credited with political prescience, express any doubt of the re-election of Governor Foster next October. There is not a single journal in the State which does not support him and the Administration. In fact the Republican party of Ohio never appeared to be and probably never was more united than it is at present. The same thing is true of Pennsylvania, and so far from the State being lost to the party next fall the probability is that it will give one of its largest majorities.

Judge Heller, of Indianapolis, has decided that selling railroad tickets on Sunday is not a desecration of the Sabbath.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence to The Republican.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1881.

The President's physicians now regard him as out of danger, though, as yet, they have not officially stated the fact. He is permitted to eat whatever he desires, and to hold unlimited conversations with those around him. The bullet still remains in his body, and its whereabouts even are not accurately known. His recovery has been one of great wonder, and the history of the case, published after his recovery will show what pluck and determination can do to aid nature in fighting and conquering a frightful wound. Mrs. Garfield, also, contrary to the fears of all, is rapidly gaining in flesh and strength. Her confinement, consequent upon her husband's illness has seemed rather a benefit than otherwise. Two subjects seem of paramount interest to the President just now, namely, his eating and sleeping. He is especially interested in what he has to eat. In fact, he appears as anxious for meal times to come around as a child would. One of his most cheering symptons is that each day finds him demanding more food than the one before. Mrs. Garfield, who has always been steadfast in the belief that the President would not die, has never appeared in the sick room looking in the least despondent and weary. She has made it a point to be always cheerful in the sick room.

It is now proposed that some day be set apart, after the President's recovery, either the 19th of October, the date of the Yorktown Celebration, or his birth day in November, for National Thanksgiving for his recovery. The Governors of the States are in correspondence in the matter and probably some day will be named for the purpose.

The Garfield fund now amounts to $150,000, and is rapidly approaching the maximum of two hundred and fifty thousands.

The election of Congressmen Warner Miller to the U. S. Senate by the New York Legislature, while a surprise to all is hailed by good Republicans here with joy as a sign that the contest is near its end. It now seems probable that Congressman Lapham will be elected to the remaining vacancy.

Guiteau is still closely confined in the District jail. He is growing nervous and uneasy, disliking to be kept so wholly from knowledge of what goes on in the world. His vanity which kept him up for the first few weeks has all gone, and disappointment at the failure of his attempt and solitude are doing for him what the law cannot.

LOGAN.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Many of the horses purchased by the street railways learn in half an hour to stop and start at the sound of the bell. A few are so intelligent that when they see a man waiting for a car in the middle of the crossing they will stop without a word from the driver.

The torpedo ship Alarm, designed by Admiral Porter, is now lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, ready for action. She carries a 15-inch Dahlgren gun, weighing 22 tons; projecting ahead is a ram, capable of doing terrific work, and she has torpedo spars, one of which, projecting under water thirty feet adead of the ram, can explode a torpedo of 100 pounds, sufficient to destroy the largest iron-clad afloat. The Alarm is to proceed to Washington to undergo further testing of her speed and capacity for service.

The associated charities of Boston warn the people that giving money to street beggars is encouraging swindling, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred are cheats. The practice enables impostors to live and thrive, to the detriment and loss of the worthy poor.

The sale of Queen Victoria's yearlings has of late years generally brought forward a very inferior lot of animals. This year, however, the contrary was the case; the yearlings, although the majority of them were small, realized an average of nearly $1,000 apiece.

The Des Moines *Register* says that there is a widespread desire over Iowa "to have the grandest celebration in lieu of the lost Fourth and in honor of President Garfield's recovery every witnessed in the state when the President is well enough to stand up and make the proclamation."

A woman belonging to the sect called Perfectionists undertook to run herself to death at Dallas, Texas. She got the idea from a Scriptural passage about "running the race to the end," that if she ran till she died she would go direct to heaven. She could not kill herself by pedestrianism, however, and resorted to drowning instead.

The last number of the *Scientific American* contains a picture and description of the Union arch of the Washington aqueduct, spanning Cabin John Creek, which is declared to be the largest masonry arch in the world. The span is 220 feet, the height 101 feet and the width 20 feet. The aqueduct, which supplies the city of Washington with water, was begun in 1853 and finished in 1863, the engineer in charge being General Montgomery C. Meigs.

The one hundred Chinese students now studying in this country, most of whom are in colleges or technical schools, have all been recalled home. The Chinese educational mission was established in this country in 1872. No reason is given for the recall.

Dr. E. H. Howie, of Frostville, N. Y., whose body was found in the Niagara river, and is supposed to have committed suicide in company with Mrs. Sadie Stewart, with whom he had been criminally intimate, leaves a wife and five children in a destitute condition.

A man who had become crazy with excitement since the attempted murder of the President, created a scene on Sunday morning in New *York* by kneeling on the sidewalk, praying aloud to save the life of President Garfield, and invoking curses upon the assassin. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital.

The books of the Bureau of Docks of Brooklyn have mysteriously disappeared, like those of the Board of Education, to conceal official malfeasance of the predecessors of the present officials. Their loss prevents any progress in the investigation as to whether all the receipts for wharfage in 1879 and 1880 were accounted for.

The largest Sunday school in Canada is that of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The average attendance is about 900, and there are on the roll the names of 1,325 children. Sixty teachers are engaged in the work of instruction.

During the seven days, from July 10 to July 16 inclusive, the deaths from sunstroke in Cincinnatti numbered 264, and from excessive heat 150, making 414 deaths in all. The greatest number on any one day from these causes was on July 14th being 86.

Frostburg Must Stand It.

A correspondent of the Rockville *Sentinel*, writing from Frostburg, gets off a Sunday joke at the expense of our neighboring little city of Frostburg. He says:

In a Sabbath school crowded to its utmost capacity with little urchins of Welsh origin the superintendent inquired, "How did Sampson destroy the fields of the Philistines?"

"With fire," said one of the little scholars.

"Yes, with fire-brands, but he tied the fire-brands to the tails of certain animals. What animals were they?"

Silence and subdued whispering.

"What animals are those," continued the superintendent, "which stay awake all night and are noted for being so cunning?"

"Babies," yelled a little boy.

After which the superintendent touched his hand bell and told the scholars to sing "Let Us be Joyful," but the little fellows shrewd remark seemed to bear on some of their minds, and they could not refrain from laughing, and indeed the worthy old superintendent could not quiet them, when the pastor, and old man about four and a-half feet high and four feet in circumference, arose, speaking in very broken English, being a combination of Welsh and English, and said, "I want you to know that I don't claim any power to work miracles, but I have an undisputed right to cast out devils and will cast out every devil in this church who don't quit their laughing." Seeing that the old man was so determined silence reigned supreme over the church.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Olfutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

☞ I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

WEST VA. UNIVERSITY

Nine departments of study; text-books furnished at cost; calendar arranged [illegible] teachers; expenses for one year from $200; non-sectarian, liberal, thorough. Will begin its September 7th, 188[illegible] last year from 25 counties of West Va., and from 8 States and Territories; Number of students larger than for ten years previous.

***For catalogues and other information apply to the Acting-President, D. B. Purinton, Morgantown, West Va.

LOCAL NEWS.

—General Sherman is at the Oakland Hotel.

—Major W. O. Ison is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—Miss Ella Brubaker, of Somerset, is visiting at Rev. John M. Davis.'

—Secretaries Blaine and Windom and Senator Bayard were at the Oakland Hotel Sunday last.

—The Baltimore and Ohio railroad intend building an addition to the Oakland Hotel the coming fall.

—The Lonaconing Cornet Band will accompany the Garrett Guards to Yorktown.

—Died suddenly, at Hazlewood Cottage, near Oakland, Saturday last, Miss Ellen Barry, of Texas.

—Next week Mr. D. E. Offutt will begin the erection of a large addition to his store building to be used as a ware room law office, &c.

—The work of repairing and repainting the Memorial Church was completed Wednesday. The building now presents a handsome appearance.

—J. Z. Browning, Tax Collector, sold Tuesday last to Daniel Chisholm a tract of land called "Eel Shine," for $18.75; and to H. G. Davis a lot in Deer Park for $20.62.

—At a recent meeting the town authorities fixed the rate of corporation tax at 25 cents on the $100. The Davis bridge matter was postponed until the next regular meeting, August 1st.

—Dr. J. Daily, resident Dentist of Westernport, Md., will visit Oakland on Monday July 25th, and remain one week only. Persons desiring work done will please call early. Rooms at Villa Castel.

—We understand that Dr. Reuling, of Baltimore, the most prominent oculist in the State, will be at Dr. McComas' office Friday and Saturday, 22d and 23d insts., where he can be consulted for diseases of the eye.

—Died, at Deer Park, July 16th, 1881, of consumption, after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Elmira D. Sisk, aged 31 years, 6 months and 15 days. Deceased was a consistent member of the Evengelical Lutheran Church.

—There are on exhibition at Squire Jamison's office specimens of wheat and timothy, raised on the Weber farm, adjoining Oakland, which would compare favorably with any grown anywhere. We have the land for growing small grain; what we want is a better system of farming.

—There are now in Oakland and vicinity more summer visitors than were ever entertained here at any one time. The Oakland and Dailey's Hotels are full to overflowing, and all of the smaller hotels and boarding houses are in the same condition, and every day scores of applicants are turned away. We hope our capacity for the entertainment of summer guests another season may be vastly increased. An investment in that direction would pay handsomely.

—On Sunday Henry J. Ash, aged 24, died at Frostburgh from lockjaw, produced by a wound in the hand from a toy pistol belonging to his little son, which he was handling on the 4th of July. He was seized with lockjaw last Friday, and died after terrible suffering. The deceased was in the employ of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, and was a worthy young man. He leaves a wife and one child.

—A story comes to us from Bloomington to the effect that a few days ago a freight engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had a "falling out" with his sweetheart, who lives at or near that place, and that the damsel in revenge oiled the rails on the track in front of her swain's train, which was struggling up the seventeen-mile grade. It is said to have taken the locomotive proper, the "helper," several tons of sand and much profanity to overcome the effects of the girl's stratagem.—*Cumb. News.*

—The following visitors are stopping with W. H. Hagans, at "The Oaks," for the summer: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Paull, 2 children and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hubbard, Miss Bessie Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Grier, Miss List, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, 2 children and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Dillen, 2 children and nurse, Wheeling, W. Va; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. P. Allen, Masters Ray and Morton Allen, Baltimore, Md; Col. P. Spence, wife, 2 children and nurse, Newport, Ky; Mr. Chas. Morris, Jr., Troy Ohio.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

Preaching in the M. E. Church [illegible] by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Military Notes.

Genl. Herbert and staff will visit Oakland shortly for the purpose of inspecting the Garrett Guards. In a recent letter to Capt. Wardwell the Adjutant General promises to furnish the company with everything necessary for a good appearance at the Yorktown Centennial.

The Board of Officers of the Allegany and Garrett county companies will hold a meeting in Oakland Saturday evening for the purpose of making arrangements for an encampment of these companies in the near future, and also for the purpose of completing a battalion organization.

Magnificent Organs.

The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels have just been provided with splendid Estey Organs, furnished by Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, of Baltimore. They are most elegant specimens of the organ building art, and will doubtless afford great pleasure to the guests of the Hotels, as the Estey Organ, as is almost universally known, is famous on account of its beautiful and rich tone. Prof. Thelde, of Baltimore, who is a member of the band, will take pleasure in showing the merits of these beautiful organs, and will take orders from any parties who may wish to purchase.

The Crossing Case at Cumberland Is finally settled.

The contest over the crossing of the Baltimore and Ohio tracks by the George's Creek and Cumberland road was ended Monday. The crossing was laid in position between 9 and 11 o'clock by a force of workmen, and, fortunately, without the trouble that was for a time threatened. Cumberland was in a state of excitement all day Sunday, as it was apparent that a crisis was approaching. The officials of the George's Creek Railroad were very active, and the Baltimore and Ohio guards at the crossing were unusually vigilant, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings by the large crowd of visitors who were coming and going at the scene the greater part of the day. Nothing definite was known, however, until about dark, when a prominent official of the George's Creek road said that, having exhausted all conciliatory measures, they now proposed to resort to force, and that the crossing would certainly go in. The developments later in the evening fully agreed with earlier indications. While these matters were attracting attention, Mr. Loveridge announced the receipt—about 8 o'clock—of a telegram from Vice President Robert Garrett, stating that the crossing would be put in Monday, orders to that effect having been issued to the proper persons. Vice President Garrett has been at Berkley Springs, and, it is said, was on his way to Baltimore when apprised at the Relay House that the new companies were making a demonstration involving force.

Monday morning great activity was manifest at the disputed point, and as soon as the crossing was laid it was tried and found to work admirably. Trains are passing over it with ease. The first train stopped was drawn by engine 274, with 50 coal coars, which arrived from the West at the viaduct about 11 o'clock, and was delayed only a few minutes. As soon as the crossing was placed in position, the work being witnessed by an immense crowd, including many officials of the several railroad companies, workmen commenced making preparations to put in connection at Polk street, which was completed Monday afternoon. About one hundred and fifty miners were present when the work commenced, and about noon two hundred more, with a band of music, arrived. They were disappointed over the cancelling of an excursion train by President Loveridge, which was done to prevent any disturbance, and paid their fare, and were determined to have a good time generally, the day being a holiday in anticipation of this event. All is now quite, and much relief is felt that the contest is over.

The Cumberland *News* of Tuesday, in speaking of the putting in of the crossing says:

"Great praise is freely accorded the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and particularly its local officers, Messrs. Legge and French, for their conservative course in the interests of comity, law and order. Had a collision occurred, and life, or property been sacrificed, there would have been a fearful responsibility resting on some one. It is certainly a subject of congratulation that the event passed off quietly and peaceably. But for a time it looked as if there would be an entirely different outcome."

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, [illegible] Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, bang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maltese, vermicella, languedoc, maraclec, point de allencon and Irish crochet laces, valenceines, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, berege, silk lace and dotted veilings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepe shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard

DAILY & Co.

Leaders of low prices, and one price only. jc25tf.

The Fourth at Johnson's.

MR. EDITOR:—Immanuel Sunday School, of this place, had one of the most delightful and successful picnics, on the Fourth of July, that has been our pleasure to witness. The day was fair and delightful. The wind which is so common here on the top of Savage Mountain was so high and refreshing that fans were not needed or used. We did not see one during the day. In short, Nature could not have made the day more pleasant for us, and we enjoyed it in the fullest.

By 10 o'clock a large concourse of people were congregated in the grove at the chapel. Every age, rank, sect and condition of our neighborhood were fully represented. Basket full after basket full of the best of the land had been brought in cheerfully by the good people of the neighborhood, until we thought that we were now among the most favored of God's Israel. To say we were enjoying ourselves at this time would be a term far too inadequate to express our realization. Our country's flag floated over us in the breeze in magnificence, beauty and glory. The stars and stripes waved from every little boy's hat, and they were well supplied with toy guns and fire crackers with which they kept up one continual roar of shooting all day. I almost forgot to say some of us were fond of playing and were very agreeably satisfying this appetite. We fully realized that we were in the "Land of the free and the home of the brave." Now the voice of Mr. M. Durst rang through the trees and called us to the church, where we were pleasantly and profitably entertained for an hour and a half by the singing of appropriate songs, Declaration of Independence and addresses. All the exercises were strictly religious and patriotic. All hearts were filled with gratitude to the whole founders of our republic, and love to Him who rules on high for the liberties of freedom.

The hour of noon now having arrived the tables were heavily laden with the good things provided for the occasion. The children were given the preference, allowed to eat first. They were marched around the tables in class groups, each teacher at the head of his class, and were waited on while they ate. Space forbids description. Suffice it to say, this was as much ennobling as any thing we have yet seen in the woods. After the little ones were done the balance of the congregation were served, and when all our needs were supplied there was enough remaining for another dinner. The children were again called together and treated to candies and nuts. Joy beamed from every eye and gladness felt in every heart. Fun was the remainder of the programme and was kept up by young and old until a late hour when all returned home rejoicing, satisfied with the day's pleasures and hoping to meet and enjoy another Fourth of July.

Respectfully,
EPHRAIM LEE.

Mt. Zion Sunday School.

MR. EDITOR:—We think the following due the above Sunday School, and beg its insertion in a column of your widely circulated paper. This school is situated on the National Road seven miles west of Frostburg, and was reorganized April 10th, 1881, by the election of the following: Superintendent A. J. Moore; Secretary, Geo. B. Layman; Librarian, Chas. W. Frost; Treasury, Miss Sallie Turner. Teachers, Messrs. J. J. Michael, David Pope, Lewis Bocher, Lewis Pope and J. H. Anderson. Misses Etta V. Layman, Ella Michael and Mrs. Salina Blocher. The school has an enrollment of seventy-six pupils with an average attendance of over 80 per cent. It is well supplied with books, periodicals, uniform lesson leaves, lesson helps and has a surplus of money in the treasury.

Too much could not well be said in praise of this Sunday School. The superintendent and all the officers and [illegible] zeal that is manifested [illegible] sure success to a man in any undertaking. His light is burning and shining through the school in every home in the vicinity. He is untiring in his efforts and faithful to all his duties. He is assisted by a corps of officers and teachers who are doing a work that will live beyond the age of mortality, the harvest of which cannot be realized until they have retired from the stage of action and reap the harvest of the just made perfect in the home of the saints on high. Their labors are encouraged and lightened each Sabbath by a well filled house of children who are very attentive, and listen with breathless attention to catch every sentence that is uttered for them.

While the hundreds of Sabbath Schools, with their thousands of people were celebrating and enjoying themselves, on the Fourth of July, we did not envy them; but, joined in the celebration chorus and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of a free and enlightened country and people, and were as happy as the happiest.

Quite early in the morning the people began to come together in great numbers from every quarter with baskets filled with refreshments for the occasion. The grounds were beautifully decorated with wreaths of flowers. At the early hour of 9 o'clock the young began their innocent sports and pleasures with hearty good will. At 11 o'clock the audience was called to order and Mr. Stulching of Pittsburg, Pa., was introduced who delivered an interesting address. Mr. John Chaney followed him with the reading of the Declaration of Independence. After this Rev. David Flanigan, pastor of Grantsville charge, made the closing address for the morning. Dinner, next in order. Plenty of it and to spare. If you could have seen us eating you would have though it good; so it was. The children were called together in the church and treated to plenty of candies and nuts. Perhaps this was the best of the whole for the little ones.

After this playing commenced again and was kept up until about six o'clock, when all went home satisfied and rejoicing. The whole is not told but space admodishes us to stop. To the committee, A. J. Moore, C. W. Frost and David Pope, is due much for the successful and efficient management of all that went to make up the day's comforts. The best of order was observed.

Yours truly,
HEARER.

The Brant Suit.

Many of our readers are familiar with the suit of D. R. Brant vs. the Virginia Coal and Iron Company, relative to title to certain land in the region of Pine Swamp, this county, and damages for coal mined after title was decided in Brant's favor. Sometime since suit with attachment was brought in the Circuit Court of Mineral county, against J. Marshal Smith and Rachel D. Crawford of Baltimore, who had been interested in the coal mined in 1876 and '77, which was prior to settlement of the title aforesaid. The defendants had the suit moved to United States District Court, and at its recent term in Parkersburg the case came up. Messrs. George E. Price and F. M. Reynolds of Keyser, and Hutchinson and Cole, local counsel at Parkersburg, represented plaintiff; Boggus of Clarksburg, and Hon. J. Morrison Harris of Maryland, defendants.

After hearing the evidence the jury were directed by the court to render a special verdict. They found defendants had in years 1875 and 1876 mined of plaintiff's coal 123,388 tons, the value of which when mined was 90 cents per ton, $97,164.04, or at 25 cents per ton in the mine, $26,990.04; in either case with interest from July 1, 1877. The recovery or judgment on this special verdict is subject to certain law questions, which the court took time to consider, the principal one being on demurrer of defendant's counsel, which goes to the root of the cause of action, namely, that defendant's being then in possession under title claimed, trespass could not be maintained. There are other interesting law points to be settled by the court, affecting measure of damages and liability of defendants; and the amount involved being heavy, the case will be contested to the bitter end. Under our view of the case there can be no recovery; in another, it will be 90 cents per ton with interest; and the other, 25 cents per ton with interest.—*Keyser Tribune.*

"No, sir," replied the intelligent juror, with a hand and lofty disdain, "No, sir, I never read the newspapers. I haven't read a newspaper for years and years. I never read the papers." And after awhile, when the jurymen had to sign their names to something, the intelligent juror who never read the papers cast an appealing glance toward the foreman, and signing his name with a plain unvarnished X, asking another less intelligent juror what it was they had signed. There are some men who do not read the papers.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Dr. W. W. Wiley has been appointed surgeon for the Cumberland and George's Creek railroad.

The Hagerstown Light Infantry Company has abandoned the excursion to the Luray coverns that had been talked of.

The Hagerstown *Daily News* contradicts a report that that paper was to change proprietors and become a Democratic journal.

Archie Thompson, miner in Georges Creek Company's new mine at Lonaconing, was killed by the fall of roof of coal Saturday. He lived at Pekin, and leaves a wife and six children.

The German Lutheran church at Frostburg, which has recently been remodeled, will be re-dedicated next Sunday, when Revs. Butler, of Washington, and Hennighausen, of Baltimore, will assist in the ceremonies.

The debt statement of Washington county shows the expenditures to have been $145,519.67. The bonded debt has been reduced by $12,200, and the rate of taxation for last year is continued, so as to secure a further reduction.

During the storm at Havre de Grace on the 17th instant the house of Captain Frank Simpers was struck by lightning. The stove was shattered to atoms, and out of twelve persons in the room every one was prostrated, but all escaped injury. A picture dealer who was exhibiting a lot of framed pictures had every one destroyed.

Elmer Boynes, a lad of 14, who was at Frostburg on the Fourth of July, had his hand wounded by the explosion of a Roman candle. The wound was poulticed, and examined by a physician, who removed some of the casing of the Roman candle from the wound, and dressed it. The lad returned to Altoona, Pa., where his parents reside, and on Tuesday he died from the effects of lockjaw.

Dory Brashears, aged seventy-three a wagon-maker of Cumberland, was instantly killed by an express train in South Cumberland Saturday morning. He was walking on the ends of the ties, and when the engine whistled several persons called to him to get out of the way. When struck he was thrown forty feet, with such force as to make him rebound twenty feet further, and knock the boards of a watch-house platform out of position. His neck was broken, and also his leg in two places.

This year is likely to become historical as the year of comets. Scarcely has the one which recently flashed upon us in all its brightest splendor begun to fade before we are notified that another one is coming. Prof. J. M. Schaeberle, of the University of Micigan, announces that he has discovered it as a bit of nebulous light in the constellation of Auriga, where the comet which is now disappearing was first seen. Since Prof. Schaeberle's announcement Prof. Swift, of Rochester, has taken a look at it through his big telescope. It can only be seen at present by the aid of the telescope, but is fast approaching the earth, is pretty bright and strongly condensed in the center. Prof. Swift has decided that it is the comet of 1812 returning, and is likely to become a bright object, visible to the naked eye.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. Laughlin, M. D.,

Having permanently located in Deer Park, tenders his professional services to the people of that vicinity. Office and residence near the telegraph office. 7 16 3m*

NOTICE.

The Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland will receive bids until August 1st, 1881, for the

Rebuilding or Repairing of the Davis Bridge,

on Oak street. Parties making bids will give full plans and specifications.

By order of the Board.

7 9 2 H. A. ISON, Clerk.

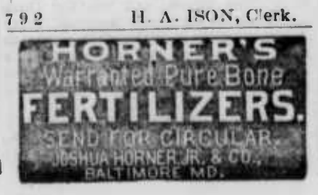

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $1.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ENS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

Insolvent's Notice.

David Enos vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 26th day of May, 1881, that the 12th day of September next, at 11 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which said David Enos, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of said petitioner, shall, prior to the said twelfth day of September next, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

W. H. TOWER.
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
6 4 4ods Permanent Trustee.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD
HALBERT E. PAINE.
Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,
Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.
412 FIFTH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the door of the Court House, in Oakland, all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county and known and discribed as

Military Lots Nos. 11, 25, 30, 79, 84, 90, 123, 127, 130, 131, 250, 286, 469, 857, 859, 909, 1125, 1134, 1165, 1189, 1325, 1326, 1397, 1912, 2088, 2500, 2550, 3032, 3038, 3049, 3095, 3166, 1199,

said land being assessed on the Books of Garrett county in the name of Thomas Donaldson.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of Sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 5, 1881.

The Garrett County Normal School will open in ACCIDENT,

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST,

and continue ten weeks. For full particulars address Mr. J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 9 3t Sect'y, Ex'r, &c.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all persons trespassing on my premises, either for the purpose of hunting, or taking fruit or berries thereupon, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law

7 23 ABRAHAM SPIKER.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted

AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

JOHN B. GOUGH'S bran' new book, entitled

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

is the *best* chance offered to you. Its Scenes are drawn from the bright and shady sides of *life*, portrayed as only

John B. Gough

can portray them. This grand work—*now for the first time published*—is the "booming" *book for agents*, and is outselling all others *ten to one. The thirty-third thousand* is now in press. Its immense sale has been made entirely by active canvassers. No other book compares with it for quick and profitable returns. We are starting more agents now than ever before, and we believe the sale of this book will reach *One Hundred Thousand Copies in the next few months.*

We want 1000 more agents at once, to supply this grand book to the thousands who are waiting for it. Remember the sale is *only now commencing.* The book is entirely new, and *most of the territory is now clear.* Agents, *now is your time to make money*, and at the same time circulate *a thoroughly first-class book.* Exclusive Territory and very Special Terms given. Send for our large circulars containing full particulars. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

FASHION NOTES.

All shades of yellow are greatly in vogue.

Very little jewelry is worn with white toilets.

Bright yellow silk mitts are worn with toilets of black.

The shade of green called bronze d'art is exceedingly fashionable.

Old-fashioned paste buckles now glitter upon large poke bonnets.

The large Anne of Austria collars, covered with fine embroidery, are worn over dresses of white linen lawn.

Very handsome grenadine toilets are imported combined with satin sublime, and trimmed with rich steel beaded fringes and appliques.

The wide-spreading Bernhardt ties of India mull have been disended by the ultra fashionable people who so lately appeared behind them.

Unless she be swift of hand, the young lady who now sits down to put a new set of buttons on her "party" gloves has a morning's work before her.

Ladies who possess the lace saeques of thread or lama, at present so completely out of style, are making them over into the pretty Stuart collars, pointed fichus, and antique shoulder capes now in vogue.

There is a new quality of sateen called sateen foulard which greatly resembles Indian silk in its appearance. It comes in a variety of designs, Egyptian, bayadere stripes, checks and plaids—multicolored over grounds of almond, gray, pale blue, etc. Princess polonaises are made of these fabrics, trimmed with fancy lace. They are worn over linen skirts of a monochrome color, the skirts being trimmed with tiny ruffles of the same goods.—*N. Y. Post.*

Small Things.

A knowledge of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, as the unwritten music of the songs of Shakspeare descends from actress to actress, is often more useful to the sorely bestead young house-mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she learned at school can be. She may know how to play Beethoven's sonatas so as to hold a drawing-room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poorly if, while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing-room carpet stares her in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soap-suds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or of buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot, and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her wit and ready repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flirting fans and napkins and adjectives against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known as much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her, living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house, if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent their being nibbled all over by ants by strewing the store-room shelves with a few cloves, occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good nature in a family.

If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black lace, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that the lace has? Or why should she have a costly bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air or from any peculiarly strong perfume? She will spend more presently in frequent repairs and redressings than the lace cost in the first place. She can afford possibly to wear gold embroidery, in an era of gilding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock-alum; and she may be splendid and graceful in long, white ostrich plumes that would need as long a purse to provide frequently if she had not seen them dipped again in the thick warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled over a knitting-kneedle before the fire.

What right has she to be the head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of herself and of a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart?—if she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg when administered internally will transform swallowed corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture into the simple salivation of blue mass?—if she can not distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the whole limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must be at once loosened, and blisters be applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach, and the back of the neck? If she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen.

A myriad such small things as these might be supposed to form necessary parts of the education of all women; but in reality not even a small fraction of either facts or women are acquainted with each other. Few wives know how to take the white spots out of their old mahogany, the stain of their artificial roses from their light silks, to clean their filigree silver, to choose a genuine silk, to make their own bandoline, or even more imperative things than any such as these.

Of course they may never have light silks or filigree silver, or use bandoline, and of course it is impossible all at once to make one's mind an encyclopædia of practical facts and small recipes; but it would seem as if, so long as all these trifles form essential features of good housekeeping, and women are to be housekeepers, that women should, in some way or other, be made familiar with all the processes by which their possessions are well used and well kept, and turned to the best advantage, and that if their own mothers and guardians do not teach them orally and by example at the time when the mind most readily accumulates facts, then somebody else should teach them. Doubtless in the next generation a dozen scholarships may be founded in women's colleges for the knowledge of the unknowable, but none will ever be founded for the treasuring of these and similar small facts of useful knowledge; and it therefore becomes the part of all young women who have graduated in trigonometry and the musical glasses to hunt up for themselves the things that it may be bitter for them some day not to know, when they have the management of a household, and a husband to whom to render account, and for want of tradition and teaching are obliged to be their own instructors and pupils at once, and to learn the facts that were known to other women ages ago, when it was all but unlawful for them to learn to read, and one in common life who knew how to work out a problem in the rule of three was held by men in general to be a person of too much knowledge, who, if given the rein, would soon be looked on by them as questionably as the Athenians looked on Aspasia. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Stirring the Soil.

There are many farmers and gardeners who seldom stir the soil about their plants except when it is absolutely necessary for the purpose of destroying weeds. Aeration, or exposure of the soil to the action of the air, is often of much importance, in order to secure a full development of all cultivated plants; and this is as much a part of cultivation as the subduing of weeds. The husbandman is not satisfied even with a natural growth of cultivated plants, but seeks an abnormal growth in the whole or in those parts of plants designed for his use or that of his animals. He does not, strictly speaking, follow nature, but endeavors to improve upon her ways of doing things; consequently he plows, sows, cultivates, and forces plants to make an abnormal growth. We have known farmers who appeared to think that the less plowing, hoeing, and stirring the soil about plants the better, provided a fair return was secured for their labor. But such men are usually satisfied with what others would consider a half crop, and it is needless to say that they find farming a poor business.

The best and most thorough farmers do not stir the soil too much or too often, either in preparing it for the reception of the crops or afterward. A single plowing for wheat or other small grains is not enough in order to break up and thoroughly pulverize the soil, and although a fair yield may be obtained under such systems, a far better one would be secured if the ground was turned over two or three times, and after each plowing thoroughly harrowed. The old system of summer fallowing land, when thoroughly carried out, can scarcely be improved upon in preparing land for either winter or spring wheat. By plowing two or three times during the summer, and harrowing after each turning, not only is the soil mixed and pulverized, but the weeds also are destroyed which usually spring up when the fresh soil with its seeds is brought to the surface. Of course, land may be constantly cropped without rest, provided it be kept rich by the addition of fertilizers, but there are few farmers who can supply these in sufficient abundance to preserve the fertility, and for this, rotation of crops must be practiced or the land rested. Whatever system of cultivation is practiced, the farmer should manage to keep up the fertility of his land, and whenever he finds his crops failing he may rest assured that a change is necessary. Sometimes deeper plowing will produce marked improvement in fertility, but the subsoil, if brought to the surface, needs to be fully aerated and pulverized before it will be in a good condition for the reception of seeds.

In the cultivation of corn, potatoes and similar crops, stirring the soil among the plants can scarcely be repeated too frequently during the early part of the season; in fact, these operations may be continued until the crop is well on toward maturity. Every time the plow or cultivator is run through the rows small weeds are destroyed, lumps broken up, and air and its accompanying moisture admitted. The ground may be too wet for plowing or stirring with cultivators or hoes, but it is never too dry, because the more frequently these implements are used the more moisture will the soil absorb from the air. If any of our readers doubt this, let them try a small plat of ground during dry weather, stirring the soil every day, and leave an adjoining plat undisturbed. The first will remain moist and sponge-like long after the other is as dry as dust. The same effect is produced in the frequently cultivated cornfield, and a good crop can often be made in a dry season by the constant use of the plow and cultivator, when if they are not used the plants would certainly perish.

Many scientific reasons could be given in addition to the above for stirring and pulverizing the soil, but they all involve the one simple fact that stirring it frequently and thoroughly is extremely beneficial to the crops growing thereon. Just how long or late the farmer should continue the cultivation of his corn or potatoes is a matter for him to decide, but he need have no fear of doing such crops harm as long as the roots are not destroyed by the implements used among them, or the tops broken down in the operation. The market gardeners near all of our larger cities seem to understand the importance of thorough and almost constant stirring of the soil about their plants; and whether there are weeds or not, the hoes and cultivators are kept going, and the enormous crops raised show there is something in the management of soil, as well as in its natural or acquired fertility.—*New York Sun.*

—There is a goat in Clayton, Ala., which is said to suckle and care for two pigs.

A Chinaman's Attempt to Ride a Bucking Bronco.

When a Chinaman does most anything in his own peculiar Oriental style, it is pretty apt to attract attention; but when he gets on a bucking bronco with the cheerful assurance of a man who understands his business, and has been conversant with the ways of the bronco for over two thousand years, the great surging mass of humanity ceases to surge, and stands with bated breath and watches the exhibition with unflagging interest.

A Chinaman does not grab the bit of the bronco and yank it around until the noble steed can see thirteen new and peculiar kinds of fireworks, or kick him in the stomach and knock his ribs loose, or swear at him until the firmament gets loose and begins to roll together like a scroll, but he ties his hair up in an Oriental wad behind and jabs a big hairpin into it, and smiles, and says something like what a Guinea hen would say if she got excited and tried to report one of Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson's poems backward in his native tongue.

Then he gets on the wrong side and slides into the saddle, making a remark as though something inside of him had broken loose, and then the difficulty begins.

At first the bronco seems surprised and temporarily rattled intellectually, and he stands idly in the sunlight and allows his mental equilibrium to wabble back into place, while the Chinaman makes some observations that sound like the distinct melody of a political club going home at two o'clock in the morning and all talking at one and the same time.

By and by the bronco shoots athwart the sunny sky like a thing of life, and comes down with all his legs in a cluster like a bunch of asparagus, and with a great deal of force and expression.

This movement throws the Chinaman's liver into the northwest corner of the thorax and his upper left hand denodessimo into the middle of the subsequent week, but he does not complain. He opens his mouth and breathes in all the atmosphere that the rest of the universe can spare, and readjusting his shirt-tail so that it will have the correct inclination toward the horizon, he gently tickles the bronco on the starboard quarter with the cork sole of his corpulent shoe. This mirth-provoking movement throws the bronco into the wildest hysterics, and for twenty minutes the spectators don't see anything very distinctly. The autumn sunlight seems to be mixed up with blonde broncos, and the softened haze of October seems fraught with pale blue shirt-tail and disturbed Chinaman, moving in an irregular orbit, and occasionally throwing off meteoric chunks of apparel and his pre-historic chunks of igneous profanity of the vintage of Confucius, marked B. C. 1860.

When the sky clears up a little the Chinaman's hair has come down and hangs in wild profusion about his olive features. The hem of his shirt-flap is seen to be very much frayed, like an American flag that has snapped in the breeze for thirteen weeks. He finds also that he has telescoped his spinal column and jammed two ribs through the right superior duplex, and he has two or three vertebræ floating about through his system that he don't know what to do with. The casual observer can see that the Chinaman is a robust ruin, while the bronco is still in a good state of preservation.

But the closing scene is still to come. The bronco summons all his latent energy, and humping his back up into the exhilarating atmosphere, he shoots forward with great earnestness and the most reckless abandon, and when he once more bisects the earth's orbit and jabs his feet into the trembling earth, a shapeless mass of brocaded silk and coarse black hair, and taper nails, and Celestial shirt-tail, and Oolong profanity and disorganized Chinese remains and shattered Oriental shirt-destroyer, comes down apparently from the New Jerusalem, and the Coroner goes out on the street to get six good men and a chemist, and they analyze the collection.

They report that the deceased came to his death by reason of concussion, supposed to have been induced by his fall from the outer battlements of the sweet by and by.—*Bill Nye.*

A Diamond Tester.

A correspondent tells of an amusing incident that occurred on a train that was crossing the Rocky Mountains. A traveling peddler undertook in the cars to sell a large "diamond" ring to a miner who had made his pile. "Humph!" said the miner, after critically examining the ring, "they've got common stone up in the diggins where I've been that'll cut that diamond all to pieces!" "If you will find a piece of stone that will cut that diamond I will give it to you," replied the peddler. "All right," said the miner, "if I can't cut that 'diamond' with a stone I'll buy it of you." Thereupon the miner took the ring in his hand and pulled from his vest pocket a brown-looking piece of stone, similar to a bit of dark free-stone, except the grain was very fine, and with this he proceeded coolly to cut and scratch the "diamond" with several ugly looking gashes. A group of passengers that had gathered about the miner were amazed, but while they smiled the peddler with his "diamond" withdrew discomfitted. "That little piece of brown stone," explained the miner, "is a piece of corundum that I got in the Rocky Mountains, and it's the best diamond tester in the world. It won't scar a genuine diamond, but will everlastingly cut up pieces of glass or quartz."

—Electricity has been applied to propel velocipedes. M. Trouve recently drove an English tricycle through the streets of Paris by means of electricity stored in a Plante secondary battery and a pair of Deprez electric motors. The weight of the apparatus was four hundred-weight, and the speed was not great.

—Good bricks are unquestionably the best building material used. They come nearer to being fireproof than any other substance. Iron is treacherous and almost worthless in many places where it is used. A good oak pillar is far better as a support in case of fire than iron.

—A plan for the construction of a grand system of underground railways in Paris has recently been perfected.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The latest triumph in art and science is a new surgical instrument called the electroendoscope. It is used to light up interiors—especially those of the human body.

—Edison says he took out a patent for storing electricity on Faure's plan two years ago, but has abandoned it. Theoretically it is all right, but practically it costs about 50 per cent. more than direct generation.

—An exhibition of philosophical instruments will be held at York, England, in August, during the meeting of the British Association. The object of the exhibition is to show, as far as possible, the progress which has been made during the past half century in the construction of instruments of scientific research.

—Alarm with indignation has arisen in Hallo regarding tarlatans rendered poisonous by the introduction of copper arsenita in their production. Dr. Reimann has attempted to allay the general outcry by stating that copper arsenite is not a splendid green color, and as for such goods as tarlatans, Guignet's green, which contains no arsenic, has quite displaced the poisonous Schweinfurt green.

—Oil of a green color, transparent and flowing freely, has been extracted by Dr. C. O. Cech from coffee. The coloring matter, he says, when boiled with cotton, wool and silk, imparts to them very readily an intense and permanent yellow, and, as the juice of the berries is altogether innocuous, it might well be used as a cheap and useful dye for buff, amber and orange shades, and for giving white wines a Tokay or sherry color.

—M. Poyrot, having observed that the immense tracts of wormwood upon the American plains are free from insects of every description, is experimenting with the plant as a preventive of phylloxera. He finds no difficulty in cultivating the wormwood, and proposes to mix the stalks with manure, or simply bury them in ground in the neighborhood of the vines. His suggestions have been sent to the Phylloxera Committee of the French Academy.

—A photographic sunshine recorder has been invented by Capt. Abney. It consists of a semi-cylindrical box, with a flat lid, in the center of which is a small hole. Round the inside of the cylinder strips of sensitive paper are fixed, and the instrument is then so placed that the sun, the hole and the center line of the paper are in the same plane. As the sun moves, therefore, its track will be recorded on the paper.

PITH AND POINT.

—Quite the reverse—the paper collar the second week.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—Hot-house fruit is not exactly deleterious to health, but peaches at a dollar apiece take the ambition out of a wallet pretty sudden.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The girl who wears a pair of ten-cent stockings, when she earns them herself, can not wear a fifty-cent pair when her husband earns them.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—It doesn't seem good policy for a church to shine up its collection plates to such a degree of brilliancy as to cause two-thirds of the congregation to turn their heads when it circulates in their vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A woman in a New York railway car sneezed her $50 false teeth out of the window, and while the train men were searching for them in the ditch, they bit the brakeman in the heel, inflicting a painful, though not necessarily fatal wound.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Hall's *Journal of Health* says: "Many persons drink ordinarily as little water as possible, and none at all at meal times, because they suppose that water dilutes the gastric juice." Oh, they've been lying to you. They don't like it; that's all.—*Boston Post.*

—The newest self-registering thermometer has a clock attachment that will tell the time of day in which the greatest heat comes, and an alarm bell that strikes at the lowest cold point. This enables a man to know when he is warm enough, and to find out when he ought to cover himself at night.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" Edith—"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs. Smith—"Is she?" Edith—"Yes, m'm; she said she hoped you'd come to-day, and have it over with." Mamma blushes scarlet, but Mrs. Smith simply smiles.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A correspondent asks: "What is a printer's devil?" A printer's devil is a wicked boy kept in every newspaper office for editors to throw mucilage bottles at when he bangs himself into the editorial arena and shouts "copy," which he does nineteen times a day. It is also a part of his duty to consume all the green watermelons and unripe fruit that the editor's agricultural friends present to him. When he grows up he usually becomes a pirate.—*Texas Siftings.*

Working Under Water.

Mr. Fleuss has been giving at Portsmouth some practical illustrations of the merits of an apparatus he has invented for enabling persons to work under water and in noxious gases. In order to do this he takes below with him a supply of concentrated oxygen in a small reservoir which is slung on his back like a knapsack. At every respiration from the tank, which is effected by means of a tube and mouthpiece, the exhausted gas after being strained through a sponge saturated with caustic soda, returns to the tank, the impure ingredients alone being permitted to escape. In this way he can remain under water for four hours, and can penetrate to situations which are impossible to an ordinary diver, who is compelled to drag a lengthening pipe at every step, and is always liable to the danger of getting entangled with the means which supply him with air. When entering an atmosphere charged with smoke and poisonous gases Mr. Fleuss divests himself of the diving dress, his only protection being tight-fighting coverings for his eyes and nostrils. Thus provided, Mr. Fleuss has gone unharmed through fumes of the densest and most pungent description.—*London Telegraph.*

Our Young Folks.

FOURTH OF JULY AT TOM ELIOT'S HOUSE.

Thanksgiving is all well enough in its way,
Against Christmas and New Year I've nothing to say,
But my dog and the fellows and I—
That is, all the fellows who have any spunk,
Who save up for months to buy powder and punk,
And keep fire-crackers hid in my old leather trunk—
We just live for the Fourth of July!

Tom stays at his aunt's, near the end of the lane;
Her house is quite fine but she's hateful as Cain;
And I'm going to tell what she said
One day, when my dog and the fellows and I
Had gone to Tom's house to spend Fourth of July,
And thought, being under her window, we'd try
To be quiet as mice, or the dead.

We said "Hurrah!" softly, for fear she'd be mad;
We sot off the littlest cannon we find,
As under the bushes we hid;
Tom screamed "Do be quiet!" at each little sound,
And when my dog yelped as he tore up the ground,
To bring me a piece of a cracker he'd found,
I cried "Lie down, sir!" And he did.

Yes, he did every time—but 'twas all of no use;
When folks want to find fault they can make no excuse;
So she popped her head out through the vines
And cried: "Tom, your father shall hear about you;
To put up with this longer is more than I'll do—
Come into the house, sir, and send off the crew
That are spoiling my flowers and lines!

"Independence, indeed! I'd rather, I say,
Be under the rule of Great Britain to-day
Than subjected to noises I hate!"
Oh! sharper than crackers the cruel words rang,
And quickly the window went down with a bang,
As up from the bushes my brave old dog sprang
And followed me out of the gate.

She's as cross an old party as ever could be!
She insulted my dog and the fellows and me,
And though they may forgive her, I can't!
No, I can't—and, besides that, I don't mean to try—
And next year my dog and the fellows and I
Will go off on the rocks to spend Fourth of July,
With no thanks to Tom or his aunt!

—*Sarah J. Burke, in St. Nicholas.*

HOW TOM JONES LOST HIS PROMOTION.

Tom Jones began to wheeze and sneeze last spring, and pretty soon a cough set in that alarmed his mamma, and she was just making up her mind to send for the family physician, when Tom was seized one morning with a fit of coughing which ended in a prolonged, unmistakable whoop. No Indian on the war-path ever seemed better satisfied with a whoop than Mrs. Jones did with this one of Tom's.

"Why, Tommy's got the whooping-cough!" she exclaimed, joyfully, to her husband.

"Does a legacy usually come with it?" said Mr. Jones.

"Well, it's a comfort to know it isn't anything settling on his lungs," replied Mrs. Jones. "He's got to have whooping-cough some time, and it's a good time to have it now, when the warm weather is coming. Now we needn't wait for vacation to go the country."

"You are in luck, Tom," said Mr. Jones. "You can take a long legal holiday, and need not play hookey any more."

"Catch me taking a holiday till the rest of the boys do, and you'll catch a weasel asleep: Joe Brown ain't going to get ahead of me," said Tom, whose father knew he never "played hookey."

"But, my son, you don't want to give away the whooping-cough? It's something nice to keep; you mustn't be too generous with it."

"There's nothing stingy about me," said Tom, who, in truth, was a whole-souled little fellow, always sharing what he had with his playmates. "If it's a good time to have it, why can't I go and give it to the whole class?"

"There's a prejudice against people being too generous," said Mr. Jones; and, patting Tom's head, he went off to business.

Tom gathered up his books, but his mamma explained to him that he couldn't go to school with whooping-cough.

"How long does this thing last?" said Tom, impatiently.

"Oh, quite a while," said Mrs. Jones, cheerfully—"two or three months, perhaps."

"Two or three months!" echoed Tom, with dismay. "Why, Joe Brown 'll be away ahead of me by that time, and I sha'n't be promoted!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said his mamma: "it can't be helped, you know. You'll have to have it some time, and it's a good time to have it now."

Mrs. Jones began humming a tune, and went up stairs to pack her trunks, not dreaming of the tempest that raged in the bosom of her son Tom. He threw down his books, put both elbows on the table, and let his chin fall into his hands. It was all no could do to keep up with Joe Brown now. Joe was a sickly fellow, but he had great pluck and perseverance, and would do his examples with a handkerchief tied around his head—to keep it together, as he said. He lost many days by sickness, but always made it up by extra work, and the extra brains that he had stored away somewhere in that rickety noddle of his. Tom admired him and loved him. They had been neighbors, chums and classmates as long as he could remember. Their wood-sheds joined at the back of their yards, and every morning each climbed up to have a long talk with the other about the boy-business of the day. Tom admired and loved Joe, but he feared him, too. Joe's delicate health and extra brains about struck a balance with Tom's rugged constitution and average intellect; but how about these extra months of whooping-cough? These would leave fearful odds on Joe's side. Tom could never catch up with him again—never! It was mean. It was hard. It was not to be borne. Why couldn't Joe get the pesky old whooping-cough, too? But Tom thought of Joe's hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and put that temptation away from him. He made up his mind he would caution Joe at once, and ran out to Bridget for a yellow rag that he had seen about the kitchen. Taking it out to the wood-shed he hoisted it upon a hastily improvised pulley.

"What's that?" said Joe, who had been waiting for Tom.

"I'm in quarantine," shouted Tom. "Don't breathe this way. You know that cough of mine? Well, it's *whooping-cough!*"

Joe darted back. "Gracious!" he said; "I wouldn't have it for anything. I couldn't go to school. I'd lose all chance of promotion."

"That's my case exactly," said Tom, bitterly.

"It's too bad, Tom," called Joe, keeping well out of breathing distance. "But I say, old fellow, you can study all the same, you know. You're a sturdy chap; it won't hinder you. It would knock me higher than a kite. I can't afford to lose any flesh and blood. I'm next door to a skeleton, now."

Tom remembered that. He was glad then he had hoisted the quarantine flag.

Joe went on shouting: "I'll keep you posted in the lessons, Tom, so you won't fall behind. I'll stick to you like bees-wax. Eh, Tom, is that all right?"

"All right," called Tom.

The quarter bell rang. Joe and Tom parted for many a day. Tom went out to his grandfather's farm with his mother, and Joe went to school.

To an indifferent observer it would seem that there was no comparison between Tom's luck and Joe's. To have a grandfather was a good deal, in the first place; Joe hadn't any. He hadn't even a father. But to have a grandfather that owned a farm! Here was what you might call downright good fortune. Tom did enjoy it. His whooping-cough was of a light variety, and didn't disturb him much. But he was all the while thinking of the boys fighting away at those examples, and how much easier it was to puzzle them out in the class-room than out there in the haymow. There is so much to distract a fellow. If the boys at school made as much fuss over doing a sum as the hens did about laying an egg, they'd drive the teacher mad. Then the swallows went circling around the top of the barn until it made a body's head swim, and that young rascal of a colt gnawed the manger and kicked and coaxed to go afield with Tom, and if ever there did happen to be a lull in the racket, something in that hay made a fellow so sleepy—must have been some poppies dried in that grass. And, worst of all, Joe Brown had turned traitor. He had been as good as his word at first, and had kept Tom posted right along; but for more than a month he hadn't sent him a line. It was so hard to plod along almost in the dark. His father helped him when he came out on Saturdays, and Tom didn't give up. He studied on out of spite; but it was harder work for a boy with a heart like Tom's to strive for spite than love. Tom felt that he might perhaps pass with the rest of the boys, and keep abreast with Joe Brown after all, but there wasn't much comfort in it.

His father took him back to the city the last week in June, and on the night of his arrival Tom went out to the wood-shed to have it out with Joe. He made up his mind to tell him what he thought of him, and never speak to him again; but he felt very miserable over it, very miserable indeed.

Bridget was *out there splitting wood*, and called to Tom as he began to climb.

"You needn't rache up to see the boy bevant. He'll climb no more. He's lyin' in bed these three weeks, and they say he's wastin' away. That nasty 'hoopin'-cough wint bad wid the poor little craythur."

"Whooping-cough!" cried Tom. "Did Joe get it?"

"Av coorse he did, wid all the rest of the gossoons; but it wint wrong wid puoc Joe's windpipe, bad luck to it, and ruined him intirely."

Tom ran out in the street. He felt so sorry, and so glad—so sorry Joe was sick, and so glad he was true. His heart leaped up to think he had found his friend again, and then sank because what Bridget said had given him a nameless fear. The very first boy Tom met told him the doctor said he didn't think Joe Brown would live to go to school again.

Tom ran in to his father with so pale a face that it frightened Mr. Jones; but he was Tom's confidant as well as his father, and soothed and comforted him.

"Come," he said, taking Tom by the hand, "let's go around and see Joe."

They found him in bed, and as white as the wall he was propped against. He held out his wasted hand to Tom. "You've come back in time for the examination," he said, with a little bitterness in his smile. "You've got all the odds now, Tom; go in and win. I told you this thing would cripple me. I'll never tackle an example again."

Tom grew almost as pale as Joe, and looked imploringly at his father. Big tears rolled out of Mrs. Brown's eyes.

"He's all I have in the world," whispered the poor widow to Mr. Jones.

"Well, please God, madam," said Mr. Jones, "Joe will be all right yet. With your permission we'll get him out in the country on Tom's grandfather's farm. What he wants is country air and rest, and to give up this wicked struggle for supremacy. There's a better victory, my boys, than that with a mathematical problem—to do the best you can, and bid godspeed to the one that can honestly do better. There are some things far better than a class promotion, and you'll find them out there on the farm; health, contentment—"

"And the jolliest colt you ever saw, Joe," broke in Tom, "and no end to dogs and pigeons."

Joe began to look so much brighter and better. "Wait till you go back and pass the examination, Tom," he said. "I've been awfully mean and envious of you; but I'd take as much pride in it now as you would."

"Wait till you're able to go with me," said Tom. "I've been mean and envious, too; but we'll begin all over again, Joe, in grandpop's barn."

So the boys went back to the country together, and Tom lost his promotion; but when Joe was able to first set his foot in Tom's grandfather's barn, and see that colt, Tom was one of the happiest fellows in the world.—*Mrs. Frank McCarthy, in Harper's Young People.*

—The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has employed 6,000 Chinese laborers, the North Pacific several thousand, and 1,500 are wanted for railroad grading in Mexico.

THE DAIRY.

—Mr. Henry Stewart says with emphasis: "It costs no more to raise a good cow than a poor one."

—A Nebraska dairyman gives the following advice: Feed sound food and give clean water to your stock; be perfectly clean in all the operations of producing butter; market it while fresh, and don't wait for a rise, and I will guarantee the value will rise to an average of seventy-five cents per pound, and oleomargarine factories will slip out of existence, and both makers and consumers of butter will be satisfied."

—Selling Milk and Exhausting Land.—Without going into the exact figures to show the amount of fertilizing material carried off from the land, it will be sufficient to remark in a general way that, while a high price is obtained in selling the milk for what is carried away, a low sum is paid for the enriching substances supplied in the purchased food, and in any special fertilizers added. In other words, the cows convert low-priced material into that which sells at a much higher rate, while a large portion is still retained in the shape of manure from the animals to be applied to the land. A much larger portion of the produce of the land is retained in selling milk, than in raising and selling grain. Harris gives the following figures by way of illustrating these advantages: Five hundred pounds of cheese contains twenty-five pounds of nitrogen and twenty pounds of mineral matter. A cow, to produce it, would eat six tons of hay or its equivalent in grass, which would contain 240 pounds of nitrogen and 810 pounds of mineral matter, a very small portion of which goes off in the cheese, and the rest remains to enrich the land; while a crop of wheat removes five or six times as much. Grain-growing farmers keep up the fertility of their land, and dairymen can do so much more easily.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Keeping Butter.

There are two ways for butter makers to get over the troubles of the hot season. One system, adopted by some good dairymen, is, not to make any surplus butter at that season, but to have their cows go dry the 1st of July, and come in again in September and October. In this case they produce butter only at the seasons that command the best price, and the cows go dry at the busiest season, giving the dairyman more time for his harvest. Less butter is consumed during the three warm months, and, under the old system, more is made than in any other three months. The second way is, to make only the very best quality of butter, even in the hot season, and preserve it for three months or more by excluding the air from it.

If butter is put up in the best condition, and kept from the contaminating contact of air, it will come out as rosy in color, and fine in flavor, in October or December, as when put up in July and August. There have been different ways devised for excluding the air; but perhaps the best way is to suspend the butter in strong brine. The butter is put into a muslin sack and then suspended in a tub three inches larger all round than the sack of butter. Where *butter is made in considerable quantity*, it is put up in sacks holding 100 pounds, and these are suspended in oak barrels large enough to allow of one and a half inches of brine all round the sack. In some cases the oak barrels are made tight at both heads; the upper head has two cleats on the under side, one and a half inches thick; this is to keep the sack of butter under the brine, as it would otherwise rise to the top. The upper head is taken out, the sack put in, the head replaced, and the brine poured through a hole in the head, and, when full of brine, this is plugged. This barrel, standing in a cool place, will keep the butter perfectly for many months. The butter is better when put up in granules, only having been washed in brine, but not salted or worked; and when taken out, it is then worked and salted, and will be found as fine as when fresh. The brine excludes the air, and all is preserved.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

How to Have Pure, Sweet Milk.

The following rules prescribed by a large New York company, who own twenty creameries, are offered for the consideration of our friends in the milk business:

Rules—1. Never under any circumstances put a pail of milk into your can before straining. One pail of mistrained milk may spoil a whole can, and one can of impure milk will certainly injure all milk or cream with which it comes in contact. In the name of decency, we beg of every patron to be particular about milking and properly straining the milk.

2. Cans containing milk should never be kept in a milking barn during the night. The scent of the stable (however well kept) will injure the milk and spoil the nice flavor fresh butter should have. An open shed a little distance from your barn, your woodshed or your kitchen, is the only proper place for keeping milk over night.

Suggestions—1. Insist that your milking be done in a cleanly manner. Too much pains can not be taken in this particular. Carelessness here will entail a great loss on the manufacturer and insult the consumer.

2. Bed your cows with sawdust, if possible; it will keep your cows clean and the stable sweet.

3. Do not, under any circumstances, leave your pails and strainer at the barn over night. Please carry them to the house and insist that they be properly washed both morning and evening. Much depends on this.

4. Use only tin pails for milking.

5. The tin strainer pails are the best for straining milk. Some dairymen use strainer pails and also a cloth stretched over the can—thus straining the milk twice. We advise this double straining of milk. It costs you but little trouble while it will greatly add to the value of the butter and cheese made from your milk.

—It has been said that men talk to conceal their thoughts. Don't believe it. Those who talk most have the fewest thoughts to conceal.

—In onion there is more strength just now than at any other time of year.

Training Tomatoes.

The tomato crop has become one of the most important in the domestic as well as in the market garden, and should be carefully looked after. There was a time when the eating of tomatoes, raw and cooked, was overdone, but they have become a stock fruit, to be eaten for salad or sauce, and are still more useful for flavoring soups and other dishes. In the East they have been used for a long period in the latter form, as an indispensable article of diet.

A little care in training the plants and moderate trimming will greatly promote their fruitfulness, advance the time of their ripening and improve their flavor. It is well to have them set out on the sunny side of a wall or fence against which they may be trained on a slanting trellis, so as to afford a free circulation of air behind and at the same time expose the fruit constantly to the sun. The sun is essential to the perfection of the fruit as much as with cherries or apples. It is often excluded from the tomatoes by the rank growth of vines and leaves, and so the fruit is slow in coming to perfection. Indeed it never does come to perfection without the ripening influence of the sun's rays.

Another great advantage of training tomatoes in the manner suggested is that they are kept out of the dirt, are always clean and ready for use and are not liable to rot. The common mode of letting the plants take care of themselves, and the fruit lie on the ground, exposes the tomatoes to dirt and rot and vermin, from which they may easily be preserved by a little extra pains.

Where a trellis or frame cannot be made it is well to put brush on the ground before they have had much growth and allow the plants to run on the brush. This will keep the fruit out of the dirt, and an occasional moderate trimming of the vines and leaves will expose it to the sun. But a good frame will pay well in the end.—*New York Observer.*

Harvesting Wheat.

It is now very generally believed that an early wheat harvest adds to quantity, quality and safety of the crop. As soon as the wheat grain has passed from the milky to the doughy state is the accepted time. If cut before the grain has passed its milky state it will shrivel and lose its weight. If allowed to become overripe the grains grow rough and harsh, and the bran is so thick and brittle that even under the best milling processes a large proportion of the flour will be carried off with the bran. Cut in the dough state; the bran, being thin and elastic, is readily separated from the flour. Loss by shelling and bad weather is also overcome by early harvesting. Cutting while the grain is soft is also one of the surest modes to avoid destruction by rust. The exact time at which wheat and other small grains can be cut with the greatest profit may be ascertained by opening heads in different portions of the field and examining the kernels carefully. The straw near the ground will also suggest the time of cutting by its yellow hue.

Wheat cut in its dough state should not be dried too quickly. It can be *bound and stacked at once, or, if there* is only a small quantity, drawn to the barn. Many farmers put it in small shooks, especially when there are weeds with the grain and it has been cut early. When stacked the wind and sun will not dry up all the juices in the plant; enough of these will be slowly concentrated in the seed to accomplish the maturity of the grain to perfection, whereas if by rapid ripening in the sun the kernels are shriveled more bran is formed in proportion to the flour.

Farmers in this section continue to practice threshing from the shock and hauling their grain direct to market While this plan has its advantages, it certainly is not advisable in many localities, or in some seasons in any locality. When the wheat has been bleached out by hot suns and repeated rains it should go into the stack and undergo a sweat. Not a few cultivators refuse to thresh their wheat, no matter how dry the grain when stacked, until the sweating process has been undergone. During this process the straw and grain become damp and heat is evolved. The process over, both straw and grain are dry, and the latter has been improved in color and made plumper with the nutritive matter absorbed from the stalk.—*N. Y. World.*

Hog Cholera.

We have heard of late that this scourge has broken out in several prominent herds of swine in the vicinity of this city with considerable virulence, and that many animals have fallen victims to its attacks. The prices that have been realized for fat pigs of late render this stock of too much value to be needlessly sacrificed, and we would urge upon our friends interested in this kind of stock to use the best of sanitary precautions to ward off this fell disease.

The presence of this malady is often attributable to a lack of care in the diet of the animals, or to the cleanliness of the quarters, or perhaps to both combined. We would advise the sprinkling of a liberal quantity of quick lime in the nests and places which the pigs frequent, to thoroughly disinfect them from any malarious conditions which may exist, giving the pigs access at the same time to a pile of the lime, which they will eagerly devour, and will visit frequently for the purpose. A mixture of salt and ashes, fed at least weekly, we have always considered a valuable preventive, and a condiment which pigs relish highly. A weekly allowance of common mineral coal will also be devoured with much relish, and contribute much toward keeping the animals in a healthy condition. Above all, a vegetable diet is an essential in the hot summer months, to keep the blood from becoming unduly heated and poisoned thereby.

If strict sanitary precautions are taken, and the wants of the brutes for which nature calls well supplied, very much may be done to ward off the tendency to disease to which swine have become subject, and immense losses in this line thereby prevented.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Never leave food or drink standing in a sick-room; and never fill up an empty glass without rinsing it.

HOME AND FARM.

—Try pure benzine to remove stains from hair-cloth furniture.

—Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them any injury.

—When striped stockings are washed and are ready to hang up to dry, turn them wrong side out; this will prevent the color from running on the right side and spoiling the stockings.

—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says that pulverized fresh lime will effectually drive earthworms from lawns. The lime also kills moss, which is so troublesome on old lawns. Mix the lime with twice its bulk of fine soil or of leached wood-ashes.

—Spirals.—Two eggs beaten quite light, sufficient flour stirred in to make the mixture very stiff; add a pinch of salt and stir again; then roll out quite thin, cut strips about two inches wide and four long, and roll round the fingers as if curling hair. Fry in batter till of a delicate golden shade, and sprinkle powdered sugar just before serving.

—Raisin Cake.—One cup white sugar, four tablespoonfuls melted butter, stirred together, eight tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder; flavor with lemon; stir in last the beaten whites of four eggs; bake in layers; for filling, add a little water to one cup of white sugar; put it on the stove to boil; chop one cup of raisins and beat the white of one egg; take the sugar off and stir the egg and raisins in.

—In buying Paris green to destroy the potato beetle and other insects, buy that which is heaviest and honestly sells at the highest price. The great demand has led to much adulteration with higher and more soluble poisons, which are less safe to use. London purple, which many regard as equally effective, is much cheaper and more bulky, and hence is not so likely to be adulterated as Paris green.

—One of the best ways to cook a black bass, that favorite fish with so many people, is to broil it. You need a wire gridiron with a long handle, so that you can hold it over the coals and not let the edges get scorched or blacked. Serve with lemon sliced on the platter. When baking a whitefish do not let it lie on the bottom of the dripping-pan; put a tin plate under the fish in such a way that the oil will drip off into the pan. The fish will be less greasy and the dressing will not absorb so much of the fat.

Peach Butter Pudding.—Pare some ripe and soft peaches, leaving whole. Arrange closely together in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Make a batter of a quart of milk, six eggs beaten very light, ten teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. Bake in a quick oven and eat hot with cream and sugar or a hard or liquid sauce. Strawberries, cherries, raspberries, or blackberries may be substituted for the peaches.

—Windgalls are seldom productive of lameness, and may be regarded as mere eye-sores. Many methods of treatment have been resorted to, and with the same result; they are rarely ever removed permanently by any method of treatment. Rest, with the application of compresses and bandages, may reduce them for a time. By blistering and subsequently turning the animal onto grass, they will, in all probability, disappear, but are apt to return again, especially when the animal is put to work. Unless a horse is of much value, it is scarcely desirable to try any treatment at all for these tumors. To puncture them is dangerous and ineffectual, and cutting them out is absurd and impracticable.—*Western Rural.*

—After keeping house a year I ventured to ask an old housekeeper what she used for a mop, and found to my dismay that it was a question open to much discussion. After various experiments I find that the best material is old knit wrappers, cut in convenient strips. It is best not to make the mop very large, as it is then so heavy when wet that it is burdensome, and although you would get along faster you would be more tired and very likely strain your hands in wringing it. Have as little space left to mop as possible; carpet just as much of your kitchen floor as is consistent with perfect neatness, or better still, one oilcloth—it is so much more easily cleaned; grease does not sink into it to render you desperate. The happy law of compensation may hold good here, but I do not see in what way, commensurate with the expenditure of time and strength, a woman can be repaid or have it made good to her for having scrubbed away so many of the hours of her youth and middle age. There is something hopeless about it; after everything else is done there is always the kitchen floor to clean; it is dangerous to dwell upon; it needs, as Mr. Emerson says, "all the force of an idea" to lift the load from off your mind.—*N. Y. Post.*

Recuperating Old Orchards.

Several modes are recommended how this can be successfully done; but we do not see how it can be more effectually done than by the one we have frequently recommended. This is to cut out all the dying wood, and three-fourths of the suckers, scrape the trunk of the tree completely, removing all the old, hard, broken bark; wash with a preparation of whale-oil soap and water, a pound of the soap to a bucket of water; and give the orchard, not merely under the trees, but every part of it, a heavy top-dressing of good barn-yard or compost manure. If there is any productiveness in the trees this will bring it out.

The suggestion that the trunks of the trees should be shorn of all their boughs and allowed to sucker, and some of these when large enough *grafted*, will prove a failure. The grafting of the ordinary sucker growing from the trunks of old trees can rarely be done with success. We tried this several times and the grafts all died at the end of the second or third year. Far better to graft the old trees whenever there is any *smooth-barked* wood near enough to a main bough. They will not only grow, but in most cases fruit the second year, and always the third year. We have now growing on suckers from the main bough grafts of the *Chancellor* pear set *more than thirty years ago*, and those that have not died have yet to fruit the first specimen!—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Directions for Shipping Fowls.

The following general directions are given by the *American Poultry-Yard* for shipping fowls long distances with safety:

The first essential is a light, strong coop, so made as to have a neat, attractive appearance. Nothing is gained by using boxes heavy and large simply because they can be bought for a few cents. The purchaser suffers loss when he comes to pay the freight, and the shipper loses at least one customer. How many he has lost, by the way, among those who have observed his manner of shipping stock, he never knows.

The second essential is a convenient drinking vessel. This should be of tin, made open at the top, rather long and deep in comparison with its width and nailed fast to the side of the coop, so that it can be readily filled from the top of the coop. Fountains and various contrivances that answer very well for home use are not suitable for shipping purposes. Something is wanted that can be filled without being taken out of the coop.

The third essential is suitable food for the journey, put up in a convenient manner and in sufficient quantity. For a journey of one or two days a handful of gravel and some wheat or cracked corn thrown on the bottom of the coop among the chaff or cut hay will be sufficient. For a longer trip make a long bag that will hold all the food necessary. Put in the bottom of this bag enough food for one day and tie this up. Proceed in this way until every day is provided for. Take care, however, to furnish rather less than the fowls would require if running at large. In this way a variety may be furnished if desirable. Tie the bag on the coop and give directions to "feed and water once a day." A tin feeding-hooper may be tacked on the side of the coop in which to place the allowance. Never forget to put in gravel and a little cut hay or chaff from the barn floor, but never put in long grass or mouldy hay.

A Fashionable London Fair.

The greatest of recent social events in London was the Old English Fair, which for three days occupied the immense building known as the Royal Albert Hall. Nearly all the women keeping stalls belonged to the aristocracy, and many of them were titled. They are described as possessing a good average of beauty, and they dashed about in their quaint elaborate costumes as if they were in the period from which their titles came; and as for what the more prudish middle classes might think they evidently didn't care a pin. The ball was made to represent an old English village, with quaint inns and many of the scenes of an ancient fair; but the devices to get the visitors' money, and the persistent audacity of the saleswomen, were wholly modern. Monceure D. Conway tells how, in one case, the biters were bitten. A good looking young fellow came up to a stall and said: "Do you think you have any pretty thing here that I might buy for my wife?—it's her birthday." The masqueraders sprang forward. He was instantly the center of a dozen beauties, and two dozen fair aristocratic arms, rosette through lace, proffering knick-knacks. He shook his head and passed on. Word was sent to the next booth that a great buyer of birthday presents was coming, and all the attendants thereof swarmed around the advent-urer. He inspected their toilets closely, then passed on. All the booths were notified; all the beauties surrounded him; he got a good view of the aristocracy, and in the end bought a shilling cigar holder. He was a newspaper reporter, and had cleverly brought about a dress parade to aid him in his work.

—A recent dispatch from Ottawa, Ont., says: Ex-Alderman Claney, of this city, gave an exhibition to-day, in the presence of thousands of spectators, of his recently-invented flying machine, which is worked by a crank, and has wings. Starting from St. Anne's Church, he managed to keep in the air at the average height of twelve feet for a quarter of mile. The exhibition created great excitement, and the inventor is proud of his success, and boasts that he will be able shortly to accomplish all desired results. He proposes flying across Ottawa River on Dominion Day, from the tower of the Parliament buildings. Claney has been at work for thirty years on his machine, which he will have at once patented.

—Philadelphia is to have several negro policemen.

DRAWING from nature—Pulling a tooth.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, "but," says Snifkins, "it imparts a pleasant warmth."

A CHICAGO widower selected his second wife for the size of her feet. She wears men's eights, and he rightly judged that she would be a great home-body.

THIRTY New York ladies start next month for a four months' tour in Europe. They will take a deaf and dumb man along as a protection—to the man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LAST year the Pittsburgh glass factories made $21,613,464 worth of glassware. And during that time we had, at different periods, three hired girls in our kitchen who broke just about $613,464 worth of the entire product, and would have smashed more if our credit at the china stores hadn't given out just as we got down to the even millions.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THERE is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

A MAN'S taste becomes rapidly depraved by evil associations. He loses his sense of the pure and the beautiful and the good; he enters upon a descending plane of morality, and, falling from low to lower, finds all his higher sensibilities blunted, his moral nature benumbed, until at last he can even sit down in the face of mankind and eat rhubarb pie without a shudder. Then he is lost.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THERE are no printers in the Texas Penitentiary at Huntsville, notwithstanding that it is so easy to get proof in the case of a printer.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE new telephone has an induction coil with a resistance of five thousand ohms. How little our ancestors thought of such things! Alas! they lived in an age when ohms were undreamed of. If they had met an ohm on Main Street in broad daylight they never would have recognized it.—*Rockland Courier.*

A SCRUB-RACE—Floor-washers.

—Nobody can conceive what motive James Daly had for the mischief which he did at New Haven, Conn., where he was employed on a steamboat company's wharf. A number of new carriages were shipped every day by that line, and Daly had charge of them. It was found that in nearly every shipment one vehicle had a small piece cut of one spoke. The damage was not heavy, yet was troublesome, for it necessitated the return of the wheel to the factory and the insertion of a perfect spoke. The whittler was Daly, and he was caught by a detective, who watched through a hole in the roof of the wharf shed. He says he has no idea why he did it.

—The French missionaries who are in the Egyptian Soudan complain that the slave trade is more active than ever, and that, far from taking measures to prevent it, the regular troops take part in it in the neighborhood of the Nile, where they capture thousands of slaves of both sexes and all ages.

—A young lady, who has an objection to the revision of the New Testament, writes to the London *Truth* to say that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests, as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

[Barnesville (Ga.) News.]

Millions in It.

For the past twelve months I have been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, often being confined to bed for several days. I tried several physicians, but they failed to relieve me. About seven weeks ago a friend who had suffered with the same disease, recommended me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I at once procured a half dozen bottles, which I have used, and find that I am improving all the time. It relieves me at once when I am suffering terrible pain, and prevents me from spending many sleepless nights. I take great pleasure in recommending it to those who are suffering with rheumatism and similar complaints, as the best remedy that can be had. Nothing has done me so much good, and as it only costs fifty cents a bottle, all can try it.

J. D. ALEXANDER, *Editor "News."*

THE Norristown *Herald* defines a city beer garden as—Two trees, a 7x9 flower bed, seventeen benches and six waiters. In a majority of cases trees and flower beds are dispensed with.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe." Read of it.—*Cairo Bulletin.*

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL picnic manager explained that he did not make the lemonade sour because the children had milk for breakfast, and he was afraid to make them sick.

KIDNEY-WORT *is* a remedy which removes foul humors from the blood, and creates healthy action in every organ. Torpid kidneys and liver lead to gravel, diabetes, constipation, piles and rheumatism. Kidney-Wort is the surest and safest remedy to use.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

THOSE troubled with coughs, colds, whooping-cough, weak and bleeding lungs, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated James Cough Pellets have been put on sale in this section. Ask your druggist. Only 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., Wholesale Agents.

Bed-bugs, Roaches,

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c, druggists.

LIGHT COLORED or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

REDDING'S' RUSSIA SALVE is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

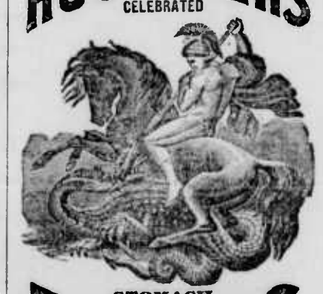

STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC

For Chills and Fever AND ALL DISEASES

Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood. A WARRANTED CURE.

Price, $1.00. For sale by all Druggists.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

SOLD BY

STRONG, COBB & CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

Sold by MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *Acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs.

(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

KIDNEY-WORT

ONE CENT

will buy a postal card on which to send your address and receive free by mail a 128-page book on "The Liver, Its Diseases and their Treatment," including Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria, Costiveness, Headache, etc. Address

DR. SANFORD, 178 Broadway, New York.

WANTED GOLDEN DAWN Agents for the Or, LIGHT on the GREAT FUTURE.

School Teachers, Students, Young men and Ladies, acting as agents for this book are making over $30 a month. Sells fast. One agent sold 71 first 15 days, another 46 in 8 days, another D in one day, another 15 and 3 Bibles in 5 days. Secure territory quick. Also agents wanted for the best Illustrated Revised New Testament, and for the finest Family Bibles ever sold by agents. Send for circulars.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO.,

Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

REVISED NEW TESTAMENT! Illustrated. *Shortest and best.* Sells at sight. **HOLMAN'S PICTORIAL BIBLES!** NEW Agents wanted. A. J. HOLMAN & CO., Philadelphia.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. *Sample outfit Free.* Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cin., O.

YOUNG MEN learn telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address Valentine Bros., Managers, Janesville, Wis.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. B. A. STRAHL, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

MISSOURI Catalogue sent free. O. P. HEDGES & CO., St. Louis, Mo. **FARMS.**

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

A. N. K. Cleve'd. 67 830

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DR METTAUR'S

HEADACHE

Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

HEADACHE

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors,

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

PILLS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County Taxes for the Third Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m. at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that lot, piece or parcel of land lying in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lot No. 3040,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of E. W. Cecil.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD.
7 2 ts Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned, Collector of State and County taxes for the third collection district Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction,

On the 26th day of July,

1881, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland all those lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots Nos. 1890, 1891, 1895, 1896, 2033, 2110, 2111, 2127, 2143, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 221, 303, 306, 308, 75, 77, 78, 180, 311, 2151, 2150, 2149, 2144, 221, 315, containing one thousand fourhundred and one-half acres,

said land being assessed on the books of Garrett county in the name of Wm. Morten's heirs.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879, and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms—Cash on the day of sale.

JASPER GUARD,
7 2 ts Collector.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, on every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
jy 16,3m. Sec'y of State.

NOTICE.

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County Court of Mineral county, W. Va., and the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., duly authorized by the same, will meet at Piedmont, Mineral county, W. V., on Wednesday, July 27th, 1881, at the Mayor's office, to receive sealed proposals and plans for the erection of an Iron Truss Bridge across the North Branch, at Kitsmillersville, of the following dimensions: One span of 120 feet in length and 12 feet roadway, one span of 50 feet in length and 12 feet roadway; the Truss to be 18 feet high and not sustain a strain of over 12,500 lbs. to the square inch of Iron, and to bear 80 lbs. to square foot of roadway.

Also at the same time and place will receive bids for the rebuilding of the abutment on the Virginia side, dimensions: Base 16 feet, top 14 feet, height 10⅔ and 3 feet thick. Two wing walls each: Base 8 feet, top 2 feet, and height 10⅔ feet. Also 2 dressed rock 18 inches thick, 5 feet long and 2 feet wide on centre pier, and 2 dressed rock on each abutment 2½ feet long 2 feet wide and 18 inches thick. All to be laid in cement, ready to receive the bridge.

J. S. ARNOLD,
Mineral county, W. Va.
JESSE SHARPLESS,
Piedmont, W. Va.
E. KITZMILLER,
O. F. RICHARDSON,
DANIEL WILSON,
Garrett county, Md.
6 25 td

A Good Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm, situated 4 miles south of Accident.

This farm contains 150 acres, about 90 acres of which are improved and in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing. The improvements consist of a comfortable two-story dwelling house, a barn 40 by 67 feet, three good orchards of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered. Title good.

For particulars and terms apply on the premises, or address

HENRY FEIGH,
Accident, Garrett county, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v8n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

S. A. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in the Old Offutt Building,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Alder street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.43 P. M.
No. 3	11.32 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	5.29 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.36 A. M.
No. 6	9.45 A. M.
No. 8	8.28 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	9.28 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YEKOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

PART OF

WHITE PLAINS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale any or all of Lots 959, 961, 962, 964, 965, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 977, 1009, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1506, 1507, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1522, 1530, 1532, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1531, 4047, 4050, 4052, 4053, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4059, 4060, 4062, 930, 1534, 1535, 2553, 2554, 2557, parts of 1537, 4066, 1536, 1544, and 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vacancies.

Terms made known upon application to the undersigned

GEORGE SCHLEY, or BUCHANAN SCHLEY, Hagerstown, Md., or Col. JAS. M. SCHLEY, Cumberland, Md. July4-3t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
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G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
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EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
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GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
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Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
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J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. BIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del.

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed far more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent*, of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

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A ROMANCE OF LABOR.

I Was listening to the rebellious words of a young man who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith and have hands like a coal heaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands make you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, that you are a very common man to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome young fellow—for he was handsome—and I thought just then of Steve Gaskill. Steve had made his mark now, but many years ago I heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill, relative to the young man learning his father's trade of a wool stapler.

"It's a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil and the sight of these men in blue linen blouses. I hope that *I* shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad, what is it thou'd fain be?"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy, quarrelsome set, but thou shalt not say I ever stood in the gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Denham & Dawuss to study law, especially conveyancing. He was an only son, but had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence.

Whatever Steve did was right, whatever he said was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah, with all his sound sense, was in spite of himself, swayed by the undisputed acknowledgement of Steve's superiority. He would not advise his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid to be one, he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost them a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive, and he associated naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. There were occasionally awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape, and finally satisfied the family pride by being regularly admitted upon the role of Her Majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime his father had been gradually failing in health soon after this he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the helpless women of the Gaskill family, and Steve now found himself with a profession and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that as long as his mother or sisters had a shilling they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened an office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious; a young lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look crafty and wise under any circumstances, and that first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless he did not in any way curtail his expenses; and when the summer holidays arrived he went, as usual, to a fashionable watering-place. It happened that year he saw the debut of Miss Elizabeth Braithwaite, a great heiress and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was not a drawback in his eye. In a short time he perceived that Miss Braithwaite favored him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession had hitherto been a failure, his one thousand pounds was nearly spent; his three sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might seriously modify their sisterly instincts, and his mother's annual income wouldn't supporte him a month—would it not be the best plan to accept the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined to favor him, and though she had the reputation of being authoritative in temper and economical in money matters, he did not doubt that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his mother and sisters.

So he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True, he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he loved; but he promised himself plenty of post-marital compensations. Elizabeth insisted on keeping her own house, and as Steve had really no house to offer her, he must needs go to Braithwaite Hall as the husband of its proprietress. She insisted upon his removing his office to Braithwaite, a small village, offering none of the advantages for killing time which a large city like Leeds did; and she had all her money scrupulously settled on herself for her own use and under her control.

Steve felt very much as though his wife had bought him, but for a little [illegible] married a great heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of his freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite, life showed a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's economical disposition became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business and did not scruple to make unpleasant witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritative disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition was taking place in Steve's mind and times of transition are always times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had now seen all that good society could show him; he had tasted all the pleasures money could buy, and he was unhappy.

She had no *ennui* and no dissatisfaction with herself. There was her large house to oversee, her garden and conservatories, her servants and charity schools, her toilet and a whole colony of pet animals. Her days were so short for all the small interests that filled them; and these interests she would have willing shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under such circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and improvement of his wife's large estate, but Elizabeth was far too cautious to trust her business to untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent; her banker managed all her investments; her park and farm and gardens were all under the care of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as "Misio's husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife could she have thought it worth while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long hours when he paced the shrubbery, or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any employment that would take him out of the purposely dependent life which he had so foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Elizabeth said to him:

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of Mother's, who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia and wants me to buy her house. She says it is a great bargain, and I wrote to Barrett to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go to attend to it?"

Anything for a change. Steve showed a very proper business-like interest, and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."

"Very well; I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing and all that sort of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonian line, with £100 in his pocket, and a valuable piece of business on hand. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with all the abandon of a bird set free. Then he began to think again. At Crewe he missed a train and he wandered about the station, fell in talking with the engineer of the next one who was cleaning and examing the engine with all the love and pride a mother gives her favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made a trip over the Caledonia line in the engineer's small cuddy. He was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," he said, "all machinists and engineers;" he was only serving his time, learning every branch of the business, practically; he had brothers who made engines, and he hoped to do so sometime.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education; and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's hotel, he would not have been ashamed of his appearance, even in the most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands to him.

"I thought you would be, sir. It is not often I make mistakes in my likings. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of mind with matter. He envied those cyclops in their leathern masks and aprons; he longed to lift their heavy hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty works those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes when Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled-in yard.

"Thank you," he said, "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner which elicited Mr. Barrett's warm praise and made Elizabeth wonder whether she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple iron and machine works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs Gaskill:

MY DEAR WIFE: I shall not be at home again for at least two years, for I have begun an apprenticeship to Dalrymple as an iron master. I propose to learn the process practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem as well as my own, and I do not say but that I have deserved the loss. Please God I will redeem my wasted past, and with his help make a man of myself. When I am worthy to be your husband you will respect me, and until then think as kindly as possible of

STEPHEN CASKILL.

The letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour not even her favorite maid dared to make little compassionate sneers at "poor master."

Steve in leather apron and course working clothes, began laborious, happy days, which brought him nights of sweetest sleep; and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband, which gradually grew more imbued with tender interest and respect. In a few weeks she visited him of her own free will, and purposely going the works, saw her self-banished lord wielding a ponderous hammer upon a bar of white hot iron.

Swarthy, bare-armed, clothed in leather, he had never looked so handsome in Elizabeth's eyes; and her eyes revealed the fact to Steve, for in them was the tender light of love founded upon genuine respect. Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out of his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple works there was no more finished iron master than he.

He held his head frankly up now and looked fortune boldly in the face; he could earn his own living anywhere, and, better than all, he had conquered his wife—won her esteem, and compelled her to acknowledge a physical strength and moral purpose greater that her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite Hall there have been for many years gigantic iron works. The mills and railways on the West Riding know them well; their work is famous for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and over-looks every detail. The profits are enormous, and Stephen Caskill, their proprietor, is also the well-beloved and respected master of Braithwaite Hall.

A western publisher has the following on his letter headings: "Send us the news. When anybody dies, gets married, runs away, steals anything, builds a house, makes a big sale, breaks his leg, or gets the senses kicked out of him by a mule, or does anything that is any way remarkable, and you have reason to believe you know as much about the occurence as anybody else, don't wait for some other person to report it, or trust to us to find it out by instinct, but come and tell us about it, or send the fact on a post card. See if you cannot improve this year; and let us know every item of news that transpires in your neighborhood.

Rev. Dr. Thompson on Lies.

The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New Orleans, recently in that city delivered a lecture on lies, in the course of which he said many good things. After introducing his subject with an amusing Scotch anecdote, the lecturer said the family of lies was a very extensive one. Lies were found in good books as well as in bad ones, in good company as well as in bad and in fact everywhere and in every place. Ladies wore false flowers in their hats and false hair upon their heads. False teeth were also in their mouths and false roses upon their cheeks. Jones builds a model palatial residence, and invites his friends upon its completion; but every thing was false about it, from the imitation solid walnut doors and marble columns to the sham stone walls. Dr. Thompson said, on entering a church some time ago and walking up the center aisle toward the chancel, he discovered to his amazement that there was no chancel at all, except the imitation of one painted upon the wall. Lies had established thrones, religion, literature and commerce, and formed the keys to many a strong box. They wielded a power almost measureless among men. We would be surprised if we knew the lies that passed for history. Lies were written on tombstones, and were the basis of forged treaties and laws. It was not the same upon the sea in this respect that it is upon the land. The mariner was not deceived by his compass, or by the sun, the moon and stars. But let a false light be shown from the land and his vessel is dashed to pieces upon the rocks. He who put a lie upon us had joined the diabolic side. A lie imposed upon a generation or a country took an immense amount of truth to offset it. Better to let the lies go and attend to the establishment of truth. If a man's own character did not refute the lies said against him, it was useless to attempt to deny them. The steadfast character of the man himself was the broad denial of all charges or insinuations against him. Prove the truth by being true to ourselves and living as we hope to die.

The Most Honorable Thing to Do.

On November 26, 1869, President Garfield, then a member of the House of Representatives, addressed the following letter to Hon. J. M. ("Private") Dalzell:

"*My Dear Dalzell:* Your kind and long letter of 21st received and carefully read. I do not need to tell you that I fully appreciate your friendship and support. It is to be expected that there will be more or less secret work done in the interest of other candidates. But I believe my friends are true, and that they can be depended on to do what needs to be done, *and all that can honorably be done* in my behalf; and this is all I desire. We had a good time at the unveiling last week. I should have been glad to have seen you here if you could have afforded the trip. I know you would have enjoyed it. But, like yourself, I know the power of what you call 'a flat pocket-book,' and can sympathize with you there.

"But one thing, my dear fellow, allow me to say frankly: quit saying that you are 'an unworthy, poor, no-account,' &c., for you are not, and I rather think you know you are not, though you may have come a long way short of your ideal of what you ought to be and what you ought to have accomplished. You have done already more than the average of men ever do, and under the most disadvantageous and discouraging circumstances. Being poor and having a large family to support may prevent you from ever attaining your complete idea of usefulness as a public man, *but remember the greatest and most honorable thing you are any man can do is to take care of his family.*

"Yours faithfully, J. A. GARFIELD."

The appearance of the army-worm in Central and Northern Illinois has created a panic among the farmers. Many of them are cutting their wheat in an unripe condition to save it from destruction. The yield in Wild county alone, it is said, will be reduced one million bushels by the worms. They are in such enormous droves that a field is ravaged in an hour.

At Argostoli or Cephalonia there is a mill worked by a steam flowing from the sea, which disappears in the ground. An Englishman, discovering that the water always ran one way, built the mill and has made his fortune.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

JOHN'S WIFE.

"If I say 'Yes' to thee, John, can I thy love retain?
For I'm no beauty, dear; there's plenty call me plain,
Lilies and roses don't blend their tints in my face;
I have no witching blue eyes; no wonderful grace;
But I have health and truth, and youth, and I love no other but thee:
John, thou must take me all in all, or else thou must let me be.

"I am no scholar, John; of art I could not speak;
I could not pose or dress, and look like an ancient Greek;
I'm not aesthetic at all; I do not paint or play;
Nor could I write tale or poem, no matter what the pay;
But I can keep the house-place bright, and I love no one but thee:
John, thou must take me all in all, or thou must let me be."

"Come to my heart, dear girl! Give me thy sun-browned hand.
Fairer art thou to me than the fairest in the land.
Dear little womanly woman! Love shall be my share.
Love is better than witching eyes or sunny hair;
Love is better than beauty or wit; love is better than gold.
For love is not found in the market-place; love is not bought and sold.

UP.

Poor old Mr. *Preface* was tired—not that he had been particularly busy—no, that was the pity of it. Time had been when every caller at Dictionary Mansion had, first of all, paid their respects to him; in return, he imparted to each new visitor such little hints and general information as its founder, Mr. Webster, thought they might need to aid them in their researches.

But, alas! those days were of the past! In the rush and hurry of modern American life, people could not wait to confer with him. There were constant callers at the mansion with whom he had never interchanged a word—people who rushed through the halls, found the room of the Word they desired to consult, made their inquiries, and then bolted unceremoniously. All this worried Mr. *Preface* very much, for was he not an old and faithful servant? Mr. Webster himself had given him the position of janitor when Dictionary Mansion was first completed. It was comparitively a small house then; and through all its changes to the present enormous structure, with its numberless lodgers, he had remained faithfully at his post.

These were a few of the sad thoughts occupying his attention one night as he sat restlessly in his arm-chair, wearied with enforced idleness. It was rather late for him, too. He usually closed the doors early in the evening; but that night Orator Puff was to speak at the Town Hall, and had engaged many of the biggest Words to assist him, and Mr. *Preface* was awaiting their return.

Meanwhile, the poor old fellow was slowly going over his sorrowful thoughts, when he was suddenly startled by a scream. It evidently came from a distant part of the building. Going into the hall, he found it rapidly filling with excited Words, anxious to know the cause of the alarm. As the commotion appeared greatest in the corridor of the "U's," he hurried there, and soon found himself at the room of little Mr. *Up*. Crowding past *Curiosity*, who stood vacantly staring through the door, he saw the body of the little lodger lying prostrate on the floor. Bending over him were *Pity* and *Sympathy*, vainly trying to bring him to consciousness.

Miss *Upas*, the lady who lived in the adjoining chamber, gave this explanation: Her neighbor had come home unusually late that evening. After hearing him close his door, she felt the jar of some one falling. Hurrying to his room, she discovered him lying on the floor, apparently dead, and, in her terror, she gave the piercing scream which alarmed the house. Mr. *Aid* was the first to appear on the scene, and was doing all he could to revive the sufferer.

When *Up* had sufficiently recovered, he told his story, as follows:

"Mine is simply a case of nervous and bodily exhaustion, caused by constant overwork. There has not been a night for the last two years that I have not come home so utterly fagged out that it seemed as if I never could begin my endless labor again. Ever since the Jones family came to this town, my services have been in constant demand from early dawn till late at night. It appears there is hardly an idea in their heads but they think my presence necessary for its expression. For instance, there is Father Jones. At first cock-crow, he 'wakes up'; then 'gets up' and 'makes up' the fire; 'does up' his chores; 'blacks up' his boots; 'eats up' whatever his wife 'cooks up' for breakfast; 'goes up' to the store; 'figures up' the cash account; 'buys up' more goods; 'marks up' the prices; 'fills up' the orders; 'foots up' the profits; 'shuts up' the store; 'dresses up' for dinner; 'sits up' awhile afterward, calling for my assistance continually, until he 'locks up' the house for the night and 'shuts up' his eyes in slumber.

"At the same time Miss Fannie 'dresses up;' 'does up' her hair; 'takes up' her book; 'gets herself up' in her lesson; 'hunts up' her bonnet; 'hurries up' to school; 'catches up' with a schoolmate; 'stands up' to recite; 'passes up' to the head of the class; 'flushes up' at the praise of her teacher; 'divides up' her luncheon at recess; and, as she 'rides up' home in the horse-car, 'makes up' her mind to 'be up' at the head of the school ere the term is 'up.'

"Tommy Jones 'runs up' to the store on an errand; 'trips up' over a stick; cries out that he is all 'bruised up,' until his mother 'bandages up' his knee, and 'hugs him up' a dozen times, and tells him to 'keep up' good courage and try to 'cheer up.'

"And so it is the long, long, weary day. I go from one to the other until I can scarcely totter. Nor would I complain even now if I thought my help were really needed. But there is the Brown family living next door; they are certainly quite as active as the Joneses, and, as they seldom require my services, I can only think that my presence on every occasion (for it can not fairly be called assistance) is not indispensable, as the Joneses seem to imagine."

"Shameful, shameful!" was the indignant comment of the group of listeners, as *Up* finished his story.

Said *Incomprehensibility*: "I scarcely can believe the Joneses to be so cruel as to abuse such a little man as *Up* like that. Just think of it—only two letters high! And here am I, a very giant among Words, and yet have only been called out once for a month! Then it was for a spelling at a public school, and I was immediately dismissed. Why could not the work be more evenly distributed among us!"

"You have spoken my sentiments exactly," said *Procrastination*. "We ought to labor according to our size. My only work this week was in serving for an hour as writing-copy for Tommy Jones. I was very glad to be put to use, although the teacher did say I was a 'thief of time.'"

"Let us hold an indignation meeting," suggested another. "We can at least protest against such barbaric cruelty and injustice."

The idea met with favor, and the fast-increasing assemblage adjourned without delay to the main hall of the building, whither all the other inmates were soon summoned. *Arbiter* was chosen moderator, in acknowledgment of his wisdom, and because of his reputation as a settler of disputes. Vice-presidents were selected from Scripture proper names, abbreviations, and noted names of fiction, and *Record* elected secretary. The meeting being duly organized, the chairman announced the business to come before it, giving a brief but spirited account of *Up's* history and sufferings.

He was followed by *Argument*, an old and experienced debater who had spent much time in court, and was noted chiefly for always being on the contrary side. For this once, however, he happily agreed with the prevailing opinion. Said he:

"No doubt the Americans are a well-meaning race. But they are extremely careless and seldom think. And no doubt the Joneses are, at this very moment, serenely sleeping in utter unconsciousness of the pain and misery which their dullness has inflicted upon poor little *Up*. Of course they mean to do right, and would not knowingly injure any one. But that is a poor excuse. Now these same Americans have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. They seem to be in greater need of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the English language, a society whose rigid laws should be strictly enforced. Perhaps my words seem strong, but, my friends, *Up's* case is not an unusual one. I see before me even now two Words, *You* and *Know*, who have had an equally bitter experience. Whenever some people summon us to the aid of their ideas, *You* and *Know* are hitched in with the other Word. Sometimes they trot before and sometime behind. In either case, while they do not help the expressions, but are rather a hindrance, they become quite as fatigued as if doing regular and proper work. Now, if Mr. Jones, for instance, should see a pair of horses used in the same way, he would at once set down their driver as an idiot, if not something worse. But the two cases are not unlike, although our unthinking friends seem not to perceive this."

Another speaker thought that, "As the Joneses and others have probably never looked at the subject in that light, it might be that if it were so presented to them they would see the justice of the complaint and offend no more. I should, therefore, move, Mr. Chairman, that our friend *Preface* should be appointed a committee of one to call their attention to the matter, and urge a reform."

At this point, Mr. *Preface* arose and addressed the meeting in a sorrowful manner. He thought the appeal should be spread far and wide by some able and influential advocate. Reminding his hearers of his own neglected position and waning powers, he moved to amend by having an account of the whole affair prepared for publication.

The amendment being accepted, the resolution as amended was passed by a unanimous vote, after which the meeting adjourned.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Grasshopper Iz a Burden.

The grasshopper is a flippant hug.

They are born of eggs, and are an inch and a quarter in length when they git ripe.

They are hatched out, get their growth, and die off in seventy-five days.

This iz bizzness, and shows that they have enterprise in a hi degree.

What they are good for iz a prize konundrum, but the evil they sumtimes do Iz equal to a famine.

I hav seen every green thing on the face ov the earth for fifty miles in circumference et up bi them, and milyuns ov them besides starving to deth.

I hav seen the air filled with them like a shower ov sand, and nothing but stone fences proof against their destroying appetights.

They travel on the jump, and fill the heavens with their song ov ruin.

They are a consuming fire, and no power ov man kan stay their journey.

One grasshopper iz a mizzerable item, but when sum edikt of heaven marshals them in countless legions they are an appalling terror.

To be et up bi grasshoppers, to be consumed bi musketoes, or mangled by a mule hav always ben the three deths that I have dreded.

But az much az I fear the deadly grasshopper, I had rather face a mile square of them all alone in the month of August; I had rather cross the Newark marshes bi moonlite in July, when musketers are in their consummate glory, or even fondle the sportive mule, than to hav a nuzepaper kritick who writes for $12 a week git after me.

Oh! it iz awphull to hav the laurels ov years torn from ones forehead, and trampled in the dust, and be annihilated for life, and perhaps eternity, bi the seathing fury ov the newspaper kritick who writes for 12 dollars a week and pays the highest cash price for clam grnel.

This iz purely awphull.

This beats mules, grasshoppers and musketers just as eazy as sticking a thistle intu yure finger.—*Josh Billings*

—In Germany there is a million surplus of women—the result of the whole sale emigration of men to escape military service.

Edison's Latest—An Iron Bonanza in the Sands Along the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the electrical wizard who has of late accomplished so many marvelous things, has perfected another remarkable invention that will no doubt work great revolution in the iron trade. The matter has up to the present been kept very quiet, but it has finally leaked out, notwithstanding the efforts of those who are financially interested to keep it from the public. The machine, wherein electricity plays the prominent part, is a very simple contrivance, but nevertheless it will be the means of producing what has never been produced in this country before, and that is iron of the same quality as the best Swedish, and for a market price of about one-half that of the latter.

It had been believed for some time that there was in the seashore sands of Long Island and along the Atlantic Coast indications of magnetite iron, and examination proved that this was a fact, but how to extract it from the sand was the problem. Mr. Edison had some time ago invented a process for extracting gold dust from washings by the use of magnets, whereby the baser constituents were attracted into piles by means of three or four processes, and the gold and sand subsequently washed and separated. When the matter of securing iron ore from the sea sands was presented to him a few weeks ago, he at once went to work and perfected a process whereby with one exposure to magnets the valuable ore is to be separated from the "titanite," or iron coated with sulphur, with which it was mingled, and at the same time left free of the schist wherein it was lodged. To do this it became necessary to so gradute the electrical force that the true iron, having the greater attractive force, should be drawn nearest the magnet, while magnetite, or sulphurore and sand, should fall in separate piles. Mr. Edison's separator—for thus it may comprehensively be called—consists of a V-shaped trough four feet long and a little more than two feet deep, with a slit one-sixteenth of an inch wide at the bottom. Under this, at a distance of livo feet, and resting on the ground, is a separator, the apex situated a little to one side of the trough above, so that the sand falling straight will strike on one incline and be forced in an opposite direction from that taken by the ore, which, striking the other side, is slid off into a hopper or receptacle. A little less than half-way between the slit in the trough or sand receptacle and the ground, and of the same width, are a pair of large magnets, which receive their electrical energy either from jars or steam generator, just as is desired, according to the plant.

The object, as I have above stated, is to extract the magnetite iron ore from the sand and titaniferous ore. The sand is shoveled into the trough and, being dry, falls through the narrow slit in a sheet four feet long and one sixteenth of an inch in width. The magnets are provided with just enough power to deflect the magnetite or black oxide of iron from a perpendicular fall and deposit it on the side of the separator opposite the sand, which, having no affinity for the magnets, falls direct to the ground, together with the titaniferous ore. It is then taken up, placed in sacks and shipped. The process is very rapid.

It may be asked what particular value is to be attached to this simple invention and where it is to be adopted. It is one of the most valuable of modern inventions, and is to be made use of right here on the Atlantic coast, for the present at least, and the Lord only knows where it may not be applied, for, according to Edison's statements, the ocean shores are simply covered with these iron deposits. Heretofore Swedish iron has never been made outside of that country, where these sand deposits exist, and where the crystals of magnetite are very large. But here, right under our very nose, there are, it appears, millions upon millions of tons of this sand containing incalculable amounts of the purest and best iron ore, for magnitite or black oxido of iron is the purest ore known, containing no phosphorns or sulphur. There are banks of this sand on Long Island alone twenty feet high where there are layers upon layers of the deposits, and these banks are from 100 to 150 feet in width. There is one strip of coast that has been prospected that is twenty miles long. Removing the white surface sand, there is usually found a deposit of black sand about ten inches in depth. About two inches below occurs another deposit. In these deposits is found the iron ore that is so valuable. It is estimated that about 40 per cent of the sand is composed of the two forms of iron ore—magnetite and titaniferous—while of this from 18 to 20 per cent is pure magnetite.

Under the present working by those who are managing the machine in operation about 10 per cent is extracted, but Edison says he can get more than this if he should take hold of it personally. He gave the present operator a ten minutes' lesson one day, and that's all the instructions he had; so he is naturally working a little crude.—*New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A Psychological Wonder—A Young Lady Predicting Her Own Afflictions.

There is in this city, says the Virginia City *Enterprise*, a young lady whose case is not only the most distressing imaginable, but which also is most curious and a puzzle for physicians and all who are acquainted with her condition and the peculiar circumstances attendant upon and connected therewith. The young lady is a Miss Mary Kenney, aged about 18 years, who resides on the Divide. Previous to her illness she was a pupil in Prof. Flint's school, where she was distinguished for her close application to her studies and her quiet and ladylike deportment. She was ambitious to become a teacher, and studied very hard in order to be able to pass an examination. Some six weeks ago Miss Kenney told her mother and others that a great calamity was soon to befall her: that she would be stricken blind, deaf and dumb. In making this announcement she was much distressed and wept bitterly. It was in vain that her friends tried to comfort her; she said it was a thing that must come. A few days later, while on her way home from school, she was suddenly struck blind, and was led by the hand the remainder of the way home. Four physicians, including Dr. Webber, county physician, have been attending the young lady since her illness, and have been unable to determine the cause of the malady which so suddenly seized her. After losing her sight she soon lost her hearing, and then her vocal organs became paralyzed. For several days past she has been unable either to hear, see or speak.

Her disease appears to be of the nature of paralysis, and this had yesterday extended to her legs and the lower part of her body. For some days she has had but little use of her hands, and then only under certain conditions. The most curious feature of her case, however, is that all this time she has been able to communicate with all about her though bereft of all her senses. This she has done in writing. In asking her a question it was necessary to do so in writing, her hand being laid on that of the questioner during the time he was writing. This being done she at once wrote an answer to the question, but while doing so it was necessary for the questioner to place his hand on hers or to lightly hold the top of the pencil with which she was writing. All this time her eyes were closed and her head resting on her pillow in such a position that she could not have seen what was doing and she not blind.

It appears that the young lady's is a peculiar organism—that she has long been a sort of psychological puzzle. Many instances might be given of this peculiarity, but they nearly all concern people well known here and who do not wish to have their names mentioned. As to the character of these things, we may say that she in several instances felt impelled to go to persons who were strangers to her and tell them things that were for their good, and which made their hair almost stand on end, for the reason that her revelations showed that she knew almost every action of their lives. In speaking of some persons she said she knew every action of their lives from childhood. Another curious thing remains to be told.

In Gold Hill, fully half a mile away from the residence of the girl, are two persons who appear to be affected through her. One of them is a boy about six years of age and the other a man of mature age. Since she has been stricken down these persons have felt every change that has taken place in the young lady's condition; have known it instantly. She has had frequent convulsions, and whenever one of these fits has seized her the man and the boy at Gold Hill have in some way been made aware of the fact. Also, whenever she was seized with a spell of vomiting (which spells were quite frequent) the fact was instantly known to the two persons at Gold Hill. In order to prove this, persons interested in this curious business have made many quick trips from Gold Hill to the Divide, carefully noting the time, and always found that the man and boy had exactly described the young lady's condition.

The Stature of Different Races of Men.

In comparing races as to their stature, we concern ourselves not with the tallest or shortest men of each tribe, but with the ordinary or average-sized men who may be taken as fair representatives of their whole tribe. The difference [illegible] where a tall and a short people come together in one district. Thus, in Australia the average English colonist of five feet eight inches looks clear over the heads of the five feet four inch Chinese laborers. Still more in Sweden does the Swede of five feet seven inches tower over the stunted Lapps, whose average measure is not much over five feet. Among the tallest of mankind are the Patagonians, who seemed a race of giants to the Europeans who first watched them striding along their cliffs draped in their skin cloaks; it was even declared that the heads of Magalhaens' men hardly reached the waist of the first Patagonian they met. Modern travelers find, on measuring them, that they really often reach six feet four inches, their mean height being about five feet eleven inches—three or four inches taller than average Englishmen. The shortest of mankind are the Bushmen and related tribes in South Africa, with an average height not far exceeding four feet six inches. A fair contrast between the tallest and shortest races of mankind may be seen in the Patagonian and Bushman, whose head only reaches to the former's breast. Thus the tallest race of men is less than one-fourth higher than the shortest, a fact which seems surprising to those not used to measurements. In general, the stature of the women of any race may be taken as about one-sixteenth less than that of the men. Thus, in England a man of five feet eight inches and a woman of five feet four inches look an ordinary well-matched couple.—*E. B. Taylor, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Japanese and Chinese.

S. Kurino, a Japanese student, writes to the Boston *Herald* that his love of his own country impels him to set forth "a nationality utterly distinct from that of China." The principal reasons given by him for rejecting the theory that the Japanese are of Chinese origin are that the customs of the two people are generally different; that the former are far superior to the latter in intellectual progress; that their earliest written languages are dissimilar, and that history indicates the descent of the Japanese from the inhabitants of ancient Babylon. Kurino admits, however, that the ancient history of Japan is too fragmentary and untrustworthy to be of much value. That there was an invasion about 650 years before Christ is certain, but he contends that it was not from China. He takes pride in the fact that the Japanese, unlike other Asiatics, do not treat women as inferiors; and he claims that hari-kari, or the execution of the death penalty upon one's self, is proof of genuine chivalry. "It must not," he says, "be confounded with common, ignoble suicide; it was, on the contrary, a public act, attended with great ceremonies, and a kind of capital punishment intended for the privileged class. The high privilege, hari-kari, was granted by the code of honor only when a military retainer was guilty of some high political offence not unworthy of his rank, in order to save him from the infamy of being abandoned to the ignominious hands of the common executioner."

Delighted Elephants in a Bath.

As the three elephants in the Zoological Garden had not washed themselves for more than two years Superintendent Brown suddenly realized that it would be eminently proper to give them a bath, but the difficulty was to find a bath-tub large enough to accommodate the trio of monster proboscians. The sea-lion pool or seal tank could not be used, as they are too small, and it was remembered that when Empress took her last bath in the duck-pond in 1879 she flopped around in such an extravagant manner and stirred up the mud so thoroughly that she came out far dirtier than she was when she went in. It was clear that if the elephants were to bathe a tub would have to be built. The work was begun in April, and, as it was finished on Friday, the bathers took their first dip yesterday morning. The bath-tub is oval in shape, ten feet deep, about one hundred and twenty feet in circumference and has a concrete floor and is lined with bricks. Half an hour after the elephants, Dom Pedro, Empress and Fanny, breakfasted yesterday morning they were marched from their pens to the brick-covered roadway which inclines to the water in the bathing place. Here Empress became suspicious about the solidity of the roadway and stopped. The keeper, however, found several tender places on her body with his harpoon, and after two or three wicked snorts, which were echoed by her companions, she moved cautiously toward the water. The plano to the pool is only about sixty feet long, but so slowly did the bathers move that fifteen minutes elapsed before Empress put one of her feet in the water, stopped, raised her trunk and trumpeted loudly. This cry seemed to dispel the fears of her companions, for an instant later Dom Pedro pushed his way to the front and went boldly into the water. Fanny plunged in next, taking a genuine elephantine "header" and reappearing in the centre of the pool. Empress entered very slowly until her legs were covered, and then with a grunt which indicated intense satisfaction she toppled over on her left side and sank out of sight. Dom Pedro, after sousing himself thoroughly and going under the water several times, waded to a place where the water was only three feet deep and stood there lazily whisking his good-for-nothing little tail at the flies, as he viewed with evident astonishment the preposterous capers Fanny was cutting. The Dom accepted the situation as coolly as though he went in bathing every day instead of once in two years, but the females fairly bubbled over with manifestations of satisfaction and they dived and spouted and snorted and trumpeted nearly an hour. After splashing around fifteen or twenty minutes Fanny walked up the incline and then deliberately rolled down into the water again. The effect of this newly discovered feat must have pleased her intensely, for on coming to the surface each time her piggish little eyes sparkled joyously and she scampered up the bath to repeat the novel performance.

At the moment the spectators were most deeply interested in Fanny's performances Dom Pedro showed his ill-breeding by sucking a gallon or so of water into his trunk, and poking that member out horizontally, [illegible] contents full in the face of an observing naturalist who stood near the edge of the pool. The naturalist on recovering his breath used bad language and Dom Pedro bellowed as if proud of his performance. The keeper had some difficulty in getting the elephants out of the water, but he finally succeeded and drove them to their pens. On the journey, however, Fanny insisted on rolling in the dust, so that when she reached her apartment she was about three times as dirty-looking as when she went into the bath, but she will take another dip at 1 o'clock this afternoon.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Pet Dog of the Politicians.

One of the most famous black-and-tan terriers in this country, Dolly, a pet of the late John A. Smull, and a cherished favorite of W. P. Smull, died this morning at the residence of the latter, aged 21 years. For the past year Dolly has been deaf and blind, and was tenderly cared for by her master, who had a large feather pillow prepared, on which she lay on the foot of his bed. Yesterday the poor brute was taken with spasms, in which she lay the greater part of the day, and was watched until the hour of her death by her kind hearted master. She will be buried on the premises of Mr. Smull's residence today, with her pillow, her wraps, her china dish and trinkets. Twenty years ago Dolly took her seat on the desk of the late resident Clerk of the House, John A. Smull, where she sat every day the Legislature was in session until the death of Mr. Smull. She was a general favorite with members of the House, officers, and pages. When the Speaker's gavel fell at adjournment Dolly always responded with a gentle bark, and she watched the proceedings at times as if she really comprehended their import. No dog that ever lived in Pennsylvania received as many caresses from statesmen, politicians, journalists, legislators, warriors and ladies fair. She sat on the knee of every Governor from 1861. Supreme Judges did not hesitate to lay their hands gently on her beautiful head. Mr. Lincoln took her in his arms, charmed by her beauty. Gen. Grant had her paw in his hand frequently. All the great political leaders of Pennsylvania knew Dolly. She was a general favorite, but flattery never spoiled her, because she had been raised to good manners.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

—An Englishman named William Porter was found dead in his rooms in the Rue La Boetie, Paris, dressed in a red and yellow Punch's costume. On his breast was attached with pins a piece of paper on which were written words of which the following is a translation: "I commit suicide in this costume because I wore it the night of the ball where I made her acquaintance. It is for her that I die."

—Mr. Marshall Johnson, of Claiborne, La., dreamed for two nights in succession where his grandmother, who died a number of years ago, had buried a quantity of money, and going to the place which was pointed out to him in his dream, and digging, he found the money, $1,200 in gold.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Copper, if suddenly cooled, becomes soft and malleable; if slowly cooled, it hardens and becomes brittle.

—According to Mr. Fairthorne, benzine may be freed from all offensive odor by shaking it up well with quicklime, about three ounces to the gallon.

—The excessive resonance of churches, M. l'Abbe Barrett says, can be modified to any degree by the simple expedient of stretching iron wires across the dome.

—The experiment of lighting the streets of Albany, N. Y., by electricity has so far been successful that the Superintendent of Lamps has been authorized to cut off the gas lamps on the electric-light circuit. One hundred and sixteen gas lamps were accordingly cut off. Twenty-five electric lights are on this circuit.

—The French Government intends to establish an observatory at Cape Horn for the purpose of accumulating data regarding terrestrial magnetism. Those who are to take charge of the establishment will sail in the same vessel which is to bring out the astronomers, who will try to make what use they can of the approaching transit of Venus.

—When in Africa M. d'Abbadie witnessed lightning without any thunder. He contends that in this instance the ordinary explanation of so-called "heat lightning" as the mere reflection of a storm below the horizon is not applicable, because it was a thin fog occupying a narrow valley which was suddenly illuminated by the sheet lightning.

—Pitch paper, the same as that used in covering roofs, when cut into slips and placed in convenient situations under carpets and behind sofas and chairs in a room, will effectually repel the moth miller from depositing its eggs. If similar strips are placed inside the backs and seats of parlor suits they will render the furniture moth-proof.

—The discovery of another new vine is announced. M. Armand Desvignes, a missionary in China, has sent to the French Academy of Science some seeds of a vine which grows wild in China, and produces edible fruit, which, after fermenation yields a wine the bouquet of which resembles the aroma of raspberries. There are two species; one is thorny and grows at an altitude of 10,000 feet above the sea level; the other is found on granite soil.

—A number of railroad companies are now trying the experiment of using the hulls of cotton seed, with the small amount of lint usually attached as they come from the oil mill, as a substitute for the ordinary cotton waste at present used for packing the journal boxes of cars, and with every prospect of complete success. The advantage claimed for this material is a great reduction of the cost, saving of oil, and prevention of hot boxes, while the producer of the seed finds a ready market at advanced price.

PITH AND POINT.

—Can a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her eyebrows be said to be industrious?—*Springfield News.*

—The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.—*Josh Billings.*

—Procrastination is said to be the purloiner of the fleeting hours, and yet how many people will sit and wait for the railroad train to start, when they could save part of the blessed time by footing part of their journey on the ties.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

—"Won't you please play us something, Miss Hammerdebang?" asked Fogg. "I should like to ever so much," said she, looking at her watch, "but really I have no time." "So I have heard," replied Fogg; "but we will overlook that, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Matrimony, young man," remarked old Metaphysics, "matrimony is an arrangement whereby a woman strives to swamp the giant intellect of a man by insisting that he shall go 'shopping' with her at least twice a week, and the result is she swamps his pocketbook."—*New Haven Register.*

—An Austin man, who has been traveling a great deal over the country, furnishes the best definition we have heard yet of the average railroad eating-house. He says it is a place where the train stops long enough for a pious-looking man, who has been a colonel, to collect a dollar from each passenger for taking away his appetite.—*Texas Siftings.*

—When the boiler exploded in the sawmill near Oakland, the fireman was blown across the Youghiogheny River and seven hundred feet through a thicket, and buried head foremost under an old log, and he wasn't killed. But when they dug him out and restored him to consciousness, he asked how the mule got into the engine room to kick him. He couldn't believe it was merely a boiler explosion.—*Boston Post.*

—"Oh, yes," writes the young man who went out to the mountains a couple of weeks ago, "Oh, yes, the climate is very healthful. I went out hunting one day, and gained three pounds in four hours." The remarkable gain was owing to the fact that the two other men of the party were gentlemen sportsmen from Boston, armed with genuine breech-loaders, and they could miss more birds and hit more legs than the St. Louis shot tower could furnish double B's for.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Past and Present.

In noting the difference in the style in which Senators and Representatives now live in Washington as compared with that usual thirty years ago, an old resident tells an anecdote of interest. He says that at that time it was not uncommon for very worthy members of either House of Congress to occupy rooms over stores. A very "swell" gentleman was elected to Congress, whom we will call Baker, and set up a grand establishment here. He was greatly shocked to find that his intimate friend Cooper, although a very rich man, lived over a grocery store, and one day, in addressing a note to him, wrote: "Hon. Mr. Cooper, over Smith's grocery store." But Cooper was not to be put down thus, so, remembering the situation of Baker's grand house, when he answered, addressed his letter: "Hon. George Augustus Baker, opposite Foy's livery stable."—*Washington Star.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SINGING.

Singing from the mountain spring,
As it gurgles over;
Through the heather and the ling,
Through the grass and clover;
Singing, laughing all the day;
Laughing, singing all the way.

Singing through the leafy dells,
Where the shadows linger,
And the wild flowers ring their bells
To the merry singer;
Rippling, laughing all the while,
Singing, rippling, all a-smile.

Singing round the mossy stone,
'Neath the hazel bushes;
Singing when it's all alone,
Stealing through the rushes,
Happy as the day is long,
Never speaking but in song.

Singing at the morning's dawn,
When the day is breaking;
Singing when the light's withdrawn,
And the stars are waking;
Watching, singing, through the night,
Singing, waiting for the light.

Singing in the April days,
When the clouds are weeping;
Singing through the summer haze,
When the men are reaping;
Singing through the Autumn's chill,
Through the winter singing still.

So, my soul, wake up the song,
Yield not to repining;
Clouds can never linger long—
See their silver lining!
Sing on, sing on, all the way;
Sing on till the break of day!

—*Good Words.*

COUNTESS BEAUREPAIRE.

Goodness only knows what took possession of Mr. Vincent Maurice on the first time that he ever saw Kate Rivers. He was one of the stateliest young gentlemen that ever stepped, wedded to all the proprieties and conventionalities, with a precision of manner that would have been priggish had he not been of such stature and shape that it became almost majestic—had it not been for his beauty of countenance, and for an intelligence more than common. Of an old family, of moderate wealth, with a good legal practice, and with a fine political outlook, what fate, asked the gossips of the air, led him to the side of Kate Rivers?

For Kate Rivers was the very opposite of Mr. Maurice in all respects; young, child-like, everybody's friend, with no perception of difference of rank or degree, full of mischief and gayety and light good humor—a nature utterly incompatible with that of the haughty young gentleman who stepped on the earth as if he made it.

One would naturally have supposed that it would needs be something quite the antipodes of this that would have attracted Mr. Maurice, something cold, chiseled, with manners having the calm glitter of the iceberg; and one could only premise trouble if such incongruous elements as these came together. That she should have admired him was not at all remarkable; but what in the world did he see in her?

He saw—on the bright May day that he went into the country to call on his step-mother, who was visiting there, and sauntering over the grounds of his hostess, found himself in those of the next place—he saw a child asleep upon a bank of violets, a rosy young girl, exquisite as a beautifully carved piece of marble, with one arm tossed above her head, rising round and lovely from its purple pillow, the nut-brown hair blowing all about the ivory brow and bosom. He seated himself on an old vine-covered tree trunk and surveyed her; and the more he gazed, the more ineffaceably that sleeping face was stamped on heart and brain; and he was just becoming aware that he was taking an enormous liberty, when she opened a large pair of half-affrayed blue eyes, and he felt that the time in which he had gazed was long enough to give him something like familiar acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," he said, in his most reassuring manner, "on whose grounds I am trespassing?"

"On mine, sir," said the young thing, half rising.

"You are then—"

"Kate Rivers. And I suppose you are my cousin Francis. I heard you were coming. Mrs. Stanton said she should bring you over—"

"Fate did me that kindness first," said Mr. Maurice, gravely. "But—"

"Ah, well," she said, quickly, "it doesn't matter, so long as you are here. Mrs. Stanton said you would be so interested in the old manor, it has so many of your ancestors' portraits on the walls, as well as mine." And she rose, and before he quite understood it they were walking on together. "Will you come up?" she said. "How stupid of me not to have asked for your family! Are they with you? Is your wife well? Is—"

"I—I haven't any wife," said Mr. Vincent Maurice.

"No wife! What do you mean? Surely—" But here, probably lest he might have lost his wife, and her words be recalling painful memories, she stopped herself, and ran after a flower she espied. "There!" she exclaimed. "I knew there must be some left still!" coming back presently with her hands full of straw-bells. "Don't you love them?" she said. "They don't know whether they are flowers or grass, and they are so shy about it. They seem to me to be full of all the happiness that there is to be in summer."

"I suppose you find a great deal of happiness in summer, then?"

"Oh, always! The days are not half long enough. Are they for you?"

"I don't know. Sometimes, perhaps, too long."

"Ah, now, you don't mean to say you're like that Mr. Vincent Maurice who is coming to visit Mrs. Stanton—"

"May I ask what is the matter with Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"His name, I guess. Vincent, conquering—and he sighs for more worlds."

Presently they were deep in a discussion of favorite ideas and theories, all of which the pretty creature had evidently thought for herself, whether wise or foolish, in her loneliness, for she was too young to have read or studied much; and all the time that they were talking she was darting off in pursuit of leaf or butterfly, or of the greyhound that had joined them, and returning to his side in a confiding way that Mr. Vincent Maurice found indescribably agreeable, with a sweet, bright innocence that he had not met before—and all the time so beautiful! Here they sat down on a big rock; here they went leisurely strolling up the path, and it was all of an hour before they reached the door of the old manor. "Now," she said, "I will introduce you to your aunts and uncles and grandfathers, the pretty Priscilla in her jonquil-blossom brocade, the staid old Mrs. Margaret in her black lace. I wonder what they will think of you—somehow you are not at all like what I thought my cousin Francis would be—"

"Very naturally," said Mr. Maurice, finding it impossible to enter the house itself under his alias, "for I am not your cousin Francis."

"What? Not? Not my cousin Francis? Who, then, are you?" cried the young beauty, in a quick flame of indignation, in which, to say truth, she looked lovelier than ever.

"I am Mr. Vincent Maurice."

And for all answer Miss Kate Rivers clapped her hands upon her face and ran away round the piazza, and behind the lattices, and out of sight, as fast as her feet could fly.

It was not a very promising beginning, but lightning falls where it will, and Mr. Vincent Maurice was very nearly in love. He came over in state next day, with his mother and Mrs. Stanton, to make his peace; and perhaps because he found the maiden refractory he became all the more in earnest, and before a week had passed it was all over with him, and he felt life was not worth living without Kate Rivers. And little Kate, who had known not a dozen men in all her life, and never had a lover, when her indignation had died out, had all her defenses down, and thought so fine, so charming, so ideal, so perfect a gentleman had never been completed on this earth as Vincent Maurice was, and returned his love with idolatry.

Well, it was a season of rapture, that summer. It seemed to Kate that happiness could go no further than sitting by Vincent's side, rowing on the river opposite him, riding through the forest ways, with all the glorious green and golden glooms and sun-lit spaces about them. Happiness made her more of a child than over; she could hardly walk for dancing, she could hardly speak for singing; a bird, a bubble, any light and airy thing, was less light and airy, less gay and sparkling, than she.

At first Mr. Vincent Maurice found this simply intoxicating; and perhaps it would still have been as much so, if at the end of a month of it he had not brought down Mr. Geoffrey, a peculiarly staid and elegant counterpart of himself, and all at once seen these gay, frank ways with that friend's disapproving eyes. The friend's eyes supplied a new point of view. It was the first sensation that he had had that she was not altogether faultless, but it was not the last. When he came from the city at another time, and found her trimming the chapel for some festival, sitting on the top of a pair of steps, and wrapped round and round by some of the rustic youths with the long oak-leaf garland with which the walls above were festooned till she looked like a dryad, when, seeing him, she stood up, breaking all the green bonds asunder, and sprang down the stairs to his side, he met her with words which, under the circumstances, were a sharp rebuke. It became rather frequent after that, presently almost constant. At the end of another month it was not poetry and love that filled their entire conversation, but Mr. Vincent Maurice was endeavoring to formulate a code of manners. Would she walk, and not skip? would she talk, and not sing? would she listen, and not laugh? would she leave her pranks, and be serious? Was this perpetual merriment only for the sake of displaying her dimples? Was she going to wear her curls in her neck forever? For Heaven's sake, what did she mean by allowing these country bumpkins to address her by her Christian name—the woman who was going to be his wife? Would she always be a rural hoyden, and never a woman of the world? Wasn't it time she cultivated some repose of manner? And did she never intend to speak without blushing? Under this pressure, Kate's gayety became a very forced thing, and half the interim of his absences she spent in tears.

"If you object to my dimples, you are taking a fine way to smooth them out," she cried.

"And a few such speeches as that," he answered, "would make the loveliest lips disgusting."

But there was a spirit in her that made it impossible yet to give up her individuality. She would have done anything under the sun to please him; but it would have been somebody else, and not herself, had she done this—and then the sight of him made her so happy, and the moment she was happy, the old exuberance of spirits would assert itself. But the sight of him was getting to be not as frequent as it had been, and she was drooping under the neglect.

One early September afternoon, however, he came, and came unexpectedly, to find her in a field surrounded by a group of children, crowned, as they were, with a coronet of ripe grains and straws, bearing strong resemblance to the head-dresses of Madge Wildfire, and tossing together with them the haycocks of the aftermath, in which they had been tumbling. He stood looking on in haughty disapproval. As soon as she could she disengaged herself from the little people, and from her harvest crown, and came to his side.

"I wonder you could leave such companionship for mine at all," said he, stiffly, for greeting.

"Why, Vincent, certainly," she began, falteringly and with changing color.

"Certainly what?" he asked.

"It is their holiday," she said, taking courage from his rudeness. "And you would not wish to deprive them of it—and they are so used to me, it would not seem holiday without me."

"As much a child as they. Are you never going to be a woman?"

"I feel already like an old one when you speak to me so."

He softened a little at that. "The fact is," he said, "that you ought to go away. You ought to see the world. My mother must take you to New York this winter, and to Newport for a fortnight, now before it is too late, and you might learn how it is that other women conduct—women that know how to play their part in the world, which you certainly have not yet learned, and which it seems as if you never would. Do you think I shall have any pleasure in marrying and taking among my Washington friends a—"

She had been growing whiter and whiter listening to him. She saw that the end had come. But, for his part, he was as much astonished, in his supreme self-concentration, as if it had lightened out of a blue sky, when her voice rang out: "Stop! I do *not* think you will take any pleasure in marrying me. I understand that we are totally unfitted for each other. I hope you will find a better-bred woman for your wife. Good-by!" And then she was gone, and she had called the children round her; and, whatever it cost her to do it, she was frolicking with them as before, let her heart break or not.

Mr. Vincent Maurice was speechless with indignation and amazement. But he had no idea that his engagement was broken—how could it be when he had not broken it? He turned and walked up to the house, but when, after an hour, she did not follow him, he went to the inn, and thence to Mrs. Stanton's for the evening; and receiving word that there was no answer, on sending up a card in the morning, he returned to town.

It was not till a letter, made up of equal parts of reproach, anger and love, was remailed to him unopened that he began to think the matter serious, and to ask himself if he had not made a mistake. When Saturday came, although badly injured, he could not help going down again; he felt, after all, as if he must see the lovely face again, again touch the sweet lips; he hardly knew how to wait longer for the pressure of the dear arms. But the house was closed. The two old servants left in charge said they had no instructions except to "stay on." And nobody could say whither Miss Rivers was gone. Nobody knew, in fact, that she had anywhere to go to, it being generally supposed she was that fortunate being born to a good estate without relatives, her cousin Francis Rivers and his wife being quite overlooked.

But it was to the shelter of her cousin Francis Rivers's Newport villa that she had betaken herself, a welcome guest, during the two months that they lingered there after the full swing of fashion was over; and when they returned to their home in Philadelphia, after a round of rather quiet if elegant gayeties there, she departed with him and his wife for a European journey, and all that Mr. Vincent Maurice heard of her for the next two years was a notice in some newspaper that Mrs. Francis Rivers and Miss Kate Rivers had been presented to the Queen by the American Minister, and the beauty and the exquisite dress of the younger lady had created a sensation at the Drawing-room.

If at the end of it all the child of nature had not been transformed into the brilliantly artificial woman of the salon, it was because of the gentle wisdom of her cousins, who knew just where to stimulate and where to repress, until the graciously developed brain and soul were evident perhaps a trifle sooner than they would have been otherwise; for Mr. Vincent Maurice need not have troubled himself with any fear that, when the bud was already so lovely, the full blossom would be less than perfect, if he had but given it time to bloom, instead of rudely tearing it open.

He was not a very happy man in those days; he remembered with increased bitterness the brief happiness of other days. He longed now with all his heart to see Kate Rivers once again, sure that all would then soon and easily be made right.

His longing was answered; he saw her again. It was in the court of the Grand Union at Saratoga, one evening when the electric light was burning, and the fountain blushed in the hues of all the precious stones, and the trees waved their boughs through vast lights and shadows, under which the people moved fantastically while the band breathed its music. A group stepped out from among the others, and went in from the night air. He followed, and saw them again in the ball room; Count Beaurepaire—he had seen him before—a tall, heroic looking man, attached to the French legation, or in Washington, rather, on a special mission; perhaps it was Mrs. Rivers on his arm; just after them came General Francis Rivers, and with him—could it be possible?—Kate! His Kate. A woman whose rounded shape wore its lace and silken raiment as a hand wears its glove; whose face, with its tinting of rose and ivory, with its nut-brown hair in Raffaelle locks about the snowy brow, with its great innocent blue eyes half contradicted by the archness of the smile running over in dimples, was the face of his dreams, of his ideal, of Kate Rivers as he had never dared hope to see her.

He sprang forward; but they had paused only one moment, and then Count Beaurepaire had bent before her with a questioning air, and they were gliding down the room together in a waltz that made Mr. Vincent Maurice gnash his teeth. She was taken back to her cousins presently, and the Count drew about her the swan's down wrap that Mr. Rivers had held, and they went out on the piazza, and she passed within a yard of him, without seeing him, without dreaming of the eager, pallid face, without seeing the quick movement, the half-outstretched hand, as unconcerned, lifting the spotless laces of her train, as if he were a waiter standing there, and passing on into the moonlight, in the snowy flutter of her drapery and the soft white down of her mantle, a vision of maidenly grace almost too lovely to be real. No sleep visited his pillow that night; the vision hung before his eyes; he heard, as one hears a bell in the ears, the warm, rich tones, the low, sweet laugh, in which she seemed to be rehearsing the scenes of a life with which he had nothing to do—scenes of a summer in France at the old chateau of the Beaurepaires, famous in song and story.

As soon as he dared he sent his card to Mrs. Rivers's parlor, and having tipped the servant, followed him boldly up.

"Maurice? Maurice?" he heard Mrs. Francis Rivers say, holding his card, the door ajar. "Put down your book, Kate. Do you know anybody of the name—Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"Mr. Vincent Maurice? Oh yes," came the musical tones again. "I used to know him very well. We were great friends once. To tell you the truth, Mary, I used to think he was the one man in the world. Why do you ask?"

"Don't you hear? This is his card. Will you see him? You are so absorbed in that Daudet—"

"That the servant's rap didn't penetrate the atmosphere I was living in. Unhealthy stuff; I mustn't read any more of them. See him? Well, no, I think not. The horses will be at the door in half an hour, and I would like to finish this chapter—"

He did not stay to hear any more. He turned away; his haggard face, his tortured heart, were nothing to this woman of the world. Yet he meant to see her; he meant to force the past upon her, to stir the ashes, to wake a spark from the ashes; but the next morning the party had gone.

His step-mother wrote him a month further on: "Such fine doings as there are at the old manor-house here! Kate Rivers has returned with a gay company to bid it good-by, and she has been giving the children such festas! Ah, Vincent, why didn't you follow up your fancy that summer? Anything more exquisite than she in beauty and in manner I have failed to see. She has the air of a princess just before her coronation. And so she is. For they have found coal on the old manor place, and operations are to be begun at once. They say the income will be enormous. She will not need it, with all the rest she has; still, it will do her no harm in France to have revenues of her own. She is a little sad, though, to let the old place go for all. But the Chatean Beaurepaire is infinitely more beautiful, she says; hundreds of years old, and historic; on an island in a lake, with wooded hills inclosing it beyond the gardens and deep glades and forests."

He did not understand the letter. Why was his mother writing to him about the Chatean Beaurepaire? That was the scattering way in which she always ran on. And what did he care for the revenues of coal lands? It was not money he had wanted; no one could say that. All that he gathered from the letter was that Kate was going to France again. If she did, he would follow her. And he cursed the broken ankle that was now keeping him prisoner where he was. He had written to her, twice, and thrice, but he had not sent the letters; those that had come back unopened once seemed to bar the way. And then he felt as if his presence, his eyes, his voice, his words, were more effective agencies than any silent writings. He did not answer his step-mother's note, and her correspondence was always at long intervals.

Some business, however, sent him to Washington in the very early winter, although before he felt quite able to be out. And as most doors opened before him, he found himself one night at a reception at the British Minister's. Such things were old stories to him; he cared nothing for them; and he did not know why he had come; because others did, he supposed—because Geoffrey wanted to be taken: and he was leaning listlessly against a pedestal under a bronze bust of Nemesis, when a party lifted the curtain, coming in from an adjoining room, and he started, for it was Kate Rivers.

If she had stepped out of the gates of sunrise she might have looked the same—the same dimpling blushes, the same intense happiness in the royal smile, the same starry eyes; she would have worn that same palest of peach-bloom brocade, frosted with lace and with diamonds, the same great sapphires and diamonds in the nut-brown hair.

As it happened, she paused just before him, and before he knew it he had extended his hand. "Kate!" he had cried, half under his breath, pale as a sheeted ghost.

She turned and looked at him for a moment with that radiant but calm composure. "Ah, indeed!" she said then, in her low, clear tones. "It is an old friend," and she extended her hand. "Mr. Maurice, let me present to you my husband, Count Beaurepaire." There were a couple of glances, a couple of bows, a couple of brief sentences, and the party moved on and left him. "You are changed," he had murmured, between his stiff and freezing lips.

"Oh, no," she had answered, lightly. "I have only become a woman of the world."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Musical Tragedy.

Several musical composers have turned their attention of late to Eastern tragedies. The *Musical Herald* gives a short musical story in ridicule of the new style. After representing rival lovers in the usual way, the story concludes:

"Ha!" interrupted the tenor; "he always plays the same thing, and always without notes. I doubt if he can play anything at sight."

"I can play any composition at sight, even with one eye closed," responded the proud pianist.

"It is well," sneered the tenor. "I have here with me a new composition of my own, a Nihilistic symphony in seven movements. You will observe that it begins *pppp* and continues very softly until this chord (a diminished seventeenth), which is to be struck *fffff*. Do you think you can give the sudden climax?"

"I have force enough for two more if you wish them," calmly replied the pianist, as he sat down before the instrument.

He began very softly, so softly that one might have heard a pin drop. Minks sat beside him in ecstasy, although very little of the sound was audible. The fatal diminished seventeenth chord approached. It came. Swooping his arms wildly in the air, he let them crash down upon the piano—BANG!!!!!

The fragments of the two lovers spread over three counties. The tenor, who had fled, had smeared dynamite upon the keys, and achieved his revenge. He was never heard of more. By order of the benevolent Czar, the remains were carefully swept up; but as they could not be assorted with certainty, they were buried in one grave, where they still remain, a fearful testimony to the singer's revenge.

—It is claimed in Arizona that dogs do not run mad there, and that sunstroke is unknown. A paper printed in that Territory desires to have this claim "made known to all the earth," to the end that all who are in fear of rabid dogs and the sun's heat may find a place of refuge there.

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—*By-and-By!*

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—*Right-away.*

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—*I can't;*

Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave—*I can!*

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines;

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—*I'll try!*

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—*I forgot;*

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—*I will-not-forget-again!*

The little fox that hidden there
Among my vines is—*I don't care!*

Then let *I'm sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

—*Children's Hour.*

Eugenio Mauricio Dengremant.

I wish that all the children in the world might get together some beautiful June day, and then there certainly could be nothing more charming for them than that they should all be still for a while, and listen to the wonderful violin-playing of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremant, the child-artist.

Let me tell you what I know of him. He was born March the 19th, 1866, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. His father, having other boys, as well as girls, and being a musician in moderate circumstances, had no idea of making musicians of his children, and did not dream that the son born to him this day was so gifted. But, at the age of four, Mauricio asked his papa to teach him to play the violin. This his father did not feel inclined to do. He was himself a violin player in the theater orchestra, and felt the life of an ordinary musician an uncertain one and not desirable for his son; but the child never gave up the idea of being a violinist, and would leave his play at any time to stand near his father and eagerly watch his practice.

At last, in 1872, when the boy was six years old, his father removed to Montevideo, where he played again in the theater orchestra, whither the boy usually accompanied him. Here Mauricio begged so earnestly to study the violin that his father, taking him at his word, decided to gratify him and said:

"Well, my boy, if you begin to study the violin you will have to carry the business through."

"I shall do so, papa," said the boy; and his lessons began.

He was so small! and so much in earnest! and his father spent hours bending over the tiny figure and guiding the boy's little arm in the bowing. And now take notice, all boys and girls who "would so much love to play well, but can't bear to practice." Great as this child's natural gifts are, he at first practised three and four hours faithfully every day. To be gifted, no doubt, makes the work easier, but a certain amount of real drudgery must be done by one who succeeds in any art, no matter how gifted he may be.

After four months' study, Mauricio could play the scales—and in thirds, also (quite difficult on the violin)—as well and as rapidly as his father; and, besides, he played so remarkably that his father discovered him to be really a genius, as his name indicated, and so he faithfully and strictly attended to the boy's teaching.

After fourteen months' study, the father decided to allow the boy to give his first concert, but fearing lest his son might not have the self-control necessary for a successful public performance, he took him to a little town—Paysander—up the river, to make trial.

The concert at Paysander entirely satisfied the father of the boy's nerve and self-command, and, returning to Montevideo, he gave his first concert there to benefit the unfortunate victims of a railroad accident. Here his playing created a great excitement, and, after that, every appearance of his in public concerts was an ovation.

Since this modest beginning in the South American town, the boy has been petted and flattered by all Europe, although he is singularly unspoiled, both son and father being of a generous nature. But I like to think of him, in his childish grace and beauty, beginning his musical career with this kindly deed. He seems to me capable of doing such a thing nobly.

After the concert in Montevideo, and a grand concert in Rio Janeiro, he left his brothers and sisters, and his mother—whose personal beauty he inherits—and went with his father to try his fortune in the Old World.

He went first to Lisbon; thence to Madrid, where he played before the King, and received no end of honors and decorations; and from there to Paris, where he gave ten concerts.

Think of it: scarcely ten years old!

From this time—1876—he had private lessons from Leonard, in Paris. These lessons hardly would have occupied more than a year, if given without a break, but they extended over a longer period, during which he traveled over all Europe, excepting Russia and Italy. Everywhere he met with great success.

Such is a meager history of this wonderful boy's child-life—enough, however, to give us hope of a glorious manhood for him, for Mauricio is not an unnaturally precocious child—a forced hot-house blossom—but a healthy, fun-loving, boyish boy, with buoyant animal spirit, and as ready for wholesome fun as for earnest study; and withal, certainly much more of a child than the average American boy of his age.

But, then, when his face is quiet, the violin under his chin, and his bow in motion, he is again something strangely above us—a true musical genius.—*St. Nicholas.*

Table Manners.

Everybody said that Fred was a bad boy at table. He spilt the salt, he upset his mug of milk, and he knocked over his glass of water. He found fault with whatever was set before him: the bread was too old, the soup too hot, the milk too rich. In fact, he never came to the table without grumbling about something, and making everybody uncomfortable. He clattered his knife and fork, and made faces. He talked loudly and acted so much like a little clown, that it made his father and mother very miserable. They often had to send him away, or punish him.

At the same time he talked a great deal about what he would do when he was a man. He used to put on his father's hat and take his cane and strut about, just to see how it would seem to be a real man.

"I hope you won't spill your soup over your jacket when you're a real man," said his little sister.

"Men don't wear jackets," Fred answered. "That's all girls know about it."

One day, when his father was late to tea, Fred slipped into his place, and began to ask the other children what they would have, in a big voice.

Presently his father came in and took Fred's seat; but he was hardly seated before he astonished Fred by pushing his plate away and snarling out that he didn't want any of that stuff. Then he twisted in his chair, and overturned a dish in his neighbor's lap. He cried out that he wanted to be helped to a big piece of cake. "Give me some marmalade, I tell you!" he roared; "I will have some; I won't eat my supper if I don't have it." And he began to eat with his mouth open. "Dipped toast," he cried, "I hate it." And he made such a horrible face that it almost caused Fred's hair to stand on end.

"He's acting just the way you do, Fred," said one of the children.

From that time Fred began to mend his table manners. He now behaves like a gentleman. He does not roar for what he wants. He does not make a mess on the tablecloth. He does not slop his milk about. He does not get spots on his clothes, or tip over backwards in his chair. You would never know but he was already a grown man.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Our Little Ones.*

The Lad and the Man.

As the boy begins, so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of the truth, already counts friends who will last all his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Pruning Deciduous Trees.

As a general rule, the less shade trees are pruned the better. Nature will form a better top and a more harmonious tree in all its parts than art. Severe pruning is no longer practiced even in fruit orchards by our best horticulturists. The custom that formerly prevailed, of pruning evergreens and other trees, so as to make top-shaped, ovate and other fantastic tops, is no longer regarded as good taste. If you want a tree with a low spreading top, plant one that grows that way. If you want an ovate or pyramidal top, plant a tree that will make such a top, but do not attempt to force trees to assume different forms from those which nature gives them. Each tree treated in this way is a standing lie, and proclaims to every passer-by the folly of its owner.

The true idea is to make each species assume as nearly as possible the typical form of that species. To do this, some pruning is sometimes necessary. If trees are not crowded—if each one has room enough for the air and sunlight to have free access to it on all sides, it will round out and develop its full proportions, and if it does not actually attain it, will approximate its typical form. Where the lower limbs are in the way, of course they must be sacrificed, but where they are not, leave them and you will have a liner and more thrifty tree. If a limb, as is often the case with the elm in our dry soil, extends beyond the rest, absorbing the strength and destroying the symmetry of the tree, it should be cut back while yet small.

The soft maple often throws out limbs that have no firm attachment to the body, and will sooner or later split off; these should be removed while small. The idea of cutting back the top of a soft maple, or any other tree, to prevent it from becoming top heavy, is fallacious; it relieves for the time but makes it worse afterwards. If a soft maple, as some of them will do, breaks bodily, and continues to do so, it is better to remove it and plant another in its place. Severe pruning lowers the vitality of any ordinary tree, making it less able to bear the drouth and heat of summer, and the cold of winter, and leaving it an easy prey to borers and other noxious insects.

As a strong man is able to resist disease, so a vigorous tree is able to resist the attacks of its enemies, while a feeble one succumbs.

So far as possible all limbs should be removed while small. It is rarely necessary to cut a large limb from a tree that has been properly cared for.—*Dr. J. T. Stewart.*

—A witness was on the stand in an illegal liquor sale case. The counsel was trying to find out in what kind of a glass the liquor was handed to the witness in, and at last exclaimed: "What kind of a looking glass was it?" "Begorra, sor, it was not a looking-glass at all, it was a tumbler."

—"I've often heard of the fruits of marriage," said Bubbles, when informed that he was the father of twins; "but I most seriously protest against having those fruits presented to me in the shape of pairs."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

The President's condition at the time of going to press is more hopeful than at any time since Saturday.

Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, died at Cornish, Maine, Monday morning, aged 78 years.

There appears to be an epidemic of crime in this country. For weeks the telegraph wires have been kept busy transmitting accounts of murders, highway robberies, suicides and almost every character of offenses against humanity and decency.

"The South, ever ready to forget and forgive, gladly takes Mr. Blaine by the hand," the Nashville *Banner* says, "and numbers him, not as one of those who have sought their favor for the purpose of political advancement, but as a man trying to do his duty fearlessly and faithfully, regardless of personal consequences."

In yesterday's Oakland *Republican* H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., positively declines the use of his name in connection with the Senatorial nomination for Garrett county. He says his professional duties will not permit him to accept a nomination. This act of Mr. Combs removes from the field a man whom we believe could have carried the county and whom we know would have made a good representative.—*Cumb. News*, 23d.

Among those spoken of by their friends in connection with the Republican nomination for Comptroller are Frank. H. Stockett, Esq., of Annapolis; Hon. William J. Jones and Hon. Jacob Tome, of Cecil; Hon. Thos. Gorsuch, of Frederick; Col. Samuel A. Graham, of Wicomico; Col. Wm. McKellip, of Carroll; Hon. Hopewell Hebb, of Allegany, and Hon. Edwin H. Webster of Harford.

It seems to us that our Democratic friends at Albany are rather hasty in bringing forward General Hancock's name for the Presidential nomination in 1884; but if they really must force the season in this way, why not revive the whole ticket? Mr. English, to be sure, is not "a good man, weighing two hundred pounds," but then he is so immensely popular, you know, and the heads on his barrels are just as tightly nailed in as ever. —*Baltimore American.*

On Friday, 22d inst., Elbridge G. Lapham, of Canandaigua, was chosen to fill the place which Roscoe Conkling vacated, by resignation, May 16. Mr. Lapham was born October 18, 1814, brought up on a farm, was a classmate of Stephen A. Douglas at Canandaigua Academy, studied Civil Engineering and was employed on the Michigan Southern Railroad. Studying law afterwards he was admitted to the bar, 1844. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of New York, in 1867, and subsequently to the Forty-Fourth, Forty-Fifth, Forty-Sixth and Forty-Seventh Congresses.

There was a very decided change for the worse in the President's condition Saturday morning, and great anxiety was felt during the entire day. The wound became obstructed, and in this manner a pus cavity was formed, and the discharge from the mouth of the wound nearly ceased. The result was a chill, followed by higher fevor, the patient's pulse rising to a maximum of about 130, and his temperature to 104. As rigor, followed by increased fever, is a symptom of pyæmia, of the formation of an abscess, and of other unfavorable complications, it caused at first a good deal of anxiety. A careful examination, however, of the pus discharged by the wound showed that its character was perfectly normal and healthy, and, so far as appeared from the patient's general condition, all the indications of pyæmia were absent. These facts at once relieved the fear of blood poisoning. It was at first thought that the obstruction might be the result of a process of healing, which had wholly or in part closed the wound between the drainage tube and the deeper suppurating surface. Early in the afternoon, however, the obstruction wholly or partially gave away, the outflow of pus being freer, the nausea from which the patient had suffered subsided, and he obtained relief. This proved that the obstruction had not been of a permanent character. At the evening dressing of the wound the discharge of pus was quite as copious as usual. Since that time the patient's fever has been steadily abating. At an early hour yesterday morning he was sleeping quietly. Drs. Agnew and Hamilton were sent for and arrived at the White House in the evening. After a consultation with the attending physicians they sent word to New York and Philadelphia that the President's condition was more favorable than they had expected.

The Cumberland *News* of Wednesday, in speaking of the condition of the President says: "There is no use trying to close our eyes to the fact that the President is in a very critical condition. His life may be said to be hanging by a mere thread. Probably the crisis in his case was reached in the opening of the pus cavity and the removal of the piece of rib broken by the assassin's bullet. If there is no renewal of his unfavorable symptoms his recovery may be looked for, but is sure to be slow, tedious and painful. If, and we write it with a great deal of sad apprehension, there should be further trouble with the discharge from the wound, with its accompaniments of quick pulse and high fever, then the President, now very, very weak, will have hard work to stand the further drain on his system."

In compliance with the act of the Legislature of 1880, chapter 417, the Governor has issued his proclamation submitting to the voters of the State, at the next general election in November, the proposed amendment to section 5 of article 4 of the constitution of Maryland. This amendment corrects a defect in the constitution with regard to the election of Judges on the expiration of the first term of fifteen years, and specifies that such elections shall take place on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, which is the general election day. The amendment does not affect the term of office of the Judges, which remains fifteen years as before, nor does it change the time for elections to fill the places of interregnum appointees, except with regard to Baltimore city. In this latter particular the time is changed by the amendment from October to November, thus making it uniform throughout the State. The term of fifteen years for Judges elected in 1867 expires November, 1882, when successers are to be elected, the amendment being preparatory to the occasion. The proclamation of the Governor may be found in our advertising columns.

Mr. Jesso K. Hines, State insurance commissioner of Maryland, has issued a circular to agents in Maryland designed to break up the practice of speculative life insurance in this State. The evil of this sort of gambling has been long felt, and the circular of the State Insurance commissioner is a step in the right direction, Mr. Hines says:

"It has become a matter of public notoriety that a large amount of business is being done by a certain class of companies in this State in the way of insuring solely for speculative purposes the lives of aged and infirm persons, the insurance so effected being made for the use of persons who have no insurable interest whatever in the life that is the subject of the insurance are nothing better than a most demoralizing form of gaming. Recognizing this system as being at once contrary to public policy and dangerous to good morals, it is my intention to inquire into all cases that may come my knowledge in the future, and to appear before the grand juries in the respective counties and the city of Baltimore and present all persons whom I may find engaged in transactions of this description."

The New York *Tribune* says: "The Garfield Republicans have won laurels which will not fade, and it matters not whether they yielded much or little in respect to empty forms. Mr. Conkling is dismissed to private life with great unanimity. Next to Mr. Conkling, the Democratic party suffers. It has played the tail for him so long, and has been wagged so obediently, that it will be very hard hereafter to gain for that party the respect of good citizens. The Democrats had no real sympathy with Mr. Conkling and no desire to help him, and knew full well that it was a great wrong to the State to give his faction any aid. Yet the Democratic members helped him most slavishly to the end, for no better reason than their hope that the chapter of accidents might make the quarrel among Republicans in some way profitable to the Democratic party. It serves them right that the contest ends with the Republicans substantially united, and with the Democrats both beaten and disgraced. Mr. Lapham was a stalwart when he was nominated. His election has a very different meaning now, however, for the treatment which he has received from his former associates has probably prepared him to take new views of the political situation."

Crow!

The Ring Bosses of Maryland have set before the Hamilton faction a savory mess of *crow*, which they can either eat or leave the table. There is no choice in the matter, they must either swallow Keating, and vote the ticket prepared by Chief Cook Gorman, or bolt, and thus decline the *crow* feast. After all the bitter things said against Keating by Mr. Hamilton in his famous "bomb shell," and repeated over and over by his organ grinders, and mouthed by the monkeys that dance around the Governors feet, it must be humiliating for them to shout hossanna's for the nominee for Comptroller, and eat their own dirt—unless they have become so craven-souled, like the whipped spaniel, that licking their masters boots is easy and natural. Will they eat the crow? Certainly! Why not? The cry of *reform* was a bald sham, meant only to catch and fool the public ear. Having failed, the most natural thing to do is to subside and fall into line again, and vote as they always voted—"For reform within the lines of the party."

It will be amusing to see the invited guests—the Governor with H. H. Keedy, M. Bannon, and others of like kidney—gathering around the festive board, a bill of fare at each plate with a menu something like this:

Crow Soup.
Boiled Crow, with Crow Tongue.
Roast Crow. Loin of Crow. Stuffed Crow.
Leg of Crow, with Gorman Sauce.
Crow Salad. Boned Crow.
Round of Crow, a la Colton.
Crow for Dessert, &c.

The Guests will not be numerous but they will be birds of a feather, "partners in distress," and their enjoyment ought to be of a solid character, if not hilarious.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Gladstone to Mrs. Garfield.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Secretary Blaine received to-day a dispatch from Minister Lowell covering the following cordial greeting from Mr. Gladstone to Mrs. Garfield:

London, July 21.—Dear Madam: You will, I am sure, excuse me, though a personal stranger, for addressing you by letter to convey to you the assurances of my own feelings and those of my countrymen on the occasion of the late horrible attempt to murder the President of the United States in a form more palpable at least than that of messages conveyed by telegraph. Those feelings have been feelings in the first instance of sympathy, and afterward of joy, and thankfulness almost comparable, and I venture to say, only second to the strong emotions of the great nation of which he is the appointed head. Individually I have, let me beg you to believe, had my full share in the sentiments which have possessed the British nation. They have been prompted and quickened largely by what I venture to think is the ever growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the two countries, and of a relationship which from year to year becomes more and more a practical band of union between us, but they have also drawn much of their strength from a cordial admiration of the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President, for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contribution to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell, because I am directly addressing you. I beg to have my respectful compliments and congratulations conveyed to the President, and to remain, dear Madam, with great esteem, your most faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In reply to this Secretary Blaine to-night telegraphed as follows:

Washington, D. C., July 22.—Lowell, Minister, London: I have laid before Mrs. Garfield the note of Mr. Gladstone just received by cable. I am requested by her to say that among the many thousand manifestations of interest and expressions of sympathy which have reached her none has more deeply touched her heart than the kind words of Mr. Gladstone. His own solicitude and condolence are received with gratitude. But far beyond this she recognizes that Mr. Gladstone rightfully speaks for the people of the British Isles, whose sympathy in this national and personal affliction has been as quick and sincere as that of her own countrymen. Her chief pleasure in Mr. Gladstone's cordial letter is found in the comfort which it brings to her husband. The President is cheered and solaced on his painful and weary way to health by the many messages of sympathy which in his returning strength he safely receives and most gratefully appreciates.

BLAINE, Secretary.

One Alabama county has nine thousand people who manage to be healthy and happy with one physician and not a single lawyer.

Monthly Meeting of the Canal Board.

The board of directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company held the first meeting since the election of the new board at Barnum's Wednesday of last week. There were present Senator A. P. Gorman, president; Benjamin C. Fawcett, secretary; Colonel James G. Berrett, H. D. Farnandis, Patrick Hamill and Major Morgan, the latter representing the District Commissioners on the board. The absentees were Messers. Humbird and Bayard Smith. The president and directors present took the oath of office, as required under the law of Maryland, for the faithful discharge of their duties as members of the board. President Gorman announced that the first business was the election of officers. Mr. Benjamin C. Fawcett was re-elected secretary and treasurer, and Stephen Gambrill was re-elected superintendent of the canal. The salary of each was continued at $2,000 a year. Senator Gorman, it will be remembered, was elected president at the stockholders' meeting, which fixed his salary at $5,000 a year and $1,000 for traveling expenses. The other officers of the canal hold their appointment under the president.

After the election of officers, Mr. Gorman submitted his monthly report, giving an account of the condition of the canal since the last meeting. He stated that he and other officers of the canal had made an inspection of the waterway last week, and had made the necessary preliminary arrangements for the lengthening of the locks, as authorized by the stockholders' meeting last month. Arrangements have been made for the purchase at reasonable terms of timber, stone and other material required for these improvements, which will be pushed forward at once. It is expected that thirty-four of the locks will be lengthened in time for the opening of navigation next season, when there is every reason to hope for an increased trade and increasing revenues. Under instructions of the annual meeting of the stockholders' the repair bonds will be issued from time to time, as the work progresses, and the proceeds applied to the payment for the improvements. The total amount of the bonds appropriated for the purpose is $500,000, but $450,000 will be sufficient to pay for the entire work, and of this sum about $250,000 will be expended this season. The canal authorities will dispose of the bonds on the best terms they can secure for them.

Mr. Gorman devotes considerable space in the report to the troubles in the Cumberland crossing cases, and explained that since his report closed, the crossing has been peaceably effected, and that now the George's Creek Railway has a direct connection with the canal. This arrangement will, it is believed, result in advantage to the canal as well as to the railway company. The completion of the West Virginia Railroad, of which Senator H. G. Davis is president, which will traverse the coal fields in West Virginia, and will reach the canal by means of a connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is anxiously awaited, as an additional feeder of the canal. The road will be in working order in about two years. Under the order of the United States Circuit Court quarterly reports of the affairs of the company continue to be made. This involves additional labor and a clerk had to be appointed on that account. The board transacted the usual routine business.

The New York *Tribune* of Sunday, in an article on the President's condition and the state of public affairs as connected with the tenure of Mr. Garfield's life, says:

"In respect to public interests, there will be less anxiety than there was when the President was first injured, because the course of Vice-President Arthur has been such as to give him a much greater share of public confidence and sympathy. The Republicans in this State no longer have a contest among themselves, but are united and hearty in the support of the administration, and there are no vacant seats in the Senate to prompt a renewal of strife. The death of the President, should that occur, would be a terrible calamity, but its public consequences would probably be much less important than if the calamity had come two weeks ago. A transfer of official authority would now be made under very different circumstances, and with much less probability of changes in the course of the different departments. Yet the people will most fervently pray for the life of their President this day, for his great trial has taught them to love the man with unspeakable affection, and to realize that his life may be of incalculable value to the country; and their petitions will not be less fervent because the latest tidings of his condition give them much hope."

MARYLAND NEWS.

Two ounces of pure gold has been obtained by Mr. Louis Morgrer from Montgomery Mine during the past week from four tons of ore. This is the first success that has been met with in the new mine in separating gold from sulphurets.

Little Willie Roberts died very suddenly on the 20th instant at Easton. He was the son of Captain Roberts and though only eight years, he was the pet of all the neighbors. The Easton Fire Department had elected him an honorary member, and he turned out whenever there was a parade.

John L. S. Aldridge, a well known farmer of Woodyille district, Frederick county, on Monday last met with an accident which may necessitate the amputation of his right arm. He fell from the seat of a mower while it was in motion and his arm was terribly lacerated.

The Athletic Club of Cumberland has been wound up, and the gymnasium and other fixtures, with the exception of the billiard table, have been purchased by the Young Men's Christian Association. The Athletics are to continue to use the gymnasium which is to be maintained in its present location until April next, when it will be removed to an annex of the Christian Association Hall.

On the 14th instant, Elmer Harris, a fireman on the train between Emory Grove, Hanover and Gettysburg, was on the side of the engine oiling the machinery, when he was struck by a small bridge and hurled from the engine into the stream below. The train had gone four or five miles before his absence was discovered, and on returning he was taken from the muddy bed of the stream. His injuries though severe, were not fatal, and he is rapidly recovering.

Advices have been received at Cumberland of the death of W. Milner Roberts, Sr., which occurred in Brazil on the 14th instant. The deceased was seventy-two years old, hale, and with all his powers and faculties unimpaired, and, so far as known, had never been ill before during his life. He was one of the most eminent civil engineers in this country, and was chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. He left that position several years ago to accept from Dom Pedro the office of chief engineer of the Brazilian government, at a salary of $20,000 per year in gold. The deceased married twice, and leaves nine children, one of whom, W. Milner Roberts, Jr., is a merchant of Cumberland.

The Stability of Our Government

On the second of this month the President was disabled by an assassin's bullet from the performance of the duties imposed upon him. The wheels of government have, however, moved noiselessly and without the slightest friction since the terrible event. The Cabinet, composed of men of consumate fitness for their special offices, has looked after the Department with close, unwearying attention, and public affairs have been conducted as smoothly as though nothing unusual had occurred. All this should not only make us proud of the stability of our government, but satisfy us that the ugliness created by the Rebellion have passed away. For if the impression were not wide-spread that the prosperity and happiness of all must depend upon the preservation of the Union, and that such an end was a suitable object for every good citizen's honest endeavor, this crime would have stimulated unrest and possibly produced disobedience to authority. Quite the contrary has been the case. The vast majority of the nation has taken to heart the dastardly attempt to destroy *their* President, and has never more markedly tried to uphold the majesty and power of the government than during these last three weeks. A government of the people, for the people, is being sustained by the people with a sublime energy and a patriotic heroism, that has never been surpassed, it equalled, in history. When the national thanksgiving takes place, let this fact be remembered as a cause for great thankfulness, side by side with the great blessing vouched in the restoration of the President to health.—*Frederick Examiner.*

We are promised by the astronomers that the new comet discovered within a week will shortly become a brilliant spectacle in the Northern sky, apparent to the naked eye. Professor Swift claims to have caught a glimpse of the the new celestial tramp without the aid of an instrument. If the approaching stranger should prove to be, as Professor Stone thinks, an acquaintance of the ancients, its advent will be very interesting indeed. His idea is that it is the comet of 1338 returning. In that case it will prove a grand object, judging from the description given of it five centuries and a half ago by a Byzantine historian and by the Chinese. While Europe was alarmed at the appearance of comets the Chinese recorded their visits and paths without fear and with wonderful exactness.

The election of Lapham and Miller, while restoring the Republican control of the Senate, reduces the Republican majority in the House by two votes; but the Republicans remain with a clear majority of one over all the other votes combined, vacancies and all. Their effective working majority is, however, considerably larger than this. There were 151 straight out Republicans elected. Of these, five have been lost—Conger, Frye, Morton, Miller and Lapham. A Republican succeeds Conger, however, making the net loss four; in other words, there are now 147 Republicans—a quorum of the full house of 293. There are 129 Democrats—that side of the House having also lost Wood, of New York, and O'Connor, of South Carolina. There are nine Greenbackers, four of whom (Hazeltine, Rice, Burrows and Brumm) were elected in opposition to Democratic nominees; the other Greenbackers will probably act with the Democrats. There are also two Readjusters, whose votes are uncertain, but who will probably follow the lead of Senator Mahone. This might make the effective strength of the Republicans 153. Should Congress, however, be called together before the vacancies are filled, there would be six vacancies, reducing the full roll from 293 to 287, a majority of which is 144. The Republicans would thus enter an extra session with a clear majority of three over all possible combinations. Before the regular meeting of Congress in December, however, Republican successors will be elected in the place of Frye, of Maine; Morton, Miller and Lapham, of New York, adding four more to its column, and ensuing a Republican organization of the House, without reliance upon Readjuster or Greenback support.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The baby elephant, born in Philadelphia March 13, 1880, weighed 213 pounds at birth, and within the year gained 700 pounds on an exclusively milk diet. It now weighs not far from 1,000 pounds.

The most profitable crop gathered in England this season is on a sandy farm of sixty acres, and consists entirely of pheasants' eggs, which sell at from 25 to 30 cents apiece. The crop has yielded about $10,000.

The United States army of 25,000 men has a medical staff of about 200. The navy, with 8,000 men, has a medical staff of about 1,000. The Marine Hospital service, which has about 25,000 patients annually, has but 35 medical officers and the same number of active assistant surgeons.

The principal towns of New Mexico are raising funds for Patsey Garrett for his services to the territory in killing "Billy the Kid."

The electric light has been successfully introduced at Springfield, Ills. The authorities of Aurora, Ills., propose to light that city by electric lights upon tall iron trestle pillars.

All the employes at the Navajo agency have left the agency, owing to the threatening attitude of the Indians, and fears of a general massacre. It is believed at the military headquarters at Santa Fe that Galen Eastman, the unpopular agent, will either be murdered or forced to leave the reservation.

A Kentucky girl of shifting affections said yes to two men, and allowed both to obtain marriage licenses. They met at her house on the appointed day, and she made a final choice between them.

A trustee of the Lutheran church at Poestenkill, N. Y., carried off the communion vessels on withdrawal from membership, and used them on his own table. The pastor has sued for their recovery.

Mississippi county, Missouri, is the great watermelon region of the world. Over four thousand acres are this year devoted to melon patches, the produce of which will require four thousand cars for their shipment to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit and Indianapolis.

Tuchmann & Co., of London, have invented a fire-extinguishing preparation which can be kept in powder or in solution. They claim that it is not only more speedy and effectual in action than water, but that nothing once sprinkled with it will ignite. It excites much attention.

Ex-Judge Wm. L. Robertson took the oath of office as collector of the port of New York, vice Gen. Merritt, who takes a foreign mission. Collector Robertson's bondsmen justified in the sum of $400,000, double the amount of the bond required, and the instrument was forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury for approval.

At Troy, N. Y., Monday morning, William Gavin, while suffering from delirium tremens, leaped head foremost over a precipice 125 feet high to the rocky bed of the Poestinkill creek. He was terribly cut and bruised, but will probably recover.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Frostburg is full of Summer visitors.

—Y are U paying 5cts. for 2 cigars, when U can get 3 for the same money at Cheap John's.

—The waiters of the Oakland Hotel will give a grand variety concert at Offutts Hall Monday evening next. This will undoubtedly be an enjoyable affair.

—Look for Cheap John's sign near railroad crossing, he will have a full stock of melons, cakes, candies, fruits, cheese, bologna, pop and soda water, on Circus day.

—A meeting was held at Deer Park Thursday evening looking to the erection of a church in that town by the Ev. Lutheran congregation.

—There will be a "hush meeting," conducted by the United Brethren, held near Engles Mills, this county, commencing August 26th, 1881. All are invited.

—O, I C, Cheap John will be ahead, he tries to keep a fine assortment of toys, fancy goods, musical instruments, soaps, brushes, perfumery, &c. Also manufactures the pure soda water on Tufts Machinery. Just go and C.

—Tuesday a lad named Thomas, aged about 14 years, was killed by being struck by one of the hoppers of a Cumberland and Pennsylvania coal train on the railroad bridge between Piedmont and Westernport.

—Mr. James Pierpaint, the Scenic Artist, with Robinson's Show, is a painter of rare ability, which will be admitted by any one making an examination of the Advertising Car belonging to the above named show, which was so handsomely embellished by him.

—The vast canvas pavilions in which the exhibitions of old John Robinson take place, are brilliantly illuminated by the wonderful electric light, with an illuminating power of 10,000 candles. This makes the darkest, dreariest night bright and cheerful as a noon day sun. The light is kept in operation both day and night.

—Mrs. Catharine Shaffer, aged 98 years, who has for several years past been living with her children in and near Oakland, was adjudged a lunatic and a pauper, by a jury in an inquisition held in the Court House, in Oakland, before Judge Pearre, Thursday of last week, and was taken by Sheriff White to the Maryland Hospital Friday evening.

—Edward Randall, the Evangelist, like Saul of Tarsus, has met his martyrdom, and lingers in a bastile. He arrived here on Thursday, and was arrested and lodged in jail on a warrant in the hands of officer Creque. We do not know the charges, but presume it is the result of threats made by the evangelist, some time ago. He is evidently a "crank," and not safe to be at large.—*Martinsbury Independent.*

—Postmaster Johnson, of Cumberland, on Sunday received a telegram from United States Commissioner King, of Chicago, asking what he wished done with S. B. Wickard, defaulting assistant postmaster there, who has been captured in that city, and he also received a letter from the United States district attorney at Chicago asking the same question. To these inquiries Postmaster Johnson replied that pending arrangements with Wickard and his friends to make good the amount of the defalcation he did not wish any legal steps taken against him.

—The matter of advertising, as a business measure, is often misunderstood. It is an undeniable rule of trade that advertising pays. Of course the same judgement and prudence must be exercised in advertising as in any other part of one's business. If this is not done, instead of paying it may become a source of loss. It is more neccessary to advertise now than it was fifty, or a hundred years, or even twenty-five years ago. People are more busy now than they were then. They have less time and leisure to look about for what they want. They look to the newspaper to learn where their wants can be supplied, and they accept it as a settled rule that the man who advertises the commodities which he has to dispose of, instead of waiting for the people to find it out themselves, is the best man to deal with, and most likely to give satisfaction.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church–Preaching at 10½ and communion services. Preparatory services Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

Preaching at Deer Park at 4 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'cicck a. m., by Rev. W. J. McShurely, of Ohio.

Preaching in the M. E. Church at 8 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., exeept the second Sunday of each month.

Death of an Aged Lady.

Mrs Druciila Fuller, mother of Messrs. Elijah and Elisha Fuller, of this city, died at the residence of her daughter, in Frostburg last Saturday. She lived at Grantsville, but was visiting in Frostburg when she died. The deceased was an estimable lady and was in her 73d year. Her husband, Henry Fuller, died at Grantsville four months ago in his 84th year.—*Cumb. News, Monday.*

Charged with Incendiarism.

Our readers will remember the burning of Mr. Broadwater's barn, which occurred in May last, and that it was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A man named Thomas Jones was arrested at Cumberland, a short time after the occurrence, charged with having set fire to the barn. On being taken before Justice King, of Cumberland, he waived a hearing and was committed for the action of the Garrett county Court. The arrest was for certain reasons kept quiet and did not reach the Sheriff of this county until a few days since. Tuesday Sheriff White brought the accused to Oakland and lodged him in jail. Since his confinement here he stated that he was never at Grantsville, and acknowledge to having set fire to the barn at the instance of parties who told him to do so, and that when they procured the reward of $1,000, offered for the arrest of the guilty parties, they would get him out of jail and divide with him. He is evidently of weak mind, and his statements cannot be depended upon. He claims to hail from Lehigh, Pa.

List of Jurors for September Court.

Judge Pearre, while in Oakland last week drew the Jurors for September Court, as follows:

District No. 1.—John Friend, of N., Benjamin Davis, John C. Beekman, P. M. Stemple, Luke Mail, Jonathan Baker, Scott McCabe.

No. 2.—Samuel Lowdermilk, Gabriel Friend, W. H. H. Friend, Squire Frazee, Geo. D. Frantz, Isaac Turney, O. M. Hatfield, Joshua M. Friend, Cyra Savage, Noah Humberston, B. F. Friend.

No. 3.—Isaiah Boucher, Thos. B. Wiley, Lewis Popp, Henry Smouse, Uriah Merrill, Peter Nathan, Peter Boyer, Thos H. Bittinger, Chas. W. Frost, Andrew J. Stanton, James Bevans.

No. 4.—John Titchnell, A. J. Michael.

No. 5.—David Fraker, Jeremiah Beeghley, Freeman DeWitt, Addison Frazee, Lloyd Lowdermilk, Alexander Fresh, Henry Kease.

No. 6.—Christian Selders, Francis Sebold, Thos. J. Rolston.

No. 7.—G. W. Delawder. George Fazenbaker, Ralph T. Browning, John A. Wise, John Conneli, Jr., A. H. Smithman.

No. 9.—F. T. Wilhelm.

Military Notes.

The board of officers of the Allegany and Garrett county companies, M. N. G., held a meeting at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Saturday evening last. Captain H. J. Johnson, of the Voltigeurs, chairman, and Private David W. Sloan, of the Voltigeurs, Secretary. Companies were represented as follows: Voltigeurs, Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Hoffman; Garrett Guards, Captain Wardwell, Lieutenants Mason and Chisholm; Hamilton Light Infantry, Captain Gorgon and Lieutenant Harrison. It was unanimously resolved to hold an encampment at Oakland during August at a date to be selected by the committee of arrangements, composed of Captains Wardwell, Johnson and Gordon.

It was unanimously resolved to form a provisional battalion for the encampment, under the command of the senior officer, Captain Johnson, and to continue the same until after the Yorktown excursion, subject to approval of Brigadier General Herbert, commanding. After the meeting the party was handsomely entertained at the Glades Hotel. Mr. John Dailey, commissary, as host.

The prospects for an enjoyable camp are most encouraging, as the people are disposed to help the project along. It is estimated that at least 150 men will be in camp. Everything will be furnished in first-class style and at an extremely low rate of expenses.

The Cumberland *News* says that at a business meeting of the Voltigeurs Tuesday evening twenty-seven out of those present signified their intention to join in the Oakland encampment next month. Others are known who will join, and the number will exceed thirty. Lt. Hoffman and Corporals Rhind and Opetz were appointed a committee to arrange for the company's part in the affair.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, July 30th 1881.

Andle, E. A; Anderson, Chas; Anderson, A. F; Braunger, Gottlelb; Byrne, Ann, 2; Barker, Rev. J; Biggs, Ella; Beachy, Leah; Bailey, Mary, 2; Berwick, Chas; Browne, Mary W; Callaman, Phil, 2; Dickson, Henry; Doud, James; Englehard, Annie; Endler, Isaac D; Fleming, Julia; Flowers, Sarah M; Gordon, Mary A; Giles, Jennie; Hillen, Mrs.; Hillen, Emily; Hennersy, Jue; Hadison, Luey; Hamden Sydney College; Harvey, Marshall; Johnson, Fate; Jordon, J. S; Jones, John H; Johnson, Luey; Kemp, Alphred; Lyneh, John; Lawrence, Jas. A; Long, Mary; Lanly, Augusta; Madison, L. G; McGill R. G; Mitchell, A. H; McDonald, J. B; McFall; J. H; Mossir, J. E; Miller, Susie; McGrego, Chas. E; McConnell, Isaac; McElroy, Barbara; Mathews, Jas; OBrien, J. W; Sickler, F. E; Satton, Alx. 2; Shaw, Bessie E; Swan, Jos. A; Smith, W. J. 2; Smith, Annie; Stanton, Kate; Wilson, W. S. 3; Wehner, C; Williams, W. M; Wheeler, H; Williams, S. L. 3; Wise, Carrie; Wilson, J; Wilson, Lalla; Yarling, C. F. A.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

A Humorous Lecture.

Col. Jacob Kemple, the humoroust of West Virginia, is at Oakland and will deliver his celebrated lecture on "What I know about Office Seekres," at Offatt's Hall on Thursday night, August 4. The West Virginia papers and people speak in the highest terms of Col. Kemple and his lecture. His subject is certainly new, novel and at this time one in which the average American citizen is deeply interested. The lecture is full of funny incident peculiar to the business of office seeking. We hope to see a large audience greet the jolly humorous on Thursday night.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 27:

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to Almira Steele, Lots Nos. 1096 and 1097; $600.

Louisa J. Bartlett, to Alfred C. Brooke, part of Lot No. 25 in Pennington's "Addition to Oakland;" $1000.

Alexander Steevey and wife to Geo. H. Fresh and Adam E. Boston, a piece of land containing 15 acres and 15 perch; $467.63.

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, Trustee, to R. T. Frazee, 118 acres of the tract called the "Gleanings;" $2.95.

Frank and William Arnold, to Lewis Walther, a lot of land in the town of Oakland, containing ¼ acre; $110.

James R. Anderson and wife to Henry M. Broadwater, part of "Turkey Lodge Ridge," containing 173½ acres; $124.

James R. Anderson and wife to Henry Crow, part of "Dutch Settlement," containing 75½ acres of land; $450.

James R. Anderson and wife to Catharine M. Wilt, part of "Glen Eyre," containing 26½ acres; $159.

The Boy--The Circus.

Appropriate to the time is the following waif, which is now going the rounds:

The small boy looketh upon the circus poster when it is red, white and blue, and becometh intoxicated with delight.

For what is it that carrieth more joy to the heart of the small boy than a dead wall covered with circus posters?

Echo might answer, a deadhead ticket covered with the legend 'Admit One.'

And as the boy gazeth on the pictures of indescribe animals, and upon the impossible antics of lightly clothed men and women, his imagination maketh all the pictures realities and he is willing to stake his reputation as a champion marble player that the coming circus is the best in the world.

And he longeth to go.

So he is joined by other boys of his age, and they all gaze upon the posters and drink in the beauties thereof.

And the marvel among themselves.

And one boy sayeth he has never seen so wonderful a display of circus pictures. And they soon fall to speculating among themselves as to whether each performer really doeth all the things which he is represented as doing.

And another one sayeth he has seen as wonderful performances as are pictured out on the posters.

But his companions laugh him to scorn.

So it cometh to pass that the boy who hath seen all these things is forced to hold his peace (provided he has not devoured it), for verily the majority ruleth among the boys.

Soon the all important question cometh up regarding the prospects for crawling under the canvass, and they wax enthusiastic, and in their minds they are all in the circus on the front seat, each one having found a good place to crawl under.

But soon one of their number recollecteth the fact that he was once caught in the act, and as he dilates on the canvas men in general, and the one who collared him in particular, the courage of the troop oozes out of their individual ends.

But the company adopteth preamble and resolutions to the effect that it is necessary that each boy attend the circus.

Any man who hath ever been a small boy knoweth these things to be true.

Matchless Specialties where the "Red Flag Floateth."

The largest stock, the lowest prices, the best assortment of dress goods, consisting of ginghams, lawns, bunting, black and striped grenadines, cashmeres, melanges, poplins, alpaceas, brocade, plaid and plain silks, Japanese silks and satins, hosiery, gloves, corsets, ladies' underwear, linen suits and wrappers, embroideries, Hamburg edging and inserting, invisible nets, hang nets and pins, black and cream Spanish laces, torchon, bretonne, valenciennes, maitese, vermicelia, lanquedoe, maraciec, point de ailencon and Irish crochet laces, valenceines, bretonne and silk lace ties and fitchess, India mull embroidered ties, grenadine de Lyon, Parisina, herege, silk lace and dotted veilings, India muslin, ombra silk, silk illusion and crepe blonde, beautiful cashmere and silk crepo shawls, ostrich feathers, tips, artificial flowers, trimmed hats, hat ornaments and jewelry; a beautiful line of infants' cashmere and silk trimmed cloaks, children's corset waists, &c., &c. In fact everything that may be found in a first class dry goods bazar. Good standard calico 5 cents a yard.

DAILY & Co.

Leaders of low prices, and one price only. je25tf.

Dead-Heading on the Press.

The popular idea that newspaper people are dead-heads, is a very popular error. There is no interest on earth that is expected to, and actually does, give so much to society without pay, as the press. Instead of being dead-heads, newspapers are the victims of dead-heads. Not a day passes but they are imposed upon by the public. Every publisher in this or any other town, will bear us out in what we say. As a matter of fact, the editor endures more genuine dead-heading than any other man in the world. The pulpit, the bar, the drama, religious and charitable societies, financial and industrial corporations, everybody who is anything, or expects to be anything, is a leech upon the liberality of the press. A fellow "gives" to the editor a pass to a twenty-five cent show, and then expects ten dollars' worth of advertising. A weak enterprise is sought to be established, and the press is called upon to give it strength and encouragement. A preacher wants free puffing, and a civilian asks the press to make him popular. An actor becomes the editor's mortal enemy, if the man of Fahers does not bestow upon him dollars and dollars in free advertising. The dull author expects the press to say he is live and entertaining; the quack considers it the newspaper's duty to tell the world that he is honorable and skilled. The editor is the one to whom fools look to give them talents, thieves to give them honor, knaves to give them respectability, the guilty to give the cloaks of innocence, frauds to hide there rogery, and swindlers to cover up their cheating; the vain expect to be extolled by the press, as a thing to be imposed upon at will; a thing from which every one is in duty bound to get all he can and return as little as possible. A small-souled man will give the press a five-dollar advertisement and then considers himself cheated if the editor does not write him twenty-five dollars' worth of editorial notices. It is about time this sort of thing was stopped, and for people to understand that the press is not a dead-head, but the chief victim of dead beats. A newspaper gets nothing that purports to come gratuitionsly, that it does not pay for four-fold, and it gives much in true charity that people erroneously think they pay for.

One Vast Grogshop.

Bear me witness if I exaggerate when I say that the country is one vast grogshop, to which nearly half a million of its youth are yearly introduced, and over whose threshold sixty thousand are annually carted to a drunkard's grave. The streets of our cities echoe to the shouts and oaths of drunken revelers, from whom society seeks protection through police regulation; and within hovel and mansion alike, not entirely smothered either by physical fear or social pride, is heard the sound of insane violence and wailing. What river is there along our coast, what harbor upon whose shores a city stands, whose waters have not closed over the bodies of those who, victims to this traffic, were flung by violent hands from pier or bridge, or madly sought beneath their silent surface forgetfulness of woes or wretchedness too pregnant to be borne? Within the darkness of dungeons and along our highways may be seen wrecks of former beauty and manhood wrought by this traffic; and now and then one, as a miracle, after long years of misery and abasement, rescued therefrom, lifts up his voice in public, and makes men aghast with the recital of his woes and degradation.

Two girl babies were born at nearly the same time, in the same house, at Oakland, Tenn. The mothers were sisters, closely resembling each other, and during the excitement of the occasion the little ones got mixed up before they were dressed, or in any way marked for identification. There is a puzzling uncertainty, for three months have elapsed without developing any resemblance to the father in either case; and if the children grow up, as they seem likely to, with the physical characteristics of their mothers, nobody will ever know their exact parentage. The present agreement is to decide the question by lot.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended, by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Grantsville,	- -	August 8th.
Johnson's,	- - - -	" 10th.
Bloomington,	- - - -	" 12th.
Swanton,	- - - -	" 16th.
Mrs. Chisholms Mill,		" 19th.
Selbysport,	- - - -	" 23d.
Johnstown,	- - - -	" 25th.
Accident,	- - - -	" 27th.

The books of Districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8, will be left at the store of Davis & Townshend, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

A discount of 4 percent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid beford October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 30 3t Collector.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell vs. His Creditors. } No.—Insolvents, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE is hereby given, to all whom it may concern, that Chauncey Kimmell of Garrett county, Maryland, did on the 23d day of July, 1881, apply to the Circuit Court for said county, for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of the State of Maryland, and that the undersigned was appointed on this day the preliminary Trustee of said petitioner under the law in such case made and provided. All persons interested in any manner in said proceedings or the estate of said insolvent are required to appear at the County Clerk's office in the town of Oakland, County and State aforesaid, on Monday the 1st of August, 1881, at the hour of 11 o'clock, A. M., of said day, to choose a permanent Trustee for the estate of said insolvent.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Preliminary Trustee.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. le21-yl

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 5, 1881.

The Garrett County Normal School will open in ACCIDENT,

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST,

and continue ten weeks. For full particulars address Mr. J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 9 3t Sect'y. Ex'r, &c.

THIS SPEAKS OF THE BIG SHOW!

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1881,

Is the time fixed for the coming of the Great Show to Oakland, and it will only exhibit for the one day and night.

OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT SHOW!

Circus, Menagerie, Museum, Aquarium!

Fifty years without change. First in all things. First in Merit! First in Magnitude! First in Magnificence! The sensational features are: The Great Electric Light. A Herd of the Largest Elephants. The Largest Rhinoceros in America, weight 4,000 lbs. A Giant White Polar Bear. A Drove of Bactrian Camels. Musk Ox. A Colossal Living Alligator. Egyptian Vulpus. One Hundred different kinds of Monkeys. Pair of Sacred White Peacocks worshiped in India as Gods. The Man-eating blue-faced Mandrill. The great Taminor or Ant Bear. One Hundred different kinds of Plumage Birds.

THE STARTLING NOVELTIES ARE

100 Performers, Male and Female, 50 Dens of Wild Animals. A Cortege of Golden Charriots. A School of Sea Lions. 100 Diminutive Shetland Ponies, smaller than Newfoundland Dogs. A Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers.

THE CIRCUS EMBRACES

More Equestrians, More Vaulters, More Gymnasts, More Clowns, More Athletes, More Specialties than any Show in America!

And now a few words to the people of OAKLAND AND VICINITY: You all Know the Show. It has Always been Known as a Big Show. It is now Bigger and Better than Ever. It is LARGER AND GRANDER THAN EVER. The Pictorial Bills of the Old John Robinson Show are correct representations of the Wonderful features which can be witnessed in the Circus and Menagerie. Just Added a GIANT OX, 20 Hands High, is Larger than an Elephant.

THE MENAGERIE EMBRACES

More Lions, More Camels, More Tigers, More Cages, More Elephants, More Monkeys, than any Show in America. The Extraordinary Attractions are a

Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers,

The Anatomical Wonder. The Sampson of the Nineteenth Century. The Human Meteor. A Woman Shot from a Canon loaded with Powder, and whirled through the air with terrific force and speed.

The Best Educated Troupe of Dogs and Monkeys in the World.

These are features owned, controled and exhibited only by this, the

Greatest of all Great Shows, no Exceptions.

The Grand Street Parade is Bright, Beautiful and Brilliant. There will be no combination with other shows—the time is fixed. The OLD JOHN ROBINSON SHOW never changes or postpones, and his show is too big to need a combination with any other. Two Thousand Reserved Cushioned Chairs at but a small advance.

General admission, 50 cents. Children 25 cents.

WILL EXHIBIT AT PIEDMONT MONDAY, AUGUST 9TH.

GENERAL.

—Evangelist Moody has found another sweet singer of the gospel hymns in E. F. Miller, a car shop employee at Denver, Col. His voice, a pleasant baritone, will now be heard in Moody's church at Chicago.

—A Connecticut farmer advises the raising of peacocks, not for their musical voice, but for their many-eyed plumage. They are as easily raised as turkeys, and while the art decorative mania lasts, "there's millions in 'em."

—A factory for extracting gold from coin was discovered in Sacramento. By means of galvanic batteries and chemicals the pieces were diminished in weight without perceptibly altering their appearance, only about five per cent. of the metal being stolen.

—Francis Eppes, the last of the grandsons of Thomas Jefferson, died May 30, in Florida, at the age of eighty-one. His father married Maria Jefferson, the President's youngest daughter, and he was also related to the President through Mrs. Jefferson, whose half-sister was the "dear Polly" who figured so conspicuously in Jefferson's published correspondence.

—Mr. Johns Hopkins, the founder of the university in Baltimore bearing his name, accumulated nine millions of dollars. One day he said to his gardener: "Next the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

—Rev. Mr. Brown, a Wesleyan missionary of New Britain, seems to be the right kind of a man to send among the cannibals, but his Government thinks otherwise. The savages killed and ate three or four Wesleyan missionaries, whereupon the Rev. Brown raised and headed an expedition and slew sixty or seventy of the cannibals. The British Government has placed the fighting preacher under surveillance, and ordered an official inquiry into his conduct, which may be looked upon as human, but as wholly unchristianlike.

—A lady writes to the Detroit *Free Press* that the masculine habit of trying to conceal approaching baldness is unworthy of the sterner sex. At a funeral her attention was attracted to "five or six hairs—certainly not seven—crossing and recrossing each other, as if wildly endeavoring to conceal the shiny surface beneath. And then I began to wonder, if a few flies should get into the intricate lattice work composed of six hairs on the man's head who is sitting before me, what the result would be."

—A daily paper in the Hebrew language is published in New York City—the *Daily Jewish Gazette*, "the only Jewish daily in the world." The Hebrew type from which it is printed is very neat, and the characters are clear; but the language itself is not the Hebrew; it is the German-Jewish dialect or jargon used by the orthodox Jews of Germany and Russia. Many of the Jews of Germany and Poland in New York are unable to read any other language than that thus peculiarly formed. Any one knowing the Hebrew character and the German tongue can read the *Gazette* at once.

—The Duke of Wollington, whose life was for years almost daily in peril on the battle-field, was for years afraid to travel by railroad, having conceived a terror of locomotive engines from seeing Mr. Huskisson killed by one. At length, in 1813, he made his first journey, being in attendance on the Queen, who herself did not use them until 1842. The injury done to the railroad cause by the death of Huskisson was in great measure neutralized by the simultaneous news that Mr. Stephenson's locomotive engine carried the wounded man fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes. To the end of their lives some people in England never could be brought to travel by railroad.

—Mr. Keene's horses in England, which are under the care of his brother, who is in very delicate health, and of Mr. Maillard, a thorough turfman and gallant gentleman, are at Sherrard's stables at Bedford Lodge, and number, with those of Mr. Crawford and Sir John Astley, which are trained with them, seventy-six thoroughbreds. Sherrard's are the finest training stables extant, and have a peculiarity of what are styled "hovels," which combine a variety of excellences. They are outlying, only a few boxes being together, and thus lessen the danger of catching any infection. Being thatched, they are cool in summer and warm in winter. Horses do exceedingly well in them, and they are pretty *chaumieres* to look upon with their pitched gates and inclosures, and walls covered with creeping plants.

Inside the Earth.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and this is generally computed to be about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge colliery, near Wigan, takes us down only 2,445 feet and to a temperature not much exceeding 90 degrees Fahrenheit. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all. This, however, is (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform increase of heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of fifty miles may be expressed in figures at 4,800 degrees Fahrenheit. In other words, at less than an eighth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its center, the heat would be about twenty-two times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures might, of course, express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imagination. Suffice it to say, that in a descending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude, therefore, that if the earth's center be not itself in a gaseous condition (and there is every reason to think that it may not be so) there must be a gaseous zone somewhere between a solid center and a solid circumference. *Facilis descensus averni* is proverbially treated as a truism. But if the classic authors are to be our guides, and if in the center of our planet Acherotian shades and Elysian fields are to be localized, there will be found practical difficulties of access which might well discourage even so substantial a personage as a ghost. Nor can the all-powerful imagination accomplish the descent with any approach to ease. The distance we may suppose to be nearly 4,300 miles; but along a line of this length connecting the surface of the earth with its center, we may safely assume that conditions would vary greatly, and, since heat and pressure have to be balanced one against the other, probably by no means uniformly. We can measure the power of pressure upon the surface, but in the nether depths its power is in part open to conjecture, nor can we say how soon we may reach a debatable zone, at which the expansiveness of heat may overcome the compressive force of gravitation. Nor, again, could we venture to expect to find that zone itself always at a uniform depth. Here and there it seems to approach the surface. The volcano is nature's safety-valve, and the cavernous rumble of the earthquake warns us that there are imprisoned gases beneath our feet which pressure but imperfectly prevents from escaping. Upon other ground, also, it is quite evident that our experience, limited as it is to the surface of the earth, may tend to mislead us in regard to what lies beneath the surface; for if pressure increased uniformly with depth, the average density of the earth would be much greater than what, upon astronomical data, we know it to be. The earth, as a whole, is about five and a half times as heavy as it would be if it were entirely composed of water; or, technically expressed, the density of water is one, and the mean density of the globe is five and a half. But five and a half is only about double the density of rock matter upon the surface; whereas, if nothing but steadily increasing pressure be supposed, it would vastly exceed this. There is, therefore, only one possible explanation. Heat, intense heat, somewhere or other, overcomes pressure, and converts everything into gas; and if it were in our power to try experiments, and to feed the subterranean crucible with the most intractible substances—asbestos, fire-proof safes, or what we will—all would there share the same fate—instant evanescence. —*Belgravia.*

The Afflictions of John G. Saxe.

The book of Job is said to be the oldest in the Old Testament collection, and bears reading even by followers of Ingersoll, for the beauty of its poetry and the consolation of its philosophy. One can not but recall it to mind in relation to the afflictions of one of the most amiable and at one time one of the happiest and most prosperous of our fellow-citizens—the poet, John G. Saxe. Misfortune has fairly rained down upon him. Light-hearted, free, generous and kindly, he was the life and soul of his social circle. His poems fairly effervesce with good spirits and kindly humor; his conversation was not only an intellectual stimulous, but a moral medicine for the blues. He seemed to exhale contentment and light-heartedness and to infect all who met him with his own delightful humor, and made the man of cares forget his burden and banish sickness and sorrow from the suffering. Like Job, he had a family over whom he watched even as did the kindly, trusting philosopher of the Oriental tale, who, "when the days of their feasting were gone about, rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said: 'It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts.' Thus did Job, continually." Of this happy family but one son remains. Two daughters were carried away recently by consumption; a year ago his wife died, and this additional blow seemed to madden him with anguish. He was at Albany yesterday, and yesterday his son, John T. Saxe, one of the two survivors of the family, was found dead in his bed from hemorrhage of the lungs. This crowning blow has probably come too late to crush the poet, for he is said himself to be in such a condition that his recovery is scarcely expected. Such a case as this appeals to the sense of justice in every human mind and the stupendous question of compensation in another life. It is inconceivable that absolute justice, one of the attributes of the deity, can delight in afflicting his creatures as poor Saxe has been afflicted without making reparation. The Oriental parable of Job tells us that God rewarded him for his patience, and that after one hundred and forty years of additional life he died, being old and full of days, seeing his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations. Such was an early conception of compensation, when another life beyond the grave had not been taught as among the blessings given to men. But what compensation would it be to John G. Saxe to live another life and see another family arise around him? The agony of loss would still remain. In such a case as this, consolation can be given only by the teachings of religion and the hope that in an eternity of union without pain the sufferings of this life will be forgotten.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

A Lucky Parson.

The Rev. Dr. N. W. Conkling, pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City, has recently arrived in San Francisco to enjoy a season of rest and recreation. His lines seem to have fallen in unusually pleasant places. After a very successful pastorate in the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, he was called, twelve years ago, to the Rutger Street Church, where he at once became immensely popular not only with his own congregation, but with other denominations. A wealthy Episcopalian widow, who became interested in his preaching, has been very bountiful to him and his family. She sent him, his wife, and daughter to Europe, paying all the expenses of the trip. On his return he found that she had bought and furnished a mansion for him at a cost of $70,000, and not content with that, she presented Mrs. Conkling, who is said to be not one bit jealous, $100,000 in Government bonds.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Arthur Sullivan is cruising in the Baltic, with the Duke of Edinburgh.

—Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is reckoned one of the millionaires of London.

—The mosquito—the American mosquito—has appeared in London, and its first public performance is to lay up Mr. O'Shaughnessy, an Irish M. P., with a swollen face.

—Lord Paget, British Embassador at Rome, entertains on a scale of great magnificence. Lady Paget is exceedingly popular and is said to be a most charming hostess.

—Mr. William Walter Phelps, our new Minister to Austria, has rented the house of a noble in Vienna, and it is said will entertain in a style unknown there since the days of Motley.

—Lady Hill, widow of the late Sir Rowland Hill, died recently in London, aged eighty-five. She and her husband were play-fellows at a very early age, and her earnest and intelligent co-operation and assistance were of the utmost value to Sir Rowland in his struggle to effect the postal reforms which have made his name famous.

—Mme. Madeleine Bres is the only woman physician practicing in Paris. She passed a successful examination before the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and no one laughed on seeing her gravely maintain her thesis, dressed in a loose black robe. Mme. Bres holds the rank of *Officier d'Academie*, and is said to intend to compete for the place of hospital doctor.

—A deputation of ladies has presented an address to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, signed by three hundred and twenty-five. It declares that they are training their sons in such a manner that in the hour of danger they would all sacrifice their lives for the Prince and the Constitution. Each mother would, however, consider her son a traitor if he consented to the suppression of the Constitution.

—Liszt's presence at the Antwerp festival was greeted with flattering enthusiasm. When he entered the hall he was received with a roll of drums and a flourish of trumpets, followed by long cheering, which lasted a long time. He was repeatedly called to the platform and was overwhelmed with bouquets. The burgomaster welcomed him affectionately, and the golden book of the city of Antwerp was placed before him to receive his signature.

How the Czar is Protected.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* writes: A Russian friend sends me the following striking picture of the state of imprisonment into which recent events have thrown the Czar:

"The Emperor still broods in sullen retirement in the castle of Gatchina. His Majesty has paid only two or three fugitive visits to the capital during the last month. On the last occasion he was to attend the funeral cortege of the late Prince Oldenburg to the railway station. His Majesty's place was duly marked out in the official programme, but no two people who saw the procession agree as to whether he was behind the bier or not, and the newspapers all contradicted each other as to the Czar's presence. The most probable version seems to be that he awaited the late Prince's remains at the railway station. There is no relaxation in the vigilance exercised at Gatchina. Gen. Count Vorontzoff-Dachkoff is reported to have been unable to get on with his imperial master, and to have been obliged to leave him for a time, while, on the other hand, it is stated that the Count has injured his leg and is obliged to keep himself quiet. It has not yet transpired which story is the true one. The contradiction of the first reports as to the way in which the village of Gatchina was protected, a contradiction drawn up by Count Vorontzoff-Dachkoff himself does not apply to the vicinity of the palace, which is strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young Grand Dukes, cousins of the Emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend, who has occasion to visit the castle to see an official, tells me that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction toward the palace, he felt conscious that the eyes of the police were following him, but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle moat that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his business and escorted him to the service gate of the palace, the only one which is allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police office, surrounded by officers. His passport was taken, and his description, the time of day, and business, were all duly noted in a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day. An officer was then sent to inform the official inquired for, while my friend was kept by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, my friend was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the rooms of the person he wished to see. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords, were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however high he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. My acquaintance was therefore exhorted, for the love of heaven, to confine his conversation to the merest commonplaces, and not to stay too long. When he got to the train on his return journey he felt heartily glad and fortunate, though he could not shake off the sensation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the court yards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry. Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace, and who are well known, are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that even his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer is stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the Emperor, the Empress and the heir apparent during the night. The last named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or court officials are allowed to be away from the palace more than two or three hours at a time, and all are obliged to be in before 9 in the evening. The court will soon remove to Peterhoff, which has a small port at the mouth of the Neva. Here four lightships will be anchored, and no other vessels will be allowed to go near. The two yachts, Slavianka and Czarevna, will always be in readiness to convey the Emperor to and from St. Petersburg, accompanied on each side by a torpedo boat, manned with four marines."

Dancing Pilgrims of Germany.

Not far from those places of rendezvous for all nations of the civilized world a spectacle has been attracting the curiosity of thousands, which leads us back to the depths of the Middle Ages, although it is repeated year by year. I am speaking of the village of Echternach and its far-famed dancing procession.

From 15,000 to 20,000 pilgrims assemble on some meadows within Prussian territory, but close to the confines of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The inhabitants of different villages—men and women apart—collect behind their clergyman, and a band of musicians is placed in the front. As the clock strikes five on Tuesday morning in Whitsuntide a priest walks up the steps of a rude wooden pulpit, and thence addresses the multitude, then already swollen to an incredible extent by sight-seers, who come by special trains and every imaginable vehicle to be present at the performances.

The community which happens to be nearest the road stands forth, preceded by their priest, who, however, does not dance. Two men or two women hop away first, two steps in advance, and then one backward, the band playing a most monotonous tune. "Abraham had seven sons, seven sons; seven sons had Abraham," are the words of this terrible melody, which each successive set, as they join the procession, take up with increasing vigor. Hour after hour passes away before the last people have started on their miles of way to the foot of the Church of St. Willebrod, when they go up fifty steps, round and round the altar, and finally descend the fifty steps.

Nothing can exceed the excitement and exhaustion among the dancers, old and young. Great are the numbers of those who, in spite of an occasional draught of water offered by charitable bystanders, sink down on the grass or on the dusty road not to rise for hours. The question is naturally asked: What does all this mean? The answer is: It is intended to perpetuate the remembrance of a frightful epidemic of St. Vitus' Dance, which carried off hundreds of victims in the neighborhood referred to sometime during the fifteenth century; to offer up prayers and vows to the patron saints; to recognize a miraculous cessation of the epidemic, and it is a fulfillment of vows there made that, in gratitude, there should be yearly dances performed—two hops forward and one backward, as closely resembling the visitation from which Heaven had delivered them as rhythm and good taste would allow.

During the French occupation in 1793 the procession was forbidden, but the easy-going Dutch Government of Luxembourg have allowed it to be revived. To judge from what could be seen this year of the drunkenness and debauchery in the numberless public houses frequented by the pilgrims after their long fastings and exertions, I am inclined to think it would have been better to have continued the prohibition.—*Berlin Cor. London Telegraph.*

A Florida Mastodon.

We mentioned some weeks since the fact of the existence in Peace Creek of the remains of the mastodon. We are now informed of the discovery in the Lower Withlacoochee River of the almost perfect remains of one of this extinct race of gigantic animals. This information is furnished us by Mr. J. A. Harrison, in person, of Eureka, Marion County. Mr. Harrison says the remains were found some short time since by Mr. W. J. Hogans and Mr. Morrison, while out hunting. They were fording the river at a point about a mile and a half east of Stokes' Ferry, Marion County, twenty miles south of Ocala. The bones lay grouped together as if they had not been disturbed, and it is thought the nearly complete skeleton can be recovered. The mass was found in about two and one-half feet of water, which is the usual depth, except in time of freshet, when it rises four and a half or five feet. Ordinarily the river is fordable here. Mr. Harrison proposes to recover and restore the frame for a private collection. He showed us a portion of a right posterior molar of the lower jaw, which he brought with him on his present visit to Jacksonville. It is of largely added weight from petrifaction. It presents one of the prongs of the root, the forward prong and nearly half of the dental surface of the tooth proper being gone, and this weighs over two pounds. It is thought the complete tooth must have weighed five or six pounds. The jawbone was brought away, and this and several other teeth have been extracted. One of the femur or thigh bones was measured, and it is stated to be about five feet long, which will give a correct idea of the size of the animal. The jaw-bone taken away measured two feet long. So large a quantity of Indian arrows were found near the skeleton—sufficient, it is thought to gather up a peck or half-bushel—the conclusion is that the Indians killed the animal there on the spot where it fell, and that by its weight the frame has kept the position during the ages following the existence of these pre-historic beings. Of course all the bones have become fossilized to some extent, and thus are much heavier. That the animal was no small game in that day of its existence, or of its extinction (the choice of the term is a little doubtful), even to the stalwart tribes who we may suppose by analogy were their cotemporaries is apparent from the quantity of the missiles necessary to the extinction of this specimen, and no doubt the occasion was a field day in Indian hunting.—*Jacksonville Union.*

Jewelry Alive—Beetles as Ornaments.

"Here is something new in the way of ornamentation," a salesman in a large up-town jewelry store said, opening a box. Out walked a monster beetle, fully four inches in length. About its body was a solid gold band, locked by a tiny padlock, to which was attached a costly gold chain, about two inches in length, fastened to a pin. The beetle's back glistened in light, having been treated to a dress of gold, and as it lumbered along its long legs worked together in a curious fashion. "It's a shawl-pin. You see the pin is used to fasten lace or a shawl, or perhaps worn on the bonnet, the insect crawling around the length of the chain. They are perfectly harmless and not expensive, as they live on air—that is, they have never been seen to eat. This one was brought here to mount, which is a very fine operation, as the legs and antennæ are all so delicate. After all, there is nothing objectionable about them, except the idea of having them crawl over you. They all come from South America, and the only lot in the city is to be taken to France, where the owner will try to introduce the fashion of wearing them. They cost from ten to fifty dollars, depending entirely on the amount of the ring. There is nothing cruel about it, as they are bound loosely, and the gold has no effect upon their hard sides."

In Brazil the fashion of wearing beetles is carried to a great extent. A well-known resident has a beetle with a collar of gold which meets at the top and is there ornamented with a diamond of great value. The insect has a cage, surrounded by the plants among which it lives in its native state, and nothing is neglected to make it as comfortable as possible. But the most popular insect used for an ornament in Brazil is a small phosphorescent beetle. These are often worn fastened in the hair, and as the two phosphorescent or light-giving spots are on the sides of the head, the black insect is, of course, invisible, especially when in the raven locks of the fair Brazilians. Twenty or thirty of these beetles will throw out a light sufficient to read by, and when arranged around the head in a circle, or grouped over the forehead and held in place, the effect is beautiful.

Several years ago a New York lady gave a masquerade ball at her summer house in Newport. The dancing was on the lawn, and the guests were requested to be there half an hour before dark. The hostess wore the costume of night, and in the daylight her black silk dress, covered with ivy leaves, did not attract special attention, but when she appeared in the gay throng after dark she presented a perfect blaze of light, and was the center of the admiring and wondering company. Tremulous waves of red and yellow flame seemed to move over her entire dress, while in a cap on her head gleamed one great fiery star. The cause of this illumination was the phosphorescent light of more than five thousand fireflies. For weeks previous to the ball the designer of the costume had been storing away fireflies, and on the day of the fete they were rapidly put on the dress. As the light-giving spot is on the ventral surface, each one was placed on its back and held down by a fine silver wire, so skillfully caught that it could not turn over or escape, and was not injured. The star was formed of many beetles.

In Jamaica a large beetle, the lampyris, is used by ladies. Some of the phosphorescent beetles used by them give out lights that have to be seen to be appreciated, and more than twenty different kinds are used, representing as many different degrees of light, shade, tint, etc. One, the pygolampis, has a rich orange color, changing to yellow, flickering in intermittent flashes of light; another, called photuris, is curious for the gradual increase of light it shows; commencing with a faint reddish hue, it rapidly grows in brilliancy, finally blazing like a torch, a rich green light, and then dying away to reappear again. They attract other light-giving beetles, and frequently numbers of lesser lights are seen flitting around them, combining red and yellow lights of the greatest brilliancy. Other uses are made of these beautiful creatures than as ornaments. Travelers have fastened them to their feet and carried them in baskets of wicker to light their way in the dark. Southey mentions this in the following lines in his poem, "Madoc:"

She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fireflies gave
Their luster.

Snakes have been used as ornaments, the small, inoffensive green snakes being the most popular, on account of their beauty and harmless nature. They coil around the arm, clinging on with all the tenacity of their golden, bejeweled imitators that are now so fashionable. Animals, or parts of them, although naturally the adjuncts of barbaric splendor, are greatly used in the make-up of fashionable toilets of the present day. Some of the handsomest sleeve-buttons and studs are made of polished fish-skin—sharks or dogfish being preferred, as they take a fine polish, and closely resemble the fossil coral favosite, that is also used, and when highly polished the delicate cells that were once the home of the coral polyp are distinctly visible, and as a whole resembles honeycomb.

An expensive costume was a cape made of an extremely rare hummingbird. The whole bird was hardly larger than one's thumb, and on its breast a single patch of gold was found about an inch in length. The cloak was composed wholly of these patches, and in the sunlight must have vied with golden fleece. The birds are valued at fifty dollars each.

A lady in St. Augustine created a sensation by appearing in public with a chameleon resting on her head-dress, and held there by a delicate silver chain. The little creature was perfectly tame, and made no attempt to escape; but when touched by other than its owner its throat puffed up and curious waves of color passed over the whole body, ranging from deep green to a dark brown. Small lizards are used in Egypt by some of the native ladies as ornaments, and lie half concealed in the drapery that overhangs the face. The red-clawed soldier-crabs are sometimes used in Mexico as pins. The crab is dislodged from its stolen shell and given a beautiful pearly one, or one that has been plated with gold or silver. Fastened to the lace by a pin and chain, they make unique ornaments.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Modern-Antique Long Branch Cottage.

A Long Branch letter-writer says: Mr. Victor Newcomb, formerly of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and his family, are occupying their cottage, just beyond the Elberon Hotel, which is one of the most elegantly planned and finished residences here, and as a summer home can not be surpassed. It is one of the most unique specimens of the new-fashioned old-fashioned dwellings I have yet seen. The architecture is old English, but the house is far from being so gloomy in appearance without or within as are most of the Queen Anne houses I have seen here and at Saratoga. The building is being entirely finished within in hard wood, a different kind being used in each room. In one it is mahogany, in another maple, in another the Californin red-wood, in another oak, and another Georgia pine. A square hall, entirely finished in oak, even the walls, and having a ceiling showing rafters of that wood, occupies the center of the first floor. The floor of this hall is tiled with red tiles, to represent a brick floor, except in the center, which is white, checked with red. The enormous fireplace has a large iron crane and other implements like the old time kitchens had. A metal screen, with colored glass panes, draws down in front of this fireplace and serves as a blower or a screen. On one side of the fireplace, provision is made for hanging a kettle in which to brew champagne punch. Champagne punch made by such an antique fireplace savors rather of an anachronism, I think. Over all the mantels in the house are fancy cupboards or shelves for bric-a-brac. I am delighted the mirror mania has died out, and one is not confronted with oneself making grimaces in the effort to do the agreeable over every chimney-piece and between every pair of windows. The entrance door of the Newcomb cottage opens horizontally half-way up, as did the old-fashioned doors when it was necessary to look out before opening all the doors to ascertain if friend or foe sought entrance. A round tower on one side further suggests the idea of a fortified castle. The main door opens into the square hall, in which the windows have small stained glass panes. Large skins of wild beasts are used as rugs upon the floor, and pictures on easels and statuary on pedestals, with some quaint chairs, complete the furniture. All the rooms have low ceilings, but high wainscotings. In some the latter extend as much as six feet above the floor. In the dining room the ceiling, as well as cornice about two feet deep immediately below the ceiling, are of cork. This material was used not only to prevent dampness, but also to defy the powers of all the flies of flytime to injure it. The spots usual in cork, however, make the ceiling look as if flies had already done their worst, as was proved by a lady saying to Mrs. Newcomb in dead earnest, "How sorry I am to see that the flies have specked your beautiful new ceiling so badly!" The exterior of the house has picturesque gables and recess balconies and buttresses, the latter lighted with glass bull's-eyes, as are some of the gables. "Don't that gable look as if stuck full of soda-water bottles?" asked a merry visitor of me. I quite agreed with him, and expressed my regret that a rich man like Mr. Newcomb should be reduced to the necessity of stopping up the holes in his new house to keep the wind away in such a manner. In building those new-fashioned old-fashioned houses, there seems such an effort after the realistic in the reproduction that I fully expect to see in some of them broken panes stuffed up with an old-style heavy leather boot or yarn sock. The bull's-eyes, looking like the bottoms of soda-water bottles, are an instance of this realism, since they were used for stables and attics in olden times, when glass was not made by the same process as now, and these bull's-eyes were the refuse after making panes of glass and were sold cheap. Another instance of the realism is the speckled-cork ceiling of the dining-room, which so closely imitates fly-specks without being as unclean as the real thing. Despite the fact that they have just completed their cottage, begun over a year ago, and have built and furnished it exactly to suit them, it is quite possible that Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb will divide the larger portion of the summer between a cottage, at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, and a tour in Scotland, his physicians having recommended Mr. Newcomb to visit the latter country for his health.

An Indian Agent's Adventures.

George H. Spencer, of St. Paul, appointed agent for the Crow Creek Indians, has had quite an eventful time among the savages. He has had an experience of thirty years among the red men, speaking the Sioux language as well as he does English. He participated in the outbreak of 1862, was shot several times, dangerously wounded, taken prisoner and held for six weeks, his life being saved through the instrumentality of a friendly Indian, after whom the town of Chaska is named. When he recovered he was turned over to Gen. Sibley. Mr. Spencer was with Gen. Sibley in his expedition in 1863. The Indian Chaska, at whose death Mr. Spencer was present, has a wife named Tati, living near Mendota. Previous to the outbreak in 1862 Mr. Spencer was engaged in trading with the Indians at Big Stone Lake, near the head waters of the Minnesota, on the spot where the town of Ortonville now stands, but his store was pillaged, his property destroyed, and he left penniless. He is a native of Kentucky, and is fifty years old. His appointment was made on the recommendation of Bishop Hare.

—Miss Emma Thursby, after having made a highly successful tour in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, and the Rhine, sang in the Opera House at Madrid before the King and Queen and a brilliant court audience.

—A serious drawback—A blister between your shoulders.

—Never neglect one duty under pretence of attending to another.

How Flavoring Extracts are Made.

"There is mighty little genuine fruit extract in the sirups and flavors of commerce," the chemist of a manufacturing house said, pushing aside glass jars, strainers and retorts, so as to make a clear space for some of his books of formulas. "Natural flavors are both weak and costly. For instance, if you sugar down pineapples or strawberries you get a delightful natural sirup, but your white sugar alone will cost you eighty cents a gallon, and the fruit is expensive, as you know. The flavor is just at its proper strength and will not go a great ways in flavoring additions to the sirup; and so only a small portion of the fruit sirups and essences of commerce have any fruit about them. Smell this."

He unstopped a vial of thin, transparent liquid. It diffused a strong pineapple odor of irritating pungency.

"That," he said, "is butyric acid. Mixed with alcohol, it is the pineapple oil of commerce, and it enters into nearly every flavor manufactured and into most perfumes. It is extracted from rancid fat. The tallow oil which is the basis of artificial butter will furnish it. Another prominent ingredient of artificial flavors is amyle, which you will know better by the name of fusel oil. Some one of its compounds go into the manufacture of the flavors of pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, apricot, pear, orange and apple. Compounds of methyl, an extract of coal tar, are also much used. Succinic acid, obtained from amber; sebacic acid, extracted from fat; and benzoic acid, originally extracted from a vegetable resin, but now made from naphthaline, a coal-oil product, are also much used in various shapes. Formic acid, another ingredient, was originally derived from ants, and hence its name is derived from the Latin word for ant, *formica*. But it is now manufactured artificially. Chloroform goes into some flavors, notably grape essence, and oxalic acid goes into the bloom of gooseberry, apricot, lemon and apple. Tartaric acid is also largely used. Most of these substances are used in the form of ethers, and their strength of odor is due to their exceeding volatility."

"Are not such compounds injurious?"

"Not when used simply for flavoring purposes," was the answer. "The reason why they may be used to imitate natural flavors with such success is doubtless due to the fact that the flavors of the natural fruits are due to their presence. Butyric acid is naturally present in the pineapple, tartaric acid in wine, citric acid in lemons, and oxalic acid in gooseberries. While artificial flavors or essences would be poisonous, taken in large quantities, it does not follow that their use as flavors is injurious any more than that almonds should not be eaten because their concentrated extract is poisonous. As a matter of fact soda water flavors and candy flavors are almost invariably artificial, and the bouquet and flavor of many a bottle of wine is due to the various amylic or fusil oil ethers.

"I remember," he continued, "seeing some time ago an anecdote about a French wineseller, who said to his son: 'may be made out of anything, even grape-juice.' I have thought the same thing often when I have drunk the sweet cider of commerce. Of course there is a sweet cider that is made from apple-juice and it may be kept from getting hard by the addition of bisulphite of lime. But there are immense quantities of sweet cider sold that are perfectly innocent of apple-juice, and there are plenty of receipts for making it. People that know what good apple cider is are not likely to drink much of the manufactured cider, and if they did it would not hurt them, although I should not like to drink cider made from this receipt."

The chemist showed the reporter a trade receipt for cider, which called for honey, catechu (an astringent rosin), alum, yeast, bitter almonds, cloves, burnt sugar and alcohol. The receipt adds: "If too sweet, add sulphuric acid to suit the taste."

"Sulphuric acid," he said, "is not a healthful article of diet; but, as I said before, a thing may be perfectly innocent in a diluted shape and in a very small quantity that would be hurtful in a concentrated form. Odd, isn't it, that delicate flowers and perfumes should come from the refuse of the abattoir and the coal oil distillery? But a great many pleasant things have humble origin."—*New York Sun.*

The "Crowlin' Ferlies."

That horror of the true housewife, bedbugs, is abroad in the land at this season of the year, and the remedies therefor are almost as numerous as the "crowlin ferlies" themselves. Every old, experienced housekeeper has some favorite exterminator, and the druggists and grocers sell ill-smelling liquids calculated to destroy them, and all other vermin. And while the various remedies are being applied, the brains are codgeled to discover where the pests come from.

There are many ways in which bedbugs are brought into a house, to say nothing of unlooked for resurrections from some old trunk, or long unused bed, or from a crevice or crack where, years before, a painter or paperer unconsciously entombed the tenacious little life—for bedbugs possess remarkable longevity, which seems to be a sort of sub-curse attached to an unmitigated evil. One very prolific "origin" of bedbugs is—perhaps it should be whispered—a church sociable, where, as is usually the case, wraps are laid aside in bedrooms. And a room occupied by a person who has recently come from a distance should be frequently looked after, for cushioned car-seats and sleeping-cars are often infested, and perhaps some one else's bedbugs seem a *little* worse than "natives." Horse-cars, waiting-rooms, and even church pews, harbor them, and in a place haunted by doves they are almost sure to be found. In the Southern States they are also parasites of bats, though whether this is true at the North I am unable to say.

When they are once in a room no rest should be taken until they are destroyed, root and branch; and simply "doctoring" the bedstead does not suffice. The carpet should be taken up and well shaken, the floor should be washed and the cracks in it cleaned, the walls should be brushed or wiped and every loose edge of the wall-paper and every crevice in the mop-board should be carefully examined, for bedbugs make their homes wherever they can find rest for the soles of their feet. They may even be found in window curtains and tassels, and on the under sides of furniture, and from these retreats they make their nightly raids, returning by daylight. A solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, which, it should be remembered, is as fatal to children as it is to insects, applied to all lodging places, is an old remedy, partially replaced by the safer application of kerosene, benzine, turpentine, whisky, and almost anything with a pungent, disagreeable odor. These can be applied by a small syringe, a feather, or a brush. Kerosene and turpentine retain their odor for a time, while benzine evaporates rapidly but causes danger from its readiness to take fire. Quicksilver and the whites of eggs beaten together, another old compound, is just as good with the quicksilver left out, as it only makes a varnish, which, if it covers up a bug or the eggs, is successful. A strong solution of alum and water is an excellent exterminator, and has the advantage of being safe to handle and to keep in the house. When a bedstead is found to be full of the creatures, it should be left out of doors for several days and thoroughly scalded, and then varnished, and every square inch of the mattresses should be looked at with a solemn inexorableness, for the consciousness of the presence of vermin is fatal to all sincere æsthetic aspirations.

But the ounce of prevention for all these tribulations is very simple though somewhat laborious. Once in two weeks—or four weeks at the most—the mattresses should be taken from every bedstead, which then should be thoroughly brushed and washed with hot water—slats, sockets, joints and every place where a bug could find lodgings. By following this rule it is impossible for bedbugs to become established, and this knowledge will prove to be a balm which will even assuage the dread and subsequent weariness of the work, not to mention the satisfaction of having beds free from all impurities and germs of disease.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Bonnets and Hats.

This article is not intended for those fortunate women who are blessed with unbounded pin-money, and are hardly aware that their attire is growing shabby before it is replaced by newer articles of wear; but for girls who are obliged to dress upon a matter of fifty or sixty dollars per year, a few hints on economy may not be out of place. Judicious shopping is the first thing to be considered; as you want to get the best return for your money, never be ashamed to refuse an article at one store if you know that you can get precisely the same article a few cents less at another. Be content with durable rather than ornamental things; do not attempt to display every fashion upon your back, but choose one that has just come in, and is likely to last. First on the list of articles of wear are hats. Every lady should have a good black felt hat, round, and trimmed with a broad ribbon. You can quarter. They will come in for morning or any rough wear; they vary the toques in winter; and for those wet and doubtful days in spring, summer and autumn with which our variable climate abounds, they are simply invaluable. Such a hat will last two years. In summer, of course, you must have a white straw hat, but not more than one new one for a season; and the best one of the preceding year should do for common wear the next year, without a penny being expended on it. A great many shapes are not out of fashion at the end of even three seasons. Be sure to choose a shape that pleases you, and then adhere to it. If you are large, wear wide-brimmed hats whenever you can; if small, avoid them. If you can trim your own hats you will save a great deal; if you can not, learn to do so as soon as you can. Study the hats in store windows, and practice on an old one, with the assistance of some good-natured friends who can give you a hint or two. Do not be discouraged if the first attempt has a home-made look, but persevere. Feathers are too expensive to be often indulged in. But I should advise your beginning with a good white, or brown and white one. It is a great outlay, I know, but it saves in trimmings, beside giving a style to the hat or bonnet, and it outlasts a good many bunches of artificial flowers. So that I consider it the cheapest in the end. After the feather becomes too dirty for wear, it can be cleaned, say twice over, then having been dyed a dark brown it will end its days by embellishing the best winter hat. By watching the "special bargains" advertised by most merchants at the end of the season, you can buy a good one very cheap, and it will last four or five years. What I have said in regard to summer hats applies equally to winter ones. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules about shapes and prices. But if any kind of toques should be worn as much as last winter, choose one in preference to a straw or beaver hat. For with a wire shape and three-quarters of a yard of material that matches the dress you usually wear, you can easily manufacture one for a small sum, and that, together with the felt hat before mentioned, will be all that you would want for every day for the whole winter. If you can afford one of dark velvet, trimmed simply with a wing or plume, to vary the others, so much the better. Thus, at small expense, you will own a collection of hats suitable for the needs of any lady.—*Exchange.*

—Hawks and owls prey upon rats, mice and other small animals, thereby keeping them in check; while the crow prefers grubs, cut-worms and carrion to any other kind of food, and while they may occasionally rob a bird's nest or pull up a little corn, they do a thousand acts of kindness to the farmer for every one that is injurious.

—Flannel Cakes.—To two ounces of butter add one pint of hot milk to melt it, one pint of cold milk, five eggs, flour to make a stiff batter, one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of yeast. Let it rise in a warm place two hours. Fry on a griddle and serve hot.

HOME AND FARM.

—Never feed decayed roots of any kind to cows giving milk. One decayed turnip fed to a cow would affect the milk of fifty cows if mixed together.

—When washing fine laces do not use starch at all; in the last water in which they are rinsed put a little fine white sugar, dissolve it thoroughly, and the result will be pleasing.

—Cherry Fritters.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, four beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, two even teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and enough flour to make a little stiffer than pan-cake batter. Beat thoroughly, then stir in a pint of stoned cherries and drop by the spoonful into hot fat. As you take from the fat, drain on an old but clean napkin, dust with powdered sugar and season with liquid sauce.

—Preserving Eggs.—In answer to numerous inquiries, the *Poultry Yard* gives the following recipe for preserving eggs: To one pint of salt and one pint of lime add four gallons of boiling water. Slack the lime first in a small quantity of hot water. When cold put this solution in stone jars or any vessel that will not absorb the liquid. Then, with a dish, carefully let down the fresh eggs into it. Put the eggs in as soon as laid each day. Keep covered in a cool place.

—The most troublesome summer weed upon our gardens is purslane; it is easily killed when it first breaks ground, but once it gets rooted it will grow just about as well with its roots in the air as any other way, and will blossom and ripen seed after it has been hoed up and turned with roots upward. The only way to get rid of it is to cart it off and bury it in a hole. Hogs and hens eat it greedily, but they do not destroy all the seeds.—*New England Farmer.*

—A writer in *The Rural New Yorker* speaks thus of sweet-corn breeding and distribution: "At the end of six years I could rely upon three or four ears to a stalk. When this improved corn was distributed, however, no care was taken in the selection of the seed by those into whose hands it fell, and, in consequence, it gradually deteriorated. Let it be understood that such corn can not be long grown without careful selection of seed and good cultivation. Improvements in corn made by selection can only be maintained by selection; and the same remark will apply to some other things as well as to corn."

—A writer in the *Kansas Farmer* tells how a neighbor exterminated chinch-bugs: "When the bugs came into the cornfield from the wheat they plowed three deep trenches about four feet apart and started a horse with a log in these trenches. By having three the last one would catch what would get through the first. This was kept up with vigilance. If it had been started as soon as the bugs began to move they could have all been taken, but about fifty rows in one place had been covered before anything was done. To save these they took a caldron kettle, a load of wood and two barrels of water. By having a teakettle to set on the water to bring to boil each pailful they could keep at work, pouring with a pint cup the water on the stalks covered. The scalding kills effectually, so that in some places the ground would be red with dead chinch-bugs. This is giving them a warm reception."

A Horseshoer's Experience.

Nine persons out of ten will say that corns in horses' feet are caused by bad shoeing. My experience will justify me in saying that nine-tenths of the corns are caused by the owners of horses neglecting to get them shod as often as they ought. We are nearly all agreed that horses should be shod as often as once in every four to seven weeks, according to circumstances. Now, a great many horse owners, particularly farmers, will get a team shod and, unless the horse becomes lame, will permit the shoes to remain on till they grow off.

If the horse has a round foot, and the shoe was fitted closely all around, in four or five weeks the shoe will have been carried forward by the growth of hoof, so that one or both of the heels will be off the wall, and in a short time corns will be produced. Now, if the owner would take his horse to the shop on some fixed date every month, instead of leaving the shoes on from seven to seventy weeks, horses would have fewer corns. In shoeing I prefer a wide heel, and mule the heels of the forward shoes, whether they have corns or not, on horses that have flat feet.

For interfering, level the foot and fit the shoe all around close. Then mule the inside heel slightly. In winter it is a good plan to turn the outside heel-calk, as it keeps the foot out of the trough of the road.

For over-reaching, I have the best success shoeing with long shoes all around. Let the heels of the forward shoes stick out an inch and the hind shoes three-quarters of an inch. As the forward foot raises, the long shoe will raise enough so the hind foot will pass under, while with a short shoe the shoe will raise just enough for the hind shoe to hit the heels, causing a disagreeable clicking. I can do better and quicker work with knife and rasp than with buttress.

If the foot is grown out very long I take the cutting pliers and nip the hoof off from quarters to toe. This insures the removal of the stubs of nails, and with a sharp knife and rasp the foot is soon ready. Practice cold fitting although I do not think a thick-shelled foot is injured by touching it with a red-hot shoe that was previously fitted. A thin-shelled foot I never press with a hot shoe. I was taught to weld toe-calks on shoes first, and heel up afterward, but I practiced heeling shoe first, and put on the toe-calk when ready to use the shoe. If you toe last there will be heat enough in the shoe after welding the calk to fit the shoe. I let the heels, which are nearly cold, drop on the wall of the foot and hold the toe, which is red-hot, an inch away from the foot while fitting. After the toe is fitted and level, harden the toe and nail on. I know a great many advocate heating a shoe red-hot after the foot is prepared and the shoe fitted, and press the foot for an instant with the hot shoe. But all the advantage they claim is an equal bearing and that the shoe will be less liable to come off. Now, I can with knife and rasp get as good a bearing, and with a good nail fasten the shoe so that it will stay longer than it ought.—*J. W. Nichols, in "Blacksmith and Wheelright."*

THE DAIRY.

—Milk turns sour in thunder storms because during their continuance ozone is generated in the atmosphere. Ozone is oxygen in a state of great density, and oxygen is the great acidifier throughout nature. The excess of oxygen in the air imparts acidity to the milk by the formation of lactic acid.

—One venture in lard cheese to England, sent there as honest goods, did not turn out well, and ought to serve as a warning to all concerned. When the weather came on warm the oil exuding from them was found by simple sense of smell to be nothing but "hog-fat grease of a low origin," and the price dropped at once from ten cents a pound to two and a half.

—What is wanted most is a three-pound cheese with no waste, or else a large cheese in a package that could be broken like a tub of butter and leave no waste. This idea looks a little chimerical; but there is no telling what the inventive genius of the country can do until it tries. Then there must be no shams about the business—no lard—no anti-huff—nor skimmed frands. Give the people an honest and well-flavored article at a fair price, and without doubt the buyers will be forthcoming.—*American Dairyman.*

—The idea that butter globules have no affinity for salt, but on the contrary rather repelled it, is substantiated by the following from Professor Arnold: Contrary to what would naturally be expected, butter fats take no salt from brine. To make butter take salt it must be *worked into it.* Salt has a stronger affinity for water than for any fat and no matter how strong brine may be, the salt in it will not leave the water to go into a fat. The only thing about butter which will take up salt is the trace of flesh-forming matter it contains, and this is so small that all the salt it can absorb will hardly affect the taste. If the granules, when taken from the brine, are pressed into a solid form without rinsing, the salt in the brine which will adhere to their surfaces will be about equal to one-half ounce to a pound of butter. If more salt than this is desired it should be sprinkled into the granules before pressing them into form for the table.

Skim-Milk Cheese.

We gave, in our last, the process of making cheese in small dairies, but this applied to whole-milk cheese; and as we have many readers who may desire to make some cheese as well as butter from the same milk, instruction in this practical process will now be timely.

It requires more skill to make a wholesome skim-milk cheese, because the cream or oil in the milk assists the action of the rennet, and also in the curing of the cheese; but still skim-milk is sometimes so skillfully worked as to produce very toothsome and digestible food. The nitrogenous elements in milk have an important value as food, if they can be preserved in a digestible condition. The difficulty is, in getting a proper action of the rennet to break down the caseine. If it remains tough and curdy, it requires the stomach of an ostrich to digest it.

In order to keep the milk sweet for cheese making in warm weather, it must be set by some deep-setting cold method. There are many of these methods, by which, with the aid of cold spring water or ice, the milk will keep perfectly sweet till the cream has risen. In the Cooley submerging system the morning's milk may be kept over to the next morning, and the night's milk worked with it, as twelve hours is long enough to raise the cream. The rennet must be added at a lower temperature than for whole milk, not allowing the heat to rise above eighty degrees while the curd is forming. This will produce a softer curd. The whole working is to be done at a low temperature. It is salted at the rate of two and three-quarters to three pounds to 100 pounds of curd, or 1,000 pounds of milk—a little more salt than for whole-milk cheese. To make the best skim cheese, the cream should be churned sweet, and the sweet buttermilk added to the skim-milk—this will improve the flavor and quality of the cheese.

In curing, this kind of cheese ought to have a room of even temperature, about seventy-five to eight degrees. It requires at least ten degrees warmer temperature than whole milk cheese; and it is quite essential that the temperature should be even, not changing with the external air. If the ripening can break down its tough, curdy nature, making it mellow and tender, it will find a ready sale.

Mr. John I. Ellsworth, of Massachusetts, adopted some six or seven years ago, a novel method of making butter and skim cheese. This consisted in heating the milk to be made into cheese, when fresh, to about 135 degrees, and then cooling it down to about sixty degrees, and setting for the cream to rise about thirty-six hours. He churns the cream sweet, and sometimes adds to the churning skimmed milk, and the sweet butter milk and churned milk are mixed with the skimmed milk and made into cheese by the Cheddar method—that is, by drawing the whey early before much acid is developed.

Heating the milk, it is thought, assists in softening the casein, and makes a soft, pliable curd, and cures about as easily as cheese from whole milk. The buttermilk from the heated milk gives a finer flavor than from milk not heated, and also assists in the curing of the cheese. He also thinks the churned milk promotes the curing.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—The Paris *Figaro* propounds this conundrum: "Given two widows of the same age, the same social condition, the same character, one of whom had a bad husband and the other a good one, which one of the two will have the stronger desire to get married again?"

—"I don't like Jones," said Snodgrass. "No," he added, after a pause. "I don't like him. The fact is, Jones speaks so much of himself—tells so much, you know, that he doesn't leave any room for the imagination." Does any reader know Jones?

—Some physicians, it is expected, are guided less by pulse than by impulse.

—The New York *Herald* has something to say in favor of a hot-tempered woman: "She always makes the spiciest dishes. You never knew a mild-tempered woman to make a rich and spicy pie. Her tea is always mild; her chicken is as tame on the table as it was in the coop. But a sharp-witted woman, with a tongue like a buzz-saw, will devil a crab, dress a cutlet, or serve a rum omelette to a turn."

WHY is the house of a tidy wife like a motion to adjourn? You give it up? Because it is always in order.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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CHILDREN should be warned not to take what doesn't belong to them—especially the measles and small-pox.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 11, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal of disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Secty of State.

jy 16, 3m

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See what It will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

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It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

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Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

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It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

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It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST

No. 1	2.05 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. [illegible]	2:10 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.12 A. M.
No. 8	8.12 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 45 may become members of the Association.

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The members agree to pay annual dues, for current expenses and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; so the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

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Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 30 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is most truly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881. NUMBER 24.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881. For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house. J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881. Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family. H. I. NATES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881. We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house. W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881. Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house. DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE, CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881. I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.* I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

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21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG. During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief. R. CLARIDGE.

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass, sand-bar or land by cutting timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN. Nov 20-1880. 1 y

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THE LAST GLASS--THE FIRST FEAST.

"Why, you careless man, you've been and broken your glass," said a smart looking young landlady, with a quick tongue, to one of her best customers, who spent the bulk of his wages at her husband's house, and kept his wife and family in rags and misery.

"Nonsense, missus," said the man, Saul Hobson by name; "I haven't broken your glass."

"But you have then," she retorted, impatiently, annoyed at his contradiction; "just look at that crack; do you mean to tell me that crack was there when you took your drink? You've knocked it against something, that you have—why, the glass is utterly ruined."

"All right," said Saul, pacifically, in a rather maudlin tone, for he had already drunk a great deal.

"'Tisn't all right," said the provoked landlady; "it's all wrong, and I can tell you you shall not leave this house without paying for the glass you have broken."

"Nonsense!" said Saul; "you know me, and you ought to believe my word. I didn't break that glass. You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it," she said.

"Bless my heart I and think what an old friend I am of you and yours; you'd never be so hard upon a poor fellow as that? Besides, I know I didn't break it."

"You did break it!" she exclaimed, still more angrily.

Then Saul Hobson grew red in his turn.

"Very well, missus," he said, sternly; "what's to pay?"

"Fourpence; and 'twas worth every farthing of the money, too."

He flung down four penny pieces noisily upon the table.

"There, then; and now the glass is mine, and I can take it home?"

"Of course you can," she rejoined, haughtily and sarcastically, "if you've a mind to go filling up your place with poor broken stuff like that. Take it and welcome."

"There's no welcome about it; I've With these words Saul Hobson to leave the "Three Fawns," carrying in his hand the broken tumbler. At the door he met the landlord, who had been out.

"Good evening, Saul; where are you going off to, man?"

"Home," said Saul.

"Home? nonsense!" said the landlord; "it isn't nine o'clock yet—you've been in no time at all, man; what's the matter?"

"I'd better not speak any more in this house, for my word isn't believed."

"Sally," said the landlord of the "Three Fawns," turning a look of annoyance on his buxom partner behind the bar, "what have you been quarreling with Mr. Dobson about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hart; he's broken a glass and had to pay for it, that's all."

"I didn't break it," said Saul.

"Had to pay for it? Give him back the money this moment. Is this how you manage my business when my back is turned? Don't you know better, Sally, than to treat an old friend and a good customer in such a way? What's the price of a tumbler? Come back, Saul, and forget all about her folly,' urged the landlord.

"No, thank you," said Saul, not smiling nor yielding in the slightest degree to Mr. Hart's good nature and blandishments, "I shall keep my word and go home."

So saying, he left the house.

"You are a beauty to quarrel with Saul Hobson," said the landlord, angrily, to his wife, and there ensued a war of words between the pair which we need not chronicle here.

"There's no sense in your being so savage, Mr. Hart," said his wife, amongst her other speeches; "that man will be back in a few nights at farthest, as sure as my name is Sarah Hart."

But the landlady's prophecy was destined to be unfulfilled.

Saul Hobson took his way to the desolate, barely furnished room he called his home. His wife looked up in surprise as she saw him enter. With dry humor, that she hardly appreciated, he sat the broken tumbler on the table and said.—

"There, Fan, what do you think of that as a bargain for fourpence?"

"Fourpence, Saul?" she answered in grave earnest, "it would be dear at a ha'penny. What on earth did you buy a broken tumbler for? Surely we have broken things enough about us," and she glanced around at the contents of the room, of which certainly quite a large proportion was unsound. Saul followed his wife's glance with a bitter smile upon his lips.

"Yes, Fanny; so the tumbler will match."

Wondering alike at the comparative propriety and the strangeness of tone, the discreet wife ventured no further remark.

"Have you got no supper for your husband, Fan?" he next asked.

"Have a bit of bread, Saul, there's nothing else in the house."

He laughed bitterly.

"And you didn't expect me?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I don't blame you for that. I've no fate to buy a pound of bacon? There is fire enough to fry it, more's the wonder. There's a shilling, Fanny; perhaps you wouldn't dislike a cup of tea."

"Oh, thank you, Saul!"

Fanny Hobson was hungry and tired, and the prospect was inviting. She slipped out readily, wondering and excited. She soon returned with the bacon and an ounce of tea. It was quite wonderful, the alacrity with which, thus encouraged, she bustled about to make the place comfortable. The warm, savory smell, and the noise of the frying bacon as it fizzed and hissed in the pan, reached the children in their bed on the floor in a little recess of the room, and they called out,—

"What is it, mother; who's frying?"

"Mother is," answered Saul Hobson; "and if you are good and quiet you shall have a taste."

Awestruck at their father's voice, the children were like mice for the next few minutes, save a whispered comment or two on the prospect before them.

It was a sight to behold that family half an hour later—the poor little wan, half fed, scantily-attired children gathered around their parents' knees, and eating ravenously of bread and bacon, with an occasional sip of warm tea from the basin which their father used, or the cracked teacup of their mother. When they had gone back there was a whisper among them, and then uprose in tremulous tones—a little out of tune, perhaps, and yet surely somehow in tune with the angels' music—the simple words of thanks,—

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heaven."

Saul Hobson's eyes grew moist with blessed tears, and he was silent for some time. Then he raised the broken glass in his hand and flung it on the fireplace, where it fell in a dozen pieces.

"There, Fanny," said he, "there's my last glass at the 'Three Fawns'—that's the last glass of liquor I shall ever drink."

"Thank God!"

**** **** **** ****

Eight years have passed away—eight happy years for Saul and Fanny Hobson. Slowly but surely the work of reformation has been carried on in that once miserable family. Almost the first act of its head, when he had recovered all his articles from the pawnshop, was to remove into a tidier quarter of the town, and to engage two rooms.

Being an able workman he soon received an advance in his wages, when his master discovered he could depend on his punctual attendance; and Saul began to save. He had ideas of bettering his condition formed in his sober brain, which in his drink-loving days could not find room there. And now, with a small capital carefully and prudently accumulated year by year, he has just gone into business as a master tradesman, with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a happy home.

Best of all, he and his wife have become members of a Christian church, and are endeavoring to bring up their family in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

Saul Hobson never ceases to rejoice in this circumstance which led him to decide that he had taken his last glass.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* estimates ex-President Grant's present income is not far from $50,000 a year. He has an active interest in a New York business house which has been very successful; he gets perhaps $25,000 a year from the railroad company, and the two funds raised for him amount to $330,000, and he still retains his St. Louis farm.

Elephantine Morality.

Hundreds of men and women have laughed over the amusing picture of the monkey using the cat's paw to take chestnuts off the hot stove. Perhaps a few of the laughers have recognized themselves either in the monkey or in the cat.

Yet it is a common practice to use others to do that for us which we would not do for ourselves. We may think that we thereby escape responsibility. But the legal maxim which asserts that what one does through another he does himself, is not only good law, but good morals. He who influences another to act for him is responsible for the character of that other's action.

Singular as it may seem, elephants who have associated with men also entertain the notion that they are not responsible if they use some one else to do a wrong act. An anecdote will illustrate this elephantine morality.

A gentlemen in Rancoon bought three young elephants so send to England. They were tame and playful, but cunning. Knowing that it was wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice),—the idea had doubtless been impressed upon them by punishment for stealing,—they would not touch it themselves. But if a boy went to see them, he would be seized by one, the little trunk coiled around his arm, and he be led to where the paddy was kept in bags.

The elephant would make a cat's paw of the boy's hand to take up a handful of paddy. Then letting go, he would turn up the end of his trunk, open it, and coaxingly invite the boy to drop in the paddy.

Should the boy, however, put it back in the bag, his arm would be again siezed by the trunk, and his hand again inserted in the paddy-bag.

The boy, anxious to be released, would usually drop the paddy into the trunk, and the elephant would blow the rice into his mouth. After repeating the operation several times, the elephant would scamper off, feeling the he had got the paddy without stealing it.

There are not a few men who have congratulate themselves whenever they have made another person do a "smart" thing for them.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Good (?) Old Times.

It sounds very poetical to say "the good old times," but if we should be strictly truthful, having an eye upon the actual rather than upon the sentimental, we should be more inclined to designate them as the "mean old times," especially if, by some powerful freak of nature, we should be taken up and set back among the days that fell to the lot of those who were men and women when our grandparents were little children. It is no wonder that Benjamin Franklin, with his prophetic vision, wished it had been his destiny to be born two or three centuries later. Think of the journeys then requiring days, that may now be accomplished in as many hours, and with far more comfort. Think of sitting in church winter after winter without the cheerful light of a fire; save that which was kindled in the imagination by the glowing eloquence of the preacher, as he described the torments of the "damned." Think of paying forty or fifty dollars a year for a newspaper, and think, also of the beggarly little sheet and all its meager qualities! Think of living without a friction match in the house, or a tooth-brush, or a carpet, or gaslight, or furnaces, or a sewing machine, or doing without overshoes and umbrellas, and a thousand other things that we call necessities. It is startling to consider the multitude of things, small and great, that we possess, which contribute to our comfort, our welfare, our enjoyment, that were utterly unknown to our innocent grandfathers, and never could have entered their dreams. The spirit of progress consults our convenience and multiplies advantages in every direction, enhancing the charmes of life, diminishing its pains, and inviting us to come welcome and enjoy its innumerable gifts.

Family Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness, is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not so easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yet, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demand of youth or age. Our family newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents devoured; then comes the demand for national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind. Family newspapers are valuable to material prosperity. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel, he first inquires for the newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the next thing after the family greeting, he inquires for your family paper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it. Family newspapers are just as necessary to fit a family for its true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, bare-footed boy, rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life, if he is well supplied with newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things equal, it is a rule that never fails. A family newspaper is a family need.

The Local Paper.

What tells us so readly the standard of a town or city, as the appearance of its paper? And its youth or its age can as well be determined by the observing as by a personal notice. The enterprise of its citizens is depicted by its advertisements, their liberality by the looks of the paper. Some papers show a good, solid, healthy foundation, plethoric purses, and a well-to-do appearance generally; others show a striving to contend with the grasping thousands around them, trying hard to wrench out an existence from the close fisted community around them. An occasional meteoric display in its columns of telegraph, or local, or of editorials, show what it can do if it had the means, but it cannot continue in the expensive work until support comes, which ought to be readily granted. A newspaper is like a mencement, and for a few years; then, as a general thing, it can walk alone, and reflect credit upon its location. Take your home paper; it gives you more news of immediate interest than New York or other papers; it talks for you when other localities belie you; it stands up for your rights; you always have a champion in your home paper, and those who stand up for you, should certainly be well sustained. Your interests are kindred and equal, and you must rise or fall together. Therefore, it is to your interest to support your home paper; not grudgingly, but in a liberal spirit; as a pleasure, not as a disagreeable duty; but as an investigation that will amply pay the expenditure.

Soft Beds.

There are differences in opinion in regard to the best beds for refreshing sleep, some persons advocating soft and some hard beds. The difference between them is that the weight of a body on a soft bed presses on a larger surface than upon a hard bed, and consequently more comfort is enjoyed. Hard beds should never be given to little children, and parents who suppose that such beds contribute to health by hardening and developing the constitution are surely in error. Eminent physicians—both here and in England—concur in this opinion, and state that hard beds have often proved injurious to the shape of infants. Birds and animals cover their offspring with the softest materials they can obtain, and also make soft beds for them; and the softness of a bed is not evidence of its being unwholesome. But if it is not kept sweet and clean by daily airings and frequent beatings—whether it is hard or soft—it is surely injurious to health.

A special to the *Chicago Times* from San Francisco says: News has been received here that Bishop Philip Klingen Smith, at one time of high standing and influence in the Mormon Church, and the exposer of the Mountain Meadow massacre, and a participant therein, is dead. His body was found in a prospect hole in Sonora, Mexico, under circumstances indicating murder. Bishop Smith has died as he expected. After convicting John D. Lee of the Mountain Meadow massacre he said: "I know the Church will kill me sooner or later; it is only a question of time." After returning from the trial by order of the Church his wife left him, and he started South and lived in Arizona. In that territory two attempts were made to kill him.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

In gilded saloons, where the fairest of belles
Fling around me their subtlest glamour and spells,
I broke through their magic, I mocked at their art,
Unmoved in my fancy, untouched in my heart;
But yielded a captive, well pleased at my fate,
When Dora I met at the old farm gate—
When Dora I met,
When Dora I met at the old farm gate.

I passed, rod in hand, on my way to the brook,
And planned as I went little fishes to hook.
She stood there in silence, half smiling, half shy,
And moved from the pathway to let me go by.
Ah! who would not bite when such charms were the bait?
So Dora caught me at the old farm gate—
So Dora caught me,
So Dora caught me,
So Dora caught me at the old farm gate.

We had met and had parted full often before,
But we met on that morn to be parted no more;
The light in her eye and the flush on her cheek
Emboldened my tongue of my loving to speak.
What cared I for trout? They might lie there and wait,
Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate—
Now Dora said "yes,"
Now Dora said "yes,"
Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE COMET OF 1881.

Thus far astronomers are in doubt as to whether the comet now visible in the northern heavens is the same as that which was discovered a few days ago by Dr. B. A. Gould at the National Observatory in Buenos Ayres, for if it be so its movements must have been more remarkable than those of any other inhabitants of the skies of which there is record. It is not even known whether the comet is a new or an old one; whether it is approaching to or receding from the sun, what is its composition or what is its orbit. In short, we as yet know little more about it than that it exists, which is enough, however, to fill the superstitious, who take the unknown as the most solid basis of the dangerous and portentous, with a sudden shuddering awe of the approach of the *Dies Iræ* which has been drawing nearer, of course, ever since the creation's dawn, and which may now be at hand—as also it may not be. And it is possible also that poor old Mother Earth, who has been white hot, battered by storms of metal, parched by the sun, frozen over with ice and pelted by meteors from time immemorial, may at last receive her *coup de grace* from a comet. But though this is possible it is highly improbable, and until it is at least ascertained whether the new tiery visitor is approaching the earth or not, good people may be permitted to possess their souls in patience, excepting, naturally those several astronomers who have telegraphed in haste to Rochester claiming the prize of $200 offered for the discovery which they all claim to have been the first to make.

Professor Henry Draper, who is well known to the world of science for his skill in spectroscopic analysis of the chemical composition of celestial bodies, has mildly taken up the cudgels in reputation, and denies in the name of his friend and of scientific men in general that the distinguished Englishman ever uttered the prophecy which is currently fathered upon him to the effect that in the present year a comet was to come and destroy the earth. Of course Mr. Proctor never could have done this, since he himself has briefly summed up all that is known of comets in such a way that anything can be predicted concerning their action. Astronomers, he says, can tell what path a comet is traveling upon, and say whence it has come and whither it will go; they can in many cases predict the periodic returns of a comet, and analyze the substance of these strange wanderers, and they have recently discovered a singular bond of relationship between comets and those other strange visitants from the celestial depths—the shooting stars. But astronomy has hitherto proved unable to determine the origin of comets, the part they perform in the economy of the universe, their real structure, the causes of the marvelous changes of shape which they undergo as they approach the sun, rush round him and then retreat. It is believed that this statement by Professor Proctor is not strictly accurate, spectroscopic analysis having shown something in relation to the component elements of some comets from which something has been inferred in regard to their structure, and it being known that the quantity of matter which they contain is not very great. One well-known astronomer has said that the highest cloud that floats in the earth's atmosphere on a fine day in summer is a dense body when compared with a comet. It has been conjectured that comets and meteorites, by falling into the sun, keep up the heat of the central luminary of our system, but at present the weight of opinion seems to be against this theory, no comets having ever been known to fall into the sun. It should be remembered, also, that those people who dread destruction to the earth from comets commonly are put into the fear by the notion that these wanderers to the sun from beyond the confines of the orbit of Neptune may strike the earth and so by the force of the impact knock our ancient mother out of time, so to say, and into space, or might set her on fire, whereas there is some reason to believe that comets have before now grazed the earth without doing her any injury and without having any appreciable effect upon her whatever. In fact, she has probably hurt them more than they have hurt her. Whatever real danger to the earth is involved in an approach of a comet to the sun is to be sought, however, in all probability in the hypothesis that so great an increase in the sun's heat would follow the fall of a comet into the sun that life on the earth would be burnt out, in which case if we were ever to have an inhabitable globe again a new supply of living germs would have to come from outer space, borne on the wings of Sir William Thomson's meteorites.

It is likely that the terror of comets which is always felt by ignorant people is purely traditional, and comes down from the time when these bodies were looked upon as being unlike the stars and planets, in that their motions, appearances and disappearances were thought to be purely arbitrary and ungoverned by physical laws, or if not strictly arbitrary, then to be governed by the power of the gods who sent them as portents nearly always of calamity and seldom of good to the human race. A remarable exception to this rule that a comet is a portent of evil is that of the star of Bethlehem. At all events, Prof. Proctor, who has somewhat elaborately treated of this subject, says that "the star in the East" mentioned in the New Testament was, in his opinion, a comet. "It is," he says, "not easy to understand what else it could have been." * * * "The way in which it appeared to go before the wise men when (directed by Herod, be it noticed) they went to Bethlehem, almost due south of Jerusalem, would correspond to a meridian culmination low down—for the star had manifestly not been visible in the earlier evening, since we are told that they rejoiced when they saw the star again. It was probably a comet traveling southward, and as the wise men had traveled from the east, it had very likely first been seen in the west as an evening star, wherefore its course was retrograde. * * * It may possibly have been an apparition of Halley's comet." A view similar to this has before now been held by biblical commentators inclined to rationalism, but to perceive it requires so strong a belief in the pre-established harmony of celestial bodies and earthly affairs as might well have appalled Leibnitz himself, and moreover this opinion does not explain the stopping of the comet over the "place where the young child lay," since a comet could hardly stop immediately over a little village unless the laws of parallax had been greatly interfered with. If Professor Proctor's opinion on this subject is valuable at all it is so only because it shows how easily learned professors may fall into error when they would account for miracles on natural grounds. In a similar way both Pingre and Lalande guessed it was the comet now known as that of 1680, which is mentioned in the prayer of Anchises in the Æneid as having appeared before the fall of Troy, but the whole description given of this appearance by Virgil is rather that of a meteor or globular lightning than of a comet, whose advent, nowadays at least, is not commonly ushered in by a clap of thunder. Moreover, when Encke went over the calculation of Lalande relative to this matter he found them to be wrong by the trifle of 8,239 years. Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Troy have done more to establish the existence and fall of such a city than has ever been achieved by men of science who take their cue from poets. The comet of 43 B. C. was thought by most Romans to be the soul of the mightiest Julius ascending from the earth to the regions of the noblest, and Bodinus, from whom Burton, author of the "Anatmy of Melancholy," was so fond of quoting, was of the opinion that most comets were the souls of the great in flight through the cerulean, and it was on account of this belief that he held that comets generally portend calamity, since they are the spirits of great men who have long watched over the interests of mankind, and when they depart, have at once to begin to go to the bad. With this notion of the nature of comets, which the best spectroscopy will never confirm, may be compared the happy thought of Philo Judæus and other Neo-Platonists, that the stars and planets are animals. Pliny regards planets as harbingers of evil; they were "inappeasable stars, one of which appeared in the late civil war when Octavius was consul; another during the intestine war between Pompey and Cæsar, and another in our own time when Claudius Cæsar having been poisoned the empire was left to Domitian, in whose reign there appeared a blazing comet." Seneca also thought that comets were cruel and portended the worst misfortunes. "They bring with them and leave behind them the seeds of blood and slaughter." Of course in times of superstition, when wars happened to come about while the heavens were apparently in a rage, the wars and calamities would be attributed to the heavens alone as their source.

But it is, after all, not impossible that famine and wars might follow on the track of a large comet approaching the sun closely. It is now believed by many astronomers that solar storms strongly affect the meteorological condition of the earth; if the influence happens to be bad upon the weather, the weather of course influences the growth of crops, extensive failure of crops might bring about famine, famine pestilence, and the general calamity might in turn give rise to industrial troubles and to wars. But after all is said this is but conjecture, not being known to have a solid ground of fact to rest upon. There is more practical political wisdom in the old rhyme

War brings poverty, poverty peace,
Peace makes riches flow; so things never cease;
Riches bring pride, and pride is war's ground,
And war brings poverty; so the wheel comes round.

The cool opinion of the Emperor Vespasian in regard to the comet which appeared during his reign may here be of value. "That hairy star," said he, "does not portend evil to me. It menaces rather the King of the Parthians. He is a hairy man, but I am bald."

It would be tedious to recount the history of the comets which have been looked upon as prophets of ill to men and nations, but a note should be made of one particular time when all things seemed to combine to show that the end of the world was at hand. This was the year 1,000 after Christ, the time of the millennium, when the Devil, having been chained up for a thousand years, was to break from his prison-house and roam through the world seeking whom he might devour. Poets in the cloisters were writing of the Day of Wrath, and monks and friars were preaching to the multitudes of the dreadful hour when the earth was to pass away in smoke and flame. Then appeared a comet which glittered and grew in the skies for nine days and, as Professor Proctor quotes from an old chronicler: "The heavens opened and a kind of flaming torch fell upon the earth, leaving behind a long track of light like the path of a flash of lightning. Its brightness was so great that it frightened not only those who were in the fields, but even those who were in the houses. As this opening in the sky slowly closed men saw with horror the figure of a dragon, whose feet were blue and whose head seemed grow larger and larger." The terror was great, and, all things considered, it was more reasonable than a like feeling would now be. Fortunately, however, the year passed by and old earth went on as merrily as ever around the sun at the lively rate of some twenty miles the second. A little more than five hundred years later (1528) a comet appeared, of which Andrew Pare said that it "was so horrible and dreadful and engendered such terror in the minds of men that they died, some from fear alone, others from illness engendered by fear. It was of immense length and blood-red color; at its head was seen the figure of a curved arm, holding a large sword in the hand as if preparing to strike. At the point of the sword were three stars, and on either side a number of axes, knives, and swords, covered with blood, among which were many hideous human faces with bristling beards and hair." This truly accurate description was given only about a century before the birth of Sir Isaac Newton. Astrologers are a long-lived folk, and it is but the other day that an esteemed contemporary printed a letter from one of them showing why it was that the year 1881 should be deemed peculiarly portentous. According to Newton the danger which threatens the earth from comets is not that they will strike the earth, but that one of them may fall into the sun; and according to some astronomers the sudden solar outburst witnessed by Carrington and Hodgson in September, 1859, was due to the supposed fact that then a great meteoric mass fell into the body of the sun. Following this theory many facts were brought to light, or rather were artistically used to support the doctrine that the outbursts whereby some of the fixed stars—that is to say, some of the suns—have from time to time blazed up with unusual brilliancy were occasioned by the impact of comets upon them. But of real facts tending to show this to be true none have yet been forthcoming. All is conjecture. —*N. Y. World.*

A Canadian Mechanic Claims an Earldom and $100,000,000.

After years of patient searching, amid the difficulties which poverty has raised, a workman in the Great Western Railway car shops in London, Ont., has traced up what seems to be an indisputable claim to one of the richest estates in all Scotland. The greatest interest has been awakened by the romantic history of the man who has thus been elevated into prominence, and there is every probability that he will soon be put in possession of his rights. It may be remembered that some years ago the Earl of Mar died without leaving a direct heir to his immense estate, and by right of succession, a nephew, Lord Kellie, assumed the title and property of the dead nobleman, valued at $100,000,000. Now, however, it has been discovered that the Earl had a son, and that son is believed to be John Francis Erskine, of this city. The tracing up of the title has necessarily been slow and unsatisfactory, from the fact that Mr. Erskine was poor and hampered by a family, and men who could have helped him are chary of their time.

In 1825, two years before the marriage of the Earl of Mar to the daughter of Lord Montech, a male child was born to the lady, who afterward became its legitimate mother by her marriage with its father. When an infant, however, the boy was secretly given into the care of a poor but respectable family, whom the Earl paid well for the services rendered. Later on, when the little fellow had grown five or six years of age, he was placed under the care of a man named Campbell, and sent to Canada. His guardian frequently told him in later years that he was the son of one of Scotland's noblest earls, and that he should some day be placed in possession of documents that would enable him to go home and live in luxury. The old man seemed under a strong pledge, however, not to reveal the parentage of his ward, and, although he broke his promise so far as to intimate on many occasions that the young man was the heir to the earldom of Mar, he never allowed the documentary proofs to go out of his hands. He said that all would be left in proper shape at his death. A few years ago, however, the old man died very suddenly, without leaving the needed documents for the establishment of his ward's claim to the property of the dead Earl. Later on, while excavations were being made in an outhouse on the Campbell homestead, a bottle was found with several letters in it from the Earl of Mar which referred to his son.

This seemed to be all the proof necessary; but, in addition to that, Mr. Erskine has just visited Scotland quietly and found the people who had taken care of him when an infant and handed him over to Campbell. The papers held by them, and also those found in the bottle, set forth certain marks by which the heir could always be known, and these the claimant undoubtedly bears. His resemblance to the late Earl is also so striking, despite the changes which hard work has made, that friends of the nobleman have no difficulty whatever in identifying Mr. Erskine as the son of the Earl. Articles of gold and silverware, as well as a ring, are in the presumptive heir's possession, bearing the initials of his mother and father. Leading lawyers in this country and Scotland hold out the strongest encouragement to Mr. Erskine, and men of means are offering to unite in a joint stock company to establish the claim if a bond is given to pay a certain percentage on their investments. According to the outlook, Mr. Erskine's working days are over, and his installment as the Earl of Mar remains only a matter of time. He is being visited by thousands, and his story, as it is learned, awakens the deepest interest.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

—Most of the English papers announced the death of Mr. Thomas Ascott (A. Scott), President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Such is fame.

—There is a temperance society in Russia that binds its members to abstain from brandy until it becomes cheaper

Energy on Tap.

"I see that a Frenchman has got a patent for canned energy," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she picked up a lot of cut-steel beads on a needle and began sewing them on medallions for dress-trimming.

"Got a what?" interrupted Mr. Spoopendyke, who was blacking his boots.

"Yes. He says he can put strength up in bundles and send it anywhere, so they can run ships and things without steam. He sent ever so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been reading now?" queried Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the *Eagle*. He does it up like preserves and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as fresh and strong when they open it as it was at first."

"Who puts it up? Who're you talking about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of strength and fixes it with electricity, and you can buy it anywhere. I'm going to get some and take it. It'll be just as good as going to the country, and may be it'll help my headaches. I suppose the Government will buy a lot of it for tramps."

"You gone crazy again?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye mean by putting strength in boxes? Think energy is some kind of dod-gasted fish? S'pose you can put main strength up in bottles like a measly shrimp? If you're going to read, why don't you read straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a machine and he makes energy so it will last; and then he solders it up in tins or something, so you can keep it in the house. I'm going to have some to do the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of a dod-gasted idiot?" blurted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Can it make a measly Spoopendyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper didn't say; but if it is all they claim for it it will be a great help in house-cleaning and moving the step-ladder around when you want to hang pictures. And then it saves boiling beef tea. Oh, you ought to read about it. They say its the greatest invention of the age."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they're selling muscle by the keg? Want me to understand that some frog-eater is keeping industry on draught? Think I'm an ass?"

"That's what the *Eagle* says," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendike, with woman's implicit reliance on anything in print. "And they can make it in any quantity cheap, so we can have all we want. I wish you'd get some right off, and we'll try it on the Friday's sweepings."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoopenkyke. "Stop making an idiot asylum of yourself! S'pose you can make me b'lieve that house-cleaning comes in jugs? Think I'm going to b'lieve that a week's wash comes in a box, like measly pills? P'raps you want me to think that your dod-gasted stuff will pay the rent and run my business! Next time you strike a corn-salve you read it understandingly, ye hear? Energy by the pint! Strength by the yard! Got that rip sowed up in my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, meekly; and Mr. Spoopendyke, having arrayed himself, plunged out.

"Hello, Spoopendyke!" saluted his friend Speeklewottle, "see this thing in the paper about the Frenchman who is boxing up energy?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, and I've been all the morning trying to explain it to my wife, but these women can't understand such things. How's stocks?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Called her Puss.

Yesterday was a gala day in the Recorder's office. Couple after couple, from all portions of the West, serenely faced the handsome clerk who has been assigned to the Marriage License Bureau, and suffered the necessary inquisition. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a young workman, with overalls, checked shirt, and slouched hat, sidled up to a Deputy Recorder and confidentially whispered:

"Is this where a fellar gets his marryin' papers?"

"This is the place," replied the clerk.

"Well, I want some papers."

"All right, sir; where's the lady?"

"Lady! What lady?"

"Why, the young woman you intend to marry."

"Oh! she's at home, of course."

"Well, we can't issue a license without certain information about the lady."

"I can tell you all about her. What do you want to know?"

"Her name, age, residence, and such like facts; and I presume you can't answer all the questions."

"Can't I! Just try me."

"Innocent artlessness," murmured the clerk; "how old is she?"

"She told me she was just nineteen years old."

"Then I'll wager she is twenty-nine. What artless innocence," the clerk whispered. "What is her first name?"

"I was trying to think."

"In the meantime, what is her last name?"

"I don't exactly remember that, either. In fact, I don't think I ever heard it. But I suppose that it's of no consequence."

"Good heavens, man! What on earth do you call her?"

"Well, I calls her Puss; but I never thought to ask if that was her real name."

There was an audible snicker throughout the Recorder's office, and the candidate was advised to bring in his engaged partner for further information.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the inhabitants of that country, who are not thoroughly posted, imagine the insect to be a small specimen of the American buffalo they have read about.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—The San Diego Tichborne claimant proves to be a fraud named Charles O. Ferris, who once appropriated the funds of the Vallejo Home Guards and afterward was run out of town because of swindling his neighbors in some bogus land schemes.

Darwin's Theory and the Antlers of Deer.

The historical development of antlers in the deer tribe is very marked. While the group was still young and dominant, with the open, grass-clad tertiary plains all before it, and with plenty of elbow-room to spread and multiply, it had as yet no weapons of offense of any kind. But as the races grew thicker and more numerous, and as space failed the younger generations—for deer, like men, are subject to the inexorable logic of the Malthusians—the fathers of the herd began to fight among themselves for the possession of the does, and only the strongest survived to become the parents of future deerkind. Butting naturally produced hard bosses or protuberances of some sort; and in the ancestral deer these protuberances took the shape of bony projections on the forehead. Again those deer which had the most marked and most pointed projections would best vanquish their rivals, and so fare best in the struggle for the hinds. Their descendants would inherit their peculiarities with more or less variation; and would similarly be selected by the law of battle in accordance with their fighting powers and the fitness of their weapons. And this probability, set forth *a priori* by Mr. Darwin, exactly tallies with the geological record, as interpreted by Professor Boyd Dawkins. The very vague and unspecialized deer of the lower miocene period had no antlers at all; they were somewhat like musk-deer without the tusks, or like young fawns in their first summer. But in the mid miocene antlers make their first appearance as mere short pointed knobs; next they develope a single side tine; and in the upper miocene they come out as fully evolved as in our modern species. Every intermediate stage can be traced between the mere nascent boss like that of a budding roe in our own day, and the many branched headpiece of the existing reindeer. Indeed, one late tertiary species had a pair of wonderfully intricate antlers which far surpassed in complexity those of any living elk; but, like many other highly specialized creatures, this over developed type seems to have fallen a prey to the great extinct carnivores of the same period. Before the advent of man, many such high types existed, and they may perhaps have been partly destroyed by his monopolizing all the most open and desirable plains as his special hunting grounds. For we now know that man is certainly a quaternary, and probably a tertiary genus as well; and, even in his lowest and humblest form, his intelligence must have made him from the very first a dominant race and the real lord of creation.

It is interesting to note, too, that the historical evolution of antlers in the deer tribe is exactly paralleled by the modern evolution of antlers in every individual red deer. In the first year a stag has no horns at all, and is technically known as a calf. In his second year, he puts forth a pair of rounded bosses, and is therefore called a knobber in the slang of the gillies. With his third year the knobs fall off, and are replaced by longer horns, called dags, while the stag himself is now known as a brocket. Thus, year after year, the growing deer reproduces one stage after another of the ancestral development, till at length the top of the horn-system is then finally dubbed a hart or "stag of ten," from the number of tines on each of his antlers. It would be quite possible to pair the east horns of each year tolerably exactly with corresponding adult horns from the successive tertiary strata. Every deer in fact recapitulates in his own person the whole evolution of his race, the antler of each successive year being different, not only in size but in form and arrangement as well, from those of all previous seasons. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Bricklayer.

There is at present a great exodus of tourists from this country, as well as an unusual influx of immigrants from Europe. Should Atlantic travel increase hereafter in like ratio, that ocean will become a thoroughfare equal to the railroads, even if not, as an enthusiast lately exclaimed, "Carrying as many gazers over the waters as there are fish in the waters." And what strange fish sometimes float over the surface! Scene on Atlantic steamer, Boston bound, season, January, 1878. Passengers scarce thirty. Among them is a well-dressed, refined, but silent gentleman, unknown to all the rest. Curiosity at last asserts herself. A gallant, prompted thereto by half a dozen of the fair sex, accosts our taciturn passenger in his deck promenade. "Passed you in London." "Ah?" "Moist climate." "Yes. Bricks have to be sprinkled when I lay them in our dry climate, no need of it there." Exeunt both in opposite directions, the silent man restored to himself, his interlocutor to the ladies. Great discussion among the latter ensues concerning the discovery of the "incog's" profession. Ten days elapse. Land announced. A second attack on our quiet knight of the trowel is planned and executed. "Good morning, sir." "Good morning." "Pardon me, did I understand that you are a bricklayer?" "Yes, I lay bricks," was the polite answer of the mysterious man, bowing as he passed on, leaving his interrogator more puzzled than ever. Screams of laughter soon followed at the other end of the deck, and evidently the additional discovery had wrought an unusual commotion among the passengers; all assembled to hear the result of the colloquy. Train approaching Baltimore. The silent man and the inquisitive both on board. Train halts at station. An elegant carriage awaits the former, who busies himself about his baggage. The inquisitive asks the colored footman, who had grinned a hearty welcome to his master: "Please tell me, my man, what does this gentleman do?" "Do! He's been gwyen on a journey, sah." "Yes, but he said he was a bricklayer." "What dat? He mind his own business. He build many brick houses on his 'state, but he don't do it himself, no more dan you, sah. He ex-Governor of Maryland, and got a mighty big property, but he neber talk about it. It don't turn his head, he keeps his mouth shut tight as an oyster and his head as level as a biscuit-board."—*Denver Inter-Ocean.*

—How does a fire when full of coals feel? Grateful.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Dr. Beard describes nervousness as deficient nerve force.

—The *American Miller* thinks there is reason to fear that powdered talc (a mineral) is used to adulterate flour.

—It is asserted that Dr. Carnelly, of England, has by a patent process produced ice of such intense coldness that it would burn the toucher.

—Vines are said to extract yearly from the soil only about three-fourths of the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid that the cereals take up.

—The twenty million cinchona trees planted in Ceylon in 1880 are expected to yield in six years ten million pounds each year, but it is believed that the demand will fully keep up with the supply, so that prices will not decline.

—Prof. Helmholtz expresses the opinion that our planetary system must sooner or later come to an end by the exhaustion of its forces. The sun must ultimately "run down" like a clock. He thinks that the existing stock of power available for the maintenance of life may last some 17,000,000 years.

—A trial at Paris of an invention for the instantaneous extinction of fire was marvelously successful. The most remarkable one was the putting out in less than a minute of an incandescent lake of tar containing seven thousand pounds of that substance, after the flames had reached the height of a third story.

—Dr. Lutton, in the *Bulletin de Therapeutique*, claims that by frequent experiment he has demonstrated that strichnia is the best physiological antidote for alcoholism. He has used hypodermic injections of the sulphate of strichnia in delirium tremens with markedly favorable results, relieving tetanic rigidity and quieting delirium.

—The *Coal Trade Journal* states that the French Academy of Sciences has given a prize to M. Birckel for an improvement of the Davy safety lamp. The improvement consists in providing the wire cylinder with a double casing of tin, by which the air supply to the lamp can be regulated, or cut off entirely. In this way the overheating of the wire gauze, and a possible explosion, is avoided.

—It is believed that porosity is a property of all bodies. An experiment performed some years ago to ascertain whether water could be compressed resulted in proving that gold is porous—the water enclosed in a hollow sphere of gold being forced, by the violent pressure applied, through the sphere and appearing on the outside. The pores through which the liquid was driven could not have been more than the two-millionth of an inch in diameter.

PITH AND POINT.

—The fool thinks he has argued a case when he offers to bet.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A doctor is always in demand until he comes around with his bill.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—The medal offered for the biggest lie told this year has been awarded to the author of a circus poster.—*Norristown Herald.*

—American horses will never make as much money abroad as American dentists.—*Detroit Bulletin.*

—Of all the boys young Jenkins has ever heard of, the one he most envies is the harbor buoy, because it goes into the water so early in the season and stays in all summer.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Be them houses going to be tore down?" was the question asked by a school-committee man of a neighboring town, as he passed, on a railroad, a block of half-demolished houses.—*Boston Post.*

—The San Antonio people complain of little fishes in the water mains. They can't expect the water-works company to furnish them with whales 120 feet long for a dollar a month.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Raising both arms above the head and keeping them there will arrest bleeding at the nose," and if the suggestion comes from a stage-robber it will be found conducive to general good health and to longevity.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Said the auctioneer: "Come, now, ladies and gentlemen, these goods are for sale. Will somebody give me a bid? Anything, ladies and gentlemen. All I want is an offer." "Alas!" murmured an elderly woman in the crowd, "that's what I've been sighing for all my life."—*Boston Transcript.*

Naming the Baby.

The Secretary of the Limekiln Club read the following:

GEORGETOWN, ILL., June 20, 1881.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER—Recognizing the fact that the club of which you are President is perfectly kiln, and being a brother gardener myself, I write to you to learn the Christian name of Sister Gardner; also to inquire if she will make an appropriate appropriation in case I name a daughter for her. Being a very poor (excuse for a) man and unable to leave my children (as long as they support me) anything but a name and a few epidemics, I am anxious they shall have royal titles in the absence of other incentives to greatness. An early or sooner reply will greatly oblige.

Your friend,
ASPARAGUS THOMPSON.

"De name of my ole woman, giben her sixty-ono years ago," replied Brother Gardner, "am Clandelia Isabella Prairie Flower wid Gardner at de end of it. I doan' suppose she'd have de leas' objeckshuns to havin' a child named arter her, but I hope de writer of dat letter will wait a bit. On my street, rollin' eber in de dirt, I pass Bismarck, Peter Cooper, John Sherman, Ben Butler, Bob Ingersoll, Anna Dickinson, Susan Anthony, Lucy Stone and Ida Lewis. Somehow de names an' de color doan' hitch. Dar' am a goneness dar' somewhar'. When I tink of my ole woman weighin' 182 pounds, wid a mouf like a flat-iron and feet like row boats, an' remember dat her name am Clandelia Isabella Prairie Flower, I can't make de wheels fit de wagin. Names doan' put a man in jail or keep him out, but I tink de time has fully arrove when de enlil'd people of dis kentry should show some originality in respect to cognomens. Let George Washington drap; have done wid Thomas Jefferson; let Seward an' Sumner take a rest; give Lincoln de go-by. Sam am a good name fur a boy, an' Sal will sot well on any gal. If I had fo'teen boys an' gals I'd nebber go higher dan Moses or Martha fur names."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SONNETS FROM THE AFGHANESE

In venturing to publish a few specimens of the literature of a remote race, who have lately attracted the attention of the civilized world, I deem it necessary to offer a word of explanation, lest the reader should conclude that the colloquialisms of Cabool are too suspiciously like the slang of our own metropolis. Sir William Leslie, in his admirable work on the "Social Life and Manners of the Afghans," says: "Their poetry is rude and simple, full of colloquial phrases, and celebrates only the primitive passions and most familiar surroundings of their daily life." It will be observed that this remark is eminently true, if the following sonnets are faithfully typical of Pushtunch literature. In translating, I have been at some pains to preserve a natural atmosphere by substituting for the idioms of the Pushtu language some of our own colloquialisms as most nearly correspond. In no other way could I preserve the *viva voce* tone of the originals.

I.—TOIA MULE.

A weird phenomenon, O mule, art thou!
One pensive ear inclined toward the west,
The other sou'-sou'-east by a little sou',
The acme expliente of peace and rest.
But who can tell at what untoward hour
Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction
War, Havoc and Destruction envy thee!
Go! kick the stuffing out of Time and Space!
Assert thyself, thou Child of Destiny!
Till nature stands aghast with frightened face!
A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder.

II.—TO A GOAT.

Thou hast a serious aspect, but methinks
Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high jinks,
A solemn, waiting wickedness supern.
Within the amber circle of thine eye
There lurketh mischief of exsuccous kind—
A humor grim, mechanical and dry;
Evasive, subdolous and undefined.
I would I understood thee better, Bill.
Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain:
Now, doth the flavor of a poster fill
Thy inmost need? Of old hats art thou fain?
I pr'ythee, goat, vouchsafe some information.
Oh, say! Come, now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

III.—TO TAFFY.

Hail, Taffy, new-born goddess! Thou art come
Into the world emollient and serene,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
A slurp-mouthed, molusso-s visaged queen!
What art thou giving us, O gracious one?
Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils.
'Tis thine to mollify the rasping dun,
Thine to alleviate domestic broils:
The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy,
The statesman looketh toward thee, and the preacher,
The interviewer, and the drummer-boy,
Who drummeth wisely, owning thee for teacher.
The calm dispenser tools thy baneful praise,
The lightning-rodsist knoweth all thy ways.

—*D. S. Proudfit, "Bric-a-Brac," in Scribner.*

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF REAL LIFE

Some years ago Hal Rivers and myself were in the habit of making a pilgrimage together, every summer, to some place of interest. We took our own time, and journeyed leisurely enough, avoiding night-traveling, uncomfortable routes, etc., and greatly preferring a fortnight of slow, easy voyage to three days of rush and hurry, merely for pleasure as for business; but we were wiser.

I shall never forget the trip to the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, that we undertook, but never completed. We left New York on a delicious September morning, and proceeded, more or less directly, to Cincinnati, arriving there on the afternoon of the fifth day after our departure.

The morning that we had decided upon to resume our journey, we breakfasted early, and began to pack up. My preparations were soon finished; but Hal was a great fellow for luggage, and it generally took an hour or two for him to get all his traps stowed. I remember that he had difficulty, on the morning in question, with an elaborate dressing-case which he always carried, and nearly exhausted his patience in trying to get it into a trunk already more than half full. Just as he succeeded, there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and found one of the hotel porters.

"Well, John, what is it?"

"Note, sir, for one of you gen'lemen."

"How did it come?"

"Telegraph office, sir."

I took the note. It was a telegram for Hal. He opened it, and read:

Felter, Haskins & Co. have smashed. Four hundred thousand dollars. May pay ten per cent., but doubtful. Come home.

SCAMMON.

"What's that?" I asked in astonishment.

"Nothing; only those fellows have failed, and I am done for! I thought they would go some day; but I'm hanged if I expected it quite so soon."

"It must be a mistake."

"No. Scammon knows all about it, if anybody does. He is never mistaken."

"And Felter, Haskins & Co. have failed?"

"Yes, for four hundred thousand dollars—eighty thousand of which came out of my pocket. So much for investing all your money in one concern! So much for doubling a fortune in five years! So much for trusting any confounded commercial swindle whatever! Serves me right; but, by Jove, it comes hard!"

I knew nothing to say that could do my unfortunate companion any good, so I kept silence.

"Well," continued he, after a brief pause, "I guess we won't go to the Mammoth Cave. I am poorer than you are now, old fellow."

"That's the worst of being rich. You never know whether it is yours or somebody else's."

"'Blessed are those who have nothing'—eh? But what is a fellow to do?"

"Take it easy."

"Don't I? I was worth nearly eighty thousand dollars this morning, and now I'm not worth a red cent. It hasn't killed me yet, though, and I don't believe it will. I wonder if they want another waiter here? I'm ready to take a situation."

Like many another young man born to a fortune, Hal Rivers had been educated without any reference whatever to the possibility of being compelled, at some day, to earn his own living. He had received a fair education in most of the usual collegiate branches, but utility had been left quite out of sight; and now, when he found himself thrown entirely upon his own resources, he did not know which way to turn. He was too philosophical and self-reliant by nature to be overwhelmed with grief at the blow; but I could not deny to myself that his future was anything but smiling.

A few days brought all the particulars. Messrs. Felter, Haskins & Co., importers and commission merchants in dry-goods, had been speculating heavily for several years. Hal's father was, during his life, a partner in the house; and, after his death, his heir had allowed the money to remain in the firm, though he carelessly neglected to keep any watch upon the disposition made of it. For some time it yielded him large returns; but, in an unlucky hour, a new project of gigantic proportions was undertaken by the firm. This came near failing, and required additional investments, to provide for which a risky speculation, quite foreign to the legitimate business of the house, was entered into. The failure of this latter, and the consequent defeat of the former, brought the whole establishment down with a crash, which left not only the partners, but many of their creditors also, ruined. Mr. Felter, the senior member of the firm, being a man of strong mercantile scruples, and entertaining the old-fashioned ideas of commercial honor, blew his brains out. Haskins, a more venal character, appropriated a few thousand dollars saved from the wreck, and sailed for Europe. This act precluded the possibility of the payment of the ten per cent. mentioned by Mr. Scammon (Hal Rivers's attorney) in his telegram.

"There is no use in going to New York," said Hal, when he heard of the precise nature of his loss. "I have only a few relatives there, and they would turn up their noses at me. I shall stay here, and go to work. If I had only followed my father's example, and gone into a counting-house, I should be qualified to take a good position now. As it is, I must enter into competition with the men of brawn and muscle! Fortunately my shoulders are broad, and my thews tough. Won't I look well on a ladder? Won't a hod be becoming to me?"

The time I had allowed myself in which to visit the Mammoth Cave expired, and I was forced to return to the metropolis. I paid the expenses of both at the hotel, and saw my friend comfortably installed in an economical boarding-house, before I left. He sold all articles of luxury—his silver-mounted dressing-case, his pistols, his most expensive clothing, and, in fact, everything that a poor man ought not to have—to pay his board until he could find employment.

On the day that I left, he had just agreed to enter the service of a house-painter, at the moderate salary of six dollars a week.

"But what do you know about painting?" I asked.

"Nothing, but I shall have learned the business before my employer finds me out. You know I am great on fancy lettering; and if has he any small sign-painting to do, I will astouish him by my talent."

A man with the amount of pluck thus displayed can not but get along. So I sings for his success.

"Good bye, old boy. I prophesy that you will be a millionaire some day."

"Come and see me when I do, won't you? I'll make you a present of a corner lot or two. Till then, fare ye well!"

CHAPTER II.

My self-reliant friend did not stay long in Cincinnati. He started off to make a tour through Ohio, and to look out for a chance to enter some remunerative business, in a place where there were fewer young men out of employment. It was a lengthy period after our parting that I heard any detailed news of him, and I shall give intervening adventures in my own words.

In a pleasant village on the banks of the Ohio lived, at that time, a lady of the old school aristocracy. She was a widow—wealthy—and descended from one of the cavaliers who assisted to form the first colony at Jamestown. The result of these circumstances of birth and money was painful. Mrs. Bland was so terribly select—so exquisitely aristocratic—that she could not find any society good enough for her. The little town where she lived was like most other country places, and contained no very alarmingly exclusive circle. The doctor, the minister, and the principal of the female seminary, with their families, formed the most fashionable circle; but they were eminently provincial, and Mrs. Bland could not descend to their level. The doctor's father had been a blacksmith, the minister's wife ate with her knife, and the head of the seminary was poor as one of those proverbially impoverished birds—the turkeys of Job.

So the proud, handsome, high-bred, polished, selfish, fascinating old lady dwelt all alone with her fair daughter, in the ancient house that had been inhabited by her branch of the family ever since white faces were first reflected in the Ohio River. Her daughter was as proud, as handsome, as high-bred, and as fascinating as she had ever been, but not so rigidly, frigidly conventional in her ideas of social position. She fancied that a lady ought to have a heart, and show it—that to be a lady, one must be a woman and something more. The widow, on the contrary, thought that the lady and the woman should have no emotions or expressions in common. So the mother and daughter had a good many pretty severe talks, which ended, generally, in the submission of the young girl's sense to the matron's educational prejudices.

The house, which, as I have said, was quite old, began to need repairs, and after some inward struggles, Mrs. Bland submitted to a general tearing down and rebuilding of some portions. Just as the carpenters finished, a young man, a stranger newly arrived, opened a paint shop on a limited scale in the village. As the only painter employed by the townsfolk lived at another place some miles away, this new-comer received considerable patronage, and Mrs. Bland, having inspected his work, engaged him to paint the new wainscoting in the hall and dining-room of the old house.

Flora Bland, with the instinctive curiosity that all young women have concerning the other sex—even to those individuals who are far below them in the social scale—looked at the house-painter as she passed through the hall from her chamber to the parlor. She saw a good-looking young man—whose garments, though coarse and appropriate, were nevertheless becoming, and whose face showed unmistakable signs of cultivation and intelligence. In practicing her piano lesson that morning she took more than usual pains. She was not embarrassed, as she would have been if a "gentleman" were within hearing; but she could not help desiring masculine admiration, if only from "nobody but the painter." Afterward she heard him singing, with excellent musical taste, all the operatic morceaux she had been practicing, and marveled to find a mechanic with such a knowledge of the opera. Repassing from the parlor to the dining-room, she took a closer survey of the man, and saw that he had too much in his face to be taken in at a glance. It vexed her that she should be interested in a "common workman." He had no right to interest her, and she did not seem to attract the slightest notice on his part.

"Our house-painter is handsome and sings operatic airs," said she to her mother at dinner.

"What business have you to know whether he is handsome or not?"

"A house-painter is a man, and I shall marry a man some day, ma mere!"

Thereupon ensued a terrible quarrel. The painter was rather slow. He was not the most skillful workman ever known, and the job lasted a good while. Mrs. Bland took occasion to remark upon his laziness, and Flora found herself defending him. He read while eating his dinner, which meal he brought with him in a dinner-pail, and once, when he left his book by accident over night, she examined it. It was a volume of Goethe's poems, in German, and on a dly-leaf was a brief inscription: "Hal Rivers, from his friend and gossip, Paul Ryder."

"Paul Ryder, the poet and author?" wondered Flora; "our painter has had lofty friends."

If any young lady among my readers has been brought up so aristocratically that she has never found any society she could mingle with, she may be able to comprehend Flora Bland's situation. Here was a person of evident refinement and education, who had undoubtedly enjoyed better advantages than her own, at some past era; but whose present position was such as to place an apparent gulf between them. The romances she wrought in conjecturing the circumstances would have made a volume of excellent reading; and her interest deepened the more she tried to suppress it. By the end of a week, she was astonished and frightened at the persistency with which this well-built, bright-faced young fellow, with his almost jaunty air and expressive voice, haunted her imagination.

As she came up behind him one day, unnoticed, she caught him singing unusually well. He stopped when he saw her, and seemed just the least bit embarrassed.

"You are fond of music, friend," she said, boldly.

"Extravagantly."

"And you know some good songs?"

"I have heard good music."

"So-so. It is some time, now, since I have heard any professional singing."

"Do you like your trade?"

An odd smile came over his face.

"Yes—it gives me bread and butter."

"You think me impertinent."

"No. One has a right to question one's workmen."

"And especially in your case."

"Why so?"

"Because you are unlike the workmen I have seen hitherto. The carpenters who made this new woodwork did not sing opera music, nor read German."

"You find no singular, then?"

"Yes."

"And I find you so. You are the first person whom I have met, since I—since I adopted this trade, who has recalled my life theretofore."

"Then you have not been a painter long?"

"About two months."

"If I ask what you were before that, would it be impertinent?"

"Rather; but I will tell you. I was a fool!"

"Well, you had plenty of company. The kind is common."

"You are cynical."

At this point Mrs. Bland's step was heard approaching, and Flora terminated the conversation by going into the parlor. Curiously enough, she could not get through her piano exercise half so well as usual. The knowledge that the painter was listening confused her now—she felt, somehow, as if a workman might be a gentleman, after all.

A few nights later the widow surprised her daughter standing on the rear piazza with the house-painter chatting familiarly, and admiring the sunset. The blow nearly killed her.

It is strange that prejudice should be such a tremendous power as it is. Philosophy teaches that "Man is a reasoning being," but is there any other creature in the whole animal kingdom that likes and dislikes, admires and despises with so little reason as man? The hatreds that exist everywhere between classes—between sects, trades, families, schools, temperaments, nations, etc., are as inexplicable as they are humiliating. Whence are they derived? Of what use are they? Why are they perpetuated? If I waited for a rational answer, I should have written my last word, for these questions admit only of the answer of prejudice—"Because!"

Mrs. Bland, when she found her daughter associating with a "common painter," turned crimson with shame and rage.

"See here," she cried, pointing to her face, illuminated with an awful beauty; "see here! The blood of all the Blands—Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, rises to cast off this insult. Go to your room! You have disgraced your name and your family!"

Hal withdrew in disgust, after telling the widow that he only was to blame, and that he did not think the blood of the Blands much soiled by a half-hour chat between the young lady and himself.

"I have records in my family, madam," said he, "quite equal in birth—begging your pardon—to any of your name, but I have little respect for lineage. I had rather be great myself than to have degenerated from a great ancestry."

With which he turned on his heel, and left the old lady wondering if what he said was really true.

CHAPTER III.

Not very long ago I had occasion to visit Cincinnati, and by invitation stopped with Hal Rivers, at his snug bachelor quarters, instead of at a hotel. He had prospered. From a journeyman painter he had worked his way up till he had established a large store and manufactory for the preparation and sale of paints and kindred commodities. He was not yet a millionaire, but his income was a very good one, and his duties by no means onerous.

While there I formed the acquaintance of Max Van Heyden, an artist, of German descent. He was a dreamy, philosophical sort of fellow, possessing much talent, and I became quite intimate with him through his frequent visits at Hal's lodgings and his fondness for discussion.

One evening we were talking about the rarity of phenomenal character. I had been reading a work on statistics, and was much surprised by the truth with which deductions could be drawn from general estimate. The same number of suicides (or nearly the same), for instance, might be expected every year, and from the same causes. There would be just so many letters annually misdirected and sent to the Dead-letter Office—just so many annual removals, and fires, and murders. We are always surprised by the mathematical regularity of statistics. Life and its actions seem to be like disease, chrono-thermal. I said this much to Hal and Max, who were present.

"Very true," said Max, "yet we are continually running against phenomena. At times it seems as if every separate individual were cast in a totally different mold. Where are these classes who do the same thing every year?"

"Everywhere. I misdirected a letter last week, for the first time in my life. You may commit a murder to-morrow, Hal, here, may kill himself. We shall then have added our mites to the annual lists."

"I should like to see the statistics of thought and emotion. How far could they be carried, I wonder? I thought, yesterday, that I had found a curious and unique study—a phenomenal character—but I dare say that close statistics would give us a class of the same kind—so many in Cincinnati, so many in New York, in London, or Paris."

"Who is your study—your phenomenon?"

"Oh, only my washerwoman. She is an odd specimen—an ancient dame who has been very handsome, and very rich, I believe. She comes after my soiled linen like a queen entering a penance-cell in a chapel, and bears it away with the air of Pharoah's daughter carrying off the infant Moses."

"She has 'seen better days,' then?"

"Yes, but is too proud to whine about it. I learned yesterday that she has a daughter whom she supports in comfort, if not elegance, by her labor."

"Nice kind of a daughter to live on the old lady, eh?"

"[illegible] of her condition. The daughter is living with a distant relative, and the old lady only visits her once a month, when, of course, she is a great lady again. She has trumped up some plausible story of a small income, I suppose; and so goes on, wearing herself out, that miss may wear out silks and laces."

"Self-denial is a virtue rare enough to be worthy of cultivation."

"Yes: I am obliged by my conscience to pay high prices for my washing, but it is not self-denial, I think, so much as pride. The ancient dame is too proud to let even her daughter know how poor she is. She doesn't mind me, because I am a stranger; and she thinks I know nothing about her. Her assumed name and double-veil worn in the street are disguise enough."

The result of this conversation was a general desire, on our part, to assist the old lady in her labor—which, though imposed by pride only, had, nevertheless, something of nobility about it. I agreed to employ her during my brief stay, and Hal wished to do so permanently. Max gave her our address, and when she came Hal recognized Mrs. Bland.

A mistake in the character of a lawyer she had trusted had been fatal to her fortune. Farms, houses, and, finally, money had been swallowed up in a lawsuit, to go into the pocket of her attorney. Reduced to poverty, she had sent Flora to visit her relatives in Cincinnati, without informing her of the truth. The village where she had been so aristocratic was no place to live in when she was penniless; so she soon followed Flora to town, and actually began, at fifty-five, to work for her bread.

The lesson was a terrible one, and the apology she made to Hal when he told her who he was and the circumstances of their last meeting, was a curious compromise between conscience and dignity. He had not forgotten the interest that Flora had taken in him, nor that which she had aroused; and he only wished for an opportunity to show Mrs. Bland that there was a dignity which coarse garments and unintellectual pursuits could not tarnish.

The family with whom Flora lived was one of the most respectable in Cincinnati; but it was not very difficult for Hal, well-to-do and cultivated as he was, to become acquainted with them. Flora remembered him—she blushed when she heard his name—she brightened up and became vivacious when she chatted with him of their first meetings and conversations. In short, they became intimate, far more intimate than at first, and Mrs. Bland ceased to do washing, while a new suit was opened in her behalf by Hal for the recovery of her property.

I might go on and tell further details of this singular episode, of the success of the lawsuit and the good sense the old lady learned from her misfortune, but I have no time to spare. I must finish my writing and prepare for to-morrow's journey, a trip to Cincinnati, whither I am invited to attend a wedding. The invitation terminates thus:

"P. S.—Flora, who is looking over my shoulder, sends her regards, and says: 'Tell him he must come.' I warn you not to refuse that mandate, and remain, as ever, etc.,

"HAL RIVERS."

—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Our Young Folks.

JEREMY BLACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"I'll make a noise," said Jeremy Black,
As the days drew nigh
To the Fourth of July;
"I'll make more noise than a cannon or pack
Of fire-crackers, or pistol, or gun,
Or cannon-cracker; I'll have more fun
With fifty cents than the rest of the boys
With a dollar's worth of powder and things—
With fifty cents I will make more noise
Than all the rest of the town, by jings!"

So he went down
To Abraham Brown,
The tinker back of the Blue Bell Inn,
Who mended the pans for all the town,
And he got him to make a Thing of tin.
Then both of them tinkered and talked and planned,
Between the mending of pot and kettle,
And drew the patterns with chalk in hand
Until they managed the thing to settle;
And all the boys were eager to know
What kind of a Thing they kept tinkering so.
Was it anything like a cannon, or rocket,
Or Roman candle, or pinwheel, or gun?
Was it small enough to go into his pocket?
Or could he lift it when it was done?
Would the thing go off, or would powder gn in it?
And a dozen of such like questions a minute.
But Jeremy Black just gave a sly wink,
And they could not tell what in creation to think.

So Fourth of July came around at last,
And the day was fresh and the sun was bright;
Then just as soon as the night was passed,
At the earliest dawn of the dewy light,
The boys turned out
With noise and rout,
And loud halloo and lusty shout,
And rackel of crackers, and boom and pop,
And ringing of bells, and sizz and sputter,
Till good folks trying to sleep would stop,
And get up and close the window and shutter.
But Jeremy Black just turned in his bed,
And down in the pillow he nestled his head,
And thought, with a grin,
How the thing of tin
Would make enough noise to drown the din.
At length he arose and dressed himself,
And afterward managed his breakfast to eat;
Then took the Thing from the wood-house shelf
And carried it with him out in the street.
Now all the boys came running to see
What ever the wonderful Thing could be—
And lo! 'twas a fish-horn six feet long.
"Now stand a little away," said he,
"And you'll hear a noise so loud and strong
And deep and mighty that it will drown
All popping of guns and cannons in town."
Then all the boys stood back while he
Stepped up to the fire-plug under the tree,
And rested there on the end of the horn,
Then took a breath that was long and deep,
And blew as he'd not blown since he was born:
And out from the Thing came—never a peep!

He stopped, and wiped his mouth for a minute,
Then blew as if the dickens were in it.
He blew till the boys stood up on his head;
He blew till everything swam around;
He blew till his forehead and ears grew red;
But out of the horn came—never a sound.

At first the boys were half afraid
Of the terrible sound that would soon be made;
But after awhile they began to chaff,
And then to giggle, and then to laugh.
Poor Jeremy knew that the noise was there—
It only required a little more air.
Once more he blows till his muscles strain;
Not a sound. And then he began to know,
Though he had endeavored with might and main,
The horn was too large for *him* to blow:

MORAL:

As one goes over this world of ours
One frequently finds a Jeremy Black,
Who overrates the natural powers
The Fates have granted him—somewhat slack.
Those people who build, though they may not know it,
A horn so large that they never can blow it.

—*Howard Pyle, in Harper's Young People.*

MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS.

[illegible] cats.

My aunt's house is a large one—very like those you often see when traveling in the country—square, with windows all shut, silent doors and empty porches. The beauty of my aunt's house was its back yard and back door, with a great, flat stone step. A gate at the back of the yard opened on a lane, where trees grew on each side, and thickets, which, in summer, are full of birds, butterflies and blossoms. The deep ruts are overgrown with grass; only the breezes pass to and fro, which flutter the leaves into little rustling songs. The back door led into a great kitchen, built ever so many years ago; the rafters were coffee-colored, for my aunt would never have them whitewashed. Lots of things were stowed away among those rafters—pumpkin-seeds, ears of corn, bunches of herbs, an old saddle; and, in the winter, hams and links of sausage swung from the beams. Piles of paper bulged over their edges, and the rubbish of years was there, precious to my aunt, but useless to everybody else.

One day in autumn, Josh, my aunt's man-of-all-work, while hoisting a bag of dried beans into the rafters, discovered a pair of gray striped squirrels. He rattled the beans and "shooed," but they only skipped beyond his reach, chattering, and stood on their hind paws, making motions with their fore paws as if "shooing" Josh in return.

"I do believe, mem," he called to my aunt, "that these little thieves have come to eat up all my garden-seeds; but I can't make out why ground squirrels should roost up here."

"Let them be, Josh," said my aunt; "I'd rather have squirrels overhead than cats under feet; the creatures won't trouble me."

Nor did they, but, when people talked in the kitchen, the squirrels chattered louder and faster than ever. Although they dropped seeds and straws on my aunt's muslin cap, and although Josh muttered about holes in bags, and muss, and noise, she would not listen. She declared they were company for her, and she was certain they would not forget her friendliness toward them; they kept their distance, and were always the same bright, cheerful, happy little beings!

For all this, Josh pondered a plan, and carried it out. "*Ground*-squirrels," he argued, "had no business up in the air." So he prepared a bag, tackled the old horse to the wagon, caught the squirrels when my aunt went out, put them in the bag, and rode away up the lane and into the woods. When he got to a thick spot, dark with trees, he shook out the squirrels, turned about, and jogged home, with the satisfaction of having finished a good job, just a little dashed with dread of my aunt's scolding, which, any way, was not so bad as their chatter. Josh opened the kitchen door and went in. The silence pleased him, and he began to rub his hands, as his way was when pleased. He cast his eyes upward and was instantly greeted with a merry chatter. The squirrels had got home before him, and were all the more lively for their voyage in the bag, the ride in the wagon, and the picnic in the woods!

"Marcy on me!" he cried, his hands falling apart. Just then the squirrels let drop a hickory-nut on the bald spot of Josh's head.

"I missed their noise," said my aunt; "they have been cunning enough to go out nutting."

"Yes," said poor Josh. "They are very cunning, mem; I know *so* much about them."

Either the indignity of the raid upon them, or the find of the hickory-nuts, was too much for the squirrels; shortly after, they disappeared. My aunt was reminded more than once of their ingratitude, but all she said was—"Wait."

A cat was proposed for a pet once more. "No cats!" my aunt said, looking severely at Josh, who went out to the barn immediately.

When the spring came, and the lilac-bushes bloomed, I went to my aunt's—the old kitchen was my delight. We sat on the door-step in the afternoon when the sun-rays left the lane, and we could rest our eyes on the deep, cool green of tree and shrub. My aunt watched the way of the wind, where the birds flew, and the coming blossoms, and I watched her. Once, when I happened to be inside, I heard a suppressed, wondering cry from her, which made me hurry back: I saw her attention was fixed on the path below the step, and looked also, to see the most cunning procession that ever was. My aunt's gray squirrel was trotting toward us with tail curled up, and accompanied by four little ones exactly like her, with their mites of tails curled up also—two were on her back and two trotted beside her. She came up to my aunt fearlessly, and the little ones ran about us. Her motherly joy and pride were plain to be seen. Then we heard a shrill squeak from the lilac-bush—it came from her companion, the father of the family, who watched the reception. My aunt sent me for pumpkin-seed, and to see them snipping the shells and feeding on the meat was a fine treat. The babies were about a finger's length, but their tails had as stiff a curl as their mamma's, and never got out of place. Many a day afterward the mother paraded the young ones on the door-step, and carried home her pouch full of pumpkin-seed, but the father never put his dignity off to come any nearer than the lilac-bush.

"Now, you unbelieving Josh," called my aunt, once, "what do you say?"

"Say, mem," looking up at the rafters. "I say a *cat* might have drav them away."—*Elizabeth Stoddard, in St. Nicholas.*

Nothing Finished!

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—"; but *what* she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked: "To my dear—"

I need not, however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article *complete*; and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about the little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing, her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great thing we merely *undertake*. Our glory is not in that, but in what we *accomplish*. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what men and women and little children *have done*.—*Children's Friend.*

The New Sir Roger Tichbornes.

Apparently we are never to hear the last of the Tichborne case. Two new claimants have appeared, one at Winnipeg and one at San Francisco. It may be thought that there is safety in numbers. If each of three claimants finds it easy to make out a good case, no mere good case will seem deserving of attention. The Winnipeg pretender cancels him of "Frisco," and he disposes of the unhappy nobleman languishing in Dartmoor. So people may think who know not British credulity, and how great is its swallow. The strong point of claimant number one was that he posed both as a butcher and a Baronet. Popular sympathy with butchers and Baronets united to honor him, and his friends forgot that he could not be both. What is to prevent reasoners of this sort from accepting a triad of claimants? They are three honest men, kept out of their own by a heartless aristocracy. Or if a romantic mind cannot take this view, it will argue that for so much smoke there must be some flame. If a real Sir Roger were not alive there could be no personality to cast three shadows of Sir Roger. The San Francisco claimant, too, is said by a good authority to be either the real man or "a most adroit impostor. Let us honor his genuine character in the former case or his adroitness in the second, and, perhaps, more probable event. One more, and there will be as many false Rogers as there were false Demetris.—*London News.*

—Women are not so badly off in Turkey after all. A wife may abandon her husband's house for just cause, cannot be compelled to labor for her husband's support, can demand that he shall support her, and can borrow in his name or sell his property if he refuses to furnish her with funds. It is a penal offense for him to insult or ill-treat her; his oath is no better than hers on an accusation of infidelity, and whatever property she may have possessed before marriage continues to be her own so absolutely after marriage that her husband cannot touch it.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says "the Democratic party is the divinest being in theory and the most unmitigated scoundrel in practice the sun shines upon."

The President continues to improve and the physicans speak most encouragingly of his speedy recovery. They do not anticipate any more relapses or serious complications; still it will not do to regard the President as out of danger yet. But all the indications are full of hope.

The Democratic regulars of Annie Arundel county held their convention on Tuesday and nominated a full county ticket. There are now two Democratic tickets in the field in that county and if both stick the Republicans ought to have a walk-over.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that since the Ohio Democrats have nominated John W. Bookwalter for Governor, ex-Senator Thurman has decided to remain in Europe until after the election. The old gentleman is too shrewd to come back and help his party haul another Democratic candidate to the boneyard.

Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, has written a letter favoring republican support of the readjuster ticket in Virginia. He says he regards the movement "as the forerunner of an established free government at the South, under which the rights of all citizens shall be respected and permanently secured." Mr. Mitchell regrets that he cannot himself contribute to its success.

Could human ingenuity conceive of anything more laughable than this, considering that it first appeared in George Colton's paper, the Baltimore *Gazette*: "The comb of Boss Conkling has been cut. Boss Mahone is in deep tribulation. There is revolt against Boss Cameron in Pennsylvania, and Boss Logan in Illinois. This has been a bad year for Bosses—but then we have no boss in Maryland, and don't expect to have any."

The *Globe*, the New York organ of the colored people, gives the following advice, which it would benefit all to heed, irrespective of color: "We should like a certain set of young men to drink less whiskey, pay their debts without murmuring, and cease defaming men of good character in the presence of others for the purpose of creating an impression that they are of more consequence than they really are. Positions do not make men, but men make positions. A coward is a bravado at all times—in the absence of the man he fears."

A special from Chicago to the New York *Times* states that the wheat market is going through an experience that will result in a tight squeeze throughout August. It is estimated that the sales are 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 bushels in excess of the stock and receipts, and that a coterie of moneyed men has taken the contracts and propose holding until the end of the month. It is intimated that Mr. John D. Rockfeller, of Cleveland, Ohio, president of the Standard Oil Company, is the leading power on the long side.

The Virginia Episcopal Convention passed a resolution at the late session in Danyllie affirming "that the time had now come when the clergy should recognize the fact that negroes within their parochial bounds are an integral part of their parochial work, and that such work cannot longer be ignored or neglected." The wording of the resolution seems to imply that the time for effort in behalf of the negroes had not arrived until now, or recently, and as if some special dispensation or new revelation had been made known, admitting darky souls to the blessings which have hitherto been the exclusive portion of those of fairer skins. What ever may have gone wrong in the past, it is cheering to know that salvation is now to be offered to colored folks as well as white.

Political Plots.

It seems to bo decreed that there shall be no cessation of political agitation in this city and State this summer. A truce between the contending factions in the Democratic ranks is no sooner declared than a fresh outbreak of hostilities from some unexpected quarter confronts one or the other of the warring armies. The unconditional surrender of the city ring to ex-Senator Whyte has not accomplished as much in the way of harmonizing the party as was anticipated. It has not eradicated the jealousies and discontents of the leaders; it has not been able to suppress the open dissatisfaction of the present Mayor's friends at his abandonment by those who had promised him support; it has not quelled the feeling against the managers; and, in fact, it is difficult to say what it has done, except to unite the regulars and the O. L. D.'S on the mayoralty candidate. There are no signs of peace for the near future. Governor Hamilton, as stated in last Sunday's *American*, has at last decided to make good his promises and bring the registers of voters to trial; the O. L. D.'S, about three weeks hence, propose to open the comptrollership contest, and, as if this were not enough, there is a prospect that towards the latter part of August an independent political organization will spring into existence having for its object a fusion ticket. This is a pleasant picture of unity and harmony in the Democratic household. The unsophisticated Democrat, who knows nothing of faction fights and votes "the ticket" as it is prepared for him, may bo pardoned for exclaiming with Mercutio "A plague on both your houses." These are no doubt the sentiments entertained by ex-Senator Whyte, who, belonging to neither faction, is the candidate of both. "What!" ejaculate the O. L. D.'s. "Does he not belong to *our* side? Has he not accepted *our* nominations?" "He is our candidate," respond the regulars, "for he did not accept your nomination until ours was tendered him." And so each division of the Democracy lays special claims to the ownership of the ex-Senator. The latter has not solved the riddle. He maintains a stolid silence, allowing each faction to rejoice that it secured him first, since by this course he thinks he will be better able to go into the mayoralty unpledged, and then do as he pleases.

Ex Congressman Henkle, who is L. movement, still holds to the opinion that everything is lovely in the anti-ring division of the Democracy. He even goes so far as to state that it is his belief that the O. L. D. ticket in Anne Arundel would be elected. "The O. L. D.'S embrace two-thirds of the Democratic party in the county," said Dr. Henkle, in reply to a question, "and there is no doubt that we will elect our ticket. The same sentiment prevails all over the State, and we are only waiting for the opportunity to show to those Ring fellows whether we or they represent the Democratic party. I am satisfied that the O. L. D.'s compose the majority of the party in most of the counties of the State."

"Do you intend to nominate a candidate for comptroller?"

"Of course we do," said Dr. Henkle. "Comptroller Keating cannot bo re-elected. The sentiment of the State is decidedly against him. St. Mary's county will go almost solidly the other way. In the western counties the opposition to him is very strong. The party whip is not dreaded as much as it used to be. I am surprised that the convention nominated him with the opposition that there was against him. Wether we nominate or not, Comptroller Keating cannot be elected."

"Who are named as your candidates for the comptrollership?"

"Seven names have been suggested," replied Dr. Henkle; "among them James S. Robinson, of Anne Arundel; Col. J. F. Dent, of St. Mary's, and quite a number of others, but it is too early to say who the nominee will be. Robinson, who is very influential among the grangers, will stump the State for our side, whether he is a candidate or not. It is too warm now to call a convention for the purpose of making this nomination, but we shall certainly make one.

"Is it not possible that Mr. Whyte may take the stump, and advise Democrats to vote the regular ticket?"

"If he does," said Dr. Henkle, "his advice will not be accepted. He is our candidate, not our boss."

"What is the matter with the Democratic party in the State?"

"The Democratic party will be all right," said Dr. Henkle. "But we will get rid of some of the impurities that have crept into it."

"What are these impurities?"

"The rascals that have come into it and are using the party for their selfish purposes, making all the money they can out of it and then using it for corrupt purposes. I think this is the last year of Mr. Gorman's presidency of the canal. After the next election the power of the ring will be broken. I believe that after his term of office expires in the Senate he will locate at Washington. But you may be certain that we will nominate a candidate for comptroller."—*Balto. American.*

Republican Unity.

Good music, for any sayo Democratic ears, comes from every part of this State. The election of Senators is hailed with the utmost satisfaction, and that by many men who have lately been at swords' points. Sharp as the struggle has been, it has unquestionably welded the Republican party together as nothing else could have done. For this there are many causes. But the chief is that the Republican and Independent voters are exceedingly gratified to find the party at last in full and united accord with a National Administration which commands the confidence and the sympathy of the whole people. The feeling would have been the same in kind, though less strong, had the contest at Albany been settled before the attempted assassination. Even then, the Administration had already gained a great hold upon public confidence by the sagacity and singular success of its financial policy, by the courage and skill of its campaign against Star Route jobbers, by its vigorous and patriotic policy in foreign affairs, and by the manifest sincerity and earnestness of the President's effort to do justice to all the elements that had helped to achieve a victory for Republican principles. Antagonism to him, even then, would have aroused grave public distrust of the party in any State. In truth, it may now be said in all kindness to the recent supporters of the ex-Primate that the Republicans of this State have never been nearer irremediable defeat than they were when it seemed likely that his leadership and influence would place them in an attitude of hostility to the Administration.

But the attempted assassination vastly intensified public feeling toward the President. It roused a warm and loving sympathy so strong that no power in this country could withstand it. Public attention was also drawn most sharply to the magnificent career of the Administration thus far; to its wisdom, fidelity and success; to the close and hearty unity of its members; to their sincere democratism and the true interests of the country. The course of the Cabinet toward Vice-President Arthur, and his own manly and honorable course toward the President's associates, were observed. In a week of intense anxiety the whole country learned more, not only of the Administration, but of the whole Republican party, than it had known for years. The result has been to strengthen incalculably both the Administration and the party. Men who had cared little for politics and nothing for the Republican party began to feel intensely about the contest at Albany, and to pray most earnestly that it might so end as to bring greater support to the Administration. Now that it has so ended, shouts of joy are raised, not only by Republicans of all shades, but by thousands who had no sympathy with that party a month ago. It is perfectly safe to say that the Republican party can now poll more votes in New York, by many thousands, than it has ever yet polled since its organization. United as it is now, headed by an Administration so strong in public confidence and sympathy, and fired by enthusiasm as it realizes that a great and most proper reform within its organization has been carried through without rupture, so that the party management will henceforth be brought nearer to the interests and the direct influence of every voter, the Republican party in New York feels that it is and ought to be irresistible.

Another result of the contest is of no small consequence. There has been brought about a complete revolution of opinion in respect to the capacity and fitness for leadership of Judge Robertson and others who have been associated with him. For years it has been rather the fashion to sneer at these gentlemen as utterly incompetent, either in pluck, in tact, or in breadth of view and sagacity of plans. It has been said that in any severe struggle they would "go all to pieces." This has been said so often that the people had begun to believe the influence of our late Senior Senator a natural and necessary consequence of his personal superiority, and to conclude that a Republican vote in New York must necessarily mean a vote to support him. This weakened the party not a little. But the recent struggle has been long and severe. It has tested to the utmost all the qualities of leadership. Remarkable foresight, great tact in dealing with hostile feelings, singular shrewdness in the adaptation of methods to the changing circumstances, wonderful patience and rare ability in so presenting the broadest ideas of public policy as to overmaster and subdue all personal performances—these are the qualities which this contest has required in the Administration leaders. How fully they have displayed these qualities their opponents bear witness. In outbursts of vexation during the contest, and in cordial fraternizing after the strife was over, many of the supporters of bossism have repeatedly admitted that they were outgeneralled and surpassed in leadership. "Had we as good leadership the result would have been different," said one. He was probably mistaken. The stars in their courses fought against the ex-Primate. But he has been widely praised as one of the most consummate political leaders of his age, and yet the proved superiority of some of the Administration leaders is now admitted. The people will place a very different estimate upon these men hereafter. The confidence which such leadership inspires will be felt this fall, not in contests between Republicans, but in the overthrow of the Democratic party.

The Democrats may as well take fair warning; New York has become a Republican State. If there was any doubt when some Republicans ostracized and dissatisfied, there is none now. If there was doubt while stalwartism and bossism repelled Independents, there is now none. If the party could conquer when General Garfield was little known, the State will not hesitate, now that it has learned to know the President and his Administration so well, to give its full confidence to the Republican party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Important Railroad Project.

Tuesday night of last week a distinguished party of gentlemen, consisting of Senators H. G. Davis and Camden, of West Virginia; Thomas Bayard, of Delaware, and John W. Johnston, of Virginia, and others, arrived at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., after a trip of two hundred miles on horseback, lasting nearly ten days, through a mountain wilderness in West Virginia. They are connected with the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad, which is to be an extension of the Richmond and Alleghany railroad. They were accompanied part of the way by Secretary of the Treasury Windom, the Hon. T. B. Elkins, of New Mexico, and Alexander Shaw, of Baltimore, and the whole route by Union Pacific Railroad; Lewis Baker ex-Speaker George H. Moffett, and Col. Isaac Moore, of West Virginia. Mr. Slekies is the chief engineer of the projected road, and the trip was taken for the purpose of locating the route through an undeveloped territory. Senator Bayard enthusiastically describes the ride as one of the most delightful he ever enjoyed. The party passed through a country largely virgin, the soil of which is of the richest character, finely timbered, and with immense deposits of coal and iron. More than half of the journey was performed over mountains and streams, and without roads, a pioneer corps having cut away the logs and timbers so as to admit the passage of horses. This enterprise is spoken of as of national importance, such men, in addition to those already mentioned, as Secretary Blaine, ex-Senators Barnum, Chaffee, and Whyte, of Maryland, and Messrs. Keene, Keyser, U. S. Grant, Jr., and other capitalists being actively engaged in promoting it. The design is to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Road at Piedmont, with the Richmond and Alleghany Road at Clifton Forge, and with the Chesapeake and Ohio at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

When the exploring party reached the summit between the Cheat and Greenbrier waters, in Pocahontas county, a beautiful knoll clothed with a verdure of blue grass was christened Mount Bayard with appropriate ceremonies, in honor of the Delaware Senator. This point is the apex of the two Virginias, at the head of all the Virginia waters, and is now for the first time ascertained to be the highest elevation—4,625 feet—above the level of the sea of the whole Alleghany range. The view from it is described as being grand and impressive beyond description. The maximum grade of the new route, as determined by Engineer Slekies, is 42 feet to the mile, Secretary Blaine has arranged, circumstances permitting, to spend the month of September on the road.

The Wheat Crop in the Northwest.

A special to the Chicago *Times* from St. Paul, Minnesota, says: "An exhaustive review of the crop situation in Minnesota, Central Dakota, and portions of Iowa and Wisconsin, based on careful personal inspection, shows about the following promise to the harvest now at hand. The average yield of wheat, per acre for the state of Minnesota, and for the Red river valley and along the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Dakota, is not quite equal to the average yield in 1879, the cause of the falling off being the damage by high water in the low lands, and backward spring. The total yield of the state, and of the section of Dakota specified, will equal that of 1879, the damage by the causes named being compensated for by increased acreage."

The Minneapolis, *Tribune* this morning printed crop reports from fifty counties in Minnesota and Dakota along the Northern Pacific Railroad, which show that the present prospect is that while the average yield per acre in Minnesota will not be quite equal to the yield of last year, the falling off will be compensated for by increased acreage, so that the total yield will be fully equal to that of 1879. In the Red River Valley and Central Dakota the yield is nearly equal to that of 1879, and the acreage is increased by 40 per cent. in the southern section. Other crops look well. Barley is in stock, and is a big yield. Corn is the best in years.

The Washington *Evening Critic* prints a short interview with ex-Senator Conkling, in which he said: "I am done with politics forever. This fight is over, and I shall hereafter devote my time and purpose of life to my law practice."

"Is it not true that you will enter the next Presidential race?"

"No," he replied, most emphatically. "It has been said that it is possible that I would be brought forward as a candidate in the next campaign, but I am not at all solicitous of the honor."

"I hear some talk about your being tendered and accepting a Justiceship on the Supreme Bench of the United States."

"There is not a word of truth in the report," answered Mr. Conkling. "I was tendered the Chief Justiceship during Grant's administration and declined it. You can rest assured that I should not accept the position, even if it were tendered me.

The Georgia Legislature is considering a bill prescribing imprisonment for life to lunatic murderers. Arguments in favor of the bill are to the effect that the more atrocious and inexcusable the murder the more certainly does the plea of insanity prevail with juries; so that a very large percentage of murder trials degenerate into ghastly farces, and even-handed justice becomes a jest and a sane murderer is turned over to the custody of his relatives, or at most is confined in an asylum for a brief period and then turned loose to the opportunity of exercising his homicidal proclivities *ad libitum*. In view of this undeniable state of affairs the proposed Georgia law is a good one and should be enacted in all the States. It will assuredly have a tendency to diminish the census of murders.

In Reading, Pa., some of the building and savings associations have adopted a new plan by which the widow is protected. It is well known that if a man who has bought a house, to be paid for on the instalment plan, should die before the payments are completed, the widow is often left without the means of continuing them, and the property is seized by the association and resold. The new plan provides against this by introducing the new feature of a small sum in addition to the regular monthly payment, as a sort of insurance policy, which obliges the company, in case of his death, to keep up the monthly payments without cost to the widow.

Mr. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet makes the following predictions for August: "August, in striking contrast to the same month in 1880, looks decidedly moist, and will probably resemble that of 1877 in Canada and the United States. The month will enter warm but cooler and rather unseasonable weather may occur on the 4th and 5th, after which sultry and stormy weather will again set in. Thunder and lightning and hail storms are likely to cause considerable damage over widespread areas, both in Canada and the United States, especially in western sections, and the month again promises to resemble that of the year 1877."

"A pound of pluck," once said General Garfield, "is worth a ton of luck." The axiom was in some sense prophetic, for to his own will, and indomitable pluck in a large measure, is to be attributed the prospect of his recovery from a wound, that would have killed outright a man of less nerve.

Mr. Joe Beasley, an experimental gardner near Columbus, Georgia, has succeeded in raising some melons with a delicious lemon flavor. He makes an incision in the vine a short distance from the root, to which he attaches a lemon, and by means of absorption the juice is taken into the melons.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Thirty years ago it cost Massachusetts $4.81 to educate each child in the public schools; now it costs $13.55.

Another American custom, baggage checking, is likely soon to be adopted in England. The London and Northwestern Railroad sent an emissary here specially to report on our system. It is asserted that 35,000 pieces of luggage were lost or stolen in England last year.

The number of new houses built in London during 1879 was 21,589, and 401 new streets were opened. Street accidents resulted in death to 124 persons, and in lesser injuries to 2,950. The grown persons reported to the police as disappeared footed up 3,309, and the lost children, 9,539; but only 25 of the children and 141 of the adults failed to turn up afterward in some shape. Of the adults, 81 were found to have committed suicide. Owneriess dogs numbered 25,669, and cabmen convicted of fast driving, 313.

The lightning has recently been playing some curious freaks upon the top of Mount Washington. A bolt darted among the printers in the office of the newspaper located "among the clouds," in accordance with its title, breaking every pane of glass except one in the window, scattered the contents of a case of type, upset a washhand basin and disappeared. Another bolt entered the signal station and seriously damaged the valuable instruments in the geodetic survey station on the top of the tower.

A child only twenty months old, in Vernon, Texas, ran away from home and was lost one whole night in the woods. It was found a mile away, but during its wanderings it had become as wild as a hawk. It knew no one, and bit and scratched with all its little strength when any one approached.

Three bicyclists rode on Monday from Providence, R. I., to Cape Ann, Mass., (eighty-eight miles), in nine hours and fifty minutes.

It is proposed in New Hampshire to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth, which falls on the 18th of January next.

Kentucky is feeling one of the effects of failing to punish desperadoes. Her strongest inducements fail to attract emigration from the old World. The Germans, particularly, have a bad opinion of the State.

The authorities of Hoboken have taken a decided step to prevent the foreign steamships from infesting the people with fleas, by disposing of the mattresses used by the immigrant passengers during the voyage. The landing of mattresses is made a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The Wisconsin Republican State Convention meets at Madison on September 21st to nominate a full State ticket to be supported in the November election.

The laying down of the cables between Berlin and Stettin completes the subterranean telegraph system in the German empire. These cables now cover 3,420 miles, nearly all of them having seven wires. They are laid beneath all the principal rivers, and establish direct telegraphic communication between 221 different cities and towns of the German empire. The first cable was laid four years and eight months ago.

The *Churchman*, which claims to utter the sentiments of the Episcopalian body, takes strong grounds against the recent report of the joint committee of clergy and laymen appointed by Bishop Potter in the case of Rev. Edward Cowley, of "The Shepherd's Fold." It makes the point that the finding of that body "places the church in the attitude of shielding, by one of her officers, a man whom a civil court has condemned, and whom no court of his own has acquitted."

Colonel Samuel Colt, the inventor of the pistol called after him, left, when he died, in 1862, an estate valued at from two to three millions. Though he disposed of the estate by will, he added so many conflicting codicils, that they led to litigation among the heirs, and one of the suits has just been decided. One of the codicils left five hundred shares of the Colt Arms Manufacturing Company to four children of Christopher Colt, and they six years ago brought a suit against the widow of the deceased, claiming that the bequest entitled them to a share in the stock not disposed of in the will. The six years' of litigation has ended in a decision in favor of the widow.

Mr. Wm. Brassand, of Jersey City, has just finished an invalid bed, which he intends presenting to the President. It is furnished with appliances for lifting him from one side to the other, and the head of the mattress can be raised, and the lower end depressed so as to convert the bed into a comfortable lounge or easy chair.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Garrett Guards will be inspected by General Herbert Saturday afternoon at six o'clock.

—President Garrett was in Oakland Wednesday and inspected the late repairs to the Memorial Church.

—Mr. Henry A. Clark and family, of Washington D. C., arrived at Hazlewood Cottage this week.

—We understand that President Garrett proposes to erect a cottage on "Herrington Manor," near Oakland, at an early date.

—In the publication of the Jury list last week we had the name of Peter Boyer from Grantsville district. It should have been Peter Royer.

—Wm. M. Arnold, who has been in New York city for about a year, arrived at Oakland Sunday morning. He will remain here several weeks.

—The B. & O. R. R. Co. has placed one hundred dollars in the hands of Supervisor Coddington, to be expended on the Deer Park and Oakland road.

—Mr. H. J. Fringer, of Oakland, had his collar bone broken, Sunday last, by being thrown from his spring wagon, on the road between Oakland and Deer Park.

—The store building and residence of Mr. D. Chisholm, and the store building of Heiskell & Co., have been recently repainted, and present a handsome appearance.

—The concert given by the waiters of the Oakland Hotel, Monday night, at Offutt's Hall, was a success. The house was full, and those present were well pleased with the entertainment.

—A few days since Mr. R. H. Thayer, of Oakland, and Mr. Frank Springer, of Uniontown, one of our summer visitors, sent to President Garfield a dozen woodcock. The thanks of the President was promptly conveyed to them by his private secretary.

—We understand that the joint commissioners appointed by Garrett county and Mineral county, W. Va., have contracted with the Canton Wrought Iron Bridge Co. for a bridge over the North Branch at Kluzmillersville, for $2,800 and $100 for masonry and fill.

—H. N. Harne, Esq., a prominent citizent of Smithburg, died on Friday last, after a long and lingering illness. Mr. Harne was well known throughout this county, having at different times held positions of trust was for a number of years a justice of the peace at that place, only resigning when the state of his health no longer permitted him to attend to its duties. His remains were interred in the Smithburg Cemetery on Sunday afternoon. — *Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

A brother of the deceased, Mr. A. J. Harne, is a highly respected citizen of Oakland.

—Col. Johnson, of the Cumberland *News*, arrived at Oakland Saturday evening, as the advance guard of a fishing party to the Blackwater region, but on learning of the unfavorable condition of the streams in that region, produced by the late heavy rains, telegraphed a postponement of the trip. The party was to consist of Col. Johnson, of Cumberland, Hon. B. L. Turner, of Flintstone, and several gentlemen from Oakland. Col. J. W. Crook, one of President Garfield's private secretaries, and a friend of Col. Johnson's, was to have accompanied the party, but was of course, unable to leave the White House at this time, although until the President was pronounced out of danger.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 p. m. by Rev. W. J. McShurely.

Preaching at Swanton at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Improve Your Old Machines.

I will put the "Stop Motion" on the old style Singer, to wind the bobbin without running the machine, for $5.00.

A full line of attachments for all machines, and best refined sperm oil constantly on hand.

The Genuine Singer a specialty. Sold on easy terms.

Call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.
Oakland, Md.

A Big Show.

On Saturday, August 6th, old John Robbinson exhibits at Oakland. This is a colossal amusement entirprise and worthy of a visit from all classes. The menagerie is complete, and the circus the best traveling. Don't forget the date. Saturday, August 6th.

Buy Where You can Do the Best.

I will sell the Davis Machine for $20, (been in use 9 months.)

I will sell a Howe for $10.

I will sell a Wheeler & Wilson for $8.

I will sell a D. Howe for $10.

Call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.
Oakland, Md.

Glass Ball Shooting.

Glass ball shooting matches were held in the Oakland Hotel Grounds, Saturday and Tuesday afternoons, and were participated in by several of the crack shots of Oakland as well as a number of visiters. At both matches our young friend "Dick" Thayer, of Oakland, carried off the honors.

Droves of Camels.

In the grand street peageant which takes place on August 6th, the day fixed for the coming of the old John Robinson's Big Show to Oakland can be seen a drove of 20 Camels and Dromedaries. These animals are all elegantly comparisoned and are one of the features of the Big Show.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Wm. J. Cook and Marion McGee.
C. F. Miller and Mary Durst.
William H. Crizer and Susannah Blocher.
Thos. Berkhelmer and Mary Jane Ellis.
Charles Miller and Mary Ash.

Town Council.

Town Council met on Monday evening, present the Burgess and Commissioners Townshend, Michael and Dunham.

Bills of Wm. W. Fairall, G. A. Spedden, Wm. H. Hall and Baker Banks approved and ordered paid.

Bids for the building of the Davis bridge were opened and the contract was awarded to Peter A. Chisholm at $595.

No other matters of general interest appearing the Board adjourned.

One Hundred Ponies.

A feature with the old John Robinson Show, which exhibits here in Oakland, Saturday, August 6th, is the herd of small Shetland Ponies. These diminitive equines are the most petite specimens of horse flesh in America, and are driven in the Golden Chariot of Cindrilla, in the grand street pageant on the morning

Police News.

James H. Cooper, of Mineral county, W. Va., was arrested Friday of last week, and taken before Justice Gonder, charged with making an assault upon the wife of Mr. John Yellowly, of Oakland, by pointing a loaded pistol at her. Justice Gonder held the accused in the sum of $300 for his appearance at September court.

Five tramps giving their names as Philip Weiss, William Spencer, Charles Tultey, Thomas Wilson and James Carey, were arrested by Constable Johnson, on Thursday of last week, under the late "Tramp Act." They were taken before Justice Gonder who committed them to the Maryland House of Correction for a period of 60 days each. They were conveyed to their destination on Friday by Sheriff White and acting deputy Thayer.

A New Benevolent Enterprise.

The Lutheran congregation and Pastor at Deer Park have decided to build a Lutheran Church, and at the first general meeting important and substantial steps were taken in that direction. The congregation being unable to bear the entire burden of the building, ask the many friends of the county, and visitors from abroad, to give this benevolent enterprise a candid consideration and open to them a liberal heart and helping hand. Any aid or encouragement may be given or sent, material labor or money, to either Mr. John C. Yeager, treasurer, Messrs. W. S. Lantz and Henry Sisk, or Misses Lizzie Yeager and Lizzie Jankey, at Deer Park, or to the Pastor, Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Oakland.

Deer Park News.

DEER PARK, August 2nd, 1881.

Everything about as usual with us this week. The Hotel is full, also every other available place for summer boarding, and likely to remain so for another month at least.

A meeting was held last Thursday evening in Deer Park Church, to discuss the feasibility of building a Lutheran Church in this place, and to raise funds for the same. A number of very liberal donations were made for the purpose. A masquarade ball was given at Wing-and-Wing last Wednesday evening. Nearly a hundred people were present. The masquers were numerous, the characters varied and well sustained. There was also a fancy dress ball for the children at the Hotel on the same evening which proved a very pleasant occasion for the little folks.

Our village was visited by a terrific thunder storm about eight o'clock last Friday night. The lightning was fearfully vivid, the thunder one continuous crashing peal after peal, following so quickly after each flash as to make the timid tremble at its close promexity. The lightning struck a tree at the rear of the cottage occupied by Mr. John W. Williams, demolishing it entirely, and also the corner of the cottage now in process of erection by Senator Davis, fortunately causing but slight damage.

Hay making is at present in full operation. Messrs. Davis & Bro., have already stored several hundred tons, and there is a prospect of a more abundant crop of oats than has ever been raised in this county.

Mr. R. J. Head met with a very painful accident last week. He slipped under a tram car and one of its wheels went over his arm, dislocating some bones and crushing and bruising it terribly. Dr. McComas put the bones in place, but it will probably be some time before he can use his arm and hand again.

Part of Frostburg Sinking.

It has been known for some time past that the lower or western portion of Frostburg, located over the old Frostburg mine, is gradually sinking. Tuesday there is said to have been a settlement of about four inches, causing some alarm and sensation. Buildings on the surface above the old mine are said to have been so affected that the doors would not close and some of the city water mains are said to have been badly sprung. When the settlement will end is not known. —*Cumb. News.*

A Human Meteor!

Those who will witness the grand street display given by old John Robinson on Saturday, August 6th, will notice a *Monster Cannon* and perhaps wonder what this colossal piece of armarat is used for. We will tell them. The cannon is a part of the Big Show. At each performance it is brought out in the ring and is loaded with powder in the presence of the audience. *Then a human being takes the place of the cannon ball.* and at a given signal this human cannon ball is whirled with terrific force a distance of over one hundred feet. The most sensational and startling piece of artillery practice ever witnessed in the world.

Masquerade Ball at Wing-and-Wing.

Wednesday evening of last week, (July 27th,) was a delightful one for the guests at Wing-and-Wing. The masquerade ball which was to have taken place on the Fourth of July, but was postponed on account of our National calamity, came off on the aforesaid evening, and was pronounced by those who were present, to be a complete success. Some of the costumes were so hideously comical and the characters so well carried out by their personators, that there was no end of fun and jollity. The dances were lively, the dancers graceful, the music from the violins of Messrs. Browning and Flanigan, was most excellent, and the refreshment tables, at which nearly a hundred persons were regaled with ice cream, lemonade and every imaginable kind of cakes, was very tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers. The social host and hostess extended, as ever, their cordial hearty welcome to all, and everything contributed to make the occasion an enjoyable one. *Topsy* never came as near surpassing herself since she "growed." *Queen Bess*, in her elegant costume, looked as if she might have stepped out of an old picture. *St. Valentine* flitted here and there but we cannot say whether match making powers were exercised with any success. There could be no comparison between *Night's* rival daughters, since she was so well represented by both. The *Jockey* left the races to join in the general mirth, and the *Fortune Teller* shuffled the cards of fate as she pronounced the destiny of those who consulted her. The demure little *Quakeress* enjoyed the music and dancing in a very unquaker like manner, and the crowd of bright, happy *peasants, flower girls*, &c., danced past the *old fashioned ladies* like a troupe of merry elves. Even the tiniest *Buttercups* and two *juvenile Chinamen* had their share of attention. But the amusement reached its highest when the *Cardiff Giant's Grandmother* put in an appearance, and expressed her delight at meeting so many esteemed friends.

The gentlemen were costumed in sheets and pillow-cases and moved about like so many animated specters, but we did not observe any signs of the usual terror which the inhabitants of another world inspire.

The characters represented were as follows:

Topsy—Miss Laura Colmary, Baltimore. Flower Girl—Miss Ella Haller, Cumberland. St. Valentine—Miss Fannie Buxton, Keyser, W. Va. Normany Peasants Girls—Miss Annie Major, Washington, D. C., and Miss Blanch Buxton, Keyser, Flower Girl—Miss Katie Downey, Piedmont. Queen Bess—Miss May Davis, Piedmont. Quakeress—Miss Mattie Davis, Piedmont. Little Buttercup—Miss Katie Davis, Piedmont. Night—Miss Mollie Casteel, Oakland. Ladies of the olden time—Miss Maggie Tower, Oakland, and Miss Annie Graham, Deer Park. Night—Miss Mona Tillson, Deer Park. Fortune Teller—Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield, Peer Park. Milk Maid—Miss Helen Harrison, Peer Park. Spanish Peasants—Miss Victoria Harrison. Buttercup—Miss Birdie Harrison. Flower Girl—Miss Alma Gore, Clarksburg W. Va. Jockey—J. Bruner Bantz, Peer Park. Chin-Chin and Lung Loo—Master Willie Davis, Piedmont, and Master Frank School field, Deer Park.

The following young ladies were dressed in handsome evening dresses and masked: Misses May and Effie Jameson, of Piedmont; Miss Annie Heen, of Baltimore, and Misses Ria Jamesen and Addie Tower, of Oakland.

REPORTER.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The new city Hall at Cumberland is being painted by Messrs. Emmart & Quartley, of Baltimore, who have selected the same colors as they have used so effectively in bringing out the architectural beauties of *The American* building. The Cumberland City Councils are considering the propriety of procuring a clock and bell, to be placed in the tower, as designed by the architect of the hall.

It is reported that Mr. Henry Banks, formerly of Harford county, who died in the Black Hills mining region within the last two years, had a silver mine, for which he refused an offer of $10,000 in cash. A friend now in the West proposes to see into the matter and ascertain what disposition was made of that and other property owned by the deceased.

Thomas Farrady, an experienced miner and resident of Frostburg, has recently secured an invention in the United States patent office for an improvement in coke ovens, whereby it is alleged, beside other advantages, from 10 to 15 per cent. of the coke is saved through his improved methods of handling it.

In digging a trench for the foundation of a new schoolhouse at Middletown a few days since the bones of an unknown Union soldier was unearthed and removed to the Antietam cemetery, without mixing up Church and State, and he thinks they ought to be kept separate. There seems to be something the matter with Mr. Roberts's head. It may be feathers and it may be Bourbonism.

be one who died in hospital from the effects of wounds received at the battle of South Mountain.

Notes from the N. Y. Tribune.

Conkling can now say to Platt, "Me too!"

Mr. Conkling says he is out of politics. We had suspected it.

New-York will now settle down to business as a steady-going Republican State.

It is a fact, Mr. Conkling, in both philosophy and physics, that it is a good deal easier to jump down than to jump up.

We are about to have an era of peace and prosperity. The future is brimful of promise for everyboby and everything save the Democratic party.

There has never been anything in this country more disgraceful to journalism than the persistent and malignant attacks of the blatherskite press upon the President's physicians.

Mr. Watterson remarked several weeks ago that the Democratic policy was to "walt." That is so. It will have a chance to keep that policy in operation till the end of the present century at least.

If our late senior ex-Senator really intends to run for the Presidency, we advise him to wait awhile before he starts. The country may possibly think better of him within a year or two. It cannot possibly think worse.

Not a single Democratic newspaper received at this office approves the result at Albany. Every one of them considers it just about as bad as it could be. This is inexpressibly sad. If there is one thing which the Republican party aims to secure above all others it is the applause of the Democratic party. When that is lost, life is indeed a blank.

There is an unaccountable falling off in the zeal of the Democratic newspapers for civil service reform. They are always most eager for the reform when they have the least chance of getting any offices, and they ought, therefore, to be especially eager now, for the outlook for them has not been blacker than it is now for a quarter of a century.

Governor Roberts, of Texas, seems to be unanimously elected by a disgusted country to the post of champion featherhead of this epoch. He owes his election to his original discovery that he couldn't issue a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving on account of the President's recov-

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice, that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing and hunting or killing any kind of game on my lands. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

August 1st, 1881.
6 6 3t WILLIAM WASS.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN DARNED.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Grantsville, - -	August 8th.
Johnson's, - - - -	" 10th.
Bloomington, - - - -	" 12th.
Swanton, - - - - -	" 16th.
Mrs. Chisholms Mill,	" 19th.
Selbysport, - - - -	" 23d.
Johnstown, - - - -	" 25th.
Accident, - - - - -	" 27th.

The books of Districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8, will be left at the store of Davis & Townshend, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid beford October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 30 3t Collector.

For Sale, Cheap!

One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new, in first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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THIS SPEAKS OF THE BIG SHOW!
SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1881,

Is the time fixed for the coming of the Great Show to Oakland, and it will only exhibit for the one day and night.

OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT SHOW!
Circus, Menagerie, Museum, Aquarium!

Fifty years without change. First in all things. First in Merit! First in Magnitude! First in Magnificence! The sensational features are: The Great Electric Light. A Herd of the Largest Elephants. The Largest Rhinoceros in America, weight 4,000 lbs. A Giant White Polar Bear. A Drove of Bactrian Camels. Musk Ox. A Colossal Living Alligator. Egyptian Vulpus. One Hundred different kinds of Monkeys. Pair of Sacred White Peacocks worshiped in India as Gods. The Man-eating blue-faced Mandril. The great Taminor or Ant Bear. One Hundred different kinds of Plumage Birds.

THE STARTLING NOVELTIES ARE

100 Performers, Male and Female, 50 Dens of Wild Animals. A Cortege of Golden Charriots. A School of Sea Lions. 100 Diminutive Shetland Ponies, smaller than Newfoundland Dogs. A Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers.

THE CIRCUS EMBRACES

More Equestrians, More Vaulters, More Gymnasts, More Clowns, More Athletes, More Specialties than any Show in America!

And now a few words to the people of OAKLAND AND VICINITY: You all Know the Show. It has Always been Known as a Big Show. It is now Bigger and Better than Ever. It is LARGER AND GRANDER THAN EVER. The Pictorial Bills of the Old John Robinson Show are correct representations of the Wonderful features which can be witnessed in the Circus and Menagerie. Just Added a GIANT OX, 21 Hands High, is Larger than an Elephant.

THE MENAGERIE EMBRACES

More Lions, More Camels, More Tigers, More Cages, More Elephants, More Monkeys, than any Show in America. The Extraordinary Attractions are a

Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers,

The Anatomical Wonder. The Sampson of the Nineteenth Century. The Human Meteor. A Woman Shot from a Canon loaded with Powder, and whirled through the air with terific force and speed.

The Best Educated Troupe of Dogs and Monkeys in the World.

These are features owned, controled and exhibited only by this, the

Greatest of all Great Shows, no Exceptions.

The Grand Street Parade is Bright, Beautiful and Brilliant. There will be no combination with other shows—the time is fixed. The OLD JOHN ROBINSON SHOW never changes or postpones, and his show is too big to need a combination with any other. Two Thousand Reserved Cushioned Chairs at but a small advance.

General admission, 50 cents. Children 25 cents.

WILL EXHIBIT AT PIEDMONT MONDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—"Mrs. Hicks-Lord, from America." says an English society journal, "was taken up by the best people in London, and is said to adorn herself with chains of diamonds reaching from shoulder to shoulder."

—A sort of pianists' fair is being held just now in London—a fair to which Rubenstein has come from Russia, and Mme. Sophie Menter from Austria, and Heyman from Holland, and Wieniawski from Poland.

—Considerable interest has been excited in the London clubs by the reappearance of Col. Valentine Baker, who was dismissed from the English army for taking rude liberties with a young lady, a stranger to him, in a railway carriage. The Prince of Wales has taken him up, and through his influence he has been reinstated.

—The fourth of July was celebrated in the City of Stuttgart, Germany, by the opening of the "American Public Library," an institution which has been erected and furnished by Germans on both sides of the Atlantic for the sole purpose of diffusing useful knowledge concerning this country among the German people.

—Viscountess Haberton, a strong-minded English peeress, who astonished society a few months ago by saying in a magazine article that a sensible girl needed a chaperon as little as a sensible boy, is at the head of a "rational dress society" just organized in England. It does not propose to alter the outer aspect of woman's dress, but to hang it from the shoulders and loosen it at the waist, and make the other changes whose value every woman professes and few practice.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett has been giving several entertainments at her London house. She received her guests the other evening at the door of the largest drawing-room, her husband at her side. She wore a dress of pale gray satin, trimmed with fine old lace, the bodice cut square. She wore also the ribbon and order sent to her by the Sultan after the war, some magnificent diamonds on her neck and in her hair, and large bunches of heartsease.

—At a bazaar or fair held recently at Bagshot in England, the Princess Louise and the Duchess of Teck, with Prince Leopold, sold busily at their stall. Princess Christian presided over the fruit and flower stall. The Duchess of Connaught did a brisk trade in terra cotta busts of the Earl of Beaconsfield, among other things, while the Duke of Connaught assisted the ladies who dispensed American drinks. The costumes worn by the most distinguished persons present were models of simplicity. The Duchess of Connaught's gown, with tiny sprigs all over the surface, relieved with mauve silk and worn with a white hat, was as far from being pretentious as the Princess Louise's costume of white Holland, embroidered with crewels. Princess Christian wore dark blue, with white muslin apron and white bonnet.

The English Railway Clearing House.

Situated near Euston Square in London is a vast establishment concerning which there has hitherto been much ignorance even in England itself. It is the Railway Clearing House, and its purpose is the settlement of the innumerable and complicated cross accounts between the railroads. Several hundred clerks are engaged in this work, which manifestly is a very laborious one, but the routine of the establishment has never been explained until lately. Mr. Hugh Carlisle, an Englishman resident at Riga, has, however, been able to penetrate the mysteries of the Clearing House, and has given an account of its operation in a pamphlet printed in German. His object is to urge the adoption of a similar system for the Russian railroads.

It seems that the Railway Clearing House was established as long ago as 1842, when railroads were in their infancy, and began with four clerks, who took charge of the accounts of two companies, that from London to Darlington, and that from Manchester to Hull. In 1876 the total number of officials was 1,900, and it had become a great central organization for all the railroads of the kingdom, of which there are now about a hundred. It is presided over by a committee, selected from the directors of the various companies, which meets four times a year; and, besides, more or less frequent meetings are held of general managers, of goods managers, or freight agents, as we should call them, and of various other subordinate railroad officials. The Clearing House deals not only with the accounts of the companies, but also with all questions which may arise between them; and therefore every branch of the railroad business is represented in it.

There are departments for goods traffic or freight, for passenger traffic, for running of passenger and freight cars, for lost articles, and for measuring and recording distances. The total sums brought into account in 1876 were about $82,500,000, and the cash balances actually handed over were $10,000,000. The settlement forms made out in the freight department contained about five and a half million items, and in the passenger department three and a half million. The number of passenger and freight car miles for which charges had to be computed was about 430,000,000, and the lost baggage department inquired concerning 23,000 missing articles.

Every station sends each month to the freight department of the Clearing House a report of the goods despatched from it and those received by it. Their weight is given, together with the numbers of the cars in which they are loaded, and the freight charges, in which charges for loading are included. The department then compares the reports of goods despatched with those of goods received, and if it finds any difference an "inaccuracy statement" is sent to each station with margins left for reply. If the difficulty is not thus cleared up the original entries, which are held as binding, are consulted. When the reports have been verified the freight receipts are divided between the railways concerned. Terminal charges are rated at so much per ton on the gross traffic. Each company receives a monthly statement in which its proportion of the freight charges is accurately determined and clearly set forth.

In the passenger department a similar division is made of fares. The tickets are assorted according to the despatching station, and they are then compared with the station report. The business is somewhat complicated by the fact that every company is bound to issue a ticket from any of its stations to any other station in the kingdom. There are, of course, many stations between which a ticket is not applied for once a year. The clerk fills out a card in such a case, and these unprinted tickets require special looking after by the Clearing House, because they are not stamped with consecutive numbers like those ordinarily used. This department also takes charge of the traffic in parcels, horses, dogs, carriages, etc., which are usually carried in passenger trains.

The wagon or car department takes note of all movements of rolling stock belonging to one company over the lines of another, and distributes the charges arising therefrom. Five hundred special officials of the Clearing House are stationed at the important junctions, and elsewhere along the lines, to watch the movements of cars and make a record of the character of their contents. As every train passes they note the number and description of the cars, and the "nature of trade," under which term are comprised the kind of goods, the date, the names of the sending and receiving station, and the particulars of the route, all of which information is obtained from cards on the cars. At the same time the station at which any strange car arrives sends in a similar report, specifying the nature of the load, the station whence the car comes, and how and when it is further disposed of. The department compares these reports, and thus is able to give its owners a correct account of the course of every one of its cars from the time it leaves its own line until it returns to it. The accounts arising from this use of cars are adjusted quarterly.

In the lost luggage department daily reports are received from each station, with an accurate description of the stray articles. If the baggage found is seen to be identical with that described as lost, it is at once returned to its owner. Otherwise a particular description of it is sent to all stations where similar articles have been found. As soon as a stray article is claimed the Clearing House is notified of the fact; and all claims for lost luggage are settled by it.

This is the system Mr. Carlisle advises the Russian railroads to adopt. In his opinion it secures the objects the advocates of State control are desirous of attaining, and avoids the dangers which are sure to follow such a transfer of power. He enumerates three things which are requisite in railway management: The roads must provide for through travel without change of car and without long halts; shippers must be able to pay all freight charges in a lump sum, no matter what the distance or the number of different lines used; and the finding of missing articles and the settlement for lost or damaged articles must be made as easy as possible. These essentials, he argues, are satisfactorily secured by the English Clearing House plan, and its success shows that railway companies can, by an organization among themselves, compass all the desirable ends it is proposed to secure by making the roads the property of the Government.—*New York Sun.*

American Life in Paris.

What is called the American Colony in Paris, says a correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, consists of about two thousand families, a large proportion of them from the South. A great many of them might be regarded almost as permanent residents. A goodly number of them are people of limited means, who find that they can live so much cheaper here than in an American city they have concluded to stay. One of these remarked to me the other day, "I can live better in Paris on $3,000 per annum than I could in New York on $6,000." He then proceeded to detail the difference. In New York he would be regarded as nobody unless he owned or rented a brown-stone house from $1,000 to $6,000 per annum. Here he could obtain a suite of elegant apartments in a fashionable neighborhood at from $800 to $1,000 per annum, and make as good an appearance as anyone else in his sphere. In New York he would have to pay $10 per week for a coachman, while here he could engage a landau, with a fine pair of horses, and a liveried footman thrown in, to be always at the reasonable call of his family, at from $12 to $15 per week. Then he said he could clothe himself and family at one-half the expense, and much better, than he could in New York; that servant hire was not half the cost and the service better; that there were always amusements here at moderate cost, and cab at call to take him and family home at all hours of the night for two francs; while in New York such luxury would cost $5. Then there was little or none of the troubles of housekeeping in Paris, as a family can be fed cheaper than it can feed itself, if satisfied with French living. But, he remarked, an American can never feel contented or comfortable in Paris until he goes to housekeeping and then orders his food, and prescribes the mode of cooking it. A Frenchman loves the *table d'hote*, but it is an abomination to an American. As soon as they get under their own roofs they all fall back to the American mode of living, and luxuriate in griddle cakes, muffins, hot rolls, and buckwheat cakes, all of which a Parisian would regard as poison. They exercise the horrible French patties, roast and stuff their chickens instead of broiling or frying them, serve up their salad without oil, and let those that love oil oil it; they eat their peas and beans and potatoes with their meat, and mix things generally just as they did at home. They know exactly what they are eating, and no longer shut their eyes and swallow whatever is given them without knowing, very often, whether it is fish, flesh, or fowl. When an American gets under his own roof he is always happy, in Paris, and the ladies especially become attached to it. In short, he maintained that an income of $2,000 per annum would enable a man to keep his family in as good a position in polite society as could be done at a cost of $10,000 in New York; there were certain expenses necessary to position there not required here, and that a fine showing can be made on a limited purse.

GENERAL.

—Kangaroo tail soup is now canned in Australia and exported in great quantities.

—The Superintendent of the census has been requested to look over the 50,000,000 names on his book by a Southern woman, who wants to find the residence of her lover who left her some years since.

—A French cook, who lately returned to Paris from a tour of inspection in the United States, was asked his opinion in regard to the American kitchen and replied: "La cuisine Americaine est un vrai assassinat!" American cookery is murder in the first degree.

—The genuineness of the philanthropy of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson has just stood a severe test. Small-pox having broken out in Stamford, Ct., where she spends a large portion of her time, she at once volunteered as a nurse, thus showing that she values her life no more than her money when the interests of humanity are at stake.

—A French paper says that besides the well-known noble houses there are in France 305,000 families who between 1260 and 1789 received letters patent of nobility. In a large number of cases, however, their descendants seemed to be ignorant of this circumstance, and in some instances have even been prosecuted for carrying armorial bearings to which they were in truth fully entitled.

—Canada has unwittingly gone into an arrangement by which the United States gains population at the expense of the Canadian treasury. The Government made a bargain with a steamship company running to Montreal to pay twenty-five per cent. of the fares of all emigrants who intended to settle in Canada. This reduction is commonly taken advantage of, it has been discovered, by persons really bound for this country.

—At the beginning of the thirteenth century the ports of England ranked: London, Boston, Southampton, Lincoln, Lynn, Hull. Eighty years later, Boston, London, Hull. Toward the close of the sixteenth century Lynn was the most important port; then came Hull, Yarmouth, Exeter, Bristol, while Boston had gone down to number ten in rank, and Newcastle was looming up. Fifty years later Bristol was winning the race, to have her nose put out of joint in another half century by Liverpool.

—A St. Petersburg correspondent writes that in the latest budget of the Russian empire, the division allotted to the household expenses of the late Czar includes fifteen hundred roubles for providing birch brooms (Ruthen besen) for cleaning the Winter Palace. Estimating the cost of each at the retail prices in St. Petersburg, he finds that no less than eighteen thousand of these brooms have been used every year for the Winter Palace! Nearly fifty must thus have been worn to the stump every day in the late reign.

—In olden times English tramps prayed for deliverance from Hell, Hull and Halifax. This is explained by the chronicler Fuller, who relates that there was a peculiar "Gibbet law" offering special facilities for the hanging of idle and dishonest in Halifax, while they unto them as a town of good government, where vagrants meet with punitive charity." "Punitive charity" is good, and might be applied to advantage in this erring and straying season in many other places outside of Hull.

—An English peer and some friends were returning from the races. In the adjoining compartment were eight sporting men, who, cleaned out by successive failures, were traveling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them struck upon a brilliant idea. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and, assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his friends, and on reaching London the noble lord narrowly escaped seeing himself and his friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company. It was only by paying their fare a second time that they escaped from the clutches of the railway servants.

—The authorities at Clinton (N. Y.) Prison are rejoicing in the return of Richard Henry Thornton, the horse-thief, inasmuch as the owner of that imposing name is renowned for his management of pigs, of which there are about 200 in the prison yards. Thornton is sixty-nine years old and was first sentenced to State Prison fifty years ago. During this half century of crime he has worn the prison garb forty-one years, having served twice, he affirms, as hired substitute for others who were guilty, once from Hudson and once from Schenectady. The prison now seems to him like a home and he takes no little pride in seeing it well kept in all respects. He took back with him on his latest return four dozen eggs, by means of which he hopes to improve the breed of the Warden's fowls.

—As soon as the death of the late Empress Dowager was announced in China the mandarins and all high officials of the Empire put on garments of pure white, and these were worn for twenty-seven consecutive days. The regulations which prescribe official mourning also require that the red buttons upon their caps shall be replaced by blue buttons. On the twenty-eighth day they put on black clothing, which must be worn for 100 days. They are also forbidden to marry within that period, nor can they indulge in any of the usual social pleasures. The lower orders of the people must also be clothed in white, and are not permitted to shave their heads for 100 days. The same restrictions as to marrying and indulging in social pleasures that apply to the higher classes apply to them as well.

The Plague of Rats in India.

The recently-issued "Bombay Administrative Report," a few copies of which have reached this country, gives some curious details respecting the extraordinary plague of rats which devastated eight collectorates of the Bombay Presidency in the latter part of 1879. The particular kind of rats which proved most obnoxious were the Indian jerboa, the Indian mole-rat, or *kok*, and the mettade. The first-named is fawn-colored above and white below, and, including the tail, is often fifteen inches long. It burrows underground, is very prolific, but does not customarily hoard food; while the *kok*, on the other hand, accumulates large quantities of grain. The mettade is really a species of mouse; but it is a very large mouse, sometimes nine or ten inches long. It is said to live exclusively in cultivated fields, within the deep fissures found in the black soil during the hot months. This rat climbs the stalks of the crops and gnaws off the heads generally a few days before they ripen. Great numbers of the rats inhabiting the black soil are said to be killed every year by the first heavy rain of the monsoon. The black soil swells when the drenching rain falls on it, and the broad, deep cracks found in the hot season, closing, suffocate the rats caught within them. It was in November, 1878, in the district of Sholapore, that the rats first began to attract notice; but it was not till June and July of the following year that they became an actual plague. Grain was scratched up and eaten as soon as sown, cotton-plants were destroyed, and the cultivating classes, depressed by the drouths and scarcity of previous years, were driven to a state little short of desperation. In July, 1879, the Government adopted energetic measures for the destruction of the vermin. A reward of one rupee was offered for every hundred killed, and district officers were roused to do their utmost toward exterminating the animals. It was required that the rats killed should be produced at the Government treasuries, where the tails were cut off and the bodies returned to the claimants, who usually carried them home for food. As long as the plague was at its height this system of rewards remained in force. In all over sixteen million rats were killed; and by March, 1880, they were reduced to tolerable numbers. As regards the origin of the plague, no altogether satisfactory explanation has been afforded. From the fact of their appearing in greatest numbers in the famine-stricken districts, it has been conjectured that the large amount of land lying untilled, owing to the death or absence of the occupants, served as favorable and unmolested breeding-grounds for the vermin; that, by the absence of heavy rain, the suffocation of numbers by the monsoon rains did not take place; and that the exhaustion of the usual underground stores of grain which no doubt ordinarily feed much vermin, drove unusual numbers to the surface.

The plague, however it arose, was fostered by the religious prejudices and apathy of the peasants. The cultivators as a body did little; but some tribes did take to rat-catching and rendered good service. Various means were resorted to. Phosphorus-paste balls, fumigation, asphyxiators, sulphur squibs were all tried, but with only partial success. Digging up the burrows, though tedious, was found after all to be the better method. As clumsy, characteristic attempt was made in one collectorate to obtain rewards a second time for the same rats by fastening the amputated tails on with babul thorns; and in the same district it was discovered that rats were being imported at twelve annas the hundred from the territory of the Nizam, with the view of making four annas, or sixpence, Energetic as the Government measures were, it is not supposed that the cessation of the plague was due to the number of rats killed for the sake of reward. The heavy rain that fell later in the season and the frosts and cold which set in before the close of the year are believed to have done much more in the way of extermination.—*St. (London) Gazette.*

Concerning Swimming.

Many good swimmers are of opinion that nobody need be drowned who does not lose his head when he falls into deep water. If he can not swim he can float, it is maintained, or tread water. Against this theory may be set the experience of most men, that they can neither float nor tread water till they have learned how to swim. Both operations, both floating and treading, are natural and easy. But both require precisely that calmness and balance of mind and body which in the water are only possible to people who can trust their own powers. A swimmer leaves his body to the laws of nature, and presently his face and toes are above the surface. But a man who can not swim, as soon as he is out of his depth, thrusts up his arms—to clutch at he knows not what. Down goes his head, and by the time he has reached the surface again he has lost all nerve and forgotten all he ever heard about the easiness of floating. We doubt whether Nelson, who "never saw Fear," would have retained his calmness if, being unable to swim, he had been thrown into deep water. That most men and women become idiotic with terror in these circumstances is demonstrated by their efforts to clutch and drown anyone who comes to their assistance. The novelty of this new implacable power, the water which is strangling them, drives all sense out of the heads of non-swimmers.

Trelawny and Shelley had been discussing these things, and Trelawny had expressed the belief, common to good swimmers, that all men can swim by gift of nature. Shelley never shrank from an experiment in morals, chemistry, or anything else, whence the frequent explosions that varied his career. He at once undressed and jumped into a deep place, sinking instantly to the bottom. There his slim body lay, still and glistening, and there the poet would have anticipated his fate if Trelawny had not dived in and dragged him to shore. If ever this experiment is to have a fair trial, it should be by immersing a very young child in water. Some people hold that he would swim as naturally as a puppy. But the maternal instinct, always unscientific, has hitherto stood in the way of this interesting experiment. In the present state of opinion on the subject, it will be well for people to learn swimming of a competent teacher, either in a swimming bath, or in sea or river, before trying to rival Captain Webb by the mere light of nature. Every one who neglects to learn to swim should remember that he is endangering the lives of others, as well as his own. For it is seldom that a man is in danger of drowning that one of our countrymen is not found to peril his own life in the endeavor to rescue his neighbor.—*London News.*

Experiments in Pig-Feeding.

We collate the following facts from the Second Biennial Report of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, 1879-80. The experiments were undertaken to ascertain whether the Western plan of feeding in open fields, in cold weather, is more profitable than feeding in sheltered yards or pens. Ten pigs, all Berkshires, were fed, each in a different manner, and the result carefully noted. During the summer preceding, and up to the time the experiment began, all the pigs were kept in a large pasture-field—mostly prairie grass, but containing a small proportion of orchard grass and alfalfa—receiving an ear of corn per pig each day. The pigs were a remarkably uniform lot, and of very excellent quality. Half the pigs were arranged in the basement of a warm stone barn, and the others in an open yard on the south side of a close board fence, five feet high, but without other protection, except straw "nests," which were furnished both sets as needed. A single pig occupied each pen, an arrangement necessary to the proper apportionment of food and distribution of the results of the experiment.

In pens 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, and 10 shelled corn exclusively was fed; in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9 a ration of bran, in addition to the corn, was fed, the amount varying but little from two pounds per day. In all the pens all the corn that the animals would eat was fed, great care being taken that none was left over in the troughs and wasted, or, on the other hand, that the animals were insufficiently supplied. The pigs were fed twice daily, at eight a. m. and at four p. m., the feed being weighed out accurately to each pig at every feeding. If at the time of feeding the previous feed had not been consumed, the surplus was removed, and a proportionate reduction made in the amount of the next feed. All the pigs received whatever water they required. The bran was fed dry or mixed with water, to suit the tastes of the different pigs. At first this was eaten with apparent relish, but as the pigs increased in ripeness they seemed to care less for the bran, finally refusing it altogether, when, about the eighth and ninth week, the bran ration was discontinued. Records of the daily temperature were also kept.

The five pigs kept in warm pens gained 63.9 per cent. of original weight from Nov. 1 to Jan. 17th following; those in the open yard gained 52.2 per cent. In the first case the average number of pounds of corn per pound of increase was 5.05 to 5.31; or 4.78 to 4.84, with two-thirds to three-fourths pound of bran. With the pigs in the yard it took 5.21 to 6.02 pounds of corn, or 5.39 to 6.17 pounds of corn with three-fourths to seven-eighths pound of bran, to make a pound of gain. For the pigs fed exclusively on corn, it took an average of 5.15 pounds of corn to make a pound of increase when kept in warm pens; for those in the yard it took 5.48 pounds.

The total loss from feeding in the open yards was quite marked throughout, and the variations in individual cases were considerable. It was noticeable that the quietest animals, the best feeders of those fed outside, always gave the largest returns for the food consumed. These, during the severe weather which prevailed during the sixth, ninth and tenth weeks, passed much of the time in a condition closely resembling hibernation; they came to their food during severe weather with great apparent reluctance, and rarely oftener than once each day, during the remainder of the time lying very still, the vital functions apparently moving at the slowest pace.

The very uniform increase in the amount of food required to produce one pound of increase, during each subsequent week of the experiment, after the first and second weeks had been passed, (a fact fully brought out by the experiments of Mr. Miles and others,) was plainly shown. The diminished amount of food consumed for each one hundred pounds live weight during each subsequent week of the experiment, after the animals had become measureably "ripe," was also noticeable.

The importance of a ration of bran or other coarse food in connection with corn, for fattening pigs, is frequently urged by writers, on theoretical grounds. It was chiefly to test this question that bran was used in two of the pens of each of the two series. The value of the bran fed in this experiment may be shown in a brief summary and comparison of the results obtained. In pens 1, 2, 5, 6, 7 and 10, in which corn exclusively was fed, 901 1-2 lbs. of increase cost 4,778.5 lbs. of corn, and in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9, in which corn and bran were fed, 570 lbs. of increase cost 2,975 lbs. of corn and 432 lbs. of bran. That is, 8.42 lbs. of corn had in this experiment a feeding value equal to that of 75.78 lbs. of bran—a fact which seems to show that corn alone can be more profitably used for fattening hogs than a mixed feed consisting of corn and bran.—*Country Gentleman.*

Moth Preventive.

A correspondent of the *Furniture Gazette* recommends the following remedy for exterminating moths in carpets and furniture. After some years of experience with the troublesome pests, says the writer, I found a sure preventive of moths in pitch paper, the same as roofers use. The moth will live and grow on cayenne pepper and tobacco, while I never could see that the use of these articles kept the moth-miller out. The plan for the furniture dealer or housewife is to cut the paper in slips and place about the room, under and behind sofas, chairs, etc.; this should be done as early as the middle of April, and in warm climates earlier. If the dealer wishes to make parlor suits moth proof, he should place on the inside of backs of chairs and seats small strips of the pitch paper, and rest assured that the miller will not select these places to deposit eggs. It is the miller that is the foundation of all the mischief.

—Vanity Puffs.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth; sift in a pound of powdered sugar, and flavor with lemons. Drop by small spoonfuls upon buttered paper and dry in a cool oven two hours.

—Three thousand species of grass are known to botanists.

THE DAIRY.

—The cause of a bad smell and flavor in a cow's milk may be something in the food or in the condition of the cow. If it is not in the food it will be found in some disordered condition of the cow's health. Give her twelve ounces of Epsom salts, and two days after begin to give her two drams of saltpeter in the morning and four drams of hyposulphite of soda in the evening in a quart of bran slop. Continue this for two or three weeks and note the result.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Rancidity of butter is caused by a chemical change of the butyric acid of the butter into other acids of different character. These acids are volatile, and give off their scent very readily, hence the strong scent of bad butter. They may be partly removed by washing the butter in water in which some salt and saltpeter have been dissolved, and then in clear water, and by repacking with a mixture of six ounces of salt, four ounces of white sugar and one ounce of saltpeter, finely powdered, to six pounds of butter.

—The Plague of Flies.—Flies now abound, especially in the stables, and milking is a most disagreeable labor from the constant lashing of the cows' tails to fight off the flies. Some persons cut off the switch to prevent the trouble but this is very thoughtless and wrong. It deprives the poor cow of her only protection against her restless tormentors, and leaves her defenseless. My plan is to use a linen sheet and cover the cow while milking, and to rub a sponge dipped in soapy water, in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed, over the legs. Sweet-oil, to which some oil of pennyroyal has been added, is also a good protection against the flies and smells sweeter, or rather not so disagreeably as carbolic acid. Then one can milk in comfort and has fewer "idle words" scored up against him to account for at a future time.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Cows and Flies.

The close observer will note that no matter how fresh and verdant the pastures may remain as the month of June merges into July the cows are sure to slacken up in their supply of milk. The weather may be cooler and the pastures even better in July than in June, and yet the same shortage of milk will be observed.

The trouble arises from the following cause: There are, comparatively speaking, only a few flies able to live through the winter, which they do by hybernating between old boards and under shingles and in locks, or other places of protection. As the weather warms up in spring they come forth and begin to deposit their eggs in manure heaps, or other places supplying sufficient heat to hatch out the young. Then, in the process of nature, these young soon begin to lay eggs, and thus reproduce themselves. Thus, the increase goes rapidly on, and by the latter part of June, if the weather has been at all favorable, the full supply of flies is on hand. It is then the cow's trouble begins. If at pasture she is sure to occupy time these malicious little animals. Then much of her time is apt to be spent standing in the shade of trees or among bushes to keep off the flies, or, what is still worse, if she can find a pond of water deep enough to cover her legs, and especially with the cool shade of a large tree over it, this will be a favorite retreat for the greater part of all the hot days, to the evident loss of the dairyman, for it should be remembered that it is a cow's duty to eat as continuously as possible, with only spare time enough to chew the cud and take the necessary rest by sleep. While it is, of course, a pleasure to the cow to eat grass, and she consequently takes kindly to it, yet when tortured by flies she is only too willing to deny herself the gratification of a full stomach. To prevent this idling away of valuable time some dairymen cut down all the shade trees in the pasture and keep only running water for the cows to drink.

It is a great pity that some cute Yankee has not been able to discover some kind of liniment or other application by which a cow's legs and sides could be annointed and thus repel the attacks of these little tormentors, for undoubtedly the annoyance alone of their bites materially affects the cow's yield. In the absence of any such simple remedy, the practice in different countries varies for protecting the cows. In Holland a white sheet is fitted to the cow's back like the sheet used for horses, but this will only do for cows that are tethered or watched. A lot of our native cows in the field would make short work of such a protection with their horns.

When cows are kept in the stable during the heat of the day, which is a good plan when it can be done, the best remedy against flies is to keep the stable very dark. To accomplish this dark-colored curtains may be hung in the place of doors, and the cows soon learn to pass through them, the curtains being split in the middle. The flies are swept off by the curtains, and remain outside, where they find the light and sunshine more invitiug than the darkness within.

Cows suffer most from the bites they receive on the legs just above the feet. It looks feasible to make a shield of thin rubber or other elastic material to cover the leg from the knee or gambrel joint to the foot so that the cows in the field could wear them. The foot being so much larger than the leg the shield would not slip off. A stiff water-proof paper held on with rubber bands might answer. We throw out this hint for some future inventor to make a fortune by.

Deposits of damp manure near stables are prolific sources of fly breeding, and where this can be avoided it should be done. Scattering air slaked lime about tends to destroy the larvæ of this insect as well as keep the air pure and wholesome. All remedies and preventions that can be practiced should be, as they go a long way toward helping on the milk supply just at the time when it is most needed.—*American Dairyman.*

—Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it is precious little.

—Many hands make light work at a candy-pull.

Weeds.

A weed is a plant out of its proper place. A stool of wheat or a potato growing in a corn-field is as ruthlessly destroyed as a thistle, and is as much a weed in every respect. But how strange it is that farmers who will agree perfectly in this view as regards the wheat or the potato, will not only permit pumpkins and beans to grow with their corn, but actually deceive themselves into the belief that they are gaining an advantage over "Dame Naturo" on the sly. "The stars keep not their motion in one sphere," nor can two masses of matter occupy the same place, and neither can two plants grow together without dividing the fertility of the soil between them. And so a plant, whatever it may be, that is out of place is a weed, and purloins from the crop a certain quantity of its nutriment for every leaf that it produces. Weeds abound everywhere. They are so common that a man too often believes them to be a necessary evil and one that he fights against in vain. There are persons who assume that weeds are a sort of human birthright, one of the troubles that man is born to, and that they must be accepted as an inevitable inheritance left us by our first parent, Adam, and all through his fall from grace. Taking this view of it, they come to think that it is useless to expect and vain to try to get the better of them, and look forward to the time when the soil will be free of them. But this is an unreasonable view to take of it, even in this light, for if weeds come upon us as an inherited punishment for wrong-doing there is no reason why we ought not to take our share of it, "cash down," as it were, pay up, and have done with it, instead of meeting it in annual installments.

We know there is a very prevalent idea that it is hopeless to expect to clear a farm or a garden of weeds, or even to approach so near to it that the labor will be lightened to any considerable extent. But we have good reason to be sure of the contrary. Five years' constant work in a garden of over two acres, which was unusually weedy at the beginning of that period, has so reduced the weeds that the crops have to be cultivated for the sake of keeping the soil loose and mellow, and not that the weeds may be kept down. On the farm the same result has been reached, to a less extent, however, but there are no new weeds to be killed in some of the fields, because every year no weed goes to seed and the stock is diminishing. So that the cheerful hope may be held out that if a few years' work is devoted to this object one may bring his land to such a condition of cleanliness that it may seem to justify the remark of a hired man who was ordered to cultivate a field of corn. "What! that corn? why, there's not a weed in it. That don't want hoeing."

And this leads us to remark that weeds, like all other things, good or bad, have their uses. They are not altogether bad; for, in the first place, if they did not exist as a constant threat to the farmer some fields and some crops would suffer for want of working the soil. We do not properly realize the fact that "tillage is manure;" that to work the soil is to draw upon generous nature for a bountiful supply of fertility, and that the more the soil is turned and mellowed of the sun and the "sweet influences" of the stars, by which the rich dews are brought to refresh and feed the soil during the cool hours of the star-lit night, when no clouds interfere to prevent the radiation of heat from the soil, upon which the copious deposit of dew depends, the more the crops grow and thrive; and, also, when the farmer, seeing his corn-fields green with grass and the various weeds which so quickly spring up and cover the ground, is forced to go with harrow or cultivator and hoe and kill these weeds, he is giving vitality to the soil and life and health to his crops.

But there is another useful purpose which weeds serve, and this is to furnish a large amount of manurial matter to the soil. When an oat-stubble, for instance, is left for a few weeks after the harvest and before the plow is put in to turn the soil for the rye or wheat, which follows this crop in our usual rotation, the surface is quickly covered with ragweed, smartweed, and various other kinds of plants. We well remember a thrifty farmer of Eastern Pennsylvania once congratulating himself upon the luxuriant ragweed which covered his oat-stubble as being worth for green manure as much as a crop of clover, and yet costing him nothing. In this way the farmer gains more than he would suspect, for the weeds gather from the atmosphere and the soil a large amount of fertilizing matter which would otherwise be lost or, at least, would not have been made available. If one should doubt that this gain is made from weeds, let him compare the rich virgin soil of the Western prairie, which for years has been covered with a thick growth of weeds, wild plants, and with flowers of every hue; the brilliant golden rods, the starry asters, the graceful spireas, the gorgeous helianthus, the ordorous chenopodiums, the amaranths, and the thousand and one common weeds which there reach to a surprising growth in the favorable soil, and which carpet the earth with a dense mat of green and gold interwoven with threads of blue and purple, red and white. For it is a great mistake to suppose the prairies to be grassy plains; there are patches of grass, it is true, but the greater part of herbage consists of the very weeds which the farmers of the East are lighting day by day and spending their lives trying to destroy. Compare, we say, these prairies, enriched with the remains of these weeds, with the barren plains further west, where no verdure meets the eye, but sand and rock and brown sage. Here all is barrenness, because there has been no vegetable matter decaying for centuries and enriching the soil, while there the black soil for several feet in depth consists largely of the remains of plants now called weeds. The Western farmer reaps his rich harvests through the wealth of weeds stored up in the soil for hundreds of years, and it is part of his payment in return that he should give some labor to save his crops from being overgrown and overwhelmed with them in the luxuriant soil. And the Eastern farmer has a recompense for his labor in the fact that every weed he plows under the soil carries with it some plant food that helps to feed his crops. Taking this view of it, it may seem not to be desirable that every weed should be exterminated, but no farmer, we think, need fear this as a danger near at hand, and can always be sure of a crop of weeds to plow under whenever he wants one.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

The Wheat Midge.

There are two insects known as midges, the red midge (*Cecidomyci tritici*), a species of the same germs as the Hessian fly; and another, the yellow midge, a smaller fly. These both prey upon the head of the wheat, in the chaff and on the kernel, while the grain is green and cause it to blast before it has effected its maturity. The first named pest resembles the Hessian fly in appearance, though the color of its body is yellow, while that of the Hessian fly is black.

Having committed their depredations on the growing crop, the midges for the most part return to the ground before the wheat is harvested, there to remain during the winter. In the following spring they appear in the pupa state and by June become a perfect insect, ready to deposit eggs in the blossom of the wheat.

While there are no certain remedies for growing wheat infected with midges, early planting, thorough culture and early harvesting, it is believed, tend to prevent the evil somewhat. D. S. Curtiss, in his manual on wheat culture, recommends where the wheat is sown in wide drills that sulphur be sprinkled over the heads of grain when wet with dew. This suggestion might be carried out on a small plot, but would not be practicable under most circumstances.

Much may be done in way of preventing an appearance of the pest another season. Whenever the screenings of the fanning-mill abound with the yellow larvæ of the midge these screenings should be burned, or fed under cover to swine and poultry. If carelessly thrown out the larvæ will eventually mature into a swarm of flies that will exist at the expense of the wheat crops the following season. The midges that leave the wheat heads previous to harvest may be diminished if not entirely exterminated by turning the wheat stubble under with a plow and burying them to such a depth that in their efforts to work their way up to the surface the following spring they will become exhausted and die.—*N. Y. World.*

How to Live in Summer.

Clothing has too much to do with our elasticity of movement. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down, in summer, and cloths of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. The heavily laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be simplified as much as possible for summer. So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrhœa, and they should always wear a flannel band round the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has perspired all the day, to go to bed at ten every evening before they sit down to their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt when going to their hard day's work.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head *must* be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In summer you must breathe freely and lightly; you can not do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheating alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ignorance and our bad habits spoil the summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else.—*Food and Health.*

The Meat Mines of Siberia.

It has often been stated that the inhabitants of Polar Siberia feed their dogs on mammoth meat, preserved in Nature's ice-house, and sliced off at the convenience of the dogs. How these tropical animals came to be so near the pole is an unsolved problem of the earth's history. There are various theories intended to explain the conditions, but none of them are quite convincing. The most reasonable one is that countless ages ago there must have been a sudden change of temperature at the poles from torrid to frigid. The animals were caught out of their latitude, frozen and buried in ice. A recent traveler in Siberia relates that, happening to drive in a sledge along the base of one of the monstrous ice-cliffs that overhang the estuary of the River Lena, he came upon a pack of wolves devouring the frozen flesh of a mammoth, and at the hands of nature the wolves were helping themselves. So nature brings recompense for her freaks and takes care of her own. The meat mines of Siberia have not been developed, and no one knows what riches they may contain or how they may yet be utilized in the economy of the world. The search may discover the delicacy of *filet de mammoth* warranted fresh from Siberia.

—A carman, says the *City Press*, recently driving at an immoderate pace along Fetter Lane, London, ran against a truck that was standing by the pavement; the truck spun round and caught a ladder standing against a house; the ladder fell and hit a dog; the dog ran foul of a lady who was passing at the moment, whose foot was trodden on by a passer by, and she had to be put into an omnibus and sent home.

—If troubled with wakefulness on retiring to bed, eat three or four small onions; they will act as a gentle and soothing narcotic. Onions are also excellent to eat when one is much exposed to the cold.

HOME AND FARM.

—In honey locust there are two thousand seed to the pound; soft maple, three thousand; ash and box elder, four thousand; white elm, forty thousand; red elm, thirty-five thousand; catalpa, fifty thousand; cottonwood, one hundred thousand. This means clean seed.

—Baked Onions.—Boil in milk and water until just done, then drain and place the onions in a buttered baking-pan. Put a bit of butter and some pepper and salt over each one, and add a little of the water in which they were boiled. Brown them quickly on the grating of the oven and serve hot.

—When mud is permitted to dry upon a newly-varnished carriage or wagon, every spot leaves a mark. To avoid this the new varnish should be washed with clean water and a sponge and dried with a soft cloth and rubbed with a chamois leather. After this, mud is not so apt to spot the varnish. But it is best always to wash off the mud before it is dry. Water should never be allowed to dry upon the varnish; it should always be dried off with a soft cloth, sponge and leather.

—Spiced Currants.—To five lbs. of fruit add three lbs. of sugar (either white or good clean brown), one pint of good cider vinegar, two large tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, and one tablespoonful of ground allspice. Heat all together in a porcelain-lined kettle; skim out the fruit, and boil down the juice till it will make jelly; return the currants, and let it boil up once; then pour into your fruit-jar. When cold, tie or paste a thick paper over the top, and set where it is dry and cool.

—Ice Cream.—To each quart of milk add four eggs and half a pound of sugar: beat yelks and sugar together; beat whites stiff, and add. Have the milk scalding hot, pour it over the sugar and eggs, beating all at the same time; then put it on the fire again and as soon as it thickens take off and strain it into a freezer to cool. When cold add any flavoring extract preferred, and if you wish, one pint of cream and freeze. Mash the ice in a cloth—not too fine, of course—and mix plenty salt with it around the churn, being careful not to let salt get inside.

—A Word of Caution.—It is no uncommon thing in the country to hear of the injurious effects of cold-water drinking in extremely hot weather. Sometimes ice-water is taken to the harvest field which, when drank excessively, as is apt to be the case, is injurious, and even the cold water from the "north side of the well" is harmful. It is better by far to drink moderately cool water frequently than to take a large quantity when one is very thirsty. Sometimes some such beverage as ginger beer or root beer satisfies thirst quite as well. Almost every family has its favorite recipe for making "summer drinks," and we advise them to make use of such during the hot weather.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Simple Recipe for Ice-Cream.—One pint of milk, one pint of cream, and one cupful of white sugar, two eggs, a teaspoonful of vanilla or other extract, and one dessertspoonful of corn-starch. Make these into a thin custard, and, after cooling, put into the freezer, as this will save time and ice in the freezing process. To freeze the custard pour it into a tin-pail and cover tightly; then set the pail into a larger wooden pail or tub and surround it completely with a mixture of pounded ice and salt. About one hour is required to freeze the cream in this manner. The tin-pail containing the custard must be turned round in the ice frequently, and the custard scraped from the sides of the pail and stirred occasionally during the process of freezing with a strong spoon.

—Quarter Crack.—The edges of the crack should be rounded off, without cutting into the depth of the crack. Cleanse the parts, and soften the hoof by means of poulticing, the shoe being removed. With a view of preventing the split from extending upwards, make a cross-cut, or horizontal cut, through the horny fibres, immediately above the split. In extensive cracks, the edges may be held together by means of carefully-inserted rivets. To prevent entrance of dirt, fill the crack with shoemaker's wax. If the split extends through the length of the hoof, remove the bearing of the hoof from the shoe, back of the shoe to the heel, and apply a bar shoe. Apply a mild blister above the hoof. If the horse can be spared from work, he should be given liberty to pasture during two or three months.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Useful Hints for Measuring Land.

Almost every farmer has some way of measuring land, and the most common is to step off five paces for a rod, and call sixty by sixty-five paces an acre. For ordinary purposes this mode will answer, but when the exact measurement of a piece of land is desired, it can not be depended upon as being accurate.

A light pole just sixteen and a half feet long is a cheap and convenient measure, but a four-rod tape line is much better.

An exact acre can be found by the following table of distances:

A plot of ground 5 yards wide by 968 yards long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 10 yards wide by 484 yards long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 80 yards wide by 60 1-2 yards long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 70 yards wide by 69 1-7 yards long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 220 feet long by 198 feet wide contains one acre.

A plot of ground 440 feet long by 99 wide contains one acre.

A plot of ground 110 feet wide by 396 feet long contains one acre.

A plot of ground 240 feet long by 181 1-2 feet wide contains one acre.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet.

One rod contains 30.25 square yards, 272.25 square feet.

To measure corn in the crib: Multiply length, breadth and height together, in feet, to obtain the cubic feet; multiply this product by four and strike off the right figure, and the result will be the shelled bushels, nearly.

A Business Girl.

To women who are considering the advantage of adding to their incomes by undertaking the culture of silk, the experience of Miss Nellie Rossiter, of Philadelphia, who last year received the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society's diploma for her success in this industry, will be of interest. Miss Rossiter, who is only fourteen years old, thus describes her work: "When I first started I had about 300 worms, which I procured through a friend of my father's; in a few days I shall probably possess 100,000. I have made $300 this year, and I hope to treble that sum in the next twelve months. It requires careful watching to keep the worms in good health. They require constant feeding, and somehow they always need attention at four in the morning. They will only eat mulberry or Osage orange leaves. I have a permit to pick those leaves in the park. When I cannot procure a sufficient amount of foliage to feed all the worms I expect to be hatched, I freeze as many thousand eggs as I cannot provide for at the time. Eggs thus frozen will live for over two months, and on being restored to a heated room readily hatch. On the other hand the worms die unless always in a temperature of seventy to seventy-five degrees. This morning I sold 10,800 eggs, fixed on a card like this (showing a card covered with little globules the size of pinheads) for one dollar and seventy-five cents. Had I kept them for another fortnight I could have sold the little worms for seventy-five cents a hundred, but then I have thousands and thousands of eggs. I have offered and have received permission to give instruction in silk-worm culture at one or two orphan asylums in this city, and as you see by the framed letters in the parlor, President Garfield, General Grant and ex-Vice President Wheeler are subscribers to the little book I have published on Silk and the Silk-Worm, in which I give all necessary information.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The shoemaker of whom Walters ordered a pair of heavy shoes, with a half-pound copper toe on the right one, at Lodi, N. Y., wondered what was the purpose of the strange contrivance, until he heard of Miss Walters' beau being frightfully kicked out of the house.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—*Advance.*

THE clothing men are advertising "summer suits." But it don't suit the fellows who have to wear last winter's clothes during the hot weather.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

His Last Dose.

Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy. "I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered urine don't fail to try it.—*Yokohama Dispatch.*

MRS. A. MILLER, 112 Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "James Cough Pellets cured me of a very bad chronic cough. I can recommend them to all troubled with coughs or lung difficulties, as the best remedy known." Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

CHEAPER than blacksmithing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A HEATED TERM—"I'll make it warm for you."

A SCIENTIFIC editor exclaims: "What shall we drink?" He might wait until somebody asks him up.

A BROOKLYN man spent seven hours writing an essay to prove that woman is inferior to man, and then spent two hours more and a heap of profanity in an ineffectual attempt to thread a needle, a job which a woman finally did for him in about two shakes of a lamb's tail.

IT is a serious time when the dog star rages, and the only man who keeps school is the pedagogue teaching a summer term.

"FATHER," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I suppose so," said the father; "why do you ask that?" "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments; that was all."

THE bankers will meet in convention at Niagara Falls. They can afford to stay over night and take a back to the depot in the morning.

"Ma," said a little four-year-old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was?" The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and then gave it up, when the little fellow said: "Why, ma, it was water."

EVERY young man at West Point goes to church Sunday. This would be quite a compliment to the preacher if the young men were not obliged to go.

AN æsthetic observer says pink and white glass makes a more attractive luncheon display than silver or decorated porcelain. The average lunch fiend, however, does not stand on the display of dishes so long as the quantity of hash, liver and beans is ample.

A FAIR friend asks: "Why do men call everything that women wear on the head a bonnet?" We cannot lie; men do not know a bat-chet.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Best SCHOOL in the Land.
Racine College, Wis.
For terms, apply to DR. PARKER,
Racine College, Racine, Wis.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, Chicago, Ill. Fall Term begins Sept. 23d, '81. Diploma admits to the Bar of Illinois. For circulars address HON. H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill.

MT. DE CHANTAL ACADEMY, near Wheeling, W. Va. English, French, Music. Apply for catalogue.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 55 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

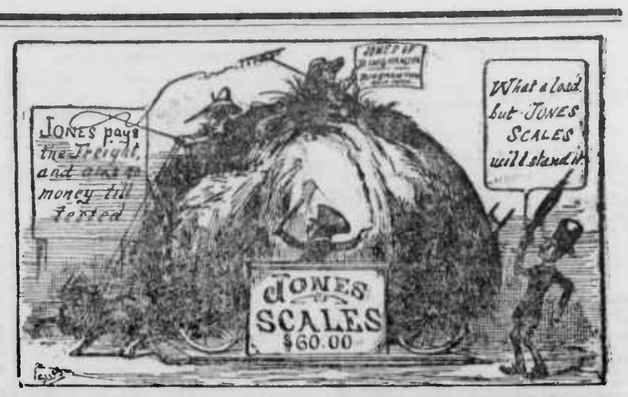

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Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.
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A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors,
BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
PILLS

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!
MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst forms of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
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School Teachers, Students, Young men and Ladies, acting as agents for this book are making over $100 a month. Sells fast. One agent sold 71 first 15 days, another 46 in 5 days, another 11 in one day, another 15 and 5 Bibles in 3 days. Secure territory quick. Also agents wanted for the best Illustrated Revised New Testament, and for the finest Family Bibles ever sold by agents. Send for circulars. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

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Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
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M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him well as ever."
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It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
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ONE CENT
will buy a postal card on which to send your address and receive free by mail a 100-page book on "The Liver, Its Diseases and their Treatment," including Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria, Costiveness, Headache, etc. Address
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three moths preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

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SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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☞ Shop near the Post Office.

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Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	..... P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. [illegible]	2.16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.24 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	19.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

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REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
[illegible] STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

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2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881. NUMBER 25.

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At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

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The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure every time.* JULIUS W. DER.

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Respectfully, G. E. HINKLEY,
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NOTICE.

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A RICH HUSBAND.

"Wonders will never cease," said Mrs. Robe, as she opened a letter she found beside her plate at breakfast. "Here is Cousin Corner coming home after all these years, and such a letter, just listen, my dear:

"Dear Cousin: I suppose that you have made up your minds that I am dead; but I'm alive as you see, and coming home. I'm tired of mere money grubbing, and those who have made fortunes know that they need something else in this world. I mean to end my days among my relatives, and between you and me, I shall put them to the test. I want to find out who are my friends, and who court me for other reasons; and what I want to do is to make them think me a very poor man, quite out of pocket. Bless me, I'm laughing out loud as I write. You should hear me. To make them think that I'm poor, and that it would be charity to ask me to pay them visits. In this way I can discover my friends. I shall come to your house first, dressed in character. I know it is an old joke, quite a thing of the novels; but I trust it will succeed.

Yours very affectionately,
OBADIAH CORNER.

P. S.—Expect me on Thursday. O. C."

"If that isn't the most amusing thing," said Mrs. Robe—"coming home so rich and is suspicious of his relatives, and of being courted for his money. And a bachelor too! Dear, dear! Poor Obadiah Corner, who used to be the black sheep of the family, and who we never believed would come to any good. How everything changes about in this world. Life is a checker-board to be sure! William what a splendid thing it would be for Arabella Muffit."

"What would be a splendid thing for Arabella; a checker-board?" asked Mr. Robe.

"Oh, Mr. Robe, don't pretend to be stupid, because you are not, my dear, and you wouldn't do yourself justice. I mean Obadiah."

"Obadiah would be a good thing for Arabella. Oh—yes—yes!" said Mr. Robe. "You mean a good match for her. But Arabella is no longer young, and she never was handsome, my dear."

"That's so ridiculous!" said Mrs. Robe.

"Arabella is much younger than Obadiah, and by no means as plain as he is. But that is the way with you men. The older and uglier you get the younger and prettier you think your wives should be. Boys of twenty fall in love with women of thirty, but men of sixty never think of any age beyond sixteen when they choose wives."

"Very true," said Mr. Robe.

"And very ridiculous," said Mrs. Robe. "Anyway I have an affection for Arabella, and I mean to further her interests if I can. I shall give her a hint of the real state of the case, but not another soul is to know a word beyond what Obadiah has told me to tell them."

"Well, women must be match-makers I suppose," said Mr. Robe, as he finished his last cup of coffee and glanced at the clock; "but don't calculate too much on success, my dear."

Then he took his hat and coat and departed for the regions known as town, and shortly after Mrs. Robe, having arrayed herself for the promenade, went out also, her purpose being a confidential talk with Arabella.

Arabella Muffit was a very small, black-eyed lady of forty-five, who lived in a tiny house principally furnished with specimens of all the fancy work that had been fashionable for the last twenty-five years. She had no near relatives, and could remember none but her grandfather, who left her the small property on which she lived, but she had connections who took tea with her occasionally, and with whom she dined at times; for the rest, church going, needlework and books occupied her time.

She opened the door for Mrs. Robe herself, and having kissed her on both cheeks, escorted her to the room above, where she was busy with a chair cover.

"Now we can have a nice chat, and you'll stay to luncheon, won't you, Martha?"

Martha promised to stay, and having taking off her things, and dropped into a chair, she produced Obadiah's letter.

"There read that, Arabella," she said.

Arabella read it, changing color as she did so.

"Dear me, how romantic he must be. I suppose he's changed very much in these twenty-five years. He must be fifty-seven now. And to think of his having made a fortune and wanting to prove his friends. Martha do you think you ought to betray him?"

"No, I do not," said Martha, "and shall tell no one but you. I had a mind to write you; and as he says he will be here on Thursday, I want you to dine with us and meet him."

Poor Arabella looked in the glass sadly.

"He'll find me dreadfully changed, but I'll come, Martha."

"Bless you, we all change! We can't help that; I never worry about it," and then they fell to talking about Obadiah, and found the subject so interesting that they kept it up over the cold chicken and coke that composed their lunch.

Thursday arrived, Obadiah, Miss Muffit in Mrs. Robe's parlor, sitting opposite a burly looking man, whose nose was rather red, and whose eyes were not honest eyes by any means. He was quite shabbily dressed, and had whispered to Mrs. Robe in the hall:

"Take notice of this coat; it carries out the character doesn't it? I look like a seedy old fellow, don't I?" And he nudged Mr. Robe with one elbow, and Mrs. Robe with the other, while they agreed that he certainly did look the character most thoroughly.

On the whole, it was rather a pleasant evening, and Arabella and Obadiah got on finely. He promised to take tea at her house in a few days, and he saw her home at ten o'clock.

The other relations, not having read Obadiah's letters, were not glad to see him. He was shabbier than ever, and they kept him at a distance.

Mrs. Robe smiled to herself as she thought of the letter; but she wisely held her tongue and left a fair field to Arabella. In a short time Obadiah proposed to Miss Muffit, and was accepted by her.

"Such a splendid thing for Arabella; and it must come all out now," And thereupon she went calling upon the relatives, showing the letter and creating great excitement.

"And what can he see in Arabella?" said one who was the mother of many daughters. "And though I say it who should not, there's my Eva such a beauty!"

"But Eva was very rude to Cousin Obadiah," said Mrs. Robe.

"The idea of an old man like that marrying, with relatives he could leave everything to!"

"But men don't leave everything to relatives who insult them," said Mrs. Robe.

"It's splendid for Arabella, and she was the only one who was civil to him, you know."

Then she went away, leaving them envious of Miss Muffit, and angry with her also, as one who had been wiser than they.

And Miss Muffit was so happy, that she began to grow plump, was making up a pearl-colored silk dress, and had sent some pearls left by her grandfather, to be re-set, and sat one day building middle-aged castles in the air, when the bell rang and her elderly lover was shown in.

There was no light in the room but that of the fire, and as she would have lit the drop lamp, but he stopped her.

"I want to talk a little," he said, "and I like talking in a half light. I have a question to ask, and I want you to tell me the truth."

"I will," said Miss Muffit. "Whatever the question is, I'll tell you the truth."

"Well, then, did you see the letter I wrote to Martha?"

The blood rushed to Miss Muffit's face.

"I—I—yes, I saw it," she said.

"I know no one else did. But she showed it to you. Well, I intended she should. I never thought that Cousin Robe could keep a secret. Arabella, I am a poor man, and a rascal. You have a home and twelve hundred a year. My letter was a trap. I wanted everyone to see it, and hoped to settle down among my friends with the reputation of being a rich bachelor. You only saw the letter, and you alone were civil. I meant to impose upon you until we were married. I wanted a home, that was all."

"Oh!" cried Miss Muffit, as if something had stung her.

"But since then," he said, looking miserably into the fire, "I've come to love you and to feel I mustn't play a trick on you. It was natural for you to like the thought of a rich husband—and then we were great friends as girl and boy. I don't blame you, and I can't cheat you. I think it will break my miserable old heart. But I've come to say good-bye and to beg your pardon, dear. They'll say you had a lucky escape. So you have. I'm going now, Arabella."

He rose, but Miss Muffit arose to.

"Obadiah," she said, "I never thought of the money. Obadiah don't think that of me. And you do care for me now."

"Then she held out her trembling hand.

"Stay, Obadiah," said she.

And he caught her trembling hand and kissed it, and in the darkness she heard him sob.

So they were married after all and Obadiah has turned out better than could be expected, and only Mrs. Robe knows of the bridal eve confession, and she, you may be sure, keeps the secret, that Obadiah may pass for what he is not—the rich husband of her favorite relative, rich only in having won that faithful-hearted woman—with twelve hundred a year attached.

Mrs. Garfield on Women's Work.

The late number of the *Student*, a little paper published by the students of Hiram College contains an article of more than ordinary interest on the above subject. It quotes an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband over ten years ago, and intended for no eyes but his. It fell into the hands of President Hinsdale, who made use of it in a lecture to the students, and as it showed the qualities of Mrs. Garfield's mind, and her opinions upon the subject of women's work, he gave it to the students. The extract is as follows: "I am glad to tell that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessary to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before—and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine, that I need not to be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly-educated women thinks her duties a disgrace and frets under them or shrinks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant, whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it."—*Religious Herald.*

Upper Rooms as Ovens.

In the construction of perhaps nine out of ten of frame houses, and oftentimes of brick, no adequate provision, if any, is made for ventilating the space between the upper ceiling and the roof. How frequently at night the remark is made: "The lower rooms are getting quite comfortable, but the upper rooms are like an oven." "The roof gets so heated up during the day." Seldom is the real cause of the oppressive heat that prevails till late in the night, or till well on toward morning, either understood or thought of. It is true the roof gets hot during the day, but it usually consists of but a layer of strips and shingles and would soon cool if it had a chance. The trouble is there is a body of confined air under the roof that gets very hot, and as there is no outlet for its escape and replacement it must remain hot until cooled by the slow process of radiation through the surrounding walls.

Now, the roof being usually of wood is not so good a conductor as the plastered walls of the ceiling, hence the heat must pass out principally from below through the rooms of the house. That accounts for the fact that when one goes to an upper room in the evening there comes such a sense of stifling, and the sweat starts from the forehead. It is an oven you are in; all that is lacking to make it complete is the hot air chamber below as well as above. The builder who constructs a house with such nicely adjusted conditions for the radiation of stored up heat, might most properly be called Macbeth, for he has certainly "murdered sleep." When the writer was a boy it was his good fortune to sleep in the chamber of a house unfinished above. There was nothing but the roof over him and the room became cool not long after the cooling of the outside air. It was a good place to sleep winter or summer.

Only those who have slept just under the shingles can realize what it is to "listen to the patter of the rain upon the roof." Very often in steep-roofed and low-eaved houses a part of the room along by the eaves above is walled out, leaving a space for confined air on two sides as well as above. The sides, two, are connected with the spaces between weather boarding and walls, reaching to the sills. It will readily appear, therefore, what an advantage would be gained both in preventing and reducing excessive heat by having a free circulation of air through these spaces. The provisions sometimes made for this ventilation are insufficient. A few open slats under the roof in the gable are better than nothing, but there is no good reason why there should not be at least two good large openings. An arrangement could easily be made so that shutters should be under control from below, by means of a cord or wire, remaining open day and night during hot weather except when storms might threaten. They might be made to assist greatly in cooling and ventilating the whole house.—[*Dr. Newkirk. Marshall County, Id.*

How Mennonites Elect a Minister.

The first move in this direction is made by the church which feels the want of a minister sending a petition to the yearly conference. When the voting is done, the election is closed, the tickets opened, the names of the candidates written down, and afterwards announced to the church. A candidate with a single vote stands the same chance of becoming the preacher as the one who had fifty or a hundred votes. In examing the votes no tally is kept, and the one who had the majority will never find it out. Five days after the candidates are announced, they will meet again and "draw lots," as they call it. It is done this way: They take as many books of the same kind, generally hymn books with clasps, as there are candidates, and in one of them their Elder or Bishop puts a slip of paper, on which he has written these words: "It is your lot." After the books have been shuffled around and stood in a row on the pulpit or stand by the Deacon, the candidates are told by the Bishop to fetch the books, which each one does, and then goes back to his seat until all the books are taken. Then each one takes his book up to the Bishop or Elder, who examines each book until he has found that slip of paper. Then the candidate in whose book that slip of paper is found is declared the preacher and is installed immediately. This is their way of choosing preachers in their church. They receive no salary, and are moreover a quiet, peaceable and law-abiding people.

Postmaster-General James has just brought to light a practice which is not at all to the credit of the Canadian postal authorities. It seems that United States mail-bags sent to Canada with letters are detained there and used in large numbers for the local mail service of the Dominion. Inspectors sent to look into this matter estimate that many thousands of our pouches, costing $5 apiece, are in constant use in the Canadian service. A number were found which had been repaired in Canadian shops and furnished with the Canadian official lock, showing that they had been deliberately appropriated. This is certainly a curious and extraordinary instance of pilfering. It is impossible to believe that the higher postal authorities in Canada have had any knowledge of this dishonest practice on the part of their subordinates.

The figures of the census taken in the Dominion of Canada, which have just been published, show that the total population of the country is 4,350,000, an increase of 865,000 over the figures of 1871. The actual increase in the four old provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, however, is only 548,000.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NONSENSE RHYMES.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents they *hoped* they had loucester;
But she came back one day,
To their awful dismay,
So they called her a wicked lupoucester.

There was an old fogy named Cholmondely,
Who wasn't what one would call colmoudely:
Whene'er he went by
All the babies would cry,
He was so hifically holmoudely.

A nobby young student of Calns
Remarked, "Now just ain't I the chalns!
I've such shiny hats,
And gorgeous cravats,
That the boys yell, 'O *what* a brutns!'"

There is a young maid of St. Croix
Who is "gone" on a clever young bolx,
They swing on the gate
Both early and late,
And their lives are o'ergushing with joix.

There was a young girl of Eau Claire,
Who was witty, and good, and semi faire,
All the other girls found,
That when she was around,
They were just counted out as near whaire.

'Twas during the revent Grand Prix,
A Frenchman, as rich as could bix,
Put up all his francs
On a roan horse's shanes—
"Mon dieu! I am ruined!" quoth hix.

There lived a young maid at the Smilt,
Whose eyes were a beautiful blaunt;
But most sad to relate
Was this lovely maid's fate;
Died of eating too much codfish stanlt.

An old yellow dog in Cologne,
Ran away with an old woman's bogno;
But the wrathful old crogne,
Hit him twice with a stogne,
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

There was a young girl in Cohoes
Who was awfully fond of fine clothes,
So she spent all her cash
In buying a sash,
And went with big holes in her hothe.

Three beautiful girls of Fort Plain
Had lovers who traveled the main;
The oldest was Hannah,
The second Susannah,
And the youngest Elizabeth Jane.

SLIGHTLY ELEVATED.

I knew it was he the first instant I glanced at him, as he stepped into the elevator, and then, seeing a lady, took off his hat and stood there with it in his hand, while others filed in and seated themselves. I wondered if he had seen me. I hoped to heaven he had not. It was not very bright in the place, and I cast down my eyes with a truly ostrich-like sagacity, forgetting I could be seen if I did not see; forgetting, too, the mirrors lining the box if one happened to look in them. However, at the second floor he left, and I went on, thankful I had not been obliged to make the stir of moving out before he did.

I would not have gone down to dinner that day if I could have helped it, I said to myself—not although mamma had asked the Loverings to dine, and my new garnet velvet had just come home. But mamma would have made such a song of it that one thing would be just as bad as the other.

I was hardly inside my room when I locked the door, and fell on the bed so faint that I should have died if at last I had not been able to cry—a good long refreshing cry that lasted till I grew so angry with myself it dried my tears. And then Amy came to the door, but I told her she must go along into mamma's room; she couldn't come in there. And she went away declaring it was fine time of day, and other things of the sort, till I bethought me it *was* fine time of day if I fainted away, and cried myself ill, and locked my sister out of her room, all because I had happened to meet Loring Richards in the elevator five years after our boy and girl engagement was broken.

I call it a boy and girl engngement; but it had been life of my life, and it had almost torn my heart out in coming to an end. And whnt had he cared—the great, dark, handsome creature, standing there without a line upon his face that told of any trouble it had been to him, who had left me to suffer all I had had to suffer alone? Not go down to dinner? I would go if I went up in a chariot of fire directly afterward. I sprang up and bathed my face, and powdered it till it was cool, and unlocked the door and called Amy, and sat bent over a novel, and thoroughly absorbed in it, my hair streaming round my face and shoulders, till she was dressed, having to hurry a little for some caller in our parlor. Then I blew off my powder, took a hot bath, called Davis, and had her brush my hair till it tingled, and put on the garnet velvet with its creamy duchesse lace and the yellow pearls—everybody dresses so at that hotel. I only came near breaking down when, Davis not being able to find a jewel I wnnted, I tumbled over the things myself, and a little old miniature that nobody knew I had kept tumbled from its hiding-place, and showed me for half an instant that proud, grave face. But I recovered presently, and I looked in the glass, and defied him to tell that I cared a straw, even if he saw me in that vast caravansary of the splendid hotel dining-room, with its chandeliers, its mirrors, its frescoes, and its throngs. And anybody would have been justified in making such remarks as were convenient concerning my vanity who could have known the second thought that flashed through me as I looked in that glass, and saw the olive oval with its rich flush, the dark and glowing eye, the dewy lip, the clear soft outlines. If I thought it was a picture Loring Richards or another might be glad to see, how could I help the thought?

The Loverings were waiting when I went into the parlor, mamma and Amy, who had become used to my caprice in five years, talking as if they were not half worried to death for fear I was not going to dine at all—mamma's soul being deeply concerned in doing the Loverings honor; for she meant that Mary should marry the doctor, if obliged to give up hope of my accepting Mr. Lovering's bonds and stocks with himself. Poor mamma had come to make a fetich to herself of bonds and stocks. And it was a condescension, in a manner, for them to dine with us, anyway, at a hotel—the aristocrats of the Avenue in general despising the cuisine and the herd of the vulgar who get their two or three days' yearly splendor at an inn, and these being aristocrats in particular, and cruelly conservative in practice and principle.

So we went down. And mamma sailed in with Mr. Lovering, and Amy with the Doctor, and I followed with Julia Lovering, whose little soul curled all up in contact with the crowd, like a sea-anemone when you touch it; and just at the door my train caught on a carpet-hook, and a couple of servants made haste to loosen it, but not before a gentleman had stopped and set it free, and bowed without looking up, and passed on; and it was Loring Richards, and he had not known me again. So near me, and had not known me! Once, the air my garment brushed would have thrilled him through and through! And you can imagine if I knew whether I were eating gumbo soup or Blue Point oysters, or what not, after that! What was Loring Richards doing there? Who was the lady he joined in the hall? Had he married?

If it had not been for mamma's claret, which she quietly pushed toward me, in a minute I should have fallen off my chair; but that brought the blood back. Forgotten me! Well, why should I be the only one to remember? Let me forget. Alas! had I not been trying to forget for five years? But I leaned over my plate to ask Mr. Lovering a question, the length of whose reply I knew would be like spool silk, warranted three hundred yards; and I was hanging on his words, when my eye caught sight of a person that had just come in, and was seated a few tables distant, had taken out a paper, and was never glancing up from the column. A chair was turned down near him, and it remained vacant for some time. For his bride? No; a man does not come down to dinner and leave his bride to follow alone. For his wife of longer date? When I had the opportunity of another look, a dazzling creature sat there, a golden-headed darling, radiant as if a star had turned a rose. Was I not ashamed of myself to wish to look that way! What did I care for Loring Richards, or his wife, either, if he had one! Not in that direction again did I turn my head. I was gay and all alive myself, and Mr. Lovering was all devotion. I knew by some other sense when those two left the room, but not by my eyes or ears.

"Who is that going out?" asked Mr. Lovering. "If his looks were a burning-glass you would be in flames."

"One of the waiters?" I asked. "There is a French Count among them, you know, and a Polish refugee."

"Margaret!" exclaimed mamma, "how should you know anything about such people?"

"Oh, mamma, I am interested in them; and since I joined the Internationals, and the Nihilists, and the Marianne, and the rest, I know all about such people." I saw Mr. Lovering's hair slowly begin to rise on end. "That old rag-picker," I added, "told me yesterday that—"

But Mr. Lovering's head looked more and more like an electric hair-brush, and mamma cried, "Margaret!"

"Why, mamma, we are all human beings together."

"I really must insist—" began mamma; and then Amy giggled, and mamma looked as if she thought I had gone out of my head, and Amy was hysterically sympathetic.

"Your daughter's advanced opinions," said Mr. Lovering, stiffly, "are a surprise to me."

"You silly little mother," Amy laughed. "It is our boating club at home, the Internationals, our charity school, the Nihilists, our sewing club, our book club, our—"

"I really thought you meant secret societies," gasped that old goose of an elderly lover.

"And what if I had?" said I, my native vigor returning. "What if I were own cousin to Vera Sassalitch?"

"Do have her name right," said the Doctor. "I was afraid that our young ladies would be following Natalushka's fashions as soon as Mr. Black made her so charming."

"Charming?" said his father. "A girl with such ideas charming?"

"I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so," said mamma.

"And I," said I. "Because they are my ideas."

"Which are your ideas?" he asked. "Mine, or those of the young Russian girl and others like her?"

"Hers, certainly," I said. "The ideas of humanity and brotherhood." And my heart began to beat like an engine one hears in the night, with a wild sort of exultation, no matter what had happened to Loring Richards, I had made it impossible that I should marry Mr. Lovering's stocks and bonds, for the temptation was out of the way: he would never ask me.

But it had nll been a little to much for me. And I saw that mamma was comprehending the situation, and growing angrier and angrier. Oh, how angry the dear soul was! "You look very pale, Margaret," she said. "Are you not well? I see by your conversation that you are not quite yourself. You had better go to your room. Our friends will excuse you, I am snre." And I bowed to them all, and caught the Doctor's twinkling eye—the Doctor who wanted no young mother-in-law—and rose and slipped from the room before either he or his father could offer me an arm. I could not have held out through another five minutes.

The elevator was just coming up from the lower hall. I stepped in. A gentleman in it took off his hat as usual. I seated myself, a boy closed the door, and we softly slid upward. We ascended half way to the next floor, when we paused with a slight jar. The boy looked up at the bell signals; pulled one string, and then another; pushed open the door against the blank wall, and then, before he had shut it, there came a sudden sense of breathlessness, and we had shot up toward the roof like a catapult; the boy had flung himself out as we passed one of the open spaces of the flying floors; and all at once we stopped again with a shock, suspended by some unknown agency between the two upper floors, with some seventy feet of empty space under us, and nothing that we knew of between us and destruction.

The light in the elevator had gone out, and only a dim glimmer from the jets in the upper hall made darkness visible. For a moment I closed my eyes, and leaned back, half lifeless. "It's horrible," I gasped. For I thought of the fierce shock, the crushing of body and bone that was to follow at any moment, if we fell to the lower pavement, if we were driven up into the timbers of the roof. Then came the thought that it was but for a moment after all, and with it would end all that was so unbearable. Loring Richards's wife and Loring Richards himself would be nothing then to me. No more torture, no more heart-break, no more tears—just peace. And there came with that a certain gladness over all the immediate horror. "Are you afraid?" I said, turning to the other occupant of the cage, at whom I had not glanced.

"Afraid, Margaret! Here?—alone with you?" came the answer.

"Loring! Oh, how dreadful! And—and your wife—"

"My wife! There is only one wife possible for me, Margaret, and you have kept me away from her for five years."

"Do you say you are not married to that lovely creature at the table—"

"Married? To my cousin Rose? And you ask me that, Margaret?—you?"

I raised my eyes to look at him. He was standing directly before me in the half-shadow. "Oh, Loring," I said, "we are in the face of death. Can you forgive me—now, when there is nothing left for us but to die?"

He bent and caught me to his heart. "At any rate," he said, "to die together. There is no greater bliss than that."

"Oh, yes," I cried—"to live together. Ah, will nobody save us? Oh, when we have just found each other after all these bitter years! Were they bitter to you, Loring?"

And just then the ropes began to slide softly over the pulleys again, and we went easily slipping down, and gently alighted at the lower hall as if nothing had been the matter. Talk of the total depravity of inanimate things! It is a sacrilege. I believe that elevator knew just what it was doing. But you ought to have seen dear mamma's face when Loring told her that he should not let me out of his sight again till he had a legal claim upon me, and he would be glad of her company and Amy's in the Church of the Heavenly Haven in exactly one half-hour's time!—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Surrender of Yorktown.

At noon of the 19th [October] we have the first act of surrender. Yorktown changed hands. Two redoubts on the left of the enemy's works were at that hour taken possession of by detachments from the allied army. Colonel Richard Butler commanded the American and the Marquis Laval the French party, each of one hundred men. At two o'clock we reach the closing scene. The army of Cornwallis marched out as prisoners of war, grounded their arms, and then marched back. Accounts agree in describing the display and ceremony on the occasion as quite imposing. The British appeared in new uniforms, distributed among them a few days before, and it only required the flying of their standards to give their march the effect of a holiday parade. But their colors were cased, and they were prohibited from playing either a French or an American tune. This was the return of a compliment, a piece of justifiable as well as poetic retaliation on the part of the Americans for what the enemy were pleased to command when General Lincoln was compelled to surrender at Charleston the year before. The matter came up at the meeting of the Commissioners. "This is a harsh article," said Ross to Laurens.

"Which article?" answered the latter.

"The troops shall march out *with colors cased, and drums beating a British or a German march.*"

"Yes, sir," returned Laurens, with a touch of *sang froid*, "it is a harsh article."

"Then," said Ross, "if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

Whereupon Laurens, who had been made prisoner at Charleston with Lincoln's army, proceeded to remind Ross that the Americans on that occasion had made a brave defense, but were ungallantly refused any honors of surrender, other than to march out with colors cased and drums *not* beating a British or a German march.

"But," rejoined Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"There, sir," said Laurens, "you extort another observation. It is not the individual that is here considered; it is the Nation. This remains an article, or I cease to be a Commissioner."

Nothing more was to be said; the article stood, and the enemy marched out with colors cased, while the tune they chose to follow was an old British march with the quite appropriate title of "The World Turned Upside Down."

As the prisoners moved out of their works along the Hampton road, they found the French and American armies drawn up on either side of the way, the Americans on their right, and extending for more than a mile toward the field of surrender. The French troops presented a brilliant spectacle in their white uniforms, with plumed and decorated officers at their head, and gorgeous standards of white silk, embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, floating along the line. The Americans were less of an attraction in outward appearance, but not less eagerly eyed by their late antagonists. Among the war-worn Continentals there was variety of dress, poor at the best, distinguishing the men of the different lines; but, to compensate for lack of show, there was a soldierly bearing about them which commanded attention. The militia formed in their rear presented a less martial sight, so far as clothing and order were concerned. But all these men were conquerors, and their very appearance bespoke the hardships and privation they and their States had undergone to win in the struggle. At the head of the respective lines were the commanding Generals, nobly mounted—Washington, Rochambeau, La Fayette, Lincoln, Steuben, Knox, and the rest. Leading the British came General O'Hara instead of Cornwallis. The latter pleaded illness, but he sent his sword by O'Hara to be given up to Washington. As O'Hara advanced to the Chief, he was referred to Lincoln, who, upon receiving the sword as a token of the enemy's submission, immediately returned it to the British General, whose troops then marched between the two lines to a field on the right, where they grounded their arms.—*H. P. Johnston, in Harper's Mag*

Throckmorton's "Ghost."

It was a woman. Her name was Ellen Goodwin, and twenty-three years of her life were passed in teaching the man contrition. As early as 1852 the public began to talk of John Throckmorton and John Throckmorten's "ghost." Wherever John Throckmorton was seen a shabbily dressed girl followed after him, dogged him with her presence and haunted him like a nightmare. If he left his hotel in the morning to walk down the street, this shadow in dingy black would appear promptly at his heels, saying not a word nor breathing to those who observed an intimation of her purpose. If John Throckmorton was at his club this woman hung faithfully about the door until he made his appearance, and then wherever he went she followed until perhaps he sought refuge in his private chamber, where bolts and bars kept her back. No matter if it rained pitchforks, if it were hotter than hades or colder than the breath of the Arctic, John Throckmorton appeared not in public but that his shadow was close at hand to torment him with her presence, to taunt him with his crime, to teach him repentance. Her image was ever before his eyes; she perched about him as relentlessly as Edgar Allen Poe's raven sat upon

"The pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above his chamber door,"

not a phrophet or a thing of evil, but a woman full of vengeance, full of determination, a woman scorned.

Throckmorton went to Boston, to New York, to Philadelphia, to New Orleans, but it was all the same. His shadow was faithful in its pursuit. It couldn't be dodged. Even when this man sought refuge and surcease in the army his shadow, like a Nemesis, was still on the track. John Throckmorton grew gray, and thin, and shaky with age; the girl grew into a woman, and with her maturer womanhood came increased determination. She would make him suffer; she would teach him contrition. The picture has been seen a thousand times on the streets of Louisville. A tall, slim man with white sidewhiskers, white hair and a face expressing mingled mortification and recklessness, in front; a woman, shabbily dressed and closely veiled, shrinking along behind.

"Throckmorton and his ghost," whispered the spectators, as the two marched silently down the street.

"The woman he ruined," speaks another voice.

"The woman he scorns, rather," says somebody else.

"The woman who will die at his heels," says another still, and so they all talk.

John Throckmorton and Ellen Goodwin keep up this weary journey through life. It is rare that they speak to each other. Occasionally Throckmorton breathes an oath or a threat, but the woman only smiles. She is carrying out her purpose. What does she care what Throckmorton says, or what the world thinks? Some say she is insane, but those who know her best say not. Throckmorton, among his friends, laughs the matter away, but his pretension of carelessness is all assumed. Upon one occasion, as the story goes, he meets her on a bitter cold day in the Second Street market and curses her. For once, the woman's temper gets the better of her. She seizes an ignoble weapon, a frozen rabbit, and in the twinkling of an eye John Throckmorton has received a blow across the face and is lying stretched out upon the sidewalk. Upon another occasion there is, according to public testimony, a dramatic scene in the mouth of an alley. Throckmorton has become desperate. He meets her and brings forth a razor to cut her throat. She throws back her veil with a smile of scorn and says:

"Kill me, John Throckmorton, but kiss me first."

The man becomes powerless with awe at the reckless bearing of the woman, and flees from her sight, but soon she is on his trail again, and it is the old, old story of "Throckmorton and his ghost."

At the expiration of twenty-three years a trial takes place in the Louisville Chancery Court. Ellen Goodwin is charged with lunacy by John Throckmorton, and an inquest is held. The Court-house is filled to overflowing, and the excitement is intense. The prosecuting witness, with scores of other witnesses to back him, tells the history of the long years that the accused has dogged his footsteps.

After a while Ellen Goodwin is placed upon the stand to tell her story. She was a girl but fifteen years of age, she says, when she first met this man Throckmorton. He sought her out at home and she learned to love him, subsequently falling a victim to his licentious caresses. Even after this "I loved the man," she said, "so passionately that I found the desire to be at his side irresistible. I began to follow him upon the streets solely because I loved him. He laughed at me and spoke sneeringly of me to his friends. He forgot the promises he had made me, and I forgot my love for him. I learned to hate him. Before I had followed about after him because I worshipped him. Now I determined to follow him because he had scorned me and because I hated him as intensely as I had loved him. I sought to teach him contrition, but he was too proud to repent, too stubborn to seek my forgiveness, and I was too resolute to forget my purpose, and so day after day and night after night I have been upon his track. I have suffered and so has he."

Upon the occasion of this trial Ellen Gedwin stood the examination and cross-examination of the counsel for the prosecution as firmly as she had carried out her purpose of teaching John Throckmorton that a woman scorned is a woman wronged. The jury, without leaving their seats, decided that the defendant was a sane woman, and the Court promptly dismissed the petition of John Throckmorton, asking that she be committed to the lunatic asylum. This trial, however, parted Throckmorton and his ghost. Ellen Godwin declared that she had exposed her faithless lover sufficiently and gave up her intention of teaching him contrition.

Information received in this city yesterday announced the death of Maj. Throckmorton. He died on a plantation owned by Col. M. Lewis Clark, Jr., in Mississippi, whither he had gone for the purpose of looking after Col. Clark's interests. His remains will be interred there for the present, for the reason that it is impossible to obtain transportation, but in the fall they will be exhumed, to be brought here to Louisville and laid beside those of Maj. Throckmorton's father in the family let at Cave Hill. The nature of his illness has not been learned yet.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Freaks of Fortune.

A short story—not a Lake Superior romance, but a story showing the freaks of fortune and how the old dame sometimes strikes a fellow when and where he least expects it. Once upon a time, in the early history of Marquette, the son-in-law of a father-in-law doing business in a lower Michigan village came here, and, for the want of something better to do, became editor of the *Mining Journal*, then a weekly sheet, printed on a hand-press with old battered type. The father-in-law was apparently a prosperous merchant, and in the course of trade had become possessed of some land scrip and a 120-acre land warrant. It was in 1858, at the time Silas C. Smith made a pilgrimage to what is now the Menominee iron range, in the interest of Hon. Edward Breitung, that the son-in-law wrote to his father-in-law, saying that if he would send the scrip and land-warrant here he thought he could locate some land that in the course of time might prove valuable. The old gentleman acted on the suggestion, and the son-in-law placed the scrip and warrant where he thought they would do the father-in-law the most good. Subsequently all the entrees covered by the scrip were canceled by the Government, it being ascertained that the State had received more scrip than she was entitled to, and the old gentleman's landed possessions in the upper peninsula were reduced to 120 acres covered by the land-warrant. In the course of time an adverse financial wave stranded the old gentleman—left him high and dry on Poverty Beach—and he turned over to his creditors all his property not exempt from execution, including the 120 acres of land in the upper peninsula. His creditors, after examining the assets, concluded that the land was worthless, and proposed that he should keep it and turn over something which, though exempt, could be more readily converted into cash. He did so, giving them in lieu of the land other property worth about $250. He then embarked in business as an insurance agent, and for years has occupied a dingy little office in the lower peninsula town referred to, eking out a bare subsistence on his commissions. The financial wave by which he was stranded, as suddenly and unexpectedly returning, floats him once more on the sea of prosperity. His name is H. A. Chapin, and he is the owner of the Chapin mine, and the richest man in the little city of Niles, Mich. The despised 120 acres, in lieu of which his creditors asked and received $250 worth of exempted property, will this year yield him an income of $60,000, and when the mine which bears his name is fully developed his annual income will be in the neighborhood of $100,000. Mr. Chapin is an old man, but if there is any happiness in the possession of wealth his few remaining years ought to be serenely happy ones. One editor having located the land from which his wealth has been derived, another that we know of would like nothing better than a chance of making himself financially solid on an option for its purchase within ninety days, at a valuation ranging anywhere from $500,000 to $750,000.—*Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.*

A Miner's Romance.

At Amherst College, in the class of '53, there were two chums, who had stuck together ever since they had first entered college. They were fast friends, and no trouble had ever disturbed their friendship. One was the son of rich parents, and the other of a country minister. When they graduated the rich man's son went into business with his father in New York, and took his friend with him as an employee. Things went on smoothly for some time, when that common accident of life happened—they both fell in love with the same girl. The fight in the heart of the employee was long and bitter, but, contrasting his position with that of his friend, the difference in the advantages he could offer the woman, he yielded, and, with scarce a word of parting, with one of explanation, he left New York and went West. A year afterward found him in San Francisco, and he soon joined the gold-diggers. His fortune was varied, at times rich, at times poor; afterward, in Nevada, he followed silver-mining, and when the silver-craze struck Leadville he went there. There he was successful, and this spring, a rich man, he determined to return East for the first time in twenty-four years. Friday, as he got off the Southwestern train, at Wilton, Iowa, and went to get on the main line train which was to carry him to Chicago, a lady who was trying to turn a seat attracted his attention. Stepping forward to help her, he at first looked with wonder, then joy, to see that it was the woman he had run away from so long ago, a woman now past forty, but handsome yet. He talked to her timidly at first, and uncertain. When he learned that she was yet unmarried his questions came faster yet, and her present condition was soon known to him. Her parents had died, and, depending on her own exertions for support, she had taught school, and at present was principal of a school in Western Iowa. The old love still lived in the miner's heart, and he soon found that he had not been entirely forgotten by her. To make a long story short, it was a very happy looking couple that got off the train at Chicago that night looking for a minister, and a still happier one which registered at the Sherman as Mr. and Mrs. ——, Leadville, Colo.—*Omaha Herald.*

—Prince Bismarck has given, says the London *Globe*, a reluctant assent to the marriage of his son Herbert to the Princess Carolath. This lady is described as very handsome, and gifted with all the accomplishments of her race, the Hartzfeldts.

—Queen Victoria has been presented by the Ashantees with a golden ax, as a companion piece to King Koffee's umbrella sent to her at the close of the last Ashantee war.

Precautions Against Assassination.

It is natural that in the outburst of popular sympathy and indignation, the propriety of affording special protection to the person of our Chief Magistrate should find some advocates. A little reflection, however, will make it plain that no array of police and soldiery can assure absolute safety to the executive head of a State. And even where a constitutional or elective ruler grounds his title in the trust and affection of the community, he is still, like private individuals, at the mercy of design or caprice engendered in a morbid or disordered intellect.

The futility of special precautions on the part of autocrats against assassination may be reckoned among the clearest lessons of history. The entire command of the resources of an empire, the constitutional attendance of a powerful body-guard, and the elaborate system of espionage devised by Tiberius, could not save a large proportion of the first twelve Cæsars from a premature and bloody death. The annals of the house of Othman and the house of Romanoff demonstrate the vanity of the most imposing gurantees against palace intrigues and popular disaffection. At this moment the Czar of Russia can not foil the assaults of which he is the constant target, except at a sacrifice of personal liberty which would render life intolerable to the meanest of his subjects. The present Sultan is protected in his palace, and when he goes abroad, by a strong military force and the unceasing vigilance of a multitude of spies. Yet the same measures of defense did not avail to save his two immediate predecessors from death or deposition. And here we may recall the striking fact that, soon after the death of Abdul-Aziz, one astute and resolute man found means to push his way through the files of soldiers and attendants into the Council of Ministers, and with his own hand slew three of the chief officials before he was overpowered.

The uselessness of preventive measures against assassination has been repeatedly attested in the most civilized countries of Western Europe during the past three centuries. For some years after the murder of the Duc de Guise the life of Henri III. was a perpetual vigil, and the most complete and careful precautions were taken to secure him against the vengeance of the league. Yet, in 1589, he perished by the dagger of Jaques Clement, whose religious fanaticism had been adroitly wrought upon by a sister of the murdered Duke. Five years before, in the Low Countries, another bigot, Balthazar Gerard, had frustrated all the steps taken to shield the person of William the Silent, and, penetrating the house in which he lived, succeeded in killing the liberator of Holland. This case is a startling one, because the murdered man was forewarned and completely on his guard. For four year's Philip's offer of 25,000 crowns and a patent of nobility to any one who would rid him of his enemy had stood open, and had led to several attempts on William's life, in one of which he had been dangerously wounded. So, too, in 1610, the attendants who surrounded Henri IV. as he rode through Paris on his way to take command of his army, were powerless to ward off the dagger of the assassin Ravaillac. Nor could all the agents of the Lieutenant-General of Police and the horse and foot soldiers of the royal household prevent Damiens from leveling a vicious, though, as it happened, not mortal, blow at Louis XV.

If we look at the most remarkable attempts upon the lives of sovereigns during the present century, we shall find that in almost every instance the assailed person was encompassed with guards, yet owed his escape from death less to their intervention than to accident or defective aim on the part of the assailant. Such precautions did not hinder the would-be assassin from approaching the person of Alfonso XII., or from reaching the very door of the carriage in which Humbert I. was seated. If the presence of armed attendants could suffice to avert assassination, the recent desperate assault upon the German Kaiser would not have been risked, and the same thing may be said of the fatal attack on Alexander II., who, it will be remembered, was returning from a review, and was accompanied by a military escort. Louis Philippe, too, was on his way to a military pageant and was surrounded by officers of the royal staff when he so narrowly escaped death from the Fieschi infernal machine, through whose explosion some forty persons were killed or wounded. Again, it was pure accident that rescued Napoleon III. from the Orsini bombs, for the police of Paris had failed to arrest the conspiracy, of which they had heard rumors, and the body-guard of the Emperor could not prevent the tragedy which followed.

In the long record of attempts on the lives of public personages, the most perfect analogue to the crime of Guiteau seems to be the assassination of Spencer Perceval, the head of the British Ministry, in 1809. The real executive chief of the United Kingdom is, of course, the Prime Minister, and, like our President, he may be said to incarnate the deliberate will of the nation, though his representative character was by no means so perfect before the first Reform bill as it is now. But it is a curious fact that Perceval, like Garfield, was shot by a disappointed office-seeker, one Bellingham, an English trader, who alleged some injury at the hands of the Russian Government, and who seems to have become half crazed by his failure to procure redress from the British Ministry. Bellingham was tried, convicted and hanged for the common-law crime of murder, and such will no doubt be the fate of Guiteau, should the President's wounds prove fatal. But, notwithstanding the shock of horror occasioned by Bellingham's mad deed, British public opinion would not sanction the proposal to guard against the repetition of such crimes by surrounding the person of the Prime Minister with an armed retinue. We may add that the institution of a body-guard—a precaution which, as we have seen, is essentially futile—will never commend itself to the good sense and sober second thought of the American people.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Garibaldi has raised this season a large crop of potatoes and cabbage on his little island of Caprera, which he distributes to the poor of Leghorn.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOOING.

Footprints of some shy lover show
Where they go
From village to farm, in the morning snow.

The farmer, florid and well-to-do,
Blusters, "Who
Is that bashful boy comes here to woo?"

With burning blushes and downcast eyes,
Nellie tries
To tell her trouble, but only cries.

The simple secret which poor Nell
Cannot tell,
The anxious mother interprets well.

And out of a wise and tender heart,
Takes the part
Of her child, with gentle, persuasive art.

"Somebody once came wooing me,
Sly as he!
They may be poor, but so were we.

"'No matter for wealth and grand display,'
You would say:
'We can be happy!' Then why can't they?

"We are proud, who were humble then; but oh!
High or low,
Happier days we shall never know!"

"Pooh, pooh! well, well!" He yields assent,
But must vent
His grudging fatherly discontent.

That she, their child, so jealously reared,
So endeared
By all they have borne for her, hoped and feared,

From them and their love should turn away,
To obey
The same old law, in the old way.

And pacing her hand in the hand of a man,
Work and plan,
Beginning the world they began.

He yields assent: the bright heaven clears,
As she hears;
The red dawn breaks through her doubts and fears.

The days bring signs of a coming change:
What is the strange
New raiment the busy hands arrange?

The patterns they draft, and the seams they sew?
In the glow
Of the clear dusk, over the rosy snow,

The lover comes to the farmer's door;
But no more
Shy and abashed, as heretofore,

But manly of mien and open-browed,
Pleased and proud
That his love is approved and his suit allowed.

For the father, who frowned, at last has smiled.
Reconciled,
On the modest youth who has won his child

"Right sort of chap; I like his way!
What d'ye say?
We'll have him at dinner Christmas-day."

A wild, white world lies all around,
Winter-bound:
River and roof and tree and ground,

And the windows are all at Christmas-time
Thick with rime.
But the poultry is fat and the cider prime.

The thankful mother brings forth her best
For the guest;
And the father is merry with tale and jest.

Ruby jellies in autumn stored
Crown the board;
The geese is carved and the cider poured.

The house shows never, in all the year,
Better cheer,
For guest more honored or friend more dear.

Here the doctor has sat, and as he quaffed,
Praised the draft;
At those old stories the parson has laughed.

And there with his host by the fire, the great
Magistrate
Has puffed, in familiar tete-a-tete.

The daughter listens, and glad is she,
Glad to see
Father and lover so well agree.

She listens and watches, with joy and pride,
When, beside
The glorious chimney, glowing wide,

They bask in the blaze of the bounteous oak,
Bask and smoke,
And the young man laughs at the elder's joke;

Lover's laughter, that will not fail,
Through the tale
Be sometimes dull, or the joke be stale.

He will laugh and jest, or in graver mood,
Listen to good,
Sagacious counsel, as young men should.

He reasons well; and his wit is found
Sharp and sound;
He can pass opinion and stand his ground.

Feats of strength and of fnolery, too,
He can do,
When he joins in the games of the younger crew.

He opens his watch for the boys to see,
On his knee;
And sings them a merry song, maybe.

She shares his triumph, and thrilled to tears,
Overhears
Words meant for only the mother's ears.

"Well, yes," says the farmer, all aglow,
Speaking low;
"As likely a fellow as any I know!"

To her pleased fancy the sweetest word
Ever heard—
His praise of the man her love preferred!

And well may parent and child rejoice,
When the voice
Of prudence approves the young heart's choice!

In spring the lovers pass elate
Through the gate
With golden hinges and bolts of fate.

The gate swings open; the gate is passed;
And at last
For evil or good the bolts are fast.

She may bid farewell or linger still,
And at will
Her feet may often recross the sill,

And tread again the familiar floor;
Yet a door
Has closed behind her forevermore.

—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

A "BOOK AGENT" AT THE PARSONAGE.

The Wednesday evening prayer-meeting was over. The fifteen or twenty parishioners, mostly women-folk, who had been in attendance had scattered up and down the quiet rural street in the direction of their homes. The Rev. Amos Dale, who had that evening to perform the double function of sexton and pastor, the sexton having hired out to a farmer at some distance from the village for the planting and hoeing season, lingered behind his flock to put out the kerosene lights in the lecture-room. This done he came up the basement stairs and out on the stone steps, where he stooped to lock the door. A tall, awkward man, the Rev. Amos Dale, with straight, iron gray hair, a trifle too long, and deep, rugged lines in his face. He is extremely near-sighted, and has much ado to see the key-hole in this doubtful light, but at length the door is locked, and with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent a little forward, he strode away up the street, the most absent-minded and biggest-hearted man you will see in many a day.

Walking thus toward the post office or his evening paper, with no eagerness for good or evil tidings, but with a heart at peace with itself, the good man is aware of how heavily-freighted the sweet June dusk is with the fragrance of the locusts and syringas; he feels the beauty of the calm evening sky; he rejoices in the fields "with verdure clad."

With thoughts like these he reaches the little post-office and goes in.

"Come for yer mail, Elder?" asks Joel Bean, the postmaster, looking up from the paper which he is reading behind the counter, for the post-office and store are together.

The minister replies pleasantly in the affirmative, and Joel hands him out a paper. The Rev. Amos takes it and turns to leave, but the postmaster says:

"Hold a minute, Elder; you've got a letter to-night, too," and as he gives it to him he looks inquisitively at his face. The letter is addressed in a lady's hand-writing, graceful and refined.

Nothing remarkable in this, surely, and yet it startles Amos Dale a little as he looks at the letter lying in his hand.

He bids Joel Bean good-evening, and goes on his way up the hill to the parsonage, thinking as he goes how long it is since he has had a letter from a woman.

His thoughts fly back to a packet of old letters, yellow of paper now, and faded of ink, lying in a corner of a private drawer in his desk; letters written to him when he was a student, more than fifteen years ago, full of manly reserve and yet of woman's love. There had come a day when the number of those letters was complete, never to be added to. That other letters could be written and another love won, it had never entered into the heart of the Rev. Amos Dale to conceive.

Then there had been his mother's letters, and his one sister's, but many years ago the first had ceased, and it was now two years since his sister had left for that country from which no tidings come back. Since then it had been a rare occurrence for him to see his name written in feminine handwriting. He wondered greatly who could have written to him now; he quickened his step unconsciously, though his thoughts had taken an unwontedly pensive strain.

He soon reached his own gate, and a few of his long strides took him through the old-fashioned, box-bordered garden to the door of the parsonage between the lilac bushes. He went into the sitting-room—a large, bare, orderly room. A red and black table cover was on the center-table; firmly planted in the middle stood a broad-shouldered lamp with a green paper shade. Beside the table, darning stockings, sat Hannah Breeze, a distant relative and housekeeper, who had come directly home from prayer-meeting.

Hannah, who was not of the fairest among women, having a general effect of dull gray—hair, eyes, complexion, alpaca dress and all—looked up when the minister entered, but did not speak. It was not her way.

The Rev. Amos Dale, having hung his hat on its proper nail, as every member of a well-regulated household should, proceeded to draw an arm-chair up to the table, sat down, broke the seal of the letter unostentatiously, and read.

It was a short letter, and he soon dropped it on his knee, looking around with an expression of consternation.

"Hannah," he exclaimed, "there is an agent—a woman at that—boaring down upon us. What *is* to be done?"

"Head her off, if there's time," was the concise reply.

"Let's see," and the Rev. Amos, taking up the letter again: "'I am coming to Fairfield to canvass for the *Complete Analytical Commentary*'—there's resolution for you, Hannah!"

"Takes book agents for that."

"'I shall hope to make my home in your family, if perfectly convenient to Mrs. Dale'"—Amos Dale read this with an odd smile about his mouth.

"Umph!" was all Hannah vouchsafed.

He read on in silence, but suddenly sprang to his feet, looked up at the clock on the wooden shelf, and said:

"No heading her off now. This letter has been detained on the way. See, the date is three days ago. She is coming on the 9:30 train this very evening, and I have only just time to meet her."

"I don't see's you've any partikeler call to meet her. Them book agents isn't in the habit of being beaned around much, I guess. Say, Mr. Dale," she called, for he had his hat on and was out of the room already, "you'll take her to the tavern, won't you, or to Deacon Bush's?"

"Mrs. Bush is sick. We shall have to keep her to-night, for all I see. Get the east room ready, and you may as well put the kettle over, Hannah, the poor woman will be tired"—and the Rev. Amos closed the door and strode off toward the little station, half a mile away, leaving Hannah to do his bidding faithfully, albeit with some grumbling.

"He'll take in every analytical tramp that comes along with a comminterry; don't make no difference whether its man or woman," she said to herself, a little confused as to the new adjective which had impressed her as valuable if vague.

Mr. Dale walked rapidly along the shadowy, grassy path, thinking as he walked of the sort of woman whom he was probably going to meet—substantial of form, harsh of feature, profuse and emphatic of speech, a trifle dense of sensibility—yes, he knew the type well, and did not fancy it over-much; all the same, he must do for this woman, this Mrs. Emily Payne (for so she had told him to address her, in case there was anything in the way of her coming to Fairfield) all that Christian courtesy demanded.

He reached the station just in time to see the train coming in sight around the bend, flinging showers of sparks, and glancing colored lights into the quiet, dewy fields. There was a brief pause, then the train sweept on again, and the Rev. Amos Dale was peering about in the dark, with near-sighted eyes, for the person he had come to meet.

A slight little woman, dressed in deep mourning, who had been the only person to alight from the train, came toward the door of the waiting-room, stopped, seeing him looking thus, and then stepped timidly up to him.

"Ah!" said the minister, "is this Mrs. Emily Payne?"—he spoke each word slowly and distinctly.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, in a quiet, clear-toned voice. "Mr. Dale, I think?"

He took her into the waiting-room, and left her while he went to find her valise. As she came into the light, he saw what he had felt when she spoke, that she was a lady. She had a pale face, with smooth brown hair under her widow's cap; there was a refined, spiritual character in the features, and an expression of sadness in the gray eyes. Altogether, Rev. Amos Dale found difficulty in believing that this was one of the persevering book agents whom he had always held in disfavor.

As they walked along the quiet road, he carrying the valise himself, much against her will, there being no conveyance at the depot, he found that he could not tell her that he should have discouraged her coming if he had received her letter in time, or that Fairfield if fair was not promising as a field for book agents. Someway he preferred that she should feel herself welcome and her way made easy.

Arrived at the parsonage, he was pleased to see Hannah's grimness relax a little before Mrs. Payne's gentle voice and smile. He was glad to see her enjoy her cup of tea, and when, immediately after, she asked to be shown to her room, and followed Hannah and her candle up the winding stair-case, he was sorry she had gone quite so soon. Nothing had been said of her mistake with regard to his being a married man. He had found a certain awkwardness in mentioning the matter, and so had left it to explain itself. Mrs. Payne told Hannah the next day that she had been misinformed on the subject.

At breakfast Mr. Dale frankly discussed the outlook with his guest. He told her that Fairfield was wholly a farming community, and that the farmers were not greatly given to buying books. Moreover, he did not himself at present own a horse, and it was wholly impossible to hire one in the neighborhood at this busy season.

To this Mrs. Payne replied, cheerfully, that she expected and was able to walk, and would start immediately after breakfast.

Mr. Dale offered to go with her to some of the most promising places, but this she declined gratefully, but with quiet decision.

He then drew a rude map of all the principal roads in Fairfield, with the farm-houses where she would be likely to be well received, and soon after she started out bravely on her first day's campaign, a copy of the Completo Analytical Commentary under her arm—too heavy a book, thought the Rev. Amos, for such a little woman to carry.

He had put down his own name for a copy of that valuable work, taking a little pains, after doing so, to put out of sight a copy of an earlier edition which had stood for many years on his bookshelves. This he could give to the Sunday-school library.

That evening Mrs. Payne had a long talk in the twilight with her host and Hannah Breeze. She told a few simple facts of her own history, which enlisted their interest and sympathy for her more strongly than ever. Her husband had been a minister, of the same faith as Amos Dale. Ten years ago he had died, leaving her with a baby girl. Through the kindness of friends she had soon obtained a position as clerk to a Government official, and strange to say had retained it until a few months ago, when it had been taken from her by political changes.

She could not wait for a good situation to open—her little daugnter, who was now in a boarding-school, must be supported as well as herself. The agency for this book was suggested to her as a temporary shift until she could find something better, and she had undertaken it. It was evident that she was full of homesickness and anxiety for Rose, her little daughter, whom she had always kept with her before, but she showed in all she said a spirit of faith and patient waiting, which the Rev. Amos Dale found very refreshing to his own spiritual experience.

During this conversation Mrs. Payne proposed that she should find a boarding place elsewhere, but upon this point Mr. Dale was firm; while she tarried in Fairfield her dwelling was to be under the parsonage roof, and Hannah added, "You might as well stay where you be. You don't make no trouble to speak of. 'Taint nothin' to put on an extra cup and plate, and I always keep cooked up."

This signified that the stranger had found favor in Hannah's sight in the highest degree.

The days went on.

The first morning at prayers the Rev. Amos Dale had prayed for grace and strength for "the stranger that was within his gates," but after that the heavenly benediction was asked upon "our friend who abides with us for a season."

Each morning Mrs. Payne set out on her wearisome round, uncomplainingly, full of courage and hope. At night, when she returned, she would tell over to Amos Dale and Hannah the adventures of the day, in a quaint, merry way of her own, which gave a charm to the simplest thing she told. On the whole she was succeeding in selling her books beyond her expectations; and the Rev. Amos bethought him of many a road and district which she must not fail to visit, even if it did lengthen her stay in Fairfield beyond her plan. He was sure that the pure air and the quiet of the place were good for her; he thought a little color was coming in her cheeks. He even proposed that she stay with them a month, do her work leisurely and rest between times. To this she would in no wise consent. She must leave Tuesday morning at the very latest.

Sunday came, and Mrs. Payne sat with Hannah in the minister's pew, down in front. When the Rev. Amos Dale stood up in the pulpit to open the service, and caught sight of her sweet, quiet face turned reverently toward him, it startled him with a sensation strange and agitating. There was no other face with just that look in all his congregation. What a help it might be to a man—but hush, what thoughts were these? —"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

That evening there was a prayer-meeting. Mrs. Payne went again with Hannah and "gave in her testimony" in a few words, taking up the thought of the morning sermon, and applying it with delicate spiritual insight in another direction.

"Truly," thought the Rev. Amos Dale, and he sighed, "sister Payne has old George Herbert's 'famous stone which turneth all to gold.'"

Monday morning was hot and sultry, the sun burning with a fierceness like July, the air full of suffocating dust. Amos Dale watched his guest as she started off on her last long walk in Fairfield with a dumb heart-ache. It hurt him to have her subjected to such weariness and toil.

That afternoon he gave up to making pastoral calls. It seemed to afford him a little comfort to place himself in the same conditions with that frail little woman. So with his long strides he measured a good portion of his parish, and returned at tea time, heated and covered with dust.

Mrs. Payne had reached home before him, and was standing in the doorway in a cool, light dress, with no sign of heat or dust about her.

She greeted him pleasantly.

"Hannah has been called up to Mr. Green's, I believe it is—they have a very sick child. She could not tell how long she might be gone. Tea is ready whenever you are."

A few minutes later Rev. Amos Dale found himself seated at the tea-table, opposite Mrs. Payne, who was pouring his tea, and bearing himself with that unassuming dignity which made embarrassment to either impossible.

Some way the table had a different air to-night; the cloth was laid smoother, the dishes were placed with greater care.

In the centre of the table, in the one vase belonging to the parsonage, was a spray of sweet-brier, a handful of daisies and some graceful grass. What a wonder that little touch wrought! It pleased the Rev. Amos Dale greatly. He had never had flowers on his tea-table before.

"You gathered them on your way home this afternoon, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, I wanted more, but I could not carry them very well."

"I saw a great many of these wild roses, and I thought myself they looked pretty, but it did not occur to me to bring them home. Hannah and I are not quite up to that kind of thing, I guess. We are very matter of fact"—and he smiled a little wistfully. He was beginning to feel in many ways how much had been left out of his life.

That tea-time was a wonderful one to Amos Dale. The simplest act and word of it seemed beautiful and full of meaning to him. Afterward he watched Mrs. Payne as she moved about in housewifely fashion clearing the table; and when she went away into the kitchen to wash the dishes, for this she would do, he would have followed her, but he did not quite dare.

Hannah came home at eight o'clock, bringing a good report of the sick child, and soon after they all bade each other good-night.

It was the custom at the parsonage, at morning prayers, for each one present to repeat a text of Scripture. Tuesday morning the Rev. Amos Dale repeated—and his voice was a trifle husky:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Hannah followed with "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Then Mrs. Payne said, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

There followed a moment in which none of them cared to speak, and then Mrs. Payne left the room without a word and went up-stairs. When she came down she was equipped for her journey, and it was time to start for the station.

When the Rev. Amos Dale, having put Mrs. Payne on board the train, with many little cares for her comfort, stood watching it speeding out of sight, all the will within him rose and said, "She *shall* come back."

And as for Emily Payne, all day her thoughts traveled back to Fairheld, and she kept wondering if there were ever a man so pure in heart, so single in purpose, as the lonely man whom she never expected to meet again.

* * * * * * *

It was a wet afternoon in August that Hannah Breeze, having been of an errand to Deacon Bush's, stopped at the post-office for a pound of green tea.

Joel Bean weighed it out to her, and as he made up the parcel he said, glancing shrewdly at Hannah through his glasses, "It takes the Elder a mighty sight of letter-writin' to finish up that there Comminterry business, don't it?"

"Spose likely," said Hannah, shortly.

"Yes," said Joel, slowly, the twine between his teeth, "about two letters more or less a week, on an everidge, allowin' me to be the judge."

"Well," returned Hannah, who would not for worlds have betrayed that this was news to her, "I shouldn't wonder if the Elder was capable of 'tending up to it without any of my help nor your'n, Mr. Bean;" and the discreet Hannah took up her green tea, raised her umbrella, gathered up her calico skirt, and went on her way.

One day in October the Rev. Amos Dale informed Hannah that it was necessary for him to go that week to Burlington, the city forty miles distant, to see about the new hymn-books.

"Umph!" said Hannah to herself, "there'll be somethin' seen about besides new hymn-books, I guess."

But she made everything ready for him, and he went, and was gone two days.

After that, according to Joel Bean, the "everidge" of letters on the Commentary business was sustained.

* * * * * * *

June again in Fairfield, "tossing the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds." The parsonage is bright and fresh with new paper, paint and carpets. In the sitting-room the tea-table, for it is evening, is sumptuously set forth, and about it three women are hovering, Hannah Breeze, Mrs. Bush, and Mrs. Robbins, looking with critical eyes at the array of cakes, tarts, biscuits, preserves and cold meats, to see if anything bad been forgotten.

Mrs. Robbins, being satisfied with her inspection, returns to the subject they have been discussing with ever new interest—

"Where is it you say she's been teaching, Hannah?"

"At Ashton, a little ways out of Burlington; her daughter was there to school last year when she came to Fairfield."

"She didn't canvass for that Comminterry only a few months, any way, did she?" asks Mrs. Bush.

"No," Hannah replied, rather contemptuously, "'twan't no business for her, no way. She done pretty well at it, though, for all"—and she goes out to the front door-step, the others following.

"How awful rusty them laylocks does look," Hannah remarks, looking disapprovingly up at the bushes.

"Yes, but the syringas have blowed out jest in time," says Mrs. Bush.

"And them red pinies, too," adds Hannah, "they're han'some now."

At that moment they heard a shrill, prolonged locomotive whistle from the direction of the station.

"There's the train now!" exclaims Mrs. Bush.

"Yes, and there's your Mary, jest in time, with the sweet-brier," says Hannah, as a girl of twelve with a handful of wild roses comes in at the gate. "Thank you, Mary; I wouldn't have missed them flowers, not for anything. You must come over to-morrow; there'll be somebody for you to play with."

"Yes'm," Mary replies with a shy smile.

"What is it about those brier-roses?" Mrs. Robbins asks of Mrs. Bush as they walk away together, leaving Hannah to receive the travelers alone.

"Why, Elder Dale told Hannah very particular, that he wanted her to have some sweet-brier roses on the tea-table when they got here—no other flowers—only jest them. Funny notion, isn't it?"

—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

A Georgia Fish Pond.

One of the most lovely places in Spaulding County is the carp pond of Mr. A. A. Wright in North Griffin. Those of our readers who have never visited it can form little idea of its beauty. Mr. Wright, who is a genius in everything, has devoted to the improvement of this place his best skill and energies. We must confess to some neglect in not giving more prominence to an enterprise that has attracted so much attention and favorable comment in Georgia, and which has even filled columns in influential Western papers.

The pond covers an area of nearly an acre, and is supplied with water by a large, cold spring that boils up in the center, and water conveyed by underground pipes from a number of springs several hundred feet distant. The dam is constructed in the best manner, being planked up on the inside, of the best heart pine lumber, with clay backing, on which is planted Bermuda grass. Inside the pond, near one corner, is a dry well, eight feet in diameter and ten feet deep, octagon shaped, at the bottom of which is a large hydraulic engine, or ram, that forces water through pipes all over the residence of Mr. Wright, where it is used for the various purposes needed—kitchen, bath-room, etc.—keeping up a constant flow of water without the use of tanks or reservoirs, having the same pressure of an elevated tank thirty feet high, and also keeping a beautiful fountain continually playing seven jets of water fifteen feet high. Around the top of the dry well is a strainer or seive of wire cloth made to order in New York, through which the waste water escapes from the pond (thereby preventing the escape of the smallest carp), thence from the bottom through a water pipe which conveys all surplus water and waste from the pond and rain. Two large weeping willows stand in the center on an island built octagon shape, and sodded with blue-grass.

The willows are the largest and handsomest in the county and are exceedingly ornamental. Around the pond, on the dam, are other large weeping willows, which make the place look cool and pleasant. On the upper side is planted a row of magnolias and weeping willows, and in the pond, spread on the surface, bloom the beautiful yellow water lilies, yellow lotus, eurcutian recurrata, calladiums, esculantums, and a variety of other ornamental aquatic plants. In the depth of the pond swim the largest and finest carp in the State, ranging in size from the tiny ones to those 23 and 24 inches in length. Of all sizes there are a million of carp in the pond, and in them a very handsome profit for Mr. Wright.—*Griffin (Ga.) News.*

A Talk with Girls and Their Mothers.

Rev. Washington Gladden says, in *St. Nicholas*, with regard to some of the elements which go to make up a beautiful womanly character:

"The first is industry. Willingness and ability to work lie, as I have said already, at the basis of all good character. The moral discipline, the patience, the steadiness of purpose, the power to overcome, that are gained in work, and only in work, are just as necessary to women as to men; and the girl who is given no chance of learning these traits is sadly defrauded. After industry comes thoroughness. It is not enough to be busy; we ought to do well whatever our hands find to do, else we may be forced to say what Hugo Grotius said when he came to the end: 'Alas! I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing.' To be thorough in study, to be thorough in all work, ought to be the aim of every girl, not less than of every boy. Our methods of female education have encouraged superficiality rather than thoroughness; we have given our girls smatterings of many things, and mastery of few things. After thoroughness, independence. A habit of relying on your own judgment, a habit of thinking for yourself, not selfishly, but in a true womanly fashion—a habit of taking responsibility and bearing it bravely, is one of the habits that women as well as men need to cultivate. Your parents ought to give you some change to form this habit; it is a great mistake to shield a girl from all care, and then, by and by, when the helpers on whom she has leaned fall by her side, to leave her with judgment untrained and powers undisciplined to carry the burdens of life.

"Respect for character, for manhood and womanhood, more than for money or rank, or even genius, is another of the first lessons that every girl ought to learn. Virtue, truth, fidelity, these are the shining things that every true woman honors, and she who values above these a coat-of-arms or a bank account degrades herself."

— Ten per cent. of the entire Fortune Bay award has gone to one of the counsel in the case.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A French inventor has patented an application of the electric light to the bleaching of textiles and other substances.

—A phonograph of an improved construction is to be tried at Paris for teaching pupils the pronunciation of difficult words in foreign languages.

—Recent experiments show that the light of an electric lamp travels 187,200 miles per second. Blue light travels over one per cent. faster than red light.

—It is intended, if possible, to run trains on a railway through St. Gothard Tunnel by electricity, which is to be produced by machines now employed in pumping the air into the workings and for other purposes.

—Dr. Gehring, of Landshut, Bavaria, has invented an enameling liquid, which is said to render ordinary stones and cements harder than granite and to facilitate the imitations of marbles and other valuable minerals. When applied to metals he claims that it will be found an excellent preservation against rust.

—Anhydrous phosphoric acid is believed to be the most powerful desiccating agent known. When air from which moisture has been removed as far as possible by the ordinary means, and is then carefully dried by sulphuric acid at temperatures not exceeding 25 deg. C., it is still found that the two-millionth part of the weight of the air in the form of moisture will be removed by anhydrous phosphoric acid.

—The most notable object of its kind, at the Brussels National Exhibition by the Seraing works, was a remarkable casting. As described, it consists of what is practically the whole cast iron works of a marine engine, with a pair of cylinders about twenty inches in diameter by twenty inches stroke, cast in the most perfect manner in one piece—bed plate, condenser, air, and feed, and bilge pumps, standards, cylinders, and exhaust pipe.

—The discovery of a portable electric force has caused a great flutter among the aeronauts. Some of them believe that here is discovered the means that shall make ballooning not only a fine art but an everyday undertaking. It is believed that if a baloon can carry with it in portable shape a reserve force such as Sir William Thomson found in the famous box sent him from Paris, balloons can be lifted up with steering apparatus that will enable the aeronaut to control their passage through the air, and go withersoever he will rather than whither the wind listeth. A meeting of the Aeronautical Society is to be held forthwith to discuss this new factor.

PITH AND POINT.

—The girl who blackens her eyebrows wishes to keep her imperfections dark. *Boston Transcript.*

—"Never," says an Irish orator, "write an anonymous letter without sighing your name to it."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Scientists assert that an angleworm on a fishhook suffers no pain. We now understand why they squirm so—they merely want to take a little exercise. *Philadelphia News.*

—An exchange speaks of a new fashion in gait for girls, but a stroll along some of our streets in the soft summer twilight will convince any one that the old gate yet has a tenacious grip on public favor. *Detroit Free Press.*

—An Austin doctor met old Uncle Mose and said pleasantly: "How do you feel to-day, Uncle Mose?" "I ain't gwine ter tell yer until I knows how much you am gwine ter charge me."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Had drank" is not good English grammar, says a high authority. It certainly is not. "Was drunk" is better grammar and more in accordance with the facts, nine times out of ten.—*New Haven Register.*

—What a tyranny fashion has become, to be sure? Here comes an item to the effect that "Japanese shoes have been adopted for casino wear." If a man can't play casino without a certain brand of shoes on, it were best relegated to obscurity; and we accordingly relegate.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—He was a veteran toper with a fiery red proboscis, but a most kind-hearted and amiable man, and when the flies gathered on his nose he used to say: "Oh, don't drive 'em away; they're having a good time, and if they can get the liquor without paying for it I don't mind."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Two Masked Robbers stopped an Honest Editor one night and placing Revolvers at his head, Demanded his Money. "I have no Money," he said, "but I will give you a Puff." Upon which the Masked Robbers smote him thriee with a Dray Pin and passed on Hec fabula docets that there is such a thing as having too much cheek.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Musical Ants.

A correspondent of *Nature*, writing on musical ants in Sumatra, says that nearly two years ago he found a musical species of Polyrachis, which makes its papery nests on the under side of bamboo leaves. The noise, which resembles very heavily-falling rain, is caused by the insect striking the leaf by a series of spasmodic taps, both with its head and with the extremity of its abdomen, which it bends inward while so doing. He came upon a second species of large brown ant in Sumatra, the noise of which, as in the case of the other ant, resembled heavy rain and could be heard a long distance off. What struck Mr. Forbes, the observer, most about this species was the singular synchronism of the movements. "These ants were spread over a space perhaps a couple of yards in diameter on the stem, leaves, and branches of a great tree which had fallen, and not within sight of each other, yet the tapping was set up at the same moment, continued exactly the same space of time, and stopped at the same instant. After the lapse of a few seconds, all recommenced at the same instant. The interval was always of about the same duration, though I did not time it. Each ant did not, however, beat synchronously with every other in the congeries nearest to me. There were independent tappings, so that a sort of tune was played, each congeries dotting out its own music, yet the beginnings and endings of these musical parties were strictly synchronous."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881.

The President's condition is somewhat improved since the operation of Monday. It is expected that he will experience no further trouble from pus cavities, and that his final recovery is assured.

The Democrats of Mississippi have nominated Robert Lowery for Governor, after 31 ballots. He was nominated by a concentration of all the opposition to Governor Stone, the present Governor, who was a candidate for a third term.

Vennor says we may expect great change in the weather about the time the new comet is in its perihelion, when it will be also nearest the earth. This will occur on the 20th of the present month. During the time from the 15th to the 20th of the present month instead of being burned up as we might expect, we shall be nearly frozen by frost, and strong, cold northerly winds.

Says the Boston *Advertiser*: So far as present indications are trustworthy, the State elections of this fall will be remarkable triumphs for the Republican party and the administration. Who believes New York will step out of the column? How many Republicans will desert because Mr. Conkling failed of election of the seat he resigned? What has happened since the inauguration of Garfield to cause any Republican to prefer Democracy?

Dispatches to the Baltimore papers from Hagerstown state that all differences in the Democratic party in Washington county are smoothed over and the party united for the campaign.—*Montgomery Advocate.*

"Smoothed over!" "United for the campaign!" Yes, something like the old man smoothed the wrinkles out of the boy, when he took him into the wood shed and did the smoothing with a hickory club. Governor Hamilton is the Boss in Washington county, and carries the club with which the smoothing is done. The boy had to acknowledge that the old man did most effectually smooth out the wrinkles, but it left the back in a dreadfully uncomfortable condition. That is about the situation here. The Hamilton faction, being in the majority, does all the "smoothing."—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

The preliminary report of the census bureau on the public schools and illiteracy in Maryland shows that the total number of persons, ten years old and over, in the State who cannot read is 111,387, or 2,713 less than in 1870, a fair decrease in face of the fact that during these ten years there was a steady increase of population. The number of whites who cannot write is 44,316; of colored 90,172 against 46,792 whites and 88,703 colored in 1870. The total number of whites 21 years old and over who could not write in 1880 was 34,155, against 32,766 in 1870; colored, over 21 years old, who could not write in 1880, 66,357, against 59,705 in 1870. The figures show that neither the white or colored people of the State are as diligent as they ought to be in the matter of education, and that there is yet very much for the State to do in the great work of educating her people.

An Atlanta correspondent of the New York *Herald* calls attention to the fact that various Northern and foreign syndicates have determined to invest a hundred million dollars in improvements that will develop immensely the natural resources of the Southern States east of the Mississippi river. One of these, having its central point of observation at Chattanooga, will build and maintain roads into five of the richest districts of the South. A second will build from Atlanta, Ga., railroads through the iron and coal fields of Alabama. A third will spend over eleven million five hundred thousand dollars in the extension of roads from Norfolk westward. A fourth will open up the rich country in almost a direct line between Brunswick, Georgia, and New Orleans. Railroad connections from Richmond, South and West, are to have $17,000,000 expended in their improvement. The extensions from Louisville Southward will expend $5,000,000, and the Baltimore and Ohio road is expected to spend between five and ten million dollars in Southern extensions. These investments will put a great deal of money in circulation in the South and will attract many millions of capital for the development of cotton manufacturing, iron and steal manufactures, mining and other productive industries.

Democracy Exposing Itself.

When the Democratic party has been making a conspicuous ass of itself, it is quite apt to issue a vociferous address. Braying, at such times, is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. The universe adhors a vacuum, and an undetected donkey. Hence the address of the Democratic legislators of New York.

The Democratic party in the late Legislature manifested a degree of stupidity which language cannot describe. It found a division among Republicans. Democrats gifted with a moderate amount of sense would have remembered that ancient experience warns an outsider not to interfere in a quarrel between husband and wife, lest it end in breaking both cudgel and broom-handle on the sconce of the intruder. Upon the same principle, Republicans were more likely to arrange any family jars, when they found the Democrats medling in them. But the Democratic legislator had not sense enough to keep clear of the fight. He must needs interfere, and to help Mr. Conkling against the Administration. Thereby he helped many Republicans to see that Mr. Conkling's side was not that which tended to promote Republican success.

For several weeks the session was prolonged and the election of Administration Senators prevented by the conduct of the Democratic members. They could have ended the contest at any moment by staying away from the Convention. Nothing else was needed; no speech, no vote, no act of interference. All the cost of a session prolonged thus foolishly for several weeks was caused by the insane notion of the Democratic members that they might somehow make party capital by putting the State to great expense and helping the wrong side in a fight among Republicans. This muddled and unpatriotic notion kept the Legislature in session, long after even the dullest Democratic member had discovered that the absence of a few Democrats would end the contest. In a party point of view, the shrewd course for the Democrats was to leave the Convention in its earlier stages, before the Administration men had ascertained and compacted their forces. But no Democrat had sense enough to see it. The Democratic members continued to hold the Legislature together, until the Republicans could agree. In the end, of course, they did agree, and the Democrats received a well deserved beating.

Having to look back upon such a piece of unspeakable stupidity as this, of course the Democratic donkey uplifts his voice. The address gives a historical review of the contest, from a point of view purely Democratic. Since the average Democratic politician cannot conceive that anybody should get in earnest about anything but the spoils, the address assumes that the Republicans were at war about the spoils and nothing else. The infinitely larger questions, whether Presidential nominations should be made by the Bosses or by the people, whether the Chief Magistrate of this country should be a President or a sort of entry clerk for a Boss, whether the progressive and liberal or the oligarchical and third-term element should prevail, the Democrats were utterly incapable of seeing, much less of comprehending. To them, it was all a question whether A or B should draw pay.

Having no comprehension of the meaning of the struggle, the Democratic members show no respect for truth in recounting its incidents. Now that the fight is over, and hot blood has cooled, candid men will recognize the fact that there was not a trace, from beginning to end, of corporation influence, bribery or corruption in any form. No evidence that any unprejudiced jury would consider of the slightest weight, no evidence that any reasonable man of either party will now pretend that he ought personally to act upon as true, was found to sustain a single one of the charges of corruption. Everybody understands that the charges will now die, with the hot temper which engendered them. But the Democrats, who had courage enough in the face of the cipher dispatches to insist that Mr. Tilden was pure and spotless, also have such lack of scruples and of decency that, without proof of any kind, they can accuse reputable citizens of crime.

The Democratic party had a rare opportunity in this State, when Mr. Conkling foolishly resigned. It proceeded at once to demonstrate that even Mr. Conkling's marvellous folly could easily be eclipsed by the matchless and unapproachable stupidity of Democratic legislators. There is no danger that the demonstration will be forgotten.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Another Incision Made.

WASHINGTON, August 8.—All the physicians were at the White House before 8 o'clock this morning, somewhat earlier than usual. The morning bulletin was about the same as that of yesterday. The figures show a slight improvement and the general tone cheerful, but it was not entirely satisfactory to the public. Yesterday's preparations are thought to be about to be made use of soon. The doctors remained in close consultation until about 10 o'clock, at which hour no news had been received from the sick room except the bulletin. There was received at the White House this morning, through the Postmaster General, an elegant Eastlake chair, made expressly for the President. It is nicely upholstered in velvet, and is fitted with extra cushions. It has also a square aperture in the back, so that when the President may be able to sit up his wound can sometimes be attended to without his leaving the chair.

The use to which yesterday's preparations had been put was apparent soon after ten o'clock. When Secretary Blaine came from the doctor's room he was asked what was going on inside, and replied that an extra bulletin was soon to be issued with full particulars. It was at once thought that the ball had been cut out, but such proved not to be the case. Before the bulletin was issued, however, it was discovered that an operation had been performed. It seems that the physicians agreed that the increased temperature was due to a tardy flow of pus. Of course, when the wound was dressed, the flow appeared to be all right, but the indications were that the flow was not steady, as shown by the improved temperature each night after the tube had been thoroughly cleaned; hence the suspicion that an improved aperture was needed. To this end such aperture was made this morning. The President was informed that an operation was necessary, and that it was deemed best to place him under the influence of ether. He made no objection. Dr. Bliss used the knife, while Dr. Agnew assisted in holding open the wound and directing the incision. A start was made at the mouth of the incision of two weeks ago, and the new incision was made larger and in a downward direction; so that the channel is now below the twelfth ribe, instead of above it. By this means the old wound channel and the region above the shattered rib has a free chance to heal up, being now entirely separated from the pus channel. The President speedily recovered from the effect of the operation, and asked Dr. Bliss what had been done. The doctor told him, and he expressed himself as well satisfied. He remained comfortable after the operation, and at 11.30 was doing nicely. The physicians expect this operation will have met the recent trouble, but a close watch will be kept on its issue. Dr. Hamilton will probably return to New York this morning. Prof. Talntor was on hand with a battery for testing the electric probes, this morning, but it was deemed unnecessary to the experiment.

Confession Good for the Soul.

According to the statement of the clerk of the Superior Court, made just before the last election, there are about eighty thousand voters upon the lists. There cannot be, in view of the population of the city and of the actual vote cast, that number of legal voters. Taking our population as correctly given by the census of 1880, eighty thousand voters would give us one voter to about four of the population, a proportion which experience has shown does not exist. At the late election—a Presidential one, which always brings out a full vote—there was a total of about 56,000. While all legal voters whose names appeared upon the registration books did not, of course, vote, it is not conceivable that so great a proportion as three-tenths of the whole failed to exercise the right of suffrage. The conclusion is irresistible that there must be upon the books many names which do not now, whatever may have been the case when placed there, represent duly qualified voters. When the wards are examined in detail still greater discrepancies are shown. In the Ninth ward the number of names upon the lists is 3,305, while the total male population, according to the census, is only 3,471. There cannot possibly be more than one-half of the male population, including, as it does, all male children and unnaturalized foreigners, entitled to vote, so that the books in this ward contain about twice as many names as there are legal voters. It is true that the proportion in this ward of voters to population is somewhat larger than elsewhere in the city, but surely there are some children in the ward, and every male is not a voter. The same thing is true, although in a less degree, of the Second, Tenth and other wards. In view of the male population, there cannot be the number of voters in them that are borne upon the registration lists.—*Balto. News (Dem.)*

The Yorktown Centennial.

In October there will be celebrated at Yorktown, Virginia, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis' army to General Washington and of Admiral Graves' fleet to the French Commander, which surrender practically closed the revolutionary struggle. The decendants of the French officers and representatives of the French Republic have been invited by the Nation to be present and to be the recipients of its hospitality during their visit. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the war-ship Trenton, to bring over some of the invited guests and others will be provided for on a French steamer. A very large demonstration of our Regular and Volunteer soldiers will be made, and addresses will be delivered by distinguished speakers from the North and South. The command of the military has been tendered by the President, through the Secretary of War, to Maj. Gen. Hancock. The occasion is to be made national in every particular, so that the foreign guests may receive the assurance of the grateful recollection of the United States, for the excellent assistance offered by their ancestors in the struggle for liberty and national existence.

This celebration should command the hearty assistance of everyone. It will serve to unify our people, to blot out some of the unpleasantness still surviving, and to increase the bond of good will that should bind all portions of the nation that is now the strongest government on the earth. The French are developing all the peculiarities of a stable Republican government, and the closer the two peoples are brought together the greater will the cause of government of the people by the people become.

The Country is Secretary Blaine's Debtor.

A heavy burden of responsibility has rested upon the shoulders of Secretary Blaine since the attempt was made upon the life of President Garfield, and the burden has been admirably borne. In his relations to the wounded President and his family, to the Vice President, Arthur, and the other members of the government, and the world at large, Mr. Blaine has displayed excellent judgment and a keen sense of what was best to be done under the many and varying circumstances of the time. A central figure in the strange and terrible history of the past four weeks, he has betrayed nothing of assumption, but has discharged every duty falling to him with a dignity marked by that modesty which is a shining characteristic when found in high places. Mr. Blaine has sunk his own personality, so far as the public has been able to see, in the responsibilities surrounding him as an officer of the government, and his duties have been attended to in such a manner that it would be impossible, for an enemy, to point to a single act in which there is a trace of self assertion. Mr. Blaine's despatches to ministers and others abroad have been admirable in their character; his attitude toward Vice President Arthur has been that of a man who, called to the service of the country, is quick to recognize the authority conferred by the country upon others than himself, and his administration of the affairs of state has been characterized by a conservatism which allows no opportunity for any marked change in public matters whether the President recovers or Vice President Arthur is called upon to take upon himself the further administration of affairs. Whatever may be the outcome of the present situation, Mr. Blaine has made the country his debtor.—*Boston Journal.*

An Assassin's Punishment.

Correspondence Washington Republic.

In reading the "Life of Voltaire," by James Parton, I came across a description of the punishment of a religious fanatic who attempted to take the life of Louis XV., of France. I beg leave to present the following abridgment of the account given by the author. On the 5th of January, 1758, as King Louis XV., was entering his carriage at Versailles, a stout young man pushed through the Swiss Guards and stabbed the King with a pocket knife. The wound was slight, but all France was convulsed. The assassin was Pierre Damiens, a fanatical Jansenist, a poor lunatic without accomplices, plan or rational motive.

In his pocket was found a neatly bound New Testament, and his purpose was to promote the Orthodox faith. From the hour of his arrest to the moment of his death, a period of two months and twenty three days, he was in torture whenever he was awake, so cruelly was he bound, chained and confined. When at last the day of execution came he was taken to the torture chamber and subjected to the greatest amount of anguish which the human frame is capable of enduring, surgeons standing by to give timely notice of insensibility.

Then he was driven by a circuitous route through the streets of Paris to the place of execution. This took an hour and a half. Another half hour he was kept waiting in full view of the preparations, the apparatus not being ready. Then, in view of the assembled multitude, many of whom were women, he was placed on a lofty platform, and the hellish work began. First, his right hand was burned off; next, masses of flesh were torn from him by red-hot pinchers and melted lead and rosin poured into the wounds; lastly, a strong horse was attached to each of his four limbs and an attempt was made to tear him to pieces.

After a considerable period it was found impossible to do this, and a message was sent for permission to cut the muscles of the joints. It was refused, and again an attempt was made to tear the limbs apart, but without success. A second time word was sent that the horses could not tear the dying wretch asunder. Permission was then given, and the muscles were severed, but not until both legs and one arm had been torn off did the prisoner expire.

The Morgantown *Post* says: A few days ago Columbus Brown, son of John Brown, Sr., took a violent pain in his ear, it getting worse and worse. Medical aid was called and he was treated for catarrh of the head, &c., he in the meantime suffering untold anguish—pus and blood discharging from his ear. He slept none for six days and nights, and one day when it was thought he could no longer survive the agonizing torture, he discharged from his ear *a large dead worm*! Some of the means used had killed the worm. A few days before, he had been handling his father's sheep, which were affected with grub worms, and by some means, one of the pests got into his head. Farmers doctoring sheep would better fill their ears with cotton, for fear the grubs will find a receptacle in their craniums!

A Springfield (Ill.) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes: "Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is not sick, in spite of paragraphs in one thousand newspapers of the country. She is peculiar, mentally a little off; 'hysterics' other old ladies call her complaint. But her pursuit of happiness is hardly more eccentric now than much of the time during her entire widowhood. She took a carriage ride of several miles the other day, returning to her home with a healthful glow upon her cheek. In fact, her general health is good for one of her age, and she promises fairly to reach threescore and ten. But her mental strangeness will also probably last as long as her body, though there is no indication of its ever assuming a violent form, and the public may safely leave her in the hands of her Springfield friends, whose love for her is older than that of the nation at large."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There are in Europe about 40,000 breweries, producing nearly 2,250,000 gallons of malt liquor.

There are seventeen important artesian wells in Philadelphia, mostly at manufacturing places. The deepest is 556 feet, and the amount of water drawn from them is large.

The Smithsonian Institution has secured the turtle which has been the object of the curious for the last few days in New York. It died Saturday, and its weight has been ascertained at 2,084 pounds.

Thirty cases of sunstroke and prostration by the heat were reported in New York Saturday, making a total for the three warm days of sixty one cases, there being eleven on Thursday and twenty-two on Friday. Eleven of Saturday's cases proved fatal.

During a storm around Pensacola, Fla., it rained steadily from the morning of August 2d up to midday of the 5th, the rainfall being sixteen inches, or an inch and three-fourths in excess of the total rainfall for the months of March, April, May, June and July.

Last Monday, the fifth day of the camp-meeting at Old Orchard, New York, after an address by Dr. Cullis, who believes himself to have been the instrument by whose means God has repeatedly restored sick persons to health in answer to prayer, no fewer than seventeen persons, one after another, declared themselves to have been cured by faith.

A convict was released from an Iowa penitentiary on a pardon forged by himself, which he sent to his wife for presentation to the warden.

Ex-Governor Shepherd, of the District of Columbia, who made Washington one of the most beautiful cities in the world, is doing so well in Mexico that he soon expects to be able to pay his creditors in full, with interest and have a big margin left. This will be good news to thousands of others besides his creditors.

The new steel works at Denver, Col., will be ready for work in about three weeks. The works cost over a million dollars, and have already a contract with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for thirty thousand steel rails.

The actress who was engaged to ride in a circus procession as the most beautiful woman in America has been discharged, and she now threatens to sue the manager, not for the $30 a week which was to be her actual pay, but for the $10,000 prize which in his advertisements he awarded her.

There are said to be twenty-two factories on the Washington county coast of Maine, two-thirds of them being in the town of Eastport, where herring are put up in imitation French boxes, bearing French labels, as sardines. They are preserved in cotton-seed oil, which is asserted on the boxes to be choice olive oil.

Mayor Besson, of Hoboken, has vetoed a resolution of the Common Council granting a liquor license to James Lannigan, a well known saloon keeper in Newark street, on the ground that in the state campaign Lannigan charged a candidate $5 for a round of drinks when the proper charge would not have exceeded $1.

The elaborate bronze balcony railing made for the house of William H. Vanderbilt, on Fifth avenue, is now on exhibition in Philadelphia. It is a wonderful piece of hand beaten work, and, with other bronze railing ordered for the house, will cost $60,000. Each section is seventeen feet long and two and a quarter feet high.

The friends of Isom and Peyton, who are being tried at Perryville, Ark., for assassination and highway robbery, openly boast that they will rescue them if committed by the court. An armed guard of militia protects Judge Harris' house. The outlaws swear they will take Harris' life as soon as the militia is withdrawn, and a terrible state of affairs exists.

In Russia (*a man is idle, a drunkard, or a nuisance in any way to a community*, the authorities of his district, meeting in council, decide to pay the cost of deporting *him to* Siberia, not as a prisoner, but as a colonist; for one of the objects of the Russian government is to develop the resources of that vast and thinly populated land. The numbers sent have averaged of late years from 17,0000 to 2,000.

The bones of a mastodon have been found by Geo. A. Thomas in opening a ditch near Elizabethville, Boone county, Indiana. The bones were found on land of which the surface soil was black swamp, six acres in extent, and the party surface was fifteen inches deep, the subsoil being a gray, ash colored plastic clay. They were discovered five feet below the surface, and the remains consist of a rib thirty-seven inches long, part of a tusk eight feet in length and eighteen inches in circumference at the base, and one of the vertebra.

A woman named Coyne, who lived near Manchester, England, poured parffine oil over her head, and when it had run down upon and saturated her clothing, she set fire to it. The injuries she sustained resulted in her death in a very few minutes. This case has only been equalled in recent times by a Gloucester gentleman, who built a funeral pyre in the yard of his house, and having set fire to it, mounted to the top and there awaited his end, which soon came.

A turtle weighing 2,000 pounds, caught by a fisherman off Absecom Light, was brought into New York Monday and sold for $250 to an amateur showman, who rigged up a tent on the pier just north of Fulton ferry and charged 10 cents admission. The turtle is of a variety never seen before in this market. It is seven feet long, four feet three inches broad, and about three feet thick. Its "flippers" or pectoral fins are forty-seven inches long.

Mrs. Eugene Renfre, a widow, of Jersey City Heights, was awakened on Friday morning at 2 o'clock. Rising hurriedly, she ran out upon the landing, and there saw a man on the stairway. He had stopped to light a match, and Mrs. Renfre was so frightened that she could give no alarm. Just then her favorite cat leaped upon the railing. Seizing the cat, she threw it upon the burglar. The cat fastened its claws in the fellow's neck and face, and shrieking with pain, he ran into the street. Up to last night the cat had not returned.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Charles Jamison is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—Gen. Green B. Raum, commissioner of internal revenue, and his family, are at the Glades Hotel.

—Mr. J. R. Bishop, agent, sold the "Harness Property," in Oakland, to Mrs. Elizabeth C. T. Walker, for $3,650 cash.

—William S. Crim, son of J. M. Crim, Esq., of Oakland, who has been in Ohio for some months, is at home on a visit.

—The Orphans' Court met Tuesday with a full Bench present. The only business transacted was the granting of letters of administration to A. Hunter Boyd on the estate of Roger Perry deceased.

—Friday evening of last week Col. Jacob Kemple, of W. Va., delivered his humorous lecture in Offutt's Hall, to a very slim audience. The lecturer was frequently applauded. He should have had a larger audience.

—Saturday last John Robinson's show drew an unusually large crowd from all parts of the county, as well as from the adjoining counties of West Va. The exhibition was good. Owing to the heavy and continued rains no evening performance was given.

—The Grand Council, American Legion of Honor of Maryland, was instituted in Baltimore Monday, when officers were elected. Dr. W. J. Craigen, of Logan Council, Cumberland, was elected Grand Orator, and H. Wheeler Combs, of Patmos Council, Oakland, was made one of the Trustees.

—If the friends of THE REPUBLICAN would each try to send us new subscribers with the cash they could do more to advance the interests of the people of this county and more toward the success of the party in whose name we labor than they can possibly do in any other way. You cannot build up a substantial party organization that will stand steadfast without first building up your county paper. If you are in arrears, send the money and along with it the name of your neighbor, with cash for his paper also.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. W. J. McShurely.

Preaching at Deer Park at 4 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 11:

Wm. Glotfelty and wife to Mary Meese, 30 acres of land; $300.

John Daily, to D. E. Offutt, a lot of ground situated in the Town of Oakland; $810.

John Shatzer and wife to Daniel E. Offutt, a lot of land situated in the Town of Oakland; $300,00.

Bridget Donahoe, to John Kearney, part of a tract of land call d "Kindness," containing 1¼ acres; $75.

Inspection of the Garrett Guards.

Saturday evening last Brigadier General J. R. Herbert, commanding the First Brigade; M. N. G., under orders from the Adjutant General, inspected the Garrett Guards in Offutt's Hall, owing to a heavy rain at the time preventing a field inspection, as contemplated. General Herbert was accompanied by Capts. Fred. Shriver and George W. Wood, of his staff, Capt. Johnson and Lt. Hoffman, of the Voltigeurs, and Lt. Harrison, of the Hamilton Light Infantry. The general's party reached Oakland at 6 p. m.

A most thorough inspection was made, the company was exercised in the manuel of arms and in marching, and the General highly complimented the company on their proficiency in drill, soldierly bearing and discipline. The General gave orders to Mr. Harris, a Baltimore tailor who accompanied the party, to at once measure the company for new uniforms.

In the evening an entertainment was given the General and his party at the Glades Hotel.

The following paragraph is from the *American's* Annapolis correspondence, of Aug. 9th:

Brigadier General Herbert has just inspected the Garrett Guards, and writes the Adjutant General a most favorable account of them. He says the company is an honor and credit to the Maryland National Guard, and deserves all the encouragement possible. They have an intelligent and competent set of officers; are well drilled in the manual and in company movement. Altogether, he was agreeably disappointed as to their efficiency.

Mysterious Death of Col. Hanson Brown Near Lonaconing.

Yesterday evening about 6 o'clock Mr. Jacob Brown, of this city, received from Lonaconing a brief telegram, stating that his brother, Col. Hanson Brown, who lives in Garrett county, seven miles from Lonaconing, had been murdered near that place. He at once telegraphed for particulars, but for some reason only a short dispatch was sent in reply. From this dispatch and information obtained over the telephone and George's Creek telegraph wires the facts appear as follows:

In the middle of the afternoon Col. Brown, who lives, as stated, seven miles from Lonaconing, started to go from that place, where he had been on business, to his farm. He rode upon a lumber wagon, driven by a lumberman whose name we could not learn, but with whom it is stated the deceased had once had a difficulty. In the course of a couple of hours, the man returned and stated that Col. Brown had fallen from the wagon and been kicked to death by the horses. A party at once started out to investigate the matter, and found Col. Brown's body on Savage mountain, several miles from Lonaconing. It was lying on the ground and the head bore marks of extreme violence. The body was taken to Lonaconing, and the lumberman arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in Col. Brown's death. He was handcuffed and securely guarded last evening. A post-mortem examination and inquest will be held this morning. Justice Atkinson has charge of the case. There were the usual number of rumors in regard to the matter, one of them charging the killing of Col. Brown direct upon the lumberman. One account varied somewhat from the others in that there were said to have been two of the lumberman with the deceased, but all the accounts agree in the particulars given above. Persons who saw the wounds on Mr. Brown's head are of the opinion that they could not have been produced by horse hoofs, weather there was any immediate quarrell does not appear. The lumberman, who is detained under suspicion, is said to belong to one of the lumber camps near Lonaconing.

The deceased was a son of the late Samuel Brown, one of the pioneers of Garrett county. He was born in Garrett county and had lived there all his life. He was 65 years old and has a wife and eleven children, most of them grown, the youngest being a lad fourteen years old. Of the eleven six are daughters and four of these are married. Col. Brown's title was purely an honorary one, he having never been in military services. He was of quiet habits, devoting his attention to his farm, and had prospered. He was generally respected and his many friends will learn with regret of his sudden and violent death.

It is a curious fact that two of the brothers of the deceased; Henry and D. L., met with violent, but accidental deaths.—*Cumb. News, Wednesday.*

LONACONING, Md., August 10.—The coroner's jury says that Hanson Brown came to his death by being thrown from a wagon and kicked by Michael Flanagan.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, August 13th, 1881.

Ammen, Saml. J; Bennett, J. J; Buckman, Chas. A; Cipps, W. Lee, 2; Cox. Bessie Miss 5; Cubell, Mary Mrs; Chaves, Mary Mrs. 2; Carey, Mary E; Caldwell, W. H; Crawford, W. H; Cameron, Donald, 2; Dickson, Henry, 3; Daniel, Sophia; Evans, A. H., 2; Ferguson, D P; Greer, Wm. Dr; Hutson, Wm. E; Hogan, Peter; Hale, Chas. R. Rev; Hileman, Mary; Higgins, J. W; Huston, Harry; Hill, Nich; Hensh, Jas; Hammach, Jas. M; Jamison, Saml; Jones, Annie E; Jann, Thos; Krebs, Lena; Knotes, Oscar; Lewis, Mrs; Lawrence, Jas. A. Rev; Law, Jay; Morris, Maria; Miller, R. C. Mrs; Miller, Ida B., 2; Miller, R. E; McCoy. Julia Mrs., 3; McCartney, E. D; Mathews, J. C; Murdoch, John R; Mason, J. A., 2; Peters, J. W. M; Roberts, A; Thomas, Wm; Thompson, Jeannie Miss; Taylor, E. C. Miss; Twiggs, P. D; Wonrack, J. Walt, 2; Warden, Mary A; Williams, S. L. Williams, Saml. Wilton or Sweney; Werkmeister, John L.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 10th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Is it not time something were being done to improve the condition of the streets and walks of our town? Some of our walks are certainly in need of the services of the carpenter, while several of our streets would be wonderfully improved in appearance by a liberal and judicious application of mattock and shovel. Along some of our walks may be seen borders of smartweed and patches of dock, thistle, fennel and other highly ornamental (?) growths, that serve the double purpose of adornment and of wetting the skirts of the ladies on damp mornings and evenings. Some of our streets are nearly overgrown with grass, fennel, &c.

Now whose business is it to have the streets cleaned up and the walks repaired? If it belongs to the Town Council, let our Councilmen act promptly and vigorously in the matter. If to property owners belongs a part of the work, let us perform that part at once. It certainly is a duty owed, not only to the citizens of Oakland, but also to the summer visitors who come amongst us, to have clean streets, and sidewalks in good condition. For the credit of our town, let us have these things attended to *at once* and *thoroughly*.

Truly yours,

CITIZEN.

Selbysport Items.

The M. E. Church, which has been so long talked of has been raised, and will be finished shortly. The work is being done by Frazee & Bro.

Mr. Charles F. Frazee has just returned from Pittsburg. Charley is a good man and would make a good Sheriff.

Mr. Alex DeWitt and Prof. Gehman, of Frostburg, are visiting friends here.

Mr. John Riley has been ill for some time.

Messrs. William Kessler, Robert Liston and Deck Groves started for Connellsville, Pa., to go to work.

The people of this district are in favor of the passage of a law by our next Legislature prohibiting parties from other states camping here for the purpose of destroying our game and fish. These parties do not hesitate to use a seine, and pay no attention at all to our game laws. We hope this important matter may be looked after next winter.

Allegany County Items.

The Union Grove camp-meeting of the M. E. Church will begin August 18.

Mr. W. M. Price of Cumberland, has recovered from his recent indisposition and is out again.

'Squire John Sammon, of Pekin, one of the oldest magistrates in Allegany county, died Saturday at an advanced age.

Committees have been appointed to solicit subscriptions of stock to a glass works proposed to be started in Cumberland. The capital stock of the concern has been fixed at $15,000.

The aggregate quantity of coal shipped from Cumberland, by canal during the week ended Saturday was 17,394 tons, a decrease of over 2,000 tons compared with the previous week.

It is understood that the workingmen's party will make one more political effort in Allegany county the coming fall. It is said they propose nominating a full county ticket. A preliminary meeting was held at Frostburg Saturday last.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Cumberland have determined to dispense with the services of their general secretary, A. W. Emmons, who has been in their employ a year at a salary of $800 per annum. The managers of the association say the work will be carried on as heretofore, but less expensively. They have just secured a fine gymnasium.

Mrs. Stewart Parnell, mother of the famous agitator, lectured before a crowded house at Piedmont W. Va., Friday night, under the auspices of the Westernport branch of the Irish land league, her subject having been the land troubles in Ireland. Miss Ford, sister of Patrick Ford, editor of the Irish World, and Hon. Wm. Walsh, of Cumberland, also spoke on the same subject. The same three speakers also addressed a meeting at Lonaconing last Saturday evening.

MARYLAND NEWS.

There are a thousand or two vagrant dogs in Hagerstown, and the citizens are beginning to growl.

Monday evening Matthias Brinker, living on South Mechanic street, Cumberland, was alarmed by a Minie-ball which struck his residence, passing through the weather-boarding and an ice-cream freezer.

Buena Vista Lodge, No. 53, I. O. O. F., of Cumberland, will soon be one of the things of the past. It will either be consolidated with Chosen Friends' Lodge, No. 34, or Herman Lodge, No. 51, or its charter and property will be surrendered to the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Joseph H. Ways, of Cumberland, while in the woods near Eckhart, discovered a singular piece of wood pendant from a burned-out tree. He possessed himself of it and brought it to town, and exhibited it to the curious. It strongly resembles the profile of the human face, even the eyes being plainly outlined. It was wrought out by fire from natural wood.

The corn crop in Somerset county promises an abundant yield.

The Princess Anne *True Marylander* urges Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte for the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench caused by the death of Justice Clifford.

John R. Embert, of Queen Anne's county raised on twenty acres of fallow, one-half being stubble, 710 bushels of wheat, an average of 35½ bushels to the acre. For the present Mr. Embert can go up head.

The public schools of Somerset county will open on September 1, 1881. The board has also resolved that the ensuing scholastic year, from that date, will be eight months long, or three and one-fifth quarters.

Most of the Somerset farmers have finished thrashing their wheat, and the result is a very poor yield. Fields that have heretofore averaged sixteen bushels to the acre have this year given about five. There are only a few exception to this great falling off.

All the bridges of the Buckeye district, near Frederick, were washed away by the recent rain-storms.

Growers in Kent county are selling their choice Hale's peaches for $1 per peck.

A stalk of corn with seven fully developed ears is the latest sensation at Boonsboro', Washington county.

The Chestertown *Transcript* says: "The drought continues in this section. The corn crop will be light, and fruit and grass are suffering for rain."

The Republican prospects are brightening every day in Dorchester. The Republicans declare they can and will carry the county next fall against all Democratic opposition.

An ox which was being driven along a street in Easton, broke away and dashed into a little clump of nurses and baby-carriages under some trees. Three babies were thrown out and a Mrs. Wood was knocked down; but wonderful to relate, none of them were hurt beyond a few bruises.

A citizens' meeting to discuss the establishment of new glass works in Cumberland was held at the Council chamber Wednesday evening in that place. There was a fair attendance of prominent citizens. The idea as decided upon was to organize a stock company, with $15,000 capital, 6,000 of the stock to be taken in Cumberland.

Mr. Charles Kolb, aged about 35 years, son of Mr. J. Micheals Kolb, of Frederick, and his cousin—a Miss Kolb—were both drowned on Monday evening last, while attempting to cross Bush Creek, near Monocacy Junction, in a spring wagon. The horse was drowned or killed. Both bodies were found next day near Gambrill's mill dam.

Judge Stump, while being driven from Havre-de-Grace to his home in Harford county, on Monday last, by Mr. Lauder, met a wagon loaded with tin cans for one of the numerous canneries of the vicinity, when the horse became frightened at the rattling noise, and ran the carriage off the side of a bridge they were just about crossing. Both of the gentlemen were thrown out, and both somewhat injured. The Judge got off with a few bruises, but his companion was quite severely cut about the head, and stunned by his fall upon the stones, from which he afterwards rolled into the stream of water, which was about six feet deep, from which, however, he was promptly rescued.

The Indian Department at Washington has received information from the Rosebud Agency of the killing of Spotted Tail by Crow Dog. It is believed that Spotted Tail was killed through some difficulty growing out of his expected trip to Washington. He had been ordered by the Indian bureau to come to Washington with the Indian delegation due there on the 15th inst. Spotted Tail was coming as a representative of the Sioux Indians, and Crow Dog was jealous of his prominence and influence. Crow Dog himself wanted to come to Washington. Spotted Tail was to have started to Yankton to leave for Washington on the very day he was killed. Crow Dog was captain of the Indian police at Rosebud.

A thorough test is about to be made of the theory that large areas of arid country in the centre of the continent can be made valuable for agriculture by means of artesian wells. The small appropriation made by Congress has been placed in the hands of a competent scientific commission and the sites for the wells will soon be selected. If a steady flow of water can be obtaind from such wells it will not be long before millions of acres of desert land will be converted into fruitful field's. The soil of the vast arid belt lying on both sides of the Rocky Mountains is by no means absolutely sterile, as its appearance seems to indicate. All it needs is plenty of water to make it productive.

Hon. Emory A. Storrs on President Garfield.

We extract the following beautiful tribute to the President from a letter written by Hon. E. A. Storrs to the Republican Convention of Lorain county, Ohio:

"I am admonished that we all stand, and that the country stands, while I am writing this, on the edge of what may prove to be a great national calamity. That God in His infinate wisdom and mercy to us a people may avert it is the prayer of every earnest, patriotic heart. There is to-day a tremor in every nerve, there is sorrow in every heart, there is a shadow in every home. In the presence of such a sorrow, standing by the bedside of our wounded and stricken President, there can be, indeed, no dissensions among citizens. I can but employ the language of England's greatest novelist when I say in such a presence, 'Hush strife and quarrel over this solemn scene. Comrades now, enemies no more, let us take a mournful but a hopeful hand together, as we stand by our wounded and suffering President, and call a truce to battle.' Every house in this great land will be the happier if it pleases God to restore him to us in health again. The sun will be sure to shine the brighter, our fields will glow with a greater beauty, and if, when, amid all the pomp and garniture of Autumn, we shall take James A. Garfield back to us again, saved from his mighty peril, there will be such a joy as this great Nation never experienced before. At all events, my friends, he is secure. If he survives, there is before him, I am sure, years of illustrious and glorious achievement; but should he not, there will be for all the generations to come enshrined in the heart of this people as a pathetic, sacred and tender memory the name and the fame of James A. Garfield."

An astonishing number of people are evincing a hearty interest in the case of Capt. Albert Cook, who slapped the mouth of Morrison, a ruffian of Brownsville, Ohio, who when President Garfield's condition was discussed said, "I hope to God he'll die." Cook was arrested and plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery. The justice could do no less than fine him—which he did to the tune of $10 and costs, $32 in all. The Cincinnati *Commercial* heard of the affair, and is working it up for all it is worth, filling columns with descriptions of the case, the town in which the "assault" occurred and the participants. It appears that after Cook struck Morrison, the latter, true to his ruffian instincts drew a revolver, when Capt. Cook turned a stream of ridicule on him by getting out a small penknife! Bystanders tried to get a warrant for Morrison's arrest for carrying concealed weapons, but an old Bourbon 'squire named Gillespie, to whom the application was made, refused to issue it.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* started a cent subscription to pay Cook's fine and has been unable to stop the flow of pennies over its counter. Up to Friday night last over 14,000 subscriptions had been made. Cook's fine has been paid, a package of 3,200 cents having been carried to Justice Anderson by the Adams express company, free of expressage. It is proposed to give Cook a substantial testimonial with the balance. The *Commercial* prints the names of subscribers to the fund at the rate of about five thousand a day.

A reliable correspondent, writing from Rome, says that serious proposals have been recently made to the Pope that he should transfer the seat of the Holy See to America, "where an independent position will be assured him." There is no one who would have any authority to make such proposals or to give guarantees of an "independent position," if by that is meant independence of secular authority. There is no part of either North or South America in which the Holy See can be guaranteed any temporal authority or any exemption from that obedience to civil authority to which the ministers of all other religious sects and denominations are subjected. The Church of Rome might regain all her old spiritual authority, all her old dominacy of the minds of men by the transfer of the Holy See to the new world, and abandoning all claim to temporal lordship, to attempt to give the Pope temporal power and sovereignty in Mexico, Canada, the United States, or any of the Central or South American States would be utterly vain, and could only result in the gravest evils, both to Rome and our civil institutions. If the proposals were made they were simply suggestions by those who see that the assertion of Papal supremacy in Italy is becoming impracticable.

The voluminous records of the court-martial in the case of Cadet Whittaker are, according to the Washington *Star*, being revised now at the office of the Judge Advocate General. It will necessarily be some time yet before the case is finally disposed of, owing to the condition of the President, but it is learned beyond the question of a doubt that the findings are against Whittaker. The court finds Whittaker guilty of committing the alleged outrage upon himself, also of falsehood in relation to his statement, and recommends his dismissal. There is nothing to justify the belief that the sentence will not be approved and Whittaker retired to the shades of private life. But while it is not permissable to commit evil that good may come, some of the results of this trial will be of benefit to West Point and to the country, although it is doubtful whether the government will ever be benefitted in the extent of the $40,000 it has cost. It will, however, break up the petty tyranny practiced among the cadets, and will lead the future commandants of the Point, to avoid the errors of administration into which General Schofield fell.

Leo Hartman, the Russian nihilist, whose arrival in New York has been announced, has not responded as yet to the invitation of the Bleeker-street communists to accept at their hands a public reception. He has privately intimated that public receptions is not his business in this country at present, although he fully appreciates the friendship and sympathy thus extended to him. At present he is the guest of a citizen in the twenty-second ward. It is understood that he will at an early day deliver by loyttation a discourse, either at the Cooper Institute or the Academy of Music, with a view of setting forth the nihilist programme, including their plan for providing Russia with a better form of government than that of the Czar's when the Czar's are gone. Wendell Phillips will be asked to preside.

Dr. Oellig & Pfontz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

HENRY KILLIUS.

Oakland, Md., Aug. 10th, 1881. 8 13 3

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice, that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing and hunting or killing any kind of game on my lands. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

August 1st, 1881.

8 6 3t WILLIAM WASS.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Swanton, - - - - - " 16th.
Mrs. Chisholms Mill, " 19th.
Selbysport, - - - - " 23d.
Johnstown, - - - - " 25th.
Accident, - - - - - " 27th.

The books of Districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8, will be left at the store of Davis & Townshend, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid beford October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 30 3t Collector.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Jan1-y1

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Lord Bute's new house in Scotland will cost $1,000,000. The great central hall will be 130x60; the great drawing-room 60x23. Three hundred men are employed on the work.

—A Paris correspondent says it is a fact worthy of note that all coming prima donnas—the birds of song destined to blossom in the immediate future—are of American origin.

—Garibaldi has accepted a yearly pension of $6,000, offered him by King Humbert from his civil list. In consequence of this increased revenue, the Garibaldi household is enlarging its establishment on Caprera.

—Out of a population of 305,000, Rome has only 375 street beggars, according to the last municipal report; ten years ago every tenth person encountered in the street was sure to be a member of the fraternity.

—Dr. Schliemann has been graciously received by the German Crown Prince, who takes the greatest interest in the archæological treasures presented by that learned gentleman to the German people.

—Buckingham Palace, except during the eight days it is annually inhabited by Queen Victoria, and the four evenings in each season when it is devoted to hospitality, remains empty and useless. The charming grounds are abandoned to the gardeners, and the splendid collection of pictures are rarely looked upon except by housemaids.

—Last year a certain lady of more wealth than education, says Labouchere in the London *Truth*, was anxious to be shown Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and his fiancee. Her wish was gratified. I asked her the other day, "had she seen them again lately?" "No," she replied, "not since they were married. When I saw them last she was only his financier."

—The Prince of Wales' parties almost always include a butt for him to poke fun at, and a joker for him to laugh with. Thus, his party for Ascot week included Lord Clonmel as the former, and Mr. Bernal-Osborne as the latter. Lord Clonmel is great-grandson of the eminent Irish Chief Justice Scott, who, apparently, exhausted all the ability in his race.

—Lord Dunmore has been giving his concerts "for men only" at Aberdeen House. Nothing can be more free and easy than these musical gatherings. The audience is permitted to come and go between the performances, to chat together, and hold discussions from bench to bench. Here assemble the different members of the aristocratic London world who prefer good music for nothing to bad for which they must pay.

—Lady Wilde, the mother of Mr. Oscar Wilde, the æsthete, is described as a tall and mysterious person. At a recent reception in London she wore a double veil of black and white illusion and voluminous robes of black and crimson silk floating over a crinoline. She might have been a model Roman matron had she lived at a certain period. As it is, she writes patriotic Irish poetry over the nom de plume of "Speranza."

The Sumpitan, or Blow-tube, of Malaya.

The projectiles used are darts, varying from five to eight or nine inches in length. The Dyak war dart is the shortest, and is usually furnished with a small metal arrowhead. In this case the shaft is of light wood. The longer darts, such as those used in Sumatra, are made from a harder and heavier wood, usually the long spikes taken from the palms. These are left thicker toward the point than at the other end, so as to counterbalance the weight of the conical piece of pith there affixed. This piece of pith, the broadest part of which is but very little less than the bore of the blow-tube, is absolutely necessary for the forcible propulsion of the dart. As it does not fit the tube precisely, there is necessarily some escape of force. For this reason, when very hard shots are desired, a small pellet of cotton or other suitable fibrous material is put behind the dart. The great secret in making the darts is to insure that they balance exactly—i. e., one half must be exactly the same weight as the other. Under any other conditions true shooting is impossible. In Padrang, Sumatra, I was much astonished to meet a man using for very small birds darts constructed out of cocoanut-tree leaves. He took a spike of the leaf, and cut off a piece about five inches long. The stalk of this he denuded of all leaf except one piece an inch and a half long on one side, the result being an article having the shape of a quill-pen. The inch and a half fragment of leaf that remained was curled round to allow its admittance into the blow-tube. When we remember that it was a green leaf, we can form an idea of the force with which the darts are propelled to kill. For my particular amusement the sportsman, who was laden with a supply of at least 300 darts, shot one of these palmleaf projectiles over some water, and I calculated that the range was well over eighty yards. The initial velocity was so great that the dart could not be seen for the first twenty-five yards. The greatest adepts with the sumpitan, especially at the present day, when its use is surely dying out, are undoubtedly the Dyaks. From what I have heard, and from what I know of my own observation, a Dyak would shoot a dart 150 yards to a certainty; and I should not care to bet very much against 200 yards being accomplished by picked men. This statement may savor of the "traveler" order, but I fancy most Bornean travelers will agree with me. The small dart is, of course, not sufficient of itself to take human life, but the Dyaks poison their projectiles in warfare, when a slight wound anywhere is all that is necessary. Mr. Paul, who was some years in Borneo with Sir James Brooke, told me that he once saw a Dyak who put two darts into a sumpitan, one behind the other, and by some inexplicable means shot out the front one first, and followed with the other after an interval. This man was doubtless a sort of Dr. Carver among the Dyaks. Precision with the blow-tube is, as with every other weapon, a mere matter of practice. In shooting small birds out of trees for collecting purposes, for which service I recommend the blow-tube, the range would never be very great. A bird twenty feet high in a tree is pretty high, considering that it is in the lower, full-leaved trees that the birds congregate, in preference to the higher ones. At this distance a little practice will make it a certainty that the bird will be hit. If not killed outright, the long dart will of itself be sufficiently cumbersome to prevent the bird flying very far. As a rule, the quarry is transfixed, when of course it is a case. I give twenty feet because I always like to be on the safe side in these matters, but I, myself, would certainly undertake to hit four times out of six at twice the hight. I have frequently proved this by bringing down tiny birds out of the betel-nut palm. Your readers will notice that I speak of "hight," and not "distance." Shooting up into a tree and shooting at an object upon the ground are two different matters when the projectile is a long dart, likely to be affected by the least wind. But still, at thirty feet small birds should not escape very often from horizontal shots. For very tiny birds, clay balls may be used; but, from the fact that they never can fit the barrel properly, they are not so sure as the dart.—*London Field.*

Terrible Wounds That Did Not Prove Fatal.

St. Joseph is at present somewhat worked up over a couple of interesting cases which will serve as remarkable instances of escape from death even under the most adverse and untavorable circumstances. The escape of President Garfield from death at the end of the assassin's bullet is indeed strange and somewhat remarkable, but the nature of his wounds, considered with those of whom we are about to speak, are but slight. The parties have both lived so long since their injuries were received that their ultimate recovery is now placed among the strong probabilities.

Anton Welte, a man about fifty years of age, and a workman at Moorby & Fink's boot and shoe factory, on Tuesday week last attempted to take his life by shooting himself. How he had tired of living, through a long series of domestic difficulties, we have told before. Now to the facts concerning his remarkable escape from a successful termination of his suicidal purpose. Welte fired four shots, all of which took effect within an inch of the centre of the forehead. The whereabouts of three of these were traced. One was imbedded in the substance of the frontal bone, a little to the left of of the middle line, another passed up under the soft parts, along the bone to the left frontal eminence. These two were extracted. The third passed through the frontal bone into the substance of the right anterior lobe of the brain. It entered at a point about five-eighths of an inch to the right of the middle line and passed in a direction through the brain which would lead it a little to the right and in front of the center of the base of the brain. It is impossible to say whether the fourth entered the same hole or struck the skull and glanced out. The nature of his wounds, it will be seen, are such that hardly one in a hundred could have escaped death. To-day will be his twelfth day, and yet he is rational and doing well. He is up and about his room, and it is the opinion of his medical attendant, Dr. Davis, that he will recover.

The above is certainly a most remarkable escape from the very jaws of death, but it scarcely approximates in strangeness to that of Frank Kemp, now at the hospital of the St. Joseph Medical College. This case hasn't a parallel in the history of our city, and few, if any, in the history of surgery. Kemp is an Indiana lad, eighteen years of age. He had been out West, and tiring of Western life was seeking once more his native Hoosier heath when the accident occurred. He got on a train of the St. Joseph & Western at Hanover, intending to steal his way to St. Joseph, and rode in safety to Elwood. There he fell from his hiding-place on the trucks and was run over and frightfully mangled and crushed by the cars. He was picked up in an insensible condition and conveyed to this city and quartered at the hospital of the St. Joseph Medical College, where he has been ever since. His lower extremities were frightfully crushed, and presented a ghastly spectacle. His right leg was amputated above the knee and his left leg at the knee. One of his arms was frightfully shattered, one ear was cut off, and his nose cut half off. A couple of his ribs were crushed in and others laid bare, the skin being taken off while the body was being dragged over the rough railroad ties. He received a six-inch cut across the scalp, and innumerable bruises about the head, face, and, in fact, all parts of the body. It was thought when he was picked up that he would die before he could reach this city. That was on the morning of June 10. To-morrow it will be a month since the accident, and he still lives, with fair prospects for final recovery.—*St. Joe (Mo.) Herald.*

A Young Lady's Remarkable Escape.

While the Hon. John Neely and a party of ladies and gentlemen were enjoying a picnic on an Island a few miles east of Accomac Court House, Va., his niece, Miss Cornelia Bradley, with three other ladies, left the balance of the party and went some distance around the shore to bathe. They insisted on going alone, and declined the offer of a gentleman to accompany them. They selected a dangerous place for bathing, and Miss Bradley, going beyond her depth, was swept off into the ocean by a strong current, and soon disappeared in the high breakers. It was quite a time before the other three ladies, being at a distance, could give the alarm to the balance of the party. When they did so it created the greatest consternation. All hope of rescue by the party was soon abandoned, and she was given up for lost. When, however, the alarm reached the fish-oil factory, which is near the north end of the island, two young men employed there thoughtfully took a boat and sailed out on the ocean, and when a mile or more from shore they found Miss Bradley floating on the water, and rescued her. She had been in that perilous position nearly an hour. When rescued she was nearly exhausted, but able to speak, and is to-day improving, with every prospect of speedy recovery. Miss Bradley could not swim, but had heretofore learned the art of floating on the water, and to this and the energetic and manly efforts of the two young men, Frank Milliner and Polk Lang, she is to-day indebted for her life.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

GENERAL.

—There is to be a Swiss national exposition at Zurich in 1883. The Swiss Confederation will grant a subsidy of 400,000 francs.

—The Governor of Massachusetts is generally obliged to listen to all the college commencement speeches in New England. The party opposed to him can afford to express sympathy.

—To-co-be, chief of the Shoshone Indians of Nevada, drives a spanking pair of trotters attached to a handsome carriage. He has made some successful ventures in mining, and is an extensive breeder of cattle.

—Mr. Parnell, of West Point, Ga., the champion peach farmer, is the elder brother of the Irish agitator, who was disinherited on account of infirm health. He further suffered injury by an accident some years ago on a Southern railroad.

—An exhibition of pipes and snuff-boxes at the Crystal Palace, London, contains numbers of pipes collected by the Emperor Maximilian, which were found in the buried cities of Mexico. There were smokers thousands of years before Raleigh.

—A Cincinnati seamstress grew tired of the needle, and hung out a sign as a doctor. Her first patient was a man who had congestion of the brain, but she thought it was rheumatism, and nearly covered him with alum plasters. The treatment killed him.

—William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

—The net income of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia is reported to be two hundred thousand dollars a year, while he pays his farm laborers eight cents a day for fifteen hours' work. Nihilism is one of the crops which such farming naturally produces.

—In the vicinity of Augsburg, Bavaria, snails are raised, fed and sold as food. They are said to be highly nutritious, and are recommended in Europe as food for consumptives. It is said that in the vicinity of Augsburg there are 2,000 acres of land devoted to the raising of snails alone.

—Justice Stanley Matthews has frequently been mistaken for Grant, for Garfield and for Hayes. Gen. Grant having the fact called to his attention recently, said: "Now you speak of it, I can see myself that there is a likeness in him to each of us, though neither of us looks much like the other. He is sort of a link between us."

—A wealthy Californian named Brennan has received a Government grant of eighty-four leagues of excellent land in Sonora, from the Mexican Government, on condition that within five years he will have a colony of 500 families on it. Until the terms are complied with the title to one-half the grant will be withheld. The colonists will be allowed to import all goods for their own use free of duty.

—The President's relatives say that, with the exception of an attack of fever and ague years ago, when a boy, and occasional touches of dyspepsia in later years, Gen. Garfield has never in his life been ill. His habit has always been to live on plain, substantial food, and he has never indulged in late suppers of rich food, to which the average statesman is addicted when in Washington.

—The Parisian *bourgeoisie* put their infants out to nurse without, in many cases, any precautions as to getting their own child back again. A lady says: "I have often seen at the Paris railroad stations thirty or forty nurses leaving their babies bundled up on the seats of the waiting room. At the signal for departure they rushed in, took up a bundle at random, and were off to the country, indifferent as to the child they took—one baby being in their eyes as good as another."

—Some West Virginia boys, deeply impressed by a perusal of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," were desirous of reproducing the scene of a burning at the stake. Wood was piled around a post in the manner shown in one of the pictures, but a hitch came in the programme when the martyr was required. A scarecrow was tried, but he took martyrdom too coolly, and it was deemed desirable to burn something that would kick. A dog was next used, but he wriggled out of the rope when the first flame touched him, bit one of the persecutors, and escaped. Finally, a calf was tortured to death, with much success.

A Remarkable Career—The Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

For the last two years, says the Baltimore correspondent of the New York *Express*, there has lived in an out-of-the-way street in Baltimore a man who, by his literary and musical abilities, has rendered his name famous throughout two continents. He is F. Nicholas Crouch, the author and composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." He is at present engaged as a varnisher in a factory near his home, and by this pursuit he is enabled to support his large family. In appearance he has a marked and expressive countenance, sinewy form and iron-gray hair. He is apparently an ordinary mechanic, but the brain which was once so fertile with ideas can still conceive thoughts worthy of the man. His history is interesting because of its numerous successes and failures; it is peculiar because his talents have raised him almost to the height of fame only to bring him eventually to his present lowly position. Mr. Crouch was born in England on the 31st of July, 1808. He comes of a very good family, the members of which had often distinguished themselves in the various professions. From an early age Mr. Crouch had evinced a love of music, and at nine years of age played bass-viol at the Royal Coburg Theater in London. From this starting point he worked himself into "His Majesty's Theater" and played a solo on the violoncello before Rossini. Bochsa, then in the zenith of his glory, was conductor of the opera, and was so pleased with the boy's devotion to his profession that he made him his pupil. At the age of twenty, strong indications of vocal excellence manifested themselves and Bochsa transferred his pupil to William Hawes, master of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal boys. Here Crouch studied the Episcopal High Church service and the works of Handel. In 1821 a body of English noblemen, with George IV. as patron, established the Royal Academy of Music in Hanover Square, London. He requested the privilege of entering, and it was granted him. While studying here he was in frequent attendance at Buckingham Palace, the pavilion at Brighton and Windsor Castle. He was then appointed one of the gentlemen of Queen Adelaide's private band. Then it was Crouch became principal violincellist at Drury Lane Theater, under old Stephen Price's management, of American renown, and here he wrote his first ballad, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Annie Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for Mme. Malibran.

Crouch then, as a relief from his many duties, entered mercantile pursuits and established a large rolling-mill for the manufacture of zinc on the Dart stream, in Kent. While traveling in the west of England as a representative of the firm, on account of his musical abilities he was requested to stay for a time at Plymouth, Devonshire, and as his absence from his business affairs was protracted longer than necessary, he returned to find himself financially ruined. In Devonshire, on the banks of the Tamar, he wrote "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the greater portion of his Irish work, "Echoes of the Lakes." At the death of William IV., he was commanded to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria. This he did, and while in London, the firm of D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square, offered him the supervisorship of the establishment at a yearly salary, and to contract for all his compositions for the next seven years. This was agreed to and he left Devonshire once more for the metropolis. At this particular period of time Marryatt was editing the *Metropolitan Magazine*, Howard sub-editing, Mrs. Crawford writing her autobiography. The popularity of "Kathleen Mavourneen" created a password among the above named writers, an introduction was sought, and the warmest friendship made between all parties. Mr. Crouch became the musical reviewer on the magazine, and through its medium became known to all the reigning poets and lyrists of the time—Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Mittford, Alaric A. Watts, Thomas Bayley, F. W. N. Bayley, Douglas Thompson, John Hewitt Carpenter, Gill, Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, A'Becket, Thackeray, McKay, Campbell, Rogers, Morton, Sheridan Knowles and a host of others. These kindred spirits would meet at Mr. Crouch's soirees, and from those pleasant unions we date the creation of his list of English works: "Echoes of the Lakes," "Echoes of the Past," "Bardic Reminiscenses," "Songs of the Past," "Songs of the Olden Time," "Songs of a Rambler," "Songs of the Parish Wake," "Songs of the Seasons," "Songs of the Abbeys and Cathedrals," "Sketches of the Emerald Isle," "Hours of Idleness," "Roadside Sketches," "Songs of Shakspeare," "Friendship's Offering," "Songs of a Voyager," "Wayside Melodies," "Songs of Erin," "Songs of the Bards," "Beauties of Other Lands." In 1849 Max Maretzek and Crouch were both employed at Her Majesty's Opera in the Haymarket, in London, the former as a chorus-master and the latter as violoncellist in the orchestra. At one of the rehearsals of Verdi's opera, "Munsaniello," Max, in a cursory way, said, "Crouch, I am going to open the opera in the Astor Opera-house, New York; if you will go with me I'll give you the place of 'cello in the orchestra." Ambitious for position, the offer was accepted, and on the 10th of November, 1849, they arrived in New York. After various successes in this city he left it and commenced traveling through the country. In Portland, Me., he was very successful and accumulated much money. At this time the California excitement was at its height, and Crouch decided to go to the land of promise. On his way to this city he stopped at Jones' Hotel in Philadelphia; his wife was taken sick and he was obliged to remain. His money soon vanished and again he was destitute. By Dr. Cunnington's interest with friends in Washington, D. C., he started successfully in that city and fortune smiled once more. He became the musical director of St. Matthew's choir and taught at the elite of the city. In Richmond, Va., we next hear of him singing in St. Paul's Church under Dr. Minnegerode, the same success attending him in his professional pursuits.

During the war of the rebellion he served in the Confederate army, and sustained severe injuries in the losing cause. From the field of Lee's surrender he made his way after a time, with three ribs broken and a hand badly smashed, to Buckingham Court-house. Here he entered the service of Mr. Perkins as a gardener and farm-hand, glad to earn in any honest way a crust of bread. From this place he came to Baltimore, where he has remained ever since, working for his sustenance with hands that once recorded the most delightful melodies and won applause from sovereigns.

Chinamen Flocking to Australia.

Within the last fortnight upward of 2,000 Chinese have arrived, and there is now a very large number afloat en route from Hong Kong to this colony. The Chinese who are here explain that the exodus from the home country is occasioned by the great depression which exists there. The new-comers are ignorant people, who are unable to either read or write. It is only by great self-denial that they are able to scrape together enough money (about £8, we believe,) to pay for their passage, and the great part of them are almost penniless when they land here. Some of the Chinese merchants in Sydney believe that before the year is out 20,000 Chinese will land at this port unless some check can be put upon the inflow. Instead of being, as many people think, a source of profit to the Chinese employers of labor here, the immigrants prove a serious burden, for they have to be housed and fed until they can be sent or forced to go into the country. The majority of Chinese merchants and residents in Sydney are averse to the wholesale importation of Chinese to this colony, such as is now taking place.—*Sydney Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

A SONG FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY.

Once, upon a winter night,
When the snow lay cold and white,
Dropped a baby from the skies,
With a pair of big brown eyes;
Without clothes, or food, or name,
Right into our hearts it came,
And we loved it from that minute
As if there were "millions in it."

Soon a happy year had flown:
He could creep, and stand alone,
Know mamma and Rob and Fritz,
Do a hundred pretty tricks;
He was sweet, but still a tartar,
So we called him little Arthur,
"Pet," and "Darling," "Love," and "Pride,"
And a hundred names beside.

When another year went by,
Could I tell if I should try
Half how lovely he had grown?—
Walking, like a man, alone,
Talking with such babbling words
Like the cooing of the birds,
With a tangled crop of curls
Hanging round him—like a girl's.

Three years old: now look for squalls,
Trials, troubles, cries and falls!
Up and down like any rocket!
In his dress a little pocket,
Filled with tops, and nails, and strings,
And some fifty other things;
Three feet tall, or taller, maybe—
Can this be my little baby?

Still another birthday: dear,
What a four-year colt is here!
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,
In and out on swift feet dancing,
Handling marbles, spinning tops,
Spending cents in candy-shops;
In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,
Always ripe for fun and racket!

Now, as sure as I'm alive,
That outrageous boy is five!
Send him off to school at once—
We don't want to own a dunce!
Full of tricks as any marten—
Get him to a Kindergarten;
There he'll learn to use his wits,
Without any ugly fits.

Six—and what do I behold!
No more waving curls of gold,
But a little wig of brown,
Closely cropped about the crown;
No more skirts, but little breeches
Full of many seams and stitches:
Growing, every single day,
In the most surprising way.

Seven to-day: a Boy at last!
Time and tide have traveled fast;
There he sits, so fine and tall,
Jacket, trousers, boots and all;
He can spell, and read, and write,
He is good, and gay, and bright,
And his life goes bravely on.
—But, where is my Baby gone?

So now I hope—what *do* I hope? Oh, scores and scores of things!
I hope he'll learn to comb his hair, and tie his own shoe-strings;
I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail, or snow, or rain,
And grow to be full six feet high without one growing pain;
I hope he'll keep his clear bright eyes, and his quick sparkling wits,
And never, NEVER, tell a lie on Jack, or Rob, or Fritz;
And never lose his merry laugh, or smile so gay and pleasant,
And lay up money in his box to buy each one a present;
In short, I hope—to end my rhyme, and not to make it longer—
Not only may my darling grow both better, wise and stronger,
But be, in heart, and mind, and soul, in all his walks and ways,
A "*Could not be a better*" boy, through all his happy days.

* "Could not be better" is the highest mark given to the best boy each day in the Channey Hall School, where the Birthday Boy belongs. —*Wide Awake.*

TAKING HIS PLACE.

"Oh, Charlie! Why did you do it? On my birthday too! I am so sorry, for now you will miss all the fun of the Fourth." And as she spoke, Mary sat down dangling her broad hat by one string, and looked disconsolately at her brother, who had been sent to bed as a punishment.

"How was I to know that just a little bunch of fire-crackers like that was going to smash the goblet? I did not think it would do anything but just litt it up some."

"Who told you to do such a thing, Charlie?"

"Nobody; I thought of it myself. Oh dear! I wish I had a grandma, or an aunt, or somebody like that!"

"What for, Charlie? I am sure nobody could be half as good as mamma."

"I like grandmas and aunts. Eddie Bates has a grandmamma, and she always gets him out of scrapes; and Tom Taylor has an aunt that does lots of things for him. People ought not to get married if they don't have mothers and sisters to make grandmas and aunts for fellows who are always getting blamed for nothing at all."

"But, Charlie, you did break the glass."

"No, I didn't either; the fire-crackers broke it. Oh, dear! dear! I wish there wasn't any Fourth of July, nor fire-crackers, nor uothing! What's the use of fire-crackers, if a fellow can't fire them off? It was real mean to let me spend all my money on fire-crackers, and then not let me have any fun with them. There's my pin-wheel, too. I promised Bates to fasten it to the top of the highest clothes-pole in his back yard to-night."

"I am so sorry, Charlie dear!"

"And, Mary, I am so dreadfully hot. I have got a raging fever; I know I have."

"Why do you not say you are sorry?" suggested Mary.

"Didn't I say so?—over, and over, and over. And father just said he thought bed was the best place for boys who exploded fire-crackers under goblets. If I was a father, and wanted to kill a boy, I'd do it out and out, and not roast him to death in bed on a Fourth of July. I wouldn't for millions of dollars send a poor boy to bed on his sister's eighth birthday." But what particular attention was due to his sister's eighth birthday Charlie did not explain.

"You knew the crackers would break the goblet."

"No, I didn't; I never saw them smash one. Didn't they bang, though?" And at the recollection Charlie's eyes grew bright, and a delighted expression illumined his somber little face. The next moment, however, he was crying bitterly; and Mary, having watched him a moment, ran down stairs, just in time to stop her father as he was going out.

"Papa, please forgive Charlie. He is so sorry, and he wants to go out so much!"

"He must have a lesson, Mary, that will teach him not to be so destructive." But he added, smiling, "If you choose to take his place, Charlie may go out."

Mary bounded away to her brother's room. "Papa says you may go out, Charlie. Get up, dear."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and he asked no questions. Five minutes later he was explaining to Eddie Bates the principles upon which he had blown a goblet all to smithereens in his back yard.

What a glorious Fourth it was! Charlie did not go home until ten-time. He would not have gone then, but that his pin-wheel and the rockets were under his clean shirts in the bottom drawer of his bureau, and must be gone for.

Up stairs he ran, as gay as a cricket, and burst into his room. "Let me see; they are in this one. Bother! Where did I put them?"

"What are you looking for, Charlie?"

"What are you doing in bed?"

"Taking your place."

"What!"

"Papa said, if I would take your place, you might go out; and girls do not care much about the Fourth of July," said Mary, cheerily.

"And you have been in bed all day?"

"Of course; papa said you were to stay in bed all day, and I am taking your place."

"But you are not me."

"But I am your substitute."

"Oh, Mary, you dear, dear, darling sister! you are better than all the grandmothers and aunts in the world; catch them going to bed a whole day for a fellow!" cried Charlie, kissing her proudly.

"I am very, very glad I took your place, Charlie."

"You get up now, Mary, and I'll give you my pin-wheel and my rockets, and you and Ella Bates can fire them all off. I wouldn't be so mean as to let you lie there any longer," said Charlie, beginning to remove his coat.

"That will do, Charlie," said papa, coming into the room. "Get up, my little daughter; Charlie has learned a lesson, I am sure."

"Indeed I have, papa, and I am real sorry."

That same evening Eddie Bates was boasting to a crowd of boys about his grandmother having saved him from an evening of sorrow in his own room, when Charlie spoke up:

"Grandmas and aunts are all well enough, boys, but sisters are a heap better. You just listen." And in a voice of pride and love he related his sister's generous act.

And the gay little crowd gave Mary three cheers and a tiger, besides firing off nine starry rockets simultaneously in her honor.—*Lillie E. Barr, in Harper's Young People.*

A Wise Coon.

Did you ever see a raccoon? I am going to tell you about one that was sent from the South as a present to a lady whose name was Isabella. He was called Zip Coon, and a very wise coon he was.

Zip had a long, low body, covered with stiff yellowish hair. His nose was pointed, and his eyes were bright as buttons. His paws were regular little hands, and he used them just like hands.

He was very tame. He would climb up on Isabella's chair and scramble to her shoulder. Then he would comb her hair with his fingers, pick at her earrings and feel of her collar and pin and buttons.

Isabella's mother was quite ill, but sometimes was able to sit in her chair and eat her dinner from a tray on her lap. She liked to have Zip in her room; but, if left alone with her Zip would jump up in the chair behind her and try to crowd her off. He would reach around, too, under her *arm and* steal things from *her* tray.

Once the cook in the kitchen heard a brisk rattling of tin-pans in the pantry. She opened the door, and there, on a shelf, was Zip. There were two pans standing side by side. One had indian-meal in it, and the other nice sweet milk. In front of the pans stood Zippy.

He had scooped the meal from one pan into the milk in the other pan, and was stirring up a pudding with all his might. He looked over his shoulder when he heard the cook coming up behind him, and worked away all the faster, as if to get the pudding done before he was snatched up and put out of the pantry.

Zip was very neat and clean. He loved to have a bowl of water and piece of soap set down for his own use. He would take the soap in his hands, dip it into the water and rub it between his palms; then he would reach all around his body and wash himself. It was very funny to see him reach way around and wash his back.

One day Isabella, not feeling well, was lying on her bed. Zippy was playing around her in his usual way. Pretty soon he ran under the bed, and was busy a long while reaching up and pulling and picking at the slats over his head. By and by he crawled out: and what do you think he had between his teeth? A pretty little red coral earring that Isabella had lost several weeks before. Zip's bright eyes had spied it as he was playing around under the bed. So you see Zip Coon did some good that time.

When Zip grew older he became so cross and snappish, that he had to be chained up in the wood-shed in front of his little house. On the door of his house was printed in red letters, "Zip Coon: he bites."—*Nursery.*

—The Chinese are passionately fond of kite-flying. On the ninth day of the ninth moon the inhabitants of entire districts assemble, often in the greatest crowds, comprised of all classes, from the court dignitary to the poorest laborer, to watch the sport. The kites are made in every conceivable shape, representing birds, insects or fishes, and on a fine day the air will be quite full of them. Great skill is shown in keeping half a dozen or more going upon one string.

—It is gradually dawning in the minds of Englishmen that the United States is rapidly taking its place as the first Nation of the world. The London *Times* in a recent editorial admitted this as one of the inevitable events of the near future. It says that Russia's 80,000,000 are not to be compared to the 50,000,000 of the United States, as the latter population are intelligent people, with the same aims in life—they are a unit, in fact, while Russia's apparent strength is really a source of weakness.

—A wealthy lady who occupies a cottage at Mount Desert had a jewel case made in imitation of a Bible. A burglar visited her premises, of course, and avoiding the Bible as the devil would holy water, he carried off the silverware, but left the diamonds and their fellow jewels safely in their mock retreat.

HOME AND FARM.

—Fresh manure is good for corn, cabbage or oats, but for most other farm crops well-decomposed manure is best.

—An economical housewife will always buy her soap in large quantities, cut each bar in square pieces and store in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.

—Camping-out Tents.—To make a good coating for tarpaulins, add twelve ounces of beeswax to one gallon of linseed oil and boil well two hours. First prime the canvas with this mixture, and then use it instead of plain oil for mixing the paint.

—A camper-out tells *Forest and Stream* that he has repelled mosquitoes during several seasons by rubbing face and hands well with a mixture of one-third oil of pennyroyal and two-thirds olive or sweet oil. It is not disagreeable, and wipes off easily, but care should be taken to keep it out of the eyes. A two-ounce vial full will last one person through a fortnight's trip in the woods.

—Spiced Chicken.—Boil three chickens until the meat will fall from the bones, free the meat from fat and skin and chop fine; season with cloves, allspice, pepper and salt; pour over a pint or more of the liquor in which they were boiled; turn into an earthen dish, place a plate with a weight on top and let stand several hours in a cool place before slicing.

—**A Home-made Disinfectant.**—Dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For a disinfectant this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters, and otherwise, and in this way prevent sickness and obviate great expense.

—Just now, when warm weather entails a small plague of flies and insects, it is well to remember that the prompt application of an alkali to the bitten part allays the irritation and commonly at once relieves the suffering consequent on a class of injuries, which, though small, are often exceedingly annoying and even troublesome, especially in the cases of children and persons with sensitive skins. Soda and ammonia will answer the purpose.

—Indian Suet Pudding.—Half-pound suet, one cup of molasses, pint of milk, one egg, teaspoonful of ground cloves, teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, teaspoonful of salt, nutmeg, raisins. Mix the suet and molasses and put on the fire to warm, add milk, egg, spices and fruit, either chopped raisins or currants, then Indian meal sufficient to make a thin batter. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

—A young farmer queries about the propriety of storing manure in an unused corner of a roomy stable. If dry when put into this dry place it would preserve its qualities unchanged for an indefinite period; but it is in reality wet enough so that considerable fermentation and heating may take place, and some little loss of ammonia by fire-fanging as it gets dry. But the loss would be less than might result from leaching by water falling on the pile from the eaves of a large roof or soaking through *its base from higher parts of the yard.* Exposure of the manure to such water only as may fall on it directly from the clouds will rarely do any harm; on the contrary, it will tend to preserve in the pile that due degree of moisture which is essential to the proper kind of rotting of the manure; direct exposure to the sun is likely to cause more injury than direct exposure to rain. If our friend should keep the manure always moist in its place of deposit, it would steadily improve in quality.—*Prof. G. C. Caldwell, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Hoven or Bleat.

When a cow over-feeds on green fodder, and especially if it is wet, the mass ferments in the rumen and produces a large quantity of gas, which bloats the animal and distends the stomach. The proper treatment in this case is to give a quart of water in which one ounce of carbonate of ammonia has been mixed; to put a stick, such as a piece of broom-handle across the mouth and tie it there to the horns, to cause the cow to eject the gas. If this is not effective, the paunch should be opened on the left side of the animal, in the center of a triangle formed by the hip bone, the last rib and the short projections of the backbone for the three angles or points. If no other instrument is at hand, a sharp-pointed penknife may be used. The skin is pushed or drawn a little out of place and the knife pushed through to penetrate the paunch, taking such a direction as not to wound the kidneys. The direction is slanting downwards. A piece of quill, securely tied to a string, is then put into the opening, and the gas pours out and at once relieves the animal. The quill is left in the hole with something tied to it to prevent its entering, and as gas is formed it escapes. A dose of sixteen ounces of epsom salts dissolved in hot water should be given as soon as possible, and, if necessary, copious injections of soapy water. When gas is no longer formed, the quill may be drawn out, and as the skin returns to its place it covers the opening through the muscle to the paunch, and the wounds heal very soon. An instrument known as a trocar and canula is used with perfect safety in such cases.—*N. Y. Times.*

Fresh Air.

Too many houses are closed up at the back in America, there are no through draughts; front and back open and a current set a-going, that's fresh air. Air stagnates, and curtains drawn, blinds down, carpets on floors, doors closed, and one bit of a window just opened—goodness, where's the life to come from to breathe in so many cubic inches even of oxygen!

Now, then, in the morning let your maid open your street door for an hour, and set something airing, some current into those stagnant air layers, that stuff each other up and can neither move up nor down, nor in, nor out.

Ladies are faint, children droop, babies die, men swear, and all for want of a little current of fresh air just passing through the house.

Look to it and open your house-door the first thing in the morning, and if you can, set a current going through it.—*Food and Health.*

Look to the Lambs.

Many a dollar that would otherwise come to the flockowner is lost through his failure to appreciate the fact that maximum profit is secured through the quality and condition of his sheep, rather than through their numbers. Quality and condition are the indispensable requisites to real success. The first of these is secured through breeding, the second through subsequent attention. "Blood will tell;" but its record will never be satisfactory unless the breeder's art is supplemented by the feeder's liberality. The well-bred lamb must be a well-fed lamb, or the breeder's ideal will never be attained.

Keep the lambs thriving. During the hot and dry summer days, extra attention will be necessary to insure this, but compensation therefor will surely come. Where the young and tender animal is required to withstand privation and hardship, dimished size and impaired vigor will follow, to the embarrassment of every subsequent effort at maximum results. Mistakes in early management may be avoided; they cannot be wholly corrected in the life of the animal. Scanty pasturage must be pieced out from other sources; and artificial food should be supplied before the advancing season robs the pasture of its highest nourishment.

Experienced shepherds are sometimes asked for devices by which sucking lambs can be fed a ration of grain, bran or meal, aside from what is given their dams. Devices of this character—such as a small pen inside the usual resting place, with openings through which the lambs can pass, but not large enough to admit the grown animals—will readily suggest themselves under such circumstances as warrant this treatment. The strongest apology for such arrangement is found in the exemption from crowding, which allows the smaller animals to get their proper allowance. The fact is, the mothers can profitably be allowed as liberal treatment as their offspring. The effect of a little attention to the dam, while on pasture, will be quite as apparent in her lamb as upon herself; and without this regard to her condition, much of effort for lamb thrift will be vain.

All that has been heretofore said in behalf of comfortable surroundings for the flock receives emphasis in its application to the lambs. The idea that privation and harsh treatment toughen the young animals is a delusion. A perfect physique and a vigorous constitution are not to be secured by exposure to extremes of heat and cold, and by subjection to hunger and thirst. The perfectly developed and healthy sheep can withstand these to almost incredible extremes; but its capabilities in such direction do not result therefrom. Sweltering beneath a summer sun, or shivering before a wintry blast, developes neither health nor strength. Forced subsistence on scanty pasturage may test constitutional hardiness, but does not create or foster such characteristic.

Many owners fall into the error of giving the lamb flock the same treatment as is bestowed upon those animals of more advanced age—overlooking the fact that what requires development in the one instance needs but to be maintained in the other. As the sturdy tree, notwithstanding its exposure at the roadside, could once have been crushed by a fawn's foot-print, so is there to be found in the young sheep's life a time when harm will result from incidents which would in nowise effect the matured animal—a fact which finds unpleasant emphasis in the experience of the most careful shepherd.

What with docking, and marking, and weaving, and the other rough treatment inseparable from lambhood, the little ones of the flock have a rough time, be the supervision of their owners ever so thoughtful and thorough. When these trials are reduced to the minimum, and all the avenues to thrift and comfort are opened wide before them, then it is, and only then, that the reasonable estimates of the owner may be realized, and, under exceptional conditions, sometimes exceeded.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Timely Suggestions as to Treatment of Persons Overcome by the Heat.

1. Carry the patient carefully, but promptly, to the nearest shade.

2. Secure for him as much circulation of wholesome air as may be possibly obtained.

3. If the skin is hot, sponge with cold water or ice.

4. If the head is very hot, and the arteries of the neck pulsate violently, apply ice.

5. Give two teaspoonfuls of good brandy or whisky every ten or fifteen minutes. The addition of two or three drops of laudanum to each dose of the stimulant prevents vomiting or purging, which is liable to occur and often to prove fatal.

6. Don't give large draughts of cold water or any other fluid, even if the patient is able to swallow them.

7. Don't allow the patient to be moved or raised from a recumbent position until sufficiently recovered to render it safe to do so. This seldom occurs for hours, and often not for days, after the attack.

8. Send at once for a doctor, not for half a dozen. Otherwise valuable time may be lost by differences in opinion as to whether the case is one of congestion or exhaustion.

It is always safer for non-professional prescribers, and generally safer for doctors, to pursue methods of treatment calculated to relieve more or less profound exhaustion of vital powers.—*Exchange.*

—The farmer who has a neat, well-kept garden is almost sure to have a neat, well-kept farm, a comfortable and well-appointed home, tidy out-buildings, and stock in good condition; and the housewife who takes pride in the garden generally has a home to take pride in and to be proud of.

—Lemon Snaps.—One large cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of hot water, half a teaspoonful of soda, flavor with lemon and flour to mix. Roll very thin. Bake in a quick oven.

—Don Marcial Martinez, the new Chilian Minister to this country, is a man of university training, and is at once an accomplished scholar and politician. He is forty-nine years old.

Importance of Pasturage for Swine.

For some years past there has been much increased dissatisfaction at the greatly diminished proportion of muscle in pork and bacon. The complaint is frequently heard about beef as well as pork. The generality of hogs are masses of mere lard, and if the production of lard is the only, or even the leading, object of the modern system of breeding hogs, the system had better be abandoned, as the vegetable fats and oils can be expressed to much more advantage, and in a purer state. Much food that is capable of forming muscle or flesh is now wasted in the feeding of hogs to form fat alone. I have frequently stated that a very fat hog of 400 pounds can not bleed as much when killed, or supply as much nutriment, as a muscular or lean-fleshed one weighing only 200 pounds.

It is also the fact that the unnatural management, which has led to the great reduction of muscular structure, has led to a still greater increase in the proportion of fat in the hog as generally raised at present.

Hog meat is only valuable for food in proportion to the quantity of muscle or lean flesh it contains, and as the muscle or flesh in pork can not be produced in the growing pig, or maintained in a full-grown hog, except in proportion to the animal's activity or use of his muscles, it follows that exercise is as much of a necessity to supply food value in cattle and swine as to supply working value in horses.

To increase the muscle and food value, pigs and growing swine should have full voluntary, natural exercise. Before assuming that we can improve upon nature, it should be remembered that nature makes no mistakes. Nature says muscle is the only part of meat that is nourishing as food, and that the exercise which supplies food in muscle is indispensable to maintain the hog in a healthy condition, and to prevent the decimation of the hog race by cholera. Nature and science teach these facts beyond denial or controversy. I believe, therefore, that the locomotive organs must be used alike to maintain health and increase food value in pigs.

Accordingly any hog-raiser should provide a ten-acre pasture lot for every 200 hogs, which would be three ten-acre lots for 600 hogs. These lots can be fenced with a good portable fence. The feed lots can be changed to any place as required, the posts being set in and driven with a bar, and the panels of the fence bolted one on each side of the post by one long bolt to each joint. Not more than half the food of the hogs, at any age or at any time, should be composed of corn—rye or barley meal or boiled pumpkins mixed, or artichokes, boiled swedes, or some better food than corn, forming the other half of the ration for hogs, large and small. In sprouting, corn is malted, by which starch supplies sugar, and hogs are very fond of newly sprouted corn, as corn-growers are well aware. It is best, therefore, to have five or six acres in each feed lot planted, and strew the shelled corn over the plowing, and lightly harrow it into the ground, say twice a week. By this process hogs are provided with exercise in their natural manner, and to the natural and health-preserving extent. They gather the corn out of the ground, either before or after its germination. This keeps them active, and this exercise increases the muscular or food-supplying structure, and maintains it in hogs which are full grown. Hogs should have an abundance of water three times a day, at all times, and it is best to have a windmill pump on high ground, and cement pipes to convey water into the feed lots where there are no streams, to insure a full and regular supply of water, without which the hogs can not be kept healthy.

There are experienced hog-feeders who think grazing like cattle supplies the hog with sufficient exercise to develop in them full-sized muscles and maintain them in good health. But I differ very decidedly from such notions. In rooting, the hog's nose rises and falls from two to six inches, or about four inches on the average, at each motion of the head, and the back of the hog rises and falls to a corresponding extent, giving corresponding motion in all the pork-forming parts of the hog, and in this way forming the layers of red flesh, and supplying mingled fat and lean in pork and bacon. But in grazing like a cow, the head is kept nearly in a horizontal line, not being raised or lowered half as much as in rooting; in fact, the head is only occasionally lifted (to facilitate swallowing) by cattle or hogs when grazing, and the body motion in grazing is probably less than half as great in extent as while engaged in rooting. Consequently the muscular exercise taken by hogs in rooting increases their muscle and meat-value as food more rapidly, and to a much larger extent, than in grazing.

While clover is a good grazing crop for hogs, and supplies excellent hay for horses, it is also a root crop, for it has been proved by weighing that there is about as much substance in an acre of clover roots as in an acre of tops. If the root half of clover can be harvested or consumed with as little expense, it will yield as much profit as the part grown above ground. We have seen the roots of clover harvested and consumed by a herd of rooting hogs, at a great saving of other feed, and therefore with great profit in the excellent quality of fleshy pork so cheaply and naturally produced. This gives great satisfaction to the owner, who derives a double profit from his clover field by allowing the hogs to root and live, and thrive and keep healthy, while making the very best quality of pork in their own natural way.

The French are sometimes laughed at with an assumption of superior wisdom because they consume the *flesh* of the muscular horse as *food*. But when the fact that one pound of horse flesh—which is as pure as the food it is formed from is select and wholesome—contains as much *nourishing food as five pounds* of pork of average fatness is considered, it is seen that after all the French consumers of horse flesh have a very practical appreciation of the value of muscle or flesh as food. And it is entirely probable that if the horse's carcass was fat, which is not food, instead of flesh, which is very nutritious food, the fat would be less appreciated, because its food value would be small in extent.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

THE DAIRY.

—Pure, cool water is essential to all domestic animals, but more especially to milk cows. If you want pure butter, give pure food and drink.

—Glazed earthenware milk pans, holding about six quarts, and with a half inch rim projecting around the top, are used with satisfaction in some of the dairy districts of Ohio.

—All milkers are likely to be troubled more or less with cracked teats, and when nothing is done to prevent or cure, sometimes a cow gets so bad that it is weeks before she can be cured. If one keeps a few ounces of glycerine in the stable, and at the first appearance of roughness or cracking pours a few drops in the palm of the hands before milking, it will stop all trouble at once. Occasionally a cow gets a teat cut or scratched with briars so as to make it almost impossible to milk her. We have known a cow to dry up from this cause. Every time we attempt to milk a cut teat we break open the old wound, and if it is a bad one, it is almost impossible to heal it. Every dairyman should have a set of milking tubes to use in such cases. Waldo does not use them at all for ordinary milking, but in such cases as those referred to he finds them of value.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—How to Get a Full Milk Pail.—We assume that the cow is properly fed. Lacking this condition, no cow can milk as she ought, says the London *Live Stock Journal.* But careful feeding seems to have but little influence on the milking properties of some cows; they lay on flesh instead. Yet, as they have first of all to live before they can think of giving much milk, or in fact any milk at all worth speaking of, and as about two-thirds of the food they have an appetite for goes to sustain the offices of life, it is clear that underfeeding will not lead to a profit. This is a proposition well enough established and it appeals alike to our judgment and interest. Yet, after all, breed is of the first importance, because without it good feeding is of small effect on the milk pail; but, if we have both breed and feed, the pail will overflow—if we let it. Breed, then, is first; food, next; then good milking by hand, kind treatment, shelter from the storm, and all that.

—Milk Fever.—Place the cow in a cool, shaded place, or roomy box stall or shed, well bedded. Give a purgative consisting of a pound and a half of Epsom salts dissolved in a quart of warm water, add thereto a pint of molasses and two ounces of ground ginger. Follow this up every half hour with stimulants, such as half an ounce of aromatic spirit of ammonia and one ounce each of tincture of ginger and sweet spirits of nitre, given in a pint of cold water or linseed tea. Apply rags to the head, constantly wetted with cold water, or a bag loosely filled with chopped ice. Apply strong hartshorn liniment or fluid blister along the spine, and friction with equal parts of alcohol and water to the limbs. Keep the udder constantly free from milk. In the case of much bloating, insert a trocar in the left flank. Give frequent injections of blood-warm soap suds. On recovery, give tonic medicines, such as a scruple of nux vomica, one dram of powdered gentian root, in a pint of thin gruel or linseed tea, twice or thrice daily during a week.—*Western Rural.*

Timothy for Dairy Meadows.

One of our principal meadow grasses is timothy, and this forms a tuber or bulb just above the surface of the ground and is injured or destroyed when this bulb is cut or eaten off. Pasturing meadows of this grass is likely greatly to injure these bulbs, and this explains the serious injury that occurs when these meadows are pastured in the fall. Cutting too close with mowing machines often injures it. Timothy is perhaps our most valuable meadow grass, as, with proper attention, it will easily continue ten years in succession to yield large crops. If our meadows consisted of Kentucky blue grass, wire grass, orchard grass, red top, etc., pasturing would not be so fatal, although then not advisable except on alluvial or overflowed land. But let us see what the real value of the aftermath of timothy meadow is worth. Take the case mentioned of seventy-five acres pastured. Four cents' worth of wheat middlings and corn meal per day to each cow, would have produced more milk and left the cows in better condition, during the live or six weeks that they were allowed to run a portion of the day upon the meadows. This would have cost, at the most, only about one dollar and sixty cents per head, whilst the damage to the meadow was at least ten times as much. Meadows require generous attention, should be top-dressed with stable manure in the fall, instead of pasturing them, and when this cannot be had should be top-dressed with some commercial fertilizer every few years, and thus kept in full production, and your dairy full fed through the winter—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Mistakes in Milking.

"We have frequent communications," says the *American Cultivator*, "from our subscribers concerning the fact of their cows giving bloody milk. No one would be surprised at cows giving bloody milk if they were aware of what a network of blood vessels the udder of a cow is composed. No person should ever make an attempt to milk a cow till they have obtained some knowledge of its structure; then we perhaps should dispense with a large number of those double-listed men who do not seem to have any knowledge of the purposes or anatomy of a cow's bag, except for them to squeeze and drag it as though it were a piece of dead hide. There is no objection to the strong-handed man as a milker, the stronger the better, but it should be accompanied with a touch as delicate as a woman's. Whenever the cow manifests the slightest sensitiveness the udder should be thoroughly examined. Milking is a pleasure to the cow when everything is all right, and whenever it ceases to afford gratification to the cow there is evidently something wrong. Never fail to wash with warm water the bag of a young heifer, both before and after milking."

—The grocer's apprentice is patiently learning to weight.

—At Eudora, Miss., a little girl, bitten by a mad dog, has been cured by the application of a mad-stone, the property of Ben Melam, of Waterford, Marshall County, who has applied it in 1,310 cases, and with success, except in two. The stone is porous, and is believed to possess the power of extracting the virus from the wound.

A BRIDE is reported to have lately said: "I told all my friends to have my name put on my presents, so that, if divorced, George should not be able to claim them."

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The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters.—*Cincinnati Star.*

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Kidney-Wort not only cures bad cases of piles and all disorders of the kidneys and liver, but is a reliable remedy for a debilitated constitution. It acts on the bowels as a mild cathartic, carrying off the obstructing elements which cause sickness.—*Plaindealer.*

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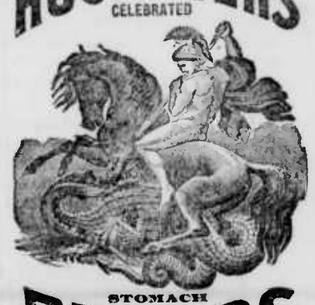

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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WHY ARE WE SICK?

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WILL SURELY CURE
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
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by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!

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It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

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For Chills and Fever
AND ALL DISEASES
Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.
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Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark, and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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VICTOR Double Roller Clover Machine that beat the Medelia, Moultey, Jr., and the Ashland Clover Hullers in a scientific test at the Toledo, O., Fair, Sept. 15th and 16th, last, in the presence of 50,000 Farmers and Treshermen of the West.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing bramendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qunlified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for Judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for Judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any Judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election the return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. ERISCOE,
Jy 16, 3m Sec'y of State.

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VERTICAL FEED
SEWING MACHINE.

See what It will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

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It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

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It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

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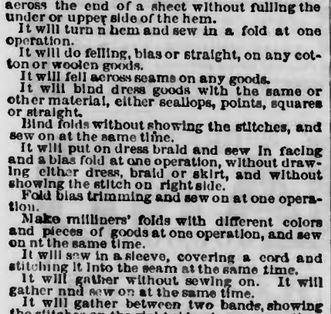

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One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

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In a first-class manner.
FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.
Shop near the Post Office.
Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.54 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.16 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

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The Principles on which this Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.
The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, as *rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

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Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 32 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.
Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

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Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

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This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.
No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.
Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tried, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.
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See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.
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4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881. NUMBER 26.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

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During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief. R. CLARIDGE.

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I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. OFFUTT'S, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

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in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN. Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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P. MARTIN, 6 18 tf Oakland, Md

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Two miles distant from Lowel, Kentucky, over among a group of hills through which used to wind the celebrated Crab Orchard pike of half a century ago, stands a fine old red brick mansion facing south and commanding a view of miles upon miles of wavelike hills and valleys. Fifty years ago it was the plantation of Gen. Thomas Kennedy, a Virginian, who fought at King's Mountain with Marion, and came to Kentucky about 1730 to wrest the garden of the central portion of the State from the Indians. The old red brick house and the ground all about it has recently become famous as being the original scene in Mrs. Stowe's novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." General Kennedy owned 7,000 acres of land, 150 slaves, and was enormously wealthy for those days. He was a man of wonderful character and determination, a Black Douglass in the Gerrard Hills. He was a tall, athletic and hale man, with the erect carriage of an Indian and the mien of a commander. He was in the main a man of fair impulse and royal generosity when calm; but when angered he was insatiably cruel to his slaves. General Kennedy died in 1836, and left the bulk of his property to his son Thomas, then about twenty years of age. In three years the young man had run through more than a great fortune, and was dead at the very outset of his career. Among slaves left in his estate was an intelligent, high-strung octoroon boy, named Lewis Clarke, who had been granted comparative freedom, in being allowed to travel about with an open pass, trading, weaving and occupying himself as he pleased, paying his master a certain sum every month. When the estate came to be settled, it was discovered that some of the slaves must be sold, and an execution was issued against Lewis among the others. The rumor got out—and at that day the rumor was a dreadful one among slaves—that they were to be "sold down South."

On the first night of the September court, in 1841, Lewis Clarke mounted his poney and struck for liberty. He was as white as the fairest Caucasian in Gerrard, with a Scottish shrewdness inherited from his father, a white man, and a longing for liberty which had obtained for him the reputation, so depreciatory of slave values, of being a "spoilt nigger." He rode away and over the hills to Ohio and to Canada. Then he went to Cambridge, Mass., lived for seven years with A. H. Safford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe visited her relations every Summer, and took a deep interest in Lewis Clarke, his experience and his narrative of incidents, pathetic, humorous and terrible, of slave life, and the horrors which the system made possible, and which were, in localities, frequent from brutal and irresponsible masters. She took full notes of all he told her and afterward put them to the use which made the entire Republic tremble when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made its appearance in 1853. Meanwhile, however, Lewis Clarke had dictated the story of his own harsh experience to J. C. Lovejoy, of Cambridge, Mass., and it was published in book form in 1845, with the title: "Narrative of the sufferings of Lewis Clarke during a Captivity of more than twenty-five Years among the Algerines of Kentucky, one of the so-called Christian States of North America." Many copies were sold, but it created so much excitement that several thousand copies were suppressed and the plates destroyed. There are few copies of this in existence and I have been permitted to read probably the only copy in Kentucky. It details certainly a very wretched and cruel story of ill treatment during his childhood, before he became the slave of the Kennedys.

From Lewis Clarke's own lips I gathered the story of how Mrs. Stowe came to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Dr. Bailey, who published the *Philanthrophist* in Cincinnati, had been persuaded to move to Washington City about 1848 or 1850, where he established an emancipationist organ, called the *National Era*. When the fugitive slave law was pased it produced such an impression upon the country, and was so strongly sustained by the press and even the pulpit, that the emancipationists were paralyzed for some time. The *National Era* lost circulation steadily, and was on the point of extinction, when Dr. Bailey went to New York to consult some leading emancipationists as to what course he should pursue. He thought if he could get some woman of literary reputation and ability to write a series of articles for his paper every week on the subject of slavery and its violation of the finest sentiments, that it would revive public interest and carry his paper to the people it had never reached before. The names of Mrs. Lydia M. Childs and others was proposed. Lewis Tappan, who was one of the counsellors, finally said he knew of one woman who could do the work successfully; that she was poor and must be paid for it, but that she would succeed. He then mentioned Mr. Stowe, and advised Dr Bailey to write to her, and by the way of earnest, inclose her a draft for $100. The letter was written and the draft sent. The next week there appeared in the *National Era*, not the first of a series of articles on slavery, but the first chapters of a story called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The effect was instantaneous and great. The scenes delineated with such frequent strokes of elegant simplicity and covered with the soberness of Christian abhorence of the slave system, went home to the reader's imagination with wonderful force. The circulation of the *National Era* increased at once, and soon became very large. Mrs. Stowe was poor and earned her money so laboriously, that for fear the great novel would be cut short she was sent an additional $300. Then she copyrighted the story, which in book form has made her fortune.

Into the books she wove all the facts given her by Lewis Clarke in connection with information gleaned elsewhere. For instance, the first part of the character and story of Uncle Tom himself was taken from the experience of a colored preacher, Josiah Henson, who had both arms broken below the shoulder in trying to ward off the blows of the club of a brutal overseer. The broken bones were not set, and the arms grew so distorted that Henson cannot now feed himself. The whipping to death of Old Tom was suggested by the fate of Sam Peter, a blacksmith on the Kennedy plantation, who was swung up by the hands to the limb of a locust tree (under whose sweet blossome Clarke stood this morning and recited the story afresh,) and given several hundred lashes and "salted." Two weeks later he was dead, and Clarke heard him say to his mother, in the words old Tom used: "Mother, tell master he has killed me at last, for nothing, but tell him if God will forgive him, I can," Clarke cut a bunch of blossoms from the tree as a relic to bear away with him. There were some terrible masters in that section some fifty or seventy-five years ago. Among them General Kennedy, Devil Bill Adams, William Woods, Archy Woods, Eben Best and others are still quoted among the old negroes with awe and horror. It was the day of plantations almost ducal in extent and value, of the aggressive spirit of personal authority and ostentation, which the adventurous survivors of Revolutionary fields brought with them from the camp and the field; of rural sport on the turf, at the card table and at faro. The Crab Orchard pike was the high road for the rich drovers with their herds from Tennessee. Here they rested en route and at the old Kennedy mansion play has gone high, and many a desperate deed of valor and many a desperate vain folly have been done.

That was half a century ago. Lewis Clarke ran away ten years latter; yesterday he returned, as one of his friends said, like Moses, after wandering forty years in the wilderness, to lead those he left behind up to the heights. This morning was the first time since he fled that he stood upon the ground where he saw so much that was dreadful, and so much that was in its way pleasant, for slave life was by turns a smile and a moan.

It is a singular fact in this neighborhood, whence sprung the most powerful story of oppression and suffering that was ever written, he stood last night in the pulpit of a handsome village church built, paid for and owned by some of the very negroes whose wrongs and hardships pitched the key of the story. He could look out of one window and see on a sister hill another church owned and paid for by the same people; while over in a valley, not far distant, sits a modest school-house, where, all day long a black school-teacher sits in the midst of a flock of black urchins teaching them how to read and spell, the very knowledge that was then tabooned as forbidden fruit. The book which Lewis Clarke aided in producing (and nobody who reads his narrative can doubt where Mrs. Stowe got most of her facts and suggestions) had as much to do with producing this result as all the political power of the country combined. It gave political leaders a following from quiet homes, where determination is bred.—*Cor. Louisville Journal.*

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendants, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

Type Work on a Newspaper.

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* in an article on "How Mistakes Happen in Newspapers," figures up the number of type used in a newspaper the size of the *Eagle* at 600,000—that is the actual number of bits of metal arranged every week, in preparing a newspaper of that size for the press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as one of the most exact and particular of handicrafts; but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the finest of machinery would render type useless. It is very rarely that type furnished by two seperate founderies can be used together without a great deal of trouble, though they try to make it after the same standard. We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet work or mosaic work, containing ten, twenty, or fifty thousand pieces, the maker or which has spent months, or even years of labor in producing it, and the people go to see it as a curiosity; but the most elaborate and carefully fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare with that which the printer does every day for minuteness of detail and accuracy of fitting. The man who does the first is looked upon as a marvel of skill, and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up or turned around it is not noticed in the general effect, but if the printer in fitting ten times as many pieces together in a single day puts one where another should be, or turns one the wrong way, everybody sees it and is amazed at the "stupid carelessness of those printers."

Governor Plaisted, of Maine, seems to be creating something of a commotion in the State. When the Governor's Council over whom he presides, do not do as he prefers to have them, he slams down his gavel, declares the Council adjourned without day and flounces out of the room. The council views his exit calmly, and proceeds with the public business. The Governor announces to the public that he has abolished the Council, and refuses to recognize any of their proceedings. There the case stands. The members of the Council are elected by the Legislature as the Constitution directs, and they deny that the Governor has power to abolish them at will. They say the Governor adjourned but they did not, and they seem to be sound in the position. His object possibly is to give the people of the State a specimen of Fusion rule which will satisfy them for the rest of their lives.

On the Subject of Roads.

The public roads of a district show the spirit and enterprise of the people in the district to a certain extent, and all will admit that good public roads add to the value of the land as much if not more, than anything of equal cost. A bad road means a small load with great wear and tear to a wagon and team, and bad roads are the complaint generally. Why? First, they are badly drained and not enough work done on them; second, there is but little thought given to making roads, and the work is often done late in the fall; third, men plow and scrape more than there is any need of and make a narrow, poor road when they get through. It is cheaper to make a good wide road when the land will permit, than a narrow one, from the fact that in making a wide one you simply bring the dirt from the ditches upon the road bed, which should never be plowed up or disturbed. A public road should be 35 feet from outside to outside of ditches, highest in the centre, and curving gradually to the outside of the ditches. The road bed (that is the part between the inside of the ditches) should be 25 feet wide. The ditches should be 6 feet wide and one foot deeper on the outside, and deeper if necessary, with sufficient grade to draw of the water, otherwise there will be a bad muddy road. Now with such a road the bed is solid, and soil scraped on top will soon pack and become hard. There is no danger in being tipped over, and travel is not obliged to follow in a single rut, as it must in a narrow road. Dry roads mean good ditches. To fill up mud holes without draining is simply putting in more dirt to make more mud.

Recipe for Blackberry Wine.

We know something about good blackberry wine, and give below the best recipe, we thing, in existence:

Take 25 quarts of berries, press out the juice, then add 27½ pounds white sugar and enough water to make 10 gallons of juice, and all put into a keg that has recently held whiskey, brandy or wine. A new keg would make the wine taste of the wood. Set it in a cool cellar where it will remain perfectly still, tacking only a thin piece of gauze or linen over the bung to keep out the insects. The keg should not be quite full, so as not to foam over in fermentation. It is all a mistake that the foam should be thrown off and the keg continually filled up. The foam is as pure as the rest, and will settle back into the cask. It is caused simply by the gas rising in the process of fermentation. Just let it stand, without any further attention, until Christmas. Then draw it off without agitating the keg at all and it will be as clear as crystal and fit for the gods to drink. It is best then to bottle it and stop tightly. Keep as long as you can. The older it gets, the better. We were never able to keep it a very long time ourselves, but that's what the neighbors say.

"The Old Man Want's Them Guns."

During the siege of Nashville a confederate battery placed upon a hill was seriously annoying a part of Pap Thomas' line. Riding up to Colonel James Brownlow, the old man said: "Colonel Brownlow, I want those guns, and I want them bad," at the same time pointing with his sword toward the offending battery. Drawing his sword and stepping out in front of his line, Colonel B. stepped in front of his regiment and said: Men, the old man says he wants them guns, and says he wants them bad!" Everybody was silent for a moment, and then a six-footer in the ranks sung out, "Boys, if Old Pap wants those guns he oughter have them. Let's all chip in and buy them for him, for it looks mighty unhealthy up that way." A perfect storm of laughter swept along the line, and then the boys started up for the guns, and got them for the old man, though many a poor fellow who started for them never got back again.

We were shown a few days ago at the residence of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter two wax-candles captured at Yorktown a century ago. Among the articles found in Cornwallis's cave at the time of the surrender was a box of wax-candles, probably a part of the private stores of Lord Cornwallis himself. Mr. Hunter's father, who served as an officer on the staff of Gen. Robert Taylor, and was present at the surrender, on his return home brought with him two of these candles, which it appears, were distributed to the officers as mementos of that memorable occasion, and they have been carefully preserved in the family since that time.—*Tidewater (Va.) Index.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WEEDS.

Along the roadsides and up the hills;
Peering demurely into the rills;
Lifting their faces up to the sky;
Throwing their kisses to each passer-by;
Trailing their gowns all over the grasses;
Waving their hands to a bird as it passes;
Calling the butterflies—laughing and gay,
Ragged and rollicking all the long day.

How the winds love them! How the bees linger!
How the birds woo them, each happy young singer!
How the sun kisses them, eager and warm!
How the grass shelters them safely from harm!

Who is so jolly, who is so free,
Of all the bright blossoms that grow on the lea?
Purple and azure, golden and red,
Some with big bonnets and some with bare head;

Some with gold stars on their foreheads so sweet—
Some with great mantles straight down to their feet;
Some like a drift of May snow, pure and white,
Some that are dark as the middle of night;
Some with shy eyes that are hidden 'neath lashes,
Some with the largest and gayest of sashes;
Some with lips sober and some with arch smiles—
All with the bonniest, gladdest of wiles.

Amber and rosy, snowy and blue,
Some that are false and some that are true;
Yellow and crimson, sapphire and pink—
You see we mean us the dowers that they drink.
Along all the roadsides, down by the brooks,
Hiding away in magical nooks
Down in the meadows, always aglow—
Dearest of all the things that grow.

—Fanny Driscoll, in Boston Commonwealth.

THE LAST OF NINE.

"Did you know that Tom Bailey had passed in his cheeks?"

"Yes; heard it by telephone an hour ago."

The speaker was John McWilliams, and we were sitting on the piazza of his home in Bradford.

"Do you know the particulars, John?"

"Particulars? Well I don't know as there are any. Same old story, you know. Didn't pack the nitro-glycerine in the wagon carefully, and when the wagon went over a log the load exploded and—and—that was all."

There was no need of further explanation, for I could reason it all out clearly enough, and could almost fancy I saw the ghastly remains of the ill-starred Tom Bailey, who went out one morning to superintend the shooting of a well and never came back. Bailey was an employee of the Roberts Torpedo Company, and John McWilliams, the man with whom I was in conversation, was his Division Superintendent on the same "run," or district.

"Family, John?"

"No—that is, he hadn't a wife, but he had a widowed mother and a young sister."

"What will they do?"

"Oh, the Company won't see them starve, and, besides, I guess poor old Tom didn't die a beggar. Poor old boy!" and the bearded man at my side sobbed like a heart-broken child.

"I never told you about Tom and the rest of the boys, did I?" continued the sorrowing man.

"The rest?"

"Yes; there were nine of us, you know—but you don't know, for I have never told a living soul. This sudden death of Tom's quite unmans me, for I am now the only one left—the last of nine."

I waited a long while for John to gain control of his feelings, for I knew he had a story to tell of more than usual interest. It was a beautiful night, full of soft moonlight and drowsy with the hum of humanity in the city beneath our feet. A delicate, almost imperceptible mist hung about the city, and from our hillside piazza we could see far down the valley where the Tunungwant stream faintly glimmered in the moonlight, and where the huge iron tanks of oil loomed up gloomy and black against the mellow brightness of the night. Over at Prospect Park, on Mount Raub, the light was flashing and flaring, while faintly to our ears came the strains of a Strauss waltz. Away off on another hill the sound of a laboring engine and the thud of the walking-beam told that the ponderous drill at a well was being lowered into the earth as fast as men working night and day could sink the hole. Down below, the city flashed up at us its countless lights and shadows and faintly floated up the hum of business and pleasure. It was a strangely beautiful night for a story of oil. John spoke at last, slowly, and with evident hesitation.

"Yes," he said, "there were nine of us, and I'm the last one alive. It's a queer thing, and it makes me feel strangely; perhaps more so now that poor Tom is—is—"

He couldn't bring himself to say the word; he couldn't say that his friend was dead. With an effort he continued:

"You doubtless know that I was in the army during the late war. I saw some pretty tough fighting, too, and after Shiloh I was made a Captain, and at the same time Tom Bailey, who was in the same company, was promoted to a Lieutenancy for bravery. He deserved it, too, for there never was a better or braver boy; a trifle reckless, you may say, but brave and generous to a fault. At the close of the war we went home together, and with us went what was left of the company. There wasn't much, to be sure, for we had done some terrible fighting, and many of the boys had gone down through the valley of the shadow. Like the rest of the returned soldiers, we went into the oil country, which was just then turning the heads of all the people, and after knocking around awhile and losing what money we had we concluded to go into the business of shooting wells. Tom and I went into the business for ourselves, and soon hired four of the men who had been in our company and a friend of mine, who had been wealthy but was 'broke,' to work for us. Two fishermen came along that we had known before, and we engaged them. That made nine of us, and we used to live in one room and do our own cooking, for women were scarce in the oil country at that time. Everything went on finely, and we made money hand over fist. Old Colonel Roberts hadn't got the monopoly of the nitro-glycerine business then, and any man could engage in it who cared to run the risk.

"Our crowd was extremely fortunate at first, and we were beginning to feel that nitro-glycerine wasn't such a terrible thing as some persons made out. Well, we worked along about six months without an accident, when one day one of our men was killed while taking glycerine from a wagon. This gave us considerable of a shock, but we laid the blame on the man's carelessness, and worked on as usual. Within a year three more of our men were blown to fragments at the same time through pure recklessness. None of these men drank liquor to excess; so you couldn't attribute their death to intoxication. The rest of us were mighty careful after that, and only staid in the business because we could make money faster than at anything else. We didn't have any more accidents while we were doing business for ourselves, and we began to take courage.

"When the Roberts Company gained monopolistic control of the torpedo business the remaining five of our crowd went to work for them. Everything went on swimmingly for some time, but at last three of the crowd had some trouble, real or fancied, with the Company, and the result was that the men quit entirely and went to moonlighting—shooting wells at night in defiance of the law giving the Roberts Company the monopoly. Moonlighting is just about twice as dangerous as torpedoing in the lawful way, and it wasn't long before those three fellows were blown skyward. I wasn't a bit surprised, for when a man gets down so low as to go into moonlighting when he can make good wages at a legitimate business, I naturally look to see his death announced before a great while in the papers.

"Well, that left just two, Tom Bailey and I, of the original nine that went into the business only a few years ago. One by one our boys have dropped off, until to-day I helped to bury what remained of poor Tom. Poor old boy. I know it wasn't his fault, for he was the most careful man I ever saw. There was nine of us when we started—all banded together to work for one another's interests—and now they are all gone but me, and I am—the—last—of nine."

His unsmoked cigar slipped from his nerveless fingers and fell to the ground. He trembled violently, as with the ague, a nameless horror and fear looking out of his eyes into vacancy.

"John," said I, gently touching his arm, "come into the house; it is chilly out here."

"Yes, yes, let us go in. But stay—I—feel—so strangely. I never thought of it before, but if—my wife—should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day it would—it would—would kill her!" and the strong man sank into a chair, completely overpowered with the awful thought.

Business called me away from Bradford and the oil country the next day, and I did not return for some weeks. Having business at Smethport, the county-seat of McKean County, I passed through the village and started for Bradford by way of the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway. When within a few miles of Bradford an accident happened to the locomotive, which would delay the train several hours. Being anxious to reach the city as soon as possible, four of the passengers, including myself, started over the mountains afoot, hoping to reach our destination by three o'clock in the afternoon. We walked along quite briskly, and while following the ridge of a mountain were hailed by a voice which I recognized as belonging to the torpedo superintendent, having in charge the district belonging to John McWilliams.

"Hallo! come over here?" the man shouted, accompanying his words with emphatic gestures.

Curiously wondering what Smollay could want, we went toward him. Two or three men were leaning against the stump of a tree and merely nodded as we approached. Smollay was searching on the ground for something at some distance from his companions.

"What's the trouble, Smollay?" and as I spoke the glycerine man raised a pained-looking face and mutely pointed his finger in the direction of the men around the stump.

I looked and saw a strange sight. The wreck of an oil derrick and its machinery lay scattered over the ground in small pieces. In an instant it all came to me,—there had been an explosion of nitro-glycerine. The derrick had been blown to atoms and scattered far and wide; the ponderous bull-wheels were dismantled and broken into a thousand fragments. On every hand was ruin such as only nitro-glycerine can produce. The thought came, was anybody hurt? I glanced inquiringly at the three men. One of them pointed silently at a small baking-powder box lying at their feet. I stepped forward.

"My God! John—John McWilliams!" and I would have fallen had not one of the men supported me.

The last of nine! I stood and looked down into a little wooden box filled with ghastly flesh and blood and bones—all that was mortal of noble hearted John McWilliams. A side of the head and face remained as noble and handsome as in life, but what remained of the body could have been placed in a ten-quart pail. Smollay came and leaned his arm against my shoulder in silent sympathy.

"How did it happen, Smollay?" This after a long period of silence.

"The well made a heavy flow of gas and oil as John was lowering the torpedo, and when the shell came to the top of the hole John stood there and caught it in his hands, and as he turned to take the thing away it exploded in his hands with the result you see. There never was a more careful man than John."

For years and years John McWilliams had laughed at nitro-glycerine, and had toyed with it as with a shackled monster, but at last the monster, waiting patiently for years, had sprung upon him and avenged its wrongs. Sorrowfully we lifted the little box and carried it homeward. Along the mountain ridge we moved, a melancholy procession, and when on the summit of Mount Raub we rested and looked down on the clustering buildings of Bradford. In the glory of the afternoon sun even Bradford's homely buildings were beautiful, the city presenting the very picture of the loveliness of life, while over and beyond the hills, looking down in silent grandeur, were voiceless witnesses of God's immortality.

One of the passengers who had come with me from the train produced a powerful field-glass. Almost mechanically I turned and looked at John McWilliams' hillside home. A door was standing wide open and a lace curtain streamed idly from a window. In through the open door I could see the tea-table set and waiting. On the lawn a handsome, graceful woman romped with two children, frequently shading her eyes with her hands and looking down the street long and earnestly. It was Mrs. McWilliams, and she was waiting and watching for the loving husband and father who would come not again on this earth, never, nevermore.

Slowly the sun crept behind the western hills, and with aching hearts we took up our burden again and prepared to descend into the city, my brain ringing with the words of the ill-fated John that night many weeks before: "If my wife—should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day it would—it—would would kill her!"—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Going to Sleep in the Day Coach.

It was not Mr. Dinkleman's fault that he was a tall man, and in fact, under ordinary circumstances he was very proud of his figure. But one night last week he came down from Chicago to Burlington, and couldn't get any kind of a show in the sleeper, and one seat all to himself was the best they could do for him in the day car. But he was weary all the same and had to sleep. So he stowed away his valise and prepared to slumber.

He made very elaborate preparations, several times, before he could get things fixed to suit him.

First he just thrust his feet out half way across the aisle and pillowed his weary head on the window sill. That was very comfortable. But in a minute or two a woman walked down the aisle and fell over his feet and screamed; then a child came along and fell over the feet and cried; then a man came along, stumbled over the feet and swore, and just as Mr. Dinkleman was beginning to hope the procession was all by, the brakeman came rushing along, he stumbled over the projecting feet, made one short, unrevised remark, turned up and gave the nearest foot a kick that made every lost sail aboard that car draw in his breath and shudder and shriek "aou-ou-ow!" and then he said to Mr. Dinkleman: "Now hold out the other one."

But Mr. Dinkeman said nothing. He could only hold that foot up by the ankle, hold it high in the air with both hands, while he swayed back and forth, held his mouth wide open and wished for a broken bridge, an open switch, or an accident policy.

Then when the cessation of his agony allowed him to feel sleepy again, he buckled himself up into the shape of the letter N, with his knees braced against the back of the seat in front of him, his feet hanging down, his body erect, and his head drooping over the back of the seat. But both his feet got sound asleep long before he did, and when he stood up he fell down and all the passengers shook their heads, the men laughed sardonical laughs, the women said, "what a shame; such a nice, respectable looking man, too," and the man on the wood-box unfeelingly said "too much booze." And his hat fell off into a seat behind him and the man on that seat put his feet in it and spit all over it before Mr. Dinkleman could find it. Clearly that was no way to sleep.

Then he curled up in his seat like a dog on a rug, with his knees drawn up to his chin, his head on the window sill and his feet braced against the end of the seat. In about twenty minutes he woke up with more aches in his legs and body than he had hairs on his head. He was so sore and stiff that it was ten minutes before he could bend his elbows enough to get his hands in his pockets to get his ticket, and the conductor got tired waiting for him at last, and said sternly, "get off at the next station," and Mr. Dinkelman could hear the passengers saying "deadbeat" and "got the bounce" and "served him right." Evidently, no man could sleep very long in that posture and get home with any kind of a reputation.

Then he tried to sit straight up and hold his head up by clasping his hands behind it, but when his hands gave way his head fell back with a snap that came so near breaking his neck he hasn't got over it yet, and one of the passengers asked him if he did that for fun or just because he liked it. Then he leaned his head down on the back of the seat before him and dozed until he woke up with a crease in his forehead like the brand of Cain. Then he lay down with his head pillowed on the arm of the seat, and the first man that walked down the aisle jammed his head half way down into his neck, and made him feel that life was a mockery. Then he sat up in the seat facing the aisle, put his feet upon the arm of the seat, leaned his head against the window, and broke the glass the first time the car lurched. Thirty cents and a cold in the head for that.

Having thus sampled all the positions he could think of he spent the rest of the night trying them, sometimes separately, and sometimes altogether, and when at last he got to Burlington his hair was gray, his eyes were wild, he had to be carried to his home on a stretcher, and the doctors put him in a mustard-plaster case right away, where he has lain ever since. And if you don't believe it, try an all-night ride in a day coach yourself, some time.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A compound is described for the preparation of what are termed safety envelopes. That part of the envelope covered by the flap is treated with a solution of chromic acid, ammonia, sulphuric acid, sulphate of copper, and fine white paper. The flap itself is coated with a solution of isinglass in acetic acid, and when this is moistened and pressed down on the under part of the envelope a solid cement is formed, entirely insoluble in acids, alkalies, hot or cold water, steam, etc.

—R. H. Chittenden is inclined to the belief that in the stomach there are two stages of digestion, separate one from the other—a first, in which the action of the saliva can go on without hindrance, and a second, in which pepsin alone is active.

—The Boston *Post* speaks of merchants who nail horse-shoes over store doors instead of advertising their business in the papers.

The Northern Sugar-Cane.

Having had many year's experience in the making of sugar and syrup, both in the South and in Illinois, the writer of this article proposes to give the readers of the *Times* the facts and figures which have resulted from this experience, which will interest every one who has suffered from the poor returns of ordinary crops, and is, consequently desirous to increase his income, or, at least, to lessen one of his principal items of expense.

All the sorghum, broom-corn and millet plants readily hybridize, and at once lose their distinctive qualities if grown near each other. By judicious care the better qualities of the sweet varieties have been developed, and we have the result in several improved sugar-canes—the most noted of which is Minnesota amber. This variety has been extensively grown in the Northwestern States with, in most instances, satisfactory, and in some cases, extraordinary results. From fifty to as much as four hundred gallons of syrup per acre has been the return in quantity, and where at all well handled the quality was very superior to glucose—with which our grocers supply us with gold or silver drips—as light is to darkness.

In favorable seasons this variety granulates very readily, with proper treatment, and it is claimed that two thousand pounds of choice yellow sugar have been secured from one acre. But, ordinarily, the granulating property is not present in sufficient quantity to justify the increased expense necessary to make sugar, and in some seasons, when the cane does not ripen well, as in 1880, but little sugar can be made.

It is not probable that the full extent of the improvement of the sorghum as a sugar-producing plant has yet been reached; on the contrary it is more than probable that its superior qualities will be developed until the production of sugar will be as certain and common in the Western States as the production of flour now is. The very great advantage that will accrue to the agricultural interests of the country, should such a result occur, can scarcely be estimated.

All are agreed that a sandy loam soil, on high rolling land, is the best for sorghum. If "good heart," as the saying is, that is, if capable of growing a good crop of corn, no better land need be desired. If the ground is low it must be drained, as, indeed, land for all crops should be. Sorghum will also very frequently do well on a sandy knoll that could not be relied on to carry through a crop of corn. On clay land the quantity of yield is less, and the quality of the sirup often inferior to that on sandy land. Freshly-manured land is also unfit for this crop, as it stimulates a large growth at the expense of its saccharine property. Many instances are recorded of such cases, where the cane attained a very large size and expectations of a great crop of sirup were indulged in, only to end in disappointment, after long and expensive use of fuel—of a small quantity of dark, inferior sirup.

Sorghum seed should be carefully selected and kept dry during the winter. About two pounds are required per acre, usually less rather than more. It can be planted rather earlier than corn, but requires care in covering, as, if planted too deep or too shallow, the stand will be poor. For this reason it is difficult, if not impossible, to get a good stand if planted with a common corn-planter.

The ground should be well plowed, in the fall or early spring, and again "freshened" or stirred with a turning plow, just before planting, in order to destroy every weed just starting into life. This is very important, and greatly facilitates the after cultivation of the crop. The harrow having leveled off the ground, a light marker, making marks three and a half to three feet nine inches wide, should lay off the land in checks, by crossing the first marks. Drop the seed by hand at each intersection, from six to twelve seeds in each hill, and cover with the foot about half an inch, or later in the season, one inch deep. If a rain is expected, or the ground is sufficiently moist to sprout the seed, do not step on the hill. On the contrary, if a dry time occurs, the seed will be more apt to germinate if the ground is compact about them.

To facilitate germination many persons soak the seed in warm water, and keep damp until they swell a little. This is an excellent plan, but must be managed with care, or a drouth of a few days will destroy the young germs before the can obtain sufficient root.

As soon as the plants are discernible in the rows the corn-plows should be started, with the shields on, so as to run close. A pair of scrapers in lieu of the front shovels will be found a great advantage, lessening the hoeing to be done, which is the main work in raising a crop of cane. After cross-plowing in the same manner, there will be very little work left to be done with the hoe, and if the work previous to planting was properly done, the hills will be comparatively clean, and the young cane will start off very rapidly. As soon as possible, the hoes should be used to destroy any weeds or grass in the hills, and the crop be put to a stand of six or seven plants in a hill. If less than this number, the cane will *sucker* a good deal—if more, the cane will not attain its average size and sweetness. If this first working is properly performed, and in good time, the crop may be considered safe. It will hardly get so weedy as to require a second hoeing, unless the ground had previously become, by negligent farming, very foul. The after cultivation should all be done by the corn-plow, hilling up the cane as much as possible at each plowing. After the crop gets two or three feet high, let it alone; you will do it little or no good by late cultivation. It is a peculiarity of this plant that its growth is very slow at first, but very rapid finally.

The result sought to be attained in the cultivation of cane is the same as for corn—keep the ground stirred, and the weeds and grass down. In cane, if possible, more than in corn, this result is a necessity, and if you would have a good crop you must never let "General Green" get the start of you, much less ever think of surrendering to him. The method of preparing the ground, planting, and cultivation herein recommended will produce that result with as much certainty and as little labor as possible, and, as far as the work is concerned, will insure a good crop.

As soon as the seed is "in the dough," or passing from the milky to the hard state, the cane is ready to cut for the mill. If long delayed, the juice in the bottom joints will lose its sweetness, and suckers will appear at the top joints, which also rob the cane of saccharine strength. And if sugar is desired, the granulations will be much the most successful from the first cuttings. For several seasons the amber cane has been ready to commence grinding by the 1st of September. This gives from seventy-five to ninety days to handle the crop, and affords ample time before freezing weather to make it up. An outfit capable of grinding at the rate of two acres per day could thus handle, at least, one hundred and fifty acres.

The cane should be stripped before it is cut. This is best done by using a lath, and striking down between the stalks in each hill. A stout boy will easily strip an acre per day. The fodder is very valuable—nearly as much so as corn blades; but unless labor is cheap and plentiful, like corn-fodder, which is rarely saved, it will not pay to save the cane-leaves—at least, not until hay and oat-straw become a great deal dearer than they now are.

A good corn-knife is also the right implement for the canefield. In cutting the cane gather the hill with the left arm, cut off the stalks, usually with one blow, above the first joint next to the ground. Then turn so as to bring the seed ends over the place where a pile of seed is desired, and top the cane below the first upper joint. This part of the operation should be carefully performed, as any seed left attached to the cane spoils the taste of the syrup. After topping lay the cane across the rows, the butt ends on one row, the top ends on the next, so as to enable the loader to pass his arm readily around the canes. Put as many canes in each pile as will make a good armful. In this way the seed will all be in piles, and can be hauled at any time before the snow falls, and will be found very desirable food for cattle after the winter feed begins to get scarce. The cane will all be in armfuls, convenient to load, and the cutter will get along very fast—will cut an acre per day. The cane should be piled in ranks, like cordwood, near the mill, and under shelter, if possible, unless it is to be ground immediately.

A frost will not injure standing cane. On the contrary, a light frost will frequently increase the quantity and quality of the yield. But a freeze will spoil the cane—as soon as it thaws it will turn sour. In Louisiana it is usual when freezing weather is expected, ordinarily about the middle of November, to winrow the cane. This is done by cutting the cane, unstripped, and laying it down in the furrow between the rows in such a way that the leaves on the tops protect the cane from the effects of pretty severe freezes. The same plan could be pursued here, but a better plan, which the earlier ripening of the northern cane permits, is to commence in season and get through before freezing weather. It is a tedious job to lift the cane out of the winrow, strip the leaves, and top the stalks one by one.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

Bananas and Plantains.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the Tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The platino mauzanito is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. El platino guineo, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is subdivided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our market; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the Tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. El platino grande—known to us as simply the plantain—is also subdivided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted or are prepared as preserves.

Two Cents and a Principle Involved.

A suit involving the immense amount of two cents has been decided by Justice Forney, of Hanover, York County, Pa. The Hanover & Baltimore Turnpike Company brought suit against Mr. Levi B. Miller, of Penn Township, for two cents toll due for passing through the toll-gate south of Hanover. Mr. Miller refused payment because he was on his way to attend a religious meeting at Hoff's meeting-house. At the hearing it was admitted that he did pass through the gate, and it was shown that he attended a religious meeting. The Justice decided that Mr. Miller must prove that he positively went there to worship, and gave judgment against him for the two cents and costs. Mr. Miller will take the case to a higher court and have the principle decided.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Mr. Joseph Parton says that a curious circumstance occurred many years ago, when a testator in England left two thousand pounds to a friend, but with the condition that one-half the sum should be buried with him in his coffin. The legatee took advice on this matter. "Where is the money now?" asked his friend. "In the bank," was the reply. "All right," said the adviser; "write a check for a thousand pounds and put it into the old gentleman's coffin, payable to his order"

Monarchs who have met Violent Deaths.

Achmet, the Bey of Algiers, was killed by his soldiers, November 7, 1808.

Selim, the third Emperor of the Turks, was strangled and his head exposed on the walls of Constantinople, 1807.

Paul I., Emperor of Russia, was stabbed to death in his bed, March 12, 1801.

Marie Antoinette, assassinated by the guillotine, October 16, 1793.

Louis XVI., King of France, executed January 21, 1793.

Gustavus IIf., King of Sweden, head cut off, April 29, 1792.

Ali Bey, Chief of the Mamelukes and Sovereign of Egypt, killed by a saber blow, 1772.

Irwan VI., Czar of Russia, massacred by his guardians, July 16, 1764.

Konlikan (Thomas), King of Persia, assassinated by Sabah-Be and Mohammed, Governor of Tauros, June 18, 1747.

Charles XII., King of Sweden, shot by a soldier, November 30, 1718.

Charles IV., tenth Duke of Mantua, poisoned by one of his mistresses, July 5, 1708.

Amurath, Bey of Tunis, murdered by Ibrahim, Captain of the Guards, 1695.

Cantacuzene, Prince of Swabia, poisoned by his parents, 1684.

Charles I., of England, executed February 10, 1649.

Ibrahim, Emperor of the Turks, strangled by his guards, August 17, 1648.

Fakkardin, Grand Emir of Druse, April 13, 1635.

Gustavus Adolphus, called the Great, stabbed on the battle-field of Lautzen, November 16, 1732.

Mustapha I., strangled at Seven Towers, 1623.

Osman I., Emperor of the Turks, strangled, May 19, 1722.

Battori, Prince of Transylvania, assassinated, 1316.

Henry IV., of France, assassinated by Ravaillac, May 14, 1610.

Henry III., King of France, assassinated by Jaques Clement, whom the King's courtesans slew August 2, 1580.

Marie Stewart, Queen of Scotland, executed February 18, 1587.

Don Sobastian, King of Portugal, massacred, surrounded by his brave officers, August 4, 1578.

Ishmael II., of Persia, poisoned by his sisters, 1577.

Eric XIV., King of Sweden, poisoned by his brother, February 26, 1577.

Etienne, King of Moldavia, killed by his Guards of Turks and Tartars, 1576.

Joachim II., Elector of Brandenberg, poisoned by a Jewish physician, 1571.

Darnley, husband of Mary Stuart, assassinated, 1567.

Farnese, first Duke of Parma, assassinated at Plaisance, 1549.

Chyrchia, King of India, blown up by his troops, 1545.

Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., 1536.

Atahualpha, Inca of Peru, strangled in the public place, 1533.

Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico, stoned to death, 1520.

Barbarossa I., massacred with his soldiers, 1518.

Dosa, usurper of the throne of Hungary, torn to pieces by the teeth of nine countrymen, 1514.

Bajazet II., Sultan of the Ottomans, poisoned by his son, 1512.

Marie of Burgoyne, Empress of Austria, kicked by a horse, and was too modest to let the surgeons dress the wound, and died from its effects, 1482.

Charles the Bold, stabbed with a lance, 1477.

Sforza, Duke of Milan, assassinated in a church, 1476.

Henry VI., King of England, poniarded by Duke of Gloucester, 1471.

Blanche of Navarre, Queen of Castile, poisoned by one of her waiting maids, 1464.

David Comnene, last Emperor of Trebizonde, assassinated for refusing to embrace Islamism, 1462.

James I., King of Scotland, assassinated in 1437.

Albert IV., Duke of Austria, poisoned in 1414.

Lancelot, King of Naples, was poisoned by his father, 1414.

Francis II., Monarch of Padua, was strangled 1406.

Baptiste, Doge of Genoa, was beheaded 1401.

Richard II., King of England, assassinated in prison, 1400.

Charles III., King of Hungary, was poisoned, 1386.

Jean I., suffocated between two pillows, 1381.

Blanche, of Bourbon, was poisoned, 1361.

Andrew, of Hungary, King of Naples, was stabbed and his body mutilated, 1345.

Inez de Castro, Queen of Portugal, stabbed to death by three courtezans, 1344.

Benacossi, King of Mantua, stabbed by Albert Saviola, 1328.

Margaret of Bourgogne, Queen of France, was strangled, 1316.

Leon VI., assassinated at a banquet, 1314.

Albert I., Duke of Austria and Emperor, stabbed by his brother in the arms of a courtezan, 1308.

One of the earliest assassinations was that of old Priam, King of Troy, who was killed by Pyrrhus at the foot of the altar of Jupiter. The assassination of Absalom is familiar to all Bible readers. Pygmalion, King of Tyre, was poisoned. Phalaris, the tyrant of Agrigentum, was placed alive in a wooden bull and was burned to death. Philip II., King of Macedon, was stabbed by one of his guards at a banquet. The tragic assassination of Cæsar, Shakspeare has familiarized to modern readers. Childerich II. was stabbed in the back by Bodillion while stooping to pluck a flower. There is hardly a nation of antiquity or people during the dark ages who have not murdered, poisoned or assassinated their monarchs for all sorts of flimsy pretenses and imagined wrongs.

—There is reason to believe that in a few years carp will be abundant in this country. The fish that were put in the ponds in Morris County, N. J., last December, all lived through the winter and are thriving finely. They have increased from two inches in length to six inches. They find their own food and bid fair to multiply rapidly.

—Mayor King, of Philadelphia, is taking vigorous steps to break up the habit of carrying firearms in that city.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TOO OLD A LOVE.

What! Wilt thou have the work-worn hand,
So late, to lie in thine?
What! Glows the sun so bright to-day
Thou'rt blinded by its shine?
Or, rather, hast thou gone in thought
Back to that Long Ago,
When thus poor hand was soft as silk
And nigh as fair as snow!

Ah! then 'twas meet to prop the brow
Where shadows never stayed;
'Twas meet to lift and bind away
The brown hair of a maid;
'Twas meet to shade the eyes that looked
Straight out and toward the sun;
But that slim girl of Long Ago
And I—we are not one!

But I, though I am sad and worn
And faded from Youth's heat,
Will not pretend my day is high
When it is in the west.
Thou seemest to hold a light, old coin
At its first worth to buy
The fair new trappings of to-day.
Thou'rt just—and so am I!

Thou sayest that, if my looks are old,
Why then so is thy love;
But then 'twas locked within the drawer
With this old-fashioned glove!
Not either of the ancient twain
Is fit to see the light;
No more is this, my shrinking face,
And so, Sweetheart, Good-night!

No! no! I am too proud to let
Thy kisses light thereon;
Yet let these love me for the sake
Of what is past and gone.
We are not what we were the night
We quarreled. This is why
'Tis best to turn the key again
Upon the sweet Gone by!

—*Howard Glyndon, in N. Y. Independent*

MISS PICKETT.

I had been for yenrs strangely interested and fascinated with Miss Pickett. It was wholly unaccountable. Hardly an hour in the day but she recurred to my thoughts, and at night she was present in my dreams. I sought in vain to find a reason for this fascination. The very mystery of it gave me anxiety. Dickens writes: "If there be fluids—as we know there are—which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries, may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive, by properties within itself, that hands are raised to waste and spill it, and in the veins of man run cold and dull?" Would any such theory, I used to ask myself, explain the mystery of the fascination Miss Pickett always exerted upon me? Was it possible that in the future her destiny might become involved in mine? But how, and why?

Let me explain our relative positions. I was a young clergyman in charge of a large parish in a thriving New England city, and Miss Pickett was simply one humble individual in a large congregation. She was much older than I. The young people, especially the young ladies, called her an old maid, and it must be admitted that her very appearance suggested the epithet. She was small in stature, very thin, and very plain. Her dress must have been an heirloom from previous generations. The old-fashioned bonnet, which never was changed *to meet the demands of fashion*, with high crown and flaring brim—the bonnet vulgarly called "poke"—made her thin face look smaller than it really was: the young people described it as "a pin in a meeting-house." An old fashioned shawl seemed to have some of the qualities of the modern "India" or "camel's-hair," in that it was suited to all weathers; it kept out the winter's cold, and it kept out the summer's heat. She never appeared in public without it. Miss Pickett was very demure, and was modest to a painful degree of bashfulness. She seldom spoke above a whisper. She never engaged in conversation. She humbly answered the questions as to her health, and occasionally asked a similar question in return. Miss Pickett was a constant worshiper at church: I never missed her. Involuntarily, as I began service, my eyes would glance toward her accustomed seat, and she was always there, quiet, reverent, attentive. She would glide into her pew noiselessly, and as noiselessly she would slip out, speaking to no one, apparently noticing no one. If the day was stormy, and only a few were present, whenever I used the familiar words of the Prayer-book, "where two or three are gathered together," I always thought of Miss Pickett, and felt as if the prayer had been provided especially to invoke a blessing on her constancy.

Miss Pickett's circumstances in life were very humble. She lived in chambers, and the family was composed simply of her mother and herself. I never knew just how the expenses were met. She did a little sewing and a little fancy-work, and sometimes I sent her anonymously a little gift that might help to pay the rent. I called upon her only some two or three times in the course of a year. Our acquaintance never progressed beyond a certain point. She always met me very politely, and then came the usual order of remarks, something about the weather, inquiries about her own and her mother's health, some little information as to her own rheumatism or an occasional headache—and this was all. Then would come painful pauses, growing longer and more frequent, till at last I would rise and bid her good-day. There was never any change in this monotony. Miss Pickett never trusted herself to speak about religion: her piety was not on the surface. Once in a while she would speak a word of commendation of some sermon I had recently preached, and instantly her face would crimson with blushes as if ashamed or frightened at her boldness and presumption.

Those chambers were wonderfully neat. The old antique furniture shone with no artificial polish. How bright the brass candlesticks always looked on the high shelf! and how the brass andirons and the handles to the bureau drawers gleamed and lit up the lonely room! Miss Pickett seemed to have no circle of acquaintance: I never knew of any one calling on her: and so her humble life moved evenly on, alternating regularly between her chambers and her church. What was it, then, in Miss Pickett that so fascinated me? Why was she so constantly in my thoughts? I never went out on my daily round of calls but I considered the possibility of meeting Miss Pickett. I never went to church without the thought whether Miss Pickett would be there. She haunted me, she worried me, and this went on for years. At length there came some lighting up of the mystery, but with little alleviation of the anxiety and worry.

One morning, as my door-bell rang, the servant came to my study and handed me a card—"Mrs. Kimberley; a private interview desired; important"—and immediately the caller was shown in. Mrs. Kimberley was one of those ladies to be found in every congregation. She was the wife of one of the principal officers of the parish—active in all good works, very zealous in visiting the poor, prominent in the Sunday-school, the president of several charitable societies, and generally, in the parish and in the city, a recognized leader in all benevolent enterprises. "I have called, Mr. Smith," she began, at once, "upon a matter of considerable importance, which requires your advice and decision. I ought to apologize for coming in the forenoon; and if you can not attend to me now, will you appoint a later hour in the day, for really the matter is very serious, and must be settled to-day. I have called for Miss Pickett."

I started involuntarily. Was Miss Pickett in trouble? I thought. Mrs. Kimberley looked very grave, and yet I imagined I detected just a little twinkle in her eyes; but I replied at once: "My dear Mrs. Kimberley, the present hour shall be at your service. I know you would not call at this hour except upon a matter of importance; and, besides, I have always felt a deep and unaccountable interest in Miss Pickett, and shall be only too glad if I can render her any service."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Kimberley. "The story is a long one, and I must begin at the beginning, and, so far as I can, will give the whole thing in Miss Pickett's own words. You know, Mr. Smith, how quiet and reserved Miss Pickett always is, seldom speaking above a whisper, and saying but very few words. Well, perhaps you can imagine my surprise when she called upon me, an hour ago, under the greatest excitement, and began to talk so rapidly that I could hardly realize it was Miss Pickett who was talking, and truly I had for a while serious doubts as to her sanity. She began at once, as soon as she entered the room:

"'Oh, Mrs. Kimberley, I am so troubled! I want to see Mr. Smith, my pastor. I need his advice in a very serious matter, and I don't dare to call upon him. I went out yesterday to see him, and I walked up and down in front of the house a dozen times, but I couldn't muster up courage to ring the bell. And this morning, all the morning, I have been doing just the same thing, walking up and down the street, not daring to stop; and yet the matter must be decided to-day. And so I thought I would come and see you, Mrs. Kimberley, and ask you to go over and see my pastor for me, and then let me know what he says.'

"I told Miss Picket I would gladly do anything I could for her," proceeded Mrs. Kimberley, "and that I was astonished that she was afraid to call and see you herself."

Poor little Miss Pickett, I thought. Afraid of me, whom I had thought of her so much! "But go on, Mrs. Kimberley," I replied; "I am anxious to know in what way I can do anything for Miss Pickett."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Kimberley, "Miss Pickett went on with her story: "'You know Mr. Jones, Mrs. Kimberley, the countryman who has a little farm about eight miles back, and who comes in two or three times a week to sell butter and eggs and chickens and vegetables?'

"I nodded an assent.

"'Well, Mrs. Kimberley, he has been in the habit of stopping at our house for a year or two past. Of course I never bought much of him; our family is so small, only mother and I, that we don't need much. Sometimes I have bought a pound of butter, and once in a while a few eggs; but nothing to amount to any thing, you know. And yet he always came just as regularly as if I was his best customer. Sometimes he would bring in a little present—a nice head of lettuce, or a little cream. He has always been very kind, always would ask for mother. And one day he brought in some dried corn-cobs; said he had dried them himself for mother and me, because they were a certain cure for rheumatism—just to rub your arm or shoulder with them, you know; and really they have done us a great deal of good. Well, Mrs. Kimberley, sometimes he would walk up into our room, and sit down and talk, and would stay a long while. I used to fear he wouldn't have time to sell out, because he spent so much time some days at our house. But then it was kind of pleasant, you know, to have him call. He told us all about his farm—how many chickens he had, and how many cows; and he'd tell how pleasant it was in the early spring to see the buds and blossoms. And sometimes he'd say he thought we would be in a great deal better health if we lived in the country. And he has often asked me whether I hadn't rather live on a farm than be cooped up in chambers here in the city. And I always said I would; and so I would, but I didn't mean anything, and I didn't think anything when I said so to him.

"'Well, Mrs. Kimberley, judge of my surprise: he came in to make a call last Sunday evening. Well, I was greatly surprised, for I knew he wouldn't be selling vegetables and such like on Sundays. And really I hardly knew him; he didn't have on his every-day clothes, but was dressed up real smart, and looked quite like a gentleman. I told him how surprised I was to see him on a Sunday, and he began to tell how he was kind of lonesome at home, and that since his old mother died, there was only the girl that did the work, and that he thought he'd drive in and spend the evening with me. I was a little frightened, Mrs. Kimberley, because, you know, I have never been accustomed to have gentlemen visit me, and especially on Sunday evenings; but I thought it was kind of him, and I made him a cup of tea, because I thought he might be tired. Well, about eight o'clock, Mrs. Kimberley, mother went off to bed, and I was left alone with Mr. Jones. He began to talk again about his farm, told me what a nice farm he had got, and how pleasant it must be for a woman to attend to the chickens and see to the cream; and then every little while he would ask me if I wouldn't like to live on a farm, and if I didn't think it would be healthier for me and better for mother, and I always said I would; but Mrs. Kimberley, I didn't mean anything, and I didn't think anything. Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Kimberley, after this talk had gone on till the clock had struck eleven, and he had asked me over so many times if I wouldn't like to live on a farm, and I had answered I would, he jumped right up, and said, "Miss Pickett, will you be my wife, and come and live on my farm?" Why, Mrs. Kimberley, I never was so frightend in all the days of my life.'

"'What did you say?' I asked.

"'Say!—why, Mrs. Kimberley, I couldn't speak a word. I had never thought of being married. It seemed to me there was a great lump in my throat, and so I sat perfectly still for five minutes at least; and then Mr. Jones said again, "Miss Pickett, will you be my wife, and come and live on my farm?" And then all I said was that I must ask Mr. Smith, my pastor, and that I should do just as he said, and that I couldn't say anything more. And so Mr. Jones agreed to come on Thursday, and know what I had decided. And here it is Wednesday, and I haven't seen Mr. Smith yet—and oh! I don't know what I shall do. I told you I started yesterday to see him, and my courage failed me; I was afraid he would think it so foolish for me to be thinking of such things, and I know he would ask me questions whether I realized the responsibility of being married, and whether I could promise "to love, honor and obey," and I wouldn't know what to say. And so, Mrs. Kimberley, will you be good enough to go and see Mr. Smith for me, and let me know what he says? I can't see Mr. Jones again until I know and can tell him what my pastor has decided.'

"There," said Mrs. Kimberley, "now, Mr. Smith you know the whole story, and now what shall I say to Miss Pickett?"

I was completely bewildered. Here was the explanation of all the strange fascinations that had clustered around Miss Pickett, the unveiling of the mystery, and the cause of all my worry and anxiety. I was to settle the whole question of her future life. Her happiness or misery was placed in my hands.

"Mrs. Kimberley," I said, "I must have time to think. It is a most serious and important matter. It requires caution and sound judgment." And so I considered. Suppose I said yes, and Miss Pickett should be married, and then her married life should prove unhappy, why, then she would be laying all the blame on me. Suppose I said no, and Mr. Jones should take another bride to his home, and should make her happy, and Miss Pickett should know of it, and contrast his wife's ease and comfort with her own hard life of care and toil and painful economy, why, then again she would blame me; and so I kept considering, until at length I said: "Mrs. Kimberley, you may give my answer, but you need not give my reasons. Mr. Jones can not be a bad man, for if he was, he would never think of selecting Miss Pickett for his wife. The only other alternative is that he may be somewhat foolish and weak-minded, and if so, I don't think it would be any hindrance to congenial tastes and sympathies. So say to Miss Pickett that her pastor gives his hearty consent, and sends her his best wishes." And so Mrs. Kimberley departed on her errand.

And now there came other considerations, very new and very strange to me. Although Miss Pickett was much older than myself, yet it seemed, my consent to her marriage having been sought and granted, as if she belonged to me—as if, although I was a bachelor, she was my daughter, and that surely I must do something more for her than simply give my consent to her being married. I must see, of course, that she has something of an outfit. For the first time in my life there came to me questions so strange that they frightened me—the questions: What will she wear? Will she come to be married in that old-fashioned bonnet and that antiquated shawl? That must not be! Yet I, a gentleman and a bachelor, can not attend to such things; and yet if I don't, no one else will. Miss Pickett would never think of such things herself, she is too humble and unworldly. And so I came to the terrible conviction that it would devolve upon me in some way to arrange for Miss Pickett's bridal trousseau; and thus my cares increased, and Miss Pickett haunted me and worried me more than ever.

The rest of the day on which Mrs. Kimberley called was spent in nervous restlessness and utter inattention to my duties, and that night I hardly closed my eyes in sleep. Miss Pickett was ever moving around in the dream-land between sleeping and waking. Whenever for a moment I dropped asleep I was trying to perform the marriage service between Miss Pickett and Mr. Jones, but I couldn't get through with it; and, beside, all the time Miss Pickett in her wedding dress looked in my dreams so strange and so unlike the real Miss Pickett I had known that I was haunted by the fear that somebody had stolen into her place, and that I was marrying Mr. Jones to the wrong woman; and so the troubled night passed on.

For a while the morning brought no relief. Uppermost in my every thought was the distressing question, What should I do about Miss Pickett's outfit? At length came a bright thought, Why not get the Ladies' Sewing Society to attend to the whole matter? Here was a whole gleam of sunshine. The society would meet that afternoon. I went to it, and I stated the whole matter. Never, amid the thousand and one sewing societies of our country, was there one so elated as this one at the prospect before it. They, the lady members, had sent box after box to poor missionaries, clothing to China and Africa, and to the poor Indians of our Western wilds; but never had they experienced the rare enjoyment of providing a wedding outfit right at their own doors. All entered into it with the keenest zest, and the ladies immediately took Miss Pickett under their care, and entered at once into most secret and confidential relations.

This sewing society was of a type rapidly passing away. The modern development has a great deal to do with resolutions and circulars and secretaries and public meetings, etc. But this one was a semi-monthly parish picnic on a large scale. The ladies met from house to house, came early and went home late. They had supper at six o'clock, to which the minister and the other gentlemen of the parish were invited, and the evening was given to music and games and fun. The gentlemen soon learned of the new work that was imparting such renewed vigor to the society and increasing so largely its attendance. And from week to week we all had glimpses of some parts of the wedding wardrobe. Article after article was exhibited to the visitor; comments were made upon this or that. Imagination was excited to the utmost as to how Miss Pickett would look; and one evening, when the articles were nearly completed, one of the young ladies dressed herself in the bridal costume, and amid peals of laughter personated Miss Pickett.

And so, as the weeks rolled on, the interest increased, and expectation reached fever heat. Rarely has marriage in high life excited deeper interest, and hundreds anticipated the rare pleasure of being numbered among the wedding guests, and privileged to behold the marriage service. But now again new cares and anxieties were awakened for Miss Pickett, and once more I worried for her sake. How frightened she would be, I thought, if she knew of all the excitement awakened by her expected marriage. If all these eager friends who had worked for her, and enjoyed the toil, were present, neither she nor her intended husband would be able to do their part in the marriage service. And so I decided, notwithstanding the disappointment it might cause, that Miss Pickett had better be married privately; that I would go down to her snug little rooms, so neat and home-like, and there tie the golden knot; and when I had made in my own mind this decision, my anxieties were quieted, and the time drew rapidly near.

At length Miss Pickett herself came to see me. She said Mr. Jones was too busy to call, and she had come to make the arrangement about the marriage. She would like to be married at eight o'clock on such an evening; and she had always loved her church so much, she would like to be married in the church. Had Mr. Smith any objections?

What could I say? I could not wound that sensitive little nature by any objections. Had she not as good a right as any one to be married in church? "But," I said, "my dear Miss Pickett, I would not mention to any one that your wedding is to take place in church, nor would I mention the precise date to any one. Sometimes, you know, a great many people come at such times—just out of curiosity; and if there should be a great many present, it might prove very embarrassing—especially to Mr. Jones," I added. I further especially charged the sexton to preserve the strictest silence. And thus in the confident assurance on my part that everything would be quiet, and that only two or three would be present, the eventful evening arrived.

About ten minutes before the appointed hour I walked around to the church. To my astonishment, it was all ablaze with light. Carpets were spread upon the sidewalks; policemen were keeping open a passageway from the street to the main entrance; carriages were constantly arriving, and fashionably attired ladies were passing in. I entered, and the spacious church was crowded. The grand old organ, as if conscious of all the associations that clustered around the hour, was sending forth—never more triumphantly—the strains of the Wedding March. Gentlemanly ushers in white kids were in attendance, and conducting to their seats the beauty and fashion of the city. While I had been fancying that I had outwitted the ladies of the sewing society, they had quietly outwitted me, and had planned this brilliant scene as the fitting close of the weeks and months of preparation. I fairly trembled as I thought of Miss Pickett. How could she endure all this? Nay, I thought, with all that had gone before, if any mistake should occur, the feelings of the excited crowd would not be restrained either by the sacredness of the place or their natural sense of decorum. Never in all the public ministrations of my whole ministry was I so anxious, never did I tremble so much as in the few remaining minutes before the appointed hour.

At length the doors were thrown open, and up the aisle marched Mr. Jones and Miss Pickett. He was the tallest of men, more than six feet in height, and she so small that she could barely reach up her little hand and clasp his arm. He was evidently painfully conscious of the terribleness of the ordeal through which he had to pass, and he came up the aisle with the strides of a mountaineer, which Miss Pickett could match only by an occasional skip and run. But there she was, just as our fancy had painted her. There was the new hat, the new dress, everything which had become so familiar to us all; and, in spite of all repression, smiles were audible.

Can I describe that marriage ceremony? Only the pencil of a Hogarth or a Nast, or the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray, could do it justice. Can I describe, as Miss Pickett knelt for a moment at the chancel rail in silent prayer, how the bridegroom, attempting to imitate her example, and doubtless to follow her instructions, had fallen on his knees on the floor three steps below her, and then noticing his mistake, went up those three steps on his knees to reach her side, while the church was filled with suppressed laughter? Can I describe his difficulty in finding the wedding ring? The hands that were wont to guide the plow were now, probably for the first time, incased in a heavy pair of black leather gloves. How he fumbled to find the ring in his vest pocket, and was unable to get hold of it; how at last he was forced to the conclusion that at least one glove must come off; how he grasped it with the energy of a blacksmith, and tugged, but to no purpose; how he placed his hand between his knees, and pulled again as useless.y; how at last he gathered all his powers, and in the attitude of drawing a reluctant cork from a bottle, tugged and pulled, till the veins in his neck and forehead were distended, and the perspiration rolled down in streams; and at length, when he conquered, the glove was a wreck! No pen can fully describe all this, photographed on the memories of all the eye-witnesses.

But the service came to its close at last. The benediction was pronounced. Again the organ sent forth its most joyous notes. Miss Pickett, no longer now Miss Pickett, went down the aisle, leaning on her stalwart husband. Yes, she went down to live on his farm, and to find how much a woman can enjoy herself looking after the chickens and the cream and the eggs. She went down to a pleasant home, and to a loyal if not a brilliant husband. As, week after week, the vegetable wagon went its rounds, Miss Pickett that was rode beside her husband. Often she stopped at the rectory to leave a present for the pastor whose gracious permission had secured her all this happiness. Yes, Mr. Jones *was* right. The country air improved her health, and improved her looks also. Each week she looked rosier and plumper. In a word, Miss Pickett was happy, and at length my cares and anxieties for her were forever at an end, and my dreams were untroubled.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Meteors and Comets.

In the year 1866 there occurred, on November 13th, a very remarkable shower of meteors or shooting stars, and these exceptional displays were found to have recurred at intervals of 33 1-4 years. It was shown by somewhat abstruse calculations, into which we can not here enter, that if a meteor swarm revolved round the sun in an oval path in exactly 33 1-4 years, the disturbing effect of the planet would be exactly such as had been observed. Hence, it appeared that these meteors must perform their revolutions in 33 1-4 years, and it was then inferred that they must be moving in the same path as a comet observed in the year 1866, a few months before the display of shooting stars. Further evidence was supplied by the discovery that the path of the well-known August meteors was the same as that of the great comet of 1862, and that a shower of meteors annually observed in April followed the track of the great comet of 1861, through the tail of which the earth is believed to have passed. But it was in 1872 that the most interesting facts in connection with the relation between comets and meteors were brought to light. Toward the end of 1872 astronomers were eagerly expecting Biela's periodical comet, which had excited their attention in 1846 by its splitting up into two distinct bodies; but it was sought in vain. In its place, however, appeared, at the end of November, a striking display of meteors, and subsequently, on the 2d and 3d of December, a comet was observed in the track which the meteor stream might be supposed to have taken. It has been inferred, with some show of reason, that the earth actually passed through one of the heads of Biela's comet on November 27, 1872, and that the only effect was a shower of shooting stars. At a little distance the meteor swarm would seem to have presented the ordinary appearance of a comet. The chain of circumstantial evidence which connects comets and meteors is still further strengthened by the examination of their spectra. By the help of the spectroscope it is found that the light of comets is derived to a great extent from glowing vapor of carbon in some form or other, and it has also been shown that meteoric stones which have fallen on the earth give off, when heated in a vacuum, vapors producing the same spectra as those observed in comets.

It would seem probable that the nucleus of a comet is neither a solid nor a gaseous body, but a mere cluster of discrete meteoric particles through which the earth might pass without experiencing any effect beyond that of a startling shower of shooting stars, and that the head is composed of gases evolved from these meteors under the combined action of the sun's heat and the rarefaction of space. With regard to the formation of tails the most plausible theory appears to be that they are due to a repulsive force emanating from the sun (possibly electrical) which acts on the gases evolved from the nucleus, and generates tails in different directions according to the molecular constitution of the gases.—*London Saturday Review.*

A Timely Caution.

This is the season when great numbers of people indulge in the pleasures of rambles in the woods, rock-glens, and other adjuncts of rural life; but aside from sentiment it is a time to beware of poisonous plants and shrubs. We may "serve a purpose" just now, in mentioning a few of the most common that should not be touched: The two varieties of poison-ivy, sometimes called poison-vine and poison-oak, one of which grows erect as a shrub from two to five feet high, and the other as a vine from eight to thirty feet high. Poison sumac, also known as poison-elder and swamp-dogwood, growing as a shrub or small tree from ten to eighteen feet high, generally, in moist places; the foliage is light green. Of those which should not even be placed in the mouth are the wild carrot, wild parsley, cowbane, hemlock-parsley, water-hemlock (the roots of which are a deadly poison), and poison-hemlock (also a virulent poison); the root, leaves and berries of pokeweed, snake and jarget are poisonous. Children sometimes eat the berries of the buck-thorn, which is a violent and dangerous purgative, frequently producing dangerous symptoms.

The only safe way to avoid the unpleasant or dangerous effects is to scrupulously refrain from handling or chewing any plant, or any part of it, unless the plant is well known to you, and known to be innocuous.

As ivy is one of the most common poisons, the following preventive may be found efficacious: If you have been in contact with it, as soon as possible thereafter sponge yourself thoroughly all over with strong vinegar or alcohol, with salt sufficient in it to make it briny; then wash off with strong soap-suds. *Cure for the affection*—when it breaks out, scratch it till the surface is highly irritated; then apply a strong solution of oxalic acid. This is very severe, but a single application will be sufficient. —*Saturday Night.*

—At a recent social entertainment the Princess of Wales was presented with a magnificent bouquet, in the centre of which, half hidden with the flowers, was a mechanical bird which warbled several charming notes.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A South Carolina inventor will exhibit a cotton-picking machine at the Atlanta Exposition.

—The recent discovery that cotton-seed oil is a perfect and satisfactory substitute for lard bids fair to create quite a revolution in Southern household economy.

—Eastern tanners sometimes use the fruit of the cypress tree in their tanning operations, and it is maintained that the fruit and even the wood of this tree makes very good tanning material.

—Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

—The canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, begun by the Romans under the Emperor Nero, but never finished, is likely to be cut by the French, Gen. Turr having lately received a concession from the Greek Government to carry out the project.

—An inventor in Hartford, Conn., has patented a belt which is made of iron wire, the selvages being brass and copper. The weft is of cotton, several threads being woven in without being twisted together. A double fabric is made, between which, or inside of which, a number of single heavy wires are inclosed to take the tensile strain of the belt.

—A new celluloid is said to be obtained from well-peeled potatoes, which are treated for thirty-six hours with a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid in 100 parts of water. The mass is dried between blotting-paper, and then pressed. It is further stated that in France smoking-pipes are manufactured out of this new material which are quite equal in appearance to the meerschaum. By heavy pressure the material acquires such a hardness that billiard-balls can be manufactured from it.

—Investigations into the cause of disease in plants have been made on pear and apple trees by Prof. T. J. Burrill. His paper in the July *American Naturalist* opens up a prospect that blight in fruit trees can be combated successfully by careful tests of the diseased parts and the use of a knife. He found the starchy particles in the bark of diseased pear trees full of bacteria, and succeeded in inoculating healthy from diseased trees. While cutting away infected parts the greatest care has to be taken lest healthy tissue become inoculated by the knife. The yellows of the peach tree are of the same nature, and the Lombardy poplar and aspen suffer from a similar disease.

PITH AND POINT.

—Beecher says Hades is a state rather than a place. Jersey, we'll bet.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

—Birdlings are very selfish creatures. They take the food right out of their mothers' mouths.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We judge from accounts in almost all of our exchanges that almost everybody has, at one time or another, been shot through the liver.—*Elmira Free Press.*

—A Michigan editor received $000,002 from the administrator of the estate of a deceased subscriber, and to celebrate the event caused his office towel to be washed. How often affluence leads to extravagance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Now the chowder's in the pot, and the days are getting hot, and we all begin to swelter with a swelt, swelt, swelt. While the crimson lemonade through a straw enchants the maid, who displays a bunch of flowers at her belt, belt, belt. —*Puck.*

—The editor sat in his easy chair. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, he was wiping the perspiration off his brow, and thinking of a future state (unrevised), when the man who borrows exchanges and gives him suggestions as to how to run his paper came in and said —"Is this hot enough—." The man said no more until he opened his eyes in the drug store, when he remarked, "I reckon it was."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The first drink makes a man feel anxious for the second; the second brings a smile to his face; the third has a voluble effect; the fourth, he is still more sociable; the fifth produces dignity; the sixth a stern expression of countenance that means beware; the seventh, he becomes pugilistic; the eighth, he lights and gets thrashed, and all subsequent drinks have no effect but to delay the hour of sobriety.—*New Haven Register.*

—"What kind of a house do you want?" asked the architect. "Oh," replied the citizen, wearily, "I don't want a house at all. I just want you to build me three tiers of closets, like jail cells; one hundred and thirty closets in a tier, and put on roof over the top tier. I want to put up a house that will contain enough closets to satisfy my wife." But the architect, who was a man of broad experience, told him he would have to put a thousand closets in a tier and make the edifice six stories high, and then his wife would say when completed that there wasn't a closet in the house big enough for a cat to turn round in.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Locomotive's Race with a Reptile.

As the Shenandoah Valley fast express entered the mile cut immediately north of our town on Tuesday last the engineer was horror-stricken to see what he supposed to be the end of the rail just ahead of his rushing locomotive sliding rapidly away from him. His first thought was a broken rail caught by the pilot, and he expected an instantaneous shock. Wonderment usurped the place of fear when a second glance revealed a five-foot blacksnake of the species known as "runner," gliding rapidly away from him on top of the rail. In the excitement of the moment his hand sought the throttle, he threw it wide open and the train bounded forward under the impulse, but the snake maintained its lead although the train was running at fully fifty miles per hour, and when the end of the cut was reached, and opportunity was afforded to escape, it left the rail, ran out into an open space, coiled itself up, threw its head into an attitude of defiance and died right there. An examination proved that the intense heat of the rail had burned it to death.—*Mechanicstown (Md.) Clarion.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

At the time of going to press the President was considered in a very critical condition.

Mr. Bean, an aspirant for office in Montgomery county, Md., announces himself as follows: "At the solicitation of nobody, I offer myself as a candidate for county commissioner subject to the primaries. If elected, I will cheerfully serve the dear people, but don't care three straws whether I get elected or not."

The phrase, "large Republican gains," sounds familiar enough, but it has a new and pleasant ring in coming from Democratic strongholds in Kentucky, where the late election carried consternation to the Bourbon camp, not alone in their reduced majorities, but in sending Republicans to the Legislature from districts regarded as surely Democratic.

A correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from New Meriden, Miss., says that in that State the old plantation is beginning to disappear, and the number of land-owners who work in their old fields is increasing. In 1860 there were 42,830 plantations, averaging 370 acres each; in 1880 there were 75,205 farms, averaging 185 acres each, and although less land is cultivated now than formerly the product of cotton is very nearly twice as great.

Mr. P. P. Dandridge, engineer in charge, has made a report on the proposed railway from Pittsburg, Pa., to Lynchburg, Va. The report is entirely favorable to the proposed route via Cheat river, Cow Pasture and Lexington, Va., where it would strike a branch of the Richmond and Allegany Railroad, now being built to Lexington. This route is 84 miles shorter than the White Sulphur route, and 26 miles shorter than the Williamson route, is far the most natural practical and direct, and, it is claimed, would bring the vast undeveloped ore fields of Virginia in proximity to the coal fields of West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The Montgomery *Advocate* says that "the Democrats of Garrett county are determined upon a strong and united effort to regain control of the county. Our former fellow citizen, Mr. J. W. Veitch, is strongly urged for the State Senate."

We take it that your "former fellow-citizen" is altogether too smart a man to allow himself to be slaughtered by heading the Democratic ticket in Garrett county. The Republicans will sweep Garrett county this fall.—*Cumb. News.*

Col. Veitch, we believe, understands why he is "urged" for the State Senate, and as the *News* says, is too smart to allow himself to be slaughtered. His defeat this fall would be a great advantage to some of his "friends" in the near future.

James M. Wilson, United States consul at Hamburg, reports to the State department that he has obtained figures from the local authorities in regard to German emigration to the United States. During the first three months of 1880 the number of emigrants who left Hamburg for this country reached the, until then, unprecedented figure of 7,707, while for the same three months of this year the number was 24,401. The emigrants leaving Germany for the United States are, Consul Wilson says, of an exceptionally fine class. 'This extraordinary emigration is due to the German military requirements, heavy taxation, the climate, worn-out condition of the farming lands, and, above all, to the official reports coming from the United States showing the marvellous development and brilliant future prospects of this country.

The Political Situation in Virginia.

The action of the Virginia Republican Convention in not putting a ticket in the field leaves to members of the party the privilege of voting as they please, or of not voting at all, as they may prefer. They owe no political obligation to the canvass, and may exercise their judgement as citizens in regard to the tickets before them. Gen. Wickham and those who have acted with him have been striving to save the Republican party of the state from disorganization. They have succeeded in preventing Republican endorsement of a ticket which is committed to partial repudiation.

The platform adopted by the Republican Convention at Lynchburg, sets forth "That amongst the principles of the Republican party none is of more vital importance to the welfare and interest of the country, in all its parts, than that which pertains to the sanctity of government contracts. It, therefore, becomes the special duty and province of the Republican party of Virginia to guard and protect the credit of our time-honored State, which has been besmirched with repudiation or received with distrust by the gross mismanagement of the various factions of the Democratic party, which have controlled the legislation of the State."

The convention decided not to make any nomination at present, as they deemed it inexpedient, but concluded with great unanimity to hold fast to the principles of the Republican party, ignoring any and all propositions for a readjustment of the debt, either National or State. The State Central Committee was instructed to issue an address setting forth the actions and principles of the convention.

Despite the efforts to make the Gubernatorial campaign strictly one of a partisan character, the Republicans have made no nominations and there are two tickets claiming the support of the Democrats. One of these, bearing the name of John W. Daniell as the candidate for Governor, is put forth by the Bourbon faction, which claims to advocate the payment of the just debt of Virginia and calls its members Refunders. while the other supports the views of Senator Mahone and favors the *readjustment* of the State debt—whatever that may mean. Should there be no Republican nomination, the voters of that party will be called upon to decide to which of these factions it will give its votes at the coming election, and these votes may decide the contest.

The New York *Times* seems to think that the majority of the Republicans will unite with the Readjusters, while the others will either work for the Bourbons or remain ciphers in the contest. It says upon this subject:

"It is better for all concerned that this should be the result. The debt question is local and temporary. Public sentiment is evidently opposed to an increase of taxation even for the purpose of maintaining the "honor" of the Old Dominion, about which Virginians are so fond of prating, but for which they are unwilling to make any sacrifice. Accordingly, all parties palter with the subject, except that which bluntly declares its purpose of paring down the public obligations to fit the present revenue. But what really divides the two great parties of the State is broader and more lasting than the debt question. It is the difference between liberalism and conservatism. Conservatism in Virginia and in the Southern States generally signifies the Bourbon spirit that clings to the past and resists progress. It was opposed in the past to allowing the negroes to enjoy civil and political rights, and, in spite of vaguely expressed professions, it is opposed to it now and sustains whatever is calculated to defeat it. It is opposed to popular education the benefits of which shall he equally enjoyed by all. It is opposed to yielding State pride to national patriotism, and to a policy of progress and of political and material regeneration. Liberalism in Virginia and in the South generally signifies the newly awakened spirit of progress. It promises to make the rights of colored citizens real; it promises to make the benefits of education free to all; it favors nationality in place of the old exclusiveness, and it works in the direction of progress and regeneration. It differs from Republicanism, as it has heretofore existed in that section, in proceeding from the inner tendencies of Southern society itself instead of being imposed upon it from without. It therefore bids fair to work in time a transformation of the politics of that part of the country, which will no doubt be ultimately brought into harmony with the politics of the Nation, as it has not been in these latter years. What the effect will be on national parties it is too soon to conjecture, nor does it much matter. The tendency is in the direction of an improved state of things and it is irresistible. It will be time enough for the political adjustment of results in the national field when the occasion for it comes."

Dr. Hammond Aroused.

Ex-Surgeon-General Wm. A Hammond, of New York, has written a letter in which he takes strong ground against the course pursued by President Garfield's attending surgeons. After entirely exculpating Drs. Hamilton and Agnew from any connection with the alleged malpractice, Dr. Hammond arraigns the surgeons on seven counts for the mistakes which were, in his opinion, committed within the first forty-eight hours, the principal among which are he maintains: Neglect to make a thorough exploration of the track of the wound and to locate the position of the bullet; neglect to remove the fragments of clothing and of bone which afterwards caused such great suffering; neglect to extract the ball while the strength of the patient was at its maxium and before the track had been partially closed by the swelling of the soft parts; treating the case from the first from the standpoint of guesswork, instead of from actual facts gained by thorough and intelligent exploration; neglect to give exit to pus that had collected and to pieces of fractured ribs till the consulting surgeons had arrived from Philadelphia and New York, when Dr. Agnew did what was proper; being from the first overweighted with a sense of responsibility, owing to the fact that the patient was the President of the United States.

The doctor then ventures the opinion that a truckman similarly wounded and treated at a first-class hospital by Dr. J. R. Wood, L. A. Sayre, or any one of several surgeons named, would receive more energetic and successful treatment than has been given to the head of the nation. He concludes as follows: "The illustrious sufferer, after thirty-five days, still lies on his back, and each day with almost the regularity of clockwork his fever appears, and yet the bulletins tell us the surgeons are satisfied! Is it possible they do not know the import of this daily disturbance of pulse and temperature? If it is not arrested there can be but one termination; and yet I do not see how anything they can do now can arrest it. We can only trust to the indomitable courage, the robust constitution and the iron will of the patient, and to the prayers of millions of royal and sympathizing hearts in all parts of the world."

Mrs. Garfield's Gratitude.

A Washington correspondent of a New York paper says that when Mrs. Garfield read the many messages of sympathy and condolence received at the Executive Mansion, she, with a voice tremulous with emotion and and tears in her eyes, said:

"If it were only possible for my husband and me to go around and see all these dear people who have been so thoughtful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person it makes no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were woman permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop both in the ballot-box.

A very ingenious swindle is being worked successfully on farmers in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says that a number of persons have been caught in the northern counties of that State that are just coming to realize the full import of the "agency" they took last spring. A gang of swindlers have been over the country appointing well to do farmers agent for some patent contrivance alleged to be of use in agriculture or in connection with the duties of the housewife on the farm. These fellows are glib talkers and the pitchfork, or churn, or pump, or corn husker, cow-milker, dish-washer or what-not which they especially represent is of course the best thing in the world and is taking everywhere it has been tried. They are so confident of the sale of the article that they "run all the risk" themselves and let the responsible farmer have the agency and a sample, only requireing him to sign a contract that three months or one year after date he promises to pay at the village bank $30 when he sells $325 worth of the patent. This contract is so written that the end is torn off and leaves a good straight note for $325, payable at the bank, at six per cent. interest. Several grangers have lately received notice of such notes falling due and are paying up, there being no escape.

The country is right well off, after all. The President has been on his back for more than forty days, perilously wounded by the bullet of a would-be assassin, yet not a single affair of state goes awry. We are doing all the work we can find arms and machinery for, at wages which satisfy the employe, while paying the employer a handsome profit. We have $1,430,000, 000 of money in circulation, of which $520,000,000 is gold, $172,000,000 is silver, and over $700,000,000 in paper, convertible into gold. We are paying the national debt and all our other debts with surprising rapidity, and we have already reduced our annual interest charges on the national debt $15,370 095 during the term of the present administration.

The Land of Canaan.

Up in the mountains of Tucker county, this State, on one of the highest crests of the Alleghanies, there stands a beautiful little cottage in the midst of what seems to be an unbroken and interminable forest.

No other sign of civilization is visible or, in fact, exists within a limit of fifteen or twenty miles. It is the home of the wild beast and the majestic trees which run their magnificent plumage up into the very clouds.

The cottage is familiarly known in that section as "Dobbin's Cabin," taking its name from the architect and owner, who is, and has been for many years, a Judge of one of the courts of Baltimore. It was built by Judge Dobbin some years ago with the romantic idea of taking his family there during a part of the summer season to enjoy the grandeur of the surrounding scenery and quaff the heavenly atmosphere which envelopes the spot.

Accordingly he cleared out a quarter of an acre of the dense forest, and set his cottage upon a spot within the forks of "Black Water," or what is usually called the "Black Forks of Cheat." One branch of the river sweeps down upon the north side of the cabin, the other from the east, and unite immediately in front of the cabin in one of the wildest and deepest ravines the eye ever looked upon. A few steps from the south front of the cabin brings one to the verge of a precipice which is said to be a perpendicular mile from its crest down to the edge of the Black Water. On all sides of the cabin there is a view of the vast forest surrounding it which is one of the most inspiring nature ever produced.

Standing upon the south piazza of the cottage and looking beyond the great gorge in which Cheat pursues its tortuous course the cite overlooks what is familiarly known by the people of Tucker county as the "Land of Canaan." The spot thus designated is perhaps fifteen or twenty miles distant from the locality of Dobbin's Cabin, and appears to the observer as a continuation of the unbroken character of the forest, but a little group of settlers have nestled down there and made themselves a mountain home at once picturesque and romantic. They have cleared the land, built themselves comfortable homes, and live generously and happy, undisturbed by the hum of industry or the march of civilization. It is one of the most unique little settlements within the bounds of West Virginia, and does no discredit to its adopted name, "The Land of Canaan."

Dobbin's Cabin is now the main resort for the excursionist and explorer of those grand old mountains. It is unoccupied save by an occasional excursion party. Artists from all parts of the world have visited it and sketches of the spot and surrounding country can be seen hanging in a thousand picture galleries throughout the world.

Some day, not distant, the sordid ambition of the speculator will enter these forests and fell the magnificent timber and despoil the scene of its unrivalled grandeur and beauty. Perhaps the iron horse will go snorting around the cliffs and gorges of these mountains where now the wild beasts skip and play in almost undisturbed security. But those who have never done so, should not fail to see the West Virginia "Land of Canaan."—*Wheeling Register.*

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, ex-Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, through an interview in the New York *Tribune* suggests a change in the constitution in order to relieve the President of the enormous and growing load of executive duties devolved upon him. Mr. Grow would limit the appointing power of the President to his cabinet, the foreign ministers and the judges of the United States courts, placing the task of making selections for the subordinate offices of the government in the hands of the heads of departments. Still further to relieve the President, the ex-Speaker would make the Vice-President a member of the cabinet, and put upon him the duty of deciding a large class of comparatively minor questions coming up for executive decision. This, Mr. Grow suggests, would give the President time to attend to our foreign relations, and study important national questions upon which he has to make recommendations to Congress with much more care than he can possibly give to them under the existing system.

Here is something for cigarette smokers to ponder over: The choicest cigarettes in New York are now made of discarded cigar stumps. These gathering of the "butt-pickers" have a real Havana flavor quite their own. They are used for "fillers" for cigarettes, and quite an extensive trade is done in them. Probably they do not make such bad cigarettes after all, if one could forget the association. But—faugh!

One of Aleck Stevens' stories after coming in a handsome winner at a game of whist: There was a Jew in Georgia who had a difficulty with a man who had injured him. The Jew got the man down and continued the pummeling. A by-stander pleaded for the under man, and said: "Don't gouge a man when he is down." The Jew replied: "Dat ish de time to gouge a man when he ish down."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

W. H. H. Davis, of the Doylestown *Democrat*, is a careful editor, who, before taking his summer vacation, freed his mind from care by making his assistant give bonds not to change the politics of the paper during his absence.

An observant policeman in Paris, Ky., noticing an old woman digging in her garden one morning before daylight, and knowing that her habits were the reverse of industrious, maintained a strict watch upon her movements. He was rewarded by being able to capture a box containing $20,000, the proceeds of a recent bank robbery.

Mr. John Young, of Tucson, Arizona, experimented with a tarantula, and being bitten on the hand will never venture to repeat it. His hand and arm began to swell, and he suffered the greatest pain. He swallowed great quantities of whisky, kept his arm constantly bathed with ammonia, but for an entire day he was delirious. Finally, the swelling began to disappear, and at last accounts he was out of danger.

One hundred and twenty Norman horses arrived at New York on Saturday in the steamer City of London from Havre. Two died during the voyage, and another on the wharf after being landed. They were placed on twenty-three railroad cars and despatched for their destination, Bloomingdale, Illinois. Most of the horses were of a handsome mottled grey color, and several were jet-black. They cost in France from $500 to $1,200 each.

The price of lithographed sermons in Chicago has gone down to thirty cents a sermon, and the concern that has gone into the business has several hundred discourses on miscellaneous topics with which to tempt lazy preachers.

Among the rumors prevailing in Philadelphia in relation to the unknown purchaser of the Main Centennial building, is one that Mr. Bullitt, the lawyer, bought it for a gentleman who intends presenting it to the city.

Colonel A. B. Lawrence, of Warsaw, N. Y., who was presented with the original gatepost to the Andersonville stockade recently, has had a section of it sawed up, and sent to the several G. A. R. posts in the state suitable pieces for gavel heads.

There is a great scarcity of ice in New York city, and many of the companies exhausted their supplies during the recent hot wave. The brewers and butchers were in a great fright, as some of them had $50,000 worth of stock that would be ruined without ice.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *News* now estimates the anti-prohibition majority in that state at 12,000. The state canvassers will meet on Thursday, August 25, to canvass the vote. The board consists of the Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, and two senators—one from each party—to be chosen by the Governor.

A table of official statistics shows that the wages of thirty-six different trades in France in 1877 averaged 52 per cent. higher than in 1853. The lowest increase given is 40, for coiners, and the highest 74, for bakers. The compiler notes that the rise has been highest in those trades in which machinery has come largely into use. The price of bread has remained stationary.

The Connecticut Board of Agricultural Commissioners, in a report upon the decline of population in the rural portions of the state, say that the revelations of the last census show a loss of 12,684, while the gain in the whole state during the decade is but 88,633. They say it is caused by the young men going West, and the banks and moneyed men investing their capital outside the state.

A special dispatch from Uniontown, Pa., says five Mollie Maguires were arrested in the mines near Dunbar, Pa., on suspicion of having been concerned in the assassination of Maurice Haley, of the Dunbar Furnace Company. The prisoners gave the names of James Kane, Patrick Donelan, James McFarland, John Collins and James Reagan. The arrests were made by R. J. Linden, of Pinkerton's detective agency.

F. W. Fritsche, formerly a member of the German Parliament, who made several speeches in that city abusive of Bismarck, has concluded to settle in Philadelphia, where he has advertised as follows: "Exiled from my old home, I sought and found an asylum in the City of Brotherly Love. Friends and comrades who desire to honor me with their visits are requested to do so at No. —— street, where I shall open a beer saloon."

One of the two pet alligators at Benton Park, St. Louis, during one of the late hot days turned over on his back and showed unmistakable symptoms of a sunstroke. The keeper having none of the remedies usually applied in such cases, had recourse to a brandy bottle. The effect was wonderful. The patient flopped over into his natural position, and swam off seemingly as happy as a big hungry catfish among a lot of little minnows.

Ten infantry companies of the New Jersey National Guard have been detailed to form the Provisional Battalion to represent the state at the Yorktown celebration. The selection does not give satisfaction to companies not selected, and there are loud complaints of favoritism, as some are not up to the standard of number, requiring them to recruit other organizations. As the legislature made provision for the expenses, the trip to Yorktown is looked upon as a grand holiday.

The wife of a municipal officer died at Henderson, Ky., and her husband left the last offices prior to interment to two of her friends. After the coffin lid had been partly fastened, he could not resist taking one more look. He discovered that the jewelry which he had intended to be buried on her was gone. That was two years ago. He said nothing, and lately detected one of the friends wearing the articles. He said to her: "I give you three days to leave town," and she went.

Millie Christine, the two-headed girl now on exhibition in New York, gave a reception to the medical profession on Tuesday, and a very large number of physicians examined her with a great deal of interest. A certificate was signed by over 100 physicians and presented to the Carolina twin, stating that the signers considered her the most interesting person (or persons) they had ever met. She has two heads and two shoulders, blending into one bodily organization, but terminating in four feet, only two of which are used in walking or dancing.

One morning last week a little brown dog caused great distress to two ladies who were about starting from Frederick for a Western trip. The dog leaped from the car window just as the train was moving out of the depot, and the owner tried to regain it, forgeting that her infant was in charge of the other lady. She failed to recapture her dog, and in the meantime the train was far away with her infant. The lady in charge of the babe was scarcely less disconcerted by the mishap than the anxious mother left behind, and by the aid of telegrams the lady and child got off the train at the Point of Rocks, where the reunited trio made a fresh start by the evening train, minus the pet dog who had caused all the confusion.

The Cambridge *Chronicle* says: The Hon. Geo. W. Covington has been spending some days at Ocean City, and the reporters have got off this story about him: Wednesday morning he was observed toiling up toward the hotel with a remarkably immense shot-gun and a heavy string of birds. All were interested, and on his arrival profuse congratulations were poured upon him. A young lady of acute observation happened to glance at his feet and noticed a brilliant polish on his Oxford ties. The incongruity of shining shoes and a tramp down the wet beach struck everyone, and the congressman had to acknowledge that he had bought the birds and borrowed the gun.

On Thursday morning Mrs. John Saunders, the wife of a florist living in Elizabeth, N. J., was burned to death by her clothing taking fire while about to kindle a fire in her kitchen. She was in bad health, and from the fact that she made no outcry while enveloped in flames, and walked calmly along the street—having left the kitchen—leads to the belief that she either kindled her own clothing, or made no effort to save her life after the fire commenced by accident. She had been heard to threaten suicide, as she was haunted by a fear of poverty. She leaves a grown-up son, by a former husband.

Late Friday night of last week, there was a disastrous fire at Bedford, Pa. The large two-story frame building of B. Oppenheimer & Son, on the principal street of the town, was destroyed. Oppenheimer & Son had a large store in the building, and their loss is estimated at over $30,000, having saved only about $3,000 worth of goods. It is said they have no insurance either on the building or stock. The Colonnade Hotel was in the same building. Mr. Fisher, the proprietor, loses his goods and fixtures. The loss is covered, at least in part, by insurance. The tin shop of P. Murdoff was also in the building, and he lost somewhat in stock. A handsome brick dwelling, owned by Wm. Hartley and occupied by Wm. Diehert, was also destroyed. The loss on the building is $6,000; covered by insurance. Diebert lost considerable in furniture and effects.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Garrett Guards will go into camp August 27th.

—Th, J Peddicord, Esq., is in Kingwood, attending court.

—Communication from the "Shades" received too late for publication. Will appear next week.

—Mr. Frank Jamison, of Ashland, Ohio, arrived in town Sunday and left for his home Tuesday.

—Late arrivals at Hazle Wood Cottage: Lieut. C. Arnold and family, Miss Agnes Eichorn, Mr. A. Eichorn, all of Washington, D. C.

—Married, at Oakland, Aug. 11th, 1881, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. John W. Wolf and Miss Alice Wolf, both of Preston county, W. Va.

—Adjutant General Watkins, of Maryland, arrived at Oakland Sunday morning and remained until Monday. He stopped at Dailey's Hotel.

—The Sunny Side Sunday School will give a pic-nic on Saturday Aug. 27th. *Good speakers, good music and plenty of refreshments.* All invited.

—The Lutheran Church building enterprise at Deer Park is progressing favorably, thanks to those who have pledged their encouragement and aid. Others are asked to do likewise.

—A slight fire occured at the residence of Col. J. W. Veitch Wednesday morning. The fire was was communicated to the roof of the back building from a stove pipe. The damage was slight, but the scare was great.

—Wm. M. Arnold will take charge of Chisholm's drug store Monday, and remain during the absence of Mr. Chisholm, who has been engaged to make a survey of the lands recently purchased by H. G. Davis & Bro., on the North Branch.

—The Tunnelton Camp-Meeting will commence August 25th, and close September 1st, 1881. Reduced rates over B. & O. R. R. to Tonnelton and return. A good boarding house on the ground with sleaping appartments for ladies and gentlemen. Terms reasonable. Hacks in waiting at Tunnelton Station for all who desire to employ them.

—Died, August 13th, 1881, little Stephen, aged 5 months and 22 days, the infant child of Mr. Burke, near Deer Park. The funeral was from Mr. Burk's to the Deer Park Cemetery. The burial services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, according to the Lutheran Liturgy. The parents have the sympathy of the Church and community in their sad bereavement. The Lord comfort them. W. S.

—Rev. J. M. Clymer, of Keyser, West Va., proposes the commencement of a series of sermons at "Whiteoak Grove," (½ mile from Chisholm's Mill,) commencing Thursday evening, Aug. 25th, and continuing at least until the following Sabbath evening. Mr. Clymer's sermons are deep and impressive, all who listen to them once want to hear him again. He is certainly an eloquent speaker.

—The fourth quarterly meeting of the Selbysport and Johnstown circuit was held August 13th and 14th, at Johnstown. Rev. B. Ison, P. E., was there and preached in his mild and winning manner. Rev. D. Flanagan, of Grantsville, preached in the afternoon. His sermon was heard with profit. The house was packed to its utmost capacity during the services of the day. Prof. R. G. Richardson gave us some excellent music on the organ and the choir did their part.

—Mrs. Eliza H. McCrum, wife of S. McCrum, Esq., of Aurora, Preston county, W. Va., died of cancer, on Sunday evening, August 14th. She was born February 23d, 1825, and was converted and joined the Medodist Episcopal Church at the age of 16, of which communion she remained a faithful and honored member till her death. For the last two years of her life she was subject to the ravages of the terrible disease that at last proved fatal, and often suffered the most intense pain. She endured all her afflictions with true Christian resignation and fortitude. After months of increasing weakness and weariness, in the calm of a beautiful Sabbath day, she passed away from earth and entered that land where unbroken rest is given to the people of God. She leaves behind her a bright example of faith and piety, exhibited through many years of fidelity to the varied duties of wife, mother, friend and neighbor, and glowing with increased radiance and beauty under the severe discipline of her closing years.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, the services being conducted at the Methodist Episcopal Church by Revs. S. E. Jones and J. M. Davis. It was attended by a large gathering of friends and neighbors, thus testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held and the deep sympathy felt for the bereaved family.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m. by Rev. W. J. McShurely.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Grand Concert and Hop.

The ladies of the Oakland Hotel will give a grand concert and hop, for the benefit of Prof. Junkuckel's Orchestra, at the Okland Hotel, Tuesday evening, Aug. 23d, 1881. The people of Oakland should take advantage of this occasion, and give a substantial evidence of their appreciation of this most excellent Orchestra. The people of the town are cordially invited to be present.

Selbysport Items.

Profs. Gehman and DeWitt left this place for their homes in Frostburg on Wednesday.

The M. E. Church in this place is not being built by Frazee & Bro. They are merchants, not mechanics.

William Kessler, who left for the coke works on Tuesday, returned on Wednesday. He surely found employment.

E. J. Frantz and G. M. Stuck left for Pinkerton, Pa., to go to work for the lumber company of that place.

William Crossgrove was in town Monday and Tuesday. Billy is a good man, and always comes with the cash.

Death of a Good Woman.

Died at the residence of her husband, in Oakland, Saturday morning, Mrs. Rosella M. Jamison, wife of R. B. Jamison, Esq., in the 69th year of her age. Deceased has been a great sufferer for years, but has borne her afflictions with that patience and fortitude that alone belongs to a christian life. She has been a faithful member of the Catholic Church for many years, and was always foremost in acts of charity and neighborly kindness. Several children and a large number of Grand children, besides a host of other relatives and friends mourn her loss. Her remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Oakland Sunday afternoon, Fathers Schmidt and Treuckler officiating.

More Tramps Arrested.

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A Remedy for Hog Cholera.

We understand that hog cholera is prevailing to some extent in our county, and particularly in the vicinity of Oakland. Mr. R. McEnespy, of California, a hog raiser and dealer of many years experience, gives the following remedy, in a recent number of the *Country Gentleman*, but he cautions persons using it to take care that other stock are kept from it, as it is a very deadly poison. Here is the recipe:

Sulphate of copper, commonly called blue stone, will cure swine if not in the last stages of the disease, and by using moderately every ten days, will prevent. I think that by a general use of this the disease can be stamped out. I know of what I am writing by experience, and can recommend this in the strongest terms without fear of bad results. Dissolve one pound of blue stone in five gallons of hot water; mix with feed, or put in water trough.

A Trap for Sheep-Killing Dogs.

The Lynchburg *Virginian* describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep-killing dogs. Having suffered severely from the depredations of dogs upon his sheep-fold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an inclosure of rails twelve feet high and about ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloaping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloaping fence and enter the pen, but not even a greyhound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured forty-six dogs, including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen before in the neighborhood. This, after there had been a public slaughter of all dogs suspected of sheep-killing, save one, whose master could not be convinced of his guilt, the trap was built for his especial benefit, and it caught him the first night.

Plan of Appointments

Made at the District Conference in Grantsville, Aug. 9—11, for the Local Preachers of the M. E. Church in Garrett Co., Maryland.

Oakland Circuit:—J. M. Davis—Pleasant Valley, Oak Grove, and Oakland Sunday School.

James Enlow (Exhorter)—Pleasant Valley and Harrington School House.

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Henry Friend — Johnstown and Friendsville.

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District Conference.

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S. E. Jones was chosen secretary.

Dr. Spiker of Grantsville delivered a very eloquent and graceful address of welcome, which was responded to by S. E. Jones.

The usual disciplinary business of licensing Local Preachers and Exhorters, and hearing reports from the various charges concerning Sunday Schools, finances, class meetings religious prosperity, &c., was carried through promptly and efficiently, and in addition there were the following literary and religious exercises: Sermons by Rev. G. Rogers, F. G. W. Ford, N. L. Baumgardner and S. E. Jones.

An essay on "The matter and manner of singing in our Churches and Sunday Schools," was read by Rev. F. G. W. Ford, and one on "the duty of Ministers to each other," by Rev. J. B. Feather.

Revs. S. E. Jones and G. Rogers opened a discussion on "the elements of pulpit power," and Revs. D. Flanagan and A. M. Bowlin discussed "The duty of Ministers and the Church to Probationers."

A temperance meeting on Wednesday night was well attended and was addressed by Revs. B. Ison and S. E. Jones.

The Conference closed with love feast on Thursday afternoon and sacramental service at night.

The people of Grantsville and vicinity manifested great interest in the Conference both by opening their homes to entertain members with characteristic hospitality, and by attending in large numbers the exercies and services of the Conference, the Church being crowded each night and well attended during the day.

The next Conference will be held at Rowlesburgh, W. Va.

SECRETARY.

The Inspection of the Cumberland Military Companies.

Brig.-Gen. Herbert, with Maj. J. W. S Brady and Capt. Fred. Shriver, of his staff, and Adjutant-General Watkins, arrived here Saturday afternoon for the purpose of inspecting the two military companies of this city. The inspection took place at the armories of the respective companies. Capt. E. H. Wardwell, of the Garrett Guards, acted as officer of the day, and Gen. Herbert was attended by the members of his staff who were present. Adjutant-General Watkins was also present. The inspection was a thorough one, and the men in each instance passed it very creditably. Gen. Herbert complimented both companies on their appearance, hearing, drill and discipline. The Voltigeurs had 32 muskets, 2 commissioned officers, 3 musicians and 2 men present, the latter of whom were excused from bearing arms by reason of indisposition. The Hamilton Light Infantry had 29 muskets, 3 commissioned officers and 3 musicians. Each company had their colors.

Dress parade by the two companies took place in front of the Queen City hotel after the inspections, about 9. p. m. The Voltigeurs were attended by the Queen City band and the Light Infantry by the Potomac band, Capt. Johnson acted as commandant, and Lt. Harrison as adjutant. Owing to the throng of persons present, the parade was necessarily cut short.

After the dress parade a reception was tendered the Military visitors at the Queen City Hotel. There were present Adjutant General Watkins, Gen. Herbert, Capt. Shriver, Major Brady, Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Hoffman of the Voltigeurs, Capt. Gordon and Lieut. Harrison, of the Light Infantry, Capt. Wardwell of the Garrett Guards, Messrs. D. E. Offutt, H. Wheeler Combs, G. W. Delawder and T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland. Col. W. M. McKaig, of Governor Hamilton's staff, Col. A. L. Vallandigham, of Gov. Hill's staff, of Deleware, and Capt. W. E. Griffith, Messrs. Webster Bruce, Robert Shriver, and J. W. Thomas, of Cumberland and his friend, Mr. Broome, and Capt. G. W. Harrison, of Piedmont. Capt. Johnson sat at the head of the table, with Adjutant Watkin's on his right and Gen. Herbert on his left. A fine supper was served and numerous toasts were drank—and a very pleasant time was had. The company was serenaded by both the Potomac and Queen City bands.—*Cumberland News.*

The Accident Conference.

ACCIDENT, Aug. 15, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—We take great pleasure in laying before your readers a full account of the proceedings of the caucus of leading Democrats held here on Saturday.

Through the courtesy of the committee we were furnished a front seat, and it was intimated that all the members of the caucus would take pleasure in having a full and impartial account of the proceedings furnished the readers of your valuable paper. The meeting was called to order by the President, and a Secretary being appointed by request the members of the caucus handed in their names, when the following leading Democrats were found to be present: Getty, Stanton, Johnson Brothers, Guard, Jr., West, Browning, Miller, of Swanton, V. Kahl, C. Snyder and Garringer.

On motion a committee on credentials and also one on resolutions were appointed. During the absence of the committees one of the gentlemen from Accident suggested that the editorial in the *Democrat* of the current week be read, and to prevent any hard feelings and misunderstanding that especial emphasis be laid on the words "leading Democrats."

The committee on credentials not appearing, that on resolutions asked leave to report the following preamble and resolutions, which were vociferously applauded and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Past experience has fully demonstrated the fact that the voters of the glorious Jacksonian Democracy are utterly incompetent to select a proper ticket by the usual means of primaries and conventions;

AND WHEREAS, The voters of Garrett county are in a seeming conspiracy with the corrupt Republican party;

AND WHEREAS, This state of affairs has been and threatens disaster individually and generally, therefore be it

Resolved, That we are the Leading Democrats of Garrett county.

Resolved, That the Editor of *The Democrat* is a gentleman, a scholar, and furthermore a man of unusual discernment and ability.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the fact that the rye crop promises an abundant yield, and that on general principles we prefer pint bottles to gallon jugs, as not only being more convenient, but as a better means of securing an honest and in every respect moral campaign.

Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to "Bossism" in politics, and opposed to the assumption of duties by any men or set of men not delegated in a lawful manner.

Resolved, That that man Hamilton, in his present persecution of honest Registers is committing an outrage, and violating all the rules and traditions of our party in exposing the means necessary to securing a full vote and an honest count.

Resolved, That we for the present bury all past differences and unite on a ticket representing not only all the varied ideas of our party but furthermore well provided with the sinews of war to carry forward a justly moral campaign.

Resolution read and adopted as heretofore noted.

The committee on credentials failing to report, and the members all being present the following ticket was unanimously agreed upon: Senate, Bartlett; House, Getty and Dailey; Commissioners, Johnson, Richter and Stanton; Sheriff, Guard.

The gentlemen present who were nominated all stated that the honor was altogether unexpected and unsolicited, and that while their private affairs demanded their strictest attention, still if the interest of the party demanded the sacrifice they could not conscientiously decline.

On motion thanks were voted to the Editor of the *Democrat*, also to the Democratic voters of Accident District who generously entertained the caucus during its stay at Accident.

On motion the proceedings of the caucus ordered to be given publicity by publication in THE REPUBLICAN.

If further information is desired we are authorized to state that all the members of the caucus will take pleasure in answering all inquiries by postal card.

ACCIDENT.

Allegany County Items.

At midnight on Wednesday of last week there was a disastrous fire at Frostburg. Gross & Nickle's furniture factory, a large, two-story frame building, was destroyed, with its contents, consisting of machinery, finished stock and valuable lumber. The estimated loss is $15,000. There is $4,000 insurance. A two-story frame building, owned and occupied by John Pressman as dwelling and saloon, was also destroyed; estimated loss $6,000, Insurance $1,000. The frame dwellings of W. H. Kock and James McCann were each damaged to extent of about $150; no insurance. The Stable of Edwin Duffy was also burned, and his loss is about $200; no insurance. The Arion Band occupied a room in the second story of the furniture factory, and lost over $500 in uniforms and instruments. The fire started in a portion of the factory remote from the engine, and there had been no light in the building for several hours. It is generally supposed to be the work of incendiaries, though nothing definite is known. The fire department worked well and stopped the progress of the fire, although the water supply was very short.

W. Scott Reid, of Cumberland, flagman on a freight train on the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, fell from his train at Hyndman, Pa., and was instantly killed. Reid had been in the employ of the railroad company about five years, and his life was insured in the Baltimore and Ohio Relief Association for $1,500. He was aged thirty-three, and leaves a wife and four children. He formerly lived at Hagerstown.

At Lonaconing Tuesday morning Samuel Meager, a 14-year old son of James Meager, met with a terrible and fatal accident. The lad was employed in the Koontz mine and was at the foot of the plane of that mine engaged in playfully "tussling" with another employee, when, by some means, he fell over the tram-road just as a set of cars came out. The wheels of one of the cars passed over his neck, almost severing his head from his body and killing him instantly.

On Friday morning of last week, the barn of Mr. Nathan Trail, on the west side of Sideling Hill, was burned, with its contents, consisting of hay and grain. The total loss is $1,800, and there is no insurance. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been accidential.

At Barton, Friday morning, of last week the frame residence of Richard Parden took fire from a flue and the roof was entirely burned. The balance of the house was saved by exertions of a bucket-bridage.

The workingmen of the Allegany coal region are to have a grand picnic at Frostburg Sept. 3. Prominent speakers from abroad will deliver addresses on the labor question.

MARYLAND NEWS.

An appeal has been made to Governor Hamilton for a commutation of the death sentence in the case of Felix Monshour, for the murder of his cousin, James L. Wetzell, to imprisonment for life.

P. M. Gosley, a Salisbury farmer, and formerly a resident of Baltimore was drowned off Deal's Island on Sunday last. He was among the excursionists who left Salisbury for the island, and is supposed to have fallen overhoard after the steamer reached her destination. His body has been recovered.

On Friday last two bald eagles were engaged in a furious fight on the road to Bay Hundred, near Easton, and refused to move when a carriage came along. Mr. Molyneaux, who was driving, got out of the vehicle and captured one of the birds, who was so battered in the conflict as to be unable to fly. The eagle was over seven feet from one wing to the other.

The building of the ship canal across the Maryland and Delaware Peninsula is no longer a day-dream. The scheme is now practically an accomplished fact. The money for that purpose has actualy been obtained. The capital subscribed is $8,000,000. Of this, $6,000,000 was taken by capitalists in Paris, $4,000,000 being in bonds and $2,000,000 in stocks. The remaining $2,000,000 of stock is held by New York capitalists. The route chosen by the parties furnishing the means is the Sassafras route, although it is not definitely settled what route will be selected. The company ask no State or Government aid.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $10.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $8.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

HENRY KILLIUS.

Oakland, Md., Aug. 10th, 1881. 8 13 3

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice, that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing and huting or killing any kind of game on my lands. Parties thus tresspassing will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

August 1st, 1881.

8 6 3t WILLIAM WASS.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Selbysport, - - - - " 23d.
Johnstown, - - - - - " 25th.
Accident, - - - - - - " 27th.

The books of Districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8, will be left at the store of Davis & Townshend, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

A discount of 4 percent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid beford October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 30 3t Collector.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Elcelion District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1881, from 9 o'clock a. m., to 6 o'clock, p. m.

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Garrett Guards will go into camp August 27th.

—Th. J Peddicord, Esq., is in Kingwood, attending court.

—Communication from the "Shades" received too late for publication. Will appear next week.

—Mr. Frank Jamison, of Ashland, Ohio, arrived in town Sunday and left for his home Tuesday.

—Late arrivals at Hazie Wood Cottage: Lieut. C. Arnold and family, Miss Agnes Eichorn, Mr. A. Eichorn, all of Washington, D. C.

—Married, at Oakland, Aug. 11th, 1881, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. John W. Wolf and Miss Alice Wolf, both of Preston county, W. Va.

—Adjutant General Watkins, of Maryland, arrived at Oakland Sunday morning and remained until Monday. He stopped at Dailey's Hotel.

—The Sunny Side Sunday School will give a pic-nic on Saturday Aug. 27th. *Good speakers, good music and plenty of refreshments.* All invited.

—The Lutheran Church building enterprise at Deer Park is progressing favorably, thanks to those who have pledged their encouragement and aid. Others are asked to do likewise.

—A slight fire occured at the residence of Col. J. W. Veitch Wednesday morning. The fire was was communicated to the roof of the back building from a stove pipe. The damage was slight, but the scare was great.

—Wm. M. Arnold will take charge of Chisholm's drug store Monday, and remain during the absence of Mr. Chisholm, who has been engaged to make a survey of the lands recently purchased by H. G. Davis & Bro., on the North Branch.

—The Tunnelton Camp-Meeting will commence August 25th, and close September 1st, 1881. Reduced rates over B. & O. R. R. to Tunnelton and return. A good boarding house on the ground with sleaping appartments for ladies and gentlemen. Terms reasonable. Hacks in waiting at Tunnelton Station for all who desire to employ them.

—Died, August 13th, 1881, little Stephen, aged 5 months and 22 days, the infant child of Mr. Burke, near Deer Park. The funeral was from Mr. Burk's to the Deer Park Cemetery. The burial services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, according to the Lutheran Liturgy. The parents have the sympathy of the Church and community in their sad bereavement. The Lord comfort them. W. S.

—Rev. J. M. Clymer, of Keyser, West Va., proposes the commencement of a series of sermons at "Whitecak Grove," (½ mile from Chisholm's Mill,) commencing Thursday evening, Aug. 25th, and continuing at least until the following Sabbath evening. Mr. Clymer's sermons are deep and impressive, all who listen to them once want to hear him again. He is certainly an eloquent speaker.

—The fourth quarterly meeting of the Selbysport and Johnstown circuit was held August 13th and 14th, at Johnstown. Rev. B. Ison, P. E., was there and preached in his mild and winning manner. Rev. D. Flanagan, of Grantsville, preached in the afternoon. His sermon was heard with profit. The house was packed to its utmost capacity during the services of the day. Prof. R. G. Richardson gave us some excellent music on the organ and the choir did their part.

—Mrs. Eliza H. McCrum, wife of S. McCrum, Esq., of Aurora, Preston county, W. Va., died of cancer, on Sunday evening, August 14th. She was born February 23d, 1825, and was converted and joined the Medodist Episcopal Church at the age of 16, of which communion she remained a faithful and honored member till her death. For the last two years of her life she was subject to the ravages of the terrible disease that at last proved fatal, and often suffered the most intense pain. She endured all her afflictions with true Christian resignation and fortitude. After months of increasing weakness and weariness, in the calm of a beautiful Sabbath day, she passed away from earth and entered that land where unbroken rest is given to the people of God. She leaves behind her a bright example of faith and piety, exhibited through many years of fidelity to the varied duties of wife, mother, friend and neighbor, and glowing with increased radiance and beauty under the severe discipline of her closing years.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, the services being conducted at the Methodist Episcopal Church by Revs. S. E. Jones and J. M. Davis. It was attended by a large gathering of friends and neighbors, thus testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held and the deep sympathy felt for the bereaved family.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m. by Rev. W. J. McShurely.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Grand Concert and Hop.

The ladies of the Oakland Hotel will give a grand concert and hop, for the benefit of Prof. Junkmeckel's Orchestra, at the Okland Hotel, Tuesday evening, Aug. 23d, 1881. The people of Oakland should take advantage of this occasion, and give a substantial evidence of their appreciation of this most excellent Orchestra. The people of the town are cordially invited to be present.

Selbysport Items.

Profs. Gehman and DeWitt left this place for their homes in Frostburg on Wednesday.

The M. E. Church in this place is not being built by Frazee & Bro. They are merchants, not mechanics.

William Kessler, who left for the coke works on Tuesday, returned on Wednesday. He surely found employment.

E. J. Frantz and G. M. Stuck left for Pinkerton, Pa., to go to work for the lumber company of that place.

William Crossgrove was in town Monday and Tuesday. Billy is a good man, and always comes with the cash.

Death of a Good Woman.

Died at the residence of her husband, in Oakland, Saturday morning, Mrs. Rosella M. Jamison, wife of R. B. Jamison, Esq., in the 69th year of her age. Deceased has been a great sufferer for years, but has borne her afflictions with that patience and fortitude that alone belongs to a christian life. She has been a faithful member of the Catholic Church for many years, and was always foremost in acts of charity and neighborly kindness. Several children and a large number of Grand children, besides a host of other relatives and friends mourn her loss. Her remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Oakland Sunday afternoon, Fathers Schmidt and Treuchler officiating.

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Henry Friend — Johnstown and Friendsville.

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The usual disciplinary business of licensing Local Preachers and Exhorters, and hearing reports from the various charges concerning Sunday Schools, finances, class meetings religious prosperity, &c., was carried through promptly and efficiently, and in addition there were the following literary and religious exercises: Sermons by Rev. G. Rogers, F. G. W. Ford, N. L. Baumgardner and S. E. Jones.

An essay on "The matter and manner of singing in our Churches and Sunday Schools," was read by Rev. F. G. W. Ford, and one on "the duty of Ministers to each other," by Rev. J. B. Feather.

Revs. S. E. Jones and G. Rogers opened a discussion on "the elements of pulpit power," and Revs. D. Flanagan and A. M. Bowlin dicussed "The duty of Ministers and the Church to Probationers."

A temperance meeting on Wednesday night was well attended and was addressed by Revs. B. Ison and S. E. Jones.

The Conference closed with love feast on Thursday afternoon and sacramental service at night.

The people of Grantsville and vicinity manifested great interest in the Conference both by opening their homes to entertain members with characteristic hospitality, and by attending in large numbers the exercies and services of the Conference, the Church being crowded each night and well attended during the day.

The next Conference will be held at Rowlesburgh, W. Va.

SECRETARY.

The Inspection of the Cumberland Military Companies.

Brig.-Gen. Herbert, with Maj. J. W. S. Brady and Capt. Fred. Shriver, of his staff, and Adjutant-General Watkins, arrived here Saturday afternoon for the purpose of inspecting the two military companies of this city. The inspection took place at the armories of the respective companies. Capt. E. H. Wardwell, of the Garrett Guards, acted as officer of the day, and Gen. Herbert was attended by the members of his staff who were present. Adjutant-General Watkins was also present. The inspection was a thorough one, and the men in each instance passed it very creditably. Gen. Herbert complimented both companies on their appearance, bearing, drill and discipline. The Voltigeurs had 32 muskets, 2 commissioned officers, 3 musicians and 2 men present, the latter of whom were excused from bearing arms by reason of indisposition. The Hamilton Light Infantry had 29 muskets, 3 commissioned officers and 3 musicians. Each company had their colors.

Dress parade by the two companies took place in front of the Queen City hotel after the inspections, about 9 p. m. The Voltigeurs were attended by the Queen City band and the Light Infantry by the Potomac band. Capt. Johnson acted as commandant, and Lt. Harrison as adjutant. Owing to the throng of persons present, the parade was necessarily cut short.

After the dress parade a reception was tendered the Military visitors at the Queen City Hotel. There were present Adjutant General Watkins, Gen. Herbert, Capt. Shriver, Major Brady, Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Hoffman of the Voltigeurs, Capt. Gordon and Lieut. Harrison, of the Light Infantry, Capt. Wardwell of the Garrett Guards, Messrs. D. E. Offutt, H. Wheeler Combs, G. W. Delawder and T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland. Col. W. M. McKaig, of Governor Hamilton's staff, Col. A. L. Vallandigham, of Gov. Hill's staff, of Deleware, and Capt. W. E. Griffith, Messrs. Webster Bruce, Robert Shriver, and J. W. Thomas, of Cumberland and his friend, Mr. Broome, and Capt. G. W. Harrison, of Piedmont. Capt. Johnson sat at the head of the table, with Adjutant Watkin's on his right and Gen. Herbert on his left. A fine supper was served and numerous toasts were drank—and a very pleasant time was had. The company was serenaded by both the Potomac and Queen City bands.—*Cumberland News.*

The Accident Conference.

ACCIDENT, Aug. 15, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—We take great pleasure in laying before your readers a full account of the proceedings of the caucus of leading Democrats held here on Saturday.

Through the courtesy of the committee we were furnished a front seat, and it was intimated that all the members of the caucus would take pleasure in having a full and impartial account of the proceedings furnished the readers of your valuable paper. The meeting was called to order by the President, and a Secretary being appointed by request the members of the caucus handed in their names, when the following leading Democrats were found to be present: Getty, Stanton, Johnson Brothers, Guard, Jr., West, Browning, Miller, of Swanton, V. Kahl, C. Snyder and Garringer.

On motion a committee on credentials and also one on resolutions were appointed. During the absence of the committees one of the gentlemen from Accident suggested that the editorial in the *Democrat* of the current week be read, and to prevent any hard feelings and misunderstanding that especial emphasis be laid on the words "leading Democrats."

The committee on credentials not appearing, that on resolutions asked leave to report the following preamble and resolutions, which were vociferously applauded and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Past experience has fully demonstrated the fact that the voters of the glorious Jacksonian Democracy are utterly incompetent to select a proper ticket by the usual means of primaries and conventions;

AND WHEREAS, The voters of Garrett county are in a seeming conspiracy with the corrupt Republican party;

AND WHEREAS, This state of affairs has been and threatens disaster individually and generally, therefore be it

Resolved, That we are the Leading Democrats of Garrett county.

Resolved, That the Editor of *The Democrat* is a gentleman, a scholar, and furthermore a man of unusual discernment and ability.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the fact that the rye crop promises an abundant yield, and that on general principles we prefer pint bottles to gallon jugs, as not only being more convenient, but as a better means of securing an honest and in every respect moral campaign.

Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to "Bossism" in politics, and opposed to the assumption of duties by any men or set of men not delegated in a lawful manner.

Resolved, That that man Hamilton, in his present persecution of honest Registers is committing an outrage, and violating all the rules and traditions of our party in exposing the means necessary to securing a full vote and an honest count.

Resolved, That we for the present bury all past differences and unite on a ticket representing not only all the varied ideas of our party but furthermore well provided with the sinews of war to carry forward a justly moral campaign.

Resolution read and adopted as heretofore noted.

The committee on credentials failing to report, and the members all being present the following ticket was unanimously agreed upon: Senate, Bartlett; House, Getty and Dailey; Commissioners, Johnson, Richter and Stanton; Sheriff, Guard.

The gentlemen present who were nominated all stated that the honor was altogether unexpected and unsolicited, and that while their private affairs demanded their strictest attention, still if the interest of the party demanded the sacrifice they could not conscientiously decline.

On motion thanks were voted to the Editor of the *Democrat*, also to the Democratic voters of Accident District who generously entertained the caucus during its stay at Accident.

On motion the proceedings of the caucus ordered to be given publicity by publication in THE REPUBLICAN.

If further information is desired we are authorized to state that all the members of the caucus will take pleasure in answering all inquiries by postal card.

ACCIDENT.

Allegany County Items.

At midnight on Wednesday of last week there was a disastrous fire at Frostburg. Gross & Nickle's furniture factory, a large, two-story frame building, was destroyed, with its contents, consisting of machinery, finished stock and valuable lumber. The estimated loss is $15,000. There is $4,000 insurance. A two-story frame building, owned and occupied by John Pressman as dwelling and saloon, was also destroyed; estimated loss $6,000, insurance $1,000. The frame dwellings of W. H. Kock and James McCann were each damaged to extent of about $150; no insurance. The Stable of Edwin Duffy was also burned, and his loss is about $200; no insurance. The Arion Band occupied a room in the second story of the furniture factory, and lost over $500 in uniforms and instruments. The fire started in a portion of the factory remote from the engine, and there had been no light in the building for several hours. It is generally supposed to be the work of incendiartes, though nothing definite is known. The fire department worked well and stopped the progress of the fire, although the water supply was very short.

W. Scott Reid, of Cumberland, flagman on a freight train on the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, fell from his train at Hyndman, Pa., and was instantly killed. Reid had been in the employ of the railroad company about five years, and his life was insured in the Baltimore and Ohio Relief Association for $1,500. He was aged thirty-three, and leaves a wife and four children. He formerly lived at Hagerstown.

At Lonaconing Tuesday morning Samuel Meager, a 14-year old son of James Meager, met with a terrible and fatal accident. The lad was employed in the Koontz mine and was at the foot of the plane of that mine engaged in playfully "tussling" with another employee, when, by some means, he fell over the tram-road just as a set of cars came out. The wheels of one of the cars passed over his neck, almost severing his head from his body and killing him instantly.

On Friday morning of last week, the barn of Mr. Nathan Trail, on the west side of Sideling Hill, was burned, with its contents, consisting of hay and grain. The total loss is $1,800, and there is no insurance. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been accidential.

At Barton, Friday morning, of last week the frame residence of Richard Parden took fire from a flue and the roof was entirely burned. The balance of the house was saved by exertions of a bucket-bridage.

The workingmen of the Allegany coal region are to have a grand picnic at Frostburg Sept. 3. Prominent speakers from abroad will deliver addresses on the labor question.

MARYLAND NEWS.

An appeal has been made to Governor Hamilton for a commutation of the death sentence in the case of Felix Monshour, for the murder of his cousin, James L. Wetzell, to imprisonment for life.

P. M. Gosley, a Salisbury farmer, and formerly a resident of Baltimore was drowned off Deal's Island on Sunday last. He was among the excursionists who left Salisbury for the island, and is supposed to have fallen overhoard after the steamer reached her destination. His body has been recovered.

On Friday last two bald eagles were engaged in a furious fight on the road to Bay Hundred, near Easton, and refused to move when a carriage came along. Mr. Molyneaux, who was driving, got out of the vehicle and captured one of the birds, who was so battered in the conflict as to be unable to fly. The eagle was over seven feet from one wing to the other.

The building of the ship canal across the Maryland and Delaware Peninsula is no longer a day-dream. The scheme is now practically an accomplished fact. The money for that purpose has actualy been obtained. The capital subscribed is $8,000,000. Of this, $6,000,000 was taken by capitalists in Paris, $4,000,000 being in bonds and $2,000,000 in stocks. The remaining $2,000,000 of stock is held by New York capitalists. The route chosen by the parties furnishing the means is the Sassafras route, although it is not definitely settled what route will be selected. The company ask no State or Government aid.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $10. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $8.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trepassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

HENRY KILLIUS.

Oakland, Md., Aug. 10th, 1881. 8 13 3

Notice to Trespassers.

This is to give notice, that all parties are hereby forewarned from trespassing and hutling or killing any kind of game on my lands. Parties thus trespassing will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

August 1st, 1881.

8 6 3t WILLIAM WASS.

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Selbysport, - - - - " 23d.
Johnstown, - - - - - " 25th.
Accident, - - - - - - " 27th.

The books of Districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8, will be left at the store of Davis & Townshend, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid beford October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 30 3t Collector.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1881, from 9 o'clock a. m., to 6 o'clock, p. m.

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful, and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The family of the Crown Prince of Germany converse in English, and Queen Victoria and her children often converse in German. The best German society, it is said, rarely make use of French.

—The sale of Queen Victoria's yearlings has of late years generally brought forward a very inferior lot of animals. This year, however, the contrary was the case; the yearlings, although the majority of them were small, realized an average of nearly $1,000 apiece.

—Miss Gladstone, who has just married the Dean of Durham, has gone to reside in the deanery, which has not had a mistress for forty years, and as she bears the reputation of being a good housekeeper it is thought her new home will have a thorough overhauling.

—It will be remembered that Adelaide Neilson, the actress, bequeathed the residue of her estate in favor of Admiral Hon. Carr Glyn. This gentleman has most generously founded a fund for decayed actors and actresses, the interest of which is to be distributed in furtherance of that object.

—It is stated that Mme. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has received from the King of Sweden the order of Seraphim. If this is the case the lady should esteem the honor highly, for she is the first woman who has obtained the order of the Seraphim. To make the distinction more marked, the King presented the order—a medal surmounted by the royal crown in diamonds—to the singer with his own hand.

—Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the leader of the Land League party, when in Europe, at her residence in Gardiner Street, Dublin, Cavendish Square, London, and at 122 Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris, gave frequent evening parties, which linger still in the recollection of her guests. Miss Anna Parnell, who conducts the Ladies' Land League in Ireland, is remarkable for beauty and liveliness of mind. Her fixed ideas in political and social matters are similar to those of her brother. There is a married sister in Paris who has opposite views.

—The shop-window beauties are to be entirely excluded from the balls and receptions of the Princess of Wales this season. Not a single professional beauty is to be allowed to participate in the amusements of the garden party given by the Princess to the Queen. But compensation has been found already by one of the most fashionable of the beauties in her voluntary retirement from the gay scenes in which she played so conspicuous a part last year and to which she would be no longer welcome. She has taken a villa on the banks of the Thames, to which all the best men in London are anxious to be invited. She knows well that the mothers and daughters will not be long in seeking for invitations likewise. A clever woman is that identical professional beauty.

Ventriloquism.

"Who were the greatest ventriloquists?"

"Well, there was an old Athenian named Eurykles, who is spoken of in history as master of the art. Then there were Professors Alexandre and Louis Brabout of modern times. They were both Frenchmen. Brabout lived in the fourteenth century, I believe, and was said to be the best ventriloquist the world ever knew. Alexandre lived at an earlier period, and was noted more for his mimetic representations than for his ventriloquial powers. Prof. Love, of England, was celebrated in the art, and was rivaled by Prof. Harrington, who died recently in Revere, Mass. Of those living to-day, Frederick McCabe and E. D. Davies are the greatest. Davies is now retired in Australia, and McCabe has recently signed a contract to go there the present season. Davies was the first ventriloquist to introduce 'figures' as an assistant to the art in America.

"McCabe was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi River steamboat, and, forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took a seat in the corner, and pulling his hat over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the things bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe the engineer squirted a half pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his audience receive it.

"At another time McCabe was confronted by a highwayman, on one of the lonely streets of Cincinnati, as he was returning to his hotel from a moonlight picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver to the ventriloquist's head, demanding his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the robber, exclaiming: 'Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!' The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver and marched the scoundrel to the police station.

"Louis Brabout, the great French ventriloquist, was also a great joker. The story is told of him that he fell in love with a beautiful young novitiate who was soon to take the veil. The sentiment was returned, and Brabout arranged for an elopement. His inamorata succeeded in getting outside the convent wall, and the two hurried away to the house of a neighboring priest. The holy man was awakened and requested to perform the marriage ceremony. His refusal was a thing to be expected, but Brabout was too cunning for the old man. When he said 'No!' most emphatically, and was about to raise a commotion and have the novitiate returned to the cloister, a deep sepulchral voice was heard coming from the bowels of the earth. It said:

"'I am thy father and am still in torment. Marry this couple and my probation in purgatory will be over.'

"The frightened priest called upon all the saints to protect him, and proceeded to perform that ceremony with greater alacrity than he had ever shown on similar occasions."

"Do you ever play jokes?"

"Not often. I am not given to such sport as a general thing, but occasionally amuse myself at the expense of others. Last year I was traveling with a musical combination. One day while riding on the cars I threw my voice into a covered basket and set up a furious barking like a dog. The lady beside whom the basket was sitting gave a scream and bounced out of the seat.

"Then I made a cat join in with the row, and a brakeman came running pell-mell to quiet the disturbance. He jerked the lid off the basket, and found nothing but a lot of delicious peaches the lady was taking home. The crowd was considerably mystified. Then I set a bumble-bee buzzing about the brakeman's ears and he retreated. A gentleman who was standing near heard a wolf growl so ferociously behind him that he jumped about two feet high. Then the lady was led to believe that a mouse's nest had found lodgment in her pocket, and the circus was complete. But I don't believe much in such capers, and generally forego the fun I might have if I felt disposed."—*An interview with a Ventriloquist.*

A Reckless Driver.

The Washington *Republican* says: A good story is told on Lieutenant Hoxie, the young gray-hended assistant engineer at the Columbia Buildings. While stationed at St. Louis he and the other young officers were much excreised at the rigor of Gen. Callender, who was a regular old martinet. He made the other officers send back to their regiments all the enlisted men who were serving them as orderlies, while he never thought of interfering with those about his own quarters. Callender was fond of a good horse, and had a pair that were extremely fast. Hoxie, who before his marriage was an admirer of horseflesh, had an animal which he considered quite rapid, and one day while driving overhauled the General and asked him to ride. The invitation was accepted, and Hoxie, anxious to show the speed of his horse, gave him the whip. This caused him to flirt his tail, prick up his ears, and start off at a rapid pace, which he immediately sensibly increased, causing the Lieutenant to pull very hard to keep him down into a trot.

"This is a pretty good horse you have, Hoxie," said the General.

"Yes," said Hoxie, pulling with all his might, "very fair."

"He goes along right well," said the senior officer. "How fast do you think we are going?"

By this time they had left the city and were flying along the road that led to the Arsenal, and Hoxie realized that his horse was running away. He tried to curb his speed without alarming the old man, but all his efforts were unavailing, and they tore along at a breakneck pace.

Once or twice the horse shied a little, but not greatly. The General finally renewed his question:

"I say, Hoxie, how fast do you suppose we are going?"

"I'm blessed if I know," said Hoxie, who was nearly played out tugging at the reins.

By this time the old man begna to be somewhat alarmed, and pulling out his watch he said:

"Well, Hoxie, I would like to go further with you, but I have an engagement that I must keep, and if you will let me out now I will be obliged."

"Oh, certainly," said Hoxie, with the perspiration standing on his brow in great beads. "Yes, indeed, I'll let you out now," and he made a mighty effort, and just then the horse shied so that the buggy was nearly upset. The nag stopped, however, and the old General piled out. The moment he strnck the ground and felt perfectly safe he turned to the Lieutenant and said:

"I tell you, Hoxie, that's a good horse, and he's fast, too; but I think you ought to break him of that habit of shying. I think you should lick it out of him," and the old man walked off.

Hoxie waited until he got his wind and recovered his strength, and then drove slowly back, subsequently telling his brother officers that he had run away with the old General without his knowing it. Whether he suspected it or not, the General used to say that "That that little fellow Hoxie was the most reckless driver he ever saw, and would use up a good horse in a mighty short time."

Face to Face with a Leopard.

No sooner had we camped than Tommy hurried off to find out where the noisy flocks of Iris-crows were perched.

Menito, meanwhile, had watered our mule, and reported that, farther up, the rill was as cold as ice, so I picked up the drinking-cup and accompanied him to the spring. We had followed the windings of the glen for some five or six hundred yards, when suddenly the boy seized my arm, and by a sort of instinct at the same moment my eyes met those of an animal crouching behind a fallen tree, not more than fifteen paces from where we stood. "Don't stir," I whispered; "that's a panther! The least movement, and he will make a spring."

Menito stood as still as a statue, but I felt his finger-nails piercing my skin; he began to realize our situation, for even through the gloom of the ravine and the intervening branches of the fallen tree we could see that the animal was getting ready for action; inch by inch it advanced its fore paws and lowered its head. At that moment, as I gripped my hunting-knife, the report of a gun boomed through the glen. Two instants afterward, the panther had vanished—a single leap had landed him on the other side of the creek, and with the second jump he was away and out of sight among the bowlders of a branch ravine.

"That was Tommy's shot-gun," said I; "he fired at the rookery, I suppose," for once more the hills were ringing with the croaks and caws of the Iris-crows.

Menito made no reply, but still clutched my arm, and looking into his face, I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks—the first and last time I ever caught him crying. I never saw a braver lad of his age, but the excitement for once had overstrained his nerves.—*Dr. F. J. Oswald, in St. Nicholas.*

GENERAL.

—Fred Lutzman, a survivor of Waterloo, died recently at Louisville, Ky., aged eighty four years. At the battle of Waterloo he received a bayonet thrust in his side.

—The drains leading from the Philadelphia Mint yielded about $1,000 worth of gold and silver at the last annual scouring. The recovery of metal by that operation has amounted to $21,000 in nineteen years.

—At Haverfordwest, England, the other day, a well-dressed man, in disproof of a charge of habitual drunkenness, held up an umbrella, which he avowed he had not lost nor mislaid for fourteen months.

—On a cliff near Rincon Point, in Ventura County, Cal., the rocks are so hot as to be unbearable to the naked hand. Sulphur fumes are also noticeable in that locality, and from all indications a fierce fire is raging below the surface.

—The sudden appearance of the comet caused great consternation among the native population of New Mexico, and their churches have been crowded by frightened men, women, and children, praying that the dire calamities they feared might be averted.

—The head of the Tunisian mission now in Paris is Mustapha Pasha, who, when a boy, swept a *cafe* in Tunis. The Bey took a fancy to him, took him into his palace, educated him, and advanced him to office after office of State, until now he is a Prime Minister, and, of course, very rich.

—Two lovers were united in marriage by a Philadelphia clergyman, the man promising to call at his house the next day and pay for certificate. They departed, however, without doing so, and the clergyman prints a marriage notice, with the words: "No cards, no cake, no cash, no certificate." This happened in the City of Brotherly Love.

—One man who is rightly entited to the name of a pioneer of the Pacific coast region is John F. Dye, now living in Pajaro Valley, Santa Cruz County, Cal. He is eighty years old, and wears his age lightly, being yet hale and vigorous. In 1829 he left his native State of Kentucky, joined a trapping expedition to the far West, and after many wanderings arrived at the pueblo of Los Angeles in 1832.

—In the Gila Valley, one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson, Arizona, are the famous Pintados. A heap of rocks, about fifty feet high, is covered with rude figures, geometric and anatomical. Here are squares, circles, crosses, triangles, snakes, toads, and vermin, men without heads, and dogs without tails. The sketches are like those of the Aztec calender stone in Mexico.

—Australia suffers from both animal and vegetable plagues. It has groaned under a rabbit pest, and a kind of watercress, which somebody thought would be "such a good thing," but which has served admirably to choke up streams; and now it is in mortal dread of the *lantana*, a shrub resembling a gigantic raspberry bush, which was imported as a garden ornament from France. Birds like the seed and scatter it in all directions, and the shrub threatens to grow densely and become an insufferable nuisance.

—A society is now forming in England to introduce the "participation" system of manufacturing, in which a share of the net profits of an undertaking is allotted to the workmen in addition to their wages paid at the full market rate. No less than one hundred firms on continental Europe are now worked on this plan, with universally good results. This society will seek to attain its objects by collecting and publishing detailed information on the subject with which its operations are concerned.

—On a dispatch from the Sheriff of San Luis Obispo County, Cal., the Sheriff of Los Angeles arrested a young woman, apparently about seventeen years old, and a person in boy's clothes about thirteen years old, encamped in the willows near the city, with three horses in their possession. On placing them in jail it was found that both were girls, who had run away and stolen the horses for their journey. They had been eight days on their journey, camping out all the time. They gave the names of Rosa and Emma Kearney, of San Luis Obispo.

—Certain features of the new Tay bridge that shall supplant the one which went down with such frightful loss of life appear to have been exactly fixed upon. Its total length will be 10,000 feet, or about two miles, and calculations are made for double the wind pressure which the strongest gale will ever bring to bear upon the bolts. The wind pressure is put at twenty-one pounds per square foot, and allowance is made for fifty-six pounds. Each pier will be entirely independent of an old one, and will be placed in an opposite position. It is intended that there shall be a parapet of wrought iron, as a precaution in case a car should leave the rails.

The Romantic Story of John Burnside.

The will of the late John Burnside, of New Orleans, who left an estate valued at $5,000,000, has finally been discovered. It bears date of 1857, and names Oliver Bierne as residuary legatee. Bequests amounting to $500,000 are made to members of the firm of McStea & Valve, and to various charitable institutions in New Orleans. There seems to be considerable of a romance connected with Mr. Burnside's history. A good many years ago Andrew Bierne, an Irishman, was the capitalist of the Greenbrier region in Virginia. According to the gossips, one afternoon as he was riding, and had stopped to water his horse at a little brook, he found an infant boy, carefully wrapped up, asleep on a bed of rushes. Quite startled at the sight, after riding around and hallooing half an hour for the owners of the child, night approaching, and wolves being numerous in the forest, he took the child and carried it to his house, where he placed it under the care of his favorite attendants, John and wife. The parents never turned up, and in due time the boy was named John Burnside—a name suggested by the place where he was found—by the side of a burn or brook, a word common in Scotland and in the north of Ireland.

The boy grew well, and in due time became the supervising clerk of Mr. Bierne's many stores. From his business exactitude and industry he was a great favorite with Mr. Bierne, but with few others. He was taciturn, reserved, and morose, even when a young man. But his business habits and talents recommended him, and Mr. Bierne established him in New Orleans with his son, Oliver Bierne, where his characteristics remained as they were in early life. He had no social feeling, no sympathy, no public spirit, but was pre-eminently successful in trade.

Whether this story be true or not, Mr. Bierne never denied it. One thing is certain, the deceased never conversed, nor would permit any one to converse with him, about his origin or birthplace. One of his fellow clerks with Mr. Bierne, Andrew Mennis (brother of the late Hon. Callohill Mennis, of Bedford County, Va.,) called on Mr. Burnside when in the zenith of his mercantile glory in New Orleans, was kindly received, but happening to recur to the story of his birth, and contrasting it with his great success, Mr. Burnside flew into a rage, jumped up from the table, and never spoke to him afterward.

During the war Mr. Burnside remained in Louisiana, and when his great coup of sugar was seized by Gen. Butler, get it all back on the plea of being a British subject.

The finding of the will gives color to the story of his babyhood. It is thought that there will be a big legal fight over the will by persons claiming to be relatives of Burnside.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

Two Millions Going Begging.

In the last few days an advertisement in the "Personals" of the *Herald* calling for information in reference to a $2,000,000 legacy in England, for which the heirs are said to be wanting, has attracted considerable attention. Yesterday the English lawyer who had inserted this "Personal" was called upon and some particulars of the case were ascertained, which surrounded it with no little mystery. The first impetus given to the present inquiry was the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Herald* of December 26, 1880:

IMPORTANT—$2,000,000—Mrs. B. P. Backus, formerly S. A. Hayward, Baltimore, Md., will send her address to Alfred Williard Williams, executor of estate of William Brown, England. This will, though contested since 1876, is now settled in behalf of the above-named party. By order of the executor. A. W. W.

Brown, according to the statements of the lawyer, was a rich young country gentleman from Yorkshire, England, who came to this country in 1873 in company with one Alfred Williard Williams, and traveled about for some years, residing a considerable portion of the time in Boston, where he was well known. At the Parker House his name has been found on the register, and he is recalled as a tall, fine, hearty-looking Englishman of lavish habits. He is also said to have lived at the Tremont House, but of this no proof has thus far been obtained. Where he died is not known, but the lawyer in question claims to have received corroborative information from some lawyers that Brown's estate in Yorkshire had been the subject of a will contest, which had been decided favorably to the rights of the Mrs. Backus, *nee* Hayward, of Baltimore, mentioned in the advertisement. Who Mrs. Backus was is a puzzling feature of the case, and it is equally perplexing to guess what her relation to Brown could have been to have entitled her to the $2,000,000 Yorkshire estate. Williams was in New York last August, before his return to England. He stopped at the Astor House, where he is still remembered. It is now supposed that Williams, as well as Mrs. Backus, has also died, and no trace has thus far been found to the heirs or kinsmen of either of the persons involved in the mystery. It is a remarkable fact in these days, when "bogus" claimants to large inheritances spring up like mushrooms, that not a single reply has been received by the English lawyer to the advertisments which have appeared in the *Herald* for three or four days. Williams was supposed to have been searching for the nebulous Mrs. Backus last August, and to have died broken-hearted from the knowledge that the vast estate might be diverted from its rightful owner, the fair Mrs. Backus, in case of his death. It is now sought to find the heirs of Williams and Mrs. Backus in order that they might accept the estate, but thus far no success has crowned the efforts of the English lawyers engaged in this noble search on both hemispheres. Thus far there have been many English estates for which American heirs have been advertised which have shown themselves of a rather shadowy and evanescent nature, but the English lawyer claims that there is no doubt of this cosy little $2,000,000 property actually awaiting in Yorkshire the first true-blooded Williams and Backus that may turn up.—*New York Herald.*

An Ingenious Kind of Bird.

One of the most interesting and common birds here (in the Adirondack region, Northern New York,) is a large woodpecker that bores holes in the bark of spruce and then plugs them up with acorns and nuts of any kind. One piece of wood taken from a tree of about eight square inches, contains ten of these plugs, so closely and tightly wedged in that a knife had to be used to force them out. A fine specimen of this ingenious work can be seen in the cabinet of the Museum of Natural History, Central Park. The piece of bark looks as if wooden bullets had been fired at it and just covered themselves. The general impression seems to be that the birds put them there and eat them in the winter or later, but squirrels, it would seem, would have the best of it. We have seen the birds picking at nuts or acorns that had evidently been lodged in the wood some time, and were impressed with the idea that they had been placed there to collect grubs and other live food that would work into them, and then the woodpecker would visit the trap he had set and reap the reward of his labors. The amount of work a woodpecker does in making a hole three inches deep can be imagined when it is known that in some of the pieces of wood bored ten or fifteen pecks of their bills hardly make any impression. How many thousand it would take to finish the work mentioned, and the consequent wear and tear of patience, can be imagined.—*New York Times.*

Our Young Folks.

'TIS HARD TO BELIEVE.

Very warm was the day, very drowsy and still,
And the farmer sat reading the news;
And the wife of the farmer was milking the cow,
And his eldest son blacking his shoes;
And the maid of the farmer was on the back porch,
Making apple and blackberry pies,
With the farmer's wee girl in a chair by her side,
Looking at her with sleepy blue eyes,
And the maid in the kitchen was washing the plates,
With many "Oh, dears!" and "Oh, mys!"
And the house-dog was lying upon the doormat,
A lazily snapping at flies—

When some Naps, just escaped from the country of Nod,
Came noiselessly flying that way;
And the funniest pranks that small Naps ever played,
In a moment they managed to play.
From the hands of the farmer the paper they snatched,
From his head jerked the kerchief of silk;
And they tumbled his wife from her stool 'gainst the cow,
And away went the pail of new milk.

They jogged the boy's elbow, and up flew his arm,
And the blacking splashed over his nose;
And they charmed the poor maid with a nice little dream,
And then dropped a big plate on her toes.
Close together they brought Pompey's teeth with a bang,
Just catching the tip of his tongue;
And the ma of the farmer they teased, till at last
Half her fruit in the garden she flung.
And they closed baby's eyes, and she slid from the chair,
And lay on the floor in a heap;
And yet these same Naps, though 'tis hard to believe,
Are the children of quiet Dame Sleep.
—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

It was "writing afternoon"—said Miss Jenkins—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; and others were careless, and didn't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I *will* not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's large and plump, but flabby, withal, and not over clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged, uncertainly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" *were* "n's," and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterward. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty. Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced—the one tantalizing, the other soothing—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You mustn't," said the other.

"He deserves it."

"He doesn't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should be an example. Do you think they are not watching you? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp, black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys."

Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I cannot bear to punish you—not in *that* way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class, instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way."

"I cannot, oh, I *can't*," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul! good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you *must* do it."

"*I won't!*"

I walked quickly to the desk and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, m'—yes, 'm!" came *from* parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss Street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, 'm. Hurrah for——"

"Stop a moment. One thing more." Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully, that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, 'm. Yes, ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, 'm, you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. *He has been such a faithful boy* that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll——"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, under the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.—*Mary C. Bartlett, in St. Nicholas.*

Clean Clothes for Hot Weather.

Of the various methods of keeping cool in hot weather none are to be entirely despised, unless it is that of drinking spirits. Better than almost any of them, however, is the frequent changing of underclothing. So much moisture escapes in the form of perspiration that the skin seems to have no time to dispose of anything else; but the truth is that the perspiration carries with it a great deal of waste matter that is not, like most of the moisture, carried off by absorption through the various thicknesses of clothing and into the surrounding air. This waste remains in whatever fabric it first reaches, and it soon accumulates to a degree that either retards perspiration or prevents its absorption. Servants may grumble as the family wash increases in hot weather, or laundry bills may increase; but it is cheaper to devote more money to both than to spend a larger amount for liquor or other tonics to remove the sense of oppression that always follows obstructed perspiration. The frequency with which athletes, actors, experienced pedestrians and others who exercise freely in warm weather change their clothing would astonish many people who imagine their own habits to be extremely cleanly; but the changes richly pay for themselves in comfort.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The anti-French agitation in Italy has aroused the somewhat astonished attention of Frenchmen to the great number of Italians inhabiting France. The floating population of Italians in Paris amounts to the large total of 50,000. The other cities in which they swarm are Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nimes and Bessancon. One sees little of them in other places, but where Italians assemble they cluster thick and live together.

HOME AND FARM.

—Ham Omelet.—Cold boiled ham, one half pound; eggs, four; pepper, one-quarter teaspoon; salt, one-half teaspoon.

— Iced Buttermilk. — There is no healthier drink than buttermilk, but it must be creamy, rich buttermilk to be good. It should stand on the ice to cool, though if very rich and thick a little ice in it is an improvement.

—A simple and excellent remedy, says Waldo, in the *Ohio Farmer*, in case of swelling and inflammation, is sal ammoniac dissolved in vinegar. He has never seen any liniment that would so quickly and certainly reduce a swelling in the first stages.

—Black silk is restored to its deep black color by sponging it with a decoction of common cheap black tea, which contains all the ingredients of a black dye, viz., tannin and iron, with usually some logwood to add to the flavor. The silk is then ironed with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side or placed between two sheets.

—Madeline Cakes for Dessert.—Four eggs, half pound butter, half pound sugar, half pound flour. Mix the butter, sugar and the yelks of the eggs thoroughly; then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little dishes, each about one-third full, and bake till done.

—Lemon Pudding. — One lemon grated, rind and pulp, one cup sugar, one of water or sweet milk, four eggs, three tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons flour. Line a deep dish with pastry crusts, pour the custard in, bake thirty minutes. Beat the whites of three or four eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten, spread over the top of the pudding, let brown slightly.

—Cottage Cheese.—Put a pan of clabbored sour milk over the fire and let it become well scalded. Then pour it into a clean cloth; let it drip until cold enough to squeeze between the hands. Press all the water out so that the clabber will be dry. Put this into a bowl and work it until it is fine and free from lumps, and moisten by adding sweet cream. Put in pepper and salt and a small piece of butter. Mold into little balls or not, as you please.

—The *Fruit Grower* suggests that farmers' boys and girls be permitted to raise strawberries, raspberries, grapes, etc., on their own account for the market that is waiting or can be easily built up in almost every neighborhood. There are several advantages of the plan that will suggest themselves at once to any thoughtful person, among them the exercise, the promotion of knowledge, the cultivation of rural tastes, business habits and self-dependence, and last, but not least, the edification and enlargement of the mind that comes of contact with the soil and attention to the wonderful ways of vegetation.

—Yes, our bouses are very pretty; they are painted the whitest of the white and the blinds the geenest of the green; but why are the door-steps and the piazza in such neglected state? Apparently you don't paint them as often as you do your clapboards, while they need it oftener; neither do you always mend them when a board gives way, but swayed and ragged let them stay, a condemning evidence against your tidiness and thrift. They remind us of ladies gayly dressed with ptumes and blossoms on their heads, with robes untarnished and bedecked with tasteful trimmings, but whose shoes may lack a button, have heels oblique, or have not yet been polished since they left the store.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Poll-Evil.

In the treatment of this case the patient should be confined on a light diet and a potion of cooling medicine should also be given—ten or twelve ounces of Glanber salts dissolved in six gills of hot water. As soon as the liquid is sufficiently cool it should be poured down the throat from a smooth-necked champagne bottle. The tumefied parts should be kept constantly wet by means of bandages thoroughly saturated in a mixture composed of equal parts of pure cider vinegar and cold water. This treatment should be well persevered in for a few days. Should the tumor in the meantime increase in size and the parts develop much heat, a poultice of bruised flaxseed should be applied twice daily for forty-eight or ninety-six hours, or until the tumor manifests a fluctuating feeling. You will please note that no procrastination should be indulged in, such as waiting patiently for the tumor to break of its own accord, but as soon as the matter can be distinctly felt by pressure make an incision slantingly with a sharp knife upon the right side of the neck at the base of the abscess. The incision or cut must not be made so deep as to come in contact with the spinal corn or marrow. The opening of the base of the tumor should be made sufficiently large to allow the pus to freely escape as fast as it forms. A seton should be passed down from the natural opening at the top af the tumor through the artificial opening made at its base. Before inserting the seton it should be dipped in tincture of cantharides. This will be found the safest and best plan to adopt for promoting healthy granulation and adhesion to the walls of the tumor. The fistulous track is not probably very long, and the tape seton will work its way gradually but efficaciously out, by which time the cure is made. A stimulus is also necessary to be applied to the interior of the tumor, by resaturating the seton, in three or four days after it is first inserted, with a solution made by dissolving ten grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of cold water. This latter-named stimulus shonld be applied twice per week nntil a healthy discharge of pus appearn; then stop. In the opening, from the top down to the artificial opening at the bottom, should be injected three times a week a stimulus composed of one drachm of chloride zinc dissolved in one pint of cold water. Apply the zinc lotion in half an hour after nsing the cantharides tincture and the nitrate of silver solution. The tincture of cantharides should only be applied once, and the nitrate of silver solution on the third or fourth day after, and continne as long as found necessary; but the zinc lotion should be applied once daily until a healthy granulation takes place, then every second or third day until the parts heal sound.—*N. Y. World.*

How to Make Jellies.

Only the best quality of fruit should be selected for preserving—that which is ripe but not overripe. This caution is especially necessary in preparing jelly. The gelatinous substance of the fruit grows watery with age, and in spite of all efforts jelly made from too ripe fruit will not "form." Currant jelly is usualiy the first preserving done. Strawberries are often neglected, as they are an extremely delicate fruit to keep through the hot weather. Currant jelly-making is one of the most delicate culinary arts. It requires care, skill and attention to the smallest details. Without this the jelly may come, but it will be dark and striugy, and flavorless, or, most humiliating of all to the housekeeper's pride, it may be thin. If the jelly does not "form" in one night, there is little use in working over it. The currants have been overripe or the juice has been cooked too long. It will grow a little thicker if it is set in the sun for a day or two, covered with pieces of glass, but jelly once thin will never form rightly and no care can remedy the mistake.

Speed is of the greatest consequence in all preserving, as the natural flavor of the fruit is more readily saved. The old-fashioned method of squeezing the juice from the unheated fruit and boiling it down to a thick conserve is happily abandoned now by all intelligent housekeepers. Place the currants, which may be stowed if you wish, though it is not necessary, in a stone jar and set it in a pot of cold water, which should be placed on the fire. The stone jar should be covered tightly and be a little higher than the rim of the pot, so that no steam can get to the currants. Cook them in this way thirty minutes after the water begins to boil Then break the fruit with a potato beetle and strain through a flannel bag. Do not squeeze the currants too hard, as the jelly will be cloudy if you do. It is better to press the juice out with a press. To every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle and let it cook gently fifteen minutes after it boils. Then add the sugar; stir to dissolve it as quickly as possible, and at the first boiling remove the kettle from the fire and fill the bowls or tumblers you have in readiness. These should be standing in a pan of boiling water, to prevent their being cracked by the hot jelly. Opaque bowls or jars are better to keep jelly than tumblers, as they exclude the light. A bowl makes a prettier mold for the table. It is well to put a specimen of the jelly in a tumbler to examine its clearness and color.

Many housekeepers prepare current jelly spiced to eat with mutton and other meats. This is easily done by adding a tablespoonful of cinnamon and one of mace, tied in a bag, to the juice when when you put it on to boil. Before you add the sugar take out the bag of spices, add a tablespoonful of cloves, which may remain in the jelly, as they look pretty floating in the clear crimson foam.

Black current jelly is excellent, and is made in the same way as red currant.

The amateur cook may fail in her first currant jelly, but she will be sure to succeed with grape or quince jellies. They are much more easily made and can scarcely fail to be firm and fine. Grapes are made into jelly in the same way as currants. The fruit should be only just ripe, and green grapes, just before they turn, are often used. The most delicious grape jelly is made of the large fox grapes common in thickets in New England. Plum jelly is made like grape, and damson or green gage plums are used.

Quinces and crab-apples seem made for jelly. They cannot be preserved without their syrup running to jelly around the fruit. Select the quinces, slice and core them, but put them all together over the fire; cook till tender, allowing a cup of water to every five pounds of fruit. Press out the juice, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar, and proceed as with currant jelly. For crab-apple jelly, choose the best Siberian apples, cut them in half—do not peel or core—place them in a stone jar set in water in the same way as currants, but let them remain on the back part of the range, the water slowly boiling around them for seven or eight hours. Set them off the stove at night and in the morning strain the cold juice through a flannel, boil it down twenty minutes and add sugar in the same proportion as in currants. Let it boil up and then fill the bowls.

For peach jelly add three-quarters of the blanched kernels of the peach nuts. After the juice is pressed out allow a scant pound of sugar to a pound of juice. Cook the juice twenty minutes, add the sugar, let it boil up once and put in the bowl. Do not seal up any jelly at once, but leave it unoovered till the next day, then place two thin papers dipped in brandy over it and seal it up with paper and paste.

Transportation of Fresh Fruits.

A great deal of fruit is being shipped East from Sacremento. The amount is much larger than at this time last year. Among the shipments has been a carload of assorted fruit, put up in the Dietz packing, a recently patented process. The Suisun *Republican* says that the preservative agent is carbonized wheat bran, and that by it fresh fruit is preserved from decay, so that it can be shipped East by slow freight and sold off as the demand is made for it, without being compelled to sacrifice it for fear of loss. The carload shipped goes to Philadelphia. It contains grapes, plums, peaches, apricots, etc., and goes as fast freight, though hereafter it is the plan to ship by slow freight, as it will reduce the charges over one-half, or from $1,100 to $500 a car-load to New York. If fruit can be packed in this easy and inexpensive manner, and preserved indefinitely and shipped anywhere, the business will develop wonderfully. "Fresh peaches at Christmas and grapes at midwinter" are very alluring, and Mr. Dietz says that they may be had by simply packing them in wheat bran reduced to charcoal. We shall see.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—Egg Sandwiches.—Butter the bread and line the sandwiches with slices of hard-boiled eggs, slightly salted and peppered. Throw the eggs as soon as boiled into very cold water, and leave them to cool there. This will prevent the yelks from turning blue-black.

THE DAIRY.

—Mr. Harris Lewis, examining once a sample of milk drawn from an unclean udder by a dirty man in a foul stable, remarked that there was a little too much manure to be called pure milk and not quite enough for a good fertilizer.

—Since the 1st of May, 1881, 5,901,145 pounds of butter, 40,338,405 pounds of cheese and 821,405 pounds of oleomargarine have been exported to Europe. Glasgow received the largest quantity of butter and oleomargarine and stands second for cheese receipts, while Liverpool heads all the other markets for cheese, receiving three tiues as much as any other port.

—When American dairymen as a class bestow as much care and attention on their cows as the dairymen of Holland do, they will have better results than at present. Travelers who have visited Holland report that the cow is always well cared for, and often receives better attention than the members of the household. She has the best of food, is regularly milked, watered and salted, blanketed in cold weather and provided with a cool, shady place in the heat of summer, and for this care and attention the Hollander finds an increased flow of milk, and an improvement in his herds which makes them more valuable than the average American cow.

—The best rule for salting butter is to salt to suit the taste of the consumer. There is no use in applying any particular amount of salt for the sake of preserving it, because the very lightest salting is always more than sufficient for all the effect salt can have as a preservative of butter. Generally one ounce of salt to sixteen ounces of butter is used. But if the butter has any undesirable flavor or is insipid a little more salt may be used, say one ounce to twelve or fourteen ounces of butter, so as to obscure in a measure the faulty taste, the flavor of salt being less objectionable than a wrong or defective taste in butter. But if the flavor is very fine and full it will not be desirable to hide it, but on the coutrary to give it more prominence, hence less salt, say one ouuce to twenty of butter, will give a better effect.—*Professor L. B. Arnold.*

—There is no particular churn that is more durable or better than every other churn. The old dash churn with a large dasher is as durable and brings butter as soon as any, but is laborious to operate, it is everywhere for sale. Rotating and oscillating churns, which act upon all their conteuts at every impulse with a concussion or thud, bring butter equally as soon and much easier and in quite as good condition as the dash churn. Their comparative durability depends not so much upon the particular pattern of churn as upon the workmanship which enters into their manufacture. For best choice the purchaser had better make a personal inspection of the varieties within his reach of observation rather than depend upon any particular pattern. To make a good selection one should be careful to avoid churns which operate by friction instead of concussion, or on only a part of the cream at each stroke, as by using a little dasher and rotating paddles that glide through the cream touching but a small part of it at each rotation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Making Butter.

Churning, in order to produce good butter, is a process which should be carefully watched and should not be trusted to inexperienced hands. A great deal of butter, either from ignorance or unaccountable reasons, is churned to death. As soon as the butter is formed into little grains, the churning should at once cease. Any further agitation is a positive injury, and results in putting into the butter what the process of churning is intended to get out of it. The cream should be at a temperature of from fifty-seven to sixty degrees when it is put into the churn, and in order that the temperature should be accurately ascertained, no one who makes butter should be without the comparatively inexpensive necessary adjunct to a dairy, a thermometer. It is idle to expect success if we do not attend to details, and if the smallest detail is neglected, results will be imperfect. If a man in constructing a wall should fail to make it solid by using little stones where they were required, he would have a very unsafe wall when he got through. Little things havo their important place in this world as well as larger things. The very first duty of a dairyman is to learn to sacredly regard the trifling details. The reason that we have so much wretchedly poor butter is that some of our butter makers are utterly regardless of the important influence of a few degrees in the temperature of the cream or the neglect of some other apparently small but really important particular.

As to washing butter its utility is a mooted question, but we wash it and can see no ill effect from using pure water upon butter. Washing is generally adopted by the majority of the most intelligent and progressive butter makers, although strenuously objected to by some. It is one of these matters which every one who has had experience should have settled for himself, and for those who have not experience we advise washing. If future experience shall teach them that it is an error we shall be glad to know how they arrive at such a conclusion, and shall be open for conviction.

Salting is a matter of taste altogether. The salt is said to have no influence upon the keeping qualities of butter, and we do not suppose that the small quantity used has much. But to say that it has none we believe to be contrary to reason. Salt is a preservative, and must to some extent act as such in butter, but not to an extent to cause it to eut much of a figure as a preservative. Salt, therefore, to suit the taste. We use an ounce to a pound.—*Western Rural.*

—A correspondent of *Chambers' Journal* cites some striking instances of the value of oil when cast upon the water in enabling open boats to pass safely through dangerous surf. He suggests that life boats especially would find the use of oil advantageous in approaching wrecked vessels.

—A big job in the hose line—the stocking of the Merrimac.—*Lowell Courier.*

—The last "new departure in" newspaper enterprise is reported from New Orleans. The *Democrat* of that city has fitted up a branch office on a barge, which, having been towed up the Mississippi River to Memphis, is now floating down to New Orleans again, stopping at all points of interest on the way to gather information concerning the country along the river and for some distance back into the interior. The barge is sixty feet long with twelve feet width of beam. Its interior accommodations comprise business, editorial and job offices, composing and press-rooms, sleeping apartments, dining-room, kitchen, and stable for the horses used in making land trips back from the river. It is practically a fully equipped newspaper establishment afloat.

—A Vienna chemist has invented a powerful soporific, by which a person may be instantaneously and helplessly stupefied. It is called "bandiger," and the chemist invented it in order to defend himself against a dog which was in the habit of attacking him. Afterward he offered it to the police as an instrument for overpowering desperate men. He has also invented an antidote. The *Tagblatt* says: "Woe to Vienna and many other cities when the rogues come into possession of this novel weapon which science has prepared for the service of their craft."

—An auk's egg was sold in London not long ago for five hundred dollars; only fifty of these eggs are known to be in existence, but the fabled roc's egg could scarcely command a higher price if offered for sale.

THERE are five women to one man in Holyoke, Mass., and the poor men have to enter ice-cream offices by way of the back window, and they carry revolvers when they go to picnics

Truth and Honor.

Query:—What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and biliousness, aid digestion and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compels us to answer, Hop Bitters: being pure, perfect and harmless. See another column.—*Toledo Blade.*

MANY a young fellow thinks himself the cream of society, when be is nothing but a milk-sop.

The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.—*Leader.*

PEOPLE differ widely in politics and religion, but all parties seem to have united in placing James Gough Pellets at the front as a remedy for coughs, consumption, etc. Sold everywhere—25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Northern Ohio Fair.

Attention is called to the announcement of the Northern Ohio Fair Association of Cleveland. Their Eleventh Annual Fair will be held from September 5th to 9th.

Bed-bugs, Roaches,

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c, druggists.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house, and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable.

THE sales of Frazer Axle Grease last year were enormous. Stick a pin here.

THE medicine crop shows no failing off. More bottles to the acher than ever.

WHY shouldn't all babies be given the right to choose their names? Girl babies have the privilege, after a time; but give a boy a name, and it hangs to him till death.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE butcher is always happy to meat his customers.

ONE reason why people do not visit stores that do not advertiso is because they do not wish to disturb the boy who is reading a novel behind the counter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SPELL pea soup with three letters. S-O-U—pea soup.

A YOUNG man who was riding on the New Haven Railroad the other day was boasting that he never smoked any other cigars than clear Havanas. As the car passed a cabbage field, the cigar that he was smoking, being very strong, broke loose and jumped out of the car window, and cried, "I must go and see my brothers, sisters and friends," and made straightway for the cabbage field. The young man's discomfiture was so great that he went in the forward car and sat there till the train reached its destination. The moral to this story is never to say that you smoke only clear Havana cigars—particularly when you're passing a cabbage farm.—*Puck.*

THIS is rather warm work, as the thermometer remarked to the comet.

CHARLEY—"Throw me a kiss, Mary." Mary (quite contrary)—"I shan't; if it isn't worth coming for, it isn't worth having." Charley goes for it.—*Boston Transcript.*

CAYENNE pepper will drive away ants and mice. The pepper must be thrown in their eyes.

IF the men were as silent about their ages as the women, we shouldn't hear so many army reminiscences as we now do. The ladies are worthy of being patterned after in this regard.

A LAYMAN—The undertaker.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

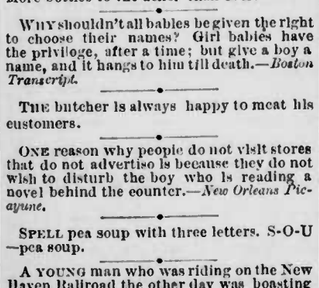

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Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as herebefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE, Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

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Blind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

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Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

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It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

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It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

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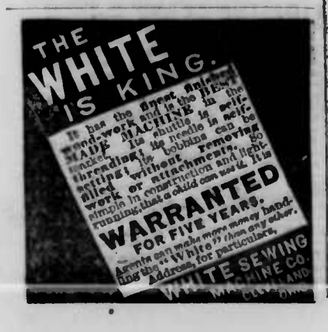

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.54 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.21 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 16	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 16 to 25 cents.

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Master of Transport.
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A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 61 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as called, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take an assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—i. e. the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, 4 their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

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This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

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See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15. Rosewood Stool and music, for only

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881. NUMBER 27.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONDOVA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in several cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARPENTERVILLE, Ill.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
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SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
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ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
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CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
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BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
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21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
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No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

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I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

or trim them at reasonable figures. Having had experience and instruction in several of the large cities of the East, I am prepared to do work in the latest and most fashionable manner, at prices much below what is generally charged for first class work.

I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,
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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

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For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
6 18 tf Oakland, Md

THE HARD-BACK BUG.

"Lor, yes. I have had an offer, and I sunpose I might have been married like other folks if it hadn't been for a hard-hack bug. That's what I always called 'em—hard-back bugs. That kind with a shell and wings and whiskers and bottle eyes and ever so many legs, that make a noise like a clock a-running down. A scientific hoarder we had one summer gave me a new name for 'em, but that's mine—hard-back bugs. Ever had one down your own back? Yes? Then you know how it feels.

"I warn't one of those marry kind of folks ever. I always sed I'd hev any one that was congenial and made an offer, but I'd got to be thirty before there seemed to be any likelihood of such a thing happening, and then who should take a liking to me but Major Miller.

"He was a very fine man and owned a nice farm and was major of Militia. He was just the stiffest man you ever saw; swallowing the ramrod wouldn't explain it, and what he expected when he talked was attention. If you didn't sit and listen to every mortal word he uttered as you would to the minister of a Sunday, off he'd go in a temper; but I didn't mind listening, and the major was quite intellectable, and the stories he used to tell about himself and his company were real interesting; and I was sort o' tired o' keepin' house for Uncle Perkins. So when he asked me if I had any objections to his calling of Thursday evenings, I said I'd be pleased to see him. So every Thursday I had the best parlor and he came at eight and went away at eleven, and folks began to teas me considerable, and I didn't mind it much. And I went over to the major's house on the sly once—he was a widower—and got the black help to show me the furniture. There was lots of it—proper good, too—and blankets and counterpanes. The first Mrs. Miller had been forehand of 'em; and there was plenty of silver, too.

"'And I shall be glad to hev a lady over the house,' said black Sally. 'For working for a man isn't all it's cracked up to be. They have lots of whims and notions, and don't know what is needed to make anything. So long as I suited I'd be glad to stay, if master should marry again.'

"So you see, even black Sally knew. Well, after I had seen all the things and knowed how good they were I made up my mind for sartain.

"And one August evening after I'd righted up the parlor and opened the windows to let in a little cool air—a goose I was to do it, too—I said to myself, I reckon the major will ask me to hev him to-night, and I reckon I'll say yes, if he does.' And jast then I heard his knock at the door. In he walked, and down I sat, with the worst of luck, as you'll see, with my back to the window, and down sat the major on another chair. And after we'd had a little talk about the crops and the weather, and such polite subjects, he hitches his chair a little nearer and says he:

"'Miss Samanthy, I've got something very particular to say to you, and I hope you'll give me your most particularest attention.'

"And says I: 'Yes, major, I'll do so,' and folded my hands in my lap and sat holt upright and waited.

"'Miss Samanthy,' begun the major, 'you know I've been comin' to see you purty regular for nigh about three months. Now a man of my decision of character don't do that without some reason for doing it. I suppose you know I've made up my mind to—'

"'Oh!' says I, short and sudden. I couldn't help it. At that blessed moment something tickled my neck, and I heard a little crr! crr! that I knowed was the voice of a hard back bug. There was one on my collar and I could no more help screeching than I could help breathing and live.

"'Well, Miss Samanthy,' says the major, 'did I understand you to make an exclamation?'

"'Oh! no; major,' says I, 'nothing particular. Please go on.'

"'Where was I?' says he. 'Oh! yes. I couldn't have come here so long without making up my mind that you was a steady and keerful person, and one that had sense enough to be able to listen when folks of great experience was a talkin.' Most women can't sit still to listen to nothing. They want to talk, and if they don't talk they'll fidget. Now if I had a wife that fidgeted'—

"'Oh!' says I, again.

"I could no more help it than I could before. That hard-back bug had gone down my back and was crr'ing; crr'ing under my shoulder blade.

"'What did I understand you to remark, Miss Samanthy?' says the major, looking mortally offended.

"'I'm sure I didn't remark nothing, major,' says I.

"'I feel quite sure that you did not, for I like to contradict a lady,' says the major.

"'There's things on a body's mind,' says I, 'that others don't know of.'

"I hadn't the courage to say, 'on a body's back.' That little screech had nothing to do with your remarks, major.

"'I begged your particular attention, Miss Samanthy, said the major. 'I never saw you so sing'lar in your manner before. If what I'm saying is unpleasant to you'—

"'Oh, no,' says I; 'do go on, please. Then I sat still, while that hard-back bug walked over me. A girl that hasn't had an offer before, and gets one at thirty, will bear a good deal for it. I sat like a post and looked at the major, and he went on.

"'A man should be the head of his family, I calkerlate. When a woman's voice is heard continoual, I say discipline is not observed in that house as it ought to be. I've always thought a wife that knowed her duty was hard to find, but since I've come a visiting here I've noticed that you seem to have some judgment, and I've made up by mind to ask you'—

"'Oh, mighty my?' screeched I just then. You see that pesky hard-back bug had took hold. He'd fastened his claws in me and was a nipping away.

"'You did remark something then, Miss Samanthy,' says the major, but by this time I couldn't say anything. Nobody that has had a hard-back bug run down their back can ever understand my feeling. I gave one awful shriek and jumped up and overset the glass shade over the wax flowers and trod on the major's toes, and ran out of the room.

"I rather guessed he'd never forgive me, but a hard-back bug down your back, beginning to bite, makes everything else seem insignificant.

"I ran up to my room and assassinated that bug, short metre; but when I came back the major was sitting holding his hat, and I saw he would not go on with his proposition that evening. When I sat down he riz up, and says he:

"'Well, Miss Samanthy, as I see you have something of importance on your mind, I won't detain you any longer, but take my leave.'

"'Oh, it's off now,' says I.

"'It's a pity,' says he, severely, 'that it didn't go before. It quite prevented me from making the remarks I desired to make. However, no doubt it's for the best. So I'll take my leave as I said before.'

"Then he went marching off as if he was at the head of a regiment, and the next week he proposed to a widow in the village and married her in less than a month. I've no doubt if I'd had him I should have been sorry long ago, but sometimes when I think of that nice, old oak furniture, and them goose-chase counterpanes and all that nice silver, I get riled at the thought of hard-back bugs. If it had not been for one of them I should have been able to sit still until I was proposed to, and I should have been head of my own house, and Mrs. Maj. Miller instead of Miss Samanthy, going out a toiling.

"Of course there's no picking up spilt milk, but I always kill every hard-back bug I see, reg'lar."

Under the head of "advertising sorrow," a valued exchange has an article that contains a mighty sight of closely tied up packages of common sense. Regarding the dress of those "left behind" it says:

A black garment may be a very proper and correct style of dress for the bereaved. We can well understand that the feelings and taste would suggest such a style for such circumstances, but when it is put on in such profusion and exclusiveness as to attract attention, it can have no other intelligent motive than an attempt to advertise one's sorrow.

To say the least of it, it is *loud.* It does not comport with the best taste. It would not naturally comport with a condition of sincere sorrow. True sorrow does not seek to advertise itself in that way. It prefers concealment. It prefers to be shielded from the rude gaze of the world, rather than to attract attention by a conspicuous wardrobe gotten up for that purpose.

While we are reforming funeral processions and funeral ceremonies generally, let the reform extend to the *loudest* custom in this connection—the costume of the bereaved.

Celluloid.

Celluloid is a composition of fine tissue paper and camphor, treated with chemicals by a patented process. A rather common impression that it contains gun-cotton is said to be a mistake. It is claimed that it is non-explosive, but from accidents which have occurred it seems to be at least highly inflamable. When crude, it looks like transparent gum and its color is a light yellow-brown. It can be made as hard as ivory, and can be moulded into any form. With equal ease it can be colored in any tint desired, the dye running through the entire substance and being therefore ineffaceable.

Celluloid has made great inroads on the business of the ivory manufacturers. Its makers assert that in durability it is much superior to ivory, as it sustains hard knocks without injury and is not discolored by age or use. Great quantities are used for piano-keys. Billiard balls are made of celluloid at half the price of ivory and are more durable and equall elastic.

Large amounts are used for combs of every variety, for the backs of brushes and hand mirrors, and for all kinds of toilet articles for which ivory has been employed. Among many other articles in which celluloid takes the place of ivory or india rubber, are whip cane and umbrella handles, every kind of harness trimmings, foot rules, chessmen and the handles of knives and forks.

The freedom of celluloid from sulphur and the natural flesh-color which can be imparted to it, have caused it to be extensively substituted for india rubber in the manufact of dental blanks, or the gums and other attachments of artificial teeth, and is superior for pencil cases, jewelry, etc., where gold mountings are used, as it does not tarnish the metal.

Celluloid can be mottled so as to imitate the finest tortoise-shell, and in this form it is used for combs, card-cases, cigar cases, match boxes, pocket books, napkin rings, jewelery and all kinds of fancy articles. Instead of unless it is made into mouth-pieces for pipes, cigar holders and musical instruments, and is used as the material of flutes, flageolets and drumsticks.

For drumheads it is said to be superior to parchment, as it is not affected by moisture in the atmosphere. As a substitute for porcelain, celluloid is used for dolls' heads, which can be hammered on the floor without danger of fracture. Beautiful jewelry is made of it in imitation of the most elaborately-carved coral, reproducing all the shades of the genuine article.

One large establishment is employed exclusively in making optical goods, using celluloid in place of tortoise-shell, jet, etc., for frames of spectacles eye glasses and opera glasses. It is also extensively used for shoe tips in place of metal tips, having the appearance of patent leather; it is also used for insoles. Large quantities of thimbles are made from it, and it is said to be the best material known for emery wheels and knife sharpeners.

A Runaway Train.

The most hair-raising episode that ever happened to a New Mexican Mountain railway train fell to the lot of Conductor Blessingham Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, on the west slope of Glorietta Summit. The train comprised nearly thirty loads, and as it entered upon the descent, Jake Brown, the engineer, threw on the water brake, but found that it was broken and would not work. the train gained a momentum to such a frightful extent that the switch cables and hooks lying on the pilot base in front were hurled from their place into the air, breaking one of the locomotive's gaurd-rails. Brown called for brakes, but the train men had already set every one, and realized that the train was beyond their control. Seeing that nothing could be done to stop the mad course the train was running, Brown jumped from the cab while going at the rate of sixty miles an hour and landed seventy-two feet distant actual measurement. Blessingham, who was on the caboose with Pawnee Charley and wife as passengers, fearing that the train was going to destruction, cut his way-car loose and checked it with the brakes, while the train continued its velocity down the long grade. The fireman stood at his post like a hero, and while the engine was plunging down the flight at a giddy speed, he crawled out on the footboard and poked sand through the sand-box, thinking that it might assist the wheels in getting a grip upon the rails. As the train sped around Material Curve, which is "short and steep," the velocity was so great that the locomotive ran on one rail, and overbalanced so greatly that it came within an ace of losing its equilibrium. The brakeman on deck were obliged to lie flat and cling to the running-boards for safety. For sixty miles those badly-frightened men stuck to the ship and faced the horrors of death. Below Cononcito is a natural basin, with three miles of level track, and it was on this stretch the runaway train was mastered and stopped. Some of the cars were laden with iron for the front, but they were unloaded before the train stopped by the material being hurled in all directions. Just how the train held the rails as well as it did is a mystery which the philosophers must solve—we can't.—*Las Vegas (N. M.) Optic.*

Franklin's Swimming School.

On Milburn's first evening at Carlyle's the conversation happened to turn upon the associations connected with Chelsea and its neighhood. Whereupon said Mr. Carlyle: "Well, sir, this part of the town, I think, should have an interest for the people from your side of the water, for it has associations connected with a certain countryman of yours named Benjamin Franklin. When he was toiling as a journeyman printer in this metropolis, more than a century ago, he was accustomed to stroll upon Sunday afternoons along the banks of Father Thames and this end of the Cheyne Row was usually his goal. One day as he was discouring with a friend, he declared himself able to swim from here to London Bridge, distant five miles. His friend offered a wager that it was impossible; and he upon the instant, stripping, plunged boldly in and started for his mark, while his friend, bearing the clothes, strode down the bank, and a great multitude of spectators growing ever greater as he proceeded, followed to see the feat. He, with brave stroke and lusty sinew, buffeted the tide, gained the bridge and wager; whereupon, amidst great acclamations, the people suggested to him that he should start a swimming school. But God had other work for him to do; for in later years he was to teach the people of your continent how, by frugality and labor, and patience and courage, any man might buffet the waves of fortune and swim straight on to prosperity and success. And that was the Swimming School which he was to establish."—*Carlyle's Table-Talk.*

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendants, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

The Soyran and Orenburg Railway bridge across the river Volga, in Russia, just finished, cost eight million dollars. The river is more than a mile wide, and the fourteen piers which support the girders are 100 feet above the mean level of the river, and the girders are 364 feet long and 30 feet wide.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE NEW MOON.

O fair young crescent, traced in flame
Upon the western sky,
I meet you face to face, and claim
Your happy augury.

Good fortune while you wax and wane,
A myth of childish lore
My heart still keeps: to-night I fain
Would be a child once more.

Along the gray horizon's rim
Lie clouds as black as night,
While brightening through the twilight dim
Gleams out your arc of light.

O Moon! not vain methinks we hold
Your promise, for we know
Your shadowed disk's half ring of gold
With full-orbed night shall glow.

And as, O Moon, your silent call
The great sea tides doth draw,
Life's tidal waters rise and fall
Obedient to their law,

Why should I doubt and fear? One hand
Alone doth hold and guide,
And so upon the shore astraud
I await the incoming tide.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A DOUBLE AMBUSH.

We lived in Florida (said Mrs. Walters) through all the Seminole war, which lasted seven years, so that I grew up with the names of the great hostile chiefs, Osceola, Alligator, Wild Cat, and Tiger Tail, making a part of my childhood.

A sense of peril was always present with us. I remember the feelings with which we heard of the slaughter of Lieutenant Dade and his command. The tragedy took place in open battle, yet it seemed dreadful that so many brave men should be shot down in the dark woods, with the painted savages yelling around them.

In the spring, when I was thirteen and my brother Arthur fifteen, the war was at its worst, and my father talked strongly of removing to a greater distance from the danger.

Among our few slaves, consisting only of two black families, was a half-idiotic young negro named Jason, who had the privilege of wandering pretty much as he pleased. He would often remain all day in the forest, either lying asleep or mocking the gobble of the wild turkeys.

One day he returned with an appearance which startled us. His woolly head had been completely shaved, and his black face dyed to a bright scarlet. He had, however, received no real hurt, and seemed not in the least terrified by the ordeal through which he must have passed.

We gathered from his broken sentences that he had fallen in with Indians; and it was plain that they had been in some measure true to the proverbial respect of their people for idiots. An ordinary person they would have sacrificed without mercy; but when Jason stared aimlessly at the tree-tops, or gobbled like a turkey, they simply set their mark upon him, and let him go.

The incident showed that our danger was more immediate than had been supposed; but there was fortunately a squad of United States cavalry picketed within a few miles of us, and my father lost no time in notifying the officer in command of what had occurred. The soldiers, however could find nothing of the enemy; and in the mean time we passed a couple of days in very anxious suspense. The movements of Indian warriors are erratic, and to white men unaccountable.

My parents began to regain confidence, believing that the Seminoles were gone from the neighborhood, as they doubtless were for the time. Father said they were probably scouts, and there was no telling how they might have scattered themselves, or at what point some of them might appear next. He hoped, however, that the presence of the soldiers had led them to abandon any design they might have entertained of attacking us.

On the third day after Jason's adventure we were feeling much relieved. The negro men were at work in the fields, and father had gone to a considerable distance from the house. Mother, Arthur and myself, with the female servants, were within-doors.

Presently, not far off, we heard the gobble of a wild turkey, or what seemed such, although, as turkeys were not in the habit of approaching so near the house, we imagined Jason to be at his old silly pastime again, imitating the call which he could so well counterfeit.

The notes were continued with great regularity at intervals of a minute or two, and so natural were they that Arthur would have been all on fire to seize his rifle and hurry in quest of the game had he not remembered how often he had been led upon a fruitless chase by the vocal powers of the poor idiot.

"We all excel in something," said my mother, "and Jason was made to call turkeys. But I do wish he would be quiet; it make me nervous to hear him."

"Jason," said a little negro girl who just then came in from the rear of the premises; "why, missus, Jnson done gone to sleep in de shade at de back ob de wash-house. I done seen him dis minute."

Arthur hastened out-doors, looked behind the wash-house, and having assured himself that the black boy had nothing to do with the gobbling, returned quickly for his rifle.

"It is a real turkey," he said, "and he's somewhere in the hollow."

The hollow was made by a depression of the ground about fifty rods from the house front, and running parallel with it. Upon its further side was a decayed stump, some four or five feet high, standing below the sloping bank, and with its top just visible from the house. Of this stump the portion next to the slope had so fallen away as to leave a large cavity capable of containing a man.

The gobble indicated the turkey's whereabnts pretty definitely.

"He's somewhere near that stump," said Arthur; "perhaps inside of it, sitting up on the rotten wood toward the top. I'm afraid he'll get high enough to see me. But I'll make a circuit, and creep around where the ground is lower."

He went out at the back door, so as to make sure of not being seen. The land on our right, a few rods from the house, was very low, the depression stretching off in crescent shape until it reached the gully, which crossed it at fair rifle-shot distance from the stump.

Arthur, young as he was, had already become an excellent marksman, having for two years possessed a rifle of his own, which father had bought him, and which was almost always in his hands. We had no doubt that, with anything like an ordinary chance, he would put a ball through the turkey's head, and return in triumph.

But somehow, after he went out, a sudden thought seemed to strike mother. Wasn't it strange that a turkey should come so far out of the woods, and keep up such a gobbling in the hollow? No, not strange, perhaps, nor very unusual; and she wondered at her own uneasiness. But her nerves had been shaken by poor Jason's incident.

The house had a half story in front, with two small windows above the ground rooms, and mother's feelings impelled her to run up there for a better view. She wished to see where father was, and perhaps might discover something of the wild turkey.

I was close at her side. We saw father with his rifle away off across the fields, and the negroes at a distance from him, engaged in their work. The stump, too, was visible nearly to its foot, and at intervals we caught site of Arthur carefully working his way in a half-circuit toward the gully.

Father had evidently heard the turkey, and was warily approaching the spot where it seemed to be. His half-stooping posture showed that he feared the bird might get upon the stump and see him.

Suddenly mother started, and her face had a look of ghastly terror. Something which certainly was no turkey rose a little above the stump, between its shattered rim and the grass of the bank. I saw it, too, and my blood ran cold.

It was something that greatly resembled the head of an Indian. We felt that the face must be peering through the grass toward my father, while we saw the black, gleaming hair behind.

Without doubt it was a Seminole warrior in ambush, watching father's approach.

Mother gave an agonized cry, "What shall I do?—oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Would not any signal or outcry she could make be misunderstood at such a distance, and only hasten the catastrophe, since father was still thirty rods beyond the Indian, and eighty from the house? Then where was Arthur, who had now disappeared? And should she by a sudden alarm cause him to show himself, might not the Seminole rise up and shoot him on the spot? She was dizzy with her sense of the dreadful situation.

But in a moment I called out to her, "There's Arthur, mother! there's Arthur!" for I saw him among the rank grass, lying flat upon the ground, within good rifleshot of the stump, which he seemed to be watching intently.

Once again the Indian's head was shown slightly, and we got an instant's glimpse of Arthur's rifle. But the black hair disappeared, and the weapon was lowered.

Father was now so near the scene of danger that we had no alternative but to watch. Terrible as was her anxiety, mother now felt that Arthur had discovered what kind of game the old stump contained. She knew that the Indian could not fire at father without exposing his own head, and that the moment it appeared it would be covered by her brave boy's rifle.

How our hearts beat for the few moments that intervened! Another gobble came from the stump. Father was working his way stealthily toward it in anticipation of a prize, and Arthur lay still as death in the grass.

All at once we saw the sunlight glance upon a mass of long raven hair that rose slowly above the gnarled wood which had hidden it. Father was within six rods of the spot. It was a dreadful moment.

Our eyes turned to Arthur. The grass in front of the slight knoll where he lay was not high enough to interfere with his aim as his elbow rested on the ground. We could see him drop his young face against the breech of his gun. The barrel gleamed for a single instant, a puff of smoke streamed from the muzzle, and he leaped to his feet.

But there was a still more sudden leap from the old stump, for an Indian, with flying hair, and with his rifle still clutched in his hand, sprang up and fell dead against the slope which had concealed him from father's view.

The reunion which followed, when we all ran into each other's arms, joyful, yet thrilled with consternation, I will not dwell upon.

We found the dead enemy to be a tall young warrior, hideously painted, and having in his belt a hatchet and a knife.

He had no doubt entered the gully from the swamp, and seeing father at a distance, had attempted to decoy him within gunshot by imitating a wild turkey.

The occasion proved to be the only one in which the Seminole war was brought home to us, as the successes of the United States troops afterward kept the Indians at a distance from our neighborhood.—*George H. Comer, in Harper's Young People.*

Been Away.

"Hello! Is that you?"
"Yes."
"Been away?"
"Yes."
"Been off on a vacation?"
"Yes."
"Feel better?"
"No."
"Gain any flesh?"
"No."
"Tent out?"
"No."
"Go fishing?"
"No."
"Did you sail or row?"
"No."
"Nice at the hotel?"
"No."
"Go in swimming?"
"No."
"What did you do?"
"Nothing."
"What did you go for?"
"I dunno."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are places in the Gulf of Mexico six miles deep.

Heat and Humidity.

"How is it that the heat affects us less on some days with the thermometer at 90 deg. than on others with the mercury at 80 deg to 85 deg.?" This is the question asked by a correspondent with an observing turn of mind, and he refers to two dates as exemplifying what he means. These are the 12th and 14th of July, which we clearly remember as to their relative comfort and discomfort. We might reply to him briefly that the thermometer does not tell all the story as to the "bearability" of heat. Other things come in to ameliorate or to aggravate the temperature—a breeze or quantity of moisture in the air. "Relative humidity," however, as you find it in the weather reports, is the great helper or the great offender. It is less comfortable on a hot moist day than on a hotter dry day.

On Tuesday, July 12, the first of the days mentioned, the maximum temperature (at the Signal Office) was 80 deg. and the relative humidity (or moisture in the air) ranged from 82 to 100 per cent.; with an effect by no means pleasant. It was a sultry, "muggy" day, while on Thursday, the 14th, the thermometer rising to a much higher point (90.4 deg.) than on the 12th, the humidity was much lower, ranging from 84 to 64 per cent. only, leaving the heat much more endurable. This latter day was in fact a remarkably pleasant day, though over ten deg. hotter than the former, and this was not due to a stronger breeze, as the Signal Service anemometer (wind measurer) registered the same velocity of the winds—from four to ten miles an hour on both days. The sensible difference in the two days, as respects the comfort of the body is, therefore, traceable to the great humidity of the air on the 12th and the smaller degree of moisture on the 14th.

The term "relative humidity," or "humidity," it is true, does not refer to the absolute quantity of moisture in the air. In the language of meteorologists, the term "humidity" denotes the degree of its approach to saturation in the air (or containing as much as it can hold). It expresses the proportion which the amount of vapor actually present in the air bears to that amount which the air would hold if it was at the point of saturation—when dew, mist or rain is about to fall from it. When the humidity is recorded as 100, the air is completely saturated with moisture and rain is imminent, but if reported at 75 it contains only three-fourths of the amount requisite for saturation. Fortunately for Philadelphians, the average humidity of the air here year in and year out is under 75, and we are exempt from the sultry climate of many places lying even in higher latitudes.

It is of great importance for those who would profit by the daily Signal-service reports to bear in mind the significance of its "humdity" column, especially in the so-called "dog days." The warmer the air is the larger becomes the quantity of invisible vapor it is capable of sustaining and storing away in the interstices between its atoms. At the freezing point it can only hold one one-hundredth part of its own weight of invisible vapor; at the temperature of 59 deg., one-eightieth part of its weight; at 86 deg., one-fortieth part, and for every addition of 27 deg. of temperature its capacity is doubled. If fully saturated at 32 deg. of temperature it contains 2.37 grains of aqueous vapor per cubic foot; at 60 deg., 5.87 grains in each cubic foot, and at 80 deg. of the thermometer 10.81 grains. A fall of temperature from 80 deg. to 60 deg. throws down therefore nearly 5 grains of water for every cubic foot of air thus chilled. A cubic foot of saturated air under average pressure and a temperature of 90 deg. weighs 495 grains (Troy), of which 14.8 grains are pure aqueous vapor. With the temperature verging on 100 deg, as it sometimes does in our "water waves," the atmosphere, at saturation, contains as much as 19 3-4 grains of water to the cubic foot, from which some idea may be gathered of the enormous rain fall possibilities of tropical clouds, which, heated up directly under the fierce sun, are replete with evaporation from equatorial seas.

As these watery particles offer resistance to the heat of both the earth and air beneath them, which is seeking to escape by radiation into the upper atmosphere, they thus effectually prevent the cooling of the soil and of the lower aerial strata. While the "relative humidity" data in the Weather Bureau bulletins do not give the absolute amount of vapor in the air, nevertheless, when the percentages given are high, or near 100, they show that the molecules of vapor are coalescing overhead, and are forming with the air atoms a canopy above us which intercepts the heat of the earth in its attempt to fly into the clouds. The vapor present also prevents the body from throwing off the high cumulative temperature thus engendered in our midsummer weather depends upon several circumstances. Evaporation from the skin and lungs is perhaps the most important means the body has of reducing its surplus heat, as Dr. Max Von Pettenkoffer, the eminent Munich hygienist, has shown by the use of an apparatus for testing the quantity of water evaporated by men and animals. His experiments demonstrate that men at rest evaporate about two pounds only during twenty-four hours, but on a day of hard work four and a half pounds of water. "In the first instance," he says, "about 2,016 caloric units; in the second, 4,480 had to leave the body in consequence of evaporation," and he forcibly adds: "This explains how it can be that even with the hardest work our blood will not become warmer, but sometimes even cooler, and what powerful means of cooling our body we have in the increase of our peripheric circulation." Prof. Lortet, of Lyons, while ascending Mont Blanc, found the temperature in his mouth and armpit was less than the normal, and became normal only when he was at rest. But the cooling effect of evaporation is exhibited on a grander scale in the meteorology of the tropics. Last year, for instance, while in the high latitudes of London and Boston the thermometer reached or exceeded about 90 deg., at the Island of Mauritius, lying in the "steaming bosom" of the Indian Ocean, within 20 deg. of the equator, the thermometer never once rose during the year over 85.6, and the register for 1880 shows that at the Island of Barbados, 12 deg. from the equator, and in the hottest part of the equatorial ocean, the maximum temperature for the year was 85 deg. The greater coolness of these tropical islands was, of course, due to the rapid evaporation of the equatorial seas around them, and the fact demonstrates more palpably than even Dr. Von Pettenkoffer's costly apparatus "the hygienic value of evaporation for the cooling of our body."

It is, of course, understood that the processes of evaporation in our midsummer, life-giving as they are, can only be maintained by judicious out-of-door exercise, in bodies kept cleanly and properly clad and fed. To enable the body to supply the moistnre to the skin requisite for such refreshing evaporation, the pores of the skin must be kept open and its tissues nourished with good animal and vegetable food, the latter being especially needed, with fruit, to furnish moisture; and the clothing must be of a kind not to retard respiration or to unduly check the flow of the superfluous heat from the skin.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mine and Thine.

"DEAR MADAME: I wish you would write something about going in debt when one has no immediate or reasonable expectation of discharging that debt. We have had a young minister with us lately who seems to mean well enough, and who has been very successful in drawing and holding large congregations and in increasing the church membership, but he seems to have no faculty of making the ends meet. He owes everybody, and when he has money (his pay for the service is fair) he does not apply any portion of it to the payment of his debts. This causes great regret among those who hold by him, and great scandal among his creditors and their friends."

The only thing that can be done in this particular case and like cases, so far as we can see, is to withhold credits from those who we are satisfied will abuse it, no matter what their profession or their promises may be. There are "deadbeats" in every profession, there are unbalanced and illbalanced men everywhere, and when we find out that such and such a man is disposed to prey on the weakness or the prejudice or the follies of his fellows, we must, if we can, protect ourselves against him.

But to prevent such mischief, early training is a most important factor, and even with the best early training there are some children that seem to have no sense of "mine and thine," but borrow at pleasure what they want, appropriate to their own use what belongs to some other member of the family, make sharp bargains, cut off the corners in a trade, and consider themselves only "smart" and praiseworthy when they have overreached and outwitted their fellows. Unfortunately, in many such instances, the parent rejoices rather than mourns that "that child seems to have a faculty of taking care of himself."

Let us sketch what seems to us an ideal condition in a family as to the principle of "mine and thine." Each member of the family has his own personal belongings, and these are sacred to him alone. No other member meddles therewith. His treasures are not inspected even or appropriated by any one but himself. If he has a room to himself, that room is safe from intrusion; no locks or keys are needed to guard him or his from impertinent and officious meddling. There is but one rule—the Golden Rule—in such a family. The parents reserve the right to revise all bargains and agreements made between their children, so that the elder may not take any advantage of the younger, or the sharp of the dull, so that each one shall have an "even chance" with the rest. The laws of equity govern parental decisions and secure to each child justice. With such training at home, it seems to us the number of human wolves and jackals and vultures and leeches and parasites that prey upon society would be wonderfully diminished. We know of families that realize this ideal to a degree, and can not but predict that the children in them will become honorable, self-respecting, solvent men and women.

As a contrast to this we present a family where the children wear each other's clothes, use each other's things as a matter of course; take advantage of each other's follies, weaknesses, generosities; are oblivious of and indifferent to all moral distinctions, and "go as you please" generally. The parents are at no pains to lay down correct rules of action as between man and man, and trust that somehow their children will "come out all right." There are many such families.

There are parents who make a specialty of religious training in their families, but are not careful to cultivate the civil virtues. "Not the hearers but the doers of the law are justified." It is one thing and a very good thing for a child to attend Sunday-school every Sunday, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Creed and the Sermon on the Mount, and quite another and equally important thing for him always to tell the truth, to obey his parents, to observe the Sabbath, to govern his temper, to appropriate only what belongs to him. "These things should ye have done and not have left the other undone."

Some time ago, at a meeting to pay off a church debt, one of the members subscribed $1,000. The wife of a physician who sat beside us whispered in our ear: "I should have a great deal more respect for that man's piety if he would pay up his doctor's bill, or part of it, before he subscribes so heavily. My husband can't collect a cent out of a large indebtedness to him from this man, and this indebtedness has been outstanding for years." True piety toward God, and its inseparable companion, love for one's neighbor, can not consist with indifference or carelessness as to justice and equity between ourselves and our fellows. But some people are Christian only in certain localities of their brains and hearts, and the "leaven" fails for some reason to "leaven the whole lump." We must be patient with ourselves and with others and do what we can to promote righteousness and justice in ourselves and our fellows.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—As a general thing the tables at the seaside hotels this season are poor as to variety and the cooking miserable. People are fed upon the cheapest materials and charged for the best.

Spoopendyke Goes A-Gunning.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew a gun from the case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning, I'm going shooting."

"Isn't that too sweet!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll probably go as far as the front door," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Women don't go shooting. It's only men. All you've get to do is to wake me up and get breakfast. When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Won't that be nice?" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can you catch birds with that thing?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke fluttered around the improved breach-loading shot-gun, firmly impressed with the idea that it was some kind of a trap.

"I can kill 'em with this," explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "This is a gun, my dear; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick the cartridge in here and pull this finger piece, and down comes your bird every time."

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing! I suppose if you don't wan't a partridge you can stick a duck or a turkey in that end, too, or a fish or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes, or you can stick a house, or a corn-field, or a dod-gasted female idiot in there, too, if you want to!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who said anything about a partridge? It's a cartridge that goes in there!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather crestfallen. "I see now. Where does the bird go?"

"He goes to night-school if he hasn't got any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, "Look here, now, and I'll show you how it works," and Mr. Spoopendyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and cautiously cocked the weapon.

"And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. "Then you put out your hand and catch him!"

"You've struck it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had the hammer on the half cock, and was vainly pulling at the trigger to get it down. "That's the idea! All you need is four feathers and a gas bill to be a martingale! With your notions you only want a new stock and a steam trip-hammer to be a needle-gun! Don't you know the dod-gasted thing has got to go off before you get a bird? You shoot the birds; you don't wait for 'em to shoot you!"

"At home we used to always chop their heads off with an ax," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"So would I if I was going after measly old hens," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, who had managed to uncock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow birds and sparrows I go like a sportsman. While I'm waiting for a bird," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, adjusting the cartridge at the breech, "I put the load in here for safety. And when I see a flock I aim and fire."

Bang! went the gun, knocking the tail feathers out of an eight day clock, and plowing a foot furrow in the wall, perforating the closet door, and culminating in Mr. Spoopendyke's plug hat.

"Goodness, gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Oh, my!"

Mr. Spoopendyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damage.

"Why couldn't ye keep still?" he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim for and make me let it off? Think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a measly woman is scaring it through a gun barrel?"

"If that had been a bird, how nicely you would have shot it!" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird, you'd catch him, sure!"

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a mountain howitzer! If I had your intelligence on sporting subjects, I'd hire out for a shot-tower! Don't you know you've spoiled the dod-gasted gun?" And Mr. Spoopendyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Specklewottle who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You've ruined that gun," he continued solemnly. It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke "It's been off enough, and I'd just as lief have some clams as birds. You go to bed and we'll try and do without any birds."

"It won't ever go off again," repeated Mr. Spoopendyke, as he climbed into his couch. "That is a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoopendyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It may not go off again," she thought, "but if it does, the neighbors will think the water-main has burst," with which reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoopendyke, who turned over like an earthquake, and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without lamming him like a dod-gasted blacksmith!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Old Church.

The Gloria Dei, or Old Swedes' Church, in Philadelphia, the 181st anniversary of which was celebrated recently, is one of the most interesting of the few pre-revolutionary structures that have not succumbed to the iconoclastic spirit of modern enterprise. It was dedicated July 2, 1700, and was then regarded as a masterpiece of architecture. Alterations since made have not materially altered its original design. It is cruciform, with a shelving, peaked roof, in which is perched a quaint little belfry. There is a nave, chancel and transepts, and beneath the chancel floor are several tombstones, bearing date from 1708 to 1774. The front is of black marble, and was made in Sweden in 1700, as were also the two carved wooden cherubs, with fat, red cheeks, that adorn the front of the choir gallery.

—The Brighton Railroad tragedy has made revolvers sell like hot cakes in London.

PITH AND POINT.

—The giraffe is not a large eater. A little goes a great way with him.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—When a dog howls at night it is the sign of death. It is if we can get at him.—*Boston Post.*

—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," is all very well; but if the sluggard will go to a picnic, the ant will come to him.—*Puck.*

In one of his verses, Oscar Wilde, the esthetic poet, alludes to "the barren memory of unkissed kisses." An unkissed kiss probably is the barrenest thing within the range of human experience.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Two thousand doctors propose to meet together and discuss medical subjects. The benefits that will result from this can not be estimated. While the doctors are in convention everybody will get well.—*Boston Globe.*

—Clams are now made of India rubber, and painted so artistically that they can not be told from the genuine article. For making clam chowder a few dozen of them will last a restaurant a lifetime.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—A man need not flatter himself on everything about his house being as regular as clockwork, simply because he buys everything on tick. Unlike a clock, he will run down when his affairs are wound up.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Pa," quoth Sammie to his sire, "why don't you go out West?" "Why do you usk, my boy?" "Because Biff Higgins' father went, and he struck a banana!" "A bonanza, you mean, Sammie!" "Well, what's the difference?" "Why, when people strike a bonanza it sets them up, and when they strike a banana it sets them down—and very emphatically, too."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—An Austin man, whose name we suppress, is closer than the bark on a tree. He walks home to dinner through the hot sun and dust every day, notwithstanding he lives right on the line of the street-cars. "Look here," said Gilhooly, "you would have twice as much appetite if you rode home in the cars." "That's just why I walk. It's so hot and dusty that I can't eat a bite after I've walked home. I save both dinner and car-fare. If I was to ride home I'd eat myself into the poor-house in less than a year, I am such a hog."—*Texas Siftings.*

Getting a Wife for the Parson.

Aleck Williamson, a good-natured, practical farmer, is widely known about Williamsport, Pa. He is very fond of a practical joke.

Among his neighbors was an attractive young widow whom he thought he ought to show some interest in, he being firmly of the opinion that a widow of the qualities of this one was qualified to make some man's life happy.

Meeting an acquaintance who was a widower and a preacher, he accosted him:

"Parson, by Halifax, do you know what I think you want? You want a wife."

"Pshaw," laughingly responded the reverend; "I don't want a wife, Mr. Williamson."

"Yes, you do, though," insisted the other. "You want a woman to look after your house and relieve you from the dismal life of a widower."

"Granting that all you say is true, Mr. Williamson, how am I to get a wife? I don't know any one whom I could get to marry me."

"By Halifax!" was the ready response, "you needn't let that little matter bother you; there's Widow Blank, she would marry you without any delay."

"Well, suppose you ask her," observed the lonesome shepherd.

"By Halifax, I'll do it," declared the volunteer matrimonial negotiator, as he passed on his way.

When he reached home and notified his estimable and practical wife of the delicate mission he was about to undertake, that lady promptly notified him not to "make a fool of himself. He, however, was not the man to abandon such an undertaking before finishing it, and he lost no time in seeking the widow and propounding the direct inquiry, "Mrs. ——, will you marry Preacher ——?"

The blushing widow answered, "Why, Aleck, he wouldn't want to marry me."

"By Halifax, but he does, though," said Aleck, "and he sent me to ask you if you'll have him."

"Of course I will," readily exclaimed the widow.

This answer was quickly borne to the preacher, who thereupon commissioned Aleck to ask the widow how soon she could be ready.

The obliging widow informed the ambassador that she could be ready at once, and an early time was designated for the ceremony, a full report of the arrangements being submitted to the groom prospective.

This gentleman was satisfied with the programme, and named a certain Justice whom he wished to have the ceremony performed by.

This suggestion was vetoed, however, by Aleck, who insisted upon engaging a newly commissioned German Justice, who had never officiated in such a capacity.

The reverend victim accepted the amendment without making an appeal or calling the yeas and nays, and the Teutonic official was secured for the all-important occasion.

With a conscientious desire to faithfully perform all the duties devolving upon him by virtue of his office, he squared himself to the task. At the very outset, however, he was hopelessly wrecked upon the intricate forms in such made and provided.

Luckily for the perplexed magistrate, the groom happened to be a gentleman of professional as well as personal experience in the performance of the marriage rites, and he kindly instructed the official, who was thus enabled to complete the job.

The whole proceeding was hugely enjoyed by Aleck, who made heroic efforts to avoid showing how immensely tickled he was.

Upon being informed by the Parson, a day or two after the wedding, that he was highly pleased with the result, Aleck felt the happiness which always follows the performance of a benevolent action, and exclaimed, with one of his benign chuckles: "By Halifax, I knew you'd be satisfied. Aleck always knows what he's about, Parsen. Good day."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ESSAYS OF S's.

Such strange sorts of souls as are on the sphere!
Some social, some silent, some stern and severe,
Some smiling so sweetly, some sober and staid,
Some stay in the sunshine, and some in the shade.
Some stooping, some straight, some slender, some stout,
Some starving in silence, some supping with shout,
Some suffering and sick, some sturdy and strong,
Some sorry and sighing, some singing a song,
Some saucy and scolding, some shiftless, some shrewd,
Some sincere and steadfast, submissive, subdued,
The stylish, the simple, the slow, the sedate,
Speculators and swindlers, and statesmen in state,
The sculptor and salesman, the savage, the sage,
The saint and the sinner, the speaker on stage,
Segar-smokers, sweepers, sols, sailors at sea,
The spreader of scandal, smooth slanderer she,
Some seamstresses, some at the spindle and spool,
Soothsayers and stewards and scholars at school,
Sectarians and surgeons, and shepherds of sheep,
Surveyors, shoemakers, and sluggards in sleep,
Some slaves and some soldiers, some scoundrels and scamps,
Some scribblers of stanzas for sake of the stamps.

—*National Baptist.*

HOW DOT PLAYED SHE WAS TWO.

Dot was eight years old. She had very indulgent parents and a beautiful home, but she was the only child in it, and it was the great grief of her little life that she had no sister. She had a play-room full of toys, and a book-case full of wonderful pictures and story-books. Her mother often read and told stories to her, and often invited other children to play with her, but still Dot was lonely, and would have traded anything she had for the tiniest bit of a sister.

"Mamma," she said, one day, "I wish you'd play I was two."

"Play what, Dottie?"

"Play I was two, mamma. You've only got one little girl, and we want another so dreadfully! So let's play I was *two* little girls—one must be Dot, and the other Dottie, and when you call Dot, I'll come, and if you call 'Dottie,' I'll come all the same, only then, you know, I'll be the *other* one. Will you, mamma?"

"Yes," said mamma, smiling.

"And you must ask me, 'Where's you're sister?' and I'll say, 'Oh, she's upstairs, or she's dressing her dolls,' or something. Will you, mamma?"

"Yes."

"I shall have this doll for my sister, mamma," and Dot held up her largest doll. "She shall be my twin sister. Twins always look alike, you know—doesn't she look like me? See, her curls are yellow, and so are mine; and her eyes are blue and her cheeks are red, just like mine."

"But I don't quite understand," said mamma. "Am I to have *three* twins, then?"

"Why, no, mamma; I'm to be *your* two, but I've got to have some one to be *the other one* to *me*, you know."

"It is rather a confusing arrangement, I think," said mamma, laughing, "but I'm sure it will be very nice indeed."

"And oh! mamma—twins always dress alike. Couldn't you make her a little dress just like my new one! Please now, you *dear* mamma!"

Mamma patted the pretty face, and thought she might if there was enough of the blue bunting left, which was very likely. Cook then came for orders, and Dot, hearing the door-bell ring, settled waxen "Dottie" on a lounge and strayed into the parlor to see who had been shown in.

A lady whom she had never seen before sat there. Dot spent so much time with her mother that she was accustomed to seeing visitors, so she was soon chatting sociably.

"I have not seen your mother for a long time," the lady said; "has she any little girls besides you, or any little boys?"

"Well, we haven't any little boys, but I have a twin sister—that is, you know," said Dot, confidentially, "*I play* she's my—" but here her mother came in, and with the exclamations, "Why, Janet, *you!*" and "My dear Ruth!" the two ladies met eagerly.

The visitor was an old schoolmate of Mrs. Prince, Dot's mother, who was very glad to learn that she, with her family, had moved into one of the suburbs of the city, and was now living but a few miles from them. The friends had not heard from each other for several years, and Dot sat quietly by for a short time, listening to their talk of old times. But Mrs. Bright made but a short call, and soon left, with promises of pleasant visits to come.

Dot went for Dottie, and carried her up to the sewing-room to consult with the seamstress as to whether there was enough stuff left, *surely*, to make her a dress exactly like her own.

The "play I was two" plan worked very well. To be sure, Dot's mother sometimes forgot which of her was Dot and which Dottie; but that really did not matter much. Dot found her twin sister a great comfort, for, if she was not quite as lively as could have been wished, she fully made up for it in other ways. She was the most accommodating little thing in the world. If Dot did not feel like dressing her in the morning, she would lie in her little bed all day, contentedly staring at a chubby cherub on the ceiling papering. Or, if she were set to learn a lesson, she would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on her book. She never wanted more than her share of nuts or candy. She never quarreled with her sister, or meddled with her toys, and always did exactly what she was told. All this, you know, is more than can be said of some twin sisters.

Dot came one morning into the breakfast-room, got her kiss, and explained that Dottie had a slight attack of "the nervous," and would take her breakfast in bed to-day.

"Dear me!" exclaimed mamma to papa, "How strange it is that one or other of these children is so often sick! We scarcely ever see both of them at the table at once. You must be sure and see that the poor little thing has a good breakfast, Dot." Something of this kind was expected to be said every morning, and gave a delightful tinge of "sure enough" to the make-believe.

"Listen, dear," went on mamma, as she opened a letter. "This is from Mrs. Bright, the lady who came here last week." She read:

"My children are to have a little lawn party on Friday afternoon, and I want you to come out and bring the little daughter I saw at your house, and the twin sister she told me of, whom I did *not see*. Come by the early afternoon train. Mr. Bright will call for Mr. Prince to come by a late train to dinner. Don't disappoint us. I will meet you at the station *without fail*. JANET BRIGHT."

Dot smiled. "I told her how I played I had a twin sister, mamma, and I think she's very nice to invite her, too. I suppose all the little girls will have their dolls. Can we go, mamma?"

"I think so, but stay—our old society meets that afternoon, and I am one of the managers, and must be there. I'm sorry, little daughter, but I'm afraid you'll have to go a little late, with papa and me."

Dot's face fell. Then her papa spoke: "It's only a few miles out there; I can put her under the conductor's care, and he'll place her in Mrs. Bright's hands."

"Oh, she's too little to go so," said her mother. "I don't think I *could* let her. Something might happen to her."

"What *could* happen?" It really was not easy to say what; and Dot coaxed, and papa seconded her, till mamma gave an unwilling consent. So, in due time, with many cautions to herself and the conductor, Dot was placed in a seat in the car, closely hugging the darling Dottie, in all the glory of her new dress—peacock blue with cardinal pipings, and a hat precisely like Dot's own.

"She looks *so* becoming in it!" Dot assured her mother, with immense satisfaction.

Many a smile awakened at sight of the dainty little lassie, carrying the small ditto of herself. But Dot did not find it as nice as she had expected. She had never before seen only strange faces around her, and she soon began to wonder how she ever could have left her mother. She sat Dottie in a corner of a seat, and waited anxiously as several stations were passed in closely-settled city suburbs, glad when the conductor took her hand and led her out upon the platform of a way-station.

"I was to leave this child in charge of a Mrs. Bright," he said, speaking in haste to a man who seemed to be in charge. "I can't wait a moment."

"Mrs. Bright is not here, but I suppose she will be soon, if she was to meet some one," was the answer. "She lives very near, and if she doesn't come I'll send the little girl to her by safe hands."

The conductor knew the man was to be trusted, so he stepped on board his train, and it soon sped out sight. And not till the last car disappeared around a curve did poor Dot remember, with grief and dismay, that in her haste she had forgotten Dottie, her precious twin sister—blue dress, new hat and all.

It would have been bad enough to be left alone this way, without having to bear such a misfortune, too. The man spoke pleasantly to her and gave her a chair, and she sat there with a big lump gathering in her throat, and tears clamoring to get out of her blue eyes. Five, ten, fifteen, yes, twenty minutes she waited, and then a horse was driven up fast, and Mrs. Bright, in a great flutter, came half tumbling out of a pretty rock-away.

"You poor little darling—no one to meet you, and you all alone! To think of that wretched buckle breaking in the harness just as we were starting! So sorry to get your mother's note that she couldn't come till late. But where's your sister?"

As the tightly pressed lips opened to answer, the tears would not keep back any longer.

"I—she's on the car," sobbed poor Dot. "She's gone—"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Bright, raising her hands in horror; "do you mean that she's gone on in the train?"

Dot's sobs redoubled at sight of her agitation, and Mrs. Bright saw that it would not do to excite the child further. She led her out and put her in the carriage, where she was much comforted at sight of a little girl rather older than herself. The lady then returned to the station-master.

"Mr. Barton, what shall I do? what *shall* I do? That child's sister has gone on in the train. Do telegraph somewhere—quick!"

"Very strange! The conductor put her off here. That train," he looked up a time-table, "is beyond Glendale by this time. Hamilton will be the best place for her to get off and take a down train. What shall I say?"

"Oh, dear, let me see—a little girl, about eight, I believe—how was your sister dressed, Dottie?" she cried, running out to the carriage.

"Just like me, ma'am."

"Of course. Well, don't cry any more, pet, we'll have her back here soon. John, drive the children home, and come back for me."

"—Dressed in blue—they're twins. Oh, dear, such a mite of a thing to be off by herself! When is the next train up?—I believe I will go after her myself."

"Don't you fret now, man. That wouldn't do any good, for like as not you'd miss her coming back. They'll take good care of her, and return her all right, you'll see."

Mrs. Bright walked up and down the platform, thinking the answer never would come. At last:

"Here 'tis!" But as Mr. Barton penciled it off his face grew blank. It ran:

"No such child on train. She got off at Groveland."

Mrs. Bright looked at him in terror.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. "There were two."

"I'm blamed if I know, ma'am," he said; "I never knew such a thing to happen before."

"What can we do next?" she said, a tremble in her voice.

"She might have got off at one of the stations above here. I might telegraph and inquire."

"Yes, yes—telegraph, anywhere."

Some train-dispatchers were passing, and the answers were some time delayed. But at last it was ascertained that nothing had been seen of any such child.

"She might have *fallen* off," exclaimed Mrs. Bright, now nearly beside herself. "Send men on foot all along the road. I must go into the city at once and see Mr. Bright and the child's parents—they were to come out at half-past five—but we must advertise in all the papers, and get out the police."

"See here, ma'am," said Mr. Barton, in real pity for her distress, "I'd adviso you to stay out here and let them come. We may hear something before that time, and then they needn't be alarmed. I'll send out good men, and they'll telegraph the moment they find her. You'd better go home, ma'am, and I'll let you know the first word I hear."

Mrs. Bright knew this would be best. With a cold chill at her heart at thought of what *might be*, she rode home, finding a group of happy children at play on the lawn.

Dot had soon made friends with the little Brights and others, and had almost forgotten her troubles. She looked at Mrs. Bright as she drew near, but did not leave her place in the merry circle which sang:

"Here we go round the mulberry bush."

"I haven't brought her yet, Dottie," she said, "but she'll come soon," and as Dot laughed and moved on, the lady could not help thinking, "I wonder how she can take it so coolly! Child like, I suppose, but I do think our children would have felt it more if one of their number had been lost."

"I should not have cried a bit about it," said Dot to Alice Bright, a little later, as they walked arm-in-arm through the shrubbery, "if she hadn't had on her nice new dress, and such a beautiful hat. It was the first time she ever wore them, and—" Dot sighed mournfully—"I don't believe she'll ever come back."

Alice looked at her in surprise, thinking this a very queer thing for her to say. She privately told it to the nurse-maid, who told the cook and housemaid, and they came out to look at Dot, and all thought she must be a very queer child, indeed, but certainly was a very nice-looking one.

The carriage was sent for the expected guests, and nothing had been heard of the lost child. Mrs. Prince came in it, the gentlemen preferring to walk. Mrs. Bright met her at the door with a brave attempt to look as if nothing was the matter; she must not know till all hope of soon finding the little one was gone. The children had been sent to play in another part of the grounds, and she was hurried up-stairs. Before long Mr. Prince and Mr. Bright were heard chatting in the parlor below, and Mrs. Bright's kindly heart grew heavier with every step she took, as she went down to put such a dreadful end to their friendly talk. She came before them with such a quivering face that her husband seized her hands in alarm.

"Oh, Mr. Prince," she said, "your little girl is lost—but—she will be found soon, I know—I'm *sure* of it, sir. She got left on the train—and we have telegraphed and telegraphed, but she isn't found yet."

He started to his feet and listened with a white face, his mind going back to the moment when he had led his little daughter into the car that afternoon, rather against her mother's wish.

"Stay, sir," went on Mrs. Bright; and Mr. Bright laid his hand on his shoulder as he stepped toward the door. "There are men out searching—Mrs. Prince don't know."

There was a cheery sound of children's voices and steps in the hall. The door opened suddenly, and with a "Papa, dear, have you come?" Dot sprang into her father's arms. "O, papa, don't squeeze me so hard, you hurt me," she cried as he turned with what she thought a very strange look to Mrs. Bright.

"Madam, I must have misunderstood you," he said; and his voice was strange, too. But at this moment Dot heard her mother calling her, and she slipped from his arms and ran up-stairs.

"She must be told tenderly, or it will kill her," said Mrs. Bright. She did not wait to hear anything more from Mr. Prince, but flew after Dot. But the bonny thing was already perched in her mother's lap.

"And, mamma, poor Dottie's lost. I left her on the car, and she's gone traveling away off, and I don't believe she'll ever come back?"

Poor Mrs. Bright dropped into a chair, waiting helplessly for her friend to scream, faint, or go into hysterics. Mrs. Prince went on stroking the light curls.

"Oh, well, never mind her, dear. I've got *you, too*, yet, you know, and I'll get you another twin sister."

Had she gone insane in one moment? Mrs. Bright ran and threw her arms around her.

"Oh, Emeline, do you hear? Don't you understand what the child is telling you?"

"Why, yes, Janet: she has lost the doll she called her twin sister, but it's no matter, of course."

"*A doll!* All this about a doll!"

Mrs. Bright went to her room and laughed and cried, and had campher and aromatic vinegar for half an hour. Then Dot crept up to her and said:

"Oh dear, Mrs. Bright, I'm *so* sorry. I'll never play there was two of us any more, *never!*" Mrs. Bright shook her and hugged her, and said, as she got up and brushed her hair for dinner:

"You dear little, funny little nuisance! Why didn't you tell me the other one of you was made of wax?"

What became of her?

She sat in the corner of the seat, not seeming to mind being left there at all. Pretty soon a mother with two or three little children took the seat, and what a marvel she was to them! They hugged her and kissed her and quarreled over her while they ate sticky gingerbread, till at last, when they left, she did not look quite as fresh as before. The mother had a very hard time coaxing them to leave her when they got off. Then a gentleman came, who put her into the rack overhead, and she rode there all the afternoon, with one arm dangling down, and her pretty French boots sticking out. All the little ones looked up at her and laughed, and wondered if the gentleman was taking her home to his little girl.

When night came, and the train reached the end of the route, she was left alone in the car, and the conductor took her to a place where they keep things lost or forgotten, to wait for some one to claim them. No one came for Dottie, and after a few days he took her to his lodging-house. He had no little ones of his own, but in a gloomy room there lived a crippled child who never took a step out of it. She smiled and laughed and cooed and sang over this most beautiful thing which had ever come to her all through the years of her monotonous child-life.

If loving little Dot could have known of the brightness her twin sister carried into the shadowed home, she surely would have wanted to send every doll she owned traveling away on the cars all alone.—*Sidney Dayre, in Wide Awake.*

Dressed to Death.

A thoughtful man who was "roughing it" in the mountains, whose attire there consisted only of a flannel shirt, a pair of pantaloons, a hat, and shoes and stocking, who, on arising in the morning, was "up and dressed" within three minutes, thus reflected regarding the shackles of male dress imposed upon him in the city by custom and fashion: "How many bandages am I required to put on every morning? I will commence at the feet. Tight shoes, stockings, trousers, drawers, undershirt, shirt, vest, coat, collar and necktie. Shirt bosom and collar starched as stiff as a board, and about as comfortable. How many bandages in all? Ten. Do they add to my comfort, especially in warm weather? Assuredly, they do not. My first move on a warm morning on getting to the office is to remove my coat, and sometimes my collar and necktie. Why should I wear at all garments which are so uncomfortable? Again. Do these ten bandages in which custom says I must daily envelop myself conduce to my health and strength? I think not. Because, dressing as I do now in loose trousers, loose shirt, with neck and throat uncollared, I do certainly experience a vigor and freedom of motion unknown in my city garb. Perspiration passes off quickly and does not oblige me to wear all day a sodden, wet piece of linen in the shape of a shirt. I think my skin has a better chance to act, and as I am told there are thousands on thousands of minute lungs in the skin which both absorb live elements and throw off dead matter, it strikes me that the garb prescribed by custom is not at all calculated to assist nature in the machinery of the cuticle.

"Regarding my feet, I find them far more comfortable in a pair of canvas slippers, and if you please without stockings, than in my city gaiters. I can now easily wash them as many times a day as I do my hands, and I find they need washing as many times. It strikes me that these feet of mine have all their lives, or rather during all my life, been too much swaddled and cramped. Look at them now! They are sore and out of shape with corns and bunions. What has done this? Shoe shackles, leather fashion and the shoemaker. What life-long barbarous treatment of two such useful members of society! I believe now that our modern swathed up, bandaged, tight-fitting style of male attire is a fruitful cause of bodily weakness, and of diseases dire coming through such weakness, which diseases doctors dignify and render the origin more obscure by giving them learned and Latin names. I do not, through one or another bodily discomforts, heed the demands of nature. When I am overheated, feverish and out of sorts generally, it is in many cases a call from the body that I take off the bandages and wear less of them. Do I obey? No. Usually I take a glass of beer; and then another. So the needless wear, tear and abuse of my fearful and wonderful anatomy goes on from day to day, from week to week, from summer to summer. And at last the wear and tear and weakness attacks some particular organ; may-be the head, the bladder, the kidneys, the lungs, the stomach, and the doctor comes after the damage is irreparable and tries to bolster me up, saddled as I am with my worn-out internal machinery by his advice and his drugs. And at last I am dead, and an autopsy is held on me and he finds the part that gave way and writes about it, partly in English, partly in Latin, and feels wiser than ever. But I died partly of ignorant dressing, partly of ignorant eating, partly of persistent breathing of bad house-made air, partly of other simple evils not as yet recognized as belligerent powers laying constant siege to our health citadels."

Such were the thinkings of the man in the flannel shirt and trousers.—*N. Y Graphic.*

Bit Off a Moccasin's Head.

One day last week Tom Elwood, who is well known in Charlotte, was in town and filled up pretty considerably on the ardent. On his way home, a colored man driving his wagon, he discovered a moccasin snake by the roadside. He ordered his driver to stop and get out to kill the snake. Catching his snakeship with a strong grasp in his right hand, about amidships, the reptile showed vigorous fight and bit Elwood three times on the arm. Becoming incensed at such treatment, he asserted with an oath that he would not be outdone as a bitist, and attempted to get the snake's head into his own mouth with a view of returning the compliment. In his attempt to do so the snake again bit him severely on the cheek, which only rendered him more furious. He finally succeeded in getting a death-grip on the snake with his teeth and actually bit off its head. Strange to say, the snake's bites, usually considered poisonous, had no appreciable effect upon Elwood.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

—There is no special objection to waving one's handkerchief from a car window at a pretty girl under an apple tree so long as the train is standing still; but when it begins to move it is better to let the girl do the waving. This general proposition, though the terms are somewhat different, was neatly, concisely demonstrated by Mr. C. M. Hathaway, of Cooper's Plains, Pa., whose arm came in contact with a switch spear, causing him to faint dead away with pain.

—Another American custom, baggage checking, is likely soon to be adopted in England. The London & Northwestern Railroad sent an emissary here specially to report on our system. It is asserted that 35,000 pieces of baggage were lost or stolen in England last year.

Our Young Folks.

A BABY SHOW.

A droll conversation I once overheard—
Two children, a cat, a cow and a bird.
The names of the children were Eddy and Jane;
The names of the others I did not hear plain.
How came I to hear them? I think I won't tell:
You may guess, if you please; and if you guess well
You'll guess that I heard it as many a man hears—
With his fancy alone, and not with his ears.

The children were drawing, with caution and care,
Their sweet baby-sister, to give her the air,
In a dainty straw wagon with wheels of bright red.
And a top of white muslin which shaded her head.
She was only one year and a few months old;
Her eyes were bright blue and her hair was like gold;
She laughed all the time from morning till night,
Till Eddy and Jane were quite wild with delight.

Such a wonderful plaything never was known!
Like a real live dolly, and all for their own!
Two happier children could nowhere be found,
No, not if you traveled the whole world around.
They had drawn her this morning where daisies grew—
White daisies, all shining and dripping with dew.
Long wreaths of the daisies, and chains, they had made;
In the baby's lap these wreaths they had laid,
And were laughing to watch her fat little hands
Untwisting and twisting the stems and the strands.

Just then, of a sudden, a lark flew by
And sang at the top of his voice in the sky.
"Ho! ho! Mr. Lark," shouted Jane, "come down here!
We're not cruel children. You may come without fear.
We've something to show you. In all your life may be
You'll never see anything sweet as our baby!"

'Twas an odd thing, now, for a lark to do—
I hope you won't think my story untrue—
But this is the thing that I saw and heard:
That lark flew right down, like a sociable bird,
As soon as they called him, and perched on a tree,
And winked with his eye at the children and me,
And laughed out, as much as a bird ever can,
As he cried, "Ha! ha! Little woman and man!

"You'll be quite surprised and astonished, may be,
To hear that I do not think much of your baby.
Why, out in the field here I've got in my nest,
All cuddled up snug 'neath my wife's warm breast,
Four little babies—two sisters, two brothers—
And all with bright eyes, as bright as their mother's;
Your baby's at least ten times older than they,
But they are already to fly to-day;

"They'll take care of themselves in another week,
Before your poor baby can walk or speak.
It has often surprised me to see what poor things
All babies are that are born without wings;
And but one at a time! Dear me, my wife
Would be quite ashamed of so idle a life!"
And the lark looked as scornful as a lark knows how,
As he swung up and down on a slender bough.

A cat had been eyeing him there for awhile,
And sprang at him now from top of a stile;
But she missed her aim—he was quite too high;
And oh, how he laughed as he soared in the sky!
Then the cat scrambled up, disappointed and cross;
She looked all about her, and felt at a loss
What next she should do. So she took up the thread
Of the lark's discourse, and ill-naturedly said:

"Yes, indeed, little master and miss, I declare,
It's enough to make any mother-cat stare
To see what a time you do make, to be sure,
Over one small creature, so helpless and poor
As your babies are; Why, I've six of my own;
When they were two weeks old they could run alone;
They're never afraid of dogs or of cats—
In a few weeks more they'll be full-grown cats;

"Their fur is as fine and as soft as silk—
Two gray and three black, and one white as new milk.
A fair fight for a mouse in my family
Is as pretty a sight as you'll ever see.
It is all very well to brag of your baby—
One of these years it will be something, may be"

And without even looking at the baby's face,
The cat walked away at a sleepy pace.

"Moo, Moo!" said a cow, coming up. "Moo, Moo!
Young people, you're making a great to-do
About you baby. And the lark and the cat,
They're nothing but braggers—I wouldn't give that."
(And the cow snapped her tail as you'd snap your thumb)

"For all the babies, and kittens, and birds, that come
In the course of a year! It does make me laugh
To look at them all by the side of a calf!

"Why, my little Brindle as soon as 'twas born
Stood up on its legs and sniffed at the corn;
Before it had been in the world an hour
It began to gambol, and canter, and scour
All over the fields. See its great shining eyes,
And its comely red hair that so glossy lies,
And think! he has never felt cold in his life;
But the wind cuts your baby's skin like a knife.

"Poor shivering things! I have pitied them oft,
All muffled and smothered in flannel soft.
Ha! ha! I am sure the stupidest baby
Can see that a calf's ahead of a baby!"
And the cow called her calf, and tossed up her head,
Like a person quite sure of all she has said.
Then Jane looked at Eddy, and Eddy at Jane;
Said Eddy: "How mean! I declare they're too vain

"To live—preposterous things! They don't know
What they're talking about! I'd like them to show
A bird, or a kitten, or a learned calf,
That can kiss like our baby, or smile, or laugh."

"Yes, indeed, so should I!" said Jane, in a rage;
"The poor little thing! She's advanced for her age,
For the minister said so the other day—
She's worth a hundred kittens or calves to play.

"And as for young birds—they're pitiful things!
I saw a whole nest once, all mouths and bare wings,
And they looked as if they'd been picked by the cook
To broil for breakfast. I'm sure that they shook
With cold if their mother got off for a minute—
I'm glad we have flannel, and wrap babies in it."
So the children went grumbling one to the other,
And when they reached home they told their mother.

The dear baby, asleep in its crib she laid,
And laughed as she kissed the children, and said:
"Do you think I believe that the sun can shine
On a boy or a girl half so sweet as mine?
The lark, and the cat, and the cow were all right—
Each baby seems best in its own mother's sight!"

—*Wide-Awake.*

THE DOLLS' PICNIC.

There was a picnic in Farmer Blake's attic. The farmer and his wife had gone to the village, and left little Dick and Fanny to take care of Baby Ben. So the children thought they would have a picnic. It was Doll Dink's birthday. Doll Dinks was a black baby, six months old, and he squeaked. He had a birthday twice a month. Doll Midget had blue eyes and yellow curls. She was invited to the picnic. Dick got a great milk-pan and filled it full of water. This was Boston Bay. The dolls were first to be taken out to sail, and then they were to have lunch. The lunch was a large piece of spice cake and two jam tarts. Pudge, the fat kitten, was invited to the picnic, too. To begin with, they put her on a small table, close to Boston Bay, so that she could look on. There was not room in the boat for three of them.

The lunch was laid by in an old wood-box. As soon as the boat was ready, Doll Dinks and Doll Midget went on board. The boat was one of Grandpa Blake's old slippers. Then they set sail. Dick made the wind blow with the bellows, and Fanny puffed out her rosy cheeks with all her might. But the trouble was that Baby Ben wanted to help with a fire shovel. So the children told him he had better be the fairy godmother. The fairy godmother always hid in the wood-box, and popped out at just the right moment. Baby Ben thought he liked best to blow the boat with the fire shovel. But Fanny promised to give him a bite of her share of the cake.

This consoled Ben, and they made a place for him in the wood-box. There he kept so very still that the children thought he must have gone to sleep.

All at once a loud splash was heard. A fearful storm arose in Boston Bay, and the boat was upset. It was all that fat kitten Pudge, who had tumbled from the table into the milk-pan. What an uproar! The dolls had no life-preservers, but Dick and Fanny bravely dragged them from the waters. As for Pudge, the children saw the end of her tail going down stairs, with a stream like a small Charles River dripping off behind. Doll Dinks, being hollow, could float, and he squeaked as loud as ever when he was pulled out. But, after all, poor Doll Midget was drowned. Her nice, clean clothes were soaked, and her lovely hair all came out of curl.

"Now," said Fanny, "we must take Doll Midget to the kitchen fire and dry her, or she never will be fit to come to the picnic."

"Oh no!" replied Dick. "She's drowned. She's dead as a—as a hair-pin. But I've heard Uncle John tell that they roll drowned folks on a barrel, and then blow 'em up. That rusticakes 'em."

(Uncle John said resuscitate, but this was too booming a word for little Dick.)

"Rusticakes 'em?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, that's what Uncle John called it. Let's rusticake Doll Midget that way. Hold on till I get a barrel!" But all he could find was a large spool. Then after Doll Midget's dress was taken off, she was rolled. Dick rolled her so hard that her sides split open. Next he put the nose of the bellows between her ribs, for he said that her mouth was not big enough. Then he blew just as hard as he could. The first thing Fanny knew, a puff of sawdust flew out of Doll Midget's side into her eyes. She threw her apron over her head and began to cry. Dick kept shouting, "She's rusticaked! She's rusticaked!" But poor Fanny only cried the harder. So Dick proposed to wake up the fairy godmother, and eat the picnic. At this Fanny dried her eyes. They crept up softly to the wood-box. There lay Baby Ben fast asleep, sure enough. There were crumbs of spice cake and jam tart on his frock, and a bit of jam on the end of his nose. The lunch was all gone.

"Oh, you rogue!" cried Fanny.

Ben opened his blue eyes and looked so cunning that both the children laughed and forgave him at once. Then they agreed to put off the rest of the picnic till the next day.—*Youth's Companion.*

That Terrible Small Boy.

It was Sunday evening. Angelica had invited her "best young man" to the evening meal. Everything had passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by exclaiming, "Ga, ma! yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted this other night, when he called to take Angie to the drill; he looked so nice sittin' 'long-side of her with his arm—"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of a well-done crab—quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth. "Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant after gaining his breath, and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm—"

"Freddie," shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempts to reach the boy's auricular appendage she upset the contents of the teapot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Russian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons. "I was just goin' to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm—" "You boy!" thundered the father, "away to the woodshed." And the boy made for the nearest exit, exclaiming as he waltzed, "I was only going to say Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on, and I leave it to him if he didn't." And the boy was permitted to return, and the remainder of the meal was spent in explanations from the family in regard to the number of times Freddie had to be "talked to" for using his fingers for a ladle.

—The *Examiner and Chronicle* says a cup of water in the oven while baking will prevent bread and cakes from burning. Thanks for the information. And a ten-year-old boy, loose in the cellar, will prevent apples from spoiling. About one boy to four barrels of apples, doctor.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Lightning struck a pine tree at the head of Colvin's Creek, N. C., and kindled a fire that swept 7,000 acres of land, destroying timber, crops and turpentine.

—A Massachusetts man has resorted to Paris green to keep juvenile thieves from stealing his flowers.

—Follow the example of trees—keep some things in the shade.—*Syracuse Standard.*

—It's sweat weather, whether it rains or not.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881.

But little that is encouraging can be said in regard to the condition of the President. It may, however, truthfully be stated that he was no worse Thursday than on Monday, and that if anything was slightly better. He took a little more nourishment in the natural way than on Monday, retaining it without difficulty, and the absence of gastric disturbance for two successive days was regarded as a favorable indication by the attending physicians. There is no diminution in the extent of the glandular swelling, and at least one of the physicians intimates that suppuration will soon follow. Although the physicians admit that the patient is still in a critical condition, they see no immediate cause for alarm, and are hourly looking and hoping for some favorable change.

Mr. Pulitzer, of the Democratic St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has been looking over the field, and comes to the conclusion that "the Republicans are stronger than ever."

It is of little consequence at present, but it is gratifying to know that at the recent elections in Kentucky the Republicans gained fourteen members of the Legislature—seven in each House.

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Democrat* says of Gen. Arthur: "If Mr. Arthur becomes President, let him be judged by what he does, and not by what he has done or left undone. He is a strong Republican, of course, but he is a better man than some people represent him to be."

A pittsburg paper states that Dr. Agnew charges the President a thousand dollars a visit. As Dr. Hamilton is equally distinguished he must charge about the same. If Bliss and the others expect fees in proportion, the distinguished patient, provided he is to pay the bills, has very little encouragement to get well. It will not only consume all his four years' salary, but he will probably have to toil the remainder of his days to settle his indebtedness, and then leave a burden for his boys to struggle under.

The spread of the Mormon sentiment in North Georgia is illustrated by the following announcement which appears in the Atlanta Constitution, signed by Walter Scott, president of the Mormon Conference: "The Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints will be held in Mormon Meeting-Houses, Felton, Haralson county, July 22, 23 and 24, to which a cordial invitation is extended to all. There will be present ten or twelve traveling elders from different parts of the State, also John Morgan, president of the Southern State mission." It is said that people, mostly women, are leaving northwest Georgia by the carload for Utah.

It looks as if the days of Fusion in Maine were numbered. There was a good deal of plain talk in the Democratic Convention of the Second Congressional District last week, when ex-Governor Garcelon of savory memory urged the endorsement of the Greenback candidate. One delegate said: "There is no hope of electing our candidate, but if we indorse the nomination of the Greenback Convention, we shall not only be defeated, but disgraced." This was so nearly the sentiment of the convention that when the name of a straight Democratic candidate was presented he was nominated by acclamation without a dissenting vote.

The Republican State Central Committee will open the ball on September 7, when a meeting will be held and the day named for the assembling of the State Convention. There are Republicans who believe that a good nominee for the comptrollership will have a chance of being elected, if the O. L. D.'s adhere to their promises not to vote for Mr. Keating. The Republicans expect to carry their legislative ticket in Somerset, Talbot, Dorchester, Allegany, Washington, Frederick, Garrett, Prince George's, St. Mary's and Charles, and possibly Anne Arundel. This would give them 39 votes in the House, and nine in the Senate, with the present Republican senators holding over. In that event the O. L. D.'s would hold the balance of power in the House, as 46 votes will be a majority.

"A Great Opportunity."

The Democracy are beginning to kindle with what they are pleased to call "a great opportunity." "The political events of the past few months at Washington and Albany, and the miserable surrender of the Republicans to Mahone," says one of their organs, "have afforded Democrats a great opportunity." The events at Washington to which reference is made we presume to be the Conkling and Platt resignations and the attempted assassination of the President. The great opportunity, no doubt, grows out of the assumed popular demand for reform in the Civil Service to which these events are supposed to have given rise. The New York Senators having resigned their seats in a huff because they were not permitted the absolute control and disposition of certain Federal offices, and a "disappointed office-seeker" having attempted the life of the President, it is supposed that the public mind has leaped to the conclusion that a system of Civil Service under which such things are possible necessarily needs reforming, and that something must be done about it immediately. And it is argued that in this state of things there is nothing for the people to do but rise up against the party in power, under whose administration these things have come to pass, and compel it to give way to a party of higher standards, purer practices and more unpartisan and unselfish aims; a party of reform; the Democratic party in short. Hence events in Washington are supposed to have afforded the Democracy a great opportunity.

The reasoning is a trifle too swift, and there is a perceptible lack of logic in it. Our Civil Service is far from perfect, no doubt. Government patronage is liable to be and unquestionably often is used as a reward for party service, and good citizens looks upon this feature of it with disfavor. They would like to see the system changed so that there should be something like fixity of tenure in the subordinate offices, and honesty, capacity and fidelity made the sole tests. They would like a reform which should eliminate the factor of patronage from politics, and curtail by so much at least the power of machine politicians and bosses. But the two New York Senators threw up their commissions and put themselves in antagonism with the Administration for the very reason that the President resisted their demands and refused to permit any such use of the Federal offices in this city and State. And the Republicans of New York have approved his action, have overthrown bossism and dismantled the machine, and put themselves in accord and in line with the Administration. Having done this, what reason is there for any friend of Reform to array himself against either the Republican party or the Administration it supports? The Administaation has done the very thing the reformers have been clamoring for; has put itself in opposition to the chief evil of which they complained. And the Republicans of New York have sustained and indorsed it, and repudiated both Boss and Machine.

The crime of the "disappointed office-seeker," Guiteau, has no doubt contributed to bring the subject of the Civil Service to the front of discussion. But has it furnished any reason for opposition to Republican Administration? The great objection of Civil Service Reformers to the existing system is that upon the advent of a new Administration sweeping changes are liable to take place, and men are appointed to office without regard to fitness or capacity, simply as a reward for personal or party service. Guiteau's crime directs attention to the very significant and pregnant fact that under the present Administration no such thing happened. There were no sweeping removals and but very few changes. There was no chance for this man or for any other who pressed his claim for office upon the ground purely of personal service in the campaign. The occasion for his crime was not in the existence but in the absence of one of the chief evils of which complaint is made. How then can the events at Washington, the Senatorial resignations and the crime of Guiteau, afford the Democrats a great opportunity to profit by the agitation of Civil Service Reform, since the events named both attest the sincerity of Republican professions and the determination of the Administration of President Garfield to abolish existing evils and purify and elevate the service? The effect must be rather to strengthen the Republicans, who have given these proofs of their honest purposes, than to afford a great opportunity for Democrats, whose accession to power would precipitate upon the country all the evils, increased a thousand fold, which good citizens so deprecate.

Nor do we see how the events at Albany, which are so confidently counted on as a reinforcement, can in any way contribute to the great Democratic opportunity. That there were differences and bickerings among the Republicans is true, and it is also true that, for several weeks, the Democrats in the Legislature exercised in an uncommon degree the masterly virtue of silence—on both sides these were incidents. The overshadowing event at Albany was the election of two Administration Senators, accompanied by the final rejection of the Bosses and the establishment of harmony and good feeling in the Republican ranks. In this crowning event we fail to see anything that can properly be called a great Democratic opportunity unless it is an opportunity to encounter one more defeat. And perhaps this is the opportunity afforded by events of which they are making too much.—*New York Tribune.*

The investigation of the charges against the registers of voters in the Second, Fourth, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth and Sixteenth wards was concluded before Governor Hamilton yesterday. The counsel for the prosecution, as well as for the defence, made exhaustive arguments, and both are confident of the result. Governor Hamilton, however has kept his counsel well, and no one knows what his decision will be. Mr. Joseph S. Heusler made the opening speech for the prosecution, and Gen. Bradley T. Johnson closed on the same side. These gentlemen did not confine their arguments merely to the technical questions involved, but launched out on the broader sea of registration frauds as among the most formidable agencies in depriving the people of a fair vote and an honest count, and pointed out that registration abuses must necessarily continue unless heroic treatment be resorted to and the registration officers forced to comply strictly with the law as it is on the statute books. Gen. Johnson's argument was devoted to a demonstration that the number of names on the present registration is out of all proportion to the voting population of the city, the male population, the votes as cast in recent years and the police census. Mr. Bernard Carter and Mr. James A. L. McClure made the arguments for the defence. Mr. Carter made the strongest legal presentation of the case, fully covering all phases of the case from his standpoint. It was a masterly effort, and when he had finished, very little remained unsaid on the part of the defence. Mr. McClure made the closing speech for the defence, and advanced some new theories to prove that the registers were not guilty of the charges made against them. In his closing speech General Johnson, for the first time during the investigation, was the recipient of applause from the audience, whose sympathies rather ran the other way, by an eloquent reference to the valor of the Irish race, and an allusion to his own devotion to the Democratic party. Public attention will now be transferred from the court to the Governor, whose decision is awaited, not only with anxiety and concern by the accused registers, but with interest by the citizens of Maryland. The investigation has shown the necessity of a new registration law, and the advantages that an annual registration would afford; but there already is an apprehension in the minds of the people that if the Democratic majority in the next legislature is as large as it has been in its predecessors, nothing in the direction of a purified registration will be accomplished.—*Balto. American, 19th.*

Daniel, the Bourbon nominee for Governor of Virginia, appears to be an agile sort of a politician who has vaulted all around the debt question. At one time, shortly after the war closed, he advocated the repudiation of all debts, public or private. Later he became a Readjuster. Now he is the candidate of the self-styled Debt Payers party, a party which has talked about honesty for nearly ten years without making any motion to meet the just demands of Virginia's creditors by giving them three per cent bonds in place of their sixes, but in the same breath declare that they will not increase the rate of taxation, which is equivalent to saying that no money shall be raised to pay the interest on the new bonds they propose to issue.

A blockade of about two hundred coal boats has for some time existed on the canal, caused by low water on the fourteen mile level, below dam No. 6. Some of these boats left Cumberland on the 6th inst., so that they have been ten days going seventy-five miles.

KITZMILLERVILLE, MD.,
August 25th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In its last issue the *Democrat* sounded the first note of the campaign in Garrett county. It will be a disappointment to the readers of that enterprising journal, that the first effort of the campaign should be but a stale rehash of what has been warmed over, year after year, for Democratic consumption, without the addition of a single new ingredient. This circumstance, at first thought, might be wrongly attributed to barrenness of ideas, but it will be seen when we come to think of it, that the Democracy are reduced to this dire necessity.

Reference is made, in a vague and general way, to the grand achievements of the Democratic party in the past twenty years, when in fact they cannot point to a single position it has taken, but it has been driven from it in disgrace, and they cannot name an act of theirs, that has been in the least degree beneficial to the country.

While the retrospect of the Democracy for the past twenty years is filled with crimes and blunders, which, in the present forgiving mood ought, perhaps, to be covered with the mantle of charity, the Republican party has been marching onward with a singleness of purpose, truly wonderful when we consider all things—the venality, the selfishness, and the frailty of human nature—until to-day it stands a tower of strength, a Gibralter, unassailed and unassailable. It has vanquished its foes without and quited its domestic disturbances, and the Democracy dare not oppose a single article in its national creed. The public service was never so pure and efficient, it was never so ably and economically administered. The recent collection and disbursement of six hundred million dollars without the loss of a cent. has no parallel in the history of this, or, probably, of any other country.

The country was never as prosperous as it is now, its credit was never so good before, and our present financial system is perhaps the best ever devised. It is a great an inestimable blessing, that the country has been governed by Republicans, the last twenty years. There is not one Democrat in a hundred, but when he sees the blind, blundering stupidity of his party, is glad in his heart that the Republican party and Republican principles have triumphed; that the country has been saved from dissolution; that men are free; that the repudiating tendencies of his party was defeated; that resumption was accomplished, and that to-day we are a great Nation, with a big N. The people realize the situation, and no amount of silly vaporing about what the Democracy has done in the last twenty years, will lead them away after false gods.

The Republicans of Garrett county have become accustomed to the *Democrat's* style of braggadocia, and will not scare this fall "worth a cent." While the Democrats have always made themselves ridiculous by their extravagant claims before each succeeding election, one cannot help admiring the matter of course manner in which they accept defeat, and the seeming alacrity with which they come up every year to receive their annual drubbing. Surely no Republican in Garrett county will begrudge them two twn or three months of pleasant anticipation, (which after all they do not really feel) preceeding the elections. It is a very innocent sort of amusement for them, and no doubt does them good, and at the same time is perfectly harmless, and furthermore they have a right to keep it up and have a "real good time" once every year.

The *Democrat* compares the party to Napoleon's old guard. There are doubtless a great many other things it might be compared to, and this brings to mind the newspaper discussion which followed the great International prize fight between Heenan and Sayers. Heenan, the American champion, stood up in the ring and knocked Sayers down thirty-nine times, and the English made a great ado over their champion because he had stood up and been knocked down so many times without giving up the fight. The Americans retorted that while Sayers could be knocked down more times in two hours than any other man in England, Heenman could knock more men down in the same length of time than any man in the world; that Heenan was the great knocker, and Sayers the great knockee. The reader will make the application. And while we admit, with the *Democrat*, that it can be walloped oftener in twenty years than any other party that ever existed, and that it acts just as though it does not know when it is defeated, or when likely to be defeated.

Perhaps it is just as well for all concerned that such is the case. It has succeeded in placing itself on the wrong side of every national issue in the last twenty years, but it will do as well for an opposition party, just as well as any thing else.

Space will not admit of a more especial reference to the matters and things discussed by the *Democrat*, in its peculiarly brilliant style, but in the closing paragraph it speakes of "flashing the news from the mountain to the sea." This is certainly very pretty and no doubt is typical of another "flash in the pan."

DEAR REPUBLICAN, as I am unaccustomed to writing long letters for the press, I fear my subjects are somewhat disjointed, but promise you that I will try to do better next time.

Very respectfully,
CITIZEN.

Ring Management.

Said Patrick Henry, that good old revolutionary patriot, when speaking of the aggressions of the British Crown upon the infant colonies: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience; and judging from the past, I would ask what has there been in the conduct of the British government to lead us to hope for better things in the future?" And now we would ask what has there been in the past conduct of the managers of the ring to lead us to hope for better things in future? Have they not made repeated promises of retrenchment and reform during previous canvasses, only to be disregarded when the time arrived for their fulfillment? Can we, then, trust to the professions of men "who keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope?" The platform of principles upon which Governor Hamilton was elected, at that time, on the ticket were pledged to its observance, yet how flagrantly were its sacred behests disregarded by a majority of the Legislature and officers at the head of the financial department of the government. Were not its commands trampled under foot by men who, during the canvass, had vowed fidelity to its injunctions, and who, after the election, laughed at the idea of reform, and said, "Oh! we promised all this before the election, but now that we are in office we wish to make places for friends, increase our patronage and perpetuate our influence with the people." Thus has the public interest been made subservient to self-aggrandizement, multiplication of offices, increase of salaries and general extravagance. And how stood the comptroller in this matter? Did he stand as the watchful sentinel guarding the door of the treasury? Truth compels us to say that he heeded more the commands of the managers and the ring majority in the Legislature than the voice of the people, and much of the hard earned treasure of the toiling masses was illegally squandered. And now our ears are greeted with the same professions and promises of reform that have proven so delusive in the past. But trust them not. They are but the windy vaporings of a transient and illusiory breath. Against this public official demoralization Governor Hamilton has stood as an impregnable barrier and pillar of light surrounded by the bright constellation of the few in power who sustained him, and said to the proud foes of reform, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He and those supporting him have been true to the trust reposed in them, have fought a good fight and kept their faith, but the battle is not yet over nor the victory won. The ides of November are to determine the issue and decide whether we are to have an honest and economical administration of our State government, or whether ring rule is to be perpetuated and the public interest disregarded. Let the people, the sovereigns of the State, come to the rescue, and repudiating those who have proved unfaithful to their trust, elect only such to office as will use their delegated authority not to further selfish purposes, but for the good of their constituents.—*Ex.*

Congratulations from the Pope.

The following correspondence by cable is furnished from the State Department:

ROME, Aug. 15.

The Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington:

As the Holy Father learned with painful surprise and profound sorrow the horrid attempt of which the President of the Republic was the victim, so now he is happy to facilitate his excellency upon the news that his precious life is now out of danger, and will every pray that God may grant him a speedy and complete recovery of his health and long spare him for the benefit of the United States. The undersigned has the honor to join in these sentiments of sincere congratulations and wishes for complete recovery.

L. CARDINAL JACOBIN.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S ANSWER.

To which Secretary Blaine sent the following answer:

WASHINGTON Aug. 22, 1881.

To His Eminence L. Cardinal Jacobini:

Please convey to his Holiness the sincere thanks with which this government received the kind expression of his prayerful interest in behalf of the stricken President. Since your message was sent the President's condition has been changed and we are filled with anxiety, but not without hope. The President has been very deeply touched by the pious interest for his recovery shown by all the Church, and by none more widely or more devoutly than by those of the Roman Catholic communication.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A dog which during the Crimean war made three Russian soldiers prisoners, has just died in a government hospital at Genoa, after being provided for by the government since that event.

The Fishkill *Journal* says that frost was reported in the Highlands, near Fishkill, on Wednesday morning, thus verifying Vennor's prediction.

The ninth annual convention of New Jersey cranberry-growers is to be held at Haddonfield on Thursday, August 30.

Mr. John Engleby, of Lonaconing, has received a cable telegram announcing the safe arrival of his father and brother at Plymouth, England, being the first message by cable ever received in that town.

On Thursday Michael McEvoy, employed at the steel work in Newark N. J., was pierced through the thigh by a red-hot strip of steel, causing him the most excruciating pain. The physicians think they can save the leg.

The Employment Bureau at Castle Garden, New York, assists 250 servant girls weekly to obtain places and large as the supply is, it does not equal the demand. The immigrants have the advantage afforded by the bureau for five years, provided they bring reference from their employers.

Three children in one family died on Wednesday last in President, Pa., under peculiar circumstances. Two of them, while playing in the yard, were bitten by snakes. The mother, going to their assistance, left a kettle of boiling water on the floor, and the third child fell into it.

A recent number of the London *Times* gives six of its eight pages to Parliament, two columns to court reports, a column and a half to telegraph matter, and the remainder to advertisements. There is no local news outside of the courts, no miscellany, nothing that anybody would want to read, unless it happened to be somebody who likes that sort of a print.

A bald-headed eagle hovering over St. John's Island, near Toronto, suddenly swooped down and attempted to carry off a two-year-old child of Mr. John Clancy's that was playing in a field alone. The light clothing gave way with every tug of the voracious bird, and was torn into ribbons. Some men working near by came up in time to save the child from injury, but the eagle refused to go away until shot at.

On the receipt last week of the news of President Garfield's unfavorable symptoms, a very exciting meeting was held in Charles Wolfe's Old House by the Mill, in Westfield, Staten Island. Every man present pledged himself, under oath, to proceed to Washington, in case the President died, to take part in any movement that might be organized to avenge the Chief Magistrate's death.

It is a dangerous thing to tamper with a Scotch institution. Only a day or two ago the Dunoon Castle steamer carried a deck-load of excursionists down the Clyde on the "Sabbath." That very night she stuck on a sand-bank, and no one got home. Next day her captain, in a fit, fell overboard, and was drowned. On the third day the profane vessel was in flames; and few people in Scotland have much doubt as to what all that means.

On the Czar's recent railway journey to Moscow, the line was guarded throughout its length by soldiery. At every hundred paces bayonets glistened, and at intervals tents shone white and camp fires gleamed. The Emperor was anxious that the Empress should remain behind with the Imperial children at Peterhoff, but she insisted on accompanying her husband, to share his fortunes, whatever they may be.

Pears are so very abundant in Connecticut that the farmers and others who raise them have to prop the branches of the trees up to keep the limbs from breaking. Apples are being brought to market for shipment in good quantities. It was generally conceeded that, because of the enormous yield of apples last year, the crop this year would be light. Owners of orchards are pleased to think that they were mistaken, for the apple trees promise a fair yield.

A colored "school marm" in Marion county, Ga., has a number of men with families attending her school—one 40 years old. Among the number is the man with whom she is boarding, and one of the first to receive the rod of correction was her landlord. Two weeks ago the 40-year old student was told his next failure to know his lesson would bring upon him "the rod certain." He says she is right, and if while he attends her school, he disobeys her commands, or fails to comply with her regulations, that she ought to whip him, and his duty is to submit to the chastisement without complaint.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. C. E. Lazier and wife of Morgantown, W. Va., are visiting at Rev. Jones'.

—The Presbyterian congregation propose to build a parsonage in Oakland in the near future.

—There will be a festival held at Deer Park, on Thursday, Sept, 1st, 1881. Proceeds for the benefit of the Lutheran Church building.

—W. M. Coddington, our efficient supervisor, has completed the Helbig bridge in Oakland, and has made a very substantial piece of work.

—Lieut. P. A. Calsholm, the contractor for the Davis bridge, is getting the material on the ground, and will soon have the bridge under way.

—Mr. Andrew Mullen, of Bloomington, has been authorized by Edward Margroff, Collector, to receive and receipt for taxes for district No. four.

—Our young friend H. Allen Ison left Oakland Monday evening for Port Chester, N. Y., to accept a responsible position in a large manufacturing establishment. We wish "Al" success, and have no doubt but he will achieve it.

—Died, August 18th, 1881, little Joseph Elkins, aged 5 months and 27 days, an infant child of Mr. Burke, near Deer Park. The burial services were conducted by the writer. May the parents find support by trusting in the Lord, in this their time of sorrow.

How we loved our little Josie!
Is it true, God loved him more?
Yes, 'tis true, for he has called him
To his bright and heavenly home.

It is God who hath hereft us;
His assurance, too, is given,
If we only live to serve him.
We shall meet our boy in heaven.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church–Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. W. J. McShurely.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

A New Food for Cows.

In the Oakland Correspondence of the Vinton, Ohio, *Record*, we find the following paragraph:

"Another thing that renders Oakland a desirable place for invalids is the plentiful supply of good milk. A great many cows are kept who feed on the sweet and nutrious grapes with which the country abounds."

The correspondent undoubtedly wrote it "grasses," but the intelligent compositor, who is evidently not a granger, easily mistook the double s for a p, with the above ludicrous result.

Military Notes.

The encampment here, commencing Saturday (27th) and ending Tuesday next, promises to be a grand affair. There will be two brass bands, (the Lonaconing and Queen City.) There will be over one hundred men in camp, and a large number of invited guests from various parts of the State. Col. Johnson and Adjutant Sloan were in Oakland Monday making final arrangements. The site for the camp is at the eastern end of Oak Street, and pleasantly located. The tents arrived and were pitched on Friday.

The following military orders have been issued relative to the camp drill of the Western Maryland companies of the Maryland National Guards:

HEADQ'RS FIRST BATTALION INFANTRY, MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD, CUMBERLAND, Aug. 18, 1881.

General order No. 1:

1. By authority of the Adjutant-General of the State. The companies of the Maryland National Guard in Allegany and Garrett counties, to-wit; Voltigeurs, Garrett Guards and Hamilton Light Infantry, are hereby constituted a battalion with the undersigned senior officer in command.

2. The designation of the respective companies will be as follows:

Company A, Voltigeurs.
Company B, Garrett Guards.
Company C, Hamilton Light Infantry.

3. First Lieut., David W. Sloan is announced as Adjutant, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly. The remainder of the staff will be announced in future orders.

4. All communications from members of this command addressed to the Brigade Commander or Adjutant General will be forwarded through these headquarters for endorsement.

HENRY J. JOHNSON,
Capt. Voltigeurs and Brevet Lieut, Col.
Official.
DAVID W. SLOAN,
First Lieut. & Adjt.

HEADQ'RS FIRST BATTALION INFANTRY, MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARDS. CUMBERLAND, Aug. 16, 1881.

General orders:

1. This battalion will go into camp at Oakland on Saturday Aug. 27, 1881.

2. The Voltigeurs and Hamilton Light Infantry will assemble at their respective armories at 6.30 o'clock a. m., on the date named and the commanding officers will report to Adjt. Sloan at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot at 7:30 o'clock to take the train to Oakland.

3. The Garrett Guards will be under arms and in line at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot at Oakland on the arrival of the accommodation train from Cumberland and the commanding officer will then report to Adjt. Sloan.

Each man will be in full uniform, armed and equipped wearing a knapsack with overcoat rolled on same, and each man will provide himself with a blanket.

By order of:
Capt. & Brl. Lieut. Col.
HENRY J. JOHNSON.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
First Lieut. & Adjt.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BATTALION INFANTRY, M. N. G., CUMBERLAND, Aug. 18, 1881.

General Orders, No. 3.

The following additional officers are announced on the battalion staff:

1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Thos. J. Peddicord; 1st Lieutenant and Commissary Subsistence, John Dailey; 1st Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon, E. H. Bartlett, (in accordance with special Order No. 14, A. G. O. series, 1879). They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of
Capt. and Brevet-Lt-Col.
HENRY J. JOHNSON,
Commanding.

D. W. SLOAN,
1st. Lieut. and Adjutant.

Lt. Peddicord is a member of the Garrett bar, and a popular and clever gentleman, well qualified for the position of Quartermaster. Lt. Dailey is the well known host of the Glades Hotel, Oakland, and the military who fall into his hands can depend on a supply of first-class subsistence. Dr. Bartlett was some time since commissioned as surgeon of the Western Maryland M. N. G. until one should be regularly selected, and is now announced on the staff of the 1st battalion. The doctor is skillful in his profession, and a genial gentleman.

Lt. Sloan, the Adjutant of the battalion, previously announced, is our agreeable State's attorney. He was one of the original members of the Voltigeurs, and was a private in that company when promoted to the position of adjutant.

Everything points to a splendid time at the Oakland encampment beginning Saturday next.—*Cumberland News.*

In compliance with above Capt. Wardwell issued the following general order.

HEADQRUATERS COMPANY B, 1st BATTALION, M. N. G., OAKLAND, MD., Aug., 24th, 1881.

General Order, No. 28.

In accordance with orders from Battalion Headquarters the Garrett Guards, (Company B,) will assemble at their Armory on Saturday morning Aug. 27th, at 9 o'clock sharp, in heavy marching order, knapsack and overcoat. Each man will provide himself with a blanket, also a tin cup, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon. Sergeants and Corporals will report to the Orderly Sergeant for special instructions.

By order of:
E. H. WARDWELL,
Official Capt. Comd'g Co.
R. S. JAMINSON,
Orderly Sergt.

SELBYSPORT, MD., Aug. 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been reported throughout the county that I signed Mr. Hatfield's petition to be reinstated in the Friendsville postoffice, and for the removal of Mr. Wm. Ryland. The man that started such report is a liar, and I can prove him to be one.

Respectfully,
CHARLES F. FRAZEE.

Shades Correspondence.

SHADES, MD., Aug. 16th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—A few items from this the northern part of Garrett, may be of interest to some of your readers.

The splendid weather of the past week has afforded the farmers ample time to secure their hay and grain crops, and get them in their barns. The grain is generally of good quality. The hay crop is a good average; not so heavy as anticipated, but good enough. The farmers are now engaged in cutting and taking up their oat crop, which is of good quality, perhaps the best crop for several years; well filled and heavy. Buckwheat, corn and potatoes, (though there are plenty of bugs,) are doing well. Taking the crops throughout, we have no just cause to complain.

Our lumber trade, as usual, is very good. The mills are cutting orders, and shipping quantities of lumber. Our Clearfield Company, two miles north of this place, is crowded with orders all the while, and cannot supply all demands. This company ships principally North and East. Your correspondent, with two gentlemen, friends from Frostburg, spent two days in overlooking the business of this company, timber, &c., and have pronounced it a model mill, and all in connection with the elevated railroad five miles from the timber to the mill near Salisbury, Pa., down grade, narrow guage, T rail, 6 ton engine, and making 4 trips or trains per day. We boarded the train and took passage from the timber forest to the mill, distance 5 miles. Had 5 trucks and I think about 30 logs. This elevated road, from 4 to 15 feet high, and constructed principally of heavy timber, making a very substantial road, free from deep snows and all winter obstructions, will enable the company to continue without interruption all seasons of the year. This virgin forest will continue, doubtless, for 15 years at from 4 to six millions feet per year. There are also large quantities of pine, hemlock, and oak immediately adjoining this purchase, and now owned by C. M. Graham and Miss Sarah Wright, of Frostburg, and by Mr. Thomas Frost, of Garrett county, which may yet be purchased and manufactured at this mill. Mr. Frost has had an offer from this company for all the timber owned by him, and has it now under consideration.

Quite a heavy bark business has been going on in chestnut oak and hemlock bark. Large crowds of men for two or three months have been steadily at it. I understand the bark is all to be shipped to Pittsburg.

A few nights since an attack was made upon some men belonging to a camp in this neighborhood, by a huge panther. They succeeded by the aid of a vicious dog in keeping it at bay, and finally driving it off.

The Lochiel Lumber Company has a large force of hands cutting and skidding large quantities of logs as usual, and will have six or seven millions feet for floating during the coming fall and winter. Large quantities of their bark has been pealed during the spring.

Our national road is now being repaired. Our several supervisors have made commencement, and will, I presume, have all repairs complete at the proper time. Another competing telegraph line is now in the course of construction on the pike. Col. Andrew Stewart, of Ohio Pile Falls, has been upon the road for the past two weeks in the interest of this line, securing poles and contracting for supplies, and expects to have the line completed to St. Louis, Pittsburg, Chicago, Wheeling and other points by the 1st of January. This line of telegraph is at present completed from Boston to Washington, and in a very short time will reach Cumberland, and then over our National road to St. Louis. The company now has 80 men upon the road east of Cumberland, and are completing the work three to four miles per day. Will arrive at this point in about ten days.

This Monday morning presented a somewhat frosty appearance. The frost could be distinctly seen on the fences. Did you have any at Oakland? If you did not you will have very shortly. The mornings and evenings are very cool.

Visitors from Pittsburg are scattered all through our region, a few of them with your correspondent, making things lively. They contemplate a visit to Oakland. Are you full up, or have you room for more?

[We will make room for them.]

Republicans in this portion of Garrett county are firm and hopeful of success this fall, when a larger vote than was ever before cast will be polled.

You will hear from me again.

SHADES.

At the Summer Resort.

A Few Hints to the Lady Visitors.

In the first place, select a resort where there is no danger of meeting anybody who knows you or has ever heard of you. This will give you a first-rate opportunity of putting on all the airs imaginable.

In order to deceive the other boarders into believing that you are of more than common importance, engage a dozen or twenty persons to send you letters daily. If you advance the money to pay the expense of stationery and postage, and only require your correspondents to send blank paper, there should be no difficulty in arranging this matter satisfactorily.

If any one should compliment any of your dresses as they appear, you should say, "Oh, I'm only wearing my old duds, you know; they're good enough for this place." Then delicately hint at the elegant things in your other trunk.

If you have exhausted your resources in garmenture before the close of your stay, begin at the beginning and again go through the list.

It may so happen that those who have seen the first part of your dress rehearsal have gone, and a new lot of boarders taken their places. In that event, your programme can be repeated with impunity.

Should it be otherwise, and the old boarders remaining, you can casually remark, as often as possible, that "Really, I'm sorry I brought my best things. I havn't opened my other trunk yet, and I don't believe I shall now. This is no place to dress, you know."

If possible, do not have your husband with you. Husbands are frequently inferior-looking creatures, and too often lack the tact necessary to impress strangers with their importance. Let your husband remain at home, and you can say, "My husband," or "Mr. Smithington," in a way that cannot fail of apotheosizing him.

Of course you will have a good deal to say of "papa" and of his elegant residence. If "papa" be an inmate of the Almshouse, all the better. You can speak of his great house without falsifying.

Be sure and find all the fault you can with the food. Say as often as it occurs to you, "I never saw such cooking in all my life." You probably never did see anything nearly like it; so you won't be telling a wrong story.

If you have a son or daughter with you, fondle him or her incessantly. The boarders cannot fail to notice your action and remark upon the beauty of motherly affection.

If any one refers to the beauty of the surrounding landscape, you must say, "Do you think so? After one has seen so many grander places, one can hardly appreciate anything so homely as this; but I suppose it is beautiful." You will give the impression of having been "abroad," or at least of having seen all there is to be seen on this side the Atlantic.

For stale conversation, scandalize boarders who have retured home.

During your last week, talk about your hostess. This never fails as a source of amusement when all things else are exhausted.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Cumberland is to have a Chinese laundry.

T. F. McCardell, of Cumberland, is about to make his permanent abode in Colorado.

The steam sawmill of W. Patten, in Caroline county, was destroyed by fire a few nights ago.

A wild Texan mustang was caught in Caroline county last week. Where it came from nobody knows.

Work is being pushed on the new jail at Easton, Md. It will be one of the most costly prisons in the State.

H. H. Duyckinck, of Harford county, raised this season on ten acres of land 832 bushels of oats, over 83 bushels to the acre.

Harry Newman, formerly of Cumberland, has gone crazy. He was arrested and placed in Berkeley Springs jail last Friday.

There will be nine buildings erected in Winchester, Queen Anne's county the coming fall and winter. The population of the town is now nearly 600.

The county commissioners of Montgomery county have made a contract for two years with the Rockville *Advocate* and *Chronicle* to do the county printing for $1,400 per annum.

Robert N. Sipes, of Montgomery county, was victimized out of $250 a few days ago by three men who were following Robinson's circus. They played the lottery game on him with the usual result.

Governor Hamilton has signed the death warrant of Felix Munshower, convicted in the circuit court of Frederick county Md., of the murder of his cousin, James L. Wetzell, near Emmittsburg, more than a year ago, under peculiarly revolting circumstances. The governor has named the 23d of September next, as the day for the execution.

F. M. Darby, Esq., and Mr. James Winter, of Hagerstown, left Wednesday of last week for New Mexico. Mr. Winter goes to look after his interests in a gold mine, which was willed to him by a relative, and Mr. Darby goes along as his attorney in the matter. They expect to be gone several months.

The Rockville *Sentinel* reports the result of a visit to the Montgomery gold mines. Mr. Lewis Moyal, the superintendent, exhibited 9½ ounces of gold, valued at $22 per ounce, or $209, the proceeds from five and a-half days' work, the expense being $20 per day, or $70 for the whole time, making a profit of $139. This is the first attempt at the shaketahie process, which is extensively used among many miners.

The tower and stone spire of St. John's Episcopal Church at Hagerstown, built by Mr. C. C. Baldwin as a memorial to his deceased wife, was completed on Thursday, and capped with a gilded cross four feet and a half high. The stone work is 110 feet in height, of native limestone, relieved by trimmings of brownstone, and massive granite entablatures over the doorways of the tower. A peal of bells is to be placed in the tower to complete the memorial.

On the 13th instant a son of Mr. John Bond, of Port Deposit, while playing on a raft in the Susquehanna fell overboard. He sank in ten or twelve feet of water, and did not come to the surface again. Search was made, and he was caught with a boat-hook, after he had been at least fifteen minutes under water. The boy, who was 8 years old, showed no signs of life; but Drs. Virdin and Scarboro, after working with him for half an hour, had the satisfaction to see him gasp, and breath return. He was fully restored before the doctors left him.

A farmer named Mendenhall, residing in Cecil county, in conversing with a neighbor a short time ago, made some blasphemous expressions in regard to dry weather and the prospective failure of crops, and since that day he has not uttered a word. Dr. Mearns was called in, but he could discover no reason for the loss of the power of speech, and appeared to think that no physical disability existed. It is thought by some of his neighbors that remorse for his profanity has led him to refrain from the use of language that he so greatly abused. In the meantime he attends to his farm as usual, making his wishes known by signes and motions, and seems all right with the exception of a slight manifestation of aversion towards certain members of his family that he formerly seemed particularly fond of.

How Maryland is Kept in the Bourbon Ranks.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writing from Baltimore on the false registration lists of that city, says:

"Talk about Baltimore being well governed! No city can be well governed when the very foundation of the suffrages of its citizens is rotten through and through. The elections in Baltimore do not, and have not for years past, expressed in any way the will of its people. They never can until these lists are purged and the ballots of legal voters alone are received upon election days.

Efforts made from time to time to secure the removal from the registration lists of the names which are fraudulently upon them have so far met only with failure. Democratic Legislatures have biennially refused to pass a registration law which shall secure an honest ballot. But the main fault as the hooks stand is chargable to the Registers—those now in office and their Democratic predecessors—who have been merely the tools in the hands of their masters, the "bosses," who have used them and their work to roll up Democratic majorities. Particular attention is being directed to this subject at present by the fact that the Democratic Governor of Maryland, the Hon. William T. Hamilton, has called a number of these registration officers to account, and is now giving them a public trial, charging them with malfeasance in office and a failure to perform their duty. It has been stated before in *The Times* that there is war in the Democratic ranks in Maryland. It began at the last session of the Legislature, in 1880, and grows warmer as the election this Fall for the Legislature of 1882 draws near. The Governor leads one faction, while the German-Colton ring leads the other. Gov. Hamilton is a good farmer, an honest man, I think, but petulant, easily excited, terribly profane when excited, and not a match for the shrewd Senator Gorman or the wily Police Commissioner Colton. These Registers who are now on trial before him are his own appointments. He appointed them when the breach between himself and the "bosses" was not so wide or so deep as it is at present. Many of them were Registers at the time of his election over the Republican candidate, James A. Gary, a notoriously fraudulent election in this city as well as in the counties. Thus in a measure he owes his election to their work. Yet many of the Registers are Gorman or anti-Hamilton men, and it is charged, with some degree of plausibility, that the Governor has entered upon these trials of the Registers merely for the sake of making political capital for his faction of the party, (no one but a Bourbon Democrat can understand this kind of political capital,) and that should he remove some of the Registers, he would supply their places by others not one whit better, though of his own political stripe.

The "Millenium" Springs.

We are credibly informed that fifteen miles northeast of here, on Greasy Creek, one of the greatest and most miraculous springs has recently been discovered on record. We have not been to see them, but our informant—a good citizen and a Baptist preacher of celebriety—tells us what he saw. Parson John R. Yeatts was at the spring last week, and he says the spring flows from a mountain about 400 feet high, comes out of the ground about 100 feet from the top of the mountain on the north side, and flows at the rate of about forty gallons per minute, and it is of the color of apple cider, and tastes just like apple brandy and has the same effect. Those under the influence of the water are perfectly ecstatic, and hugging and loving everything they meet. He says: "I never saw the like—children and boys and girls hugging and kissing every one they meet. Old men and old women, young men and you ladies, embraced each other by hugging and kissing. I met an old white-headed man and woman—I suppose, about eighty years old—and they were hopping and skipping like lambs. I saw hundreds lying around the spring so drunk that they could not stand up, and they were lying and laughing and trying to slap their hands. The people call them the 'Millenium Springs.'—*Arkansas State Gazette.*

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff $1 00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

HENRY KILLIUS.

Oakland, Md., Aug. 10th, 1881. 8 13 3

FOR SALE.

A large and commodious dwelling house, on the corner of Alder and Third Streets, Oakland. Well adapted for a boarding house or hotel. For terms and particulars apply at next door east. 7 23 tf.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 24, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, September 12, 1881,

for the transaction of any business that may before them.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
8 27 td. Clerk.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1881, from 9 o'clock a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT, MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Jo11-y1

Mourning Usages.

There is no possibility of touching upon the subject of death and burial, and the respect with which we should conduct funeral rites, without hurting some one's feelings. The Duke of Sutherland's attempt, in England, to do away with the dreadful shape which causes a shudder to all who have lost a friend—that of the coffin—was called irreverent, because he suggested that the dead should be buried in wicker-work baskets, with fern leaves for shrouds, so that the poor clay might the more easily return to mother earth. Those who favor cremation suffer, again, a still more frantic disesteem; and yet every one says, "O that we could get rid of this gloomy coffin, these white, ghastly cold wrappings, and afterward of the dismal trappings of woe!"

But we can not. Death is, to the most Christian and resigned heart, still a very terrible fact, a shock to all who live; and its accompaniments, do what we will, are painful. "I smell the mold above the rose," says Hood, in his pathetic lines on his daughter's death. Therefore we have a difficulty to contend with in the wearing of black, which is of itself, to begin with, an insult to our professed belief in the resurrection. We advance the logic of despair when we drape ourselves in its gloomy folds. The dress which we should wear, one would think, might be blue, the color of the sky, or white, signifying that light which the redeemed soul has reached.

But custom, which makes slaves of us all, has decreed that we shall wear black as a token of respect for those we have lost, and as a shroud for ourselves, protesting against the gentle ministrations of light and cheerfulness with which our Lord ever strives to reach us. This is one side of the question; but again one word as to its good offices. A mourning dress does protect the wearer while in deepest grief from the intrusive gayety of a passing stranger—it is a wall, a cell of refuge. Behind a black veil a poor broken-hearted woman can hide herself, as she goes out for business or recreation, dreading lest any one shall speak to her.

But the black veil, again, is most unhealthy. It harms the eyes, and it injures the skin. As it rubs against the nose and forehead, it is most certain to abrade the skin, and often makes a painful sore. To the eyes, enfeebled by weeping, it is sure to be dangerous, and most oculists now forbid it.

The English, from whom we borrow our fashions, have a limitation, provided by social law, which is a useful thing. They now decree that crape shall only be worn six months, even for the dearest relative, and that the duration of mourning shall not exceed a year. A wife's mourning for her husband is the most conventionally deep mourning allowed, and every one who has seen an English widow will allow that she has made a hearse of herself. Bombazine and crape, a widow's cap, and a long thick veil—such is the modern English idea. Some widows even have the cap made of black crepe lisse, but it is generally of white. In this country a widow's first mourning dresses are covered almost entirely with crape, a most costly and disagreeable material, easily ruined by the dampness and the dust—a sort of penance and mortification dress, very ugly and very expensive. There are now, however, other and more agreeable fabrics which also bear the dead-black, lusterless look which is alone considered respectful to the dead, which are not so costly or so disagreeable to wear as crape. The Henrietta cloth and imperial serges are chosen for heavy winter dresses, while for those of less weight are tamise cloth, Bayonnaise, grenadine, nuns' veiling and the American silk.

Nor can we criticise the grief which causes a mother to wear mourning for her children. If it is any comfort for her to wrap herself in crape, she should do so. The world has nothing to say to those who prefer to put ashes on their heads.

But for the mockery of woe, for the conventional absurdities and affectations which so readily lend themselves to caricature in the name of mourning, no condemnation can be too strong. There is a ghoul-like ghastliness in talking of "ornamental," or "complimentary," or "becoming" mourning. What connection is there between that decaying form in the earth and the luxurious jet-embroidered dress?

People of sense of course manage to make the difficult dress tributary to respect and regret, without indulging in either extreme. We see many a pale-faced mourner whose quiet black mourning dress tells the story of loss without giving us the painful feeling that crape is too thick or bombazine too heavy for comfort. Excess is to be deprecated in mourning as in everything.

And in removing the mourning dress, it should be done by gradations. It shocks persons of good taste to see a light-hearted young widow jump into colors as if she had been counting the hours. If black is proper, let its retirement be slowly and gracefully shaded off with quiet grays and purples, as the feeling of grief, yielding to the kindly influence of time, is shaded off into a tempered joy, a kindly resignation. We do not forget our dead, but we mourn for them with a feeling in which anguish has no longer so bitter a part.

In this country no person in mourning for a parent, child, brother, or husband is expected to be seen at concert, dinner, party, or any other place of public amusement for three months. After that one *may* by seen at a concert. But to go to the opera, or a dinner, or a party, before six months have elapsed, is considered heartless and disrespectful. Indeed, the sight of a deep mourning dress at such a place is a contradiction in terms. If one chooses, as many do, to not wear mourning, then they can go unchallenged to any place of amusement, for they have asserted their right to be independent. But if they put on mourning they must respect its etiquette. To many who sorrow deeply, and who regard the crape and solemn dress as a mark of respect to the dead, it is deemed almost a sin for a woman to go into the street, to drive, or to walk, for *two* years without her deep crape veil over her face. It is often a remark of the censorious that a person who lightens her mourning before that time "did not care much for the deceased;" and many people speak of the fact that a widow or an orphan wore her crape two years as much to her credit. But these ideas are generally the product of very barren minds, for there is ostentation in mourning as in all things. The best authorities limit the term of the deepest mourning dress to three months, the entire leaving off of crape to six months, and the mourning dress to one year, and the term of seclusion should follow these laws.

Of course no one can say that a woman should not wear mourning all her life if she chooses, but it is a great question whether, in so doing, she does not injure the welfare and happiness of the living. Children are, as we have said, often strangely affected by this shrouding of their mothers, and men always dislike it.

Common-sense and common decency should, however, restrain the frivolous from engaging much in the amusements and gayeties of life before six months have passed after the death of any near friend; especially, if they pretend to wear black, should they be careful of those appearances which mourning is supposed to resneet.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Coming Woman and Her Money-Making.

The society papers and some others are commenting on the circumstance that the daughter of a New York clergyman of a family with wealth and position and all its women schooled to habitual idleness, has opened a boarding-house for the season on Lake George, filled it with boarders and made a success of the enterprise. To busy people, who have always rather wondered how an idle woman could endure her idleness, there is nothing very astonishing in this except the fact that the enterprise has been successful commercially; but the Lake George experiment scores another advance in the growing sentiment that a woman ought to do something, and is as much called on to earn money and make a living place for herself as a man.

Idleness in a man over twenty or thirty, American public opinion has pretty well settled, is disgraceful; but the average sentiment of the community has generally held that a woman ought not to ply any gainful calling, save keeping house for kin or husband, unless necessity is laid upon her. An idle life for a woman, with money of her own or some one to support her, has been treated as natural and inevitable, and the corollary of this belief has been the feeling that it was a disgrace, more or less deep, for a woman with a home to turn her hand to gain. Farmers' wives and daughters have always been wiser; but in cities and villages to do work for pay has been avoided by many a woman as if it were crime, and concealed as if it were dishonor. The absurd convention which shuts off members of an aristocratic class abroad from work and trade, blighting life and character, has survived here only for women, and shadowed their lives with enforced idleness.

Fortunately the cloud is lifting, and items like that just quoted in society papers are proof of it. There are other like facts of more importance in the scores of art associations which make money by selling the work of their own members or the members of other associations, in cooking exchanges, out of which every woman with skill and a kitchen makes all the money she can, and in the steady and increasing practice of trades and professions by women. Steps in the last direction are often taken of necessity; but nine-tenths of the work in a cooking exchange is done by women who twenty-five years ago would have hesitated long before selling the work of their hands. The change is a desirable one. An idle woman is as deplorable as an idle man. For a well-educated young woman to waste her days doing odd bits of housework which need no education, as scores of young women do, is as much a waste as it would be for their well-educated brothers to spend their time doing chores about the barn. The time is coming, and is altogether nearer than parents imagine, when a young woman of twenty-five, with brains, health and an education, will consider her life as much wasted with no work to do as any man, and the women who act upon this belief will be spared the mental rust or the unhappy marriages which idleness inflicts on so many admirable women. Marriage will come to such women, as it comes to men, as an incident in life, not as its one chance, and such women will find, as men do, that there is no happiness like the happiness of constant work; no misery like the misery of idleness, and society will gain by a vast amount of brain, nerve force and muscle now hopelessly fretting itself away on the empty life of busily idle women.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Deceptive Mining Schemes.

Mayor Richmond, of Pueblo, Colo., tells the Philadelphia *Times* that many of the stock companies are operated without honor or decency, being merely schemes to beguile unsuspecting people in the East. He gives the following account of how the trick is usually played: "A company will be formed representing a cash capital of perhaps $100,000, for the purpose of opening new mines and of carrying on the business of mining generally. A claim is bought and opened. Suppose the mine shows up or 'sights' for $100,000, the capital stock? The company then proceeds to put the mine on the Eastern market at a capital of $1,000,000, or possibly, if the company is unusually sharp, at $5,000,000. This is done by going to a few prominent capitalists and saying: 'Here, we will let you in on the ground floor of this company if you will take some stock and help us along with your influence.' The capitalists buy the stock and lend their names, and in a short time the entire stock is taken by Eastern investors, who are deceived by seeing the prominent capitalists as heavy stockholders. When the stock has all been taken the money is divided between those on the 'ground floor,' and operations go on as in all well-regulated companies. The concern never pays a dividend in the world, and the second class of stockholders never see a cent of their money.

—A flower service yearly, at which children present bouquets, which are afterward distributed among the hospitals, is a regular institution in many London churches.

Cutting and Curing Hay.

As we have frequently remarked, our custom is to cut grass just before the heads begin to turn brown, before the seed is ripened. If cut much before this it contains too much water, and is consequently less nutritious, and if cut later it will have too much woody fiber, and consequently is less digestible. In the process of ripening the seed, too, there is a heavy drain upon the nutritious elements of the plant which center in the ripened seed to a very large extent, and it is also exhausting to the soil. If any of our readers, therefore, have failed to comply with these rules, they will find it to their advantage to do so in the future. The hay crop of the country is such a valuable element in our farm production that the utmost care should be exercised in preserving it in the best manner. It is altogether probable that the vast importance of this crop is but imperfectly appreciated. Naturally it is regarded as valuable, but that there is an absolute universal realization that it is the basis of successful farming, and one of the leading crops, is doubtful. But a few years back, it is very certain that there was not even an approach to such a realization, the careless manner of saving the crop being one of the best evidences of the fact. In the North, however, there has been the most gratifying progress in this direction, and in the South even, where climate and a different system of farming has naturaly made some difference, there has been of late years a growing appreciation of the value of grass and hay.

There is much room for improvement, however, in our method—taking the country as a whole—both as to culture and to cutting and curing. There are a variety of little implements and instruments which are exceedingly useful in different branches of agriculture, but which many farmers are either careless about possessing, or are incredulous as to their utility. Now we all know that fair weather is desirable for curing hay, and while it may not be absolutely within our power to definitely forecast the weather, a barometer and thermometer will materially aid us, and we should be in possession of them. Not any of the many cheap and good-for-nothing instruments which are got up for the express purpose of swindling farmers, but reliable instruments. A good barometer will indicate pretty clearly the conditions of the weather for twenty-four hours ahead, at least it will warn of probabilities. Careful study of the skies and atmosphere will be useful, and while a large number of farmers have made these in their several localities a study, until they can very accurately predict the conditions of the weather, all have not. In few words, the farmer should always be a close student of nature and his surroundings.

Having done the best that may be in forecasting the weather, do not attempt to do too much in the field at one time, cutting only what grass you have facilities for handling in a reasonable time. Dry as rapidly as possible. The degree of drying will materially affect the quality of the hay. Years ago hay was dried much more thoroughly than now, and while too little drying is worse than an excess, the present mode of drying just enough to insure its keeping well is a vast improvement. All the drying which is not necessary to its keeping sweet and bright is a detriment to the hay. Just before a rain is the best time for the process of drying, for then all the dampness is drawn out of the atmosphere, and the drying will be very speedily accomplished. We might remark in this connection that an absolutely clear day is a more certain forerunner of a storm than a partially cloudy day is, and is something that is not always understood. If cabbages, and other plants are seen to be in a wilted condition, a storm may be fairly predicted.

Hay should be placed under cover in storage. If there is not room in the barn for it, sheds should be erected for the purpose. It will pay to take this little extra trouble and to incurr this trifling extra expense. But if we have not such conveniences, we must do the next best thing, and stack it. This should be carefully done, and necessitates experience, which should invariably be employed. If it should be found necessary to put the hay in cocks in the field, it should be covered with canvas, which we would say in answer to a correspondent, and for general information, is a good thing, and should be in more general use than it is.—*Western Rural.*

Cooking and Composting.

At first glance the average reader will see nothing germane in the relations of cooking with composting, and some will even pronounce such association not only absurd but disgusting. But even a slight examination into their relative functions will show a well-defined analogy; for cooking is but preparing food for people and other animals, and composting is simply performing the same service for plants.

The farmer provides more or less carefully some basic materials, such as flour, raising materials, shortening, sweetening, etc., and from such he expects his wife to supply the family with bread in all its various forms, preserves, and all other materials necessary for a well-equipped table. He reserves to himself the duty of supplying the plant food from which his future harvests are to be nurtured.

The wife conscientiously and effectively performs her duties. She not only treasures in her mind the time-honored traditions of ordinary cooking inherited from her mother and grandmother, but carefully culls and preserves recipes from newspapers, and when meeting her neighboring gossips never or scarcely ever fails to fully discuss all modern improvements and novel combinations which have been evolved since their last meeting. If the bread or buckwheat does not "rise," she takes no rest until she learns the cause and removes the difficulty, and learns as fully from her mistakes as from her triumphs the secret of success.

Not so the husband. Although his responsibility is infinitely greater, as his mistakes in selecting plant food are generally not discoverable until the year's crop is partly or wholly spoiled, he permits himself year after year to be humbugged by commercial concoctions, when he has, to say the least, an equal chance with his wife to guard against such failures. As a rule, he is as stiff-less as his wife would be if she relied upon the baker for her bread, pies, cake and baked beans, getting inferior articles at double prices. This wasteful stupidity is more inexcusable with him than it would be with her, as the resources at his command are infinitely more ample, and the hints and instructions of the agricultural press are an ever-present help to him which she is not possessed of.

He possesses another great advantage over her in the fact that he can concoct his plant food whenever it suits his convenience, while with her each day and hour has its own peculiar burdens. If she expects "company," every element of food is artistically and mathematically graduated to the several tastes, and she must be sure that there is enough for all and something over. He by well-known manipulations invites by planting those magnificent messengers of nature known as crops, without proper provision for their well-known tastes and requirement; and while some of their needs are supplied with their peculiar food in superfluity, others are entirely ignored, and it is not surprising that their reimbursement in harvest time is in a corresponding degree niggardly.

For instance, one of his invited guests, wheat, has told him as sharply as chemical analysis can, how indispensable it is that he should have potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, chlorine and silica to feed on. If the farmer attempt to buy these in their ordinary commercial shapes, the chances are that his fertilizers will cost him more than his crop is worth; but by a little study he can learn when and where to buy the crude material at a mere song, and the instinct of the plant will without cost analyze and appropriate it. In a word, the farmer can make his own composts cheaper and better than they can be made for him, and the meadow muck so largely used to divide and dilute them can be got more cheaply on his own farm than elsewhere. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Bed-Bugs.

I have had another bout with these pests. How *do* they come? I wish they made a noise like mosquitoes; but no! they come upon you like a thief in the night, while all is quiet. I am thankful that a bite wakes me at once, else I might not have known to this day that the enemy was in our midst. It was more than two weeks after I felt the first alarm, and lit a lamp to kill the foe, before I was able to clean the suspicious chamber. Every day I turned up the corners of the mattresses and examined the bedsteads, and scrutinized all the bedding and walls, but never a bug did I see except in the night. Only a few nights before the cleaning I found the first small bugs, half a dozen adults having preceded them in previous nights. I never sleep soundly when I suspect bed-bugs, but light a lamp and go to hunting whenever I hear a child nestling uneasily. I began to clean the chamber by examining all the clothing as I took it down from the hooks; all the articles of furniture as I removed them from the rooms; then every article of bedding, but with no success until I came to the mattresses. On two corners I found the clusters of tiny white eggs with some newly-hatched bugs, and in two or three places in the spring-bed, nests which promised a prolific increase. All of the time I was very careful not to scatter them, preferring to hunt them *in* the bedsteads, and hoping to run no risk of getting them into the walls or under the mob-boards. One slat at a time was taken out carefully, watching at each end, and then examined in every portion before putting back. The whole bedstead was cleaned, and then the cracks and joints brushed with ammonia. I like to use this because it kills the bugs and (I *believe*, but am not certain from my own observation,) destroys the life of the eggs, but its powerful smell brings out in dismay any bugs that have escaped my eye. I use a fine knitting needle to poke out the cracks. I kill all of the bugs, and crush all the eggs that I see, and dose well with ammonia where I can not see. I found only a few full-grown bugs, and it seemed to me I did the hunting and destruction business very thoroughly, but I never feel *sure* that the work is all done, and continue to watch and search for some time after the big hunt. If I see another bug I shall try the new remedy recommended to me by a neighbor. She says there is nothing like alum, as she has learned by experience. Her directions were: "Dissolve alum in water, using a little *more* alum than the water will take up. Wash over every possible place for bugs with this strong solution, using a rag or a brush, as is most convenient." This remedy is safe and cheap, and is said to be very effectual. For a log house, or in unfinished rooms, how would it do to use a whitewash brush, and go all over the walls, floors and ceilings? Alum is cheap, and it is easily dissolved in water.

I asked, "How do they come?" We can not tell in each particular case, but by great care we can usually keep free from them, though the case is a hard one when one moves into a house with infested walls. My neighbor lent an umbrella, and when, after a week or so, it was returned, she opened it while carrying it to its place. She had no thought of bugs, but there was a poor hungry-looking bed-bug in the folds of the umbrella! A hired man came to a place to work, and the next morning a bug was found on the wall near his valise. An overcoat was borrowed in a storm, and in its folds was found a bed-bug. People who are very careful never lay the outer clothing of visitors upon a bed, but upon a table or chair. It seems unkind to be so suspicious, but my mother tells of seeing a great bed-bug on the shawl of a visitor, as it was handed to her, which so disconcerted her that she impulsively started to carry both bonnet and shawl into the wood-shed. A very neat and lovely lady told me of finding one of these repulsive insects on the white strings of her Leghorn bonnet on her return home from church.—*Cor. American Agriculturist.*

—Rice Muffins.—Boil soft and dry one-half cup rice, stir in three spoonfuls sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, and a little salt, one pint of sweet milk, one cup yeast, two quarts flour. Let it rise all night. If sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in milk, and bake in muffin rings.

Purchasable Health.

It is often said, when a rich man dies, that all the money in the world can not purchase the prolongation of life. It is often said, too, when a rich man's health breaks down, that money will not purchase health. As general propositions, however, both these statements are unsound. When expended at the right time and in the right way, money will purchase health and the prolongation of life. Money will not purchase peaches out of season, but money will purchase peaches when they are in the market. Money will not purchase health out of season, but health is to be had for money, under the proper conditions. When a machine is actually worn out, it is beyond the reach of repairs. Nothing will do but complete renewal. So, when a man is worn out, money will not renew him, but there are always times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, which is its equivalent, he can buy health and the prolongation of life.

There are thousands of men in New York City, and in every great city, who are perfectly aware that they are bankrupting themselves in health—that they are selling their health for money. The time will surely come, at last, when they will be willing to pay all this money back for the health they have parted with, but it will be too late. The object of this article is to induce these men, if possible, to buy health while it is in the market, and not to sell it under any consideration. Col. Thomas Scott carried his burden so long that the four millions he had won had no power to bring back the health he had parted with; but there were undoubtedly times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, he could have bought health enough to last him a brace of decades longer, and to enable him to double the number of his millions for his heirs. A man crowds his powers through a series of years of excessive labor, and, some day, he drops with paralysis, and from that day forward he becomes a powerless child, to be led kindly and carefully to the grave. The increase of this disease is undoubtedly the result of unwisely conducted labor. Money can do nothing for it when it befalls a man, but it can do everything to prevent it. "Nervous prostration" has become a too familiar phrase in these latter years. Money can not restore a shattered nervous system, but properly expended, at the proper time, it will prevent it, which is a great deal better.

There are two plans of life, by either of which money will buy health and prolong a comfortable existence. The first is, the setting aside of a part of every day for recreation. So far as this can be done, it ought to be done, but there seem to be some peculiarities in our American life that forbid it. Competition in business is cruelly sharp, and most men feel obliged to devote themselves to it, when they are at it at all, from morning till night. The sleeping hours are the only ones which give them release from active care. Now business, followed in this way, from year's end to year's end, is just as certain to ruin health and shorten life as the recurrence of seed-time and harvest is sure. The alternative of daily recreation is a yearly period of rest. There are always slack seasons in business, and these every business man should avail himself of, for rest and recreation. It is in these seasons that there is health in the market, to be bought for money. Two weeks of leisure are not enough for a man who works like a dog all the rest of the year. Two months are never too much, and there is not a slave of Wall Street who would not only win health and save life by taking these two months of leisure every year, and enjoying them, but he would, in the end, make money by it. Suppose, however, he loses money by it; he wins that for which he will some time be willing to give money, when money will not buy it. When a man gives health for money, he makes the poorest investment in his life. When he gives money for health, he makes, from every worldly point of view, the best.

There is a hallucination, cherished by a great multitude, that they must be constantly in their own business, or it can not go on prosperously. Some of these men are so unfortunately organized that they can not believe that anybody living can do their work as well they can do it. It takes an enormous self-conceit to come to such a conclusion as this, and there is a great misfortune in it. Of course these men are never able to leave their work for a moment in other hands, and so they become the bond slaves of their own mistake. Now there is nothing in which a great business man shows his greatness so signally as in his ability to find men to do his work—to find competent instruments to execute his purpose. The greatest business man is always a man of comparative leisure. His own work is always deliberately done. It is, as a rule, the small man who never gets a moment, and who never can find a pair of hands as good as his own. If a man can not leave his business, or thinks he can not, he shows that he lacks the highest grade of business capacity.

The leisure of Newport and Long Branch and Saratoga, with its social excitements and attractions, is not that certainly which buys health in the cheapest market. Stillness, rest, freedom of action and of dress in the open air, distance from the marts of trade—these pay best; and, when these are properly and regularly enjoyed, the money that they cost buys health and the prolongation of life. Health and a reasonably long life can, as a rule, be bought by time and money, if men will take them in their season. Money avails nothing to a worn-out man, but to a man slowly wearing out it avails everything, when properly used. Time and money will buy health. Let every business man mark our words, and avail himself of the merchandise when it is in the market.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

—At Santa Cruz, Cal., recently Miss Blanche Masonnette, a little blonde of nineteen, saved the life of a prominent military man who had been stunned by a breaker and was helplessly drifting out, face downward, on the receding wave. With extraordinary courage she swam to his relief, turned him on his back and guided him to the safety rope, where he was enabled to recover his senses.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—An Englishman estimates that there are 40,000 Americans in England to-day.

—The London residence for many years of the late Charles Dickens, Tavistock House, is now occupied by the Jews' College.

—Mme. Grevy, the wife of the French President, is described as an American-looking woman, dressed plainly but elegantly in black, and always gracious to every visitor.

—Bridal presents in England are assuming enormous proportions. A bride was recently presented by a relative, who was a Countess, with a solid silver tea service and a brougham, and at the wedding of Hon. Alfred Egerton and Miss Georges, at St. Peter's Church, the gifts numbered over one hundred and fifty—checks, silver, choice bric-a-brac, diamonds and pearls.

—A gentleman who knows Gen. Grant's daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, in England, says that her marriage, though it was criticised in this country, has turned out a first-rate match. Her husband has a respectable income of probably £2,000 a year, and, with a home many years in his family, he lives upon his income easily, and has plenty of time for pleasure, for hunting, fishing and boating. Nellie Sartoris has three living children, and likes England and her mode of life.

—The eccentric King of Bavaria, who is staying on the borders of the Lac des Camons, in the Villa Bensinger, after having tried the Hotel Axenstein, from which he fled, as he could not escape the sights and sounds of his fellow men, has a yacht at his service on the lake, on which he spends the greater part of the night listening to the soft sounds of the Alpine horn stationed at a given part of the shore, and on which a proficient plays the favorite airs of the æsthetical monarch.

—The printers of Vienna propose to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Guttenburg's art in that city in a manner befitting so memorable an event. An illustrated book, prepared in the best style of the printer's craft, and treating of the history of the art in the Austrian capital from its infancy, is to be one feature of the celebration. Another will be an exposition of all the inventions and improvements made during the gradual development of printing. Twenty prominent printers and publishers of Paris will attend the festivities, and all the leading cities of Europe are expected to send representatives.

A Few "Hows."

How much happier life might be if minds could be trained to forget past troubles.

How hard it is to avoid listening and liking to listen to a scandal about our neighbor.

How tame life would be without troubles and difficulties to overcome.

How few value or cultivate a good pair of legs and lungs.

How the old are forgotten by the young.

How unfortunate that so many of the aged should make themselves unattractive and even repulsive to the young.

How strong we feel when we have never been sick.

How many men and women are there without a weak spot somewhere?

How whisky does bring out a man's true nature and show the made-up and artificial side of his moral character.

How much better is it "dog's life" than the lives of some men and women?

How few new brooms, after all, sweep clean unless there is a clean sweeper behind them.

How sorry some people are for faults which they will commit again next month.

How awfully awful it would be if everybody without warning told the truth.

How we do love to shut our eyes to what we fear may be a reality.

How much good we could do were we only rich.

How little good we do when we are rich.

How contrary and eccentric seems one who thinks for him or herself.

How very large the book in which might be written all we don't know.

How very small the book in which might be written all we do know.

How few barbers can shave a man without trying on him their conversational powers.

How much more we do know at twenty than at forty.

How useless it is to argue with a woman when she is angry.

Or a man.

How little credit is given children for what they see, hear and understand.

How much dignity a cigar does put in some men's mouths and bearing.

How charming and beautiful are the green fields and groves—in books.

How hot are the green fields and how the mosquitoes do bite in the groves—out of books.

How difficult it is to tell whose boiler will blow up next.

How sad to think it will be somebody's boiler.

How we do go on nursing our hidden pet sin until it finds us out and blows us up.

How idiotic it is to act on the maxim, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

How much better is it "Never to do anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow."

How few understand that if too many things be undertaken to-day none of them will be well or thoroughly done.

How much harder is living than dying.

How much more money we spend than we mean to.

How hard it is for the many to make both ends meet and what poor ends they are when they do meet.

How very poor riches can make men.

How will millionaires get their letters of credit recognized and honored in heaven?

How history does lie.

How many truths are scorned and laughed at, and how many fictions are believed and honored.

How quickly a man or woman gets old when they insist on being old, feeling old and acting old.

How little young people care if they are fools, and how angry old people are because young people don't care if they are fools.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Veal and pork should always be thoroughly cooked.

—Do not neglect to dry sage, thyme, parsley, celery, etc., for winter use. Dry and pulverize and keep in tin cans or glass bottles.

—Mustard Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter, four eggs and one tablespoonful of mustard; beat the eggs well; mix all together; turn into a new tin pail or basin and boil in water same as custard, only to a cream, not thick. Strain through a thin cloth and it is done.

—Cabbage Salad.—A quart of very finely chopped cabbage, two-thirds of a cupful of sour cream, two well-beaten eggs; season to taste with sugar, salt, pepper and mustard. If you have no celery to chop with your cabbage, put in a tablespoonful of celery-seed. Add a little vinegar. This is very fine. It will keep well for several days, and is excellent for picnics.

—What is called blind staggers in mules is caused principally by indigestible food and hard driving in hot weather. Hard whole corn, then a pail of water or more on top, after which the animal is sent quickly to work, cause a rush of blood to the head and staggers. Keeping a wet sponge on the top of the head between the ears will help to ward off an attack in hot weather. But softer and more easily digested food, with a little salt daily, will remove the cause, which is far better than applying remedies after an attack.

—The kinds of grass suited for permanent pasture depend upon the kind of soil. Indeed, it is hardly worth while to try to seed down permanently any but moist soils. For these the following kinds of grass are best suited: Red-top, five pounds per acre; creeping bent, five pounds; meadow spear-grass, four pounds; fowl meadow-grass, four pounds; red fescue, five pounds; meadow fescue, six pounds; tall fescue, five pounds; meadow oat-grass, four pounds; crested dog's tail, six pounds; timothy, six pounds.

—Rice Black-cap Pudding.—Butter a pudding basin and stick raisins or prunes all over the bottom, and pour into the center a teacupful of dry rice, this quantity being sufficient for a basin that will hold a pint of water. Tie a cloth tightly over the basin and plunge it into boiling water. Boil for an hour, when it will turn out a nice shape, with the raisins or prunes covering the top of the rice, which form the black cap. It can be eaten with sugar and butter or sirup or plain pudding sauce, and is an excellent and tempting dish for children.

—There are many ways of preserving bouquets, some being pretty successful in keeping the flowers a long time in all their beauty. Here is a new method we have recently met with; perhaps those of an experimental turn of mind will give it a trial. Sprinkle the bouquet lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing soapsuds. Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will remain as fresh as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days. This method, it is said, will keep a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month.

—A good rich ice-cream may be made in the following manner: Use one quart rich milk, three pints rich cream, four cups white sugar, three eggs, five teaspoonfuls vanilla or other seasoning. Beat the whites and the yelks separately and very light, add the sugar to the yelks and beat well. Heat the milk almost to boiling point and pour over this, little by little, stirring well all the time; add the beaten whites, return to the fire and boil until about as thick as boiled custard or for about fifteen minutes. When quite cold heat in the cream and the flavoring; then freeze. A fair article, but of course not nearly so rich in quality, may be made by omitting the cream, using instead two and a half quarts of good rich milk, in which case the whole amount of milk should be added hot to the eggs and sugar. To fill a six-quart can double the measure given.

Diseases of Poultry.

Fowls are particularly liable to colds, as the air-cells occupy so large a part of their physical framework. Where there is a slight cold, put the fowl in a warm, sunny place, give warm food, and nothing more will be needed. The same method should be pursued in hard colds. If there is much fever, put four drops of tincture of aconite into the water, or sweeten it, and make it a little sour with sulphuric or nitric acid. Add to the food a pinch of ginger or cayenne pepper. If there is much swelling about the head, a mild purge will be useful. The homœopaths give mercur virus for slight colds, euphrasia for more serious ones; each thrice daily, adding aconite for the fever.

A roup may only begin with catarrh, and, like roup, catarrh and bronchitis, sometimes cause death. But how are we to know such cases from roup? Simply by the offensive discharge at the beak which characterizes the latter disease. When the fowl has a discharge at the beak that is not offensive, you may call it a simple catarrh or common cold. When the odor is bad it is roup. No better distinction is possible in the present state of knowledge of fowl ailments.

The difficulty in telling these maladies apart will suggest to the careful poulterer prompt isolation of cases where he is not certain.

Cough may come from parasites in the air passages. This applies more particularly to the sneezing effort caused by the gape worm in the throat of young chickens. A spasmodic cough, lasting a whole day even, is reported as having accompanied the epizootic. It yielded under a treatment with potash.

Consumption, or tubucular deposits, may be suspected where a cough does not yield to treatment, and admits of no other explanation. Cod-liver oil in barley meal would be the treatment if any one really wanted to save consumptive fowls. They ought to be killed.

Asthma is nothing more than roup, as far as we know, and very likely this name may have been given to cases of that sort.—*American Poultry Yard.*

A Few Words on Cellars.

Those who failed to purify their cellars thoroughly in the spring cannot expect wholly to escape, through this hot weather; the consequences of their neglect. The vitiated air therein becomes more and more vitinted as the heat increases, and since much of it finds its way continually into living and sleeping rooms, it must prove more or less deleterious according to the nature and amount of the impurities that taint it. If decaying vegetables and other refuse be carried out in the spring, and the floor be mopped or scrubbed off somewhat, this is generally considered sufficient for the cellar, which is out of sight, and too frequently therefore "out of mind." The question of dry or damp, clean or unclean cellars is a more important one than many seem to think. Unless this apartment is kept with at least tolerable neatness, no matter how perfect the parlor, kitchen and other rooms may be, pure air—the first and primary element of good housekeeping, as also of good health—cannot be obtained.

Too frequently barrels of pork and brine, perhaps old and tainted, and emitting a most disagreeable and unwholesome smell, along with soap-kegs, jars of half-spoiled soap-grease, and the like, are allowed in the cellar, and in close proximity to butter and milk, which, as is well known, readily absorbs impurities and strong odors. These should never be allowed in a room used for milk, butter, fruit, and the like, but should be stored in a separate apartment, or what is better still, in some building or outside cellar entirely apart from the house. Often decaying timbers and floors, slimy and wet, are to be found in cellars; walls dripping with moisture and covered with mold; along with sour and musty milk-shelves and cup-boards; all lending their noxious exhalations to the air.

The less there is which is made of wood in a cellar the better, as the air is necessarily more damp than in rooms above ground, and consequently more favorable for molds. All necessary tables and shelves should be smooth and plain, so that they may be easily cleaned; while the floors should never be of wood, but of stone, brick or cement; the latter being probably best, or as good, with less expense. These, if nicely laid, are nearly as smooth as plastered walls, and if not brought into service till dry and well hardened, and then used with reasonable care, will remain smooth and unbroken for years, and may be scrubbed or mopped off nearly as easily as a floor. The wall from the ground to the ceiling, as also overhead, should be lathed and plastered. This renders the cellar warmer in winter and cooler in summer, while it also gives a better chance to apply whitewash. This is a great sweetener and purifier, and a rough coat of it should be laid over the entire side walls and ceiling every spring.

Windows should be of good size, and hung on hinges that they may be opened and shut at pleasure. Wire screens should be put up on the outside to keep out insects and other troublesome intruders; then by judicious and liberal ventilation, closing through the heat of the day, but opening freely on cool nights and mornings and breezy afternoons, a cellar may be made a cool and pleasant apartment, as sweet and wholesome almost as the dining-room or parlor.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Pulling and Curing Onions.

As soon as the onion crop is ready to harvest pull at once, the sooner the better. The onions will be brighter and keep longer than if permitted to remain in the ground after they have attained their growth and the tops lose their lively green color.

In a favorable season, with proper culture and good seed, the crop will mature evenly, and the time of harvest be designated by the dropping over of the greater part or all of the onion tops. Under adverse circumstances onions will incline to run to scallions and many of the tops refuse to drop down and dry up. A common preventive when this state of affairs exists is to roll an empty barrel over the bed to break them down a few days previous to pulling the crop.

As soon as the main crop has ripened it is advised to harvest it, sorting out what is unfit for market or table use. Onions may be pulled by hand or raked out with an ordinary handrake. A common practice is to throw them into heaps containing two or three bushels, there to remain until the tops are cured and the bulbs are hard and solid. Should a rain occur, these heaps must be opened on a fair day and piled again, otherwise they will retain moisture enough to blacken and injure the onions.

Some cultivators leave their onions in the field after pulling until freezing weather or until they are sold, believing that early housing induces sweating and sprouting. The usual plan, however, is to cart the crop away when the tops have become thoroughly dry and store in some dry, cool place where there is a free circulation of air. The tops should not be removed until they are dead throughout their entire length. Many farmers delay topping onions until they are marketed.

When it is desired to keep onions through the winter it is wise to store the crop where frost will not affect it, and where no loss will be sustained from heating or growing. The cellar is not a good place unless it be a dry, cool one. A lattice-work bin affords a good storage, provided it is raised a little from the floor, in some well-ventilated building.

When freezing weather approaches, some farmers spread straw to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches upon a barn or garret floor; on this they spread a layer of onions from six to ten inches thick, covered in turn by a layer of straw, say, two feet in depth, and held in place by old boards and rails.

Onions receive little or no injury from freezing, provided always they are thawed out gradually; as this cannot always be insured, the safe plan is to protect them. If by any chance they become frozen, however, let them remain undisturbed and covered until thawed.—*N. Y. World.*

—To remove mildew on linen or cotton goods rub the spots with soft soap and place in the sun. Repeat the applications of soap and expose on a good grass plot every bright day until the mildew has disappeared.

THE DAIRY.

—The Utica *Herald* reports the shrinkage of milk this season at about twenty-five per cent., but says that as much cream cheese will be made this year as last, and including creamery stock, the amount made will greatly exceed that of last year.

—A good native cow should yield an average of seven quarts of milk per day for ten months, that is equal to about 2,000 quarts in the year; of this, if she is a good cow and well fed, 160 or 170 pounds of butter should be made, or about five pounds a week. A good Jersey (not Alderny) cow should give about the same amount of milk, but twice as much butter.

—Since the introduction of American cheese into England the taste of English consumers has materially changed; very few now prefer old and sharp cheese. This being the case it is becoming more risky to hold the summer make, for even if the price does advance the difference between the value of summer made goods held till fall and the fall make is so great as to make the holding unprofitable. It would have the effect of glutting the home market in the fall and preventing a legitimate rise of prices for the fall make.

—In regard to the use of saltpeter in cheese-making, small quantities applied to tainted curds may be more or less beneficial in arresting further development of taint. But our advice is for factory managers to see to it that patrons deliver good, sound milk, so that there shall be no necessity for doctoring up the milk or curds with drugs, or the handling of tainted milk and floating curds. Of course, it is important that factory managers should understand the best methods of treating tainted milk and floating curds, but they should impress upon their patrons the necessity of delivering good milk and be held responsible when they fail in this regard.—*American Dairyman.*

—Flies now abound, especially in the stables, and milking is a most disagreeable labor from the constant lashing of the cows' tails to fight off the flies. Some persons cut off the switch to prevent the trouble, but this is very thoughtless and wrong. It deprives the poor cow of her only protection against her restless tormentors, and leaves her defenceless. My plan is to use a linen sheet and cover the cow while milking, and to rub a sponge dipped in soapy water, in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed, over the legs. Sweet-oil, to which some oil of pennyroyal has been added, is also a good protection against the flies and smells sweeter, or rather not so disagreeably as carbolic acid. Then one can milk in comfort and has fewer "idle words" scored up against him to account for at future time.

How to Feed Soiling Crops.

There is a right as also a wrong way of doing a thing. True economy consists in the right spending of what is earned or saved. A farmer may produce successfully crops for soiling, and yet waste his opportunity in using them unless he feeds them in a proper manner. When partial soiling is practiced for the sake of helping out pastures, or with the intention of manuring a poor piece of land by feeding the crops upon it so that the manure may be scattered over the surface, two ends are served, provided that the thing is done right, which should be something as follows: Provide suitable portable racks, and place in the field; cut and carry the fodder, and let it be eaten from these racks, which should be moved from place to place over the field, so that the droppings and waste will be well spread, or may be easily scattered over the whole surface. This method is somewhat different from complete soiling, where the cows are kept in yards and stables, and the fodder is carried to them, and their quarters are kept well littered and bedded with absorbents and materials for composts. This latter course involves more labor, but the larger product derived from the cows—through the high feeding, the quiet rest and absence of unnecessary wasteful exercise, freedom from troublesome insects, and the saving of time and flesh in driving to and from pasture—repay the extra labor liberally, and the food is all paid for by the large quantity of manure made. Another gain is also had in the saving of fences. Such practice is profitable on all farms near to market, except such as cannot well be plowed.

In the case of partial soiling, a field is selected where the cows are kept through the day, and perhaps the night, being milked either in the field or driven up to the barn or yard for that purpose, where plenty of water and shelter may be had. The former is the better practice, portable racks being provided. The fodder should be cut; that for the morning at night, and that for the night in the morning, at which times the cows are fed, the quantity given depending upon the amount of food to be picked up in the pasture. No more should be given than is cleanly consumed with evident appetite. The feeding should be done at regular hours, the last cutting being given when another is made. In case of threatened rain, enough may be cut for two or three feedings, and be cocked up, so as to shed the rain partially, as if fed wet it is not so good. If quite wet, only a partial ration should be given at a time. In feeding, it is not well to feed ripened cornstalks only, with their foliage, as often the cows' teeth get sore or tender, but some softer feed should be given a portion of the time. Sweet corn fodder will be found to produce more milk than Indian corn, besides being better eaten, with less liability of causing the teeth to become tender.

In complete soiling, the feeding is best done after milking in the morning, and before milking in the evening; a small feed of some kind may be given after milking in the evening. If the feeding is done in the yards, racks should be provided to prevent waste of the fodder. Experience will determine that feeding had better be done in the stables, and the feed consumed at other times than when milking.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—Why is the rosebud like a promissory note? Because it matures by falling dew.

—Rocking-chairs would be more comfortable if they were less tidy.

How Crickets March in Oregon.

A correspondent of the *Idaho Statesman*, writing from North Powder River, Oregon, says: A few days ago I had occasion to ride over the range on Burnt River and Willow Creek, traveling over about seventy-five miles of territory—bunch-grass hills—and along the whole distance, from ten miles below Old's Ferry, on Snake River, to Ironsides Mountain, and averaging about five miles in width, the earth presented a black, moving, shrieking mass of crickets (orthoptera). While those crickets are not so destructive as the locust (grasshopper), they nevertheless devour gardens, grain fields and much tender vegetation in their path. I saw many gardens which they had left a wreck. They cross streams, ditches and mountains, and seem to move in columns, but with little regularity. They have no wings, hence they depend upon their long, lever-like legs, or hoppers, for locomotion. They are not much like the chimney-black cricket. They are fearful cannibals, slaying and eating each other with a ravenous appetite. They have no sting or dangerous nippers, hence are not dangerous to the human family, so far as inflicting wounds. The way these crickets cross streams is amusing. When they come to a stream of water which they "think" they can cross, they climb every object along the margin and when as high as they can ascend, they shut their eyes and give one, long, dungerons, and sometimes fatal, leap into the water, shut up like a jack-knife, and float down until they come in contact with an object, then they immediately seem to wake up and make a desperate grab and crawl upon it. If he is lucky enough to be on the right side he moves on; if not, he tries it again. Thus thousands are drowned.

—A deaf and dumb son of a Mr. Daniel, of Green County, Va., was shot and killed by Henry Waldron, colored, a few nights ago. The young man was mistaken for a burglar, and was challenged several times, but on account of his infirmity could not, of course, hear or reply. The colored man then fired, being directed to do so by Mrs. Herndon, on whose premises the supposed burglar was. Waldron, who is a tenant of Mrs. Herndon, was arrested, but upon examination was discharged.

—A bolt of lightning shattered an elm in front of the residence of George Tate, at Biddeford, Me., entered the house by a second-story window, shivered a mirror without injuring the frame, broke a fragment from the steel plate of a sewing-machine, cut a round hole through the floor into the room below, broke a vase on the mantel in this room, and departed after throwing to the floor Miss Tate, who was sitting in the next room.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

It was a wise old French woman who once wrote: "The world can give a woman beauty, costume, wealth, many charms, many allurements; but race alone can give a woman three things—the hand, the glance, the voice."

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

An Old Doctor's Advice.

It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition, and that without the distress and griping which other medicines cause. Try a box or bottle. —*Telegraph.*

Deserved Success.

That is what the proprietors of James Cough Pellets are having. Coughs, colds and lung troubles generally, succumb every time. Pleasant and cheap. Ask for them. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, 15c.

Redding's Russia Salve is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

That comet has a tail 4,000,000 miles long. What a comfort it must be in fly time.

Some people have a habit of always saying: "Oh, no, quite the contrary." Gus de Smith is one of them. He was standing on Austin avenue talking, when, having his back turned to a horse that was hitched to a post, the animal reached out and sent Gus flying against the wall. As they carried him into the drug store the owner of the horse said: "I hope you are not hurt?" "Oh, no, quite the contrary," replied Gus, as usual.—*Texas Siftings.*

Frugal landlady of boarding-houses.—"Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty Boarder—"Well, p'raps. If I don't feel hungry."

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast table, "I will take a tower or go on a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake a very cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday. Why, there was'nt efficient to buy a foot for a restitude widder." And the old lady put on her sash and left.

Reversible cuffs—boxing one ear and turning the other also.

"Phat wud I do wid that?" exclaimed Patrick, when the hackman handed him the baggage check. "I gave yez good money, and yez try to put counterfeit on ter me." "You mistake," said the hackman; "this is not money; it is only a check." "Go way wid yez," cried Pat; "isn't a check always writ on paper? Did yez take me for a greenhorn altogither?"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Chicago boy who made a gun out of a gas-pipe will recover, but his eye isn't good any more, his scalp isn't complete, and his nose is broken. The neighbors miraculously escaped.

Two lawyers fought each other with canes in front of a Chicago magistrate's office the other day. While they were fighting, another lawyer carried off the client for whose patronage they were bleeding.

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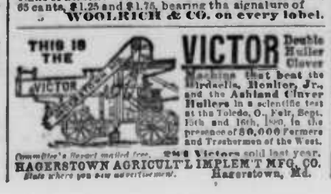

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as herein before provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution, as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three moths preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

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It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

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Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.51 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2:16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.24 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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Vice-President Arthur.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was asked by a N. Y. *Herald* correspondent his opinion as to whether there would be any occasion for a financial or commercial panic in the event of the death of the President and the accession of General Arthur to the office.

"Panic!" said Mr. Vanderbilt; "why should there be a panic? The financial policy of the country is now a settled fact; so entirely settled that even a Democratic administration could not change it. General Arthur is a Republican, and would not have the desire even if he had the power to do otherwise than carry on the wise and beneficial policy that has marked other Republican administrations. He would follow in their footsteps and would bring to bear upon the further development of the policy a clear head and an honest purpose. Our bonds certainly could not be injuriously affected because the peaceful transmission of the government from the hands of one President to those of another, under the provisions of the national constitution, is a proof of the strength and stability of our institutions and not of their weakness. Men are to be found at all times ready to put down prices on the market for speculative purpose, but there would be nothing in the change, if it should unfortunately come, to disturb the financial or business interests of the country in the slightest degree. In addition to this, Gen. Arthur is a man who deserves and ought to receive public confidence. I have known him many years, and I regard him as in every way qualified to make a safe, sensible, honest and conservative Executive. My father, who was an excellent judge of men, was well acquainted with Mr. Arthur and had quite a high opinion of his business capacity and integrity. I tell you Mr. Arthur is by no means an ordinary man. He is not one whose equal can be picked up every day in any locality. He has been active in politics and is said by some to be a warm partisan and to be interested in a particular faction; but I am confident from what I know of him that if he ever could have contemplated a factional policy, the circumstances under which he would come to the Presidency would deter him from pursuing such a course now. He probably was not aware before he went to Washington of the state of popular feeling; but he now understands it, and has the capacity to grasp the situation as quickly and as completely as any man I know. He has seen the grief with which the nation received the news of the attempt on the President's life, and the deep anxiety with which the nation has watched the case. He fully understands what this sympathy means, and he is not the man to attempt to disturb the existing order of things or to throw the country into a turmoil.

"There could be no pertense or excuse for a panic, except on the ground that severe and revolutionary political convulsions would follow a change in the Presidency. But where would these come from? Who would excite them? I have full confidence that Mr. Arthur would follow as closely as possible the policy of the present administration, and would be fair to all factions and eminently conservative. I can therefore see no ground whatever for alarm, and while I most sincerely hope that the present crisis in the President's case may be bridged over and that he may fully recover his health and fill the term for which he was elected, I yet have perfect confidence that, should a fatal result ensue, the Vice-President will make a wise, capable, honest and conservative administration, and would do no act that would impair the safety, the credit or the prosperity of the country. I have large business and financial interests, and I have no fear that any of them would suffer through Mr. Arthur's conduct in the Presidential office."

A prominent New York Republican says that after all efforts to effect a compromise in the matter of the New York collectorship had failed, Vice President Arthur went in a manly way to the President, and plainly told him that he felt bound in honor to sustain his friends, and added: "I trust, Mr. President, you will not think that there is anything personal to you in my action." The President, in his usual hearty way, took hold of General Arthur by both shoulders, and said: "Personal, my dear fellow? Nothing of the sort. I know you have no such petty feeling at all."

The Folly of Mourning.

Natures, of course, differ widely, and there are some who (probably in consequence of having been accustomed from their earliest years to regard black as the emblem of death and sadness) find some amount of relief and comfort in wearing mourning when a friend dies, and feel a satisfaction in marking the especial event with especial garments. But all are not of this way of thinking, and there are many whose inclinations are just the reverse. The sort of self-consciousness and strangeness of feeling which usually accompany brand new clothes are distasteful to them in a time of trouble, and they wish only to go about in whatever they are in the habit of wearing without any fuss or alteration. Sorrow may be none the less true and deep because it shrinks from ostentatious parade,—from wearing the heart on the sleeve, for daws to peck at; it may feel that the inadequacy of outward signs to give it expression makes any attempt at doing so a mere mockery, and may prefer to conceal itself, as far as possible, under its wonted exterior. How can real grief be represented fittingly by crape and hatbands? And if no real grief exist, then the whole affair is nothing but a miserable exhibition of humbug and hypocrisy,—an appeal to the world for sympathy and commiseration upon false pretences. What sort of sorrow is felt by relatives who say, "Oh! we must put the children into mourning for Uncle so-and-so,—he's left us something in his will;" or else, "I shan't trouble about black for Cousin Such-an-one,—he's left me nothing;" as the case may be? It would be surely more honest for such pretended mourners as these to assume signs of rejoicing or woe, according as they do or do not find themselves the possessors of fresh riches. Even when sorrow is really felt, its intensity and duration will not be alike in all cases where the relationship is the same, because no two husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, or other relations, will love one another in exactly the same degree; and on this account, there must necessarily be something foolish and unreal in a practice which assumes that the depth and extent of regret may be reckoned on according to nearness of kin. More or less of shoppiness and hollowness is almost inseparable from the wearing of mourning, according to the present custom; yet there is that about death which is apt to put human nature essentially out of tune for all that is artificial and sham.

Again, how can anyone who believes in the resurrection reconcile it with his conscience to make everything connected with death dark, gloomy and melancholy? If he has that sure confidence which he professes to have as to the departed being safe from all future dangers, and having passed to a state of bliss far beyond what is attainable upon earth, why does he not rejoice in their happiness? Does he think them out of reach of sympathy, because out of sight? Or is he too selfish to let the thought of their gain outweigh that of his own loss?

In 1875 a Mourning Reform Association was started by three ladies, and has certainly commended itself to the public mind to some extent, seeing that it now numbers 450 members. It discourages the use of mourning stationery, wearing of crape, and putting of children and servants into black; recommends that mourning should be shown by a black band round the arm, or by a black scarf; and aims generally at minimizing mourning.—*Ex.*

The Public Domain.

It sounds a trifle sensational to say that at the present rate of settlement the agricultural portion of our public domain lying within the arable region, will be all taken up within three years. Yet that is precisely the estimate of the Public Land Commission which has just completed its labors and made its report which cannot, however, be printed for public distribution until Congress shall have made an appropriation for the work. The Land Office tells us that in 1879 the surveyed arable agricultural lands capable of cultivation without irrigation or other artificial modes of watering and subject to entry under the Homestead Act, embraced not more than 25,576,960 acres made up of comparatively small sections in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Washington Territory, and Oregon and still smaller areas in some of the other States. In addition to this, the estimated area of vacant surveyed public land is 15,180,256 acres in the following Southern States: Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. These are the only States for which there is a general act of sale according to which all these lands are open to private entry at $1.25 per acre, except some "mineral tracts" in the Huntsville and Tuscaloosa districts Alabama. Altogether of surveyed and unsold public lands there still remain, it is estimated, 189,622,455 acres, most of which, however, is either "mineral" or "coal" or "timber" land, and therefore not included in the "homesteadable" area, or else barren land or land suitable for grazing, but not included in the "arable limits." The total area of public domain yet to be disposed of is estimated by the Land Office at 1,163,946,438 acres. This large estimate includes not only all the agricultural lands within the arable limit, as well as the public domain in the Southern States and the surveyed but unsold Western lands, but also the vast area of partially unexplored and totally unsurveyed land west of the Mississippi, including the 369,529,600 acres of Alaska. During the fiscal year of 1880, 7,000,000 acres of the public domain were entered for settlement, and at this rate of absorption it is estimated all available agricultural land within the arable region would be taken up before June 30, 1883; while the total area of unsold public domain would furnish 7,274,665 homesteads of 160 acres each.

The Mississippi Campaign.

The campaign in Mississippi has nearly as much National interest as that in Virginia. Were there as much intellectual activity in the former as in the latter, it would have more, since the future possibilities of Mississippi are much greater than those of effete, worn out Virginia. But though their State has been on the down grade for three quarters of a century, the Virginians have always maintained some of the political prominence which they inherited along with their exhausted lands. The Mississippians, on the other hand, like the Missourians and Arkansas people, are largely composed of the low-class whites from the older Southern States, and have few of the higher qualities which distinguish the typical Southerner. Only three Mississippians have ever been heard of. These were Jeff. Davis, who hailed from Kentucky until middle life; H. S. Foote, a Virginian, and Sergeant S. Prentis, a thorough going Down-easter, from Maine. This last, who gave the State all the reputation for genius it ever obtained, became so disgusted with the community that he finally shook the dust of Vicksburg from his feet, and went to live in New Orleans.

But for all this, the State undoubtedly has a great future. It has 25 per cent. more territory than Ohio, and this is mostly good land, capable of supporting a very dense population. At the census of 1870 there were but 17.56 people to the square mile in Mississippi, while Ohio had nearly four times as many (66,69). The tide of emigration must some day turn Southward into this sparsely settled region and develop it into as rich and productive a country as Illinois, which it approximates in size, and resembles in other ways. Nothing of this kind can happen to Virginia, whose sterile soil will repel emigrants as long as there is land anywhere else to be taken up. Consequently it is not worth while to hope for much in a non-progressive community like Virginia, which has been Democratic, of the rock ribbed, mountain-bitterseed character, ever since there has been a democratic party, while there are good reasons for hoping to secure results in Mississippi which will bring forth good fruits.

In the first place with anything like a fair count, Mississippi is a Republican State by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority. The difficulty is in having this majority counted, which has not been done since 1875. The Republicans are now offered an alliance with the Greenbackers and Independent Democrats, who have found a longer endurance of the Bourbon Democratic rule intolerable, and are organizing a subversion of it. The Greenbackers claim to have 20,000 votes and the Independents 8,000. The Bourbon vote for Hancock was 75,750, and the vote for Garfield 34,854. The advantages of a coalition are that it will begin the disruption of solid Democracy, and the Greenbackers and Independents, when backed up by the Republicans will insist on having a free vote and an honest count, which will defeat the Democrats. The efforts of all who are hopeful of the State's future are now concentrated on making the coalition effective, and the chances now seem very bright for attaining that consummation.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Chess Superstition.

Chess, otherwise called bromegrass, is like many other bad weeds, a native of Europe. It is an annual, and, like other plants, originates only from seed of its own kind. It soon becomes choked out by the perennial grasses, but its seeds may lie dormant in the soil till the sod is broken and the conditions are again favorable for germination. The superstitution that it originates from the degeneration of wheat, owing to unfavorable conditions of soil or season, or some other cause, is unworthy of serious consideration. This foolish notion came, like the seeds of the weed itself, from Europe, where the belief was once entertained that wheat would change to rye, rye to barley, barley to chess and chess to oats. Whenever it shall have been shown that chess appeared in the wheat field, or anywhere else where only clean wheat was sown, and where there were no seeds of chess in the soil, then it will be time to believe this unnatural transformation to be possible; but no such proof has ever yet been produced. Chess, like wheat, is a member of the great family of grasses, and the two resemble one another to some extent in botanical characters; but they belong to distinct genera, and not even the most ardent believer in the derivation of one species of plant from another and the survival of the fittest, would expect to get chess from wheat in a single season or even in a hundred years. Nevertheless, we can hardly hope that this statement will "settle a dispute" on the subject. There always have been, and long may be, farmers firm in the faith that "wheat turns to cheat," even Genesis 1, xi, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Will the President Live.

I pray God, and so re-echo the hope of millions, that he may; but the dark shadow has not yet passed the threshhold of the White House. Whatever may become of him the lessen of his catastrophe is a precious legacy. Even his death would be a gain because it disclosed the highest qualities in the American people. It was worth that if only to show that they still have noble hearts, and that they have not surrendered to the love of gold and hate of their brothers. His peril woke all their best emotions. From Jefferson Davis, in his Mississippi home, to Samuel J. Tilden, at his countryseat; from the Catholic cathedral to the Hebrew synagogue; from the Church of England to the Quaker meeting house; from the Methodist to the Moravian, there has come one petition: "God save our President!" We talk of religion, but this calamity seems to have taught us the right way to the true faith. Heretofore we have divided in seeking many roads to it; but his great danger has united us for the first time in realizing the right way to the truth. For such a blessing there is no penalty or price we ought not to be glad to pay.

A writer, advising the youth to abandon slang and acquire the habit of writing and speaking good, plain English, says: "The longer you live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be, and if the golden age of your life, the proper time for the acquisition of language, be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to produce this education. He has to use language he reads instead of the slang he hears; to form taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather weakness and vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

In Cook county, Texas, on Tuesday, Ben Blanton, an ex-Sheriff, and James Todd made targets of each other. Todd was shot through the heart and in the breast, and the top of Blanton's head was blown off. Both men were lying dead when discovered.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"TILL DEATH US PART."

A POEM BY DEAN STANLEY.

[We have received permission, says the London *Spectator*, to print the following beautiful lines by the late Dean of Westminster, which can hardly, we think, be read without, to some extent, alleviating the pain which attends so great a loss:]

"Till Death us part."
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeals the words of doom;
Thro' blessing and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till death us join,
O, voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Thro' lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death with his healing hand
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which one may sever;
Till thro' the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

Never was a young wife happier and more disposed to be pleased with her new home than the little woman whom Philip Birney, one bright, sunny morning, introduced as mistress of the plain brown house that stood at the entrance of the village of Redfield.

"It is capable of being made a lovely little place," she observed to her husband, after a quick survey of the yard, fence and exterior generally. "A honeysuckle trained over that window, and a coat of paint on the portico would help it wonderfully. O! Phil, I shall take such pleasure in making our home attractive and pretty! I have an old white dimity dress that belonged to mother—made before they gored the skirts, you know—and I mean to make curtains out of it for the up-stairs chambers!"

"Don't be tearing up your clothes, Kate, to furnish the house. I'm afraid there wouldn't be much economy in that," was Phillip's laughing reply as he led the way into the house.

Kate flitted from one room to another, chatting gaily of her plans as she found something desirable and convenient in each apartment—a cosy corner here to sew in, a well-placed shelf there, that cupboard for her dishes and this one for the table linen—to all of which her husband listened with a pleased smile.

"Yes, I shall so much enjoy keeping it tidy and orderly," she said again and again, as the tour of the rooms was finished. And the next day the pretty bride began housekeeping in earnest. The furniture was cheap and plain, but it was marvelous how cheery the rooms looked after Kate, with a few graceful touches, had disposed of numerous small ornamental articles taken from her trunk, which her nimble fingers had fashioned before leaving the home roof. It was wonderful, too, how much that trunk contained. Almost every day Philip was called on to admire some new thing brought up from its depths to add brightness and beauty to the little house, until it became quite a matter of course to inquire, whenever a new tin pan or other kitchen utensil was added to their stock, if it, too, came out of the trunk.

As time sped by, our young housekeeper found full occupation for hands and heart, and although her increasing household duties, and the charge of the little one that was born to them, left their traces on her pale face and bowed shoulders, she lost none of the enthusiasm and genuine delight in keeping the house neat and pretty, which had characterized the beginning of her wifely career. The lawn was dotted with shrubbery, planted and cared for by her own hands. The well-kept strawberry patch, the thrifty grapevines and choice young fruits were also the result of her industry, unaided save by the occasional help of the little ones, who were far oftener a hinderance than an assistance. And all this had been accomplished at a disadvantage, for Mr. Birney was a man who cared very little for these things, or at least did not value them at their real worth. He relished the fine cherries and berries that added so much to their bill of fare during the season of fruits, quite as much as any one, but he had only a vague idea of the labor and care they cost his wife. He enjoyed coming home in the evening to his clean, orderly domicile, where he knew always that a palatable meal awaited him; he realized dimly that the dooryard, with its borders of sweet alyssum and bright phlox, was one of the prettiest sights in the village, but he accepted it all as a matter of course.

His wife was a model woman in his eyes, and when he sometimes noticed, as the truth does force itself on every mind, that she looked care-worn and too old for her years, it never occurred to him that a little thoughtfulness on his part would save her many weary steps. He had not learned that lesson so many husbands need to learn, that by exercising a little care in wife's labors may be materially lightened.

Philip Birney would have resented the imputation fiercely had any one said he was cruel to poor Kate, and yet the habit of carrying in a rim of mud on his boot, to be ground into the sitting-room carpet, for his weak-backed wife to sweep out again, deserved no milder term.

A hat-rack was a part of the hall furniture, but so far as Mr. Birney was concerned it might as well have been in Jamaica. A coat thrown over the back of a chair, or a hat tossed on the floor was the invariable rule with the head of the house, and the fact that the orderly Kate would immediately leave her work to put them in their proper places did not cause Mr. Birney to mend his ways.

"O, Philip, how could you?" she said one day on returning from a visit, and finding her husband had been making his toilet in the parlor, leaving, as a delicate souvenir of his presence his soiled linen and a pair of socks in the middle of the floor. "Did this room look this way when Mrs. Jamison was here? The children told me she called this afternoon while I was gone."

"O, I give you my word for it, Mrs. Jamison never saw those clothes. She only staid a few minutes, and she looked out of the window all the time," said Mr. Birney, half reluctantly, when he saw how distressed his wife was at his carelessness.

"Of course she saw them; let a woman alone for that," sobbed the poor wife, utterly broken down with the thought that a stranger had witnessed the disorder, "and what a dreadful opinion she will have of me!"

"But it wasn't your doings, Kate. Of course she would understand that," eagerly put in Mr. Birney, anxious to say something consoling.

"No, no; that wouldn't make any difference; a woman always gets the blame if her house is disorderly," answered Mrs. Birney, mournfully shaking her head. "And it isn't pleasant when one has worked hard to have things neat and clean, to have strangers get the impression that one is a sloven."

"You are nervous, to-day," said Mr. Birney, all at once comprehending that his wife did not look well. "Does your head ache?"

"O! I ache all over; I'm clear tired out," she replied, wearily, putting her hands to her throbbing temples.

"You must go to bed right away, and I will go for Dr. Carson," said the now alarmed husband, almost carrying her in his arms as he laid her on her own bed.

In the long, dreary weeks that followed while the sick woman lay prostrate, the husband had ample time to discover that his own want of thought and blindness to her failing strength had largely contributed to her illness. The hats and coats were allowed to lie undisturbed now where he happened to throw them; the dust was left unmolested on the furniture, and had it not been that Mr. Birney's thoughts were so much occupied with his wife's recovery, the dirt and disorder prevailing in the once tidy household would have been intolerable. A rattling, noisy Irish girl, wholly untrained in domestic duties, had been employed to do the work for the family during Mrs. Birney's illness, and with her crude ideas of cleanliness and indifference to her employer's interests, the whole home atmosphere seemed changed. The children, knowing no motherly restraint, ran wild, with unkempt hair and dirty frocks, from morning till night, presenting so different an appearance that the poor invalid herself scarcely recognized them when they were permitted occasionally to visit the sick chamber—the whole sadly transformed household being a forcible answer to the question in the old song, "What is home without a mother?"

"La, sakes! Where on earth did so many flies come from?" one day queried Mrs. Clayson, a kind old lady living in the neighborhood, who often came to relieve Mr. Birney by sitting a few hours with his wife, while he attended to his outside duties.

"I've been keerful to keep the blinds down and the room cool and comfortable every time I've been here, and now here is the poor creetur just about eaten up with flies that are a buzzin' in and out like a swarm o' bees!" pursued the old lady, as she went beating about the room with a fly brush, in the endeavor to get the troublesome creatures out. Going to the window and looking out, she started back, exclaiming, "Well, if that don't beat all! Somebody has gone and set an empty sugar bar'l right under this very window, as sure as my name's Samanthy Clayson, just to draw all the flies in this end of town and pester this sick woman's life out of her. Who could'a done such a silly trick?"

Mr. Birney rushed from the room, and seizing the barrel, from which issued a cloud of flies at his approach, kicked it vigorously down to the bottom of the lot, soliloquizing as he went, "What a confounded fool I am, to set this barrel in that place! I declare, I ought to be flayed alive; just as if poor Kate hadn't had enough suffering and misery already!" Then, as the remembrance of the numberless daily inconsiderate acts of which he had been guilty, and of which his patient wife had been the victim, rose up before him, the unhappy man groaned aloud, "If Kate ever gets well she shan't wash any more dirty spittoons for me. It's an awful mean job for a man to impose upon any woman, and I might have saved her lots of scrubbing of oil cloths and washing of fenders if I had been particular never to spit on 'em. I've sometimes thought any be she was a trifle too nice, but I see now how unhappy and miserable I'd be if I was compelled to live with a slatternly woman who hadn't pride enough to keep things tidy. Home wouldn't be home to me it Kate had been a dirty, careless woman like Norah. And yet, all these years I've been making labor for her by my confounded carelessness. I suppose it is a mortification, just as she says, to have strangers look on her as a careless and slovenly housekeeper, when she tries very hard to have things nice. Many's the time she's lugged in heavy buckets of water when her back was aching terribly, while I've been sitting by, reading. She never could bear to see the yard littered up, and I shouldn't wonder if her sickness wasn't partly brought on by carrying away those heavy planks that I'd been promising her for two months to take to the barn. I always intended to do it, but somehow I've forgotten, though I'd rather have got up out of bed at midnight and done it than let her strain her poor weak back by carrying 'em herself. That's the way it was with fixing up the ash hopper when she wanted to make soap. She asked me at least a dozen times to do it for her, but somehow I never got at it, and so at last she got discouraged and did it herself. When a man's got an ambitious, energetic wife who takes pride in her home and surroundings, he can't do her a greater wrong than to throw cold water on her efforts and be a millstone in the way."

The approach of an old farmer friend living a short distance down the road, who stopped his horse at this moment to inquire after Mrs. Birney, put an end to the husband's bitter reflections.

"You have a nice place here," observed Farmer Doyle, as he glanced at the vines and rows of bushes in the yard at the rear of the house. "Your wife took a sight of comfort in cultivating this little patch of ground before she got sick. I used to expect to see her nearly every time I passed in the morning just as regularly as I expected to see the house itself standing there. Sometimes she was digging around the vines and shrubs and sometimes carrying basketfuls of earth, or maybe she would be working with her bees up there in the hives under the trees, or making new beds for her flowers, or trimming off the grass with her sickle. I used often to tell her it was too hard work for her to be bending over that way to cut the grass, but she never seemed to mind it particularly; I suppose it was just her energy and determination to have things complete that kept her up. Yes, you've got a nice place, Birney. It don't look much as it did when you moved here. I remember I used to think it would take a good deal of money to fix it up and make it salable, but here your wife's just gone ahead and, without any expense, has made it blossom as a rose, and to-day it would bring double as much as you paid for it. I tell you, neighbor Birney, just these little improvements that cost only labor and care, are the best investments a man can make, and the kind that adds to the value of property more than costly buildings. I'd rather have your little home with its cheerful porch, covered with that Queen of the Prairie, and your shady front yard and choice small fruits, than Mr. Buckland's big, bald-looking house over there with its mansard roof and colored glass, and not a vine or a flower to be seen, and weeds as high as a man's waist. If they had your improvements, it would be the most desirable place in this part of the country, but they've lived there seven years, and so far as I can see, they havn't much else but mustard stocks and burdock to show for it."

Every word that the farmer spoke in eulogy of his property was a stab to the conscience-smitten Birney, for he realized, what he had never done before, that to his stricken, suffering wife he was indebted for it all, and as he watched the retreating figure of Farmer Doyle as he rode away, he made a new resolution that if poor Kate was spared to him he would endeavor in future not to add to, but to save her every step he could. Let us hope that he kept his resolution.—*Country Gentleman.*

One of the Tracks of an Avalanche.

Lee Rainey, one of the oldest and best known professional prospectors in this part of the country, has just returned from a trip to the head of the Eagle River, above Breckinridge. His journey was replete with exciting incidents, and none more interesting and thrilling than that he passed through on the divide above Middle Park, on or near Park View Mountain. He had been for some ten days prospecting in this little-known portion of the State, and succeeded in discovering some very fine veins of decomposed quartz, rich in free gold. He staked off several of the claims that seemed to him especially valuable, and pushed his investigations up several of the smaller creeks in hopes of finding placer diggings. In this he was disappointed, and started across a spur of the range to return to the fertile and level Middle Park. On the southern side his route lay down so steep and precipitous an incline that several times he meditated turning around and going back, but finally decided to push on. In one place the mountain side descended in almost a smooth plane some 500 yards wide, and apparently the water course of some dried up stream. In this he descended, but when about midway down happened to look around and witnessed a spectacle that made his blood run cold and every limb stiffen with terror. High up above, nearly at the summit, a gigantic mass of rock had become detached and started on a terrific descent toward the valley. With every bound it gathered a mass of dirt, smaller boulders and debris, and from one mass of granite it became, in the twinkling of an eye, a hundred, and then a vast avalanche sweeping down the natural channel. Recovering himself on the instant, and realizing his dreadful peril, Rainey saw that his only chance for life lay in his getting out of the track before the avalanche reached him, and darted toward the nearest side. There was but an instant of time, and, although he seemed for the instant given wings, he despaired of ever reaching a place of safety. In a second he reached the side of the channel, clambering frantically up a ragged heap of rocks. A pinone shrub was just above, and seizing it in a desperate clutch he dragged himself up the side. Small boulders were already flying down below him, the ground trembled and the gigantic rocks shook to their foundation, hurling him off his feet. With a roar that reverberated to the heavens, the avalanche swept past. It was a wild, strange sight—one that filled the prospector with awe as he lay prone on the ground, scarcely daring to breathe. For an instant the channel was filled with a rushing river, but a river of stone and earth, roaring, hissing and surging like living water. Huge rocks, masses of earth and great pine trees would rise to the surface and then disappear again in the surging torrent. The mote that poor humanity would have been in such a stream the miner could well realize, and it is needless to say that in the remainder of the trip he avoided the channel, and preferred a rough scramble over the rocks to the incurring of any such a risk again.—*Leadville Courier.*

—The true girl has to be sought for. She may be in the parlor hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; she may be in front of her bureau glass admiring her hair; perhaps she's swinging on the front gate with a young man with a tender mustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a drummer. O, you'll have to seek for her. And after you find her, just say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance.—*Rockland Courier.*

—One thousand two hundred employes of the Old Colony Railroad have been examined for color blindness, in compliance with the Massachusetts law, and over forty engineers, firemen, conductors and others have been dismissed because they have defective sight. Of this number is Conductor Cowin, who has taken tickets for thirty-two years and never had an accident happen to his train.

Life's Vicissitudes.

A well-known man-about-town, who finds his chief delight in the study of human nature, and who believes that Denver offers a better field for that too rarely practiced art than any other spot on the face of the earth, told a *Tribune* representative a good many entertaining and amusing stories in a pleasant hour's chat, the other day.

He was seated in a comfortable chair that allowed him to loll back and rest his feet on the window-sill, smoking his cigar and lazily and dreamily watching the smoke as it went up in little rings and was then caught by the wind and sent scurrying out of the window and blown away into nothingness.

"Did you ever think much of the vicissitudes of life?" he asked, suddenly, knocking the white ashes from the end of his cigar, and looking so earnestly into his companion's face as to really frighten him into a philosophic mood.

The latter answered that he had rarely given the subject consideration, save when vicissitudes themselves made it imperative.

"We all have our little experiences," continued the student of human nature. A smile crept into his face as he went on, examining the burning end of his cigar critically: "I read a little scrap in a newspaper one time that amused and interested me exceedingly, not so much because of its alleged funniness but because the writer had suggested some good ideas without knowing it. He was telling of two men who met accidentally in the cars. One said to the other, 'Have I not met you somewhere before?' And then the fellow spoken to went on to tell him that he probably had met him somewhere, saying, 'Three years ago I was Secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association. After that I commanded a ship for a while, then worked in a restaurant, kept a hotel, ran a newspaper, and last summer I traveled with Barnum as a cannibal.'

"'Life is full of vicissitudes,' remarked his companion, to which the fellow of many experiences responded, laconically, "She am; very full, indeed.'

"I think of that little yarn every now and then," continued the gentleman, laughing quietly to himself, "as I look around me in Denver and see poor devils whose experiences have been almost as remarkable as those of the chap in the story. You have often read in the New York papers of noblemen's sons serving in the big restaurants like Delmonico's and the Brunswick as waiters? Well I know that such things often occur. A man can make a big tumble in a very short time. Talking about waiters, it was only a few days ago that there was a real live Countess—a Swedish one—washing dishes and making herself generally useful in the American House. Funny, ain't it? I tell you this is the country to live in if you want to have high-toned people do the ordinary work. It was not long ago that I had my boots blackened by a little codger whom I afterward learned was the runaway son of a Chicago millionaire. The vicissitudes in that little fellow's life are beginning early.

"I sat here at my window the other day—you see I have a good view up and down the street for a good ways—and counted no less than half a dozen people as they passed whose histories I knew were peculiar enough to form the interesting plots of as many novels. One man passed with a big bundle of handbills under his arm. Though thoroughly respectable in his appearance, one would never dream in passing him that years ago he was a wealthy man, Mayor of one of the large cities in the East and with a political future as bright as any man ever had. I don't know how he came down. He tumbled all the same. He could probably tell you something about the vicissitudes of life.

"There goes a man," said the student of human nature, leaning out of the window, and pointing out a middle-aged man who was moving along with the busy throng with a step that told as plainly as words that ambition had ceased to be a motive power, "who was at one time a member of Congress from the State of Illinois. He was considered an able man with a great future. To-day he would be glad to get a case in the police court that would pay him a fee of five dollars.

"You'd never imagine that Jay Gould had any poor relations, would you? It seems hard to think so. One would think that a man so rich as he, and owning dozens of railroads, in the offices of which sinecures are as plentiful as blackberries in July, would look after all his poor relations. And yet right here in Denver a nephew of Jay Gould, the Railroad Prince, makes his bread by driving a street car. He ain't at all proud, and would probably own without blushing, if you were to ask him, that Jay was his uncle.

"A good-natured, although dignified old fellow who sells jugs and earthenware to Denverites, was a dozen years ago Minister to a foreign court. He has evidently forgotten—or given up as dead and not worth thinking about—the past. Vicissitudes have not ruined a happy disposition and a belief that life is worth living.

"There are half a dozen other men in Denver who have found that for some people at least there is a system of equalization or leveling in this world—that is, they get a sorrow for every joy. A man who was once Secretary to Chevalier Wykoff now sells beer in a Denver saloon. Life is short, ain't it? The only wonder to me is that so much can be crowded into it."—*Denver Tribune.*

—In a certain aristocratic Galveston family there is a young lady, and she has a beau, and the presumption is he is not particularly bashful when he and the apple barrel of his affection are alone, or think they are. What strengthened this view of the case is the fact that the lady has a small brother named Tommy, and the other night there was a tea-party at the family mansion, and the supper table was very much crowded; so much so that Tommy's youngest sister was crowded up very close to him, whereupon he made the remark out loud: "Mamma, sis crowds me so close I can't breeve. I ain't her beau, am I?" If Tommy should become unwell that beau would not be the proper man to send for a doctor in a hurry.—*Galveston News.*

People Who Want Assistance.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known philanthropist of New York, is constantly beset by applications for assistance from all parts of the country and for a bewildering variety of objects. In an interview with a New York *Times* writer she thus describes one morning's mail: "This is my morning's mail, you see, and the first letter I opened was a request to buy a bell for a new church not a hundred miles away. I am daily appealed to for money to build churches, buy bells and organs, or assist clergymen to means for a few months' vacation, or to increase their menger salaries till I am lost in amazement. I wonder why there are not more communions in one, why so many creeds, why so many empty pews, and so few practical advantages! Now, I believe in churches and the sacraments; I believe in all that is essential to the growth and exaltation of humanity, but I can not for my life comprehend the necessity of so many different ways of worshiping and honoring our Maker, and the necessity of so many different routes to heaven. I believe that greater good on earth and honor to His holy name would be attained if some of these numerous churches were turned into school houses or workshops. Just look over that pile of letters, and you will find applications for means to accomplish all sorts of things. Here is an application for a contribution to build a church in Arkansas costing $30,000, which, if I grant, I am promised that the name and the amount given are to be engraved on a tablet and placed in the church. This is a solicitation for money to publish a medical book, which the writer says is 'a gigantic benevolent work.' This is from the financial agent of a Western college. He says: 'I desire you to enjoy with us the luxury of building up and sustaining it. We need a larger endowment and new building—would like the pleasure of giving you a prominent place in the history of the college.'

"This letter is from a woman asking for $200 in cash, or if she can not have that amount, $26 to enable her husband to join the Odd Fellows, when, if he gets sick, he will receive benefits. Chicago writes and says that he wants $4,000 to buy a grocery with, and that if he had such a start he could 'manage to support himself and family.' This one is from Missouri. A physician with a family and an income of $1,200 is in need of surgical instruments, and requests me to send them at once. He incloses me a long list of articles that I never heard of before. Here is one from a temperance lecturer, who invites me to aid him in the 'broad field of philanthropy' by sending him about $75 worth of 'illustrated views.' And a married lady from —— City, in this State, writes to ask, 'would I be so kind in my gracious goodness to provide her with pocket money, as her husband is one of those kind of men who thinks more of his money than his family, consequently keeps a tight hold upon his purse-strings.' Then here are a dozen or more solicitations for money to start or sustain newspapers, etc., etc., *ad infinitum et ad nauseam.* These letter applicants are easily disposed of by filing their letters. Not so with those who are within personal reach of me. They come. And if by chance I am induced to give aid or even audience to one of those who have a request or a scheme to benefit mankind, I am at once possessed of an affliction worse to get rid of than the neuralgia. To give, to assist, to investigate and then refuse to continue, is to be 'just like a woman'—what ever that means. But after all said and done, to become disgusted with trying to do good, because the object benefited is unworthy, is to render charity a worldly calculation and not the impulse of a grateful heart. That a fellow-creature suffers is sufficient reason for us to try to aid him and the remembrance of that act is, I believe ample recompense."

Poker in the Legislature.

In the years gone by a certain Representative in our State Legislature was supposed to have been "seen" on a certain bill, but as he kept his own counsel no one could get any proofs against him. He had been elected as an honest, upright man, and when his constituents heard the rumors against his integrity they were amazed. A delegate was appointed to go down to Lansing and hear his side of the story, and when this man returned home he was invited to make known his researches before an open meeting.

"My friends," he began, "I went to Lansing with the determination to sift the matter to the bottom. I found that S—— was living high and dressing like a lord."

A groan went through the meeting and men shook their heads in a solemn way.

"He sports a gold watch and a cane," continued the delegate, "and he was talking of buying a $500 horse to bring home with him. You remember he went away from here a poor man."

"Then he sold his vote!" shouted one of the yeomen.

"I confess it looked that way to me at first, replied the delegate, "but when I came to tackle him personally he explained everything as clear as day. He had not sold his vote. He had not forgotten that an honest constituency was behind him and no money could have bribed his conscience. No, my friends, there is no stain on his reputation."

"Then how did he get his money?" asked three or four at once.

"Well, I don't know as I can explain it as well as he did, and I'm sorry I didn't write it down. It seems that the members don't have anything to do evenings, and instead of reading novels or attending the wicked theater they gather in little crowds around the table and the one who has four of a kind of something or other takes in something or other called the pot. I don't know where the money comes in, but its somehow or other, and some how or other our esteemed Representative always has more of a kind than any one else. This is as near as I can remember and I suggest a vote of continued confidence in our member until he himself returns to explain what the 'kinds' are and what the pot has to do with it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—America is the cradle of liberty, and so we rocket on the Fourth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Stanley is accused of employing chained gangs of slaves in making a road in Africa.

—Boston merchants hang up cards which say: "No petition for office signed by any member of this firm."

—A Philadelphia drug clerk blundered in compounding a dose for his own taking, and lost his life thereby.

—Jerusha Revell, of Wakully County, Fla., has 262 descendants. Eight of them are ministers of the Gospel. She is eighty-five years old, and for ten years has been blind.

—Ex-Representative Burleigh has a scheme to domesticate the buffalo, which, as he argues, is a much better beef animal for the cold Northwest than the ox. He wants Congress to help him.

—That a human bite is as as dangerous as that of any animal is shown by an occurrence in the German city of Munster, where a man who was bitten in one of his fingers during a fight has had the alternative of losing his arm or his life. Blood poisoning set in, and speedy amputation at the shoulder became necessary.

—The elaborate bronze balcony railing made for the house of William H. Vanderbilt, on Fifth Avenue, New York, is now on exhibition in Philadelphia. It is a wonderful piece of hand-beaten work, and, with other bronze railing ordered for the house, will cost $60,000. Each section is seventeen feet long and two and a quarter feet high.

—Two children, born a few weeks ago in the Canton Vaud, Switzerland, were joined together in the same manner as the famous Siamese twins. It was believed that, as infants, the ligament which joined them might, with success, be severed, and the operation was accordingly performed. No apparent permanent injury was caused by it, and several days afterward the twins were reported to be doing well.

—With the expressed purpose of keeping dogs out of the Stockton House, at Cape May, during the present season, the Directors issued an announcement that they would be charged for board at the rate of ten dollars a week apiece. That this scheme for carrying out a praiseworthy purpose is an utter failure is proved by the fact that six dogs are now registered at the Stockton House, that is to say, three Skye terriers, two lap-dogs and one pug.

—A large natural cave has been discovered at the head of Williams Creek, in Josephine County, Oregon. It consists of a series of subterranean caverns, or chambers, through which a person can walk for some four or five hundred yards from the entrance, and there are still other chambers beyond the entrances which are too small to admit a person, but could be enlarged sufficiently, it is thought, by a little labor with pick and hammer.

—Four disappointed Arabs are in Boston. They were Sheiks of distinction in their own country, and one claims to be the head of a Moabite tribe descended directly from the Mohabites spoken of in the Bible. They were brought here for exhibition, and were told that they would become objects of social honor here. On the contrary, they proved unattractive as a show, and, being abandoned by their managers, are paupers, without much prospect of getting back home.

—Three women were standing side by side in a dry goods store of London, Ontario. One hung her umbrella by the handle on the edge of the counter and moved away. Another laid down her pocket-book where it fell into the umbrella unseen, and when it was missed the third woman was accused of stealing it, searched by an officer and finally released without being able to relieve herself from suspicion. The umbrella was rolled up, with the lost money still in it, and only after a lapse of a week was the truth revealed.

—A "striking" instance of mnemonics is communicated to *Notes and Queries* by one of its correspondents: Gilles de Retz, Marshal of France (said to be the veritable Blue Beard.) was sentenced to be led in chains to the place of execution and to be burnt alive at the stake. The day appointed was October 23, 1480, "a date," says the historian, "about which there can be no doubt, for all the people of Anjou and Maine, by common consent, whipped their children on that morning, so as to impress the precise day upon their memory." This strange mnemonic process is still a favorite with the peasants of Anjou and Brittany.

—A recent writer describes the floating vegetable gardens of Lake Grinagar, in Cashmere: They are made by first planting poplar poles, twenty-five or twenty-eight feet long, in two or three rows, twelve or fifteen feet apart. Then the gardener gathers from the lake a lot of aquatic plants and interweaves them between his poles. This forms the support of the garden. Then more plants are collected from the lake and piled up to the height of three or four inches. These soon rot, and form the soil, and the garden plants first sprouted on the land are then transplanted to the garden. At first they are watered, but it does not take long for the rootlets to find their way to the water underneath. The vegetables raised are said to be very fine, and are sold at very low prices.

—A recent traveler in equatorial Africa says: "Lions are one of the dangers between Zanzibar and the great lakes. They sometimes hunt game in packs from six to eight. Some animals show fight against them successfully. Lions never venture to attack the adult elephant, and even avoid the buffalo, unless they are more than two to one. In general they do not attack caravans, and never in daytime. At most a hungry lion may spring upon and carry off a straggler while passing through the brakes and jungles. But it is otherwise at night. When lions scent the caravan from afar, particularly if it contains goats or beasts of burden, they approach and announce their vicinity by terrific roars. Nevertheless, in a well-inclosed camp there is no danger; the lions never attempt to clear the obstacles, and marksmen from behind the palisades can pick them off with almost unfailing aim. There is danger only when the camp is not completely inclosed, or when those inside go out to attack them."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MY LADY.

Thus do I dream
(Sometimes of a summer day,
When the winds blow fresh from the hill,
Cleansing our souls from thoughts of ill,
As our limbs are washed by the mountain stream),
What my love should be,
If God would fashion her form for me.

Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle minded, slow to please,
And not profuse of word;
Full of a tranquil kindness for all,
Lest to the super-sense
Of humble minds a chance speech give offense.
Not quickly stirred
To tears or laughter, love or strife;
Right nobly simple in her way of life,
Yet loving healthy in all this world can give,
Since holy minds in healthy bodies live,
And beauty can not harbor with disease.
But above all most true,
And rather over-trustful than inclined
To see the evil sooner than the good
In each man's mind;
Setting "Thus should I" higher than "I would,"
Nor ever restless for things new.

And her bearing, I would have her tall
And lissom as young shoots in May
That rise and fall,
Marking the cadence of the breeze
Rather than bending to his sway;
With eyes like summer seas
Mooking the blue above,
Within whose infinite azure deeps
A golden secret sleeps—
Whose holy calm hath never yet revealed
To day or night
The worlds of treasure that do lie concealed
Beneath their crystal sheen,
But wait the coming of the light—
The coming of the light of love—
So would I have my queen.
Her voice should be silver sweet,
Pure as the chime of a holy bell;
And my heart should beat
And answer its sound again,
As twin notes throb to a single strain.
Therein should dwell
The music of my life, now and to be;
The noblest thoughts God ever gave to me
Should he set to his exquisite melody.

This is my dream of a midsummer hour,
Begot
By the fairy power
Of a few fond rhymes that my heart holds dear;
And I turn and tremble her steps to hear,
Yet she cometh not.

—*London World.*

HILARIE GRAEME.

She was standing, when I first saw her, under one of the grand old trees skirting the grounds of Beech Hall, the home of my fair fiancee, Clara Beresford, to visit whom a happy commingling of duty and pleasure had lured me from town this fair June morning. Clare had duly informed me of the installation of her orphan cousin Hilarie as a member of the family and a dependent upon Mr. Beresford's bounty, and had also described her as an "uninteresting, odd-tempered girl of seventeen."

"Odd-tempered" she might be. I decided, noting the haughty curve of the slender white throat, the stern, set expression of the delicate red lips, and the brooding passion in the large dusky eyes of the tall girl under the beeches, but "uninteresting!" Scarcely, my dear Clare.

A shaft of golden sunlight through the branches above illumined an untidy wealth of rippling brown hair, caressed slender, listless hands, from which had *evidently slipped to her tiny feet the* large sun-hat she was too careless or too idle to wear, and the immature beauty of the proud young face, the willowy grace of the slender figure in its dingy gray gown, destitute of bow or frill or any of the usual feminine adornments, interested me strangely.

Still leaning against the tree, she lazily watched my approach, apparently expecting me to pass on to the hall without bestowing more than a passing glance upon herself; but, determined to speak with her, I made a short detour from the path, and, more amused than disconcerted by the expression of mingled curiosity and defiance which quickly overspread her features, I said, with the utmost gallantry at my command:

"Pardon me, but can you inform me if any of the family are at the Hall today? I am not expected, and all seems unusually still."

"Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford and Clare are all within, and, though not expected, Mr. Forrester is sure to be a welcome guest."

"You have guessed my name," I replied, smiling. "What if I return the compliment to Miss Hilarie Graeme? You see I have heard of you, too."

"Of course, you would hear of the Beresford's *bete noir*," she said—oh, so bitterly.

"Nay," I protested, "no such epithet has been assigned you, Miss Graeme, believe me."

"Not exactly that, perhaps, but sufficient to let you know that I at least am not welcome here."

For a moment Clare's expressions, "uninteresting" and "odd-tempered," flitted before me, but when I would have spoken Hilarie stopped me with a passionate gesture of disdain, saying:

"Spare your words, Mr. Forrester; your face tells me enough. O, why, why did I come here?" And, to my astonishment and dismay, she burst into a passionate invective against the misery of her dependent position and the coldness and unkindness of her relatives, breaking down at last into a paroxysm of bitter tears.

With a man's utter abomination thereof, I did my best to calm the tempest I had unconsciously raised, and was unspeakably relieved when at last she dried her tear-stained cheeks and said, brokenly:

"Forgive me; you must think very badly of me, Mr. Forrester, but I will go away. I was never very good, but now I am growing hard and bad, and am so wretched that in time I shall become a hateful, wicked girl. I will not stay here."

A great pity arose within me for this lonely, high-spirited creature, little more than child in years, and, taking one of the nervous little hands in mine, I reasoned with her kindly but earnestly upon the folly of the course she would pursue, pointing out ways and means for making her present life at least more endurable; and, inquiring deeper into her manner of occupying the long hours she spent alone, I found, as I suspected, that she passed them chiefly in desultory rambles about the Hall grounds and the neighboring country, all the while brooding darkly over her uncongenial surroundings, while she had utterly neglected tastes and pursuits which might have lent a charm to solitude. Finding one of these to be an inate love of art, for which I am myself an enthusiast, I arranged a meeting next morning for Hilarie and myself at Alton Woods, a miniature forest adjoining the grounds of Beech Hall, where I engaged to initiate her into the art of crayon sketching. I shall never forget the quick change from somber despondency to radiant hope and pleasure which transformed the pale, tear-stained face into one of rare brilliancy and loveliness. So much does happiness involve of beauty that when we parted I could scarcely recognize in the blushing, smiling maiden before me the pale, sad girl of a short half-hour ago. Truly, a child's April nature had this same Hilarie Graeme.

My subsequent meeting with Clare was of the same lover-like description, and her parents greeted me with their usual warm expressions of welcome. I had always been a great favorite with them, especially with stately Mrs. Beresford, whose affection for me had been mainly instrumental in bringing about an engagement between her daughter Clare and myself.

Clare was five years my junior; a fair, aristocratic little lady of twenty summers. She was extremely devoted to me, while I was proud to know that only a few short months must intervene before the time fixed for our marriage.

In the confidental chat with Clare and her mother before luncheon was served in the quaint old dining-room, I was made painfully aware of the necessity for concealing my encounter with Hilarie and the consequent arrangement for Alton Woods on the morrow. Mrs. Beresford was loud in her censure of the improvidence of her husband's brother-in-law, Arthur Graeme, which had resulted at his death in the advent of Hilarie under her roof as a "useless dependent upon her uncle." Clare's laughing suggestion that Hilarie replace her in companionship to her mother after our marriage hurt me even more than Mrs. Beresford's exclamations against the orphan; there was such an utter want of sympathy in smile and voice that contrasted oddly with the sweet emotional face I was longing to see again.

It was not until dinner that my wish was gratified, when, after a careless introduction from Mr. Beresford, Hilarie flashed one warm grateful glance into my face, and throughout dinner preserved a grave silence, my few well-meant endeavors at conversation with her only eliciting low monosyllabic replies, and the cold surprise in the faces of Clare and her mother that I should address her warned me for Hilarie's sake to appear to maintain the same indifference toward her as distinguished themselves.

Indolent Clare retained her town habit of keeping her room until the morning was far advanced, when she would descend in the most bizarre of morning toilets, in time for the late breakfast with mamma; consequently during my sojourn at Beech Hall I was free to pass the early morning hours in whatever way suited my fancy, else I had not dared to appoint the meeting with Hilarie, for Clare was a very exacting little bride-elect indeed.

Ah, that delightful morning in Alton Woods; the first of many such when Hilarie and I wandered, sketchbook in hand, among the tall, straight pines, the shadows of their murmuring branches flecked with amber gleams of sunlight, or threaded our way through fern and bracken to some specially dainty bit of woodland scenery, where seated on a fallen tree-trunk, or moss-grown bowlder, with waving grasses around her and velvet masses at her feet, Hilarie Graeme seemed to my excited fancy the embodiment of some fairy denizen of the forest.

None knew but ourselves of these daily meetings. Though no words had passed between us to the need of secrecy, we had tacitly accepted it as a fact, and apparently our mutual indifference to each other when in the society of the Beresfords was as marked as ever.

Sometimes my conscience smote me that in her sweet innocence Hilarie submitted herself so entirely to my guidance, for I knew if we were discovered hard things might be said of her, but I was prepared to defend her with my life if need be, and hall and wood being so isolated discovery was scarcely to be feared.

Days had lengthened into weeks, until more than a month had elapsed since my arrival at Beech Hall, and still Clare urged me to "stay a little longer," and I against my better judgment stayed on, unable to deny myself those blissful hours spent with Hilarie, my beautiful love. Yes, it had come to that. I knew now that Hilarie was more to me than Clare ever had been or ever could be, and the knowledge that I was in honor bound to the one and dare not reveal my secret to the other was daily, hourly torture to me. Heaven knows I tried hard then to be loyal to my troth; but Clare's evidences of affection grew daily more distasteful to me, and I found myself constantly comparing her unfavorably with beautiful, high-souled Hilarie. I fancied, too, that my betrothed had become cousious of some change in the warmth of manner toward her, for latterly she became strangely pale and anxious-eyed, while a new clinging tenderness in her demeanor towards me seemed a conscious reproach to my faithlessness. Yet how could I wound sensitive Hilarie by suddenly ending those meetings in Alton Woods. Clearly it was my duty to return to town at once, and on the afternoon of the day on which I arrived at this determination I went for a last stroll through the grounds, going mechanically in the direction of Alton Woods.

I came suddenly upon Hilarie, who seemed intently reading or examining a scrap of writing held in her hand. She started, and crimsoned guiltily, I thought, at my approach, crushing the paper ruthlessly in her hand. Half jealous I inquired:

"Have I surprised a secret, Hilarie?"

"No," she answered, still confused. "They were merely some lines I had written," she answered playfully, and the incident faded from my mind to be when and how recalled I little then imagined. Hilarie received the news of my approaching departure in a strangely silent mood which piqued me not a little, especially when I found she was absent from the dinner-table on this, the last night of my stay. Clare, too, was away. When I had communicated to her my resolve to leave by the 12:50 train on the morrow she had kissed me as though she were losing me forever, and her white wan face and pitiful blue eyes touched me so deeply that I had taken her in my arms and kissed away her tears, promising to return long before the day fixed for our wedding.

"O, Gerald," she sobbed, "I could not give you up, dear, now," and again I wondered could she have guessed my secret. Still pale and trembling with agitation she had gone to her room; and at dinner her maid informed us that Miss Clare had given orders not to be disturbed, and Hilarie, being inquired for, was found to have gone out some hours previously and not yet returned. Still, conversation was lively at the dinner-table, when we were suddenly startled by a hurried trampling of feet and a confusion of voices, broken suddenly by the unceremonious entrance of Mark Thompson, under-gardener at the Hall, who, breathless with excitement, informed us that "there was summut wrong up at Alton Woods; a man murdered, sur, and Miss Hilarie sha be wi' him and sent me on for help." I was already at the door, my one thought of Hilarie, Mr. Beresford and the men-servants following, when Clare, white and shivering, met me as though she would go with me; she looked so terribly ill that I begged her to return to her room, but she shook her head, saying, "I must go. Hilarie must not be there alone," and so Clare and I were the first to reach the entrance of the wood, the first to see Hilarie, with her face buried in her hands, kneeling beside the murdered man sobbing bitterly. Clare turned shuddering away; but I sprang forward, crying, "Hilarie! Hilarie!"

O the agony of the white streaming face, lifted to my own, as she tottered to her feet, crying out, wildly, "O why did you come here?" and with a low sobbing cry, she reeled and fell insensible into my arms. "Hilarie, speak to me—oh, Hilarie, my love, my darling!" I cried, pressing her frantically to my heart, and all my love for Hilarie was revealed in those few passionate words to Clare.

Even then I was conscious of the pitiful dumb despair on the poor pale face as she abruptly turned and left me alone with my unconscious burden.

I pray Heaven I may never know again the terrible agony that followed close upon that fatal night. I wonder I did not go mad when they accused Hilarie, my beautiful Hilarie, of the foul crime of murder. I had been mercifully spared the sight of her arrest, but they told me she had uttered no word, only white and still had let them lead her away to a felon's cell.

The murdered man had been stabbed to the heart with some weapon which had not yet been discovered, and hidden in his clenched right hand was found part of a torn certificate of marriage solemnized two years before between "George Morton Dean" and "Hilarie ——." The rest had been torn away, so that only that Christian name remained with what appeared to be the upper part of a capital G, the initial letter of the surname Graeme.

In the opinion of the police this was sufficient to fasten the crime upon poor Hilarie, and it was generally believed that in her wild, unrestrained youth she had been led into a mesalliance with the murdered man, whose appearance was decidedly plebian, and his coming to Beech Hall to claim his wife had aroused her dormant passion, and that in her dread of exposure she had first tried to obtain possession of the proof of her marriage, and stained her soul with murder.

In the doctor's opinion the crime had been committed during the afternoon of the day upon which the body was discovered. Like a flash of fire there came to me the remembrance of that meeting with Hilarie and her hasty concealment of the scrap of paper. I remembered her guilty flush, her confused replies, and, Heaven forgive me, for one brief moment I trembled lest she should be guilty of the horrible crime imputed to her. I drove the mad thought from me as unworthy my manhood and my love, and redoubled my unceasing efforts to establish her innocence. Hilarie from the first had refused to see me. I had written imploring her to speak, if only one word that might prove her innocent, but she wrote:

"I can say nothing. I pray only that you may be happy with Clare." And the terrible dark days followed swiftly one upon the other, each adding to the subtle web of evidence they were weaving around my darling, until sometimes I fancied it must be some horrible dream from which I must surely soon awake. Yet there was Mrs. Beresford's bitter wailing for the disgrace upon her house, and Clare's terrible pallor and mute, sorrowful despair gave me an additional pang that I had brought double trouble upon her.

There remained but one day now before that on which Hilarie was to appear in a felon's dock, and on the morning of that day Clare came to me with the old wistful tenderness of manner, and pressing her cold white cheek to mine, so that I could not see her face, she said in a slow, sad voice, "Gerald, if Hilarie dies what will you do?"

"Hilarie must not die!" I exclaimed passionately. Unheeding my words, Clare continued:

"Could you not love me again, Gerald?"

Perhaps my silence answered her, for with a long, sobbing sigh she stooped and kissed my hand; but, when I would have taken hers in mine, she turned from me swiftly and hurried from the room.

I never looked upon her living face again. Late that night they brought her home, white and dripping, from the Mere, near Alton Woods, and with her a letter addressed to me. I opened it with shaking hands, and there fluttered at my feet the missing fragment of her marriage certificate. Yes, hers; for, when joined, that which was thought to form part of the letter G was in reality part of the initial C in the name of Clare. "Hilarie Clare Beresford,"—poor, sinful Clare, whom we had always called by her second name until we had forgotten that she, too, was Hilarie.

In her letter she told how she had grown to hate and fear the man who had been the hero of her thoughtless schooldays, and had lured her into that fatal marriage; how her love for me and dread of him had conquered all sense of right and wrong, until his threat of exposure had impelled her to commit the crime for which Hilarie Graeme stood accused. She told how Hilarie had met her coming from the scene of the murder, and knew her to be guilty; how she had agreed to keep silent that I might be spared all pain and shame, and how, finding Hilarie had won the love Clare had sinned for, she had determined to seek rest and oblivion in the dark waters of the Mere.

Need I dwell on the joy of that time which followed, when Hilarie's innocence was proclaimed and she was free to return to the home she had never thought to see again. She wept bitterly for poor Clare, and devoted all her time to the bereaved parents, until they grew to love her as their saving angel, and as the months rolled on peace and happiness returned to Beech Hall, and that was a proud and blissful day to me when sweet Hilarie Graeme became Mrs. Gerald Forrester.

The previous morning Hilarie had blushingly placed in my hand a scrap of crumpled paper on which was written in Hilarie's delicate caligraphy a few lines containing a passionate avowal of love for a certain "Gerald," which brought vividly to my mind the moment when I had surprised Hilarie in the grounds of Beech Hall.

"And was this the paper, Hilarie?"

"Yes, Gerald," she answered, blushing rosier than before.

"O, darling, why did you not show it to me then?" I asked, remembering that ugly doubt that had once tempted me.

"Nay, dear," she whispered, "how could I let you know I loved you so?"

And somehow her answer contented me.

What a Newark Dog Does.

Among those who regularly call for their *Daily Advertiser* every afternoon at the counting room of this office is an intelligent dog that rejoices in the name of Sport, and is the property of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. At about four p. m. daily, as regularly as the hour comes around, Sport sets out for the *Daily* office, making a bee-line from the truck house to the *Advertiser* counting-room. On arriving at the office he does not push or crowd, but, like the well-behaved dog that he is, waits until he can reach the counter. Those in charge know him well, a paper is folded and handed him, he takes it in his mouth and starts on a bee-line for the truck house. If he does not get the *Daily* immediately on reaching the counter, he rises on his hind legs, places his fore-paws on the counter and looks at the clerk as much as to say, "Don't forget me, please!" When the paper is handed him he wags his tail in thanks and is off in a jiffy. Of late he has been muzzled in accordance with the Mayor's proclamation, and the paper is put in the muzzle over his nose. On Sundays he never goes to the *Daily* office as he appears to know the office is closed.

Sport is a coach dog, and is between six and seven years old. He took up his residence in the truck house in February, 1875, and soon began to run to fires with the company. As soon as the gong strikes in the house he is on the alert, and no sooner are the doors thrown open than out he bounds, rushing ahead of the horses, then darting back again, jumping up at the horses and dancing around them, and then rushing ahead again, barking furiously all the time. He will dart after vehicles that are ahead of the truck, bark at them and rush at the horses until they get out of the way. As soon as the company arrives at a fire Sport goes on guard, watching the truck and the men's coats, and woe betide the person who should offer to meddle with either. Sport has been injured several times. On one occasion he was run over by the truck and one of his legs was broken. He was carried to the truck house, where the leg was set, and he was kindly cared for by the members of the company. The leg got well, but is now a little stiff.

On the 22d of February, after a terrible storm, the members of the company found a little puppy in the Old Burying Ground. It was nearly dead with cold, but they took it to the house and were trying to warm it back to life, when Sport appeared, took the little stranger in his mouth, bore it to his own bunk and tended it as carefully as a human father. It lived and thrived, the members of the company bringing it up on the bottle. The two dogs grew very fond of each other, and Sport would not suffer any but the members of the company to touch the little stranger, whom the firemen had christened Dash, or even to approach too near him. As Dash grew older he, too, ran to fires, and the two dogs were inseparable. On one occasion a large dog of the cur species attacked Dash and beat him. The latter went to the truck house where Sport was lying asleep on the floor, waked him up, nosed him, and evidently in some way made him comprehend what had happened. The two dogs started off together, and members of the company followed at a distance to see what would happen, when they saw Dash and Sport set upon the unfortunate cur and give him a terrible thrashing. Dash was killed by being run over by the truck on its way to a fire and Sport mourned him sincerely.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

What the Microscope Says.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of creatures swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow.

Yes, even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable property when closely examined.

The Mexican Small Boy.

In many ways the Mexican boy sets an excellent example to his young cousins across the Rio Grande. Growing up in this placid social organization, his disposition naturally is mild, and he has as his birthright an allowance of good manners so liberal that it might be divided among a whole boarding-school of United States little boys and make a good showing in each. The other day at San Pedro—it was the saint's day of the little town and the place was in a ferment of pleasureable excitement—I hailed a small chap who was darting across the small plaza and asked him to get me a drink of water. Now the average United States small boy of like humble station, if similarly addressed under similar conditions—say by a Frenchman on the Fourth of July—pretty certainly would refuse to comply with the request, and very probably would couch his refusal in some such enigmatical phrase as: "Just you hold your left ear while I get it!" or, more curtly,: "You go boil the back of your head!" But this little Mexican, not having enjoyed the advantages of a higher civilization, pulled up short when I hailed him and promptly went into the house and brought me the water that I asked for. As he handed me the mug he took off his ragged little hat and held it in his hand while I drank; and he bowed very prettily, this gentle lad, as I handed back to him the empty mug with a "gracias" that came from my heart. Water fresh and cool from tenaja is pleasant drinking in this thirsty land; but it is all the sweeter and more refreshing for being so charmingly served. And these children are courteous to each other as well as to grown-up people. Out in the suburbs of the town last evening I saw two little chaps sitting beside an acequia—dabbling their little bare feet in the running water—while they played very contentedly together with a dead bird they had picked up somewhere. There was no quarreling as to which should have the bird. One of them had it in his hands and was plucking out the feathers, while the other, very much interested, was looking on. They were talking away earnestly, and seemed to be full of the quiet happiness that, with their gentle natures, is born in them.—*Santa Fe Letter.*

A Life-Saving Lesson in Physics.

It is a well known fact that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water if care is taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases persons who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their head and scream the moment they find themselves in deep water. The folly of such action can be impressively illustrated by means of a half-empty bottle and a couple of nails; and the experiment should be repeated in every household until all the members—particularly the woman and children—realize that the only chance for safety in deep water lies in keeping the hands under and the mouth shut.

Any short-necked, square-shouldered bottle will answer, and the nails can be easily kept in place by a rubber band or a string. First ballast the bottle with sand, so that it will just float with the nails pointing downward, then by turning the arms upward, the bottle will either be forced under water at once or will be tipped over so that the water will pour into the open month, and down it will go. To children the experiment is a very impressive one and the moral of it is easily understood.

The vital value of this precaution was strikingly illustrated near Accomac C. H., Virginia a few days ago. A niece of the Hon. John Neely, while bathing, was swept off into the ocean by a strong current and soon disappeared in the high breakers. As she could not swim her companions gave her up for lost. Two young fishermen who were employed some distance away thoughtfully set out with a small boat in search of her, and when a mile or more from shore, found her floating on the water. She had been drifting nearly an hour and was greatly exhausted, but soon recovered. Unable to swim she had pluckily floated, thereby making her rescue possible.—*Scientific American.*

Characteristics of the Arizona Cowboy.

The untamed cowboy generally sports a large six-shooter, a belt, a knife, repeating rifle and a huge pair of spurs; while the mustang which he rides is supplied with a Spanish saddle and held in check and guided by a huge Spanish bit. Herding cattle being his vocation, nothing delights him more than a wild chase after an untamed steer; and, being a splendid rider, neither an Apache nor a soldier can get the best of him on the plains. Sometimes he is an American, sometimes a Mexican, a half-breed, or Indian; but no matter what his nationality may be, he is as uncivilized as a grizzly bear and reckless as a savage.

He would be as much out of place in a parlor as a wolf in a sheep-fold or an alligator in a bird-cage; but, properly mounted, his saddle ornamented and his animal trained to carry out his slightest wish, he does not serve as a bad subject for an artist, and his physique and horsemanship are universally praised. Quick, wiry and intrepid, often generous and humane, his ever *sui generis*, and many are the stories told of his bloodthirsty career. Originally he belonged to Texas, and was generally known as the Texas ranger; but, with the increase in stock-raising farther west, he has finally came upon the railroad, and is now found on every range from Tucson to Santa Fe. He it is who has made life on the border unsafe for immigrants, who does the shooting in most of our frontier towns, and who is fast becoming a terror to the citizens of the section which he chooses to visit. Like "the bad man from Bodie," fear to him is an unknown quality, and the greater the danger the more desperate he seems to become.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—Sitting Bull was astonished on seeing frozen cream in summer. But how his untutored eyes would have expanded had he chanced to cast them upon a young female pale-face let loose upon a plateful of it.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The deanery of Westminster has been tendered to Rev. Henry Montague Butler, head master of Harrow School, who will doubtless accept.

—The fund left by the late Mrs. Williams, of Norwich, Conn., for the building and endowing of a school for young ladies in New London, is now valued at $100,000 in personal property, and $25,000 in real estate, besides the site, which is worth $10,000.

—"Antioch Circuit" in Middle Tennessee is so exclusively Methodist territory that, although it is fifteen miles square, there are no other religious organizations within its bounds. There are about seven hundred Methodist church members there.

—Last year there were in the Philadelphia public school 1,988 women teachers and only seventy-seven men. The average annual salary paid in that city is $486.14. It is reported that the most competent teachers are leaving the schools, as salaries are constantly growing smaller.

—The Hebrew Synagogue at Newport, which was built several years ago by Judah Touro, who also gave $10,000 to support a rabbi, is to be reopened soon with imposing ceremonies. Jews were so scarce that the synagogue was closed soon after its opening, but there are now enough to form a congregation, and the $10,000, which has been managed by the city, has been swelled to $20,000.

—The "Church of Jesus" in Mexico receives about $25,000 a year for its evangelical and missionary work. It needs about $100,000, for which it makes earnest request. This Church aims to enlist all the Protestant denominations in the work of evangelizing Mexico. Thus far it has not been very successful in this respect, as several of the denominations have missions of their own, which they prefer to keep up. The missionaries now begin to find that the Mormons are bound to give them trouble. Many Mormon missionaries are in the northern part of Mexico, where they find plenty of proselytes among the ignorant Mexicans. Very many Mormon tracts are scattered among the Mexican people.

—In connection with the Delaware Methodist Episcopal Conference is a voluntary society called "Daughters of the Conference." This is an organization of the sisters whose object is to help along the superannuated preachers and the widows and orphans of deceased members. One of the sisters made a speech before the Conference which is described as "well expressed, thoughtful and eloquent." No higher compliment than this could have been paid on the speech had it been delivered by one of the brethren. The sisters who compose this organization are doing a very useful and commendable work, and setting an example whose imitation in other Conferences will do much to relieve the distresses of some who are left in an extremely needy condition.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—One of the most aggravating of bores is a stud in a close-fitting shirt bosom.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—If the dog whose day this is will call at this office he can have his property and no questions asked.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The clam has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than a human being, yet a clam never talks about its neighbor.—*Whitehall Times.*

—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and there is no necessity for its striking a second time. It generally finishes the business during the first shock and goes out on strikes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"He's a beauty," observed the mule dealer, admiringly stroking the animal's mane, "and amiable, too; but when he gets mad it's just worth Bill Vanderbilt's fortun' to see him feeling for the hair of the comet with his heels."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A Detroit young man denounces the poke bonnet "because they chate his ears." Here, now, is a question for scientists. Can they explain how it is that a bonnet worn by one person can chafe the ears of another person not wearing it? Eh? How's that? O—well, well, now, that may be it. How stupid not to see it before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Even the little bits of tots get hold of the vernacular quite handily. Little Johnny wasn't very sleepy last evening, and when his mother said, "Come, little boy, it's time to go to bed now," he looked up out of the corner of his eye and remarked, in his baby fashion, "Not to-night." Some other." He was immediately crowned as a hero by his elder brothers.—*New Haven Register.*

—The Presidential bulletins make one think of the sailor, whose shipmate was knifed in a row on shore. They went to the hospital next day to see how their wounded messmate was getting along. Ben Bobstay went in to ask about him, received a true statement of his case from the surgeon and came out with a solemn face. "Good Lord, mates," he said, "Jack's a dead man. The latin parts of his bowels is all cut to thunder."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—When Colonel Solon left the office a couple of weeks ago, he took with him the *Derrick's* only diamond-studded, velvet-trimmed umbrella, and continued forgetting it, until there came another rainy day, when word was sent to him that it was needed. The Colonel with his characteristic brevity sent the following note: "It's a raluin' now, an' I can't go out doors; wait till the rain is over an' I'll bring it back."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Gabe Snodgrass owns a farm near Austin, and Jim Webster asked Gabe the other day what he was doing with his farm this year. "I has rented it on sheers to Sam Johnsing. He gets half a dollar outen ebery dollar he makes outen de farm." "But how does yor know he gibs yer de kerrect amount be what he makes? He kin keep back some and you will nebber know it." "Dar ain't no danger ob dat. Don't yer see de more dollars he brings in ter me, de more half dollars he gets. You bet he ain't gwine ter keep back none. He ain't no fool. He wouldn't get no half dollars outen de dollars he would keep back."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1881.

Windom's refunding cost the Treasury $3,000 in all, and effected a net *annual* saving of $14,393,000. That's part of the Republican platform.

Secretary Windom continues to sink the national debt at the rate of $130,000,000 a year. It is be regretted that some Democratic papers are unhappy on that account.

The condition of the President has much improved since Saturday. His physician believe that, if their patient can hold his own for a few days longer he will begin to improve.

Rev. John M. Leavitt, D. D. President of St. John's College, Annapolis, called at our office Monday. This institution is a credit to our State, and should receive the most substantial encouragement from the Legislature of Maryland.

Remember the importance of being registered or transferred in good time. Do not postpone the matter until another day, but go the first day of the sitting, and see to it also that all your Republican neighbors do likewise.

There are two suggestions to which the Republicans of Garrett County should give their earnest attention. The first is that the registration of voters begins next Monday. Republicans should see that all those entitled to registration have themselves registered. If transfers are needed they should be obtained and the voter registered where he is properly entitled to vote. The applicant for transfer should present himself in person to the register and should do likewise in presenting it to the register where he expects to vote.

The second suggestion is in relation to the nomination of a Republican ticket for the county. We should have a full ticket of unexceptional Republicans. In order to do this the individual Republicans of each section of the county should make it their business to secure the consent of the best, most available Republicans of their section to be placed upon the ticket for the respective offices to be filled. This business of the whole party should not be left until our county convention meets to be then *fixed* according to the chances of the hour or the wishes of politicians. The ticket should be nominated to advance the interests of the party and the merits and demerits of candidates discussed and digested by the people before the convention meets. This is the only sure way of securing a good ticket.

The failure of Governor Hamilton to remove the incompetent and derelict registers of voters is inexplicable, except on the theory that his dorsal column has lost its native rigidity. It is true that the Governor made a sad mess of the investigation, having evidently underestimated the cunning of the managers and overrated the astuteness of his own supporters; but there was really never any need of an investigation, since the undisputed facts of the case, namely, that the registers had failed to comply with the requirements of the law in respect to recording the residences of voters were amply sufficient to warrant peremptory removal. As it is, the Governor has made himself a butt for the ridicule of the managers, without in the least conciliating them, and seriously compromised his friends. It is not known what the Governor's plans are for the future; but should he conclude to retire to the ruins of Fort Frederick and pass the remainder of his days in sweet communings with nature, the loss to the cause of practical reform would not be appreciable. As for the registers, we presume they will continue to disregard their duty in their usual faithful manner.—*Baltimore American.*

Republicans should be careful to see that every Republican voter in the county is properly registered in, or transferred to the Election District in which he resides. The Registers will sit during five days next week, and this most important matter should be attended to promptly.

A Day of Despair.

WASHINGTON, August 28.—Yester day was the darkest day at the White House since the day of the shooting. All hope was at one time abandoned, even by the attending surgeons and Mrs. Garfield. The morning bulletin was anxiously looked for. It was strictly non-committal, and gave no indication of the doctors' opinion as to the length of time the President could survive. It said that he had slept some; that he had taken food at intervals; that the enemata had been administered at intervals, but the pulse was more frequent, and that he was feebler. In the last two facts the story of the ebbing life was told. The temperature going down and the pulse going up were the sure precursors of dissolution.

Mrs. Garfield knew that, and she asked Dr. Boynton, who stood in the library, if it was not the unmistakable sign.

"It usually is," was his reply.

"Is it near at hand?" she asked again.

"I fear it is," he answered.

"Within a few hours?" she persisted.

"Perhaps not to-day."

At this moment Miss Mollie Garfield, the only daughter, drew near. Accompanying her was Miss Rockwell, Miss Mollie's constant friend. The conversation was dropped, Dr. Boynton speaking of some irrelevant matter. But Miss Mollie wanted to know then and there the facts. She asked her mother, who said:

"We hope for the best; your father still lives."

The girl broke forth with tears and sobs. Her mother's sad tones, if not her words, told the story and conveyed the terrible truth to her young mind. Her companion tried to comfort her with kind words and caresses, but the child was almost hysterical and Dr. Boynton came forward and led her away.

Before 7 o'clock bulletins of the President's condition had been conveyed to the members of the cabinet, and half an hour later all of them had come to the executive mansion. It then seemed as if the President would pass away within a few hours. There was nothing in his condition to lead any one to suppose he might not. Dr. Reyburn said he thought the end was near at hand, and Dr. Barnes believed that death must come in a little while. The cabinet was told that the end was fast approaching and there was no room for hope. For an hour the doctors hung over the bed and watched their patient. He did not speak to them, but his mind was clearing. It seemed to be the last effort of nature to give death's victim one moment of control over his fast fading faculties. Swaim and Rockwell came into the room and stood at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Garfield stood over it, near his head, and spoke to him. He understood her and smiled and replied in whispers. He recognized Rockwell first and then Swaim, and over his distorted face, swollen out of all recognition of its handsome lines and proportions, came a smile. The eyes lighted with intelligence, and he moved his head so as to see who else was there.

At that moment the pulse was taken. It was stronger than before and more regular. It was at this hour that Blaine's 9 o'clock dispatch to Minister Lowell was sent. The crowd about the gate and in the streets had heard nothing for an hour, and the closing words of the dispatch, "the symptoms are of the most alarming character," gave color to a rumor actively circulated in the streets that the President could not survive the next hour. When it was found that he was not losing ground a word of encouragement went out that death was not likely to occur during the forenoon. But an even more alarming change took place soon afterward, and the hope that had sprung up by the appearance of a favorable change—barely perceptible, it is true—disappeared with the recurrence of the fluttering pulse, that at one time was up to 148. Every time the President moved the pulse changed. If he turned his head it jumped from 120 to 130. If he shifted his shoulders and moved his arms it sprang to 140. It was responsive to the slightest movement and quick to answer the effect of any exertion. All the time the word was given out that there was no change.

For hours Mrs. Garfield sat in the door of her room, just across the hall from the dying man's chamber. As everyone came out she lifted her face appealingly and said with her expression as plainly as words would say it: "Is there any hopeful sign?" Each time the answer came, "No change." This she heard repeated at intervals many times. A visitor who saw her then walked with her to the library. Seeking to encourage her, she said:

"Your husband may live a week or even ten days in this condition. In that time who can tell what new cause for hope may spring up?"

"Alas! I am forced to believe that his life cannot be prolonged, and if it is, there are so few, so very few chances. But yet," she said, "I have hope. James can do anything. He is trying to get well. He never fails."

Col. Rockwell would not, however, give up. He said passionately that no matter what was said by the surgeons, notwithstanding the hopeless telegrams that had been sent out, notwithstanding everything, he believed that the President would rally, and at 5 o'clock the colonel's faith appeared to be justified. The President asked for milk toast. This was given him. He took several mouthfuls with a relish, and then said that as it was the first time he had been able to move his jaws the surgeons had better examine before he took more to see if the movement might not disturb the gland. They told him it would do him good, whereupon he finished a piece of toast about as large as three fingers. This is the first solid food he has taken since the last relapse. Drs. Bliss and Reyburn said they were recovering hope, and they now thought the morning bulletin would show a continued improvement. Of course, this new State of encouragement does not omit the full realization of the fact that the case is still very critical, but, as Dr. Hamilton expressed it at the consultation after the evening examination, "Gentlemen, the grounds of encouragement should inspire us to renewed efforts." Dr. Boynton, who has been so generally quoted as without hope, says, since the appearance of the evening bulletin, that as a matter of fact he thought an improvement in the President's case set in about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The improvement noticed continued up to midnight, and when the White House was closed for the night it was felt that stronger hope would come with the morning's light.

As hope returns more is learned in detail of the terrible anxiety of last Friday. It appears that the surgeons, after the alarming symptons of the morning, decided that it was useless to longer continue the struggle, and two of their number were selected to wait upon Mrs. Garfield and to inform her that medical science could do no more and that she must prepare for the worst. The interview which occurred between these surgeons and Mrs. Garfield will, if reports are true, be regarded as one of the most dramatic incidents in this extraordinary case. Captain Henry, marshal of this District, a friend of the President and his family, says that Mrs. Garfield heard the news with great composure, and that, smothering her emotion, she arose and said, "Gentlemen, you shall not give him up. He is not going die; he is going to live; I feel, I know it, Go back to your post, every one of you, and leave it not until every remedy is exhausted; until death itself has set his seal upon him, for I will not believe that he is dying. Go back and do what you can; you cannot do more; but don't give up. I am his wife, and I say that we will not give up until the end itself is upon us." Mrs. Garfield has never surrendered more than a moment or two at a time to her grief, and then she has retired to her room, and after a brief absence has returned to her post of duty at the Presidents bedside.

An Editor Hung in Effigy.

QUINCY, ILL., August 28.—On the 11th inst. the editor of the *Daily Herald* in a leading editorial used this language: "We believe Guiteau to be just as honorable as the man he shot, and a mighty sight less dangerous to the country at large." The *Herald* editor has from time to time since that date reiterated and aggravated this statement by such assertion, as "When the doctors finish Guiteau's work, as they seem likely to do, there will be no national sorrow." He also added that he had the support of all reputable Democrats everywhere. Public indignation against the *Herald* ran high among reputable Democrats as well as Republicans, and the feeling of anger culminated last night in the hanging and burning in effigy of the editor of the *Herald*, together with a companion effigy of Guiteau. In this demonstration both Republicans and Democrats were engaged, but no personal violence of any kind was attempted or proposed.

According to the French journals, the project of tunnelling the Alps under Mont Blanc bids fair to assume a tangible shape, it being pronounced by some of the most eminent engineers a more practicable undertaking than the Simplon route. The estimates of cost for executing such a work are, in the case of the Simplon, $27,000,000, and in that of Mont Blanc some $12,000,000 less. It is further claimed that the Mont Blanc tunnel will make the journey from Paris to Genoa about ninty-seven kilometres shorter, and from Paris to Milan forty-four kilometres shorter, than by the Simplon route.

The Corn Crop of the West.

CHICAGO, August 27.—From five columns of despatches concerning the corn crop in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Kentucky and Minnesota, the *Times* this morning makes the following abstracts: "Three-fifths of a crop, as compared with last year, appears to be a fair estimate for the State of Illinois. The crop of 1880, it must be remembered, however, was a remarkably large one. This fact tends to bring this year's average crop close up to that of ordinary years of productions, and smaller acreage. Reports from Iowa, the rival of Illinois as a corn producing State, are not altogether harmonious. In no section, however, is a full crop expected. The varying reports appear to be due to the fact that many sections were less severely visited by drouth than others. The yield, compared with last year, is, in some localities, placed as low as 50 per cent., and the average bushels per acres at 20 to 25, instead of the usual 75 or 80 bushels. In Missouri the drouth was severe and long, and the prospects in that State are that the crop will be cut down from one-quarter to one-half. The crop of Kansas also appears likely to fall considerably below the average of usual years. In other States the drouth was more or less sevely felt, and the crop does not, by any means, promise to be a full one, as compared with years of the greatest production.

Nothing could more happily illustrate the present condition of the New York Democracy than *Puck's* cartoon, in which the ghost of Mr. Samuel Jones Tilden, supported on either side by ex-Mayor Cooper and Congressman Hewitt, is confronted on approaching the steps leading up to the doors of the state convention by that obstinate old bull dog, John Kelly. "There he is again" is the exclamation of terror that rises to their lips, and there, indeed, he is likely to remain so long as Tammany or Tilden holds together. The truth is that, despite the organization of the Anti-Tammany Democracy last spring by a committee of one hundred disgusted citizens, the Boss still holds the balance of power, and is in a position, if not to dictate the course of the Democratic party in the state, to punish it with defeat, at least, if it does not respect his wishes. Just after the conclusive of the Albany senatorial contest, it was predicted that Mr. Conkling would permit the state to go Democratic by default at the approaching fall election, and it was doubtless the anticipation of a serious division in the Republican ranks that aroused once more the aspirations of Mr. Tilden and disposed his friends to renew the struggle for political control. But just in proportion as the prospects of a Republican split increased, the chances of Democratic union diminished, so that at the present moment the harmonizing of the Stalwarts and Administration Republicans seems much more probable than any reconcillation between Kelly and Tilden. In all this the history of New York politics is merely repeating itself, the Republicans fighting among themselves before the opening of a campaign, but closing ranks as soon as the canvass is begun, while the Democrats talk of harmony before the battle, and renounce it in the middle of the contest.—*Ballo-American.*

Senator Beck, in a recent interview, talked conservatively about the difficulty that would arise in the organization of the Senate in case Vice-President Arthur should become President. The Senate, in such an event, would be a tie, with no casting vote, and one side or the other would have to give way. Mr. Beck does not sympathize with the scheme broached by some of his party associates to capture the organization by excluding the two New York Senators until a presiding officer and a Secretary could be chosen by the Democrats. On this point he said: "I have seen a good deal of talk in the papers that the Democrats would oppose their admission, but I don't see upon what ground this could be done. They would come with prima facie evidence of their election, and I don't see how they can be refused their seats." Mr. Beck deserves credit for condemning thus early a dangerous partisan plot.

A timely suggestion, on its travels without credit, is to the effect that before removing a thrashing machine to another farm it should be run empty from five to ten minutes at a high rate of speed in order to throw out any seeds of cheat, cockle, etc., and to discharge particles of smut that may have adhered to it. In this way the germs of weeds or fungi will be left where raised and not introduced by this medium as a pest to other fields.

The Registration.

We have but little confidence, says the Frederick *Examiner*, in the investigation now being carried on in reference to lawless acts of the Registers. The lists are said to be loaded with names that have no business upon them, but which are at the disposal of illegal voters and repeaters for the purpose of carrying the polls for favorite candidates. Why not strike at the root of the matter? Wipe out the entire registration. Burn the lists. Let us have an honest enumeration of the voters with their residences annexed, or return to the old system of allowing the Election Judges to determine the right of the individual to exercise the elective franchise. We have been chafing under a gross wrong in Maryland for years. This reached a very aggravating climax in 1875, when a Governor was declared entitled to his seat by the grossest kind of frauds, but, both before and since that election, the results of the ballot-box have been so smirched with fraud that they have not indicated the wishes of the people.

No man should be voted for at the next election, who will not pledge himself to strive to wipe out the present lists, and to support just measures to secure the franchise for every legal voter and to punish every attempt to load down an election by fraudulent votes. All this to be done, not that one or other of the two parties may succeed, but that justness and fairness may mark our elections.

While we shall hail all measures calculated to punish those who have been responsible for some of the criminal entries upon the lists, more is wanted. Let us unite in the effort to clean out the dead wood, to leave no name upon the lists that may be assumed by a scoundrel to nullify the vote of an honest man. Until this shall be done, we shall always be at the mercy of the lawless repeater, and our elections be simply the foregone conclusions of those who control the registration.

The temperance question is likely to be a factor in the politics of New York State this fall, if we can judge from the tone of the resolutions passed by the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at its session at Poughkeepsie. The Good Templars recommended the immediate organization in every election district of all voters favorable to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and presented the form of a pledge for the signatures of all such voters. The pledge binds its signers to vote for and to aid in all honorable ways the nomination and election of only such candidates for public offices—local, state and national—as will endorse and promote the constitution and statutory prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes. The National Temperance Convention, at its session at Saratoga in June, unanimously declared: "That an organized ballot has become an imperative necessity, in order to purify our politics and legislation and save our free institutions from the blight of the God-defying and virtue-despising liquor business; that adhesion to a party allied with liquor manufacturers and sellers is to give aid and comfort to the enemy, and is treason to temperance." Evidently, the temperance people mean to take a hand in the fall elections. The returns will show the result of their efforts. In this State they are working hard, and it is more than probable that the close of the next session of the legislature will find the Maryland local option districts more numerous than they are now.

A few years ago the Democratic party, by the aid of fraud and murder, got control of the State Government of Louisiana. It forthwith assembled a Constitutional Convention to get rid of the Radical Constitution, which was hated for no other good reason than the fact that Republicans made it. In all respects that Constitution was a great improvement on the old organic law of the State. The Convention adopted a new instrument and it was hastily ratified at an election at which the Republicans did not take much part. The new Constitution has been in operation less than four years, but its defects are so apparent that every one goes up from the Democratic papers for its amendment. It is called a bungling affair, and the work of the Convention which made it is spoken of as a miserable failure. Under this model Bourbon instrument taxes are evaded, the school system is running down, and the courts are wretchedly inefficient. Legislative amendment is the remedy suggested. "The thought of another convention," forcibly remarks *The Shreveport Standard*, "makes the people sick by its mere momentary contemplation."

A republican newspaper has just been started in Mississippi. It is the only one in a state which once gave nearly 40,000 Republican majority. But of course there is no intolerance in Mississippi. Oh, of course not.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The expected steamship City of Limerick will bring two hundred and fifteen Norman horses for M. W. Dunham, Elgin, Illinois. One hundred of the lot are stallions, fifty mares, and the others yearlings and coalts.

The other night one of the Old Dominion steamships in approaching Norfolk made use of the electric light. A colored woman on shore, astounded at the spectacle, was heard to exclaim, "Good lawd! de comic's met de moon an' busted."

John Hunnell opened a bar-room at Evansville, Ind., and one of his first and heaviest drinkers was his youthful brother Tom. This grieved John, and he refused to sell any more whiskey to Tom; but Tom resented this prohibition, and shot John dead behind his bar.

The last official census of the population of the republic of Venezuela returns no less than 32,222 generals. Some of them are stated to be on active service, others in the reserve. The present president, Gen. Guzman Blanco, has created 8,000 of them. The army itself is not so numerous as are its generals.

The Buffalo and Rock City pipe line has gone into operation, and is delivering oil at Buffalo at the rate of 220 barrels an hour. The pipe is four inches in diameter and sixty-four miles in length, and has but one pumping station, about midway. This is the first independent anti-Standard line established under the act of 1878.

A worm resembling the ordinary corn grub has appeared about Goshen, New York, and is devastating the grass and potato fields. It burrows in the ground just beneath the surface, and eats off the roots. Many fields are swept cleaner than could be done with a scythe, and the sward can be lifted from the surface, revealing the grubs beneath.

Some wild animal, said to resemble a large wolf, has been making nightly raids upon the domestic animals about Paducah, Kentucky. On Monday it was seen in broad daylight, and proved to be a lion that escaped from a menagerie in Tennessee last spring. The hunters have assembled from all quarters to engage in the novelty of a lion hunt.

Judge McCue, of Brooklyn, has decided the case of the Japanese girl Shiori Louisa Wakayami, by declaring that she must be sent to her father, but that Mrs. Julia Shannahan, who had charge of her for five or six years, must be adequately compensated. The girl was at once taken to Philadelphia, where she will remain for the present. She is greatly displeased at the change, and desires to remain in this country.

The prophecies of Vennor for July have received a critical examination in the Signal Office in Washington, and the conclusions are that the predictions for changes of temperature from 10th to the 15th, and for the 27th and 28th of July, 1881, have been varified; all other predictions have not been varified in the slighest extent, so far as the data show. That is, the per cent. is much less than would have been under the law of chance in blind guessing.

The setting of a few more cross-ties will make the roadway of the East river bridge continuous from tower to tower, and this will be accomplished in a few days. The vessels in the East river all blew their whistles on Monday in honor of the near completion of the roadway.

The block of granite Nevada contributed to the Washington Monument is nearly ready for shipment. The panel contains the name of the state in solid silver letters, each being six inches in height and as thick as a half dollar. They are neatly fitted into the granite. Above is the motto of the state, "All for our Country," and below the date 1881—which figures will be plated with gold.

A man drove up at a terrific pace to the railroad station at Farwell, Mich., and inquired for his wife. She had eloped with a neighbor, and was about to take a train for the East. "Thank goodness, I'm in time," the husband cried, in great excitement. The bystanders anticipated a tragedy, and the wife cowered into a seat. "Here's your child" he continued, producing a little girl. "Reckon you forgot her in your hurry. Now you can get off as fast as you like." Leaving the girl with the runaway pair, he drove away with his placidity entirely restored.

Brother Hart had just made a fervent prayer at a colored camp-meeting near Marion, Ohio, when the finance committee claimed that he had climbed over the fence to evade the payment for admission at the gate. They demanded ten cents as the fee, and refusing to pay it, he and his wife were turned out. The angry pair armed themselves with clubs, knocked the ticket-taker away from the gate, scattered the finance committee, thrashed the presiding minister himself, and resumed their work among the mourners.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The hotels and boarding houses in Oakland are still well filled.

—We are informed that the chestnut crop of this County will be almost an entire failure.

—Mr. Will. S. Davis, of Oakland, is attending the Normal School at Accident.

—W. A. Daily, Esq., has removed to the house last occupied by Mr. H. B. Wolf, near the Court House.

—A Mr. Braddey, of Cincinnati, has purchased the Wilson Procter farm near Oakland.

—"Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

—C. C. Willison, Esq., returned to Oakland Tuesday from an extended visit to relatives and friends in Allegany county.

—"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

—Late arrivals at Hazlewood: Mr. Lewis Mattne, Artist, Mr. Coate, and Mr. Henry D. Clarke, all of Washington, D. C.

—Sheriff Geo. D. White is building a foundation preparatory to building a dwelling house on Oak Street. Mr. Lloyd Chambers is doing the work.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria, are cured by "Seller's Liver Pill."

—Mr. John T. Taylor, of the Cumberland *Times*, called to see us Tuesday. We are sorry that his stay in our town was so short. Come again and bring your "knitting."

—Married, on Sunday, 21 inst., by Rev. A. Newlon, at his residence in Uniontown, Pa., Joseph H. Coddington, formerly of Oakland, and Miss Jennie M. Frost, both of New Salem, Fayette county, Pa.

—Winchester Presbytery will meet in Memorial Church, Oakland, next Wednesday. The original date fixed was 21st, but at the adjourned meeting of Presbytery at Winchester, in June, the time, of meeting was changed to the 27th of September.

—Late arrivals at the "Oaks." Mr. Warden and wife, Miss Nellie Warden, Miss Mary C. Warden, Cincinnati; Mrs. A. H. Wren, Mrs. E. C. Huling, Mrs. L. B. Greggs, Chicago; Mrs. U. C. Hall, Mrs. Fleming, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Medairy, Miss Medairy, Allegheny City, Pa.; Mr. Wm. Snow, Baltimore.

—The drouth in this section is becoming severely felt. The buckwheat crop will be very light, pasture are being dried up, the corn crop is being materially injured, and vegetation generally is being prematurely withered. The water in the streams is very low, and many wells and springs are giving out.

—Some of the young ladies of Oakland gave their gentlemen friends a picnic Thursday afternoon of last week, which proved an enjoyable occasion. It was held at a charming little spot in the woods, below the Washington Spring. The party consisted of Misses Laura Stalnaker, Katie Townshend, Jennie Delawder, Ella Brubaker, Annie Jones, Ella Ison, Willie Robinson, Mattie Kepner, Emma Brooke and Miss Sherman; and Messrs. Harry Loar, G. E. Hinkley, Willie Ison, Arthur Townshend, Will Davis, Ed. Sincell, Chas. Morris, W. P. Townshend, Tam Bell and Charlie Davis.

During the earlier part of the afternoon, croquet engaged the attention of lovers of the game.

About 5 o'clock baskets were brought forth and their tempting contents displayed before the hungry party, who soon surrounded the "table" and did ample justice to the fried chicken, sandwiches, cake and other delicacies so abundantly provided by the fair entertainers.

After the refreshments had received their due share of attention, those musically disposed joined in singing, and the music continued until approaching night warned that the time to leave had come. The party then slowly took their way homeward, going in army style with an *advance guard* and a *rear guard*.

When the next little affair of this kind takes place, may we again be there.

BROWI.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Swanton at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

The Encampment.

The First Battalion opened "Camp Herbert" Saturday morning. The two Cumberland companies arrived on the Accommodation at 10 o'clock, accompanied by the Queen City and Potomac bands, and were met at the Depot by the Oakland company, and the line of march was taken up for the camp ground, with Brevet-Lt.-Col. Johnson in command of the battalion. The guards came first, the Voltigeurs next and the Hamilton Light Infantry last. The men were in good trim, with full equipments, including knapsacks and overcoats, marched well and altogether presented an unusually fine appearance. They received many well-merited compliments from the numerous spectators.

Immediately on reaching camp guard was mounted and the routine of camp life begun. The staff were all on duty, as follows: Adjutant, Lt. D. W. Sloan; Surgeon, Dr. E H. Bartlett; Commissary of Subsistence, Lt. John Dailey; Quartermaster, Lt. T. J. Peddicord.

The strength of the companies, rank and file and musicians, at the opening of camp Saturday morning was as follows: Voltigeurs, 34 men, Lieuts. Hoffman and Schilling; Garrett Guards, 41 men, Capt. Wardwell and Lieuts. Mason and Chisholm; Hamilton Light Infantry, 51 men, Capt. Gordon and Lieuts. Harrison and Rigger.

Capt. Wardwell was officer of the day Saturday and Lieut. Harrison officer of the guard.

Dress parade was held at 6 p. m., the battalion presenting a fine appearance. There were a number of spectators, including ladies.

Saturday evening the Queen City and Potomac bands, consolidated, serenaded both the hotels and were very kindly received at both. The hotels during the serenades were scenes of hustle and excitement, and the favorable news from the President, put everybody, including the soldier boys, in excellent spirits and enabled the latter to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

At roll call Sunday morning the company numbered 136. Capt Gorgon of Company C. assumed the duties of officer of the day, and Lieut. Chisholm, of Company B, that of officer of the guard. At 10 o'clock the Sunday morning inspection was held, at which nearly all were present. To get advantage of the shade the inspection took place in front of the former residence of the late Alex. McInnes instead of parade ground.

The Potomac Band left for home on the 2:54 train.

At 4:30 P. M. divine services were held in camp, the Rev. Jones, of the M. E. church officiating. When church call was sounded the three companies formed at their quarters and marched to where services were held; and where a large number of citizens had assembled. At the close of service the visitors present were given free access to the camp, and not a few of them expressed their gratification at its neatness and comfortable appearance.

At 6 p. m. dress parade was held in front of the Oakland Hotel (the Queen City band furnishing the music) after which the battalion was reviewed by Hon. John W. Garrett, Col. Johnson acting as reviewing officer and Capt. Wardwell commanding. Mr. Garrett expressed himself as greatly pleased, congratulated the commanding officers and requested them to convey to the men his congratulations on their appearance, conduct, drill and discipline.

The Queen City Band left for home Sunday night.

Monday morning the usual battalion drill was held on the ground. The men showed great proficiency in drill and executed battalion movements quite skillfully. The feature of the day was a target match by teams representing each of the three companies, for the officers' cups, at a range of 100 yards, shooting off-hand. There were three prizes, first, second, and third, consisting of gold cups, procured from S. T. Little & Sons, and to be handsomely engraved by Corporal Little of Company A. The first was won by Company C, the second by Company B, and the third by Company A.

On Tuesday the battalion visited Deer Park—going down on the accommodation and returning on the express, there being a general desire to visit that place and pay their respects to President Garrett, who is now spending the season there. The command was halted in the shady grounds at the hotel and formed in a hollow square, when Mr. Garrett, escorted by Col. Johnson, Col. Veitch, of Gov. Hamilton's staff, and the staff and line officers of the battalion came to the rendezvous, and was introduced to the command. He made a few felicitous remarks referring to the National Guard organization of Maryland and the other States of the Union, saying that he was well aware what great expense, time and trouble on the part of the members of the organization was required to maintain and perfect and drill discipline. He compared the United States with European countries which he had lately visited, where the very life of the people is taken out to maintain vast armies and where wars are not, however, averted, while in this country 25 regular regiments, backed by the National guard organizations of the several States, are found fully able to suppress the slight disorders which are incident to our form of government. Concluding, he commended the men for their military bearing, fine soldiery appearance and expressed a desire to take each man by the hand. The captains then introduced their men severally. Mr. Garrett expressed himself pleased to meet a number of the employees of his company in the command, and regretted the others had been compelled to go home before he had met them. Subsequently the men were served by Mr. Woods, manager of the hotel, with the compliments of Mr. Garrett, with an inviting and ample luncheon of sandwiches, tea and coffee, and cigars, after which there was a drill on the spacious lawn in front of the hotel, in which the men were put through the manual of arms and battalion movement by Col. Johnson, electing commendation and applause, especially in the wheeling by companies.

The command returned to camp by the 6 o'clock train, delighted with the excursion, and regretting that their comrades who had left for home had missed this most pleasant episode of the camp.

A military reception was given at the Glades Hotel Monday evening, the committee being Col. H. J. Johnson, Capt. E. H. Wardwell, Capt. R. H. Gordon, Lieut. W. O. Huffman, Lieut. John Daily, Surgeon E. H. Bartlett and Quartermaster Sergt. H. W. Combs. A hop followed. The music was furnished by Moran's band from Cumberland. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, an elegant supper having in the meantime been served to the guests. There were present not only the guests of the Glades Hotel, but those from the Oakland Hotel and about the village. The affair was pronounced a complete success.

Very little was done in camp on Tuesday, as most of the members of all of the companies were forced to attend to their usual avocations, and the camp was closed in the evening, those remaining of the Cumberland companies leaving on the night train.

The hop at the Oakland Hotel Tuesday night, in honor of the military was a complete success.

The only circumstance calculated to mar the general enjoyment, was the placing under arrest for insubordination of Lieut. Harrison, of Company C.

Much credit is due to Quartermaster Peddicord and Sgt. Combs for the efficient manner in which they discharged the labors of their respective offices. The commissariat was let out by contract by Lieut. Daily, who was unable during the busy season to give the matter his personal attention. More men having arrived then were expected, there was a scarcity of rations on the first morning, but this was speedily remedied and every person had plenty to eat.

This report is principally made up from the full and fair reports published in the Cumberland *Daily News*.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, September 3rd, 1881.

Baker, John; Bailey, B. Mary; Butler, W. Sara; Carter, H. Wm; Carson, Wm. Mrs.; Coleman Nany, Miss; Coynor, Ann, Miss; Chapman, W. H; Evans, Minnie, Miss; Fitzpatrick, Mrs; Fox, Russell; Goets, D John; Geaslen Mattie; Gray, Robt; Hutchins, C. F. Mrs; Hubbert, W. P; Hoopes, Malinda Miss, 2; Hoffman, J. H; Harris, Daniel; Johnson, John; Kenny, Anna; Klig, A; Kemple, Jas; Long, Kate; Lindsay, J. Noah; Leavitt, J. M. Rev; Lyle, Benj; Norris, Ellen; Miller, W. J; Mansell, S. Mary; Melville, John; Moore Ford L. Mrs; Pleasants, Geo. W; Phoenix, Follie Miss; Phenix, R. S. Mrs; Phillips, P. O. Mrs 2; Parker, J. W. Mrs; Prevost, A. J; Rivers, F. I; Randall L. B; Riggs, Ellen S; Raymo, L. H; Sherman, T. B; Slone, F. G. 2; Swarm, M; Williams, Saml; Wilson, Jas; Wheatley, John; Wilson, Harry; Wilson, J. B; Wilson C. C; Young, Jas. W; Taylor, Saml; Travis, John.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

SELBYSPORT, Aug. 30, 1881.

Mr. Chas. Liston buried his youngest child last week.

The people of Selbysport propose to repair the bridge at this place, which was damaged by the ice last winter. The county will be expected to pay for the work.

Mr. H. M. Frazee has repaired his mill dam, and now has plenty of water to run both day and night.

Dr. P. P. Ritter, dentist, is now in town.

Rain is badly needed in this district.

Mr. A. E. Miller, sewing machine agent for I. W. Slonager, of Oakland, was in town this week.

Greenback Club Meeting.

ALTAMONT, MD., Aug. 29, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—At a meeting of the Greenback Club of District No. 4, held near Bloomington on Saturday evening, 27th inst., attended by delegates from Altamont, Bloomington and Franklin Mines, about 40 voters present in all, it was unanimously decided to hold primaries and a county Convention, early in September, and place a full county ticket in the field; also that each member do all he can for the success of the grand work now being carried on by our fellow-workingmen throughout the Nation, for the relief of the masses from the devastating rule of King Monopoly. The great enthusiasm which prevailed during the entire meeting spoke in tones as loud as the "seven thunders" that the sons of toil were after their rights and were determined to have them.

Hoping you will publish the above, I am

Yours &c.,
A. F. GEORGE.
Member State Cen. Com. for Garrett Co.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 31:

Jacob P. McKenzie and wife to Agness Burdock, 16 acres of land in Garrett county Md; $325.00.

Henry Weber and wife to John Schutz, part of "Civicus," containing 100 acres of land; $3500.

Catherine Weil, to George B. McMillan, part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing 25 acres of land; $500.

Success in Business.

Success in business is undoubtedly the result of intelligence, pluck, and enterprise. It is said that the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., began business in 1869 *without one dollar*. Since that time he has built up an enormous Piano and Organ trade all over the civilized world by his remarkable pluck and enterprise. His attention was early turned to music, and in this way he became interested in the sale, and finally the manufacture, of musical instruments at Washington, N. J., which bear his name. His first operations were on a small scale, but his active and progressive mind saw wide fields open to energy and enterprise. By his shrewd, skilful, and persistent newspaper advertising he has attracted wide attention everywhere, so that at the present his instruments are in use in all parts of the civilized world. He believes in the free use of the printers' ink, and it has paid him a thousand-fold.

Mr. Beatty is the man who first conceived the idea of reducing the prices of Pianos and Organs. He knew the agents were making entirely too much profit on them, the same as was being done on sweeing-machines. He at once began to expose the deception practiced by leading manufacturers, who asked $450 for an Organ that could be sold for $85, and still leave a fair profit, or $1,000 for a Piano that $297 is sufficient for. Then the war began. He was ridiculed and misrepresented in a shameful manner by the monopolists, whose large profits were in danger. No stone was left unturned to defeat and ruin him. Circulars were printed and sent out and circulated by their agents. Articles were published in music trade journals, and many other dirty tricks were resorted to. But, the course of right and justice, Mayor Beatty has succeeded in reducing the prices of Pianos and Organs, so that he is said to be by far the most successful man that has ever engaged in the music business.

But amid the rush and hurry of a vast business Mr. Beatty never forgets the duties of a man and a citizen. He has twice been elected Mayor of Washington without his own seeking, which office he now holds. His fellow-citizens chose him. He conducted no campaign whatever, and was not even at home on election day. His generous donation of orders upon the largest local stores to supply flour to the needy during the past winter, and his liberal contributions to the various religious organizations, without regard to denominations, are indicative of but a few of the many incidents that are continually transpiring, and which have made him exceedingly popular among his fellow-citizens.

Men who have won for themselves honorable distinction in their particular avocations in life, and which we denominate as the successful self-made men of the day, are apt to possess all the qualifications necessary for the high position of public trust, and form the nucleus from which the Nation draws its best supporters. Mayor Beatty's career thus far has been marked by untiring perseverance, indomitable will, acute perception, and good, sound common sense.

The Raleigh *Journal* now figures out a majority in North Carolina for anti-prohibition of 115,556. Four counties voted for prohibition.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Charles Reeder, colored, shot himself in the hip at Hagerstown on Wednesday, while in the act of drawing a pistol from his pocket to shoot a dog.

George W. Bowman, a confectioner of Hagerstown, has a banana tree ten feet high, which is rapidly developing the fruit. He started it from a cutting nine years ago.

The Hagerstown Manufacturing Implement Company will remove their works to Newark, Ohio. The shops are being built now, and the removal will take place this fall. This will be a great loss to Hagerstown, financially.

The people of Frostburg are suffering from a water famine, and nearly all that is used is hauled in casks from Sand Spring, a mile above the town. The water works, which are supplied from a spring, have given out. The drying up of springs all over the country is reported, some of which have never before failed.

The Agricultural Society of Montgomery county will hold its twenty-eighth annual exhibition on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September.

Mr. Henry Adams, a prominent citizen of Beaver Creek district, Washington county, fell down his well, sixty feet deep, on Thursday. The accident was caused by a rotten plank giving way with him. His son slid down the pump-stock to his rescue, and taking his father on his back, he clambered with him up to the surface. The father received several bruises in his rapid descent, but on the whole had a most miraculous escape from death.

Frank Stewart, a young man, met with an awful accident on Sunday night in the Baltimore and Ohio yard in Cumberland. Wishing to go to Piedmont, he attempted to board a freight train in motion, and falling on the rails, one leg was awfully crushed and the other foot injured. The crushed limb was amputated, and he was removed to the home of his brother, George Stewart.

The Zion Methodist Episcopal Church at Cambridge is rapidly approaching completion. It is described as a massive, solid structure, relieved by many architectural embellishments that make it really handsome. Great credit is given to the Rev. E. L. Hoffecker for having accomplished what has been talked about for many years.

The low water in the canal is seriously interfering with the passage of coal boats. A blockade has occurred at Twiggs' Lock, thirty miles from Cumberland, the five-mile level being so low as to prevent the passage of loaded boats. Unless a rain occurs within a week no boats can be loaded with more than one hundred tons, and then navigation will be practically suspended, as it will not pay the boatman to load so light.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

Dr. Oellig & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifier the system; regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluables a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 24, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland, on

Monday, September 12, 1881,

for the transaction of any business that may before them.

By order,
F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

8 27 td.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $1.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. S. PEW.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1881, from 9 o'clock a. m., to 6 o'clock, p. m.

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District,

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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BEATTY
ORGANS & PIANOS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 5 to 23 Stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75 The "LONDON," Has 5 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $85. THE PARIS now offered for $65. Other desirable new styles now ready.

BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES Of SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,300 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, $222.75.

PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $175.75. OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY. *Illustrated Catalogue, Free.*

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

The Ancient Egyptians.

Egyptian men of all rank shaved their heads and their entire faces, except sometimes a portion of their chin, from which a short square beard was allowed to depend. The barber was in attendance on the great lord every morning, to remove any hair that had grown and trim his beard, if he wore one. The lord's wig was also under his superintendence. This consisted of numerous small curls, fastened carefully to a reticulated groundwork, which allowed the heat of the head free escape. The dress, even of the highest class, was simple. It consisted, primarily, of the shenti, or kilt, a short garment, folded or fluted, which was worn around the loins and fastened in front with a girdle. The material might be linen or woolen, according to the state of the weather or the wearer's inclination. Over this the great lord invariably wore an ample robe of fine linen, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, and provided with full sleeves, which descended nearly, if not quite to the elbows. A second girdle, which may have been of leather, confined the outer dress about the waist. The arms and lower parts of the leg were left bare; and in the earliest times the feet were also bare, sandals being unknown; but they came into fashion at the beginning of the fifth dynasty, and thence forward were ordinarily worn by the rich, whether men or women. They were either of leather lined with cloth, or of a sort of basket-work composed of palm leaves or the stalks of the papyrus. The shape varied at different periods. Having dressed himself, with the assistance of his valet, the Egyptian lord put on his ornaments, which consisted commonly of a collar of beads or a chain of gold round the neck, armlets and bracelets of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise, round the arms, anklets of the same character round the ankles, and rings upon the fingers of both hands. Thus attired the lord took his baton or stick, and, quitting his dressing-room, made his appearance in the salon or eating-apartment.

Meanwhile, his spouse had performed her own toilet, which was naturally somewhat more elaborate than her husband's. Egyptian ladies wore their own hair, which grew in great abundance, and must have occupied the tire-woman for a considerable period. A double-toothed comb was used for combing it, and it may also have been brushed, though hair brushes had not been discovered. Ultimately, it was separated into numerous distinct tresses and plaited by threes into thirty or forty fine plaits, which were then gathered into three masses, one behind the head and the others at either side of the face, or else were allowed to fall in a single continuous ring round the head and shoulders. After it had been thus arranged the hair was confined by a fillet, or by a head-dress made to imitate the wings, back and tail, and even sometimes the head, of a vulture. On their bodies some females wore only a single garment, which was a petticoat, either tied at the neck or supported by straps over the shoulders, and reaching from the neck or breast to the ankles; those of the upper class had first, over this, a colored sash passed twice around the waist and tied in front, and secondly, a large, loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full, open sleeves, reaching to the elbow. They wore sandals from the same date as men, and had similar ornaments, with the addition of earrings. These often manifested an elegant taste, being in the form of serpents or terminating in the heads of animals or of goddesses.—*Rawlinson's History of Ancient Egypt.*

College Students as Waiters.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Here I am fairly settled for the season as table waiter in the spacious dining-room of the Dash House. It seems quite a change after our college life at Dartmouth; but I think that on the whole I shall like it. The work is quite hard, and some parts of it disagreeable, but that I expected. My companions in the dining-hall will, I think, prove very pleasant acquaintances. About seventy in number, they are gathered together from all parts of New England. Several of these gentlemen are from Tufts College, one being a member of the class which graduated this summer. I am the only representative of Dartmouth here. Among the young ladies who are waiters are students from both Vermont and New Hampshire normal schools. One lady is from Wellesley College and two others from a well-known institute of instruction in Central Massachusetts. I might go in this way until nearly every one of the seventy is described, but it is enough to say that probably half of the help necessary for the working of this huge hotel is composed of students and teachers. If you find a book tucked out of sight underneath a side-board, and wonder who is reading on the sly, open it, and lo! a copy of Shakspeare or Milton, perhaps Virgil, or even Homer, in the original. Most people accept with a good grace having their steak and coffee handed them by a waiter who can demonstrate a proposition in Euclid if necessary. Others regard it as something to be ridiculed. Among this class is Miss E. S. Phelps, who touches lightly upon the subject in a chapter of her "Friends," concluded in a recent number of the Atlantic. A few allow themselves to appear ridiculous. Here is an instance: I heard a lady at table near mine ask her waiter in a patronizing manner, "Can you read, my girl?" Considerably astonished, the girl answered, "Yes." She might have answered truthfully that she did read not only English, but also Latin, Greek and French.

It may be asked why such a person can be induced to come as a servant in a hotel, where she can not but be obliged to put up with many disagreeable things. Many come because they wish to pass their vacation away from the city, and still be earning something instead of spending. Some wish to be, for at least a few weeks, independent of their parents or friends who support them for the remainder of the year. A few come because they expect a jolly good time, with little work. These usually go away disappointed. Of this kind were two nice-looking girls, who recently came here from a town in Maine, expecting to do table work. They expected to work only six hours a day, to have a room carpeted and lighted with gas, and so forth. When told that, among other things, they would be expected to help wash the dining-room floors, they exclaimed in great surprise: "Why, we do not know how to do such work. Mother always did it at home." After staying two days they left in great disgust. To all such persons, and, in fact, to every one who is thinking of coming here, I would say, don't come unless you expect to work hard and are willing to do so.

Sincerely yours, DONALD.

—*Boston Courier.*

A Classic Drunkard.

The barkeeper was about to close up. He had said so several times, and had put out all the lights but one. The old fixtures had shook the sawdust from their feet and reluctantly directed their footsteps homeward. Only a stranger remained, a dark, saddened man, who sat demurely on a stool and kept his thumbs revolving around each other like white mice turning a wheel.

When the coast was clear he stepped up to the bar and said, softly, "May I whisper a word in your ear?" "You may, mister, if you will be quick about it," replied the drink-mixer, with his hand on the lamp-screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your best whisky, for family sickness," said the stranger, drawing out an ancient wallet with twenty fathoms of leather string wound around it—a well-worn wallet, that looked as if all the waves and billows of bad luck had beat upon it and gone over it and through it, and flattened it and washed it out clean.

The barman filled him up a pint, shoved down the cork until it squeaked, wiped the bottle dry and sat it upon the counter.

"The autumnal air is getting a trifle tartish," soliloquized the stranger. "Would you have any objection to my taking a little liver-padder from my bottle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full, took it as he did paregoric in the days of his infancy, and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night has far waned and my family are on their spiral springs' end in their trundles, you had better put my bottle away on the upper shelf, and when Phœbus Apollo begins to canter his golden praucers along the avenues of the purpling east I will call for it, and you may then assess me the appropriate amount of cheats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar and began to kick him.

"What!" he said, sweetly, "you kick me after I have drank? Don't you know better than that? Kick me with both feet—I cannot feel you even then. Before I took that glass if you had but shook your fist at me you would have wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn the physical punishment. Good night," he said, as he stood on the doorstep. "I see by the shadow on the sidewalk that you have kicked me again. You should remember, my irascible publican, what the dear old poet said: 'Fate cannot harm me now; I have dined to-day.' So say I. I have drunk to-night. Good night, taverner! How much the sparkling firmament looks like a far-off city, lit up for a festal night! Farewell! I shall see you later."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Savage and Repentant Dogs.

The following facts, though not as definite with reference to date and location as we could wish, have come to our knowledge in relation to the Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, formerly of Madison County, who represented this District in Congress for the term including the years 1865 and 1866. Judge Holmes, after the expiration of his Congressional term, became the business partner of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in Utica. A few years ago he located West, though in what State has escaped our recollection. Among his peculiarities was his fondness for hunting, and for this purpose he kept a fine pack of hounds, which, as occasion presented, he followed in the chase. Some weeks since, his dogs, for some cause, engaged in a furious fight among themselves. The Judge, hearing the noise, went among them to stop the fighting, when they turned upon him and lacerated him so terribly that it was expected he could never recover from his wounds. While the brutes were tearing him with their mad and apparently blind fury, they seemed suddenly to discern whom it was they were reuding, and commenced to lick his wounds, running around and jumping at and over him, whining piteously, and manifesting all the affection for him that it was possible for dumb animals to do. The Judge, after his rescue in the terrible condition in which he was left, refused to have any punishment administered to the dogs, maintaining that they were in no sense blamable. The Judge has been County Judge of Madison County, a Representative in Congress and a member of the prominent law firm of Conkling, Lord & Holmes, of Utica, and has many friends in Central New York who will be deeply interested in hearing more particularly about the singular accident from which he is suffering.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times.*

Footprints in the Rocks.

Mr. A. K. Frost has left at this office a specimen that is both unique and interesting; in fact, we should consider it quite valuable were it our property. It is a piece of common sandstone, nine inches in length, six inches wide and one and one-half inches thick. On one face of this stone is the imprint of a human foot, six inches long. The impression made by the sole of the foot is simply perfect. The five toes are plainly imprinted, the indentation made by the heel and the ball of the foot are plainly shown. It is the foot-print probably of an Indian child, and was no doubt made in the soft sand during the long ago. The specimen was found on the mesa—this side of the Garden of the Gods. It may be that one of the little maiden gods was out playing on the hill-side in her bare feet, and was caught by Noah's flood which is supposed to have caused the extinction of the family of gods which inhabited our garden, and that is the print of her foot made in the wet sand. The specimen can be seen at this office.—*Colorado Springs Mountaineer.*

One or Two Aspects of Marriage.

In these midsummer days, when the social aspects of American life come most plainly into view, marriage is probably, if the truth were known, the foremost consideration in all classes. It is considered, but not talked of. It is the basis of every man's future, good or bad. Yet nobody, oddly enough, discusses it except the young people, who know nothing of it but by hearsay. Their contemplations and arguments upon it are interminable.

There are fewer early marriages in this country now than in any previous generation. One reason for this is that women are more self-supporting now, and less likely to marry young and without due consideration, for a maintenance. The other is that the style of living in each class is so much more costly than it was forty years ago that young men will not venture to marry on as small incomes. Our fathers brought up families of a dozen boys and girls, educated and started them in life on an income which will now barely dress or feed a clerk or medical student. But our fathers were not members of clubs, and our mothers knew little or nothing of high or low art; the word æsthetic will not be found in any dictionary of those days—a fact which closed several currents of expense that drain our incomes now, with or against our will. There were, too, larger families in those days. Now, whether it argues that the social condition was healthier then, when the dwellings were poor and bare, the table was plain, and the heads of the household were rich in nothing but sturdy, hard-working sons and daughters, than now, when the luxurious homes have but few tenants, who have more leisure and ability to scan and understand different and wider outlooks into life than that of labor, is matter for discussion. More can be said, however, on each side of the question than is at first sight apparent.

In one respect, we undoubtedly have the advantage over the generation which went before us. Marriages made after the first flush of early youth is past are less likely to prove at middle age uncongenial. Especially is this true of the upper grades of men and women. Your intellectual plebian, man of the mass, the commonplace, unreasoning, coarse-grained husband or wife, is much more likely to be a creature of habit than the man of finer nerves and higher mental calibre. He or she picks out a mate by a violent sudden impulse; a cheery lip, a pleasant smile, a becoming dress—presto? The thing is decided. Love and marriage are material matters, because they themselves are chiefly matter. This impulse gratified, other material wants come to the front in their life—food, clothes, the bringing up of children; the man and woman go to work, precisely from the same physical needs which drives the hawk afield after he has chosen his mate and built a nest. The hawk does not concern himself about an intellectual sympathy with his mate; he does not outgrow her mental limit or feel immortal longings of which she knows nothing. He feeds her. She tends the young ones, and, barring an occasional squabble they are happy. There is the history of eight-tenths of married people.

There is a smaller class in whose love mental developement and spiritual needs are of much more momentous import than physical needs and money-making. Such men and women, if they marry unwisely, are apt to grow away from, or beyond, each other, and beneath the ever-increasing gap lies a soundless hell of human misery. The structure of American society opens the way to this especial sort of domestic tragedy. The man of force and intellect has every opportunity to rise; but he cannot drag his wife up with him. We all know the pair. We have seen them in every condition and class. He married her twenty years ago, a pretty delicate young thing, ignorant and ill-bred as himself. He has pushed his way into a different social level; sunned and broadened his life and habits of thought in the society of books and of men of culture and refinement; she has grown more narrow, more ignorant, more weak than before in drudging in the kitchen and nursery. There are thousands of such cases in the country to-day, and the husband in such strait is as much to be pitied as the wife. God has not joined them together.

The number of marriages among very young and immature people is not only smaller of late years, but those between men and women considerably past their middle age have increased. Nobody but school-children, to whom love is a dream which belongs solely to the giggling age, now feels inclined to laugh at such alliances. They are often matters of convenience, founded on motives of respect, comfort or suitability, which usually result as happily as any action of grave import, carefully weighed and resolved upon by experienced people, is likely to do. Why should not an intelligent, home-loving man and woman, left companionless in middle age, form a partnership of mutual help and comfort for their old age? Often, however they are sincere love-matches, founded on that real passion which grows more profound, if less sensitive, with the strengthening of other faculties. Another change in the statistics of married life, if we can call them so, is that, while regard for the sanctity of the marriage vow is each year less respected in our fast and fashionable class from Boston to San Francisco, the respect for it is growing stronger in the mass of the American people. The divorces which are obtained so easily in Indiana, and which bring on us such contempt from other nations, are for the larger part sought by naturalized citizens, not by native born Americans. It is a fact, and a most significant fact, that the Mormon community is wholly composed of foreigners and the children of foreigners who emigrated as Mormons.

Whatever may be our national sins, that of contempt for marriage and domestic ties does not belong to the mass of our people.—*New York Tribune.*

—The newest reproach cast upon Cincinnati by Chicago is that the Ohio city uses half its water supply in making beer and the other half in scalding the bristles off hogs.

THE DAIRY.

—When cows have free access to salt they will not take it to excess. But it is better to give them a small handful, about one ounce, each day in their feed, or otherwise, which is a proper and healthful quantity.

—Pastures usually run short in August or later, and then something must be fed to keep the cows from shrinking their milk. The comparative ease with which fodder corn is grown makes that the more general crop for the purpose. Most crops have some objections against them, but fewer practical men can be found objecting to green corn fodder than other crops equally economical. So far as experience and testimony go, green corn fodder, properly grown and fed, yields the greatest amount of milk and flesh, for the same expenditure, of any crop that has yet been grown for the purpose.

—Dairy farmers are beginning to manifest some wisdom. In conversation with a number of them lately, who live in this and adjoining counties, we learn that they have wisely concluded to raise their best heifer calves to supply their dairies with. This is the beginning of wisdom on their part. During the past year the dairymen of this section, say within a radius of fifteen miles of Elgin, have paid for cows alone from $125,000 to $150,000, and this constant drain is what tells on the profits. We know that many of the farmers think it is too much trouble to raise the calves, but we know that it will pay to do so. Try it for two or three years and see. Raise the heifers from the best cows of course.—*Elgin Advocate.*

—L. B. Arnold says the best dairy products he has ever seen have been produced on small farms and as the result of skill in managing the milk of a few cows. The milking has been regular, and the spaces of time between milkings equal; much depends on this. Milking at four o'clock in the morning and eight at night never makes the finest butter or cheese. Sixteen hours, or approximation to it are too long a time for the milk to remain in the udder, for the good of the milk or of the cows, especially when the flow is large. By crowding and straining the bag it becomes painful and feverish, and the butter fats, as well as other elements of milk, becomes altered in consequence. There is nothing like a sound and healthy udder for secreting good milk.

Effect of Feed Upon Milk.

Every dairyman has learned by experience that when the feed falls off in quantity or quality the quantity and quality of the milk keeps pace with it. But they do not sufficiently consider, perhaps, the fact that the character of the grass has much to do with the quality of the milk and the cheese or butter made from it. The following remarks, taken from the *Country Gentleman*, bear interesting relation to this subject:

"The observations of Dumas, Payen and Boussingault have shown the fact that a cow gives healthy milk in exact proportion to the surplus of food beyond what is necessary for her own maintenance. If the animal is kept on food barely sufficient for proper nourishment the milk produced must be at a loss of animal tissue, with general deterioration of the milk and also of the cow. Milk formed at an expense of the nutriments and tissues of the body has less caseine, butter, sugar and salts, while the albumen will be increased. It follows that the value of milk must depend upon the excess of food beyond what is required by nature to keep up the normal vigor of the body. Decaisne demonstrated by experiments during the siege of Paris in 1871, in forty-three cases of nursing women, that insufficient or non-nutritious food produces a diminution in the normal quality of the milk; also a variation of its chemical constituents, such as an increase of albumen and diminution of caseine, butter and sugar. The proportion of albumen in such cases is generally in inverse ratio to that of caseine. Such milk rapidly decomposes; and this will explain why in hot weather, if mingled with good milk, it would induce ferments and cause serious trouble to the cheese-maker.

"That the quality of grasses is greatly influenced by soil and situation, has been generally observed by farmers who have been in the practice of fattening stock for the shambles. Upon certain pastures cattle fatten rapidly and without trouble, while upon other lands they do not readily take on flesh, though the growth of grasses seems abundant and of varieties accounted nutritious. It is not surprising that cheese-makers often have trouble in handling milk when going from one locality to another, for in addition to the more common causes of bad milk, such as uncleanliness in milking, bad water, abuse of cows by beating and overdriving, there is still another, affecting milk—that of soil or the food which it produces. Generally on high and dry pastures of gravelly loam the milk will be more readily converted into cheese than when the milk is produced on low wet grounds. The treatment of milk and curds, therefore, must be varied to meet the different characters of soils, for that manipulation which would make good cheese in one locality might make bad cheese in another.

"It has been said that good dairy products can be made over a vast extent of country, and almost in any section where there is a suitable climate, and the extension of dairying over the West and Northwest is cited in proof that soil has little or no influence in the production of the finer qualities of dairy goods. This is undoubtedly true if pasturage is supplemented with ground grain, corn-meal, ship-stuffs, and the like; but if cows are to be kept wholly on grass during summer, as is common in the best dairy districts of the East, the truth of the statement may well be doubted. The fine butter and cheese that come from Iowa and other parts of the West are not due wholly to the excellence of Western grasses, but to the full supply of ground grain which the cows get as a supplement to their pasturage in summer. The success of winter dairying depends upon the feeding of meal, bran, shipstuffs, or the like as a supplement to good hay, for hay alone, as ordinarily fed, does not make a 'gilt-edged' product."

—A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.—*Picayune.*

For Young Readers.

SAM.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Picnic Sam,
Just huddle up around here where I am,
And listen sharp while memory wanders to him,
And brings out what he seemed like when I knew him.
He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs
Called tenements, up any amount of stairs:
His room there, when the tired streets he forsook,
Was just what room he crowded in and took.
Though he "lived high," he never had the gout,
And for the most part took his dinners out;
Breakfast and supper were not in his way;
Or rather, may be, when you squarely met it,
His motto always was, One meal per day;
One meal per day, providing I can get it.
His garments—well, you've stood and looked, perhaps,
At those plump, little, beaming, made-up chaps,
With nobby coats, and smiling painted faces,
The clothing denier in his window places
(To make *meat* children envious, I suppose);
Well, Sam wasn't dressed at all like one of those.
Raiment like his no lively lad enjoys;
It had been cut for several different boys;
And, taking garments as they come and go,
He had about one suit—or nearly so.
Still, dry-goods are of life a small-sized part;
A bad coat often hides a first-class heart.
His face suggested, to the casual sight,
A bull-dog's when he's waiting for a fight;
And on it might be traced full many a streak,
As though it were not laundered once a week.
And yet his eyes were handsome, for a fact
(That is, of course, the one that was not blacked.
For he had fighting—more or less—to do;
But his well eye looked rather good and true.

You youngsters, huddle round here where I am—
I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam.
This young hero heathen had, by day and night,
A regular first-class picnic appetite:
And, with a zeal good children stood in fear of,
Attended every picnic he could hear of.
When Sunday-schools were going to have "a spread,"
He'd always join, a week or two ahead;
And though no "verses" he had ever learned,
Tried to look serious like and deep concerned,
And (I some good boy he was slilting near)
Would answer every question, loud and clear.
'Twas strange, when near the time of feasting came,
How sure a school was to get Samuel's name.
"Why," said a teacher, rather prone to scoff,
"He'll smell a picnic full a fortnight off."
'Twas strange, in different schools he ravaged round in,
What various kinds of classes he'd be found in.
Three times he actually tried to pass
As member of an old folks' Bible class;
And once appeared (rough brick-bat among pearls)
In a small, timid infant class of girls!
But in whatever company he came,
His appetite stood by him all the same.
No picnic near, in weather foul or pleasant,
But Sam and stomach managed to be present.
And when, with innocent, unconscious air,
He placed himself at table, firm and square,
With one eye partly closed, the other looking
Intently at the different styles of cooking,
And when, with savage-gleaming knife and fork,
He brought himself down seriously to work,
And marched through every dish in conquering glory,
And ravaged all the adjacent territory,
Making the table for some distance round
Look like a fiercely hard-fought battle-ground,
A smile upon his placid face would fall,
As if life wasn't a failure, after all.

But when the exciting dinner hour was gone,
Sam always felt quite uncalled-for and alone;
Felt snubbed and frozen and made quite game of—
Slights that he didn't even know the name of,
But which he sensed as keenly (do not doubt it)
As if some foe had told him all about it.
He always felt by that vague feeling haunted
That misses around folks when they are not wanted.
Because a boy is greedy, dull and droll,
It needn't follow that he hasn't a soul;
Because his stomach craves more than its part,
It's no sign he was born without a heart;
Though ragged, poor, or coarse, or impolite,
He may resent a wrong or feel a slight.
'Tis dangerous work, this making game of folks,
Thinking, perhaps, they do not heed your jokes.
Don't fool yourself; for, ten to one, they know it,
And feel it worse in laboring not to show it.

Well, on one day particularly fine,
Sam felt himself invited to help dine
In a small grove, green, shady, fresh and cool,
A recently-discovered Sunday-school;
Which, when he'd joined, he'd muttered, "This'll pass;
It's a swell crowd; the board'll be first-class."
And so it was; and for an hour or more
Sam slew things as he never did before,
Wondering, with a gastronomic smile,
Where all these victuals'd been all this long while;
And made the teachers feel a great surprise
That they'd so underrated their supplies;
And in his stomach could not but confess
That life to-day was one good, square success.

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart,
He tried to make a little social start,
And frisk and frolic round, like any other,
And be accepted as a boy and brother.
But all the children shrank, with scarce-hid loathing,
From a stranger lad in such imperfect clothing;
And soon Sam's face a misty sadness wore,
As if to say, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."
He tried to put them under obligations
With street accomplishments and fascinations;
In turning somersaults and hand-springs led,
Whistled and sang, danced, stood upon his head;
Even tried a friendly sparring match, till taken
Right in the act, misunderstood, and shaken
(By the strong mother of the lad he battled),
Till the provisions in him fairly rattled.
But whatsoe'er he did, discreet or bold,
It seemed to drive him further in the cold.

The grove was near a river; on whose brink
Samuel sat down, with lots of line to think,
And watch some light boats swiftly past him go,
With happy children flitting to and fro,
Content to see *him* safe and dry on land.
And he thought, "No, I ain't much in demand."

Just then a trim young miss came tripping by,
With golden hair, and more than handsome eye:
And Sam remarked, his face full of glad creases,
"That's the smart girl that scooped 'em speakin' pieces:
I wonder if she learned hers like a song,
Or made the speech up as she went along.
She came out first, though last upon the track,
But spoke so long it held the dinner back;
Still, what she said was sweet an' soothin' rather,
'Bout how 'We all are children of one Father.
If that's so, she's half-sister unto me—
At least I think I'll speak to her, and see."
Then, thinking pleasantly to clear the way,
He shouted, "Miss, this 'ere's a pleasant day."
But she flounced on, more haughty than before;
And Sam remarked, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."

While, roughly sad, the boy sat, musing yet,
He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat's upset!"
And, following with his eyes the fear-edged scream,
Sam saw three children struggling in the stream.
And two were rescued; one went 'neath a wave;
The waters closed above her like a grave.
She sank, apparently to rise no more,
While frantic crowds ran up and down the shore.
And, 'mid the turmoil, each one did his best,
Shouting first-class insinuations to the rest.
"It's the swell girl," thought Sam, "that's made this row;
I wonder how she likes the weather now.
I'd save her—if it wasn't too much bother—
'Good deeds for evil'—'children of one Father.'
I rather think she's gone down there to stay;
She can't be *yelled* up, if they try all day.
Wonder, if I should save her, 'twould be bold;
I've dove for pennies—s'pose I dive for gold."
Then throwing off his coat—what there was of it—
He plunged into the water, rose above it,
Plunged in again, and came once more to air,
Grasping a pretty, golden tress of hair,
And a fine, stylish, shapely girl attached,
With pale, sweet face, and lips that with it matched.
He held her up till strong arms came from shore:
And soon she raised her eyes, and lived once more.

But Sam, poor boy, exhausted, choked and beaten
With the prodigious dinner he had eaten,
Strangled and sank beneath the river's brim;
And no one seemed to care to dive for him.
Indeed, 'twas hard from the cold waves to win him,
With such a large part of the picnic in him;
And when at last he came out with "a haul,"
The school had one dead pupil, after all.

Poor, drenched, dead hero!—in his tattered dress
Sam now was a society success.
They crowded round the dead boy as he lay,
And talked about him in a mournful way.
And from the teachers efforts did not lack
To resurrect and bring their scholar back;
They thronged about him, kept from him the air,
Pounded him, pumped him, shook him up with care;
But useless was their toil, do all they could;
Sam and his dinner had gone on for good.
Nothing too nice that could be done and said
For this poor fellow—now that he was dead.
His casket was the finest and the best;
He went to his own funeral richly dressed.
They rigged him out in very pretty trim;
A rich, first-class procession followed him.
That reached the farthest distance up and down,
Of any often witnessed in that town;
And all the children, shedding tears half hid,
Threw evergreens upon Sam's coffin lid.

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile,
If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style,
Or shrink from him as though, perhaps, he'll bite you,
Because he has some points that don't delight you,
Or think, because your "set" can do without him,
There's nothing much desirable about him,
Just recollect that complacency is sham,
And drop a kind thought on poor Picnic Sam.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Young People.*

THE CAT AND THE SQUIRRELS.

One day in the spring two boys named Walter and James, found a nest of young gray squirrels in the woods. The nest was in the hollow of an old tree. There were three young ones in it. They were very small, and had not yet opened their eyes. They made a complaining noise, as if they had lost their mother and were hungry.

The boys feared the poor little creatures would starve if they should leave them, and they thought they would take them home and try to feed them. So they carried them as carefully as they could, and got them safely home.

But when the boys' father saw the squirrels, he said that he was sorry they had not been left in the woods, as there was no way to feed them and make them live.

"I do not know what you will do," he said, "unless you can get Pussy to take care of them for you. I'm afraid she will not consent to do it; but you can try, as there is nothing better can be done with them now."

So Walter and James carried the squirrels into the chamber of the woodhouse, and put them into Pussy's bed with her kitten. The kitten was gray like the squirrels, but was larger than they were. Pussy was out doors just then, hunting something for her supper. When she came back, she seemed rather startled to find four babies in her bed where she had left only one. But she soon appeared to be quite pleased, and nursed them all. She treated the squirrels exactly as she did her own kitten. The boys were delighted, and thought Pussy was the best cat in the whole world. And everybody that heard about the affair praised her very much for her motherly conduct.

One of the squirrels was feeble, and died in a few days. But the two others grew fast, and seemed very comfortable in their new home. When they grew old enough to play they were so lively and active that they often surprised Pussy. She would look at them as if she did not know how they could have such queer ways. Sometimes one of them would run up on the top of her head, and sit there while he ate a nut or a piece of apple.

The boys named them Dick and Prim. They had a large cage made for these pets with a wheel on one side, which they soon learned to turn very fast.

One day a man came to the house who wished to buy one of them. The boys felt sorry to part with either of but, let him have one. It was not safe to have two squirrels playing in a wheel at the same time. There was danger that one might get hurt, if not killed. So they let Prim go for two dollars. They chose to keep Dick, because he was larger than his mate.

And he is still larger now, and does many curious things. He has a little chamber in his cage where he sleeps at night, and he is as careful about airing his bed as any housekeeper could be. The bed is made of moss, and early every morning, as soon as he is up, he brings the whole of it down. Then he will spread it out in front of the cage and shake it well over. About the middle of the forenoon he will carry it all back again. It is very amusing to see him do so every day.

He is fond of all kinds of nuts, and when he has more than he wants to eat at once he takes them to his chamber. Then, when he is hungry, he will bring them down and eat them.

When he is out of his cage he will sometimes get into the workbasket, or somebody's pocket, and go to sleep. One day the boys' father put on his coat to go to the village. The coat had been hanging on a chair for a short time. After he had started he put his hand into the pocket, and there was Dick fast asleep. So he had to carry him back and leave him. Pussy is always friendly with him, but other cats would catch him if they could. So Walter and James have to take good care of him. But they are willing to do this because they are so glad to have him.—*Our Little Ones.*

—Just before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who had assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arriving at the menagerie, Johnny was immediately interested by a strange foreign animal with long lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son." After a long silence: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

—A witness was last week summoned to testify in a Cincinnati court concerning the sanity of a man who had died, leaving a will. Among other thing the witness said: "I will tell you his thoughts was inwardly, and his afflictions was capsized by it, and I have never been able or powerful enough to go down in the admiration of wisdom to an imagination of a subligated affair to tell you what I call it."

The Ancient Egyptians.

Egyptian men of all rank shaved their heads and their entire faces, except sometimes a portion of their chin, from which a short square beard was allowed to depend. The barber was in attendance on the great lord every morning, to remove any hair that had grown and trim his beard, if he wore one. The lord's wig was also under his superintendence. This consisted of numerous small curls, fastened carefully to a retentated groundwork, which allowed the heat of the head free escape. The dress, even of the highest class, was simple. It consisted, primarily, of the shenti, or kilt, a short garment, folded or fluted, which was worn around the loins and fastened in front with a girdle. The material might be linen or woolen, according to the state of the weather or the wearer's inclination. Over this the great lord invariably wore an ample robe of fine linen, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, and provided with full sleeves, which descended nearly, if not quite to the elbows. A second girdle, which may have been of leather, confined the outer dress about the waist. The arms and lower parts of the leg were left bare; and in the earliest times the feet were also bare, sandals being unknown; but they came into fashion at the beginning of the fifth dynasty, and thence forward were ordinarily worn by the rich, whether men or women. They were either of leather lined with cloth, or of a sort of basket-work composed of palm leaves or the stalks of the papyrus. The shape varied at different periods. Having dressed himself, with the assistance of his valet, the Egyptian lord put on his ornaments, which consisted commonly of a collar of beads or a chain of gold round the neck, armlets and bracelets of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise, round the arms, anklets of the same character round the ankles, and rings upon the fingers of both hands. Thus attired the lord took his baton or stick, and, quitting his dressing-room, made his appearance in the salon or eating-apartment.

Meanwhile, his spouse had performed her own toilet, which was naturally somewhat more elaborate than her husband's. Egyptian ladies wore their own hair, which grew in great abundance, and must have occupied the tire-woman for a considerable period. A double-toothed comb was used for combing it, and it may also have been brushed, though hair brushes had not been discovered. Ultimately, it was separated into numerous distinct tresses and plaited by threes into thirty or forty fine plaits, which were then gathered into three masses, one behind the head and the others at either side of the face, or else were allowed to fall in a single continuous ring round the head and shoulders. After it had been thus arranged the hair was confined by a fillet, or by a head-dress made to imitate the wings, back and tail, and even sometimes the head, of a vulture. On their bodies some females wore only a single garment, which was a petticoat, either tied at the neck or supported by straps over the shoulders, and reaching from the neck or breast to the ankles; those of the upper class had first, over this, a colored sash passed twice around the waist and tied in front, and secondly, a large, loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full, open sleeves, reaching to the elbow. They wore sandals from the same date as men, and had similar ornaments, with the addition of earrings. These often manifested an elegant taste, being in the form of serpents or terminating in the heads of animals or of goddesses.—*Rawlinson's History of Ancient Egypt.*

College Students as Waiters.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Here I am fairly settled for the season as table waiter in the spacious dining-room of the Dash House. It seems quite a change after our college life at Dartmouth; but I think that on the whole I shall like it. The work is quite hard, and some parts of it disagreeable, but that I expected. My companions in the dining-hall will, I think, prove very pleasant acquaintances. About seventy in number, they are gathered together from all parts of New England. Several of these gentlemen are from Tufts College, one being a member of the class which graduated this summer. I am the only representative of Dartmouth here. Among the young ladies who are waiters are students from both Vermont and New Hampshire normal schools. One lady is from Wellesley College and two others from a well-known institute of instruction in Central Massachusetts. I might go in this way until nearly every one of the seventy is described, but it is enough to say that probably half of the help necessary for the working of this huge hotel is composed of students and teachers. If you find a book tucked out of sight underneath a side-board, and wonder who is reading on the sly, open it, and to! a copy of Shakspeare or Milton, perhaps Virgil, or even Homer, in the original. Most people accept with a good grace having their steak and coffee handed them by a waiter who can demonstrate a proposition in Euclid if necessary. Others regard it as something to be ridiculed. Among this class is Miss E. S. Phelps, who touches lightly upon the subject in a chapter of her "Friends," concluded in a recent number of the Atlantic. A few allow themselves to appear ridiculous. Here is an instance: I heard a lady at table near mine ask her waiter in a patronizing manner, "Can you read, my girl?" Considerably astonished, the girl answered, "Yes." She might have answered truthfully that she did read not only English, but also Latin, Greek and French.

It may be asked why such a person can be induced to come as a servant in a hotel, where she can not but be obliged to put up with many disagreeable things. Many come because they wish to pass their vacation away from the city, and still be earning something instead of spending. Some wish to be, for at least a few weeks, independent of their parents or friends who support them for the remainder of the year. A few come because they expect a jolly good time, with little work. These usually go away disappointed. Of this kind were two nice-looking girls, who recently came here from a town in Maine, expecting to do table work. They expected to work only six hours a day, to have a room carpeted and lighted with gas, and so forth. When told that, among other things, they would be expected to help wash the dining-room floors, they exclaimed in great surprise: "Why, we do not know how to do such work. Mother always did it at home." After staying two days they left in great disgust. To all such persons, and, in fact, to every one who is thinking of coming here, I would say, don't come unless you expect to work hard and are willing to do so.

Sincerely yours, DONALD.

—*Boston Courier.*

A Classic Drunkard.

The barkeeper was about to close up. He had said so several times, and had put out all the lights but one. The old fixtures had shook the sawdust from their feet and reluctantly directed their footsteps homeward. Only a stranger remained, a dark, saddened man, who sat demurely on a stool and kept his thumbs revolving around each other like white mice turning a wheel.

When the coast was clear he stepped up to the bar and said, softly, "May I whisper a word in your ear?" "You may, mister, if you will be quick about it," replied the drink-mixer, with his hand on the lamp-screw.

"I want you to fill me a flask of your best whisky, for family sickness," said the stranger, drawing out an ancient wallet with twenty fathoms of leather string wound around it—a well-worn wallet, that looked as if all the waves and billows of bad luck had beat upon it and gone over it and through it, and flattened it and washed it out clean.

The barman filled him up a pint, shoved down the cork until it squeaked, wiped the bottle dry and sat it upon the counter.

"The autumnal air is getting a trifle tartish," soliloquized the stranger. "Would you have any objection to my taking a little liver-padder from my bottle?"

He filled the tumbler quite full, took it as he did paregoric in the days of his infancy, and then remarked:

"Perhaps, on the whole, as the night has far waned and my family are on their spiral springs' end in their trundles, you had better put my bottle away on the upper shelf, and when Phœbus Apollo begins to canter his golden prancers along the avenues of the purpling east I will call for it, and you may then assess me the appropriate amount of ducats."

The barkeeper sprang over the bar and began to kick him.

"What!" he said, sweetly, "you kick me after I have drank? Don't you know better than that? Kick me with both feet—I cannot feel you even then. Before I took that glass if you had but shook your fist at me you would have wounded me—hurt me; but now I scorn the physical punishment. Good night," he said, as he stood on the doorstep. "I see by the shadow on the sidewalk that you have kicked me again. You should remember, my irascible publican, what the dear old poet said: 'Fate cannot harm me now; I have dined to-day.' So say I. I have drunk to-night. Good night, taverner! How much the sparkling firmament looks like a far-off eity, lit up for a festal night! Farewell! I shall see you later."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Savage and Repentant Dogs.

The following facts, though not as definite with reference to date and location as we could wish, have come to our knowledge in relation to the Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, formerly of Madison County, who represented this District in Congress for the term including the years 1865 and 1866. Judge Holmes, after the expiration of his Congressional term, became the business partner of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in Utica. A few years ago he located West, though in what State has escaped our recollection. Among his peculiarities was his fondness for hunting, and for this purpose he kept a fine pack of hounds, which, as occasion presented, he followed in the chase. Some weeks since, his dogs, for some cause, engaged in a furious fight among themselves. The Judge, hearing the noise, went among them to stop the fighting, when they turned upon him and lacerated him so terribly that it was expected he could never recover from his wounds. While the brutes were tearing him with their mad and apparently blind fury, they seemed suddenly to discern whom it was they were reuding, and commenced to lick his wounds, running around and jumping at and over him, whining piteously, and manifesting all the affection for him that it was possible for dumb animals to do. The Judge, after his rescue in the terrible condition in which he was left, refused to have any punishment administered to the dogs, maintaining that they were in no sense blamable. The Judge has been County Judge of Madison County, a Representative in Congress and a member of the prominent law firm of Conkling, Lord & Holmes, of Utica, and has many friends in Central New York who will be deeply interested in hearing more particularly about the singular accident from which he is suffering.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times.*

Footprints in the Rocks.

Mr. A. K. Frost has left at this office a specimen that is both unique and interesting; in fact, we should consider it quite valuable were it our property. It is a piece of common sandstone, nine inches in length, six inches wide and one and one-half inches thick. On one face of this stone is the imprint of a human foot, six inches long. The impression made by the sole of the foot is simply perfect. The five toes are plainly imprinted, the indentation made by the heel and the ball of the foot are plainly shown. It is the foot-print probably of an Indian child, and was no doubt made in the soft sand during the long ago. The specimen was found on the mesa—this side of the Garden of the Gods. It may be that one of the little maiden gods was out playing on the hill-side in her bare feet, and was caught by Noah's flood which is supposed to have caused the extinction of the family of gods which inhabited our garden, and that is the print of her foot made in the wet sand. The specimen can be seen at this office.—*Colorado Springs Mountaineer.*

One or Two Aspects of Marriage.

In these midsummer days, when the social aspects of American life come most plainly into view, marriage is probably, if the truth were known, the foremost consideration in all classes. It is considered, but not talked of. It is the basis of every man's future, good or bad. Yet nobody, oddly enough, discusses it except the young people, who know nothing of it but by hearsay. Their contemplations and arguments upon it are interminable.

There are fewer early marriages in this country now than in any previous generation. One reason for this is that women are more self-supporting now, and less likely to marry young and without due consideration, for a maintenance. The other is that the style of living in each class is so much more costly than it was forty years ago that young men will not venture to marry on as small incomes. Our fathers brought up families of a dozen boys and girls, educated and started them in life on an income which will now barely dress or feed a clerk or medical student. But our fathers were not members of clubs, and our mothers knew little or nothing of high or low art; the word æsthetic will not be found in any dictionary of those days—a fact which closed several currents of expense that drain our incomes now, with or against our will. There were, too, larger families in those days. Now, whether it argues that the social condition was healthier then, when the dwellings were poor and bare, the table was plain, and the heads of the household were rich in nothing but sturdy, hard-working sons and daughters, than now, when the luxurious homes have but few tenants, who have more leisure and ability to scan and understand different and wider outlooks into life than that of labor, is matter for discussion. More can be said, however, on each side of the question than is at first sight apparent.

In one respect, we undoubtedly have the advantage over the generation which went before us. Marriages made after the first flush of early youth is past are less likely to prove at middle age uncongenial. Especially is this true of the upper grades of men and women. Your intellectual plebian, man of the mass, the commonplace, unreasoning, coarse-grained husband or wife, is much more likely to be a creature of habit than the man of finer nerves and higher mental calibre. He or she picks out a mate by a violent sudden impulse; a cheery lip, a pleasant smile, a becoming dress—presto? The thing is decided. Love and marriage are material matters, because they themselves are chiefly matter. This impulse gratified, other material wants come to the front in their life—food, clothes, the bringing up of children; the man and woman go to work, precisely from the same physical needs which drives the hawk afield after he has chosen his mate and built a nest. The hawk does not concern himself about an intellectual sympathy with his mate; he does not outgrow her mental limit or feel immortal longings of which she knows nothing. He feeds her. She tends the young ones, and, barring an occasional squabble they are happy. There is the history of eight-tenths of married people.

There is a smaller class in whose love mental development and spiritual needs are of much more momentous import than physical needs and money-making. Such men and women, if they marry unwisely, are apt to grow away from, or beyond, each other, and beneath the ever-increasing gap lies a soundless hell of human misery. The structure of American society opens the way to this especial sort of domestic tragedy. The man of force and intellect has every opportunity to rise; but he cannot drag his wife up with him. We all know the pair. We have seen them in every condition and class. He married her twenty years ago, a pretty delicate young thing, ignorant and ill-bred as himself. He has pushed his way into a different social level; sunned and broadened his life and habits of thought in the society of books and of men of culture and refinement; she has grown more narrow, more ignorant, more weak than before in drudging in the kitchen and nursery. There are thousands of such cases in the country to-day, and the husband in such strait is as much to be pitied as the wife. God has not joined them together.

The number of marriages among very young and immature people is not only smaller of late years, but those between men and women considerably past their middle age have increased. Nobody but school-children, to whom love is a dream which belongs solely to the giggling age, now feels inclined to laugh at such alliances. They are often matters of convenience, founded on motives of respect, comfort or suitability, which usually result as happily as any action of grave import, carefully weighed and resolved upon by experienced people, is likely to do. Why should not an intelligent, home-loving man and woman, left companionless in middle age, form a partnership of mutual help and comfort for their old age? Often, however they are sincere love-matches, founded on that real passion which grows more profound, if less sensitive, with the strengthening of other faculties. Another change in the statistics of married life, it we can call them so, is that, while regard for the sanctity of the marriage vow is each year less respected in our fast and fashionable class from Boston to San Francisco, the respect for it is growing stronger in the mass of the American people. The divorces which are obtained so easily in Indiana, and which bring on us such contempt from other nations, are for the larger part sought by naturalized citizens, not by native born Americans. It is a fact, and a most significant fact, that the Mormon community is wholly composed of foreigners and the children of foreigners who emigrated as Mormons.

Whatever may be our national sins, that of contempt for marriage and domestic ties does not belong to the mass of our people.—*New York Tribune.*

—The newest reproach cast upon Cincinnati by Chicago is that the Ohio city uses half its water supply in making beer and the other half in scalding the bristles off hogs.

THE DAIRY.

—When cows have free access to salt they will not take it to excess. But it is better to give them a small handful, about one ounce, each day in their feed, or otherwise, which is a proper and healthful quantity.

—Pastures usually run short in August or later, and then something must be fed to keep the cows from shrinking their milk. The comparative ease with which fodder corn is grown makes that the more general crop for the purpose. Most crops have some objections against them, but fewer practical men can be found objecting to green corn fodder than other crops equally economical. So far as experience and testimony go, green corn fodder, properly grown and fed, yields the greatest amount of milk and flesh, for the same expenditure, of any crop that has yet been grown for the purpose.

—Dairy farmers are beginning to manifest some wisdom. In conversation with a number of them lately, who live in this and adjoining counties, we learn that they have wisely concluded to raise their best heifer calves to supply their dairies with. This is the beginning of wisdom on their part. During the past year the dairymen of this section, say within a radius of fifteen miles of Elgin, have paid for cows alone from $125,000 to $150,000, and this constant drain is what tells on the profits. We know that many of the farmers think it is too much trouble to raise the calves, but we know that it will pay to do so. Try it for two or three years and see. Raise the heifers from the best cows of course.—*Elgin Advocate.*

—L. B. Arnold says the best dairy products he has ever seen have been produced on small farms and as the result of skill in managing the milk of a few cows. The milking has been regular, and the spaces of time between milkings equal; much depends on this. Milking at four o'clock in the morning and eight at night never makes the finest butter or cheese. Sixteen hours, or approximation to it are too long a time for the milk to remain in the udder, for the good of the milk or of the cows, especially when the flow is large. By crowding and straining the bag it becomes painful and feverish, and the butter fats, as well as other elements of milk, becomes altered in consequence. There is nothing like a sound and healthy udder for secreting good milk.

Effect of Food Upon Milk.

Every dairyman has learned by experience that when the feed falls off in quantity or quality the quantity and quality of the milk keeps pace with it. But they do not sufficiently consider, perhaps, the fact that the character of the grass has much to do with the quality of the milk and the cheese or butter made from it. The following remarks, taken from the *Country Gentleman*, bear interesting relation to this subject:

"The observations of Dumas, Payen and Boussingault have shown the fact that a cow gives healthy milk in exact proportion to the surplus of food beyond what is necessary for her own maintenance. If the animal is kept on food barely sufficient for proper nourishment the milk produced must be at a loss of animal tissue, with general deterioration of the milk and also of the cow. Milk formed at an expense of the nutriments and tissues of the body has less caseine, butter, sugar and salts, while the albumen will be increased. It follows that the value of milk must depend upon the excess of food beyond what is required by nature to keep up the normal vigor of the body. Decaisne demonstrated by experiments during the siege of Paris in 1871, in forty-three cases of nursing women, that insufficient or non-nutritious food produces a diminution in the normal quality of the milk; also a variation of its chemical constituents, such as an increase of albumen and diminution of caseine, butter and sugar. The proportion of albumen in such cases is generally in inverse ratio to that of caseine. Such milk rapidly decomposes; and this will explain why in hot weather, if mingled with good milk, it would induce ferments and cause serious trouble to the cheese-maker.

"That the quality of grasses is greatly influenced by soil and situation, has been generally observed by farmers who have been in the practice of fattening stock for the shambles. Upon certain pastures cattle fatten rapidly and without trouble, while upon other lands they do not readily take on flesh, though the growth of grasses seems abundant and of varieties accounted nutritious. It is not surprising that cheese-makers often have trouble in handling milk when going from one locality to another, for in addition to the more common causes of bad milk, such as uncleanliness in milking, bad water, abuse of cows by beating and overdriving, there is still another, affecting milk—that of soil or the food which it produces. Generally on high and dry pastures of gravelly loam the milk will be more readily converted into cheese than when the milk is produced on low wet grounds. The treatment of milk and curds, therefore, must be varied to meet the different characters of soils, for that manipulation which would make good cheese in one locality might make bad cheese in another.

"It has been said that good dairy products can be made over a vast extent of country, and almost in any section where there is a suitable climate, and the extension of dairying over the West and Northwest is cited in proof that soil has little or no influence in the production of the finer qualities of dairy goods. This is undoubtedly true if pasturage is supplemented with ground grain, corn-meal, ship-stuffs, and the like; but if cows are to be kept wholly on grass during summer, as is common in the best dairy districts of the East, the truth of the statement may well be doubted. The fine butter and cheese that come from Iowa and other parts of the West are not due wholly to the excellence of Western grasses, but to the full supply of ground grain which the cows get as a supplement to their pasturage in summer. The success of winter dairying depends upon the feeding of meal, bran, shipstuffs, or the like as a supplement to good hay, for hay alone, as ordinarily fed, does not make a 'gilt-edged' product."

—A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season. *Progress.*

For Young Readers.

SAM.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Picnic Sam,
Just huddle up around here where I am,
And listen sharp while memory wanders to him,
And brings out what he seemed like when I knew him.
He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs
Called tenements, up any amount of stairs:
His room there, when the tired streets he forsook,
Was just what room he crowded in and took.
Though he "lived high," he never had the gout,
And for the most part took his dinners out;
Breakfast and supper were not in his way;
His motto always was, One meal per day;
Or rather, may be, when you squarely met it,
One meal per day, providing I can get it.
His garments—well, you've stood and looked, perhaps,
At those plump, little, beaming, made-up chaps,
With nobby coats, and smiling painted faces,
The clothing dealer in his window places
(To make *meat* children envious, I suppose);
Well, Sam wasn't dressed at all like one of those.
Raiment like his no lively lad enjoys;
It had been cut for several different boys:
And, taking garments as they come and go,
He had about one suit—or nearly so.
Still, dry-goods are of life a small-sized part;
A bad outfit often hides a first-class heart.
His face suggested, to the casual sight,
A bull-dog's when he's "waiting for a fight:
And on it might be traced full many a streak,
As though it were not laundered once a week.
And yet his eyes were handsome, for a fact
(That is, of course, the one that was not blacked,
For he had fighting—more or less—to do;
But his well eye looked rather good and true.

You youngsters, huddle round here where I am—
I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam.
This young home heathen had, by day and night,
A regular first-class picnic appetite;
And, with a zeal good children stood in fear of,
Attended every picnic he could hear of.
When Sunday-schools were going to have "a spread,"
He'd always join, a week or two ahead;
And though no "verses" he had ever learned,
Tried to look serious like and deep concerned,
And (I some good boy he was slting near)
Would answer every question, loud and clear.
'Twas strange, when near the time of feasting came,
How sure a school was to get Samuel's name.
"Why," said a teacher, rather prone to scoff,
"He'll smell a picnic full a fortnight off."
'Twas strange, in different schools he ravaged round in,
What various kinds of classes he'd be found in.
Three times he meanly tried to pass
As member of an old folks' Bible class;
And once appeared (rough brick-bat among pearls)
In a small, timid infant class of girls!
But in whatever company he came,
His appetite stood by him all the same.
No picnic near, in weather fair or pleasant,
But Sam and stomach managed to be present.
And when, with innocent, unconscious air,
He placed himself at table, firm and square,
With one eye partly closed, the other looking
Intently at the different styles of cooking,
And when, with savage-gleaming knife and fork,
He brought himself down seriously to work,
And marched through every dish in conquering glory,
And ravaged all the adjacent territory,
Making the table for some distance round
Look like a fiercely hard-fought battle-ground,
A smile upon his placid face would fall,
As if life wasn't a failure, after all.

But when the exciting dinner hour was gone,
Sam always felt quite uncalled-for and alone;
Felt snubbed and frozen and made quite game of—
Slights that he didn't even know the name of.
But which he sensed as keenly (do not doubt it)
As if some foe had told him all about it.
He always felt by that vague feeling haunted
That hangs around folks when they are not wanted.
Because a boy is greedy, dull and droll,
It needn't follow that he hasn't a soul;
Because his stomach craves more than its part,
It's no sign he was born without a heart;
Though rugged, poor, or coarse, or impolite,
He may resent a wrong or feel a slight.
'Tis dangerous work, this making game of folks,
Thinking, perhaps, they do not heed your jokes.
Don't fool yourself; for, ten to one, they know it,
And feel it worse in laboring not to show it.

Well, on one day particularly fine,
Sam felt himself invited to help dine
In a small grove, green, shady, fresh and cool,
A recently-discovered Sunday-school;
Which, when he'd joined, he'd muttered,
"This'll pass;
It's a swell crowd; the board'll be first-class."
And so it was; and for an hour or more
Sam slew things as he never did before,
Wondering, with a gastronomic smile,
Where all these victuals'd been all this long while;
And made the teachers feel a great surprise
That they'd so underrated their supplies:
And in his stomach could not but confess
That like to-day was one good, square success.

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart,
He tried to make a little social start,
And frank and frolic round, like any other,
And be accepted as a boy and brother.
But all the children shrank, with scarce-hid loathing,
From a strange lad in such imperfect clothing;
And soon Sam's face a misty sadness wore,
As if to say, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."
He tried to put them under obligations
With street accomplishments and fascinations;
In turning somersaults and hand-springs led,
Whistled and sang, danced, stood upon his head;
Even tried a friendly sparring match, till taken
Right in the act, misunderstood, and shaken
(By the strong mother of the lad he battled),
Till the provisions in him fairly rattled.
But whatsoe'er he did, discreet or bold,
It seemed to drive him further in the cold.

The grove was near a river; on whose brink
Samuel sat down, with lots of time to think,
And watch some light boats swiftly past him go,
With happy children flitting to and fro,
Content to see *him* safe and dry on land.
And he thought, "No, I ain't much in demand."

Just then a trim young miss came tripping by,
With golden hair, and more than handsome eye:
And Sam remarked, his face full of glad greasos,
"That's the smart girl that scooped 'em speakin' pieces;
I wonder if she learned hers like a song,
Or made the speech up as she went along.
She came out first, though last upon the track,
But spoke so long it held the dinner back;
Still, what she said was sweet an' soothin' rather,
'Bout how 'We all are children of one Father.'
If that's so, she's half-sister unto me—
At least I think I'll speak to her, and see."
Then, thinking pleasantly to clear the way,
He shouted, "Miss, lots 'ere's a pleasant day."
But she flounced on, more haughty than before;
And Sam remarked, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."

While, roughly sad, the boy sat must'ring yet,
He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat's upset!"
And, following with his eyes the fear-edged scream,
Sam saw three children struggling in the stream.
And two were rescued; one went 'neath a wave;
The waters closed above her like a grave.
She sank, apparently to rise no more,
While frantic crowds ran up and down the shore,
And, 'mid the turmoil, each one did his best,
Shouting first-class instructions to the rest.
"It's the swell girl," thought Sam, "that's made this row;
I wonder how she likes the weather now.
I'd save her—if it wasn't too much bother—
'Good deeds for evil'—children of one Father.'
I rather think she's gone down there to stay;
She can't be *yelled* up, if they try all day.
Wonder, if I should save her, 'twould be bold;
I've dove for pennies—s'pose I dive for gold."
Then throwing off his coat—what there was of it—
He plunged into the water, rose above it,
Plunged in again, and came once more to air,
Grasping a pretty, golden tress of hair,
And a fine, stylish, shapely girl attached,
With pale, sweet face, and lips that with it matched.
He held her up till strong arms came from shore:
And soon she raised her eyes, and lived once more.

But Sam, poor boy, exhausted, choked and beaten
With the prodigious dinner he had eaten,
Strangled and sank beneath the river's brim;
And no one seemed to care to dive for him.
Indeed, 'twas hard from the cold waves to win him,
With such a large part of the picnic in him;
And when at last he came out with "a howl,"
The school had one dead pupil, after all.

Poor, drenched, dead hero!—in his tattered dress
Sam now was a society success.
They crowded round the dead boy as he lay,
And talked about him in a mournful way;
And from the teachers efforts did not lack
To resurrect and bring their scholar back;
They thronged about him, kept from him the air,
Pounded him, pumped him, shook him up with care;
But useless was their toil, do all they could;
Sam and his dinner had gone on for good.
Nothing too nice that could be done and said
For this poor fellow—now that he was dead.
His casket was the finest and the best;
He went to his own funeral richly dressed.
They rigged him out in very pretty trim;
A rich, first-class procession followed him.
That reached the farthest distance up and down,
Of any often witnessed in that town;
And all the children, shedding tears half hid,
Threw evergreens upon Sam's coffin lid.

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile,
If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style,
Or shrink from him as though, perhaps, he'll bite you,
Because he has some points that don't delight you,
Or think, because your "set" can do without him,
There's nothing much desirable about him,
Just recollect that quiet unfashness is sham,
And drop a kind thought on poor Picnic Sam.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Young People.*

THE CAT AND THE SQUIRRELS.

One day in the spring two boys, named Walter and James, found a nest of young gray squirrels in the woods. The nest was in the hollow of an old tree. There were three young ones in it. They were very small, and had not yet opened their eyes. They made a complaining noise, as if they had lost their mother and were hungry.

The boys feared the poor little creatures would starve if they should leave them, and they thought they would take them home and try to feed them. So they carried them as carefully as they could, and got them safely home.

But when the boys' father saw the squirrels, he said that he was sorry they had not been left in the woods, as there was no way to feed them and make them live.

"I do not know what you will do," he said, "unless you can get Pussy to take care of them for you. I'm afraid she will not consent to do it; but you can try, as there is nothing better can be done with them now."

So Walter and James carried the squirrels into the chamber of the woodhouse, and put them into Pussy's bed with her kitten. The kitten was gray like the squirrels, but was larger than they were. Pussy was out doors just then, hunting something for her supper. When she came back, she seemed rather startled to find four babies in her bed where she had left only one. But she soon appeared to be quite pleased, and nursed them all. She treated the squirrels exactly as she did her own kitten. The boys were delighted, and thought Pussy was the best cat in the whole world. And everybody that heard about the affair praised her very much for her motherly conduct.

One of the squirrels was feeble, and died in a few days. But the two others grew fast, and seemed very comfortable in their new home. When they grew old enough to play they were so lively and active that they often surprised Pussy. She would look at them as if she did not know how they could have such queer ways. Sometimes one of them would run up on the top of her head, and sit there while he ate a nut or a piece of apple.

The boys named them Dick and Prim. They had a large cage made for these pets with a wheel on one side, which they soon learned to turn very fast.

One day a man came to the house who wished to buy one of them. The boys felt sorry to part with either of them, but let him have one. It was not safe to have two squirrels playing in a wheel at the same time. There was danger that one might get hurt, if not killed. So they let Prim go for two dollars. They chose to keep Dick, because he was larger than his mate.

And he is still larger now, and does many curious things. He has a little chamber in his cage where he sleeps at night, and he is as careful about airing his bed as any housekeeper could be. The bed is made of moss, and early every morning, as soon as he is up, he brings the whole of it down. Then he will spread it out in front of the cage and shake it well over. About the middle of the forenoon he will carry it all back again. It is very amusing to see him do so every day.

He is fond of all kinds of nuts, and when he has more than he wants to eat at once he takes them to his chamber. Then, when he is hungry, he will bring them down and eat them.

When he is out of his cage he will sometimes get into the workbasket, or somebody's pocket, and go to sleep. One day the boys' father put on his coat to go to the village. The coat had been hanging on a chair for a short time. After he had started he put his hand into the pocket, and there was Dick fast asleep. So he had to carry him back and leave him. Pussy is always friendly with him, but other cats would eateh him if they could. So Walter and James have to take good care of him. But they are willing to do this because they are so glad to have him.—*Our Little Ones.*

—Just before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who had assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arriving at the menagerie, Johnny was immediately interested by a strange foreign animal with long lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son." After a long silence: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

—A witness was last week summoned to testify in a Cincinnati court concerning the sanity of a man who had died, leaving a will. Among other thing the witness said: "I will tell you his thoughts was inwardly, and his inflictions was capsized by it, and I have never been able or powerful enough to go down in the admiration of wisdom to an imagination of a subligated affair to tell you what I call it."

Millet.

My success with millet has been so marked within a few years that I have practically abandoned my meadows for securing winter feed, and am cropping them to grain, alternating with millet, so that I now secure my crops of grain and the hay for my stock from my once meadow-land, without cutting down either the amount of my pasture land or the number of my cattle and other stock. In raising millet I have substituted it for oats. The latter I am convinced I cannot afford to raise, taking one year with another.

For years I had sown the variety known as Hungarian grass; but am convinced that German millet is its superior, and now sow it instead, and with two or three acres of corn I find that about five acres of millet will abundantly winter my stock, consisting of twenty head of cattle and a span of horses, that being the sum total of my fodder last fall, and I have mow of it summering over, although I fed my dairy all they would eat of it far into May. It is often urged in objection that it is a very exhausting crop, and is also very hard to cure, both of which I dissent from. The cutting of millet should be in the blossoming stage, when it is at its height of value as hay, and its fragrance will be permanent, and will be very pleasant as it is thrown down from the mow. For young stock it is excellent, and, after wintering my work-team exclusively upon it for some five years, I prefer it to any hay, while for milch cows early-cut and well-cured millet is the equal of the best clover hay, with an addition of shorts and meal. It is an excellent crop to follow corn, and I know of no crop that precedes wheat so perfectly, leaving (as it does) the ground mellow and easily lifted for the seed-bed of the wheat; and, as far as my observation goes, wheat sown upon millet-ground shows a more vigorous growth than that which was sown upon oat-ground. A neighbor of mine, heretofore doubtful upon this point, now admits that the difference in his wheat crop is one-third in favor of the millet-stubble. I would not make that distinction, but claim a decided difference.

The cutting of millet is an operation that requires judgment, for some skill is necessary to prevent undue labor. The last days of August generally furnish a dry spell, that I take advantage of to cut my millet; but the damage of a shower is not so great as that done to other grass by a like accident. My plan had always been to make a great deal of labor in connection with curing millet; but last year I cut one day, raked it into windrows the second, and the third I cocked it up into as large cocks as I could make, let them remain about ten days, when I drew them into the barn, without once pitching them over to take the air, and brighter, sweeter hay I never saw. In some way I had also got the impression that millet kept the best in small, sharp-pointed stacks; but last year I drew it all into the barn, twenty-six big loads, and filled the big bay, crowded the long scaffold full, floored over half the driveway of the barn floor and put four loads up there, and then built a respectable stack out of doors—all from a possible five acres. It would be impossible for hay to keep better in the mow than did that millet, and now I firmly believe that the big mows of the barn are the places to store it. The growth of that millet was extraordinary. A full bushel of seed was sown to the acre, as a much finer hay will be secured than by thinner sowing; though, if seed is wanted, a half bushel would be ample. The height of the stocks was about six feet and the entire lot would average over five, and when mowing it was only now and then that a glimpse could be caught of the team across the field, as they were going around the lot.

In wet weather I dare say that the cocks would have to be turned out and again bunched, to prevent molding; but, if nothing more than a dash of rain should come, I should not judge it necessary to turn out and recock more than once, as the handling and pitching of loading and carting it is a great aid in freeing it of any remaining moisture.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Good Words for Crab Grass.

I am well aware what a great nuisance crab grass is in various cultivated crops throughout the United States, from Maine on the north as far south as Texas. It has a rapid growth, and is one of the most difficult weeds to exterminate. During a very rainy season it is almost impossible to keep it out in the cultivation of cotton, and then it sadly lessens the crop, in fact, at times nearly destroys it. At the North, as it does not come forward near so early as at the South, it is more easily kept under; and in growing crops which can be harvested in July, August and early September, crab grass after their removal proves highly beneficial. In the latitude of forty degrees North, where I am situated, early sweet corn begins to spindle, and is then ready for soiling. Early potatoes are sufficiently large to dig, and several other crops are fit for market. About this time crab grass commences growing, and as the above crops, if not removed, have ceased to require cultivation, it does them no injury and we do not disturb it. In the course of a few weeks it gets high enough to make good pasture, and we then picket our cows on it till severe frost comes, which stops its further growth.

Winter kills and rots crab grass so well that it is easily plowed under the following spring and we see nothing more of it again till July. It is nutritious forage and all kinds of stock are fond of it. The additional merit of crab grass is that even a severe drouth has little effect in checking its growth, and thus when other grasses have almost entirely failed this keeps on and affords abundant pasture. Another thing, which is very important in light soils the grass and roots during winter so completely cover and bind in the ground that they prevent the fine fertile surface from being blown away, as is often done by the prevailing fierce winds if the land is left nakedly exposed to them. Thus the grass during this time is of double utility to the soil, retaining whatever is valuable and furnishing additional richness by its decomposition. In an old letter to me from my brother, Mr. Richard L. Allen, when visiting the magnificent plantation of several thousand acres of the late Colonel Wade Hampton (father of the present General) near Columbia, S. C., he thus speaks of crab grass:

"Though everything like grass or weeds is rigidly excluded in the early stages of the crops, yet as these approach maturity the thick netting of crab and various other grasses and plants which are ever struggling for existence in this warm clime are allowed to come forward and mature. Their growth furnishes forage for cattle and sheep during the winter, and an important addition to the vegetable manures for turning under and adding to the fertility of the soil." Dr. Henry S. Randall, in speaking of forage growing in the South proper for sheep, quotes from the above letter besides adding extracts from others of the same purport from his own correspondents, natives of the country and engaged in the cultivation of its soil. The reader must not imagine that Colonel Hampton kept nothing but what is called "scrub stock" to pasture on his crab grass; for he was one of the few Southern planters at that time who bred extensively of all the most improved kinds. He had thoroughbred horses, Shorthorn and Devon cattle, long-woolled sheep, Berkshire swine, etc., beside various kinds of the finest poultry for both land and water.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

The Value of Corn-Fodder for Cows.

Ex-Senator George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who has relinquished the cares and excitements of public life for the more peaceful and we doubt not more satisfying pursuits of agriculture, not long ago reported to the Farmer's Club of Groton, Mass., where he resides, the results of some experiments made by him to ascertain the comparative value of corn-fodder and hay as food for cows. He does not, he says, claim that a single experiment is conclusive upon a question of value, but the result is of sufficient importance to warrant further investigation, and to stimulate the cultivation of the corn-crop in New England.

Mr. Boutwell's method has been to cut the corn at the ground as soon as the seed is partially hardened, set it in stooks and allow it to stand until both the ears and stalks are ripe and fully seasoned. The corn is then husked in the field and, with the fodder, put under cover as quickly as possible. For feeding, the fodder is cut into pieces about an inch in length, placed in large boxes, and there mixed with cob-meal and saturated with water at the boiling point. The boxes are then covered so as to be nearly air-tight, and allowed to stand about twelve hours before feeding. The following are the results as reported by Mr. Boutwell:

The experiment was made last December. At that time my stock consisted of forty-nine animals of various sizes, but estimated to be equal to forty-six cows. At the time the experiment was made the feed of the stock per day for the preceding three weeks had been as follows, viz:

Corn fodder, 460 pounds, valued at	$2.30
Hay, 300 pounds, (fed dry,) valued at	3.00
Cob meal, 200 pounds, valued at	2.08
Total	$7.38

Upon this estimate the daily cost of food for each animal was a trifle more than sixteen cents.

At the time the experiment was made I had twenty-three cows in milk of various ages and conditions, and on Wednesday, the 8th of December, the aggregate yield was 373 pounds. On Sunday, the 12th of December, the best of English hay was substituted for the corn-fodder, pound for pound, but in all other respects the food was the same. The hay—that is, 460 pounds—was cut, mixed with the same quantity of meal as was used with the corn-fodder, and subjected in every particular to the same treatment. The same quantity of dry hay as before was furnished in addition.

On Wednesday, the 15th of December, the yield of milk was 359 pounds, a loss of fourteen pounds. On Thursday, the 16th, the use of corn-fodder was resumed, and on the 22d of December the yield of milk was 382 pounds, a gain of twenty-three pounds. One experiment is not sufficient to establish or overthrow a theory, and I submit the result in this case rather for the purpose of provoking inquiry and encouraging the application of other tests. If it shall appear in the end, as I think it will appear, that well-cured corn-fodder, properly treated for animal food, is equal pound for pound with good hay, there will no longer exist even a pretext for neglecting the cultivation of corn in New England.

The daily cost of supporting forty-six cows upon hay was:

For 760 pounds hay at $20 per ton	$7.60
For 200 pounds cob-meal	2.08
Total	$9.68

—or twenty-one cents per cow.

This experiment, it will be observed, shows what may be done in New England. In other parts of the country, where the relative values may vary considerably from Mr. Boutwell's figures, the results may be very different. But the statement has at least this value everywhere, that it shows how important to the farmer are careful observation and intelligent experiment in order to ascertain what is the best method of feeding for him to pursue. The best is always the cheapest in the end.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

—At the end of the war many ex-Confederate soldiers left the country, and some have died in foreign lands. Old residents of Montgomery, Ala., were surprised one day recently by the sudden appearance in their midst of Col. Benjamin C. Yancey, of the famous Yancey family, who has been in Brazil since Lee's surrender, but who now comes home for good.

—It is said that the Persians draw earth over their melons at a certain stage, and that the fruit, ripening in the dark, is improved in quality thereby. It has long been known to hot-house grape-growers that the fruit is much improved in flavor by shading the glass as maturity approaches.

—At a recent London wedding a number of small boys were dressed as pages, in ruby velvet coats and knee-breeches, with lace ruffles and cravats, red silk stockings, red velvet three-cornered hats, and white satin waistcoats.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Be sure when you boil corn in the ear to drain it well, so that no water will be soaked in to run down one's arm when eating the corn.

—There are more than twenty natural enemies of the potato beetle, which destroy the mature insect, the young grubs or the eggs.

—To utilize the feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plume from the stump, inclose them in a tight bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and not a few other purposes.—*Poultry World.*

—Sweet Potato Pie.—Boil until two-thirds tender then skin and slice. Line a tin pie-plate with a good crust, put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle abundantly with white sugar, dust with cinnamon and then alternate until the dish is full. Add a little water, two spoonfuls of melted butter and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Cover with paste and bake.

—A farmer who has had much experience in draining land, says that when quicksand or unsound ground occurs drains should be cut wider and in some cases deeper, with their sods trampled down along the bottom before either tiles or stone conducts are introduced. Sods thus placed always admit water freely and the substrata, in consequence, very soon become solid.

—Home made crackers are more wholesome for children than cookies, and the novelty of having them made at home goes a good way toward making them eatable. Take three quarters of a cup of butter or lard, one pint of sour milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir all except the milk in with the flour, and when thoroughly mixed put the milk in. Be careful not to knead them too much, as there is danger of their being tough; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

—Valuable Table.—The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in an acre of ground at certain distances:

1 foot apart each way	43,560
2 feet apart each way	10,890
3 feet apart each way	4,845
4 feet apart each way	2,722
5 feet apart each way	1,740
6 feet apart each way	1,210
9 feet apart each way	537
10 feet apart each way	435
12 feet apart each way	302
15 feet apart each way	193
20 feet apart each way	108
25 feet apart each way	69
30 feet apart each way	48
40 feet apart each way	27

—A delicious dish, either for dinner or supper, is raw tomatoes, made cold with ice, dressed with a Mayonnaise sauce. Peel the tomatoes before slicing. To make the sauce, place the yelk of an egg in a soup-plate; beat a few strokes, add half a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste; stir in the best olive oil, a few drops at a time, until quite thick and firm. Then add a small quantity of vinegar, and stir again till it is thoroughly incorporated, remembering the rule, "a miser in vinegar, a spendthrift in oil." Pour this over the tomatoes, and you have a dish "to set before a king."

Economy on the Farm.

Judicious economy is commendable in every business or sphere of life, and should be studied and practiced on the farm. Extravagance is simply another name for waste, and wastefulness is a sin against ourselves and our families. Of late years there has been a growing tendency in this country toward a useless expenditure of money to maintain style, which, when it exceeds neatness and comfort, is all nonsense and waste. In walking along the street a few nights since, we saw a man riding in a light two wheel rig, and driving two horses tandem. It was the first tandem team we had seen for a long time, and it suggested to our mind what such tomfoolery always does, that the owner had more money than brains. Against such style and extravagance of like character, it is the duty of every sensible man to set his face. Farmers do not usually descend to such silliness as this, but in many cases, perhaps, they are improvident and careless in the matter of expenditures. They should have all that is necessary for comfort, for no man in all this world is more in duty bound to treat himself and his family well than the farmer is. Their work is arduous, and they deserve the best in reward for their toil.

But there is such a thing as false economy, and it is about as bad as extravagance. On a trip through the country the other day we saw many rich and elegant farms, with but a rare apology for a house and no barn or other building whatever on them. A shed covered with straw, and we presume in winter enclosed with straw, served for a barn, while the hogs, if there were any, and the chickens, if chickens were kept, were provided with no shelter at all. This, no doubt, is often considered economy, but altough it bears that name, it is far from being economy. No business can be carried on successfully without the necessary tools and implements, and suitable buildings on the farm are in the nature of tools. If a carpenter enters upon his work without a saw, an augur, a plane or a hatchet, or if he enters upon it with tools that are worn out or dull, it will take him two or three days to do one day's work, and his economy, if he calls it that, will be no economy at all. Better he should expend a month's wages for a proper outfit.

So with the farmer. He cannot do as well without things to do with as he can if he is fully equipped for his business. His stock should have proper buildings, and unless it does have them, they will annually lose him a heavy percentage, especially in our long, cold winters at the North. Not to speak at all of appearances, which are worth a good deal, "straw barns" are not what the farmers of our rich agricultural West should have. In the older sections of the country there is really no excuse for not having good and convenient buildings. In newly settled portions, of course the farmer has to do the best he can. We earnestly hope that no reader of this paper will try to get his stock through another winter without providing it with suitable protection. The fatality among stock last winter ought to be a sufficient warning.—*Western Rural.*

Who Killed Stonewall Jackson?

Dr. D. W. Busick, of this county, who since the war has been Register of Deeds, was one of the soldiers that started with the litter that bore General Jackson off the field that fearful night at Chancellorsville. As an historical incident, from so worthy a source Dr. Busick's version of the affair is worth giving. He says that Jackson was not shot by our own men. He was lying that night by the road down which the Yankees were sweeping with canister and minie, when General Jackson crossed the road and was shot. His aid called out and Busick was one of the men that ran to him. He carried the corner of the litter as they went through the woods, where the men were lying so thick that he stepped on a man's leg, and the fellow, pulling his leg away, tripped him up, and he fell, another soldier springing up and taking his place at the litter. They evidently thought he was shot, and history so has it that one of the men at the litter was shot down. But not so. Dr. Busick was that man. In his opinion that Jackson was not shot by his own men he is borne out by many other old soldiers who were present. Mr. Robertson, near Pelham, in Caswell County, was lying on the road had his gun-barrel bent by a shot from the same charge that swept the road just about the time that Jackson was killed. He sprang into the woods.—*Reidsville (N. C.) Times.*

—Mrs. Emma W. Skelton, a beneficiary of the Old Ladies' Home, Boston, is approaching 104 years of age. She has seldom left her room since the celebration of her 100th birthday, and the inmates are not allowed to weary her with talk. She has been a great reader, but the last year has not devoted much time to it. She has never been sick, except a slight attack last fall. She has been in the Home about twenty-four years.

—In the recent very hot weather a ton of ice daily kept the temperature of the House of Commons down to 75 degrees.

IRON EYES, the father of Bright Eyes, has six wives. Did Editor Tibbles realize when he married how many mothers-in-law he was getting?—*Boston Post.*

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

A MAN never knows what pluck is until he comes to pop the question to her father. That is, we've been told so.—*Boston Post.*

Tell the Sick.

Thousands of lives are destroyed by diseases of the kidneys and liver. Kidney-Wort would save them. Tell the sick of it, and that it is for sale by all druggists in either dry or liquid form.—*London Times.*

We Recommend

For coughs, colds, weak lungs, and all kindred affections, James Cough Pellets. Ask your druggist for them. Price 25 cents. Benton, Myers & Co., Cleveland, O., wholesale agents.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

FARMERS, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Frazer Axle Grease. It is the best.

JOHNES says that, after trying for years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got from her in the end was a negative.

"I DECLARE I never was so impressed in my life with the foolishness of flies," exclaimed the boarder to his landlady, as a couple of winged voyagers embarked in his soup-plate. "I do not understand you, sir," she added haughtily. "Well," he explained, "those two poor creatures undoubtedly supposed that this stuff was thick enough to float 'em."

BOB INGERSOLL says that the State Prison is full of "only children."

A LEAFY background, two noble trees, a hammock swinging beneath, and she on whom your heart is fixed lazily swinging in the same, is a very pretty picture, young man, very pretty, and we don't blame you for being attracted by a magnet of such wondrous power. But consider if your means will enable you to keep that picture all your days, or whether in the coming time it will not be supplanted by a chromo of a wornout, jaded woman frying doughnuts over a hot fire in the middle of a hot summer day. The two pictures are intimately connected.—*New Haven Register.*

A MAN must be mighty hard up who would climb Mount Blanc for ascent.

"LOOK here, Uncle Mose, you ought to shoot dat dog. He is gwine ter hab hydrophebia, sure," said Jim Webster. Uncle Mose, somewhat alarmed, asked what were the symptoms. "He am afeard to drink water. Dat am a certain sign." "G'way, fool nigger! You hain't drunk no water yerself in de last ten years, and you hain't bit nebody yet. Does ye want me to take a gun and shoot bofe of ye bekase yer don't drink water."—*Texas Siftings.*

NO ROOM was ever made large enough to hold both a fat man and a mosquito.

ALPHONSE CARR, referring to feed adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the penitentiary, but if he poisons me he gets off with $10 fine."

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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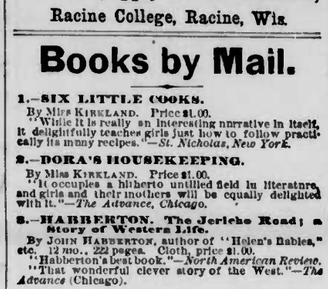

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for Judges as herein before provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday uiter the first Monday in November of such year, an election for Judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any Judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as herein before provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any Judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election one return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

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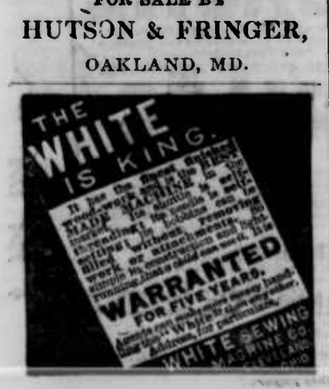

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.54 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2:16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	19.31 A. M.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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IN THE DOORWAY.

[President Garfield's aged mother is stopping with her niece at Hiram. She receives frequent messages from Washington, and spends much of the time at the front door of the house anxiously waiting for the messenger who brings her the dispatches. She is much agitated by fears of the worst yet clings tenaciously to hope.—Cleveland dispatch, Aug. 27.]

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Waiting, waiting for a word,
Watching, watching for a message,
Tearful, trusting in the Lord.
Would our wealth of love could nerve you,
Would a people's prayers could serve you,
And good cheer afford.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Once you nursed a baby boy,
Taught his little feet to toddle,
Taught his helpless hands to toy
With his playthings, prattling, smiling,
Your young motherhood beguiling
With his infant joy.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
You who showed him virtue's path,
Guided him past childhood's perils,
Through the ways removed from wrath.
Well that son repays your guarding,
Love with richest love rewarding,
In manhood's aftermath.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Watching in the noontide glow,
On your white locks seem to linger
Kisses set there long ago,
And with later kisses blending,
As the Nation's ruler, bending,
Greets the mother's brow,

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Stricken with a mother's grief,
You are looking where the lonely—
We are told—shall find relief;
Looking far beyond the valley,
Toward the field where soldiers rally
From the battle brief.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Courage! in this hour of woe,
For the Nation's soul is with him,
Though the waters ebb or flow;
With our history his is written,
And our hearts with yours are smitten,
And our heads are low.

Mother, mother, in the doorway,
Great his work and bravely done.
On the country's roll of honor
Proud the place he nobly won;
We, his name who dearly cherish,
Would not let the soldier perish
Could man save your son.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

Washington, Aug. 28, 1881.

Anecdotes of Garfield.

Under date of Caldwell, Ohio, August 27th, Private Dalzell contributes the following to the Philadelphia *Press*:

Just one year before he was shot to a day, almost to an hour—for the letter was mailed at Mentor, Ohio July, 2, 10 A. M., President Garfield wrote these remarkable words to me: "I knew you would be rejoiced, but to me there is something sad about it all, which I suppose neither you nor any other but myself can fully understand." I give the fact as a singular coincidence; rather as a remarkable and perhaps unthought-of prophecy of the terrible disaster that should overtake him one year from that hour and day. A newspaper man, and no dreamer, poet or spiritualist, I do not pretend to explain it, but merely *give the fact*, and leave others, according their temperament and philosophy, to explain it if they can.

* * * * * * *

While out stumping with President Garfield four years ago, when I was a candidate for the legislature, we rode from place to place over this hilly country in a rough-going, old-fashioned country hack, and as we rode along he told me many things, some of which will be interesting now.

I do not pretend to remember his words, but the facts were so strongly impressed on my memory that there is no danger of any error in recollecting and restating them now, even after the lapse of four years. As we drifted along, the assassination of Lincoln came up, and after talking about that for a little, he passed on to say that as for himself, outside of the army, he did not know that he had ever been threatened with personal violence but twice in his life. The first time was during the electorial contest in 1876-7, when he was a member of the Electorial Commission. Some of the young men about Washington, who were ardently attached to him, constituted themselves, without his knowledge, into a sort of body-guard, took him down to the Capitol every time he went, and escorted him back home at night at the close of the sessions. It was rumored that a conspiracy had been formed to kill Garfield, "and you know," said Garfield quietly, "the Democratic House would not have consented to fill the vacancy caused by my death, and there the whole business would have come to a standstill. What would then have followed no man can tell. At first, I protested against being guarded in that way; but when I found there was real danger, I reluctantly consented, and so it was kept up till the close of the count was reached."

Another time he said some violence was threatened, though possibly not as serious as that above roughly sketched. It was when he made his great speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, during the Greenback and railroad riot times of 1877, when Butlerism was rampant in that state. Ben Butler hired 500 roughs to go to Faneuil Hall and disturb the meeting and interrupt the speaker. Garfield heard of it. The hall was full. His quick eye soon took in the situation, and there before him he saw here and there knots of ugly-looking roughs vociferating boisterously and making all sorts of rude noises. It looked anything but inviting. But quietly taking the stand, and stretching up to his full height (oh! what a man he was then!) he rolled up his sleeves and looked right in their faces a moment before he commenced his speech. He had not spoken a dozen words until such a racket was raised that his stentorian tones were drowned out in confusion. He paused for a moment, when the noise stopped, and then quietly resuming, as if nothing had happened, he began again, only again to be interrupted in the same way.

But nothing could daunt Garfield—nothing discompose him. He always controlled his temper supremely, and was not to be surprised into anything idle or foolish. He made no complaints of the interuption, nor did he allude to it other than to say, "Boys, see here. Let us have fair play. If you have any questions to ask, rise and ask them. I will stop and hear your questions. Then if you will be quiet I will answer them if I can." A sense of fair play constrained the villains to grant his reasonable request, for there is honor of a sort even among horsethieves. Garfield had a keen knowledge of human nature in the rough. He knew how to take such fellows, and could adapt himself to the lecture-room of Harvard or the awful dignities of the Senate. A question was put and answered ably; another and another, until at last the questions were fewer and more modest; and finally "peace reigned in Warsaw," every lip was silent and as Garfield expressed it, "I saw I had them." "Now," he said, "boys, I have given you fair play, haven't I?" A shout and a cheer was their answer, and then he quietly proceeded to the close without another interruption.

Will Prices Go Up or Down.

In the present rage of speculation in Grain, etc., the following explanation of the ways and doings of the 'bulls' and 'bears' will be of very great interest. It is from the pen of Mr. Orange Judd, in the *American Agriculturist* for Sept. 1st.

During two or three years past, and never so greatly as now, the methods of the Stock Exchange have been introduced into the produce markets, and hundreds of men, in leading cities, notably in Chicago, Toledo, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and New York, are daily betting millions of dollars upon probable price of wheat flour, corn, oats, lard pork, bacon, etc. To illustrate; Mr. A. offers to deliver to Mr. B. a million bushels of No. 2 Red wheat at $1.22 per bushel, on the 31st day of August, though he (Mr. A.) does not own a single bushel of wheat, and does not expect to. Mr. B. takes the offer, and makes a deposit of a small portion of the price or 'margin.' In this case Mr. A. is said to be 'short' of what he has agreed to deliver. If the closing sale of this grade of wheat on Aug. 31, is only $1.20, Mr. B. pays Mr. A. 2 cents a bushel, or $20,000. But if the price is $1.25, Mr. A. pays Mr. B. 3 cents a bushel, or $30,000. Usually no wheat is actually delivered. Sometimes, however, if there is a limited supply of wheat available, and Mr. B. has capital enough, he secretly buys up all there is; he gets up a 'corner' in wheat; and when settling day comes, he may require M. A. to deliver the wheat, or he may get others to try to buy it, while he refuses to sell until $1.30, or $1.40, or even $1.50 is offered, and the price of the day is fixed at that rate. In the last named case, Mr. A. would have to pay him the difference between $1.22 and $1.50, which on a million bushels would be 28x1,000,000 or, $280,000. If, on the contray, the price could be beat down on the settling day to $1,00 per bushel, Mr. B. would have to pay Mr. A. 22 cents a bushel, or $220,000. We have named only two individuals, but there are hundreds or thousands of persons doing the same thing, some betting on a few thousand bushels, others on hundreds of thousands, and a few heavy operators on millions. In times of excitement and activity the speculative 'sales' of wheat during a few days amount to more than the entire surplus crop of the country during a year. The operators are in two classes, those like Mr. A. are 'shorts,' and those like Mr. B. are 'longs.' Precisely the same operations are taking place with reference to other grades of wheat, corn, oats, lard, pork, etc. The same man often operates in several kinds of produce, and may be 'short' of one and 'long' of another. One speculator will often be short for August delivery; long for September; and short or long for October, or for 'the year.'

The leading facts and circumstances on both sides are set forth above. The great operafors in grain and other products, both 'bulls' and 'bears,' have immense sums at stake. They are each spending large amounts of money to privately ascertain the actual facts of the case, and are far better informed than ordinary farmers or dealers can be. Indeed, the common mass of speculators take their cue from the movements of these leaders. If prices were sure to go up in the future, the bulls would buy all the wheat offered at present, and even higher rates. If the bears were sure of a decline, they would not buy at any present rates, but would oversell the market very largely. For ourselves, we believe future prices are just about as likely to go up as down or down as up. So, the only safe rule for us is, *to sell when ready*, to take as little risk as possible of damage in storage; and being ready, and having sold, to simply say, 'I have done the best I could.' Then if prices go down, say, 'Well I was lucky.' If they go up, 'I might have done better to hold on, but if I had, it might have been different, and so I will not worry over it.

Washings from Roads.

The washings from the public roads that accumulate in ditches and pools into which they lead, contain a very large amount of fertilizing material. They contain, among other valuable material, the solid and liquid droppings of animals, the foliage and stalks of plants, the leaves of trees, and earth of various sorts that has been reduced to a great degree of fineness by the feet of animals and the wheels of carriages. The value of the first named substances is acknowledged by all farmers. Many are unacquainted with the use of finely pulverized earth, but those who have employed it speak of it in the highest terms. The sweepings of the streets of most European cities and towns are disposed of for more than enough to pay for collecting them. They are difficult to handle as they are liable to be blown out by the wind. When applied as top-dressing to grass land they produce remarkably good results. The like is true of their use on grain fields. The loose materials on road beds are carried by rains into ditches where they accumulate or are conveyed, if the land is descending into hollows. There they accumulate, and after the water has passed out of them by drainage or evaporation, they assume a compact form. The consistency of the material allows it to be lifted by the shovel into carts very readily. It may be spread over grass land where it will disintegrate by the action of rain; or it may be applied to soil that is devoted to any cultivated crops. The value of the fine pulverized soil as a fertilizer is admitted by all who have experimented with it, and its employment will be general in the agriculture of the future.—*Chicago Times.*

There is no real cause for alarm in this country about a failure in the grain crop. The grain speculators are getting up a scare in order to advance prices, but it is nothing but a bull movement that is not warranted by the facts. There are some sections that have suffered from dry weather, and there are others where the crop will be short from various causes, but there is nothing in this to cause the present advantage in prices, for the general crop is by no means a failure, and the average for the entire country promises to be nearly up to what it was last year. The wheat crop abroad will perhaps be smaller than for several years past, according to the latest reports, but the failure of the crop in Russia is only another one of those stock-jobbing canards set afloat by speculators, as in that country it is much above the yield of last year.

Resurrection.

Once more there is hope. "If the President could live through Sunday, without losing ground," said one of his surgeons, when he was at the worst, "I believe he would recover, and that rapidly. But I do not see how he can live that long, unless a great change takes place, for which we see no good reason to hope." The great change came, nevertheless, and the President did live through the dreaded day, with slow but steady improvement of condition. If there was on Saturday morning one chance in a thousand of recovery, there are many chances in a thousand now, though the terrible exhaustion of the patient, and the complication of his disorders, forbid us to hope without fear and trembling. But the God of this Nation has heard prayers from every Christian fireside and altar in the land, and from many hearts unused to prayer. Never before, probably, have so many of the people joined in such earnest and heartfelt petitions for any mercy. He doeth all things well, and if to His wisdom it appears that greater good can be done by the life than by the death of the President, we may be sure that His arm is not shortened that it cannot save. To many it will seem little less than a miracle that a man should rise from such extreme exhaustion. His surgeons, said by many to be unreasonably hopeful, gave up hope for the first time last week. Some of his most faithful friends, who have stood about him like a solid wall for many weary weeks, lost heart for the first time when they saw his mind clouded, and his royal will losing its grasp. One brave and loving woman, the wife whose tenderness and fortitude have made her dear to the whole world, never lost hope, but to everybody else it seemed that little less than a miracle could save the President.

Yet he grows stronger, and hope revives. Is it fit that we, whose daily lives are crowded with events which would have been miracles to our fathers, should presume to say where are the limits of curative power? Who can tell how powerfully the mind controls in bodily ailments? Truly, as we read the story of that terrible Saturday, it seems as if the President had seen in the faces of anxious surgeons and loving attendants that one after another they had lost hope, and had been inspired to resolve that he would take the matter into his own hands, with God's help. When hope was dead, he roused, and demanded food. Others doubted if he could prolong the struggle. He asked once if it was worth while, but saw the path of duty, and determined to do his best. Who can tell what slight causes, a brave word, a loving look, a tender touch, a noble thought, nerved the sinking man to a new effort? Who can tell what slight change of treatment some attendant was prompted to make, which turned the trembling scale? There is Infinite power around us all. The President will live, if it appears to the Infinite Father that his life will make this a better Nation.

No other man has ever been so anxiously watched, by the whole civilized world, while lying face to face with death. His life and heroism go to the hearts of men in every land. The grand Christian fortitude of the true man himself, and the loftly devotion of his wife and others about him, create a new standard of manhood and womanhood for all the civilized world. Living or dying, this one man brings a blessing that space or time cannot measure. Nobler impulses, grander and purer thoughts, fill all Christendom to-day, because of the life and the heroic conduct of one man. Only Omniscience knows how to make the best use of any man, and James A Garfield himself, in his highest aspirations, never yet has thought of doing as much good as he has done already, lying on a bed of pain. If he is to recover, only Infinite Wisdom can measure the power for good or evil which will rest with so rare a man, so raised as if from death itself. A responsibility before which any man living might shrink, the responsibility of a life endowed with a strange and awful power, will rest upon him henceforth. Out of the blackest cloud comes the most blinding and terrible light. Praying to the end for his life, the Nation must also pray that the Infinite Father will guide that life henceforth, that the man, already so true and great and noble, may ever be equal to an unexampled and incalculable responsibility.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE PLOWBOY.

I wonder what he is thinking
In the plowing fields to-day:
He watches the heads of his oxen,
And never looks this way.

And the furrows grow longer and longer
Around the base of the hill,
And the valley is bright with the sunset.
Yet he plows and whistles still.

I am tired of counting the ridges,
Where the oxen come and go,
And of thinking of all the blossoms
That are trampled down below.

I wonder if ever he guesses
That under the ragged brim
Of his torn straw hat I am peeping
To steal a look at him!

The spire of the church and the windows
Are all ablaze in the sun;
He has left the plow in the furrow,
His summer day's work is done.

And I hear him carolling softly
A sweet and simple lay,
That we have often sung together,
While he turns the oxen away.

The buttercups in the pasture
Twinkle and gleam like stars;
He has gathered a golden handful,
A leaning over the bars.

He has shaken the curls from his forehead,
And is looking up this way.
O, where is my sun-bonnet, mother?
He was thinking of me all day.

And I'm going down to the meadow,
For I know he is waiting there,
To wreathe the sunshine blossoms
In the curls of my yellow hair.

—*Kate Seymour McLean.*

THE TIGER-HUNTER OF MADRAS.

While sitting in the little depot at Jooa one afternoon, in conversation with the station agent, freight No. 13, from Madras, came on to the sliding opposite to wait for the Bombay express to pass. Attached to the long train of rice cars, were several flats, some with "daks" on them, others with palanquins, and on the hindermost a very odd-looking object which at once attracted our attention—the more that there seemed to be a man inside it.

"What have you got on that rear car. Fales?" my friend the agent called out to the conductor of the freight.

"You've got me now!" replied that official, with a laugh. "That's a nondescript. No name on it. Billed to Yuloodian. Walk up and see for yourselves, gentlemen. That is the shipper inside; name, *Geeter Zoom Joogr*,, by trade a tiger-killer. But you won't find him talkative."

The "nondescript" was a round, cage-like structure, some twelve feet in diameter, by six or seven in height. The bottom was of heavy black timber, and the flat top of the same, but not quite as massive, while the sides were of thick, straight, brown bamboo rods, or bars, set upright like stanchions in the black bed-pieces, with spaces betwixt them four or five inches wide. In short, it was a heavy, round cage, made years and years ago, and of curious workmanship.

But the old native inside it was a still greater curiosity. He was arrayed in a dirty blue cotton frock, and drawers, or trowsers, of the same stuff. His feet were bare—such feet! They were so shrunken and bony, and of such shiny, wine-brown hue, as to give one the idea that they had been calcined over a slow fire.

The man was bare-headed, too, and what is not common among Hindoos, his hair, thin and in part gray, was braided in a cue down his back.

The tightness of the skin across his brows gave to his countenance a strangely mummified expression, hardly relieved by the deep, dull, black eyes and coarse, thin eyebrows; while the lower part of his face was curiously marked with still coarser crinkled hairs, too scattering to be called a beard.

His general complexion was like an old, withered walnut. From the elbow down, his arms were bare; and they seemed mere parcels of bone and sinew bound tightly up in sun-dried hide, while his lean fingers like claws terminated in nails an inch or more long. Indeed, in the matter of personal appearance, Mr. Geeter Zoom Joogr was one of the strangest *unhuman* human beings I have ever chanced to meet in any country.

Set against the side of the cage were two short spears, or lances, five or six feet in length, with handles of some black wood, and thin, sharp, slender points of bright steel which shone like silver. These blades, or points, were of themselves nearly or quite two feet long; altogether very ugly-looking implements.

I did not find him at all communicative. He sat on a cane stool, with his back to the bars of the cage, and solaced the fatigues of his journey with an enormous pipe.

My knowledge of Hindustani was not sufficient to make much impression on him at first. A few stolid responses were all that I could elicit from him.

He said, or rather admitted, that he was going to Yuloodian to kill a tiger; and that killing man-eating tigers was his business. Fifty rupees was his price for killing a dangerous tiger.

He had made this his business for twenty years, since the Sepoy war.

I felt very curious to know how the old man hunted, and asked permission to go up to Yuloodian and participate in the hunt. To this request he made no reply for awhile, but upon my urging it several times, at length said:

"The *sahib* can suit himself."

Just then the express whistled in, and as soon as it had passed, the freight and with it old Geeter and his cage moved on.

Late in the afternoon, after my duties on the section were over for the day, I went up on the "way freight" to Yuloodian, taking my Remington carbine and a stock of cartridges.

It was one of those little Hindoo villages of perhaps two hundred souls, where the people were persecuted by a tiger; a state of things hard to conceive of in America. But in India, where Buddhism prevails to some extent, it is contrary to religion to kill any creature, even tigers and venomous snakes.

Ordinarily tigers are not dangerous to the people. But sometimes one will get a taste of human blood. Thenceforward such a tiger will subsist on nothing save man's flesh, if it can by any boldness obtain it; and making its lair in the thickets on the outskirts of some little hamlet, it will prey on the poor people till some English officer, or some professional tiger-killer, like old Geeter comes and slaughters it. It will thus be seen how tiger-killing can come to be a kind of trade in India.

It was dusk when I got off at Yuloodian. The agent said that old Geeter had arrived at three o'clock with his cage, and that a party of natives with a bullock team had driven it off to the village, half a mile away. Thither I proceeded on foot and alone. None of the natives were astir. The huts were all closed and dark. The people had shut themselves up at twilight for fear of the tiger. For the savage beast, now for several weeks, had been accustomed to enter the hamlet at night, prowling around as it pleased. Twice it had seized persons within their very doors.

But by dint of knocking and shouting I learned where the old tiger-slayer had located his cage; I had only to follow the street, or rather path, leading through the hamlet and out at a gate into the open country beyond. No one would venture forth at this hour to guide me; but the distance was not more than three hundred meters beyond the gate in the stake-fence inclosing the hamlet; and I came upon the cage after a few minutes. It was set on the ground in the high *rayche* grass, a few paces from the jungles and thorn thickets which skirted a *sarkee* (creek).

Feeling a little uncertain as to how old Geeter might receive me, or how he might act if I came upon him by surprise, I called out, "God be with you!" several times in Hindustani.

I did not wish him to mistake me for a tiger, by any means. Perhaps I called more loudly than I need have done. "God be with you!" responded the old man in a low tone; but it was with an inflection and emphasis not in the least in keeping with those words.

I ventured to draw nigher, however. Old Geeter was in his cage, sitting silent and on the look-out, like a spider in his den. The cage was his *place of business*, as one might say.

After some parley I was admitted through a little trap-door in the top, which was securely buttoned down again; but my reception was a most ungracious one. He grumbled ominously in the native tongue of my disturbing the night and breaking his spells.

Besides our two selves in the cage there was the carcass of a goat to attract the tiger.

Hour after hour of the damp, warm, dark night we sat crouched motionless there. Old Geeter neither spoke nor moved; but I could hear him breathe. Once we heard a short, querulous roar which I supposed to be that of a tiger at a distance, but no tiger came near.

Day broke at last, and when it had grown fairly light, we got out and went to the village, where the people had now begun cautiously to look forth from their doors. Several asserted that they had seen and heard the karachu (ravager) about the hamlet during the hours of darkness.

I went back down to Jooa on the early morning "mail" from Bombay; for my duties did not admit of my being absent a day; but I arranged with old Geeter to join him again that night. I may as well confess that I had to win his consent by a present of a few rupees.

As I thought over his method of tiger-killing it occurred to me that I could improve upon it. During my experience as a "currei" in Brazil, I had often on my weekly journeys made use of a "bird-call" for wayside hunting, and I had that identical old whistle still in my chest.

My first plan was to imitate the bleating of a kid with it, thinking thus to attract the tiger, but reflecting, after a few trials, that this was a tiger with a taste for human flesh. I began to counterfeit the crying of a child, which I found no very difficult matter when once I had got the right key for it.

I said nothing to old Geeter of my trick when I reached Yuloodian that evening, but joined him as before.

The night was very still. Several times the weird cry of a devotee in the distant village of Razotpore came faintly to our ears, over many miles. The stars shone down with a misty luster. It was very damp, yet warm.

Once a cloud of green, sparkling fireflies came, and drifting in betwixt the stout bars of the cage, fairly lighted it up with their glinting fires. Later, a dolefully howling pack of jackals swept by us, eight or ten rushing up to sniff the goat's blood.

Midnight drew on, and for a long time all was utterly silent, save that an "ayshee" came near and "blew" shrilly several times, impatiently stamping its sharp hoofs on the dry turf.

Then came a sound, new, strange and terribly realistic in this old land of an unprogressive race. With a ponderous roar and wide-spread jar and tremor of the staid old soil, a lurid red flashing of hot furnace doors and the belching out of fire-lit steam and smoke, the long, heavily loaded "Freight No. 17" from Madras went past. For miles and miles its thunderous forceful rush and the echoes of its peremptory whistle and loud bell were borne back to us. Everything of nocturnal mystery and old-time legend and superstition, conjured up by the silence and darkness, seemed shivered by it. It was an hour ere Old India and night had again regained possession of themselves round Yuloodian.

Then, once more, like a wail from dead, misguided millions, came the melancholy cry of the devotee, in his solitary and painful vigil; and not long after we heard the gruff bark, or grunt, of a prowling tiger from across the *sarkee*.

With that I softly drew out my "call" and began crying and sobbing like a child in distress.

Old Geeter started and uttered a low exclamation, then as quickly divining my motive, he sat down again in his former listening posture.

Several times I imitated the cry of Hindoo children, "Maumay, maumay, maumay," then sobbed on as some little one lost in the jungle might do.

Presently my old confrere whispered, "*Beesh!*" (Hush) "*Beesh! Tarku zo!*" (Hush! The beast hears.)

I had heard nothing and continued to hear not a sound; but the old native was grasping one of his spears, crouching on his knees, every muscle braced.

Five or ten minutes passed.

I fancied the old man's ears were hardly so sharp as he thought them. But on a sudden a low, eager snuffle, as when some carnivorous beast scents a gory morsel, broke the stillness. Looking intently through the darkness in that direction, I espied two flashing orbs in the high grass!

Slowly, stealthily and with scarcely a rustle of the dry stalks, those green-tinted, fiery eyes were coming nearer.

The carcass of the goat was hung up against the cage bars, inside it.

When within twelve or fifteen yards, the creature seemed to *fly* at one bound from out the grass against the side of the cage, uttering a low intense growl!

The cage rocked violently; I was thrown to one side, but old Geeter, better prepared for the shock than I, kept his crouching position, and as the tiger clung, growling and tearing at the carcass, he thrust out his spear, giving it a slight wound.

Astonished at the sharp prick the great brute bounded off to one side; then with a savage roar sprang against the cage again, its eyes flashing, growling horribly, the picture of venomous wrath. The air was stifling with its musky breath. It wrenched and tore at the cage with its griping claws. The bamboo bars sprung and cracked frightfully.

But this was the chance old Geeter had waited for. Before I could take aim, or fire, he lunged with all his force, driving that long acute lance point out betwixt the bars deep into the tiger's exposed breast.

With a loud, agonized cry, strangely in contrast with its deep, bass growl and roar, the beast leaped backwards to the ground. It was the animal's mortal cry, and I never saw a more fearful death-struggle.

Time and again it bounded high up into the air, tumbling heavily down, only to leap upward again. Its frightfully hideous cries might have been heard a league off.

It must have been some minutes ere death relieved the animal's dying pains; nor did we venture forth till it lay limp and breathless. Daylight showed it to be a very sleek yellow and black mottled tiger of the largest size. It had fattened on human flesh; not less than thirteen persons, including children, had been its victims during the month it had beset the village.

I remained to see the people of the hamlet come out at sunrise to exalt over the "karachu. They performed a kind of thanksgiving dance. Old Geeter remained with them—to collect his pay, I presume.

Two days later I saw him pass Jooa in his cage on a freight train; he looked as grim as ever.—*Youth's Companion.*

One of Its Lessons.

Probably it has never occurred to any one of the idle and dissipated class, either among the young men of our great cities or among men who are older and should be wiser, that the sick-bed at Washington had any special lesson for him. Yet such is the fact, plain, enough to those who have eyes to see. We do not mean necessarily a moral lesson; it is sharp enough merely as a lesson of expediency. It may be compressed into this simple question: If President Garfield had been a man of dissipated habits, how long would he have survived Guiteau's shot? It has been clearly recognized from the first that the fact that the President has led a temperate, regular life, greatly increased his chances of recovery, and gave him that splendid strength and endurance with which he has fought against death. There are many dangers in such a case to which the man of intemperate habits in any particular would be more liable than the man who has never been addicted to what is called high living, but which might more accurately be called low living. It is probably true, also, that the calmness and courage with which the first great shock and all the dangers that have followed it until now were met, were, although native to the man, in some measure due to the wholesome poise of body and mind maintained by well-ordered living.

It is surely something to be equipped in this fashion to meet the great emergencies of life. Persons of more modest station than Presidents are fortunately not in much danger of assassination. But no man, no matter how inconspicuous his place in the community may be, can be sure that he may not at any moment be confronted as suddenly as President Garfield was with some situation demanding all his strength of body and mind to meet and be equal to it—perhaps, even in a physical sense, to survive it. The unexpected happens now and then in the life of every man. The young fellow about town who pursues pleasant vices to pass away time, and dulls a brain already enfeebled by chronic idleness and dissipation; the lawyer, perhaps of middle-age, who is letting the habit of drinking grow upon him day by day; even the man whose only sin is that fatal one of habitual intemperance in hard work—none of these men, and none of the many classes for whom they may stand as types, can be sure that out of the calm of any commonplace day the crisis of their lives will not suddenly rise, under which a weakened body and a mind unstrung may go down in hopeless defeat. It is of practical value to every man, leaving considerations of morality aside, that he shall at all times have all his powers unimpaired, his body sound and healthy, his judgment clear and cool, and all his resources under sure command.

This tragical episode will have its lesson, also, perhaps, for another class of the people—our public men. There has been a great improvement in the morals of our public men within the past generation or two, although a contrary impression sometimes prevails. It is perhaps only a single feature of the general change for the better that is to be seen in all branches of society. The manner of life is less gross, and refinement has increased with the spread of intelligence. It should be said, also, that most of the Presidents have been estimable and cleanly men in their private lives. But a good example in the White House is never thrown away, for the official life of the Capital and the country is never free from vice, whatever the improvement has been, and it may be of especial advantage to the people that the men who are to make and execute our laws shall see in what good stead wise habits may stand a man in a vital crisis.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How It Happened.

There was a railroad excursion from Jackson County yesterday, and among the crowd was a man who called at the office of the Chief of Police to make a statement. When the Chief was ready to hear the details the man began:

"I was just coming out of the depot when I met a fellow with a squint to his left eye. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, he held out his hand and said how do you do, Judge Perkins? I kinder held out my hand and said I was purty well, thank you. I'm no more Judge Perkins than you are, but I thought I'd draw the fellow out a little. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, we shook hands and walked for the corner, and he asked me if I ever absorbed. I said I did, and we went over to a saloon and surrounded some beer. Are you following?"

"Yes."

"My friend said his name was Collins and that he was in the mule business. Then we absorbed some more."

"Yes."

"He asked me if I didn't remember of loaning him two dollars in Toledo in 1866, and hang my buttons if I wasn't fool enough to remember! I wasn't in Toledo in '66 or anywhere nigh it, but I saw a pretty good chance to make two dollars. Hang me if I didn't think I'd found one Detroiter good enough to fly right to heaven! Then we absorbed one more."

"Yes."

"Well, the chap wanted to pay me back the two dollars, and I also wanted to get hold of it. He hands out this twenty-dollar bill for me to change, and I gave him back fourteen dollars and was to hand him four more at the depot to-night. Then we absorbed some more."

"It's a counterfeit bill."

"You bet! and I'm a gone up man! Farewell, old Jackson County!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that seven dollars of that fourteen was to buy school books, and the other seven dollars was to buy porous plasters and a new dress for a school teacher out there. I have been done for and laid low. Do I return to face the music? I do not. Do I jump into the river and sleep in the arms of death? I do, and don't you forget it. I want a chew of tobacco, a few instructions as to the best place to jump, and I'll trouble earth no more."

But he didn't jump. He had twenty-two cents, and this sum was enough to get drunk on. He was picked off the walk in the evening and taken to the station, and when asked his name he replied:

"No use, ole f'ller—no use. If I leut you two dozzers in Chicago in 1877 you can't pay it back, nohow—won't have it—won't take it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Plated Silver Weddings.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* commissioned itself to investigate the quality of wedding presents made in that city. It would appear from its inquiries that the Cincinnati people are in the habit of making a mockery of the finest emotions of our human nature, by tendering sham tokens of their mutual regard on the occasion of their friends' wedding. As in nine cases out of ten, the recipients are not metallic experts, they continue to use the spurious gifts under long years of false impression as to their value, while the donors have obtained the foudest expressions of gratitude under false pretences. Of course, the day comes when the fraud stands revealed, and all the sweetness of friendship is turned into bitterness, by the discovery that the word "solid" in the "solid silver ice-pitcher" which was so effusively given, applied, perhaps, to the ice, perhaps to the pitcher, but certainly not to the silver.

As, for example, a Cincinnati gentleman recently carried a bent cup to a jewelry establishment for repairs. It was "a sacred memento," "a wedding day gift," "solid" the cup from which an only child, now dead, "quaffed her thirst," as the *Enquirer* puts it, though thirst must be a curious thing for even a Cincinnati child to quaff. The gentleman was told that the cup would have to be replated. A few days after another gentleman came in with a "solid silver" tea set, which had always been a source of great anxiety and rather above his modest housekeeping. He believed it to be worth $1,000, but as it was old fashioned he would sell it for one-third of that amount. The jeweler told him it cost about fifty dollars. A jeweler who had sold a plated ice-pitcher several years before, as a wedding gift, was present at the reading of the receipient's will in which, with many expressions of gratitude, he bequeathed anxiously and carefully the sham pitcher to one of his heirs. "This solid silver pitcher I purchased of an Alabama family badly pressed for funds," remarked a proud native of Cincinnati, as he entered a Fourth street store and offered the property for sale as old silver. "I paid seventy-five dollars for it, just at the breaking out of the war. It had been presented as a wedding-gift to the owners, and I should have to pay at least $500. I suppose you can afford to allow me at least $200 for what metal there is in it?" "My dear sir," said the dealer, "your pitcher is worth to us about seventy-five cents. The plating upon it has worn so thin that I wonder that even in your confidence the fact was not long since discovered."

—A prominent Austin politician came down town yesterday looking very serious. A friend asked what was the matter. "The country is going to the dogs. That's what the matter. Even Austin is chockfull of thieves. No man's property is safe for a minute, if he takes eyes off it." "Has anybody been stealing anything from you?" "I should say they had. There was a nice new saddle on the fence of a wagon yard near my house, and nobody claimed it. This morning I got up before day, and went out to bring it in and keep it for the owner, and I'll be blamed if some infernal scoundrel hadn't got away with it already."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A memorial is to be erected to the late Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York. It will take the form of a decoration of the Church of the Divine Paternity, and will cost, with stained glass windows, about $20,000.

A Woman's Advice to Wives.

We hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further and make a study out of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning he is worth keeping.

This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering all these weaknesses, count them on her fingers and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, with a mesh for every one, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up at all hazards, in its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that is half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair metaphorically and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her "broken down." Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex consider more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must not be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide-open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife if only she will be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations let her keep them to herself. Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? O, then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and only keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease reading, cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for his own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in his temper and fault-finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness, treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case. It is well not to be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barn-yard fowls; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and firm, with a pretty, swift way about it, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little uncertain. Another important fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feeling and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have the conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexatious household cares and smiling when he comes home, but it seems necessary. "To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband who for ten years has watched in amazement his wife treading the wine-press of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters. At the same time, gude-wife, keep from trying any of these things on any other mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved to order to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to hold him by every means in her power.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Sad Experience.

Uncle Pleasant Batkins is sixty and his wife seventy-two. The other day a friend said: "Uncle Pleasant, why in the mischief did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?" "You see, boy," he replied with a sigh, "I wus wurkin' for Long John Freeman, in Hanover, when I wus jest eighteen, and Sary Ann Russ, old Mrs. Russ' only daughter, was thirty if she wur a day. At every quiltin' she used to chuse me for her partner, and everybody said it 'peared like she wur a courtin' me. She gimme four pair of cotton socks and a heap of things, but still I didn't have no notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve I went to the old woman's, and had hardly sot down before Sary Ann brought me some sweet potato pie, which she knowed I was monstrous fond of. While I was eatin' it I heard the old woman up-stars a countin' silver dollars. Now, thar was no plaster to the sealin', and the up-stars floo had cracks in it as wide as my finger. So, you see, I could hear the jingle of the money jest as well as if I had been up thar myself. When she had counted 906 I drawed up Sary Ann and popped the question. In course she said she'd have me, and the next Thursday we was married. Now, what do you think I found out the next day? Why, that the old woman didn't have but thirty Mexican dollars, and that she counted 'em over and over jest to fool me. Don't marry for money, boy, specially for silver dollars.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

—An editor in the interior of the State wrote a brief local averring that "the windows of the church need washing badly. They are too dirty for any use and are a disgrace to our village." The compositor was but human and could never allow such a brilliant opportunity to pass by unimproved. The paper appeared and the poor scribe wilted clean down into his boots when he discovered that the word "windows" had been transformed to "widows," and at last advices he was barricaded in his sanctum endeavoring to explain the matter through the keyhole to a small army of wild eyed women dressed in black and armed with clubs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Rev. Samuel Deerbrow, of Upper East Tennessee, has married 2,154 couples since 1849, receiving therefor about $9,000 in fees. The lowest fee he took in was five cents in coppers.

—At Omemee, Canada, they have a curious plant grown from a seed supposed to have been turned up with the earth taken from a well at the depth of fifty feet. It resembles a century plant, and is nearly seven feet in height.

—Ah-wa-ga-hah Blackface, aged 105 years, the oldest squaw on the Tonawanda reservation, near Buffalo, N. Y., has just received from the Government her pension of eight dollars per month on account of her husband's services in the war of 1812.

—A policeman saw a woman digging in her garden at Paris, Ky., before daylight. She was not noted for industrious habits, and therefore he covertly watched her until she brought out a box containing $20,000, the proceeds of a recent bank robbery.

—An old and excellent engineer on the Central Pacific got a new fireman the other day, who after throwing the big pine blocks for an hour or so, got very tired of it and thought it no more than fair to take a change. He looked up to the engineer sitting on his comfortable seat and said: "Here, you throw chunks for a while, and I will look out for cows."

—The will of the late David K. Carroll, a millionaire manufacturer, who died at Baltimore a few days ago, has been admitted to probate in the Baltimore County Court, and in one respect is a remarkable document. After bequeathing all his property, estimated to be worth several million dollars, to his large family about equally, he places the sum of $100,000 in the hands of his executors to defend the will in case of litigation.

—Australia has added to its other natural anomalies a fish on legs. A recent expedition has dredged up one of them, and, placed upon the decks, the creature raised itself on its four legs—and walked! Yet to all intents and purposes the thing was a fish, with fins and a tail and gills. Another wonder of the same expedition was the rats. The voyagers stopped on a small island which was overrun with rats—but the rats were yellow, chestnut and tortoise-shell.

—Conductors on the New York Central Railroad are bitterly complaining of overwork put upon them by the management, they allege, out of considerations of economy in money and time. The Utica *Herald* satirizes the present system by saying that a plan is under consideration whereby the train employes' meals are to be condensed into the form of cartridges and fired into the open months of hungry conductors and others as they rush past the lunch counters.

—A Rhenish regiment of artillery, quartered at Metz, were thirty-six days absent from barracks on an excursion. Upon opening one of the rooms a dog belonging to the regiment was found still alive, but in a state of extreme weakness and emaciation. Of ordinary food, or even water, it can have had none. There were evidences that the poor brute had gnawed some pieces of wood lying in the room. It was so weak that it could not even lap, and for two days it was fed with milk through a tube, but it quickly rallied.

—A British officer's wife in Burmah describes the climate by this incident: "A friend gave my husband some owl's eggs, which he left in a place in the drawing room, the coolest place in the house, being in the center and surrounded by other rooms. The eggs were on a table in the corner, and were forgotten. Some days after I saw one of the eggs moving, and slightly chipped. Presently out came a little owlet. The other eggs followed suit, till they were all hatched. This may seem impossible to any one who has not lived where the thermometer is generally 105 degrees."

—A little son of Abraham May, of Miller Township, Blair County, Pa., was bitten by a copperhead snake a few days since. After biting, the reptile kept fastening and coiling around the lad's legs, and it was only torn from its coil by the brave little brother of the boy, who, seizing it with his hands, released the sufferer and killed the snake. The boy's leg was greatly swollen, though the free flow of blood from the wound perhaps washed away much of the virus of the copperhead. The usual home remedies were employed, and at last accounts the lad was in a fair way of recovery.

—A baby's grave at Glasgow, Md., received for nine years the most careful attentions, flowers being frequently planted on it, and the sod always kept in perfect order. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Ellison, each unknown to the other, were doing this work of love. Each had lost an infant, and supposed this was its grave. Brown erected a tombstone lately, and then a controversy arose, Mrs. Ellison insisting that it must be taken down. The church authorities held several meetings of investigation without reaching any conclusion, and then somebody suggested that a neglected grave near the disputed one be opened. This was done, and Brown conceded that the coffin was the one that had enclosed his child. The stone has been removed.

—The village of Patchogue is the largest on the south side of Long Island, and its original site was won in a lottery. The deed which records this fact was made on the 17th of July, 1758, "the thirty-second year of the reign of our sovereign Lord George the Second by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith." The deed recites that Humphrey Avery, in 1756, obtained permission from the Governor, Council and General Assembly of the colony to dispose of his real estate by lottery for the payment of his debts. The drawing was under the direction of two sworn justices of the peace. They made return that parcel number three, being that part of the estate known as "Patchogue," valued at nine hundred pounds, was drawn by ticket No. 6,019, which was held by Leofford Leffords, of Bedford, in Kings County. He paid ten shillings for the ticket. The deed contains a very full description of the property, which comprised over three hundred acres.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE CHAMBER OF SILENCE.

One autumn day we three,
Who long had borne each other company,
Grief, and my Heart, and I,
Walked out beneath a dull and leaden sky.

The fields were bare and brown;
From the still trees the dead leaves fluttered down;
There were no birds to sing,
Or cleave the air en swift, rejoicing wing.

We sought the barren sand
Beside the morning sea, and, hand in hand,
Paced its slow length, and talked
Of our supremest sorrow as we walked.

Slow shaking each bowed head,
"There is no anguish like to ours," we said;
"The glancing eyes of morn
Fall on no souls more utterly forlorn."

But suddenly, across
A narrow chord wherein wild billows toss,
We saw before our eyes,
High hung above the tide, a temple rise.

A temple wondrous fair,
Lifting its shining turrets in the air,
All touched with golden gleams,
Like the bright miracles we see in dreams.

Grief turned and looked at me.
"We must go thither, O, my friends," said she;
Then, saying nothing more,
With rapid, gliding step, passed on before.

And we—my Heart and I—
Where Grief went, we went, following silently,
Till in sweet solitude
Beneath the temple's vaulted roof we stood.

'Twas like a hollow pearl—
A vast white sacred chamber, where the whirl
Of passion stirred not, where
A luminous splendor trembled in the air.

"O friends, I know this place,"
Said Grief at last, "this lofty, silent space,
Where, either soon or late,
I and my kindred all shall lie in state."

"But do Griefs die?" I cried.
"Some die—not all," full calmly she replied.
"Yet all at last will lie
In this fair chamber, slumbering quietly.

"Chamber of Silence, this;
Who brings his Grief here doth not go amiss.
Mine hour hath come. We three
Will walk, O friends, no more in company."

Then was I dumb. My Heart
And I—how could we with our dear Grief part,
Who for so many a day
Had walked beside me in our lonely way?

But she, with matchless grace,
And a sweet smile upon her tear-wet face,
Said, "Leave me here to sleep,
Where every Grief forgets at last to weep."

What could we do but go?
We turned with slow, reluctant feet, but lo!
The pearly door had closed,
Shutting us in where all the Griefs reposed.

"Nay, go not back," she said:
"Retrace no steps. Go further on instead."
Then, on the other side,
On noiseless hinge another door swung wide,

Through which we onward passed
Into a chamber lowlier than the last,
But, oh! sweet and calm
That the hushed air was like a holy psalm.

"Chamber of Peace" was writ
Where the low vaulted roof arched over it.
Then knew we grief must cease
When sacred Silence leadeth unto Peace.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE END OF A "DELIGHTFULLY ROMANTIC AFFAIR."

As Told in Her Friend's Letters.

BOSTON, 18—.

DEAR LAURA: You will be surprised, I know, to receive a letter from me dated at this place so far from home; but, nevertheless, here I am, in the heart of this great city, enjoying its beauty and sight-seeing to my heart's content. Then the lectures, and theaters, and operas! But I must not rave now (the family say I do literally rave over them), for I have something of great importance to tell thee.

I am one of the actors in a delightfully little love romance—do not be alarmed, mine is only a minor part—and as you and I never have any secrets, I intend telling you all about the affair.

You remember, when I was at school, my writing you about my room-mate, do you not, and telling you how beautiful she was, with her golden curls and blue eyes, so full of fun and mischief? Well, for some reason, doubtless owing to the law of opposites, we took a great fancy to each other, and have kept up a lively correspondence ever since leaving school.

Two months ago I received a letter from her, saying she was soon to be married, and wanted me for bridesmaid—homely little me, think of it! She said she would not take no for an answer, and that I must come a week or so beforehand, so that we could have a good visit, and then she would tell me all about her intended, etc.

Well, who could resist such an invitation? So here I am, safely established in a delightful little home on one of the pleasantest streets in the city.

You know, I told you, Bertha Case is an only child, and while her parents are not rich, they enjoy the best of all states, the being comfortably poor, and Beth has all heart could wish for.

Now for the love story—and it is just as romantic and strange as a chapter in any novel.

Beth has a friend, also a college-chum, living away off in Ohio, and last summer she spent a month here visiting her. This friend, May Rose, came in from a walk one hot morning, and threw himself upon the lounge, saying: "O dear! I ought to write to that brother of mine to-day! I have not written since I came, and it is so warm that writing is altogether too great an effort for me. What can I do?"

"Well," said Beth, in fun, "if you are so dreadfully lazy that you cannot write for yourself, I guess I must act as your amanuensis."

The idea pleased May, and so, after some talk, she dictated, while Beth wrote, and such a gay time as they had. They were nearly all the morning getting that letter written.

In the course of a few days came an answer, containing a message to the amanuensis, which May said must be answered; so it went on, he adding nice little messages, until they stretched into letters.

Well, Beth's story is too long to repeat all of it, but the sequel was as follows: Pictures were exchanged, and when May was to go home, her brother came on and spent a few days, and then the engagement was formed.

Now, wasn't it a delightfully romantic affair? Beth says that at first it was the novelty of the thing that pleased her, such a queer way of getting acquainted, and so different from all other experiences. But from his letters and what May told her, she finally loved him for himself alone, and the few days in which she saw him only made that love the stronger. I have seen his picture; it is that of a thick-set, strong looking man, with regular features and such beautiful, large brown eyes. One forgets the rest of the face in looking at those eyes, and Beth says it does not flatter them one bit. She has read me extracts from some of his letters; they sounded to me quite ordinary, but to her they are wonderful. She thinks he is almost too quiet, and that is all the fault she has to find with him.

Mr. Case, it seems, was not quite satisfied with her promising to marry such an almost utter stranger, and so he wrote to the postmaster at N—— for information regarding his character, etc. He returned a most favorable report, which has somewhat satisfied Mr. and Mrs. Case; but I doubt if any interference on their part could change matters now. Beth is thoroughly in love. She is so happy! can talk of nothing else; is busy as can be. She has learned how to cook, and has several such pretty workdresses. I forgot to tell you that her husband is a farmer. She has studied all about making butter! She told me the whole process from beginning to end the other night, and I really believe she could do it.

The house they are to live in must be delightful! It is just two miles from the village of N—— and stands on a hill, with woods on both sides, and a creek running through the roomy yard. Think how lovely it is! so much nicer than brick walls and gardens ten feet square. Then the house, they say, is old fashioned, large and roomy. It was the old homestead, and he and his mother live there now. So she has no buying of furniture to bother about, but can spend all her money on pictures and books and *bric-a-brac*.

Do you know, I almost envy Beth! To have such a strange courtship, then to move off into a new country, full of flowers and woods, and begin housekeeping in that old-fashioned homestead! No doubt, rare and quaint old furniture and china and silver are much nicer than to begin, as Joe and I shall do. Not that I would exchange Joe for her lover; don't think that for one moment! but I have known him ever since we went to school together; then we were engaged in a most ordinary way, and I know just where we are going to live. He has bought the lot, and I know just what our house is to be. So we shall begin in the little town where I have always lived, with everything, even to the plants and trees in the yard, new and "just started" looking. How I dislike it! Of course I shall be near home, and Beth will not, but then her parents can go to her often, and she can come home for a gay time in winter.

There is Beth calling me. We are to look at hammocks and out-of-door games to-day. She is to have her yard full of them, she says. So I must stop at once and get ready. Will write again soon. With love, FLORENCE.

DEAR LAURA: I have only time for a few words, as I am getting ready to go home. Well, the wedding is over. The bride was lovely, in pale-blue satin, the presents elegant, and all went off nicely. I was somewhat disappointed in the groom. I could not see much particularly to admire or dislike in him, and his eyes, though lovely, seemed to me a little too dreamy. I trust he will make Beth happy. He would be a wretch if he does not, for the life of this home has gone with him. It is not at the time that weddings are so bad, for then all is confusion, with so much to see to and such hurrying that one has no time to feel badly. But it is afterwards, when the hasty good-byes are all said and the guests gone. Then one wanders through the empty and silent rooms, sees the faded flowers, has time to think, and feels as if there had been a death and a funeral in the house. And in one sense it is such! for, as Mrs. Case says, she will never have her Bertha, her own little girl, back again.

Henceforth their paths will be different. Some one else will share all her joys and sorrows, and new scenes and new plans in life will gradually change her child into a different person, into a woman with cares and responsibilities. What a strange world this is! To think of anything changing Beth from the bright, gay butterfly that she is now, or weaning her from home. But of course Beth will change. I wonder how! It seems somehow as if it is more circumstances than ourselves that make our characters and lives what they are.

But no more moralizing at present! I must fly to my trunk and finish packing, then hurry below to comfort Mr. and Mrs. Case as best I can. But I am afraid it will be poor comfort, for I feel, too, almost as if Beth were dead. Hastily, FLO.

AT HOME.

DEAR LAURA:—Six months since I last wrote to you. What a long time! But then young housekeepers generally have their hands full, so there is little time for letter-writing, and I am no exception to that rule.

All the branches of housekeeping were thoroughly mastered, as I supposed, before we were married. But I find there is a great difference between being head of the household, with its responsibilities, and a half-a-dozen things to do at the same time—and now and then cooking a meal, with Biddie and mother to consult and help.

We have been housekeeping just four months, and I like it so much! The house is—but you are coming to see for yourself, so I will give no description now.

You want to know if I am yet reconciled to having everything new. Yes, indeed! The porch is one mass of vines, so I seldom see the small trees and newly made lawn. Then mother gave us a goodly sprinkling of old furniture, and one of the plates in my tea-set has two nicks in it, so things do not seem new at all, any more. But, Laura, I am ashamed of that letter written to you so long ago, and have entirely outgrown all love for the novel and romantic. I would not change my every-day life, trivial and monotonous though it may seem, but full of love and happiness, for that of the Queen of England. Honeymoon not yet over, you see.

Did I tell you of our visit to Beth in her new home. No, of course not, as this is the first letter written since my return.

When on our way home from Chicago we had to change cars at Cleveland, and while there waiting, it suddenly flashed into my mind that Beth long ago told me about her new home being only fifty miles from there. We made inquiries, found it was so, and I coaxed Joe until he agreed to stop over and run up for the day.

We reached that town, a quiet pretty little place, at about ten, and obtaining a horse and full directions as to where she lived, we sallied forth. The drive was a beautiful one, mainly through the woods, which were just leafing out, and the air was sweet with the blossoms of clover and wild flowers. It was an unfrequented road, the houses being few and far apart, and we met but one team. Though beautiful then, yet I wondered if Beth never wearied in winter of the cold lonesome drive, under the leafless branches. What a change from the gay, noisy, city life. Dear girl, she had not written to me for over a year, but I knew from her mother that she now had an extra care in the form of a big strong boy. Would she not be surprised at this visit, and how I should enjoy seeing her and talking over old times. Then there was the house, we had so often talked about, to see, and that baby. How I would hug him! Then her husband—had he proved all her fond heart had pictured him as being, and was she in her new house as perfectly happy as I?

At last we neared the place, which, according to all directions, must be the Rose Farm. Yes, there was the house, a large old-fashioned frame. I knew it, from the big porch across the front, supported by the immense white pillars so often described to me by my friend.

But what a disappointment! That house brown for want of paint, one or two of the blinds gone, and others just hanging, its fine old yard overgrown with weeds and grasses, was not the Eden I had pictured as Beth's. As we drove up the lane, shaded on either side by fine old elms, Joe called my attention to the fence, which in some places was leaning nearly to the ground, with more than one picket missing.

"I don't like the look of that," he said. "I am afraid it too much resembles the man who lives here. A house and its surroundings tell more of the occupant's character than is at first realized."

As the horse stopped I could hear a woman's voice humming a lullaby, and so, springing from the carriage, I ran lightly up the steps and peeped in at the open door.

Shall I ever forget that scene? The large old-fashioned room, with its low, dark ceiling, high windows, and gaudy papering, I can see yet, and how out of place Evangeline and the other choice engravings looked upon its walls, and the sharp contrast between the dingy rag carpet and Beth's exquisitely carved piano. There, by the window, sat a woman lulling the baby to sleep.

Was it possible? Could that thin, careworn woman, arrayed in a faded calico, minus collar and cuffs, with hair combed back and twisted into an ugly tight knot on the back of the head, be the beautiful girl I had seen for the last time only two years ago? Yes, it was Beth, but so thin and changed! The hands, once white and soft, were now brown and stained, telling the story of hard work and ceaseless care, better than words. I stood spellbound for a moment, dismayed at the change before me, and then, as I heard my husband's feet on the walk, stepped into the room. Beth glanced up, dropped her baby into its crib, and with one wild cry sprang into my arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

I motioned Joe back, and after she had become quiet tended baby while she went to change her clothes.

He was a dear little fellow, combining Beth's hair and complexion with the dark velvety eyes which had so won her heart when a girl.

Joe and I were having a big frolic with baby, when its mother once more made her appearance, looking more like the Beth of olden times. But although she was pleasant, and tried to appear cheerful and at ease, we could both see that it was an effort, so, after lunch, Joe, rightly judging that we should visit better alone, strolled off down to the river, with the ostensible purpose of hunting geological specimens.

When baby was asleep and full directions about dinner had been given to the girl in the kitchen, we strolled down into the orchard, fragrant with apple-blooms, and there, under a canopy of blossoms, her head in my lap, Beth told me all her troubles.

"Flo," she said, "when I was married and came here, the future looked very bright to me, and my heart was full of love for the man I had wed. No, not for him! what did I know of Egbert Rose's character? Nothing except the bits gathered from his sister's talks, and from the letters I received, all of which were in his praise, of course. And from these I went to work erecting a beautiful idol, possessing all manly virtues which I loved, called by his name, and almost worshiped.

"But the awakening from my dream of happiness came soon, and I find myself united for life to one whom I can neither respect nor love. Do not look so shocked, Flo, for I know you could not respect a man who spends his entire time in trading horses, hunting, fishing and loafing, while everything here is falling to pieces and the farm running to waste. If it were not for the hired man and my own exertions, I believe we should all starve.

"When we first came here he repaired the house and did a little work on the farm, but old habits are strong, and he soon got back into them. Many a time have I cut the wood with which to cook our dinner, when the men were busy in the harvest field, while this man, my husband, was off hunting or fishing. Do you wonder I have no respect for him? and as for love, can you love one you do not respect? Could you love a man who prefers the society of a tavern to that of his own home, and the smiles of a wild set of companions to that of his own wife and child?

"No, he never abuses me, and so far as I know, he has no bad habits beyond those I have mentioned. He loves me, I know, as much as a thoroughly selfish and indolent man can love another, and he has the ability to become a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"An only son, he was carefully reared—too carefully. My boy, if he lives, will be taught while young to work. Much money was spent on his education. But it is the old story of the sluggard, and it seems impossible for him to work at all for any length of time.

"It was my own folly that placed me where I am, and there is no one to blame besides myself, unless it be his sister. She knew us both, and should have spoken a word of warning in time. It is very seldom she comes here, she is ashamed, perhaps, to do so. But once she said to me, 'We all thought that when Egbert was married and had a family to support he would be more ambitious, fix up things and make a man of himself.'

"I prayed, before baby came, that I might die, perhaps it was wicked, was it? But God would not hear, and now I must live for my child; he is my comfort, my all.

"I feel like crying out and warning every young girl to look well to her ways. Marriage is at best a lottery, a contract in which their life-long happiness is concerned; and yours, Flo, is the only true way; knowing each other so long before marriage, you are now, neither of you disappointed, but are able to be true to your marriage vows, and a help to each other. With you there will be no blissful dream suddenly ended; no terrible awakening to find yourself wedded to one you knew not.

"For how many enter thoughtlessly into matrimony, as did I! The novelty and romance of the affair blinded me. I knew but little of my lover, did not care to know more, but filled out all vacancies with my own imagination, painting a gay picture, with no clouds or dark background. 'It pleased me, the new life, the distant lover, and the envy of my friends.' (O, how my conscience smote me just then, when I thought of my own discontent and the letter written to you so long ago), but dearly have I paid for my folly."

Poor child! I could offer her but little comfort, yet the having one friend to whom she could confide all her troubles, seemed to quiet and soothe her, so that it was more the Beth of old who accompanied me back to the house.

As we retraced our steps I thought "the woods, the brook, the grassy meadows and old homestead are all here, just as we had pictured them so long ago. But instead of being beautiful, they seem to me now almost hateful, like a prison, and its walls fastening my Beth in."

Joe was waiting at the house for me, and with so many funny adventures to relate, that the dinner passed off quite merrily, and Beth's sweet laugh was heard more than once. Her husband had not yet returned, but he was not much missed, and to me his absence was a relief, as I doubted much my being able to treat him respectfully.

After dinner came a few old songs, and then the "good-byes" were said.

I can see Beth yet, as she stood there all alone in the waning light, on the steps of the old house, baby laughing in her arms, but she, with a face white as death and eyes that haunt me yet (I saw some like them in a picture once, which represented a mother in vain trying to keep the birds from the bodies of her dead sons), she stood there, watching us until a bend of the road hid us from view. I have heard from her since—her life is the same, but she is going home on a visit this winter, and has promised to visit me.

"Am I contented?" Does the question need answering?

But here comes Joe, and supper not ready. I had no idea it was so late! I must close hastily and fly to the kitchen. FLO.

—*Woman's Journal.*

Beards.

Exceptionally long beards have always attracted a good deal of attention, and history records many instances of this kind. Rauber von Talberg, a German knight, and Councillor of Maximilinn II. (d. 1575), rejoiced in a beard which reached to his feet, and from there again to his waist. John Mayo, a celebrated painter of the sixteenth century, who accompanied Charles V. in his campaign, had a beard so long that although he was a tall man, it would hang upon the ground when he stood upright; he wore it, therefore, fastened to his girdle.

George Killingworth, sent by Queen Mary as one of her agents in 1555 to Czar Ivan the Terrible, is said to have had a beard five feet two inches long. In the olden time, when every part of the body had its price, the beard was valued at twenty shillings—a large sum for the time—while the loss of a leg was only estimated at twelve shillings.

We can easily imagine that at periods when the beard and whiskers were looked upon as ornamental, false beards were substituted for the genuine article. Pedro IV. of Aragon (1351) found himself compelled to prohibit his Catalonian subjects from wearing false beards. But the most singular substitute is the golden beard, which, Chrysostemus says, was worn by the Kings of Persia. Suetonius says the same of Caligula, the Roman Emperor. According to Andreas Favyn, the Kings of France of the first dynasty wore beards entwined with gold threads. Duke Renatus of Lorraine was the last, and it is related that he wore at the funeral of Charles of Burgundy, who died at Nancy in 1477, a beard of gold thread hanging down to his girdle. As Jupiter was sometimes adorned with a golden beard the phrase *auream barbam habere* was equivalent to saying *Deum esse*.

Beards were at various times taxed in England. Thus we read in *Notes and Queries* that the Sheriff of Canterbury paid three shillings and four pence for wearing a beard. In the first year of Elizabeth every beard of above a fortnight's growth was taxed three shillings and sixpence; but the law was too absurd to be enforced. The duty imposed upon beards by Peter the Great was a ruble (about three shillings). This tax met with a fate similar to that of Elizabeth's and was soon canceled.

The development of the beard, as well as the hairiness of the body, differs not merely in different races, but also in families of the same race. In Europe and a portion of Asia beards prevail until we go beyond India, when gradually beards disappear, as is the case with the Siamese, Chinese and Japanese.

—A "Home for Homeless Boys" has just been constructed in New York. It cost $300,000 and was erected by subscriptions, no one person giving more than twenty-five cents.

For Young Readers.

"I'LL TRY."

To-day, as I went down the street,
I passed my neighbor's yard,
Where at a task a little lad
Was working very hard.
He tried, and failed, and tried again,
And every failure met
With a determined air that said:
"I'm bound to conquer yet!"

Another boy stood idly by
With hands in pockets thrust,
And watched the little fellow work
As those who conquer must.
"Now what's the use?" he said. "I'm sure
You can't do that, nor I."
"Perhaps I can't," the other said,
"But anyway, *I'll try!*"

Ah! that's the spirit, boys, that wins!
Don't stand before your work
With idle hands, afraid of it;
The victors never shirk.
Just wrapple with the task, my boys;
You'll conquer by-and-by;
Those always fail who say: "I can't."
Those win who say: "I'll try!"
—*Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.*

IN FRETFUL LAND.

She had very bright eyes, rosy cheeks, a sweet, laughing mouth, and her name was Ellen; but I am sorry to add, she was sometimes called "fretful Ellen."

She had a great many trials. I suppose that was the reason she had become fretful so early in life. If she went to walk, it was too warm, or the wind was too cold. She found the potatoes too hot for breakfast, and mamma would not allow her to drink coffee. If she was left alone with her little brother Archie, he was certain to pull her hair or to tear her book. At school she complained very often to the teacher that some one was pinching her; but the worst trial of all was brother Tom. He had a hateful red book, and every time she cried or whined he would take it out and write down something like this;

"8 a. m. Ellen cried because her boots buttoned hard."

"8:30 Ellen cried because there were no sponge cakes for lunch."

One day there were twenty-seven such entries, every one of which Tom read aloud at tea. You can see she had a very trying life, and things seemed to get worse as she grew older.

One warm day in early summer, after an unusual number of trials, the climax was reached when she saw there were no strawberries for tea. She made everyone so uncomfortable that she was sent away to stay in her room. Ellen sat down by the window where she could look into the pleasant little yard and see the tulips and syringas. She saw some robins flying about the maple tree, and a cat crawling under the bushes looking as contented as possible. She wondered why every thing looked so happy when she was so miserable.

Suddenly everything in the yard seemed to change in a most astonishing manner, and the queerest looking old man, with his face puckered up into a scowl, came walking on the piazza roof toward her.

When he spoke his voice was crosser than the crossest child's you ever heard.

"How do you like my country?" he said.

"I don't know," replied Ellen. "Where am I?"

"In the Fretful Land," said the scowling man. "Here you will see all the cross and discontented people and things. Those tulips over there in the corner, with their heads bent down and covered with dust, did not like to bloom so early in the season, so we brought them here where nothing blooms. That rough-looking robin with his head under his wing, would not sing because his song was not as sweet as a canary's. Nothing sings here."

"But what is the matter with that tree?" interrupted Ellen.

"That," said the man, "that is a maple tree that was discontented because it could not bear acorns like an oak."

"What does ail that cat?" said Ellen, forgetting her fright in her curiosity. "It does nothing but stand there and growl, looking as if its fur had been rubbed the wrong way."

"All cats look so in the Fretful Land," said the queer man. "Would you like to see how little girls look?" Quick as a wink he drew a little mirror out of his pocket and held it before her. She saw her own face so twisted up in an ugly frown that it looked like the queer man's, and try as hard as she could, she could not make it straight.

"Oh!" she cried, "will it always look so?"

"Of course; you are in the Fretful Land now."

"But I don't want to stay here," cried Ellen.

"That makes no difference," said the cross voice, "it's the only place for you."

Ellen started up in horror, thinking she would run away from the dreadful country. As she did so there was a great crash which made her open her eyes, to find that the cross man was gone, and she was in her own room with her chair tipped over at her feet. It was dark and the moonbeams were stealing across the carpet. Before she could realize what had happened, her mother came in exclaiming, "What a noise! You must have fallen out of your chair. You have been sleeping so soundly that I did not like to disturb you."

"I tried to get away from Fretful Land, and my chair tipped over," said Ellen, still rubbing her eyes.

"You have been dreaming," said her mamma; "now you must get into bed for a nice, long sleep."

"Good-night, mamma," said Ellen, wondering if her face looked as cross as it did in the queer man's mirror.

The next day Ellen was very quiet and subdued, and Tom had only three cries in his book, and gradually there was a decided improvement in her manner. She never told any one of the Fretful Land; but I fancy she thought the more.—*Congregationalist.*

Laughed At.

I suppose all my little readers are occasionally laughed at, and that none of them enjoy it very much. When one has made a mistake, or your friends get a good joke at your expense, you can join in the laugh as heartily as those who perpetrated the joke. But when people laugh at you and you do not know why they laugh, it is often mortifying, if not vexatious. That was my experience not long ago, and it was quite amusing. I am going to let you enjoy it.

One afternoon a company of friends went to the sea shore to have a good time, and among them a little girl and her mother. They walked up and down a beautiful sandy beach, sat on the broad shaded piazza of a fine hotel, enjoying the music from a good band, and watching the hundreds of people enjoying the beauties of the place, like themselves. The little folks were busy in every direction digging wells and making forts in the sand, bright and happy as the sunshine that surrounded them.

The little girl took her doll with her, as she did on nearly every occasion, and pointed out to Miss Mary, as she called her, all the beauties of the place. Then, as she received a present of a little pail and shovel, with an invitation to a good dig in the sand, she handed Miss Mary to her mother, charging her to take care of the child until her return, and not let her fall into the ocean, or go out in any of the sail-boats, and went off full of glee with her friends to a distant part of the beach.

The mother, conversing with her friends on the piazza, held the doll, and, after a little while, as two gentlemen friends suggested a walk, she rose and absent-mindedly putting her arm about Miss Mary, started out. Before they had gone far she noticed that every person coming towards her seemed full of laughter, that ladies and gentlemen glanced at her, and then smiled significantly at each other, until she felt sure that there must be something peculiar in her dress or looks to cause so much merriment.

She felt each side of her bonnet, wondering if the long bonnet pins were standing out, and giving her a ridiculous appearance, but no, they were all secure in their places. Then she felt of her tie, wondered if her collar was awry, and, as different ones approached, each person breaking out into a smile as they drew near, she began to wish that she had not started, and was decidedly uncomfortable.

Finally, as a company of young people passed, smiling like the rest, but unlike the others, unable to restrain their risibles, broke out into a merry laugh as one remarked, "Did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" it instantly dawned upon the unfortunate lady that she was promenading up and down the beach, a gentleman on either side, conversing as though she were a sane person, and she, tall and large, carrying this little doll on her arm. It was ridiculous enough when discovered, and the gentlemen, as well as the lady who had been the cause of all this merriment, laughed heartily.

Poor, innocent Miss Mary, who looked so pretty as her little blue-eyed "mamma" carried her about, but presented so entirely different appearance in the arms of her tall, absent-minded "grandmother," was immediately concealed, while the lady and friends walked back to the hotel, noticing as they went the look on the faces of the passers-by, as though they said: "That doll has vanished. She's discovered what we were laughing at."

So sometimes when we are inclined to grow indignant at the unexplained smiles of other people, it is quite possible we might join in the laugh ourselves if we could only discover the cause of their merriment.—*Chicago Standard.*

Duty and Pleasure.

Most children would reply, if asked which they loved to do best—things for pleasure or from a sense of duty—that they want to do without any duty about it. Now children may believe that a selfish pleasure gratified brings to themselves the greatest possible happiness. But, children, if you just study your own hearts a short time or through all your lives, you will find that duty combined with pleasure brings to yourself far greater happiness than any indulgence in pleasure where you feel no duty, either real or imaginary. God has implanted in every heart the love of doing our duty toward Him, ourselves and all with whom we have any relation in life. We have it much in our power to teach ourselves to enjoy the discharge of every duty faithfully. Our characters are our individual creations to a very great extent. We may complain and make ourselves wretched over the inevitable, or we may obtain much innocent enjoyment from the discharge of little duties in everyday life.—*Little Gem.*

One of Horace Greeley's Schemes.

The lands comprising the once famous "Sylvanian Home," near Lakawaxen, Pa., founded as a socialistic enterprise by Horace Greeley, are now ownerless, having been offered for sale by the County Treasurer for accumulated taxes, but no purchaser could be found. When Mr. Greeley purchased the property it comprised 2,000 acres, and in 1843 he founded the Home. About three hundred people lived there. All property was held in common; a commissary elected by the members provided all the food, which was served three times a day, at one large table. On Sundays the chaplain delivered a sermon, and twice a week dances were held. The proceeds of the labor of the various artisans connected with the society went into the treasury, and affairs were progressing to Greeley's satisfaction, when it was decided to erect a temple. The ground was selected, the foundation put in and the corner-stone laid with imposing ceremonies, Mr. Greeley himself delivering the address. Bickering and jealousy arose among the members, work ceased, the association went to pieces, and Greeley was stuck for $20,000. The property afterwards passed into the hands of a wealthy gentleman, the agents he entrusted it with fired the buildings, collected the insurance money and fled the country. Nearly fifty miles of splendidly-constructed stone walls, the work of the society, yet remain in place, forming the only remaining sign of what was once a town of nearly five hundred inhabitants.

—The appointment of four negroes on the Philadelphia police force has been followed by the resignation of one white officer.

—Comanche Bill says Buffalo Bill is no frontiersman, and Buffalo Bill says Comanche Bill is a tenderfoot fraud.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1881.

Committee Meeting.

The Republican County Central Committee, and as many of the members of the District Committees as can be present, will meet at Sturgiss drug store, Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 13th, at 4 o'clock.

A. G. STURGISS, Chairman.

The President was removed from the White House to Elberon, Long Branch, Tuesday. All of the arrangements for the transfer were successfully carried out, and the President stood the journey remarkably well, his pulse on the arrival of the train at Elberon being only 102. It began to rise, however, soon after he was taken into the cottage, and at 6:30 P. M. stood at the uncomfortably high figure of 124, his temperature being 101.6 and respiration 18. There was a general feeling of despondency when the evening bulletin was issued, but the physicians did not share it, as they had expected that the journey would result in a temporary increase of pulse and temperature. Late dispatches indicated no change in the President's condition, except that his pulse was a trifle lower.

A fire in Lonaconing Wednesday destroyed forty-two buildings. Loss, $188,000. Insurance $56,000.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, is again suffering from the cancerous sore on his tongue, which it was supposed had been extirpated by an operation performed several weeks since. He has gone to Philadelphia to consult Dr. Goss in relation to another operation.

As the arrangements for the Yorktown centennial celebration are developed, some idea of the grand scale on which it is to be conducted is afforded. It is believed that the various States are contributing at least 30,000 of their citizen soldiery. The Governors of the various States, with their staffs, will alone form a small regiment.

The man captain Cook, who slapped a vulgar blackguard in the mouth for insulting words about the President, and was rewarded by a penny subscription collected by the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which has reached five hundred and more dollars, has, we are sorry to learn, just met with a sad misfortune. He was nominated last week for the Legislature.

President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, Monday evening in a letter to Secretary Blaine made a formal tender of his private car "Maryland" to the President's family and physicians for use when they would leave Long Branch for Mentor. The car and also several cars will stand ready for any orders by telegraph. Mr. Garrett also offered the exclusive use of the hotels at Oakland or Deer Park for the President for a resting place on the way from Long Branch to Mentor, and all the facilities of the Mt. Clare workshops and its thousand of operatives to do anything that may be needed for the President's comfort. The offer was accepted by Secretary Blaine for the President with a letter of thanks. Secretary Windom, who has frequently been a guest at Deer Park, says that he thought a trip there for the President would be preferable to Long Branch.

Maryland Military for Yorktown.

Brigadier General James R. Herbert will in a few days issue an order to the State militia announcing that the various military organizations throughout the State intending to take part in the Yorktown centennial celebration will be required to report Saturday, October 15, in this city, at the City Hall, where they will be formed into line, and with the Fifth Regiment, of this city, parade some of the principal streets. This, strictly speaking, will be the regular law parade, after which, at 5 o'clock that afternoon, they will all embark on the steamer Mason L. Weems, at Light-street wharf, and start to Yorktown, where they will arrive early Sunday morning. The tents will have been erected, floored and all arranged for the reception of the troops prior to their arrival. The State will pay for the transportation of all the troops from their homes and return, but the cost of the rations must be borne by the men. The same contractors who furnish the Fifth Regiment will probably supply all the other companies. All the Maryland troops will be under the immediate command of Gen. Herbert, who will be accompanied by his full staff of officers. The out-of-town companies will be formed into two battalions of five companies each, and will be under the command of the senior captain, unless an election for field officers should take place prior to October 15. All mounted officers will take their horses with them. Gov. Hamilton will be in camp one or two days, but Adjutant General Watkins and the governor's staff will probably be there the whole time of the encampment. The troops will be gone seven days. The cost per day for the No. 1 rations, consisting of beef, bacon, vegetables, etc., will be about forty cents. Of course each mess can buy oysters and fish if they wish to have those extras. Each company will be permitted to carry two servants. The military companies which will go to Yorktown, as announced by Gen. Herbert, are as follows: Fifth Regiment, in command of Col. Stewart Brown, about 400 muskets; First Battalion M. N. G., composed of Garrett Guards, of Oakland, Capt. Wardwell; Voltigeurs, Capt. Henry J. Johnson, Hamilton Light Infantry, Capt. Robert Gordon, both of Allegany county; Hagerstown Riflemen, Capt. H. Kyd Douglass; Liganore Guards, Capt. D. Danver, of Frederick county. Second Battalion—Bond Guards, of Catonsville, Capt. D. P. Barnett; Towson Guards, Capt. John Ridgeley; Frederick Rifles, accompanied by a full brass band, Capt. James McSherry; Annapolis Governor's Guards. Capt. Green, and Kent Guards, Capt. John Boardley. The Companies from the counties will each number nearly forty muskets.—*Balto. Gazette.*

The following comments of the London *Lancet*, which is probably the most ably edited medical journal in the world and which is the official organ of the English surgeons, are worth a careful persual as giving probably as valuable and conservative a view of President Garfield's case as anything that has been published. The article is based upon the latest telegraphic information at the White House. It is as follows: "We do not think the healing of President Garfield's wound will be promoted by probings to learn how far granulation has proceeded. The most favorable signs are the fall of temperature to the normal and the frequency of the pulse. This is a thoroughly safe criterion of increased strength and the subsidence of blood poisoning, and together with the improved power of digestion, ability to sleep soundly, mental clearness and cheerfulness affords solid grounds for the hope of recovery. The case is a striking illustration of the power of a good constitution to hold up against illness that would certainly have killed a feebler person; but another failure in the President's digestive powers or symptoms of blood-poisoning might at any time turn the balance against him, and what we have hitherto insisted upon so often we are bound to repeat—that President Garfield will not be out of danger until the wound is healed."

The Anti-Ringites "Enthused."

A change has come over the dreams of the leaders as well as the rank and file of the O. L. D.'s. The first notification of the Governor's intention to retain in office the registers of voters accused of incapacity and misconduct aroused in them a feeling of hostility against the present occupant of the gubernatorial chair, and for a moment discouraged them in their political warfare against the ring bosses. But upon the sober second thought wiser counsels prevailed, and they have agreed, in solemn conclave, to give Governor Hamilton another chance before repudiating him as one of their leaders. This conclusion was reached at a meeting held Friday night at Covenant Hall, corner Howard and Lexington streets, which was attended by all of the O. L. D. candidates who have accepted the nominations of the Committee of One Hundred (except Mr. Whyte), and also by the members of the latter body, there being present altogether about one hundred and fifty persons. The meeting was called especially to sider Governor Hamilton's decision. The majority of those in attendance looked grave and solemn before the meeting opened. They openly expressed their disapprobation of his conduct, and thought that there was sufficient evidence to warrant the removal of the registers. But it soon became known that important information was to be imparted to the meeting by those had seen the Governor and discussed the subject with him. It appears that Mr. James Broumel, who is the O. L. D. candidate for the City Council in the Eighteenth ward, visited the Governor ten days ago, when it was expected that his opinion would be rendered, for the purpose of ascertaining what action was proposed, and if a removal was decided upon to favor the claims of some of his friends for register of the Eighteenth ward. Mr. Broumel passed a whole night with the Governor, who was very reticent on the subject of his opinion, but very loquacious on other matters.

"I will permit no violation of the law, sir, at the next registration, sir," said the Governor, emphatically; "and by the eternal, sir, if any complaint is made to me of any register of voters failing to do his duty, I will examine into his conduct at once and dismiss him. I will have no dishonest men in the offices, sir. Let them present evidence that the register, after being informed of the disqualification of a person on his list, failed to make diligent inquiry and refused to strike the name of such a person from the list, and I will at once try him. I will not have it, sir. It shall not be done, sir. But, then you people in Baltimore must do your duty, sir. You must not postpone the presentation of these names to the registers until the last day of their sitting, sir. Bring them to his attention at once; and the register must within a reasonable time do his duty, or you shall bring him to judgement. They must comply with the law, sir. No violation of it will be tolerated at the next registration, sir. I shall see to it that there is a clean registration; and I shall further see that your supervisors of elections give you good judges of elections.

When these expressions of the Governor became known to the persons at the meeting, an easier feeling began to prevail, and cheerfulness soon took the place of despondency. In this mood the meeting was called to order. The members wanted somebody to excite their enthusiasm, and Mr. Joseph S. Heuisler was called upon for a speech. "The independent Democratic movement," he began, "is stronger to day than it would have been had the Governor removed the registers. The Governor has laid down the law, and has authorized the announcement to be made that no violations of it will be permitted during the approaching registration. The decree has gone forth that the registers must do their plain duty under pain of dismissal. Now, let the citizens put their shoulders to the wheel; let them demand the purging of the registration lists, and place before the register the names of persons disqualified and still on the registry lists, and we will soon have a pure registry, and, with good judges, a pure ballot. There is no stopping of this movement. The Governor has demonstrated to those who have never ceased to attack him in the most indecent manner that, as a judge, he entertains no partisan feeling. He tells the registers plainly, 'this is your first offence, and as you plead ignorance and the example of your predecessors, I shall deal mercifully with you. But beware of repeating the offence. No grace will be shown you if you again violate the law.'"

Mr. M. Bannon, better known as the Amateur Politician, followed. "The Governor," he said, "after examining the law, found that he could do nothing else. But you may be sure that he will not allow the repetition of these violations without visiting the registers with the severest punishment. He is determined to have the law enforced, and he will stop at nothing to secure to the people of Baltimore a pure registration and a fair ballot. I have found that some people in Baltimore were dissatisfied with the Governor. But they must be convinced that he has done right. He holds a rod over the registers, and virtually says to them: 'I shall give you another trial. The registration books open next week, and if you go on in your old ways you shall receive no merciful consideration at my hands.' These are the Governor's sentiments, and you will find that he will act up to them."

Mr. Broumel also took the floor. "I know whereof I speak," he said, "when I say that the Governor will not allow any man to hold his office as register who knowingly violates the law. I have it from the Governor himself that he will see justice done to the people of Baltimore. But he requires of us to do our share of duty. He wants us to notify the register of voters as early as possible to strike from their lists the names of such persons as have no business to be there. We must not postpone that to the last moment." Other speeches were made all in the same spirit, until J. B. Corbitt, of the Fourth ward, rose and censured the Governor for not removing the registers. The general impression, however, was that the Governor had acted properly, and that compliance by the registers with his instructions will accomplish all that the O. L. D.'s desire.

Woman's Duties Never End.

The question as to how many hours constitute a day's work is one with which most people are familar. It has been fought over by at least two generations, with the result that the working day has been reduced from thirteen or fourteen hours to ten, with benefit to both employer and employed, and as not one man in a dozen can work even ten hours a day without saving himself in morning in order to last until six in the evening, the chances are that the eight hour movement will finally succeed. But although in the field and shop, New England mills excepted, a day's labor for men is included in ten hours, what has woman gained by the labor agitation? No one woman in a hundred works in store or factory; her duties, either as mistress or servant, are performed in the home, and there is no exaggeration in the statement that they never end. From the lighting of the kitchen fire, or the waking of the children to the extinguishing of the last light in the house, woman's brain and hand must be busy, and wealth generally increases her labor instead of diminishing it. The shop girl has her work assigned to her; she has only to begin, without any forethought, at a stated hour and end at another, but every successful mistress of a household, small or great, must combine the qualities of designer, overseer and workman, and realize that not only property, but health, and life itself are in one way or other seriously affected by her work. Perhaps ninety-nine women in a hundred fail to realize the responsibilities of their position; but, all the same, their work must be done. How it is done every careful observer knows; in spite of health, love and money, the most fortunate classes of the sex are generally composed of women who are practically used up before men of the same age have even reached their prime. The finest looking specimens of manhood, in every class, are to be found among men between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, but how many comely women can be found even among those who have compassed only the smaller number of years mentioned above? The home work of woman, whether she be wife or servant, needs revision; if only genius can enable a person to be at the same time master and servant, nurse and ruler, then genius in this direction, if there is any, should make itself known for the benefit of those who are fighting magnificently against overwhelming odds. With a slighter physique than man, a physique that is occasionally subject to peculiar duties to which that of man can offer no parallel, woman is expected to daily endure a strain that no man would tolerate for any length of time. Until what is modestly called housekeeping is recognized as the noble science that it really is, and is carefully studied, the slaughter of women by overwork will continue, for at present it requires that every woman shall be a prodigy of sense, industry and endurance.

Sleep for Children.

If you would perserve your children from wasting disease, do not stint them in their sleep; chlorotic girls and weakly babies need all the rest they can get. If they are drowsy in the morning, let them sleep; it will do them more good than stimulants and tonic syrups. For school children in their teens, eight hours of quiet sleep is generally enough, but do not restrict them to fixed hours; in midsummer there should be a siesta corner in every house, a lounge or an old mattress in the coolest nook of the hall, or a hammock in the shade of the porch, where the little ones can pass the sleep-inviting afternoons. Nor is it necessary to send them to bed at the very time when all nature awakens from the torpid influence of the day star; sleep in the atmosphere of a stifling bedroom afford no rest and no pleasant dreams. But an hour after sunset there will be a change; the night wind arises and the fainting land revives; cool air is a febrifuge and nature's remedy for the dyspeptic influences of a sultry day. Open every window, and let you children share the luxury of the last evening hour; after breathing the fresh night air for a while they will sleep in peace.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Ten thousand people are directly or indirectly connected with the municipal machinery of New York city, drawing salaries from the city treasury, including the police and the political laborers that are always making believe they are at work on the uptown avenues and boulevards; that is to say, 2,000 more men than Gen. Scott had when he entered the Mexican capitol some thirty years ago. Comptroller Campbell says there are sinecures in the various departments which have been created by the politicians, and he calls upon the "heads" accordingly to suppress them in the interest of municipal economy, but his calls will probably be in vain.

American Progress.

The lower strata of the population of our country, says Charles A. Speer, is composed almost entirely of a heterogeneous mass of emigrants, who hail from almost every country under the sun. Irish, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians and Poles compose almost the whole of our laboring classes. This fact is in itself significant of the elevation of the masses of native born Americans. A prominent manager in one of our largest Western iron mills informes me that on his laborers' pay roll there is not a single native born American, while his whole quota of civil engineers, machinist, mechanics, blacksmiths, and almost all positions where skill and intelligence are required, are filled by Americans.

"In fact," says he, I always engage an American before a person of any other nationality, because I find them naturally more rapid, skillful and accureat in all branches where brain work combined with mechanical ingenuity is required. I consider them faster workmen than either the English or Germans."

The gentlemen was himself an Englishman, born and and raised among English workingmen, and a man of wide experience among workmen of all classes and nationalities. Should we not be proud of this evidence of growth and advancement among our countrymen? Hardly a man among them who has not intelligence enough to elevate him above the level of animals and mere brute forces, and enables him to live and go on advancing by the aid of that mind which God has given us to rule over such forces. Barely a century's growth has sufficed to place us head and shoulders above all other nations in that popular intelligence which gives evidence of a rapidly advancing civilization.

Easy Enough.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says that it is easy enough to predict the weather if you only follow the right rules. Here are some of them: "An intensely blue sky indicates a temporary absence of cluds. Under other circumstances, again, an intensely blue sky indicates a tornado. When the sun rises behind a bank of clouds, and the clouds hang low all around the horizon and all over the sky, and the air feels damp and there is a fine drizzling mist blowing, the indications are there will be rain somewhere in the United States or Canada. When it begins to thunder look out for lightening. To see the head of the family feeling in his right hand pocket, then in his vest pockets, then in his hip pocket, then in his coat pockets and then whistling at his ceiling, indicates 'no change.' If he suddenly stops whistling at the ceiling and expands his face into a broad grimace of delight, it means 'unexpected change.' If the corn husks are very thick, the winter will be colder than the summer. If the corn husks are very thin the summer will be warmer than the winter. If the corn husks are neither too thin nor too thick, the summer will be warm and the winter will be cold. If the weather prophet predicts a rainy season, and it happens to rain away out in Calaveras county, and is as dry as a bone all over the rest of American, this rain must be set down to the credit of the weather breeder, and all the dry time counts for nothing."

A fresh and curious illustration of the necessity for precision in drawing up a will has just been afforded by the latest testament of the late Matthew Vassar. It is known that he intended to divide seven thousand dollars among seven churches in which he felt an interest, but by a little mistake he has in effect bestowed upon them seven times seven. This was done by the inadvertent insertion of the word "each," so that the will bequeaths not seven but forty-nine thousand dollars. It would be a nice question in casuistry to decide whether under the circumstances the churches would be morally justified in taking advantage of their benefactor's slip; but probably the persons interested will not have much difficulty in persuading themselves that it is incumbent upon them to take the benefit of the doubt.

The annual convocation of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, of I. O. O. F., of the United States and the Canadas, will be held this year at Cincinnati on the third Monday (19th) of September. John M. Jones and Charles H. Rawlings are the grand Representatives of the Maryland Grand Lodge, and Judge Henry F. Garey and John E. McCahan, of the Grand Encampment.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria, are cured by "Seller's Liver Pill."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Augusta, Ga., has now in operation 175,000 spindles in her cotton mills, representing an investment of $5,000,000.

The whisky product of the United States for last year was 2,040,000 barrels. By calculation that would give 8t drinks to every man, woman and child of the population.

A forest fire that has consumed thousands of acres near Atslon, N. J., was started by a spark from a locomotive last Thursday. The Hammonton cranberry bog of several hundred acres has been burned over.

Wm. Pickhardt is building the tallest of private residences in New York, which is to cost $290,000. It will be 52 feet front by 125 feet in depth, with a height of 120 feet above the curb and 20 feet below it. There will be six stories, besides a basement, cellar and sub-cellar, making in all nine stories.

The destroyed town of New Ulm, Minn., is being rapidly rebuilt, and in a few weeks few traces of the tornado's path will be left. The cash contributions have amounted to $37,188, and tho new houses, built by direction of the Relief Committee, are now nearly all completed.

A sea cow from South America has been received in New York. It is five feet long, and weighs about one hundred pounds. Its nose is exactly that of a yearling calf, and it subsists entirely upon herbs. After filling its maw with cabbage it ruminates like a cow. It lives in fresh water, and the Croton is allowed to stand three days in the sun before being placed in his tank, to make it more like his native element.

An eminent Indiana judge, whose name is not given, is reported as having broken a faro-bank at Indianapolis, while indulging in a debauch that annually overcomes him in vacation time.

Port Jervis, N. Y., was visited on Thursday by a curious phenomenon. The sun was obscured all day by a haze, though no clouds were visible, making it necessary to use gas in rooms not well lighted. There are no forest fires in the vicinity, and no odor of smoke could be detected. For a week past the atmosphere has been more or less hazy.

A sexton and his enemy fought in a churchyard at Millshoro', Del., and the sexton was thrown into a freshly dug grave. The other undertook to bury him alive, and had almost completed the job when help came.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decides that a person who has paid a part of the purchase money on property, but who is not entitled to the ownership until the entire price is paid, has an insurable interest in the property to the extent of his own interest therein. This ruling applies to the purchase of pianos, sewing machines or household furniture on the installment plan.

A Bohemian farmer in Putnam township, Iowa, was found dead in a field on Saturday morning. He had been attacked by a Jersey bull, which had almost torn his body into shreds. His head was entirely detached from his body, and one leg was hanging to the brute's horn. The animal endangered the lives of all who attempted to approach him, and he had to be shot six times before he fell.

Louis J. Braillard, a prosperous silk dyer in New York, committed suicide on Saturday by hanging himself in his dye-house. He had been married twelve years, and within the last five or six years he has buried seven children. His last child, a boy two years old, died on Staten Island a few weeks ago, and there is no doubt that grief over the death of his last pet overmastered his reason. He is to be buried beside his children in Staten Island.

Mr. M. P. Key, of Memphis, Tenn., has invented a machine gun, which is described as consisting of a number of barrels placed horizontally, and then encased in such a manner as to throw its balls eleven inches apart at a given distance. This case is then placed on an artillery carriage, the same as other guns. Two other cases, similarly made, are then placed on this one, and are made to open like a lady's fan. Its capacity will be more than 3,000 shots per minute, and sweep the entire arc of a circle in two or three minutes.

They organized a debating society in Deadwood last week. The fact that the President was a dead shot and sat with two revolvers in hand kept the society in comparative quiet while the questions, "Ought a flush royal to beat four aces?" and "Is it wicked to lynch Mexicans on Sunday?" were debated. But when they tackled the question, "Ought you to fire when a man reaches for his hip pocket, or are you bound to wait till you see whether it's a revolver or whiskey bottle he's drawing?" the President couldn't control them and five funerals was the result.

LOCAL NEWS.

—3 good C gars for 5cts., at Cheap John's.

—Mr. Harry Lear, left Monday for Salem, Va., to attend Romoke College.

—Mr. Delphey T. E. Casteel left for Morgantown this week, to attend the University.

—Toys, accordeons, drums, flags &c., at Cheap John's.

—Several cattle have died in the Meadow mountain region of this county recently for want of water.

—Tobacco is advancing, but Cheap John still sells 3 good cigars for 5cts., and don't you forget it.

—The September term of the Circuit Court convenes next Monday. The County Commissioners also meet on the same day.

—"Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

—Miss Laura Stalnaker commenced a private school in the public school building Monday. She will continue her school until the opening of the public schools.

—Fine cigars and smoking tobacco, at Cheap John's.

—The Winchester Prestoytery met at Memorial Church, Oakland, Wednesday evening, about 40 delegates in attendance at the first session. It will be in session until Sunday.

—Mr. Arthur Townshend left Oakland for a visit of a few weeks to relatives and friends in Baltimore city and Prince Georges county. The press, at attraction, we suspect, is in Baltimore.

—Ice cold soda water and pop, at Cheap John's

—Attention is called to the professional card of C. C. Willison, Esq., a prominent young lawyer who has permanently located in Oakland for the practice of his profession. He will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland, Md., in all important cases.

—The first number of the Piedmont *Observer* has been received. It bears the name of G. T. Gosorn as editor and proprietor, and O. H. Bruce as local editor. It will be specially devoted to local interests, and will be Republican in politics. We are glad to add the *Observer* to our exchange list, and wish it abundant success.

—Oh yes! oh yes! darling Court Cheap John will have a full stock of fruit, melons, cakes, candies, nuts, &c.

—Died, at Mrs. Pritchard's boarding house, Oakland, Sept. 3d, 1881. Mr. A. B. Selg, of West Liberty, Ohio. Deceased came to Oakland with his wife and son about two months ago, seeking relief from the monster disease consumption, but he came too late, the disease having thoroughly undermined his constitution.

—Died, a few days since, near Mineral Springs, this county, Laura, daughter of Mrs. Lou. Hardon, and grand-daughter of B. H. Green, Esq., Laura was between eleven and twelve years of age, and was a sweet and affectionate little girl, loved by all who knew her. While we feel sad over the death of little Laura, we rejoice that she was one who Jesus delited to take up to Himself. May the Lord bless the mother and friends in their sad affliction.

P. T. G.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by a visitor.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by one of the Ministers attending the Presbytery.

Death of John J. Smith.

Mr. John J. Smith, the founder, and until his death the editor of *The Democrat*, died at his home in Oakland Monday evening last, after an illness covering a period of nearly two years, during which time he suffered almost continually, although was not confined to his room but a few weeks prior to his death.

Deceased was a substantial citizen, esteemed by all classes o society; a consistent member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Oakland, and while his health permitted he was a good Sunday School worker, a faithful teacher, and an active, energetic member of the Church Council. And although he was a strong and faithful Lutheran, he felt and expressed an interest in all denominations of the Christian Church.

The funeral services took place from his late residence Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, the pall-bearers being Col. J. W. Veitch, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Capt. Jas. A. Hayden, D. E. Offutt, W. P. Totten, Gilmor S. Hamill, and M. R. Hamill. The remains were deposited for the present in the Odd-Fellows Cemetery, and the solemn services were closed by Revs. Ison and Jones, of the M. E. Church, who assisted the Pastor Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Legs Broken.

A son of Mr. John Mackin, aged about ten years, residing about two miles West of Oakland, Tuesday last was thrown from a load of hay, and the wheel of the cart passed over his left leg, crushing it badly and breaking the bones.

On the same day an eight year old daughter of Mr. Hugh Moore, residing about four miles South of Oakland, had her leg broken just above the ankle, by falling while at play. Dr. Keller rendered surgical aid in both cases.

A National Camp Ground.

A party consisting of Maj. Alderson and Rev. Muslin, of Wheeling, Rev. E. W. Ryan, Presiding Elder of Wheeling District, M. E. Church, and Rev. W. C. Snodgrass, of Morgantown, W. Va., visited Oakland Monday for the purpose of purchasing land looking to the establishment of a national camp ground. After looking about the party concluded to purchase the Hoye lands, about two miles East of Oakland, on the B. & R. R. If this enterprise should be carried out it would be of inestimable benefit to the county in many ways.

—Since writing the above the purchase of 850 acres has been consummated and orders given to procure thirty laborers to go to work upon the grounds.

DEER PARK, Sept. 7th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—Died, near Little England appointment, Deer Park Circuit, September 2d, 1881, Mary C. Springer aged 69 years. Mother Springer had been a sufferer for years, but death came at last and not unexpected to her, and we trust she is at rest with the saved in heaven. She had been a member of the M. E. Church for about 55 years. The funeral was preached, and the burial services conducted by the writer at the Glendale Church.

The new M. E. Church in Deer Park is now in process of erection, with good prospect of soon having it under roof. Thanks to all who have thus far aided us in this worthy enterprise.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

Dr. E. Lloyd Howard Drowned.

Dr. E. Lloyd Howard, the resident physician at the Marine Hospital, Baltimore, was drowned at half-past twelve o'clock Monday, by falling from the tug Kate Jones, at the Commercial wharf, Fell's Point. He had been in the city on business, and after disposing of it, went to the Commercial wharf to await the arrival of the hospital boat, the Helen Treusch. Feeling somewhat tired, he seated himself on the stern of the tug Kate Jones, and was seen to lean forward to read the name of an Italian bark lying alongside the wharf. While in this position he lost his balance and fell forward into the water, when he immediately sank, and did not again come to the surface. Three members of the crew of the Italian bark, who saw the accident, jumped into the water, in the hope of saving him, but without avail. His hat and spectacle case were found lying on the tugboat. A number of men went to work dragging for the body, and recovered it fifteen minutes after one o'clock—three quarters of an hour after the occurrence. Mr. A. Rober Carter, Secretary of the Board of Health, was notified, and accompanied by Sheriff Smyrk, went to the wharf, where they found the body of the deceased. The spectacles which Dr. Howard wore when he fell into the water were in the same position when the body was recovered. The remains were taken to the Eastern Police Station, and Dr. Morris, the coroner, was notified. After hearing the statements of eye-witnesses, he declined holding an inquest, being satisfied that the drowning was purely accidental.

The sad intelligence was speedily conveyed to Col. James Howard, brother of deceased, who telegraphed it to Oakland, where his mother Mrs. Elizabeth Key Howard, and his brothers, McHenry and John Eager Howard, were spending the summer.

A Terrible Railroad Accident.

Tuesday morning westward bound express No. 8, of the B. & O. R. R. due at this station at 8.42 A. M. was an hour and a half late and the Wheeling accommodation left on time, 9.42 A. M. and reached Thornton, five miles east of Grafton before being overtaken by the faster express train. Just as the accommodation train was leaving Thornton the express came thundering up. The engineer saw the rear of the train and at once reversed the machinery and applied the air brake and endeavored to stop his locomotive, but, he states, the brake failed to act and the reversing did not stop the train before the locomotive went crashing into the rear car of the accommodation train, which was well filled with passengers, many of them ladies and children. The cylinders of the locomotive were crushed in and it is supposed a steam pipe was broken as the car was immediately filled with clouds of steam. Some of the passengers were crushed and otherwise injured, and all the injured—fifteen in number—were more or less scalded. News of the wreck was immediately telegraphed to Grafton, whence a relief train, with physicians and hastily-gathered remedies was at once dispatched to Thornton. All the injured were conveyed to Grafton and made as comfortable as possible at the railroad company's hotel there. In a few hours the train was gotten ready and started on its way west and ten of the fifteen injured passengers were able to proceed to their homes. The remaining five are more seriously hurt and it is feared that one or more of them may die. The most seriously hurt is Miss White, daughter of Col. Robert White, of Romney, Attorney General of West Virginia. The wife and two children of Professor Feldt, of Cranberry Summit, West Virginia, received painful injuries. The hurts of one of the children were sustained by being thrown from the car-window by its father, who thought that was the only means of saving its life. The names of the injured passengers who proceeded on their journey could not be ascertained.

The latest news received here is to effect that three of the injured have died. Names not given.

Court Docket--September Term.

ORIGINALS.

No. 1 Louis S. Kelm, vs. Albert Blekford. Hamill for plaintiff.

2 Louis S. Kelm, vs Rebecca J. Hiddinger and Levi Hiddinger, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff.

3 Samuel W. Wilhelm vs. Jonas Glotfelty. Hamill for plaintiff.

4 George H Williams, vs Garrett Dixon. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

5 Jonas Grimes, vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

6 Geo W Feats, vs Geo. W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

7 Calvin Teats, vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

8 John M Miller, vs Elias J Miller. Williams and Thomas for plaintiff.

9 Elizabeth Harman, vs David Evans. Blackiston, Ellegood & Fuller for plaintiff.

10 William Hooven, vs Henry Starke. Brown and Semmes for plaintiff.

11 Bosley & Lour, vs Arthur B Farquhar. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

12 Same vs same. Same counsel.

APPEALS.

No. 1 O. W. Helskell & Co., vs James B. Gower. Appeal from Justice Gonder.

2 Lochiel Lumber Company, vs George L Layman. Appeal from Justice Winterberg.

3 Wm A Coldington, vs Alpheus Welch. Appeal from Justice Kessler.

4 John H Gregg & Son, vs Daniel M Santemyer & Son. Appeal from Justice Warnick.

5 The Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, vs Edward B Fuller. Appeal from Justice Winterberg.

6 Lloyd C Stalnaker, vs Eva F Riggs. Appeal from Justice Gonder.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs Jacob P Gauer. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

2. Levi Comp vs Bernard Stidlog. Peddicord for plaintiff and Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

3. George H. Williams, vs Garrett Dixon, Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

4 John L. Browning, et al, vs Jos Adair, and Benj. Shaw. Peddicord and Cox for plaintiff, and Veitch and Hamill for defendants.

5 Crampton Harvey vs. James W. Abernathy. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

6 John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, executors, &c. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant.

7 Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch and Semmes for defendant.

8 Horace Resley, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F Deakins and Lou M. Deakins. Price and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defd't.

9 State of Maryland, use of John W Veitch vs Jos. Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendants.

10 Same, vs Jasper Guard, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

11 John H. Blackburn by his next friend Madison Blackburn, vs Christian F. Gempsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

12 H C Wilt & Co. vs John S Combs and H W Combs, executors of Wm Combs, deceased. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

13 Ellis P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

14 Levi C Tasker vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill and Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

15 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

16 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for def't.

17 J McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for def't.

18 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Grove and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant.

19 Sarah Ann Moses, by her next friend Arthur Pownall vs David Evans. Semmes for plaintiff and Peddicord & Combs and McDonald for defendant.

20 Howard & Wagner vs John Richardson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

21 Levi Teats vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

22 Wm Frey vs Simon Wolf. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

23 Jonathan Fichtner vs Charles Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

24 Jonathan Fichtner vs L Bush & Son. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

25 John A. Pelawder vs Geo D White. Peddicord & Combs for defendant, Cox and Semmes for defendant.

26 Cordilia E Delawder, by her next friend John A Delawder, vs Geo D. White. Same counsel as above.

27. A J Merrill vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Boyd & McCleve for defendant.

28. Varinda Cunningham, by her next friend Geo L Layman, vs School Commissioners of Garrett county. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for deft.

29. Henry Rowland and Samuel Bayard, vs. Jacob Snyder and Geo D White. Cox and Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

30. Helen S. Hessen, by her next friend H. W. Hessen, vs. same. Cox and Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

31. A Allen Perry vs John H Sumers. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

32. Elizabeth Biddinger vs Daniel Yommer, Price & Willison for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

33. John F Metts vs David Evans. Blackiston, Ellegood & Fuller for plaintiff, Brace & Richmond and McDonald for defendant.

34. James Demley and Mary M Demley, his wife, vs same. Same counsel.

35. Wm J. Metts vs same. Same counsel.

36. Wm H Metts vs same. Same counsel.

37. Benj F Metts vs same. Same counsel.

38. George Metts vs same. Same counsel.

39. Alexander Metts vs Same. Same counsel.

40. Howard Lease and and Rachel D. Lease, his wife, vs Same. Same counsel.

41. Annie Metts vs same. Same counsel.

42. W n A Spiker and Emily Spiker, his wife, vs same. Same counsel.

43. Samuel Teeters and Mary E Teeters, his wife, vs same. Same counsel.

44. Sarah J Metts vs same. Same counsel.

45. Charles O. Metts vs same. Same counsel.

46. Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and John Miller, Jr., her husband. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

47. John M Miller vs. Elias Miller. Williams Schley and Thomas for plaintiff.

48. Josiah H Gordon vs. J McMason. Gordon & Son for plff. Peddicord & Combs for deft.

49. Henry Rowland and Samuel Byard vs George Kildow, garnishee of Jacob Snyder. Cox and Semmes for plff, Hamill for deft.

50. Helen S Hessen by her next friend Harmon W Hessen, vs Charles H Sincell, garnishee of Jacob Snyder. Cox, Brace & Richmond for plff, Hamill for deft.

51. Henry Garlitz vs James Darsey, Brown, Cox and Semmes for plff, Price, Willison, Peddicord & Combs for deft.

52. John O'Brien vs the County Coms. of Garrett county. Combs for plff, Peddicord for deft.

53. Edward Margroff, Col., vs James Cunningham's Heirs. Peddicord & Combs for plff.

54. Jasper Guard, Col., vs Eleanor Davidson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

55 Same vs Emily F Bluebaugh. Same counsel.

56 Same vs Susan Minor. Same counsel.

57 Same vs Ellen King. Same counsel.

58 Same vs Charles H Gilpin. Same counsel.

59 Same vs Michael Cunningham. Same counsel.

60. Henry Weber and Wm. D. Hoye, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiffs, Boyd for defendant.

61. Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Mellinger. Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

62. A H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

63. Gray & Purdy, vs. James W. Newman. Hamill for plaintiff, Brown for defendant.

64. John Shatzer, vs. the Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for deft.

65. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendants.

66. Wm. P. Totten, vs. Alpha Hinebaugh. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

67. Johnson, Sutton & Co., vs. E. J. Fringer. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch and Townshend for defendant.

68. Solomon Armstrong, vs. Christian J. Brenneman and John Brenneman. Veitch & Townsbend and Gordon for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

69. Singleton Townshend, and Mary V. Townshend, vs. Daniel Yommer and John G. Breslinger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

70. Harriett Miller by John Miller, her husband, vs. Melchoir J. Miller. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

71. State of Md., vs. Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. Jasper Guard and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

72 Same vs. Edward Margroff, et al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

73. State of Md., use of Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. James Z. Browning, et al. Veitch & Townsbend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

74. Isaac Greenbaum & Sons, vs. E. J. Fringer. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.

75. State of Md., use Medairy & Bowers, vs. Jasper Guard, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

76. State of Md., use of Medairy & Bowers, vs. Edward Margraff, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

77. State of Md., use of Medairy & Bowers, vs. James Z. Browning et al. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

78 Madison Blackburn, vs. C. F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

79. Abraham Spiker vs Henry Russell and Susanah Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendants.

80. Frederick Cutter vs James Barnes and Henry Spiker, Jr. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Fuller for defendant.

81. Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler Combs vs William Klipstein and Berkely W Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants.

82. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord & Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant.

83. Lois Shrout, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Philip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

84. Brooks and Thrasher vs E G Blackburn. Hamill for plaintiff.

85. Louis S Kelm vs Samuel Harsherger. Hamill for plaintiff.

86 David P Welfley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defts.

87. George W Gassman vs John T Browning and Thomas J Browning. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

88. Rudolph Beckman vs John Beckmann. Hamill for plaintiff.

89. Norman Barnard vs Henry Beckman. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

90. Peter McCleary vs Wm. Ryland. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

91 Wm A Loraw, use Adair & Vickery, vs John L Browning et al. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, and Peddicord and Cox for defendant.

92. Wm Ryland vs Peter McCleary. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

93. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs James King. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

94. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs M W and H C Savage. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

95. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs Amanda B Hall. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

96. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs Mary Vansickle. Peddicord & Comb for plaintiff.

97. Jasper Guard, Collector vs Dawson V Hammond. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

MARYLAND NEWS.

A boy, three years old, the son of Thomas J. Beall, of Mount Savage, drank some concentrated lye, while on a visit to his grandmother last week, causing his death the same day.

The difficulty between Col. H. J. Johnson and Lieut. J. F. Harrison that occurred at the recent encampment at Oakland, has been settled by the latter making an apology to his commanding officer for the offensive language used. The Colonel on his part releases the Lieutenant from arrest.

Canal navigation is virtually suspended on account of low water and 150 boats are strung along the canal from the terminal 1 Dam No. 6. There is also a blockade below that point. Only two boats, loaded at Cumberland on Friday, and until there is a rainfall light boats at Cumberland will be scarce.

Three boys—George O'Brien, Geo. Pacock and Denis McDonald—aged, respectively, 11, 13 and 15, landed in Cumberland on Thursday from an express train, and attracting the attention of the police, were taken to the station. They confessed to being runaways from Washington city, and their friends were notified of their whereabouts.

Alanzo Briggs, who has a farm near Rockville, Montgomery county, and recently disappeared after selling a horse and mule in Washington, has been heard from. He is in the West, and has written to his wife, asking her to forgive him, but makes no explanation or expresses any intention to return. His wife and four children are living on his farm, which is in a fair state of cultivation.

A few evenings since a large party of ladies and gentlemen from one of the summer resorts on the Potomac participated in an excursion to Piney Point. When returning one of the ladies felt her hat jerked from her head, and turning round saw that a shark had it in his voracious jaws. A long ribbon hanging over the side of the boat had attracted the creature, but fortunately only the hat and not the head was taken.

The Washington College, near Chestertown, Kent county, will celebrate its centennial next spring, the Maryland legislature having in 1782 granted a charter widening the high grade free school formerly existing into a college. The first commencement was held on the 15th day of May, 1783, and the next day the corner-stone of the college building was laid by William Paca, then Governor of the state. General Washington was present at the first commencement and subscribed fifty guineas.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

Dr. Oeltg & Pfoutz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for White's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfoutz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfoutz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING.

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 td Baltimore.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 ly.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold on the most favorable terms: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

S. J. YUTZY.

Sept. 8th, 1881.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $1.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00. Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. S. PEW.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1870, chapter 248, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for five successive days, commencing the first Monday of September, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, 1881, from 9 o'clock a. m., to 6 o'clock, p. m.

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

BEATTY
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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

In for Life---How One Can be Buried Alive.

"This cell," said the Warden, as we reached 212, "belongs to one of the oldest lifers in this prison. I believe he has been here nigh on to thirty years and he bids fair to last for twenty more. He is a very singular man."

"His crime was murder, of course!"

"Yes, and a strange murder. He was then a young man of twenty-two, rather quiet, if not morose, and no one had ever heard him use an oath or seen him display even the smallest vice. Had he stolen an ax his friends would have been amazed, what could their feelings have been, then, when he was charged with murder? One night, with no earthly excuse for offense, he got out of bed, walked three miles to the house of a friend and called him out and stabbed him to the heart. He then retraced his steps to his home and returned to bed and slept soundly until morning, the bloody knife lying on a chair by his bedside. He made no effort to conceal his crime, and when arrested had no excuse for it. From the day the constable put hands on him up to this hour he has not spoken except when forced to. I have several times had to threaten him with the strap to make him answer my questions."

"Does he mate with any one?"

"No; he comes and goes as if alone in this great prison. I cannot imagine what inducement could be held out to make him address a question to a prisoner. He shuns all of us as if we were poison. During all the years he has been here he has never asked a favor of any sort."

"Is he ever sick?"

"Once in a great while, but he never complains. He would die in his tracks before he would ask to see the doctor. He has fainted away at his work-bench and cried out in the delirium of fever, but he has never complained."

"What do the prisoners say about him?"

"They fear him. I have been told twenty different times that he would some day rebel and that he would have to be shot before he could be disarmed. I can't say that he is plotting, but we keep a sharp eye on him. He has the eye of a perfect devil, and he will look at you in a way to make your flesh crawl."

"Can he be insane?"

"No; a dozen different doctors are agreed that he is as sound as any man. He is simply a born devil. He was never known to laugh or cry. His old mother used to come here in years gone by—before she died—and she said she had never seen a smile on his lips or a tear on his cheeks, not even during his babyhood. He is a hater. He hates himself. He hates everything living or dead. There is a cauldron of ugliness boiling within him and some day it will bubble over. When that event occurs we shall most likely be forced to kill him in self-defense."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Not that we know of. His father was dead before the murder. He had a mother and brother, but when he had been here about five years the poor old woman went to her grave. If a man has any heart in him a mother's love and tears can touch it. She used to come here and wring her hands and weep and sob and pray, and this fiend sat as unmoved as a rock, even refusing to answer one of her questions. She was old and wrinkled and heart-broken the last time she came. She told him that it was her last visit, and that she had only a few weeks to live, and the murderer turned his back on her. The brother came three or four times, receiving the same treatment, and the last visit he made came near being his last day on earth. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of the doorman this fiend grasped the brother's throat and was fast choking him to death when help arrived. The brother died several years ago in Illinois, and now the man is alone on earth. No one asks after him—nobody thinks of him. He is buried alive."

"He never writes to any one?"

"Never. He has not had a pen in his hand since entering the prison. Most of the prisoners manage to keep posted on outside affairs, but this man neither knows or cares to know. I don't believe he knew of the war, long as it lasted. He won't talk; he can't or won't read; he won't permit a prisoner to talk to him, and as a consequence he hears no more of the world's doings than if he were in his grave. It must be a horrible feeling for a man to live this way, and yet he seems to enjoy it. One day is the same as another to him. One night is no blacker than another. Weeks pass and bring no change. Years come and go and his routine is the same. The past is full of blood—the future is a long, unbroken midnight. I have wondered that he did not commit suicide."

"Has he never tried to escape?"

"Never, and that is why we fear him. Three different times since he came here he has had good opportunities to take French leave, but he has refused to go. It wasn't because he feared recapture and punishment, for any of them will take the one chance in a hundred on that. It was because he hated the world worse than his prison. Give him another chance to-day and he would also refuse it. As I told you, he is a strange case. He is half man, half devil. Each year he is growing more like a fiend, and every time I look into his eye I think it has a more Satanic gleam. I don't know what the end will be, but I half expect it will be full of rebellion, desperation and blood. Some day his hate will overpower all other feeling, and he will pick up a bar of iron, an ax or a sledge, and he will fight us to the death."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Vastness of the Russian Empire.

It would hardly seem possible for a sentimental traveler—supposing a person of that description to exist in our days—to arrive for the first time at St. Petersburg at this moment without a mixture of feelings in which sadness predominated. He is aware that he has crossed the frontier of a large State, the largest of all compact states, and, perhaps, only second to that of the United Kingdom of Great Britian and Ireland, with all its colonies and possessions; so big a state that from the frontier station at Vierzbolow, or Warbellan to St Petersburg terminus there is a distance of 560 miles, far exceeding that between London and Edinburgh, and yet the first journey of two nights and two days only brings one to the capital, which lies in the corner of the Empire. A glance at the map will satisfy us that the surface of the smaller half of this Empire—European Russia—is considerably larger than that of all the other states of Europe put together; while the other half—Siberia, with the rest of the Asiatic provinces—is not far from covering one-third of the Asiatic continent; and that a recent traveler, the Rev. Henry Lansdell in his five months' journey from London to the mouth of the Amoor, all across the Czar's dominions, went over 2,600 miles by rail, 5,700 miles by steam, and 3,000 miles by horses, or, altogether 11,500 miles almost in a straight line.

So far, then, as a man may take pride in the mere bigness of his country, a Russian has ample reasons to be proud. But a state, like a man, may be none the happier for all that. A lofty stature, to be sure, enables a man to look over the heads of a crowd, an unquestionable advantage, and mere height imparts an air of diguity and commaud which the undersized fully appreciate. But a six-foot-six giant, as I once saw doubling himself up and drawing in his legs to get into a lady's brougham, is a ludicrous sight. Very tall men are seldom well-proportioned or robust and in war they offer too easy a target to the wicked breech-loaders of modern construction. In the same manner Russia is made unwieldy by her very bulk. She has to struggle with her prodigious length and width, and to do it at a greater disadvantage than any other large states. In the Western Continent, for instance, in the United States, Brazil, and the Republics of South America, man was powerfully aided by nature in his fight against enormous distances by the length of navigable water-courses, the Mississippi and Missouri, the St Lawrence, the Platto, Porana, and Uruguay, the Amazon, the San Francisco, etc., even before he could help himself by his railways; whereas in Russia the northern streams both of Europe and Asia, the Nieman, the Dwina, the Obi, the Yenisea, the Lena, etc., empty themselves either in the White and Artic seas, choked with ice six or eight months in the year or in the Baltic, also frozen in the winter months, and for a long time placed beyond reach of the Czar's sway; and the Southern streams, the Volga, the Don, etc., ended either in the Caspian or the sea of Azoft and the Euxine, both closed for centuries against Russian enterprise and expansion.

With respect to railways, it was Russia's misfortune to go late to work about their construction, and even what she has achieved between the Crimea and Turkish wars—1854—1876—scarcely amounts now to 14,000 miles, to which, after the peace of Berlin, she is barely adding 700 miles yearly—a striking contrast to other large countries—as to the United States of North America, for instance, which boasts of a net of railway lines of 95,000 miles, with an average annual addition of 10,000 miles. This backwardness of Russia in her endeavors to annihilate space by rapid and easy means of locomotion can not be without grave consequences for her commercial and social, as well as financial and political interests. It is lost ground for her in her battle of life; in the incessant struggle against that geographical position which from the beginning doomed her to seclusion from the civilized world—a struggle the evidence of which may be read in every page of the country's history, and may be followed in every shift of its government's policy.—*London Times.*

The Swiss Lake-Builders.

The first discovery was made in the Lake of Zurich, in 1853, by M. Appli, of Milan, and now we already know of more than 200 of these ancient insulated towns or villages which have left no record of their existence in any page of human history. The leading motive for constructing lacustrine habitations is easy to imagine. The first dwellings made by primitive man, however solid, would, if built on terra firma, be necessarily exposed to all sorts of attacks, from wild beasts—at that period strong, numerous and hungry—and from men even more fierce than they. What did those early builders naturally do? They did for their homesteads what nature has done for Great Britain. In order to be better able to defy aggression they put a silver streak of water between themselves and their enemies. Forestalling Venice, in a stronghold built on piles, surrounded by the swamp or jutting out into the lake, they could sleep in peace by night, and quietly recommence by day the slow progress of civilizing art. And they advanced further than might be expected. In the lacustrine cities numerous flint instruments have been found, some evidently intended for hatchets, others for knives, saws and arrow-heads, besides articles of pottery, which sometimes, in form, remind one of weavers' bobbins. For weave, somehow, they certainly did. Our early lakers were not content to dress themselves out on their gala days in vestments of skins. They have left behind them many morsels of hempen cloth and linen. And these suggestive scraps of manufactured tissue date as far back as the age of stone. Nor were they ignorant of the use of bread, and consequently of the culture of wheat. The turf of the lakes has preserved to our day cakes, flat and round, made of coarsely-crushed grain, besides dried pears and apples. They also possessed domestic animals. Horses, sheep and oxen lived, in company with their masters, in these dwellings securely suspended over the waters. The dawn of European civilization had, therefore, appeared at an epoch long anterior to Cæsar's invasion of Gaul. Its remoteness may be estimated by the facts that lake cities were built during the age of stone, to which succeeded a civilization whose tools, instead of stone, were made of bronze; and that it was only by slow and tedious steps that men acquired the iron instruments and weapons with which the Gauls resisted the Roman legions.—*All the Year Round.*

—Alexander Burns, a grandnephew of the poet, died recently in Louisville. He was one of the oldest and most capable engineers on the Western waters

James Robb---A Short Autobiography.

Mr. James Robb, who died recently at his residence, near Cincinnati, left the following brief memoir, written by himself a few years ago:

JANUARY 2, 1877.—This day fifty years ago, in my thirteenth year, I left the home of a noble mother [my father died in 1819], to perform a journey of twenty-two miles on foot, through deep and drifting snows, to begin my career of life, and from that day to this my fortune has been pushed singly and alone, without the aid of a penny from any one, living or dead.

In my twenty-first year I was appointed Cashier of the Branch Bank of Morgantown, Va., at a salary of $800 per annum. I resigned this position in my twenty-fourth year, owing to my removal to New Orleans, where I resided twenty-one years, having during this period made six visits to Europe and fifteen to the Island of Cuba. I was principal in establishing, from 1838 to 1857, eight banking and commercial firms and agencies—viz: New Orleans, Philadelphia, New York, San Francisco and Liverpool, England, four of which were in existence in 1857. Under the "Free Banking Law of Louisiana," I established the "Bank of James Robb" [resigned in 1856], with a paid up capital of $600,000, of which I was sole proprietor, except $80,000. [This bank did not suspend in 1857, and now exists as the Merchants' Bank of New Orleans.]

In 1842 I was elected President of the New Orleans Gas Light and Banking Company, with a paid up capital of $1,800,000. Its affairs were in disorder and its shares depreciated to $4 per share for $30 paid. The company in 1843 resumed its dividends, which have not since been suspended, and its shares at one time commanded over eighty per cent. premium.

In 1844 the Spanish Gas Light Company was organized for lighting the city of Havana, its privileges being confirmed by "Royal Order." The original capital was fixed at $300,000, all of which I subscribed, and was made perpetual president of the company.

Subsequently its capital was increased to $1,000,000, which was equally divided with the Queen Mother of Spain, Maria Christiana and myself.

In 1854, when this valuable property began to yield large profits, my necessities, owing to engagements for Southern railways, obliged me to sell my interest, which in the sequel proved a sacrifice of more than $300,000.

In 1851 I was made President of the Railway Convention at New Orleans, and from this time may be dated the first successful attempt of Louisiana to construct railways, and the beginning of my misfortunes. In November of this year I visited Nashville, Tenn., to solicit the co-operation of that State in aiding works of internal improvement, and addressed the Legislature in respect to the same, in pursuance of a message from its Governor, William B. Campbell. In this year I was elected a member of the Senate of Louisiana for four years—but only served one session.

In 1852 I was elected President of the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern Railway; a member of the City Council of New Orleans—and its President; and had I yielded to the solicitation of friends, would have been selected as the representative of Louisiana in the Senate of the United States for six years, instead of J. P. Benjamin, whose election I both favored and promoted.

In 1857, of the firms established since 1838, there existed James Robb & Co., of New Orleans; Robb, Hallett & Co., of New York; R. Wilson, Hallett & Co., of Liverpool, and Tallant & Wilde, of San Francisco; the money panic in the autumn of this year caused a suspension of the three former, and on the 1st of January, 1858, their unliquidated liabilities amounted to $2,833,525, all of which I assumed, completing the final payments, principal and interest, in 1866; about $700,000 of the foregoing was satisfied in securities, accepted by creditors, in preference to granting an extension of two, three or four years, with six per cent. interest.

In 1859 my residence was changed from New Orleans to Chicago, where I was appointed by the Hon. Thomas Drummond (Judge of the United States District Court) Receiver of the St. Louis, Alton & Chicago Railway Company. Upon the organization of a new company in 1862, I was elected its President, which was resigned in 1864, followed by a change of residence to the city of New York.

In 1864 the Presidency of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway was tendered and accepted at a salary of $20,000 per annum, but resigned within three months upon the discovery of the fraudulent purposes of its projectors.

In 1865 the Presidency of the Dubuque & Sioux City Railway Company was accepted, and resigned the following year. In the autumn of this year I returned to New Orleans to establish the Louisiana National Bank, which went into operation in January, 1866, with a paid up capital of $1,000,000; I was selected as its first President, which office I surrendered in the beginning of 1869.

In 1871 I retired from business with diminished fortune; and in 1873 changed my residence to "Hampden Place," near Cincinnati, where I now reside, having purchased it in 1844 as a home for my mother, whose roof I had left fifty years ago, endowed with her example, her courage and lessons to guide me, as they have through the mazes of our uncertain existence and fluctuating fortunes.

My sacrifices and losses since 1847 (thirty years), including exactions under the penalties of the "Community Laws" of Louisiana, exceed $1,000,000.

My signature is not outstanding for a penny; the remnant of fortune left is equal to my wants, present and prospective, my life one of tranquility, and my daily companions hundreds of authors who instruct me in wisdom and impart consolations more precious than riches, neither heeded or coveted.

Vegetable Animals.

What is an animal, and what a vegetable? Most persons are in the habit of thinking them entirely different, but who can draw the line of distinction between them? Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, thought that motion, the power of moving about at will, was a faculty which animals had and which vegetables had not; yet the sponge and corals of the ocean are composed of innumerable animals which cannot change their places any more than cabbages can.

There are animals that have not muscles, or nerves, or mouths, or stomachs, yet they move, they eat and they digest. There are in ponds plants so small that a teaspoon would hold thousands of them, which move almost with the rapidity of lightning. Our microscopes are not powerful enough to show us their organs of locomotion, but they undoubtedly have them.

Animals feel. So do plants; and it may be that their sensibility is owing to their having a nervous system. Look at the mimosa pudica, or sensitive plant. Touch its leaves and they will immediately close; at night they close of their own accord. The poet says:

"Weak with nice sense the chaste mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her tender hands;
Oft, as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade
Alarmed, she trembles at the morning shade,
And feels alive through all her tender form
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eye-lids to approaching night
And hails with freshened charms the rising light."

Animals sleep. So do plants. Many plants sleep at night, and there are some of nocturnal habits, like the owl of the animal kingdom. The plant commonly known as the evening primrose puts forth its yellow flowers at nightfall:

"A tuft of evening primroses;
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes,
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But is ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers."

Animals eat and drink. Plants eat and drink, too, and some are exceedingly fond of animal food. The "sundew," a little plant that grows in low, marshy land, has small round leaves with a hairy fringe. At the end of each hair is a drop, apparently of water, but really of extremely sticky secretion. An insect comes along and alights on the leaf. If but one of his toes touches the shining drop his doom is sealed. He becomes the sundew's dinner.

In marshy places in North Carolina grows the Venus' fly-trap. Every leaf has a row of spikes so arranged that when the lobes of the leaf are closed the spikes interlock, so that nothing can pass them. If a fly alights on the leaf he gets a pressing invitation to dinner, which he is always compelled to accept. The strangest thing about the plant is that its leaves will not close upon a piece of wood, or a button, or anything else that is not food.

The nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, of India, also catch and digest insects. The leaves are shaped like pitchers. The rim of each pitcher is smeared with something which looks and tastes like honey, and which continues some distance into the pitcher. Then the surface becomes as smooth as the smoothest glass. The insect slides down this inclined plane to the bottom of the pitcher and plunges into an acid which kills it. These pitchers are in reality stomachs, and they digest a fly or a bit of beef or mutton exactly as a human stomach digests its food.

There grows in stagnant water a plant having minute translucent bladders attached to its leaves. Each of these bladders is full of water and has a little trap-door which can be opened only from the outside. If the larvæ, which are so abundant in stagnant water, touch the trap-door, it opens hospitably and lets them in. As soon as they get in it shuts with a bang. They are prisoners for life. Fortunately, life in that cell does not last long.

It is said that animals have instinct, at least, if not reason, and vegetables have not. Do not be too sure of that. Mr. Darwin saw the tendril of a climbing plant voluntarily withdraw from a hole in a wall after it had chosen it and remained fixed in it for thirty-six hours; and it is a fact that the tentacles and leaf of the sundew will move a little distance upward after a fly—and catch him, too!

Perhaps some wise person will ask if animals can be propagated by slips, as plants can, and smile while he asks. Certainly; that's the easiest thing in the world. The common hydra, abounding in ponds, can be cut into twenty pieces and each piece will become a perfect hydra. If the body be cut in two, lengthwise, the parts will grow together again, and, if the two parts be kept separate, each will become a hydra. The same is true of jelly-fishes.

Prof. Huxley says: "The difference between an animal and a plant is one of degree rather than of kind, and the problem whether, in a given case, an organism is an animal or a plant may be essentially insoluble."

So, to be on the safe side, I shall call such things as the sundew, Venus' fly-trap, and so forth, vegetable animals. —*Robert Arnold, in Christian Union.*

How Rats Steal Honey.

When the clerks in a certain Rochester drug store are not operating with the mortar and pestle, or compounding a black draught, or mixing equal parts of Turkey rhubarb and hydrocyanic acid (for children teething), or spreading shoemaker's wax on porous plasters or engaged in any of the multifarious modes of making themselves useful known to apprentice apothecaries; in a word, when they have an idle hour and a friend to entertain, they resort to a plan decidedly novel and not without interest to lovers of anecdotes about animals. What the boys do is to take the honey jar from the shelf, take the stopper from its mouth and place it near a rat hole from which one of the rodents emerges quickly when the store is quiet. It discovers the presence of the honey in a short time through the assistance of its nose, and then puts in practice a plan it has found to work well for reaching the sweet contents of the jar. The expedient is simply to insert its tail in the mouth of the jar deep enough to reach the honey, then withdraw it and suck the linked sweetness at its leisure. The clerks are ready to swear this story is true, and they are now carefully observing, for the benefit of science, the effect on the human family of strained honey in which rats' tails have been soaked.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

—While a codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs, a mackerel lays only 454,860; but if a mackerel would devote less of its energy to the process of becoming salty, perhaps it would then be able to bring forth as many eggs as the more productive codfish.

Weather Indications.

"See," said Mrs. Spoopendyke as she laid the paper down, "I see that we are to have rising followed by falling barometer, with northeast to southwest winds, and higher or lower temperature, with clear or partly cloudy weather, and light rains. How is it they contrive to tell so accurately about the weather? Do you understand it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke; "they do it by observation. They have a man out West observing, and a man down East who observes, and fellows observing around in different parts of the country. They put all their observations together, and we know just what it's going to do."

"I suppose that's what makes the wind so different every morning. When one man's temperature is rising, another's falling; and when one is clear all the rest are partly cloudy, with——"

"No they ain't. Each observer sends in what he observes, and then the chief makes up his mind from those reports what the weather will be. Can't you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her elbows. "If one sees the barometer rising and another sees it falling, and its cold in one place and cloudy in another, they all say so. But I should think when one hits it right the other would be awful mad."

"What would they get mad about?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't imagine that they all get together and fight it out, do you? They take the weather from different points and combine it, and they parcel it out among the different regions. For instance, if it snows in the East and is warm in the West, they strike an average for the Lake region. Now, what is the average between heat and snow?"

"Rain," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted with her sagacity. "I see how it is now. They take what is usually going on and equalize it all over the country. I'm glad the Democrats weren't elected."

"What have they got to do with it? Do you think a barometer is a politician?"

"No. But if the Democrats had been elected they would have to change it all around, wouldn't they? And the South would have got the best share. That's what the Repub——"

"Blast the Republicans! They've got no more to do with it than you have. You have got an idea that they throw the barometers and observers into one end of a steam-engine, and the weather comes out of the other. They don't make the weather. The weather makes itself. It is the only self-supporting thing about the Government. And these signal men only watch it and tell what it's going to be."

"I suppose when these observers all get together and talk it over, that is called a storm-center, isn't it?"

"That's it!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got the weather now. All you want now is your name painted on the handle and the spring broken to be an umbrella. They don't talk it over; they tell you all they know, and it's fixed up in Washington. They agree on it here, and then they telegraph it all around everywhere. It is generally made in Manitoba and sent down here."

"How wide is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, deeply interested. "Because, if it isn't too big I should think they might stop it."

"Wide! It's just a feet wide! Just a feet. Just about as wide as your measily information. How're they going to stop it? Think it jaws the sleeping-car conductor because there's only an upper berth left? Well, it don't. It hires a horse!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "and the only way to stop it is to build a fence around it. There was some talk about burning the last one, but the wood was wet."

"Well, my dear, you needn't get angry about it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "I only thought there might be some way they could make some arrangements about it. I think storm centers are horrid, and the observer in Manitoba must have a hard time. If he has to observe much in the winter he must be nearly frozen."

"Does any human being know what you are thinking about?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "Do you s'pose he goes around with a spyglass looking behind rocks? Think he prowls around all night with a lantern hunting up storm centers? Got an idea that he runs round under the bed with a broom, like a married woman I know of, and when he catches a center pulls him out by the leg and observes him? He don't do anything of the sort. He has them to spend the evening with him, and gets them drunk and finds out what they're up to. Understand it now? All you want is to whirl round twice and squeak nights to be a weathervane."

"I didn't know how they did it," quoth Mrs. Spoopendyke complacently, "but I see now. If the Prohibitionists had been elected he couldn't have done that, and we should have been in a bad way. Now that I understand it I'll learn the indications every morning. How does the barometer rise and fall?"

"With cork-screws," thundered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sometimes they haul it up with a stump-machine; then they drop a carpenter's shop on it. When it gets very low they blow it up with gun-cotton. Once in Dakota it got so high they had to dig a hole and ram it down with a spile-driver. Got it now? Begin to see through it? What you need is a box of pills and a conundrum to be an almanac!" And Mr. Spoopendyke jumped out of the house like a conical shot and banged the door after him.

"I never quite understood it before," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, speculating as to whether she would put the plume on the side or back part of her hat; "but now that he's explained it to me, I wonder they don't observe by steam. It must be awful hard on the poor man." And, having decided about the plume, Mrs. Spoopendyke filled her mouth with pins and crawled under the bed in search of her thimble.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austin Avenue drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color it used to be when I was a boy."—*Texas Siftings.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Miss Arletta M. Abbott, of Ridgefield, Conn., has received the appointment as teacher of Latin in Vassar College.

—At the recent Wesleyan Conference in Liverpool it was shown that the total number of church members in Great Britain was 380,695.

—Last year 220 of the 526 Congregational churches in Massachusetts had no accessions at all, and the net gain in the State was only 175.

—At a meeting of the Congregational Association of Maine, a majority of its members declared against ordaining to the ministry men who use tobacco.

—The Methodist American Mission in Italy now occupies fifteen towns and has a thousand church members. It has been organized into an Annual Conference, one of the hundred conferences of that Church. Dr. L. M. Vernon is the Presiding Elder.

—The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions is giving much attention to the evangelization of the Mexicans, who appear to promise well as converts. Rev. J. Milton Green, of the Presbytery of Brooklyn, will have charge of the work of this important Board.

—It is estimated that at the present time the Old Catholics in the German empire include at least forty-five clergymen and 45,000 lay members, under one Bishop. The largest congregations are those of Munich, Cologne and Breslaw, numbering about 6,000 persons each.

—The English Wesleyans say that for the present they have as many ministers as they can profitably use, and have therefore shut down on all candidates. Several dozen who recently applied for admission were refused. This course was thought better than to take the young men and starve them, either by giving them no work to do or by working them on inadequate salaries.

—The salaries of teachers in England are considerably higher than they were a few years since. Out of 12,981 certificated teachers only 132 are receiving less than $250 a year; 232 teachers get $1,250 to $1,500 and 137 are in receipt of $1,500 and over. Those in receipt of $250 to $375 a year are now 10.72 per cent. of the whole. In 1874 they were 15.13 per cent.

—The prospective school fund of Texas is something wonderful to think of. By Constitutional provision the proceeds of her sales of public lands go to this fund, and there are already $2,000,000 in the Treasury and 40,000,000 acres of land to sell. The proceeds, at a very moderate estimate, will amount to $100,000,000, which is an amount equal to the aggregate school funds of all the other States.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Every Little helps," said Mr. Little, when Mrs. L. presented him with twins.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—The tobacco crop is very poor in Connecticut. We shall have a large falling off in the importation of Havana cigars in consequence.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Professor Harris says "there is a coming of the macrocosm into the microcosm." Time for some folks to take to the woods when this happens.—*Boston Globe.*

—Traveler—"How do you brokers manage to undersell the railroad companies?" Scalper—"Vell, you see ve don't got so much expenses. Dose railroad fellers haf to keep up the rollin' stock an' pay ze hands. We don't. It's all clear profit wit us!"—*New York Graphic.*

—A jolly Dutchman, when the steamboat was about to sink, succeeded, after much trouble, in finding a life-preserver large enough to fit him. While he was trying his best to blow it up a young fellow standing by said: "You can't fill that with wind; it leaks. Don't you hear it sizz?" "Ish dot so?" he replied. "Vell, I dinks, den, I petter keep de vind in myself."

—"I declare if there isn't the Deacon's daughter out with a new shawl. Well, I never." "Hush!" said a better informed female; "'tisn't hers. It's one she borrowed from the company that's visiting over t' the Deacon's." "Well, there's one thing I know. She can't depend on borrowing to look well in heaven. She'll have to wear her own angel plumage when she gets there." And they bowed their heads as the minister opened the services.—*New Haven Register.*

—An Ohio naturalist claims to have discovered that "crows fly zig-zag, and not, as has been generally believed, in a straight line." O well, may be they do fly "zig-zag" in Ohio. It depends a great deal on the condition of the man who is looking at them. Now, in Texas they fly round and round, and round and round; in Missouri they fly about five miles going across a twenty-acre field; in Mississippi they can't fly a rod after four o'clock in the afternoon, while in Iowa and Kansas they fly as straight as a chalk-line any hour between twelve and twelve.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

The Conductor.

What an alert type of men the conductors on the steam railroads are! Probably the engineers are, also, but there's no good chance to get a look at them while they have their hands on the levers and their eyes are peering along the line of track as far as keen vision can reach. But the conductor is all alive under his quiet and impassive exterior. There is little in his car he does not see, even while his whole attention appears to be concentrated by the ticket he holds in one hand to be cut by the punch in the other. And there is nothing he does not hear and understand down to the most needless question. Amid the clangor of the swift moving train, the slightest unusual noise or jar about the running tells its story instantly to his acutely educated ear and quickened senses. And if anything is wrong, or suspected to be wrong, how promptly yet how quietly, with what freedom from fuss, or anything approaching to flurry or panic, he moves towards the right place. He is the very embodiment of self-poised qui vive. What soldiers these men would make.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Manure from grain-fed horses, free from straw, unexposed to weather, will weigh about 4,500 pounds per cord.

—A small quantity of the nitrate of soda, put into the water every time it is changed, will preserve cut flowers for more than a fortnight.

—An English gardener recommends the white clover *(Trifolium repens)* as a hanging basket plant for winter, claiming that it is easy of culture, quickly makes large plants and looks well from Christmas onwards.

—Corn Starch Bread.—Set a sponge in the usual manner with flour, and let it rise; then add sufficient water to make the amount of dough required, adding a pinch of salt; make the dough the required stiffness by adding equal quantity of flour and corn starch. Proceed in all respects as for ordinary bread.

—Apple Layer Cake.—Two cups of fine white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of cornstarch, one-half cup of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, stir, then the corn-starch, and last the whites, beaten still, and the flour (with baking powder sifted with it). Bake in jelly-cake tins.

—The *Country Gentleman* points out a fact which it is important for cultivators of corn to bear in mind, namely, that the roots of corn twelve or fifteen inches high will meet midway between the three-feet rows, and that long before the ears form the entire ground between the rows will be occupied by their long and slender fibers. It concludes from this that "hilliug" corn is not only unnecessary but injurious. Flat culture is regarded as decidedly the best.

—There is not one coachman or driver in ten, who, if a horse stumbles or shies, or is frightened by anything, but will immediately give him a cut with the whip, the very worst thing he can do. It will make the horse far more frightened the next time. Every owner of a horse should forbid the driver to use the whip in such cases, and if he persists in doiug it should dismiss him. Horses are ruined by sharp, harsh treatment, but may be cured of their weak fears by kindness.

—Many animals are great sufferers by cramp, especinlly those who are compelled to do heavy work, at which time the muscles are overstrained. In cases where cramp originates from excessive work the moderation of hard labor is the best means by which a cure can be effected. In some instauces, however, medicinal treatment is required. Take equal parts of old cider vinegar and water; heat and apply to the cramped muscles as hot as can be borne without causing distress. In the mean time give the part affected with the cramp a good hand-rubbing.—*N. Y. World.*

—New Bread Pudding.—Put all scraps of bread into the oven until they become a nice brown, roll them while hot quite line. For a good-sized pudding take half a pound of crumbs, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, one pint of milk, one tenspoonful of allspice and one pint of boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the crumbs, stir them well, and let them soak until soft; then take all the ingredients, mix well, rub the pie dish with beef dripping, fill it, put some more dripping or butter on the top of the pudding, and bake half an hour. This pudding is a general favorite with children and those who like a plain dish.

A Rat-Proof Corn Crib.

A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* gives the following directions for making that most necessary of farm buildings, a rat-proof corn crib: "Build a good snbstantial house, twelve feet wide, eight feet high, and as long as you want it. This will give you two cribs, one on either side. Put your building on stone pillars, one foot above ground. Side up with lath two and a half by one inches of hard wood (I used oak,) putting them on up and down, being careful to have them just half an inch apart. The gables and any part of the building that does not come in contact with the corn, can be sided up with common pine boards; for bottoms of cribs, laths lengthwise, one-half inch apart; balance of floor between cribs lay tight, of pine board. My building has a string of ties between the sill and plate to nail to, and cross ties to hold the building together. Every eight feet on these ties spike a good strong studding or narrow plank across them lengthwise of the building as far from plate as you want the width of top of crib, then set up studding from floor, as many as will be sufficiently strong for crib; mortice the end in floor, gain the top into the horizontal studding about three-quarters of an inch, then lath the inside of the crib with any kind of lath, just close enough to keep in the corn, commencing ten inches from the floor to leave room for the corn to come down into the trough, putting these lath on lengthwise. Then put a common sized door in the end, between the cribs. You can put a lock on the door and all is secure. (I did not lock mine, and gained something by it, as I found a stray mitten in the crib on a cold morning.) To get the corn in the crib make doors above the plate the size you want them, the same as dormer windows, and hang the doors on, and it will be completed. If any one wishes to have a granary, they can use one side of the building for that purpose, and the other for crib. The size of my cribs is three feet in the clear at bottom and five feet at top, but I am well satisfied they might be much wider and still the corn would cure well. Any one wanting wider cribs can build the house wide enough to suit. I have used this crib for about ten years and can recommend it as an entire success. The secret of this crib is putting the lath on up and down; this gives no place for the rats to stand on to cut holes, and the building being one foot above ground they cannot reach the bottom. We are infested with swarms of gray rats, and there is not a building on the farm from which we can keep them out of except the corn crib. We keep corn over a year until the new crop is gathered in perfect safety.

Fall Seeding of Grass Lands.

New England farmers, as a rule, are practicing more and more the seeding of land to grass during the fall of the year. Advocates for this plan claim for fall seeding that the grass is not so liable to be troubled with weeds; the cold weather incites a vigorous growth and brings the fields in good condition to withstand the winters, and it admits of the removal of a crop the first year. Cultivators at the North who do not favor spring sowing seed down their lands from August 1 until about the middle of September, while at the South, the seeding of grass lands is delayed one month and later.

At whatever season grass seed is sown, the extremes of very light seeding, which produces, large, coarse stalks, and very heavy seeding, that makes exceedingly fine ones, are to be avoided. The quantity of seed per acre depends upon the varities of grasses to be grown, and the purpose for which these are designed. Timothy, which stands at the head of grasses in its nutritive qualities, requires to be sown with liberal hand in order to secure a good stand. The quantity of seed sown in various sections differs, but a safe rule is three gallons of clean seed if sown alone or twelve pounds if mixed, to the acre. Sow timothy early enough to admit of the seed getting a good start before the winter sets in. Red-top, another valuable meadow grass, when sown alone, requires about one bushel of seed per acre, as the seed is usually sown in the chaff.

Pastures call for a variety of grasses and these ought to be selected with a view to being cropped throughout a long season. In a word, it is necessary to sow grasses which ripen in succession in order to furnish stock with a continuous grazing of a tender, succulent character. The varieties should also be adapted to the soil. A mixture frequently recommended for permanent pasture by cultivators who have tried it consists of meadow fox-tail, two pounds; white clover, five pounds; orchard grass, six pounds, and of red-clover, rough stocked meadow-grass, rye-grass, timothy, blue-grass, meadow fescue and red-top, four pounds each. For the South, where winter pasture is the object, the following has given good results: One bushel each of meadow oat-grass, orchard-grass and wild rye-grass, and four quarts each of blue-grass, red clover and white clover.

To gain best results in a meadow, grasses should be associated that blossom about the same time. Pure meadow grasses may be defined as those with tuberous roots, which store up in bulbs one year the material of growth for the next and which require a certain time for the maturing of the bulbs. Timothy stands as the representative type of this class of grasses. Among early grasses suited to meadows are orchard-grass, Kentucky blue-grass, meadow fescue, and tall oat-grass. Timothy red-top, and Rhode Island bent-grass are numbered with late kinds.

Clover plays an important part in both meadows and pastures. A considerable proportion of the clover sown, therefore is mixed with other grasses. When thus associated in mowing lots it must be mixed with varieties that are ready to cut at the same time. Meadow fescue, perennial rye-grass, Kentucky blue-grass and Italian rye-grass blossom simultaneously with clover.

Clover makes an excellant crop when sown alone, especially on light sandy soil; still, the practice of seeding clover with a grain crop continues to be a very common one in many sections. A considerable amount of clover is sown during the late summer and autumn, although the majority of farmers hold to the opinion that the early spring is the better time for seeding it.—*N. Y. World.*

Willow Trees.

Walking up Tenth Avenue the other day we noticed a small willow tree in the yard of J. M. Davies, and it reminded us of an experience with them. Seventeen years ago we set out a willow slip, and were told that the roots would, in due time, reach our well and destroy the water. The well being fifty-six feet deep, and twenty of that through rock, and some sixty feet from the tree, we thought that there could be no danger. At any rate we told our friends we would run the risk, and we did to our sorrow. The tree grew to be very large, and many a time has a large party eaten supper in its shade. It was, perhaps, the broadest tree across the top and gave more shade than any in the city. Some three or four years ago the water in the well did not taste as well as it did before, and it kept growing worse and worse. In the spring of 1880 a cistern about fifty feet from the tree was cleaned out. In the bottom were three or four bushels of roots of the willow, as fine as hair. They had penetrated through the brick and through the cement without causing the cistern to leak. This satisfied us that the willow roots had found their way into the bottom of the well and destroyed the water. By this time, too, they had become so thick as to make it almost impossible to draw a bucket of water. There was only one remedy and this was to fill up the well and dig a new one, and to cut down the willow tree. It was done but occasioned much murmuring among the children who had grown up under its shadow. We have written this to say to Mr. Davies and any other person who has a willow tree on his place, within the city limits to cut it down and dig up the roots. If you have no well or cistern your neighbor has and the roots will find water, we believe, if they go many rods for it. —*Topeka Commonwealth.*

—A good way to use up bits of cold roast beef is to chop them fine and add about a third of the quantity of cracker or bread crumbs, stir in enough milk or water to moisten it, season well with pepper and salt, then roll in balls or flat cakes, dip in egg and fry in butter.

—Frumenty.—Take a teacupful of new wheat and boil it, in water enough to cover it, till quite soft. When cold, stir it into one quart of new milk and boil for ten minutes. Sweeten and flavor to taste, and let stand till cold before serving.

THE DAIRY.

—If corn grown for soiling is left until it becomes hard and yellow before it is fed to the cows, the milk product will fall off considerably. Fodder for soiling should be young and fresh and not past the flowering. It is in its best state when the ears are beginning to form. When it is hard and dry it should be cut and cured.

—A cement floor is not the best for a dairy, as it absorbs the drippings of milk and becomes foul in a short time. A good floor is of matched plank, with tight joints and painted, so that it will absorb no moisture. What ever drippings fall from the churn may be washed off such a floor without leaving any traces. Brick is quite as absorbent as cement. A flagstone floor, with close joints set in cement, is the best of all.

—The Maine *Farmer* says: "A classification of the different breeds of cattle may be made in a general way as follows: If butter dairying is the object, Jerseys and Short Horns; if it be cheese, Ayrshires, Short Horns and Holsteins; if beef, Hereford, Short Horns, polled Angus, Holsteins and Devons; if working oxen, Herefords, Short Horns, Devous, Holsteins and polled Angus. There are families of excellent milkers in all the breeds we have named, but we have classified them according to their reputation.

—Cows that are forced by the spareness of the pasture to feed in swamps, and more especially in hot, dry weather, may be expected to suffer from malaria and blood-poisoning. This may appear by sores on different parts of the body, about the feet, the shoulders, loins and lips and nose. The remedy is to keep them out of the swamps and feed them on hay and a little meal or green corn fodder; to give a quart of olive-oil, and after that has operated to give, daily, in the morning, one ounce of saltpeter, and in the evening two drams each of chlorate of potash and powdered gentian root. The sores may be washed with a solution of one dram of chloride of zinc in a quart of water. —*N. Y. Times.*

—The real value in a cow or any other animal is in proportion to the profit derived from its product. A cow that will produce 200 pounds of butter a year may be actually worth fifty dollars. One that will produce 300 pounds in the year would be well worth twice this sum, because the extra product costs nothing in feed or care, and at the same rate a cow that will produce 400 pounds cannot be worth more than $150, and in addition to this a certain sum on account of the value of her calves. A thousand dollars is more than any cow can reasonably be worth, excepting so far as the owner may derive pleasure from the possession, and value this at about $800. Two hundred dollars is, perhaps, the extreme limit to the actual value of any cow as a butter producer. For her bull calves to be used for breeding some still further additional value might be set upon the cow.

Feed Dairy Cows Liberally.

We believe the dairyman should study how he may produce all the food necessary for his cows upon his farm, and that he should make all the provision that an intelligent foresight can do; but he should never suffer his herd to go with deficient food, even for one week, for this he cannot afford to do. And that we may encourage him to be liberal, even when his pasture is short, and he has no extra green food for them, let us compare the cost of nutriment in some by-product, such as bran, cotton-seed meal, linseed meal, corn meal, etc., some one of which the dairyman may always find near at hand, with pasture grass. Pasture grass has about eighty per cent. of water, and the nutriment in one hundred pounds of it is supposed to be worth twenty-one cents. The nutriment of nineteen pounds of fine bran is just equal to one hundred pounds of pasture grass; ten pounds of cotton-seed meal; twelve pounds of linseed meal, or nineteen pounds of corn meal is equal to one hundred pounds of grass. Now one hundred pounds of pasture grass is a ration for an ordinary-sized cow per day. If the pasture, then, is short one-third, one-half or in any other proportion, it is easy to make up this deficiency by feeding some one or several of these foods, which are so easily handled. It is seldom that more than one-third would have to be fed to make a full ration on short pasture. Let us suppose the dairyman to be feeding seven pounds of fine bran; this at $8 per ton, would cost 2.8 per day, or about 19 cents per week. Now, the extra milk per week produced by this bran would much more than pay the cost. If he should feed, instead of bran, four pounds of linseed meal, it would cost him about twenty-eight cents per week; or if three and one-third pounds of cottonseed meal, it would cost twenty-two cents per week; or six and one-third pounds of corn meal it would cost from twenty to thirty-five cents per cow per week. If he has the command of all these, let him make up a ration nearly as follows: Four pounds bran, one-half pound linseed meal and one and one-half pounds corn meal to each cow per day, which will, in most cases, cost only twenty cents per week, and will keep a generous flow of milk till the fall rains renew the pasture, and then the extra food can be discontinued. We have known many who have used an extra ration similar to this during short pasture, and never found one who reported it unprofitable. The ration may be varied to suit all circumstances. Corn meal will be found cheap in some localities; but it is always best to mix some bran with it; and in most parts of all our broad dairy belt bran will be found the cheapest extra food to make up for short pasture.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—Letters from West Africa concerning Stanley's Congo expedition show that he is pushing his way toward the interior under many difficulties, cutting a road over mountains which are very steep, at an angle of sixty degrees, and making very slow progress.

—A New York paper says that shoplifting has grown alarmingly prevalent in that city, and that among the wealthier classes the most of it is done.

—A wood-chopper is not judged by his ax, but by his blows.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Of Miss Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, it is related that at the time of the appearance of the last comet she had left Poughkeepsie and got as far on her way to Boston as Providence, when she became aware of the comet's discovery. Immediately she discontinued her journey and returned to Vassar to make a series of observations. For five nights they were unqualifiedly successful, but at midnight on the sixth an apple tree obstructed her view. Without a moment's hesitation she summoned a man and had the tree felled, and continued and closed her work with great satisfaction.

—The Lebanon Shakers number 350, two-thirds of whom are women and girls, and their property is valued at $1,500,000. Members relinquish all claims on retiring from the community.

—The part of Tunis near Sfax is inhabited by several wild and warlike tribes much given to brigandage.

Is it Possible

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

"I UNDERSTAND that your son is a bachelor of arts," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Homespun, whose son has just been graduated Harvard. "Well, yes," replied Mrs. Homespun, "yes, he's a bachelor—but he's engaged."—*Boston Transcript.*

How to Secure Health.

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THERE is some corn in Michigan so poor that it can't afford to wear silk. It will have to return to its fodder.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FISHERMAN'S occupation ought to be the most profitable because his entire gross receipts are net profits.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

IT'S all very nice to read about those old curfew bells, but let a man begin now-a-days to pound daylight out of an old bell at sunset, and the people would rally on him so quick that saltpeter wouldn't save him. —*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE of the most laughable things ever seen is a mosquito alighting on the cheek of a Cleveland reporter, and straining himself all to pieces in a wild, desperate effort to force its sting in. The disappointment of the skeet is very ludicrous.—*Boston Post.*

JIM WEBSTER dropped in on Uncle Mose during one of the hottest days last week. Old Mose suspected Jim was after a dram, and sure enough, presently Jim says: "Uncle Mose, I feel berry debilitate; hain't yer got no refreshments." "Yer want refreshments? Jess take dat cheer and set in the dore whar de breeze kin strike yer. Heah's a palm-leaf fan."—*Texas Siftings.*

A WEALTHY iron founder of Pittsburgh has bought an island off the Alabama coast. As he is known to be afflicted with agricultural weaknesses, it is believed that he intends to fence it in and run a farm for raising steel cranes and broeding Bessemer pigs.

"YOU are a disgrace to your family, sir; I am almost ashamed to call you my son," said Mr. Smithers to his offspring the other day. "Say nothing, dad," replied the young scapegrace; "I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."—*Boston Post.*

THE scales used for weighing gold in the assay offices are so delicate that one glance from a squint-eyed man will throw them off balance.

SARA BERNHARDT has drawn a plan for her tomb. It does not, as might be inferred, resemble the barrel of a shotgun or a joint of gas pipe.

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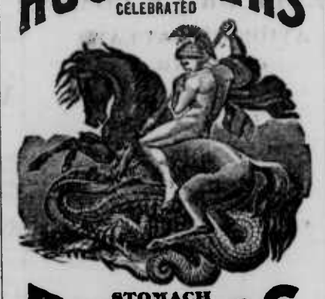

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three moths preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

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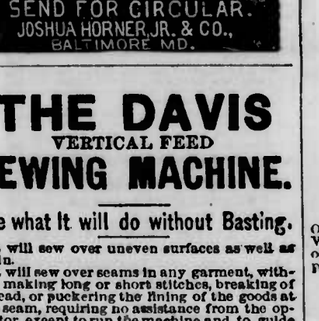

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GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.34 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2:16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.23 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881. NUMBER 30.

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What Christianity has Done.

Reflect what kind of a world this was when the disciples of Christ undertook to reform it, and compare it with the condition in which their teachings have put it. In its mighty metropolis, the centre of its intellectual and political power, the best men were addicted to vices so debasing that I could not even allude to them without soiling the paper I write upon. All manner of unprincipled wickedness was practiced in the private life of the whole population without concealment or shame, and the magistrates were thoroughly and universally corrupt. Benevolence in any shape was altogether unknown. The helpless and the weak got neither justice nor mercy. There was no relief for the poor, no succor for the sick, no refuge for the unfortunate. In all pagandom there was not a hospital, asylum, almshouse, or organized charity of any sort. The indifference to human life was literally frightful. The order of a successful leader to assassinate his opponents was always obeyed by his followers with the utmost alacrity and pleasure. It was a special amusement of the populace to witness the shows at which men were compelled to kill one another, to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, or otherwise "butchered to make a Roman holiday." In every province paganism enacted the same cold-blooded cruelties; oppression and robbery ruled supreme; murder went rampaging and red over all the earth. The church came, and her light penetrated this moral darkness like a new sun. She covered the globe with institutions of mercy, and thousands upon thousands of her disciples devoted themselves exclusively to works of charity at the sacrifice of every earthly interest. Her earliest adherents were killed without remorse—beheaded, crucified, sawn asunder, thrown to the beasts, or covered with pitch, piled up in great heaps, and slowly burnt to death. But her faith was made perfect through suffering, and the law of love rose in triumph from the ashes of her martyrs. This religion has come down to us through the ages, attended all the way by righteousness, justice, temperance, mercy, transparent truthfulness, exulting hope and white winged charity. Never was its influence for good more plainly perceptible than now. It has not converted, purified, and reformed all men, for its first principle is the freedom of the human will and there are those who choose to reject it, but to the mass of mankind, directly and indirectly, it has brought uncounted benefits and blessings. Abolish it—take away the restraints which it imposes on evil passions—silence the admonitions of its preachers—let all Christians cease their labors of charity—blot out from history the records of its heroic benevolence—repeal the laws it has enacted and the institutions it has built up—let its moral principles be abandoned and all its miracles of light be extinguished—what would we come to? I need not answer this question: the experiment has been partially tried. The French nation formally renounced Christianity, denied the existence of the Supreme Being, and so satisfied the hunger of the infidel heart for a time. What followed? Universal depravity, garments rolled in blood, fantastic crimes unimagined before, which startled the earth with their sublime atrocity. The American people have and ought to have no special desire to follow that terrible example of guilt and misery.—*J. S. Black.*

Jewish Ostracism in America.

Let us examine how far the Jew may be answerable for the prejudice which exists against him. It is true that the body of rich Jews in America fails to display the culture that wealth demands. Compared with his Christian neighbor whose equal affluence opens similar advantages, the Jew does not always present a pleasing appearance. Reaching this country when the facilities for accumulation were enormous; with a mercantile aptitude developing by long centuries of enforced confinement to trade, the Hebrew mounted rapidly to the top of the commercial ladder. Dazzled with the new freedom of America, bewildered by the privileges which the almighty dollar could purchase, the emigrant directed his energies in that road to power and comfort which appeared to him the most available highway. He was not slow to learn the tricks and subterfuges of American trade. While the Jewish mercantile record is as clear proportionally as that of the Christian, the predominance of [illegible] Hebrew community has [illegible] the business short comings of the few conspicuous and proverbial. With a pack upon his back, or a few dollars in his pocket, the Hebrew's contact with American society was exceedingly limited. Perhaps the accumulation of [illegible] introduced him to American customers, he had already become habituated to his particular grooves. It is hard for him to discern the transcendent advantage of any other [illegible] energy than the money market. Perhaps, too, the difficulty of entering upon a new course of action deters him from adopting that course, although he may appreciate its value, but he resolves to give his children the benefits he has lacked. [illegible] can make him independent of popular opinion. He ignores the communal responsibility borne by each Hebrew for his whole race. He does not pause to reflect, when he violates the laws of etiquette at a hotel or a wateringplace, that he is offering the back of every Jew to the lash of prejudice.

In considering the causes of social ostracism for which the Jew is partly or wholly to blame, the racial exclusiveness of the Hebrew is urged as a plea against him. The Ismelite is said to avoid Christian society; he does not care to introduce business friends into his domestic circle; at public resorts he herds with members of his own faith. This exclusiveness arises partly from temporary and partly from permanent causes. It is largely due to a morbid habit, born amid the fires of persecution when the Jew was society's pariah—a habit now cherished by the unspoken fear that the hand of fellowship which the Hebrew is willing and ready to extend may be thrust back contemptuously or accepted with a mental reservation. Thus far Jewish exclusiveness is temporary; its permanent cause is the rule which forbids marriage with the Gentile. So long as the meeting of the young is attended with special restrictions, so long as the free intercourse customary between men and women in American society is likely to result in unhappiness, the social amalgamation of Jew and Christian must measurably be incomplete. Yet the Jewish marriage restrictions, though often fraught with sorrow to the individual Jew, cannot be disregarded conscientiously by the Hebrew who believes in the mission of his race. The Infusion of Aryan blood into Jewish veins would be suicidal for Judaism; it would in a short time remove prejudice by doing away with the object. The Jew who feels himself the apostle of monotheism must bear the yoke of his priesthood. His religious regulations have become the Masonic signs of his fraternity; they are necessary to unite the scattered members of a little band destined to propagate an idea. The Jew still holds himself the personal and responsible heir of that testament, graved in the lightnings of Sinai, and signed with the life-blood of its witnesses.—*North American Review.*

Baltimore Oriole Pageant.

The citizens of Baltimore are busily engaged in making preparations for a celebration which shall surpass in splendor and magnificence anything of the kind ever witnessed in the Monumental City. Baltimore is the most conservative city in the country, and she has the reputation of moving slowly, but when she has once decided on any scheme that is likely to prove advantageous to the citizens and their business connections in other States, she goes in with a vim to make the project worthy of her name and reputation. In the present instance the festival will continue three days, the 10th, 11th and 12th of October, and a more fitting season could not be chosen.

The people of the city are enthusiastic over the project, and have contributed liberally to make the celebration a brilliant success. Committees of prominent business men have been appointed to superintend the arrangements, and special arrangements have been made with the hotels and railroads, so that advantages shall not be taken of the strangers that are expected to be present. The railroads and steamboats have promised half rates good for the entire week, and the hotels, restaurants and dining-saloons have promised to lay in additional supplies with no increase of charge to the customer.

The festivities of the first day (Monday) will have reference to the introduction of the Gunpowder river water into the city supply. The Battle Monument—a noble shaft erected in one of the prominent squares of the city in honor of the heroes who fell in the war of 1812—will be made the central figure, around which the waters will play in an incessant stream. At night the water playing around the monument will show all the colors of the prismatic glass, and statues of our country's heroes will stand out on illuminated spray. In the same section of the city and on the evening there will be a brass band contest, which cannot fail to be highly amusing.

On the second day the great Oriole Pageant will take place. This will be the feature of the celebration, and will embrace all that has been seen in the [illegible] carnival procession of the South, together with new and novel designs unparalleled in any previous pageant. The mystic tableaux are in charge of Mr. T. C. DeLeon, of Mobile, and the local tableaux, illustrating the growth, wealth and power of the United States will be arranged by a committee of citizens. On the third day Baltimore will entertain the distinguished Frenchmen on their way to the Yorktown celebration. During the entire festival the city will be given up to gayety, the theatres will have special attractions, and the citizens propose to illustrate the meaning of Maryland hospitality to full extent.

Down with Keating.

The Committee of One Hundred held a rousing meeting at Osceola Hall, Baltimore Wednesday evening of last week, Dr. George W. Benson in the chair, and Mr. W. H. Love secretary. The following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, The Democratic citizens of Baltimore, in mass meeting assembled on June 8th, 1881, ignoring and repudiating the notoriously fraudulent system of primary elections as now conducted, did by unanimous voice select twenty-one delegates to represent them in State convention called to assemble on June 23d, 1881, for the purpose of nominating a comptroller of the treasury; and

Whereas, The delegates thus chosen did present themselves in said convention and claim to be permitted to participate in its proceedings, but were denied the privilege, and not even allowed to present their claims to seats before the convention; and in the discharge of their duty, and making no breach of the peace, were rudely and forcibly assaulted by the Marshal of Police at the event instigation of the ruling spirits of said convention; and

Whereas, The insult thus offered to these representatives was an insult offered directly to the great mass of Democratic citizens whom they represent; and

Whereas, Said convention, without the participation and representation of the great mass of the Democracy of this city, and against their *most* earnest and solemn protest, did nominate Thomas J. Keating for comptroller of the treasury; and,

Whereas, Said Thomas J. Keating has been guilty of frequent and palpable violations of the law while acting in his official capacity, paying out of the treasury large sums of the people's money, in violation of the plain provision of the constitutional laws of the State; therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee of One Hundred will not vote for nor support said Thomas J. Keating for comptroller, at the coming State election, but will use all honorable mean at our command to secure the election of a candidate more likely to respect and obey the Constitution and laws of the State, and we cordially invite all honest Democrats and friends of true reform to unite with us to accomplish with us this desirable end.

Mr. Joseph S. Heulsler was called upon, and said that he was happy to bring them glad tidings. He had just returned from the home of Thomas J. Keating, and even there the people were ripe for revolt. He was in Centreville recently and out of fifty men with whom he conserved only three stated they would vote for Mr. Keating. The people of Queen Anne's declare they will no longer suffering rule to oppress them. They intend to hold a meeting next Thursday to consider the advisability of putting in the field a ticket composed of good men, irrespective of party affiliations. He had no doubt that Queen Anne's would render a good account of herself in November next. [Applause.]

A committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. Geo. W. Benson, J. T. Diehl, James A. Saulsbury, D. Preston Parr, and James Maddox, to report at a future meeting as to the advisability of the appointment of twenty-one delegates to represent the city in a State convention to nominate an O. L. D. candidate for comptroller.

A Bargainer Bested.

In the village of W—— lived Judge L. He kept a store and saw mill, and used to delight to brag of his business capacity, when any one was near to listen. One rainy day, quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, he being, as usual, to tell of his [illegible] last wound up with the [illegible]

"Nobody has ever [illegible] they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old company, "I've cheated you ever did me."

"You never did!" interrupted 'cute Judge.

"Yes, I did, and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that long I stole off your pile, down by your mill, the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his books and examining his log-account, "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vendor of logs. "By drawing it back and forth the end wore off until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it; and, when it got so short, I drew it home again and worked it up into singles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and then I concluded I had got the value of my wagon back and stowed away in my pocketbook."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. And, to see a mad man, you have only to ask the Judge if he ever was shaved.

Dying Nations.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece, and all-conquering Rome; Vandal, and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole, and Turk, all dead or dying. Why? Murdered by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquakes? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by the poisoned air, or volcanic fires did they die! They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance and effeminacy.

When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure and the means of indulgence in the appetites passions of our nature, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the wholesome stimulous of effect, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies helpless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously rot.

If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and more than all to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and with these having an eye to the glory of God, this nation of ours will live with increasing prosperity and renown until with one foot on land and another on sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer.

Some weeks ago a young man in Danbury, Conn., lost his arm in a railroad accident. Since then, according to the *Democrat*, of that place, he has been seriously troubled by pains as of the cramping of the fingers and thumb of the missing arm. He felt the pain although he knew well that there was no arm there. At length the lost arm was exhumed, and it was found that the fingers and thumb were cramped in just the manner he had described when suffering the pain. They were put in a comfortable position and retuned to their grave, whereupon the patient was immediately relieved of the pain, and has suffered no more with it since.

Lillie Nugent, a girl aged 22, neatly dressed and apparently respectable fell in a swoon on Saturday near the New York police headquarters, caused, as it afterwards appeared, by hunger. She was in want of a place as servant, and after staying at an intelligence office till all her money was gone, had been walking the streets two days without food. She was taken to St. Barnabas' Home.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A CORN DODGER.

There was a young girl from Bordeaux,
With corns on her little pink toaux,
They gave her such pain
The tears ran like rain
Down the bridge of her delicate neaux,

Her lover—a youth from Cologno—
Fled wildly and left her alogne,
When he found that her feet
With corns were replete,
With never a word he had flogne.

They sent for a doctor from Lynn,
As shining and neat as a pynn;
He looked at her toaux,
The source of her woaux,
And indulged in a gratified grynn.

He proscribed for this maid from Bordeaux
And cured all her little pink toaux;
And now it is said
They, too, will be wald,
And from sorrow and grief find repeaux.

The sweet-scented youth from Cologne,
Who left her severely alogno,
When he first heard the news
His mind he did lows,
And tilted from life with a grogne.
—*E. S. Bartlett.*

WHEEL AND WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Rounde about the wheele dothe goe,
Rounde about goes life alsoo.
—*Chawstr.*

The sun was sinking in the west according to the established custom of that luminary at the close of the day in the town of Quiddlequaddle, when a solitary bicycle might have been seen careering aloug the road. The rider, a young man of some fifty summers, not to mention the other seasons, seemed lost in thought. His feet pressed the treadles mechanically, and his hand rested lightly on the steering gear. He reeked not whither he wandered. Perchance he was thinking of some fair one who in some distant day was wont to sit by his side and look into the dreamy depths of his strabismal orbs while crunching the peanuts which his wealth had purchased. O, love, love!

CHAPTER II.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
—*M. Goose.*

The rider's meditations had evidently awakened an unworthy heart pang. With a sudden start he accelerated his speed. A pebble was in his pathway. He heeded it not. It was struck amidships by the wheel. In an instant his nose had kissed the dust. There he lay, bleeding like a butcher shop, his olfactory apparatus flattened into prairie-like flatness, and his clothing enswathed in the comminuted real estate that piled the roadway. His trusty bicycle lay beside him, mutely asking to be excused for the trick it had played upon its master. Bicycler and bicycle lay motionless and at the mercy of the bugs and beetles that crawled whithersoever they would over their prostrate forms.

CHAPTER III.

A maiden fair to see.
—*Old Play.*

Rebecca Jane Jones, the maiden daughter of old Jones, the horse-ear driver, had seen the catastropho. That is what she called it, though old Jones, who sat smoking his T. D., said the feller was only takin' a header. But pardon the digression. Rebecca Jane Jones had seen the catastrophe. It was but forty-four brief years since Rebecca Jane Jones first saw the light of day, and as she had put in full time ever since, it is unnecessary to say that she was no infant. But she was young still and her unsophisticated heart went out to the hapless stranger, and then she went out herself. She lifted his head in her lap and bathed his nasal appendage with the hem of her garment steeped in the healing liquid of the arnica bottle.

CHAPTER IV.

He fell from above,
To fall in love.
—*Sweet Singer of Michigan.*

Rebecca Jane Jones bathed the nose of the stranded stranger with relentless assiduity. His lids quivered, his eyes opened a cross-fire on the bangs that fringed the beautifully corrugated forehead of his preserver. Then he closed his eyes again and remarked in a stage whisper, "'Tis she!"

Rebecca Jane Jones plunged the arnica into his eyes in the excess of her maidenly agitation. This had the remarkably effect of opening them again.

This time the stranger was more communicative. He uot only said "'Tis she," but he threw in the additional observation, "'Tis she whose luage has haunted me since that happy day when in unison we ate the peanuts——"

He got no farther. At the mention of the seductive fruit Rebecca Jane Jones shrieked in calliopic distinctness:

"Peanuts!"

CHAPTER V.

Bob up serenely from below,
She is the gal you want, you know.
—*Oscar Wilde.*

"Tell me," said she, "under the disfigurement of that mashed nose dwellest the face of Horatio Fitzgomery Brown?"

The battered bicycler allowed that such was the true state of the case.

"O, Horatio!" sighed Rebecca Jnne. Then she collapsed into a fainting fit.

It was now Horatio's turn to wield the arnica bottle. He did this with such lover-like liberality that Rebecca Jane came to in one second and three-quarters.

"O Horatio!" she remarked. "Your image has been present in this heart"—indicating the locality—"for these long, long years—that is to say"—her womanly instinct reasserting itself—"quite a little time, you know."

Then he said something.
Then she said something.
Then they both said something.
Then it was all fixed.

CHAPTER VI.

Beefsteak pie and fat opossums,
Marriage bells and orange blossoms.
—*Walt Whitman.*

It seemed that the day after Horatio Fitzgomery Brown parted with Rebecca Jane Jones on the occasion of the peanut-eating match aforesaid, he bought himself a bicycle and began practicing. He broke his leg at the first lesson, and was unable to call upon his dearest Rebecca Jane without being carried to her. Nobody offering to take him he went not. His absence vexed Rebecca Jane, and she commenced gallivanting with another fellow. She carried her gallivanting and co-gallivanter beneath the window of Horatio. Now he was maddened. Both were miffed. To drown his grief, Horatio, as soon as his leg had assumed its normal condition, gave his days and his nights to the bicycle. In the twenty years that had passed he had broken both arms three several times, one leg four times and the other seven times. What with these incidents and several minor affairs, such as a collar-bone broken, a wrist dislocated, and his head smashed now and then, Horatio had had about all he could attend to.

And Rebecca Jane?

Well, she had flirted awhile; but as none of the fellows ventured to touch upon the subject of matrimony, her fond, true heart turned to Horatio. It found him not, and she pined in secret. So she said; but she had gained forty-five pounds in weight, nevertheless.

But it was all over now. They were to be united after their long estrangement.

"Promise me one thing," said Rebecca Jane. "Promise me you will never again mount a bicycle."

Of course Horatio promised. Men always promise anything before marriage.

And so they were married.

Horatio, strange to relate, remembered his promise, and Rebecca Jane's papa so exerted his influence that Horatio was chosen captain of a base-ball nine, and though his face is as battered as a gunboat after a hard-fought action, he is rich, affluently rich. In some seasons he has been known to sell out six games, the proceeds of these transactions serving to largely swell the proportions of his princely salary.

Horatio little knew when he fell over his bicycle that he was to fall into so soft a thing.

Rebecca Jane Jones, thanks to that arnica bottle, won't die and old maid.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Flying Childers---A Race-Horse Whose Stride Was Twenty-five Feet.

The legends about the horse in question are so well known that it is scarcely necessary so enlarge upon them. If his stride, like that of Eclipse when extended, covered twenty-five feet, it was eight inches longer than the strides of the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur when they were struggling head to head opposite York Strand in 1851. The two horses, while the contest was at its height, reached over exactly the same space of ground, and that space was twenty-four feet four inches. The portraits of Flying Childers commonly represent him with his hind legs stretching abnormally far back. If, by some exceptional leverage power, he could bring his hind legs perfectly under him when he galloped, his length of stride and his superior speed would be not unreasonably accounted for. He won two matches and received some forfeits at Newmarket, but his greatest achievements were not performed in public. He is said to have given Fox, almost the best runner of his time, twelve pounds, and to have beaten him a quarter of a mile, over the Beacon Course, which is very much as if a dark three-year-old had met Robert the Devil last year at Doncaster, and reached the goal before Robert had come to what is called the end of the white rails. The Duke of Devonshire was in the habit of buying annually some of Mr. Childers' "young things." On one occasion a dispute arose between them as to whether the sum due from the Duke to the 'Squire was to be calculated in guineas or pounds. "Throw in," exclaimed the Duke, "that ugly little white-faced devil looking over the gate yonder and guineas it shall be." No sooner said than done. Childers went with the lot to Chatsworth, and was there used as a hack. Returning one day with letters across the moor, he passed the exercising ground of the Duke's accepted racers. The boys jeered at him as he went by, crying out, "Come, now, let us see what that wonderful high-bred nag of yours can do." This invitation was straightway accepted, and the curiosity of Childers' critics satisfied at once. It is needless to add that the horse was immediately put into training, and the Chatsworth post pony found himself at once transformed into the pride and terror of Newmarket. His comparatively small size was considered at first, I suppose, to unfit him for racing. The same thing happened with Gimcrack afterward—some such accident disclosed his superiority, and the wondering groom rushed to tell his master that the "little cripple colt could beat them all."—*Fortnightly Review.*

A Haytian Princess.

The Boston *Traveller* gives this description of a Haytian princess:

"The lady was the Princess Soulouque, daughter of the Emperor Soulouque, who was driven from his throne years ago and died in exile in Jamaica. Her face was a dead jet black, but the features were softly moulded and, with a fine set of laughing teeth, made her appearance prepossessing. She wore a jaunty white turban hat with an immense cardinal red feather floating away behind like a ship's pennon. Her riding dress was of sky blue, very long and trailing in the dust. Around her waist was a broad gold sash, and in her bosom she wore a sapphire brooch almost as large as a saucer. She was mounted on a Venezuelan horse about sixteen hands high, which was made a present to her father by the President of Venezuela. The horse was as remarkable as the woman on his back. He was a clear cream color all over the body, with long snow white mane and tail and most admirable shape. The lady's riding whip had a gold handle studded with precious stones, and the bridle chain was of solid silver. She wore yellow leather gloves, with gauntlets extending as far as the elbow. Her voice had a tendency to falsetto, and its tones were peculiarly entertaining to hear. The Princess, but no longer a princess by the laws of the land, was educated in Europe and spoke four languages."

—The agriculturists of Cashmere are robust and their wives fair, but the shawl-producing villagers are wretched objects. Long hours of work in crowded, ill-ventilated rooms, with beggarly pay, make them mere shadows.

A Lumberman's Life---Rafting Logs in the Streams of Pennsylvania.

The Williamsport correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: The post of danger is on the jams, and there the most skillful men are sent. Pitfalls will open in the midst of a solid mass of timber, and then close in a moment, after having dragged a man down beyond all help; a log will move a few inches slowly and unnoticed, and then, with a movement like an arrow, strike a luckless man, crushing the life out of him in an instant. On every side dangers are lurking, and he is fortunate that passes a spring without injury. There is something attractive in the looks of a log jam, and if the fascination that danger has were taken from it still men would rather work there than on the shore. The long, narrow sea of white timber, creaking and writhing with the action of the current; the water roaring and foaming as it escapes from its prison under the logs, and the logs themselves molded into fantastic shapes by the terrible pressure behind them, all have an attraction for men who are impressed by strength or picturesqueness. After a jam is formed the jam-breakers are sent on it, and the boss may be seen directing the work and examining to see what holds it. Sometimes it is one log, and again it will be several knotted together in such a way as to almost baffle the most experienced, but generally one or two "floods" will start it. The floods are made by the large floating dams, and will raise the water several feet, lifting a jam up into the air as if it were a toy-boat. If a specially large flood is needed, two and sometimes three are used at a time, the flood gates of the lower dam being opened just as the water from the dam above reaches it. In this way an immense "splash" is obtained that only the most refractory jams can successfully combat.

There are few grander sights to be seen anywhere than the moving of a large log jam. The grand strength with which they move, tearing out the largest trees and forcing everything before them, and the fierce motion of the logs, like the crazy shuttles of some giant machine, and the perfection of force, compel enthusiasm from the most phlegmatic spectator. The wild hurrahs of the men on the logs add to the excitement, and an observer is quite sure to find himself running along by the side of the moving mass cheering as if he had won a battle. The men who are at work scarcely realize the danger, they are so carried away with the excitement, and they may be seen jumping from one log to another and cheering as if perfectly safe on solid ground, instead of on a dangerous sea of moving logs that are continually rising and falling and dodging this way and that, driven by the flood of water furnished by the floating dams. The skill shown by experienced floaters in riding logs is wonderful, and it seems impossible for human dexterity to reach such perfection. A jam will sometimes form where precipitous rocks make it impossible for the men to escape on either side, and they must ride the logs for several rods. In such places the water is always swift, sometimes forming rapids, and watching the logs jumping, tumbling, rolling along with a deafening roar, one wonders how men can live among them for an instant. Behind the jam breakers come the suckers with their teams, drawing the logs that jams have forced far out on the banks and rolling in those on the shore. "Bringing up the rear" is the technical term given this work by the lumbermen, and it is no more desirable than occupying the same position in the army. It is terribly cold work, too, wading in the snow water, ice freezing on the levers and on the clothing wherever exposed to the air, and makes the spectators shiver to see them. But the hardy lumbermen don't mind it. They expect it and their strength is equal to the demand.

At meal-time they all come with prodigious appetites for their rations, that are as hot as they can be eaten. Hot biscuits, potatoes, eggs, meat, tea, coffee and everything else, solid and liquid, are smoking like the steam from a locomotive, while generous draughts from the cup that inebriates add their fuel to the general fire. No cold victuals are current in log-floating time. All the chill required is found in the ice-water, and something has to be taken to counteract its influences.

The nights are spent in camps where the roaring fires, burning all night, partially to dry the wet clothes that must be put on in the morning. Coming into the room where the clothes are hung a great cloud of steam is seen that rises to the ceiling, where it condenses, and either falls down in drops or evaporates on the warm boards, and the clothes are all smoking as if engaged in a contest. When the river is reached the life changes. There are few jams to break, less wading, and more riding in boats, and all the work is easier and less dangerous. If the logs stop on a rock that is out in the middle of the river, a boatman carries some men there who may roll them off and get into the boat again without danger and without getting wet. There are logs along the shore to be rolled in, but the water is not as swift as in the runs, and in the deep water a man can stand with comparative safety. Everything is easier, and the day the river is reached is almost a holiday among the lumbermen.

Was This Instinct?

Everybody who knows Dr. Barton remembers his dog Don, probably the finest pointer which has ever made its appearance in Southern California, and one of the finest in the world for that matter. When the Doctor over five months ago, left for Mazatlan, he turned over Don, for safe keeping, to Mr. Hutton of the San Fernando Valley. In that capacious valley the sagacious dog stayed steadily until the day which saw Dr. Burton return to Los Angeles. Singularly enough, on that day this splendid dog trotted into town, just twenty-four miles, to greet his old master. We have heard a great deal of clairvoyance, but what should we call the development of an affectionate instinct like this? Let some scientist give it a name.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.*

Young men should be careful about dropping remarks. They may be picked up by a bigger man.—*N. O. Picayune.*

How the Czar Travels.

The departure of the Emperor from Peterhof was intended to be kept a profound secret; but, as usual in such cases, it leaked out through one channel or another that a move was to be made, and the arrival here of General Kozloff, Police Master at Moscow, gave a clue to the direction that would be taken. On the day fixed for the departure the *Official Messenger*, to the dismay of the authorities, announced that the Emperor was about to start for Moscow, an indiscretion of which the immediate penalty was a severe reprimand from Count Ignatieff, who forbade the unofficial press of the capital to reproduce the announcement or to refer to it in any way. The first intimation vouchsafed to St. Petersburg that the Emperor had actually left the vicinity was contained in an official telegram published on Saturday, and recording his arrival in the city of the Czars. Since then his movements have been duly chronicled by the official organ in a series of telegrams, which the other papers were graciously allowed to reproduce in gigantic type twenty-four hours later, though without a word of comment. The observance of all this mystery can only be explained on the assumption that the Czar is in imminent danger of falling a victim to the machinations of the Nihilists. As in the case of the late Emperor's last journey to the south, the line was guarded throughout its length by soldiery. At every hundred paces bayonets glistened, and at intervals tents shone white and camp-fires gleamed. Such places as offered more than ordinary facilities to miscreants of the Hartmann type were specially looked after, but still not satisfied as to the safety of the Imperial party, General Ignatieff, who accompanied it, resorted to various extraordinary measures to baffle any possible attempt on the part of the revolutionists.

From the Peterhof line the imperial train ran through a loop intended for goods traffic only into the Great Southern Railway, sometimes preceded by a pilot-train, sometimes itself taking the lead. The speed all the way was somewhat less than that of ordinary mails (thirty miles an hour), and, owing to long stoppages, the time usually occupied by the journey was considerably exceeded. At Moscow the first warning the public had of the intended visit of the Czar was given by the sudden bustle at the Governor's house and at the palace, where, two days only before the arrival of the august travelers, hasty preparations were made for their reception. Late next day it was intimated that the Czar might be expected at eight o'clock the following morning, and at the appointed hour a train did make its appearance, but to the no small disappointment of the crowd that had gathered near the station it brought only a batch of police and detectives, who hoped to find plenty of game in the trap thus cleverly baited. Before ten, however, preparations had been made in earnest. Troops were stationed on both sides of the route all the way to the Kremlin. The inhabitants of every house in the streets through which the Emperor was to pass were peremptorily ordered to close their windows, and the anxiety depicted on the faces of the police showed when the cortege was nearly at hand. Presently distant cheering was heard, and as it grew nearer and nearer, the open carriage containing the Czar, Czarina and their children drove rapidly by, followed by that of Prince Dolgorouky, Governor-General of Moscow, the foundations of which were laid by his ancestors 700 years ago.—*Cor. London Standard.*

The Costly Search After Gold and Silver.

As everyone knows, the Comstock mines at the present time are all in "borrasca," or poor ground, and not one of them is to-day paying a dollar in dividends. On the contrary, they are all levying assessments, and are spending enormous sums in prospecting and driving after that will-o'-the-wisp bonanza that is forever being predicted as just a little beyond the levels of every mine on the lode.

The Yellow Jacket, that at one time had a famous bonanza which paid in dividends $2,184,000 previous to 1871, and which has been a steady assessor for the greater part of the past ten years, has prospected the lode to a depth exceeding 3,000 feet, by a shaft which, on the 1st of July last, had cost, without interest, $1,674,203.53, and is yet without ore. The assessments of this company have already amounted to $4,098,000, and during the year ending June 30, 1881, the expenditures at the mines were $549,740, of which $27,230 were on account of and for driving 743 feet of the Sutro Tunnel. During the year 1,055 feet of drifts were run, and 980 feet of diamond drill prospect holes, which was all the effective prospecting done for over half a million dollars. The greater part of the outlay was for pumping and repairs. The Superintendent says: "From April 16, when connection was made with the Sutro Tunnel, to June 20, or in a little more than one month, we pumped and hoisted 86,000,000 gallons, or 360,000 tons of water. We have had since that time a steady flow of sixty miners' inches, or 720 gallons per minute." This amount, two and seven-tenths tons per minute, or about 3,000 tons a day; is raised from the 3,000 foot level to the Sutro Tunnel, nearly 1,500 feet, and involves an expense greater than that required to work some of the largest and most profitable mines in this country. Yet at the present time the Yellow Jacket is simply a prospect, and all these expenditures are merely prospecting expenses incurred in the hope of finding something. And this is but one out of a score of mines prospecting the Comstock, none of which pays expenses.

Never before in the history of the world have such enormous sums been expended for prospecting as we see today on the Comstock. The same amount prudently invested in less expensive and more promising districts would no doubt produce vastly better results.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

—Legs have risen in value. In the time of Edward, the Saxon King of England, the breaker of a leg was mulcted in six shillings. Now the New York courts give a doctor $80,000 for a leg broken by the Elevated Railroad, and a California gentleman expects to get $10,000 from the Central Pacific for the mashing of his big toe.

The Science of Condensation.

President A. S. Welch, of the Iowa Agricultural College, starting, in a public address, with the statement that nearly all the processes of productive industry are only successive steps in the progress of condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in this lucid way:

"We turn soil into grass, grass into milk, milk into cream, and cream into butter, which is the final product in the series. Corn, which is a form of condensed soil, may itself be condensed into whisky, starch or glucose. The amount of twenty-eight pounds of glucose extracted from one bushel of corn is sold at twice the price and freighted at less than half the cost. Oats are condensed into oatmeal; sorghum into sugar; apples into cider; barley into beer; and so on without stint. Every step advances the price, diminishes the weight, and saves cost in carrying to market. But the ordinary form of condensation on the farm begins with the coarser crops and ends in the various animal products. Sheep, cattle, hogs and horses are condensed from the grasses and grains, and every step of the series all the way up from the soil to the thoroughbred, if rightly managed, brings its legitimate profit, the final gain being the comparatively inexpensive conveyance to market which comes from large values packed into reduced magnitudes. But this constant crowding of value into smaller dimensions is shown not only in the transformation of the coarser into the finer commodities, but it is seen likewise in the improvement of our domestic animals. A Texas steer and a high grade Shorthorn are freighted to market at the same rates, while the one brings double the price of the other when they get there.

"The waste that comes from the excessive making of what is called offal is the grand cause of failure on the farm. It absorbs food and time, it costs everything and brings nothing. It is fully as expensive to raise horns and white leather as to raise marketable muscle. The price is different, but the freight the same. Some farmers display great talent in the production of offal. They raise hay that is all woody fiber, apples that are all core, corn that is all cob, and cattle that are all head and horns and gristle and tail. They stigmatize the skill and care that diminishes the core, the cob and the overweighted bone to increase the salable parts as fancy farming. Now the whole scope and purpose of improvement, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is simply to reduce to the smallest compass consistent with strength the unsalable portions, and to enhance the quality and size of the salable ones. The crab apple and the Northern Spy, the choke pear and the Flemish Beauty, the Mustang pony and the Arabian mare, the Florida cow with her shrunken udder and the Jersey that fills the pail, are examples of the opposite extremes in the different series. The one result sought in breeding, practiced as an art, is to raise from the lower end of each series up toward the higher.

"The model Shorthorn cow is a sample of closely compacted values—a treasure of the most nutritive food so packed as to secure the highest prices and cheapest transportation. She is developed to fullness of quality just where the epicure finds and pays for the most delicate roast or sirloin steak. And those portions of her body which the butcher considers superfluous are condensed to just within the limits of size and strength which are indispensable to the economy of animal life. In the gradual progress of condensation to which she has been subjected through many generations, her horns have been made rudimentary and her head shaped after the best model and her bones brought to the fineness and strength of steel. And the policy that has effected this striking result rests on the following reasons: 1. The offal absorbs for its growth and support a portion of the food which the animal consumes, consequently the greater the volume of offal the greater the amount of food wasted in feeding. 2. Large and coarse offal is almost invariably accompanied by coarse muscle. Capacious offal carries inferior beef. 3. Large and coarse offal usually goes along with a scanty development of valuable parts. Hence it indicates a lack, not only in quality, but also in quantity of marketable beef. 4. Heavy offal is rarely accompanied by the fattening quality. The cow or ox whose carcass is overweighted with offal will not as a general thing take on fat easily."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Laying Out Fields by Measure.

Few farmers know the size of their fields or how many acres they contain. A field of the writer's, before it came into his possession, had been plowed and reaped by contract for fifteen acres. On measuring it, it was found to have but twelve acres. It is desirable, in fact, indispensable for good work, that a farmer should know how many acres each field contains, for otherwise he cannot apportion seed or manure for it, nor can he tell how much time it should require to be plowed. A measuring cord should be part of the furniture of every farm. To make one, procure sixty-seven feet of strong rope, one inch around; make a loop or fasten a ring or a bar at each end, and make these precisely sixty-six feet apart. This is four rods. Then tie a piece of red rag in the center. One acre of ground will be a piece four of the cords (chains) long and two and one-half wide, equal to sixteen by ten rods, making one hundred and sixty square rods, or one acre. The advantage of the ring or loop is that one person can measure alone by driving a stake in the ground to hold the rope while he stretches it out. The rope should be soaked in tar and dried, which will prevent it from shrinking when wet.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A man drove up at a terrific pace to the railroad station at Farwell, Mich., and inquired for his wife. She had eloped with a neighbor, and was about to take a train for the East. "Thank goodness, I'm in time," the husband cried, in great excitement. The bystanders anticipated a tragedy, and the wife cowered into a seat. "Here's your child," he continued, producing a little girl. "Reckon you forgot her in your hurry. Now you can get off as fast as you like." Leaving the girl with the runaway pair, he drove away with his placidity entirely restored.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Departments at Washington employ over 10,000 clerks.

—Coney Island takes in 125,000 visitors on fair Sundays, and disposes of 16,000 dinners and 200,000 schooners of beer.

—The desk of English oak, on which George Mason wrote the Virginia Bill of Rights, has been given by his great-grandson, Mr. George Mason, of Alexandria, to the Virginia Historical Society.

—An irrepressible war is going on between the birds and squirrels of the Sierras in Nevada. The latter are hardly out for an airing before the bluebirds and wrens pounce upon them and drive them to their holes.

—At the meeting of photographers in Chicago one of them made the statement that men should be taken with their right side toward the camera and ladies with their left, as their noses generally point different ways.

—A gay and festive blonde young man named Clarence H. Barrett, of Providence, R. I., has left for parts unknown, and eight young women in that region claim that he is their husband. Just before his wholesale matrimonial proclivities were exposed, he was courting his ninth intended victim, and she had a narrow escape.

—Acting on a theory that human beings were made to stand upright, and therefore ought never to lie down, a Californiaa sleeps in an apparatus which sustains him comfortably in a perpendicular position. A Nebraska physician is equally certain that the vital organs are injuriously affected by being jolted downward in walking, and to counteract this he gravely stands on his head five minutes every day.

—There is to be a new king in Europe. The German authorities will request the Grand Duke of Baden to assume the regal title on September 29, which is the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage with the only daughter of the German Emperor. If the Grand Duke accepts the proffered gift, the marriage of his daughter Victoria with the crown Prince of Sweden and Norway will admit of being celebrated at Carslruhe.

—A fish propagating company of California is experimenting with a frog pond. New Brunswick furnished the material to start with, 130 frogs being sent from there packed in fresh moss in a box plentifully supplied with perforations for the admission of air. The moss was frequently moistened on the way. On the arrival of the box at its destination only 112 frogs were found and of these ten were dead. It is supposed that the eighteen that were missing had been eaten during the journey by their companions in confinement.

—The population of Canada, according to a census taken on the 4th of last April, is 4,350,933, or about that of our single State of Pennsylvania. The increase during the last ten years has been 865,173, or a little less than a quarter. The proportionate gain, therefore, was not equal to that made in the United States between 1870 and 1880, for we added to our population in that decade something over thirty per cent., and our increase alone was nearly three times the total population of the Dominion to the northward of us.

—Thirty years ago Burr forbade Platt to walk across his land, at Plattville, Conn.; but Platt could save many steps by going that way to his mill dam every day, and so did not heed the prohibition. Recently, after Platt had worn a path unmolested during the intervening years, Burr told him he must stop, as the trespass had lasted long enough; that he had, after mature deliberation, resolved to shoot him if he walked that way again. Platt did take the usual route next morning and received a charge of buck-shot from Burr's gun.

—A cat belonging to John Pool, on White Oak branch, says the Georgetown (Ky.) *Times*, had a litter of kittens, which were taken from her and drowned. The cat was determined to have something to nurse, and went to the woods and brought in five young rabbits, which she proceeded to care for in a motherly manner. Getting tired of the rabbits, Mr. Pool gathered them up, took them out into the bushes and gave them their liberty. A second time the cat went out and brought back three of the rabbits, all she could find.

—The Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald* relates this incident: "A little girl about eight years old on Wednesday went into the house and asked her mother for two cents. This request was refused, whereupon the girl picked up a revolver that was lying on the shelf, and, raising it, pulled the trigger. The ball went through a stove funnel, knocking it down, and the mother fainted. The girl was thoroughly frightened, and, rushing out of the house, did not return for the night. She very evidently was ignorant of the serious nature of the act, and did not know the revolver was loaded."

—The peculiar sickness that has prostrated a number of persons in the Hungarian city of Pesth, is the occasion of an interesting letter to a journal of that city by a prominent physician, stating the cause of the disease to be the flavoring in some vanilla ice cream that the patients had been eating. The vanilla beans are often picked before they are ripe, and are then liable to get into a state in which they are extremely injudicious, producing a morbid condition resembling, but not the same as, cholera. Dr. Hartzka mentions an epidemic in the city of Berlin produced by this cause at a time when he was there.

—The Methodist minister in Newport, R. I., who was shot by the accidental discharge of his pistol as it tumbled from his hip pocket one night while he was gazing at the stars, is recovering from his wound. The *Christian Index* says: "We are glad he was not killed, and we are glad also that he got shot in the calf of his leg." It then asks: "Is it in pious Rhode Island that ministers of the gospel in time of profound peace carry pistols?" The reverend gentleman and his friends state that it was not in order to shoot his fellow men that this Newport clergyman carried a pistol, but in order to defend himself from the possible assaults of ruffians while on his midnight walks engaged in the study of astronomy.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE SWEDISH WIFE.

In the State House at Augusta, Me., is a bunch of cedar shingles made by a Swedish woman, the wife of one of the earliest settlers of New Sweden, who, with her husband sick and a family of little ones dependent upon her, made with her own hands these shingles, and carried them upon her back eight miles to the town of Caribou, where she exchanged them for provisions for her family.

The morning sun shines bright and clear,
Clear and cold, for winter is near—
Winter, the chill and dread;
And the fire burns bright in the exile's home,
With fagot of fir from the mountain's dome,
While the children clamor for bread.

Against the wall stands the idle wheel,
Unfinished the thread upon spindle and reel,
The empty cards are crost;
But nigh to the hearthstone sits the wife,
With cleaver and mallet—so bravo and blithe,
She fears no famine or frost.

Fair and soft are her braided locks,
And the light in her blue eye merrily mocks
The shadow of want and fear;
As deftly, with fingers supple and strong,
She draws the glittering shave along,
O'er the slab of cedar near.

Neatly and close are the shingles laid,
Bound in a bunch,—then, undismayed,
The Swedish wife uprose:
"Be patient, my darlings," she blithely said,
"I go to the town and you shall have bread,
Ere the day has reached its close."

Eight miles she trudged,—'twas a weary way;
The road was rough and the sky grew gray
With the snow that sifted down;
Bent were her shoulders beneath their load,
But high was her heart, for love was the good
That urged her on to the town.

Ere the sun went down was her promise kept.
The little ones feasted before they slept;
While the father, sick in bed,
Prayed softly, with tears and murmurs low,
That his household darlings might never know
A lack of their daily bread.

—*Mrs. H. G. Rowe, in Youth's Companion.*

BEWITCHED IN MID-OCEAN.

I.

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed."

Old superstitions, like old religions, take a great deal of killing. About no four-footed creatures have religious beliefs or superstitions clung more tenaciously than about the cat, from the feline deity of Egypt, and the gaunt grimalkin of the witches, to the tame tabby of our fireside. It is difficult, however, to believe that, in this quarter of the nineteenth century and among sane Englishmen, pussy should ever be an object of fear and foreboding. Yet hear the story of my friend, the Captain of the Seamew, recently come into port after an unusually stormy and strange passage from Baltimore.

We had a capital run for several days. After dropping down the river we gave her sheet across the cold belt of water that lies along the coast, and ont we "swished" into the stream and away along it.

"Jack," says I to the mate, who has sailed with me in the Seamew a many years, "home in thirty days. Eh?"

"Humph," said Jack, "maybe." Jack was a Scotchman, and cautious about an opinion.

Well, on March 14 (I have reason to remember the date), a little after twelve o'clock, in latitude forty-one degrees north and longitude fifty-three west (I had just taken our bearings and remember 'em), I was sweeping around with my glass careless like when I sighted a ship on our starboard bow. I had a good look; she was a bark, and was flying signals of distress. I called Jack.

"Jack," said I, when he had looked, "what do you think? We must bear down on her, I suppose."

"Humph," said Jack. "Ay, I suppose."

We shortened sail and bore down. We came within hail, but nobody answered from the bark. Presently, though, a boat was launched and pulled toward us; but their pulling was weak and "dippy."

Then a man stood up in the middle of the boat, tugged his coat off and waved it, and sang out "Ahoy! Ahoy!" in a half-cracked kind of voice. This was strange, and I tramped up and down, impatient to hear what they wanted.

"We are starving!" That's what the Captain that stood up in the middle said. "We are starving," said he. "The Lily of Plymouth, outward bound for Baltimore."

We got 'em up the side. I took the master into the cabin and sent the men for'ard. Lord! to see that man drink and eat! With a delirious eagerness, as you might say, and yet afraid to eat too fast or too much. He knew he must keep in his awful appetite and still it would keep a breaking from him. He told us this story in scraps between: They had been provisioned for three months, and that was their 125th day out! The weather they had experienced had been most peculiar; not stormy, but playful and perverse-like; sometimes blowing this way, sometimes that, often not blowing at all. Near eleven weeks had gone by before they sighted Cape Henry, and when they did down came a furious, sprawling nor'wester and drove 'em out to sea again. And so they had been beaten about in adverse winds, of course, ever since. Their last drop of water and their last scrap of biscuit went five days ago. Then they came to cooking their boots and sucking the oil from the lamps—even from the binnacle.

"We ate my dog last!" And the poor fellow burst into tears. "As sure as fate," said he, looking oddly at me, "we have been bewitched."

"Bewitched!" said I. "What, now—what makes you think of such a thing?"

"Ah, well," said he, "I don't know. But we'll see."

After that he was in a hurry to return to his ship. We filled their long boat and a boat of our own with all the provisions we thought we could spare (and there were thirteen of 'em, an awkward number to feed). Jack went with our boat, and when he came back, says he to me:

"That skipper's not a bad sort, though he be a Cardiff man. He's sent ye this keg o' spirits—and it's maybe as well out o' their way now—and, what d've think? four bottles o' champagne in the basket here! They had thought o' saving them for land sight, but he's sent them to you."

We looked in the basket of champagne at once. The bottles lay sloped in, with their heads out. Underneath was a fitting packing-straw, and underneath that—oh, Jack's face and language when he saw it!—a tabby, a brinded cat, lying curled up asleep.

"O!" cried Jack. "O, the sly, ungrateful devil. This is your Weishman, your Tuffy! This is what he thought he was bewitched wi'! And he's been afraid to make awny wi' it! So he sends the witchcraft here! The coward he is! But we'll play Jonah's trick and chance the whale."

So he seized the cat and swung out his arm to toss it overboard; when my little Maggie, that sailed with me this voyage, and that scarce understood his words, but understood his action, caught his wrist and cried:

"O, no, please, Jack! Give it to me!"

Now Jack was very fond of her, so he arrested his act at her bidding at once; but he said: "It's bewitched, though, Maggie lass. If I don't believe in that sort o' thing, there's them here that do," with a glance at the men for'ard.

"Ay, sir, there be," said Dick Sandys, an old seaman who had been standing by all the while helping to haul up the boat by the davit line and keeping, as I had observed, a sidelong eye on the basket. "There's them aboard this here Seamew, and I don't say as what I ain't one on em myself, as 'll straight off begin to think the rare luck of this present v'yage is gone. But they'll dread wnrser luck, sir, if ye throw overboard a brinded cat as has been carried aboard across water."

"Is that so?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said I, in a low voice. "I've heard that before. But," said I aloud, and looking at Dick and trying to work off my uneasiness in a joke, "how can you have a 'sea' or any other 'mew' without a cat?"

"This cat," said Jack, "scarcely looks as if she would mew again. Just look at her—skin and bone."

My little Maggie had waked her up with stroking, and the wretched creature tried to stand and to walk, rubbing against Maggie's leg. But she fell over again and again. Jack caught the animal up and sniffed her breath, while she gave an averted look, which to me seemed almost human.

"S'help me" cried Jack, "if they haven't made her drunk, so that she should come here quiet! Did ye ever see a cat like her?"

When Maggie carried the cat into the cabin I tramped up and down the deck, more uneasy than I cared to let myself know. It was not (as I told Jack) that I was a believer in the superstitions about cats which many sailors still encourage, but because I knew what desperate work it would be, if anything should happen, to keep in hand a crew that had given themselves up.

It was just getting on in the afternoon, and I was still tramping to and fro, when that cat rushed on deck, with Maggie after it. It jumped up on the bulwarks, and, looking and poking its nose over the water, mewed. It leaped back to the deck, and ran along toward the to'e'sle and round the cabouse, and stopped and mewed again. It ran back toward me, and looked round and mewed a third time; and its mewing was loud and distressful, as if it wanted to be let out or let in. Maggie followed, calling "Puss, puss! poor pussy!" And there was I, and Jack, and farther off all the crew looking on and wondering at the creature's movements and, cries. There were peculiar one-sided glances and head shakes, I saw, exchanged by the men. To discourage any notion there might be that I also felt concern, I turned to walk up and down as before, having first lit my pipe. What did that cat do but trot off at my heels, looking up and mewing with a kind of bitter greediness, as if I were the cat's-meat man!

"Catch it, Maggie," I said, "and give it something to eat."

"I've given it something, father," said Maggie, "and it won't eat it. But maybe it will now;" and she managed to seize and carry it off.

Now, standing still, I noticed that the smoke of my pipe, instead of being blown away, was curling slowly about my head, raising a little and forming a bit of cloud and then melting away straight up. I did not like these signs. There was a change working round in the weather; of which, let me tell you, the glass had given no warning.

We had been having a clear sky and a fresh breeze; the breeze fell slack, our sails flapped and "bilged," like as if in disgust, and the most curious dimness and thickness came down around the ship. I am too old a sailor to make a note of every odd change in the look of the sea or sky, but that was the oddest change I ever saw in mid-ocean. I have read a deal of poetry at sea, and I used to write home pieces to Maggie's mother, when she was alive, God bless her! and so I have always by me a sort of taste and eye for what you would call "poetic effects." Well, the effect that day as the nor'west breeze fell dead, and the sun began to go down, I shall never forget. It became very cold and a mysterious-looking haze gathered about the ship in a circle that got always narrower and narrower, till we had not a hundred feet of clear view all round. The sea lost its briskness and ripple; it took on a dull, steely, oily look, and glided and slid about as if it were the back of a monstrous snake. We seemed at the bottom of a pit of darkness and devilry; and the bottom we rested on was the fathomless Atlantic! All around us the encroaching haze, and rising behind and above it a dense, dark wall of cloud, touched in the west, at its lofty broken edges, with the dim glory of the setting sun, and showing a little space of pale, pure blue above, and in the east and south appearing like an inaccessible gray cliff. From the depths of this cliff seemed to come by and by faint, labored sighs, which gradually became wilder and prolonged themselves into wails of distress and pain. We shortened sail at once down to the lower top-sails.

Between nine and ten I tucked my little Maggie safe into her berth, and turned in myself, though I knew it would be only for a little while. That cat I did not see anywhere about.

I was waked suddenly by my head being bumped against the side of my berth. There was a loud report, like the going off of twenty muskets; I felt a sudden spasm as of choking; I caught at my berth and sprang to my feet. You have never been in a hurricane, I dare say? Well, when it first swoops down it seems to shut you and the ship up with too much breath. In another minute I was on deck; the report had been the noise of a sheet blown to pieces. Jack was roaring through the trumpet, the men were shortening sail—you could just hear the sharp creak of ropes and pulleys through the wind—and that wretched cat was hid somewhere about, mewing its very worst. It was two in the morning; hurricane from the northeast, with bitter rain, and we lay-to with the lee clew of the lower maintopsail. All on till dawn and through the day it blew and shrieked its loudest. Two men were at the wheel to keep her head up, but I knew that for all that we were driving rapidly back on our track. The drift in the air was so dense that we could not see five yards beyond the ship; and by five o'clock it was dark. About six o'clock a great sea struck our bows, carried away our head, and let a rush of water like a mill-race over our decks. We recolled a great distance, and settled heavily in the trough of the sea. But we rose again with a shudder.

On the second day, after daylight, the hurricane abated, though it still blew a stiff gale. But we were able to slacken something of the grim tenacity of our vigilance, and to look at each other again. I liked not the looks I met. We had passed with comparatively little damage through a terrible danger, and that would have been enough, you would have thought, to lead the sailors to think that both weather and ship were under altogether different and better guidance than the witchery of a tabby cat. Yet they looked sullen and hopeless. I could see from the way they eyed the creature and drew off from it and its dismal mewings, that they were still bound by a dread of what it might bring upon them. I must confess that I myself disliked the cat, though it seemed moved to wander up and down the deck and lit to the cabin, and to lament as it did more by some kind of distress than from spite. Maggie was the only one who took any notice of it, and she fed it and followed it about with an unwearied devotion to which the creature did not at all respond.

Next day, though the gale continued to abate, our plight was little improved. The Seamew carried herself heavily, though we could not discover she was making water. The wind was still northeast, against which she not only made no head, but kept losing way. I was therefore, not surprised when Jack came to me in the cabin and said:

"There's something going on for'ard—no end o' talk and tobacco-juice."

We went on deck.

"Look at them, continued Jack, "there by the chains. See how they shove their shoulders into each other. When a sailor does that, and pulls his own ear as Dick Sandys is doing there's something up. And they half-look this way. Ah, here they come."

There were three of them, headed by Dick Sandys, shyly shouldering their way aft. Dick came pretty straight, pulling at his ear, with his eyes cast down, but with his round, ruddy face shining steadily forward; his comrades lurched about, looking from side to side, and touching things as they passed.

"Well, Dick," said I, "you want to speak to me, I suppose, you and your mates?"

"Ay, ay, sir; if you will kindly give us a word. Me and them, sir"—jerking his thumb over his shoulder—"come as a deppytation from the fo'c'sle. We ain't got no notion o' dictating to the Capting, but we want to put ye in possession, sir, of what we're a thinking about. Eh, mates?"

"Ay, ay."

"We see how it's going to be: This here v'yage 'll never come to no good end. The Seamew 'll never again get into no harbor; and some day one on them big steamers 'll come across her all a-rotting, wi' not a sign o' life aboard but a cursed striped cat in the rigging. It's bound to live somehow;—eh, mates! Well, sir, we ain't a-blamin' nobody. It's our luck and the trick o' that Lily. That's bound to be our luck wi' that there cat aboard; but it's not to be expected as how we'll take it meek and mild. Well, ye see, sir, they say 'worser luck if ye throw her overboard.' Jest so. But now this is what we were a-thinking: Suppose you set her adrift in an old tub."

This dark suggestion he conveyed in a low voice, with his hand to the side of his mouth, after a glance round to make sure the cat was not within hearing. Then he looked at me with a steady wistful eye; his mates fidgeted and looked over the ship's sides, as though they felt half ashamed of the plot to which they had given their adherence.

I considered a moment. I had, of course, no real belief that getting rid of the cat thus would give us a fair wind; yet still it was worth trying; it involved only the sacrifice of the cat, and if it did not change the wind, it would at least change the looks of my crew. But what would my little Maggie say! However, I turned at once to Dick.

"You can try it," said I. "I give you full leave—though, mark you, I don't believe in the nonsense. But get hold of it without my little girl seeing you."

"Ay, ay, sir."

II.

Ah, it was a bad night. The wind whistled in ropes and cords, and spars and rigging creaked wearily. The broken water every now and then came swash on our bulwarks, and swirling and hissing over us. Ah, my hearties, believe me, it's better ashore than at sea! The cat was got and put into the tub, and over she went into the darkness and the rush and hiss of the mighty waters with a dreadful meaw, that made our flesh creep.

I was glad I did not see the men's faces. I felt—I don't know what. Then I went aft a step or two till I was close to the wheel and looking astern. I had stood maybe a minute or more, when, lo and behold! I saw just where the binnacle light fell on the bulwarks the head and the staring eyes of that cat! I dashed forward just on the impulse. It was clambering on board again.

"Down, you brute!" I cried, pushing at it. God! how it clawed into the wood! "Down, you wretch! you devil!"

It mewed terribly and held on with every claw, but—yes, yes! with furious, half-terrified hands—I tore it away and flung it out. I had not noticed that the men had come aboard me.

"Ah! save and deliver us, sir!" said Dick at my elbow. "You've done for us now! Lord knows what'll happen!"

In the feeble light I saw his and his companions' faces staring on me with a ghastly terror. I felt now like a fool and a criminal. Dick had barely done speaking, and I had just turned round, when a little white figure appeared. It was my little Maggie.

"Father," she whispered, "where are you? I heard my pussy mew and I can't find it. Where is she? Have you seen my pussy, father?"

"Your father has thrown her into the sea, missy," said one of the men. "And what'll come o't, God knows."

How exasperated I was with that man! "You'd better go for'ard, you men," was all I said, however. But, before any of us had time to stir, the crest of a wave, like a great white flying mane, flung itself over and drenched us. I caught Maggie in my arms all dripping, and carried her below. She said nothing, but looked at me in a way that cut to the heart; her gaze was frightened and half turned away. I had no word to say for myself. I changed her night-gown and put her back in her berth. She shivered and snuggled down with her head under the bedclothes. After a little she peeped out and said to me:

"When you are some day angry with me, will you maybe throw me into the sea?"

I could not bear it. "O, Maggie, my child, my darling!" I cried, taking her in my arms; "don't talk and look like that. The cat was a bad cat, and brought us ill-luck and bad weather.

"I thought," said Maggie, simply, "it was God made the weather." I was silent. After a pause she cried: "I want my pussy back, father. Get me it back. It was not bad, and I liked it."

"I wish, my dear," I said, "I could bring you it back."

Was it a mew I heard, and a scratching, or was it only the wind above, and the dash of the water at the port-hole? Maggie had heard it, too; she sat up and her eyes were fixed on the port-hole. With some difficulty I pulled it open and in scrambled the cat!

I was never more delighted by the sight of any living thing than I was by the return of that poor, half-drowned cat. Such a weight of guilt was lifted off me! I felt almost like a little boy again, there, with my little girl beside me. The to-do Maggie and I made over the poor, outraged creature! I confess to you truly the tears came to my eyes. Maggie kissed it and cuddled it, all wet and shivering as it was, the brave little swimmer! I went to the cook and got some hot mess for it to eat, and prepared a snug little bed before the cabin stove, and poor grateful pussy licked my hand.

"Captain! Captain!" I heard eagerly whispered from the top of the cabin steps. I should have been on deck, and I was turning to go—after a glance at Maggie, with a shawl about her, sitting down by her recovered pussy—when the cook stumbled hurriedly down into the cabin, whispering in terror, "They've got at the spirits, Captain, and they're mad! They've knocked Dick down for standing up for you, and they're sure, as you threw the cat overboard, the only way to save the ship is to throw you after it! They're coming!"

And before another word could be said, or anything done, they were come. I suppose they at once suspected the cook of being informer; in a moment he was gagged and bound. I stood before them with what calmness I had; though I felt my cheek pale and my blood tingle to see all the desperate crew crowded in before me. They were not drunk; they were only primed to the Dutch courage point; their faces were bloodshot and resolute.

"What is the meaning of this, my men?" I asked firmly. "Mutiny?"

At the dreaded word they quailed a little; but Bill Bowser—he who had told Maggie I had drowned the cat, and who seemed the ringleader—made a step forward and said (he was an ugly slab of a man, with something like a squint, but he could speak to the point):

"No mutiny, Captain, only self preservation, the first law o' nature. That darned cat has been thrown overboard, and to save the ship and all the rest on us you must follow it, Captain, 'cause you done it."

I was about to speak, when Maggie, who looked very much surprised, but not in the least frightened, said (standing up in her sweet childish beauty, with the shawl slipping from her shoulders) "Look, pussy was in the sea but she's come back again;" and she showed them the cat in her arms.

They were dumbfounded and smitten with confusion. They stared at me, and at Maggie and the cat, and they shouldered toward the stair. Bill Bowser again made himself spokesman.

"I'm blest," said he, "but that cat has the devil in her, as sure as David. But look a-here, Captain, we must just set her adrift again, and tie her in this time."

"Now," said I, "I won't allow a hair of that cat to be touched again. And I advise all you men to clear out of this at once, or I shall take note of it and reckon it an attempt at mutiny." I spoke in a loud, commanding tone, to rouse Jack, who was in his berth close by.

"O, you will, will you?" said Bowser, now snarling out the rebellious spirit natural to him, and suggestively lowering his head and drawing up his sleeve from his right wrist; I felt sure he had his knife handy. "If it's to be reckoned mutiny, it may as well be made worth the reckoning. Down with him mates!"

I caught the gleam of the knife; I had no weapon; I threw my cap in his face, and next instant floored him with my fist. At this juncture, as if in answer to little Maggie's cry, out burst Jack, half-dressed, revolver in hand.

"Halloa! Eh? What's this?" he cried.

I took the revolver from his hand and pointed it among the men, who looked some sulky, some bewildered, but none inclined to follow Bowser's initiative.

"Now," said I, "I give you another chance. Be off at once to the fo'c'sle, or——" I clicked the trigger of the revolver.

"Ay, ay, Captain." they murmured, and tumbled up to the deck as fast as they could. "We didn't mean no harm, sir," pleaded those who were nearest me, and who were forced to linger.

No, the lubbers! no harm! But if Bill Bowser had struck me down with his knife, they would not have moved a finger or a tongue to save me, or to keep themselves from the crimes of mutiny and murder on the high seas. Yes; that's what your merchant-seamen have come to, now-a-days! As for Bill Bowser, he was, of course, put in irons.

Now, soon after daylight, with a nasty sea still running and the wind in the southeast, the man at the lookout sighted a bark with signals of distress flying. She was about two miles off our larboard quarter. By and by we signaled what was the matter. "Leaking," was the answer; "all hands at the pumps." Then he set the ship's letters, and we made out the name—what do you think?—the Lily! Could it be the same Lily—the Lily of Plymouth—as we had passed on our other quarter nearly a week ago? It might be; for, ye see, these hurricanes often, maybe always, work in a circle. Cyclone, d'ye say? Ah, yes; that's what we call them when met in the tropics. Well, we bore down on each other, and I took the opportunity of having a word or two with my men, to set myself right with them, and to make them, if I could, throw off that superstition about the cat. I called them aft.

"Now," said I, "you needn't look frightened; I'm not going to say anything about last night's affair. I agree to call it all a mistake, if you you will give up your foolish, old-wives' notion about my cat here. I say *my* cat, because I am determined to take it home with me, and leave it with my little girl here. Now, look at it; hasn't it the nicest little face a cat ever had! How can ye believe there is a devil in the creature!"

"The devil," said one, "often hangs out the prettiest figureheads, sir."

"Well," said I, "that's true. But now, you're sailors; you can't refuse shelter, and you can't surely think ill of a poor dumb creature that was twice thrown into that sea, and twice came back to the old ship, and that after all licked the hand that threw her out—ay, and—look ye!—licks it now."

"Hooray for the Captain!"

"But, my hearties," said I, "there's another thing." And this was my strong point. "You see that bark out there? She's called the Lily, and I believe she's the same as smuggled this cat aboard of us. Now, has she gained anything by losing the cat! When she's been caught in the same hurricane as we have, and she's come worse out of it; she's driven far from her course and she's leaking dangerously."

They turned and looked at each other and nodded; they evidently thought there was something in it.

"We keep the cat, then," said I," whether the Lily would like it back or no. Is that agreed?"

"Ay, sy, sir."

It was a bad sea, but we lowered the boat as we and the Lily approached; I particularly wanted to go aboard of her. I got the basket out in which pussy had come to us, replaced her as we had found her, and put the empty champagne bottles on top.

The crew of the Lily were dropping with fatigue when we went aboard, but, Lord! to see how the skipper and them about him woke up when they saw us. Astonishment is no word for it.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "And you are the Seamew?"

"And you are the Lily;" said I. "That was a nice present you sent me. I have brought back the bottles and the basket;" and so saying, I uncovered pussy, who, to my amazement, jumped out at once and bounded off. I had only intended to show the skipper she was there. The poor man stared, his jaw dropped and he sank down on a coil of rope, with his head in his hands, uttering a long, hopeless groan.

"Come, my friend, cheer up," I said.

"We've almost nothing to eat," said he; "we've been at the pumps two days, and now that brute has come back! There's no use standing by them any more; our voyage comes to an end here, and down we go. We might as well have kept the beast; the old wretch's words have come true, and we finish in the middle, as she said."

I doubted his mind was wandering. "Come," said I, "brush yourself and give orders. There's no use staying by the ship any longer; you must abandon her and come with me."

"What! Leave the Lily! She's a good old ship, and she's my own; no, I'll go down with her and that cursed cat. Take off the crew, however, and I'll thank you."

I could not make up my mind to think him deranged, and yet—— Just then the cat came bounding along the deck with something in her mouth, and all the hands paused and stared. She put it in the basket at my feet where she herself had lain, and again bounded away. It was a kitten! and alive! The skipper stared stupidly. Presently pussy returned with another.

"That's what's done it," cried the skipper, with gathering fury; "after I got rid of her they were here, and I never knew it!" He rose in his rage, and, seizing a crowbar, would have smashed basket and all, but he was easily restrained and disarmed.

"Let me have them," said I; "my little girl will like them."

"What!" he cried, in something like an ecstacy of gladness. "And you will take the mother, too!" Then, becoming again despondent, "but it's of no use, now. I feel we are going down."

Pussy had returned with her third kitten which was dead, and had begun to purr with delight and to rub herself round my leg, when he roused himself and ordered all hands to take to the boats. We stood by them in our boat (with pussy and her brood in the basket on the stern-seat), waiting to give them a towline to our ship. When all the hands were in the boats there was a pause. Was not the skipper coming? No. "Cast off." The Lily was settling down rapidly, and the crew cast off with little concern. The skipper's last act was to launch with a curse a broken pulley-block at the basket in our stern, as we rowed off. It just missed the boat and slashed into the sea. The Lily went down before we reached the Seamew.

Next day we had a fair wind, and our crowded ship crowded all sail and went merrily racing, dipping and splashing for home. In our new, bright hopes of our voyage we all, I think, felt rather ashamed of our dreadful suspicions of pussy. At any rate, every one showed the utmost tenderness and solicitude for her and her two kittens.

How had the kittens been kept alive on the Lily all that week? you ask. I don't know, but I have heard of a rat playing the part of a mother under similar circumstances, and I am certain there were rats in the Lily.—*Belgravia.*

The Boy Wolf.

In his eminently interesting work, entitled "Jungle Life in India," Mr. Ball has adduced good reasons for believing that the old classical story of the rearing of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf may be founded on fact. This author cites the case of two lads in an orphanage in Sekandra, near Agra! who had been discovered among wolves and in many ways shared the habits of these animals. One of his stories is supported by a letter from Prof. Max Muller. It says: A trooper sent by a native Governor of Chadaur to demand payment of some revenue was passing along the bank of the river about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, and when the trooper tried to catch him he ran as fast as the whelps and kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by the people with pickaxes, and the boy was secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. He became alarmed when he saw a grown up person, but tried to fly at children and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them under his paws like a dog. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him, but an angry growl or snarl."

Another instance is quoted as having occurred at Chupra. A Hindoo mother and father went out to cut their crop in March 1843. The woman had with her a little boy, who lately had been severely burned on the left knee. While the parents were at work, the child was carried off by a wolf. Some time afterward a wolf with three small cubs was seen about ten miles from Chupra, followed by a boy. The boy, after much resistance, was caught and recognized, by the mark of the burn on his knee. He could eat nothing but raw flesh, and could never be brought to speak. He used to mutter and snarl but never articulated distinctly. The pans of his knees and the points of his elbows had become horny from going on all fours with the wolves. In November, 1850, this boy escaped again and disappeared in the jungle. Thus the she-wolf's litter of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" may have been, after all, no myth.—*London Telegraph.*

For Young Readers.

TOMMY AND THE FROG.

Little Tommy Tompkins, sitting on a log,
Holds a conversation with a consequential frog.

"Little Tommy Tompkins," says that frog, says he,
"Yesterday I saw you fling a stone at me.

"I had my new green coat on: you nearly ruined that!
Little Tommy Tompkins, I believe in 'tit for tat.'"

"Please, I didn't mean to," cries Tommy, in affright,
"I know—boo-hoo—'twas wrong. I know it wasn't right."

"Little Tommy Tompkins," the dreadful frog replies,
"Dry your tears and stop your noise, and from that log arise.

"The sport of being stoned you shall have a chance to see;
I hope it will be fun for you; 'twill be jolly fun for me."

Then on a sudden Tommy goes tumbling with a splash
Down to the muddy water, while froggie makes a dash.

And, sitting on the log, oh, many a stone throws he,
Hitting wretched little Tommy with considerable glee.

"Hold on!" cries Tommy, vainly. "You're nothing but a frog!"
Comes the answer, as the stones fly faster from the log.

Was ever boy so wretched! was ever frog so glad!
I really don't know what would have happened to the lad,

But by chance a wandering bee stung young Tommy on the nose,
And, waking from a fearful dream, up from that log he rose.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Nursery.*

A WONDERFUL SPINNER.

Little children, have not even the few years of your young lives taught you that this beautiful world of ours is full of wonderful things? Have you not already learned that our loving Father is wise and thoughtful in all things, and that He never places even the lowest creature in the world without giving it all that is needful to its welfare?

The great ocean holds many of these humble little toilers, and it is the story of the life-work of one of these families that I am going now to tell you.

Have you ever gone into a great factory, where men and women are at work amidst the buzz of machinery, spinning threads, of which, by-and-by, will be woven the very clothes you and I wear? These men and women have to devote long months, or years, to learn how to do their work, and other men have devoted other years to inventing the machinery with which these delicate little threads are spun; and all the work is done in the midst of hurry and bustle and noise.

It all seems very wonderful, the toil of these human spinners; but what will you say when I tell you that, many and many a time, you and I have held in our hands a more wonderful spinner than these: a spinner so humble and quiet that few knew of its industry and skill; a spinner who has again and again come to the aid of man, when, but for its help, all his toil of months and years must have been lost and swept away?

Perhaps you will hardly believe it when I tell you that the homely little mussel, that we use to bait our fish-hooks with, is this very spinner of the sea. Not the fresh-water mussel, but "that which dwells by the sea," in the crevices of the rocks, and gives us so much trouble to tear it loose from its rocky bed.

When the tiny mussel first creeps out of the little egg which held it, it floats about in the water at the mercy of the wind and the waves; but very soon, as it grows larger, and the time comes for it to settle down for life, Dame Nature—the faithful servant of the great Creator—furnishes the humble mussel with the means of moving about at will, so that it may select its home.

Take up one of them in your hand and open it carefully with a knife, and you will see an organ or muscle of conical shape and deeply grooved in appearance. This is the mussel's "foot," and it is by this it drags itself along in its early days while hunting for a rock or bank which it may suit its fancy to choose for its future home.

This "foot" is just like that of the snails we all know so well, and if you will watch a snail moving along on the ground you will know exactly how the "Spinners of the Sea"—and, in fact, all of the mollusk family—travel beneath the water.

The mussel does not love a solitary life. On the contrary, when we find one we find thousands—aye, and hundreds of thousands—all fast-bound, by their own work, to their rocky homes.

Just as soon as the young mussel, looking out for a home, finds a place to suit it, it puts its foot firmly in the rock, and at once begins the work of its life—spinning threads, so that it may not be swept away from its new home.

If you look once more at the open shell in your hand, you will see hanging down from the base of the foot a bundle of stout threads, which the foot has spun out of a semi-fluid material that is secreted in a gland in its interior. And thus the spinner of the sea not only spins his own thread, but actually manufactures the material of which he makes it.

As we have said, the young mussel begins this work as soon as it settles on a place in which to pass the rest of its days. The moment the foot touches the rock, it projects beyond the shell and then draws back, leaving fast to the rock a delicate thread, which at first is very tender, but almost instantly hardens and strengthens. Then the foot is pushed out again and again withdrawn, and there is another thread; and so the mussel continues to spin its thread, until very often it is tied so firmly to the rock, or stone, or larger shell on which it lies, that the mass of threads is a dozen times as large as the mussel it incloses.

Once, far away on the shore of one of the beautiful islands in the Bay of Panama, I, who write you of these busy little spinners of the sea, found one of them had spun such a mass of threads over its little shell that it looked like a huge sponge; and after working with chisel and hammer for five minutes, to loosen the threads that tied it to its home, I took pity on the industrious little worker, and left it to bask in the sunshine and the waves it loved so well.

These threads that hang down from the mussel, when lifted, are termed its *byssus*, or beard.

I have shown you how they are spun and of what they are made, and I am sure you will confess that it is very wonderful; but when I tell you that these humble little spinners have come to the aid of man, and have preserved and strengthened the work of some of the greatest engineers the world ever produced, and have done for them that which all their skill and patience had failed to do, you will find it hard to believe, I know. And yet it is true, as I will show you.

There is a town in Devonshire, England, called Bideford, and near the town, which is not far from the sea, two rivers join—the Torridge and Taw. There is is a great bridge just there, twenty-four arches in length, and it cost thousands upon thousands of dollars, and years of labor of many men, to build it. But after it was finished the surveyor saw that it would not last. The tide was so rapid and strong that it kept washing out the mortar from the arches, and sweeping away the heavy stones; and, work as hard as they could, the bridge could not be kept in order, or so as to be safe to travel over.

At last a wise engineer, who had not thought even the lowliest of God's creatures too lowly for him to watch and study, said he felt sure he could save the bridge from being swept away. So he took men and boats and brought hundreds of thousands of *mussels*—yes, insignificant little mussels—and placed them among the stones of the arches.

The result proved the wisdom of the man who had watched their industry. They went to work and spun their threads all over the stones, and bound them together so firmly that the tide and waves had no more power to wash them away.

To this day the town of Bideford keeps men and boats at work to replace the little spinners as they die, or are torn away by heavy freshets; and so valuable does it deem these humble guardians of the bridge that it has passed a law by which any person who tears loose the mussels from the arches shall be transported—which, as you know, is a terrible punishment.

It is not only at Biddeford, either, that our little spinners of the sea have served mankind in the same way, for in France the Cherbourg Breakwater is made secure by the strong threads spun over them by the tons upon tons of mussels that a wise Government caused to be placed among them.

You can judge something of the manner in which these threads hold by putting a mussel in an aquarium. Very soon you will find it fast anchored to the sides of the glass or stones, and then you will have to break the strong threads, as the only way of loosening the spinner from his hold.

There is a kind of mussel in the Mediterranean Sea which manufactures a silky thread in such large quantities that the people of Sicily used to make it into gloves and stockings, which brought extremely high prices, not only because of their beauty, but on account of their strange origin. So highly were they valued, in fact, that, in the year 1754, Pope Benedict the Fifteenth was presented with a pair of stockings made of the silk threads spun by these humble workmen of the sea, and the gift was thought one worthy of the exalted station of the receiver.

But, in their actual toil, or handiwork, as it were, our little spinners have not exhausted all their usefulness. In the cool winter weather (but not in the warmer months) the sea-mussels form a wholesome, palatable food, and in some places they are brought from the parts of the coast and placed where they fatten more rapidly—at the mouths of rivers emptying into the sea—so that the cities near by may be supplied with an abundance of fine, fresh mussels.

There is yet another manufacture in which the humble mussel excels, which, if of less real utility, is far more beautiful than the threads they spin.

Even as far back as the times of the ancient Romans, the rivers of Britain were famous for the beautiful pearls found in the mussels that dwelt in them, and we are told that the desire to possess these gems was one of the chief motives of Cæsar's expedition to Britain.

Along the River Earn, a branch of the Tay, the gathering of pearl-mussels is a great industry, and many are the families who are supported by their sale.

Among the great jewels of the British crown is a magnificent pearl, which was manufactured by a mussel in the River Conway, during the reign of King Charles the Second.

Then, too, though the outer side, or epidermis of the mussel is brown and homely, if it is stripped off, it is found to be so beautiful in its tints as to be used for mother-of pearl, and valuable ornaments are made of it.

Is it not wonderful how much there is to tell, even about a poor little mussel, that we carelessly tear loose from its home and cut up for fish-bait, or trample beneath our feet?

And is it not strange how often we see things with our eyes, and yet do not see them at all with our understandings?

There is so much to learn in this marvelous world of ours, that we hardly know where to begin to study it all!

I expect you thought you knew all about the little brown mussel, but—did you?—*Helen Harcourt, in Golden Days.*

A Malne Miracle.

Mrs. Joseph Lapoint of this city, a woman about thirty-five years of age, the wife of a blacksmith residing on Ash street, until about two weeks ago had been an invalid for two years. For one year she had been so weak that she had been unable to leave her bed, and so emaciated that she weighed but fifty pounds. Several doctors had pronounced her case incurable. Sunday morning, about two weeks ago, while there was nobody else in the house but her mother, she startled the old lady by arising from her bed and walking into the room where she sat. She clothed herself, sent for a hack, and was driven to church. She has steadily continued to improve, and says she feels all right. The explanation she gives is this: "Suddenly my pain left me. I made up my mind I was well, and got up." She and her friends attribute the cause of the cure to prayer.—*Lewiston Journal*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1881.

Attention, Republicans.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., to elect five (5) delegates from each distrlet to attend *the county nominating convention* at Oakland, on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th,

to nominate a county ticket; and also to elect three delegates to represent this county in a State Convention to be held at Cambridge, Md., Oct. 5th, for the purpose of nominating a candidato for Comptroller. The Convention will also select a new central committee for the county.

The members of the distriet committees will please make arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order of the committe.

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman.

The news from Long Branch is decidedly reassuring. The President's symptoms seem to be so favorable as to greatly strengthen the hope of his recovery. His temperature, pulse and respiration are nearer the normal than at any time during the past two weeks. The parotid gland, whose tumefaction a short while ago was considered by many able physicians as a fatal sign, has ceased to be a cause of anxiety; the local disturbance in one of the lungs has almost disappeared, and there are no present fears of an abscess there. The fact that the President felt a desire to sit in his reclining chair, and that the surgeons thought it proper to indulge him, is, however, the most hopeful sign of returning strength. That he should have sat looking out on the ocean for thirty-five minutes, and returned to his bed not worse but rather better, is strongly suggestive of convalescence. No drawback is reported as to his digestion. In view of these encouraging signs, it is hard to repress a feeling of confidence in his recovery; but there is a painful silence as to the condition of the wound. The ball is believed to be encysted; but the wound appears sluggish, and granulation either arrested or going on very slowly. There is thus still a danger of new abscesses and of blood poisoning. There is room for strong hope, but the President is by no means out of danger.

We call particular attention to the advertisement in another column of this paper, of the several tracks of land for sale, on the Hooppole Road. These lands will be sold *cheap* and on the *most reasonable* terms.

Let Harmony Prevail.

The following from the Frederick *Examiner*, will apply with equal force to the Republicans of this county:

It is sincerely to be hoped, just now upon the eve of the meeting of the Republican County Convention, that the utmost harmony may prevail, and that no bickerings will enter into its proceedings. That every man who is an aspirant for nomination to any of the places upon the ticket to be put in the field, will enter the convention with the determination to abide cheerfully by its decision, and heartily and zealously support the nominees of the convention, and pledge their friends to do the same, without regard to personal feeling. No man is worthy of the consideration of a County Convention who will ask a nomination at its hands, and then refuse honorably and willingly to abide by its decision. Let the friends and supporters of individual candidates use every honorable means in their power to advance the interests of their favorites, but having done this let them gracefully acquiesce in the will of the majority. We do not apprehend that there will arise any unfortunate dilemma but a word to the wise is sufficient.

The Republican party in this county has had sufficient experience to have learned, that its greatest danger of defeat lies within itself, and therefore every precaution should be taken to prevent if possible any rupture within the ranks. This can but be done by the aspirants themselves, and we trust that no man who is not sufficiently loyal to the party to abide its decision, will attempt to present himself before the convention to ask its support.

It is further desirable, that the ticket should be composed of the very best and most available men to be found in the party, in order that it shall command the support not only of the party, but also of that large class of independent Democrats who are heartily sick of the corrupt rule of the managers of the Democratic party and are eagerly longing for a change.

Again we say let there be harmony, self-sacrifice, and a first-class ticket.

Bourbon Confessions.

When the result of the late Presidential election was known some of the Southeran Bourbon papers confessed their folly. Said the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal:*

The Solid South stands almost alone for the Democratic principles.

The Loulsville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* said:

The Democratic party, which in 1860 made a wanton attempt to take its own life, and did precipitate the country into a costly, bloody, and senseless war, has been floundering about ever since without rudder or compass, seizing every expedient, catching at every straw, all things by turns and nothing long.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* said:

Since the confederate war ended the national Democratic party has been fighting against the logic of events. It has been a party of obstruction and negation.

And again:

In losing politically the South loses in pocket and in peace of mind. Will the South remain on the losing side?

Said the Richmond (Va.) *State:*

Virginia occupies a peculiar position. She is in the very middle of the country, and geographically should be its commercial, industrial, and political centre; but she is divided between a question of sentiment and self-interest. While all her interests, commercial, financial, and industrial, are with the North, yet she is bound to the South by a bond of sympathy and sentiment which it is difficult to overcome, and that is just what makes the Solid South so solid. It is not interest, but sentiment, and the future alone can tell which will prove the stronger.

Why don't they say so now?

Meeting of the Republican State Central Committee.

The Republican State Central Committee met at Concordia Opera House Baltimore, at 12 o'clock Wednesday, 7th. H. Stockbridge, Chairman; Messrs. J. Weatherby and W. H. A. Hamilton, Secretaries. All counties represented except Garrett and Dorchester. Fifty-eight members present.

Wednesday, October 5th, was fixed as the date of holding State Convention to nominate candidate for State Comptroller, and Cambridge selected as the place for Convention to meet. New State Central Committee will also meet and organize there after adjournment of Convention.

Judicial Nominating Convention for Seventeenth Judicial Circuit, will meet at Bowie, Prince George's county, Thursday, September 29th, and that for the Sixth Judicial Circuit at Frederick on the same day.

The calling of Primaries and fixing of times and places of holding County Conventions was referred to the County Committees, and the representation in State Convention for each county was fixed at what it will be in the next Legislature under the new appointment.

Hundreds of Lives Reported Lost.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 7.—The horror which seemed impending yesterday has already been more than realized, and at this writing the disaster of 1871 seems but a bonfire when compared with the flaming swath that has already been cut through the great woods of Northern Michigan along the shores of Lake Huron, lying waste towns and villages, and desolating the homes of the farmers who have by years of ceasless toil, given this State much of its wealth. Reports of destruction and death are coming in from many parts of the State many of the details being too terrible to be true.

At Port Sanilac, on Lake Huron, a fierce northeast wind sprung up this morning and the farm houses which escaped the fury of the flames yesterday were soon licked up. All business is suspended and the whole populace are fighting the fire. In Foster township many entire families are missing, and ten persons are known to have perished.

The village of Cato was burned Monday and Richmondville and every house two miles north are burned.

Carson, a town on the Port Huron and Northwestern railway, was burned last night and forty lives are reported lost. Nothing is left of Badaxe but the court house and one hotel.

Verona Mills has also been destroyed. Huron City, Harwood, Vale, and the entire town of Port Hope have been reduced to ashes.

A dispatch has been received from Sand Beach Station that ten bodies had been brought there and that searching parties were out and every time the wind changed driving away the smoke, dead bodies of men, women, and children can be seen lying among the remains of horses, hogs, cows and sheep in many instances before they can be reached, as a sudden change in the wind will turn the fire toward the rescuers and compel them to retreat.

A survivor from Portsaville says at least 100 lives were lost at that place Monday when the hot southwest wind drove the fires with irresistible fury through the wooded section, destroying everything in its path that would burn. The smoke was so dense that people were obliged go about with lanterns. Farmers placed their movables in plowed fields where there was nothing to burn. Many farmers were suffocated in the roads while fleeing to a place of safety.

Railroad communication with shore ports has been cut off. Telegraph wires are also down. This morning the fire was within two miles of Port Huron, the home, of Senator Conger, and Mayor Carleton telegraphed to the Detroit fire department for hose, which was promptly forwarded.

Reports from the Saginaw Valley are still discouraging. Millington has been attacked by the flames and will probably have to go. This village derives its name from the large number of lumber mills located there.

On the line of the D., L. & N. road everything is burning between Reese and East Saginaw. The fire is also approaching that city on the line of the Flint and Pere Marquette. Between St. Louis and Saginaw trains run with great difficulty, everything being on fire on both side of the track. Fears are now entertained for the safety of Flint. Fires are raging in every township in Genesee county, and Otesville and Clio are threatened. The fire ran over the great farm of Congressman Crapo, of Massachusetts, so rapidly that the men had barely time to remove the valuable stock to a place of safety, leaving everything else to burn.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 9.—The latest information from forest fires in Tusculo, Sanilac, and Huron counties proved that the towns of Balaxe, Verona, Forest Bay, Richardsville, Charleston, Anderson, Deckersville, Aaronsville, and Sandusky have been totally destroyed. The loss of life will fully reach the estimated 500 given in these dispatches yesterday. Over two hundred persons have been burned to death near Minden, Samilac county alone. The dead bodies for the greater part are unrecognizable, and are being brought in from Sandusky from all sections and in great numbers.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 12.—The following appeal has been telegraphed from Port Huron.

PORT HURON, Mich., Sept. 1!—*To the American people:* We have to-night returned from the burnt district of Huron and Sanilac counties. We have seen the burnt, distigured and writhing bodies of men women and children. Rough board coffins contained the dead, followed to the grave by a few blinded, despairing relatives. Crowds of half storved people at some of the stations asking bread for their families and neighbors. We hear of more than 200 victims already buried, and more charred and bloated bodies are daily discovered. Already more than 1,500 families are found to be utterly destitate and houseless. They huddle in barns, in school houses, and in their neighbors' houses, scorched, blinded and hopeless, some still wonder half crazed around the ruins of their habitations vainly seeking their dead; some in speechless agony, wringing their hands and refusing to be comforted, More than 10,000 people, who only a week ago occupied happy comfortable homes, are to-day houseless and homeless sufferers. They are hungry and almost naked when found, and in such numbers, and in so widely scattered that our best efforts and greatest resources fall to supply their immediate wants. Without speedy aid many will perish, and many more will suffer and become exiles. Our people will do their utmost for their relief; but all our resources would fall to meet their necessities. We appeal to the charity and generosity of the American people. Send help without delay. The appeal is signed by E. C. Carleton, Mayor of Port Huron, and chairman of the relief committee; Wm. Hartraff, John P. Sanborn, Charles A. Ward, Omer D. Conger, Chas. B. Peck, and Peter B. Sanborn.

The awful destruction of farm property in Michigan has been followed by a sudden change in the temperature that has intensified the sufferings of the homeless and shelterless unfortunates, who have now to endure the added tortures of rain and cold. There is an appalling scarcity of food in the region, and though the charitable at Detroit and elsewhere are forwarding supplies with all possible despatch, the amount of suffering must be very great. Those who were insured find that their policies are worthless, as they had been insured in mutual companies, the stock in which is owned to a large extent by the sufferers themselves; so that the assessments to pay the losses will be equal or perhaps exceed the amount insured. An immediate supply of seed wheat is necessary to plant, so as to secure a crop for next year. Every steamer that can be obtained at Detroit has been pressed into the service to carry supplies, and every train over the little narrow gauge railroad through the country has been loaded in the same way. The revenue cutter Perry has also left with a load of goods.

The question of how to provide medical relief for those injured by the fire is an embarrassing one. Physicians were not plenty in the district which has been burned out, and now most of them are without medicines or instruments. Many people who escaped with their lives have lost eyes or have parts of their persons so badly burned that only the best care will make it possible for them to recover. A temporary hospital has been established at Minden, where those who can be moved are taken when not otherwise provided for. The scenes here are heartrending. Many of the sufferers are Poles, and it is therefore almost impossible to learn anything from them, Senator Omar D. Conger, of Port Huron, telegraphed Farther Ernest Vandyke for a corps of nurses from the Sisters of Charity, to be sent to Minden, and the request was promptly complied with. The medical colleges of Detroit have sent a corps of surgeons and a supply of medicines to the principal points in Huron and Sanilas counties.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1881.

It is understood to be the ambition of the present Postmaster General to make his Department pay its own way, and in his efforts to this end we hear of expenses, or possible extravagances, being lopped off here and there from time to time. The Patent Office has heretofore enjoyed the distinction of being the only self-sustaining Government bureau, but if Mr. James shall succeed in placing the Postal service along-side of it the achievement will be a creditable one, the more so because of the great extent and enormous expense of the ramifications of that service. The Department has heretofore expended quite a large sum in excess of its earnings. For the current year nearly $3,000,000 were appropriated by Congress to be drawn upon over and above the estimated revenue of the service. Last year the total expenditures were something over $36,000,000 and the earnings about $33,000,000. According to the present estimates of the Postmaster General the earnings this year will be considerably in excess of any previous year, while it is believed that under present management the expenses will not be proportionately increased. It is even hoped that by a stoppage of all the leaks the total expenditure may be kept very nearly down to that of last year, notwithstanding the increased service to be performed.

Public opinion has always demanded a liberal policy in the Postal service, and has not scrutinized very closely the bills of costs until the star route exposures came. It is largely through this constant and general demand for enlarged facilities that the extravagances now complained of have been able to thrive, and the chief defense pleaded by Brady for the course he has pursued is the urgent demands of Congressmen and their constituents for "expedited" service. Many of the so-called petitions are doubtless fictitious, or such as were worked up for this very purpose, yet undoubtedly a good deal of genuine pressure has always existed. It is claimed by some opponents of Mr. James' policy that it was never intended the Post Office Department should be self-sustaining. The theory of this class is that managed upon a basis to bring it within that limit its usefulness will be impaired; that the main idea of this service is to provide mail carriers to keep step with the settler even to the farthest habitation, while in the more thickly populated localities the service must keep peace with the demands of increased population, commercial interests and growth of intelligence, all with no purpose of having the expenses kept within the receipts.

The proposition that we should have a mail service to afford all parts of the country facilities in such frequency, speed, and manner as their relative importance demands, will not be disputed. But that there might be some difference of opinion as to just what the real importance or expediency is, taken in connection with the outlay required, is also beyond controversy. Practically there has heretotore been no control outside the Department over its expenses. The only judgment upon all questions of expediency has been exercised by the officials in charge of the service. If any Congressman of an economical turn of mind ventured to suggest that a little curtailing might properly be done he has always been silenced with grandiloquent talk about the growth of the country and the importance of good mail facilities. This was Mr. Brady's strong point, and under this plea he remained sole judge of the expediency of a service that cost $500 for the delivery of a single letter. If the Department had begun five years ago a system of management upon strict business principles, without considering the interests of greedy contractors, doubtless it would now be earning all it expends, and this, too, with a service just as efficient as the present.

At the rate of increase in the postal revenues for the past three years, the total receipts will reach fifty millions by 1885. There is no need of a corresponding increase in the expenditures. The fast mails are already established on the railroads, and the main lines of coach and horseback transit in the Territories, which cost so much and return so little, are in operation. Future extensions of mail facilities in that region will be chiefly in the way of short lines radiating from these main arteries. The western agricultural States, where there are many non-paying routes, are fast filling up with people, and their mail system will soon cease to be a burden. In the Eastern and Middle States the service returns a surplus growing larger every year. With fifty millions of income and no unnecessary leaks the Department will without doubt be able to pay its way. Mr. James has not therefore undertaken an impossible thing, but with his thorough business-like way of going at it there is a very strong probability of success.

Attempt to Kill Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, Sept, 11.—Another sensational incident in connection with Guiteau's imprisonment occured this evening. As Sergeant Mason of the second artillery, which is doing guard duty there, was being relieved, he took deliberate aim at Gniteau and fired. He missed Guiteau, however, the ball passing about six inches from his head. The affair created the most intense excitement at the jail. A couple of hours after the news of the shooting reached the city in an exaggerated form to effect that Guiteau had been killed. Mason was thought to be intoxicated by the officer in command of the guard. He says he was sober, but having been sick for some days had taken a great deal of quinine, which may have affected his mind. Mason was placed under arrest and sent to the arsenal, where he was placed in confinement. It is said he threatened on several occasions that he would kill Guiteau the first time he had a good chance. He regretted to night that he failed to do so, saying that he tried hard, but had to shoot at him through two windows from the outside of the jail.

While the fact cannot be disputed that the use of intoxicating liquors is daily on the increase in this country, and that to it can be truthfully attributed a large percentage of crime, the consumption of opinion is also a dangerous habit and one that appears to be growing with alarming rapidity. The use of this destroying drug in our city has largely increased, and if there is any possible means of checking the evil it should be promptly applied. A distinguished physician recently contributed to one of our leading journals an interesting paper on the subject, in which he declared the hypodermic syringe the "curse of modern science." Once fully acquired, it appeaas to be impossible for the victim of opium to shake off the pernicious habit. Many instances are recorded where the victim of intemperate habits has had the moral force to abandon them, but it is rarely the case that the morphia victim reforms. Statistics on the subject are necessarily imperfect, but enough has been ascertained to show that there are more than a quarter of a million opium-eaters in the United States, three-fourths of whom are women, and that the vice is spreading rapidly. The subject is one that demands speedy and practical legislation, unless we are prepared to accept opium-eating as a custom among us. The efforts of physicians, ministers of the Gospel and others to arrest the habit appear thus far to have amounted to nothing at all, and legal measures appear to be the only means for mitigating or suppressing the evil. —*Balto. Gazette.*

On the 3d inst., while Mr. S. Raphael was lighting a cigar in his store at Ouachita City, Louisiana, a piece of ignited sulphur from the match fell into a can containing twenty-five pounds of powder, and caused a terific explosion. The store was completely demolished and the goods scattered in every direction. Mr. Raphael was fatally injured, and two negroes were badly bruised and burned. The ruins of the building caught fire and were entirely consumed.

MARYLAND NEWS.

Governor Hamilton was sixty years old on Thursday, which was likewise the twenty-second anniversary of his marriage.

The small-box is spreading in Philadelphia. Sixty-two new cases were reported during the last week, and thirty-seven additional cases on Thursday and Friday last.

John Corrigan, who was run over and lost an arm during the fire at Lonaconing by the special train with the firemen from Frostburg, has since died of the injury. He was sixty-five years old and unmarried.

The fire at Lonaconing is now attributed to spontaneous combustion, originated among the hay in the loft of Mr. Tully's stable. Tully & Co. will resume business in a few days at the old Detmold store-house with an office at their old stand near the railroad track.

Cool spring, within the limits of Easton, has dried up, to the great discomfort of numerous families who depended on it for their drinking water. This spring never failed before, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the circumstance has caused much surprise, and other springs in the neighborhood are supplying the usual amount of water.

The prospects for complete success at the gold mines in Montgomery county were never brighter. Mr. Morgal, who is superintending the mines, has at work now about twenty-five men, and is getting out about three hundred dollars' worth of gold weekly. Mr. Morgal's process is working with the greatest satisfaction. He has had numerous tempting offers made him for the patent, all of which he has declined. Gen. Felix Agnus and others of the company visit the mines weekly, and are joyous over the prospects.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The religious communities in France own real estate worth over one hundred millions of dollars, and much more is owned under the cover of private individuals' names.

A French company, with a capital of forty million francs, is about to commence operation in Canada. The company proposes to loan money at remunerative rates on moveables, machinery and furniture of all kinds. It is, in short, a pawn-broking enterprise on a large scale.

As a boy living in Wayne county, Pa., a few days since, was killing potato bugs between two stones, some of the juice flew into one of his eyes. Inflammation set in, and the sight of the eye is entirely destroyed. The other eye is also affected, and he has been taken to Philadelphia for treatment, in hopes of saving it.

An Illinois farmer declared that his daughter didn't earn her salt. She retorted that she would be glad to stand on the same footing as his hired help. He consented, signed an agreement, and soon forgot all about it. That happened five years ago. Now the girl sues for wages, and gets a verdict of $500.

Thursday was the greatest day Coney Island has seen this season. The number of visitors is estimated at 150,000. On the Marine Railway alone 26,000 passengers were carried. Manhatten Beach had a third of all the visitors to the island, or 50,000, it being an illumination night there. The Coney island hotel men want to have appointed another day of prayer for the President.

Nine convicts in the Ohio State Prison worked by themselves in a buckle plating shop, and were not subjected to close watching. One was an expert counterfeiter, and he taught his companions how to make five-cent pieces of the metal used in their work. They made a great deal of the coin, managing to send it out to a confederate for circulation, and were only detected when they used it to buy favors of the guards.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company has advertised the great factory at Elizabeth, N. J., for sale. The buildings cover many acres of ground, employ hundreds of workmen, and are said to be the largest in the world. The company proposes to change its quarters, one reason being the heavy taxes imposed by the city of Elizabeth, while the company cannot collect either the principal or interest of the bonds of the city held by the company.

Says the N. Y. *Tribune* of Monday, 29th ult: "There were few churches in all this broad land where prayers were not offered yesterday for the recovery of the President. We live in a materialistic age, and science is constantly examining into the realm of fixed law phenomena which were once thought to be dependent upon supernatural power, but the mysteries of life and death are as great as ever. Who can say that the prayerful sympathy of fifty millions of people may not have some effect in strengthening the courageous sufferer in the White House?" It is usually the case that the greatest scoffers and skeptics, and most blatant infidels, when danger and death stares them in the face, are the first to call for the prayers of the church.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Candidates were very plentiful in Oakland this week.

—Gen. Crook arrived at Oakland Sunday. He will probably remain here for several days.

—"Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

—We are sorry to announce that Mr. John Dailey is so seriously ill that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Mr. Dailey's death would be a sad loss to Oakland.

—There will be held a two day's meeting at Glade Valley appointment, Deer Park Circuit, Sept. 24th and 25th, 1881. Preaching Saturday at 2½ and 7 P. M., and Sunday morning at 10½, by Rev. B. Ison, P. E.

—Died, in great peace, after four days of severe suffering, at her father's residence, about two miles from Swanton, Garrett Co. Md., September 1st, 1881, Mary Alice, daughter of Rev. A. C. Hamill, aged 18 years and 11 months. We are informed that hers was a triumphant and peaceful death. She fell asleep in Jesus, "O glorious sleep, from whence none ever wake to weep." The burial services were conducted by the writer. A large number of friends were present to sympathize with the sorrowing family. May the Lord bless the family in this the time of need, and may they all meet at last in the home beyond the flood of death.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

Circuit Court.

The September Term of the Circuit Court for this county began Monday with Judges Alvey, Pearre and Motter on the Bench.

Several attorneys were present from Cumberland.

G. W. Delawder, Esq., was chosen foreman of the Grand Jury.

The proceedings will be given in full in our next issue.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

ACCIDENT, MD., Sep. 12, 1881.

The Garrett Normal Literary Society held a regular meeting on Friday evening, Sept. 9th, when the following program was rendered:

Music by choir. Declamations, Chas. Duckworth, Susie McMillan. Select reading, Mintie Muhlenberg, Lizzie Kahl. Essayist, Annie Baker. Question for debate: *Resolved*, That capital punishment shall be abolished. Affirmative, W. H. Speicher, W. C. Davis. Negative, C. A. Snyder, C. A. Murphy.

The programme was well rendered. The debate was particularly exciting. After a spirited contest the question was decided in favor of the negative. Messrs. E. Lee, Rev. J. J. Young and A. S. Spear, took part in the general debate.

Allegany County Ticket.

The Democrats of Allegany county Tuesday last nominated the following county ticket: Senate, J. B. Oder; House of Delegates, James Moriarity, William Heffron, James Wilson, J. S. Johnson; Commissioners, Martin Rouzer, J. W. Sanders, John Patterson, S. P. Harbaugh; Register of Wills, Col. Horace Resley; County Surveyor, C. E. Wildener.

The Cumberland *News*, in speaking of the result says:

The Democratic convention put up a ticket for county officers that will not be hard to beat, though the candidates were selected as usual with regard to "availability." Geographically the ticket is a curiosity. Eight of the thirteen nominees are citizens of Cumberland; two from the lower districts; one from Mount Savage, and *one* (for commissioner) from "the creek." Where the majorities are expected to come from is not known. It is safe to say that they will not be from "the creek." Perhaps a whooping majority is expected from the constituents of the nominees. The ticket will need it.

The convention did a graceful thing in adopting resolutions of sympathy with President Garfield.

"Meadow Lake Park."

We noticed last week the purchase of land between Deer Park and Oakland, for the purpose of ereting a national camp ground after the manner of Asbury Park and Chataugua Lake. Since then the lands have been surveyed, and arrangements have been completed for putting the grounds in condition for the laying off of streets, &c. Other lands have been secured making in all about 1,000 acres, which is thought to be sufficient for present needs. The B. & O. R. R. Co., will further the object by erecting a station, laying switches, &c., as well as offering facilities in the way of special rates.

The persons interested in the project held a meeting in Wheeling, W. Va., Friday night of last week, and elected the following named officers: President, Rev. C. P. Masden; Vice President, Rev. E. W. Ryan: Secretary, J. C. Alderson; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. B. Hughes; Treasurer, A. S. List. These gentlemen with Charles W. Conner, Esq., also compose the Executive Committee.

It is the intention of the company to lay out the grounds in lots sufficiently large to allow every cottage erected to stand in its own grounds, back from the street, to lay out beautiful drives, and avenues, alleys, streets, etc., in short, to give the miniature city all the modern improvements of a large one. Negotiations are already going on looking to the erection of a large number of cottages at once, and it is more than likely that if these negotiations prove favorable the close of this year will witness the erection of a very large proportion of them.

The Wheeling papers say the project is meeting with much favor in that city.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 14:

Barbary Groer and others to Joseph Groer, part of two tracts of land containing 145 acres 75 perches of land; $1400.

Elizabeth Daniels and others to William F. Daniels, Military Lots Nos. 2664, 2668 and 2669; $12.90.

Catherine Kalbfleich and husband to John Camp, part of Military Lot No. 2659; $5.

Jacob E Bowser and wife to John Camp, part of Military Lot No. 2659; $600.

Isaac Thomas and others to Lucian Frazee, 124 acres of land; $525.00.

Jos. G. Patton and others to Timothy Miller, part of Military Lot 3228 containing 40 acres; $120.00.

Samuel W. Friend, Sr., to Sarah A. Friend, Military Lot 1922, containing 50 acres; $50.

John W. Stonebraker and wife to Elias A. Yoder, part of a tract of land called "Park," containing 1356 acres; $2650.

Mary McCullough and Deborah W. Procter to John Bradley, part of that tract of land known as the "Oakland Farm," containing 484½ acres; $9,300.

The Lonaconing Fire.

The list of buildings burned at Lonaconing Wednesday of last week, with estimated losses and insurance, so far as can be ascertained, are as follows: The large stable, two-story frame building and general merchandise store of P. T. Tully & Co.. loss $10,000, Insurance $6,000; Hohinghall, loss $4,500, insurance $3,000; Sampson's double block, valued at $5,000; H. Edwards & Co., general clothing establishment, $5,000; Thos. Engleby, general merchandise, loss $12,000, Insurance $6,000; McKenley, butcher, loss not known; Williams' butcher-shop (the last two in buildings belonging to G. H. Fresh); Sowder's bakery, a barber shop, and Dean's saddlery, loss $7,000, insurance $2,000; Scott a shoemaker; Margin's confectionery; Baughman's wholesale liquor store; David Davidson's grocery; Joseph Myers' row of buildings, valued at $20,000, Insurance $5,000. In this row were Eichorn, furniture, saved; Samuel Barber, tinshop; Jack Williams, barber shop, and McCausland, jeweler. These were all on one side of Main street.

On the opposite side were Samuel Barber, Jr., tinshop, loss $1,000; James Bogan, confectionery; Brady's Hotel, stable-house, carriage-shed, and Cavanaugh's saloon, loss $10,000, partly insured; then west to James Dickson, confectionery; David Dickson, hotel, corner of Bridge and Main street, loss $5,000, partly insured; D. R. Sloan & Co., two story brick (the only brick store burned), loss $18,000, insurance $12,000; Sloan & Douglas' drug store, $2,500 loss, insurance $1,700; O. T. McDonald, dentist, loss $1,000, no insurance; Lloyd Durst, butcher, Stafford Saloon, loss $350; Lizzie Bell & Brother, general merchandise, loss $15,000; H. R. Kimmell, furniture, loss $2,000 in goods and $2,200 in cash, intended to have been deposited next day; John Perry & Son's residences and general merchandise store, loss $2,000 insurance $9,000. On Douglas' avenue, Dr. Williams' two-story frame, W. Morgan's two-story frame, Mrs. Bell, John and David Peebles and John Bell, the same; a building used as a school-house belonging to the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company. Tracing the bridge, the flames then marked Bridge street, and up the railroad, engulfing the Merchants' Hotel, loss $12,000 insurance $6,000; W. McIndoe, postoffice, loss $2,500; David and Solon Koontz's four houses, $3,200, and Mrs. Donaldson's dwelling $600 belonging to M. Bannon.

James Corrigan, a tailor, from Baltimore, and at present located in Frostburg, had his arm cut off in jumping from the special train containing the Cumberland engine when it arrived at Lonaconing. David Dickson was badly burned, being forced in one instance to pass through the flames to save his life; James Hohing had his wrist burned by a falling joist; William Sullivan had his face and neck burned; Edward Lewis, of Frostburg, arm and neck burned. Hector Bell lost $525 in hair material and hair work; Insurance $200. Robert Somerville, of Barton, had his foot badly sprained.

During the fire the streets were filled with intoxicated men, and there were numerous fights. There was a great panic, and whiskey barrels were broken open and their contents drank by boys and men. The Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad depot made a narrow escape. The Cumberland Telephone Company lost several hundred dollars in poles and wires, but they were being replaced rapidly this afternoon. The town will be rebuilt probably of brick, as it will be very hard to have Insurances on any more frame stores. The disaster is the most serious one that has happened in the county since the Cumberland fire of 1833.

Newspaper Duns.

Here is how a brother journalist puts it. We persume that some people think the newspaper men are persistent dunners; let a farmer place himself in a similar position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose that he raised one thousand bushels of wheat, and his neighbor should come and buy a bushel, and the price was only a small sum of $1.50 and the neighbor says, "I will pay you the amount in a few days.' As the farmer did not want to be small about the matter, he says all right. Another comes the same way, until all the one thousand bushels of wheat are trusted out to one thousand different persons and not one of them concerns himself about it because it is a small amount he owes the farmer, and of course that will not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away his large crop of wheat and that its value is due him in a thousand little driblets and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors treat it as a little matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could do as well as not, it would be a very large amount to the farmer, and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The above comparison is too true of the difficulties that the newspaper man has to contend with. –*Point P. Register*.

KITSMILLERVILLE, MD.,
Sept. 14th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The summer solstice had passed, men and things sweltered, and the earth roasted in the rays of a blazing August sun; the winds had lulled themselves to sleep; the dust lay deep along roads and byways, and rising in clouds 'round the feet of the pedestrian, settled on his trouserslegs.

The rich man, and the poor man, the lazy man and the pushing man alike sought the cool place; whiskey was neglected and cold beer substituted; the scant herbage was dim with thirst and dust, and quiet reigned.

The "Continental dam, sir" of Continental William," in faintest accents was the only political note that fell upon the listless ear.

The dog-star had risen and set; the Democratic donkey was at least a month over due, for his advent had generally been cotemporaneous with that of Sirius. It was cruel, it was wicked to thus unceremoniously disturb the repose of the nations; but without a note of warning, without a moment wherein to brace up and get ready, the toot of the great Democratic fog-horn began to roll over our mountains, and echo along the valleys, and the people realized instinctively that the great Democratic don—(I mean, "ear-hoss,") had severed his tether and there would be music in the air. As a singing bird I rather like the donkey; but it came so sudden like; he has a way of making himself so previous, that I was startled into the indiscretion of penning some reflections on the antiquity of the fodder provided for Democratic consumption, remarking that they had a way of warming over, and using again, the same old stalks annually, without ever once thinking of the effect which the sight of "exuberant pasturage" and "abounding vegetation" might produce on a party from the Democratic corall where the herbage is short and the grass none of the freshest. No wonder then that he pricks up his ears and capers 'round the "vegetable repast" spread in your columns three weeks ago by "citizen."

I am so happy that I have been able to "amuse" the *Democrat*, that I am encouraged to try again. I despise solemn nonsense, such as I read in its columns. I do not mean to be the least unkind, and I trust that the *Democrat* will regard the foregoing merely as "tyes and figures."

But the urchin who figures in last week's *Democrat* under the caption of "amusing," must be very young. He has my thanks for his good intensions, but his early training has been sadly neglected for his history as well as his facts is deplorably mixed.

If, however, he will pay particular attention I will gladly assist him with his lessons.

Now then, young man, look here! The Democratic party had control of this Government for about 30 years; this was a period of profound peace, except a little fight with Mexico, which a Democratic administration inaugurated for the purpose of acquiring slave territory. Instead of providing a safe financial system these Democrats adopted what is termed a wild-cat banking system. The country was not prosperous because the banks were constantly breaking, and this destroyed confidence to such an extent that the people were afraid to embark in great enterprises. Then, again, instead of encouraging the development of the country's resources, these Democrats were busy breeding slaves for the markets, and planning for the extention of slave territory. If anybody spoke or wrote against slavery they wanted to kill him, and did kill a number of persons for thus offeding. They did not care for the public service so they could control the Government, and they finally run the credit of the Government so low, that they could not get money enough to pay the salaries, and when they went to the people to borrow, they had to pay 15 per cent interest. Finally, a new party called the Republican party was organized. They said that slavery was a bad thing, and they were opposed to any more slave States. In 1856 they ran a candidate for President, and in 1860 they elected Abraham Lincoln, The Democrats said they could not live under a Republican President, and they took eleven States out of the Union, and formed a Southern Confederacy, founded on slavery. A great war ensued; hundreds of thousand of the best men in the country were slain. While the war was in progress the majority of the Democrats in Congress and elsewhere, helped the rebels all they could; they voted against supplies and money to feed and pay the Union Soldiers, they discouraged enlistments and encouraged desertions; they declared the war a failure, and wanted the country to be divided. At last the rebellion was conquered and all the States were brought back into the Union. As soon as the war was over, the Republicans began to make preparations to pay off the war debt. The Democrats did not like to pay people for whipping them, so they wanted to pay every body that the Government owed in paper. Again after the war ended, the slaves being free, the Republicans said they ought to have civil rights. This the Democrats opposed. They did not want them to be able to testify in courts, to sue a white man, and above all they said they ought not to be allowed to vote. They went before the people on these issues and were defeated.

The Republican party conquered the rebellion freed the slaves, gave them civil and political rights, funded the National debt, resumed specie payments, gave the country greater prosperity and better credit than it ever had before, and this in spite of Democratic opposition.

Now run along, this is all that I have time to say to you to-day, young man; but I will give you other lessons as you are prepared to understand them.

DEAR REPUBLICAN, in my next I may be able to say something about the weather. I do like to write about the weather it is such an absorbing topic and we are so *dry* over here. With best wishes,

I remain as ever,
CITIZEN.

Secretary Blain's Bulletins.

During the President's illness nothing has been awaited with more interest or read with more confidence than the regular evening despatch of Secretary Blaine to Mr. Lowell in London. Indeed, the close observers of the progress of events at the White House have relied upon that dispatch as the most accurate and instructive of the bulletins. It was known to be prepared carefully from the testimony of the physicians and surgeons, and it has been accepted as an announcement of the actual situation, somewhat less technical and formal than the professional bulletin. There has been evidently no attempt at evasion of any kind, and if the situation was grave, it was plainly stated in the despatch.

The responses of Secretary Blaine also to messages of sympathy from the Queen of England, the Pope and official bodies have been, simple, dignified and in the best taste. Indeed, throughout the whole melancholy period there has been nothing in all the infinite detail of affairs at the President's house inconsistent with the same intelligent and modest propriety. Nothing has been more marked throughout than the sincerity of feeling. There has been nothing merely official or perfunctory. A shadow has lain across the threshold of every home in the land, as if a beloved inmate were mortally stricken, and nothing in our history is more beautiful than the chastened tenderness of the universal feeling. An event which affects every individual citizen so powerfully and beneficially cannot be lost upon the country.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Virginia Bourbons are crowing very loudly, but there are evidences that they do not feel half as confident of success as they pretend to. They have been boasting of their ability to sweep the State by a large majority, yet now they admit frankly that they are in danger of losing the Legislature. Their great trouble is the same as their brethren in Mississippi are harassed with, namely, that all the negroes are going to vote, and, what is more to the purpose, are going to have their votes counted. There is little talk about negroes voting the Democratic ticket either. They are all going to vote for the party which is in favor of having their votes counted. This is why the Southern elections of this year are so extremely interesting. There is likely to be a "full vote, a free ballot and a fair count" for the first time in many years.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria, are cured by "Seller's Liver Pill."

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendeats, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

Dr. Oellig & Pfontz Tonic Elixir and Pills,

The reliable preparation so highly recommended by its merits. This medicine is known by its curative powers from the East to the West, from the North to the South. Owing to the purity of the medicine and the satisfaction it has been giving, the demand is largely increasing. It is the great cleanser and purifies the system: regulates the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys; cures dyspepsia; is invaluable as a tonic; will impart strength to the system; restores lost appetite, and is also certain to remove all obstruction to the regular course of nature in females. It will also strengthen the weakest cord, restore down bearing, and is a sure remedy for

Whit's pain in the back, in side, or under the shoulder blades; heaviness on breast, or belching of wind. This desirable medicine is manufactured by M. D. Pfontz, of Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pa., and is for sale in Oakland by A. G. Sturgiss, and at Wilson's Store by Wilson Bros. Send for circular to M. D. Pfontz, Waynesboro, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROPOSALS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 14, 1881.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Sealed Proposals will be received by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, until

Friday, Sept. 3d, 1881,

at 11 o'clock A. M., for the building of a bridge over the Youghiogheny river below the mouth of Cherry Creek, said bridge to be built with two spans 50 feet each, with double cords, king posts and king braces, one trussel in the centre built of wood, and ice breaker attached; abutments 14 feet high, built of wood and stone; roadway of bridge 14 feet in width; height of bridge 12 feet; flooring 2 inch plank; approaches to bridge, &c. All of the above lumber and timber for the above named bridge must be of the best quality white oak.

Also, at the same time proposals will be received for the repairing of the Pike bridge, across the Youghiogheny river near Guard's Store, and the Sang Run bridge across the Youghiogheny River, near the mouth of Sang Run.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

By order County Commissioners.

F. A. THAYER,
9 17 2 Clerk.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.
No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon requets.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELR COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4 0 d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 15, 1881.

The examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in Accident, on the 7th and 8th, of October, commencing promptly at nine o'clock A. M., in Oakland, on the 10th and 11th. No permits to teach will be granted to parties not holding a certificate.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 17 3 Examiner.

Estate of Hanson Brown, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HANSON BROWN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of September, 1881.

ELIZABETH BROWN,
9 17 3 Administratrix.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00 Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

FOR SHERIFF.

MR. EDITOR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

R. B. WHITE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. S. PEW.

FOR SURVEYOR.

ENS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned not to trespass upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will be dealt with according to law.

ALBERT COMBS.

Aug. 18th, 1881.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING,

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

S. J. YUTZY.

Sept. 8th, 1881.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

The Snakes and Other Reptiles of California.

While at Berkley lately a representative of the San Francisco *Call* chanced to meet J. J. Rivers, the curator of the University Museum, who is better posted on snakes of the truly rural varieties than any man in California. The museum has quite a collection of California snakes of every possible color, barred and striped with crimson, red and yellow, and all those more somber hues which simulate the color of the ground on which they lie and bask in sunlight until the unwary picknicker or picknickess steps on them with a scream.

"Do you see that fellow up there?" said Mr. Rivers, pointing to a huge red snake, some ten feet long and two inches thick, of the kind known as a gopher snake. "I'd rather have that fellow on my farm—if I had a farm—than $10. You would be astonished at the amount of vermin they can get away with—gophers, rabbits, squirrels, birds—anything, in fact, that he is big enough to get himself outside of, and that means a good deal, although you might not think so to look at him.

"You are aware, I suppose, of the peculiar construction of the lower jaw. It can be unhinged, so to speak, and then the snake is nothing more than a long sack with the mouth open. I have watched one of them stow away a squirrel—long tail and all—without making any bones about it. He commenced at the head and slowly drew the squirrel in bit by bit, his teeth and jaws working on the animal somewhat as a man draws a rope in hand over hand. Finally the body was safely housed, and then only the tail remained—that slipped down in the twinkling of an eye. I never realized until then why snakes were make so long—it is to make room for the inconvenient tails of the other animals predestined to be snake meat. In an improved state of existence when the tails have been evolutionized off the backs of the other animals, probably snakes will be cut shorter.

"Do they lick their prey smooth; as the boa constrictor is said to do, to make it slip down easily?"

"No, they take it straight, and without any attempt at seasoning of that kind. All these California snakes, however with the exception of rattlesnakes, are true constrictors. They kill their prey by crushing it. Have you ever seen a gopher trying to catch a dove by taking a mean advantage of its maternal instincts in nesting time? No? Well the snake will squirm up the prickly stem of a cactus plant until he gets near the nest, which is usually not very high up, and then a long and bitter fight begins between the dove and his mate on one side and the snake on the other. The former doesn't always get the worst of it, either. I have seen a dove knock a snake clean off a cactus branch to the ground with a blow of its wings, and then the snake crawled away as if he did not want any more of that. But it generally ends the other way—the doves keep up an angry, terrified screaming and buffeting with their wings until they are tired out, and the snake just bides his time in deadly silence, until he can catch some part of the dove's body in his mouth. The dove never moves after that; it seems completely paralyzed; as it were."

"He does not kill it with his fangs?"

"No, he simply and slowly winds one deadly coil after another around the dove until its body is completely enveloped in its folds, and then one single scraunch does the business."

"Dont they sometimes kill animals that are useful or harmless on a farm?"

"Very seldom. The birds which it kills are not many after all, and they are the most harmless animals they kill. The amount of hurtful vermin which they destroy in the course of a year is incalculable. A little discriminating knowledge of this kind would be very useful to farmers. There are numbers of insects, for instance, which they now class as their enemies, simply because they are bugs, which are entirely useful."

"Are there any venomous snakes in California besides the rattlesnake?"

"No, there are none. When I am out hunting specimens I simply catch any kind of snake in my hands except a rattlesnake, and him I catch in my butterfly net. Rattlesnakes differ from the others in the method of killing their prey. I have watched one of them killing a rat. He struck him two or three times with his fangs, and the rat died in a few minutes, after kicking convulsively for an instant or so. After he had struck the rat the snake drew back and waited still and motionless as a stone until the rat was dead, or until he thought he was dead. He then came forward and felt him from head to tail with his nose, and when the rat gave another kick while he was doing so he drew quickly back again, and waited in the same motionless manner until he thought the rat was surely dead. Then he felt him again, and assured himself this time that the rat was really dead. A snake won't eat anything alive—in fact, a live rat might be a disagreeable inmate. Whether he knew that the rat was dead by the stoppage of the heart beats, or in some other manner, I do not know, but I am convinced that he assured himself of that fact in some way before he commences to assimilate the rat.

"Is that hairy, long-legged thing I see in the case a tarantula?"

"No, there are no true tarantulas in California, but that is what is known on this coast as a tarantula. The tarantula proper belongs to Europe, and especially Spain, and the first comers here being from that country, and seeing something which to their unscientific eyes seemed just the same as their own tarantula, they named it accordingly. Its true name is the trap-door spider, so-called from the curious doors they build to close the entrance to their nest. There is one of the nests. You see it has a perfect trap-door lifting on a hinge, and constructed of dirt held together by some mucilaginous substance. It fits tightly into the mouth of the hole, which is a perfect circle. Do you know it puzzled me greatly when I first came to see this coast how that long-legged thing was to get into any of these small holes, which, as you see, are about half an inch in diameter. You see his body above is nearly as large as the hole, and it would be necessary to take his legs off altogether to get him safely inserted in the nest. I thought at first that they were endowed with the power of articulating or casting off their limbs as some animals do—the crab, for instance—but I afterward found out that these were the males, and they never go into the holes, which are nests and not houses. The female is very much smaller and attends to all that business herself. When she gets through with her husband she eats him up—I suppose," said Mr. Rivers, with a quiet twinkle, "to see that he does not go wrong afterwards."

The Beauties of Philology.

That the science of philology is one as full of beauty as it is of simplicity the following examples of word-derivation, selected at random, abundantly show. It is with no intent to display our literary knowledge that we print this article. Our purpose is merely to awaken an interest in a department of knowledge which is open to all who will enter it. We give the following derivations without further preface, assuring our readers that the information given below may be depended upon as strictly accurate:

Apothecary. In early times it was the custom of dealers in drugs to carry their simple remedies about with them in a large earthen pot. When one of these worthies appeared in a village it was quite natural for the bystanders to remark, "A pot he carries." From this phrase arose the word "apothecary."

Parson. In the past as in the present the village preacher's duty was to pass on from house to house of his flock, administering religious consolation. From "pass on" to "parson" the transition was easy and natural.

Army. In the days when the press gang roamed about the country, seizing upon the young men, the girls would cry out, as they saw their lovers borne away, "Ah, me!" In this heart-cry the word "army" had its rise.

Physician. Unlike the medical fraternity of the present day, the doctors of the middle ages were unnecessarily prompt in demanding their fee. The phrase "fee seize I on," was finally corrupted into "physician."

Officer. "O, fie, sir!" exclaimed the rustic maidens, when the epauletted heroes chucked them under the chin. This expression was afterward changed into "officer."

Auctioneer. At the vendues, a century or two ago, the salesman was noted for his extreme sharpness. It was almost impossible for any one to buy without getting cheated. In one of the old country districts of old England, where the people had been shamefully swindled at one of these sales, they revenged themselves on the man who had so cruelly deceived them by posting over his door the legend, "Hawk, shun here," intimating that even a hawk, an eminently shrewd bird, would best shun the premises if he would not get cheated. By dropping the "h," a custom always prevalent in England, the pronunciation of the above phrase was precisely like that of our present word "auctioneer."

Surgeon. It is related that a Yorkshireman, who had the misfortune to cut off his finger in a hay-cutter, had his wounds dressed in a very skillful manner by a poor laboring man named John Smith. In testimony of the Nation's appreciation of his skill, a great many people having previously suffered greatly in consequence of their hay-cutter experience, the man was knighted by the King as Sir John Smith. Hence the title "surgeon," which has ever since been given to practitioners of the healing art.

Calgut. This name was given to the strings of a violin from the fact that when a bow was drawn across them even a cat got wild at the sounds emitted.

Newspaper. A great many years ago, when a criminal was about to be executed, the noose already about his neck, a reprieve came from the King at the last moment, and the poor wretch's life was saved. From this timely intervention the custom arose of calling all writings conveying intelligence as "noosepapers," which was gradually corrupted into our modern word "newspaper."

Trowsers. Asked William the Conqueror of a maker of raiment, "My good man, can you make that which shall cover my chilled limbs?" And the man replied, "I trow, sir, I can." From this reply came the word "trousers."

Editor. In ancient times newspaper men, unlike their modern representatives, were given to high living and fared sumptuously every day. They were dubbed by the facetious folk of that day "eaters," the chief among them being called "head eater." The national antipathy of the English for the aspirate caused them to pronounce this phrase "'ead-eater," which closely approximates our word "editor."

Many more examples of word derivation might be given, but they are not necessary to our purpose, which was simply to arouse an interest in the study of philology. We feel confident that what we have written will accomplish our purpose. Philology is one of the most beautiful of sciences, and so easy too. If you don't know a word's derivation, you have only to make a guess and stick to it.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Rare Proof of Devotion.

About a month ago F. A. Learett, of Oakland, an engineer in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and stationed in Arizona, was seriously scalded by the overturning of his locomotive, and one of his legs was so badly injured that the flesh fell away. The attending physicians told him that if his friends would each contribute a small piece of flesh they could repair the limb and restore it to its old usefulness. The statement was widely circulated and twenty-eight of his fellow-workmen volunteered and bravely bared their limbs to the surgeon's knife. The transplantation of flesh was successfully made and to-day the leg looks almost as natural as does the uninjured member. The heroic act of the men was duly rewarded. The railroad company, hearing of the case, leave of absence was given and two months' extra pay was ordered paid to each of the men. Mr. Learett is now at his home, No. 893 Peralta Street, and is rapidly recovering.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Sunday With the Shakers.

Some of our readers have seen the Shaker service. Many have not. For the benefit of both we give to-day a report of last Sunday's Shaker meeting at the little chapel on the border of Androscoggin County, some eleven miles from Lewiston. Shaker Village is perched on one of the most arduous hills of the county. Miles away you can see the large stone-fortress like building where one of the two Shaker families composing the community lives. The second family's home is in a weather-stained, old-fashioned building, almost one hundred years of age. It was built in 1795, and the Elder said, after service last Sunday, "It's not fit for a Christian to live in. We're making preparations now to build a new one." The Shakers in their dignified drab coat-tails, and Shakeresses in their neat, plain gowns, glistening white-pointed kerchiefs and their scrupulously starched bonnets, were marching from the house to the chapel when the reporter arrived. In the church the Shakers formed, standing in two squares, the males in one and the females in the other. The two divisions stood facing each other, with their hands clasped in front of them. In the rear ranks of each body stood the young wards of the community. There were three little boys of eight to ten years, and half a dozen girls, apparently of four to fourteen years, whose long braided hair formed a marked contrast with the closely concealed locks of the Shaker women. The little boys' crowns were closely shaven, while the locks at the base of the head had been allowed to grow down their necks in imitation of the flowing patriarchal hair of the aged Shakers.

Standing in this position one voice commenced a strain of quaint song, which all took up. It was something between a hymn and a chant. The melody was strange but pleasing, and was sung by all the voices, male and female, in unison. An impressive effect was given the last chord by all the singers gradually softening the tone and ending the diminuendo in barely a murmur, at the same time slowly lowering their hands from the clasped position to their sides in perfect harmony with the movement of the music. The Elder then stepped forward to the space between the two sections of Shakers. The lines of his face indicate a man of remarkable firmness of character. The high, sloping forehead, the prominent Roman nose, the unrelaxed facial muscles, his stately demeanor and the distinct, solemn utterances of a deep musical voice, all pointed to a mind of the most positive convictions and ability of no mean order. The Elder read the fourth chapter of St. John. The women and children then sang spiritedly a beautiful hymn. This and all the following hymns were given the same tremulous diminuendo ending as before.

In the next song one common spirit seemed to move the worshipers in a stately march backward and forward across the floor of the chapel. They kept perfect time with the tune they sang, and marched with the regularity of militia, making square heels, and accompanying their march with a swinging motion of the arms and hands, palms backward. There were several fine singers among the men, and all the women had excellent voices. The juvenile Shakers seem to enter into their service with the same enthusiasm as the veterans. It was amusing to a spectator to watch the solemn faces and attitudes of the little fellows. Not a suggestion of a smile came over their features, and, to our mind, the staidest Shaker of them all was a lad of perhaps ten summers. He wore a loose, cherry-colored sacque and a high-buttoned velveteen waistcoat. He had a fair, untanned face and pale-blue eyes. The blue veins were seen through the delicate skin covering his temples, and he had a dreamy, far-away look. The neck-locks of light hair fell over his coat collar. He seemed possessed of a most intense spirituality, and was as deeply absorbed in his devotions as the Elder himself. Some of the young Shakeresses once in a while allowed a sly smile to interrupt the continuous solemnity. The Shakers take these children by adoption, and have more requests to take and bring up orphan and uncared-for children than they can comply with. The wards are indentured to them until they are twenty-one. Then they are at liberty to leave the community and go into the world if they wish. The Shakers educate them and give them the best of home training.

After several marching songs the Shakers took seats. We had noticed among them one sandy-haired young man, apparently of not more that twenty-five years, who wore a plum-colored coat and who sang with much unction. The young man stepped forward nervously, drank a little water from a glass, opened a Bible which lay on a window-shelf, and, after a nervous lifting of the shoulders and compression of the lips, read a text from the eighth verse of the third chapter of Second Peter: "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." He then spoke earnestly for about fifteen minutes without notes in a measured, distinct and cultured voice. The speaker's words were listened to with the most profound attention by the audience. He was William Paul, the eloquent young preacher of the Shakers. Mr. Paul has been with them about four years. He is older than he looks, having reached the age of thirty-five years. He was born in Scotland and educated in Glasgow. There are few pulpit orators who have the power of clothing their ideas in such chaste and eloquent language, or addressing themselves directly to the hearts of their hearers to a greater degree than this young Shaker Scotchman. After he concluded another song was sung. The preacher then arose again and said: "If any of our visiting friends desire to say a few words they have perfect liberty."

One of the strangers present arose and explained the recently-inaugurated custom of passing the contribution box. He said that it had not been originated by the Shakers themselves, but by the outsiders who desired to see the chapel enlarged, in order that they might be accommodated more conveniently. He then passed the hat and got a liberal collection.

The Elder arose and said quietly: "Let us lay aside our seats and form a circle." The settees were placed beside the walls. A small circle of singers formed in the center of the chapel. Around this inner circle the other worshipers formed in double file, and marched, while all joined in the Shaker hymns and kept up constantly a swinging motion of their arms and hands in concert with the rhythm. They took a very graceful promenade step, the women leading and the small boys bringing up the rear. The queenly form and bearing of one woman, apparently one of the Eldresses of the community, was noticed by every beholder. A handsome white silk handkerchief and the regal grace exhibited in her walk distinguished her from her sister Shakers. The sightless eyes of one very aged and infirm Shaker, who took part in the other exercises, prohibited him from participating in this. Four or five songs were sung and accompanied by this strange, sober walk-around. One of the scalp locked lads was in the file with the Elder, and the little fellow both lengthened his stride and drew down his face to equal proportions with the Elder.

The marching ceased and the Elder, after a few remarks, read an article from a publication called "The Shaker Manifesto," published by the United Societies. The reading was followed by testimonies by the brothers and sisters. One aged gray-haired brother said: "I'm not ashamed of the Shaker life. I'm glad I have given up the life of self and given my life to God. I want to be a better Shaker." A sister said: "I think the angels have come near unto us in our devotions. I am glad I am a Shaker. At the age of sixteen I said to myself: 'Shall I serve myself or the Lord? Shall I live a life of pleasure or a godly life?' I said I would serve God and I feel that I have done it. It has been a satisfaction to me to escape many trials, get out of the world, assume the plain dress and language, and live a life of purity. I'm glad I did so. I know I would have been as liable as any woman in the world to succumb to temptations of the world if I hadn't placed myself beyond them." After more marching the venerable blind Shaker closed the exercises by speaking a few words and requesting the audience to remain seated while they passed out. This was done. The Shaker service was over, when the patriarch was reverently led out the door by a young brother.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Making Alcohol.

When barley or other grain is steeped in water till it sprouts and is carefully dried, it becomes what is called malt. By this process part of the starch of which the grain is mainly composed, has been converted into sugar, and a new substance has been developed, known as diastase, a nitrogen body, which immediately, when the malt is mixed with water, reacts on the remaining starch and transforms it also into sugar, the liquid consequently assuming a sweet taste. We have now, in fact, a solution of sugar which is known as wort; but we may obtain the same end by using unmalted grain—potatoes, peas, beans or other starchy material, which, by the addition of dilute sulphuric acid, is converted into soluble sugar. Having thus obtained a solution of sugar from any of these sources, or still more directly from beet-root or the "toothsome cane," yeast is added to the wort, and the process known as "fermentation" is rapidly set up, by which the sugar is decomposed into two chief products, alcohol and carbonic acid gas, and several minor ones, glycerine, succiuic acid, etc., ninety-five out of every one hundred parts of sugar being transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid, four parts going to form glycerine, etc., and one part as nourishment to the yeast plant, which has multiplied immensely and now forms a frothy seum on the surface of the liquid. By the fermentation spirits have been produced, and the object of the next process, the distillation of the fermented wort or wash, is to separate the spirits from the liquid in which it exists. The produce of this operation is an impure spirit known as "low wines," which has to be redistilled at a lower temperature to get rid of a part of the water and the oils with which it is contaminated, the products of the second distillation being the mixture of alcohol and water known as "whisky" or "spirits of wine" because it was by the distillation of wine that spirits were first obtained.—*Chambers' Journal.*

An Ancient Aqueduct Reopened.

After a breach of 1,600 years the aqueduct built by the Emperor Augustus to supply Bologna with water was restored to use June 5. Nineteen hundred years ago the Imperial engineers tapped the Setta near its junction with the Reno, tunneling the hills, sinking their work beneath the beds of the precipitous torrents which rush from the mountains into the river, and bringing the water to the gates of the city, where they were divided, one portion going to supply public baths and the other probably destined for the fountains of streets and public squares.

The work of tunneling and the masonry were so thoroughly well done that both stonework and brickwork are still as solid as the rock itself, the only considerable breaks being where the turbulent Reno had washed away with its clayey banks several portions of the aqueduct, or where the headlong torrents which rush down into its stream had excavated their own beds and carried away the artificial substructure.

The restoration of this important work is due chiefly to Count Gozzadini, who caused an accurate survey of the aqueduct to be made about twenty years ago, and in 1864 published the result of the investigation in an elaborate memoir. Since then the work of restoration has been going on with a thoroughness and skill calculated to make the new work as enduring as the old. The aqueduct was originally made of brick and stone and cemented with lime and volcanic sand, and the unbroken portions remained as hard as granite.—*Scientific American.*

Non-Explosive Kerosene.

Very frequently of late we have received from correspondents, East and West, samples of "stuff" sold them by peddlers with the assurance that when a little of these preparations are mixed with the poorest burning oil the latter is rendered *perfectly safe*. Of course one of the chief inducements to use these compositions is the assurance that with them a much cheaper oil of equal illuminating power can be used safely.

This fraud is a very dangerous one, and perhaps the best way to stop it is by the diffusion of a little practical information respecting these oils.

In the first place, there is nothing that can be added to or mixed with poor kerosene oil that will in the least affect its dangerous qualities or make it any safer to use in lamps. The danger with such oils arises solely from the presence in them of light, easily volatilized and very inflammable hydro-carbons, such as naphtha, the vapor of which, when mixed with air, explodes on contact with flame.

Kerosene and naphtha or benzine are derived by a process of distillation from the same substance—petroleum. The lighter oils—gasoline, naphtha, benzine, etc.—are first volatilized and condensed. As the products distill over they are tested from time to time with a hydrometer, and when it is found that the stream of distilled oil marks about 58 degrees (Baume's hydrometer), what follows is turned into another tank until it is found that the gravity of the oil coming over has risen to about 40 degrees, then the stream is deflected into another tank. The oil distilled between 58 and 38 degrees is called kerosene or burning oil.

In this process about fifteen per cent. of the light oils are produced, and as there is comparatively little demand for them they are very cheap. Naphtha costs from two to five cents a gallon, while good kerosene costs from twenty to twenty-five cents. As great competition exists among the refiners there is a strong inducement to turn the heavier portions of the naphtha into the kerosene tank, so as to get for it the price of kerosene or to cheapen the latter. They change the direction of the stream from the still when it reaches sixty-five to sixty-three degrees B., instead of waiting until it reaches fifty-eight degrees; and thus the volatile inflammable naphtha or benzine is allowed to run into the kerosene, rendering the whole of the latter dangerous. It has been shown that one per cent. of naptha will lower the flashing point of kerosene ten degrees, while with twenty per cent. of naphtha the same oil will flash at eight degrees (Fahrenheit) above the freezing point of water. It is, therefore, the cupidity of the refiner that leads him to run as much benzine as possible into the kerosene regardless of the consequences.

The specific gravity is not a safe guide respecting the character of such oils, as a poor dangerous oil may be heavier than a safe oil. Astral oil illustrates this. While it does not flash below 125 degrees Fahrenheit its gravity is forty degrees B. Poor kerosene flashes at eighty degrees Fahrenheit but has a gravity of forty-seven degrees B.

Kerosene, when properly refined, is nearly colorless by transmitted light and slightly fluorescent by reflected light. Its density should be about forty-three degrees B. At ordinary temperatures it should extinguish a match as readily as water without becoming inflamed or *flashing*, and when heated it should not evolve an inflammable vapor below 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and should not take fire below 125 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

As the temperature in a burning lamp rarely exceeds 100 degrees Fahrenheit, such an oil would be safe. It would produce no vapors to mix with the air in the lamp and make an explosive mixture, and if the lamp were overturned or broken the oil would not take fire.

The standard which has generally been adopted by law as a safe one fixes the flashing point at 100 degrees Fahrenheit or higher.

Professor Chandler, President of the New York City Board of Health, says: "Out of 736 samples of kerosene oil tested by me, only twenty were really safe, all the rest evolving inflammable vapor below 100 degrees Fahrenheit." In his paper on the temperature of oil in lamps (*American Chemist*, August, 1872, p. 43) Dr. Chandler has shown that in some cases the temperature of their contents often rises above 100 degrees Fahrenheit.—*Scientific American.*

Value of the Home Market.

So much attention is directed to the importance of the foreign commerce of the Republic, especially as regards the European demand for our food-products, that we deem it necessary to remind our readers once more that of all the productions of American agriculture, fully ninety-five per cent. is consumed at home, and that this fact has been officially demonstrated in the regular reports issued by the United States Bureau of Statistics at Washington. There appears to be a general impression that the volume of our agricultural products is so enormous and increases so rapidly as to render an expanding foreign market absolutely indispensable to our domestic prosperity. Now while we have no disposition to deny or to undervalue the influence and importance of foreign commerce in American products, we really attach more consequence to the steady progress of civilization westward between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean than we do to the price of American products in London. A quarter of a century ago Minnesota had to import wheat from other States for the food-supply of her people. Now she produces enough to supply all her own inhabitants and has an annual surplus of many millions of bushels for other States. The great market for the teeming products of the West is found between the Gulf of Mexico and Canada, east of the Mississippi river.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Robert F. White, of Hoboken, N. J., while eating some watermellon, accidentally swallowed a few of the seeds. A day or two afterward he became suddenly ill, and on examination it was ascertained that the seeds had caused an abscess to form in his intestines. The young man suffered excruciating pain for several days, when he died.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The King of Congo has been immersed, on profession of his faith in the Christian religion.

—Pere Hyacinthe is coming to this country soon, and will give a series of conferences in the chief cities.

—Princeton Theological Seminary has just received $100,000 from a lady who does not allow her name to be published.

—The will of the widow of ex-President Fillmore leaves public bequests to the amount of $50,000, among which is $20,000 to the University of Rochester, N. Y.

—The Claflin University for colored students at Orangeburg, S. C., has had during the past year 388 pupils in its three departments. Tuition is free and the courses are thorough.

—The Shaw Memorial School in Charleston, S. C., transferred to the School Commissioners of Charleston by agreement with the trustees of the Shaw monument fund, has received from the city since the transfer in July, 1874, nearly $45,000, while Mrs. Shaw has continued her private gifts from time to time.

—The trustees of Wheaton College, Illinois, and the American Wesleyan Board of Education have agreed upon the arrangement for the establishment of a theological department in the college, which is to be maintained by the Wesleyans. The Rev. L. N. Stratton, editor of the *American Wesleyan*, has been elected to the charge of the department.

—Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, is not satisfied with the training of students at theological seminaries. They get too much of a smattering "of the highest and most difficult of all sciences," but not enough of "real theological knowledge to enable them to perform their duties as priests satisfactorily." Hence he wants a new institution founded in which the best of students, as they leave the present seminaries, shall study from two to six years longer.

—Captain Ebenezer Morgan, President of the American and Foreign Bible Society, which is a Baptist organization, has engaged Dr. Thomas J. Conant, of Brooklyn, to make a complete revision of the Old Testament. Dr. Conant has already revised the Psalms and the Pentateuch, and has four years more in which to complete the Old Testament. For this work he receives $25,000 from Captain Morgan. It is not intended to be an independent translation, but only a revision of the common English version. When completed the book, with the plates and copy-right, will be presented to the American and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. Conant is a member of the Baptist denomination.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man's body is supposed to be composed of water to the extent of three-fourths, except in localities, perhaps, where beer is plenty.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—Women barbers are multiplying. If they have pretty mugs they will, no doubt, keep their customers in hot water all the time.—*Boston Courier.*

—Drug stores in Maine and Kansas are closing up for want of custom, it having been decided that rock andrew is not a medicine.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Why is a blind man like David Davis? Because haw, haw, haw! Because—he, ho, ho! because he, he, he! —because his size ain't no use to him! haw, haw, haw! Ha, you don't seem to see it? Well, free country, you don't need to laugh if he don't want to.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—It is difficult to get the noise out of a boy. Of course you can get some noise out of him; but you never can draw off his entire supply. Ten Fourth of Julys and three circus parades would leave him just as full as he was when he began.—*New Haven Register.*

—The editor of the Kalamazoo *Telegraph* remarked in a recent issue of his paper that "last night was gorgeous—cool, silent, soft, shadowy, superb. A splendid moon strode across the bare, blue heavens, flooding the earth with glorious light." Our esteemed contemporary has a very Oriental way of saying that it was bad weather for chicken stealing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Two editors in Illinois got into a warm controversy over a proposed local improvement. One of them on a certain day had an imperative engagement to meet before he could see the proof of a scorching article, in which he defied his esteemed contemporary to make any truthful reply, concluding with the isolated sentence: "Until then we rest upon our oars." What was his horror some hours later to discover that the whole edition had gone out to the public with the sentence: "Until then we rest upon our ears."—*Oshkosh Advocate.*

Lost by a Point.

The teacher arose immediately after he called the school to order. There was a look of pain on his gentle face and he seemed to be feeling for an apple in his coat tail pockets, but he was not. He was feeling for something, but it was not an apple, and it was not in his pocket. He glanced around the school, and every face was either oblivious or mischievous, except Walter Crane's. And Walter Crane's face, bent over his Latin grammar, had such a profoundly studious expression, it was so sunlimely free from guilt; it was so angelically innocent, the teacher called him to the big desk, and as Walter's wondering eye-brows arched themselves into silent but expressive interrogation points, the teacher handled a long switch and said: "Yes Walter, yes; it was very neatly done, and now if you will just stand out here for one minute I will show you just about where that pin caught me."

And he showed him, not once but many times, to the great disgust of studious Walter Crane, and the infinite delight of all the rest of the school, and more especially big Sammy Johnson. Did Walter Crane really put the pin in the teacher's chair, children? Ah, no, indeed, and truly he didn't know a thing about it. It was big Sammy Johnson, who grinned and rubbed his hands every time Walter "hollered," who did it. Thus we see that sometimes, in the study of physiognomy, the wisest teacher will, as Herodotus observes, "bite off more than he can chaw."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

D CHURCH.

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PARAGRAPHS.

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THE DAIRY.

—Cows cannot be cheated into giving liberal quantities of milk. That which they give is in proportion to what they receive.

—Dr. DeKlenze, writing to the *Agricultural Gazette*, says: The ideal of a butter package would be some material, at the same time very cheap and strong, which is a non-conductor of heat. For larger quantities of butter the cost of production is very much raised by the price of the packing; for wooden tubs and barrels are expensive, if only used once, and the return freight for refilling is also an item of importance. The same may be said of the tin transport vessels, which are more expensive, perhaps less durable, but lighter. Wood gets so soaked with butter after being used a few times that its weight increases sensibly, and corresponding with it the loss of butter. Close grained wood, such as oak, is heavier, but it has the advantage of greater durability and less absorbing power for butter. Fir wood is cheaper and lighter, but absorbs more butter and is less durable. In the north of Germany, Denmark, etc., butter is exported (also to England) in barrels of beechwood bound with willow. This wood is elastic and strong; therefore the staves can be made thinner, and consequently the barrels are lighter than of other wood. It is also close grained and white and has a very clean appearance. Where this wood can be had cheaply it makes one of the best butter packages out. In the Netherlands, where the butter export trade is very flourishing, minute laws and regulations have been issued by the Government on size, weight and make of butter packages, which are strictly enforced.

Selecting Cows.

In order to treat this subject in its broadest sense it is necessary to consider the cow from several points of view, including not only her general individual characteristics, but also her blood and breeding qualities, which will carry us over a pretty broad field, and one by no means easy to explore when we come to consider, not only the conflicting claims of rival breeds, but the extreme diversity of opinion that exists among breeders as to what points constitute evidences of merit in the cow. One man wants her blazoned with escutcheons, while another sees no virtue in them. Another wants her of solid color, while still another must have some white on her, and nearly all insist upon it that she must have marks of yellow about her, either on the hide, horn or tip of the tail. A crumpled horn is held in high regard by many, while several breeds of fine milkers rarely have such an appendage. Even in point of size there is a great diversity of opinion. Breeders of Holsteins and Short-horns insist upon large carcasses, while the Ayrshire and Jersey breeders clamor for the economy of the little cow.

Again, the question often comes up, and is as faras any from solution, shall the ideal cow give a large mess of moderately rich milk, or a moderate mess of very rich milk? These are undoubtedly questions of great importance, yet the authorities are nowhere agreed upon them. What are we to do, then, when we come to such minor points as at present are shaking the mental powers of the Jersey cattle clubs even to their foundation? Should a cow have a long tail or a short one, and what should be the color of her tongue? Should she have one or two entrances into the belly by the large veins of the udder? Then, again, should the face be straight or dished, narrow or broad betweeu the eyes?

Alas! these mighty questions still puzzle the fancy breeders, because cows with each, all or none of the fancy points are constantly reaching the highest points of performance, thus showing that none of them are requisite to success. Indeed, if in a common dairy, where the owner knows nothing of these points, but makes a success of his milk or butter, the herd be carefully examined without reference to their points, it will be seen that in the majority of cases the points cut no ligure in the elements of success. As the trotting-horse breeders' aphorism stands, "They go in all shapes," so do they milk in all forms, and it is a mere matter of fashion and fancy breeding that fosters these notions among breeders.

So soon as some definite organization is formed for testing cows, we look to see these fancies take wings and leave the breeders to return to their mutton, which is really the absolute performance of the cow, which, being connected by pedigree with the performances of the past, will teach them to breed with the certainty of producing large milkers that always follow the actions of rational scienco. We only wonder that all this nonsensicnl hubbub should have been allowed to occupy the columns of the agricultural press so long as it has, without calling forth the condemnation of both readers and publishers. There, however, seems to be a decided disinclination among breeders to bring their various breeds to actual and practicnl test. This disinclination may arise from the fact that when the test is put, many of the breeds, as an absolute necessity, must go to the wall.

It is so much easier to boast and wrangle over minor and indifferent points of merit, points based simply upon individual opinion and taste, where the fancy of the writer can have full play, than to hold themselves down to simple solid, unadulterated facts. Everybody, even the beginner in breeding, knows the fashions, and has at his fiugers' ends all the so-called arguments in their favor, but when it comes to the plain, hard facts of dairying, those that require long years of hard labor to learn, all the fun of the thing has fled; even the scant knowledge that makes the tyro so prompt in his opinion, has lost its charm. The dairyman of long experience knows that there are many qualifying circumstances to govern each condition of the business which makes it extremely hard to come to a definite opinion, even upon the most trivial points connected with any one of the three great divisions of the trade, producing milk for market—cheese or butter-making.—*L. S. Hardin, in Wallace's Monthly.*

—A ded man iz worth more than a lazy one—he utilizes space. *Josh Billings.*

Farmers' Flower Gardens.

Very few farmers take kindly to a flower garden. As a rule, they look upon the cultivation of flowers as a waste of time and money, and if there is any attempt at ornamentation of the grounds about their dwellings by members of the family, they will discourage them directly or indirectly. There are hundreds of farmers who will spend almost any amount of money at command for a good horse or other animal, just to have something to brag about to their neighbors, and then there must be something extra in the way of harness and buggy to accompany a line horse. The same rule holds good when it comes to extra fine sheep, or blooded cattle, which require, or at least receive far more attention than common stock. This is all well enough, but the head of the family is selfish in such matters, and thinks that what pleases him should please every member of his household, forgetting that tastes differ, and that there is just as much sense in admiring, tending and cultivating a poppy or verbena as there is in polishing a buggy or the coat of his favorite horse.

We might name some of the richest farmers in the richest agricultural regions of this country who provide magnificent barns, stables, sheds and pastures for their animals, but at the same time keep their wives and children in mean an uncomfortable houses, with few conveniences for doing their work easily and properly. Shade trees are left or planted in the pasture for their stock to recline under, but there is not one near the house, while as for flowers and ornamental plants, a whiff from some fragrant old lilac or syringa is about all the garden perfume which reaches the inside of thousands of country homes.

The usual excuse for neglecting to cultivate flowers is want of time, but if we watch closely those who offer it, we find that they always spare time for fishing, hunting, or any other pastime for which they have a taste or inclination. It is simply a low, vulgar taste or relic of barbarism that excludes the flower garden from so many country homes, and we are further compelled to say that in a majority of instances it is the men of the family, and not the women, who are the barbarians. Go where we will in the United States, the flower pots in the window, the vine over the door or porch, the little bed of sweet Williams or humble verbena in the front yard, are almost infallible signs that there is a woman about, with taste and love for the beautiful in nature; and, although circumstances may not be favorable for developing her ideas in such matters, still the taste and desire are there, and she is a better woman for entertaining them.

It is not only cruel, but wicked, for a man to deprive any member of his family of innocent recreation, and we hold that the flower garden affords it to those who enjoy the cultivation of plants. From a mercenary or financial point of view, beds of handsome flowers may not be a paying investment; but if the farmer is going to look upon all his surroundings and possessions in this light, we fear he will be compelled to strike off a good many articles from his list. We have known men to have children that did not pay, in fact were a great source of annoyance and expense, but there are few men who would dispense with them on this account. There is something in the appearance of things, or there would have been more useful and edible plants created, and fewer ornamental ones. But it so happens that there are at least a hundred of the latter to one of the former. We mean, of course, plants useful to man as food or medicine, for all plants have their uses, and fill a place designed for them in natnre.

No one can, with any degree of propriety, plead ignorance as an excuse for not cultivating a few flowers or other ornamental plants, for the florists' and nurserymen's catalogues, which are distributed free to customers, contain all the instructions and information necessary to enable any one who can read to raise plants and trees of all common kinds; besides, most of these little manuals make a note of the best sorts, naming those best adapted to different climates and soils. It only requires the will; the way is open to all, and instead of farmers' homes looking, as far too many of them do at the present day, desolate and dreary, they might be made to assume a cheerful appearance by merely planting a few trees and shrubs about them, with an occasional flower bed cut out of the grass plat. Several of our lady readers have written us on this subject, and asked us to scold a little, if nothing more, all admitting that the neglect of floriculture more than anything else made the homes of farmers uninviting to the occupants as well as to passing strangers. Of course we do not say that all farmers are negligent in these matters, but while there are some neighborhoods and entire counties where handsome grounds are the rule, there are many more where nothing of the kind is to be seen. If one or two will commence floriculture in a neighborhood, others are likely to follow, and a little strife to see who shall have the best, even upon a small scale, frequently ends in an entire change in the appearance of a whole town and county, adding greatly to the health and happiness of the people.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* gives this as his plan for growing strawberries: "My blackberries I do not cultivate. Let them grow to suit themselves. I have strawberries planted among them, and the plan works admirably. Strawberries want some cool, shady place among briers, to be like the strawberries of your childhood that you got along the old stone wall. When you put them into the blackberry patch they have all these to make them big and you happy. Besides, blackberries want moist ground, shaded if possible, and the strawberries keep the ground moist and shaded."

—The overstocking of land is one of the surest and quickest ways of ruining pastures. It is an ever-day thing with many farmers, who cannot be made to believe that they are getting the full benefit of a pasture unless the grass is eaten off a little faster than it has time to grow; consequently, all who put this method in practice always have bare pastures and poor cattle.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Old towels make nice dusters by having the ends sewed together.

—It should never be forgotten that rich cattle food makes rich manure, and rich manure heavy crops, while on the other hand poor feed means lean cattle, poor manure and inferior crops.

—Horse Radish Sauce.—Two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, two of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a gill of vinegar; mix and pour over grated horse radish. Excellent with beef.

—Simple Dessert.—Put eight crackers into a deep dish and pour on enough boiling water to cover. Let them stand till soaked; then grate over them nutmeg and white sugar, with sweet cream enough to make a nice sauce.

—Chili Sauce.—Twelve large ripe tomatoes, six green peppers, one large onion; chop all line together; add one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of cloves, one tablespoouful of sugar, two cups of vinegar; boil.

—The best feed for a road horse is oats and a very little hay. The more concentrated the food the smaller the stomach and intestines, and the better the wind will be. Oats a year old is the best food, and twelve quarts a day is sufficient for a large horse. A little clear, ripe timothy hay may be given at night before the oats.

—Tomato Catsup.—Boil the tomatoes until quite soft, and rub them well through a sieve; to every quart add twe ounces onions and two large red peppers, or one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one ounce bruised ginger, one spoonful salt, a few cloves; boil until reduced one-third; ten minutes before taking off the fire add one-half pint vinegar to each quart.

—In making an omelet if you wish it light and delicious, beat the white of two eggs and yelks separate, and then together; salt and pepper; add a little cream or pure milk with a small lump of butter or lard in a hot pan; pour it in; raise and roll by canting your frying pan, and by turning it over you place the omelet on the dish for the table whole.

—Ginger Lemonade.—Take half a cuptul of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls ginger; stir well together, put in a quart pitcher and fill with ice water. If one wants it sweeter or sourer than these quantities will make it, more of the needed ingredients may be put in. It is a cooling drink, and almost as good as lemonade, some preferring it.

—Rye and wheat may be sown at any time after the 15th of August up to the 10th of October. Where the Hessian fly abounds it cannot safely be sown until late in September, and where snow lies heavily on the ground it endangers early-sown grain by smothering it. But otherwise it is well to sow early and give the plants a strong foothold. If the growth is very luxuriant, it may be pastured by cows or calves with benefit.

Pork and Pigs.

There is a field for better and cheaper pork than is now made in this country. Grass is less expensive than corn, and should occupy a more important place in the production of wholesome bacon. Perhaps the least costly pork might be made in the cotton States upon winter pastures of oats and rye, with cottonseed and a sprinkling of corn or cowpea vines in the autumn, with corn and cottonseed. Of three million tons of cottonseed, more than half are now wasted, which might be utilized in fattening millions of pigs. As a machine for the rapid conversion of corn, cottonseed and clover to cheap commercial pork and lard, a highly-bred animal with a pugnose, heavy jowl and thick neck and shoulders, will still take the premium at a swine show, and secure the favor of prairie corn growers. For the grass and root farms of the Eastern and Northern States, for the peafield and cottonseed areas of the South, where healthful and nicely streaked bacon and delicate hams are in local demand at high prices, the sensible idea of Colonel Curtis (on which he is by no means allowed a patent) will command a premium in the future. Two things are requisite to profit in meat producing in competition with the cheap corn lands: 1. Cheapness which comes from rapid growth of young animals; 2. High prices obtained by high quality and skillful preparation for market. There are advantages with which any energetic farmer can hopefully enter the contest with twenty-five cent corn. Everyone knows that the cost of a pound of meat increases with the age of the animal, and as the stage of fattening advances.

A recent English writer insists that the coarsest Berkshire that can be found, if well fed and nursed for three months and allowed to develop muscle in a pastnre or straw yard, as the season suits, and then properly fed, may be brought to a weight of 160 pounds in eight or nine months, and in such pigs both lean and fat will be of the finest quality, and when properly cured demand the top of the market. It is claimed that to-day the highest prices paid in London are for long-nosed Irish pigs of the coarsest quality as judged by popular showyard standards. There are curious facts stated in illustration of this point. A noted breeder sent to the Royal Agricultural Society's exhibition two old boars, one of the fashionable type, the other a specimen of pure old Berkshire stock. The former took the premium, of course, and the owner straightway sold him and bred from the other for coumercial purposes. The most famous caterers of London do not buy prize pigs or of their stock. The fancy bacon curers also avoid the dumpy and excessibly fat and fashionable style. A visitor examining the Smithfield Club Awards with a member of a popular firm of bacon curers, said: "Now we will take you to a prize pig worth considering." Arriving there the man of bacon opened his notebook and read, "The worst pig in the show." His companion displayed his own notes and recited: "The worst pig in the hall." It was an animal that would have delighted the premium givers of many a show of the most highly "improved" pigs in this country. Improved "within an inch of their lives."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mortality in Different Pursuits.

The reports of the British Registrars General show that the annual death rate in the United Kingdom is about one in forty-five of the entire population. The larger, but not the largest, towns lead in the rate of mortality, and the rural mainland districts occupy an intermediate place between them and the insular districts, the extremes varying by about fifty per cent. As between the three great classes into which the population may be divided—the laboring, the trading and professional classes, and the gentry and titled—the chances of life are very nearly equal, although a slight advantage appears to be shown in favor of the first class. The trades most unfavorable to long life are, as a rule, those which tend to expose the operative to an atmosphere loaded with dust, or compel him to deal in one way or another with poisons. Dry grinding, as practiced on needles and forks at Shellield, is the worst; working in coal mines is next in deadliness. Gilders and silverers of glass are exposed to vapors of mercury; workers in brass are liable to diseases produced by exposure to volatilized oxide of lead; all who work in paints are subject to great risks; soldiers and sailors have their lives shortened by the exposure they have to undergo, or by diseases brought on by their habits of living. Bakers, tailors and milliners are liable to consumption; compositors peculiarly so. Pressmen fare better than compositors, probably because their work is more active. In the country, farming appears to be the most healthy of occupations, while that of the innkeeper is the most fatal. Butchers die comparatively early, as also do brewers, draymen and generally those who have much to do with establishments for eating and drinking. The over-exertion of those who follow athletic pursuits appears to conduce quite as much to short life as does the sedentary strain of the student. It seems to make but little difference in the "expectation of life" ol in-door workers whether their labor is hard or not; but those who are employed out-of-doors have a chance of living six years longer, if their work keeps them busy and active, than if it is a mere matter of routine and standing around; and a "comparison of the tables leads us to the conclusion that the life of the out-door worker with little exercise is worse than that of the sedentary in-door worker, whether with little or with great exercise." The most curious fact brought out is that the seavengers, dustmen and cleaners of sewers in London are reckoned among the healthiest of the population.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The disease which is known in Russia as the "Siberian plague" is said to be the same prevalent in some parts of England under the name of "the wool sorter's disease." The disease has its origin in a low parasitic organism, which "when introduced into the blood of a living animal, often develops so rapidly, and with such inimical effect on the life stream, that death itself ensues within a few hours." It is principally prevalent in Eastern Europe and Asia among the flocks and herds, and, as most of the wool and hair of the animals is imported into England, both men and animals there have been infected with the plague. There have been many cases in the west riding of Yorkshire.

—Alexander Outlaw, residing in Dale County, Ala., and now over eighty years of age, is developing new strength and preparing to enter upon a new life. He lost all of his teeth years ago, and now, out of the order of nature, he is being favored with another supply. Two new teeth have appeared each week during the past four weeks.

—Georgie Millzner, only six years old, set off an infernal machine in a crowded San Francisco theater. It was only a wad of cotton full of cayenne pepper and alcohol, but its burning cleared the house.

How To Get Sick.

Expose yonrself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—*Express.*

"You can't come it," is what the astronomers say to our aerial stranger, as they observe his departure after vain efforts to reach the earth.

Red-bugs, Roaches,

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c, druggists.

There is a marked difference between an American nobleman and an American owe-bill-man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The man who goes to a picnic and discovers the loss of his $5 bill just after treating seventeen handsome girls to the delicacies of the occasion has some slight idea of how it feels to be run over by a wagon-load of hay.

There was a fat fellow in Harwich
Who asked a stout lady in marwich;
But starting for church,
He was left in the birch,
There being no room in the carwich.
—*Boston Transcript.*

"Pretty nice thing in your paper this morning," said Fogg to the editor of the *Matutinal Marauder*. "Yes," said the editor, inquiringly, his face lighting up with a glow of pleasure. "I suppose you refer to my leader on the situation?" Fogg shook his head. "Or perhaps it was that neat paragraph about the Bungtown Railroad?" "No," said Fogg, "it was a pound of beefsteak that I took home for breakfast. Nicest thing I ever saw in the *Marauder*, 'pon honor." And Fogg went off chuckling, while the editor dodged the police all the way home; he looked so much like a red-handed murderer that he expected to be arrested at every corner.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Amantha," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she said.

Dr. Thomas D. Spencer says a man's birth is more painful than his death. This may be so, but we would rather be born twice than to die once.—*Norristown Herald.*

Ruth, although of a retiring disposition, succeeded as a gleaner in getting as good Boaz as any of them.

A hipokrit begins bi cheating himself, and ends bi trieing to cheat others.—*Josh Billings.*

Queen Victoria does not like the Bartlett pair.—*Boston Courier.*

"Mother Has Recovered,"

wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her Liver complaint."—*Health and Home.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Save your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

Redding's Russia Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc.

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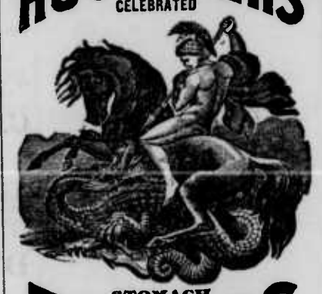
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And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kindey troubles and other ailments.
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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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For Chills and Fever
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VICTOR Double Hutler Clover Machine that beat the Birdsells, Blouffer, Jr., and the Ashland Clover Hullers in a scientific test at the Toledo, O., Fair, Sept. 15th and 16th, 1880, in the presence of 50,000 Farmers and Threshermen at the West.
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The Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
SOLD BY
STRONG, COBB & CO. Cleveland, Ohio.
Sold by MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Chicago, Ill.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
KIDNEY-WORT
has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
As it has been proved by thousands that
KIDNEY-WORT
is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a
SPRING MEDICINE.
Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.
Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.
Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *Is to be with equal efficiency in either form.*
GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'r,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.
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NEW RICH BLOOD!
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

LYON & HEALY
162 & 166 State Street Chicago,
Will send prepaid to any address, their
BAND CATALOGUE,
for 1881, 190 pages, 260 Engravings of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs and Hats. Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials; also includes Instruction and Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a catalogue of choice Band Music.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY FAST!
AGENTS and CANVASSERS WANTED, to sell a Fine Large Steel Engraving of
President Garfield.
Apply to R. Dudensing & Son, 319 E. 50th St., New York City

DR METTAUR'S
Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.
HEADACHE
A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors,
BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
PILLS

Ladies of the White House.
AGENTS WANTED for this the most interesting book of WASHINGTON LIFE ever published. A history of every Administration from Washington to GARFIELD. Contains much Personal and Private History never before published, including a Sketch and Portrait of Mrs. GARFIELD. Territory being rapidly taken. Address FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

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Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. Domestic Scale Co., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—80 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

5, 10, 25 cent COUNTER SUPPLIES.
TOYS, NOTIONS, &c. Catalogue free. CARY, FULTON & CO., 60 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN learn telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address Valentine Bros., Managers, Janesville, Wis.

HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. Ulstrem, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

A. N. K. Cleveland. 836

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as herelabefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due returns shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 19, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BIRCOE,
Jy 16, 3m Sec'y of State.

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, R. & CO.,
BALTIMORE MD.

THE DAVIS
VERTICAL FEED
SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from face to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.,
218 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,
82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
FOR SALE BY
HUTSON & FRINGER,
OAKLAND, MD.

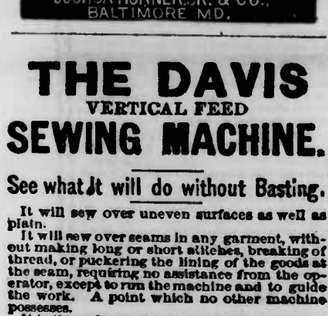

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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For Sale, Cheap!

One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
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Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. le14-1y

S. A. COX,
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Office in the Old Offutt Building,
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Will practice in the Courts of this State and West Virginia. Dec. 4y

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
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AND
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. P. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,
Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. P. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.54 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2:16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.21 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOVE.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTO WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

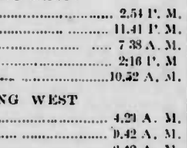

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Jo31-yl

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President,
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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertillizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
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GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
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J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and Referrees are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take an assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250.—if the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, $—. Their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,
EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Agents for Garrett County.

Health is Wealth!

DR E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Oakland, Maryland.

BEST GOODS — LOWEST PRICES

WHEAT

TRADE QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY MARK.

For $12.00 a Farmer can buy a formula (520 lb) of POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS for WHEAT.

This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.

Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tried, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.

Send for Pamphlet. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md., Sole Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF { Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer, price only $30 a ton net cash. Pure Bone Meal, Pure Dissolved Bone, Potash, Ammonia, and all high-grade Fertilizing Materials.

FERTILIZERS

BROWN'S
IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy*, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn*, etc. **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free*. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

CORNISH CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 5560. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid one softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you, write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Styles. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces, Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys. Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front affice. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you, write us for full particulars.

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Washington, New Jersey.

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JOHN B. GOUGH'S bran' new book, entitled

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881. NUMBER 31.

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6 18 tf

THE VIOLINIST.

The little inn at Vesch, near Milan, had but two guests, Mr. Holbrook and his daughter Mabel, for whose sake the father had left home and country to wander through foreign lands.

For, almost at the altar, Mabel Holbrook's lover had forsaken her, wrecking the life whose promise had been so fair. She could not bear the pitying words and looks of those who knew her fate, so begged her father to take her away till the story should be forgotten.

Nearly a year had passed since that unhappy day, and she had found, if not happiness, a quiet content which was almost peace. They had been spending some days at Vesch, for Mabel liked the almost Sabbath stillness of the little place. It rested her after the restless life in the great cities which they had visited.

One day she sat by her window when suddenly there came a sound of music—a violin softly playing, and the jingle of a tambourine, while a clear, sweet, childish voice sang one of the delicious "pleasant songs" so often heard in Italy. Looking out from behind the flowers in her window, Mabel saw the violinist, a young Italian, tall, graceful, almost noble in his bearing; and though his clothes were poor, and worn, and travel-stained, his hands were white and shapely, and the cloak which hung over his shoulder was such as any cavalier might have carried. Beside him stood a young girl in the picturesque dress of the country, her little hands fine and white, too—holding a large tambourine, the lovely bright eyes raised to the face of her companion as she sang, as if inspired by his playing.

Drawn by the sound of the music, Mr. Holbrook entered the room and stood beside his daughter.

"The child sings well," he said, and in a moment a glittering gold coin lay at the singer's feet.

"Oh, Paolo!" she cried, stooping in wonderful amazement to pick it up, "see, it must be fairy gold!"

"Not so, little one," laughed Mr. Holbrook, who came out from the inn in time to hear her exclamation: "It is an honest English half sovereign, which you have fairly earned by your song. Come in with me and I will change it in Italian sendi, which will be of more use to you."

His accent was not very perfect—Mabel had taught him, and he was not an apt popil—but the young musicians understood. They felt the kindness in his voice, and gladly followed him into his daughter's room, where Paolo bowed with the grace of a young price before Mabel.

Nina Basaldi—for that was the girl's name—in answer to Mr. Holbrook's kindly inquiries soon told all their story; how their father (who was of a noble Florentine family, she said with a proud lifting of her pretty head,) had had to leave his home because of enemies, and had fled to Switzerland, where her mother had died when she was but a baby; how their father took care of them and made them so happy till at last he sickened and died from some strange, fierce fever; how Paolo had sold all but their father's violin (and cloak, which she wore when it was cold, for Paolo was so careful of her) to pay the debts; and how they were making their way to Milan, where the dear brother hoped to earn money that she, Nina, might study and become a great singer.

"But now that your father is dead," said Mr. Holbrook to Paolo, "why do you not seek your relatives? They can have no cause of anger against you, surely."

Paolo shook his head sadly, saying:

"It is the old story of the Vendetta; and my father made me swear that I would not let them know of my existence even, lest I might fall a victim to their vengeance, and little Nina be left alone in the world. You know the feud is from father to son for generations."

"Paolo says we shall find friends somewhere," said Nina, with a little sigh; but it is weary seeking, and the road is so long."

"Dear Nina," said Mabel, impulsively, her heart won by the girl's simple story, "the friends are here and the weary road is passed. We will keep you, will we not, papa?" and she turned to her father, who stood by with smiling face.

"Oh, sweet lady!" cried Nina, in an ecstasy of delight, "do you mean it, truly? Shall Paolo no more have to play in the streets? And shall I be taught to sing, so that I may earn money with my voice, and make a home for him?"

...s, yes!" nodded Mabel, an answering the eager questioning. "Truly I mean all that, and more."

"...r Padre!" cried Nina, "do you ...

...ent, for pride was ...tly within him. He ..., like Nina, to accept ...ered gift, but a man, ...scarce twenty years had passed ...s head; and it galled him ...ve favors where he could give ...g in return. But for Nina's ...he had promised father to do ...thing for Nina—he would not ... what these strangers might ... So, when Mr. Holbrook, in ...otness, offered to place Nina ... Conservatory at Milan, and to ... the expense of her musical ..., Paolo accepted gratefully; ...though for himself he proudly refused all aid, nor could any entreaties alter his decision. But at last Mr. Holbrook obtained for him a position with an old viola-maker, whose home was the resort of all musicians of note, and where, if Paolo had musical genius, a way would be opened for its development.

"Your proteges are growing famous," said Mr. Holbrook to Mabel, one day, at breakfast, in their hotel at Milan, where they still lingered. "Nina's voice is wonderful her *maestro* says: She is to sing for the Duchess of Parma at her children's carnival next week. A rare honor for a child."

"And Paolo?" asked Mabel, with a blush, for which she hated herself.

"And Paolo?" echoed her father. "Why, Paolo is already a finished violinist. It seems that his father was something wonderful in that way, devoted his life to training his son, bequeathing him as a legacy his violin, a real *Stradivarious*. Paolo, modest fellow, said nothing of this, but went at once to Bartolini, the greatest violinist in Milan, told his story, and after playing a bit, was joyfully accepted as a pupil. Since then he has been studying night and day, and to-morrow he is to play at the grand concert instead of Bartolina, who is suddenly ill. But, all unheralded as Paolo is, those who know say he will take the audience by storm. I only found this out by chance. I suppose he was too shy to tell of it himself.

"He might at least have told me," thought Mabel. For Paolo and she met almost daily, and had grown to be friends—dear friends. But—was it friendship only, Mabel wondered that made her heart beat so fiercely when he came into her presence? that made her long for his coming, and grief when he went? Surely it could not be love, for love was dead; killed by one man's base act. Could love live again? And was it only friendship that burned in Paolo's eyes? those haunting eyes, whose glace she sometimes dared not meet? His lips had spoken no words of love; did his eyes tell the secret he dared not speak? Well, she would be cool and distant when he came that day; she would not speak of his playing; would declare, perhaps, that she did not intend to go to the concert. Then, what would he say?

But alas for her plans; the day passed and Paolo came not. Nor did he the next day; and she dressed for the concert in eager, feverish haste, fearful lest she might be late, and so miss one moment of Paolo's presence.

When he appeared, in faultless evening costume, so young, so handsome, so proudly serene, as if sure of success, there was a faint whisper of surprise through the house, which died away as he began playing, with so marvelously sweet and gentle touch that the audience listened in almost breathless silence, lest one note should be lost. When the music ceased for a moment no sound was heard; then a wild, tumultuous burst of applause followed. Paolo had indeed won, not only the hearts of the audience, but—in one giant stride—fame; and fortune was sure to follow. Again and again he was recalled, and the whole evening was one unbroken success for the young violinist. Almost faint with excitement when at last the concert was over, Mabel begged her father to hasten home, yet scarcely had she reached her parlor when Paolo sought admittance.

"I saw your face only!" he exclaimed, in impassioned tones. "It was my inspiration! You smiled and I was glad, and my heart spoke to you in the music. Did you not understand, beloved?"

Mabel raised her eyes to his face with one sweet tremulous glace, then the snowy lids fell. But her secret only then revealed fully to her own heart, had in that brief moment escaped her keeping.

When a little later they met together to tell Mr. Holbrook, and ask his blessing, he was astonished. But a glance at Mabel's happy face checked the words that rose to his lips. He desired nothing so much as his child's happiness; and he loved Paolo as a son. So by and by there will be a quiet wedding at Milan; for Nina cannot be left there alone, and they could not be married without her. And though Mr. Holbrook would like his daughter to be married from her own stately London house, Mabel is the best pleased that it cannot be.

Household Hints.

In boiling eggs put them in boiling water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

Grained wood should be washed with cold tea.

Moths will eat the all-wool reps, but not the mixed silk and cotton upholstering.

Set a cup of water in the oven while baking and it will prevent meat or bread from burning.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea and coffee.

Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water.

In Potosi the most violent headaches, so very common there, are cured by putting the feet in hot water.

A solution of common salt given immediately is said to be a successful remedy for strychnia poisoning.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with stones out, are the very best thing possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours.

Salt extracts the juices of meat in cooking. Steaks ought therefore not to be salted until they have been broiled.

To stone raisins easily, pour boiling water over them and drain it off. This loosens them, and they come out plain and with ease.

The only sure and efficient way to warm cold feet is to dip them in cold water and then rub them dry briskly with a coarse towel.

To beat the white of eggs quickly put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soap suds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin, as it will not scratch the tin, and will make it look like new Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth, and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or even a tin one, will keep sweet for a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

The Partisian method of cleaning black silk is to brush and wipe it thoroughly, lay it on a flat table with the side up which is intended to show, and sponge with hot coffee strained through muslin. Allow it to become partially dry, then iron.

In making cakes be careful to observe the following simple rules: Beat them up with your hand, not with a spoon; always dry your flour; always clean your currants and sultana raisins in flour, not in water; beat up eggs for ten minutes before adding them to the other ingredients; when the cakes are taken from the oven, turn them out of the tin and stand them outside the warm tin.

A second surgical operation has been performed by Prof. S. D. Gross upon the tongue of Senator Hill, of Georgia. The patient was put under the influence of ether, and a small piece of the tongue and glands on the floor of the mouth were removed, thus giving entire relief from the trouble under which he has suffered for more than a year. He will be detained about ten days at the hospital, and will then start for Atlanta with his family.

The Hagerstown *Mail* says large crowds of people from Washington county will visit Baltimore to witness the Oriole pageant.

The success of Baltimore's big celebration last year exhuberated her citizens, and in mastering all its manifold details so perfectly, gained an experience which this year will be turned to the best possible account. The Oriole celebration this coming October will be an immense thing. Funds ample to meet every requirement having been freely subscribed and placed at the disposal of those having the affair in charge. In most respects the order of things will be entirely different from last year, and in the way of gorgeous and novel features there will be no comparison between the two celebrations. For years the desire has been intense to witness a a genuine Mardi Gras parade without thousands of miles. The fame of New Orleans, Memphis and Mobile as the centres of Mardi Gras and Carnival festivities has spread throughout the entire country, and when it is promised that Baltimore shall equal if not indeed surpass the greatest efforts of any the cities named it means much. Contracts have already been let out for the mystic pageant, the subject illustrated in an extensive series of tableaux to remain a dead secret until the night of the Mardi Gras. Mr. De Leon, the gentleman who has ample experience, having been at the head of similar undertakings in New Orleans and Mobile. Baltimore pays him $10,000 for this special feature, but this represents by no means the whole of the pageant. As much, if not more, will be expended in other series of tableaux, some of them designed and prepared by the different societies of the city, and others gotten up under the immediate direction of the general committee. An entirely new departure in this sort of parade will be the use of platform cars upon which the tableaux will be constructed and which will be run over the street car tracks. It is estimated that the pageant will reach a length of three miles, and under electric, calcium and other brilliant lights, will present a scene to be witnessed but once in a lifetime. The Mardi Gras will, however, be but one of the great events of the three days festivities. On Monday, the 10th, the new water works are to be formally opened with a beautiful display by fountains and all that sort of thing. In the afternoon the grand daylight parade is to occur and will without doubt eclipse the big parade day of last year, and to do that it will indeed be great. In addition to the military of Baltimore and adjacent cities, it is expected that several of the military organizations enroute to Yorktown will stop over and participate. Aside from the soldier boys, there will be grand display by Fire Departments, Masonic, Odd, Fellows Knights of Pythias, and other organizations. At night, the glorious Oratorio with its almost countless voices. Tuesday morning is set apart for the reception of the French visitors, and among them, the immediate decendants of Lafayette, De Barras, De Grosse, De Rochambeaux, and other great Frenchmen who played so grand a part as the allies of Washington during the revolution. With them will come many of the most distinguished men of the French republic; statesmen, generals and naval officers. Two French men-of-war, fully manned, are now on the sea bound for the Chesapeake; and Baltimore's welcome to her illustrious guests will be a memorable one. Wednesday will witness new honors to the French, and a general series of receptions to all visitors throughout the city. At night comes the glorious Mask and Carnival with all its merry features, its eccentric costuming and brilliant details. It will be a happy wind-up to the three days' pleasures, and if all comers do not have the jolliest time of their lives none will be blamed for it but themselves. The B. & O., with its accustomed enterprise and liberality, has joined in the full spirit of the celebration and announces a rate of one-half the regular fare from all stations on the main line, divisions and branches. Tickets are to be good for ten days, thus affording ample time for all. As is well known, Baltimore has an abundance of hotels, boarding houses and and like places of comfort, and no extra charge whatever will be made for accommodations during the Oriole celebration. Nothing will be spared to make the occasion the happiest imaginable. Baltimore people knowing full well that to fail in proving her claim to be the most hospitable city in the country, would leave a stain upon her fair fame and name time could never blot out.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE EARLY FALL MOSQUITO.

'Tis not because he hummeth
On airy wing,
That you may know he cometh,
Your flesh to sting.
He bobbeth up serenely
To take a bite,
So quietly and meanly,
With silent spite;
And thus you furnish meat to
The early fall mosquito.

At bars and screens he laugheth,
So lithe and small,
And blood he freely quaffeth,
In spite of all.
His sharp phlebotomizing
By day and night,
Corpuscles analyzing
With keenest sight,
Maketh existence sweet to
The early fall mosquito.

The crime that he committeth
Is shocking, too;
For while your blood he letteth,
He poisoneth you.
No station he respecteth,
If low or high;
No person he neglecteth,
Or passeth by—
He stings both rich and poor, too,
The early fall mosquito.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little *kitchen. She never used her parlor.* There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considered—the fact that the best rag carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out these chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the saucepan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's ax ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling wood, piled up there in well-seasoned logs.

She was a little, wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices and all such neeessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I'm glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added with a complacent, inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old *Clinkerville Clarion* newspaper in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and the trunks, and the locked-up chests that *they* aim for. A fifty-dollar bill! a clean, crisp, *new* fifty-dollar bill! And all savings, too, out of the house money."

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind, and muffled up in the furs of the wild animals which, from time to time he himself had shot.

"Good day, Miss Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, her face involuntarily hardening, "I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around peddling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for any one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little——"

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, breathlessly. "The money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into little bits."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help lame Dick Bodley."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be a charitable character."

The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eighteen.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me that you drew out your money!"

"Was all creation there?" thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes'," added Helen, coloring, "so as to be near the district school, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently to command the respect of her pupils. But if you would kindly lend me ten dollars——"

"I never lend," said Mrs. Dean, curtly.

"I will be sure to pay it up when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen. "And I don't know of any one else to go to."

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the saucepan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little leather-covered memorandum-book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people, Mrs. Dean," said the 'Squire's wife, with a laugh.

"Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean, frigidly.

"Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday, in the machinery of the rolling-mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response. "He has left a wife and eight children, totally destitute."

"And whose fault is that?" said Mrs. Dean.

"Will you not contribute something toward relieving their destitute condition?" urged Mrs. Graham, opening the book and holding the pencil ready for use.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean. "I've no money to spare."

"But I was told——"

"O, yes—about the money that was drawn out of the savings-bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," softly spoke Mrs. Graham.

"Yes, yes—I know!" said Mrs. Dean. "But nobody interprets the Bible literally, nowadays."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand was a failure, and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she waked up, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsey," said he, "I thought you never were going to wake again! *Here you sat, with the fire dead out,* and I've had to kindle it up again."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Dean, "I must have been asleep quite a while. But"—as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket opposite was empty—"where is that old number of the *Clinkerville Clarion?*"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean, calmly. "We had both of us read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burned it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean; "I burned it up. Why shouldn't I?"

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utterance was:

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table-drawer, took out a sheet of paper and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodley's cart and horse. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Haras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

"I can't lend you ten dollars, my dear," said she, "because I haven't got it. But I'll tell you what I *will* do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There's a nice spare room, and it's an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes' to the district school."

"O, how very, very good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to see what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life. But you're welcome, my dear, and your board shall not cost you a cent."

She opened her parlor, shook out the curtains and built a fire in the air-tight wood-stove.

"Dean likes the parlor," said she, "because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it."

She baked a fresh batch of gingerbread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she took out a basket of hickorynuts for poor little Harry Jones, who was trying to crack dried up pignuts on the stone by the roadside; she renewed her subscription to the church charities.

"I can't be *very* liberal," she said; "but I am determined to do what I can."

"That's right, my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your fifty-dollar bill; but, if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us."

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the wide-leaved table which always stood under the wall-pocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints, lined with red cambric and tied with cords and tassels of red worsted, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said. "I am afraid I *was* getting to be a little miserly, and—— Why, what's this?"

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up a slip of crumpled dark-green paper, which had fallen out from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down and tapped her finger against it to remove all possible dust.

"It's the fifty-dollar bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper and lodged here"

"The Lord has sent it back to us," said Mrs. Dean, reverently; "and He has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with it."

"Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it."

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.—*Saturday Night.*

—Iceland women have several privileges which are denied the sex in other lands. For one thing, they are allowed to ride a horse man-fashion. They are likewise permitted to work in the fields and load coal with the men, and when two men have each drawn a bag of coal down an inclined plane to a dock the woman there is permitted to carry both bags at once and dump them into the boats.

—English newspapers are very interesting—to those who read them. A recent number of the London *Times* gives six of its eight pages to Parliament, two columns to court reports, a column and a half to telegraphic matter, and the remainder to advertisements.

—The cattle-bells in the Hartz Mountains are made so as to harmonize with one another in sound.

How a Sailor Boy Kept His Vow.

In sixteen hundred and something, Thomas Button, a sailor boy, was captured by the pirates off the coast of Barbary and sold as a slave. After enduring the most dreadful cruelties he was released on the payment of a gratuity to his master, by the tender-hearted Captain of an English merchantman, and offered a free passage to England. On reaching the deck of the vessel he fell on his knees and poured out the most touching thanksgiving to Him whose good providence had led to his release, and vowed that if ever he should become wealthy he would devote the money to charitable uses. On reaching England he found a situation in a merchant's counting-house, and afterward engaged in the Turkish trade, acquiring considerable wealth. We have not the date of his death, but his will, under which the controversy arose, is dated in Hexton Square, London, February 19, 1723-4 (as the dates run before the civil year was changed), and was duly admitted to probate. By this will, after a few small legacies, he bequeathed his property to the Ironmongers' Company in trust, one-half of the interest and profits of his estate yearly to be devoted to the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary; one-quarter to the charity schools in the city and suburbs of London (including Shoreditch, his own parish), where the education should be according to the Church of England, and the other quarter to the Ironmongers' Company for their minister, poor freemen, widows and other objects of charity, to pay them for executing the trust. The exact amount of the original estate is not given, but for several years about $2,500 was given to the schools, so we must suppose the principal represented in the trust was about $350,000. Of course, as time wore on and no British slaves could be found to whose redemption the fund could be applied, that part of the bequest accumulated, and in 1837, an accounting being ordered, the trust was found to include an unappropriated sum of $595,000 in Government stocks, and a realty in Essex, let for over $1,000 per annum. The Court of Chancery then ordered $35,000 in stock to be set aside for the slavery redemptions and the interest of the residue to be appropriated to English parochial schools throughout England and Wales, as likely to be as near the views and wishes of the donor as the circumstances of the case would admit. Under this about $25,000 a year is divided among the schools in twenty-six dioceses, ranging from $400 to $1,800 a year, according to their needs and population.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The Width of the Door.

"I want a piece ov a board sawed off, planed on the outside," said Mr. Donlevy; "we'd a few friends in at the house last night to a christenin', and the lower panel av the dure got kicked out in the merriment."

"How wide do you want the piece cut?" asked the carpenter.

"The width of the dure, av course," replied Mr. Donlevy.

"And how wide is the door?"

"Well, it's as wide as a chair is long, jist. Ye kin jist lay a chair across it to kape the childer in an' the pigs out, an' it fits as though it wur matched fur it."

"But all chairs are not the same size," said the carpenter.

"Aw, thundher an' turf! yer thicker headed nor a railroad spike; the chair comes up jist even wid the edge ov the windy sill."

"But how high is the window sill?" asked Mr. Chips.

"Bother the badgerin tongue o' ye," growled Mr. Donlevy, "it's only the widness av me hand barrin' the thumb higher than the rain wather that sthands outside, and av ye can't make it from that ye lave the job an' I'll take it to some carpinther that understhands his business and knows the measure av a dure in his head widout makin' a chatychism av himself. Say, can ye ent me the pace aff the size av that ye leather-headed wood butcher, ye, or will I go find a man av yer craft that has half the sinse he wur born wid?"

And he had to go find one.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Mr. Cash's Little Joke.

An old peddler named Cash well-known to most of the citizens of this city, hit upon a novel plan one day last week to regain the affections of his wife and step-children, which he had lost by going home very drunk the night before, when they drove him from home. The next day the old man went to the house and knocked at the door, and his wife appeared, to whom he stated he was ill and begged her to let him in. Believing he was really sick, the wife admitted him, when in a few moments he fell over on the floor apparently dead. The neighbors were called in and the old man was pronounced gone, sure. They began to array him in his best suit and fix him up for burial, the old lady, in the meantime, crying and calling on the dead man to speak just once more, and accusing herself of hard-heartedness in turning him out of doors. All of a sudden the supposed corpse turned over, and, seeing his wife crying, called to her, saying he forgave her and asked forgiveness for himself which she readily granted, and at last accounts they were getting along smoothly.—*Washington Post.*

Use of Postage Stamps.

A correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, attributes the first use and issue of postage stamps to John Lorimer Graham, postmaster in New York in 1842. These stamps were, he says, about the size of the stamp now in use, bore the head of Washington and were of the value of three cents. The postmasters of St. Louis, Baltimore, Alexandria, Va., New Haven, Providence, R. I., and Brattleboro, Vt., followed about in the order named in 1845 and 1846. According, however, to the recollection of an old employe of the New York postoffice, stamps were brought into use first by Postmaster Morris in 1847 or 1848. He issued stamps of his own at five and ten cents apiece, those being the then current rates of postage; but the postmasters throughout the country refused to recognize them. In 1851 an act of Congress was passed which led to the introduction of the rates and stamps now in use.

A Fish Story With Variations.

Thirty years ago I was fishing in one of the shallow parts of Barnegat Bay, with half a dozen other jolly boys. We had a boat and a big drag-net. Two little sharks fell into my hands. With the aid of another boy, who held them while I performed the operation, I dug a hole clear through the gristly part of the tail of each shark, avoiding the spinal column, so as not to make a fatal wound. There happened to be in the boat several feet of copper wire, nearly as stout as telegraph wire. It was a lucky thing that this wire was there, for cord or rope would not have answered the purpose. It would have worn out in a few months and there would have been nobody to replace it. I thrust the wire through the holes and wrapped it loosely around each shark's tail, so that they could not get apart except by pulling at least one tail off. I allowed ample space for the sharks to grow, for they were little fellows only about two feet long. As they were strong and hearty, and gave promise of being more so as they grew up I lapped the wire round and round several times.

Having wrapped the wire firmly and liberally I twisted its ends together securely. Then we let go, and you ought to have seen those little sharks! It was a new experience for them to be hitched together in this manner. One pulled at the other and the other pulled at the one. It seemed as if they would tear each other's tails off in their eager thirst for liberty. The little fools, instead of swimming off together, wanted to go in opposite directions. They wriggled and struggled and plunged their noses into the sand and mud and stirred up a great cloud of dirt. Being of about equal strength it was some time before they got out of sight.

Yesterday I was fishing in the sea off this place. I was in a boat, just outside the surf. For a while my companion and I caught nothing but a few black bass and porgies. Presently a shark came swimming along and gobbled a porgy which I was about to haul in. The sight of him animated us with the desire to catch a shark. So we made ready two of the largest hooks and lines we had and baited each with a porgy, tying the bait firmly on. We did not have to wait long. Soon I had a bite, and a tremendous one it was, dragging the boat half over and almost pulling me out. My companion dropped his line and sprang to my rescue. O, how we pulled! and how the shark pulled! We almost went overboard. We pulled and pulled until we got that rascally shark to the surface, and oh, how wicked he looked! But lo! what did we see? There was another shark! The two were violently flopping about. They were fastened at the tails! Great Jeremiah! It was my two sharks that I had married thirty years ago! They had grown to be six feet long! The knowledge of this fact made me pull all the harder. I told my companion about it and it stimulated him with such zeal that I thought he would push the bottom out of the boat in his efforts to help the Siamese sharks on board. There were but few moments for thought, but those moments were full of visions of golden wealth. We would make our fortune on this pair of sharks exhibiting them at ten cents a head. We would have them embalmed and take them all around the country and make as much fuss over them as ever was made over Barnum's Fiji mermaid. All of a sudden something dropped, followed by something else. The first something was myself. The second something was my companion. Our hopes were dashed. The visions of golden wealth had vanished. The sharks were off. As they went we heard an awful rattling on the port gunwale of the boat. It was my companion's line. The other shark had swallowed hook and bait, and made off with the whole thing. Had my hook and line been provided with a bit of chain we would have had those twin sharks. The rascal had bitten my line off, and that was how he got away. For half an hour we lay sulky and moody in the boat, weary with pulling and dazed by our strange experience. We came ashore without fishing any more.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

The Arctic Winter.

Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, gives some interesting facts in regard to the character and duration of the Arctic winter. He says:

"The generally received opinion that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of perfect opaque darkness is not strictly correct. In latitude eighty-three degrees twenty minutes twenty seconds North, the highest point ever reached by man; there are four hours and forty-two minutes of twilight on December 22, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemisphere. In latitude eighty-two degrees twenty-seven minutes North, the highest point where white men have wintered, there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day, and 328 geographical miles from that point must yet be attained before the true Plutonic zone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man. Of course, about the beginning and ending of this twilight it is very feeble and easily extinguished by even the slightest mists; but nevertheless, it exists, and is very appreciable on clear cold days, or nights, properly speaking. The North Pole itself is only shrouded in perfect blackness from November 13 to January 29, a period of seventy-seven days. Supposing that the sun has set (supposing a circumpolar sea or body of water unlimited to vision) on September 24, not to rise until March 18 for that particular point, giving a period of about fifty days of uniformly varying twilight, the Pole has about 188 days of continuous daylight, 100 days of varying twilight and seventy-seven of perfect inky darkness (save when the moon, has a northern declination) in the period of a typical year. During the period of a little over four days the sun shines continuously on both the North and South Poles at the same time, owing to refraction, parallax, semi-diameter and dip of the horizon."

—The savants of France declare that such high temperature as of this summer was never before registered in Paris.

An Englishman's Experience with Spanish Brigands.

The following details from Mr. John Lester, of Lowestoft, of his capture and escape from Spanish brigands near San Sebastian have been received. Mr. Lester writes: "I had walked about sixty miles through some of the grandest scenery in the north of Spain, and, wishing to cross the French frontier that night, was pushing on rather late, when, about nine o'clock, and in a lonely part of the road, bordered with woods, midway between San Sebastian and Irun, I was accosted by a Spaniard who asked a few simple questions, walking along by my side at the time. Some others had been either following or had stepped out from among the trees. I was suddenly felled to the ground from behind, and on recovering consciousness, some hours afterward, found myself in a dilapidated house or hovel, tied by the leg to a fastening in a corner of the smaller of its two divisions, stripped of all but my trousers and shirt, and with a bundle of straw for my bed. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on finding myself in such a position alone with and at the mercy of a gang of bloodthirsty robbers, perhaps infuriated at not gaining as much as they expected.

"Day succeeded day without anything of note being said. I was supplied periodically with bread and water, and I found the gang to consist of five men, three of whom were but indifferently armed. My capture had been effected on the night of Friday, July 8. On what I found afterward to have been the night of Friday, July 15, having lost count of the days during my monotonous incarceration, thinking I had had sufficient of that place, and, moreover, being tormented with feelings of hunger, not having had anything given me since the previous evening, and having an idea that their neglect was a preliminary to my death in some shape or other, I resolved to strive for liberty. Having worked out a stone which I found rather loose in the wall near me, and having taken advantage of the darkness of my corner, I gnawed asunder the cord that bound me. I made to the door which opened into the other apartment, and there being but one guard left over me—the others being off on some expedition—I watched for an opportunity. Presently it was afforded me. As the fellow sat with his back toward me, resting his head upon his hands, I stole forward, holding my stone in readiness, and with one blow laid him on the floor. Then, snatching up a knife from the table, I ran out, and after wandering among the mountains most of the night found myself at daybreak on the highway, with my feet cut with the stones and my strength gone.

"I fainted. On coming round I attempted in vain to rise, when two men, coming along with a bullock cart, I asked for help. All they did was to prod me with their goads and march on. The laborers, now turning to their work in the field, and seeing my attempt to regain my feet, several of them pelted me with clods. I had little strength left, but at last I managed to get on my feet, and, having rested awhile to regain my strength, I staggered along to the town and waited upon the Vice Consul, who kindly provided me with food and clothes, after which I accompanied him before the Governor of the province to make my statement. Being then weak and ill I found it necessary to enter the hospital for a few days, and am now gaining strength among the mountains of Biscay. The Spanish Government have the matter under consideration; but, as they do not undertake to indemnify persons from any injury perpetrated by their subjects, I am told on good authority that I shall be lucky if they but allow me for what I have lost."—*London Telegraph.*

The Towers and Columns of Paris.

Been doing the towers and columns of Paris. Tower St. Jacques, Column Vendome, Column of July, Place Bastile, Towers of Notre Dame. Tower St. Jacques is a stone tower. Very ancient. Once part of a church. French Revolution tore it down. Ascent by staircase in one corner. Stone steps. Very narrow. Not room for two to pass. Met persons coming down. Some persons large. Several females. Overwhelmed. Looked down on Paris from the top. Nothing else to do but look down. Statue of saint on top. Stone saint. Stone only material compatible with saintliness in Paris. Iron handles in back of stone saint. To assist sinners in climbing saint's back. Handles reach to his head. Climbed up the saint. Dizzy elevation. Fearful saint might fall. Felt myself a load of sin on the saint's back. Climbed down. Do not wish to climb any more saints. Paid custodian of Tower St. Jacques two cents for privilege of climbing tower and saint. About 500 steps in all. Seemed 5,000 before reaching top. As a job, wouldn't do it for less than $3.50. Strange how much labor people do perform while traveling for pleasure. Strikes me sometimes I'm traveling for pain. Next did Column of July, Place Bastile, Column of Iron. Hollow, of course. Resembles a big steamboat smokestack. Trembles and vibrates at top. Unpleasant sensation. Gained the top. Looked down. Nothing else to do at the top but look down. Column of July a sort of iron monumental tombstone. Inscribed on it names of those killed in some French revolution. Paid four cents for privilege of ascending Column. As a job, wouldn't do it for less than $3.00. No saint on Column of July. Too modern for saint. Saints in France gave out many hundred years ago. Tried the Column Vendome. Top as usual. Looked down. Nothing to be done but look down. Last were the Towers Notre Dame. As a pleasure, did the Towers by payment of six sous. As a pain, wouldn't climb them under $2.50. Am glad I've done the towers of Paris. Got 'em off my mind. No more pleasure of that sort to agonize through, thank heaven! Still, foreign towers must be ascended by all towerists. That's what they're made for. Of what use would I be to the crowd in Shin Gulch were I to return without having climbed all the towers of Paris? —*Prentice Mulford, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

—You will seldom find an attorney at law—he knows better.—*Vanity Fair.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A newspaper philanthropist in New York gave 1,000 newsboys a free ride to Boynton Beach.

—A Georgia farmer mistook his ragged son for a scarecrow at a distance, and playfully shot a bullet into him.

—Only two grandchildren of Daniel Webster are now living—Mrs. James Geddes Day and Mrs. Samuel Appleton.

—Nineteen apple-pies of ordinary size in half an hour was the achievement of the victor in a Louisville eating match.

—William E. Flinn's ranch, near San Diego, Cal., boasts a grape vine which bore five tons of grapes last year and broke down an oak two and one-half feet in diameter and sixty feet high, which supported it.

—Two men digging on the Cape, not far from Dover, Del., the other day found an old zinc box containing $1,000 in doubloons. Many years ago an English ship supposed to contain $2,000,000 in gold was wrecked there.

—There are ladies who should be careful when they eat corn from the cob. At a watering-place hotel the other day a lady at dinner made so frightful a bite at the ear that, when she released it, her upper set of false teeth came with it.

—Caroline and Mary Clark, daughters of a wealthy Kentucky lawyer and planter who was bankrupted by the war, went to work in a Pittsburgh (Pa.) hotel seven years ago, labored faithfully and accumulated several thousand dollars. Now an uncle in California has left them $90,000.

—Henry Ward Beecher's brother James says: "I don't believe lightning rods are any protection. The insular theory is exploded. If I did put one up I should lay it direct upon the house without any insulators. But if I am ever going to be killed, I had rather die by lightning than any other way."

—Madras, the so-called benighted Presidency of India, is the first to recognize the claims of women to important offices. The *Gazette* announces the appointment of a lady, Miss Pogson, to be Meteorological Reporter to the Government of that Presidency. Miss Pogson has for some years discharged with great ability the duties of Assistant Government Astronomer.

—In addition to the $100 which Thomas Harrison, the popular revivalist, receives for a week's services at a camp meeting, he makes a profit from the sale of his photographs, hymn books and biography. The managers of the camp at Acton, Ind., say they were well pleased with these terms, and voluntarily provided him with a tent furnished in the most luxuriant manner.

—At Neweastle, Pa., a lime stone car was started down a 2,300 foot incline by a mule catching his harness in the brake. Half way down, going like a cannon-ball, it peformed an extraordinary leap to the other track, which it kept to the foot of the hill, where it knocked a limestone train into kindlings, cut a mule in two and so seriously bombarded with limestone three men who were fleeing that one died.

—In most of the cities of the United States the placard, "Mistits," has lately become common in the windows of clothing stores. It appears that a Philadelphia dealer found that he was carrying a larger stock than he could sell during the season by ordinary methods, and to avoid ruin he tried the well-worn tricks of a Sheriff's foreclosure and damage by fire, but in vain. Then he advertised his stock as a lot of "mistits" purchased from fashionable tailors at nominal prices. He had a run, and the news of his success has spread.

—A Hollander named Ranbow, living in Paterson, N. J., recently determined to visit his daughter in Holland and die in his old home. He sold his house in Paterson, converted all his property into cash, and looked forward to the meeting with his daughter with childlike anticipation. A few days before he was to sail a message came that made him heartbroken. His daughter and her husband had both been drowned by a break in one of the dykes, causing a sudden flood that swept them and the carriage in which they were riding out to sea.

—The statement is just made public that Tom Ewing met General Sherman in New Orleans just before the war and told him he had better go home and get to be made a Major-General by Ewing's father. General Sherman shook his head and said: "No, Tom; I don't want to go in as a Major-General; I want to be a Brigadier-General. There will be mistakes committed in the first part of the war, and they will turn out all their original Major-Generals, and then the Brigadiers will come to the front. I am for a Brigadier-Generalcy to begin with."

—When you wish to know what the weather is to be go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your *eye* upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which is sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size, take your great coat with you if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones towards it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

—Mr. Drummond Hunt, of Lexington, Ky., is eighty-seven years of age, but attends actively to his farm every day. Mr. Hunt is the first man in that section who employed Senator James D. Beck. About forty years ago Mr. Hunt kept the old Phœnix livery stable. One day a brawny young Scotchman, with a bundle swung at his back, applied to him for work. Mr. Hunt was so pleased with his straightforwardness that he employed him and sent him out to his farm, placing him in charge. Here he stayed several years, working all day and occupying most of the nights studying law. It required two courses for students attending the law department of Transylvania University to get through. Mr. Beck, however, by dint of great industry and perseverance, got through in one course. He then began practice with Mr. Shy, since which time he has steadily climbed up the ladder of reputation.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE PHANTOM OX.

[In Norway it is a superstition among the peasants that a specter in the form of a white ox glides through villages and farms, and that any person on whom he breathes will at once sicken and die.]

"What frightens you in from your play my child?
Your cheeks are as white as snow,
Your lips are pale and your eyes are wild;
O, why do you tremble so?"

"Dear mother, while I was wading the brook
For lilies along the brink,
A ghostly ox, with a deathly look,
Came down to the stream to drink.

"The creature was not of flesh and bones,
But paler than crystal glass;
I saw through his body the trees and stones,
And mosses, and meadow grass.

"He wander'd round, and, wherever he went,
He stepp'd with so light a tread,
No harebell under his hoof was bent,
No violet bowed its head.

"He cast no shadow upon the ground,
No image upon the stream;
His lowing was fainter than any sound
That ever was heard in a dream.

"I quiver'd and quaked in every limb!
I knew not whether to flee:
The further away I shrank from him,
The nearer he came to me.

"My handful of lilies he sniff'd and smelt;
His breath was chilly and fresh;
His horns, as they touch'd me softly, felt
Like icicles to my flesh.

"I shiver'd with cold, I burn'd with flame,
I called upon God and man;
But nobody heard, and nobody came,
And then I started and ran.

"I rush'd through the water, across the brook,
And high on the shelving shore,
I stopp'd and ventured to turn and look,
In hope to see him no more.

"He walk'd in my wake on the top of the flood
And followed me up the bank!
A blast from his nostrils froze my blood!
My spirit within me sank.

"I hid in the reeds, oh mother dear,
But swift as a whiff of air
He followed me there! He follows me here!
He follows me everywhere!

"O, frown at him, frighten him, drive him away!
He's coming in at the door!"
And down fell the lad in a swoon, and lay
At his mother's feet on the floor.

The mother look'd round her, dazed and dumb;
She saw but the empty air,
Yet knew, if the phantom ox had come,
The shadow of death was there.

She caught the pallid boy to her breast,
And pillow'd him on his bed;
The white-eyed moon kept watch in the West:
The beautiful child lay dead.

—*Theodore Tilton, in Cornhill Magazine.*

MRS. CAREY'S SUMMER BOARDERS.

"Really, George, I think I had better take a few boarders this summer," remarked little Mrs. Carey to her brother, as they lingered over the tea-table one fine spring evening.

"Take boarders! What for, Maria?" asked Mr. Herbert, somewhat absently toying with a teaspoon.

"To make money, I suppose," replied the sister, a little nervously, for she did not quite like to insinuate that she had not everything she could possibly desire.

Mrs. Carey had been left a widow, in most destitute circumstances, years ago, when her daughter Ruth, now nearly eighteen years old, was but a baby, and she still remembered how tenderly her only brother had cared for her. Unmarried, a lawyer in fair practice, he had purchased the little cottage in which they still lived, and taking his sister and her child to it, had settled down apparently convinced that they were now established for life, and that no more changes could come to them. And so it seemed to be. Mr. Herbert, quiet and studious, having the comforts of a home, had never married, while his sister, always a bright, sweet-tempered woman, found consolation for her early loss in little Ruth, growing more lovely, so it seemed to the fond mother, with every year that passed; a sunshiny little mortal, dearly loving her mother, idolizing her uncle and filling the otherwise quiet home with light and life.

But Mrs. Carey had for some years seen the growing fondness of her brother for quiet study among his beloved books, and how, unperceived by him, younger and more ambitious men were gradually taking his practice to themselves. He owned the house, it is true, and had made some investments which brought him a trifling income, but notwithstanding the utmost economy, she could scarcely make the two ends meet, and many a little privation she and Ruth bore in cheerful silence, unwilling to annoy or grieve any one who had ever been so tender of them.

So when Mrs. Carey heard one and another of her neighbors exulting over how much they gained from summer boarders, she had pondered on it, and finally concluded that she might do likewise.

This was why she replied somewhat hesitatingly to Mr. Herbert's question of why she wished to take boarders.

"Do you need money, Maria?" asked Mr. Herbert, with a gesture toward his pocket in which Mrs. Carey knew too well he would find very little of that article.

"No, no, George," she answered, hastily. "I did not mean that. Only women are always fancying what great things they might do if they had an opportunity, you know, and of course I have my fancies, like the rest."

"O, well," said Mr. Herbert, with a look of relief, "if it is an amusement to you, do as you please," and he retired to his library.

"An amusement!" Poor little Mrs. Carey sighed as she repeated the words, and looked wistfully about the room, as if bidding it farewell. For a sudden realization of how extremely disagreeable it would be to have strangers constantly in her pretty home seemed to dawn upon her mind. Another thought also troubled her. She knew full well that Ruth would disapprove of the plan, for she had spoken of it during the previous season, and Ruth had opposed it, saying that her mother was not used to being ordered about and snubbed, as she heard some of the neighbors say their boarders tried to do with them. That she was quite sure it would end in loss rather than gain, and she would far rather teach school, take in sewing or even going out to service, than have her mother worn out or ill-treated. So Mrs. Carey had yielded for the time; but now Ruth was absent, having been making a long visit to a friend, and the household funds being very low, Mrs. Carey's thoughts had once more reverted to the plan, and she had finally concluded to speak to her brother, and if possible engage some boarders before Ruth's return.

"May be, when it's all settled, she will think better of it," she said to herself. "And perhaps I shall find some pleasant girls who will want board, and who will be nice companions for Ruth. I'll step over to Mrs. Mapleton's this evening and speak to her about it."

Mrs. Mapleton, or her husband, kept the village hotel; but it was not a very capacious building, and had a good reputation for excellent fare, it was generally filled to overflowing, and those who applied too late for accommodations were advised to go to certain of the villagers who were in the habit of taking a few boarders. Consequently Mrs. Carey's first movement when she wanted boarders was to go to Mrs. Mapleton.

"Now, I call that envious," remarked that worthy matron, when, an hour later Mrs. Carey was seated in her private parlor, and had stated her errand. "Just this very night a letter has come from a lady who staid here a night last summer, asking us to keep two of our best rooms for her and her daughters, who wish to board here all summer. Now our rooms are all engaged for the season by our old customers, and my husband was just saying he must write and say we couldn't accommodate her; but if you like he shall tell her about your rooms, and I don't doubt she will be better suited than to come to a hotel. O, she's quite the lady, ma'am," she continued, observing that Mrs. Carey hesitated. "Quite the lady, I assure you, and very soft-spoken. She stopped here over night with a party of ladies and gentlemen who had been up in the mountains and got here too late to take the night-boat."

Mrs. Carey was sorely tempted, now that the decisive moment had arrived, to decline Mrs. Mapleton's offer, and struggle on as she had done; but the landlady proceeded to dilate upon how much a lady who dressed so handsomely would be likely to pay, and hope of improving the state of their affairs once more grew strong in Mrs. Carey's mind, and when she quitted the hotel it was arranged that Mr. Mapleton should write, mentioning her rooms and making some inquiries as to the length of time they would be required.

A few days elapsed, and then the answer came, stating that the lady was much pleased with his account of the cottage where she could board, and would come the following week to make arrangements.

Early the next week she appeared—a tall, fashionably dressed lady, who introduced herself as Mrs. Lecompton, and seemed to shrinking little Mrs. Carey to fill the cottage parlor to overflowing. She was gracious in the extreme. The bedrooms were charming—quite perfect, in fact. Of course Mrs. Carey would not object to removing those white rollers from the windows and replacing them with draperies. Mrs. Lecompton was ashamed to make such a trifling matter any objection, but she had an unconquerable aversion to white rollers. And if Mrs. Carey would excuse her for mentioning it, she would much prefer a white toilet set; perfectly simple—merely white, with gold bands perhaps. Those antiquated blue sets always reminded her of a most disagreeable hotel where she once staid, and the set in her room was of that pattern, and so forth. All said in the smoothest and most "soft-spoken" manner, as Mrs. Mapleton had called it, and almost involuntarily assented to by Mrs. Carey, who was, nevertheless, somewhat dismayed when she afterward recalled that she had promised new paper on one room, curtains and toilet sets in both, and various other little items, to procure which she must run in debt, trusting to pay when Mrs. Lecompton should have been with her a short time, as the lady had particularly stated that she would settle punctually every week.

"After all," thought Mrs. Carey, trying to console herself, "the paper on this room is shabby, and the rollers are old. I have often told Ruth I should like draperies at those windows, and it isn't as if they were only going to stay a few weeks, as I expected. Mrs. Lecompton said she should not dream of leaving before November, and that very likely she should beg me to keep her all winter, so I really think I can afford to spend a little to begin with," and she fell to counting how many weeks there would be before November, and how much money she might reasonably expect to make over the necessary outlay.

Mrs. Lecompton and her daughters were to arrive the next week. In the meantime the alterations in the rooms were to be made, and, hardest task of all, Ruth must be told of all the new arrangements. She returned home a day or two after Mrs. Lecompton's call, to find the guest chambers in the wildest disorder. A man putting on fresh paper in one, while in the other Mrs. Carey, hammer in hand, was mounted on a step-ladder, struggling with a curtain that seemed determined never to hang in proper folds.

"You dear little mother," cried Ruth, flying up the stairs, and embracing step-ladder, curtain and all, in her eagerness, "what are you doing? Is Uncle George going to be married that you are embellishing the house in such a wonderful manner?"

"No, Ruthie," answered her mother, in much confusion, and blurting out what she had intended to have announced in a very quiet and self-possessed manner, "no; but we have boarders coming next week!"

"Boarders!" echoed Ruth. "O mother, you don't mean that you have taken boarders?"

Poor Mrs. Carey began a feeble self-defense. "Why should she not take boarders? Others did, and made money by it, and Ruth knew how much they needed money?"

Ruth's face was a study while her mother was speaking. When she finished she said quietly, "Just wait till I run and speak to Uncle George, and then I will come and help put those curtains up," and left the room.

Mrs. Carey looked perplexed as she turned again to the window. "How quietly she took it," she soliloquized. "I suppose she sees it is the best we can do."

Ruth saw nothing of the kind, but she was not one who would waste time in discussing what was unavoidable. So, having found her uncle, and given and received a hearty greeting, she rejoined her mother, and while busily engaged in restoring the room to order, chatted gayly of her visit, or listened with interest to her mother's account of her new arrangements. Only once did she offer any objections, and that was when Mrs. Carey spoke of her intention of discharging the little maid who had hitherto helped them, and replacing her with a woman who could do nearly or quite all the work. This plan Ruth strenuously opposed.

"No, no, mother," she said, "don't send away Maggie. Don't you remember the poor thing is an orphan, and has no home to go to? And then consider how much the wages of a woman will be. She would take away half of your profits. You know I like to cook, and Maggie is very handy, and I know we shall get along very well! If anything happens to make a very busy day, we can hire a woman for a few hours."

Mrs. Carey persisted awhile in her plan, but finally was induced to promise that Ruth might try her way, scarcely appreciating the sacrifice her child was bravely making to thus volunteer to work day after day in a hot kitchen, when almost her whole life had hitherto been spent in the open air, and never a summer day passed without her taking a long ramble through the woods or climbing one of the mountains among which their pretty village nestled.

The boarders arrived in due time—Mrs. Lecompton and her two daughters tall, showy girls, much resembling their mother, but without her suavity of manner.

For a few days matters went on swimmingly. Mrs. Lecompton found her rooms in their new attire "perfectly charming." The trim, old-fashioned garden, with its shady arbors, affording a cool retreat in the hottest day, was "delightful." Every pie or pudding or cake was "delicious," and many a well-turned compliment was paid to Ruth on her skill in cooking. She, poor girl, could not share in her mother's enthusiasm over their new inmates. She saw, what Mrs. Carey did not, the affair of the new paper, curtains, and so forth, re-enacted every day. At dinner, for instance, when Mrs. Lecompton praised the cooking, she would continue, in her sweetest manner, to suggest something which she would like the next day, as, "By the way, dear Mrs. Carey, it is quite the season for green peas, is it not? I am really ashamed to own how fond I am of green peas. Please do have some to-morrow, Mrs. Carey. I am sure Miss Ruth will cook them so that they will be a perfect luxury." Or at tea-time, "What delightful strawberry preserve, Mrs. Carey. And it reminds me that I saw strawberries in the market as I passed this morning. Ah, dear Mrs. Carey, do treat us to strawberries; with this delicious cream they would be perfectly heavenly." All of which might be true, but Ruth knew that early peas and strawberries cost so much that the boarders would be a loss instead of a gain, and that if they ate the cream on strawberries, she should have none to make butter, and then that must be bought.

Mrs. Carey's eyes were hard to open. She only thought how fortunate it was that they had a cow, so that Mrs. Lecompton could have the cream, and how pleasant it was that the cooking always suited.

But on one point she was not so blind. Naturally enough she had hoped that her boarders would not make themselves disagreeable to her brother; had even observed deprecatingly to Mrs. Lecompton that dear George was always so quiet and absorbed in his books. She must not imagine that he intended any want of courtesy. To which Mrs. Lecompton had graciously responded that she was quite sure she and Mr. Herbert should be good friends. Indeed, she was quite in love with him already.

And so it appeared. Mrs. Lecompton always addressed the most of her conversation to Mr. Herbert, asked his opinions on the various topics of the day, challenged him to chess and backgammon, and actually made her way into his very *sanctum sanctorum*, the library, and borrowed his books and papers.

Strange to say, Mr. Herbert seemed to enjoy it. At any rate he would linger at the table or on the cool veranda hour after hour talking with the lady, till his sister was filled with doubt and fears.

"What shall we do, Ruth?" she exclaimed, half crying. "I do believe your uncle likes Mrs. Lecompton."

"Well, mother, so do you, don't you?" inquired Ruth, innocently.

"O, yes, I like her well enough; but I don't mean that—I mean—I mean, Ruth, that I am afraid he will marry her!"

"And wouldn't you be pleased, if that made him happy? He has always been so good to us." And Ruth looked half-reproachful at her mother.

"But it wouldn't make him happy—I know it wouldn't!" burst out the poor little woman, who began to feel, rather than see, something of her guest's true character.

Ruth was herself somewhat troubled by her mother's fears, but could hardly believe that her uncle would be really pleased with a woman like Mrs. Lecompton, and as the days passed, and she noted Mr. Herbert's manner toward their boarder, she was convinced that there was no ground for fear. Mr. Herbert was polite and attentive, it is true, but to Ruth's eyes he seemed ever on the alert, ever watchful, as if there were something which he was striving to discover. Most skillfully would he lead mother and daughters to talk of the various places where they had lived, of their acquaintances in such places, and interested himself in little details in a manner which confirmed Mrs. Carey's worst fears, and made Ruth doubly sure that "uncle was trying to find out something," while the boarders, being strangers, could not know that it was not his usual habit.

One afternoon the conversation had turned upon precious stones, and Mr. Herbert had given the ladies some information as to the various forms into which diamonds are cut, when Lizzie Lecompton, who had seemed much interested in the matter, left the parlor for a moment and presently returned with several cases in her hand, remarked, as she handed them to Mr. Herbert,

"Here are mamma's diamonds. I ran upstairs and got them, that you might show us what you meant by rose and table diamonds."

A sudden exclamation from Mrs. Lecompton caused Mr. Herbert to glance up from the cases, whose fastenings troubled him. She had risen from her seat and stepped forward with extended hands, as if to snatch away the jewels. Her face was ashy pale and her voice quivered as meeting Mr. Herbert's look she endeavored to speak carelessly.

"Why, Lizzie, child," she began, "what made you unearth those old things?"

"Old, mamma?" echoed the daughter.

"Yes, old!" repeated Mrs. Lecompton, sharply. "I have had them for years and years!"

"How carefully you must have worn them," observed Mr. Herbert, "that even the first polish of the settings is undimmed."

Mrs. Lecompton darted a swift look at him, unseen by all save Ruth, who had fancied there was a sarcastic tone in her uncle's voice. But he was apparently intent on the stones, explaining by their help what he had before said to Lizzie Lecompton, and her mother looked unaccountably relieved, and endeavored to join in the conversation, with sundry touching allusions to the time when "poor, dear Mr. Lecompton" presented her with those diamonds. An hour later as Ruth passed the open door of the library, her uncle called her, and on entering she found him directing an envelope.

"Ruth," he said, "have you time to take this to the postoffice for me? I shall not walk quickly enough to get there before the next mail closes, and it is of some importance that it should go at once."

"Yes, indeed, uncle," answered the girl. "I will get my hat and be ready in a moment." And she ran off.

Mr. Herbert had just lifted the envelope from the desk to slip in the letter, when Mrs. Lecompton came somewhat hurriedly into the room through the long window, which opened on the piazza.

"Excuse me, Mr. Herbert," she said, "I did not know you were here, and merely came for the morning paper," and coming up to the table she bent over it, apparently searching for the paper she wanted, but in reality to see the address of the letter.

Mr. Herbert noted the action, noted the sudden change in her countenance, but politely handed her the paper she had asked for, and inquired if she would not sit down and read it there.

She, however, excused herself, saying that her daughters were in the garden sewing, and she had promised to read to them, and departed as she came, through the window.

Mr. Herbert followed her retreating form with a half-pitying expression till roused by Ruth, who entered saying:

"Now give me the letter, uncle, and I shall be there in time."

"Too late, Ruthie, dear. I must telegraph. So I will go myself."

"Why, uncle," exclaimed the girl, "I have plenty of time before the mail closes. Was I too long in getting ready?"

"No, no, little one, don't blame yourself," answered Mr. Herbert, kindly. "I only mean that I have just thought it will take the letter too long, and so I will send a dispatch. Tell your mother not to wait tea if I should be detained," and he walked away with such an unwontedly wide-awake look that Ruth gazed after him in astonishment.

"I wonder what has happened," she thought. "If uncle would only keep looking and acting like that, poor mamma need not be worried with boarders."

At tea time Mr. Herbert had returned, and Mrs. Lecompton was as suave and unconcerned as ever. Toward the close of the meal she turned to Mrs. Carey and remarked:

"By the by, dear Mrs. Carey, I regret to say that we must leave you in the morning."

"Leave us," repeated Mrs. Carey, with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes; I have just received news from a dear friend of ours that she has taken a most charming villa for the summer, and she claims the fulfillment of an old promise that we shall spend the entire season with her. If we leave on the early morning train we shall just be in time to meet her in the city and go with her to her new house."

Seeing that his sister was unable to reply, Mr. Herbert came to the rescue.

"That will be an agreeable arrangement for you," he remarked.

The words and tones were courteous, yet Ruth fancied she heard that same sarcastic ring as in the afternoon.

"O, perfectly charming," responded Mrs. Lecompton, with her most gushing air, but with another swift, searching look, which, however, failed to see anything more than that Mr. Herbert was calmly drinking his tea, and she launched into a rapturous description of her friend and her account of her new residence.

Poor Mrs. Carey's anguish of mind found utterance in tears and sobs as soon as she was alone with Ruth, who with much difficulty persuaded her mother to go to bed, and leave her to attend to whatever the boarders might need during the evening.

"They will have to be in their rooms packing, if they are going on the early train," she argued, "and if they call for anything Maggie and I will see that all is right. There is no use in your sitting up another moment." And having seen her mother at last somewhat composed and trying to sleep, Ruth stole softly from the room.

All the evening sounds of packing were heard from the rooms of the boarders, and none of them appeared, excepting Lizzie to ask if Maggie might order the carriage from the station to call for them in the morning.

No one seemed to have much appetite for the early breakfast next morning. Mrs. Lecompton made a great show of carefully computing how much she owed Mrs. Carey up to that very morning, and paying her to the last cent.

Mrs. Carey began a feeble reminder that Mrs. Lecompton had promised to remain until November at least, and had put her to serious expense, but Mrs. Lecompton only answered with a very perceptible sneer:

"And do you expect me to go on paying board for three when I can live free of expense and have accommodations that will just suit me?"

Mrs. Carey had not time to answer, for her brother instantly replied:

"Ah, yes! I have no doubt, Mrs. Lecompton, that your new lodging and associates will suit you perfectly—much better than our simple, country ways. My sister does not fully comprehend these matters, or she would think so too."

Once more Mrs. Lecompton's eyes sought his face, and this time met his clear, steady gaze, beneath which she seemed to quail; but the carriage was just then announced, and in the bustle of departure, only hasty adieux were exchanged.

Left alone for a moment, Mrs. Carey broke into hysterical weeping.

"O Ruth, Ruth!" she exclaimed, as her daughter ran hastily in. "what shall I do? They have only staid one month, and I haven't money enough even to pay for the new paper and curtains and other things in the rooms. I did so hope to make a little to help through the winter, and instead of that I am in debt, and worse off than ever."

"No, you are not," said Mr. Herbert, suddenly entering, and with the wide-awake look Ruth had noticed, intensified. "I am not so blind as you think me, although I have been most culpably negligent, or you would never have been driven to taking these women. Come here, my brave child," he continued, drawing Ruth to his side. "I have seen how hard and how patiently you have toiled, and thank you for teaching me a lesson which I needed. Now let me tell you a secret. I saw you suspected something," he said, with a smile at Ruth, who had looked up eagerly. "This woman—her real name is Mason—is a noted thief. Her last venture, before coming here, was the theft of those diamonds that we saw yesterday. The detectives tracked her here and communicated with me; but not having complete proof that the diamonds were in her possession we agreed to watch, I promising to warn them if she attempted to leave town. It is supposed that the daughters are innocent of this matter, but there are some others in which the three are supposed to be concerned, and it was to find out some particulars in regard to those that made me show so much pleasure in their society," with a twinkle in his eyes, betraying that he had noticed his sister's anxiety in that direction.

"When the diamonds were produced yesterday, I saw that they agreed with the description given me by the detectives. I also saw how much disturbed Mrs. Lecompton was at their being shown. I therefore imagined that she might make some move, at least to get them out of her possession, and accordingly wrote a letter to the detectives, warning them to be on the watch. That was the letter which I asked you to post, Ruth; but while you went for your hat Mrs. Lecompton stepped into the room from the piazzi, whence she had doubtless been watching my movements, and in pretending to look for a paper managed to see the address of the letter. I knew then that she would be off at once, so I went to the village and telegraphed my warning, and the result will be that Mrs. Lecompton's new quarters will be furnished for her at the expense of the State.

"But, Maria," he continued, kindly, "you must not grieve or feel troubled at any loss they may have caused you. Indeed, you need not," he added earnestly, as he saw the doubtful look on his sister's face. "I shall no longer be an idle dreamer. I have already accepted the management of all the legal affairs connected with Mr. Harvey's vast business, which will yield us far more income than we need, so when this little one," kissing Ruth, "has won back her bright looks, none of us need regret Mrs. Carey's summer boarders."—*Ballou's Magazine.*

Chinese Grass.

The ramie, rameh, rhea, China grass, or wild hemp—it is generally known by the last named term in this country, where it is indigenous—in assuming much prospective importance; mention has already been made of it as used in producing what is called "cosmos wool." it belongs to the nettle family, but is stingless. Its stems grow straight and in bunches, filled with pith and surrounded by a fibrous mantle covered by a thick red skin, the fibres themselves bound together by a resinous substance. It is a perennial plant, not annual, like flax and hemp; age increases its strength and fertility, and it resists drouth and wet, though injured by frost except in the roots. In France it retains a height of two to two and a half metres, and in its Eastern home twice that. It can be propagated from either seeds or cuttings. The leaves when dried make the tough Chinese paper so well known, and the green ones are good fodder for the cattle. Except that its luxuriant growth requires manuring, its cultivation is most simple; hoeing and digging are needed only the first year, for the plant itself thereafter grows so luxuriantly as to smother all weeds. It is estimated to yield a crop worth $260 to $380 per hectare. The 4,000 or 5,000 kilos of leaves are reckoned to pay for cultivation, besides 1,500 to 2,200 kilos of fibre, from which 1,200 to 1,500 kilos of white hackled linen can be spun. English and Belgian makers now buy ramie from China at thirty-five cents a kilo, selling it, after hackling and spinning, at $1.40 to $1.90. The tenacity of fibre is to that of flax as 125 to 80. The Chinese make the coarsest nets from it and fabrics resembling the finest batiste. The removal of the glutinous substance inclosing the fibre is the most difficult process, but for that and the separation from the woody tissue mechanical means are now employed with growing success. Culture of the plant is progressing in Southern France, and the highest expectations are entertained concerning it. In India, in 1870, the Government recognized its value by offering a prize of £5,000 for the best machine for preparing the fibre. Only one machine was offered, and it proved imperfect, but the offer has been kept open. How far this curious plant is suited for cultivation in this country does not yet appear, and it seems to have attracted, thus far, comparatively little attention from Americans.—*N. Y. Times.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Senator Hoar is to give an address on "Christian Education at the South" at the next meeting of the American Missionary Association.

—The Tennessee University, an institution supported by the taxpayers, has decided to exclude negroes, who may instead go to the Fisk University at the State's expense.

—The open air meetings in Chicago, held under the auspices of the different churches, are a great success. The audiences are large, and though made up of those not accustomed to attend church are quiet and orderly.

—The Jesuits continue to prosper in England. It is stated that the Imperial Hotel at Dover, a very large building, which has been unoccupied for several years, has been purchased by the order and will soon be converted into a Jesuit college.

—There is a movement going on among the Jews to make the Christian Sunday their Sabbath, as appears from a decision of Rabbi Kohler's congregation to hold services on that day. Other Jews protest, however, that their Sabbath can only be hallowed upon the seventh day.

—Rev. N. W. Halcomb, a recent graduate of William Jewell College, has been appointed missionary to Tung Chow, China, by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention and will sail for China about the last of October. Mr. Halcomb is a native of Missouri.

—American missionaries have at present 400 schools attended by 15,000 scholars in Turkey. High schools and seminaries for training girls have been established in many of the principal cities. Of late, colleges for the thorough scholarly training of young men of all nationalities have been founded at Constantinople, Beyrout, Aintab and Kharpoot.

—The rector of a well-known city church in London, who receives nearly £1,100 a year, now lives altogether at the seaside, leaving the parish to be looked after and the services conducted by a curate at £120. This gentleman has quarrelled with the choir on a question of remuneration, so that the services are now hurried over without music, and the sermon has been discontinued.

—The summary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions for the past year shows that 1,217 men have been in commission in thirty-nine States and Territories. Kansas takes the lead, having 124 missionaries, and Iowa coming next with 103. Of the whole number, 940 are in the Western States and Territories. The missionaries report 4,979 additions on confession and 4,715 on certificate, and a total membership of 65,666, with 99,018 in the congregations. There are 1,147 church edifices, and $115,865 of church debts was paid the past year. The total receipts of the Board were $345,911, the largest since the reunion.

—In his report to the Columbia College trustees, President Barnard sketches an ideal school. It is too long to give here, but he believes the time has come when the bodily senses and perceptives should be trained as well as the mind, and studies should be more in the open air and less in school rooms. The mysteries of the world about us are the first to be communicated to the student. Books will be a subsequent consideration. This will give prominence to studies like mineralogy, botany and zoology. Every trained youth will be a scientist, less attention will be paid to the humanities, and very much more to the actualities of the wondrous universe in which we live and move and have our being.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—No innocent man need fear ridikule, for ridikule that is not true has no power in it.—*Josh Billings.*

—Lives of wealthy men remind us
That by using printer's ink,
We can die and leave behind us,
Monstrous piles of golden "chink."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—We asked one of our German fellow citizens the other day if he knew how many tailors it took to make a man, and he answered "Nein!"—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—An Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "*creature* of Vesuvius," fearing that the *crater* would betray her again.

—Advice to the young. When you are told a story, my son, never remark: "That isn't the way I heard it," etc. Don't you know that stories are told to give pleasure to the teller, and not to the hearer?—*Boston Transcript.*

—The degree of D. D. has been conferred on the General Baggage Agent of the Central Pacific. This degree is every day conferred on baggage agents, but two small d's are considered sufficient to express the idea.—*Railway Age.*

—By-the-way (asks a military friend) can you tell me if it is the correct thing for a lady to lay hold of the lobe of her partner's ear with her teeth when whirling in the giddy waltz? If it is not the thing (he adds) I shall remonstrate the next time it happens.—*Whitehall Review.*

—At last it has been discovered how Vennor frames his weather predictions. Getting up at daylight he takes a walk. If the first woman he sees is light-haired he announces a spell of pleasant weather. If, however, she is red-haired he rushes home to announce the approach of a frightfully hot wave.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—It's a funny old world anyhow, and taste is only a matter of education. Your baby contentedly gums candy, the native African picaninny is joyous over a mouthful of salt, and the young Esquimaux cries for tallow candle; we gorge ourselves on oysters, while the Digger Indian would not give you one long fat snake for all the oysters in Chesapeake Bay. We, or at least you, chew tobacco, the Hindoo lime, and the unostentatious and not over fastidious Patagonian, when he wants a chew of something real good, rolls a quid of guano into his cheek. That's the kind of a gum-drop he is; and you couldn't hire him to chew tobacco. Unless, indeed, the may have learned the habit from the missionaries.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1881.

Attention, Republicans.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th,

at 3 o'clock, P. M., to elect five (5) *delegates from each district to attend* the county nominating convention at Oakland, on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th,

to nominate a county ticket; and also to elect three delegates to represent this county in a State Convention to be held at Cambridge, Md., Oct. 5th, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Comptroller. The Convention will also select a new central committee for the county.

The members of the district committees will please make arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

By order of the committe.

A. G. STURGISS,
Chairman.

We call particular attention to the advertisement in another column of this paper, of the several tracks of land for sale, on the Hooppole Road. These lands will be sold *cheap* and on the *most reasonable* terms.

THE PRESIDENT DEAD

His End Calm and Peaceful.

The tragedy is ended and the assassin's bullet has finally done its work. President Garfield is dead. His brave struggle with the destroyer was all for naught, and to-day the Nation mourns its greatest loss since the death of Lincoln. For two or three days the people had generally ceased to hope for the President's recovery, but it was not thought that the end would come so suddenly.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 19.—The President died at 10:35. He passed away quietly, having been unconscious for some minutes before. He was surrounded by his family, a few members of his Cabinet, physicians and friends.

Shortly before ten o'clock p. m. the President said he felt better and had no pain, but felt very weak.

At ten o'clock he fell asleep, but shortly afterward awoke, and complained of pains in the region of the heart. Dr. Bliss had retired to his room at ten o'clock, leaving Cols. Swaim and Rockwell with the President. He was hastily sent for, and by the time he arrived the President was unconscious. He at once said the President was dying and directed that Mrs. Garfield and Drs. Agnew and Hamilton should be summoned at once. This was done, and afterward members of the Cabinet and friends of the family came to the bedside of the dying President.

The President remained unconscious until 10:35 when he expired.

A dispatch was addressed to Vice-President Arthur by members of the cabinet immediately after the death of President Garfield, advising him of the melancholy event and requesting him to come to Long Branch and take the oath of office. The transition from the administration of the late President to that of his successor will be accomplished so quietly and with so little disturbance of the machinery of government, that if it were not for the mighty sorrow that hangs over the nation no one would realize that the executive authority had passed into the hands of another. The assassination of the President is a terrible event in the history of the Republic, but the good sense and the patriotism of the American people can be safely relied upon to take care of the Republic itself. Gen. Sherman, commander of the army, out of abundant caution, has made an appeal to the people of the country to scrupulously respect the forms of the law and not to allow the sense of indignation which they feel to betray them into any act of violence.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 20.—The present intention is that the train with the remains shall leave here about 10 a. m. to-morrow and arrive in Washington between 4 and 5 p. m. After lying in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on Thursday and Friday, the remains will be again taken in charge of by the Pennsylvania railroad and conveyed direct to Pittsburg and thence to Cleveland.

Mrs. Garfield is broken down and fears are entertained that having been keyed to the highest pitch of excitement throughout this bitter trial, she will fail to hold her own and will be an invalid for some time even if the shock does not kill her. The brave woman has had no rest of late, and as she talks she shakes like an aspen leaf.

The autopsy was begun at 4 o'clock this afternoon. A detailed report of the result will be given out.

After the arrival of President Arthur there was a Cabinet meeting held at the Attorney General's cottage. It is thought the President will accompany the remains to Washington. It is generally conceded that all the members of the Cabinet will for the present be retained.

The autopsy shows conclusively that the ball was not where the surgeons said it was, and that what has been regarded and published day by day for weeks as the track of the wound was something else. The surgeons have been treating an opening into the body for the depth of twelve inches made by confined pus burrowing its way as the track of the wound, when the latter went in an entirely different direction. The surgeons admit in the bulletin that an abscess six by four inches had formed in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon. The bulletin says also that the ball had passed through and fractured the spinal column, a fact heretofore strenuously denied by the surgeons. The bulletin fails to go very much into details, and after it was read Dr. Bliss said that there was a small pus cavity on one of the kidneys not mentioned in the bulletin. The surgeons say that the immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood inflaming the peritonium and nearly a pint escaping in the abdominal cavity.

PRESS COMMENTS.

The Philadelphia *Times* says: "It is not the time nor would it be fitting here to attempt an analysis of the career of the dead President. His life-work has yet to be summed up. His taking off will mark an epoch in the history of the republic. He was not cut down in the hot breath of civil war. His life was not passed in hostilities that breed implacable enemies, nor were his ways those that uprear bloodthirsty foes. Cut off before his due time, in the very bloom of manhood, he will be a pathetic reminder of the vanity of human greatness so long as the cruel story stands in the book of time. The nation has lost greater and more beloved sons, warriors and statesmen, but it is doubtful if, with the exception of Lincoln, any figure passed from our national life around whose memory will cling more tender traditions of unmerited suffering and cruel death."

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The great President falls, but the cause and the work go on. The people sorrow, but they do not tremble. Their grief is for the loss of one they loved; their doubt touches the full maintenance of his high standards, but they have no fear for the security and honor of the country."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "It is a hard parting, a bitter loss to this nation—far deeper than grief for the official, for the chieftain. It is a personal sorrow in every heart. Was it needed—this sacrifice—to point out yet some present danger to the republic? The providence of Almighty law are past searching out, but there yet remains of the murdered President his unfinished work. The nation will demand that this is carried out."

The Baltimore *Sun* says: "Although his administration was in its infancy, President Garfield had already won the confidence of the country in the integrity of his purposes, the moderation, soundness and conservatism of his policy. The American people have an instinctive liking and admiration for the homely domestic fireside virtues, and these President Garfield not only possessed, but had a simple, unaffected way of manifesting them that could not fail of popular appreciation. The simplicity of his home life at Mentor, his devotion to his mother, and to his wife and children, formed a picture in the popular imagination which has been present before every eye during these past terrible hours of suffering and suspense. The people mourn for the man as well as for the President, and from one end of the country to the other the feeling called forth by his sudden and terrible death will be one of unaffected sorrow for the dead, and of profound sympathy for the living.

ACCIDENT, Sept. 19th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please allow me space to say that I am not a candidate for the Senatorial nomination. While I appreciate to its fullest extent the kindness of those friends who are disposed to confer upon me the great honor, I still must in deference to interests which will require my presence at home, most respectfully decline the nomination.

Respectfully,

E. H. GROTHEER.

A Significant Election.

The election in the IId Congressional District of Maine ought not to be passed over as a small affair. Its result is in reality of great significance, and has a direct bearing as showing the drift of public sentiment upon the canvass in New York and Ohio. A vacancy was created in the representation of that District by the resignation of Mr. Frye, who was last spring elected to the Senate in place of Mr. Blaine. During his ten years' service in the House Mr. Frye had gained a strong hold upon the District by his personal popularity and his abilities as an orator and practical legislator. With him out of the way the Democrats and Greenbackers conceived strong hopes of success. The District is the home of Solon Chase, and was the hotbed of the early Greenback agitation which made many converts during the hard times among the poorer class of farmers, the lumbermen and the factory operatives of Auburn and Lewiston. The most widely circulated Greenback newspaper in Maine is published at Auburn by ex-Councillor Fogg, who, it will be remembered, took a leading part in the infamous Gerrish conspiracy to steal the State Government in 1879.

The campaign just ended was a very quiet one on the part of the Republicans. They relied chiefly on the strength of their party nationally and the fitness of their nominee, ex-Governor Dingley, the veteran Editor of *The Lewiston Journal*. All the noise was made by the opposition. At first the Greenbackers and Democrats ran separate tickets—a transparent scheme for getting the membership of both organizations well in tow; but shortly before the election the Democratic candidate took himself out of the way, and turned over his following bodily to the Greenbacker—no very difficult affair, for the Maine Democrats have grown accustomed to be shifted about and traded off by their leaders in any way that promises success, at no matter what sacrifice of principle and consistency. There is no reason to doubt that whatever opposition now exists to the Republican party in the District was mustered in support of Gilbert, the Greenback candidate, except a little handful of Prohibitionists, who had a nominee of their own. The result was the election of Dingley by a majority nearly treble that polled by the Republicans a year ago. In the September election of 1880 the Republicans carried the IId District by 1,446 majority. On Monday, according to the first reports, the Republicans scored a majority of about 4,000, but fuller details show that the majority cannot fall below the imposing figure of 5,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There are enough signs of dissolution in the solidity of the South to fill the mind of the Northern Democracy with terror. They come from all parts of the South. Everybody knows what they are in Virginia and Mississippi. They are to be found also in South Carolina. A few days ago the leading Democratic journal of that State, *The Charleston News and Courier*, spoke warmly of the merits of the negroes of that State as farmers. Congressman Aiken took offence at the praise, and charged the newspaper with a disposition to exalt the negro at the expense of the white man. To this the newspaper very justly responds that it does not think that injustice to the white race is involved in doing justice to the negro, and adds: "The negro is a voter. He will remain a voter. And his vote cannot be suppressed forever. When he has native white allies and leaders his vote will be counted cost what it may. Upon the intelligence and good sense of the negro, therefore, the well-being of the State, in a large measure, will ultimately depend. If he remain thoughtless, improvident and intolerant, the injury will be incalculable, for he will become the sport and prey of designing politicians. The magizine is there, and the match is ready." That is solid truth, the contemplation of which will do the Bourbon no end of good, unpleasant as he will undoubtedly find it at first.

The Candidate.

One of the charms of American summer and autumn life is the ingenuous and ingenious candidate. As regularly as the matin songs of the cricket announce the coming of the fall, so regularly do the smiling faces of the candidates announce the approach of the party convention. With much good humor, with infinite solicitude after your own health and the health of every member of your household, from the aged grandma to prattling babe, with a curious desire to make a pump handle out of your right arm, the candidate is every year a refreshing innovation on the dull routine of everyday life. There is no product of our peculiar civilization that is more worthy the study of the people, and the idea that has somehow got abroad among foreigners and women and children that candidates are nuisances to be classed in the same category with book agents and lightning-rod pedlers, is as ludicrous as it is unfounded. Our voters regard the candidate as a source of perennial pleasure and profit, and though they sometimes feign impatience and even disgust, they are really proud that they live in a country which can produce in such large quantities and in such perfect form, so fine a product of civilization as the candidate.

In Mr. Frye's district up in Maine, where the election to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation occurred on Monday of last week, ex-Governor Dingley, the Republican nominee, was elected by a majority of 5,000 against a Republican majority of 1,476 in the last vote for Governor. Which is not so bad for an "off year."

The Albany *Journal* says: "The tide is running with the Republicans. We have a united party and can point to a record in state and national administration which furnishes an unanswerable argument for the continuance of our party in power."

The election in Maine on Monday was a little one, but it was large enough to show that this is a cold year for the Democratic party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARYLAND NEWS.

N. A. McComas, of Harford county, has sixty ewes that produced seventy-six lambs during the past spring, and have now produced forty-one of a second crop.

Gov. Hamilton now owns in Washington county about seventeen hundred acres of land, the greater portion of which is in the highest state of cultivation.

Luke Malone, who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling in Allegany county, three years ago and escaped from the revenue officials, was rearrested a few days ago at Frankfort, W. Va.

About three weeks ago a young man named Walsh had his hand mashed while coupling cars on the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad. He was faring well until recently, when symptoms of lockjaw were observed, resulting Thursday in the death of the young man.

Lonaconing is recovering from the effects of the late fire. The storekeepers have put up temporary frame building, but they design using brick for the permanent structures. There is serious talk about purchasing a fire engine.

John Humbird & Co., of Cumberland, have been awarded the contract for the construction of the first seven miles of the Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad from Deep Run to Kitsmiller's mill. They have also the contract for the building of all the masonry on the road.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Denver girl advertised for proposals of marriage. Her father published a card to say that her advertisement was merely a foolish freak, and that nobody should regard it seriously. Then the girl came out with a declaration that, being of legal age to choose a husband for herself, she had taken her own means of getting suited, and did not mean to abandon the plan.

The Foochow *Herald* says that the Chinese students in the United States have been called home to become pupils in a college to be established in Shanghai or Tient-sin, under the direction of Monsieur Prosper Giquel, and those students found capable will be offered professorships.

Eighty cases of small-pox were reported in Philadelphia during the past week, and the deaths were twenty-five. The increase in the disease is attributed to the economy of the Council in not appropriating sufficient funds to provide for vaccinating the people. The bulk of the cases occurred in four of the wards, there being seventeen wards entirely clear of the disease.

The destruction of the main building of the fair at Kansas City, Missouri, on Wednesday was attended by a terrible excitement among the twenty thousand people crowding the building and the grand stand, the races being in progress at the time. In the stampede numbers were injured by being trampled upon, but no lives were lost. The exhibitors lost everything, and the Exposition Company about $10,000.

Three school children in Philadelphia were bitten by a mad Spitz dog, who rushed through the streets for several squares before he could be killed. The wounds inflicted were cauterized, and the physicians do not apprehend fatal results.

A young white man, who claims to be the son of a white woman in Santiago de Cuba, is now held in Havana as a slave. His story is that he was substituted for the dead child of a negro by his mother in order to conceal her shame in giving birth to an illegitimate child. His claim to freedom has been brought before the courts.

Young Spurgeon was expected to die within twenty-four hours at Crestline, Ohio, and under the circumstances Miss Gray consented to marry him, though she had never reciprocated his affection, and had chosen another man to become her husband. Her amiability got her into a dilemma, for Spurgeon has recovered and wishes to hold her to the compact. To that she will not agree, and she begs him to get a divorce, so that she may marry his favored rival. In this unsatisfactory condition the matter rests.

A menagerie race at Singapore recently gave rise to much sport. Any animal could be entered, but it had to be led with a string by the person entering it. The trouble was to make them go straight. In this race there were a frog, a goose, a young pig, a cock, a cat, a dog, a turkey, a kid, a duck, a young monkey, and a pelican. The pelican got away and flew up into a tree, so was distanced. The dog made for the pig, and the monkey and the cat lay down and would not move a step. The goose finally won the race, as he was the only one that could be induced to go straight.

Henry King, who while serving a life sentence in Clinton prison, New York, for murder, killed Michael Hamilton, a fellow-convict, is to be hanged on the 4th of November. During a discussion in the prison laundry on July 13, about the assassination of President Garfield, King and Hamilton disputed as to whether Garfield or Arthur was the better man, when Hamilton called Arthur a coward, and King challenged Hamilton to fight. They repaired to a shed, where King struck Hamilton twice on the head with an axe, inflicting fatal wounds. During the trial King said that he intended to murder Hamilton, and declared the sentence of death to be a just one.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

Mountain Lake Park.

Brief mention has already been made of the plan to establish, a national campmeeting ground, upon the plan of, but an improvement upon, Ocean Grove or Chatauqua, and now as the scheme has been all but fully matured, a fuller description and amplification will be read with interest.

"Mountain Lake Park" is the name of the place and its location will be on the line of the B. & O. road, midway between Oakland and Deer Park. Some time ago, Revs. Masden and Ryan, of the M. E. Church, conceived the idea that a religious and literary summer resort, after the style of Ocean Grove, would be much more advantageously located in a mountain height than ever down by the sea shore. Imbued with this idea they purchased a tract of land in the locality named and immediately set about putting their plan into operation. Broached in this city it met with so favorable a reception that it was determined to start it upon a national basis, and with this view gentlemen in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Cincinnati were acquainted with an outline of the details and they quickly grasped the situation and entered the company. In this way a joint stock company was formed and $20,000 in cash readily raised. The stockholders represent Wheeling, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington and Cincinnati.

The ground selected is nearly a mile and a half square and contains over eight hundred and fifty acres. It lies to the north of the railroad and embraces a beautiful white oak grove, watered by the Youghiogheny river. A natural basin is there and at an expense of $5,000, the river is to be turned into it, forming a beautiful artificate lake. It is proposed to spend $10,000 in cash on the grounds the first year, laying off parks and walks and otherwise assisting nature and beautifying the scene. One tract of fifteen acres will be reserved for a general camp-ground, upon which visitors can rent tent room at $1 per season. The remainder will be laid off into streets and lots, the latter to be sold to builders.

To hasten the preparations it is proposed to sell one hundred lots at $100 each, on condition a cottage is built upon each and occupied next season. These lots are 50 by 120 feet and the same size sells at Ocean Grove for $5,000. After these first one hundred are sold, the remainder will be placed at a regular price, which will be from $300 to $500 each. The $10,000 received from these lots is to be expended upon the ground, in the manner related and in furnishing water, light, etc. In the short time which has already transpired, and in spite of the little publicity which has been given "the park," sixty of those hundred lots have already been sold. Among those known to the *Leader* readers, who have purchased lots, are the following: Revs. Masden, Ryan, Hughes, Fullerton and Snodgrass and Messrs. Thos. H. Logan, H. K. List, D. C. List, C. W. Conner, Maj. J. C. Alderson, Jos. Paull, H. P. McGregor, Wm. McNash, E. G. Cracraft, R. K. Friend, Judge Johnson, H. S White, Gov. Jackson, Thos. G. Smith, Dr. Bruce and J. L. Burley, of Moundsville, Wm. B. Simpson, Miss A. Taylor, S. L. Allen and others. It is agreed that no cottage shall be erected at a cost of less than $300, so as to insure handsome and substantial structures. Col. Smith, of Parkersburg, takes four lots and will erect a $2,000 cottage and others will do the same.

Transient accommodation. For the benefit of those who may wish to stay at "the park" but a short time, ample accommodation will be provided. The company will erect a very large restaurant, with sleeping apartments and operate it on the European plan. There will be also a hotel built, a company with a capital of $25,000 being now in process of formation.

President Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio road, has pledged himself to build a depot and make "Mountain Lake Park" a first class station so that all trains will stop there. A regular contract to that effect will be drawn up and signed.

It is the reasonable belief of the company that this will prove a very attractive summer resort and bring together multitudes of all classes during the warm season. At an altitude of 2,700 feet above the sea level it will be cool under those oaks during the warmest weather, and the invigorating mountain air will itself induce persons to attend. It is probable the next National Campmeeting will be held there and the West Virginia State Pharmaceutical Society is thinking of changing its meeting place from here to there.

The company is not yet perfected. The charter, however, has been taken out and a meeting will be held to-morrow evening to elect permanent officers. Major Alderson, Dr. Logan and Marshal Atkinson went on Friday to examine the titles to the grounds, which are a portion of the Hoye estate.

If everything is as expected "Mountain Lake Park" will be opened on July 4, 1882, with a grand celebration.—*Wheeling Leader, Sept. 18th.*

Better Than Ever.

Ehrichs Fashion Quarterly for the Fall season of 1881 is before us, and merits a word of commendation. The number is the largest ever issued, containing 120 large quarto pages of original and interesting matter, illustrated with hundreds of excellent engravings. The magazine is divided into two departments, both interesting to ladies; either of which, alone, is worth the trifling subscription price. Of these, the first is devoted to literature, pure and simple; and contains an agreeable *melange* of interesting, amusing, and instructive articles. A special department, entitled "Our Easy Chair," is conducted by Hope Ledyard, who discusses home topics in her well known chatty style. An illustrated "Lesson in dressmaking" is another useful feature; and tales, sketches, and essays, original and selected, abound.

The second division of the magazine is devoted to the illustration and description of the current fashions; and so far as we are competent to judge, the work is faithfully performed. Every article needful to the dress of ladies or children is illustrated and described under its appropriate heading; and the current retail price in New York is given for every article described. With this magazine as a guide, it is difficult to see how a lady can fail to do her shopping in the most thorough and economical manner; since it tells her, not only what to buy, but also what price to pay for it. Even to those who never propose to buy outside their own town or village, it must be of immense value, as enabling them to plan their shopping systematically, and execute it economically.

The subscription to the magazine is only 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a copy. The publishers are Ehrich Bros., Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth St., New York.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Prof. W. O. Ison left for Port Chester Monday, where he will take charge of the High School.

—Mr. Geo. W. Legge has moved into his new house on Maine Street, opposite Judge Hamill's.

—R. B. White, Esq., desires us to announce his withdrawal as a candidate for the Sheriffalty nomination.

—"Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—A large number of men are now at work on the grounds of "Mountain Lake Park," under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Hall.

—We have been compelled, owing to the large amount of news matter for publication this week, to lay over for our next issue an obituary notice from Swanton, the resolutions passed by the Greenback Convention, and several matters of minor importance.

—An Academy, to be called "The Oakland Normal," will be opened October 1st, 1881, in the Miss Stowe building, on Alder Street, Oakland. It is intended to give a complete course of instruction, adapted to the wants of all grades. We will speak more fully next week of this institution.

—Just received 100 of the Little Champion Feed Cutters. Now is the time to economize and save your rough feed by cutting it for your stock. These little cutters only cost $3.50, and we warrant them to give entire satisfaction. Manufactured and for sale by I. W. Slenaker & Co., Oakland, Md.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ p. m., by Rev Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching and Communion at 10½ a. m. Preparatory services Saturday evening,

Allegany Republican Ticket.

The Allegany county Republicans on Tuesday nominated the following ticket: Senate, Wm. Brace; House of Delegates, B. L. Turner, C. F. McAleer, John Fatkin, C. F. Helzel; Commissioners, R. Matheny, Nathan Loar, L. V. Alderton, John Kolb, O. C. Gephart; Sheriff, Otto Hohing; Surveyor, John Schaidt.

Another Hotel in Grantsville.

Mr. John Mellinger, well known throughout the county, has leased the Old Starner House, in Grantsville, which he has refitted and refurnished throughout, and proposes to operate as a first class hotel, under the name of the Mellinger House. Persons desiring first class accommodations when they visit Grantsville, will be sure to find them at the Mellinger House.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 21:

Oliver Miller, Ex'r, to Saml. K. and Wm. H. Frazee, part of a tract of land called "Coddington's Farm," containing 155½ acres.

Eli McMillen and wife to John C. Diehl &c., 80 perches of land; $100.

John M. Schlossnagle, to J. Henry Schlossnagle, 96¾ acres of land in Garrett county.

Aden C. Duckworth and wife to Board of County School Commissioners, ¼ of an acre of land; 16.51.

Meshach Mattingly and wife to Mary F. Seabold, 152½ acres of land; $700.

Greenback-Labor Convention.

The County Convention of the National Greenback-Labor Party met in Oakland Monday.

But two districts were represented —Nos. 1 and 4.

The Convention was called to order by A. F. George, chairman of the county central committee. After a few remarks the following officers were elected: Chairman, A. F. George; Secretary, Daniel Laughlin.

The following ticket was then unanimously nominated:

For the Senate—David B. White.

For House of Delegates—Patrick Carey and A. F. George.

For County Commissioners—John C. Beckman, Ashford Warnick and A. H. Griffin.

For Sheriff—George H. Allen.

The following names were added to the County Central Committee: J. C. Beckman, Daniel Laughlin, Thos. Miller, Nelson Duckworth, and michael McDavitt, and A. F. George was re-elected chairman.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria, are cured by "Seller's Liver Pill."

Death of Mr. John Dailey.

Mr. John Dailey, proprietor of the Glades Hotel, Oakland, died at 12 o'clock Thursday night of last week. He had been ill only since the Sunday previous, when he was seized with cholera morbus, and early in the case his physicians feared a fatal termination, owing to serious complications.

The deceased was sixty-eight years of age. He was born near Romney, West Virginia, where he lived until some time after 1850, when he removed to Baltimore and engaged in the mercantile business. His establishment was burned out about the year 1858, and in the early years of the war he went to Cumberland and took charge of the Revere House, now the City Hotel. He gave up the Revere House before the close of the war and came to Oakland, where he engaged in the hotel business, succeeding the widow of Perry Lyles in the management of the old Glades Hotel. He continued in the hotel business at Oakland until it was destroyed by fire a few years ago. He built the present Glades Hotel on the site of the old building in the fall of 1879. Prior to this time he was for one season in charge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company's Deer Park hotel. Since the rebuilding of the Glades Hotel Mr. Dailey has kept that popular resort. He was a model landlord, and conducted the hotel so successfully that last year he was compelled to enlarge it, adding a number of guest rooms and a spacious dining room. The deceased was well known throughout the State, and elsewhere, his genial temperament and urbane manners securing him hosts of friends. Before the creation of Garrett county he was one of the leaders in Allegany county politics, as well as prominent in the politics of the State, and a few years ago he was a candidate for door-keeper of the House of Representatives. Mr. Dailey was married early in life, to Miss Turley, of Virginia, who died three years ago. He leaves two surviving daughters, Mrs. Crook and Mrs. Read. Gen. and Mrs. Crook, Mrs. Read and Dr. R. W. Dailey, of Romney, half-brother of the deceased, were present with Mr. Dailey when he died. The deceased, while comfortably situated, was not considered a wealthy man.

The deceased was a gentleman of the old school, courteous to all, but possessing a great reserve and quiet dignity. He was unassuming and quiet, almost to reticience, and yet he made hosts of fast friends, and many and heartfelt were the expressions of regret when his death became known. In the history of Oakland his name was a household word and his integrity and executive ability made him a record which will long live in the annals of this popular summer resort, where his place will not be easily or quickly filled.

The funeral took place Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and was very largely attend. Among those present were Hons. H. G. Davis, R. H. Alvey and William Motter; General Crook, U. S. A; Dr. Robert Dailey, brother of the deceased; Dr. N. C. Read, of Cumberland, Messrs S. W. Smith and Walter Brooks, of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Lambert, of Ohio Pyle Falls. The pall-bearers were Hon. Patrick Hamill, and Messrs. John M. Davis, J. R. Bishop, W. P. Totten, W. H. Tower, H. Wheeler Combs, D. E. Offutt, J. M. Jarboe. The services were conducted by Revs. John A. Scott and J. S. Lefever, of the Presbyterian church. There were nearly 500 persons and 27 carriages in the funeral procession. A detachment of the Garrett Guards acted as a military escort, Mr. Dailey having been an honorary member of the company and commissary of subsistence of the First Battalion. The remains were enclosed in a handsome silver-mounted casket, which was covered with a profusion of beautiful flowers. The very large attendance at the funeral showed the general esteem in which the deceased was held.

The following general orders have been issued in reference to the death of Lt. John Dailey, Commissary of Subsistence of the 1st battalion Infantry, M. N. G.:

HEDQUARTERS 1ST BATTALION INFANTRY,
MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD,
CUMBERLAND, Sept. 19, 1881.

General Orders
No. 7.

It is with deep regret that the announcement of the death of 1st Lieut. and Commissary of Subsistence John Dailey, of the battalion staff, is made to this command. Lieut. Dailey, as a member of the M. N. G., was always ready and willing to promte the interests of the service; possessing many admirable qualities of head and heart, he was well fitted for his position, and by his death his battalion has lost a faithful and efficient officer. The colors of the battalion will be appropriately draped, and the officers will wear the customary badge of mourning.

By order of
Capt. and Bvt. Lieut.-Col.
HENRY J. JOHNSON,
Commanding.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
1st Lieut and Adjutant

Court Proceedings.

The Circuit Court was still in session at the time of going to press, (Thursday evening,) but will likely adjourn Friday evening. Following are the proceedings with the exception of three or four cases:

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

Under this heading, and criminal trials, we report only the cases noted upon.

No. 1. State vs. John Savage; assault with intent to kill; guilty.

No. 7. State vs. David S. Livingood; cutting timber; not guilty.

No. 10. State vs. Jasper Guard; dismissed.

No. 11. State vs. James Wiseman and Mary Wiseman; selling liquor without license; plea of guilty as to James and not guilty as to Mary; James fined $100 and costs.

No. 12. State vs. James H. Cooper; assault; not guilty.

No. 13. State vs. Henry Clark; larceny; not guilty.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1. State vs. Zachariah Sloan; assault; guilty; fined $20 and costs.

No. 3. State vs. Albert Friend; assault with intent to commit rape; guilty of assault and battery.

No. 11. State vs. Peter Bowser; bigmay; guilty.

No. 12. State vs. John C. Beachey; cutting timber; not guilty.

APPEALS.

No. 1 O. W. Helskell & Co., vs James B. Gower. Appeal from Justice Gonder. Referred to counsel.

2 Loehiel Lumber Company, vs George L. Layman. Appeal from Justice Winterberg. Referred to counsel.

3 Wm A Coddington, vs Alpheus Welch. Appeal from Justice Kessler. Continued at cost of Appellant.

4 John H Gregg & Son, vs Daniel M Santmeyer & Son. Appeal from Justice Warnick. Continued.

5 The Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, vs Edward B Fuller. Appeal from Justice Winterberg. Continued at cost of Appellee.

6 Lloyd C Slabaker, vs Eva F Riggs. Appeal from Justice Gonder. Continued.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs Jacob P Gauer. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

2. Loyd Company vs Barnard Stiding. Peddicord for plaintiff and Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

3. George H. Williams, vs Garrett Dixon. Peddicord for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Dismissed.

4 John L. Browning, et al, vs Jos Adair, and Benj. Shaw. Peddicord and Cox for plaintiff, and Veitch and Hamill for defendants. Continued.

5 Crampton Harvey vs. James W. Abernathy. Peddicord for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

6 John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hitchbaugh, executors, &c. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant. Continued.

7 Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

8 Horace Resley, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F. Benklus and Lou M. Benklus. Price and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defd't. Continued.

9 State of Maryland, use of John W Veitch vs Jas. Z. Browning, et al. Veitch for plaintiff. Peddicord and Combs for defendants. Judgment.

10 Same, vs Jasper Guard, et al. Veitch for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Judgment.

11 John H. Blackburn by his next friend Madison Blackburn, vs Christian F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

12 H C Watts & Co. vs John S Combs and H W Combs, executors of Wm Combs, deceased. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Continued.

13 Elias P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Continued.

14 Eva C Tasker vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill and Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

15 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

16 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defd't. Continued.

17 J. McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defd't. Continued.

18 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Barden Mining Company. Grove and Fox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

19 Sarah Ann Moses, by her next friend Arthur Foundling, vs David Evans, Sloan for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs and McDonald for plaintiff. Dismissed.

20. Howell & Weaver vs John Richardson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Settled.

21. Levi Teats vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

22. Wm Frey vs Simon Wolf. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Judgment for Plff. for $86.

23. Jonathan Fichtner vs Charles Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

24. Jonathan Fichtner vs L Bush & Son. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Non prossed.

25. John A. Delawder vs Geo D White. Peddicord & Combs for defendant, Cox and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

26. Cordilia E Delawder, by her next friend John A Eclawder, vs Geo D. White. Same counsel as above. Judgment for plaintiff for $100.

27. A J Merrill vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Boyd & McCleve for defendant. Continued.

28. Varinda Cunningham, by her next friend Geo L Layman, vs School Commissioners of Garrett county. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defd't. Non prossed.

29. Henry Rowland and Samuel Bayard, vs. Jacob Snyder and Geo D White. Cox and Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Non prossed.

30. Helen S. Hessen, by her next friend H. W. Hessen, vs. same. Cox and Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Non prossed.

31. A Allen Perry vs John H Sumers. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defd't. Dismissed.

32. Elizabeth Biddinger vs Daniel Yommer. Price & Willison for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defd't. Settled.

Nos. 33 to 45 inclusive removed to Allegany.

33. John F Metts vs David Evans. Blackiston, Ellegood & Fuller for plaintiff, Brace & Richmond and McDonald for defendant. Continued.

34. James Demley and Mary M Demley, his wife, vs same. Same counsel. Continued.

35. Wm J. Metts vs same. Same counsel.

36. Wm H Metts vs same. Same counsel.

37. Benj F Metts vs same. Same counsel.

38. George Metts vs same. Same counsel.

39. Alexander Metts vs Same. Same counsel.

40. Howard Lease and and Rachel D. Lease, his wife, vs Same. Same counsel.

41. Annie Metts vs same. Same counsel.

42. W a A Spiker and Emily Spiker, his wife, vs same. Same counsel.

43. Samuel Teeters and Mary E Teeters, his wife, vs same. Same counsel.

44. Sarah J Metts vs same. Same counsel.

45. Charles O. Metts vs same. Same counsel.

46. Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and John Miller, Jr., her husband. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

47. John M Miller vs. Elias Miller. Williams Schley and Thomas for plaintiff. Judgment for defendant, for land claimed and costs.

48. Josiah H Gorden vs. J McMason. Gordon & Son for plff. Peddicord & Combs for defd't. Judgment for plaintiff for $65.

49. Henry Rowland and Samuel Byard vs George Kildow, garnished of Jacob Snyder. Cox and Semmes for plff, Hamill for defd't. Non prossed.

50. Helen S Hessen by her next friend Harmon W Hessen, vs Charles H Sincell, garnishee of Jacob Snyder. Cox, Bruce & Richmond for plff, Hamill for defd't. Non prossed.

51. Henry Garlitz vs James Darsey, Brown, Cox and Semmes for plff, Price, Willison, Peddicord & Combs for defd't. Non prossed.

52. John O'Brien vs the County Comm. of Garrett county, Combs for plff, Peddicord for defd't. Quashed.

Nos. 53 to 59 were tax sales brought up for ratification.]

60. Henry Weber and Wm. D. Hoye, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiffs, Boyd for defendant. Continued.

61. Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Mellinger. Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

62. A. H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

63. [illegible] W. [illegible] Hamill for plaintiff, Brown for defendant. Continued.

64. John Shatzer, vs. the Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for deft. Verdict for deft.

65. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill, et al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendants.

66. Wm. P. Totten, vs. Alpha Hinebaugh. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

67. Johnson, Sutton & Co., vs. E. J. Fringer Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch and Townshend for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff $180.09.

68. Solomon Armstrong, vs. Christian J. Brenneman and John Brenneman. Veitch & Townshend and Gordon for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Non prossed.

69. Singleton Townshend, and Mary V. Townshend, vs. Daniel Yommer and John G. Brenlinger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Continued.

70. Harriett Miller by John Miller, her husband, vs. Melchoir J. Miller. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

71. State of Md., vs. Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. Jasper Guard and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

72 Same vs. Edward Margraff, et al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

73. State of Md., use of Board County School Commissioners of Garrett county, vs. James Z. Browning, et al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff, amount to be ascertained by counsel.

74. Issac Greenbaum & Sons, vs. E. J. Fringer. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Dismissed.

75. State of Md., use Medalry & Bowers, vs. Jasper Guard, et al. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

76. State of Md., use of Medalry & Bowers, vs. Edward Margraff, et al. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

77. State of Md., use of Medalry & Bowers, vs. James Z. Browning et al. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

78. Madison Blackburn, vs. C. F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

79. Abraham Spiker vs Henry Russell and Susanah Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendants. Continued.

80. Frederick Cutter vs James Barnes and Henry Spiker, Jr. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Fuller for defendant. Discharged.

81. Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler Combs vs William Klipstein and Berkely W Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants. Continued.

82. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord & Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant. Continued.

83. Ella Shrout, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Philip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued.

84. Brooks and Thrasher vs E G Blackburn. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment under rule for plaintiff.

85. Louis S Kelm vs Samuel Harsherger. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment under rule for plaintiff.

86. David P Wellley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defts. Continued.

87. George W Gassman vs John T Browning and Thomas J Browning. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Continued.

88. Rudolph Beckman vs John Beckman. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment on award for plaintiff.

89. Norman Barnard vs Henry Beckman. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Off.

90. Peter McCleary vs Wm. Ryland. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord and Combs for defendant.

91. Wm A Loraw, use Adair & Vickery, vs John L Browning et al. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, and Peddicord and Cox for defendant.

92. Wm Ryland vs Peter McCleary. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

Awards at Pittsburgh Exposition.

PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION BUILDING,
September 12, 1881.

The Davis Sewing Machine Co., 82 and 84 Bank Street, Cleveland, O.:

The Davis has been awarded the silver medal for the best Double Thread Sewing Machine; first prize for best Plain Work; first prize for best Fancy Work; first prize for best Silk Embroidery, taking every prize offered by the Society. Wheeler & Wilson, Singer, Domestic, Howe, New Home, White, Wilson and Household are on exhibition here.

JNO. C. CAMPBELL.

This machine for sale by Hutson & Fringer, each machine guaranteed for 5 years, and full instruction given to purchaser to operate.

Accident Letter.

ACCIDENT, MD., Sep. 17th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—We have been looking and longing for something in your columns from our place for some time. You would have laughed sometimes if your could have witnessed the eagerness with which we have opened your paper and rapidly glanced over its columns for the anxiously looked for communication. As often as we have looked our hopes have failed. We think it would be better if you had only one correspendent here. If you had but one, we think, that one would endeavor to write. As it is, one of us wait for the others and none act. It is a very busy and lively time here generally, the people are all active, your correspondents have been closely engaged which accounts for your long delayed rememberance. I have piled up my books, laid aside my studies, and seized my pen to spend a few minutes vacation in trying to newspaperize a missive for your columns.

We think it hardly probable that your journal is read by any one who has not a relative or a friend in the Accident Normal. We think all who have will delight in this article; and that all the sympathizers of our educational system will take pleasure in it.

We know that eulogistical writings are not always the best ones, and, that in many instances etiquette forbids them; but, we think, the truth is admissible now.

Permit me to say to those who have sons and daughters in the Accident Normal that they have them in a good place. A place which is isolated as far from vice and crime as any place within the borders of our county. Its natural adaption as a place for a Normal, and the good people of Accident are already too well known to need farther enlargement. In truth, too much in favor of the school and its faculty could not well be said. The Principal, Prof. J. T. Mitchell, we do not hesitate to say, is a gentleman of scholastic attainments and ability, he is a man of unquestioned gentility, and an excellent teacher.

He is ably assisted by Prof. C. A. Snyder, of Grantsville, who is discharging his duties to our entire satisfaction. He has the support and hearty co-operation of the entire school. We feil grateful to our School officers for the wise and judicious selection of our teachers, and hope to ever remember both officers and teachers with a due appreciation.

The school numbers fifty-one students, most of whom are teachers. We feel safe in saying that the good effects of the Normal will be seen, felt and appreciated in different schools of the county where these teachers shall be employed. The school has a literary society such as would be a credit to any college.

With a sad heart, we own that our school-days for this term are almost ended. But a few more times shall we meet at our respective places, and greet our teachers' smiles of approbation.

We have fought battles and mastered difficulties; our lessons have been heard and long, though pleasant; we have received words of virtue, of truth, and of goodness from our teachers, whom we shall ever remember and never forget. Our pleasures have not been a few. We are glad when we look back to them, and sorry when we know they are past. Oh! how quickly have the moments all fled. Weeks and months have past and gone as so many hours and days. Teachers and schoolmates, may the bonds of friendship and affection which we now have for each other ever endure and never decline.

And now, Mr. Editor, with a tired brain, a heavy brow, and a scarcity of time I have penned these lines. Looking back on my effort I confess I have done neither myself nor my subject justice, so asking your forbearance and the indulgence of your readers, I am,

Hopefully yours,
EPHRAIM LEE.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, September 24th, 1881.

Bird, H. H; Bailey & Arnold; Brown, Mary Mrs; Davenport Mrs. Davis, Mary Gaither; Davenport, Harry; Daniel, Sophia Miss, 2; Goldsmith, Chas. N; Harris Daniel; Homro, John Mrs; Jones, Nannie Miss, 2; Jones John H; Kelly, Bridget; Keershner, J. B; Lowry, Henry Mrs., colored; Lage, Peter; McMullen, Sarah; Meinie, Louis D; Morgan, Sarah Miss; Minard, Rachel; Merris, Maria Miss; Owen, Kennedy; Phillips, Wesley; Payton, Thornton; Scott, Carrie E., 2; Sagner, Annie, 2; Schaffer, C. Miss; Taylor, H. E; Wilmore, Samuel; Washington, Voila; Werkmeister, L; Wilson, Martha Jane.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from hunting with dog or gun, or otherwise upon the enclosed lands of the undersigned. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be delt with to the full extent of the law.

EDWARD HOYE,
9 23 3 C. A. HOYE.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

Sept. 8th, 1881. S. J. YUTZY.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for two successive days, commencing the first Monday of October, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbyspoct.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday and Tuesday, October 3d and 4th, 1881,

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. HARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, Insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 40 d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 15, 1881.

The examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in Accident, on the 7th and 8th, of October, commencing promptly at nine o'clock A. M. In Oakland, on the 10th and 11th. No permits to teach will be granted to parties not holding a certificate.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 17 3 Examiner.

Estate of Hanson Brown, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HANSON BROWN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of September, 1881.

ELIZABETH BROWN,
9 17 3 Administratrix.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the following rates: For Members of the Legislature and Sheriff, $4.00. For County Commissioners and Surveyor, $3.00 Advertisements to run till the meeting of the Nominating Convention. The space allowed will be six lines or less, and 50 cents per line will be charged for each line in excess of six. No name will be announced until the fee is paid.]

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. CODDINGTON.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. S. PEW.

FOR SURVEYOR.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—Please convey to my friends my thanks for past favors, and announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating Convention.

JOHN HARNED.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING,

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTORS

address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.
No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

The Etiquette of Introductions.

No doubt the subject of introducing two ladies to each other, both of whom are residents of the same city, is one on which there may be two opinions. There are often grave reasons why a leader of society may not wish to know a pushing and vulgar and pretentious interloper—and there are always these two classes in every city. The stern interpreters of the laws of fashion have therefore decided that one lady shall not introduce two other ladies who happen to meet in her parlor if the parties are both "at home" in the same town.

This law, of course, should prevail to some small extent, as at a five-o'clock tea or at a large reception; there are many reasons why a hostess can not be introducing any one except her daughter, sister, or her guest for whom the party is given. There are many exclusive people who, because they know Mrs. Brown, hesitate to know Mrs. Smith; and there are excellent women who if they go to Mrs. Brown's and are introduced to Mrs. Smith, they will never go to Mrs. Brown's again.

These ladies forget, however, the Continental fashion of speaking while in Mrs. Brown's parlor to Mrs. Smith even, and of dropping her immediately after if they wish to. In Europe the roof-tree is considered as an introducer and every one while under it is in duty bound to host and hostess to make himself as agreeable as he can while he is a guest. At a dinner party in still and formal London a gentleman steps *up and begins to talk to a lady who is* an utter stranger, and often takes her down to dinner, without an introduction. The ladies chat after dinner with the freedom of old friends. The next day the same people may meet (if there has been no introduction) as strangers in the Park, and pass without a bow.

This is as it should be. But the very great awkwardness occurs in the United States of one lady speaking to another and yet receiving no answer. A conspicuous example of this rudeness happened last winter in a private parlor in New York, where the company were seated to listen to a professional concert. "Pray can you tell me who the pianist is?" said a leader of society to a young lady near her. The young lady looked embarrassed and did not reply. Having seen a deaf-mute in the room whom she knew, the lady immediately concluded that this young lady also belonged to that class of persons, and was very much surprised when, later, a lady brought up the young lady and introduced her.

"I could not speak to you, because I had not been *presented*," said the young lady "but the pianist is Mr. B——."

"I, however could speak to you, although we had never been introduced," said the older lady, "and from your not answering I supposed you were deaf and dumb." This rebuke was very much deserved, for if the young lady did not know better it was time she was taught.

Society depends upon its social soothsayers for all that is good in it. A disagreeable woman can always find precedence for being formal and chilling; a fine-tempered woman can always find plenty of reasons for a benediction rather than a curse to her acquaintance. Etiquette can be widely interpreted.

As for some forms of introduction, the simplest are the best. A gentleman is always brought to and presented to a lady, and a younger person is presented to an older. "Mrs. Brown allow me to introduce Mr. Jones," is as good a form as any; the simple mention of the names is considered all that is necessary. A lady should always introduce her husband as "Mr. Brown" (or whatever it may be), not as "my husband," although she is permitted to say "my son" or "my daughter." If her husband has a title, she is expected to give him the advantage of the "Captain" or "Commodore," which our simple form of titular propriety allows. To address the President we say, "Mr. President," and his wife should always say "Allow me to introduce the President to you." The modesty of Mrs. Grant, however, never allowed her to call her many-titled husband anything but "Mr. Grant," which had in her case a certain sweetness above all etiquette.

Introductions in the homely German father-land are universal, everybody pronouncing the name of the lady to whom he is talking to everybody else; and among our German citizens we often see a gentleman convoying a lady through a crowded assemblage, introducing her to everybody. It is a simple, cordial, and pleasant thing enough, and we can not see how a bow and a smile can injure anybody, particularly as the acquaintance can readily stop there.

But no person of much heart and of much mind need feel afraid to talk and make herself agreeable, whether introduced or not, at a friend's house. Even if she meets with the rebuff of a deaf-and-dumb neighbor, she need not feel heart-broken; she is right, and the silent one is wrong.

In seeking introductions for ourselves while we need not be shy of making a first visit or asking for an introduction, if there be no blot on our 'scutcheon," we should not advocate "push." There are instincts in the humblest understanding which will tell us where to draw the line. If a person is socially more prominent than ourselves, more distinguished in any way, we should not be violently anxious to take the first step. We should wait until some happy chance has brought us together, for we must be as firm in our self-respect as our neighbor is in her exalted position. Wealth has very little power in this land to give a person an exclusively fashionable position. Character old family, breeding, culture—all must help. An aristocrat who is such by virtue of an old and honored name is a power in the newest society as in the oldest; but it is a shadowy power—felt rather than described. Education is always a power; and there is a third power, known in large cities, composed of those who have wealth, position and considerable cruelty; who are known as the "fashionable set"; who can form a sort of alliance, offensive and defensive; who can give balls and parties and keep other people out; who are too much courted, feared, and dreaded. If those who desire an introduction to this circle strives too much, they will be sure to be snubbed, for this circle lives by snubbing. If they will wait patiently, the fashionable set will come knocking at their doors, if indeed as a set it holds together for a sufficiently long time, for such sets disentangle easily. No one loses by a modest and serene courtesy, a civility which never flags, a willingness to put the very best interpretation on the conduct of society.

A lady who is fully aware of her own respectability, who has always lived in the best society, is never afraid to bow first or call first, or to introduce any two people whom she may desire to make known to each other, knowing that politeness should be enumerated amongst the virtues, and feeling sure that if one of the ladies assumes an air of lofty disdain, *she* is the ill-bred person of the two. If a person, on being introduced shows arrogance, pretension, displeasure, we call him a snob.

There is a movement toward the the stately bows and courtesies of the past in our recent importation of Old World fashions. A lady silently courtesies when introduced, a gentleman makes a deep bow. We Americans have had the jolly habit of extending the hand when introduced, and a very cordial good custom it is. But the latest fashion for a ceremonious introduction forbids it. A delicate, graceful courtesy is very picturesque, particularly in a ball-room, or in a large assembly. As a gentleman carries his crush hat and a lady has her fan, and perhaps a bouquet, hand-shakings are not altogether convenient. However, if a person presents a hand, the truly well-bred person will not fail to take it cordially, and *respond to the greeting* in the key-note of the giver.—*Harper's Bazar.*

In the Home of the Rattler.

The table lands of the Lackawanna Valley lie several hundred feet above this village, although only a few miles distant. Some time ago the old tannery and excelsior mill in that neighborhood discontinued operations, and these heights have since grown up with a thick covering of scrub oak, pine and chestnut, which renders travel through them exceedingly difficult. The farms of the residents of the valley jut up against the heights. One of the well-known tillers of the soil of that region is Christopher Columbus Smith, familiarly known as "Clum" Smith. He has a celebrated dog, nicknamed Old Abe, that has won renown as a hunter of both woodchucks and rattlesnakes. Mr. Smith is very proud of a dog with these dual accomplishments, and encourages him at every opportunity in his expeditions. One day this week "Clum" heard Old Abe barking among the rocks on the farm of his neighbor, P. D. Turner. Seeing that gentleman he exclaimed:

"That tarnal dorg is after a woodchuck agin; let's go and git him out."

Agricultural operations were at once suspended, and both men started for the ledge, behind which the dog continued to bark. As they approached the spot a peculiar whizzing sound, like the noise produced by a buzz saw, fell upon their ears.

"Hullo!" Clum exclaimed; "I guess we'll hev some rattler grease instead of the roast."

Coming into position to view the space beneath the ledge, the men saw four large rattlesnakes coiled up at the entrance, while Old Abe, a few feet distant, was waking the echoes with his baying. Clum took in the fine condition of the snakes at a glance, and began a mental calculation as to the best method to be employed to secure the prizes without allowing them to bite themselves and destroy their value. Seeing a boy down in the valley, he called to him to go after the gun in the house. While his errand was being executed, the two men, with the aid of forked sticks, dragged out three of the snakes and turned them over to the dog, which killed them. On the arrival of the gun the head of the fourth was blown off. A fifth and a sixth rattler appeared and were disposed of. Deep down under the rock the music of other rattlers was heard, and the men concluded to follow up the noise. With strong pries they tugged at the huge rocks, and as they worked other snakes, large and small, came to view. These were killed by Old Abe and the boy. As they got further down a knot of snakes was uncovered, whose proportions fairly staggered the hunters. Then was begun an indiscriminate slaughter. The men with gun and sticks, the boy with pieces of rock, and Old Abe with his teeth, continued the fight until not a rattler remained alive. A count revealed seventy-one dead snakes, and the largest being eight feet in length.

"That dorg is the tarnalest snake critter out," said Clum as he inspected the heap of reptiles, which still continued to twist and turn: "but it isn't every day he's got the opportunity to whip his weight of the varmints."—*Ellenville (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Chinese Printers in Truckee.

The Truckee Lumber Company has a printing office of its own in a little room off from the box factory, but instead of printing newspapers or letter-heads, or wedding cards, it prints boards, and is run by two Chinese pressmen—one who feeds the pine slabs and the other who piles them in heaps after they tumble out of the press. The boards are laid on a table so as to press against a little foot worked by a spring. The foot hits them a kick that sends them forward far enough to catch between two revolving cylinders, to the upper of which a zinc plate is fastened, upon which is cut the design to be printed. The lower cylinder is made exceedingly elastic by resting on rubber springs an inch thick. The well is on top and gives out a liberal flow of ink, which is distributed by two rollers that strike the plate at every revolution.—*Reno (Nev.) Gazette.*

—A vine-culture exhibition and congress will be held in Milan, Italy, next September. Experts from all the vine-growing countries will give their views regarding the nature of the diseases which have made the grape crop in many parts of Europe so uncertain of late years. In the exhibition will be found devices for the application to vegetation of insecticides, machines and instruments for grafting, photographs, plates and publications relating to vine diseases, specimens of parasites, and a large variety of other objects relating to the culture of vines.

American Wheat Fields.

What is their extent? Can any other Nation show a greater breadth in the golden grain? Within three years a prominent statesman gave to France the leading position in wheat production. Yet the United States has ranked the wheat-growing Nations of the world in quantity for half a dozen years; in area, for a period twice as long. Thirty years ago the area did not probably much exceed 9,000,000 acres, or the breadth of wheat now to be found in three leading States. Twenty years since the area had increased to nearly 15,000,000 acres, and in ten years more to about 20,000,000. The great advance has occurred within ten years, the most of it within five, under the stimulus of high prices caused by increase of a prosperous population and an extraordinary foreign demand.

The census (in its first count, which corrections will not materially change) makes the area producing in the year 1879 no less than 35,487,065 acres, which is equivalent to nearly 50,000 square miles, or the entire superficies of the State of Illinois. This grain is grown in every State and Territory of the Union, but is by no means equally distributed, either through the great geographical sections or even throughout one of the great wheat-producing States. First as to large districts: The Seaboard and Gulf Cotton States, nine in number, furnish but 6 per cent. of the wheat area and 3 per cent. of the produce—2,176,251 acres and 13,068,298 bushels—approximately three-fourths in North Carolina, Georgia and Texas. It is not so much a lack of suitable soil or favorable climate that a result so unpromising is seen, for forty bushels of wheat per acre have been grown in this belt, and there are more than twenty counties in Texas well adapted to wheat culture, and suitable soils in all the other States. It is because cotton dominates the cultivation of that region and corn supplies the bread of a large portion of the population. The time will come when much more wheat will be grown there.

New England is scarcely noticeable in wheat production, with 79,000 acres and 1,227,137 bushels—225-1000 of one per cent. of the total area, and 267-1000 of one per cent of the product. It is seen that that rate of yield—15.5 bushels—is above the average for the country, which is nearly thirteen bushels. New York and Pennsylvania, in the Middle States and Virginia and Tennessee, in the Southern, neither advance nor retrograde perceptibly. Pennsylvania, with 1,445,384, is the only Eastern States with a breadth of a million acres, and is the twelfth in rank, standing next to Nebraska in area. California and Oregon are prominent States in wheat culture that do not quite show at their best in 1879, having six per cent. of the aggregate area and eight per cent. of the product. In a good year it should be a tenth of the crop. We now come to the central area lying between the lakes and the Ohio River, and in the valleys of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi. Here are ten States and one Territory. The other twenty-eight States and eight Territories reported in the census have a little less than one-third of the whole breadth of wheat, and less than three-tenths of the production. They have no surplus, with the exception of two Pacific States and one Territory, and most of them are compelled to draw upon this central granary to supplement their own deficiency. It had in 1879 about 24,000,000 acres in crop, and produced over 332,000,000 bushels, very nearly fourteen bushels per acre. This was 137,000,000 bushels more than the yield of this district in the good wheat year of 1869, an increase of seventy per cent. This fact accounts for the possibility of the exportation of 180,000,000 bushels of that crop which were actually sent abroad.

There is another fact that may contravene a popular impression. It is frequently assumed that the soil of the old States is wearing out, that wheat culture is moving westward, because the yield per acre is dwindling. Our English cousins have adopted this consolatory view, and express surprise that wheat should continue to pour in upon them. It is a great mistake. The reverse is the fact, as to the most progressive and advanced of the older States that grow wheat. I will admit that seasons vary; that in 1879 the Ohio Valley had good crops and the country beyond the Mississippi not quite so good. The fact stands, nevertheless, that in a series of years the Ohio Valley produces more winter wheat per acre than does the northwestern spring wheat region. The four States—Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—produced about 180,000,000 bushels on a little more than 10,000,000 acres, or about seventeen bushels per acre.

The spring wheat States—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and the Territory of Dakota—produced 110,000,000 bushels on an almost equal area, nearly 10,000,000 acres, or about eleven bushels per acre, say two-thirds as much per acre as the winter wheat States east of the Mississippi, where farming has variety and wheat comes in rotation. In ten years, comparing the present with the previous census, the increased production in these four winter wheat States amounted to 78,000,000 bushels, and only 34,000,000 in the spring wheat territory. In one case improved culture and tile draining is increasing the rate of yield; and the other, perpetual cropping and pioneer and "bonanza" farming are slowly exhausting the original fertility of the soil.

This is not exceptional, but a rule. Every State between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean furnishes proof of the fact that low yields result from constant cropping. The county of largest area and production in the United States is Colusa, in Northern California, with 261,381 acres and 4,537,504 bushels—17.4 bushels per acre. San Joaquin, in the same State, has 201,461 acres and 3,527,511 bushels—17.5 bushels per acre. Goodhue County, in Minnesota, with 199,142 acres, produces 2,415,891 bushels—12.1 bushels per acre, while Saint Clair County, Illinois, which has the largest breadth in wheat of any county east of the Mississippi, produces 2,959,444 bushels on 147,712 acres—twenty bushels per acre, and becomes third in rank in production in the list of wheat-growing counties of the United States. The story of the sad decline of wheat-growing in Genesee County, New York, has often been told. Whatever the decline may have been, sound practical farming, with a touch of science in it, is today getting fair results there—20.8 bushels per acre on an average, or 715,168 bushels on 34,387 acres. This exceeds the yield of the counties of largest aggregate production in any part of the West.

If it be urged that wider areas would afford a fairer comparison, take the eight counties which exceed a production of one million bushels each, and find the average yield exceeding twenty-one bushels per acre. There are seventeen counties of that grade in Michigan, and the average is twenty bushels. Indiana has but four "millionaire" counties, and they average eighteen bushels. Thirteen counties in Illinois, ranging between one and three millions, producing nearly twenty-two million bushels, average eighteen and one-third bushels. So far as the present census furnishes evidence, it is with few exceptions in the direction of declining productiveness from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. The patchy distribution of wheat areas within each State is not less marked or instructive than the broader belts upon the National map, but its consideration must be deferred.—*J. R. Dodge, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Young American Girls in Italy.

"I presume you found Italy overrun with young American girls who were provided with slender purses and diaphanous voices, but who expect to astonish the world with their operatic brilliancy?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say that I found hundreds and hundreds there, and among that number were many, very many, in the direst distress. My attention was attracted to them by their piteous letters, asking for assistance, pecuniary and influential, and I sought them out to see what could be done for them. The state of affairs I discovered was something terrible. I can not go into all the details, but I will tell you so much as I can of the true state of affairs in musical circles in Italy into which American girls penetrate. I made it my business to talk with them, to investigate the truth of what they said, and I then made an investigation of the musical schools and theatrical agencies of Italy to enlighten myself further on certain points. The average American girl goes to Italy with a small sum of money, being under the impression that she can live on a mere pittance, that the best masters teach for little or nothing, and that she will breath in musical genius and dramatic talent by merely breathing in the balmy air of Italy. She finds when she gets there that it costs much money and more time to get even a decent musical education than her purse will allow, but she studies and practices and battles and starves along, writing cheerful and encouraging letters home for fear friends and family will recall her, and struggling for very life all the while in Milan or some such city. Injudicious friends have told her that she will be another Patti or Nilsson and she hugs and cherishes this mistaken idea with a fond delusion and ambition at first, and with a dull dread of the reality and a tenacity of despairing purpose under pinching starvation as funds run low at the last, that is piteous to witness. Tears have come and gone, and she has been the usual round of the masters, each of whom has taught her for a while and kindly bade her go home; that she will never do anything great! But Mary is under a fascinating delusion, and she seeks those who will buoy up her hopes. She falls into the hands of less scrupulous masters. So she goes on from bad to worse, till she finds herself penniless in Milan. Now comes the worst phase of the whole affair, and what I am about to say I say as truth, after the most careful investigation of facts. As a rule the poor girl finds in the end that she has little hopes of obtaining public success; and I say that she is too often set upon by a certain unscrupulous set of men infesting these cities who will do all in their power, under promise of engagements, to lead her away where her associations will be such that she will be morally destroyed. Even if she has a good, but not great voice, she can probably gain no public appearance except under two conditions—she must buy her way in or she must submit to the demands of those influential friends of the management whose word is law at the theaters. This is plain speaking; but I tell you my investigations, the stories and tears of poor girls who came to me in Italy and told me their sad tales, made me vow that I would open my mouth and speak of this through the land when I came home. I would say to mothers whose young daughters are leaving home with delusive dreams of sunny days in Italy and an easy path to success: Keep your daughters at home unless you can give her protection in watchful friends and an independent income. I say to you, mothers, that you are sending your daughters into temptation that you do not appreciate. They will be tried and tempted as you can not imagine. My investigations in Italy have led me to believe that your daughters need not go abroad; that we have good masters here. I think it entirely unnecessary for their ordinary musical education. When that is finished then send them to Italy for a short period to receive the finishing touches and to learn certain roles, and then to return. Before they go you will have discovered whether their voices will warrant that Italian trip. Generally you can see for yourself that it is a useless undertaking. But do not think that an average merit will open the stage doors of Italian opera houses. It will not. And I say this to you on the word of more than one, more than fifty American girls whom I saw there, as many of whom as I could I sent to their homes in America."—*From an Interview with Miss Kellogg, in the New York Herald.*

—Severe winter weather is being experienced at the Cape of Good Hope. Snow has fallen in many districts of the colony. The face of Table Mountain was lately for some hours covered with snow.

—The orange is the longest lived fruit tree known and is reputed to have flourished three hundred years.

For Young Readers.

"ZAT NAUGHTY BOY."

I can't see what our baby boy is good for, anyway;
He don' know how to walk or talk, he don' know how to play;
He tears up every single zing he posser-bit-ly can,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's always fumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pine'in' Dolly's nose;
An' ze nezzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed, an' kicked his head 'most off, as zough he zought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's always wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my curls,
Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why, zat's him a-kyin' now; he makes a dreffel noise.
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo-hoo!—
Felled down ze stairs and kilted his-self, *whatever s-s-s'all I do!*

—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW UNCLE HARRY SHOT A PANTHER.

"Say, Uncle Harry, you've shot 'most everything; did you ever shoot a panther?" inquired Charlie, as he looked up from the book he was reading.

"Of course he has," interrupted Tom. "Don't you remember the skin he has in his room?"

"That panther was nothing to my first," said Uncle Harry, with a laugh.

"Tell us about it," pleaded Charlie, as he drew his chair closer to his uncle's.

Uncle Harry laughed again good-naturedly, and commenced as follows:

It was the summer your father got married that I took my first trip into the Adirondacks. I went up to Martin's, hired a guide, and we started off for Little Tupper Lake, where we were to camp. We selected a camping-place at the head of the lake, where there was a good spring of water, and soon had our tent up and the camp fixed. Certain bear and panther tracks around the spring did not add to our sense of security; but the guide assured me that they would not come into camp in the daytime, and that at night the dog would give warning. For the first three or four days all went well; we shot a deer, caught plenty of trout, and had a good time generally. But one afternoon, about four o'clock, Hank Sweeny, my guide, came to me with the announcement that the dog was gone.

"Chawed up his rope, and skedaddled," as Hank expressed it. "I reckon he must a' smelled that thar panther that was to the spring last night. He's death on panthers."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Well, I reckon I'll fetch some more wood into camp, so as you can keep up a fire, then I'll take and row around the lake and up the creek, and yell for him; he won't go fur," answered Hank.

"Then why not let him come home himself?" I suggested, for I had no fancy for being left in camp alone; for we had been in camp all the morning, and Hank had filled my head so full of panther stories that I trembled at every sound.

"Why, you see, he'd start out for home over on Long Lake if he got lost," explained Hank. "And then if he should tree a panther, he'd set at the foot of the tree till 1876 if I didn't call him off. You ain't afraid to keep camp for an hour or two?" he added.

"O-h-h n-o-o-o!" I murmured.

For the next few minutes Hank busied himself in collecting a large pile of pine boughs and dry sticks for the fire. Then he shouldered my light rifle, and handing me his heavy one, he remarked: "I guess I'll start. Keep up a good fire, and don't go far away from it, as the panthers come close to camp sometimes along the edge of the evening, and climb into a tree; then when a feller goes under, they drop on him. I'll leave my heavy rifle for you, for it would give you a better chance if anything should turn up."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" I ventured.

"And leave the camp alone?" answered Hank, in fine scorn. "Why, that deer would draw all the cats in the neighborhood. Keep the fire a-going, and you're all right."

I thought to myself that I would much prefer to be out of the way when all the cats in the neighborhood came to investigate the deer; but Hank was in the boat, and I could hear the splash of the oars as he pulled up the lake. I sat by the fire, with Hank's rifle on my knees, listening as the sound of his voice calling the dog died away in the distance. I examined the rifle, and saw that it was loaded; it was one of the old pattern repeating rifles, and kicked like a mule. I tried to whistle, but it was a failure. I endeavored to turn my thoughts to something else, but it was no use. The story of the man who fell asleep beside the camp fire and was eaten up by a panther, of the other man who had a panther jump on him from a tree and who lost both eyes in the struggle, and of various other men who had been killed or wounded by the fierce animals, were uppermost in my mind. I sat and watched the sunlight fade, the gold and crimson melt off the fleecy clouds, and the shadows as they gathered thicker and deeper in the valleys. Except for the occasional weird and demon-like laugh of the loon far down the lake, everything was perfectly still, and every sound seemed magnified; the cracking of a twig seemed the tread of a bear, the buzz of a night beetle, the growl of a panther. I sat, I don't know how long, till suddenly my heart almost stopped beating as I heard the steady but stealthy sound of footsteps on my left. I did not dare to move. At last, with a desperate exertion, I turned, and there in the crotch of a low tree, about twenty feet from me, sat an immense panther just ready to spring. It was so dark that I could just distinguish the outlines of his form, and his two eyes gleaming like coals of fire. I raised the rifle carefully to my shoulder. I took aim right between the eyes, fired, and missed, I supposed, for the beast was in the same position, and I could see his eyes wink and glare at me vindictively. I shot again, but as before with no effect. I grew desperate, and fired the whole five shots as rapidly as I could, and was just reaching for my revolver, when Hank came rushing up the bank followed by his dog.

"What on earth is the matter?" he shouted. I pointed to the motionless form in the tree, and gasped: "A panther! See his eyes! Shoot him, Hank!" I was nearly beside myself with fear by this time, and my hair stood on end, like wire.

Hank looked at the tree for a moment, then turning to me, fairly shouted: "A panther! Why, you—" and here he burst into a roar of laughter. "A panther! Why, it's—" and again he laughed so heartily that he had to hold onto a tree for support. At last, when he had recovered himself somewhat, he went to the tree, and reaching up into the crotch he took down a—blue army coat with brass buttons. As he unrolled it and gazed at the holes made by many bullets he burst into a fresh fit of laughter. Every bullet had taken effect, and, as Hank remarked, "It was of no use except for the top to a pepper box." Here Uncle Harry stopped and laughed at the recollection of the scene, then he added, in explanation, "You see, children, the coat was rolled so that two of the brass buttons showed and glittered in the firelight like the eyes of some wild animal. I promised Hank a new coat and unlimited tobacco if he would say nothing about it; but the story was too good to keep, and all the way home I was teased with sly hints about my panther hunt. Hello, it's ten o'clock. Come, off to bed every one of you," added Uncle Harry, looking at his watch.

"You didn't save the skin of that panther, did you, Uncle Harry?" said Charlie, as he left the room.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Faithful Letter Carrier.

Most children have seen a United States postman, with his plain uniform and letter-bag. The letter carrier's quick step, too, you have noticed, as if he were walking for a prize.

Now I will tell you of a postman who wore no uniform, never uttered a word to any one he met, and always distributed his mail without being late. He could not read a word, and yet gave the mail to the right person. He had no salary, got up and went to bed when he pleased, and, though he had not a dollar in the world, he was contented. The queerest thing about him is that I can't tell you his name, nor did he wear a number, as some carriers do. Moreover, he carried letters in the country and not in the city; and this, too, one hundred and fifty years ago. Through the woods he walked on his round, and if it came to be dark, there were no lights to guide him. When he got to the place where he delivered the letters, he did not pull the bell with a quick jerk, as the postman does, nor knock, to summon some one to come and get the mail. If any one thanked him for the mail he brought, he never said, "You're welcome." Altogether, as you must admit, he was a funny letter-man.

But the funniest thing is that he was not a letter-man at all. He was a letter-dog. More than one hundred and fifty years ago, by the aid of the General Court of Massachusetts, there was built by the settlers of Brunswick and Topsham (on the Androscoggin River in Maine) a fort named Fort George, as a defense against the Indians. A picture of these ancient works shows that it was made of stone, with little windows, like port-holes, near the top of the walls. Within was a house, and the roof peers over the ramparts. A flag floats from the staff, and a heavy door is in the front—a point carefully guarded. Barracks for fifteen men were provided—a small force, but enough to keep the Indians at a distance.

About ten miles away, on the Kennebec River, was a little settlement called "The Reach," where now the city of Bath, a famous ship-building place, is pleasantly built along the river bank. The very few families living at "The Reach" kept up communication with the fort, for it was their place of refuge in war, and supplies were to be brought there in quiet times.

The mail route of the carrier I am telling you about was from this fort to "The Reach," through places where Indians were hidden, waiting for some white man to come within reach of their arrows. The faithful dog would carry packages of letters from Brunswick to the settlement, and bring back answers. When he got to the house at "The Reach," where the mail was to stop, he would howl in an anxious way; then the letters would be taken from him; but still he would wait and not stir until another bundle was given him—the parcel of mail matter for those in the fort. Then he would put the letters, not in a letter-bag, but in a place more safe—his mouth!

Off he would start again through the lonely forest. Foxes and rabbits and birds might start up near him, but he remembered his errand, and turned neither to the right nor to the left. In two hours he would cover *the distance*, and howl at the fort gate for the mail to be taken in. In case of great danger, when word would be written, the dog would always rush away as if he knew what was the matter!

I wish I could tell you that, after working hard and faithfully, the wise dog died quietly at home; but, alas! after a while the Indians discovered that the dog olt seen was conveying information from the fort to the houses down the river, and they soon found a chance to kill him. At last, one day when he was trotting through the thicket, holding fast to his parcel, a slight sound was heard, which his instinct told him was the light tread of a fox; but the next instant an Indian burst through the underbrush, and death overtook him then and there! A brave man dies, and praise is given long after: the trusty dog falls when he is doing his duty, and not even his name is recorded!—*Wide Awake.*

—Sir James Weir Hogg made a fortune in India, and his wife, holding a distinguished place in London fashionable circles, gave splendid parties. It is said that a young blood, meeting one of the Misses Hogg at a ball, and not knowing her name, asked her if she was going to a certain party at the "Piggery." Her naive reply was "Oh, I am one of the litter."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If raw potatoes or the peelings are cut fine and sprinkled on the carpet before sweeping they will be found more effectual than salt or cornmeal.

—Fried Potatoes.—Take cold, boiled potatoes, grate them, make them into flat cakes, and fry them in butter. You may vary these cakes by dipping them in the yelk of an egg and rolling them in bread crumbs, frying them in boiling lard.

—Hot Sauce for Meats.—Four onions, two cups of sugar, thirty-two tomatoes, one quart of vinegar, four peppers, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, three tablespoonfuls of red pepper; cook, strain and bottle.

—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, a good authority on domestic economy, says that ten pounds of the toughest kind of meat may be made very tender by soaking seven hours in three quarts of water acidulated with a little more than half a pint of vinegar. "Then wash, wipe dry, and cook as desired."

—Apple Trifle.—Scald as many apples as, when pulped, will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish add to them the rind of half a lemon, grated fine, and sugar to taste. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yelk of an egg: scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil; add a little sugar, and let stand till cold, then lay it over the apples, and finish with the cream whip.

—The average results of experiment and theory, so to speak, makes fifty-seven pounds of Indian corn equal to 100 pounds of hay, or 1,140 pounds of corn to the ton of hay. But it must be remembered that the nutritive effects of food upon an animal are varied by many causes, and also that the comparison of foods is affected by the object sought, as fat, growth, labor, milk, etc. The above is the relative amount of nutritive matter in corn and hay, as determined by experiment and theory.

—Lettuce for Winter and Spring.—Almost any time from the middle of September to the middle of October, lettuce may be sown in cold frames in a sheltered situation, covered with glass or boards when the weather is cool, and exposed to the air when warm or moderately warm. It will give a very fair article the early part of winter, say throughout December. Lettuce can also be sown the last of October in the open beds for early spring heading, taking some of the earliest and latest varieties, and covering the plants carefully, but not too heavily, through the winter. Very good heads can be thus raised, and it comes very opportunely in April.

—Mixed Pickles.—Three hundred small cucumbers, four green peppers sliced fine, two large or three small heads of cauliflower, three heads of white cabbage shaved fine, nine large onions sliced, one large root horse radish, one quart of green beans cut one inch long, one quart of green tomatoes sliced; put this mixture in a pretty strong brine twenty-four hours; drain three hours, then sprinkle in one-fourth pound black and one-fourth pound of white mustard seed; also one tablespoonful black ground pepper; let it come to a good boil in just vinegar enough to cover it, adding a little alum. Drain again, and when cold, mix in one-half pint of ground mustard; cover the whole with good cider vinegar; add tumeric enough to color, if you like.

—Ex-Governor Seymour said recently that "the spirit of gambling is the greatest evil our farmers have to contend with. Take hops, for instance. That is an extreme case. More men have been ruined by holding their hops for higher prices, when they could have sold at thirty cents a pound, than have been hurt by selling in season when the market ruled at ten cents per pound. So with wheat. Farmers are always holding out for higher prices. This peculiarity seems to be confined to the native or American farmers, and that is the reason why they are put at a disadvantage when they have to compete with German and other foreign-born farmers, who sell whenever they can realize a fair profit. Not until the American farmer rids himself of the gambling mania can he compete on terms of equality with his neighbor abroad."

A New Use for Coal-Oil.

The *American Cultivator* says there is a world of comfort to be derived from the use of coal-oil as a cleanser of the working woman's stained hands. Household work naturally causes the skin to roughen and crack; into these interstices the smut and grim of kettle-washing and stove-blacking often insinuate themselves, causing them to look hardened and unclean after the most thorough washing with soap and water. No woman, young or old, likes this, and almost all women object to the rough grimy look of the hands far more than to doing of the work itself. A way to prevent this evil is to fill an old bowl half full with kerosene oil, then fill up with water, and when the hands are discolored and soiled by rough work, before washing them dip the fingers in the bowl and rub them in the usual way, and the darkened skin will be effectually freed from soil and grime; then wash in soap and hot water until the smell of the oil is removed. Another new use for coal-oil is in cleansing recently used paint brushes. By soaking the brush in oil it can be easily cleaned with soap and hot water, as the paint readily mixes with the oil and so loosens it that it is readily removed by the application of soft-soap and water. Paint brushes, it is said, will not harden and dry up if left standing in a dish of kerosene oil. A safe way to light a fire with kerosene oil is to lay in your kindlings, then place your wood upon it, after which turn into a cup, kept for the purpose, one tablespoonful of oil, and pour it over the wood and set fire to it with a match. On no account should it be poured from the can directly into the stove or range, lest some slumbering spark of fire ignite the gas and cause an explosion. Children and ignorant, careless persons should not be allowed to use it under any circumstances. Lamps should be cleaned, filled and trimmed in the morning, and kept nearly full of oil; they ought invariably be turned down before they are blown out.

Preserving Grapes for Winter.

As autumn approaches, we receive a number of inquiries as to the method of preserving grapes for winter use. It is not generally understood that there is as much difference in grapes, with respect to their keeping, as there is with other fruits. No one would expect to keep Early Harvest apples or Bartlett pears for the holidays, and it is so with the most generally cultivated grape, the Concord; it can not be made to keep in good condition long after it is fairly ripe. With other varieties it is different. There are some localities where that grand old grape, the Catawba, can still be cultivated with success, and, where this is the case, one need hardly to look for a better variety. The Isabella still succeeds in some places, and is a fair keeper. Better than either, if not the best of all grapes, the Iona gives good crops in some places, as does the Diana. Where either of these, the Isabella, Catawba, Iona or Diana, can be grown, there is no difficulty in keeping them until the first of the New Year, or later. The grapes are allowed to ripen fully; they are picked, and placed in shallow trays, in which they remain in an airy room to "cure." The operation of curing consists merely in a sort of wilting, by which the skin becomes toughened, and will not break when the fruit is packed. The clusters, when properly "cured," are packed in boxes, usually of three or five pounds each. The bottom of the box is opened, the larger clusters laid in carefully, and smaller bunches packed in upon them in such a manner that it will require a moderate pressure to bring the cover (or, properly, the bottom,) of the box to its place, where it is nailed down. The pressure used is such that when the top of the box is opened the grapes next to it are found to be somewhat flattened. The fruit must be pressed in such a manner that it can not shake in travel, and this can only be done with grapes the skin of which has been toughened by being properly cured. If clusters were placed in the box as they come from the vines, and subjected to the needed pressure, the skin would crack around the stems, liberating the juice, and the whole would soon pass into decay. Towards Christmas and New Year's many tons of the varieties we have named come to the New York market in excellent condition. New varieties of grapes of great excellence, have recently been introduced, but we have yet to learn as to their keeping qualities. With the Concord and related varieties the skin is too tender to allow of long keeping, and it does not seem to toughen in the curing process. Still, with these, the season for home use may be considerably prolonged. The late Mr. Knox found that he could keep the Concord for some time by placing the thoroughly ripened clusters in baskets or boxes, with the leaves of the vine below and between them. We do not know how long this will keep these grapes, but we saw some in excellent condition several weeks after the harvest was over. Those who set grape-vines should be aware that no one variety will meet every requirement, and that the earlier the variety the less likely it will be to prove a good keeper.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Birds Must Live.

Some very knowing people must think, judging from their expressed opinions, that birds, animals, etc., can live without food. But they are mistaken. Every bird eats enough to sustain itself, if it lives at all. Every bird that comes among us in the spring to spend the six months with us gets its board, of some kind, from our fields, gardens, etc. They are all more or less injurious and all more or less beneficial, and the latter, under all circumstances, fully or more than compensates for the former. What they particularly do in the one case or the other is not always apparent. The crow has always been denounced bitterly and killed, a bounty even being sometimes paid for its head; yet we believe it is of real value to the farmer in the end. The blackbird (grackle) is especially disliked, but the hostility to it is no better founded than against the crow and many other birds. Last fall we saw at least seventy-five of these birds in a grass plot of ground of not over half an acre, passing slowly over it devouring the insects by the thousands. From its location and the shortness of the grass, which had been pastured, the insects had gathered there in myriads, as could be seen from their disturbance by the steady progress of the feeders. The young of these birds, which were at this time fully on the wing, had been hatched and were then roosting on the premises of two or three gentlemen nearly a mile off, where all birds are protected against gunners or otherwise, and we have yet to hear for the first time that they desire to get rid of their guests.

On a visit once to the residence of one of of these gentlemen, while sitting upon his piazza toward evening, we saw no less than five wild yound rabbits running fearlessly about over his lawn. Knowing that they would gnaw young trees when the snow interfered with getting their necessary supply of food, we inquired whether they were not destructive at such times. "Not at all," was the response. "Throughout the winter they are regularly fed offal vegetables and hay; and in November and December, when they become fat, most of them are trapped and consumed."

The robins, catbirds, bluebirds, etc., devoured a considerable portion of their strawberries, grapes, etc., and the several varieties of sparrows eat some seeds, in season, but they were regarded as friends rather than enemies. Observing farmers, and others of experience, who pay proper attention to these things, seldom differ in opinion.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Since the introduction of the lawn-mower the lawn has come to be regarded as the great feature of a garden. When it is well kept there is nothing more beautiful or pleasing than a broad, open space of turf, and in the planting and arranging of trees it should be our endeavor to keep the lawn as open as possible. This can be accomplished by arranging the trees and shrubs in borders or belts around the margin, with a fine specimen tree occasionally standing alone in a prominent position, where its beauties can be seen to the best advantage.

THE DAIRY.

—The specific gravity of pure milk varies at from 1,027 to 1,032. Good milk weighs about two pounds and three ounces per quart.

—Dairymen must be intelligent, and start their business right if they wish to succeed. Let them start in the house, that is the place; without neatness in the house there is no use of feeding in the stable.

—A correspondent of the New York *World* says: "I have found that I make my best butter when I feed my cows on white clover and early mown meadow hay. I cut fine, moisten and mix in both corn meal and whenten shorts. Next to meal I regard sherts, and prefer to mix them together. I feed often and not much at a time. I do not use roots unless it be carrots. My pastures and meadows are quite free from weeds. I cannot make a good grade of butter from foul pastures or low grade hay."

—With regard to the blue color sometimes acquired by milk, Herr Hansen says milk becomes blue only before complete coagulation. Light and heat have little influence on development of the pigment bacteria; but access of oxygen is indispensable. If the surface of the milk be covered with a layer of oil to keep off the oxygen, the development of the blueness is stopped. With the microscope one finds in milk turning blue partly mobile bacteria of rod-shape, rapidly multiplying by division, while they yield a blue matter like aniline.

Milk and Cheese Affected by Soil.

This is the case with cheese to a much greater extent than is generally supposed, and I am positive the most intelligent and most practical dairyman in the United States have not a clear knowledge of the reason why the cheese is of that peculiarly rich and palatable flavor from one pasture, while it will be inferior from another appearing to have finer and better grass. There is no doubt that the native grasses which become established on the best grass land when long undisturbed by plowing, are the best adapted for cheese-making. There is something beyond mere fertility of soil and the presence of the best herbage, and also of the absence of weeds and objectionable grasses. I have farmed extensively in the most noted dairy counties in England. On the magnificent domain I farmed, my employer, who descended from the nobility of Henry VIII., was as proud of the fame of his cheese as of aught else belonging to the barony, but it was not the best land that produced the best cheese. We had fields which would make beef in half the time the dairy fields would, and yet it would spoil the cheese to let the dairy cows graze there.

My experience from 1820 to 1855, particularly as to the flavor imparted to cheese, shows that in no instance could an old dairy pasture be reseeded without an injurious effect on the cheese, and I am positive that no one can prove that the highest priced cheese is ever made from pastures which have been broken with the plow or used as arable land during the last half century. There is an error which the educated and leading agriculturists of the United States fall into, which is stating that the English dairy farmers usually feed much meal and other stimulating food to their dairy cows. This is a very great mistake. The practice of feeding anything but grass from May till October is unknown among the dairy districts. Dry, hilly soil is never chosen for dairying in England, but sound valley or good low land is generally the character of dairy farms.

So well understood is the fact of adapting proper soil for dairying, and cheese-making in particular, that there is not one farm in a hundred which has half of it which would suit to graze the dairy cow. Although it is a common expression to say, "It is a first-class dairy farm," yet, taking a succession of farms averaging 350 acres each, in a distance of ten miles, and if each farm should contain about twenty fields, there would not be five fields out of the twenty which would make prime cheese, and often there would be only one large field which is used for grazing the milch cows upon, and probably it has been the only dairy field for hundreds of years. A dairy field is *always* a dairy field.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

How Condensed Milk Is Made.

The manufacture of condensed milk is thus described in the *Scientific American:* When the milk is brought into the factory it is carefully strained, placed in cans or pails, which are put into a tank of water kept hot by steam coils. When hot it is transferred to larger steam-heated open vessels and quickly brought to a boil. This preliminary heating and boiling has for its object the expulsion of the gases of the milk, which would cause it to foam in the vacuum pan, and, also, to add to the keeping quality of the milk by destroying the mold germs. A second straining follows, after which the milk is transferred to a vacuum pan, where, at a temperature below 160 degrees Fahrenheit, it boils and is rapidly concentrated to any degree desired. The vacuum pan employed is a close vessel of copper, egg-shaped, about six feet high and four and one-half feet in diameter. It is heated by steam coils within and by a steam jacket without—inclosing the lower portion. In one side of the dome is a small window through which gas illuminates the interior, while on the opposite side is an eyeglass through which the condition of the contents may be observed. The pan is also provided with a vacuum gauge and test sticks. Much of the milk used in cities is simply concentrated without any addition of sugar. The process of concentration is continued in the vacuum pan until one gallon of the milk has been reduced to a little less than a quart—one volume of condensed milk corresponding to about four and three-tenths volumes of milk. Condensed milk intended to be preserved for any length of time has an addition of pure cane sugar made to it during the boiling, and is usually put up in sealed cans. This sugared or "preserved" milk, when properly prepared, will keep for many years.

—A Fond du Lac girl who stole a canary bird was sent to jail for ten days.

The Orphan Robins' Foster-Father.

In Rocky Hill a tame male robin is kept by Mrs. Ryer in a cage. He would come back to the cage, when liberated, after flying about out-doors. Near by, in a dwarf pear tree, a pair of robins had a nest. The house cat, just about the time the young robins were hatched, succeeded in catching and killing the male bird of the pair, and a day or two later the same cat also killed the mother bird, thus leaving the young birds unprovided for. Mrs. Ryer took the nest out of the tree, and placed it, with its gaping and hungry little inmates, in the cage of her tame cock-robin, together with a dish of boiled eggs, as an experiment. The old bird looked at them, and apparently thought the matter over in a reflecting mood. Then he proceeded to feed them a little—giving to each little wide-open throat a morsel of the egg-yelk. Having disposed of that he flew off on a search for worms, the young birds' natural food. From that time forward this solitary old bachelor bird continued very industriously to forage the gardens thereabouts for the benefit of these nestlings. These latter grew apace, and in due time were big enough to be encouraged to get outdoors themselves and try their wings. Whether the old cock-robin after that taught them by example how to find and secure worms for themselves in the sward of the lawn and in the garden has not been reported—but that in the case of robins the parent birds do teach their young that very thing has been abundantly shown in the writer's observation this very summer. In the Rocky Hill case the young robins became able to take care of themselves; and then their benevolent self-appointed guardian went back to his cage.—*Hartford Times.*

—The Associated Charities of Boston have published a circular warning people against giving money to street beggars. "They are almost sure to be swindlers," say a committee of the society, after careful investigation; "ninety-nine out of 100 is not too high to put it, and, in fact, is being very lenient to the hundredth; and yet, because it is an easy sort of self-indulgence to put one's hand in one's pocket and give what one will never miss, the impostors will live and thrive, to the detriment and loss of the worthy poor, and the demoralization of the careless rich."

THE Philadelphia *Easy Hour* mentions Mr. J. A. Walton of 1245 N. Twelfth street, that city, as an enthusiastic indorser of St. Jacobs Oil for the relief and cure of diseases of horses.

AMERICANS say: "As black as the devil;" the French say as blue, the Spaniards say as green, the Italians say as gray, and the Chinese say as white. It must be sad to be a devil and be so miscolored.

THE Louisville *Commercial* cites the case of Captain Chas. N. Corrl, of that city, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, after suffering for years with rheumatism.—*York (Neb.) Republican.*

A NEW YORK base-ball player has been fined $25 for insulting a newspaper man; but how came the newspaper man in such bad company?—*New Haven Register.*

Worthless Stuff.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and Invaluable remedy." See other column.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"SMITH," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine?" "I know it," said Smith; "I've put my fortune in it."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

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The celebrated remedy, Kidney-Wort, can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either case. See adv.

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"IT is only after long reflection that I go to an entertainment with any young man," said the maiden to her mirror.

THE young lady who could not make her bangs stay bung said she was having a tuft time of it.

TWO YOUNG men who move in the very best Austin society, went on a spree not long since. As they were pretty well under way one of them said in an inebriated tone of voice: "Let's bid each other good night, Bill." "Why you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank of the evening." "Of course, I'm not goin' home now, but after a while we won't know each other from a shide of sole-leather, sho let's shay 'good night' right now before it'sh too late."

They embraced.—*Texas Siftings.*

A TENDER-HEARTED man would always turn aside rather than step on a wasp when he was barefooted.

"PRAY tell me, pretty rural maid,
Why you so early forth have strayed?
Why gaze you down the western sky
With graceful pose and eager eye?
Art thinking of the wond'rous space
'Twixt here and distant jumping-off place;
Or are you looking for the one
You reckon dearest 'neath the sun?
Tell me what great attraction lies
Within the range of those bright eyes?"
The maiden grinned a beauteous grin;
Her teeth picked with a crooked pin,
And said: "It ain't no sich a thing
As that air song you've tried to sing;
I hain't got any beau, nohow—
I'm lookin' fur our brindle cow!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTE heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride. $17.25 for ten visits.—*New Haven Register.*

"THE better I know men the more I admire dogs," is the remark of a French cynic.

RIDICULE is a potent weapon, but is apt to recoil on him who uses it clumsily

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

These familiar words recall to the farmer and others interested, the unfortunate necessity of sometimes getting rid of Stock that is not otherwise salable on account of blemishes or imperfections. To improve upon this method, by showing how to restore your Stock to first-class condition, is the plan herewith presented. The signal benefit of the Great German Remedy to mankind very reasonably induced its application to the sufferings and ailments of the dumb creation, beginning with the Horse. People who tried it were more than surprised by its results, as attested in the speedy and permanent cure of their Stock, and they gladly announced their experience by word of mouth and by the public press, until to-day FARMERS and DEALERS, STOCKMEN AND BREEDERS, the COUNTRY OVER, are using ST. JACOBS OIL with delight, satisfaction and profit. The mistake of thinking that anything is good enough for a Horse is made by others who lose their Stock by a miserable effort at economy. There are others who humanely regard the welfare of their faithful dumb creatures, and provide for their comfort with good food and shelter, and for their health by a constant supply of ST. JACOBS OIL,—the safest and speediest relief for Diseases of Horses and Stock ever discovered. Whenever there appears any evidence whatsoever of disease or injury among Animals, they should have the best possible treatment, as it never pays to defer attention to Stock. Inasmuch, then, as it is the part of common prudence to use the surest curative means in the beginning, every Stable, Farm and Stock-yard should be abundantly supplied with ST. JACOBS OIL, which is used and recommended by the best Horsemen in the country as an article which will relieve more promptly and certainly the ailments of and Injuries to Stock than any other remedy known. For Spavin, Ringbone, Wind-Gall, Flesh-Wounds and Galls of all kinds, Poll-Evil, Splint, Swellings, Tumors, Fistule, Lameness, Stiffness, Cramps of the Muscle, Acute and Chronic Founder, Mange, Corns, Whitlows, Broken Knees, Cuts, Colic, Sore Throat, Distemper, and many other Diseases, especially Foot-Rot in Sheep, ST. JACOBS OIL affords instant relief and a sure cure, and costs but FIFTY CENTS. Pamphlets containing full directions for home treatment of diseases of domestic animals, sent upon application, by

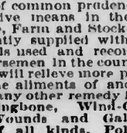

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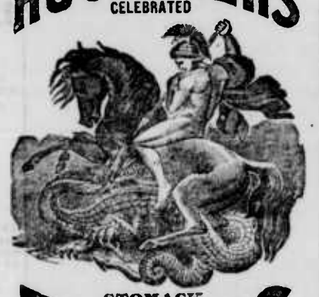

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FOR SALE Foundry and Machine Shops, in a good town having three railways. Shops doing good business. For particulars address YOUNG & CHANDLER, Kokomo, Ind.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election the return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, Therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER JR. & CO.,
BALTIMORE MD.

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VERTICAL FEED
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See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpecas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do ruffling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Blind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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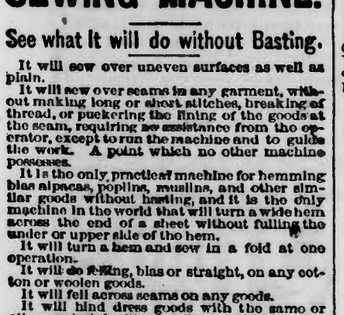

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[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
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All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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In a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.54 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.58 A. M.
No. 7	2.16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.12 A. M.
No. 16	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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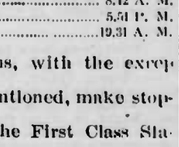

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a pro rata proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—if the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, in their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

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QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY

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This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.

Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tested, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.

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IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

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CORNISH CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS
CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

5 Octavos. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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Only $85.

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7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881. NUMBER 32.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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A sure and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

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P. MARTIN, Oakland, Md

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FOR SALE BY E. E. CHISHOLM, Oakland, Md.

The Lesson of the Hour.

Death has brought sorrow to manhood, rest to a hero, and duty to the Nation. Never before has a deathbed been watched for months by the whole civilized world. No other death in history ever called forth from men then living such universal grief. In other times, when electric cords had not knit all nations into one family, men whose lives and characters have since made them loved and immortal were known to life at most only by the people of a single State. But this land cannot claim its dead hero as all its own. The civilized world has waited for months in strained anxiety for each pulse beat of the dying President, and shares our grief to-day.

For him Death brings glad release and glorious reward. His work and life are done. Deathless and bright in human memory they will stand unchanged. His fame can now be tarnished no longer by any human error or weakness, and is secure forever. Before wanted use of power had time to dull the deep sense of responsibility, before the wear and rasp of personal strife had time to swerve his calm dignity, he is set free. From the pain and struggle of a bed of death he goes at last, and the sorrow is left for us who feel his loss. The world will grieve because what the man had done was earnest of what the man could do. From humble birth and hard fortune, he and been lifted by his own royal gifts and qualities to a level with the greatest monarchs. Made immortal by grand and useful deeds for country and mankind, he will be loved while time lasts for the brave, sweet and patient nature shown while lying eighty days face to face with death. Strong in will, and stronger yet in Christian faith, having no fear of death, and clinging to life only that he might use for the good of others the vast power trusted to him by the Nation, he bore pain with the fortitude of a martyr, brought rare self-control to the aid of surgical science, and kindled the hearts of all mankind by his bearing, loyal to every duty, and tender and true to all his loved ones. In all modern history there is no more touching, more ennobling or grander example than this death-bed gives.

What he has done for his country and the world, who can tell? The man and his family show forth to all the world the worth and the justice of free institutions. Where else could this poor boy have climbed to the rank of kings? Where else could the true wife and mother have found her rightful place in the world's regard—a place which few queens could ever reach? Loved by the Nation, and revered by the world for the pure light of love which has shone upon that long fight for life, she will be honored to all time for the strange courage and marvellous might of true womanhood which she has shown. Not less the children, as brave and as true as the parents, and the staunch and skilled friends, untiring and devoted, have helped to give the world a picture of family life such as no palace has ever seen. What other family scene has history to match this? By instinct, we know the man himself by those who have loved him and whom he has loved. If there is not true royalty, where can it be found? A whole family is taken, just as it stood for years in the sweet privacy of American home-life, and placed under that fierce light which beats upon a throne. Will not the world ask, "How many such can free institutions produce?" Who can measure the power of this example? Women will feel it, in every social circle; men will feel it, in every walk of life; with old and young it will have power for training and for aid while time lasts.

The public service of the dead President will never be wholly known. We know that, when the fate of the Nation turned upon a battle, victory at Chickamauga was due in part to the deeds of this brave soldier. We know that the right prevailed more than once in Congress because of this trained and strong leader. In finance especially, no other was his equal in force, and it may be that his words turned the scale for public honor. At the polls, when the honor of the Nation was at stake, we know that his State more than once gave decisive votes, and that his power may have turned the scale. In four months, he did more as President for the good of the land than had been done by most of our Presidents in full terms of service. He lifted up the Nation's credit. He raised higher than ever the aim and spirit of official life. He opened the way for the settlement of other questions of the utmost importance.

But he yet lives. The truly great can never die. He has marked out a grand course, and the people will have to walk in it. He has set a lofty standard of Executive duty. By that standard the Nation will judge all future Presidents. Possibly his power will be greater and higher than if he had lived, and his noble aims had been dimmed by human imperfection of performance. The Nation knows what he meant to do, and will demand not less of those who may hereafter take his place. In a peculiar sense, the people rule. Higher than they point, their servants are not to go. The more they ask, the more Party leaders may refuse, at their peril. So the ideals and the example of President Garfield may have power for ages to come.

We have prayed that this cup might pass from us. Never before has the whole Nation bowed in prayer so fervent. On its knees, the Nation has been stricken. But God reigns, and He is good. He knows what we need, and what the world needs. To us it seemed that we needed the life of this pure and noble hero. To Infinite Wisdom, perhaps, it was clear that we needed still more his death, to chasten us, to knit us together as one people, to rouse us to self-government in a larger and higher sense, to wean us from trust in leaders, and to kindle us to lofty aims. Possibly we should have trusted too much to a man of rare gifts and virtue, and so have lost some power as a people for the attainment of the best and highest ends. Possibly the President himself, human, though a hero, would have been swerved from his own high ideals by resistless power which recovery would have brought to him. We cannot tell. He is gone, but his ideals and his example live, and will live forever. He is gone, but his spirit will still rule through the people who love him, and will hold their leaders sternly to higher and better aims. Over his open grave let this Nation pledge itself to be true to his memory, by lifting higher the standard of public duty, by doing with more fidelity each man his part in the State, and by firm and patient effort to realize the purest and loftiest aims of the President who has gone. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Administration of Mr. Arthur.

Although the protracted illness of the President has served to keep the public mind in a state of painful suspense, and has intensified the strain to which his immediate family have been subjected, it has to a large extent prepared the country for the official changes which his death must bring in its train, and accustomed it to contemplate calmly and dispassionately the transfer of the administration from the hands of President Garfield to those of Vice-President Arthur. It is scarcely necessary to say that this period of preparation and opportunity for sober second thought has been of inestimable value. Had Mr. Garfield's death occurred upon the very day he was shot the shock which would have attended the sudden change of executive officers might, under all the circumstances which surrounded the assassination, have been productive of alarming if not of absolutely dangerous consequences. Now, however, while public indignation and sorrow are as deep as ever, all abnormal excitement has passed away, and there is a general disposition not merely to receive the new administration quietly and without bitterness of speech or thought, but to hope and think the best of it, and to give it all possible encouragement and aid. It is quite true that when the ballots were cast for presidential electors no one dreamed that the presidency would ever devolve upon Mr. Arthur, and it is likely enough that, had this contingency been apprehended, he would not have been selected for the second place on the ticket by the Republican nominating convention. The presidential nominee at that time was in robust health, and bid fair to witness many inaugurations and administrations. Nevertheless, though not perhaps nominated or elected in point of fact or intention with a view to the succession, he was thus nominated and elected in point of theory and law, and by the death of Mr. Garfield he becomes by the constitution as fully and absolutely President as if he had been in the first place called directly to that office by the popular voice. Thus solemnly invested by the organic law with all the powers and duties of the presidential office, it is the duty of all good citizens, without regard to party, to give to the constitutional President the same fair and impartial treatment which they were ready to accord to the President elected by their own votes. It is only reasonable to presume that the painful anxieties and suspense created by the President's illness have produced the same tempering effect upon Mr. Arthur as upon the general public, and that any disposition which may have existed to antagonize the purposes or policy of Mr. Garfields administration have given place to a simple and patriotic desire to further the interests of the whole country and to show himself worthy of the high office to which he succeeds. In justice to Mr. Arthur it should be said that his deportment during all this trying period has been in strict accord with the requirements of dignity and delicacy, and that his utterances have indicated a patriotic appreciation of the situation, and a manly desire to do nothing more nor less than his whole duty, whatever the developments of time might show that duty to be. Gen. Hancock's estimate of his ability and his patriotism is a high one, and, coming from so disinterested and respectable a source, may well be accepted as strong evidence of Mr. Arthur's character. It is the part of true patriotism, therefore, as well as of simple justice, to suspend adverse judgment and to give the new executive the benefit of a fair trial in the presidential office. When he has failed it will be time enough to criticise.—*Balto. Sun.*

A Talk with Mr. Vanderbilt.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt was one of the few men in New York whose sleep on Monday night had not been disturbed by the sad news of the President's death, for he knew nothing of it till he saw the morning newspapers. In an interview he spoke feelingly of his grief, and expressed a high opinion of President Arthur. He said: "He has great good sense, sound judgment and executive ability, and if he only will rise to the magnitude of the occasion, he has the greatest opportunity before him any President ever had. He will have to steer clear of a feeling of faction. He is no longer a leader of any party or any faction; he is President of the whole country. He belongs now no longer to any particular class of people who may have had his sympathy and support hitherto; he belongs to the whole American nation. I hope he will tear himself aloof from past affiliations so as to act solely with a view of benefiting the whole people. I think he will have the good sense to see this, for I suppose there are few men in this country who are more experienced or better able to feel the pulse of the public. And then he has always been in contact with able men, and is a first-class politician—I am using the word in its best sense. Everybody who knows him knows that." When asked if he though he would appoint Mr. Conkling Secretary of State, he replied that he would be crazy to do it. "No, no; he must not do anything like that. He has to conciliate and to pacify the party and the people—no faction fight, no revengeful feelings; if he does anything from any such feeling he's gone, he's gone!"

"Blaine and all the other members of the Cabinet will no doubt resign in due course of time. I don't believe that Blaine would stay even if Arthur wanted him to do so; but if he should, that would be Blaine's affair. No, Arthur must not raise against himself a new party or faction, as we have seen a party raised up against Garfield; he must strike an even path straight between the two camps, steer clear of both sides, and give the people a good, conservative, efficient government.

"Postmaster James has proved himself to be a good man, and has satisfied the business community so thoroughly that I believe he will be retained. If there is a new Secretary of State, he will be an Eastern man like Mr. Blaine. The financial policy of the government is fixed on a sound and substantial basis, and any interference with it would be almost universally deplored. I know of no fault that is to be found with Secretary Windom, who has conscientiously followed out the policy of his predecessors, but if he is to be removed I hope that some conservative, sound-thinking man of business will be put in his place. But whoever may be appointed, I do not anticipate any radical interference with our finances as they are, and Wall street will have no occasion to howl. Somehow there is an opinion that Wall street regulates the finances of the country. This is all wrong—totally wrong. Wall street is a great factor in the metropolitan system of finance; but farmers in the far West, and even those between Buffalo and New York, don't care a snap for it. There are other and bigger influences than Wall street in our financial affairs, and they know it. Perhaps Mr. Lincoln will be retained. It seems to be absurd to speculate upon it so early in the season. Let us give the man a chance to make up his mind. I feel confident that he will give us a good administration and make a

Brave Women.

It is in the furnace that the true gold is separated from the dross. It is in affliction that nobility of character is tested; and, judged by this test, the women of the Garfield household have shown themselves to be worthy of the great man whose life has just ended. To Mrs. Garfield the elevation of her husband to the Presidency brought responsibility rather than honor; but she bore herself in the White House with a grace and dignity that charmed all who knew her. Suddenly she was called to the bedside of her wounded husband, and then the heroism of her nature showed itself. Hers has been the courage that never failed, the devotion that nothing could weary. And yet, she must have known weeks ago that the case was almost hopeless. The slender chance for his life grew slighter day by day, yet she did not abandon hope, sustained his courage and was calm and cheerful at his side. She prepared his food with her own hands, and was the chief nurse through all these agonizing weeks. Even the deathbed scene wrung no exhibition of weakness from her, although the stay and strength and glory of her life was passing away. The American people have reason to be as proud of the heroic womanhood of the wife as of the patient, unshakable courage of the husband.

The venerable mother bore the shock as might have been expected. The Spartan courage that her son inherited from her was in her answer: "It was probably all for the best if the people were ready to receive it." And then the mother-agony breaking forth, she said: "It is not possible that my son James is dead. I do not wish to live any longer. I will soon be with him." The daughter of the President, who had borne up so well during the trying days, gave way when the last moment came, but she had already worn herself out with watching and waiting. Mother, wife and daughter—all the women of the household—showed the noble qualities that make one proud to claim them as typical American women.

The members of this household are endeared to our people—not only for his sake, but their own. They are and must remain the wards of the nation, to be held in honor while they live. Their career has been strange and eventful, as though a short, terrible passage of the pathway of life had been lit up by a glare of lightning; emerging, for a little while, from their quiet retirement, and returning into it again, yet at every moment beautiful in demeanor, brave, modest, hopeful, devoted to duty. Only a few months ago the President, strong, eloquent, full of high resolve, delivered his inaugural address, and turned at its close to kiss the aged mother and the wife. How brief their happiness, their pride and glory, in him! how withering their grief and desolation.—*Balto. American.*

A report prevails at St. Louis that the James brothers are prepared to surrender to the state authorities, on the assurance that they should have a fair trial. Since the war, when they were outlawed for serving under Quantrell, the guerilla, they have been charged with nine-tenths of all the deviltry perpetrated in Missouri and the adjourning states; but there are many prominent men who believe the James boys are more sinned against than sinning. Since the last train robberies, the surrender was proposed to Governor Crittenden, and he says: "So far as I can learn, the James brothers are out of the state."

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ON THE LOAD OF HAY.

Oh! the charm of a summer's day,
And a jolly ride on a load of hay!
How the children shout and sing,
Till the very fields with their mirth ring!
Oh! lads and lasses, bright-eyed and blue,
What without you would the farmer do?

Down the lane, where the stately trees
Rustle and bow in the merry breeze;
Past the brook, where the timid trout
From his hiding-nook peeps warily out,
The hay-cart comes, with its fragrant load,
Swinging and swaying along the road,

Bound for the barn, where the doors stand wide,
With the sentinel maples at its side,
Where the swallows are flying to and fro,
And the sunbeams glisten and glitter and glow—
Grandpa's barn, all ready for hay
On this joyous, merry, midsummer's day!

"Gee! Gee-haw!" "Now, youngsters, there,
Hold hard! keep steady! So, have a care!
And the little folks scream and call at will,
As the "load of hay" moves down the hill,
Till, without a tumble, a bruise or fall,
Oxen, hay-cart, children and all
Stand safe on the old barn's sunshiny floor,
And the "*beautiful, splendid fun*" is o'er.

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

MAUNA LOA.

The Great Hawaiian Volcano—Lava Floods Still Pouring Out—Beleaguering Fires Around the Doomed Town of Hilo—Scenes Fit for Doré's Pencil and Dante's Inferno—Perilous Sight-Seeing.

A correspondent of the San Francisco active Volcano in Hawaii, gives the following vivid description of the scenes daily witnessed there:

The great eruption of Mauna Loa, or the "Lofty Mountain," has been going on for eight months. Visitors are flocking to the Hawaiian group from all parts of the world to see this gigantic display of the hidden forces of nature. From the summit crater of Mŏknaweoweo the mighty volcano is pouring out a molten flood, over fifty miles long, and in many places four miles wide. This stream of lava threatens to destroy Hilo, fill up the harbor and perhaps make a bold promontory jutting far out into the ocean, over the spot where pleasure boats and ships now sail. In 1859 the eruption flowed for thirteen months, and the present outbreak may last as long. The head of the stream is now within two miles of Hilo, is over four miles wide, and in places is banked up to the height of one hundred feet. If this lava wall bursts, as it is likely to do at any moment, and without warning, the lovely town and beautiful harbor will be overwhelmed in swift destruction, as were the silent cities which lie deeply buried beneath the wrath of Vesuvius.

For the past three weeks Hilo and its environments have been swarming with tourists gathered to witness the widespread devastation wrought by the lava flow from Mauna Loa Mountain during the past eight months, it being just that long to-day since the eruption of this year was discovered. Mauna Loa is situated on Hawaii, the largest island of the group, and is virtually the highest volcano in the world. It rises from the ocean's shore a vast snow-capped dome, 14,000 feet in height. Cotopaxi volcano, in Ecuador, has a summit 19,000 feet high from the sea level, but from its base upon the great table-land upon which it stands it is only about 7,000 feet high; consequently it is much less imposing in aspect than is Mauna Loa, whose summit crater has been long extinct; the recent outbreaks always occurring upon the weakest parts of the mountain's sides, and at elevations ranging from 5,000 to 12,000 feet.

The flow is but a short distance to the southwest of Hilo, and is approaching it with alarming velocity, the three streams into which the flow has been divided, having united with an accelerated speed resulting from the union. Last week a spurt of half a mile was made, and during the week an advance of over a mile has been effected. That the town and harbor are doomed appears to be a foregone conclusion. The melancholy duty of recording their destruction is at hand, and may be expected any day; yet, so accustomed to the situation have many become, through familiarity with the awful phenomenon, that they have ceased to regard the danger of their position in its truly appalling light, and they act and jest about it very much as Noah's neighbors did previous to another memorable disaster. They propose establishing a telephone line to facilitate communication with the plantations and other towns upon the island.

Throngs visit the scene of the flow daily, and many persons run over the molten mass the moment the slightest crust forms upon it and while it is yet hot enough to burn wood or leather. Indeed, it takes days to cool, there being always a liquid fire flowing beneath. July 14 a party went up in the evening to see it, the aspect then being most awe-inspiring. They intended to return by moonlight, and walked up the flow about three-quarters of a mile—an undertaking which narrowly escaped proving most disastrous. For hours the lives of all rested upon a most precarious tenure.

At first the ladies could not be induced to set foot upon the lava, fearing that its hot, thin crust would break under and precipitate them into the fiery furnace they could view through cracks and holes in what they were invited to tread upon. Having started out over the cooler portions, however, they gained confidence, till at length they were so carried away with the inspiring excitement incident to their marvelous surroundings, that they had lost much of their timidity, and could be persuaded even to the brink of a molten stream or cataract of living flame. Hither and thither the party flew, rapid motion being necessary to prevent the total and immediate destruction of their shoes and clothing.

Meanwhile the sun had set. The twilight of the temperate zone is here unknown, and the fitful light from lava flames was all they had to guide them. To attempt an intelligible description of these lava rivers of fire would be futile. They cannot even be imagined. One particularly wide and rapid stream so riveted the attention of all that, lost in admiration and amazement, they were for a long time oblivious to their surroundings.

On viewing the situation, however, it was discovered that further progress was cut off by floods, liquid as water, and emitting an intense and blinding heat and light. The night had set in, clouds and drops of rain began to siss upon the hot lava at their feet. As far as the eye could reach in every direction, flames of fire were rising heavenward and lighting up that cloud-enveloped dome with a lurid weirdness. Each began to inquire of the other the way toward home. A common ignorance prevailed, as no one had given the slightest thought to the course taken, which had been like that of children after butterflies. As the fiery floods poured toward all points of the compass their course was no guide. A hurried council was held and a course determined upon.

But a few yards had been gone over when rain began to fall in torrents. On touching the lava it was instantly transformed into steam, which, with the sulphurous fumes from the fire, rose in stifling clouds, so dense that an object could not be seen at a distance of six inches from the face.

Further progress was impossible, and all that could be done was to stand away from the fire pits and lift the feet alternately to prevent their burning, for the lava was intensely hot. Those who have taken Turkish baths may form a slight conception of the situation. Each one of the party was saturated to the skin, and their feet were puckered as though in boiling water. To the credit of the ladies it may be said that they acquitted themselves nobly and with rare coolness and presence of mind, a tendency to create a scene, though the provocation was so great.

The rainfall gradually lessened and occasional breaks appeared in the steam, yet progress was dangerous and next to impossible. The slightest misstep might precipitate one into a furnace from which rescue would be impossible. The foot that entered there could never be withdrawn. It would be consumed as quickly as a handful of chaff. In single file, their zigzag way was slowly groped along, the ladies being assisted over the most rugged places, and they were frequent. For some time after the rain ceased steam continued to rise, and handkerchiefs wet by the rain had still to be held over the mouth and nose.

With the clearing away of the vapors the situation only disclosed itself with more appalling vividness. For lack of better knowledge their footsteps were directed to a place darker than any other in the vicinity. This was found to be a spot about 100 square yards in size, where there was no flame and the lava was comparatively cold. Near the center stood a tree trunk, and close by lay another, which had been cut down but not entirely consumed by the flames. It was dragged over to the upright one, upon which an end was placed, and thus a seat was improvised for the ladies, while the gentlemen consulted apart as to the direction of Hilo and the way to get there.

"If the moon would only rise," they said; "or if the clouds would only break, that we might see the stars, we might be able to guess our way."

These and other equally, if not more, vain wishes were expressed. It was finally determined to remain there and await developments. They were not long in coming. New outbreaks occurred on every hand, threatening to closely surround, if not engulf, the party; and it was deemed best to move on at any hazard. The narrow escapes encountered were too numerous to mention, and just as all hope was nearly abandoned and some of the ladies were on the eve of giving way to despair, another dark spot was descried. All speed was made toward it and sighs of relief breathed when it was discovered to be a veritable oasis in this devastating desert. Greensward was felt beneath the tread and pools of warm water were stepped into continually. Cool lava patches were selected for the ladies to sit upon, while the gentlemen prospected about to learn the situation.

So excited were the ladies by this time that one sat down with her feet and clothing in a pool of water without knowing or caring about it; another let the end of her hair, which was braided down her back, fall into a crevice in a lava wave, against which she leaned in sitting, and in which a great mass of her hair was burned off; still another let her bonnet and waterproof go without a thought. All complained alternately of heat and cold, wondering if they would be safe there till morning, for it had been concluded that further progress was fraught with too great danger, and they might run into worse, if not inextricable places. To be sure, the aspect of things just behind was very threatening, while there appeared no possible outlet ahead, and the situation, already critical, might prove imminently fatal at any moment.

About eleven o'clock all hearts were somewhat lightened by the clouds breaking to the eastward and the pale moon peeping cautiously forth. Hilo lay slightly to the left, but how to get over that lake of flame was not at all apparent.

About half an hour later, Mr. Severance, who had been missed for some time, was called after, but no answer came. The party grew anxious for his safety, and cries were repeated louder and louder. When the excitement had attained fever heat his welcome voice was heard shouting the glad tidings that he had found his way. Everybody rushed in his direction, and, being more eager than careful, several broke through thin crusts or stepped into black holes and measured their length upon the lava, which returned their ardent embrace with even more warmth than was desired.

Mr. Severance led the way for some distance, then in dejected tones said he had lost his course. His words fell like a death knell upon every ear, and the party slowly retraced their steps. Another start was made more deliberately and terminated with more success. The horses were reached, and the party, mounting, rode home.

That night the flow was unusually active and grand beyond measure. The stream nearest town was flowing along the bed of a river, and, at the then terminus, was precipitating itself into a pool at the foot of a pretty cascade falling beside it. At times tons of lava, like melted iron, would drop into this pool with a hiss and a roar, followed by a thundering explosion that would send the water, now boiling, up in a vast column of spray twenty or thirty feet high; at others, the lava would flow slower, and cool as it touched the water's surface, over which it would spread like a cake of ice, thickening with the flow, till the water could support it no longer, and then, with a report like a gun, it would break at the bank and sink to the bottom with tumultuous noise.

Similar phenomena, even on a grander scale, were repeated. The flow was about half a mile lower down the river bed from which it had consumed all the water. Arriving at a cascade some twenty feet high, it fell over in a great red flood of flame sixty feet wide, and was precipitated into a large pool of water nearly fifteen feet in circumference, transforming it into a mammoth caldron of fiery explosives, that sent hot spray and steam up and about for almost incredible distances, till all was consumed, and the pool was filled to a level with the river bed above—an operation which occupied about an hour and a half, during which time nearly one thousand cubic yards of lava were deposited.

The manner of flowing is very erratic, and it is impossible to determine its course beforehand. Like all liquids, it seeks its level, but it does not remain liquid. The terminus may harden and cool. The next outbreak is as apt to occur on top, or either side of the flow, as at the end. If on top the stream increases in height and flows back over itself till it becomes as high as an adjoining hill. The next break may be [illegible] in which direction it will run. On reaching it, the stream is banked up only to break out afresh on the top, or upper side perhaps, till it attains a greater elevation than the hill, when, of course, it flows over it. Thus, places secure from inundation by water cannot be reckoned as perfectly safe from lava flow. Several instances of this kind have occurred here. The flow forms for itself a great black or steel-gray tunnel, through which it flows in a white flame out of sight, and reducing everything it touches, from a flinty rock to a grass blade, into the gaseous foam—an operation often attended by deafening explosions. A tree trunk may be enveloped before being consumed. The gases into which it is transformed seek an outlet with a force that is truly appalling.

The natives regard the flow with superstitious dread, and are in attendance daily, the women being especially devout. They will kneel by the side of the flow for hours, chanting in doleful measure to the goddess Pele, whom they seek to propitiate with offerings of silver, which they throw into the stream. It would seem that most of the earnings of some of them are thus disposed of. Tourists follow their example, as far as throwing their money into the lava is concerned, but they subsequently take the lava and coin both away with them to preserve as specimens.

The unique and grotesque forms assumed by the fluid in cooling are wonderful, and weeks could be passed in viewing their endless variety. Familiar forms in miniature or natural size, or colossal in bulk, are seen on every hand. Parts of the human body and of animals abound. The natives call this kind of lava *pahoehoe*. The *aa* is rough and rocky. *Pahoehoe* often appears like ropes, straight and coiled, or like pulled and twisted candy. Again, it is sometimes like dough being kneaded, or like mammoth modelling in black clay.

[A fortunate turn in the flow of lava, a few days after the above was written, saved Hilo from the threatened destruction. Since then the eruption has nearly ceased.]

The Last of the Geysers.

The geysers of Iceland are dying out, like thousands of others whose remains are scattered around the field on which they are now active, writes a correspondent from Iceland. To-day there are but two geysers, unless you dignify the dozen of little bubbling springs that struggle up through the brick-colored mud in the neighborhood. The region about the geysers is like an immense poultice, and viewed comprehensively, looks like a bad case of small-pox. Eruptions, great and small, pit and scar the whole surface. In some places the ground is baked hard, and in close vicinity to the great springs is covered with a viterous coating like earthenware; in other places it is boggy and soft enough to sink waist deep in. I have said that the old stories about the geysers may have been true when written, for the guides and natives inform me that within their recollection the spouting has grown less frequent year by year, and I have not heard of anyone who has witnessed the great geyser active this season. At all events, I did not see it. From the pit or basin of the great geyser clouds of vapor are forever rising, and you can see them miles away as they float off in great banks driven by the wind. The crater of the geyser is shaped exactly like a saucer, and in the center is the orifice out of which, when the thing is active, the water spouts up as high as eighty feet, they say. You can look down into it and see the water simmering, seeming to be every moment ready to leap into the air as it pulses up and down in the flue. By a wise provision of nature things are so regulated here that those who go to see the great geyser are not entirely disappointed. The smaller geyser, called by the natives "strokr" (the churn), can be made to vomit at pleasure. All that is necessary is to gather a few lumps of mud and turf that luxuriates around the outer rim of the basins and throw them down into the strokr's flue. As soon as they are down he begins to grumble and give signs of uneasiness, and he grunts and groans in dire discomfort. He seems to make an effort to digest the stuff, and then finally gives it up in disgust, throwing the sods and turf up into the air, expending a great volume of steam and water in the effort. When the dose is particularly nauseating he throws up a column thirty feet high, and, after you have seen this, all you have to do is to give Pegasus rein and you can say you have seen the great geyser. A few feet, more or less, in the matter of height, does not in the least impair the story of any traveler, and hence it happens that so many people have seen the great geyser.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Filling Little Pitchers.

Let us, then, keep in mind our proverb, "Little pitchers have narrow necks," and ask, How are they to be filled? How fast? How far? With what? First of all, how fast? That depends entirely upon the capacity of the vessel—the natural ability of the child's mind; and there are not two of them alike. Very rapid pitcher-filling is, for instance, to be found in the "Life of John Stuart Mill." As a young child he had an amazing aptitude for serious learning, and his father had an equally amazing determination that he should learn. The boy passed direct from babyhood to student life; he seems to have tumbled out of the cradle into the classics. "I have no remembrance," he wrote, "of the time when I began to learn Greek; I have been told that it was when I was three years old." He began Latin in his eighth year, having read by that time a host of Greek authors, some of which he avows it was impossible to understand. As to English reading, at that mature age he had already gone through a whole historical library, including Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, some volumes of Rollin, Barnet, Watson, and Hooke, Millar's Historical View of the English Government; and much more. But was he a child at all? And who could have chatted and played with a seven-year-old wiseacre? Five-year-old scholars of a very different sort are to be found peopling the little ones' gallery in any of the boarding schools. Compulsory education snatches these pinafored mites from their mud-pies and doorstep convocations. There is a [illegible] rough, a hard kindness, in thus gathering them in out of the city by-streets, or placing them for the best hours of the day in airy rooms and by warm winter fires, in exchange for their greater freedom in the foul air of close, unhealthy rooms with cheerless hearths in winter. But how the new regimen and the awful heights of infantile study must stagger the courage of these wee scholars. Think of the whole alphabet rushing upon them all at once, a confusion of hieroglyphics and of disconnected sounds, with the future prospect of being expected to decipher pages where the letters seem to unaccustomed eyes too small and close to be rightly seen. How little children ever learn to read, is one of the greatest mysteries in the world, as the almost natural familiarity of deciphering not letters but the sequence of ideas at a glance, is one of its grandest wonders. Pity the five-year-old scholars, then, in their stupendous difficulties and don't keep their quick-silver spirits too quiet, or hurry their lessons too fast. Let them sing their tables and refresh them with the blithe ballad of the Cock-sparrow, before passing on to give them their first lesson in the great art of putting two and two together.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Shrewdness That Saved a Newspaper.

The recent suspension for six months of the *Golos*, writes a correspondent at St. Petersburg, would have brought a loss of no less than 170,000 rubles to its unfortunate editor, but, happily, precautionary measures had been taken in time, and the authorities have been completely tricked. Soon after the return of General Ernroth from his mission in Bulgaria, one or two articles appeared in the *Golos* exposing, in cautious and moderate language, the absurdity of shedding Russian blood for the sake of making Bulgaria free only to hand her over a few months later to the despotic rule of a Battenberg. Of course, the General was angry, and thanks to the influence he enjoys in high places, easily secured the suppression of the paper, and, when he had no longer occasion to fear being answered, published a lillibustering letter, in which he accused the *Golos* of circulating "impudent and unfounded lies." But for once the bellicose General had reckoned without his host, and the man of the pen proved more cunning than the man of the sword. Among the contributors to the *Golos*, Professor Modestoff has long occupied a high and honorable place, and some months ago he obtained the necessary permission to establish a daily political paper. The permission, it is generally reported, was applied for in consequence of a fear that before long the *Golos* might get into trouble, and, therefore, no immediate steps were taken to start the new journal. But when the blow fell Professor Modestoff was ready, and within two days of the suspension the first number of the *New Gazette* was published. In form, type, political opinions, everything save the name, it is an exact reproduction of the defunct paper, and is even printed in the same office. All St. Petersburg is laughing at the sly trick, which, for sharp boldness, reminds us of Alphonse Karr, who, when his paper, *La Guepe*, was suppressed, continued to publish it without any title at all.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Lead Poisoning from the Use of Cosmetics.

At the recent meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society, Dr. Holland called attention to the fact that there are certain distinctions, though rather vague symptoms of lead-poisoning which precede the more marked symptoms of wrist-drops, colic, and lead-line, and which, when more carefully studied, would suffice to lead to an earlier diagnosis. These symptoms he describes as headache, vertigo, slight colicky pain, and constipation. He then gave notes of the case of a woman who, two years ago, began the use of flake-white powder as a cosmetic. After exhibiting the symptoms already mentioned, she had an attack of melancholia of a month's duration; afterwards of plumbum—double wrist-drop and the blue line on the gums—were abruptly presented. He related in detail several similar cases, illustrating the essential points deduced from the paper; that lead may be introduced into the system to the extent of its toxic effects when applied on the skin in the form of powder and lotions, and that the most popular beautifying sometimes contain lead. The results of the chemical analysis of various popular cosmetics were given in detail.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

—In 1880 Iowa expended for school purposes $6,621,248, more in proportion to its population than any State in the Union.

Catching a Tartar.

"This is a glorious spot," said a rather doubtful looking personage to a very hay-seedy countryman. The pair were standing on the sands at Rockaway, and the countryman had only recently been joined by the doubtful party.

"Yes, it is a kind'er fine," said the countryman.

"You are a stranger here, I should judge," said the doubtful party.

"Wall, yes, I be," said the countryman.

"Going to stay long?" asked the doubtful party.

"Wall that depends," said the countryman. "You see I came on here with stock, and I thought I might just see a little o' your sights as not, long's I was here."

"Cattle dealer, I suppose?" said the doubtful party.

"Yes, that's about my line," said the countryman.

"Nothing like a little pleasure now and then with business," said the doubtful one.

"No, them's my views," said the countryman.

"Suppose we do the day together," said the doubtful one, taking the countryman's arm. "I know this place like a book, and it's no more than right to show a stranger around."

"Don't care if I do. Was feeling a little lonesome like. Where'll we go, stranger?" asked the countryman.

"Well, we might as well commence with a drop of something. How does a drink strike you?"

"Never object to takin' a drink. Can't do it out our way—good as your life is worth," and they indulged in a drink at the doubtful one's expense.

"How about lunch?" said the doubtful one.

"Wall, that hits me pretty near the spot. Hain't had nothing to speak of 'cept a sandwitch since six o'clock this mornin'," and they seated themselves at a table in the large hotel. The doubtful one threw the bill of fare at the countryman and invited him to order anything he wished.

"Wall, I don't care if I have a chowder to start on," said the countryman.

"Take something to drink with it. Here, waiter, bring us two chowders and a couple of bottles of beer," said the doubtful one. After finishing the chowder the countryman ordered spring chicken, lobster salad, and one or two other expensive dishes. As he tucked the savory dishes away he complained now and then of his lack of appetite. "You see, stranger" he said, "I got kinder shook up like on the kars and it's clean broke me up for eatin'. When I'm hum these lixins wouldn't be nothin' for me. Here, waiter, bring me some roast beef and Saratoga potatoes and let's have some more beer. I feel kind o'dry like. You don't seem to be eatin' very hearty, stranger?"

The doubtful one had indeed lost his appetite, and was growing very nervous, and inwardly asking "when the fresh was going to let up?"

"I hearn tell o' your wines down here, stranger," said the countryman, leaning back and picking his teeth, after having finished six separate courses. "Suppose we try a bottle of something high-toned. Waiter, bring in a bottle—what shall it be, stranger?"

A wild, earnest look came into the eyes of the doubtful one. He made a movement to get up from the table, but the waiter was at his side in an instant with the check. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket for a moment and then said:

"Awful sorry to trouble you, my friend, but one doesn't like to give these waiters a large bill. I haven't anything less than a twenty. If you will just settle for the lunch we'll get the bill changed, and I'll fix it with you."

"Now, that's starnashun unlucky," said the countryman. "But I hain't got the cost o' even the chowder in my clothes. You see, I left all my money at the hotel, and——"

The doubtful one here interrupted him with an exclamation not used in polite society, paid the bill, and left.

"Well, these city chaps have queer ways," mused the countryman, as he sauntered off toward the boat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Story of a Hundred Dollar Bill.

A distinguished statesman forty years ago was on a visit to Baltimore, and he gave to a colored girl while here what he supposed to be at the time a one dollar bill. The next morning the girl went to a grocery store, and after making a few trifling purchases, gave the bill in payment, under the supposition that it was a dollar. The proprietor of the store, a highly-esteemed citizen of Baltimore, noticed with great surprise that it was for a hundred dollars, and he supposed at once that the woman had stolen it. Ascertaining the delusion she was under, he informed her of the true character of the note, and told her he would detain it until the owner was found. The girl told how she had received it, persisted that it had not been stolen, and assented to the gentleman retaining it until the owner was found. He advertised the bill, and the statesman, in answer, called to say that the girl's story was true, and that as her honesty had been suspected she should keep the bill. He then departed to the scene of his daily triumphs, and in the acquisition of a great fame perhaps forgot the incident. The grocery merchant retained the note, in expectation of the girl returning, but she never called for it, it is supposed being frightened and fearing being charged with its theft. He deposited it at interest. Years rolled on and she married, bore children and died, and a few years ago a son applied to the merchant for the note and the interest, which now amounted to a large sum of money. This amount the custodians of the fund paid into one of our city courts, in order that the court should decide whether or not the claimant was entitled to it. The court sustained the claim, and the money was paid to the heir, and thus ends the true story of a hundred dollar bill.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

—The English Bible and Prayer Union has enrolled 124,731 members. It includes members from America, Asia and Africa.

—Long necks are to be the fashion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—New Zealand has a fifty dollar poll tax on Chinese, and New South Wales is going to imitate her.

—The wife of Mr. G. Chevalier, of l'Assomption County, Canada, has presented him with his twenty-fifth child.

—Five car-loads of dromedaries were recently shipped from Texas to Arizona, to be used in transporting United States mails.

—Six thousand dollars in a single day is reported as having been picked from pockets of people reading street bulletins in Washington.

—On the body of an outcast woman who drowned herself at Detroit was found a gold medal, which she had received for remarkable scholarship on graduation at an academy.

—Highwayman in California tried to wreck a train the other day, for the purpose of capturing Millionaire Fair, who they expected to hold as a hostage until a heavy ransom should be paid.

—Miss Schaffer, a young lady residing in Elmira, N. Y., who took the $200 prize at Brockport recently for being the handsomest woman in the State, has gone crazy. Her insanity is the result of too much notoriety on a weak mind.

—Moroceo has been suffering from a heat that is described as all but insupportable. It was so great that the fast of the Ramadan could not be kept, and, in the last, removal of the Sultan's camp over 200 camels perished of excessive heat.

—In Nevada the cattle-owners mark, kill their critters by numerous brands, and the loss in the value of hides, by so much branding, is estimated at $100,000 a year. An old brand spoils a hide four-bits' worth and a new one one dollar. Some bands of cattle are so much marked as to make their hides worthless.

—General J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, has became wealthy since he left the United States Senate. His good fortune came through the sale of coal lands in Alabama, for which he and his two brothers and Governor Colquitt received $700,000, together with $1,000,000 in stock of the Richmond and Danville Extension Company.

—Brother Knowiden's polygamy is of a kind that even Mormons do not approve. He has a wife in each of seven Utah towns, so that in his travels he is provided with convenient lodgings free of cost, for he lets the wives support themselves. One of them became so poor that she nearly starved to death, and Knowiden was mobbed the next time he visited her.

—An aged farmer in Turner, Me., disagreed with a neighbor about a boundary line fifty years ago, and on a certain rock that marked it, as he claimed, he solemnly placed his well-worn family bible, covered it with a flat stone, and charged his descendants to let it lie there forever. It has not been touched since then until a few days ago, when a sacrilegious man from Auburn lifted up the stone and found the old book still well preserved.

—It is said that President Garfield, walking with Colonel Rockwell on the beach near Elberon, just before the shooting, said: "Now, is it not strange, and is it not a striking commentary on the protection and security afforded by free institutions, that the President of the United States can go about in this way, practically unattended, and without a body guard, and without the paraphernalia that encompasses other rulers. I am as secure in traveling this way as any other citizen of the country."

—The people of Sutro, Nev., have a good thing in the large artificial lake near the town. About five million gallons of hot water flow into it daily from the tunnel, thus keeping the temperature at all seasons just right for bathing purposes. By analysis it is found that the water flowing from the great ore channel of the Comstock contains both gold and silver in solution, therefore people bathing in this lake absorb more or less of the precious metals. Thus a poor man may in a few months become a regular bonanza in himself, assaying high in the hundreds.

—Few people know that in bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. A specimen of honey from Trebizond, gathered from the *rhododendron pontieum*, which is common in that neighborhood, was sent in 1834 by Mr. Keith E. Abbott, to the Zoological Society of London, and in 1859 it still retained its poisonous qualities. In 1790 a great many people in Philadelphia died from eating honey gathered from the flowers of the *kalmio latifolia*. In good seasons the bees avoid poisonous plants.

—Reports of trouble in the armies of Germany and Austria, caused by the cruelty of the subordinate officers toward the private soldiery, continue to be heard, notwithstanding the efforts made by the higher military officials to put an end to the barbarities. On the 28th of July a corporal was shot in Vienna by a private who entered the service some months ago, having previously been a tailor's apprentice. This man had been ordered by the corporal to report to him in full dress uniform during the evening. Instead of doing so he put a bullet into him. He said, on being arrested, that he had been abused by the man he had slain, and that he had made up his mind to kill four of his officers and then to shoot himself.

—Many a momentous battle has been fought in the world's history where the casualties were no greater than are the calamities in the streets of London every year. During 1880, 137 persons were killed in that metropolis by vehicles and 3,330 other persons were maimed or otherwise injured. This is one casualty per thousand inhabitants, or very nearly the same rate as the average of casualties on the battlefield during a protracted war bear to the entire nation. Supposing, therefore, that the London figures on this point are a fair index to what takes place in other large cities, the street accidents of a quarter of a century considerably exceed in number the losses in battle during the same period.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART.

She seemed in your boyhood as pure and fair
As a snow-flake floating adown the air,
And every time you passed her
You hung your head as you hurried by,
It made you tremble and brave her high:
In the tender gaze of her azure eye
Your kind young heart beat faster.

Her voice was musical to your ear,
Her joyous laughter you loved to hear,
And while you looked, and listened,
You saw her beautiful golden curls,
The envy of all the other girls,
Her cheeks were red, and the teeth like pearls
That in her sweet mouth glistened.

In the district school-room you loved to look
At her fair young face; o'er your thumb-worn book,
How sweet and good you thought her;
When the teacher turned in check awhile,
It made you happy to see her smile
As you slyly handed across the aisle
The apple you had brought her.

She said she loved you; you proudly smiled,
And even fancied, though but a child,
You could not live without her.
Timid and few were the words you said
As you strolled her home upon your sled;
You ate your supper and went to bed,
And dreamed all night about her.

You, blushing, kissed her as she went by
When the boys and girls played "needles eye"
At Parson Green's donation;
And when, soon after upon the stairs,
You saw her flirting with Isaac Ayres—
You wished he'd "tend to his own affairs"—
You felt a sad sensation.

You grew to manhood and left the town;
She married a farmer and settled down:
Your lives were never blended.
You toiled and struggled for wealth and fame,
And both of those worldly blessings came,
And after many a fleeting flame
Your youthful dreams were ended.

You married, at last, a worldly wife,
The changes came in your busy life
That left their sober traces.
Then children clambered about your chair,
And weren't you happy to have them there?
No other children seemed half as fair,
You smiled at their glad faces.

Your form is bent and your hair is gray,
Your little sweetheart has passed away;
'Tis years since last you parted—
For time has changed you. The years have fled;
The other day when you slowly read
In your morning paper she was "dead,"
With sad surprise you started.

You dropped the paper upon the floor,
You wandered again by the river's shore
In the midst of memory's wildwood—
How few there are in this world of ours,
Who marry the love of their boyhood's hours,
Yet where in this world bloom brighter flowers
Than blossoms that bloomed in childhood?

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE "LUCKY SIXPENCE."

The great steamer had just discharged her living freight at Castle Garden, and the throng of weary travelers—home-sick, alas! many of them already—pushed their way through the Battery Park toward the great city, the roar of whose streets sounded around them like the rumbling threatenings of the sea they had just left.

One little group stood apart from the crowd, waiting till the hurry and loud-voiced excitement should be over. A woman with a baby in her arms, and two little boys clinging to her skirts, and a man pushing before him a small two-wheeled cart, in which sat a little pale-faced girl, whose thin hands gathered closely about her the faded red shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Well, Lisbeth?" said the man, presently.

"Wait a bit, John," Lisbeth said, quietly, shifting the baby to her other arm.

Just then a dapper little man approached them, note-book and pencil in hand.

"Ah! my fine fellow! good morning! Fine morning this?"

"Ay, sur, varry, thank ye kindly, sur," and the man pulled his forelock in token of respect.

"I'm a reporter," went on the dapper little man, "and I'm going round to get statistics for my article on immigration."

"A wot?" ejaculated the man. "Beg pardon, sur, I see. You're goin' round wi' a paper. It does yer heart credit, sur; an' I'd give willin'ly so bein' I'd anythin' to give. They called 'em 'scriptions, sur, at home; an' w'en I've a shillin' for them as is poorer than me, why yer welcome to it, but now——"

"No, no, man! I don't want money; it's information I want about yourself and your family. What's your name?"

"My name's John Dixon, sur, an' my family was allus respectable, my grand'ther was——"

"O! there, there," said the reporter, waving his pencil impatiently. "I didn't mean that. Is this your wife?"

"Deed she is, sur; our banns was cried three times this month twelve year ago, an——"

"Yes, yes, my good fellow, and these are your children, all of 'em, eh?"

"Ay, sur, all born mine, I'm not so rich I could start a h'orphan asylum, sur."

The reporter grinned.

"Well, why did you leave England? You are English?"

"Ay' sur, I'm English; well, I left cos I couldn't stay, times was that bad."

"And you are going—where?" and the reporter paused pencil in hand.

"That's wot I'd like some un to tell me," and John Dixon scratched his head dubiously. "If I could get a roof to put them little heads under to-night, I'd be a thankful man."

"O! I can find you a roof. Now let's see, four children, one a cripple."

"Ay, sur, one a cripple," and John Dixon bent fondly over the little girl in the cart, smoothing the wavy hair away from her blue eyes; "an' our eldest, and we wouldn't part wi' her, no, not fur all the gold sovereigns we could carry, would we?" and he looked round the little group sure of his answer.

"No, no, my blessing." And the mother stroked the little head softly, while the boys flung themselves on her with eager embraces.

The reporter bit the top of his pencil meditatively, "Hmm! yes, very proper;" then he beckoned to a friendly-looking policeman who was strolling towards them.

"Here, my friend, can you direct this man to some place near, where he can find a lodging?"

"Just a couple o' rooms where we can bide, till I look round a bit," explained John Dixon, ducking his head respectfully.

"All right, come along," and the friendly policeman smiled to little Janey sitting pale and quiet in her cart.

"Little girl looks thin," he said, presently.

"She's never very strong, our Janey isn't," and the mother looked anxiously down to meet the tender, loving smile of her little daughter.

"Voyage pretty hard on her too, daresay," said the policeman, stooping to ease the little cart over the crossing.

"There, my friend," he said, turning to John Dixon, "third house to the left, I think you'll be sure to get lodging there. I know the man, he'll do as well by you as any."

"Thank ye kindly, sur," said John Dixon, gratefully. "It's a bit strange comin' to a new land all not knowin' where to turn."

"Whatever did you come for then?" muttered the policeman to himself; then aloud, "That's all right, I'll may be see you again; this is on my beat," and, with a friendly nod to Janey, he turned away.

Tired, almost discouraged, Mrs. Dixon set speedily to work to clean the two dusty, grimy little rooms, they were to call home for the present, while John and one of the boys went out in search of the few articles of furniture they needed, and something to eat.

Little Janey, holding the baby on her lap, sat looking on wistfully. "Poor mother, I wish I could help."

"You do help, my lass, the mother said heartily; "see just how quiet you've kept baby all this time, so I can clean up a bit."

Janey smiled brightly.

"Whenever he frets I show him my 'lucky sixpence,' an' then he laughs," and Janey dangled the coin before the baby's eyes.

The "lucky sixpence"—that is, a sixpence with a hole in it—was hung round Jancy's neck by a strong, but much-faded blue silk cord, and was the child's one great treasure. It was the only thing she possessed of her very own, except her little two-wheeled cart, and she could not very well hang that round her neck, or go to sleep holding it in her hand.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Dixon, stopping her work a minute to wipe her heated face with her apron, "it's many a year since Master Fred o' the Home Farm gled you that 'lucky sixpence,' Janey. It was jist before he left for 'Meriky, I mind, and he'd stopped to wish us good-bye. You wur a little thing, playin' round the floor, not so old by two year as Jimmie there," pointing to the four-year-old youngster who was making himself perfectly happy in a corner of the room with two old wooden clothes-pins he had found.

"I wonder what's come o' Master Fred," Mrs. Dixon went on, scrubbing away again; "he couldn't hit it off very well wi' his uncle at the farm, so he come to 'Meriky, an' that put it into yer father's head, worse luck."

And she sighed a little as she glanced round the cheerless room, but she brightened up a little when she heard her husband's foot on the stair, and when the table and chairs were put in their places, and the kettle boiled on the little charcoal furnace John Dixon had bought, quite a cheerful little party sat down to supper.

"We've got a little mouey, Lisbeth," said John Dixon to his wife that night, when the children were asleep, "and I've got a stout heart an' a stout arm, an' it'll be queer enow if in all this big town there isn't some job as wants to be done as I can get."

"But you'd like farm-work best, John; you're used to that."

"Ay, ay, lass, but 'Beggars mustn't be choosers;' not that we're beggars yet, my lass," and he gave her a sounding kiss.

John Dixon was strong and willing, but day after day passed, and still he searched in vain for work. Once in a while an odd job fell in his way, but no steady employment, and faster and faster his little hoard of savings melted away.

"Ay, lass, it's not far a shillin' goes here," he said one day, with a sigh, coming in from the grocer's where he had been to lay in their slender provision for the coming Sunday.

Mrs. Dixon shook her head, and a tear or two fell on the jacket she was mending. She had grown pale and thin, and the little faces of the children had a sharp, hungry look which almost broke her heart to see.

That night little Janey awoke sobbing heavily.

"What is it, lass?" and her mother, roused by the sound, bent over her.

"I thought Jimmie had brought me a cowslip-ball," sobbed Janey. "O mother, mother, I wish we were home!"

A "cowslip-ball!" Their thoughts flew back to the little green lane, a stone's throw from their humble cottage-door, where between green hedge-rows primroses lurked and yellow cowslips nodded their golden heads. Mrs. Dixon dropped her face beside Janey's and in her heart echoed the child's homesick cry. "O, I wish we were home!"

Sunday passed, Monday, Tuesday and still no work. Jimmie was crying over the last of his scanty breakfast being done and Sam was choking down a sob over his crust.

Janey, pale and quiet, sat hushing the baby in her arms, while the poor mother looked at the little group dry-eyed and despairing.

John Dixon threw himself into a chair with a groan.

"It's no use, Lisbeth," he said, huskily. "I can't get work, I'm a stranger, ye see. What good is these arms?" and he thrust out his brawny fists. "If I can't use 'em? The young uns want bread, an' there isn't a sixpence in the house."

Then his glance fell on the "lucky sixpence" Janey was swinging before the baby, but he quickly turned his eyes away again.

Janey saw the look, however, and by-and-by she drew her mother down beside her.

"Mother," she whispered softly, "would this buy bread?" touching her cherished coin.

"Yes, dear; it's as good as any," Mrs. Dixon answered, absently.

"Then take it, mother dear," Janey said hurriedly, the tears starting to her eyes. "Take it and get some bread; quick, before father comes back."

"Your 'lucky sixpence,' child!" cried her mother. "No, no, Janey, not that. We'll do somehow. Why, I've allus thought mebbe we'd see Master Fred some day, and then you'd hold it up an say, 'Here's the "lucky sixpence" you give me long ago, Master Fred, an' I've never forgot you, never.' Why, Janey, you've allus thought so much of it, you couldn't surely part wi' it now."

Janey's lip trembled.

"I could for you, mother."

Mrs. Dixon caught her in her arms.

"No, no, my little lass, I won't do that. Please God, yer father will get work to-day."

But day after day began in hope to end only in disappointment. The city seemed full of men wanting work, and if there was any hope in the future for poor John Dixon he never seemed able to catch up to it, and the present, with its poverty and sorrow, seemed to shut him in like a black cloud.

The few articles that could be spared found their way to the pawnbroker's, and Mrs. Dixon, who had got some washing given her to do had to give it up, for the baby was taken sick and moaned and wailed dismally whenever she put it out of her arms.

"No bread i' the house an' no mouey to buy any. We've come to that, lass," groaned John Dixon one day, covering his face with his hands, while his wife tried to quiet little Jimmie, who was begging for something to eat, Janey slipped out of her chair and crossed the room slowly to where her father was sitting, gazing gloomily at the floor.

"Father!" she whispered, leaning on her crutch, and putting the other arm softly round his neck—"Father, will you take me out awhile? See how bright the sun shines."

"Out, Janey?" he said, gently. "Well, lass, get yer bonnet; draggin' your little cart isn't hard work, but it's doin' somethin'."

Mrs. Dixon gave Janey a grateful look. Janey, who could always win a smile from her father, no matter how vexed and gloomy he was. And he had been so unlike himself for days now, that his wife welcomed the thought of his going out with his little lame daughter, knowing he would come back more cheerful.

"Father," said Janey, as they left the door, "do you know why I wanted to come out?"

"No, lass, mebby 'cause you wanted to see the shops, eh?" and he smiled kindly at her.

Janey shook her head.

I want to go *into* a shop though, for, father, listen," and the tears started to her eyes: "I'm going to buy somethin' wi' my 'lucky sixpence.'"

John Dixon stopped short.

"To buy somethin' wi' your 'lucky sixpence,' Janey?"

"Ay, father," Janey answered, bravely. "I wanted mother to take it an' she wouldn't, so I am goin' to do it myself. It'll get a big loaf, an' mebbe a drop o' milk for baby."

John Dixon drew his hand across his eyes. "Janey, little lass," he began, huskily, but Janey stopped him, with a tremulous smile.

"An' you'll take me to the big shop, father, what we saw one day, wi' all the little cakes piled up in the winder? I've allers been wantin' ever so to go into it, an' now you see I can"—with a dreary attempt at cheerfulness—"cos I've got somethin' to buy. You'll take me, father?"

John Dixon nodded, and then they went on silently, Janey holding her treasure clasped tightly in one little thin hand, and furtively wiping away the fast-falling tears with her faded red shawl.

Happy children, who have everything they can desire, may think the loss of an old sixpence with a hole in it, very little to cry over, but it was Janey's *all*. It had been her plaything from baby-hood, and she was never tired of hearing about "Master Fred," who had given it to her "jest afore he went to 'Merikv." And now she was going to part with her one treasure! She put her lips to it softly, and now the tears came so fast, there was really no use in wiping them away.

When they reached the "big shop" of Janey's admiration, however, she had dried her eyes, and was ready with a wistful little smile when her father turned to her.

"Are you *sure*, Janey, 'bout this?" he asked, gravely.

Janey gave a decided nod.

"Then go in, lass, by yourself," he said, hoarsely, "I'll wait outside. I couldn't abear to see you givin' it for the victuals I a'n't able to get for ye."

Then he set Janey softly inside and closed the door.

There was quite a crowd of people standing round the counters, and Janey grew very tired standing and leaning on her crutch awaiting her turn. A gentleman near noticed the pallor on the little thin face, and quietly bringing a stool, lifted her up on it.

He smiled at her shy, half-frightened "Thank ye, sur," as she gave him a grateful look.

"What are you waiting for, little woman," he asked, pleasantly.

"Some bread sur," Janey half whispered, opening her hand and showing the tightly-held coin.

"A 'lucky sixpence!'" exclaimed the stranger, looking curiously at her; "why, I would'nt spend that if I were you."

Tears rushed to Janey's eyes.

"I wouldn't neither, sur, only father can't get any work. I've had it, oh, ever so long!" she went on, encouraged by the sympathy she saw in his face, "ever since Master Fred went to 'Merky."

"Master Fred!" said the stranger, starting.

"Yes, sur, do you know him?" asked Janey, simply.

"I've seen him, I think," he answered smiling. "Was his other name Thorndike?"

Janey nodded, then, as he turned away a moment, she touched his sleeve timidly.

"O, please, sur, if you ever see Master Fred, will you tell him, sur, it wasn't 'cos we'd forgot him, but 'cos father hadn't work—John Dixon, tell him, sur, an', he'll know—an' 'cos baby was sick an' the children starvin', so I *had* to take the 'lucky sixpence' he give me, to buy somethin' to eat."

"I'll tell him," said the stranger, quietly. "And look here, little woman, I'll give you this bright, new quarter-dollar for your sixpence; and then you can get a loaf of bread and a little tea and sugar for your mother, too."

Janey looked up wonderingly.

"O sur, how'd you know? Mother hasn't had any tea for most two weeks."

Then she began with trembling fingers to untie the knot in the old, faded silk cord.

The stranger watched her with a tremulous smile on his lips, taking the coin which she presently placed in his hand with an almost tender touch. Then he went and got Janey's loaf for her, and lifted her off the stool.

"Thank you kindly, sur."

Two great tears splashed heavily down as Janey took her parcel, but she managed to smile at her father as he put her into her little cart.

She told him of the gentleman who had given her the silver quarter, but said nothing of her message to "Master Fred." "Father might feel bad," the wise little woman said to herself.

Then there was her shopping to do. The tiny packets of tea and sugar to get, and the "drop o' milk for baby," and altogether Janey was in quite a glow of excitement when they reached home again. The boys' cries of delight and her mother's wonder when she put the tea and sugar in her hand, filled the little loving heart with happiness.

"But, dearie, you'll miss it sore," whispered Mrs. Dixon.

Janey's face flushed, then she touched the old silk cord.

"I have this yet, mother, an' sometimes I'll mebbe forget it's gone."

"Bless you, my lamb," said the mother fondly, as she stroked the little tan hands, [illegible] that the boys could "see the bread ourselves" as the poor little chaps said.

The had each been provided with a slice, and Janey, with a sob of happiness in her throat, was feeding baby with some spoonfuls of warmed milk, when a quick knock came at the door.

"Preserve us! who's that?" cried Mrs. Dixon, with a frightened look.

"There's naught to be feared on, lass," said her husband, sturdily. "Come in!"

The door opened and—

"It's the gentleman as was good to me!" said Janey, with a little astonished gasp.

The stranger came forward smiling and holding out his hand.

"It's—" said John Dixon, stumbling to his feet.

"It's Master Fred!" cried Mrs. Dixon, throwing her apron over head, and beginnig to sob.

"Well, my good woman, don't cry about it," said "Master Fred," laughing and patting her shoulder.

Such exclamations and explanations followed! They had to tell all about the people at home, and then "Master Fred" had to tell all about his big farm "out West" and his horses and cows, and then bit by bit the story of John Dixon's unavailing search for work was told.

"How lucky," cried "Master Fred," while poor John Dixon looked up in surprise. "I've just been wanting a man like you, to take charge of the young beasts I'm raising for market, and there's a small house on the place will do just for you, so if you like it, the job's yours."

Of course, John Dixon "liked it," and said so, warmly.

"All right," "Master Fred" rattled on. "Can you start day after to-morrow, Mrs. Dixon? I leave for home then, and you can stay with us till your own house is ready. My wife will be as pleased to have you as I will. Yes," he went on, laughing, "I have a wife, Mrs. Dixon, a dear little girl not much taller than Janey there."

At which they all laughed again. You see they were so happy it didn't take much to make them laugh.

"O, by the way," said "Master Fred," "can you let me have supper with you to-night, Mrs. Dixon? I brought my picnic basket along, and we'll have a real old-fashioned supper of ham and eggs. Bless the woman, what is she crying about now!"

"O, Master Fred," sobbed Mrs. Dixon, catching his hand, "it's 'cos I'm so happy, an' 'cos it seems like a bit o' home to see you again."

"Master Fred" gave her hand a hearty shake and then brought a big market basket in from the hall. "Now, Mrs. Dixon, please get supper, and I'm going over to talk to Janey, to try and forget how hungry I am."

Janey looked up with a happy smile.

"Now, little woman, can you guess what I've been doing since I saw you?"

Janey shook her head.

"You can't guess, eh? Well, then, I'll have to tell you. I've been getting a little present for the best and dearest little girl I know. Would you like to see it?"

"Please, sur," said Janey, shyly.

"Shut your eyes first, then."

Janey shut them up tight.

"Master Fred" then took a little packet from his pocket and opened it. "Now look."

Janey opened her eyes quickly, and there lying in her lap was a pretty gold chain, with her own "lucky sixpence" hanging from it.

"For you, dear child," said "Master Fred," kissing her thin cheek.

When "Master Fred" went back to his hotel he left happy hearts behind him in the little room.

"Master Fred said I could drive the cows!" said Sam, delightedly.

"Me, too," chimed in little Jimmie.

"See, mother, baby's laughing," said Janey, laying her cheek against the little head.

"Sure God's been good to us," said the mother, reverently. "It's 'mazin' strange, Master Fred findin' us to-day, just when things looked so bad."

"And to think," said John Dixon, drawing his little daughter close to him, "its all come, with God's blessing, through Janey and her 'lucky sixpence.'"

—According to the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture it appears that 7,600,000 persons in the United States are engaged in agricultural pursuits. The total value of farms and farm implements is $13,461,200,433, or two-thirds of the productive wealth of the Nation. The value of farm products, and live stock in 1878 was $3,000,000,000, against $2,800,000,000 of mining and manufacturing products. Thus it appears that not only a majority of the adult male population of the United States is engaged in agriculture, but more than one-half the wealth of the Union is invested in that industry. There are also 2,900,000 persons engaged in mining and manufacturing, whose interests are closely allied with those of the agriculturist.

For Young Readers.

"COCK-A-DOODLE SMALL."

There lived a bantam rooster on a farm not far away,
So haughty and puffed up, as I have heard the neighbors say,
That from morning until evening he would strut the country round,
And crow aloud self-praises as he stepped along the ground:
"I'm Chanticleer Grandissimo, my pedigree is fine,
Oh, who can show as yellow claws or such a comb as mine?
Where some have one tail feather, I am proudly waving two,
And I have an extra doodle to my Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The other roosters in the barn-yard talked the matter o'er,
The little upstart really was becoming quite a bore.
At last a handsome game-cock volunteered to take the case;
"It's time," he said, "the creature should be taught to know his place;
It goes against the grain, my friends, to whip a thing so small,
But since it's for our peace of mind, why—duty first of all."
And hardly had these sentiments escaped the noble bird
Than up came little Bantie, with his haughty, scornful word.

The handsome game-cock's feathers glistened golden in the light;
Loud cried the tiny rooster, in his coat of snowy white,
"Just step aside and let your betters pass, I'll thank you, sirs!"
"We've all a right here," mild replied the owner of the spurs.
Oh, then the Bantam tipped round: "What's that I hear you say?"
Just then—

Above him stood the game-cock, like a giant in his might,
And round him all the other fowls rejoicing in his fright.

And while he still lay, giddy, with his dainty claws in air,
He was forced to hear a lecture from the other, then and there;
And, greatly to the credit of the silly little bird,
He changed his manner afterward and heeded every word.
"My name is Cock-a-doodle Small," he meekly learned to say,
He minded his own business, nor got in others' way.
So in our world we sometimes find Grandissimos, and all
Would do well to recall the fate of Cock-a-doodle Small.

—*C. L. Burnham, in Wide Awake.*

WHAT AILED JOHNNY.

"What has got into Johnny?" asked Grandmother Harding, as she sat down beside the stocking basket.

"Why, what do you notice about him?" asked her daughter, moving to and fro as she picked up the breakfast dishes.

"Oh, I don't know, except that he used to be such a little chatterbox, and now he skercely answers a body when you speak. Besides, ther's an anxious expression on his face, and he seems reading things in his bread and milk, and gits away from folks. My mind's oneasy."

"He's growing more of a boy, that's the reason, more quiet and thoughtful, I hope. I notice he often has a book in his hand."

"What sort of books?" asked grandma, who could recite whole pages of "Watts' Hymns," and had the old "New England Primer" at her tongue's end, besides being able to place any text in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, only give her time.

"Oh, good enough. I guess the boys lends 'em to him; brings home a stack at a time a'most. You can't be always running after a boy like Johnny. I'm rather glad he likes reading—keeps him out of the way, like."

Grandmother looked dubious.

"Depends on what he reads," she said, and went on with her darning—a pair of Johnny's red stockings out at knee as well as heel.

Meantime what had got into Johnny?

The brightest visions that were ever heard or read of. Grottos of pearl, mountains of gold, rocks of crystal, gateways of precious stones, the palaces of Kings, the romance and the glory of adventure. No wonder Johnny was lost in dreams; that he never heard when the baby cried, or his mother called him. No wonder he thought the old farm-house about the meanest, prosiest place; the same things over and over; cows to milk, shoes to brush, wood to split and school to attend, no matter what the weather was.

Gradually the desire to see these glorious things took possession of Johnny's mind. He stared at the fire longer than ever, and answered granny's questions with a vacant nod. He hardly knew that the baby was crying when that abused innocent demanded his services, and he upset and broke so much that his life was embittered by the scoldings and whippings he got from day to day.

"I ain't a-going to bear it," muttered Johnny. "I'll go off like Alexander Le Baron, who went away just my age with a bundle on a stick, and came back twenty years after with millions of money and made everybody he knew rich."

Johnny made up his mind at last, after a great deal of thinking, that he would leave home to seek his fortune. Most of the heroes in his books had started early to see the world; why shouldn't he?

Johnny's books were generally slyly put under his pillow, and were read at night as long as the candle, which he also concealed, would hold out. One of those, "The Bandit's Bride," was a great favorite, as it described caverns where treasures of gold and silver were hidden, and made the bloodthirsty hero a marvel of intelligence, a chief of great ability and an accomplished gentleman. This was the book that led him at last to the determination to seek his fortune. He had a ten-dollar gold piece that his uncle had given him, and which he had saved with the laudable desire of purchasing a house some day. He took no one in his confidence, though he did talk the matter over to his nearest neighbor, a charming, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little body of eight summers, putting himself in the third person.

"What should you think?" he would ask, "of a boy who should travel off, you know, and see awfully grand sights, and go to foreign places, and get rich, and come home and buy up lots of houses and marry somebody?"

And Bessy Lee, listening, entranced, said she thought it would be *splendid*, and never wearied of talking about the fabulous adventurer.

One morning nobody answered to the call of "Johnny! Johnny!" The cocks had done crowing, the cows were waiting to be milked, the baby had kicked his stockings off, and screamed till he was purple in his efforts to waken his lagging brother. There was no response from Johnny. His bed was found untouched, save by the "Bandit's Bride," which he had left on the pillow. The boy's best clothes were gone, and a note on the bureau read as follows:

"Gud-by, mutter, kreny, pa and the itahy. I hav konkluded to go away. When I cum back I shall ll growed a Manni and will bring you lots of munny. Kepe a gud heart. I mene to B a grate travellor.

"Yuros, Johnny."

His mother sat down and cried as if her heart would break for her pretty, curly-headed boy, but his father threw back his head and laughed.

"The young scoundrel!" he said. I wish I had known it. A good rope's ending would have set him all right. I didn't think the little fellow had so much grit in him. Now don't you worry, mother; he's got two hundred and seventy miles to walk to the nighest sea-port town."

"But he's got ten dollars," sobbed the mother.

"No, he ain't. I took that out and put a bogus piece in the box some time ago. I put it in the bank for him. So he'll find out 'fore long that that's no good."

"O, Lisha, how could you?" moaned Johnny's mother.

"I know—'twas kinder mean, but I never thought the lad would want to use it. Now don't you feel bad. Let the young man have the benefit of his experience. It'll do him good. No-body'll be hurt. Won't he be glad to git back again—that's all?"

Two days passed. Johnny's mother cried herself almost blind, but Johnny's father and the baby behaved like stoics. The baby contemplated its toes, when it was not crying, with an air of complacency. Johnny's father—nobody knew what he felt inwardly. But outwardly he was as calm as a summer lake, and never went further than the end of his own acres to see if the boy was coming back.

"He'll stop at his Aunt Sally's," he said to his wife, "and she'll send him home."

He was right. The third day a soiled and bedraggled specimen of boy forlornness came limping along the path that led to the farm-house. His mother saw him first, and, throwing the baby in granny's lap, just flew down the road.

There wasn't much said, but a good deal of hugging and kissing was going on when Johnny's father appeared on the scene.

"Well, sir, what you want to complete the cure is a good dogging," he said in his sternest voice, but his lips trembled, and there was something suspiciously like a tear standing in his eyes.

"Come here, you young rascal!" he called; and while the mother silently dried her eyes with the corner of her apron, he took the boy up and squeezed him a little.

Poor Johnny's head fell on his father's shoulder, and before they got to the house he was fast asleep.

When he awoke on the following morning in his own bed, never had he listened to sweeter music than the old familiar crow. It wasn't the least trouble to do all his chores. The baby behaved like an angel, and granny was all smiles. Little Bessy came to see him, nobody taunted him about his experience, and he came to the conclusion that home was about as good a place for a ten-year-old youngster as had thus far been invented.—*Youth's Companion.*

Familiar Quotations.

Grave Judges and others learned in the law have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that "come home to men's business and bosom," who lays down the axiom that "Knowledge is power;" and who utters that solemn warning to enamored Benedicts: "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "Corporations have no souls" and that "A man's house is his castle." The expression, "An accident of an accident," is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Baccaria. To Leviathan Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools." It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind; and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery. "With how little wisdom the world is governed." Mackintosh first used the phrase, "A wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad," is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is "abroad" in the sense of being absent, as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is "abroad" in the sense of being everywhere at work. In the familiar phrase, "A delusion, a mockery and a snare," there is a certain Biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Love Match, After All.

I have this moment received a private letter from an American lady in England, saying: "Yesterday I was at the Baroness Burdett-Bartlett-Coutts' at a very delightful garden party, but it rained, of course, as it always does at an English party, and we adjourned to the conservatory for the entertainment. I must tell you that the sandwiches contained nothing but butter and spiced tomatoes, and were delicious. The Baroness was clad in brown satin, with a profusion of white lace, and wore fewer jewels than some American women wear to breakfast. She looks every year her age, but her hair has not a thread of gray in it. I like her. As for her husband, he is, as the Boston girls say, 'too awfully nice for anything.' I do not wonder that the Baroness fell in love with him and married him, and that she is very proud of him. She looks radiantly happy, and evidently doesn't care a whit for the Queen's snub, which everybody has been talking about; and with so devoted and charming a husband, why should she?"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1881.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.

For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHEY,
HOWARD McKENZIE,
S. L. TOWNSHEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.

For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.

For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

Our Ticket.

We place at the head of our columns this week, with a great deal of pride and satisfaction, the ticket nominated Tuesday last. We have never known a ticket in the county which gave such general satisfaction, and especially is this the case with the nominees for the office of County Commissioners. Republicans believe it to be the strongest ticket ever brought before the people of the county, and Democrats admit that the chances for the election of any of their county ticket is less hopeful than at any time since the formation of the county. We shall speak more fully and individually of our ticket hereafter.

The last rites of the church were said over the remains of President Garfield in Cleveland Monday, and his remains were temporarily deposited in a vault. The city was crowded with people, who came to take a last view of the casket containing the remains. The funeral procession was very large and imposing. The Rev. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, delivered an eloquent address, and several clergymen took part in the exercises. In almost every city in the Union the bells were tolled, minute guns were fired and memorial service held. In England the observance of the day was almost general. Religious services were held in London, flags were at half-mast and many buildings were draped in mourning.

President Arthur has called an extra session of the Senate to meet on the 10th inst.

The President's life and death have made it easier for the nation to work out its destiny as the foremost agent of modern civilization—have made it easier for every American to be a useful, conscientious citizen. There can be no ironical whispering of the trees as they bend lovingly over his grave. Rather will the flowers that are planted there look up with hopeful eyes to tell the secret of immortality.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Good Queen Victoria has been most solicitous for the President and Mrs. Garfield since the shooting. Her deep sympathy has been cabled to Mrs. Garfield and she has caused a magnificent floral offering to be made in her name. The English Court is in mourning by the Queen's directions. Other nations have also been deeply moved by the President's death. Never before has there been such remarkable demonstrations of sympathy throughout Europe.

President Arthur's Address.

"For the fourth time in the history of the Republic its chief magistrate has been removed by death. All hearts are filled with grief and horror at the hideous crime which has darkened our land, and the memory of the murdered President, his protracted sufferings, his unyielding fortitude, the example and achievements of his life, and the pathods of his death, will forever illumine the pages of our history. For the fourth time the officer elected by the people and ordained by the Constitution to fill the vacancy so created is called to assume the executive chair. The wisdom of our fathers foreseeing even the most dire possibilities, made sure that the government should never be imperilled because of the uncertainty of human life. Men may die, but the fabrics of our free institutions remain unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and permanence of popular government than the fact that, though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed, without shock or strain, except the sorrow which mourns the bereavement. All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor made the acquaintances he made there. He told me that his relations with the members of the Cabinet were pleasant, and that he had passed the time very agreeably with the Secretary of State and his family, and that Mrs. Hunt, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and his wife friends, and there was a pleasant intimacy there. All his talk confirmed my favorable impressions of him, and I feel now that though it is a great responsibility, he is equal to it. He cannot fail to profit by the lessons which the fate of the three other vice presidents who became presidents teach."

In his admirable inaugural address President Garfield said: "The Nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, and the further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march." Politicians who wish to merit the good opinion and favor of the people will do well to take these words to heart. If the death of the beloved and trusted Chief Magistrate causes any delay in the onward march of the Nation, it will be because of the stirring up of old controversies which the verdict of the people has fully settled. Those who, for personal ends, seek to sow the wind of sectional or fractional strife will reap the whirlwind of popular indignation. The Nation bears its great grief with calmness and dignity. It will have little patience with any who would disturb its season of mourning with efforts to revive the bitterness of buried strife.

Speculations About the Cabinet.

Cabinet talk forms the burden of conversation in political circles in Washington, and all sorts of rumors are afloat. The quid nuncs have about settled on four members of the Cabinet who are sure to be retired. These are James, MacVeagh, Blaine and Hunt. The latter, it is held, is extremely obnoxious to Southern Republicans, and MacVeagh, it is said, is personally disliked by President Arthur. There is said to be good ground for believing that Blaine will insist upon his resignation (tendered in accordance with the usual custom on the occasion of a new president) being accepted. Mrs Blaine is reported as having told friends in Washington, before her departure with the funeral cortege, that such would be her husband's course. The expression is attributed to her that he would resign before the new president would be allowed to retire him. With regard to James, it is believed that he will retire from public life, to accept a responsible position in a banking concern in New York. Benj. Harris Brewster, of Philadelphia, is prominently mentioned as the successor to MacVeagh, though there are a great many who believe Arthur will appoint his friend, George Bliss, of New York. Among the late arrivals was ex-Secretary Boutwell. He is said to be laying the wires for the secretaryship of the Treasury. It does not seem probable that he will get it. The general opinion here is that Windom will be retained, to work out his present financial policy. A prominent New York politician, says that the business men of New York would unite in a protest to Arthur against Windom's removal if there was any indications that such was contemplated.

President Arthur's Policy.

[Thurlow Weed in New York Tribune.]

"About three weeks ago I had a long and frank conversation with General Arthur. I have known him a long time, and our friendship has been uninterrupted since he was on Governor Morgan's staff. There was, therefore, no restraint in our conversation, and it inspired me with confidence in his wisdom. While I hoped the President might be spared, I felt reconciled, so far as General Arthur was concerned. I think he will try to do what General Garfield would have done if he had lived. I think he will go to Washington with that intention. Nothing can be plainer than his duties in this regard and nothing more certain than that one course will transfer largely the confidence of the Republican party to him and make his administration popular, while any departure from it will break him and the Republican party down. I believe he is going to be a wise man and administer the goverment wisely and well, but if I should be disappointed in my expectations he will destroy the Republican party and himself. Everything is in his hands and I feel it is save to leave it there. The surest way for him to guard against mistakes is to act on his judgment. He has experience and knowledge enough to administer this government if he will but he guided by them and take up nobody's quarrels and nobody's ambitions. His visit to Washington after the shooting of the President has been fortunate all around. I think he got many useful ideas there. Indeed, [illegible] which I have referred to that he felt that he was better prepared if the emergency should come now, than he would have been if he had not pased the time he did in Washington, and to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience. Prosperity blesses our country, our fiscal policy is fixed by law, is well grounded and generally approved; no threatening isue mars our foreign intercourse, and the wisdom, integrity and drift of our people may be trusted to continue undisturbed the present assured career of peace, tranquility and welfare. The gloom and anxiety which have enshrouded the country must make repose especially welcome now. No demand for speedy legislation has been heard; no adequate occasion is apparent for an unusual session of Congress. The Constitution letines the functions and powers of the Executive as clearly as those of either of the other two departments of the government, and he must answer for the just exercise of the discretion it permits and the performance of the duties it imposes. Summoned to these high duties and responsibilities, and profoundly conscious of their magnitude and gravity, I assume the trust imposed by the Constitution, replying for aid on Divine guidance, and the virtue, patriotism and intelligence of the American people."

—Monday and Tuesday next are the last days for registration.

Important, if True.

CHICAGO, September 27.—A dispatch to the *Inter-Ocean* from Cleveland says: "On the journey with the funeral train from Washington the Republican and Democratic senators discussed the political situation fairly, and reached a plan to adjust the matters satisfactorily in the Senate without a wrangle, such as that of last spring, which would shock the country and be unseemly. The The arrangement was not to be binding on those not present, but it is believed tho non-participants will accept the plan. Mr. Edmunds, for the Republicans, and Mr. Garland, for the Democrats, were the originators of the talk, and they notified their party friends by mail and telegraph that caucuses would be held October 8th at Washington by their respective parties, and if the agreement were carried out, a joint committee of five would be appointed to arrange details. The result of the agreement was that Senator Anthony or some other Republican selected by the Republican caucus should be made acting president pro tem. of the Senate without dissent; that the Democrats name the secretary of the Senate (office now vacant) and retain the present sergeant-at-arms or select his successor; the political committees to be undisturbed. The Senate consists of 73 member—37 Democrats, 35 Republicans, and Judge Davis, who will act with the Republicans in organizing the Senate, in accordance with his speech last spring, in which he claimed that the organization of the Senate should harmonize with the executive. When Senators from New York and Rhode Island are sworn in, the Republicans will have a majority. There would, therefore, be no reason or profit in taking advantage of the present situation.

The Mrs. Garfield fund is now over $325,000.

—Be sure to get registered Monday or Tuesday.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 27, 1881.

Before the remains of the dead President had been carried hence to their final repose, his place at the head of the nation had been filled, and already public attention is directed to the consideration of the new order of things. Not that we have ceased to mourn the late Chief Magistrate, for the emblems of mourning and the evidences of sorrow are on every hand still, and James A. Garfield will live in the hearts of the people as long as his country shall last, but the ever changing tide of human affairs flows on so unceasingly that we have but time to cover the faces of our dead before the concerns of the living press upon our attention. The sad scenes of the past week have been fully described. It was a mournful cortege that came down Capitol Hill bearing the body of President Garfield to the train that was to take him out of the sight of Washington and away from the scene of all his earthly triumphs. And if any looked on who had, in the heat of political strife, given and taken blows with the dead when he was in the full vigor of his strength, and ableas he was willing to cope with any adversary, hard indeed would have been his heart if it could have controlled its emotions as the hearse moved by within which was laid the head and brain so quiet, and the heart so silent and still.

But now these scenes, though never to be forgotten, have passed away and we turn to contemplate the present, and the future. Great interest attaches to the movements of the new President. He did not go with the funeral train to Cleveland because the Cabinet advised against it. Until the succession is provided for it was thought best for him not to incur any unusual risk, and that trip, amid all the excitement now existing, was feared to be an unusual risk. To satisfy all possible questioning, President Arthur took the oath of office a second time and was sworn in by Chief-Justice Waite at the Capitol in the presence of a number of prominent spectators. It was an impressive scene. At the right of the President stood Senator Jones and Speaker Sharpe, of New York. Ex-President Hayes was a conspicuous figure well in the foreground, with General Grant but a few feet behind. All of the Cabinet were present. Of the Senators there were present Hale, Jones, Sherman, Dawes and Anthony, and Representatives Hiscock, McCook, Townsend and others. During the ceremony Ex-President Hayes sat near Ex-President Grant. The administration of the oath was followed by the President's brief inaugural.

Many Senators, Congressmen and prominent politicians are now here and the policy of the new Administration is much discussed. The opinion of those who know President Arthur best is that his administration will very positively assert his individuality. He is believed to be a discreet and sagatious polititian and is unhampered by any of the pledges that usually harrass men who are elected to the Presidency. Undoubtedly he understands the difficulties of his position and appreciates also his own advantages. While he is not likely to be rash he will be decided and the policy of the Administration will be changed from conservative to stalwart with as little violence as possible. This is the general expectation. Among those with whom I have talked there are none who do not anticipate changes in the Cabinet. What they will be or how soon they will come I will not predict, but nothing is more certain than that Blain and McVeagh will finally retire. Of the others it is more difficult to prognosticate. It has been predicted that Hamilton Fish or Senator Edmunds would be made Secretary of State and Ex-Senator Frelinghuysen or Emory Storres succeed Attorney General McVeagh. As to Senator Edmunds I must express some doubt. I do not think he would accept the place. A special session of the Senate has been called for October 10th and perhaps at that time we shall get an insight into future events. Of one thing, however, there is not much doubt: It will be the aim of the new Executive to make his Administration distinguished for its statesmanship, but it will be stalwart and no half-breed or independent need apply.

KITZMILLERSVILLE, MD., Sept. 20th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In a former letter I took occasion to say that "the public service was never so pure and efficient, it was never so ably and economically administered." In its attempted refuation of this fact, which is patent to the mind of every intelligent individual, the *Democrat*, with its usual nimbleness at dodging, evades the point in question and prates of Babcock, Dorsey, Belknap, Shepherd, &c. Have they anything to do with the present administration? Who are they any how? Mostly original Democrats who came into the Republican party to steal. Gen. Grant himself, who gave them place and opportunity, was an original Democrat. This should be a sufficient admonition that we not only cannot trust Democrats, but those who have been Democrats are liable at any time to fall into Democratic habits.

The difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is this: The Republican party, as a party, has been right. It has had some bad counselors and some rascals in its organization, but it has never been under the necessity of repudiating any of its doctrines. Republican principles twenty years ago are good Republican principles to-day.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, as a party, has been always wrong. It has had a few safe counselors, but the conduct of the party itself has been infernal. While the spirit and the animus of the party is, as it always was, a reiteration of its principles twenty years ago would be strange reading now.

Democrats all admit now that it was a good thing to save the country from dissolution; a good thing to do away with slavery; it was right to enfranchise the blacks; it was right and honorable for the Nation to keep faith with its creditors; and, as I said in a former communication, there is not one Democrat in a hundred but is glad in his heart to-day that Republicans and Republican principles have triumphed. It is no answer to this to cite the quarrel between the two wings of the Democracy in Virginia, neither of which seriously intends to pay their State debt.

There is no danger of the repudiation of the National debt now and the people know who have been the defenders of the National faith as well as the National existence.

While the Democracy stand aghast, as it were, and lift their hands in holy horror at the pretended misdeeds of the Republicans, what have they done to better the condition of the people, to increase the prosperity of the country or to win the confidence of the people?

Looking back over the past what monuments of wisdom, of statesmanship or of patriotism are discernable along their pathway? What great achievements will the historian record? They secured the discharge of a few Department clerks who would have been discharged anyhow tor in *true* economy the Republicans always met them more than half way. But when they had an opportunity to put their professions to practice, they notoriously did not do it.

As soon as the lower branch of Congress came under their control they discharged a large number of Republican officials but straightway appointed a large number of Democrats to fill their places, and when they likewise got control of the Senate the battle scarred veterans of the Union were unceremoniously discharged and a greater number of Confederates and hungry Democrats appointed in their places, and in both instances the expenditures were heavily increased.

When they got control of Congress the country was in a great financial crisis. Did they pass or advocate the passage of any measures of relief? Did they utter a word or do any act calculated to restore confidence? On the contrary they went about with long faces declaring that the country was going to the "demnition bowwows;" that resumption could not be accomplished, and that nothing but unlimited Greenbacks and an unwashed Democracy would save the country from perdition. In Congress they resolved themselves into smelling committees and made excursions all over the country at Government expense, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars interviewing all the self confessed purjurers and liars in the country, red headed and otherwise, in a vain effort to discover something out of which to manufacture political capital; and this is the service for which the *Democrat* hopes to see its party rewarded with place and power. Its party has no possible merit of its own; nothing under the sun to run a campaign on but the alleged rascality of five or six subordinate Republican office holders, long ago discharged disgraced and forgotten, but it declares its purpose to make this the chief issue in platform, stump and paper until the "nation" is aroused, &c. What is there so alarming in the present state of affairs?

"Abolitionism," "Lincoln's hirelings," "White man's government," "Niger equality," and "bloated bondholder," were each in their day a far more potent rallying cry for the unterrified than the mythical "exploits" of Babcock & Co. can ever become. These have furnished the capital for several campaigns already and will in time become too stale and nauseating for even the stomachs of Democrats.

No sirs, Messrs. Democrats, your case has been carried up to the court of last resort and the verdict is against you. You left nothing undone to insure success; you nominated your strongest man; you made out the strongest case possible; you left no means, fair or foul, untried; you poured out money like water. When one man or woman in government employ gave dollars a score of hungry Democrats, wanting their places freely gave each their fives; you had a corps of experts engaged in the manufacture of calumny and slander which you endorsed and sent broad cast over the land; you resorted to forgeries and to these your paid purjurers freely sworn; but the verdict is against you, and ought to be, and will be. So much for general politics, now for Garrett county.

Yours very truly,
CITIZEN.

The Oakland Normal.

An Academy and Boarding School to be called "The Oakland Normal," will be opened at Oakland on the 1st of October, 1881, in the building occupied by Mrs. Goode.

Arrangements are being made by a corps of experienced Teachers to organize a High School, in which a complete and progressive course of instruction, adapted to the wants of pupils of all grades, will be adopted.

Parents desiring an opportunity to have their children attend an Academy, in which all the branches pertaining to a polite and refined, yet thorough English education, can secure them, and no pains will be spared to advance the interests of pupils entrusted to our charge, are are very anxious to make the undertaking a success. Any patrons of Literature intending their children for any of the learned professions, can secure the rudiments of a Classical education, or the entire classics if required to be taught them.

Belles Lettres or French, and German will be some of the principal branches taught in the Academy.

Music lessons on Piano or Organ, private or in classes, will receive special attention. Harmony and culture of the voice will also be an extreme specialty. No trouble will be spared to give thorough satisfaction to those who desire to become competent Organists or skilled in the art of rendering sacred and choir music properly, which undertaking will be one of the principal features of the Institution. Parents and guardians may rest assured that nothing will be left undone to promote the welfare and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by a Corps of Teachers who will make the interests and training of those entrusted to their care a special study in order to give thorough satisfaction to the friends and patrons of the Academy. *

THE ORIOLE.

Busy Preparations. Engagement of the Famous Gilmore, Karlus and Other Bands. Remarkably Brilliant Spectacle Promised.

Every man, woman and child in Baltimore appears to be growing interested in the Oriole, and anxious to contribute something toward making it the most memorable success ever known in the country. That it will be, now passes without argument. The Oriole will be incomparably finer in every way than last year's celebration, and to the general public will have more interest in an hour than that had in a day. Not but what the Sesqui-Centennial was a perfect and an unparalleled success, but it was to a certain extent a local glorification of deep interest to Baltimoreans and of more or less attractiveness to strangers. On the other hand the Mardi Gras Pageant will possess remarkable attraction for all the guests as well as the citizens. Its features will be of a general character and the effects produced will be brilliant tableaux of majestic proportions and exquisite construction. The subjects portrayed will not be disclosed until the night of the pageant, lending a mystic character to it and increasing the interest. Those who have never witnessed a Mardi Gras can form no conception of its splendor and beauty. The novelty of having it under hundreds of electric lights will greatly enhance the effect and carry the beholder to the fullest realization of the most vivid imagination of the wonders of the Arabian Nights. The musical adjuncts to the pageant promise of themselves to be worth a journey to hear.

At the head of the pageant will be the famous Gilmore Band from New York in magnificent uniform and numbering sixty-five of the best musicians of the Metropolis. The celebrated Marine Band of Washington has also been engaged as have all the Baltimore bands and those of adjacent cities. In addition to taking part in the Oriole pageant Gilmore's Band will give a grand open-air concert on Wednesday afternoon and play for the mask Ball and Carnival in the evening. What, with the reception to the French visitors and the great military, fire and civic parade, Monday the 10th; the Mardi Gras, Tuesday the 11th; and the Carnival and other features on Wednesday the 12th; the Baltimore Oriole will certainly eclipse any similar celebration known in the United States. The B. & O. has not only made a rate of one half fare from all stations on its main line, divisions and branches, but is making extensive preparations to afford every accommodation for all who attend.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Don't fail to register Monday or Tuesday next.

—W. P. Tutton, Esq., removed to his new residence on Liberty street on Wednesday.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell left Monday for Annapolis, to attend St. John's College.

—Mr. J. B. Randall and wife, of Ohio, who have been spending several weeks in Oakland, departed for their home Tuesday morning.

—We are under obligations to Mr. Frank Springer, of Uniontown, Pa., but now of the Glades Hotel, Oakland, for a fine lot of Woodcock.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The Garrett Guards will give a reception at their armory Saturday evening, Oct. 1st. None will be admitted except on cards of invitation.

—Messrs. W. E. Griffith, M. Sinclair, Walter Beall, C. F. McCulley and B. A. Richmond are the delegates to the Republican State Convention from Allegany county.

—The Garrett Guards have received their new uniforms, which are of gray cloth with black facings. The company will now present a very handsome and martial appearance.

—A fire at Mt. Savage Saturday night destroyed property of the Union Mining Company to the value of $25,000. There was only $5,000 insurance.

—The Glades Hotel at Oakland Garrett county Md., under the management of Mr. John B. Brant, will be kept open during the entire season. Mr. Brant has been connected with the Hotel for several years, and will no doubt make a popular manager.

—The Circuit Court adjourned Friday mourning of last week. The last business transacted was the sentencing of the following persons who had been tried during this term: Albert Friend, convicted of assault and battery, was sentenced to a fine of $100, the costs of the prosecution and eight months confinement in the county jail. Peter Bowser, convicted of bigamy, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for 2 years, and John Savage for assault with intent to kill, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for 2 years and 6 months. The last two were conveyed to the Penitentiary Monday by Sheriff White.

—After the adjournment of Court judges Alvey and Motter visited the Clerk's office and made a thorough examination of the books, records, &c., and expressed their entire approbation of the manner in which the business of the Clerk's office had been conducted by Mr. Tower, and also highly complimented Mr. Zealous Tower, for the manner in which the records are kept by him. They recommended that the County commissioners have the vaults arranged as they are in Allegany county.

—Wesley Webb DeWitt, died, near Johnstown Garrett county Md. Age 20 years 1 month and 28 days. He was a son of John Dewitt. The young man that has been taken from us, was dearly loved by all who knew him. Death loves a shining mark; it has laid him low; another call to the young. "Be ye also ready &c." The funeral services were held in the church at Johnstown by the writer, assisted by Rev. Henry E. Friend, of Johnstown, Md. A large number of sympathizing friends were present, to show their respects to the dead, to prove how much he was loved and respected by all, and to comfort the sorrowing family. We hope while we have lost a kind friend, he has gained a crown of eternal life that fadeth not away.

A. M. BOWLIN.

—The following resolutions were adopted at the Greenback-Labor Convention held in Oakland Monday of last week:

1. The National Greenback-Labor Party, in Convention assembled, declares its continued devotion to the National Platform adopted at Chicago, June 9th, 1880, and ask all fair minded citizens candidly to consider and weigh its principles and purposes, and strive with us to have this Government administered in the interests of the whole people.

2. A tariff that shall fully protect the laborer of America against the competition of the pauper classes of the old world, and we declare that the Republican and Democratic parties are alike unfaithful and false upon this vital question.

3. Perfect freedom of Press and of Speech.

4. We demand a free ballot and a fair count, and we oppose alike the Democratic bulldozer of the South, and the Republican intimidation of the North.

5. The taxation of all railroads and corporations, and all other species of wealth wherever found at the same rate that other persons and property is taxed.

6. We demand the abolition of all useless offices, and the reduction of all salaries to what would be earned in an ordinary avocation of life, to secure honesty in legislation and purety in public office.

7. That as the liquor law passed by the last legislature makes a monopoly of the liquor trafic in Garrett county, we demand the repeal of the law, and also ask the next legislature to pass a local option law for Garrett county, and let the people declare by a majority of their votes whether we shall have license or no license.

8. That we are opposed to the appointing power, and favor a law that shall cause all offices, from a road supervisor to the President of the United States inclusive, be elected by a direct vote of the people.

9. That as the Irish People are battling for the same rights that are being wrested from us, we extend to them and all others our sympathy and aid, and bid them God speed in their battles against tyrany.

11. That we condemn the attempted assassination of President James A. Garfield by the hired tool of a corrupt ring, and extend to him and his family, in this their hour of affliction our heartfelt sympathy, and that we earnestly hope that ere long he may regain his wonted health and take his place at the head of affairs.

12. That we ask the farmer, the mechanic and all lovers of equal rights to aid us in this battle for humanity to free our County, State and Nation from the corrupt cliques and rings which now control the machinery of Government.

13. That in the nominations here made we have conformed to the cardinal principles laid down by the fathers of the Republic.

Memorial Services.

AT OAKLAND.

Monday was observed in Oakland as a day of mourning. Business was suspended, and the day was one of extreme quiet and repose. At 10½ o'clock A. M., Union services were held in the M. E Church, conducted by Revs. P. Hamill, of the M. E. Church South, and B. Ison, S. E. Jones and John M. Davis, of the M. E. Church. The interior of the church was draped and decorated with evergreens and white flowers. A detachment of the Garrett Guards, in full uniform under command of Capt. Wardwell, accompanied by Colonel Veitch of Gov. Hamilton's staff, and Quartermaster Peddicord, Surgeon Bartlett and Quartermaster Sergeant Combs, of the 1st Battalion M. N. G., attended the services.

After singing and prayer eulogies were delivered by Revs. Hamill and Jones. The exercises closing with singing. We regret the pressure on our columns forbids a more extended notice.

AT DEER PARK.

DEER PARK, Sept. 26, 1881.

We have to-day joined with all the fellow citizens of our favored but now deeply sorrowing country, and with many sympathizing friends throughout the civilized world, in paying the last tribute of heartfelt regard to our loved and lost President. Our church was very tastefully and appropriately draped, in morning, a large engraving of President Garfield being placed in a conspicuous position, and surrounded by a handsome wreath of evergreen and white flowers. The Postoffice, and about a dozen private residences testified by their sable decorations to the universal sadness of the day. The bell was tolled for half an hour before the memorial services, which commenced at half-past three. The Garrett Guards very kindly visited our village in order to be present on the occasion, and after the firing of minute guns, marched to the church and entered as the low solemn wail of the Dead March in Saul arose from the organ, awakening in each sympathizing heart an echoing note of sadnesss. Col. Tillson opened the services by a few remarks concerning the occasion which had brought us together, and was followed by Rev. Mr. George, who made a most appropriate and impressive prayer. Cowper's beautiful hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," was then sung, and we all felt that there never had been a time when the assurance was so fully needed that

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a shing face,"

as in this season of our national grief. But hard as it is to realize the reason or necesity for such an affliction we still have faith to believe that,

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

This hymn was followed by brief but sadly eloquent eulogistic addresses by Rev. M. Baumgardner, of this place, and Messrs. Veitch, Peddicord and Combs of Oakland. Then all joined in singing, "Nearer my God to Thee," after which the whole assembly united in three minutes of silent prayer for our stricken Nation, followed by a most beautiful and solemn chanting of the Lord's Prayer by Mrs. E. J. Roberts, of Brooklyn, who voluntarily directed the musical services and presided at the organ. The benediction was then pronounced and the congregation solemnly and silently left the church during the singing of the grand old hymn, "I would not live alway."

Altogether the services were very sorrowful and impressive, and a sad gratification to the many friends here, who have been able in this last demonstration to add theirs to the thousands of similar gatherings that have to-day honored the memory of our great and good but martyred President.

REPORTER.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Convention, which met at the Court House Tuesday, was called to order by Mr. W. O. McGowin, a member of the County Central Committee, and was permanently organized by the election of W. H. Tower, Esq., as Chairman, and Dr. H. M. Kemp, as Secretary.

The formality of a Committee on Credentials was dispensed with and the credentials were presented to the convention. The following are the names of the delegates:

District No. 1.—Daniel Wilson, William E. George, Benjamin Davis, William Junkins, George Paugh.

No. 2. Wm. Grove, Wm. Barnthouse, Wm. Selby, Ulysses Frazee, John Swalp.

No. 3.—James P. Wiley, Thos. H. Bittinger, Jere. Handwark, Saml. J. Beachey, Emanuel Gnagey.

No. 4.—N. H. Wilburn, C. Harshbarger, A. C. Duckworth, G. L. Michael, H. M. Kemp.

No. 5.—Austin Speicher, Frederick Kolb, Edward Margraff, Eli McMillen, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty.

No. 6.—Joseph F. Frantz, Elijah Hoye, of E., Benjamin Shepp, Jonas Glotfelty, Geo. E. Bishoff.

No. 7.—W. H. Tower, F. A. Thayer, John C. Dunham, Geo. D. White, Jas. A. Hayden.

No. 8.—Jas. W. White, Thos. K. Harvey, Garrett V. Moon, Frederick Clare, J. H. Sanders.

No. 9.—Michael Durst, Jacob P. McKenzie, Richard Graham, Andrew Blocher, George W. Blocher.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for candidates, with the following result:

Senator.—Hon George W. Wilson, of No. 8, by acclamation, there being no other name presented.

House of Delegates.—Samuel J. Beachey, of No. 3, and Dr. H. M. Kemp, of No. 4.

Commissioners.—S. L. Townshend, of No. 7, Eli McMillen, of No. 5, and Thomas B. Wiley, of No. 3.

Sheriff.—W. S. Pew, of No. 1.

Surveyor.—John Harned, of No. 7.

A ballot for delegates to the State Convention resulted in the election of Messrs. Th. J. Peddicord W. H. Tower and H. Wheeler Combs.

The following gentlemen were selected as the County Central Committee: H. Wheeler Combs, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty and David Durst.

The convention closed its labors, after a vote of thanks to the officers, with the adoption of the following reference to our late President:

But before adjourning we cannot refrain from giving vent to some of the feelings that move our hearts. Therefore,

Be it resolved, That we have watched for ten long weeks, with the most painful and prayerful solicitude, the struggles for life of that brave, good and great man, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, on his bed of agony; we have borne him up in our prayers to the Giver of All Good, and the Father of us all, hoping and trusting he might be spared to us all; but inasmuch as we know that He doeth all things well, and not a sparrow falls without His will, we bow with bleeding hearts in humble submission to His decree.

Resolved further, That our highest admiration has been excited by the watchful care, noble bearing and wifely conduct of the brave partner of his bosom at the bedside of her suffering, languishing and dying husband, and we tender her our profound sympathy and respect. We commend her and her weeping children, in this hour of their anguish, to our loving Father, who alone can heal such wounds as theirs; whose ways, though inscrutable to us, yet doeth all things well; and we assure her He will "temper the storms to the shorn lambs."

At a meeting of the members of the Swanton Sunday School, held September 18th, 1881, the death of Miss Mary Alice Hamill was announced, and after remarks, appropriate to the occasion, the following preamble and resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased All Mighty God in His Infinite Wisdom and ordinations to remove from our midst and her place in this School forever Mary Alice Hamill, we, her friends and survivors of this organization she loved and remembered in anxious and encouraging messages when dying, place on record this testimony of our esteem for the virtues of her life and sympathy in her death. And while bowing in humble submission to the Supreme decree, believing that the chastening blow is tempered with mercy in the dark to us, we can but deeply deplore the loss sustained by our School and community in the death of one so young in years, so pure in character, so gentle in spirit and so faithful in coming up to the fullest measure of every requirement of pupil and teacher, through arduous labors of years in this school. Therefore be it resolved:

That as members of the Swanton Sabbath School we mourn the death of Mary Alice Hamill; that we will sacredly cherish and strive to perpetuate those lovelier elements in her christian life, strongly impressed not only by precept and example upon all who knew her, but which, from the scenes of the final hour, banished every dread, and brightened about her presence as priceless assurances that her cloudless spirit was ascending upon the wings of faith to the promised Rest in the heavenly regions.

That we tender to the grief-stricken farther and family our heart-felt condolence in the depths of a sorrow we well know is but poorly reached and but little mitigated by any words of human comfort.

That the Secretary of this School be directed to forward a copy of these proceedings to the family of the deceased, and also a copy to each of the Oakland papers in Garrett county with a request for publication.

And that, as a further evidence of respect this School will now adjourn until the usual hour for its next regular meeting.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

The *Medical Record*, in its last issue, says editorially: "It is, we believe, the general verdict of the profession that the late President received all the aid which medical science, intelligently applied, could furnish. Looking back upon the case, even with the light of the autopsy before us, it is impossible for anyone to say that any different mode of treatment would have saved the patient's life. And, furthermore, we may claim, that medical art prolonged for months a life which might otherwise have ended in a few days or weeks. We believe that this can be truly said, and that it will be echoed and indorsed by the medical profession."

OBITUARY

Died, in Swanton, Garrett county, Md., at 5 o'clock, P. M., the 12th day of September, 1881, after a brief illness of but four days, MARY ALICE HAMILL, eldest child of Archibald C. and Ruth Hamill, aged 18 years, 10 months and 29 days.

Under the shadows of the same mountains beneath which the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken and the spirit returned to the God who gave it, the interesting subject of this sketch first saw the light on the 14th day of October, 1862. Blessed by the Creator with many admirable qualities well poised between heart and mind, reared from infancy under the strong and unremitting solicitude of pious and intelligent parents; developing personal attractions heightened and softened by the rarest graces and demeanors of a modest girlhood, and fresh as a flower blossoming in the first dews of the spring of life, this young lady was truly a "shining mark" for the shaft flung from the bow of death. Less than four years ago the home circle of this bereaved family was invaded for the first time by the Great Destroyer, selecting the mother as its victim. Out of the anguish of that bitter hour Alice rose upon those superior gifts with which she was richly endowed to the responsible duties of mother to seven brothers and sisters. Who can recall what she was to them and how irreparable must be their loss in her without trembling in the presence of a visitation so mysterious and more keenly feeling the Apostolic utterance "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out?"

Attaining the age of discretion Alice Hamill chose her place upon the Lord's side by publicly declaring conversion and living thenceforth in holy obedience to the doctrines of her church and the will of her Maker. By steady diligence, in the face of adverse circumstances, she proved herself one of the most punctual and proficient pupils and teachers in a Sabbath school of more than sixty members, and when dying she charged an officer of that school to "continue on with the good work." Her proverbially buoyant nature and cheery voice made her a favorite wherever she was known. The closing moments of this young career will live in many memories as spiritual lights and glories illumining the pilgrim's way to God. When she knew the chill of death was upon her brow she calmly assured her friends of her safety, and devoted the remaining moments to the care of others. Summoning her father brothers and sisters and a few friends she spoke words of cheer and counsel to each, advising what was best for her little sisters, urged all to try to meet her in the better home. Rough men, gentle women, and innocent children blended sobs in a common grief, bowed in reverance and gazing on her speaking then indeed as one with authority. Prayers were said and hymns were sung and at times in several of the hymns hers was the only audible voice. Among passages of scripture she beautifully recited was that sublimest production of Israel's sweet singer, the 23d Psalm. With her face to the window, shineing in the morning's light, she exclaimed "My mother! I can see my mother!" Later in the day, when the fuel of life was scarcely perceptible in its flicker, she suddenly rallied and spoke composedly of her return from the "river of death" and named the relations she saw there. At last she went down to the shadows of that river, fearing no evil, walking like a believing disciple on the depthless sea of faith to Christ; and when the heat and the burden of the day was over, in the first unfolding of the mellow season of the scar and yellow leaf, while the world was gorgeous in the unexampled splendors of an autumnal sun-set, as the whisper of a zephyr or the cadence of a ripple, her white soul fled from the midst of a weeping group to the endless felicity of the heavenly land.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of Hanson Brown, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HANSON BROWN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of March next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of September, 1881.

9 17 3 ELIZABETH BROWN, Administratrix.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers;

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the lands of Mary Vanslckle, for taxes due in the years 1878 and 1879.

No. 96 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that Jasper Guard, Collector, of taxes for the 3d Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week, for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Mary Vanslckle, for taxes due by the said Vanslckle, for the years 1878 and 1879, and reported by the said Guard, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 3d day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Nannie Burton, for taxes due in the year 1881.

No. 98 Trials to September Term, 1881, for the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector, of taxes for the 1st collection district in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Nannie Burton, for taxes due by the said Nannie Burton for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning, as said collector of taxes to this court, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due in the year 1879.

No. 99 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector of taxes for the 1st Collection District, in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in Garrett county, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due by the said Daniel Chisholm, for the year 1879, and reported by the said Browning, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881 to be and appear in this court on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Registration Notice.

The undersigned, officers of Registration for Garrett county, in compliance with the requirements of the Act of 1876, chapter 249, which makes it the duty of Officers of Registration to sit at some place convenient to the voters of their respective districts, for two successive days, commencing the first Monday of October, in each year, for the purpose of discharging their duties, hereby give notice that they will attend as follows:

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at Wilson's Store.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit at his residence near Selbysport.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit at Grantsville.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit at Bloomington.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit at his residence, near Accident.

The Officer of Registration for the Sixth Election District will sit on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of R. T. Browning, and at his own residence the balance of the time.

The Officer of Registration for the Seventh Election District will sit at the Court House in Oakland.

The Officer of Registration for the Eighth Election District will sit at his residence, Fort Pendleton.

The Officer of Registration for the Ninth Election District will sit at his residence near Johnson's.

On Monday and Tuesday, October 3d and 4th, 1881,

for the purpose of discharging their duties as Officers of Registration, according to said Act of the General Assembly.

HENRY O. HAMILL,
Officer Registration First District.

BENJAMIN E. GREEN,
Officer Registration Second District.

ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer Registration Third District.

W. H. BARNARD,
Officer Registration Fourth District.

DANIEL HINEBAUGH,
Officer Registration Fifth District.

THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer Registration Sixth District.

WM. H. HALL,
Officer Registration Seventh District.

W. F. DEAKINS,
Officer Registration Eighth District.

DANIEL CAREY,
Officer Registration Ninth District.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

PROPOSALS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 14, 1881.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Sealed Proposals will be received by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, until

Monday, Oct. 3d, 1881,

at 11 o'clock A. M., for the building of a bridge over the Youghlogheny river below the mouth of Snowy Creek, said bridge to be built with two spans 50 feet each, with double cords, king posts and king braces, one tressel in the centre built of wood, and ice breaker attached; abutments 14 feet high, built of wood and stone; roadway of bridge 14 feet in width; height of bridge 12 feet; flooring 2 inch plank; approaches to bridge, &c. All of the above lumber and timber for the above named bridge must be of the best quality white oak.

Also, at the same time proposals will be received for the repairing of the Fike bridge, across the Youghlogheny river near Guard's Store, and the Saag Run bridge across the Youghlogheny River, near the mouth of Saag Run.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

By order County Commissioners.

F. A. THAYER,
9 17 2 Clerk.

Insolvent's Notice.

Channcey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4 0 d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 15, 1881.

The examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in Accident, on the 7th and 8th, of October, commencing promptly at nine o'clock A. M. In Oakland, on the 19th and 11th. No permits to teach will be granted to parties not holding a certificate.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 17 3 Examiner.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from hunting with dog or gun, or otherwise upon the enclosed lands of the undersined. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be delt with to the full extent of the law.

EDWARD HOYE,
9 23 8 C. A. HOYE.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

S. J. YUTZY.
Sept. 8th, 1881.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING,

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Comical German Names.

More comical and repulsive names are current in Germany than in any other European country, but Germans do not seem to suffer from the miseries of eccentric nomenclature as do Englishmen, Frenchmen or even Italians. Perhaps their difference in this regard springs partly from their natural shortcomings as far as a sense of humor is concerned, and partly from the deep and solid self-satisfaction which is one of their National characteristics. A glance over the pages of the Berlin Directory will enable any one acquainted with the German language to pick out hundreds of astonishingly incongruous names owned by persons holding distinguished positions in the official, commercial and artistic circles of the capital. No social class is exempt from this quaint affliction. Illustrious nobles are often as ridiculously named as the humblest proletary. For instance, one of the most ancient baronial families in Prussia rejoices in the designation, "Gatekeeper of hell," and the name of the wealthiest Count in the German Empire, literally rendered into our vernacular, is "Handle of Thunder-Marrow." To our apprehensions these patronymics are no whit less nonsensical and unfit for family use than the utterly plebeian "Bloodsausage," "Whitecamel" or "Twoyearoldwildboar" that abouud in the Fatherland; but Germans see nothing funny or uncommon in them, and are unfeignedly surprised when the intelligent foreigner sojourning in their midst ventures to hint that, in any other country, names so extravagantly incongruous would inevitably render life intolerable to their luckless possessors, by reason of the inexhaustible banter, chaff and satirical comment they could not fail to suggest to social wags and comic journalists.

The majority of the more high-sounding and poetical names that meet the eye upon German shop-fronts or in the advertising sheets of the Teutonic daily press belongs to persons of Jewish extraction. Not more than a couple of centuries ago the German Israelite, as a rule, was forlorn of a family name. He was either known by a "front name" supplemented by that of his father, as "Aaron-ben-David," or "Solomon-ben-Israel," or by some nickname owing its origin to the nature of his occupation, or, perhaps, to a conspicuous physical peculiarity. This vagueness in his denomination and his errant commercial habits enabled him to dodge the tax-gatherer, and gave the German administration a good deal of trouble in dealing with him from a fiscal point of view. It was therefore resolved to make him distinctly identifiable by the simple process of compelling him to take a family name, stick to it during his own life and transmit it by legal act of registration to his children. No restrictions were imposed upon him in the matter of choice, and his flowery Oriental instincts prompted him to select patronymics significant of things beautiful or noble in nature, of great provinces or stately cities, kingly birds and beasts, moral virtues and picturesque thoughts. Hence the following names, proper to German Israelite families of all classes: Valley-of-Lilies, Mountain-of-Roses, Stone-of-Honor, Silesian, Englishman, Warsaw, Viennese, Eagle, Lion, Whale, Honorable, Pious, Humility, Trust-God, Peace-of-Countries, Rich-in-Virtue, Lovely-Home, Holiday-Evening, Mountain-of-thanks, Ladies'-Praise and many others as romantic or idealistic as the foregoing. Alike astute and artistic, the Jews of the Fatherland, under stern compulsion to establish their identity as rato-payers, bestowed upon themselves all the prettiest and noblest patronymics the German language could afford, leaving to their Christian compatriots the ugliest and most ignoble.

But there be other by no means uncommon German names, so intrinsically eccentric, anomalous and unreasonable that it is scarcely possible to account to one's self for their origin or appropriation by sane human beings. What, for instance, can have been the motive prompting a son of Teut to call himself "Effervescentweather," "Doornail" or "Blistervillage." From what queer fancies or odd incidents did such names as "Frothmountain," "Cat'selbow," "Panhandle," "Horsedeceiver," "Tigerstream," "Doubleflourish," "Seissorscorner" and "Dairybasin" derive their *raison d'etre?* Every conjecture I have hitherto ventured respecting the genesis of these astounding compound irrelevancies has, I am bound to say, been utterly lacking in verisimilitude. Perhaps some of your readers may be more successful than myself in divining the "unde derivatur" of such a perplexing "front-name" as, let us say, "Knucklevillage." I cordially recommend it to their attention and research.

There is, indeed, an inexhaustible wealth of puzzledom in German names. Who, in the name of all that is august and illustrious, should the senior royal Duke of the Fatherland, a near relative of our own Queen, and own brother of a deceased magnate whose statue adorns fair Geneva, bear such a farcical title as "Brown, be silent?" Of what heinous offense had the capital of a flourishing German Duchy been guilty that it should have been subjected to the perpetual punishment of so unpleasant a designation as "Bowel Town?" "High Taxer" may seem appropriate enough, as a descriptive family name, to the supreme ruler of Germany, but it is certainly open to objection as an incessant reminder to the German people of the least agreeable characteristic of that great and ancient house, whose venerable head now wears the imperial crown.—*Geneva Continental Times.*

The London Ragged Schools at Play.

Kind-hearted people having subscribed their guineas, half guineas, crowns, half crowns and shillings, to give some children of the Ragged Schools a happy day in the country, the result was a wonderful gathering on a lovely August morning, at an hour when fashionable people are just beginning their second sleep. Such chirping and chattering was never exceeded before. The children were just like a colony of Brobdingnag sparrows. Their high, shrill voices were even higher and shriller than usual, in their abundant happiness. As for sight, never was such variety of garments seen in any assemblage before. Both girls and boys have an overwise look for their childish years. Some of the elder girls have a sort of motherly air toward the little ones, scolding them as might the real mothers themselves. "You naughty gel, untyin' ov yer strings like that. Don't yer do it agin;" or "Marianne! Marianne!" sharp, shrill and ear-piercing, "didn't I tell yer to stay by me? What would become of yer if you was to lose me?" as though the personality referred to were of the most mature years, instead of being about eight or ten. The boys, as a rule, took affairs less seriously, if less excitedly.

What a train full of happiness was ours! Many of the children had never traveled by rail before. To these the short journey was the wildest dissipation of enjoyment. Those who had undergone a previous experience of journeying by train, however slight, took quite a superior tone. These premature cynics, one and all, broke down at the sight of the field where the day was to be spent; a field with trees in it, the most delightful hedges, not too trim, each a wealth of unexplored delights for these little town birds, and buttercups and daisies.

I had a brilliantly red hothouse flower pinned in my dress on an occasion somewhat similar to the one I am here describing. The little city Arabs round me looked at the flower with admiring wonder. One poor little fellow asked if he might "just touch it once," and *when I unfastened it and gave it to him,* to keep for himself, his delight seemed to partake of a kind of reverent awe as he held the flower. "Did it come from Heaven?" he whispered; and how hard it seemed to tell him that earth is full of such loveliness, though it rarely comes into the lives of such poor little waifs as he.—*London Truth.*

Sickness a Disgrace.

All bodily ailments are more or less urgent appeals for help; nor can we doubt in what that help should consist. The more fully we understand the nature of any disease, the more clearly we see that the discovery of the cure. Many sicknesses are caused by poisons, foisted upon the system under the name of tonic beverages or remedial drugs; the only cure is to eschew the poison. Others, by habits more or less at variance with the health laws of Nature; to cure such we have to reform our habits. There is nothing accidental, and rarely anything inevitable, about a disease; we can only assume that nine out of ten complaints have been caused and can be cured by the sufferers (or their nurses) themselves. "God made man upright;" every prostrating malady is a deviation from the state of nature. The infant, "mewling and puking in its nurse's arms," is an abnormal phenomenon. Infancy should be a period of exceptional health; the young of other creatures are healthier, as well as prettier, purer and merrier, than the adults, yet the childhood years of the human animal are the years of sorest sickliness; statistics show that among the Caucasian races men of thirty have more hope to reach a good old age than a new-born child has to reach the end of its second year. The reason is this: The health theories of the average Christian man and woman are so egregiously wrong, that only the opposition of their better instincts help them—against their conscience, as it were—to maintain the struggle for a tolerable existence with anything like success, while the helpless infant has to conform to those theories—with the above results.

"I have long ceased to doubt," says Dr. Schrodt, "that, apart from the effects of wounds, the chances of health or disease are in our own hands; and, if people knew only half the facts pointing that way, they would feel *ashamed* to be sick or to have sick children."—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Locking the Doors of Railway Carriages.

Englishmen are gradually becoming aware of the many disadvantages connected with their present railway arrangements. The following complaint is taken from the editorial columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette;*

"The locking of the doors of railway carriages is one of the mysteries of railway management. No passenger has ever been able to divine why such infinite pains are taken to lock him in. The only result of the process is that if there is an accident he is a prisoner with a chance of being killed. If, on the contrary, his train arrives safely at his destination, he is still a prisoner, who has to wait till he is liberated, making meanwhile, spasmodic signals to attract some friendly porter for the purpose, unless, having grown wise by experience, he carries a key himself and is able triumphantly to emerge. Some people imagine that a regulation of the Board of Trade obliges this extraordinary precaution. No such regulation, however, exists. On the contrary the greatest diversity of practice prevails on the subject. One company locks its carriage doors on the main line only, another on the branch and main lines both, a third on single lines only, a fourth does not lock its carriage doors at all. And the extraordinary thing is that the companies that entirely neglect the custom find no disadvantage whatever in doing so. On the contrary, their porters are able to attend to other matters during the time when they would have been locking and unlocking doors. The following are the railway companies who do not lock their doors on either side of their trains: In Scotland: The Glasgow & South Western, Great Northern of Scotland, Highland and North British. In England: Great Eastern, London, Chatham & Dover and North Eastern. It is hard to see why in these days of falling dividends other companies do not follow ther example."

—J. L. Henry, a baker, of York, Pa., while quarreling with his wife lately, enraged her by threatening to leave her, when she threw a handful of cayenne pepper in his face, causing the loss of sight of one eye and probably both.

—The entire length of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is to be illuminated by electricity. It is the largest contract of the kind that has yet been entered into in this country.

Sharpers on Railway Trains.

"They give us a little whirl once in a while now," said an old Erie Railway conductor, "but we've got 'em down so fine that they can't work our trains with much profit. Ten years ago were the flush times with our monte men and confidence operators.

"It's a funny thing, but it's a fact, that these swindlers are not experts from New York and other big cities, as any one would naturally suppose them to be, but are natives of the towns along the road. Waverley, Owego, Elmira, and Binghamton are the places from which they usually come, and I think these country sharpers can discount anything that comes from the big cities. They presume on their knowledge of the country and acquaintance with railroad men. They are generally what we call 'the best fellows in the world.' They don't care for money, and will go further to do any one a favor than the best Sunday-school superintendent you ever saw. Once we started a subscription for a brakeman's family. He was killed at Susquehanna, and left a wife and four children without a cent. I had the paper at Binghamton, where quite a number of the boys were, and was talking about it so any one in the room could hear. A preacher-looking sort of a fellow was on the platform waiting for a train. He came up to me and says: 'I guess I'll help this brakeman's wife a little.' He wrote down, 'Cash, $50,' and gave me the money. Who do you s'pose he was? John Bailey, the worst confidence man that ever worked a train. He's dead now. He got an even hundred out of a Granger from Allegheny County or the 'busted stock raiser' business. The Granger got on to the swindle at Addison. He just necked the fellow, shoved him down the aisle of the car to the platform, and in the struggle Bailey fell off. His father was a County Judge in one of the northern counties of Pennsylvania, and they sent his remains home.

"Emigrants ten years ago were big game for the three-cardmonte men and other swindlers. It was impossible to watch them because trains were so long. They could get through with their business and off the train before we knew anything was wrong. 'Big Jersey,' one of the quietest fellows you ever saw, was the boss worker of emigrant trains. He could talk all the languages there are. His real name was Warren Kirkham. He was a native of Baltimore, but lived nearly all his later life in Northern Pennsylvania. He always claimed to be a graduate of Yale College. He was the originator of very many of the card tricks with which sleight-of-hand performers amuse their audiences. He could handle cards with a dexterity that was simply wonderful. He took over $8,000 from an emigrant train on the Central road between Auburn and Canandaigua in one night. He was an inveterate faro player. One night he went into Steve Bradford's place, in Scranton—'the Major's' they used to call it—and won $9,000, breaking the bank and causing Bradford to leave the place. The same night he was robbed of the entire sum in a notorious resort in Commercial Alley, and he went to New Mexico. He was killed there in a drunken row by the brother of the brakeman in aid of whose family John Bailey, a chum and an occasional assistant of Kirkham's subscribed fifty dollars.

"But the vigilance of the men who are now running the Erie has about broken up the three-card monte business on our cars. We know pretty well now who the swindlers are, and we always keep an eye on them. The other day, for the first time in years, one of them managed to get his work in on a passenger, and got $100 out of him. He was spotted, though, by a brakeman, and was caught as he was attempting to jump off the train at Belvidere. He's in the Steuben County jail now, and no doubt he will serve the State for a spell.

"About the neatest thing any of the Erie employees ever did in the way of getting the best of a train sharper was 'Poppy' Ayer's capture of a well-known expert known as 'Bunky' Silver. Silver had been a printer, and could do more tricks with cards than any fellow I ever knew. He hailed from Syracuse, if I remember right, and did a first-class business on the Central for a long time. Under the old Minot management trains on the Erie were rather few and far between, and finally Silver got to working our trains, as the chances were better for his getting away with his gains. He got down into Cattarangus County, and one night at Ellicottville swindled a lawyer out of $100 by one of his card tricks. It was necessary for him to get out, and he struck across to Dayton, a station on the Erie road. He boarded Poppy Ayer's train, which had a big load of Swedes who were going out to Illinois. The Swedes who emigrated to this country in those days generally had money about them. What does Silver do but watch his chance and personate an agent of the road. He went through the cars telling them in their own language, for he could talk it, that it would be necessary for them to exchange their money for American money. Then emigrants did not get their money exchanged in Castle Garden. Silver got a big pile of money and shoved off on the emigrants a lot of queer stuff. When the train arrived in an out-of-the-way place he gave the bell rope a jerk, and waited for the train to stop. Poppy Ayer was in the baggage car. He saw the bell rope jerked, and hurried back to see what was the matter. He saw Silver jump off and start on a dead run across the fields. Poppy knew something must be wrong, so he hops off, and starts after the sharper. Poppy was fat, but he run that fellow down, although it took the distance across three ten-acre lots to do it. He collared him and brought him back to the train. He got every cent of the money back, and had the thief sent to Auburn for seven years. Pop was reprimanded at headquarters for leaving and delaying his train; but when they investigated the case the reprimand was remitted, and the conductor's salary was raised.

"Ten years ago one of the boss card sharpers was a rough young fellow known as 'Red Shirt.' He was from Scranton. He was the one who invented the tissue paper racket with cards. His plan was to get up a quiet game of euchre with a party of fellows in a smoking car. After they'd played along a while Red Shirt would say:

"'Well, if I ain't got just about the best little poker hand you ever saw.'

"Whenever he'd say that, you could make up your mind that some one else a playing had about as good a poker hand's you ever saw. It was always four aces. The man that held the four aces wouldn't fail to speak out, and reckon he had a hand it wasn't easy to beat. Then Red Shirt would say:

"'S'pose we make a little bet, just for the fun o' the thing.'

"A man that holds four aces ain't going to throw away a chance of the kind. They bet. They raise one another, and Red Shirt knows about when it will be a good time to quit, and then he calls.

"'I've got four aces,' says the other man.

"'Let's see 'em,' says Red Shirt.

"The cards are showu ap. Red Shirt takes 'em up.

"'Ah, here now,' he says, as he puts his hand on the money on the board, 'what you doin', tryin' to come your New York gnmes on me?' and he gives one o' the cards a rub with his thumb and shoves a little piece of paper off each end of the card, and there's a tray spot. Red Shirt lays down four of a kind, or a full, or anything that'll beat three of a kind, and before the man can recover from his astonishment, has the money in his pocket and is off the cars, for he never failed to time the game for a stop of the train at some station.

"Red Shirt's name was Jack Brown. There probably never was his superior as a three-card-monte man, either, and he was a regular worker of county fairs and races when the railroads got too hot for him. He died of consumption. He was a hard drinker and fast liver.

"But there ain't much show for these sharpers on Erie trains any more. Conductors and brakemen are always on the lookout, and they're pretty sure to get caught."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wise Theatrical Animals.

The stories of intelligent dogs and horses have reminded the stage-manager of the Gaiety Theater of some curious instances of perception which have occurred at Mr. Hollingshead's house. Some time ago a donkey was introduced into a musical piece. Every evening the owner, an enterprising costermonger, brought the animal to the theater at a certain time and left it at the wing. When the actress went on for her song the donkey accompanied her—not on any musical instrument; and the melody being ended, Neddy went with her away. One eveuing, however, his master brought him earlier than usual, and left him at the wing, apparently wrapped in placid slumber. Every one supposed that the creature would stay there quietly until he was taken on for the song, but it so happened that the air of the ditty occurred in the introductiou to the act. The donkey pricked up his ears. Surely this was his cue? He had seen enough of the theater to know the awkwardness of a stage wait, and as his usual companion was not there he determined to go on alone. On he went and vigorously resented the efforts of those whom he took to be bigger doukeys than himself, who tried to drag him off. When the melody was finished, in accordance with custom he made his exit, and was hardly persuaded to stay and go on in the proper scene, which no doubt he regarded as an encore. The companion story is of a pony. He had a small part in "The Grand Casimir," and when first taken to the theater the stage-manager asked whether he had any tastes or peculiarities that could be gratified? His master thought not, but admitted that the pony had a weakness for a glass of beer. A pint of sound malt liquor was kindly ordered, and a carpenter was charged to give the pony drink every evening. During the rehearsals the practice was observed, and much appreciated by the recipient, who went about his duties in an affable and light-hearted way, entirely in keeping with the spirit of the piece. On the first night of the performance the pony stood at the wings waiting to go on. Miss Farran took hold of his bridle when he was wanted, but he stuck his hoofs hard in the stage and absolutely refused to stir. Persuasion and force were tried, and at last he was thrust before the footlights, but he simply declined to act, and on the contrary let out at the chorus with both heels. Something was wrong, and suddenly it occurred to the stage-manager to ask whether the beer had been duly given? This was the solution of the mystery. In the hurry and excitement of a first night the beer had been forgotten. The tankard was hastily provided, and when the pony had been convinced that it was an oversight and not a mean-spirited attempt to defraud him of his dues, he absorbed the beer, and, trotting on to the stage, did all that was required of him.—*London Sporting News.*

The Latch-Strings of Heaven.

The quaint old colored man, known to every one around the Central Market as "Rise Up Jerry," will be missed from the rounds he traveled for years. He is dead. He was living with his daughter on Wilkins street, and had been poorly for a long time. Jerry was past eighty years, and while he had grown feeble for a year or more, no one suspected that death was near. The other day, as he sat in his big rocking-chair, and after he had been dozing for half an hour, he asked for his two grandchildren. They were called in, and as they hung about his knee the old man said:

"Chill'en, dis ole frame hain't got long to hang on. Ize feelin' powerful queer to-day, an' I want ye clus to me. De little chil'en am de latch-strings to de gates ob Heaben."

In the shade of a plum tree, with the birds singing above, and the breeze tempering the heat, the children nestled down; and all three fell asleep—a sleep in which the old man's soul passed away so quietly that he did not move a hand. When the children awoke he had long been dead. They had gone with him across the dark valley—walked in the radiance of Heaven's beacon—halted at the golden gates and lifted the latch-string. Softly the gates swung open at their childish touch, and the old man had kissed them and passed through.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mr. Spurgeon has a son, also a preacher, who resides in Australia on account of his health.

—A loving commmission from the Pope, it is stated, is to be granted to Cardinal Nini, in order that he may visit the Protestant countries of the world.

—The French Goverument, reported that up to the end of last year it had sent out of the Republic 5,708 members of religious orders, of whom 2,604 were Jesuits.

—The Church of England now has something over seventy Colonial Bishops and as many dioceses. A hundred years ago it had none. The first one was consecrated in 1787 as Bishop of Nova Scotia.

—St. Paul's Church, New York, the oldest in the city, is having its tower repaired. The oak timbers, which were put in place in 1794, have been found to be as good as new. The main body of the church was finished in 1766.

—The Rev. Mr. Coble, a missionary in Japan, says there is nothing so free among the Japanese as the sale and circulation of the Christian Scriptures. All other books are taxed, even the Buddhist and Shinto works and educational books.

—Superintendent L. H. Cobb, of the Congregational Home Missions, is endeavoring to secure five more men for the Black Hills, one for the Mandan Mission, Daketa, five for Minnesota, five for Nebraska and one for Colorado. He is now in the East looking for three of his men.

—Some of the Congregational Churches in England are so happy because they have paid their debts that they propose a general jubilee. The chief feature of this jubilee is to be the raising of a fund to enable all the other Congregational churches in England to enjoy similar emaucipation from financial bondage.

—Most of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces in Russia have preaching in the German, but there used to be a congregation of 5,200 in Kronstadt to whom it was necessary to preach in five different languages, now reduced to three through a division. The Lutheran Churches are now generally introducing the Russian tongue in their worship and schools.

—Augustus Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has presented to the State of Connecticut a well-stocked farm, with suitable buildings, situated in the township of Mansfield, seven miles north of Willimatic, at a foundation for a State Agricultural School. The gift has been accepted by the State, an annual appropriation made for the support of the school, and a Board of Trustees appointed. It is proposed to open the school in the latter part of September.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Baltimore *Sun* tells of a young lady of that city who gave $100,000 for a husband. Us men come high, but the girls have got to have us.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

—"Obligation," said Hobbs, "is thraldom, and thraldom is hateful." When the philosopher said that he must have been on the obligatory side of a ten days' note.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* signs herself "Alyce Carlysle." For aesthetic stysle this is enough to make one smysle until the radiance of his beaming countenance can be seen for a mysle!—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Just before the table time ladies of station adjust their switches, annex their trains and roll into the drawing-room, where they couple with the gentlemen, who make tracks for refreshment.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did so in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow—I'd wed thee right or wrong; man wants but little here below, but wants that little—long."—*Buffalo Express.*

—Old Lady (to grandson)—"Ah, Johnnie, there's three things I would like ye to remember. First, never climb up trees after apples, because if ye wait long enough they will come down to ye. Second, never run after young women, because if ye wait long enough they will run after ye. Third, never—ah, well, Johnnie, I'll tell ye that to-morrow."—*London Judy.*

—There are limits to human belief. You may believe what the candidate says in convention; you may believe what he says on the stump; you may believe what Vennor says about the weather; you may believe what the old settler says about the winter of 1852, or the summer of 1858; you may believe what a man tells you in a horse trade; you may believe what a man says who was at the Centennial; you may believe the army liar, and you may believe the snake liar; but when a man takes his cigar from his lips, and with a guileless, simple prefix of a place and a date, starts in on a trout story, bar and bolt and lock and double lock the gates of your belief when he gets to the place. Don't believe a single solitary trout, not though it weighs less than a pound. Under the shadow of the trout truth dies, and the man who fishes four days and only hooks one lone trout, so small that he loses it in his empty basket, comes home the biggest liar of them all.—*Burdette.*

How it Rains in Hawaii.

George E. Wilhoit, now residing in Honolulu, writes to his father in this city that it rained every day in the islands during July. He says it seldom rains over two or three hours at a time in the summer months. The rain usually comes down suddenly and in a body, like the dash of a bucket of water, and stops as suddenly as it comes. When the rain is over the sun immediately appears, and in half an hour every sign of rain has disappeared, and a person would not, judging from the appearance of the earth, suppose that it had rained for six months. He says: "It rains almost constantly in the mountains, a few miles off, and it is no wonder that everything grows so fast and that vegetation always looks so green."—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent.*

THE DAIRY.

—The cause of bloody milk is congestion of the udder. This may be produced by overfeeding, excessive heat, drinking cold water when hot, or anything else that will affect the circulation. As the udder is a highly vascular organ, and a large quantity of blood passes through it, it is easily affected by any unusual occurrence which increases or intensifies the circulatory motion of the blood, as well as by any local injury, as a blow on the udder or irritation caused by running when the udder is full, or by lying on damp ground, or by a cow stepping upon the udder. The remedy is to remove the congestion by bathing with warm water and rubbing with iodine ointment diluted with twice its bulk of lard; give the heifer half an ounce of saltpetre and repeat the second day. Be sure to milk the big clean, and if there is any foul matter in it inject two ounces of a solution of common bicarbonate of soda into the teat with a syringe, and after ten minutes milk it out.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Garget.—Among the causes are congestion of the udder, bruises, from lying down on the udder on hard floor, neglect in milking, etc. Continued friction with the palm of the hand often proves of service in reducing hardness and swelling of the udder. Such condition of the udder is generally of a chronic nature, slow of reduction and often not reduceable by any means. Besides friction a small portion of the following liniment may be applied morning and evening, but only to the hardened parts. The udder should be carefully washed before each milking, if the milk is used. Take half an ounce of iodine, two ounces of glycerine, two ounces of mercurial ointment, and two ounces of olive oil; mix. The bottle should be kept corked in a cool place, and the contents well shaken before use. It would be beneficial in the beginning of the disease to give the cow a laxative dose of medicine, such as a pound and a half of epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of hot water, to which solution add a pint of molasses and an ounce of ground ginger. If there be much difficulty in drawing the milk from the affected quarter the careful use of a milking tube is to be recommended.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Winter Dairying.

Shall we state again, in as few words as possible, what seems to us to be the advantage of winter dairying over our common way of summer dairy work? In the first place, more butter can be made in the year. Why? The cows will be in better condition as to flesh at the time they drop their calf. Dropping her calf in November or December the calf can be fed better, as well as the cow, because the person has more time to attend them. The cow, if fed grain—no man can afford to milk a good cow without feeding her—will give richer milk than on grass, and if not quite as much it will make us much more butter through the winter months than in the summer when she drops the calf in April. Being fed grain the cow comes onto grass strong, and through the grass season she will give nearly as much milk as when she comes in in the spring. When dried up in September or October she will get fat by the time she comes in again, and so the year around she is in much better condition than when she comes in in the spring. We all know how sickly and poor our cows are in this country in the spring, and it takes nearly all summer to get them up in condition to give much milk. The point we make, that the farmers have the time in the winter to attend to the care and feeding of cows and calves, is a good one. In years past the problem, how shall the farmer on a prairie farm, where he raises grain mostly, put in his time in winter, was to us a serious one.

Stock raising and dairying, especially winter dairying, solves that problem. Then again, as to calves. There is no question that calves raised by hand, if dropped in the late fall, will make at one year old, or can be made to make a better yearling than one dropped in April or May. The reason is this: By spring the young thing will be able to run right out with the herd and have the new and tender grass; whereas, in the old way, as most of farmers practice, they are weaned from milk feed just about the time the flies are the worst, and grass the toughest and poorest. We all have had our eyes pained at the sight of the poor, half-starved and fly-eaten things in August and September. If we adopt winter dairying we shall get into the habit of feeding more grain to both cow and calf, and that would be a great gain. One very important point more and we leave the subject for this time. By this method of winter dairying we have our calves weaned and off on grass by the time our pigs want the skimmed milk. All farmers can see at once that this is not a mean advantage. These are some of the advantages of *winter* work in the dairy.—*L. S. Coffin, in Iowa State Register.*

Health of Cows.

E. W. Stewart, of New York, has this to say, that the health of the cows may be promoted by studying the effect of different foods. A fruitful cause of disease in cattle is the steady feeding of dry, woody, fibrous food. This produces impaction of the manifolds and a general derangement of the system. Oil meal seems to have a similar effect upon the system to turnips or other roots. It produces a general relaxation of the bowels and counteracts the effect of dry, fibrous food. In many dairy districts, flaxseed is purchased at a moderate price, say from $1.13 to $1.60 per bushel, and it will pay the dairyman or feeder of cattle or horses, to buy a few bushels of flaxseed and grind it with his other grain. One bushel of flaxseed mixed with twenty bushels of corn and oats, and all ground fine together, will, by reason of its oil, render slightly laxative and assist materially in giving a proper action to the digestive organs. This will answer instead of oil meal. It will show its effect by giving a soft, mellow skin and a glossy coat. By studying the effects of foods the feeder may prevent most of these diseases that render the services of the farrier necessary. Food is all the medicine that is needed.

—Englishmen propose to send for American hotel clerks.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Hens, as a rule, lay about an equal number of eggs in their first and second seasons, after which the produce rapidly decreases.

—A Minnesota flock-master had great trouble with wolves. They would get into the folds at night and kill his sheep in spite of all the watchfulness he could exercise. He finally tried hanging a lighted lantern or two in the corral, and the marauders kept aloof.

—Grape Cordial.—Purple grapes, sugar, water; wash and bruise the fruit well; add a little water and let it stand over night; strain through a cloth, and to each gallon of juice add two pounds of sugar; let it stand a week, then drain off and bottle. This makes a very acceptable drink for invalids, with a little water.

—Potato Pudding.—One pound potatoes boiled and well mashed, one-quarter pound of butter stirred in while warm, two ounces of sugar, the rind of half a lemon chopped fine with the juice, a teacupful of milk; butter the tin, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour; two eggs may be added.

—An English farmer once told us that he could catch as many rats as he wanted by taking a little oat meal and making it into a dough with whisky and flavoring it with a little oil of roses; then break it into crumbs and spread it where the rats frequent. They eat it and the whisky makes them drunk, and drunken rats are like drunken men, simply fools, and lose all their cunning and self control. You can pick them up and kill them at leisure and throw them out. This is far better than poisoning them and allowing them to return to their holes and die.—*Iowa State Register.*

—To Preserve Wild Grapes.—Gather the grapes when they are very nearly or quite ripe, take them from the stems, put them in a preserving kettle, and pouring boiling water over them, let them stand one hour, or you may mash them with a potato masher if they are soft enough. Skim them out into a wire sieve, and rub them through it, this takes out the skins and seeds. Put them over the fire and let them boil fifteen minutes; add sugar to your taste. Or you can take equal parts of sugar and grapes, but adding the sugar after the grapes are boiled. Put in air-tight cans, and keep in a cool, dry place.

—Our rule has been to pick out our seed corn from the earliest husked before any very heavy freezes—when the wagons come from the field; it has been our practice to unload those wagons ourselves, while the men are eating dinner or supper, and then we can select just such ears as we please, if they are in that load. We pick for long, deep kernels, small cobs, ends well covered, and the ear heavy and solid. Such corn, corded up in the kitchen chamber, where it is always dry, has never failed to grow. By this way we can constantly improve the character of the corn. This is our way. If any one has a better way will he give it?—*L. S. Coffin, in Iowa State Register.*

—Preserved Peppers.—For this purpose take small round peppers, while they are green. With a sharp penknife extract the cores and seeds, and put them into a kettle with vine leaves and a little alum to keep them green and make them firm. Pour water over them and cover them to keep in the steam, which will help them to green. Let them simmer (not boil) for two hours. On taking them out of this water, if you find they taste of the alum, simmer them for three hours in weak ginger tea. Make a sirup of a pound of sugar and a little less than half a pint of water. Let it boil until the scum ceases to rise when put in the peppers, and let them simmer one hour. Take them out and spread on a dish to cool. When cold add them to the sirup and let them stand until the next morning, then put them over the fire and let them boil a few moments, first adding the juice of one lemon to one pound of the fruit and sirup. Put up tight with paper over the top of the preserve. Watermelon rinds will be found very nice preserved this same way, and cut in rings and diamonds. It is useful to ornament the top of creams, jellies, jams, etc. Citron may be preserved in the same manner, first paring off the outer rind.

Founder.

A disease that is far too common in horses, is caused most frequently by driving or working the animal till he is overheated, and more or less exhausted, and then allowing him to cool off suddenly without rubbing dry. A horse is driven hard for several miles and then hitched to a post in the open air in cold winter weather, and perhaps forgotten by the driver, who may be telling stories or smoking a cigar by a warm fire; the next morning, if not sooner, it is noticed that the animal has not eaten well, and can scarcely move from the stall. The lameness may be chiefly in one limb, or in more than one. Dr. Cressy, in his recent lecture before the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, said that any case of founder can be cured if taken within thirty hours of the attack.

The first thing to do is to place the horse's feet in tubs of warm water, and then blanket heavily, and get the animal thoroughly warm all over. The lameness is caused by a stagnation of the blood in the feet, caused by being cooled too rapidly after exhausting labor. The warm water thins the blood, extends and softens the blood vessels and favors increased circulation. In very bad cases bleeding in the foot may be necessary, though ordinarily it may be dispensed with.

Knowing the cause of founder it will be seen that it is much easier to prevent than to cure this disease after it becomes established. In the first place avoid very severe driving and overexhaustion; but if abuse of this kind is unavoidable, see to it that the horse who has risked his life in the service of his master is not neglected at the end of his journey. Drive into a warm shed or barn free from cold draughts, and rub vigorously till the animal is dried off. Give warm water to drink and cover with warm blankets. In short, treat the horse just as you would treat yourself under like circumstances.—*Exchange.*

An Old Landmark Doomed.

Cyrus W. Field has just bought the property at Broadway and Battery Place, New York City, for $167,500. The building has for a long time been known as the Washington Hotel, and has historical interest as the oldest building now standing in the city. It is Mr. Field's plan to remove the old landmark and to build in its place an imposing business and office block. The old house, which will have to give way to modern improvement, was built in 1742. Previous to that time the site had been occupied by a tavern which had been built in the seventeenth century by Pieter Kocks, whose wife kept it long after his death. Pieter Kocks was an officer in the Dutch service and a fighter in the Indian war of 1693. The present house when built was a copy of that of the British ambassador at Lisbon, and all its plans were sent here from the Portuguese capital. It was built, according to the testimony of William L. Stone, by Sir Peter, afterward Admiral Warren, K. C. B. It was considered at the time it was built one of the finest mansions in the country. One of its rooms, twenty-six feet by forty feet in dimensions, was a famous banqueting room, and was used on all great occasions. After the British forces captured New York City, in the war of the Revolution, it was occupied successively by such distinguished British commanders as Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Guy Carlton, afterward Lord Dorchester. Major Andre, who was in the family of Sir Henry Clinton, and his aid, went from this house on his fatal journey up the Hudson River to meet Benedict Arnold.

Thomas Jefferson as a Fiddler.

Jefferson used to solace himself, amid the arduous hours of the legal profession and the cares of State, with the violin, on which he was an excellent performer. At one period of his life, when he was a member of the Continental Congress, and at the same time the foremost lawyer and statesman of his own State, he used to practice three hours a day on his favorite instrument, under the tutelage of the famous violinist, Alberti. This, with the laying out of his grounds at Monticello, in which he took such pride, constituted his only relaxation from the weighty duties and responsibilities which his admiring and trusting countrymen so persevered in bestowing on him. Far into the night the mellow tones of his violin floated from the heights of Monticello or from the old "Apollo" tavern, where he and Patrick Henry, and a few choice companions used to meet for social cheer and affectionate fellowship; and the spirits of each and all were enlightened, soothed and elevated by the sweet, pure charms of music.

—If you have anything of an unusual or ambiguous character to communicate, don't use the postal card. An editorial writer on the New York *Times*, evidently writing of a personal experience, says: "A newspaper man once planned a story in which a lady unhappily married was to sue for a divorce, and, to make sure of being correct, wrote to a lawyer friend, stating the case as he meant to describe it. Back came a postal card: 'You could not get a divorce on the grounds you mention in New York; you might in Connecticut or Maine.' This card, handed in by the carrier to Mrs. Newspaperman one forenoon, when her husband was away at business, raised a breeze in the household which was not allayed for some days."

It would be supposed from its popularity that only one substance is now known to the world for the relief of rheumatism, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Dispatch.*

Madam Marie Blanc, late proprietress of the gambling hell at Monaco, has left her property, worth $20,000,000, to her three children, who will keep the establishment as usual for all comers.

Mr. E. Purcell, No. 11 Ann street, New York, used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism with entire relief—writes a New York journal.—*Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate.*

Thirty-two circusses are bleeding this unhappy land. What a tough time of it those poor old jokes are having!—*Puck.*

Restored from a Decline.

North Greece, N. Y., April 25, 1880.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter. It is now five weeks since she began their use. She is more fleshy, has more color in her face, no headache, and is in other ways greatly improved.

Yours truly, Mrs. Marcella Myers.

What better pastime for frogs than croak, eh?—*Yawcob Strauss.*

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing. Truly, there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

A bit of conversation overheard in the English Crystal Palace: "Them's the crocklindiles you've read about in Egypt," said the sire to his little son athirst for science. "And what's them?" asked the son, pointing to smaller specimens in the same group. "Oh, them's the crocklindiles' kittens," was the father's authoritative reply.

While preaching from the text: "He giveth His beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping auditors and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wondrous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation!"

Dr. Gunther says there are seven thousand species of fish now known to men of science. When a man sits on the river bank half a day watching a cork idly floating on the stream, and comes home with a sunburned nose and not a single specimen of these seven thousand species, he is inclined to think that Dr. Gunther is a patent medicine advertisement.—*Norristown Herald.*

Konstantinos Artos, of Crete, is dead, at the age of 118, surviving five wives, eleven children and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts:

Thou art gone, old Konstantinos,
But why should we repine us,
Or file resolutions over thee?
Though it's sad that Crete is minus
Her respected Kountantinos,
Thou wert older, Kon., than one man ought to be.

—*Courier-Journal.*

It is a curious arrangement that compels people to go to bed at night, when they are not sleepy, and get up in the morning, when they are.—*Boston Transcript.*

"When you drink with a friend, should you immediately retreat?" Yes, if you have the sense to do so.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" (Trademark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

The refined man doesn't call another a liar. He calls him a weather prophet.—*Boston Transcript.*

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable* no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

The explosion of a can of baked beans reveals a shocking possibility of the entire destruction of the city of Boston.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.—*Telegraph.*

The man who went to see the board fence, retired when he heard the fence rail and saw the plank walk.—*Boston Transcript.*

People Should

Purify the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors, and by giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels, to perform their regular functions. Kidney-Wort will do it. This remedy is now prepared in liquid as well as in dry form.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

Ask your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A TOUGH HORSE STORY.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* lately published the following horse story, which we give just as it appeared: "A curious instance of sagacity in the horse occurred recently in the stables of Mr. A. Toughman, situated on North Elm street. Mr. T. has for a long time been in the habit of using St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, in his extensive stables. Among Mr. T.'s many horses is a great, powerful Canadian draught horse. This animal in course of time got so that that he knew the St. Jacobs Oil bottle very well; so well, in fact, that one day recently on Mr. T.'s return from business, upon entering the stables he caught him licking the sore shoulder of a beast which stood beside him; the animal, giving a wise

survey to his licking work, turned his head and caught up with his teeth from the box used as its receptable a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. He threw the bottle on the floor with violence enough to break it, and then deliberately licked up the St. Jacobs Oil and applied it to the cut. Readers, we have seen the laws of association belied by beings with less sense than Toughman's horse. The word has passed among us, and when we see a man who won't try the Oil, we say, 'He is worse than Toughman's horse.'" To many this may appear as a very "tough" story; and were there not proofs innumerable of the efficacy of the Great German Remedy they would be justified in so designating it. The testimony, however, is plentiful and pointed, and is from people whose long experience in matters appertaining to horseflesh entitles their opinions to profound consideration and respect.

WISCONSIN 500,000 Acres LANDS
On the line of the
WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.
For full particulars, which will be sent *free*, address
CHARLES L. COLBY,
Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED to supply the immense demand for the only Complete, Authentic, and Fully Illustrated
Life of President Garfield
just published. With Attempted Assassination, Surgical Treatment, etc.; has *steel portrait*, also fine likenesses of the Surgeons, Cabinet and Mrs. Garfield. Circulars *free*. *Liberal terms*. *Outfit 50c.* Address
HUBBARD BROS., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. Domestic Scale Co., Cincinnati, O.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cin., O.

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ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
S. W. Cor. State and Monroe Sts.
School of Drawing and Painting.
The Fall Term will open Oct. 3, after which Pupils may enter at any time. Instruction is given regularly in Drawing from the Flat, the Antique, and from Life, Perspective, Crayon and Charcoal Drawing, Fifteen-minute Sketching, Painting in Oil and Water Colors, Artistic Anatomy, Pen and Ink Drawing, and Etching on Copper.
Tuition Fee, $25 for Three Months.
Special arrangements for shorter terms. The tuition fee includes any or all the above branches, and also the use of the School Library on Art. The teachers are:
Henry F. Spread and J. Roy Robertson, Professors of Drawing and Painting; J. H. Vanderpoel, Instructor in Drawing; N. H. Carpenter, Instructor in Perspective; W. M. R. French, Director and Lecturer on Artistic Anatomy; Mrs. F. N. Bond, Teacher of China Painting.
Send for Circular to W. M. R. FRENCH,
Secretary Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE in regard to the great curative properties of
DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES.
UNDOUBTED CURES OF
CONSUMPTION.
Clear and Explicit Statements from well-known Persons, which should Convince the Most Skeptical.
No Medicines Have Ever Been Introduced to the Public that can Show Such an Array of Evidence in their Favor.
For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also, valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, &c. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Diseases, and should be read not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.
IT IS SENT FREE—
Post Paid to all Applicants.
Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, 537 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Go and see the people who write the following letters if possible.

From La Porte, Ind.—Consumption Cured.

Dr. Schenck:
My wife was a victim to that horrible disease—Consumpton of the Lungs. The doctor attended her for six weeks, she growing worse all the time. Finally he told me that he could do nothing more for her, and that there was no hope for her recovery.
I had heard of the cure of a case of Consumption by the use of your medicines, and as a last resort I determined to try them on my wife; accordingly I bought a single bottle of each—the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. When she had taken but this one bottle of each medicine she was able to get out of bed and move about. I bought more of the medicine for her, which she continued to take until there was no further use for any more; her lungs healed up and became sound again. Nothing but your medicine saved my wife from the grave.
JOHN ENGELSBERGER.

Another Case of Consumption Cured at La Porte, Ind.

Dr. Schenck:
About twelve years ago I was dangerously ill with Lung Fever. I had great trouble in breathing; every breath I drew caused me pain. I had three doctors treating me, but I grew worse all the time. I was at that time connected with the Lake Shore R. R. Co. One of my fellow clerks induced me to get some of your medicines, saying that he had used them himself with entire success. I sent for some of your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and the Mandrake Pills. I used them according to the directions, and in a short time noticed a marked improvement in my health, which kept up as I continued using your medicines. After taking several bottles each of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic I got entirely over my sickness.
Since that time I have recommended your medicines to many other people living in La Porte, who used them with great success.
F. W. NEBELTHAU,
Ex-Trustee of La Porte Co.
La Porte, Ind., Jan. 21, 1881.

This is to Certify, That we have sold the medicines mentioned in these certificates to Mr. Nebelthau and others, and their statements are authentic and reliable.
FRED'K WEST & CO., Druggists.

A Gentleman well-known in Zanesville, Dresden and Cohocton, writes from Pekin, Ill.

Dr. J. H. Schenck:
Dear Sir—In the winter of 1872 I was told by three prominent doctors that my wife had Consumption, and that she could not live until spring. Soon after this a friend, who lives in Dayton, Ohio, recommended your medicines to her, but having been told that she was incurable, we had no faith in them. Her friend finally brought her a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, and insisted on her giving it a fair trial. She did so, and thank God, by its use her life was saved. She is now entirely well.
I am well-known here, as well as in Zanesville, Dresden and Cohocton, and would refer you to the druggists and others in these towns who will remember my wife's case as a very bad one. I have recommended your medicines to a great many, and have never known them to fail in making cures where they have been given a fair trial. I am induced to send you this by the thought that it will be of such great use to suffering humanity.
A. W. WHITE,
Proprietor White House, Pekin, Ill.
November 21, 1879.

Mr. J. B. Miller, of New Castle, Ind., writes:

New Castle, Ind., Jan. 22, 1881.

Dr. Schenck:
Dear Sir—My wife was troubled with Lung Disease, attended with weakness and prostration. I had doctors in New Castle and Hagerstown attending her, but their skill was of no avail. She did not grow any better under their care. She became so low that there seemed to be no hope for her recovery. I then came across one of your pamphlets, and after reading of the many cures made by your medicines, I concluded to give them a trial. So I bought one bottle each of your "Pulmonic Syrup" and "Seaweed Tonic," which she used, and showed such a marked improvement that I got more of the medicines. After using a half dozen bottles she became quite well and strong again. My wife has great faith in your medicines, and she thinks there is nothing better in the world. We keep them always in the house.
Yours truly, J. B. MILLER.

From Mr. Peter Christopher, of Pawnee, Ill.

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia:
Gentlemen—If you will excuse the liberty, I would like to state to you how your medicines have cured me of what seemed a fatal case of Consumption.
Three years ago I was taken sick, and was told by my physicians—who were many and from all parts—that I could not live three months. I took, besides all all their prescriptions, at least
Seventy-five Bottles of Cod-Liver Oil.
At last, after everything else had proven fruitless, I wrote to you to send me ten bottles of your medicine, to which you replied, advising me, for the sake of economy, to get it of the nearest druggist, which I did; and after having taken two bottles, my cough, which had been very violent, became easier, my friends, who had been despondent, became encouraged as I was, and I continued taking the medicine.
I had coughed up immense quantities of blood, and was very much reduced, weighing less than one hundred pounds. To-day I am well and hearty; my weight has increased to one hundred and eighty pounds. *It is without doubt* to your medicines that I owe my life. I have no hesitation in declaring that they possess all the qualities you claim for them, and more, too. I am still using them in my family as a preventive, for I have had no sickness for a long time.
Yours respectively,
PETER CHRISTOPHER.
Pawnee, Ill., June 12, 1875.

Mr. Isaac Miller, of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes:

February 7, 1881.

Ten years ago I contracted a severe cold, which brought me very low. I went from one doctor to another, getting prescriptions from each, but the medicines they prescribed seemed to do me no good. I kept getting worse and worse, until at last I became so weak that if I went any distance from my house it seemed that I would never be able to get back. I was in despair, and had almost given up all hope of recovery. As a last resort I went to Strope's drug store, in this city, and asked him if he had any medicine that would help me. He said he had, and he was so confident of it that he said, "Here, take this bottle of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, and if it does you no good you need not pay for it." I took the bottle home and commenced using it, as you directed and it worked like magic. By the time it was gone I felt very much better, and so I got another bottle which completed the cure.
I have since used the Pulmonic Syrup in my family many times with the best results. I have also recommended it to many friends, among others, Mrs. Hesser, of Plymouth, Indiana, who had Consumption, and she was cured in a very short time by its use.
ISAAC MILLER.
Engineer on Pitts., Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R. Residence No. 44 William St., Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Dr. Schenck, Philadelphia, Pa:
Dear Sir—We are well acquainted with Mr. Isaac Miller, and can vouch for the truth of the statement he sends you in regard to the great benefit he received from the use of your medicines. Yours truly,
D. B. Strope & Co., Druggists.
Ft. Wayne, Ind., Feb. 8, 1881.

Why I Have the Utmost Confidence in Dr. J. H. Schenck and His Medicines.

During the past two years my mother and brother have died of Consumption. I was myself quite unwell most of this time, and when, shortly after their death, I was attacked with cough and severe hemorrhages, I naturally concluded that I was destined to go with the same disease. I immediately consulted a physician, who made a specialty of lung diseases. After examining me, he said that he thought my lungs were sound, and that I would soon recover. In less than a week after this I had another severe hemorrhage. Thinking that my physician had made a mistake in my case, I consulted another doctor. He thought my lungs affected, and prescribed for me for a long time. I got no better under his treatment, but generally worse. My cough was very bad, my appetite entirely gone; I had severe pain in my right side, and for months I did not sleep more than two or three hours in a night. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a bad taste in my mouth. I had the headache almost all the time.
Feeling that something must be done, I at last concluded to consult with Dr. Schenck, the physician who, I think, I have good reason to believe to be the best in the treatment of lung disease. I went to his office in Boston and was examined. He found my left lung quite badly diseased, and my liver seriously affected. He told me that I could be cured if I would follow his directions. Of course, I consented to do so, and I very soon saw that my confidence in his ability was well placed. I took the Mandrake Pills, Seaweed Tonic and Pulmonic Syrup all at one time, as directed by him, and within one month my worst symptoms were gone. I went to see the doctor on his next visit to Boston, which was one month after the first time I saw him, and he said, "Only continue with the medicine and you will surely get well." I did so, and kept on gaining in every way until I was perfectly well, and able to work as usual. Since my recovery I have not lost a day's time, except when I have made friendly visits to the doctor at his Boston office. My cough is gone, my appetite is good, I have no headache or pain in my side; I sleep better than I ever did in my life, and my lungs are apparently healed, as I have no hemorrhages.
These are the reasons why I believe in and recommend Dr. J. H. Schenck and his medicines. He did just what he said he would do for me, and I believe that I owe my life to his medicines and care.
FRED. F. TRULL.
Hudson, Mass., May 25, 1881.

From Mr. Harley P. Hopkins, of Providence, R. I. He is Cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, After Being Given Up to Die by Some of the Best Physicians of the City.

Dr. J. H. Schenck:
Dear Sir—I have been cured of what three of the best physicians of this city told me was Consumption of the lungs, by the use of your medicines. I was first attacked with the disease in October, 1880, and although I was from that time continually under the care of a physician, I grew worse and worse until at last I was confined to my bed. I can hardly say that I was first attacked with the disease in 1880, for my lungs had been weak for many years previous to this, and I would quite often have severe pain in my breast if I took the least cold or exerted myself too much in any way. I grew worse, my cough became very bad; I had night sweats so severe that my bed through the night would be as wet as though water had been thrown over me. I was continually raising blood and large quantities of offensive matter from my lungs, and at last had all the well known symptoms of Consumption in its last stages.
At the request of my family my physician called in two other doctors of this city, and they after an examination agreed that my case was hopeless. They informed my wife that I had better be told that I could not live, as my time would be very short for arranging my worldly affairs. They also said that no medicine would be of any use to me. The next day my friend, Mr. H. I. Leith, hearing of my condition, sent me a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, thinking it might relieve my cough, and make my expectoration easier. I began using it, never even hoping that it would cure me, but finding great relief from its use, when the first bottle was gone I sent and got more; so I continued it until I had used seven or eight bottles. All this time I was in bed and was so weak that I had to be lifted. This was not a difficult thing to do, however, as I only weighed about ninety pounds. As I have said, I commenced the use of the medicine with no thought of its curing me, but after taking the eighth bottle I would sometimes feel a little hungry, a thing I had not done before for many months. I omitted to mention that after taking four or five bottles of the Pulmonic Syrup I also began taking the Seaweed Tonic, and I also took some of the Mandrake Pills.
It is needless for me to give you an account of all my feelings during my recovery. Of course it was slow, but it was also sure. I gradually gained strength, the character of what I raised from my lungs was changed, not being so offensive, and at last I was able to get up and walk about my room. From this time my recovery was rapid. I gained flesh fast and soon went out doors, and now, I am entirely well, a wonder to all my acquaintances who saw me when I was so low.
I weigh 162 pounds, appetite good, and I can truly say that I never felt better in my life. I consider your medicines as wonderful in their effects. They have saved my life and I feel so thankful to you that I am anxious that all who are suffering with lung troubles should know how good they are. Of course I can give a better account of my case in telling of it than in writing and if any who read this are interested, they are welcome to call on me at my residence.
Yours truly, HARLEY P. HOPKINS,
No. 2 Howell St., Providence, R. I.
May 19, 1881.
Mr. Harley P. Hopkins, who writes the forgoing letter to Dr. Schenck, of Philadelphia, is an old resident of Providence. I have known him well for the last fifteen years, and I can assure the public that all he has written in regard to his sickness and recovery is strictly true. He was considered a consumptive in the last stages of the disease by his physician and friends, and I believe that his recovery is entirely due to the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines.
H. I. LEITH, Druggist,
No. 282 North Main St., Providence, R. I.
May 19, 1881.

☞ Dr. Schenck's Medicines, Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are for sale by all druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption is sent free, post paid, on application.
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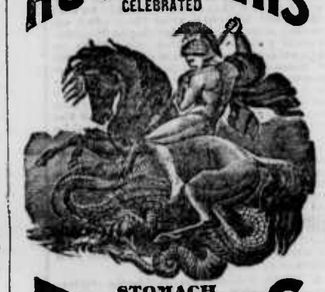

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BITTERS
Though Shaken In Every Joint
And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene H. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.
M. M. D. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says his wife was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."
KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
☞ *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'r,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!
DR. WM. HALL'S
FOR THE Lungs, BALSAM
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not a incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC
For Chills and Fever
AND ALL DISEASES
Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood.
A WARRANTED CURE.
Price, $1.00. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

FOR SALE Foundry and Machine Shops, in a good town having three railways. Shops doing good business. For particulars address Young & Chandler, Kokomo, Ind.

$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money, and a 24 page Journal (ILLUSTRATED) sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

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HAIR and Wigs sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. Strait, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

$25 for 1799 Cent. Coins wanted. 25c book shows prices we pay. Address Mason's 32 N. 13th St., Phila.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election the return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
BALTIMORE MD.

THE DAVIS
VERTICAL FEED
SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make ruffiners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from fine to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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FOR SALE BY
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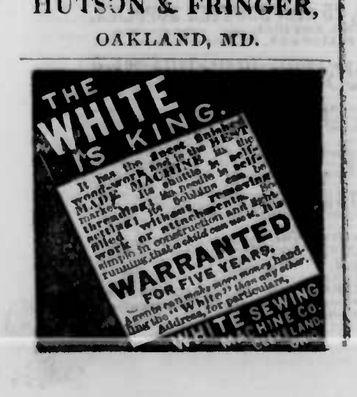

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One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

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[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.51 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2:16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.21 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	19.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

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The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the former M'Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

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OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTO WORK,

such as

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at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co. Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 370 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
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GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton Md.
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H. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
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BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
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S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay Md.
Hon. JAS. R. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
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B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take an assessment on a certificate of $1250: all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,
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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT: a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Pamphlets or call on A. G. STURGISS, Druggist, Agent, Oakland, Maryland. Aug. 4 y

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For $12.00 a Farmer can buy a formula (520 lb) of POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS for WHEAT.

This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.

Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tried, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.

Send for Pamphlet. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

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FOR SALE BY E. E. CHISHOLM, Oakland, Md.

CORNISH CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH PIANO Style 8 SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 2 feet 7 inches.

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BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor $60 to $1000, 2 to 32 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ Price $90?

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☞ Other desirable new styles now ready. ☜

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SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,370 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, $222.75.

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J. W. Laughlin, M. D.,

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1881. NUMBER 33.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

D AVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

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E. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building, Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptsons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,

15 P. O. Avenue.

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IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

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Perfectly safe to use *internally* or *externally*, and *certain* to afford relief. No family can afford to be without it. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1 a bottle.

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MERCHANT TAILORING

I will open business in the drug store building, next door to D. E. Offutt's, on Railroad street, where I will conduct the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its branches. I will keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of samples of the latest and most stylish goods in the market. I will also have on hand a full line of trimmings, and will either

FURNISH SUITS COMPLETE,

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I only ask a trial to guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me.

Respectfully,

G. E. HINKLEY,

4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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F. MARTIN, Oakland Md,

6 18 tf

The Democratic Programme.

If the utterances of the Democratic newspapers can be depended on as indications of the course the Democratic Senators mean to oursure at the called session, the programme is to proceed with the election of a President *pro tempore* before admitting the three Senators chosen to fill vacancies. This is to be done on the plea that there is no presiding officer to receive the credentials of the new Senators, and that one must be chosen before they can be sworn in. The President *pro tempor* is in this case not, as the title would indicate, a temporary presiding officer to occupy the chair only until the body can be fully organized, but the regular and permanent presiding officer, to hold his place for an indefinite period, and to stand first in the line of succession to the Chief Magistracy. The choice of this officer is, therefore, a matter of great National importance, and one in which all the States of the Union have an equal right to participate. Yet it is seriously proposed by the Democratic organs that the State of New York be entirely disfranchised in this grave proceeding, and that the State of Rhode Island be deprived of one of the two votes to which she is entitled. This is to be done under cover of a defect in the rules of the Senate, which do not contemplate a vacancy in both the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency *pro tempore* of the Senate, and consequently fail to specify a method for receiving credentials and swearing in new members when both such vacancies exist.

The programme thus proposed violates one of the first principles of parliamentary law, a principle recognized in every representative body from a county convention up to the House of Representatives of the United States—namely, that all members-elect whose seats are not contested have a right to participate in the organization of the body. The members of the House vote for Speaker before taking the official oath on their *prima facie* right to seats shown in the credentials filed with the clerk. This is the case in the Legislatures of some States; in others the oath is administered by the Secretary or by a judicial officer. In all, however, the right to vote for the presiding and other officers of the body belongs to all members whose credentials are in due form. Can it be seriously maintained that some other law governs the Senate, and that the members who got in at a prior session can keep out all their newly elected colleagues until they have chosen a presiding officer and parcelled out the clerkships and doorkeeperships among themselves? The case only needs to be plainly stated to show how untenable it is. The Senators from New York derive their title to participate in the proceedings of the Senate, not from any ceremony on the part of an official of the body, but from the State they represent. For the Senators from other States to exclude them until the only important work of the session is completed would be an act of gross usurpation and a direct insult to the chief State in the Union.

We do not care to argue about the meaning of Senate rules or the want of rules to meet the present contingency. The principle which should govern is so plain that there can be no two honest opinions about it. Every State is entitled to an equal voice with every other State in the organization of the body. The accident of death or resignation cannot justly operate to disfranchise a State which fills the vacancies thus occurring in a legal manner and sends her representatives duly commissioned to occupy the empty chairs. In the proceedings of courts, when no statute is found to meet a given case and secure the ends of justice, an appeal is made to the common law. There is a common law of legislative bodies known as parliamentary law which time out of mind has been evoked in deliberative and legislative assemblies to supply the want of definite rules. Let the Senate apply it to cure the defect now developed in its own regulations. There is no real obstacle in the way of doing so. The Senate can call one of its members to take the chair for the time being, as is often done during the absence of the presiding officer, the new Senators can be duly admitted, and the business of electing officers can be then proceeded with in a proper and orderly way. It should be remembered that the Senate is a continuous body, and, unlike the House, has not to be organized afresh once in two years. According to the theory of the Constitution, it is never in a disorganized condition. When it meets next month it will not be as an inchoate assembly having no powers until it has gone through with certain formative processions. It will be the Senate of the United States just as much as ever, deprived of none of its powers by the accident of vacancies in its Presidency and at its Secretary's desk. Its right, then, to originate the necessary forms for admitting its newly elected members is undoubted, and can no more be questioned than its right to choose a presiding officers when its membership is complete. It is not in a chaotic condition; and its function of admitting the Senators from New York and Rhode Island, whose right to seats is not controverted, can be exercised under a temporary form of organization just as lawfully as if the Vice-President had not been called to the Presidency and were present in his former place to receive their credentials.

We speak of this matter without any partisan feeling. The principle that all duly elected members of a body have a right to take part in the choice of its officers is an important part of parliamentary ethics. No party can violate it for the purpose of gaining an advantage without deserving the contempt of all honest men. Our view of the case now arising in Washington would be the same if the attitude or parties were changed and three Democrats were waiting admission to the Senate. The right of the States to an equal voice in all the acts of the body is inviolable. If the Democrats intend to disfranchise the State of New York in the election of an official who may be called upon to act as President of the United States, let them go ahead. The Republicans will want no better issue to take before the voters of this State in the canvass soon to open.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Oriole Observations.

The busy notes of preparation are heard on all sides in Baltimore, and the Oriole will prove an event, the equal of which in brilliancy, splendor and extent was never known in this country. From Monday morning to the wee small hours of Wednesday night, there will be one constant succession of brilliant spectacles. The pageant Tuesday night the 11th, will be dazzling in the extreme. The floats upon which the tableaux will be shown are of unusually large dimensions, being placed upon railroad tracks and run over the line of march upon street car tracks. This enables the construction of the tableaux upon a very large scale, and insures so steady and solid a transit as to afford almost no end of opportunity for display. Not only will the line of march be illuminated from one end to the other, but the entire city will be lighted by electric, calcium and other lights. It will indeed be such a night as will live in memory for years to come. The decorations throughout the city will of themselves be worthy of a journey to look upon. Baltimore demonstrated her great taste in this line at the Sesqui-Centennial last year, and the improvements she will make this year will surprise all. Everybody appears to be interested in the event and Oriole is the talk of the town. The municipal authorities will make the reception to the distinguished Frenchmen the most noteworthy of any that will be tendered them during their stay in this country. The most brilliant festivities will be inaugurated in their honor, and the grand ball and carnival with which the three days will end promises to eclipse all previous attempts at such sort of thing anywhere in the country. Every care will be taken by the B. & O. to provide the best of accomodation for the transportation of the immense crowds which will go from the line of the road to Baltimore. The exceedingly low rate of one-half the usual fare proves very popular, as also the ten days' limit on the tickets.

"Does it, after all, pay to be honest?" A disappointed young man writes. No my son, not if you're honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if your are honest, merely because you think it will pay; not if you are honest only because your are afraid to be a rogue; indeed my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action, if you can't be honest from principal, be a rascal; that's what you are intended for, and you'll probably succeed at it. But you can't make anybody believe in honesty that is bought and sold like merchandise.

The Food Problem.

The Boston *Cultivator*, in commenting upon the supply of breadstuffs to the teeming millions of the working classes of England, says that no weightier national question exists at the present time than the food problem between the United States and Great Britain. It outranks in importance the armies and navies of the world, their laws or manufactures; it is of more vital interest than commercial treaties or protective tariffs, which may become obsolete or inoperative through the necessities of the people; it has already proved more potent than legislative enactments, guns, bayonets, or the strategies of war. The ability of the United States to produce a surplus of grain and meat, and the capacity of Great Britain in its consumption, are the national problems of the hour. The price at which the United States can deliver a bushel of wheat or a pound of meat in the markets of England has a vast influence on the destinies of both nations.

Great Britain, though of comparatively small area, yet wielding a world-wide influence in politics, finance, commerce and manufactures, is without the means within its internal resources of growing the wheat for its own population. Astounding as it may seem, the progress of events enables the American farmer of today to dictate the rent-roll of the British aristocracy. However distasteful to the British lion, this fact exists, that neither wealth nor power, guns nor vessels of war can rise superior to the demands of empty stomachs. Hunger is more potent than law. The war-cry of the corn-law league is not yet forgotten. Cheap bread always brought a demand for labor, because the nations from which England bought bread became in return purchasers of the products of British labor. The English laborer is better fed to-day than ever before, thanks to the American farmer. The United States is producing wheat and corn in quantities which would have been considered fabulous a few years since, and at prices so low that the very mention would have been looked upon as a fiction less than a generation ago.

England produces more wheat to the acre than any other nation in the world, yet neither soil nor climate renders it a wheat growing nation. From its early history down to the present time, its natural production has been cattle. When Julius Cæsar conquered the island, he said the people were possessed of large quantities of cattle, but produced little grain. The grain grown by the British farmer has always depended upon the amount of beef and mutton they could produce. In years gone by they counted little upon the profit in raising beef so long as they could make money in producing wheat; hence, they purchased corn and oil-cake to feed their beef and make fertile their lands, while a heavy crop of wheat was their profit. Years ago, a heavy tariff on wheat and meat protected the English landlord's rent-roll.

Enlarged importation of low-cost grain from the ever-widening fields of American farms has forced the English farmer to contract his wheat-producing area, and to increase his breadth of pasturage for beef and mutton. But here again the farmers of the United States are superior in the competition, not only raising and exporting superior grain at low prices, but also beef, mutton and pork; in fact, the English market is in the hands of the American producer, the latter making the price of bread and meat not only in Britain, but in Continental Europe. Reforms never travel backward. England will never re-establish a tariff on food products for man. With England prosperous in her commerce and manufactures, she is our greatest customer for agricultural products. This is a supremacy for us far better than the glory and power achieved by invading armies. The implements with which this bread republic should seek to conquer are the plow and the cultivator, the reaper and the mowing machine. Our strategy should be taught at the agricultural college and the technical school, rather than at West Point or Annapolis, while our *Campus Martius* should ever be the broad acres of our fertile farms.

It is a singular coincidence that the people of the United States were twenty years ago Monday engage in fasting and prayer, under a proclamation of President Lincoln. It was the first year of the war, and the military misfortunes which began with Big Bethel and were followed by Bull Run and other defeats, had done much toward depressing the spirits of the people. The day was observed in all the loyal states as one of humiliation, fasting and prayer.

Press Comments.

The brief inaugural address delivered by President Arthur Thursday last is very favorably commented on generally by the leading papers of the country. We annex some brief extracts:

New York *Herald*, Independent: "Every sentence of the proclamation is full of a sadness which responds with perfect harmony to the feelings of the people, and it will not escape public attention that many of its phrases are inspired with a personal tenderness which bears witness to the deep emotion of their author. May an administration thus harmoniously begun in accord with the national sentiment so continue to its close."

New York *Tribune*, Republican: "The address is all that could be desired in tone and temper, and, short as it is, it contains enough to bring relief to many a mind which may have been filled with the honest doubts as to the new President's views and purposes."

New York *Times*, Republican: "In this brief address President Arthur showed that he was fully susceptible to the influences of the hour. The sentiments which he expressed were in keeping with the feelings excited by the solemn events of the last few days. He was chary of promises, but he gave reason for faith that he would succeed in his earnest endeavor to profit and to see that the nation shall profit by the example and experience of his predecessor."

New York *World*, Democrat: "The brief, solemn and modest address of the new President is entirely in keeping with his demeanor during the past two months, and to most readers of it the difficulties of his situation will seem scarcely to exist, so completely were they overcame and so exactly was the line of propriety attained. Whether this was an achievement of tact or the unlabored expression of honest feeling, it is equally creditable to the President and equally auspicious for his administration."

Philadelphia *Press*, Republican: "It is so appropriate in thought, so chaste and fragrant in expression, so tender in its sympathies, so elevated in its tone, so strong in its assurances that it will quicken new hope in the hearts of the country. It grasps the one central, dominating thought in the minds of the people, and gives it a clearer and more eloquent voice than they could have given it themselves. In a word, it holds up the aspirations and the achievements of the lamented Garfield as the model and examplar for the administration of his successor."

Philadelphia *North American*: "The President's first official utterance reflects credit upon his head and heart. He says neither too much nor too little, indulges in no fine phrases, strains after no effect. The inaugural is an earnest, heartfelt and modest utterance."

Philadelphia *Times*, Independent: "Nothing could be in better taste than his short inaugural address. He alludes to the tragedy by which he has been called to this high office and to the excellence of the constitutional provisions whereby the fabric of government is secured against disturbance, and declares his purpose to carry on the work which he finds begun."

Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Republican: "The inaugural is worthy of the occasion and worthy of a President whom the people may learn to love and trust. Although a hasty expression, it gives evidence of high purposes patiently wrought out, of a clear mind, firm convictions and sound judgment."

Washington *Post*, Democrat: "The inaugural address, though brief, contained all that the occasion demanded."

James A. Garfield went through his whole public life without surrendering for a single moment his Christian integrity, his moral integrity or his love for the spiritual. Coming into the exciting conflicts of political life with a nature as capable as any of feeling the force of every temptation, with temptations to unholy ambition, with unlawful prizes within his reach, with every inducement to surrender all his religious faith, and not merely as a successful man of the world, from first to last he has manfully adhered to his religious convictions and found the more praise, and gathers in his death all the pure inspirations of the hope of the everlasting life.

The Queen of England has sent her condolence to Mother Garfield, and a request for a good photograph of General Garfield.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

What is the gain?
If one should run a noble race,
And at the last, with weary pace,
Win to the goal, and find his years
A harvest field of waste and tears,
Of turmoil and of buried trust,
Rich with dead hopes and bitter dust,
And strife and sneer and ceaseless pain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain!
When, having reached a sunlit height,
Through barren sweeps of gloomful night,
Hoping to see beyond the crest
Fair lands of beauty and of rest,
There lies before, stretched far away
Unto the confines of the day,
A desolate and shadeless plain,
What is the gain!

What is the gain?
To sail for months of cold and toil
Across wide seas, where winds recoil,
Only to gather strength and roar
A louder challenge than before,
And find, when through fogs thick and dun
The rocky coast at last is won,
No haven from the storm-vexed main,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
The race is won, we see the light,
We conquer where the storm-winds fight;
We show the way to those who wait
With faint hearts by the walls of fate;
Our banners flutter in the van
Of battles fought for thought and man,
And ignorance and darkness wane,
This is the gain.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S TALE.

The following amusing narrative is adapted from a story which appeared some years ago in the daily press:

A commercial traveler, on his business rounds, came to one of the large Yorkshire towns, where he found, upon his arrival, that the time which, under a lapse of memory, he had chosen for his visit, was most inopportune. "The races were on;" and every house of accommodation was crowded to excess. Upon application to the landlady of the hotel where he had been in the habit of staying, he was informed that every bed in the premises had been bespoken for a week before his coming; and more than this, that even the very floors and tables of the dining-room would be burdened at night with racing-men and weary pleasure-seekers.

"We are extremely sorry, sir," said Mrs. Boniface, "that we cannot receive you, an accustomed patron of the house, but under existing circumstances, it is impossible that we can. But," she added, "I will give you the names of some persons in the town who let rooms, and perhaps you will find among them some one who can put you up—at least I hope so."

Our friend took the list of names with a rueful face, and at once set about the discovery of a place of rest for the night. But all his search was fruitless. Every bed and possible "shake-down" in the whole district was pre-engaged, and if he would remain in the town he must walk the streets until morning. But sooner than do this he resolved to return to his good landlady of former days, and cast himself upon her benevolent contrivance and sympathy.

"Upon my word, sir," she said, "you greatly distress and puzzle me. I really do not know where in the world I can put you." But after thinking for a moment, she asked: "Will you consent to occupy the hostler's room, sir? It stands in a back part of the premises, and perhaps we could manage to make it—at least in some degree—comfortable."

The traveler thanked her warmly, and declared that the accommodation she spoke of was the very thing under the circumstances.

In about half an hour the hostler was called, and told to take a lantern and conduct the gentleman to his bedroom. The way proved to be across a large yard in the rear of the inn, up a step-ladder, along a narrow boarded passage, then up three stairs, and finally through a doorway into the sleeping apartment. Our traveler found, on looking around, that good use had been made of the half hour he had been kept waiting. A carpet had been put on the floor; blankets and sheets were unexceptionable.

"Good-night, sir" said the hostler, setting down his lantern to furnish some light. "I hope you'll sleep well, sir; and, indeed, I think you'll have a better chance of doing so here than the gents in the house—you're away from the noise; and in times like these the streets all night are anything but quiet."

It was late in the autumn of the year—the nights were long—and our friend, rather tired, fell asleep, and did not wake until the gray dawn of the morning, and not even then had he not been aroused by some one coming along the outer passage with a heavy step and entering his bedroom. Turning round in his blankets to learn who was the intruder, he perceived a man, tall, gaunt and grim, his throat bare, the sleeves of his shirt rolled up, and his hair all unkempt and standing upright in the most disordered manner. The dark figure drew near the traveler's bed, stooped over him and peered down closely in the dim light, evidently anxious to find out if the person lying there was awake. Perceiving that this was the case, our traveler saw him, in the dusky light, draw himself upright in the room, then solemnly raise one arm, and point with his hand through the window to a place outside; after which, more impressively still, he slowly recovered the extended limb, and motioned with his forefinger three times across his throat. This done, the strange apparition abruptly departed, his feet sounding as distinctly upon the floor and step-ladder going out as they had been heard to do when he came in.

The commercial traveler was not a nervous man, and he had knowledge, more or less, of the strange occurrences and rough usages of the world. Yet, this dark, grotesque and absolutely silent intruder, and his most singular gestures, did not strike him as altogether pleasant or agreeable, and he would much rather not have been disturbed in such an unseasonable and unwarrantable manner. He would, however, take no action—at least for the present. Indeed, he felt himself powerless to do this in this lonely part of the premises. But he certainly, when got up, would make complaint to Mrs. Boniface of the way in which he had been annoyed. Fixing this purpose in his mind, our isolated lodger betook himself again to slumber, and had almost re-entered the land of dreams, when, both to his vexation and alarm, the footsteps he had previously heard again sounded upon his ears—the same firm and measured tread—and soon his former visitor repeated his mysterious intrusion.

This time the gaunt figure looked agitated and angry, and to our traveler's amazement and fear, carried in his right hand a large, long and gleaming knife. Pointing his hand in a similar direction as before, he shook his grizzly head and violently winked his eye and stamped his foot, yet never uttered a word, but kept perfectly silent; and concluded his wild actions by drawing, not his finger, but the huge knife determinately and slowly across his exposed throat. After this ghastly pantomime, a second time he took his leave, proceeding along the narrow, floored passage and down the step-ladder to the inn-yard.

The man before whom this awful dumb-show had been performed crouched and trembled in his bed. He had often heard of spectral and supernatural appearances, and had affected to laugh at those who declared they believed in them. But was not this, after all, and unearthly visitation? It looked extremely like it. He would not, however, fully conclude that he had really seen an apparition; yet he would guard against a third invasion of this uncanny guest. He would do what he now remembered he had unfortunately hitherto neglected—he would fasten the door of his room and thus put a stop to any further ingress.

To his disappointment, however, when he came to secure his room door, he found that it was destitute of all fastenings. Feeling with his fingers in the dim twilight, no lock nor bolt nor bar could he discover. Here was a desperate fix; and what plan for his safety could he now resort to? Thinking rapidly over the matter, nothing better, it seemed to him, remained to be done than to roll his bedstead headforemost against the door, and thus effectually block up all means of entrance. Luckily, the bedstead was upon casters; it was therefore easily moved, so that our friend had no difficulty in carrying out his scheme, and returned once more to bed somewhat more certain of immunity from intrusion. He could not, however, settle himself for further sleep; he had been too much disturbed and unnerved for additional repose, so he resolved to lie awake in his bed until broad daylight.

A quarter of an hour had but barely passed when our traveler for the third time heard the same footsteps approaching his bedroom. He felt somewhat calm and indifferent, however; for had he not rendered his apartment completely impregnable? But short-lived was this feeling of confidence, for in a few minutes the steps had reached his door and he heard hands moving over and pressing hard against it. Then a violent push was made, and after that another and another, till the bedstead, on its facile casters, was driven back into the middle of the floor. Again his dread visitor approached him, and with tenfold added horrors; for his face and hands were smeared with blood, as was also the knife which, on his second coming, he had carried. Holding it as before in his right hand, he drew the crimson-stained weapon for the second time across his throat, repeating his action once, twice and thrice, and; then again shook ominously his disheveled locks, and turning upon his heel, with a look of angry portent, left the apartment.

Our traveler was almost sick with terror; he shook in every limb, while the cold perspiration oozed from every pore of his body. He was an unbeliever in apparitions no longer. He could not stand out against positive proof, and here he had the clear and certain and repeated demonstration of his bodily senses. When he judged the specter quite gone and the coast clear he rose and hastily dressed himself, rushing down the step-ladder and into the inn, where he roused the whole inmates of the house with his cries that some dreadful tragedy had been committed on the premises, and that every effort should be made to discover and arrest the murderer.

So much for the ghost, and now for the laying of it. It turned out, upon inquiry, that the gaunt and grotesque figure which had haunted our traveler was only a poor *dumb* lad, who was accustomed to help the hostler to kill pigs. On this morning three of these animals had to meet the common doom of their kind. The first visit of the lad to our traveler's room was to inform his comrade—who, he knew usually slept there—that the hour was come for their deadly work, intimating the manner of it by the three passes of his finger across his throat. Upon leaving the room and finding, after due interval, that the hostler—as he took our traveler to be—had not arisen for his task, he returned the second time, angry that his call had not been obeyed, and took the slaughtering knife with him, as a token and sign of what the lazy hostler had to get up and do. By the time of his third visit to the room, he had himself done the work of death without the aid of his fellow, and he brought the blood-stained knife to signify as much, and also in dumb-show to say: "You may now lie in your bed there for another hour or two, if you like; but it has been too bad of you to leave all this troublesome piece of butcher's work to me."

We are sorry we cannot add that the traveler was quite pleased either with himself or with the explanation of his fright; for he felt that he had cut rather a sorry figure in the early morning, and he could not help observing that those whom he had aroused with his clamor and terror were slipping back to their rooms with much louder indications of merriment than our hero could properly appreciate. He took an early train out of the town, not even troubling his landlady to make breakfast for him.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—"My daughter's painting," said Bulliber, proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Fogg, slowly, "but what do you call it? what does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Russia's Colonization Scheme.

The plan of Russia to settle forty thousand families in the country to the south of Vladivostok, her most Southern port on the Pacific coast, becomes all the more significant when viewed in connection with the treaty she has just ratified, after three years of weary negotiations, with her persistent Chinese neighbors. By this treaty she has voluntarily given up to its former owners the fertile province of Kuldja, or the ancient Ili, lying directly north of the Kashgar Valley, and one of the few possessions she had in Asia which yielded any revenue. China thus acquires her ancient western boundary, and her empire is restored to its pristine limits. Il was eighteen years ago, at the time of the Mohammedan uprising, that Kuldja was released from Chinese hands, and for ten years past it has been under the sway of the Russian Czar. China, by the treaty, pays some pecuniary indemnity, but it is little more than a fair return for heavy expenses Russia was put to last year, and the payment of it is extended over a period of two years, while Chinese occupation of the province begins at an early date. Other concessions made to Russia relate entirely to trade. They include the right to enter China by another passage through the Great Wall, there having been for Russian merchants heretofore only one passage way in 200 years. It does not appear, however, that Russian trade will derive any important increase from this second gate, which lies at the western end of the Great Wall. To the north of it there is a vast steppe, without towns and almost without roads, while to the south extend the barren table lands of Thibet, neither of which countries would be of any startling service in the development of trade. Even the tribes that now live there have a grim struggle for existence, and what Russia can find of satisfaction in this concession for the surrender of Kuldja it is impossible to see. Elsewhere, if anywhere, her satisfaction evidently must be found. She will, at least, it is believed, obtain in China, a neutral Asiatic power, for China, having now acquired her ancient boundary, and always unambitious to extend her territory beyond that, might easily remain indifferent to Russian conquests elsewhere in Asia. It is perfectly well known that for more than a generation Russia has desired on the Pacific coast a harbor that would remain open for the year. She did not get this in Nicolaievsk at the mouth of the Amoor, nor has she realized in Vladivostok, farther south, on the Sea of Japan, what she expected. On the Corean coast, opposite Vladivostok, there is a port known as Lazareff, which would be, reports affirm, all that Russia could desire. Her sending forty thousand families—the population of a small city—into that neighborhood, makes it look extremely suspicious whether the Asiatic eye of Russia is not now fixed upon Corea—or enough of it to secure the first-class Asiatic port she so much desires.

How a Speech Was Reported Without Notes.

The other day while a *Journal* reporter was sitting in Governor Porter's private room with both feet nonchalantly perched upon the costly rosewood secretary, the Governor was in one of his story-telling moods, and was entertaining the reporter and a few other distinguished gentlemen who had dropped in to pay their respects.

Among other things he was telling something of the history of Indiana in the days of the late Jesse D. Bright, when that gentleman was scanning the political horizon. It was when Mr. Bright had been elected to the United States Senate, and had just retired from the Lieutenant Governorship, and upon his retirement made a very celebrated speech, which Mr. Carnahan, who was then Legislative reporter for the *Journal*, had failed to report, not being present when the speech was delivered, on account of sickness.

At that time Governor Porter was a roommate of Carnahan, and the latter, knowing the responsibility of his position as a reporter, was compelled to make a showing of some kind in the shape of a speech, and there was no other means by which any could be had other than by having one written, and it fell upon Governor Porter to write it. Mr. Porter consented to accommodate his friend, and wrote what purported to be Bright's speech, although the Governor was not present when the speech was delivered, and had neither seen anyone who had heard it. Mr. Porter exerted some diligence in making it as brilliant as possible, and what he supposed Mr. Bright should have said. After he had finished the speech he took it and read it to Bright's brother, Michael, who, after having listened to it, pronounced it a good speech, and said it was what his brother should have said, whether he did or not. The speech appeared in print as the Governor had written it. The next day, and for weeks afterward, Bright was anxious to know the author of the speech, but never found it out until Governor Porter became a member of Congress while Bright was a Senator on his second term, and then the Governor told him the history and secret of the speech. Bright acknowledged it to have been a good speech, and complimented the Governor on his ability as a speech-writer. They were always warm personal friends thereafter until Mr. Bright's death, notwithstanding the political agitation brought on by the war, which resulted in Bright's expulsion from the Senate.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Thrilling incident: Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried: "Angelina, dearest, make me the happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw, Angelina thrilled in every fiber as she replied sweetly: "O, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Lightning struck a calf, at Newport, Me., that was covered with white and black spots. Every white spot was singed, even to the taking off of the skin, while not a hair of the black spots was injured.

—There is little flirting done in Constantinople. Criminal punishment awaits the man rash enough to address a female on the street.

About Sneezing.

Sneezing and the manner in which the sneeze is sneezed is an interesting study in itself. No two people sneeze exactly alike. A two months' study of this spasmodic practice has fully demonstrated the fact that there is as much individuality in the sneeze of the average man or woman as there is in the laugh, the conversation, the walk, or the handwriting. Some men and women sneeze as though the effort caused them intense pain, while others appear to enjoy the titillating sensation in their nostrils and enter into the spirit of the act with pleasure depicted upon every lineament of their features.

The little boarding school miss trips jauntily along the street and in turning to note if she is attracting due attention happens to inadvertantly look at the sun. In a moment her nostrils begin to tickle, and burying her face in the folds of the neatest of cambric handkerchiefs, she contracts her shoulders and gives utterance to the daintiest "skiek-skiek-skick" imaginable.

The fat woman with a basket upon her arm—the one you can always meet with in the market house—halts suddenly upon the street, bows her head reverently, remains so for a few moments in wild expectation and then, straighteuing up a little, inhales the air until she swells up like a balloon, then "ah-h-h-schooooooo! ah-h-h-h-schoooo! ah-ah-ah-skitchtschooo! oh, my!" and wabbles along wiping her inflamed nose on her apron.

The dapper little clerk walks briskly along the street wondering if his new clothes fit him as he hopes they do, and when the unfailing symptoms tell him that he must sneeze he turns his head over his shoulder, and without slacking his pace gives vent to several short, sharp "woosh"-es, and flies along as if nothing had happened.

The tall, cadaverous man, whose every look indicates the presence of consumption, stops short on the sidewalk, nervously runs his hands into half a dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head backward until his nose points at the City Hall clock, and electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witcho-o-o-o-o-wi-wi-witcho-o-o-o-o—darnthelnck!" then gives his peaked nasal organ a swipe or two and moves paiufully along.

Two neat little daughters of fashion trip along the avenue confiding to each other their bits of choice scandal, when one of them says:

"O dear! Jennie, I believe I'm going to sneeze!"

"O, please don't," cried the other, in horror. "It will be awful to sneeze right here on the street! Can't you hold it?"

"O I—I—must. Indeed I—sck—indeed I ca—n't hel—schick—help it. I mu—mu—sck—must—ah—scheet! ah—ah—oh dear! ah—oh—h—h—ah—scheet—chick—ah—oh! Jennie! ah—ah—schloo—oo—oot—ah—schloot!"

And then she wipes her pearly nose and trips along with tears in her eyes and tells Jennie it's just too awfully awful for any use and she does hope nobody saw her.

The sedate matron goes about her sneezing in a matter-of-fact way. She simply stops, bows her head and gives utterance to a few well-developed "achoo's" and moves along, not caring a continental who was observing her.

The nervous man stops while a look of pain crosses his face, draws two or three long breaths to hurry the thing along, then doubles himself up as if endeavoring to shoulder the heaviest portion of his body, twists his face out of all semblance of a human being and snorts out his "kroo-whah-kroo-whah boosh-ah-kroo-whah-oh lord!" and leaves the spot wearing a look of the most disconsolate pain.

It does one good to see the jolly fat man sneeze. He throws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity; shuts both eyes and fairly raises the dead with his "ah-*schoooooo!* ah-SCHOOOOOO! ah-ah-SCHIOOOOO! whoope! woosh-ah-*schoooo* wagh-hooo-*physchoooo!* Lordy, but that was a good 'un!"

There are a thousand and one other styles of accomplished sneezing, and it will repay any one to note the variety and style of the various sneezers to be met with daily upon the street.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pie-Plant Leaf as Big as a Table.

About three weeks ago the local of the *Union* gave a notice of a mammoth pie-plant that is now growing on the premises of J. W. Huggins in Sherman's addition. We stated at the time that the largest leaf of this plant, grown from seed put in the ground on the 20th of last April, measured seventeen feet in circumference. Our contemporaries criticised us as though we were the lineal descendant of the celebrated Baron Munchausen, and had inherited all the leading traits of our noted ancestor. This treatment, of course, has been as a thorn in our flesh ever since. We vowed that we would get even. We are now ready to vindicate our honor as a truthful journalist. Yesterday we measured that leaf in the presence of two witnesses—Mr. Huggins and Dr. Port. Its circumference was twenty-one feet and nine inches. There is no "shenanigan" about this. The plant is somewhat the shape of a palm-leaf fan, with a smooth edge, and not full of deep scallops, as has been surmised by those who had not seen it.

Mr. Huggins, who was formerly an Iowa farmer of the old school, has many other "big things" growing alongside of this pie-plant. We saw a beet of six weeks' growth that measured three feet one and a half inches in circumference, and a turnip of the same age one foot eleven and a half inches in circumference. We also saw a small bush, transplanted last spring, that bore a quince which measured eleven and a half inches in circumference; a fig cutting, planted about the same time, is bearing fruit. Besides these there were squashes, watermelons, muskmelons, tomatoes and flowers, all growing in tropical luxuriance. The man who who wrote a little book entitled, "Five Acres Too Much," must have seen a duplicate of Mr. Huggins' place. The amount of "truck" on that lot of 100x200 feet is something simply amazing. We have seen "pore" farmers with a good sized ranch who couldn't make as good a showing.—*San Diego (Cal.) Union.*

Southern Manufacture of Cotton.

In the past ten years the South has more than doubled the amount of cotton manufactured within her borders. In 1870 there were used 45,032,866 pounds of cotton; in 1880, 101,937,256 pounds. In 1870 there were 11,962 looms and 416,983 spindles running; in 1880 15,222 looms and 714,078 spindles. This array of figures hardly indicate fairly the progress that the South will make in the next ten years, for the reason that the factories in which these spindles are turned are experiments in most of the localities in which they are placed. It is the invariable rule that when a factory is built in any city or country it is easier to raise the capital for a subsequent enterprise than for the first one. At Augusta, Ga., for instance, where the manufacture of cloth has been demonstrated a success, the progress is remarkable. In the past two years two new mills, the Enterprise and Sibley, with 30,000 spindles each, have been established; and a third, the King, has been organized with a capital of $1,000,000 and 30,000 spindles. The capital for these mills was furnished about one-fourth in Augusta, and the balance in the North. With these mills running, Augusta will have 170,000 spindles, and will have added about 70,000 spindles to the last census returns. In South Carolina the same rapid growth is resulting from the establishment of one or two successful mills; and in Columbus, Georgia, the influence of one successful mill, the Eagle and Phœnix, has raised the local consumption of cotton from 1927 bales in 1870 to 19,000 bales in 1880. In Atlanta, Ga., the first mill had hardly been finished before the second was started; a third is projected, and two companies have secured charters for the building of a forty-mile canal to furnish water-power and factory fronts to capital in and about the city. These things are mentioned simply to show that the growth of cotton manufacture in the South is sympathetic, and that each factory established is an argument for others. There is no investment that has proved so uniformly successful in the South as that put into cotton factories. An Augusta factory just advertises eight per cent. semi-annual dividend; the Eagle and Phœnix, of Columbus, earned twenty-five per cent. last year; the Augusta factory for eleven years made an average of eighteen per cent. per annum. The net earnings of the Langley Mills was $480,000 for its first eight years on a capital of $400,000, or an average of fifteen per cent. a year. The earnings of sixty Southern mills, large and small, selected at random for three years, averaged fourteen per cent. per annum.

Indeed, an experience varied and extended enough to give it authority teaches that there is absolutely no reason why the South should not profitably quadruple its capacity for the manufacture of cotton every year in the next five years except the lack of capital.—*Henry W. Grady, in Harper's Magazine.*

Snake Stories to Order.

Nobody knew how he got in; but he was there, and after borrowing a chew of tobacco from the police reporter he handed his card to the managing editor:

AL. WAYS LYNE,
Snake Artist.

"Well, what can we do for you?" asked the man. ed.

"I'm an artist—snake artist."

"So I see."

"Yes. Well, I write snake stories for the public press. Most entertaining reading imaginable. Never does any harm, because nobody believes 'em."

"What?"

"S'fac'. Nobody takes any stock in 'em, but they read 'em all the same."

"What have you done in that line?"

"I've written all the boss snake yarns in the West for the last ten years."

"Bring any 'sketches' with you?"

"Well, no; but I can get one up in a few moments."

He sat down in the religious editor's place, and in five minutes handed over the fellowing, with an up-State date line:

"On the morning of Wednesday of this week little Ettie Strayoff, the two year old daughter of one of the wealthiest and most influential members of this community, met with an adventure which might be regarded as incredible but for the fact that it is vouched for by reliable witnesses. She got lost in a neighboring forest and was chased by a hugo snake, which emerged from a deserted hut in a wild ravine, where it had been leading a hermit's life, subsisting on wild herbs and eking a precarious income by telling fortunes. When the child saw the terrible monster she was almost paralyzed by fright, but with a superhuman effort regained possession of her faculties and began to flee. She was, however fated to be overtaken, as the serpent pursued and caught up with her before she had gone ten miles. Then he opened his mouth and prepared to devour her, when all at once his attitude changed. Instead of carrying out this resolution, to the exceeding surprise of his intended victim, the monster smoothed her hair and patted her little cheeks, and, gently releasing a $5,000 diamond brooch from her throat, pinned it in his shirt front and walked reflectively away. The friends of the girl found her soon afterward, and on learning her strange story went to look for his snakeship. They found him sitting in front of his hut studying the Cape May time table, with a view of becoming a watering place hotel clerk."

The editor assured Mr. Lyne that he possessed too much genius to be permitted to run at large, so he employed him to write obituary notices.—*Exchange.*

—A story comes from Barcelonia of a rich Catalan capitalist, long resident in Cuba, who has recently died there and left his fortune of $12,000,000 to be divided between four negroes, formerly his slaves, who once saved his life from a wildcat when he was out hunting.

—The story goes that Mrs. Cornwallis West, the far-famed "professional beauty," is coming over with the new British Minister, a kinsman of her husband, to grace the legation establishment.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Cincinnati has eighteen Methodist churches. The highest salary is $2,500, the lowest $385.

—Joseph Cook writes from Germany that the rationalistic theological professors are now attracting fewer students than the evangelical ones.

—Rev. John Hemphill, of San Francisco, is being tried for heresy in upholding the views of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a cousin of Robert G. Ingersoll, who conducts three kindergarten schools in that city.

—The fact that Bishop Riley, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is wealthy, is a felicitous circumstance for the work in Mexico, of which he has charge. He has thus far spent out of his own means $70,000 for this work.

—There is now an Evangelical Church of 1,400 souls at Ur of the Chaldees, the modern Urfa. An Armenian weaver was converted at Aintab, and returning to Urfa, combined evangelical work with his daily toil with the above result.

—President Darling, of Hamilton College, announces that that institution has lately received $10,000 from the estate of the late James Knox, of Knoxville, Ill. The original bequest was $30,000, but the estate has been subject to considerable litigation.

—Mr. James Arthington, of Leeds, has offered the Wesleyan Foreign Mission Society $10,000 as the nucleus of a fund for establishing Wesleyanism in Central Africa, along the line of the territories visited by Livingstone and Stanley, and an appeal is made to Methodist young men to go as missionary ministers.

—The experiment in teaching industrial and decorative art in the Philadelphia public schools is reported to be a thoroughly successful one. Metal work, painting, wood-carving, hammered brass decorations, needlework, etc., have been taught in connection with the regular work of the schools, and the pupils have shown interest, perseverance and aptitude.

—The Bulgarians are said to have made rapid strides in the field of public instruction. In all towns and villages are schools, either communal or government, and more than sixty per cent. of the children are in attendance. The teachers are men of good education, and no profession in the principality is considered more honorable nor is more honorably filled than that of schoolmaster.

—The French Senate on the 4th of July passed an amendment providing for religious instruction in the elementary schools. This measure was advanced by M. Jules Simon and was carried by a vote of 139 to 126. By the provisions of the bill teachers are ordered to instruct their pupils in their duties toward God. It is not thought likely that the Chamber of Deputies will approve of the measure, and the Government will probably withdraw it.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We wonder if grass widows ever have hay fever?—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—Never judge a bed by its cover or the beauty of its head. *What seems so* tempting may prove a pillow sham.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Don't tell a young man who is wrestling with his maiden mustache that he looks down in the mouth. It isn't kind.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Lot used to speak of his wife as the salt of the earth. She was never accused of being too fresh after that Sodom and Gomorrah episode.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Kentucky man has been married in the same house and by the same minister to four sisters. He is looking around for another able-bodied family when he runs through the one now in hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A boy fourteen years of age was brought before the San Antonio Recorder for being drunk and disorderly, but the official only fined him two dollars and a half, remarking that he only charged children half price.—*Texas Siftings.*

—They couldn't get the boy to take an emetic anyhow. But the doctor knew boy nature. He had the boy's father forbid him to smoke, and then went and got a bootblack to propose to the boy to get out behind the barn and try his first Havana. And no emetic was needed.—*Boston Post.*

—The [illegible] of the Erie girl of the [illegible]aro small, tapering and beautifully shaped, her H are as brilliant as the **, and she is without a ||; her frown is a †, and her ligure excites ! ! ! of surprise and hankering ~~ her.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Were we a Yonkers printer,
We'd † to some place,
And lock her form up tightly,
Within our fond ~~
—*Oil City Derrick.*

Fashions at Mt. Desert.

At Mt. Desert, says the *American Queen*, the fashion has been for some years for the men to wear flannel shirts, Knickerbockers, little skull-caps and a pipe, for so seemingly necessary and universal is the last article that it may be classed as a portion of their attire; while the girls dress in heavy short dresses of dark blue or white flannel, with silk handkerchiefs of contrasting colors jauntily placed around their necks. This last summer, however, the dressing has gone beyond all bounds, and has been more eccentric than unconventional. The girls, who on leaving for Mt. Desert, told their dressmakers to send them something that would look effective against a rock, certainly accomplished their desires, for the rocks and islands of the lovely spots are said to have resembled variegated tulip-beds on afternoons of the past few weeks. One man wore a red and white striped jacket, and was dubbed the "animated peppermint stick;" another very short individual of a facetious turn, who wore a striking costume, was called "a joke in Knickerbockers;" while still another is said to have worn white flannel Knickerbockers, crimson stockings, a cap so small as to be held in place by an elastic, and to have had his front hair banged and held in place by a "front hair-net."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE THREE FIENDS.

There were three demons came out of the deep—
Fiends that blighted the eyes to see;
That frightened the dreamer out of his sleep,
And chilled the heart with a sudden leap,
And numbered the brain with their stealthy creep—
A ghastly, terrible, horrible three.

"War" was one, and his sable plume
Shadowed a face that was cruel as hate;
He awakened the dawn with the sullen boom
Of murderous guns; like a pall of gloom
Hung the smoke of his breath, and pitiless doom
His mailed hands held like a soulless fate.

Life was his meat and his drink was gore;
Red to his knees he walked in blood;
Laughed as he raged down the carmine shore,
Raising his voice in the horrid roar
And shrieks of his victims, as more and more
They swelled the ghastly flood.

And "Rum" was another one, grisly and grim;
Crueller, ten times told than you'd think;
Misery poisoned his beaker's brim,
Death eternal, and hate, and sin,
Want and woe; he poured them in,
And gave to the world to drink.

The victims were numberless as the sands—
Maiden and youth and hoary age;
The wisdom and courage of many lands,
Hearts of manhood, and dimpled hands—
They came to his death-feast, ghostly bands,—
Weak fools and the strong-minded sage.

And the third—he came with a goblin smile
Gentle and kind he seemed to be;
But the heart of the fiend was full of guile,
In his merriest moments all the while
His thoughts were cruel, his plans were vile;
He was the worst of the three.

At feast and wedding he sat elate,
With luscious lips he kissed the bride;
He petted the little, he pleased the great,
While he wrecked the home and destroyed the state,
With a sway like the rule of an iron fate,
That you couldn't resist if you tried.

O, woe was the home where he entered in!
He darkened the hearthstone that he stood by;
And pale face, and wan, and thin,
Looked up in fear at his mocking grin,
And the victims knew, as they scooped him in,
They were hopeless slaves of the demon "Pie."

—Burdette, in Burlington Hawk-Eye.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.

You have often seen him pass through the fields with a hasty step, recognizable not only by his blouse and his regulation hat, but also by the sustained activity of his movements, because for him the instants are counted and he has not the right to slacken his pace. An indefatigable walker, he accomplishes his task from the first to the last day of the year without ever resting. No matter though a tropical sun invite all creatures to become motionless, though the cold be Siberian, though it blow and snow, he must go to the last village on his route to carry the letters, newspapers and prospectuses which trade confides by millions to the care of the post.

The highways are not made for him; must he not cross the country, passing through woods and marshes, to seek the hut lost in the depths of the solitude, far removed from any public road?

He travels from eight to ten leagues daily, making circuits, crossing brooks, scaling rocks, venturing into ravines and wounding himself among the hedges and briers. Loitering is forbidden to him, for the official hour of return is fixed; the letters he brings back must depart by the next mail. They are waited for at the postoffice and the least variation of his programme may have grave consequences.

We cannot without ingratitude forget the services of this incorruptible messenger, whose probity and zeal are constantly put to the proof, who brings us at a certain hour our letters and our journals, the news, the expectation of which keeps us full of anxiety; who contributes to soften for us the bitterness of absence and distance. Imagine the void the disappearance of these humble functionaries would leave in our existence!

I knew a man who for twenty years filled this position. A former soldier, thanks to irreproachable records of service strengthened by a little influence, he had obtained the great favor of having placed to his credit fifty francs per month at the postoffice of the district.

Pere Martin was not very fond of this brilliant position, but he perfectly understood his responsibility and duties; he never complained.

Everybody in the district was acquainted with this little gray-haired man with bronzed features, whose limbs had the pliancy and strength of steel. He was highly appreciated, for, while a scrupulous observer of the regulation, he never refused to perform a service, provided it did not conflict with his duties.

There was not a corner of his route which he had not passed over, accompanied by his wolf dog. He knew to a meter the distance separating the smallest hamlet from the chief town of the district, and was familiar with all the paths and byways.

To spare himself half an hour's walk he never would have thrown into a ditch some silly prospectus or some printed matter bearing a doubtful address; if he returned anything to the postoffice it was because its destination could not be found. He was the slave of his orders, as punctual as a clock, and so discreet as to discourage the most curious. Everybody greeted him kindly when he arrived at a village; the children came to him, and even the dogs barked joyously at his approach. There was considerable rivalry as to who should offer him a glass of cider and a slice of bacon. But he rarely accepted anything. Time passed and he did not like to contract troublesome obligations.

Hence the notes made concerning him were excellent, and his chiefs regretted that the parsimony of the administration only permitted them to reward his loyal services with contemptible gifts.

One day in the middle of October he departed on his usual round. The weather was frightful; it had been raining incessantly for more than a week; the roads had become bogs and the brooks had been transformed into torrents; what foliage remained on the trees was so impregnated with water that it could not offer a protecting shelter. The postman, wet to the skin, walked with the impassability of an old soldier who does not discuss his orders.

He had distributed a portion of his mail, but his round was far from being finished, when he passed an inn, or rather a miserable drinking house, situated at the entrance of a wood; this place was mainly patronized by sabot makers, who found there alcoholic drinks and a few groceries.

"Ho! Monsieur, the postman, stop here for an instant; while you are giving me the information I need, the violence of the storm will abate."

This invitation was addressed to him by a man who, with a pipe in his mouth, was standing upon the threshold of the drinking house.

The rain was pouring down at that moment; a fierce blast swept it into Pere Martin's face, prevented him from walking and bent to the ground the stalwart trees.

The postman was a little ahead of time, and the demands of the service do not go so far as to forbid the acceptance of a momentary shelter when it offers itself under such circumstances.

He, therefore, went into the house and sat down before the fire which cracked on the hearth. The man who had invited him to enter threw upon it some dry branches which were soon in flames; a heavy vapor arose from Martin's soaked garments.

The stranger interrogated the postman as to the hours of the departure of the mails, and asked him a host of questions about himself, his service and everything concerning it.

"You know me, then?" said the postman.

"Parbleu! Everybody loves and esteems you here; Pere Martin's value is well known. I hope you will not refuse to drink with me. Ho! Madame Rosier, two glasses of your best brandy."

A woman waited on them and returned to her occupation.

"What a dog's trade you follow, Pere Martin!" said the man. "Will it take you much longer to finish your round? You doubtless have yet to go to the Landa Grise, to Plessis. I know some one who is impatiently waiting for you there. I am obliged to pass in the vicinity. If you wish it I will relieve you of your letters."

"Thank you; I will deliver them myself."

"That's yourself out and out. After all you are right. It is your duty to deliver them."

While talking with a loquacity which did not encourage the postman he took up the sack the latter had placed beside him, seemed to feel its weight and turned it over and over.

"Let my sack alone, please," said Martin, coldly. "You have disarranged all my letters. I shall no longer know what to do."

The other humbly excused himself for his awkwardness.

"The evil is reparable," added he. "Seat yourself at this table and you will have no trouble to arrange the letters according to the route you should take."

The postman emptied his sack before him and began to arrange his letters. His questioner affected to keep discreetly at a distance, but found an opportunity to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder.

While Martin was busy with his work he heard furious growls behind him.

"Pere Martin, help me to prevent your dog from strangling mine," said his new acquaintance.

The postman arose and caught his dog by the skin of the neck. The animal's fury contrasted with its habitual gentleness.

This fact seemed strange to Martin. He felt distrust of the communicative stranger grow upon him. He was about to replace his papers in the sack when the man, as it to see what was the state of the weather, opened the door.

At the same instant the wind swept impetuously into the room, which it filled with a thick smoke, and lifting the letters spread out upon the table scattered them in every direction.

The postman uttered an exclamation of anger.

"Bah! it is nothing," said the person who had caused the accident. "We two will speedily gather them up."

And without heeding the refusal of Martin, who wished to avoid his help and do the work alone, he began to search for the letters.

When they had collected all they could find the postman carefully examined them; then he seemed worried, as if he had not the full number.

"Are any missing?" asked his companion.

"It appears to me that there was another letter."

"Bah! either you are deceived or you forgot it at the postoffice."

"That is quite possible."

He said to himself that it must be so. However he resumed his hunt and searched beneath the furniture. He found nothing and concluded that his memory had not served him faithfully, for he had watched his companion's movements and it did not seem admissable to him that he had stolen a letter. Nevertheless he hastened to depart, regretting that he had entered the drinking house. The man who had chatted with him inspired in him a veritable repulsion, and it was his rule, because of the habits of discretion which the postoffice imposes upon all its agents, to keep at a distance all who did not appear to him worthy of confidence.

The storm had somewhat abated its fury, the rain soon ceased to fall and bright sunshine lighted up the country when the postman reached the nearest village.

A woman was at the door of her house awaiting his passage. She was still young and, without possessing remarkable beauty, had a neat and sympathetic countenance.

"Monsieur Martin," said she to the postman, "have you a letter for me?"

"No, Madame Andre, I have not."

"That's strange; my husband should have written to me to-day; you cannot imagine how much his silence troubles me."

She grew pale and seemed scarcely to have the strength to sustain herself.

The postman assisted her into the house and handed her a chair, upon which she let herself fall. Two charming children fixed on her sad and anxious looks.

"You will receive a letter to-morrow, Madame Andre," said Pere Martin; "the delay of a day is easily explained; your husband was disappointed, some unforeseen business suddenly demanded his attention and he missed the mail."

"No; I know him and cannot understand his silence. You are aware that he departed two months ago for the city. Some work was to be attended to which promised to bring him in a great deal of money; a small inheritance was also to be received. But all is concluded. He sent me word that he would return this evening; he had made his arrangements to that end. To-morrow the farm of LaMare is to be sold; he has decided to purchase either all or part of it. It is an opportunity which will never again present itself, but I would prefer a thousand times that he should miss it to having him return without notifying me."

"Why?"

"Because some one has wicked designs against him and at night a terrible blow is soon struck. You know there are two routes by which to return here; one is longer than the other, but safer. I am afraid lest he may return by way of the Moulin-Brule, the more so as there is some one to see in that direction. I tremble at the mere thought of it. If I only knew——"

The postman strove to calm her fears but she shook her head.

"You cannot think," resumed she, "what certain men are capable of, when they have a grudge against anybody."

She seemed to hesitate and then added:

"If I tremble, it is not simply because my husband will have to pass through a dangerous spot with money in his pocket, but also because there is in the district a wretch whose dearest wish is to put five feet of earth between them.

"This hatred dates from long ago. When I was a young girl he wanted to marry me, but he filled me with horror. He has never pardoned me for having repulsed his offers and has enveloped in the same animosity the man I preferred to him. He hates Georges and myself for being in easy circumstances while he vegetates in want, as if honest people were responsible for the mistakes of idlers and drunkards. This is not all. A crime was recently committed; suspicions were aroused, but the proofs were wanting. I possess them and the guilty man knows it. Ah! it is a dangerous secret for a woman who has only children around her!

"Yesterday he accosted me to sound me; I did not hide from him my contempt. He saw clearly that he was unmasked in my eyes; he overwhelmed me with insults and threats. I took the unfortunate notion to say of him that soon, when my husband had returned, when he had a man before him, he would be less presumptuous. Oh! if you knew what glances his eyes shot at me, what an expression of hatred his features wore! I know that often during the night he haunts the ruins of the Moulin-Brule. If this man should discover that my husband is to pass through that place, I tell you, Monsieur Martin, he is lost!"

"What is the scoundrel's name?"

"Jean Bruno. It is not astonishing that you are unacquainted with him, for since his return to the district he has not publicly shown himself."

The postman was silent. He remembered having heard the woman at the drinking house call the man he had met there by that name. He asked himself in consternation if the letter had not been stolen from him, but he recalled all the circumstances and banished this supposition. He felt certain that the epistle had not been in his sack; he reassured himself and sought to reassure the woman, yet he resolved to await her husband's arrival at the chief town of the district to advise him to be prudent.

He hastened away and when he was alone his fears regained possession of him. He again began to doubt and little by little was seized upon by a terror he could not explain. He increased his pace and leaped over the hedges and ditches with unusual nimbleness. Unfortunately, his round that day was exceptionally long, and the bad weather in addition had considerably delayed him.

He reached the postoffice a little later than was his custom. The woman who distributed the mails, on being consulted by him, affirmed that he had taken away a letter for Madame Andre. One of her assistants confirmed this declaration.

The postman was thunderstruck. He saw with fright the heavy responsibility thrown upon him. His terrors augmented when he remembered that time and again, at the moment of opening the mail bags, a man had presented himself, asking if there was anything for Madame Andre!

He flew rather than ran to the office of the coach which carried passengers from the nearest station on the railway to the chief town. Georges Andre had arrived, but had set out immediately on foot for his village.

This news gave Martin a violent shock. The prospect of a catastrophe for which he would be responsible arose before him. He saw this man, who had returned with joy in his heart, encountering death at the threshold of his home through his fault, and misfortune overtaking the widow and the orphans. The darkest clouds troubled his imagination.

He did not hesitate, and without taking time to enter his dwelling, started off again. Those who saw him pass, absorbed in his thoughts and noticing no one around him, asked themselves what grave affair could have caused the breathless haste on the part of a man who must have come back from his round broken by fatigue.

After having passed over a fourth of the distance he inquired concerning the traveler and asked if he had been seen.

He had gone by some time before. The joy of return had given wings to his feet, as the thought of a misfortune to be averted had increased the speed of the postman. There was no longer even the shadow of a doubt; the fated man had taken the path which led straight to the Moulin-Brule. Pere Martin calculated that by passing over another path, which, however, was rough and dangerous, he could yet arrive before him.

He hastened on and reached the fatal spot when the night was already advanced. The place was well-fitted for an ambuscade. There was a species of cut through the rocks. On both sides bushy trees formed an impenetrable shade; rapidly moving clouds at each instant veiled the moon, the wan rays of which added to the sinister character of the landscape.

He paused; amid the rustling of the foliage agitated by the wind he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; it was, doubtless, Georges Andre, whom he had preceded only by a few instants; he was about going to meet him when the report of a gun rang out and a ball struck him full in the breast.

The assassin emerged from a neighboring thicket; but on approaching his victim to finish and rob him he found himself in the presence of a new actor and vented his disappointment in a horrible oath; he had recognized Georges Andre. The blade of a knife flashed in his hand, but he was not allowed time to use it—a club descended vigorously upon his head and felled him to the ground.

A woman, distracted with terror, at this moment threw herself on the postman's body.

"O, how wretched I am!" cried she, "I foresaw it; he has killed him!"

Madam Andre had not been able to subdue her uneasiness and, at the hour she supposed her husband ought to arrive, she had come to wait for him; at the report of the gun, she had run forward precipitately.

"Jeanne," said her husband to her, "reassure yourself; I am unhurt!"

"It was not you? Who then has he assassinated?"

They bent over Martin's body, and recognized him in the moonlight which at that instant illuminated his face and uniform.

The husband and wife carried him to their home, where he lived only twenty-four hours. He related how he had allowed the letter to be stolen from him the letter in which Georges Andre had announced his return, and how he had decided to prevent at any price the consequences of his negligence, even if he should be compelled to offer his life in exchange for that of the factor of a family whom he had involuntarily helped to place in peril.

Obscure victim of duty, he had added another act to the list of those unknown sacrifices which are made daily, without being encouraged by the hope of any recompense, without even having for indemnification the remembrance they should leave behind him.—*Translated from the French of Louis Collas for the Philadelphia Times.*

Chinese Widows.

Japanese widows are debarred from no social privileges enjoyed during the lifetime of their husbands, and they usually remarry as soon as a desirable opportunity is presented. Among the Chinese, widows wear deep mourning for three years after the death of their husbands. During that time they are not permitted to use cosmetics, and are restricted to a few jewels and ornaments.

While she remains a widow a respectable Chinese woman will wear no red garment either useful or ornamental; and she always displays some peculiar style of headdress which proclaims to the world her bereaved condition. At the end of the legal term for mourning she may remarry if she choose, although to remain single is regarded as a very virtuous and honorable act.

Such a widow, who is steadfastly obedient to her husband's parents and devotes her life to their comfort and to acts of worship, may have an ornamental portal erected to her honor after death, and if she lives a virtuous and obedient life until she is is fifty years of age, the portal may then be erected, and she may enjoy the privilege of worshiping it.

These portals usually stand in conspicuous places, are built of stone, and are inscribed upon the upright posts and ornamental cross-piece, with the name and virtues of those whom they commemorate, and with a few classical sentences in praise of chastity and filial piety. The Emperor's permission to erect one of these monuments is always accompanied with a small sum of money from the Imperial Treasury which forms the nucleus of a fund to which all the widow's friends and relatives are expected to contribute. When a sufficient amount is raised the portal is erected upon some favorable spot selected by the soothsayers, and is dedicated with religious services conducted by some mandarin of low rank appointed for the purpose by the authorities of the district.

Among the very few charitable institutions supported by wealthy Chinamen are societies for the relief of poor widows. These are most usually connected with the most popular temples, and the two or three of which I had knowledge through the missionaries were regularly endowed. There is a great deal of "red tape" about their management, and the entire amount received by any one widow is very insignificant—scarcely enough to keep the wolf from the door. If she have a son her annuity ceases when he reaches the age of sixteen, otherwise it continues until her death. The society meets the expense of her funeral. This charity is not always bestowed upon the most worthy, for any vacancy in the list of pensioners is usually filled from the long line of applicants by casting lots before the image of the temple God.

Among the upper class the remarriage of widows is regarded as dishonorable to all concerned; but the fact that a widow costs less than a girl, and the wedding expenses are small, since custom admits of no display on such occasions, leads poor parents often to consent that their sons marry widows, whose friends acquiesce in such arrangement.

Sometimes a widow will be sold by her father-in-law to become the wife of a poor man or the concubine of a gentleman. In this way a troublesome dependent is disposed of, and perhaps money secured with which to purchase a wife for a surviving son. Genteel families, however, dispise any transaction of this sort, and prefer the trouble and expense of maintaining their widows to the disgrace of a remarriage.

—The wicked thief who picked the pocket of the Rev. Dr. Bacon, at New London, Connecticut, received as the profit of his enterprise only a quarter of a dollar and the manuscript of a prayer for the recovery of the President. Picking parsons' pockets is generally unremunerative business.

For Young Readers.

PATIENCE.

Two little maids trudged through the town,
With feet and ankles bare and brown,
And baskets poised for half the day,
Crying: "Fresh herbs to sell! Hay! hay!"

And one was vexed and did complain:
"This basket's weight will crush my brain.
The careless housewives hurry past,
While sage and parsley wither fast.

"The sun it burns, the dust it blinds,
And many folks of many minds
Toss o'er my herbs and will not buy,
Though, hoarse and faint, I ever cry."

The other smiled, with face serene,
"I hear," she said, "an evergreen,
A little plant, atop the load,
That helps me o'er the weary road."

"And what may be this magic plant,
Whose virtues you so praise and vaunt?
Can mint or thyme the bearer bless,
Or marjoram or valor-cress?"

"Nay," said her mate. "'Tis but a weed—
A poor and humble thing, indeed;
A growth pond'rous folk but seldom wear,
For it is neither gay nor fair."

"But tell me where the weed is found,
And I will go and search the ground.
I'll tend it better than a rose,
If it will bring my back repose."

"We call it Patience! Simple thing!
For in the whole round year is spring.
Scant in its bloom, nor bright of eye,
Still it can frost and heat defy.

"It grows on any rood of soil
Where men must suffer, wait and toil;
It grows for all who serve and heed,
And find in love life's precious weal."

—Augusta Larned, in N. Y. Independent.

HOW PHIL CAPTURED A BURGLAR.

I am Phil Morris, fourteen years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings-Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when *he* was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be bank President at some time." Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They tell about his being so wrapped up in our bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education, to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or Government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath, we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults. Last summer—and, mind you, this was while *I* was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's-eye lantern that he flashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what *did* you do?"

"What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way.

"I know what I *wouldn't* have done." I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off in rage, with my watch and pocket-book."

That was last summer. One night along in the fall Uncle Jack started off down town. "It's Lodge night, and I may not be back until late," he said. "You won't mind staying alone—a great boy like you." And of course I said "No."

But somehow, after Mrs. Halstead went to bed, I found I *did* mind it. I don't know what made me feel so fidgety. Perhaps it was reading about a bank robbery in Bolton, which is the next town to Covert. It was thought to be the work of Slippery Jim, a notorious burglar. And while I was thinking about it, I dozed off in Uncle Jack's easy-chair.

"Ow-w-w!" I sung out all at once. And if you'd woke up of a sudden to see a rough-looking man, with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, standing right in front of you, you'd have done the same. "What—what do you want here?" I sort of gasped; and I tried to speak so he wouldn't hear my teeth knock together.

"The vault keys—where are they?" he answers, short and gruff. And then he kind of motioned with his hand—I suppose to show the revolver he was holding.

I was pretty badly scared; but all the same, I didn't mean he should have those vault keys, if he shot the top of my head off.

"Come, hurry up," he said, with a sort of grin. And I noticed then that he had red whiskers, and some of his upper teeth were gone, so that he didn't speak his words plain.

"I should know you anywhere," I thought. "Strategy, Phil Morris," I said to myself, bracing up inside; for a story I'd read about how a lady caught a live burglar came across me like a flash. "Please don't shoot, sir," I began to say, with all sorts of demi-semi-quavers in my voice—"please don't; indeed I'll show you where they're kept." So, making believe to shake all over, I took the lamp and led the way into Uncle Jack's bedroom. "The k-k-k-eys are in th-there, sir," I told him.

You should have seen how my fingers trembled when I pointed to the little store-room that opened out of the chamber. The keys were there true enough, but I'd like to see any one except Uncle Jack or I find them. I suppose you have of such things as secret panels.

The store-room floor is lower than the chamber floor. Many a time, when I haven't been thinking, I've stepped down with a jar that almost sent my backbone up through the top of my head.

"In there, eh?" said my bold burglar, quite cheerful like, and pushed by me to the open door.

I set the lamp down, and my heart began to beat so that I was almost afraid he could hear it. "Now or never," I whispered.

It was all done quicker than you could say "knife." I put my head down like a billy-goat, and ran for the small of his back. "Butted" isn't a nice word, but that's just how I sent him flying headlong into the closet. I heard him go down with a crash that shook Mrs. Halstead's biggest jar of raspberry jam off the shelf.

I didn't stop to take breath until I'd locked the door and barricaded it with Uncle Jack's big mahogany bureau—just as the lady did in the story. Then I breathed—and listened. What I heard made my eyes stick out a bit. First I almost felt like crying. Then I laughed until I did cry. I suppose the excitement made me hysterical. It was ten minutes before I roused up Mr. Simms, the Constable, and Jared Peters, who lives next door. Mr. Simms brought along an old pepper-box revolver and a pair of handcuffs. Jared Peters had his double-barreled gun, but, in his flurry, he forgot to load it.

Up stairs we hurried. The two men pulled away the bureau, and Mr. Simms, who was in the army, stationed us in our places.

"Look a-here, you feller," Mr. Simms called out, "the strong arm of the law is a-coverin' of you with deadly weepons. Surrender without resistance—Phil, yank open the door."

I flung open the door. Jared Peters covered the prisoner with his gun. He was covered with something else, too—Mrs. Halstead's raspberry jam, that he'd been wallowing round in. He didn't look proud, though, for all he was so stuck up.

Before he could open his mouth, Mr. Simms had him handcuffed and dragged out into the chamber.

"There," he said, with a long breath, "I guess *you* won't bargle no more right away."

"For goodness' sake, Simms—Peters—don't you know me—Mr. John Morris, cashier of the savings-bank?" That was what the prisoner said just as soon as he could speak.

Well, I didn't wait any longer. I just bolted for my own room, where I could lie down on the floor. And there I lay laughing until I was purple clear round to my shoulder-blades. Then I went to bed.

"Philip," said Uncle Jack, solemnly, while we were at breakfast next morning, "I should beg your pardon for trying to test your courage in the—the consummately idiotic way I took to do it last night, but"—and he looked pretty sheepish—"I—I think I got the worst of it."

"I think you did, sir," I answered him, choking a bit.

"The disguise was a good one, though," he went on, with a sort of feeble chuckle, "and leaving my false teeth out changed my voice completely—eh, Phil?"

"Yes, sir—until you hollered out in the closet that it was all a joke, and wanted me to let you out," I answered him, as I got up and edged toward the door.

"Why didn't you let me out then?" roared Uncle Jack, who is rather quick-tempered.

I hope I wasn't impudent. Truly, I didn't intend to be. "Because, Uncle Jack," I said, as I turned the door knob, "I have heard you say more than once that he who cannot take a joke should not make one." And as I dodged through the door I heard Uncle Jack groan.—*Frank H. Converse, in Harper's Young People.*

What a Spider Did.

A very curious and interesting spectacle was to be seen Monday afternoon in the office of a livery stable in this city. Against the wall of the room stands a tolerably tall desk, and under this a small spider, not larger than a common pea, had constructed an extensive web reaching down to the floor. About 11:30 o'clock Monday forenoon it was observed that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of her web around its tail. When first seen the mouse had its hind feet on the floor and could barely touch the floor with its fore feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line, occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were unavailing, as the slender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting its victim into the air. By two o'clock in the afternoon the mouse could barely touch the floor with its fore feet; by dark the point of its nose was an inch above the floor. At nine o'clock at night the mouse was still alive, but made no sign except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor. Yesterday morning the mouse was dead and hung three inches from the floor.

The news of the novel sight soon became circulated, and hundreds of people visited the stable to witness it. The mouse is a small one, probably less than half grown, measuring about one and a half inches from the point of its nose to the root of the tail. How the spider succeeded in ensnaring it is not known. The mechanical ingenuity of the spider, which enables her to raise a body which must weigh forty or fifty times as much as herself, has been the subject of a great deal of comment and speculation, and no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been found. All agree that it is a most remarkable case, and one that would be received with utter incredulity if it were not so amply attested.—*Lebanon (Ky.) Standard.*

—The little town of Flotzingen (Wurtemberg) has a brigade of forty-two water-carriers, belonging not only to the fair sex, but also to the fire department. They were completely equipped for work (the tin water-pails being provided by them at their own cost), arrayed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting costumes, and drawn up in line to go through a regular drill and sham fire before the District Inspector, who could not but express himself highly satisfied. The brigade is divided into four squads, each squad commanded by a "female Corporal," who keeps the roll—the rank and file having the privilege of electing such Corporals in the Town-Hall.

—The railroad conductor who called on the Squire's daughter without the father's consent remarked that the old man furnished terminal facilities as well as a free pass through the garden.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1881.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.

For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHEY,
HOWARD M. KEMP.

For County Commissioners,
S. L. TOWNSHEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.

For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.

For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

The Democratic ticket nominated Tuesday is not at all a formidable one, in fact it is generally considered a weak one, and badly located. The nominees for County Commissioners are all from the extreme western side of the county, and all in adjoining districts. Two of the large districts (Nos. 1 and 5) were entirely ignored. Of course Oakland comes in for the lion's share, securing three of the eight positions, and dissatisfied because they did not get more. The convention was a tame affair. The aspirants for such remotely possible political honors as it had to confer, were not large. In this there was a wise discretion. The Democrats knew that the ticket nominated by the Republicans would be elected without a single exception, and consequently they were not anxious to show their patriotism by spending their time and money for the luxury of being candidates for offices to which there was no possibility of being elected. But somebody must be nominated in order that there should be somebody to contribute campaign funds. Thus it came to pass that a number of gentlemen who were anxious for office and innocent in politics, were meekly led to the altar and became willing victims. When election day is over they will have spent their money and wasted their time, but they will have grown wiser in experience.

The Republican party is perfectly harmonious and united and will march into the battle with its ranks closed. Nothing can secure the defeat of its nominees but treachery within the party, and of this the Democrats need have no hope. Hence we predict that when the season for mass meetings, brass bands and oratory is over, there will be a number of disappointed Democratic standard-bearers in this county, provided they had ever at any time cherished any hope of their election.

The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia found a presentment against Guiteau Tuesday.

The following is copied from Tuesday's Pittsburgh *Commercial-Gazette*:

ANOTHER VANDERBILT ROUTE.
Special to the Commercial-Gazette.

SELBYPORT, Md., Oct. 3.—There is talk here of a new railroad through this section to open up the great supplies of coal and iron ore here. An engineer passed through here on a preliminary survey for an extension of the Vanderbilt lines from Pittsburgh to Connellsville and thence up the Youghiogheny river by this point, and was going past Deer Park and Oakland to connect with the Maryland Central. He said there would be a railroad built here inside of a year.

Baltimore's Hospitality.

The hotels of Baltimore are making extraordinary efforts to insure comfortable accommodations for the throng in attendance at the Oriole celebration. The city has ever been noted for the capacity of its hotels, their number, accommodations, and unsurpassed excellence of their tables, and now that so many strangers are to be provided for it is the determination to show them that Baltimore hospitality is equal to all occasions. There will be no increase in the charges at any hotel, and sufficient extra force of servants will be employed to keep the service up to its wonted high standard. Of one thing the public may be assured, and that is that Baltimore will give a warm and cordial reception to all and follow it up with good accommodations and an abundance to eat.

The O. L. D.'s of Howard county met at Ellicott City Saturday and nominated an Independent Democratic ticket.

The Comptrollership.

We have had further advices from different parts of the State. Our information in regard to the next Comptrollership confirms the opinion formerly expressed, that Mr. Keating's defeat is an assured fact. Some leading politicians have suggested the propriety of recalling his nomination and substituting another man. This, under some circumstances might be a wise course, but under the present circumstances we hardly think the Ring-managers would consent, because it would be an acknowledgment on their part of weakness, which would produce premature death. They will rather let Mr. Keating be defeated and try and save themselves by throwing the blame upon the Reformers, but this arrangement will not have the desired result, because the people are too well acquainted with the facts. The Ring will have to suffer the consequence of Mr. Keating's defeat.

During the past week some of our best lawyers have intimated the opinion that Governor Hamilton has the power to remove the Comptroller for cause. If this be so it is the duty of the Governor to exercise this authority, because Mr. Keating has wilfully violated the laws that he had sworn to carry out, and hence deserveres removal.—*Woodberry News, Ind.*

The President on Politics.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Murat Halstead telegraphs to his paper as follows. President Arthur in conversation to-day expressed his strong interest in the success of the Republican ticket in Ohio, and said very earnestly that under the circumstances he thought the election especially important. He added that the defeat of Foster would be a great misfortune. He was very cordial and emphatic, and while he did not think his opinion important, he authorized me to make this statement, as he certainly had no concealments on the subject.

It is not true that Arthur is in New York to exert influence upon the contests going on in this State. He is not in the least occupied in them. He is not very well, having a severe cold which, while he was in Washington, was near resulting in an attack of pneumonia. He is getting over it, and returns to Washington on Monday. He came here upon private business, for he had refused, up to the hour of President Garfield's death, to take any step that recognized that contingency.

There will be no news about the Cabinet before the extra session of the Senate, and perhaps not before the regular session of Congress.

Conkling refuses to attend the State convention, and announces he will personally have nothing to do with it.

An Appeal to His Countrymen.

The following extract from Gen. Garfield's inaugural address, in view of his death, should sound as an appeal from the grave to his countrymen:

"My countrymen, we do not differ in our judgments concerning the controversies of past generations, and fifty years hence our children will not be divided in their opinions concerning our controversies. They will surely bless their fathers and their fathers' God that the Union was preserved, that slavery was overthrown, and that both races were made equal before the law. We may hasten, or we may retard, but we cannot prevent the final reconcillation. Is it not possible for us now to make a truce with time by anticipating and accepting its inevitable verdict? Enterprises of the highest importance to our moral and material well-being invite us, and offer ample scope for the employment for our best powers. Let all our people, leaving behind them the battle-fields of dead issues, move forward, and in the strength of liberty and the restored union win the grander victories of peace."

Thurlow Weed, in a *Tribune* interview in regard to the state convention in New York said:

"This dividing into factions and stigmatizing each other with epithets such as 'stalwart' and 'half-breed' is injurious in every way, and there will be an end of it; and instead of it we will have a united and harmonious party—united in expressing great confidence in the wisdom and integrity which would have characterized General Garfield's administratson, if his life had been spared, and united also in transferring that feeling with great unanimity to President Arthur. There will be two planks in the platform. One will express warm regret for the death of the President, in whose wisdom and patriotism the party had confidence, and the other will transfer that confidence to President Garfield's successor."

The rag-baby has turned up again in the coal regions of Allegany county. They must have a "baby-mine" up there.—*Balto. American.*

The New Administration.

For some days after President Garfield was wounded, it is not too much to say, that, next to the distinguished sufferer himself and his immediate family, the person of all others in the United States who stood most in need of sympathy was the gentleman who, in the event of the President's death, was his constitutional successor. The country was then in a distrustful and angry mood. The bitter opposition which President Garfield had encountered at the very threshold of his administration from a portion of his own party, and the embarrassments and obstacles which had been thrown in the way of his exercise of the appointing power, were so fresh in popular recollection that, coupled with the assassin's attempt to identify himself with the "stalwart" wing of the Republican party, they seemed to the heated imagination of many to supply the motive for an otherwise motiveless and causless crime. The Vice-President had not been in sympathy with the administration. In New York politics he had been known as a supporter of Gen. Grant, by whom he had been appointed to the important office of collector of New York, and as a friend and ally of Senators Conkling and Platt, and he came in, consequently, for a share of the popular resentment and distrust. Happily that feeling has now died entirely away, and it rests solely with President Arthur himself whether it shall in any degree be revived. The political relations of Collector Arthur and of Vice-President Arthur are well understood, but it does not follow that President Arthur will rise to no higher and broader plane. The subordinate has become chief; the New York collector has become the American President, and it would seem impossible, giving Gen. Arthur credit for the sagacity and tact which he has heretofore displayed, and which have contributed so largely to his advancement, that his views should not broaden as the sphere of his usefulness and importance has grown wider. Making the utmost allowance for Gen. Arthur's personal and political attachment to Gen. Grant, he cannot but reflect, now that he himself is President, that Gen. Grant's aspirations for a third term were deliberately rejected by the great party to whose nomination he owes his present elevation. So he cannot but reflect also that the claims of his friend, Senator Conkling, to a "vindication" and re-election at the hands of the Republican Legislature of New York were equally disregarded, and that both Grant and Conkling stand to-day as the representatives of a minority in their own party. It is scarcely to be supposed, therefore, that the new President will embarrass his administration by linking it to the fortunes of a factiou, and a defeated faction, when he has the opportunity, and when it is alike his duty and his interest, to become the President, not of a faction, but of the whole country, The one course would array against him all the friends of the late administration and hopelessly divide his own party, without promising the smallest encouragement or support from the Democrats. The other course will enable him to unite and harmonize his own party while insuring his administration generous sympathy and fair and impartial treatment from the Democrats. President Arthur has only to be conservative, patriotic, national in his policy, and the good wishes and kindly feelings of his countrymen, without distinction of party, will smooth his path and lighten the labors before him.—*Balto. Sun.*

The Greenbackers of the Western Maryland coal regions must be very blind if they do not see the supreme ridiculousness of the platform adopted by them at Cumberland on Thursday. Yet he goes astray who believes that the miners of that region are illiterate fellows, easily led by the nose and without ideas of their own, Just the reverse is true. The mines are worked by as intelligent a body of laboring men as can be found the world over. They are men who own their houses and the little plots of ground upon which these houses stand; who subscribe for newspapers, and read them with care and judgement; who form, as a rule, intelligent opinions of their own, and who can argue bravely and strongly for these opinions. It may, therefore, seem the more remarkable that they cling so tenaciously to the stupid Greenback craze and fondle the rag baby in their brawny arms so long after its death. The truth of the matter is this: the miners of the Cumberland coal region, as well as all other miners, look upon their lives as a persistent and continuous struggle with capital. Capital, to them, means the companies which own the mines. Between these companies and the miners there is a constant war over prices, and the miners have become so thoroughly organized and so powerful that the companies cannot afford to be harsh or tyrannical in their action. When the Greenback-Labor party started, it laid its claim to support on the ground that it was organized in the interests of labor as opposed to capital, and so the miners hailed its advent with joy and rallied to its support, and the temporary success that it gained in some parts of the country convinced them that it was to become a ruling factor in American politics, and would furnish a happy solution of their struggles with capital. So charmed were they with it that they failed to see that it rested on no substantial foundation, and they have become, it would seem, totally blind to the fact that it is dead and buried beyond the chance of resurrection. You cannot make a miner of the Cumberland region believe that the interests of capital and labor are identical. He is convinced that they are directly antagonistic. So he sticks to the defunct Greenback-Labor heresy, and will stick to it till some other anti-capital political trap to catch voters is set, when he will put his foot in that and get caught again. It may seem hard to reconcile this state of things with the idea of general intelligence that pervades this dusky region, but when anyone proclaims a crusade against capital, the miners just shut their eyes, forget all they know and join it. This will account for the very absurd convention which the miners held at Cumberland, which, numbering not more than thirty or forty men all told, adopted a platform with twelve planks, each beginning "We demand," and which if put into operation would necessitate almost a complete overturning of our present methods of government.—*Balto. American.*

The President's Surgeons.

Dr. George T. Schrady and Professor Faneuil D. Weiss, who have been engaged since Friday last in making a careful examination of the injured viscera of the President, have been interviewed since their return to New York. Dr. Weiss, who is professor of anatomy in the New York University, says that the result of his examination satisfied him that no professional man could have treated the case better than Dr. Bliss did. He says that the ball entered at the right side of the first lumbar vertebra and passed through without injury to the spinal marrow. The bullet was completely encysted and enclosed in a sac affixed to the lower edge of the pancreas, behind the perttoneum. He does not think that any course of treatment could have saved the President's life, and had it been possible to survive the wound, he would have been a confirmed invalid, probably a paralytic for life. He never had pyæmia, and died from the effects of compound comminuted fractures of the rib and vertebra. The fatal effect, he said, was caused by the rupture of the plenic artery, and not the mesenteric artery, as was at first supposed, which admitted a pint of clotted blood into the peritoneal cality. Dr. Schrady says: "It was requested by Dr. Bliss to consider the case from a medical standpoint, guided by the full and particular history of the treatment as related to me by him. I may say that I am of the opinion, from my own observation and from the very minute details afforded me by Dr. Bliss, from the moment of the shooting down to to hour of dissolution, that I have no words but those of the strongest approval for Dr. Bliss and his method of handling the case. The immediate cause of death was undoubtedly internal hemorrhage caused by the breaking down of the sac formed on the splenic artery."

The Funeral Expenses.

No estimate has as yet been made of the expense incurred by the President's sickness. It is thought that the grand total will foot up to a very large amount. The various items will be collected and presented to Congress, and an appropriation will be made covering the entire amount. The bill of the Pennsylvania railroad company will be a large item. It is stated that the cost of laying the track to Elberon was $6,000, while on two occasions special trains were furnished and the entire line cleared. The next item will be the doctor's fees. The amount is variously estimated. Dr. Bliss' fee is stated to be about $25,000, while Drs. Hamilton and Agnew will charge $15,000 each. Dr. Reyburn will also receive a large fee. The other two doctors (Drs. Barnes and Woodward) were during their attendence upon the President, in the employ of the government. Whether they will receive any extra compensation will depend upon Congress.—*Wash. Republican.*

A Southern journal says this year's rice crop in the Gulf states will reach one hundred and fifty million bushels. It is predicted that the rice industry will soon rival that of sugar-growing in Louisiana.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3, 1881.

There is no end of speculation concerning the new Administration but as yet there is nothing upon which to predicate positive statements as to the personnel of the new Cabinet or the general policy of the new President. That there will be a new Cabinet is now pretty well understood. Three members of the present Cabinet are fixed in their determination to retire. These are Attorney-General McVeagh, Secretary Windom, and Postmaster-General James. Two others, Secretaries Blaine and Kirkwook, are believed to entertain a similar resolution. All that has been said about the composition of the new Cabinet, however, is sheer guesswork, for President Arthur keeps his own counsel, and it is even doubtful whether he has any definite plats yet arranged. The selection of an official family of seven men who are to be fit for high place, agreeable to their chief and to each other, and ready and willing to break off from all other plans of pleasure and business, is not a slight task.

As yet there has been but little time for maturing plans, but owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case it is almost certain that whatever changes are to be made will occur about the time of the special session of the Senate. Until then nothing is likely to be known. The idea has been advanced from pretty high sources, too, of making Mr. Conkling Secretary of the Treasury and keeping Blaine at the head of the State Department, with a view to bringing about a reconciliation between them and their friends. My own opinion is that this will not be attempted. But there is no doubt that a very friendly feeling has grown up between Mr. Blaine and President Arthur since the shooting of Gen. Garfield, though there may be difficulties in the way of keeping him in his present position. On the whole, the feeling on all sides is that we are to have a strong, wise administration, shaped not only in the interests of the whole country but one that shall harmonize and strengthen the great party which it represents. Even those who were at first disposed to distrust the new President are now eloquent in his praises and strong in their hopes that he is not to fill the vacant frame in *Puck's* cartoon of Vice Presidential failures.

Preparations for the extra session of the Senate are going forward and so far as the chamber is concerned it is now in readiness. A little fixing and painting and readjusting has been done, and after all was finished the portraits of George Washington and John Adams, the first President and Vice-President, were placed on either side of the chair of the presiding officer. There has been an atmosphere of paint and varnish about the Capitol building for some time, not at all confined to the Senate wing. One peculiarity about the building is that it never was finished and is never likely to be. There is a perpetual cutting away and remodeling which would make Congressmen home-sick if they had to see it done, but it is ordered one session and all completed before the next, so that only the summer tourist and the occasional looker-in sees the noble old building in the promiscuous condition of a fashionable woman before breakfast. Ventilation has always been a serious difficulty, or Congressional hobby, and thousands of dollars have been spent on that alone. About a year ago the whole southern end of the building was knocked out fire places constructed, whereupon the subject of ventilation took a rest; yet it is evident that entirely satisfactory results have not been reached.

This season the carpets have been taken up and new ones laid down. If any clever housewife could have seen that carpet in the hall of the House when the desks were removed I think she would have been taken with sea-sickness. It had been down for a single session. When it came up it looked like a carpet that had been struck by lightning from a cloud that rained tobacco juice. Of course it was worthless. A new carpet went down not only in the chamber but in most of the committee rooms. In the Senate the same conditions are observable, while the desks have been newly covered with blue cloth. The carpets in the Senate are of more tasty designs and apparently more costly. Your Senator is more particular what he expectorates on. To complete the improvements a new elevator has been put in the Honse wing. It is not the old-fashioned Democratic "elevator" so much used down in the restaurant, but a passenger elevator to take members up from the basement to the floor and gallery.

The star route ring are said to be very greatly disappointed at the attitude of President Arthur toward the prosecutions. It was thought by some of them that the influence of Dorsey and Brady would be very great with the new Administration and that the cases would be allowed to slip through. But this belief was not very well founded. The President has expressed himself very decidedly on the subject. His wish is that the prosecutions be vigorously pushed, and he feels entirely satisfied to leave the active proceedings in the hands of those already in charge. His friend Geo. Bliss, of New York, has been retained to assist the prosecution, and besides Attorney General McVeagh and Col. Crook, Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia, is now here to represent the Government. The indictments are being drawn and every preparation made. There is no lack of legal ability therefore, in support of the Government's case, and there is said to be no lack of evidence, some of which comes from "squealing" contractors, yet with all this the fact must be recognized that convinctions are difficult and the result uncertain.

Programme for the Baltimore Oriole.

Baltimore's programme for the Oriole will, it would appear, be limited only to the matter of the number of hours embraced within the three days and nights from October 10th to 12th inclusive. There is to be a peculiarly novel and striking water display commemorative of the inauguration of the new water works. The fountains will be of remarkable dimensions and the proceedings throughout will be of the most interesting character. Next in order will be the grand parade of military, fire and civic organizations, and which will be a most brilliant sight. The reception to the French visitors will be a notable event and of such a description as to fire the patriotic heart and awake again the old enthusiasm of a hundred years ago. Among the Frenchmen will be the immediate descendent's of Lafayette, DeGrasse, DeBanas, and other great Generals, who at Yorktown rendered such glorious assistance to the American cause. The distinguished French will be the guests of the city of Baltimore during the entire three days, and the hospitalities in their honor will be such as long to be remembered. Tuesday there is to be a grand concert by the famous Gilmore Band of New York, the place selected being the beautiful Monument Square where thousands can hear and where there will be no disturbing sounds. This matchless organization numbers sixty-five of the first musicians of New York and the concert, which will be of between two *and three* hours duration, will embrace the choicest compositions of famous composers. Of the gorgeous Oriole pageant at night too much cannot be anticipated, as it will go far beyond the expectation of the most sanguine. The brilliant moving spectacle will reach upwards of three miles in length and the subjects illustrated in the exquisitely beautiful tableaux will call forth the greatest interest and incite the most enthusiastic admiration. Baltimore's first Mardi Gras will certainly prove as promised, unparalleled in the country. Wednesday there is to be an exhibition of outdoor sports such as rarely combined in a single day's pleasure. There will be running, walking and jumping matches, wrestling bouts, gymnastic exercises, bycicle races, throwing of weights, in short everything of an athletic character. Early in the evening there is to be a remarkably fine exhibition of fireworks, American and Japanese manufacturers vieing with each other in wonderful and startling effects. Then comes the glorious carnival and ball, and the streets of the city will be thronged with gay maskers. The very low figure of one half the usual fare on the Baltimore and Ohio is all that can be asked in the way of low rates, and every care will be taken to insure comfortable accommodations and quick time.

A PITIFUL OBJECT.—One of the most forlorn and pitiful objects in life, says the New York *Herald*, is the man who once did a good business, failed, became dissipated, lost heart and object, and, having no other place of resort, seeks a mean barroom, where, without money to pay his footing, he is tolerated by the landlord on account of the little odd jobs that he does. He is there on sufferance, yet he tries to make himself, as well as others, believe that he is a sort of *attache* of the place, his pay for his menial and humiliating services being given in occasional drinks at the landlord's expense. He washes windows in the early morning for his sup of gin; he washes cuspidores, sweeps out and runs on errands, is treated with disrespect and is in everybody's way. A few men, moved by compassion, or remembering that he was once a gentleman in good circumstances, ask him to drink, give him a bit of clothes, and finally contribute toward his cheap coffin.

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Garrett Guards will take part in the Sham Battle in Cumberland to-day (Saturday.)

—Attention is called to the advertisement of the Great "New York Branch," where the Red Flag Floateth.

—Married, at Deer Park, Oct. 2, 1881, by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, Mr. Joseph Schooley and Miss Orpha E. Head, both of this county.

—Married, at Oakland Md., by Rev. John M. Davis, October 5th, 1881, Mr. Payton Lish and Miss Huldah Harvey, both of this county.

—Samuel T. Davis and wife, formerly of this place, but now of Somerset county, Pa., are visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The Garrett Guards reception at their armory Saturday evening was well attended, and we understand that those present passed a very pleasant evening.

—We made an error in the court proceedings two weeks ago in the case of Johnson, Sutton & Co. vs. E. J. Fringer. Instead of a judgment for plaintiffs of $180.09, as published, the case was non prossed.

Ten Days.

The half fare tickets on the B. & O. for the Baltimore Oriole will be good to return for ten days from date of sale. Ticket agents will tell all about departure of trains and that sort of thing. The Oriole commences Monday October 10th, and continues three days, the Mardi Gras being upon the night of the 11th.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 3d, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The young folks of Garrett county desired me to let them know whether the Pitts-Exposition was a success. I would advise them to come and see. It would be money well spent. Twenty-one thousand people visited the Exposition in one day. The buildings are still trimmed in mourning for the loss of our President.

Business is very good here now; better than could be expected.

Our railroad up the "Yough" may prove to be a success, as the matter is being much talked of here.

I will be on hand in Selbysport on election day with the usual amount of "cheese and crackers," and you can depend upon hearing a good report from No. 2.

Respectfully,
CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic county nominating convention met in the Court House Tuesday last, and was called to order by W. H. Barnard, one of the members of the State Central Committee for the county.

Mr. C. M. Miller was made Chairman and Mr. J. T. Mitchell Secretary. The following delegates were declared entitled to seats:

No. 1.—E. Droege, C. M. Miller, Samuel Hoye, John H. Beckman, A. Wilson.

No. 2.—Jasper Guard, Otho Speelman, C. H. Liston, W. W. Griffith, A. Welch.

No. 3.—Eli Stanton, Chas. Warnick, Chas. Keller, Henry Smouse, J. H. Bevans.

No. 4.—W. H. Barnard, A. J. Warnick, Chas. Michaels, Marcus Fazenbaker, Thos. Garvey.

No. 5.—V. Kahle, Wm. Hinebaugh, Chris. Snyder, Jas. W. Lee, J. T. Mitchell.

No. 6.—R. T. Browing, Nathan Browning, Francis Sebold, Joseph Welch, P. H. Eckart.

No. 7.—D. M. Mason, A. J. Harne, Geo. A. Spedden, Clark Deberry, R. S. Jamison.

No. 8.—Jere. Browning, Benjamin Shaffer, Francis Martin, Charles Best, D. L. Arnold.

No. 9.—Geo. L. Layman.

The Convention then proceeded to the selection of victims with the following result:

Senator.—Wm. R. Getty.

House of Delegates.—George T. Michaels and Samuel Johnson.

County Commissioners.—Jas. R. Bishop, Otho Speelman, and Meshach Mattingly.

Sheriff.—E. Jamison.

Surveyor.—J. T. Mitchell.

Mountain Lake Park.

Maj. J. C. Alderson, Dr. T. H. Logan, Rev. C. P. Marsden, and Col. Robert B. Woods, of Wheeling, and Revs. John F. Goucher and J. B. Vanmeter, of Baltimore, were in Oakland last week engaged in completing all preliminaries to their occupancy of the land purchased by them for Mountain Lake Park. Since the purchase about four weeks since, about thirty men and boys have been engaged cleaning up the grounds. After going over the premises they all expressed themselves as highly pleased. After an inspection of the grounds Dr. Logan, Revs. Masden, Goucher and Vanmeter went to Baltimore for the purpose of seeing Mr. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, and consulting with him in regard to the part the railroad would take in the matter.

While in Baltimore, these gentlemen also secured the services of the same landscape gardener who had laid out the grounds at Druid Hill Park, to act with Col. Robert Woods in the work of beautifying the Mountain Lake Resort.

Mr. Garrett said he would do all in his power to promote the interests of the association and promised to send Mr. Randolph as soon as possible to act with Col. Woods in locating the depot, lake, &c. He also said the Baltimore and Ohio Company could use ice from the lake at Deer Park and Oakland hotels, as some difficulty had been encountered in securing it for use at these hotels. The certificate of incorporation was issued by the State of Maryland to the association through Judge Pearre, of Cumberland, and the corporators are Rev. J. B. Goucher and J. B. VanMeter, of Baltimore; J. M. Davis of Oakland, and Dr. T. H. Logan and Rev. C. P. Masden of Wheeling. Work will be prosecuted as fast as possible.

Gala Days.

What with the opening ceremonies of the new water works, the grand military, fire and civic parade, the glorious concert by Gilmore's Band, the gorgeous Mardi Gras, the reception to the French visitors, the athletic sports, mask ball, carnival, fireworks, and half fare from all stations on the B. & O., Baltimore next week will be about as lively, brilliant and jolly a city as the sun shines upon.

Allegany County Items.

At Lonaconing Saturday fire broke out in the stable belong to Mrs. Alexander Sloan, situated on Castle run, and in a few minutes it was entirely consumed. It was used by James Reynolds, agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and contained three machines, some loose property, and a quanity of hay and straw in the loft. The burnt district of Lonaconing has already on it about thirty or more new temporary structures erected since the big fire, and occupied for business purposes. The insurance amounted to nearly $100,000, and covered more than two-thirds of the value of the property destroyed.

The Union Mining Company is removing the debris of the fire-brick works recently burned at Mount Savage, and will shortly begin to rebuild.

The proposition to build a monument to the memory of President Garfield on Dan's Rock, which originated with Judge Douglas Perey, of Frostburg, meets with favor throughout the mining region.

J. G. Lynn, Sr., of Cumberland, died in that city Saturday afternoon, aged 78 years.

There will be a grand military-civic celebration, held at Cumberland Saturday, 8th inst., to be participated in by the Cumberland military companies, the Garrett Guards, several G. A. R. posts, and a number of brass bands. There will be a street parade, and a sham battle to be held on the capacious Fair grounds, in which several hundred armed men and artillery will take part, and on the mimic field of war will be graphically portrayed the scenes of carnage through which so many brave men have gone down in death! To many persons this scene cannot fail to be thrillingly interesting; not only to older ones who vividly recall the events of the late armed conflict, but particularly to the generation which has grown up since the war.

The members of the Voltigeurs at a meeting Monday night resolved to entertain the Garrett Guards during their visit to Cumberland on Saturday next.

The late disastrous conflagration at Lonaconing and the threatening fire there last Saturday have awakened the people of that town to a sense of their danger from the fire fiend, and they have started a subscription for the purpose of purchasing a fire engine.

OBITUARY

Died, on the 27th day of September, 1881, at Grantsville, Garrett county, Md., Mr. Charles Leowenstein, aged 48 years, 8 months and 9 days.

The deceased was born in Landau, Principality of Waldeck, Germany. At the age of nineteen he left the fatherland, came to this country and settled down in Grantsville, where he resided till, after a brief illness, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Leowenstein was one of those Germans who are an honor to their fatherland and a blessing to this country. In his death we have lost one of our best citizens; one who was highly esteemed by all who knew him. As a merchant tailor he stood among the first in Western Maryland. He was, according to the Bible "not slothful in business." In his dealings with his fellow man he was upright, and in his work the German expression, "Die arbeit lobt der Meister," was truly fulfilled.

The deceased was a member in good standing of the Lutheran Church at Grantsville. His religious life was quiet, simple and exemplary. In his death the Church has lost one of its most faithful, active and zealous members; one who had the welfare of our beloved Zion at heart, and gave liberally of his means for her support. The Bible injunction, "Be careful to maintain good works," was no dead letter to him.

Mr. Leowenstein leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his departure; but not unprovided. He believed that the Bible taught him *to provide for his own*, and especially for those of his own house. Yet of all who mourn his death none feel the stroke so severely as that widowed wife and those fatherless children. We sympathize greatly with them and pray that the Lord may sustain them in this their hour of sorrow and bereavement. May the "exceeding great and precious promises" of God's Word sustain and comfort them. May they be enabled to understand that their loss is his eternal gain, that the Lord sent for him from above, that he took him and drew him out of many waters.

J. J. Y.

The Frostburg *Journal* of Saturday last says:

"Charles Loewenstein, Esq., died at his residence in Grantsville, Garrett county, Md., Monday night last, aged 48 years and 9 months, of typhoid-pneumonia. He had been ill two weeks, but being a man of strong physique the issue was a painful surprise to all who knew him. He was well and favorably known in Frostburg; was a member of Heine Lodge, No. 127, I. O. O. F., and only five weeks ago entered Frostburg Lodge, No. 590, Knights of Honor. For his family the latter was a fortunate step, as by it they will receive two thousand dollars within ninety days. His wife and seven children survive him, the latter mostly grown, among them A. Loewenstein, Esq., merchant tailor, of this place. A large number of Odd Fellows and Knights of Honor of the lodges named attended the funeral Thursday at Grantsville. The long line of carriages on the National Road reminded old dwellers somewhat of ancient stage days, while the bright regalia and glittering badge delighted eyes amused to the pomp and circumstance of fraternal tribute to the dead. The burial services were conducted first by Rev. J. P. Wilson, chaplain, in accordance with the K. of H. ritual; next by Rev. Dr. J. Ruhl with the I. O. O. F. ritual. At the German Lutheran Church Rev. Mr. Young, pastor, held appropriate funeral services, Mr. L. having been a member. The deceased was a good citizen and highly esteemed for many solid virtues. His loss will be keenly felt in Grantsville, particularly by the family to whom he gave a husband's and father's devotion."

General Hancock.

A special from Cleveland to the New York *World* says: There has been no more sincere mourner of the death of President Garfield than his antagonist in the last Presidential campaign. General Hancock's conduct and bearing throughout has served to heighten the public respect for him. The relations between the two rivals of last year have always been pleasant. It will be remembered that the last official act of President Garfield before he was shot was to sign an order promoting Colonel Mitchell, of General Hancock's staff, to an assistant adjutant-generalship in the regular army. He accompanied the official document with a letter to General Hancock written in his own hand, conveying the most cordial expressions of friendship and esteem. It is a singular fact that has never before been made public that at the very moment when the President was shot General Hancock was writing a reply to President Garfield's kind letter, conveying to him the most cordial expressions of regard. The letter was about half finished when the general received a telegram announcing the shooting. He left it unfinished and it yet remains so. It is Gen. Hancock's intention at the proper time to present President Garfield's letter and his own unfinished reply to Mrs. Garfield as a mournful memento of the kindly relations that always existed between the two rival candidates for the Presidency.

A memorial window of richly stained glass is to be placed in St. James' Episcopal Church, at Long Branch, in memory of the late President. It will replace the present window opposite the seat occupied by President Garfield the Sunday before he was shot. Mrs. General Alexander S. Webb is the treasurer of the fund. It is proposed to mark the pew used by the late President with a fine silver-plate, with an appropriate inscription.

Through the storm of sorrow now beating upon us shines the sunlight of peace—an enduring peace which will be a grander monument to Garfield than all the world's mechanical skill can erect. By virtue of his blood, through God's ruling, we are united never to drift apart so long as America is ruled by Americans.—*Selma (Ala) Times.*

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The mortuary statistics of New York city for the past nine months show that 28,568 persons died—an excess of 4,715 over the same period of 1880. There is a probability that the mortality for the whole year will be nearly 38,000, which will be the highest death rate on record.

The mysterious horse disease known as "pink-eye," and called horse hay-fever, influenza, dropsy and blood poisoning by different veterinary surgeons, is alarmingly on the increase at St. Louis, and its spread is as fast as the epizooty. It is estimated that there are 6,000 horses laid up with the epidemic.

The jury of inquest on the five persons killed by the collision on the Great Western Railway, near London, Ontario, on Thursday last, has returned a verdict of manslaughter against John Maxwell, conductor, and Richard Wolmsley, engineer, of the excursion train, they having disobeyed the orders of the company. Maxwell has fled the country, and Wolmsley was among the killed.

Taurlow Weed, in the New York Evening *Post* proposes that Queen Victoria and the British flag be saluted with extraordinary honors at the conclusion of the coming celebration at Yorktown in acknowledgment of the sympathy and solicitude shown in England during the late President's illness.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelry trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in he premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER,
10 8 5 Examiners.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hall's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
10 8 6 GEO. L. BOSLEY, Examiner.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due in the year 1879.

No. 99 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector of taxes for the 1st Collection District, in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in Garrett county, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Daniel Chisholm, for the year 1879, and reported by the said Browning, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881 to be and appear in this court on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4 0 d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOOK OUT!

FOR THE

"GRAND OPENING"

—OF—

FALL & WINTER GOODS

AT THE

GREAT

"NEW YORK BRANCH."

The Matchless Specialties!

The Inimitable Bargains!

The Incomparable Assortment!

and the Largest Stock of

Dry Goods,

NOTIONS

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

to be found in the Market.

Ladies' Gents' Misses' Boys and Infants' Underwear, Ladies' and Misses'

CLOAKS AND DOLMANS

of the very Latest Styles, both Fine and Cheap, at NEAR ONE-HALF AT WHAT THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE. A full and Complete line of Domestic Dry Goods, bought directly at Headquarters, and not encumbered by Jobbers' profits; Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Trimmed Hats, Laces, Ties, Scarfs, Embroideries, Ladies' Hoops, &c., &c.

In Most Complete Variety.

All bought and collected by shrewd and careful buyers, backed by Nerve Judgment and Big Experience, and will be sold strictly on the

ONE PRICE CASH SYSTEM,

at prices far below what competition can possibly reach.

All we ask is a careful and just examination of our goods and prices, and when you do THAT you BUY, if you consult your interests.

Principal Houses Broadway, N. Y., and Piedmont, W. Va.

DAILY & CO.,

Where the "Red Flag Floateth."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the lands of Mary Vanskiele, for taxes due in the years 1878 and 1879.

No. 96 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that Jasper Guard, Collector, of taxes for the 3d Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week, for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Mary Vanskiele, for taxes due by the said Vanskiele, for the years 1878 and 1879, and reported by the said Guard, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 3d day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Nannie Burton, for taxes due in the year 1881.

No. 98 Trials to September Term, 1881, for the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector, of taxes for the 1st collection district in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Nannie Burton, for taxes due by the said Nannie Burton, for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning, as said collector of taxes to this court, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 18th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Examination of Teachers.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 15, 1881.

The examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in Accident, on the 7th and 8th, of October, commencing promptly at nine o'clock A. M. In Oakland, on the 10th and 11th. No permits to teach will be granted to parties not holding a certificate.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 17 3 Examiner.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from hunting with dog or gun, or otherwise upon the enclosed lands of the undersined. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be delt with to the full extent of the law.

EDWARD HOYE,
9 21 3 C. A. HOYE.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned from trespassing upon my lands for the purpose of hunting. Persons disregarding this notice will most certainly be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

S. J. YUTZY.
Sept. 8th, 1881.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING,

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTORS address EIBON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

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PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Sensible Suggestions Concerning the Prosperity of Fashion.

The fact that fashion exerts an all-important influence upon national prosperity is strikingly illustrated in the recent newspaper appeal to the merchants, modistes and leaders of style on account of European agricultural depression. Years ago, during the popularity of the French Empress Eugenie, the ladies of Paris discarded the bright and lustrous fabrics made of English wools and substituted a dull material, manufactured principally of foreign wool. English ladies followed their example. In recognition of a patbetic appeal the Empress gave impetus to the revival of English textiles, not only by requesting Parisian dressmakers to advise the purchase of English goods, but by wearing them herself on public occasions.

In the present instance, an association has been formed, and the promoters have secured the co-operation of the principal tradesmen and enlisted the sympathies of world-renowned court milliners and dressmakers in the expressed hope that the revival of manufacturing industry will be accompanied by increased prosperity to the landed interest, and the agriculturists generally, in Europe. The *Times'* fashion articles have always advocated the changes of style for the industrial benefits given to the workingwoman specially, as well as increased mercantile prosperity these variations bring. But this appeal gives a still deeper insight into the necessity of fashion, which bestows upon the fair leader of style the enviable reputation of patroness of industry and a promoter of national interests, which at once compensates for the personal ruin of father or husband in the depletion of the family purse.

These foreign papers assert that few people, except those engaged in our textile manufactories, are aware how fashion has aggravated the distress which has prevailed in the agricultural and industrial population of this country. Formerly the long-haired wool known as "lustre wool" was extensively used in the manufacture of ladies' dresses, producing a material of beautiful texture. Then follow statistics of the increase and decrease of the wool trade, with an estimate of the total loss to the wool farmers of the kingdom of "nearly seven millions sterling."

Ladies of high rank, who form the association above referred to, have still further appealed to the leaders of the London fashions. They state: "The unsatisfactory state of the English woolen industry, and the depression among the manufactures, has necessarily occasioned great loss to the wool growers. Both classes assign a sudden change of fashion as the immediate cause of their misfortunes."

Not very long ago reference was made to the pathetic appeal of the silk weavers of Italy to the ladies of France and England, in which they portrayed their sufferings, caused simply by the adoption of the woolen and cotton fabrics and the limited demand for silk among society women, and only a year or two ago, when imported birds were used as bonnet decorations, ribbon manufacturers failed to employ the usual number of hands, and hence the distress among families of the ribbon weavers in our very midst. And thus is trade influenced by woman's caprice and fashion's freaks.

Would it not be a good idea for our American ladies to take the same interest in domestic industries as the ladies of France and England do in their national prosperity? The beauty and durability of American silk is universally acknowledged; we have facilities for being producers from the raising of the worm to the manufacturing of the choicest and most original fabrics, and yet in some instances such is the absurd prejudice against home creations this silk cannot be sold here unless it is represented to be of foreign brand, and is marked at a higher price than is usually charged for silks made in our very midst and sold by home merchants as American silks. Why is this, when these fabrics compare most favorably in design, coloring and finish to the foreign textiles, and are certainly superior for their long-wearing qualities?

In cotton and woolen materials the same foolish fancy exists, and a French bunting, which will shrink and crinkle, sells at double the price that an American bunting, which is really waterproof, can command. The exquisite colorings of the cashmeres for spring and summer wear, in the novel "accidental" tints, cannot be excelled, and the hues of silks and satins, intended to trim these woolen fabrics, form perfect blendings, combinations or contrasts. The cotton goods of home creation come in the same designs, with just as good finish as foreign materials at higher prices, as in domestic ginghams and sateens, which make up as stylishly and wear as well as those imported. Then why should our ladies decline to patronize home industry and throw into foreign treasuries the money that would extend our commercial influence and build up our home industries?—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Perilous Adventure in South Africa.

A story has been brought by the last mail from South Africa which may claim a modest page in the annals of mountaineering. The *Cape Times* narrates the exciting incidents of a search for two men and their gallant rescue from a position of extreme suffering and peril. It became known on a certain Tuesday at the end of June or beginning of July that Richard Rickards and Charles Derry, a couple of tourists, had, on the previous day, fallen into a ravine near the top of Table Mountain; accompanied by a third man named May, these persons had made the ascent, Derry being supposed to know the mountain. It was about four o'clock on the Monday afternoon when they began to descend, choosing, imprudently, a course on the Camp's Bay side, far from the well-known and comparatively safe road which is known as the Platteklip. Derry, taking the lead, conducted his friends down the gorge until he had brought them to a narrow ledge where progress was stopped. In endeavoring to return, one of the men slipped. It appears that he tried to make room for Derry to pass him, so as again to take the leadership of the little party. The slip caused all three men to lose their footing, and they fell together a sheer depth of forty feet, after which they rolled a considerable distance over stones and among bushes, Rickards breaking his leg and getting wedged between two rocks. Derry fell or rolled to a lower depth, and was severely cut and bruised about the face and body. He and May crawled up to the side of Rickards, and then May, who was the least hurt of the three, managed, by mounting on Derry's shoulders, to get a hold on the rugged face of the precipice, and to climb up and up till he emerged from the ravine down which they had fallen.

By a piece of good fortune, which neither he nor any inhabitant of the district can account for, this man was able to effect a safe descent of the mountains, pursuing at hap-hazard a course quite unknown to ordinary climbers. For thirty-six hours the bruised and helpless men at the bottom of the ravine lay exposed to the bitter weather. It was winter with our friends of the Cape Colony, and that the cold had been more than usually severe may be inferred from the fact that snow had fallen in those regions, a phenomenon of exceeding rarity. Rickards, a strong and heavily built man, bore the exposure wonderfully well, though the pain of his broken leg must have been great. Derry, who is of slighter frame and much less robust, nearly sank beneath the cold exhaustion. They had nothing to eat or drink, and the rain, the mists of the two long dreary nights, and the biting winds almost chilled the last spark of life from their benumbed and aching bodies.

Guided, it would almost seem, by the "homing instinct" which had been attributed to some animals. May reached a place of human habitation, and told his urgent and piteous tale to helpful hearers. It was late on the Tuesday when the appeal for succor was made. No time, however, was lost in responding to it. Two brothers named Sedgwick, knowing the mountains like a map, raised a party of railway men, with six of whom one of these gallant leaders started by lantern light at ten o'clock on a dark wintry night. Making the ascent by the Platteklip, Mr. Sedgwick and his companions held on their way to the gorge where it was expected that the men would be found. It was very dark, as they cautiously felt their way downward, the lanterns showing only the wall of rock at the side, but throwing no gleam on the danger that might be at their feet. Gradually the gorge closed in, while the footing in the watercourse which served for a path was so uncertain that the help of ropes from above was needed to enable the explorers to continue their descent. At length they came to the edge of a ravine where further progress was barred, and now from below, to their repeated shouts, a feeble answer was heard. It seemed to tell that he who spoke was powerless to move, his leg being broken, and that his fellow-sufferer was dead. This mistake, whether made by the speaker or by those above, in misinterpreting the weak and indistinct accents, was soon rectified. It was then four o'clock, and there was no possibility of making any attempt to remove the men before daylight. Their forms could just be made out sitting at the base of a wall of rock below. A flask of brandy was lowered to them by a rope; but so utterly exhausted and benumbed were they from hunger and rain and cold that they could not remove the stopper from the bottle. This was done for them, and the vessel was again lowered, after which all that could be done was to wait, wishing for day.

Meanwhile, at three o'clock, Mr. C. Sedgwick, with a second party, followed up the mountain and joined the first division of rescuers, as they were waiting for dawn to begin the work of deliverance. About six o'clock operations were commenced. From the top of the mountain ropes were let down, and also from the ledge immediately overhanging the ravine. On that narrow ridge where the accident had happened three men, with Mr. Sedgwick, were able to keep a foothold, which they had made more secure by clearing away some of the small stones and earth, and by taking advantage of every stunted bush. The lines from above also served to steady them as they let down their ropes over the heads of the two men. Only one of them Richard Rickards, was able to assist in adjusting the nooses of the ropes, and Mr. C. Sedgwick volunteered to be let down to make the attachment secure. When the sufferers were hauled out of their dangerous position to the lower ledge, cocoa and brandy were administered to them and covering was provided for their half frozen limbs. Both men have since been going on well, and all that now remains to be told is that a handsome and well-deserved subscription has been raised for the men who bravely answered to the call which was made on their humanity by the gallant brothers Sedgwick.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

How an Inherited Farm Was Divided.

We were told of a curious case the other day. It seems that a man living in this county died possessed of quite a good farm, which he left to his children (two we hear), and on which there was a debt of thirty-seven cents. The heirs wanted a division, so the court ordered a sale of the farm. It was knocked down to a gentleman in Hamilton at $900. It was placed in the hands of commissioners for settlement, and at the end of six years it war settled, the heirs not receiving a single cent. All the $900 were eaten up by expenses. These are facts.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

—Rev. Horace Stringfellow is an elderly clergyman of the Episcopal church retired from active service, and quietly living at Martinsburg, Va. Learning that a prominent citizen of that place had made arrangements to fight a duel with another citizen, he took measures which led to the prominent citizen's arrest. That spoiled the duel, and probably prevented murder, as the prominent citizen is said to be a good shot.

—It is stated, on the authority of W. H. Shrubsole, F. G. S., that a canary bird living near Sheerness, England, is able to utter sentences so as to be readily understood. Sometimes the bird interpolates phrases in a song, but it is heard to better advantage when it speaks, as it often does, without singing.

Presentments.

One of the most striking of these stories of presentment, or how a fact existing was borne in on the mind of one able to act on it for good uses, was told us many years ago by a sweet, mild, loving and pious Quaker lady, who had all the virtues, if this one special weakness, of her sect. She said that her mother was a woman who had these mysterious previsions, and to whom was vouchsafed precognition of facts greater than that given to most. In olden days she would have been a seeress; and in the days which believed witchcraft, how great soever her piety, she would have been in danger of the stake. Living in more enlightened times, she was respected for the faculty which once would have been her condemnation. About two miles across the fields from her house lived a Quaker couple, of slender means and painful history. Always in poverty, they were often assisted by the Friends who lived round about, and they were kept from starvation mainly through extraneous aid. One winter's night, about twelve o'clock, the mother of our friend was in her own room preparing to go to bed. Suddenly it was borne in on her that her two poor co-religionists two miles off across the fields were in dire want and distress. This conviction was so strong that she packed up a basket of provisions, took a lantern, and, late as it was, set off to the house in question. Arrived there in due course, she saw a light under the door. They had not yet gone to bed. She knocked, and it was opened to her. She found the couple sitting on two chairs in the middle of the room, without food or fire, with only the light of their one candle to illumine their utter wretchedness. They had been for two days without food, but they expressed no surprise when they saw her. They simply said, "We were waiting to see what the Lord would send us in answer to our prayers." Forever after this dear woman and her daughter, our friend, believed in the divine inspiration of that thought, that fear, which sent a delicate lady, then no longer young, two miles across the fields on a bleak winter's night. But we were ungodly enough to say, "If this were really divine inspiration, why not have come in the daylight? Or, better still, why did not the man go up to the house himself, make his wants known and having them relieved without exposing his benefactress to the risk of losing her life as the result of her charity?" When we analyze these stories we always come on some such lapse of common sense as this. To have gone out and sought practically and actively for help would have been a more righteous and manly way of seeking the Lord than to remain quietly and supinely in the house, letting others have all the trouble and the risk.

Another less touching and far more ghastly story was told us not long since. Some few years ago there was a specially horrible and revolting murder in Russia. The details were too fearful to be even alluded to here; but we remember the story quite well, as it was given in the correspondence of the daily press. The friend who told us the following story of presentment—a German-Russian—asked us if we remembered this special murder. We answered in the affirmative. Then he said: "I had a strange piece of presentment connected with that man. He was my Russian master"—the Count, our friend, was a German-Russian from Courland—"a man whom I never liked, yet of whose private life I know nothing evil; indeed, there was nothing then to know. One day, when he came to give me my usual lesson, I had the strangest and the most overpowering feeling. Someone seemed to touch my shoulder and someone seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Get rid of him.' When the lesson was over I paid him all I owed him and dismissed him from further attendance. He made no remark and left in peace. Two days after this a friend of mine, who wanted to take lessons in the Russian language, asked me for the address of this man. I said we should pass by his house, when we should call, and my friend could arrange terms and hours. We reached the house and knocked at the door—knocked hard and often—but received no answer. Then we left, with the intention of calling again a few hours later. We went to the public gardens and sat there for some time, then set out again for our second visit. As we walked along the street a policeman stopped us and spoke to me. He asked if I knew anything of this man. I said yes, I did, and that I was now on my way to see him. 'No,' he answered, 'do not go; he's dead.'" He had committed suicide after having committed the murder, attended by the most revolting, the most awful details of which we have alluded; and the very moment when the Count and his friend knocked at the door of his apartment he must have been in the death agony. "I always thought," said the Count in conclusion, "that this was a true presentment. I do not pretend to say how it came or why; but it was true."—*London Queen.*

A Highbinder's Festival.

For the past three days the gay and festive Highbinders have held high jinks at their hall on Spofford's Alley. The society known as the "Che Kung Tang" has been rendered notorious by its recent financial embroglios. The holidays are the close of the term which may be designated the Celestial "All Souls' Festival." The spirits of the deceased heathen have been fed on roast pig, ducks, and other comestibles, and the presiding josses have been enjoying their share of the dainties. At the right and left of the entrance to the hall stand two enormous figures made of paper and tinsel. These hideous monstrosities represent two warriors or military attendants of the tutelary god of the society. By some mysterious connection known only to those proficient in Chinese jossology, this god is supposed to have a relationship with, or hold a power of attorney from, the Ground God of Canton. His duty is to protect the Chinese of this barbarous country. Crowds of the heathen have thronged the building during the past three days helping themselves to cigarettes and tea, which were served free to all comers. The tables in front of the idols were decked out with little porcelain dishes filled with samshoo, lumps of pork, roast duck and other compounds. Three immense pyramids of colored cakes, placed on an elevated stand, were prominent objects. The odor of burning incense and opium combined to render the atmosphere anything but pleasant. A vacant plot of ground on Washington Street is designated as the spot where to-day the huge paper figures before mentioned will be cremated. Upon the wall of the adjoining building is pasted a list of the various members of the society who contributed toward the expense of the feast. The holiday is known among the Celestials as "Ye Lan Chow," or "display of some Chrysanthemum days." In China an immense exhibit of the flowers is made in the various temples. Here, but few pots of the flowers are to be seen, although six plants brought from the flowery land were exhibited in the hall and were objects of curiosity. Although the visitors were a rough-looking crowd, they have evidently been restrained from making any demonstrations owing to the recent Police measures for keeping order in Chinatown.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Officer Who Never Drank.

In the early part of the late war, when General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters having a pleasant social time. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command.

A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order and was soon in the presence of the General. Grant said to him: "You were the officer, I believe," for their acquaintance was slight, "who remarked the other day that you never drank?" The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the General, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the commissary department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served his country faithfully to the close of the war, and was honorably discharged. Years passed and Grant had come to be President. The officer had settled down to the duties of private life, and the little incident was cherished as a pleasant memory.

The trouble on the border between Texas and Mexico along the Rio Grande attracted the attention of Congress, and a commission was ordered to ascertain the facts and report. Again President Grant remembered the man who "never drank," and appointed him chairman of the board. The place was accepted, and he entered faithfully upon the work; the report submitted shows the thoroughness with which the duty was discharged.

While engaged in this work he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who owned an extensive cattle ranch in Southern Texas. The acquaintance inspired confidence, and, years after when the Texas gentleman decided to sell his ranch, he placed it in the hands of the man "who never drank," and during the last month he has effected a sale to an English company of the ranch of 200,000 acres of land and several thousand head of cattle for an even million dollars; out of which he gets a commission that will be a fortune in these hard times. The company that bought will enter largely upon packing beef for foreign markets, slaughtering their meat on their own ranch from their own herds. The superintendence of their business has been tendered to and accepted by the man who "never drank," and he goes in a few days to his new field of labor. This takes from Chicago one of her most esteemed and honorable citizens, but it gives one to Texas who will always be found on the side of order and good government.—*Chicago Alliance.*

Successful Boy Hunters.

One day last week T. P. McKnight, proprietor of the pleasure resort at Lower Soda Springs, started out with his son Charley to hunt for Elk across the Santiam. After going a few miles they discovered an elk, and Charley succeeded in killing it. They skinned it and taking a part of the meat on their backs and covering up the remainder came home. Thinking that some wild animal might carry away the meat left behind before they could return to it the next day, Charley and his little brother Clyde, taking their blankets, guns and dog, started back expecting to camp with it. Soon after arriving at their destination they discovered a couple of elk, and by slipping upon them managed to kill both.

A few moments afterward their dog commenced a terrific barking a short distance off, and above the noise could be heard the peculiar sounds made by the calf of the elk. The boys rushed to the spot as soon as possible and found a young elk calf probably about two weeks old. Of course they captured it. No boy would lose such an opportunity to capture such a rare animal, but they were not to get it without a struggle. Hearing a noise close by, they glanced up and were almost petrified by seeing the old cow coming to the rescue of her young. She was only about twenty or thirty feet away, and coming like a whirlwind. With her horns down and her hair turned the wrong way, she was a sight to try the nerves of one of our old time hunters.

No time was to be lost. A second's delay might result in the death of both boys; but Charley was equal to the occasion. Grasping his gun he drew sight on the animal and shooting when she was actually only about ten feet off caused her to do almost a somerset and drop at their feet dead. Charley is only fifteen years old and small of his age, and Clyde is only thirteen. The boys dressed their game, camped about all night and the next day took their captive elk and went home and told their story. Their father has been packing meat on horseback ever since, and judges that they will have about fifteen hundred pounds, the elk weighing from three hundred to five hundred pounds each. They sent us down a few steaks, and we do not wish to set our teeth into anything more luscious.—*Albany (Or.) Democrat.*

How Stages Are Robbed---A Lady's Experience in Nevada.

Mrs. Pratt, wife of Superintendent R. H. Pratt, who arrived home yesterday from Sierra Valley, in addition to the mountain air, had, while traveling in a stage between Randolph and Truckee, the enjoyable and impressive experience of capture by a stage robber. There were three men, two ladies and two children in the party besides the driver, who was taking in the mountain scenery and expatiating upon the climate, when a masked man, decorated with a double-barreled shotgun, which was at full cock, and with a sword bayonet attached at the muzzle, a revolver and a hatchet, stepped out from behind a tree standing by the track and demanded the driver to halt. His persuasive command was obeyed, when he told the driver to throw out the express box and open it. The driver replied that he couldn't, as it was chained down and locked. This was "too thin" for the party then in command, and with a show of compelling obedience in a summary manner the driver got the box out. The robber directed the inmates of the stage to get out and stand on the other side of the road, which they did. The driver then, under instructions, broke a large rock upon the treasure box in trying to break it open, but not succeeding the robber threw his hatchet to him, and after considerable effort with this he succeeded in getting it open. The robber then directed that he should bring the box under a tree by the roadside, which he did, and then returned, under orders minutely given, to the stage. The robber then coolly but cautiously laid down his gun by the side of the box, and getting down upon his knees took out what coin there was and went through the letters and papers with the utmost coolness and deliberation, not appearing to be in the least hurry. Coming across two Chinese checks he swore in a foreign dialect, and said: "These checks I can make no account." Having abstracted $272 in coin and papers, he kindly replaced in the box all the papers and articles he did not want, and permitted the driver to take it into custody again and the passengers to resume their places in the stage. He then said, politely: "Good evening to you all," and ordered the driver to drive on, while he left the road and passed over the hill, stopping to see that the stage passed quietly along without instituting measures looking to his apprehension. The passengers were not molested as to their valuables, which was fortunate, as there were a number of fine gold watches in the party, beside several hundred dollars in money.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Record-Union.*

The Huckleberry-Picker's Adventure With a Bear.

"As I was sitting down picking huckleberries—I had a little black dog with me—I heard the dog barking furiously. I thought that somebody was plaguing him; he is a dog that don't like to be plagued. I thought that I would get up and go and see what was wrong with him. So I got up and started with my pail. When I got there I saw a bear as big as a yearling calf. When the dog seen me he run to me and the bear after him. I picked up a stone—he was coming full tilt with his mouth wide open. I fired away with the stone and hit the bear a pretty hard rap along side the head. That made him mad; he growled a little and came right on. I picked up a pine-knot and when the bear came up the dog snapped him on the hind leg. He jumped at the dog; then the dog jumped between my legs; the bear jumped at me and then I struck him on the snout. He snorted and blew the slobber in my face so I couldn't see for a little bit, then the bear started off and the dog after him and bit him in the hind leg again. The bear turned and chased the dog, which ran behind me; then the bear jumped at me and I struck him square on the snout again and knocked him down, and then I run for dear life: I was too scared to tell the truth (we believe him) and the dog after me and the bear after the dog. I lost my hat and pail, but did not dare to stop and pick them up. I ran about half a mile, when I stopped and looked back. I saw two more bears coming; they were cubs. Then the dog and old bear come full jump—they all get together. I thought that I was a goner sure, but they all made for the little dog; they fought awhile and I called the dog off. I ran to a tree and climbed it and the three bears started off and the dog started after them; he run after the bears about a mile. I tell you if ever anybody made tracks for home I did. That was the first and last berrying that I have done this year. That kind of a bear hain't to be fooled with: I don't want to see any more bears very soon. I have seen a good many bears in my time, but that was the meanest ever I seen. She struck the dog once and knocked him twelve feet through the brush and the dog got up and started at her again, but was careful to keep out of the bear's paws. I tell you I was glad to get back home alive."—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun and Banner.*

Publishing a Newspaper Under Difficulties.

Seldom in the history of journalism has a newspaper been issued under greater difficulties and amid less congenial surroundings than the *News of the Camp*, which was published during the 100 days' siege of Pretoria. The editor thus describes the conditions under which the feat was accomplished: "A bungalow for a printing office, with canvas thrown over its unfinished roof, through which the rain freely penetrated, a gentle waterspout running down the compositor's back as he stood with a bandolier of Martini-Henry cartridges over his shoulder, his white apron for a uniform, composing stick in hand and his rifle lying suggestively near his printing frame; the editor's quarters an army bell tent and a transport wagon, the space between ingeniously roofed in with a tattered sail stretched on telegraph poles; their work, editing a paper by day and on guard up to the knee in mud by night, or sleeping in a pair of leather breeches, long boots and jack-spurs." The forty numbers, of four pages each, foolscap size, have recently appeared in bound form, embellished with fourteen photographic illustrations of the siege.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The most beautiful woman at Saratoga this season is said to have been a circus rider.

—An Englishman says of the House of Lords that it is naturally a strong upholder of injustice to women.

—The usual cost to the candidate of an election to the German Reichstag is about a million of marks.

—A Mexican says that the Government of the United States is less reliable than that of Mexico and has more disturbing elements.

—A traveler was lately killed on an English railroad by his own portmanteau, which he had placed on the rack above and opposite, and which, in the collision struck him with fatal force.

—Jay Gould has started his son, George, in business with a capital of $500,000. George is twenty-two years of age and has been a clerk for his father for five years. He is now a broker.

—A ragged tramp, who was trying to sell jewelry in the streets of Chicago, was arrested because the articles offered were of real value, and it was surmised that they had been stolen. The prisoner proved to be a girl in disguise, and the jewelry was her own.

—A man rolled out of bed the other night and was killed. G. A. Rogers fell 150 feet in a collapsed balloon, with "inconceivable velocity," struck upon his nose on the beach at Lynn, Mass., and is still alive to describe his sensations during his descent.

—Mr. James R. Keene has purchased for $75,000 an estate in England on which he intends having stables erected solely for the purpose of training his horses himself, going over to see them run and superintending all affairs connected with them.

—Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, was made totally blind when a young man by the bursting of a gun. But in spite of that he is one of the best-informed men of the day, a profound mathematician, and widely read in literature and history.

—Professor Henry Draper, the astronomer, is about to start on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Professor Draper is said to be a first-rate shot, and the floors of his house at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York, are decorated with the skins of bears and other Western marauders that have succumbed to his rifle.

—United States Senator John S. Williams recently sold his crop of tobacco, raised on seventy-five acres in the "blue grass" section of Kentucky, for $21,419.96. There were ninety-five hogsheads, and the yield from each acre was nearly $300. He was assisted by a fleet of 700 turkeys, who kept the plants clear of worms.

—One of the first theatrical failures of the season was that of a new comic opera company, the members of which made a street parade every afternoon, circus fashion, in the costumes to be worn at night. They drew immense crowds outdoors, but not in the theatres, and, after visiting several New England cities, their manager deserted them.

—There is a peculiar religious sect in Russia which is characterized by rare purity of doctrine and practice, endeavoring to live in the closest possible conformity with the letter of the Scriptures. No member is permitted to possess any property beyond the frugal needs of existence. Purity and chastity are among the first requirements. It sufficiently describes the brutal character of the surrounding population to say that the followers of this sect have been subjected to much suffering and persecution.

—At Zurich, in Switzerland, in the olden days, when man and wife quarreled and applied for a divorce, the magistrate never listened until they had made a trial of a State remedy. They were locked up together for three days and nights in one room, provided with one chair, one table, one bed, one plate and tumbler. Their food was passed to them by attendants, who neither saw nor spoke to them, and the records assert that when let out neither of them wanted to be divorced.

—Old newspapers are highly prized in some New England towns. Mr. James S. Barnett, of Hartford, Conn., had a copy of the *Connecticut Courant* dated October 1764. It had been preserved in his mother's and grandmother's family for 117 years, and the older it grew the more valuable it became. One day last week Mr. Barnett, desiring to show it to some friends, put it in his coat pocket when he left home in the morning and took it to his place of business. He hung his coat up in the back room and went about his work, awaiting the arrival of the friends who wished to inspect the venerable sheet. When they came he went to the back room where his coat had been left to find that both it and the 117-years-old paper had been stolen.

A Neighborly Family.

A family from down in Indiana moved into a house on Second avenue last week, and before night had borrowed tea, sugar, eggs, milk and kerosene from as many different neighbors. After three or four days the new family ceased to borrow promiscuously and settled down on one particular neighbor. At an early hour in the morning a small boy appeared and said:

"Say, we are out of tacks and want to put down our carpet. Ma wants to know if she can borrow a few?"

A hunt was made and the request granted, but in ten minutes the boy returned and said:

"Say, we've mislaid our tack-hammer, and ma wants to borrow yours."

He got it, and this time it was twenty minutes before he returned and said:

"Say, ma's pulled all her teeth out pulling on that carpet. She wants to know if you won't lend her one of your boys."

One of the boys was sent over, but it was an obstinate carpet, and back came the messenger with:

"Say, ain't your husband home?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Well, ma's mislaid her husband somewhere, and she wants to borrow yours to pull one end of that infernal carpet through two doors and across a hall."

The line had to be fixed somewhere and it was fixed here.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Mr. H. J. Dunlap, of the Chicago *Tribune*, maintains that cooking feed for farm stock don't pay, and he quotes so high an authority as Professor Caldwell in confirmation of this view.

—Steers weighing from 1,200 to 1,700 pounds best suit the British butchers, as they can cut up the carcasses of such most economically for their customers, and the sizes of the pieces are more acceptable to them.

—Vinegar Pie.—One cup sugar, one-half cup vinegar, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, one quarter cup rolled crackers. Boil the sugar and vinegar together a few moments; add the butter, cool, and add the egg and crackers. Bake with two crusts.

—An excellent remedy when the finger or part of the flesh is burned, is to wrap it in raw cotton. The effect is severe for a short time, but is effectual. Sweet oil is often used with the cotton, but the latter is all that is necessary to remove the fire.

—Honey Pudding.—One-half pound honey, six ounces butter, one-fourth ounce bread crumbs, eight eggs. Beat the honey and butter to a cream, and add the bread crumbs; beat all together for ten minutes with the yelks of the eggs. Put into mold and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with any nice pudding sauce.

—To make the colors stand in washing lisle thread and delicate cotton hose: Turn the stockings right side out and wash in a lather of lukewarm water and white Castilo soap; then wash the wrong side. If very much soiled two waters will be required. Rinse in lukewarm and then in cold water; dry as soon as possible by heat, not by sun. It is better not to iron them, but when nearly dry, smooth and pull them into shape by hand.

—A very important but seldom mooted point in agricultural practice is treated upon by the Burlington *Free Press*—that of weeding the grass fields. In England—where the meadows are permanent, centuries old, and the number of sheep and cattle raised and fattened while still quite young, is something enormous—farmers, on their tours of inspection, often walk with a chisel-like spud as a staff, using it to cut out any plant found that is not a legitimate component of the sod.

—Leguminous crops have a special power of accumulating nitrogen in the surface soil, and are hence of the greatest value in a rotation. Red clover is the most striking instance of this action. Its roots extend further perhaps than those of any other farm crop, and being biennial it has a long period for growth. The accumulation of nitrogen at the surface in the form of roots, stubble and decayed vegetable matter, is, in the case of a good crop of clover, so considerable that the whole of the above-ground growth may be removed as hay, and the land yet remain greatly enriched with nitrogen, and in an excellent condition for producing a crop of wheat.

—Grape Leaves for Pickles.—I wonder if housewives generally use fresh, green grape leaves to put on top of their pickles, to keep them sharp and free from mold. I used to cover them with a flannel cloth, and rinse it out every other day. Two years ago a friend told me that grape leaves were much nicer, so I tried them, and I shall never try cloth again. Grape leaves keep pickles the best of anything I have ever found. I change them once a week, and the vinegar keeps sharp and clear, and it imparts a nice flavor to the pickles. I rinse the leaves in pure water and let them drain quite dry, then lay them over every place in the jar. They exclude the air perfectly and are better and cause less work than anything else. —*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—The results of experiment and theory make the feeding quality of fifty-seven pounds of corn equal to that of one hundred pounds of hay, or 1,140 pounds of corn equal to a ton of hay. But the feeder should bear this in mind, that hay is not what is termed a perfect feed unless it consists of a large combination of different grasses, while on the other hand corn fed alone is a more imperfect food than almost any hay or grasses. Some hay and grasses contain a much larger percentage of nitrogenous matter than others, and there is a wide difference between the relative feeding qualities of some corn and hay in the amount, not only of the nitrogenous matter they contain, but also in the fat, starch and sugar. It is an exceedingly difficult matter to obtain a definite chemical comparison of the feeding qualities of corn and hay, so that they shall be at the command of the feeder.—*Boston Traveller.*

Chinch Bug Remedies.

The insect tribes all have natural enemies, but the chinch bug, so far as has been ascertained, is almost exempt from natural foes. Its offensive odor, or some other equally disgusting property renders it obnoxious alike to almost every living thing. So far as ascertained, three or four species of lady birds and lacewing flies, the insidious flower-bug, and the many-banded robber all prey upon it. The common quail has long been known as an efficient destroyer of the chinch bug, while prairie chickens and black-birds have also been reported as devourers of this pest, although absolute proof has not, we believe, yet been furnished that such is the fact. Dr. Thomas says that the frog may be added to the list of enemies, according to Professor Ross.

But while some benefit may accrue from these sources in keeping down, in a measure, the multiplication of chinch bugs, their combined aid, in some seasons, make very little impression upon the countless myriads of this pest that infest growing crops, nor has any mode of destroying it effectually or preventing its ravages, yet been found sufficiently practical to recommend itself to public favor. The investigations, however, of entomologists have shed much light upon the habits of this insect and afford much useful knowledge in enabling farmers to ward off, in a measure, its disastrous visitations.

From repeated observations and concurrent testimony the following conclusions are drawn:

First—That it is useless to attempt to raise spring wheat or barley where chinch bugs have been present in any considerable numbers the preceding year, unless we have reason to believe that they have been killed off by heavy rains.

Second—That in case the season should be favorable to the propagation of the chinch bug, we always have it in our power to get rid of these pests by the abandonment of these two kinds of grains for one or two years; but to make this course effective there must be a concert of action by farmers over a considerable section of country.

Third—That the presence of chinch bugs the preceding year will not prevent the raising of corn or any of the winter grains.

Fourth—With regard to oats the testimony thus far is that if this grain be sown where chinch bugs abound, and especially if it be sown exclusively, it will be damaged to a greater or less extent the first year, but that the bugs probably will not continue to breed in it to any great extent in succeeding years.

As is well known they hide during winter in cornstalks, straw, rubbish, under the bark of stumps and logs, etc. When abundant in timbered sections, many winter in the bark of trees, under the leaves and other places in the forest, but so far as I can learn, no one in this portion of this State has ever noticed a general exodus from the fields to the forest in the fall; but, on the contrary, those who have noticed them most carefully, bear testimony to their aversion to flying. While the cases given by Dr. LeBaron, Dr. Shimer and Professor Riley indicate that cold may kill them, on the other hand Professor Ross mentions a case in which some were thawed from ice in which they had been frozen and moved about as in spring, and I have found them in the coldest weather of winter semi-torpid but easily revived. We must therefore consider these cases as presenting opposite extremes.

It is quite probable that the method of harvesting corn by cutting the stalks and standing them in shocks or ricks is one means of preserving them. Leaving piles of straw and other rubbish in the fields affords them winter quarters from which to issue the following spring to trouble the farmer. And if we add to these grassy fence corners and spots in and around the fields, we need not wonder when we see them abundant in spring where they were hid during the winter. Before the prairies were settled and cultivated this insect may have existed here, but if it did its multiplication was prevented by the annual burnings of the prairie grass.

In order that this remedy may be effectual, it must be followed out thoroughly and all the farmers in the infested district must act in concert, otherwise the labor of one will be rendered valueless by the neglect of another. But this need not be done annually, as our knowledge of the habits of the insect is sufficient, if properly used, to give us warning of the danger to be apprehended. I do not believe these insects ever appear in vast and destructive numbers without giving indications of their coming the previous season. This may be doubted by some, yet several years study of their habits has led me to this conclusion; and the facts derived from numerous farmers, with whom I have conversed on the subject, point in the same direction. How often do we hear it said, when they are destructive: "There were some last year, but not enough to do any damage." The warning was given but not heeded.

If moisture has a tendency to destroy them it is evident that in the winter following a rainy season they will be reduced to a minimum in respect to numbers, and although the following season may be favorable to their development (that is, dry) they cannot increase to the same extent possible when two favorable seasons come in succession. The second brood may excite some alarm, but it is apparent that four successive broods without any counteracting influences to check them will produce more than two broods. We may, therefore, safely conclude that so far as the copious rains of the season have extended, there need be no fears of the corn being attacked, and unless the fall is quite dry, there need be no serious apprehensions in regard to next season.

If the season has been dry and an examination (and farmers should be careful to make close and thorough examinations) in the fall shows them to be present in considerable numbers, although they may have done no material injury, nor even attracted attention, yet it may be set down as probable, in fact almost certain, that if the next is dry, unless killed by an unusual winter, they may be expected in destructive numbers. It is true they sometimes appear in great numbers when no complaint has been made the previous season; but if a careful examination had been made, the numbers hidden from the cursory glance would have excited surprise. This I know from personal observations made during winters preceding their visitations.

If an examination reveals their presence, the work of destruction should commence. First, some other method of harvesting corn than cutting it up should be adopted, at least it should not be allowed to stand in the field; the stalks and rubbish should be burned and every hiding place as far as possible should be subjected to the fiery ordeal. Limited areas which cannot be reached by fire, where it can be done, should be thoroughly and repeatedly drenched. In timber sections it would be wise to fire the leaves of the surrounding forests as soon as possible after they are sufficiently dry. There must be concert of action on the part of all the farmers in each neighborhood; as soon as the pests are noticed by one, warning should be given to others, and a systematic attack should be made.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—S. O. Smith of Busti, N. Y., was sitting by a closed window as a storm came up and noticed a ball of fire run slowly across the floor of the room near the sewing machine. He followed it across the room into the parlor, where it ripped a seam in the carpet about three feet long, set fire to the straw underneath and then disappeared. A post in the cellar was slightly splintered.

—Miss Susan Stephens, of Pine Knot, Ky., was putting on her wedding dress, expecting to be married in a few minutes, when she was struck by lightning and killed.

Getting Married in North Carolina.

A couple from Virginia landed in Milton the other morning to be married by 'Squire Lewis. They walked hand in hand up Main street and took a seat upon the front step of the 'Squire's office, and the man asked for a license. As the 'Squire was preparing to make it out, the buxom girl began to inch off, and hesitated, and finally said to the young man, in a half whisper:

"John," said she, "I don't believe I will—I never did feel so flustrated—lawd!—I wonder what pappy's doing now—I feel quite tremblesome—let's go back; come on, John."

"Well, you don't want the license, then?" said the 'Squire.

"Hold on thar, Mister; yes we do," said the man; and he moved closer up and set his chin to earnest work. "Now, Sally," said he, "don't go on thater way; what 'ud the folks say? It 'ud be awful hard on me. An' thar's the candy stew at Bob Brown's to-night, an' aller that; and Sukey Jones would jest die a-grinnin' over you about it. She was mad as pizen yisterday when she heard we was comin——"

"I don't mind her no more'n the dust off my feet, but I feel so skittish like, John; wish'ermydie if I hain't sorry we come. I don't want'er get married, John."

"Say, Mister, fix on your papers," said John. "Marryin's nothin'; no more'n standin' up in spellin' class at Oldfield School."

"Well, stand up," said the 'Squire. "I'm ready."

But as the ceremony was under way the girl jerked back, exclaiming: "I'll be Johndinged if I do!"

The 'Squire suggested that the license had been given, and they had gone most too far to back out now.

"That's so," said John. "Stand fast, Sally! Don't get all in a quiver, now," gently taking her arm. "Com'er 'long in place; it's most over with;" and she sidled back.

As the 'Squire said, "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

"Lud'amercy!" cried the bride, "an' is it done?"

"You bet 'tis—easy as spellin'; and now we'll go," said the man; and they mounted the horse double and rode out of town.—*Reidsville Times.*

—The Baltimore pyrotechnist who received from the Congressional Committee the contract to furnish fire-works for the Yorktown celebration will display eight set pieces on the evenings of October 18 and 19, from rafts or canal boats in the river. The representation of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis will be forty feet square. Six hundred of the largest rockets have been ordered and sixty twelve-inch shells.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was quite disconcerted while lecturing lately at Marblehead. She had adduced the tarring and feathering of Fred Greson by the women of that town, as narrated by Whittier, as a noble act. There was hissing, and a man said he was descended from Greson, and that the story of his deserting the starving crew proved a lie, and the women repented of their deed.

—W. J. Morgan & Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, have just completed a portrait of President Garfield that we believe is destined to become the accepted National picture. It is a wonderful piece of portraiture, and absolutely perfect as to likeness. They are having a large sale among the better class of connoisseurs.

—The recent railway accident near Cannes is traced to some bumpkins who, thinking it would be great fun to see a train dropping over a cliff into the Mediterranean, removed a rail from the road.

—The German colony in St. Petersburg numbers one-tenth of the whole population, and it is socially independent.

FROM the Wilmington (Del.) *Republican:* Mr. J. M. Scott, corner Third and Madison streets, had a remarkably fine horse cured of the scratches by St. Jacobs Oil.

NEW MEXICO will send a delegate to the next session of Congress, named Tranquilita Luna, which probably means tranquil lunatic. Aside from his tranquility, he will not differ very materially from his fellow-members.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN Indianapolis exchange mentions that St. Jacobs Oil cured Mr. J. H. Mattern, a letter-carrier of that city, of a severe sprain, contracted in the war.—*Detroit (Mich.) Western Home Journal.*

EARLY to bed and early to rise, is good for the sleeper, but rough on the flies.

Said he: "And you love me better than all the world beside?" "Yes," said she. "And you love me better than anybody else?" said he. "Yes, dearest." "And you wouldn't think any more of me if I was worth a million dollars?" Said she: "No; and if I was a rich heiress, you wouldn't want to marry me any more than you do now?" "No, darling." They were not lying, gentle reader; they were simply courting; that was all.

IT took melons, plums, pears, grapes, butter-milk, beer, peanuts, cocoanut and ice-cream to give an Indiana boy cholera-morbus, and even then he was out next day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE restaurants have had such a run of customers that some of the waiters are a little inattentive. A stranger called for a plate of oysters, and, after smelling them, he said: "Waiter, are these oysters fresh?" "We are not running an intelligence office." "I would like to know if they are fresh." "Well, then, eat them, then you will know for yourself. You don't expect me to eat them for you, do you? Do I look like I was here to try old oysters on?"—*Galveston News.*

THE "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar stump, exclaimed to his friend: "Jack, this is quite too positively bully."

"Oh, Charlie," exclaimed the elderly Miss Prim, "I've learned lots of things this summer—been studying botany and geology and——" Charlie—"What, more new wrinkles, Miss Prim?" Charlie meant no harm, but Miss Prim was heard to remark, as she gazed into her mirror that evening: "The idea! More new wrinkles, indeed! The saucebox!"

SOME parts of New England still cling to the hotel gong, but most landlords are aware that the public do not judge the bill of fare by the bellowing of a sheet-iron drum.—*Free Press.*

THE man with an impediment in his speech never speaks well of anybody.

WHEN Fogg heard that Rev. Mr. Proof-text was made a doctor of divinity, he said divinity must be pretty badly off for doctors.

Poverty and Distress.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anæmia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from thin, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

A DETROITER dreamed that he had died and was banished to Satan's sultry kingdom, and says that he found many earthly customs in vogue there. About every man he met asked: "Is it not hot enough for you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

IT IS estimated that a $30 horse will eat about $75 worth of hay between this and next May.

AS A tonic and nervine for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.

CHILDREN are caricatures of their elders. Wait is the reason that their elders have so little patience with them.

Set Back 43 Years.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)—*Sunday Mercury.*

"SIGNS of an early fall," Fogg remarked as he saw the banana skins on the sidewalk.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Special Dispatch from Detroit.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale Druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form.—*Post and Tribune.*

Don't Die for the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clear out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Price 25c.

A GRAND STEEPLE CHASE.

As if there were not sufficient excitement at the usual horse-race, these meetings on the turf nearly always close with a grand steeple chase. This kind of race combines all the excitement of the regular race, with the super-added element of danger which seems to give further zest to the sport. Horses, and good ones at that, often receive severe injuries, which render them practically useless for long periods. At least this was the state of affairs until owners and breeders of fine stock began to freely use ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy for man and beast. This invaluable article to horsemen has so grown into favor on account of its phenomenal efficacy in diseases of domestic animals, especially the horse, that it would be difficult indeed to discover a horsemen unacquainted with its magical potency. The Philadelphia

Easy Hour, in a recent issue says: "But one of the most important developements concerning ST. JACOBS OIL is the discovery that it has properties which are beneficial to the animal as well as to the human species. It has, of late, been in active demand among livery men and others for use on horses suffering from sprains or abrasions. The most prominent instance known of in this connection, is that related by Mr. David Walton, a well-known Friend, who keeps a livery stable at 1245 North Twelfth street. Mr. Walton states that he was boarding a valuable horse belonging to Benjamin McClurg, also a resident of North Twelfth street. A few weeks ago the animal slipped and badly sprained his leg, making him very lame. Mr. Walton used two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL on the animal and found within less than one week, that there was no need for any more, for the animal was as well as ever.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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For Chills and Fever AND ALL DISEASES Caused by Malarial Poisoning of the Blood. A WARRANTED CURE. Price, $1.00. For sale by all Druggists.

$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money, and a 24 page Journal (ILLUSTRATED) sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

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Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

HEADACHE

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors, BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

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AGENTS WANTED for this the most interesting book of WASHINGTON LIFE ever published. A history of every Administration from Washington to GARFIELD. Contains much Personal and Private History never before published, including a Sketch and Portrait of Mrs. GARFIELD. Territory being rapidly taken. Address FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

SOLD BY

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Though Shaken In Every Joint

And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the" INVALID'S DIET. RIDGE'S FOOD receives the Indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 35 cents, 65 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

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Maps, Pamphlets and full information FREE. Address Land Com'r B. & M. R. R., Lincoln, Neb.

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This little Book takes the learner through Long Division. It also commends itself as especially useful to the TEACHERS of the Primary Department in those public schools which do not put a Primary Arithmetic into the hands of their pupils.

Apply to the author, 88 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 15 cents. No extra charge for mailing.

SNARES of New York, or, Tricks and Traps of the Great Metropolis, exposes all swindles, humbugs and pitfalls of the city. Just out, nearly 200 large pages, profusely illustrated, 50c., of any bookseller or newsdealer or by mail. Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau st., N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient. CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that KIDNEY-WORT is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt. (Will send the dry post-paid.)

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NO FEE UNTIL CURED.

DEAFNESS, Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Nervousness, Loss of Sleep, Diseases of the Blood, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs and Air Passages, of long standing, cured by DR. JUDGE'S Oxy-Hydrogenated Air. All diseases treated.

Send stamp for pamphlet with home references and questions to answer. No charge for consultation by mail or in person. Patients treated at a distance. DR. J. D. JUDGE & CO., 79 Beach st., Boston, Mass.

$20 per day to AGENTS. THE ROYAL

British Caskets of Elegant Table Cutlery, etc., containing the following: 1st, 6 Sheffield Table Knives, latest design, fine finished, Shear Steel. 2d, 6 Table Forks; 3d, 6 Table Spoons; 4th, 12 Tea Spoons of fine Hard White Star metal, plain or ornamented. All of the above are very extra heavy Silver Plated. To complete with American goods, we put up the whole lot of 30 pieces and sell for the low price of $5. *Don't fail to get a Casket.*

LOOK. Agents at once to introduce our goods. Enclose 10 cents and address a sample Royal British Casket and secure a full canvassing outfit free. Send for circulars. Mention this paper. Also will discount the $11 and $20 Sets. Don't miss this offer, good till Nov. 1st. Address Royal Manufacturing Co., Prop's, 342 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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The great problem solved. The individual carefully considered from the age of responsibility up to maturity, in regard to Education, Home, Society, Etiquette, Amusements, Dress, Love, Marriage, Business, &c. *How Breadwinners are to be Bread-Winners.* The volume abounds in striking thoughts, rare information and intense common-sense. Full-page colored plates—each ONE A GEM. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Send for circular, full description, terms, &c., address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED, TO SELL THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD Complete, including His Death and Burial.

Profusely Illustrated. New Steel Portrait of GARFIELD; the finest ever made. Portraits of his Wife and Mother, Cabinet, the Surgeons, the Cabinet, Scene of the Shooting, the Sick Chamber, the Funeral Pageant, &c. The only complete and authentic work. There is a Fortune for Agents first in the field with this Book. Outfit 50c. Speak quick. HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 51 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

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NEW RICH BLOOD! PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 5 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark, and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Dr. Dodge, Gov't Surgeon, St. Louis, treats Piles, Rupture and Fistula with success. 303 Dickson St.

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Liberal Tracts. Mistakes of Moses and Apostles. Send stamp for prices to Dr. Dodge, Leghorn, Kan.

A. N. K. Cleveland. 841

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 317, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 317.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, any election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 19, 1880

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

THE DAVIS
VERTICAL FEED
SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Blind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.,
218 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,
82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
FOR SALE BY
HUTSON & FRINGER,
OAKLAND, MD.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

For Sale, Cheap!

One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House. v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb1-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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A. B. GONDER,
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AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, JR., & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.51 P. M.
No. 3		11.11 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.23 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

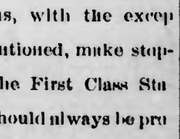

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

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E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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A. R. WERDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
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Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col. JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as ruled, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as ruled* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as ruled according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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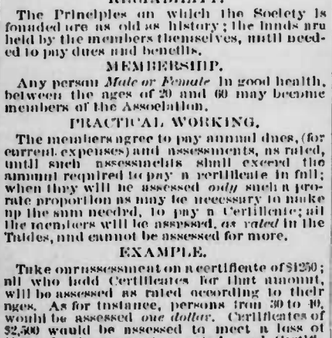

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VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881. NUMBER 34.

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The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Postoffice address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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P. MARTIN, Oakland Md,

6 18 tf

Arthur as a School Teacher.

In the year 1853 the writer attended the district school at Cohoes. The high department did not enjoy a very enviable reputation for being possessed of that respect due from the pupils to teacher. During the year there had been at least four teachers in that department, the last one only remaining one week. The Board of Education had found it difficult to obtain a pedagogue to take charge of the school, until a young man, slender as a May pole and six feet high in his stockings, applied for the place. He was engaged at once, although he was previously informed of the kind of timber he would be obliged to hew. Promptly at 9 o'clock a. m. every scholar was on hand to welcome the man who had said that he would "conquer the school or forfeit his reputation." Having called the morning session to order, he said that he had been engaged to take charge of the school. He came with his mind prejuced against the place. He had heard of the treatment of the former teachers by the pupils, yet he was not at all embarrassed, for he felt that, with the proper recognition of each other's rights, teacher and scholars could live together in harmony. He did not intend to threaten, but he intended to make the scholars obey him, and would try and win the good will of all present. He had been engaged to take charge of that room, and he wished the cooperation of every pupil in so doing. He had no club, ruler, or whip, but appealed directly to the hearts of every young man and young lady in the room. Whatever he should do, he would at least show to the people of this place that this school could be governed. He spoke thus and feelingly at times, yet with perfect dignity he displayed that executive ability which in after years made him such a prominent man. Of course the people, especially the boys, had heard fine words spoken before, and at once a little smile seemed to fit across the faces of the leading spirits in past rebellions.

The work of the forenoon began when a lad of 13 placed a marble between his thumb and finger, and, with a snap, sent it rolling across the floor. As the tall and handsome teacher saw this act he rose from his seat, and, without a word, walked toward the lad. "Get up, sir," he said. The lad looked at him to see if he was in earnest; then he cast his eye toward the large boys to see if they were not going to take up his defence. "Get up, sir," said the teacher a second time, and he took him by the collar of his jacket as if to raise him. The lad saw he had no common man to deal with, and he rose from his seat. "Follow me, sir," calmly spoke the teacher, and he led the way toward the hall, while the boy began to tremble, wondering if the new teacher was going to take him out and kill him. The primary department was presided over by a sister of the new teacher, and into this room he led the young transgressor. Turning to his sister he said: "I have a pupil for you; select a seat for him, and let him remain here. If he makes any disturbance whatever, inform me." Turning to the boy he said: "Young man, mind your teacher, and do not leave your seat until I give permission," and he was gone. The lad sat there, feeling very sheepish, and as misery loves company, it was not long before he was gratified to see the door open and observe his seatmate enter with the new teacher, who repeated the previous orders, when he quietly and with dignity withdrew.

The number was subsequently increased to three, the teacher returning each time without a word to the other scholars concerning the disposition made of the refractory lads. The effect upon the rest of the school was remarkable. As no intimation of the disposition of the boys was given, not a shade of anger displayed on the countenance of the new teacher, nor any appearances of blood were noticeable upon his hands, speculation was rife as to what he had done with the three chaps. He spoke kindly to all, smiled upon the scholars who did well in their classes, and seemed to inspire all present with the truth of his remarks uttered at the opening of the session. At recess the mystery that had enveloped the school was cleared away, for the three lads in the primary department were seen as the rest of the scholars filed by the door. While all the rest enjoyed the recess, the three lads were obliged to remain in their seats, and when school was dismissed for the forenoon the new teacher entered the primary room, and was alone with the young offenders. He sat down by them, and like a father talked kindly and gave good advice. No parent ever used more fitting words nor more impressed his offspring with the fitness thereof than did the new teacher. Dismissing them, he told them to go home, and when they returned to school to be good boys.

That afternoon the boys were in their seats, and in two weeks' time there was not a scholar in the room who would not do anything the teacher asked. He was beloved by all, and his quiet manner and cool, dignified ways made him a great favorite. He only taught two terms. No every reasonable inducement was offered to prevail him to remain, but without avail. His reply was: 'I have accomplished all I intended, namely, conquered what you thought was a wild lot of boys, and received the discipline that I required. I regret leaving my charge, for I have learned to love them, but I am to enter a law office at once."

That teacher was Chester A. Arthur now President of the United States; the teacher of the primary department was his sister, now Mrs. Haynesworth, and the first of the three refractor boys was the writer. When it was announced that our beloved teacher was to leave us, many tears were shed by his scholars, and as a slight token of our love we presented him with an elegant volume of poems.—*Troy Times.*

Mutilated Coin.

The nuisance of punched pocket pieces is probably doomed. When silver rose out of sight, during the war times, a gold or silver coin was hoarded as a curiosity or souvenir. Rural beaux gave them to the belles for keepsakes. To punch a hole through one so that it might be hung by a ribbon around the neck was very natural; to string a dozen or twenty in a bracelet or necklace by means of the same device of a little hole in the edge, was not uncommon. Rogues soon saw in this practice temptation and opportunity to a swindle which has become very extensive. For, when coin returned to circulation, and the special interest attached to preserving specimens declined, many persons broke up their ornaments, made by stringing together dimes and dollars, and used the pieces, notwithstanding the little holes, for money. And then, under cover of the fact that a number of punched pieces thus came into circulation somewhat legitimately, the swindlers adopted the practice of punching as large a piece as they dared out of every coin they could lay hands on; the mutilated coin was then put in circulation, while the pieces were kept till enough were gathered to warrant melting them and selling as metal. The good natured tolerance of the people has allowed this nuisance to run too long. Two or three years ago the postoffices began to refuse the punched pieces. Banks and establishments somewhat independent of popular custom have done the same. Keepers of small shops, restaurants, grocers, saloons and cigar stores, news stands and the like have felt obliged to continue to receive them, lest, by refusal, they should lose custom. Many of these have naturally felt justified in proffering to customers whatever coins customers gave to them; some have been magnanimous enough to sell their mutilated coin as much, and bear the loss.

Apparently the class of persons responsible for the swindle have lately been giving it a new turn; for an anonymous placard, headed "Notice to Customers," has made its appearance extensively. It reads:

The United States Government has fixed the following values on silver coins with holes in them:

Dollars	65 cents
Half-dollars	35 cents
Quarter-dollars	15 cents
Dimes	5 cents
Fives	4 cents

These values are placed upon coins so punched with a view to calling in and stopping the unlawful practice of "mutilating" silver money of the United States.

We understand that this announcement is repudiated by Treasury officials in this city and Washington. It can hardly be authentic, for it would oblige the Government to receive coin notwithstanding it might have been mutilated more than the designated sum; a quarter-dollar might be cut in two, and fifteen cents damaged for each half. The only just and sensible way of valuing coin which has been clipped or punched must be by weighing it. Apparently the notice is a new cheat of the swindlers, designed to open the way for them to go through the city buying up mutilated coins at perhaps a little higher than that allowed by the notice, they knowing that they can get a much higher price by weight.

But a bogus notice may be effective in driving these coins out of use. The matter of making change depends very much on common usage of the people. No one likes to refuse what people generally accepted. In many positions one cannot well refuse it. Whoever is obliged, as all constantly are, to offer a bill in payment for something bought, expecting change as matter of usage, is in a measure obliged to take such coin as usage sanctions. This disowned notice may be useful in changing the usage under which the depreciated coin has been circulated. Already the ticket-sellers and the newsdealers at the elevated railroad stations are, we believe, instructed to refuse these coins uniformly and systematically, and will, of course, discontinue paying them out. Wherever the notice is posted it will serve to show that these coins had better not be offered to that dealer, and will make him ashamed of offering them to customers. A few days of general dissemination of such a placard will open the way—nay, probably has already opened the way—for the entire public to say, when one of these coins is offered: "I don't take that kind of money any more; it is no longer usual change." By all means pass the fictitious placard around till mutilated coin is known no more. Meantime the public will do well to be on their guard against pieces in which the hole has been ingeniously filled with some base metal.—*New York Sunday Tribune.*

How General Washington Died.

By consulting the third volume of the "Medical and Physical Journal," published in London, in the year 1800, by "T. Bradley, M. D., R. Battey, M. D., and A. A. Noehden, M. D.," there will be found, on page 409, a description or report of the last illness of Washington and the treatment given him. At present it is interesting as an example of too much doctoring, to say the least. It is as follows.

Some time on the night of Friday, the 10th inst., having been exposed to a rain on the preceeding day, General Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the windpipe, called, in technical language, cynachet marchenlis. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, which was soon succeeded by fever and a quick laborious respiration. The necessity of blood-letting suggesting itself to the General, he procured a bleeder in the neighborhood, who took from his arm in the night twelve or fourteen ounces of blood.

He could not by any means be prevailed on by the family to send for his attending physician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon, at about 11 o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for, who arrived, one at 3.30 and the other at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime employed two pretty copious bleedings, a blister was applied to the part affected, two doses of calomel were given and an injection administered which operated on the lower intestines, but all without perceptible advantage, the respiration becoming still more difficult and distressing. Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians, it was agreed, as there were yet no signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the result of another bleeding, when about 32 ounces were drawn without the smallest apparent alleviation of the disease.

Vapors of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled; ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The powers of life seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder. Blisters were applied to the extremities, together with a cataplasm of vinegar and bran to the throat. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became almost impracticable. Respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect till half-past 11 on Saturday night, retaining the full possession of his intellect, when he expired without a struggle.

He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with disease; and, several hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without further interruption.

During the short period of his illness he economized his time in the arrangements of such few concerns as required his attention with the utmost serenity, and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

James Clark, Attending Physician. Elisha C. Dick; Consulting Physician.

A Significant Story.

A Wealthy banker in one of our large cities who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening lately and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving!" exclaimed the banker, as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wound he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My Husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met quarterly, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave and had driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

An eloquent divine in Chicago drew one of the most important lessons from the life of General Garfield for the consideration of young men from the statement, "*He was not ashamed to work.*" It underlies all the grand structure of his life. He did not sit idly on the street corners and cry out for more wages and fewer hours, and refuse to labor unless his demands were met. Whether it was the pittance of eight dollars per month on the canal, a slender income as a teacher in a log school house, or a generous allowance as a general of the army or legislator, he was at all times earnest and diligent. The greatest failure in life is the neglect of small things. Young men are too apt to despise them, or pass them as trivial and beneath their capacity. Men have had "greatness thrust upon them," but no man ever carved his way to a place by the side of the intellectual peers of earth who neglected little duties.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SEPTEMBER.

Now the airy golden rod
In the wood begins to nod,
And the flower all its petals sprinkles lightly on the sod;
While a hectic shimmer plays
On the envelope of haze,
Like a ghostly garment hanging round the forest all ablaze.

Now the robbins south are called,
And the freckled lad is mauled
By the owner of the pippins, and the trees are getting bald.
Now the valley's sad and glum;
Now the bees no longer hum,
And the partridge in the thicket goes a-rumpy-tumpy-tum.

Now the snipe doth gambol sad,
On the fading lily-pad,
And the summer's exodusted, and I'm very, very glad,
Welcome autumn's purple skies,
And the sportsman's awful lies
Of his prowess, and the pantry all aflame with pumpkin pies!

Oft in fragrant woodland ways
It destruction with me plays
To think that sweet September is confined to thirty days.
Coldest chills have o'er me crept,
And I've walked around and wept
To think there are prosaic men who write it down as Sept.!

—*New York Sun.*

DARK DAYS.

The Memorable One in 1780---The Story of the Phenomenon Which Frightened Our Ancestors and Which Has Never Been Satisfactorily Explained.

The peculiar gloom which shrouded the heavens Tuesday naturally recalls the famous dark day of 1780, the story of which will doubtless be read with interest at this time.

On the 18th of May, 1780, there occurred a most unaccountable darkening of the whole visible heavens and atmosphere in New England, of which the celebrated naturalist, Herschel, said it was "one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain." The unusual darkness and the strange atmospherie appearances brought intense alarm and distress to multitudes of minds, as well as dismay to the brute creation, the fowls fleeing, bewildered, to their uests, and the cattle returning to their stalls. Indeed, thousands of the good people of that day became fully convinced that the end of all things terrestrial had come; many gave up, for the time, their secular pursuits and betook themselves to religious devotions, while many others regarded the darkness as not only a token of God's indignation against the various iniquities and abominations of the age, but also as an omen of some future destruction that might overwhelm the land unless speedy repeutance and reformation took plaee.

The time of the commeneement of this extraordinary darkness was between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon of Friday, of the date named, and it continued until the middle of the following night, but with different appearances at different places. The degree of darkness varied in different localities. In most parts it became so dense that people were unable to read common print distinetly, or accurately determine the time of day by their elocks or watches, or dine or manage their domestic affairs conveniently without the light of candles. In some plaees the darkness was just about equal to preventing persons seeing to read ordinary print in the open air for several hours together. The exact extent of the darkness was never positively known, but it was observed at the most easterly regions of New England; westward to the farthest part of Connectient, and at Albany; to the southward it was observed all along the sea coast, and to the north as far as the American settlements extended, and it probably far exceeded these boundaries. With regard to its duration it continued in the neighborhood of Boston for at least fourteen or fifteen hours; but it was doubtless longer or shorter in some other places.

Professor Williams, of Harvard College, collected with much painstaking inquiry soon after the occurrence some of the more particular observations made in different parts of the country. From these data it appears that for several days before in many sections it was noticed that the air seemed to be of a smoky and vaporous character. The sun and the moon exhibited an unusual redness in their color, and were divested of much of their usual brightness, and this obscuration increased as they approached nearer the horizon. This was ascertained to be the case for four or five days preceding the 19th of May in almost all parts of New England. The winds had been variable, but chiefly from the southwest and northeast. The thermometer indicated from forty to fifty-five degrees. The barometer showed a somewhat higher range than usual. The weather had been fair and cool for the season. According to observations made at Cambridge the gravity of the atmosphere from the time the darkness began was gradually decreasing the greater part of the day. The barometer at noon stood at 29.70; in half an hour after the mercury had fallen one-hundredth of an inch, and at eight minutes past eight it was at 29.64.

Almost every one who made any record of the day's appearance mentions that the complexion of the clouds was compounded of a faint red, yellow and brown, and that during the darkness objects which commonly appear green were of the deepest green, verging to blue, and that those which usually appear white were lightly tinged with yellow. But Professor Williams states that to him almost every object appeared tinged with yellow, rather than any other color; and this whether the thing was near or remote from the eye.

Early in the morning the weather was cloudy; the sun was but just visible through the clouds and appeared of a deep red, as it had for several days before. In most places thunder was heard a number of times in the morning. The clouds soon began to rise from the southwest, with a gentle breeze, and there were several small showers at other hours throughout the day. The water that fell was found to have an unusual character, being thick, dark and sooty. One observer in the eastern part of Massachusetts states that the strange appearance and smell of the river water which the people had saved in tubs was the subject of universal and wondering remark. On examining the water there was found a light scum upon it, which on being rubbed between the thumb and finger seemed to resemble the ashes of burnt leaves; the water also gave the same strong, sooty smell which characterized the air. A similar appearance in this respect was especially exhibited on the Merrimac River, large quantities of black scum being seen floating upon the surface of that stream during the day. In the night the wind veered round to the northeast and drove this substance toward the south shore, the width of the deposit being some four or five inches. Professor Williams states that he put out several sheets of clean paper in the air and rain. When they had been out four or five hours he dried them by the fire. They were much sullied and became dark in their color, and felt as if they had been rubbed with oil or grease; but in burning them there could not be detected any sulphurous or nitrous particles.

It was noted that while the darkness continued, the clouds were in quick motion, interrupted, skirted one over another, so as to form—at least to the eye of the beholder—a considerable number of strata, the lower stratum being of a uniform height as far as visible; but this height was conceived to be very slight from the small extent of the horizon that could be seen. And it was generally remarked that the hills might be seen at a distance in some directions, while the intermediate spaces were greatly obscured or darkened. To this may be added that during the darkness objects seemingly cast a shade in every direction, and in many instances there were various appearances or corruscations in the atmosphere not unlike the aurora borealis, though it is not stated that any uncommon exhibitions of electricity were witnessed during the day. In some accounts, however, it is mentioned that a number of small birds were found suffocated by the vapor; some were found dead, and some flew affrighted or stupefied into the houses.

The darkness appeared to be most gross in Essex County, Mass., the lower part of the State of New Hampshire, and in portions of what was then the province of Maine. It was not so great in Rhode Island and Connecticut, and still less in New York; in New Jersey the second stratum of clouds was observed, but it was not of any great thickness, nor was the darkness very uncommon; in the lower parts of Pennsylvania no extraordinary scene was noticed. Through the whole extent of country referred to, the lower cloud stratum had an uncommon brassy hue, while the earth and trees were adorned with so enchanting a verdure as could not escape notice, even amidst the unusual atmospherie gloom that accompanied it. The darkness of the following evening was probably as deep and dense as ever had been observed since the Almighty fiat gave birth to light. It wanted only palpability to render it as extraordinary as that which overspread the land of Egypt in the days of Moses. If every luminous body in the universe had been shrouded in impenetrable shades or struck out of existence, it was thought the darkness could not have been more complete. A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes was equally invisible with the blackest velvet.

In view of all the information contained in the various accounts of the day, it appears very certain that the atmosphere was charged with an unprecedented quantity of vapor—from what primary cause has never been satisfactorily determined—and as the weather had been clear, the air heavy and the winds light and variable for many days, the vapors instead of dispersing must have been constantly rising and collecting in the air until the atmosphere became highly charged with them. It being thus evident that the atmosphere was, from some peculiar cause (perhaps great fires in distant woods) charged in a high degree with vapors, and that these vapors were of different densities, and occupied different heights, the deduction is that by this means the rays of light falling on them must have suffered a variety of refractions and reflections, and thereby became weakened, absorbed or so reflected as not to fall upon objects in the usual manner, and as the different vapors were adapted by their nature, situation or density to absorb or transmit the different kinds of rays, so the colors of objects would appear to be affected by the mixture or prevalency of those rays which were transmitted through so uncommon a medium. This was the explanation suggested by Professor Williams, though not to the exclusion of other theories.

But large numbers conceived and held the most strange opinions concerning the cause of so marvelous an occurrence. By some it was attributed to an eclipse of the sun; by others to a transit of Venus or Mercury upon the disk of the sun; others imputed it to a blazing star which they thought came between the earth and the sun; and the vagaries of man's imaginings upon the subject were almost endless. But according to the most accurate calculations made by astronomers, there was no planetary combinations or disturbances at that time that could have occasioned the phenomenon; hence the theories connecting it with the movements of the heavenly bodies fall to the ground and bare the fate of the wilder and more fanciful flights of the imagination that some maintained.

In connection with these facts and circumstances pertaining to this day in the history of New England, it may not be amiss to add that a similar day of mysterious darkness occurred on October 21, 1716. There was also a remarkable darkness at Detroit and vicinity October 19, 1762, being almost total for the greater part of the day. The phenomenon was observed throughout a vast region of country, and though various conjectures were indulged in as to its cause, the same degree of mystery attaches to it as to that of 1780—confound ng the wisdom even of the most learned philosophers and men of science. Early in the present century, also, in the memory of many now living, there occurred in New England a day of unusual darkness, but not so remarkable in its extent or peculiarities of effect as those previously mentioned.

Another famous dark day was that which occurred in Canada early in the last century, there being in addition a phenomenal electrical disturbance. The obscuration was principally confined to Canada, and created great consternation among both Indians and whites.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Matter of Business.

"You were out late last night, dear," said Mrs. Breezy, taking her seat at the breakfast table and fumbling nervously with her fork.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Breezy, "It wasn't late. You see, darling, you were asleep when I came in and——"

"No, Mr. Breezy, I was not asleep, but, as you say, it was not late for you. Nothing would convince you that the clock struck three as you closed the hall door. Of course business detained you, my dear. It is wonderful how much business a man will find to transact after midnight, but of course we women know nothing about such things. We never can understand you men, can we dear? We are always imagining all sorts of horrid things when you happen to stay away a day or two without sending us even a line. Women are so nervous, are they not dear? What silly creatures we are, to be sure. If we would only go to bed, and go to sleep, it would save us a world of trouble, wouldn't it, dear? We might know that you great strong men can take care of yourselves. If you are obliged to sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning talking business with your customers, it is really ungrateful in us to complain, for, of course, you have the worst of it, don't you, darling? How it must have bothered you and how tired you must get, and think that it is all for our sakes. When you come tottering home so tired that you can hardly get up stairs, and throw yourself on the bed without even the strength to remove your boots, we should appreciate your devotion in thus laboring to support us. Now, last night, dear, when you stumbled over the rocking-chair, and found yourself obliged to cling to the headboard to support your weary form, you presented a really sad example of the overworked husband and father. When your shattered nerves caused me to upset my fresh bottle of cologne, and scatter the contents of my work basket over the floor, you really looked the typical martyr of married life. Of course you do not remember it, dear. You were too tired and worn out with that horrid customer to remember anything. What a dry, stupid time you must have talking business up to three o'clock in the morning, and you look so sleepy and used up this morning. I would really imagine you had experienced a severe illness if I didn't know it was those terrible racking business cares which pull you down so. I see you have quite lost your appetite, dear. You haven't even touched your steak. Now, dear, this won't do. You must not apply yourself so closely to business. It is killing you," and Mrs. Breezy's mouth curled into a decided sneer as she dug a tablespoon into the fried potatoes.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Breezy, making a heroic effort to swallow a little of the steak, "it was a most important engage——"

"Of course it was," said Mrs. Breezy, as she poured out a cup of coffee with trembling hands. "Of course it was, love. Your engagements are always important. They will never keep over until morning, never. What it these engagements—these very important engagements—do occur five or six nights out of the week. It is a sign of your prosperity. Should I complain if you find yourself obliged to meet your customers at theaters and concert halls and at poker parties in and out of the way hotels? No, dear, you are obliged to adapt yourself to your customers' mode of life. It is all in the way of business, and we short-sighted wives are very unreasonable to suppose for a moment that you frequent such places out of choice, when even instinct should teach us that you would much prefer being home in the bosom of your families. You dear, abused husbands! How patient you are, to be sure, with us fidgety, unreasoning creatures," and Mrs. Breezy pushed back her chair with a jerk and left the room.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Freezing Fish for the Fall.

Some time ago we printed an interesting description of the process of freezing fresh fish by a method patented by Mr. D. W. Davis, of this city. By this process the fish are paced in layers of pulverized ice and then frozen solid, so that they come out as fresh and plump as when first caught. It will be interesting to read a brief description of the process. A galvanized iron pan thirty-five inches long, twenty-five inches wide and four inches deep will hold about thirty pounds of pulverized ice and fifty pounds of fish. The fish, after being packed in these pans with the pulverized ice, are piled in bins with alternate layers of ice and salt, which are in the right proportion to produce a temperature of zero. There they remain for twelve to fifteen hours, after which time the fish and pulverized ice in each pan will have thoroughly congealed into a solid cake—the fish scarcely perceptible—just like a square block of ice cut out of the river in midwinter. These blocks of fish are then packed and stored away in massive freezing chambers, where the temperature is never allowed to rise above the freezing point, and where they remain just in exactly the same fresh condition as when caught, until they are ready to be sold to the dealer.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—What the English magistrates think of beer and solutions of sugar, or glucose, is shown in the fact that a beer-seller named Halse, of Hammersmith, was fined seventy-five dollars the other day for having a solution of sugar in his possession. He might have been mulcted in the sum of $1,000, but the magistrate was clement.

—Luther said: "If a man is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty and rich at fifty, he will never be handsome, strong, learned or rich in this world." Statistics, observes Dr. Beard, supply this propheey with a most remarkable fulfillment.

—A child recently born in Washington tipped the scales at one and one-half pounds.

A Facetious Deputy Sheriff.

There seems to be something inexpressibly funny in being a Deputy Sheriff, especially one from Buena Vista. Quite interesting tales are told of Deputy Sheriffs from that section. The latest is told of Ike Barrett, who started after Joe Turnbull, the murderer of old man Osborn. Ike as soon as he gets into Taylor Park swears in two Deputies named Ferguson and Buzzard, and together they start for Spring Creek, where they expected to canture Turnbull. Upon arriving at that place Barrett soon succeeded in getting bilin' drunk and forthwith tried to clean out the town. Every man that came aleng he pulled his pistel on and made them come into the saloon and take a drink. He at last espied Col. J. B. Stone, of Denver, who was in that section looking up mining property.

Barrett drew his pistol on Stone and told him to throw up his hands, which he did, when Barrett went through him, taking a revolver and ten dollars from the Colonel. He then made Stone go ahead into the saloon and take a drink, which the Colonel at first refused to do, when the desperado pulled the cocked revolver on him, saying, with an eath, that if he did not drink he would shoot him. He made every man drink that was in the saloon, and he pulled his revolver en any one whom he thought was not giving him the attention that he desired. He kept Mr. Stone a prisoner from eight a m. until twelve noon, and paid for the drinks with the money he had taken from the Colonel. His deputies tried to interfere in behalf of the Colonel, but they were soon silenced by his threatening to shoot either one of them if they did not keep their mouths shut. He threatened the barkeeper, who made a run for it, when the desperado fired after the fleeing man, but not with any success. Everybody was trying to sneak out of sight of the madman. One of his deputies mounted a horse and tried to escape, and just as the desperado took aim to fire the man dropped from his horse, thus, no doubt, saving his life, as Barrett is known to be a dead shot, as the following will show. While they were all in the saloon an old man came in with several letters and gave them to Colonel Stone to deliver at the first postoffice he came to out of Spring Creek. Barrett took the letters from the Colonel and threw them on the floor and commenced shooting at them, filling them full of holes. The old man went to pick the letters up to rewrite them, when the villain made the old gentleman hold them out at arms-length, when he commenced shooting at them while he held them in his fingers, shooting them all to pieces. After emptying his revolver he wanted Ferguson to give him his, which he would not do, when he shot at his deputy, the ball passing through his hat, just grazing his head. About this time the Colonel got away and the circus broke up for want of ammunition. Mr. Stone tells this interesting tale himself, which is vouched for by the two deputies. The last heard of Barrett was that he stopped at Texas Creek Friday night. It is thought that if he meets Turnbull they will chum together and make two of the most precious rascals unhung.—*Denver News.*

Marrying a Widow.

A genuine comedy in real life was played here yesterday. Mrs. Frances Kennedy is a young widow twenty-five years old. Her husband died about a year ago from a fall. Six months ago William Cumming came courting her, and, his attentions not being distasteful to the widow, she finally consented to marry him in twelve months and a day from the date of her first husband's death. The happy day fell on Wednesday, and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding feast was prepared, and about eighty guests were invited to partake of it. The hour appointed for the marriage was set at six p. m. In the forenoon the bridegroom-elect arrayed himself in his best and went oll to invite a few friends in the country, who had been forgotten. The afternoon mail brought a postal card from him stating that he had conscientious scruples about marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of prayer, and would abide the result of his feelings when through. She was not to take this as a positive declination to marry, but if he did not arrive at six o'clock p. m. she might consider the marriage off. Mrs. Kennedy did not faint or go into hysterics, but she decked herself in her bridal robes and smilingly received the guests bidden to the feast. When the minister and all those with wedding garments had arrived the lady called the meeting to order and read the recreant Cumming's card. Loud and prolonged were the denunciations of the absent groom's conduct.

"This need not prevent the feast," said Mrs. Kennedy, and the guests fell to banqueting immediately. After supper the room was cleared for dancing, and Mr. Washington Williams, an elderly bachelor, led the german with the bride. He became so enamored of her that within an hour he proposed, and was accepted. The minister was recalled and at eleven p. m. Mrs. Kennedy was made Mrs. Washington Williams. The marriage had scarcely been performed when the door-bell was rung violently, and in stalked the conscientious Cumming. He had wrestled in prayer with the question, and had concluded to come back and marry. After being introduced to Mrs. Williams it was gently intimated to the broken-up Cumming that the lateness of the hour suggested the propriety of his going.—*Erie (Penn.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

—"Yes," whispered the boy to Mr. Barnum, "I'm ready to pay for my ticket, but I want the privilege of going in by crawling under the tent." And Mr. Barnum agreed and ordered the guards not to interfere with the lad, and after the boy had performed the feat Mr. Barnum went inside and asked his reasons for it, and the lad explained that he had got over $7 bet with boys who had tried the crawl and failed, that he would succeed in it.

—An enraged belle at White Sulphur Springs bit the cheek of a young man at a moment when he expected a kiss. He had her arrested on a charge of assault, but failed to appear before the Justice, and she was discharged.

Suffering to be Beautiful.

The French say that we must suffer if we would be beautiful, and this appears to have been and to be the opinion of most peoples, savage or civilized. Beginning with hair, we find that savage, like civilized men and women, will not let their hair follow its natural bent nor keep its natural color. "I never saw you wear your hair quite so light as that," some one said to a young lady lately when examining her portrait. The natives of the Western Pacific wear their hair, naturally dark, as light as they can, by the aid of lime obtained from burned color. The Venetian ladies used to spread their locks in the sun to bleach them. Science has provided the modern fair with different kinds of auricomous fluid. As to shaving, savages are often as particular about it as Stendhal, who shaved every morning during the retreat from Moscow. The discomforts of shaving the head with a shell or a sharp piece of flint have often been commented on. It is necessary for a friend to sit on a savage's head when he is being shaved. Afterward he gets up and sits on his friend's head. It is easy to imagine the joy of these children of nature when some bits of broken glass come in their way. Then they enjoy what they think the luxury of a really easy shave. In some countries man, selfish man, compels the woman to shave, while he indulges his vanity by wearing his own hair in a greasy but elaborate mop.

The finger-nails are not usually encouraged to grow more than nine or ten inches long, because of practical inconveniences which attend this decorative arrangement. A Chinese ascetic, however, encourages his nails to extend in a variety of curly shapes, an indulgence which we should not grudge to a man whose comforts and amusements are cut down to the lowest figure, and who thinks that he is earning heaven by turning this life into a hell. Tattooing hurts dreadfully, especially when people go in for having patterns *alto relievo* on their arms, backs and bosoms. When the whole body is converted into a surface covered with spirals, like a pre-Raphaelite wall-paper, the victim can only be supported by the approbation of a strong æsthetic conscience. In some cases, of course, tattooing means no more than our custom of carrying visiting cards. The marks merely show to what family a lady or gentleman belongs, and, on inspecting these, a maiden at once knows whether any black fellow she meets is, for her, an eligible husband. If their marks are the same they must not think of marrying. This arrangement prevents many "disappointments," as a girl knows at once when it would be hopeless for her to give away her heart. The nose, lips and ears have naturally been much decorated. The Australians and certain races on the northwest coast of America used to wear such huge bones in their noses that they were forced to keep their mouths wide open to breath. In Peru the lobes of the ears used to hang down to the shoulders.

While savages cut the nose, ears, lips and other parts of the frame into various conventional designs, it is reserved for civilization—Chinese, European and American—to attack the really useful organs. Thus a savage may chop off his little finger by way of proving that he has come to years of discretion, as the Mandans did, or he may have his front teeth knocked out for the same purpose, as is the manner of the Munri. But he will not ruin his chest or deform his feet. Only people who do not need to walk or run much, wear tight boots and cultivate slender waists, though the practice deseends from owners of carriages to the middle and lower classes. Mr. Flower (author of a book to which this article refers) gives ghastly wood-cuts of the Chinese woman's foot and of its skeleton. "During the first year of the binding the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing but lie and cry and moan. For about two years the foot aches continually." Some of the toes usually come off with the bandages, which enables the fortunate patient to wear a smaller shoe than would otherwise have been possible. The Chinese woman's foot is almost exactly like a drawing of the Parisian lady's foot in a shoe, which is reprinted from an advertisement in an English paper, with a wide circulation among women. Apparently Parisian shoemakers wish English ladies to live up to Chinese ideas. The toes of the "golden lily," or deformed Chinese foot, touch the ground between the great toe and the heel. The fashionable length is between three and a half and four inches.

But probably the Chinese do not tight lace. This is the greatest, most permanent and most mischievous of modern fashionable deformities. A glance at the waist of the Venus, so incorrectly attributed to the chisel of the athlete Milo, and at the waist of any lady in a picture of the fashions, will show that the modern woman's internal economy must be hopelessly deranged. The shape of the skeleton is actually and absolutely reversed. The ribs of the human frame are narrow at the top and expanded downward. The ribs in the skeleton of a tight-laced woman are wide at the top and contract as they descend. Probably even more misery is caused by the absurdly contracted waist than by the ridiculous pointed and high-heeled boot. But all classes suffer from "the cruel and extreme torture of the boot," in the modern conventional shape. Tight lacing, after all, only affects women, and chiefly women who want to be fashionable. If we could only return to the round-toed shoe of Henry VIII. Lord Palmerton wore boots made on natural principles, and he was not quite a social failure."—*London News.*

—The other night, when a citizen was reckoning up his accounts, his wife spoke to him several times, and receiving no answer, said: "You treat me cruelly. I fear you no longer love me," and the husband and father replied: "I love you passionately, devotedly, frantically, madly; but if you don't hold yer jaw till I get these figures added I'll give you a clip in the eye."

—Love impresses its tender image on all its environments. Even the scattered peanut-shells at the front gate, Monday morning, are silent witnesses of its all-embracing sway.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Nearly twenty thousand of the public-school children of St. Louis have entered upon the study of German.

—A new Methodist college has been established at Fort Worth, Texas, under the name of the Texas Wesleyan University.

—There are 215 professors at the University of Berlin, Germany, and during the past year their lectures were attended by 5,027 persons.

—The Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge is offering special technical instruction to young men preparing for the life of a planter or plantation mechanic.

—"There are Christian families," says the examining committee of the Boston Public Library, in its last annual report, "in which the Old Testament is a forbidden book to the young.

—The Educational Department of England is busily engaged in officially examining the industrial schools on the Continent, and will prepare and publish an exhaustive report upon the results of the investigation.

—The school system of the Chickasaw Nation is unequaled by that of any others of the Four Nations. There are four principal academies in the Nation sustained by the school fund, the interest on which alone amounts to $30,000 per annum.

—The Government of Liberia has given two hundred acres of land for the foundation of a seminary for the education of young girls. Miss Margaretta Scott has gone to Liberia to begin the work. She carries with her $5,000 for a commencement and a charter from the State of Maryland, also an annual endowment of $5,000.

—The French Government has organized a commission to cultivate the sense of beauty in the young. Its President proposes to erect school buildings at once elegant and appropriate, to decorate the larger colleges with beautiful friezes and to ornament the bedrooms of the boys with tapestries and heliogravures of the best masters. He wishes also to establish in each lycee a small and attractive museum.

—The City of London churches are to be reduced one-half. Within an area of little more than half a square mile, designated as "London Within the Walley," there exist no less than forty-eight churches, which, with St. Paul's, are capable of accommodating 40,000 persons. The resident population within this area has diminished to 20,000, and the attendance at all the churches, including St. Paul's, is not above 10,000. It is proposed to retain only twelve of these churches, and to sell the thirty-six remaining, by which it is expected at least £1,000,000 will be realized, and made useful for the erection of fifty other churches in the more remote parts of the town and its suburbs.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Ask a woman how old she is if you want to see her show her rage.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Never trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist who looks most down in the mouth.—*Somerville Journal.*

—We are much indebted to experience, and it is truly said we learn most from our mistakes. This is the reason printers know so much.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Do you catch on?" asked the omnibus driver, as he swung his whip lash to the rear. "Yes, I tumble," answered the small boy as he rolled into the gutter.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

—Here rests his head upon the lap of earth; a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Too much benzine crept underneath his girth, and played the mischief with his temperate zone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A house-painter recently wanted to join the fire department, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.—*Boston Post.*

—It is no longer considered the exact thing to wear a little bit of black necktie twisted under the left ear. Nothing short of a broad gauge polka-dot scarf will provide the entree of our young men in the best society.—*New Haven Register.*

—Since it has been learned that "Billy the Kid" killed only nine men instead of twenty, as first reported, the dime-novel readers of this country have abandoned the project of erecting a monument to his memory.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The best island for a hungry man is Sardinia.—*Springfield Sunday Herald.* The best island for a picnic party is one of the Sandwich Islands.—*Baton.* The best place for girls to emigrate to —the Isle of Man.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

—Jumping over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bull dog that is a total stranger to you is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a tiresome sameness.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—Toddlekius, who is a member of a Shakesperian club, called out the other evening to the maid of all work—"Go bid thy mistress when my drink is ready she strike upon the bell." Tea was the beverage to which Mr. T. referred.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

—Singular how much heavier some fish are than others. Now there's the shark, for instance; a shark nine feet long only weighs about four hundred pounds, while it is a poor trout four and a half inches long that doesn't weigh seven pounds and a quarter, and the man who caught it will swear to it.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Diz razah pull! Wy wat you sayin'?
Diz razah named Old Lizy Jane:
An' old Miss Lizy, she's de queen
Of all de razahs ev' you seen.

Dis razah, man! Dus shet yo' head
Tull I done git dis lathah spread!
Now ain't you shame o' what you sed?
De angels hoverin' roun' yo' bed!

Why, gen-tul-men! Dis razah! Oomh!
You don't know who you's talkin' to.
Sah! old Miss Lizy! dat you keep
On whian'n—dis man fas' asleep!

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

OUT WEST.

Under the forest, of its snows unladen,
And kissing back the nervous kiss of spring,
I sit and dream of courtly knight and maiden,
And old-world pomp encompassing a king.

Out of her wintry sleep the earth is waking,
And birds and flowers carol her reveille;
O'er East and West the common promise breaking,
Breathes the first whisper of their holiday.

Without the mighty forms of things primeval
Stand all untenanted of Custom's robes;
Within, my mind shapes pictures mediæval,
With pencil fashioned forth in other globes.

The rugged miners share my board and pillow,
And by the camp-fire sing their lawless song;
But at a bound my thought o'errides the billow,
And breasts the strong surf by a flight as strong.

What do I here, among the waving grasses,
Which never learned to trim their graces wild?
While by my side Nature's rude army passes,
Another world still claims me for her child.

In vain I ply the ax in pass or clearing;
In vain I fill me with the unfettered air;
Still to my eyes are other scenes appearing,
Still my heart hearkens the low voice of Care.

Among our ranks no woman comes to harm us,
And sew us discord for our hands to reap;
No wiles and lures allure us or alarm us,
Or wanton with the mighty arm of sleep.

Yet here, for me, though heart and will are master,
As strong as iron and as calm as Death,
The will will waver and the heart boat faster,
Touched by the memory of a woman's breath.

Why are ye here, rude fellows of my labor,
Thus outlawed from the bound of woman's reign?
Read I, beneath the swart hues of my neighbor,
Another story of another pain?

She said she loved me—and one day she left me,
Without a warning and without a word;
Of past and future at a blow bereft me;
The cause unspoken and the plea unheard.

Behind me honor, and high hopes before me—
A life of earnest and a name of worth;
Her glamour shed the bright delusion o'er me;
Her presence kept the promise of my birth.

Then fell the blow, and past and future shivered,
Just at a fairy finger's heartless touch;
And from the bondage of a lie delivered,
I laughed that I had trusted ever much.

Laughed! and the echo of that hollow laughter
Rings in my heart with one eternal knell;
And the slow years which rolled their burden after
With all the burden can not crush the spell.

Pines of the Sierras, spread your mantles round me,
And hide me from the past, untrodden West!
O! that the free lands and free souls which bound me,
Could break the fetters of my prisoned breast!

In vain, in vain! Not the dividing ocean,
With all its storms one memory can drown;
While the vexed phantom of a lost devotion,
Still the tortured bosom dies not down.

Up and to work! The Western spring invites me,
And freedom calls me forth among the free!
But no! Nor work nor freedom here delights me,
The Eastern bondage fulls again on me.

—*Herman C. Merivale, in London Spectator.*

HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Hubert Stickney's choice of a second wife was not generally approved. If Mr. Stickney had been an ordinary citizen, there would undoubtedly have been talk enough in regard to the unsuitableness of the match; but Mr. Stickney was not an ordinary citizen. He was selectman, surveyor, master of the Grange, general administrator and advisor on all legal, moral and domestic subjects. The Governor himself could scarcely be more in demand than this well-informed and high-minded Vermont farmer. Now for such a man to choose a companion from fashionable city life was inevitably to cast some doubt on the soundness of his judgment in the past, and so friends and neighbors shook their heads sadly, and told each other that Stickney's influence was a thing of the past.

Now this gentleman, honorable as he had certainly proved himself in every department of life, had not been quite frank with his lady-love. He had told her with some pride the exact amount of his income. He had pictured the fine old homestead with the warmth of one who loves what he is describing. His intended wife had known just how many elms there were in front of the house, as well as their ages and histories. The lawn, the orchards, the mountains, the little lake in the heart of the woods, she was perfectly acquainted with. In fact, there was nothing omitted from the picture but the human figures occupying the foreground. These were the first widow's relations, for no one knew better than Mr. Stickney how prominent were the positions they occupied.

The gentleman's voice did not seem quite natural when he presented his wife to the ladies assembled at the homestead to meet the travelers.

"Florence," he said, "allow me. This is Mrs. Mazonson," presenting the elderly lady, who certainly did not look very gracious, "and Miss Marla and Miss Susan Mazonson," indicating two ladies of uncertain age, equally still and uncordial.

Miss Susan Mazeason! The young wife, whose appreciation of the humorous was very keen, had all she could do to keep from laughing in the faces of the unbending trio with the comical names. It was very good of Mr. Stickney to invite friends to meet her, she told herself, as she pleasantly greeted her seeming guests. But why had he selected such a funereal-looking party? At the tea-table Mrs. Stickney, fresh as a rose in her pretty summer silk and dainty laces, sat beside her husband. The elder Mazonson presided at the tea-urn. This was more inexplicable than the rest; but perhaps it was the fashion in Vermont to treat the lady of the house as a guest for a time, and so this insult was good-naturedly accounted for. The table, though unexceptionably appointed and covered with every imaginable good thing, was waited upon by her guests. This was doubtless another act of courtesy, the newcomer told herself, but the sight of a servant would have been an inexpressible relief. It was very annoying to be served by one's visitors, but this being the fashion she must make the best of it. After starting numberless topics of conversation, and having them all fall dead—even her husband seemed suddenly struck dumb—Mrs. Stickney was obliged to give up the contest. How different this was from the home-coming she had so lovingly anticipated! Such good jolly times as they had all through their six weeks' wedding tour, and now, in "the twinkling of an eye," everything had changed, or seemed to change. Of course it was all seeming, the young wife told herself, but it was surely very disagreeable. After the wretched meal was over, Mrs. Stickney, almost ready to cry, invited her husband to take a walk, but here was Mrs. Mazonson at his elbow.

"Hiram had to go away this noon," she said, "so I suppose you'll have to milk, Hubert."

Mrs. Mazonson was very tall, very thin, very dark, and her voice was so unutterably deep and hollow that Mrs. Stickney could not rid herself of the notion that it belonged to somebody else. The city-bred young lady knew that cows had to be milked, but she had never associated her husband with the one that performed the operation, and now turned an astonished face to that gentleman and the assembled Mazonsons.

"It must be fun to milk," she remarked, determined to put the best possible face on affairs. "I'll go and see you."

"Not in that dress, I hope," said Mrs. Mazonson, as Mr. Stickney left the room. "I was going to say, a little while ago," she went on, "that seeing as you was dressed up, you needn't mind about the dishes."

The dishes? What in the world did this dreadful woman mean? Before she had time to inquire, her tormentor had left the room; and now, more perplexed than ever, Mrs. Stickney went in search of her husband. She found him at last in the barn-yard, and in the excitement of a new sensation almost forgot the disagreeable things that had preceded it. In a dilapidated straw hat, patched coat and blue overalls, she did not at first recognize her husband; but when she did, she clapped her hands like a child and laughed as merry a laugh as was ever heard on the Stickney farm.

"Is that the way people always dress when they milk?" she inquired, touching the old coat caressingly with her little white hands.

"One must dress according to one's work on a farm, Florence," Mr. Stickney remarked, sententiously.

Something in her husband's words or manner must have recalled her late annoyances, for the smile faded from her lips, and her eyes grew sad and troubled. "Hubert," she said, softly, "who are those—those ladies at the house?"

"Why, they are the Mazonsons, Florence—Mrs. Mazonson and her two daughters," the master of the Grange replied.

"It was very kind of you to ask Mrs. Mazonson and her daughters to meet me," the young wife resumed, with a touch of something in her tone that her companion was not familiar with, "but I can't understand why they should seem so very much at home, Hubert."

Mr. Stickney moved the three-legged stool to the side of another cow, and commenced milking again, before he replied.

"Didn't I mention to you, Florence, that these ladies lived with me?" he inquired. "I know I didn't dwell on the subject," he went on, "but I must have spoken of it."

"Mention to me that these ladies lived with you!" Mrs. Stickney repeated, oblivious to the rest of her husband's remark, a hard look settling round the pretty mouth. "May I ask, Mr. Stickney, who these ladies are? I know they are the Mazonsons," she added, in the same singular tone, "but what are they to you?"

"They are relatives of my first wife," the gentleman replied, in a voice that had the calmness of desperation in it. "I must have taken for granted that you knew, Florence. Mrs. Mazonson was Mrs. Stickney's mother and Maria and Susan her sisters."

"And they have always lived here?"

"For some time before and ever since Mrs. Stickney died Mrs. Mazonson has been my housekeeper, and the girls have been her assistants."

"Why was there no servant, Mr. Stickney, to wait on the table this evening?" was the lady's next question.

"We have no servants, Florence. It is not the custom with Vermont farmers, my dear."

"And all the work of your house is performed by the Mazonsons?"

"Yes."

"Who did it before the Mazonsons came?"

"Mrs. Stickney, my dear."

For a moment there was silence in the barn-yard. Then there was a rustle of retreating silk, a light step going swiftly toward the house, and thus the singular interview ended. This was a very unpleasant commencement, Mr. Stickney told himself, and for a while this gentleman's milking was purely mechanical. From the bottom of his heart he wished he and his wife could be alone. On the other hand there was a great deal to do in the house, much more than Florence could ever manage if she worked night and day. At this point Mr. Stickney really did have serious doubts as to the wisdom of this second marriage of his. For the first time he asked himself whether it would be right to impose the drudgery of farm-work on this young and delicately nurtured woman. He had thought very little about the domestic part of the programme. He was accustomed to seeing the women about him constantly occupied, and Florence knew she was accepting a farmer when she agreed to marry him. Then, too, Mrs. Mazonson was exceedingly competent; indeed, no housekeeper could be more so; and Mr. Stickney summed it all up by assuring himself that Florence could get along with the Mazonsons easily enough if she had only a mind to think so.

In the meantime Mrs. Stickney had locked herself into her room, and with clinched hands and flashing eyes was recalling every moment of the time since she first met the man she had married. She had been grossly deceived and imposed upon, and worst of all, the deception and imposition had come from the one who had promised to love, honor and cherish her to the day of her death. The drawn lips grew tender and pitiful as she thought how utterly she had loved and trusted him, and how entirely she had believed in his affection for herself. "To live with these solemn and automatic Mazonsons would be worse than keeping house in a tomb, with skeletons for company," she sobbed. She could not and would not endure it. No man had a right to ask such a sacrifice from his wife. But she hadn't been asked. She had been cheated into her present position. She would leave the house where she had been and would continue to be unutterably wretched, and go straight back to her father. Little did he think that the rich and honorable Hubert Stickney would heap such indignities upon his daughter. She would go. No, she would stay, and shew the Mazonsons, and her husband, too, what kind of stuff she was made of.

That evening Mr. Stickney was detained below by callers. It was ten o'clock before he was at liberty, and then, to his great delight, Florence was fast asleep. The poor child had forgotten her troubles, and the morning would show things in a more promising light. He would do everything he could to make up for the Mazonsons, and after a little everything would go smoothly enough. Mr. Stickney would not have been so certain of this if he had seen the tear-stained face and quivering lids. Ignorant of all this, and in spite of his ten years' experience as a husband, utterly ignorant of the delicacy and sensitiveness of a true woman's nature, Mr. Stickney went calmly and comfortably to sleep.

The next morning, after waiting to be called to breakfast, Mrs. Stickney, in the daintiest of muslin wrappers, presented herself in the dining-room. Her husband had just finished his early morning's work, and now greeted her with a smile and a kiss. The elder Mazonson looked exceedingly flushed and flurried, and Maria and Susan Mazonson flew briskly round at the bidding of their superior officer.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Stickney, in her calmest and coolest manner, "I thought breakfast was ready. I hope I am not intruding."

A smile played round the lips of Miss Susan, who, in spite of her dreadful name, was not altogether so hideous as Florence had thought at first sight. The rightful occupant of the chair at the head of the table waited to see if Mrs. Mazonson would occupy it, and finding that she did, went calmly round and sat by her husband.

"Yes, breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Mazonson, in a voice between a growl and a groan. "It's been ready some time."

"I hope you slept well last night, Mrs. Stickney?" This from Maria Mazonson, whose voice Florence now heard for the first time.

"Very well, thank you," Mrs. Stickney cordially replied.

"You slept late enough, if that's any sign," said Mrs. Mazonson in her most sepulchral tone.

"I always sleep late, Mrs. Mazonson," Florence replied, as she slowly poured the cream into her coffee.

"You can't sleep late on this farm very well," the elder lady began again, her face ablaze. "I've been up since half past four," she went on, "and now it's half past seven. I've skimmed eighteen pans of milk, washed all the pans, and made twenty-five pounds of butter this morning."

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Stickney remarked, looking the irate dame innocently in the face.

"Well, I guess I'm tired," the housekeeper replied. "The girls helped me all they could, and——"

"O, ma," Susan interrupted, flushing painfully as she spoke, "why shouldn't we help you, I should like to know?"

At this point Mrs. Stickney made up her mind that she was going to like one of the Mazonsons after all.

"—they got this breakfast, I want you to understand." Mr. Mazonson finished what she had to say in spite of interruptions.

"It is a very nice breakfast," Florence remarked. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much."

Mr. Stickney glanced at his wife There was something in the tone which reminded him of the barnyard *tete-a-tete*. There must certainly be an understanding between himself and his wife right away, he thought. It would never do to let things go on in this style. Mrs. Mazonson must be rebuked also. Her attitude was certainly very objectionable, and should be corrected immediately. Meantime Mrs. Stickney ate her breakfast with relish, and passed her cup for some more coffee. "Which of you ladies," indicating the Misses Mazonson, "made this coffee?" she asked, pleasantly. "It certainly is delicious."

"Neither of 'em made it," Mrs. Mazonsen answered promptly. "Do you think I'd trust anybody to make coffee but myself?"

Mrs. Stickney had decided that her platform should be plainly understood both by her husband and the Mazonsens before she left the dining-room. It promised to be a hard battle to fight; but the young wife had courage enough now for a host of husbands and a regiment of first wife's relations.

"Are you going to be very busy today, Hubert?" Mrs. Stickney asked her husband, as the meal drew to a close.

"I have been away so long that my days will be occupied for some time to come," the gentleman replied.

"Perhaps, then, Miss Susan or Miss Maria would go to ride with me this morning?" and Florence threw a glance full of sweetness at the Misses Mazonson. "It is such a lovely morning," she continued; "and after a little it will be too warm, I fear."

Mrs. Stickney waited a moment for some kind of a response, and receiving none, said, "You would like to accompany me, would you not, Miss Susan?"

The young lady was on the point of replying, but her mother came in ahead. "Hubert," she began, "I should think it was high time you gave your wife to understand what kind of a place she has come to live in. I don't suppose this wife can gad off and leave the work" and now Mrs. Mazonson's voice shook with grief or anger, Florence didn't know which—"any more than your first wife, my daughter, Mr. Stickney. She never left the work till it was done."

"Perhaps if she had left it occasionally she might be living now," the second Mrs. Stickney coolly suggested. At this crisis Mrs. Mazonson sniffled and Miss Susan left the table.

"Florence will become accustomed to our ways after a while," Mr. Stickney responded, with so much consideration in his tone for the tyrant at the head of the table that his wife felt ashamed of him. "She'll work into it after a while," he added, endeavoring to appear at his ease.

"That furbelowed white gown looks like working into it!" said Mrs. Mazonson, defiantly.

"I am not afraid to trust my wife to do the proper thing, Mrs. Mazonson," Mr. Stickney remarked, with tardy decency.

"If I may be allowed," the young wife began, with the deliberation of one making a mighty effort for self-control, "I should like to say a word." As the brave little woman surveyed the assembled group there crept into her face a look that one of the party never forgot. This one was her husband, who started to lay a detaining hand on her arm, but for some inexplicable reason gave it up. "When I take my rightful place as mistress of my husband's house," Mrs. Stickney went on, "then it will be time enough to talk of my duties. You may consider me a summer boarder, if you please," she added, smilingly, "but in whatever light you may regard me"—and now the sweet mouth grew firm again, and the fine eyes struck fire—"please remember that I am the wife of the proprietor of this establishment and the owner of these acres, and expect to be treated, if not with kindness, at least with civility."

"I should like to see you make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast!" said Mrs. Mazonson, when she could recover herself. Mr. Stickney played with his spoon, and looked steadily into his coffee-cup, but said not a word.

"You never will see me make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast," Mrs. Stickney responded, "and I think it very doubtful if I ever make any butter after breakfast either. I don't intend to give up my music, my painting, my reading, my writing, or anything else that I have been educated to enjoy, and I want this understood also."

"I wonder what you will do if I go away?" Mrs. Mazonson inquired, dubiously but respectfully.

"Mr. Stickney is abundantly able to pay for all necessary service," Florence replied. "If he doesn't choose to do this, then there is a last resort: I can go home to my father any time."

"I ain't got anywhere to go," said Mrs. Mazonson, now thoroughly subdued; "but I suppose I can find a place in a few days, if I may stay here till then. Maria is going to her uncle's tomorrow." The basso-profundo was all broken up, and tears rained down the old lady's face.

Mrs. Stickney rose from her seat and walked round the table to the housekeeper's side. "As far as I am concerned, you are more than welcome to stay," she said, kindly, laying her hand on one tyrannical shoulder. "You know better than any one else how things are done, and have my husband's interest more at heart. I am sure that Miss Susan and I will be good friends," she added, sweetly, "and I see no reason why we may not be a very comfortable family. You understand, I hope, that I do not intend to do any hard work. If it were necessary I would, but it is not. I shall never interfere with your butter or coffee, my dear Mrs. Mazonson, and I am sure you will not with my affairs."

An hour later, Mrs. Stickney and Miss Susan were driving toward Lake Dunmore, as jolly a pair as one would wish to see.

"I am glad you settled it, Florence," Mr. Stickney whispered, as they stood on the piazza previous to setting out.

"No doubt," she replied, with a touch of the old tone he had learned to suspect. "Yesterday, Hubert," she added, "I made a discovery."

"What is it?" he asked.

"That you are a very great coward," she replied.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Eugenie's Hand in Two Wars.

That the Empress Eugenie was largely responsible for the decision taken by her husband when, in 1870, he ordered that march to Berlin which terminated at Sedan, is one of the undisputed facts of recent history. It is, however, much less generally known that this unhappy woman had also no small share in the declaration of another war. According to Count Kisselef, who acted as Russian Ambassador at Paris after the Crimean war, it was the Empress who decided the irresolute Napoleon to make war against Russia. The story, as told by Count Kisselef, is given on the authority of the Empress herself, who told him on the 12th or 13th of May, 1857, that it was she who was responsible for the declaration of war. When the Czar's letter arrived, the curtness of which notoriously embittered Napoleon, the latter handed it to his wife with the remark that it was cold. "No," said she, after reading it, "it is more than cold, 'elle est grossiere,'" The Emperor read the letter again, and said, "C'est vrai, je me'en occuperai." From that moment, said the Emperer, war was decided on. Count Kisselef replied, "Then it is Your Majesty who has been the cause of the death of 200,000 men and of the loss of seven or eight hundred millions of francs?" "Yes," she answered, "indirectly, and I do not repent of it. Such perturbations are sometimes necessary in the existence of peoples. It was necessary for France to take her rightful place in Europe. She has done this by means of the alliance with England, and by that alliance she will maintain her influence at home and abroad."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—A lawyer, the other day, ugly as sin and famous for his big nose, was engaged in resisting a decree of divorce on the ground that the husband had pardoned and been reconciled to the wife. After the manner of some lawyers, he spoke of "I" and "me" instead of "my client." Warming up to the occasion he said: "You have pretended that you never granted me reconciliation or pardon. What, then, is the meaning of this letter that you wrote me on the 15th of December, and which concludes with these words, 'I'd like even to kiss that pretty nose of yours?'" The loud laugh made him look round and stopped the flow of his eloquence.

—Instructor in Latin—"Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." —Instructor—"O, no; of agriculture." Miss B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

For Young Readers.

WILLIE'S MOTTOES.

Once in my happy childhood days,
A mother kind I knew,
Who gave her boy the rarest praise;
She called him "Brave and True."

He was my chosen mate at play,
I loved his bright young face,
His pure, high brow, that every day
Shone with some added grace.

He was so quiet, fair and mild,
Yet had so brave an air,
The neighbors grew to love the child,
And kissed his golden hair.

"Boys, love the truth and follow it,"
Our teacher often said,
"As Willie does; your lives t'will fit
For station just ahead.

"And ever dare to do the right,
Be patient, earnest, true;
These are the mottoes, wreathed in light,
That Willie keeps in view.

"And this is why all love him so;
It wins his mother's kiss,
It shews his young feet where to go,
And fills his heart with bliss."

Years since I left that old school-room,
But I have kept in view,
Come days of light or days of gloom,
The motto: "Brave and True!"

—*Golden Days.*

WHAT BETTY DID.

Little Betty Grey trudged along through the streets of R—— with a basket full of watercresses for sale. The clock was just striking six. "I'm glad it's so early," she whispered to herself. "No one is out before me; I am sure I shall sell them all to-day." And down she sat upon a stoop near by and commenced tying into bundles the fresh greens, which had been gathered only an hour before.

Although but twelve years of age, Betty was doing her life-work, for she was almost the sole support of an invalid mother and little sister. Her mother had been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and Mamie was just beginning to help about their humble home—for you must know that it was a *very* humble place indeed where Betty's mother and her children lived. A low bed in one corner, two or three chairs and a small sewing table, with a bit of a broken stove, made up all the furniture.

Now you will wonder, my young friends, how watercresses could ever support anybody. But this was not all that Betty could do for the dear ones so entirely dependent upon her. She had conceived an idea that was worthy of an older head than hers, that in the small plot of ground adjoining the house there might be planted a great many different seeds, which would spring up into beautiful flowers, and that her mother in the intervals of pain, as she lay upon her bed, could tie them into buttonhole bouquets, and that, after her cresses were sold, she and her little sister might sell them to the many guests that frequent the hotels, as the village where they lived was a famous summer resort, and upon Saturday nights particularly, when city gentlemen assemble in large numbers at such places.

Well, the seeds were planted and watered, and to Betty's great delight she found herself abundantly repaid for the labor she had bestowed on her small garden, by seeing the flowers spring up, one after another, which God causes to grow, to reward even the poorest of His children for their toil. His rains and sun and dew are free to all. Thanks be to His loving kindness and tender mercy.

And now, with a small basket, filled with lovely little bunches, in the hand of each, with dresses neat but spare and thin, and underneath the sun-bonnets such sweet young faces—except that Betty's wore a look of sadness and of care, for one of her tender years—they started on their expedition.

From stoop to stoop they offered their flowers. The good people were all sympathy. One bunch after another was taken from the baskets, until there was not one left. The feet that started out so doubtful and so lagging, in spite of Betty's determination to be brave whatever might be the result, now ran joyfully over the ground until they reached the little brown house, where the mother was praying for the success of her children. It always seemed as though Betty brought rays of sunlight in with her, and everything wore a more cheerful aspect. But now, as she saw the radiant faces of her children, she knew that God had not only made the flowers grow, but had heard the simple prayer so sincerely offered by Betty, as she started on her way: "Please God, tell the people to buy my flowers." Please God! what a lesson for children of a larger growth—children in Christ's school who find it so hard to learn those two words, "Please God."

Day after day, at its close, those children might be seen in the park, on the street, or at the door of some hotel, and day after day the baskets were emptied of their contents. Many a quarter, many a half-dollar, was given for a five-cent bouquet because of the faithful service of these little girls. All summer long they went on with their sales, which amounted often to three or four dollars a day, carrying home every penny, excepting as Betty might stop sometimes on the way to buy a little tea or a bit of meat, or some little delicacy as a surprise to her poor sick mother.

I wish you might see Betty and her sister, and if you should ever visit this spot so famed for its healing springs, and should look sharply for two little girls with bright faces and pretty ways, you would find them, baskets in hand, offering their flowers. If they come to you, do not refuse them, and, if you can, give them a little more than they ask for the bunch, remembering that "they that give to the poor lend to the Lord," and that if we "bear one another's burdens, we so fulfill the law of Christ."

Now, after what I have told you, what is your opinion of dear Betty Grey? Is any one made happier because she lives? Have *you* ever done one-half as much for anybody?

We often hear it said: "What can *I* do? I'm only a little child." Well, there *is* a something for every living soul to do. If you are not called to sell flowers, you can do a great deal in the home where you live. You can be kind and helpful to your poor tired mother, taking care of your brothers and sisters who may be younger than you; or you can go and read to some poor old man or woman whose eyes are dim with age—the Bible, perhaps. And I am sure that is a great deal to do.

None are so insignificant that they may not be useful in life, and the rich have a work to do as well as the lowly. Dear children, you who have brightness on your own pathway, you will not lose it if you let warm gleams shine upon others. They are reflectors from Heaven casting light into paths more shadowy than your own. Try it and see.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

Tell the Truth and No Cheating.

All noble boys and girls tell the truth as a matter of course. In fact, the greatest possible insult that can be offered a person is to doubt his word. No matter what consequences are involved, it is always your duty to tell plainly and clearly just what has really happened so far as you are concerned.

I once knew a little fellow of quite timid and sensitive nature who had the misfortune to break a window while playing ball in the school-yard. The teacher was thought to be very stern, and Charlie was very much frightened, but he went straight indoors, and up to the desk, and told what he had done. A day or two later somebody said, "Who broke that window, Mr.——?" "An honorable person, sir," was the reply, loud enough for everybody to hear.

When truth-telling concerns not yourself only, but others, it is sometimes right for you to refrain from speaking, simply declining to answer rather than to tell tales. You must judge about this when circumstances arise, but of one thing you may be sure, that it is never right to evade, or alter, or color a statement. Be true, whatever happens. An old pagan Emperor used to say: "No matter what other folks do, I must be good, just as if the emerald should say, I must always be emerald, and keep my color." Do not hesitate when questioned, but look the one who questions you straight in the face, and say what it is right to say, modestly and frankly.

Candor does not require you, on the other hand, to go about saying disagreeable things because they are true. A little girl I used to know once made a visit in a house where were twin sisters, one of whom was much prettier than the other. What should little miss do but remark: "I think Eunice is far more beautiful than Elsie, and I've heard Aunt Clara say she thinks so, too." This was true, but it was a true thing which was never meant to be talked of. And the little girl felt very much ashamed of herself when she grew older and recollected it.

Lewis had brought home dreadful reports for four or five weeks, and especially in spelling he had long lists of failures. How he did wish that the teachers in his school would believe in the spelling reform of which his sister's professor talked! So far as Lewis understood it, it appeared to him that the professor agreed with the school-boys that a word should be spelled the way it sounded. But the teachers at his academy only grew stricter every day, and his demerits kept accumulating like a snow-ball that becomes bigger and bigger as it rolls along.

"Frightful!" mamma would exclaim, shuddering, as she gazed at Lewis's reports.

"Disgraceful!" was papa's opinion. "No more pocket-money, sir, till I see some improvement."

"Abominably stupid!" said Uncle James.

So Lewis became deeply discouraged.

One day when he felt sure of only one thing, and that was that he could not spell, he did what I am ashamed to tell you of. He opened his book, under the shadowy screen of the desk lid, and peeped. Were there two *l's*? Did *i* come first or *e*? Alas! Lewis knew. He saw the letters plainly, and he spelled them boldly and clearly.

"Right," said the trusting teacher, with a smile of approval that went straight to the boy's heart. Oh! how sorry he felt! and how mortified when he felt that he had gained that pleasant word "Right" without deserving it!

He did not run merrily home that night. He had no desire to go out and play. He was far happier when he knew that a black failure was written against his name, for then he had not failed in himself. He had been honest, if he had not been clever.

That evening he told me the whole story, and ended by saying: "It has taught me a lesson, Aunt Marjerie. All fair, and no cheating, for me, after this. It's awful to feel so mean as I've felt all day."—*Harper's Young People.*

—A sheep raiser of Dayton, Wis., carried a gun in driving his stock home, as wolves were known to be prowling about. He soon saw two old wolves and five three-quarter grown whelps wrangling over a dead sheep. He fired into them with a charge of No. 4 shot, when war began. Immediately the whole seven came bounding toward him, and, before he had time to climb a tree they were full upon him. He reversed the gun and used it for a club. The fight lasted an hour, and so savage and ferocious were the wolves that, as one after another received a death-stroke from the old musket, they pounced upon their fallen comrade and proceeded to devour him. At this juncture the farmer would rush in with his gun and kill another, hauling one or both of the dead bodies back to the tree near which the fight took place. He did this, he afterward said, to save their carcasses, as there is a bounty of $11 on each wolf killed in Waupaca County. After the half hour's skirmish the seven wolves lay dead at the farmer's feet.

—The man who was about to marry for the sixth time, and who replied: "We've usually sot," when asked by the minister to stand up, has been heard from again. He recently led No. 7 to the altar, and when asked for the ring, replied: "Parson, I've hooked onto six of 'em without a ring, and I reck'n we kin git along this time. I'll try and remember it in future, though."

—"The lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire up toward the glowing heavens, as if they were, in their vengeful fury, endeavoring to sear the bright faces of the twinkling stars!" It was only a fifty-dollar stable, containing twenty-five dollars worth of hay, but the reporter felt that way and really couldn't help it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1881.

Republican State Ticket.

For Comptroller of the Treasury,
THOMAS GORSUCH.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.
For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHEY,
HOWARD M. KEMP.
For County Commissioners,
S. L. TOWNSHIEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.
For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.
For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

Ohio and Iowa O. K.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Oct. 12.—At 12 A. M. 543 wards and precincts indicate a majority of 14,000 for Foster. The Republicans claim three or four doubtful members of the Legislature, and one if not both branches of that body. A very large Republican gain was made at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton.

DES MOINES, IOWA, October 11. —The Republican State committee estimate at this hour (11 P. M.) that the Republican State majority over the Democrats will be 50,000, and over all parties 33,000.

A Contemptible Lie.

A report has been put in circulation to the effect that W. S. Pew, the Republican nominee for the Sheriffalty served in the Confederate army. It is hardly necessary to say that this report has no foundation in fact, but was put in circulation by the Democrats for the purpose of injuring our candidate. Mr. Pew was a member of the 49th Pennsylvania Regiment, was severely wounded in battle and carries an honorable discharge. The report was evidently intended to prejudice Republican voters, for such an accusation would not deter Democrats from voting for him if they had intended so to do. And while speaking of Mr. Pew we will take occasion to say that he is a very worthy young man, a member in good standing of the M. E. Church, and a man who stands well in every respect wherever known.

Our Candidate for Comptroller.

The Cambridge convention on Wedesday of last week named the man who ought to be the next Comptroller of Maryland, and who will be it the Republicans of the State unitedly and actively support him and the Democrats who have been shouting reform will avail themselves of this their opportunity to overthrow the managers of their party, of whom they have made serious and long-standing complaint.

Mr. Gorsuch is in every way well qualified for the important office of Comptroller. He is in the prime of life, of business habits and experience, upright character, and away above and beyond suspicion. His life is briefly sketched as follows:

Mr. Thos. S. Gorsuch is a native of this State, and is about 52 years of age. He was for some years engaged in farming. He was assessor of internal revenue for the then Sixth congressional district by appointment of President Lincoln. He represented Frederick county in the House of Delegates in 1857, and was a member of the Committee of Ways and Means. Subsequently he served a term as clerk of the circuit court for that county. He is now president of the First National Bank of Frederick. He is considered one of the best business men in Western Maryland, and is highly esteemed in that section of the State. He has not taken any part in the factional disturbances of the Republican party of this State, but has been regarded as an admirer of General Grant.

The resolutions and platform adopted by the convention are worthy of attention—briefly summarized, they are as follows:

The resolutions set forth the indissoluble union of the States; the supremacy of the national constitution, and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, over any State laws and ordinances passed by any other authority whatsoever; the complete independence of the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government, and the rightful supremacy of each in its own sphere; the equality of all citizens before the law; the free and fair expression of the will of the people through the ballot-box; the honest count or declaration of the will so expressed, and the duty of all to acquiesce in the popular will so ascertained; the honest payment of the public debt; the maintenance of the public faith, credit and honor; a stable metalic base of the country's currency for the security of the people's business and savings and at par with the monetary standards of the commercial world; an honest, efficient, and economical public service and its exemption from political fluctuations; the right of the people to have all official positions filled by the most capable and honest, regardless of any other consideration whatever; the promotion of general intelligence, so far as can constitutionally be done, at the public expense; the strict enforcement of laws for the protection of the civil rights, the person and property of the citizen; the promotion of national industry; the development of the national power, wealth and independence, and the increase of the happiness of the people; that it is the duty of Congress at once to provide an improved method of ascertaining the result of the Presidential election, and make further provision for a case of vacancy of the Presidential office; also, to revise and make more efficient the laws designated to protect the ballot-box in national elections, and to refuse to admit to seats in that body or any other official position under the national government any man whose right to such seat or position rests upon or is tainted by bribery, fraud or violence.

The platform also states that registrations and elections as conducted in Maryland are a burlesque upon Republican institutions, and the demand of the Republicans of the State years ago is repeated, that the Democratic higgling with the registration of votes shall case, and that the legislature shall in good faith pass such laws as will secure an honest registry, free vote and fair count; that primary elections be recognized by law, and bribery and other means of fraud punished at legal elections; condemning the creation and continuance of superfluous offices, extravagant salaries to State officials and prostitution of the public works of the State for the purpose of political corruption as grievous and unnecessary burdens upon the people, and asking for a reduction of expenditures; for a system of public schools worthy of the State; for a system of free public roads for better intercourse between sections; a revision of the license law whereby burdens of taxation shall rest on capital and not as now upon enterprise and industry, and the abolition of distraint for rent; that no debt shall be entitled to more stringent means for collection than that for labor done. The resolutions declare that the leaders of the Democratic party have betrayed the trust reposed in them by their utter disregard of all pledges, and all good citizens of the State are called upon to vote for the Republican nominee for comptroller, and for worthy men placed in nomination for the legislature by the Republican party, so that a good and honest administration may be obtained.

In reply to the letter of the committee to notify him of his nomination, Mr. Gorsuch, our nominee for comptroller, wrote as follows:

FREDERICK CITY, October 7, 1881.

Messrs. Henry A. Schumacher, Committee, Etc.:

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 5th instant has been received informing me of my unanimous nomination as the Republican candidate for comptroller of the State treasury by the Republican State convention.

Appreciating, as I do, the distinguished compliment of being unanimously nominated for a position of so much importance to the State by a body of men so well known for their worth and patriotism as those composing the convention—one in which all conflicting interests of the party appear to have been represented—leaves me no discretion in the matter, and I accept the nomination as the voice of a united party.

Should the action of the convention be ratified by the people at the polls, I can only say that I will endeavor to merit this expression of confidence by a faithful and impartial discharge of the various duties appertaining to the office.

I am, gentlemen, with great personal consideration, Your obedient servant,

THOMAS GORSUCH.

The Senate Organization--Mr. Bayard Elected President by a Close Vote.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—The assembling of the special session of the Senate was witnessed by a large number of persons who, as early as 11 o'clock, filled the galleries to their utmost capacity. The desk formerly occupied by Senator Burnside was tastefully draped with black, while several bouquets ornamented the desks of prominent Senators. The Senators elect, Aldrich, Lapham and Miller, occupied seats upon the floor on the Republican side.

The Senate was called to order by Mr. Harris, who after prayer by Chaplain Bullock, who alluded in a feeling manner to the death of President-Garfield, Senator Burnside and Secretary Burch, said: "I have been requested by a number of Senators on both sides of the chamber to call the Senate to order. If there be no objection I will call the Senate to order, that we may proceed with its business. The Senate will please come to order, and the clerk will report to the Senate the message of the President convening this session of the Senate."

The President's proclamation having been read, Mr. Pendleton moved the adoption of the following resolution: "That Thos. F. Bayard, a Senator from the State of Delaware, is hereby chosen President *pro tem.* of the Senate."

Mr. Edmunds said that of course he did not object to the present consideration of the resolution, but he thought that under existing circumstances it was his duty to present the credentials of the Senators-elect, which he thereupon did. The credentials having been read, Mr. Edmunds moved that the oath of office be administered to these gentlemen by Senator Anthony, the senior Senator.

Mr. Pendleton moved to lay the motion on the table. Carried—yeas 36, nays 31.

Mr. Davis, of Illinois, voted with the Republicans in the negative. Mr. Mahono did not vote, and Messrs. Platt and Fair were paired.

Mr. Edmunds said that no reason had been given why the Senators-elect should not be allowed to take part in the organization of the Senate; and he therefore moved to amend Mr. Pendleton's resolution by providing for the immediate qualification of the Senators-elect—the oath of office to be administered by Senator Anthony.

Senator Edmunds delivered an argument in support of his second resolution. He claimed that it was not absolutely essential that the oath should be administered by the president of the Senate. He read from the Senate journal to show that on March 4th, 1853, a number of newly-elected Senators were admitted (there being no president present) by a resolution precisely like that he (Edmunds) had proposed, that Lewis Cass, then the oldest Senator in service, was empowered to perform the specific duty of swearing in the new Senators.

Senator Garland, on behalf of the Democrats, maintained that the law was plain; that the Senate was convened to elect a president to fill a gap in the Presidential succession, and the Democrats proposed to attend to this duty at the earliest possible moment.

The burden of Senator Edmunds' argument was that the Democrats were taking advantage of a temporary opportunity, the result of assassination, to gain a party point. There was no necessity of electing a president of the Senate to retain his seat permanently, before admitting the newly-elected Senators. He cited precedents to show that the Senate had elected a president to perform the specific duty for a limited period of time. He maintained that the Senate-elect were really members of the body, and that they should by the promptest method possible be admitted to its proceedings.

The amendment offered by Mr. Edmunds to Mr. Pendleton's resolution gave rise to a short discussion, but was finally rejected: yeas 33, nays 34; Mahone and Davis (Ill.) voting with the Republicans.

Mr. Edmunds then proposed an amendment, providing that Thomas F. Bayard shall be elected presiding officer for this day only, and argued in support of the amendment, contending that it would comply with the letter and the spirit of the law, and would allow the States of New York and Rhode Island to have a voice in the election of a permanent president *pro tem.*

Senator Morgan, in reply to Mr. Edmunds, referred to that period of the past, when Southern States, he said, were denied representation in the Senate upon one pretext or another, and he had never known Mr. Edmunds to rise to his seat to proclaim the equality of the States and demand that they be treated alike.

A yea and nay vote on Mr. Edmunds' amendment resulted in its defeat by a vote of 33 to 34.

Mr. Edmunds then offered another amendment substituting the name of Senator Anthony for that of Senator Bayard as President *pro tem.*

A vote was at once taken, and the amendment was defeated—yeas 32 nays 31. Mr. Mahone voted with the Republicans. Senator David Davis did not vote.

The original resolution introduced by Mr. Pendleton was then adopted by a vote of 34 to 32. Mr. Davis, of Illinois, did not vote. Mr. Mahone voted with the Republicans.

The Chair then appointed Senators Anthony and Pendleton to escort the President *pro tempore* elect, Mr. Bayard, to the chair.

Mr. Edmunds moved to admit the Senator-elect from Rhode Island—Mr. Aldrich—and Mr. Pendleton moved to adjourn.

The motion prevailed, and the Senate adjourned until 12 o'clock to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Immediately after the reading of the journal, Mr. Edmunds, rising to a question of the highest privilege, moved that the oath of office be administered to Nelson W. Aldrich, Senator-elect from the State of Rhode Island. There being no objection, the motion was agreed to and Mr. Aldrich sworn in. Mr. Edmunds then made a similar motion in the cases of the Senators-elect from New York.

Mr. McPherson interposed and stated that he desired to present a petition pending that motion. He held in his hand a communication from certain members of the New York legislature, alleging certain reasons why Messrs. Lapham and Miller were not entitled to seats in the Senate. With regard to those allegations he knew nothing. He did not present the petition with any desire to delay action upon the administration of the oath. He offered the petition and would refer it at the proper time to the appropriate committee.

Mr. Edmunds said that as the petition referred to the propriety of swearing in the new Senators from New York, he would not object to its reception at the present time.

The petition was received and laid upon the table, and the oath of office administered to the Senators from New York.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Pendleton and Anthony, was appointed by the presiding officer to wait upon the President and inform him that the Senate was ready to receive any communication he might please to send to them.

Then at 12:15 p. m., the Senate took a recess for half an hour.

After the recess Mr. Edmunds offered a resolution declaring that the standing committees of the Senate as they were constituted at the close of the last session of the Senate be continued for the present session, and authorizing the President *pro tem.* to fill any vacancies which may exist therein.

Mr. Harris asked that the resolution lie over for one day under the rule. So ordered.

The committee appointed to wait upon the President reported that it had performed its duty, and that the President had stated that he would communicate in writing with the Senate to-morrow.

The Senate then at 12:50 adjourned.

The Democratic Senators met in caucus again this afternoon to further discuss the advisability of going into the election of a secretary now. Some of the Democrats insist that it is as much the duty of the party to proceed now with the election of a secretary as it was to elect a President *pro tem.* The caucus, which met at 1:30 p. m., had this question under consideration, and also the question as to whether or not committees should be formed at this session. Senator Edmunds proposed that the committees be reformed as they were last session, except that Mr. Bayard should fill vacancies. The Democrats insist upon half the committees and will probably determine to demand that much.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 10, 1881.

It is pretty certain that the next few day will bring a settlement of some things about which there has been a good deal of speculation. One "near friend" of the President has been reported as saying that there would be no Cabinet changes until December, and the next day another near friend, or one supposed to have some means of knowing whereof he asserted, has declared that a new Cabinet would be announced during the extra session of the Senate. For some days past the impression has prevailed, upon apparently authorative foundation, that President Arthur had decided to avail himself of the services of the present Cabinet in preparing the annual reports on which his message to Congress must be to some extent founded. But to-day it is reported, upon good authority also, that some if not all the new Cabinet appointments will be sent in during the week. Mr. McVeagh is understood to be already making preparations to move back to Philadelphia, and to express himself as quite satisfied with his experience as a Cabinet minister. The President, it does not seem to be doubted, would prefer that both Mr. James and Mr. McVeagh should remain until the star route prosecutions are concluded, as they are certainly entitled to any glory which may come out of that matter. But neither Mr. James or McVeagh are at all confident that convictions will follow the indictment of the star route people, and if the whole business falls after the great hurrah which has been made over it, they prefer that the failure should be attributed to some one else.

At any rate it is certain that the present Cabinet could not under any circumstances hold together for a very long time. It may not be generally known outside of certain circles, but it is nevertheless a fact that this was not an entirely harmonious Cabinet from the beginning. There is not much doubt that but for the shooting of Gen. Garfield a partial re-organization would have been one of the first things claiming his attention had he recovered. President Arthur is too good a politician not to know that his Administration can only hope to be a successful and brilliant one with all the members in perfect harmony. For some unknown reason efforts are being made to prove the present Cabinet void of all discord, but I do not see the necessity for attempting to conceal facts well known here. It is said here among friends of Mr. Blaine that the publication of his letter of December last to Gen. Garfield was without his knowledge or consent: that the motive was to annoy and injure him, and that another member of the Cabinet with whom he is on notoriously unfriendly terms is really responsible for the publication of the letter. Certainly Mr. Blaine can take no pleasure in seeing such a document in print with his name attached to it. Some of Mr. Blaine's particular friends here are so much irritated by the publication that at first they were inclined to doubt its genuineness.

With reference to the duration of the extra session of the Senate, the generally-expressed opinion among Senators is that it will not last over two weeks. This opinion is nearly always qualified with the remark that it is not expected that the President intends to send to the Senate nominations for offices except such as are required to fill vacancies, and some Senators express the belief that the President will not feel called upon even to fill the vacancies in the high grade of offices, such as the Justice of the Supreme Court and the Ministers to Russia, Austria, and Germany, but will let these go over until the December session of Congress. This idea includes the belief that the Cabinet is to remain unchanged until that period. Beside nominations for office the President will have several treaties to transmit to the Senate—one with China, made by Secretary Blaine in June last, and two with South American nations.

The White House just now exemplifies a line of the old school song: "Great big house and nobody livin' in it," The place looks gloomy and deserted enough, especially at night when the heavy mourning drapery covering the walls is just discernible by the dim flickering light of one old lamp post at the left of the north portico. On the inside workmen are employed overhaling the old rookery and endeavoring to make it inhabitable. Their hardest job is to get rid of the myriads of roaches and other vermin. The repairs will occupy a considerable time and it is not likely that President Arthur will take up his residence there until next winter. He is still with Senator Jones in the Ben Butler mansion near the Capitol, and after the extra session will reside for a time at the Soldiers' Home. The Cabinet meeting of Tuesday is the first since his accession to the Presidency.

The Way the Bosses Spend the People's Money.

The State has an interest of twenty-five millions of dollars in the canal. If it were properly, honestly and intelligently managed, it would pay the bondholders and produce revenue to the State. This would lessen taxes. It might be made to do a great deal to support and extend the public schools. But it is managed by Gorman, Keating and Compton to secure offices for themselves. And the people's money, which ought to go into the Treasury to lessen taxation, has been squandered in extravagant and corrupt expenditures.

When the Canal was under the honest and efficient management of James C. Clark, the stockholders—the Board of Public Works of that day—passed a resolution forbidding salaries to be paid the directors. In the face of this, Gorman's directors received regular salaries, beginning at $400 per year and rising to $800 a year as the business of the Canal fell of. In this way, during his administration, they received $22,800 for salaries, directly in the face of the resolution prohibiting them from receiving salaries, and without a pretense of law, right or justice. Besides this, during the same period President Gorman and his directors expended the large sum of $12,387.73 for their hotel bills. These hotel bills were produced in the Canal suit. They are marvellous in their extravagance. For instance on December 8, 1874, they paid Barnum's Hotel $119.70 for one day's board and dinner. There were seven in all. Therefore they expended $17.10 per man for one day.

On September 29, 1875, they paid Barnum $96.70 for one day, or $13.81 for each man.

On November 14, 1878, they paid same hotel $109.65, or $15.66 per man for that one day.

The manner of expenditure may be judged by the following items. They are set out at length in the testimony in the Canal case, but we give merely a few as specimens:

December 8, 1874.

Cigars	$12 00
Champagne, nine bottles	36 00
Whiskey, three bottles	7 00

September 29, 1875.

Cigars	$ 4 95
Champagne, nine bottles	36 00
Whiskey, two bottles	4 00
Claret, one bottle	4 50
Bar	1 50

November 14, 1878.

Champagne, seven bottle	$21 00
Whiskey, three bottles	6 75
Cigars	6 50
Bar	75
Cards 1 1	1 00
Cash to waiters	10 00
Parlor	8 00

These are specimens of the way the people's money is squandered by Gorman and his crowd. Nine bottles of champagne, at four dollars a bottle! Twelve dollars' worth of cigars in one day! Cards and parlor, and ten dollars fees to servants for waiting on the gentlemen in the parlor while they played cards! What a thirsty smoking crew they must have been —*Baltimore Tribune, Ind. Dem.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

General Carr has now in his custody a red rascal named Ashay, who boldly admits that he was in the late massacre at Cibicu, Arizona, and that he killed Captain Hartig. He will probably swing without much formality.

The anti stalwarts were in a large majority in the New York State Convention Wednesday, and the Conklingites acknowledged their defeat as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances. The gathering was very quiet and orderly. Senator Miller was the temporary and Chauncey M. Depew the permanent chairman. A State ticket was nominated.

The comments in the London papers on the New York Republican convention show satisfaction that the majority upheld Garfield's ideas. The late President's illness and death, says the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, have given a stimulus to the public interest in American questions, which shows itself stronger than ever in favor of President Garfield's platform, especially as regards civil service reform.

According to the request of Victoria of England, asking of Mrs. Garfield a photograph of her late husband, the picture was yesterday shipped to Her Majesty by Mr. J. F. Ryder, the photographer. It is the same size as the one that hungs in the catafalque; is silver tinted and elegantly framed. The photograph sent to the Queen is considered by Mrs Garfield the best photograph ever taken of her husband.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, Sept. 30.*

In Washington last Friday, the United States Trust Company of New York had registered at the Treasury Department $275,000 in four per cent. bonds in the name of the company as "trustees for Mrs. Lucretia R. Garfield and the surviving children of James A. Garfield, deceased," being the amount purchased with the proceeds of subscriptions to the Garfield fund. These bonds will yield an annual income of $11,000, and cannot be paid off by the government until the year 1907.

Christian people have never had a more forcible illustration of the words of our Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done," than in the death of their beloved President. It has been suggested that the effect will be to weaken the faith of believers in the power and efficiency of prayer. This will only happen to those weak in faith and who measure the All Wise Father by a rule of their own creation. We are told "to ask and ye shall receive," but always comes the refrain, "Thy will, not mine, be done." The Son of God, with the cruelties of the cross in sight, prayed, "Let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." It was a human cry in that last hour of agony, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me," which has been repeated over and over by millions of men in their hours of great trial and sorrow. It is not unbelief, it is not want of trust, it is not faltering faith. No man or woman of all the multitudes has lifted to heaven prayers for the restoration and safety of the dead President, keeping in mind the plain teachings of the Inspired Word, without being made better and taking a step forward. Certainly there is no well-grounded reason for the fear expressed, that in the failure to receive an answer to these specific prayers the faith of believers should grow weak and faltering.—*Inter Ocean.*

The Ohio Democrats are amusing themselves by electing and inaugurating Mr. Bookwalter Governor every day in the week. They are sure everything is going to happen to please them on election day. This is the usual course of procedure in Ohio. The Democrats do their electing before election day; the Republicans do theirs on election day, and on the whole their plan seems to be the most satisfactory one.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Garrett Guards left Friday night for Yorktown.

—Quite a number of our citizens went to Baltimore this week to see the "Oriole."

—The improvements to the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels, are being pushed forward.

—Including the Guards about seventy-five Oaklanders visited Cumberland Saturday.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Married, at Oakland, by Rev. John M. Davis, Monday, Oct. 10th, 1881, Mr. Wm. C. Ayers and Miss Emma Michael, both of Allegany county Md.

—Capt. J. M. Jarboe, with a force of hands, is at work on Sheriff White's new dwelling house in Oakland. Mr. White expects to occupy it by the 1st of January.

—Notwithstanding the unfavorable season, this section has produced very fine potatoes. A few specimens are on exhibition at this office, raised by Mr. John G. Knauer, near Oakland, which weigh near two pounds each.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 p. m., by Rev. D. Tasker.

Sale of Personal Property.

Mr. Jacob Shartzer, one mile South of Accident, will sell at public sale, on Wednesday, the 2d day of November, 1881, a large lot of personal property consisting in part of horses, cows, hogs, wheat buckwheat, oats, potatoes, and also his household furniture and farming utensils. The sale will commence at 9 o'clock A. M.

West Va. Conference.

The following are the appointments for Oakland District made at West Va. Conference held at Moundsville last week:

Oakland District, B. Ison, P. E.
Oakland Station, S. E. Jones.
Deer Park, N. L. Baumgardner.
Selbysport and Johnstown, A. M. Bowlin.
Brandonville, F. G. W. Ford.
Pleasant Hill, J. B. Feather.
St. George and Aurora, D. Tasker.
Pleasant Grove, A. Stevens.
Evansville, D. Cool.
Newburg, L. E. Leslie.
Rowlesburg, B. F. Rogers.
Randolph Mission, W. Hunter.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 12:

Jno. Swan and wife to Joseph C. Alderson and others, military lot No. 876; $1250.

Chas. J. Harrison and others to Charles Gilpin, a lot of ground in the suburbs of the Town of Oakland; $600.

Frederick Burow and wife to Baltzer and Hy. Frantz, military lot No. 2658; $600.

Henry Garrich and wife to William Hartman, 25 acres of land in the county; $250.

Chas. Gilpin and wife to Lloyd Lawndes, lot of ground in the Town of Oakland; $200.

Jno. Swan and wife to Margaret Grillith, military lot No. 2510 and ½ lot No. 2511.

George P. White and wife to Mountain Lake Park Association, part of military lot No. 857; $144,00.

Military Notes.

The preparations for the comfort of our soldier boys during their stay at Yorktown are nearly completed. On Monday Major Johnson and Quartermaster Peddicord, of the First Battalion, were in Baltimore and closed contracts for the furnishing of provisions to the battalion while at Yorktown. The provisions are the same as those furnished the Fifth Regiment. They also arranged for the transportation of the companies.

Quartermaster Peddicord left Tuesday night for Yorktown, with a detail of one man from each of the three companies, to see that all is in readiness at the camp.

The Cumberland troops will leave for Baltimore on the 1:47 express train Saturday morning. The Oakland company will be on the same train. They will all be served with hot coffee at Baltimore on arrival of the train there Saturday morning.

Headquarters will be at the Fifth Regiment armory during the day. The whole of the Frst Brigade will form there Saturday afternoon and march to the boat, which will leave Baltimore about 5 o'clock Saturday evening and reach Yorktown at breakfast time Sunday morning.

An order has been issued assigning the Maryland troops under General Herbert who will take part in the Yorktown celebration, as well as defining their movements. The organizations will be as follows:

Fifth Regiment, ten full companies, numbering 450 men in all, with full band and drum corps, commanded by Col. Stewart Brown.

Lieut. Col. H. Kyd Douglas, of Hagerstown, will command the First Battalion of Infantry, composed of the Frederick Rifles, in command of Capt. McSherry; Linganore Guards, of Frederick county, Capt. Danner; Hagerstown Infantry, Lieut. Croft commanding, together with the Catonsville Guards, Capt. D. B. Barnet commanding, and Towson Guards, Capt. John Ridgely commanding, the two latter companies having been assigned to Col. Douglas' brigade for the Yorktown trip.

Second Battalion of Infantry, in command of Brevet Lieut. Col. Henry J. Johnson, of Cumberland, composed of Garrett Guards, Capt. Wardwell commanding; the Voltigeurs, Lieut. Hoffman commanding; Hamilton Light Infantry, Capt. Gordon commanding, together with the Governor's Guards, of Annapolis, Capt. Louis Green commanding, and the Kent Guards, of Chestertown, Capt. Beardley commanding.

Each battallion will be headed by a full band and drum corps. All the troops will report in Baltimore on Saturday, October 15, on or before 3 o'clock p. m., at the Fifth Regiment armory. The line will be formed about an hour later and march down Howard street, to Baltimore, to Charles, to Camden, to Light-street wharf, and there the troops will embark on the steamer Mason L. Weems for Yorktown. All the officers' baggage, cooking utensils and commissary stores will be shipped on the 13th instant. Every battalion commander will send a commissioned officer and a guard in charge of the baggage and stores of the respective commands.

Pursuant to orders from the Adjutant General of the State, the officers of the three military companies of Allegany and Garrett counties, met, Saturday night, for the purpose of electing a Major to command the battalion composed of the companies named. Capt. H. J. Johnson of the Voltegeurs was the unanimous choice of the officers for the position.

A Gala Day at the Fair Grounds.

The long talked of event has transpired. The battle has been won and the hurly burely's done. The sham battle took place at the Fair grounds on Saturday afternoon and was witnessed by a large number of visitors and Cumberland people. The streets of the city during the day were well peopled. The order of exercises were begun in the morning when St. Peter's and the Gilbert bands of Westernport and Piedmont arrived on the early train. The Garrett Guards, thirty-five muskets, under command of Capt. Wardwell and Lieuts. Mason and Chisholm, arrived on the express train at 9.25, and were met at the depot by detachments from the two city companies, in uniform, without arms, and headed by the St. Peter's band. The line of march was at once taken down Harrison street to Mechanic, thence by Baltimore to Decatur, to Bedford, to Centre, and to the Voltigeur's armory. The Guards wore their new gray uniforms and presented a remarkably fine appearance.

In the afternoon, the procession was formed at 1.30 o'clock at the head of Baltimore street and the line of march taken up by way of Decatur to Fulton, to Front, to Baltimore street, to South Mechanic, thence by Wineow street and the Oldtown road to the Fair grounds. The line was as follows: Queen City band; Col. Johnson and Adjutant Sloan, with Cols. Veitch and McKalg as aides, and Surg. W. J. Craigen, of the G. A. R.; Garrett Guards, thirty-five muskets, in command of Capt. Wardwell and Lieuts. Chisholm and Mason; Voltigeurs, thirty muskets, in command of Lieut. Hoffman; Hamilton Light Infantry, thirty muskets, in command of Capt. Gordon and Lieuts. Harrison and Rigger; St. Peter's band; G. A. R. drum corps; Tyler Post, G. A. R., twenty men, in command Post Commander Shaw; Parrott gun, drawn by four horses; Cumberland Hose Company, in uniform, drawing their reel.

At the Fair grounds the ground was harrowed so that the militia would experience to some extent the hardships of a regular engagement. The fort that was to be captured was located near the centre of the large enclosed space to the south of the music stand, which formed, as it were, barracks, within the enclosure. The walls of the fort were of barrels, fastened together and painted black. Over these the cannons were worked. At a short distance from the fort was placed a breastwork, or abattis. The fort was in command of Lieut. Mason, of the Garrett Guards, and this force consisted of the G. A. R., under Post Commander Shaw, with J. M. Hiteshew and Harmon White as lieutenants, and a detail from each of the military companies, under command of Lieut. Rigger, of the Hamilton Light Infantry. The infantry were stationed at the breast-works, while the guns were fired over their heads. The Cumberland Parrot gun was worked by James Reid, Simeon Hamilton, Robert Read and George Wolf, and the Barton cannon by Andrew Fink, Samuel Ridenour, Harry Horn and Oliver Madore. The G. A. R. were armed with carbines and the artillerymen wore sabres.

The battle was begun about 3 o'clock when the signal for beginning the attack on the fort was made and a platoon of the Guards, under Capt. Wardwell, uniformed as Zouaves, with white shirts and red baggy trousers, sashes and caps, opened the engagement. The Zouaves were detailed to act as skirmishers, and showed that they were decidedly useful, as well as ornamental and picturesque. With great agility they dodged from under the fence on the right of the line, whence they had suddenly appeared, and dropping on their knees in true Zouave fashion, opened a skirmishing fire. The force in the fort were, of course, astonished, but recovering from their surprise replied with a brisk cannonade. The battle, it is said, was well fought. The boys entered into the contest with a vim and earnestness which gave the "sham" every appearance of a regular battle. The marches, counter-marches, the attacks and retreats were admirably executed. All the movements were accompanied with martial music from the bands in attendance.

Finally the entire attacking force advanced upon the fort, the besieged making a last desperate effort, and firing more rapidly that ever, until the attacking line burst over the breastworks, where they were met with a hand to hand resistance.

Sabre to sabre, bayonet to bayonet, and shot for shot, the battle waged, until finally the color-sergant of one of the attacking companies mounted one of the cannons. Even then the firing did not entirely cease, until the fort was duly surrendered. The band of the besiegers then burst into the glorious strains of the "Red, White and Blue," and the fort was then formally occupied. During the engagement Mr. Andrew Fink was burned in the face and arms by a premature explosion of a cannon charge. His wounds, though not serious, are very painful.

About 5 p. m. the military formed, and headed by St. Peter's and the Queen City bands, marched toward town via Maryland avenue to Baltimore street, and thence to Mechanic and Bedford and to the Voltigeurs' armory, where they broke ranks.—*Cumb. Times, Monday.*

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 11th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. H. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Letters testamentary granted Wm. McRohie, upon estate of Mary M. Springer, deceased.

Wm. H. Barnard, administrator of Henry P. Lohr, deceased, settled his 2d and final account.

Fifth account of Michal Nathan Guardian, to Delpenia Heue and others, ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday October 25th.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The *Independent Montgomerian* says: "There are hundreds of O. L. D.'s in Montgomery county, and they don't like the way things are being run by the bosses."

Mr. John S. Dallam, of Harford county, has taken from his fish pond a carp which measured 17 inches in length and weighed three pounds. Mr. Dallam placed young carp in his pond in May, 1881, and they have increased greatly in number already. They are so tame as to feed out of his hand, and are readily caught in this way.

A boy only two years old, the son of Mr. Solomon Harris, occupying a farm near Centerville, was missed on Friday last, and not till the next day was it discovered that he had fallen into a slop barrel and was suffocated. The farmer had a large barrel buried half-way in the ground, which he used as a receptacle for slops. The unfortunate child was found in the cask head downwards.

The Allegany Republican County Central Committee, with Capt. Wm. E. Griffith, chairman, after an exciting contest between L. T. DeWitt, of Frostburg district, No. 12, and J. Wm. Shuck, of Cumberland district, No. 14 Saturday afternoon nominated the latter for Sheriff on the 24th ballot. The nominee is an employe of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

An old inhabitant says that Kent Island is gradually dimishing in size, and thinks it will before many centuries be swallowed up by the Chesapeake. He thinks the island is sinking, basing his opinion on the fact that in many places the roots of the elder trees are uncovered, the soil having sunken fully a foot and a half below the trunks. As at this rate it will be about three hundred years before the island disappears, the present inhabitants need not be alarmed.

Some commotion has been created in Hagerstown on the publication of the fact that Mr. Jack Stanhope, of that city, but at present engaged in business in Baltimore, was married at Penmar in August last, to Miss Clara Hamilton, second daughter of Gov. Hamilton. Mr. Stanhope, who is only about twenty years of age, procured the license in Westminster and secured the services of Rev. Dr. Murray, of the M. P. church of that place, who performed the ceremony. Miss Hamilton is about seventeen and is at present attending school somewhere in the North.

A most singular accident, which had a fatal termination, happened to one of Frostburg's oldest and most respected German citizens Tuesday afternoon of last week. It seems that Mr. Frederick Lutz stepped into his son-in-law's butcher shop for a basket, and while there a discussion arose about the quality of some ham that was being sliced. Mr. Lutz put a small piece in his mouth, which accidentally lodged in his windpipe, choking him to death before medical assistance could arrive. The deceased was about 72 years of age and left a widow and seven children, five of whom are grown.

A Great Premium List.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY EXPRESS, Estabsished in 1835, is not only one of the *Oldest* and *Cheapest* but *Best* of the New York Weekly Family Newspapers. It is now making a great and successful effort to reach a large and more general circulation than any Weekly Newspaper in the United States, and to this end is offered an attractive list of substantial and valuable premiums to single and club subscribers. The long established reputation and responsibility of the Publishers who not only publish the Weekly Express, but the New York Daily Evening Express is a sufficient guarantee of the character of the premiums offered and the good faith that will govern their distribution. Besides the many other attractions of The Weekly Expresss it publishes regularly, by authority, the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sermons of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D. The subscription price, One Dollar, a year, place it within the reach of all. The office of the *New York Weekly Express* is 23 Park Row, New York,

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

IT IS the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due in the year 1879.

No. 99 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector of taxes for the 1st Collection District, in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in Garrett county, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due by the said Daniel Chisholm, for the year 1879, and reported by the said Browning, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
1014 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, Insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4t d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOOK OUT!

FOR THE

"GRAND OPENING"

—OF—

FALL & WINTER GOODS

AT THE

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"NEW YORK BRANCH."

The Matchless Specialties!

The Inimitable Bargains!

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—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

to be found in the Market.

Ladies' Gents' Misses' Boys and Infants' Underwear, Ladies' and Misses'

CLOAKS AND DOLMANS

of the very Latest Styles, both Fine and Cheap, at NEAR ONE-HALF AT WHAT THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE. A full and Complete line of Domestic Dry Goods, bought directly at Headquarters, and not encumbered by Jobbers' profits; Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Trimmed Hats, Laces, Ties, Scarfs, Embroideries, Ladies' Hoops, &c., &c.

In Most Complete Variety.

All bought and collected by shrewd and careful buyers, backed by Nerve Judgment and Big Experience, and will be sold strictly on the

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All we ask is a careful and just examination of our goods and prices, and when you do THAT you BUY, if you consult your interests.

Principal Houses Broadway, N. Y., and Piedmont, W. Va.

DAILY & CO.,

Where the "Red Flag Floateth."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank E. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the lands of Mary Vanskickle, for taxes due in the years 1878 and 1879.

No. 96 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that Jasper Guard, Collector, of taxes for the 3d Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week, for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Mary Vanskickle, for taxes due by the said Vanskickle, for the years 1878 and 1879, and reported by the said Guard, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 3d day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
1014 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Nannie Burton, for taxes due in the year 1881.

No. 98 Trials to September Term, 1881, for the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector, of taxes for the 1st collection district in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Nannie Burton, for taxes due by the said Nannie Burton for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning, as said collector of taxes to this court, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
1014 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up Spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER.
1085 Examiners.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilhourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hall's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
1086 GEO. L. HOSLEY.
Examiner.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MD.,

Has just received a large and well selected stock of

CLOTHING,

consisting of men's, boy's and youths' suits and overcoats; also a large stock of boots and shoes, which he will sell at rock bottom prices. He keeps every thing usually found in a first class country store. 9 10 4.

INVENTORS

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Brer Rabbit as a Lover.

Uncle Remus declared that Brother Rabbit could perform upon the quills, an accomplishment to which none of the other animals could lay claim. There was a time, too, the old man pointedly suggested, when the romantic rascal used his musical abilities to win the smiles of a nice young lady of quality—no less a personage, indeed, than King Deer's daughter. As a matter of course, the little boy was anxious to hear the particulars, and Uncle Remus was in nowise loath to give them.

"W'en you come ter fix me about do year en de day or de mont'," said the old man, cunningly, arranging a defense against criticism, "den I'm done, kaze de almanick w'at dey got in dem times won't pass muster deze days, but, let 'lone dat, I spec dey ain't had none vit; eu if day is dey ain't noue bin handed 'roun' ter Remus.

"Well, den, some time 'long in dar, old Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit got ter flyin' 'roun' King Deer's daughter. Dey tell me she 'uz a monst'us likely gal, en I 'spect may be she wuz; leas'ways, Brer Fox, he hanker after 'er en likewise Brer Rabbit, he hanker after 'er. Old King Deer look like he sorter lean todes Brer Fox, kase it seem like, ter a settle man like him, dat Brer Fox kin stir 'roun' en keep de pot a-b'ilin', mo' speshually bein's he de bigges'. Hit go in dis away twel hardly a day pass dat one er de yuther er dem crecturs don't go sparkin' 'roun' King Deer daughter, en it got so attor w'ile dat all day long Brer Rabbit or Brer Fox keep de front gate a-skreakin' en King Deer daughter ain't ska'cely had time fer ter eat a meal vittels in no peace er min'.

"In dem days," pursued Uncle Remus, in a tone of unmistakable historical fervor, "w'en a creeter go a-courtin' dey wa'n't none er dish yer bokay doin's mix' up 'longer der co'tship, en dey ain't cut up no capers like folks does now. Stidder scollopin' roun' en hewin' and serapin', dey des go right straight atter de gal. Ole Brer Rabbit, now, he mouter bad some bubby-blossoms wrop up in his hankcher, but mostly him and Brer Fox 'ud des drap in on King Deer's daughter en 'gin ter cas' sheep-eyes at 'er time dey sot down and cross der legs.

"Dey went 'long dis away," continued Uncle Remus, "twel it 'gun ter look sorter skittishwid Brer Rabbit, kaze ole King Deer done good ez say, sezee, dat he gwinter take Brer Fox inter de fambly. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did, dat dis ain't gwineter to do, en he study en study how he gwineter cut Brer Fox out.

"Las', one day, w'iles he gwine thoo King Deer pastur' lot, he up wid a rock en kilt two King Deer's goats. W'en he git ter de house, he ax King Deer's daughter war' bouts her pa, en she up'n say she go call 'im, eu w'en Brer Rabbit see 'im, he ax w'en de weddin' take place, en King Deer ax w'ich weddin', en Brer Rabbit say de weddin' 'twix' Breer Fox and King Deer daughter. Wid dat, ole King Deer ax Brer Rabbit w'at make he go on so, en Bre Rabbit he up up'n' 'spon' dat he see Brer Fox makin' monst'us free wid de fambly, gwine 'roun' chunkin' the chickens eu killin uv de goats.

"Ole King Deer strike his walkin' cane down 'pon de flo', en 'low dat he don't put no 'pennunce in no such tale like dat, en den Brer Rabbit tell 'im dat ef he'll des take a walk down in de pastur' lot he kin see de kynrkiss er der goats. Ole King Deer he put out, en bimeby he come back, en he 'low gwinter settle matters wid Brer Fox ef it take him a mont'.

"Brer Rabbit say he a good frien' ter Brer Fox en he ain't got no room ter talk 'bout 'im, but yit w'en he sees 'im stroyin' King Deer goats and chunkin' at his chickens, en rattlin' on de palin's fer to make de dog bark, ho bleedz ter come lay the case 'fo' de fambly.

"'En mo'n dat, says ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I'm de man w'at can make Brer Fox come en stan' right at de front gate en tell you dat he kill dem goats; en ef you des wait twel ter-night, I won't ax you ter take my wud,' sezee.

"King Deer say ef Brer Rabbit man 'nuff ter do dat, den he kin get de gal en thanky, too. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit jump up en crack his heels tergedder, eu put out fer to find Brer Fox. He ain't git fur 'fo' he see Brer Fox coming down de road all primp up. Brer Rabbit sing out, he did:

"'Brer Foxy, whar you gwine?'

"En Brer Fox he holler back:

"'Go 'way, Rab; don't bodder wid me. I'm gwine fer to see my gal.'

"Brer Rabbit, he laugh 'way down in his stomach, but he didn't let on, en atter some mo' chat, he up'n say dat ole King Deer done tell 'm 'bout how Brer Fox gwineter marry his daughter, en den he tell Brer Fox dat he dun promise King Deer dat dey'd drap 'roun' ter night an gin 'm some music.

"'En I up'u tole 'im,' eez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de music w'at we can't make ain't wuth makin'—me wid my quills, en you wid yo' tr'angle. De nex' motion we makes,' sezee, 'we'll hatter go off some'r's on practice up on de song we'll sing, en I got one yer dat'll tickle um dat bad,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'twel I lay dey'll fetch out a hunk er dat big chicken-pie w'at I see um puttin' in de pot now,' sezee.

"In a 'casion like dis, Brer Fox say he de ve'y man w'at Brer Rabbit huntin' en he 'low dat he des 'bout put off payin' his call ter King Deer house en go with Brer Rabbit fer ter practice on dat song.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he git his quills en Brer Box he gits his tr'angle, en dey went down on de spring branch en dar dey sing en play twel dey git it all by heart. Ole Brer Rabbit he make up de song his own self en he fix it so dat he sing de call, like de enptain er de co'n-pile, on ole Brer Fox he hatter sing de answer."

At this point Uncle Remus paused to indulge in one of his suggestive chuckles and then proceeded:

"Don't talk 'bout no songs ter me. Gentermens! dat 'uz a funny song fum de wud go. Bimeby, w'en dey practice long time, dey gits up en goes 'roun' in de neighborhoods er King Deer house, en w'en night come dey tuck der stan' at de front gate, en atter all got still Brer Rabbit, he gum de wink en dey broke loose wid der music. Dey played a chune er two on de quills en tr'angle, en den dey got ter de song. Ole Brer Rabbit he got de call, eu he open up like dis:

"'Some folks pile up mo'n dey kin tote,
En dat w'at de marter with King Deer goat.'

en den Brer Fox, he make answer:

"'Dat's so, dat's so, en I'm glad dat it's so!'

Den de quills en de tr'angle, dey come in, en den Brer Rabbit pursue on wid de call!

"'Some kill sheep en some kill shote,
But Brer Fox kill King Deer goat.'

en den Brer Fox, he jine in wid de answer:

"'I did, I did, en I'm glad dat I did!'"

En des 'bont dat time King Deer, he wnlk outer de gate eu hit Brer Fox a clip wid his walkin'-cane, en he foller it up wid 'n'er'n dat make Brer Fox fa'rly squall, en you des better b'lieve he made trucks 'way from dar, en de gal she come out en dey ax Brer Rabbit in."

"Did Brother Rabbit marry King Deer's daughter, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Now, den, lloney, youer crowdin' me," responded the old man. "Dey ax 'im in, en dey gum 'im a great big hunk er chicken-pie, but I won't make sho' dat be tuck'n marry de gal. De p'int with me is de way Brer Rabbit run Brer Fox off fum dar."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

A Big Lead of Wood.

I have been told that a story has appeared lately in some of the newspapers about a load of wood long ago in Connecticut, said to be the largest on record, and to have been gotten up by one of that McClellan family, which in later days held the great punctatorship. The wish has been expressed that I should recall the great load at Templetou, which outdid Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. Welliugton was the old Templeton minister from early in the eighteen hundreds, and Colonel Leonard Stone was one of his parishioners. It was the custom to supplemeut the minister's moderate salary with presents from the products of the farms, and especially witb wood. Now, Colonel Leonard, one day in January, 1822, was drawing to the parsonage some of his nice hard wood. It was a good ox load; two cords or so. As he was going across the common with it, his brother, Colonel Ephraim, caught sight of him from the store, and was surprised at such a great load.

"Hello!" said he, "why don't you take your minister a load of wood while you're about it?"

"Now, look here," says Colonel Leonard, "I've been sawing out lumber down't the mill and there's nny quantity of slabs. I'll give the minister as big a load as you can take."

Col. Ephriam wns a man for fun. He instigated the townspeople to take hold with him and accept his brother's challenge. First, they made the sled. Long trees were cut for the runners. These were made thirty odd feet long, and set eight feet apart. The body of the sled projected two feet over the runner on each side. Thus the sled would hold twelvo regular cords at one layer. There were two tongues, one in front of each runner. On the appointed day, the men and the oxen from all over town came to the meeting place. The sled was taken to the saw-mill aud backed up against the great pile. On went the slabs with a will. Col. Leonard Stone stood by, laughing, cheering, urging them along. When they got on as much as they thought would do, they hitched up the team. One hundred and sixty oxeu, four abreast, fouud it easy enough to pull. They had to go through Baldwinville, because there was not room at the Otter River bridge for the sled to turn in. When they had got upon the level ground above Baldwinville, they stopped and unhitched. Then with their every day sleds they went back to the mill to bring more slabs and pilo them onto the big load. This they kept up until there were no more slabs. Forty cords lay piled on that sled. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

The next day came the rest of the journey "up in town." The school children were let out to see the great sight go by. One of them, to whose house it was going, says it looked as big as a house. It lay loaded for quite a while out by tho parsonage; and people came from near and from fnr to see. It kept Mr. Wellington iu slabs for years to come. When the great sled was taken to pieces some of the timbers were used in building Mr. Winch's barn, and may be seen there in the frame-work to this day. The Rev. Dr. Wellington was one of my grandfathers, and Col. Leonard Stone was the other. All this did not come so, however, for a generation after the great load of wood.—*Charles W. Stone, in Boston Advertiser.*

Chinamen's Wives.

A Chinaman, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation, says *The North China Herald*, sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong. A reporter has ono of these epistles, hut it is practically impossible to translate it into English. The following, however, is a condensed translations: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under twenty years of ago, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eye-lashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must bo like unto the scents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ka-Li-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the ever-flewing Yang-tse-Kiang." Tho price of a Chinese woman, delivered in Sydney, is £38, but two Chinese women only cost £52; therefore, the heathen Chinese import tho women in couples. The importer never sees his women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best-looking one. The otber is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and, after they have inspected her, she is submitted to what may be called public auction. The writer happened to be present at one of these sales. A young girl, aged about 19, was offered, and after some spirited bidding she was purchased by a wealthy Chinese store-keeper, whose place of business is in one of the leading towns of New Sonth Wales, for £120. Tho melancholy aspect of the Celestial girl as she went away in company with the man who purchased her was deplorable to the last degree.

Electrical Curiosities at the Paris Exhibition.

Ever since M. Grnmme introdueed bis beautiful machine for generating the electric current, his principle has been adopted in a host of other inventions. Shortly afterward a new value of the machine was found. I well remember, in 1875, returning from a prolonged absence from England, I had occasion to write to the late Professor Clerk Maxwell, and incidentally asked him what was the greatest discovery of late years. He replied that, in his opinion, the greatest discovery was "that a Gramme machine could he reversed"—i. e., that when a current was passed through the machine it might be used to drive machinery. The belief of the Professor was shared by many others, and hundreds of people have been since then engaged iu applying this new means of transmitting power to divers purposes. The Electrical Exhibition contains a large number of these, many of which can even now be seen in action, but a complete notion of these applications cannot be gained until the steam-engines, the source of nearly all the electricity to be used in the exhibition, are in a more advanced state. I will, however attempt very shortly to give some idea of the most interesting examples in this department.

A great deal of popular curiosity will, doubtless, be excited by two thoroughly French toys on a large scale, both made by M. Trouve. The first is the electrical boat, which is a full-sized boat for three people, having attached to the near end of the rudder a screw driven by a small electro-motor. The screw passes through a void space in the rudder. The motor is fed by three large bichromate cells. The mode of attachment of the screw causes it to assist the rudder in turning the boat, so that M. Trouve has been easily able to float round the artificial pond which surrounds the light-house in the center of the building, and to pass under the picturesque arches by which it is spanued at the rate of about a mile an hour.

The other is the electrically propelled balloon of M. Tissandier. It is an elongated balloon, three metres long and one and a third in diameter. It is filled with hydrogen, and has a screw at the rear, driven by an electro-motor, designed by M. Trouve. It can also carry a couple of the secondary cells of M. Plante. A wire is suspended across the building from one gallery to the other, and the balloon rises above this wire and travels aloug it when the current passes. A lin placed in front prevents it from swaying. But the motion is very slow, and at present the machine is little more than an electrical toy.

Still more interest will, however, be excited by the tramway car driven by electricity, the invention of Messrs. Siemens. In this tram car, which runs from a wooden station on the Place de la Concorde into the exhibition, the current is generated by a powerful dynamo machine within the building. It is then carried by wire mounted on strong posts, from which it is tapped by carriers on the car, whence it descends to beneath the centre of the car. Here tbe current, passing through a dynamo machine, sets it in rotation, and by a chain connection this machine is geared to the axles of the wheels. The velocity of rotation is reduced to one-third by tbis gearing. The chain connections are all on one side in the case of both axles. There is also an arrangement supplied for taking the current directly from the rails, but it must be very rarely that such a means could be utilized on an ordinary tramway, and at present it is discarded. The appearance of the car is very handsome, and shows few external signs of the power which may be generated within it. Such a car might be fitted with the secondary batteries of M. Faure, which might be placed under the seats. The car would be then self contained, and there would be no necessity for having either the aerial wire or the conduction through tbe rails. Such a self-contained car was actually constructed and tried in Paris some months ago, but serious difficulties were then encountered, which, however, I have reason to believe will soon be overcome, and then we shall have an opportunity of seeing a car running on a tramway and carrying its own electrical store of onergy.

In the electric brake of M. Achard, applied to railway carriages, there are upon the axle of each pair of wheels two rings of iron, about eight inches in diameter and two inches wide. Besides this there is a second and independent axle with two rings, one foot in diameter, facing the rings on the wheel axle. These rings, however, are the two extremities of a powerful electro-magnet, which can bo excited by a coil of wire, the ends of which can be connected with the current generated in the locomotive by means of two pairs of strong copper strings. So long as there is no current passing the independent axle maintains a fixed position, and the brake is kept away from the wheels by strong spiral springs. So soon, however, as the current is allowed to pass the rings at the two ends of the independent axle are converted into magnetic poles, which attract the revolving rings on the axle of the wheel, from which they are separated by only one-eighth of an inch. The so-called residual force of the rings produce a rotary force on the poles of the electro-magnet. The independent axis revolves and winds up a chain which is connected by levers with the brake, so that in a short time a powerful force is applied. A simple form of vnriable resistance is supplied in the locomotive, so that the engine-driver has merely to turn a wheel more or less to increase or diminish the power of the brake.

A most interesting application of electricity to motive power is seen in the plowing-machines of the late M. Menier, exhibited by M. Felix, which do the work of about eighteen horses. In these are employed a pair of the large form of Gramme machines, which were first made for them, hut which have since become the usual form for Gramme motors. The ring armature has four poles, opposite which are the poles of the fixed magnets, each fed by two arms, giving somewhat the appearance of a square with all four sides prolonged each way, and inclosing a circle. All the eight arms are connected by an octagonal framework of a very solid form, forming part of tbe field magnets. This is undoubtedly the most compact form of Gramme machine which has been made. This machine is at one end of the electrical locomotive; nt the other end is the gear for directing the motion of the whole engine forward or backward in the field to be plowed, or for stopping it and putting in action the machinery for winding up the large coil of wire rope, which coil is in the middle of the engine. Tbe wheels are, of course, wide, like those of a traction engine, so as to be able to pass over plowed land. One of these engines being stationed at each end of the field, with a triple-shnred reversible plow between them, the electric contact is made, the Gramme machine turns round and winds up the wire, and so draws the plow-share nlong. When the plow has reached the end of a furrow the engines advance a step by gearing the Gramme machines to the proper wheels, tho plow is tilted so as to bring three other shares into action, and the engine at the other end of tho field pulls it in the reverse way.—*Cor. London don Times.*

He Wanted a Notice.

"Are you the editor?" said a man, who wore a conciliatory smile and a dyed beard, as he took a seat in our office.

We acknowledged that at present we served aud instructed the public in that capacity, and to prove our assertion, wo showed him the blisters made on our hands by our exertion in operating the Archimedian lever that moves the world.

"Well I want you to surprise mo with a flattering personal notice in your paper. I'm going to run for constable in the Eight Ward and, I want something neat in the way of a send-off."

"Our columns are always open to advance the best interests of the public, but we shall expect you to first surprise us with a pecuniary compensation, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith."

"I'll pay. A man can't expect to he surprised without paying for it in advance. What have you got?"

"We can accommodate you with almost any kind of personal notice from a cheap electro-plated biography to an eighteen carat obituary, and at a scale of prices varying according to the strain on our columns and veracity. In molding public opinion we defy competition. Now, how would you like this? It is a neat little pre-Raphaelite gem and will cost you only $1.50:

"'Our enterprising townsman, Colonel B——, than whom there is no more popular and genial gentleman in the length and breadth of our great Empire State, has consented nt the earnest solicitation of many *friends*, to sacrifice his very profitable business for the public good, and has authorized us to announce him as a candidate for the honorable office of Constable of this precinct."

"If that is not strong enough here is a Michael Angelo, full-length, in which your good qualities of head and heart will be touchingly alluded to, and you will be commended for your generous impulses—only $2.50 each insertion. Then we have a brilliant thing, after Mozart, which is really intended for Gubernatorial candidates—speaks of your simplicity of character, jean clothes and pay-as-you-go-proclivities—but it can easily be modified to suit a prospective Constable. It will cost you $3.00. There are several others from $2.00 to $10.00 each. For referring to you as au 'old landmark,' one dollar extra is charged."

"I reckon you can saw me off three dollars' worth, but you must throw in something about my brilliant war record."

"We always do that."

"And just wind up by surprising Captain Bill Smike. He is running against me. I wouldn't say anything he might take offense at. Only say he is not fit for the office, because he has a breath like a buzzard and the record of a convict. You might add that *my* brother hasn't got a wife that has fits. That will hit him where he is sore, for his brother's wife is subject to fits. I don't care to lug any personalities into this campaign, unless I am obliged to."

"We can't do it, Colonel. Your rival is our personal friend. He is a subscriber."

"Pshaw! I thought you were running an independent paper in the interest of the people, but, I see you are the subsidized organ of a political clique," and off he went to see the editor of the other paper.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Prisoner's Mathematical Faculty.

While at the penitentiary recently, the attention of a *Herald* reporter was called to a tall boy who was in the prison yard engaged in putting potatoes into the bins. "There is a boy," said Superintendent Spaulding, "who can add up a column of figures quicker than you can." The reporter was not inclined to deny the statement, but, after a little talk in relation to the boy, he was brought in and a long column of figures placed before him, when he sat down the answer with a rapidity which would have done credit to Barnum's lightning calculator. He was tried on several examples of this kind, with like success. If he stands before a blackboard and another person puts down a column of figures he is ready with the answer when the last figure is placed in its position. This boy is fearfully cross-eyed, and, when he is bending over the paper working out a problem he presents a comical appearance. The boy appears to be about seventeen years of age. He says that he has no "system" for his work, but that it is a "gift." He was sent up from Manlius as a tramp, and says his true name is James Nolan, better known as "Jimmy the Boot-black," as that was his profession which he followed before being sent to the penitentiary. He is subject to fits, and has had several attacks since he was sent up. He has a peculiar, drawling, monotonous voice, and is far from being level headed, and when not feeling well sometimes makes mistakes, although very rarely.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

—When a man told his wife that he had just traded for a new spring wagon, she replied, "You dunce, you! why did you get a spring wagon in the fall of the year?"

Trimmed Bonnets for Autumn.

The pokes, small bonnets and large round hats, of which importations of French millinery consist, have distinctive trimmings that depend entirely upon the size and shape of the bonnets. Feathers are used upon them all, and this is the only feature they have in common. For pokes the object is to display the outlines of the bonnet, hence the ribbons are placed very flatly and the feathers curl away from the side instead of being clustered against it and concealing it. Plush and velvet are the materials most used for pokes, and these are smooth on the frnme, the shirred interiors being less used than formerly. Contrasting colors are chosen for lining brims, and this is of shaded plush, or else of very long pile plush of a becoming shade, as crevette or shrimp pink plush is inside of a bronze plush poke, orange plush lines a mordore, or golden brown, bonnet, and ombre red plush makes a stylish facing for myrtle green or black pokes. To complete such a bonnet it is enough to use watered or satin ribbon three or four inches wide, double it across the back of the crown, fasten it with a flat headed gilt pin on each side, and let it fall thence in strings. Then on the left side is a very large pompon of ostrich feathers of the color of the plush, above which are two short ostrich tips that curl outward from the bonnet. This is very elegant when made of myrtle green plush, ribbon of the same color, watered on one side and satin on the other, a myrtle pompon and two tips that are shaded green and gold. The pins of gilt have star-shaped heads, and three similar pins are thrust bias just below the crown on tbe curtain band. Other pokes have the ribbon passed up from behind the crown, lapped on top and tied in a stiff, old-fashioued bow that lies on the right side, thence passing down as if to tie the sides close to the head, and theu forming strings. A long-looped bow with the loops drooping softly and short ends fastens the bonnet under the chin. Sometimes the ribbon bow is tied at the top of tbe crown on the left side and its two loops are sewed flatly on the back of the crown; this bow seems to hold the panache of feather tips, which curl outward and forward on the left side, and may consist of any number from two to six, or even eight. For young faces nothing can be prettier than the pokes of moss green plush with rose pink lining next the face, and both colors repeated in the feathers, while for the more elderly the orange and dark ruby facings will be used with old silver colors outside, or brown, scabieuse, or myrtle green. A ruche of ostrich feathers on the edge of a poke is also becoming, warm-looking, and tones the complexion. The beaver and felt pokes sold in the shops are trimmed in the simple styles just described, and now that ribbon is used a great many ladies will be successful with their own millinery.

For small bonnets the foundations are larger than those worn last year, and the trimmings are much fuller than any seen on pokes. The brims are slightly raised above the front hair, and may be lined with shirred velvet or with striped or "ploughed" plush, and the edge of the brim is finished with rows of long large faceted beads either of jet or of the colors used in the bonnet, and these beads are tied together with gilt cord by the milliner as she sews them on. There are also large balls of tinsel, graduated smaller toward the sides, to be used for the same purpose. Bias plush, lain in corrugated folds, is outside the brim of small bonnets, while the crown is flat. Plumes nodding out from the crown on the left or a very large aigrette or pompon, and some fanciful ornaments of old silver, or polished brass, or metal in the shape of insects or long pins, complete the trimming. The strings are invariably of ribbon—plush, satin, moire or changeable satin Surah. If ribbon is used for trimming, it has the effect of Alsacian bows, though merely placed in two rows, broadened at the ends instead of being looped. Laces also have the same Alsacian effect given by plaiting in clusters on each side of the front. Plaited brims are seen on many velvet bonnets, and there are some cap crowns, though smooth crowns, beaded crowns and feather crowns, especially those of the golden pheasant, are preferred. The new chenille and guipure lace is also prettily massed on the crown, or else allowed to fall over the edge of the brim in a becoming way. Chenille and plush flowers of large size, roses, dahlias, nasturtiums, asters and lilies are clustered on the left side of the bonnet quite high up, instead of drooping as they formerly did. Birds are also much used on small bonnets. They are generally cut in half from beak to tail, and sometimes only the head and breast are used, but more often the whole length of the bird is given. It is placed with the head upward on the top of the brim, and a bit of French sentiment shows turtle doves, or the pure white dove, with a ribbon about the neck that seems to tie it to the bonnet.

The Longchamps, Bolero and Gainsborough round hats are of velvet, plush, beaver or felt, and are trimmed with feathers, birds and bias scarfs of plush or velvet, with some guipure and chenille lace. The necordeon crown is the novelty for such hats. This is a four-cornered piece, stiffy lined, and resting upon folds like those of an accordeon. The effect is very pretty in black velvet, with the brim lined with solid jet galloon, edged with large faceted jet beads, and many nodding ostrich tips outside.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"I don't 'spose you'll believe it, but it's a fact that when I was down ter Norfolk in '63 a shell hurst right in front of me and the contents lodged right plum in my stomach; 'n I'm 'livo now." "Same thing happened to me down on the wharf day before yesterday." The two friends gazed at each other, as if trying to see which was the biggest liar. They were both telling the truth for this once. They had indulged in Virginia oysters "on the half."

—The once celebrated Giulia Barucel used to say: "It is more shameful and more disgraceful for a pretty woman to have a corn or bunion on her foot than to deceive her dearest friend without cause."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A water-snake recently killed in Allowaystown, N. J., was found to contain sixty-five young snakes averaging ten inches in length.

—A mother sparrow tumbled a little one out of its nest in a tree in Hartford and n cat started for it. Two birds attacked the cat with so much viger that she was compelled to retreat.

—Electrical lighting and heating are naturally in great demand in England, where it is estimated that bituminous smoke increases the laundry bills annually about $250,000.

—The owner was asleep under a seat of the wagon which, with the horses attached, was stolen near Columbus, O. He remained quiet until the thieves drove into a village, when he made an ontery, and they were arrested.

—Helen F. Argus, eight years of age, attempted to rescue a younger child from the wheels of an ice-cart at Providence, R. I. She succeeded in doing so, but lost her own life, falling under the wheels, which crushed her head.

—An Englishman arrived at n Swiss inn and ordered nn old bottle of wine of a better quality than the wine of the country. The landlord produced a bottle whose label certified to fourteen years. When the bottle was uncorked the first thing to appear was a live fly.

—Ex-Senator Dorsey is mentioned by the New Orleans *Times* as the owner of the best-appointed cattle-ranch on the continent. It occupies half a million acres of well-watered grazing-ground in New Mexico. A railroad station near the ranch is named Dorsey.

—Peter Bogart and wife, of Downsville, Pa., have just celebrated their diamond wedding, or seventy-fifth anniversary of marriage. Mr. Bogart was born May 14, 1786, and his wife is only three months his junior. They were married on September 13, 1806, and both are in excellent health, bidding fair to celebrate their one hundredth birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Bogart are probably the oldest married couple in Pennsylvania, and have a large family living.

—The two-years-old child of S. J. Drinkwater, of White Plains, N. Y., while playing in the streets was supposed by his dog to be in danger of being run over. He jumped into the street and threw his front legs about the child and endeavored to pull it to the sidewalk. Finding that he was unable to accomplish this, he pushed the child down and spread himself over it, with his forelegs outside, in which position he remained until the horse and carriage passed.

—John Bunt and Annie Peters were to have been married in Pulaski County, Ky., recently, near the Lincoln line. The preacher and invited guests had arrived. There was a storm coming. During a pause in the wind the expectant bride went to the door to welcome the groom. She gave a joyous laugh of recognition and ran to meet him at the gate; but at that moment a bolt of thunder shook the hills, and Annie Peters fell dead from a stroke of lightning.

—Mr. Rossom, following up the work of Layard and Smith at Babylon, has found an entire history of that empire from the seventh year of Nabonitius to the capture of the city by Cyrus; also fragments of inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar and a proclamation by Alexander the Great. Parts of the hanging gardens have been unearthed at the Babel Mound. Various extremely ancient cities around Babylon have also been unearthed and traces of races and nations that reach back nearly to Noah.

—A Chinese witness in a Philadelphia court, after taking an oath with a particularly loud kiss of the Bible, was asked if he considered himself bound thereby to tell the truth. He complacently answered that the Bible was no more to him than the lawyer's old white hat. The only form of oath that he would respect, he said, was to cut off a chicken's head while repeating certain words in Chinese. A chicken and knife were provided by the opposing counsel, but the Judge said that, though inclined to permit the ceremony, he would adjourn the trial for a week to consider the question.

—Here is about the most strictly local work of a whirlwind on record. A ship with $300,000 of British goods is passing Rio Janeiro on her way to China. She is sailing nine knots, with no clouds in sight. The Captain in his cabin hears a crash. Goes up to find the mainmast lying over the starboard side with mizzentopmast, foretopsail yards and foretopgallantmast—the mainmast—twisted off near the deck. The mate said he had heard a rushing sound; the whirlwind struck the sails on the mainmast with a thud—those on other masts being untouched—and away went the masts and spars mentioned. The ship was otherwise all right, the wreck was cut away and she sailed safely into Rio.

—Cummings engaged himself to marry a Pennsylvania widow, Mrs. Kennedy, but he was disturbed by the fact that her first husband had been dead only a year, and on the day set for the wedding sent her a note saying that he would go into the solitude of the woods to pray for Divine guidance. The enraged widow read the message to the guests when they assembled, and declared that she would not become Cummings' wife, no matter what light he might obtain from above. Williams, an old and previously discarded suitor, saw his opportunity and offered to act as bridegroom. He was accepted, and when Cummings arrived, with his conscience quieted, there was no widow.

—The most recent reported victim of the dime novel is Charlie Elwell, a Boston lad. He became such an ardent admirer of William the Kid, and gentlemen of his stamp, that he longed for a life of freedom on the rolling prairies. To such an extent did he thus long that he forged a check for $250. With the money thus secured he laid in a stock of suitable weapons, and then, heavily armed, went to the depot. Fortunately for the poor Indian, the lad was arrested. Charlie will now have leisure to reflect that the life of even a Boston clerk, uneventful as it may be, is preferable to that of an inmate of a reformatory or State prison. If the boys would drop these crazy dime novels, fewer of them would be caught in such silly scrapes.

THE DAIRY.

—The observations of Dumas, Payen and Boussingault, says the *Cultivator*, have shown the fact that a cow gives healthy milk in exact proportion to the surplus of food beyond what is necessary for her own maintenance. If the animal is kept on food barely sufficient for proper nourishment, the milk produced must be at a loss of animal tissue, with general deterioration of the milk and also of the cow.

—Speaking of skim cheese, a current story tells of a buyer who was indignantly repulsed upon insinuating that certain cheeses examined were innocent of anything beyond the faintest suspicion of cream. Profiting by the lesson, he adroitly avoided a direct attack in his next movement on the factories, and adopted a clever ruse. Rushing in with face aglow and stronming with perspiration, he asked for a drink of fresh buttermilk—and got it in all the factories in which he successfully concealed his mission as a buyer. There is no moral objection to skim cheese, if sold as such, and not manipulated and doctored to appear better than it is to deceive dealers and perhaps ignorant consumers, and swindle one or both. All should frown upon the dishonest effort to get something for nothing by false pretenses and counterfeit of excellence and high quality.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—D. G. Roberts, one of the very successful dairymen of the country, says: During the past twenty years I have made many experiments in feeding for milk and butter, and had become convinced that the very best grain for butter is what is known in New England as cob meal, which is corn and cobs ground together. The next best food for butter is clear corn meal. But this subject came up in one of our agricultural meetings last winter, and several dairymen advised to feed only one-fourth corn meal, with linseed meal, middlings and bran, to get best results in butter yield, and as I was in good shape for experimenting I went at it again. These experiments commenced December 1, 1880, and continued up to April 1, 1881. After these long series of experiments I am more than satisfied that the dairy is a machine to work raw material into milk and butter; that all cows are not dairy cows; and that some cows are good machines for that purpose, being so formed and constituted that whatever goes in at the mouth will give good results at the pail. But other cows are not good machines for the purpose. I have learned that with the right kind of a machine, if we want to make milk, we must furnish a milk-making machine; that if we want to make butter we must feed a butter food; that the corn fodder is a good milk food, but not a butter food, and that cottonseed meal makes white butter and causes milk to churn when sent to market. It is a very risky food for milch cows; liable to cause heat, fever in the bag and garget. Linseed meal is a very wholesome food, but not a first-class butter food, and Eastern grown cob meal and Western corn meal are the best of all grains for making butter.—*Exchange.*

Milking Machines.

In answer to an inquiry, the *American Cultivator* replies that many attempts have been made to construct machines by which the milk could be drawn from the cow's bag with the same facility and completeness as it could be drawn by hand, but so far as our knowledge and observation extend, without any practical success. It is supposed by many that the milk is retained in the cow's bag through atmospheric pressure alone; which, however, is not true, since the cow is able to control this flow to a great extent. It the cow dislikes the person employed in milking, or his manner of drawing the milk, she will not only refuse to let down the fluid but, by persisting in the effort will soon dry up the supply. The udder of the cow is composed not only of a bundle of milk veins but also of nerves. The aperture in the tent of the cow varies in size with each animal milked. In the case of some cows this aperture is large and the milk can be drawn away very rapidly, while in other cows the aperture is small and any attempt to draw the milk from this latter class of cows as rapidly as from the former, will be attended with much pain on the part of the abused animal, and a determination on her part to hold back the milk. This defect in the size of the aperture of the cow's teat is one which no machine can detect, but one which human hand readily observes. Immediately upon its discovery the humane milker relaxes his efforts in forcing away the milk. It is the smallness of this aperture which stamps the cow as a hard milker. The observant dairyman soon learns that when he draws too hard the milk passes back to the bag. In such a case his efforts must be so relaxed that the milk will come away easily though slowly. Again, when there is inflammation in the cows udder, the careful milker readily detects it, and quickly sets about with measures to reduce the inflammation and relieve the cow. By the use of no machine could such a difficulty be detected, and serious consequences might be the result of machine milking. A great many bags would be permanently ruined and many cows die of milk fever, which would be saved to the owner where milking by hand prevails. It is observed that men have not become better artisans since the introduction of machinery. Managers and overseers may now understand better the nature of the article manufactured, the raw material used and the nature of the machine employed than was the case formerly, but the rank and file—the class of men who today operate the machines, and who, before machines were invented, did the work by hand—these men understood the nature of the material upon which they worked better in former times than they do now. And so, in this connection, he who has to milk a cow, and do it well and properly, should know at least the character and construction of a cow's bag.

—To stop the flow of blood bind the cut with cobwebs and brown sugar, pressed on like lint; or, if you can not procure these, with fine dust of tea.

—Old boot-tops lined make excellent iron-holders.

The Making and Keeping of Cider.

To make good cider, good, sound well ripened, clean apples must be used, *and no others*. It is better to crush them than to grate them. Everything about the mill with which the apples, pomace or cider can come in contact must be clean—perfectly so. The apple juice, when expressed from the pomace, must be filtered so as to take out every particle of apple or other solid matter which may be floating in it. This may be done in any practicable way in which the filtering substance contains no foreign or deleterious matter. Cleanly washed sand is sometimes used, and animal charcoal; but probably a mass of perfectly clean cotton, or cotton cloth of many thicknesses, will be found to be as good as anything. The cider should be expressed from the pomace as quickly as possible after the apples are crushed, and the juice will be nearly as white as water if it is immediately filtered. If the pomace is allowed to stand some time after crushing the apples, before pressing, the cider will be colored and not as good.

When made as above, and filtered, the question is, how to keep and cure it fit for use. First, a clean cask. If it has been used for cider before, it must be wholly freed from the flavor of its previous contents. This may be done by burning out the inside, no other way is certain, though long soaking in water and washing may make a tolerably clean cask, but it is better to use a new cask, or one that has been used for spirits. Before filling the cask, adopt a faucet to it, so that the contents can be drawn off three or four inches above the bottom. Fill the cask perfectly full, and place it in a cool cellar, where it will not be moved or be in the least disturbed, and fit a bung with a small aperture, so that gas may escape while fermentation is going on. Before fermentation has ceased, bung up *perfectly tight* with a small faucet, or its equivalent through or near the bung, by which air may be admitted when necessary; but this must not be opened except when it is impossible to draw through the lower faucet without admitting air, and then admit as little as will answer. Cider fit for drinking cannot be made in warm weather, unless you have a much cooler place than farmers' cellars generally are, to store it in. A temperature below fifty degrees is indispensable. With such places for storage as farmers are likely to have cider should not be made until the latter part of November or the first part of December.

When made, filtered, and stored as before described, it should not be drawn from or in any way moved or meddled with until it is cured, which will not be until the May following, and it will be still better to let it stand longer before drawing from it.

You can draw from it some time before it will be necessary to admit air through the faucet on the top of the cask, as the gas generated will force the cider out; but when it ceases to do that, then a little air must be admitted from time to time through the upper faucet, which must be kept closed except when it is necessary to admit air to the cask. Cider made and kept and cured in this way will be more palatable and more wholesome than any wine, and is much safer to use in moderation than any lager-beer or ale.

It is much better kept in a mass in a cask than in bottles; but if for any reason it is desirable to put it into bottles, it should be drawn from the cask into them, one at a time, and tightly corked, in the latter part of April or any time after that. The corks must be tied in securely, and the bottles must be very strong or else they will burst. Champagne bottles are about the only ones safe to use. If the corks are not perfectly tight, the cider in the bottles will soon spoil.

Thus it will be seen that to have good cider, we must have the pure juice of good ripe apples, in a perfectly clean cask, placed in a position in a cool cellar where it will not be moved or jarred, and after the apple-juice has gone through about three-quarters of its period of fermentation, tightly closed and then left to cure until about May 1st. If the air faucet is carelessly left open, the cider is spoiled—reduced to the condition in which we generally find cider, unfit to drink.

If you want apple juice, or unecured cider for use during the winter, set apart a cask sufficient for the purpose, made and treated as above described; but it should be used with caution, as it is not very good for the stomach. Cider as generally made and used is wholly unfit for the stomach, unhealthful and dangerous to use, and very likely to create a morbid appetite for stimulants, while the exact contrary is true when it is properly made and kept. If cider is to be sold, it is best to sell as soon as made, before fermentation has taken place, and the purchaser should place it in a cool place, and treat as above directed. It may, however, be drawn off into a clean cask, in March or later, and transported; but it should be treated as before and allowed to stand a few weeks before use or bottling.

Most farmers can add to their receipts by using their sound apples which are too small or ill-shaped to be merchantable, in the way indicated, and promote temperance and good health.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—Citron Preserves.—Take out seeds, pare and cut up and put in water for one night; in the morning put in kettle and simmer, not boil, slowly; the slices should be thin; to one pound of citron one pound of white sugar, quarter of a pound of ginger root, six pounds of fruit; put the ginger, bruised, in a muslin bag, half a lemon to each pound; when the fruit is boiled tender pour off the water and add sugar, lemon slices and ginger; let it boil slowly till it comes to a jelly; then pour over citron, which should be transparent. The large green melon is better than small ones.

—Snow Pudding.—Pour over three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch (dissolved in cold water) one pint of boiling water, beat whites of three eggs and pour in earthen dish; steam ten minutes. Sauce: Beat the yelks of the eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk and butter size of a walnut; boil till thick. This is nicest to be eaten cold.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Axle-grease and lard, well mixed in equal proportions, and rubbed on young trees, will protect them from rabbits. Very little need be used, as only the scent is necessary.

—The well, with its broad arbor of cedar posts and poles, covered by twining vines of mingled use and beauty, would make less cool water seem refreshing, drank under such an awning. —*New England Farmer.*

—A good way to cook liver is to fry it in butter, with an onion cut in small pieces scattered over it. Cook slowly; when done, add a lump of butter and a little flour; stir well, and turn over the liver. Serve with Saratoga potatoes.

—Pickled Onions.—Select the small white onions, remove with a knife all the outer skin so that each onion will be perfectly white and clean. Make a strong brine (one that will float an egg), put the onions in and let remain three days. Take out and cover with hot spiced vinegar.

—Chicken Cholera.—Get a few cents worth of garden rue at your nearest druggist's and break up fine and mix with chopped vegetables, meat and cooked corn meal. Put a pinch of the rue leaves in the food every day until there are no further signs of the cholera. Every poultry keeper should have a bed of rue in his garden to use whenever it is needed. Five cents worth of rue seed will produce plants enough for a neighborhood, and they will grow almost anywhere.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A writer in the New York *Times* says that a year's experience with broad wagon-wheels is conclusive as to their value. A four-inch tire will carry two tons over soft ground with greater ease to the team than a two-and-a-half-inch tire will carry one ton. The wheels are not so much strained by stones and rough tracks on the road and the road is not cut up, but, on the contrary, is packed down and keeps smooth. The prevalent idea that the draught is increased by widening the tire is altogether baseless; on the contrary a wide tire reduces the draught. The extra cost of the tire is repaid many times over every year in the extra work that can be done by a team.

—Kentucky Corn Dodgers.—Place your griddle where it will heat, for this is much better than a bread pan, there being less danger of scorching at the bottom. Take an oven pint of sifted meal, a heaping tablespoon of lard, a pinch of salt and a scant half pint of cold water; mix well and let it stand while you grease your griddle and sprinkle some meal over it. Make the dough into rolls the size and shape of goose eggs, and drop them on the griddle, taking care to flatten as little as possible, for the less bottom crust the better. Place in the oven and bake until brown on the bottom. Then change to the grate, and brown on top, taking from twenty to thirty minutes for the whole process. Eaten while hot, with plenty of good butter, they are better than any other bread.

—In buying a horse, says *Turf, Field and Farm*, look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you cannot teach him to do anything well. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and to intensify them. A square muzzle with large nostrils evidences an ample breathing apparatus and great lung power. Next, see that he is well-cut under the jowl, with jaw bones broad and wide apart under the throttle. Breadth and fulness between the ears and eyes is always desirable. The eye should be full and hazel in color, ears small and thin and thrown well forward. The horse that turns his ears back until they almost meet at the point is not to be trusted. He is a biter or a kicker, and is sure to be vicious in other respects. A horse with a dashing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute being naturally vicious, can never be trained to anything well. A rounding nose, tapering forehead and a broad full face below the eyes is always mischievous and treacherous. Avoid a long-legged, stilty horse. Select one with a short, straight back and rump, withers high and sloping, well set back and broad, with good depth of chest, forelegs short, hind legs straight with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round mulish foot. By observing the above hints a horse may be selected that is graceful, good-natured, serviceable and a prize to the owner.

Secure Good Seeds.

So far as possible farmers should save their own seeds and not only avoid the expense of buying, but secure seed of good quality and true to name. The seed which ripens earliest should be secured, and vegetables and flowers when seeding should not be neglected and allowed to be blown about upon the ground and drenched and injured by rains. Such plants should be staked and carefully tied up. The earliest and best developed cucumbers, squashes, melons, etc., should be selected for their seeds, and these seeds are best preserved by remaining in the old cucumbers, etc., through the winter and kept in a dry place secure from rats and mice. The best place to preserve turnip, cabbage, and in fact all seeds, is in the mother shell. The farmer well knows that his unshelled corn, peas, beans, etc., always come up best. Cut the stalks when the seeds are sufficiently ripe and tie them in bunches, then put a paper around the tops, secured by a string, to catch any seeds that may fall out of the hulls or pods, and hang them up in a secure place until wanted in the spring. There is no reason why, under such circumstances, every perfect seed should not germinate, and the germs will be healthy and strong. The best and earliest ears of corn should be selected for seed, and to insure this, they should be selected while the corn is still standing. Go through the field and look out for the long ears, well filled out, and when the husks begin to whiten gather them, pull back the husks and braid them into traces which hang in a dry place. By carefully following out this plan through a series of years the same variety of corn will ripen earlier, an important advantage in localities subject to early frosts. It requires time and care to look out for these things, but it is time well spent and labor that pays.—*Maine Farmer.*

—A yard locomotive at Providence, R. I., got beyond the control of the engineer, the other day, by the bursting of the dry pipe, so that it was impossible to shut off the steam, and went spinning along the track toward Cranston at the rate of a mile a minute, with no one on board. The fireman was slightly scalded in ineffectually trying to get on the engine when it first started. The engineer tried in vain to keep the steam shut off from the piston, but was three times blown out of the cab. The last time he fell on his knees, and, before he could recover himself, the locomotive had shot out of reach and the valves were forced wide open. The station agent at Cranston received a dispatch that it was coming, and turned the switch south of the station to ditch it, but as the steam escaped sufficiently fast to allow him to do so he ran it on a side-track. When it arrived the cab was so full of steam he could not get into it, and had to reach in with a stick to close the valve.

THE *Sunday Argus*, Louisville (Ky.) observes: A Woodbury (N. J.) paper mentions the cure of the wife of Mr. Jos. H. Mills, of that place, by St. Jacobs Oil. She had rheumatism.

IT must have been dull music for Adam in his garden home, with no one to talk with about the crops, the cattle, the hens, ducks and geese.

THE Menasha (Wis.) *Press* says: A. Granger, Esq., of this city, uses St. Jacobs Oil on his horses with decided success and profit.

TO REMOVE fat. A great many recipes have been given; but the quickest way is to call the soap-grease man.—*Boston Transcript.*

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.
Yours truly, MRS. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE *Paper-Trade Journal* says making coffins of paper is rather running the thing into the ground.

YOUNG, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T judge a man too hastily when you see him coming out of a public house wiping his mouth. His action is an insignificant one.

IF you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

THE boy who has been as lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school bell.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

A MAIDEN wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions.

A Sanitary Measure.

Life and health are preserved by carefully aiding nature whenever it shows lack of ability to carry on its work. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals Kidney-Wort. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all Druggists.—*Call.*

Bed-bugs, Roaches,

Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c, druggists.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

AN inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazer Axle Grease.

ONE cannot but admire the unassuming modesty of tough, stringy ham. The way it hides away in the dim recesses of the sandwich is quite pathetic.

THE Queen of England is worth $80,000,000. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." No wonder that they say "God save the Queen!"

THE discoverer of the last comet got $200 for it, and he didn't have to deliver the goods either. That's the kind of business to go into, young man: no outlay required, no stock of goods to carry, no taxes or insurance, no delivery charges. All you've got to say is: "There's your comet, take it," and pocket the $200. Next to the apothecary business, it's the best paying thing we know of.—*Boston Herald.*

OUR neighbor boasts that his cabinet organ has sixteen stops. But it is not the stops that we object to; it is the beginnings and continuances.—*Boston Transcript.*

CARRIE was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comfable."

JAY GOULD controls $650,000,000, but he always thumps a watermelon before buying it, and insists on down weight when purchasing a pound of sugar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN inquisitive old gent poked his head in a printing office door and asked: "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered: "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent asked: "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.

IT is the clean table-cloth that catches the early grease spot.—*Hackensack Republican.*

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WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN IS GOOD FOR BEAST.

MR. J. A. WALTON is one of the most prominent stable proprietors and blooded-stock owners in the northern part of the city of Philadelphia.—1245 N. Twelfth street. Mr. W. has devoted the best years of his life to the study and training of horses, and he is considered an authority in all matters pertaining to horseflesh. Feeling desirous of hearing what he had to say in *propria persona* regarding the merits of ST. JACOBS OIL as a remedy for some of the ills that horseflesh is heir to, the writer resolved to go direct to Mr. Walton's stables for the purpose of interviewing him on the subject. Mr. Walton talked freely upon the matter and said: "After many years active experience I can safely say that I consider ST. JACOBS OIL a remarkably good liniment for horses for anything like sprains in the limbs, bruises and similar affections. I have used ST. JACOBS OIL on dozens of horses, and can state *I never know it to fail.* It is now about six

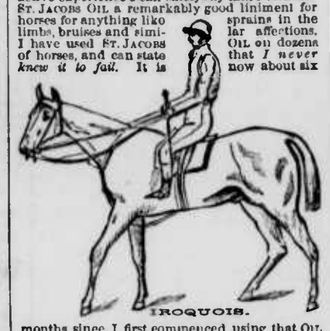

IROQUOIS.

months since I first commenced using that OIL on my horses, and I shall continue to use it. I happened to commence using ST. JACOBS OIL on horses in this way: My father is over eighty years of age and is subject to many of the ailments incident to old age. Among other things he has rheumatic attacks, pains in his limbs and joints, and aches in different parts of his body. He commenced using ST. JACOBS OIL several months since, and after rubbing himself freely with the liniment night and morning, according to the printed directions, he obtained the most decided relief. Whenever he has any pain now he uses ST. JACOBS OIL, and it always drives the pain away. Now I fully know from personal observation that '*What is good for man is good for beast.*'"—Further reports bring the gratifying intelligence that Aristides Welsh, Esq., of Erdenheim Stock-Farm, near Philadelphia, Pa., the breeder of that famed racer, Iroquois, above represented, uses and strongly endorses ST. JACOBS OIL as a wonderful remedy in its effects upon his stock. His experience with the Great German Remedy justified him in giving his unqualified indorsement of it, and in saying that his chief groom should always use it on the farm. ⓘ

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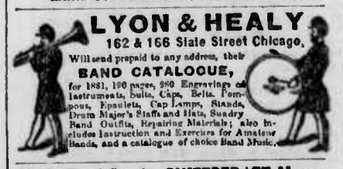

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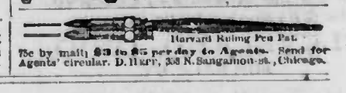

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Young Men and Women thoroughly Prepared for Business, or for Successful Teachers of Spencerian and Ornamental Penmanship. For Illustrated Circular, address
SPENCER, PELTON & LOOMIS.

AGENTS Wanted to supply the immense demand for the only Complete, Authentic and Fully Illustrated LIFE OF PRESIDENT just published. A thrilling story of how he rose from poverty to power, together with full regarding his Cabinet, Conflict with Guiteau, Assassination, Surgical Treatment, Death and Funeral Ceremonies, etc. Ably written; embellished with Portraits of the President, Cabinet, Mrs. Garfield, etc. Low price. By far the fastest selling book out. Liberal terms. Outfit, 50c. Address **GARFIELD**
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$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

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AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Fancy Colored Shoes for children will be fashionable the coming season. Especially Pearl Color.

A. N. K. Cleveland. 842

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article II, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly* of *Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election the return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

THE DAVIS VERTICAL FEED SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,
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82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,
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FOR SALE BY

HUTSON & FRINGER,

OAKLAND, MD.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 7 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

For Sale, Cheap!

One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1000 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

PEDDICORD & COMBS.

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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Office in the Court House. v3n47.

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,
(Lower Floor.)

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investapr 17 gate land titles.

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Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

[OFFICE WITH DR. McCOMAS.]

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.51 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.23 A. M.
No. 4		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted*, HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK,

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST WESTERNPORT, MARYLAND.

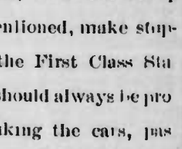

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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THOMAS SALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
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Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
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J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
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Col. JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and Referenees are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

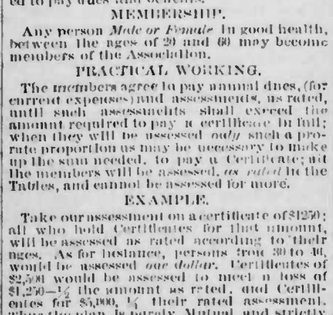

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TRADE QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY MARK.

For $12.00 a Farmer can buy a formula (520 lb) of POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS for WHEAT.

This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON of SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

No trouble to mix; no extra expense. Full directions.

Powell's Chemicals have been thoroughly tried, give universal satisfaction, and we offer leading farmers in every state as reference.

Send for Pamphlet. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md., Sole Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF { Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer, price only $30 a ton net cash, Pure Bone Meal, Pure Dissolved Bone, Potash, Ammonia, and all high-grade Fertilizing Materials.

FERTILIZERS

BROWN'S

IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.**

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

CORNISH CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS — CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Style 3005. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful rich stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent Double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places the instrument fully under control of performer, and by its use the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with rosewood burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS Only $85.

CORNISH PIANO Style 6. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstring Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor. $30 to $1000, 2 to 32 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Free only $107.75. Chapel Organs $97.75. THE "LONDON" 18 stops 5 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $65. THE PARIS now offered for $85. Other desirable new styles now ready.

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SQUARE GRAND PIANO. New Style, No. 2,220 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only,

$222.75.

PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145; Elegant Rosewood Upright, $175.75. OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

Illustrated Catalogue. Free.

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Wanted

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JOHN B. GOUGH'S bran' new book, entitled

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

is the *best* chance offered to you. Its Scenes are drawn from the bright and shady sides of *life*, portrayed as only

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can portray them. This grand work—*now for the first time published*—is the "booming" *book for agents*, and is outselling all others *ten to one*. *The thirty-third thousand* is now in press. Its immense sale has been made entirely by active canvassers. No other book compares with it for quick and profitable returns. We are starting more agents now than ever before, and we believe the sale of this book will reach *One Hundred Thousand Copies in the next few months.*

We want 1000 more agents at once, to supply this grand book to the thousands who are waiting for it. Remember the sale is *only now commencing*. The book is entirely new, and *most of the territory is now clear.* Agents, *now is your time to make money*, and at the same time circulate a *thoroughly first-class book.* Exclusive Territory and very Special Terms given. Send for our large circulars containing full particulars. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

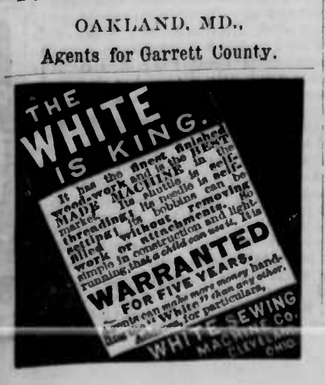

J. W. Laughlin, M. D.,

Having graduated and received his Diploma from the Baltimore Medical College, tenders his professional services to the people of that vicinity. Office and residence near the telegraph office. 7 10 3m*

FOR SALE BY E. E. CHISHOLM, Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881. NUMBER 35.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Cigars & Tobacco a Specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Bailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YEOLY, Mill and Second streets.

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DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

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P. MARTIN, Oakland Md,

6 18 tf

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

It really was "quite too awfully vexing," after all her preparations were made, that now, nearly at the last moment, such a contretemps should occur, and the more she thought of it the more was Mrs. Stewart Allenby in despair.

And with good reason, for she had issued cards for a morning concert—a matinee musicale, as she called it on the invitations; the first she had ever given since she moved to the great house in one of the most fashionable roads in South Kensington, and she particularly desired that it should be a success—and now Signora Belcore had gone and fallen sick at the eleventh hour, and the programme would be too short unless [illegible] the cavatina from "Linda de Chamounix."

"Put in a comic song instead," suggested Mr. Allenby, whose taste was not educated up to concert pitch.

"A comic song indeed!" echoed his wife with a scornful laugh. "George, you are a fool!"

But as Mr. Allenby had heard this blunt statement a good many times before, he was not at all discomposed by it.

At that moment the door opened softly. Mrs. Allenby started up.

"Williams," cried she to the footman, "I'm not at home! Didn't I tell you I could see nobody this morning!"

"Yes, madam," the footman answered, coughing behind his hand; "but it isn't company madam—it's the visiting governess."

"Oh!" Mrs. Allenby was visibly relieved. "Come in, Miss Ashton. Williams, call Miss Constance at once to her lessons."

Margaret Ashton came quietly in, a little, gray-dressed creature, like a mouse, with soft hazel eyes, a complexion as pale as ivory, and mended gloves upon her small hands.

"You are not well, Mrs. Allenby, I am afraid?" she said, gently, as she seated herself.

"I am well enough!" said Mrs. Steward Allenby, petulently—"only I'm in despair. You don't know of any one who could sing that cavatina for me, do you, Miss Ashton?"

"Perhaps—I could," said Margaret.

"You?"

Mrs. Allenby stared as if the visiting governess had stated that she could construct a sentence in Sanscrit.

"I could sing a little once," said Margaret; "and that cavatina was one of my favorite pieces."

"You darling!" she cried. "If only you could help me out of this dilemma. I'll be grateful to you all my life long."

Margaret went back to the humble little suburban cottage where she rented three rooms—a cottage where she supported a fretful valetudinarian mother, a pretty widowed sister, whose life had been a failure all the way through.

"Charlotte" she said, to the latter. "I am going to sing at a concert next Wednesday!"

"You!" echoed the widow. "You'll fail for a certainty."

"I can try." said Margaret, with a fluttering sigh.

"Your voice is well enough," said the sister, disparagingly; but it has no volume. And you never will have the confidence to sing before an audience."

The tears came into Margaret's eyes.

"I must do something, Charlotte," said she. "We cannot live on as we are living now. We are in debt everywhere; and since the doctor has prescribed dainties for mamma I haven't known where to look for the money to buy them with."

"Perhaps I shall get something to do soon," said Charlotte.

"But, in the meantime?" said Margaret, with a sorrowful uplifting of her eyebrows.

She was a magnanimous little thing, this hard-worked, pale-faced visiting governess, or she would have reminded her elder sister that sitting all day with curl-papered locks and dog's-eared novels was no way to obtain a lucrative situation of any sort.

"It's very hard on me," said Mrs. Ashton, who sat with a devotional book in her lap and a bunch of grapes on a china plate beside her, "If Margaret had been like any one else she would have made a brilliant match long ago."

Margaret did not remind her mother how she had discarded Basil Hepburn long ago, because he was not sufficiently aristocratic and wealthy [illegible] Mrs. Ashton's lofty ideas—how Mr. Hepburn had since [illegible] a rich man and a man of [illegible].

"If he knew how very poor we [illegible]" said Margaret to herself, with a sigh, "I think he would be sorry. I could not tell him; and now [illegible] he has gone to travel in [illegible] up the Nile, it isn't likely [illegible] see him again."

"She haven't any more voice, than a screw," said Mrs. Ashton.

"You have never cultivated what [illegible] you have," said Mrs. Charlotte; "and the idea of your standing up to [illegible] among those professional vocalists is simply preposterous!"

But Margaret stood valiantly to [illegible]ors, and when the eventful [illegible] she stood there on the [illegible] platform, in her well-worn black silk, softened by bunches of pale pink rosebuds, and a drapery of misty black lace, a spray of rosebuds in her hair, and an intent look in her soft brown eyes.

"Now don't fail," Mrs. Allenby had whispered, as the portierers of crimson velvet were lifted for her to pass out upon the mimic stage.

"No," she answered, quietly, "I shall not fail."

But, for an instant, as she faced the brilliant audience, the flutter of fans, the flash of diamonds, the glitter of the foot-light seem to blind and dazzle her; a suffocating sensation arose in her throat.

"I am going to fail," she thought, and the recollection of Charlotte's dismal prophesies occurred to her—her mother's prognostications of evil, her own tormenting doubts.

"I will not fail!" she said to herself, and advancing boldly into the little arena, she faced the circle of intent eyes, and began to sing.

Sweet and clear, like the liquid notes of a lark, her voice soared up, until, forgetting her own identity in that of Donizetti's Swiss heroine, she became almost inspired; and at the close a perfect shower of bouquets rained down upon the stage at her feet—an ovation of voices rang up again and again in deafening applause. But Margaret was conscious only of one thing—she had not failed.

Mrs. Allenby welcomed her rapturously to the pretty little "green-room."

"My dear Miss Ashton, she cried, "you are a genius—a second Jenny Lind! Who was to suppose that you had such a divine voice? You are the star of my little concert—the primadonna of the evening? No, don't take your bonnet," as Margaret mechanically stretched out her hand for it. "You must come into the drawing-room. They are all wild to know you."

"But I cannot," pleaded poor Margaret, with a downward glance at her dress. "I am not prepared."

"You are perfect," said Mrs. Stewart Allenby, with winning despotism, "Besides, one of my guests says you are an old acquaintance of his—Mr. Hepburn, who has just returned from Palestine and the Holy Land."

So Margaret was led into the midst of the glittering throng, and introduced here and there, until, like one moving in a dream, she found herself leaning on Basil Hepburn's arm.

"So you are a great singer," he said.

"I never sang in public before in all my life."

"You will be prouder and more haughty than ever."

"I never was so humble in all my life."

"Margaret," he uttered, softly.

"Well, Mr. Hepburn?"

"Mr. Hepburn! That sounds cold. Suppose you say, as you used to say, Basil."

"But things are not as they used to be," said poor Margaret, her heart beginning to beat unevenly in her breast.

"Can they not be so again, dear little Margaret?" he whispered, bending his tall head to the level of the cluster of rosebuds in her hair. "Can we not go back to the initial chapter of our lives, and begin it all over again. I am a rich man, now, but all my money cannot buy me any treasure half so sweet and priceless as your love. Dearest Margaret, tell me that you, too, have not entirely forgotten the past."

And Miss Ashton went home from Mrs. Stewart Allenby's matinee musicale an engaged young lady.

"I didn't fail, after all," she said, radiently. "And I had half a dozen applications to sing again at private concerts, and Mrs. Allenby's money will just buy my wedding dress."

So the current of true love was running smoothly again, after all.

Variety in Your Food.

There is no one standard for food applicable to all persons, whether as to kind of food or quantity. Our tastes are more or less a matter of education. A taste educated in one direction revolts at a taste educated in another. Tomatoes, now almost universally used in this country, were rejected with loathing a generation ago.

The French, who led off in eating frog-flesh, are now eating horse-flesh—their taste for the latter having been developed during the exigencies of the siege of Paris. The English have heretofore, turned with disgust from corn (maize), which is a very staff of life in this country, and, in some of its forms of cooking, a delicious favorite.

It might be well for men generally to have their tastes broadened. Some persons are altogether too nice and narrow in their preferences for food. It should be remembered that unused functions tend toward complete cessation. For instance, one of the best preservatives against consumption is in the ability of the stomach to digest fat; but the power to digest it may be lost by long disuse, the glands ceasing to secrete the necessary fluid.

So, too, the quantity of food eaten by different persons varies. One man, in good health, too, and in the same surroundings, would be killed by what is essential to the health of another. A hard-worker in the open air would starve if restricted to what amply suffices for the man whose employment is in doors and sedentary.

Life could not be sustained in the arctic zone without immense quantities of heat-producing food. An Esquimau will eat daily from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat, one-third of it fat. He generates so much internal heat that he always throws off his coat in his hut, where the temperature ranges from freezing down to zero, with an outside temperature from thirty to seventy degrees below the latter point.—*Youth's Companion.*

New School of Philosophy.

The philosophers and distinguished men of science with whom of late he had frequently enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted, what were their views. They differed among themselves: did any of them agree with him? How they accounted for everything except the only point on which man requires revelation! Chance, necessity, atomic theories, nebular hypotheses, development, evolution, the origin of worlds, human ancestry—here were high topics on none of which was there lack of argument; and, in a certain sense, of evidence; and what then? There must be design. The reasoning and the research of all philosophy could not be valid against that conviction. If there were no design, why, it would all be nonsense; and he could not believe in nonsense. And if there were design, there must be intelligence; and if intelligence, pure intelligence; and pure intelligence was inconsistent with any disposition but perfect good. But between the all-wise and the all-benevolent and man, according to the philosophers, no relations were to be any longer acknowledged. They renounce in despair the possibility of bringing man into connection with that First Cause which they can neither explain nor deny. But man requires that there shall be direct relations between the created and the Creator; and that in those relations he should find a solution of the perplexities of existence. The brain that teems with illimitable thought will never recognise as his creator any power of nature however irresistible, that is not gifted with consciousness. Atheism may be consistent with fine taste, and fine taste under certain conditions may for a time regulate a polished society; but ethics with atheism are possible; and without ethics no human order can be strong or permanent.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

The Middletown, Pa., *Herald* has this to say about Fultz wheat: "A number of farmers in Mifflin county are much disappointed in their wheat crop, which they expected to be very large, but upon thrashing it, find that it turns out very poor. The cause is laid upon the Fultz wheat, a variety that has been cultivated very extensively in that section of country, and, in the opinion of many farmers, is worn out. In several cases where other varieties were sown side by side with the Fultz, the first yielded well, while the latter was very poor. The Fultz wheat, at the best, makes very poor flour, and has been condemned by the millers generally."

What Congress Did for Mrs. Lincoln.

It is a matter of discussion at this time what Congress will do for Mrs. Garfield. In this connection the acts passed in relation to Mrs. Lincoln, whose husband was also assassinated while President, is of interest. There were three acts of the kind passed by Congress. The first act passed when Congress came together after the assassination of President Lincoln was as follows: "That the Secretary of the Treasury pay out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated to Mrs. Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, or in the event of her death before payment, the sum of $25,000; *provided always*, that any sum of money which shall have been [illegible] to the [illegible] of the said Abraham Lincoln since his death, on account of his salary as President of the United States for the current year shall be deducted from the said sum of $25,000." The amount thus granted to Mrs. Lincoln was the salary of the President for one year. Now that salary is $50,000.

In February, 1866, Congress passed the following act: "That all letters and packets carried by post to and from Mary Lincoln, widow of the late Abraham Lincoln, be carried free of postage during her natural life."

In 1879 the following act was passed: "That the Secretary of the Interior be and is hereby authorized to place the name of Mary Lincoln, widow, of Abraham Lincoln, deceased, late President of the United States, on the pension roll, and allow and pay her a pension at the rate of $3,000 per annum from and after the passage of this act."

An Ex-Confederate's Tribute to Garfield.

General G. W. Gordon, an ex-Confederate, in his address in memory of Garfield at the circuit court at Memphis, said: "While his steps were in the dust, his eyes were on the stars. By courage, toil, talent, integrity and sobriety, he fought his way, single-handed and alone, from the hovel to the White House. By these instrumentalities he passed from the humblest to the highest station, not only in his own country, but, I submit, to the most noble, exalted and enviable position today held by any citizen of the world. And, although he ascended from a level so low to an eminence so high, it did not dazzle him nor lessen his humility. He was one of the few men of the world's great history whom prosperity humbles and adversity strengthens. I had rather possess the emotion, the culture, the oratory and the genius of Garfield than all the blood-stained laurels that every Cæsar tore from the livid brows of fallen kings, or all the jewels that ever Hannibal stripped from the frozen fingers of his slaughtered knights. The wisdom, moderation and reform foreshadowed in his brief administration were daily widening his influence and popularity, especially with the people of the South, and we hoped that he was hastening the day when we could all feel and say we have but one sky, one flag, one union, one country and one President."

Mr. Windom's resignation of the Treasury portfolio is authoritatively announced. His management of Treasury affairs has been remarkably successful, and his name will always be associated with one of the most brilliant financial achievements of Republican administration—the refunding of a large portion of the public debt at a lower rate of interest than was ever before established for a United States loan since the Government was founded. This he accomplished without the aid of special legislation from Congress, and in the face of much opposition in political and financial circles. Mr. Windom will undoubtedly be returned by the Minnesota Legislature to the seat in the Senate which he resigned last March, and which is now temporarily filled by Mr. Edgerton under an appointment from the Governor of the State.

Congressman Jorgensen, of the Petersburg (Va.) district, has issued an address to his constituents, advising them to support the readjuster State ticket. He accepts the readjuster pledge of a free vote and a fair count" as a peace offering, and concludes: "I am also moved to the course I am about to take by the reflection that 'revolutions do not move backward,' and that the party that has so boldly declared in their platform for the most liberal interpretation and enforcement of the public free-school laws, and for a 'free ballot and a fair count,' must continue to advance, and in its progress must inevitably, sooner or later, identify itself with the national Republican party."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SHE MANAGES WELL THE FARM.

She manages well the farm,
  This girl that is gently bred,
Though scarce a score of happy years
  Have passed o'er her bonny head.
Fatherless, motherless, young,
  Left with a tender brood
Of brothers and sisters small,
  She works for the children's good.

So, up in the early morn,
  She's out with a steadfast will;
She visits the garden, field and farm,
  And the orchard upon the hill.
The butter from yellow cream
  Is made with her own fair hands;
She works with a hearty will to keep
  This home with is fertile lands.

Show me a lovelier rose
  Than the flush of this maiden's cheek,
As she gathers the apples rosy and ripe,
  Or rides the black horse sleek;
Show me a fairer sight
  Than this same woman's hands,
Busied at daily household tasks,
  As well as at tilling lands.

What though no father's eye
  See that the work's well done;
Is not this woman brave and true,
  Faithful as shines the sun?
Dressed in her homespun gown,
  Living a healthful life,
Sowing good seed for aye,
  Whether as maid or wife.

She manages well the farm,
  This maid with the deep blue eyes;
With voice that charms like music rare,
  In her low and soft replies.
Well will those children say
  In the distant years to come:
"Sister, you have done well;
  You saved us the dear old home!"

—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE DEACON'S TITHE.

They had a new minister at Seabrook. Old Parson Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home; and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine, with an earnest, fearless eloquence of his own. And now the worn door-stone of the little gray church on the hill was once more trodden by feet which had long been strangers to it. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larrabee's.

"He's the least bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe-handle and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe-handle to listen—"a bit uncertain. But I like him—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him!"

"Amen!" was neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills of corn in silence, their hoes keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he. "I suppose you've heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever?"

"Sho! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon, commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it?"

"Yes, particularly when she's so lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we'd all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place I wouldn't stand to talk long, now, I tell you; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't——"

It might have been unintentional, that sudden facing about as Mr. Gray threw his glance toward the hill pasture where his neighbor's herd of cows was quietly feeding. At all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. *My* cattle never get into the mill-pond and drown. If they should, I wouldn't expect anybody to make 'em up for me. She'd no more call, had the widow, to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"It's a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary conversation, tossed piece-meal back and forth across the fence as the neighbors went steadily on with their work, drifted into indifferent channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall which separated Deacon Larrabee's orchard and cornfield sat, book in hand, the Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose, as the chat which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly away along the orchard path with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night, when the deacon took the shining milk-pails from the dresser and preceeded to the farm-yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watching the yellow stars come out in the sky, and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of supreme satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he; "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork, sir, was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough, but why 'tis I can't tell you; there's never a poor creature comes into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em; for he gives to 'em all, deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything, to speak of, ahead."

"'But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal,'" quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but, if I mind me right, the good Book says something too about providing first for one's own household—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled. "I believe there is a passage to that effect," said he.

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if neighbor Gray would give a certain portion——"

"A tithe?" interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued Deacon Larrabee, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in—in indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet rejoinder. Then there was silence while Deacon Larrabee filled another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon, with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and feature; "and it's the finest herd in our county. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause; "Deacon Larrabee, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray this morning, relating to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! she *does* need substantial sympathy. Cannot you afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the Lord?"

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon, with a wry face. "No, sir; I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to carelessness that she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding improvidence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the town farm before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful countenance, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell *me* one of your cows?" he asked.

"I—I have no need of the money now," replied the deacon hesitatingly.

The minister continued: "I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through your haying, but that you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle, both genial and quizzical, dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have denominated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of beneficence in other people. Neither was he a hard man at heart. It was only that the prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargain," said he. "When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon, with a smile, "and save me that trouble."

Accordingly, a little time later, the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farm-house lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly, and departed, with the peaceful consciousness which attends upon a worthy deed resting upon one of them, at least, as a mantle.

Next morning when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his door-yard for his corn-field, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching or weeping, and her thin lips trembled with the emotion which she vainly endeavored to conceal.

She put out both hands to him. "Deacon Larrabee," said she, "I have come to thank you, and to ask your forgiveness. Oh, I have had such hard thoughts of you!—how cruelly hard only God knows—and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you!—and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really—I—" began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I—"

"Now, don't try to deny it," laughed the widow, a little nervously. "I know the cow, Deacon Larrabee; and—" she laughed again—"I am bowed down with contrition, to think of my unjust feelings towards you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper, hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship for the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity. How could he confess that the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way of escape from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself, unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear; and after a momentary deliberation the old deacon's good sense and genuine manliness came to the fore. He only wished that the happy thought had been his, the charity his own spontaneous deed.

"I am glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, shaking her proffered hand; "and now, please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the woman. I'll warrant she has a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston later on he said with a laugh, and a jocular twinkle in his eye, "I've hired my man, and shall not need you; so we'll shake hands and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come so hard."

—*S. S. Times.*

—William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, once lived in a house in Norfolk street, London. He had a peeping hole at the entrance, through which he surveyed everyone who came to see him before they were admitted. One of these, having been made to wait for a long time, asked the servant impatiently if his master would not see him. "Fricud," said the servant, "he hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee." The caller was one of Penn's creditors.

—The Woman's Auxiliary of the Protestant Episcopal Church has raised $15,000 for mission work in Mexico.

Special Instances of Ant Intelligence.

I shall conclude this brief *resume* of the more important facts at present known concerning the psychology of ants with a few selected observations of the display of high intelligence. It is always difficult to draw the line between instinct and reason, between adjustive action due to hereditary or purposeless habit and adjustive action due to individual and purposeless adaptation. But we may be least diffident in accepting as evidence of the latter cases where animals exhibit a power of adapting their actions to meet the requirements of novel circumstances—or circumstances which cannot be supposed to have been of sufficiently frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species to have developed instincts of mechanical response in the individual. It is in view of this consideration that the following instance are selected:

Ebrard records in his "Etudes de Mœurs" an observation of his own on *F. fusca*. The ants were engaged in building walls, and when the work was nearly completed there still remained an interspace of twelve or fifteen millimetres to be covered in. For a moment the ants were thrown out, and seemed inclined to leave their work, but soon turned instead to a grass-plant growing near, the long, narrow leaves of which ran close together. They chose the nearest, and weighted its distal with damp earth, until its apex bent down to the space to be covered. Unfortunately, the bend was too close to the extremity, and it threatened to break. To prevent this misfortune the ants gnawed at the base of the leaf until it bent its whole length and covered the space required. But, as this does not seem to be quite enough, they heaped damp earth between the base of the plant and that of the leaf, until the latter was sufficiently bent. After they had attained their object, they heaped on the buttressing leaf the materials required for building the arched roof.

This observation naturaly leads to two others by two different observers. Thus, Moggridge says: "I was able to watch the operation of removing roots which had piereed through their galleries, belonging to seeding plants growing on the surface, and which was performed by two ants, one pulling at the free end of the root, and the other gnawing at its fibers where the strain was greatest, until at length it gave way." Again, as previously quoted in another connection, he says that two ants sometimes combine their efforts, one stationing itself near the base of a footstalk and gnawing at the point of greatest tension, while the other hauls upon and twists it.

The other observer to whom I have referred is McCook, who says of the harvesting ants of America that he has seen the "workers, in several cases, leave the point at which they had begun a cutting, ascend the blade, and pass as far toward the point as possible. The blade was thus borne downward, and, as the ant swayed up and down, it really seemed that she was taking advantage of the leverage thus gained, and was bringing the augmented force to bear upon the fracture. In two or three cases there appeared to be a division of labor; that is to say, while the cutter at the roots kept on with his work, another ant climbed the grass blade and applied the power at the opposite end of the lever. The position may have been quite accidental, but it certainly had the appearance of voluntary co-operation.—*G. J. Romanes, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Hasty Chicken.

There are excellent chickens in Carrara, and but for the haste with which they are brought from the hen-coop to the table they would be very good food. Looking out of the hotel window into the back-yard one sees a hen busily engaged with a basin of mush. Almost in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the living hen is transformed into a roasted fowl. This may seem fanciful and unreal, but it is strictly true.

One day, having a very limited time in which to eat a lunch and catch a train for Leghorn, I asked the waiter of one of our hotels if he could give me a bit of broiled chicken at short notice.

"I am very sorry, sir," said he, "but we haven't a chicken in the house. However, we have a very nice pigeon. How would you like half a pigeon?"

"Very well, indeed," I replied, "but can you give it to me quickly?"

"Yes, sir, you shall have him in precisely twenty minutes by the clock."

"A good pigeon, young, tender and plump, is he?"

"See for yourself, sir," and with that the waiter led the way to the kitchen. "Show the gentleman that pigeon, cook," said the waiter.

The cook gravely picked up a broomstick and began punching under the table, and lo! there came forth my pigeon, in the act of hastily swallowing a bit of bread which he had snatched from his feed-box before fleeing from the cook's broomstick.

See what the waiter had promised to do! He had promised to kill the dove, pluck him, clean him in a cusory way and roast him, all in the short space of twenty minutes. A pigeon isn't a chicken, but if it had been a chicken, the story would have been the same.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Peculiarities of Pronunciation.

Some of our readers may thank us for calling attention to the following suggestion as to the pronunciation of "u."

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say institoot instead of institute, dooty for duty—a perfect rhyme for beauty. They will call new and news, noo and noos—and so on through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this.

In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in Cupid, and should not be pronounced as stoodent and stoopid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them.

It is a vulgarism to call a door a doah—as we all admit—is it not as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noospaper? One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that's the only difference.

When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tooter and a tube a toob.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

The Origin of Bookbinding.

The necessity of protecting manuscripts from injury was practically recognized in the earliest historic times, but it was reserved for the Greeks, who fastened the leaves and then encased them in plain leather, to lay the foundation of modern bookbinding. In Rome the covering of manuscripts assumed a more ornamental character. Cicero's taste in this respect was particularly extravagant. Every scroll in his library at Tusculum had an imposing dress. The pugillaria, a few leaves of ivory or wood, were held together at the back by rings, but were eventually arrayed in leather and secured by clasps. Horace and others tell us that a book-shop was to be found in every large city, and the binders (usually slaves) doubtless became persons of some importance in the community. Another advance in the art is shown in the ponderous collection of statutes which the Byzantine Emperors of the fifth century, evidently with an eye to effect, took with them in their public processions. These volumes were bound in a leather of some bright color, and were slightly ornamented. In the Middle Ages, when many monks became binders for amusement, the typical cover consisted of two heavy boards in leather or vellum, with corner-plates, bosses, thick clasps and a tasteless profusion of enamels, gold ornaments and precious stones. The Arabs at this period showed more judgment in work of the kind, but if any examples of it found their way to Western Europe the lessons they taught were disregarded.

The invention of printing, joined to the revival of letters, naturally led to a revolution in bibliopegy. Books came from the press so quickly that a less expensive mode of binding them had to be devised. The Italians at once solved the problem in the most satisfactory way. The unwieldy wooden boards were laid aside in favor of pasteboard with morocco or some other fine leather spread over it, and blind or gold tooling was substituted for enamels and gems in ornamentation. The result was a gain to art, especially as great painters did not think it beneath their dignity to occupy themselves with designs for book covers. Most of the Italian bindings united richness with the purest taste, and it is not too much to say that those turned out by Tommaso Mailio have never been surpassed. Before many years had elapsed a French school of *reliure* was founded by Grolier, the foremost book collecter of his time. Modeling his style upon that of the Italians, he yet gave it independent value and interest, and to the end of his long life was an enthusiast upon the subject. It is worthy of note that he was the first to put the title on the back of a volume. In the seventeenth century the art of binding declined in Italy, but in France, as in Germany and Flanders, it made good progress. However prosperous its votaries may have been, their lot was hardly an enviable one, as they did not escape the responsibility attached to the printer. In 1694, Mr. Cundall informs us, one of them was hung in Paris for having bound a libel on Louis XIV. Before the Revolution broke out *la reliure* in France shared the fate of that of Italy, having become clumsy in form and poor in design. England had never possessed a great bookbinder, but towards the end of the eighteenth century she found one in Roger Payne, who by his keen sense of artistic beauty and his technical skill might have made a fortune if he had not been over devoted to the bottle. In his portrait he appears as "a thin, shabby old man, standing in a little room, books on the floor and a glue-pot on the fire." In this place, which stood in Leicester Square, "were executed the most splendid specimens of binding, and here upon the same shelf were mixed together old shoes and valuable leases, bread and cheese, costly manuscripts and early printed books." Mr. Cundall does not tell us that Lady Spencer's French maid fainted on seeing her mistress in conversation with this unlovely individual, though the anecdote is related on good authority.—*London Times.*

Bachelor Life in New York.

New York is the paradise of bachelors in these enlightened days. Up to a few years ago they had to make out with hotels and boarding-houses, or accommodate to the furnished room plan. Now they can do better. Homes for bachelors are among the "institutions" of to-day. The unmarried man need no longer wander disconsolate about a hotel, or poke himself away in a musty room in a boarding or lodging house. If his purse affords it he can set up bachelor's quarters in good style in a house especially designed for his class. Four or five handsome houses of this kind have been built within a few years, and they seem to pay very well. They are called apartment houses for bachelors, and they are arranged much like French flats, the chief difference being that the number of rooms is less. In some cases the bachelor's apartment consists of two rooms, in others of three, and in no case of more than four. The cost of living in this way is considerable, but the life itself is comfortable, pleasant and free from care. The demand for such houses is consequently large.

—A dinner party was in progress in the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cincinnati. They were all of excellent social and business reputation. Considerable wine had been drank, and hilarity prevailed, when a man sprang from his seat declaring that his watch had been stolen. His companions (excepting one) thought he was joking, and laughed at him; but when he grew loud and excited they concluded he was drunk, and tried to quiet him. It was only when he locked the door and proposed a search of every pocket in the room that his charge was understood as serious. Then the thief laid the watch on the table and was permitted to slink out.

—Major Benyaurd, of New Orleans, while at the mouth of the Red River the other day made observations which satisfied him that the Mississippi is cutting for itself a channel to the gulf through the Atchafalaya River, which will in the near future become its outlet and leave New Orleans on a shallow stream.

A South Sea Islander.

On second thought, did I care to end my days in Fatahua? Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a stalwart brave, whose noiseless step had given no warning of his approach.

On his shoulder he balanced a bamboo laden with cluster of fen, the wild plantain, that grows abundantly on the heights, and which, when cooked, is indispensable to the Tahitian palate.

He paused at the threshold until his friendly greeting had been returned; then he entered with some diffidence, deposited his fruits in a corner, squatted upon the mat near me, and breathed audibly, for his burden was heavy, and the trail no primrose path. Except for the *paren* that girded his loins, my visitor was quite naked.

Long we gazed at each other with an earnest, honest gaze that ended in a smile of recognition; we had never met before, but the uncivilized and the overcivilized are brothers. He placed his hand on my shoulder and stroked me fondly. From the back of his ear he drew his tobacco pouch, and rolled a cigarette, of which we took alternate puffs in token of perpetual peace.

Presently he made a fruit offering, guavas, mangoes, limes; then a drink offering, water in a cup formed of a folded leaf; and then—we had been silent until now—he said, in hesitating English with a childish accent, "I know you; you like me; you come my house."

I nodded accent. The savage shouldered his burden, and stepped lightly down the trail, turning now and again to give me a look or a word of encouragement; at every stream he put down his load and bore me dry-shod to the other shore; when it showered, as it now did at intervals, we halted under some broad-leaved tree.

Once we sat in the moss and renewed our vow in tobacco; and thus tranquilly we came at last to a log smouldering by a stream, and our tramp was ended.

It was a large log, partially decayed; it had been fired long before, and was slowly and imperceptibly burning, like a gigantic piece of punk. At meal time it could be blown into a flame; a few dry twigs and leaves heaped against it served to warm the frugal meal. This is the national Tahitian hearth—a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night; it puts the blue spurt of the lucifer match to the blush; showers cannot quench it; the gale gives it new life; it was the one luxury in the household of my host.

I was attracted by a rude shelter, close at hand, and went thither to inspect it. Imagine a screen of leaves, about six feet wide and eight feet high, slanting against the trade-wind, and supported by a couple of unbarked saplings; the gale rushed over it, the rain slid down it. The sides and front were as open as the day. Three logs hedged in a bed of fine grass-mats, which, like a carpet, filled the space from the low eaves in the trusses to the sapling supports in front; plump clean pillows were stowed in corners; an uncovered calabash contained articles of feminine apparel; a silver thimble and a bit of unfinished embroidery with a needle thrust through it lay on the mat; a hand-mirrow was lodged among the beams of the roof. Evidently the bower was not unvisited of women. From the peak of the roof hung a cluster of ripe bananas; I filled my hands, and returned to the blazing log.

For the most part, my companion and I communed in silence. You may sit for hours by a savage without uttering a syllable, yet he will turn to you at intervals with an intelligent glance and an appreciative smile, as if he comprehended everything you left unsaid.—*C. W. Stoddard, in the Atlantic.*

How Tacks Are Made.

Described in a few words, the process of making tacks is as follows: The iron, as received from the rolling mills, is in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut into about three feet pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required.

Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet-tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch thick and three feet long. The piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance-wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies coming together form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and, while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the balance-wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece. These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe-nail machine for cutting headless shoe-nails, are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution. When we think of the number of machines being run in the United States, namely, about 1,700, and of the quantity of tacks and nails they can produce, it is as much of a mystery where they go as it is what becomes of the pins.

The tack-maker of fifty or sixty years ago worked as follows: He took a small rod of iron and after heating it in a charcoal fire, hammered it down so as to make a point, then a piece was cut off, placed in a vice worked by foot power, and the head formed by a few blows of the hammer.

—The cause of a dangerous disease called myasis, found in the Argentine Republic, proves to be a fly, which deposits its eggs in human nostrils, and whose larvæ, hatching in great numbers, penetrate even to the brain and lungs, always causing death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is estimated that Great Britain has lost $1,000,000,000 by bad harvests in the past three years.

—The Russians drink too much vodka, which means "little water," that is to say, "much brandy," and a special commission has been appointed to examine into the matter.

—Tombstone, Arizona, is to have a supply of water from the Huachuca Mountains, a distance of twenty-two miles, to be carried there through a seven-inch main, and expects to have it completed by January, 1882.

—A Bridgeport (Conn.,) Manufacturing company has received an order from the United States Government for 3,500 buffalo overcoats for the use of soldiers on the plains, and is turning them out at the rate of forty a day.

Mrs. Marion Lauter of Newport, Ky., saw two immense black snakes attacking her poultry, and succeeded in killing both with a hoe, but, upon entering her house, fainted with fright. The snakes were nearly seven feet long.

—It is remarkable that the agricultural depression so widespread in England has been little felt in Wales. The most prosperous English counties agriculturally at the present time are Devon and Cornwall, Northumberland and Cornwall. The extremes meet.

—A white girl was once captured by the Indians, and she became the squaw of a brave. Afterward she *refused to* leave them, although by so doing she might have become rich. She said: "White people may become Indians, but Indians can never become white people."

—Sparrows have become such intolerable nuisances in Australia that the Government has been requested to authorize the destruction of the birds by law, and pending the passage of an act, to appoint an honorary Sparrow Board, to prepare and distribute poisoned wheat and give advice.

—The ledges in the vicinity of the flume at Franconia, N. H., are found to be composed largely of as fine a quality of Scotch granite as can be found anywhere in the world, and there is a prospect that the building of the Pemigewasset Valley railroad will develop an immense quarrying business in that locality.

—A snow-capped mountain a little northwest of Strawberry valley, California, is the fountain head of four streams originating in Siskiyou County, known as the Sacramento, Shasta, Trinity and Scott rivers, the three latter emptying into the Klamath and the former the main fork of the upper Sacramento river.

—It has been supposed that ancient sculptures could not be produced without iron tools; but recently very fine work has been done on granite with stone tools, diorite cutting better than flint. Stonecutters now use softer tools for granite than for sandstone. The sculptured stone of Montezuma was cut with stone axes.

—The French Government having offered large subsidies to shipbuilders upon French soil, one of the great Clyde shipmakers has bought a large tract of land near Havre, and will take 3,000 Scotch mechanics *thither. He* will, probably, be followed by others, so that canny Scots will absorb a large amount of French taxes.

—A saloon-keeper of New Haven, Conn., wishing to make a good sale of his place to a stranger, got him to test its value by observing that day's sales. Then he stationed a man outside who gave a half dollar to every one who would go in and spend it for liquor. But a friend of the buyer explained the situation to him and there was no sale.

—Baltimore's "Old Defenders" are passing away. Only eleven are left now. The last to die was William C. Keener, aged 87 years, who was buried a few days ago. He often remarked that he had lived under the Administration of every President of the United States and he survived just one day after the taking of the oath of office by President Arthur.

—Recent studies in West Virginia have led to the inference that forests which have grown within the memory of man have sprung up on plains where extraordinary pains has been taken to prevent the annual destruction of grass by fire. It is an endorsement of the theory that the treeless character of the prairies of the west is due to the annual burning of the grass by the Indians.

—In Savannah the annual death rate for 1,000 whites for the year 1880 was 19.85, and for the colored 45.47. In the Mayor's opinion the disparity is due to a non-observance of sanitary laws on the part of a portion of the colored people and to their unintentional neglect of the necessities of the sick. The authorities provide medical attendance and dispensaries for them, but they have not yet learned to take full advantage of the city's liberality.

—A wolf, like a tiger, having once eaten man, prefers him to all *else for a* dinner, and if he attacks a man it is proof that he has already dined off one or had hydrophobia. In the Franco-German war of 1870 troops of wolves followed the army in Alsace-Lorraine. Hydrophobia is not an uncommen event among wolves. The committee lately appointed in France to consider the question of wolf-destroying are in favor of abolishing the force supposed to be maintained for that purpose, known as the louvetirie, which had really a direct interest in maintaining the wolves. They think that the extirpation of them may now be left to the land owners, who suffer from their ravages, and to the rural police in the last instance.

—Laplanders are blessed with very hearty appetites. The peasant of that country is said to consume ten times more flesh than the natives of Sweden. A deer is just enough to last a family of four persons one week, and Von Buch, the traveler, says: "I have seen reindeer flesh cooked in the huts for the whole family in large iron kettles when cooked, the meat was immediately torn asunder by the master of the house with his fingers, and the eagerness with which each of the inmates received a share, and streve, as if for a wager, to tear it with his hands and teeth, is almost incredible. When the flesh is devoured the broth in which it was boiled is mixed with the reindeer milk and taken with the same avidity."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

NOT DEAD.

Here, at the sweetest hour of this sweet day,
there, in the calmest woodland haunt I know,
Benignant thoughts around thy memory play,
And in my heart do pleasant fancies blow,
Like flowers turned toward thee, radiant and
aglow,
Flushed by the light of times forever tied,
Whose tender glory pales, but is not dead!

The warm South wind is like thy generous
breath,
Laden with gentle words of cordial cheer—
And every whispering left above me saith:
"She whom thou dreamest so distant, hovers
near;
Her love it is which thrills the sunset air
With mystic motions from a time that's tied,
Long past and gone to sooth, but oh! not
dead!"

The silvery murmur of cool brooks below,
The soft, still clouds, that seem to muse on
high—
Love-notes of hidden birds that come and go,
Making a sentient rapture of the sky—
All the rare season's peaceful ecstacy,
Hints of pure joys of ours forever fled,
Joys past, indeed, and yet they are not dead!

Far from the motley throng of sordid men,
From fashion far, mean strife and frenzied
gain,
In those dear days through many a mountain
glen,
By mountain streams, and fields of rippling
grain,
We roamed, untouched by passion's feverish
pain,
But quaffing friendship's quiet draughts instead—
Its waters calm, whose sweetness is not dead!

Above that nook of fond remembrance stands
A dove-eyed Faith that falters not, nor
sleeps;
No flowers of Lethe drop in her white hands—
And if tho watch that steadfast angel keeps
Be pensive, and some transient tears she
weeps,
They are but tears a soft regret may shed
O'er twilight joys which fade, but are not
dead!

Not dead! not dead! but glorified and fair,
Like yonder marvelous cloudland floating
far
Between the quivering sunset's amber air,
And the mild luster of eve's earliest star—
O! such, so pure, so bright these memories
are,
Earth's warmth and Heaven's serene around
them spread—
They pass, they wane, but, sweet, they are not
dead!

—Scribner's Monthly.

"RALDY."

A Story of the Wisconsin River.

"What'll they do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Sim won't work and they're poor as poverty. It's a year since the wife died, and now the old mother's gone. She brought in the pennies right smart."

"There he is now."

The two women stopped their whispering as the tall, loosely-built figure of Sim Peebles came shambling along the ragged street of "Dearborn City." A look of unmistakable affliction rested upon his weak but handsome face, and a rag of black stuff was tied decently about his shabby hat. Two children, little more than infants, came running to meet him from the low but fierce-fronted house into which he finally entered with them, and then the two women went on with their interrupted conversation.

"Who's a doing things for them, anyhow? Who fixed *her*?"

"Him, I guess."

"Then he's smarter than I ever give him credit for."

A young woman who was walking hastily along the street had come close upon them while they were engaged in watching Sim Peebles, and had overheard these latter remarks of that gentleman's critics. She was above the medium height, and of a large and imposing figure, though far from graceful. Her large hands swung almost literally as she walked, and her tread was hard and masculine. With a mouth and chin handsomely and firmly though somewhat coarsely modeled, her broad and projecting forehead and brilliant, fearless blue eyes, added to the heavy braids of flaxen hair which were wound neatly about her head, made her face striking, and even comely. The women turned with a start as they saw her, and realized that she had overheard them. Geralda, or, as she was commonly known, "Raldy," Scott was evidently a woman of whose opinion they stood somewhat in awe.

"*You* didn't offer to help Sim Peebles yesterday," Raldy Scott said, disdainfully, pausing a moment in her hurried walk. "He was alone there with that dead woman and those little children, and yet you, his neighbors, women with husbands and children of your own, never offered to help him. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she continued, her eyes flashing, and her language, which had been much better than that of her slovenly neighbors, taking on in her excitement more of their peculiar Western twang. "And here, instead of walking up to his door and saying, 'Sim, can't we help you in your trouble?' you are standing in the street outside, wondering, 'who'll help him.' Raldy Scott despises lazy, shiftless Sim Peebles as much as you do; but she washed and dressed his dead mother for him, she fed his children, and, not being quite a brute, she proposes to take care of them till Sim Peebles can get somebody else. He swam in, when the Dells were full of ice, and got my father's body, so that his daughters could bury him decently, and Mart and I don't forget it."

And Raldy Scott swung along, leaving her listeners half stunned with her scathing rebuke.

"Hump!" said one of them, sullenly; "mebbe Raldy Scott can't always carry things so high."

"But the men'll always stand up for her," said the other one, dejectedly. "They think she's pow'rful smart because she's made two or three trips up in the pines and down on the rafts with the men. It must 'a been since you come here that she come back the last time with her drunken old father. She sorter looked after him, I reckon. He had fine airy ways, *he* had, and nothing but a tipsy Irishman, after all; and she with trousers and coat on, just like the men. O"—spitefully—"she ain't perticeler, Raldy Scott ain't; can swim and pole a raft with any man in the Dells any day. Only since old Roy Scott died she dresses like the rest of us. Her sister Mart's goin' to get married. Likely *she* wants to, too;" and the two women laughed ripe rishly.

"Perhaps she'll get Sim Peebles," said the other, as they parted; "he's ben a likely young widower some time now," and they laughed a coarse, hateful laugh as they went to their homes.

The two or three scores of houses, many of them built of logs, which formed the homely, straggling street of Dearborn City, were inhabited almost wholly by lumbermen. During a large part of the year these men were away from their families cutting wood in the pines; but when the ice began to break and the great spring flood of the majestic Wisconsin rolled down from the north, they massed their logs into rafts, and came floating down the river to their homes. The village had been planted in the midst of the forest, and from many of its houses were visible the high red walls of the river as it shot through its wonderful Dells, and the roar of its torrent rose upon their hearing perpetually. Just below the side of the village there was a break in the high red sandstone which lined the river for miles—with occasional rifts like this one—and here, when the current would permit, the rafts paused in the spring long enough for those to land who were not absolutely necessary to conduct the unwieldy argosies to the distant Mississippi. If the current was too strong for the rafts to stop, as was generally the case, the men sprang into the bounding rapids and swam ashore. Many a life even of experienced river pilots had been lost in the attempt, and it was in this way that Roy Scott had perished.

He had, indeed, been an Irishman, and a dissipated one, but he had belonged to a wealthy and honorable family. He squandered his patrimony early in life, however, emigrated to the New World, and pushed into the wilds of what was then the farthest West. There he became enamored of the exciting life of the lumbermen of the Wisconsin, entered into it, met and married a quiet Swede girl, the daughter of one of his hardy comrades, and from their strange union had sprung the gentle Martha and the large-featured, fair-haired Geralda, whose Northern phlegm and endurance were united with the quick wit and intense passion of her Irish ancestors.

Geralda Scott clung to the memory of her father with an almost sublime devotion. His varied knowledge, a certain rough polish of manner which his wild and roving life had never entirely obliterated, and his feats of strength and bravery, which were many and remarkable, she loved to dwell upon. From the upper windows of the rude, high-fronted "shanty" in which she and her sister lived, they could see plainly, some fifty feet down the red rock which bound the river, and a full two hundred above the swirling rapids, the legend, in bold white letters:

LEROY TALBOT SCOTT,
RIVER PILOT.
1843.

The girl never saw this without a secret thrill, for her father, years before she was born, had climbed muddled up the beetling crag, and had hung by one hand between heaven and earth while he had written it.

"Humph, Mart Scott!" she had said, sharply, to her quiet and unimpassioned sister, "what are you made of that you can hear these things, and yet sit there like a block?"

But Martha, with her pale Northern face and stolid Swede manner, cared more for the stout young pilot who was going to marry her than for all the stories of her reckless father's exploits.

Raldy Scott was as good as her word, and when the little funeral procession which followed Sim Peebles' mother to the grave moved away from the desolate hut, which Raldy's strong neat hands had cleansed and purified, Raldy, herself, with her brave, straightforward face held up defiantly to her gaping neighbors, had led one of the sobbing babies, while their shambling father, looking strangely cumpt and tidy, walked beside the other. Then they had come home again to the little hut, and every day through the dreary November weather Raldy Scott had tended the orphaned children and kept the cabin o' days, hastening home, when the little ones were safely in bed, to Mart and her own trim though only less humble home.

"What you goin' to git for your pains, Raldy?" said a kindly old lumberman to her one day. He had befriended her father, and Raldy could not answer him curtly.

"Talk behind my back—and experience," said Raldy, half smiling. But Mart was to be married at Christmas-time, so that Raldy felt she could afford to earn less for awhile; and, indeed, though she would not have allowed it to herself, Raldy was becoming almost fond of the life which she was leading in Sim Peebles' cabin.

"You're a powerful hand to work, Raldy," said Sim to her one day, as he sat watching her swift and energetic movements about his cheerless little kitchen.

Raldy stopped and squared her elbows, looking straight at him from under her great forehead.

"I'm setting you an example, Sim Peebles," she said, slowly. "You're clever and you're kind; you did me a great service once, and I'll never forget it; but if you had half the work in you that I have, you needn't be so all-possessed poor that you can't pay an honest woman for tending your wee bits and cooking your venison."

Raldy's tone forbade reply or argument, and Sim Peebles slunk guiltily away.

A day or two later he came in with a new brightness in his face.

"Say Raldy," he began, half sheepishly—for Sim Peebles had been "raised" in semi-luxury in some Eastern State, had loafed ever since he could remember, and hardly knew whether the announcement which he was about to make would be really creditable to him or not—"could you go 'round along—I mean, would you stay and look after things here till I come back, if I go up in the pines till spring?"

Raldy laughed a rather incredulous laugh.

"What are you going to do up in the pines?" she asked, at length.

"Chop," said Sim Peebles, succinctly.

"Humph! they've all gone long ago."

"No; there's a party going up to Stevens Point next week, and strike off from there."

"You can't chop," said Raldy, contemptuously.

"Yes, I can, too."

"Well, then, go." Raldy spoke crustily. She would not give the peeping neighbors any chance to accuse her of spending soft words on Sim Peebles. Yet, truth to say, she no longer held him in the low esteem which she had expressed in the screed delivered to her gossiping neighbors, and which her language to him would seem to indicate. In these long, quiet weeks since she had come to live in his humble cabin, she had detected in the lonely, saddened man qualities which had softened her heart toward him. He loved his children, and though he knew little enough how to care for them, he yet "minded" them devotedly in his own rough way. Then Sim Peebles' almost womanish face was yet handsome and attractive—when it was clean and shaven; and one day Raldy had come unexpectedly upon him with his eyes wet with tears, gazing upon a picture, which her quick vision noted, before he could put it away, as a likeness of his old mother.

"Humph!" said Raldy to herself, quite angry at a little secret tenderness which the sight had evoked in her. "Sim Peebles puts on considerable about his mother, but I notice he didn't get her a new dress while she was here, and if she had enough to eat it was because she hoed the clearing and dug the potatoes."

Still, it was a fact, and Raldy, in a dim, unwilling way, knew it, that she was daily growing to set a higher value upon Sim Peebles than he deserved, and she felt this more definitely than before when he told her that he was going "up in the pines." There was in her a strange, unreasoning aversion to having him go, glad as she was to see him developing something of the courage of a man.

She had repelled so fiercely the young men who, won to admiration by her spirit and good looks, had dared to make her any overtures, that Raldy had never yet had a regular love affair, and as is usually the case with a strong and self-reliant woman, weakness had won where force had failed. She could not help acting a little more tender and approachable than her wont as the day drew near for Sim Peebles to go, and Sim—poor Sim, who had come to worship the very ground that Raldy trod—Sim felt it but he did not dare to speak.

He was to start on a Monday, and Raldy had patched and darned his clothes till he was fit to go. Sunday morning she went as usual, to the little Lutheran chapel, the only place of worship which Dearborn City afforded, and where her mother had been one of the most devout attendants, and having come home again, she got the dinner and fed the children. Then she turned them out to play in the clearing, and leaving the door ajar—for it was one of the loveliest and pleasantest days of early winter—she went singing about her work. Sim Peebles watched her as she moved here and there, and Raldy, independent and imperious as she was, stole now and then a furtive glance at him.

"He's handsome," she thought, dreamily, as she gave a casual glance at Sim's waving hair and large brown eyes; "but," coming to herself a little, "how shiftless he is! But he's kind," wandering off again, "and he's done some brave deeds—but no pride, no ambition. But he's honest," thought Raldy again; "nobody ever said Sim Peebles wasn't honest; there's nothing mean about Sim Peebles, and that's one reason," excusingly, "why he's so poor."

Here Raldy checked herself, for she was standing absently, with a plate of butter in her hand, the butter in great danger of slipping, and her song quite still. She had been singing the old revival hymn:

"And when I pass from here to Thee,
Dear Lord, dear Lord, remember me."

Sim saw his opportunity and seized it, and as she hurried into the little pantry and out again he spoke quietly and earnestly:

"That's what I've been thinking, Raldy—something like, I mean. When I'm gone away, remember me."

"I'm not likely to forget you, with the youngsters under my feet all day," retorted Raldy, with asperity.

"You have been very kind to me and mine," continued Sim, with a choice of words which proclaimed an early training greatly superior to that of the rough men around him. Raldy recognized this superiority. It was, indeed, one of Sim's strongest claims upon her favor. But she was not to be tempted from her role.

"I didn't suppose you had noticed it," she said, tartly.

"Noticed it! Why, Raldy!" in a tone of deep reproach. "And you can think—I wanted to tell you before I went away—you can't think, Raldy, how it kind of spurs me up to try and be somebody. That's what makes me want to go up river now. I want to show you, Raldy—I want——" But here Sim Peebles choked up. His courage had given out. Raldy felt her's oozing out, too.

"I guess I'll go home till supper," she said, and she darted away.

After supper she put the children to bed, and then brushed up the hearth and put the little cabin to rights. Sim meanwhile devouring her, as usual, with his eyes. Raldy had captured him, soul and body, and the nearer he came to the sublime sacrifice which he felt that he was making for her sake, the more completely his passion dominated him.

Raldy moved for her hat and shawl, and murmured something in a manner strangely unlike herself about "going home to Mart," when Sim Peebles caught her hand—no man had ever dared to touch Raldy Scott's person before—and begged her to sit down for a moment with him by the fire.

"You know," Sim said, brokenly, and with a face like ashes, "it's my last night, Raldy." With all his love, he stood in absolute terror of her.

Raldy sat down with a strange docility, but Sim could not speak, after all, and they sat for several moments in silence.

"Well," said Raldy at last, getting up in her old arrogant way, "I guess I'll go."

"Say first," said Sim, swallowing hard, and catching at her hand again—"tell me first, Raldy, that may be when I come home, if I do well, Raldy, and turn out better, that——" He paused.

"That what?" questioned Raldy, in so gentle a tone that Sim took heart wonderfully.

"That may be you'll—you'll marry me and live here always, and see to the children."

It was all out now, and Sim drew a deep sigh as he turned his handsome, effeminate face, almost strong in its expression of intense love, full upon the strangely hesitating woman.

Raldy dropped into her seat again, and buried her face in her hands. Then she let them fall slowly, and said, with a serious and deliberative air which would have daunted a less persistent suitor:

"You're an honest fellow, Sim—and you know that's a good deal to me—and you're good-looking, but I declare I don't know of any other earthly reason why I should marry you. You couldn't support me. How you have had to fly around to get enough for us to eat since I have been here! And what wages have you paid me?"

She fairly cowered before her, but, with a woman's perversity, Raldy Scott's love only burned the more fiercely.

"It's all true," he said, mournfully, "but don't you see, Raldy, I'm turning over a new leaf? I'm going to work and I'm going to show you and the rest of them that I can be like other men."

As Raldy looked at him a tear glittered in her eye.

"Well, she said, rising, and with no hint in her voice of the tear, "when you come back it will be time enough to see."

"O, but, Raldy," cried poor Sim, who had reached just the point where "despair sublimes to power," "won't you just tell me that you love me—just a little?" He fell on the floor at her feet and buried his face in her dress. "Haven't you any thought about me," he went on, piteously, "only that I'm a worthless fellow?"

"Sim, you fool," said Raldy, raising him up with more tenderness than her words would seem to warrant, "do you suppose that I would have let you go on this way if I hadn't? Good-bye, Sim," and slipping away before he could stop her, Raldy left him with such consolation as he could gather from her last remark.

Sim did not go till nine o'clock the next morning, and meant to have a few words more with Raldy before he left, but she was cold and incisive as usual, when she came in at daybreak, and she went about her work in a way that precluded further conversation. Once she colored violently when Sim caught her eye, and some tender words rose to his lips at the sight, but she looked at him again so sternly that he was glad to withdraw into himself at once, and dared not plead his cause any further.

The days of the winter wore slowly away, while Raldy did her self-appointed task, and bore unflinchingly the slurs of the gossips, and the thousand little irksome trials of her position. At last the intense cold began to yield. March glided into April. The ice in the river thawed, and daily among its floating masses came down great rafts of logs, guided by sturdy lumbermen, whose cries echoed and re-echoed from the mighty walls of the village and gladdened the waiting hearts in the little village.

"When will our men come?" an aged lumberman, too old to go "up river" any more, shouted as one great raft became wedged between the rocks and ice, near enough to converse a little amid the tremendous tumult.

"In a week or two," shouted back a man who lived at the next landing and knew them well. There was no time for further talk, for the great raft just then made free, and swung into the current, and with the loud cries of the men as they plied their heavy poles and the rescuing and clambering up of several swept off, as they often were in the dipping and swaying of the raft on its perilous passage, it was carried out of sight, the echoes of the hubbub lingering long after the vision had vanished.

It was Friday afternoon, and the April sunshine was warm and bright, when the noise of a great drive, manned by strangers, having passed away, a new one was heard coming down the Dells. The voices seemed to Raldy's quick ear familiar ones. She had thrown her long, heavy red cloak, such as all the Norse women wear, around her to cover her house dress, which consisted, as her mother's had before her, of a short stuff petticoat and a black bodice over a coarse woolen waist, and she drew her cloak closer and gazed fixedly up the river, where the rafts always shot suddenly into view around a great bend.

The voices grew more distinct. "Halloo!" "Bear a hand!" "Shove her in, boys!" "Keep her steady!" And the great drive came thundering into view, rising and sinking, creaking and rubbing, the strong poles keeping her clear of the rocks and the shouts of the men coming down with startling clearness on the gentle wind.

A cry rose from the men on shore. Yes, these were their friends and neighbors, and there—there was Sim Peebles, straighter than his wont, and standing on the very edge of the logs, ready to leap into the current and swim ashore, for it was impossible to push the raft to land.

Half a dozen others were beside him, mostly the older ones, whose families needed them. The youngsters would see the raft safe to its destination.

On swept the great drive, the men redoubling their cries as the passage became narrower and more dangerous; and just as they shot under the great white name of Leroy Scott, the river pilot, one after another of the black figures who were waiting sprang into the water and began to struggle for the shore.

Raldy's pulses quickened, and a longing for her old wild life came over her. She had more than once made that leap herself, and no man of them all had battled more stoutly and resolutely than she with the freezing rapids.

One after another of the swimmers came safely through the five or six rods of foaming icy water, which were all that were necessary in order to reach the shore; but as Sim Peebles sank after his plunge a dozen floating logs passed over him. The logs were carried on, but he did not rise; another moment, still he did not rise.

Raldy Scott paused for no second thought. A strapping fellow near her was pulling off his coat, but before he could do it she had flung her heavy cloak aside, bared her arms, and dashed past him. She was a bold and vigorous swimmer, and fought her way desperately to the place where Sim went down. Suddenly a man's white face glared from the water ten feet away. His eyes were set and his mouth was open. Raldy struggled toward him, seized his collar, and with the help of the young man, who had reached the spot just in time to help her bring her burden in, towed Sim Peebles ashore.

Once there, she lifted him as though he had been a baby, and poured the water from his lungs, loosened his coarse shirt, breathed into his bloodless lips and poured a few drops of brandy down his throat, chafing his hands and chest meanwhile. Then she listened for his heart-beats, and a look of relief passed over her stern face.

"He's all right, boys," she said, turning carelessly to the breathless crowd about her, "Here, you, Sam Jenks, and the rest of you, you can carry him home. You'll find things all right there," and flinging her cloak around her Raldy called the children and strode off, and by the time the men had fairly revived Sim Peebles and had got him home Raldy was at the door to meet them, her drenched clothes exchanged for dry ones, and the wet braids of her fair hair alone revealing that she had dared, not an hour before the perils of the Dells of the Wisconsin for the sake of Sim Peebles.

In a few days Sim Peebles was all right again. He seemed in excellent spirits; but it was not until he had been at home for nearly a week that Raldy gave him any chance to "speak out." Then he contrived it only by desperately barricading the door, and sitting down in front of it, just as she was about going home for the night.

"I want to tell you something," he said, piteously, for Raldy was severely on her dignity.

Raldy concluded to be corned, and sat down to listen to him.

"I've saved up my pay," continued Sim, speaking a trifle hurriedly, "and I've done well, Raldy. I can support you well now. I got an extra job up there, and made some money out of that, and I've really done well, Raldy; you ask the fellows if I haven't."

Something in his manner made the quick-witted woman pause and look at him suspiciously; but as she looked she saw nothing but Sim Peebles' handsome face and great pleading brown eyes full of adoration for her, and she flung her suspicions to the wind.

"Well," she said, calmly, "if you have money you'll find use for it. I suppose you know by this time that I've run up quite a bill at the store since you went away; I told them there that I'd foot it if you didn't."

"I'll foot it—I'll foot everything," said Sim, deliriously, taking her nonchalance, as well he might, for direct encouragement. "I've got enough to last us well for a good while, Raldy. And so it's all right, isn't it?—isn't it, Raldy?"

He rose to his full height with a sudden dilation of impetuous passion which compelled the scornful woman's admiration. Then he stretched out his arms to her mutely, and she—seem told her in.

"To-morrow—to-morrow, Raldy," pleaded her intoxicated lover; "marry me to-morrow!"

"No," Raldy said, thoughtfully, becoming herself again suddenly, and tearing herself away from him—"no; one week from to-day I'll marry you, Sim. And if I put this trust in you, Sim"—with a sudden quiver in the clear voice which thrilled all through Sim Peebles' poor shivering soul—"you won't disappoint me?"

"Never, Raldy—never," he said, with an almost manly tenderness, and he drew her unresisting face to him and kissed her once again before she passed through the door to her home.

Raldy's preparations for her wedding were few and very private. She did not tell even Mart. "If I choose to throw myself away," she said to herself—for Raldy Scott knew well that from the head of the Wisconsin to the Mississippi there wasn't a woman to equal her—"if I choose to throw myself away on Sim Peebles it's nobody's business but my own. They'll talk enough afterward—and they may."

At last the morning came of the day which Raldy had set for her wedding, and Sim went about with a look of bliss upon his face which would have told the story to the whole neighborhood, in spite of his solemn promise to Raldy not to reveal it, if she had not studiously kept him busy on the place in making up the garden.

They were to be married at noon. Eleven o'clock was near at hand, and Raldy called out softly to Sim to see to the children. She was going over to Mart's to put on her best dress, and was hurrying out of the gate when she encountered Mrs. Jenks.

"Good-morning," said that lady, beamingly.

Instead of pushing past her contemptuously, as she would usually have done, something made Raldy stop civilly.

"Glad to see Sim's getting ahead a little," said Mrs. Jenks, with a smirk.

Raldy stared at her mutely, and did not stir.

"Sorry he's come by his money just as he has, though," went on Mrs. Jenks, sending her shaft well home.

The color left Raldy's steady face, and her mind flew back to the momentary suspicion with which she had first received the news of Sim's good fortune.

"How is that?" she said, imperiously.

"O, don't you know?" rejoined Mrs. Jenks, innocently. "All Dearborn's talkin' about it. You know Sim ain't over-smart about coverin' up his tracks."

"Even," said Raldy, breathlessly, as her tormentor paused.

"You know old Jake Torrey died up in the pines six weeks ago?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently.

"And may be you know he died all alone with Sim Peebles?"

Raldy did not know it, but she bowed her head.

"At least," said Mrs. Jenks, spitefully, "Sim thought he was alone, but my Sam happened to be within hearing, just out of sight, and he heard old Jake say, 'Take this money, Sim, and send it to my daughter in Vermont,' and he told him where, and Sim writ it down, and," went on Mrs. Jenks, with satisfaction enough to atone for all the innumerable slights and snubs that she had received at Raldy's hands—"and then the old man dropped away; but Sim, mind yer, he never said a word, not he, but he's come all of a sudden by a big pile, so he makes his brag—'extra job,' he says, I hear." And Mrs. Jenks passed on.

Raldy went a few steps further, her proud head bowed a little and her firm steps slow and faltering. Then she turned quickly, and re-entered Sim Peeble's little cabin. The children were playing out-doors, and she closed and bolted the door behind her as she went in. Then she motioned to Sim to sit down opposite her. Her keen, indignant eyes searched him through and through. He looked back at her for a moment with all the fond joy of an expectant bridegroom. Then the purpose of her gaze seemed to penetrate him. The light went out from his face, his eyelids drooped, his head fell. Then he groaned aloud, and she knew that Mrs. Jenks' story was true.

"Sim," she said, softly, "is it true? Tell me as you would tell your Maker;" and there was a ring in her low tone which compelled him to be honest with her. "Did you take that money that Jake Torrey left you for his daughter, and pretend that it was your own?"

"O, Raldy," he began, weakly, "not all—oh, not nearly all. You can write——"

She interrupted him sternly. "Did you take any of that money, Sim?"

"Just enough," he said, pleadingly—"just enough to pay me for doing the business, you know, Raldy—not much, you know. O, Raldy, you won't cast me off for that, will you?—oh, not now, Raldy—not *now*?" and the man, putting his head in her lap, wept utterly.

She stroked his hair tenderly, but her firm face did not weaken.

"I have thought a great deal of you, Sim," she said, in a dry, hard voice, suddenly rising and pushing him from her, "but now that I find that you are a mean and dishonest man—that you can cheat the dead, Sim—that's all over. I hope you'll get somebody to take care of the children, Sim, for I must go. I reckon I'll go down to Fond du Lac or Milwaukee and go out to service. Mart's married, and"—wearily—"I might as well."

And she turned before his face, unlatched the humble door, through which an hour hence she had thought to walk as a bride, and before he could open his paralyzed lips to speak, she was gone. And Sim Peebles never saw her again.—*Harper's Magazine.*

—A seven-mile ride for life under most extraordinary circumstances was the experience of a farmer near Forrester, Mich. He gathered fifteen persons in his wagon and started for the beach. The fire was close behind them as they started, so close that the dresses of some of the women and children were on fire from the sparks. It was seven miles of up hill and down, with corduroy, ruts and roots, and the horses needed no whip to urge them into a mad run. As the wagon started the tire of a hind wheel rolled off. They could not stop for it, and yet, even on a good road, the wheel would have crushed down in going twenty rods without it. The horses pushed over that seven miles of rough road at a wild run, and the wheel stood firm. A delay of five minutes at any point of the road would have given fifteen more victims to the flames which followed on behind.

Duty of Parents.

Children should be sent to school in good physical condition. If they are sick they should not go at all. They should have full hours of healthy sleep, "early to bed" habitually, and not very "early to rise," if they seem to need more sleep. I feel as though I am committing a sin when I awake a child in the morning from sound slumber, even when I have been begged by the child to do so. It seems necessary to do this sometimes, in order to break a child of night wakefullness and late morning sleep. But sleep is literally "tired nature's sweet restorer." Brain repair and healthy physical growth take place best during the hours of sleep. The brain uses up by its work certain portions of the nutriment which comes from our daily food, and these must be supplied in our food from day to day, or the brain will work feebly or break down easily. I believe that many dull scholars are made so by poor food, much poor food being misnamed "rich."

I feel condemned when my children have to hurry to school, worried by a fear of being late. The home arrangements ought to be such that the children can easily be ready in season, and walk calmly to school with no anxiety about tardiness. The teachers do well to try to promote punctuality, both for the good order of the school, and for each child's education in a good habit. But when children get such a dread of being late that they much prefer to be absent, tho matter is overdone. More than once when my little daughter found herself starting so late to school (more than a mile) I have told her not to do so, that the tardy mark on the monthly report, and the staying a little while after school hours were not half so bad as a headache for the day, and the necessity for studying while over-heated and tired. This is a part of her physical education and a very important one.

If some children need urging to their studies, others need holding back quite as much. This little girl, finding herself 100 in most of her studies at the early spring examinations, announces her intention of being 100 in all at the close of the year. Not long after she asks me seriously. "Which would you rather have me do?—study at noon-time and so be 100 in all my studies, or go out and play and not be above 95?" Of course I did not hesitate in my reply. I said: "Play by all means, even though you barely pass (the lowest average for passing from one grade to another being fixed at seventy-five) and if you study at noon recess instead of playing, I should want to punish you, as nature surely would by making both mind and body suffer from mental overwork." So the little girl and her companions played ball and "run, sheep run," and examination found her fresh and calm, and apparently not at all worried until she was more than half through the exercises, which occupied the forenoons of one week. Then she received a letter from a very dear friend who had just passed her examination in another place. The writer said (not at all in a boastful spirit.) "I was 100 in every study, which is no uncommon thing for me." Then our little girl was roused to emulation, as I could plainly see, and she was full of anxiety about the remaining examination, wishing to study both early and late, which I discouraged. When she came home and announced her high average, she thought I was not properly glad. I told her I had been glad all of the time to see her finely and in excellent health and spirits, but within a few days I had begun to fear that she might gain a triumph at too great a cost. Her high average did not please me so much as the sincere regret she seemed to feel that she was marked higher in reading than a little friend who really is a better reader than she is—for this, too, is an important part in her education. I tell all this by way of illustration; I might also tell of the efforts I have to make to induce another child to pay decent attention to study, so full of play is the child's mind. I am not at all sure that the latter mentioned will not some day outstrip all the others, even in mental achievement, but it does not now seem probable. Every one knows that precocious children seldom do the best in later life, and I never envy the parents of unusually "forward scholars."—*Cor. N. Y. Witness.*

Some Familiar Sayings.

Shakespeare gives us more pithy sayings than any other author. From him we cull: "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," "Make assurance doubly sure," "Look before you leap," "Christmas comes but once a year." Washington Irving gives us "Almighty Dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." "Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap" and "The stone that is rolling will gather no moss." "All ery and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of the larger growth," "Through thick and thin." "Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Cowper tells us that "Variety is the spice of life." To Milton we owe "The Paradise of Fools."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southern reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats. Franklin says, "God helps them who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

—Vaccination is upon the nose in China. The Government makes it universal, not by compulsion but by paying ten cents to each veritably scabbed nose exhibited to its officials.

A Wedding in Wyoming.

Camping near the town we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the Postmaster.

"It is now half past two, and at three there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected Justice of the Peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'Squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a dod-blasted word about metermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"O!" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'Squire, who began:

"Feller citizens, this 'yar man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that must block the game of tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unanimously, an' the Court rules that thar hain't nothin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your souls an' bless this union with His heftiest blessin's!"

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly-made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Origin of the Chinese Pigtail.

A recent Imperial edict on the subject calls our attention to the origin of the pigtail, which is now the distinctive mark of the native of the Flowery Land. It is one of the strange phenomena of that country, where everything is so ancient and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted, but permitted to intertwine itself so closely with the National life that it would now require forcible measures to have the people to forgo it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest, when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them; and they were even known to some of their neighbors as the "long-haired race." But when the great soldier Noorhachu marched southwards from Moukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty, he gave an order to his Lieutenants to compel the people, as they submitted, to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished and which were not; while the thoroughness of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner.

This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of China by a mere handful of Tartar soldiers, was continued, and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of Government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pigtail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have put forward as one of their features the intention to renew this practice, which has there been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.—*London Globe.*

—In order to secure her new possessions on the Pacific Coast without an army, Russia has perfected a scheme locating 40,000 families in the Amoor country. The climate is very pleasant and the soil rich and productive. The inducements offered are such as will take swarms of colonists to the locality.

—President Garfield was a diarist and leaves several volumes, six by eight inches in size. He wrote most of the entries himself, but dictated some. His last entry, July 1, speaks of the return of his Secretary, Brown, from Europe and of the death of his cousin Cordelia, and closes "Retired at twelve o'clock."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 8 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

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SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1881.

Republican State Ticket.

For Comptroller of the Treasury,
THOMAS GORSUCH.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.
For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHEY,
HOWARD M. KEMP.
For County Commissioners,
S. L. TOWNSHEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.
For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.
For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

REPUBLICANS!

REMEMBER GARFIELD!

Republican Meetings will be held as follows:

NEW GERMANY, Friday, Oct. 28th, at 7 P. M.

GRANTSVILLE, Saturday, Oct. 29th, at 7 P. M.

SELBYSPORT, Monday, Oct. 31, at 3 P. M.

ACCIDENT, Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 3 P. M.

SANG RUN, Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 7 P. M.

BLOOMINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7 P. M.

S. J. YUTZY'S, (No. 8,) Friday, Nov. 4, at 3 P. M.

ALTAMONT, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7 P. M.

OAKLAND, Monday, Nov. 7, at 7 P. M.

ELOQUENT SPEAKERS

will address these meetings. Let all who can, attend these meetings, and hear the issues of the campaingn ably discussed.

By order State Central Committee for Garrett County.

H. W. COMBS,
Chairman.

Don't Trade.

Democrats are at their old game of trying to induce Republicans to trade. Don't do it. We will undoubtedly elect our entire ticket, and have nothing to gain and all to lose by trading. Vote the whole ticket and you will be happy when the election returns come in. *Don't trade.*

The three legislative district of Baltimore city have nominated full straight Republican tickets, which it is claimed will poll the full party vote.

The Democrats are demoralized and have no hope of electing their ticket. Now is the time for the Republicans to carry the county by 200 majority. You can do it if you will.

Every Union Soldier in the county should vote the Republican ticket, and more especially should they vote for Hon. Geo. W. Wilson and Mr. W. S. Pew, who faithfully served in the Union army.

The attempt at holding a Democratic Mass Meeting in Baltimore last week to stir up some enthusiasm in favor of Mr. Keating was a complete failure. The audience was very small and there was no enthusiasm.

Two years ago the Republicans carried this county by an average majority of one hundred and forty. We can make it two hundred in November if every Republican in the county does his duty. Go to work.

Rev. C. B. Ludwig, a native of Chambersburg, Pa., and more recently a resident of Michigan, has purchased the Oakland *Democrat*. We heartily wish Mr. Ludwig financial success. If he should harmonize the warring factions in his party in this county he will have accomplished a mighty work.

The result of the Ohio and Iowa elections does not seem to justify the sanguine opinion of our Democratic friends that the Republican party is going to pieces.

The Wheeling *Register* consoles itself in the hour of general Democratic demolition with this reflection: "All was not lost. The Democrats elected a justice of the peace in Ohio."

In the Democratic party there is a strong sentiment in favor of rotation and a much stronger feeling against third termers. This is Mr. Keating's third term and many Democrats who love the time-honored principles of that party will vote against him on this ground.

Mr. Samuel Johnson, Democratic nominee for the House of Delegates, has declined to allow his name to be used, and the County Committee has substituted the name of Wm. D. Hoye, of Oakland District. This gives to Oakland district four of the eight nominees on that ticket.

The more we look at the figures from Ohio and Iowa, the more we are impressed with the fact that the Republican party is not disintegrating at the rate the Democrats expected. If the reaction they predicted keeps on, it will be only a question of time when the Democratic majorities will be absorbed.

Mr. Bayard's career as president pro tempore of the Senate and heir-apparent of the White House was so brief as to be ludicrous. He stepped up to the chair on Monday and stepped down again on Thursday. His private reflections on the folly of a party's grabing an office to which it has no right would be interesting reading. Mr. Bayard is nothing if not dignified, and his summary ejection from the chair as an interloper must have rasped his sensibilities cruelly.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In Ohio the memory of Garfield stimulated his friends to go to the polls and secure a victory over a candidate who had never apologized for calling him a prelurer. We hail these results as exceedingly gratifying to the Republicans of the whole country. They should stimulate their brethren in Maryland to vigorous exertions at the polls in November. Let us have the name of a Republican in Garrett who would "scratch" the name of a Republican from the ticket and substitute that of a maligner of Garfield.

Every Republican in Garrett county should feel it his duty to do all he can for the election of Mr. Gorsuch, the Republican nominee for Comptroller. He is a man worthy the support of every honest voter and if the proper effort is put forth he will be elected. Mr. Keating cannot poll the solid vote of his party and we know of many Democrats who will vote for Mr. Gorsuch. If you want to break up Democratic ring rule in this State vote for the Republican nominee and induce your neighbor to do the same.

The apathy which prevailed in Ohio during the recent election is strikingly illustrated by the fact that about a hundred thousand voters did not think it worth their while to cast a ballot. All precedent warranted the assumption that this indifference told far more heavily upon the Republicans than on their opponents. It is nothing to their credit, but it is a fact that while the Democrats march up to the polls without regard to the state of the weather or the importance of the questions at issue, the Republicans, unless they are deeply interested, are apt to stay away. It is this circumstances which enable the Democrats to gain a sporadic success in off years, and it is rather surprising than otherwise that it did not enable them to carry Ohio.

Vote the Republican Ticket.

Because its success will be the downfall of the corrupt ring that has made the ballot-box in Baltimore a reproach to the State, that has caused the accumulation of abuses upon abuses in the conduct of the State government, that has used our Public Works as engines for the execution of partizan plans and the oppression of the tax-payers.

Because its success will pave the way for the Reform, which has always been promised but never given by the Democratic party, and will secure a fair registration and an honest election throughout the State.

Because the candidates are in every way worthy of the ardent support of the voters, being pledged to carry out the principles of the Republican party as laid down in its platform.

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

Democratic Endorsement.

The Baltimore *Tribune*, the organ of the Old Line Democrats, speaks in the following complimentary terms of Thomas Gorsuch, Esq., the Republican nominee for Comptroller of Maryland:

"The nomination of Mr. Gorsuch is perhaps as proper and as popular as could have been made by the Republican party. He has occupied several positions of responsibility and trust, and in every instance he has discharged his duty in an acceptable manner. In this case the office has south the man and not the man the office. He is sure to receive the united and hearty support of all his party, and this fact, together with the additional fact that thousands of Democrats will not vote for Keating, make it highly probable that he will be the next Comptroller of Maryland.

"We would greatly prefer that the Democrats had nominated a candidate deserving of the united support of the party and of election. This, however, they have not done. If, in consequence of the rashness of the State convention in forcing upon the ticket against the earnest protest of thousands of our best citizens, an objectionable canddiate, a Republican should be elected, the responsibility will rest upon those who forced Mr. Keating before the people. We have the comforting assurance that in Mr. Gorsuch we will have a capable and efficient public official."

Strong Language from a Democrat.

In the Democratic meeting held at Ellicott City two weeks ago, which meeting placed a full independent Democratic county ticket in the field, Judge Merrick said that it was a long time since he had taken an active part in the local politics of the State of Maryland, but a condition of affairs existed which called on every true Democrat to come forward and redeem his State from the corrupt rule of those in power. The end of all party organization was to have the popular will impressed upon legislation. But when professional politicians seek and gain place and power simply for purposes of their own, regardless of the principles of the party and the good of the people, loyalty to party is treason to the State. True loyalty would redeem the party. This was the object of the meeting to-day. They were present to thwart a corrupt faction and to repudiate boss dictation. What are the facts? Why this assembly? Mr. Merrick then read from the Democratic platform of 1879. Containing, he said: "Have those pledges been kept, these promises redeemed? The platform admitted that there were needless offices; that there had been exorbitant compensation to officers, and that a new registration was needed. The people voted for candidates on these pledges. Have these pledges been kept? The Legislature met and at once divided into honest Democrats, anxious to redeem these pledges, and a ring combination which ignored every promise." Mr. Merrick then referred to the failure to abolish the useless offices of superintendent of the telegraph line from Baltimore to the House of Correction; the payment of one thousand dollars per annum to Eugene Higgins, secretary of the Senate, for recording less than a dozen births and marriages; 26 members of the engrossing committee, with 26 clerks, each receiving $150 extra compensation; 7 chaplains in the House and 2 chaplains in the Senate, to do the praying and pull them through. Truly these men appear as saying: "We *preserve* power by the extension of profligacy, and extend profligacy to preserve power." Mr. Merrick charged that Eugene Higgins, of Baltimore, had manipulated the registration books of the 5th district of Howard county, went to Annapolis and was elected secretary of the Senate. "Are you willing," continued Mr. Merrick, "to share the disgrace of the party? Maryland once stood unstained, but now she lies in the dust beside the profligates of Lousiana, South Carolina and Florida."

In accordance with the programme of the Republican caucus of Wednesday, Mr. David Davis, of Illinois, was Thursday elected President pro tem. of the Senate to take the place of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware. Under the circumstances such action was perhaps to be expected, though its speedy consummation was a surprise, and while the substitution of Mr. Davis, who claims to be Independent, for a Democrat pure and simple, may do no very serious damage to the Democratic party, the Republicans, having the two Independents, Mr. Davis and Gen. Mahone, to choose from, will no doubt claim credit to themselves for selecting the former. The Republicans having thirty-six votes, including Gen. Mahone, and the Democrats thirty-six, including Mr. Davis, it was obvious that the Democratic incumbent of the Presidential chair could be ousted in either of two ways; by putting Mr. Bayard in such a position that his chivalric sense of honor would not permit him to vote, or by offering Mr. Davis sufficient motive to decline to vote. Both situations were realized when Mr. Logan, of Illinois, offered a resolution for the election of Mr. Davis to the office held by Mr. Bayard. As was expected when the name of the latter gentleman was called he withheld his vote, saying "that he had never obtained office by his own vote and would never retain it by that vote," while the former remained silent when his vote upon the resolution was called for. The result was a majority of two for Mr. Logan's resolution, followed by a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Bayard "for the impartiality he had displayed in the administration of his office." This settlement of the vexed question of the party bias of the person next in order of succession to President Arthur may not appear to many persons to be a better one than was supposed to have been made when Mr. Bayard was made President of the Senate, but it has the merit of promising to be final. Mr. Davis will doubtless sustain in his high position the character for moderation which he has so long possessed, and have the opportunity, from the peculiar circumstances of his elevation, freer from partisan bias than any previous presiding officer of the Senate for many years. His elevation to a situation in which he is the heir-apparent to the Presidency, an office for which he has long been thought to cherish an occult ambition, is another of these political surprises in which the last few months have been so fertile. Beaconsfield's remark that "in politics what happens is the unexpected," finds of late so many confirmations that it seems destined soon, in America at least, to attain the rank of a truism.—*Balto. Sun, Democrat.*

The Tables Turned.

WASHINGTON, October 13.—The prediction that Senator David Davis would succeed Senator Bayard as the presiding officer was verified this afternoon; and that, too, in a very business like manner. Indeed, it may be stated that this has been a field day for the Republican Senators. In the first place, when the Edmunds resolution to retain the standing committees intact was called up, Senator Garland made a spasmodic effort to obstruct its adoption by reviving his suggestion of yesterday, to except the most important committees, which, in his opinion, should necessarily be reorganized for the session. He framed his ideas as an amendment, and urged its adoption. Mr. Edmunds opposed the amendment. Mr. Garland modified his amendment so as to include the committees on privileges and elections and contingent expenses, but it would not go down, and it was rejected by a vote of 37 to 35. The original resolution of Mr. Edmunds was then adopted, Senator David Davis voting with the Republicans in each instance. That fact was sufficient to convince the Democrats that Mr. Davis was no longer one of them, and a mighty disgusted-looking set of statesmen they were in consequence thereof. Senator Davis in the meantime appeared utterly oblivious of the importance of his position, and the apparent hard feeling harbored against him by the Bourbons. He was dignified and as calm as usual, and devoted his time to letter writing, pausing only once to lean across the aisle to ask a question of Senator Teller. Just about that time Senator Logan offered the resolution to unseat Senator Bayard, and declare Senator Davis the President pro tem. This was the signal for general confusion. It was expected by the Democrats, but in view of the previous proceedings they were inclined to believe that the Republicans would forgo the introduction of the resolution to-day. It was a death blow to their brief season of authority, but as a matter of form Senator Pendleton interposed an objection to its consideration, and, under the rules, the resolution went over. After a brief executive session though, when most of the spectators had departed, Senator Pendleton withdrew his objection, the resolution was called up again and passed. Before its adoption, Senator Jones, of Florida, placed on record a protest for the Democrats from his standpoint. It was very weak and illogical, the Senator holding that such action was unconstitutional. While the Senator was speaking, Mr. Bayard left the chair and appointed Senator Harris to succeed him. The adoption of the resolution could not be decided by a viva voce vote, and the roll was ordered to be called.

Senator Davis, during the roll call, sat with his hand to his face, partly concealing his features, but it was observed that he had been at last aroused to his importance, as his face was pale and the one hand placed upon his desk moved about among the papers nervously. When the vote—36 yeas and 34 nays—announcing his election was announced, the color came back to his cheeks again, and a slight smile lighted up his face. The Republican Senators crowded around and shook hands with him, some laughing, and the portly Senator joined in the merriment. It was evident that it was the happiest moment of his life. When Senators Anthony and Bayard were appointed to escort him to the chair the laughter was resumed, for the former had been the original Republican candidate for the same position, and the latter had just vacated it. President pro. tem. Davis stepped out into the aisle, comically stuck his arms akimbo to link them with the arms of his escort, and laughed more heartily than anyone in the chamber. Senator Bayard was the first to reach his successor. He, too, was laughing heartily as he walked down the aisle, and when he reached Mr. Davis and congratulated him the Senators roared and the spectators clapped their hands loudly.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17, 1881.

Mr. Bayard as President of the Senate may be said to have run a short but brilliant carreer. Those hard-headed Democrats who thought they saw the Presidential secession ahead, and insisted upon electing one of their ilk to fill the gap, are supremely disgusted at the turn things have taken. Some of the shrewder and less partisan among them favored making Senator Davis their candidate in the beginning. They foresaw the difficulties and uncertainties surrounding their position and believed that their only chance of securing a permanent organization was through anchoring the Independent party on that side. Mr. Davis is ambitious and has had the Presidential fever for years. This position with the responsibility before him was a great prize—probably the nearest he will ever come to the realization of his hopes. But a few old hard-shells among the Democratic Senators would not listen to the Davis scheme, and, as usual, they got left. They wanted a real old simon pure Democratic President if Mr. Arthur should peg out, and they thought if they elected Bayard Senator Davis would not join in any programme to oust him. They are pretty slow politicians, these old moss-backs.

The feeling among Republicans is that while Mr. Davis is not entirely satisfactory to them he is better from their standpoint than Bayard. And in the matter of the rest of the organization as well as upon other questions, it gives them an advantage. Having now determined upon which side the real majority is, and having settled in their own favor the arrangement of the committees, there is no further obstacle to prompt and satisfactory action upon measures coming before the Senate. When the House shall also effect a Republican organization, all branches of the Government will once more be under the control of one party—the party responsible to the country. It is not unlikely that at the regular session of Congress in December a straight Republican will be elected to succeed Mr. Davis. If such a proposition is brought forward Judge Davis could not with propriety vote upon it, and that would give one Republican majority. The only way the resolution could be defeated would be by Mr. Davis casting his vote for the Democratic candidate, if there should be one, thereby causing a tie. But that would be equivalent to voting for himself, which he would hardly do.

Washington gave our French and German visitors, who had come over to see us celebrate the victory which their ancestors helped to win, a brilliant reception. They were escorted to the Capitol by a military and civic procession and in the rotunda given a formal welcome, after which General Sherman and the members of his staff and a number of army and navy officers, including the Admiral, were introduced. The scene in the rotunda was a gay one, the glittering brilliant uniforms of the various officers enriching its splendor, and far different from the one which transpired there but a few weeks ago when the funeral services over the body of the late President took place. The President and members of the Cabinet wore black gloves. It was noticed that President Arthur was larger than any of the visitors; indeed he was probably taller than any man in the rotunda. The same persons who noticed this also noticed when the visitors were in the Senate chamber that the President of the Senate, Mr. Davis, weighed more, apparently, than any two of the largest of the visitors, and that our army and navy officers are, as a rule, much larger men than the visiting officers. The extensive and brilliant display of fireworks in the evening attracted an immense crowd to the vicinity of the Washington Monument, where it was given. As our foreign visitors looked out from the new State Department building upon that unfinished shaft, which the illumination caused to stand out so prominently, they must have noticed that it presented a conspicuous reflection upon our boasted enterprise. But there is a prospect at last that it will be completed some time. It has grown fifty feet, or thereabouts, in the last year. To-day the cry is on to Yorktown, where accommodations are already at a premium—ten dollars a day, or something like that.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The subscriptions to the Garfield fund Saturday amounted to $18,310.94, of which $17,791.40 were received from H. P. Kidder, W. Endicott, Jr., Henry Lee, John M. Forbes and S. D. Warner, a committee from Boston. The grand total foots up $357,851.21.

The latest invention reported by a Japanese journal is that of Otsuka Minakichi, who, after extensive experiments, is said to have succeeded in making rifles of silk. They are described "as rigid as iron guns, while they are easy of carriage and have a very long range."

A fund of $5,000 has been contributed by brewers according to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, for the dissemination of "information tending to popularize lorger beer as a harmless beverage." The idea is to circulate, by pamphlets and otherwise, praise of beer and attacks on other spirituous drinks.

The so-called "pinkeye" disease which broke out among the horses in New York two weeks ago seem to be assuming alarming proportions. There are said to be between 500 and 600 cases in New York at the present time. Veterinary surgons expect equine sickness of this sort every fall, but they were not prepared for the unprecedented violence of the disease which has marked this season.

A duel was fought about ten miles from Richmond Saturday last, between Captain H. H. Riddleberger and Hon. George D. Wise, growing out of the political canvass in Virginia. Four shots were exchanged, but neither was hurt. Captain Riddleberger had also arranged to fight a duel with Editor Beirne, of the Richmond *State*, but this had to be put off, as when the pistols were loaded no caps could be found.

Strong efforts are being made, but without much success, to turn the stream of emigration aside from the United States. Canada, on the north, is paying a part of the steamship fares of persons who promise to settle on her lands; and Mexico, on the south, falling by other means, has just made a contract for the colonization of 200 Italian families, who will be provided with land, implements and stock free.

The agricultural distress in England has in a curious way led to the discussion of the Biblical injunction against work on the Sabbath day. It has so happened that several Sundays have come as pleasant days, preceded and followed by days of inclement weather. The crops were in such a state that every hour counted, but, so strong was the Sabbatarian feeling among a large number of the people that tens of thousands of farmers conscientiously refrained from work on Sunday, although by so doing they sacrificed in the aggregate an immense amount of money.

The Greenville (S. C.) *Daily News* says: "All things indicate that the tide of prosperity and interest is being turned Southward. This year there is absolutely nothing at the North or West to attract visitors and engage the public attention. We have the Atlanta exposition, the Yorktown Centennial and the Baltimore Oriole festival simultaneously in progress, and there will be a greater host of strangers in the South during this fall than there has been since Sherman's march to the sea. It is superfluous to remark that the present excursion is viewed with much more pleasure than was the other one alluded to."

Full though unofficial returns from Ohio place Governor Foster's majority at 24,072, or 7,000 more than in 1879. For an off year this is doing pretty well, especially in view of the fact that the campaign had been singularly listless, and that the number of voters who stayed away from the polls was unprecedentedly large. But besides electing the Governor, the Republicans have also secured two-thirds of each house of the legislature and effectually block the gerrymander that would inevitably had occurred if the Democrats had gotten in power.

The rejected Tammany delegates to the New York Democratic State convention have issued an address to the Democrats of that State, detailing their grievances and protesting against their exclusion as an unwarrantable wrong, not only to their constituents but to the Democracy of the whole country. The responcibility for their exclusion is laid upon Hon. Samuel J. Tilden.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

LOCAL NEWS.

—News calculated to encourage Republicans comes from all parts of the county.

—Telephonic communication will soon be established between Cumberland and Frostburg, Md.

—The Republicans gained materially in registration in Oakland district this fall.

—Col. James M. Schley, of Cumberland, was married, Tuesday, in Washington city, to Miss Guy Welsh, of the latter city.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Mr. A. J. Haroe and wife left Oakland Thursday morning for a visit to relatives and friends in Washington county, Md.

—Our candidate for Sheriff, Mr. W. S. Pew, is not the author of the Kitzmillersville letters recently published in THE REPUBLICAN.

—The Grand Jury of Allegany county, Tuesday, found a true-bill for manslaughter against Michael Flanagan, who is charged with having killed Col. Hanson Brown, near Lonaconing several months since.

—A congregational meeting will be held immediately after morning services at the Oakland Ev. Lutheran Church on next Sunday morning. All members are earnestly requested to be present, as their presence and vote will be specially needed.

—Monday last Edward Hager, aged eight years, son of West Hager, of Cumberland, was drowned in a disused vat at the tan-yard formerly owned by Withers & Son. He disappeared at 11 P. M. and the body was not found until 6 A. M. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict of accidental drowning.

—Our enterprising merchant tailor, Mr. G. E. Hinkley, has just returned from Baltimore, where he purchased a large stock of cloths, cassimers, vestings, trimmings, &c., &c., suitable for fall and winter suits for men and boys. Mr. H. has a very large stock from which to select, and everybody can be "suited."

—The Lutheran Synod, recently held at Washington, D. C., sanctions the Deer Park Lutheran Church building, by advising the Church Extension Board to donate for that purpose $750.00, to supplement the local subscriptions. Some of our friends who have not yet made their contributions will doubtless hereby be inspired to send in their subscriptions.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 22d, 1881.

Brown, Mary; Bean, or Bear, J. M; Boyd, David; Barker, J. Rev.; Carter Annie M; Davage, Thos. H; Dading, Mary Mrs.; Gray, Josephine Mrs.; Goldsboro, R. T; Gillespie, Capt; Harvey, Crampton; Hynson, C. W. Mrs; Henson, Wm; Hershberger, Jas; Hoye, J. P; Hair, Mary; Hall, John; Jacob, M; Lewis, Anthony; Morgan, T. Henry, 2; Norman, Jas. H; Suter, John D; Smith, Henry H; Ours, John W; Swingley, O; Talbott, G. E; Turner, H. S. Mrs; Willis, D; Whitney, Geo. E; Wilson, Eyram; Shuler, Mr; Grapeman; Smith, Philip; Stacher, J. W.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 19:

A. G. Slicer and wife to Austin Clement, all their undivided interest in land called "Elk Garden," 740 acres; $250.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to John Shartzer, part of lot No. 40, in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland; $300.

John P. Miller and wife to Henry J. Miller, two pieces of land containing 11 acres and 110 perches; $500.

P. H. Eckard to Jacob H. Eckard, ½ of lots 3162, 3164 and 1765; $760.

G. S. Hamill and A. Hunter Boyd, trustees, to Henry G. Davis, tract of land known as "Mary Perry" land, 617 acres and 149 perches; $3,766.

Henry G. Davis to John W. Garrett, the above; same consideration.

Jacob D. Otto and wife to Henry Winterberg, tract of land, 32¼ acres; $568.

John Swan and wife to John G. Knauer one-half of military lots Nos. 2511 and 2512; $375.

Chas. E. Harness and wife to Elizabeth Walker, land adjoining Oakland, 8 acres with improvements; $3,650.

The Garrett Guards at Yorktown.

The Garrett Guards left Oakland Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in a special train. They remained in Cumberland for several hours, when, together with the Cumberland companies, they started for Baltimore, arriving there at 10 A. M. Saturday morning. On arriving at Camden station, the three companies were drawn up in line, haversacks unslung, and breakfast taken, excellent hot coffee being provided by the restaurant-keeper. The three companies then marched to the 5th Regiment armory, where blankets were issued to every man, including members of the band and haversacks and canteens to those who were without them. They then reported to General Herbert at headquarters and were joined by the Kent Guards, who are temporarily attached to the battalion, the Governor's Guards failing to appear. They then formed on Howard street, with the Garrett Guards on the right, and marched to the boat, which they boarded at 5 p. m. They arrived at Yorktown Sunday morning after a pleasant ride, and had their appetites whetted by a march of two miles to camp. Adjutant Sloan, who left the command at Baltimore, returned home Sunday and Capt. Gordon, who accompanied the battalion to Yorktown, returned Monday. He reports that the soldier boys were enjoying themselves hugely. H. Wheeler Combs, of the Garrett Guards, is acting adjutant in Lt. Sloan's place.

The Baltimore *Sun's* Yorktown correspondent writes Monday as follows:

For the first time there was brigade drill of the Maryland State troops this afternoon, Brig. Gen. Herbert, commanding. A large number of military men witnessed the drills, which were creditable, as well as instructive. The brigade comprised seven hundred men, including the Fifth Regiment, from Baltimore city. The first battalion, composed of companies from Hagerstown, Frederick City, Frederick county, Towsontown and Catonsville, and the second battalion, composed of two companies from Cumberland, one from Oakland and one from Chestertown, Md. The Western Maryland and Chestertown companies are very large and well drilled and officered.

BLOOMINGTON, Oct. 17th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Allow me space in your valuable paper, to express my hearty approbation of the wise selection made by the Republicans on September 27th. The ticket is undoubtedly a strong one. The nominees are men well known for their strong Republican principles and party zeal, and fully capable and efficient to discharge the duties of their respective offices. If the Republican voters but do their duty, work harmoniously, and each and every one go to the polls on election day, "victory is ours." Therefore, let all animosities be buried, let strife and dissension in our ranks be a thing of the past, and let us meet one another around the polls on November 8th, with a firm, hearty and genial "hand-shake," and a more determined effort to maintain and perpetuate by word, deed and action, the illustrious principles of that grand old party, upon whose escutcheons the noble, God-like and manly Garfield shed such new lustre and glory.

Yours respectfully,

D. J. B.

Letter from Yorktown.

IN CAMP AT YORKTOWN, VA., October 17th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—For the motive which drew Lord Cornwallis to this place and induced him to stand the siege and resist the fierce assaults of the Colonial and French armies for so many days, one hundred years ago, I must refer your readers to history. This, however, I will say, unless the place has undergone a very extraordinary metamorphosis within that time, if your correspondent had been in command of the British forces upon that occasion, the place would have been surrendered without resistence. Of course there are associations which cluster about this, to us, clasic grounds, which by the way, is the best part of it, and which are more vividly called up by a sight of the remains of the old works which were so gallently carried by the assaults of our fore-fathers and their brave allies, and yet my own impression, from what I have seen and felt here is that emmotions of patriotism are much more rapidly enkindled and enthusiasm is much more fervid even in the bosoms of the truest, when unsuffocated with dust and free from an envelope of fog. Still I would not be understood as wishing to detract from the many pleasant and even splendid features of this grand occasion, for I suppose if there is one proud moment in our history, and there are many, it is that in which the arrogance of British power yielded to the patriotic weakness of her colonies what they had resolved should never be wrested from them.

The camp is most pleasantly and beautifully located upon wide and level fields and gentle eminences, extending for several miles in every direction, and if it were not for the, to us, (accustomed to a higher and purer atmosphere), intense heat and annoying, penetrating, choking dust, it would be really delightful.

The Maryland troops, under command of Brig. Gen. Herbert, a splendid officer and genial gentleman, reached here from Baltimore on the steamer Mason L. Weems a little after 6 A. M. Sunday, after a very pleasant trip of about thirteen hours, and after a dusty and somewhat fatigueing march from the boat to the camp, cheered at finding everything ready for their reception. Especially were the officers and members of the 2d Battalion pleased to be greeted at the landing by its efficient Quarter Master, Lieut. Peddicord, who is also charged here with the preformance of the arduous duties of Battalion Commissary. Very great credit is due to Lieut. Peddicord and his sargeant, F. A. Thayer, for the manner in which the duties of the laborious and responsible offices have been performed—and they will receive them.

The 2d Battalion composed of the "Garrett Guards," of your place. "Voltiguers," of Cumberland, "Hamilton Light Infantry," also of Cumberland, "Kent Guard" and "Bond Guards," is well quartered and well served. The health of the Battalion is exceptionally good and the duties of our popular Surgeon, Dr. Bartlett, of Oakland, have not as yet, I am glad to say, been very arduous.

Your local company the "Garrett Guards," has behaved nobly, and its *personel* and *morale* has attracted much attention from the superior officers of the Brigade. Gens. Watkins and Herbert have both expressed themselves to your correspondent as highly pleased with the appearance and behavior of this company, and also as to the manner in which they are handled by their accomplished Captain, Wardwell, and his energetic Lieuts., Mason and Chisholm, in short it has won "golden opinions" from all.

Gen. Hancock, of the U. S. A., is in command, as your readers know, and has been on the ground for some days. He is a grand man, a noble soldier, and is kind and courteous to all callers admitted. The grand military review will take place on Thursday and the naval review on Friday. Governor Hamilton has not yet arrived in camp, and is not expected before Tuesday evening. The members of his staff present in camp are Adjutant Gen. Watkins, Chief of Artillery, Gen. Snowden Andrews, and Cols. Rodgers, Watkins and Veltch, alds-de-camp.

There were five vessels of war, counted by your correspondent, in the harbor last evening, awaiting the grand naval review. Their grim, frowning aspect deprives the naval service of any facinations for me. Troops are here from nearly all the original thirteen States already and will be from all of them in time for the grand review. There are some very fine bodies of men from these States, notably from New Jersey and Massachusetts. The Cadets of the V. M. I. are here in camp, a very fine body of youth, and their manual of arms is simply perfection.

The "York River oyster" is here found in all its pristine lovliness. I enjoyed some of them in their native excellence "on the half shell" yesterday evening, and think of drinking some of this variety to the mountains "to plant." I think of home very often and now as I write my heart grows sad thinking of home and those I left behind me;" but our mess is called to dinner and I must close—for

"I always loved a piece of beef
When youth and health were mine,
And now it gives my heart relief
In sorrows dark some hour to dine."

Ex.

Our Next Comptroller.

The Republican party of Maryland, at its nominating convention, gave to the people of the State an earnest of its determination to wage vigorously the move of Reform in our State government by the nomination of Thomas Gorsuch, Esq., of this county, for comptroller of the Treasury. In this action they not only have paid a high compliment to Western Maryland, and especially to Frederick county, but they displayed such a wise discretion as seldom characterizes political conventions. Perhaps there could not be found within the borders of the entire State, a man more fully competent to discharge ably and successfully the important and responsible duties incumbent upon the State Comptroller.

Mr. Gorsuch's large experience in the management of financial and business affairs, together with his high and irreproachable character for honesty, integrity and unswerving devotion to duty, entitle him, beyond all question, to the confidence and earnest support of the tax payers and voters of the State, irrespective of party affiliations. His record in public and private life is unsullied and invulnerable, and his life long devotion to the interests of the people is a standing guarantee that when the people shall, at the polls in November, ratify the action of this convention, they will have placed the most important trust into the hands of a man who will sternly wage war upon the abuses in our State government and seal the doors of the treasury against the villainies of the corruptionists and the plunderers.

With Mr. Gorsuch as Comptroller the infamous Canal Ring will be defeated in it schemes for plundering the people of the State, and from being a mere political machine will be reconstructed as a business corporation; the State fishing force will cease to be a burning disgrace to the politics of Maryland; there will be no more unlawful misappropriations of the public school funds of the State; there will be no further mysterious disappearance of the sinking fund, by which the State debt should have been, ere this, wiped out of existence, and the Board of Public Works will no longer defy the will of the people and be run in the interest of Ring politicians. With these considerations presented to the people of the State, and with their certain knowledge that the re-election of Mr. Keating means the continuance and aggravation of all these evils, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that Frederick county will have the next Comptroller.

The Democratic Ring managers need not deceive themselves into the belief that the voters and tax payers and laboring classes, whom they have so long oppressed with the burden of taxation, always promising them reform in the future, will longer listen to their false promises. The people are too independent and intelligent to support for this office a man who has showed himself to be the corrupt instrument of unscrupulous men, whose record is one of dishonest infidelity in the discharge of official duties and whose nomination was forced upon them against their protest, at the dictation of a political machine. Political rings in Maryland are doomed to a crushing defeat at the November election, and there is every reason to believe that a brighter day has dawned in the history of the politics of the State. Every Republican in Maryland will vote for Mr. Gorsuch and thousands of honest Democrats will aid in swelling his majority to such a figure as will vindicate the people against the ruinous policy of corrupt and avaricious politicians.

Western Maryland will give him a magnificent vote, and we appeal to the people of the entire State to lay aside for once partisan rancor and stand up nobly for the protection of their own most vital interests.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Guiteau was arraigned in court Friday, and pleaded not guilty. The apprehensions which were entertained in some quarters that he would be lynched do not appear to have been well founded, although the inevitable Washington crank turned up in the court room, and but for the unfeeling conduct of a detective in refusing to lend him a pistol, might have accidentally shot one of the spectators. The trial of the assassin has been fixed for the 7th of November, and the statements of Mr. Scoville confirm the previous impression that the grounds of defence will be insanity on the part of the prisoner and malpractice on the part of Mr. Garfield's physicians. The question of jurisdiction is to be argued in the meantime. There seems to be every reason for believing that the trial will be the scene of a fierce contest between leading authorities in the medical profession, and that after the experts have all been heard, the jury will be in as much doubt about Guiteau's insanity as at first. It is pretty sure to be all a muddle.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, M., M. & I. Co., will be held at the office of the Company, in Bloomington, on November the 2d, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

10 22 2

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAYS NOTICE.

Estrayed from the premises of the owner, about two miles South of Oakland, about five months since, two yearlings, one a red steer, and the other a red heifer, marked by a slit in the right ear and a crop off the left ear. The heifer had a bell on when she left. A suitable reward will be paid for their return to the owner, or information that would lead to their recovery.

10 22 3t. ABRAHAM J. SPIKER.

ORDER NISI.

No. 20 Equity in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 11th day of October, A. D., 1881, that the sale made and reported by William Chisholm, Administrator, C. T. A. of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks on or before the Fifth day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
10 22 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers;

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE, Sheriff of Garrett county.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed. And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE, Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due in the year 1879.

No. 99 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector of taxes for the 1st Collection District, in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in Garrett county, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due by the said Daniel Chisholm, for the year 1879, and reported by the said Browning, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881 to be and appear in this court on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netlikin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the lands of Mary Vansickle, for taxes due in the years 1878 and 1879.

No. 96 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that Jasper Guard, Collector, of taxes for the 3d Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once n week, for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Mary Vansickle, for taxes due by the said Vansickle, for the years 1878 and 1879, and reported by the said Guard, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 3d day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Nannie Burton, for taxes due in the year 1881.

No. 98 Trials to September Term, 1881, for the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector, of taxes for the 1st collection district in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Nannie Burton, for taxes due by the said Nannie Burton for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning, as said collector of taxes to this court, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in he premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER.
Examiners.

10 8 5

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hall's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
GEO. L. BOSLEY.
Examiner.

10 8 6

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4t d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

LOCAL NEWS.

—News calculated to encourage Republicans comes from all parts of the county.

—Telephonic communication will soon be established between Cumberland and Frostburg, Md.

—The Republicans gained materially in registration in Oakland district this fall.

—Col. James M. Schley, of Cumberland, was married, Tuesday, in Washington city, to Miss Guy Welsh, of the latter city.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Mr. A. J. Haroe and wife left Oakland Thursday morning for a visit to relatives and friends in Washington county, Md.

—Our candidate for Sheriff, Mr. W. S. Pew, is not the author of the Kitzmillersville letters recently published in THE REPUBLICAN.

—The Grand Jury of Allegany county, Tuesday, found a true-bill for manslaughter against Michael Flanagan, who is charged with having killed Col. Hanson Brown, near Lonaconing several months since.

—A congregational meeting will be held immediately after morning services at the Oakland Ev. Lutheran Church on next Sunday morning. All members are earnestly requested to be present, as their presence and vote will be specially needed.

—Monday last Edward Hager, aged eight years, son of West Hager, of Cumberland, was drowned in a disused vat at the tan-yard formerly owned by Withers & Son. He disappeared at 11 P. M. and the body was not found until 6 A. M. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict of accidental drowning.

—Our enterprising merchant tailor, Mr. G. E. Hinkley, has just returned from Baltimore, where he purchased a large stock of cloths, cassimers, vestings, trimmings, &c., &c., suitable for fall and winter suits for men and boys. Mr. H. has a very large stock from which to select, and everybody can be "suited."

—The Lutheran Synod, recently held at Washington, D. C., sanctions the Deer Park Lutheran Church building, by advising the Church Extension Board to donate for that purpose $750.00, to supplement the local subscriptions. Some of our friends who have not yet made their contributions will doubtless hereby be inspired to send in their subscriptions.

Church Services--Sunday.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 22d, 1881.

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Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

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A. G. Slicer and wife to Austin Clement, all their undivided interest in land called "Elk Garden," 740 acres; $250.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to John Shartzer, part of lot No. 40, in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland; $300.

John P. Miller and wife to Henry J. Miller, two pieces of land containing 11 acres and 110 perches; $500.

P. H. Eckard to Jacob H. Eckard, ¼ of lots 3162, 3164 and 1765; $760.

G. S. Hamill and A. Hunter Boyd, trustees, to Henry G. Davis, tract of land known as "Mary Perry" land, 617 acres and 149 perches; $3,766.

Henry G. Davis to John W. Garrett, the above; same consideration.

Jacob D. Otto and wife to Henry Winterberg, tract of land, 32¼ acres; $568.

John Swan and wife to John G. Knauer one-half of military lots Nos. 2511 and 2512; $375.

Chas. E. Harness and wife to Elizabeth Walker, land adjoining Oakland, 8 acres with improvements; $3,650.

The Garrett Guards at Yorktown.

The Garrett Guards left Oakland Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in a special train. They remained in Cumberland for several hours, when, together with the Cumberland companies, they started for Baltimore, arriving there at 10 A. M. Saturday morning. On arriving at Camden station, the three companies were drawn up in line, haversacks unslung, and breakfast taken, excellent hot coffee being provided by the restaurant-keeper. The three companies then marched to the 5th Regiment armory, where blankets were issued to every man, including members of the band and haversacks and canteens to those who were without them. They then reported to General Herbert at headquarters and were joined by the Kent Guards, who are temporarily attached to the battalion, the Governor's Guards failing to appear. They then formed on Howard street, with the Garrett Guards on the right, and marched to the boat, which they boarded at 5 p. m. They arrived at Yorktown Sunday morning after a pleasant ride, and had their appetites whetted by a march of two miles to camp. Adjutant Sloan, who left the command at Baltimore, returned home Sunday and Capt. Gordon, who accompanied the battalion to Yorktown, returned Monday. He reports that the soldier boys were enjoying themselves hugely. H. Wheeler Combs, of the Garrett Guards, is acting adjutant in Lt. Sloan's place.

The Baltimore *Sun's* Yorktown correspondent writes Monday as follows:

For the first time there was brigade drill of the Maryland State troops this afternoon, Brig. Gen. Herbert, commanding. A large number of military men witnessed the drills, which were creditable, as well as instructive. The brigade comprised seven hundred men, including the Fifth Regiment, from Baltimore city. The first battalion, composed of companies from Hagerstown, Frederick City, Frederick county, Towsontown and Catonsville, and the second battalion, composed of two companies from Cumberland, one from Oakland and one from Chestertown, Md. The Western Maryland and Chestertown companies are very large and well drilled and officered.

BLOOMINGTON, Oct. 17th, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Allow me space in your valuable paper, to express my hearty approbation of the wise selection made by the Republicans on September 27th. The ticket is undoubtedly a strong one. The nominees are men well known for their strong Republican principles and party zeal, and fully capable and efficient to discharge the duties of their respective offices. If the Republican voters but do their duty, work harmoniously, and each and every one go to the polls on election day, "victory is ours." Therefore, let all animosities be buried, let strife and dissension in our ranks be a thing of the past, and let us meet one another around the polls on November 8th, with a firm, hearty and genial "hand-shake," and a more determined effort to maintain and perpetuate by word, deed and action, the illustrious principles of that grand old party, upon whose escutcheons the noble, God-like and manly Garfield shed such new lustre and glory.

Yours respectfully,

D. J. B.

Letter from Yorktown.

IN CAMP AT YORKTOWN, VA., October 17th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—For the motive which drew Lord Cornwallis to this place and induced him to stand the siege and resist the fierce assaults of the Colonial and French armies for so many days, one hundred years ago, I must refer your readers to history. This, however, I will say, unless the place has undergone a very extraordinary metamorphosis within that time, if your correspondent had been in command of the British forces upon that occasion, the place would have been surrendered without resistence. Of course there are associations which cluster about this, to us, classic grounds, which by the way, is the best part of it, and which are more vividly called up by a sight of the remains of the old works which were so gallently carried by the assaults of our fore-fathers and their brave allies, and yet my own impression, from what I have seen and felt here is that emmotions of patriotism are much more rapidly enkindled and enthusiasm is much more fervid even in the bosoms of the truest, when unsuffocated with dust and free from an envelope of fog. Still I would not be understood as wishing to detract from the many pleasant and even splendid features of this grand occasion, for I suppose if there is one proud moment in our history, and there are many, it is that in which the arrogance of British power yielded to the patriotic weakness of her colonies what they had resolved should never be wrested from them.

The camp is most pleasantly and beautifully located upon wide and level fields and gentle eminences, extending for several miles in every direction, and if it were not for the, to us, (accustomed to a higher and purer atmosphere), intense heat and annoying, penetrating, choking dust, it would be really delightful.

The Maryland troops, under command of Brig. Gen. Herbert, a splendid officer and genial gentleman, reached here from Baltimore on the steamer Mason L. Weems a little after 6 A. M. Sunday, after a very pleasant trip of about thirteen hours, and after a dusty and somewhat fatigueing march from the boat to the camp, cheered at finding everything ready for their reception. Especially were the officers and members of the 2d Battalion pleased to be greeted at the landing by its efficient Quarter Master, Lieut. Peddicord, who is also charged here with the preformance of the arduous duties of Battalion Commissary. Very great credit is due to Lieut. Peddicord and his sargeant, F. A. Thayer, for the manner in which the duties of the laborious and responsible offices have been performed—and they will receive them.

The 2d Battalion composed of the "Garrett Guards," of your place, "Voltiguers," of Cumberland, "Hamilton Light Infantry," also of Cumberland, "Kent Guard" and "Bond Guards," is well quartered and well served. The health of the Battalion is exceptionally good and the duties of our popular Surgeon, Dr. Bartlett, of Oakland, have not as yet, I am glad to say, been very arduous.

Your local company the "Garrett Guards," has behaved nobly, and its *personel* and *morale* has attracted much attention from the superior officers of the Brigade. Gens. Watkins and Herbert have both expressed themselves to your correspondent as highly pleased with the appearance and behavior of this company, and also as to the manner in which they are handled by their accomplished Captain, Wardwell, and his energetic Lieuts., Mason and Chisholm, in short it has won "golden opinions" from all.

Gen. Hancock, of the U. S. A., is in command, as your readers know, and has been on the ground for some days. He is a grand man, a noble soldier, and is kind and courteous to all callers admitted. The grand military review will take place on Thursday and the naval review on Friday. Governor Hamilton has not yet arrived in camp, and is not expected before Tuesday evening. The members of his staff present in camp are Adjutant Gen. Watkins, Chief of Artillery, Gen. Snowden Andrews, and Cols. Rodgers, Watkins and Veitch, aids-de-camp.

There were five vessels of war, counted by your correspondent, in the harbor last evening, awaiting the grand naval review. Their grim, frowning aspect deprives the naval service of any facinations for me. Troops are here from nearly all the original thirteen States already and will be from all of them in time for the grand review. There are some very fine bodies of men from these States, notably from New Jersey and Massachusetts. The Cadets of the V. M. I. are here in camp, a very fine body of youth, and their manual of arms is simply perfection.

The "York River oyster" is here found in all its pristine lovliness. I enjoyed some of them in their native excellence "on the half shell" yesterday evening, and think of brinking some of this variety to the mountains "to plant." I think of home very often and now as I write my heart grows sad thinking of home and those I left behind me;" but our mess is called to dinner and I must close—for

"I always loved a piece of beef
When youth and health were mine,
And now it gives my heart relief
In sorrows dark some hour to dine."

Ex.

Our Next Comptroller.

The Republican party of Maryland, at its nominating convention, gave to the people of the State an earnest of its determination to wage vigorously the move of Reform in our State government by the nomination of Thomas Gorsuch, Esq., of this county, for comptroller of the Treasury. In this action they not only have paid a high compliment to Western Maryland, and especially to Frederick county, but they displayed such a wise discretion as seldom characterizes political conventions. Perhaps there could not be found within the borders of the entire State, a man more fully competent to discharge ably and successfully the important and responsible duties incumbent upon the State Comptroller.

Mr. Gorsuch's large experience in the management of financial and business affairs, together with his high and irreproachable character for honesty, integrity and unswerving devotion to duty, entitle him, beyond all question, to the confidence and earnest support of the tax payers and voters of the State, irrespective of party affiliations. His record in public and private life is unsullied and invulnerable, and his life long devotion to the interests of the people is a standing guarantee that when the people shall, at the polls in November, ratify the action of this convention, they will have placed the most important trust into the hands of a man who will sternly wage war upon the abuses in our State government and seal the doors of the treasury against the villainies of the corruptionists and the plunderers.

With Mr. Gorsuch as Comptroller the infamous Canal Ring will be defeated in it schemes for plundering the people of the State, and from being a mere political machine will be reconstructed as a business corporation; the State fishing force will cease to be a burning disgrace to the politics of Maryland; there will be no more unlawful misappropriations of the public school funds of the State; there will be no further mysterious disappearance of the sinking fund, by which the State debt should have been, ere this, wiped out of existence, and the Board of Public Works will no longer defy the will of the people and be run in the interest of Ring politicians. With these considerations presented to the people of the State, and with their certain knowledge that the re-election of Mr. Keating means the continuance and aggravation of all these evils, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief that Frederick county will have the next Comptroller.

The Democratic Ring managers need not deceive themselves into the belief that the voters and tax payers and laboring classes, whom they have so long oppressed with the burden of taxation, always promising them reform in the future, will longer listen to their false promises. The people are too independent and intelligent to support for this office a man who has showed himself to be the corrupt instrument of unscrupulous men, whose record is one of dishonest infidelity in the discharge of official duties and whose nomination was forced upon them against their protest, at the diclation of a political machine. Political rings in Maryland are doomed to a crushing defeat at the November election, and there is every reason to believe that a brighter day has dawned in the history of the politics of the State. Every Republican in Maryland will vote for Mr. Gorsuch and thousands of honest Democrats will aid in swelling his majority to such a figure as will vindicate the people against the ruinous policy of corrupt and avaricious politicians.

Western Maryland will give him a magnificent vote, and we appeal to the people of the entire State to lay aside for once partisan rancor and stand up nobly for the protection of their own most vital interests.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Gulleau was arraigned in court Friday, and pleaded not guilty. The apprehensions which were entertained in some quarters that he would be lynched do not appear to have been well founded, although the inevitable Washington crank turned up in the court room, and but for the unfeeling conduct of a detective in refusing to lend him a pistol, might have accidentally shot one of the spectators. The trial of the assassin has been fixed for the 7th of November, and the statements of Mr. Scoville confirm the previous impression that the grounds of defence will be insanity on the part of the prisoner and malpractice on the part of Mr. Garfield's physicians. The question of jurisdiction is to be argued in the meantime. There seems to be every reason for believing that the trial will be the scene of a fierce contest between leading authorities in the medical profession, and that after the experts have all been heard, the jury will be in as much doubt about Gulteau's insanity as at first. It is pretty sure to be all a muddle.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, M., M. & I. Co., will be held at the office of the Company, in Bloomington, on November the 2d, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

10 22 2

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAYS NOTICE.

Estrayed from the premises of the owner, about two miles South of Oakland, about five months since, two yearlings, one a red steer, and the other a red heifer, marked by a slit in the right ear and a crop off the left ear. The heifer had a bell on when she left. A suitable reward will be paid for their return to the owner, or information that would lead to their recovery.

10 22 3t. ABRAHAM J. SPIKER.

ORDER NISI.

No. 20 Equity in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 11th day of October, A. D., 1881, that the sale made and reported by William Chisholm, Administrator, C. T. A. of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks on or before the Fifth day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
10 22 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers;

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE, Sheriff of Garrett county.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE, Sec'y of State.

jy 16, 3m

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 21 tf DAVID LITTLE.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due in the year 1879.

No. 90 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector of taxes for the 1st Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Daniel Chisholm, for taxes due by the said Daniel Chisholm, for the year 1879, and reported by the said Browning, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881 to be and appear in this court on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the sale of the lands of Mary Vanskiele, for taxes due in the years 1878 and 1879.

No. 99 Trials to September Term, 1881, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that Jasper Guard, Collector, of taxes for the 3d Collection District in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week, for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Mary Vanskiele, for taxes due by the said Vanskiele, for the years 1878 and 1879, and reported by the said Guard, as said Collector of taxes to this court the 3d day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if may they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the tax sale of the lands of Nannie Burton, for taxes due in the year 1881.

No. 98 Trials to September Term, 1881, for the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 22d day of September, A. D., 1881, that James Z. Browning, Collector, of taxes for the 1st collection district in and for Garrett county, for the years 1878 and 1879, give notice by the publication of a copy of this order in the "Republican," and "Democrat," two newspapers printed in Oakland, in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of October, A. D., 1881, warning all persons interested in the real estate lying and being in said county of Garrett, heretofore sold by him as the property of the said Nannie Burton, for taxes due by the said Nannie Burton for the year 1878, and reported by the said Browning, as said collector of taxes to this court, the 12th day of September, A. D., 1881, to be and appear in this court on or before the 19th day of December, A. D., 1881, to show cause if any they have why the said sale should not be ratified and confirmed by this court.

W. MOTTER.

True copy—Test—
10 1 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER.
Examiners.

10 8 5

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hair's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
GEO. L. BOSLEY.
Examiner.

10 8 6

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4 0 d W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 163,293 more Baptists in this country than there were last year. The present total is set down at 2,296,327.

—Dr. Cuyler, while passing through Cairo, Egypt, was astonished to find 10,000 students in the University preparing to teach Mohammedanism.

—The Reformed (Dutch) Church has, it appears from official reports, 507 churches, 553 ministers, 43,978 families, 80,572 communicants and 30,499 non-baptized communicants.

—The New Hampshire Congregational Association has a Female Cent Society, which is seventy-three years old, and, giving only one cent per member a week, has contributed over $100,000 to home missions.

—In illustration of the taste of colored church members in the Southern States for the ministerial career, Professor Simmons, of the Louisville Theological Seminary, recently remarked that he knew of one county in which there were eighty colored Baptist ministers, licentiate and ordained, and some churches in which half the male members were in the same category.

—The developments of Protestantism in Japan is indicated by the fact that a Conference of churches was held in Kioto, Japan, in May, at which sixteen Congregational churches were present by delegates, eighteen preachers were on the platform and 6,000 hearers in the audience. The Conference was repeated at Osaka, in June, with audiences of 10,000. Japan has its own Home Missionary Society.

—Two Mexican elders, Senor Rodriguez and Senor Chacon, have been examined and licensed by the Presbytery of Pueblo to preach the gospel. The examination was conducted through an interpreter. They passed a severe examination on the evidences of their conversion, personal piety, knowledge of the Scriptures and all the leading doctrines of grace, particularly justification by faith. They will now engage in the work of evangelizing their fellow-Mexicans.

—President Seelye, in a report on the new system at Amherst College, says the government has been made easier by becoming a simple contract between student and faculty, and the quantity and quality of the work done by the average student has been greatly improved. Responsibility has had the natural result of stimulating the industry of students. The average attendance has been raised by requiring nine-tenths of the exercises, letting the rest go, and giving no excuses.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—At the Norwalk fair is exhibited a machine for hatching eggs. Last year it hatched out five thousand chickens. That's all right, but what we want to see is a machine that will hatch out chickens under eleven years of age, for boarding-house pies.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Anybody knowing of a small boy who would not run seven blocks for a chance to ride a half a block with his stomach across the edge of a grocery-wagon tailboard will please bring him to this office and receive the reward intended originally for the man who should bring in a new comet tied up in an old paper.—*Boston Globe.*

—Peanut flirtation: Breaking the shell gently—I am mashed on you. Crushing it savagely—Why will you break my heart? Slipping the shell into the pocket—We must be secret. Throw it away—You are fired out. Swallowing the peanut whole—I'm yours alone. Eaten mincingly—Go slow. Tossing it up and catching it dexterously in the mouth—Some other evening.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—"Under the mist and the moonlight I wander alone," sighs a long-haired poet, and we don't wonder at it. If he would only visit a barber-shop, cut his finger nails close, and black his boots, we presume he could get some one to wander "under the mist and the moonlight" with him. It is a settled fact, that you have got to look sort of finicky before you can get a girl to walk out with you.—*New Haven Register.*

—A boy walked into an office on Laurel Street yesterday with a pocket-book in his hand and inquired if Mr. Blank was in. "That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen. "Well, here's a wallet with with your name in it." "Yes. I lost it this morning." He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call: "Say, boy, what's your name?" "O, that's all right," replied the boy as he backed down. "'Tain't worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Men Who Succeed.

The great difference among men of all callings is the energy of character or the want of it. Given the same amount of learning and integrity, and the same opportunities, and energy will make one man a conqueror. The want of it will see the other a failure.

Dead-beats are all men without force. They had as good a chance as any of their companions. Others went ahead and carried off the prizes while they were lying by the way-side dispirited and despondent. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well doing to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force will not earn salt to his porridge. He will drag through life with the help of friends, getting some credit with them for being a well-meaning man, in delicate health and unlucky. The real trouble is, he lacks energy.

This is just as true of the minister as of the lawyer or the physician. Piety is not enough and piety with much learning is not enough. All the Greek and Hebrew in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness in the ministry. It wants push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word, energy. If the youth knows a little Greek he knows what an ergos means, and without it Dr. Parr's knowledge of Greek will not help him to usefulness or success in the pulpit.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Manners at Home.

"Good manners, like charity, must begin at home."

The knowledge of what *is* done and what is *not* done by persons of refinement and cultivation, gives to its possessor the consciousness of feeling thoroughly at ease in whatever sphere he may happen to move, and causes him to be considered "well-bred" by all with whom he may come in contact.

Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self-respect, accompanied by attention and deference to other people; in correct language; gentle tones of voice; ease and quietness in movements and action. They repress no gaiety or animation which keeps free of offense; they divert seriousness of an air of severity or pride.

In conversation, good manners restrain the vehemence of personal or party feelings, and promote that versatility which enables persons to converse readily with strangers, and take a passing interest in any subject that may be addressed to them.

To listen with patience, however prosy our entertainer may be; to smile at the thrice-told jest; to yield the best seat, or the choicest dish, or the most amusing volume, are acts, not of mere civility, but of kindness or unselfishness, and are among the requirements of good breeding.

So of every other prescribed rule of social conduct—of that abstinence from interruption or contradiction in conversation; of that suppression of a yawn; of that cheerful countenance, concealing inward anxiety or weariness; of those perpetual endeavors to please and to seem pleased, which end in becoming a second nature to those who are trained to practice such acts in their daily home life.

The essence of good manners is unselfishness. Its animating spirit is forbearance.

Thus we see that goodness is the parent of politeness, and that badness is the parent of vulgarity, for is not bad temper vulgar? Is not selfishness vulgar? Are not greediness, prevarication, lying and dishonesty utterly vulgar? In a word, is not vice vulgar?

Let our little ones be trained in an atmosphere of gentleness and kindness from the nursery upwards; let them grow up in a home where a rude gesture or an ill tempered word are alike unknown; where between father and mother, master and servant, mistress and maid, friend and friend, parent and child, prevails the law of truth, of kindness, of consideration for others, and they will not carry into the world aught of coarseness, of untruthfulness or of vulgarity of any kind. Parents must be what they wish their children to be.

In no place does the observance of the rules of good manners bear more gratifying results than in the home circle, where stripped of their mere formality, tempered with love and fostered by all kindly impulses, they improve the character and bear their choicest fruits.

Politeness is not like a robe of state, to be worn only on occasions of ceremony. A true gentlewoman will show as much courtesy, and observe all the little details of politeness, as unfailingly towards her parents, husband and family as towards the greatest stranger.

A true gentleman will never forget that if he is bound to exercise courtesy and kindness in his intercourse with the world, he is doubly bound to do so in his intercourse with those who depend upon him for advice, protection and example.

No observances, however minute, that tend to spare the feelings of others, can be classed under the head of trivialities; and politeness, which is but another name for *general amiability*; will oil the creaking wheels of life more effectually than any of those unguents supplied by mere wealth or station.

Etiquette is not politeness, but only the mere external vesture of it; too often the mere counterfeit. Yet all its points, artificial though they be, should be understood. The best guide, after all, is that kindness of heart which gives honor where honor is due, and which is ever anxious to spare the feelings and the prejudices of others.

A well-bred woman takes especial care in the training of her servants, so that her domestic arrangements are carried on as noiselessly and easily as if by machinery. She does not talk of the affairs of her kitchen and nursery to her guests.

The very atmosphere of a house, and the manners of the servants, proclaim the refinement or the want of refinement of its mistress. The house may be ever so small, the furniture ever so simple, yet irreproachable, cleanliness and neatness will reign around.

The unexpected guest finds an orderly table and an unembarrassed welcome. No apologies are made to annoy or to cause discomfiture. Neither children nor servants are reproved in the presence of others, but singly and alone. Scandal finds no favor, and conversation never degenerates into gossip. Peace and good will are the permanent household gods.

The first essential of refinement in life and manner is a total absence of pretension; and the first point necessary to be considered in the arrangement and ordering of a home is that everything should be on a scale proportionate to the husband's income.

Let all young housekeepers begin life by a resolute abnegation of shams. As wealth increases expenditures may increase; but never forget that misery is the result of living beyond one's means. To embellish home, to make happy the lives of those near and dear ones who dwell within it, is a task of no little honor, rewarded by no scant meed of gratitude and praise.—*Cor. Youth's Companion.*

—Olive Logan says that English doctors are so scrupulous about "professional ethics" that she heard considerable comment in London recently because Dr. Austin Flint's baggage was marked conspicuously with his name and address—his English professional brethren deeming it an indirect advertisement.

—"One of the features of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition," says the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* "will be the manufacture of a suit of clothes from raw cotton in twenty-four hours. The cotton will be picked, ginned, spun, dyed, woven and made into a suit of clothes for Senator Brown inside of one day."

Japanese Matting Makers.

The Chinese and Japanese, though apparently much alike in our eyes, are, in reality, vastly more different than are Germans and Frenchmen. This difference is seen not only in blood, character, language and dress, but in history, social customs and household habits. For instance, though the Chinese weave annually millions of yards of matting, this fabric is not, as a rule, used to cover floors. These latter, in China, are of stone, brick, wood or earth. Matting is used rather for cloaks and bedding, except among the higher classes, where it may serve as rugs or carpets.

In Japan, however, the floors are universally hidden by the tatami, or bedded mats. These are of regulation size throughout the empire, and in building a house the rooms are divided off so as to hold a certain number of these units of floor measure. A tatami is exactly five feet nine inches long, three feet wide and two and a half inches thick, or in round numbers and Japanese measure six by three by two. The only difference between the mats that cover the imperial floor and those of the cottagers is that the former are larger in size and are covered with a gayer border. In ordinary houses this border is black or indigo blue. In the palace it is white. Even the throne of that now defunct official, the Tycoon, as well as the place of eminence of the Mikado, whom he imitated, was only a square, padded mat, a few inches higher than common, and edged with variegated colors. A Japanese floor being so substantially covered need be only of cheap, unplaned wood, laid without mortices. This floor is two and a half inches below the grooved sills in which the doors, or rather partitions, slide. Hinges are used only on gates. Into this huge pan so to speak, which the floor makes, the mats are laid and fit snugly together, lying with their surface level with the sills or grooves. The mats are the household property of the tenants as landlords rent the houses uncarpeted, as we do. In case of a fire people pull up these expensive ornaments and run. A collection of tatami usually requires the first outlay of a Japanese couple toward housekeeping. Often these exquisitely clean and soft mats are the chief, if not the only, articles of furniture in certain rooms. The Chinese for centuries have used chairs and lounges, but the Japanese eschew these luxuries, using the floor and its covering for ceremony and the occasions of eating and drinking and sleeping. The tatami serve for tables, bedsteads, chairs and lounging purposes. In palace and hut, alike guiltless of sitting machinery, has grown up that elaborate system of etiquette and ceremonial, renowned over the world. Only by the Generals in the field were folding camp chairs used. In the monastery the Abbott sat in state, or for reflection, in the arm chair. The Japanese have the word "koshikake" (back-rester), but there is no general word or equivalent for our simple word "chair." Most of the obsequiousness and exaggerated politeness of the Oriental islanders may be thus mechanically accounted for. If the superior is no higher than the floor the inferior must bow low indeed. To salute properly, indoors, one must turn his head into a temporary tack-hammer and pound vigorously on the floor.

The various kinds of mats woven by the Japanese besides tatami are the mushiro, or coarse rice straw mat used by farmers to dry grain; komo, with which wine casks are wrapped; gama, made of cat-tail rush, and the various kinds of rattan matting for covering tea chests, etc. The mat-weaving industry is carried on in every province, and the value in 1877 of matting proper was $1,500,000, and woven reed and bamboo, $927,975. Of course, owing to the cheapness of native labor, these figures would stand much higher in our own country.

The basis or substratum of the Japanese mat is a welting of rice straw, two and one-fourth inches thick, laid together in wisps and compactly drawn together with five warps and plaited along the edges. In this no special skill, but only care, muscle and pressure are required. The surface must be flat and the edges hard and square.

The omote, which forms the beautiful front face of the tatami, is made from a fine rush that lines the rivers and water courses of Japan. This covering is the matting proper, and called goza. The material of it is finer than the average Chinese matting. The weavers are generally women, who work out of doors, with machinery of the most primitive character. It consists of a portable square frame of wood, not more elaborate than a clothes-horse. It is laid on a piece of rough matting for a floor. Two uprights hold two cross-bars about seven feet apart, which is a little more than the length to be woven. A light rod run across the top holds the balls or pay-outs of twine which furnish the warps. These latter number about forty, and are strung over the frame, each a little less than an inch apart from the other, and are fastened and kept taut on a bamboo beneath the lower cross-piece. One girl does the weaving, while another selects and inserts the straws.

When the proper length of seven feet is woven, the web is taken out and a new warp is run over the frame and threaded into the bar. Rolled into bundles, the goza awaits the mat sewer. This workman, having laid his rice-straw mat on a pine table of the regulation dimensions, puts over it the goza, and proceeds with steel nails to pin and stretch it tightly down, as an artist tacks canvas on a picture frame. He then sews on the black border on the long sides as one would bind carpet, using for this purpose large steel needles. The short or breadthwise ends are stitched underneath, but are not bound with black, as are the other two sides. Thus tightly stretched, the tatami is a firm, pliant, but not sagging cushion for the feet. Bound up in dozens, they are sent to the large va, or stores, in the cities. They last nearly a lifetime, as they are trodden on not with boots, but only with socks. Every traveler in Japan is charmed with these soft, clean, durable mats. Every gentleman, native or foreign, removes his shoes, clogs, or sandals before he imprints them. Stocking feet is the rule indoors, and the native socks are more thickly soled than ours. The custom of wearing boots is rapidly driving the "civilized" native to banish the tatami and lay down carpets. An English lady traveler recently speaks of these mats as being "soft as Axminster carpets," though her statement that they are "as expensive as Brussels carpet" is an exaggeration. There being, by the last census, over 7,000,000 houses in Japan, and each house averaging, at a low computation, thirty tatamis, there are over 210,000,000 of these mats, or, in area, 420,000,000 square yards. They are the very emblems of silence and cleanliness, and fashion may some day demand that the tatami find a place in our houses, churches, and hospitals.—*Carpet Trade Review.*

A Matinee In the Breezy Family.

"I hope you have a moment to spare this morning," said Mrs. Breezy, as her husband put on his hat to go to the office.

"Yes, dear, just a moment," said Mr. Breezy, cheerfully. "You see, I have an appointment at nine, and——"

"Well, the appointment can wait," said Mrs. Breezy, "I have something very particular to say to you."

"I hope you will cut it short, then," said Mr. Breezy, senting himself resignedly in a chair near the breakfast-table.

"There, you are using slang again, Mr. Breezy. I am sure I don't know what's to become of the poor children if they have such a horrible example set them by their own father. Mr. Breezy, when I married you I thought you had been brought up as a gentleman. People of good breeding avoid slang as they would downright swearing, Mr. Breezy. There is no excuse for it. My father always reprimanded my brothers most severely whenever he caught them using slang. He said there was a whole dictionary for us to choose from without distorting the English language. My father——"

"Come, dear," said Mr. Breezy, "suppose you let up on your old man."

"Mr. Breezy, do you know you have insulted your wife's parent?" asked Mrs. Breezy, with indignation. "What do you mean by calling my dear father an old man? I'm sure he's as young as yours, Mr. Breezy, and not half so bald and gray."

"Of course, dear," said Mr. Breezy, "they are both jolly old roosters and——"

"Jolly old what, Mr. Breezy? I am surprised. Shocked! Astonished! But go on, sir. Of course you can insult me all you like, I am only your wife, but if my father were here, sir, you would not call him a jolly old—old—roo-rooster. But I am a woman, I am weak, and cannot resent your dreadful language."

"My dear," said Mr. Breezy, "calm yourself. There is nothing in the world to make such a row about. You know I only said your gov'nor was a rooster in a playful mood. We both have come to know, dear, that he is the best old duffer——"

"Mr. Breezy, I shall stand this no longer. To think of my poor dear father's being called a duf—what do you call it?"

"Duffer, dear," said Mr. Breezy, "there is nothing terrible in that; it is only a joking way of alluding to the old muff——"

"Mr. Breezy, you are in a very joking mood this morning," said Mrs. Breezy, suddenly taking a new tack. "You should hire yourself out to the next circus that comes along. Your clownish ways could then be appreciated. How the people would laugh at your very brilliant and original jokes. It is quite a fresh vein in your character, too, Mr. Breezy. So it seems that I have never properly appreciated your accomplishments. Keep it up, dear, it is so becoming to a man of your years and apparent respectability. I am so glad that I have married a man of real genius and wit, and to think that you have been hiding your light under a bushel all these years. Don't do it any more, dear. It is really a duty you owe the world to give them the benefit of your humor. And you frame your jokes in such an elegant language, too, dear. Duffer, muff, rooster. I have reason to be proud of such a husband. Yes, of course, I am proud, oh, so proud of you, Mr. Breezy," and Mrs. Breezy swept from the room.

"But, dear," said Mr. Breezy, "how about that important matter you wished to——" but his wife was out of hearing.

"Rather a coup de tea, as the French say," murmured Mr. Breezy, as he closed the hall door after him.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Hindoo Throat Flute.

Some singular scientific wonders turn out to have been known a great while. Here is something *almost* as queer as Professor Thomas Edison's phonograph:

The Hindoos have a number of musical instruments, some of which claim a high antiquity; but there is one which is extremely curious, not so much from its form or structure as from the fact that it is played neither with the mouth nor an air-bag nor with strings nor by striking. It consists of two small silver trumpets, with a very delicate apparatus within. There are no holes as in a flute. When the Prince of Wales was in India, the Baboo Kally Prosonno Bannerjee played on these instruments before him and excited the greatest interest, completely puzzling all to conceive how he really produced the sounds, for he did not place the mouth of the trumpet to his lips but to his neck. Some thought him a ventriloquist, and that the trumpets were merely used to create a false impression. It proved, however, that the variations of sound were produced by the variation in the quantity of air propelled through by the pulsations of the neck, being greater or less according to the pressure of the mouthpiece. Nothing could be more curious than to see the performer and to hear the soft musical sounds that issued from the silver trumpets.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Miss Helen Dudley of Ellenville, N. Y., while walking through a field, carried an immense snake on her ankle that wound itself about her and held its position until her screams caused it to uncoil itself and crawl away.

For Young Readers.

WINIFRED'S ADVENTURE.

How strange it all seemed to little Winifred! One year ago, or, as she reckoned it, one snow-time and one flower-time ago, she was living in Boston, and now she was in the wilds of Colorado. It was a great change—this going from comfort and luxury to a place where comfort was hard to find, and luxury not to be thought of; where they had a log-hut instead of a house, and a pig in place of a poodle. But, on the whole, she enjoyed it. Her father was better, and that was what they came for. The doctor had said Colorado air would cure him. And though mother often looked tired and troubled, she certainly never used to break forth into happy bits of song when father was ill in bed, as she did now that he was able to help cut down trees in the forest. Besides, who ever saw such beautiful blue flowers and such flaming red blossoms in Boston? And what was the frog-pond compared with these streams that now, in the spring-time, came rushing through the woods—silently sometimes, and sometimes so noisily, that, if it were not for their sparkle when they passed the open, sunny places, and the laughing way they had of running into every chink along the banks, one would think they were angry. Yes, on the whole, Winifred liked Colorado; and so did her little brother Nat; though, if you had told him Boston was just around the corner he would have started to run there without waiting to put on his cap.

Such a little mite of a fellow Nat was, and so full of sunshine! Only one thing could trouble him—and that was to be away from mother even for half an hour. There was something in mother's way of singing, mother's way of kissing hurt little heads and fingers, mother's way of putting sugar on bread, and mother's way of rocking tired little boys, that Nat approved of most heartily. He loved his father, too, and thought him the most powerful wood-cutter that ever swung an ax, though really the poor man had to stop and rest at nearly every stroke.

See these two children now trudging to the little stream near by, quite resolved upon having a fine rocking in father's canoe! This queer boat, made of bark, and sharp at both ends, was tied to a stake. Now that the stream was swollen and flowing so fast, it was fine fun to sit, one in each end, and get "bounced about," as Winnie said.

"You get in first, because you're the littlest," said Winnie, holding her dress tightly away from the plashing water with one hand, and pulling the boat close to the shore with the other.

"No, *you* get in first, 'cause you'm a girl," said Nat. "I don't want no helpin'. I'm going to take off my toos and 'tockies first, 'cause mammy said I might."

Nat could say shoes and stockings quite plainly when he chose, but everybody said "toos and 'tockies" to him; so he looked upon these words, and many other crooked ones, as a sort of language of Nat, which all the world would speak if they only knew how.

In at last—both of them—and a fine rocking they had. The bushes and trees threw cool shadows over the canoe, and the birds sang, and the blue sky peeped down at them through little openings overhead, and, altogether, with the plashing water and the birds and pleasant murmur of insects, it was almost like mother's rocking and singing.

At first they talked and laughed softly. Then they listened. Then they talked a very little. Then listened again, lying on the rushes in the bottom of the canoe. Then they ceased talking, and watched the branches waving overhead; and, at last, they both fell sound asleep.

This was early in the morning. Mother was very busy in the cabin, clearing away the breakfast-dishes, sweeping the room, making the beds, mixing bread, heating the oven and doing a dozen other things. At last she took a plate of crumbs and scraps and went out to feed the chickens.

"Winnie! Nat!" she called, as she stepped out upon the rough door-stone. "Come, feed the chickens!" Then she added, in a surprised way, to herself: "Why, where in the world can those children be? They must have stopped at the new clearing to see their father."

At dinner-time she blew the big tin horn that hang by the door, and soon her husband came home alone, hungry and tired.

"Oh, you little witches!" laughed the mother, without looking up from her task of bread-cutting. "How could you stay away so long from mamma? Tired, Frank?"

"Yes, very. But what do you mean? Where *are* the youngsters?"

She looked up now and instantly exclaimed in a frightened voice, as she ran out past her husband:

"Oh, Frank! I've not seen them for two or three hours! I thought, to be sure, they were with you. They surely wouldn't have stayed all this time in the canoe!"

He followed her, and they both ran to the stream. In an instant, the mother, hastening on ahead through the bushes, screamed back: "Oh, Frank! Frank! *The canoe is gone!*"

All that long, terrible day, and the next, they searched. They followed the stream, and at last found the canoe—but it was empty! In vain the father and mother and their only neighbor wandered through the forest in every direction, calling: "Winnie! Winnie! Nat! Nat!" In vain the neighbor took his boat and explored the stream for miles and miles—no trace could be found of the poor little creatures, who, full of life and joy, had so lately jumped into father's canoe to "have a rock."

Where were they? Alas! they did not themselves know. They only knew that they had been wakened suddenly by a great thump, and that when they jumped out of the canoe and started to go home, everything was different. There was no foot-path, no clearing where trees had been cut down, no sound of father's ax near by, nor of mother's song—and the stream was rushing on very angrily over its rocky bed. The canoe, which had broken loose and, borne on by the current, had floated away with them miles and miles from the stake, was wedged between two great stones when they jumped out of it; but now it was gone—the waters had taken it away. After a while, in their distracted wanderings, they could not even find the stream, though it seemed to be roaring in every direction around them.

Now they were in the depths of the forest, wandering about, tired, hungry and frightened. For two nights they had cried themselves to sleep in each other's arms under the black trees; and as the wind moaned through the branches, Winnie had prayed God to save them from the wolves, and little Nat had screamed: "Papa! Mamma!" sobbing as if his heart would break. All they had found to eat was a few sweet red berries that grew close to the ground. Every hour the poor children grew fainter and fainter, and, at last, Nat couldn't walk at all.

"I'm too tired and sick," he said, "and my feets all tut. My toos and 'tockies is in the boat. O Winnie! Winnie!" he would cry, with a great sob, "why *don't* mamma 'n' papa come? Oh, if mamma 'd only come and bring me some bread!"

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," Winnie would say, over and over again. "I'll find some more red berries soon; and God will show us the way home. I *know* He will. Only don't cry, Nat, because it takes away all my courage."

"All your what?" asked Nat, looking wildly at her, as if he thought courage was something they could eat.

"All my courage, Nat." And then, after searching in vain for more red berries, she would throw herself upon her knees and moan: "Dear *Father in Heaven, I can't find anything more for* Nat to eat. Oh, *please* show us the way home!"

What was that quick sound coming toward them? The underbrush was so thick Winnie could not see what caused it, but she held her breath in terror, thinking of wolves and Indians, for there were plenty of both, she knew, lurking about in these great forests.

The sound ceased for a moment. Seizing Nat in her arms, she made one more frantic effort to find her way to the stream, then, seeing a strange look in the poor little face when she put him down to take a better hold, she screamed:

"Nat! Nat! Don't look so! Kiss Winnie!"

"Hello, there!" shouted a voice through the underbrush, and in another instant a great, stout man came stamping and breaking his way through the bushes.

"Hello, there! What on airth's up now? Ef old Joe ha'n't come upon queer game this time. Two sick youngsters—an' ef they ant a-starving! Here, you youngsus, eat some uv this 'ere, and give an account uv yourselves."

With these words, he drew from somewhere among the heavy folds of his hunting-dress a couple of crackers.

The children grabbed at them frantically.

"Hold up! Not so sharp!" he said; "you must have a little at a time for an hour yet. Here, sis, give me the babby—I'll feed him; and as for you, jest see that you don't more'n nibble!"

"Oh, give me a drink!" cried Winnie, swallowing the cracker in two bites, and for an instant even forgetting Nat.

The man pulled a canteen or flat tin flask from his belt and gave her a swallow of water; then he hastened to moisten Nat's lips and feed him crumb after crumb of the broken cracker.

"Another hour," he muttered to himself, as he gently fed the boy and smoothed back the tangled yellow hair from the pale little face—"another hour and he d'a' been past mendin'."

Winnie looked up quickly.

"Is he going to?" she asked.

"Not he," said the man; he'll come through right end up yet. He's got a fever on him, but we'll soon knock that under. How'd you get here, little gal?"

Winnie told her story, all the while feeling a glad certainty at her heart that their troubles were over. The strange man carried a gun, and he had a big pistol, and an ax, and a knife in his belt. He looked very fierce, too, yet she knew he would not harm her. She had seen many a trapper before, since she came to the West, and, besides, she felt almost sure he was the very trapper who had been at her father's cabin a few weeks before, and taken supper, and warmed himself before the fire, while he told wonderful stories about Indians and furs, and about having many a time had "fifty mile o' traps out on one stretch."

She remembered, too, that her father had told her the next day that trappers lived by catching with traps all sorts of wild animals, and selling their furs to the traders, and that this particular trapper had been very successful, and had great influence among the Indians—in fact, that he was one of the big men of that region, as he said.

These thoughts running through her mind now as she told how they had been lost for two whole days and two nights, and the sight of Nat falling peacefully asleep on the trapper's shoulder, made her feel so happy that she suddenly broke forth with: "O Mr. Trapper! I can run now. Let's go right home!"

* * * * *

The stars came out one by one that night, and winked and blinked at a strange figure stalking through the forest. He had a sleeping child on each arm, and yet carried his gun ready to fire at an instant's notice. Trudging on, he muttered to himself:

"Well, old Joe, you've bagged all sort o' game in this 'ere forest, and trapped 'most everything agoin', but you ain't never had such a rare bit o' luck as this. No wonder I stood there on the edge of the timber-land, listening to I didn't know what! Reckon here's a couple o' skins now'll be putty popular at *one* market 't any rate—fetch most any price you could name—but I'll let 'em go cheap; all the pay I want for these 'ere critters is jest to hear the kisses of them poor, frightened—Hello! there's a light! What, ahoy! Neighbor, hello! hello!"

"Got em both!" he shouted, as three figures, two men and a woman, came in sight through the starlight. "All right—Got 'em both!"

The children are awake now. What sobs, what laughter, what broken words of love and joy, fall upon the midnight air! And through all, Winnie, wondering and thrilled with strange happiness, is saying to herself: "I knew God would show us the way home!"—*St. Nicholas.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The feed we continually squander in attempts to keep our stock in good trim would annually buy the lumber to build them good warm shelters.—*Iowa State Register.*

—A small early maturing hog is much more valuable than a large one, and no more food will be required to raise two good quick-growing ones than it will for a large but slow all lard hog.

—The *Farmers' Home Journal* says: If the cucumber which grows nearest the root be saved for seed for a number of years, the result will be a smaller and earlier variety. If the fruit on the extremity be saved it will make a larger and later variety.

—Chili Sauce.—Twelve large ripe tomatoes, four ripe or three green peppers, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon, three cups vinegar; peel tomatoes and onions, chop (separately) very fine, add the peppers (chopped) with the other ingredients, and boil one and a half hours. Bottle and it will keep a long time.

—Canning Grapes.—Separate the skin from the pulp, having a vessel for each, put the pulps on to scald; when thoroughly heated put through a colander to remove the seed, then add this jelly to the skins, boil a few minutes, sweeten to taste, and your fruit is ready for canning; use glass jars; keep in a dark place, and the result will be a complete success.

—Professor A. E. Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College, expresses himself very strongly in favor of light seeding of wheat. He says that "a single grain of wheat cannot carry out its habit and develop accordiug to its nature on less than sixteen square inches, and that every pound of seed wheat should be made to produce its bushel all over the world."

—Tomato Sauce.—Stew ten tomatoes with a few cloves, and pepper and salt, for fifteen minutes; add a sliced onion and sprig of parsley, or not, as is preferred; strain through a sieve, put on the stove in a saucepan in which a lump of butter the size of an egg and a level tablespoonful of flour have been well mixed and cooked; stir all until smooth, and serve. Canned tomatoes may be used as a substitute.

—Mixed Pickle or Higdon.—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle over them half a pint of salt, and let them stand over night. In the morning drain off the water and add to them six onions chopped or sliced, six peppers chopped, half a cabbage cut coarsely and then chopped, half a pint of grated horse radish, the same of mustard seed, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one of black pepper, two of dry mustard; mix all well together, pack in jars three-fourths full, and fill up with cider vinegar.

—Apple Fritters.—First pare the apples and then with an apple-corer cut out the core from the center of each; then cut them across in slices about one-third of an inch thick, having a round opening in the center. Next make a fritter batter by the following recipe: Beat three eggs well; add a part of one pint of milk and a little salt; then the remainder of the pint of milk and one pint of flour alternately, beating it all quickly. The slices of apples must now be immediately dipped in this hatter and fried in boiling lard; sprinkle over with sugar and serve in a circle, one overlapping the other, with or without sweet sauce in the center.

—F. D. Slocum says in the Philadelphia *Medical Reporter:* "About a year ago I analyzed a sample of a cider preservative that was being sold here at the rate of two dollars per ounce; it was simply salicylic acid. It has been extensively used, and samples of cider that have been kept from six months to a year still have the peculiar flavor of sweet cider and are sweet cider. One ounce is sufficient for a barrel of thirty-two gallons. Put the acid in the sweet cider and mix it well; then bung up. It will not ferment. The salicylic acid is quite cheap, an ounce costing but a trifle at the drug-store; while the packages sold as 'cider preservative' were two dollars each."

—Of all dreary places, deliver us from the dreary farm houses which many call home. Bars for a front gate, chickens wallowing before the door, pig-pens elbowing the house in the rear, scraggy trees never cared for or no trees at all, no flowering shrubs, no neatness, no trimness; and yet a lawn, and trees, and a neat walk, and a pleasant porch, and a plain fence around, do not cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt. And if the time comes when it is best to sell the farm, fifty dollars so invested will often bring five hundred, for a man is wrong who will not insensibly give a higher price for such a farm when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers his wife and children.

The Horse in the Fall.

Farm horses in the fall are often ungratefully neglected. Their hard toil in helping with the heavy work of the season once over, when only odd jobs await them, it is too frequent a custom to dock them of their grain, and allow them to shift for themselves on the pastures, often without needed shelter from the bleak wind and early frosts of autumn nights. After feeding awhile the poor animals get chilled and run about in the dark in search of warmth, which they often find only at the cost of a stumble or fall, resulting often in a sprain or a cut that injures or disfigures them for life. Then when warm and tired they lie down to rest, what wonder if they rise up stiff, spiritless and not rarely suffering from a severe cold after their heated blood and relaxed sinews have been exposed to the blasts and frosts of a chilly night. When the days are stormy it is well enough to let the horses run in the pasture, but every night should find them comfortably bedded and fed in the stable. Ingratitude to our fellow men is justly considered an odious vice, but is there not often a strong taint of it in the treatment of these noble animals, to whose faithful help in all kinds of drudgery farmers are deeply indebted for full barns and comfortable homes.—*Exchange.*

Farming on Borrowed Capital.

Time was, when a man "chock full of days' works," with a good wife, a cow, an ax and a rifle, could plunge anywhere into the woods of the "sylvan coutinent," and with God's blessing, hew out a farm and a competency. That time is substantially over. Even on the prairies of the Red River and in the Oregonian woodlands money is necessary to make a beginning. Letter-writers from Dakota declare that a single man can hardly make a successful start there with less than $500. I am satisfied that with that sum, knowledge and patience, an able-bodied man can do better, and enjoy more, in making a home on the farm-lands of the Atlantic slope or the Mississippi Valley. I believe it because I have tried it—once in the Ohio Valley and since again in the St. Lawrence Valley; both times with less than $1,000 to begin with. Though an "M. D." I am a farmer by blood, training and practice, not to say by unconquerable proclivity. But I have thoroughly learned, in my experiences, the need of capital proportioned to my undertaking, as an essential condition of anything justly entitled to the name of success. Nine-tenths of the farmers of America, misled by the experiences of the pioneers, have begun by attempting more than they could carry out, and have rued it all their days. Farming now, in America as in the Old World, is a business that absolutely demands capital for its successful prosecution. A money fund is just as necessary to beginning in the business of agriculture as in commerce or manufactures.

More than this, farming on borrowed capital (or, what is the same thing, on a heavily mortgaged farm) cannot, as a rule, be made to succeed. In any business where there is free competition the man with adequate capital wins and the man who borrows fails. The price of borrowed money and the price of the risk to the lender, added together as they are in the interest rate, is too heavy a load. I often hear farmers express their surprise at the fact that money cannot be borrowed on farm security, no matter how complete, at anything like "bottom rates." Our town or our state can hire all the money it wants at four per cent. Loans on farms are very rarely less than six per cent., are usually more, and in some places or under some circumstances not uncommon, very much more. Even where "trust deeds" and "power of sale" mortgages give absolute control of the security to the lender, money can not be had "cheap" on farm security. The reason for this I have right under my eye in a neighboring farm, mortgaged for only about half its valuation, yet the interest has not been paid for four years. The security is good, but that alone is not sufficient to command the use of money at a low rate. The most of those who have money to lend need, and all *want* their interest to be paid regularly. Mortgaged farms rarely do that. Therefore they pay high rates, notwithstanding the good security. Besides this, the frequent necessity of taking the land eventually, and the trouble, delay and expense in realizing upon it, all tend to keep up the rate of interest on farm mortgages.

Farming, as conducted amongst us, cannot bear a high interest rate on borrowed capital. The competition in all staple articles, whether products of the farm, the mine, or the factory, is too close to give "fancy profits" on anything not protected by a monopoly law. This is particularly true of farm products in America, with its vast extent of cheap and fertile land. With only ordinary skill and insufficient capital a farmer, no matter how industrious, is sure to fail if he lives long enough to see the end of his experiment. With great skill, energy and "good luck" he may save himself "by the skin of his teeth," but when he comes to count up he will find—as a finally successful farmer of that class in Aroostook County, Maine, where the land was bought thirty-five years ago at $1.25 per acre, told me he found—that he has paid out more in interest than his property was worth.

My advice to indebted farmers has been, for years, to close up their business and begin again on a cash basis, however small. The longer they delay the worse it will be for them. A farmer who knows any branch of his business well can support a family upon ten acres. Until he knows enough to do that, he is incompetent to handle more. He never should buy more acres than he can pay for. Even then, if he exhausts his money in the purchase of land he must go in debt for stock, implements and family supplies; and it will take a good deal longer to pay for these than it took to run in debt for them. Be sure of one thing—you cannot hire money to farm with (except under rare and very exceptional circumstances) so as to make anything on it. A farmer can afford to run in debt for manure; he may even afford to run in debt for labor, for on both he may make a profit; but I never, in a long experience, knew a farmer to hire any large sum of money and realize a profit from it by farming. My studies in finance (which I took up years ago when experience had taught me my need of such knowledge) have satisfied me that money cannot be hired in America on land security at a low enough rate of interest to give any certain profit to the borrower, no matter how good a farmer he is. Thousands and tens of thousands have had my experience, but few seem to have learned the lesson it teaches.—*Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.*

—The Emperor of Japan has for the first time fully tasted the sweets of earthly grandeur; he has been asked for his autograph. The venerable Minister of the Household was much perturbed when a letter arrived from England addressed directly to His Majesty. A thought of infernal machines prompted him to open it, but respect forbade; so an interpreter was summoned and the missive opened in the Emperor's presence. Inside was a black card with an ornamental border and a request that the imperial name be placed thereon. The Japanese are said to have a remarkable veneration for the first of anything, and as this letter was the first ever addressed by a foreigner, not only to the present Emperor of Japan, but to any Emperor of Japan since the age of the gods, it is supposed that its writer will receive the august autograph he craves.

Will the Coming Woman Smoke?

In all probability "the higher education of women" will bring about one result which its advocates have never thought of. Girl-graduates, overworked and crammed, will take to the solace of smoking. The women who are pushing their way into the professions will discover the need of it. When women begin to work they will smoke also. Gradually the cigarette will be entirely associated with the blue stocking instead of the Anonyma and her imitators. It will be useless to protest or condemn. The use of tobacco was prohibited in Russia—the knout threatened for the first offense, death for the second—yet Russian ladies are the greatest smokers. Popo Urban VIII. issued a bull against it, our King James fought vigorously against its introduction here. In the East the priests and sultans declared smoking to be a sin against their holy religion, and yet the Turk is seldom seen without a pipe. Even the edict of society will not alarm the new generation of clever women. The actress smokes in her dressing-room because she is exhausted; the authors, the artists (and we have one or two women now who can paint,) will smoke in their studios for the same reason. When sensible men go to see them they will light up to gether and have a sociable talk. Let us console ourselves with the fact that a pretty woman who smokes because she likes it looks well. Doubtless there will come a day when Worth will always add to his dresses a dainty little tobacco-pouch or cigarette-pocket. And we may be sure, when fashion has once got a word to say in its favor, smoking will no longer be improper.—*London World.*

—On a recent Sunday afternoon about fifty cripples and beggars of all sorts were seen following a hearse near Clichy, France. The deceased was the senior member of the corporation of beggars who have lost both legs. Every morning at nine o'clock, for thirty years, he had hoisted himself on to the tram car at the Porte Clichy and rode to the Boulevard Haussman. His daily peregrinations led him as far as the Palais Royal, and he returned home about seven o'clock at night. His daily earnings amounted on the average to thirteen francs. He was himself very charitable, and always ready to help the unfortunate, and he left his savings in trust for the poor.

—An eight-year-old dog, half St. Bernard, "out West," is so careful of the baby of the house that he won't even allow the mother to act crossly to it. But the strangest thing is that Nep is fond of picture books. He will stand up, with his fore feet upon the table, and paw open the leaves of "Mother Goose" or some other little book. When he finds the picture of a dog he will wag his tail and say "Bow-wow!" Sometimes he pulls the book upon the floor. Then he lies down and turns over the leaves, and he and the baby look at the pictures together.

—The Rev. J. G. Wood, the eminent English naturalist, in an article on "The Horse and its Owner," says, in reference to bearing reins: "People see the horse champing its bit, flinging foam flakes right and left, tossing its head, rattling its harness, and assume that the horse is acting in the pride of its strength and fullness of spirit, whereas it is suffering agonies of pain, and is trying to gain by these movements a momentary relief."

An Elkton, Md., paper mentions the case of Mr. T. Deenen, of that place, who suffered severely with rheumatic pains until he tried a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured him.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.*

The Boston *Post* says that a brakeman on a drunk at Chicago fell into a sewer, and at once yelled: "St. Louis, change cars!"

Cited by the Washington (Ind.) *Gazette* is the fact that the colts in that locality have a sort of lameness in the joints. J. F. Meyers cured his by anointing it with St. Jacobs Oil.

Why is wine that has been bottled for years like an unmarried lady of advanced age? Because it is old made, and none the worse for it.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

"You won't suit me at all," as the man said to the tailor who refused him credit.—*N. Y. News.*

Sitting Bull now reposes at Standing Rock.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Have you any means of support?" asked the Judge; "any trade or business?" "Yes, your honor; I follow carpenter's work," said the tramp. "You follow it, perhaps; but do you ever catch up to it?" returned his honor.—*Boston Transcript.*

Storekeeper—"I beg your pardon, sir, but one of them half-dollars is counterfeit." Customer—"I know it, sir. Got it here last week." Seeing a smile on the storekeeper's face, he says: "I see you douht my word, sir." Storekeeper—"Not at all, sir; I was merely thinking how remarkable it was that you should have got this money here last week, when I only opened to-day." Customer murmurs something about guessing he made a mistake in the store and hurriedly hauds out another half.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mme. Pompadour had a fan made of lace which cost $30,000, and which it took nine years to manufacture, so the Philadelphia *News* says. "This must be the original "Pompadour wnste" we have sometimes heard about.—*Lowell Courier.*

There is a man in California who has a snake in his stomach, and is obliged to drink large quantities of whisky to keep the reptile stupefied, as it causes him great pain when he is lively. When such a basis for general excuses as this comes smilingly to the front, the temperance people sit down and fold their hands and think it is just no use to carry the fight any further.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Niagara Falls is so brilliantly illuminated by the electric light every evening that, after paying the hackman, you can easily see whether there is anything left in your pocket-book.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see she's nervous, and it 'd shock her awful 'f I should go too sudd'n."

The saddle horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though. If the lungs are wasted no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

Notwithstanding the declamation of Prohibitionists, a rubicund-visaged friend of ours asserts that a "sling" in the hand is better than a band in a sling.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

If a young man wishes to be candid with his sweetheart he will not give her taffy.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Dyspepsia, liver complaint and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Indian idol was recently found in Kansas. It was made of earthenware, was brown in color, and has a handle. It will hold two quarts.—*Boston Post.*

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when Scovells' Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Billous complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it acts like a charm.

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A FAIRY AFLOAT.

The following description of the fairy vessel represented on this page is from the Cincinnati *Commercial*: The hull is of the finest selected white oak, braced, bolted and riveted in the most skillful and workmanlike manner, and is 64 feet in length, 14 feet breadth of beam, 2½ feet depth of hold, and draws twenty inches of water. She carries a tubular boiler, and two beautiful little engines, made expressly for her, by the Ohio Machine Co., Middleport, O. The dining-room is situated between the boiler and engine rooms, and is artistically grained, with frescoed ceiling. It is furnished in the Queen Anne style, and the silver, china and table linen are of the finest character. The pilot-house, cabin, main *salon* and Captain's office are on the saloon deck and are luxurious in their furnishing

and decorations. The saloon proper is frescoed and gilded in Eastlake style, and the flooring is covered with Turkish carpet The furniture, in raw silk and walnut, of the Queen Anne pattern, like that of the dining-hall, and rich curtains of damask complete the impression of a veritable floating palace. The four state-rooms, containing two berths each, are also carpeted with Brussels and handsomely furnished. The boat belongs to and was built under the directions of Messrs A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., for their own exclusive use upon the Ohio, Mississippi and other Western rivers, and is run by a picked crew of officers and men in their employ. The object of this little steamer is to carry neither freight nor passengers. She was built for the firm above named, to be used exclusively by them for distributing their printed matter in the river towns for St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy for rheumatism and other painful ailments.

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.51 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.21 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar.* Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Blind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

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Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881. NUMBER 36.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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THE OHIO ELECTION.

Private Dalzell's View of the Campaign and Its Results.

Special Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

CALDWELL, O. Oct. 14, 1881.—It was Garfield in 1879, it was Garfield in 1880, and Garfield in 1881 who carried Ohio for the Republicans. No man living ever saw such a political campaign as that just now so brilliantly closed in unprecedented triumph. I have been on the stump in every campaign since the Republican party was born, except during the war when I was stumping it with a musket in the ranks of the Union army, and I may be permitted to say that never before did any man see such a contest between the Republican and Democratic parties. Never. During the President's illness the State, like the Nation, was dumb with horror and suspence, and not a sign was made by either side. It was tacitly agreed that nothing should be said until either the recovery or death of the great President. True, a quiet meeting here and there was held before the President's last relapse, but there was so little interest taken in politics that it amounted to nothing. The people would hear of no one but Garfield. His sickness absorbed every thought. All eyes were on his death-bed. It was felt to be a profanation of the solemn seventy odd days of sorrow and suspense to think or talk of party politics. Such was the condition of the campaign until he died. Then followed the impressive funeral occassion at Cleveland, with all its sad associations. That week nothing was done in politics. I mean nothing publicly; but both parties were at work quietly in all the wards and townships working up their voters. The Democrats after the funeral concluded to continue their silence. No Democratic meetings were held. Not one. The tender and sensitive state of the public mind warned them that it would be perilous to hold public meetings.

If they held meetings their slumpers must either repeat the scandalous and slanderous "329" and the Morey letter or take them. Either course insured disaster. So they masked their batteries and prosecuted a still hunt in the dark. The Democrats never were so quiet before. But the vote shows how busy they were to get out the full Democratic vote. Their campaign was wisely prosecuted. They had Hobson's choice. They took the only course open to them, and yet it led to defeat.

On the other hand, from the week after the President's funeral until the day of the election, the Republicans held meetings everywhere. I never saw meetings better attended. It was surprising to see so many people at every meeting. They were quiet. I never saw such quiet, sober, solemn and thoughtful political meetings. The people could think of nothing but Garfield. The speakers could think of nothing but Garfield. At all our meetings you heard nothing but Garfield. Garfield seemed to preside at every meeting. If he had risen from the dead and stood among us as he did years ago, in all his matchless strength and glory, and addressed us in his charming and convincing style as of old, he could not have seemed more really present. His name was on every lip. It was an inspiration. It filled the canvass with an enthusiasm that prepared the great majorities you have seen recorded for Garfield and his Administration last Tuesday. There were no drums, no cheers, no confused noises at our meetings as in other years—all quiet as funeral services—but a deep undertone of earnest thoughtfulness prevaded them all and was visible in every eye. I never saw anything like it.

Would Ohio go back on Garfield? Would Ohio forget her favorite son in his grave? I heard these questions everywhere. No other thought was tolerated in the canvass. No other man was dreamed of from first to last. Garfield did it—he did it all. It was a glorious sentiment, but sentiment, say what you will, rules the world at last. The Republic sprang from a sentiment as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and it was a sentiment which bathed our flag in auroral splendors, kindling protecting lightning about its folds in 1861. It was a sentiment, beautiful and true, only less omnipotent than God that won our campaign. The people of Ohio came down from the funeral of Garfield with their faces glowing with the supernal beauty and glory of sorrow, and every ballot they prepared for the October polls was wet with tears of regret. When bearded men weep, look out. There is power in sincere sorrow that sweeps all before it. Mingled with adoration, sorrow is sublime and resistless as the sea. No politician was thought of. What will Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts say if Ohio fail to endorse Garfield's Administration? How can the widow and children at Mentor bear to hear the vote of Ohio re-echoes Guiteau's murderous speech against Garfield's Administration? What will the world say if his own State goes back on Garfield in his grave? These were the issues—strange, solemn issues of the canvass. It was like the swell of the sea in the rising storm. It hushed every lip of slander and stopped every mouth of criticism. Tears flowed like rain. Strong men trembled with emotion. Women and children whispered the name of Garfield and every eye was filled with tears. O God, shall the dear old State so soon forget him? No, no; a thousand times over no!

No man could reply to that! And so strong in their bereavement, filled with love for their dear, dead Garfield, the voters of Ohio, with bowed heads and aching hearts, walked in countless procession to the ballot-box and dropped their ballots for Garfield alone! He was once more elected—crowned like the western poet in his grave! The grandest tribute yet laid on his tomb—the richest and sweetest token yet conveyed to his stricken widow is the grand majority which Ohio gave for him last Tuesday. It was a tower of strength to us. It brought us safely through. No other name could have done it. No other issue could have so moved the popular heart as this holy and beautiful sentiment of sorrow and adoration.

How despicable and mean does it make the arts of the politician look—this grand demonstration of the power of a spontaneous sentiment? No party devised it. It sprung unbidden from the stricken and sincere hearts of a true people who loved Garfield in life and who honor him even in his grave. They would not give their dead son Garfield to-day for any live son in Christendom. It was Garfield that did it—he did it—all. Usually the great are forgotten in their graves, but his tomb to-day is decorated by the votive offerings of a people's free ballots as no other grave ever was or will be till the end of time.

PRIVATE DALZELL.

The Republican victory in Ohio is important for its significance as a test of the present attitude of the voters of the whole country toward the two great political parties and for its influence upon the elections soon to be held in other States. Ohio is now the best test State to determine the drift of the current of political feeling throughout the Union. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have any factional divisions there to weaken their forces. State elections are almost always contested on National issues. The two parties are so evenly balanced in strength that the result is often decided by the action of a body of voters who are not strongly attached to either, and act quite independent of ordinary campaign influences. The Independent voter in Ohio is a Republican by conviction on leading National questions, but he frequently declines to vote when he thinks his party has not behaved just right or when he believes no important principle is involved in the result of a canvass. When the Democrats have carried the State in recent years it has been by a light Republican vote, and not by a transfer of any considerable number of voters to their side. They expected a victory last week, basing their hopes upon the reaction which has usually followed a Presidential election, the effect of the temperance campaign supported with their money, and the general lack of interest in the canvass caused by the illness and death of President Garfield. The calculation omitted one important factor; the feeling of the Republicans of Ohio that they could fittingly honor the memory of Garfield by making the party to which he was devotedly attached once more victorious in his own State.

The election in Ohio goes to show that the Republican party, in at least that section of the Union, still possesses the confidence of the people.—*New York Herald.*

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

President Arthur at Yorktown.

At the Yorktown ceremonies Wednesday President Arthur spoke as follows:

"Upon this soil one hundred years ago your forefathers brought to a successful issue their heroic struggle for independence. Here and then was established, and as we trust made secure upon this continent for ages yet to come, that principle of government which is the very fibre of our political system, the sovereignty of the people. The resentments which attended and for a time survived the clash of arms have long since ceased to animate our hearts. It is with no feeling of exultation over a defeated foe that to-day we summon up a remembrance of those events which have made holy the ground whereon we tread. Surely no such unworthy sentiment could find harbor in our hearts, so profoundly thrilling with expressions of sorrow and sympathy which our national bereavement has evolved from the people of England and their august sovereign; but it is altogether fitting that we should gather here to refresh our souls with the contemplation of the unfaltering patriotism the sturdy zeal and the sublime faith which achieved the results we now commemorate. For so, if we learn aright the lesson of the hour, shall we be incited to transmit to the generation which shall follow the precious legacy which our fathers left us, the love of liberty protected by law. Of that historic scene which we here celebrate no feature is more prominent and none more touching than the participation of our gallant allies from across the seas. It was their presence which gave fresh and vigorous impulse to the hopes of our countrymen when well-nigh disheartened by a long series of disasters. It was their noble and generous aid, extended in the darkest period of the struggle, which sped the coming of our triumph, and made the capitulation at Yorktown possible a century ago. To their descendants and representatives, who are here present as the honored guests of the Nation, it is my glad duty to offer cordial welcome. You have a right to share with us the associations which cluster about the day when your fathers fought side by side with our fathers in the cause which was crowned with success, and none of the memories awakened by this anniversary are more grateful to us all than the reflection that the national friendships here so closely cemented have outlasted the mutations of a changeful century. God grant, my countrymen, that they may ever remain unshaken, and that ever henceforth, with ourselves and with all the Nations of the earth, we may be at peace."

The Military Review.

YORKTOWN, VA., Oct. 20.—The military review was successfully carried out, and all the organizations marched well. The route was a circuit of the Temple Farm, and about four miles in length, over broad fields, with nothing to obstruct the march. One hour and twenty minutes was consumed in passing a given point, and when the head of the procession reached the grand stand Gen. Hancock and staff rode at the head, but they then fell out of line, and with President Arthur and his Cabinet and the foreign guests and other dignitaries, reviewed the troops from the grand stand. Gen. Hancock stated to the President that there were 9,500 men in line. The States represented by the volunteers were Georgia, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Michigan and Connecticut. The impression seems to be that the competition for marching lies between the 13th Brooklyn and the New Jersey troops.

The President was quite enthusiastic over the magnificence of the display. The only colored troops in line were two companies from Richmond, composing a part of the first Virginia regiment. They were loudly cheered by the spectators from the north.

General H. V. Boynton, the well-known correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* at Washington, telegraphs that none of the Democratic senators have consented to pair with Mahone since he voted with the Republicans on the organization of the Senate last March. They did not recognize him as belonging to any healthy political organization. A large number are now favoring the application of the same rule to David Davis.

The Succession to the Presidency.

The general public seem not to be aware of what would insue in case of the death of President Arthur, under the law bearing upon the subject. The Constitution left it to Congress to provide by law for the case of the death of both president and vice president and the laws of March 1, 1792, sections 146-150 of the Revised Statutes, fully cover the ground. There would be a new election out of their regular course, unless the death of the President occurred so late in his term that the regular election of 1884 was impending. In that case the president of the Senate would act as president of United States until March 4, 1885, the end of the term for which President Garfield and Vice President Arthur were elected. But if the president's death should occur before the first Wednesday of October, 1883, there would be a new election of president and vice president, out of the regular course. The election would be held at the usual time of year, and the persons elected would be inaugurated on the 4th of March ensuing. But their term of office would be four years from their own inauguration—not merely for the unexpired year or years of the Garfield-Arthur term. That, of course, would throw future elections out of the series of years in which they are now due; namely, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, &c.

Repudiation in Minnesota.

Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, has sent a message to the state legislature in relation to the bonds question. He declares that the honor of the state is concerned in their payment, and that by the acceptance of the plan proposed by the bondholders, half of the forty millions due will be saved. The message closes as follows: "If this opportunity be not embraced I am fully persuaded it will never occur again; for it cannot longer be expected that partial payment will hereafter be accepted by the holders of these obligations. In view of the ability of the state to pay in full and the verdict of its highest court assigning to the legislature the duty to provide for payment. Unless, therefore, the pending settlement be now completed, we will be confronted with the cold choice between total payment and naked repudiation. Dare we contemplate this final alternative for the enduring welfare of the fair state we have chosen as our home? As we would justly share in that national heritage of financial honor, which is the wonder of the world—that we may deserve the reward of a generous prosperity, and invoke the blessings of Almighty God—I entreat you, as a parting word to perform a single act of justice, which shall forever put at rest the haunting spectre of repudiation, and place our young commonwealth irrevocably in the sisterhood of honorable states."

In consequence of an alleged discovery of spurious issues of paper money by a Peruvian committee charged with its supervision, Gen. Lynch, who commands the Chillian forces, has suppressed the Calderon government, for which Gen. Hurlbut, the representative of the United States in Peru, recently expressed so decided a preference, when requested by Senor Garcia y Garcia, there presentative of the Pierola government, to recognize the claims of the latter. The situation cannot but be an embarrassing one for Gen. Hurlbut, as Dictator Pierola is now the only person in Peru who can or does make any claim to authority. The Calderon government was set up under Chillian suggestion to cede Peruvian territory to Chili, and when the public sentiment of the country forbade the step, its fate was sealed. Its forces were some time ago deprived of their arms.

A Democrat was elected Mayor in Philadelphia, as a Reformer, who, strangely enough for a Democrat, seems to think his reform pledges should be kept, and he has demoralised the whole party by refusing to dismiss all the Republicans from the force, and appoint Democratic strikers in their places. Not content with this, he added insult to injury by appointing four negroes to the police force. Of course all the "gentlemin who hev influence in their Wards," despair of the Democratic party, when such a tra-r-r-aitor is not immediately conducted to the guillotine.

Everybody knew that David Davis was large, but they didn't know before that when he sat down the Democratic party would be shut out of view.—*Indianapolis News, (Ind.).*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

BRAMBLE.

The corn is reaped, the bare brown land
Is sleeping in the sunshine bland
Of late September time;
Now after harvest toil and mirth
In restful calmness lies the earth,
Like good lives past their prime.

Red tints of autumn touch the trees
That rustle in the freshening breeze,
And wave their branches strong;
From hillside meadow, loud and clear,
Comes, clarion-like, a note of cheer,
The thrush's thrilling song.

The busy wild bee flitteth by,
Where honeysuckle waves on high,
And late clematis grows;
A fair brown butterfly floats round
A bramble branch that on the ground
Its dainty tangle throws.

The lowly bramble, taking root
In common hedgerows, bearing fruit,
For common hands to pull;
A boon to travelers on the road,
It shows its gracious purple load
With blossoms beautiful.

White flowers, like pearly-tinted snow,
Fair foliage red with autumn's glow,
Ripe fruit—on one fair spray;
Ah me! my heart, what beauty lives
In lowliest things that Nature gives
To blossom on our way.

Ah me! my heart, what beauty shows
In lowly lives that to their close
Bloom sweetly out of sight;
Meek hearts that seek not worldly praise,
That finds in life's secluded ways
Dear love and deep delight.

Fair lives that have a humble root,
Sweet lives that bear a gracious fruit,
Yet keep their springtime flowers
Upon the bough where fruit hangs ripe,
And where the fading leaf is type
Of life's decaying hours.

We meet them in our daily path,
These humble souls, and each one hath
A beauty of its own;
A beauty born of duty done,
Of silent victories dumbly won,
Of sorrow borne alone.

And when the frosts of death fall chill
On these fair lives, that blossom still
Though summer time is past,
We, sighing, wish for quiet ways,
Wherein, like theirs, our shortening days
Might blossom to the last.

THE FATHER.

The man we are going to tell you the following story about was the most influential and wealthy farmer in the parish; his name was Thord Overaas.

One day he came into the study of the minister of the parish, looking very important and solemn.

"I have got a son," he said, "and I want to have him christened."

"What are you going to call him?"

"Finn, after my father."

"And his godfathers and godmothers?"

Thord mentioned some of the most respected men and women in the parish—all relations of his.

"Is there anything else?" inquired the minister, and looked up.

The farmer hesitated a little. "I would like to have him christened by himself."

"On a week-day, do you mean?"

"On Saturday next, at noon."

"Is there anything else?" asked the minister.

"No, I think not." The farmer was twisting his cap in his hands as if he was going.

The minister rose. "Only this," said he, and went toward Thord, took his hands, and looked into his eyes: "God grant that the child may be a blessing to you!"

One day, sixteen years later, Thord was standing in the minister's room.

"You carry your age well," said the minister. He saw scarcely any change in him.

"O, well, I have no troubles," replied Thord.

The minister was silent; but after a while he inquired, "What is your pleasure to-night, Thord?"

"I have come about that son of mine; he is going to be confirmed to-morrow."

"Yes; he is a clever lad."

"I didn't like to pay the parson before I knew what number he is going to have amongst the boys in church to-morrow." [In Norway, and especially in the country, the order of precedence amongst the children on the day of confirmation is a matter of great importance, and it is considered a great honor for a boy to have "stood No. 1 on the church floor," as they call it.]

"He's going to have Number One."

"Well, I've heard say so. Here are ten dollars for the parson."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" said the minister.

"No, nothing else," answered Thord, and left.

Eight years have passed, and the minister was sitting in his study one day, when he heard a noise of some people outside the door. Several men walked in; Thord was the first to enter.

The minister looked up and recognized him. "You come with a whole company to-night," he said.

"Yes. I want you to publish the banns for my son; he is going to be married to Karen Storliden, daughter of Gudmund, who is now here with me."

"Ah, she is the richest girl in the parish."

"So they say," answered the farmer, pushing back his hair with one hand.

The minister sat some time as if in thought; he said nothing, but entered the names in the book, and the men signed it.

Thord put three dollars on the table.

"My fee is only one dollar," said the minister.

"Yes, I know; but he is my only child. I wish to do it handsomely."

The minister took the money.

"This is the third time, Thord, you have been here on behalf of your son."

"Yes; but now I am ready with him." Thord folded his pocket-book together, said "good-evening," and went out; the others followed him slowly.

Fourteen days after this the father and son were rowing across the lake to Storliden to talk over the wedding.

"This thwart does not lie steady," said the son, and got up off his seat to put it right. At this moment the loose board in the bottom of the boat on which he was standing slipped, and in trying to balance himself, he fell overboard with a loud shriek.

"Catch hold of the oar," shouted the father, and stretched it out to him. But the son made only a couple of strokes toward it, when he was seized with cramp.

"Wait a bit," cried the father, and rowed nearer.

The son fell back, gave the father a long look, and sank.

Thord would not believe it; he kept the boat on the same spot, and fixed his eyes where the son sank, as if he expected him to come up again. Some bubbles rose to the surface; still a few more, and then a larger one; it burst, and the lake lay as smooth as a mirror.

For three days and three nights they saw the father rowing round that spot, without taking food or rest. He was dragging the lake for the body of his son.

On the morning of the third day he found it, and carried it up over the hills to his farm.

A year had scarcely passed, when the minister, late one autumn evening, heard some one outside the door of his room trying to find the latch. The minister opened the door, and a tall man, with gray hair and somewhat bowed down, entered the room. The minister looked a long time at him before he recognized him; it was Thord.

"Are you so late out?" said the minister, and stood still before him.

"Yes, I am late out," said Thord, and sat down.

The minister sat down also, waiting for Thord to speak; there was a long silence.

"I have got something with me which I wish to give to the poor," said Thord, at last. "I should like it invested as a legacy in my son's name." He rose, put some money on the table and sat down again.

The good minister counted the money. "This is a great deal of money," he said.

"It is half the price of my farm. I have sold it to-day."

The minister sat long in silence; at last he said, quite gently, to him, "And what will you do now, Thord?"

"Something better."

They sat silent again for some time, Thord with his eyes upon the floor, the minister with his eyes fixed upon Thord.

Gently and slowly the minister said, "I believe your son has become a blessing to you at last."

"Yes, I think so myself," said Thord, and two big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.—*Translated from the Norwegian of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, for Harper's Weekly.*

Dead to the World.

The sensations of a prisoner who emerges from his enforced retreat after a long incarceration, and once more mingles with men and takes part in the affairs in the bustling world, have been often described, both from experience and imagination, but probably never with greater vividness than the three Russian Bishops of the sect of Old Believers who have just been released from a twenty-five years' imprisonment in the monastery of Sudal might give to such a description if they chose to write it. Shut up in 1856, within a year of the death of Czar Nicholas, the reign of Alexander II. was a blank to them from its beginning to its end. If the penalty of their heresy was meted out to them with that rigid severity which our notions of Russian justice would naturally lead us to expect, they must have been kept in complete ignorance of the march of events in the outside world. To them Napolean III. is still Emperor of the French. They know nothing of the Franco-Prussian war, nothing of Italian and German unity, of the dismemberment of Turkey, of Papal infallibility, nothing of our civil war, of ocean cables, of the Suez Canal. Bismark, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, Lincoln, Grant, are to them mere names, not personalities. A quarter of a century big with events which will have their influence in shaping the world's history for centuries to come has been dropped out of their lives. To a thoroughly wide-awake man, such as the average American is, this alone would be a terrible punishment. Even after a six weeks' shooting in the woods, or an ocean voyage of ten days, a man accustomed to keep himself well-informed has a sense of irreparable loss. He never can quite make up his deficiency as a student makes up lost lessons. Dr. Kane, returning from a long voyage of Arctic exploration, sat resolutely down to the files of a New York newspaper, but the average man has neither the time nor the taste for such drudgery. The daily chronicle of the press contains much that is trivial no doubt much that is unprofitable, or harmful, if you please, to read, but the man who has once formed the newspaper habit, as all intelligent men do, feels no less more keenly than that of his morning journal, and reconciles himself with infinite difficulty to a total ignorance of what is going on in the world from day to day.—*N. Y. Times.*

Postal Cards.

A treatise on the history of the postal card has been published in Berlin. The originator of the idea is said to have been a German State official, Dr. Stephan, who wrote an essay upon it in 1865. Austria was the first to adopt it, beginning in October, 1869. The first three months witnessed the passage of 2,830,000 cards through the mails. Germany followed suit in 1870, and on the first day after the introduction of the postal card 45,468 were sent off in Berlin alone; and within two months over 2,000,000 were used. Other countries soon initiated the same step. During the Franco-Prussian war the postal card system was a great boon to both armies. Over 10,000,000 cards passed through the campaign between the German soldiers and their friends and homes. The greatest proportional consumption of postal cards occur unquestionably in the United States. The whole of Europe is estimated to use annually 350,000,000 while the consumption in the United States alone will probably not fall short of 230,000,000. Germany consumed in 1879, 125,747,000. The use of the postal card is, moreover, constantly increasing, and, to some extent, at the expense of the letter correspondence. There are now said to be seventy-three countries in which it is introduced. Austria, which has the honor of first putting the idea into practical execution, is now said to have cards of the poorest material and most inconvenient form.

A Chicago Turk.

Mr. Benajah Edwards and the Misses Edwards, who move in the first circles of Hogtes Creek, Mo., registered ten days ago at the Palmer House. They came to do the town. They went to the Water-Works, and the Crib, and the parks; they visited the City Hall, the Common Council chambers, and the other stock-yards of the city. They ate candy at Gunther's, and wept over "All the Rage" at McVicker's. They saw everything that everybody sees. But their fertile curiosity took them one step beyond ordinary sight-seers and gave a never-to-be-forgotten sensation to one of Chicago's best-known citizens.

This gentleman, who is a prosperous private banker on Washington street, discharges for the Turkish Government the not exacting duties of Turkish Consul at Chicago.

Saturday morning, as he passed through the cherry and plate-glass door of his office, his boy, with a slightly bewildered look, said to a gentleman who, with two ladies, was waiting at the back of the office:

"Here comes the Turkish Consul."

The boy—who was sixty years old, was bewildered because never before in the experience of that office had a one been known to inquire for the Turkish Consul, whose sole duties had consisted in writing narcotic letters in faultless French to the Turkish Minister at Washington, and the commissioner of Chicago at Constantinople.

At sight of the Turkish Consul the stranger, too, seemed bewildered, but he recovered, and introduced himself as "Mr. Benajah Edwards and daughters of Hogles Creek, Missouri."

"You see, sir," he said, "we are doing Chicago, and have seen all you have to show. But before we go back to Hogles Creek my girls want to see a real live Turk. We have no Turks in Hogles Creek, and so I brought them to see you. Of course," said Mr. Edwards, with a knowing look, "I have seen a great many Turks, but my daughters have not, and you must excuse me for trying to gratify their curiosity."

"But," said the Consul, who is a full-blooded native of Chicago, "I am very busy, and besides I am not——"

"By the way," broke in Benajah, evidently fearing that their live Turk was going to flee, "how do you pronounce your name?"

"In the original," said the Consul, who inherits a French name, yielding for the moment to the fun of the thing, "it is pronounced On-gro-tang." This the young ladies who had been devouring the wicked Mahommedan polygamist with wide-open eyes evidently thought just the thing for a Turk.

"Oh, Mr. Ourang outang, how many wiv——"

"But my name is not Ourang outang; it is Ong-ro-tang, and, besides, I am not——"

"Yes, yes; we understand, Mr. Ong-ro-tang. Of course, as you are a Turk, you have more than one wife. You wouldn't mind telling us how many, would you?"

"I have only one wife," burst out the Consul, forgetting the fun of the thing, "and neither she nor I——"

"Don't you think, Mr. Ourang—Mr. Ong-ro-tang—that the mighty Mohammedan faith that has so long ruled the Turks, that Islam; that, in fact, you're losing your grip?"

"Yes," said the Consul, wearily, "there are evidences of the decay of that religion, but I cannot give you much information about it, as I am not——"

"One thing I noticed with some surprise," interrupted Mr. Benajah Edwards, "is your complexion. All the Turks I ever saw or heard of were dark; but you, sir, are light."

"Oh, decidedly of a rosy complexion," twittered the girls to the Consul, whose hair and skin have caught their coloring from the rising sun.

"How well you talk our language, Mr. Ong-ro-tang, and how much you dress like papa and the other gentlemen of Chicago and Hogles Creek. Do you wear your Turkish clothes at home? Do you have a fez? And do you smoke a nargileh? And sit crosslegged after dinner; and drink rose-water and Arabian coffee? And do you have Bayaderes dance for you? And is your wife's name Guinare? And do you hate the Giaours? And did you ever sew up a lady in a sack and have her thrown into the Bosphorous? And do you——"

The Consul was growing desperate. He heard the boy snickering behind him. A very rich and religious Board of Trade customer had just come in and was listening with rising hair.

"Mr. Edwards, you have made a mistake. I am the Turkish Consul, but, as I have tried to tell you half a dozen times, I am not a Turk, but an American; and a native of Chicago."

The Misses Edwards drew their Gainsborough hats as far over their disconcerted faces as they would go, and Mr. Benajah Edwards, who had "seen a good many Turks, you know," led them away without a word.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest."

It seems impossible to ascertain the authorship of that poem which was so great a favorite with Garfield, and which pictured almost with prophecy some of the circumstances attending his death. Like Lincoln's favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," its authorship seems to be unknown. Garfield said with regret that he did not know the authorship of the piece that was so great a favorite with him, while Lincoln said of his favorite poem: "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." So among the other wonderful parallels between these two great men, it appears that each sought out an anonymous poem and held it precious in his memory.—*Des Moines Register.*

—Edmund Yates flies to the defense of "bangs," and says that "a fringe on the brow of a graceful lady is a thing of beauty, and that many faces will look bleak enough without it."

—A steamer down the St. Lawrence, a few days ago, had in tow a raft of twenty-five thousand bunches of onion crates destined for Bermuda.

The Physic of our Grandfathers.

W. A. Perkins, druggist of this city, has a curious old book, published in London in 1657. It is entitled, "The Expert Doctor's Dispensatory; or, The Whole Art of Physick Restored to Practice," with the following sub-title: "The Apothecaries Shop and Chyrurgions Closet Opened; wherein all safe and honest practices are maintained and dangerous mistakes discovered; and what out of subtilty to their own profits they have endeavored to reserve to themselves, now at last impartially divulged and made common. Together with a strict survey of the dispensatories of the most renowned colleges of the world [illegible] corrected, are here [illegible] and drawn into an easier and more general method for practice."

[illegible] are some few of the more [illegible] among the many agreeable [illegible] with which our forefathers [illegible]dosed. "The fat of a cat, a plaster of mashed frogs, brain of a hare [illegible], fat of serpents; the fat of men, [illegible] vipers and dogs, [illegible] of vipers, [illegible] of a mummy, ashes of [illegible] of a man's [illegible] ashes of glass, [illegible] arth-worms, [illegible] grass liver, hedge [illegible], scorpion's [illegible] head, cheese mites, wood [illegible] lice, beetles, [illegible] parts off a horse's hoof [illegible] pike jaws, [illegible] lawfish, the stoppings [illegible] of a snail's [illegible] shell in winter, crab's [illegible] eyes, king-[illegible] fishers, stones from [illegible] gall; blood [illegible] of a goat in wine [illegible] dove roasted [illegible] with its belly filled [illegible] cinnamon; [illegible] the milk of a sow [illegible] stewed in [illegible] spider's web, "especially if it be such [illegible] is full of the fine flour of [illegible] bake-houses;" [illegible] clots of blood [illegible] hair of horses [illegible] and men burnt [illegible] sponge; soot [illegible] scraped from the [illegible] of an oven or [illegible] off a brasse pot [illegible] of frogs. The [illegible] oyle of frogs [illegible] recommended to [illegible] those who are [illegible] with sleepless-[illegible] ness. It is said to [illegible]erate "by sending [illegible] vapors [illegible] to the head, to [illegible] temper the hot [illegible] and sharp fumes [illegible] that [illegible] in the brain." We all know (who have ever handled frogs) that they are cool to the touch.

For taking away scars are recommended "Fats and marrows of men, asses, harts, and the fat of the fish Thymallus."

For wounds "Crawfish, mummy, and crab's eyes" are recommended; also, "earth-worms and hare's hair burned."

"Extractors" for "drawing out splinters and other things fastened in wounds," we are told there is nothing like "land snailes beaten with their shels, the head of a lizard powdered, or a fox tongue prepared as its lungs are moystened with red wine." Loadstone "draws forth iron and amber draws straws."

For a "moderate" emetic "the shavings of one's own nails drank in wine" are recommended.

Many things heartily recommended for various diseases are unmentionable to ears polite.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

President Garfield's Tribute to His Wife.

It was but a few months before he was inaugurated that, while he and I were standing together in his library in Washington, he said to me, speaking of some public man whose domestic affairs had crippled his course of usefullness. "George, I want to say a word about my wife. I have been singularly fortunate in marrying a woman who has never given me any perplexity about anything she has said. I have never had to explain away any word of hers. She has been so prudent that I have never been diverted from my work for one minute to take up any mistake of hers. She is perfectly unstampedable. When things get worse, and there is the most public clamor, and the most danger to me and to us, then she is the coolest. Sometimes it looks a little blue before me, but I get courage from her perfect bravery." He then apologized for having complimented his wife, but continued: "She went to school to me, and twenty years ago I taught her Latin. She has during the past winter been hearing my boys recite their Latin lessons, to prepare them to enter the academy in New England."

This is all I remember distinctly of the President's conversation. I could not resist the temptation some time afterward, I think just about the time he was nominated for President, to relate this, and when I called at Mentor a fortnight afterward, he meantime having been nominated, I said to Mrs. Garfield:

"Did you see what the General said about you to me?"

She answered with a little quickness: "Yes, I did; and I felt as though I would have liked to box his ears. I don't think women's names ought to be brought into politics in the newspapers."—*Gath.*

A Surprised Boarder.

The power of concealing emotion is not possessed by everybody, and he is fortunate who can always control his inclination to laugh. A young man was once severely tried by a humorous incident, which happened when laughter would have been indecorous. He had been brought up in a refined home and was teaching a school in West Virginia. The people of that section differ largely from those in the eastern part of the State, and he was constantly being surprised at their customs and manners. The home in which he boarded was presided over by a kind, plain old lady, who did all in her power to make him comfortable. One day, at dinner, she startled him by asking: "Mr. Smith, did you ever eat any shoestrings?"

He could hardly keep from laughing as he replied:

"No, ma'am; we don't eat them in our part of the country!"

Her honest face beamed with pleasure as she said:

"I thought you'd never eaten 'em, and so cooked some to-day for you."

She helped his plate to two large spoonfuls of something which he ate and enjoyed. The shoestrings proved to be pastry cut into thin strips and boiled with bacon. He was delighted to find that they were not of the article used in fastening the cover for the foot. The people in that part of the land, especially the poorer classes, use them as a substitute for macaroni.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Life of a Cowboy.

To boys who are growing up in the far Western towns the cowboy's life has exactly such a fascination as the sailor's life has for boys of the Atlantic States. The life is looked on by them as a career of considerable excitement and adventure. This is a consideration that appeals more to boys than to sober-minded men, and yet it is the means of drawing not a little of the best young brain and muscle into this channel. As compared with the quiet plodding life of a farmer's boy, it does indeed seem a life of wild excitement. As the red men retire farther and farther into the West and North, the "cow-puncher" is the first precursor of civilization. The very great advantage of being the first occupant of a new range keeps the cattle-men forever pushing onward and taking the risks of too close proximity to the savages. The life on one of these frontier ranges has a good deal of adventurous excitement about it in the way of encounters with all the numerous varieties of wild animals which abound there, and has beside the various attractions as well as the hardships that belong to genuine pioneer life. Before a man has been in the business many years he is pretty certain to be engaged in one or more of the long cattle-drives which transfer enormous herds across wide stretches of territory. In this way many workmen drift in the course of a year or two from Texas to Wyoming or Montana, or from Oregon to Nebraska; and thus the "cow-puncher" often comes, in time, to have a wide and varied experience of the least-known regions of our wide country.

Perhaps the greatest attraction about this life to a frugal workingman is the great variety of chances that exist for profitable investment of every dollar that he is able to lay aside. All employers will permit a good hand, who invests his savings in horses, to turn his little band in with the other stock without any charge. Thus he goes into stock raising on a small scale without a dollar of running expenses to pay. If a man can buy a few mares at a bargain he can often make a clear annual profit of fifty per cent. on a few hundred dollars, if he is shrewd in selling and careful in breeding up. This is a very favorite way of investing earnings, as it is at once very safe and very profitable. But there are many other ways of getting a handsome income for a small investment in the Far West, though hardly any of them is so perfectly safe as this which I have mentioned. There are well-known opportunities for preempting land, investing in appreciating town real estate, mining stocks and trade which are so easy to seize in a very new country; so that a man who is industrious, saving and shrewd can hardly fail to roll up a neat little property from his savings in a few years.

This cowboy life will not be found satisfactory to every one who enters it. It is impossible to say certainly of any individual or any class of men that they will not succeed in it. Some men who at first seem less adapted for the work become most excellent hands by long pluck and perseverance. But it may be said more emphatically of this man of other callings that it should be learned in youth. The chances of marked success are against a man who begins the work after he is twenty years old. Men who have been trained to it almost from childhood in Texas and Colorado are, as a class, the most successful. Among those who are born farther east, young men brought up on farms, with a good understanding of the management of horses, adapt themselves most readily to "cow puncher's" work. Delicately nurtured city boys have the least chance of success in this rough life, and yet not a few of them have, by long persistence, made themselves skillful in it.

A man who believes himself to have already some training and fitness to enter at once upon the work would do best to seek employment in Cheyenne or Greeley in the spring. That is the season when cattle men are making their plans and hiring their hands for the year. Most of the "round-ups" take their start in the latter half of May. At that time a man who has been trained to the management of horses and is quite at home in the saddle need have little fear of not finding work, even though he may be without friends or recommendation. But any person who is not fitted must work into the business much more gradually. A new comer on the plains feels at first as much out of his element as a fish out of water. The habits, the ways of life, the occupations and even the dialect are all strange to him. He is as easily recognized as "green" as any foreign clodhopper just landed in New York. He hears himself called a "tenderfoot." The plains are mainly a grazing region. All the United States east of the plains are mainly agricultural; consequently the manners and customs of the two districts are, and must always be, very different. To learn the ways of the country, to outgrow the "tenderfoot" stage of existence, is a gradual and sometimes a trying process. A man coming to the far West with the intention of making it his permanent home would do well to come in the fall, if possible—for, though it is not a good time for a workingman to find occupation, it is usually possible to find chances to work about some stock-ranch or farm through the winter either for small wages or for board, and in this way a man grows well accustomed to the ways of the country and acquainted with the people, and so has the best preparation for securing a profitable situation when the spring work with the cattle begins. If in the course of the winter he learns the elements of plain camp-cookery, he has a strong string for his bow, for the easiest way of preparing for more agreeable work is to take a place to drive one of the "round-up" wagons and prepare the simple meals. Work of this kind is nearly as well paid as the work with the cattle, and it is the easiest stepping stone to the pleasanter work. The average American man scorns the thought of cooking for wages as a most unmanly occupation, but in this far Western region where women are in the small minority it is looked on as a most desirable accomplishment for all men to acquire. I have known Eastern gentleman of high cultivation to humble themselves to "round-up" cooking in order to work their way into the business.—*Laramie Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—With the advent of hoops bangs are going out of fashion.

—Bronzed boots, with silver lace bows and silver buttons, are coming into fashion for dancing purposes.

—It is reported that a Paris surgeon received five thousand dollars for removing a wart from the nose of a woman who wasn't very good looking at best.

—The Yankees have outdone the Egyptians. In a Rhode Island granite quarry a single stone has been cut out that is about the shape of the obelisk and much larger.

—Alexander Hamiltou in his lifetime planted thirteen trees on his grounds in the city of New York in honor of the thirteen States of the Uniou, and they are still standing.

—A daughter of Lieutenant W. M. Foster, of Lowell, Mass., was born on the day President Garfield was elected, was taken ill the day he was shot and died the day he was buried.

—In the old Rogers burying-ground near Chatham, N. C., an oak tree has grown on a grave in which a person was buried seventy-five years ago, and the tree is now five feet in diameter.

—A ship canal in Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, through the valley of the Garonne and the Ande, has been ciphered down to a cost of $140,000,000, and there *is a fair* prospect of its accomplishment.

—A farmer in San Bernardino County, California, set fire to a pile of brush. A heavy gust of wind spread it with incredible rapidity, until it spread over a tract of country about four miles wide by ten or twelve long, and was at last accounts still raging.

—Cephas Thayer, of Medway, Mass., now in his ninety-third year, attended the funeral ceremonies of President Garfield. He also attended the funeral of President Washington in 1799, being then eleven years old, and is still vigorous, both mentally and physically.

—One of the new London bubbles is the "Pure Beverage Company, formed for the purpose of manufacturing and promoting the use of pure health-giving, non-intoxicating beverages, possessing such stimulating and invigorating properties as shall be an inducement to their popular adoption as substitutes for alcoholic drinks."

—The British Board of Customs is endeavoring to prevent the introduction of the Colorado beetle into England. A fright has been caused by the rumor that Irishmen in the West were gathering potato beetles and securing them in small boxes for transportation to England, where they were to be turned loose to prey upon English crops.

—A quantity of bees, destined for Ontario, have been received in London from Cyprus. They were let out near London for a fly, and afterward repacked for the remainder of the journey. They are conveyed in small boxes, partly covered with perforated metal, and are provided with honey and water. A similar consignment of this unusual freight was successfully forwarded to Canada last year.

—Paper currency is regarded with especial favor by the people of Japan. It no doubt possesses many advantages, but immunity from fraud is not one of them. Counterfeit notes are very plentifully in Osaka, where as many as fifty and sixty a day have lately been detected. Many have also been circulated in Tokio, but, in spite of extra precaution and vigilance, the source or sources whence they emanate have not yet been discovered.

—A rival to the Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania is said to be growing up in California, where vast quantities of undeveloped petroleum exist. The waters of Santa Barbara channel are covered for miles with crude oil that is seeping away, and the hollows in the mountain sides are filling with asphaltum, produced by this seepage. A few capitalists are reported to be buying up all this oil territory, so as to obtain a monopoly of the production on the Pacific coast, and to their efforts must be ascribed the lack of full information on the subject.

—The cedars of Lebanon have suffered from vandal visitors. The Governor General has therefore built a wall around the cedar grove of Becherre, and, although the cedars will be accessible to travelers wishing to visit them, the erection of tents and establishment of encampments will not be permitted within this enclosure, except in such places as may be pointed out by the guard. No fires may be lighted in the vicinity of the trees, and all cooking operations must be carried on outside of the enclosure. Three of the largest cedars were recently burned through the carelessness of servants attached to the suites of travelers. It is prohibited to cut branches or sprigs.

—As the down train on the Hudson River Railroad was leaving Tarrytown the other night, a woman who had just alighted and walked over to *the platform* suddenly commenced to wring her hands and weep as she pointed frantically to the disappearing train. A crowd of sympathizing passengers collected about her, and when she became somewhat composed she said her name was Carrie Purdy, and that in her hurry to get off the train she had left her baby on the seat of one of the cars. Station Agent De Rivero came to her relief and telegraphed to Yonkers. When the train arrived at that station the babe was found and sent back by the first train to its anxious mother at Tarrytown.

—The shares of the Chemical Bank, New York, have reached $1,780, the highest quotation of any banking house in the world. This is not to be wondered at, since the bank declares an average quarterly dividend of twenty-five per cent. The name of the bank, which is a queer one, really tells the history of the institution. A gentleman in New York got a charter from the Legislature, many years ago, to establish a chemical manufacturing establishment. He was also granted for this purpose certain banking privileges. The manufacture of chemicals fell through, after a large fortune had been sunk in it. The banking privileges, however, were used, and the result was the Chemical Bank, which now annually returns to its original stockholders a dollar to every dollar they invested in it

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

The wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wold.
The sea-gulls gather on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The hearse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Life," I said, "is like the sea—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."

A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Sped up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing-boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.

"At yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits."
And singing still, she flitted past.
"I thank thee, O my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"

—*Amalie La Forge, in Scribner's Monthly.*

ISAAC LEMMON.

"Sartinly you shell go to skule, Ike, my boy. It's a lib'ral eddicashun, too, you're goin' to hev. That's wot I got m'self; an' I've allus meaned to do ekally well by you."

When he was only ten years old, Isaac had lost his mother, a woman of delicate nature, of some early advantages, and tenderly zealous to see her boy start in life face foremost. And under her kind tuition, Isaac had soon surpassed his father in familiarity with the few books at hand, and in hunger for more. Thus it was, when we found him husking corn, that his speech was already "ont of the backwoods," though he lived in a country of that quality.

It was, therefore, a jack-frost on his young hopes that his father, none too bright by nature, and crude by contact, set himself up an as educational model. But somehow, by the rule of contraries, Isaac had been born on the sunny side of the fence. He rallied from "ekally well;" and, with an amateur eccentricity as a cross-questioner—a trait which afterwards became famous, as also professional—he husked an odd red ear and said:

"Well, father, what is a 'lib'ral eddicashun'?"

"Why, boy, thar's the spellin'-book first. I parsed baker in that. I larned to write my name so 'most anybody could make it out. An' thar's my old alimentary 'rithmetic in the chimbly cuburd; I figgered clean outen long divisiou. An' I callate as how I'm a liberally eddicated man. Wot more does a fellow need? 'Tany rate, there ben't nobody as knows more'n I do, I 'leet, in these 'ere parts of Injeanny an' this year o' grace 1822."

"When do you think I ought to start in and plow this book pasture?"

"Waal, you've got lots o' time. You're only thirteen now; an' I mean you shell go to skule this very winter comin'. I want you to git started young, you see."

Isaac didn't quite "see it." But complaint of parents wasn't in him, and he only merrily inquired: "How many years will it take, do you think?"

"*Years!* I should say a right smart fellow like you mout cifer clean through that 'rithmetic in three or four months, 'sides readin', writin' an' sich."

"And how long did it take you, father?"

"O, it took *me* 'bout three o' four winters. But then, I didn't hev no sich 'arly 'vantages as you've 'ad. My father'n mother wa'n't eddicated folks. You've already larned to hum to read the Scripter mighty well—smart an' good woman your mother wuz. An' you reads them bits o' noospapers you picks up in town sometimes. You've allus heered good talk an' kirrect grammar to hum, too; but I didn't when I was a boy. You know, too, that Jimmy Monroe is President. Why, I tell you, you're a purty well eddicated boy 'thout goin' to skule 'tall. You'll be one o' these self-eddicated chaps 'fore we know it. But tip over the next stook! See, the sun's in the tree-tops! We've got to shuck this 'ere row through agin sundown."

Isaac obeyed. While husking corn he had also husked his father's ideas of education, and thought them nubbins. But the father, in turn, had not reached the prolific kernel of the boy's larger notion of knowledge.

But who was this lad, that the story of his growth becomes worth narration?

Isaac Lemmon's father was a pioneer farmer of small acres in Southern Indiana nearly sixty years ago—a rolling stone from Kentucky that gathered but a trifle of moss. At thirteen Isaac was a tall bony, awkward, bright, good boy. His face was long, his mouth and nose were large, his eye was kind and his manner shy; and his coarse homespun pantaloons seemed never able to catch up with his growing legs. In contrast with his angular mould was a peculiar mirthful disposition. He had a large hand in youthful sports, and could laugh with the best, but did much of his laughing inside. He was a favorite with his young friends, for he could lead them in "having a good time" without exciting envy; and if he heard a good story he could straightway tell a better one. But he was equally fond of men who had something solid to say. He would stop eating any time to be told something new. But he did not meet many such men. His was a rude, hard life which few country boys are now forced to bear. But he never complained of his lot. His study was not how to shirk it, but how to make the best of it. He helped his father to the best of his ability, as one who had a right to his help; and he helped, just for the love of helping, many who had no special claim upon his kindness.

But school-time came soon after the husking was over. The schoolhouse at Pigeon Creek was a very narrow enclosure of logs, and its pupils of that winter were taught by Andy Crawfut, who dropped out of an academy for three months that he might have money to go back again.

Isaac went to school.

To him it seemed as if those few words expressed the triumph of his youth and the assurance of his manhood. He carried with him that parental "'rithmetic," to solve the problem of a "lib'ral eddicashun." He respected his father's opinions, but he did "feel shaky" about his definition of learning. He had listened to a country parson occasionally, and once or twice felt the thrill imparted by the average political stump orator at the county seat and had concluded that the knowledge of such men must be more liberal than his father's.

He was further inspired at sight of the clean, kind and clever young schoolmaster, and held a confidential interview with him at the close of the first day.

"Mr. Crawfut, please, father says I shall have a liberal education. Won't that take a good deal of time and money?"

"Well, yes, Isaac; about eight or ten years and as many hundred dollars, and short rations at that."

"And how many books will I need?"

"Not far from one hundred."

The young knight of one doggerel arithmetic and spelling-book stood amazed; then mused, as he walked home: "Ten years, a thousand dollars and a hundred books! I guess father's corn-crib can't stand it." But he didn't affright his father with unfolding the master's plans for education. But he grew greedy as he thought of what there was ahead of him in the book-world.

Mr. Crawfut took to Isaac strongly, loaned him books and gave him special assistance after school hours.

But now came a parental exaction—a cold, cutting hail storm among these pleasant hopes in the May of life and ambition—almost enough, it might seem, to justify lilial rebellion; a load to strain even the trusty back of young and generous manhood!

Isaac had been in school six weeks with that "alimentary 'rithmetic," and of that short season he had made great harvest of the books of history and biography found in his teacher's little collection—mustard seeds that grew into shadowing national branches later. Then, one morning, his father very solemnly drew him aside and gave him this galling proof that the wisdom of Solomon—"If thou be surety for thy friend, * * * thou art snared"—had not worn out:

"Isaac" (his full name from his father always meant sorry business), "last year I signed a note for fifty dollars with neighbor Stokes. He's been sick a long time, lost his hoss, and can't pay. I've got to raise the money, but don't see how. Crops, you know, is next to nuthin', an' cordwood hardly pays for haulin' to town. *Now*, I'm coming to 'nawful hard spot. Wot d'you say, my son, to leavin' of skule an' a goin' to work for 'Squar' Rogers? He'll pay five dollars a month an' board far ye. An' you shall go 'nuff more nex' winter to finish the 'rithmetic."

What answer would you expect from a boy of thirteen, who loves the first taste of books and craved more? A very sad face—a wry face—wouldn't you? Yes; but there are exceptional boys. Even Mr. Lemmon didn't know his own very well. He hardly dared look him in the face, for he thought he would rebel.

Isaac did shrug his shoulders, shook his head for an instant, and put on a false face in the form of a scowl. But he soon took it off, and looked up with a manly earnestness. The trait that grew old with him—sympathy for the innocent in trouble—was early upon him.

"Father," said he, "I'm sorry you've got the note to pay; lucky it's no bigger. But since you must, I'm glad if I can help. I'll do it; of course I will. I've pocketed some good starters in the way of ideas in these six weeks; and I can do something at study nights and noons, if I can borrow the books."

Then the situation seemed to assume a comical shape in Isaac's mind. He began with a smile, and broke into a laugh.

"I think I feel like the frog in the master's story-book who thought to equal the ox. I was getting puffed up with pride over what a great scholar I'd soon be, and now I'm busted—almost."

Isaac's more elaborate biographers do not agree that this was the only school he ever attended, though none allow him a year's schooling. But I have the word of one who was his daily comrade for years, that, on that afternoon, Isaac Lemmon left his first school, and left school for life; that is, the school that is made up of boys and girls on benches, and a master and desk at one end of the room.

He parted light-hearted from his teacher.

"I'll help father; and I shall feel better, anyway, to do as he thinks best. Father means to be good to me, but he's poor; that's all that ails him."

Isaac wouldn't sit down to cry under bad luck. He was rather original in his case of coming down without giving up; and he had not become so attached to the school-house as to think it the only lane that leads to knowledge. He even felt stronger that he could feel hopeful under so grievous disappointment.

But Schoolmaster Crawfut "boarded 'round," and told the neighbors "it was a shame to take so bright a boy away from books and set him to chopping back logs." He didn't know what mammoth burdens Isaac's inclinations to look on the bright side first was to help him bear late in life!

Once fairly installed as helper on 'Squire Rogers' farm, Isaac proceeded to find out what the old gentleman had in the way of books.

"Weems' Washington," he repeated to himself as he scanned the titles of the dozen books in the dingy little farmhouse cupboard. "Yes; Washington fought in the Revolution and was the first President. And that's about all I know of him."

He took down the small volume, blew the dust from its edges, glanced at its opening pages, and noted some of the incidents set down to George's early life, especially that at thirteen (just his own age) he had been thoughtful enough to write out for himself one hundered and ten maxims of business and good behavior.

Isaac instinctively straightened, as if sniffing the odor of a parallel to his own thoughtfulness.

"Mr. Rogers, I'd like to read this book; may I take it?"

"Of course," answered the 'Squire. "I 'low it'll do you good; did me. George Washington was a great man; an' who knows but you'll be, too, some day? But I want you to be pertickler keerful of it, though. It's all the history of the Revolution I've got."

By the after-dinner breathing spell of the following day, Isaac had marched as far as Braddock did, and was riding into that awful ambush with him, when the colts from the barnyard trotted up to the pump near the house for their noon drink, but found the trough empty.

The 'Squire noticed them and said: "Isaac, I wish you'd go and pump them colts some water."

"Yes, sir," responded Isaac mechanically, and started, with his eyes still fastened upon the page. It was December, but "Washington" went to the horse-trough with his young friend, who pumped and rend while the frisky colts crowded around. The black had his nose in the trough just beneath Isaac's left hand, when the sorrel playfully bit him. Up bobbed the black's head, hitting the hand and tossing "Washington" into the further end of the trough.

Isaac wished that himself instead of the borrowed book had been given the ice-water bath. And he felt as much "bound in sheep" as was the book, for he saw the 'Squire at the window and knew he was muttering. "Why will boys be fools?"

The colts didn't drink any more that time, and Isaac left Braddock to fight on till he should be dried.

"I'll pay for this, Mr. Rogers, if you'll let me," he said, as he entered that old gentleman's presence.

"Reckon you'll haf to, boy. Hope you won't get that airy crazy for readin' agin soon. I never wuz."

"How much will a new book cost, please, sir?"

"'Bout ten sbillin' I reckon."

"That's just a week's wages. Well, I'll keep the wet book and work a week over my time to pay for a new one."

And as Isaac opened the book and stood it on the mantel-piece above the blazing fire, where he knew it would dry by evening, he smiled, as if rather glad of the accident. He'd have the book for his own now.

"I believe," said he one day, "I like to know about men better than about boys. That's what we boys are coming to if we have good luck."

While in school he had become enamored of "Æsops' Fables," and while at work borrowed the little book of the school-teacher, and made himself very familiar with the talking animals and the morals of their mistakes.

The Bible never went out of fashion with him as a reading-book. It had been his mother's companion. Much of it he read many times while a boy. He used to say, "It seems like Mother is looking right into my face and smiling when I'm reading her book."

A few years after he had helped to pay that note, his father removed to Illinois. And there, in absence of other capital to give Isaac a start for himself, he "gave him his time"—relinquished legal claim to his earnings before he reached the age of majority.

"Now what will you do for yourself, Isaac?" his father asked.

"Go to work for myself;" and off he went, a droll piece of pluck, good nature and economy. His traveling suit was light—a broad straw hat, hickory shirt, blue denim pantaloons, and bare feet to save his only pair of boots, while all his spare clothing was bundled into a colored cotton handkerchief and swung over his shoulder at the end of a broomstick.

He tramped into a neighboring county and took work with a farming uncle at eight dollars per month and his "keep." His days he gave to the farm, and his evenings to further study.

Years later his gray old uncle often told the story of this period, running on in this line:

"He wuz a mighty good boy. I never hed to tell him more'n oncet to do a chore or bit o' work. An I was so sartin of his willin'ness to work, that I skasely ever *told* him; I 'most allus *axed* him, an' at it he went with a jolly 'yes, sir,' an' a whistle. Nor I wa'n't never onazy as to *how* he'd do the job; 'twuz better'n I'd do it m'self, an' jes like the farm was his'n. I tell ye he knowed a heap 'bout work, 'swell's books. An' wot he didn't know he learned fust time tryin' of it. He allus 'ad a kind o' geu'us for makin' hard work soft like.

"An' sakes, boys! Ye jes orter see him study! Iverlastin'ly readin' suthin', w'en he 'ad to wait fur a meal, an' arter dinner w'en my boys loafed, an' o' nights—waal, I've no idea how late; but he wuz up fust every moruin'. He didn' spen' no money fur fine clo'es—jes flung on the fust duds as come 'andy. "Adn' time to fix up,' he said. An' fact is, the' waz so much on 'im to kiver, 'twuzn' quare he got tired tryin'. But he buyed his own taller-dips fur night readin', though I never spoke agin his burnin' mine.

"O, he wuz square in deal as ye could saw a log, an' as good every way fur a farm hand then as he is now fur a——"

One winter Isaac was clerk in a village grocery, and afterward put his time against stock and became a partner. While there he once discovered, on adding the items of a bill of goods after the customer had gone that he had taken a sixpence too much. After closing the store at night he walked two miles and refunded that sixpence. Another time he sold a lady a pound of tea the last thing at night. But on opening store the next morning he noticed that the balance-weight was in the three quarter notch. Before he ate breakfast he carried the lady the other quarter-pound for which she had paid.

Again "Uncle Sam" made Isaac Lemmon master of a little postoffice. And when the unprofitable venture was discontinued there was a small balance due "Uncle"—"to be called for."

Some years after, a buttoned-up official-looking stranger stepped into an Illinois law-office and asked:

"Is Isaac Lemmon to be found here?"

"I answer to that name, sometimes," said Isaac, drily.

"Were you once Postmaster at ——?"

"I had that notable honor—first Government office I ever held, and don't expect ever to hold another."

"My name is Henry Oldsmith, special agent of the Postoffice Department at Washington, and I have called to collect something due the Government from you."

Friends sitting by, who knew that at times since then he had been as poor as the church mouse, began to offer aid, as they saw his face take on the air of reflection.

But Isaac rose up slowly, scratching his head, stepped behind a rough board partition, reached under an old lounge on which he "bunked" at night, and drew forth a small home-made pine chest. From among a "mess o' traps" inside it, he fished a strong cloth pouch and returned to his seat.

"How much, Mr. Oldsmith, do you say is due?"

"Sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents."

Isaac began counting out silver and copper coins of all sorts amid the profoundest silence of all men and things but himself and the "chink." Though the spectators were few the excitement was intense, but suppressed till the last cent in the pouch had raised the pile on the table to sixteen dollars and eighty-four cents.

Then there arose an applause that was fair glory for a lifetime. Everybody shook hands with Isaac, and called half the village in to feed the ovation.

But one thought hurt Isaac—that any friend should have feared he hadn't kept the money. There it was, the identical contents of the cash-box of the defunct postoffice.

His model reply to their surprise was, "*I never spend anybody's money but my own.*"

These are samples of an integrity that is royal in boy or man—the mosaic of manhood. But he closed his labors as a grocer with a display of another quality equally royal.

"Lemmon" said his partner, after the store was closed one night, "there's a heap o' profit in a bar'l o' whisky, more'n all the rest we sell. Let's git one an' keep her on tap ahind the counter! Wotd'ye say?"

"No!" said Isaac, in capitals. "I think too much of myself, and don't hate anybody else bad enough to get into that all-killing business! My Mother taught me better when I was a little shaver; and all I've seen of it since has been on Mother's side."

"Oh! One o' them air high-moral mother fellows, eh! Wished I knowed it seoner."

"You may still have all the profit of that knowledge, Mr. Blakeslee. The man who makes sport of wise and gentle mother influence, I can hardly hope or wish long to share in business with. I'll throw in the four months I've spent here, and you may take all the stock and pay all the debts."

"Agreed!" said Blakeslee, with alacrity.

The dissolution was full of danger to Isaac, since Whisky was to take his place as partner to Blakeslee, and the debts, amounting to $1,500, stood in the name of the firm.

Shortly after this Isaac went off as Captain to the Blackhawk war. And on his return he found that Blakeslee had been his own largest customer at the whisky barrel, that most other customers had forsaken him, and that he had put almost everything into that barrel but the debts of the old firm. They were still visible.

Isaac saw this mountain of liabilities, and had only pluck and honesty to oppose to them—a good deal, by the way. Creditors called, and he smiled.

"But," said he, "gentlemen, give me time, and I'll pay in full if it takes my whole life. It's right, but it is a large lesson in hard money to me."

He jocosely called it his National debt, and went to work for its extinguishment. His war popularity soon made him County Surveyor, his self-made mathematics being the best in the county. Then he was sent to the Legislature for two terms, and both times made the round trip of two hundred miles on foot, hired a cheap room, boarded himself on twenty-five cents of the four dollars he received for each day, and wore clothes to match—all that he might save his salary and pay his "National debt."

And he did.

He practiced this rigid economy, not only without loss of respect but with the increased esteem of all who knew him.

I have already introduced you to Isaac in a law office. You would know, of course, that he and Principle always rode one horse to court. But, says his early bar companions, who is still among us:

"L. was good for nothing in a bad cause. He had no heart for it. And he never espoused such a cause knowingly. He was always ready to help misfortune; always willing to let wrong suffer punishment. Having never allowed himself to argue that wrong was right his mind remained pure and strongly in love with right, and the Nation got the benefit of it."

And now, boys, you'll say I've jested with you. So I have, in one point, as some of you may have guessed. There's a deal in a *name*. But the sweet kernel of the jest lies in the truth of my history-in-disguise; for the only mistake lies in the name of my hero, which instead of Isaac Lemmon, is Abraham Lincoln.—*James Clement Ambrose, in Wide Awake.*

—Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, who was one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, would never allow his daughters to sit in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, and in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House caught one of them involuntarily napping at his bedside and omitted her name in his will. In his last years his punctiliousness was so great that when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned upon her and said, "Madame, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty."

—A pair of steers sank in the muck of a Connecticut swamp, and a yoke of oxen were set to pull them out by a chain around their horns. One was drawn to a firm footing, but the horns of the other were pulled from his head. The agent of the anti-cruelty society is prosecuting the man who made the attempt to save the steers, on the ground that the humane action would have been to shoot them.

For Young Readers.

MISCHIEVOUS NOBODY.

"*Nobody* broke it! It cracked itself,
It was clear 'way up on the topmost shelf.
I—p'raps the kitty-cat knows?"
Says poor little Ned,
With his ears as red
As the heart of a damask rose.

"*Nobody* lost it! I carefully
Put my cap just where it ought to be
(No, 'tisn't behind the door),
And it went and hid,
Why, of course it did,
For I've hunted an hour or more.

"*Nobody* tore it! You knew things will
Tear if you're sitting just sleek-stone still!
I was just jumping over the fence—
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
Playing such tricks on my children three!
If I but see eyes on you,
You should find what you've lost!
But that to my cost,
I never am like to do!

—*Anna F. Burnham, in Wide Awake.*

BEING TAKEN CARE OF.

There is something harder to learn, and more difficult to put in practice, than taking care of the sick, and that is, being taken care of when you are sick yourself. Kind and devoted nurses sometimes prove to be selfish and exacting invalids.

It will be some years before the younger readers of *St. Nicholas* are intrusted with the care of others; but every number finds many of them laid aside from "books, and work, and healthful play," trying their best, let us hope, not to be impatient patients. No directions can make sick days short and pleasant; but, as they have to be borne, every one wants to form those habits which will make the burden as light as possible to themselves and others.

You may as well make up your mind at once that there is no charm which can make it easy. There is no royal way to get through measles or mumps, and even children in palaces must find sick days drag by slowly. The only way to make life in a sick-room endurable is to remember, first and last, and always, that no amount of grumbling and complaining can take away pain. The thing to be done is to lift the burden as cheerfully as you can, and bear it with patience. Do not imagine that talking of your troubles will do any good. Every one who has had experience knows how hard it is to be ill, and those who are so fortunate as to have had no such experience will not realize your sufferings any the more if you describe every detail.

In the first place, always remember that it is not pleasant nor easy work to take care of sick people, and if you do the best you can, you will still tax the strength and patience of your friends very much.

Do not be exacting about little things, and make as little trouble as you can, and try to be grateful for everything which is meant as a kindness.

Children are often tempted to be fretful when they are ill. A petulant "*Don't!*" or "I don't want *that*," tires a nurse more than an hour's watching. Do not expect your friends to take it for granted that you appreciate the many steps which they take in your behalf, without any expression of gratitude from you.

Just think how you would dislike to be called away from all your usual employments, to occupy your time in running up and down stairs on errands. How would you like to read aloud when you wanted to go out? or leave your own dinner to grow cold while you carried the salver upstairs, lest the tea and toast should not be at their best? I presume you would be willing to do it, but wouldn't it be easier and pleasanter if met by a cordial acknowledgment of your kindness, instead of by a silent acquiescence? Let the ready expression of appreciation of small favors become the habit of your life, and then you will not have to make an effort to be grateful for the services which others render you when you are ill.

When you feel as Glory McQuirk did, when she used to say, "Lots of good times, and I ain't in 'em," remember that you are only taking your turn out. Nobody goes through life without illness, and instead of feeling jealous of your friends who are well and able to enjoy more than you can, try to be happy in their happiness.

This is very hard, sometimes; but if you cannot feel just as you ought, you can at least keep from putting your envious thoughts into complaining words. It is bad enough to be sick, without being ill-natured, too. Some invalids have learned the secret of being a help instead of a burden, their happy, patient ways making the sick-room the pleasantest place in the home. It was often said of one of these bright examples: "Helen is always so cheerful that it is impossible to realize that there is an invalid in the house."

There is another dear little friend of mine, who has lain for years in constant pain with spinal disease, who yet has courage to say: "Don't be very sorry for me, because I have so many things to make me happy, and I don't mind not being able to walk, because I have always been ill." She shortens the wakeful nights by repeating poetry from her memory, which she calls her "night library." How much happier for her and for her friends than if she spent those tedious hours in thinking of her own sufferings.

The lesson of instant obedience to rightful authority ought to be learned when one is well, for when illness comes, life or death often hangs upon the habits learned long before.

"Perhaps I have done wrong, doctor," said the mother of a self-willed daughter, "but Amy was so unwilling to take the medicine which you ordered, that I did not give it to her."

The physician gravely replied: "Madam, you *have* done very wrong." When the little girl's death proved his words true, the mother realized what a dreadful alternative it is to choose between the two risks, of neglecting a needed remedy, or putting a sick child into a passion, by enforcing an obedience to which it is unaccustomed.

Do not allow yourself to think that you are the only person in the world who does not feel perfectly comfortable and happy. It is a very bad idea to try to make yourself the center around which the whole household must revolve. People fall into this fault before they know it; so be watchful lest, when you get well, you find that a crop of selfish habits has sprung up within you to crowd out the flowers.

The tediousness of the time of convalescence may be alleviated by some simple employment of the hands, such as cutting out pictures for a scrap-book, or sorting letters, or re-arranging some of your small belongings. It is a good time, too, for a little quiet thinking, only be sure that your thoughts are not too much about yourself or your own pleasures. Remember what favors you have received from different people, and see if you can not think of something pleasant to do for them in return. Plan your Christmas presents for your friends, and make a list of them, to refer to when you are better, and able to work. It is difficult to lay down rules for these things, because tastes differ, and what would amuse one would tire another. Some people would like to work out puzzles, or would be entertained by games of solitaire. Almost any light employment is better than listless idleness, or being constantly dependent upon others for amusement.

It is impossible to go into every detail, but if you will be careful, the next time you are sick, to see how little trouble you can make for others, and how appreciative you can be of their services, these few hints will not have been given in vain.—*Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas.*

A Remarkable Parrot.

Not long since, a lady in London owned a remarkable parrot. Any one hearing the bird laugh could not help laughing too, especially when in the midst of it she would cry out: "Don't make me laugh so, I shall die, I shall!" and would then continue laughing more violently than before.

Her crying and sobbing were very curious, and if her owner said: "Poor Poll! what is the matter?" she replied: "So bad, so bad; got such a cold!" and after crying for some time, she would gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say: "Better now," and begin to laugh. If any one happened to cough or sneeze, she would say: "What a cold!"

One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up, and said quite plainly: "No, I did not!"

She could call the cat very plainly, saying: "Puss! puss!" and then answer, "Mew;" but the most amusing part was that whenever we wanted to make her call it, and to that purpose said: "Puss! puss!" she always answered: "Mew," till the person began mewing, then she would begin calling puss as quickly as possible.

She imitated every kind of noise, and barked so naturally that she often set all the dogs on the parade near by barking; and the consternation caused in a party of cocks and hens by her crowing and clucking was the most ludicrous thing possible.

She could sing quite like a child, and people more than once thought it was a human being. And it was most ludicrous to hear her make what we should call a false note, and then say: "Oh, la!" and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key.

She often performed a kind of exercise which her owner described as the lance exhibition. She would put one claw behind her, first on one side, and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and while doing so, kept saying: "Come on! come on!" and when finished, said: "Brava! beautiful!" and then drew herself up.

Once when asked where the servants had gone, to the astonishment and almost dismay of her owner, she replied: "Down-stairs."—*Youths' Companion.*

The Llama.

The South American llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. The animals go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as a guide. If the llamas are tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay be too great, the Indian becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all due precaution, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waving his hand coaxingly toward them, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, reiterates, "Ic, ic, ic!" If the llamas are disposed to resume their course, they follow the Indian in good order and at a regular pace, but very fast, for their legs are very long; but when they are in ill-humor, they do not even turn to the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down. The straight neck and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motion, all give them an air at once sensible and noble. The llama is the only creature employed by man which he dares not strike. It it happens—which is very seldom the case—that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or even by threats what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without making any attempt to escape ill-treatment by fighting, lies down, turning his looks toward heaven. Large tears flew freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three-quarters of an hour at most he expires. The respect shown these animals by Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, they approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the load on his back. It is the same in unloading. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone have sufficient patience and gentleness to manage the llama.

—Turks at a French banquet: Toward the conclusion of the feast, a Frenchman selected a toothpick from a tray lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle to his neighbor, who declined his offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of those things, and I want no more."

—An Aberdeen teacher, after reading to her scholars the story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little Aberdonian raised his hand and said; "I know; it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1881.

Republican State Ticket.

For Comptroller of the Treasury,
THOMAS GORSUCH.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.

For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHSY,
HOWARD M. KEMP.

For County Commissioners,
S. L. TOWNSHEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.

For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.

For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

REPUBLICANS !

REMEMBER GARFIELD!

Republican Meetings will be held as follows :

NEW GERMANY, Friday, Oct. 28th, at 7 P. M.

GRANTSVILLE, Saturday, Oct. 29th, at 7 P. M.

SELBYSPORT, Monday, Oct. 31, at 3 P. M.

ACCIDENT, Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 3 P. M.

SANG RUN, Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 7 P. M.

BLOOMINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7 P. M.

S. J. YUTZY'S, (No. 8,) Friday, Nov. 4, at 3 P. M.

ALTAMONT, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7 P. M.

OAKLAND, Monday, Nov. 7, at 7 P. M.

ELOQUENT SPEAKERS

will address these meetings. Let all who can, attend these meetings, and hear the issues of the campaign ably discussed.

By order State Central Committee for Garrett County.

H. W. COMBS,
Chairman.

The Republican Ticket.

So far as we have been able to learn, the ticket placed in the field by the Republican nominating convention, gives generaral satisfaction, and is regarded as a good and strong one. All parts of the county are represented, as nearly as it is possible, and the character of our candidates are above reproach—against whom nothing of a damaging character can be alleged. It contains many elements of personal strength, and ought to command the full vote of the party.

Hon. Geo. W. Wilson, our candidate for the State Senate, is a farmer and lumberman, a man of quiet, retired habits, sharp business qualifications, and a sound judgment, that has won success in his calling. He has ably represented the county in the lower branch of the legislature for four years, and has been successful in procuring such legislation as the county needed, and was looked upon by members of both political parties as an able, active and temperate man.

Mr. Samuel J. Beachy, nominee for the House of Delegates, is a farmer of Grantsville district, and is a very influential and highly respected citizen. He has filled the office of county commissioner and several minor positions, in all of which he gave entire satisfaction.

Dr. Howard M. Kemp, of Bloomington, the other nominee for House of Delegates, is a young man who has secured for himself, under many discouraging circumstances, a thorough education, being a graduate of the West. Va. University, of the class of 1876. Since then he studied medicine, and is now practicing in his native town. Such young men deserve our encouragement and support.

Mr. W. S. Pew, our candidate for Sheriff, is a young man well worthy, and thoroughly competent to fill the position to which he aspires ; a man of sterling integrity and with a host of friends in his district. In the commencement of the late war he enlisted as a private in the army and served for three years, taking part in several engagements, in one of which he was severely wounded. Near the close of the rebellion he was honorably discharged. As we said before he is thoroughly qualified, and being strictly temperate he will be a safe man to elect to the responsible position.

The Commissioners' ticket is made up of representative men, of acknowledged business capacity ; men of brains and character. It is we honestly believe the best ticket ever presented to the people of the county.

Mr. S. L. Townshend, of Oakland, heads the list. He is one of the best known business men in the county, and is held in universal esteem by all who know anything about him. He has heretofore held the office of Commissioner, as well as those of tax collector and magistrate, in all of which he gave universal satisfaction. His business training especially fits him for a place on the county Board, and in his hands the interests of the tax payers will be safe. He was nominated very much against his wish, but concluded to stand after being urged by a large number of the best men in the county.

Mr. Eli McMillen, of Accident, is an intelligent and successful mechanic—a saddler by trade. He started out in life poor, but by energy, directed by a well balanced mind, he has accumulated a modest competency, as well as gained the esteem of a large circle of friends. He has also held the office of magistrate.

Mr. Thomas B. Wiley, is a farmer residing in Grantsville district. He is careful and prudent in the management of his affairs, and fully qualified for the place. He is no politician, but was placed upon the ticket because it was believed that he was an honest, capable man.

Mr. John Harned, candidate for county Surveyor, was unanimously renominated, he having already served for four years in that position. He is so well known throughout the county, that any commendation from us is almost unnecessary. He is recognized as being one of the best and most careful surveyors in Western Maryland, and, as heretofore, he will undoubtedly be elected by a very large majority.

We have given these brief sketches of our candidates, so that our readers may know whom they are called upon to support. We have a good ticket, one worthy of our support, and if the proper work is done, and a full vote polled, the entire ticket will be elected by a good working majority.

"Consistency, Thou art a Jewell."

The editor of the *Democrat*, in his issue of last week, takes exception to the language we used in our issue of two weeks ago, characterizing the report that Mr. Pew, our candidate for Sheriff, had served in the confederate army, as "a contemptible lie," and then proceeds to read us a lecture, suggesting a "more excellent way," as "taught by the apostle Paul," of accomplishing the desired end, which "would have been consistent with brotherly love, reflecting more credit upon Christian manhood."

A little further on our good brother says : "Concerning the statements of 'a contemptible lie,' we would remark that upon diligent and extended (?) inquiry we have been unable to find an author to the report aside from the REPUBLICAN."

How is that for brother love? Does the insinuation that we originated the report, and then called ourself a contemptible liar, "reflect credit upon Christian manhood?"

The editor then takes occasion to say that it is a common thing for the Republican party "to exhalt to high positions such arch traitors as Mahone, Longstreet, Mosby, and a host of other rebels." "Arch traitors" and "rebels," because they fought in the Confederate army for what they believed was right? After assuming such a high plane, how can the editor of the *Democrat* justify himself in using such "virtuperative language." Several of our neighbors and friends fought honestly in the Confederate army, one of whom is now on the Democratic ticket, and he is a very clever and respectable gentleman. Are they "traitors" and "rebels," and is one of the candidates on the Democratic ticket for House of Delegates a "traitor" and "rebel?" We think not. Although opposed in politics, and lately opposed on the field of battle, we would not use such "vituperative language" toward them.

There can be no objection to preachers taking an active part in politics, but their activity ought to be of the purest and most honorable kind. They, of all men, ought to abstain from that detraction of the character of oppopents which constitutes so repulsive a feature of our political contests.

We are sorry to have "to assume cruelty in order to kindness."

—By way of addenda to the above we will state that our attention was called to the report in relation to Mr. Pew, by the late Chairman of the County Committee, who said that several Republicans, residing in town, had called upon him and stated that such a report was being circulated, and he requested us to make an emphatic denial. We have no apology to make for the language we used, for we can conceive of nothing more contemptible than this effort on the part of some person or persons to injure a good citizen, by the circulation of a bare-faced lie.

For which party, and for what candidates shall I cast my ballot, to best subserve the interests of the comon people, the tax-payers?

This question will naturally arise in the minds of conscientious, independent voters. To most people it matters very little who hold the offices, the question that particularly concerns them is, which party will look most carefully to the best interests of the people?

We can only judge what parties will do, and what candidates will do by what they have already done; and if we wish to know who are likely to most carefully guard the interests of this county, we may study the record of the two parties in the county organization, with profit. The offices in the county have been about evenly divided. In the first two session after its organization, the county was represented in the Legislature by [illegible] two sessions by Republicans. When represented by Democrats, who it will be remembered, were in accord with the majority in the Legislature," we had no local law, but were governed by the laws of Allegany county, enacted at the close of the war, when the salaries of county officials were made to correspond with the prevailing high prices of the period. Garrett county could not well afford to pay these high salaries but our Democratic representatives did nothing to reduce county expenditures, and in fact they do not seem to have done anything, in particular.

We never heard of an effort of theirs to reduce county expenditures in any way whatever. They probably expected to retain the control of the county, and in that case they did not want salaries reduced. But during the last session we were so represented an assessment Act was passed ; and let us see how the party of promises performed its work. We may fairly conclude that Mr. Getty and his associats are responsible for the manner in which the assessment was conducted.

The allotted time for its completion was consumed, and had to be extended, we can't tell how many times ; but the whole summer and fall were hardly sufficient for two boards of assessors, and a board of control and review to get over the county ; and when the bill had to be finally footed, almost five thousand dollars of the tax-payers hard earned money went into the capacious pockets of these economic (?) Democratic officials. And here the curtain falls on the last act of Democratic economy and efficiency in this county, but the consequences have been dragging their slow length along ever since.

When the work of the assessors was supposed to have been done, and had been paid for, it was discovered after the lapse of a year or two, that 1200 military lots, or 60,500 acres of land, besides almost as much in tracts and surveys, had escaped their attention entirely. We never heard any explanation of this but probably they had not time enough.

Some property had been assessed two or three times, and a great deal had not been assessed at all, and owing to this outrageously bungling bustness, the books of the county became so confusing, that the last board of county commissioners were under the necesity of employing legal aid to assist in unraveling their mysteries, so as to enable them to form some idea of the real financial condition of the county.

Here the county lost in the first place say $3,000 over charged for the work of assessing. In the second place she lost by bungling incapacity or willful neglect the tax on 75,000 to 100,000 acres of land, and in addition to that there has been a constant drain of hundreds of dollars annually, in counsels fees and incedental expenses, all because the work of assessing was performed in accordance with Democratic methods.

As proof that this exposition of Democratic wastefulness or cupidity, is not over drawn it is only necessary to refer to the books at Cumberland, which show that, in the flush times of 1866, when it cost a great deal of money to do any sort of business, the almost entire territory of Garrett county was assessed by Mr. Samuel W. Friend and his associates for less than $1,500 ; this sum covered the cost of the assessment and also of the work of review.

Tax-payers! you who have been thus robbed of the fruits of your labor. This is no fancy sketch gotten up in the interest of this or that candidate ; but it is true in every particular, and you can only judge what parties and candidates will do by what they have done.

If they have abused your confidence and wasted your substance in times past, they will do it again if you give them the opportunity ; therefore the only way in which you can safely protect your interests and the interests of your county, with your ballot, will be to cast it for the party and the men which have reduced the expenses of the county tu every way possible.

You can safely trust the interests of this county to Republican keeping for the next two years.

An anoymous writer in last week's *Democrat*, under the caption "Mismanagement," endeavors to throw the blame for the mismanagement of county affairs upon the Republican party.

Until two years ago the Democrats were represented in every County Board, by one or more members, as follows : In the first by a Commissioner ; in the second, by a Commissioner, Clerk and Counsel ; in the third by a Commissioner (President of the Board,) Clerk and Counsel ; in the fourth by a Commissioner and Counsel. This covers the entire period from the organization of the county until the election in 1879, when a full Republican Board was elected, which appointed Republican subordinates.

During all of the time up to 1879, when all of the abuses complained of were perpetrated, there were, as above noted, one or more Democratic members of the Board. Did any of these members ever make a protest against the mismanagement in county affairs? We never heard of any. When the court house was erected (the most infamous job in the history of our county,) the Democrats had the President of the Board, the Clerk and the Counsel. Did any of these gentlemen protest against the "extras" to the contractors and "additional compensation" to members of the Board. We think not.

As soon as a full Republican Board was elected these abuses were stopped, the books were put in shape by the counsel, after several months of hard work, and parties who by their own carelessness, or by the carelessness of the officers of the Board, had in any way received more than was due them from the county were called upon and made good the amounts. Property that had not been assessed by an over paid board of Democratic assessors, was hunted up and placed upon the books, whereby several hundred dollars a year is saved to the tax-payers, and the taxes are now being collected and properly applied, without placing delinquent taxes in the hands of attorneys to be collected at 10 per cent. commission.

Elect a Republican Board and the finances of the county will be properly managed.

Let the voters of Garrett county, without party distinction, remember that for the last fourteen years this State has been governed by a corrupt political ring ; that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid out in that time as rewards for political services ; that six years ago the Republicans and "reformers" of this State elected Harris Governor, but John Lee Carroll, who failed to be elected, was counted in by the grossest Democratic frauds. Remember also that two years ago this same Democratic party in Maryland made the most solemn pledges to reform the abuses which they acknowledged to exist, but when elected on the strength of those pledges they deliberately violated their solemn declarations, and under a new lease of power thus treacherously obtained, they continued to abuse the confidence reposed in them by squandering tens of thousands of dollars of the people's money on political favorites as rewards for party service.

And do not fail to remember that no Democratic official has ever lifted a finger to reduce the expenses of the county or to lessen the burden of taxation, but have squandered thousands of dollars on a few Democrats in the county who wanted office.

Let the people remember that since Garrett county abandoned the bad habit of electing Democrats, the percentage of taxation has fallen from $1.30 on the hundred, to $1.07 ; let them remember these things and then if they wish to foster and encourage further Democratic frauds and corruption and wastefulness, let them go and vote their ticket with their eyes open. But if they wish to break up ring rule in Maryland, if they desire to reduce state and county taxes still further let them vote the Republican ticket straight, and these desirable objects will certainly be consummated.

In a communication in the *Democrat* last week we find the following false and infamous statement, in reference to mismanagement in county affairs :

"On page 1 of ledger, Mr. Dunham is credited with $3,300, and on page 2, we find the same amount credited the second time."

That statement is untrue and the writer knows it. We presume it will be claimed to have been a "typographical error," which may exhonerate the writer, but will hardly excuse the editor, who could have turned to his files of less than two years ago and found the true figures. In grave charges like the above great care should be taken not to do injustice to a fellow citizen who stands as high in the community as the writer or publisher of the above libel.

The Publication of the Laws.

The following is taken from the Revised Code, article 2, section 12 :

"Every public general law which is made to take effect before the first day of June next after the session at which it may be passed, shall immediately after its passage be published at the expense of the State, daily, for one week in *two* newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, and *one* newspaper in each county *having the largest circulation*, if there be a newspaper published in said county."

Comptroller Keating, the Ring Democratic candidate for re election, has wilfully and persistently violated this law. He has defiantly and for political purposes published the laws in *three* newspapers in Baltimore city, instead of two, at a cost of $1,850 each. He has published them in *two* newspapers in some of the counties instead of *one*. He has selected Democratic newspapers in every instance, without reference to the extent of their circulation, as by law he is required to do. Where there is but one Democratic newspaper in a county, no matter how small its circulation as compared with a Republican newspaper in the same county, he selects the Democratic and pays it $1200. Where there are *two* Democratic newspapers in a county, ignoring the question of circulation he divides the pay equally between them giving to each $600. The object of the law is to inform all the people of the passage of laws by which they are to be governed. But this immaculate Ringster thinks only of his Democratic friends and complacently violates the law he is sworn to support to advance the interests of his political friends and his own. No wonder that honest Democrats like Judge Carmichael and Senator Earle and Judge Merrick and Col. Marshall and others are disgusted at the corruption of the Ring, and have repudiated "Bossism" and refuse to wear the collar of Gorman, Colton, Hines & Co. – *Westminster Sentinel.*

In 1880 the Oakland *Democrat* published these laws, and and received $1,200 for doing the work, when THE REPUBLICAN had nearly double the circulation, and we would have done it for half the amount and considered ourself well paid.

The mass-meeting of the independent democratic party at Ellicott City on Saturday evening was one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings ever known in that city. The speakers were Judge W. M. Merrick, Hon. R. T. Merrick, Col. Marshall and others. Their denunciation of ring abuses in the State was very scathing.

Judge Merrick said in a war for independence men of all ages united, the recruit with the regular, the old man with the young. This, he said, is a war of the people of Howard county for independence from ring rule. Two years ago the people of this county, sincere in their desire for reform and retrenchment, rallied en masse around their standard-bearer, Gov. W. T. Hamilton, and they elected a Legislature more sacredly pledged to reform than any that had ever been chosen by the people of Maryland, and the delegates of this county were more firmly pledged, if possible, than any that were sent to Legislature of 1880. You all know how these pledges, most specifically given, were defiantly violated, not only by our delegates, but by the entire Legislature. And yet a refusal to support these very men calls forth the denunciation of these ring candidates, who say we are disappointed members of the party, sore-heads, &c. Those who sustain the true principles of the party are, according to the new democracy, no democrats. Principles should receive no embodiment in the laws of our State. Personal legislation is the measure of their patriotism.

"Who killed Garfield ?" queries the *Democrat*, and from "inner consciousness," we presume, evolves the answer that it was the outgrowth of a Republican civil service system. Was not Jackson the author of the motto "to the victors belong the spoils," and did any Democratic administration ever practice any other precept?

And now, while we are about it, let us ask a question or two.

Who killed Lincoln and attempted the assassination of his cabinet?

Who killed Chisholm and his children ?

Who killed Dixon?

Who killed the Hamburg victims ?

Will the *Democrat* kindly answer.

A curious feature of the returns of the Ohio election is the uniform Republican gain in all the Democratic counties. There are twenty-one of these counties in which there have been recently cases of defalcation on the part of Democratic officials. Five of these went Republican, and in the others there were large Republican gains. In short, there has been too much Democratic reform in Ohio. The business has been overdone.

Mark the prediction. Western Maryland will roll up such a rousing majority for Mr. Gorsuch, our candidate for Comptroller, that it will be a big job for the Baltimore ballot-box stuffers to overcome and cheat him out of victory.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

The Ellicott City *Times*, after a cessation of one week reappeared on Saturday last, burdened with a surfeit of ticket. A little unpleasantness between the two editors, growing out of the fact that one of them suddenly became an old liner, while the other bravely defended the regulars. The old liner being pregnant with a speech delivered himself in fine style at the mass meeting, and not being satisfied with exposing the wrongdoing of the Democracy in Howard County, "only equaled by the Louisana returning board," he wanted to publish it in the *Times*, whereupon the senior editor demurred. A proposition to dissolve followed, and the rampant old liner, full of enthusiasm, decided to purchase and then he could have things his own way, but, upon more mature consideration, they concluded in order to make a sure thing of the State subsidy, which is worth $1,200 per year, and which was denounced at the mass meeting with so much earnestness, and the register's advertising, together with the county printing, amounting to as much more, the two loving and wayward cousins kissed and made up, concluding to publish both tickets, *and issue* until after the election a sort of an "omnibus" paper ; advocate open Democracy, with seven cardinal principles—five loaves and two fishes.—*Ellicott City Progress.*

Facts for the People.

When a new Legislature meets it is necessary that a few of the old officers should attend to assist in its organization. The law, however, expressly provides that seven only shall attend for that purpose and receive pay. This law is as positive as it is possible for any language to make it. The usual allowance used to be about six days' per diem or $30 each. For seven this would be $210—and be liberal pay. Yet when the Legislature of 1880 met, the Ring leaders determined to make themselves strong in all directions, and in the face of the law they brought twenty three of the former officers there and paid them from $200 down to 60 apiece, amounting to $2,251, more than $2,000 more than the law permitted, and Mr. Keating, the Ring candidate for comptroller, paid the bills.

The Warning will be Heeded.

The exposition which has recently been made of the manner in which members of the Legislature betrayed their trust—the recklessness with which they lavishly appropriated the money of the tax-payers by the employment of a *useless number of attaches* in both Houses of the General Assemby, solely for the purpose of bestowing rewards for partisan services—the failure of the Ring leaders to stand by the principles of the platform on which they were elected—are all so many warnings to the people to be on their guard to prevent the nomination and election of such men in the future.—*Balto. Tribune*, (*Dem.*)

President Arthur Monday sent in the nomination of Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, to be Secretary of the Treasury. This was the only Cabinet nomination sent in. A telegram was received from ex-Governor Morgan by President Arthur accepting the Treasury portfolio with the understanding that if the duties of the Treasury become too fatiguing, he will not remain during the President's entire term of office. The Senate, in executive session, has confirmed the nomination of ex-Governor Morgan to be Secretary of the Treasury, without the usual reference to a committee.

Wednesday Gov. Morgan declined the position.

The remains of Gen. Garfield were removed Sunday from the public vault in Lake View Cemetery, as it is required for other purposes, to the finest private vault in the grounds, there to remain until the completion of the crypt, where they will *permanently* repose.

A Yorktown correspondent says it was generally remarked by the ladies that President Arthur was a very handsome man. When he delivered his address he wore a jaunty Prince Albert coat buttoned closely and his hands were carefully gloved. The French guests regarded him admiringly as he spoke.

Let the people remember that it is not at men; but at a system, that the war for political and administrative reform is aimed. Down with the system that creates machines and brings forth bosses !

Mr. Getty never did anything in four years in the Senate to lessen your taxes. Do you want him to go back to vote with the ring to increase your taxes in the future ?

Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, testifies that the days of stump-speaking campaigns are passing by, because "the press is taking the place of oratory."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas is on a visit to eastern cities.

—The *Democrat* office is being enlarged and improved.

—There were 150 tons of coal on the switch at Oakland Thursday morning.

—Hon. J. B. Askew, of the Post-office Department, was in our town last week.

—The Michigan troops passed through Oakland Sunday, on their way home from the Yorktown celebration.

—We have ascertained it to be true beyond a doubt, that the Garrett Guards "kicked up a dust" at Yorktown.

—Judge Pearre has not yet sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to enable him to take his seat on the bench.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Lt. Peddicord, Q. M., of the Second Battalion, was in Cumberland Tuesday, engaged in settling up matters connected with the Yorktown trip.

—Married, at Oakland Md., Oct. 24th, 1881, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Jacob E. Miller and Miss Virginia E. Toats, both of Taylor county. W. Va.

—Persons having land for sale or rent should advertise the same in THE REPUBLICAN. We have frequent inquiries regarding both, which we find it difficut to answer.

—The Democratic meeting at Oakland Tuesday evening was a very tame affair. Addresses were delivered by Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Rev. C. B. Ludwig and C. C. Willison, Esq.

—Capt. J. M. Jarboe is engaged, with a large force of hands, in making extensive improvements to the properties of Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Wheelright of Oakland.

—General Herbert has written a letter to Major Johnson, thanking him, and the officers and men of the Second Battalion for their soldierly and gentlemanly conduct during the Yorktown trip.

—Our ministerial friends throughout the county are requested to send us in promptly the marriage and death announcements that come within their respective fields.

The Democratic campaign opened in this county last Monday at the Red House, and was very slimly attended. Messrs. G. S. Hamill, W. P. Tatten, C. C. Willison and C. B. Ludwig were the orators.

—Several robberies have been perpetrated in this town and neighborhood within the last week. On Friday night last a lot of clothing was taken from the depot of the Deer Park Hotel, and several articles of clothing from residences in the town of Deer. Parties connected with Morton's circus, which exhibited there on that night, were suspected, and on Saturday Sheriff White and several deputies followed them to Aurora, W. Va., and recovered a part of the stolen goods, but made no arrests. On Tuesday night last a suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Thos. White was taken from Coddington's Hotel, a lot of oats from Dailey's granary, and coal from several different parties in Oakland. Our officers should make an effort to put a stop to these petty larcenies.

—Died at the residence of her husband, near Accident, this county, Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1881, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Eva Spear, wife of Mr. James Spear, in the 28th year of her age. Her husband has lost an affectionate and trusting companion, and the two bright buds of promise a loving and tender mother. The deceased was an exemplary member of the Brethren Church for several years; death had lost its terrors for her, and the only pang at quitting this world was the dear ones left behind. Her remains were taken to the cemetery near Petersburg, Pa., there to sleep beside her first born until the resurrection summons shall call her and her loved ones to join the redeemed hosts in fulness of eternal life. To the husband we would say: Go on in the bright path you have chosen, and after the short separation here below is over you will meet again where partings are no more, and to the tender little ones the same God who tempers the winds to the shorn lambs will hold them in the hollow of His hand, and verify His promise to be the God of the orphan.

We cannot tell who next may fall,
Beneath thy chast'ning rod,
One must be first, but let us all,
Prepare to meet our God.

ALLAN.

Republicans, don't listen to any proposition of your Democratic neighbor to trade; that is their only hope of electing any of their nominees. Vote the ticket as you find it printed, without a scratch, and we will have a grand Republican Victory!

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Congregational meeting after services.

A Good Bridge.

The Davis Bridge, in Oakland, crossing the railroad on Oak Street, is about completed, and reflects great credit upon the contractor, Mr. P. A. Chisholm, and the workmen employed by him, Messrs. John W. Smith, D. A. Welling and Alex. C. Mason. The contract price was $595, and how Mr. Chisholm can do the work in the excellent manner in which it is done, and of the very best material, for that amount of money is more than we can say, but 'Pete" is a good mechanic and knows what he is doing.

Mountain Lake Park.

The work of preparing this new summer resort for the next season is being rapidly pushed forward. The B. & O. R. R., has united with the association in the construction of a lake to be used in winter for securing an ice crop for Deer Park and Oakland, as well for Mountain Lake Resort. Mr. Faul, landscape engineer of Druid Hill Park, is now engaged in making a topographical survey. On Wednesday, next there will be an excursion to the grounds to accommodate those wishing to secure lots, the price of which are $100 per lot, with the condition that buildings be erected within a specified time. Trains will be run from Oakland to the grounds and return. Mr. J. O. Michael will be on hand with hot coffee and sandwitches.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 26:

Wm. C. Clayton and Wm. J. Read, trustees, to H. G. and T. B. Davis, several parcels or tracts of land, situated in Garrett county; $30,544.

Robert Lyon and wife to Miss O. M. C. Larkin, a tract of land called Mill Seat, 500 acres, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, 919 and 49, Lime Stone, Pig Iron, Boat Yard and Tract Factories; $500).

John Bradley, to Alice C. Tasker, lot No. 29, in Wilson's Addition to Oakland; $125.

Margaret E. Kennedy, to Christena Niner, lot of ground in the Town of Oakland, commonly known as the Kennedy saloon property; $900.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 25th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Sophia Savage guardian, to Phoebe Friend, settled her 4th account.

The second and final account of W. H. Barnard, administrator of Wm. M. Owens, deceased was ratified and confirmed.

The second and final account of Jackson W. Umbel, Administrator of Elisha Umbel, was ratified and confirmed.

The second account of Thos. B. Frantz and Henry Frazee, Exrs. of John Smearmond, was ratified and confirmed.

The second account of Elizabeth and Daniel R. Smith, administrators of Daniel Smith, deceased, was ratified.

The first account of William H. Swauger, administrator of John Swauger, was ratified and confirmed.

The first account of Wm. H. Barnard, administrator of Henry P. Lohr, was ratified and confirmed.

Owing to the election occuring on Tuesday, the 8th of November, the Court adjourned to meet Wednesday Nov. 9th.

Receipt for Making a Live Town.

1. Sell your building lots at reasonable prices. 2. If you can afford to do so, donate a building lot to some large business enterprise, and thereby enhance the value of town property. 3. Induce business men to locate in your own town. 4. Patronize the business men of your town. 5. Always sum up your expenses when you visit places outside of your town to buy goods. 6. Speak well of worthy public enterprises. 7. If anything should be undertaken that may be of benefit to the town, do not speak ill of it to others because you happen to be prejudiced against it. 8. Speak well to strangers of your town and people. 9. If you have any surplus money, do not invest it in far off speculations, but give yourself and your town the benefit of it by establishing some profitable factory. 10. Encourage your local newspapers by subscribing for, advertising in, and paying for them.

The Garrett Guards and the Yorktown Centennial.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 25, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—As before announced, the Garrett Guards left Oakland for Yorktown on the 14th instant to take part in the centennial celebration of the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis. By arrangement of rail road officials and order of Captain Wardwell the company started at 8 o'clock in the evening, on special train, full of life and in good spirits at the expectation of having a pleasant time and several hours more to spend in Baltimore, than was at first expected. At Keyser, however, the spirits of the men were some what suppressed and their ardor cooled by the car in which they were being run into a side track, and there left until after 2 o'clock Saturday morning. All in the mean time, however, enjoyed themselves, or apparently did so, by regaling themselves with oysters, &c., at a restaurant there. About 2½ o'clock we again started, and made favorable and rapid progress, without further delay, arriving at Baltimore between 10 and 11 o'clock. At Cumberland the cars containing the Voltigeurs and Hamilton Light Infantry were attached to the train and all sped along together. At Camden Station all the troops of the 2d Battalion, composed of these three companies were, by the thoughtful arrangement of Acting Commissary Lt. Peddicord, served with hot coffee, after which they were marched to the Fifth Regiment Armory, where after blankets had been issued to them, they stacked arms and dispersed, either to see what could be seen or in search of refreshments. Promply at 3 o'clock all were again in marching order and in a short time all the Maryland troops which took part in the celebration, composed of the Fifth Regiment of Baltimore, under command of Col. J. Stewart Brown, the First Battalion under the command of Col. Kyd Douglass, and the Second Battalion, under command of Maj. H. J. Johnson, were marched to Light Street Wharf and there boarded the steamer *Mason L. Weems*, and amidst the cheers of the people and the music of the fine band of the Fifth Regiment, sailed for Yorktown. The trip down the bay, the scenes on board during its continuance, the number of men present, the greatly crowded vessel, the mirth, pleasure and enjoyment of many, the vain endeavor of many others to get some rest, to sleep and be refreshed for the morning's duties, were such as made the night one of noise, bustle and confusion, and one that will long be remember by all participants. The commissioned officers were comfortably quartered in state-rooms. To the non-commissioned officers and privates were issued mattresses and pillows, and they were scattered and mixed up promiscuously on the decks and in the cabins. At 7 o'clock A. M. Sunday, and a beautiful morning it was, we arrived at Yorktown, having completed a pleasant and calm voyage, no one having experienced sea sickness. After a very fatiguing march of some 2½ miles through the deep dust, and the hot rays of the sun, all hearts were cheered and lightened to reach "Camp Maryland," to find everything ready for their reception. From this time on the regular routine of camp life and duties was enforced. All, however, in turn, being permitted to view the surrounding scenes, to wander at will and to participate in the various pleasures and amusements, such as oyster and crab fishing, gathering shells on the beach, purchasing various articles as mementos of the centennial, the hanging and burning of Guiteau in effigy and serenading the officers by the different bands in the encampment, and also by bands from other States. One of the chief amusements and which attracted much attention, was one engaged in by members of the Fifth Regiment, it being the hiring and drawing through camp of one of the buggies common to that country, viz: an old ox cart and two diminutive specimens of oxen, which, from appearance, would seem to have been in the service of Cornwallis, appropriately decorated for the occasion, with the French and American colors, the bovines respectively representing "Parole" and "Maud S."

The military duties of the camp consisted of guard duty, company drill every morning and battalion and brigade drill every afternoon.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Maryland troops were reviewed by Gov. Hamilton and staff, and on Thursday the military day of the encampment all the troops regulars and militia, some ten or twelve thousand in number, were reviewed by the President and cabinet. Gen. Hancock being in command. After that, the life at camp Hancock, was one more of pleasure than military discipline.

The Garrett Guards during the entire encampment attracted considerable attention, and received the warm congratulations and were highly complimented by Gen. Herbert, Adjutant-General Watkins and others, for their fine appearance and splendid behavior. Both of whom stated that it was one of the finest bodies of men they had ever seen, and such were the expressions heard as we passed through Baltimore, and marched to our encampment at Yorktown. It was, furthermore, the only company in camp from this State not having at least one man or more in the guard-house or under arrest. It also deserves special attention from the fact that its worthy Captain, E. H. Wardwell, was selected as brigade officer of the day on Tuesday by Gen. Herbert, he being the only Captain in the State that served in that capacity, the others being officers of higher rank. He was also frequently called upon and consulted about military matters by his superiors and associates, and he, together with Lieuts. Mason and Chisholm, were complimented by the commanding officer as being the most efficient company officers in the camp. First Sergt. R. S. Jamison deserves special mention as having performed his laborious duties faithfully and promptly. Corporal Fairall was detailed as Acting Commissary of the company, and deserves credit for the manner in which he attended to his duties. Acting Commissary Sergt. Thayer is entitled to special notice for the faithful performance of his duties, and at times taking up his rifle and engaging with the company in its drills, marches and parades. Private J. T. Mitchell was detailed as Orderly to the commanding General, he making the neatest, cleanliest and most prepossessing appearance. Private W. P. Townshend, although as company clerk exempt from such duties, cheerfully volunteered and performed guard duty in turn with the other men.

Notice of Major Johnson and his staff having heretofore been published, it is necessary only to speak of them here as having performed their duties in an efficient manner and satisfactorily to all.

On Friday, one of the last things before breaking camp, the officers of the Second Battalion, after having attended the reception given by Gen. Hancock, visited the man of war "Kearsage," the vessel which sunk the confederate cruiser "Alabama" outside the port of Cherbourg.

At 3:30 o'clock Saturday morning the reveille was sounded, and the camp became a scene of activity, all preparing for the return home. A short time afterwards hot coffee was issued and at 5 o'clock the march to Yorktown was commenced. At 5½ o'clock all were aboard the *Mason L. Weems*, which, in a few minutes, steamed out of port for Baltimore, where we arrived in the evening at 5½ o'clock after an exceedingly delightful and pleasant voyage up the Chesapeake. Immediately after landing we marched over to Camden Station and boarded a special train for home, all arriving here Sunday morning, with the exception of some few who remained in Baltimore over night, well pleased and benefitted by the trip.

X. X.

—The Cumberland *News* of Tuesday last, in its Yorktown notes, has the following reference to the Second Battalion:

In the interest of our Second battalion Lt. Peddicord, Q. M. and Acting C. S., and Dr. Bartlett were most efficient. Lt. Peddicord was actively at work for a week ahead of the encampment, and preceded the battalion to Yorktown several days. Once there he thoroughly organized the commissary department. When the command arrived everything was in readiness for them, and it was not an hour until a good, warm, substantial meal was furnished. Rations were regularly issued afterward. Sgt. F. A. Thayer, acting commissary sergeant, proved an able assistant to Lt. Peddicord. Dr. Bartlett did not have many sick to attend to, and only one or two serious cases, but he was prompt and skillful in his treatment, making the most of a limited medicine chest, principally stocked by himself. In several cases he was called upon for assistance by surgeons of other commands. Adjt. Sloan actively assisted in getting the command off as far as the boat at Baltimore, but was compelled to return from there home to attend court. Acting Adjt. Combs was taken sick shortly after arrival at Yorktown, and compelled to return home. Captain Wardwell concluded the labors of the position.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* thinks there is no sensible and intelligent person who for a moment believes that there was any bargaining in the elevation of Judge Davis to the Presidency of the Senate. The Republicans simply resolved to undo the work that had been accomplished by disfranchising the States of New York and Rhode Island, and pitched upon Judge Davis as the man likely to be least offensive to the Democrats. The Judge is under no obligations to act and vote with the Republicans of the Senate, and they do not ask him to do it. He still retains his glorious privilege of being independent.

It is a curious fact connected with deep mining, that from the hours of twelve at night till three in the morning the disturbing influence in the bowels of the earth obtains increased activity. At that time it is observed by miners that water falls from places where none is observable during the day. The volume in the wheel is perceptibly increased, the atmosphere is charged with gasses which often prevent the lights from burning, and small particles of earth and rock are observed to fall from the tops of the drives. Whether this phenomenon is to be attributed to the diurnal motion of the earth or other causes, it is worthy the attention of the curious.

Terrence Connolly, of Newton, N. J., who commenced fasting more than a hundred days since, in order to cure his consumption, has concluded to go back to solid food again, having derived much benefit from the starvation process. For 34 days not a mouthful of anything save water touched his lips. On the forty-third day, at the earnest solicitation of his many friends, he took a little brandy in the water he drank. As the brandy did not agree with him, he left off taking that, and on the sixty third day took some beef tea and water, but finally gave that up.

Western Maryland will give Mr. Gorsuch a majority that will run up into the thousands, and he will go to Baltimore city with such a majority from the State, as will overcome its vote and elect a Comptroller against the Ring.

We should think from the number of blunders being made at the Yorktown celebration, that the management was in the hands of the Ohio Democratic state committee.—*Boston Post.*

A strong pull, and a pull altogether will result in the triumphant election of the entire State and County Republican ticket.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, M., M. & I. Co., will be held at the office of the Company, in Bloomington, on November the 2d, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON,
10 22 2 Manager.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

Insolvent's Notice.

Chauncey Kimmell, vs. His Creditors. } No. 62 Insolvents.

ORDERED, this Tenth day of September, 1881, that the 19th day of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Chauncey Kimmell, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that H. Wheeler Combs, permanent Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner shall, prior to the said Nineteenth day of December next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the Town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
H. WHEELER COMBS,
Permanent Trustee.

True copy—Test—
9 17 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAYS NOTICE.

Estrayed from the premises of the owner, about two miles South of Oakland, about five months since, two yearlings, one a red steer, and the other a red heifer, marked by a slit in the right ear and a crop off the left ear. The heifer had a bell on when she left. A suitable reward will be paid for their return to the owner, or information that would lead to their recovery.

10 22 3t. ABRAHAM J. SPIKER.

ORDER NISI.

No. 20 Equity in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 11th day of October, A. D., 1881, that the sale made and reported by William Chisholm, Administrator, C. T. A. of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks on or before the Fifth day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
10 22 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator,
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WHITE,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Jy 16, 3m Sec'y of State.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER.
10 8 5 Examiners

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hinh's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
GEO. [illegible]
10 8 3 Examiner.

Pure Air and Health.

It is hard for one to "keep up his spirits" in certain states of the weather, and some poor wretches attempt to remedy this by "pouring spirits down." It is not the degree of heat or cold, of dryness or moisture, which gives to the air a depressing or a bracing influence; neither can it be any change in the *proportion* of nitrogen or oxygen, for this is invariable. Some have attributed it to the amount of *ozone* that happens to be present, a word that is used to indicate a modification of oxygen, developed by electrical action in thunder storms, and the existence of which is detected by a peculiar smell in the atmosphere. There are persons who are a kind of living barometer, and they tell you they can "feel it in their bones" when the wind is about to change or a thunder storm is impending. Rheumatic people are particularly gifted in this respect.

The indispensableness of pure air in order to the enjoyment of high health was not much appreciated in days gone by, and this branch of knowledge has become much more important in its scientific aspect since the introduction of plumbing and elaborate sewerage and cellar furnaces and double windows and anthracite coal burning and gaslighting and numberless other improvements which have come in with the advance of civilization. But yet, just for the want of that knowledge, we read of "great plagues" that depopulated whole districts almost in a day, and the systematic exclusion of fresh air from the sick chamber sent myriads of people to their graves who would have escaped if they had only been left to the curative resources of nature. It is a noticeable fact that the most efficient remedies adopted in our day for the cure of fevers, such as fresh air and sunlight, ice and cold water, stimulants and nourishing food, were not very long ago resolutely denied the suffering patient, no matter how strongly his instincts might crave them. I well remember how, in former days, the professional *bleeder* in Philadelphia was habitually called in to tap the fountain of life whenever the stream began to move slowly.

There are certain classes of persons who are peculiarly exposed to deleterious atmospheric influences, and it is not easy to see how this evil can be avoided. When the work to be done is of such a nature as to require that the room should always be kept closed and the atmosphere is likely to become charged with noxious gases and poisonous dust and irritating filaments, the workman can hardly expect to fill out the full measure of his days. The atmosphere of an ordinary factory is bad enough, and I do not wonder that a prominent English manufacturer once said that he could not bear to punish or even awaken the little children in his employ when they fell asleep in the mill. How they manage to keep awake at all in such a mephitic atmosphere is a mystery, for the incessant clatter of the machinery, when one is used to it, operates as a soporific. It is true that the human system has a strange facility in adapting itself to untoward surroundings, and the heart will keep on beating when one might suppose that it must soon collapse and stop forever.

Those who labor habitually in the open air have a much stronger assurance of health and longevity, although they may be exposed to great mutations of heat and cold, and the body will accustom itself to these changes more readily than it can to any unwholesome elements in the air. Even an extreme artificial heat is not always prejudicial to the health, as may be seen in the brawny frames of the men who toil and sweat over the puddling furnaces of a foundry. The heat seems to pass through them and ooze out at their faces, without doing any special harm, and they are quite sure to be in no danger from the presence of any malarious germs in the atmosphere.

Students and writers, who pass their days in close and confined apartments, bending all the while over their desks, neglectful of out-door exercise, must expect, sooner or later, to pay the bitter penalty. In order to do healthy intellectual work one must keep himself in a healthy condition. If this law were more generally regarded the world would be spared many a lugubrious poem, and unwholesome tale, and wearisome treatise and stupid sermon.

The depressing and baleful effects of unventilated halls and churches and school rooms are better understood than they were in days past. There is still great room for improvement, as may be seen in the soporific attitude of many of our crowded congregations, and the heavy talk that falls from the lips of many a public speaker, and the wandering eye of many a poor child, who strives in vain to fix his thoughts upon the swimming page. How often, in the midst of a sermon, have I longed to stop and cry out, "Open the windows! let in a little fresh air!" No preacher can reach the hearts or the heads of his congregation when he is obliged to address them through a medium of carbonic acid gas. Let the army of sextons throughout the land take note of this.

We all know what mischief the air can do when it goes off on one of its swift and awful journeys and rides on the wings of the tornado and the hurricane; but this is a work of destruction over which man has no control, and for which of course he is not responsible. It is, however, when the atmosphere is most peaceful and quiet that it does its deadliest work. It takes up out of the damp earth, and the soggy pool, and the decaying pile of vegetable and animal life, and from all forms of filth and rottenness, seeds of death, which no eye can discern or art of analysis detect, and they are wafted in through the doors and the windows of the abodes where men are waking and where they are sleeping, and soon they are called to sleep the sleep which knows no waking. For this evil we are, however, in a degree responsible, and if, by our neglect, we allow the atmosphere to become charged with these seeds of death, we must be content to abide the consequence. If we will not clean the streets, and drain the bogs, and remove all corrupt and decaying things out of the way, and burn out the mephitic air, we must make up our minds to see the strong men and fair women die before their time, and our children laid in the earth before the bud has blossomed. We are somewhat wiser in sanitary matters than our fathers were, and whenever we are ready to recognize fairly and fully the laws of health, and keep everything sound and clean, and insist that all others shall do the same, a large part of our prevailing sicknesses and ailments will be known only as a thing of the past.—*Bishop Clark, in the N. Y. Ledger.*

Domestic Education.

Mothers are frequently so over-nice and particular that they refuse to share their household duties with their young daughters for fear something will be slighted or improperly done.

Now, this is all wrong. Children, no matter what their position or prospects in life may be, should be taught while young to make themselves useful, and to assist those about them in every way possible.

Girls especially should be early trained to a thorough knowledge of household duties and familiarized with the routine of daily work, even if the trouble they make far outbalances the small amount of assistance rendered. A daughter so trained is not the one that grows up to laziness and helplessness; that comes tardily to breakfast and sits listlessly around, thinking and knowing and caring as little about what is going on in the house as a stranger would, as it interferes with personal comfort and convenience. She is the mother's confidant, the father's comforter and a blessing to the household.

If it is true, as has been sung, that it is love that makes the world go round, it is equally certain that prudence, patience and kindred praiseworthy qualities must oil the wheels of the domestic world, if they are to revolve smoothly.

Flocks of school girls are annually "finished off" and turned out into the world as accomplished young women, nearly every one of whom expects to marry sometime and make a home of her own, and yet, among them all, how many have any true idea of the real issues of life, or measure the depth of the sea of perplexities into which they plunge blissfully and blindly?

Trouble for the average young housewife begins in her ignorance of domestic economy and the proper preparation of food for the table.

Who shall count the difficulties and dilemmas that lurk in refractory stoves, the disappointments and discouragements that lie hidden in the flour barrel, or the ambushed trials that rise unexpectedly from pot and pan and kettle? Their name is legion.

It would seem as though every mother who has herself wrestled with the mysteries of household labor, ought to learn a lesson from life's experience, and take measures to turn her daughter's trials into triumph, by making her as thoroughly familiar with the science of the cookery-book and the problem of domestic economy, as with the various branches of school education, or the more ornamental parlor accomplishments.

Yes, I know it is more trouble to teach her how to cook than it is to do everything yourself. Very likely there will be more than one failure to record, and she may be an uninterested pupil; duty is not always agreeable, but it is none the less duty.

If the early household lessons have been well learned, the later ones will not be difficult; if they have been altogether neglected so much the more reason that there should be no further delay. Circumstances may prevent the necessity of performing much domestic work, but everyone should at least know how to direct others understandingly. Girls are not apt to give due importance to these matters; by experience alone can one really appreciate the difficulties arising from ignorance, or estimate the true value of knowledge in regard to a subject so materially influencing domestic health and comfort.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

A Wonderful Utah Canyon.

In returning to Cove Creek Fort, I again journeyed through Clear Creek canyon. It is mentioned on the map as "the pass to Sevier," and is one of the great natural wonders of Utah. It is about ten miles in length, and through it flows a limpid mountain stream that soon joins the river Sevier. In proceeding westward, the first object of interest is at the very mouth of the canyon, and has been named the Buried Castle. At a very short distance it closely resemble some vast, time-worn castle, half-buried in dust and accumulated rubbish. The towers, battlements and roofs, rising one above another, have a strangely real appearance. As the canyon narrows, on the left is the dome, a mass of rock, oval at the summit, which rises hundreds of feet in the air. Half a mile farther on, and on the right, is "Who Knows;" a huge rock having the outlines of a human face, with a very prominent and well-shapen nose. It stands close to the road. Next the attention is attracted by Indian hieroglyphics on the side of a perpendicular wall of rock and at a height of about seventy-five feet from the ground. These symbols have been there for so long a period that the Indians inhabiting the country when the Mormons came could give no explanation of them, save that they "had always been there." The rock seems to have been deeply chiseled into, and the cavities filled with indelible paint. A mile farther on is the Throne Room. This magnificent indentation is about two hundred feet from the ground in the perpendicular side of a basaltic wall five hundred feet high. I shall attempt no description of it, save to say that no king in the world has so grand a reception hall. About half way up the canyon is Conscience Pass. Here perpendicular walls of rock tower six hundred feet high, and approach so closely together that there is barely room for the brook and the narrow highway that runs beside it. At the distance of twenty yards from the pass the traveler's progress seems completely barred by walls of rock. From that point the canyon widens, but it abounds throughout with wild and splendid scenery. It is said to be seen to best advantage in the summer, when its declivities are clothed with verdure and flowers, and its pines are in their utmost vigor.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Dogs and Their Masters.

At the meeting which has just taken place at Dantzic of the two Emperors who between them sway half Europe, there is mention of the fact that Prince Bismarck arrived to attend the interview "accompanied by his short hand writer and his famous dog." The image of the "Iron Chancellor" who has welded long-divided Germany into one Empire will go down to posterity not quite solitary in its sternness. Beside him will always stand the noble beast whom he has loved, and who, it is said, has more than once saved his life.

Perhaps, as Schopenhauer, with his candid vanity, remarked of himself, "It is always lonely upon the heights." A philosopher who is bored by the folly of his human neighbors, a poet who is disgusted with the vulgarity of mankind, a king, or great noble, who is weary of the toadyism of his courtiers, doubtless may all find relief in the dumb companionship of some faithful hound, who troubles his master with no stupid remarks or petty gossip, and whose flattery is free from suspicion of any deeper interestedness than may arise from covetousness of a biscuit or ambition for a bone. The greatest Sovereign on earth may safely unbend with his dog, and neither fear to raise insatiable hopes nor to provoke dangerous jealousies, unless it be in less fortunate canine minds. Even this slight inconvenience may be removed when, as in the case of one of the Queen's favorites—a splendid Dachsund—the animal is perfectly dignified and rigid in his demeanor that he keeps all Her Majesty's inferior terriers and collies in meek subordination, and is himself generally known as the "Lord Chamberlain" of the canine Court.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that, as the Aryan race loved dogs more than the Semitic, so, among Aryans, the Anglo-Saxons have been pre-eminent for the same sentiment. It is true we have among the Celts the dog of Llewellyn (though, alas! Professor Max Muller, we believe, has ferreted out that pleasant tale in another poem in early Sanscrit, leaving on us, in spite of Beddlegert, an unpleasant sense of mythical uncertainty); and among the French and Germans, besides the Dog of Montargis, we have innumerable glorified dogs of tradition and poetry. But the toue of nine French writers out of ten, when they talk of dogs, reveals the hollowness of Gallic regard for the loyal beast, which has not half enough of finesse and duplicity to suit the readers of MM. Balzac et Cie. Good honest old Dumas *(l'aine)* might describe poor "Black" in simple and glowing colors; but in more recent French novels "*un mechant chien barbet*," or "*un detestable petit caniche hargneux*," is commonly introduced solely to add a point of ridicule to the old simpleton or disagreeable woman whose steps it follows.

Truth must be told, indeed, that dogs, with their wonderful habit of "growling like the thing they worship," seem constantly to become, under French masters and mistresses, less single-minded than we find them, or—as a cruel canine critic has described the species "Chienloup," *par eminence*—"frivolous, volatile, interested, and wholly without conscientiousness." In the same way in Italy dogs are, as a rule infinitely less useful than English dogs, and are often treacherous enough to receive caresses graciously, and afterward, when opportunity offers, to turn around and bite. But the very land of dogs, and the land wherein the dog receives most genuine honor, and himself rises to his noblest development of character, is unquestionably England. It is to be deplored that the greatest English poet never drew the character of a noble dog, and condescended to degrade his pen by the miserable caricature of Launce's cur; but since Shakespeare's days our poets have done what in them lay to make up for the omission. Cowper, Walter Scott, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold, have all been eminent dog lovers, and have written tender things of dogs, living and dead.

English history is full of records of dogs—noble dogs of Charles I. and Kenelm Digby; pitifully faithful dogs, like the little creature which accompanied Mary Queen of Scotts to the scaffold and laid itself down between the severed head and beautiful neck; silky spoiled favorites, like the spaniels of Charles II., and Diamond, the dog of Sir Isaac Newton, which gave that great philosopher a year's extra trouble by destroying his papers. We have materials for a book of "English Dogs of Dignity;" and, moreover, we have had in England (since the gaunt boarhounds of Synders are rather wild beasts than dogs) the one greatest painter of dogs whom the world has seen—Edwin Landseer, the Titian and Vandyke of the canine race.—*London Standard.*

A Husband's Love.

It is easy enough to win a husband. Most any attractive little dumpling with a bright eye and coaxing voice can gather in a noble husband, but it is pretty difficult to retain him. Noble husbands are thicker than hair on a dog, but the grand difficulty is to draw out their true nobility and secure it at home.

If the wife only understands her business she can introduce the soothing racket in her new field of operations and walk away with the whole business. Most men like to be loved and soothed. There is something in the man's great, rough, earnest nature that can be won quicker and easier with gentleness and pie than by the logic of the broom-handle and a bilious course of reasoning with bread-and-milk diet.

We have seen a girl who understood her business take a reformed road agent by the nose, so to speak, and lead him through life in such a way that he wouldn't know but that he was boss of the ranch. So perfect was the delusion that when she asked him to bring in a scuttle of coal or get up in his nightshirt and kill a burglar that he knew was nothing but a bob-tailed cow four blocks away, he always went, and he felt as though he counted it a mark of special favor that a poor unworthy worm of the dust, like him, should be sought out and delegated to go and chase a lame cow across nine vacant lots with an old barrel stave, and clothed in nothing but a little brief authority and a knit undershirt.

We cannot exactly describe this magic power of a devoted wife over her husband, and we do not intend to try it. It is an unseen motive, a nameless beverage that makes the husband get up in the dead hour of the night and set the pancake batter near the parlor stove.

A man need not think that because he gets up and looks for burglars in the night and is otherwise obedient that it is because he has no backbone.

It is simply because he is the husband of a woman of whom he ought to be proud.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

Determined to Get an Education.

Last evening an officer of the Bremen Street Station picked up a small boy ten years of age, who was wandering along the bank of the canal in search of a boat to take him to Dayton Ohio. His pants were tucked in his boots and across his right shoulder was swung a gripsack of the 1820 style, while with his left hand he carried a lidless tin bucket half filled with eatables. After questioning him a while the officer took him to the Ninth Street Station-house, where he was seen by a reporter this morning. The kid is exceedingly bright and seemed to be enjoying himself immensely in the large office. The reporter asked him his name and he replied, "I have name enough to knock a jackass down. My name is John David Upton Ward, and I hail from Table Rock, Nebraska. I am now on my way to my grandmother's, four miles this side of Dayton, Ohio, where I hope to be well received and sent to school."

"Where are your parents?"

"The last I heard of them they were in Indiana. I haven't seen them for two years. I have been in Nebraska for that length of time with my uncle, Eugene Ward."

"Why did you leave your parents?"

"Why, they wouldn't give me an education, and I thought maybe Uncle would. I went out to Nebraska, but while there Uncle kept me harrowing and working about the farm all the time and I made up my mind to leave and try grandma Zeigler at Dayton for an education. Uncle bought me a ticket to St. Louis, and at the latter place I bought a ticket for Cincinnati myself, arriving here dead broke. I was hunting for a boat to go to Dayton on when the officer captured me. These men here tell me they will send me to Dayton, and I guess they will keep their word, won't they?"

The reporter told the youngster that the officers would do as they had promised, and this appeared to please him, for he stuck his hands down in his breeches pockets and strolled around whistling "The Arkansaw Traveler."

"So your ambition is to secure an education, is it?" asked the reporter of the youthful searcher for knowledge.

"Yes sir, and you bet I'm going to get one. I want to become a preacher or a school teacher, I don't care which."

At two o'clock John David Upson Ward was put aboard of a train for Dayton, and how he will be met by his grandmother remains to be seen.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

A Trying Age.

Young people who are passing from childhood into young man or womanhood grow with surprising rapidity, and the amount of awkwardness, of conceit, of shiftlessness and irresponsibility they develop is astonishing to those who do not know its cause. They can play, they can eat, they can sleep, and do nothing with wonderful ease and facility; and they know—what do they not know? they know everything. They know more at this period than at any previous or subsequent period in their lives. They are ready to take charge of themselves, of their parents, of society, while at the same time they cannot be depended on for the most trivial things. This is not true of all children at this age, but it applies to the majority, and there are few parents of grown children who will not recognize the truth of the picture. It is necessary at this intermediate stage of existence to exercise the greatest forbearance toward these troublesome young creatures. They should be given only light and easy tasks, and their shortcomings ignored or forborne with patience and hope. The age we speak of is the sentimental age. Girls at this period love sensational novels, they are "crazy" about sweethearts, and inclined to be lackadaisical generally. They have headaches, listlessness, dreaminess. Boys are "crazy" to go to sea or go out West and shoot buffaloes; they affect a tall hat and carry a cane. They are especially arrogant and supercilious toward all small boys, and think it manly to smoke a cigar. In a few years all this fermentation ceases, and the young woman becomes rational, sensible, willing to be advised, and willing to apply herself to work and be responsible for its well doing; the young man does what he ought to without being told, and takes intelligent views of life and duty. He settles down to hard work cheerfully and patiently. The sophomoric age is passed, and hope takes the place of patience in the minds of parent and teacher. In tiding youth over this dangerous transitional period of their lives, parents, teachers and guardians must carefully combine firmness with tenderness, and above all have plenty of hope and patience.

—It is related of Bernadotte that when he was a corporal in the French army he proposed marriage to a peasant girl, who, by the advice of her friends, rejected him because he was a poor soldier. After he became King of Sweden she wrote to him and asked for the washing of the palace, which he granted.

—A New York man has purchased near Atlanta, Ga., an estate whereon he proposes to establish a dog farm and training yard. He is a professional dog-trainer, and has brought with him seven or eight fine canines of the pointer species. One of these he values at $500.

—A Schuyler County, (N. Y.) merchant offers a four dollar pair of gaiters to the young lady over eighteen years old who can display the smallest foot at the county fair.

Worry.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, become painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; in fact, a series of vibrations. Mental energy, doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obtrusion of some independent source of anxiety, or if out of the business in hand the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and for the time being harmonious action ceases. Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and too often sudden collapse occurs. The point to be made clear is this: overwork is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the mind is like an engine with the safety-valve locked, the steam-gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a break-down may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by onlookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Kind Words and Good Deeds.

"I saw in de papers de odder day," begau Brother Gardner, after carefully wiping the top of his head, "a leetle item 'bout speakin' kind words to our feller-men as we trabble de highway of life. Dat's easy 'nuff to do, an' a mighty cheap way of scrubbin' 'long, but I doan' want nobody to practice it on me. If I use men right, dey will use me right, an' we kin trade kind words. If you meet a man in de gutter, doan' stan' on de sidewalk an' tell him dat you am ready to bust wid sorrow, an' dat you solemnly wish he wouldn't do so any mo'. Stan' him on his feet an' start him fur home, an' let his wife an' de poker run de kind word business, or hunt for a purleeeemau an' have de drunkard boosted for sixty days. If you meet a poo' man whos' wife am lyin' dead in de house doan' wipe yer eyes an rattle yer chin an' tell him you'd jine de funeral pureeshun if you only had a mule. Walk right down inter yer west pocket fur half yer week's wages to help pay fur de coffin an' odder expenses. If you meet a feller-man who am out of wood an' meat an' flour, an' has a broken arm to excuse it, doan' pucker yer mouth an' tell him dat de Lawd will purvide. De Lawd doan' furnish purvishuns fur dis market. Instead of droppin' a tear of sorrow on de doah-step, stop aroun' to de wood yard an' de grocer's and lay down de cash to feed an' warm de family fur a fortnight.

"When I meet a leetle gal who has lost her doll-baby, or a leetle boy who has stubbed his toe, I take 'em up in my a'ms an' wipe der leetle noses an' sot 'em down wid a handful of peanuts. When I meet a widder who am out of wood, an old man who has been turned out doahs, or a workin'man who's home am under de shadder of death, I doan' lean on de fence an' look to Heaben fur relief. If I'ze got a dollar I han' it out. I lend it or give it or make 'em take it, an' if Heaben does anyfing furder dat's extra. When you read dat it am easy to speak kind words, jist reflect dat it am also de cheapest way in de world to help a naybur. Turnips am quoted at forty cents a bushel; kind words have no value in de market."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—When distributing lately at Birnam the prizes of the Highland games, Lady John Manners said that she believed the Scottish peasantry owed their great muscular power to oatmeal and milk, and she wished the English peasantry would live on the like fare. Lady John has excellent authority for her belief. Twenty years ago a most careful Parliamentary report declared that the declension in the physique of the Northumbrians was coeval with their abandonment of oatmeal and milk for wheaten bread and tea.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Protestant preaching is permitted in over 30,000 townships of France.

—The Western Methodist book agents have decided to exclude patent medicine advertisements from the papers published under their direction.

—Prominent Presbyterian clergymen have assembled recently at Saratoga to discuss the subject of educating German young men for the ministry.

—Six years ago the New York Swedish Lutheran Conference had only two churches. Now it possesses sixteen, and has appointed a traveling missionary for the State of Connecticut.

—The Tunkers, or Dunkards, in their recent meeting in Ohio, passed resolutions against Sunday schools, high schools, revival meetings, paid ministry, missionary plans or boards, money soliciting or begging, and instrumental music.

—The Eastern German Baptist Convention has just met in Pennsylvania. A project was discussed for uniting with the Western German Baptist Convention in a combined missionary work among the Germans of the United States and Canada.

—The Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention lately in session at Danville, Va., voted that the clergy should recognize the fact that the negroes within their parochial bounds are an integral part of their parochial work that must not be ignored or *neglected.*

—A "solid block of Methodism" is what Methodists call Antioch Circuit in Middle Tennessee, which occupies about fifteen miles square, and has nearly seven hundred members. In this whole territory there is no other religious organization, and probably not more than a dozen members of all other churches.

—Chaplain McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society, has a proposition for what he calls a Frontier Fund, under which ten thousand preachers shall raise or laymen give ten dollars a year each for ten years to aid in building churches in the far West, the money to be considered as contributions to the Church Extension Fund.

—Provincial meetings were held at different places in England during the sessions of the Methodist Ecumenical Council. The one at Leeds considered the history of Methodism in that city and the means of securing co-operation among the various branches of the church so as most widely to extend its influence and usefulness among all classes of the people.

—The Society of Geneva, for the purpose of promoting a better observance of the Sabbath, has offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, to be of fifteen or twenty-five pages. It desires the subject to be considered popularly from the practical side, and to bear especially against public Sunday festivals and protracted entertainments on Saturday nights, and against anything that may impose additional Sunday labor on servants and workmen.

—Young women have taken a remarkable place in the late examinations of the London University. The class for mathematical honors had but three members, one of them a girl, who took the palm; a girl also came out ahead for English honors; and two of the four for German honors were girls, who again distanced their male rivals; one of three, again, placed at the head for pharmaceutical chemistry, was a girl; and Miss Prideaux was first in the honors list for anatomy, coming from the London School of Medicine for Women, and beating both of her rivals from Guy's Hospital.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An era of good feeling—after dinner.—*Graphic.*

—Barnum's fat woman always appears in full dress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If a farmer has a dressy wife, he often is obliged to grow grain in the corn-field to enable her to gros grain in the parlor.—*Newton Republican.*

—"How did we come to possess our present dress?" is one of the questions by the editor of *Nature.* Can't say, sir. Presume the tailor didn't know you.—*Boston Post.*

—"You are a girl after my own heart," he said, earnestly, pressing her hand fondly, and with meaning. "You are a fellow after my hand," she replied.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

—"Why are you late," asked an Austin school teacher of a little girl, who hung her head and said: "We have got a little baby at our house." "Don't you let it happen again," said the teacher fiercely, and the little girl said she wouldn't, and took her seat.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The people who knew they could have cured the President should remember what Josh Billings says about the man who would always do such great things if he were there. "I have noticed," says the philosopher, "that that kind of a man never gets *there.*"—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—You may talk of unpolluted joy and all-wool bliss, a yard wide, but it is hard to lay over the keen, cool calm of the boy who rattles two mutton bones together, and sings the latest melody, while he sits on the court-yard fence and swings his sore toe in the evening moonlight.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Why Is It?

Why is it that a drunken man has such a fancy for railroad tracks? He will go miles out of his way to find one, and rarely misses the object of his search, even on the darkest night. When found he is invariably seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap there. There must be something soothing in the contact of the cold iron rail as he fits the back of his neck to it and adjusts his body between the ties in preparation for slumber. And frequently it is the last, long sleep that he takes. But what draws him there? Sober men wander about for hours sometimes, hunting the depot in daylight, but the inebriate can strike a railroad track in two minutes when it is dark as tophet. And he generally gets there ahead of the train, too, though the train retaliates by getting ahead of him before the deal is over.

THE DAIRY.

—The Society of Public Analysts of Great Britain and Ireland have adopted as a standard for the poorest pure milk nine per cent. of solids, minus fats, and two-fifths per cent. of fats—n total of eleven-fifths per cent. of solids. There is little doubt that milk containing less than this percentage of solids is watered or skimmed.

—A teat in which there is an opening at the side through which the milk escapes is a subject for a simple surgical operation, which is sure to be effective if performed properly. The skin around the hole is to be removed, and the hole enlarged into a slit, which is then drawn together at the edges with a surgeon's stitch, and covered with sticking-plaster. A milking tube is used to draw the milk until the slight wound heals. There is no other remedy which will cure this defect or relieve it permanently. Your family doctor would doubtless perform the operation for you.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The dry weather has produced much trouble with milk in various places, the cause is doubtless impurity in the water, from which even streams and springs are not free. Where well water has been used there is no trouble. In a dry season the air is filled with a dust consisting in part of myriads of organic germs, which, when they fall upon moist herbage or into water, germinate and produce various infusorial plants which cause decay in whatever they are found. These are taken into the blood and affect the milk, and are the causes of much disease besides in animals which do not yield milk.

Better Care of Milk.

As the area devoted to the dairy interests enlarge, we are led to speculate upon its future greatness. Are we to go on increasing, always finding a market for our butter and cheese, good, bad and indifferent, or will there be such an enormous quantity placed upon the market that only the good will be accepted and the bad rejected, thereby forcing the manufacturers of the poorer grades to work out their own salvation or go to the wall? Such a turn in affairs would confine the production of butter and cheese to those who aim to make only fine goods, and who are enabled to accomplish this point by the use of the best appliances and the aid of human skill and ingenuity to assist them in the manufacture of the finer grades of butter and cheese. Therefore it is necessary that we watch every manipulation of the milk from the time it leaves the cow (in fact the feed which is given the cow) to the time it is placed in the hands of the consumer in the form of butter and cheese. The responsibility for its good care up to the time of its delivery to the manufacturer rests with the farmer. Much as this subject has been dwelt upon, and although many precepts have been laid down, not one-half of the dairymen who take milk to factories feel the responsibility resting upon them. Many seem to think that any time or money spent in caring for their milk is so much clear loss to them *personally*, although it may benefit the manufacturer, failing to see that any deterioration in the quality of a single can of milk will affect all the butter and cheese made that day, and consequently lessen the dividend that should come to them. The other half of our dairymen deserve the credit of seeing the necessity of taking proper care of their milk, delivering it to the manufacturers in a good condition. In discussing this question Mr. C. S. Kelbaum gives some very valuable suggestions to the indifferent and inexperienced dairymen of the grave results that come through their carelessness. He says manufacturers want the full and hearty co-operation of every dairyman in endeavoring to get the best possible results from their milk with the least per centage of loss. Good cows, well fed and well watered, will produce good milk. Well watered means plenty of good, healthy water, from a running stream or good well. It is a notorious fact that poor water—or water from stagnant pools—is the cause of more taint in milk in the summer time than anything else. Salt, regularly given, adds to the quantity as well as the quality of milk. If it be possible, let your cows have access to plenty of shade during the hot days of summer, for many a can of milk is spoiled by a single pailfull drawn from a cow in an overheated condition. Do not hurry your cows. Do not allow your men to beat them nor dogs to worry them. They will give more and better milk for the kindness bestowed on them. When your men come to milk, insist that they clean the bag and teats with water, if they need it, and then dry them before milking; and, for heaven's sake, don't allow them to drain the dirty mixture into the pail. Look to it that every pail, every strainer, every can, is washed in cold water first, and then most thoroughly with hot water, drained, and allowed to get the sun's rays upon them, if possible, for there is no purifier like good pure air and a bright sun.

Every dairy farmer should be provided with a good milk-house, situated at a good distance from the cow stable, so that it may be free from the disagreeable odors that milk is always sure to absorb if left all night in the cow stable. If you have not running water in the milk house, provide yourself with a good wind-mill pump. As soon as the milk is drawn, carry it *at once* to the milk-house. Have the water about your cans changed several times, and the milk stirred to prevent cream raising, until it is cooled to about sixty degrees for the night's milk and sixty-five degrees for the morning's. During all this time be sure and leave the can covers off, to allow the animal heat to escape. Do not mix your morning's and night's milk, but place them in separate cans, even if you have only a can altogether. Carry to the factory as soon after milking as it is cooled to the proper temperature, using, if possible, a spring wagon, to prevent too great churning of the milk on rough roads. Always cover your cans with a blanket—to protect the milk from the sun in summer and from the cold in the winter.—*American Dairyman.*

—Secretary Lincoln has a little son named Abraham.

A Good Farmer.

There is no calling in life that really requires a more varied knowledge than agriculture; and when we think how very short time ago the only requisite that was regarded was simply knowledge enough to do the mechanical work of sowing and reaping, it is really a wonder that our agriculture stands where it does to-day; and when we now look over the millions of cultivated acres in this country, which bud and blossom with the sweetness of the rose, and behold the superior intelligence which cultivate them, it is still more of a wonder that the stupidity of older times should ever have existed. Still, in the midst of all this progress and the improvements which are now found in every department of agriculture, there are those who will persist in shutting their eyes to the utility of intelligence on the farm, and still continue to plod along as their fathers did. It is to such that we desire to make the statement with which this article begins. The farm is no place for a man who does not know anything. Usually he would prove as successful, and more so, in almost any other calling.

A farmer should be educated in the truest sense of the term. Certainly no one will deny that he should be familiar with the sciences which especially pertain to the soil and the growth of plants, and it will not do to argue, as some do, that experiment is better than book knowledge, for what a man learns by experiment he knows is correct. Science is the result of experiment. Books of science are the result of experiment. Men have spent the time necessary to teach us the needs of plant growth, the requirements of the soil for special purposes, and very much of everything else necessary to make farming a success; and if we now propose to go over the same ground that they have in order to reach the same conclusions, we simply show a disposition to waste valuable time. If by analysis of the soil we can ascertain that it lacks those ingredients which the chemist says is necessary for the production of a certain crop, it surely would be folly to keep on experimenting year after year until by chance we should happen to apply the element which is lacking. There are fortunes upon fortunes in the aggregate expended every year in this country for fertilizers which are almost worthless, as applied, and wholly so with reference to the production of the crop which they are intended to help grow. They do not contain the elements which the soil lacks and the crop needs, and so far as any real good resulting from their application we might as well try to fertilize the land with our breath. Farming without a knowledge of the science of farming, which includes various sciences, is simply a game of chance—it is the walk of a blind man on strange ground. If such a man should attempt to practice medicine he would be called a "quack," and if to practice law a "shyster." The farmer should be pre-eminently a well read man. He should read the gist of all that is freshly written on agriculture, which he can find in any first class agricultural journal. If what he reads is sound he can profit by it, and if what he reads is not sound he can still profit by it by permitting the truth to be more firmly fixed in his mind by contrast.

No one should attempt to conduct a farm without being something of a veterinarian. Knowledge of veterinary science is almost constantly required on the farm, and the lack of it is frequently not only very inconvenient but it is expensive. Regularly educated surgeons are often, and in the great majority of instances, difficult to get at, and many a sick animal must necessarily die, or be beyond the possibility of recovery, before the services of one can be obtained. We sometimes see expressed in the columns of our country exchanges, the wish that the regular physicians would include veterinary in their practice. This would be of little advantage. The doctors do not know anything, or scarcely anything, with reference to the diseases of animals. Veterinary science is essentially a separate science. There are some principles in common between the science of medicine as applied to man and the brute, but not enough to enable the family physician to be a good "horse doctor." Far better would it be for the farmer to qualify himself to treat ordinary cases, at least. And now that our industrial colleges have courses in veterinary science, it is not difficult for our young men to acquire some knowledge in this direction.

But besides being a chemist, botanist and veterinarian, the farmer, of all men in the world, should be a general mechanic. He should know something of all the common mechanical arts, from that of building a house to hooping a barrel. Such knowledge would prevent imposition when it was necessary to employ a mechanic, and it would save a great deal of needless expense, not only in the actual outlay for many descriptions of repairs, but in the destruction of implements, resulting often from a neglect to regard the old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine." It is often very inconvenient to go to the blacksmith's, the wheelwright's, or the harnessmaker's, when something breaks, and the neglect is frequently the cause of the total destruction of the thing injured.

In this brief outline, therefore, we show that not only is the farm no place for stupidity, but that the farmer should really be a universal genius, and such a man will always be successful as a farmer.—*Western Rural.*

—Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Seven pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced, three of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon and mace mixed, one ounce cloves, one quart vinegar; mix and stew one hour. Plain pickle tomatoes: The small ones are best; have them ripe, do not prick them, and let them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put down in layers in jars, mixing with little onions and pieces of horse radish, and pour on spiced cold vinegar, and a spice bag in each jar; cover carefully and set in a cool place a full month before using.

—Pop-overs.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, a bit of melted butter, flour enough to make a stiff batter, and a little salt. Have the oven hot, and the gem pans warm, and the tea-cakes will be light and tender.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Oil of turpentine is recommended to keep harness from mold.

—An excellent axle-grease for use in the hot weather may be made of tallow and black-lead, in equal parts by weight, well ground together on a slab. For winter use this same mixture may be softened by adding an equal weight of castor-oil.

—Professor Beal, of Michigan, says emphatically: "If you have money to fool away, seed down your young orchard to clover and timothy, or sow a crop of wheat or oats. If you want the trees to thrive, cultivate well till they are seven to ten years old. Spread ashes, manure or salt broadcast."

—A writer says that he has never failed to cure garget by the use of beans. He feeds one pint of bean meal, mixed with other meal, for four successive days, and has found that quantity sufficient to cure the worst cases. He thinks if cows were fed with bean meal several times a year they would never be troubled with garget.

—Ordinary Sponge Cake.—Take the weight of four eggs in flour and sifted sugar, beat the eggs, yelks and whites separately; stir the sugar into the former, then add the flour and whites gradually, stirring all the time. Bake in a buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour. A few drops of essence of lemon greatly improves the flavor of this cake.

—Lice on Cattle.—A simple and generally effective remedy, and one which we have frequently recommended, consists in dusting the animals well over with wood ashes, once or twice a week. The same may be applied to the stalls and mangers. Brushing and attention to cleanliness of the animals and the premises are essentials.—*Western Rural.*

—Professor Knapp, of Iowa, is credited with having instituted a series of experiments with soft woods for fence posts, the preserving element being hot gas, or coal tar. Up to date, bass weed, willow, cottonwood, etc., show as durable results as oak. The tar was applied boiling hot, the posts being allowed to remain in the mixture some fifteen minutes, and then dried for a month in the sun. Green wood seemed to take up the tar best, and examination found the penetration of the tar had been from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in many cases. The cost of thus coating 150 posts will be about one dollar, the cost of a barrel of tar, besides the labor. If the experiment is conclusive it goes far toward answering the question of posts, for all farms have got abundant material in beech, basswood, willow, etc., for posts, and the expense of coating them with tar is a mere trifle compared with the purchasing of cedar for that purpose.

Coal Tar for Posts and Wagon-Paint.

About twenty years ago I commenced using coal tar on fence posts, grape stakes, etc. I erected a grape arbor with pine studding four by four inches square, set two feet in the ground. Before putting them in the ground, I gave them a coat of coal tar, about two and one-half feet of the lower end. I do not recollect whether the tar was hot or only warmed in the sun. The arbor was taken down after standing eighteen years, and the posts were nearly all sound; some of them had began to decay at the surface of the ground.

Soon after that I had a sheet-iron tank or kettle made, three feet high, and two feet in diameter, to heat the tar in. It was set on brick or stone, so as to put wood and chips under; with the care to get it far enough from the buildings to be safe from fire. Three posts were set in the ground and a board nailed on to lean the posts against as they were set in the kettle, to prevent turning the kettle over. A wood lattice was put in the bottom of the kettle to prevent the posts from bruising the sheet-iron kettle with their weight on the bottom. I put in eight or ten posts at a time; heating the tar to boiling, and keeping it hot and filled with tar to its top when the posts were in. Let them remain about fifteen minutes, then take out and put others in.

I also constructed a grape trellis with two small stakes five feet high, to fasten wires to. Those two stakes were set bracing, and fastened with a wire hinge at the foot to a short stake driven in the ground; trellis so constructed as to let it down in winter. These short stakes which were to go in the ground, were boiled in the tar. They were many of them of pine sappy wood, very liable to rot, and ten or twelve years after, on pulling them up, most of them were sound. These several experiences have proved to me that coal tar thus applied on dry wood is of great service to assist the durability of posts and stakes.

I began to apply coal tar to my wagon wheels five years ago. On a warm day in summer the tar is sufficiently thin, but in cool weather I would advise heating it. Have the wheels clean and dry, and be careful that every joint or crack is filled with tar. An old paint brush or rag closely wrapped on the end of a stick will do, with a small brush or swab, to finish up at each end of the spokes, the hub and the felly. It is hard, durable and impervious to water. This is the object of paint. It is the best paint I ever used. If I should order a new wagon I would order the wood work—not only the wheels but all the wood of the wagon—yes, the wagon-box—all first painted with coal tar. A very desirable thing it would be to keep the bottom of the wagon-box from swelling and shrinking.

Last year I painted my old rattletrap buggy all over, but the cushions with coal tar. It tightened the spokes and entirely stopped its rattle by filling its crevices and many loose joints. The wagon tires will only need setting one-half as often as they will without the coal tar, if when it is worn off the fellys they are painted over again with coal tar. I see a published statement this week that coal tar will cause the boards on the fence to rot; it gives them the dry rot. It is quite likely that the board fence referred to had the dry rot; but I don't believe it was caused by the coal tar. Our railroads are using it of late very generally on bridge timber, etc.—*Suel Foster, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—A girl at Anderson, Ky., desired a new hat trimmed profusely with bright-colored feathers, according to the ruling fashion, but had no money to buy them. A brilliant-hued rooster came her way, and she killed him, plucked his feathers, and adorned the hat exactly to her liking. But the owner of the fowl had her arrested, and she wore the hat in court, instead of church, as she had intended.

—A negro went home from a Georgia camp-meeting in a state of ecstacy, declared that he was going to Heaven by the way of a tall tree that grew in the door-yard, climbed to a height of seventy feet, and then undertook to fly the rest of the journey. The fall killed him.

THE Ottawa (Kan.) *Republican* thus quotes: Mr. Harvey B. F. Keller, recorder of deeds, says: I have long been convinced of the merits of St. Jacobs Oil, and use it in my family for rheumatism successfully.

AS AN article of food the lobster dates back centuries ahead of the oyster and clam, and is believed to be coeval with dyspepsia. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN ex-Consul of Great Britain, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, related that Mr. Charles Townsend, Sedalia, Mo., was cured of rheumatism of the worst kind by St. Jacobs Oil. —*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.*

"I HAVE done the State some service," was the remark the released convict made after an imprisonment of ten years.—*Somerville Journal.*

What Physicians Say.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal., Jan. 6, 1877.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Dear Str—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.

J. A. MILLER, M. D.

"STOCKINGS I can do without, but carrings I must have," a San Francisco belle was heard to murmur in the gloaming.—*Puck.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers and "liver complaint."

WHEN Brown said he was afraid he was going to have the salt rheum, Fogg said it was impossible, Brown was too fresh.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

WHEN the schoolmaster threatened to tan Johnny, the urchin reminded him that "a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

Nature's Sluice-Way.

The kidneys are nature's sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort.—*Constitution.*

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"AS GOOD as represented," is what everybody says of Frazer's Axle Grease. Try it.

A MAN'S curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

"YOU seem sad and dejected to-night, Claude, dear." "Yes, darling; men of my emotional nature are easily affected by the smiles or frowns of fortune." His washerwoman had discharged him.

"YOU can't add different things together," said an Austin school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."—*Texas Siftings.*

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people, and abominable to the good.

THE leaves are turning slowly yellow; their summer's hue is hence; the ripening fruit is on the mellow; the small boy on the fence. He looks around, he views the ground and thinks the moment suits; he fills his pockets full and round, then jumps the fence and scoots.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A LESSON in pronunciation:
Said Master Jones, "Now must we go
Without delay to the dee-po."
Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so—
Let's start at once to the day-po."
Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick-step, oh,
We'll all run down to the dep-po."
Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot,
To drive you all to the dee-pot."
These conflicts of pronunciation
Would not be if they'd call it "station."
—*H. C. Dodge.*

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We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and hurls his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,

Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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No. 1		2.54 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.23 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

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It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

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It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881. NUMBER 37.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co., 15 P. O. Avenue. 8 10 td Baltimore.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

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Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in natural region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN. Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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P. MARTIN, Oakland Md, 6 18 tf

Protest of the Democracy of Baltimore Against Thos. J. Keating.

To the members of the Democratic State Convention and the Real Democracy of Maryland:

The undersigned, delegates to the Democratic State Convention which assembled June 23, 1881, to nominate a candidate for Comptroller of the Treasury, were selected by a joint committee composed of one hundred representative members of the Democratic party, equally selected from the twenty wards of Baltimore City, which joint committee assembled at Central Hall on the 7th of June, 1881, and unanimously elected us the delegates, and our election was unanimously ratified and confirmed at a Democratic mass meeting held at the Maryland Institute on the evening of the 8th of June, 1881.

The primary ballot-box, once the means of expressing the will of the party, having lost all claim to public confidence, and become an object of contempt and derision, the real Democracy of the city of Baltimore, represented by the committee above named, determined to ignore and repudiate the system of primary election in this city have been purged of the 25,000 or more spurious and mortuary names, and the general election laws of the State, with all of their pains and penalties, are made to apply to the primary elections.

Hence it is that the real Democracy of the city of Baltimore have been compelled to meet in mass meeting, in open assemblage and before the whole community, to ratify and confirm the delegates so selected. We, the delegates so selected, having learned that conventions held in the several legislative districts in this city, pretending to represent the Democratic part of this city, have sent delegates to the convention with the purpose of forcing upon the Democratic party the nomination of Mr. Thomas J. Keating as candidate for Comptroller of the Treasury, and being fully convinced that such a result will end in fatal disaster to the party, and be the end to every hope of success, are now here protesting that the said Legislative District Conventions, which have so sent delegates to this convention, do not represent the wishes or sentiments of any respectable part of the Democratic party of this city, but are the mere shadows of an expiring "Ring and Boss" power, having the support of no intelligent, unselfish Democrats behind it. We do here now, without indicating any personal choice, and with no feeling of personal hostility to any one, but animated with the sole patriotic desire to have a united party upon the substantial foundations of right and justice, assign the following causes why such nomination is not fit to be made:

1. That Mr. Keating, in his official declaration, and by his official acts displays uncompromising hostility to the sinking fund policy, established by the Constitution of the State of Maryland, the gradual and certain payment of the public debt within a limited time, and has failed in this to regard either the constitutional requirement or to execute the plain commands of the law, passed in pursuance thereof.

2. That he has allowed taxes specifically levied and dedicated, both by the constitution and the laws creating the debt and levying the taxes for the payment of the interest and principal of the debt, to be applied to other and foreign purposes, when it was his sworn, legal and constitutional duty to resist it.

3. That in receiving these loan taxes he has knowingly violated the law requiring them to be kept apart in separate accounts, and be solely applied to the debt.

4. That he allowed the payment of eleven newspaper correspondents, at the last session of the Legislature, out of the treasury, without any authority whatever, and which can only be regarded as a payment of the people's money to deceive the people and help to fortify those with him in power.

5. That he allowed for the same session of the Legislature the payment of nineteen officers and employees of the House and Senate, not only without any authority of law, but in open defiance and direct and positive violation of the law expressly forbidding any such payment to be made, and to that extent he has paid out the people's money to help to fortify those with him in power.

6. That he allowed the payment of twenty-six members of the House and Senate, embracing the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, as members of the Engrossing Committee, the additional sum of [illegible] and fifty dollars to each, only without authority of law, in violation of the constitution, without any additional compensation to be [illegible] wed the payment of large sums of money, as extra compensation, to a large number of officers, clerks and employees, not only without authority of law, but in violation of the Constitution.

7. That having the exclusive power under the law to determine the rate of compensation to be paid newspapers for the publication of the laws, he, in the exercise of this power, allowed excessive rates of compensation, and in open violation of the [illegible] confined him to the publication of the laws in two newspapers in the city of Baltimore, he paid to each the sum of eighteen hundred and fifty dollars, and in addition, paid to a third newspaper in said city the like sum of eighteen hundred and fifty dollars. And in some of the counties, in open violation of the law which confines the publication to one newspaper, and that having the largest circulation, he paid the like sum of six hundred dollars to a second, at the same time well knowing that for many (nearly all) of these newspapers, these laws were published in supplementary form in Annapolis at a cost not exceeding one hundred dollars for each newspaper; and the balance of the amount thus paid, these newspapers got for the mere supplementary form, thus taking out of the threasury the people's money to subsidize the press to deceive and betray the people, and help to fortify him and his confederate managers and "bosses" in power.

9. That the extraordinary fact is presented that, whilst the former Comptroller allowed payment for bounties for the fiscal year of 1877, of two thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars ($2,925) was for the fiscal year of 1877, of four thousand eight hundred dollars (4,800) he (Comptroller Keating) in the first year of his administration—1878—allowed twenty thousand and four dollars and sixteen cents ($20,004.16), for the second year—1879—eleven thousand and six hundred dollars ($11,600) and for the last year—1880—the enormous amount of sixty-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars ($69,575), although by act of 1868, chapter 235, authorizing these bounties, which in itself was an outrage upon the taxpayers of the State, all such claims were absolutely prohibited from payment, unless presented on or before the first day of September, 1868—more than twelve years ago.

10. That, in estimating the importance of the office of Comptroller, it is only necessary to consider the fact that he, in conjunction with the Governor and Treasurer of the State, constitute the Board of Public Works, which has absolute control of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, the fishery force, and the appointment of the tax and insurance commissioners. In view of the large and delicate powers intrusted to him and his associates, it is important to inquire how he has heretofore discharged the duties of his official trust as a member of said board, that we may more accurately judge of his firmness for their satisfactory fulfillment hereafter. We are not encouraged to believe that he would be a more watchful guardian of the public interests intrusted to his hands in the future, when we are reminded of a late important official action of his in combining with the treasurer to re-elect Arthur P. Gorman, in absolute defiance of the popular will, to the presidency of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, at a salary of six thousand dollars per annum, including traveling expenses, when said Gorman already held the most lucrative office within the gift of the people, that of United States Senator, with an annual salary of five thousand dollars.

11. That he is entirely identified with the "managers and bosses" of the State, and is their faithful ally; and that as a member of the Board of Public Works, he would give to "boss" management, with a treasurer in sympathy with him, complete control over the financial department of the State, the tax and insurance departments, the public works, including the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the fishery force. The two latter are now reduced, under this malign rule, to mere "machines" in political combinations—all of which, combined with their agencies and influences, men and money, constitute a bulwark for the "ring" in their power for evil, and which must be broken to secure good government for the State.

12. That he was, with the Governor, nominated in 1879 upon a platform of principles which promised reforms, and the Democracy of the State voted for him with the just expectation that the promises then made would be fulfilled; but it is with deep regret that we are obliged to say that he has been faithless to his trust. Having attained his position, he at once united with political conspirators against the people and their reasonable demands for retrenchment and reform.

In view of the facts herein stated, we, the undersigned delegates, appointed by and on behalf of the real Democracy of Baltimore City, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby solemnly protest against the nomination of Thomas J. Keating as the Democratic candidate for the office of Comptroller of the Treasury:

James Hodges, delegate at large.
First Ward—Henry G. Schroeder.
Second—J. B. Allens.
Third—Hugh Gifford.
Fourth—James B. Corhitt.
Fifth—James L. Mills.
Sixth—James J. Lacy.
Seventh—Dr. James E. Whiteford.
Eighth—Louis. C. Wilcox.
Ninth—S. B. Warren.
Tenth—Henry Selm.
Eleventh—Stephen Bonsal.
Twelfth—Joseph S. Heuisler.
Thirteenth—F. W. Germon, M. D.
Fourteenth—F. G. Connolly, M. D.
Fifteenth—Geo. W. Benson, M. D.
Sixteenth—A. M. Huster,
Seventeenth—S. C. Tall.
Eighteenth—William T. Philips.
Nineteenth—James R. Busy.
Twentieth—Louis McMurray.

What General Johnson Says.

At a largely attended mass meeting at Concordia Opera House, in Baltimore, on Friday night of last week, General Bradley T. Johnson, with other leading Democrats arraigned Comptroller Keating and the Democratic party as at present organized with great power and force. We are unable to lay before our people the entire speech but have condensed the leading features.

General Johnson said: "I speak to-night as a Democrat to Democrats. [illegible] party against the Democratic Bosses, for the Democratic people against the machine and lobby. The Bosses and the machine exist only in the belief of the ignorance, the corruption and the incapacity of the people. The Bosses and the machine believe that every man has his price. In 1867, the Democratic party obtained control of Maryland. The men who had been the camp-followers of the Union side, who had fattened on the waste of war, who had never breathed an honest aspiration for the Union nor struck a manly blow in its defense, sought at once places in the Democratic party. The practices they had learned in the places whence they came, by which to manipulate caucus and convention, registry list and ballot-box, were plied industriously with us, until at last the machine began to grow and develop. They made politics their trade. They made merchandise of public trusts and bought and sold public honor. At last emboldened by success, they have insolently arrogated to themselves the control of the party. The honors and trusts of the people are stolen by them. All over the State life-long Democrats are rising up and denouncing the pirates and wreckers. That old Roman, Judge Carmichael and John R. Brown, of Queen Anne's; Hardcastle, Hambleton and Lloyd of Talbot; the Dennises, of Somerset; Constable, of Cecil; Railey, of St. Mary's; Cox, of Charles; the Merricks, Wootten and Marshall, of Howard—everywhere the men who stood by the Democratic party in life-long devotion, who have given years of service to its cause are rising up and denouncing the abuses brought upon it by the Bosses, the managers and the lobby. The movement here in part represented is the matured, deliberate, well-considered effort of men all over Maryland to clean the Democratic party of the corruptions with which it has been smeared of late years. This is only the beginning of the effort. We intend to agitate and expose until the sentence of Maryland will be as that of New York or Philadelphia was before—the Bosses must go. Tweed went, and so did Conkling; John Kelly went, and so did McManes; Gorman and Colton and all their partners must go. Responsibility being to the Bosses and the lobby, and not to the people, as a necessary consequence the public interests are sacrificed and public right disregarded. Bribery, corruption, profligate expenses eat up the taxes. Look at the *last Legislature with its* 111 *members and its* 105 *officers, with its pay of members* $57,000, *and its pay of officers* $59,000, with its expenses legalized by an *appropriation bill of* $120,000, and its *actual, profligate, corrupt* and *illegal expenses* $208,000.

The policy of the sinking fund was devised by William Pitt. It is merely the application of the maxims of mercantile thrift to politics. When a man borrows money he seeks to pay it *by saving*. Now in 1868, the State passed a law authorizing the loan of $4,000,000 for fifteen years and the same law as required by the constitution levied the tax to save money enough to pay the debt in [illegible] This State has actually borrowed $4,516,750. There ought now to be in the sinking fund an amount approximating to $3,326,750. The taxes actually levied for the sinking fund by the constitution and actually paid into the treasury, amount to $1,995,269. In May last there were in the sinking fund $204,857; *missing* $1,790,410. The people have borrowed the money. They have paid the taxes every year to repay it. They have striven to pay *by saving*, and now, two years before the debt is due, $1,790,000 of their money is gone—spent. The people have saved, they have stinted, they have borne the burden of taxation for thirteen years and now they find that all their efforts are vain, and that their sweat and labor has vanished. *One million seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars which ought to be in the sinking fund not there!* I do say and I do charge that $1,790,000 have been paid by the people in taxes to meet their debts and that every dollar has been illegally and unconstitutionally expended. You will ask me "what is the remedy for all this? You surely do not want to turn the State over to the Republican party? And I answer: *I seek to save the State.* I seek to save the party by driving from control of it, its self-imposed masters. We can do this by defeating nominees put upon us as the creatures of the lobby. Delegations of power from the people are necessary, and it is immaterial whether [illegible] others, who will use them for the *public good.*"

Remember the Democratic promises of 1879, and the wanton and extravagant manner in which the peoples money was squandered, by the Legislature elected that year. A bill was introduced at the last session, to fix the number of employees of the two Houses at 39; and their compensation would have been $17,330, and it was of course defeated. At this same session, there were 105 employees and beneficiaries; at a cost of $59,276.00, or about $2,000 more than was required for the per diem and expenses of 111 members. Can Maryland afford the luxury of another Democratic Legislature.

The business affairs of our county have been so carefully, promptly and economically administered, during the past two years, that the great importance of electing a Republican Sheriff, County Commissioners and Surveyor must at once appear to every one. The Board of County Commissioners is an important body entrusted with large interests. Let every Republican bear this in mind and do everything in his power to continue a Republican Board.

Voters remember that the election of a Democratic Legislature means the continuance of Canal Rings, Tobacco Warehouse burdens, Oyster Navies, Prodiguous Legislative expenses, infamous political jobbing in public contracts, such as the Public Printing, State House Repairs, fraudulent elections, corrupt registration and all the evils under which our people are now groaning by reason of oppressive taxation.

Republicans stand up nobly to your county ticket. Roll un a rousing majority for the wounded soldiers who deserve all honor and sympathy. Remember the great importance of continuing the affairs of our county in the hands of a Republican Board of County Commissioners—and do not consent to "cut" a single man on the ticket.

Republicans, remember that the county commissioners appoint supervisors, constables and numerous county officers. Go to work to get out every Republican voter and secure the election of the Republican county board.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

GOLDEN SILENCES.

There is silence that saith, "Ah me!"
There is silence that nothing saith;
One the silence of life forlorn,
One the silence of death.
One is, and the other shall be.

One we know and have known for long,
One we know not, but we shall know,
All we who have ever been born;
Even so, be it so—
There is silence, despite a song.

Sowing day is a silent day,
Resting night is a silent night:
But whose reaps the ripened corn
Shall shout in his delight,
While silences vanish away.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

"AHEAD OF TIME."

"Now I'm going to show you why I struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

"I have a warm place in my heart for my native Vermont," she went on; "and knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not remain here instead of seeking a home and a profession for myself among strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject but there was no time to confess it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with a brisk "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage.

"This," pointing to a weather-beaten but still comfortable-looking house, "is the homestead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law expects us."

"How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily. "And, my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders, and peered with a microscope on your hands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly."

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law had described her—"like a very sad and troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I noticed her mournful eyes fill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, "you are as busy as ever, I suppose?"

"O, yes," our hostess replied; "there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?"

"I made a little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I snppose?"

The doctor's tone was somewhat crisp.

"I churned at four, and I have just so much when churning doesn't come washing-days; and, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is ready."

"Been washing, too?" my friend inquired.

"O, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that there was in the house."

"So you've made forty pounds of butter," said the doctor, "washed—and what else?"

"Not much else beside the regular work. I picked some beans for dinner and made a few pies; that's all!"

At this point my friend, much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon as we had driven away.

"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it now solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I can calculate the length of that woman's days within a fraction of time."

"I should think your brother wouldn't allow his wife to work so," I remarked.

"What does he know about it?" said the doctor. "He comes into the house for the three meals that are prepared for him, and when night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to the village and spends his evenings with his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves him. Sarah has an excellent reputation as wife and housekeeper all over the county. She has helped my brother to 'lay up'—in Vermont vernacular—several thousand dollars. It doesn't take a prophet to see that another wife will have the benefit of this one's toil; though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country she'll not have sense enough to be benefited by anything."

"If your sister-in-law would only have a servant," I suggested.

"A servant! Why, what a greenhorn you are!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife are strong enough to bear the linger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? It is far better, my dear, to work one's self to death than to be called lazy and shiftless and extravagant. If this were not the case they would not think they could afford a servant. My brother is dominated, soul and body, by the spirit of economy, and his wife is a reflection of himself. Here we are again," my friend continued, coming to a stop before the door of a more modern and more pretentious house. "My youngest sister lives here. It seems singular, doesn't it, that I have never introduced you to my relatives before? The truth is, you and I are only perplexities to these good people. We turn them out of their beaten tracks for awhile, with no other result than to add to their hard work and anxieties. Ten years ago my sister Anna was as healthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one of the family. I had some hopes that she would keep out of the treadmill, and, if she did marry a farmer and settle down here, that she would furnish an example of common sense to her neighbors; but she is just like the rest, worse, perhaps."

All this as the doctor hitched her horse, and we walked up the long graveled walk.

Sister Anna was scolding one of her children when we entered the house, and we were upon her before she had finished her loud-pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had such contrary youngsters as I have got!" she remarked, apologetically. "They do worry me so sometimes that it seems to me I should enjoy myself in my grave."

"Send a couple of them to me, Anna, whenever you feel like parting with them," said the doctor.

"I would in a minute if their father was willing," the lady replied. "I don't know how to bring up children," she added, "and if I did know how, I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer."

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it if I give it up?"

"Where is the pain, Anna, and how long have you had it?"

The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

"It is under my left shoulder-blade," her sister replied, "and I haven't breathed a long breath since last November. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute."

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side, and took her hand in hers.

"Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right;" said the invalid, doing her best to make light of the situation.

"How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired as she prepared some medicine.

"Only six this year."

"And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"How many cows have you?"

"Fourteen."

"And you make butter for market?"

Sister Anna smiled as she answered this question.

"I average about sixty pounds a week."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"About four o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Anywhere from ten to twelve;" and then, with a glance in my direction, "you see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't manage to do this they couldn't lay up anything, to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated, in [illegible] shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have hard coughing spells every morning, do you not?"

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world did you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. That I do know it is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find other places for his workmen, and some one must be found immediately to do your housework. You must go to bed every night at eight o'clock and remain in bed till after breakfast. You must have all sorts of nourishing food, and pork, and codfish must be eliminated from your bill of fare."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lips quivered painfully.

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you you may get well; if not, it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, or don't know what I am talking about, send for any reputable physician you please and ask him to tell the truth."

"O Mary! There isn't any way of doing the things you speak of. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer, and I have been trying harder than ever to make the ends lap over."

"Where is Clarke?" the doctor inquired.

"He's down at the creek, haying."

"I will drive down and have a talk with him right away," said my friend, making ready to leave.

"O! Mary! Don't you think there is nny other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arm and caressed her fondly.

"No other way, sis," she replied; "but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other places," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story; work, work, work without rest or change, from year's end to year's end. My mother killed herself by her attempts to get ahead of time. Two sisters have traveled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropping dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knew it was all wrong as soon as I knew anything, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried to get so far ahead of time and make things 'lap over' that she has abused and probably killed herself, besides criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has averaged over five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and muscle are forever in use! Every year I come up here and find things going from bad to worse among my relatives and most of my friends, and the horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will ever have the slightest effect."

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent. There is no mistaking such signs."

"How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to a good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-four."

Soon after this the doctor dropped me at my boarding-house.

"Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asks you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives you can say that she declined to live among criminals and suicides."

Five months after the above incident sister Anna died, and one year from that date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and "laying up" for a future which it is more than likely she never will enjoy.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.*

The Snake River Falls.

For two or three miles above Shoshone Falls the river flows through immense chasms, with walls on either side hundreds of feet high. The river is full of rapids for miles, the descent being so great. At the upper Shoshone Falls, known as Twin or Little Falls, the river is divided by an island, and the two streams rush over the precipice and fall into the pool 175 feet below. As viewed from the bluffs, hundreds of feet above, the sight is grand, and from below there is still more to admire and to awe the visitor. Some four or five miles down the river and we come to the great falls, where the entire river descends in one sheet 210 feet. We remember roaming around Niagara Falls, the rapids and other places of interest for several days once, and with all that there is to admire and excite our wonder, there is as much, if not more, to interest the visitor to this portion of Snake River, and should this place be connected by railway with the outside world this will become a great resort for travelers. Some thirty or forty miles down stream is Solomon Falls, extending quite a distance. The greatest of these falls is only about twenty feet, but the forms and the great number of the falls and cascades make it very beautiful. But a short distance above these falls is the most remarkable sight we have ever seen. In the high bluffs along the river there issue numerous great springs, the waters of which fall over the rocks and are lashed to silvery streams and spray in their descent. The first of [illegible] far form and falls over 250 feet. As seen from the opposite side of the river it is very beautiful. Further down the river it is a much grander sight. A stream of water equal to that of a small river pours out of the bank and falls over the rocks in silvery streams of almost every conceivable shape and form, while the spaces between are lined with green moss and shrubs, so that it presents an appearance of an immense grotto. These falls cover a space of over 100 feet in height and several hundred feet in width. Further down the stream for over one mile other similar springs issue, and each possesses its own features of beauty. Where this vast body of water comes from is a question that will probably never be solved. Lost River enters the Snake River Valley at a point up stream over 100 miles distant, and there sinks out of sight in the lava. Other streams along the western and northern borders of this vast lava plain for a distance of nearly 200 miles come in from the mountains and sink. These united streams would probably furnish as much water as pours out of these springs, but no single one of these streams would supply any of the larger springs, so it is only speculation to assume that the source of supply comes from any particular stream.—*Cor. Omaha Bee.*

Some Traits of the Monkey Tribe Decidedly Human.

A keeper in the Zoological Gardens, while kneeling on the floor of the cage, was suddenly attacked by a fierce baboon. A little American monkey, which was a warm friend of the keeper, lived in the same compartment with, and was dreadfully afraid of, the great baboon. But as soon as the poor little fellow saw his friend, the keeper, in peril he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon that the man was enabled to effect his escape, not, however, without having run great risk of losing his life, according to the opinion of the surgeon who attended him.

Monkeys have long memories, and some of them can inflict cruel punishment.

Mrs. Lee tells of having greatly annoyed one in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by tapping him on the hands for ill-treating one of his fellow-prisoners, and he never forgave her. Whenever he saw her on future occasions, or even when he heard her voice, he flew into a passion and rolled about in rage, in one instance seizing her gown through the bars of his cage and tearing a piece out of it, although it was of stout material.

Of another monkey, whose place of exile was in the West Indies, a cruel revenge is known. This individual, kept tied to a stake, was often robbed of his food by the crows. This was how he revenged himself. He lay quite still on the ground and pretended to be dead. By degrees the birds approached and repeated their thefts. The artful little fellow never stirred, but let the crows steal to their heart's content until he was sure of them. When he was sure that one was within reach of his fingers he made a grab at it and caught it. When he had got hold of the luckless bird, he sat down and deliberately plucked the feathers out of it, and then flung it toward its screaming comrades. —*Darwin.*

A Pickwickian Court Scene.

A scene scarcely surpassed by Dickens in his wildest humor occurred in a court at White Plains, New York, the other day, wherein one Mills, a lawyer, appeared for Miss Green and Hyatt for Mrs. Heilman. Plaintiff and defendant were formerly friends, but having had a falling out are now the bitterest of bitter enemies. A memorandum of her property being handed to Miss Green she crumpled it in her hand, exclaiming, "Yes, it is mine. That woman," pointing to Mrs. Heilman, "stole it from my room, and she stole a great many other things, and then stole a horse to cart them away."

Thereupon ensued the following scene:

"Stop her!" shouted Mrs. Heilman, rushing up to Miss Green. "Take that paper away from her!" and all three lawyers rushed upon the witness. "Take it away from her!" screamed Mrs. Heilman, "she will tear it up and swallow it in a minute."

"That's my paper!" screamed Mr. Mills.

"Hang to it!" shouted Hyatt.

"Get it away quick, Judge!" put in Mrs. Heilman.

Miss Green still held the paper rolled up in a wad in her right hand, looking defiantly at the lawyers and the defendant.

"Give that paper to the Court," Mr. Mills said.

"I shan't do it!" snarled Miss Green.

"Give it to me!" said the Justice.

"I won't!" was the reply.

"You must!" was the stern command of the Court.

The paper was delivered to the Court and then to Mr. Mills.

"I wish you would drop dead, like Ananias," Miss Green said, savagely, shaking her fan at Mrs. Heilman, who laughed scornfully.

Then Mr. Hyatt, the lawyer, got into a loud altercation with a witness named Murray, during which the witness challenged him to come outside and fight, and the lawyer answered that he would accommodate him after adjournment of court. This was succeeded by an exchange of compliments about Miss Green's age and her habits of life, and by her retorts on Mrs. Heilman, who replied, "O, you wretch, I could tear you in pieces."

"I shan't tell you any more," said Miss Green, firmly, after having been compelled to tell some of her residences. "It's nice business to entertain a court room with, isn't it, and in the presence of that woman," shaking her hand at Mrs. Heilman.

"Don't you call me 'that woman,'" shouted Mrs. Heilman.

"Order!" shouted the Court.

"I shan't tell any more," the witness persisted.

Hyatt—"Go ahead; the Court wants to know all about you."

Witness—"I won't answer any more questions."

The Court—"You must."

Witness—"I won't."

Mills—"I won't ask any more."

Another wraugle followed, and during the quarrel the Court, unable to stop the fuss, adjourned the hearing and all filed out. Hyatt looked up and down the street for Murray, saying he would set his dog on him if he found him and give him all the tight he wanted. Murray had vanished, however, and Hyatt soon disappeared. The Court said it was the worst case it ever attempted to try.

The Perfumes Used by the Egyptians.

The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendor, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays; corpses were anointed with aromatic essences; sherbets and sweetmeats were flavored with fine vegetable extracts; perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged. The ladies bathed in perfumed water, the men used scented oils for the hair, and both made use of red, yellow and green soap.

During great festivals incense was burned in all the streets, so that even the poorest might be regaled by the mere act of breathing. Nor was there any lack of narcotics. The mode of preparing opium, introduced from Syoot, in Upper Egypt, was well known, and the Sultan Beybars promulgated several edicts prohibiting the use of hasheesh, a stupefying and intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp. In spite of the Prophet's prohibition, the juice of the grape continued to be indulged in. Alcohol (as its name indicates) is an Arab discovery, and beer—the favorite beverage of the ancient Egyptians—was also brewed and drank under the Caliphs.

Many a jovial song in praise of wine was sung by Arab poets, and in early times many Arabs would by no means admit that the Prophet had forbidden its use. In an old MS. copy of Thalibi it is said, "The Prophet—may God bless him and accept him—permitted wine, and mercifully allows us to strengthen ourselves with it at our meals, and to lift the veil of our cares and sorrows."

Not Extraordinary.

The following story is told of a Scotch subaltern at Gibralter. He was one day on guard with another officer, who, unfortunately, fell down a precipice 400 feet and was killed. Non-military readers should understand that in the guard reports there is a small addendum—viz: "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting." The meaning of which is that, in case anything particular should occur, the officer commanding the guard is bound to mention it. Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident that had occurred to his brother officer, and, some hours after, the Brigade Major came to his quarters on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation. The Brigade Major, addressing him, said, "You say, sir, in your report, 'N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting;' your brother officer, on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice and been killed?" "Weel, sir," replied he, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in it ava; if he's fann doon a precipice four hundred feet and not been killed, I should hae thought it very extraordinary, indeed, and wad ha put it doon in ma repoort."

Interesting Facts Concerning the Great Cereal Producing States.

The census returns just issued, giving the cereal products of each State during 1880, make quite interesting, if rather solid reading. They show, in the first place, that the wheat crop of 1880 was sixty per cent. larger than that of 1870, the number of bushels produced being in round numbers 459,479,000 in 1880 and 287,745,000 in 1870—a difference of 171,734,000 bushels. Illinois, which stood at the head of the wheat producing States in 1870, retains the position in 1880, its contribution being 51,000,000 bushels against 30,000,000 in 1870, or more than one-tenth of the total production of the country in either year. Iowa, which stood second in 1870 with over 29,000,000 bushels, now stands sixth with 31,000,000 bushels, while the second place is occupied by Indiana with 47,000,000 bushels—the State which stood fourth in 1870 with 27,700,000 bushels. Ohio stands third now with 46,000,000 bushels, as it stood third with 28,000,000 bushels in 1870. Michigan is fourth now with 35,500,000 bushels, instead of eighth, with 16,000,000 bushels in 1870; while Wisconsin, which was fifth then with 24,375,000 bushels, is ninth now with 24,884,000, thus showing itself the most stationary of all the great Western wheat States. Minnesota holds the fifth place now instead of seventh in 1870, its production being 34,600,000 bushels in 1880—an increase over 1870 of nearly 18,000,000 bushels, or about 115 per cent. Pennsylvania, which in 1870 was sixth with over 19,500,000 bushels, is now tenth with a few thousand bushels less. California, which stood eighth in 1870, with 16,676,000 bushels, now stands seventh with 29,000,000 bushels, and Missouri, which stood ninth with 14,300,000 bushels, has also advanced one step, being eighth now with 25,000,000 bushels. Kansas, which was far down near the foot of the column in 1870 with a little over 2,000,000 bushels, now holds the eleventh place, with over 17,000,000 bushels; while Nebraska, which stood near Kansas then, stands next to her now with 14,000,000 bushels. New York stands thirteenth now with 11,600,000 bushels, instead of tenth in 1870, when it produced 12,200,000 bushels. The wheat States next in order now are: Kentucky, 11,356,000 bushels; Maryland, 8,000,000 bushels; Virginia, 7,800,000 bushels; Oregon, 7,500,000 bushels, and Tennessee, 7,300,000 bushels. Of the other States none produce more than 4,000,000 bushels. Of the cotton States, Georgia produces the most, namely, 3,159,000 bushels, Alabama being next with 1,529,000 bushels, and Louisiana winding up the rear with 5,000 bushels.

In the order of acreage devoted to wheat growing Illinois stands first as she does in the amount of wheat grown, but in every other of the leading wheat States there is more or less disparity between their positions in the order of the acreage planted with wheat and the order of the quantity of wheat produced. Comparing the number of acres devoted to wheat culture with the number of bushels of wheat obtained, it appears that Michigan has the most productive wheat soil, the average number of bushels yielded by an acre being nineteen and one-half, or fifty per cent. above the average of the entire country—that average being thirteen bushels. Indiana is next with an average of nineteen bushels, Ohio third with eighteen bushels, California, Illinois and New York make a tie for the fourth place with sixteen bushels, Maryland is fifth with fourteen bushels, Pennsylvania sixth with thirteen and one-half, Wisconsin seventh with thirteen, Missouri eighth with twelve, Minnesota ninth with eleven and one-third, Iowa tenth with ten and one-fifth, Kentucky eleventh with ten; while in Virginia the yield is only eight and two-third bushels, which, however, is better than the yield in Tennessee, where it is only a little over six bushels.

Of the Indian corn growing States, Illinois is also the chief, her product being 325,000,000 bushels in 1880. Iowa is second with 275,000,000 bushels, Missouri third with 203,000,000 bushels, Indiana fourth with 115,000,000 bushels, Ohio fifth with 112,000,000 bushels, Kansas sixth with 105,000,000 bushels, Kentucky seventh with 73,000,000 bushels, Nebraska eighth with 65,000,000, and Pennsylvania ninth with 46,000,000 bushels. The production of corn during the ten years between 1870 and 1880 increased from 760,000,000 bushels to 1,754,000,000 bushels, or fully 150 per cent. The average yield of an acre planted with corn is a fraction less than thirty bushels. Of the chief corn growing States, Iowa has the largest yield to the acre, the average being over forty bushels.—*New York Graphic.*

Don't Remember His Own Name.

A gentleman of this city tells the following anecdote of the late Dr. Spring, for many years of the Old Brick Church in New York City, for the accuracy of which he vouches: When the Doctor had reached a good old age and had become somewhat feeble, he was met by one of his old parishioners just as he was coming out of the New York post-office. "How do you do, Dr. Spring?" said the friend; "I am very glad to see you." "How do you do, ——?" replied the Doctor. "I am very well, and I am very thankful to have met you, for I have a letter in the postoffice, but I couldn't get it because I couldn't remember my own name. Now I can go in and get it."—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

—A poultry house may be easily freed from lice in the following manner: Take half a bushel of lime; put it into a barrel and slake it with water, so as to make a thick semi-liquid. Stir in one pound of sulphur and add four ounces of carbolic acid; then add water until it is of the consistence of thin paint. Take a common broom and splash this thoroughly over the whole house, walls, roof, floor (the floor should always be of earth) and roosting poles, until every portion is covered. Repeat this three times during the summer and just before winter. There will be no trouble with lice. At the same time the hens' legs may be well smeared with a mixture of linseed oil and kerosene, in equal parts, which will kill the lice that may be on the fowls.—*N. Y. Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Victor Hugo has given 10,000 francs to the Paris poor.

—It is said that women who travel in Egypt return to civilization confirmed smokers.

—At his death Washington was the richest President we ever had. He left an estate worth $800,000.

—The sum of money spent on ships or abroad by Americans traveling out of their own country this year is estimated at about two hundred millions of money.

—Theodore Stockman died amid filth and dirt and in absolute want in Toledo, O., recently, leaving $250,000, which he had accumulated by life-long miserly habits.

—Dr. Glenn the greatest wheat-grower in California, laments the fact that this year his crop will amount to only 100,000 sacks, 35,000 of which will be necessary for seed next year. His farm has 50,000 acres and the average crop is 400,000 sacks.

—A laborer in a Nevada hayfield recently threw his vest, in the pockets of which were some matches, down by a stack. A wagon was driven to the stack, one of the wheels struck the vest, ignited the matches and a fire ensued which destroyed three hundred tons of hay.

—The Emperor of Germany is not so strong as he was a year ago. He had to leave the field early one day, and the last day he did not mount his horse at all. Still, it is wonderful what he goes through, and the keen criticism which he passes on every detail of the maneuvers.

—The Romans hung coral beads on the cradles and around the necks of infants to preserve their teeth and save them from "the falling disease." It was considered by soothsayers as a charm against lightning, fire, etc. The coral bells are a more modern addition, the object being to frighten away the evil spirits.

—The late Czar's apartments in the Winter Palace remain in the same condition as on the day he was killed. His private papers which deal with business of the State are to be sent to the archive office, where they will be kept twenty years before being made public. His wardrobe will be distributed among the charitable institutions of which he was patron.

—No more decay after death now. A Berlin experimenter has produced an imitation stone coffin which is said to be air and water tight, and but a trifle heavier than the ordinary wooden article. It is claimed for the new coffins that they are durable, and can be furnished at a cost not exceeding that of wooden ones, and that the bodies placed in them will become mummified.

—General Henry A. Morrow, of the United States Army, was the first Recorder of Detroit, Mich., and a day or two ago he visited the Recorder's Court in that city and presented the present incumbent with the silver badge he wore on important occasions twenty-seven years ago, saying that in those days he had no commission, the badge being his only certificate of the judicial position he held.

—There are two gay old printers in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. One of them is seventy-nine and the other eighty, and the most of their lives has been spent at the "case," in the art preservative of all arts. A few days since they decided to go off on a little sociable excursion, and took a drive in company, the horse used on the occasion being twenty-five years old, the harness twenty years old and the buggy forty years.

—Of Indian railroad laborers, a Mexican letter to the Chicago *Times* says that they toil unceasingly, but accomplish little. On shoveling, it would take six of them to equal one white man. It is a new kind of work for the Indian, and strains his weakest part. The muscles of the arms are not developed. An Indian is strong in his back and legs, and when it comes to carrying a heavy load a white competitor is nowhere. Difficulty has been experienced in familiarizing the Indians with the wheelbarrow.

—Smuggling on the Russian-Polish frontiers is evidently a paying business, judging from the elaborate and expensive means resorted to. It was recently learned at Alexandrovo that the locomotive leaving that station for Warsaw had been converted into a smuggling vehicle. The furnace and boiler were emptied, and it was deliberately dismembered bit by bit until a secret compartment in its interior was discovered containing cigars and silk. The engineer's wonder and consternation were so obviously genuine that he was speedily released and permitted to return to his duties.

—The unusual drought in Florida has had the effect of drying up Sibley Lake to such an extent as to leave only a few slush spots here and there, and in these alligators sought refuge in large numbers, digging huge burrows into the ground. This has furnished great sport to the settlers in the neighborhood, who have gone in crowds to these spots and fished with line success for the enormous reptiles. The manner of catching them has been to thrust long rods with hooks at the end into one of the cavernous burrows and stir up the occupants. One of the alligators would snap at the rod, a jerk would fasten the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, and it would then be easy to draw the animal out and kill it with hatchets. It is not every year that such fishing can be enjoyed, even in Florida.

—The most important export of Iceland, next to codfish, is wool. Considering the amount of wool required to keep a sheep warm up here, says a writer, this is more of a temperature index than a sheep census. In Iceland the sheep are never shorn; the wool gets ripe and is pulled off quite easily, without causing the animal any pain. It may, in truth, be said that wool grows in Iceland. The annual export amounts to 1,300,000 pounds, and, though when it comes off the animal it is the dirtiest wool in the world, it goes to market the cleanest. Near Reykjarik there are a number of boiling springs, where all the household washing of the town is done. To this spring all the pinched wool is brought and washed in the steaming spring, then taken out and dried on the grass in the sun.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SHE ONLY TOLD WHAT SHE HAD HEARD.

Says Mrs. Brown,
Of Slandertown,
"It may, or may not be;
I only tell—
You know me well—
What folks have told to me.

"They say that Fife
And his young wife
Get on quite awful, dear;
They scold and fight
Both day and night—
Or that is what I hear.

"And who would think
That Smith should drink
The way he does, good Lord!
Or so they say;
My dear, I pray
You will not take my word.

"And there's Miss Burt,
The saucy flirt,
She's talked about; I've heard
Such frightful things,
It blushes brings
To tell them, 'pon my word.

"O dear, they say
The other day
That Rev. Dr. Bird
And Miss Montcalm
Went arm-in-arm
Down Broadway—so I heard."

Says Mrs. Jones,
In chilling tones,
"You have quick ears, my dear;
Just fill them full
With cotton wool;
You hear too much, I fear."

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Mayhap, stranger, you hev ben over the Pennsylvany Central Railroad. As you may say, I was born and brought up on that line, first as fireman, then engineer nigh on to twenty years. It's allers excitin' to run a machine, and wen I was a fireman I used to think it was better to be top of one of them splendid engines than to be President of the United States. The day they first put me on the footboard and I took the lever in my hand and knew it was my engine, I reekon I was tbe proudest man between Pittsburgh and Altoona. I kinder thought that everybody was goin' to be out, thet day, to see how the train made her run, and you kin bet all your specie that she went smack up to the minit, the whole 117 miles. But this kind of spirit wore off, after awhile, 'n I settled down into a sober stiddy goin' man; 'n they did say that I wor as safe 'u reliable a man as they hed in the business. I hev to say it, stranger, as there's nobody else to do it; elsewise you wouldn't know it.

I was turned twenty-three wen me and Mary was married. Twenty-eight years ago! You hev a wife, stranger? Hevn't got no wife! Well! mayhaps it's just as well! I hed Mary soue eight years, but it don't seem like no time, now. I left her there in the old Keystone State, her an' the boy. Sometimes I thiuk I'd like to go back agin, and see the place where they both lie, but I suppose I never shall. Don't seem as if I had the heart to do it. It wasn't in any church-yard, you know; but a little way up the mountain there was a green quiet spot among the trees, and they are tbere—not more'n 100 feet, say, above the track—and I often wonder if Charley doesn't still dream, when the New York express thunder by, that his old father is holding the throttle.

I put up a snug cabin by the side of the road when I had a small clearin', and between whiles I used to plaut my potatoes and things, enough to keep us going, and Mary had her garden. Mary allers took to flowers, as I used to tell her, jokin' like, 'cos she was one of the family. Then we had a cow, and Mary raised chickens.

Our little cabin was in among the mountains, a good ways from any other house, and I used to sometimes think that Mary must be lonely, with me away so much of the time. You see, I was allers out three nights in the week. I went up in the daytime, passing my house at noon, and down again that night, passing at midnight. But I was home two or three days in the week, and allers Sunday. The place where we lived was a wild region of country, and the storms we used to have up tbere, so high in the air, was fearful.

I didn't tell you anything about the boy? No! Well, do you know I took to him the very first moment. And that's a very curious thing about babies. Now, I never fancied 'em much, but I tell you, stranger, it makes all the difference in the world whether it's your baby or whether it belongs to somebody else. I've seen a great many of 'em in my time, and accordin' to their parents they was the most uncommon babies; but I could never see much of it. I used to laugh a good deal when people made such fools of themselves over their children, but I know exactly how it is now, for I suppose I was the greatest fool over my Charley as ever lived. Mary named him Charley. That was after me. Seems to me that boy took to a locomotive from the time he was six months old. His mother would sit out in front of the house, with him in her lap, when I was up at noon, and she'd kiss her hand and wave the baby at me. By the time he was three years old he'd got so that I used to take him up to ride with me. There was a water tank near the house, and when I stopped to water he was allers there, and I'd ketch him up'n carry 'im off ten or twenty miles, till I met another train, and some of the boys'd carry him back home. 'Twasn't long afore there was scarce a man on the road as didn't know Charley Latham's baby. They'd pick him up wherever they could find 'im, and sometimes he'd be gone nearly all day, but somebody'd set 'im down afore night,'n he'd come toddlin' home. Sometimes I'd think it's queer how the men used to take to that baby.

One of the first things Charley learned to say, when he was beginnin' to talk, was this: You see the men on the road used to call one another "Pard"—short for "Pardner." Charley he caught it, and he always called me "Pard." I don't think he ever called me father or papa, like other children do; but it was allers "Pard." "You and me is pards, isn't we?" he used to say. An' that's what we allers called one another, and he went by the name of "Charley Latham's pard" all over the road.

I'd be goin' by the house, on the noon train, an' leanin' out o' the cab watchin' for 'im, 'n he'd be out in front, with a white rag or something to wave at me and I'd see by the motion of his lips—I couldn't hear for the noise of the cars—that he was sayin' "You and me is pards, isn't we?"

As I was tellin', Sundays I laid off; 'n in the mornin', after breakfast, Mary would fill up a basket with some bread 'u butter 'n meat 'n things, and we three would go off into the mountains and stay all day. We used to do this every Sunday, and so Charley got to callin' it his pard's day. You see, he got a notion that it was the best day in the week 'cos I was allers home with him. I didn't never go to church much—it was a long ways, and then I thought Charley would get as much religion by going around in the woods and among the mountains, where tbe trees and leaves were so beautiful and the rocks so graud, as any other way. If they don't tell us that the Creator who made 'em all is powerful and good, too, there ain't no preacher can do it.

You went up to the top of Pike's Peak the other day. I've been there, too, 'n I'd like to know if a chap can go up there, among those awful precipices and gorges, and look over the country for one hundred miles and see the mountains around, and the plains 'way off in front that don't seem to have an end, and then look at hisself and say whether he does really amount to a row of pins. You see I never was any Christian, and never give Charley no sich trainin', and sometimes I think maybe I didn't do quite right right by him. But, Lord love you, stranger, when he went among the angels, I'm just certain there wasn't none of 'em had any cleaner soul 'an what he had.

There was a place, about three-quarters of a mile from our place, where we used to go a good deal Sundays, and Mary would read the Bible to us and sing. She was a good singer, Mary was. We used to call the place "Devil's Run." It was a sort of a creek, but didn't have no water in it, 'cept after a hard rain. It came down between two high mountains, where it was steep as could be. When a storm came up I've known it in half an hour to have six feet of water in it. An' then it would bring down big trunks of trees and great stones, roaring that way you could hear it for miles.

It's got its name because it was such an infernal place. Often I've been woke up at night by a heavy shower, and I'd hear Devil's Run howling as though it would tear everything to pieces. There couldn't be no worse place fixed for the road, if they had hunted the whole country through, than right there. There was a sharp curve, and on the outside of it was a straight-up-and-down precipice for hundreds of feet, so that if a train went off it would be smashed into kindlin' wood and ten-penny nails. Devil's Run went underneath the track, near the point of the curve, through a barrel culvert, and once there came on a hard storm, 'n the trees 'n stone, and so on, chocked up the culvert, which wasn't large enough, 'n the water dammed up and rose, till by 'n by the whole embankment gave way, and twenty feet of the road went rippin' down the mountain. They found out the break before any accident happened, and the culvert was rebuilt, a good deal larger than before. But that place the whole road was afeared of.

As I was a tellin', if it hadn't been such a wicked place Devil's Run was the prettiest one on the whole mountain. The bed of the stream was deep down, 'n full of ferns and grasses that Mary was allers gatherin', and we could set there in the hottest day 'n the sun could never find his way through the trees overhead.

As I was tellin', Charley was born to be an engineer. By the time he had got to be six years old he knew the name of nigh all the parts of a machine. He'd learned all the signals that was used on the road. He knew that a red flag or a red light meant danger. That a lantern, at night, swung backward 'n forward, slowly, across the track would bring a train up, all standin'. All that sort o' thing he'd jest picked up hisself. He knew the sound of every whistle and bell on the road, 'n could tell what engine they belonged to, and I believe he knew the tread of No. 29 whenever she went by, night or day. No. 29, that was my iagine, I run her about three years, and there wasn't nothin' in God's world I couldn't git out of her wen she was in a good humor. We sort o' understood one another, and she hardly ever went back on me. Once in a while she did, and then she was a perfect cuss.

Yes! he was seven that winter. Just seven years old a few days before Christmas. After Charley got a year or two old I allers made much of Christmas. Mostly I contrived to lay off that day so as to be home with my little pard. Some of the boys was allers ready 'n willin' to take my run that day—them as didn't have no wives or children. They'd come and say: "Now, Latham, there's your little pard, he'll be a wantin' of you to-morrow, which is Christmas. So I'll jest take your run down. An' this 'ere basket, why, the boys, you know, they ses, we ain't got no chick nor child, and we'll send this along to Latham's little Charley."

The first time they did that I was took back that way I stood and gaped, a lookin' around like a natural, and couldn't say a word. And the things they used to send Charley was astonishin'; toys and so on. Why, one Christmas they sent 'im a real silver mug. O! stranger, them days was such times as I've never hed since. There wasn't no other children around for Charley to play with, but me 'n his mother was all he seemed to care for, 'n we'd carry on together all day just as if none of us was more'n seven years old.

Charley hed a little room by hisself, where he slept, which had a window that looked down the track. I gave him a railroad lantern, which he trimmed and filled hisself after I showed him how, 'n when it was my night down he'd light his lantern 'n put it in the window at the head of his bed. I could see it a long way before I got to the house, 'n you don't know, stranger, what comfort it was wen I was a comin' down to see that light and know that my little boy was lyin' there fast asleep and dreamin' that the roar of the train was the footsteps of his old pard flyiag at forty mile an hour.

It was my run down Thanksgiving eve. I was goin' to stop off in the mornin', and Bill Walker was to take my train goin' back. We started from Altoona late in the evening and a good deal behind. It had been a bad day. The weather had been warm for some time back, and it began to rain in the mornin' and had rained all day. By night the wind chopped around to the north 'n began to turn cold, so that wen we started it was rainin' and sleetin' with an outlook for a heavy storm. A darker night I never saw, 'n wen the conductor pulled the bell I sez to my fireman, "Crazy, this is goin' to be an ugly run." My fireman was a crazy, harum-scarum sort of a boy, and so they had nick-named him "Crazy Jake." But they soon dropped the Jake 'n left him Crazy, and that's the name he allers went by. So he sez to me, "Boss! I guess your'e right there." Crazy was one o' them boys thet's often in desperate tight places, but I never known 'im wns afeard o' nothin'. I've never seen 'im to show the white feather. I don't believe man or devil could scare 'im, but this night he seemed to be uneasy like.

Sometimes there's something makes you think beforehand that something is goin' to happen—a kind of—of—presentiment? Yes! that's it. Presentiment. You can't tell exactly how it is, but if there is speerits in accidents or disasters, seems like they was tryin' some way to let folks know in time, and couldn't quite do it. Everything seemed to go wrong with us that night. The passengers was all a-growlin' cos we hurried 'em up at supper; and when I pulled out my machine hed the very old boy in her. No. 29, as I was tellin' ye, was one of the surest engines on the road, but when she did git into her didos she was more obstreperous 'n a government mule. Iagines is like these sewin' machines or pianners, and them things. They git out o' kilter without no reason, and yer can't tell w'at's the matter with 'em, only they jest won't and that's all there is about it. She wouldn't steam, she fretted and snorted and foamed, and wouldn't do her work no ways at all. Me and Crazy fussed with her, and worked with her, and coaxed and cussed her, but it wasn't no use. We kept runnin' behind all the time instead of makin' up, 'u the conductor swore like a pirate. He was a engineer hisself, and he came out into the cab and for five or ten mile he fussed and worked and coaxed and cussed. I believe that ingine knew just as well that Satan was out loose that night as if she'd been a real human. Ingines is like women—they can't tell you why a thing is so, and can't give no reason for it, but they jest know it is so.

Mebbe we'd made thirty mile or sich matter. The rain and sleet and hail and snow was comin' down fearful. The water was pourin' down the mountains and fillin' the ditches and runnin' much as you saw it last night. The wind was blowin' a tornado, and came tearin' through the passes—gulches they call 'em in this country—in gusts that would strike the locomotive like a big wave striking a ship, and almost throw her over. It was so dark, too, that I couldn't hev seen Crazy on the other side of the cab but for the lantern, and wen he opened the furnace door. But I had to get along all I could. It wouldn't do to slow up, as I was runuin' for a meetin' point.

Just before you get to the curve at Devil's Run there's a short stretch of straight track. Soon as I struck that I began to look for the light in Charley's window, which was the other side of the run. Strainin' my eyes through the dark just at the point of the curve I saw a light swinging backward and forward slowly across the track. You know I was a-tellin' you as everything went crooked that night. Soon as I saw that light I knew what it all was in a minit. It came on me with a rush, like. My hair stood on end. I blew brakes. I screams to the fireman, "Crazy! Devil's Run culvert is gone, by the livin' God!" He jumped 'n set the tender brakes, and slid the wheels in a flash. The brakeman behind didn't answer. They was dozin' in the ears, I reekon. I blew brakes agin with a blast to wake the dead, and threw her over. The drivers grouud and groaued under me, but the rails were sleety and slippery, and I was forging ahead to a gulf 500 feet square down and 150 lives behind me. I was tellin' ye as No. 29 that night was dead square agin goin' ahead; but w'en I threw her back seems like she knew her biz and how much laid on her doin' of it well. Women, agin, is engiues. Crabbed, crooked, cantankerous cusses w'eu they don't want to, but where it's works of goodness or mercy, call on 'em and they're right there. No. 29 took hold on that reverse with a grit I never seen in no engine afore. She put all there was in her into every turn, and the whole affair took less time than I'm a-tellin' of it till the danger was by.

When we stopped within twenty feet of the light, which was swingin' still, backward and forward, slowly across the track, I sez to Crazy, "Who's got that lantern?" Knew it couldn't be the trackman, for we'd just met him twenty miles below, and 'cept him there was nobody nearer'n ten miles at that time of night. So I gits down from the machine and runs up the road. As I comes up I see's a little figure in white. It was still a-swingin' of the light backwards and forwards slowly across the track. He was in his nightgown, just as he got out of bed, hadn't no hat and was barefoot. The sleet had froze in his hair and his nightgown was stiff with ice. I comes up to 'im—well, I was took that way I couldn't speak. An' he kep' swingin' the light backwards and forwards slowly across the track, and he sez to me, he sez, "You and me's pards, isn't we?" I looks at 'im a minit. His eyes was open and looked queer. He was dead fast asleep. Crazy ketched me or I'd gone over, which it were my legs seemed weak like. Then I sits down on the rail and Crazy picks up the child, 'n huggin' of 'im up busted right out a-cryin', he did.

The conductor and some of the men got out of the cars and come where we was. It was sleetin' still, 'n' growin' bitter cold. The boys carried the baby into the baggage car, where there was a stove, and took off his night clothes and wrapped 'im up in blankets and great coats. There was a doctor on the train, and he sez if we kin git 'im back to bed without wakin' of him up p'raps it wouldn't hurt 'im; but if he was to wake what with the wet 'u' the cold 'n' the fright, like as not it might kill 'im. So the boys takes 'im up to carry 'im to the house, and I followed along, but I couldn't hev carried a kitten. The doctor he tells 'em to be keerful and not wake 'm, for it was as much as his life was worth. So Crazy takes 'im and two of 'em hold a blanket over 'im to keep the sleet off, 'n' one goes ahead with a lantern, and two or three more about with lanterns, so's to light the way. W'en we got to the break it was just as I expected. Track, culvert, everything gone, clean as you could cut it with a knife. The water was pitchin' down the run six feet deep carryin' big rocks and boulders that bounced and bumped from side to side and up into the air, clear out of the water. It was awful to look at. How the child got over the gap, which was at least twenty feet wide, I don't know. A tree hed come down and lodged crossways, and I suppose he must have gone over on that. W'en we came to it we was most afraid to try it, for if you slipped off the log it was all day with you. I didn't like to trust the boys, and I sez to Jake, "Crazy, you won't drop the baby, will you?" He points down into the break, and sez, "Latham, we'd all been down there, every mother's son of us, but for your little pard. I'd drop my soul first."

Well! We got 'im home safe at last. Mary was asleep when we got to the house, and was scared as bad as me when she beard what was up. We put 'im back in his bed, and sure enough he never waked up. Next mornin' they threw a trestle over the break and the train was runnin' agin. But the doctor stayed with us. Just out of his own head, you know, but he seemed anxious. Seemed as though he took to the child. Don't wonder at that, neither. Most everybody did.

I watched by 'im all that night, and toward day I got out all his old Christmas things and set 'em on to a table near the bed, where he could see 'em the first thing. But a fever came on 'im, 'n' wen he woke up he was out of his head. He speaks to 'im and ses, "How goes it, pard?" But he didn't know me. That was Thanksgiving Day, you know, 'n' I sat there by him, hopin' every mint as he might come round, so I could give 'im his things and we could hev our holiday jest as we used to do. But he kep' gettin' worse from hour to hour.

He was sick jest a week and wanderin' and wild from first to last. I stayed with 'im all the time, for I hadn't wits enough left to handle a machine, and the boys sent word not to bother myself about business 'n' they'd see me through. So, between 'em they did my duty and No. 29 went up and down in her rig'lar runs jest as if I was at the lever. You know I was tellin' about the water-tank near the house. It didn't use to be used much, but that week it seemed as though there wasn't a train either way that didn't get out o' water just there, and some of 'em would come over to see about the boy. And their wives kept sendin' nice things—and they were poor people, too. You see, somehow it traveled about as fast as what little Pard had done, steppin' the train that night, 'n' he sich a mite of a child. An' it got into the newspapers, and the president of the road came to see 'im and all that. But he just went on from day to day, for death struck 'im from the first moment as he stood there in the winter rain.

From his talking while he was delirious we found out pretty much all how it was. I reckon he heard the storm in his sleep and the roarin' of the run and that set him to dreamin'. Of course he knew it was my night, 'n I had often told 'im what a bad place it was and what to do if anything happened—never thinking that he'd go to doin' of it hisself. But he gits up in his sleep, takes his lantern and goes out to meet me. I'd be a sittin' there watchin' of 'im by his bed, 'n he'd begin first, jest kind o' mutterin', and I'd hear him say, softly like, as ef he was talkin' to hisself:

"Pard's due at the run in twenty minits. I kin get there in time."

'Pears like it was all goin' through his mind agin and he was doin' over jest what he did that night. We could tell wen he got to the place where the road broke, for he ses, "Kin I git over on that log? Ef I don't my pard 'll be killed."

Then seemed as though he was goin' down to the curve where we found him. An' he'd shiver like, as ef the cold rain was strikin' 'im.

You see we could mostly foller 'im by watchin' 'im and ketchin' what he said. Once or twice he shook right hard, and his teeth chattered. We thought it was the cold he was feelin' agin as he felt it out there in the night with nothin' on 'im. Then he keeps still awhile like he was a waitin' and listenin' for the train, and you'd see 'im hold his breath fearin' he couldn't ketch the sound. Pretty soon he speaks agin, gently like, and sez:

"Kin he see the light in time?"

'N he waits a bit. Next he jumps right up in bed on his knees and screams out at the top of his voice:

"Stop her, Pard! Stop 29!"

Stranger, I've seen frightful things in my time, but I never see anything se awful as that was. Pale and wild, with the fever on 'im, that mere baby was tryin' to make me hear, and the wind howlin' and the train roarin' the way it was. An' we'd try to keep 'im still 'n his mother could coax him, and I'd try to quiet him 'n he'd scream agin:

"Culvert's gone! Stop her, Pard!"

An' I'd take 'im in my arms 'n he'd be all of a quiver. Then it seemed like he heerd me whistle, for he sez:

"All right! he's blowin' brakes."

An' I puts 'im back in bed and he lays still a minit like be was listenin', and sez:

"He's a reversin' of 29, he is! My pard—pard's safe."

Then he'd shut his eyes and drop off, and smile in his sleep, like he was satisfied. By-and-by he'd begin and go all over it agin, and so, day after day, allers the same. He seemed to hev it in his mind all the time.

The doctor, you know, him I was a tellin' about; well he stopped off that night and staid with us the whole week and nursed baby like he was his own. 'N wen it was all over I thought it was right, 'n I sez to 'im, "Doctor! can I pay you?" "No!" ses he. "Latham, you can't. His life saved mine. 'N besides that, Latham," 'n he filled up like, "besides that, Latham, I've got one jest his age. There ain't nothin' you kin give me but that little curl on his forehead." So Mary takes the scissors and cuts it off. He kissed it 'n put it in his pocket 'n went away.

On the night of the break at Devil's Run, w'en I got off the machine to see what was the matter, I pulled out my watch and it was twelve o'clock and three minits. It was exactly a week after that I took out my watch and it was twelve o'clock and three minits. Some of the neighbors had come around in the mountains, 'n' a minister from a village about fifteen miles off. I didn't give no attention to nothin', for I was stunned like and didn't know how it all was. I was sittin' in front of the house on a large stone where Charley used to sit and wait for me w'en I was coming by, and I heered a whistle. An' I see a train. It stopped near where I was. The locomotive was No. 29. The boys had her dressed in mournin'. Bill Walker was runnin' her and Crazy was firin'. There was three coaches filled with the boys and their wives and children. They was in their best clothes, 'n' when they came by where I was sittin'—they all knew it was little Charley's place—the men took off their hats and the women had their handkerchiefs to their faces. I allers knowed they was very fond of him, but it seemed as though they had lost an only child. There was six little boys, all the same size, and they took 'im up, and we all followed up the side of the mountain. It was a mild day, and the sun shinin' bright. We crossed Devil's Run and came to a place of level ground where there were some large pine trees. It was just over the cliff, a little ways from the road, say a hundred feet, and in plain sight of where he stood wavin' his lantern backward and forward slowly across the track when he said, "You and me's pards, isn't we?"

After all, it was harder on Mary than on me. In three months' time I took her there, too. I stayed on the line a while after that, but I couldn't never go back to my house agin, and whenever I was goin' by and saw those two heaps of fresh earth it worked on me so I couldn't stand it.

As I was tellin', I sometimes think I'd like to go back there and see the place once more, but seems as if I was afeered. I don't believe in ghosts, but on a dark night I'd see my little Charley wavin' his light as he did that night when it cost him his life.

The Cypress Groves of the City of Mexico.

The following interesting sketch of the famous trees of *Taxodium distichum* is from the pen of Moses Thatcher, in the *Contributor*, of Salt Lake City:

"For quiet repose and peaceful meditation the cypress groves of Chapultepec afford, perhaps, the most attractive features of any spot near the city. The castle, located on the abrupt rocky hill, is quite massive and imposing. It has recently undergone many improvements of a desirable character, which add much to the beauty of the place. Here is the National Observatory, a position well chosen, healthy and beautiful, while affording the most attractive view of the surrounding country.

"Between it and the end of the Passeo, leading to the capital, stands a monument of gray sandstone, recently cadets, who, refusing to retreat, fell in battle, September 12, 1847, when our countrymen, under General Scott, gained the victory which led to the surrender of the capital a few days later. There are in the park probably not less than 1,000 fine cypress, whose planting by the Toltecs (Nephites) antedates, perhaps, many centuries, the rise of the Aztec Empire. Some of these are nearly fifty feet in circumference, and from 100 to 125 feet in hight, with huge limbs extending all around to a great distance, and being always clad with dry, bronzed and fresh green leaves, mingling with drooping silvery mosses, form the most enchanting bowers imaginable. The arrangement of these trees is in groves and double rows, sometimes crossing at right angles and affording splendidly shaded narrow avenues. An exceedingly fine spring of pure water gushes from the rocks of the south side of the hill. Three hundred and seventy years ago the waters of the spring were conveyed by the Aztecs to the city, through an aqueduct of masonry constructed for that purpose. A portion is now forced with a steam pump for use in the gardens of the palace above, while the remainder still flows to the capital."

Two Noblemen.

Among the passengers of the steamer Scythia, on which I returned from Europe, was an English Earl, a quiet gentleman, in no way remarkable or interesting, who comes to our country almost yearly to hunt in the West. The obsequious homage of the captain and officers of the ship in the presence of the little great man, and the painful, cringing deference of the stewards were almost as disgusting as was the ineffable silliness of two American women, who became oblivious of the commonest rules of good breeding in their raptures over a live Earl. There was another gentleman among the passengers, a nobleman in the highest sense, but untitled, and of the people—Samuel Morley, member of Parliament, a grand man, a philanthropist, finding his happiness in work for the race. His charities are unbounded, his contributions to the temperance work of England alone amounting in some years to $25,000. But while officers and stewards gave to him, as to all the passengers, the most courteous attention, there was in their manner an utter lack of the fawning and self-effacement so conspicuous in their behavior toward the Earl. One was an hereditary nobleman, by birth—the other, every inch a nobleman, without a title—and this made the difference.—*Mary A. Livermore, in the Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—In a "plug" of "natural leaf" chewing tobacco may be found licorice, oils, molasses, glucose and slippery elm bark. The component parts of a chew of unnatural leaf cannot be contemplated with composure.—*Hartford Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The pastor of the Universalist Church in Bromfield, Maine, is Miss Annette G. Waltz.

—The late John Magoe, Jr., Watkins, N. Y., left $50,000 with which to build five Protestant Episcopal churches. The first was recently completed at Antrim, a flourishing mining town in Tioga County.

—The number of students at the Vienna University is now 3,457, exclusive of 594 unattached students, or considerably more than at the German Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. Thirty-five are Americans.

—Mary E. Allen, M. D., has been appointed Professor of Physiology and Hygiene, and resident physician at Vassar College. Dr. Allen is a talented young Philadelphia Quakeress, a graduate of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, class of 1876.

—At the meeting of the Methodist Conference in London, James Calvert, of Fiji, said that the greatest blot of the Fijians was their cannibalism. One of the natives stated that he had feasted on 872 different persons, and six or seven of the missionaries were eaten when they first commenced their labors in Fiji.

—A church is not to measure its success by the accretion of new members, says the *Christian Union*. That church is most successful which cultivates most assiduously the holiness of its individual members. We call a church strong as it counts its members by hundreds and its wealth by millions. Christ calls it strong as it is strong in faith and rich in good works.

—The first official Sunday-school census in the United States is now being taken by the Government. Circulars containing questions are sent to every Superintendent. These cover the number of teachers and children, the ages of scholars, the number, value and character of books in libraries, the property owned, the money collected and the increase in attendance since 1870.

—The rector of the Episcopal church in Shrewsbury, N. J., reads from a Bible which was printed in 1717, and presented to the church about 1752. The church was founded in 1702. The spire is surmounted by an iron crown of George III., which the soldiers in the Revolution amused themselves with shooting at, as may be seen by the bullet holes in the wooden ball below.

—The President of Amherst College has offered to the students the privilege of selecting representatives in whose hands will be left certain matters of college administration now undertaken by the faculty. This body will probably be composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, with a member of the faculty as presiding officer, if the classes accept the proposal, which seems doubtful.

—The Baptist ministers in Germany complain that the Government has, during the last year, carried out a reactionary policy against them. Mr. Jahr, at Frankfort, has been fined for speaking at the grave of a deceased member. His Sunday-school has been prohibited because it meets at private houses, and teachers and persons who open their houses to Sunday-schools have been threatened with fine if they disregard the prohibition. The Church is trying to secure the protection of a regular house of worship of its own.

—It is always a fall election for the defeated candidate.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Advice from the Greek: "Know thyself" is good advice. And to find out all about yourself in the shortest time get nominated for office.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—They asked him if he was the best man at the wedding. "No," he said: "I don't know as I was the best, but bejabers I was as good as any of 'em!"—*Boston Post.*

—Fashion has decreed that the blonde takes the front seat this season. As soon as the brunette finds out that she is unfashionable she will be willing to dye.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The Chinese Government is going to build some railroads, and soon will be heard in the land the voice of the Celestial brakeman, "Hoop-pee! Yang-tze-kian junction! Tlainee stoppee ten minutes eatee and dliukee!"—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—"I remember," said Brewer, "I remember two young men who used to board at my house—they are both dead now." The crowd broke into a meaning smile, and Brewer wondered why they didn't wait for the funny part of the story to come.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Bread is the staff of music as well as life; for do not the scales of notes start off on dough?—*Webster Times.* They do.—*Cambridge Tribune.* La, me! is not this fa fetched.—*Elevated Railway Journal.* Not a bit of it. Bread has to start off on dough before it can rise. Si?—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—"Would you like to see the paper?" asked a lymphatic looking gentleman at the hotel, after he had kept the sheet for nearly an hour. "Would you like to see the paper? There's nothing in it." "Seems to me," replied Fogg, somewhat ill-humoredly, perhaps, "you waste a good deal of time over nothing."—*Boston Transcript.*

Heat Without Fire.

A machine has been invented in Boston for generating heat without fire. It is simply an iron cylinder about a foot long and a foot in diameter. The bottom of the cylinder is a hardened plate upon which another plate of the same diameter turns, the pressure being regulated by a screw, according to the power that is to be applied and the amount of heat desired. All of the space not taken up by the wheel and shaft is filled with water. As soon as the wheel is set in motion the water is brought up to a high temperature and the cylinder becomes a stove, which radiates heat from the whole of its exterior surface. Of course this machine can only be used in buildings where there is steam-power that can be availed of to run the friction wheel. There is entire security against accidents by fire, which is a strong point in favor of the friction heater.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1881.

Republican State Ticket.

For Comptroller of the Treasury,
THOMAS GORSUCH.

Republican County Ticket

For the State Senate,
GEORGE W. WILSON.
For House of Delegates,
SAMUEL J. BEACHEY,
HOWARD M. KEMP.
For County Commissioners,
S. L. TOWNSHEND,
ELI McMILLEN,
THOMAS B. WILEY.
For Sheriff,
W. S. PEW.
For Surveyor,
JOHN HARNED.

REPUBLICANS !

REMEMBER GARFIELD!

Republican Meetings will be held as follows:

ALTAMONT, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7 P. M.

OAKLAND, Monday, Nov. 7, at 7 P. M.

ELOQUENT SPEAKERS

will address these meetings. Let all who can, attend these meetings, and hear the issues of the campaign ably discussed.

By order State Central Committee for Garrett County.

H. W. COMBS,
Chairman.

Platform of the Democratic ticket.

With cool impertinence the Democrats admit that they did not perform their promises made to the people in 1879 and ask to be placed in power again and given another trial. But the people have grown wiser by their experience and will not again trust them.

Col. Veitch informs us that his connection with the Boards of County Commissioners from 1873 to 1879, as attorney, was merely advisory, and that he had nothing to do with the business transactions of the Boards except in giving advice on questions of law when called upon for such advice.

Those who wish to reward faithful soldiers, who bear honorable marks of their devotion to ther country, and who will make honest and faithful officers, should see that the names of George W. Wilson and W. S. Pew occupy their proper places on their tickets, and are brought through with handsome majorities.

Let every Republican show his attachment to his party by voting the whole ticket, as by so doing he will not only endorse those who think alike with him on political subjects, but will aid in putting competent men in office who will faithfully and conscientiously perform the duties assigned them to the prosperity of the community.

The *Democrat* says: "Vote for Getty, because he will grace the Senate chamber," and then in another place it actually blossoms out into poetry and says:

> "Vote for Hon. Wm. R. Getty
> He is honest and true and pretty."

Well, yes, if you want to vote for a man to *grace* the Senate chamber only, for a man who never took any interest in the material good of the people, a man to draw his salary, and vote with the ring to squander the people's money on broken down political hacks, you ought to vote for Getty. But if you want a man to look carefully after the interest of the tax-payers in Garrett county, who will make himself useful in the Senate chamber and not purely ornamental, you had better vote for Wilson.

The *Democrat* says: "Compare the two men," We say compare their records and their work. "By their works ye shall know them."

To the Voters. of Maryland.

The questions which you are called upon to decide by your voters on Tuesday next affect at once the financial credit and welfare of our State, the taxation of yourselves and your fellow citizens, your franchise as freemen, and the fair fame and reputation of our State among her sister States.

All agree that there are gross abuses in the administration of the government of our State clamoring for prompt redress. That fact is proclaimed by all the recent State Conventions of the Democratic party, quite as clearly as by those of the Republican party, and asserted quite as positively by Democratic speakers as by Republican.

Democratic witnesses testify that the State is burdened with the support of useless officers, and with the payment of extravagant salaries; that gross neglect of officials has diminished the State's resources, and unwarranted, illegal and unconstitutional disbursements have squandered its assets; and far worse than all this the same class of witnesses declare, with equal emphasis, in open public meetings, that deliberate, premeditated, systematic repeating and fraud has stuffed the ballot box with illegal votes, has robbed citizens of the franchise of freemen, and the highest offices in the government of our State have been filled with men who were counted into positions to which they were never elected by the people.

Will you voters look for the remedy for these admitted wrongs to the Democratic party or to the Republican? In the success of which party is there reasonable hope that these wrongs will be redressed and honesty take the place of fraud and corruption?

In answering these questions conscientiously for yourselves at the ballot box, as your duty, interests and honor require, remember that for fourteen years the Democratic party has had absolute control of all the branches of the government of our State; of all its institutions; of all the machinery of the elections; of all the agencies by which its operations are conducted. What laws the Democratic party saw fit to pass have been passed; what laws the Democratic party saw fit to repeal have been repealed; what offices the Democratic party saw fit to create or continue, or discontinue, have been created, or continued or discontinued; what amount of money the Democratic party saw fit to disburse has been disbursed, and in such manner as it dictated; and in what manner can law to have elections (?) conducted so they have been conducted. Every abuse complained of has been created or permitted to continue by the Democratic party, when it had full power at any moment to stop it.

Where is the ground then for confidence or expectation that we have any hope of relief from the election of the Democratic candidates! Is it possible for promises to be made fairer or more solemn than the pledges of the Democratic platform and of Democratic speakers two years ago? And to-day everybody admits that not one of those pledges was redeemed. "The people were deceived by false promises, and their confidence betrayed." Will you be deceived and betrayed again? Do not let yourselves be deceived by the pretense that the betrayal was by "the Ring," and you may safely trust the Democratic party. "The Ring" that makes the nominations controls the nominees when elected. Is not the candidate who hends the Democratic ticket throughout the State at once the high priest and the willing servant of "the Ring?" And are not the legislative candidates, almost without exception, from Garrett to Worcester, subservient tools of "the Rings" whose nominations were dictated by "the Ring?" Can you then—can human ingenuity—devise a way by which you can vote the Democratic ticket, and not vote to sustain "the Ring," with all its frauds, corruption, and violation of pledges? The two are inseparable. As a political organism they are identical and the same. If you vote the Democratic ticket you record your approval of "the Ring," its acts and methods; you record your approval of the disbursement of the public money "without warrant of law, and in violation of law;" your approval of the repeal of laws designed to prevent the plunder of the treasury; your approval of subsidizing the press and its reporters from the treasury of the State; your approval of the appointment of unfit Registers of Voters, by whom, in violation of law and of official oath, thousands of voters are disfranchised, and in the city of Baltimore alone more than 25,000 fictitious names, and names of dead men are carried upon the registry as a fraud reserve wherewith to stifle the voice of the people, and hold the free men of the counties in absolute subjection to "the Ring," manipulating this fictitious vote. There is no escape from the dilemma. Every vote for the Democratic ticket is a vote for "the Ring;" and every one who would subvert its dominion, and secure an honest and able administration of public affairs, a true registration, a fair ballot and an honest count, should refuse to vote for the nominees whom "the Ring" has presented, and vote for the worthy men whose names are upon the Republican ticket.

Will you not do it? Will you not give the 8th of November to the protection of your interests and rights as citizens, and the protection of our free institutions, by attending at the polls and guarding them against fraud and violence, and inducing every voter to exercise his elective franchise, and seeing that he has full freedom in doing so? Your country asks, and has a right to ask, this of all her worthy sons.

With tireless assiduity the *Democrat* persists in reiterating the absurd claim that the Democratic party has contributed in a measure to the purification of our civil service.

In its issue of the 22d of November, it asserts that this has been effected by the criticisms of Democrats and Independents and by the legislation of a Democratic Congress. To what particular acts of legislation the *Democrat* refers we cannot conjecture as that body was never in a position to pass laws objectionable to the Republicans; besides it is notorious that the Democratic congress instead of devoting its interests to the business of law making were racing up and down the country spending the public money ferreting out alleged Republican frauds and other misdeeds, with no appreciable result, save the unearthing of a bevy of Democratic thieves, and the expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars of the people's money.

As to Democratic criticism, that has been bestowed with a lavish hand, on all the great National measures since the beginning of the Rebellion; and such criticism is regarded as a natural sequence of the moral condition of that aggregation of sore heads.

We will answer the closing questions in the *Democrat's* article by asking a question or two.

Now, then, in the opinion of the *Democrat*, "can it be considered an honor to be enrolled as a supporter of a party that will foster such a civil service productive of such a villainous and murderous spirit as to kill" not only "the chief magistrate of the country," but also attempt the destruction of the life of the Nation itself? Can it be an honor to belong to a party whose presistent aim and purpose for the last twenty years has been the destruction of the Union first, and the consumation of the National dishonor, in any and every conceivable manner afterwards." Is it an honor to be a member of a party whose every public utterance for twenty years, has been a hollow pretense, or the flimsiest sort of a shnm?

If then "such primes are the product of the" National Democratic "party what good may be expected to accrue from that party's state or local rule?"

The *Baltimorean*, an independent paper, with strong Democratic leaning, has the following in reference to the Baltimore election last week:

Tuesday's election in this city resulted in a clean, or unclean sweep, as people may choose to call it, for the regular Democratic ticket. As usual, the candidates who have been beaten would not have been defeated, had there been a free ballot and a fair count, and all things else these terms imply. It is probably enough that some of the candidates were beaten by cheating, rather than by votes, and it is likely that the complexion of the City Council might have been different, if the O. L. D.'s and the Republicans had been allowed perfectly fair play. But they were not, and independents and opposition never have been, and never will be, until the people are seized with a spasm of virtue and rights with a strong arm.

For or Against.

On the tickets to be voted this fall will be the words "For the Constitutional Amendment" and "Against the Constitution Amendment." The proposed amendment to the constitution was passed by the last Legislature, and this fall is submitted to the voters for ratification. The amendment is simply to supply a defect in the constitution in regard to the appointment and election of judges in the event of vacancies. Nowhere in the State has objection been raised against the amendment and we presume it will be generally voted for.

The Way to Win.

Less than one weeks of this campaign remains, and whatever is to be done must be done quickly. Earnest work is required. See to getting your voters home, and look after getting out a full vote. A full Republican vote in this county means victory. We have a good ticket; it is deserving of success; it can be elected if the party comes up solidly to the work on the 8th of November. Do your duty and you will contribute to a splendid victory on the 8th of this month.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 27th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—An examination of the books of the commissoners' office will show that Mr. Gilmore S. Hamill, a Democratic attorney, then acting for the County Commissioners, now Chairman of the Democrat State Central Committee, sold court house bonds for 93c. *when they were anxiously sought after at par*, thus losing for the county $725 in discounts. The following receipt is also on file in the office. It will be observed that it was given to a Democratic clerk by a Democratic lawyer:

"Oakland, Md., July 15, 1876,
"$2,247.89.

Received for collection of G. W. Merrill, clerk to commissioners, delinquent tax bills for the years 1873 and 1874, to the amount of two thousand two hundred and forty-seven and 89-100 dollars.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
Attorney."

Nowhere upon said books can you find that any portion of said amount has been accounted for in anyway, either by return of tax bills or report of collection. We do not say that there is anything wrong in the transaction, but it looks bad, and we are surprised that "Subscriber" did not unearth it in his delving among the past records of the office. We do not, *of course*, attribute this omission on the part of "Subscriber" to fear, favor or *affection*, but rather to his disposition to show up only what appears wrong on the part of Republican officials. Since it is the order of the campaign as conducted by Mr. Hamill to work by casting imputations upon the character and honesty of good citizens, let him now rise and explain, as we have no doubt he can, the true state of facts respecting the above transaction. There is no question as to the authenticy of the receipt and it is certain that the books in the commissioners' office do not show any settlement of it in whole or in part.

The books also show that Mr. Hamill appeared before the board and claimed, and was paid, the sum of $50 for collecting a single tax bill on the Fort Pendleton property. Messrs. Hamill and Veitch were paid about $600 for collecting the Franklin Coal Company taxes, so that the many fees paid for single cases amounts to more than the salary to counsel by this board.

The whole campaign thus far on the part of the Democracy seems to be an attack upon the commissioners and their attorneys, and the assertion is made by their speakers, among whom is a Reverend Editor, that more taxes are collected in this than counties with populations of 40,000. This is so utterly false that it does not require an answer. A great cry is made because the retiring board of commissioners paid their clerk and attorneys $1000, and the assertion is made that it is more than paid in Allegany county. Reference to the published levy list of Allegany county for 1881, will show this to be false, as it will be seen that attorneys and clerk receive $1400, and treasurer $750, or a total of $2,150 in Allegany, against $1000 in Garrett.

The retiring board of commissioners is the first full board of Republicans, with Republican clerk and counsel, and it will be observed that the rate of taxation has been reduced very materially, notwithstanding the fact that unexpected expenditures were necessary by reason of high floods washing away bridges, &c.

So far as the commissioners and their counsel are concerned, their work speaks for them, and they will stand by their record, and the Republicans of Garrett county will elect their full ticket despite the efforts of recently imported mud-slinging machines.

ONE OF THE COUNSEL TO RETIRING BOARD OF CO. COMS.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 31st, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In the issue of the *Democrat* of the 22d inst., we find the following false statement in reference to the mismanagement of county affairs: "On page 1 of ledger Mr. Dunham is credited with $3,300 and on page 2 we find the same amount credited the second time," signed "Subscriber." In the issue of the same paper, dated 29th inst., I replied to "Subscriber" by asserting that he had no "authority" for the above false statement, and further that I had receipts at hand for all monies placed in my hands for collection at the time refered to; after which follows the comments of the *Democrat* Editor, in which he takes the "liberty" of clothing himself in the false garb of "fairness and justice," and assumes the responsibility of asserting to the public that "Subscriber" has made a correct statement, when he, as well as "Subscriber," knew they were giving utterance to a malicious lie; and why this would-be shining light of Democracy should seek to vent his spleen upon a private citizen, who has not been engaged in this campaign, I fail to see; unless it be in the interest of "Subscriber," who is none other than the Hon. P. H., of "Garrett," for whom this Editor has displayed so much "brotherly love," that he had not the "Christian manhood" about him, (after I had explained the whole matter to him,) to say to the "Judge": You are mistaken in your figures, and should correct this error in "fairness and justice to all parties concerned." But what does he say? why he says "Subscriber does not go behind the report of the special committee, &c." Well, now, Mr. Editor, did you, or did you not know that when you gave utterance to those words, you were basely lying; or did you presume, that because the "Judge" said so, it must be so, and you would nail the lie to the mast, and stand by it, in the interest of "fairness and justice" to your Democratic brother. And further on Mr. Editor "comments" by saying: "Subscriber" has not seen the books, is not concerned with them." How, sir, Mr. Editor, do you know "Subscriber has not seen the books?" Did you go to the "Judge" as you said you would do, and did he employ you as a tool, to shield his ignorance, and thereby acknowledge to your readers, that your Subscriber is unacquainted with his subject; did not know of what he speaks? and yet you have the audacity to say it is all true.

Ah; gentlemen, you have a design in this whole matter, but may claim it was an error in the "Judges," manuscript, but that will not exhonorate you, for you had ample time to look up the whole matter. You will find, that when the smoke of battle has cleared away on the 8th day of November next, and the voters of Garrett county have rendered their verdict, that you "have been weighed in the balance and found wanting," and that personal misrepresentation has not strengthened your cause in the least.

Respectfully, &c.,
J. C. DUNHAM.

The People's Money Squandered.

That model Democratic Legislature of 1880 spent some of the people's money as follows:

Twenty-three of the old employees of the previous session returned and for a few days' work drew as pay $2,251. The law allows but seven to return and their pay should not amount to more than $900.

The employees of the session afterward sworn in were paid the sums of nearly $60,000. Paid to hoist the flag, $425. Paid a carpenter, for nothing, $490. Paid eight men as folders to do the work of two boys, $3,976. Ten newspaper reporters, who had nothing to do with the body, $2,000. Six doorkeepers of the House to keep two doors, about $3,700. Five doorkeepers of the Senate to keep one door, about 3,200. The pay of the Senate employees was $21,905, whilst that of the members was only $13,941. For the public printing, $38,000, and so on through a long array of items.

Bear this in mind, reader, before you cast your ballot for a Democrat. Remember that this money is paid by the honest tax-payers of this State. Vote for Gorsuch and a Republican Legislature.

In a recent number of the *Democrat* we find the following:

The first year after the war closed the government paid for pensions to disabled soldiers, $15,605,549, while last year, sixteen years after the close of the war, the enormous sum of $56,776,174 was paid. If the bill continues to grow at this rate, a contemporary desires to know how long it will take to bankrupt the country?

Can any soldier, wounded or not, vote the Democratic ticket. If they were once in power they would most likely save the country from bankruptcy by striking from the pension rolls the names of all wounded soldiers.

We commend the excellent *personel* of the Republican nominees to the attention of all classes of our people. The Democratic ticket represents the Ring and its manifold abuses. The Republican ticket represents the movement to secure an honest and economical administration of State and county affairs; and there is not a man, Democrat or Republican, who could not elevate and dignify his own citizenship by voting it.

The Hotel Pelham in Boston, a building 96 by 69 feet and seven stories in height, was recently moved back in order to widen Tremont street without disturbing the occupants or the furniture. The use of flexible tubes kept up the gas and water connection, while the entire structure, weighing four thousand tons, was moved thirteen feet six inches. Nearly three months were spent in preparations, but the actual moving was accomplished in four days.

The *Democrat* to the contrary notwithstanding, four of the eight nominees on the Democratic ticket in this county, are residents of Oakland districts. If they are registered in any other district that is the registers' fault.

"The Six Thousand."

The result of Wednesday's election was yesterday the subject of general comment. The election of a solidly Democratic City Council is universally attributed to the failure of the Republicans to poll more than one-third of their full vote. The figures conclusively prove that the Democrats polled as large a vote as they ever did in municipal elections, and two years ago when Messrs. Latrobe and Hooper ran against each other for the mayoralty, the Democratic vote was not as large as that cast on Wednesday for the O. L. D.'s and regulars. It is conceded that the election again demonstrated the weakness of the ring. Its power began to wane in 1879, and since that year it has been constantly on the decline. Last year, though it was the presidential year, there was a large falling off in its majority; and this year the city of Baltimore—the Gibraltar of the Democracy in Maryland—is saved to the ring only by the most extraordinary apathy and indifference of the Republicans. The six thousand Democrats who on Wednesday voted for the independent Democratic candidates, *form* the nucleus of an independent organization which must necessarily grow with time. The O. L. D. movement has taken from the regular Democracy one-fourth of its usual voting strength, and the regulars concede that they would have been routed it the Republicans had not staid at home. The result was so unexpected that, after they recovered from their surprise, they began to feel uneasy about the "rebellious six thousand," which contains an element of danger to the ring. It is apparent that with a full Republican vote, the City Council would have been very nearly equally divided between the two political parties, and it is intimated that the new Democratic mayor would not have shed many tears had an active anti ring opposition been secured in the two branches. It seems to be almost impossible to quench the ardor of the O. L. D.'s. Though defeated in all their hopes, they are not discouraged. They look upon the vote they polled as pretty good for a beginning, and expect to return to the charge on November 8th, when they hope that the Republicans will come out in their strength. If the latter will shake off their indifference, the ring will be beaten with the aid of "the six thousand." There will be more to fight for at the state election than last Wednesday, as all three organizations have tickets in the field.—*Balto. American, 28th.*

The elections next month in Virginia and Mississippi attract a larger share of public attention, even, than that in New York. In Mississippi a man who has been a steadfast Democrat, and who, in fact, now holds an office to which he was elected as a Democrat, heads the fusion ticket. The movement in Mississippi has brought to its support many white citizens of prominence, whose devotion to the State and her interests cannot fairly be impugned. The candidates of the fusion party are mostly Democrats, or rather men who have been active members of the Democratic party ever since the rebellion. They believe the time has arrived for a dissolution of the solid South, and they see the importance, if not necessity, of a division of the white voters of the State and local government. The necessity, real or imaginary, which induced the white men to vote together to prevent the denomination of the colored race has resulted in political tyranny. The whites who have ruled under that dispensation begin to believe they possess a divine right to power. Those of the Democratic party who wish to dispute this and assert their independence have joined in the support of the fusion movement, and though the chances are in favor of Democratic success this year that will not destroy the Independent party. It will rally and grow strong.

It is of the highest importance that the entire Republican Ticket for County Commissioners should be elected on Tuesday next. Garrett county cannot present three gentlemen more worthy in all respects than Townshend, McMillen and Wiley. These men are known all over the county to be thoroughly fit, eminently cautious and prudent, and into their hands we can safely and confidently entrust our interest.

Rally! Republicans for the contest! See to it that every Republican voter gets to the polls, on the 8th of November, and the county will give the full Republican ticket a splendid majority. Do not be asleep on your oars—your Democratic opponents are hard at work, but our ticket will surely win, with earnest and united effort.

"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Seliors' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25c.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The highest cash prices paid for sheep skins at D. H. Loar's.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The mass meeting at Oakland Monday night will be addressed by Messrs. Richmond, of Cumberland, Th. J. Peddicord, and others. Go and hear them.

—Mr. Thos. K. Harvey brought to town last week a few specimens of the finest apples we have seen for years. They were raised on his farm in Ryans Glade.

—Buy the Genuine Singer, on easy monthly payments. Why will you pay $30 or $40 for a Weed Machine when you can buy them of me for $20. I. W. Sionaker, Agent, Oakland, Md.

—Capt. Jarboe commenced work on the Thayer property Monday. It is proposed to move the main building back from the streets, and erect a large wing, besides generally improving the property.

—The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, the Right Reverend Dr. Pinkney, Monday visited the Episcopal congregation in Oakland, and preached at 11 a. m. He departed for Westernport Monday afternoon.

—Sunday will be observed by the Evengetical Lutheran Church as a festival of the Reformation. All Protestants are cordially invited to witness and participate in this great celebration. It is said to embrace in one the Christmas, Easter and Pentecost Festivals.

—Our postmaster is agent for a new and interesting work, entitled "The Growing World, or Progress of Civilization, and the Wonders of Nature, Science, Literature and Art." This work is interspersed with a useful and entertaining collection of miscellany by the great authors of our day. Sold only by subscription. Call at the postoffice and examine the work.

—Died, in Grantsville, Md., Oct. 14th, 1881, Annie Gertrude, daughter of Joseph and Mary Glotfelty, aged 7 months and 15 days. She was buried in the cemetery at that town, amid a concourse of friends. The occasion was improved by a comforting discourse by Rev. C. U. Heilman, on Solomon's Songs, v I. 2. "Christ gathering lillies from His earthly garden for His garden above."

Also, on the same day in New Germany, this county, Charles Calvin, son of Jacob and Annie Fresh, aged 1 year, 2 months and 7 days. The remains were burried in the family burying ground on the farm. The services were held in the Trinity Reformed Church.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. C. B. Ludwig.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Pleasant Valey School House, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 2:

Jackson E. Tishue and wife to Ella Shirer, one acre of ground in county; $500.

Geo. W. Male and wife to Alexander Male, military lot No. 1,094; $500.

Thomas Wilson, to Martha Delawder, lot No. 2, in Wilson's Addition to Oakland; $125.

John T. Zais and wife to William Hartman, military lots Nos. 3042, 3069, 3070, 3071 and 3044 and part of lot 3040; $625.

The Proposed Military Celebration.

It has been stated in these columns that it is proposed to hold a two-day's encampment, parade, review and sham battle of the First and Second battalions, Inf., M. N. G., in this city next spring, to be followed by an encampment in Hagerstown in the fall. The proposition has met with wide favor, and the indications are that if undertaken it will be successfully carried out. To add to the interest of the occasion in Cumberland and enbance the proficiency in drill of the various troops, Lieut. T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland quartermastor of the Second battalion, makes an extraordinary offer. He authorizes us to say that he will give a prize of $100 *cash* to the best drilled company in the First and Second battalions, all the companies of the respective commands to compete. This splendid and generous offer should certainly incite the soldier boys to renewed efforts and ensure the success of the affair. Besides this it is proposed by the officers of the Second battalion to offer a prize of a handsome cup to the best rifle team of five men from each company of the two battalions, the prize to be competed for at the Cumberland encampment. —*Cumb. News.*

Distinguished Visitors.

Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and friends will arrive here this evening at 4:45 o'clock and will take rooms at the Queen City hotel for the night previous to joining Senator Windom, Bayard, Camden, Beck and Gorman; Secretary Blaine, Hon. S. A. Elkins, ex-President U. S. Grant, Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr. Chief Engineer Sickles, Hon. S. A. Elkins, Messrs. Shaw Bros. and other gentlemen connected with the coal interests of this region, who will arrive here to-morrow morning on the No. 8 express. The entire party it is expected will after taking breakfast leave on a special train via the Cumberland & Pennsylvania railroad for the purposes of inspecting the mines of Allegany county. Reaching Piedmont they will be received by the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railway train and will make an interesting tour of the railway as far as completed, together with adjoining coal lands.—*Cumb. Times, Nov.* 1.

Meeting of Town Council.

A special meeting of the Town Council was held at their chamber Tuesday evening last, with a full board present. The bridge just completed, known as the "Davis Bridge," was taken off the hands of the contractor, Mr. P. A. Chisholm, and orders were approved in favor of the contractor, workmen and various parties who had furnished materials for the same.

On motion of commissioner Dunham, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the contractor and workmen engaged upon the new bridge at the railroad crossing for the speedy and efficient manner in which they have constructed the same.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of October:

Jacob E. Miller and Virginia E. Toals.

Wm. C. Ayers and Emma Michaels.

J. A. Beyans and Mollie E. Jordan.

Solomon Yutzy and Rachel C. Haun.

Joseph Schooley and Orpha E. Head.

Frederick Demi and Amy A. Brown.

Elijah Switzer and Catharine Schlossnagle.

And one with request not to publish.

AURORA, W. VA., Oct. 31, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please allowed me a few words through the columns of your paper, to say that through the energy of Mrs. George Knauer a very nice communion service has been procured for the use of St. John's congregation, at the Red House, this county. It consists of tankard, goblet, plate and baptismal bowl. Services were held at the church last Saturday when the above set was formally presented to the congregation by the Pastor. After services a council meeting was called, when it was resolved that the thanks of the congregation be returned to Mrs. Knauer for her thoughtfulness and kindness in this act of Christian love.

W. Y. CLINE, Pastor.

No Split Tickets.

It is important that the ticket as printed should be voted. Its candidates are known and recognized as men who accept the principles of the Republican party, are eminently fitted for the offices in connection with which they are named, and have past records for honesty and integrity that will bear strict examination. Hence they claim the hearty support of the party, and should receive as large a vote as is possible at the polls next week.

These who feel that the transfer of the county affairs to a Democratic Board of County Commissioners would open up extravagant flaws and thoughtless expenditures, should labor to secure the success of every Republican candidate for the office of Commissioner. There should be no cutting, but every man should be borne on the party ticket successfully through the fight.

These who wish to secure a new Registration law that will protect the ballot-box from fraudulent votes and guarantee the right to vote to every legal voter,—who wish to see the reforms successfully carried out which have been time and again promised by the Democratic party and then neglected when in power, will vote and strive to secure a large majority for the Republican candidates for the Senate and Legislature.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GARRETT.

Enthusiastic Meetings.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., Oct. 29th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—A large and enthusiastic Republican mass meeting was held here this evening.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Joseph Glotfelty, Chairman of the District Committee, and Mr. W. H. Chapman was unanimously chosen as President, and Isaah Boucher, Henry Muhlenberg and Jacob Platter, Vice President.

Mr. W. P. Townshend was the first speaker introduced to the meeting, who in an able and forcible manner contrasted the mismanagement of our State affairs with the able and successful management of our county finances by the Republicans, and showed by many clippings from Democratic papers, and able arguments, that it would not be safe to trust our affairs to the Democratic party as now managed.

We next had H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., who, amid shouts of applause, rained hot shot into the Democratic ranks and effectually silenced the cry of over paid attorneys, &c., by very conclusively showing that it was neglect or incompetency on the part of a set of Democratic Assessers and Board of Control and Review that made it necessary for our commissioners to employ attorneys to bring order out of chaos, and get the books in such shape as to be intelligable to some one besides a Democratic clerk.

Messrs. McMillen and Wiley, two of our candidates for commissioners, were also present, and assured the voters that they had been grossly misrepresented and were not in favor of employing council, unless in cases against the county when it would be necessary.

In all we had an excellent meeting and the spirit shown by those present gave earnest of a full and solid Republican vote on the 8th of November.

Hoping for a grand old Republican victory in Garrett we are

Yours, &c.,

X. X. X.

ACCIDENT, Md., Nov. 2d, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—The Republican campaign in Garrett county is progressing very rapidly under the manangment of H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

The large and enthusiastic meetings which have been held indicate to a certainty which way "the wind is blowing." The Republican voters are wide awake to those interests which affect them so directly as taxpayers, and there is evidently a determination on their part that Garrett county shall give an increased Republican majority on Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

On Monday afternoon Oct. 31st, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Selbysport. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Wm. P. Townshend, Esq., and H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., of Oakland, and C. A. Snyder, Esq., of Grantsville. The issues of the campaign were ably discussed, and all present were pleased with the manner in which they were presented. The Republicans of Garrett county need not fear the result in this bulwark of Republicanism. No. 2 can be depended upon to do yeoman service for our ticket on the day of the election.

The meeting here at Accident was called for three o'clock, which came in conflict with the Democratic meeting called for two o'clock. In view of this, and that the attorneys to the present Board of County Commissioners had been personally assailed in regard to the fee charged for their services as counsel and other misrepresentations, which could be refuted, our speakers proposed a joint discussion, which seemed satisfactory to them at first, but alter further reflection and consideration they backed down, giving very tame excuses for their refusal to accept the challenge. The Democrats organized their meeting at two o'clock which gave a large number of Republicans an opportunity to attend. It was to the Democratic speakers, who were strangers to the audience, a large turnont of Democracy, which called forth from Mr. Totten a well deserved compliment as to number and respectability; but when Mr. C. A. Snyder arose and announced that the time had arrived to organize the Republican meeting up street, fully two-thirds of the audience arose and left the room. The joke was a good one and was enjoyed by the Republicans much more than by the Democrats.

The Republican meeting was addressed by Messrs. Townshend, Snyder, Combs and Wilson. Mr. Townshend gave the facts and figures of Democratic mismanagement in the State, showing the corruption existing in the Democratic rings who control the finances of the State. Mr. Snyder followed with a ringing and patriotic speech which warmed up the heart of every republican present. Mr. Combs paid his respects to his detractors in strong and unmistakable language, showing that he was fully able to reply to every insinuation made against him personally or in his official capacity as one of the counsel to the Board of County Commissioners. Hon. Geo. W. Wilson made the closing speech; giving his experience at Annapelis in trying, with a few honest Democrats to stay the tide of corruption, relating instances of the manner in which useless offices are created for the benefit of needy Democrats who had claims upon their party for being good and obedient servants to the Ring.

The indications are that the entire Republican ticket will be elected by an increased majority. The Republicans, generally, feel sanguine of success and all show a disposition to be true to their party.

Reporter.

Sale of Lots at Mountain Lake Park.

The sale of lots at Mountain Lake Park, Wednesday last was a great success. The entire hundred were sold to parties who bind themselves to build thereon by July 1st, 1882. Besides these, a large number were selected for future purchase by parties present for friends who could not be here. The work will now be pushed forward, both by the Board of Managers and parties making purchases, so as to be in readiness for visitors next summer.

There is very little that is new in Washington concerning the formation of another Cabinet. Judge Folger will continue Secretary of the Treasury until he see it to resign. The statement that he accepted the position on condition that he was to be made later an associate justice of United States Supreme Court is authoritatively denied. Attorney General MacVeagh is still absent, and the business of the dedartment will be conducted until further notice by Solicitor General Phillips. Secretaries Lincoln, James and Hunt, it is said, are very likely to be retained in the Cabinet, though there is a strong probability of James' retirement after the star route trials are over, to make a place for Secretary Kirkwood, whose retention is being vigorously urged by the people of Iowa. A powerful and wealthy element representing the Pacific coast is urging ex-Senator Sargent for secretary of the navy, while delegations from the South are advocating General Longstreet and ex-Judge Davis, of Texas, for the same position. So great is the demand for that position, indeed, that it is very possible that Mr. Hunt will have to go. It is announced as having been stated by the President that Secretary Blaine will be succeeded in December next by ex-Senator Frelinghuysen. It can be stated authoritatively, in this connection, that whatever change is to be made in the secretaryship of state will not be made until after the next regular session of Congress convenes.

On Saturday afternoon the extra session of the Senate, which had been called by President Arthur to take action on such nominations in the civil or diplomatic service as he might deem proper to lay before it, adjourned *sine die*. The principal nominations confirmed by the Senate were those of Judge Folger as Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Mr. Windom, who resigned to take by re-election in Minnesota his former seat in the Senate, the reappointment of Postmaster-General James to obviate any question of the law calling for his resignation within thirty days after the close of the term of the President by whom he was appointed, and the confirmation of Frank Hatton, of Iowa, as First Assistant Postmaster-General, vice Tyner, resigned. The nomination of ex-Senator Hamiln as minister to Spain, previously made by the late President Garfield, but not acted upon, was also confirmed. The only other appointment of note was that of Chas. W. Seaton to be superintendent of the census, a position made vacant by the resignation of Superintendent Walker. It will be observed that only two changes in the cabinet have been made. The remaining chiefs of departments and the Attorney-General will continue to hold office until the opening of the December session, when it is probable that a new deal will take place.

According to the Baltimore *Sun* the President on Friday "In conversation on the political situation and his prospective policy said that he intended to do nothing to foster or to recognize the idea that there were any cliques or factions in the Republican party; that he considered he owed his place to the party, and not to any particular element of it. In appointments to office no person would receive more or less consideration because he had been the friend of this or that leader or the party."

The Baltimore *Sun* says the latest slate put afloat for Maryland is as follows: Collector, Edwin H. Webster, of Harford; treasurer, Negley, of Washington county, the present incumbent; surveyor, Neill, of Frederick; naval officer, Adam E. King, of Baltimore; marshal, McClintock, of Baltimore, the present incumbent; district attorney, Stockbridge or Darby, of Washington county; appraisers, Torbert, of Cecil, and Linthicumb, a present incumbent.

Mr. Windom has been re elected to the Senate from Minnesota and will return to the seat which he vacated to accept a place in President Garfield's Cabinet.

The Democratic wrath at Mahone increases as the probability settles into a certainty that he is about to drive home the wedge which is to split the Solid South.

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Estate of Lucinda Ash, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

LUCINDA ASH,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of October, 1881.

MARY MILLER,
10 5 3 Administratrix.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, M., M. & I. Co., will be held at the office of the Company, in Bloomington, on November the 2d, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON,
10 22 2 Manager.

FOR SALE,
2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAYS NOTICE.

Estrayed from the premises of the owner, about two miles South of Oakland, about five months since, two yearlings, one a red steer, and the other a red heifer, marked by a slit in the right ear and a crop off the left ear. The heifer had a bell on when she left. A suitable reward will be paid for their return to the owner, or information that would lead to their recovery.

10 22 3t. ABRAHAM J. SPIKER.

ORDER NISI.

No. 20 Equity in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 11th day of October, A. D. 1881, that the sale made and reported by William Chisholm, Administrator, C. T. A. of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks on or before the Fifth day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
10 22 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

Election Notice!

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1881,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers;

A Comptroller of the Treasury.
A State Senator.
Two Delegates to the Legislature.
Three County Commissioners.
A Sheriff.
A Surveyor.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 6 o'clock p. m.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

GEO. D. WRITE,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

STATE OF MARYLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for Judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in German language, once a week for at least three moths preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:

JAS. T. BRISCOE,
Jy 16, 3m Sec'y of State.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER.
10 8 5 Examiners

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Ralph Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hall's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
10 8 6 GEO. L. BOSLEY.
Examiner.

The Germs of Disease—Fungous Growths in the Human System.

An interesting lecture was delivered last evening before the members of the Academy of Natural Sciences by Dr. Horatio C. Wood, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Pennsylvania, on the Fungous Origin of Disease. The researches of which the evening's lecture was the outcome were made by Dr. F. G. Formad and by Prof. Wood, under the auspices of the National Board of Health, and referred more especially to the plant which produces diphtheria and is known under the name of micrococci.

The lecturer related the work done by himself and colleague in the summer of 1880 in experimenting upon animals by the introduction of diphtheritic membrane. Most of them, it was found, had died from consumption, though a false membrane had been produced similar to that seen in diphtheria in the child. A severe epidemic of diphtheria having occurred in Ludington, Michigan, in 1880, Dr. Formad visited that town to make studies of the cases and to collect matter. Up to this time nothing remarkable had been found in the blood of Philadelphia patients, but in the membrane there has since been discovered a microscopic plant known as micrococci, and the blood of the Ludington patients was always full of it, choking up the internal organs of the children who died, and especially in the spleen and kidneys. Inoculation of animals with the matter brought from Ludington always formed a false membrane at the point of inoculation, which was, with the blood, found to be full of micrococci after death, and the symptoms in life resembled those of diphtheria in man. The conclusion was then reached that diphtheria has been produced in animals. In the membrane the micrococci exist in several forms, sometimes scattered or in masses of a few or in pods known as micrococci balls, and in masses of gelatinous material full of little plants. They are generally first found in the white corpuscle, and can be seen, though very minute, in lively action, dancing about as if eating it up. The corpuscle was seen to alter, growing watery, and the little plants finally filled it up until the corpuscle burst, and its interior came out as an irregular translucent mass, which formed the micrococci ball seen in the patient's throat. Modern physiology teaching that the blood is largely formed in the bone-marrow and in the spleen, these organs were found largely crowded with the little plants, and their cultivation outside of the body was tried with all the precautions known to scientists. Philadelphia matter was feeble of growth, ceasing to increase on the fourth generation, while that of Ludington seemed to develop as rapidly at the tenth generation as at the first.

Plants entirely like the micrococci of diphtheria in a general appearance exist on the surface of a furried tongue, but these showed in experiments in the culture apparatus very little power of growth. The next series of experiments were made to determine whether the micrococci of diphtheria is the cause of the disease. It was known that an infusion of diphtheritic membrane filtered lost its virulence in direct proportion to the thoroughness of the filtration. The liquor filtered through clay lost all its solid particles and was no longer poisonous, and this proved that the contagious matter of diphtheria is a solid particle. The result of the experiments served to show that the micrococci were the cause of the disease either directly or indirectly. Diphtheritic micrococci, artificially grown by the experimenters in its several generations, produced undoubted diphtheria in animals and death. The matter, brought from Ludington, exposed to the air for several weeks, lost its virulence, and failed to produce the disease.

Prof. Wood and Dr. Formad both concluded from the experiments that these micrococci, which exactly resembled the micrococci of diphtheria and lost their virulence and power of growth thus became converted, in other words, to the little plants of the furred tongue, and were of the opinion that the plants are identical in their specific nature with a sore throat in a child under the stimulus of the exudation, the torpid micrococci, always present in the mouth begin to grow and to be converted into the active stage. Their growth further influence the mucous membrane of the throat and this increased inflammation feeds it still more. "So the starved micrococci" said the Professor "became converted into the bloated bondholder and a case of self-created diphtheria results. The active little plants find a suitable resting place in the throat of the delicate child, begin to grow and soon develope the disease. The scattered mild cases originate in the individual and comprise the ordinary cases seen in Philadelphia. When catarrh comes in the spring, when the air is full of active micrococci, a malignant epidemic results." Prof. Wood spoke of the parsimony of the United States Government, which will spend thousands of dollars in a political investigation and will deny one cent to such important medical inquiries.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Paris Electrical Exhibition.

In the lovely vale of Chamouny, last summer, I witnessed a most sublime display of zigzag lightnings around the snow clad peaks of Mt. Blanc. At the electrical exhibition in Paris I saw this same terrible force of Nature in manifold and beautiful subjection to the wants of humanity. The enthusiastic French, charmed by the excellencies of electricity, have made her Empress in Republican Paris. However poetical or fairy-like the prophecies of hopeful inventors may have seemed, all they have promised concerning electricity, and more, will be realized in the immediate future. Already electricity carries voice and thought around the globe, warns us of coming fires, insures safe railway travel, lights our homes and streets and blows up our enemy's ships. As the result of patient years of toil in laboratories throughout the civilized world, these inventions and discoveries, gathered together in a focus, will enable scientists and inventors to judge how far the new science has been carried which seems likely to revolutionize the world.

For five cents a handsome Siemens electrical tram-car takes you at a speed of ten miles per hour from the Place de la Concorde to the Palais de L'Industrie. On the roof of the building are placed two Maxim arc lights, with reflectors, which makes the approach through the silvered trees of the Champs Elysees light as day. The Palais is 660 feet long and 160 feet wide. It has a high, arched glass roof, and galleries divided into thirty or more rooms. The main entrances, staircases and corridors are brightly lighted with arc lamps, made by Siemens, Werdemann and Fyfe. The grand nave is brilliantly illuminated with scores of electric lights pendent from every available point, which are searching as the meridian sun. Yet the general effect is very pleasing. Forty familiar Brush lights, driven by a single engine, lighted up one end of the building. In the center of the great hall stands a tall lighthouse, provided with a revolving electric light, Fresnel's lenses, and red, blue, green, purple and orange glasses, which shed everywhere processional patches of colored light. At the base of the lighthouse is an artificial pond, surrounded by turf and flowers, in which M. Trouve gayly rides in his electric boat. Its screw is driven by a small electro motor.

One side of the building is occupied with boilers and steam and gas engines working swiftly a total of 2,000 horse-power, which drive in front a long battalion of dynamo-electrical machines patterned by Grammes, Siemens, Brush and others. Throughout the hall are hundreds of miles of conducting wire. The low musical hum of the machines, the ringing of electrical bells and gongs, the rustle and chatter of thousands of visitors and the intense light and sparkle of electricity make the whole scene one of singular excitement and beauty.

The exhibits of the French occupy one-half of the hall, those of foreign nations the other half—graceful festoons of the tri-color and other bright flags designating the national sections. Our hearts first turned to the Stars-and-Stripes, where we found a neat exhibit of delicate mechanism, in charge of a pleasant gentleman, who seized upon the position to acquire a fluency in the French language for further use in a Western college.

Great Britain and Germany occupy about equal extent, then, in order of size of exhibit, come Belgium, the United States, Austria, Russia, Swedeu and Norway, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland and Denmark. Lacquered jars for cells and insulators are exhibited by Japan. The objects exhibited are divided into many classes; but the public seem chiefly interested in telegraphy, electric lights and the application of electricity as a motor power. The exhibit of the three firms of Siemens in England, Germany and France is greater than that of several small nations combined.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A Peculiar Trait of Colored Women.

"Admitting, as we must, that the negroes are more or less imitators, how are we to explain the fact that they never kiss, for I do not believe anybody ever saw two negroes kiss. I have attended a number of negro weddings, and I never yet saw the bride kissed, while, on the other hand, a wedding among the whites, with its attendant reception without kisses, would be something so strange as to call forth general comment. I have also heard that Indians never kiss. Are we to suppose, then, that kissing is confined to the white race? I have always considered kissing as an æsthetic pleasure, to be thoroughly enjoyed only by those of a delicate and refined temperament. You will also find that among the lower classes of white women kissing is a rarity.

"For twenty odd years I have lived in the South, have had negroes in my house ever since I was a child; during my whole life I have been intermingled with them, and never but once have I seen one negro girl kiss another."

"Then you have seen an exception to what you claim is a rule?"

"Yes; but then it was done in such an ignorant, bungling manner as to be really laughable."

"How so?"

"I will tell you that, and if you ever have an occasion to 'dissertate' on the art of kissing you may find a place to fit it in. One of them was a very bright mulatto, and stood inside the gate; the other was a dark-skinned girl, apparently a visitor just leaving, and stood outside of the gate. As I approached they were talking, when all of a sudden the light-colored girl threw her arms around the neck of the blacker on, with the ferociousness of an angered politician, bumped their heads together, said "good-bye" and ran into the house. She probably called it a kiss, and I have let it go as an exception to the rule, but in truth, it was more plainly an assault; they were entirely ignorant of the art of kissing, and did not know how to give or receive the blissful boon. This, however, was hardly a fair case, as one of the girls was nearer white than black. In all my life I have never seen two genuine negro women kiss, and I have often heard my father remark the same thing. He was over sixty years old, and frequently told us it was a tradition through all his family that the negro women never kiss. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveler, has visited Africa and Hayti, has remarked to me the strange fact that negro women never kiss."—*Louisville Post.*

Trout Frozen in a Block of Ice.

At the office of the Virginia City and Gold Hill Water Company, yesterday afternoon, was on exhibition a block of ice in which were frozen several trout. The ice was frozen by the company's ice machine on the Divide. The trout were almost as plainly visible as though they had been suspended in air. They were in natural attitudes, and appeared to have congealed without knowing that anything was happening to them. As all their spots and colors were distinctly visible, and they stood immovable with tails and fins expanded, they would have formed a splendid study for an artist. Indeed, we think that there is a hint that painters of such subjects should not neglect. Bets were made that they would thaw out "alive and kicking," and the block of ice was accordingly placed in a tank and allowed to melt, but at last accounts the trout were lying on the bottom apparently quite dead. Artificial freezing was evidently too quick and sharp for them.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Social Etiquette.

When friends meet, or a visitor is ushered into a drawing-room, or sitting-room, the usual salutation is, "How do you do." The answer is not, "Thank you, I am very well," but "How do you do." When leaving, the visitor says "Good-bye" and the hostess repeats "Good-bye."

When the health of either hostess or visitor is inquired after, it is after saying, "How do you do;" which should be said with no inflections of the voice, and without speaking the name of the person addressed. "Good-morning" is used when addressing, or when taking leave, of business or other acquaintances with whom you have nothing in common in a social way.

The salutation is said to be the touchstone of good-breeding. Between gentlemen a nod suffices; but if a lady is walking with you or with the one to whom you bow, the hat must be slightly lifted. A well-bred person bows instinctively the moment that he recognizes an acquaintance.

Bowing once in passing on a public promenade or drive, is all that civility requires. In subsequent meetings the eyes may be averted, or if more than a mere acquaintance, one smiles slightly. A bow of ceremony should not be accompanied by a broad smile; but unless you are bowing to a superior in age or station you should let a beam of good-will lighten your eye.

Gentlemen *invariably* offer the right arm to ladies, when it is necessary to give the arm, instructions to the contrary notwithstanding. This rule is the same on the street, without regard to the wall, as it is in the parlor, at marriages, at all entertainments and on all other occasions. A lady does not take the arms of two gentlemen; nor does a gentleman offer both of his arms when walking with two ladies. American gentlemen do not smoke when driving or walking with ladies.

Introductions are not made on the street, unless a lady is walking with her host or hostess; in which case if either meet a friend an introduction would be given. When two persons are introduced in a house both bow slightly and commence conversation. A gentleman is introduced to a lady: "Mr. Grey, Mrs. Birch," is the form.

Young ladies are taken up to be introduced to elderly ones and the unmarried to the married. A gentleman when introduced does not offer his hand to a lady, as that is the lady's privilege. The mistress of a house shakes hands with every one who is introduced to her in her own home—whether the person is brought by a common friend, or comes by invitation. She would not shake hands with a visitor who came to call on a guest, unless she had some special reason for doing so.

A gentleman rides on the right side of a lady. A lady keeps the right-hand side of her carriage, unless another lady older than herself is driving with her. A gentleman does not permit a lady to sit with her back to the horses, even though she be younger than himself, when he can, by taking that seat, give her one facing the horses.

Never speak of your children as "Miss Ethel," or "Master Harold," excepting to servants. Give them their Christian names.

Gentlemen should precede ladies, to clear the way, in a public hall, unless there is an usher preceding them. In entering a drawing room, the lady precedes the gentleman, but never takes his arm.

To yawn in the presence of others, to beat time, to hum or whistle, to lounge, to put your feet on a chair, or to do anything which shows indifference, selfishness or disrespect, is unequivocally vulgar. Snuffling, expectoration, hawking, scratching the head, gulping, picking the teeth and blowing the nose, should be avoided in society.

Avoid saying "you know," "says he," and "says she," when narrating incidents. Do not speak of absent persons by their Christian names. Above all, never name any one by the first letter of his or her name, as "Mr. G." for "Mr. Grey." This is a vulgarity which married persons sometimes use.

A lady who sits cross-legged, or sideways on a chair, who twists her trinkets, or picks at anything, and a man who sits across his chair, bites his nails or nurses his leg, manifests an unmistakable want of good-breeding. Both should be quiet, easy and graceful in their carriage.

Well-bred persons never elbow their way in a crowd, nor force themselves in seats at concerts and lectures, which are already full; nor do they talk and laugh in tones so loud as to disturb others.

When you have jostled or incommoded a person, be quick to say, "I beg your pardon." "I thank you," is now the form, instead of "Thanks," when acknowledging any attention. "Thanks" has become a vulgarism from the abuse of the word.

In railway cars no one has a right to more than one seat unless more than one is paid for. To beat time, shuffle the feet, or make any monotonous noise, which is a nuisance to fellow-travelers, shows bad breeding or neglect in training.—*Mrs. H. O. Wood, in Youth's Companion.*

—There is a society in Europe known as the Rhenish Cigar-tip Collecting Association, numbering 1,982 members, and the report is made that they have gathered 4,569 pounds of cigar tips (butts?), which have sold for 25,000 marks, all of which has been spent for useful gifts to 1,728 children.

—"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmers' fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; the baker's are cram baby tarts, and the angry man's are little pets.—*New York Daily News.*

—The last church attended by the late President Garfield was that of St. James at Long Branch. The pew he occupied was on one of the side aisles, and is indicated by drapery on the wall.

Farmers' Hired Help.

While the farmer has as yet had but little trouble from "strikes" and conflicts in general with hired labor, it would seem with the annual increasing scarcity of obtaining good help that something might be devised in the manner of hiring help that would increase and promote the relations between employer and employe, and tend to check the emigration of our farm hands both to the West and cityward. It is only now and then that a man can be found who has worked several years for one farmer, and the rule is for hired men to be constantly changing location. Large numbers of the farmers hire men continuously, and no farmer is so utterly mean but that he can obtain a hired man, a fact that indicates that there might be far less changing if a little different system was introduced regulating labor itself.

Usually the farm help is hired for a year, or so much per month, and between milking, chores and the like, a day's work is commenced at daylight and the end is found with a lantern; contrasting this with the city laborer's or shopman's work of ten hours, the farm hand, who works by the month for sixty cents per day is straightway convinced that he has been, or is being, imposed upon, gives notice sooner or later, and is next heard from in the city or following a reaper in Dakota at three dollars per day.

As a rule, hiring men by the year with a binding bargain is contrary to the best interest of both parties; and that if a standard could be fixed for the length of a day's work, much of the complaint against farm labor would be avoided, and as a result, it is possible that more work would be done in a day of ten hours than is now secured by a day of unknown time. In haying and harvest it would be, of course, necessary to have a long day, but give the year or month's hands an extra compensation and my experience is, that a month's hand, if he earns his wages at all, earns them at any season, and to put him in haying beside a fresh two dollar and fifty cent hand, is to invite a spirit of discontent.

Contracts for labor should never be binding for any length of time. Each party should be free to discharge or withdraw at pleasure, and to guard against any disruption, the plan of a premium, say of ten cents a day, if the agreement for a certain length of time was fulfilled, should be added to the wages, but forfeited if the stipulated time was not worked out, would have a stimulating effect, and would tend to promote an interest in the work, aside from the mere matter of earning so many dollars.

Among many farmers the system of docking for lost time is carried to an extreme point, and they fairly earn the title of "old skin flints." Cases may arise where a man "takes a day" which he should justly lose, but upon the other hand, the promise of a "day off," if a certain job of work is finished by a definite time, would promote exertions that would result in no loss to the farmer, and in return he might receive a few hour's extra work at some unexpected demand; that the hired man upon the plan of "one good thing deserves another," would disdain to take more than a "thanks."

Farm hands, like city operatives, should be paid at regular intervals, and promptly. A farmer who pays his help now and then in "driblets," and then only by persistent urging, can never have the financial confidence of his help, and when the chance offers, they work for the man "who will pay them."

The question of hired help is a complex problem, but the tendency of the times is toward definite system, exact time, prompt payment, and a spirit of right that recognizes the "man" whether in wool cloth or overalls and blouse.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Vegetable Condiments.

The best of all is watercress, and considering how easy it can be grown it seems astonishing how few people raise it, and how few have it on their tables. It can be produced to the best advantage on the banks of a spring brook, as a supply may then be obtained at almost any season of the year. Grown on the banks of a stream of this kind, it will be crisp and firm and require no care. It may also be grown on the banks of lakes or of streams of tolerably clear water. Experiments recently made in England show that it can be produced in any garden if pains be taken to apply considerable water to the plants whenever the ground becomes dry from lack of rain. It may be propagated by plants, which are easily transplanted if kept moist, or by planting the seed, which is kept by nearly all large dealers. The flavor of the leaves and stalks is pungent and very agreeable. The plant is promotive of health, and is recommended for curing impurities of the blood. It requires no preparation for the table, and is eaten with the addition of a little salt. The common garden cress, or "pepper grass," which resembles watercress in flavor, but is more pungent, is a desirable condiment early in the spring, when the leaves and stalks are quite tender. Celery is in most respects the favorite of all the vegetable condiments. It requires, however, more skill and care to raise, blanch and store it than most people are willing to bestow. Lately great improvements have been made in its cultivation. It is no longer found necessary to set the plants in deep trenches, which are gradually filled up as the leaves extend. Level culture is now generally adopted and dwarf varieties grown, which require very little banking up. Onions may be classed with condiments, although they are generally ranked among food plants. Radishes are very desirable condiments, and are very easily produced by any one who has only a very small amount of land to cultivate. The quicker they are grown the more brittle they are. It is desirable to have a succession of them from early spring till winter. The first crop can be raised in hotbeds. Subsequently a few seeds should be sown every week. They may be dropped a few inches apart in rows when flower and vegetable seeds are planted. The seeds germinate quickly, and the roots are large enough to pull before the other plants attain much size.—*Chicago Times.*

For Young Readers.

A LESSON.

One single grain of corn took root
Beside the garden walk;
"Oh, let it stay," said little May,
"I want it for my stalk."

And there it grew until the leaves
Waved in the summer light;
All day it rocked the baby ear,
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came—
A skein of silken thread:
It was as pretty as the hair
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,
May pulled the silk away,
And then forgot her treasured stalk
For many a summer day.

At last she said: "I'm sure my corn
Is ripe enough to eat:
In even rows the kernels lie,
All white and juicy sweet."

Ah me! they all were black and dry,
Were withered long ago;
"What was the naughty corn about,"
She said, "to cheat me so!"

She did not guess the silken threads
Were slender pipes to lead
The food the tasseled blossom shook
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought
Was shorter than a breath;
Yet every milky kernel then
Began to starve to death!

So list, my little children all,
This simple lesson heed:
That many a grief and sin has come
From one small, thoughtless deed.
—*Wide-Awake.*

DOT AND DIXIE GO TO CHURCH.

Dot and Dixie were twins. Their names were Cora and Alfred, but somebody called them Dot and Dixie when they were wee bits of babies, and Dot and Dixie they had been ever since.

They were four years old, "doin' on five," Dot always added, when asked to tell her age; and "doin' on five," Dixie would chime in like a refrain. He was Dot's "echo," and generally her shadow. Whatever she said, he said, and wherever she went, he went.

It was Sunday morning. Mrs. Vernor complained of a headache at breakfast, and said she didn't believe she'd try to go to church that day. Mr. Vernor had been confined to the house for a week with inflammation of the eyes, and this morning they were worse, and he had to keep in a darkened room.

Ned and Susie were in their rooms, getting ready for church.

"Oh, I'd like to go to churts," said Dot, hearing Susie bustling about her room.

"Me, too," said Dixie. "Let's do, Dot."

"I'm 'fraid they wouldn't let us, if we asked 'em," said Dot.

"We needn't ask, then," said Dixie. "Let's do 'thout sayin' nothin' to 'em."

"We might do that," said Dot, thoughtfully. "We'll have to wait till Ned an' Susy have goed off, anyway; but we might be gittin' ready."

"'Es, we might be dittin' ready," said Dixie. "Let's."

"Well, come on," said Dot.

And up-stairs they went, to the room where their clothes were kept.

The first thing that caught Dot's eye was her mother's new dolman.

"Oh, I wish I could wear that!" she said. "I wonder if she wouldn't let me? I'm doin' to ask her."

And away she ran, forgetting that they had decided to say nothing to any one about their church-going plan.

Mrs. Vernor's head was aching severely, and she lay on the bed with a wet handkerchief over her face, when Dot came in.

"Mayn't I wear your dollum an' bunnit?" asked Dot, in a great flutter of excitement.

"Yes, if you'll keep quiet," answered her mother, who thought she had asked to wear her sun-bonnet.

Dot had happened to remember, as she was going down stairs, that her mother had a new bonnet, and so had included that with the "dollum" in her request.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Dot; and was off as fast as her legs could carry her.

"She said I might," she said, as Dixie looked at her questioningly. "Said I might wear her dollum an' bunnit, too. An' you can wear papa's new hat. I know he'd let you."

"Mebbe not," said Dixie, with misgivings.

"Oh, pshaw, yes! Course he would, if mamma'd let me wear her new bunnit," said Dot, and Dixie concluded she knew best.

Dot got down the band-box and took out the new bonnet. It was of black lace, with a cluster of red roses and buds on the top, and she looked at it admiringly before she proceeded to put it on.

"Won't I look just lov'ly?" she said.

"Yes, dest lovely," said Dixie, turning longing eyes to the place where, in a box all by itself, his father's new silk hat was waiting for him to initiate it into the ceremony of church-going.

"I've got to do up my hair," said Dot, and fell to making an elaborate *coiffure.*

It culminated in a comical bunch on the back of her head, kept in place by a dozen hairpins and her mother's back-comb. Then she put the bonnet on.

"It's most too big, but I guess it'll stay," she said.

"Yes, I dess it'll stay," said Dixie. "'Ou dit fazzer's hat down, Dot."

Dot climbed up on the bureau and succeeded in reaching the hat-box on the shelf over the door.

"Ain't it purty?" cried Dixie. "See it shine, Dot! I 'most kuow it's too bid for me!"

Too big it certainly was, for when he tried it on it slipped over his ears, and his head disappeared entirely in the depth of it.

"I tan't wear it," said Dixie ruefully.

"You wait—I'll fix it," said Dot, ready for the emergency.

"Yes, you fits it," said Dixie, with serene faith in Dot's ability to help him out of the dilemma.

Dot hunted about and found one of her mother's aprons. This she put into the top of the hat, and then mounted it on Dixie's head. It was pretty loose, but it didn't come down over his eyes, so they concluded it would "do."

"Hark! there goes Ned and Susy," said Dot. "We'll wait till they're out of sight, then we'll do, too."

And she adjusted the dolman about her shoulders. It came nearly to her feet all round, and gave her a most comical appearance. All that there seemed to be of her was head, body and feet.

"I guess I'd better take the par'sol, and you'd better take the 'berellas," she said. "It's awful hot out to-day."

So she got the par'sol and Dixie went into the hall and found the "berella." Then they were ready to start.

"I'll look an' see if Ned an' Susy's got gone fur enough," she said and took observations from the chamber-window.

"Can't see 'em nowheres," she said. "Let's do, now."

"'Es, let's do now," said Dixie.

And they set out.

It was a very warm day, and they walked toward the village slowly. The minister had plenty of time to get his sermon under way before they reached the church.

"Oh, dear, it's *so* warm!" said Dot, pausing at the church-steps to adjust her bonnet. "This dollum's so long its hard work to walk in it."

"'Es, it's awful warm!" responded Dixie, wiping his red face.

The big bat and its stuffing of apron had conspired to give his head a local Turkish bath, and he looked as if he were about roasted. The strings of the apron had worked out of the hat and were dangling down his back in a very conspicuous, if not ornamental, fashion. But neither of them was aware of this feature of toilet.

"Now you be sure to take your hat off when you get in," said Dot, with motherly solicitude. "I guess we'd better set in a pew by ourselves. Mebbe Ned an' Susy wouldn't like it if we set with them, so we'll stay by the door."

"'Es, stay by the door," *echoed Dixie.*

Now, it so happen that the morning sermon that day was one expressely for the children, and the minister was quoting, when Dot and Dixie entered:

"Who are these in bright array?"

Hearing some one at the door, and the sermon being half through, of course a good share of the congregation turned their heads to see who the late-comers were.

Such a sight as they saw! A little girl with a woman's bonnet hanging on the back of her head, and all the rest of her completely enveloped in a cape, the whole surmounted by a par-asol; and, just a little behind her, a little boy, with a red, red face and a big, big hat, under cover of an umbrella that looked like quite a respectably-sized tent.

The minister paused at his quotation: "Who are these in bright array?" and looked at the new arrivals.

Well might he ask who they were, for Susy and Ned hardly knew them at first.

The congregation tittered and broke into broad smiles, and some laughed "right out in meeting." I can't blame them, for I don't see how they could very well help it.

Dot pushed Dixie into a vacant pew, and they sat down.

He had neglected to shut down his "berella," and it covered them as with a canopy, until Dot assumed charge of it and closed it.

Then he took off his hat, and the apron tumbled all over his head and face, reducing him to a temporary state of blindness. But motherly Dot took charge of it, and stowed it away in the depths of the hat, and then settled herself to enjoy the sermon.

She saw everybody turning to look at them, with smiling faces, and concluded they must be glad to see them, so she smiled back, and bowed her genteelest bow, and "behaved real pretty," she told her mother, when she got home.

By-and-by they began to get drowsy. Dixie lopped over into a corner of the pew and was soon fast asleep. Dot tried to keep awake, but soon was fast asleep, too.

When the hymn after the sermon was sung she roused up a little, and muttered something about "going home," and put Dixie's hat on for him; then went to sleep again before they were through with the singing.

"*Did* you ever see such a sight?" said Susy, as she came down the aisle when services were over. "Do just look at them!"

And she laughed till she cried.

Dot's head had lopped over on one side, the bonnet hung by the bunch of hair on the back of her head, and her mouth was wide open.

Dixie was propped up in the corner, with the big hat tipped backward at an angle of forty degrees, and his face was red as any rose.

"Wake up!" cried Ned, shaking them. "If that hat's going home with that little boy, it's time it started."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sleepy!" said Dot, rubbing her eyes. "It's awful warm, ain't it? Where's my par'sol?" and the bewildered young lady groped about in every place but the right one in search of the missing article.

"You aren't half awake," said Susy. "I'll have to take you out and wash your face in cold water, I guess, before you'll know anything."

"An' the 'berella?" said Dot, with a yawn. "Where's the 'berella?"

They took Dot and Dixie into the vestry-room and bathed their faces in ice-water, and that woke them up.

"I guess we'd better trade hats," said Ned.

And he took the big one and let Dixie wear his, much to the little boy's delight. He didn't admire big hats as much as he did before wearing one.

"I wish you'd let me wear *your* hat," said Dot to Susy. "If you will, I'll let you wear this dollum. I think your hat's awful lovely."

So Susy put on her mother's bonnet and "dollum," and Dot had the pleasure of wearing home her sister's "awful lovely" hat.

Mrs. Vernor's headache had allowed her to fall asleep, after the house became quiet. Mr. Vernor, in his darkened room, knew nothing of what was going on outside. So Dot and Dixie had not been missed.

"Oh, I just wish you could have seen them when they came in!" said Susy, telling the story to her mother, and laughing till she cried. "And to think that the minister should ask at just that time, 'Who are these in bright array?' He had to laugh, too. He couldn't help it."

"I don't care; we had a good time, didn't we, Dixie?" said Dot.

"'Es, a dood time," answered Dixie. "An' awful dood time."—*Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.*

THE DAIRY.

—An American cheese bore away the prize of a silver medal at the late great cattle and dairy show at Birmingham, England. The prizo cheeso was one of the largest ever made, weighing three-fourths of a ton. It came from Iowa.

—When cheeses are taken to the dry-room tbey should always be placed on a clean shelf, and, after greasing botb ends, should be left until morning, narrow end down, and before turning every morning should be rubbed clear of all fly deposits, then turned and rubbed ou the other end. The shelves should be thoroughly washed every time a sale is made. The room should be well ventilated, and, in hot weather, the air allowed to pass freely through during the night. All cheeses should be turned and rubbed every day as long as they remain in the factory.

—If you have everything pertaining to the cows' feed, water, etc., as it should be, the next item of importance to be considered is the milk-room, or place in which the cream is raised, and the work conuected witb butter-making, sucb as skimming milk, churning, etc., is performed. Whether the cream is separated from the milk by the power of gravitation or centrifugal force—whether by means of the submerged system or somo othor manner of setting, you must have a place that can be kept clean and sweet, also the temperature well regulated. We consider a pure atmosphere aud correct temperature to be of the utmost importanco in making good butter. A room in which very much milk is kept will become moldy or musty, and needs to be whitewashed frequeutly. In case submerged cans are used, the water surrounding them must be changed often, or kept constantly running.—*American Dairyman.*

—We have noticed, in traveling through dairy districts, the weedy condition of pastures, and have thonght it strange that the simple labor of cutting the weed should not be employed. There is no nostrum that can be applied to the weeds so effectual as simple cutting with a scythe. Weeds may be effectually killed by cutting when in blossom. The annuals will be killed at the first cutting, and can only grow again from seed. Canada thistles will nearly always die after the second cutting. In a new seeded meadow infested with this thistle, they will be fonud very thick the first season; but if the mowing machine is put at work when the thistles are just coming into blossom, the grass aud thistles will make good hay, and there will soon be a secoud crop of grass, and less thistles; cut this at the same stage of growth, and there will be few if any thistles the next year. Careful cutting will do the same in pasture. Weeds in pastures are usually in bunches, scattered here and there. A man will go over an acre in an hour, and by repeating this before the weeds go to seed, they will soon disappear. The trouble is, that dairymen think they have not time for such thorough work, and they suffer the weeds to go to seed year after year, until the land is covered with tho seed. A better system will soon get rid of most of the weeds.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Salting Cheese.

A correspondent once more asks us in regard to salting cheese. The proper use of salt in butter and cheese is a subject of frequent inquiry, by beginners especially. The taste of cheese is greatly modified by the use of salt, and as tastes of different people differ, it is difficult to lay dowu any definite rule. One thing seems to be pretty well settled and that is, that salting the curd when it is tolerably cool gives the best flavor. The only objection that is urged agaiust this practice is that the salt cannot be so evenly distributed in cool curd as it can in warm, and that therefore its preserving effects cannot be so great. To this is replied, that in curing meat, packers find it can be best preserved by salting when it has cooled off. In the Cheshire dairies the temperature of the curd at the time of salting is not allowed to go above eighty degrees. Besides injury to the flavor wheu salt is applied to curd, that is too warm, it has a tendency to harden it by surrounding the portions with which it comes in contact with a coating of caseine. One thing will readily suggest itself; the cheese should be pretty well cleared of whey before the salting begins, else it is impossible to tell how much salt will pass off with the whey, and the result must be that the salting process is altogether guess work, and the result of that kind of work will be that if the cheese is not sufficiently salted it will ripen before it ought to, and must be eaten while young. Cheese with long keeping qualities ripens slowly, which depends upon being salted with precision.

One purpose of salting is to check the acidity of the curd. Whenever it is desired to check the further progress of acidity, proper salting will do it. And now as to the quantity to be used, as before said, the rules to be laid down can only be general. From two to three pounds of salt for every one hundred pounds of cheese will be about the quantity, which differs according to the character of the cheese to be made at different seasons. In spring two pounds for every hundred pounds of cheese will be about enough, as cheese then made is apt to be wanted to ripen quickly. In hot weather three pounds are often used, and not less than two pounds and a half should be used. The Cheddar cheese-makers use one pound of salt for fifty-six pounds of curd! Usually in English manufactures the curds are dryer than American curds are, and consequently a less amount of salt is required.

The salt used must be the best. A great deal of cheese and butter are spoiled by poor salt. Some salt cannot be used for this purpose at all. If salt contains chlorides of calcium or magnesium it will injure the flavor. The market contains pure salt, which is advertised by responsible firms. Pure salt is determined by its dryness. A chalky salt is not fit for the dairy. It should be of fine grain, crystaline, and transparent, and be of a pure white color. Of course it should be entirely free from odor.—*Western Rural.*

—Resolutions never arise spontaneously; they always have to be drawn up.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Blue-grass improves on tbe same ground for a hundred years.

—Pie-crust will not be soggy if it is brusbed over with wbite of egg before the fruit is put in.

—A tough beefsteak may be made eatable by mincing it pretty fine witb a chopping-knife aud cooking quickly in a pot with a close cover, to prevent tbe steam from escaping.

—All bulbs and plants that lie down to the grouud in autumn may be protected by covering the surface of the earth with leaves, manure or straw, but plants that retain tbeir leaves during winter will not bear this kind of protection.

—A stockman suggests, in the *Rural New Yorker*, that farmers ought to learn that the pure stock is not the most profitable for tbem. The cows for profit are grade cows, half and three-quarter-bred, which as a rule exceed tlre pure bred even in yield very often.

—Soy.—Over one peck of chopped green tomatoes sprinkle one-half pint of salt. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Then drain them and put in a kettle with one dozen onions chopped, one ounce black pepper, one ounce allspice, one-fourth pint black mustard powdered, one-half pint of white mustard seed, one tea-cup of sugar. Cover with vinegar and boil two hours, or until like jam.

—A good deal of so-called swamp muck is only swamp mud, and is worth but little. The real muck is pure vegetable matter and consists of leaves, branches, roots, and stems of berbs and bushes whicb have grown on the swamp and have decayed and made up the mass of the muck. This contains about two or three per cent. of nitrogen, or as much as the bat guano tbought so much of in the South.

—Apples in Jelly.—Core and pare thiuly twelve small, tart apples witbout breakiug them apart. Make a sirup of three quarters of a pound of sugar and five tablespoonfuls of boiling water and two lemons if small, one if large, cut into very thin slices. Boil the apples and lemons in the sirup until a broom straw will pierce them. Take out carefully into a deep dish. Boil the sirup until it will jelly. Place a slice of lemon on top of each apple and strain the jelly over them.

—White Mountain Rolls.—Sixteen cups of flour, half cup of sugar, cup of butter, cup of yeast, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and four cups of boiling milk; melt the butter and sugar in the milk, have the milk blood warm, and mix the bread, adding tbe whites of eggs after mixing in part of the flour, knead stiff and let rise in a warm place over night. In the morning kuead into rolls, and let rise till night; rub the beaten white of an egg over the tops of rolls and bake tbirty minutes.

—The best way to sell a horse or cow wbich you want to get rid of is to tell the truth about it. A frank acknowledgement of faults will often obtain credit for a counter claim of good qualities. Mr. Bonner, who a year since advertised his house and farm near New York, and laid stress upon the prevalence of fever and ague in the vicinity, probably sold them to a purchaser who cousidered himself and family proof against the "shakes." Let the fault of an animal be what it may, it will suit some purpose, and will find a purchaser at its fair value. Many persons will buy an imperfect animal, at a reasonable price, taking the risk of curing and getting a good bargaiu.—*Richard Goodman.*

—Cabbage Rolls.—Parboil a cabbage whole; pick out all the leaves, lay them flat on a cloth, and cut off the thick part of them. Take some well-flavored sausage-meat, put a small portion on a piece of leaf, and roll it up into the shape of a sausage; roll three or four more leaves round it neatly, and tie up with thread carefully. Having made a number of these rolls, which should all be of the same size, line a saucepan at the bottom with fat bacon, dispose them on it close together, and add enough stock just to cover them, with an onion stuck with cloves, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper and a little salt. Let the whole simmer gently for a couple of hours. At the time of serving remove the strings, dispose the rolls on a dish, make a sauce with some of the liquor, and pour it over them.

Competition Among Farmers.

With a growth of the demand there has come a vast increase of competition to the American farmer. The wonderful development of transportation facilities has thrown each grain or stock grower into direct competition with those engaged in the same business all over this country, and in Europe and Asia as well. The prices of the crops grown by Western farmers are much more influenced by the good or bad harvest in Great Britain than by the good or bad harvest in a dozen neighboring counties. Over much of our country a marked change in condition is in rapid progress. In a quarter of a century several of the Western States have passed from the pioneer stage to that of well settled regions, sending out large numbers of people to fill up still uewer regions. As this change goes on, the price of land advances, until the rate of increase in price becomes slow. Competition increases greatly, and it ceases to be the rule that almost any one can fairly succeed as a farmer. Exceepting some periods of final depression, it is doubtful if any country over offered better opportunities for reasonable success in farming than has our own. As the country grows older, and the population becomes greater, with consequent increase of competition, and of price of land, the condition of affairs will begin to resemble that in most older countries. Success in money making will not be the general rule. It will be won only by intelligent and persistent effort. There will be an abundant supply of men who can produce the common qualities of farm products in the usual ways. Only those who can produce articles above the average cost of production will have satisfactory profits. Better preparations for and intelligence in the work of farming are clearly demanded, if success is to be secured in the comparatively near future.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Cannibalism in Fiji.

But prior to the great change in Fiji caused by Christianity a feast would have been held of small account which was not graced by abundant human flesh, and if by chance there was no war on hand to provide this delicacy, there was rarely much difficulty in finding victims; a defenceless troop of women from some neighboring village, a canoe driven ashore by stress of weather, or, failing these, a few insignificant serfs or wives who had lost favor with their lords, supplied the place of home-farm produce. Several peculiarities were observed concerning the *bokalu*, or human flesh. It was considered indigestible unless eaten with certain herbs wblch were purposely grown in every village. Moreover, it was the only meat which was preferred rather high, and which must not be handled, from a belief that it would produce skin disease. Therefore it was iuvariably eaten witb a peculiar round wooden fork with four long prongs. Some of the most noted cannibals, who gloried in the multitude of men whom they had eaten, actually kept a record of their number by erecting lines of stones. One of tbese registers numbers 872! and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him. Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement, and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace beef. In fact, one of the excuses urged by Thakombau for so long adhering to cannibalism was that he and his people had no other substitute for English bullamacow. It is, however, twenty years since he abjured the vile custom and accepted Christianity, but many of the islanders kept it up till quite recently.—*Good Words.*

—In view of the number of land-slips whicb bave lately taken place in various parts of Switzerland, it is proposed to organize a Swiss Land-Slip Commission, with sub-commissions iu every canton, whose duty it will be to inspect localities where land-slips are likely to occur, to devise means to prevent their occurrence, and to warn persons whose lives may be imperiled.

—The Potlatch country, Idaho, says the Nez Perce *News*, embraces an area of one hundred miles square of the finest agricultural lands in the Northwest. It includes the country lying between the North fork of and the main Clearwater, the Paradise Buttes and the Genesee Prairie. Its present population is about 240 families.

—Among the prizes to be awarded at the Mechanics' Fair at Boston is a grand medal for "the single exhibit most conducive to bumau welfare."

THE New York *Clipper* lately elted tbe case of Captain Jacob Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., who had been a great sufferer with rheumatism for many years. He used St. Jacobs Oil with splendid success.

WHY must an old-man-of-war's man who has lost a leg in the service of his country become a retailer, should he go into trade?—Because he could not be a whole sailor.

FROM the Atlanta (Ga.) *Sunday Phonograph:* The editor of the Pikes County *News* has been eured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

IT is somewhat paradoxleal that the man who worries most about his health is tbe mau who bas none.

"Femnle Complaints."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything to do me so mucb good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it. MRS. EMILY RHOADS, McBrides, Mich.

A ST. LOUIS paper says: "When a Chicago preacher wants a new church all bis own, and a big congregation, he bas himself convicted of beresy."

The Dead Cannot be Raised,

nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequaled as a tonic, alterative and outritive, and readily eures the most obstinate cases of brouchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

MANY a man thinks it is principle that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be grateful, and do not mistake potatoes for principle.

AN important gathering—a boil.

SOME wag remarks truly when he says that "popularity in politics is to see your name in large type posted to a fence. Somebody will inquire as to who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear."

"I DON'T know why it is, Charlie," she remarked, pensively, "but whenever I look at your mustache, it makes me think of autumn." It was apparently an innocent remark, but it cost Charlie one dollar and fifty cents for a fresh bottle of hair dye.

THE bashful young man who asked a lady on the beach "If he could see her home" was much surprised to hear her reply "that he could go up and see if he wanted to, but she didn't think her father wanted to sell;" then she coolly walked off with the man of her choice.

NO MAN can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with: "Yer honner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for you," replied Pat; "but then, yer honner enn't tell how lazy I feel."

A DAMSEL who lived in Dubuque,
Was ambitious to marry a duque;
But as none came to woo her,
She accepted a pooher
Young fellow whose first name was Luque.

The bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle,
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to he,
She promptly replied: "I should smaisle."

"THERE'S some things as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, ebild," solemnly answered the old man.

LESSONS for young housekeepers—"How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?" "By the teeth." "By the teeth? But fowls have no teeth!" "I know they haven't, but I have!"

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

HORSE sausages are made and sold in England. John Bull always did love the horse.

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The Illuminator.

The existence of good feeling on the part of the French Nation for the people of this country is shown by the presentation of a colossal bronze figure of Freedom holding aloft the torch of Liberty. Beauty, with usefulness, is combined in this immense work of art, as the bright, blazing torch will serve the purpose of a beacon light in the harbor of New York. There is another figure which will challenge larger praise and admiration than even the great work above referred to. It is illustrated herewith, and represents the aged and worthy ST. JACOB, holding aloft in his hand that beacon which will guide aright all sailing upon the sea of life, whose waters abound with the shoals and dangerous places of sickness and disease. The light it casts is designed to show that ST. JACOBS OIL is the true and trusted means of keeping the body on its proper course, and of easing and "righting" it should it be unfortunately cast upon the shoals of rheumatism or other painful ailments. Thousands of grateful ones throughout the world have proved the value and felt the good of this Great German Remedy, and are glad to recommend it to all needing the services of just such a remedy. In this connection Mr. John A. Briggs, a well known citizen of Omaha, Neb., told a newspaper man that he was terribly afflicted with an acute attack of rheumatism in his back. The disease, which had been preying upon him for years had drawn him out of shape. He resorted to every remedy known to physicians, but found no relief until he tried ST. JACOBS OIL, one bottle of which effected a complete and radical cure. Another case may justify reference:

A VETERAN SEAMAN'S TROUBLE.

Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.: I send you this, feeling that the information conveyed will be of material benefit to many of your readers. One of our oldest citizens, Captain C. W. Boynton, the Government Light-house keeper at this point, is probably one of the oldest seamen in America, having sailed twenty-six years on salt water. After this forty-six years' service his eyesight failed him and he kept the Light at Chicago until the Government built the Gross Point Light here, when he was transferred. While seated in my store this morning the Captain volunteered the following written statement: "This is to certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty (20) years, both in my side and limbs. I am happy to say that, after using less than two bottles of the ST. JACOBS OIL, I am entirely free from pain, though still limping somewhat when walking, from long force of habit. C. W. BOYNTON." Referring to the foregoing facts, I might allude to numerous similar cases that have come to my notice, but "a word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHN GOEBEL, Pharmacist, Evanston, Ill

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.51 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2:16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

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This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscripisons and advertisements. Call or address,

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Neuralgia, Sprains,

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There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

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The testimonials in favor of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

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Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. **25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.**

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If you want to buy Clothing for Men or Boys either ready-made or made to order, do not fail to send for our Catalogue

THE LARGEST RETAIL CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

Mr. Nye Resigns.

To the Department of Justice, Washington D. C.:

Several months ago I resigned as United States Commissioner of this judicial district. The Government did not accept my resignation, thus tacitly asserting that there was no one who was considered competent to take my place in holding up this corner of the national fabric.

I now once more resign. I do not do it because I am displeased with the Government, because I am mad, but because I do not care for public life. There is no reason why the Government and myself should not continue to be friends, but under the new *regime* for United States [illegible] compelled to retire from the official capacity which I have long filled with so much skill and credit, both to myself and the United States.

The Department of Justice now requires me to furnish a detailed statement every month of all the business done by the Commissioner, with his official certificate attached. I am also required to keep a large volume in my office as a record of United States cases examined by me. I am to do this at my own expense in order that the honor and high moral tone of the Nation, may remain unsmirched.

All these requirements I could, of course, comply with, but I am cursed with the horrible apprehension that in the future I shall be required to do more and more of this till the expense will be more than I can meet. I could now, of course, get little chores to do around town, enough for necessary funds to buy the records, etc., but before another year the Government may require me to buy a marble-top centretable and two or three paintings by the old masters in order to give the popular amount of terror to the United States criminals. This would compel me to go without a new overcoat and underclothes, of which I am sadly in need. I had hoped that with the financial prosperity of the past year there would be one case, at least, for examination, for which I could realize $6 to $7, and which would ease this branch of the Department of Justice temporarily, but I have been disappointed all the way through. I could squeeze along without the overcoat in order to get the required record this winter, but the underclothes I feel as I ought to have.

I might die suddenly while on the bench, and it would sound harshly if the telegraphic dispatch were to state that when the post mortem was held the jury found a verdict that the United States commissioner had died from exposure and temporary stagnation in underclothes.

Our winters here are quite severe, and if the Department of Justice should some day require me in my official capacity to buy an upright piano and keep it on file I would have to clothe myself in my unswerving integrity and a pair of gold-bowed eye glasses.

There is no question about the air of cheerfulness that a piano would give to my office, especially if a lady were to be tried on some charge or another, for she could hang an overture out of the instrument while waiting for the United States attorney to come, and it would help to kill time, but the court would either have to lock itself in an adjoining closet till the defendant had gone or ask her to loan him her shawl during the trial.

You will see from these suggestions whither we are drifting.

I will now turn the office over to the Department. It consists of a pine box with some specimens of second-hand chewing tobacco preserved in saw-dust and a bald headed feather duster. The Department will please receipt to me for these archieves, as I desire to have everything done correctly and with the usual amount of precision and delay.

The United States in my resignation sustains a loss which it can ill afford, and the national superstructure becomes almost a tottering wreck. The popular man may be raised up for this crisis, but it is not at all probable.

Dr. Tanner would be a good man. I simply throw this out as a suggestion.

Still he would require clothes. I hadn't thought of that.

It is very seldom that you find a man with the happy union of qualifications necessary for this office. You may secure a man who can live on the delightful climate and what cold food he can secure among the neighbors, but he is liable to have an unwa be thankfully received and receipted.

I would also receipt my winter pants at the same time.

I find that I can starve to death just as successfully in journalism as I can in my official capacity, and I hope that the Government will not feel hurt over my course.

Handling the amount of money that I have, being a United States commissioner has been a terrible strain on me, and I resign before it is too late.

I resign while I have the manhood still left to overmaster my fiendish desire to embezzle the coal hod and the front door of the office.

Hoping that no further explanation will be necessary, I subscribe myself,

Yours, with a moderate amount of firmness and a passionate yearning for grab.

BILL NYE.

Laramie Boomerang.

Matton.

Mutton is better adapted for a food for persons living in the country than beef. Most farmers are situated so far from a market that they cannot obtain fresh meat to eat during the summer, when the hard work in the fields demand an excellent diet. They can not profitably dispose of the flesh of a steer slaughtered during hot weather, even if they have an ice house. One quarter is as large a quantity as even a good sized family can consume before danger of spoiling occurs. It is difficult to cure beef in the summer so as it will be certain to keep, even if one has a supply of ice. The like is true in relation to obtaining a supply of fresh meat from hogs during the summer. It is more difficult to cure pork than beef in summer; and besides pork is not well suited for a general article of diet during very hot weather.

The home supply of fresh meat in summer however, can readidly be obtained if a farmer keeps a flock of sheep. Mutton can be kept much longer in a fresh state than either beef or pork. Besides, even the largest varieties of sheep are so much smaller than steers or hogs that their carcasses can be disposed of in a much shorter time. If a family is too small to consume all the meat furnished by a sheep, a part of it can be salted. The meat is so thin, as compared with beef or pork, that every portion of it will absorb a sufficient amount of salt and sugar to preserve it, even when the weather is very warm.

Many persons know nothing of the merits of corned mutton. It has never occurred to some farmers that mutton could be cured for future use. They corn and dry beef, salt and smoke pork, but if necessary to eat mutton, if indeed they eat it at all, eat it when it is fresh. Now any part of a sheep furnishes excellent eating, when it is salted and boiled. In many respects it is superior to corned beef. It is more highly flavored and is better relished when eaten with potatoes and garden vegetables; stewed with sweet herbs it is a rare delicacy. The hams and shoulders of mutton are excellent when salted and smoked. The tongues of sheep are superior to those of cattle and pigs. Mutton is more easily digested than most kind of ments, and in delicacy ranks next to the flesh of chickens and small game fowls.

The horse epidemic which has appeared at Pittsburgh and other places is thus described: "The animal affected first shows weakness, declines to take food, the pupils of the eyes becomes discolored, the lids inflamed, and the tongue shows evidence of high fever, being very hot to the touch. In some cases swelling and stiffness of the limbs ensues, this being a serious symptom, and most frequently worse in the hindmost than in the foremost limbs." In Chicago the disease appears to be more severe than elsewhere, and in many cases is followed by lockjaw, which is quickly fatal.

A Hot Water River.

The great Sutro tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nev., of vast quantities of hot water which encountered in them, after [illegible] 12, [illegible] this is but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is turned off by a tunnel one thousand one hundred feet in length, which serves as a water-way. Leaving the waste way tunnel the water flows to the Carson river, a mile and a-half distant. The hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools, where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are to be irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

Presidents Versus Governors.

Among the humors chronicled of the Yorktown celebration it was mentioned that President Arthur was introduced to the Governor of Virginia instead of the latter being presented to the President of the United States. Some have contended that this blunder was an intentional one, and was a reassertion of the doctrine of States' rights. If so, it was merely another rendering of the old question of etiquette between President George Washington and Governor John Hancock, of Massachusetts. When the former made his first visit to Boston after he became President, he accepted an invitation of the Governor to an informal dinner, but expected a call from that functionary as soon as he arrived, instead of which he received a message from him pleading that he was too much indisposed to do so. Washington doubted the sincerity of the apology, as he had been given to understand that the Governor wished to evade making the first call, holding that as governor of the State, and within the bounds of that State, it was a proper point of etiquette that he should receive the first visit even from the President of the United States. Washington resisted this pretension, so excused himself from the dinner and dined at his lodgings. The next day the governor's friends advised him to waive the point of etiquette, so he sent his best respects to the President, informing him that if at home and at leisure, he would do himself the honor to visit him in half an hour, intimating that he would have done it sooner had his health permitted, and that it was not without hazard to his health that he did it now.—*Washinton Star.*

The Masonic fraternity will be interested in reading, at the laying of the corner stone of the Yorktown monument, the chair occupied by the Grand Master on that occasion was the one which Lord Botetourt, when loyal Governor of the Old Dominion, presented to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and in which George Washington sat while Grand Master of Virginia Masons. The sash and apron worn by Grand Master Peyton S. Coles, of Virginia, were worked by Mrs. Lafayette and presented to Washington in 1784 at Mt. Vernon. The gavel was made from a portion of the quarter-deck of the United States frigate Lawrence, flagship of Commodore Perry, at the battle and victory of Lake Erie, September 10, 1814. This gavel was used by M. W. Brother Smith as Grand Master of Masons, of New Jersey, in laying the corner-stone of the monument of the battlefield of Monmouth on June 30, 1878. It was also used by M. W. Jesse B. Anthony, Grand Master of New York, to lay the corner-stone of the Egyptian Obelisk in Central Park, New York City, October 9, 1880.

Col. Von Steuben's Opinion of Blaine.

While the German visitors were in Baltimore, Col. Von Steuben is reported to have spoken in the following terms of Secretary Blaine:

[illegible] our visit to Yorktown has been marked by the utmost cordiality. And here let me say a word of Mr. Blaine. He is the loveliest, the most dignified, and at the same time the most cordial man I have met in this country. It is no wonder to me that this nation honors him as one of its greatest men, and I have not the slightest doubt that his popularity will increase as time progresses, and that great honors still await him. It is a matter of the deepest regret to us that the Secretary cannot speak German. As it is we have enjoyed his company very much indeed. But our pleasure would have been increased if we had been able to converse with the distinguished Secretary in our own language. This is a great country, and the people should be proud of such a Secretary of State. It is a wonder to me that, considering the population of this country (composed as it is of people from all countries of the world), there is not more friction between the various classes, whose habits, customs, &c., must so vastly differ from each other."

How it Pays to Take a Newspaper.

Some papers are not of much account as to appearance, but I never took one that did not pay me, in some way, more than I paid for it. One time an old friend started a little paper away down in Southwestern Georgia and sent it to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him, and after awhile it published a notice that an administrator had an order to sell several lots at public outcry, and one of the lots was in my county. So I inquired about the lot, and wrote to my friend to attend the sale and run it up to fifty dollars. He did so, and bid me off the lot for thirty dollars; and I sold it, in a month, to a man it joined for a hundred, and so I made sixty-eight dollars clear by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teachers was wanted away off in a distant county, and he went there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up mighty sweet and pretty, and he fell in love with her and married her. Now, if he hadn't taken the paper, what do you reckon would have become of me? Wouldn't I have been some other fellow, or may be not at all

A veritable bird-charmer is a little five-year-old child of Mount Blanchard, Montana. The little girl was playing out in the door-yard among a bevy of snowbirds, and when she spoke to them they would come and light upon her, twittering with the utmost glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds, instead of trying to get away from their fair captor, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance and immediately return to the child again. She then took several of them into the house to show her mother, who, thinking she might hurt them, took the birds and put them out-doors; but no sooner was the door opened than the birds flew into the room and lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp.

It is rare to read a newspaper through without seeing a notice of the death of a brakeman. It is estimated that at least ten brakemen are killed in this country every day, that three times as many are injured. They are killed or maimed while coupling or uncoupling cars in making up trains, or slip on the track and are run over, or are knocked from the tops of cars, or crushed by collisions. An occupation in which 3,650 lives are lost and 14,600 persons incur serious injuries, in this country alone, may well be called a dangerous one. The casualities among brakeman appear to be much greater than among the soldiers in our regular army.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ÆSTHETIC LOVE.

THE APPEAL.

Primrose Della-Cruscan maid!
Maid, ah, quite too too!
Plumes and cat-tails 'broidery laid
On thy gown of blue!
Bric-a-brac of my desire,
With thine eyes of peacock fire,
Utterest maid beneath the sun,
Let the Bishop make us one—
Cultured maid, ah, do!

THE DENIAL.

Ah, thou fell wan lily man!
Quite too fourteenth-century man!
Whisp'ring to my storky fan.
Hie thee hence! Ah, do!
All of us consummate girls
Wedded are to crewel twirls.
Males and mating I abhor, sir—
Never even mate a saucer.
Know that I am *One* already,
In my gown of blue;
And I choose that you and I, sir,
Still shall be *two*, too.

CONCLUSION.

Did he pine, intense, but fated,
Like an odd piece, never mated?
O, no, no;
Quite not so,
In full and half and quarter moon.
And just the least bit out of tune,
He kept up his too-tooting beneath the lady's casement,
And now the pair are furnishing a lovely English-basement.

—*Harpers' Bazar.*

SEARCHING OUT A MYSTERY.

The hair of all Twiddleton stood on end with excitement. A box containing the dismembered skeleton of a man had been dug up in the cellar of an old house back of the hotel; and until the mystery thereof was solved, no inhabitant of Twiddleton could enjoy an hour's mental repose.

Business was neglected in Twiddleton. Men congregated at corners to discourse upon the all absorbing topic; and women lett the dinner pots to boil over, while they discussed the mystery above their yard-fences. The parson had made the *murder of Abel*, the subject of his last sermon, and at the village Lyceum, the question "*Is there a Eugene Aram amongst us?*" had been treated in a manner to curdle the blood of the hearers, and inspire each with a dark distrust of his next door neighbor. Still, no one had taken any actual steps to the discovery of the murderer, until Mr. Soloman Slocum publicly announced his intention of taking the matter in hand, and in his own words, "sifting it to the bottom."

If any one short of a No. 1 detective were competent for this task, it was Soloman Slocum. There had never been a mystery in Twiddleton that he had not ferreted out; never a secret act of lawlessness, from the burning of Squire Renuie's barn to the tying of a cat to Mrs. Skinner's brass door knocker, but that he had succeeded in identifying the culprit. He also interested himself in matters of a more private and innocent nature. He knew the history of every family in the county, with most of their domestic affairs; had ascertained the age of every single lady, and would tell without hesitation who wore false hair and teeth, and when a silk dress had been dyed and made over.

Slocum went to work in a very methodical manner. First, he ascertained from corporation deeds that the house containing the mysterious cellar (now occupied by an estimable single lady, who had fainted on the discovery that she had been "living over a dead man") had been built nearly a hundred years ago by an ancestor of the Harker family. Thereupon a shadow fell upon the Harkers, and several persons were led to the discovery that they had always seemed a sly and underhanded set. Job Harker, however, proved that the house had been sold some twenty years after its completion to Captain Womble, whereupon the Wombles came in for a share of the shadow; and young Timms, the village poet, whose Fourth of July Ode Tom Wombles had ridiculed, asserted that he had always had a mysterious repulsion to the latter individual, and had clearly seen "*murder*" upon his brow.

Tom and his father then came forward, the former with a horsewhip and the latter with a paper, which proved that in the days of the Wombles' occupancy of the house no cellar had existed beneath it.

Following this clue, Solomon Slocum, after much investigation, succeeded in satisfying himself that the cellar in fact was a comparatively modern addition, having been excavated in the year 1845, just after the property had passed into the hands of the Bowans.

This discovery, of course, at once placed that family under a ban of the darkest suspicion. Solomon, whose only son, Joe, had been paying particular attention to pretty Jessie Bowan, found himself not proof against the general prejudice.

"No, Slocum," he remarked, with virtuous resolution, "shall marry into a family in whose veins runs the black blood of a murderer."

And though it was not evident to the hearers of this speech that the blood of a murder must necessarily be black, they nevertheless approved of the sentiment—all save Joe, who sturdily declared his intention of marrying the girl he loved, though her veins should run 'ink' and ivory black."

"The case having been narrowed down to this p'int," observed Solomon, looking gravely around upon an interested audience in the tap-room of the hotel, of which, by-the-by, his father, Christopher Slocum, had been for many years previous to his death the popular proprietor—"the case having, as I said, been narrowed down to the year 'forty-five, it remains for us to discover what men folks hev onaccountably and mysteriously disappeared since that date; and then to ascertain, if possible, what relations the missing men had with any of the Bowans."

"Thar was the Yankee-notion peddler," suggested Slocum's particular chum, who kept the store and postoffice opposite. "He was missin' more'n three weeks."

"*His* body was found and decently buried," Slocum replied.

"Then that swell chap who was so flush o' greenbacks," said another.

"Bogus. No wonder *he* mysteriously disappeared—with the police arter him."

"Ahem! The young student that spent a month here in your father's time, Slocum, recruitin'——"

"Recruitin'! I never heard of a man or boy reerulted from this town," said Solomon, positively.

"Recruitin' of his health, as he said. You must remember that he left here in a mighty sudden and inaccountable way, and to my knowledge never was heerd of ag'in."

"To-be-sure, to-be-sure!" assented Slocum, his eyes sparkling as he found himself possessed of this valuable clue. "Drewry was his name. A jolly young chap he seemed to be. Plenty o' money, too, as I ricolliet. And now it's for me to find out exactly the date of his being here!"

He hurried away home, and speedily returned with certain massive and well-worn volumes, which proved to be ledgers and account books of his late father, while landlord of the inn.

The present proprietor of that establishment, Captain Grasty, leaned over his shoulder and watched with interest as he ran his fingers down certain pages, stopping occasionally to read.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Slocum, with a ring of triumph in his tone; "here it is! 'Allan Drewry'—'August 16, 1848.' The cellar was built in 'forty-five," he added, significantly looking around.

"Why, Lor'!" exclaimed Mrs. Grasty, advancing from the kitchen, whence she had been an interested observer of these proceedings—"why, Lor'! I remember Mr. Allen Drewry. I was a gal at that time, and he sort o' made up to me, though he knew John Bowan—that's Jessie's father—was keepin' my company."

"What!" exclaimed Solomon, excitedly, "you don't mean to say Bowan was jealous?"

"There was some folks said so, if *I* didn't," replied Mrs. Grasty, modestly.

Solomon looked slowly around the circle, and solemnly shook his head.

"Look here, Slocum," said Captain Grasty, still running his eye down the page, "what's this? 'Paid John Bowan five dollars, first quarter's rent of his cellar!' Why, what had Chris Slocum to do with that cellar?"

Slocum's eyes expanded. He rubbed his spectacles and stared intently at the fatal words.

"I—I don't believe 'twas *that* cellar," he gasped.

"Couldn't have been any other. Just across the back yard here, with a door in the wall between. Convenient to the house, you see. Never thought of it before."

"You don't mean to insinuate," said Solomon, turning upon him with a white face, "that—that *my* father had anything to do with that—that affair?"

"I don't insinuate anything," answered the Captain, with a shrug; "though I don't see how Chris Slocum was any better than old Womble or John Bowan."

Mr. Michael Lafferty, a sort of loafing character of Twiddleton, here turned around from the bar, where he was indulging in a dhrap, and, placing his finger on the side of his florid nose, deliberately winked.

"See here, Cap'n, yez best not mix up the ould man's name wid thim dhry bones beyant. He was *my* friend, he was, an' I'll stan' by him an' his to the ind. An' if it comes to suspicionin' him of murther, see here, it's betther to let out the truth. The old man wanted that cellar for storage, ye see."

"What kind of storage?"

"Whist, thin! don't yo mind when the revenue officers was down here, and couldn't find a dhrap of o' the stuff but what wasn't *sthraight?* But, bedad! they niver looked in the cellar beyant."

"I don't believe it," cried Slocum, savagely.

But he saw that every one around him *did* credit the man's statement, and gradually the conviction forced itself upon even his unwilling mind.

It was a great shock to Solomon, who had always made a boast of the honor and honesty of himself and his family.

His respected father dealing in illicit whisky, and cheating the revenue! Solomon, with his neighbors' eyes bent upon him, seemed to be shrinking to half his natural size.

"I remember when the revenue officers used to hang round here in disguise," said one man, in a low tone.

"An idear strikes me," said another, excitedly. "What if that young feller—Drewry you call him—was one of 'em, and"—keeping one eye half fearfully fixed upon Slocum—"ferreted out that cellar, and *never came home alive?*

For a week after that an awful calm of suppressed horror brooded over Twiddleton. People were appalled at the heinous crime which the investigations of Solomon Slocum had brought to light; and, moreover, by a wonderful dispensation of fate, *brought home to himself.*

There could be no doubt upon the subject; for, on close investigation a hammer had been found under the bones in the bag, plainly branded with Christopher Slocum's initials.

With this murderous weapon he had doubtless slaughtered his innocent victim; and whether it had been done for sake of money or to prevent the betrayal of the secret of the cellar, remained the only question open to doubt.

Poor Solomon Slocum! How had his glory departed! Would that he had never interfered with what had not concerned him! He the son of a murderer, and his own son to bear forever the dark blot of that stigma. John Bowan had forbidden his daughter to receive the young man's attentions, though Jessie cried, and declared that she did not see why Joe should suffer for a sin not his own, and that she was willing to marry him and help him bear the disgrace, if need be.

One day, about six months after these events, a well dressed jolly looking, elderly gentlemen stopped at the Eagle Hotel in Twiddleton. As the servant took his horse he looked around curiously, and with a sort of smile, at the transformed house and its new sign. A group of idlers was collected, as usual, on the long, low piazza, and there listened with interest to what was said.

"Place improved since I was here, some five-and-twenty years ago. Who is the landlord now?"

"Myself, sir—Thomas Grasty," responded the host, with dignity.

"Ah! What has become of old Chris Slocum?"

"Dead, sir, years ago! That's his son," pointing to a seedy and dejected looking individual passing slowly along the street.

"Sol? Not like the strapping young chap I remember. Times seem to have gone hard with him."

"Ah, sir, he's had enough to change him!"

And, in accordance with his now established habit, Captain Grasty regaled his guest with the whole story of the discovery of the ghastly remains in the cellar, and the subsequent awful revelation concerning them.

To his utter astonishment the gentleman, after listening attentively, broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"So they accuse poor old Chris of robbery and murder, do they?"

"Undoubtedly the young man was murdered, sir!"

"Perhaps not. I am Doctor Allan Drewry; no ghost, but, as you see, substantial, living flesh. Ha, ha!"

In less than an hour the news had spread through the village like wildfire. Everybody knew the story; how Allan Drewry, when about to commence his medical studies had, by his unconquerable disposition to "fun and flirtation," gotten himself into a serious scrape with a lady of uncertain age, who unflinchingly claimed to be his promised bride; and how her determined aged brother had discovered his vacation retirement whence he had escaped unnoticed, leaving his effects to be forwarded by the stage to whom he had taken into his employ.

Among these effects was a complete skeleton, which the student had fished from an old grave of some person unknown, in an ancient and neglected burial-ground near the village. Christopher Slocum had been afraid to send this on with the rest of the "effects," and had hidden the box in the Bowan cellar, lightly covered over with earth, awaiting the student's orders for a safe, special conveyance. But he had never claimed the bones; and there they had lain until their unfortunate discovery, a quarter of a century after.

It was wonderful how pleased people were at this late revelation of Chris Slocum's innocence, and his son's and grandson's freedom from the stigma which had weighed so heavily upon them. As to the revenue offense of poor Chris, folks might wink at that. So they hastened to make all the reparation in their power for the injustice they had been guilty of; and Joe's and Jessie's wedding was quite a grand affair for Twiddleton.

"It's always best to let other folks' consarns alone, and mind your own," is the moral now carefully inculcated by Solomon Slocum upon the tender minds of his grandchildren.—*Saturday Night.*

The Dressmaker.

We are more or less dependent upon our dressmaker, and at the mercy of her prejudices. It is she who decides in a measure whether we shall be dowdy or stylish; she can conceal our deformities, and make the most of our line points; she can supplement our lack of taste by her own. Many a woman owes her reputation as an artist in the toilette to some unknown mantua-maker, whose fancy has been obliged to work in fabrics, when it would have done credit to more æsthetic materials. The majority of professional dress-makers naturally take more pains, perhaps, and put more thought and taste into combinations of fine stuffs, into the velvets and satins that are intrusted to their care, than they bestow upon simpler and less expensive goods. One can achieve much finer effects with the sheen of satin than with the lack-lustre cashmeres; there is as much difference between the two as between art-embroidery and the household mending; though one may be more useful than the other, it is the embroidery which delights the eye; and yet the satins and velvets can shine by their own light, while it is the lack-lustre cashmeres which need the artist's touch to render their simplicity attractive; but she who will lavish her best upon one's old or cheap garments is an anomaly in her class, and must feel a wealth of fancy and skill within herself, thus to dissipate it upon such obscure articles, which will advertise her ability only to the keenest observer. There is the dressmaker who leads one into extravagances which at the time appear absolute necessities, but which have the advantage at least of resulting in "things of beauty;" and there is her opposite, in whose hands one becomes an economist, and learns the secret of making a gown out of scraps; there is the slattern who never finishes off her seams, whose dresses hang by a thread, so to speak, but whose disposition is obliging; and there is her sister workwoman who knows everybody's affairs and tells them, who repeats the makeshifts of her last customer, and who, you are confident, will carry a strict account of your own short-comings to her next. Perhaps it is no wonder that, living in such an atmosphere of fashion and frivolty, the dressmaker sometimes becomes possessed with an exaggerated idea of the importance of fine clothing, especially when she knows that the subject holds such a prominent place in the minds and conversation of people who ought to be devoted to more ambitious things, who are not obliged to earn their daily bread by concentrating their thoughts upon it; people who can dismiss the matter from their minds, or delegate it to another at pleasure. Unless she takes special care to develop herself in other directions in her hours of recreation, she endangers the vitality of her intellectual life. Because one is a dressmaker shall she not speak the shibboleth of the cultured woman? Shall nothing but frills and furbelows be expected of her? Shall she not think of other sciences than those of shirring and plaiting and stitching.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod of the South, which has just met at Ebenezer, Ga., has been for some years negotiating with the United Presbyterian Church for a Union. The United Presbyterian General Synod last May adopted a basis of union which was recommended by the committee of the Associate Reform Church to the Synod for adoption. The Synod referred it to the Presbyteries for their views upon it, postponing final action till next year.

Cornish Working Women.

Picking our way through the purplish mud and stones below the Karn, we discovered a little old woman laboring over a pile of unmilled copper ore. We had to look twice before we could assure ourselves of her sex; not only was her dress perplexing, but there was an unreality and weirdness in her person. She was very small, almost dwarfish, with bent shoulders and wrinkled hands and face, her skin had the texture of parchment, and was curiously mottled with blue; her hair was thin and wiry. She seemed very old, but her eyes had a shrewd and penetrating quickness, and her movements were utterly without decrepitude. Indeed, she applied herself to her work with the willing vigor of a strong young man, and the work consisted of shoveling the heavy blocks of ore into a small wagon resting on a temporary tramway. Shovelful after shovelful was thrown in with an easy muscular swing, and with much more activity than the average "navvy" ever exhibits. Her petticoats ended above the ankle, and were stained with the hue of the copper ore; her shapeless legs were muffled up in woolen wraps, and her feet incased in substantial brogans. She was not apparently uncomfortable bodily, but her face had in it a look of uncomplaining suffering, of unalterable gravity, of a habituated sorrow which had extinguished all possibility of a smile. Not understanding a word on which we put to her, she used only two words, "Please, sir!"—a form of petition which we often heard in the neighborhood of Redruth. "You seem to be old for such hard work," we repeated. "'Deed, sir, I don't know how old I am, but I've been at it this forty years. I'm not young any longer, that's sure," she answered, in a clear voice with scarcely any accent. "Are you married?" "No, sir; nobody would ever have me," she continued, without relaxing from her gravity or delaying her work for a moment—"nobody would have me or go with me, as I was always subject to fits—terrible they are. I still have 'em once or twice a week sometimes, always with a change in the moon." "How do you account for it?" "Why, before my twenty-fourth year I was in the service of a lady who threw me down stairs, and that changed my blood; so, when the moon changes I have the fits. Little can be done for them when the blood's changed." This superstition was a matter of profound faith with her, but otherwise her manner was remarkably intelligent. She told us that her wages were fourteen pence—twenty-eight cents—a day; and when we unnecessarily said that she must be tired of work at such a price, she answered, in a bitter tone, "No use being tired; when you are tired, there's the work-house for you."

She had nearly filled the wagon by this time, and two younger women, dressed as she was, but more vigorous-looking, came to help her, and after spitting on their hands, which were as large and as hard as any man's, they applied themselves with shovels to the heap of ore, falling into a machine-like swing of the body as they scooped up the heavy rock. Two men afterward joined them, and when the wagon was loaded they propelled it along the track toward the mill, the women sharing the work equally with the men, it, indeed, they did not use even greater exertions.

The employment of women underground is now forbidden by law, the degradation resulting from it having been perceived by English legislators only when it had become flagitious; but of thirteen thousand persons engaged in the mines about two thousand are women, who are employed in various parts of the process of dressing the ore. In the simpler operations very young girls are useful, and at the mill we found a large number of them—the daughters of miners usually—some of them pretty, and all of them neatly clothed and intelligent, even pert in manner. They can all write, and they have an appetite for literature of the Adolphus-Adelina sort, which they devour in penny instalments when their work is slack.—*W. H. Riding, in Harper's Magazine.*

Septicæmia and Pyæmia.

These words became quite familiar to people generally during the last two months, especially after the formation of the glandular abscess in the late President's cheek, which fully settled the question that his blood had become poisoned by absorption of decomposed pus.

Septicæmia—also written septæmia—is derived from words signifying "putrid" and "blood," and denotes a fever caused by the absorption into the blood of any putrid matter.

One may be thus blood-poisoned by putrid substance from his own body, or from the body of some other person, as when a physician, in conducting a post-mortem, often takes corrupt matter into his system, through some unnoticed cut, or chap, or scratch, or chafe on his finger.

In every such case, a fever is set up, and the blood is so changed that it cannot properly fulfill its functions. As microscopic organisms are always present in putrid matter, it is now supposed by most experts that septicæmia is due to the presence of these organisms. They multiply with inconceivable rapidity, and live by disorganizing that to which they are attached, or in which they float.

Pyæmia strictly denotes a state of the blood in which pus globules float among the blood corpuscles. Virchow denies that there is any such condition, and would have the name abandoned. So would some other well-known physicians.

The New York *Medical Record* says the etymology conveys a wrong idea of the real nature of the disease. Some others would retain the word, but restrict it to an intenser form of septicæmia, characterized by chills, profuse perspiration, great prostration, vomiting, delirium and sweet breath.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Mrs. Garfield's visit to New York last spring in search of furniture for the White House was the first time she had ever been to that city.

—The child never sees the necessity of strict obedience until it becomes apparent.—*Boston Globe.*

Comets.

In a year which has witnessed no fewer than four distinct comets it is not surprising that astronomers should have directed renewed attention to these curious members of the universe. A great authority, Mr. Hind, has just published some investigations upon the comet named after Halley, by which he confirms the belief that this particular body really does revisit and circumnavigate the sun every seventy-five or seventy-six years. This was pretty surely understood before, but recent historical notices establish the fact, and those who live so long may count on seeing Halley's comet about A. D. 1910. It will on that occasion come very close, indeed, to the earth, ten times closer than at its last appearance, in 1835, closer even than in 1456, when it almost frightened Europe and Pope Callixtus out of their wits. But nobody now entertains any fear of comets, partly by reason of the information afforded by science, and partly, no doubt, because familiarity breeds—if not exactly contempt—a feeling akin to indifference. Yet we should no more show disrespect to comets than to the equator. They remain mysterious and wonderful, though they have ceased to be dangerous, and if people nowadays lightly speculate upon a good vintage because there have appeared four of these "tailed stars," or at worst put down the bad weather to their influence, this same Halley's comet reminds us of the painful nervousness of our ancestors. In B. C. 12 it swept through the sky, and was believed by the trembling Romans to be the soul of Julius Cæsar, foreboding death and ruin. In A. D. 837 it became visible during Holy Week, and so alarmed Louis the Debonnaire that he passed the night in religious services, and spent thousands of crowns in expiatory masses. In 989 its appearance was taken as so certain a sign that the world would come to an end at the close of the thousand years that legal documents used to begin: "Now that the consummation of things approacheth." The comet came again in A. D. 1066, just before the Norman invasion of England, and the Bayeux tapestries represent King Harold and his English people gazing in horror and dismay upon its fiery nucleus and streaming tail, to which general opinion confidently attributed afterward the catastrophe of the Battle of Hastings. Pope Urban IV. died in July, 1214, and his death was put down to the comet then showing, but in June 1456, "Halley's" wild wanderer was so near, so brilliant and so big that all Christendom was troubled, and Pope Callixtus—already mentioned—declared it with much perturbation of mind, to be a vision of the cross; while the Saracen Sultan proclaimed that it was "the scimitar of Mahomet" presaging victory. On that date the comet showed a train more than sixty degrees long; and was nearly as terrible when it returned in 1527, "putting many into so great a fright that they died, and making others sick." Imaginative minds saw upon this phenomenon figures of weapons and decapitated heads; hens are said to have laid eggs with a picture of the comet on their shells, and persons of high rank took the warning of such bodies deeply to heart—as if heaven cared so much for rank and title. The brother of Louis XIV., when a comet came suddenly and the courtiers were discussing the monitions of the portent with skepticism, exclaimed with a sigh: "Ah, gentleman, you can talk at your ease if you like; you are not Kings and Princes."

If, however, mankind has ceased to fear these ethereal pilgrims, it can not but marvel at the one species of heavenly bodies which thus fly from universe to universe. Comets must have a business and function of some sort. Something or other, important to all the planets which they skirt upon their flight must result from their proximity and passage. There is, indeed, already a "moral to their tail" in the exploded absurdity of the belief that they come to portend the demise of great men, or some natural catastrophe. Shakespeare puts such an idea into the mouth of Calphurnia, "When beggars die there are no portents seen. The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes." We measure the vain ignorance of our race when we dwell upon the bygone superstitions that Halley's comet could travel 3,200,000,000 of miles to betoken a Pope's decease or the landing of William the Conqueror. Yet will the earth and its inhabitants have got rid of all such foolish notions when this same silver roamer among the worlds returns in May, 1910? It is but slowly that human beings have learned that the universe was not created to furnish a spangled curtain at night for them. Very few have been the ethereal journeys made by Halley's comet since it was a capital offense against the church for Galileo to proclaim that the sun did not go round this infinitesimal ball, and could not be stayed, therefore, at Ajalon or elsewhere. Men have changed these narrow and egotistical views for conceptions of the world of life and light less flattering to ourselves, but infinitely more full of splendid possibilities of existence and boundless developments of creative power and glory. Many and many another illusion—derived from the feeble and deceitful senses—abides with us, at which perhaps generations to come will smile, as we do at Harold on the Bayeux tapestries and Pope Callixtus exorcising the comet. Thirty years, even at the present rate of scientific and social progress, may work a considerable difference in the thoughts and beliefs of men; and those who gaze in 1910 on the returning prodigy will see some strange alterations, perchance. What they will be who knows? but the same firmly-fixed law of order which controls every league in the sparkling sweep of these wild wanderers—so that their dates can be foreseen with perfect accuracy—justifies the faith that life and nature move everywhere toward boundless development of good, and that those are wisest who hope and believe most.—*London Telegram.*

—The wife of the bonanza monopolist of California rides in a carriage in Paris that cost $30,000 and requires an annual outlay of $2,000 for repairs. Like the lilies of the field she toils not, neither does she spin, yet Solomon in all his glory couldn't hang on to the tail-board of such a turn-out as that.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A lunatic æsthete in England recently paid $6,000 for a couple of blue china ginger-pots.

—A member of the New Hampshire Legislature denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman capital."

—Leonard Hook was taken to the alms-house in Cambria County, Pa., a short time ago as a pauper. On examination a bank certificate of deposit for $740 and twenty-one dollars in cash was found in his clothing.

—A young man of San Antonio, Tex., fractured his jaw-bone so completely the other day that his attending physicians drilled holes through the bones and bound them back into place by means of thread wire.

—In one of the Switzerland land slides a whole tract of wood slipped down a hillside and spread over some meadows without uprooting or even injuring the trees, thus converting at one stroke a tract of pasturage into a piece of forest land.

—In most States the Jews and Seventh-day Baptists are by law exempted from keeping Sunday, provided they keep Saturday instead. Pennsylvania is one of the exceptions, and in several counties of that State the Sunday law is very rigidly enforced against Seventh-day Baptists. A movement to change the statute is to be made.

—The use of the *American word* "caucus" is becoming common in England, and the London newspapers are puzzled over its derivation. It is said to come from "caulkers' meetings," held by Boston shipyard employes in ante-Revolutionary times. All conferences to arrange for concerted political action were soon called "caulkers," and in time the term became "caucus."

—A Chicago correspondent, looking over a mercantile directory for 1872, finds on the black list the entry: "Z—Guiteau, Charles J., lawyer." Turning to the definition of the letter "Z" he finds: "Z—Income uncertain and often precarious. Defer indefinite the payment of debts. Lawsuits to collect same would be useless. No credit or favors should be shown."

—Even the "King of Kings" suffers occasionally from toothache. Not long ago the Shah of Persia underwent, in the presence of his entire Court, the dangerous operation of having one of his teeth extracted. The operation was a success; certainly financially, for not less that 3,000 ducats were sent to him in a single day by his faithful subjects as "congratulatory offerings." The fee of the European dentist who attended him was 100 ducats.

—One of those romances you read about, but which are rarely actual occurrences, is related in the New York papers. A young man who had rescued a young woman from drowning last August, walked up to the Mayor's office one day last week and was married to her. Some of the sentiment of the story disappeared, however, when it came out that the couple were engaged before the little scene of the rescue was enacted.

—Mrs. Judge Mann, of Granville, and her son-in-law, while visiting Washington some time ago, says the Troy (N. Y.) *Times*, were courteously shown through the White House grounds by a stranger who took pains to inform them that he was a Chicago lawyer and an applicant for office. Two days later the country was horrified by the shooting of President Garfield, and in the portraits of the assassin Guiteau Mrs. Mann recognized the officious guide.

—At services held in the Orthodox Synagogue in Washington on the day of mourning for President Garfield's death, a member who delivered a discourse called attention to the fact that "curiously enough, this day is coincident with an assassination prominent in Jewish history, that of Gedayah, Governor of Judea, who was brutally murdered by one Ishmael; and even at this remote day, 2,240 years after the crime, his memory is held in contempt and detestation."

—J. B. Eicheles, a pale young man, distinguished himself at a ball-room in the rear of a beer saloon in New York by waltzing from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night without cessation. When the clock struck eleven the dancer struck into a lively jig amid the cheers of the spectators. As a reward for the hard work the dancer received the money resulting from an admission of fifteen cents from each spectator. An accordion supplied the music.

—There are reports in German journals of many emigrants who have been starting out for America with only means enough to get to Liverpool or some other seaport. There, utterly destitute, they have been subjected to much suffering, and have finally been assisted in returning to their homes with public funds, merely to prevent their becoming permanent burdens on the public charities. These poor people set out with a vague notion that they would in some way be enabled to complete their journey.

—A curious custom prevailed in Paris at the beginning of the present century. When a new press was received in a printing office it was the custom to dedicate it to one of the patrons or patronesses of the establishment. There was a family fete, the governor or his wife acting as godfather or godmother, received the homage of the workmen, who presented a bouquet. The new press was covered with flowers and gay ribbons, and on its bed was an appropriate dedicatory epistle in type. The godfather or godmother gave the first pull, and thus inaugurated the press, and the day ended in festivities and mutual congratulations.

—Another instance of the efficiency of the Cincinnati police has come to light. A gentleman at the Exposition in that city found that his watch had disappeared while he was pressing through a crowd in one of the corridors. He reported his loss to the police, and in less than an hour afterward an aged countryman backed up to a policeman and asked him to see what it was that had been hanging to his coat in the rear, and thumping him while he walked. It proved to be the missing watch, the chain of which was fastened around a button of the old man's coat.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

LITTLE MEG AND I.

You ask me, mates, to spin a yarn, before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
I'll give you one—a story true as ever yet was told—
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.
The story's of a maid and lad, who loved in days gone by:
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots agin the wind;
And as for larnin' hulks and spars: I've often heard it said
That she could give the scholar's points, and then come out ahead.
The old schoolmaster used to say, and mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg; the greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while she was by my side;
For, though a lad, I loved her, mates, and for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife," 'twas the prattle of a child.
For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters running high;
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in your hand.
Her father owned a vast domain for miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing-smack, a hut and nothing more.
I knew that Meg I no'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young and never dreamed that I should go to sea.
Till one bright morning father said: "There's a white-ship in the bay;
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—you go aboard to-day."
Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I bade them all good-bye,
While on the dock stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed, whene'er I came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're gone I'll love you more and more;
And I promise to be true to you through all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes would fill with pearly tears.
Then, as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were: "God speed you, Bill;" so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last one summer's day
Our good ship, the Minerva, cast anchor in the bay,
O how my heart beat high with hope, as I saw her home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds, to welcome us ashore;
But heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed, while I was far away.
They told me, too, they forced her to't—and wrecked her fair young life—
Just think, messmates, a child in years, to be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so, and what could she reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it might be four—
One blustering night Jack Glinn and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath—
There floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death.
I raised her up: oh, God, messmates, that I had passed her by.
For in the bay lay little Meg and over her stood I.

—*Con T. Murphy.*

THE MAN WHO CAME HOME.

I.

One March day Mr. Mark Hunter arrived in the city of Boston. His personal appearance was commonplace, and his reputation did not warrant the anticipation of his advent by the Mayor and Common Council. Nobody met him at the depot, and nobody watched for him with eager anticipation of joy or sorrow. He expected no greeting other than a glimpse of the familiar streets, church steeples and Common of the town where he was born, and yet a certain music had chimed in his ears during the journey hither. This refrain, monotonous and unceasing, had been, The man who came home. Yes, he was the man returning home after an absence of thirty years. What should he find? All faces were strange to him.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Erskine was giving a luncheon party to some lady friends in her home in the city of New York. The lunch was quite an informal affair, as she assured each guest in a cream-tinted note of invitation bearing her family crest—a cock gazing at a lighthouse, on a silver ground. This form of invitation signified to everybody a repast combining all the delicacies of the season, in the shape of game, salads and jellies, stimulated by chocolate and coffee and concluding with champagne. The lunch was the result of a sleepless night, when Mrs. Erskine had gazed with wide-open eyes at a bar of light thrown on the ceiling of her bedchamber by the gas of the street lamp. An energetic woman and fond mother, Mrs. Erskine had calculated the expenses of this feminine feast, and sought among her acquaintance for those guests from whom returns would be the most immediate. Such is the currency of society.

"The girls must be advanced this winter, as they have ordered new ball dresses, and perhaps Charley may find an heiress."

Mrs. Erskine had thus meditated, staring at the gas-light on the ceiling, and it was only when the milkman uttered his familiar call at dawn that she tied her night-cap strings and fell asleep. The luncheon party was the happy result of midnight calculations.

A spring day, a pretty dining-room and an animated group of ladies gathered about a well-served table at two o'clock. The hostess surveyed this field with satisfaction. "Feed your neighbor luxuriously if you would open his heart and his door to you," she thought, as she urged tenderly the acceptance of more broiled oysters on the wife of a millionaire ship-builder, in black silk and diamonds. Each dish may have been said to represent a future ball or German for "the girls," while no intoxication lurked in the golden depths of the champagne glasses equal to the sparkling elation of Mrs. Erskine in contemplating the mothers of several heiresses thus drawn within her net. The ladies gossiped about Paris fashions, the summer at Newport, a spicy item of slander imported from London society.

At this juncture a servant opened the door with a hurried manner, and a stout gentleman, with bronzed complexion and gray beard, appeared on the threshold behind her.

"Hetty!" he cried, joyously, and advanced with outstretched hands.

A wave of color mounted to his forehead, moisture dimmed his eyes, his lips trembled with powerful emotion.

"Mark! Have you come at last?" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, rising from her seat at the head of the table.

"Yes, yes. I feared to wait longer."

Mr. Hunter paused in embarrassment, aware of the group of ladies in silk, satin and flashing jewels, the table freighted with crystal, silver and fruit, the fine room with jardinieres in the windows.

"Dear friends, this is my brother, from China," explained Mrs. Erskine, smoothly. "You will pardon me if I leave you for a moment."

"Is this your home?" inquired the new arrival, bewildered.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Erskine, and swept him away.

The ladies, left alone, looked at each other in silence, and nibbled bonbons.

The day proved one of excitement to Mr. Mark Hunter. Mrs. Erskine gave him no leisure to think, in the whirl of her usual routine. He had traveled from Boston to New York to greet his only surviving sister, the Hetty of the old home thirty years ago. His visit was a long cherished surprise. Hetty received him cordially, even with a tremor of agitation; but after the luncheon guests had departed, like a flock of startled birds, she put on her bonnet and drove with him in her coupe to the charity bazar, where the girls were serving as zealous shop-women.

"You keep a carriage?" he inquired, *en route.*

"O dear no; I am too poor," she replied, plaintively. "I hire this little coupe by the month during the season. It is far cheaper in the end, you know."

Mr. Hunter slightly compressed his lips. The burden of sister Hetty's poverty had weighed on him for the past twenty years.

A vast building, hung with flags, was gained, and strains of music reached the ears as they entered the lofty hall.

"It is like a fete," said Mr. Hunter.

The bazar sales were at their height; a murmur of voices rose above the orchestra; the crowd surged from the entrance to the most remote corner, along avenues adorned with ribbons, embroideries and a rainbow of worsted work. A tall young lady with black hair, sallow complexion and slim waist was urging crystal flagons of essence on a short and stout young gentleman, in a temple devoted to perfumery.

Mrs. Erskine touched her brother's arm, and said: "That is my Helena. She is such an exquisites figure! Young Scroggs has just proposed. All the girls in our set would give their eyes to be in her place. His father is Mr. Scroggs the banker. It is a great chance, to be sure, but she will require a very expensive trousseau to hold up her head with his family."

In the temple of Flora an arch maiden in blue faille, with a Louis Quatorze of white satin, was selling bouquets to a group of admirers, kissing the flowers coquettishly before delivering them to the fortunate recipient.

"That is Mabel, our beauty," pursued Mrs. Erskine. "Mabel always draws a crowd at a fair. The belles of the London season vend bouquets in that way, you know. It does seem a little fast, but they say the Princess of Wales kisses rose-buds, and they sell for ever so many guineas afterward."

A young girl in white, her hair tied with a red ribbon, darted up to them.

"Mamma, I've sold all the shares of a grand piano. It is such splendid fun to beg of every gentleman you meet!" she cried.

"Yes. This is Theo, our baby," said Mrs. Erskine.

"Where is Charley?" demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Charley is to be found at the club at five o'clock."

"Ah, he is a club man, then?"

"Of course. He is reading law, and very anxious to get on, dear fellow," said the affectionate mother.

Later, when dinner was over and the young people had been presented, including Charley—a very correct and somewhat neutral-tinted young man—Mark Hunter found himself seated beside his sister, holding her hand. Ah, at last! The moment had come for precious mutual confidence, and he could pour forth the history of his life to such a tender and sympathetic listener as an only sister. A close intercourse had been maintained between them all these years by means of letters.

"So I have returned home," he said, gayly. "Not at all rich, my dear, yet with enough to keep me from becoming a burden to my friends. Providence did not destine me for a nabob, I suppose. Your girls are the Three Graces, no doubt, but they cannot hold a candle to their mother at eighteen."

Mrs. Erskine wept and laughed at these reminiscenes. The hour of mutual confidences was congenial to her as well. Left a widow, with the town house and an assured income, she had done her best for the children.

Mr. Hunter listened, puzzled by her ideas of beggary, and equally by that mysterious code of the awful dictates of society, as eloquently preached by her.

"Think of poor Peter Wingmore!" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, with sudden animation.

"Did you care for Peter?" inquired her brother.

The lady shook her head slowly.

"I despised him, but he worshiped the ground I trod upon; and only consider the fortune he made! If girls could ever tell how a young man would turn out!"

Mr. Hunter frowned, then asked, abruptly, "Any news of Henry's family?"

"O, never," replied Mrs. Erskine, glibly. "Henry was always unlucky, and he married a very common person—the daughter of the baker or something—in that Western village where he lived and died. She came here once, years ago. She is dead also, I believe."

"He had a son," said Mr. Hunter, after a pause.

"Yes, a dull lad, I have heard, who has found his own level out West, I suppose."

Mrs. Erskine was not interested in the dead brother Henry, and did not wish Mark to be either. She exacted this partisanship of him.

"I sent Henry a silver lamp the first winter after I left home. If he was unfortunate, I wish I had tried to do more for him. Why did he never answer my letters? All my later ones were sent through you, until you announced his death."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Erskine, and her restless black eyes roved furtively about the walls.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Hunter retired to the guest-chamber assigned him. The room was large and well furnished. He dropped on the first chair and held his head in his hands, striving to analyze his own sentiments, to understand himself. Lo! a ready echo reached his ear through the open register of the furnace—the voices of Miss Helena and young Scroggs in the parlor below stairs.

"It must be awfully jolly to have an uncle come home from China. Wish I had one," piped the voice of Mr. Scroggs.

"I fancy ours lacks polish," piped Miss Helena. "No, not a tea-tray polish, you naughty creature. Poor mamma is very glad to see him, of course."

Mark Hunter closed the register.

Lo! a second duet ensued, and startlingly near—the blended trebles of Mabel and Theo in an adjoining chamber, of which the closet partition was thin.

"Ma says he has not made a fortune in Chinese tea-pots and things, Mabel. She is *so* disappointed, but we are not to show it."

"I might have married an English lord if he would have given me a *dot*," said the pensive Mabel,

Mr. Hunter closed the closet door.

That night Mrs. Erskine again stared at the light on the ceiling. She felt very tender and doleful concerning the returned brother. The lack of fortune was a grievance she magnanimously determined to overlook. She deemed herself a model woman, while her nature was actually a husk shriveled by worldliness. Mark was to be proclaimed a returned nabob, her guests of the luncheon party should never learn the contrary, and the children must glean what they could from his fictitious reputation of wealth. Then Mrs. Erskine slept, and dreamed that she once more went to meeting in satin pelisse and fur boa, a graceful damsel of sixteen, and Peter Wigmore, a shock-headed, freckled youth of the same age, ogled her admiringly from the church-door.

II.

"Martha."

"Yes, mother."

"I should like to go into that church instead of taking a walk. Surely there must be a gallery where the poor may find a seat."

"What use? *God has forgotten us!*"

An old woman and a girl stood beneath a dripping umbrella. The words of the girl, uttered with concentrated bitterness, reached the ear of another pedestrian, a stout gentleman with brouzed complexion and pleasant eyes, who had paused to cross the street. He watched the pair enter the church, and it occurred to him that the sacred edifice resembled another built of gray stone, with a square tower, once familiar to him in his native city of Boston, while the remark of the girl had been unusual, even startling—*God has forgotten us!* What did she mean? He followed her into the church and the gallery, inspired by the benevolence of a philanthropist and the curiosity of a student of human nature. Time hung very heavily on his hands. The two women had already seated themselves; Mr. Mark Hunter chose a place behind them. He wished to ascertain why a young girl had proclaimed on a street corner that God had forgotten her. The words aroused him from a sombre mood. Had she been alone he would have suspected a tragic love affair, with a desperate rush for ferry-boat or railway track in the mad impulse of suicide. The old woman, meek, patient, tremulous, clad in the dusty black of decent poverty, sat with folded hands. The girl remained, with head slightly thrown back, and a pale, pure profile turned toward the observer. The face was interesting rather than handsome, massive, firm, courageous, only a trifle worn and hitter just now. Mr. Hunter took a card from his pocket and wrote on it: "Tell me why you believe God has forgotten you." He read this, hesitated, tore up the card. The service went on. Outside, the soft rain was falling; within the church all was dark and strangely peaceful.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," preached the clergyman, in sonorous tones.

The meek old woman in the gallery looked at her companion, the girl's face became more obstinate; Mr. Hunter only half listened. Suddenly the girl moved, bent forward and gazed at the opposite wall. What did she see? Mr. Hunter also scanned the wall. An illuminated text was designed like a scroll on the white surface, "Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet." The girl's eyes dilated, a smile irradiated her features, and she nodded her head slightly. Evidently she had discovered some clew, vainly sought before. The organ breathed a subdued minor chord; the girl rose to her feet and sang the hymn in a full rich voice, vibrating with passion.

After the service Mr. Hunter feigned interest in recovering his hat, thus allowing his neighbors to pass out. When he gained the street the old woman and the girl, sheltered by the cotton umbrella, had disappeared. He went home disappointed.

Mr. Hunter no longer occupied the guest-chamber of his sister. Instead, he had selected modest bachelor quarters in an unfashionable locality, and he did not daily enter the charmed circle of the young Erskines. Sister Hetty was very kind, even anxiously civil, about the change; but the move was effected, and the man who came home spent many solitary hours, in which the Rip Van Winkle sentiment gained irresistible sway.

A whim led him to the east side of the town as remote from sister Hetty's sphere. A month had not elapsed since his return, and yet he avoided the young Erskines. On the east side, wide streets, noisy and dirty, were succeeded by narrow streets, also noisy and dirty. He saved a child from being run over by a butcher's cart, and got entangled in a net-work of passing cars. Clearly his choice of a promenade was a bad one. He paused for the next car to extricate him from the Babel of traffic, when he noticed the sign of a pawnbroker.

He peered into the place, which was dark, mouldy and with a sinister quiet about it in serious contrast with the bustle of the adjacent thoroughfare. The pawnbroker's shop lurked around the corner, a patient monster, sure of its prey—the haggard mechanic out of work and the careless youth spending his wages in the tawdry billiard saloon of the avenue. No object of value met the eye; faded carpets, lounges, rickety chairs, a dilapidated clock, were visible on one side—the wrecks of needy families; for the rest, not as much as a gambler's watch. It was a memorable morning at this particular pawnbroker's, however. The French emigrant's wife came, her eyes blinded with weeping, the last shreds of household bedding in a bundle ready to pawn. At the door she was stopped by a stout gentleman, who bade her return home, guarding the precious blankets, and thrust double the expected sum into her hand. An Arab of the town, in shirt sleeves, his coat rolled under his arm, the need of bread being so bitter in his cellar habitation, ripe for any crime, in revolt against society, was stupefied by a kind word from the same stranger, and a question or two, which resulted in his slouching back to the cellar with his coat on his back and his arm full of provisions. A girl approached, hurried and nervous in manner, and drew from beneath her shawl a silver lamp. The lamp was small, of unique design, and richly embossed.

"Allow me to look at that lamp," said a voice.

A stout gentleman snatched it up, and scrutinized the bottom, where some initials were inscribed.

"Ah! I never saw another like it," he exclaimed. "I sent it to my brother Henry years ago."

The girl turned, and pushed aside her veil with a fierce gesture. Mr. Hunter recognized the Martha of the church gallery.

"The lamp is mine and I may sell it if I choose," she said, hoarsely.

"Trust me as a friend, and come away where we can have a little conversation," he said, quietly, and restored the lamp.

The pawnbroker blinked behind his counter. He opined that Mr. Hunter was a private detective in search of stolen goods, and rather an awkward novice in his profession. The two persons thus strangely brought together by chance paused in a little square where flourished a few discouraged trees adorned with sparrow boxes, and hemmed in by tall discolored houses with ragged garments floating from the windows.

"Now explain to me all about the silver lamp."

Martha Davenport looked at him with clear, penetrating eyes.

"Mark gave it to me on my last birthday," she said. "He had promised never to part with it, only he had nothing else to give."

"Mark!" repeated Mr. Hunter, incredulously.

"Mark Hunter. You know him? We have been engaged for three years."

"Yes, I should know him," muttered the other. "Can he be my brother Henry's son?"

Martha advanced a step nearer, and inquired, imperiously, "Do you believe in him?"

"Why should I believe in him?"

"Cruel! cruel!" she cried. "You speak as his rich relations would speak. I would go and beg of them, but he will not let me. They could only show me the door. Mark is an inventor, a great inventor; perhaps in advance of his time. Do you hear? We have reached the end. Why should we not be allowed to live? Yes, we are one household; we came from the West to find work in the great city. I have been employed at the ribbon counter of Hope's fancy store until last week. The forewoman was my enemy since I found a mistake in her accounts a year ago. You know the proverb, when the master wishes to drown a dog, he pronounces the animal mad. In excuse. Well, a package of lace was found in the pocket of my water-proof cloak. I did not put it there. I was dismissed, and without a character. Mark has not finished his model. Yesterday mother wished to go to church and I saw on the wall, 'Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet.' I laughed; I feared I was going mad, but I remembered the silver lamp at home. I decided to sell it in order that Mark might finish his model in peace. I did not dare to look beyond."

Martha spoke rapidly; her color came and went; she extended the lamp with a proud gesture and a ray of sunshine fell on it. Mr. Hunter had seated himself on the stone bench, and traced lines on the gravel with his cane as he listened.

"Why was the lamp preserved?" he finally inquired.

Martha smiled and sighed. She was not afraid of him. "Mark's uncle sent it from China. He was never heard of again. Did you say——. Is it possible that you can be——"

Her companion sprang up and cried, "Take me to this namesake, Mark Hunter."

In a small room of one of the neighboring tall houses a young man was seated before a work-table, on which was placed a model of complicated mechanism. His face was pale and wasted; he brushed back the hair which fell over his forehead. With trembling touch he pressed a steel knob. There was a moment of stillness; the young man held his breath, and became deadly white in an agony of suspense; then whirl minute wheels began to move, gliding in grooves, harmonious, rapid, perfect, in the well-nigh miraculous completion of an inventor's thought.

"It moves!" exclaimed Mark Hunter the younger.

Martha stood on the threshold, smiling, flushed, tearful, her hand clasped in that of a bronzed stranger, whose aspect was benevolent.

III.

It was an unusually bright and lovely Sunday. Trinity Church was thronged at an early hour with an eager crowd. Charley Erskine was of the number—a slender young man irreproachably attired. As he made his way slowly up the aisle, he was surprised to see his uncle Mark, far in advance, with a party. The party comprised a shabby old woman, a pale youth and a handsome girl with a bouquet of violets in her corsage. Mr. Hunter whispered in the girl's ear, and soon her voice, full and rich, joined in the opening anthem.

Charley Erskine remarked, "By Jove!" put on his eyeglass to inspect this group, and forgot them, until dinner time.

"Ah, by-the-by, mamma, I saw our uncle at church. He was with some people; friends from China, perhaps."

"I do not mind, if he is happy," replied Mrs. Erskine, plaintively.

The service had been poisoned, so to speak, by a Paris bonnet worn by a friend in the adjoining pew. Affairs were going badly in the household, in addition. The arch Mabel persisted in flirting with her sister's *fiance*, Mr. Scroggs.

At that hour a joyous banquet was transpiring in the small workroom of the young inventor—a true feast, presided over by the joyous donor, whose spirits and appetite stimulated those of his companions. A pot of roses bloomed in the open window, and on the wall hung an illuminated text: "Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet." From time to time Mrs. Davenport turned her placid face toward this text, and directed Martha's gaze in the same direction. Martha was regaining her usual courage in the kindly sympathy of this unexpected guest. One could see that she was destined by nature to be the practical helpmate of the inventor, the rock of strength in the wilderness, the Aspasia of this Pericles. Mr. Hunter was unrecognizable; he laughed boisterously at his own jokes; he told long stories to enraptured listeners; he drank toasts in the bottle of wine brought under his arm to the fete. When the meal was over and darkness subdued the radiance of the Sabbath, his tone became graver.

"I have a plan to submit to you," he said. "When Mark's invention is patented I will become his business partner. Tut! I know more about business than you do, and I need occupation. We will find a cottage in the suburbs, after the wedding, and build a modest factory near as a commencement. Martha must take care of me when I have gout and rheumatism."

"You do it all for my advantage," said the inventor, with emotion.

"You have already done more for me," replied the man who had come home, with a certain solemnity.

Martha had slipped away. She returned with a silver lamp lighted, and it glowed a pure star of flame.

Mrs. Erskine received a letter from her brother in the morning.

"The idea!" she cried. "Mark has found Henry's son at a pawnbroker's, and thinks he will yet build up our family name. He blames us dreadfully. I am sure I did not know Henry's boy was in New York and engaged to a shop-girl. Listen to this, children; 'I wish my nieces might have displayed the same zeal in giving bread to their cousin that they evinced at the charity bazar.'"

"But that was begging money of other people," interposed Theo, naively.

"Do not interrupt, Theo. 'If the philanthropists of every city would form a league, and agree to each haunt the door of a pawnbroker's for one day in the year, how many lives would be saved!' Mark always lacked practical sense," added Mrs. Erskine.

Mabel eloped with Mr. Scroggs that day. She was better fitted for the position than Helena, the bride later affirmed. The soul of Mrs. Erskine was tossed like a shuttlecock on the storm-clouds of Helena's grief and old Scroggs' indignation. At midnight she burned a package of letters never forwarded by her to the Western village. She had acted wisely at the time, she believed. Now she shivered and wept a little. She felt herself judged by the dead brother Henry and the man whose home-coming had developed such unforeseen results.

To-day the half-jesting boast of the uncle that Mark was destined to build up fame for his family has been amply fulfilled. The manufactory of the suburb has become a giant structure, the cottage home a spacious country residence, and wherever great centers of industry are created in the civilized world, the name of Hunter is associated with them. Mrs. Erskine is very gracious to young Mrs. Hunter, and talks of proposing Charley as a third partner in the firm. The Hunters remain unmoved by these suggestions, but have left to the Erskines, without dispute, that crest of their mother's, so highly prized by her—the cock gazing at a lighthouse on a silver ground.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Penalty of Greatness.

Senator Fair frequently dines at an up-town restaurant. One day last week he started for that restaurant, and thoughtlessly walked into a saloon near by. He saw his mistake at once, and started to go out, but it was too late. An eager crowd poured into the entrance and corraled him beyond hope of escape. "Senator, how are you?" "You're lookin' fine as a fiddle, Mr. Fair," "'Tis he that stands in with the boys," and other hearty greetings somewhat embarrassed him. One excited individual moved to the door and shouted to a friend across the street: "'Aste, lad; 'aste! Coom ho'er! Faar's in yon!" Another enthusiast called out, "Ohe, Michael! Hurry in, an' bring all the b'ys wid ye!" In less than a minute a struggling mob blocked the doorway. The Senator was equal to the situation. "You'll oblige me, boys, by drinking with me this time," he said, as he laid a twenty-dollar silver certificate on the bar. The offer was accepted unanimously, and he finally elbowed his way out through the exultant crowd. —*Virginia City Chronicle.*

—Ranchmen living in the Yellowstone valley have turned their attention largely to the culture of fruit trees and vines.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An autumn idyl—the corner loafer.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—The money market is like a toper—always getting tight.—*Lowell Courier.*

—A French prodigy amuses Paris by playing the violin with his feet. In this country it is usually the neighbor of the violinist, and he plays on the fiddler with his feet.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—A Kentucky Judge has decided that watermelons are real estate. Probably, but the colored population of Kentucky holds the first mortgage on it, and is likely to foreclose the first dark night.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The next man who gets out a dictionary should not neglect to put in a few words that will rhyme with October, for the benefit of fall poets. The dictionaries now in the market are very deficient in this respect. "Knocked ober" is about the best the poet can do at present.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Last year when John McCullough, the great tragedian was giving Othello in Austin, one of the wealthiest citizens, noticing the advertising placard, said to a friend. "I wonder how many darned fools there are in Austin, who will pay a dollar to hear that mulatto pick a banjo."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"The crubescent excrescence on your olfactory organ is yet in its adolescence," said a physician to a young man with an abnormal development of his nose. The doctor merely meant that the boil on the youth's nose was not yet ripe. But the fellow thought he wouldn't live to get home. He now carries a dictionary in his coat-tail pocket in place of a revised flask.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—Young ladies of the best families have deserted the old idea of refinement and are about to put that quality on a new basis. Instead of sitting around and embroidering tidies and painting poud lilies on a shingle, they now devote themselves to the culinary art. An uptown young lady has recently frosted three loaves of cake with eminent success, the only difficulty being that she used salt instead of sugar for the ground work. Perseverance, however, will eventually correct little mistakes like that.—*New Haven Register.*

—Rev. E. P. Tenney, the genial and witty president of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation-party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"—*Harper's Drawer.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mrs. Talmage teaches a class of 200 ladies in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday-school.

—Last year the Presbyterian treasuries received from the laymen and friends of the denomination $8,674,291, an increase of over $300,000 over the receipts of the year previous.

—China has advanced a step in religious toleration. The Government has recently passed an edict exempting Protestants from assessments for the benefit of heathen ceremonies.

—President A. D. White, of Cornell University, who has relinquished the Berlin Mission, has entered into bonds with the trustees of that University not to accept any political office for four years.

—Prof. Revel, of Florence, has published a new Italian version of the New Testament, in the preparation of which he has been engaged for ten years. The version now in use is about 200 years old.

—At a meeting of the fourth session of the St. Louis Methodist Episcopal (South) Conference recently it was stated that there were ninety-four local preachers and 11,662 members in the conference. In the past year 801 adults and 586 infants were baptized. There are 142 Sunday-schools, 848 teachers, and 6,601 scholars.

—The late Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., immediately after the close of the war, bought and begged from the people of Kentucky thousands of bushels of corn and many casks of bacon and sent them to the suffering people of the South. One of his last acts of Christian liberality was to execute deeds for two pieces of church property, one known as Park Mission and the other as the Homestead Mission, to be held by the trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville, and by them to be deeded to any Presbyterian Church whenever a church should be organized in either of those mission fields.

The Torpedo Chicken.

Further reports were submitted to the Limekiln Club regarding the torpedo chicken, lately invented in Mobile. A specimen chicken had been procured by the committee, and its workings exhibited. The invention is not as deadly as at first supposed. It is loaded with four ounces of bird shot and two of powder, and placed on the roost. When it is reached for a catch is thrown out of place, a powerful spring set in motion, and a hammer strikes and explodes a percussion cap. The shot are thrown out in every direction, and within ten seconds after the explosion a dark figure is seen galloping down the alley and a husky voice is heard inquiring: "Fo' de Lawd! but what has de white folks got hold of now?" The committee closed its report as follows: "Havin' pushed de investigation an' kivered all de groun', we beg leave to be discharged from furder consideration of de subject, an' to respectfully inquar' of our respected President: 'Kin dis torpedo chicken be suppressed?' If not, what shall we do? An' we will eber pray.'"

"As to suppressin' de invenshun I see no way to accomplish it," replied Brother Gardner. "As to what shall we do, I have bin serusly reflectin' fur de las' ten minits, an' it am my solemn belief dat de bes' thing de cull'd race kin do am to cultivate a taste fur some oder sort o' meat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1881.

The Result in Garrett.

The result in this county Tuesday last, was not what it should have been, owing to Republicans staying at home, and the Greenback vote which drew most of its strength from Republicans. Our majority on the State ticket falls 12 short of that of last year. The honors on the county ticket are equally divided, there being four elected on each ticket. The vote on the Constitutional Amendment was 1276 for and 39 against.

ALLEGANY COUNTY.

We were far too modest yesterday morning in our claims and estimates of the result in this county. From the candidate for Comptroller (majority 665) down to surveyor every man on the Republican ticket received a majority, Mr. Shuck leading with 861 and Mr. Alderton closing with 143—the average majority being 575. This is a splendid record, and to our mind clearly demonstrates that the county has chosen, and chosen wisely, between the Bourbon party and the party of progress and reform.—*Cumb. News, Thursday.*

Proclamation by the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—The following proclamation was received by the Department of State in this afternoon's mail from President Arthur, in New York:

A PROCLAMATION.

It has long been the pious custom of our people, with the closing of the year, to look back upon the blessings brought to them in the changing course of the seasons, and to return solemn thanks to the All giving Service from Whom they flow. And although at this period, when the falling leaf admonishes us that the time of our sacred duty is at hand, our nation still lies in the shadow of a great bereavement, and the mourning which has filled our hearts still finds its sorrowful expression toward the God before whom we but lately bowed in grief and supplication, yet the countless benefits which have showered upon us during the past twelve month call for our fervent gratitude and make it fitting that we should rejoice with thankfulness that the Lord, in his infinite mercy has most signally favored our country and our people. Peace without and prosperity within have been vouchsafed to us, no pestilence has visited our shores, the abundant privileges of freedom which our fathers left us in their wisdom are still our increasing heritage, and if, in parts of our vast domain, sore affliction has visited our brethren in their forest homes yet even this calamity has been tempered and in a manner sanctified by the generous compassion for the sufferers which has been called forth throughout our land. For all these things it is well that the voice of the Nation should go up to God in devout homage.

Wherefore I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do recommend that all the people observe Thursday, the 24th, day of November instant, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer by ceasing so far as may be from their secular labors, and meeting in their several places of worship, there to join in ascribing honor and praise to Almighty God, whose goodness has been so manifest in the history and in our lives, and offering earnest prayers that His bounties may continue to us and to our children.

In witness I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one and of the Independence of the United States one hundred and sixth.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President of the United States:
JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

Gov. Bigelow, of Connecticut, says of the suit which was made for him at the Atlanta Exposition: "That coat was made in a day. The cotton was growing in the morning, and I was received in it in the evening. It was brought to me at Gov. Colquitt's mansion, two miles outside of the city of Atlanta. You couldn't tell it from broadcloth in the evening, but of course in the daytime and under a close inspection it looks rough and shows its true character." It has a coarse but not unseemly appearance, and is lined with silk. The vest was made of a sort of basket-cloth pattern. It is colorless and of the regular reception style. It is backed and lined with an elegant pattern of white brocaded silk."

A nice looking elderly lady got off the train at the B. & O. depot here on last Friday evening, and went into the office of Agent Nesbitt and asked him for a pass over the road, stating that she had learned of the whereabouts of her son, and that she desired to go to him. Mr. Nesbitt, who formerly held the same position at Piedmont, knew the lady to be a Mrs. Rowan, of that place, who about twenty-seven years ago went crazy with grief for the loss of three children, who died within a few days of each other. Her only remaining child, a son, lived and grew up, supporting and caring for his unfortunate mother, until about three years ago when he, too, died. The peculiar phrase of Mrs. Rowan's lunacy is that she does not believe her children dead, but that they simply wandered from home and were lost; and since reason fled from its throne, nearly thirty years ago, she has been hunting, ceaselessly hunting for her wandering children. She has walked and ridden over the whole length of the B. & O. road east of Wheeling many times in search of them. She is well known to the employees of the road and no conductor ever refuses her passage on his train. Since the death of her son, the good people of Piedmont and Keyser care for her as best they can, and she seldom suffers want. She is always neat and tidy, and we scarcely need say it, perfectly harmless. Mr. Nesbitt could not give her a pass over the road—and she needed none—but he gave us so much of the sad history of he life. Mrs. Rowan spent the night at Mr. Sanford B. Hall's, where she received kind treatment and hospitable entertaiument, and on the next day took a train for Wheeling in search of her lost darlings. On the following day she again passed over the road going east, with the same object before her. We hope she may be kindly treated and cared for wherever she may go, and that by and by she may find her long-lost children "safe in the arms of Jesus" in the beautiful city just over life's river, where she may lay her own weary head and find sweet rest and peace forever more.—*Fairmont Index.*

The military commission sent to Richmond, Va., to investigate the alleged misconduct of the Ninth Massachusetts, while en route for Yorktown, on Saturday declined to give the agent of the Associated Press any information relative to the proceedings, inasmuch as they were ordered to make their report to the adjutant-general of Massachusetts. Mayor Carrington, of Richmond, who has been daily in attendance, also declined to have anything to say, at this time, though he will at the proper time make a full report. It seems, however, to be conceded that the gist of the testimony is that the number of the soldiers of the regiment engaged in the alleged misconduct was from 50 to 75; that outrageous advancements were made toward ladies in the public streets; that many of the soldiers paraded one of the main thoroughfares in broad daylight with colored women of the lowest characters on their arms, embracing and kissing them; that they took possession of vehicles, putting the drivers off; that they invaded bar-rooms and helped themselves, refusing to pay for the drinks, and that they committed many other acts of wantonness. The officers composing the commission have shown every disposition to make their investigation as full and as searching as possible, and their report will doubtless prove that they have faithfully discharged their unpleasant duty.

The Rev. Dr. A. E. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., addressed the Baptist ministers of New York Monday. After speaking of the misunderstanding that has existed between the North and the South, he set forth "The Baptist Outlook in the South." He said that of the 2,296,000 Baptists in the United States 1,698,000 are in the South, of whom 740,000 are colored. Both whites and blacks, he said, are doing better Christian work than ever before, the negroes giving even more in proportion to their ability than the whites. They have built churches almost without number, some of them quite costly, and they have given large sums to other good causes. They have seven hundred colored Baptists in the colleges of the South, preparing for the Baptist ministry.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7, 1881.

Does anybody know of a Democratic principle lying around loose, anywhere? Is there any such thing as a Democratic policy? Since slavery, around which Democracy was built up—like the wicker-work about a whiskey demijohn—was smashed, the "grand old Democratic party" has been in a state of "betweenity"; —for this, or against that, only as a matter of sullen opposition to the Republican party that had well nigh drubbed it out of existence. It was "for more greenbacks," with "Young Greenbax, Gentleman George Pendleton as its prophet, only when the Republican party was ready to begin a gradual return to specie. And it has hung on the rear of the grand Republican army of progress, attempting to retard the onward march by a harrassing bushwhaching, ever since the war. If it had preserved in its old curiosity shop of party effects—household "traps and calamities,"—a single relic of boasted Democratic principles as they existed "hefo' de wah," that "thingness of the here" was supposed to have been free trade.

But since Sam Randall has been over among the tribes on Manhattan Island telling them that "the tariff is something that a Pennsylvanian must not talk about;" and since Tom Hendricks, and Dan Voorhees, the roaring lion of the Hoosier jungles, have come out for American protection and thrown the *Courier-Journal* man—he of the "tariff for revenue only," clause of the last Democratic platform—into spasms, the last prop seems to have been knocked from under the rotten and tottering fabric of boasted Democratic principles. The tariff question seems to have dumbfounded the whole party now, as it did their Presidential candidate in the last canvass. Candidly, the party ought to offer a chromo for a principle. It had the "solid South" as a ghastly substitute for principles until Mahone and the extra session of the Senate which has just adjourned, "placed it in a condition where the country will rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction." But Mahoneism will spread. Already Mississippi and Alabama have caught it, and in future campaigns it will march and raid through the "solid South," and the liberators and Union reclaimers and restorers march through the Confederacy under Grant and Sherman.

The Bourbons want to be kicked by jackasses—and do it themselves—for having given another exhibition of their accustomed and constitutional lack of political sense in the extra session of the Senate. They let the Republicans pick David Davis up and place him astraddle of the neck of Democracy—David enjoys a straddle. Then the Republicans would not let the Bourbons raise a breeze over the re-organization, and even denied them the poor privilege of enjoying a dead lock over a Virginia postmaster. The coat tails of senatorial broadcloth had hardly disappeared down the grand, green slope of Capitol Hill before President Arthur had appointed Stratham, the Republican readjuster—and every point in the Republican game was made.

Secretary Folger will assume the Treasury portfolio in a few days, when no doubt there will be not a few changes in the organization of the Department, and some changes of policy recommended in its conduct. I have it from one very near the fountain-head of authority and information in the Treasury that a halt is to be recommended in the present rapid paying off of the public debt, and a consequent reduction of internal taxes. And notwithstanding the very able and popular administrations of Messrs. Sherman and Windom, through which our credit has been rendered almost the best among the nations of the earth and so much has been saved to the country in interest, the fault of their policy has been that it was "too much of a good thing,"—the debt is being paid too fast. The present generation has borne too much in putting down the rebellion, spent too much blood and treasure, to be required to pay off the National debt so precipitately. Let's take the tax off of matches, bank checks, some off of tobacco, etc., and let up a little.

Most of the Senators have gone home, though some of them have lingered like the summer weather. That precious old surprise party, David Davis, still loiters about the antique National caravansory; Hamburg Butler of South Carolina, pushes his blonde moustache quietly about the Ebbitt; and Ben Hill is here too, the man whom the scathing Cameron, Readjuster Gubernatorial candidate in Virginia, lately said in a public speech: "God is blasting that slandering tongue of his," alluding to Hill's unfortunate cancerous affection. With the Senators mostly gone and a good many other officials away on "election leave," there is not much going on here, though we shall have life enough in a few days. Both Senators and Members of the House will begin to arrive shortly to fix their arrangements for winter quarters and take a hand in the Speakership contest. The Washington landlady begins to look pleasant and renews her visits to the second-hand furniture stores. An unusually lively season is predicted. In addition to the Treasury changes it is among the ondits that District Attorney Corkhill will have to go, and that Public Printer Defrees is likely to give place to Geo. M. Oyster, formerly foreman of the *Record* room, whom Defrees lately discharged. Oyster is good deal of a political worker and a favorite of Mr. Conkling, whose acquaintance he made through handling the proof-sheets of his speeches.

JUNIUS.

The Governor Can Dismiss a Register.

ANNAPOLIS, November 3.—The Court of Appeals rescinded this morning its orders dismissing the appeals of Charles Harmon, register of the Fourth district, against Sprigg Harwood, clerk, and reinstated the case. The case was then argued by John Ireland and J. Upshur Dennis, Jr., for the appellant, and Wm. H. Tuck for appellee. The only point involved is, has the Governor the power to remove an officer that he has anpointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate? The appellee claims he has, the appellant that he has not. Immediately after the argument was concluded, the court (Judges Bartol, Miller, Irving and Robinson) retired to their consultation room, and were closeted over an hour. They then filed a paper stating that the case had been argued with great ability and the questions of consideration as we have been able to give it in the brief time allowed for examination, and it being important that a decision should be made without delay, they will give their conclusions and file their reasons hereafter. We are all of opinion that the power to remove the appellant from office for incompetency or misconduct is conferred upon the Governor by section 15, article 2, of the constitution, and that he had the constitutional power to appoint his successor in office, and will sign an order affirming the decision of the Circuit Court in each case."

Cheese Made from Potatoes.

A German paper says that cheese is made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony in the manner below. After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large, white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and be coming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a greater or mortar. To five pounds of a pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheese is placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves.

Fish Culture at Deer Park.

The United States Fish Commission has had, for several weeks past, a detail of three men at Deer Park, Garrett county, for the purpose of hatching a large number of California salmon. The men are encamped on Senator Davis' land, and have their apparatus placed in and over the Yough near its source, and where the water is purest and coldest. The party brought with them an immense number of California salmon eggs which they are hatching. The process is a curious and interesting one. The reason for coming to Deer Park was to obtain the purest and coldest water. When the salmon are of sufficient size half of them will be placed in the North Branch of the Potomac above Elk Garden and the other half in the Yough near Deer Park. The salmon are fine fish and it is hoped will survive and remain in the stream. The party are also hatching some trout, which will be placed in the Yough.—*Cumberland News.*

POTATOES FROM IRELAND.—The cry of a potato famine in this country has occasioned the importation of tons of the genuine Irish potato to the port of New York. While the American potatoes are sold at from $2 50 to $3 a barrel, the product of Ireland can be shipped to this country and an agreeable profit realized by the dealers, who sell them at from $2 25 to $2 50 a barrel. The Irish potato bears a close resemblance to the kind raised in America. It is, perhaps, of more solidity, and is said to be a rare and enticing dish.

GARRETT COUNTY ELECTION RETURNS—OFFICIAL.

STATE AND COUNTY ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 8, 1881.

CANDIDATES.	No. 1.—Altamont.	No. 2.—Selbysport.	No. 3.—Grantsville.	No. 4.—Bloomington.	No. 5.—Accident.	No. 6.—Sang Run.	No. 7.—Oakland.	No. 8.—Ryans Glade.	No. 9.—Frostburg.	Totals.
Comptroller.										
Thomas Gorsuch, R.	120	104	230	83	133	81	187	114	22	1074
Thomas J. Keating, D.	125	96	197	109	126	40	169	74	64	1000
Frank T. Morling, G. L.	11			49						60
Senate.										
Geo. W. Wilson, R.	118	98	161	84	120	73	191	123	17	985
William R. Getty, D.	128	101	261	107	136	48	162	64	68	1075
David B. White, G. L.	8			44						53
House of Delegates.										
Samuel J. Beachey, R.	119	103	224	78	134	80	180	112	22	1053
Howard M. Kemp, R.	111	105	200	92	130	78	182	111	18	1027
Wm. D. Hoye, D.	133	96	197	90	128	45	176	79	68	1012
George T. Michaels, D.	124	95	227	123	125	40	170	74	64	1012
Patrick Carey, G. L.	6			49						55
A. F. George, G. L.	16			48						64
County Commissioners.										
S. L. Townshend, R.	109	100	218	83	130	74	193	115	21	1043
Eli McMillen, R.	116	105	216	81	149	79	182	113	20	1061
Thomas B. Wiley, R.	109	96	212	83	126	71	169	106	21	993
James R. Bishop, D.	125	90	202	112	112	39	189	82	65	1016
Meshach Mattingly, D.	141	100	211	108	133	54	169	74	66	1056
Otho Speelman, D.	131	101	205	109	124	41	156	72	65	1004
John C. Beckman, G. L.	18			49						67
Ashford Warnick, G. L.	7			49						56
A. H. Griffin, G. L.	7			49						56
Sheriff.										
W. S. Pew, R.	107	95	210	82	121	68	161	109	22	975
Edmund T. Jamison, D.	143	103	216	111	136	52	193	78	64	1096
George H. Allen, G. L.	6				48					54
Surveyor.										
John Harned, R.	123	108	223	83	118	76	191	111	22	1055
J. T. Mitchell D.	131	91	202	129	137	46	162	76	64	1038

Tuesday's Election.

Elections were held Tuesday in twelve states, viz: Maryland, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Colorado, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska New Jersey and Wisconsin; but only in the first four was any special interest developed. In our own state the Democrats have made a clean sweep, as was to be expected. In spite of the appeal which the chairman of the Republican State Committee published in the Democratic organ, the Republican vote has fallen of enormously, and the ring is master of the field; and yet not really master of the field after all, since we believe this apparent triumph of the regular Democratic ticket will prove worse than a defeat, once the Republicans of Maryland are convinced that there is no hope for success except through a combination with Independent Democrats, the doom of bossism in Maryland politics will be irrevocably sealed. But of this more in the future. The experience of Tuesday is rich in lessons, and by some of them, at least, the Republicans of Maryland will profit.

The indications are that New York has also gone Democratic—a result which is not very surprising, considering that the Stalwart Republicans sought to bring it about, hoping thereby to recover the control of the party machinery. Indeed, New York is usually Democratic in "off years," and nothing can be inferred from the result there as to the future strength of the parties. If Mr. Conkling expects to benefit by the Democratic victory, he is destined to certain disappointment.

The returns from Virginia are far from complete, but they seem to indicate the entire success of the Readjuster ticket. The fight has been a desperate one, and the vote is undeniably close; but Cameron, for governor, is apparently elected, and the legislature will, of course, be strongly Readjuster in complexion, insuing the election of a liberal or Republican successor to Senator Johnston and such legislation concerning the state debt as General Mahone may dictate. What this revolution in Virginia politics will bring forth remains to be seen.

The returns from Pennsylvania indicate the election of Bailey, Republican, as state treasurer, by a plurality of 15,000. Wolfe, the Independent candidate, seems to have made a good run, but evidently did not draw off as much Republican strength as the Democrats hoped. In Philadelphia the citizens' ticket has again beaten the ring. Altogether, Tuesday's elections were characteristic of an off year in politics; and, except in Virginia, perhaps, the results are without national significance.

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8.—The Republicans have elected their mayor, by a small majority.

TEXAS.

GALVESTON, Nov. 7.—A *News* Austin special says: "The Republicans elected Mr. Taylor mayor today over Judge James Winuth by a majority of 150."

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Nov. 8.—Rain fell in the State all day and a very light vote polled. The election was for fourteen Senators and a full House of Representatives. The Republicans carried both Houses.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Nov. 8.—Governor Long, Republican is elected by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority. The result in this city created some surprise, the returns showing a Republican gain of 4,300 over last year.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, Nov. 8—Up to 9:31 this evening returns from 61 voting places in the State, including 15 in Richmond give J. W Daniel, Democrat, for Governor, 10,480, William E. Cameron, Readjuster, for Governor, 8,725.

FREDERICKSBURG, November 8.—About one-third of the colored vote was cast for the Democratic ticket, but the Readjusters gained in Louisa, Spoot-sylvania, Stanford and King George counties, and have gained a Senator, electing also three delegates out of four.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELHIHIA, Nov. 9.—At one o'clock this morning returns from 54 counties in the State, including Philadelphia and Allegheny counties, show a plurality of 6,000 for Bailey, Republican, for State treasurer. This indicates that Bailey's plurality will reach about 12,000. At two o'clock this morning the Republicans claim a majority in the State of 15,000 for Bailey over Noble, based upon the increase of the Republican vote in the city and that of Lackawanna and a few of the interior counties. The Democratic State chairman is not willing to concede Noble's defeat, but thinks the Republican majority in the city will be overcome by the later returns from the State. The independent or Wolfe element claims from 65,000 to 75,000 for Wolfe.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 8.—Keating, Democrat, for Comptroller has a majority in the State of about 15,000. There are Democratic gains all over the State. The Democrats gain probably six members of the Legislature.

HAGERSTOWN, Nov. 8.—The entire Republican ticket is elected by majorities ranging from one to five hundred.

The Short Wheat Crop.

The total wheat crop of the United States is now put at 368,962,000 bushels against 448,756,630 bushels for 1880, according to the figures of the agricultural department. This shortage of more than 100,000,000 bushels is pretty evenly distributed over the whole county. In every section some cause has appeared to partially disappoint the expectations of the farmers. The New England States show a regular and constant decline in production; the Middle States note a falling off of 12 per cent. from last year's yield; the Southern States scarcely hold their own; while in the important region of the West the crop is decidedly short. It is not easy to secure authentic reports from the Pacific coast, but that there will be a decrease is evident while Colorado and the Territories fall considerably below the figures of 1879. The only States which this year show an increase over the crop returns for 1880 are Nebraska, Wisconsin and Kansas. The Territory of Dakota makes a great leap forward of over six million bushels in two years, but when the rapidity with which the acreage has increased is taken into computation this is scarcely extraordinary. Illinois, Indiana and Micigan have suffered most severely, the yield in the first mentioned being considerably less than half of that for either of the two years immediately preceeding.

LOCAL NEWS.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Buy the Genuine Singer, on easy monthly payments. Why will you pay $30 or $40 for a Weed Machine when you can buy them of me for $20. I. W. Slonaker, Agent, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. William Moody of the Baltimore Custon House was at home last week. He was quite ill when he came home, but was able to return to his duties this week.

—Beware of Bogus Weed Sewing Machines, and buy only the genuine article of the agent, Lawson L. Loar. Because it is warranted to be as good as any machine on the market, easy to learn—very light running, and noisless.

—The Postoffice at Johnstown, this county, has been re-established, under the name of Hoyes, with Wm. D. Arthur as postmaster. Parties desiring to have their papers sent to that office will please notify us at once.

—Mr. Blake Ward, well known in our community as a painter of considerable skill, has secured the position of foreman of the painting department of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad at Mt. Savage, and is now located at that place.—*Piedmont Observer.*

Inspection and Drill.

The Garrett Guards held an inspection and drill Saturday night, which was attended by a large number of visitors, a large proportion of whom were ladies. Neat and appropriate addresses were delivered by Capt. E. H. Wardwell and Dr. E. H. Bartlett. After the ceremonies at the armory were concluded a lunch was partaken of at Coddington's Hotel.

Garrett Guards Rifle Match.

There will be a grand rifle match between the Red Platoon, Sergt. A. C. Mason, as captain, and the Blue Platoon, Lieut. D. M. Mason as captain, on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 24th, 1881, for handsome and valuable prizes:

RED PLATOON.	BLUE PLATOON.
Sergt. A. C. Mason,	Lieut. D. M. Mason,
Capt. E. H. Wardwell,	Lieut. P. A. Chisholm,
O. Sergt. R. S. Jamison,	Sergt. W. S. Wolf,
Sergt. J. Haslem,	" J. F. White,
Cops. L. Thrasher,	" F. A. Fluyer,
" W. P. Pritchard,	Corps. W. M. Fairall,
" John Yeltery,	" E. M. Spedden,
" A. Droege,	" Chas. Atkinson,
" C. Tilson,	" N. H. Williborn,
Privt. J. A. Delawder,	Privt. B. Thrasher,
" J. W. Mason,	" W. M. Thrasher,
" G. A. Pritchard,	" F. Williams.
" John Thrasher,	" R. Browo.
" C. Williams,	" L. Schoolfield,
" John Nee,	" O. Droege,
" Geo. Riley,	" M. Chrystal,
" J. T. Mitchell	" P. E. White,
" P. Hamill, Jr.,	" A. R. Woodcock,
" C. Boyer,	" W. H. Criu,
" H. White,	" E. Tice,
" P. Townshend,	" T. West.
" R. Boyer,	" D. Stemple,

A. Surg. E. H. Bartlett, Col. J. W. Veitch.
Q. M. Sgt. H. W. Combs, Q. M. T. J. Peddicord.

Distance 100 yards. Standing without rest.

RULES.

1st. Shall one platoon present more men than the other. The Capt. of that color shall put off the extra men.

2d. All shots that strike the target shall count, whether glancing or by ricochet.

3. No shot can be called, when the gun shall be discharged from shoulder.

4. Each Capt. may practice his men as much as he may see fit, up to the day of the match. But no practice shots shall be made on that day.

Company will assemble at Armory at 10 o'clock sharp.

JUDGES,

Capt. J. A. Hayden, Thomas Coddington and Samuel Lawton.

By order of the Captain.

R. S. JAMISON, Orderly Sergt.

The Closing Meetings of the Campaign.

We gave in our last week's issue a short notice of the meetings held at Grantsville, Selbysport and Accident, all that were reported up to the time of going to press.

On Wednesday night a meeting was held at Judge Friend's, in Sang Run, district, which was presided over by Mr. George E. Bishoff, and Mr. Wm. H. Hoye acted as Secretary. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Snyder, Combs, Townshend, Wilson and Bishuff.

Friday afternoon a meeting was held at Yutzy's in No. 8 district, which was addressed by Messrs. Combs and Townshend.

Saturday evening Altamont received attention, at which Messrs. Tower and Combs delivered addresses.

The largest meeting of the campaign was held in Offutt's Hall Monday evening, where very able addresses were delivered by Messrs. Peddicord and Combs. Mr. Peddicord's speech was one of the ablest and most convincing we have had the pleasure of hearing for years. A large number of Democrats were present at this meeting.

"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Seliers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25c.

End of a Rough but Pleasant Trip.

[Correspondence Italto. American.]

FAIRFAX STONE, November 5.—The party which consisted of Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, John H. Hambleton, of Baltimore, R. C. Kerns, of St. Louis, and two newspaper correspondence, which left Elk Garden coal fields, in West Virginia on Thursday morning for a tour of inspection through the lower end of the great Cumberland coal basin, which extends southward, has completed its trip and arrived safely at Deer Park, the villa of Senator Davis. We had quite a rough experience, but in many respects not an unpleasant one. Elk Garden is the new coal mine which is just beginning to be operated by the West Virginia Central Company. The new road is completed from Piedmont to this point, a distance of thirteen miles, and is designed to follow the valley of the North Branch of the Potomac into regions farther south where richer coal fields are as yet unexplored. The object of the party, therefore, that left Elk Garden was to go to a point called Fairfax's Stone, which is the boundry of West Virginia and Maryland. Rich coal fields in the heart of the Piedmont coal basin here are owned by Senator Davis and the West Virginia Central Company.

We started from Elk Garden early Thursday morning, leaving the other guests, of whom my last letter treated, on the porch, in a banteringly cheerful mood. It was raining, and a heavy mist hung over the tops of the Alleghanies, and the start was anything but propitious. Four of us were in a light mountain wagon and one was on horseback, while John, a gloomy youth, bestrode the extra charger. Senator Davis had been over the road before, and knew it well as far as Fairfax Stone, but beyond that toward the Blackwater region he was unfamiliar with the trails. We went as far as Fort Pendleton by 3 o'clock, and stopped at Deakins' for dinner. This is over the line, in Garrett county. Then we struck off from the main road and aimed for the cottage of a mountaineer named Kitzmiller, near the Laurel fork of the North Branch. This was about fifteen miles southwesterly from Fort Pendleton, and over a road that was bad in as many ways that it is possible for a road to be bad. Up and down high mountains, through laurel swamps, over boulders, around gigantic trees and so on. We got to the house of another mountaineer named Conway, three miles from Kitzmiller's, and then were obliged to leave the wagon and finish for the night on horseback and on foot. When we arrived at Kitzmiller's however, all cares vanished before a blazing beechwood fire, and amid the pleasant odors of a bounteous repast.

The next morning (Friday) we started at 6:30 o'clock with snow on the ground and the wind whistling over the mountains "like wild" across the North Branch and back into West Virginia, under the guidance of Mr. Arnold, who bestrode a merely little mule. Our objective point was a tract of land belonging to Senator Davis, lying between the North Branch of the Potomac and the Beaver fork of the Blackwater river. This tract of land is about nine miles long and seven miles broad, and is one of the richest coal beds in the state. Mr. Davis had had Owen Rierdan, a mining expert, with a small force of hands, at work on this tract all the summer opening up the veins of coal around its different points, so as to determine the drift and extent of the body. Arnold was to guide us to where Rierdan was then at work, which was near the Dobbin House, a shanty built by Judge George W. Dobbin, of Baltimore, in 1859, and used as a sort of hunting and fishing lodge by itinerant parties ever since.

This house stands in a spot of about 100 acres, which is cleared of the heavy timber, but has grown up since with small cherry and blackjack brush, making an almost impenetrable thicket, through which the trail leads up to the house. The mansion itself is a modern structure, built on the same pattern that houses usually are in this section. It was bare of furniture, but the main room bore many relics of long-passed hunting and fishing parties, in the shape of inscriptions on the walls and mantelpiece. It may be mentioned here that this is in the heart of the famous Blackwater region, where so many hunters and fishers go, and which has been expanded upon by illustrated papers in *Harper's* by Porte Crayon. The Blackwater River is about a half mile below the house, and the Beaver Fork is just above. Every party that had ever stopped in this house left a souvenir in the shape of an inscription. Some of these were carved out in pine planks and nailed up against the walls. Others, more simpleminded, had written them upon the walls and mantlepiece. A closet door, especially presenting a comparatively smooth surface to the searching pen-cil, was literally carved with names. Just over the mantel is a box, top nailed up, and on it is elaborately cut, "Camp Nimbus Morgantown Fishing Club, August, 1874." Then follows the name of each member. On another box top—suggestive of a tombstone—under the head of "The Babes in the wood," come the names of Mrs. E. H. Wells, E. H. Wells, S. P. Wells, Jr., Miss Lizzie C. Wells, J. A. Wetherall, E. E. Cole, J. D. Brown, guido, and Perry, the dog. At Dobbin's, July 22; left August 6, 1880.

Another party takes up half the door with the names of "Chas. Graham, artist for *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*; Lanier Dunn, George Dunn, of Washington; J. E. Carpenter and Jerry Browning, guide. September 9, 1879. Killed 200 trout." Then follows a picture of the "largest trout," evidently drawn by the artist with a brush and some vermilion. After this there come some further pictorial embellishments, in a satirical vein, concerning the game found in the region. Another rough-and-tumble party has the names of its members written in blue pencil, and underneath, as an after thought, is the legend, "2 deer, 300 trout, 9 squirrels, 3 rabbits, 8 woodpeckers, 2, gallons of whiskey and a loaf of bread." Whether the whiskey and bread were among the game bagged in the country is left an unsettled question. The probability is, however, that the inscriber meant to have written, "2 gallon demijohn, minus the whiskey." It would be almost impossible to give half the names that are cut, scratched and written on those walls; but it was easy to sit down and imagine many a crowd that tented within those unplumb walls, jolly with untrammeled spirits, joyous with the sense of being free and alone in the Alleghany wilderness.

We left the Dobbin house about 10 o'clock, and struck across a trail leading down to the Blackwater, near Beaver Fork, and here our notions of what a bad road was were entirely discounted. Comparatively we had been traveling over broad country turnpikes. What we then rode over was a blind trail, though the roughest region in the world. I make no exception—even this does not express my feelings. Through a laurel swamp where the poor horses sank up to their knees and floudered frightfully, then up a steep, almost perpendicular ascent, then down another of the same kind, over rocks, through bushes that pulled us about in agony, over fallen trees. It was vile in fourteen different languages. We got down near the river, and struck into what is called the Kent road, which leads down to the banks and across into Canaan Valley, or Canaan Wilderness. On the river we found the remains of many old broken-known huts built of boughs, old stone cairns where camp fires were built, old tin cans, and other debris. Invariably the hunters in camp had blazed one side of the nearest pine tree, and then the names of the party were carved. Curiously enough, there appeared to have been ladies in many of the parties. How on earth they ever got there is a mystery.

The Canaan, or *Kanaane* Valley, which is one vast expanse and trackless waste of laurel and big timber, is a noted place. Here Judge Dobbin once owned 27,000 acres, but he has since sold out. The tract is, however, still called "Dobbin Manor." Bear, deer, panther and turkey are still plentiful here. In fact, the whole of this region abounds in game, and each mountaineer has his long-barrelled, old-fashioned rifle, with which he exterminates the cheerful turkey, or brings down the timorsome deer at long range. The next morning we took the route back to Deer Park, which we reached after nearly a day's travel. The trip was a most successful one from many points of view, and fully established as facts all the theories in regard to the lower end of the coal region. When the West Virginia Central road, which runs up the North Branch, and will finally connect with the Chesapeake and Ohio road, is finished, which will be by next year, the parties owning these fields will realize enormously from them.

OAKLAND, MD., Nov. 5th, 1881.

EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:—In your issue of this date I notice a communication from one of the attorneys to the present Board County Commissioners, in reference to my connection with the former Boards. I now desire, through your paper, to refute the foul inference which he leaves to be drawn, that I now hold some of the county money, and have failed to settle with the commissioners for the same, and it looks to me that the motive of the writer was mean and malicious, as he evidently seeks to injure me in my private business relations, rather than in a political Sense.

He starts out by saying that "I sold the court house bonds at 93 cts., *when they were anxiously sought after at par.* This is false, absolutely, and the only excuse for such false statement is, I suppose, from the fact that Mr. C., was not in this county at the time. This matter is well understood by the commissioners then in power. Messrs. Winterburg, Gnagey and Boucher. To the best of my recollection, two or more of our citizens were prevailed upon to take these bonds at par, in order to induce others to bid for them, but this project failed. The county commissioners then applied to me to negotiate the sale. They placed their margin on the bonds, at 93 cts., and authorized me to go to Cumberland, and raise the money, I did so, and Col. Schley came to myassistance. We finally sold the bonds to John Humbird and Fred Mertens, *at the price fixed by the commissioners.* So your readers will see that I was acting under the direction of the board and have no apology to make for my action, because Col. Schley and myself were paid for our service.

We next come to the receipt published concerning some dilinquent tax bills for $2,247.98, which I gave to be clerk at the time. Now the greater part of this amount is covered by the tax which was due from "the Franklin Coal Company," about the sum of $1200, the remainder were generally small tax bills and most of them against non-residents, which were in my judgement worthless, and would not justify the trouble to collect them at 5 per cent, or even 10. I did collect the Mattingly tax, which was paid me by John O'Brien, Esq., and which I immediately paid to L. H. Johnson, Deputy Collector, as per receipt:

"OAKLAND, MD., July 15, 1876.

Received of G. S. Hamill, $67.27 in full for taxes and costs of Francis Mattingly, due for the year 1875, and paid by John O'Brien.

L. H. JOHNSON,
Deputy Collector.

Mr. Veitch and myself, then commenced proceedings against "the Franklin Coal Company," and after a long and tedious litigation and taking the case to the Court of Appeals, &c., and fighting for the interests of Garrett county, we recovered a judgment for $2,828, or at least forced them to pay that amount, all the tax due to date, and now will see about this as per receipt:

"Received of G. S. Hamill, Esq., $145.94 in full of balance due the county commissioners, on account of money collected from the Franklin Coal Company, April 15, 1880.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
Attorneys for Co. Coms."

The other part of this judgment was paid by me at different times upon orders issued by the board, at the time of which Mr. Tilson was president, and which the record in the office will show, notwithstanding the attorneys statement that the records did not show any settlement, for the following order and receipt will show that he has stated what was not true:

OAKLAND, MD., April 9th, 1879.

"Ordered by the county commissioners of Garrett county, this 9th day of April, 1879, that G. S. Hamill pay Jasper Guard, Collector, $500 in his hands from Franklin Coal Company.

E. C. TILSON, President.

Test W. H. HAGANS, Clerk."

"Received the above named $500 this 9th day of April, 1879.

JASPER GUARD."

Now if he had looked a little further he would have found an order for $1,408.81, and then an order in favor of Allegany county, for $205, which was retained by them and accepted by the board. These facts are well known to Mr. W. H. Hagans, who was then the clerk.

Mr. attorney next finds a charge of $50 made by me for collecting the tax against the Pendleton property. He appears to have seen all the allowances made me, but did not see the credits due me. This shows how unfair he has been towards a brother lawyer, when he should have stated the plain facts, as he must have known them at the time. Now to the charge of $50 this is correct and I received the money, $25 of which I paid to Thos. J. McKaig, Jr., from the fact that he had at that time some money due the Pendleton's, and came to my office and stated to me, if the court would allow him a fee he would pay the tax, otherwise, he would send the money to the party. I went at once to the commissioners, stated the case to them and they immediately ordered the allowance of $50 as above stated, and some $200 or $300 tax was saved to the county, which would have been entirely lost and was then considered insolvent. This sum was immediately paid over to the commissioners by me, and this was included in and a part of the above receipt given in July, 76. As to the statement that Mr. Veitch and myself, received about $600 this is not correct, we were to have a retainer fee in the Franklin case of $50, which we received, and when we recovered for the county $2,828 we should have had at least $1000, for the Commissioners had authorized me to compromise the case with Allegany county, at one-half the amount if I could do no better; we preferred to fight it out, and saved the county the above sum of $2,828 and settled an important question of law resulting in great benefit to the people of Garrett county. And now Mr. Editor, all of the above payments and collections were a part of the tax bills receipted for by me in 1876, published in your last issue, and I desire further to say that Mr. Peddicord and myself talked over these matters when the above receipt of 1880, was given, and I supposed that everything was satisfactory, as I have never been called on for any further statement or report, and surely, if these gentlemen believed that I owed the county anything it was their duty to have demanded of me a settlement, or they could have by this time recovered the amount by an action at law, and now if there is any further doubt about my tranactions referred to, I shall be very glad to have the present board to appoint a committee of investigation composed entirely of Republicans, who are honorable men, and let them go through the whole matter, and I will be glad to afford them every facility, and show them all the papers, &c.

I am only sorry that the attorney has seen proper to hold on to the last issue of the campaign for his unjust assault upon me, it is like a man stabing you in the dark. As he seeks out a private individual to attack him and to do him a private injury, as well as to work out some political end. And now Mr. Editor, as I do not wish to tire your readers at this time with any further remarks upon the above communication, and in conclusion will say, that if the commissioners should discover or imagine that there is any of the county's money remaining in my hands, they need have no fears of making it, as I have always done business in my own name, and what little earnings I have saved, has been invested in my own name, and not in the name of some one else for fear of my creditors. It is all held for their benefit and always will be. And I further wish to state, that any man who charges or intimates that I now hold any of the county's money in this or any other transaction is a liar and a coward.

Repectfully,
G. S. HAMILL.

EFFECTIVE FORCE OF THE ARMY.—Gen. Sherman in his annual report to the Secretary of War, requests that officer to recommend to Congress the enlargement of the army, so that each of the 420 companies may contain 62 enlisted men, commanded by three commissioned officers. He regards the companies as now constituted too small for effective service on the frontier, and the transportation of so many seperate organizations adds largely to the cost of the campaigns against the Indians. The proposed change would raise the enlisted force to 26,660 men, which would give about 25,000 fighting soldiers—the maxium number allowed under the existing law. Gen. Sherman further recommends the enlistment of a force of non-combatants, such as clerks, prison guards, hospital stewards and signal detachments to the number of 3,789, which would bring the whole enlisted force up to 30,449.

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—suburbs of Oakland.

Estate of Jacob Swartzentruber, Dec'd

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JACOB SWARTZENTRUBER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1881.

JACOB S. MILLER,
Executor.

11 12-3

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal early payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

No. 20 Equity in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 11th day of October, A. D., 1881, that the sale made and reported by William Chisholm, Administrator, C. T. A. of Archibald Chisholm, late of Garrett county deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks on or before the Fifth day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WM. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
10 22 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Estate of Lucinda Ash, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

LUCINDA ASH,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of October, 1881.

MARY MILLER,
10 5 3 Administratrix.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Charles Murphy and others is to pass: Beginning at Frankville, and running thence, up Crab Tree to the mouth of Spring Lick, thence up spring Lick to its head, thence to the Middle Ridge at the head of Maple Hill, and then to Swanton, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet at Swanton on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same, and perform their duty in he premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
HUGH COOPER,
1085 Examiners.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by David Chambers and others is to pass: Beginning near Lawton's Woolen Factory on the Oakland and Deer Park road, and running thence through lands of N. Casteel, Mrs. Kilbourn, Geo. W. Legge and Reigh Thayer, and to intersect Green Street at or near Mrs. Hall's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Monday Nov. 21st, 1881, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN M. DAVIS,
1086 GEO. L. BOSLEY, Examiner.

The Pig Transformed---A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

An Englishman, Mr. Gilbert by name, has just written a monograph on the pig which will do much toward restoring that animal to his proper place in society. If Mr. Gilbert is to be believed the pig has been treated with shocking injustice. We have made him dirty and loathsome, and we have then abused him because he is what we have made him. Everybody has noticed the difference between new and old pigs. The former are white, clean and decidedly pretty, while the latter are no less objectionable. Ought we not to ask ourselves if we are in any way responsible for the tranformation of the delicate new pig into the revolting middle-aged pig? To this question, Mr. Gilbert has an answer ready, and that answer is far from flattering to us.

In point of pig Mr. Gilbert is an undoubted pelagian. He holds that the pig at birth is physically and morally pure, and that the faults and mud which he afterward exhibits are due to the circumstances in which he is placed. There circumstances are to the last degree demoralizing. Mon assume that mud is essential to the comfort of the pig, and so takes pains to provide him with mud-puddles. They have the extraordinary theory that the pig thrives only upon filthy food, aud so they feed him with refuse with which they would scorn to insult any other animal. They are confident that the dirtier the pig-pen may be the happier the pig will become, and they bend their energies to building and furnishing pig-pens which shall be dirtier than the steerage of an old-fashioned emigrant ship. We need not wonder that the unhappy pig yields to the force of circumstances and becomes the loathsome beast that he undoubtedly is.

Mr. Gilbert, as the apologist and defender of pigs, asserts that we ought to adopt an entirely new system of pig-culture. He would have the pig-pen built after a design so truly artistic that the dnily contemplation of it could not but refine and elevate the pig's taste. The interior of this pig-pen should, according to Mr. Gilbert, be kept as scrupulously elean as the spare bedroom of a New England cottage. The pig should have a clean and comfortable bed—say a spring mattress—and his tnble dishes should be washed after every meal. While wallowing in every form should be sternly discountenanced, the pig should have a daily bath, and great care should be taken to protect him from insects. Finally, the pig's food should be of the daintiest description, and as the result of this treatment he would never lose the neatness and grace which characterize him during his early pighood.

Having thus transformed the pig by changing his surroundings, Mr. Gilbert would make him a familiar friend of man. That the pig has a good deal of intellect there can be no question, for there have been educated pigs who have shown an ability to work out mathematical problems and to play abstruse games of cards which has challenged the admiration of mankind. Mr. Gilbert maintains that the pig is an affectionato and faithful animal, and as soon as he is taken by the foot and assisted to abandon the bad habits which have hitherto been his reproach, he can be made to take the place in the household now occupied by the dog and the cat. With prophetic and enthusiastic eye, Mr. Gilbert sees the reformed pig of the future sitting up on end on the hearthway, and licking his bristles with the assiduity of the dnintiest cat. He sees the same animnl lying in the lap of beauty, and accepting caresses with a far greater show of appreciation than is ever made by the pampered and conceited lap-dog. To the scientific person the domesticated pig will be of great service in doing mathematical sums, and to the sportsmau he will be invnluable. The full-grown pig is larger and strouger than the fiercest dog, nnd as he has four times as much surface of nose as has the ablest hound, he would probably prove to be keen of scent as well as bold and vigorous in attack. Thus he would fully take the place of every variety of dog, and if he can be taught to kill mice, which is by no means improbable, he would leave no sphere of usefulness for the cat.

As for his voice, we may feel certain that it would be improved by cultivation. Just as he wallows in the mire, not from any love of mud, but in order to rid himself of annoying insets, so he sings in a coarse and unmusical voice, not because he is devoid of musical taste, but because bad food and damp pens have injured his throat. Mr. Gilbert's system of treatment would, It is expected, convert the grunt that now offends our ears into a soft musical purr, rather louder that the purr of a cat, but much rounder and softer in timbre. Thus the very last ground for finding fault with the pig as an inmate of the drawing-room and a companion of men and women would vanish, and we should become so fond of the dear beast that we should never dream of eating him, thus arriving, though by an entirely different path, to that total abstinence from swine's flesh which Moses commanded, and which must forever assure to that great law giver the respect and gratitude of men of civilized tastes.—*N. Y. Times.*

Saliva and Snake Poison.

In an age when everything is utilized, from the water-power of Niagara for electrical storage to petroleum for stimulating the growth of hair, it is not surprising that the poison of serpents should have been included in the all embracing net of what is called practical science, and suddenly found to possess a certain useful property. According to the *Lancet*, M. Lacerda, a member of the Societe de Biologie, has just discovered that the venom of the Lachesis Rhambeata possesses the power of digesting albuminous substances and of emulsifying fats, for all the world as though it were pancreatic juice. It certainly has no effect upon starch, but a piece of beef cut into small pieces and placed in a capsule, with distilled water and a few drops of the poison, changed with great rapidity, became softened, and finally "broken up into a greenish liquid of a peculiar odor." As for coagulated egg albumen, it was completely dissolved in twenty-four hours; while oil shaken up with diluted poison became emulsified very shortly, and was, in fact, quite digested. A number of learned conclusions have, in consequence, been drawn from these experiments. The venom of serpents is not, it is said now, a simple poison, but a pathogenic agent capable of selecting the organs and tissues upon which it can operate. Certain parts of the body appear proof against its ravages, while other parts succumb without loss of time. Another peculiarity about it is that in most instances it is but slightly effected by boiling; while on the other hand, if kept, it will give off bacteria after a certain interval. That it is not, however, an organized virus is shown in the fact that the "culture liquid," as well as the fluids which proceed from an inflammation due to the poison, cause different symptoms altogether from the poison itself, and thus inoculation from snake poison could not be conducted on the principal of vaccination from the virus of cowpox. But the most remarkable discovery of all is that it is capable of dissolving albumen, and that eventually it may prove an excellent digestive, if there be no internal lesions, and an agent of good rather than of evil.

It will be, however, a long while, we take it, before the poison of the cobra will be used instead of pancreatic emulsion for dyspeptic patients; for, notwithstanding that Dr. Stradling, of Paris, is reported to have swallowed last week, without any ill effects, five or six drops of the venom of that deadly snake, after they had been placed on a lump of sugar, society for the most part would hesitate before they put an enemy into their mouth which might possibly steal away life. But an accurate knowledge of what the various poisons of serpents really are and what they can effect cannot but bring about good results. M. Gautier, the celebrated French savant, has just shown, indeed, that there is not much difference after all between human saliva and the secretions from snake fangs. Taking some twenty grammes of the salivary fluid and purifying it the other day, he obtained a substance which, after being injected in the form of a solution under the skin of a bird, threw it into a state of coma and complete stupor, and finally killed it in half an hour. Impressed with so strange an experiment, M. Gautier went further, and found that the poisonous character of saliva was not affected even when heated to a very considerable degree, and after much careful research he came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as in its effects it greatly resembles the bite of the cobra, both as respects the period of coma, excitation, convulsions and tetanic contraction, it is after all only a modified form of the venom from which we fly when the hooded Indian terror shows its teeth. Further experiments reveal the fact that the poisonous matter of saliva, when mixed with the ferrocyanide of potassium, produces, like cobra poison a Prussian blue; and there is now reason to believe that the active principle of it is an alkaloid similar to the cadaveric poisons called ptomaines which MM. Broardel and Boulmy have isolated. There is nothing at all unreasonable in all this. Possibly enough the poison which serpents conceal in the glands at the back of their fangs do aid them in the digestion of food, just in the same way as the human saliva is utilized by men; and it is somowhat degrading to think that Rabelais was right after all when he claimed a poisonous property for the human bite, it is just as well that we should know preeisely what it is the cobra iujects into its victim, so as to be ablo eventually to counteract the effects.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Curiosities of Elm.

A Swiss correspondent gives a most graphic account of the canton of Elm, and of the terrible catastrophe of which it has been the theatre. One of the most curious features in the valley is an artificial aperture made by the inhabitants iu one of the tall surrouuding peaks, and called Martin's hole, or St. Martin's hole. It is so contrived that at the two equinoxes—that is to say, for three days in the middle of March and of September—the sun sends its light through this aperture right on to the church of the village. and makes a sort of weird illumination never forgotten by those who have seen it. By a strange coiucidence the late landslip occurred exactly at the moment while this semestrial illumination was going on; and the devastation appeared more striking at a time usually celebrated as a sort of cautonal fete. As for the inhabitants of the place, they are described as sober, industrious, and old-fashioned in their ideas and habits. Their ancestors were among the first to embrnce the reformed religion, and a curious story is told of their first icouoclastic exploit. It is said that in 1528 they took the Polish images from the church and carried them to the bridge over the Serint. Then, throwing them into the torrent, they addressed to them the following Impious adjuration: "If you want us to regard you as saints, come back up the stream and resume your places in the church; if not, go on your way down stream." The most devout believers in modern miracles will, however, hardly contend that the disaster of 1881 is sent from heaven in retribution for the heretical act of three centuries and a half before. The same correspondent states among the victims, numbering 111, thero are forty-one bearing the name of Elm, which has time out of mind distinguished a huge family, or rather clan, of the primitive inhabitants. It is said that the village has been literally decimated, as its former population was 1,028; that twenty-two houses have been buried, twelve workshops destroyed, and the industry of slate-quarrying, which by the way, is partly chargeable with having caused the landslip, almost hopelessly ruined.—*London Globe.*

—The commission of Isaac T. Smith, of New York, to be Consul of Siam in that city, is dated "Wednesday the 2d day of the waning moon of the lunar month Asadhamas of the year Maseng of the third of the decade 1,243 of the Siamese astronomical era, corresponding to July 13, 1881, of the Christian era. Being the 4,628th day of the fourteenth year" of the present reign. Mr. Smith was late President of the Metropolitan Savings Bank, and is a gentleman well known in New York. He was formerly engaged in the East India trade.

A Texas Steer at Large in New York City.

A few minutes before ten o'clock yesterday afternoon a large black Texan steer that had escaped from its quarters at some point on the East River came galloping through East Thirty-second Street, evidently much frightened by the usual surroundings and by the hallooing of a crowd of street gamins who followed it. When be reached Third Avenue the animal halted a moment and theu started down the avenue at a lively gait. A few men attempted, principnlly by shouts and waving of hands and hats, to turn the frightened animal from the avenue into one of the side streets, but these efforts were of no use, aud the authors, in two instnnces at least, had narrow escapes from being tossed or gored by the animal. Women and children who were in the streets rushed excitedly into the nearest stores, and a woman in one of the upward-bound Third Avenue cars fainted as the enraged steer passed by the car. Several women fainted after reaching places of safety, and the greatest excitement prevailed, for the avenue was thronged with both people and teams, and drivers had hard work to control their horses. The animal ran down as far as Twenty-fo[illegible] Street, where Officer Stewart, of the [illegible]enth Precinct, managed to head [illegible] turn him up the avenue [illegible] officer could not use his rev[illegible] ever, as the street was t[illegible] thronged and the steer wo[illegible] main still long enough to ma[illegible] self a target. Turning up t[illegible] the beast ran up to Twenty-uin[illegible] where it was brought to bs[illegible] cers Finnelly and Quigley[illegible] Twentieth Precinct, in front o[illegible] meat market. Ropes were extended from the building to the pillars of the elevated railroad, and an officer who had secured a place on a wooden awning over the sidewalk opened the battle against the steer by firing the contents of his revolver at him. Other officers and citizens also opened fire on the animal. For five minutes the firing was kept up, and the steer hung in his position on the sidewalk, leaving for the street hut onee, and then finding in his way an obstruction in the shape of a street car. In trying to go round the car the animal fell. Philip A. Roth, of No. 78 Lewis street, was one of the crowd that surged forward in bopes of seeing an officer fire the fatal shot into the animal's carcass. The steer suddenly rose and at once charged on the crowd, one of the horns catching in Roth's clothing and lifting him from his feet. Failing to toss Roth, the animal started again for the sidewalk, carrying the man on his horns, and finally getting rid of him by throwing him violently under a wagon, where he lay as one dead. The steer then took up his old position on the sidewalk and firing at him was renewed, blood flowing freely from twenty bullet wounds as the frenzied animal jumped about trying to dodge the shower of missiles. Finally, John F. Corr, of No. 345 West Twenty-third street, came out of the crowd and managed to lodge seven bullets in the animal. None of these proved fatal. Auother revolver was handed him, but it could not be exploded, and just as the steer made a rush for him a fortunate shot by one in the crowd struck and broke one of the steer's legs and bronght it to the ground. In an instant Corr was at its side, and, before the animal could regain its feet, had with his jackknife, cut its throat and so relieved the bullet-riddled animal of its sufferings and the crowd of its unusual and exciting entertainmeut. When it was certain that life was extinct, Roth, who was bleeding copiously from several severe scalp wounds, was pulled out from under the cart and taken to Belleville Hospital, where his wounds were dressed, and his friends were allowed to remove him to his home.—*N. Y. Times.*

Village Life in Western India.

In his new work on the "Industrial Arts of India," Mr. C. M. Birdwood says of the typical village:

"Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel, molding the swift revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses, which form the low, irregular street, there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street the brass and copper smiths are hammering away at their pots and pans, and further down, in the veranda of the rich man's house, is the jeweler working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry, gold and silver earrings and round tires like the moon, bracelets, tablets, noserings and tinkling ornaments for the feet, taking his designs from the fruits and flowers around him, or from the traditional forms represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple, which rise over the grove of mangoes and palms at the end of the street above the lotus-covered village tank. At 3:30 or 4:30 in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water jars on her head, and so, while they were going and returning in single file, the scene glows like Titian's canvas, and moves like the stately procession of the Panathenaic frieze. Later the men drive in the mild gray kine from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, the lights begin to glimmer in the fast-falling darkness, the feasting and music are heard on every side and late into the night the songs are sung from the Ramayana or Mahabharata. The next morning, with sunrise, after the simple ablutions and adorations performed in the open air before the houses, the same day begins again. This is the daily life going on all over Western India in the village communities of the Dakhan, among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life, and in the culture derived from the grand epics of a religion in which they live and move and have their daily being, and in which the highest expression of their literature, art and civilization has been stereotyped for three thousand years."

—Vice-President Davis wears all his whiskers under his chin.

Curled Hair—Substances for Filling Mattresses.

When we consider that one-third of a man's life is spent in bed, we do not wonder that he has come to be particular about what he sleeps on, nor that the manufacturers have endeavored to make an easy couch for tired humanity Curled hair occupies the first place as a filler for mattresses, and we doubt it it will be possible to find any material to answer this purpose so satisfactorily. Numerous substances have been tried, some have worked well, others have been utter failures, but the one has been accepted as a filling for a cheaper grade of work than hair, and the others have been cast aside. Nearly all the experiments have been made with vegetable matter, but this lacks the staying elasticity of the hair aud after a short time will mat together.

Aside from this, no other use than as a filler of mattresses and the upholstery of furniture can be found for curled hair. So we must conclude that hair will continue to hold its supremacy and be looked upon as a luxury when cheaper articles crowd their way into the market. South America supplies England, France and America with the greater proportion of the curled hair that they use. The four ports of Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rio Grande and San Rosario export 12,000,000 pounds of horse hair, and of this fully one-third [illegible]s to America. Great droves of [illegible]es roam about the plains in [illegible]portion of South America. [illegible] are killed for their hides [illegible]se as well as hair, but the great proportion of hair is taken from live horses that are corraled, shorn of their manes and tails and allowed to go free again to raise another crop of hair. The manes and tails are thrown into piles, and afterward baled up into packages weighing 1,000 pounds each, and shipped. The manufacturer receives these bales, and the first process is to sort the hair by colors. It is then hackled, or made straight, and all loose foreign substances and dirt removed. The value of the hair depends upon its length, and the next step is to make an assortment into the different lengths. This is done in a picker. The longer hairs are used in making haircloth, the middle lengths go to the brush makers and the short hairs are curled. Having obtained all the short hairs, the workmen braid them into ropes about the size of one's finger. The hair is then boiled to get out all the animal matter and baked to set the "kink." The ropes of hair are now ready to be coiled, and they are made into bundles weighing forty pounds each. The best hair sells for forty cents a pound. Cheaper grades of hair are made by mixing pigs' hair with the horse hair. Pigs' hair is worth about six cents a pound. Cattle hair is not used to any great extent for mattresses. The animal smell cannot be altogether taken away from it, and the warmth of the body will soon make a mattress offensive if it is used. Cattle hair is used for carriage upholstering and serves the purpose well. Before it is used the hair must be unbraided and picked npart. This is done by hand, and many women find employment at this work. Among the many articles that have been brought forward for the filling of mattresses, the article called "excelsior" is the cheapest and the one most generally used. This is made of poplar wood, which is toru into shreds by machiuery. A great deal of this comes from Maine and New Hampshire, and it sells for from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a ton. A great many "soft top" mattresses are used. These are filled nearly full with the excelsior, and an upper layer of jute, tow or cotton is put in to give the mattress a soft top. Husks are also largely used. The inner husks of corn are stripped and dried, and sometimes braided into great ropes, but more often they are baled up after the stripping. A great many husks come from Connecticut and Maryland. Wool mattresses are filled with shoddy wool that has been made by picking rags into shreds in a picker. This is worth from five to eight cents a pound. Palm-leaf waste from the hat shops has been a very popular filling for many years. It is braided into great ropes, and as it is very tough it does not break up, as many other vegetable substances do. A very good filling is made from the husk of the cocoanut, which is torn into shreds and dyed black. It is very clean and free from foreign substances. The moss that grows upon the trees in the swampy regions at the south is gathered by the negroes, buried in the earth to give it color, and then sold for filling. Of this there are four grades, the most costly of which is the cleanest. A filling called the "close fibre" is made from the underbrush which grows under the pine trees at the South. The leaves are split and run through corrugated rollers, to give them a kink, and then baled up.—*American Cultivator.*

Hurried Dinners.

It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be uecessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers for lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food, and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an infliction of hurried dinners, and endure the consequent loss of health, without knowing why he is not well, or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.—*The Lancet.*

For Young Readers.

PERSEVERANCE.

Dear me! did you *ever* see such a long face?
With its tearful eyes drawn down aslant,
As the twisted lips quiver and curl all around,
While they doletully murmur: "*I can't!*"
I can't! Oh, you spiritless, weak-hearted boy!
That coward's excuse you should scorn!
Do banish those wrinkles from off of your face,
And look less inert and forlorn.

Don't be *always* a babe, and *never* a man;
Don't be purposeless, timid and weak;
Such a cowardly, shiftless and weak-hearted boy,
That a lesson or sum can defeal.
Oh, that's not the stuff of which heroes are made,
I'll tell you, my whining young friend;
And if that is the way you are spending your time,
You will come to no prosperous end.

Now, leap to your feet, hold your head up erect,
And resolve to yourself to be true;
Don't give up to irities, defeat them instead;
Firm purpose will carry you through.
Let "onward and upward" your motto now be,
And manfully battle your way,
True bravery 'll conquer the foes in your path,
Perseverance will gain you the day!

—*Golden Days.*

PINKIE AND RUTH.

"Where under the sun is Darkey Jim?" said Pinkie to herself, as she turned over and over in bed trying to find him. "I don't believe Kitty put him to bed at all."

Kitty was the nurse, you know, and Darkey Jim was the black rubber doll that Santa Claus brought last Christmas time. I don't know why Pinkie always wanted Jim to sleep with her, because he was torn most to pieces. The big dog got him once and ate a whole leg off, and one night Jim was left out-doors in the rain, and was dreadfully soaked out of shape. But Pinkie loved him better than any of her other dolls. Pinkie had a little sister, Ruth, who slept in another room, just through the doorway, so when Darkey Jim wasn't found that night. Pinkie called out:

"Ruth, are you asleep?"

But no answer came.

"I believe she's got him herself, and won't tell," said Pinkie.

"I'll go and see, anyway."

So she got out of bed aud went into the next room.

"Ruth, have you got my Darkey Jim?" she asked, as she came to the crib. Ruth didn't answer, and so Pinkie began to feel nll about for the doll, and at last she found it. But do you suppose that Ruth was really asleep? Not a bit more than you are at this moment; and, when Pinkie tried to lift Jim out of the crib to take him to her own bed, she found out that Ruth was wide nwake and had tight hold of Jim's leg.

"Go way!" cried Ruth, sitting up in bed and tugging with all her might to keep hold of Darkey Jim.

"He's mine, Ruth Vail, and you know it," answered Pinkie. "So give him to me."

They were both dreadfully cross, it seems to me, but they were dreadfully sleepy, too.

Well, the end of the quarrel was that mamma, who was down stairs, came running up to see what the noise was all about. Ruth was crying, but Pinkie wasn't—because she had the doll.

"He's mine, and I want him," said Pinkie, crossly,

"I got him first, and I think I might keep him, I do," sobbed Ruth.

"Now look here," said mamma, taking Darkey Jim away from Pinkie, "this is too bad, to make all this noise and fuss, and neither one willing to give up to the other. I tell you what I must do. I'm going to stand Darkey Jim up here against the door between the rooms and have him sleep there all night. He'll be just as near one of you as he is to the other, and I hope my little girls will be satisfied—although I must say that I think Ruth shouldn't have taken Jim at all, because he didn't belong to her."

So that was the arrangement made, and mamma went down stairs again, leaving the children in bed, and Jim standing on his one leg against the door.

Pinkie hadn't been in bed two minutes before she began to think.

"I don't see what use Jim is to anybody, over there."

Then she thought a little more.

"I don't think I was very good to Ruth, particularly as she gave me half her peach to-day. I know what *I'm* going to do. I'm going to get Jim and put him straight in Ruth's crib!"

Now it happened that Ruth hadn't been in bed two minutes, either, before she begau to think.

"I expect I was real cross to Pinkie."

Then she thought some more, too.

"I don't see what good Darkey Jim's doing over there all alone by himself. I know what *I'm* going to do. I'm going to get him and put him straight in Pinkie's crib!"

So both the little girls got softly out of bed at just the same time, and went carefully across the floor.

"I must be very careful, so Ruth won't hear me," said Pinkie to herself.

"I must be very careful, so Pinkie won't hear me," said Ruth to herself.

So they felt along the wall, and put out their hands, and ran bump against each other in the dark.

"You take him," said Pinkie.

"You take him," answered Ruth. "He's your's, you know—and I'm real sorry."

"But you gave me the peach, and I was cross," said Pinkie, holding out Jim in the dark.

And how do you think they made it all right?

Why, they both got into the same bed, and Darkey Jim slept between them!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Some Things Little Boys and Girls Should Learn.

Children, if you wish to have every one about you love and enjoy you, read the following, and think if some of them do not apply to you:

Remember, while you are a little girl or boy you are making the man or the woman for future influence that will have its effect upon every person with whom you are associated for good or evil in some degree. Do you like to have for a companion a rough, noisy, clumsy boy, that every one dreads to have come near them; or do you enjoy the society of rough, coarse men, if they do wear good clothes and have plenty of money to enjoy themselves? Of course you do not. No one can, no matter if they are just like themselves. Disagreeable people show less patience with ill mannered people often than re[illegible] fined cultivated persons. Of course, persons who have learned to be kind and patient with others are the ones who have struggled very hard to overcome evils in themselves. Children, don't turn your toes in; don't wriggle your bodies about while walking; don't lean forward; never lean over on your hands, resting your elbows on anything; never mumble your words to require anyone to ask you to repeat what you have once said; don't be boisterous; never snuff, whatever else you do in the line of impolite disagreeableness.

Children, heads up, shoulders back, toes out every time, if you wish to have good figures and be graceful walkers. Learn while you are children to be graceful, careful and economical in all your efforts, that you may really find the truest happiness for yourselves and others. If you learu while you are a little child never to upset things at table—if you learn to think of the effect of what you are going to say before you say it—if you learn to prevent stubbing your toes or running into things, when you are grown you will not be annoying every one with whom you are associated. No matter how highly educated a gentleman may be in books, if he was not in childhood taught to prevent his body from unnecessary knocks and to avoid upsetting his tea, coffee or water at table, he will ever be, in whatever position in after life, disagreeable and awkward, making every one feel they are in danger of being stepped on, scalded, danbed with ink or *in danger* of some accident from a heedless fellow who was not properly taught or failed to learn good careful manners when a child. I know a little girl who would not let her aunty wait upon her when she was sick because she said she was afraid her aunty would scald herself if she touched any hot water, and she knew her mamma would not, for she never had broken a dish in her life, she never got the wrong bottle, she never spilled anything, she never made a mistake, stuck anybody with a pin, and she did everything just right, and she is the only mamma in the world to have. That is my mamma, and that is the kind of a mamma this little girl inteuds to be.—*Little Gem.*

The Hole in the Pocket.

The other day a poor woman who lives near my house came running in in great excitement. "Oh," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Marjorie, I am in so much trouble! I have just lost all the money I had in the world between my house and the corner. I must have dropped it in the street. What shall I do?"

The only thing I could advise was that she should insert an advertisement of her loss in the paper; and as she did not know how to write, I wrote one for her. Then I said: "How came you to lose your pocket-book? Was there a hole in your pocket?"

She showed me a rip between the lining and the outside of her dress, and said she supposed she had slipped her money through that instead of into the right place. "I've been meaning to sew that for a week," she said, very sadly.

I felt too sorry for her to tell her that experience had taught her a very dear lesson, but it did seem hard that the savings of two months should have been lost for want of a stitch in time.

The homely old proverb says: "A stitch in time saves nine." Please think of it when you are studying your etymology, and are not sure about a derivation. It will take only a few seconds to look it up now, but it may save you much trouble at examination-day to be sure on the subject. Think of it, too, when your little playmate passes you coldly; and when you feel that you have given offense to your teacher or mother, a frank word of apology, a kind, forgiving look *in time*, may save you from many hours of regret and distress. A great many tangled and troublesome things in this world would be set right speedily if everybody believed in a stitch in time. You may apply this principle to everything in life, and it will never fail you. A great poet, Mr. Tennysou, says:

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute."

A very tiny leak, if not repaired, will cause the great ship to go down in the midst of the sea. Any small, wrong thing may be corrected or mended while it is small, but every day that it is left alone it will grow larger and stronger. One weed is easier to pull up than ten are. Don't forget the stitch in time, wherever you may be.—*Harper's Young People.*

Pursuit of Pleasure.

Amusement in some form is a necessity of our nature; but it is singular what a difference of opinion exists as to what constitutes amusement. And what a wonderful amount of fatigue people will endure in its pursuit! The crowding, jostling, tedious waiting for belated omnibuses, constant apprehension of danger on board over-laden steamers, long delay in getting home at night, children tired and sleepy and crying, so often experienced in what are called "excursions;" and yet this is a species of amusement that seems to grow more and more popular every year. A large, fashionable evening party illustrates in a striking manner the powers of human endurance. First, there is the fatigue of dressing—for an elaborate toilet is essential. Then the crush in over-heated rooms—a hundred lips moving together, a hundred fans fluttering in the air, a score or two of weary people starting for the first vacant chair, and then the dance in a crowded inclosure. At the supper table the struggle to obtain places is fierce, and women must famish if their attendant cannot make places for them. At last, amid a swarm of carriages blocking the gateway, the victims of the night manage to reach their own particular conveyances, and at an absurdly late, or rather early hour, find themselves once more at home, and lie down on an uneasy couch, to wake in the morning, unrefreshed and unfit for the duties of the day. And this they call pleasure! In our opinion it more nearly resembles dissipation.—*Exchange.*

—A colored man, convicted at Anderson, S. C., for carrying concealed weapons, served three months in the Penitentiary and then came back and went to work for his attorney to pay the attorney's fee.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will, it is said, effectually clean out a stove pipe, the vapors produced carrying of soot by chemical decomposition.

—Ink stains on mahogany or black-walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of niter and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spots disappear rub the place at once with a cloth wet in cold water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

—Ham Cake.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mold, and bake a rich brown.

—Cream of Fish.—For each quart of soup mix together over the fire one tablespoonful each of flour and butter until quite free from lumps; then gradually add one quart of hot milk, stirring constantly, until the soup is quite smooth; then season it palatably with salt and pepper, dust in a very little grated nutmeg, and stir in with an egg-whip a cupful of cold boiled fish puree rubbed through a sieve with a potato-masher.

—Egg Loaf.—One pound of dough, two ounces of butter, two ounces of pounded sugar, two eggs. Beat all well together, in a basin, in the same manner as eggs are beaten, only using the hand instead of the whisk; set in a plain mold to rise for three-quarters of an hour, then bake in a quick oven. When cut, it should have the appearance of honeycomb. This is a very nice breakfast-cake, and will make delicious toast when stale.

—Steamed Fruit Pudding.—Two cups of suet, chopped fine, two cups of boiling hot coffee, two cups of sugar, half pound of raisins, half pound of currants, quarter pound of citron, five cups of flour, teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix these ingredients well together, cutting the raisins, currants and citron fine; put all in a bag and steam three hours; do not lift the cover till the pudding is done; serve with a nice sauce.

—The practice of whitewashing trees is useful and beneficial, and one can afford to be laughed at for doing it, for "those who win may laugh" with the best reason. The whitewash reflects the heat of the sun, and prevents sunscald of the bark in warm, bright winter days; it kills eggs of insects and repels the borer, and the lime, washing from the stems, reaches the roots and fertilizes the trees. All this will overbalance any ridicule that may be cast on the practice by over-wise and hypercritical persons who know nothing about the business.

—For the sake of variety and to please children, who seem sometimes to be fascinated by pie, make once a year a meat and potato pic. Make a crust as for chicken pic, and fill it with pieces of beef stake, either partly cooked or raw; season it well, and make a gravy of melted butter and water thickened with flour; pour over the meat and then put in a layer of mashed potato, and the crust on the top of that. If it is too much trouble to mash the potato, put in small cooked ones whole; be sure and have enough gravy so the pie will not be dry. Do not make the crust so rich as to be unwholesome.

—Idleness begets vice just as well in the horse as it does in man, and among the various vices thus begotten in the horse is the mischievous one of kicking. There are several methods of prevention resorted to, with more or less success. One is to let the horse go loose in a roomy box stall or a shed, instead of tying him up. Another method is to buckle a strap around the leg above the pastern, to which strap is attached a chain about a foot long, to the end of which is fixed a log of hard wood, weighing about two pounds. Every time the horse kicks he will hurt himself, and after some ineffective trials of ridding himself of the attachment he finally gives in, and will gradually abandon the practice of kicking; but it may be necessary to keep the device applied to his leg for a long time, especially if he is an inveterate kicker. Sometimes a horse only kicks to one side, or only with one leg, and it will then only be necessary to apply the chain to that leg. But if he kicks to both sides it will be necessary to apply one on each leg.

Autumn Sowing.

Most people have observed, no doubt, that self-sown seeds—that is, seeds that have dropped from the growing plants of the previous season, sometimes produce the strongest and most healthy plants, that bloom the most freely. This is true of several kinds, and particularly of those that suffer under exposure to our midsummer suns. The reason is that self-grown seeds get a very healthy growth in the spring, vegetating as soon as frost is gone, and are good-sized plants at the time we usually put seeds in the ground, even if they do not start in the fall. They thus mature and flower during the cool weather of spring. The clarkias and nemophilas and annual larkspurs are noted examples. There are also several varieties of hardy annuals that do well with spring sowing, that will bear autumn sowing in the open ground, and reward us with early spring flowers. Sweet assylum and white caudy tuft will give us abundance of white for early cutting, if sown in autumn. In a shady soil the portulaca may be sown in autumn with good success. Seeds of biennials and perennials, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants, will flower next summer; pansies and Chinese pinks, though they bloom the first summer if sown in the spring, will make much stronger plants and flower more freely and earlier, if young plants are grown in the autumn.

All hardy plants, the pæonias, hollyhocks, delphiniums, perennial phlox, day lily, dicentra and plants of a similar character, indeed, all that will endure our winters, should be planted in the autumn, if possible, as they thus get a good start in the spring.—*Floral Guide.*

Weeds and Weed Seeding.

In one sense, at least, weeds are the salvation of the working farmer. Without them the most indolent of his neighbors might compete successfully for the prize of profitable farming. All are ready to call the weeds "cussed thing," and yet they have a good side, in keeping all tillers of the soil more wide awake, more thoughtful of their crops, in short, making them more thorough farmers and gardeners. Even the "prickers" on the thistle make a farmer smarter than he would otherwise be, and the "docks" as they spring up in his meadow, should cure him of the disease which, to be plain, is pure and simple laziness.

But it is not of the moral influences which weeds wield that I wish to speak, healthful and important as they may be. It is not my mission to preach so much as to instruct in the rugged fields of practical agriculture.

To most of us it can be said with truth that the weeds are here, and it is for us to study into their habits and learn as far as we can the best methods of warring against them. The farmer in every old country must accept this situation and shoulder some instrument of defense against the great foe to all good crops. He must not only grasp the weapon, but he should study the nature of the enemy and the tactics of war, that he may move upon the foe at the proper moment—come upon him at his weakest point.

At this autumn season, when the labors of the year are making their returns, it is natural, as well as the duty of every farmer and gardener, to view the conquests of the spring and summer and see wherein success has been reached and learn the cause of all failures.

But the misery of the unsuccessful is not for himself alone. A man who devotes the richness and strength of his garden soil to the growth of noxious plants curses his neighbors as well as himself. The weed-grower is a propagator of evil; and it is just here that I wish to make a point. If it were true that the weed seeds should all germinate and grow just where they were produced, then there would be a far brighter future for the farmer and gardener who strives to keep his own fields clean. The good gardener has his own just and liberal reward for his clean culture in the crops which his labors have given him; but could he feel that there was not a new army of invaders just over the wall, ready to meet him face to face the coming year, then gardening would become more full of hope, more peaceful and more pleasant. It does look like a sin to see a good, industrious neighbor's garden down to weeds of one's own raising—and that when the one who commits the wrong is also a sufferer in the deed. We ought all to be more than heretofore our brother's keeper in this at least: that we do not foul our neighbor's land. If we turn to the farm, we only see the same thing that has been illustrated in the two gardens—only on a correspondingly larger scale. One farmer by every means in his power roots out the Canada thistle, or kills it by frequent plowing, while the adjoining field is largely given over to the growth and propagation of this prickly pest. We may, for example, suppose the two fields are equal in size and planted with the same variety of corn. The one, it has been said, is kept clean and the plants in vigorous growth by a system of clean culture, the highest ambition of the owner being to have no weeds reach the seeding point, and harvest a paying crop of corn. The neighbor grows his crop with less expense, as he thinks, and boasts of the time he has for "improving his mind" at the village grocery. He grows a double crop, and it is a hard fight between the thistles and the corn all the season through. The corn is harvested and the thistles; what becomes of the result of their labors? Even plants grow for some purpose, and that is the propagation of their kind. The thistles have brought a full harvest of seeds, and also provided each little germ with a silky balloon by means of which it can seek a favorable place to grow. The negligence of one farmer has cursed the land of the thrifty and prosperous; for as sure as winds do blow the seeds of the cursed Canada thistle will be scattered, and that pretty thickly, over the well-kept soil of the good farmer. It seems too bad that the evil should be visited upon the good, but that is the old story the world over. The bad, like the thistle-down, is carried by every wind, and will fall like the rain upon both the just and the unjust.

There is but one remedy that can be applied, and the time is ripe for all to make the application. Let all be weed-killers the whole season through, and there will be no loud cry of unprofitable farming and gardening. Our greatest curse is weeds—unless we turn that curse into a blessing by turning the root end into the air. Earnest, concerted, action, with all hands to the front, will save us from the dominion of weeds, and give better crops in the bargain.—*Cor. Christian Union.*

—The Court of Pekin is all worked up over the appearance of a comet above the capital. The astronomical lights of the Celestial Empire endeavor to show by the records that the appearance of such a heavenly visitor has often coincided with the death of a ruler of the Empire, and therefore the Emperor, Konang, is supposed to be in danger of assassination. A scandal concerning the Empress Regent has just been published, and in considering this fact with the appearance of the comet the wise men of the Imperial Court predict something terrible in the near future.

—Potato Pie.—To a quart of boiling sweet milk and a cup of grated raw potato; when cool add two or three eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to taste; bake without an upper crust. This will make two pies, which should be eaten the day they are baked. Sweet potatoes are good thus made into pies.

—A good breakfast dish is made of dried beef. Slice it very thin, cook it for a few minutes in hot butter and lard mixed, stir it constantly, and when it is equally heated stir in as many eggs as you can afford to use. Serve with buttered toast.

THE DAIRY.

—It is claimed that in Cheshire, England, the actual cost of producing milk is fourteen cents per gallon. From this it is plain to see that the foreign dairy business cannot compete with our own in foreign markets.

—Salt is needed by cows and unless they are provided with a regular supply they will not keep up their quantity of milk. It is best to give some at stated times—once a week or every day. An ounce a day given with the food is a reasonable allowance.

—Dr. J. R. Nichols, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, says: Eight drops of tincture of aconite dropped on a piece of bread and mixed with the food at night; next morning four drops more given in the same manner will generally cure the garget.

—A commission was appointed in Belgium lately to test the comparative merits of skimming milk after standing, following the ordinary method, in porcelain pans, or in specially constructed pans immersed in a receptacle containing running water or susceptible of receiving ice. The same quantity of milk, thirty quarts, was placed in the pans and allowed to throw up the cream during twenty-four hours; the pans were then skimmed and the cream ch[illegible] There was invariably eleven per[illegible] more butter, and of superior qual[illegible] obtained from the milk artificially cooled, than treated in the ordinary way.

—A long, slender tail is not in [illegible] any indication of a good cow. It is a sign of good breeding, and well-b[illegible] cows are generally better cows [illegible] scrubs. In a good cow there are several physical marks of excellence; the head is long and thin, the face broad and dished, the eye large, the neck thin and long, the dewlap is light, the shoulders small, the back straight and broad, the belly large and deep, the udder large, broad and extended forward, the teats set well apart, the limbs slender, the rump broad and bony, the tail long and fine, the skin soft and mellow; if one of these be lacking the chain is broken and the cow's character doubtful.

—An attack of garget may very easily result in the loss of milk for the season. The udder consists of a great number of small ducts, each ending in a minute secretory gland, on the whole resembling very much a number of bunches of grapes crowded together. When the udder is inflamed, as in a case of garget, these ducts and glands are filled with thickened milk and very much congested. The result may easily be that the tissue is thickened and the ducts obliterated. The glands are then abortive, and perform their functions no more. So that the udder is no longer able to fulfill its business of producing milk, and becomes a mere mass of fleshy matter totally useless for its original purpose. Sometimes one quarter is thus lost, and sometimes two of them, or the whole udder. It is questionable if such an udder can be restored.

Sweet Cream Butter in Denmark.

The high esteem in which sweet cream butter is held, especially for its keeping qualities, by European exporters of butter has been mentioned in a former number of the *Tribune*. In connection therewith a description of the method of making this butter, which I find in a recent number of the *Milch Zietung*, as it is practiced at one of the largest and most successful factories in Denmark, may be useful to some *Tribune* readers. The special aim at this factory is the production of the finest quality of sweet cream butter, and a good, not too lean, cheese; a large quantity of milk is worked up, 55,000 pounds for instance, in the week ending June 18. The cream from the finest skimming, taken off after the milk has stood nine or ten hours, is used for sweet cream butter, one pound of such butter requiring 35.4 pounds of milk; from the cream of subsequent skimming a small quantity of sour cream butter is prepared; taking both kinds of butter together, 31.2 pounds of milk are required for one pound of butter. Never less than 0.5 per cent. of fat is left in the skimmed milk, this limit being strictly fixed in order that the cheese shall be fair in quality. To cool the milk as quickly as possible the tanks in which the milk vessels are to be set are first nearly filled with broken ice and a little water; the milk pails, of oval form and holding about seventy pounds each, are then forced down into this thick ice-pap; in forty-five minutes the temperature of the milk falls from eighty-six to sixty-eight degrees, and in thirty minutes more to fifty-five degrees; when skimmed the temperature of the milk is about thirty-six degrees.

The cream is heated to about fifty-two degrees preparatory to churning; in winter it is heated about three degrees higher; the same is done if the cows have been fed on old hay, or if there has been an unusually large proportion of beans and vetch in their rations. The churning occupies from twenty-seven to thirty minutes; no water is added during the operation, skimmed milk being used to rinse down the sides of the churn; the butter comes in small pellets, like pin-heads, and the churning is stopped at this point; the butter is gathered in a strainer and kneaded with the hands; salt is added at the rate of three-eighths of an ounce to the pound, and after more working with the hands the butter is made up into five pound rolls and laid in an ice chest, where it remains an hour and a half and cools down to fifty-two again, when it is finally kneaded with the butter worker. Kneading at first with the hands is preferred, because, as it is claimed, the buttermilk is more completely worked out. The utmost cleanliness is maintained throughout the factory, and scrupulously careful attention is required to the details of the management of the cream and butter, under the immediate supervision of the skilled dairywoman who has the whole in charge. The product of the factory is in nearly all cases ranked as first-class by the Copenhagen exporters whose judgment in the matter is held in extraordinary respect.—*Prof. G. C. Caldwell, Cornell University, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—The recent Michigan fires destroyed twelve church edifices.

An Old Settler Settled.

Some time ago some boys, while playing in the rear of the town hall at East Machias, discovered what appeared to be the burial place of an Indian. The remains have recently been exhumed and are, perhaps, the most interesting ever discovered in Maine. They are evidently those of a chief. A copper band nearly two inches wide encircled the head. To the right ear, which was dried and well preserved, were attached ornaments of copper two and one-half inches long by one wide. A part of the scalp was also preserved, showing the long black hair peculiar to the Indians. Upon the breast rested an iron knife completely oxidized. A piece of the skin with the imprint of the knife was also found. The face was covered with a mat made of the leaves of the cat-tail rush. Birch bark was used to envelop the head, while the whole body was wrapped in a moose skin, of which the hair and a few fragments remained upon the breast. Outside of this skin was a copper breast-plate, sixteen or seventeen inches long. There was also found a triangular hatchet like those used by the early French settlers.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

A HOLYOKE, Mass., exchange alludes to the cure of D. O. Judd, Esq., U. S. Supervisor of Postal Card Manufactory, who was [illegible] St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism and [illegible]—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

[illegible] seem to have lost their significance. Christian Johnson is under arrest in Detroit, Mich., on the charge of burglary, and Christian Angel for refusing to support [illegible]

MR. GEORGE DRAKE, 48 Oak street, Indianapolis, Ind., suffered terribly with 'water' rheumatism. He used St. Jacobs Oil and was entirely cured.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

NEIGHBOR'S pretty daughter: "How much is this a yard?" Draper's son (desperate "spoons" on her): "Only one kiss." "If it is so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."

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Who had a bad fit of the blughes;
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And danced till he wore out his shughes.

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The small boy's idea of genuine comfort and happiness was to be pitched into a pond of ice cream whose shores were made of sponge cake. His misery was the absence of these pleasant substances. That boy simply represents humanity. Comfort is appreciated by contrast—we enjoy a thing in proportion to our conception of the disadvantages of our deprivation thereof. This applies to material things as well as to immaterial considerations. The icicle, whose appearance in the wintry cold and bleakness sends the shiver of discomfort through the observer, would suggest notions of the coolest comfort in hot and sultry days of the summer season. And in both seasons—that in which the icicle flourishes best and in the one wherein its absence is conspicuous—that most uncomfortable and torturing disease, rheumatism, plentifully abounds, causing pain and agony to myriads of people. And yet it need not be thus afflictive if sufferers would only use ST. JACOBS OIL, the surest, safest and speediest remedy in the whole world for the eradication and cure of rheumatism and all painful ailments. The following from the Rochester (Ind.) *Sentinel* shows how some people attend to their rheumatism: "When a young husband had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife—'What have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?' he received the brief, practical and suggestive reply—'Buckwheat cakes and the measles.' We have the report of a case in our midst, not where measles was in the bill of fare, but where sciatic rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known Rochester druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: 'The senior member of this firm was attacked with sciatic rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 10th, could scarcely leave his room. He used ST. JACOBS OIL, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. The run which ST. JACOBS OIL is having is, we say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

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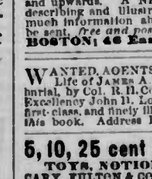

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FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.51 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2:10 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.21 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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OF BALTIMORE.

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1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; but the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Taken person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

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CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

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7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

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It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

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Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

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It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881. NUMBER 39.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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WHAT SHALL WE TEACH?

The following bold utterances were made by Superintendent Rickoff, of Cleveland, Ohio, before the National Educational Association, at Athinta, last July. They will, no doubt, challenge the attention of educators, and be read with a considerabl degree of interest:

If we teachers were to look beyond the traditional demands of the market far which we are training the little children under our care, and were to analyze minutely and conscientiously the knowledge and discipline of the best classes of grown-up men and women, the moral and mental habiliments, if you please, of well-informed and intelligent people of different vocations in life; and if we were then to address ourselves not to the supply of a market, the demands of which are determined by the ignorant masses rather than by intelligence, but to meet the real needs of a people, there can be little doubt that the curriculum of our common schools would be cast aside as of little value or as absolutely worthless, and its place would be supplied by elements which now scarcely appear on the program.

But let me be more specific. If the schoolmaster, or rather the true educator of the race, were to send a commission to its workshops, its farms, its churches, its political and religious conventions, its teachers' desks and its editorial rooms, to make diligent inquiry of the men and women to be found there, as to how much of the knowledge acquired in the elementary schools in common to a majority of them—I mean a majority of the most intelligent—the very leaders in each class. And if this commission were to make careful observation of every remaining trace of the intellectual and moral discipline of the schools to be found in the modes of reasoning and styles of expression used by those whom they met in the course of their inquiries; and if, when this investigation had been completed, the commission were to set itself about the elimination of everything in the present course of common school instruction which had been found to have been rejected as of least worth by a great majority of the most intelligent workmen, tradesmen, and members of the learned professions, how much do you think would remain of all that is so laboriously taught and so painfully learned in the schools?

Suppose that when room had been made in our course of study by throwing out that which had been found to be comparatively valueless, this commission, should substitute therefor more ample courses of instruction in those subjects which in the progress of their inquiries they had found to have been studied at school and to have been extended by the great majority beyond school-life into the self-directive years of manhood and womanhood; and, further, if the commission were to add to this curriculum the study of the agencies through which town, county, state and national governments act, the mere machinery of the administration, and a few of the more palpable and important principles of political economy; and still further, if it were to add an introduction at least to the great English and American authors, whom to know well is itself an education, and whom it is a disgrace not to know, whose productions are the richest inheritance of our race; or to sum up in more general terms, if we were to subject the common course of instruction in our common district and graded schools to a thorough revision, rigorously excluding all that is consciously and unconsciously neglected as valueless by intelligent men and women, as soon as they became free to judge and act for themselves, and substituting those things to which every young man and young woman who is ambitious to become a worthy factor in the affairs of the community, the state or the nation, is forced to give earnest attention as he emerges from the school; if, in a word, we were to "prove all things and hold fast only that which is good," we would perform the highest service to the cause of common school education which it is possible for any association to perform.

What for instance, would be the result of an inquiry among the more intelligent tradesmen and members of the profession as to the knowledge of geography which they have retained or accumulated, we will say, at from thirty-five to fifty years? I do not speak of that alone which they learn in childhood, but of the sum total of all the knowledge they may claim at the time of the inquiry. I think it would be found that they know very little as compared with the fourteen and fifteen year old miss who has just passed her examination for the high school in any one of our towns or cities, except as to those facts which they have in later years looked up for purposes of business or pleasure. Not having any relation to the course of reading or business pursuits of matured years, the names of locations of rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, capes, nations, etc., drop from the memory of most men as the features of people who pass up in rapid-moving procession. The study having served its purposes in the recitation room and examination day, is promptly dismissed from the mind. Test the value of a study thus pursued by any standard you please, and it is valueless except as to its general outlines, which can be learned in one-third the time allotted to it. As studied it contributes little to our stores of useful information and still less to the discipline of mind, inasmuch as it begets a habit of careless indifference to what we have learned.

There is only one possible good which the study of such a multiplication of details can serve. The persistent effort to store them in memory, even for temporary use, puts the faculty of attention under the control of the will. But if that is the only advantage we expect to obtain from it, the names and the infinitely varying characteristics of the objects which are all about us in the natural world and in the world of art and industry, would serve the purpose still better.

Take English Grammar. Its utility in training us to speak the language with correctness and precision is claimed by very few of those who advocate its retention in all its magnificent proportions in the curriculum of the elementary schools. Its claims rest mainly on its assumed value as a disciplinary study; but I am willing to concede little in its favor which I would not concede to geography As to the training of judgment and reason, which is claimed as the chief excellence, I must say that I have no very high respect for it. Taught at an age when the power of abstract reasoning is yet very feeble, the supposed exercise of reason is likely to be only an exertion of the verbal memory. At this period of life the interest which may seem to be excited in this study is only a fear of reproof or a laudable ambition to stand well in class. That it is beyond the capacity of children in our elementary schools is now allowed by most authorities on the subject. If their conclusions be true, the deduction is inevitable that the study is not only useless but pernicious—pernicious not only because it displaces other studies which would be of far greater practical utility, but because of the mistaken notion of the true nature of a process of reasoning which it begets in the mind of the average child. Premises being given, and a conclusion derived by a false process, or by a process which is not understood, the integrity of the reason is violated and confidence in its operations impaired, and the faculty itself permanently weakened instead of being strengthened. I have no hesitation, therefore, in rejecting grammar or the greatest part of it, from the list of common school studies.

But what of arithmetic? I answer with some reluctance, because I know how strongly fortified this subject is in the minds of the people. For illustration, I might say that an amendment of the catechism has been proposed by a gentleman in the part of the State of Ohio from which I came. In answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" he would reply: "To glorify God and study Arithmetic forever." Within a few years past, say the last thirty or forty, far more attention has been given than it deserves. We do not teach it too well, not well enough, as to its elements, but we attempt to teach too much of it. We teach more in the schools than is necessary in the counting-house. I am told by the gentlemen above referred to that, having occasion to draw a note which should realize a certian sum when discounted at the bank, he found the cashier unable to reckon the amount for which it should be drawn. This suggested a series of inquiries among bankers, which resulted in the discovery that hardly one out of ten could make the calculation on sight.

Again, I am told by insurance men that they are never called upon to effect an insurance covering both the value of the property and the sum paid for insurance, and that in consequence the computation is never necessary. Here are two famous "gags" of boards of examiners with which you are all familiar. They require a knowledge of arithmatic beyond what is required in the very lines of business to which they are supposed to pertain, yet they are treated of in every school text-book on this subject.

The truth is that in arithmetic we ought to attempt to teach only that which is common to all trades and professions, certainly no more than is common to a majority of them. What is peculiar to the banker, the insurance agent, the county auditor, the collector of customs, the exchange broker, should be taught as belonging to a trade or profession to be learned only when it becomes necessary in learning the trade. It may be said that the customer at bank needs to know how to discount a note as well as the cashier; but to this I reply that with a little common sense, if he knows how to cast interest, he can detect the error of the bank clerk, though it may take him some time to acquire the facility in doing it which the clerk needs.

If a boy is skilled in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, integral, fractional and compound, and knows how to compute per centage and one good way of casting interest, he can take care of himself in the commercial dealing to which his business incidentally calls him, and with that he can easily acquire facility in those computations which belong specially to his own branch of trade,

So far as common problems in mensuration are concerned, I would have them provided for in a simple course in geometry, which I would have substituted for the many commercial rules now required. If the question were directly under consideration, I think it might be maintained with success that the measurements of surfaces and solids is of far more general utility than the reckoning of annual or compound interest, or bank discount or partial payments, and certainly, to say the least, they are quite as simple. I would say study, master these applications at any cost, if they were essential to the mastery of the elements of arithmetic, but they are not. As a matter of fact, I think it will be almost universally confessed that these special applications are taught at the expense of an understanding of the elements, at the expense even of readiness and accuracy in straight addition, subtraction, multiplication and division of simple numbers.

If the claims of competing studies had been duly weighed, and the work now required had been fixed by a competent commission of intelligent men, in the light of circumstances as there exist to-day, I would be slow to question the wisdom of their decision; but it is a notorious fact that the multiplicity of rules and cases to be found in our text-books on this subject, is due to the efforts of one author after another to make his books more complete than the previous publications with which they are to come in competition; and being in the arithmetic, the teacher, especially in our ungraded schools, feels under obligation to teach them all, lest perchance it might be charged that he himself could not do all the "sums" in the book.

WASHING BABIES.—Mothers and nurses cannot be too careful about the soap they use on the little one. Few but physicians know how many of the so-called skin diseases among children are caused by the use of adulterated, poisonous soap. An analysis of several cakes of the pretty and perfumed toilet soaps that are sold on the streets showed the presence of ground glass, soluble glass, silex, pipeclay, rotten stone, borax, plaster of Paris, tin crystal, magnesia, pumice stone, oatmeal and other substances, which are added to give the soap weight, hardness, toughness or cleanness. The common colorings are vermillion, Venitian red and carmine, ultramine green, pot pigment green, copperas, Spanish brown, ultramine blues, yellow and scarlet analines and burnt umber. Many of the perfuming ingredients, though harmless in themselves, become chemically poisonous by admixture. Adding the dangers from all these to the rancid, diseased, putrid qualities of grease used, and mothers may well be appalled at the permanent evils these neat looking, delicately-scented blocks of toilet soap contain, ready to be released whenever moistened and applied to the baby's body. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Rev. Dr. Talmage is usually extreme in his opinions on all subjects. He glories in extravaganza and is never so happy as when making a sensation. His recent remarks on the subject of the newspaper savor much of this extravaganza, and yet he says some good things. There are strange errors with regard to the establishment and conduct of newspapers. The general public is scarcely aware of the extent to which these exacting publications use up money, brains, heartstrings, and produce an endless crop of losses, anxieties and exasperations. Vast sums are sunk in them—the mortality among newspapers exceeds that of infants of tender years in tenement houses. Generally, three-quarter fortunes are swamped up in establishing a newspaper; and then the big newspapers gobble up the little ones, like a whale gulping down minnows. There is a gleam of truth in the the extravagance and exageration of Dr. Talmage's remarks. The impression still exists, in many quarters, that newspapers are born not made—that Bennett and Greely and Child, Dana, Halstead, Weed, Medill, McMichael, Hastings, drew prizes in a lottery where, with many blanks, there are, still prizes left for lucky ones to capture. This is a great mistake. There is no place where the law of growth is more inexorably observed than in journalism. Genius, tact, industry and patience alone have enabled these shining lights of the press to capture public opinion by slow and tedious approaches and then with superb generalship direct it to great ends.

One of the most difficult things a pastor has to do is to educate his people to a proper standard of systematic and practical liberality. The Rev. Dr. Goodall, of St. Louis, gives some valuable hints in regard to it. These are all the more worthy of consideration coming, as they do, from his experience as pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, where last year's contributions were more than four times greater than in any previous year. He says: "In a pastorate of twenty years I have found the most successful way of raising money to be this: Pick out five or six earnest influential Christian ladies in the church, divide the parish into districts, put one lady in a district and let her go, subscription paper in hand, to every man, woman and child in the parish, worldly men as well as Christian and the stranger in the gate and get from each something, heading each paper with a good man and a round sum. In New Britian, Connecticut, by this plan, the sum for Home missions went up in fourteen years from $280 to $1,910 a year, and each year but one was an increase over the last. This is one kind of woman's work that tells. By the same method our Foreign mission offering arose from $50 to $2,200."

The Minnesota Legislature has devised a plan for the payment of the repudiated debt of that State, which will be submitted to the voters for ratification or rejection in a few days. Instead of borrowing money to meet this obligation, public lands are to be set aside and the proceeds of the sale of these lands employed in the extinction of this debt. The prevailing opinion is that the voters will approve this scheme, as the experience of the State has convinced her people that repudiation does not pay. The question of the payment of Mississippi's repudiation debt has been raised in that State, and there is hope in some quarters that agitation may eventually bring about a compromise that will relieve the State of the odium she has so long borne. The example of Minnesota is setting about the payment of her suspended debt started the agitation in Mississippi.

A person who has to suffer with a bone felon has to endure exeruciating pain. Upon the high authority of the London *Lancet* the following (said to be) certain cure is given: "As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

AN AUTUMN-DAY.

The Earth lies wrapped in peace; upon her brow
The laurels of the fruitful year are pressed;
Triumphant and elate still seems she now,
As one who glad, yet weary, dreams of rest.

The Sun, his useful ardor wisely spent,
Floods all the day with tender, mellow light,
That crowns with smiling, well-deserved content
Sere-reaped meadows and gay-wooded hight.

Upon the air's soft breath the gossamer,
Ghost of a blossom, hither and thither flies:
All insect-life, with plainly-lessened stir,
Pursues its aimless industries.

Close by the fences, in still country-ways,
The plumage of the crimson sumac shines;
From tree and shrub with every zephyr sways
The fairy drapery of scarlet vines—

As though the Summer, when her reign was o'er,
Fleeing usurped and wounded through the wood,
Added unto her giving one gift more,
And glorified them with her own heart's blood.

Far out upon the little lake the trees
Cast lengthening shadows; swaying branches nod
Unto their fair reflection; every breeze
Kisses the glory of the golden-rod.

And over all the loving sky leans low,
And, seeing all the beauty mirrored there,
Itself most fair, smiles wonderingly, as though
It had not dreamed the world was half so fair.

—*Carlotta Perry, in Chicago Tribune.*

THE STORY OF THE NEGRO FORT.

During the war of 1812-14, between Great Britain and the United States, the weak Spanish Governor of Florida—for Florida was then Spanish territory—permitted the British to make Pensacola their base of operations against us. This was a gross outrage, as we were at peace with Spain at the time, and General Jackson, acting on his own responsibility, invaded Florida in retaliation.

Among the British at that time was an eccentric Irish officer, Colonel Edward Nichols, who enlisted and tried to make soldiers of a large number of the Seminolo Indians. In 1815, after the war was over, Colonel Nichols again visited the Seminoles, who were disposed to be hostile to the United States, as Colouel Nichols himself was, and made an astonishing treaty with them, in which an alliance offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the Seminoles was agreed upon. We had made peace with Great Britain a few months before, and yet this astonishing Irish Colonel signed a treaty biuding Great Britain to fight us whenever the Seminoles in the Spanish territory of Florida should see lit to make war! If this extraordinary performauce had been all, it would not have mattered so much, because the British Government refused to ratify the treaty; but it was not all. Colonel Nichols, as if determined to give us as much trouble as he could, built a strong fortress on the Appalachicola River, and gave it to his friends the Seminoles, naming it "The British Post on the Appalachicola," whero the British had uot the least right to have any post whatever. Situated on a high bluff, with flanks securely guarded by the river on one side and a swamp on the other, this fort, properly defended, was capable of resisting the assaults of almost any force that could approach it; and Colouel Nichols was determined that it should be properly defended, and should bo a constant menace and source of danger to the United States. He armed it with one thirty-two-pounder cannon, three twenty-four-pounders and eight other guns. In the matter of small arms he was even more liberal. He supplied the fort with 2,500 muskets, 500 carbines, 400 pistols and 500 swords. In the magazines he stored 300 quarter casks of rifle powder and 768 barrels of ordinary gunpowder.

When Colonel Nichols went away, his Seminoles soon wandered off, leaving the fort without a garrison. This gave an opportunity to a negro baudit and desperado named Garcon to seize the place, which he did, gathering about him a large band of runaway negroes, Choctaw Indians and other lawless persons, whom he organized into a strong company of robbers. Garcon made the fort his stronghold and began to plunder the country round about as thoroughly as any robber baron or Italian bandit ever did, sometimes venturing across the border into the United States.

All this was so annoying and so threatening to our frontier settlements in Georgia, that General Jackson demanded of the Spanish authorities that they should reduce the place, and they would have been glad enough to do so, probably, if it had been possible, because the banditti plundered Spanish as well as other settlements. But the Spanish Governor had no force at command, and could do nothing, and so the fort remained a standing menace to the American borders.

Matters were in this position in the spring of 1816, when General Gaines was sent to fortify our frontier at the point where the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers unite to form the Appalachicola. In June of that year some stores for General Gaines' forces were sent by sea from New Orleans. The vessels carrying them were to go up the Appalachicola, and General Gaines was not sure that the little fleet would be permitted to pass the robbers' stronghold, which had come to be called the Negro Fort. Accordingly he sent Colonel Clinch with a small force down the river, to render any assistance that might be necessary. On the way Colonel Clinch was joined by a band of Seminoles, who wanted to recapture the fort on their own account, and the two bodies determined to act together.

Meantime the two schooners with supplies and the two gun-boats sent to guard them had arrived at the mouth of the river; and when the commandant tried to hold a conference with Garcon, the ship's boat, bearing a white flag, was fired upon.

Running short of water while lying off the river's mouth, the officers of the fleet sent out a boat to procure a supply. This boat was armed with a swivel and muskets, and was commanded by Midshipman Luffborough. The boat went into the mouth of the river, and seeing a negro on shore, Midshipman Luffborough landed to ask for fresh-water supplies. Garcon with some of his men lay in ambush at the spot, and while the officer talked with the negro the concealed men fired upon the boat, killing Luffborough and two of his men. One man got away by swimming, and was picked up by the fleet; two others were taken prisoners, and, as was afterward learned, Garcon coated them with tar and burned them to death.

It would not do to send more boats ashore, and so the little squadron lay together awaiting orders from Colonel Clinch. That officer, as he approached the fort, captured a negro, who wore a white man's scalp at his belt, and from him he learned of the massacre of Luffborough's party. There was no further occasion or doubt as to what was to be done. Colonel Clinch determined to reduce the fort at any cost, although the operation promised to be a very difficult one.

Placing his men in line of battle he sent a courier to the fleet, ordering the gun-boats to come up and help in the attack. The Seminoles made many demonstrations against the works, and the negroes replied with their cannon. Garcon had raised his flags—a red one and a British Union-jack—and whenever he caught sight of the Indians or the Americans he shelled them vigorously with his thirty-two pounder.

Three or four days were passed in this way, while the gun-boats were slowly making their way up the river. It was Colonel Clinch's purpose to have the gun-boats shell the fort while he should storm it on the land side. The work promised to be bloody, and it was necessary to bring all the available force to bear at once. There were no siege guns at hand, or anywhere within reach and the only way to reduce the fort was for the small force of soldiers—numbering only one hundred and sixteen men—to rush upon it, receiving the fire of its heavy artillery and climb over its parapets in the face of a murderous fire of small-arms. Garcon had with him three hundred and thirty-four men, so that besides having strong defensive works and an abundant supply of large cannon, his force outnumbered Colonel Clinch's nearly three to one. It is true that Colonel Clinch had the band of Seminoles with him, but they were entirely worthless for determined work of the kind that Colonel Clinch had to do. Even while lying in the woods at a distance, waiting for the gun-boats to come up the Indians became utterly demoralized under the fire of Garcon's thirty-two pounder. There was nothing to be done, however, by way of improving the prospect, which was certainly hopeless enough. One hundred and sixteen white men had the Negro Fort to storm, notwithstanding its strength and the overwhelming force that defended it. But those one hundred and sixteen men were American soldiers, under command of a brave and resolute officer, who had made up his mind that the fort could be taken, and they were prepared to follow their leader up to the muzzle of the guns and over the ramparts, there to fight the question out in a hand-to-hand struggle with the desperadoes inside.

Finally the gunboats arrived, and preparations were made for the attack. Sailing Master Jairus Loomis, the commandant of the little fleet, cast his anchors under the guns of the Negro Fort at five o'clock in the morning on the 27th of July, 1816. The fort at once opened fire, and it seemed impossible for the little vessels to endure the storm of shot and shell that rained upon them from the ramparts above. They replied vigorously, however, but with no effect. Their guns were too small to make any impression upon the heavy earthen walls of the fortress.

Sailing Master Loomis had roused his ship's cook early that morning, and had given him a strange breakfast to cook. He had ordered him to make all the fire he could in his galley, and to fill the fire with cannon balls. Not long after the bombardment began the cook reported that breakfast was ready; that is to say, that the cannon balls were red hot. Loomis trained one of his guns with his own hands so that its shot should fall within the fort instead of burying itself in the ramparts, and this gun was at once loaded with a red-hot shot. The word was given, the match applied and the glowing missile sped on its way. A few seconds later the earth shook and quivered, a deafening roar stunned the sailors, and a vast cloud of smoke filled the air, shutting out the sun.

The hot shot had fallen into the great magazine, where there were hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, and the Negro Fort was no more. It had been literally blown to atoms in a second.

The slaughter was frightful. There were, as we know already, three hundred and thirty-four men in the fort, and two hundred and seventy of them were killed outright by the explosion. All the rest, except three men who miraculously escaped injury, were wounded, most of them so badly that they died soon afterward.

One of the three men who escaped unhurt was Garcon himself. Bad as the bandit chief was, Colonel Clinch would have spared his life, but it happened that he fell into the hands of the sailors from the gun-boat, and when they learned that Garcon had tarred and burned their comrades, whom he had captured in the attack on Luffborough's boat, they turned him over to the infuriated Seminoles, who put him to death.

This is the history of a strange affair which at one time promised to give the Government of the United States no little trouble, even threatening to involve us in a war with Spain.—*Harper's Young People.*

—Carrie McMurray, aged thirteen years, of Brooklyn, N. Y., while watching a military procession the other evening, was approached from behind by a man, who took her braided hair in his hand, and producing a pair of scissors proceeded to cut it off close to her head. As soon as she felt his hand she turned round quickly to prevent the thief from carrying out his purpose, but he, nevertheless, succeeded in cutting off eight inches of the braid. Little Miss McMurray had reason to be proud of her hair before it was feloniously shortened. It is of light color, glossy, and fine as silk, and when she left home her back braid reached below her waist.

Elder Duck Farms and Feathers.

The New York *Herald's* correspondent with the United States steamer Alliance gives an interesting account of one of Iceland's peculiar industries. By a long and rigid enforcement of a law against the use of firearms within hearing of the resorts of eider duck, these ducks congregate in vast numbers. The owners of most of the duck farms are engaged in fishing, and all the refuse of the codfish dressed on the islands is thrown out on the water for the ducks to eat. Some of the farmers have lately retired from the codfishing, which in the vicinity of Reykjavik is no longer good; but still the ducks come and build their nests, but not in such great numbers as before. When one sees the treatment the birds get their annual return is strange an unaccountable, for they are systematically robbed by the island owners. In the spring, when the ducks swarm here to search out places between the rocks to build nests in, they, having selected a suitable site, pluck the down from their breasts—that soft, silky down famous the world over as the warmest and softest of coverings. Felt between the fingers it resembles floss silk, it is so soft, and it is as springy as rubber. A great bulk of it can be compressed into an incredibly small space, and when released after a long time it resumes its original size. This first plucking is very abundant, for the bird is preparing for warm weather and is prodigal of its thick under-plumage. The first nest is stolen by the farmers, and the bird, finding it gone, finds still enough down upon its breast to construct another, which in turn is taken like the first. The supply of down on the female is now exhausted, and she calls on the drake, and from his down the nest in which the eggs are hatched is made. In case this nest should be taken the bird seeks another nest-hiding place.

When taken from the nest the down is full of straw, chips, bits of moss and wads of lichen, and must be cleaned before it is fit for use. The machine used in the process of cleaning is of the most primitive kind, and consists of a sort of harp made of coarse strings of raw seal hide, over which the nest is rubbed. In this operation the dust is driven out, and the room in which it is performed is as cloudy as the carding room of an old oaken walk. The chips of straw, moss and lichen fall through, and only the down remains under the rubbing hand of the operator. Even in the matter of eider down there is a discrepancy between the real thing and the received notions about it. I have seen eider down presented for sale in New York which was pure white, while the real article is a dark slate color, and when viewed at a distance looks not unlike the fur of the blue fox. There is eider down and eider down. There is eider down taken from birds that have been killed in the far north, there is eider down half from killed birds and half from robbed nests and there is eider (?) down taken from geese in Long Island and New Jersey and sold to other members of the family in New York. The down from dead birds or even the mixed down is without the virtue of the nest-robbed article and there is so much adulteration practiced in the business that, even in Iceland, you are liable to be imposed on if you don't purchase from the farmer direct. Iceland down is a special grade in the market and brings better prices than any other at the annual auction held for its sale at Copenhagen. The supply from Iceland is very limited, and only amounts to 7,000 pounds per year.

Slavery and Religion in Egypt.

A recent traveler in Egypt sends us the following illustration of the endless difficulties the Khedive has to overcome in the slow progress of interior reform. Indignant that slavery should still flourish in his realm, Tewfik Pasha wished to decree its total abolition in advance of the stipulations of our treaty with Egypt, which gives them until 1884 and 1889 respectively, but before taking such an important step he sent and consulted the Sheik-ul-Islam. Though fully sharing the views of the temporal ruler that slavery was an abomination, the ecclesiatic objected to its wholesale abolition on the ground that the emancipation of individual slaves was one of the most meritorious of acts, and that the Prophet had conceded this right to his followers as a means of atoning for their sins. In other words, that slavery must be maintained, as slaves are required as human conscience-money to whitewash Mussulman backsliders, and the Khedive has not the power to deprive the faithful of a divine privilege. This happened as recently as July last: Tewfik Pasha had to submit, and to renounce for the present his project of immediate emancipation.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Financial Wisdom.

You want to know, do you my son, why it is that with all your management, you can't live on your salary and are always in debt at the end of the year? Well, I'll tell you, Telemachus, why it is, and it won't cost you a dollar for the information. It's because you're trying to have a $1,200 time on a $900 salary, and it can't be did. Older men than you have tried it and failed right along. A $600 boarding-house and a $300 livery-stable just exactly eats the last coupon off your salary, and then how the man who makes your clothes expects to get anything out of you is more than you can tell him. Yours is a very simple case, my dear, and you can apply the remedies yourself, and perform the necessary operation without the presence of a consulting surgeon. "Will it hurt?" My poor boy, you can bet your last bottom dollar that it will hurt. It will make you squirm a thousand times a day, until you get out of debt, and then you'll feel as though you were in Paradise. Begin treatment at once, the longer you wait the worse your case will be and the more you'll dread it.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—There is a Bacholors' Club in Boston composed of thirteen members, all of whom agreed to resign their membership and give a supper if ever they became married. Mr. Moses King, so the Boston papers tell us, is first to pay the penalty, and has done so gracefully.

Eph, the Snake-Tamer.

"The business of snake-charming ain't what it used to be, and don't you forget it," said old Eph Sowell to a *Star* reporter a few days ago. "Nowadays a snake-charmer will have two or three tamed reptiles and pretend to do a great deal. In the good old times no man who cared to risk his reputation before the public as a snake-charmer dared to think of having a cage of less than a dozen rattlers, snappers and spreaders."

In the early days of Barnum's Museum, Eph Sewell was one of the greatest attractions. He had chargo of a cage of reptiles from many lands, and at every performance always made it a point to go into the cage and lie down with the collection. In the course of time his health became greatly impaired from inhaling the poisonous atmosphere of the cage, and his skin became mottled and broken liko that of a snake. Physicians ordered him to seek a change of climate and avocation, and he forsook the profession of snake-charming and went to the West Indies. After a few years' sojourn in that mild climate his health was restored, and he adopted another calling by way of earning a livelihood. Old Eph's hands and face are covered with scars which have been inflicted by serpents' fangs, and he never tires of relating snaky incidents of the days when he enjoyed the sobriquet of "The Snake King."

"To handle snakes successfully," the old man continued, as he leaned up against the box-office of Bunnell's Museum, "one must not be afraid of the sleek-skinned rascals. Snakes are just like human beings in many respects: when they get hold of an arrant coward or timid person, some fun is bound to ensue. I was bitten four times in one day once by a lot of little Jersey Pine snakes, and if I had not choked and beaten the offenders half to death, their companions would have made it a point to have sampled me daily. As it was I made it so hot for them that they would all lie in my bosom and hiss vengeance at the spectators."

"Did you ever consider your life in danger from an attack by reptiles?" asked Manager George O. Starr.

"Well, there have been times when I would have felt more comfortable at a table enjoying a good dinner. On one occasion that I now recall I introduced myself to the largest boa-constrictor ever brought to this country. He was eighteen feet in length and weighed over 300 pounds. He had been in the country two weeks, and Barnum was obliged to pay a good price to get hold of him. When I went into the cage I saw that he had became monarch of the concern. The remaining snakes were as submissive as mice, and when they crawled over to greet me his lordship looked wicked. I caught him in my arms, and he reared his head until it rested upon my left shoulder. Lifting him as much as possible, I passed him around my body, and he apparently imagined that he was embracing a tree in his native jungle. He tightened his coil, and a feeling like I was being slowly suffocated came over me. Quicker than a flash I caught him back of his head, and by a desperate effort wrenched myself free. Then we both got angry. The boa came toward me and I caught him by the throat. I was strong enough to hold him at arm's length despite his struggles, and in a few moments he gave up the fight and relaxed his coils. Then I shook him until he was thoroughly alarmed, and ever afterward he was submissive. Had I permitted his coils to close about me, no earthly agency could have saved me.

"I once interfered between two large black snakes that were having a free fight, and they bit me two or three times each before I could gain the mastery. Snakes are quick to learn, and they never forget a face. I handled one for two years, and then he was sold to a traveling exhibition. Eighteen months later I paused in front of a snake-cage in Baltimore, and my pet was among the collection. He raised his head and tapped on the glass before I recognized him, and appeared just as happy to see me as though I was a long absent brother. When keepers are changed the snakes are quick to resent it. Some years ago I was traveling with Baruum, and at Indianapolis went off on a hurrah. At that time the snakes had to be performed, they were a vital attraction, and Feejee Jim was substituted for me. He was unable to handle but two out of the ten, and Coup was so happy that he almost kissed me when I rejoined the show. Snakes are splendid eating. One day I determined to kill a small boa that was always making trouble with the collection, and did so. 'What are you going to do with the carcass?' asked a fellow who had gone through Brazil. I replied that I would do nothing; and then he persuaded me to cook it. We cooked it together, and found it far superior to young squirrel. Afterward, in the West Indies and in Mexico, I always regarded snakes for the table with high favor."

"Do you ever intend to go into the snake-charming business again?"

"No. I am growing old, and will leave the younger members of the profession something to do; but I do believe that if I could get a big cage full of snakes once more, and eat, drink and sleep with them as I used to do, it would make me feel ten years younger."—*N. Y. Star.*

New Method of Preserving Grain.

A new method of preserving grain, recently discovered in France, it is said, has proven satisfactory. The cost of preservation is less than storage in a granary, and the wheat is safe from fire, fermentation, insects and cryptogamic vegetations. The *United States Miller*, in describing this method, says that a sheet-iron cistern, which occupies little space and holds nearly 300 bushels, and is worked by an air-pump with a pressure gauge to indicate the degree of vacuum, comprise the whole hermatic preservation. One important effect which results from the numerous and continuous experiments made is, according to the journal in question, that the vacuum not only kills the parasitic insects and prevents vegetation, but dries the grain at the same time. After a detention of seven months, wheat and flour inclosed in the apparatus, during experiments at Vincennes, it is reported, were withdrawn in a perfect state of preservation.

Cloth Costumes.

Cloth is the fashionable woolen fabric for street costumes this winter. It is worn in all its varieties, such as the smooth habit cloth called Amazon or lady's cloth, the tricot, which is in small figures like armure, and the rough-finished cheviots like those worn by gentlemen. The simple and stylish cloth suits made by a tailor are perhaps most in favor, though there are many imported costumes of cloth that are far more showy. The tailor-made suits rely upon their fine fit for their beauty, as they have no trimmings but the usual rows of machine stitching and some pleating on the bottom of the skirt; later in the winter a border of fur will be placed around the skirt, and a separate collar and cuffs of fur will be added to the coat. For slender ladies the basques of such dresses are made double-breasted, with a single box pleat closely stitched down each front, and one double box pleat in the back. A slit is left open each side of the back, between the middle forms and side forms. A wide stitched belt is strapped on the side seams; there is a slit for a breast pocket and side pockets also; the collar is Byron shape and the cuffs are square. If the basque is intended for a full figure the pleats are omitted, and it is a simple postilion basque, single or double breasted, straight around or shorter on the hips, as best suits the wearer's taste. The skirt is cut off about the knee, and box-pleating is added to finish out the length, or else the skirt is entirely plain, with several rows of stitching near the foot, and this is afterward trimmed with a border of fur. The over-skirt is draped permanently on the lower skirt, being sewed in the same belt. This may be the ordinary round apron or it may be pointed low on one side. The bouffant appearance given many new dresses is not congruous with these suits, and tailors say with pleasure that bustles can not be worn with the costumes they make, as the heavy fabric will weigh them down. For very young ladies the newest cloth basque is very short, being only three inches below the waist, and this is often a separate piece sewed to a round waist and curved in the front below the waist line. For the street a coat of cloth is added, and warmly lined. This may be single-breasted, but is most often double-breasted, and is of medium length, with two box pleats behind. Eight yards is the average quantity required for a suit. Tailors protest against the use of braid and frogs on cloth costumes, but ladies who have their own fancies carried out insist upon having these additions in the way of trimming. The thick tubular braid about a fourth of an inch wide is put around the skirt and over-skirt in parallel rows, and the basque has trefoil trimming of braid across the bust, on the cuffs, the corners of the Byron collar, and on the middle forms of the back.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Marry a Gentleman.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not to marry at all. The word was used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who had fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely, to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sunbrowned their faces. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls; there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids. But wait until the princes pass by. No harm in a delay. You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else. Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the "interference" of parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father or mother, and age and experience has given them an insight into character which is much beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you. I never yet knew of a runaway match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

Venerable Investments.

Saturday the Hon. Thomas G. Alvord, of Syracuse, received the one hundred and forty-first annual rental on a farm of three hundred acres situated in the town of Schaghticoke. This farm was leased by Governor Alvord's grandfather, Jacob Abram Lansing, in 1740, the lease to run "as long as grass grows and water runs," *in perpetuum*. The rental fixed upon 141 years ago was fifteen cents per acre—a total of forty-five per year upon the farm—which princely dividend, by right of inheritance, has for years found its way into the coffers of the father of the Legislature. On the same day—as blessings never come singly—Governor Alvord received his annual dividend from the Fort Miller Bridge Company, a bridge that spans the Hudson on the boundary between Saratoga and Washington Counties. This stock was purchased by Governor Alvord's father in the year 1805—more than three-quarters of a century ago—and has been in the family ever since.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Saratoga has a "Dilapidated Silk Hat Club."

—The late Baron Haymerle, the Austrian Premier, spoke ten languages perfectly.

—Engagements are now published in New York in the same matter-of-fact style as births, deaths and marriages.

—The German Emperor gave a wedding present of seven horses to his grandson-in-law, Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden and Norway.

—Among the august personages presented to the Marquis of Lorne at the grand pow-wow near Fort Macleod was Eagle-sitting-on-a-rock-with-his-tail-hanging-over.

—Miss Katie Zimmer, of Portland, Oregon, has sued Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Champlain for $10,000 damages for slander, alleging that through the talk of the wife her engagement to be married was broken off.

—A young lady living just below Lake Charles, La., was on the bank of the Calcasieu, the other day, washing some linen, when she was attacked by an alligator. Her cries brought assistance and the monster was killed.

—A gentleman of Oswego, N. Y., claims to have discovered that horse chestnuts are excellent food for milch cows. He has bought a large quantity at eight cents a bushel, and dries and feeds them. He says cattle eat them eagerly and thrive upon them.

—Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, has returned to Chicago after his bicycle ride through England and the European Continent. He made 1,200 miles on the bicycle, the shortest day's journey being eighteen miles and the longest fifty-nine miles.

—A man named Parkhurst had a desperate fight with squirrels near Sharbot Lake, Ontario, a few days since. He seems to have come upon a nest of them and attacked one, whereupon several of them jumped upon him and bit and scratched him, especially on the face and neck.

—Referring to the efforts of a palace sleeping car company of this country to introduce their sleepers upon the large English and European roads, Dr. Morris, of Kentucky, states that in 1878 he made two trips from Edinburgh to London, and was the only occupant of a Pullman sleeper. The trains were very long and crowded, but he was the only passenger willing to spend two dollars extra for a comfortable ride of 400 miles.

—The apartments of the late Czar in the Winter Palace have never been disturbed until now, when a commission has been appointed to attend to his affairs. His family papers will be destroyed, his state papers sent to the archives, and made public only after twenty years. His wardrobe will be distributed among the charitable institutions of which he was a patron. It is understood that his widow is making large investments in America.

—There is found in many localities in Montana a bird of the grouse species known as the fool-bird or hen. It acquired its peculiar name from its tameness. The sight of an eagle or hawk will drive it to a cover, while it has no more fear of the human face and form than a common barnyard fowl. Its plumage is glossy and beautifully variegated. A portion of its breast is of spotless white, and its back is not unlike the plumage of the mallard duck. The meat is white and far superior to that of any other fowl.

—One Sunday in the summer some of the men of a vessel at anchor off Columbo, Ceylon, went ashore in charge of a mate, and, while rambling in a wood, one picked up a little monkey which was playing at the foot of a tree. Its yell seemed to summon all monkeydom. Such a chorus of angry chatter arose that the mate cried, "Make for the boat," and the abductor, to make peace, dropped his prize. One monkey fell out of the phalanx to gather up its darling in a hasty embrace, but the rest rushed forward, hurling sticks and stones at the men as they pushed off. Many of the men were hurt by the missiles.

—Bob Oblenis, a noted character of St. Louis, died recently. He was the son of a wealthy Presbyterian, and his own conduct was above reproach until he was forty years old. Then he killed an enemy in the heat of passion, and was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. His wife procured a residence immediately opposite the gubernatorial mansion, and entreated every Governor for her husband's pardon until the seventh finally granted it. Oblenis returned home and became a gambler, and amassed a large fortune. His death, which occurred at the age of seventy, followed a seemingly devout profession of Christianity.

—Inasmuch as competition in this country is rather over active in the drug trade, enterprising limbs of druggery may like to know that France is yearning for them. A correspondent writes: "The dearth of druggists is extraordinary. A place I often visit, situated hardly twenty miles from the capital, is surrounded by a dozen populous villages, and at none can drugs be bought. Summer visitors have to drive six or seven miles to a town to get prescriptions made up." To supply this crying want, the Minister of the Interior has lately sent a number of medicine chests to rural communes, for which they pay forty dollars. One portion is at the disposal of the doctor, the other at that of the Mayor.

—According to an English geographical writer, there are four vast areas still to be opened up or traversed by civilized man, and which, among them, constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these, there is the antarctic region, which in extent is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the north pole; the third is in Central Africa, and the fourth in Western Australia. The south polar region referred to is almost conterminous with the antarctic circle. The vast African area reaches on the west very closely to the coast, and it is only near the equator that it has more than superficially been driven inland. In Australia, the great undeveloped region is that which lies west of the track explored from north to south by Stuart, and which now forms the line of telegraphic communication across that continent.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA.

Grandpa in his cradle lies; golden hair and soft blue eyes;
Dimples twinkling here and there in his little face so fair,
A dainty, darling Grandpa he, sweet as baby boy can be.

Grandpa walked alone to-day—timid, trembling all the way;
Crowing when his walk was done, and the first grand victory won.
Happy little Grandpa he, growing fast a man to be.

Grandpa is a scholar next, o'er "Rule of Three" and fractions vexed.
Then—oh, very sad to say—a truant, leaving books for play.
Careless little Grandpa he, merry as a rogue can be.

Grandpa to a party goes, meets grandma sweet as any rose;
Shyly sit they side by side, conversation vainly tried.
Bashful little Grandpa he, as any little beau would be.

Grandpa soon his jacket doffs, and at "young-stors" grandly scoffs;
Boasts a cane and "stove-pipe" hat; eats Grandma's heart a-pitapat,
Until at last "engaged" is he, proud as lover o'er can be.

Grandpa, Grandma, glad together, have their joyous summer weather.
Summer o'er, down hill they go, dear old heads as white as snow,
Children clinging lovingly to Grandma's nook and Grandpa's knee.

Grandpa, 'neath life's winter skies, daily walks with dimming eyes.
Wrinkles gathering day by day where the dimples used to play.
Grandpa, Grandma, side by side, faithful whatsoe'er betide.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

SO AS BY FIRE.

I.

"My house'll be ready by the first snow. But——"

He was a strongly made, sunburned, vigorous-looking man, not yet thirty, and he stood on a high roll of the prairie, from which he could overlook the waving wealth of a vast field of corn.

His mouth closed suddenly behind the last short word, and a shadow came into his bright dark eyes. They had ceased to study the corn-field, turning rather towards a pair who were riding along its northerly border. They were too far away for him to hear the tall, bearded old man, on the heavy bay horse, remark:

"Virginia, thar's Marsh standin' on the rise. Reckon he's takin' a look of his corn crap."

There was no verbal answer, but in another instant the roan mare under his lady companion was curveting spitefully.

"What on airth did you hit her for? She was goin' well enough. You ain't safe with a whip."

She was evidently safe in a saddle, however, and the bay now imitated the roan in a manner which brought them rapidly to the summit of "the rise."

"Mornin', Marsh. How's your crap turnin' out? Looks prime."

"Forty acres cut and shocked. Going in on the shucking to-morrow. I'm counting on sixty bushel to the acre."

"Mebbe it's thar. Hundred and forty acres of it. You're workin' ahead, Marsh Hayne. Corn's better 'n wheat, this year."

"When are you going to thresh out your field? You'll have a heap of it."

"Best yield I ever harvested, if the market was worth anything. They do say it's comin' up. Jest look at them ricks of mine!"

They were a mile and a half due west, but no tree stood between to prevent a view of them, nor did any fence cross the fringe of the open, unbroken prairie. A line of forest arose beyond the ricks, and beyond that, unseen from the knoll, the great plain rolled away, with only a few scattered farms, sixteen miles to the county-seat and "town."

"Your mare's uneasy, this morning, Miss Crawford. What's the matter with her?"

That was Marshall Hayne's first discovery of something to say, directly, to Virginia, while her whole attention had seemed to be otherwise absorbed.

"I've spoiled her; let her have her own way too much."

"That'll never do. I keep a pretty steady hand over everything I ride or drive."

Every line of his face and every tone of his deep, musical voice seemed to vouch for him. He was speaking of dumb animals, to be sure, but the color deepened in Virginia's handsome face as she replied, curtly:

"So do I!"

There was a world of firm decision in the words, and in the sudden compression of the red lips which uttered them. Even the roan mare must have comprehended, for she gave up her petty rebellion and began to paw the hard, black surface of the prairie road beneath her.

"Marsh," remarked old Crawford, "isn't your house nigh done?"

"All finished inside. Got a good many things in, too. All the cribs'll be up in time to hold the crop."

"Gwine to live thar, this winter?"

It was Marshall Hayne's turn to color deeply, as he answered:

"Can't say. Reckon old Bitters'll have to board me a while."

"If I were Celerity," exclaimed Virginia, with the kind of smile which is no smile at all, "I would make you paint your house."

The flush in his face was fiery red, as he suddenly turned to her father:

"By the way! Did you take note of the prairie fire last night, northeast? The sky was good and red."

"'Way beyond the timber? Yes, I saw it. It'll burn out whar it is, jest as it alters does. It won't git across the slough."

"Don't you be too sure of that, now. I've a mind to do some back-firing on that side of the farm. A fire'd go through my standing corn like it was dry grass."

"Reckon it would. 'Twon't come, though. I've lived on this prairie more'n ten year and no fire ever come a-nigh me."

"I don't care to have one come too nigh me till my corn's in crib."

"Come along, Virginia. Your mother'll be lookin' for us."

"Good-day," said Marsh.

"Good-morning," said his two neighbors, almost in the same breath, and Virginia added: "You may tell Celerity Bitters for me, we're going to town to-morrow. If she wants me to get the things she spoke of, she'd better let me know."

"I'll tell her. Palm Bitters'll be glad of an errand to your house."

In two seconds more Virginia's roan mare was fairly dancing along the road, while Marshall Hayne strode fiercely down the slope in the opposite direction.

"Virginia," remarked her father, "why can't you treat Marsh Hayne a leetle more neighborly? That isn't a likelier young feller on this prairie. That's all sorts of real grit and push into him. Look what he's done with that thar farm!"

"Most any man can handle a quarter section."

"Not the way he does. I've two whole sections now, but he'll be ahead of me, 'fore long."

"May be so."

"He ain't onsociable, neither. What time's he got to run around nowadays, I'd like to know?"

"Nobody wants him to."

"Virginia, how you hev sweated that mare of your'n! Looks like you'd ridden her twenty miles instid of ten. What's got into you and her this morning?"

She was very busy with her unruly pet just then, and they were drawing near the house, behind which rose the tall ricks of unthrashed wheat. It was a pleasant home, for that day and region—the out-buildings were good. There were even orchards and a garden, and in front of the house an attempt at shrubbery.

She sole heiress of all that comfort, with so many broad acres around it, hardly needed Virginia's uncommon beauty of face and form to make her the acknowledged "belle of Crawford's Prairie." That she was so, however, and was disposed to assert her supremacy, was known to every living thing or person under or near that hospitable roof, her father and mother excepted.

A somewhat stately, gray-haired dame awaited their coming, in the door-way, with a brief, matronly greeting:

"Virginny, if you're going to town to-morrow you've heaps to do to-day. 'Pears like everybody was a clearin' out at the same time."

"Best exactly as well, mother," calmly responded her husband. "We can lock the house up."

"We jest can. And we can throw the key in the well. Then, if any feller wants to get in he can crawl through a winder."

Many a dwelling on the prairie in those days was ignorant of lock or key, and well accustomed to take care of itself, but Crawford's contained more to tempt unlawful intrusion than did some others.

There was a cloud upon Virginia's face when she followed her mother into the house, although she did not hear her father mutter:

"If I was Marsh Hayne, now, I wouldn't let any gal that lives treat me the way she's treated him. He's a right down good feller. He's a heap too good for Celerity Bitters."

Perhaps; but he was delivering Virginia Crawford's message at that very moment, and she may have guessed as much.

It had sent him to hold a somewhat animated conversation with a young woman who did not at all resemble the belle of Crawford's Prairie, but who appeared very fully to appreciate her present company. She was not so tall as Virginia, but she was nearly as handsome, in her own way, and her black eyes flashed under her full eyebrows with as clear a warning of a strong will behind them as came from Virginia's own. In truth, the blue-gray eyes were the softer and the pleasanter to look upon.

"Going to town, is she? I'm obleeged to her for sendin' me word. Palmer, he's a goin' off down the timber, after dark. I can't leave home this evening. 'Pears like it wasn't to do me any sort of good to have her go."

"Well, never you mind. If you want to send word over, get your errand ready. I'll have to ride past Crawford's by and by, and I'll leave it for you."

"Will you, now? I'd like it."

"Where's Palm? I want him. Where's the old man?"

The long, one-story log-house in front of which they were talking, stood about half a mile beyond the great corn-field, in the middle of which arose the new-built, fresh-looking structure which was to be the future home of Marshall Hayne. The logs showed signs of age, but there was barely enough of plowed ground around them to fend off a prairie fire. The Bitters family had not occupied it long, and they were not of the class that open new farms.

"Palm!" shouted the dark-eyed maiden. "Mr. Hayne wants ye! Wants the old man, too!"

A brawny, ragged-looking and not uncomely six-footer quickly made his appearance around the corner of the house, but he came alone.

"What's up, Marsh?"

"Well, Palm, it's just this: I don't care to be fired out of my corn crop. You take the double team and the break-plow, after dinner and run two or three furrows along the north-east fence and a lit le down the east side. The old man can run two or three more, about ten yards out, and we'll stage off the grass between 'em."

"That'd stop 'most anything, onless thar was a high wind. Most likely it would then. Awful waste of work, though. Take all day and to-morrer."

"Can't help it, Palm. There were some pretty smart blisters last year, between this and town. I don't want any in mine."

Celerity Bitters had been listening, and she now remarked:

"Hank Sanders, he said he'd be over to see me to-night. I'll git him to stop over and help. Thar's heap of fun a-fightin' fire."

The inability of Celerity Bitters to carry her own errand over to Crawford's was explained, but Marshall Hayne made no comment on the explanation.

The eastern or any other side of a quarter section of land, United States measure, is half a mile long, and furrows of that length, through virgin prairie sod, call for strong pulling. Marshall Hayne had told no man that he was already the owner of the land upon which Palm Bitters and his father thought they were throwing away their work that afternoon, and it was hard for them to break "nobody's land" for some unknown new settler.

Neither Bitters nor Crawford knew of his added claim to the respect of his neighbors, when he mounted his horse, that evening, but either his landed possession, or Celerity's errand, or something else, was lying heavy on his mind. He paused for a moment in front of his own new house, and again he said to himself:

"It will be ready by the first snow."

He rode onward, then, with the air of a man who is willing his horse and thoughts should take their own gait, until he neared the house with the ricks behind it.

"Will I go in? Not unless she asks me. If she does, I will! And what then? Yes, I'll do it, sure's I live! I can't stand this any longer."

It was not from Virginia he received his invitation to come in, but her father at the gate said to him: "What, Marsh! I to tell her all that? Reckon not. I'd miss half on it sure. You jest 'light down off your horse, and come into the house. I'll find her for ye, somewhar. Tell her yourself."

Marsh obeyed, and in a few minutes more the young people were sitting together in the pleasant little parlor by themselves. To judge by the time required for its delivery and explanation, the message of Celerity Bitters must have been a long one and very well remembered. It was an unpropitious piece of work for Marshall Hayne, however, if he had meant that any special errand of his own should follow. The very telling of Celerity's words over and over, to make sure of them, brought too vividly to Virginia Crawford's mental vision a picture of her visitor in close communion with a comely maiden who smiled upon him unutterable things through a pair of black, brilliant eyes.

The room was swiftly getting dark, as rooms will at the close of October days, but Virginia could see Marshall Hayne's face as plainly as before, for some reason. It seemed to stand out of the gloom as if framed in it, white, fixed, determined. At last there came a moment when her heart stopped its hot beating for a pulse or two, and began to swell. She could hardly remember afterwards precisely what he had been saying, but when he came to the words:

"It will be ready by the first snow, Virginia. Will you go into it with me?"

"I"

The questioning exclamation burst from her lips in a great sob, as she sprang to her feet.

"You will not? Then I will burn it down!"

The first words had a sad and mournful sound, and as if they came from a distance, while the latter were uttered in a harsh, hoarse whisper. She would have given a world for the power to speak again, there in the deepening gloom, into which her backward step had carried her; but the swelling of her heart forbade it too long, and the next sound she heard was the rapid stroke of the hoofs of Marshall Hayne's horse upon the road, as he galloped away.

"Gone! What did I say?"

She sank upon a chair, and the very dusk faded gloomily out of the little parlor. Her struggle against the overmastery of Marshall Hayne's will had apparently cost her something.

II.

Neither old Mr. Crawford nor his wife knew anything more concerning their young neighbor's evening call than that it seemed a somewhat shortened one. It had been quite plain that he had had yet another errand "up the road." They knew that by the rapid gait at which he rode away.

Virginia was well satisfied to spend the following day "in town," and even that her father's business at last compelled them all to remain there over night. When, however, on the next day, they set out for home, she was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness, which increased with every mile they traveled. Her father seemed to share it with her, but she understood that better when he at last remarked:

"They do say the prairie was all afire, here-away, last night. You can see the smoke of it now. Reckon it didn't git across the slough. It couldn't unless thar was a high wind; but then the wind's risin' and it's a-blowin' the wrong way to suit me."

Meantime it had been a great relief to Marshall Hayne to have a large job on his hands—one he could push along feverishly, "so we can get at work at the corn shucking."

There is some excitement in "back-firing," even when you feel sure the blazes you are kindling cannot get away from you.

There were three broad furrows along the northeast fence and four more along the outer border of the tea-yard strip of prairie so he closet to be burned over. The grass on this, while pretty dry, was nowhere very luxuriant, and before the day was over the work was done with no harm to anybody, and a fine opportunity given Hank Sanders to "beat fire" at the side of Celerity Bitters. An average width of fifty feet of scorched sod and bare earth and a high rail fence now protected the entire easterly front of Marsh Hayne's farm, and in all other directions it was fairly safe, for other reasons. The scant plowing of Bitters' could be trusted to guard the log-house and its surroundings.

The night after was a bad one for sleeping, if only because of the strong smell of burning grass continually pouring in through open windows. It grew so terribly pungent by sunrise, that Marshall Hayne exclaimed, as he sprang out of bed:

"It's coming! There's no mistake about it, this time."

A little later he remarked:

"Wonder if old man Crawford's got home! I don't reckon he has. I won't wait for breakfast. I'll go right over and see about it. She won't be there. If she is, I'll know in time to keep away."

He did not even wait to saddle a horse, but walked swiftly away from Bitters' without saying a word to a soul.

On he went, with quickening strides, to and through his own domain. He paused for one moment in front of the neat hut as yet unpainted frame dwelling. There was a patch of young fruit trees to the left of it. There were signs around it of more improvements to come, and it had a dumb look of loneliness which seemed to plead for human occupancy.

It required some little time to empty the stables and transfer their equine contents to the middle of the wheat field. Virginia Crawford's pet mare was particularly restive under the kindly hands that led her away. She may have suspected that Marshall Hayne was stealing her.

The haze in the air seemed somehow to have settled upon his soul by the time his self-imposed task was completed. He moved more slowly than at first, and his head drooped forward in a brooding silence. He kept to his purpose, however, about not entering the house, and now, as if it were a neighborhood to escape from, he walked away across the prairie, letting his undirected feet carry him vaguely northward.

The first words he spoke came from him when, after wandering a mile or so, he found himself in a deep, tree-bordered, winding hollow, that was almost a ravine:

"The slough! I declare! I'd no idea it was dead dry. The rosin weeds, too. Never saw 'em taller. If a fire should once get in here, now, wouldn't it burn!"

There could be no doubt of it, for the white gum which exuded from the tall, drying stalks of the weeds and from their broad foot-leaves was the very treasure-house of terrible heat.

He did not linger long in the hollow, but the moment he was once more on somewhat higher ground, beyond the trees, he uttered a sharp exclamation:

"Wind rising! I should say it was. The fire has crossed the slough! Look yonder! It's making straight for my place. O, but ain't I glad I'm ready for it!"

He stood still for a moment and looked around him. The scene he was gazing upon was well worth some careful study. The wind was, indeed, blowing more strongly. The line of the advancing fire was broken and irregular, but if one fact was plainer than another, it was that the great blaze to the eastward had not only broken the feeble barrier of thin forest in its way, but was travelling furiously down along the slough itself. It would surely cut him off from going back by the way he came, and it would be among Crawford's stubble-fields in ten minutes more, and then among his ricks and stables, and no power could save the homestead.

"It'll be an awful coming back for them," he muttered; but his next word was almost a shout: "I'm penned in!" His glances were swift and keen. "It's making head westerly. It's got lu behind me. The whole prairie's afire to the northward. I've heard of such things, but I'd no idee I'd ever be trapped this way myself. If I had a match I'd set the grass afire here and burn a place to stand in. Haven't a one! Have I got to be burned alive?"

That was a serious problem, surely, for a strong man to face, but Marshall Hayne faced it. He had turned deathly white the night before, in Virginia Crawford's parlor, but he did not lose a shade of color now. He did but step briskly forward, saying to himself:

"Not on this low ground, anyhow. The grass is too thick here and there are too many weeds. I must go for the highest knoll I can reach, and the thinnest growth. Then, when the fire comes, I'll try a rush. Reckon that's my only chance."

He walked more swiftly after that thought came to him. Then he even ran, for at some distance before him the prairie rose in a knoll which was almost a knob. The grass would surely be short there and he would be able to take a wider look about him.

He reached it, and the air on the little summit was easier to breathe in.

Fire, fire, fire, in all directions. It was sweeping vigorously down through the tall blue glass and rosin weeds of the slough away there behind him, but there was too much black smoke from them to guess how near it might be to Crawford's. It was well for him he had not sought an escape in that direction.

"The north road to town comes in over yonder. The fire has burned along both sides of it, nobody knows for how far. There's a double buggy, now, coming along, away back. It must be old Crawford's. No, they're not in danger, but then——"

He paused there, for the blazing line in front of him was drawing nearer. Harder and harder blew the wind, too, and higher leapt the red tongues of the flame.

"I'll wait till it strikes into the short grass on the slope. Then for a charge; but I must go straight across. If I lose my way in the smoke and run right or left, I'm a dead man."

His trousers were already tucked into his boots. His coat was carefully buttoned up to his chin and the collar of it turned up, while his handkerchief was made to cover as much as possible of his neck, and a flap of it was drawn across his mouth. Then his slouched hat was pulled over his forehead, and all was ready.

"If I'm not suffocated, and if I don't stumble, I believe I can get through."

Cool and calm and strong; every nerve was tense and every muscle was utterly ready. And now, sending before it dense clouds of rosin weed smoke, the prairie fire began its fierce charge up the slope, like the English infantry at Inkerman.

"Now for it! Life or death!"

He went forward with a great, stag-like bound, and the smoke-cloud closed around him.

He had not been watching the double buggy for some few minutes, but there had been something in it worth watching. The driver was alone on the front seat, with a bag of flour beside him, and he did not turn to look behind him as he steadily remarked:

"It isn't of any use, mother. That blaze'll reach our place before we do."

Stern and silent sat old Mrs. Crawford while her husband was speaking; but a younger and better pair of eyes had been straining their vision upon the smoke wreathes and eddies ahead.

"Father! There's a man on the hill! He will be burned!"

"God pity him! That's so!"

The buggy had been driven along the prairie road as closely in the rear of the advancing fire as old Mr. Crawford dared to press his snorting, frightened span of bays, and the distance between them and the knoll was not so very great. A gust of wind lifted the smoke from it, just for a moment.

"Father! Father! Can't you see? Can we not do something! Mother—mother—mother—it is Marshall Hayne!"

The old man shivered from head to foot, and Mrs. Crawford turned suddenly around to look at her daughter. She needed but one look.

"Virginia! My poor girl! Oh, I did not know it!"

Virginia's lips were parted, and she was staring fixedly at the black pall of vapor which had again hidden the prairie knoll from view. Marshall Hayne was in there, somewhere, she knew, with the fierce fire smiting him.

White, oh how white a face was hers for a mother to gaze upon. There was no trace of color, even on the lips.

Old Crawford reined in his horses, groaning aloud.

It seemed but a minute more, an eternally long minute of horrified silence, when the staggering form of a man burst through the nearer line of smoke, and a pair of arms were thrown wildly upward, as if their owner mingled a word of thanksgiving with his first gasp of breathable air. He needed more air and fresher, and he once again hurried forward.

The bays were suddenly lashed to a gallop, just as Virginia Crawford faintly muttered:

"Is that Marsh! Oh, mother, is he saved!"

"Jinny! Keep up! I'll hev him in ten seconds."

The bays were again reined in, quickly, for there was a man in the road before them.

"Hold the reins, mother!" shouted old Crawford, as he sprang to the ground. "Marsh, is it you! Are you much burned? Can you speak?"

He might well ask him who he was, under the thick dusting of soot and ashes that covered him from head to foot.

At that moment there was a low cry behind old Crawford, and the form of his daughter darted past him.

"Marsh! O, Marsh, why won't you speak to me!"

Her white hands were on his shoulders, and her streaming eyes were studying his face, but there was color again in her own, now.

"I'm all right, Virginia, but I'm afraid there's nothing left of your place. I took your mare and the other horses out into the wheat field. She's safe."

"You've been caring for us! Risking your life for us! O, Marsh, are you hurt?"

"Not much, I reckon. Burned on my hands a little—that's all. Have to get a new pair of boots."

Yes, and a new hat and coat; and his hair, beard and eyebrows had suffered; and the Crawfords would find only heaps of ashes where they had left so fair a home. But what of all that! What was any such loss, compared to the treasure which had come to Virginia through that wall of smoke and fire, or to the one Marshall Hayne had found at the end of his desperate rush for life!

"Git into the buggy, Marsh. He won't need no help, Jinny. Did you say you'd saved the critters?"

"Reckon they're all right, but I didn't get anything out of the house. You'd better take the road to mine, at the forks. We put in all day, yesterday, back-firing."

"That's what I ought to have done, 'stead of goin' to town."

There was a great deal of silence during the short remainder of that drive; but old Crawford followed his young neighbor's advice, for the right-hand road, at the forks, would have led him into a hotter country than his horses would have been willing to travel.

Before long they could all see the great blaze which went up from house and barns and corn cribs and stacks of wheat.

"The land won't burn," said the brave old man, almost cheerily. "Glad the stock is safe. That was good of you, Marsh. I don't owe a cent, and it won't break me up. Glad your place isn't hurt; but you had a close call of it yourself."

He heard a very long breath drawn at that moment by somebody upon the back seat of the buggy.

At the door of the new house they all got soberly down, and Mrs. Crawford walked straight to the door and through it. Her husband stayed to care for his over excited team, but Marshall Hayne and Virginia were just a little behind her when she reached the threshold.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady. "It's nigh almost furnished! It's real comfortable!"

Perhaps it was mere curiosity that carried her on so quickly, then, out of hearing, although some experienced women are very wise.

"Will you go in, Virginia?"

"I! Marsh!"

"With me, I mean—Virginia!"

He passed the threshold as he spoke and there he stood, holding out both hands, half-welcoming, half pleading.

"Forever and ever, Marsh!"

If, a few moments later, old Mrs. Crawford meant any more than she said, there may have been some reason for the high color in her daughter's face, for part of the added tint was dusky:

"Marsh, you'd better git a clothes-brush and some soap and water. I declare! Virginny, you a'most look as if you'd been through a fire yourself."

The further domestic arrangements of Marshall Hayne's new house were completed a good while before the "first snow," although the winter set in early that year.

He did not board with the Bitters family another day, but it was only a week or so after the fire had done its work that Celerity remarked to Hank Sanders:

"No, sir! I'm gwine to foller Jinny Crawford. Not till you've took some kind of a crap off that land o' yours, and put a house onto it."—*W. O. Stoddard, in Atlantic Monthly.*

The Fresh-Air Habit.

Early impressions are very enduring, and can make useful habits as well as evil ones a sort of second nature. In order to forestall the chief danger of indoor life, make your children love sick after fresh air; make them associate the idea of fusty rooms with prison-life, punishment and sickness. Open a window whenever they complain of headache or nausea; promise them a woodland excursion as a reward of exceptionally good behavior. Save your best sweetmeats for outdoor festivals. By the witchery of associated ideas a boy can come to regard the lonely shade trees as a primary requisite to the enjoyment of a good story book. "Only the movement of my feet seems to set my brains a-going," says Rousseau, and it is just as easy to think, debate, rehearse, etc., walking as sitting, the peripatetic philosophers derived their name from their pedestrian proclivities, and the stoic sect from their master's predilection for an open porch. Children who have been brought up in hygenic homes not rarely "feel as if they were going to be choked" in unventilated rooms, and I would take good care not to cure them of such salutary idiosyncracies.

Every observant teacher must have noticed the innate hardiness of young boys, their unaffected indifference to wind and weather. They seem to take a delight in braving the extremes of temperature, and, by simply indulging this *penchant* of theirs, children can be made weather-proof to an almost unlimited degree; and in nothing else can they be more safely trusted to the guidance of their protective instincts. Don't be afraid that an active boy will hurt himself by voluntary exposure, unless his chances for out-door play are so rare as to tempt him to abuse the first opportunity. Weather-proof people are almost sickness-proof; a merry hunting-excursion to the snow-clad highlands will rarely fail to counteract the consequences of repeated surfeits, even girls who have learned to brave the winter storms of our Northwestern prairies will afterward laugh at "draughts" and "raw March winds."—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—The habit so long popular of ladies kissing each other when they meet has almost gone out of fashion. Leaders of society argued that the meeting with and being kissed by a score of friends in one afternoon's calling was disastrous to the paint, enamel and other necessaries of life used on the female face divine (or otherwise), and that it should be shunned as a dire devil. The new style is to simply touch each other's finger tips, murmur the usual conventional prevarication, "So glad to see you," and pass on.

For Young Readers.

MAMMA'S LITTLE MOUSE.

Susan, good sister Susan! was a gentle girl of eight,
And Totty was but four years old, when what I now relate
Came to the happy little pair, one bright November day—
A Sunday, too—while good papa was many miles away.

"Good-by, my darlings! don't forget. The little ones went forth,
Their hearts all in a sunny glow, their faces to the north—
Their faces to the chilling north, but not a whit cared they,
Though the pretty church before them stood full half a mile away.

For mother, with her smiling face and cheery voice, had said:
"I cannot go to church to-day, but you may go instead.
Baby will need me here at home—the precious little pet!
But ladies grow in time, you know. She'll go to meeting yet.

"Take care of sister Sue!" she said, while tying Totty's hood—
"And, Tottykins, I'm sure you'll be, oh, very still and good!
Good-by, my darlings! Don't forget. Now, Sue, you know the pew!
And, Tot, be mamma's little mouse, and sit up close to Sue."

A pretty sight it truly was, to see the rosy pair
Walk down the aisle and take their seats, with sweetly solemn air.
And Susie soon was listening, her manner full intent,
While little Tot sat prim and stiff, and wondered what it meant.

The quaint, old-fashioned meeting-house had pew-seats low and bare,
With backs that reached above the heads when they were bowed in prayer.
And thus it was when suddenly a scratching sound was heard,
Faint at the first, then almost loud—but not a person stirred.

All heads were bowed; and yet it rose—that scratching, puzzling sound,
The stillest members rolled their eyes and tried to look around;
Till Susie, saintly little maid! felt, with a startled fear,
That, whatsoe'er its cause might be, the noise was strangely near.

Out went her slyly-warning hand, to reach for Totty there;
When, oh, the scratching rose above the closing words of prayer!
An empty mitten on the seat was all poor Susie felt,
While on the floor, in wondrous style, the earnest Totty knelt!

Poor Susie leaned and signaled, and beckoned, all in vain;
Totty was very much engaged and would not heed, 'twas plain.
When suddenly, a childish voice rang through the crowded house:
"Don't, Susie, 'cause I've got to be my mamma's little mouse!"

Many a sober face relaxed, and many smiled outright,
While others mourned in sympathy with Susie's sorry plight;
And Totty, wild with wrath because she could be mouse no more,
Was carried soon, a sobbing child, out through the wide church-door.

Now, parents, ponder while ye may upon this sad mishap,
The mother, not the mouse, you see, was caught within the trap.
An test your little listening ones may go beyond your reach,
Be chary of your metaphors and figurative speech.

—*Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.*

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been construing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motions of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

At last, when he was about sixteen, his mother placed him in charge of a farm, and every Saturday he went with a servant to Grantham market to sell his corn and vegetables. But the affairs of the farm did not prosper; the young philosopher hid himself away in a room in a garret which he hired, studying mechanics and inventing a water-wheel or a new model, while the sheep wandered away in the field, and the cattle devoured his corn.

Next he went to Cambridge University, and became a famous scholar. At the age of twenty-four he began his study of the spectrum, as philosophers call that brilliant picture of the colors of the rainbow, which is shown by the sun's rays shining through a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism. It is one of the most beautiful objects in science or nature, and Newton's study of its splendid colors led to his greatest discoveries in *optics*, or the science of the sight. In our own time the use of the prism and its spectrum has shown us of what the sun and moon are composed.

One day, as Newton sat musing in his garden at his retired country home, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. A great idea at once arose in his mind, and he conceived the plan of the universe and of the law of gravitation, as it is called. He was the first to discover that famous law. He showed that the heavier body always attracts the lighter; that as the apple falls to the earth, so the earth is drawn toward the sun; that all the planets feel the law of gravitation, and that all the universe seems to obey one will. Newton soon became the most famous of living philosophers. But at the same time he was the most modest of men; he never knew that he had done anything more than others, nor felt that he was any more studious or busy. Yet he never ceased to show, even in late old age, the same love for mechanical pursuits and the study of nature he had shown when a boy. His most famous work, the *Principia*, proving the law of gravitation and the motion of the planets, appeared in 1687. He made beautiful prisms of glass and other substances, and line reflecting telescopes, the best that were yet known. He wrote valuable histories and works. He was always a devout Christian and scholar. He died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus the puny babe that was scarcely thought worth the care of his nurses became an active and healthy boy and man, with the clearest mind of his time. He was stout, ruddy, healthy, and never, it is said, lost a tooth. But he preserved his health by avoiding all that was hurtful. He was a philosopher at twelve years old, and the world owes much of its progress to Newton's well-spent childhood.—*Harper's Young People.*

Heroism.

Last winter a little boy playing on the wharf of a river town in Pennsylvania fell into the river. The current made by a passing steamer carried him into deep water. It was late in the evening, and nobody saw the accident but a little lame girl of eleven, named Katy Breschkowsky. With the aid of her crutch she hobbled out on the pier, and then, dropping on her face, she climbed down to the edge of the water. The boy was wedged between two blocks of ice near the pier. Katy climbed like a cat out to the end of the timbers, and then dropped into the water, stretching out one feeble hand towards him, but she could not reach him. A step farther—and another. She was now up to the neck in the icy, surging current. She caught his arm and pulled his head above water, holding to the timber overhead with the other hand. In this position she remained for an hour in peril of death every moment, until at last she was seen by some passers-by, and with difficulty rescued. The boy was unknown to her.

Another heroic child, a boy of six, in New York, left its baby brother for a moment to bring a drink, and returning, found it had crawled near the stove and its clothes had taken fire. The little fellow wrapped the child in a blanket and battled with the flame until he put it out, but not before his own arms and breast were badly burned.

Now every boy and girl would like to do heroic acts such as these. Indeed, young people are apt to spend a good deal of time dreaming of the valor and coolness they will display in saving life when an emergency comes. The emergency seldom does come, and when it does, there is usually no heroic self-sacrifice to meet it, either from children or men and women. The reason of this is that one person in a thousand makes self-sacrifice a constant habit in trifling things, while the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are planning for the supreme opportunity. That one alone is ready for the opportunity, and rises by habit to meet it. The others are appalled by it into indecision or cowardice.

We are sure that this poor little cripple, Katy, and the six-year-old hero are unselfish, gentle children in their daily plays. Surely the habit of unselfishness is worth cultivation, for if the crucial moment of trial never comes, it makes of the life of any man or woman a high heroic strain, which uplifts the souls of all who hear it.—*Youth's Companion.*

Longfellow's First Poem.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put in it the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

—*Southern Churchman*

—The ladies of Dayton, Nev., have taken to field sport, and it is not unusual now to see a charming young woman dragging a shotgun by the muzzle with one hand while the other dainty fist is clenched tightly around the hind-legs of a jack rabbit.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1881.

The trial of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, was begun in the Criminal Court at Washington on Monday.

Of the thirteen States which voted Tuesday only Maryland and Mississippi *went Democratic, and* in both these States the party is considerably torn up and confronted by a growing opposition, and majorities were less at the last election than previous ones.

Election Notes.

The result of the Virginia election is much more important than the result in the other States because of its effect on national politics. It makes the United States Senate reliably Republican after 1883. Virginia will then have two Republicans in that body for the first time in its history. When Virginia was readmitted to the Union under the provisions of the reconstruction acts she sent to Washington one Republican and one Democratic Senator. The Democratic Senator, Mr. Johnson, has been twice re-elected, but will now, after March 4, 1883, give way to a Republican. It is thought that the two most prominent candidates to succeed him will be Mr. Riddleberger and Mr. John J. Wise. The Democrats, unless another tidal wave like that of 1874 should come along to help them, have no prospect of gaining a seat, while the Republicans can scarcely help capturing one or two seats from them.

New York Republicans have elected their State ticket, but have lost the Legislative ticket. It is believed the Stato Legislature will b Democratic by a small majori'.

In Pennsylvania, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, was elected over Democratic and Independent candidates by a plurality of more than 6,000.

Massachusetts clings to her Republican faith by a majority of more than 36,000.

Connecticut still remains in itne, although with a reduced Republican majority in her Legislature.

New Jersey has determined that on joint ballot, her Legislature shall remain Republican.

Virginia has beaten the Bourbons, and yielded to the Readjusters by a handsome majority.

Wisconsin, in consequence of the large vote received by the Temperance ticket, comes to her old place, by a reduced majority.

Nebraska shows increased Republican vote, and is all right.

Kansas is overwhelmingly Republican.

Minnesota remains in her Republican faith, although her vote was short.

Mississippi remains Democratic, having failed to catch the inspiration of Republican victories.

MARYLAND.

Returns almost complete show that Keating's majority over Gorsuch is 13,445, a loss of nearly 10,000 on the majority two years ago for Gov. Hamilton. Keating's majority in Baltimore was 12,133, which leaves him but 1,312 in the State outside of Baltimore city. Gorsuch received majorities in thirteen counties, as follows: Allegany, Calvert, Caroline, Charles, Frederick, Garrett, Montgomery, Prince George's, Queen Anne's, St. Mary's, Somerset, Talbot and Washington. The Republicans gain five members of the Senate and twelve of the House.

Mr. Gorsuch carried *every county* in this Congressional district—the first time anything of the kind happened since it was a district.

"Old Montgom'ry, sah!" has furnished the monumental surprise of the election throughout the whole States. It actually went Republican! Mr. Gorsuch carried the county by 165 majority! And Mr. George Peter, alleged Democratic candidate for Congress some four years ago, was beaten by over 100 majority! Just think of this in a rock-bound Democratic county like "ole Montgom'ry, sah!" which was put into this Congressional district to leaven it with Democracy, and which only a few years ago gave Mr. Wilson over 700 majority for Congress!

The Republicans of Maryland have reason to rejoice at the gains made by them in the Legislature on Tuesday last. In the next Legislature we shall have 31 in the House and 10 in the Senate. We have gained delegates in Calvert, Cearles, Harford, Prince George's, Queen Anne's, Talbot, Montgomery and Washington counties. This will tend to break the force of the ring in its operations next winter and give the people a better chance to have something for the general welfare. There will be a better show for a new registration, by which the present fraudulent lists may be destroyed and a fair chance shown honest voters. A continued, persistent effort by the party to lift itself luto success will eventually win.

Official returns from all the counties in the State have been received. They show that the Republicans will have ten Senators—doubling the number in the last Legislature—and thirty-one members of the House of Delegates. The Republicaus elected Senators from Allegany, Frederick, Montgomery, Washington, St. Mary's, Charles, Prince George's, Harford, Caroline and Talbot—10. They have lost the Senator from Garrett. The thirty-one members elected to the House are as follows: One from Garrett, four each from Allegany and Washington, five from Frederick, one from Montgomery, one from Prince George's, two from Calvert, two from St. Mary's, three from Charles, one from Harford, one from Queen Annie's, three from Talbot, two from Caroline and one from Somerset—31. The Democrats will have sixteen members in the Senate and sixty members in the House, giving them a majority of six in the upper and of 29 in the lower House.

The Managers Propose an Unconditional Surrender.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, the State organ of the Democracy—or, more properly speaking, of the Managers wing has raised the white flag! Last Saturday the *Gazette* contained a most remarkable editorial, two columns in length and double-leaded, in which it proposed au unconditioual surrender.

The article was headed "The Duty of the Party—Peace, Harmony and Reform." Almost at the outstart the *Gazette* says:

"With a thoroughly united Democracy the insignificant Republican minority in Maryland can never secure the reins of government. Without such a condition of affairs Republican supremacy two years hence is to be counted among the possibilities, and as an indication of the feeling in this connection there have already been suggestions from Republican sources urging a coalition of Republicans and disaffected Democrats," etc.

With a loud lamentlon the *Gazette* turns its back on the past, with its disaffection, "bitter factional strife," etc., and in addressing itself to the future says:

"In the interest of peace and harmony, in the interests of the tuture of the Democratic party, with the interests of Democratic principles at heart and a desire to secure a solid party organization we invite, in advance of the assemblage of the Legislature, an informal conference of all the party's representative leaders with Gov. Hamilton."

"In advance of the proposed conference" the *Gazette* takes "the liberty of suggesting some legislature measures of reform that we feel assured will be received with approval hy the people." These measures are seven in number, and are substantially what the Republicans have for many years, and the Reform Democrats more recently been contending for, to wit:

1. A new registration hill.
2. Legislation enactment legalizing primary elections.
3. The abolishment of all useless offices.
4. The question as to the taxation of mortgages.
5. The question of the repeal of our tobacco inspection law.
6. The remodeling of the police system for Baltimore city.
7. The question of local option.

The *Gazette* suppots its extraordinary proposition by a specious argument—or rather appeal, strongly partisan, addressed to the two wings of the Democracy. It is the weal of of the party so seriously endangered, that has wrung from the *Gazette* its remarkable suggestion, which cannot fail to strike the public significantly and unfavorably.

But the *Gazette* has undertaken its party reform movement too late. The disaffected members of the Democratic party have too often been deceived by the promises of the Managers. The Hamilton nomination and the Campaign and Legislative session following were full of pretences on the part of the Managers that they would meet the just expectation of the public and have the matters of reform outlined by the *Gazette* incorporated into the law of the State. But the Managers will not be trusted again. They have too often failed in their promises, the people have made up their minds to dislodge them from power, and with another turn or two of the wheel the end will have come to Democratic domination in Maryland.—*Cumberland News.*

The Bosses Becoming Alarmed.

The anti-ring Democracy are still sounding their shouts of triumph at the destructive torrent which has deluged the strongholds of the ring and carried away out of sight the bosses' favorites. Although the Republicans have heen tlie principal gainers, the anti-ring men claim a share in the victory, and there is no doubt that the divisions in the Democratic ranks and the universal discontent with ring rule have had much to do with the political revolution of last Tuesday in Maryland. The opponents of the ring, to whichever party they may belong, have good reason to rejoice at the result. It is a greater triumph of the anti-ring elements than that of 1875, for the fruits of the campaign are more substantial, and the bosses will no longer dare to defy public opinion. In 1875 all the anti-ring forces combined against the common enemy, and were thoroughly organized in the city, as well as in every part of the State. In the campaign just closed there was neither unity of action nor organization anywhere, and the municipal election, which took place two weeks before the State election, was anything but encouraging to the foes of the ring. The victory is, therefore, the more gratifying. It was entirely unexpected to thering leaders, who were confident the day before the election that the Republican vote in two houses of the legislature would not be increased, and they did not hesitate to give it as their opinion that it would be materially reduced on account of the harmonizing influences at work in some of the counties. They evidently reckoned without their host. They knew, as did also the anti-ring men, that the O. L. D.'s were an inorganized mass without leadership and lacking discipline, and were not well informed as to the extent of the dissatisfaction in the counties. Although the results of the election were brilliant, they would have been far better if wiser counsels had prevailed in the ranks of the opponents of the ring. The Republicans would have carried Cecil if it had not been for dissensions in the party, and many Democrats fully expected the defeat of the Democratic ticket in that county. But the Republicans and anti-ring Democrats have cause to be satisfied with what has been accomplished.

With ten Republicans and six anti-ring Democrats against ten ring members in the Senate, and with thirty-one Republicans and eighteen anti-ring Democrats against forty-two ring members in the House, the Republicans and anti-ring Democrats will be able to control legislation in both houses. If the senators and delegates who were protesting against ring rule during the campaign will have the courage and firmness to fight the ring at Annapolis, the managers will be powerless. The ring Democrats, without outside aid, will not have a constitutional majority in either house. Their ten votes in the Senate lack four of a constitutional majority, and in the House, where the ring has forty-two members, they also lack four of a majority.

It is therefore evident tnat a union of all the anti-ring forces, Democratic and Republican, would forever settle the vexed questions that have agitated the public mind for six years past, and the ring would be compelled to surrender. Whether this will be done is a query which the future alone can answer. If the anti-ring members combine they will have good working majorities in both houses. The managers appreciate the danger and are now coming forward with promises of concessions of all sorts, and are warning the rebellious sheep against running into the jaws of the Republican wolf." Before the election, in their full confidence of success and power, they declined to make any concessions, and in their haughtiness swore vengeance against their opponents. But a sudden change has seized their spirits, and now they humble themselves before the men they fear, and are ready to promise much lest they should lose all. But there is reason to fear that the promise is, like the song of the siren, alluring to destruction to those who are weak enough to listen. Governor Hamilton does not believe in the pledges. A very prominent anti-ring Democrat said that no confidence was to be placed in their promises: "It is true," he continued, "that they are now making advances for unity, and promise that they will pass new registration and election laws, legalize primaries, reorganize the police board, change the tobacco inspection laws, and do many other things for which we have all along contended. But all this is done for a purpose. It is to secure harmony of action in the treasurership. I have an idea that they will force the nomination of that officer at the earliest practiable moment during the session, and with Compton nominated and elected, their object will have been accomplished, and they will throw their promises to the winds." Many anti-ring Democrats share the opinion that the propositions by the ring managers are not made in sincerity; that their highest ambition is to secure control of the Board of Public Works for two years longer, by which means they will have charge of much of the state patronage.

Some of the anti-ring leaders admit that a combination of anti-ring Democrats and Republicans is the most certain way of destroying the power of the ring. In order to do this, however, independent Democrats must ignore the party caucus, and make a determined stand against it. The struggle of the two wings of the party will be made on this point, and when the independent leaders succeed in keeping the anti-ring Democrats from attending the caucus, half of the victory against ring power will be won, and they can dictate their own terms. All their protests, however, will accomplish nothing when once they are prevailed on to attend the caucus, for there the ring will have a majority, and the anti-ring men will be forced to submit to its decision. Nothing has as yet been done to concentrate the elements of opposition, and it is rather too early to construct a plan for such action, for many unforeseen complications may arise before the meeting of the next legislature, seven weeks hence. One plan proposed for a combination of anti-ring Democrats and Republicans contemplates an equal division of offices in the House and Senate, the election of a Democratic anti-ring treasurer and a Republican and anti-ring police commissioner, two anti-ring and one Republican election supervisor, and the passage of a registration law which will provide that one Democratic and one Republican register of voters shall be appointed for each ward. Some of the anti-ring leaders have not fully subscribed to this suggestion. An anti-ring member from Baltimore city has already prepared a bill for the reorganization of the Police Board, and is sanguine that it will be adopted, having received assurances that it will be passed without difficulty.—*Balto. American.*

Governor Foster, of Ohio, says he is certain that Blaine will be nominated for President and elected in 1884, and the friends of Foster think the latter will have the second place on the ticket. According to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, Senator Sherman told a number of friends during the late campaign in Ohio that Secretary Blaine went to President Garfield the night before Judge Robertson was named for collector of New York, and demanded that the nomination be made, saying that if it was not he would resign his place in the Cabinet. The next day Judge Robertson was nominated. Mr. Sherman does not see, however, how it will be possible for Arthur to avoid reviving the 306 issue, and making the most stalwart of administrations; but he does not think that Blaine will profit by it. The administration can compass Blaine's defeat in 1884, he thinks.

Mayor elect Whyte has outlined his policy, or rather some features of it, in an interview with a newspaper reporter. He will recommend the reorganization of the police department, and such changes in the system as well make the Mayor *ex-officio* a member of the Police Board, and its president, and that will reduce the tenure of office of the police commissioners from six years to two. Mr. Whyte thinks the appointment of police commissioners should not vest in the legislature, but in the city council,—which seems reasonable enough. Why the counties should control the police organization of the city is not at all clear. The city should select its own police commissioners in some way.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 12.—A report from Kansas City says. The Santa Fe trains were delayed by a snow storm for nearly thirty-six hours. It has been snowing hard in Western Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. From Lakin west to Pueblo there are from six to eight inches of snow, while from Lajunta west there is from eighteen to twenty inches. The cuts are full and a strong wind is drifting it badly. This is the heaviest snow storm in New Mexico and Colorado that the Santa Fe railroad ever encountered.

The victory of the Liberal alliance in Virginia is by far the most important political event of the year. A new force has appeared in the field of Southern politics, and it has shown itself strong euough to demolish Bourbonism in the oldest and most intelligent of the former slave states. —*New York Tribune.*

The Italian who recently shot and killed, at Gunnison City, Colorado, Mr. W. S. Hobiltzell, of Cumberland, Md., was taken out and hanged the same night.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14, 1881.

The old, moss-back, hide-bound bourbon Democrats about the National Capital—and Washington is blest with a vast herd of them—are swearing mad over the November elections, and more especially over the Waterloo for the Old Dominion bourbons, won by the "nillies" under the lead of the little Independent Gen. Mahone. They find that there has sure enough a new era dawned on Virginia, and that things are not as they were when the old Mother of Presidents was a solid chunk of the Solid South. Virginians have been forced to hear free discussions hy Democrats and Republicans. Readjuster Democrats have watched "Funder" or Bourbon Democrats at the polls, and in the "count."

For years it has been "the custom of the country" for scores of Democrats living in the city of Washington to go over to Virginia and vote the Solid South—and no questions asked. This year they gathered up and went over as usual—from the hotels, and men in business and employ here, and who have been for years. But they came back, each with a flea in his long ear, and with a sorrowful countenance. They had been bounced! They were not only asked "are you a Virginian?" But they were required to make oath to the fact that they actually resided in Virginia and in the voting place where they offered their ballots, and they couldn't make the thing work, "no mo'." A Republican boarder at a popular hotel, said in a spirit of rivalry next morning after the election, to the clerk—who I know has kept house in the city for a year or two—"well, Bob I'm sorrow to hear that you have been deprived of your suffrage over in Virginia, its too bad." "Oh, you go to the devil;" said the disgruntled Bourbon.

The defeat of the Republican, Astor, in New York by the Democrat, Flower, has attracted renewed attention to the House organization, hut the Republicans still hold the key, having a majority of one over all, in the vote of the Independent-Republican Congressman of Brooklyn, New York, the Rev. Hyatt Smith, who, it is now recalled to mind, declared at the time of his election that he was "as good a Republican as anybody." When Hon. Chauncey I. Filley, of Missouri, succeeds Mr. James, as PostmasterGeneral,—as it is now understood about the Departments he will—Mr. Hiscock's chances for the Speakership will perhaps be augmented, though it is expected Kasson and Keifer will bring up the West in a caucus, to carry off the prize. Mr. James will be held to his work by President Arthur until the star route conspirators are overhauled; and he and McVeagh are expected to "pick their flints and try again," by going before the Grand Jury of the District with their other cases, since the information against Brady et al, have been quashed. Filley has a large round head on a pair of stalwart shoulders, and with Frank Hatton as his first lieutenant, will know more about what is going on in the Post Office Department than old Pappy Key and the rest seem to have known; and Mrs. Filley will make a brilliant Cabinet lady. She is witty and one of the best story-tellers known to Washington.

The President is back from New York and goes now to take up his life at the renovated White House. Office seakers, high and humble, are thick on the ground as a crop of dog-fennel. No armed sentries now pace the broad green sward beneath the gold-crowned trees about the White House. President Arthur will occupy the northwest room of the mansion, known as "Nellie Grant's room," looking out on the splendid new State, War and Navy Department building, and over the old LaFayette square, just beyond whose great old elms may be seen the *adobe* walls of the little old St. Johns church—in which is located the "President's pew." Visitors will find the Presidential mansion very considerably improved and beautified by the new furniture, in the selection of which Mrs. Garfield spent two weeks in New York, early last summer.

Polkinborn's large old printing establishment just burnt down, near the corner of Seventh and D streets, was the first five story building erected in this city. Another old land-mark about which interest is just now being revived by its being refitted for the winter room-renting campaign, is the old "Adams House" on F street nearly opposite the Ebbitt. This house was built in 1825 by John Quincy Adams, the old Whig President of tariff and internal revenue memory, and is coeval with the first railroad in the United States, built at Quincy, Mass. At this mansion Gen. LaFayette was entertained during his visit to the United States. No doubt if you should come to Washington this winter, for an office, and seek lodgings in it you would find it "full of historic reminiscences," as the auctioneer said by the ancient furniture he was offering for sale.

JUNIUS.

SIX HUNDRED VICTIMS OF WHISKY.—The Corwin landed on St Lawrence Island, having orders to investigate the wholesale starvation of the natives. At the first village at which they landed all were dead; so also at the second, where fifty-four dead bodies were counted, nearly all full-grown males. At another place 150 persons—men, women and children—were dead. At the next settlement twelve dead bodies and at the following thirty were found. All the inhabitants on the north side of the island, where whisky-traders sold liquor, are dead—not one escaping. The general starvation occured two years ago last winter. Since then the presence of the Corwin in the Arctic has broken up this inhuman whisky trading. The empty whisky kegs are seen strewn all about. The total number of dead bodies found on St. Lawrence Island was over 600. The survivors say that white traders from Honolulu sold whisky, which the natives bought, and got drunk, remaining so during the season for laying in their winter supply of walrus and seal. Photographs of these groups of dead bodies as they yet lie about frozen stiff were taken by the party.—*Alta California.*

DR. HAMMOND ON TOBACCO.—Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, interviewed by the New York *Tribune* on tobacco, gives his medical opinion that smoking is very bad for boys and women, stunting the boys, impairing their digestion, sight and hearing, rendering them subject to neuralgia and to diseases of the brain which impair mental force, also have the same effect on women, because of their more sensitive nerves; but that moderate smoking of cigars is very good for adult men, retarding the waste of the tissues, making the food go further, enabling men to bear trouble with complacency, and preventing depressing emotions.

In the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia Thursday of last week Judge Cox decided to quash the information against the star route swindlers. At the conclusion of the Judge's remarks Colonel Wm. A. Cook, special attorney for the government in the star route prosecutions, *made an explanation to the effect* that he had not secured the indictment of the star route men because Colonel Corkhill, the District Attorney, had adjourned the grand jury without his knowledge or consent, when it was too late to secure the indictment of the parties in question.

Much amusement was created last summer by the arrival at Washington of an old man from Ohio who wanted to get $17,000 in government bonds converted into gold. The treasury officials endeavored to dissuade him, but he was stubborn, and so they contented themselves with seeing that he was properly protected against robbery. He reached home in safety, but a Youngstown depatch states that Tuesday morning a gang of burglars blew open his safe, and succeeded in getting away with $30,000 or $40,000 in coin. It is not often that a fool and his money are parted under such painful circumstances.

For the information of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, we mention the fact that at the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge held last month at Cincinnati, an amendment to the constitution was adopted which provides that all the business of subordinate lodges shall be transacted in the third degree after July 1, 1882. It will no doubt prove greatly to the interest and harmony of the various lodges to prepare fur the change now.

THE INDIA CENSUS.—The last census makes the total population of India 252,541,210, a number so vast that the mind cannot well conceive its greatness. The single provinces of this vast emphe are in some cases more populous than European States of the first rank. For example, Bengal has 68,829,920 inhabitants, Madras 30,839,184. The increase in the last decade has been 12,788,565, or about 6 per cent. of the whole.

The Holy Synod of the Russian Church have issued a decree forhidding priests to refuse the rites of religion in the cases of persons whose deaths have notoriously been caused by the excessive use of spirituous drinks. It is stated that from time immemorial the Russian clergy have been accustomed to class such deaths with suicides, and as such have declined to give the body Christian burial.

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

LOCAL NEWS.

—3 cigars for 5cts. at Cheap John's.

—The small boy getteth his rabbit box in working order.

—The stone work for the Oakland Hotel extension is about completed.

—M. L. Scott's shoes are noted for durability.

—U can C a fine selection of toys, &c., at Cheap John's.

—A valuable horse belonging to Thomas Martin died Wednesday evening.

—Cheap John is busy opening holiday goods.

—Mr. John Shartzer is building a large addition to his residence on Fifth Street, opposite the Lutheran Church.

—Mr. Dennis Ryan returned to Oakland Wednesday, after and absence of several weeks. His many friends were glad to welcome him.

—Oh yes! Oh yes! right away for Cheap John's, for toys and fancy goods.

—Rev. C. B. Ludwig, editor of the *Democrat*, paid a visit to Chambersburg, Pa., his old home, last week.

—Dr. McComas returned Sunday from his visit to eastern cities. He speaks very highly of his treatment by the "Yankees."

—You can get fancy holiday presents at Cheap John's.

—Died suddenly, at the residence of his father near Oakland, Saturday last, Alexander Male, aged about 30 years. Deceased was a worthy young man and much respected in this neighborhood.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—A Union Thanksgiving service will be held at the Lutheran Church Thursday, Nov. 24th, at 11 o'clock a. m. Sermon by Rev. S. E. Jones, of the M. E. Church.

—Married, at Oakland, Wednesday, Nov. 16th, 1881, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. John M. Cross, of Allegany county and Miss Amanda Miller, of Garrett county.

—Mrs. Fairall, who was injured by being struck by a locomotive at Swanton about three weeks ago, is still lying in a critical condition at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Bartlett, of Oakland.

—M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store is crowded with fresh goods preparatory for the holidays.

—Isaac Male and son killed a very large three-pronged buck, Friday of last week, near the mouth of Miller's Run, about four miles from Oakland. The saddle weighed 93.

—Died, on Negro Mountain, near Grantsville, Md., Oct. 31st, Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth Yommer, aged three years, 4 months and four days.

—At a meeting of the Town Council Tuesday evening, Mr. D. M. Mason was appointed Bailiff *vice* Jas. S. Johnson, resigned. We would advise the lawless element in our town to look a little out. "Buck" won't stand any nonsense.

—Mr. Theo. Lynch, of Cumberland, Md., has just completed a first class job in the way of painting and graining on the new law office of Peildicord & Combs. Other parties in town propose to take advantage of his visit, and have some of the same class of work done.

—Died, after a brief illness of typhoid pneumonia, in Oakland, Sunday morning, Patrick Reynolds, in the 71st year of his age. Deceased was a tailor by trade, and had resided here about two years. He leaves a wife and several children. His remains were taken to South Bend, Ind., for interment.

—Estrayed from the subscriber, during the summer, 14 head of sheep, 7 ewes and 7 lambs, marked as follows: Crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be given for information that will lead to their recovery.

DEMUS SPIKER,
Bear Creek Glade.

—Mr. Fred. Gortner, who it will be remembered sustained the loss of his dwelling and contents by fire a few months since, last week met with the further loss of one of his span of valuable black horses. This was one of the finest match teams in the county, and the loss bears heavily upon friend Gortner, who is a young man just starting in life; but Fred. has the intelligence, courage and pluck to come out all right sooner or later.

—The Oakland Public Schools were opened Monday, with Prof. D. L. Phillippi as Principal, Miss Mollie M. Casteel as first and Miss Laura Stalnaker as second assistant. Prof. Phillippi is a native of Somerset county, Pa., but has been teaching in Allegany county, Md., for some time, having resigned the Principalship of the Franklin Mine School in order to accept his present position. We believe our school authorities have done well in securing his services.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 3½ p. m., by Rev. Sotudenmire.

The Shooting Match.

The Garrett Guard's shooting match, which takes place at the Kennedy field next Thursday, promises to be an exciting affair. All are invited to witness the contest. The attendance of ladies is especially solicited.

Fire at Selbysport.

Friday evening of last week the stone building used by Frazee & Bro., of Selbysport, was destroyed by fire, together with their entire stock of goods, and household goods. Partially insured. The firm will continue business in the Dunham stand.

Fashions.

M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store is the grand centre for millinery and fancy goods. All articles first class. Ladies' bonnets and hats, misses', children's and boys hats and seal caps, flowers, feathers, plain, shaded and fancy ribbons, silk, velvets, plushses, veilings, laces, collars, ties, gloves, hosiery, and a splendid assortment of jewelry, cloaks and nubias.

A Shooting Case.

We are informed that an altercation took place Tuesday between Lude Kisner and Frank Mail, residing in the neighborhood of Altamont, this county, who were cutting cross ties about four miles south of Altamont, in which Mail was shot in the legs by Kisner. We have not learned the result of his injuries. Kisner has not yet been arrested.

Fatal Mine Accident.

F. D. McCloy, aged about 30 years, was instantly killed Monday afternoon, by a fall of coal in the Virginia mine, near Bloomington, this county. He leaves a wife and two children, who reside at Webster, W. Va. Mr. W. S. Griffith, of Oakland, was working with McCloy at the time, but seeing the danger succeeded in escaping with a badly crushed hand.

Both Legs Broken.

Aaron Digon, a Swede, aged about 40 years, who has been residing in Ohio about three years, had both legs broken Sunday night about 9 o'clock, a short distance east of Swanton, this county, under the following circumstances: He was making his way on foot to the North Branch railroad, where he expected to get employment. At the place indicated above he stepped from the North to the South tract to avoid a train going west, and stepped in front of a "helper." Seeing his danger he jumped into a culvert, where he remained until he was discovered Monday morning, with both legs broken at the ankle, and his head slightly injured. He was brought to Oakland Monday about noon and taken in charge by the county authorities, who had him taken to the jail where his injuries were attended to by Dr. McComas. He is now doing well.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 16:

Geo. Royer and P. P. Royer to Joel Beachy, a farm in county containing 525 acres of land; $2100.

Susanah Lee and husband to Jas. H. Lee, military lots Nos. 2887 and 2888; $500.

Jas. C. Alderson and wife to Mountain Lake Park Association, seven lots of ground situated in Garrett county; $2.145.44.

Rebecca Swalp, to Henry Kamp, Jr., part of military lots Nos. 2609 and 2610; $200.

Benj. H. Dewing and wife to Aimira S. Stelle, a piece of land containing 8,400 feet of land situated in county; $3,000.

Ira E. Friend and others to Mary E. Kisner, part of a tract of land called "Youghioghenny Hills," containing 78¾ acres; $80.

Henry Russell, Mortgagee, to Chas. Brown, part of military lot No. 846; $181.

Frederick city is alarmed over the prevalence of diptheria there, and methods of sanitary reform are discussed in the newspapers. The *Citizen* cries out for the abolition of the *pig sties*, and says:

"Some people may think more of their hogs than their children, and would no doubt consider it a hardship to have their pigs taken away, whilst they would content themselves with paying doctor bills and drug bills and see their little ones languish and die, provided they could keep their dear pigs. We unhesitatingly say the Board of Aldermen should like men meet the situation, and pass an order at once abolishing every pig pen in Frederick city, as well as every other city."

The above applies with as much force to Oakland as it does to Frederick.

"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25c.

On election day Dr. T. Clay Maddux, a rather notorious character living in Baltimore took a number of men from Baltimore to Anne Arundel county, to "assist" in the election of a friend of his. After the polls had closed some of the citizens of the precinct wanted to be admitted to the polling-room to see the ballots counted. Dr. Daddux, who was himself in the room, stood at the door and undertook to keep them out. In the fight which followed Maddux was shot and instantly killed. A man named Claude Wheeler has been arrested as principal, and Michael Bannon, a prominent Democratic politician and State Senator from Anne Arundel county, as accessory to the killing.

The often denied fact that Baltimore roughs and rowdies and repeaters have interfered in out of-town election in the counties adjacent to the city whenever it was important for our rulers to increase their apparent vote at any point may now be considered established beyond all cavil by the circumstances of Dr. T. Clay Maddux's death at Odenton, in Anne Arundel. Such a man could be at that place, with surroundings, for no possible good end. That he prepared to interfere, and did interfere, with those who wished to see the vote counted openly is evident. It is not necessary to prove that he himself went for purpose of fraud, intimidation was obvious and that vitiates an election quite as much as fraud. This business is constantly practiced. It is only when the consequences are as lametable as those of Tuesday that discovery is made of these practices, and the people brought face to face with the fact that the effect of their ballots is neutralized by the deliberate crimes of the professional opponents of free voting and fair counting.—*Baltimore American.*

The Republicans have reason to feel satisfied over the result of the State elections which have taken place during the present autumn. The following is the pyramid:

OHIO.
IOWA.
KANSAS.
VIRGINIA.
COLORADO.
NEBRASKA.
NEW YORK.
WISCONSIN.
MINNESOTA.
NEW JERSEY.
CONNECTICUT.
PENNSYLVANIA.
MASSACHUSETTS.

The Democracy are undoubtedly disappointed. They were going to sweep the country, but behold the result.

MARYLAND.
MISSISSIPPI.

The encouraging news of a new departure in the South which comes from the Old Dominion finds an echo in Maryland. Without any extraordinary effort the Republicans have gained eighteen members of the legislature in that state, and thus have secured a stronger representation in the law-making body than they have had at any time during the past twenty years. Their successes appear to be as great a surprise to themselves as to their opponents. Buried so long under heavy Bourbon majorities, and with all the social and business influences of the community arrayed against them, they had almost ceased to hope for better times. But the new influences which have proven so powerful in Virginia were at work north as well as south of the Potomac, and have produced unexpected results. If these influences are not checked, Maryland will be debatable ground in the presidential contest of 1884.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Delegate Cannon has suffered a decided set back in the decision of the court which has pronounced him an alien. Twenty-five years ago he claims to have been naturalized in this same court which now upholds Governor Murray, who had refused to give him a certificate of election on the ground that he was not a citizen. Chief Justice Hunter held that, on the statements of the complainant and the admission of the defendant, Cannon's certificate of naturalization was void on its face, and that the pretended naturalization was a nullity. Mormonism is seriously discomfited, and the Gentiles are watching their movements with some interest.

There seems to be no desire among the Christian public to substitute the new revision of the Scriptures for the old which has been in use so long and is perfectly familiar. As far as the people are concerned the alleged improvements made by the recent translation amount to but little with them. The sentiment is what the people reverence. The present generation will very likely adopt it The only way it can be forced upon the public is for all the publishers of the Bible to agree to print only the new version. That would be a bad plan and the people would resist.

Garrett County to the Front.

Last week's election is nothing compared with Singer's majority in Garrett county. From December 18th, 1879, to November 1881, shows a majority for Singer of 305, over 100 Machines per annum. The combined efforts of seven other kinds of Machines that have been offered in Garrett county cannot show one-half as many sales. Look at the names of our patrons below. We think this ought to satisfy any one doubting or halting between two opinions, whether to buy the Singer or some other kind. Did you ever knew any one that failed to give entire satisfaction?

We give the following as testimony:

John Helbig, 3,
A. Loewenstein, 3,
J. W. Lethers, 5,
Sarah McCrobie,
A. B. Woodcock,
J. N. Spangler,
Katie Biter,
W. D. Hoye,
Isaac Enos,
Wm. Wagner,
Dr. Bartlett,
Dr. McComas,
George Peet,
Geo. E. Gutbery, 2,
Lloyd Chambers,
Wm Griffy,
Annie Lewis,
Elizabeth Arnold,
Eliza Gibson,
H. C. Coddington,
A. C. Woodring
John F. White,
Thomas Coddington,
H. R. Duckworth,
P. A. Chisholm,
Henry A. Rasche
Sarah A. Coddington,
Laura Edgar,
Nora Tallor,
Jennie Smouse,
Mary J. Ross,
Ella Merrill,
Nannie C. Goode,
Geo. L. Bosley,
David Gauer,
Henry Russell,
Henry Bosley,
Martin McLain.
J. H Stevens,
Ann Pew,
Geo. T. Miller,
William Plum,
Joseph Lashorn,
Joseph Niner,
W. H. Custer,
Bridget Maroney,
S. J. Laughlin,
Mrs. E. Chisholm,
Hollan Mills,
S. C. Hoye,
Wm. Junkins,
Wm. Merrill,
C. L. Hamill,
Thomas Martin,
M. E. West,
Geo. Gauer,
Geo. Roth,
Peter Connell,
Thomas C. Friend,
L. R. Johnson,
Johnson King,
Cathrine Bittinger,
W. Y. Waltz,
Lucien Frazee,
Thomas Savage.
Francis Pritts,
Daniel Conoway,
Jonathan Murpby,
Mary J. Crim,
M. A. Palmer,
B. B. Wilmosb,
Elias Metz,
B. F. Thrasher,
F. C. Browning,
M. J. Miller,
G. F. Miller,
Theodore Witley, 2,
M. J. Elsworth,
Jas. Rush,
S. F. McClung,
Geo. B. Auvil,
Dan Davis,
John Davis,
L. D. Johnson,
M. A. Beachey,
Agnes Murry,
Nannie Legge,
S. L. James,
C. A. Keasner,
W. H. Goff,
Jas. Hartman,
A. R. Sanders,
Mollie Lish,
David Enlow,
Mose Schrouck,
Tom Nethkin,
Charles Frazee,
Thos. Loudermilk,
S. K. Harvey,
J. L. Sharpless,
Jack Tholer,
Mary E. Pritts,
Sol Boyer,
Joseph Frantz,
J. H. Wilson,
Hammilton Frazee,
Catherine Whitehair,
C. C. Bishop,
Daniel Wilhelm,
Geo. McKenzie,
J. G. Furgurson,
Elizabeth Fike,
Jennie Savage,
M. V. Flanagan,
Jacob Elsey
Henry J. Sell,
Sarah Lininger,
John Davis,
Henry Walters,
James White,
John Wilburn,
Wm. Wilburn,
James Enlow,
Ned Welsh.
Sarah Mason,
Ab Welsh,
Ed. Wolfe,
Mrs. Cormany,
Barney Reynolds,
Mrs. J. M. Jarboe,
Nellie Warren,
U. S. Coburn,
Jobe Henline,
Jacob Airnhalt,
Christenia Sines,
John Riley,
R. W. McWilliams,
Prof. Richardson, 2,
Geo. Roth,
O. M. Hatfield,
Sam Switzer,
James Bittinger,
Nickolas Roth,
C. H. Tillson,
Harriett Banks,
Nelson Irving,
Benj. Thrasher,
Mary Williams,
J. F. Williams,
John Thrasher,
Frank Thrasher,
Mary Mackin,
Rebecca Hoopes,
Jacob Nickleson.
S. C. Cassidy,
S. V. B. Ward,
W. H. Hagans,
L. A. Sell,
Levi Echart,
M. R. Hamill,
N. McAllister,
S. J. Falkner,
Henry Bitner,
H. B. Wolfe,
John O. Michael,
A. C. Brooke,
Elizabeth Whirl,
John Sharizer,
A. F. McCrobie,
Mary E. White,
Norman Bray,
Elex. Lower,
C. H. Sincel,
J. Sisler,
J. King,
Geo. D. White,
Mrs. Amos Tishue,
J. M. Glover,
Alex. Lohr,
Samuel Warnick,
Alice Hesson,
Hattie Pritts,
Martha Williams,
Tailor Friend,
Benj. Ash,
E. J. Stuck,
H. McCrobie,
G. W. Collins,
Maggie Coneway,
John Fitzwater,
Hester A. Beaver,
E. D. Kepner,
Wm. Flagle,
Frederick Clare,
Laura Miller,
Benj. Moon,
John W. Wolfe,
Mrs. J. K. Daily
L. H. Schoolfield,
G. W. Coleman,
Joseph Kepner,
John Landsberry,
Cristena Gauer,
Mrs. E. Parsons,
P. M. Stempile,
Rebecca J. Friend,
Johnson Pheres,
J. W. Paugh,
G. W. Turner,
Mr. Dumire,
Samuel Laughery,
Frank Shultz,
T. H. Lawson,
David Lantz,
W. A. Browning,
Gabriel Friend.
Susan Lininger,
G. T. Price,
J. W. Cramer,
Sarah J. White,
S. A. Washington,
M. V. Paxton,
Jas. A. Kenemer,
Aaron Pritts,
Geo. Sperline,
Caroline Snyder,
Martha Carney,
L. B. Sisler,
John Engleheart,
A. Spiker,
Isabel Truly,
S. J. Moore,
Morial Biggs,
M. Duckworth,
J. W. White,
Thos. DeWitt,
S. J. Nicklow,
W. Rinker,
A. C. Hamill,
Julia Frazee,
David Slanghbaugh,
Joseph Kemp,
M. M. Hardy,
Joel Bender,
D. J. Little,
Wm. White,
S. C. Sanders,
Nicholas Rinker,
F. W. Yeger.
G. W. Miller,
John W. Harvey,
John Hartman,
T. N. Groves,
Elizabeth Lohr,
Harriett Dunmark,
Samuel F. Livengood,
J. S. Feathers,
Katie J. Willet,
Rheuben Woodward,
Michael Garrett,
Abram Freeland,
Alex. Fleckenstein,
Ralph Wilburn,
Lizzie Valentine,
Lewis Upperman.
John Mathews,
N. H. Fike,
Edward Jones,
Jane Kitsmiller,
F. W. Paxton,
Thos. Casteel,
Abe Dumire,
Mrs. Pfeiffer,
Geo. D. Lee,
Amos Friend,
Jack Coleman,
Rebecca Cogley,
J. Harshbarger,
L. T. Jones,
S. W. Moreland,
Jas. Haslem, 2,
J. E. Paugh,
A. C. Browning,
Henry Sisk,
Jos. Ruckle,
John McCabe,
M. E. Davis,

Now if you are not willing to risk your Judgement on a Machine, see if you can't see the name of some friend in the above list that will help you to decide.

In regard to the statement of last week's issue of the REPUBLICAN, relative to Bogus Weed machines, would say: There is no machine imitated except the Singer. There must be a genuine before there is a bogus. There is only one style of Weed machines manufactured, pay what you will for them. They are all the same.

Machines sold on easy monthly payments.

Call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent,
Oakland, Md., Nov. 16th, 1881.

Interesing Fossils in Nevada.

The state prison of Nevada is situated in Eagle Valley, between the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the west and the Carson River on the east. The prison yard is quarried out from the face of one of the numerous sandstone knolls that intersperse the valley. As work in the querry has advanced fossils of various kinds have been brought to light. Occasionally immense bones have been dug out of the rock, but no care has been taken to preserve them. Some of the fossils lately extracted with the utmost care to prevent their crumbling, the sandstone in which they are found being damp and soft when first dug up, and falling to pieces when made dry by exposure to the air. They tell of one bone of some monstrous animal, that roamed these regions untold ages ago that was as thick as a large man across the shoulders. In the state museum at this place there is a perfect shank bone of some extinct cow or horse, of which nothing is known in the earliest history of Washoe.

But to substantiate the traditions of the penitentiary, I shall give you a description of what are probably the most remarkable fossil tracks ever discovered. The megatherium footprints are nearly circular in outline, and bear no resemblance to the track made by any known living animal except that of the elephant; and this resemblance is in shape only, the former being immensely larger than the latter. The tracks are seven in number; that is, there are seven that are visible. They are made in a seam of what was plastic sandstone long ago, or mud which marked the interval of two strata of native rock, and they made an impression from an inch and a half to two inches deep. They are nearly round, and measure a shade more than

I [illegible] these tracks, and found the [illegible] quite regularly taken. [illegible] between [illegible] either [illegible] tween [illegible] any [illegible] 15 feet [illegible] cannot have been less than 20 feet in length. It also must have been quadruped, as the tracks [illegible] double line of direction are wide apart, 6 feet 2 inches, transversely from the outer lines of the impression; the [illegible] making tracks almost directly one in front of the other.

I examined another kind of small tracks on the ground floor of the prison yard. These are numerous and extend conspicuously over the yard, except where in places they have been obliterated [illegible] not in size, these bear a strong resemblance to the human foot. They sink deeper into the clayey soil than the others by half an inch. Across what may be called the ball of the foot the measure is eleven inches and a-half, across the [illegible] nine inches, and across the heel seven inches. From the center of the foot to the bulge of the heel there is an inward curve (as of the instep,) the narrowest part of which measures five inches across. The transverse distance between two parallel lines making the outer limits of these tracks is two feet six inches; hence this monster also must have been of the four-footed sort. The prison yard is marked by a number of imprints, the most noticeable of which is that of a mammoth four-toed water-fowl. The track made are rectanguisr, and measure ten inches on either line.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Mr. Keating has had a fair opportunity of testing the length and breadth of his popularity at home. He losses his own county, Queen Anne's, by eight votes; in Talbot, the next county on the South, he is beaten by 128 votes; in Kent, adjoining on the north, his majority is less than three hundred, while Hamilton's was 723; in Caroline, adjoining on the east, Gorsuch has 150 majority, where Hamilton had 518. Thus, in these four counties, the Comptroller's "home," Mr. Keating's losses are 2,232 votes on the vote of 1879. The ring may say that Keating was a heavy load to carry; but Keating, not personally unpopular, is justified in thinking that he was still more heavily handicapped in having to carry the ring.—*Balto. American.*

The loss of a District in New York leaves the Republicans one vote short of a majority of *all* in the new House of Representatives. They have a chance to get this vote from nine Greenback members, nearly all of whom are Republicans, and the two Readjusters from Virginia. In fact, we believe that the latter have announced their purpose to act with the Republicans.

Making Watches.

Defective Watch Cases are one of the chief causes of so many watches not being good time pieces. The cases being thin and not fitting well, admit dust and dirt to the movement, which soon interferes with the running parts of the watch necessitating cleaning, repairing, &c., and the amount thus paid out if applied toward buying a good case in the beginning, would have saved all this trouble and expense. We have recently seen a case that meets all these requirements, it having been carried for over twenty years and still remains perfect. We refer to the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, which has become one of the staple articles of the Jewelery trade, possessing as it does so many advantages over all other watch cases, being made of two heavy plates of solid gold over a plate of composition, and we advise all our readers to ask their Jeweler for a card or catalogue that will explain the manner in which they are made.

It is the only STIFFENED CASE made with two plates of gold, seamless pendents, and centre, solid joints, crown pieces, &c., all of which are covered by letters patent. Therefore buy no case before consulting a Jeweler who keeps the JAS. BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED GOLD CASE, that you may learn the difference between it and all imitations that claim to be equally as good.

For sale by all responsible Jewelers. Ask to see the warrant that accompanies each case, and don't be persuaded that any other make of case is as good.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptsons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
S 10 td Baltimore.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Estate of Jacob Swartzentruber, Dec'd

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JACOB SWARTZENTRUBER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1881.

JACOB S. MILLER,
11 12-3 Executor.

Curious Coincidences in the Late President Garfield's Life.

The Washington correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times* writes:

On the 26th of August, the day when the late President's physicians first gave him up as beyond recovery, General R. D. Mussey, a lawyer of this city, being asked whether he expected the President would recover, said he did not, but thought he would die on the 19th of September, the anniversary of the first day of the battle of Chickamauga. His prediction postponing death for so long a time attracted considerable attention and much more comment since, it being verified. The *Times'* correspondent called on General Mussey here to-day and obtained from him some particulars of the prediction. He said: "The President never told me that he thought he would die on the 19th, as has been printed in some papers. Marshal Henry, a particular friend of his, however, told me that the President told him that he thought he would die on the 19th of November of last year, his forty-ninth birthday. General Garfield was never in any way what might be called superstitious, though he was a great believer in dates, sequences and coincidences. The New England stock which peopled the West are like him in that respect. Garfield's mind was analytical, and he gave such matters more attention than most people do. I will give you an incident illustrating what I mean. On the 19th of June of the present year the Army of the Cumberland (of which General Garfield was a distinguished and honored and I an humble member) had a grand reunion. Not one of the party thought about the date until Judge Devons, of Massachusetts, in responding to the toast, "The Ladies," accidentally referred to it, adding that the selection of the date of the dinner was a happy one, in view of the fact that it was the anniversary as far as the date, but not the month, was concerned, of one of the largest battles of the Army of the Cumberland.

"A few minutes afterward, in speaking to the President, I asked if he had noticed the similarity of his nomination with that of Lincoln. He said he had. And I, without thinking of it, said Providence may have the same destiny for [illegible] pearean quotation on Marcus Ward's business calendar of the date he was nominated for President. He said he had received at least fifty of them from different persons, all of whom called his attention to the peculiarity of the quotation. It was from Julius Cæsar: 'O that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it comes.' In view of all the circumstances this was a remarkable incident, and it had considerable effect on the President. While he did not believe in special acts of Providence, he liked to talk of such things and reason out conclusions. The incident following his nomination was in the same line. I published it during the campaign after securing the President's permission, though I then stated it was on information furnished by General Swaim. It was furnished by Swaim first and by the President afterward. While on his way to the building in which the Convention was held, a man handed him on the street a circular or dodger of some kind. He says he first supposed it was a railroad advertisement. He was about throwing it away when he noticed that it had extracts from the Scriptures on it. Not having time to read it then, he crushed it up and put it into his pocket. On the close of that day he was nominated, and before he left the Convention he had received hundreds of telegrams extending congratulations. Going to his room, he emptied his pockets on a table, telling Swaim to save those that should be saved and destroy those that should be destroyed. General Swaim was doing this when he saw the crumpled paper. Opening it he read it, and was so struck with the quotations that he saved it until General Garfield returned, when he read it. Garfield told me it made the hair of his head almost stand on end. There were two quotations. The first was this: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.' The other was: 'Neither is there salvation in any other: For there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.' The connection of the two quotations lay in the fact that Garfield had never been spoken of as a candidate before the Convention, and that he was about the only man who could bring the factions of the party as existed then together and march through to victory. He combined the party as hardly another man could. The 19th was an important date in his life. It was the day of his birth, of his greatest triumphs, and finally it was the date of his death."

Getting Fat on One Meal a Day.

Dr. C. E. Page sends to the *Journal of Chemistry* an account of experiments made to show that one meal a day is enough for a man:

"S. N. S., twenty-eight years old, resolved to adopt the one meal system, and did so, leaving off meat and all condiments, as salt and pepper, and eating chiefly wheat meal bread and fruit, the bread made from unsifted meal and mixed with water only, nor salt nor bread raising devices—unleavened bread. Within seven months his weight increased from 145 pounds to 170 pounds, and his strength of both body and mind had increased in proportion. His labor had been severe; he is a machinist and an inventor, working ten hours every day, and doing a good deal of practical and profitable thinking at the same time. It is now a full year since he came to one meal, and the weight gained has been maintained, and his health is perfect. During the last winter, for the purpose of testing the sufficiency of one meal of pure food for the most trying labor, he worked in an iron foundry for three months, and notwithstanding the extreme and frequent changes of temperature incident to the work, on cold mornings with the mercury below zero and in in the afternoon 120 degrees above, and all hands sweating like rain, he had not a 'cold' for the winter, and was the only employe thus exempt. He had formerly been subject to frequent attacks of the above disease. His daily ration consists of six ounces to nine ounces (according to labor) of Graham flour, besides fruit sufficient to supply all the liquids necessary—half a dozen apples or their equivalent in other fruit. He is rarely thirsty, but sometimes, if too little fruit is taken at meal time, he takes a small draught of water in the course of the day. This meal is taken at night, after entire recovery from fatigue, usually at about seven o'clock.

During the month of May, 1881, just passed, he gained sixty hours, or six full days, working extra hours at his bench, sometimes working right through to midnight, and taking his 'breakfast' after a short rest, before retiring. No man in his employ had gained so much time. He has occasionally made a trial of bolted flour bread, but has invariably experienced a loss of weight and strength.

"My own experience goes far to prove the efficiency of the above regimen for either the brain or muscle worker. I am now taking but one meal a day, and find myself perfectly nourished, weight and strength maintained, on about fourteen ounces of unleavened wheat-meal bread, to the mastication of which I devote an hour or more. I find that six cold gems, weighing about fourteen ounces, without even butter or milk, chewed deliberately and thoroughly dissolved by the juices of the mouth, will sustain me much better than when eaten warm with butter or milk, or both together added, and eaten as fast as one naturally eats hot rolls and butter or bread and milk. Considering the manner in which people in general bolt their food, it is not strange that a large proportion of it fails of digestion. Starch foods cannot be transformed into pure blood entire, except so far as the change is begun in the mouth.

"Until a few months ago I took my food in the morning, but I find the evening a better time. During the day the brain and muscles can have everything their own way, without interfering or hindering digestion, and at evening, after a sufficient rest, there is perfect tranquility of body and mind and 'leisure to digest.' I had never been a 'good sleeper' until I adopted this system of diet. People who eat several meals a day do well to take the last one early, and the lighter they make it the better, but dyspeptics may rest assured that, of itself considered, the evening meal is not the cause of their wakefulness or troubled dreams. When I ate three meals of a mixed diet, I could not make the last one simple enough to give me complete rest at night, but now, when rested from my day's labor, I can eat my full vegetarian meal and sleep like a well-fed babe. I could give quite a number of examples like the foregoing, of one-mealers, did space permit, all tending to prove the superiority of vegetable over animal diet, and of the entire wheat over the most scientifically impoverished article."

Curing a Somnambulist.

In a small village across the bay resides a well-known clergyman and his family, which is composed of numerous sons and daughters, his wife and himself. One of the sons, who is just approaching manhood, has been in the habit since infancy of walking in his sleep. Every effort has been made to break him of his somnambulistic tendencies, but without avail. He would arise from his couch at all hours of the night, wander from one part of the building to another, wend his way to the porches and piazzas, and was sometimes found perched upon the roof of the house. A short time ago it was decided by the head of the house that the somnambulist should occupy the same couch with his elder brother, and the latter was instructed, in case the boy indulged in any of his former antics, to administer a severe punishment in the shape of a forcible application of the sole of a slipper upon his body. The elder son gratefully accepted the task and promised to carry out his instructions to the letter. In order to show that he was not neglectful of the duty imposed upon him it is only necessary to relate the following incident: One night a short time ago, when both of the brothers were wrapped in the deep slumbers of early morn their paterfamilias imagined that he heard sounds of disturbance in the chicken-yard at the rear of the house, and, fearing that his hen-roost might be despoiled, entered the room where the boys were sleeping, and, opening the window, peered out into the darkness to ascertain whether his apprehensions were correct. The elder son, who was sleeping on the outside of the bed, thought the figure at the window was that of his brother, and, forgetting, in his zeal, to ascertain if his bed-fellow was quietly reposing or not, leaped from his couch, seized the ever-ready slipper, and administered a severe castigation upon the party in undress at the window. Before the astonished father could turn he had received some four or five heavy and stinging blows, and was so surprised and astonished that for a few moments he could hardly speak a word. The son, when he realized the situation was almost paralyzed, and the scene was ridiculous in the extreme. When the circumstances were explained, however, the clergyman fully appreciated the joke, and narrates it with great gusto to his friends and acquaintances.—*San Francisco Alta Californian.*

Practical Results of Sanitary Science.

I would submit the enclosed letter, written to the Council of our Society of Arts, to show the money gain, as well as the gain in health and life, achieved here, as yet by incomplete, rudimentary sanitary measures. I hope to see early examples of their more complete application in the United States:

"The first British army went out to Crimea under the established curative or medical service, and it was lost. Sanitary commissioners, trained in service under the first General Board of Health, were then sent out to reform the condition of hospitals and camp, and within three months reduced the sickness and mortality from a plague rate down to an ordinary standard of health, and by the end of the summer of 1855 to a rate lower than that of the best hospitals at home; and the War Minister declared in Parliament that by the application of their science the second army had been saved. Formerly the death rate in the Indian Army was 69 per 1,000 per annum. The average mortality from 1869 to 1878 was only 20.41; there was, therefore, a gain of 48.59 per 1,000, or, on the present force out there, a gain of 2,350 men. The death rate of the army at home was formerly 18 per 1,000. In the year 1879 it was 7.55, being a gain of 10.55 per 1,000. As the strength of the army in that year was 80,700, the gain was 843 per annum. The total gain to the Army in India and the army at home, and the rest of the army, will be 3,433 men per annum. As each soldier is estimated at £100, this represents in money value £344,000, or more than a third of a million. It is not very easy to get at the real amount of the sickness; but the total gain, including the diminished death rate, is considered to be underrated at £500,000 per annum.

"The total number of men killed on the battle-field and on the deck, including those killed at Waterloo, Trafalgar and the most severe battles during the twenty-two years' war, was, according to the army returns, 19,796. The lives saved from premature destruction by the civil sanitary service, during each of the ten years of the decade, was 25,000. The wounded during the twenty-two years' war were 79,709; but, taking a serious sickness as equivalent to a wound, the achievement of the sanitary service has been, during the same period, some 3,000,000 of cases saved by the civil sanitary service. The deaths by steam explosions, in mines and on railways, amount to about 5,000 annually, but the lives saved by the civil sanitary service in England and Wales are five-fold greater than the lives thus destroyed by civil accidental violence. A reduction of the death rate by four and one-half per cent. is only an installment of sanitary progress. Thus in the instance of Croyden, visited by the delegates of the Congress, the death rate has been reduced from twenty-five to sixteen per one thousand, chiefly by the methods introduced by the first General Board of Health, by which spring supplies of pure water are carried into the houses and the fouled water carried at once out of the houses and out of the town, by one local board authority, while all putrescible matter, instead of remaining for months and years in conditions of putrefaction, is undecomposed, and flows upon the land within two hours. So in Salisbury, Leamington and a number of other places. At Croyden, it has been stated by Dr. Alfred Carpenter that, by complete sanitation the death rate might be reduced to ten in one thousand. In the metropolis the death rate among the wage classes in their common dwellings is upward of thirty per one thousand. In the model dwellings in London it is however about sixteen or seventeen, even with surrounding deteriorating conditions. On the demonstrations of various model instances it may be held that the reduction of the general death rate by four and one-half per cent., as reported, satisfactory as this is, cannot be considered more than one-third of the results obtainable by advanced sanitary administration and further sanitary works."—*Edwin Chadwick, in the Sanitary Engineer.*

Lowell Mill-Girls a Generation Ago.

The home life of the mill-girls as I knew it in my mother's family was nearly like this: Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight, during the cold weather; in summer, an interval of half an hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight o'clock. The time given for the noon meal was from a half to three-quarters of an hour. The only hours of leisure were from half-past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, where they gathered around the tables, and sewed, and read, and wrote, and studied. It seems a wonder, to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did, in their limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy-work besides. They subscribed for periodicals; took books from the libraries; went to singing schools, conference meetings, concerts, and lectures; watched at night by a sick girl's bedside, and did double work for her in the mill, if necessary; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed and decorous young women. Strangers who had been sitting beside them in a house of worship were often heard to ask, on coming out, "But where were the factory-girls?"

Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm, by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, as the population increased. Their contributions to social and foreign charities also were noticeably liberal. What they did for their own families—keeping a little sister at school, sending a brother to college, lifting the burden of a homestead debt from a parent's old age—was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment. Their independence was as marked as their generosity. While they were ready with sisterly help for one another whenever it was needed, nothing would have been more intolerable to most of them than the pauper spirit into which women who look to relatives or friends for support so easily subside. Perhaps they erred in the direction of a too resolute self-reliance. That trait, however, is a part of the common New England inheritance, and there was, indeed, nothing peculiar about the Lowell mill-girls, except that they were New England girls of the older and hardier stock.—*Lucy Larcom, in Atlantic Monthly.*

What Bees Accomplish.

By far the most serious difficulty in the process of honey collecting by bees arises from the extremely minute quantity of nectar which each flower yields, and from its being dilute—in some cases so poor in saccharine matter that its sweetness is not appreciable to the tongue. The strength of the sugary fluid varies in different flowers, and even in the same flower at different times. Consequently the most direct way of estimating the yield of honey is to ascertain the actual quantity of sugar in each flower. This can easily be done by chemical methods. If we take a large number of flowers, wash out their nectar and determine the sugar in the solution, we can calculate from the number of flowers used the average amount of sugar in each flower with the greatest precision.

Experiments conducted in this way showed each flower of the fuchsia to contain little more than the tenth part of a grain of sugar. In monkshood the amount was rather less than the tenth part of a grain, while in the everlasting pea it was found to be rather three-twentieths of a grain for each flower. In smaller flowers the quantity is proportionately less. Thus each flower of the little naturalized American waterblink only contained six-hundredths of a grain, and in those minute flowers which grow together in compact masses the amount was still smaller. A raceme, consisting of twenty flowers of the vetch, only yielded five-hundredths of a grain, or a little over one five-hundreth for each floret. One head of common red clover gave a little over one tenth of a grain (exactly .1224). Now each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which must therefore have a portion of sugar not exceeding the one five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must consequently be inserted into five hundred clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, so that for every pound of sugar procured in this way 3,500,000 flower tubes must be emptied. Honey, however, only contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar; so that every pound of honey is equivalent to more than two and a half millions of clover tubes sucked by bees.

This shows what an amazing amount of labor they must perform. Their industry would appear to be indispensable to their very existence. These amounts also reveal to what an extent the visitation of flowers must go on in the insect world, and help us to understand how it is that flowers are so dependant on insects for fertilization, so that we can well believe the forms of flowers to have been determined in reference to the insects frequenting them, and that the colors of the petals may serve to attract insects by way of advertisement, as colored bills attract the eyes of busy men. This view of the use of color and odor in flowers may seem to smack too much of trade and commerce, nevertheless it is the view to which science now gives undivided support. We have been so long accustomed to look on the beauty of the floral world as if it were exclusively for man's gratification, that it is difficult for us to believe that the delicately perfumed and showy petals of the rose and lily should be primarily intended for the benefit of the plant possessing them. But it must be remembered that each organism lives for itself, has its own laws, and does not possess any organ which is exclusively for the advantage of another.—*Good Words.*

Tobacco as a Match-Maker.

All the nervousness, embarrassment and febrile excitement attendant upon "popping the question" in highly civilized countries are avoided by young men of the Tchulian Tartar variety desirous to marry, whose simple and discreet custom it is to ascertain their chances of success or failure in matrimonial enterprise by the following proceeding: The Tchulian Coelebs in search of a wife, having filled a brand-new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tip-toe to some convenient hiding-place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any member of her family. Presently he returns, without further affectation or secrecy, and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal. If it has been smoked, he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been irrevocably rejected, as not even worth a puff of tobacco. By this ingenious expedient the pain and humiliation of verbal refusal and fruitless pleadings are spared to luckless wooers, and Tartar maidens are saved from importunities justly regarded as peculiarly trying to female sensibility. The pipe, considered as a matrimonial ambassador, has at least this to recommend it—that it may be relied upon to commit no breach of confidence if its mission prove successful.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

—General Grant is to give a family reunion on next Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Sartoris and her children will sail from England in time to be present, and it is thought that seventeen members of the family will sit down to dinner.

—It is reported that a prominent Eastern firm of silk manufacturers are negotiating for valuable property in San Bernardino County, Cal., with a view of starting a colony of silk raisers.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Drowning her kittens hurts the old cat's felines.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—All that is needed to sell mining stock is a water-colored map, two pieces of ore purchased at a jeweler's, and a man with cheek and a fool with money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The man who has been speculating in Confederate bonds explains that he did so because he wanted to tackle something that was a little safer than the average mining stock.—*Boston Post.*

—It is estimated that $100,000,000 is annually expended in the United States for funerals. And yet a funeral is the last thing a man would think of spending money for. Singular things are so curious!—*Boston Transcript.*

—There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign on Pine street.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

—"Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well." Always remember this when you are sparking a girl, and don't sit looking at her with your thumb in your mouth when she feels faint and needs your strong arm to support her. Waist no time, but seize the opportunity—and the girl.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

—Chicago water has to be boiled before it is fit to drink. It is mighty inconvenient for a thirsty Chicagoan to have to wait in a saloon until the bartender boils him a glass of water, so he surmounts the difficulty by calling for a glass of whisky, which doesn't require any cooking. The Chicago intellect is equal to any emergency.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Show me a typographical error," said the visitor from Yellow Springs, who was looking through the *Hawk-Eye* newsroom. And the busy compositor only stopped long enough to point to the jour. printer who had walked all the way from St. Paul and was lying drunk under the imposing stone. The visitor looked at the spectacle in a dazed sort of a way, then cast an imploring glance upon the impertinable countenance of the compositor who glued his truthful eyes to the blind copy on his case and went right on getting up fourteen thousand an hour. And the visitor silently tiptoed out of the room and said to a friend who had been afraid to come in, that he "believed that printer fellow was a coddin' of him."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Bridgeport, Conn., has a Congregational-Methodist Church.

—Philadelphia has more Presbyterians than any other city in the Union—23,346. Chicago has 6,241.

—Maine has 243 Congregational churches with a membership of 21,388. This is a loss of 126 members since last year.

—The first Presbyterian church in Canton, China, was organized nineteen years ago with six members. Now there are three organized churches with nearly 400 members.

—Said the Kaiser to the Czar: "Is it hot enough for you?" "Well, I should remark," replied the Czar of all the Russias. "I have a hard time of it. It is a bomb in nation."

—A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,402 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

—It is not only among the natives of the Sandwich Islands that the revival of religion is in progress, but also among the Chinese. The Rev. Sit Moon, who is pastor of the Chinese church in Honolulu, reports that about 250 of his countrymen are Christians, and that the number is continually on the increase.

—The late Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson was a strong man, socially as well as intellectually. He was possessed of a large income, lived in a fine house in Louisville, and was noted for hospitality. After his famous controversy with Dr. Breckinridge, and his unsuccessful efforts to unite the two leading wings of the Presbyterian Church, he gave up in despair, saying that "the Church can never be united until God sends me back to Ireland and takes Dr. Breckinridge to Himself," says the *Christian Union.*

A Type of the Tramp.

A dirty, shabby, worn-out old man came into our office a few days since and wanted to know if we could help him on his way to a distant city. His tone was gentle, the expression of his face seemed to indicate that he expected nothing but a rebuff, but nevertheless, he would ask. We asked him to give us a glimpse of his life, to tell us why he had been a failure, and why at last he was wandering about as a common tramp. It was the same old story, a boy with plenty of friends and plenty of money, a boy who disregarded the wishes of a father and the prayers of a mother, a young man who knew more than friends who had fought many of the battles of life, a young man who laughed at the counsels and advice of those he pleased to term old fogies. A youth who wanted to enjoy life and indulge in all the so-called pleasures of the world, a youth to whom women were as fascinating as they proved false; a man unfitted for reverses when they came, a man made weak by the follies of youth, a man deserted by men and without hope in God; a man despairing, hopeless, penniless, with no knowledge of business, no desire for work, no ambition to overcome the obstacles in his pathway and no hope for the future, his only aim, his whole object, being to keep from starving and to get enough money to buy the accursed drink, which was fast becoming the only thought, the only object of his miserable existence. For him life might have been a success, ambition might have been gratified, home, friends, wealth, happiness, all might have been retained had he not listened to false advisers and followed a course that the lower passions dictated.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun and Standard*

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagus, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of this journal in a recent conversation by the sea shore, "I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed I am all right. Of late I

carry a stock of ST. JACOBS OIL in my little boat—[The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it." The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOBS OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

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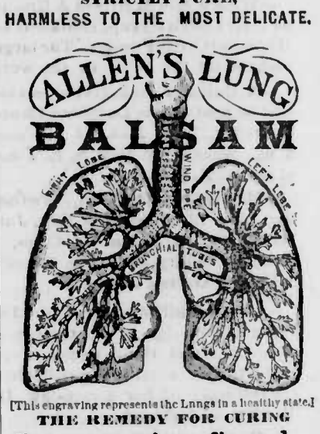

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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Curious Coincidences in the Late President Garfield's Life.

The Washington correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times* writes:

On the 26th of August, the day when the late President's physicians first gave him up as beyond recovery, General R. D. Mussey, a lawyer of this city, being asked whether he expected the President would recover, said he did not, but thought he would die on the 19th of September, the anniversary of the first day of the battle of Chickamauga. His prediction postponing death for so long a time attracted considerable attention and much more comment since, it being verified. The *Times'* correspondent called on General Mussey here to-day and obtained from him some particulars of the prediction. He said: "The President never told me that he thought he would die on the 19th, as has been printed in some papers. Marshal Henry, a particular friend of his, however, told me that the President told him that he thought he would die on the 19th of November of last year, his forty-ninth birthday. General Garfield was never in any way what might be called superstitious, though he was a great believer in dates, sequences and coincidences. The New England stock which peopled the West are like him in that respect. Garfield's mind was analytical, and he gave such matters more attention than most people do. I will give you an incident illustrating what I mean. On the 19th of June of the present year the Army of the Cumberland (of which General Garfield was a distinguished and honored and I an humble member) had a grand reunion. Not one of the party thought about the date until Judge Devens, of Massachusetts, in responding to the toast, "The Ladies," accidentally referred to it, adding that the selection of the date of the dinner was a happy one, in view of the fact that it was the anniversary as far as the date, but not the month, was concerned, of one of the largest battles of the Army of the Cumberland.

"A few minutes afterward, in speaking to the President, I asked if he had noticed the similarity of his nomination with that of Lincoln. He said he had. And I, without thinking of it, said Providence may have the same destiny for [illegible] pearean quotation on Marcus Ward's business calendar of the date he was nominated for President. He said he had received at least fifty of them from different persons, all of whom called his attention to the peculiarity of the quotation. It was from Julius Cæsar: 'O that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it comes.' In view of all the circumstances this was a remarkable incident, and it had considerable effect on the President. While he did not believe in special acts of Providence, he liked to talk of such things and reason out conclusions. The incident following his nomination was in the same line. I published it during the campaign after securing the President's permission, though I then stated it was on information furnished by General Swaim. It was furnished by Swaim first and by the President afterward. While on his way to the building in which the Convention was held, a man handed him on the street a circular or dodger of some kind. He says he first supposed it was a railroad advertisement. He was about throwing it away when he noticed that it had extracts from the Scriptures on it. Not having time to read it then, he crushed it up and put it into his pocket. On the close of that day he was nominated, and before he left the Convention he had received hundreds of telegrams extending congratulations. Going to his room, he emptied his pockets on a table, telling Swaim to save those that should be saved and destroy those that should be destroyed. General Swaim was doing this when he saw the crumpled paper. Opening it he read it, and was so struck with the quotations that he saved it until General Garfield returned, when he read it. Garfield told me it made the hair of his head almost stand on end. There were two quotations. The first was this: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.' The other was: 'Neither is there salvation in any other: For there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.' The connection of the two quotations lay in the fact that Garfield had never been spoken of as a candidate before the Convention, and that he was about the only man who could bring the factions of the party as existed then together and march through to victory. He combined the party as hardly another man could. The 19th was an important date in his life. It was the day of his birth, of his greatest triumphs, and finally it was the date of his death."

Getting Fat on One Meal a Day.

Dr. C. E. Page sends to the *Journal of Chemistry* an account of experiments made to show that one meal a day is enough for a man:

"S. N. S., twenty-eight years old, resolved to adopt the one meal system, and did so, leaving off meat and all condiments, as salt and pepper, and eating chiefly wheat meal bread and fruit, the bread made from unsifted meal and mixed with water only, nor salt nor bread raising devices—unleavened bread. Within seven months his weight increased from 145 pounds to 170 pounds, and his strength of both body and mind had increased in proportion. His labor had been severe; he is a machinist and an inventor, working ten hours every day, and doing a good deal of practical and profitable thinking at the same time. It is now a full year since he came to one meal, and the weight gained has been maintained, and his health is perfect. During the last winter, for the purpose of testing the sufficiency of one meal of pure food for the most trying labor, he worked in an iron foundry for three months, and notwithstanding the extreme and frequent changes of temperature incident to the work, on cold mornings with the mercury below zero and in in the afternoon 120 degrees above, and all hands sweating like rain, he had not a 'cold' for the winter, and was the only employe thus exempt. He had formerly been subject to frequent attacks of the above disease. His daily ration consists of six ounces to nine ounces (according to labor) of Graham flour, besides fruit sufficient to supply all the liquids necessary—half a dozen apples or their equivalent in other fruit. He is rarely thirsty, but sometimes, if too little fruit is taken at meal time, he takes a small draught of water in the course of the day. This meal is taken at night, after entire recovery from fatigue, usually at about seven o'clock.

During the month of May, 1881, just passed, he gained sixty hours, or six full days, working extra hours at his bench, sometimes working right through to midnight, and taking his 'breakfast' after a short rest, before retiring. No man in his employ had gained so much time. He has occasionally made a trial of bolted flour bread, but has invariably experienced a loss of weight and strength.

"My own experience goes far to prove the efficiency of the above regimen for either the brain or muscle worker. I am now taking but one meal a day, and find myself perfectly nourished, weight and strength maintained, on about fourteen ounces of unleavened wheat-meal bread, to the mastication of which I devote an hour or more. I find that six cold gems, weighing about fourteen ounces, without even butter or milk, chewed deliberately and thoroughly dissolved by the juices of the mouth, will sustain me much better than when eaten warm with butter or milk, or both together added, and eaten as fast as one naturally eats hot rolls and butter or bread and milk. Considering the manner in which people in general bolt their food, it is not strange that a large proportion of it fails of digestion. Starch foods cannot be transformed into pure blood entire, except so far as the change is begun in the mouth.

"Until a few months ago I took my food in the morning, but I find the evening a better time. During the day the brain and muscles can have everything their own way, without interfering or hindering digestion, and at evening, after a sufficient rest, there is perfect tranquility of body and mind and 'leisure to digest.' I had never been a 'good sleeper' until I adopted this system of diet. People who eat several meals a day do well to take the last one early, and the lighter they make it the better, but dyspeptics may rest assured that, of itself considered, the evening meal is not the cause of their wakefulness or troubled dreams. When I ate three meals of a mixed diet, I could not make the last one simple enough to give me complete rest at night, but now, when rested from my day's labor, I can eat my full vegetarian meal and sleep like a well-fed babe. I could give quite a number of examples like the foregoing, of one-mealers, did space permit, all tending to prove the superiority of vegetable over animal diet, and of the entire wheat over the most scientifically impoverished article."

Curing a Somnambulist.

In a small village across the bay resides a well-known clergyman and his family, which is composed of numerous sons and daughters, his wife and himself. One of the sons, who is just approaching manhood, has been in the habit since infancy of walking in his sleep. Every effort has been made to break him of his somnambulistic tendencies, but without avail. He would arise from his couch at all hours of the night, wander from one part of the building to another, wend his way to the porches and piazzas, and was sometimes found perched upon the roof of the house. A short time ago it was decided by the head of the house that the somnambulist should occupy the same couch with his elder brother, and the latter was instructed, in case the boy indulged in any of his former antics, to administer a severe punishment in the shape of a forcible application of the sole of a slipper upon his body. The elder son gratefully accepted the task and promised to carry out his instructions to the letter. In order to show that he was not neglectful of the duty imposed upon him it is only necessary to relate the following incident: One night a short time ago, when both of the brothers were wrapped in the deep slumbers of early morn their paterfamilias imagined that he heard sounds of disturbance in the chicken-yard at the rear of the house, and, fearing that his hen-roost might be despoiled, entered the room where the boys were sleeping, and, opening the window, peered out into the darkness to ascertain whether his apprehensions were correct. The elder son, who was sleeping on the outside of the bed, thought the figure at the window was that of his brother, and, forgetting, in his zeal, to ascertain if his bed-fellow was quietly reposing or not, leaped from his couch, seized the ever-ready slipper, and administered a severe castigation upon the party in undress at the window. Before the astonished father could turn he had received some four or five heavy and stinging blows, and was so surprised and astonished that for a few moments he could hardly speak a word. The son, when he realized the situation was almost paralyzed, and the scene was ridiculous in the extreme. When the circumstances were explained, however, the clergyman fully appreciated the joke, and narrates it with great gusto to his friends and acquaintances.—*San Francisco Alta Californian.*

Practical Results of Sanitary Science.

I would submit the enclosed letter, written to the Council of our Society of Arts, to show the money gain, as well as the gain in health and life, achieved here, as yet by incomplete, rudimentary sanitary measures. I hope to see early examples of their more complete application in the United States:

"The first British army went out to Crimea under the established curative or medical service, and it was lost. Sanitary commissioners, trained in service under the first General Board of Health, were then sent out to reform the condition of hospitals and camp, and within three months reduced the sickness and mortality from a plague rate down to an ordinary standard of health, and by the end of the summer of 1855 to a rate lower than that of the best hospitals at home; and the War Minister declared in Parliament that by the application of their science the second army had been saved. Formerly the death rate in the Indian Army was 69 per 1,000 per annum. The average mortality from 1869 to 1878 was only 20.41; there was, therefore, a gain of 48.59 per 1,000, or, on the present force out there, a gain of 2,350 men. The death rate of the army at home was formerly 18 per 1,000. In the year 1879 it was 7.55, being a gain of 10.55 per 1,000. As the strength of the army in that year was 80,700, the gain was 843 per annum. The total gain to the Army in India and the army at home, and the rest of the army, will be 3,433 men per annum. As each soldier is estimated at £100, this represents in money value £344,000, or more than a third of a million. It is not very easy to get at the real amount of the sickness; but the total gain, including the diminished death rate, is considered to be underrated at £500,000 per annum.

"The total number of men killed on the battle-field and on the deck, including those killed at Waterloo, Trafalgar and the most severe battles during the twenty-two years' war, was, according to the army returns, 19,796. The lives saved from premature destruction by the civil sanitary service, during each of the ten years of the decade, was 25,000. The wounded during the twenty-two years' war were 79,709; but, taking a serious sickness as equivalent to a wound, the achievement of the sanitary service has been, during the same period, some 3,000,000 of cases saved by the civil sanitary service. The deaths by steam explosions, in mines and on railways, amount to about 5,000 annually, but the lives saved by the civil sanitary service in England and Wales are five-fold greater than the lives thus destroyed by civil accidental violence. A reduction of the death rate by four and one-half per cent. is only an installment of sanitary progress. Thus in the instance of Croyden, visited by the delegates of the Congress, the death rate has been reduced from twenty-five to sixteen per one thousand, chiefly by the methods introduced by the first General Board of Health, by which spring supplies of pure water are carried into the houses and the fouled water carried at once out of the houses and out of the town, by one local board authority, while all putrescible matter, instead of remaining for months and years in conditions of putrefaction, is undecomposed, and flows upon the land within two hours. So in Salisbury, Leamington and a number of other places. At Croyden, it has been stated by Dr. Alfred Carpenter that, by complete sanitation the death rate might be reduced to ten in one thousand. In the metropolis the death rate among the wage classes in their common dwellings is upward of thirty per one thousand. In the model dwellings in London it is however about sixteen or seventeen, even with surrounding deteriorating conditions. On the demonstrations of various model instances it may be held that the reduction of the general death rate by four and one-half per cent., as reported, satisfactory as this is, cannot be considered more than one-third of the results obtainable by advanced sanitary administration and further sanitary works."—*Edwin Chadwick, in the Sanitary Engineer.*

Lowell Mill-Girls a Generation Ago.

The home life of the mill-girls as I knew it in my mother's family was nearly like this: Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight, during the cold weather; in summer, an interval of half an hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight o'clock. The time given for the noon meal was from a half to three-quarters of an hour. The only hours of leisure were from half-past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, where they gathered around the tables, and sewed, and read, and wrote, and studied. It seems a wonder, to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did, in their limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy-work besides. They subscribed for periodicals; took books from the libraries; went to singing schools, conference meetings, concerts, and lectures; watched at night by a sick girl's bedside, and did double work for her in the mill, if necessary; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed and decorous young women. Strangers who had been sitting beside them in a house of worship were often heard to ask, on coming out, "But where were the factory-girls?"

Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm, by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, as the population increased. Their contributions to social and foreign charities also were noticeably liberal. What they did for their own families—keeping a little sister at school, sending a brother to college, lifting the burden of a homestead debt from a parent's old age—was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment. Their independence was as marked as their generosity. While they were ready with sisterly help for one another whenever it was needed, nothing would have been more intolerable to most of them than the pauper spirit into which women who look to relatives or friends for support so easily subside. Perhaps they erred in the direction of a too resolute self-reliance. That trait, however, is a part of the common New England inheritance, and there was, indeed, nothing peculiar about the Lowell mill-girls, except that they were New England girls of the older and hardier stock.—*Lucy Larcom, in Atlantic Monthly.*

What Bees Accomplish.

By far the most serious difficulty in the process of honey collecting by bees arises from the extremely minute quantity of nectar which each flower yields, and from its being dilute—in some cases so poor in saccharine matter that its sweetness is not appreciable to the tongue. The strength of the sugary fluid varies in different flowers, and even in the same flower at different times. Consequently the most direct way of estimating the yield of honey is to ascertain the actual quantity of sugar in each flower. This can easily be done by chemical methods. If we take a large number of flowers, wash out their nectar and determine the sugar in the solution, we can calculate from the number of flowers used the average amount of sugar in each flower with the greatest precision.

Experiments conducted in this way showed each flower of the fuchsia to contain little more than the tenth part of a grain of sugar. In monkshood the amount was rather less than the tenth part of a grain, while in the everlasting pea it was found to be rather three-twentieths of a grain for each flower. In smaller flowers the quantity is proportionately less. Thus each flower of the little naturalized American waterblink only contained six-hundredths of a grain, and in those minute flowers which grow together in compact masses the amount was still smaller. A raceme, consisting of twenty flowers of the vetch, only yielded five-hundredths of a grain, or a little over one five-hundredth for each floret. One head of common red clover gave a little over one tenth of a grain (exactly .1224). Now each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which must therefore have a portion of sugar not exceeding the one five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must consequently be inserted into five hundred clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, so that for every pound of sugar procured in this way 3,500,000 flower tubes must be emptied. Honey, however, only contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar; so that every pound of honey is equivalent to more than two and a half millions of clover tubes sucked by bees.

This shows what an amazing amount of labor they must perform. Their industry would appear to be indispensable to their very existence. These amounts also reveal to what an extent the visitation of flowers must go on in the insect world, and help us to understand how it is that flowers are so dependant on insects for fertilization, so that we can well believe the forms of flowers to have been determined in reference to the insects frequenting them, and that the colors of the petals may serve to attract insects by way of advertisement, as colored bills attract the eyes of busy men. This view of the use of color and odor in flowers may seem to smack too much of trade and commerce, nevertheless it is the view to which science now gives undivided support. We have been so long accustomed to look on the beauty of the floral world as if it were exclusively for man's gratification, that it is difficult for us to believe that the delicately perfumed and showy petals of the rose and lily should be primarily intended for the benefit of the plant possessing them. But it must be remembered that each organism lives for itself, has its own laws, and does not possess any organ which is exclusively for the advantage of another.—*Good Words.*

Tobacco as a Match-Maker.

All the nervousness, embarrassment and febrile excitement attendant upon "popping the question" in highly civilized countries are avoided by young men of the Tchulian Tartar variety desirous to marry, whose simple and discreet custom it is to ascertain their chances of success or failure in matrimonial enterprise by the following proceeding: The Tchulian Celebs in search of a wife, having filled a brand-new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tip-toe to some convenient hiding-place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any member of her family. Presently he returns, without further affectation or secrecy, and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal. If it has been smoked, he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been irrevocably rejected, as not even worth a puff of tobacco. By this ingenious expedient the pain and humiliation of verbal refusal and fruitless pleadings are spared to luckless wooers, and Tartar maidens are saved from importunities justly regarded as peculiarly trying to female sensibility. The pipe, considered as a matrimonial ambassador, has at least this to recommend it—that it may be relied upon to commit no breach of confidence if its mission prove successful.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

—General Grant is to give a family reunion on next Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Sartoris and her children will sail from England in time to be present, and it is thought that seventeen members of the family will sit down to dinner.

—It is reported that a prominent Eastern firm of silk manufacturers are negotiating for valuable property in San Bernardino County, Cal., with a view of starting a colony of silk raisers.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Drowning her kittens hurts the old cat's felines.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—All that is needed to sell mining stock is a water-colored map, two pieces of ore purchased at a jeweler's, and a man with cheek and a fool with money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The man who has been speculating in Confederate bonds explains that he did so because he wanted to tackle something that was a little safer than the average mining stock.—*Boston Post.*

—It is estimated that $100,000,000 is annually expended in the United States for funerals. And yet a funeral is the last thing a man would think of spending money for. Singular things are so curious!—*Boston Transcript.*

—There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign on Pine street.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

—"Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well." Always remember this when you are sparking a girl, and don't sit looking at her with your thumb in your mouth when she feels faint and needs your strong arm to support her. Waist no time, but seize the opportunity—and the girl.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

—Chicago water has to be boiled before it is fit to drink. It is mighty inconvenient for a thirsty Chicagoan to have to wait in a saloon until the bartender boils him a glass of water, so he surmounts the difficulty by calling for a glass of whisky, which doesn't require any cooking. The Chicago intellect is equal to any emergency.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Show me a typographical error," said the visitor from Yellow Springs, who was looking through the *Hawk-Eye* newsroom. And the busy compositor only stopped long enough to point to the jour. printer who had walked all the way from St. Paul and was lying drunk under the imposing stone. The visitor looked at the spectacle in a dazed sort of a way, then cast an imploring glance upon the imperturbable countenance of the compositor who glued his truthful eyes to the blind copy on his case and went right on getting up fourteen thousand an hour. And the visitor silently tiptoed out of the room and said to a friend who had been afraid to come in, that he "believed that printer fellow was a coddin' of him."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Bridgeport, Conn., has a Congregational-Methodist Church.

—Philadelphia has more Presbyterians than any other city in the Union—23,346. Chicago has 6,241.

—Maine has 243 Congregational churches with a membership of 21,388. This is a loss of 126 members since last year.

—The first Presbyterian church in Canton, China, was organized nineteen years ago with six members. Now there are three organized churches with nearly 400 members.

—Said the Kaiser to the Czar: "Is it hot enough for you?" "Well, I should remark," replied the Czar of all the Russias. "I have a hard time of it. It is a bomb in nation."

—A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,402 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

—It is not only among the natives of the Sandwich Islands that the revival of religion is in progress, but also among the Chinese. The Rev. Sit Moon, who is pastor of the Chinese church in Honolulu, reports that about 250 of his countrymen are Christians, and that the number is continually on the increase.

—The late Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson was a strong man, socially as well as intellectually. He was possessed of a large income, lived in a fine house in Louisville, and was noted for hospitality. After his famous controversy with Dr. Breckinridge, and his unsuccessful efforts to unite the two leading wings of the Presbyterian Church, he gave up in despair, saying that "the Church can never be united until God sends me back to Ireland and takes Dr. Breckinridge to Himself," says the *Christian Union.*

A Type of the Tramp.

A dirty, shabby, worn-out old man came into our office a few days since and wanted to know if we could help him on his way to a distant city. His tone was gentle, the expression of his face seemed to indicate that he expected nothing but a rebuff, but nevertheless, he would ask. We asked him to give us a glimpse of his life, to tell us why he had been a failure, and why at last he was wandering about as a common tramp. It was the same old story, a boy with plenty of friends and plenty of money, a boy who disregarded the wishes of a father and the prayers of a mother, a young man who knew more than friends who had fought many of the battles of life, a young man who laughed at the counsels and advice of those he pleased to term old fogies. A youth who wanted to enjoy life and indulge in all the so-called pleasures of the world, a youth to whom women were as fascinating as they proved false; a man unfitted for reverses when they came, a man made weak by the follies of youth, a man deserted by men and without hope in God; a man despairing, hopeless, penniless, with no knowledge of business, no desire for work, no ambition to overcome the obstacles in his pathway and no hope for the future, his only aim, his whole object, being to keep from starving and to get enough money to buy the accursed drink, which was fast becoming the only thought, the only object of his miserable existence. For him life might have been a success, ambition might have been gratified, home, friends, wealth, happiness, all might have been retained had he not listened to false advisers and followed a course that the lower passions dictated. [illegible] *Sun and Stand-ard.*

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagus, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of this journal in a recent conversation by the sea shore, "I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed I am all right. Of late I

carry a stock of ST. JACOBS OIL in my little boat—[The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it." The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOBS OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

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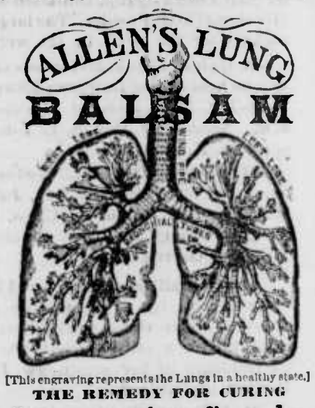

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Cooking does not render diseased or putrefying meat wholesome.

—The Chicago *Times* says mules are not liable to be afflicted with the disease known as pink-eye.

—Wintering in cellars seems to be better for bees than wintering out; the bees will consume less honey, have less loss and be healthier at the end.—*Food and Health.*

—An easy way to make hard water soft, is this: Fill the wash-boiler with hard water, then put a half teacupful of wood ashes into a little cloth bag; let this lie in the water until that is warm enough to use.

—Do not let your laundress or washerwoman put clothes into the bluing-water until they have been well-shaken; if tossed in while folded, as they come through the wringer they are almost certain to be streaked with bluing, and although after repeated washings these streaks will come out, everyone knows how aggravating it is to use napkins or handkerchiefs that show traces of careless washing.

—The usual way of making gingerbread is to mix a paste of flour with butter and add about two ounces of ground ginger to the pound of flour. A very good gingerbread is made out of oat-meal and molasses mixed to a stiff paste and sufficient ginger added to flavor it. A little butter may be first worked up with the oat-meal. The paste is rolled out and baked in a moderately hot oven.

—Rabbit, Farm-House Way.—Cut up a rabbit into quarters, divide the back into three pieces. Slice a large onion, which must be previously parboiled in order to remove the strong taste, and place a layer of onion and a layer of rabbit alternately in a large stone jar, with a few whole peppercorns and a blade of mace, half a pint of milk and water, or good stock, a little salt, a bunch of sweet herbs—some people add sliced boiled carrots. Tie the lid down and put the jar into a pot of water; let it boil very slowly, and then simmer for an hour, when it will be ready to serve.

—Cream Puffs.—Melt one-half cup of butter in one cup of hot water; while boiling beat in one cup of flour, then take from the fire and cool. When quite cold stir in three eggs one at a time without beating them; drop on tins and bake in a moderate oven. Do not let them touch one another. For filling the puffs make a custard of one and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour or corn starch; sugar to taste; boil same as custard—best in a vessel set in boiling water—and when cold flavor, and fill, by cutting with a sharp knife a piece from the top of the puffs and then replacing it after the puffs are filled.

—The wonderful and mysterious principle of life is the same in mankind and animals. It is touched and affected and destroyed by the very same influences in each class. But with our stock it is a question of dollars and cents. It ought to be made a question of humanity and morality. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." The converse being true, he who disregards it is unrighteous. Let us seriously think of this obligation which appertains to our higher position as holding "dominion over the beasts of the field" and make our rule humane and kindly. This is our duty and cannot be avoided without criminal responsibility.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—It is believed that the general freedom from disease among hogs for the past two seasons has been the result of not only greater liberty given hogs, but also is due to giving them a more extended grass diet. The wild hog is a grass-eating animal, a diet only varied by "shack" which it obtains in the fall months. Domesticated, the hog has nearly all of its habits modified, and from a life of largest liberty it has become a condition of close quarters, and the converting of so much corn into its equivalent of pork in the shortest time. Given the range of a clover lot during the summer, the hog in the fall is in fine condition to fatten rapidly. The grass diet has put the animal in condition to rapidly take on fat and pork unsurpassed in quality must result.

Winter Effects of the Drought.

It is often thought that we are learning from year to year; but the conductor of a newspaper, beyond most others, knows how slowly the world profits by the labors of discoverers. From time to time, however, we can refer to new matters in season, as the knowledge can be made available, and in this way the newspaper can be made teacher as well.

Among the knowledge gained in recent years is the truth that the effects of a drought on vegetation is not always immediately apparent. Trees, which seem to get through the summer struggle remarkably well, will often live several years afterwards and yet die. The reason of this, divested of all technical language, is, that though not killed, the vital condition is lowered, and thus a degree of cold, or any unfavorable circumstances, which under ordinary conditions the plant would easily resist, is too much for it, and the tree dies.

We have had this season one of the most trying times in the drought line ever experienced. Hence we may make use of this knowledge wherever we have particularly valuable trees that it is worth while taking a little trouble to preserve. What is called life or the vital principle in plants, is simply food changed into that character, and thus by giving food we strengthen life. Therefore, there is no better way to help a half-dried tree to get through the winter than by *giving it manure.* Spread thin around such trees as soon as may be after reading this. It may be seen that as there will be no more leaf-growth or growth of branches this season, there will be no use putting on manure now. But this is not what experience teaches. It is found that the roots are strengthened; the whole vital power increased by the top-dressings around weak trees in the fall as was recommended; and as a great old farm-writer once said, "a grain of practice is worth a whole ton of theory." Evergreen hedges especially will be found benefited by a top-dressing of manure —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Rye as a Soiling Crop.

The dry season has brought into prominent notice the subject of green fodder crops. For soiling or for pasturage, rye will be found the most valuable crop of the season. It is cheaper than wheat, is far better as a fodder, and is ready for use earlier. It is productive of milk if cut before it is hard and dry, and the surplus, if cut before the grain is formed, makes excellent hay. It will make a good crop of fodder upon poor soil and on this account is especially adapted for the beginning of a course of improvement of a poor farm.

But there are some points in regard to its culture and uses upon which erroneous ideas are current. In the first place, there needs to be a thicker seeding than is usual, when the crop is grown for grain, and the poorer the soil the thicker should be the seeding up to four or five bushels per acre. I have sown all the way from two-and-a-half to five bushels to the acre, and three-and-one-half or four, have given the best yield of the best fodder, which is all the better the finer it is. Thick seeding gives a thin, slender, tall, leafy growth which is the best for both fodder and hay. With three-and-one-half bushels of seed and 300 pounds of a "complete" concentrated fertilizer, I have grown a crop which cut 110 pounds of green fodder to the square rod, or more than eight and three-fourth tons to the acre early in May. This is quite equal to the maximum expectation of the yield of soiling crops, which is, that the produce of a square rod should support a cow for one day, and an Ayrshire or Jersey cow will not consume more than sixty pounds of green rye in one day, when she is provided with four or five quarts of meal with it.

The most disappointing mistake in regard to this crop is that it can be cut several times in the season. This is altogether out of the question. The habit of growth of rye is to throw out a bunch of radicle leaves, or imperfect stocks with spreading leaves, in the fall. If the season is warm and long-continued, the roots spread by throwing out new sets of similar leaves until the ground is completely covered as with a sod; if the seed has been sown early and the warm weather continues the stocks may throw up from the center of each an ear-bearing stem, the ear of which may or may not emerge from the sheath. In either case, to cut this or permit it to be grazed off, destroys the ear, and the plant must throw up new off-shoots from the roots or the crop of grain is destroyed, so that a very vigorous crop needs to be pastured down in the fall not so much to prevent smothering in the winter, as some think, but to check its luxuriance and succulence, which encourages the growth of seed stalks in the fall and which cause it to succumb to the frost, or to rot under the close covering of a deep, wet snow. In the spring the plants do not tiller so much as in the fall, unless when very forward and vigorous they are pastured down and checked somewhat; but they soon throw up the ear shoot. If the crop is cut, this must be done before the sheath has come into range of the scythe, otherwise the embryo ear is cut off and the crop is confined to those stalks which have so far been delayed in their growth by the vigor of the leading ones. At any rate, then the cutting must necessarily be done while the herbage is small and before the main shoots have grown to a length of three inches, else the second growth will be very light. The first cutting of rye, in fact, will be so light as to be hardly worth taking and, if it is worth it the second growth will be very light. I have grown rye for soiling, more or less for fifteen years, and have never yet found it to yield a double cutting worth the labor, if the first is good for anything, the second is next to worthless, and if the second one is to be good, the first must be taken so early as to be of little value. There is very little growth in rye before April, and as rye often shows ears in April it must be very clear that there cannot be much time to make a first cutting and yet get a second one. In fact, one may, under favorable circumstances, turn a few calves on to the rye in the fall or spring, but not cows, excepting under special and rare circumstances, and then merely to save the rye, rather than to feed the cows a full meal

When the heads appear the cutting of rye may begin and may last until it is in full blossom, when it should be cut and made into hay. At this time, which will be in June, the clover and early grass will be ready for cutting and the rye will be getting hard and woody. Rye has often disappointed those who have grown it for soiling, because it has been cut too late; for as soon as it gets tough and hard, it is a poor milk-producing food; but when it is young it is different. As soon as the blossoms appear it should be cut and not left a day longer.

When there is ample store of fodder, the rye cannot be put to a better use than to plow it under as a green manure for corn. This can be done with ease, when it is five or six feet tall, by means of a drag chain and the stalks completely covered, the surface should then be rolled, and harrowed only with a sloping-tooth harrow, so that the rye is not torn up. This course pursued for a few years, with rye and corn alternately, and the rye sown again on the corn stubble, will make a light soil as rich as a garden. If this is done or proposed to be done, there should be twice as much rye sown as will be cut, and then one-half can be plowed in, in alternate years. In cutting the rye it should not be forgotten to leave a sufficient quantity to the last, and put it in sheaves and dry it for making bands for binding the fodder corn in sheaves. This is the most convenient manner for putting up fodder corn, and rye straw is the best material for binding.—*Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Cornstarch Bread.—Set a sponge in the usual manner with flour, and let it rise; then add sufficient water to make the amount of dough required, adding a pinch of salt; make the dough the required stiffness by adding an equal quantity of flour and cornstarch. Proceed in all respects as for ordinary bread.

THE DAIRY.

—Prof. X. A. Willard, an authority on dairy matters, estimates the number of creameries and co-operative factories in the United States at five thousand. And they are only just beginning.

—With a population of but 25,000,000 England annually consumes 500,000,000 pounds of cheese, while the United States, with a population of 50,000,000 consumes only 275,000,000 pounds of cheese annually.

—The period of milking may be classed in three parts. For the first six or seven weeks after calving the largest quantity of milk is produced. After this the yield falls off pretty considerably, but then remains at about the same figure for two or three months, when a steady decline sets in until the cow is perfectly dry. By careful feeding the best part of the milking periods may be prolonged, and this ought to be the aim of all milk producers. If green fodder and other food which stimulates milk secretions can be used at the right time, a considerable extra quantity of milk may be produced. During the milking periods the proportion of the caseine increases, and that of butter decrease. Milk produced by cows soon after calving contains, therefore, more butter and less caseine than later, and the difference is great enough to make itself felt in the larger dairies, if the cows calve about the same part of the year.

—A common disease in cattle is known as apthous fever. It affects the feet and the mouth and sometimes the feet alone, when it is known as foot-rot or "hoof-ail." The coronet and the skin between the claws become blistered; the blister sbreak and run together and form ulcers, and the hoofs sometimes separate from the feet and fall off. It is caused by a disease of the blood, and should be treated by antiseptic medicines and dressings. Give first a dose or two of a pound each of Epsom salts; then follow with daily doses of hyposulphite of soda; dress the feet with carbolic soap and water, and then apply a solution of a dram of sulphite of zinc in a quart of water and wrap them in bandages. Remove these daily and wash with the carbolic soap or a solution of a dram of carbolic acid in a pint of water. Keep the cows in a clean yard or stable, where there is nothing to irritate the diseased feet.—*N. Y. Times.*

Don't Let the Cows Go Dry.

A long even season of milk is absolutely necessary to be a profitable one. There is nothing that the dairyman needs more exhortation upon than that of giving a full ration to his herd at all times during the milking season.

Every season brings variations in the supply of food, which should be anticipated and provided for in advance. But the present season is extreme in its drouth, and we have elsewhere presented suggestions as to the proper course to pursue. In this paragraph we wish to show how disastrously the want of food will operate upon the future profits of a herd. Neglect to supply the deficiency caused by the drouth will cause the cows prematurely to go dry, and they will also greatly run down in condition; and thus not only lose the dairyman the full use of his herd when butter and cheese, being reduced in quantity, will be high in price, but his herd, being shortened in their milking season, will be liable to go dry earlier in future years, and their condition being so low, will have a disastrous effect upon their next season's yield. These losses will more than doubly balance the cost of feeding them well now. The cow is a most prompt paymaster for all she exacts as food. Let us see the inducements she offers her owner to feed her well, in drouth or plenty. Her milk becomes rich in October, and much less milk will make a pound of butter or cheese than in June or July. A very moderate cow, respectably fed in October, will make three and a-half pounds of butter per week, which, at thirty cents (a low price this year) will give $1.05 per week, as to value of her butter, and the skim-milk will be worth twenty-five cents more, or $1.30 per week. Now, this will easily be produced by adding to what she must have to keep her alive —six pounds of corn and oat meal, or corn and middlings per day, which will seldom cost more than sixty cents, or less than half what she produces in money value. If the dairyman will feed her what she pays for every night, she will produce a good yield of milk, and keep herself in good condition, so as to be profitable another season.

There is less excuse for feeding a good milch cow stingily than any other farm animal. She does not ask any credit; she makes prompt daily payment; and her product is a cash article. If he has not the food at hand, prudence and good judgment, as well as humanity, requires him to furnish her full rations at all times, without regard to a favorable or an unfavorable season. We always counsel dairymen to make an earnest effort to produce all the food for their herds upon their own farms, but the first principle of profitable dairying requires that they give abundant food to keep up an even flow of milk, whether they produce or purchase the food.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, Professor C. H. Hitchcock gave reasons for believing that volcanoes, very similar to those now active in various parts of the earth, formerly existed in considerable numbers in New England. The remnants of them have been modified from their original mineral composition into granites, porphyries, diabases, diorites and protogenes. He described fully the physical aspects of Mt. Ascutney, in Windsor, Vt., as a typical example of the first class.

—Advices from Africa state that Stanley is engaged in preparing the country which he penetrates for commercial traffic.

—"I love my wife," gushed Fenderson. "Next to your wife's husband," added Fogg.

—A dead failure—a deceased bankrupt.

—A Brooklyn boy of fourteen, legally an infant, has been condemned to $1,000 for damages resulting from the accidental discharge of a gun. The friends of the boy are not responsible, but the judgment can be held over the youthful defendant, and he can be kept in jail until it is paid.

—A single vineyard near Dixon, Solano County, Cal., has just yielded 250,000 boxes of raisins, worth $500,000. Vine planting is increasing greatly throughout the State, 2,000 acres of new vines being about to be set in the neighborhood of Cloverdale alone.

THE Des Moines (Iowa) *Tri-Weekly Tribune* says: "A Harrisburg, Pa., journal mentions that Mr. D. Bensinger, No. 4 Market Square, that city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a violent attack of rheumatism.

A SCHOOL TEACHER asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew; but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

IT is useless to groan with rheumatism when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will cure it, as everybody knows.—*Columbus (Ohio) Daily Times.*

A NEVADA paper recently stated that a prominent citizen was "greatly troubled with insomnia." After the editor had got out of the hospital, he decided to never again use anything but plain language in writing of his fellow townsmen.

Snakes no Life Destroyers.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

IT rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Taken Out of Bed.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.
Respectfully,
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

MRS. BROWN says she knows she shouldn't enjoy the shades of death unless they had lambrequins also. She has become so used to them, you know.—*Boston Transcript.*

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NO MAN can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying pan without smutting his nose."

Why Asthma Can Be Cured.

The chief reason for believing that Asthma can be cured is found in the nature of the disease itself. It lacks many conditions that are present in diseases classed by all authorities as incurable. There is in Asthma no irreparable waste of tissue or of substance, as in pulmonary consumption, or in various other forms of atrophy. There is no irremediable enlargement of a vital organ, nor is there change of structure, as in ossification, or the transformation of muscle into bone. Post mortem examinations of asthmatic subjects usually reveal a normal condition of the lungs and lower respiratory passages. Where Asthma is uncomplicated with other diseases, the usual testimony of patients is that, except when suffering from paroxysms, the ordinary functions of life are performed with the same regularity and comfort as in reasonable health. Appetite, digestion and sleep follow in their appointed succession, and in harmony with the laws of human existence. It is only when the disease throttles its subject, and compels distressing and violent efforts for that air without which he must die, that he is made alarmingly conscious of the difference between himself and others. With cessation of the attack there is resumption of normal physical conditions.

Failure in the treatment of Asthma hitherto may be ascribed to the the fact that physicians misapprehended its true character. They did not reflect upon the absence of those manifestations usual in incurable diseases, but, finding it obdurate against common remedies and their methods of application, they assigned it a place among those maladies for which nothing better than palliation could be hoped. In this error their patients shared. They regarded themselves as beyond cure, accepted such treatment as afforded temporary relief, and resigned themselves to the conviction that their ills must be borne to the close of life.

The medical knowledge of to-day rejects a conclusion so devoid of hope. It regards Asthma as susceptible of thorough, complete eradication. Patient investigation has been rewarded by the discovery that difficulty of breathing, or a closing of the passages to the lungs, is not merely a local disturbance, but the visible sign of a disease that has its origin elsewhere. This knowledge gained, it became evident that inhalants, and all form of local medication, were wrong in principle and fruitless as to permanent results. The next step in investigation led to a comparison of the blood constituents of asthmatic persons with those of persons in health. Here microscopic science was called upon for aid, and revealed unerringly a vitiated condition of blood in all subjects of Asthma. Attention drawn in this direction, remedial agents were sought to effect a restoration of the proper blood elements. The search was tedious and discouraging, but never abandoned. The true cause of the disease having been found, it was argued that there must be in the treasury of nature its antidote. That faith has been justified. Asthma has been conquered and forever taken from the category of incurable afflictions.

The reasons for believing that Asthma can be cured, it will thus be seen, are deduced from the facts that the disease itself presents no evidences of incurability; that erroneous theories of its causes have been abandoned; that its origin has been clearly discovered; and last, that medical science has combined remedial agents whose effects are in harmony with the latest developments in medical discovery.

These reflections have been suggested through the success that has attended the treatment of Asthma by Cone's Asthma Conqueror. Its efficacy in cases of notable obstinacy and supposed incurability has elicited much interest and comment, both among subjects of the disease and men of acknowledged skill in medical science. The evidence adduced in behalf of the remedy is so voluminous and of so respectable a character as to force conviction of its merits and its power to accomplish all that is promised. Hence this matter has been deemed worthy more than usual comment.

A valuable treatise relative to Asthma and the diseases with which it is often complicated will be found interesting to the afflicted. It may be had, and advice by letter in cases of special difficulty, by addressing the Cone Asthma Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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A great offer from the YOUTHS' COMPANION next week. It is a splendid paper and has over 200,000 subscribers.

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Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, 15c.

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William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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AN EDITOR who had the misfortune to lose his wife had the following combination epitaph engraved upon her tombstone: To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone.* Terms, $3 a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited."

"IT seems to me that you have the longest miles here that I ever saw in my life," remarked a tourist in Ireland. "No," replied Pat, taking the pipe from his mouth, "the mile isn't long; but when they made the road, the stones gave out, so they put a mile-stone every two miles, sure."

IT was after a concert, and a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah, yes, of course, I did not mean ——. But why did you select such a cow to sing with?" "Ach Himmel, that is my present husband!"

A LAWYER once in a while, generally unintentionally, says what he means and means exactly what he says. This is so startling an assertion that we hasten to produce the proof. A certain attorney, who was trying to browbeat a Judge and to obstruct the course of justice, was met by this awful question from the bench: "Mr. Blank, do you know what the court is sitting for?" The lawyer looked into space for a moment, and then replied: "Your Honor, I may be mistaken, but my impression is it is about $6,000 a year."

A RECENTLY-ELECTED Deputy, who has not had much cause to be grateful to the press from the biographic point of view, exclaims: "Yes, the press! It is responsible for a great deal of evil, especially certain penny papers which are spread abroad among the masses and fall into the hands of thousands of people who do not know how to read or write."—*From the French.*

WHEN a bank "goes up" it generally fails to "come down."

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of he Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 14th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.51 P. M.
No. 3		11.41 P. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2:16 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.21 A. M.
No. 6		9.42 A. M.
No. 8		8.42 A. M.
No. 10		5.51 P. M.
Way		10.31 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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Master of Transport.
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at short notice

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SAMUEL LAWTON.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

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1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40 would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

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Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the less will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

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CORNISH ORGAN. Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

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PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

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It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

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It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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POR SALE BY E. E. CHISHOLM, Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881. NUMBER 40.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—suburbs of Oakland.

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Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from recent letters show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER, For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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—OR THE—

STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN, Oakland Md.

THE WIFE'S LESSON.

Myra was pouting.

The unmistakable expression of ill temper disfigured her pretty face, and Ernest sighed as he remembered how often it had been there during their brief married experience.

Upon the breakfast table were standing the dishes of a substantial meal, in the disorder that followed their use.

Breakfast was over, but Ernest still kept his seat, toying absently with a teaspoon, while Myra looked at him with the cross look of untrained child.

"Then you won't give me the dress?" she said.

"I cannot, Myra. I really could not do it without running into debt."

"That is just an excuse. Pipa always gave me the money for my clothes, even if he was cross about some other things."

"Your father was a rich man, Myra, when he was married."

"I wish he was rich now. I would ask him for the money. I never thought you would be stingy, Ernest."

This last thrust was too much for the long-enduring temper.

Ernest Mather's voice was very stern as he answered:

"I am not stingy, Myra. You knew that I was a poor man when you married me, and that I could not give you the luxuries of your home; but I have granted you every indulgence in my power without getting into debt. That I will not do, for your sake as well as mine."

He left her then, lingering in the hall, as he put on his overcoat, hoping she would come for a kiss and word of reconciliation.

But she sat tapping her foot upon the floor until the hall door closed and then ran up to her room crying.

She was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a man who had been very wealthy, but who had hazarded his money in an unfortunate speculation and lost it.

A position abroad was offered him, which he accepted.

His house and furniture, which he had given his daughter for a wedding gift, were settled upon herself, and not effected by his change of fortune.

He knew Ernest Mather to be an honorable man, who had a good business capacity and a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employers, and had no anxiety about Myra's future.

So the little wife, as she made her pretty blue eyes all red with tears of temper, had no sensible mother to tell her how wrongly she was acting, no sister to sympathize with her, no one to scold or humor her.

Under these circumstances the tears were soon dried, and Mrs. Mather went out for a walk.

"It's no harm to look at the dress again, even if I can't buy it," she said, as she tied on a coquettish little bonnet and otherwise beautified herself for her expedition.

The day was bright, a soft warm morning in early spring, and the shops were filled with tempting finery.

In Myra's portmonaie there was money enough to purchase a number of nice little parcels, even though the price of the expensive dress was denied her.

So the morning slipped away, and luncheon time found her chatting with Julia Manwell, and quite willing to accompany that friend on a second tour in the afternoon.

It was after five o'clock when the little matron, tired to death, as she said, reached her pretty home.

Her first shock was catching a glimpse of Ernest's maiden aunt, Miss Cordelia Lowry, her especial aversion and dread, seated upon the drawing room sofa.

"Old horror!" she muttered. "I wish she was at home. I wanted to make it up with Ernest. I don't like the dress half as much as I did yesterday."

The second shock was upon opening the door of her bedroom.

Open boxes, closets, drawers, an air of general confusion everywhere, and the small trunk Ernest always took on his short business trips missing altogether.

Clearly her husband had packed up and gone, leaving Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to keep Myra Company.

But where was he?

Upon the dressing table was a note directed to herself and Mrs. Mather tore it open.

No loving address to herself; merely this:

"I have waited for your return as long as possible, and write this to explain my absence. I told you six months ago of Mr. Agnew's offer to [illegible] if I would accept the position of traveler to the house—double my present salary and a liberal commission. I declined then, because you and the money would never compensate you for the present separation. Now the offer is renewed. After our conversation this morning, I think your old objection will hardly have any weight; so I have accepted, and leave in an hour. I will write to you every month, inclosing remittance. I leave the accompanying check note for the dress you desire. I have sent for Aunt Cordelia, as you wish, to stay with you.

ERNEST MATHER.

Not a loving word, not a regret for the long separation.

Myra realized then how considerate and loving her husband had been under the wearing vexations of her petty and capricious.

Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she bitterly reproached herself.

"I have made him believe I don't care for anything but money," she thought. "He leaves me this to console me for his absence. Oh, Ernest, come home again, and I'll wear calico and a sun bonnet to church before I'll tease you for finery again!"

It was not an easy task to go to dinner and meet Aunt Cordelia, but it must be done.

It was no new thing for that worthy spinster to see Myra in tears when Ernest was away on business; so she only expressed a desire to see "any man alive she'd cry for," and said no more about the little wife's red eyes.

The days pass very wearily.

Aunt Cordelia preached only sermons to Myra about extravagance and weakness, till the poor little woman wished she was as homely and ill-clad as the tormentor herself.

"You never see me with such a dress in the house as that," the spinster would say, with a complacent glance at her dyed skirts.

"I buy my clothes to wear," Myra retorted. "If I had as much money as you, Aunt Cordelia, I'd be ashamed to go about the house in such dresses."

And the spinster would shake her head and groan, audibly pitying "poor dear Ernest."

"You never see me," was her opening address.

And Myra grew to hate the words, in the long months of her enforced companionship.

For Ernest did not return.

Spring, summer, autumn passed away, and December was opening, yet still he did not come.

Every month a formal letter reached Myra, including a check for her expenses of such liberal value as proved Ernest was making money; but each one informed her that her husband was just leaving the place from which he wrote, and made no mention of his destination.

Heart-sick, penitent, and oh! so lonely, the little wife spent only what was necessary for the house and fairly loathed the sight of the money that was accumulating in her hands.

Letter after letter she wrote and destroyed, not knowing where to direct them.

She was growing so pale and worn, so quiet and subdued, that Aunt Cordelia's most hateful speeches went often unanswered.

She was sitting in the drawing room one cold December morning, when Mr. Agnew, Ernest's employer, came in.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Mather," he said, "but I wish to inquire if you have heard from Ernest this week."

"Not since the first," she replied.

He wrote us on the fifth that he would remain in Cumberland until the first of the year and was to send some papers on the seventh. These have not come, and we are embarrassed for want of them. I telegraphed yesterday, but have no reply. However, if you have not heard he is ill, he is probably better.

"Ill!" she faltered.

"Well, I judged from his last that he had not fully recovered from the fever he had, although he resumed business. If you hear to-day, will you be kind enough to send us word?"

"Certainly," Myra managed to gasp in a choked voice, and Mr. Agnew left.

"Ill! A fever! Sick at a hotel, and she not near! Ernest, her Ernest!"

All the love in the little woman's heart rose in protest. She astonished Aunt Cordelia by dashing into the lady's room, crying:

"Take care of the house! I am going to Cumberland!" and dashed out again as abruptly.

The trunk was packed. Myra never knew what went into it.

She hugged her hoard of money. Carefully she put it into the bosom of her dress.

She cried and laughed, and acted generally like a lunatic.

The afternoon found her seated in an express train, rushing to Ernest as fast as steam could carry her.

In a wide, pleasant room, Ernest Mather lay upon his bed dangerously ill.

He had been for months trying to quiet his sick, restless heart by overworking his body, keeping such business hours, such stress and labor in his work, that the firm at home never ceased to congratulate themselves upon their choice of a traveler.

He made money fast, supplying Myra with a generous hand, and yet saving considerable.

For what?

Bitterly he thought that when he was a very rich man he would go home again and try to make Myra contented.

He tried to fancy he had ceased to love her; but the unceasing craving of his heart for the sight of her face and the sound of her voice contradicted this.

Work, work, work!

That was the medicine for his mental pain, till the overworked brain gave way, the overtasked body succumbed, and he lay ill with fever for two weeks.

Up again before his strength was half restored, and now the relapse had prostrated him, and he lay suffering and apparently dying, too ill to send for Myra, too ill to give directions, too ill to do any more than lie helpless at the mercy of strangers.

The long night was passing, and a cold gray dawn announced another wintry day, when a vehicle drove up to the door of the hotel, and in a dim, confused way Ernest heard the bustle of the newly arrived travelers.

He was vaguely wondering if any friend would come to him, when the door of his room opened very softly, and he heard the waiter say:

"Mr. Mather is here."

A soft rustle followed, and then two cool hands fell upon his hot forehead, tears and kisses followed, and Myra was sobbing:

"Oh, Ernest, darling! thank God I have found you! Oh, dear, forgive me!

He was too sick to talk much, but he made his wife fully understand his business, and then sank off to sleep in the sweet consciousness that love had come to him, a nurse and comforter.

It was a long tedious illness, but in the years that followed it, Ernest and Myra looked back upon it as the beginning of their happiness.

Doubts and repinings were swept away in the danger of a separation in the grave, and all Myra's penitence went into such entire, self-sacrificing devotion, as snatched her husband from the very jaws of death to her own again.

Long-Lingering Love.

Twenty years ago Franklin Brollar was a young man living in the town of Hancock, Washington county Md. In the same town, and at the same time lived a maiden, young and fair, named Mary Roller. Franklin and Mary became acquainted; their acquaintance ripened into love, and a pledge of devotion followed which should endure as long as life might last. But before Franklin was prepared to make Mary his wife, the civil war came on. Franklin loved Mary, but he loved his country too, and the time had come when he felt he must share his devotion between them. When the call was made for soldiers he enlisted, and, bidding his sweetheart an affectionate good-bye, with a promise that he would return and make her his bride, he marched away to the music of the fife and drum to join the Army of the Potomac.

After the second battle of Bull Run report reached his home that Franklin Brollar had been struck by a bullet and killed. It is not necessary here to describe the grief of his friends or the sorrow of his sweetheart when the news came to them. Most people can in a measure, at least, appreciate their feelings. Reports from the army were not always truthful, but if Mary Roller found any ground for hope in this, such hope faded as month after month passed by and no word was received from Franklin Brollar to contradict the sad message. Doubt of his death no longer remained. And now for the first time it dawned upon her mind that Franklin Brollar was not the only man who ever lived. There were others, too, besides Franklin Brollar who thought that Mary Roller was a creature to be loved. Among these was a Mr. Reeder. He wooed and won, and Mary became his wife.

The ball that struck Franklin Brollar at the second battle of Bull Run inflicted a severe wound, but did not bring with it death. On the contrary, after many days of suffering, he recovered, and at the close of his term of service he returned home, expecting to make Mary his bride. But instead of realizing his happy anticipations, it was only for him to learn that she was the wife of another. His bright hopes were turned to dire disappointment, and without exchanging a word with her whom he had expected to greet so fondly, he again bade good-by to his home, and journeyed westward, hoping to find a grave for his memories behind the hills which hide the dimmed glory of the declining sun. In his wandering Franklin Brollar reached Carroll county, and secured for himself a farm near Bogart's Mound. There he lived these many days, with no companion but a crushed heart. With Mary it was different. She became the mother of three bright children, and lived happily with her husband in the East until a year ago last August, when he was killed on the rail, and she became a widow.

Franklin Brollar knew nothing of this. But he had a sister at his old home to whom not long since he wrote a letter. This sister informed the widow of the whereabouts of her (the widow's) old lover; also telling her that he was still unmarried. With this information Mrs. Reeder felt a return of the flame which warmed her heart in days of old, and she posted a friendly message to him. The love of Franklin Brollar was as ardent as ever, and he replied by sending a draft for $100, and telling her to come at once and be his wife. Last Saturday evening she was expected to arrive in Carrollton. Franklin Brollar came to town that day and procured a marriage license, granting himself and Mrs. Mary Reeder the privilege of becoming man and wife. In the evening he went to the train to meet her, but was disappointed. She did not come. Next morning he went to the depot again. The train had passed before he reached there, and he hoped to find the lady he loved at the station waiting for him. But in this he was again disappointed. His intended bride was not there to meet him. Sunday evening and Monday morning his experience was the same. Hope deferred, we are told, maketh the heart sick, and Franklin Brollar became as near a heart-sick man as could well be imagined. The train on which Mrs. Reeder reached St. Louis Saturday morning failed to connect with the Wabash train, and that is why she failed to arrive in Carrollton Saturday evening, the appointed time. She took the next train, however, and with her three children arrived at this station at an early hour Sunday morning, and, finding no one at the depot to meet her, and being a total stranger, she went to the Planters House in South Carrollton. This was the morning that Brollar was late in reaching the depot. The train he failed to meet was the one on which she came, and she had gone to the hotel before he appeared at the station. The course of true love is said never to run smooth, and it would seem as if Brollar's path to happiness was beset with disappointments. Almost heartbroken, he wandered about, waiting for his sweetheart to come, while for two days she anxiously awaited the coming of her prospective husband at the hotel in South Carrollton.

On Monday the proprietor of the Planters House came to town and told Postmaster Gittings that at his house was a woman with three children who wanted to go out to Bogart's Mound, and requested the postmaster if he saw any person from the neighborhood of the Mound to have them call at the Planters House. The postmaster had heard of Brollar's trouble, and the matter presented itself quite plainly to him. Word was sent to Mr. Richard Miller, of the Gittings House. Mr. Miller secured a conveyance and started for South Carrollton to bring the lady and children up, while other parties were assigned the task of looking after Brollar. He was found and escorted to the Gittings House. About 7 o'clock in the evening Mr. Miller returned with Mrs. Reeder and her children. Shortly after, the lovers of twenty years ago, and who had not met since then, looked in each other's face and were clasped in each other's arms. Half an hour later they were married by Elder Meloan, and the promise long made was at last fulfilled.

Franklin Brollar is now a happier man than he was, and he is proud of the devotion which at length secured for him as a wife the woman of his early choice.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THANKSGIVING.

Open the doors and windows,
Let in the air and sun,
Spring and summer are over,
And Autumn's work is done.
Home from hamlet and city,
Home o'er river and sea,
The boys and girls are coming,
To keep Thanksgiving with me.

Yes, I am old and feeble,
And, yes, they are young and strong,
But I am their own dear mother,
Who crooned their cradle song.
The barns are brimming with plenty,
The fields they are fair to see,
And my boys and girls are coming
To keep Thanksgiving with me.

Hugh is a Judge, they tell me,
And John is a learned Divine;
They were always more than common,
Those sturdy lads of mine.
Laura, my pride, my darling,
And my little Rosalie,
And the children all, are coming
To keep Thanksgiving with me.

The great world's din is softened
Ere it reaches this abode,
This mountain farm that lieth
Under the smile of God.
But they say hard times are over,
And that better times will be.
I'll know, when the dear ones gather
To keep Thanksgiving with me.

I have had my share of sorrow,
And loneliness and pain,
But more of bliss than sadness,
Of sunlight than of rain;
And I think my loved gone higher
Will stand by the Jasper Sea,
And the sweeter sing, when the children
Keep Thanksgiving with me.

So open the doors and windows,
And let in the golden air,
Sweep out the dust and cobwebs,
And make the old home fair,
For, swift from hamlet and city,
Swift over river and sea,
My boys and girls are hasting
To keep Thanksgiving with me.

—*Agnes Kincaid.*

THE MINISTER'S PIE.

A Thanksgiving Story.

"Look here, Sally!"

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen-table, with its generous array of unbaked pies and cakes, the plump turkey stuffed and trussed ready for the morrow's baking, and the big chicken-pie to which her skillful fingers had just put the finishing touches, as she repeated rather more decidedly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left, with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Twon't need ter be very large," she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife—an' you can bake it in that smallest yaller dish.

"Now, I'm goin' up stairs to look over them rug-rags, an' you make it an' bake it right off, so't I can send it over by the deacon. He's got ter go out to the Corner this afternoon an' can take it along as well as not."

She bustled out of the door, but the next moment, seized perhaps with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again, to say warningly: of

"Be sure you put in a good parcel if gravy; that'll keep it from bein' dry, 'tis half giblets."

"Yes'm," answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a lump of dough on the mould-board.

As the stairway-door closed behind her mistress, Sally dropped the rolling-pin, and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Giblets! What, in all creation, if anybody can tell me, does she mean by them?"

Involuntarily she took a step forward, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

"I guess I ain't a-goin' ter confess my ignorance ter the deacon's wife, an' hear her say, as she always does, '*Two terms* to the 'eademy, Sally, an' not know *that!*' No, *ma'am!* not while there's a dictionary in the house!"

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, Sally hastily opened the big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

"G-i-b—here 'tis!" and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

"Those parts of a fowl that are removed before cooking—the heart, gizzard, liver, etc."

"That's it!—'heart, liver, gizzard, and so forth,'" she repeated joyfully, and she retraced her steps to the kitchen and began, with great alacrity, to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up, meanwhile, a running fire of comment for her own especial benefit.

"*Six* gizzards! Well, that *is* rather 'steep,' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows; if she don't, tain't none o' *my* business. *Six* hearts! *Them's* small, and tuck into the corners handy. *Six* livers! Seems to me *they* don't fill up much," and she glanced, with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her only resource.

"Now, I wonder," with a sudden inspiration, "what that 'and so forth' meant? Here's 'hearts, gizzards and livers,' plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth,' and the pie ain't more'n two-thirds full yet. It must mean," and she cast a bewildered look at the half-filled pie, "the chickens' legs. I never knew nobody ter put 'em in pie, but that must be what it means, an' they'll just fill up."

No sooner thought than done. In went the three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strutted so proudly only a day before; on went the well rolled dough, covering them from sight, and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered her kitchen, and with an approving glance at the snowy pastry, remarked encouragingly:

"That pie looks real nent, Sally. I shouldn't wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook."

It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Patience was, as she often boasted, "one of the kind that never stood on cere-mony." Indeed, she didn't consider it necessary even to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough, in opening it, to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly warmed chicken-pie, which she nearly dropped from her hands, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her ear:

"Good-mornin' Mis' Graham. Haint been to breakfast yet, I see—we had ourn half an hour ago. I know my mother used ter say that if anybody lost an hour in the mornin', they might chase after it all day an' not ketch up with it then.

"That's a good-lookin' pie—pretty rich pastry, though, for a chicken-pie! I don't never put much shortenin' in anything of that kind; it's rich enough *inside* ter make up. But you're young, an' have got a good many things to learn yet. I run in ter see if you could spare me a cup o' yeast; mine soured, an' the last batch o' bread I made I had 'ter throw to the hogs."

"Certainly," and a roguish smile flitted over the fair face of the minister's wife, at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbor's own economy. But she had learned the rare lesson of a judicious silence, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the desired article.

As her steps died away, Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her seat, and approaching the dresser upon which the pie stood, peered curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity.

"I'll bet a ninepence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish't I *could* get *one* look, jest ter satisfy my own mind," she added. And determined to accomplish her object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair, she actually groaned aloud:

"Well, I never! an' we payin' that man five hundred dollars a year, besides a donation party at Christmas. Ough!"

Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion had haunted it; but when the minister, in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent, made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair indulged in a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing-circle, and seldom had that interesting gathering proved so lively and animated as on this occasion.

Miss Patience was in the field bright and early, and it was evident at a glance to those who knew her best that she was well nigh bursting with some important secret that she was only waiting a fitting opportunity to divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Deacon Farrell, who was a constitutional croaker, took occasion to say, in reference to the hard times:

"The deacon has been tryin' ter collect the church tax, and he says he never found money so tight in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard ter get five dollars now as it used ter be ten."

"And no wonder," spoke up Miss Patience, with the stony severity of a sphinx. "You can't expect folks ter feel like payin' out their money when they see it fairly thrown away an' wasted."

Everybody looked curious, and some of the younger girls began to bridle defiantly. The minister's sweet young wife was evidently a favorite with them, at least.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Deacon, pointedly. "Mis' Graham is young and inexperienced, to be sure; but, as the deacon was sayin' only yesterday, she does very well indeed, considerin'."

Miss Patience tossed her head knowingly. "I don't want ter say nothin' to hurt her, but, livin' next door as I do, I can't always help seein' an' hearin' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see an' know thinks like ——"

There was an ominous pause, and the deacon's wife asked, excitedly:

"Like what?"

"Chicken pies, with the legs an' feet of the chicken baked in?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen among them it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New England housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of their pastor's young wife.

"Are you *sure* of it?" gasped one matron, breaking the ominous silence.

"I know it for a fact," was solemnly returned.

"Chickens' legs in a pie!"

"She's a born fool!" ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantly, "and I'm thankful, for her poor husband's sake, that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. They had to throw hers away, of course, and it's lucky that he didn't have ter go without his Thanksgivin' breakfast on account of her ignorance an' shiftlessness."

"How did you know about the pie?" asked one of the girls.

Miss Patience bristled defiantly. "That's nobody's business but my own!" she retorted tartly. "I don't go round ter find out things that don't concern me, I'd have you know; but when they're thrown right into my face, as you might say, I don't shet my eyes no more'n other folks."

Just here the door opened and in walked the subject of their conversation, her pretty face glowing with the haste she had made, and a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding the confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially; and then, holding upon the tip of one slender finger a well worn silver thimble, she said, archly:

"Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?"

So pleased was Miss Patience to regain her lost treasure that she forgot for the moment all her assumed dignity, and exclaimed, joyfully:

"Well, I declare, I *am* glad ter see that thimble once more! I told Mary Jane that I felt *sure* I had it on my finger when I run into your house Thanksgivin' mornin' arter that yeast. But when I got home, it wa'n't nowheres to be found. Now where *did* you find it?"

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room, and everybody looked up curiously as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile:

"In the chicken-pie that our good friend here"—and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Farrell—"sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back, I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it, *there* was your thimble in it. How could it have got there? It is certainly very mysterious anyway."

Silence, dead, profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife, and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group.

This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with [illegible] dies nearest her, that soon restored company to their wonted ease and humor.

But poor Miss Patience! She heard the last of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hand but her own to make Thanksgiving pie for her minister.—*Mrs. H. K. Rowe, Youth's Companion.*

An Old Fashioned English Inn.

"Go to the Feathers," was the advice given me before alighting from the Great Western carriage at Ludlow. Being minded to see an old-fashioned English inn I went to "the Feathers," and saw one. The building was opened as a public house I know not how many hundred years ago, and has been but little changed in its interior arrangements since the days of Cromwell.

The front, of framed timber filled in with brick, presents a high, steep gable to the street, and has queer balconies projecting at each story. The taproom has benches fastened against the four walls—benches of massive oak. The seats are marked off by partitions, which also serve as arm-rests. The seat of honor is the easiest corner of the room and is even yet appropriated to the chief dignitary of the company. During my visit it was occupied by a well-to-do personage of the village, who teased the bar-maid with matrimonial inquiries; assumed a dictatorial tone in regard to the choice of some local officials; talked about the restoration of the old church and sipping his whisky and water, told many stories to the satisfaction of an audience of villagers and neighboring farmers.

The pictures of fox-hunting scenes and portraits of distinguished statesmen and warriors from the time of Chatham grew dim in the fog of smoke which the company raised, being, it seemed, more partial to tobacco than to drink, and met rather for amusement than dissipation.

The dining-room, up-stairs, has a ceiling which is the wonder of visitors, displaying the royal arms of Great Britain, with profusely decorated borders in which the rose, shamrock and thistle bear a leading part. The mantelpiece of carved oak has figures and armorial bearings, and the "feathers" of the Prince of Wales, from which insignia the inn takes its name.

A family party was inspecting it, the wife remarking that it was just twenty-five years since she and her husband were there before, apparently then being on their bridal tour. Their two daughters, inspired by curiosity at the quaintness of the place, explored strange closets and tried doors that led into unexpected rooms. The son, quite stylish in silk hat and gaiters, could not satisfy himself as to whether that ceiling was of molded plaster or of wood whitewashed. To determine the question, he took advantage of the landlady's absence to mount the table and try the wall with his pocket-knife, but was so hurried in his examination lest the landlady should catch him at it, that he descended precipitately from the table and the matter was left in uncertainty.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A Canal-Boat Propelled by Air.

A novelty in canal-boats lies in Charles River, near the foot of Chestnut street. It is called a pneumatic canal-boat, and was built at Wicasset, Me., as devised by the owner, R. H. Tucker, of Boston, who claims to hold patents for his design in England and the United States. The specimen shown is designed to be used on canals without injuring the banks. It is a simple structure, measuring sixty-two feet long, twenty feet wide, three feet in depth, and draws seventeen inches of water. It is driven entirely by air. Root's blower No. 4 being used, the latter operated by an eight horse-power engine. The air is forced down a central shaft to the bottom, where it is deflected, and, being confined between keels, passes backward and upward, escaping at the stern through an orifice nineteen feet wide, so as to form a sort of air wedge between the boat and the surface of the water. The force with which the air strikes the water is what propels it. The boat has a speed of four miles an hour, but requires a thirty-five horse-power engine to develop its full capabilities. The patentee claims a great advantage in doing away with the heavy machinery of screws and side-wheels, and believes that the contrivance gives full results in proportion to the power employed. It is also contrived for backing and steering by air propulsion.—*Boston Transcript.*

—There is at present, in round numbers, 25,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum stored in iron tanks in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Persons who were fearful that there would not be sufficient kerosene to waft the increasing army of foreign domestics from the kitchen fire to the thither world will be relieved of much anxiety when they hear of this.

—The man who had a fist thrust at his nose said that he was shaken to the scenter.

Strange Stories of the Supernatural in Modern Life.

The hereditary death-summons of the Ogilvies, the beating of the ghostly drum, was heard sounding through the corridors of Airlie Castle, in Forfarshire, just before the death the other day of the ninth Earl of Airlie, 4,000 miles away in Colorado. No less grave and intelligent a person than the late Dr. Norman McLeod lends the weight of his testimony to the occurrence of this manifestation some thirty years ago, just before the death of the late Earl's father and predecessor in the title. Scotland, the land of fell and flood, is full of such superstitions as this of the drumming bogie of the Ogilvies. The approaching death of a Bruce is announced by the specter of a woman in white, which appears to the doomed scion of that ancient and once royal house. The late Earl of Elgin, a man of an eminently sound and robust character, undoubtedly believed himself to have been warned in this way, and was profoundly affected by the vision. The same thing is stated of his brother, Gen. Robert Bruce, who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to this [illegible] Nor are such omens [illegible] Scotland. The white woman [illegible] ns went shrieking [illegible] at Berlin on the [illegible] the practical and [illegible] k the Great, and [illegible] n past the spirit of [illegible] seen and heard [illegible] aning herself be- [illegible] person of distinc- [illegible] belonging to that family." A like apparition haunts the castle of one of the O'Neills of Ireland—in the shape of a fair, pale woman, clad in the ancient Irish dress, and with ruddy golden, dishevelled hair, the injured ghost of the daughter of the people of whom the chief that married her ridded himself by drowning her in the castle moat. The Benedictine nun of the Middletons, the twin owls which perch at midnight on the battlement of Wardour Castle, foretelling the death of Arundel of Wardour, the white-breasted bird which flutters about the death-beds of the Oxenhams of Devonshire; the mystic sturgeon which forces itself up the current of the Trent to call one of the Cliftons of Clifton into the unknown world, and the visionary monk of an unreal oak which floats at dawn in the lake of Brereton Hall when a Brereton is about to die—these are all familiar to the lovers of the "night side of nature," That such superstitions can grow in other soil than that of ancient institutions and the hereditary pride of race we all know. The tale of the double reflection seen by Abraham Lincoln in his mirror, and of the ghostly warning which he took from that phenomenon, is familiar. But one of the strangest and most inexplicable stories of the supernatural in modern life is that of the mystery of Glamis. Glamis Castle, which stands, like Airlie Castle, in Forfarshire, is one of the stateliest and, at the same time, one of the weirdest and most imposing homes of the Scottish nobility. It is of such vast extent that when the first Pretender, "James III.," went there, in 1715, to join the fifth Earl of Strathmore, who marched then to die under the standard of the Stuarts at Sheriffmuir, eighty bed-rooms were prepared for the Prince and his retinue. The castle has been modernized, in part to make it a superb residence, but it retains most of its early feudal features and is full of strange passage-ways, hidden chambers, stairs that lead one knows not whither, and antique tapestries alive with grim fantastic shapes. For 500 years it has been the home of the old Scottish race of the Lyons, created Barons of Glamis in 1445, Earls of Kingborne in 1606 and Earls of Strathmore in 1677. What the mystery of Glamis is no one knows, or ever has known, save the master of Glamis for the time being and his eldest son and heir, to whom he is bound to communicate it when that son and heir attains his majority. The present Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne is now in his fifty-seventh year. Five years ago, in 1876, his son and heir, Lord Glamis, came of age. Being then a Lieutenant in the Life Guards, he promised several of his companions at a dinner of the Guards Club, just before he went down to keep his birthday at Glamis Castle, that on his return he would tell them all about the famous "mystery." He went, and when he returned the first of his friends who met and claimed the fulfillment of his hasty promise was so received that the matter was never mooted again.—*London Standard.*

The Humorous British Tramp.

Says an English exchange: It is curious that the British tramp should have been so long overlooked by the graphic writer. Yet, the scampish fellow would seem to have in him all the essentials for a very striking piece of portraiture. Here we read of one of them who, having destroyed his own clothes while taking a night's lodging at the Work House, was brought into Court next day pinned up in a blanket like Dickens' Mr. Mopes. While his case was being heard he occasionally shook off this covering, just to show the magistrates that he really had no other clothes. An even more impudent dog was the Warrington tramp who the other day paid a visit to the Bull's Head Inn in that town. On his first visit he appropriated some three pounds of cheese and escaped with his booty, although the landlady caught sight of the ragged despoiler as he was making off, with the cheese dropping from his pockets. He does not seem to have been aware that she had observed him, for in the course of half an hour back he came to the house. Then, putting on what is known among the Irish as "the poor knee," he begged the kind lady to give him a morsel of bread to eat with a bit of cheese he had picked up. Now, it would have been just as easy, and far more safe, for the scamp to have gone to some other house, and we can only conclude, therefore, that he was tempted into danger by his sense of humor. It would be such a capital joke to obtain from the plundered landlady a piece of bread to accompany the feast of cheese with which she had involuntarily provided him.

—There is always something to remind a man of the shortness of life, even if it be nothing more than a drug store and a doctor's buggy.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Battle of the Deep.

A letter from St. Johns, N. F., says: On a lovely afternoon in July I stood upon the bank of a lofty cliff on that part of the coast between Placentia and St. Mary's Bays. Everything was still. Only the faintest murmur the angry tones of the ocean roar upon the surf, melted into delicious music, stole up from the strand to where I stood. The sea fowl, which inhabited a small island in myriads to my left, seemed, too, to have fallen under the spell and gone to sleep. The ocean heaved its breast in feeble billows, rolling landward with a drowsy motion, and the fisherman in his small boat rested upon his oars to listen to the stillness and calm which had fallen over everything. A dozen or more of fishing skiffs and boats, a little less than schooner size, stood motionless where the last breeze had fainted on their sails, and were photographed to perfection in the smooth, liquid deep; and even the "guerring tides" forgot for the moment, or seemed to forget to set either north or south. As I stood like everything about me, mute under the influence of the afternoon, a sound as of innumerable and gentle tappings came up from the still sea, and, looking, I saw that myriads of fishes, cod and the lesser fishes on which the former preyed, had risen to the surface and were "breaching." The tapping sound was made by beating the waters with their tails and fins, Such a scene is not uncommon; but almost simultaneously with this I heard a hollow, whistling sound, and saw a column of spray rise like a geyser, about fourteen feet from the water. I saw then that a whale had risen among the fishes, and with his monster, gaping jaws, in a fourth of the time it takes to write it, had engulfed several hundreds of the breaching fishes, and was about to plunge under the waves again to swallow his prey piecemeal, when two other creatures appeared upon the scene. They were the united and implacable foes of the whale, the sword-fish, and thresher. The sword-fish, (*xiphias gladius*) is a long, lithe creature, armed with a long, hard substance, protruding from its snout, resembling a sword, from which it derives its name; the thresher is a species of sea-shark or fox-shark, scientifically known as *carcharias vulpes*. It was evident they had come for the double purpose of making war upon the whale and getting some of the feast for themselves. In the space it takes the eye to twinkle the offensive and defensive were assumed. The sword-fish at once attacked the whale under water, the thresher attacked him above. As the whale made an effort to dive he impelled himself against the armed head of its lithe foe, and if he remained where he was the thresher brought its ungainly body with the precision of machinery down upon the unfortunate monster's back. Such a "threshing" I had never conceived of even in my dreams, when I used to go to the hills and rob birds' nests, and saw the teacher, more terrible than a wrathful dragon, with a cowhide to expiate my guilt. The sounds were dull thuds when the thresher struck his antagonist, and sharper and louder when he missed his aim and struck the water. The waves were beaten about in foam and spray, the whale trying to ply his tail upon his enemies, but before he could get his ungainly body into position his enemies were out of harm's way, and making a new attack upon an unsuspected quarter. The contest continued, broken only by short intervals, when the whale went below the surface for about ten minutes. Then the sword-fish, as if satisfied with the part he had played, dove down into the clear, blue water and the thresher followed his example. The whale, too, suddenly disappeared, and as he was the only one of the three that had to rise and breathe at stated intervals, I watched with much eagerness to see where he would rise and "blow," or if he rose at all. Beyond the point, a half-mile distant, I saw the spout and then a vigorous plunge, and knew the whale had survived his thrashing. Numbers of boats had rowed up to see the affray, and gazed at the contest between these monsters of the unknown deep with a pleasure deeply mingled with awe.

A "Too Utter" Man.

Charles Frost Williams began to be particular as soon as locked up. He wanted a looking-glass and a spring bed in his cell; refused to drink from the dipper in common use, and stood up for three hours rather than sit down on the well-worn bench. When his turn came to appear in court he wanted a clean collar, a tooth-brush and some perfume for his handkerchief, and he seemed greatly put out as he was left facing the desk.

"Can't this case be adjourned until I can get on my Sunday clothes?" he softly asked.

"Can't be done."

"Can't I be tried in a private room, then?"

"Not a bit of it. You'll have to stand trial right here. You were drunk on the street."

"I might have been slightly overcome by the weather. I am very susceptible to changes."

"Yes, but the weather doesn't make a man sit in the stairway and sing through his nose, nor strike an officer who offers to put him on a street car."

"I might have partaken of a little sweet wine, but, really, sir—really, I do protest against the statement that I was drunk. Loafers get drunk, sir."

"Well, yours was a flat, silly drunk. I happened in here just as they brought you in, and your tongue was too thick to say sugar."

"I cawn't believe it—really cawn't. Tisn't a bit like me."

"Your fine will be five dollars all the same."

"Beastly—beastly, but I will pay. Here, sir, is the filthy lucre. It is most annoying, sir—really most annoying to me. Good morning, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At a social gathering on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had: "So your nephew is going to get married?" "Yes, ma'am; next Saturday the knot will be tied." Little Johnny, who has been listening, with open mouth, says: "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor feller eat anything he wants to, don't they?"—*Texas Siftings.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Blue cranes—nine feet spread—are killed in Arizona and eaten as Colorado turkeys.

—The exportation of live stock and fresh meat across the Atlantic was never so active as at present.

—President Grevy gave two thousand francs to the poor of Paris in honor of his daughter's marriage.

—According to the late French papers, a prodigy called Chicky is astonishing the people by hanging to a trapeze with his hands and playing violin solos with his feet.

—Deer, squirrel and pheasants are said to be abundant in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia this fall. Partridges are scarce, while wild turkeys are above an average.

—There are six turnips on exhibition at the office of the Oregon Improvement Company, Colfax, W. T., that weigh in the aggregate 102 pounds. The largest of the six weighs twenty-two pounds.

—The second annual congress of German numismatists has just been held at Dresden, under the Presidency of Dr. Erbstein. At the same time an exhibition was opened of coins now in use throughout the world, which is said to have been the most complete collection of the kind ever seen.

—A project for constructing a circular elevated railway for Vienna, which for the last fifteen months has found employment for a large staff of English and Austrian engineers, is about to be carried out. The proposal is that wherever it may be possible it shall be carried above ground on iron columns.

—The chaparral cock of Arizona (paisano) is a very delicious bird, but hard to kill, its motions are so rapid. These birds, it is said, are the natural foes of the rattlesnake, and build a corral of chollay (cactus) around him, and irritate him until he lashes himself to death against the thorns by which he is surrounded.

—Until she was fourteen years old, Victoria did not know she was heir to the throne. But on seeing a genealogical table one day, she discovered the fact, and said to her governess: "There is much splendor but much responsibility." Then with tears she exclaimed: "Baroness, I will be good." She was more sober and more dignified ever after.

—The large pine tree on the site of old Fort Herkimer, New York, which had escaped the ax of the woodman because it had given shelter to General Washington and party while dining beneath its boughs, when on his way to visit Fort Stanwix, was blown down in a gale a few days since. It was over four feet in diameter at the butt and over 150 feet in height.

—At Knoxville, Tenn., Mr. A. Moore was instantly killed by the discharge of his gun while holding the barrel over the fire to melt the bullet out. The ball was tightly wedged in the barrel, and he took this method to get it out, having previously unbreached it and picked the powder all out, as he thought, but enough remained to hurl the molten mass into his abdomen.

—The biggest thing yet in the way of plaster casts is the cast of a whale taken at Provincetown, Mass., by Mr. Palmer, modeler for the Smithsonian at Washington. A papier-mache fac simile is to be molded from the cast, the entire skeleton of the same whale is to be inserted, and the monster will be suspended in the museum. To show the arrangement of the skeleton, one side of the whale will be left open.

—Carrie Carr and J. J. Underwood met casually in a store at Bear Creek, Tenn. A rumor that she was about to be married was mentioned, and she said, "O, no; nobody will have me." "I'll take you," he replied. An engagement was made to meet at an appointed time to have the marriage ceremony performed. Underwood says it was all a joke, neither party pretending matrimony, and he did not make his appearance. But she claims that they were both in sober earnest and has brought suit for $10,000 damages.

—A Venetian gondolier descends generally from a long line of ancestors, who were for centuries boatmen. A gondola costs about $200. The father lays by week after week a small sum in order to buy his son one, and thus start him in life. The gondola costs about sixty dollars per annum in repairs. The owner pays a tax to the municipality, according to the station, to which he is allotted, and he is obliged to be there not only every day, but every third night. During the summer months he earns a dollar per diem; in winter almost nothing.

—There is a good deal of difficulty found in familiarizing the Indian laborers employed on Mexican railways with the use of the wheelbarrow. The same trouble was experienced by the first railway contractors in Hindostan. The laborers there had been in the habit of carrying off the clay from the excavations in baskets on their heads. The method proved picturesque, but slow. Finally, a large supply of wheelbarrows was obtained. The contractors' emotions may be imagined when, on the first morning of their use, he beheld his laborers filing off in a long line, each with his wheelbarrow poised on his head.

—The peculiar mining of Henry Jope, briefly indicated by a Leadville telegram as swindling, yielded him $18,000 before his system was exposed. Most of the ore taken out of the Leadville mines is sold to the reduction companies, who extract the ore by means of improved machinery. The price is determined by taking a barrow load of fair samples from various parts of the lot, running it through the mill, and submitting some of the powder to two assayers—one in the interest of the seller, and the other an employee of the buyer. Jope took a hundred tons of very low grade to a reduction factory, was present at the assaying, and managed to drop some pulverized silver into the sample powder. The assay was thus made to fix $18,000 as the worth of the ore, and he was paid that amount. Jope made haste to attempt the same swindle in another establishment, but in this case he was suspected, watched through peep-holes, and caught dropping the silver from the bowl of a pipe, which he had been pretending to smoke. He had planned to clear $100,000 by this swindle, and then quit Leadville.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

Within a garret, cold and forlorn,
A group is gathered, Thanksgiving morn.

Father and mother, with children, three:
One but a babe on its mother's knee.

Haggard and pale is the father's face,
Where lingering sickness has left its trace;

While the careworn look on the mother's brow
Tells of the sorrow upon her now.

Hungry and faint, for want of food,
With scanty clothing; no coal nor wood;

A broken table; a bare, pine floor—
What have they to be thankful for?

Thoughts like these to the parents come,
While sitting here, in their cheerless home.

The children nestled upon the bed—
A fragment of carpet over them spread—

Are blind to their parents' mute despair,
And the little girl, with a pitying air,

Says: "What do poor children do, I wonder,
With no warm carpet to cuddle under?

"No papa nor mamma to give 'em bread,
An' tuck 'em up when they go to bed."

Teardrops start from the father's eyes;
Prayers from the mother's lips arise—

* * * * * * *

Footsteps fall on the creaking floor;
A knock is heard on the chamber door.

A hluff "Good morning!" their query brings,
And, "Sambo, you rascal, fetch up the things!"

While the 'Squire's darkey, with cheerful grin,
Food and clothing brings quickly in.

"Lord bless you, mum! why, who'd a-knowed
That folks lived up in this 'ere abode?

"'Taint fit for a barn, 'n', ez I'm a sinner,
I'll take you all to my house to dinner.

"I'll find you work, when you're strong and well,
And a better place than this 'ere, to dwell——"

And the 'Squire paused, while a tear arose
And dropped, unseen, on his ruby nose,

As the baby boy, with a happy look,
A rosy apple from Sambo took.

And the children gathered, with eager eyes,
Round the platter of doughnuts and pumpkin pies;

While the grateful mother could only say,
"Truly this is Thanksgiving Day!"

—*C. H. Adams, in Detroit Free Press.*

COMFORT AND CONTENT.

A Thanksgiving Story.

It was a chill, gray and sunless Thanksgiving Day. Down the frozen road that led to the long covered bridge, a young man sauntered in an idle, aimless fashion, pausing now and then to strike off the heads of the dead black weeds that bordered the way. Comfort Nicols watched him from the window of the little toll-house, where she had been sitting with a heart full of bitter thoughts as she contrasted her lot, a widow and childless, with that of the many who, with glad anticipations, were looking for the home gathering of dear ones. Already she had opened the gate for Mrs. Gale's Tom, with his load of ruddy boys and girls, and Mrs. Elwood's Mary, with her wee sweet baby, and the old dark question that ever lurks ready to spring up in troubled hearts had whispered: "What had they done that their lives should be crowned with blessings while you sat desolate and alone in your old age?" It had not always been so. Over against this was set the memory of Thanksgiving Days that to her, a happy wife and mother, had been such, indeed. But there had come dark hours since, when her husband, gone out in the strength of his manhood, was brought home crushed and maimed for life, and for the group of children by the fireside there was a group of graves on the hillside burying-ground—two short ones for little Content and Ned and a long one for Willie, the soldier boy.

But through all those tears and griefs there had remained the solace of sympathy, companionship. She could lean on Abram Nicol's love though his arm had failed. But now, that, too, was gone. The cheering voice was silent. The well-worn crutch was put away; the lame toll-gate keeper had left the post to which he had for so many years been faithful.

That morning before the teams began to stir she had carried a little cluster of white chrysanthemums from the jar that was blooming in the window and laid it among the dead leaves that had caught in the ragged edges of the still fresh sod. And yet she had been glad for Abram, that he was free from the wearisome burden of his suffering body. She did not wish him back as she turned down the hill, the sharp wind drying the slow tears on her warm cheeks. But none the less dark had folded the aching sense of loneliness and isolation, and when the church bells rang out from the little village over the hills she had drearily said that she was glad there were people who had something to be thankful for. And then, starting back from the rebellion of her thoughts, was hers, she questioned herself, the only stricken heart and silent home? Were there not mothers weeping over sons lost to them in life and wives sitting in desolation of widowhoods worse than of death? Should she murmur, who had the blessings of tender memories in the past and the promise of the widow's God for the future? And so, wiping the tears from her eyes she had seen the figure sauntering down the hill. One of a gang of woodchoppers she knew him to be, almost a stranger in town, and the thought came to her perhaps far from home and lonely, and ought she not from the very sadness of the day to her strive to make it brighter for some one else? But what claim had this stranger on her that for his sake she should give up the only luxuries the day could hold, of tears and sacred recollections, and over the brief struggle there came—was it an answering voice or only the echo of oft-read words? "I was a stranger and ye took me not in."

"Good morning."

Joel Peaters looked up in surprise. The bridge was free to foot passers, and he had not expected any salutation.

"Taking a holiday for Thanksgiving, are you?"

"Well, yes, the other boys knocked off work, and so I did, too, but I believe loafin' around is harder still."

"Then if you have nothing in particular to do," continued the widow (and to have heard her cheery voice no one would have thought how lately it had been choked with tears), "will you not come in and take dinner with me that I may not have to eat my Thanksgiving dinner all alone?"

The young fellow's (for he was hardly more than a boy) face brightened. "I wasn't expecting no invite," with a deprecating glance at his clothes, "and ain't fixed up none, but seeing you've asked me I don't care if I do. Thanksgivin' away from home is rather lonesome."

So Mrs. Comfort Nicols drew forward the best rocker, with its star patchwork cushion, by the window, where bloomed the crysanthemums, and by which stood the little dinity-covered stand with the worn Bible and "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and where was spread a strip of home made carpet, the whole constituting the "parlor" portion of the little room. And Joel Peaters swayed himself in the rocking chair and felt the warmth of the blaze shining in the polished stove, the gentle singing of the teakettle, the peaceful order and the spicery breath of the flowers over all, and though without a single æsthetic taste, pronounced it a decided improvement over the dingy chamber at his boarding-place, or even the barroom of the village tavern he had been seeking by way of change. Presently, with a dim idea of making some returns for the accepted hospitality, he plunged his hands deep in his trowser's pocket and brought out a huge handful of butternut meats, with a "Have some, Mrs. Nichols? Shucks so plenty in the Morris woods, where we're choppin', that I've picked up quite a lot goin' and comin'."

"Dear! dear!" said the little widow, taking the gift in the spirit in which it was offered, "I don't know when I've seen any butternuts before; how they make me think of the time when Content and I were children at home. Father always used to crack walnuts and butternuts for us Thanksgiving Day to eat with apples and cider in the evening. Why, it seems I can see that old kitchen now, with the great fireplace and the turkey roasting in the Dutch oven before the fire, and Content dancing around with her curls allying (Content and I were twins and looked so near alike people couldn't tell us apart, and even our own folks used to sometimes make mistakes), and father cracking nuts on the wide stone hearth, and mother stepping around so soft and quick. Why, it all seems like yesterday, and father and mother have been dead fifty years come next spring."

"I want to know!" said Joe, with open-mouthed interest; "that's quite a spell."

"Yes, it is a long time. If Content was living she would be an old woman like me, though I can hardly realize it."

"Is she dead, too?"

"Yes, I snppose so, though I never knew for certain. You see the fever was bad that year, and father and mother they both took it and died within a month of each other. Father had never been very forehanded and the place was mortgaged, and when the debts were all paid there wasn't anything to speak of left for us children. He died last, and his brother and one of mother's brothers came on and settled things up. They each had families and felt that they couldn't take both of us, so Content went with Uncle Henry to York State and Uncle Luke took me home with him to Vermont. They meant well and did the best they could, but it did seem cruel that we should have had to be separated, when we'd always played together and slept together, and hardly been apart an hour in our whole lives, and when our folks came to be sick and die, and the house seemed so strange and dreadful with the nurses and watchers and the funerals, Content and I had clung to each other closer than ever. To be separated then, when we were frightened and half broken hearted, and taken hundreds of miles apart among strangers, it did seem that it would kill me. For years I cried myself to sleep for Content, and I wake up nights dreaming about her yet; indeed, I don't suppose there's been a day in all these years that I haven't thought of her."

"And didn't you ever see her again?" asked her auditor, forgetting to rock in his interest.

"Never again. You see, Uncle Henry and Uncle Luke were no kin to each other; they were both dreadful busy men, and postage was high and mails uncertain in those days; and so, though they did write a few times, it wasn't often, and before we were old enough to write ourselves, Uncle Henry had moved away and we lost track of him; and then Uncle Luke moved to York State, and from there to Pennsylvania, so I suppose they lost track of us. But I've got a curl of Content's hair she sent me." And wiping her spectacles on her blue and white check apron, she took from a drawer a little red box, and carefully untying it took from out its folds of tissue paper the treasured ring of silken yellow hair. "I named my little girl Content for her," she continued, smoothing it softly, "and I used to think she looked like her, though most folks said she favored her father. She was nine, just the age we were separated when she died, and it seemed as though I was losing child and sister both. It sometimes seems that there is more shadow than sunshine in this world (retying the little red box with a trembling hand), but the Lord knows best, and perhaps we need it to wean us from it. Only if I could have known something certain about Content it would have been a comfort; but never to know whether she was dead or not seemed dreadful, and I never could feel but what she was alive, and I used to be always looking for her every place I went, and thinking every stranger I see might be her."

"And have you given it up?"

"O, yes!" with the quietude of hopelessness, "there is no doubt but what she died when she was a child, or I should have heard something from her. Content would never forget me, I know. But it has been a real comfort to talk about her," she added, "Some way she's been on my mind all day. I do think about her more than ever lately. You see, after Abram was crippled and we moved here he was always in the house, and so was company as well as a sort of care to me all the time. And again wiping her glasses she returned the little box to its place and bustled about her simple preparations while her visitor rocked back and forth, his chair softly creaking in the still warm room, and listening to the purring of the great gray cat and the quick, light steps of his hostess, as she hurried about opening oven doors and lifting the lids from kettles, out of which soon issued bubbling odors, suggestive to the hungry appetites of youth. Presently she drew out the little round table and spread it with a white cloth and mulberry plates whereon were landscapes, with attenuated ladies and gentlemen walking over impossible bridges under the shadow of most wonderful trees. But very handsome was that time-worn crockery in Mrs. Comfort's eyes. Had not Abram brought it packed in a tea chest all the way from Albany! Had it not graced many a meal when little heads gathered around the board, and she had dreamed of a future when men and women they would gather there again with their little ones! And a furtive tear dropped for the vanished picture. But how few break their bread on festal days without the flavoring of bitter herbs. Happy they for whom it is the rosemary gathered from cherished graves, and not the rue of vain and passionate regret.

But while Mrs. Comfort Nicols has been making ready her simple dinner, and laying the browned chicken in its gravy and rounding up the mashed potatoes to a smooth oval, and cutting slices of white bread, and putting on glass dishes of preserved quinces, a fat old gray horse, drawing a roomy "Rockaway" carriage, in which a plump white-haired little widow's black, jogs ge frozen road, urged on by Ben's" and shakes of mittened hand, and she has ju chairs to the table when the sound slow wheels rolls on the long-cove bridge, (there is no need of caution and fines against trotting for a horse of his years and discretion) and she steps to the door to take the toll, Joel Peaters, impelled by an active mind, following. It took the old lady in the carriage some time to fumble her purse out of her manifold wraps. So Joel had time to look from one to the other several times, and finally burst out with, "Well, I never, Miss Nicols. Talking of twins, if you and she don't look nigh enongh alike to be twins, I'll give up."

"Is that so?" said the strange old lady. "I had a twin sister once, but Comfort must have been dead these many years." And the wistful look in her eyes, as of one who had been long and vainly seeking, dimmed.

"Comfort," echoed the other, looking up from the change she was making; "why, how strange, my name is Comfort, and I too had a twin sister; but Content——"

She was interrupted by a little cry. "I am Content, but you"—an almost frightened look on her face—"you cannot be—you are not—you are Comfort Bradfort."

What followed no one ever clearly knew; nor the long separated sisters, for they were crying and laughing and clinging to each other and saying "Could it be possible?" and "It was too good to be true," and asking each other a dozen questions in a breath; nor Joel Peaters for he had all he could do to hold old Ben (who had not the slightest idea of stirring) and pick up the scattered chauge and attend to the suddenly developed cold in his head. And when they had come to themselves a little, and gone into the house, but still keeping fast hold, as though afraid they should lose sight of each other again, and had told of their long, vain, mutual search and mutual love, and longing that years or change had never dimmed, and Mrs. Content had said she should always regard it as a special providence that her Comfort's husband had bought the Mollit farm that fall, though she had opposed their going across the river, for the river *might* rise and the bridge be swept away, and then how could they get to each other. But she would never say another word, for if they had not she and Comfort might have lived and died without meeting, and only ten miles apart? And Mrs. Comfort had answered that for her part she should always think there was a providence in the impulse that had prompted her to ask Joel in (though she wasn't in a right state of mind considering it was Thanksgiving Day and all the mercies she had received), for if it had not been for Joel they might have passed and never known who the other was.

After all this, Mrs. Content insisted that Mrs. Comfort should put on her things and go with her to see her namesake, to whose house she was on the way, and as Joel Peaters insisted that he could tend the toll gate and eat all the dinner alone, there seemed no reason why she should not, so after she had loaded the table with more than two men could eat for fear he would not have enough, and they had both told him over and over that they should never forget what he had done for them, assurances that he had accepted with the calmness of a man amazed at his own brilliancy, they hurried off to to be in time for the dinner that awaited them.

And what a Thanksgiving Day that was all aroundl What a surprise to the young Comfort and perplexity to her children, who protested they "couldn't tell one grandma from the other!" And what recounting there was of events that had filled the long years that had changed them from careless children to white-haired women. What stories of the goodness of the "Abram" and "Nathan" that the other could never know in this world, and of the beauty and graces of the children that had crowned their homes; and Comfort smiled at the prosperity of Adam and Luke and the happiness of Comfort and Anna, and Content's tears fell for the child namesake she had never seen and the baby boy and the soldier lad who lay upon the hillside. And what an atmosphere of love and tenderness folded around the heart that had gone down that hillside so few hours before, desolate and alone—so strange that to Comfort Nicols sitting there with children's arms clinging about her, and loving hands heaping her plates with dainties, it seemed that it must be a beautiful dream from which she should awake, especially when she heard content saying that she must leave the toll house and come and live with her, for that having found each other at last they must try and make up for the long years of separation, and the younger Comfort adding that she was so glad now that she would not worry about mother's being alone any more, to which she added that she would have her husband hire Joel Peaters, not for the discovery he had made—there was no question but she would have found that out herself in time; the only reason she had not noticed the resemblance before was because her mind was so taken up with the moving—but because she knew Joel was just the kind of a man they wanted, though how she knew anything about it nobody could tell. But the happiest days must end, and in the gathering twilight the long separated, strangely united sisters turned their faces homeward. Sorrow and trial had been theirs, and might be again, but whatever awaited them they would meet side by side.

Side by side, and in that happy thought the burden of the long years seemed to fall away, as in talk and memory they went back to when "in childish days they clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together."—*Ella Thomas, in Cleveland Herald.*

Interview With a Small Boy.

A small boy leaned out of the rear third-story window of his father's house in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon, looking at the sky, and at times breaking out with the tune, "In the North Sea Lived a Whale." His noise attracted his newspaper neighbor, who also leaned out and said, "Well, Georgie, how are you?"

"I'se a prisoner locked up on bread ater," Georgie replied, "just I didn't know it was loaded. , father was in the army, and k when you heard him firin' off tols he was a shootin' at a cat. to five times, and the cat looked up and smiled when he got fem'. Says I, 'Father, did you ever kill a man when you was a soldier?" thinking, you know, that he couldn't shoot fur a cent. He says, 'I s'pose so.' 'Well,' I says, 'you must be bin close enough to hit him with an ax,' and he sent me into the house. Well, I seed where he hid his pistol in his overcoat and yesterday I got it out, an' there was an accident. I felt sure it wasn't loaded, for didn't I hear father fire it off? I put it under my piller, 'n' I waited for supper to be over, 'cause I wanted to scare the girls. Girls always holler when they see a pistol. Well, our minister come to tea. Ministers are the greatest hands to come to tea; it's half their work to go 'round an' eat suppers with the ladies. Father went down to the Convention and Bess and Lily, them's the girls, went into the parlor to see the minister didn't get sleepy. 'Bess,' says I, 'lend me your blanket shawl for a few minutes, I want to be an Indian brave.' I wrapped the shawl 'round me, put father's cane over my shoulder for a gun, 'n' then I got the pistol, 'n' crept softly down to the parlor so they wouldn't know Indians was skirmishin' 'round their camp. I pushed open the door, 'n there was the minister and Bess sittin' at opposite ends of the sofy, 'n' Lil was crocheting a lamp mat. All was still, 'n' I says: 'The hour has come.' Then I give three whar whoops 'n' rushed in and said, 'Surrender or I shoot!' There was a panic. The girls went into hysteries, 'n' the preacher said, 'My son, mebbe that pistol's loaded.'

"Says I, 'S'render, pale chief, or I'll shoot yer dead in yer tracks.' They all made a rush at me to take the pistol away, 'n' I fired. Lordy, what a noise. I was skeered most to death. The bullet went into a picture of the signers of the Declamation of Independence, and took off the head of one of the signers. The preacher turned pale 'n' said I was a wicked boy. I knowd it 'n' I knowd what I was goin' to ketch. The girls cried like as though there was a fun'ral 'n' I was whipped. I dreamed all night I was fightin' the Indians, 'n' when I woke up this mornin' I felt sure my name would be in the papers. They gave me bread 'n' water for breakfast 'n' wouldn't let me see a newspaper. So I thought I'd escape. I tore up the two sheets, tied one end to the bureau drawer, and was climbin' down like folks do at a fire, when somethin' give way. I fell about a thousand feet I thought, I came down so hard. I hit the stone area, 'n' it seemed to me as if it was night and I was lookin' at about a million stars. I didn't know nothin' for a minute. Then I come to."

"What broke?"

"Nothin' broke; the bureau drawer come out. I oughter tied on to the gas fixture. Father wouldn't give me a newspaper but he gave me another lickin' and some more bread and water. I s'pose now I'll be a month on bread 'n' water."

"But you mustn't make so much noise."

"That was op'ra I was singin'. Don't you like op'ra? Well, you don't care if I play the umpah?"

"What is the umpah?"

"Why, didn't you never hear a brass band going down the street? One man with a little horn goes 'Ta-te-rent-ta-ta-ta-ta,' and a man with a big horn goes 'um-pah, um-pah, um-pah.' That's the umpah I play."

As the reporter drew in his head the small boy began on the "umpah," and he was playing it when the reporter went away.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Reindeer.

The reindeer, which in one way or another manages to be almost the entire support of the Lapps who have herds, is a large, heavy animal, with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be. Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lapp must shift his home from time to time to meet the necessities of his herd. In midwinter the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet, and disappears from the surface, burrowing his way through the snow as he follows his nose from one tuft of moss to another. The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments as well as durable harness, and cheese made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded per day seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to a mere teacupful.—*Harper's Magazine.*

For Young Readers.

A VISION OF THANKSGIVING.

There's the bell for "recess over," time for stupid books again;
But how can a fellow study with Thanksgiving on his brain?
When I read of Turks and Turkey, little heed to them I pay,
While my mind is full of visions of the near Thanksgiving Day.

I can only hear the "gobble" of a turkey, fat and nice,
Which, my grandpa writes, is waiting to be *dabbed* in a trice,
Just as soon as Sis and I and all the family are able
To be off and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.

That's a study, now, of Turkey that a fellow likes, I'm sure,
But put it in geography, and that I can't endure;
It has a different flavor, somehow, on the dear old farm,
And "cramming" then or "stuffing" never does one any harm.

Now there's a class in spelling: Bobby White has tripped on "skates,"
And that's something I don't do, I remember how my mates
And I went off together, with our skates upon our feet,
For a race across the mill-pond, and 'twas only I who beat.

Oh, Thanksgiving Day is jolly on the dear old farm, and so
It knocks study in the head for a week before we go;
And I pity any fellow, be he black, or white, or brown,
Whose grandpapa and grandma are not living *—out of town.*

Well, I s'pose I *ought* to study while my book before me lies,
But it's hard upon a fellow now to have to shut his eyes
Upon such charming visions. Did you speak, sir? can I tell
What Turkey is? Oh yes, sir, I have learned that le-son well.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young People.*

HARRY'S JOLLY THANKSGIVING.

"Oh, what a jolly day! Good thick ice on the pond! and just the day for a race with the fellows."

Harry Archer was out of bed with a bound and a real live boy's whoop, and ran to the window for a view of the distant pond, before drawing on the warm stockings and shoes which had lain all night in scattered places about the floor, keeping company with different articles of clothing here and there and all over.

All of Harry's thoughts were with the pond and his new skates. The skates were a present from his Uncle Harry, whose namesake the boy was, and with whom he was a great favorite. Uncle Harry lived in the city, but had promised to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Archer and her husband, and Harry had been promised a race with his uncle after dinner, for Uncle Hal was a famous skater notwithstanding his twenty-eight years, an age which to Hal junior seemed very advanced indeed. So to Harry this Thanksgiving Day seemed very important, and had been anticipated long and well. As he hastily dressed himself, he thought: Let me see; the fellows will be at the pond about half-past nine, I guess, and that will give us a skate of two or three jolly hours before I come home to dress for dinner. Well, after dinner Uncle Hal and I are going to skate. I can beat an old man like him any day; and then, in the evening, there'll be games, 'cause there's company coming, and mamma engaged a piano-man. Oh, this will be a first-class day, won't it, though!"

All these thoughts, while the stockings and shoes, the pants and jackets were being donned rapidly—and the last thought, with the final question, must have been addressed to Harry's reflection, as he stood before the mirror brushing his curly, fair hair, and smiling at the merry rosy face which smiled back to him.

Then, as every boy ought, he knelt to say the morning prayer which a good mother had taught him never to forget, and in the prayer was included the earnest petition: "Dear Lord, teach me to do always to others as I would that others should do also to me, for Jesus' sake." Harry had repeated that prayer as long as he could remember, and although perhaps he had never thought as seriously of its meaning as his mother desired he should, yet a very kind-hearted, loving little fellow was Harry, and willing always to be obliging and helpful, and such a boy is apt to make a good man, we all know.

Breakfast over, away went Harry, warmly clad in his fur-lined coat, and with his new skates slung over his shoulder. In the distance glistened the smooth pond, on the surface of which already were gliding half a dozen boys. Harry quickened his steps with a "Hurrah, boys!" and laughed aloud in the fullness of his merry heart and overflowing spirits. Only a little farther to go and then for the trial of speed between the best skaters. Harry's cheeks were glowing with health and exercise. His heart was content with present joy and merry anticipations for the rest of the day. And no wonder that he sang and whistled along the road until suddenly stopped by a pitiful sight before him. A boy of his own age apparently, thin, white-cheeked and sad, his blue lips trembling with weakness and cold as he drew the worn, scant jacket about him, and his poor feet barely protected from the slippery road by a pair of gaping shoes. Much too short for the shivering limbs was the ragged pair of pants, and the boy's knees trembled beneath his own slight weight.

"O Master Harry Archer," he said, imploringly, "can you give me a few pennies to get a roll with at the corner, for I'm nearly starved and frozen to death."

Harry recognized the boy as the son and only child of a drunken father who had long since grieved his poor wife to death and now was fast killing his child with ill-treatment.

"But, Jack, I thought your father had gone to work again in the forge, and so you would be safe from blows, at least. How came you so far from the other end of the village and your home?"

Jack shook his head, and the tears filled his eyes.

"Home, Master Harry! I've got no home now. Father beat me last night and turned me out of doors when every one in the village was asleep, and threatened to kill me if I cried aloud. And then he packed up a few things and took every cent of money we had and went off this morning in the cars somewhere, saying he was going to be well rid of me. And now I'm all alone, and oh, so cold and hungry."

Harry listened with his little heart full of indignation, and while he listened there came over the field from the pond the merry shouts of the boys at play and the ring of steel against ice, so tempting a sound to Harry's ears. He half turned towards the pond after giving Jack a few cents, and swung his skates irresolutely in his hand. But was it, do you think, the memory of his usual petition only that morning repeated as he knelt in his room—that God would "teach him to do to others as he would others should do to him"—that kept him from going on towards his playmates and caused him to turn again towards Jack, who looked so pitiful and cold and sad? It seemed an easy thing to pray that one little prayer when there were no obstacles in the way of his pleasures and he had no need to anticipate any such call upon him. But it all flashed upon Harry now plainly enough. If he were Jack and stood in Jack's position, how would he like to be treated? That was the question, and Harry's warm heart immediately answered it.

"See here, Jack," he said, "you look blue as indigo. Now, there's nothing can warm a fellow up like skating, and you just put on these skates of mine and cut across the pond for a few minutes, and then I'll take you home to get a warm breakfast, and mother'll talk to you. I'm going home a minute, and you meet me here when I come back; but, mind you, let me find you with red cheeks, or I'll know you haven't been skating. Hurry up, now."

The smile of genuine pleasure which broke all over Jack's face made Harry's heart glad, and presently he saw the drunkard's child enjoying himself in true boy-fashion for the first time in many a year of sorrow, as he buckled on the new skates and joined, unnoticed, the crowd of skaters on the pond.

Meanwhile Harry ran home and related to his mother the whole story. Her warm heart was as easily touched as her boy's had been, and giving him permission to bring Jack home for some breakfast she sent him with a loving kiss over the road again, and then had a talk with papa about the poor boy whose Thanksgiving Day had dawned so sadly. Jack was on his way back from the pond, after having warmed himself and his heart in the exercise he so liked, when a gentleman overtook him and kindly remarked, in passing:

"Why, my boy, you're thinly dressed for such a day, aren't you?"

Jack colored painfully.

"I'm not cold now, sir, since I've been skating; but I was nearly frozen, and I am very poor."

"But you've a nice pair of skates. How did you get those? Sold your jacket for them, may be, eh?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir. These are Harry Archer's skates, and I hope God will bless him, sir, for his kindness to me this day."

And Jack related the story to the gentleman. To his surprise the gentleman responded to his story with a hearty: "Bless the boy, he's a trump!" And just as he was wondering what it meant, he saw Harry running to meet him.

"I say, Jack, it's all right. Mother says you're to come — Hallos, Uncle Hal! you here so early? Why, Jack, you been talking to Uncle Hal?"

And then Harry seized his uncle's hand and gave a wild whoop after his usual fashion when anything pleased him. Jack explained to Harry as they walked home. And when he had breakfasted beside a warm fire a little later, Harry's father called him out to the barn and had a long talk with him there, which resulted in his being engaged as stable-boy and to assist the coachman. In an old, but good suit of clothes belonging to Harry, Jack presented a very comfortable appearance, and Harry's delight knew no bounds. But that night, after all the company had gone, there was a timid knock at Mrs. Archer's door, and Jack was found outside.

"Please, lady," he said, "I couldn't sleep to-night until I came to ask you if you would mind saying a prayer for me. I want to thank God, only I don't know how exactly, for giving me a happy Thanksgiving Day. This morning when I saw the sun rise I didn't see what I had to be thankful for; but now it is all changed, and I feel so thankful here, ma'am," laying his hand on his heart, "that I must hear you thank God for me and teach me how to do so, too."

When he had gone, Mrs. Archer went up to her boy's room and knelt beside his bed.

"My darling, tell me why you did for Jack what he has told me you did this morning. I hadn't heard about your giving up your skating before. I thought he was just waiting there for you. And you had anticipated your race on the pond so long. My dear little son!"

And she folded her arms about him closely. Harry blushed a little, but the true answer came at last:

"You taught me the prayer, mamma, you know. And so I did to Jack just what I would have wanted somebody to do to me if I had been poor and cold and sad, and had no mother. 'Do unto others,' it says, you know, and so I—I only just did it, that's all, mamma. But oh, hasn't it been a jolly Thanksgiving Day?"—*Mary D. Brine, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

—San Francisco art criticism: Keith is undoubtedly an artist of some pretensions—pretensions is the word—but when he endeavors to work off on our unsuspecting bonanzaites a picture entitled "Cæsar's Family," in which he represents that Roman celebrity in a dressing-gown and carpet slippers, rocking the cradle with one hand, while he hold a meerschaum in the other, and whistles an accompaniment to his wife's performance on an accordeon—why, the time has come to hold up the condition of this painter's historical information to the gaze of a heartless world.—*San Francisco Post.*

—Spiders and their webs form the designs embroidered on the flounces and waistcoats of some Paris gowns. Gold thread is the material usually employed for this work, but sometimes silk is used.

—Sheep cheese is very popular in Austria, and an enterprising Austrian has started a sheep dairy near Chattanooga with 1,000 head.

—Rochester, N. Y., has a class of thirteen young ladies who are taking lessons on the violin.

—The pawnbrokers of Great Britain, 4,372 in number, take in during a year 200,000,000 of pledges.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1881.

Hon. Alex. Randall, of Annapolis, died Sunday, aged 78 years. He was a prominent citizen, having held many places of trust, including a seat in Congress.

The governor will not commission Mr. Hunter, sheriff-elect of Baltimore city, until the latter resigns from the board of directors of the Maryland penitentiary, as the governor is determined no man shall hold two offices in the State if he can help it.

The hearing in the petition for the release of Michael Bannon, who was charged as accessory to the killing of Dr. Maddux at Odenton, came to a rather sudden end Saturday at Annapolis, Judge Hammond releasing Mr. Bannon, and that without deeming it necessary to hear any testimony for the defence.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in a case decided at Pittsburg, Monday of last week, sustained the wholesome principal that a juror, to be competent, need not of necessity be an ignorant man who does not read the newspapers and forms no opinion of what he reads. It is only necessary for the juror to be able to decide according to the evidence.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that playing billiards or pool, where the loser pays for the games, is gambling, and the proprietor is liable for keeping a gambling house. The decision is based on the theory that the hire of the table, which is the amount charged for the games, is wagered on the skill of the players, and so considered, there is no difference between that and any wagering of money. The decision is a radical one.

The trial of the assassin Guiteau still goes on without any special incident. The prisoner insists upon acting as his own counsel, and says his defence is that in shooting he was the agent of the Deity. On Monday Mr. Robinson, one of the assassin's counsel, asked to be discharged from the case, on account of disagreements with Mr. Scoville, and the court discharged him. The trial is likely to be a long one, as a great many insanity experts will be examined.

The assassin Guiteau was fired upon and slightly wounded while being conveyed in the prison van from the court-house in Washington to the District of Columbia jail Saturday. The would-be avenger, after firing two shots, dashed off, but later in the day was arrested at Queenstown, Montgomery county, this State, near Washington, after a desperate resistance. His name is William Jones, a farmer. He denies the shooting, but he is believed to be the party who fired into the van.

It may be true that there is no political issue between the two parties just now, but it is also true that there is plenty of record for both. The Republican record is known of all men. Its fruits are unparalled prosperity throughout the country. Of the Democratic record, what can any man say that is favorable? It consists of opposition to every Republican act for a quarter of century. Indeed, all the good which has been done in that time has been accomplished in spite of the Democratic party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hon. Montgomery Blair has written another letter to the New York *Sun*, in which he undertakes to show how to save the Democratic party. He says that "Mahone and his objects are utterly obnoxious to the national Democracy, but it is certainly to be congratulated on the death-blow he has given the Bourbons." Mr. Blair thinks that the success of the Democratic party depends upon its discarding "political bosses," North and South, and that it "is the revival of the national Democracy alone which can check Mahonism." Mr. Blair also gives the electoral count bill another blow, by which he declares Mr. Tilden was slaughtered by the "Southern bosses and their henchman, Boss John Kelly."

Ring vs. Anti-Ring.

The most interesting political question now under discussion in this State, is the organization of the next legislature and the part the anti-ring members propose to take in it. At present, both elements of the Democratic party are sanguine of securing control of the two houses. The leaders of the anti-ring forces, conscious of the influence which their supporters can exert as a balance of power, are confident that the Democrats in the ring camp must succumb under a union of anti-ring members of both parties, and that the only way by which the ring can prevent it, is to tender a compromise to the men who are waging the war against bossism. The confidence of the ring managers is based on the numerical strength of its adherents and in its majority in the caucus. King Caucus is the source of the ring's influence, and it relies on the allegiance of the Democratic members to the dictates of that secret conclave for a retention of its power. It does not believe that any Democrat can be so independent of party discipline as to decline going into caucus, and to refuse to be bound by its decisions. The anti-ring men, however, threaten that they will have nothing to do with it. "The simplest way to settle it," said an anti-ring leader yesterday, "is to determine beforehand that a caucus is entirely superfluous, and that the election of the officers of the two houses, as well as that of the state treasurer and police commissioner, can take place in open session. If any number of Democrats wish to go into a caucus of their own they may do it, but it will have no binding force on anybody. This will be the easiest way to cut the Gordian knot, and Democrats will be free to vote and act as they please, without the intervention of self constituted leaders and bosses." The sentiment seems to be universal among independent Democrats that no caucuses should be held for the nomination of officers, and that the surest way in which the best men can be selected is for the election to take place at the time fixed by law, without any previous caucus action. Governor Hamilton is very careful about committing himself on the subject in public. During his visit to the city last week he called on a number of political friends, with whom he freely discussed the situation. The Governor expressed himself as anxious as ever to crush the ring, or, if that cannot be accomplished at once, to narrow its influence to as limited a circle as possible. He thinks that with the anti-ring members of the legislature he will be able to secure the object he has so long sought. He is quite earnest in his desire to wrest the Board of Public Works from the ring, and it is understood that he believes that with the assistance of the independent members a treasurer can be elected who will be in sympathy with the anti-ring sentiment.

Gov. Hamilton called on Mayor Whyte at the City Hall last week, when politics were alluded to—incidentally, of course. The Mayor found the Governor in buoyant spirits and hopeful of the success of all his plans at the next session. The Gov. found Mayor Whyte to be as determined as ever in combatting ring influences and the power of bossism, but at the same time Mayor Whyte stated that he cared more for measures than men; that he is much more concerned in the passage of good reform legislation than in the election or defeat of any particular individual; he cared more for the passage of a good and effectual registration law and police law than for the election of treasurer. However, it is not believed that this would prevent a combination in the next legislature of the supporters of the two ex-Senators, if such action is found effective and practicable. The anti-ring men know they have the power to dictate terms to the ring if they take concerted action and demonstrate to the managers that they are in earnest in declining to go into caucus, and that they mean to form a coalition with Republicans.

A well-known anti-ring Democrat presented the matter plainly to Gov. Hamilton last week. "Why manifest such a horror at a coalition with Republicans?" said this Democrat to the Governor. "We Democrats had to do something worse than that in our time. Didn't we have to make a bargain with Governor Swann in 1866, and promise to elect him to the United States? And were we not justified in doing it? Did anybody in our ranks disapprove of it at the time, and dosent every Democrat believe that we did exactly right? Why, then, hesitate to form a combination with Republicans, when no such great sacrifices are demanded? It is important for the welfare of the State that the ring be destroyed. Why, then, decline to accept the proffered held of Republicans, and allow them to share equally in the offices of the two houses? No sane man could object to such a thing, if the Republicans in return vote with independent Democrats. The people in the State would endorse such a movement, and would be gratified at such determined action as would rid them of ring rule, and restore power and influence to independent men." It is hoped that the Governor will digest what was told him in this city last Thursday. The independent Democrats are in earnest in the election of Brattan for president of the Senate, and McCosker for speaker of the House. Whatever may be the result of the contemplated negotiations between anti-ring Democrats and Republicans, there is no doubt that they will act in concert on the Anne Arundel contested election cases, and decline to admit the ring delegates to seats in the House. The Republicans who will make the contest, have sufficient evidence to prove that fraud was resorted to to secure a majority for the ring in the county, and the hearing in the Bannon habeas corpus case has brought out damaging statements for the ring cause.

In official circles it is considered strange that the returns from Calvert county should have been delayed so long. Under the law, the result of the election should have been filed with the Governor within ten days after the election, or on November 8th. But anti-ring men see in it a desire to nullify the election, which, it will be remembered, resulted in a Republican victory. It is not believed, however, that the failure to make these returns would have such an effect, and the plans of the projectors will come to grief.—*Baltimore Sunday American.*

The Hagerstown *Mail* (Dem.) draws a lesson from the Republican victories throughout Maryland at the recent election. Referring to the changes of Senators from several counties the *Mail* says:

By this reverse the Senate will stand 16 Democrats to 10 Republicans, leaving but a meagre majority when compared with all the former years since the war. The loss of four Senators at the next election would make that body Republican. And the same operating causes that wrestled from us three reliable counties at this time and which will not diminish in force unless arrested, will inevitably lead to similar results.

Two years hence Senators are to be chosen from Carroll, Calvert, Howard, Anne Arundel, Queen Anne's, Kent and Somerset, all now represented by Democrats. Among these, it is not hard to find a sufficient number, if the present condition of things continue, liable to be lost to us, to give the body to the Republicans; and certainly in no one of them is there more party strength or more party fidelity than might be supposed to exist in either Harford, Montgomery or Queen Anne's—in fact there is not one of the former that is not a contested country, while the three latter were considered beyond the pale of contest.

Death of Hon. James L. Ridgley.

James L. Ridgley died in Baltimore last week, in his seventy-fifth year. Since 1842 he has been Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Odd-fellows of the United States. About two years ago he was stricken with paralysis, from which he only partially recovered, and since then he has been unable to attend the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge. His last important work was the "History of American Odd fellowship," compiled and edited under the authority of the Grand Lodge. During his life Mr. Ridgley held various offices of public trust. For 12 years he was Register of Wills of Baltimore County, he has been a member of the Legislature and two conventions to revise the Constitution of the State. He was Collector of Internal Revenue under President Lincoln, and at the time of his death President of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Baltimore County.

THE PROPOSED NEW NAVY.—The plan of the naval advisory board, which has lately been transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy, proposes the construction of forty-one new ships of war, at a cost of $31,000,000. These ships it is suggested, shall be built of steel mostly, but a few of the lightest tonnage of wood. The tonnage of this new navy ranges, according to the plan of the board, from 5,300 tons down through 4,200 and 3,500 for steel ships of the largest class, having a speed respectfully of 15, 14 and 13 knots an hour. Also ten ships, to be built of wood, of 770 tons and a speed of 10 knots. Of all the ships in the navy before the war, and those built during and subsequent to it, including the monitors, and notwithstanding the vast sums that have been expended annually on them, there remain only 21 war vessels that are efficient or that can be made so.

A glass manufacturer in Pittsburgh, proposes to build houses with glass bricks. By making the glass of various colors he claims the effect would be most pleasing, while the cost would not be much more than that of cut granite.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1881.

Alexander H. Stephens, "all that is left" of the Vice President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, has arrived in the city from his Georgia home, and taken up his quarters at the old National Hotel along with the members of the National Grange, now in session here, and with the Guiteau jury; and with his avoirdupoise opposite, Vice President David Davis, of whom a Southern Democratic paper speaks as "larding the chair of the Senate with his oily obesity." But the number of Congressmen and Senators in the city is not large, and they will not likely rush in now until after Thanksgiving. Of course the principal candidates for the Speakership are on the ground, and everything points to the expected victory for the Republican caucus candidate, whoever he may be. The talk is Kasson, Hiscock, and Kelfer, with Mark H. Dunnell, of Minnesota, looming up. The handsome steel gray Gen. Kelfer has his headquarters at the Ebbitt, and that Quaker statesman, Ben Butterworth, of vim and side whiskers, has inaugurated a canvass of activity in behalf of Ohio.

The reports of heads of departments of the Government, or big clerks, are now coming out, on which, in part, will be based the Chief Executive's annual message to Congress. The Democratic "statesmen" who hang around Washington, with the mistaken idea that they somehow have something to do with running the country, are very much exercised about President Arthur's message, and including the Sunday and every day "Whipping *Post*," the National Democratic organ, are inventing all sorts of blunders for him to make. They have been very anxious for Gen. Arthur to "carry out the policy of Gen. Garfield," and rail at him for going to New York in the influence of Wall Street for a Secretary of the Treasury. "Something never done before" since the party has been in power. But those patriots, as well as some "too, too," independent and critical Republicans, seem to overlook the fact that Gen. Arthur, so far, has hardly taken a step or made an appointment to office outside of the line marked out by Gen. Garfield. Judge Folger was urged to take the Treasury portfolio from Gen. Garfield, and Frank Hatton tells the country in his own newspaper, the Burlington *Hawkeye*, that his appointment had been decided on last spring by Gen. Garfield. Speaking of the President's message brings to mind an episode of the Hayes *regime*. It will be recollected that once upon a time one of Mr. Hayes' messages was "obtained" and printed in the Chicago *Times* in advance of its delivery to Congress. Well, the "enterprising journalist" who procured it, a Mr. Worden, says he was to have $500 for "acquiring" the coveted state paper, and now sues "Old Storey," the editor of the Chicago *Times*, who has come on here to spend the winter, for his pay. That's a pretty steep price for one of Mr. Hayes' old messages.

President Arthur is so good a hand at keeping his own counsel that it is not likely that his message will be stolen. Nor can much be found out about the rest of his Cabinet, although there is almost no doubt that he will have a new one entire, at least after the holidays. The Trans-Mississippi country thinks it ought to run the "Interior"—the Indians and land. So Chaffee, Jesse Grant's father-in-law, will probably succeed Kirkwood; when Price's short and excellent reign will cease, as he only took charge of Indian Affairs to oblige his old-time friend, Gov. Kirkwood.

Since autumn has cast her rich halo of glory about this beautiful city, environed by forest-hills and winding river, it is apparent that the grand Capital of state palaces, broad avenues, long smooth streets and lovely parks and grounds, has been much improved during the season. The enchanting Capitol grounds have grown in beauty; a new park has been made out of Mount Vernon Place; elegant mansions have been built by many Statesmen and wealthy men for winter houses in the city, where banks of flowers yet bloom in the golden autumn sunlight, and scarlet vines swing in the soft winds of its gentle clime.

JUNIUS.

Including the magazines there are 11,418 papers published in this country, of which 982 are published daily, 8,725 weekly, and the remainder semi-weekly, tri-weekly and monthly. New York takes the lead with 1,412, and Illinois comes next with 1,032, having outstripped Pennsylvania, which used to rival New York, and now issues 989. The other states vary, Ohio having 777, and Nevada 37. All the territories have their papers, and even the Indian Territory has 3.

The later advices from England state that the strange speculation in Confederate bonds, which set in so suddenly and extended so rapidly from England to this country, has quite as suddenly died out. The theory on which the shrewd originators of the speculation set it in motion was that there were large sums of money deposited in the Bank of England to the credit of the late Confederate government and other large deposits of money held on Confederate account elsewhere, to all of which the holders of Confederate bonds had a legal claim. It seems to have been accepted by the credulous with more confidence than is usually given to so wild a story. While the fever of speculation lasted those who picked up large amounts of bonds for a merely nominal sum made money out of their dupes; for we learn that at their culminating point some of the bonds were sold in England at ten per cent. of their face value. But when the London *Times* stated there was no money held in the Bank of England on Confederate account, and when, from other sources, it was learned that if there were any Confederate assets anywhere the decisions of the English courts adjudged them to belong to the government of United States, the back of the speculation was broken, and investors had to pocket their losses with the best grace they could command.

It is predicted by many that the Democratic party in Congress will fix its mighty intellect, during the coming session, upon a revision of the tariff and internal revenue acts. As this is probably the most foolish thing that party can do, the prediction is not unlikely to prove true. If the Democratic party had been wisely led, it would have seized the opportunity to propose some wise and patriotic measure when it had a majority in both houses of Congress. If it had been shrewdly led, it would not have missed the opportunity to put itself on the record in favor of some measure that would at least have been popular, if not in the highest sense wise or patriotic. But its day has passed. If that party attempts anything, now that it is out of power and shorn of responsibility, it will be met with a sneer. Men who are honestly in favor of any measure are not in the habit of wailing until the power has passed from them before taking the first step in that direction. But the cheapest and shallowest of cheap demagogues are quite apt, when kicked out of power, to boil over with zeal for all sorts of reforms, to which, when in power, they had never given a moment's thought.

No sooner is the campaign in Virginia over than the Democrats begin to tell the truth about the Mahone movement. All through the campaign the idea was steadily maintained by the Northern Democrats that the Anti-Bourbons were fighting for Repudiation and the Bourbons were fighting against it, yet on Thursday morning one of the most zealous Bourbon organs, *The Richmond State*, was able to say: "The white men of Virginia, who fancied that a vote for Mahone's man, Cameron, meant a vote for repudiation or readjustment of any action touching the State debt, will surely be disappointed. The Republican party, to which Mahone is sold, will insist on the payment of the debt." This, then, is the object of the unholy coalition between the Republican party and Mahone—the payment of the debt. How shockingly dreadful!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Committee of One Hundred—Old Line Democrats—met in Baltimore Wednesday evening. The present officers, consisting of Dr. George W. Benson, President, W. H. Love, secretary, and J. Radigan, assistant secretary, will continue to officiate until next spring, when new delegates will be chosen by each ward for the formation of a new committee. It was decided to continue the organization during the next campaign, when candidates will again be nominated. Steps were also taken looking to the appointment of committee to prepare bills for new registration and election laws.

FREDERICK, November 21.—Today the court filed its opinion in the case of Otho Shank vs. Harrison Wagner, making the injunction perpetual. The opinion is a very long one, but very able, and denounces in the severest terms the frauds by which the judgments were obtained, and decrees that Harrison Wagner pay all the costs. This was a test case, and practically kills the balance of the Wagner cases.

The full vote of Pennsylvania for State treasurer at the late election is given by the Philadelphia *Times* as follows: Baily (Rep.), 265,293; Noble (Dem.), 258,387; Wolfe (Ind. Rep.), 49,969; Jackson (Gbk.), 14,946; Wilson (Pro.), 4,512. For president last year Garfield had 444,704; Hancock, 407,423; Weaver 20,668; Dow and scattering, 1,986.

A Funeral of Ants.

The ant has long been an object of special interest with naturalists and others, who say many wonderful things about him, and who back him up strongly for possessing a remarkable degree of intelligence. One of these gentlemen, an acute observer of the insect, furnishes a very interesting incident of a funeral procession. Having accidentally killed a number of straying soldier ants, he noted a commotion among the adjacent surviving relations, and determined to watch their proceedings closely, following four or five that started from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered and in about five minutes reappeared, followed by others, and all fell into rank, walking regularly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where the dead bodies of the soldier ants lay. In a few moments two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of a comrade; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until all the defunct insects were elevated. Then the procession moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus they arrived at a sandy spot which seemed to suit. Here the body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, and then they labored until the graves were refilled. This did not quite finish the remarkable proceeding. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the digging; these were caught, brought back, and promptly killed on the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Mahone's Future.

One of the results of the late election in Virginia will be that the Readjusters-General Assembly can at the coming session elect four of the five judges of the Court of Appeals. The new appointees cannot enter upon the discharge of their duties until January 1, 1883—fourteen months hence. This, therefore, promises to delay the readjustment measures—the Riddleberger bill—for one year. It is quite as certain that the present court will pronounce it unconstitutional as it is that the Assembly will pass it and Gov. Cameron approve it. There is a widespread belief in the State that President Arthur, from the interest he has taken in the Readjuster cause, will offer Mahone a place in the Cabinet. If he accepts, the Senators will be Riddleberger and John D. Wise. The General Assembly will have, also, besides the election of Senators, the redistricting of the State for members of Congress, as Virginia is now entitled to ten, instead of nine members of the House.

There have been a good many political duels in the South this year, but it is a curious fact that the only one that has resulted fatally started as a joke. Two colored brethren having had a political dispute, it was determined to settle the matter in a mock duel. Seconds were chosen, and double barreled shotguns were selected as the weapons. They were supposed to be loaded only with powder, but through some mistake a charge of bird-shot was put in one of the weapons, and after the smoke of the explosion of the weapons had cleared away it was discovered that one of the darkies had been killed. It remains to be seen what disposition will be made of the man who fired the shot. It is not quite evident how he can be convicted of murder, but what can be said of the man who introduced the shot.

READJUSTMENT IN ARKANSAS.—The plan of paying a debt by "readjusting" it seems to find favor in Arkansas as well as in Virginia and Tennessee. A Little Rock dispatch states that the "amendment wing" of the Democratic party claims to be backed by two-thirds of the party, and will nominate a State ticket composed of candidates pledged to resist the payment of an alledged illegal indebtedness of the State amounting to thirteen millions of dollars. This sum seems to be a favorite figure with the readjusters, as it is this amount they propose to eliminate from the Virginia debt.

An attempt will be made, it is said, at the next session of the South Carolina legislature to pass a strong total abstinence law for that State.

"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25c.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The psy car passed through this place Monday.

—One of Vennor's northern zephyrs visited this section Thursday.

—Mrs. W. M. Wagner, of this place is visiting relatives in Cumberland, Md.

—Mr. W. Y. Waltz, of Oakland, lost his first and only child, by death, Sunday last.

—There has been a large amount of poultry and pork, brought to market during the last week.

—Married, at Oakland Saturday, Nov. 12th, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Thomas Warren and Mrs. Martha Calon.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Dr. S. Townshend has removed his dental office to his residence, on Oak Street, in the house lately occupied by Mr. Geo. W. Legge.

—Still the people will buy the New Model Light-Running Weed, because when they are tested and tried they never fail to please, and that is what makes the Singer agent squeal.

—Married, at Mountain Stock Farm, this county, Sunday, Nov. 20th, 1881, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Thomas E. Haigh and Miss Fannie E. Warren, all of this county.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 15th, 1881, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Harrison Brown and Miss Lydia V. Bowser, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Clerk of Court Tower Tuesday received the commissions of the newly-elected Sheriff, Surveyor and Commissioners. These officers have 30 days from the above date in which to qualify.

—Died, in Oakland, Friday night of last week, aged about 10 years, a favorite English terrier, belonging to Capt. J. M. Jarboe. "Dixie" was undoubtedly the best "ratter" in Oakland, and was a general favorite throughout the town, being almost endowed with human intelligence.

—In the shooting match between the Red and Blue Platoons of the Garrett Guards Thursday, the Reds were victorious, after shooting off a tie, made in the first contest. The day was very cold and disagreeable, and but few spectators were present.

—Thanksgiving Day was generally observed in Oakland. Union services were held in the Lutheran church, which was tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion with grain, fruits and flowers. An able sermon was delivered by Rev. S. E. Jones, of the M. E. Church.

—Died, Nov. 7th, 1881, in the 67th year of her age, Martha A. Fitzwater. Sister Fitzwater had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for about 35 years. She died as she had lived—met death calmly. Her last words were precursors of coming glory.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 6.45 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 a. m., by Rev. Sotudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Oyster Supper.

An oyster supper will be given at Deer Park on Thursday and Friday evenings, December 1st and 2d, for the benefit of the Lutheran church building.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, November 26th, 1881.

Brenneman, John,	McCulloh, Jos.
Craig, John.	Ruffin, Frank G., Jr.
Cein, William,	Scott, John W.,
Dyson, W. W., Mrs.	Teel, Patrick,
Darling, Mary, Mrs.	West, John W.
Farrar, A. E., Capt.	West, Mittie,
Fisher, Robt. J. Jr.	Williamson, David,
Graham, J. G.	Young, Charles.
Harrington, Isaac,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P.M.

Incendiarism near Altamont.

ALTAMONT, MD., Nov. 22, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—On November 5th, between the hours of eleven and one in the night, some fiend in human shape went to the premises of Thomas Miller, who resides near this place, and set fire to all the feed on his place, consisting of four acres of corn fodder, one stack timothy hay, and a lot of wheat straw. On the next day they fired a stack of glade hay, and not yet satisfied, they came on the 12th instant and set fire to his barn about 6 o'clock P. M., destroying the building, together with a one horse spring wagon, a mill belonging to Mrs. Germany, a centre-lever plow, and in short, all his farming implements. The indignation of the community is aroused, and to shew their hatred of such dastardly acts the neighbors propose holding a public meeting at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, 26th instant, at the Little England School House, for the purpose of arranging to put him up another barn in place of the one destroyed. We trust there will be a good turn out, and that in a few days hence a good building will stand where the one was burned.

X. X.

Band of Hope Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week, Rev. S. E. Jones presiding. The following programme was well rendered; Essay, Jas. A. Enlow; Selection, Miss Stella Jarboe; Declamations Harry Loar and John Sincell. The 6th annual meeting of this organization will be held in the M. E. Church on the 4th Thursday evening of December.

New Time-Table.

The following time table of he Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The Sale of Land to the Mountain Lake Park Association Ratified.

Edward Hoye, of this county representing certain heirs of John Hoye, deceased, formerly resident in Allegany county, objected to the ratification of the sale of the land in this county to the Mountain Lake Park Association, on the ground of inadequacy of consideration. The objections were filed in the Orphans' Court for Allegany county and the case was taken up on Friday of last week and continued until last Tuesday, when decision of the Court was given. The first portion of the decision reads as follows: "Objections having been filed by Edward Hoye and others to the ratification of the sale made by George Smith, executor of John Hoye, deceased, to C. P. Masden, E. W. Ryan and J. C. Alderson, and testimony having been taken on the part of the purchasers, pursuant to an order passed by this court, and said objections, the answer thereto and the testimony, having been fully considered by the court, the court is of the opinion that said objections ought to be overruled and said sale ratified and confirmed, it appearing that said sale was fair in every particular." Then follows the usual order overruling the objections and finally ratifying the sale. The costs are ordered to be paid by George Smith, executor of John Hoye, out of the proceeds of the sale.

The sale of the property, about 500 acres, was made by George Smith, executor of John Hoye. The association purchased about 300 more from another party and this last-named tract is the one from which the lots have been sold, so that that portion of the enterprise has not been interfered with. It was designed, however, to put the lake and other improvements on the tract purchased from the Hoye heirs, and the work of making these improvements was interrupted about six weeks ago, when the objections were filed, but will now be rapidly pushed forward.

Messrs. Peddicord & Combs represented the Association, and Gordon & Son appeared on behalf of the heirs.

Accidently Shot and Killed.

David Male, aged about 22 years, residing with his father, Mr. Isaac Male, about six miles from Oakland, was killed Monday last by the accidental discharge of his shot gun, while out hunting. He had stopped at Davis & Bros. steam saw mill, near Deep Creek, and was standing on a log talking with some of the mill men, with his gun resting between his feet, when it slipped off and the hammer coming in contact with the log was discharged, the entire charge of shot entering his body on the right side, forward, immediately under the ribs. He died in about 45 minutes. He leaves a wife, having been married a few weeks since.

SELBYSPORT, MD., Nov. 21, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—There is a flying report here that one year ago I was furnished with cheese and crackers by prominent Republicans to give out on election day, and that I sold them. This report is false, and I can prove the originator a falsifier. I always buy my goods and do as I please with them.

Truly yours

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 23:

John A. Edgar and Allan S. Spear to Susan E. Brady, part of a tract of land called "Addition to Edens Paradise Regained," containing 160 acres; $1200.

Leonard Burkhardt, to Magdalena Burkhardt, military lots Nos. 3220 and 3218.

Joel Miller and wife to Christian J. Miller, 2 acres and 80 perches, of ground situated in the town of Grantsville; $200.

Henry Schmulbach, to J. C. Rodeheaver and James Chidester, a lot of ground situated in the town of Deer Park, containing 4,720 feet; $50.

Emil F. Droege and wife to Pauline M. Falconar, a lot of ground situated in the town of Deer Park, containing 2½ acres; $100.

—The first quarterly meeting for Selbysport and Johnstown circuit will be held December 4th, at Selbysport; at which time the church that has been completed at that place will be dedicated to the service of God. All lovers of christianity, are heartily invited to attend and engage in the services.

A. W. BOWLIN, Pastor.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The health of Judge Pearre has greatly improved.

Capt. J. Samuel Simmons, of Buckeystown district, Frederick county, died Sunday last. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Frederick county.

The colored Republicans of Talbot county had a torchlight procession in Easton on Thursday night, to celebrate the recent victory achieved by the Republican ticket.

Mr. Valentine Insley, of Wicomico county, 92 years of age, raised with his own labor this year a splendid field of corn, many of the ears measuring fourteen inches in length.

The report of the marriage of Miss Lillian Duer, of Pocomoke City, whose trial for killing her friend, Miss Kearn, attracted so much attention, is not correct. It is a sister of Miss Duer that is married.

The will of the late Mrs. Thruston, of Cumberland, divides her property, valued at $50,000, into three equal parts, one to Mrs. C. P. Manning, one to the heirs of Geo. A. Thruston and one to the heirs of C. B. Thruston.

Mr. Robert Dick, sr., an old and prominent citizen of Lonaconing, died there Sunday afternoon, aged seventy-six years. He was originally a miner, but had not worked of late years. By frugality and thrift he accumulated quite an estate.

Probably there was never so much timber cut on the peninsula in one year as this. Largar quantities than usual have been used in building vessels and dwellings, and for piling, telegraph poles and railroad ties, &c., the quantity has been enormous.

Mrs. Ann B. Hogg, wife of Mr. John R. Hogg, of Elkton, Md., died last week, aged 79 years. The deceased was a resident of Elkton at the time of the British invasion, in 1812, and possessed a large store of information in relation to that exciting period.

The Hagerstown Agricultural Works have been removed from Hagerstown to Newark, Ohio. The Mail says: "A bonus of $35,000 having been offered the proprietors by the people of Newark, they determined to accept it, and the business will hereafter be carried on there.

The fatal mock duel of two Virginia colored men is entirely eclipsed by the result of a private rehersal of border ruffian life by three boys in in Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday. Ceaseless reading of yellow novels and cheap story papers had filled the youths with the genuine cow-boy spirit, and with some bits of paper as "chips" they sat down to a game of poker on the Texas plan, where "ace high" and a revolver beat four of a kind. Young Morrisey, at the proper stage of the game, rose with a shoehorn in each hand, and, shouting that the other two were cheating him, declared he "had the drop on them." One of his opponents, Markham, had resurrected an old and, as they supposed, unloaded revolver, and in play he aimed it at Morrisey and pulled. The weapon of course went off and Morrisey was mortally wounded, living less than an hour after the shooting. Both of the survivors of this dime-novel tragedy were jailed.

A Virginia farmer raised twenty bushels of wheat per acre on land supposed to have been worn out. He plowed from 8 to 10 inches deep, turning up virgin soil, and used no fertilizers.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

Garrett County to the Front.

Read and reflect. From December 1879, to November 1881, shows a majority for Singer of 305, over 100 Machines per annum. The combined efforts of seven other kinds of Machines that have been offered in Garrett county cannot show one-half as many sales. Look at the names of our patrons below. We think this ought to satisfy any one doubting or halting between two opinions, whether to buy the Singer or some other kind. Did you ever know any one that failed to give entire satisfaction?

We give the following as testimony:

John Heibig, 3,	Harriett Banks,
A. Loewenstein, 3,	Nelson Irving,
J. W. Lethers, 3,	Benj. Thrasher,
Sarah McCrobie,	Mary Williams,
A. B. Woodcock,	J. F. Williams,
J. N. Spangler,	John Thrasher,
Katie Biter,	Frank Thrasher,
W. D. Hoye,	Mary Mackin,
David Enos,	Rebecca Hoopes,
Wm. Wagner,	Jacob Nickleson,
Dr. Bartlett,	S. C. Cassidy,
Dr. McComas,	S. V. B. Ward,
George Peer,	W. H. Hagans,
Geo. E. Guthery, 2,	L. A. Sell,
Lloyd Chambers,	Levi Eckart,
Wm Griffy,	M. R. Hamill,
Annie Lewis,	N. McAllister,
Elizabeth Arnold,	S. J. Falkner,
Eliza Gibson,	Henry Bitner,
H. C. Coddington,	H. B. Wolfe,
A. C. Woodring	John O. Michael,
John F. White,	A. C. Brooke,
Thomas Coddington,	Elizabeth Whirl,
H. R. Duckworth,	John Shartzer,
P. A. Chisholm,	A. F. McCrobis,
Henry A. Rasche,	Mary E. White,
Sarah A. Coddington,	Norman Bray,
Laura Edgar,	Elex. Lower,
Nora Tailor,	C. H. Sincel,
Jennie Smouse,	J. Sisler,
Mary J. Ross,	J. King,
Ella Merrill,	Geo. D. White,
Nannie C. Goode,	Mrs. Amos Tishue,
Geo. L. Bosley,	J. M. Glover,
David Gauer,	Alex. Lohr,
Henry Russell,	Samuel Warnick,
Henry Bosley,	Alice Hesson,
Martin McLain,	Hattie Pritts,
J. H Stevens,	Martha Williams,
Ann Pew,	Tailor Friend,
Geo. T. Miller,	Benj. Ash,
William Plum,	E. J. Stuck,
Joseph Lanhorn,	H. McCrobie,
Joseph Niner,	G. W. Collins,
W. H. Custer,	Maggie Conaway,
Bridget Maroney,	John Fitzwater,
S. J. Laughlin,	Hester A. Beaver,
Mrs. E. Chisholm,	E. D. Kepner,
Holian Mills,	Wm. Flagle,
S. C. Hoye,	Frederick Clare,
Wm. Junkins,	Laura Miller,
Wm. Merrill,	Benj. Moon,
C. L. Hamill,	John W. Wolfe,
Thomas Martin,	Mrs. J. K. Daily,
M. E. West,	L. H. Schoolfield,
Geo. Gaser,	G. W. Coleman,
Geo. Roth,	Joseph Kepner,
Peter Connell,	John Landsberry,
Thomas C. Friend,	Cristena Gauer,
L. R. Johnson,	Mrs. E. Parsons,
Johnson King,	P. M. Stempie,
Calhrine Bittinger,	Rebecca J. Friend,
W. Y. Waltz,	Johnson Pheres,
Lucien Frazee,	J. W. Paugh,
Thomas Savage.	G. W. Turner,
Francis Pritts,	Mr. Dumire,
Daniel Coneway,	Samuel Laughery,
Jonathan Murphy,	Frank Shultz,
Mary J. Crim,	T. H. Lawson,
M. A. Palmer,	David Lantz,
B. B. Wilmoth,	W. A. Browning,
Elias Metz,	Gabriel Friend,
B. F. Thrasher,	Susan Lininger,
F. C. Browning,	G. T. Price,
M. J. Miller,	J. W. Cramer,
G. F. Miller,	Sarah J. White,
Theodore Willey, 2,	S. A. Washington,
M. J. Elsworth,	M. V. Paxton,
Jas. Rush,	Jas. A. Keasner,
S. F. McClung,	Aaron Pritts,
Geo. B. Auvil,	Geo. Sperline,
Dan Davis,	Caroline Snyder,
John Davis,	Martha Carney,
L. D. Johnson,	L. H. Sisler,
M. A. Beachey,	John Engleheart,
Agnes Murry,	A. Spiker,
Nannie Legge,	Isabel Truly,
S. L. James,	S. J. Moore,
C. A. Keasner,	Mortal Biggs,
W. H. Goff,	M. Duckworth,
Jas. Hartman,	J. W. White,
A. R. Sanders,	Thos. DeWitt,
Mollie Lish,	S. J. Nicklow,
David Enlow,	W. Rinker,
Mose Schrouck,	A. C. Hamill,
Tom Nethkin,	Julia Frazee,
Charles Frazee,	David Slaughbaugh,
Thos. Loudermilk,	Joseph Kemp,
S. K. Harvey,	M. M. Hardy,
J. L. Sharpless,	Joel Bender,
Jack Rhoder,	D. J. Little,
Mary E. Pritts,	Wm. White,
Sol Boyer,	S. C. Sanders,
Joseph Frantz,	Nicholas Rinker,
J. H. Wilson,	F. W. Yeger,
Hammilton Frazee,	G. W. Miller,
Catherine Whitehair,	John W. Harvey,
C. C. Bishop,	John Hartman,
Daniel Wilhelm,	T. N. Groves,
Geo. McKenzie,	Elizabeth Lohr,
J. G. Forguerson,	Harriet Dunnaway,
Elizabeth Fike,	Samuel F. Livengood,
Jennie Savage,	J. S. Feathers,
M. V. Flanagan,	Katie J. Willet,
Jacob Elsey,	Rheuben Woodward,
Henry J. Sell,	Michael Garrett,
Sarah Lininger,	Abram Freeland,
John Davis,	Alex. Fleckenstein,
Henry Walters,	Ralph Wilburn,
James White,	Lizzie Valentine,
John Wilburn,	Lewis Uppermaa,
Wm. Wilburn,	John Mathews,
James Enlow,	N. H. Fike,
Ned Welsh,	Edward Jones,
Sarah Mason,	Jane Kitsmiller,
Ab Welsh,	F. W. Paxton,
Ed. Wolfe,	Thos. Casteel,
Mrs. Cormany,	Abe Dumire,
Barney Reynolds,	Mrs. Pfeiffer,
Mrs. J. M. Jarboe,	Geo. O. Lee,
Nellie Warren,	Amos Friend,
U. S. Coburn,	Jack Coleman,
John Henline,	Rebecca Cogley,
Jacob Airnhalt,	J. Harshbarger,
Christenia Sines,	L. T. Jones,
John Riley,	S. W. Moreland,
R. W. McWilliams,	Jas. Haslem, 2,
Prof. Richardson, 2,	J. E. Paugh,
Geo. Roth,	A. C. Browning,
O. M. Hatfield,	Henry Sisk,
Sam Switzer,	Jos. Ruckle,
James Bittinger,	John McCabe,
Nickolas Roth,	M. E. Davis,
C. H. Tillson,	

Now if you are not willing to risk your Judgement on a Machine, see if you can't see the name of some friend in the above list that will help you to decide.

In regard to the statement of last week's issue of the REPUBLICAN, relative to Bogus Weed machines, would say: There is no machine imitated except the Singer. There must be a genuine before there is a bogus. There is only one style of Weed machines manufactured, pay what you will for them. They are all the same.

Machines sold on easy monthly payments.

Call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.

Oakland, Md., Nov. 16th, 1881.

Annual Report of the B. & O. R. R. Co.

The results of the operations of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company for the fiscal year ended on the 30th of September last are set forth with great clearness in the annual report submitted to the meeting of stockholders Monday and given to the public Tuesday. Among the striking features of the report none will attract more attention than that which refers to the effects of the prolonged competion forced upon the company by the other trunk lines, which adopted needlessly low and unremunerative rates, but which effect, while reduced comparatively the net results for the year, served signally to illustrate the conservative system of the Baltimore and Ohio company. The total revenues of the main stem and all the branches for the fiscal year ended 30th September last were $18,463,877,26, showing an increase of $146,137.16 as compared with 1880, and $4,269,896.83 as compared with 1879. The earnings of the main stem proper were $11,122,259.96, and the working expenses $6,275,643.71, or 56.42 per cent. against 53.93 per cent. in 1880, and 51.02 per cent. in 1879. The earnings of the main stem are $107,621.05 less than last year, and the working expenses are $218,743.86 greater than last year, making a comparative decrease in the net profits of $326,364.91. The sinking fund in connection with the $5,000,000 loan of Baltimore city was increased $114,969.07, making a total payment in advance of $2,396,220.41. The loan matures in 1890. The company made the sixth annual paym[ent] of $40,000 on the bond for $1,000, city of Baltimore for [its interest in] Pittsburg and Connell[sville railroad], reducing the obligatio[n to $700,000]. The passenger earnin[gs] increase from $1,879,9[00 over] ceeding year, and $1,17[9,000 to] $1,714,922. The increa[se of the sink]ing fund on the variou[s lines of the] company in the year w[hich] and the total of the s[inking fund is] now $7,873,351.83. T[he increase of] the surplus fund [is $1,077,038.24,] against an increase of [$1,508,984.44 in] the previous year. T[he total surplus] fund not represented [by stock] bonds is $42,258,680.61

With the Solid Se[nate secured on] and with New York [Legislature and] Republican State, we [have reason to] know upon what the [Democracy is] able to base a shado[w of a hope for] electing a President [in 1884.—N. Y.] *Tribune.*

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent t[o] examine a SOLID GOL[D] from the necessary thic[kness] and polishing, a large[r] precious metal used is [required] and hold the engraved [figures] supply the necessary [strength.] The surplus gold is ac[quired] as UTILITY and beau[ty] JAMES BOSS' PATE[NT] CASES, this WASTE of [metal] come, and the SAME SO[LIDITY] produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. W. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
And others.

11 26 3

Estate of Jacob Swartzentruber, Dec'd

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JACOB SWARTZENTRUBER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1881.

JACOB S. MILLER,
11 12 3 Executor.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 22d day of November, A. D., 1881, that the sale made by Joseph Smearman and Geo. W. Lohr, Executors, of John Smearmond, deceased, and reported by Joseph J. Smearman one of the Executors, of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, on or before the said 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sale to be twelve hundred dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WILLIAM HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
11 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netbkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park [illegible]

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptsons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 td Baltimore.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years' experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

The Wondrous Productions of the Loom In Modern Dress Fabrics.

Imitations of nature in surprising multiplicity are constantly to be met with as offered to view at almost every shop window, either through definite imitation or by yet more interesting suggestion. The result is altogether curious and frequently charming. Systems of form, color and texture appearing in the natural world determine the present law of fashion, in an important degree, and as never previously conforming it since the first article of feminine apparel took quality and shape. It is an era in dress with close natural relationship to all that has sprung from new ideas in art and æstheticism, and with the reigning fancy coming to be expressed in a multitude of fresh and bewildering ways. The new impulse has reached woven fabrics in an extensive application of novel complex schemes to their production. Simplicity of imitative fabrication, like that, for example, of plain colored, even surfaced Siberian plush in simulation of the natural covering of the Northern Asiatic squirrel, continues without being despised in the market, yet has not been sufficient to content the designer's fancy. The surface, it is found, may be thrown into ridges, like bodies of caterpillars, and these ringed transversely with colors, or it may be flecked with snow crystals or gold, or touched by a glistening frost, or the shadings of Algæ may be given it, or through a single stripe may be passed gradations from pale rose to the fullest depths of red.

Apparently a rule for the weaver, as it is with nature, is that of charm involved with charm, so that from deft tricks with warp and woof result unnumbered textile intricacies, which, although not always beautiful, are an engaging mystery.

Added to silken ripples of dress material divided by mossy banks are darkening shades adjusted relatively to increasing lusters, and with floral luxuriance spread broadcast without limit. The object being sought to so great a degree has illustrations in satins richly embossed with shaded plush figures, forming varied masses, alternating with open net-works against the shining under surface, the latter being, as it were, of entwined and clinging sprays twisted filament in also a raised surface, giving a distinguished effect to the design. Textures of smooth silk may be brocaded with flowers in twill as well as with those of embroidery effect. In the latter style both silver and gold silk are frequently employed, either singly or in combination, with simple varieties of silk; a cardinal silk fabric is sprayed with silver flowers, another of cream color bears a profusion of golden sunflowers; a red bronze satin is brocaded with feathers in bronzed gold, and a rose hued silk is striped with brownish feathers clustered and glinted with gold and casting their outline within the silken stripe, so that these rose spaces are defined by wavy lines. A flashing effect is produced in the aurora borealis brocade, as it is named, and which, in its vivid suggestions, measures fairly the recent conceit in representation from nature. The material may have sometime a midnight ground decked with flaming flowers, having leaves folding centerward, and carrying bands of gold thence striking boldly out; or the ground may perhaps be blue, with great flowers in silver gray, folded one over another, and shaded and lightened cloudlike, with royal gold also centering at their hearts.

The brush has wrought the rosy garlands softly on white moire antique, and this is a regal style for sovereign beauty, which alone would dare its trial. The bright little needle, catching as it might into this wonderful complex rhythm of nature, has flown untiringly over webs of satin, leaving lightning chains of gold with a half-secreted trace of blue, dashed zigzag in incalculable confusion, with large and small leaves formed of iridescent beads and cast whirling in the midst. Fronts of dresses are wrought thickly in the fabric itself in pearls and crystal; yet these embroideries are cast more frequently on silken net in flounce or tablier. The latter, covered in floral design with pearls in various sizes and colors and with green and gilt and amethyst beads, may, perhaps, be seen over the blue satin front with copper-colored train, the style being of Oriental effect. Another rich tablier is beaded with amber, crystal, pearl, cashmere and clair de lune. A flounce may be wrought with crystals and pearls in Oriental design of diamond shapes and starry flowers, with deep points at the lower edge surrounded by pear shaped pearls, beneath which fall a fringe formed of strings of pearls and crystals. Similarly elaborate decorations may be in jet on black lace, flounce following a Spanish design of lace or a pattern applied to unlighted net. Sometimes the costumes have great curiosities of natural forms; a salmon-colored satin may be draped with soft silken Spanish lace in front, to which hang small cocoons at intervals wound with gold silk; the over-drapery of cardinal silk falls at the back like a great pair of wings down upon the skirt. A green costume fit for a Nereid has around the lower part of the skirt three rows of deep chenille fringes like masses, thick and soft in their native tint, wholly concealing all beneath.

The bonnet like a bird may be perhaps all of feathers on the outer part, or it may be all of pearls or jet, or have plumes lifting and softly folding above like forms of clouds, or sometimes its soft folds of white moire antique or plush may be held by the body of a frog or greenish lizard.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

German Soldiers in Camp.

Last evening I rode over the hill to the camp of the Twentieth Division, and was well repaid for my trouble. No more picturesque or secure spot could have been selected for the camp, which lay on the southern slope of the thickly-wooded Osterwald Hills that form a kind of natural amphitheatre here. Care had been taken to form a cheval of a brook of mountain water, which was a blessing for the horses and a boon for cooking purposes. Enfolded in the southward slope of wood-clad hills, the camp was well protected from any sudden interruption of the enemy (the Nineteenth Division) from the north. But, though close to a thick forest, the troops were refused the kindly shelter. When bivouacking they must always do so in the open, to permit of greater order and to guard against surprises. The only comforts allowed them are a fire, their great coats and a shakedown of straw. Around each campfire, which is of bonfire dimensions, posts are driven in and connected by a rope, against which is built a thin wall of upright wheat straw, as a shelter from the wind, and then a thin matting of the same material is strewn all around. On this the men lie, with their feet to the fire, and sleep soundly, without a thought of cold or influenza. But when it rains it must be very nasty. When straw is not procurable the sheltering wall, about a yard high, is formed of canvas. The officers are better off, several of them, according to their rank, being allowed a tent in common. Just outside the sleeping circle is the cooking trench, which is always excavated first by one or two men of each company, who carry spades for rifle-pit and field-work purposes. Each officer has a personal attendant (one of his men), who is supposed to understand something of the culinary art. Straw had also been laid down as bedding for the horses, which, with their nose-bags and blankets, were tethered to a ring-rope. The horses of the uhlans stood in a row, with the lances stuck into the ground at their heads, the pennons fluttering gayly in the breeze. On each stack of firearms were placed the helmets and bayonets of the men, ready for instant assumption, and everything else was arranged with the utmost precision and method. The sanitary arrangements were perfect. I never saw a more picturesque or animated scene. It was a beautiful, mild night; the moon and the stars were shining and all the hill slope blazed with innumerable fires. The bands were all playing; the ever popular "Carmen" was played to death. The country side had flocked in and the strains of music were interspersed with gusts of cheering. The noisiest of the revelry must have come from the time-expired men—about a third of the whole—who in every corps are dismissed to their homes and into the Reserve immediately after the autumn manœuvers. They were singing and demonstrating at a great rate. At one of the camp fires at which the sounds of rejoicing were particularly loud I saw the men engaged in an occupation, the investigation of which may be recommended to students of Parsee rites and customs. Over the fire was a kind of cross, or cross-bar, from which depended a number of spoons belonging to time-expired men, who thus testify to the whole camp the near approach of their emancipation from their duties. If by action of the fire the spoons are consumed, well and good; but if not, they are buried deep next morning under the ashes of the wood which cooked the men's last army meal. It is a curious and long-standing rite. At nine o'clock the tattoo was played by the bands of the division, meaning that the market-tenders must not draw any more drink. Shortly afterward a gun was fired as the signal for evening prayer, which is not, strange to say, said by a chaplain, but by the trumpeters of a regiment. It is a novel, but yet an effective way to do one's devotions by sound of trumpet. The commander of each regiment assembles all his men, who reverently kneel with doffed caps while a slow and solemn Ahendied is performed by the bandsmen. Soon after nothing was to be seen but prostrate forms around the blazing fires, and nothing was heard but the imperious "Halt" of the sentries' challenge.—*Cor. London Times.*

Something New in Steam Navigation.

Yesterday a friend of mine from Indiana took me to see a wonderful ship or steamboat on the Harlem River, big enough to get on it and take a ride, which I did. It is called the buoyant propeller, and consists of a steamboat fifteen or twenty feet long, propelled on globes of air. As you draw near you see three large yellowish globes, made of sheet-iron, revolving on an axle like any other wheel. There are little flanges protruding from the globes, which are also paddle-wheels. An engine on the deck makes these two axles revolve, the front axle having only one globe wheel on it and the rear axle having two. As they revolve any leakage into the wheel is discharged at the axle. Consequently they can never fill. The inventor, a Mr. Fryer, formerly an engineer at Nashville, means to build a ship this winter for ocean service on this plan somewhere on the Hudson River, which will be 255 feet long and have state-room accommodations for 225 people. The present ship moves on globes only six feet in diameter but the new ship is to be built on enormous globes. The theory is that such a vessel will make from twenty to forty miles an hour, an are being presented at every point there will be no slippage. I suppose the idea of this machine is taken from the spheres on which we live that go through the air quickly.—"*Gath,*" *in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—A Kentucky paper says: "We pay nothing for the air we breathe, but we are taxed for the water we drink." The amount realized from this source in Kentucky must be upwards of two dollars, if the tax is honestly collected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Mexican Bull-Fight.

We drove into Maravatio at high noon of a *fiesta*—the circumcision of our Lord—a day which might have been made on purpose for a holiday, if all days of this season in Mexico were not perfect. It was a warmer, more Southern-looking town than Toluca, on the high table-lands, with more tropical fruits in its markets and less clothing on its dark children. The *rancheros* and country people, in their best *sarapes* and *rebozos*, had come in town to attend the bull-fight, and were sitting about on the stone benches of the sunny little plaza, in motionless content. A continuous procession of sandal-shod feet shuffled along the sidewalk, under the arches of the *portales*; gayly dressed horsemen, in bralded leather jackets and tight trowser-legs blazing with buttons, paced their bare-footed ponies through the streets, often with a friend accommodated behind. We sat in the deep stone window-seat of the hotel, looking out on the bright yet strangely listless throng, and partook of ices handed in at the window by a street vender, who, having served us, passed on down the street, trailing behind him the diminuendo repetitious of his long, musical cry "*Ne-e-ve!*"

The returning stage from Morelia had not arrived; there were bad, very bad roads ahead, and no further effort was made to proceed that day. "*Ni not to-day, to-morrow,*" is a Mexican proverb. Possibly the driver did not care to turn his back on a bull-fight. A procession of *toreros*, in their brilliant costumes, uplifting a huge garland of *banderillas* and accompanied by a band, paraded the streets. We could not see the figures distinctly; but we heard the music—the thrilling dance music of the country. As an invitation to the *toros*, nothing could have been better. It did not perceptibly stir the loungers on the stone benches; they were already convinced; but I, who abhorred the thing, and would not go in the capital, fell suddenly under the spell of the senseless, intoxicating music, and begged A—— to take me to the bull fight with the rest of the town! It seemed all the town did not go, for we were obliged in reaching the entrance to press through a crowd (that "smelled to heaven) of humble Maravatians, who remained outside because of their extreme poverty, not from any lack of taste for the popular amusement. We mounted a perilous wooden ladder to the scaffolding surrounding the arena. The entire structure had been reared without aid of nails or saw; the timbers showed the shaping blows of the ax, and were lashed together with ropes of *maguey*. It may not have been particularly safe, but was quite in keeping with the performance we had come to see, which resembled the scenes in a Roman arena as this rude amphitheater did the Colosseum. The city authorities sat in the place of the Cæsars; from the stall below, the band played the National airs, to accompany a dance of clowns which was interrupted by cries of "*Toro! toro!*" from the spectators. In the great blue arc of sky above the densely packed seats, the buzzards mounted, wheeled and sank. One mountain peak looked down at us dispassionately from a long way off. It was a very vulgar horror. Of all the figures in the arena the bull seemed by far the noblest. In the pauses of his charges, he faced his throng of persecutors with a large eyed bewilderment, pawing the dust and taking quick breaths of excitement. The space was too small for anything but butchery; there was little skill shown in defense by the men—not even very fine horsemanship. The spiritless, blindfolded horses were wantonly sacrificed—absolutely thrust upon the bull's horns. In less than ten minutes one was wounded to death. A—— put his hand before my eyes; and, indeed, I could not have looked, for I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of nervous crying. No nerves, not trained to it for generations, could have stood it—the cries, the music, the peril—for, wretched burlesque as it was, the simple fact of death was before our eyes. We went out ignominiously, with all the dark eyed women around looking at us with fixed curiosity.—*Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, in the Century Magazine.*

The Doctor.

The doctor, children, is known by the letters "M. D.," which follow his name. Although it is an M. D. title, letters remember it.

The doctor is generally attached to one of several schools, but some of them, it is suspected, were never connected with any kind of school.

The medical profession is not an exact science, but the medical practitioner seldom fails to exact his fee.

The doctor is a man of feeling. He invariably feels the pulse of his patient.

He is quite a connoisseur in the matter of tongues. No tongue can tell what he sees in it to admire, as no sounds go with the tongues under his examination.

The successful physician studies the likes and dislikes of his patient, and prescribes accordingly. Every patient knows what he wants. He goes to the doctor simply for cumulative evidence.

The doctor was formerly called a leech. The leech is a great bleeder.

There are several kinds of cures practiced by physicians. There is the water cure. We shall not have full faith in this cure, however, until the hydrant water is cured of its bad taste and smell.

The movement cure is low rents.

The physician's diploma is written in Latin. Latin is a dead language. So is the language of a large part of the doctor's patients after he has got through with them.

Most people would think pulse poor living; but if it were not for the pulse it would go hard with the doctor.

A doctor is always calm. He does not get heated, even when he comes to the boil.

We are sorry to say that the doctor is not a genial character. He cuts his best friends as well as his enemies.

However he is the first to aid us upon our advent into this world, and can always be depended upon to help us into the next.

When everybody is wise or everybody dead, the doctor will have to give up doctoring.

We do not intend to call the doctor names. We simply call the doctor.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In Minnesota there are ninety-four Episcopal churches, with eighty-three clergymen, 5,064 communicants and $262,497 worth of church property. The contributions last year amounted to $87,360.

—Owing to critical health the Rev. Joshua Kimber, Secretary of the Episcopal Board of Missions, has been granted a six months' leave of absence and a thousand dollars with which to pay the expenses of a trip to Europe.

—The California Methodists have begun to raise a "Haven memorial fund" of $10,000 in memory of the late Bishop Haven, who died in Oregon, for perfecting the library, cabinets, etc., of the University of the Pacific.

—The Seventh-Day Baptists have ten native families connected with their mission in Shanghai, China. The missionary force includes three missionaries, two native Bible readers, and a Bible woman. Two day schools are taught.

—President Seelye speaks with gratification of the success of the new system of self-government at Amherst. The faculty agree that they have never known a year in which so much honest work, with such healthy results, has been done in the college.

—The English Wesleyans cherish as a valuable relic the pocket Bible which Mr. Wesley carried with him in all his journeys, and which is now handed down to each President of the conference in succession, to be carried and used by him during his year of office.

—The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., a Superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions, has just completed his third tour of Alaska. He has established two new missions, stationed three new missionaries, made improvements in the missionary buildings and traveled 500 miles in canoes.

—Protestant Episcopal Bishop Penick, of Africa, says that four out of seven white ministers will come back to America for their health this year, and that sickness makes the work of white missionaries so irregular that the proportion of negro laborers must be increased till the whole work is turned over to them.

—The colored population of Lynchburg, Va., are in a prosperous state if the character of their church edifices is any indication. They have just dedicated a new Baptist church which cost $22,000. It is described as one of the most spacious and elegant church edifices in the city, with a tall spire that can be seen from the peaks of Otter, thirty miles distant.

—The visit of Mr. M. L. Hallenbeck to the Sandwich Islands on the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association was attended by powerful revivals wherever he went, both among the white and the native churches, so that an old missionary is reported to have said that "never since the great revival among the natives in 1838 has Hawaii seen anything like it."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Women barbers should have pretty rings.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Sal Ad is a nice girl to have at dinner if she's well dressed.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Horse thieves are generally high-strung individuals out in the territories.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

—The proverb says that "beauty is only skin deep," and it may be added that at that you're sometimes making a very liberal allowance.—*Boston Post.*

—A gamecock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say "the bravest are the tenderest?"—*Boston Courier.*

—It is carrying things a little too far when a bald-headed man attempts to cover the top of his head with hair grown away down on the side of his neck.—*Boston Times.*

—Now doth the small boy make raids upon every orchard that is not fortified by a dog, and decide to join some Sunday-school, to be on deck for a Christmas present.—*Puck.*

—Nothing like an honest quill. A St. Louis paper starts an editorial with: "Our ancestors, the baboons of Africa," etc. Don't you ever get lonesome to see the old folks?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Any man who goes up in a balloon or plays a fiddle may be called a Professor, but before he can receive the title of LL. D. he must be acquainted with the clerk of a country college.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

—We can't help entertaining a severe respect for the science that can instantaneously photograph a flying horse, but forces a man to sit for four eternal minutes in front of a camera, his head braced into a pitchfork, and his nerveless eyes staring relentlessly out into the fathomless realms of the undefinable.—*Rockland Courier.*

—Inquirer.—"What is genius?" This is a pretty hard question to answer, but we have an idea that genius is something that isn't afraid to roll up its sleeves and bend down to earnest and careful work, and strain every nerve to achieve the highest results of which it is capable, while mediocrity is enjoying itself at the theater or standing up at the bar having a good time with the boys.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Trio of Boston Boys.

Professor Sawyer, the well-known New York electrician, was formerly a short-hand reporter on the staff of the Boston *Post*. He invented and improved a telegraph instrument, and the royalties on the patent enable him to live in ease and roll in luxury. Professor Bell, now a Washington millionaire, was a few years ago a poor man. He lived in Boston and taught the blind at the Perkins Institute on the Peninsula. He was experimenting with the little instrument which he afterward perfected, and which is making him a bonanza king of the first magnitude. Edison, last but not least of the trio, was also a Boston telegraph operator, and scores of the "boys" on State Street remember him as a tireless seeker after better things. He has them in scores, yes, hundreds, of inventions and improvements in his Fifth Avenue palace. He is gaining fame and coining money. He was a Boston lad who first bottled electricity, and three Boston boys are making the best and most wonderful use

ANNOUNCEMENT.

YOUTH'S COMPANION

1882

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Improvement of Meadows.

A statement is going the rounds of the press that the hay crop of the United States amounts in annual value to over $600,000,000, and that hay, rather than cotton, is king. Granted that the statement is true, are all efforts in further improvement of our grass lands to stop here, or are we to make still farther improvement, and yet possibly double this exhibit, and so cheapen hay that it shall still farther take the place of grains as food for stock, and leave a yet larger margin of grain to be sold, or consumed in the making of flesh foods for our rapidly extending markets? It is an evident fact, here in Ohio, where grain-raising had suddenly attained prominence, that, although the meadows have been largely trenched upon to afford plow lands, the hay crop is actually yearly increasing, and as a matter of fact, some of the great agencies for improvement, except rotation of crops, to produce grass, have been put into practice, leaving drainage and other important accessories to be brought in later.

Improvement in our grass lands must, if permanent, commence at the very foundation—draining, tining the soil, liberal and thorough seeding, and if to be retained in grass, seasonable top-dressing. So far as reports go to show, drainage is the important step to take in securing great grass crops, the most valid reason for this being that nature is quite profuse in bestowing ammonia and the manurial properties by means of rain and air, and if the former in its fall, passes over the ground to its discharge, the soil gets only a homeopathic dose, but if this rainfall is drawn into the soil, and thus discharged, the soil must retain this element. Our most desirable grasses are not marine plants, and standing water is a deadly enemy to the life of tame grass roots, and not only does drainage meet the end in view, but also attains another object scarcely less important—the eradication of wild grasses that will appear on moist land. Not only does drainage assist in these mentioned ways, but the sooner the soil is freed from surplus water in the spring, the sooner it responds to the warming rays of the sun with quickened vegetation, that almost sure precursor of an abundant hay crop.

The preparation of land for the crops, and the care bestowed upon them, will tell very largely in increased hay crops that are to follow. While not an advocate of deep plowing, yet in some way the soil should be broken below the furrow, to give the clover and other grass crops a chance to draw upon the elements usually stored abundantly in the deep, raw soils. While this cultivation is going on, care must be taken to prevent the weeds from taking possession, even in part, for weeds will crowd out grass, and the support stolen by a weed stalk would amply sustain a valuable bunch of grass. Not only is the presence of weeds a sign of thin grass, but it has its effect in destroying the value of the hay, and, if the truth was known, of the vast amount of hay estimated above a very considerable amount would be found weeds rated at $10 per ton. The yield of grass is quite largely dependent upon the character of the seed sown, and if economy is practiced in the amount of seed, or inferior kinds sown because they are "cheap," the real purpose of seeding will be thwarted in part. Whether orchard grass, red top, clover, timothy, or less well known varieties are sown, sow the best seed that can be purchased; know that it is free from impurities and is possessed of vitality, and sow the full measure that experience teaches is required.

Year by year the damage by pasturing meadows is more apparent. The meadow should be exclusively a place to cut hay, and not for grazing. Cut the aftermath, and use it for soiling the cows in the fall. The meadows are not then damaged; the feed cut and fed in the barn or yards goes twice as far, and nature is left to produce a mulch for winter protection. How long a meadow shall remain in grass is a matter that individual experience and the changing condition of things must determine. A meadow in my mind has been in grass nearly fifty years. Cattle or stock are never allowed to run upon it; nor in that time was it ever plowed or received a load of fertilizer. Every other fall it is smartly dragged with a sharp harrow, and a little mixed grass seed sown, and year after year its record is two tons of hay per acre, besides the aftermath. With other lands, rotation of crops and liberal fertilization would be required, or frequent dressings of manure. The general law that governs is to put the land intended for grass into the best possible condition, and when once in grass, "feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before worn, and weed it before foul."—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Farm Stock in Health and Disease.

Under perfectly healthy conditions, it might be expected that the animal body would also maintain a normal state. With pure air, good food and water, the organism ought to be proof against all forms of disease, excepting those which depend on the presence of infective germs. It would seem, however, that these apparently simple conditions cannot be attained. Pure air, food and water are things which exist only as types of what ought to be. In nature animals are compelled to put up with substances which have suffered a more or less wide departure from the possible state of perfectness.

Diseases of the digestive organs, which have recently been discussed, have been traced to the consumption of inappropriate food, or to an excess in quantity; but it is also evident that some want of power or defect in the organism prevents at one time the performance of the digestive function, while at another time a larger amount or less digestive quality of food will be disposed of without any difficulty.

Vitiated air, like bad food, will cause derangement of the organs into which it is introduced, but there are also conditions under which the respiratory organs are incapable of receiving good air without experiencing injury.

A common cold is a disorder the effects of which are familiar to everybody; but the exact nature of the processes which take place and the changes which occur during the course of the disease are but imperfectly understood. An animal which to-day is in perfect health, breathing regularly and without pain or difficulty, suddenly, without assignable cause, suffers from irritation of the membrane which lines the air passages, and immediately becomes conscious of the entrance of the air, which formerly produced no impression on the parts in their healthy condition. This extreme sensibility continues for a time, then gradually ceases, and the respiration is carried on as before without any pain, or even consciousness on the part of the animal of the presence of the atmosphere which just before had proved so irritating.

It is usual to refer an attack of cold to sudden change of temperature, either from cold to hot or the reverse, authorities not being agreed as to which kind of change is the most dangerous; but, although in many cases a cold is contracted under these circumstances, it is a matter of observation that they only act upon a small percentage of the individuals who are exposed to them; and it follows that there must be a certain tendency or susceptibility in the system of the animal before the atmospheric influences can produce any injurious effects. This susceptibility to the action of the causes of disease is a subject on which much has been said and written, but we are as far from comprehending its true character as ever we were. There are no signs exhibited by the susceptible subject which will enable the observer to form any opinion as to the degree of susceptibility, and, in fact, there are no means of deciding whether or not an animal is susceptible to a particular affection, without bringing it under the influences of the causes of the disease in question.

Ordinary diseases of the breathing organs are likely to effect all kinds of animals under certain circumstances; in other words, it may be said that a large number of animals on the farm are more or less susceptible to the effects of exposure to inclement weather and to atmospheric changes. The degree of susceptibility differs widely in different subjects; and there is no doubt that it may be highly cultivated by the adoption of an artificial system of breeding and feeding stock. It is an inevitable consequence of natural selection that a hardy race is produced, the weakly subjects certainly succumbing to the adverse conditions with which they are surrounded; but in domestication the conditions are modified, and the preservation of the weekly becomes an object which is pursued with a certain amount of success, the total result being that the more highly an animal is cultivated the more necessary it becomes to keep it from exposure to those adverse conditions which in a natural state of existence it would have resisted.

Common cold is not a disease of serious importance in itself; but during its continuance the system is in a febrile state, and therefore prone to any inflammatory affection. Animals suffering from cold show an increase of internal temperature, with an unstable state of the mucous membrane which occasions coughing and sneezing.

Pathologists recognize several distinct stages into which a cold during its progress may be divided. First, there is the dry stage, in which the membrane of the air passages is red, from excess of blood in the vessels; dry, from the absence of the natural secretion, and tumid, from the distended state of the blood vessels. This stage is the most dangerous, as the febrile state assumes its most pronounced form.

In the second stage the distended vessels relieve themselves by pouring forth a serous fluid, which covers the surface of the membranes, but, from its watery nature, does not afford any protection to the irritable surface.

After a time the secretion from the mucous membrane assumes more of the true characters of mucous; but it is poured out in large quantities, and gives rise to discharge from the nasal opening. This third stage of the disease is true catarrh. The irritability of the mucous membrane is materially diminished during the mucous stage of a cold; in fact, the occurrence of the discharge may be looked upon as the first step toward recovery.—*London Field.*

Country Roads.

How we proceed here is about as follows: The farmers of the district are notified to appear at a certain date for duty. One or two teams and a dozen men gather to the portion of the road to be repaired. As the Road District is a certain unit of democracy, each man is as good as a "boss," and is mostly exempt from labor; the boys flourish the spade and hoe, but the horses are the laboring class. As for our "earthworks," the deep, narrow side ditches are cut still deeper; the large stones and small boulders along the footpath are rolled into the center of the track, and the finish given with a top dressing of sod. Logs, rails, etc., are then laid on the flanks to compel travel on the center. Should the process be interrupted (which often happens) the road is left variegated with piles of dirt which sometimes lie unspread for the season, reminding the traveler "rolling through an unfriendly world," that something had been done toward improvement. Probably we can all see that this is a good way not to do it. Is there not a better way? A few citizens, our best farmers, are proposing to use the same good and strong sense on the roads as they use on a farm. A letter from the original McAdam to a farmer in Central New York, was long kept, in which he says: "Remember that in your region, if you keep stones out and water off, you have a road." Simple advice, yet needing wit to follow it! Two ideas are growing in the minds of our people, both tending to reform. One is to find a man who has plain engineering wit adequate to road making. In some districts one needs a lamp at noon to find him, but when found he is a treasure. He is to be put and kept in charge of the roads. The other is to make the tax a cash business. The assessment being payable in cash, the overseer can employ whom he chooses, and, if he employs the residents of his district, they work better on a cash basis. A good road saves wear and tear of wagon, horses and driver; it tells a pleasant tale of the good sense and good faith of the neighborhood, and it adds something material to the value of every farm along its course.—*Prof. A. B. Hyde, in American Agriculturist.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Covering the bottom of the bin with a thick layer of powdered charcoal will help materially to preserve the flavor of potatoes and prevent sprouting.

—Many of the most pernicious weeds with which farmers have to contend are eagerly eaten by sheep, in their early or soft state, and ultimately may be eradicated in this way.

—Cocoanut Caramels.—Two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten still; bake on a buttered paper in a quick oven.

—Corn cakes that are nice for breakfast are made of one quart of flour, one pint of meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter; add salt enough to suit your taste.

—In killing poultry, the French open the beak of the fowl, and with a sharp-pointed, narrow-bladed knife, make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth, which divides the vertebræ and causes instant death, after which the fowl is hung up by the legs to bleed. This is a neat and merciful way of doing it.

—Mustard Plasters.—By using sirup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up, and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster may be varied by the addition of more or less flour.

—Chocolate Custard.—Take a quart of milk and the yelks of two eggs. Mix with the eggs one tablespoon of corn starch, only a little heaped, and stir this gradually into the milk when scalded. Add two squares of chocolate grated, sugar to taste. Pour into a dish, and spread over the whites of two eggs well beaten and sweetened and flavored with a little vanilla. Set the whole in the oven to brown slightly.

—Lemon Cheese Cake.—Grate with care the oily rind of three fresh lemons; rub this with one quarter of a pound of loaf sugar pounded, until perfectly incorporated with the sugar; then add by degrees half a pound of good fresh butter; beat very light the yelks of six eggs, and add; mix these well together; then line a dish with puff paste, and put in the above mixture. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

—Beef and mutton are fast becoming the popular aliment. Our large foreign population, unused in their former homes and poorer circumstances to so expensive a food, are greatly increasing their consumption of meat. It is a fortunate thing, for it is a matter of history that the beef eaters, the best fed people, have led the world in war and peace. And if the general consumption of beef and mutton will bring the United States into the position of the first nation of the world, or rather keep it there; or if, to take it the other way, the first nation of the world must eat the most beef and mutton, then there is a promising outlook for graziers and shepherds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Cream to use with any kind of layer cake is made from this receipt: Take one pound of blanched almonds, pounded to a paste, one coffee-cupful of sour thick cream, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch scalded in a little sweet milk, beat all together and spread between the layers of cake; flavor with a little almond extract. This is very rich and is suitable for the nicest kinds of cake. For more common use an inviting cream may be made in this way: Take a pint of sweet milk, thicken it with half a cupful of corn-starch and half a cupful of sugar, and boil until the cream or custard is of the consistency of starch. When almost cool add one tablespoonful of lemon or vanilla and spread between the layers of cake.

Insects of the Season.

Prof. Cyrus Thomas, entomologist of the Illinois State Department of Agriculture, in notes on insects of the season, in a recent report announces that the supposed new insect that injured the sweet corn during July and August in the northern portions of Illinois and Indiana is in fact the same pest as that which is known in the cotton States as the "boll-worm," and in Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas as the "corn-worm." Prof. Thomas thinks that this species has pushed itself north this summer on account of the very hot and dry weather that prevailed. It is a Southern insect, and hence he believes the farmers and sweet-corn growers of the northern section of Illinois need have no fear of its appearing in injurious numbers in that section next year, if the meteorological indications for 1882 prove as correct as those for 1881.

The Professor's predictions in reference to the appearance of the chinch-bug this year have been only too fully verified. While farmers have suffered severely by this verification, it may prove of value to them in the future as an additional evidence that chinch-bugs, generally speaking, appear in injurious numbers only when two dry years come in succession, the latter being above the ordinary temperature.

Prof. Thomas is of the opinion that the year 1882 will be similar in character to the years 1875, 1868 and 1861, in which the rain fall, taking the three together, was rather below the general average and the temperature also rather below the general mean. Judging from various indications, he does not expect the chinch-bugs will appear generally next year in the State of Illinois in injurious numbers. Possibly they may do some injury in limited localities, and if so, most probably in the extreme northern sections of Illinois, Iowa and in Southern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The appearance of the army worm in the northern section of Illinois this season in the oat fields presents some rather new features in its history. As a rule this cereal has heretofore suffered but little from its attacks. There are still so many unsettled questions regarding the climatic conditions necessary to the maximum development of this pest that Prof. Thomas hesitates to predict whether the army worm will or will not appear next season. As a very general rule it does not appear two years in succession over the same area. On the other hand the great chinch-bug years of 1871 and 1874 were followed the next year by the appearance of this insect.—*N. Y. World.*

THE DAIRY.

—Eastern dairymen are making war on the refuse of glucose mills as a food for cows, claiming that it poisons the milk, as has been shown by the alarming mortality among children. There is only one way to produce healthy milk, and that is by feeding cows healthy feed.

—There is no animal on the farm that will pay so well to pet as the cow, unless it be her heifer calf. She should be the queen of the yard, and of the farm, too. Every member of the family should have a loving pat and a gentle word for her. Shoot every dog that makes her run a step, and discharge (I liked to have said brain) the hired man that ever kicks or scolds her. I firmly believe that the dairy product of Iowa could be doubled in less than eighteen months just by kindness, gentleness and proper feed and treatment of the present stock of cows in her borders.—*Coffin.*

In the Keeping of Cows.

The coming winter is to be one of high-priced food. It is probable that hay, grain, roots, etc., will bring a price that will cause the thoughtful farmer to consider well whether he is getting such a return from his fodder sold to his cattle as he would if sold in the markets. So long as there is a relation between food and product, and a difference between the prices of various articles does the problem become an important one to solve, whether the present practice is one that brings the greatest return. There are several propositions which may serve as foundation for argument and practice according to the spirit in which the farmer meets them. The first is that "breed may be superior to feed," or stated less broadly, individual animals may be able to digest and convert into product a food that certain other animals may be unable to assimilate in sufficient amount to cover more than the labor of living. It seems to me unquestionable that a close observation of a number of animals under like treatment will develop the fact that marked individual peculiarities exist, and not the least of these is the power of relishing and converting the food supply. One cow is dainty; another cow is omnivorous. One cow will take readily to new foods; another cow can be but slowly turned from the accustomed ration. One cow always displays a good appetite; another cow noses over her food seeking ever the best portion first. One cow will endure forcing for milk without damage, while another cow under like treatment may become ailing. And so we might go on, the closer the observation the more peculiarities becoming observant.

We also note another fact. One cow will give far more milk than will another cow. This is independent of the food supply as given.

Increase of food does not produce a corresponding increase of milk for every cow alike. While feeding for milk, any increase of food beyond the amount requisite to produce in the animal to which it is fed her natural maximum yield is usually fed at a loss. If two herds should be found, the one comprising selected milkers, the other comprising known poor milkers, it would be found that increase of food quality and amount would be productive of different results as between the two herds, and the profits arising would be far different as well. This fact is recognized in part by common speech, as when we speak of a milky cow, or one in whom the feed seems to be utilized for milk producing; or a beefy cow, whose food seems to be utilized more in storing flesh than in increasing the milk yield.

When farm products are low this individual variation or herd variation between cows assumes less importance than when milk is high. If for the purpose of illustration we suppose hay to be worth ten dollars a ton and twenty dollars a ton, and a cow to require three tons or its equivalent per year, and milk three cents a quart, we find that in order to have the milk product equal in value the food supply, the cow must give 1,000 quarts in the one case and 2,000 in the other. It would, therefore, be a safe rule to apply to a herd, to weed out each year such animals as will not produce sufficient milk at its market price to pay for the food fed at its market price. Why should farmers sell their hay and grain product cheaper to themselves than to others?

Yet we may see many farmers keeping cows that do not pay a profit. There is an idea current that the manure made on the farm has a special value above its plant food value which will antagonize such figures as common sense shows to exist as a relation between the food fed and the milk or beef product. This exaggerated idea of manure has been productive of much fatuity. The value of manure is an element which must always be taken into consideration, it is true, but it has a farm value in general not superior to its market value, or certainly a value in its relations to its cost. There can be no more profitable employment for the farmer than to consider this question of relations which we have outlined. Given the true value of the manure—a value which is dependent on the character of the food supply—the sale value of the forage crops, and the sale value of the milk, and it is in the power of the farmer to figure closely as to how much return a cow must give in order to cover the cost of her keeping. If an animal is found to fall below the standard of yield, away with her to the butcher, or to the number of those who are willing to buy, and who do not calculate closely on values. This weeding of animals—under the name of selection—has been productive of such improvement as we see manifested in modern progress, and has also been the main point in the establishment of herds. From a plan which has been so profitable in the past much may be expected from its extension into present and future practice.—*Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—To remove rust from knives, cover them with sweet-oil well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

—A farmer near Memphis cleared $800 on three acres of watermelons.

—Alexander Bell, an Alabama boy, thirteen years old on the 25th of January last, weighs 355 pounds. Locally he is known as the Pike County Giant.

A MARYLAND exchange refers to Mr. Thos. G. Forward, of Belair, that State, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Sunday Morning Tribune.*

"'PEARS to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "'Till I starved to death," answered the boy.

MR. E. G. GARTMAN, the business manager of the *Evening Dispatch*, of York, Pa., was cured of neuralgia by three applications of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Boston (Mass.) Saturday Evening Express.*

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IT kind of broke up the temperance man from down East when he went into the rooms of the Deadwood Total Abstinence Club to find the club believed in total abstinence from water.

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"WHY Ashma can be cured," in last week's issue, was copied from editorial columns of the Cincinnati *Herald and Presbyter*, Nov. 2.

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FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use ST. JACOBS OIL to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.

The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) *Register* shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and pul on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of ST. JACOBS OIL—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUR.

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.54 P. M.
No. 3	11.41 P. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2:16 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.23 A. M.
No. 6	9.42 A. M.
No. 8	8.42 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	10.31 A. M.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881. NUMBER 41.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE.

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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A Game of Draw Poker.

A certain man went down from Chicago to Ohio taking with him a return ticket, lest he fall against a Cincinnati wheat speculator and be robbed of that wherewhith he would fain buy flour and gum shoes for his family in the season of cold which cometh upon those who live in Chicago from the tenth to the fourth month, and found himself amid sinners and publicans, whose mercy is strained even so fine that it would bother you some to discover it.

And when he had reached Cincinnati he went to an inn and gave to the landlord thereof three pieces of silver, saying: "No monkey business with me, Charlie; I am from Bitter Creek." And he who kept the inn marveled greatly, and said unto himself: "These be strange men that come from Chicago; never are they to be bilked by a hotel bill, and he who endeavored to outwit them is invariably headed off." But nevertheless he bethough himself of a poker game which was that night in the inn, and laughed to himself with exceeding great joy. Then arose the landlord and went unto the place called Bar where of a certainty he should find the man from Chicago, and approaching him, said:

"There be in this inn, even in the third story thereof, a small party of prominent citizens which do play at the game called draw poker. Perchance thou might, after much travail, secure a seat among them."

And when the host of the inn had spake these words a witching smile did play around the lips of the Chicago man, and he answered, saying: "I am yet young, and of a certainty far from mine home and family, and fearful lest I fall among thieves."

But the landlord rebuked him, saying: "In this party whereof I speak are only business men, two being Colonels and one a Judge. Would you not deem it an honor to play with these?" And the Chicago man was overcome, and said softly: "I should twitter," which being interpreted, means that he should blush to giggle.

So they went up in that which is called Elevator, until three stories were below them, and the landlord knocked softly on the door of a room in which a light gleamed brightly.

And the door opened.

And when the Chicago man had seated himself and bought of chips an hundred shekels' worth, he spake not, but drank heartily. And it came to pass that after many deals one of the Colonels did bet seven shekels; whereupon bet also the Chicago man a like amount, and did vanquish the Colonel, who had that which is called two pair. And when this had occured thrice the Colonel said unto the Judge: "He is playing them close to his stomach."

And it was so.

But presently there came to the Colonel a hand of exceeding beauty and strength, being four aces. And he who held them was filled with glee and knew not fear, placing in the center of the table great quantities of shekels. And when it came to that which is called the draw the Chicago man took not of the cards, saying he was content. But the Colonel drew one with great boasting, telling with intent to deceive the others, of how he would bet, if perchance he made a full, which is a hand of great strength, and capable of overcoming threes, or even a flush, but which cannot prevail against fours. And having said these words he wagered heavily of silver and gold, all of which the Chicago man did cover, and even betted more, whereupon put the Colonel also his watch and diamond on the table, and wagered them freely. And when all had been betted the Chicago man said, "Straight flush," even as he spoke gathering unto himself all the treasures which the table held. And when he had placed in his pocket all the shekels, and in his shirt front the diamond, and had adorned himself with the watch, he became suddenly sleepy, and said: "I am too full to play well to-night. I will go to my bed."

And he went.

But those who were left did beat their breasts and cry out, saying: "How are we knocked around and paralyzed by this stranger who cometh from Chicago and dresseth not in fine raiment, but who has of money great store and will wager it lavishly on a hand which cannot be overcome. It were better we had remained this night with our wives and children. To-morrow night, however, we will again play with him at the game called poker, and compass him about with a cold deck, so that he shall be overthrown, and cast down in spirit.

But they wist not what they said.

For in the morning the stranger departed from out their gates and came back to his wife, who fell upon his neck and kissed him. And he did kiss her on the neck, saying: "Mar, you can order that sealskin."

And she made answer and said: "Charlie, you're a darling; kiss me again."

The Earth Drying Up.

There is abundant evidence that the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea communicated with the Black Sea, and when the Mediterranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Sahara. In fact, geologists tell us that at one period the whole of the earth was covered by water, and the fact that continents of dry land now exist is proof that there is less water on our globe now than there was in its infancy. This diminution of our supply of water is going on at the present at a rate so rapid as to be clearly appreciable. The rivers and smaller streams of our Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood have in many cases totally disappeared, not through any act of man, but solely in consequence of the failure of the springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lake side cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers or of refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has grown shallow in spite of the fact that it has been dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, and all the dredging which can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it. The growing shallowness of the Hudson is more evident above Albany than it is in the tide-water region, and, like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now almost bare of water in many places during the summer. In all other parts of the world there is the same steady decrease of water in rivers and lakes, and the rainfall in Europe, where scientific observations are made, is manifestly less than it was at a period within man's memory.

What is becoming of our water? Obviously it is not disappearing through evaporation, for in that case rains would give back whatever water the atmosphere might absorb. We must accept the theory that, like the water of the moor, our water is sinking into the earth's interior.

A Terrible Boojum Snake.

The people of the village of Green Bank, N. J., are greatly excited over the appearance of a strange beast in the swamps along the river. He is not seen in the day-time, but makes the woods resound with his cries at night. Only one man has been able to obtain a good look at the creature, and he is a fisherman living on the edge of the river. He professes to have been around the world, but says he never saw anything like this creature. According to his story, the animal is composed of two distinct species of the natural kingdom. The fisherman saw the creature at midnight by the light of the moon as it came out of the swamp and approached the river. He says it was more like a bear than anything else when he first saw it, only it went faster than bears travel, and gave utterance to sounds such as no other beast ever uttered. When it approached the water's edge it suddenly threw itself on the ground, and in an instant its limbs were drawn up out of sight, and the body and tail of a huge fish took their place. The creature then jumped into the river and swam rapidly out of sight. Mothers keep their children in the house after dark and the men go around armed. One young man saw the glaring, hideous eyes of the creature the other evening, and fired seven shots at it. The only effect the shots had was to cause the cries of the animal to cease for a moment, only to be renewed with increased vehemence soon after. On Wednesday night a meeting was held and an organized band formed whose object it is to hunt down the uncanny beast and kill it. The band is divided into two companies, one of which is to scour the woods one night and the other the next night until success crowns their efforts. All the rusty weapons of war times which the neighborhood possesses are in demand.

In a Better Land.

We clip from the *Turf, Field and Farm* the following beautiful tribute of a son to the memory of a dead mother. It is from the pen of Hamilton Bushby, Esq., one of the editors of that journal:

"If I never see you again, and it is very probable that I won't, as I may go at any time, I shall hope to see you in a better land."

She said it feebly, as she lifted her great brown eyes to my face, and while her wan hand gently rested in mine.

"I have suffered, still suffer, but I try to bear my burden cheerfully. I am content to stay if the Lord so wills it, and I am prepared to go whenever He bids me come. Good by, and may God bless you; may He prosper you in all things."

I bent over her and kissed the lips that had kissed mine when I first opened my infant eyes, and I felt that it was my last caress. The cough which had troubled her so long had reduced her to a shadow, and I knew that she was in constant danger of suffocation. Every change of the autumn wind was certain to effect her. After striding into the the sunlight, where the birds were making merry in the branches of the apple and plum trees, I turned and saw through the window of the vine-clad cottage that her eyes still followed me. I lifted my hat, she bowed in recognition of the salute, and as I drove away she kept it bowed as if in thought or sleep. There never was a more pure and noble spirit. She always tried to look upon the bright side of existence. The courage of her heart increased in the same ratio that her physical strength waned. She ruled her children by love. A mild reproof from her lips cut deeper than the toughest of rods in the strongest hands. She was one of those rare exponents of Christian faith who win advocates for the cause. She walked justly, modestly through life, never murmuring, striving to accomplish, and yet accepting all things as for the best. Judged by her works a more saintly soul never knocked at gates ajar. She has gone the road that all of us must travel sooner or later, and it will be well with us if we have so lived as to be as fit for the change as she was. She had no selfish thoughts. Her hopes, her labors, her prayers were for others. For twenty years it was my fate to wander far from her, but never wandered far enough to forget the lessons she taught me when I kneeled and rested my head upon her knees. The tempter comes to all of us, but it never came to me that the mist did not fade before the memory of her pleading eyes. The character of man or woman is formed by the early counsels of a mother. Her life was a busy one, and I know she sleeps in peace. If ever martal won the crown, the diadem is hers. Those who knew her longest and most intimately found the fewest flaws in her life. I do not say this because my life was of her life. I simply echo the sentiments of those among whom she passed the morning and the evening of her days. My fondest desire is that I may indeed so live as to be worthy of a place beside her in a better land.

Crane Dance.

A hunter from Minnesota describes a crane dance seen by him recently in that State. At a mile distant from where he and his companions stood were seen, on a low, sandy spot of ground, 15 cranes in a row. There was one which appeared to be the leader, who strutted up and down the line like a drum major. First the center pair of cranes would waltz out about five feet from the line, salute each other, touch their bills, and polka around to the ends. Then the next pair would come out as did the first and repeat the performance with perhaps more skill and grace. Some appeared very akward, and were apparently beginners, while others were very graceful in their movements. After watching them an hour or so the four hunters went toward them with the intention of getting near enough for a shot, but the revelers became frightened and flew away. The hunters say they never laughed so heartily as they did over this remarkable performance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Balloon Expedition to the North Pole.

Commander Cheyne, of the Royal Navy, who was an officer in three Franklin search expeditions, is lecturing in New York, and offers to engage in a search for the Jeannette, if $75,000 can be raised for the purpose. He also desires, in company with Lieutenant Schwatka, who approves of the project, to do what has been deemed impossible—reach the North Pole by means of balloons. His method is to start out next spring with a vessel which will carry him to St. Patrick's Bay. There a house is to be put up near a coal field, and provisions are to be stowed in a cave in the cliff. Then three balloons are to be filled. Each balloon is intended to carry three men, a sledge, Esquimaux dogs, provisions and instruments. Preliminary observations are to be made at three different points to determine the variations in the course of the wind, and after the proper wind curve has been found the balloons are to be released to drift towards the pole, 496 miles away, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Commander Cheyne believes that the pole can be reached in from eighteen to twenty-four hours with one of the balloons, the other two being left part way behind in case of necessity; and he asserted that a probability is that after the vicinity of the pole has been photographed the successful balloon will drift beyond the pole to the shore of Russia, where, on landing, the trip can be continued to St. Petersburg, whence the news of the discovery of the pole can be telegraphed to the world within a week of the event. Speaking of the Jeannett, he believes she has not been lost. He believes that she is drifting with the pack ice in an easterly direction, and that she will in time be reached by way of Smith's Sound, thereby meeting her instead of following her.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat.

For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough; which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends with whom we are brought into business contact.

Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there were in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table-salt in about a half small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared.

We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

DR. TANNER OUTDONE AGAIN.—This story comes from Battle Creek, Mich.: Mrs. Henry Ingham, who had not taken a mouthful of food during the past fourteen months, now has a fair chance of recovery. Paralysis of the stomach was caused by a nervous shock, and for more than a year she has been sustained by injections and baths. During this time her weight has been reduced from 175 to 50 pounds. Her physicians gave her up some time ago, and her death was thought to be inevitable. A mutual insurance company, of which she was a member, prepaid her policy of $500 to meet the needs of her family. A few days ago, however, her stomach recovered apparently and retained a small amount of food taken through the mouth.

Letters received in Hartford from the Chinese students recently ordered home say that on arriving in Shanghai they were sent to confinement in a remote part of the town, the Government's intention apparently being to examine them as to their belief or disbelief of Christianity before they had a chance to scatter through the country. It is said, however, that none of them had been much inclined toward the Christian religion while in Hartford.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

RECOMPENSE.

The earth gives us treasure four-fold for all
that we give to its bosom;
The care we bestow on the plant comes back
in the bud and the blossom.

The sun draws the sea to the sky, O, stillest
and strangest of powers,
And returns to the hills and the meadow the
gladness of bountiful showers.

The mother regains her lost youth in the beauty
and youth of her daughters,
We are fed after many long days by the bread
that we cast on the waters.

Never a joy do we cause but we for that joy
are the gladder,
Never a heart do we grieve but we for the
grieving are sadder.

Never a slander so vile as the lips of the willing rehearser,
And curses, though long, loud and deep, come
home to abide with the curser.

He who doth give of his best, of that best is
the certainest user,
And he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser.

The flowers that are strewn for the dead bloom
first in the heart of the living,
And this is the truest of truths, that the best
of a gift is the giving!

—*Carlotta Perry, in N. Y. Sun.*

THE CORNET SOLO.

A Story of New England.

The perfect New England summer was over and gone, and the autumn had followed it in a triumphal procession of *splendors*.

It was the morning of Thanksgiving Day, when, according to ancient usage, the first snow of the season should appear, and here it was, on hand with true Puritan punctuality.

"How gracefully falls the snow!
Like heavenly answers to earthly prayers,
Like angels descending by unseen stairs,
To succor the world below."

A mother and son stood at the window of a small house in the village, and it was the woman's cheerful tones that repeated the quatrain.

"There, Nathau," she went on; "I cut that out of a newspaper last year, 'n' they's a good deal more of it. It sounds just as the snow looks. Lemme see, how *does* the rest of it go? 'Like a swarm of meek 'n' immaculate doves' —no, that ain't the next"——

"Now, *mother*," broke in her husband, the old sexton, who stood by the breakfast table; "poetry 'n' meek dove's all well enough 'n their places, but when a man's hungry they ain't fillin'. The chicken 'n' johuny-cake's gittin' cold, 'u' the coffee-pot's a bilin' over onto the stove. Come, come."

"Yes, father, Nathan ought to be hungry, too, for he's been polishin' his cornet ever sence six o'clock. It's a year ago to-day that Miss St. John sent it to you, ain't it Nathan?" said the mother, seating her blind boy at the table, aud looking at his handsome face with regretful pride.

"I know. I've been thinking about it all the morning, but I'm afraid it any of any use for me to try to do as she said. A blind man can't *be* half a man. O, if I could see, mother, if I could see!"

The great tears came into the young man's sightless eyes, and then a brave, bright smile transfigured his face snddenly.

"But I won't be discouraged Thanksgiving Day, would you, mother?"

"O, no," returned the serene voice, "'u' you needn't to be, my son. There's a soul in that music o' yourn, Nathan, jest as true's the world. 'N if it's a happy soul, it's bound to help, don't you see? Mis' St. John knew what she was about when she give you that silver cornet. I can see, every Sunday, how your solo kinds o' puts courage into 'em all. They seem stirred up, like 's if their hearts 'd been poked after 'n' found. An' poor Mis' Raymond under the gallery, *she* alwus draws her veil down. 'n' cries. But she says it's an awful comfort to hear you play, for it makes her feel 's if her Rob that went astray might come back to her sometime, 'n' 's if p'raps her Lowizy might settle down 'u' be stiddy, too."

"I'ears to me, mother," said the sexton, with a twinkle in his keen eyes, "you know pretty much all that's goin' on 'n' meetin'. Cann't say 't I ever ketch ye lookin' round, nuther, hut that's on account of my tendin' to the minister so close, I expect."

"Yes I do look round, Thomas, 'n I b'lieve in lookin' round. 'Tain't my neighbor's new bunnits 'n' cloaks I want to see. It's the New Jerusalem look in their faces that I'm after."

Here a brisk stamping was heard on the doorstep, and Nathan had only time to say, "There's Louise," when the door opened and a very pretty young girl entered. Her apple-blossom face wore a discontented look, which lightened a little as her quick glance took in the cozy room. Its comfortable precincts seemed indeed a fit abode for all the homely household fairies, and a curious tranquility and peace pervaded the place like an actual presence.

"What manner o' worm's the airly bird after *this* mornin'?" said the sexton, kindly. "Come 'n' set ri' down t' table, Lowizy; we'reglad to see ye."

"I wish you'd call me Louise, Mr. Skeele. Lowizy's horrid. No, I've had my breakfast, thank you. I come down to the office to post a letter, 'n' mother said I'd better come in 'n' see'f I could help about dinner. She'll come herself, right after church. But I'm sure I don't know what to do, 'n' I don't see any sense in having Thanksgiving Day either. What's the use of making believe you're thankful when you ain't."

The sexton, having finished his breakfast with the utmost dispatch, had taken his overcoat from its nail in the corner and was making haste to depart, accompanying himself in a low, growling bass voice, as follows:

"A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss."

Which two lines he repeated many times with evident great satisfaction. But when, with keys in hand, he was about to sally forth to his morning's duties, he came behind Louise as she sat sipping her coffee at the fire, and putting his great hand gently on her shining head, said:

"Look at Nathan there, livin' in his dark world. He's the chipperest creetur that ever was born. I ain't worrid about ye a mite, Loezy. You'll come to't. '*To hardship, grief and loss.*' n And with this last encouraging sentiment, delivered in the profoundest of bass tones, he disappeared. The girl rose to her feet with kindling cheeks and an angry light in her blue eyes.

"I *won't* come to it," she said, energetically. "I hate hard things. I'm always the worse for 'em. Why can't I have good times, 'n' why did you have to be blind, Nathan?"

She went over to him impulsively where he stood by the window, with the silver cornet in his hand.

"Never mind what father says, Louise. He only meant that there's the making of a grand woman in you. Don't talk that way. It's more on your account than anything else that I want my sight."

His voice trembled and lowered a little in these last words, and Mrs. Skeele, from her vantage ground behind the coffee-pot, where she was leisurely ending her breakfast, looked at the two sharply.

"I *hope* he don't hanker after that flutter-budget," she said to herself, with much inward trepidation. "Be just like her to lead him on 'n' make a fool of him, 'n' then fly off in a tangent. O dear, what simpletons young folks be! But I must have charity. Wal, wal," she ejaculated aloud, pushing back her chair, "there's the second bell, children. You don't want to take Nathan along to meetin', do you, Loeze? You know father had to hurry off. He can go alone wal enough, but I ruther hate to have him in the storm."

Louise did not answer at first. She stood irresolute, with a variety of expressions flitting over her fair face. At length she stamped her little foot in sudden determinatiou, and gathering her wraps about her, said in a petulant tone, "No, I can't, Mrs. Skeele. I—I don't want to. I ain't your kind. He thinks I ain't good enough for him;" and in a moment she had left the house and stood in the midst of the fast increasiug storm. But some new influence was at work in the undisplined childish heart. She had now reached the postoffice, and very much to her own amazement she walked in, and seeing the clerk preparing to close the door, went close to him aud said, with downcast eyes:

"Mr. Renfrew, won't you look in the box 'n' take out a letter I put in there a little while ago? It was directed to—to Mr. Jack Huntington, 'n' I want it again."

"You don't say! Wal now! I am glad of it, child," said the clerk, looking at her in a fatherly way over his spectacles. "There's no good comes o' writin' to fellers like him, 'n' I wouldn't do it 'f I was you. I do' know what your mother'r thinkin' of to let ye."

"It ain't mother's fault," answered Louise, pocketing her letter with a crimson face, "she'd feel dreadfully if she knew it. But you needn't worry, Mr. Renfrew, I'll never write to him again."

She stood in the sheltered entrance and looked back at the Skeele house. The blind man was just issuing from the gate, guided by his mother. Having seen him safe to the sidewalk she gave him a little loving pat on the shoulder and went back to the doorstep to sweep off the gathering snow. The church was not two streets distant, and Nathan, with the help of his stick, could easily find his way. It was two years now since his sight had failed, and sent the ambitions young scholar home to inactivity and darkness. At first the blow had stunned him, and then came open rebellion, but out of the great calamity he finally emerged into absolute acquiescence.

But within the last six months a new cloud had crept into his narrow horizon. Louise Raymond had been his schoolmate in the academy, and after his misfortune had come every day to read to him.

"I wish she had never come," he said, as with a pathetic hesitation he groped his way down the hill. "What business have I to love any girl? I'm not a man to protect her, as Heaven knows I would if I could. Louise ought to have a strong man to love her 'n' take care of her. My poor little Lu. She's getting into dangerous ways, I'm afraid. I don't like her going with that Jack Huntington, 'n' the village folks begin to talk about her. But what can I do? If I could see, I believe I could make her care for me, 'n' oh, what a queen she should be! But now she mustn't suspect that I love her. I should only drag her down. She needs more than I can give her, 'n. I have no right to think of marriage. O, it is hard when I might save her!"

The halting steps drew near the postoffice, when suddenly his beloved cornet slipped from its bag under his arm and rolled down the snow covered walk. He stopped in dismay, and began to grope aimlessly and vainly about him. At that moment a voice close by said breathlessly, "Here it is Nathan; I'm real sorry I was so mean to you. Will you let me help you the rest of the way?"

A little warm hand clasped his arm, and the trembling voice went on:

"I don't know what makes me, Nathan, but I want to tell you something. I've been a silly girl, and oh, I should think you'd be glad you couldn't see me, for I've been fooling with Jack Huntington, 'n' writing him letters, and everything. There! But I've got through with him," she continued, "and I'm so ashamed. I *didn't* mean to be mad at you. I'm truly sorry."

Her hand on his arm unconsciously emphasized the astonishing words, and as by this time they had arrived at the church porch, and Nathan was about to be given into his father's custody, there was little time for comment. The young man managed to stammer, however: "Why, Lu, how glad I am; It's Thanksgiving day, sure enough;" and then went in and poured out all his grateful heart in a wonderful improvised solo.

Mrs. Skeele, left at home, was pursuing the even tenor of her way, all unconscious of the march of events. With the amazing "faculty" of her race and time, she had mysteriously disposed of the breakfast things, placed the turkey in the oven and hastened to the pantry to involve that most important piece de resistance, a chicken pie. Before she could cross the room a small red haired boy darted in at the back door, and coming close to her piped in a shrill tone:

"Say, Mis' Skeele, they want ye to come right up to Raymout's. Lu's gone 'n' tumbled down 'n' spraint her ankle, 'n' her mother's so scart she cahn't do nothin,' You better hurry up."

With skilled hands she molded her light crust, and with swift manipulations soon had the shapely delicacy ready for baking.

Louise had slipped on the sidewalk at her mother's door, and a painful sprain was the result, much aggravated by her careless exposure to the snow-storm. Fever and delirium set in, and the girl lay on her bed with scarlet spots in her cheeks and fierce lights in her eyes, talking incessantly.

"Seems rather unchristian to say, but it's a good thing for her mother," observed Mrs. Skeele, when at length she had returned to the bosom of her family and the Thanksgiving dinner; "'n' that's a thing to be thankful for. Miss Raymont hai'nt meaut to neglect Loeze, but she's worried night 'n' day about Rob, 'never was a faculized woman, 't the best. She's wide awake now though, 'n' 'tain't strange. It's enough to break a heart o' stone to hear that child go on. You' n' Nathau 'll have to take care of yourselves to-night, father. I told Mis' Raymont I'd set up with her. She ain't so sick but what good care'll fetch her round."

"Jest like ye, mother," said the sexton, seanning her gentle face with affectionate eyes, "always a trottin' rounnd on y'r arrands o' marcy, angel-fashion. How y' ever took up 'ith such an airthly-critter as I be I've no idy. There ain't much taste of the New Jerusalem about *me*, sartin. But what do you s'pose Judge Barron said to me comin' out o' meetin'. 'Tom,' says he, 'that boy o' your'n does play like a nightingale;' and says he, 'I'm satisfied, Tom, that he might git his sight, 'n' 't any rate,' says he, 'f you'll send him to the best occulist there is in Boston, I'll be glad to foot the bills.' I declare, mother, I was so beat out that I couldn't say a word. Just then Nathan come along 'n' the Judge spoke up again, 'Wal, think of it, Tom,' an walked off. 'Tain't best to expect too much, Nathan, but I conclnded, comin' home, that I should let ye go 'u' see what prospect there is."

Nathan did not respond to the marvelous news. He had been snatched to such extremes of joy and pain that his mind seemed unable to comprehend at once this new shift of the kaleidoscope. His short-lived exultation over Louise had changed to deep misgivings. Could it be possible that she had begun to care for him? The very thought thrilled him with a rapture so intense that for a moment he forgot everything. "It must be," he said, "I heard it in her tender voice; I felt it in her touch on my arm, O, my little Lu!" But the afterthought followed swiftly. "She shan't be tied to a blind man. She shall never know how I love her."

But here was a new outlook altogether. To be a man among men again. To be free to win this beautiful girl for his own. To do the work in the world that he had always hoped to do! What had Thanksgiving ever meant before in comparison with this? "Won't you give me my cornet, mother?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, my son, but don't forget that it ain't certain yet. You've got to wait and see first. Don't go to raisin' your expectations on nothin'."

Her warning was unheard, for already the exulting strains rose and fell, and filled the room with overflowing harmony. Meanwhile the sexton fidgeted in his chair, and finally, as the music ceased, he threw back his gray head and ejaculated in a deep growl: "O, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, 'n' fer His wonderful works to the children o' men."

Midwinter was at hand. Nathan had just returned from the oculist's examination, full of hope and cheer. An interval of six months was to be endured before an operation could be performed upon his eyes. It was impossible to predict the result, but it was equally impossible for such optimists as the Skeeles to fear the worst. In spite of his unshaken hope, however, Nathan held bravely to his first resolution concerning Louise, and his blindness helped him. He thought it was hard to listen to her pathetic voice, and to know that she was still feeble from her long illness. But if he could have seen the look in her great blue eyes as they watched him come and go, and the sweet patience, so new to her, with which she bore the long weeks of weariness and pain, his task would have been harder still. Her recovery was slow. Some unknown cause kept back the blessed glow of returning health, and Mrs. Skeele expressed her misgivings openly to her audience of two.

"The pretty creeter!" she would say, "she lays there on the lounge, lookin' jest like a snow-flake, 'u' if they'd been quick consumptiou in the family, I sh'd say she was goin' that way. It don't seem like that, though. She don't cough none, nor sweat nights, nor nothin', but jest lays there 'n' fades away. *Can't* you go round 'n' cheer her up a little, Nathan? She does think her eyes of you, that's a fact. 'N' I never see a sweeter ohild."

"Mother," said hor son ono day, in desperation, "you don't know what you're talking about. I don't *dare* to go and see her much. I'm a fool to think that may be she does care for me, I know; hut somotimes I can't help thinking so. 'N' I've no business to *let* her, mother, or—or to think of her that way till I'm sure about my eyes. It'd be just like her if she did love me, to sacrifice herself. 'N' she never shall."

"Wall, jest as you say, Nathan; this is a queer world," was his mother's only answer, but she did not spare him in spite of his confession. It seemed to the young man as if some deliberate intention on her part sent him almost dally to the Raymonds' house and as Louise grew a little stronger she was often their guest. A curious bond seemed to exist between her and her mother, and when in September he finally left them to undergo the dreaded operation, Louise and Mrs. Raymond came to take up their abode at the sexton's.

Nathan had been gone a fortnight. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and a great harvest moon shed its clear light over the village. Mrs. Raymond had gone to bed to dream of her lost boy, and Mrs. Skeele and Louise sat in the vine covered porch awaiting the sexton's return from a church meeting.

Not many words were spoken, but each felt sure of the other's thoughts, and there was comfort in the silence between them. How quiet it was. A far off whistle broke the stillness.

"Ten o'clock train comin' in," said the mother, "bringin' good or bad fortune to somebody, most likely. Wal, God help 'em all, whichever way't is."

"Mis' Skeele," said Louise, quickly, "you don't suppose Nathau is coming to-night, do you?"

"Why no, child; we ain't heard from him yet, y' know, 'n' I shan't expect him for a week."

"But I hear the coach, 'n' it is coming up this way," persisted the girl, her pale face brightoning in the moonlight. It came on slowly, rumbling up the hill like an approaching fate. It stopped before the house, and after an eternity of delay to the women at the gate, the door was opened and Nathan appeared.

"'Twau't no use, Mis' Skeele," said the driver in a loud whisper, as he stood back to make room for the eager mother; "he ain't no better off 'n he was 'fore he went." Nathan's quick ears caught the words, and pressing the familiar hand, he said cheerfully, "He's mistaken mother, I *am* better off, for now I've nothing to expect." They went into the house together. Louise had not spoken, but had preceded them quietly, and now sat by herself in a distant corner.

When the young man found himself, as he believed, alone with his mother, all his forced courage departed. Her arms enfolded him as when he was a babe at her breast, and her mighty love and pity would fain have shielded him.

"O, mother, mother." he groaned "I shall bear it after a while, but I did not know how hard it would be. I've got to say it all out to you. You hav'nt known how I love Louise, nobody *can* know. Why should she seem to belong to me so, aud be so dear? I never can ask her to marry a poor blind fellow who can't make his way in the world. I must let her go, 'n' I've nobody but you, mother."

His head was on her shoulder, and for the moment a strange gladness filled her heart. What more could she ask than that he should be always her own boy, to be cared for and tended by her alone? But the unselfishness of her mother-love triumphed, for she had seen the end from the beginning, and Louise was already beloved for her own sake. The moon shone in a wide belt of brightness across the room, and as Mrs. Skeele looked up the girl emerged from her shadowy corner aud came softly forward. A wonderful light was on her face, and her tearful, smiling eyes rested first on the peaceful countenance of the mother, and then on the son's bowed head.

"It's alwus darkest before day, Nathan," said Mrs. Skeele. "We'll hope for the best."

"There's no day for me, mother, 'n' I might as well face it first as last," said the young man, rising from his seat, and throwing back his broad shoulders. "I'll try to be a good son to you, 'n' if I only knew that Lu didn't care—if I only knew that she could be happy——"

"But she *does* care, and she can't be happy," said a thrilling voice. "O, Nathan, I thought I should die if you didn't love me, and now that I know you do, there ain't anything that can keep us apart. What should I have been without you? You've opened my foolish eyes, and uow they shall see for you all our lives. Here I am, Nathan; your mother knows;" and the blind man felt, in his bewilderment, a firm little haud ou his arm.

Thanksgiving day came round apace, and the time was all too short for wedding preparations. When the cornet solo was finished that morning (and the instrument was played as it never had beeu played before), Louise came down from the choir and led the soloist forward. There was a brief pause before the ceremony began, during which time an elderly lady and a bright-faced lad, evidently strangers, entered quietly and took seats near the door. The bridal party remained through the morning service, and when afterward they were receiving the congratulations of their friends, poor Mrs. Raymond sat still in her pew, with her veil over her face. She was both glad and sorry for her daughter, hut she could not forget the absent boy. "But I musu't stay here 'n' grieve when they're all so happy." She rose to leave the pew, and saw Mrs. St. John coming toward her. "I have brought Robert back to you," said the lady, "here he is to speak for himself."

The veil was thrown back from the wan, drooping face, and forgetful of time or place, the happy mother hurst into a great passion of weeping, and clasped her son in her arms.

"Don't, don't mother," whispered Rohert with a hoy's distress at a "scene"; "I'm awful sorry I ran away, hut I'm all right now. Come, mother, put your veil down, and let's go home. Mr. Skeele says dinner'll he ready."

Great Expectations.

Every day some new suggestion is made as to the probable uses of electricity. A San Francisco professor thinks the time is coming when swamps and sewers will be deprived of their unwholesomeness by strokes of lightning, or, in other words, by electric currents which will kill the germs and spores which communicate disease to the human system. This is based upon the germ theory of disease, which is to the effect that malarial and other foul air contagions are due to minute animalculæ, or infusoria, which multiply in the vietim's body after inoculation. But would it not be a miracle if all atmospheres were rendered wholesome by electrical discharges? The electric light has made one change in cities which may lead to important results. It has enahled buildings and other public works to be constructed at night as well as day. Laborers are employed in eight and twelve-hour shifts, and edifices are completed in less than half the time required than when only day work could be employed. In summer laborers prefer to work at night. Scieutists tell us, as yet we only dimly appreciate the marvelous changes that will be wrought hy electricity in human conditions.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Evangelists Whittle and McGranahan will shortly begin revivals in San Francisco.

—The Iowa Methodist Conference severely reprimands a minister for going to a circus.

—Bishop Tuttle (Episcopalian), of Utah, has established a boarding school for girls at Salt Lake City.

—There are men at Yale College from Wales, India, Scotland, New Brunswick, Canada, Turkey, Chili, Japan, Norway, Honolulu and thirty-six States of the Union.

—Since Cornell University was founded over $1,500,000 has been given to it for buildings and equipment. The endowment of the institution is over $1,700,000, which places it among the richest eudowed iustitutions of the country.

—President Washburn, of Robert College, Constantinople, now in this country to secure additional endowments for his noble work on the Bosporus, says 500 students of the institution are scattered throughout the Turkish Empire, carrying its influeuces among the people.

—Prof. Gulliver, of the Andover Theological Seminary, has been carefully studying the leading orthodox doctrines as they are held in New England to day, and his conclusion is that the theology of that part of the country is as sound now as it was in the time of Jonathan Edwards. He finds no change at all in the orthodox views of the trinity, regeneration miracles, the soul's immortality, and future punishment.

—From the Indian Territory a missionary of the Americau Sunday-school writes: "I am laboring among a mixed population of Indians, negroes and whites; and these last often are the most needy. I organized a school lately in a settlement made up of whites and Choctaws, which has English and Indian lessons; and I held a meeting among negroes who, formerly, were the slaves of Muscogee masters. They advance more readily than the Indians because they know English. For this reason these are likely to be the dominant race in parts of the Indian Territory."

—According to the latest ecclesiastical arithmetic, the Baptists are more numerous in the United States than any other of the denominations commonly classed as evangelical. The five reporting the largest number of communicants are as follows: Baptists, 2,374,339; Methodists, 1,742,922; Presbyterians, 915,740; Lutherans, 700,718; Episcopalians, 345,811. During the last year the Baptists increased 163,624; the Methodists, 52,620; the Episcopalians, 20,846; the Presbyterians, 16,438; the Lutherans, 10,223. It is thus seen that the Baptist gain was nearly double that of the other four denominations combined.

—A church which is described, with local pride, as "standing in architectural beauty without an equal in the United States," has just been dedicated to Protestant Episcopal worship in Lynn., Mass. It is a memorial to the late E. Redington Mudge by his heirs. The outer walls are reddish rubble-stoue, the facings are angles brick and the weatherings Nova Scotia freestone, richly carved. The building forms a Latin cross, and there is a square tower 130 feet high without a spire. The interior is exceedingly ornate, its striking features being the mosaic pavement coutaining 58,000 pieces, and the fridescent windows. The cost was $250,000, exclusive of the site and a large part of the stone, which was quarried ou the estate.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—In Italy they license hand-organs which are in tune. A discordant note is not permitted. Hand-organs which can't get a license are shipped to this country.—*Philadelphia News.*

—No Fee runs a Chinese laundry in Boston. He shall have all our washing. —*Lowell Courier.* Send it along. One more shirt will not probably increase his labors much.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Everything bears hard upon the poor. The rich man who puts nothing in the contribution box Sunday morning is at once supposed to have left his pocket-book in his other trousers; but the poor man who has but one suit of clothes don't get off so easily.—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

—Not long since a family moved into a house on Austin Avenue. After a week or so a friend of the family called on them, and asked how he liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighhors, yet?" "No, but I am going to if there is any more of my firewood missing."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Brown, as she surveyed with evident pleasure her little parlor sideboard, covered with old china and decorated with highly colored tiles. "Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an artist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen cent Japanese teapot.—*Newark Call.*

—"There has been a wonderful improvement in the speed and comfort of traveling during the past quarter of a century." For instance, less than a score of years ago it took nearly four years to go from Washington to Richmond, and the traveling was very uncomfortable. Now the journey can be made in less than a day, with ease and comfort.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The bulldog, my son, is a noble animal, and an intelligent. He is very absent-minded and very forgetful. When he has locked his jaws in the calf of your leg, ten chances to one but he forgets the combination and loses the key. Beware of the bulldog. He will cling to you closer than a brother and longer than the smell of onions. But beware of him.—*Boston Transcript.*

—In Boston, recently, during banking hours and with all the clerks present, a man stepped behind the counter, walked to the safe, entered, took up a package containing $600,000, belonging to the president of the bank, and walked awny with it unmolested. The man who executed this cool proceeding has always stood high in the community, and is well known. He is the president of the bank.—*Boston Post.*

Live Stock in the Cold Season.

It is far cheaper to give of the stored food in the barn than to compel animals to consume the stored food of the body. It is wise to often keep in a growing condition, always in a thriving condition. It is wisdom also to economize in the quantity of food fed, so that the desired condition can be maintained with the least expenditure of food. For this purpose a tight barn is requisite. The interest on the cost of maintaining a close boarding and a warm cattle compartment amount to far less than the cost of maintaining the animal heat against the cold of outside winds and storms and the chills of night through the consumption of hay and grain. A warm barn countervails many an error of system in an actual feeding. If store cattle are kept the principle of feeding must be to utilize such unsalable products of the farm as will suffice for the purpose, and the calculations must be based on economy of labor as well as on the value of the food consumed. Coru, stover Hungarian grass, meadow hay, if in prime condition can be used to advantage, and will in some cases suffice; in other cases the appearance of the cattle will indicate the necessity of change to hay, or the addition of roots, shorts, or even grain to the ration, for a period.

Young cattle will require a better feeding than mature cattle; cattle accustomed to being pampered will require more than those whose life thus far has met with neglect. If there is surplus labor on the farm which seeks employment, then we *may consider* the cutting of the food, possibly in rare cases the mixing and steamiug of the food, but these procedures must be governed by circumstances, and are in the majority of cases unadvisable. In my own experience, corn fodder, fed whole once a day, and Hungarian grass once a day have kept cattle in thriving condition without further adjunets. To secure these results, however, the fodder must be in good condition and fed properly, a little at a time, and as each jag is consumed a little more until the appetite is satisfied. There seems to be a less margin between the values of the cattle and ordinary cattle foods in the East than exists in the West, and the system of feeding must be based upon this view. The only just method is to carefully keep note of the cattle, and feed according to the daily requirements, seeking the cheapest food and the cheapest course that will fulfill these requirements.

About our cities winter milk-raising is largely carried on, and many farmers have adopted winter butter-making. Cattle adapted for these requirements require more care, better food, a greater variety of food and more judicious feeding than do store cattle, but offer opportunity for profit in the greater value and immediate salability of their products. For these cattle, warmth, comfort, and cleanliness of surroundings are manifestly not only of advantage but almost requisite. In the feeding some attention must be given to the value of the product. When milk-raising is attempted, the food must be substantial and palatable and there should also be fed special foods which promote the flow of milk apart from their nutritive value. Cotton-seed meal fed in small quantities is one of the cheapest and most productive of all our known foods for influencing the flow of milk, and is beneficial in maintaining condition, and in adding its whole cost value to the manure; a seeming paradox, yet true. Shorts in the various forms of fine feed bran, middlings, etc., are also to be used with advantage. Distillery draft, used in proper quantity, and along with drier and more substantial foods, is a valuable resource to those who can obtain it direct from the breweries. Brewers' grain, screenings, etc., often can be secured at a price that will repay and can be wisely used to supplement the home foods.

Early cut hay, not necessarily of the best grasses, but always better in proportion to the quality, should be the main stay, the foundation food of the barn. It should not, however, in the presence of an ability to purchase concentrated foods, such as I have mentioned, be overvalued. The use of corn meal in the stock kept for milk is of questionable advantage on the point of economy. If fed at all it can be most profitably used in small quantities. Winter butter-making usually presupposes butter product of high quality and which brings the top prices. To feed most economically for this purpose we must feed the best of hay, cut early and housed in good condition. A moderate feeding of roots daily seems of considerable advantage. Cornmeal is however here an essential. Although not noticeable in its effect upon the increase of milk beyond what its nutritive qualities would indicate, yet it seems to improve the butter qualities, or, more preferable as an expression, the churning quality of the milk and the quality of the butter made. The use of oatmeal cannot be in general recommended to those who strive for "gilt-edge" butter, yet individually it, as well as shorts etc., etc., can be advantageously used. This system of winter farming is essentially a forcing concentrated process, and requiring considerable attention and forethought, is capable of considerable profit. Hence an expenditure is justified here in the interests of economy which would be out of place for store cattle or for those kept for milk alone under the ruling price of product.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Dr. H. Gibbons said that since he put petroleum on the trees in his garden they have grown better and faster than before, and given better roses than before. The petroleum seems to kill the insect. The handsomest rose he exhibited was from a hush which looked nearly dead a short time before. The petroleum was mixed with castor oil. It is applied sparingly, and great care taken that it does not run down the roots. Perhaps in a crude state the petroleum would be bad, even on the stalks; but mixed with the castor oil it appears to be advantageous to the plant.

—Any offensive odor from decaying vegetables will be absorbed by milk. A pair of old shoes or a pair of barnyard overalls in a collar where there is milk, are likely to contaminate it.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Through flickering leaves the sunlight sifting
Falls warmly across the tidy floor.
The distant voices of gleeful children
Come faintly in at the open door.
The clock's slow rhythm defines the stillness;
The house is resting from work well done;
The weary housewife, with patient fingers,
Knits 'mid the quiet so hardly won.

She ponders the day's completed labors,
Finished betimes, ere the Sabbath rest;
The dainties stored in the well-filled pantry,
The mended garments, the welcomed guest.
The toil-worn fingers move slow and slower.
Her head droops forward, her eyes full soon
Close in a gentle and childlike slumber,
And she dreams in the Saturday afternoon.

She wanders with tireless feet of childhood
Through meadows she knew so well of yore,
And laughs as she fills her tiny apron
With blossoms fragrant, in boundless store.
Forms long vanished step in at the doorway;
Sweet voices sing a forgotten rune;
Angels ascend and descend before her.
And she rests in the Saturday afternoon.

The fading sun sinks under the hill-tops,
The shadows lengthen across the floor;
The birds chirp softly their good-night carol,
The children pause at the dark'ning door;
The tired sleeper no more they waken,
Pale in the rays of the harvest moon;
She waits the dawn of an endless Sabbath,
Gone home in the Saturday afternoon.

—*Christian Union*

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

"Come in."

She gives the permission to enter, in a low, hurried voice, looking up from her open writing-desk upon the table, across which her arm is laid. There is a newspaper laid there, too—the folded page blistered as with tears. "Died, at Summerfield ——." But those tears dried, and there are none now in the weary eyes that lift themselves from that blotted line, and turn wistfully upon the opening door.

"You have a letter for me, Nancy?"

"Please, Miss Gray, it's some one——"

But the slip-shod little maid-of-all-work is cut short in her speech by that some one from behind putting her gently aside from the door and shutting it upon her, as he entered. Some one—a man, who has removed his hat in coming forward, and on whose face the lamplight falls, as he stands on the hearth-rug opposite Miss Gray.

"Bessy——"

His face is full of eager life, but she is looking up at him as if she saw a ghost. Her hand shakes so, resting on the paper, that the rustling draws his eyes to it. He comes a step nearer and puts his hand down firmly on hers, as he glances at the lines just above.

"'Died at Summerfield'—Bessy, do you take me for a ghost?"

She cannot speak. The color is stealing back into her lips, and they tremble apart, but no words come. He says, trying to speak lightly, for her face alarms him:

"You did not know that there were two of the name. My father's house at Summerfield seemed to fix it on me. It was my cousin, John Hesketh. Poor fellow, death was such a happy release to him from his wearisome illness, that he would not grudge its having brought me some good. It was your letter of condolence to Mrs. Hesketh, Bessy, which showed me where to find you, after all these weary years."

The color has died ont of her face as suddenly as it flashed into it. The fluttering hand under his is drawn away, and folds itself with the other, tightly, on the edge of the desk.

"You left Mrs. Hesketh very well, I hope."

"Well, that is hardly to be expected of a young widow, Bessy."

"I—I do not understand——"

"That you were as mistaken in the marriage as in the death. How could you be, Bessy?"

She is quivering from head to foot, flushing and quivering, as she says, brokenly:

"How should I not be? Some one sent me a paper long ago, with the marriage at Summerfield marked in it. How could I know? And when I read the name in the paper again, last week——"

"You wrote your little letter to that imaginary wife of mine, telling her that you had known me years ago, and that, seeing the name, you were so grieved for her, and could not refrain, though a stranger to her, from telling her so. It was a sweet little letter; she, poor little widow, showed it to me, and was not quite pleased with me that I took it away from her. I have it here. Bessy, if I read between the lines——"

She catches her breath.

"I wrote nothing she might not have read if she had been your wife."

"*Between* the lines, I said, Bessy. *From* them she would never have guessed what the old friendship meant. But I remember it was no friendship; it was love."

He says the word with his touch upon her hands again. But she shakes it off; she has risen to her feet, her grasp upon the back of her chair, steadying her.

"If it were," she says, hurriedly, "you never said it so plainly then, that you need repeat it now."

"You cannot doubt I mean it. You knew I was coming back. And in the meantime, your father and you both suddenly removed, leaving no trace—Bessy," with a quick light breaking upon him, "it was in that same summer that my cousin John Hesketh married; could that have had anything to do with——"

"My hiding myself?" she supplies, quietly. "Nothing."

Hesketh's face changes, as he looks searchingly at her. But he can see hers no longer. She has sunk down again in her chair, her elbows on the table, her head bent in her hands. He waits a moment for her to speak, to move; when the does not, he draws back a little, and resting his arm on the mantel, glances round him.

It is a poor place enough; the lodging-house exterior, and the slip-shod maid-of-all-work on the stairs, had not led him to expect much. But yet he had not looked for such bare poverty as this—the uncarpeted floor, the small table, the two or three hard chairs. Turning slightly for a fuller view, he catches a glimpse through a half-open door of an inner room, comfortably although still plainly furnished. He draws a breath of relief. That inner room is a strong contrast to the beautiful home which had once seemed so aptly to surround her; but still, he is relieved to think her days are not all spent in this bareness.

And then his gaze goes back to her. While he looked into her face, he was not able to heed her dress or her surroundings; but now he sees that the deep mourning she wears is of the very cheapest, although fresh as if recently put on. His heart is stirred within him at the sight. He says in a low voice;

"Your father——"

"Died three weeks ago."

This she answers, not uncovering her face.

He says, after another pause:

"And removed here afterward?"

"No. Long, long ago. When first we left the dear old home. The room in there was his; he was never able to leave it after I first brought him here, until he left it for his grave."

"And this was your room, Bessy?"

She understands him. She looks up with a faint, wan smile. "What matters? He never knew what it was like; and could cushions and carpets and sofas make life any easier to me?"

"My love could have made it easier—can make it, if you will have it."

She has tried to interrupt him with a hurried gesture; but he will not be interrupted. The he adds:

"I came to-night to say it. I would have said it years ago if you had not lost yourself to me."

"Lost—yes; but not I. John Hesketh, you do not know—— There, why should I say more? It is so long ago since I was lost to you, you cannot care much now. So we will part to-night——"

"We will not, Bessy." He says it resolutely, drawing her hands away now, holding them fast in his own. For he cannot be mistaken; there is a look in her eyes that tells him how hard to her would be the parting—as hard, perhaps, as to himself. "We will not part."

She yields to him in so far that she does not free herself when he draws her to him. But then she turns her sad eyes on him.

"John, will you make it harder for me? Let me go in silence—I have kept it all these years."

"You should not, if I had known where to find you, my darling."

"I do not know. I think I should have kept it, even if I had not heard of your marriage just before."

"Keep silence still then, Bessy. You are speaking in riddles; but it is not their answers I have come for. I have come for the answer to just one question: Bessy, do you love me?"

A faint smile crosses her face, but does not lighten its sadness. She says, softly:

"If you care to hear it—yes. Stay—" her sudden movement disengages her from him. "I love you, and I will not marry you. I would rather you would not ask me why."

"You require too much of me," he interrupts her hoarsely. "You tell me that you mean to spoil my life and yours, and that I am to take it on faith that you are right. I will not take it on faith. I tell you plainly, you must prove to me that you are right, or I will never give you up."

Again that wan smile crosses her lips, but does not touch the shadow in her eyes.

"I will prove it to you, then. It is easily done now. If you had come a month ago I might not have spoken. But now, that he rests in the grave, I may tell you that I am Richard Lestre, the swindler's daughter. It has been a long time since he was convicted, and served out his term of punishment; but, perhaps, not so long, that in your boyhood you have not heard his name."

He has; she sees it in his face. She goes on: "I heard it for the first time when the paralytic stroke came, which impaired his memory; so that he went back to the years before he came to this country, under the name you know him by. When I heard it, you will understand my one aim and end in life was to pay back the people he had ruined in the old life—to pay them back out of the fortune he had amassed in the new; I know he meant to do it. So much I have gathered from his rambling speech from time to time. The sum is nearly cleared off now, and my poor father—but I will not speak of him; I cannot expect you to feel with me there."

"Do I not?" He has come to her—he has drawn both her hands in his. "And this is what you would have part us, Bessy? I cannot bear your burden?—you must suffer alone?"

She raises her head quickly.

"I do not refuse your pity, John; I take it gratefully. But I will not have it in the stead of love. And that you should love my father's daughter——"

"I, who loved your father, Bessy?"

"John—John——"

He draws the sobbing woman closer to him.

"We will not make light of the sin, my dear one, but neither will we of the repentance. And, Bessy, remember this; if you withhold yourself from me you withhold the one thing I have looked for and longed and waited for every day of all these years since we two parted."

* * * * * *

I am still sitting in my window, where my opposite neighbor in that low room next the roof of the lodging-house across the street, comes to her window and draws down the blind. And I see no more shadows hovering about upon the wall. They are only shadows, after all, that I have seen, out of which I have been weaving the story of my pale little opposite neighbor. I often see hers thrown upon the wall there, for an evening hour when she has forgetten to draw down her blind—thrown quite alone there, until to-night. Have my shadows any substance after all? I only know that the paralytic old man about whom seemed to hang a mystery, was carried out in his coffin not long ago, and I hope—I hope the pretty, mournful face over the way is not to dwell in shadows all its life.—*Godey's Lady Book.*

—A line man, putting up a telephone wire in Meriden, Conn., a few days since, and when at the top of a tall pole, was seized with a fit, and fell over backward. The spur on his boot was fixed firmly in the pole, and held him fast, although a heavy man, from falling on a sharp picket fence. He hung head downward until his companions who were nearly paralyzed at the frightful spectacle, got a rope with which to help him down.

Giving Up Wealth for Love.

A reporter of the *Express* learned from a Mr. James Holt, of Concho, the particulars of a history that if properly handled would make the web and woof of as romantic a novel as was ever written. It is the story of a beautiful girl who voluntarily leaves all the luxuries and elegances of a beautiful home in Philadelphia to follow a lover to the wilds of Texas. Blanche Thomas was the only daughter of wealthy and fond parents, who lavished upon her all that wealth could purchase. A graduate of a celebrated seminary, naturally bright and vivacious, and with a beauty matchless in its loveliness, she became without an effort a society belle. Her dresses from Worth, her equipages, her brown-stone house on Chestnut street, were the envy of many and the ambition of a few. Her father took her with him to Paris, where she became the rage in the American colony there, and her toilets were described at length in *La Minerve* and *Figaro*. Many admirers had aspired to her hand—many wealthy noblemen had offered themselves in marriage, but all in vain. She was the theme of conversation alike in the salon and the cafe, and while admired for her many charms, she was considered cold and heartless.

Her parents at last became vexed at her continued refusal of such splendid offers, and did all in their power to make her marry a wealthy English baronet, but without avail. When pressed by her father for an explanation of her strange conduct, she reluctantly acknowledged she was in love, and had been since her childhood, with the son of the manager of her father's coal mines in Pittsburgh. This so enraged her father that he forbade her even to mention the young man's name again, and unthinkingly told her she must select some eligible party within six months, or cease to be his daughter. Thinking him to be in earnest, and knowing him to be a man of his word, the poor girl packed up a few clothes, and, taking what money she had in her purse at the time, took passage on an outward bound steamer for New York. Arriving there she telegraphed to her lover in Pittsburgh, who did not even stop to change his mining clothes, so afraid was he that he would miss the fast train that was to carry him to the object of his affections.

There was a quiet little marriage at Grace Church the next day, and the spoiled child of fortune was the wife of a brawny, muscular miner.

But the question now arose, what were they to do? for she had no money, and what little he had would not last long, as he sacrificed his position in the mines when marrying her. After much thought and a great amount of planning it was decided to come to Texas and here build for themselves a home. He pre-empted and purchased land and sheep in Taylor County, built a house of two small rooms, and while she cooked, washed and attended to the humble avocations of household drudgery he looked after the sheep and cultivated a few acres of land. No thoughts of past splendor came to disturb her calm tranquility and perfect happiness, but every day seemed to be fuller of pleasure than the last, and their happiness was as deep and eternal as the occult skies above. Their very isolation brought them closer together and strengthened a love that was as pure as it was eternal.

A year of perfect but quiet happiness passed by, when the husband broke his leg, and the work of watching the sheep devolved upon the wife. Nursing her sick husband and looking after the out-door department took up most of her time. But one afternoon as she was walking toward the house in her simple country dress, a party of gentlemen rode up, and one of them was her father, who had been searching for his daughter since her departure from Paris. Hearing of her marriage in New York, he bitterly repented his hasty words, and had followed her to Texas. Calm reflection had taught him that hers had, after all, been the better choice, and he was only too glad to recognize in her husband a son-in-law. He persuaded them to give up their home in Texas for a time and return with him to Philadelphia.—*San Antonio (Tex.) Express.*

"Bogus" Pictures.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the "bogus" picture business is carried on in New York. There are whole stores where only such pictures are sold, and into which visitors to the city are allured by the continual cry of the auctioneer. Entering, they see ranged about the walls pictures which attract the eye by their gaudy brilliancy, and, having but a limited knowledge of paintings, they become possessed with the idea that here they can buy something of real merit for a small part of its value. "What am I offered now for this masterpiece?" exclaimed an auctioneer in one of these stores not long since to a crowd of persons who stood before him. The picture in question was called "A Scene in Venice, by Ralazzi," whoever he may be, or have been. "Five dollars!" shouted a man, whose large felt hat showed that he was a stranger. "Five dollars!" repeated the auctioneer, in apparent surprise. "Why, gentlemen, I'm not selling the frame only, but the picture, too." And he continued repeating the bids until they had increased to fourteen dollars and fifty cents, when the picture was knocked down to a young man who wore pomatum on his hair. Subsequent investigation showed that this picture, with the frame, could be bought down town for three dollars and fifty cents.

Up a rickety flight of stairs is the attic, and here are the rooms where the pictures are made. Do you remember the gaudy painting you must have seen in restaurants adjoining railway stations?—the flocks of shaggy sheep and the obese cows rambling beneath incredible trees and over brooks flowing above their sources? They were painted in this attic, or, if not, then in some place of the same character. Here there is no romance. The artists sit about the three small rooms in the front of the garret and work like beavers. They have the knack of the brush and the mahl-stick, and they keep the "pot boiling," so to speak. Here is a marine picture on the easel of the nearest man as you enter. The ship in the background seems to have partaken of the vim and energy of the artist and skims the waves with no lagard prow. But the pennant at the fore is streaming one way and yet her sails are boomed out in just the other direction! It is unfortunate that the artist in his haste to complete the picture has overlooked the fact that the wind never blews from opposite points of the compass at the same time. "Is that so?" he says, when his attention is called to the fact; "oh, they don't mind little things like that out West!" On the broad beach in the foreground are strewn surprising kinds of seaweed, and climbing over the rocks here and there are red lobsters! But what of that? If they don't object out West to the wind being represented as blowing from opposite directions in the background, surely they will not object to boiled lobsters crawling over the rocks in the foreground. A notable thing about these "commercial" artists is their preference for large brushes, such even as are used by house painters. Their rapidity is not less noteworthy. They literally "sling" the paint on. Stencil pictures are also now made in great quantities and sent West, where there is a large demand for them on account of their cheapness. It is only by a careful examination that they can be distinguished from the ordinary cheap painted pictures, and if the parts where the several different stencils join have been carefully painted over with a brush, it is said to be impossible to tell one kind from another.—*Art Amateur.*

Strong-Minded Women Among the Esquimaux.

A young woman, Dr. Dall tells us, really quite fine looking, and of remarkably good physique and mental capacity, was observed to hold herself aloof from the young men of the tribe in an unusual manner. Inquiry, first of others, afterward of herself, brought out the following reasons for the eccentricity. In effect she said she was as strong as any of the young men; not one of them had ever been able to conquer her in wrestling or other athletic exercises, though it had more than once been tried, sometimes with surprise and with odds against her. She could shoot and hunt deer as well as any of them, and make and set snares and nets. She had her own gun, bought from the proceeds of her trapping. She despised marriage and did not desire to do the work of a wife; but preferred the work which custom among the Esquimaux allots to the men. In short, she was a "woman au rights" female of the most advanced type. When winter came, having made a convert of a smaller and less athletic damsel, the two set to work with walrus-tusk pick and dug the excavation in which they erected their own house, which was of the usual type of Esquimaux houses—walled and rolled with drift wood covered with turf. It was, however, as an additional defense against unwished-for prowling males, divided into two rooms, with a very small and narrow door between them, next which lay some handy billets of wood to crack the sconce of a possible intruder. Here our two amazons lived, traded and carried on their affairs in defiance of connubial bonds and public sentiment. The latter seemed to be composed half of disapprobation and half of envious admiration; while all the young fellows in the village busied themselves in concocting plans against the enterprising pair. These were too fully on the alert to be surprised, and all efforts against their peace were fruitless. When the deer hunting season came the two set off to the mountains; and no sooner had they departed than disappointed lovers and "outraged public sentiment" exemplified in a mob, reduced their winter quarters to a shapeless ruin. So far as Dr. Dahl's information goes, the following year the ladies returned to the ordinary ways of the world, and gave up the unequal contest against a tyrannical public opinion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Retained Editors---An Agreeable English Custom.

The retaining of a leader-writer on a great London journal, such as the *Times*, the *Telegraph* or the *News*, is a peculiar feature in English journalism. If a writer shows marked evidences of merit, or if he has the ability to write exhaustively and in a graphic manner on some special class of topic, he is retained, as it is termed; that is, he is paid a stipulated amount each year. With the papers referred to, this is commonly £1,000 ($5,000). In receiving a retainer he binds himself not to write for any other publication on the topics for the treatment of which his employer has engaged him. In his leisure hours he can write on other subjects as much as he pleases, but the implied understanding is that he must keep himself thoroughly informed on every phase of the particular question the *Times* or the *News* wishes him to write upon, and must be in readiness whenever called upon to furnish an editorial leader. It may happen that weeks and even months will pass by and no call will be made for services, and at another time his pen will every day be in demand. His retainer is not given to pay him for what he writes, but simply to reward him for keeping himself thoroughly informed, and to secure, when needed, the command of his services. For the actual writing he does for the paper to which he is attached he receives additional pay. The London *Times* pays for its first, or leading editorial article, $50, and $25 each for the following articles. In the *Times* office it is sometimes the case, on an important subject, that two and even three leader writers are asked to cover the same ground, and it has frequently happened that the article, when it appears, is formed out of the contributions of all three, skillfully dove-tailed together by the revising editor, who has selected the best and most striking portions of each article submitted to him. When this is done each writer is paid precisely as though his leader had been printed in its entirety. Hence the cost of some of the *Times'* leading editorials is $150. In the other large newspapers the writer of the leading article commonly receives $25 and the writers of following ones $15 each. These rates, it may be added, are in excess—independent of the retainer—of what is paid for editorial work by our American journals.—*Boston Herald.*

For Young Readers.

CAPTAIN JOHNNY AND THE COW.

"Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly
From their firm base as soon as I,"
Roared Johnny, in a voice so loud
It proved him hero of the crowd;
He was a Captain with a sword
Made from a whittled bit of board.

They marched upon the village green;
And though no foe just there was seen,
They trod as proudly as if war,
With all its glories, was not far,
And, as if spurring them to strife,
One big boy whistled for a fife.

They had a tin pan for a drum
That made the very echoes hum;
Their paper caps had tufted peaks,
Tired were their legs and hot their cheeks;
They moved in rather zigzag line;
Yet was it martial, bold and fine.

Just then, old Brindle chanced to pass,
Nibbling the wayside weeds and grass,
Seeking the daintiest bits to eat—
Cleverer thistles prickly sweet—
And anxious for a patch of shade,
She came upon this grand parade.

She lifted up her meek-eyed face:
Grave was her look and slow her pace;
So long she stared, 'twas evident
She wondered greatly what it meant;
And if her horns were seen to shake,
Clearly 'twas only by mistake.

But Johnny spied her, nearing thus,
Looking so huge and dangerous;
Just as he finished the third time
Shouting his fierce defiant rhyme,
Down dropped both voice and sword, and he
Over the fence went instantly.

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote
The valorous words another wrote;
But he who rank and life would lead
Should prove his courage by his deed.
Small virtue has the eloquence
Of him who's first to climb the fence.
—*Youth's Companion.*

TRUE BRAVERY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years old, and he lived in a large city in the State of Ohio, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools. He was a slender lad with quiet gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of the "brag" about him. Some of the boys called him a coward because he never would fight; and whenever a rough fellow would shake his fists in Frank's face with "You don't *dare* to fight," Frank would quietly say: "I dare *not* to fight;" which was a much braver thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one doubted Frank's bravery. It was it mid-winter, and the fires in the school-building were fed with bushels of coal in order that the rooms might be kept warm for the hundreds of boys and girls in the school-rooms in that very cold winter weather.

Suddenly the teacher in the division where Frank Thompson studied discovered from a cloud of smoke that burst into the room that the school-building was on fire, and there were five hundred children in it; and in less than one moment half the children in her room knew, as did she, of the danger, and were preparing to rush out of doors. The teacher, Miss Olney, said not a word, but springing to the door, she lifted her hand and with a commanding gesture motioned the pupils back into their seats, and they dared not disobey. She then hurried from the room to warn the other teachers of the danger and to give the alarm of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with flashing eyes had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in the room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson

"*Stand back!*" he cried; "not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door with uplifted hand was equal to an army with banners. Every one felt that the boy who dared not to fight, dared to hold his post, and guard it, too. And so he stood until the teacher returned, when he stepped into a passage-way, and fairly flew to one of the lower rooms, where he knew there was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted him in his arms and never lost hold of his burden until he had put him safely down at his mother's door, two or three squares away. Then he returned to the school-building from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire-engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a coward after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the newspapers, and several gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it were these words:

To Frank Thompson,
From the Citizens of C——,
In Honor of a Brave Deed.
Dec. 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do *right*, and always a coward who dared to do *wrong*.

And now that the story is told, let us give three cheers for brave Frank Thompson and all the other boys like him.—*Wide Awake.*

The Pig and the Hollow Log.

My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew and rain. They were now as big as hens' eggs.

The owner of the field saw that there was something wrong with his potato patch. The vines were torn up, and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thief? By watching, may be, the robber might be found out.

The farmer hid himself among some bushes. But he saw nothing, except one of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every step. Did the pig know where he was going?

One corner of the rail fence rested on a large hollow log. That log was just like the elbow of a stove-pipe. One of its ends was outside and one was inside of the potato field.

The sly pig went straight to that log! With a grunt, he crawled in at one end of it, and, with another grunt, he crawled out at the other end, into the field. There he began, at once, to root up the nice potatoes, and to eat them.

The farmer jumped over the fence. In a trice the bars were put down. There was a loud call: "Here, Rover, Rover, seek him! seek him, sir!" And the dog chased the thieving rascal squealing from the field.

The farmer said to himself: "I'll fix things all right." Then he turned the log so that the elbow was in the field, and both of its ends were on the outside.

Then the farmer hid and watched again. Mr. Pig came along a second time. He thought everything was right. He crawled into the log once more. He crawled through it. But he was still on the outside of the fence!

The pig grunted. He lifted up his head. He looked all around in great surprise. He wondered what was wrong. Then he grunted louder, and tried once more. Again he failed. And he failed as often as he grunted and tried.

The merry farmer laughed loudly at the wicked and astonished pig.

Thieves are sometimes caught in their slyest tricks!—*Our Little Ones.*

Introducing People to Each Other.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have it to do I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward, I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room, all you have to do is to say: 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your aunt Lucy: 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins; Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—*Harper's Young People.*

How a Monument Came to be Placed Over Tom Corwin's Grave.

"Is there a monument over Tom Corwin's grave yet?" was Col. Ingersoll's telegraphic reply to an invitation to lecture in Lebanon, Ind., last winter. "No, sir, answered the old gentleman who was acting as Secretary of the lecture association; and before he had left the telegraph office the operator handed him a message, which read:

I would not lecture in your old town for half of it.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Corwin's grave is on the crest of a little knoll on the east side of the town cemetery at Lebanon. The remains of his wife lie on one side of him, and those of his son on the other. Standing over them one can see miles away across rich valleys and fertile hillsides, the scene of more than one of Corwin's famous speeches. Back in the valley of Turtle Creek is the sleepy old town of Lebanon. The Corwin family—consisting of one married and one single daughter, the latter lame and below the average in intellect, with a complexion as dark as her father's—still reside in the old mansion near the cemetery. Corwin died in 1865 in Washington, and nearly every man, woman and child in Warren County flocked to his funeral when his remains were taken home. They buried him with great pomp, and then began to talk about a monument. The family thought the county ought to erect it, and the Commissioners said it was plainly the duty of the family. Nothing was done by either until Ingersoll's message fell among them like a shot, and turned the town upside down. Corwin's son-in-law, a Cincinnati lawyer, named Sage, then ordered a Quincy shaft, thirteen feet high, and it has just been put in place.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Punctuation.

Punctuation is an art, and one that has been learned in comparatively modern times. The Greeks did not know the meaning of it, and left no space between their words. The Romans put up a kind of division without any apparent method. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the colon and the comma were introduced, and the latter at that time only as a perpendicular figure. We are indebted to Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer, for the comma as we have it now, and in 1790 he introduced the semicolon into printing, and published a set of rules for the guidance of writers. It is not known by whom notes of interrogation or exclamation were first used, but inverted commas (') were brought into common use by a French printer to supersede the use of italics, but the English adopted them to specify quotation.

—In one of the Parisian Bureaux de Police Correctionnelle, a few days ago, a son of toil accused of stealing a pair of trousers, was discharged by the sitting magistrate, after a patient investigation of his case, on the ground that the evidence brought forward against him was insufficient. He continued, however, to keep his seat on the prisoner's bench after his acquittal had been formally pronounced. The lawyer who had conducted his defence, observing that he did not move, informed him that he was free to go about his business, if he had any. He shook his head slightly, but did not budge. By this time, no other case being on hand, the court was nearly empty. Again addressing him, his defender inquired with some irritation "why the deuce he did not get up and go." "Step this way a moment please," replied the steadfast sitter, "and let me whisper in your ear. I can't go till the witnesses for the prosecution have left the court." "And why, may I ask?" "Because of the stolen trousers—don't you understand?" "Most assuredly I do not understand. What about the trousers?" "Only this. I've got 'em on."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1881.

It isn't just the fair thing to complain of the Democratic party for making no progress. It has tried to go ahead three or four times, but has been tripped and thrown by inadvertently stepping on its ears.—*Washington Republican.*

The Supreme Court of Connecticut, in a test case, a few days ago, decided that a limited railroad ticket is worthless except for the trip specified on its face. It is said this question has been often discussed, but never so squarly met as in this decision.

Claudius M. Wheeler was released on $1,500 security as the result of the hearing before Judge Hammond, at Annapolis, on habeas corpus, to appear before the grand jury of the Circuit Court of Anne Arundel county, at next April term, to answer the charge of fatally shooting Dr. T. Clay Maddux at the Odenton election polls.

The ground is trembling under the Mississippi Bourbons. The Fusion committee are calmly talking of swearing in the officials who were elected but counted out, and, when they have once organized a rival State Government, of appealing to the President for recognition. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of the proposed action, the obvious inference seems to be that the Solid South is breaking up and going to pieces very fast.

The B. & O. officials have purchased the Salisbury railroad. It is reported that the probabilities are that the road will be extended at an early day from the present terminus to Altamont or Oakland, on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio. It is twenty-eight miles to the first named and thirty-five to the latter named place, and such extension would very materially lessen the mileage and grades on coke and coal for western points.

A public meeting was held at Waterford, in the Third district of Anne Arundel county, on Saturday afternoon, to take action to prevent a repetition of the alleged frauds in county elections. Grafton Duvall was called to the chair, and Thomas B. Boone appointed secretary. One of the parties present was selected to secure testimony to be used in the contested election cases, and subscriptions were received to defray the expenses of the contest. Several subscriptions of $50 each were made on the spot. It is is expected that $500 will be raised in the district for the purpose. It is thought it will take about $2,000 to maintain the contest.

In one of the precincts of the 9th ward of Baltimore city, D. Pinkney West, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, was returned as not having received a single vote. It now turns out that at least fifty men are willing to come forward and make affidavit that they not only voted for Mr. West but also voted the whole Republican ticket. We know of one Democrat who is willing to swear that he voted the straight Democratic ticket except for Sheriff, and that he voted for the Republican nominee. But the Democratic judges did not think it necessary to count Mr. West's vote and he was returned as having received none. It will require something more than a new registration to beat this kind of rascality.—*Ex.*

Mr. Watterson comes to the fore again with blood in his eye and a free trade gonfalon in his hand. He says Mr. Blaine will probably be the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1884, and adds: "If the opposition can be united on a 'tariff for revenue only' basis we can beat him. If it cannot be we shall probably have four years more of Republican ascendancy." Having thus virtually surrendered the future, he then pays his respects to the past in this lively fashion: "We want no more pig and puppy campaigns, and no more now-you-see-it and now you-don't tickets. Pennsylvania may go. Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Randall may fold themselves in one another's arms and waltz off whenever they please." That is very interesting, but does Mr. Watterson mean to call the Tilden and Hendricks and the Hancock and English combinations "pig and puppy"? We trust not.

"Bombs" and "Bricks."

"Governor Hamilton has his hat and pockets full of bricks and bomb shells," said one of that gentleman's most intimate friends yesterday, while fresh from an interview with the Sage of Stafford; "and he will no longer be afraid to throw them into place where they will do the most harm. His fault heretofore has been his timidity in the use of these weapons, but his blood is up now, and woe to those who will stand in his way! The managers may say what they please, but they cannot deny that nothing but the famous 'bombshell' of last spring caused the fearful mortality among ring favorites in Harford, Montgomery, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties and elsewhere at the state election. The only trouble was that he did not put enough dynamite in it, as he might have done. But the effect was good enough for an experiment, for this is all it amounted to. It was an entirely new thing for the Governor of the state to place himself in opposition to the machinery of his party, and to antagonize those who pulled the wires. There was an outcry in certain quarters at such a proceeding, but the people admired the Governor's courage, and none except those personally interested censured him for it. It is only the beginning that seems hard. The first step in the revolution has been accomplished. Democrats have been taught to be independent enough to scratch the ticket, and that it is the first duty of the patriot to 'scratch' whenever an objectionable candidate is forced upon him. Now, you just let the managers or bosses repeat the experiment of the last session. Let them nominate ring men for officers of the two houses and a state treasurer obnoxious to him, and then you may lookout for the brickbats and bombshells. The congressional contest next fall will tell the story, no matter how the legislature may choose to redistrict the state. The Governor Hamilton of 1882 will not be the Hamilton of 1880, and let all hands take warning."

Governor Hamilton's courage has frequently failed him when facing important schemes, but there are indications on all sides now that he is in earnest and means business. He recognizes this is his last opportunity. The Governor's home organ, which has been mailed to quite a number of the members of the next legislature, sounds the key note of the winter campaign. It calls for the election of an anti-ring treasurer and for the carrying out of the reforms promised in the platform. The faction that secures the treasurer will have control of the Board of Public Works. A majority in this board is always considered a prize worth having, but there is a special reason why more than the usual fight should be made for it at the next session. Ordinarily, the board elects the president of the canal, the officers of the oyster navy, and state directors in the various railroads in which the state is pecuniarily interested. But next year its patronage will embrace more than that, for it will also elect the insurance commissioner and the tax commissioner, both of them holding office for four years. The managers, as well as the Governor, therefore appreciate the value of the board at this time. If the managers elect the state treasurer, Mr. Hines will remain insurance commissioner and Mr. Woolford will retain his office of tax commissioner. If the Governor's friends obtain the treasurer, the whole order of things will be changed. The candidate of the "regulars" for the treasurership is Mr. Barnes Compton, of course. The "independents" have no candidate as yet, and no name will be broached on that side until the project of a coalition between the independents and Republicans is consummated. The independents, as well as the Republicans, concede that a coalition should be effected, but the point of disagreement is as to the share of offices which the two parties to the union should secure.

The Republicans are willing to let the Independents select the presiding officers of both houses (provided they are good man), and even go further than that by offering to allow them to name the police commissioner, but in return they demand that a Republican shall be chosen as state treasurer. They think that this basis of a coalition is entirely reasonable and liberal. There would then be in the board a Hamilton man, a "regular" Democrat and a Republican. Some of the Independents say that they would have no objection to the election of a Republican as state treasurer, provide such a man as Mr. Enoch Pratt or Mr. Geo. Small would be selected. The office has been denominated by a politician as the only "gentlemanly office" in the state. The salary is $2,500, and one visit a week to Annapolis, or two at most is all that is generally required of the incumbent. It is thought that on this plan both of the elements desiring a coalition can agree. There are O. L. D.s' who prefer that a Hamilton man be chosen treasurer, and the Republicans divide the offices of the two houses and the Police Commissioners. A few of the Republican members are willing that the latter plan shall prevail. The Hamilton men want the Treasurer because that would give them the assurance that the ring would be wiped out in all its departments.

Whatever form events may assume at Annapolis, it is given out as certain that the Governor proposes to pursue a "stalwart" policy. It is announced from headquarters that the appointments to be made next winter will be on an entirely new order. He will not lend such a willing ear to recommendations as in the past. He will want to know all about the man before he will send his name to the Senate. There will be no more ring men appointed to influential offices, if he can help it. The Governor, as already stated in these columns, will have the appointment of four directors in the penitentiary next winter, and it is intimated that, according to present appearances, they will be all stalwart Hamilton men. Efforts are being made to appoint on the board persons who will make no changes in the management of the prison, and several Hamilton men favor that course, on the condition that those who ask for it give their aid and influence to the consummation of Governor Hamilton's projects at the next session. Some of Mr. Whyte's friends are urging the appointment of Mr. Sigmund, a former director in the board. There is now a vacancy in the board by the resignation of Mr. J. F. Hunter, and there is no lack of applicants; but it is thought that the Governor will appoint all the four directors together. There will be nearly a clean sweep of the registers of voters for the city. The Governor will also have the appointment of three members of the House of Correction board, which will give him control of that institution, as well as the penitentiary. There will also he some changes in the board of election supervisors. If none but anti-ring stalwarts are appointed to the various offices, the Governor will have a decided advantage over the ring, and he will be master of the situation, if he succeeds in electing a treasurer of his own chosing.—*Baltimore Sunday American.*

The Value to England of the Indian Empire.

A reckoning of the value of India's foreign commerce will explain the importance attached by the United Kingdom to its eastern empire. The trade of India with foreign countries amounts to $577,000,000 gold per annum. The seven railways extending into different parts of the country have an aggregate length of 4,039 miles, and many other lines are in process of construction to serve the needs of a population shown by the census of 1881 to number 252,541,210 souls. The length of telegraph lines is 14,000 miles. The climate is varied, land is cheap and labor abundant. The cultivation of wheat is being extended, and with the extension of railroad facilities to the northern provinces promises to engage the energies of farmers looking to European markets. The export of this cereal is at present 13,886,398 bushels, against 145,988 for 1870. India has an area of 1,577,698 square miles, reaching nearly 2,000 miles from north to south, and 1,900 from east to west. It is divided into 221 districts, under purely British administration, besides 153 feudatory states under British control. The English army numbers about 60,000, being largely composed of regiments recruited from the native population. It is a great mistake to view its people as a homogeneous one. There are within the limits of the Indian empire more States and more languages than in all the Western nations combined. In Europe in 1881 there were 52 States, 15 languages, and, in 1872 301,700,000 of population. British India, however, has 374 States, 23 languages and over 252,000,000 of population. It is upon this large population that the United Kingdom largely relies for an unfailing market for the manufactures. Her colonies at present are good customers, but the time may come when they may all wish to cut loose from the mother country, or, without absolute separation, place restrictions—as some of them have already done—upon British manufactures which would practically exclude them. But by Lord Beaconsfield's wise policy of incorporating India as constituent part of the empire the idea of a separation of India from England is rendered one which no ministry will dare to entertain or propose, and the establishment of a tariff upon imports from England is rendered impossible. It will be observed that the various parts of English policy hang well together.

"A lady had the flesh eaten off her arm by scrofula. Could see the sinews working. 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher' cured her." J. Ralston, Elderton, Pa.

The Odenton Tragedy.

The following sensible editorial is from the Democratic organ of Cecil county, the *Cecil Democrat*:

The hearing on *habeas corpus* of the charges against Mr. Bannon and Mr. Wheeler, the one charged with shooting Dr. T. Clay Maddux and the other with having instigated it, reveals some methods of conducting elections in Anne Arundel county that must seem strange to slow-going, old-fashioned Cecil contains. What ever may prove to be the facts about the killing,—who fired first or who fired the fatal shot,—there can be no doubt that a well-laid plan existed to do some things at the Odenton polls that plain people are wont to regard as crooked. If Mr. Bannon and his friends did not propose to take forcible possession of the ballot-box, it is hardly doubtful that Gen. Bond and his adherents accredited them with some such purpose, and arranged a desperate scheme to prevent it. If Gen. Bond and his coworkers did not intend to tamper with the ballot-box, it must be admitted that Mr. Bannon and his supporters strongly suspected such purpose. Nor does the singular conduct of the judges of the election in arranging to count the tickets in secret, behind closed doors, with no one present except themselves, tend to inspire confidence in the good intentions or fair dealings of the election officers. When the further fact is recognized that the chief judge was the brother of one of the prominent candidates, and must naturally have all the zeal of a partisan enlisted in the success of one of the tickets and the defeat of the other, it would really seem natural that the unfriended should cherish some misgivings as to the good faith of those in authority. But, apart from all this, it is difficult to see what business Dr. Maddux could have at the Odenton polls. He was a citizen of Baltimore, yet had not enough interest in the election at home to remain and cast his vote. He took possession of the Odenton polling house on the evening before the election and retained it all night and the whole of the next day. He walked around with the air of one in authority the entire day, and, at evening, when the polls were about to close, took his station at the window and announced that no one should be admitted to see the votes counted. The box might be stuffed, the count might be falsified, or many other things with which Anne Arundel politicians are accredited with being not unfamiliar might be done, and yet no one could have an eye over it because the non-resident Dr. Maddux had said no. All this may not have justified the violence of Maddux's taking off, but it surely constituted a grave provocation to break the peace. Even in order-loving Cecil county, where elections are generally held with as much decorum as a church service, and where no one ever dreams of questioning the honesty or fair dealing of election officers, the announcement of a purpose on the part of the judges to count the ballots in secret and with locked doors, would naturally excite suspicion; and when to aid the purpose, a non-resident athlete, of daring nature, fiery temper, and renowned intrepidity should station himself at the only possible place of entrance and declare that no citizen or voter should enter, all the wrath of outraged manhood would be enkindled to suppress the high-handed purpose. It is true that they are accredited with doing things differently in Anne Arundel, and that the suspicion of a purpose to stuff the ballot-box or to seize it, would not grate so harshly there as here; but the greater probability of its occurring there would compensate for the lessness of the shock to popular feeling in its inception. If report does not work great injustice to the parties of Anne Arundel, the Kilkenny combatants of to-day were once in accord in schemes to beat the common foe and each man may be presumed to "know how it is himself." Mr. Bannon would have better ground for suspicion than one who knew nothing of Anne Arundel or its methods. His detective instinct had been whetted by processes in which detectives are always accredited with acquiring their most valuable lessons. The old adage is very crisp—"set a thief to catch a thief," and is one hardly less apposite—that the keenest pursuer of the fugitive is often weighted in pocket by the missing booty. When the charge used to be hurled at Anne Arundel methods that the ballots did not count as they were cast, it was not Mr. Bannon who made the charge or sustained it. All the difference in the world does it make in a contest of wits where scruple is hushed in incentive, whose ox is gored. The slaying of Dr. Maddux is a not unnatural outcome of the vindictiveness and spite and personal rancor of the Anne Arundel canvass, whether the ball that pierced his vitals was sent from Wheeler's pistol or not. It evidently started from a partisan of the opposition, and was aimed in the malice born of the unworthy turbulence of the hour. It is sometimes said that when a certain kind of evil-doers fall out, the victims of their evil doing are compensated, and if the blood spilled at Odenton, as the ripe fruits of Anne Arundel methods, should so fix public attention on the importance to good government of a free ballot and a fair count as to secure for the banned county a fairer future fame, the most useful event in Dr. Maddux's life may prove to have been the manner of his quitting it.

The Hagerstown *Mail* concludes an article on the Anne Arundel outrage, with the following: "Mr. Bond and his associates should be declared not entitled to seats in the House of Delegates and a new election should be ordered. This the people will demand, and simple justice and the honor of the State will be outraged if it is not done."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 28, 1881.

Members of Congress are coming in rapidly now, and while, with everybody else, the leading object of interest is the Guiteau trial, the all absorbing topic among the politicians is the organization of Congress and the Speakership of the House. The candidates for this important office, that is, the Republican candidates, since it is conceded that the Republicans have a clear majority, are Hiscock, of New York; Keifer, of Ohio; Reed, of Maine; Orth, of Indiana; Burrows, of Michigan; Davis and Henderson, of Illinois; Kasson, of Iowa; Haskell, of Kansas, and Dunnell, of Minnesota. If I have failed to give them all, it is because memory is at fault and not from any desire to favor one above another. But the plain truth is that most of those who get their names on the list do so in order to stand well in the make-up of the committees, and not because of real hopes of reaching the Speakership.

The leading names in the race are Hiscock, Kasson, Keifer, and Reed. Some changes have taken place in the last few days touching the status of the contest. At the present time it seems as though some magnifying had been done by Hiscock and his friends, for a search for his support reveals the fact that he will fail in many of his claims. He has been spoken of as the only Eastern candidate; but Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, has come out for Reed, which means that the latter will swing that delegation, and it is stated that Reed will have all but two or three of the New England members. But the worst feature in Hiscock's case is the failure to unite his own delegation. He was a Greely man in 1872, and this has left some sore places. He has also, it is said, deceived Conkling's friends, and the Grant men are generally "down" on him, which will also hurt him in Pennsylvania; while, on the other hand, he has not retained the united support of the other wing.

Mr. Keifer has been making an active canvass but he is handicapped by the anti-Ohio prejudice just now and can't spread much because the lesser lights around Ohio want to be considered. Mr. Kasson is making a lively canvass, and has much strength, but he has been out of the country some time and has not the personal acquaintance with members that Mr. Reed and others have. When he left Congress four years ago Kasson was one of the best parliamentarians on the Republican side, but the revision of the rules since, by the Forty fifth Congress, places him at some disadvantage in this respect now. Besides his views on the tariff are not such as to give him assistance at this time. And so there is a state of glorious uncertainty about the contest with the chances in favor of nobody in particular.

The Guiteau trial is dragging its length along attracting a little smaller crowd now than it did the first of the second week; but there is a perfect jam still. Mr. Scoville says it will last three months, but it is difficult to see what will transpire to occupy all that time. Doubtless the examination and cross-examination of experts on insanity will consume many days—perhaps weeks—yet from the present outlook, the case ought to be concluded within two weeks. Much speculation is indulged in now as to the result, the conduct of the prisoner and the evidence adduced having led many to believe that he is really insane, or, at least, that there is doubt enough about it to cause a disagreement of the jury. From the miserable creature's whole career it does appear that he is and always has been crack-brained and unbalanced in mind; but that he is irresponsibly insane is another matter. There is something singular about this matter of expert testimony. There are experts for the defense and experts for the Government, and they testify on whichever side employs them. This sort of thing ought to cheapen the value of "expert" evidence. The only result of it must be to befog the whole case and the jury. As for Guiteau himself, the authorities treat him altogether too well. He ought to be squelched.

JUNIUS.

The gradual decline of Democratic majorities in this State is significant. In 1868 Seymour carried Maryland by 31,919; in 1879 Hamilton's majority was 22,166; in 1881 Keating's is about 13,000—and 12,000 of that was given in Baltimore city, principally by the usual methods. The last Legislature stood Senate—21 Democrats, 5 Republicans; House—63 Democrats, 21 Republicans. A few years before we had not a representative in the State anywhere. The next Legislature will stand Senate—16 Democrats; 10 Republicans. House—61 Democrats; 30 Republicans. The people are evidently getting tired of the long continued mismanagement of State affairs. Another year or two and the present managers of the Democratic party will have reached the end of their rope. They will have no smooth road to travel in the coming session of the Legislature, and their desperate efforts to regain what they have lost will consummate their fall.

Mahone after the Repudiators.

During the Virginia campaign, which was ended with the victory of the Mahonites over the Bourbons the latter brought Hampton and Vance in the State in their interest. The plucky little Senator proposes to pay his respects to them when Congress meets by instituting an inquiry "whether any State of the Union has repudiated or attempted to repudiate, in whole or in part, any of its bonded debt, and whether any of the trust funds invested by the United States in State bonds have been lost or impaired by the action of any State." States of North and South Carolina with special force, as "South Carolina has scaled a debt of $16,000,000 down to less than $4,000,000, and North Carolina has gone even further in the same direction in dealing with her bonds." "Mahone will demand also in his resolution that the Finance Committee shall ascertain if possible upon what theory the repudiating States have dealt with their obligations and to report whether there is any remedy left to the United States in case its trust funds have been impaired or lost."

Such an investigation may bring to light financial operations that may not rebound to the credit of States, which have been sitting in judgement upon the plans of the Virginia Refunders. The process of exposure is in the hands of the Democrats themselves, and those who are not leagued with either faction of that party may have a laudable curiosity to find out the secrets of the past, which will be gratified by such an investigation. Therefore success to Senator Mahone's resolution of inquiry may be heartily wished by every Republican.

The Baltimore *Gazette* is in the deepest throes of agony, fearing lest the ring will not control the next Legislature. It goes down upon its knees and groans and pleads with the O. L. D.s' who were elected, and whom it knew before the election as members of the "dark lantern, sneak thief, negro-white combination" not to desert the old Democratic party, meaning the Ring. It calls them inexperienced, energetic and zealous young men, cautious them that treachery will never be forgiven and warns them against following the example of Mahone, whom it charges with having sold out to the Republicans after being elected by Democratic votes. But be it remembered that Mahone is on top and his investment seems to have paid well. There is more of Mahonism, meaning opposition to Bourbonism and Bossism in Maryland, than the *Gazette* has heretofore been willing to believe, and fearing lest an investment in Republican votes might pay the O. L. D. at the expense of the Ring it begins to wield the party lash.

The Democratic Ring Organs see the possibility of losing control of the Board of Public Works, Fishery Force, Canal, Tobacco Warehouses, Board of Police Commissioners, State Treasurer, State Printer, Tax and Insurance Commissioners, and indeed of the whole party patronage by reason of a lack of a majority in the next Legislature. With proper political management the Independent Democrats can forever crush out the Ring and relieve the State from the oppression of its corrupt rule. Hence these organs cry for harmony, call it "dirty work" for the Governor to appoint none but his friends to office, and suggest a personal assault upon any "sneak who offers the insulting suggestion" of a combination with Republicans to defeat the Ring. If the O. L. D's are betrayed into a caucus they will be treated exactly as they were two years ago—deceived and sold out.—*Frederick Examiner.*

An Event of Thanksgiving Day.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* relates the following incident as occurring in that city on Thanksgiving Day, in which two poor widows figure prominently. For the purposes of the story they are called Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. Mrs. A., though a Protestant woman, had deposited what little she had with Bishop Purcell and lost it. She now supports herself and her daughter by washing. This daughter, or rather, step-daughter, is in the last stages of consumption, and on her dying bed blesses her step-mother for the great kindness and self-sacrifice manifested toward her. Mrs. B. has been partly paralyzed and entirely blind, and laid up for about two years. At her side upon the same bed is her daughter, also in the last stages of consumption. Another daughter earns a little by sewing, but, of course, has to devote a great part of her time to waiting upon the sick ones. A few friends have assisted this poor family to a small extent. Now for the noble deed of Thanksgiving. Mrs. A., having heard of the great distress of Mrs. B., whom she never knew personally, and comparing her situation with that of Mrs. B., felt that she had considerable reason to be thankful, and, as an offering of Thanksgiving, she sent through a third party twenty-five cents of her hard-earned money. On the other hand, Mrs. B., hearing of the circumstances of Mrs. A., felt that this was too much of a sacrifice, and persuaded a friend to purchase something suitable for the twenty-five cents and send it to Mrs. A., but without letting her know where it came from.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Bread, cakes and pies always on hand at Gerhard's.

—Mr. Gipson has removed his barber shop to Daily & Co's. building, near the depot.

—Mr. John L. Harne left Oakland Thursday morning for Hagerstown, on a visit to numerous relatives and friends.

—Messrs. Peddicord & Combs have removed their law office to the new buliding recently erected next door to D. E. Offutt's store.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The stone work for the Oakland Hotel improvement has been completed, and the carpenters will go to work immediately.

—Mr. Robert H. Gordon, a prominent member of the Cumberland bar, was married to Miss Mamie Cruzen, of the same city, Tuesday last.

—Fresh oysters in every style at Gerhard's, opposite the Glades Hotel.

—Keep your family well supplied with "Sellers' Cough Syrup." Use it in time; you will avert bronchial and pulmonary affections. 25 cents.

—Mrs. Hiram Tasker, of Oakland, arrived here last Saturday and will remain during the winter with her sister, Mrs. Rev. D. Tasker.—*St. George Pioneer, Nov.* 25.

—Married, in Selhysport, at the residence of Alfred Welsh, Nov. 24th, 1881, by Rev. A. M, Bowiin, Mr. Alpheus C. Friend and Miss Sarah E. Brown, all of this county.

—Mr. Lloyd H. Bell, who enlisted in the regular army about a year ago, returned home last week, having received an honorable discharge. Lloyd has gone to work in his father's harness shop.

—Married, at the bride's residence, near Horseshoe Run, Nov. 24th, 1881, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. Geo. H. Gauer of this county, and Miss Laura E. Root, of Preston county, W. Va.

—Married, at Davis Mills, Nov. 27th, 1881, by Rev. H. E. Friend, two of our worthy and respected young school teachers, Mr. S. K. Welsh and Miss Maggie B. Mosser, both of Garrett Co.

—Twelve more votes have been cast for the Singer in the last two weeks, two of them by our worthy townsman Mr. John Helbig, and one by Mr. Wm. Wagner. This is the fourth time Mr. Helbig has chosen the Singer, and the third time for Mr. Wagner.

—Frank Hopewell, in the employ of Mr. John Humbird, Cumberland, a contractor on the extension of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railway, at Elk Garden was killed Tuesday morning by a tree falling upon him. The remains will be sent to Washington City, where he resided.

—"Pa, I'm sick." "What made you sick my son?" "I don't know, but I suppose I have been using too much of the 'Weed' here lately." "Yes, son, you have made the Singer agent 'squeal,' and there will be more squeal before they use your machine twelve months." How about having to sell that machine at Horseshoe for $20 or $25, after keeping it 6 or 12 months. I don't know whether you call it squealing or not, but your Pa seems anxious to trade his new Weed to me and get a Singer for his family. I. W. Slonaker, Agent.

—Died, on Monday, Nov. 21, 1881, at Accident, this county, Miss Effie F. Hinebaugh, aged 18 years 9 months and 1 day. The deceased was a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Her Christian life was exemplary. Though she had been a suffer for a long time, yet her Saviour deal very gently with her, especially the last day as she was approaching the river's brink. Though Jordon's waves around her roared she fearlessly launched away, singing: "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Never did we witness such a scene before. Surely the sacred poet must have seen such scenes, else he could never have sang:

"How blest the righteous when he dies;
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beams the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast."

At her funeral services her pastor based his remarks, according to her request, on John 14:2, first clause. May the Lord sustain, comfort and bless those who mourn on account of her early departure.

J. J. YOUNG.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Organization of the Board of County Commissioners.

The newly elected County Commissioners, Messrs. Townshend, McMillen and Mattingly, met in their office in the Court House Tuesday afternoon, and organized by the election of S. L. Townshend as President, and John C. Dunham as Clerk. There were three nominees for Clerk, Messrs J. C. Dumham, F. A. Thayer and C. A. Snyder. On the first and second ballots each received one vote, and on the third Mr. Dunham received two and Mr. Thayer one.

If you want to enjoy a good laugh, go to Offutt's Music Hall Thursday and Friday evenings next.

Obituary.

Died, Nov. 21st, 1881, David Maie, in the 22d year of his age. Deceased was out hunting when his gun was accidently discharged, the entire charge entering his right side, which caused death in about 40 minutes. He was a kind and obliging young man and a good neighbor. This sad accident cast a gloom over our neighborhood, and all hearts were filled with sorrow for him and his bereaved family. But then we do not mourn as those having no hope, for when he realized that death was near he put from him everything of a worldly nature and gave the few minutes he had to live in this world to the preparation for the next, and gave himself into the keeping of Him who will save to the uttermost all who put their trust in Him. Who has said: "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Mr. Male, in his last moments, possessed saving faith in Jesus, and died peacefully, his last words being: "All's well." To the bereaved wife and parents there remains the blessed consolation that their loved one, with his latest breath, asked the great Master to go with him through the valley of the shadow of death; and we trust that when Jesus comes we may be ready also to enter into the joys of our Lord.

K.

The Oakland Amateurs will give an entertainment at Offutt's Hall Thursday and Friday evenings. Go and hear them. The proceeds for charitable purposes.

A Fire in Cumberland.

The city Hotel, situated at the head of Baltimore street, caught fire about 10 o'clock Friday morning, in the rear part of the building. The fire attracted a considerable crowd to the vicinity, but was soon under control, owing to the efforts of the Pioneer, South Cumberland and Vigilant Companies. The property is owned by Anthony Kean and the heirs of William Devecmon. The loss to the building is estimated at about one thousand dollars, which is fully covered by insurance. The loss to the furniture was small, but falls heavy on the proprietor, Mr. Gross, who has not had possession quite a year. Part of the furniture, owned by Anthony Kean, was insured. The same building was badly burned in 1873. Some say the fire originated from sparks from the engines, the hotel being situated close to the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, two squares west of The Queen City Hotel.

—Go to Offutt's Music Hall Thursday and Friday evenings. A good programme will be presented.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower. Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 30:

Wm. W. Harvey, to James L. Harvey, his interest in military lot number 435; $200.

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, Trustees, to William T. Jamesson, military lots No, 885, 886, 945, 944 and part of lots 812, 878 and 879; $540.00.

James Marrison and wife to Isaac Leighton, the tract of land known as the "Baker Farm," containing 512 acres, also the tract called "Ralter;" $3000.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Jonas J. Folk, the tract called "War of Independence," containing 155 acres; $1700.

Theo. B. Horwitz and wife to Christena Niner, part of "Stock Farm," containing 222¾ acres; $1,-559.00.

Lina Prager and others to Bayard T. Keller, a lot of grouud in the Town of Oakland; $950.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of November:

Thomas Warren and Martha Caton.
Harrison Brown and Lydia V. Bowser.
John M. Cross and Amanda Miller.
Elisha T. Piles and Clara Zinn.
John Paugh and Marion Winsmore.
Thomas E. Haigh and Fannie E. Warren.
Berlin W. Phillips and Lucy Cross.
Wm. A. Cox and Addie L. Fimple.
Daniel Kinsinger and Mary Miller.
Alpheus C. Friend and Sarah Brown.

And one with request not to publish.

Worry.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, become painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; in fact, a series of vibrations. Mental energy doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obtrusion of some independent source of anxiety, or if out of the business in hand the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and for the time being harmonious action ceases. Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and, too often sudden collapse occurs. The point to be made clear is this: overwork is barely impossible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution and in normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the mind is like an engine with the safety-valve locked, the steam guage falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a break-down may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by onlookers, unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

General Sheridan on the Army.

In his recent annual report Lieutenant General Sheridan, like every other man who knows how much work our soldiers have to do, regrets the small size of the army and urges that recruiting should proceed more rapidly, to which end he advises that some restrictions as to physical qualifications of recruits shall be removed. There is no doubt, even in the minds of politicians who pretend to think otherwise, that the army should be recruited to its full limit, but something more than easy conditions of admission is necessary. Aside from the thousand or two of soldiers who are doing menial duty as officers' servants, the soldiers of the United States Army are generally treated as a body of day laborers and not as a body of soldiers at all, except when there is fighting to be done. Of course an occasional man may be foolish or tipsy enough to join such an army, but no man in his senses is going to dig, chop wood, clean stables and do all sorts of heavy work for thirteen dollars a month, his board and an occasional chance to be killed, for he can get twice as much for similar service elsewhere and run no unusual risk of life. The United States is the only country in the world that has a small proportion of native born citizens in the ranks of its army, and it will continue to occupy this position until its legislators either raise the pay of the soldier or make it possible for a man of character and self respect to enlist.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Garrett County to the Front.

Read and reflect. From December 1879, to November 1881, shows a majority for Singer of 305, over 100 Machines per annum. The combined efforts of seven other kinds of Machines that have been offered in Garrett county cannot show one-half as many sales. Look at the names of our patrons below. We think this ought to satisfy any one doubting or halting between two opinions, whether to buy the Singer or some other kind. Did you ever know any one that failed to give entire satisfaction?

We give the following as testimony:

John Helbig, 3,
A. Loewenstein, 3,
J. W. Lethers, 5,
Sarah McCrobie,
A. B. Woodcock,
J. N. Spangler,
Katie Biler,
W. D. Hoye,
David Enos,
Wm. Wagner,
Dr. Bartlett,
Dr. McComas,
George Deer,
Geo. E. Guthery, 2,
Lloyd Chambers,
Wm Griffy,
Annie Lewis,
Elizabeth Arnold,
Eliza Gibson,
H. C. Coddington,
A. C. Woodring,
John F. White,
Thomas Coddington,
H. R. Duckworth,
P. A. Chisholm,
Henry A. Rasche,
Sarah A. Coddington,
Laura Edgar,
Norn Tallor,
Jennie Smouse,
Mary J. Ross,
Ella Merrill,
Nannie C. Goode,
Geo. L. Bosley,
David Gauer,
Henry Russell,
Henry Bosley,
Martin McLain,
J. H Stevens,
Ann Pew,
Geo. T. Miller,
William Plum,
Joseph Lashorn,
Joseph Niner,
W. H. Custer,
Bridget Maroney,
S. J. Laughlin,
Mrs. E. Chisholm,
Holban Mills,
S. C. Hoyle,
Wm. Junkins,
Wm. Merrill,
C. L. Hamill,
Thomas Martin,
M. E. West,
Geo. Gauer,
Geo. Roth,
Peter Connell,
Thomas C. Friend,
L. R. Johnson,
Johnson King,
Cathrine Bittinger,
W. Y. Waltz,
Lucien Frazee,
Thomas Savage.
Francis Pritts,
Daniel Coneway,
Jonathan Murphy,
Mary J. Crim,
M. A Palmer,
B. B. Wilmosh,
Elias Metz,
B. F. Thrasher,
F. C. Browning,
M. J. Miller,
G. F. Miller,
Theodore Willey, 2,
M. J. Elsworth,
Jas. Rush,
S. F. McHenry,
Geo. B. Auvil,
Dan Davis,
John Davis,
L. B. Johnson,
M. A. Beachey,
Agnes Murry,
Nannie Legge,
S. L. Jnmes,
C. A. Keasner,
W. R. Goff,
Jas. Hartman,
A. R. Sanders,
Mollie Lish,
David Enlow,
Mose Schronck,
Tom Nethkin,
Charles Frazee,
Thos. Loudermilk,
S. K. Harvey,
J. L. Sharpless,
Jack Kheeler,
Mary E. Pritts,
Sol Boyer,
Joseph Franz,
J. H. Wilson,
Hammilton Frnzee,
Catherine Whitehair,
C. C. Bishop,
Daniel Wilhelm,
Geo. McKensle,
J. G. Furgurson,
Elizabeth Fike,
Jennie Savage,
M. V. Flanagan,
Jacob Elsey,
Henry J. Sell,
Sarah Lininger,
John Davis,
Henry Walters,
James White,
John Wilburn,
Wm. Wilburn,
James Enlow,
Ned Welsh,
Sarah Mason,
Ab Welsh,
Ed. Wolfe,
Mrs. Cormany,
Barney Reynolds,
Mrs. J. M. Jarboe,
Nellie Warren,
U. S. Coburn,
Jobe Henline,
Jacob Airnhalt,
Christenia Sines,
John Riley
H. W. McWilliams,
Prof. Richnrdson, 2,
Geo. Roth,
O. M. Hatfield,
Sam Switzer,
James Hitzinger,
Nickoins Roth,
C. H. Tilson.
Harriett Banks,
Nelson Irving,
Benj. Thrasher,
Mary Williams,
J. F. Williams,
John Thrasher,
Frank Thrasher,
Mary Mackin.
Rebecca Hoopes,
Jacob Nickleson.
S. C. Cassidy,
S. V. B. Ward,
W. H. Hagans,
L. A. Seil,
Levi Eckert,
M. R. Hamill,
N. McAllister,
S. J. Falkner,
Henry Bitner,
H. B. Wolfe,
John O. Michael,
A. C. Brooke,
Elizabeth Whirl,
John Shartzer,
A. F. McCrobie,
Mary E. White,
Norman Bray,
Elex. Lower,
C. H. Spicel,
J. Sisler,
J. King,
Geo. D. White,
Mrs. Amos Tishue,
J. M. Glover,
Alex. Lohr,
Samuel Warnick,
Alice Hesson,
Hattie Pritts,
Martha Williams,
Tailor Frieud,
Benj. Ash,
E. J. Stuck,
B. McCrobie,
G. W. Collins,
Maggie Coneway,
John Fitzwater,
Hester A. Beaver,
E. D. Kepner,
Wm. Flagle,
Frederick Clare,
Laura Miller,
Benj. Moon,
John W. Wolfe,
Mrs. J. K. Dally,
L. H. Schoolfield,
G. W. Coleman,
Joseph Kepner,
John Landsberry,
Cristena Gauer,
Mrs. E. Parsons,
P. M. Steiople,
Rebecca J. Friend,
Johnson Phiercs,
J. W. Pough,
G. W. Turner,
Mr. Dumire,
Samuel Laughery,
Frank Shultz,
T. H. Lawson,
David Lantz,
W. A. Browning,
Gabriel Friend,
Susan Lininger,
G. T. Price,
J. W. Cramer,
Sarah J. White,
S. A. Washington,
M. V. Paxton,
Jas. A. Keasner,
Aaron Phiercs,
Geo. Sperline,
Caroline Snyder,
Martha Carney,
L. B. Sisler,
John Engleheart,
A. Spikey,
Isabel Trniy,
S. J. Moore,
Merial Biggs,
M. Duckworth,
J. W. White,
Thos. DeWitt,
S. J. Nicklow,
W. Rinker,
A. C. Ramill,
Julia Frazee,
David Slaughbaugh,
Joseph Kemp,
M. M. Hardy,
Joel Reader,
D. J. Little,
Wm. White,
S. C. Sanders,
Nicholas Rinker,
F. W. Yeger.
G. W. Miller,
John W. Harvey,
John Hartman,
T. N. Groves,
Elizabeth Lohr,
Harriett Dunmark,
Samuel F. Livengood,
J. S. Feathers,
Katie J. Willet,
Rhenben Woodward,
Michael Garrett,
Abram Freeland,
Alex. Fleckenstein,
Ralph Wilburn,
Lizzie Valentine,
Lewis Upperman,
John Mathews,
N. H. Fike,
Edward Jones,
Jane Kitsmiller,
F. W. Paxton,
Thos. Chatcel,
Abe Dimmire,
Mrs. Pfeiffer,
Geo. O. Lee,
Amos Friend,
Jack Coleman,
Rebecca Cogley,
J. Harshbarger,
E. T. Jones,
S. W. Moreland,
Jas. Haslem, 2,
J. E. Paugh,
A. C. Browning,
Henry Sisk,
Jos. Ruckle,
John McCabe,
M. E. Davis,

Now if you are not willing to risk your Judgement on a Machine, see if you can't see the name of some friend in the above list that will help you to decide.

In regard to the statement of last week's issue of the REPUBLICAN, relative to Bogus Weed machines, would say: There is no machine imitated except the Singer. There must be a genuine before there is a bogus. There is only one style of Weed machines manufactured, pay what you will for them. They are all the same.

Machines sold on easy monthly payments.

Call on or address

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent,
Oakland, Md., Nov. 16th, 1881.

There is no mistaking the depression which has settled upon the whole Democratic party like a heavy fog. It is visible in all the party organs and in the doleful walk and conversation of the Democratic statesmen. They are tired of the wearing waiting, which seems to be endless, and are oppressed with a fear that there will be fresh desertions from the ranks after the renewed demonstration in November, that the party is without future and without hope. It is doubtful if there is a man in the party who would not like to get out. We commend to such as make up their minds to depart the farewell speech of a revivalist in Texas, who, after three days of unsuccesstul effort, gave up the task in these words: "Dear brethren and sisters, this is the last meeting that I shall try to hold. It is impossible for me to get up a fervor on corn bread and molasses for myself and an ear of corn a day for my horse. Good-bye. God bless you."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

J. ESTEY & Co BRATTLEBORO Vt

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN.

These magnificent instruments will be sold from now to the 24th of December at a discount of 45 per cent., in order to add to the general enjoyment of the season.

THE "ESTEY"

is unnoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodehenver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. W. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
And others.
11 26 3

Estate of Jacob Swartzentruber, Dec'd

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JACOB SWARTZENTRUBER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1881.

JACOB S. MILLER,
11 12 3 Executor.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 22d day of November, A. D., 1881, that the sale made by Joseph Smearman and Geo. W. Lohr, Executors, of John Smearmond, deceased, and reported by Joseph J. Smearman one of the Executors, of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, on or before the said 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sale to be twelve hundred dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WILLIAM M. HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
11 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and securily to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoininling lands of Howie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoioing the land of Howie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 281, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned Collector of State and county taxes, for the 1st Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 13th day of December, 1881,

at two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those lots pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Also 25 Mine cars and one lot of Carpenter and Blacksmith tools.

Said land and personal property being assessed on the Books of Garrett county, in the name of William A. Brydon and wife.

The property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

J. Z. BROWNING,
Collector.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Stanglss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscripisons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 td Baltimore.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years' experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, **$3.20** a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

The Bumptious Boy.

It seems to be pretty well agreed upon by dome tic critics that the boy as a household institution is not an object of unalloyed delight, although he is to be endured as a necessary evil. Of course that applies to everybody's boy but our boy. Our boy is not the ordinary boy at all, but a hero born, an incipient demi-god, the young St. George himself—although the neighbors may declare him to be St. George and the Dragon too, since nothing in his path is left alive.

It is in boy-nature inevitably to be active, leaping, laughing, living; the growing bones and muscles will have full play, the healthy lungs full cry. A boy that is any sort of a boy must be gay and noisy, and must make an atmosphere of commotion about himself and his boots, his dogs, his toys, his guns or his want of all those and like things. If he sat still and talked under his breath we should know something was the matter with him, and expect but poorly for his future; and so, if our nerves are in tolerable health and nobody is really ill in the house, we welcome all his racket and stir, and would not have one sound, one echo the less of his calling, and jumping, and whistling, and bouncing, and slamming, and if other folks object to him we congratulate ourselves that his affairs are none of other folks' business, and look forward to the time when they will regret their inability to perceive the greatness of the man that was folded in the boy to await its timely development.

But this is merely the common boy in North America, as Aunt Jane in Malbone would say—this is only our boy and your boy. There is something about this one differing from the normal and generic boy. He is not the evil-disposed boy, the bad boy, or, worse than any of the others for daily use and comfort, he is not the bumptious boy. For of all things in a family, short of shrews and scolds and busybodies, the bumptious boy is the most intolerable.

The bumptious boy is always several years older than the family Bible registers him, and he impresses the circumstance upon you every day by means of his sublime effrontery. While you consider him the veriest youth, he considers himself already a man, and as far as he can acts up to the assumption. His tongue is in every dialogue; his opinion is proffered on every point; his advice is forced upon you, whether the affair be momentous or trifling. He receives your guests for you before you can do it yourself; he takes the burden of their entertainment; he criticises the cookery with the air of Dr. Kitchener; he is gallant to the housemaids, who humor him because it is so laughable; he affects the airs of society, makes calls on amused ladies, has engraved cards if he can get them, makes a fuss about his linen; his correspondence becomes voluminous, and he is overrun with occupations and engagements. He apologizes for appearing to neglect you; he offers to do you services with his superior facilities; he pretends to the confidence of people that he knows you respect; he comments on their peculiarities, too; he opens the morning paper and peruses it, whether his elders wait for it or not, and knows all there is to know on politics, being sure not to espouse his father's side lest he be thought to take the "old man's" opinions ready made. He tosses off a glass of wine at table, when he knows no one will like to dispute it, and calls for another, to let you see what a man he is, and what a head he has; he swaggers into a gentleman's room and helps himself to cigars; into a a lady's boudoir and busies himself with her work-basket, while affecting a knowledge of the world that would make her laugh in her sleeve if it were not not exceedingly offensive. He hints darkly; he assumes to have had affairs and experiences; if it were not unmanly to boast, he would tell you of how many women that are in love with him—with him, just out of his pinafores! He practices for future love-making with his aunts and girl cousins, and kisses them in a manner that makes their fingers tingle to box his ears a dozen times over, if it were not for their Christian kindness in hesitating to amaze him, and hurt his surprised feelings by repulsing his affections.

In short, he is an urchin just in his teens, with an overweening and colossal conceit of himself, who is a scourge and a nuisance, but who amuses everybody so much that he hardly kindles lasting indignation, while the family hope concerning him is that he may one day have sense enough to see what a fool he has been.

You feel, nevertheless—if not so closely bound to him as to feel nothing of the sort—that the acquaintance of this bumtious boy is detrimental to every other boy with whom he comes in contact, and for the sake of the human race in general, and of affording it as little injury as possible, rather than let loose upon it this hurtful species, you endure his well-meant insolence, and the liberties he takes, yourself, and long for the years to come that shall put an end to his forth-putting airs and graces, and make him a man, perhaps not any the more disagreeable for having at the early age graduated in his bumptiousness, and cast it off with the things that are behind.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Great Geysers of the Yellowstone.

There are three geyser basins located in the valley of the Fire Hole River, at an average altitude of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. They are the upper, middle and lower, and are from ten to fifteen miles apart, in their order. The upper or great geyser basin, is the most active. Here are located the great spouters, conspicuous among which are the Giant, Giantess, Bee Hive, Castle, Grand Cornet, Saw Mill, Lion and Cub, and last, but by no means least, Old Faithful. These are all appropriately named. For instance, the Giant and Giantess are so called because of the immense size of their craters and the force of their action; the Bee Hive and Castle because of the peculiar formation of their cones; the Saw Mill and Lion from the roaring noise they make when in a state of activity; and Old Faithful, because she discharges her chambers of steam and water at regular intervals of sixty-four minutes. The tourist can rely as absolutely on Old Faithful giving an exhibition every hour and four minutes as he can upon the rise of the sun at the time specified in the almanac. Our party has been camped here ten days, in which time Old Faithful has been as regular as a Connecticut clock. The stated intervals of her activity have not varied in the memory of the oldest habitue of the park. Other geysers are variable in the time of their action. In fact all of the others seem to be subject to changes. The Bee Hive is becoming more active every season. She now gives an exhibition from two to three times every twenty-four hours, with "no postponement on account of the weather." The Giant and Giantess and Castle can not always be counted on, but they are all worth watching, for they make a magnificent display when in action. The Giant averages an exhibition about every six days and the Giantess about every eleven days. The tourist who is favored with a view of all these must make up his mind to pitch his tent for two weeks and watch through the long and weary vigils of the night; but in the end he will feel fully compensated for his perseverance and for his faith.

As the tourist lies rolled up in his robes at the dead hour of night in this romantic region, he may feel the earth tremble, hear the rushing of water and the hissing of steam, and, if he will look out of his tent, he may see near by, or in the dim distance, as the case may be, limned in shadowy outline against the starlit sky, a column of water from five to ten feet in circumference and from 200 to 300 feet in height, throwing off dense volumes of steam. This phenomena will continue for ten or fifteen minutes, and then all will be comparatively calm, with nothing to break the solemn stillness but the roar of the receding waters as they rush down the steaming crater back to the deep seated chambers, from which, in due course of time, they will again be forced above the surface by another column of steam, generated at the source of heat. The problem for scientific solution is whether this steam is generated by chemical action or internal fire. It is only the purpose of this paper to describe the phenomena. A geyser in action is the grandest spectacle to be seen on this continent. Your correspondent will take the Giant as a sample geyser in action—day exhibition—and it is one of the grandest in the basin, a description of wh ch will suffice for all of the cone varieties. By the side of the main cone is a small fissure, which performs the functions of an escape pipe to a monster boiler. When the chambers of the main crater become fully charged, short puffs of steam come hissing through this fissure, followed in a few minutes by a tremulous movement of the hollow formation under your feet, if you happen to be standing near the geyser, and a volume of steam forces its way through the orifice of the main crater with detonations, and an ominous stillness ensues for a second, which the tourist improves by beating a precipitate retreat from the brink. Finally the elements of disturbance seem to combine their forces for a final convulsive effort. Simultaneously with a stunning shock, caused by a pent-up volume of steam, a column of water, ten feet in circumference, is precipitated high into the air, emitting a volume of steam so dense that it is difficult to define the outlines of what appears to be a massive pillar of parian marble. A puff of wind wafts aside the shadowy substance, and the transcendent beauty of the column stands revealed in all of its grandeur. The drapery has been removed, and the parian pillar stands out against the azure background of an autumn sky, illumiuated by a dazzling sunlight. Then comes the transformation scene. This column is shattered by an invisible force into fragments, which descend like brilliants through the fierce blaze of the sun. The laws of gravity have asserted themselves, and the water, which went up in a volume, is falling in showers of spray. The delusion is dispelled. It was not a dream. The senses are no longer stupefied. The phenomena have ceased, and nothing now remains to be seen or heard but the flooded cone and the rushing of the receding water down the deep-throated geyser, and the ascent of wreaths of steam, which form fantastic shapes under atmospheric influences. The great volume of the dischargo falls again to the crater, and the overflow finds its way into the Fire Hole River, whose swift current courses through the three basins, fed by a hundred geysers and a thousand boiling springs,—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Tough Horse Story.

A certain horse in Sayreville for twenty years has been a cart horse in a brickyard, and the habit of going through a certain round of duties day after day for eight months in the year has enabled him to do things which seem to indicate the possession of mental faculties similar to some of those possessed by the human race. It is an old saying among farmers that crows cannot count more than three, but this horse has the ability to count sixty-five. His routine of labor is to cart sixty-five loads of clay from the pit to the spot where the clay is mixed or ground, and then to go for a load of coal dust; and now, without anything being said or done to indicate the fact to him, when he has deposited his sixty-fifth load he turns away from the clay pit and goes to the dock for a load of the dust. This is not his only peculiarity, for, when he goes to the pit he backs the cart up himself to the right place and will take only what he conceives to be his proper load. If more is put on he backs and kicks and rattles the cart about until the load is reduced to what he considers a proper quantity. Having such intellectual capacity, it is not surprising to learn that he will not be driven. As soon as the lines are touched he becomes fractious and unmanageable, but a gentle explanation of what is required of him has the desired effect. It is unnecessary to add that such an intelligent horse will do no more work after the whistle for dinner or supper sounds. All his companions in the yard have wit enough for that, and if they are on their way to the pit for a load when the whistle blows they all turn about and make for the stable without any orders. *New Brunswick (N. J.) Home News.*

Influence of Man on Animals.

It is quite obvious that the influence of man has been generally inimical to the larger beasts and birds. The edible species he has killed off for food; the carnivores he has killed off as competitors and enemies of his own. In Britain alone we have destroyed or driven away the urus, the reindeer, the bear, the wolf, the beaver and the wild boar; while we have almost exterminated the bustard, the seal and the white cattle of Chillingham, and have lately reintroduced by artificial means the long locally extinct capercailzie. The red deer survives only by careful preservation; the fallow deer is doubtfully indigenous; the pheasant is an acclimatized alien. So, in New-Zealand, the Maories had destroyed the moa before white men reached the island; in Mauritius the dodo only just lived on long enough to be inaccurately described; in Behring Strait the peculiar marine mammal allied to the manatee was killed off by the earliest European explorers. The walrus and the seal even now threaten to become extinct; the European seas are getting fished out; the bison and the peccary will soon be driven out of America; the wapita is even now becoming scarcer every year. In short, man is and has always been exterminating all the larger animals everywhere, and we may even question how considerable a part he may have borne in the destruction of some among the great extinct creatures of the quatenary period. He has almost certainly killed off the reindeer in its wild form, and he may have assisted the glacial epoch in killing off the mammoth, the cave bear, and the woolly rhinoceros. Wherever man appears, the large beasts and birds begin to disappear. It is only against small creatures, that he is helpless, in exact proportion to their smallness. He can do little against the sugar-cane rat or the ordinary mouse; still less against the army-worm or the seventeen-year locust, and almost nothing, it would seem against the phylloxera or the Colorado beetle. And when he comes to deal with the microscopic organisms which invade his very veins as Yellow Jack or typhoid fever, it appears that his best chance lies in actually introducing a small colony of the enemy in attenuated and comparatively innocuous forms into his own system. On the other hand, it does not follow that universal civilization or the general establishment of the highest existing type of man over the whole world will necessarily lead to the total extinction of all the larger birds and mammals. There can be little doubt that many must go—the lions, tigers, pumas and jaguars, which indeed are already disappearing; the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the bison and perhaps even the whale, which are not likely to be artificially preserved. But many have been and will be spared, because here again the action of man differs widely from that of the lower animals. Alone among carnivorous creatures, he has intelligence enough to preserve some of each useful kind for breeding; not quite alone among herbivorous and frugivorous species, he keeps a little of each edible plant for seed. It seems probable that certain highly specialized early types, such as the sabre-toothed lions, have become extinct through the too absolute perfection of their carnivorous structure. They were peculiarly adapted for killing the large mammals of their own period; and when they had succeeded in killing off the whole race, they died out themselves for want of food, because they were too specialized in their enormous sabre-like teeth and heavy heads to compete with other and lighter types of cats such as the ordinary lions and tigers, in the pursuit of smaller prey like deer and antelopes. But when man has once reached the pastoral stage, he does not eat up all the animals which he can get; he domesticates some of them, and only kills those superfluous ones which he does not need for breeding purposes. It is this stage which really marks the difference between what we call natural and artificial selection. Man, the hunter, scarcely differs much from other animals in his influence upon the general fauna, except in so far as he picks off the very best and largest of each kind; with pastoral and agricultural man we rise to a new level, where the useful kinds are definitely and consciously selected and favored, instead of being ruthlessly destroyed. Henceforth animals and plants survive, not because they are inedible, but because they are edible.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Welding Nickel With Iron.

The great value of nickel as a coating for iron has led to experiments to see if it could be applied to the surface of sheet and wire iron by some mechanical means, in place of the usual electroplating process. The experiments appear to be so far successful that both nickel and cobalt have been welded to iron, and the united metals have been afterward stamped and rolled into various shapes, such as plates, kettles and kitchen utensils, and drawn into wire having an iron core covered by a nickel or cobalt skin. Alloys of nickel also have been made, and these alloys have been used to weld with iron. Cobalt alloyed with zinc also has been welded to iron. In all these experiments it appears to be essential that, during the welding under the hammer or rolls, the air must be excluded. This has been done by wrapping the iron and nickel, before welding, in thin sheets of iron. The iron skin was welded on at the same time, but was removed afterward by dissolving the outer skin of iron in acids, the nickel surface under it not being affected by the acids. Another method used to exclude the air during welding is to heat the iron and nickel in an atmosphere of carbonic oxide or carburetted hydrogen. It was also found that pure nickel could be welded over a core composed of an alloy of nickel and copper. The experiments were conducted by Dr. Theodor Fleilmann, of Iserlohn, Germany, and are regarded as opening a wide field for commercial enterprise in the manufacture of nickel-plated stamped ware and nickel-covered wire.

—Wild geese "swarm like bees" around Washoe Lake, Nevada. The smokestack of a passenger engine, the other evening, knocked three fat old ganders out of a flock that was flying across the track.

Farming in Dakota.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbages on the outskirts.

"No sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel and have relays of men to change plows for him. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I had left home and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling house, though it traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there ain't they?" inquired a New Utrecht agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have fine mines up that way," ventured a Jamaica turnip-planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing," said the Dakota man, testing the blade of his knife with his thumb, preparatory to whetting on his boot. "It wont pay to crush it, because we can make more money on wheat. I put in eighty-nine townships last spring."

"How many acres would that be?"

"We don't count by acres. We count by townships and counties. My yield was $68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I'm thinking of breaking up from eighty to a hundred counties more next season."

"How do you get the help for such extensive operations?" asked the New Utrecht man.

"Oh, labor is cheap," replied the Dakota man. "You can get all you want for from $29 to $47 a day. In fact, I never paid over $38."

"Is land cheap?"

"No, land is high. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the Territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. Had a friend at Yankton who got a bill through the Legislature allowing me to take 420,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is——"

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the Eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the last statement. "Is all this thing you've been telling true?"

"Certainly," responded the Western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I didn't dare put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can slate that last round of drinks, and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here on Myrtle Avenue."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Unpopular Publication.

A good many people who live in a good deal of style would be both pained and surprised to know that their names are printed cheek by jowl with those of very vulgar people in a periodical which styles itself "List of Names Compiled for the Merchants' Association of St. Louis," the technical name for which is the "Dead-beat Book." It is an interesting pamphlet intended to be for the retail firm what the mercantile agency reports are for the wholesale. Its October issue assumes the proportion of a small diretory, and any number of people have their secrets ruthlessly dragged into print.

How lacerating, for instance, must it be to the feelings of a sensitive man to have the world know that he owes for his grandmother's coffin! But the Dead-beat Book spares no feelings, and an entry similar to the one mentioned appears opposite the name of a man tolerably well known in this city.

In the list printed are lawyers by the score, any number of doctors, members of the school board, public officials and so on, through all grades of society, from the highest to the ward politician.

It can easily bo imagined that the publishers of such a work must despair of attaining anything like an extensive popularity. They do not print their names on the cover, only giving initials and the number of a box in the post-office. It is said by people who took the trouble of finding who the publishers are that one of the worst features of the "Dead-beat Book" is the omission of the names of its own publishers. When the enterprise was in its infancy it met with a drawback in the shape of a suit for damages brought by an irate Broadway grocer, who claimed that the publishers had offered to keep his name out for ten dollars, which he refused to pay them. When depositions were taken before Notary McGinuis, one of the publishers refused to tell where he got the information affecting the plaintiff's solvency, and Mr. McGinnis sent him to jail for contempt. The case is still pending in the courts, damages being claimed for a very large amount.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Roger A. Pryor, counsel for Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, expresses the opinion that the scandal of a divorce trial will be avoided by a compromise.

Religious.

THE HARVEST HOME

Most gratefully we gather
The fruitage of the year,
And offer our thanksgiving
With heart and voice sincere!
The sowing and the planting
Have brought their blest reward;
Lo, would we place our offering
Low at Thy feet, O Lord—
Our Harvest Home.

What wealth of treasure greets us,
To bless the labor done!
How hard the work and watching,
How sweet the triumph won!
What golden gleams of beauty
The ripened fruitage yields!
With songs of joy and gladness
We glean the fragrant fields.
Sweet Harvest Home!

O Lord, when Thou dost gather
Thy sheaves of golden wheat,
And from the worthless masses
Select the pure and meet—
When, all earth's harvests over,
Thine own is just begun—
O grant, Our Heavenly Father,
We hear Thy call, "Well Done!"
Thy Harvest Home!

—*Mrs. R. H. Turner, in Christian Union.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 4—Balaam.....Num. 24:10-19
Dec. 11—Last Days of Moses.....Deut. 32:44-52
Dec. 18—Review of the Lessons.
Dec. 25—The Babe and the King.Isaiah 9: 6-7

"THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION."

Under this title, Colonel Ingersoll replies in the *North American* to Judge Black. * * * But it does not follow that Mr. Ingersoll is nearly so formidable a foe as he evidently considers himself. "I want," he says, "to tear, break and scatter to the winds the God that priests created in the fields of innocent pleasure." A frightful announcement, no doubt. But we possess our souls in patience. We have heard something like this before, and from no less a man than Voltaire, in his death-sentence on the religion of Christendom. "It took twelve men to build it up. I will show them that one can pull it down."

We know Mr. Ingersoll's wit and eloquence, and make full allowance for both. We know what consternation his admirers suppose he has thrown into the churches. But when any man attempts, with logic like his, to block the progress of American Christianity, we must be pardoned for the recollection of a prairie dog sitting hard by the line of the Atchison & Topeka Railway, to bark at the lightning express train.

Early in this article he informs us that the argument from design for the existence of God amounts to nothing. For (as atheism has been urging in its hackneyed plea for centuries) it proves that God was created, as well as his works. "The idea that a design must have had a beginning, but that a designer need not, is a simple expression of human ignorance. We find the watchmaker, and we say, so curious and wonderful a thing as man must have had a maker. We find God, and then we say, He is so wonderful that he must *not* have had a maker." What sort of apologetics has Mr. Ingersoll read? Does he suppose this statement to be the whole of the theistic argument? Did he ever hear that from the material universe, with its 100,000,000 worlds already counted out, we hold that any mind acting normally concludes that the Author of one such universe could create another, and another, indefinitely, and is therefore infinite? Also, that the creator of an infinite being must be *more* than infinite, which is absurd?

He complains of beasts of prey as hard to reconcile with the idea of a benevolent God. Did he never consider that, like the old Jewish polygamy and slavery and exterminating war, that shock him, such creatures are vanishing before the spread of Christian civilization? No theist denies that there is mystery in their existence—mystery to be explained in the consummation of the plan of God. But the mystery diminishes with every century of the world's history.

"In the tenth commandment we find woman placed on an exact equality with other property." The Jews are forbidden by that commandment to covet a neighbor's house, or wife, or man-servant, or maid-servant, or ox, or ass, or anything that is his. And if we say today that a man has no right to take his neighbor's money or his wife, we imply that both equally are property! Does Mr. Ingersoll know no better? Or must we defend his intelligence at the expense of his honesty?

He is horrified because the Mosaic law denounced death against one who should attempt to entice the Jews to idolatry—"the crime," he tells us, "of having *expressed an opinion* on the subject of religion." So coolly he begs the whole question at issue. For he knows very well that, if there is such a God as the Christian world worships, the crime of blaspheming Him, differs as widely from a mere expression of opinion as Heaven from earth. He holds up his hands in horror at the extermination of the debased and vile and merciless Canannites. The one truth to be stamped upon the mind of the Jews of that age, and through them, as far as might be, on the world, was the guilt of idolatry. And no man can prove to-day that, in a barbarous age, which only visible force could strike with awe, so terrible an example made of idolaters may not have been required for that end.

He points to the laws thet partially tolerated slavery and idolatry. But he does not tell us that these laws were modifying and reducing what could not be at once abolished—that they resulted in abolishing both. He goes back 3,000 years behind what the Scriptures are effecting for the world to-day, to arraign the crude, stern methods with which they worked in a crude, stern age. Like a bilious cynic, with luscious clusters of the vine around him, in October, who mutters: "They were sour enough in May, you can't deny!" He compares the rapid progress of Moslemism with that of Christianity. He knows perfectly well that Moslemism promptly seized the sword which Christians were forbidden to use—that it promised the sensual pleasure, in both worlds, that Christianity denied—that it rallied to its banner the bigotry, pride and fanaticism which Christ would never tolerate in his followers.

He laughs at our Lord's walking on the water as "extremely childish." By his leave the Christian world will dare to differ. They behold, in the picture of our Divine Master, serenely treading the waves to the rescue of his imperilled disciples, and so symbolizing to every age and land his assurance of aid amidst the billows of trouble, a divine sublimity and beauty, though it does suit the mood of Mr. Ingersoll to strike an attitude and make faces at Him.

But we tire of following this latest atheistic champion through this dreary platitude of hackneyed, worn-out cavil—spent shot that failed when thrown from minds of great caliber, heavily loaded, and now picked up to be hurled again by hand. In about 97,000 churches and Sunday-schools of the United States is commended, every Sabbath, a style of character in which we should suppose that Mr. Ingersoll, as a lover of his country, might rejoice. Meekness, patience, temperance, purity, integrity, magnanimity, utter unselfishness—the virtues that fill hearts with peace and homes with happiness, that relieve human misery and illumine the world's moral night—these are enforced by the eloquence of earnest men, and, with all allowance for "the faults of church-members," by the beauty of thousands of noble lives. But Mr. Ingersoll looks on with jaundiced eyes and curling lips. He has doubtless seen that marvelous picture by Ary Scheffer, of Margnerite, in her virgin innocence, and with face serene and saintly from high communing with the Divine and Eternal, passing out from church; while behind, in the shadow, stands Mephistopheles looking on her, with a jeer on his mouth and a leer in his eyes. We commend it to his careful study.—*Chicago Advance.*

Hunting Down Lies.

It is a bad thing to run at large. It damages, ravages, devours. More poisonous than a serpent, often ruins not only health, but reputation and usefulness. Every lie should be stopped. But whose business is it to chase a lie? Who let it loose? The man who let it loose is bound to catch it again; but a man of truth is under no obligation to chase and catch other people's lies. Suppose some man or a dozen men send forth a falsehood about me, am I obliged to spend my days and years in chasing it and contradicting it? By no means. Let those that made it attend to their own work or meet the responsibility of it in the reckoning day. Every man concerned in sending forth a false statement must purge himself of it, or give account to God for what he has done. God holds men to very strict accountability in these respects, and every man who thinks to dwell in God's tabernacle must look well to his words and "refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile."—*The Safeguard.*

Our Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith has recently published a letter in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, in which she argues that such cases as that of Jennie Cramer might be prevented by calling a halt and returning to the manners and customs which prevailed in this country when she was young—some fifty years ago. At that time it was recognized as necessary to keep young girls more in the house than now, and it was deemed highly immoral and imprudent to allow them even *to sit alone with* young men who chanced to visit them, and much more so to go out driving with them unaccompanied by one of their parents. Girls were taught that honorable marriage was the goal of their earthly existence, whereas in these days flirtation merely for flirtation's sake is the rule rather than the exception, and is not looked upon as specially disgraceful, though its inevitable result is to deaden pure affection and render the heart callous, while it also arouses the passions. Fifty years ago the average American girl was a quiet, modest and retiring maiden, content to live at home in the station of life to which she was called, to be obedient to her parents, and to aid them cheerfully in the management of the household. If she had dreams they were not of escaping from a modest home to find excitement in the whirl of society, but of leaving her parents' rooftree to become the wife of some honest, handsome and industrious young man, of whom she was to be the partner in prosperity and the stay and support in adversity. She had her one lover, to whom she gave her whole heart without thought of wishing for "other strings to her bow," and when she became a wife she was single-hearted and her mind was not full of vagrant fancies and half regrets for what "might have been." In a word, although she may have been a trifle dull, she was bright and good enough for human nature's daily food and made an excellent domestic wife and mother. Divorce, which is not now looked upon as specially disgraceful, was then considered wholly shameful and was thought of only with a shudder.

As regards the boys of that golden age of America, they were not the intractable, self-assertive, swaggering beings that their descendants are. They were brought up under rule and strict discipline; when they deserved a flogging they received it roundly where it would do the most good, and then did not go out and hang themselves, as we now continually read that boys do because they are too proud and sullen to bear the disgrace of the rod. They worked hard, and did not early learn to drink and smoke, and what reading they did was wholesome and instructive, or innocently amusing, their books of fiction being "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sanford and Merton," such trash as "The Boy Detective," "Buffalo Bill," and the whole dime novel sort of literature not being then in existence. In a word, both boys and girls were then reared with greater regard to religion and morality than they now are, and Mrs. Smith insists that a return to the sort of training given to them is absolutely necessary if we are not content to see them go from bad to worse until reformation shall be out of the question.

—An old peach tree near Vanejo, Cal., has developed a singular freak. A bud voluntarily appeared from a two-inch limb which this year bore a dozen or more sweet, soft-sheiled almonds, while nothing but insignificant peaches were produced by the remainder of the tree. The bud started about four feet from the ground. No other features are observable to indicate that the tree is any other than an ordinary peach tree.

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.

The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular surgeon, but, merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—St. Jacobs Oil. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.,—these render St. Jacobs Oil pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people; which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for *it saved my life*. It also cured my wife."

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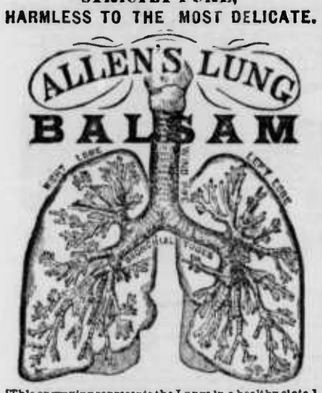

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THE DAIRY.

—The demand increases so fast for first-class dairy goods that a fear of an over supply is groundless.

—Potato starch is said to he the latest adulterant of cheese, and, in point of cleanliness, at least, has the advantage over refined soap grease.

—Two cows well sheltered in winter will produce more milk and butter than will three unsheltered, though no more than half the feed required tor the three should be giveu the two.

—It is stated that 150 butter and cheese factories have been built in Iowa during 1881, making a total of 450 now in that State. There will probably be a large addition made to this number next spring.

—In Ireland the butter trade is regulated by act of Parliament. The farmers assemble iu the morning and have all their casks arranged in the market place, when the authorized coopers proceed to take out the head of each cask, and the inspectors follow, without knowing to whom the packages belong, and mark the quality of each with proper distinguishing characters.

—Don't stuff your cows with all the hay they can eat. Give them a chance to chew the cud once in a while, and thus remasticate the hay as it ought to be before going into the stomach. A continual filling up with hay distends the stomach unnaturally and causes indigestion. The animal gets out of order and gives neither as much nor as rich milk as she would if fed regularly at stated times with only such a quantity as she can properly digest. Farmers waste their hay and injure their cattle sometimes by injudicious generosity.

—A farmer's wife writes: Of all the products of the farm butter is the most liable to be tainted by noxious odors floating in the atmosphere. Our people laid some veal in the cellar, from which a little blood flowed out, and was neglected until it had commenced to smell. The result was that a jar of butter we were packing smelled and tasted like spoiled beef. We know of an instance where there was a pond of filthy, stagnant water a few hundred feet from the house, from which an offensive effluvium would be borne on the breeze directly to the milk room when the wind was in a certain direction, the result of which was that the cream and butter would taste like the disagreeable odor coming from the pond. As soon as the pond was drained there was no more damaged butter. It is remarkable how easily butter is spoiled.

About Milking.

Mr. L. B. Arnold gives his ideas about milking as follows:

"The best samples of butter I have ever seen were made in private dairies, where only a few cows were kept. These samples have not been the result of accident. They have, in all cases, come from skill and judgment in adapting means to ends. The food employed has been grass and grain, or some of its products. The cows have been well selected for the richness of milk, and for high flavor and color in its butter elements. The best butter never comes from cows that secrete low-flavored milk, stearine, instead of flavoring oils. Where the best butter is made the cows are all in good health and well supplied with fresh water, as well as with good food. No matter how good the normal quality of milk, thirst and starvation will spoil it for prime butter. It has also been noted that the cows have been gently treated. They are never hurried to or from the yard by dogs, or clubbed, or stoned, or harshly treated at milking or any other time. They are provided with shade and protected against the annoyance of flies, and against the inclemencies of weather of every kind; in other words, there has been a steady care to secure for them comfort and quiet. Then the milking has been regular, and the spaces of time between milkings equal; much depends on this. Milking at four o'clock in the morning and eight at night never makes the finest butter or cheese. Sixteen hours, or an approximation of it, are too long a time for the milk to remain in the udder, for the good of the milk or of the cows, especially when the flow is large. By crowding and straining the bag it becomes painful and feverish, and the butter fats, as well as other elements of milk, become altered in consequence. There is nothing like a sound and healthy udder, free from all feverishness, congestion and swelling, for secreting good milk. After milk has been once secreted it continues to suffer from change and absorption so long as it remains in the bag. It would be better to milk three times a day than to make a long space between milkings. It is hardly necessary to say that wherever the finest butter is made the milking is done in the most cleanly manner. It is so neatly done that straining is of very little use; it might even be dispensed with but for the occasional dropping of a stray hair. Whoever places much dependence on the strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt edged butter. Allowing dirt to get into the milk and then depending on the strainer to get it out is a poor apology for cleanliness. More or less of the dirt, especially everything of a soluble nature, and some that is not, is sure to find its way through the meshes of the strainer with the crowding current of milk. The practice of using one cow's milk to wash the filth collected from another cow's milk, as is frequently done by continuing to strain mess after mess through the same strainer without cleaning, does not contribute anything toward gilt-edged butter, and is not allowed where the best butter is made. Then the tin pails (for I noticed wooden pails are not used where I find the best butter) and all the vessels used for handling or setting milk, are kept scrupulously clean. When used they are not left for the milk, and particularly the milk sugar, to dry and form a gummy coating to serve as a reservoir for infection, and which it is difficult to get off. They are attended to promptly, rinsed in cold water, washed in warm and scalded in water actually boiling hot, and to avoid contamination from a sour dish-cloth, are left to drain and dry without wiping."

—The men who threw advice to the wind met with a severe blow at last.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Shelter and warmth, with regularity in feeding, are essential to success in the management of cattle.

—Lemon Butter for Tarts.—Lemon butter is excellent for tarts. It is made as follows: One pound pulverized white sugar, white of six eggs and yelks of two, three lemons, including grated rind and juice. Cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the while.

—Lucy's Pop Overs.—Two teacups sweet milk, two teacups sifted flour heaped a little, butter size of a walnut, two eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, a little salt; beat the whites to a stiff froth; bake in hot gem pans filled half full for twenty minutes, and serve immediately. These are very nice.

—Turkey Dressed with Oysters.—For a ten-pound turkey take two pints of bread crumbs, half a teacup of butter cut in bits (not melted), one teaspoonful of powdered thyme, or summer savory, pepper, salt and mix thoroughly. Rub the turkey well inside and out with salt and pepper, then fill with first a spoonful of crumbs, then a few well-drained oysters; strain the oyster liquor and use to baste the turkey. Cook the giblets in the pan and chop fine for the gravy. A fowl of this size will require three hours in a moderate oven.

—Dutch Apple Pudding.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, an egg, nearly a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four large apples. Mix the salt, soda and cream of tartar with the flour and rub through a sieve. Beat the eggs light and add the milk to it. Pour the milk and egg on this, and mix quickly and thoroughly. Spread the dough about half an inch deep on a buttered baking pan. Have the apples pared, cored and cut into eighths. Stick the pieces into the dough. Sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. This pudding is to be eaten with sugar and milk or lemon sauce.

—What is termed "firiug" among veterinarians has long been practiced in the treatment of various diseases in the bones of the legs, for by passing a red hot iron over the surface a blistering or superficial inflammation could be produced more rapidly than by applying any of the ordinary blistering compounds. But the necessity for such severe measures, even for bone spavin, is questionable, and we are pleased to see that some of our best veteriuarians have placed firiug along with bleeding as unnecessary and cruel practices of times past. C. W. Gregory, member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, declares that during the past ten years he has not fired a single horse, and finds that mild and painless treatment is more speedy, more effective and more permanent. He also unhesitatingly declares that firing is unscientific and an unnecessarily cruel operation, and should be entirely abandoned in all cases where it has been heretofore practiced.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The comfort which a hot water bag or even a hot brick may afford a person on retiring, chilled, is very great, and beyond this, the use of some such warmth-producing appliance is useful as a health preservative and restorative. But one of the most convenient articles to be used as a bed-warmer and in a sick room is a sand bag. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

A Remedy for Cotton Worm.

Prof. Riley, United States Entomologist, delivered, at the Atlanta Exposition, an address on the cotton worm and the means of destroying it. His audience was shamefully small, the speech being of such practical import to the farmers of the South that thousands should have heard it. He confined his remarks to the cotton belt of the South, and stated that since the war the ravages of the cotton worm have been far greater than before. He said that between 1865 and 1880 the cotton worm had destroyed $15,000,600 worth of cotton in the South. In 1872 he discovered that paris green was a good remedy, but it was not until 1878 that he was enabled to investigate the subject thoroughly. In that year, aided by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and other Southern Senators, he secured an appropriation of $5,000 from Congress, and since that time has devoted himself to careful investigation throughout the South. The cotton worm first appeared in the form of a bluish green egg on the under side of the leaves of the plant. The worm is hatched out in from two to four days, and remains for the first few days on the under side of the plant, making, tiny, yellowish blotches on the leaves. This is the proper time for the application of the poison. The worm should be destroyed before it attains full growth, when it crawls to the top of the leaves. One grown female worm could generate 20,000,000,000 insects in a short time. Paris green was one remedy used, but the cheapest and safest remedy for men and stock is London purple. Half a pound of London purple dissolved in forty gallons of water and sprinkled on the bottom of leaves during the lufancy of the worms would effectually destroy them, the cost of this remedy, including application, being about six cents per acre. He expressed regret at finding a cotton field of four or five acres on the Exposition grounds containing cotton plants from various parts of the world entirely defoliated by the cotton worm, and said that if he could have known of the presence of the worms earlier he could have destroyed them in two hours. He exhibited various machines for spraying poison upon the worms. This theory was supported by the experience of cotton planters who spoke at the conclusion of the address.

Getting Heavier Crops.

A correspondent in a recent number of your paper says "the increase in our crops must come from the longer ears of corn and more ears to the hill, and long and better filled heads of rye, wheat and oats, and not greatly increased length of straw or quantity grown per acre." This is secured on good ground, by sowing thinner than we are accustomed to do, giving a chance for sun and air to have better access, not only to heads and ears, but to the stalks as well—the latter being of importance, as it is the stalk that produces the head, and if this suffers the other must be affected also. I am surprised that this is not more considered and acted upon, as is so readily seen when fodder corn is grown, where, from the close set, few or no ears appear. In a close growth of wheat or other grain, small heads are invariably the result, with lighter and less grains in proportion to size of head. The best yields of wheat I ever knew were from a comparatively thin stand, stalks and heads large. In my own experience, the best oats were raised, both in quantity and quality, from thin sowing. Barley comes under the same head, though it will allow a somewhat closer staud.

Millions of dollars are yearly thrown away in seed, and many millions more are lost in the crops that follow. Let farmers experiment fairly, not for a year only, but for several seasons in succession. Sow about a third less than the average, and do not fear to try half the amount usually sown. More than all else, measure the grain—the thick and the thin sowing each by itself—as the mere appearance in the field is misleading, the thick stand showing the best to the inexperienced eye. Corn in particular wants a more open stand than we are accustomed to give it, especially where the ground is strong and the season favorable. This will also give a chance for continuing the cultivation longer, a matter of no little importance, not only so far as it increases the yield, but as it keeps the ground cleaner and improves it for the next crop. Of the sowed grains, wheat perhaps requires the most space. It has been considerably benefited by the change from hand-sowing to drilling, and the less seed used is not one of its lesser advantages, and it has been brought about by testing. Too much is even yet sown where seed and ground are good; the stalks are too close in the drills; there is not the freedom required for tillering, without which the largest yields cannot be grown. Thinner sowing would also secure a better catch in seeding down.

Much experiment has no doubt been made to find out how thick grain should be sown, but the important thing to be considered has probably seldom entered into the calculations of the experimenter; namely, that the ground be rich and in good condition; to allow of stooling. The extent to which this may be carried is remarkable, and depending entirely upon the strength and favorable condition of the ground, if there is no outside hindrance. But just this outside hindrance prevails in thick sowing, aided by the exclusion of the requisite sun and air The richer the ground the thinner should be the sowing till the amount reaches about half the quantity that is commonly sown per acre. I was led to investigate this by grain that had been sown uneven or in "streaks," the thinnest not only having the largest and best filled heads, and the soundest grain, but upon test showed also the greatest yield from an equal area of ground. The exceptions to this were when in a wet season the coarse grasses that spring up choked the thin standing grain, the thick stand being much less affected by the grass through its shade. No doubt it has been observed by most farmers that where grain is sowed in streaks, leaving some of the streaks almost bare, as the crops grew the difference became less and less, and at maturity almost or entirely disappeared. It only needed—what was seldom or never done to measure the grain from equal areas of the thick and the thin sowing, to demonstrate the principle here advanced.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—A Chinese lottery agency in San Francisco has been raided by the police, who discovered about sixty white men purchasing tickets. The police arrested the Chinaman who was selling the tickets, but were unable to touch the white men, as the law does not prohibit any one from visiting such places or purchasing tickets.

RICHMOND has no street sprinklers, but depends on Providence to send a shower every three days to keep down the dust. She not only gets credit for faith, but also saves a heap of money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOMEBODY went to a music teacher's room while he was out and put a cat with her tail in a steel trap. And of course the cat complained and everybody said: "Goodness, he must have a girl in there practicing a grand opera."—*Boston Post.*

"NATURE," says an exchange, "intended that man should breathe through his nostrils." But when Nature invented the New England climate, she intended that man shouldn't have a chance to breathe through them much more than half the time.

AT dinner the different dishes are served up as a matter of course. The ocean must be a widow, or why should the sad sea waves put on weeds? If a man swallowed a plane bit after supper, would it be tool ate for digestion?—*Wit and Wisdom.*

DISCUSSING a friend: "Oh, I grant you he has some good points, but he is so awfully violent. Why, he yesterday called his uncle a brigand, a robber, and said he would end his days on the scaffold." "Yes, but he wouldn't have talked so about a stranger."—*Le Figaro.*

SOME of the colored ladies of Austin are beginning to be excited about women's rights. A large, fat, mahogany-colored woman, accompanied by three or four children, applied at a residence on Austin avenue for employment. "As a wash woman?" "No indeedy, as a boy to run errands."—*Texas Siftings.*

SAYS the New York *Commercial Advertiser:* "Our regular soldiers got more hard knocks and less fun than any soldiers in the world." Very true; but, man alive! think of their "opportunities for study, travel and promotion," not to speak of the "kind treatment and medical attendance free." Some people are never satisfied.—*Boston Post.*

IF Ananias had lived in these days he would have passed for a simple, guileless old man.—*Boston Post.*

—Mr. Edward Atkinson was loudly cheered by a Southern audience, when he said that his second son, who is now at Harvard, was a practical blacksmith and a carpenter. Let us see now whether any of the Southerners who cheered him will have the nerve and moral courage to do, in the education of their sons, what he has done with his. We hope that their cheers meant more than mere empty impulses.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—The *Strawbuck* is the name of a paper published at Modesto, Cal.

BY actual merit the famous substance, St. Jacobs Oil, has steadily won its way until it is to-day the National remedy for rheumatism. Lawyers, physicians, clergymen—all use it.—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Daily Enquirer.*

THE proprietor of a cotton-mill put this notice upon his factory gate: "No cigars or good-looking men admitted." In explanation he said: "The one will set a flame going among my cottons, and t'other among the gals. I won't admit such dangerous things into my establishment. The risk is too great."

THE Pittsburg *Sunday Leader* quotes: Mr. Martin Karg, Silver Creek, Minn., cured a badly wounded horse with St. Jacobs Oil.

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No. 3		12.16 A. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.31 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.40 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.00 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

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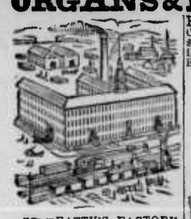

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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881. NUMBER 42.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe sufferings from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

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Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

A FARM HAND.

"Papa, I've something to tell you—a secret, you know!" declared Edna Wentworth, taking one of the squire's great, brown hands between her soft, white ones, and looking up into his face.

"A secret, Edna! What can it be?" he asked, in his gruff tones.

"Something which happened while I was visiting cousin Grace in N. w York."

"Ah! some fine city notion, I suppose. I told your mother that three months in New York would spoil you for a plain farmers daughter. Well, tell me the secret."

The girl hesitated, a flush of embarrassment tinging her fair cheeks.

"You will not be angry, papa?" she faltered.

"Not unless you have gone and lost your head and heart over some city fop. You remember I told you——"

She interrupted him with a gesture, and then summoning all her courage, exclaimed:

"I have lost my heart, but not my head. And it is to no fop that I have given it, I assure you. He is a noble, true-hearted man, and there is no reason why we should not love each other."

She spoke rapidly and with warmth. But the expression upon the stern countenance of Squire Wentworth made her pause, and the color left her cheeks. She knew her father to be a very firm man; she knew that he was as full of whims and unreasonable notions as a human being could hold; and, withal, she knew that he possessed an indomitable will which he exercised upon occasions to the extent of obstinacy. And now she saw a storm in his face, and she shrank from it in fear. It was not long in breaking.

"Edna Wentworth, how dare you come to me with this? How dare you throw yourself away upon a brainless stranger, when you know that I have chosen for you, and chosen wisely, too? What will John Hayden say if he learns of your folly?"

The voice of the old man was hoarse with rage, and he glared upon his beautiful daughter as though his heart was filled with hate instead of love toward her. And yet it was his love which prompted his indignation at what he chose to call her folly.

"Papa, I told you long ago that I could never marry John. I like him as a friend, and no more. And—and—it is two late now, I have pledged myself to Paul Gregory!" Edna returned, her voice very low and tremulous, yet quite firm.

And then—but we will not repeat the torrent of unreasonable words which came from Squire Wentworth's lips. We doubt if he could have repeated them himself an hour later.

Edna fled to her room and there, throwing herself upon her couch, wept and prayed in such hopeless misery as had never come to her before.

And at last a sort of peace came upon her and she rose with a bright look in her sweet face.

Very deliberately she seated herself at her little table, and producing writing materials proceeded to indite a long—very long—epistle.

It was duly sealed and directed to Paul Gregory, New York. And within an hour it was posted and no one except the village postmaster knew such a letter had been sent through the mails.

* * * * * *

"Could you give a man a job through haying?"

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, evidently upward of twenty-five years of age. His face, though not very brown, had a ruddy hue, and his large, blue eyes and handsome features could not have failed to impress a stranger favorably.

Squire Wentworth surveyed the applicant for a "job" with critical eyes.

The stranger was clad in a plain, substantial manner, his pantaloons tucked in the top of his boots and his broad, panama hat slouched over his face.

The squire noticed that his hands were almost as fair as a woman's, but he saw that they were large and muscular.

"You haven't worked much out of doors this season, I take it?" the squire questioned.

"No, sir. But I'm no green hand—you'll find that out," returned the stranger.

"Very well; we'll let you prove it. I need the help, that's certain. A season's work never drove me as this one has. I'd like it if you could pitch right in this afternoon. I suppose you'll expect to board with me—it will be more handy nights and mornings?"

"Oh, yes. And I'd as lief go to work to-day as to loaf round till to-morrow," acquiesced the stranger.

A bargain was struck at once. Horace Burton was engaged for three months — until after "potato-digging," in fact.

And then the twain went in to dinner, and the new hand was presented to Mrs. Wentworth and Edna. The latter acknowledged the introduction with a very doubtful expression. And throughout the meal she carefully avoid meeting the gaze of the stranger.

And the latter seemed overcome with embarrassment and said nothing, except in response to the remarks of Squire Wentworth.

Horace Burton proved, in the Squire's own words, "a prime hand to swing a scythe." His long, powerful arms laid a wide swath; and there was not another man in the field who could keep up with him. And as the days went on his employer's satisfaction with his work increased. And one day—a hot, breathless day—something happened which placed the new hand in high favor with the Squire.

It was toward the close of the afternoon, and to the westward were piled dark, ominous looking clouds that threatened a drenching to a goodly portion of the Squire's bay.

Every man worked as though for his life, Horace Burton leading the van. It was hot, sultry, oppressive; scarcely a breath of air relieved the intensity of the heat. The Squire and Burton were raking into windrows, and were almost side by side.

All at once Wentworth stopped working, put one hand to his head, and sank to the earth with a low moan.

Burton sprang to his side with a cry of horror, and in another moment he had raised the head of the unconscious man to his knee.

The other hands who were working near ran to the spot in alarm.

"He is prostrated with the heat," declared Burton, in answer to the queries of the others. And then he added:

"One of you must go for the doctor, while another helps me carry Wentworth into the house. He will die if we let him lie here in the sun."

The air of command assumed by Horace Burton was respected, as it always is in men of his stamp. Squire Wentworth was borne to the house and placed upon a bed. His wife was too nearly overcome with the shock to know what to do; and only Edna and the farm hand were efficient in the emergency.

By the prompt treatment of Burton the unfortunate man was partially resuscitated. And then the doctor came.

"It's a case of sunstroke, and quite a severe one. He must not attempt to do another day's work the present season," was the physician's verdict.

As soon as the Squire was able, he was informed of the doctor's mandate. It was Edna who told him, and she stood by his bedside, her soft cool hand caressing his throbbing temples.

"See here child," he exclaimed, after a moment's reflection.

"Well, papa?" she queried.

"I wish you would hunt up that—that—what is his name? Burton—that's it! and tell him to come here. I want to speak with him. Tell him to come right off."

Edna obeyed; and the tall, bronzed farm-hand came in and stood beside the girl.

"They say I've got to keep quiet a spell, Burton," exclaimed his employer, in his gruff, abrupt way.

"I am very sorry for you, sir," was the respone.

"Of course. But sympathy won't keep the farm from going to wreck and ruin while I'm mending. You're the best hand I ever had, and I guess you will keep things out of a tangle if I give you charge of 'em for a month or two. Will you try it?"

"I will do my best. Thanks for your confidence."

And then the meek-spoken laborer returned to the hay-field, leaving Edna alone with her father.

"Child, did you know that I had hoped you would choose some such man as that for your husband? He's no fop, but he's a man, and a gentleman to the backbone!"

Squire Wentworth said that with considerable warmth; and, to his amazement, Edna ran from the room.

She returned in a moment, however, and Horace Burton came with her.

"Papa," she said, her cheeks crimson with blushes. "I have taken you at your word. We have agreed to marry each other. We settled it some time ago. He has a secret to tell you, though, for he doesn't like to deceive you."

Squire Wentworth stared, and his farm-hand said in a quiet tone:

"What Edna says is true. We were betrothed several months ago. I am Paul Burton Gregory, and I came from good old Vermont stock. But for three years I have lived in New York, and it was there that I met and loved your daughter. She wrote to me stating that you objected to me upon the supposition that I was a worthless city fop, and begged me to come and convince you of your error. Have I succeeded in my purpose, Squire Wentworth?"

The old man's features worked with suppressed feeling. He was tempted to be angry at the *ruse* of which he had been the object.

Edna held her breath in anxiety, knowing the iron will of her father.

Perhaps the Squire's physical weakness favored her, for when he spoke his utterance was broken, and there were tears upon his pale cheeks.

"You've euchred me, I declare! But it's most too late to stop matters now; and I've always said that a good hand on a farm would make a good husband, and I can't deny but you're one. Yes, you may have Edna."

The Lady of the White Houte.

"President Arthur's maiden sister is to preside over the White House. Miss Arthur was before the war a teacher in the family of Mrs. Tillman, the mother of Congressman Tillman, of the Fifth District." We find this item in the *Newberry Herald*, and upon inquiry ascertain that it is true. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, it seems this Miss Arthur was a governess in the family of Mrs. Sophie Tillman, and afterwards taught at Currytown. And certainly this is a very striking example of the ups and downs of human life. A woman toiling in her youth in a strange land, and in her mature years occupying the highest social position in all America. We do not know that any such sister of President Arthur is to preside in the White House; but if so we would strongly advise our honored friends, Mrs. Swearenger and Mrs. Simpson, sisters of the Hon. G. D. Tillman, to repair to Washington and renew acquaintances with their old preceptress. She could secure them many advantages. And their own minds and manners would make them at home in Washington's highest and best circles.—*Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser.*

Trying to Beat a Tollgate Keeper.

"When I went from Carson to Bodie, Cal., on horseback," said Major Max, "the road was not very good, the toll houses on either side were numerous, and when I had traveled a few miles I knew my money assessed me from $1 to $5. I resolved to retrench. The next toll man, who came out on a pair of stilts, yelled out: 'Foot or horseback?' 'Foot,' says I, although I knew my horse was still under me, for I could see his ears stick out above the mud once in a while. Well, in that way I escaped payment for a long time, telling the toll men whether they asked me or not, that I was traveling afoot. Everything went smoothly until at a toll house where a big, burly rascal came out on stilts and carrying a shotgun. Just as I had assured him that I was afoot, the mustang I rode stretched his whole head out of the mud for a breath of air. I never felt so mortified in my life, but I could not blame the horse for it hadn't taken a breath for forty miles. The man leveled his gun at me and remarked: 'Yer a nice party to try and beat an honest toll-keeper out of $10. How d'ye expect we're goin' to keep this road in order if we don't get paid for it?'"

North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia are all ripe for revolt from the Solid South. A fair vote and an honest count would show heavy anti-Bourbon majorities in all three States to-day. Whether they have the leaders capable of bringing about a successful revolt by next election day is a doubtful question, but sooner or later the change will come, and he is a very sanguine Democrat who thinks it can be delayed till after the next Presidential election.

The Editor.

The editor, children, is a member of that race of animals called mankind. He is invariably a kind man.

He is perfectly harmless. You may go into his den without fear. But he has his peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes in with a little trifle he has just dashed off.

There is one thing that must be said in the editor's dispraise. His mind is so biased by long thinking in a certain direction, that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore, if you value your safety, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your paper.

The editor usually writes with a pen, but his cutting articles are the product of his shears.

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor. He uses his sheers only when composing an entirely original article.

The editor would make a good public speaker but for his propensity for clipping words.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. His would be a monotonous life indeed, were it not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day, to enliven his dull life with stories of their grievances, of their brand new enterprises and with antediluvian anecdotes. When you grow up to be men and woman, children, remember this, and spend all the time you can in the sanctum of the editor. He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he likes to sit silent and alone for a whole half minute. Is it not too bad?

The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange fiends and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

The editor is never so happy as when he is writting complimentary notices. For ten cents' worth of present he will gladly give ten dollars' worth of advertising—all on account of the pleasure it gives him to write, you know, children.

He loves also to write neat little speeches and bright witty poems for people without brains who wish to speak in public. It is so easy for him to do this, that he is sometimes quite miserable when an hour or two passes without an opportunity to do something of the kind.

The editor dines at all the hotels free, he travels free, theatres open wide their doors to him, his tailor clothes him gratis, his butcher and grocer furnish him with food, without money and without price. In short, his every want is provided for. He spends his princely salary in building churches and schoolhouses in foreign lands.

By all means, children, be editors. Of course it would be better if you could be rod-carriers or dray-horses. But as that is impossible, by all means be editors.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Watterson is refreshing the Democratic party with some more truth. He says the "tariff for revenue only" plank defeated the Democrats last year because it was sprung upon them as an issue by the Republicans at the close of the canvass. "It was sprung," he continues, "because we were unprepared. And we were unprepared because the highest flights of imagination which irradiated the Democratic brain power were exhausted in seeking the author of the Morey letter and in attempting the collection of a promissory note said to be still due from an Indiana gentleman of distinction." This seems to be a handsome reference to the Hon. William H. English, and a fresh intimation of what has often been intimated before, that he failed to "pony up" according to promise. This is very distressing.—*New York Tribune.*

Ex-Congressman Stenger, of Pennsylvania, seems to be a Democratic statesman who is able to say just what he thinks about the future of his party. Concerning a proposition for the Democrats to nominate him for Governor of Pennsylvania next year he says: "It will depend upon future developments. As I see things now politically the clouds have a leaden lining." They have the same kind of lining to every other Democrat who looks at them. There is nothing for the party to do but either put up its umbrella or go in. Perhaps by the year 1900 it may be possible for them to emerge again into public view without getting wet.

The Republican.

J. S. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Who walketh straight and acteth right,
Whose lips and heart in truth unite;
Who ne'er to slander lends his tongue
And to his neighbor doth no wrong;

Who lowers not his brother's fame,
Feels as his own his brother's shame;
For vile men hath no flattering word,
And honors those who fear the Lord;

Who ne'er on usury lends his gold;
Though injured, to his oath will hold;
And takes no bribe to doom the pure—
Who dealeth thus shall e'er endure.

—*Quit.*

"MARY SMITH."

"A lecture, eh?" said Deacon Hobson, changing the tobacco leisurely from one cheek to the other, as he stood entranced before the bulletin board of the Stub Mountain Lyceum. "And upon the 'Rights of Women?" Well, I swan! Mis' Hobson, she'll be a-wantin' to hear it, an' I shouldn't wonder if Jemimy Ann set up her dander, she'd go into the bargain. Gals is always racin' arter every new idee. And p'raps it's a good thing to stir us country folks up—a rousin' good lecture once in a while. Tickets twenty-five cents. Wal, I'll think about it."

"A lecture?" said Dr. Briggs, the newly-fledged M. D., who had just hung out his glittering blue-and-gold sign; "and respecting women's rights? I cannot say that I approve of the subject; but a new comer like myself must show himself in public, and there are so few opportunities in Stub Mountain. Upon the whole, I think that I will take a ticket."

"Women's rights?" said old Mrs. Mix, who was always tormenting the Selectmen for the privilege of franchise on election-day, and who went out to gather her own hay in harvest-time, with a man's boots and rather more than a man's strength. "I'm powerful glad on 't. The subject needs agitation in a place like this, where there's wus than Egyptian darkness. I'll go, if it costs me a whole week's butter money."

And thus, in various styles and from various motives, the Stub Mountaineers commented on and approved of the lecture which was to be delivered at the lyceum on that Wednesday evening.

'Squire Dodley stroked his long beard as he checked his gray pony before the the village store.

"I supposo my girls will insist on going," said he; "but there are so few things going on at Stub Mountain that it seems a pity to deny them a little recreation."

And the landlord of the Stub Mountain Hotel chuckled.

"It was an ill wind that blew good to nobody," he said, "and any popular sensation was good for business."

This was on Tuesday. Upon the Wednesday morning, a stout gentleman, in a chaise, drew up to the hotel and strutted up to the bar, with a very rubicund face and little, fiery eyes.

"Mary Smith lectures here to-night?" said he.

"I guess you're about right there, 'Squire," said the landlord, feeling in his pocket for the bundle of tickets which the lyceum proprietor had authorized him to sell. "A pop'lar subjeck, too. You can read all about it on the bulletin-board out there, and——"

"I forbid it!" said the stout gentleman, growing redder and more apoplectic with every moment.

"Laud o' Goshen!" said the landlord.

"She is my wife," said the stranger. "My name is Smith—Zerubbabel Smith—and I won't be disgraced by any of this public-lecturing business!"

"Yes, I know," said the landlord; "but I don't b'lieve the law will uphold ye in it, 'Squire, arter the tickets are sold and——"

"Hang the law!" shouted Mr. Zerubbabel Smith, bringing his closed fist down among the glasses with a bang. "I don't care two straws for the law! My wife is my wife, and I won't have her making a Merry-Andrew of herself here or anywhere else! When do you expect her?"

"The room was engaged from twelve o'clock," faltered the landlord; "but——"

"Very well," roared the red-faced man, "I'll just go and stroll around the village, and you let me know when she arrives—d'ye hear?"

Mr. Zerubbabel Smith had hardly betaken himself to the shadow of the old elms on the village green, when an elderly woman of a starched appearance came in, with a striped carpet-bag on one arm and carrying a gingham umbrella in the other hand.

"Is this the Stub Mountain Lyceum?" said she, primly.

"No, marm!" said the landlord. "This 'ere's the tavern. The lyceum ain't open till eight o'clock. Want to buy tickets for the lecture?"

"Certainly not!" said the elderly female.

"P'raps you'd like to engage a room," said the landlord, with a glance at the carpet-bag.

"Nothing of the sort!" said the lady.

The fount of the landlord's imagination was hopelessly drained dry by this time. He said nothing more, but stared hard at the starched female.

"I wish to see Miss Smith," said she, abruptly.

"Eh?" said the landlord.

"The lecturer on—Women's Rights," with a little grimance at the words, as if they had a bitter taste.

"She ain't arriv' yet," said the landlord.

"I do not intend to allow this outrage on public taste!" said the lady, vehemently.

"Marm?" said the landlord.

"I am Miss Smith's mother!"

"Be you?" gasped mine host.

"And here I set until she presents herself," said Mrs. Smith, depositing herself on the nearest chair and clasping both hands firmly over the umbrella-handle.

The landlord looked feebly at her, and almost within the same second, in hurried a short, overdressed lady, with curls, jewelry, bangles and a scarlet shawl, while a shabby, black silk skirt trailed its flounces over the dusty floor.

"Landlord," said she, "take down those posters at once!"

"What for, marm?" cried the poor man.

"It's swindling!" said the curly fair one—"downright swindling! We are partners. And Miss Smith is to lecture nowhere unless I sing ballads in the intermissions. It's share and share alike in the profits and the expenses, and I won't be cheated! And so you may tell her, landlord!"

The landlord smote his forehead in despair.

"Be I goin' crazy?" he said, "or is the whole 'varsal world agee? Miss Smith ain't here, nor Mary Smith ain't, nor Mrs. Smith, nor noue of the Smiths, as I know of!"

"Landlord," said the curly lady, screwing up her thin lips, "*you* are in the conspiracy against me!"

The landlord uttered a groan.

"I wish to goodness I'd never heard of the whole thing," said he.

"But if there's law and justice in the land, I'll have my rights!" screamed the excited lady. "I'll telegraph to Boston to a lawyer. I'll have up the constable. I'll——"

The landlord was vainly considering in his own mind whether it was best to go under the counter, escape by the back window or seize his grandfather's rusty musket from the iron hook where it hung above the chimney piece, and defy the whole party then and there, when a merciful Providence interfered in his behalf. The depot hack rumbled up to the door and out stepped a tall, pretty young woman, with deep blue eyes and bronze-brown hair, a French gray traveling dress and a marvelously composed manner.

"Mary Smith!" said she to the landlord. "Are my rooms ready? I lecture here to-night in the lyceum.

"Never was so glad to see uobody in my born days," croaked the landlord. "Yes, the rooms is ready; but your husband, he's out on the green, and your mother's here a-waitin' to forbid the banns, and your pardner a-vowin' and swearin' she's been swindled, and——"

"It's some mistake," said Miss Smith, in her clear, incisive voice. "I have no husband. My mother has been dead seven years, and a partner is a luxury in which I have never indulged myself."

"This ain't my daughter!" said the starched female. "My Mary Smith has red hair, and she stutters."

"Quite a different sort of person from my partner," said the lady with a red shawl.

"And my wife weighs two hundred pounds, and she wears the bloomer costume," uuwillingly confessed the stout person, who had by this time come in from the green, and was standing staring in the doorway.

The landlord heaved a mighty sigh of relief,

"Wal," said he, "I don't see but that the lectur' may go on, arter all."

The three discontented spirits vanished. Miss Smith retreated to her room, and the landlord breathed freely again.

But in the afternoon train from Boston, a young man, in the undress uniform of a naval officer, came unexpectedly upon the scene.

"Is this the place where Mary Smith lectures to-night?" he asked of the landlord.

"I believe so," said that worthy, secretly wondering if there were any more relations to object. "Ef you want to speak to her, there she is out in the back garding, readin' poetry under the pear trees."

"Polly," said the young officer, leaning over the pretty, French-gray shoulder.

"I hear you," said Miss Smith, turning over a leaf and pretending not to be aware of the pink flush which was overspreading her cheek.

"Are you really determined to go on with this public lecturing tour?" he asked quietly.

"Why shouldn't I?" cross-questioned Miss Smith.

"Because I don't like it, Polly."

"You quarreled with me," said Mary.

"I beg pardon," said the young officer, "you quarreled with *me!*"

"Do you really *care?*" said Mary Smith, melting into softness.

"I care more than you will ever know," he answered, fervently. "Little Polly, I love you! And as for women's rights, you shall have every right you wish, if only you'll give up this lecturing business and marry me!"

She smiled—hesitated—visibly yielded.

"But I've made the engagement."

"Break it, then," said the officer. "The clergyman lives just across the green—I had his house pointed out to me. Let's go there this very minute and get married!"

Mary Smith laughed and blushed, and burst into tears, and finally put her hand into that of the naval officer.

"Have it your own way, said she. "But I don't know what the public will say."

"Henceforward," said Captain Lacy, "*I* am to be your public. And my verdict is entirely in your favor."

So there was no lecture in the Stub Mountain Lyceum that night. And the stout man went home, where he found his wife and mother-in-law in a great rage, the starch female proceeded to the nearest camp-meeting, and the curly ballad singer composed a new song, called "Love's Triumph," founded on the incident from real life which had just transpired.

"After all," said the bride, "Smith *is* an awkward name. And I'm glad I've changed it to Lacy.—*Saturday Night.*

In a Genteel Manner.

The elderly couple were sitting by the table reading by the drop light, the reflection of which just served to bring out the silver sheen that had gathered on their heads with the passing years. Dropping her eye glasses for a moment, she said somewhat suddenly: "You are quite sure that George will like his situation, are you not?"

"Ought to like it. Absolutely nothing to do, and quite a good salary attached," replied the old gentleman.

"O, that is so nice. George always did nothing in such a genteel manner, I'm sure he'll succeed." And she complacently rocked in her chair as she thought of the good results of her tender bringing up of the youth.—*New Haven Register.*

—Ex-President Enoch Pond, of the Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary, is ninety-five years old, and says he has not had a headache in sixty-six years.

About Men's Wigs.

"Americans have made great improvements in wigs, as well as in many other things," said a wig maker to a New York *Sun* reporter. "Few people will wear the old-fashioned heavy English wigs nowadays. Instead of the thick, hot and uncomfortable head coverings of former days we have now light, graceful and convenient wigs that are a very close imitation of the natural hair. Formerly the fact that a man wore a wig was known at a glance. Now the imitation is so close that I have known it to baffle examination. The other day a young man who wears a blonde wig came to have it repaired. I found that a large lock had been cut out of it. I asked him how it happened, and he told me that a lady had asked him for a lock of his hair, and that he had allowed her to make her own selection. He confessed to a little trepidation when she took hold of the lock to cut it off, but she was gentle with him and cut of the lock close to the head without discovering that he wore a wig. The work of restoration was artistic. It would not do to replace a lock of full length at once. We began with short pieces, imitating the natural growth of the hair. The lady never found out the deception until after they were married, when she happened to handle his hair less tenderly.

"There is an old gentleman with a gray beard for whom I have made wigs since his hair was black. As his beard began to grow gray the contrast between that and the hair of his head was too marked. We began by making him a wig with a few gray hairs sprinkled in. Gradually the number of gray hairs was increased until now he buys three white wigs a year. Black wigs last longer than white. The latter turn yellow with wear, and we have found no way of cleaning the white hair without destroying the workmanship of the wig. Where a wig covers the entire head it is easy to make it fit tight with most heads without the use of any adhesive substance. But, where the wig covers only a part of the head, or where toupees or patches are used it is necessary to stick on the false hair with mucilage or adhesive wax.

"Wigs cost all the way up from $10 to $100, according to the fineness of the hair and the excellence of the workmanship. The most costly wigs are made on a foundation of hair lace. Each hair is carefully selected and knotted to a mesh of the lace. This kind is called the ventilated wig. You can part it anywhere, like natural hair, and the appearance of the parting will be like that of the natural scalp. The flesh shows through the meshes of the lace with great naturalness. That is the kind of wig the blonde young man wore. Cheaper wigs are made by fastening hair to long threads and sewing strips of it on a foundation less costly than hair lace. Even these cannot be detected by the ordinary observer, although when you know that a man wears such a wig you will be sure to notice it. Very often, however, toupees are put on with so much skill, by mixing the ends with the natural hair, that the art is not perceptible. I think the tendency now is to conceal baldness rather than to let it be seen. True, in the summer, some of our young men do get their heads clipped like State prison convicts or the boys in a poor house, but I think the fashion is less favored than formerly."

Effect Upon Europe of the Discovery of America.

The voyage of Columbus in 1492 was in many respects the greatest event which had occurred in the world since the birth of Christ. Politically and socially it was the beginning of an entirely new chapter in human history, and it wrought effects upon men's speculative thinking which, though perhaps less conspicuous, were not less real or remarkable. In much more than the mere geographical sense was, is the discovery of the New World. It was the first in a complicated series of events which four centuries have not yet fully rounded into a period: The foundation of a new Europe in America, in Africa, in Australia and in the islands of the Pacific; the rise of the English race to political and commercial supremacy, and the advance of the English language toward what may become universal dominion; the reorganization of government upon a higher plane than the Middle Ages had ever been able to forshadow; the renovation of society in the old Europe through countless subtle influences; the permanent triumph of the industrial over the predatory spirit; the successful assertion of individual freedom against the paralyzing absolutism inherited from the Roman Empire; the overthrow of sacerdotalism and the Christianization of the world. It would probably be too much to assert that some of these desirable results might not have been attained, so far as the old Europe is concerned, even if the lands beyond the sea had never been explored and colonized. It is unquestionable, however, that the progress would have been much slower and much more subject to interruption. The part performed by England, for example, in the work of European civilization since the age of Elizabeth has been so immense and so complicated that no elaborateness of analytic description can do it justice. Yet England in Elizabeth's time was hardly a first-class power, and but for the colonization of America in the seventeenth century it is difficult to see in what way she would so surely or so soon have gained the commercial supremacy which gave her in the eighteenth the dominion of the ocean, and thus secured her the foremost position in the world. To those—and there are many such in America—who are in the habit of regarding American history as a dry and uninteresting study, it may be a profitable matter of reflection that since the beginning of the seventeenth century it is impossible to follow intelligently the affairs of the old Europe through a single generation without constant reference to the New World.—*John Fiske, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Matthew Tracy, of Frederick County, Maryland, who died recently aged eighty-four, had policies for about $200,000 issued on his life in various Pennsylvania and Maryland companies. As the amount to be paid to the holders of the policies depends upon the payment of assessments, it is too soon to estimate profits.

The French President at Home.

It is to be remarked of M. Grevy that he is an eminently correct President; he gives his master of the ceremonies far less trouble than M. Thiers. The latter delighted to have a military guard, and to be received by a roll of drums wherever he went. He put on the cross of the Legion of Honor as soon as he came to office, though he was only a grand officer of the army before; he required that ambassadors, on introduction, should make him the three customary bows, as to a sovereign, and he expected that all the honors paid to himself should be rendered to his wife likewise. But then M. Thiers, when he was giving audiences in the morning, kept rushing out of his study every quarter of an hour to espy who were waiting to see him in the ante-rooms. He shook hands with some, scolded others, made straight for any newspaper editor who might be present, giving him precedence over dukes or archbishops, and talking with him pretty audily in that shrill falsetto of his about the views which he desired the editor to promulgate. When he gave dinners, again, M. Thiers could not be prevailed upon to sit whilst his guests were going through the customary series of courses. His own invariable menu was a cut off of a joint, with some vegetables and a few spoonfuls of jam; and when he had dispatched this fare, which he did in ten minutes, he either frisked about the room or retired into the next one to take a nap. If he lingered longer than usual at the table it was to start some political discussion which made his guests uncomfortable; and all this was very grievous to the master of the ceremonies. Marshal McMahon had served an apprenticeship in court pomps during his Governor-Generalship of Algeria, and under the auspices of the Duchesse de Magenta the etiquette or the Elysee was modeled on that of the Tuileries during the Empire. The servants wore the McMahon liveries of gray, scarlet and silver, with aiglets and powder. There was always an aide-de-camp in full uniform and an officer of the palace guard to attend in the Marshal's ante-room; and the Duchesse herself was constantly attended by one or two ladies-in-waiting. When the President and Duchesse went to the races they and their suite occupied two, sometimes three, carriages, with four horses, which were preceded and followed by outriders; and when they traveled they used the saloon carriages which had been built for the Emperor.

President Grevy neither keeps so much state as the Marshal nor transgresses the minor laws of etiquette so cavalierly as M. Thiers. Before coming to Elysee he has inhabited apartments in the Palace of Versailles, by virtue of his position as President of the Chamber of Deputies; but his style of living was of the simplest, and his attire was that of a country gentleman. He never wore a high hat or gloves. He had a "property" hat, which was kept under his desk in the Chamber ready to hand, in case it became necessary to "cover himself," and thereby to suspend a tumultuous sitting abruptly; but in the streets he wore a wide-awake. He was very fond of strolling about the boulevards for hours at a time, looking into the shop windows; and he was passionately fond of billiards, nor did he care whom he played with. One of his favorite opponents at this game was M. Paul de Cassagnac, with whom he has not an idea in common; but the editor of the *Pays* and he never exchanged political views while making carroms. Sport, agricultural and music are the topics on which M. Grevy converses with most pleasure; but he is a silent man, who talks no more than is necessary to make the time pass, and he never lets conversation run into argument. When he became President M. Grevy had to give up his wide-awakes and his boulevard strolls, and to moderate his ardor for billiards. His most frequent companion at this game has been of late M. Wilson, who is going to be his son-in-law. M. Grevy, as President, also had to don the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honor, but he did not do this until after much hesitation.

M. Grevy's salary is £32,000, and he probably lives within it. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, spent a great deal more than his salary; for, besides keeping up a large establishment of servants and many horses and carriages, he entertained a good deal. He used to give at least a couple of dinners a week, whereas M. Grevy scarcely gives one a month. M. Grevy has as many servants as the Elysee requires, but not one over. They dress in black, like the hotel waiters. The President's coachman also wears black, without a cockade; and the carriages he drives are small, plain broughams, black, and with dark-blue wheels, and no crest on the panels; they are drawn by a couple of bays. When the President has to attend a great open-air pageant, as when he distributed new flags to the army last year, he has a barouche with four horses, but he has no outriders. His cook, too, is no grand artist, receiving the salary of a Prefect, like the famous M. Trompette, who lords it over M. Gambetta's saucepans at the Palais Bourbon. All the housekeeping arrangements at the Elysee are under the control of Mdlle. Grevy, and will remain so after her marriage, for she and her husband are going to reside in the Presidential palace.—*St. James Gazette.*

About Money Orders.

"Had you come a little earlier you might have witnessed an incident, or rather a coincidence, which could not but convince the most skeptical that we are living in a progressive age." This remark was made to a reporter of the *American* by Mr. J. J. C. Dougherty, the veteran pay-clerk in the money-order department of the Baltimore post-office the other day, as the reporter stopped at his desk to ask if there was "anything new." The reporter ventured to ask for a further explanation. "Well," continued Mr. Dougherty, "I was in the act of cashing two money-orders, presented respectively by a German, who had received his from the eastern section of Prussia, and a son of Erin, who had received his from Belfast. At the same moment my attention was called to the fact that a Chinaman was at the receiving desk, immediately opposite, applying for a money order which he intended sending to San Francisco. Here was money being sent and received to and from extreme sections by natives of different countries at one and the same moment. Now, was't that a little singular?" The reporter admitted that it was, and then asked, "Do you ever have any trouble or complaints about money orders?"

"Very few and even these are generally on account of the ignorance of the dissatisfied parties regarding the disposition of the order. As an instance, a German came in here one day, and, approaching me very angrily, said that this was a fine way of doing business. He had gotten a money order some five days previously, made out in favor of his wife, who was in Philadelphia, and who desired to come home. This money was to pay her fare. She had, however, never received it, and was compelled to borrow from her friends enough to come home with. I thought this rather strange, and, noticing my doubting look, he suddenly plunged his hand into a capacious pocket, saying that he could prove his assertion by showing his receipt, and lo, and behold, he drew out the money order. Of course, I then knew where the trouble was, and when I explained to him that he should have sent the order to his wife, he seemed dazed at first, then his face broke into a broad grin, and, with the remark, 'I always thought I was a fool, now I know it,' slowly walked out of the office. I could tell you half a dozen such incidents."

"According to recent statements," said the reporter, "there appears to be a large amount of money accumulated in the Sub-treasury at New York."

"Before you go any farther," said Mr. Dougherty, "I want to say that there is some misunderstanding regarding this money. Many suppose that it was collected in New York alone. In this, however, I think they are mistaken. It is money accumulated from invalid money orders from all over the country and some of the orders date back to the time of the organization of the money order department, now about seventeen years. You see, New York is the foreign as well as the domestic exchange, and all surplus is sent to the Postmaster at New York, who in turn deposits the moneys in the Sub-treasury at that city. The money orders which become invalid, one year after date are sent to the department at Washington, where they are placed on file. In the meantime, should the payer present himself at the office after that time we make application on his behalf to the department at Washington, which then authorizes us to make the payment."

"You say that you send all surplus funds to New York; how do you manage when you run short?"

"That is something we never allow to occur, and in fact from the systematic manner in which everything is arranged such a thing can not occur. The money-order system is nothing more nor less than an immense banking concern, in which there is no capital invested and none necessary. I have already told you that New York is the exchange. The smaller offices send their surplus to the nearest main office, whence in turn the entire amount is remitted to New York. At the same time every office, large and small, has an account with the Postmaster at New York, and is credited with a certain amount, which it can draw when necessary. When that amount is exhausted a renewal of the account is necessary. Now our limit is $10,000, and I draw for $2,000 at a time as I need it. When this amount is exhausted I make application to have the account renewed. In this way we are always kept supplied. During the great panic in 1873, when the banks were not considered safe, we transmitted an immense sum of money. In the month of September alone I paid out at this office $125,000. This is what is termed a paying office; in other words, we pay out about five times as much as we receive. During the last year we cashed 90,918 orders, amounting to $1,515,307.45, and we issued 28,245 orders for $425,116.10. As the business is continually increasing, these amounts will be swelled considerably by the close of the present year."

"Have you many invalid orders on hand at present?"

"Only a few, and these will be sent to Washington in a day or two. I have about $1,600 worth, however, that are unclaimed—that is to say, they have been lying here for a long time. Here is a lot, all belonging to one man, and here is another, belonging to a single individual. They are merchants, well-known here, but do not seem to be in a hurry to get their money. One of these allowed a couple of orders to remain longer than one year, and thinking that his money was lost, he gave his orders—one for fifty dollars and another for five dollars—to his wife, telling her jocularly to make use of them. The lady came here and asked whether these orders were of any account. Upon being informed that they were, she thought this an excellent joke on her husband. I made application for her, and in two days she had her money."—*Baltimore American.*

Reconciled Before the Ink Was Dry.

A very unusual scene was witnessed in the Shelbyville, Ind., court room the other day. A suit for divorce, the plaintiff being a Mr. Sandufer, was on trial. The defendant made no defense, save for the custody of a child. The divorce was granted. Almost immediately Sandufer and the woman rose from their seats and withdrew to a corner of the court room, where they engaged in earnest conversation. Very soon the officials and spectators noticed the couple were greatly moved by what had happened, for tears rolled down their cheeks. Soon the pair embraced, then kissed each other, then repeated it over and over, clinging to one another with all the tenacity of youthful lovers. Men tittered, women cried, and the Judge grew indignant. Rising from his seat, the Court declared that a couple capable of such demonstrations as the one just made could live together, and taking up his pen, he drew it across the docket, erasing the decree, thus making them man and wife once more. They left the room in a happy state of mind, and no doubt are now living over their pleasant days again.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

—The experiment tried at Grantham, England, in dealing with the summer outbreak of scarlet fever, and which consisted in isolating the patients in tents, has the most satisfactory results in stopping the spread of the disease.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A white robin was recently captured in Gaysport, Pa.

—The Earl of Mount Cashel, who is about to marry a widow, Mrs. Molesworth, is in his ninetieth year.

—At an expenditure of £10,000, under the Stock Protection act, 469,000 kangaroos and wallaby dogs have been destroyed in New South Wales in a year.

—Dr. McCreery, of Louisville, Ky., believed that a thoroughly acquired appetite for rum was incurable, and therefore, when he found himself possessed of one he committed suicide.

—Robert Warnock, a veteran of the war of 1812, and 102 years old, has just become an inmate of the Veteran Soldiers' Home in Dayton, O., hoping to pass the remainder of his days there.

—The long dry spell caused bees to tap the grape. They extracted the juice so thoroughly in some vineyards about Thomaston, Md., that nothing was left but the skin and seeds.

—Three Philadelphia girls, ranging from eleven to thirteen years of age, agreed to test the pleasures of getting drunk. They bought a bottle of whisky and drank it. A policeman soon afterward found them lying insensible in the street.

—The Sioux have a fashion of naming children in the order in which they are born. So the roll has many such names as Winona, Hapan, Hepi, Wanoke, Hake, etc., which mean first-born, second-born, third-born, fourth-born, fifth-born, and so on.

—The identical table used by Thomas Jefferson for tea service at Monticello is in the possession of W. N. Ruffin, of Danville, Va., one of his lineal descendants. The table is neatly made of hard oak, about six feet long and four feet wide, with two small folding leaves.

—In a ten minutes' "cane rush" between Union College sophomores and freshmen, at Schenectady, N. Y., the other day, most of the contestants were shirtless. After the fight bits of tattered clothing littered the ground. The faculty were unable to stop the fracas, and will hereafter make expulsion the penalty for such exhibitions.

—The farmers of Maine ought to put up a monument in honor of the caterpillars which devastated their apple-orchards a few years ago; for since that time the trees have regularly borne in what are elsewhere "off years." This year's crop in Maine is enormous, the quality is superb and the farmers are getting three dollars a barrel at their own doors, owing to the scarcity everywhere else.

—Apple peels and apple cores are now shipped from Chicago by the barrel to makers of apple butter. When a shipper asked the freight clerk what rate he would charge on them, the clerk, thinking the customer was joking him, asked: "Do you want a separate rate for stems and seeds?" He was very much astonished to learn that cores and skins are a regular article of merchandise.

—No one can contemplate the statistics which reveal the wholesale slaughter of railroad brakemen, while they are engaged in the duty of coupling cars without being shocked into the conviction that some means for preventing it ought to be enforced. A law compelling the use of safety couplers was introduced in the Connecticut Legislature during the last session and laid over for a year to afford the Railroad Commissioners of the State time to consider the subject.

—A Cincinnati boy brought home some caps and fulminating powder from the fireworks factory in which he was employed, and put them under his bed. His mother struck them with a broom while sweeping, and caused an explosion which almost killed her. The lad did not let this mishap hinder his diversion. He brought home a much larger quantity of the explosives, and kept them in a box on the roof of the house. A few days ago a roofer picked up the box, rubbed the powder between his fingers, and was blown into fragments.

—Jemima Burke, of Fleming, Ky., was visited simultaneously by two suitors, Royee and Rogers. Neither was inclined to retire and leave the other alone with the girl, because both knew that they had alike come to pop the question. After two hours of obstinate sitting, Rogers remarked that a man was selling moonshine whisky in a lonely place half a mile away, and invited Royee to go and drink some. They went together and got the whisky. Rogers then said he guessed he would return to Jemima, as he wished to see her alone. Royee replied that he had a precisely similar intention. That made Rogers desperate, and he shot Royce to death.

—Queen Ranavalomanjka, of Madagascar, has always been a strong temperance woman and a rigid advocate of prohibitory laws. In Imerina, her central province, a new prohibitory law has just been promulgated, which, if she shall be able to enforce it, ought to result in the strictest sobriety. Under penalty of a fine of ten oxen and ten dollars, it prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, and punishes with lighter penalties those found drunk or carrying the liquor, whoever may have sent them. If one convicted be unable to pay the fine, he must suffer imprisonment, one day being regarded as equivalent to a sixpence of the line.

—An Italian law court has just had to decide a case of great interest to fowls. The Duca di Lavello and his brother, the Marchese di San Marco, had patented an instrument called the "mechanical stuffer," for feeding and fattening fowls against their will. The Italian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted the two noblemen before the tribunal of Naples, and they were sentenced to a fine, the Judge remarking that he thought it was certainly cruel to make fowls eat when they were not hungry and to fatten them grossly for the mere delectation of epicures' palates. But the Duke and Marquiss appealed against this decision, and the Judges of the higher court, while regretting that they had to give up a whole day to what they described as a trivial question, felt bound to reverse the finding of the lower court. They decided, in fact, that to fatten fowls with a mechanical stuffer is not cruel.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If there come some joy to me,
Would you have me stay,
With that joy to sweeten life?
"Yes Heart, stay *to-day.*"
Well, then, if I have a dream
Of some coming sorrow,
Shall I wait to feel its tear?
"That will do *to-morrow.*"

If unto some loving heart
I owe a debt to pay?
"Ah! that is a mighty debt.
Pay it, Heart, *to-day.*"
If I'm forced from bitter wrongs
Cruel words to borrow?
"Then, dear Heart, there is no haste;
Keep them till *to-morrow.*

"Duty, Kindness and Success
Lose by slow delay;
Duty hath a double right
When it claims *to-day*;
Kindness dies if it must wait;
Success will not stay—
Unto them comes no *to-morrow*,
If they lose *to-day.*

"But for Debt and Doubt and Anger,
But for useless Sorrow,
Better you should wait a day;
Keep them for *to-morrow.*
And as every day's *to-day*,
You may patience borrow,
Thus forever to put off
Such a bad *to-morrow.*"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

ELI.

I.

Under a boat, high and dry, at low tide, on the beach, John Wood was seated in the sand, sheltered from the sun in the boat's shadow, absorbed in the laying on of verdigris. The dull, worn color was rapidly giving place to a brilliant, shining green. Occasionally a scraper, which lay by, was taken up to remove the last trace of a barnacle.

It was Wood's boat, but he was not a boatman; he painted cleverly, but he was not a painter. He kept the brown store under the elms of the main street, now hot and still, where at this moment his blushing sister was captivating the heart of an awkward farmer's boy, as she sold him a pair of striped suspenders.

As the church-clock struck the last of twelve decided blows, three children came rushing out of the house on the bank above the beach. It was one of those deceptive New England cottages, weather-worn without, but bright and bountifully home-like within—with its trim parlor, proud of a cabinet organ; with its front hall, now cooled by the light sea-breeze drifting through the blind-door, where a tall clock issued its monotonous call to a siesta on the rattan lounge; with its spare room, open now, opposite the parlor, and now, too, drawing in the salt air through close-shut blinds, in anticipation of the joyful arrival this evening of Sister Sarah, with her little brood, from the city.

The children scampered across the road, and then the eldest hushed the others and sent a little brother ahead to steal, barefoot, along the shining sea-weed to his father.

The plotted surprise appeared to succeed completely. The painter was seized by the ears from behind and captured.

"Guess who's here, or you can't get up," said the infant captor.

"It's Napoleon Bonaparte; don't joggle," said his father, running a brush steadily along the water-line.

"No! no! no!" with shouts of laughter from the whole attacking party.

"Then it's Captain Ezekiel!"

This excited great merriment: Captain Ezekiel was an aged, purblind man, who leaned on a cane.

After attempts to identify the invader—with the tax-collector come for taxes, then with the elderly minister making a pastoral call, with the formal school-master—the victim reached over his shoulder, and, seizing the assailant by a handful of calico jacket, brought him around, squirming, before him.

"Now," he said, "I'll give you a coat of verdigris."

(Great applause from the reserve force behind.)

"I suppose mother sent you to say dinner's ready," said the father, rising and surveying the green bottom of the boat. "I must eat quick, so as to do the other side before half-flood."

And with a child on each shoulder, and the third pushing him from behind with her head, he marched toward the vine-covered kitchen, where, between two opposite netted doors, the table was trimly set.

"Father, you look like a mermaid, with your green hands," said his wife, laughing, as she handed him the spirits of turpentine. "A woman could paint that boat, in a light dress, and not get a spot on her."

He smiled good-naturedly: he never spoke much.

"I guess Louise wont have much trade today," said his wife, as they all sat down; "it's so hot in the sun that everybody'll wait till night. But she has her tatting-work to do, and she's got a hook, too, that she wanted to finish."

Her husband nodded and ate away.

"O, can't we go up street and see her this afternoon?" said one of the children.

"Who can that be?" said the mother, as an elderly, half-official-looking man stopped his horse at the front gate and alighted. The man left the horse unchecked to browse by the road-side and came to the door.

"O, it's you, Captain Nourse," said Wood, rising to open the netting door, and holding out his hand. "Come to summons me as a witness in something about the bank case, I suppose. Let me introduce Captain Nourse, Mary," he said. "Deputy Sheriff. Sit down, Captain, and have some dinner with us."

"No, I guess I won't set," said the Captain. "I cal'lated not to eat till I got home, in the middle o' the afternoon. No, I'll set down in eye-shot of the mare and read the paper while you eat."

"I hope they don't want me to testify anywhere to day," said Wood; "because my boat's half verdigris'd, and I want to finish her this afternoon."

"No testimony to-day," said the Captain. "Hi! hi! Kitty!" he called to the mare, as she began to meander across the road; and he went out to a tree by the front fence and sat down on a green bench, beside a workbasket and a half-finished child's dress, and read the country paper which he had taken from the office as he came along.

After dinner Wood went out bare-headed, and leaned on the fence by the Captain. His wife stood just inside the door, looking out at them.

The "bank case" was the great sensation of the town, and Wood was one of the main witnesses, for he had been taking the place of the absent cashier when the safe was broken open and rifled, to the widespread distress of depositers and stockholders and the ruin of Hon. Edward Clark, the President. Wood had locked the safe on the afternoon before the eventful night, and had carried home the key with him, and he was to testify to the contents of the safe as he had left it.

"I guess they're glad they've got such a witness as John," said his wife to herself, as she looked at him fondly, "and I guess they think there wont be much doubt about what he says."

"Well, Captain," said Wood, jocosely, breaking a spear of grass to bits in his fingers, "I didn't know but you'd come to arrest me."

The Captain calmly smiled as only a man can smile who has been accosted with the same humorous remark a dozen times a day for twenty years. He folded his paper carefully, put it in his pocket, took off his spectacles and put them in their silver case, took a red silk handkerchief from his hat, wiped his face and put the handkerchief back. Then he said, shortly:

"That's what I *have* come for."

Wood, still leaning on the fence, looked at him and said nothing.

"That's just what I've come for," said Captain Nourse. "I've got to arrest you; here's the warrant." And he handed it to him.

"What does this mean?" said Wood. "I can't make head nor tail of this."

"Well," said the Captain, "the long and short is, these high-toned detectives that they've had down from town, seein' as our own force wasn't good enough, allow that the safe was unlocked with a key, in due form, and then the lock was broke afterward, to look as if it had been forced open. They've had the foreman of the safe-men down, too, and he says the same thing. Naturally, the argument is: there were only two keys in existence; one was safe with the President of the bank, and is about all he's got to show out of forty years' savings; the only other one you had; consequently it heaves it on to you."

"I see," said Wood. "I will go with you. Do you want to come into the house with me while I get my coat?"

"Well, I suppose I must keep you in sight—now, you know."

And they went into the house.

"Mary," said her husband, "the folks that lost by Clark when the bank broke have been at him until he's felt obliged to pitch on somebody, and he's pitched on me, and Captain Nourse has come to arrest me. I shall get bail before long."

She said nothing and did not shed a tear till he was gone.

But then——

II.

In the open door-way of a little cottage, warmed by the soft slanting rays of the September sun, a rough man, burnt and freckled, was sitting, at his feet a net, engaged upon some handiwork which two little girls were watching. Close by him lay a setter, his nose between his paws. Occasionally the man raised his eyes to scan the sea.

"There's Joel," he said, "comin' in around the Bar. Not much air stirrin' now!"

Then he turned to his work again.

"First, you go *so* fash'," he said to the children, as he drew a thread; "then you go *so* fash'."

And as he worked he made a great show of labor, much to their diversion.

But the sight of Joel's broad white sail had not brought pleasant thoughts to his mind. For Joel had hailed him, off the Shoal, the afternoon before, and had obligingly offered to buy his fish, right there, and so let him go directly home, omitting to mention that sudden jump of price due to an empty market.

"Wonder what poor man he's took a dollar out of to-day! Well, I a'pose it's all right; those that's got money want mouey."

"What be you, Eli—ganging on hooks?" said Aunt Patience, as she tip-toed into the kitchen behind him, from his wife's sick-room, and softly closed the door after her.

"No," said the elder of the children; "he's mending our stockings, and showing me how."

"Well, you do have a hard time, don't you?" said Aunt Patience, looking down over his shoulder; "to slave and tug and scrape to get a house over your head, and then to have to turn square 'round, and stay to home with a sick woman, and eat all into it with mortgages!"

"O, well," he said, "we'll fetch, somehow."

Aunt Patience went to the glass, and holding a black pin in her mouth, carefully tied the strings of her sun-bonnet.

"Anyway," she said, "you take it good-natured. Though if there is one thing that's harder than another, it is to be good-natured all the time, without being aggravating. I have known men that was so awfully good-natured that they was harder to live with than if they was cross!"

And without specifying further, she opened her plaid parasol, and stepped out at the porch.

The supper things were cleared away. The children had said good-night and gone to bed, and Eli had been sitting for an hour by his wife's bedside. He had had to tax his patience and ingenuity heavily during the long mouths that she had lain there to entertain her for a little while in the evening, after his hard, wet day's work. He had been talking now of the coming week, when he was to serve upon the jury in the adjoining county-town.

"I call'ate I can come home about every night," he said, "and it'll be quite a change, at any rate."

"But you don't seem so cheerful about it as I counted you would be," said his wife. "Are you afraid you'll have to be on the hank case?"

"Not much!" he answered. "No trouble 'n that case! Jury won't leave their seats. These city fellers'll find they've bit off more'n they can chew when they try to figure out John Wood done that. I only hope I'll have the luck to be on that case—all hands on the jury whisper together a minute, and then clear him right on the spot, and then shake hands with him all 'round!"

"But something is worrying you," she said. "What is it? You have looked it since noon."

"O, nothin'," he replied, "only George Cahoon came up to-noon to say that he was goin' West next week, and that he would have to have that money, he let me have awhile ago. And where to get it—I don't know.

III.

The court room was packed. John Wood's trial was drawing to its close. Eli was on the jury. Some one had advised the Prosecuting Attorney, in a whisper, to challenge him, but he had shaken his head and said:

"O, I couldn't afford to challenge him for that; it would only leak out and set the jury against me. I'll risk his standing out against this evidence."

The trial had been short. It had been shown how the little building of the bank had been entered. Skilled locksmiths from the city had testified that the safe was opened with a key, and that the lock was broken afterward from the inside—plainly to raise the theory of a forcible entry by strangers.

It had been proved that the only key in existence, not counting that kept by the President, was in the possession of Wood, who was filling, for a few days, the place of the Cashier—the President's brother—in his absence. It had been shown that Wood was met, at one o'clock of the night in question, crossing the fields towards his home, from the direction of the bank, with a large wicker basket slung over his shoulders, returning, as he had said, from eel-spearing in Harlow's Creek; and there was other circumstantial evidence.

Mr. Clark, the President of the Bank, had won the sympathy of every one by the modest way in which, with eye-glasses in hand, he had testified to the particulars of the loss which had left him penniless, and had ruined others whose little all was in his hands. And then, in reply to the formal question, he had testified, amid roars of laughter from the court-room, that it was not he who robbed the safe. At this, even the Judge and Wood's lawyer had not restrained a smile.

This had left the guilt with Wood. His lawyer, an inexperienced young attorney—who had done more or less business for the bank, and would hardly have ventured to defend this case but that the President had kindly expressed his entire willingness that he should do so—had, of course, not thought it worth while to cross-examine Mr. Clark, and had directed his whole argument against the theory that the safe had been opened with a key and not by strangers. But he had felt all through that, as a man politely remarked to him when he finished, he was only hitting his "head ag'in a stone wall."

The District Attorney had not thought it worth while to expend much strength upon his closing argument, but being a jovial stump-speaker of a wide reputation within narrow limits, he had not been able to refrain from making merry over Wood's statement that the basket, which he had been seen bearing home, on the eventful night, was a basket of eels.

It takes but little to make a school or a court-room laugh, and the speech had appeared to give a good deal of amusement to the listeners.

To all!

Did it amuse that man who sat, with folded arms, harsh and rigid, at the dock? Did it divert that white-faced woman, cowering in a corner, listening as in a dream?

The Judge now charged the jury briefly. It was unnecessary for him, he said, to recapitulate evidence of so simple a character. The chief question for the jury was as to the credibility of the witnesses. If the witnesses for the prosecution were truthful and were not mistaken, the inference of guilt seemed inevitable; this the defendant's counsel had conceded. The defendant had proved a good reputation; upon that point there was only this to be said: that, while such evidence was entitled to weight, yet, on the other hand, crimes involving a breach of trust could, from their very nature, be committed only by persons whose good reputations secured them positions of trust.

The jury-room had evidently not been furnished by a ring. There was a long table for debate, twelve hard chairs for repose, twelve spittoons for luxury, and a clock.

The jury sat in silence for a few moments, as old Captain Nourse, who had them in his keeping, and eyed them as if he was afraid that he might lose one of them in a crack and be held accountable on his bond, rattled away at the unruly lock. Looking at them then, you would have seen faces all of a New England cast but one. There was a tall, powerful negro called George Washington, a man well known in this county town, to which he had come, as driftwood from the storm of war, in '65. As for his occupation—when the census-taker, with a wink to the boys in the store, had asked him what it was, he had said, in that same odd tone: "Putties up glass a little—whitewashes a little—" and, when the man had made a show of writing all that down, "preaches a little." He might have said "preaches a big," for you could hear him a mile away.

The foreman was a retired sea-captain. "Good cap'n—Cap'n Thomas," one of his neighbors had said of him. "Allers gits good ships—never hez to go huntin' 'round for a vess-l."

"Gentlemen," said the foreman, when the officer at last had securely locked them in, "shall we go through the formality of a ballot? If the case were a less serious one we might have ren cred a verdict in our seats."

"What's the use foolin' round balliotin'?" said a thick-set butcher. "Ain't we all o' one mind?"

"It is for you to say, gentlemen," said the foreman. "I shouldn't want to have it go abroad that we had not acted formally, if there was any one disposed to cavil."

"Mr. Speaker," said George Washington, rising and standing in the attitude of Webster, "I rises to appoint to order. We took ballast in de prior cases, and why make flesh of one man an' a fowl of another?"

"Very well," said the foreman, a trifle sharply. "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

Twelve slips of paper were handed out, to be indorsed guilty, "for form." They were collected in a hat and the foreman told them over—"just for form." "'Guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty'—wait a minute," he said, "here is a mistake. Here if one 'not guilty' whose is this?"

There was a pause.

"Whose is it?" said the foreman, sharply.

Eli turned a little red.

"It's mine," he said.

"Do you mean it?" said the foreman.

"Of course I mean it," he answered.

"Whew!" whistled the foreman. "Very well sir; we'll have an understanding, then. This case is proved to the satisfaction of every man who heard it, I may safely say, but one. Will that one please state the grounds of his opinion?"

"I ain't no talker," said Eli, "but I ain't satisfied he's guilty—that's all."

"Don't you believe the witnesses?"

"Mostly."

"Which one don't you believe?"

"I can't say. I don't believe he's guilty."

"Is there one that you think lied?"

No answer.

"Now it seems to me——" said a third juryman.

"One thing at a time, gentleman," said the foreman. "Let us wait for an answer from Mr. Smith. Is there any one that you think lied? We will wait, gentlemen, for an answer."

There was a long pause. The trial seemed to Eli Smith to have shifted from the court to this shabby room, and he was now the culprit.

All waited for him, all eyes were fixed upon him.

The clock ticked loud! Eli counted the seconds. He knew the determination of the foreman.

The silence became intense.

"I want to say my say," said a short man in a pea-jacket—a retired San Francisco pilot, named Eldridge. "I entertain no doubt the man is guilty. At the same time I allow for differences of opinion. I don't know this man that's voted 'not guilty,' but he seems to be a well-meaning man. I don't know his reasons; probably he don't understand the case. I should like to have the foreman tell the evidence over, so as if he don't see it clear he can ask questions and we can explain."

"I second de motion," said George Washington.

There was a general rustle of approval.

"I move it," said the pilot, encouraged.

"Very well, Mr. Eldridge," said the foreman. "If there is no objection, I will state the evidence, and if there is any loop-hole, I will trouble Mr. Smith to suggest it as I go along," and he proceeded to give a summary of the testimony, with homely force.

"Now, sir?" he said, when he had finished. "I move for another ballot," said Mr. Eldridge.

The result was the same. Eli had voted "not guilty."

"Mr. Smith," said the foreman, "this must be settled in some way. This is no child's play. You can't keep eleven men here, trifling with them, giving no pretence of a reason."

"I haven't any reasons, only that I don't believe he's guilty," said Eli. "I'm not goin' to vote a man into states-prison, when I don't believe he done it," and he rose and walked to the window, and looked out. It was low tide. There was a broad stretch of mud in the distance, covered with boats lying over disconsolate. A driving storm had emptied the streets. He beat upon the rain-dashed glass a moment with his fingers, and then he sat down again.

"Well, sir," said the foreman, "this is singular conduct. What do you propose to do?"

Silence.

"I suppose you realize that the rest of us are pretty rapidly forming a conclusion on this matter," said the foreman.

"Come! come!" said Mr. Eldridge; "don't he quite so hard on him, Captain. Now, Mr Smith," he said, standing up with his hands in his coat-pockets, and looking at Eli, "we know that there often is crooked sticks on juries, that hold out alone—that's to be expected; but they always argue, and stand to it the rest are fools, and all that. Now, all is, we don't see why you don't sort of argue, if you've got reasons satisfactory to you. Come, now," he added, walking up to Eli, and resting one foot on the seat of his chair, "why don't you tell it over? and if we're wrong, I'm ready to join you."

Eli looked up at him.

"Don't you ever know," he said, "of a man's takin' a cat off, to lose, that his little girl didn't want drownded, and leavin' him ashore, twenty or thirty miles, bee-line, from home, and that cat's hein' back again the next day, purrin' 'round 's if nothin' had happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Eldridge—"knew of just such a case."

"Very well," said Eli; "how does he find his way home?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Eldridge; "always has been a standing mystery to me."

"Well," said Eli, "mark my words. There's such a thing as argyin', and there's such a thing as knowin' outright; and when you'll tell me how that cat inquires his way home, I'll tell you how I know John Wood aint guilty."

This made a certain sensation, and Eli's stock went up.

Then the foreman, when nobody seemed disposed to move, speaking slowly, at first, and piecemeal, alternating language with smoke, gradually edged into the current of the evidence, and ended by going all over it again, with fresh force and point. His cigar glowed and chilled in the darkening room as he talked.

"Now," he said, when he had drawn all the threads together to the point of guilt, "what are we going to do upon this evidence?"

"I'll tell you something," said Eli. "I didn't want to say it because I know what you'll all think, but I'll tell you, all the same."

"Ah!" said the foreman.

Eli stood up and faced the others.

"'Most all o' you know what our Bar is in a south-east gale. They aint a men here that 'uld dare to try and cross it when the sea's breakin' on it. The man that says he would, lies!" And he looked at the foreman, and waited a moment.

"When my wife took sick, an' I stopped goin' to sea, two years ago, and took up boat-fishin', I didn't know half as much about the coast as the young boys do, and one afternoon it was blowin' a gale, and we was all hands comin' in and passin' along the Bar to go sheer 'round it to the west'ard, and Captain Fred Cook—he's short-sighted—got on to the Bar before he knew it, and then he had to go ahead, whether or no, and I was right after him, and I s'posed he knew, and I followed him. Well, he was floated over, as luck was, all right; but when I'd just got on the Bar a roller dropped back and let my bowsprit down into the sand, and then come up quicker'n lightnin' and shouldered the boat over, t'other end first, and sting me into the water, and when I come up I see somethin' black, and there was Joad Wood's boat runnin' by me before the wind with a rush—and 'fore I knew an'thing he had me by the hair by one hand and in his boat, and we was over the Bar. Now, I tell you, a man that looks the way I saw him look when I come over the gunwhale, face up, don't go 'round breakin' in and hookin' things. He hadn't one chance in five, and he was a married man, too, with small children. And what's more," he added, incautiously, "he didn't stop there. When he found out, this last spring, that I was goin' to lose my place, he lent me money enough to pay the interest that was overdue on the mortgage, of his own accord."

And he stopped suddenly.

"You have certainly explained yourself," said the foreman. "I think we understand you distinctly."

"There isn't one word of truth in that idea," said Eli, flushing up, "and you know it. I've paid him back every cent. I know him better'n any of you, that's all, and when I know he ain't guilty I won't say he is, and I can set here as long as any other man."

"Lively times some folks'll have, when they go home," said a spare tin-peddler, stroking his long yellow goatee. "Go into the store, nobody speak to you; go to cattle show, everybody follow you 'round; go to the wharf, nobody weigh your fish; go to buy seed cakes at the cart, baker won't give no tick."

"How much does it cost, Mr. Foreman," said the butcher, "for a man 't's obliged to leave town, to move a family out West? I only ask for information. I have known a case where a man had to leave—couldn't live there no longer—wa'n' wanted."

There was a knock. An officer, sent by the Judge, inquired whether the jury were likely soon to agree.

"It rests with you, sir," said the foreman, looking at Eli.

But Eli sat doggedly with his hands in his pockets and did not look up or speak.

"Say to the Judge that I cannot tell," said the foreman.

It was eight o'clock when the officer returned, with orders to take the jury across the street to the hotel to supper. They went out in pairs, except that the juryman who was left to fall in with Eli made three with the file ahead, and left Eli to walk alone. This was noticed by the by-standers. At the hotel Eli could not eat a mouthful. He was seated at one end of the table, and was left entirely out of the conversation. When the jury were escorted back to the court house rumors had evidently begun to arise from his having walked alone, for there was quite a little crowd at the hotel door to see them. They went as before; four pairs, a file of three, and Eli alone. Then the spectators understood it.

When the jury were locked into their room again for the night Mr. Eldridge sat down by Eli, and lit his pipe. "I understand," he said, "just how you feel; this man's been good to you; but the case is proved, and you ought to vote with the rest of us."

"It aint proved," said Eli. "The Judge said that if any man had a reasonable doubt, he ought to hold out. Now, I ain't convinced."

"Well, that's easy said," replied Mr. Eldridge, a little hotly, and he arose, and left him.

The jurymen broke up into little knots, tilted their chairs back, and settled into the easiest positions that their cramped quarters allowed. Most of them lit their pipes; the Captain, and one or two whom he honored, smoked fragrant cigars, and the room was soon filled with a dense cloud.

Some of the younger men had their heads together, in a corner, about the tin-peddler, who was telling stories of people he had met in his journeys, which brought out repeated bursts of laughter.

In the corner farthest from Eli, a delicate-looking man began to tell the butcher about Eli's wife.

"Twelve years ago this fall," he said, "I taught district-school in the parish where she lived. She was about fourteen then. Her father was a poor farmer, without any faculty. Her mother was dead, and she kept house. I stayed there one week, boarding 'round."

"Prob'ly didn't git not much of any fresh meat that week," suggested the butcher.

"She never said much, but it used to divert me to see her order around her big brothers, just as if she was their mother. She and I got to be great friends; but she was a queer piece. One day, at school, the girls in her row were communicating, and annoying me, while the third class was reciting in 'First Steps in Numbers,' and I was so incensed that I called Lizzie—that's her name—right out, and had her stand up for twenty minutes. She was a shy little thing, and set great store by perfect marks. I saw that she was troubled a good deal, to have all of them looking and laughing at her. But she stood there, with her hands folded behind her, and not a smile or a word."

"Look out for a sullen cow," said the butcher.

"I felt afraid I had been too hasty with her, and I was rather sorry I had been so decided—although, to be sure, she didn't pretend to deny that she had been communicating."

"Of course," said the butcher; "no use lyin' when you're caught in the act."

"Well, after school, she stayed at her desk, fixing her dinner-pail, and putting her books in a strap, and all that, till all the rest had gone, and then she came up to my desk, where I was correcting compositions."

"Now for music!" said the butcher.

"She had been crying a little. Well, she looked straight in my face, and said she, 'Mr. Pollard, I just wanted to say to you that I wasn't doing anything at all when you called me up'; and off she went. Now that's just like her—too proud to say a word before the school."

"Gentlemen," said the foreman, "please draw your chairs up, and let us take another ballot."

The count resulted as before. The foreman muttered something which had a Scriptural sound.

In a few moments he drew Mr. Eldridge and two others aside. "Gentlemen," he said, to them, "I shall quietly divide the jury into watches, under your charge; ten can sleep while one wakes to keep Mr. Smith discussing the question. I don't propose to have the night wasted."

And, by one man or another, Eli was kept awake.

Three o'clock came, and brought Mr. Eldridge. He found Eli worn out with excitement.

"Now, I don't judge you the way the others do," said Mr. Eldridge, in a low tone, with his hand on Eli's knee. "I know, as I told you just the way you feel. But we can't help such things. Suppose now, that I had kept dark, and allowed to the owners that that man was always sober, and I had heard, six months after, of thirty or forty men going to the bottom because the captain was a little off his base; and then to think of their wives and children at home. We have to do some hard things; but I say, do the square thing and let her slide."

"But I can't believe he's guilty," said Eli.

"But don't you allow," said Mr. Eldridge, "that eleven men are more sure to hit it right than one man?"

"Yes," said Eli, reluctantly, "as a general thing."

"Well, there's always got to be some give to a jury, just as in everything else, and you ought to lay right down on the rest of us. It isn't as if we were at all squirmish. Now, you know that if you hold out, he'll be tried again."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Got to be—no other way," said Mr. Eldridge. "Now, the next time there wont be anybody like you to stand out and the Judge'll know of this scrape and he'll just sock it to him."

"Well," said Eli; "I know I wish it was done with."

Mr. Eldridge stretched his arms and yawned. Then he began to walk up and down and hum, out of tune. Then he stopped at Captain Thomas' chair.

"Suppose we try a ballot," he said. "He seems to give a little."

In a moment the foreman rapped.

"It is time we were taking another ballot, gentlemen," he said.

The sleepers rose, grumbling, from uneasy dreams.

"I will write 'guilty' on twelve ballots," said the foreman, "and if any one desires to write it 'not,' of course he can."

When the hat came to Eli, he took one of the ballots and held it in his hand a moment; and then he laid it on the table. There was a general murmur. The picture which Mr. Eldridge had drawn loomed up before him. But with a hasty hand he wrote in "not," dropped in the ballot, and going back to his chair by the window sat down.

There was a cold wave of silence.

Then Eli suddenly walked up to the foreman and faced him.

"Now," he said, "we'll stop. The very next turn breaks ground. If you, or any other man that you set on, tries to talk to me when I don't want to hear, to worry me to death—look out!"

How the long hours wore on! How easy, sometimes, to resist an open pressure, and how hard, with the resistance gone, to fight, as one that beats the air! How the prospect of a whole hostile town loomed up in a mirage before Eli. And then the picture rose before him of a long, stately hark, now hulking, whose owner had asked him yesterday to be first mate. And if his wife were only well and he were only free from this night's trouble, how soon, upon the long, green waves, he could begin to redeem his little home!

And then came Mr. Eldridge, kind and friendly, to have another little chat.

Morning came, cold and drizzly. An officer knocked at the door and called out, "Breakfast." And, in a moment, unwashed and all uncombed, except the tin-peddler, who always carried a beard-comb in his pocket, they were marched across the street to the hotel.

There were a number of men on the piazza waiting to see them—jurymen, witnesses and the accused himself, for he was on bail. He had seen the procession the night before, and, like the others, had read its meaning.

"Eli knows I wouldn't do it," he had said to himself, "and he's going to hang out, sure."

The jury began to turn from the court house door. Everybody looked. A file of two men, another file, another, another! would there come three men and then one! No, Eli no longer walked alone.

Everybody looked at Wood; he turned sharply away.

But this time the order of march in fact showed nothing, one way or the other. It only meant that the Judge, who had happened to see the jury the night before returning from their supper, had sent for the high sheriff in some temper—for Judges are human—and had vigorously intimated that if that statesman did not look after his fool of a deputy, who let a jury parade secrets to the public view, he would——!

The jury were in their room again. At nine o'clock came a rap, and a summons from the court.

The presenting attorney was speaking with the Judge when they went in. In a moment he took his seat.

"John Wood!" called out the clerk, and the defendant arose. His attorney was not there.

"Mr. Foreman!" said the Judge, rising. The jury arose. The silence of the crowded court-room was intense.

"Before the clerk asks you for a verdict, gentlemen," said the Judge, "I have something of the first importance to say to you, which has but this moment come to my knowledge."

Eli changed color, and the whole court-room looked at him.

"There were some most singular rumors, after the case was given to you, gentlemen, to the effect that there had been in this cause a criminal abuse of justice. It is painful to suspect, and shocking to know, that courts and juries are liable ever to suffer by such unprincipled practices. After ten years upon the bench, I never witness a conviction of crime without pain; but that pain is light, compared with the distress of knowing of a willful perversion of justice. It is a relief to me to be able to say to you that such instances are, in my judgment, exceedingly rare, and—so keen is the awful searching power of truth—are almost invariably discovered."

The foreman touched his neighbor with his elbow. Eli folded his arms.

"As I said," continued the Judge, "there were most singular rumors. During the evening and the night, rumor, as is often the case, led to evidence and evidence has led to confession and to certainty. And the District Attorney now desires me to say to you that the chief officer of the bank—who held the second key to the safe—is now under arrest for a heavy defalcation, which a sham robbery was to conceal, and that you may find the prisoner at the bar—not guilty. I congratulate you, gentlemen, that you had not rendered an adverse verdict."

"Your Honor!" said Eli; and he cleared his throat; "I desire it to be known that, even as the case stood last night, this jury had not agreed to convict, and never would have!"

There was a hush, while a loud scratching pen indorsed the record of acquittal. Then Wood walked down to the jury-box and took Eli's hand.

"Just what I told my wife all through," he said. "I knew you'd hang out!"

Eli's jury was excused for the rest of the day, and by noon he was in his own village, relieved, too, of his most pressing burden: for George Cahoon had met him on the road, and told him that he was not going to the West, after all, for the present, and should not need his money. But, as he turned the head of the road and neared his house, he felt a rising fear that some disturbing rumor might have reached his wife about his action on the jury. And, to his distress and undzement, there she was, sitting in a chair at the door.

"Lizzie!" he said, "what does this mean? Are you crazy?"

"I'll tell you what it means," she said, as she stood up with a little smile and clasped her hands behind her. "This morning, it got around and came to me that you was standing out all alone for John Wood, and that the talk was that they'd be down on you, and drive you out of town, and that everybody pitied *me*—pitied *me!* And when I heard that, I thought I'd see! And my strength seemed to come all back, and I got right up, and dressed myself. And what's more, I'm going to get well now!"

And she did.—*Century Magazine.*

The Waste Lands of Louisiana

We do not wish to throw cold water on this (the Disston scheme for Florida) or any other scheme which aims to develop the material prosperity of the South. The enterprise is a worthy one. But we do insist that there is not half as much promise in it as in redeeming the overflowed lands of Louisiana. Here is an opportunity awaiting some company like Disston's that will prove a bonanza indeed. We are trying it on a small scale to-day—with the Louisiana Land Reclamation Company—with great success; but there is room for many more companies of this kind in their field, and for millions of dollars of capital. As compared with Florida, our overflowed lands, if redeemed, are much more valuable. These waste lands lie mainly in the sugar district of the States where good land is worth twenty-five dollars an acre. The average agricultural production per acre in Florida is only seven dollars, while here it is twenty-five dollars. The redeemed lands in this State would be near to market and in immediate vicinity to thickly settled neighborhoods, instead of as in Florida, several hundred miles from any civilized settlement. The State of Louisiana possesses 5,000,000 acres of swamp and overflowed lands, for which at present there is very little demand, the sales not averaging over a few thousand acres a year, although the price is low—from twelve and a-half to seventy-five cents. That much of this land is redeemable and valuable is shown by the fact that some 3,000,000 acres of it had been purchased by different persons, improved and are now under cultivation. What has been done by these persons, most of them with very little capital to back them, could certainly be done much more successfully by a large corporation with plenty of money.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

—Young Delmonico, of New York, thus speaks of his patrons: "Men always order better and more carefully than women. The Western people are about the same kind of feeders the Yankees are. The Southerners go for any dish that is fried, and become dyspeptic in haste. The people of the Middle States are the best diners. Englishmen get the best breakfasts."

Abject Condition of Hawaiian Laborers.

"Slavery," said an intelligent young machinist to a *Chronicle* reporter yesterday; "why, slavery is too good a name for the labor system in the Hawaiian Islands. I went to the islands two years ago and worked on the plantations," continued the machinist, "and from what I have seen I quite agree with the old negro who told me one night at Nualehu. 'I've worked in Louisiana in the worst days, and I never struck any slavery like what we have on this plantation.'" In the majority of places, according to the machinist's description, each laborer is given a room about six by eight feet to lodge in, and this apartment has to answer all the requirements of single or married life. In many cases the machinist saw a family of six white people living in one small room, with a shameless disregard for all the decencies of life.

At six o'clock the hands are escorted to the field to work. The overseer of each gang is on his mettle to detect any negligence or tardiness, knowing well that the value of his services is rated by the amount which he can deduct from the wages of the slaves. If an unhappy bondman is seen shirking his work he is deprived of the wages for that day. If he resent the imposition he is dragged before the native officer of the law, who is a hail fellow well met with the planter, and is fined. The system of fines is in fact the most advantageous to the flinty-hearted overseer, for by judiciously using the machinery of the law he can keep the bondman more securely in his power. The law prevents them from leaving the service of the planter while they are indebted to him, and the imposition of a few heavy fines prolongs their slavery for years.

The food given to the bondmen is not so bad in quality as disgusting in the manner in which it is cooked and served. The Chinamen and the South Sea Islanders do their own cooking. The white slaves depend on a Chinese cook, who is the servant of the plantation, and endeavors to express through his pots and pans the sinister disregard of the overseer and the planter. The machinist described the food furnished him and other artisans at various plantations as disgusting: "It doesn't take the poor fellows long to become demoralized, and then they are booked for good. The sale of liquors is forbidden on the islands, but the odd dollars the poor slaves get soon go in drink. That's how the Chinese grow rich by selling rice brandy. The drink and the slavery make them all one—negroes, Chinamen, South Sea Islanders, Kanakas and whites. If ever there was a hell on earth it's on some of these plantations I've seen."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

An Unfaithful Shepherd.

H. F. Galen's sheep herder deserts his camp and flock, leaving the sheep among the wolves of the mountains for two weeks without a shepherd, steals his employer's fine herd horse and sheep dog and runs away. The news of this infamous outrage reaches us to-day by Mr. Galen, who comes to the city to find a herder to take the place of the wretch, who has no doubt joined his band of horse thieves, which is said to extend from Utah to the Yellowstone and the Northwest Territory. The horse thief, who came in the guise of a sheep herder, is James Orton, and was hired this fall by Mr. Galen at Bozeman. He moved out to the range camp driving with him 1,500 sheep, well supplied with a good horse, tent, rations, dog, bedding, etc.

It appears from indications that Orton slept only one night at the camp, and next day stole off, taking a valuable herd horse and equipments and a valuable shepherd dog. The man had left the camp about two weeks, and it was not known until last Monday, when Mr. Galen had occasion to send out some supplies and it was discovered that the camp was abandoned and the sheep scattered all over the hills, surrounded by ravenous wolves. Mr. Galen went at once to the range and succeeded in gathering some eight or nine hundred of his flock and bringing them to his ranch—the Willow Springs. It is believed that there never was such a wanton desertion practiced in Montana before, and as it is the first instance of such betrayal the guilty miscreant should be punished by the first man that could halt him with "stop thief." Pass his name around and inspect carefully any man riding a fine bay horse and having with him a black and white shepherd dog with tan-colored eyebrows.—*Helena (Mon.) Herald.*

A Terrible Tarantula.

Oliver C. Waddell, who recently removed to this State from Texas, settling along Stone River, in Stone County, was bitten a few days ago by a tarantula. He was on a hunting expedition in the mountains, and had camped under a large pine tree. Some time during the night the insect crawled in between the blankets which enveloped him as he lay before the fire, and bit him twice, once on the finger and again on the arm near the elbow. He was awakened by a tingling sensation in that part of his body, and arousing himself discovered the cause, and succeeded in killing the tarantula. It was as large as the hand of an ordinary man. Waddell's hand and arm began to swell rapidly, and before he could get to the nearest house, some four or five miles away, the poison had spread apparently to all parts of his body. It was some time before he could obtain medical skill, and when the physician arrived Waddell was found to be beyond hope. He lingered some time, however, dying in the afternoon. The case is a singular one, from the fact that it proves that the tarantula is capable of inflicting a death wound.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A French newspaper informs its readers that a veterinary surgeon, residing at Charleville, has succeeded in amputating the gangrened leg of a cow, and replacing it by a wooden one. The cow, it is said, is now perfectly well and walks easily upon the artificial limb.

—Three little girls, at Gold Hill, Nev., were playing at doctor, nurse and patient, and it devolved on one to take the pills prescribed by the youthful doctor, which were pine nuts, shell and all. Her case is serious.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1881.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the Thirteenth Anniversary of the Philomathean Society of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., on Friday, Dec. 9th, 1881.

The Republican members of the House of Representatives held a caucus at Washington Saturday. General James W. Keifer, of Ohio, was nominated for Speaker on the sixteenth ballot. The other nominations were as follows: For clerk of the House, Edward McPherson of Pennsylvania: for sergeant-at arms, Colonel George W. Hooker, of Vermont; for doorkeeper, Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennessee; for postmaster, Captain Harry Sherwood, of Michigan; for chaplain Rev. Frederick D. Power, of Washington, pastor of the Christian church of which President Garfield was a member.

President Arthur's Message.

The first message of the new President is, in the main, a plain, matter-of-fact, business-like document, made up principally from the reports of his Cabinet officers, to most of whose recommendations as to future legislation he gives a warm support. Its most salient features are a renewed declaration of the right of the United States alone to guarantee the neutrality of the Panama canal free from European interference; announcement of the purposes for which special envoys have been sent to Chili and Peru; the formulation of the Treasury program; the statement of vigorous policies regarding the Indian and Mormon questions; an earnest endorsement of the propositions for increasing the numerical strength of the army, strengthening our sea-coast defences and creating a good navy; suggestions for national aid to education and internal improvements; an extended treatment of the civil service reform problem, and the pressing upon Congress of the necessity of legislation to determine how the electoral vote shall be ascertained and declared, and a definition of the clause of the Constitution which provides that, "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall develop upon the Vice-President.

There is a very forcible presentation of the Indian question and the wretched makeshifts which have been adopted in dealing with it. The President would decide it once for all by making the Indians subject to the laws of the states or territories within which their reservations are located, breaking up the tribal relation by alloting lands to them in severally, and passing liberal appropriations for education of the Indian youth. Concerning polygamy, he advocates the sternest measures in stamping it out among the Mormons, instances what amendments of the laws are requisite for this purpose, and assures Congress that it may rely upon his energetic co-operation. No passage of the message will be more pleasing to the country than this one.

But it is the President's handling of the matter of civil service reform that will enlist the largest degree of attention inside and outside of legislative halls. Recognizing the evils which stain the existing system of seeking and dispensing patronage, he is yet an antagonist of the English plan of making success in standing competitive examinations the sole test of eligibility to office, and he argues against it with the force of a practical business man. He desires that Congress shall aid him in carrying out reform; but his system would be a middle one, by which the general good qualities of the applicant would be his strongest recommendation for appointment.

Gen. James B. Steedman has purchased the Toledo (Ohio) *Sunday Democrat*, and comes out boldly for Mr. Tilden as the Democratic candidate in 1884. The General was formerly a strong anti-Tilden man, but on making a visit to New York, which included a call at Gramercy Park, he returned equally set in the other direction. His theory now is that the convention of 1880 made a grave mistake, which that of 1884 should rectify.

Opening Day in Congress.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The regular session of the Forty-seventh Congress began to-day, and both Houses were called to order at noon.

In the Senate, after the usual interchange of friendly greetings by the members, the president pro tem. (Senator Davis, of Ill.,) formerly convened the chamber and, after prayer by the chaplain, presented the credentials of Senator-elect William Windom, chosen to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation in the term ending March 3, 1883; said vacancy having been temporarily filled by the appointment of ex-Senator Edgerton.

Mr. Sherman submitted a resolution, which was laid over until to-morrow, for the appointment on the part of the Senate of six Senators to join such committee as may be appointed on part of the House to consider and report by what token of respect and affection it may be proper for the Congress of the United States to express the deep sensibility of the Nation on the event of the decease of the late President, James A. Garfield; and that so much of the President's message as relates to that melancholy event be referred to the said committee. At 2:35 the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

The assembling of the first regular session of the Forty-seventh Congress had the effect of drawing to the Capitol this morning a vast number of visitors.

The hum of conversation and the bursts of merry laughter continued until 12 o'clock, when it was promptly hushed as the Clerk of the House, Mr. Adams, called the body to order, and announced the opening of the session. He then proceeded to call the roll, beginning with the State of Alabama.

The roll call disclosed the presence of 285 Representatives-elect, and the list of absentees was called.

Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, called attention to the fact that the clerk had called the name of Farnum, as Representative from the third district of Vermont, instead of Grout.

The clerk stated that it was a mere clerical error, which he immediately rectified.

The roll call was then finished, and showed that 290 Representatives had answered to their names. The absentees being Morse, Scales, Mills and Duestet.

Nominations for Speaker being then in order, J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, was put in nomination by Mr. Robeson; Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, by Mr. House, and Nicholas Ford, of Missouri, by Mr. Murch.

Messrs. Burrows, (Mich.), Holman, McCook and Ladd were appointed tellers.

The roll was called, and the result was as follows. Whole number of votes cast, 285; necessary for a choice, 143.

For Mr. Keifer, 148; for Mr. Randall, 129; for Mr. Ford, 8.

Messrs. Fulkerson and Paul, the Virginia Readjusters, voted for Keifer.

The result having been announced, Mr. Keifer was escorted to the Speaker's chair by Messrs. Randall and Hiscock, and took the oath of office, which was administered by Mr. Kelley, (Pa.), as the oldest member of the House in point of service.

Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, nominated Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania; Mr. House, of Tennessee, George M. Adams, of Kentucky; and Mr. Murch, of Maine, Gilbert De La Matyr, of Indiana. Mr. McPherson was elected by a vote of 148, against 129 for Adams and 9 for De La Matyr. On the first roll call Messrs. Everett, Barr and Bingham, of Pennsylvania, did not vote, but on the second they voted for McPherson.

The remaining officers of the House, as nominated by the Republican caucus, were then elected, except Rev. F. D. Power for chaplain, on whom a separate vote was demanded.

On motion of Mr. Hiscock, it was resolved that a committee of three members be appointed to act with a similar committee on the part of the Senate, to wait upon the President and inform him that a quorum of both houses has assembled and is ready to receive any communication he may be pleased to make.

Messrs. Hiscock, Orth and Reagan were appointed as such committee.

Mr. Robeson then offered a resolution for the election of Fred. D. Powers, of Virginia, as chaplain.

Mr. House moved to substitute the name of W. P. Harrison, of Louisiana, and Mr. Murch, to substitute that of P. P. Ingalls, of Iowa.

Both substitutes were rejected, and the original resolution agreed to and Mr. Power sworn in.

The House, at 5:25, adjourned.

—Plenty of toys, candies, nuts, &c., for Krisskinkle at Cheap John's.

Is Change Needed?

The new Congress is about to meet. Already, among those who are engaged in commercial or industrial pursuits, there is not a little apprehension in regard to possible legislative action. This is in part because business men have learned to dread Congressional interference and threats of interference, and in part because there is not an assured majority in either House known to be in favor of maintaining the features of public policy which have secured for the country such marvellous growth and prosperity. Congress has become a nuisance, of late years, because every ill-informed and inexperienced member fancies that the millennium would come on the instant if he could only make the laws, because every demegogue has some fraction of the people, which he wants to please at the expense of the rest, and because the party in the majority in Congress has been eager to gather in votes from every quarter in order to overturn the Republican party. The country hopes for better things from the Republican members of the Congress. It would have little fear if the members of that party were in an assured and positive majority. Yet there are some Republicans who have seemed inclined to favor legislative reconstruction and revolution in many directions, as if, in their opinion, the country had only taken the first step toward wise government in sending them to Congress.

The Republican party has now been responsible for all the leading features of public policy during a period of twenty years. Within a week will come the twentieth anniversary of the regular meeting of the first Congress ever controlled in both branches by that party. Prior to 1861 there had been a Republican House, but it was thwarted by a Democratic Senate and President. Prior to December, in 1861, there had been a special session, but it was wholly occupied with the necessities arising from the civil war. Twenty years ago the party entered upon the task of framing a permanent policy for the government of the country, and its efforts have been so far approved that at no time during all the intervening period have the people consented to take the power wholly from the Republicans. When Mr. Johnson transferred the Executive power to the Democrats the Republicans had a strong majority in both House of Congress. When the Democrats succeeded, through force and fraud at the South, in capturing first the House and afterward the Senate, there were Republican Presidents to meet every reactionary measure with a veto. Now the main question for every new Republican member of Congress to consider is this: Has not the country prospered greatly, in consequence of government on the whole wise and able, during twenty years of Republican rule?

That the growth of the country in commerce, industry, wealth and individual well-being has been greater within the past twenty years than during any other period of forty years in its whole history, is a stubborn fact. Theorists who think everything is going to the bad because their ideas do not prevail, and partisans who spend their time in lamenting the faults of the party in power, must face that great fact. All candid historians recognize it, whether they approve or censure the policy which has prevailed. Statesmen, journalists and sensible business men in foreign countries publicly recognize the fact; even though their own beliefs may lead them to deny that the policy of the United States Government has caused the exceptional development of this country within the past twenty years, they do not pretend to deny that the progress and development have been exceptionally marvellous. In view of this great and indisputable fact, is it not the first duty of any American politician who proposes a change of policy to be sure that it will bring about positive and important beneficial results? If the country has been so covered in the past that wonderful prosperity has resulted, no man has a right to urge a change except for the clearest reasons, and with the greatest possible certainty that the consequences will be good.

It is proposed to change the public policy as to the tariff, the debt, the currency, the banks, and in many other respects. But the country has done wonderfully well with the tariff as it is. It has startled all the older nations by the progress of its industry, and attracted millions of laborers from other lands by the happiness and well-being of its workers. Is this a reason for sudden and violent change? The country has surprised even its best friends, at home and abroad, by its matchless success in dealing with a great debt. Is that a reason for urging new methods? The banking and currency system has been developed and improved until it is recognized as the best the world has yet seen, and by it the country has been greatly aided in growth and prosperity. Is that a reason for smashing the system that works so well, in order to adopt any new and untried plan?

The Republican party is proud of the magnificent results of its work thus far. It has made mistakes, of course. It is not wholly blind to its own faults. But it knows that, with all its feelings and errors, it has given the country for many years a wiser and better government than any other the world has yet seen here or anywhere else. When a change of policy is proposed, Republicans will take great care to satisfy themselves that it will result in substantial and sure improvement before they countenance a departure from the course which experience has so fully justified.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Breaking Up.

When a mass of ice that has bound up a stream in fetters begins to yield under the pressure of a freshet, there comes first a loud report, a great crack or fissure extending across the crust; then smaller fissures seem to dart toward it to meet it, and soon what was a short while before a solid cake, becomes a drift of broken and melting fragments swept along on the stream. "The Solid South," a crust of prejudice, a mass of crystalized and petrified conservatism and fogyism, that has for fifteen years fettered the flow of progress and prosperity in the South, appears to be breaking up in this way. The defeat of Bourbonism in Virginia was the first fissure in the crust of the Solid South. It rang out with a report like a piece of artillery. It showed that the strong currents that had been moving beneath this leaden and stolid repression were increasing to torrents, and that the tide of social and political prosperity could no longer be stayed by caste, prejudice, fossil traditions or wooden-headed conservatism. The Bourbons lament and wring their hands and say that Virginia is ruined. If this means that Bourbonism is ruined, they are not far wrong. But by and by it will be perceived that Virginia is far better off industrially, politically and socially than ever before. A new life is already evident there. But the liberation of Virginia is only the beginning of the break. In South Carolina the same forces are at work with increased power. The duel-fighting, reckless, tissue-paper ballot Bourbonism of South Carolina has brought that state to a most unhappy condition. The frauds by which the elections have been carried for the Bourbons of that state have been open and flagrant. They were justified, like duels, by public opinion. With haughty frankness the Palmetto statesmen admitted that to cheat the negros at the ballot-box was better and safer than to terrorize them or drive them from the polls by such events as took place at Hamburg and elsewhere. This cheating of the negroes was at first only winked at. The clean-handed cavaliers would not personally touch the defilement, though they accepted the results. The actual cheating was done by a lower set of sharpers. But these soon began to cheat on their own account, and are now pretty well in control of that state, and hold it with a grip that nothing short of a revolution will relax. But that revolution is coming. The next election in South Carolina will be a repetition of that in Virginia. The tissue ballot and the false count have had their day, and like the shot-gun and the kuklux mask, must be laid aside. The magnificent agricultural and industrial progress of Georgia, as shown in the Atlanta Exposition, is an evidence of the liberal spirit that must soon throw off Bourbonism. So also in Tennessee. In Maryland the recent state elections revealed a profound dissatisfaction with Democratic conservatism, especially when iron bound by ring rule. It was not, however, merely the disposition of the Democracy to split into factions that showed this. It was their readiness to combine with the Republicans to fight each other that was the most significant fact. Though the Democratic leaders fought this with desperate energy and with partial success, still their half victory was almost a defeat. Some of the strongest and most eloquent men in the Democratic party, especially in Howard county, were ready to unite with the Republicans to break the ring. The elections terrified the Maryland Bourbons. The Republicans carried many of their fortresses, and Republican strength is growing, while the Democrats are wrangling in petty factions and uniting their fortunes to this leader or that without a thought of principle or policy in their schemes. It is within the possibilities that Maryland may at the next election be added to the Republican column, and that an end may be made to Maryland Bourbonism.—*Baltimore American.*

—Hobby horses, sleds, drums, fifes, accordeons, music boxes, harmonicas, toys and fancy goods, and even jewsharps, at Cheap John's.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5, 1881.

A better feeling prevails in Washington at this time than has been known at the opening of any session of Congress for several years. It is manifested everywhere. The Republican party, which carried the country through the trials of civil war, and which is credited with all the achievements and all the advancement of the past twenty years, returns to full control of all branches of the Government, and there is renewed security for the present and brightening promise for the future. The Democratic party during its brief control of Congress accomplished nothing but the embarrassment of the public service—never rose in its policy above cutting down the salaries of a few poor clerks. Neither real economy nor public good of any sort was secured by the peeksniffian policy of Sam Randall and his followers. It simply stopped some of the wheels of Goverment for a time, and caused deficiencies which had to be voted at last. The Democratic party is too slow; the ideas of its leaders too narrow. They are not in accord with the age.

Washington can especially appreciate the difference between Republican and Democratic policy. Under Republican auspices the Capital was transformed from a mud-hole to a beautiful city, with clean, smooth streets and handsome buildings. Improvements sprang upon every hand, and enouraged by Government activity private citizens added their efforts until to-day the Nation has abundant reason to look with pride upon its Capital. The money expended by the Government in erecting buildings and improving its property was not extravagance on the part of a Nation rejoicing in such prosperity and growth as ours, and possessing more revenue than it needs. But while the Democrats controled Congress not a dollar was forthcoming for any such purpose. The Government business might be transacted in dingy, dirty old buildings, and its records and archives be kept between rickety, unsafe walls for all Sam Randall or any other modern Democrat cared, if they could only humbug the people with the idea that the public money was being saved. Not even an appropriation of a few thousand of dollars to reclaim the malarial marshes south of the White House could he extorted, though the health of our city rested upon it, and the marshes were a bye-word and a stench in the nostrils of the whole country.

Who is to be Public Printer seems to be a subject of only less interest here than was the question of the Speakership of the House or the leader on the floor. The matter concerns thousands in Washington. I have it second-hand from the President that the change will be made in Public Printer as soon as the new Cabinet is sent in on the organization of Congress. There is a very general feeling that it will be a good riddance to get Defrees out, although he pretends to say that he had assurance from President Garfield that, if he wished to stay, "no power could get him out." The old public functionary makes himself "numerous" about the hotels where the crowds are, and his tall, rather, bending "form" and white head" bob up serenely. His general "make up," though, is that of one on whom politics had "soured," and there has been a great deal of criticism of his conduct in the establishment. Sterling P. Rounds, that prince of good fellows, of the Chicago printers' warehouse, and the long-time publisher of that gem of the art preservative, "Round's Printers' Cabinet," and Capt. Oyster, a youthful soldier of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, are the live candidates for the place of Public Printer, with Mr. Turner a Michigan publisher, also in the field. Col. Dudley does not like to be interviewed about his change from the Pension to the Patent Office, but it is said to be down on the slate that Gen. Jesse H. Moore, of Illinois, is to return from South America to go to the Pension Bureau; and what Col. Dudley wants, whether he goes to preside over the Patent Office or not, is to follow in the footsteps of Porter, and graduate from Washington into the Gubernatorial chair of Indiana.

JUNIUS.

The picture of General Garfield for Queen Victoria is said to have been forwarded through the State Department on Monday. It is of cabinet size, and is described as bearing a striking resemblance to the late President, the eyes particularly being life like and expressive. The photograph was inclosed in an envelope bordered with mourning, addressed to Queen Victoria, and having the name of Mrs. Garfield writted on the lower corner. It was incased in a box lined with dark blue satin velvet, which was again incased in a mahogany box.

Republicans and Independents.

The coalition between the Independent Democrats and Republicans is still talked of, but the Republicans at their conference last Friday determined that they would agree to coalition if the terms made by the Independents are fair and equitable. They are willing to aid them if the O. L. D.'s are disposed to make a fair division of the offices. The Republicans, as heretofore stated, want the Treasurer, but they will not insist on that point if the Independents desire that official, but they maintain that the O. L. D.'s should not have all of the fruits of a fusion. On one thing Republicans are thoroughly agreed—that they will not coalesce merely for the sake of getting the Democrats to pass a registration and primary election bill. They contend that the Democratic party is pledged as solemnly as it possibly can be to the carrying out of these reforms, and it is not the province of the Republican party to make a bargain with any wing of the opposition to secure what they had pledged themselves to do. If the Democratic majority fails to pass these bills, the Republican party will not be injured by it. Within the last few days the Republicans have been rather apprehensive that there would not be a sufficient number of Democrats Independent and hold enough to defy the caucus, and that the ring, rather than suffer the defeat by such means, would delude the "Independents" by promises of office, and if that does not accomplish its object, by threats of reading the recalcitrant Democrats out of the party. There will be a strong pressure on the part of Gov. Hamilton's friends to protest against the holding of any caucus, and that the election of the officers of the two houses and the Treasurer be made in open session, without the interference of a secret conclave. They hope that their efforts will be successful, and it is in this way only that the Governor's friends have any chance of electing their candidate. Governor Hamilton has not named his man for treasurer, and the Hamiltonians, therefore are canvassing in the dark. They say, however, that any good man not identified with the ring will suit the Governor. He prefers a Western Maryland business man, on the ground, as he claims, that the business interest of the canal should be paramount to its political interests.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

Washington's Salvation.

A Washington (D. C.,) paper of Democratic tendencies, says: "When the Republican party came into power, twenty years ago, it found Washington an unsightly mudhole. The transformation subsequently wrought, which made Washington the handsomest and cleanest city in the world, and gave it something of the character that benefit the capital of the greatest and most enlightened of nations, was all the work of the Republican party. It was impossible for even Democratic parsimony and stupidity to undo what had been done. The tremendous boom in building, that marked the earlier part of the past season, was the direct result of the action of a Republican Congress last fall. A distinguished architect is our authority for the statement that, during the three weeks immediately following the announcement of the congressional result, last November, he had more proposals for plans than during any preceeding three years since 1874. This fact of itself is a sufficient commentary. Whatever may be said of the Republican party in other respects, it has always been the intelligent and liberal friend and patron of every honest interest in the District of Columbia, and as such the people of the District hail its return to power with unstinted enthusiasm.

A Garfield Tablet.

A memorial tablet commemorative of the death of President Garfield has just been completed by a Philadelphia firm. The tablet is a gift of the Pennsylvania railroad company, and will be placed in the passenger station at Washington of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad company. It is in commemoration of the tragedy of July last. The exact spot where President Garfield fell has been marked by a large gilt star set in the floor, and directly opposite this point the tablet will be erected. On either side of the tablet appear the emblems of the strength of the Union, surmounted in the centre by the eagle with outstretched wings, its talons grasping the national flag, which falls in graceful folds. The inscription reads: "James Arbam Garfield, President of the United States, July 2, 1881." The tablet is about four feet in width, by two feet in height, carved in fine white marble. The tablet was shipped to Washington last week, and will be placed in position before the coming congressional session.

—If you want toys and fancy goods, go to Cheap John's. He has plenty.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Cheap John's if you want to see toys and fancy goods.

—Mr. A. A. Perry, of the Baltimore Custom House is at home. He is slightly indisposed.

—Notice Peddicord & Comb's column. A large amount of real estate is offered for sale.

—If U want to be surprised just go and C Cheap John's stock for holidays.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker, of Oakland, is agent for the Revised New Testament and the Life of Garfield. Parties desiring either of these books should call on her.

—The Singer agent has gained some false information in regard to the Weed, from his assertions of last week, but I consider the source, and do not propose to engage in a controversy through the papers.

L. L. LOAR.

—We are under obligations to Mr. John W. Browning, formerly of this county, but now of Unionville, Mo., who is visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood, for a large piece of venison, which he had the kindness to send to a famishing editor. Although the killing of deer is very common in this county, this is the first time the editor of THE REPUBLICAN was ever remembered by a fortunate hunter, and we can only account for this remembrance from the fact that Mr. Browning has been out of the county long enough to absorb liberal ideas and feelings.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 6.45 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys!

for girls, and for boys. Where? Why, at Cheap John's, and don't you forget it.

Donation Party.

A large donation party, made up of parishioners and friends of Rev. S. E. Jones and family, visited the M. E. Parsonage at Oakland Monday evening last, very unexpectedly to the good pastor and his wife, laden with substantials and luxuries for their comfort. A formal presentation was made by Rev. J. M. Davis in a few well chosen remarks, and was accepted by Mr. Jones in a brief but feeling manner. After spending an hour in social converse the party retired, feeling more than repaid for their small sacrifices.

Death of a Prominent Citizen.

Died, Nov. 27th, 1881, near Speelman's Mill, two and a-half miles below Selbysport, Mr. Isaac Frazee, age 79 years, 8 months 24 days. My acquaintance with brother Frazee was limited, but I learn from those who knew him, that he was a good neighbor, a first class citizen and exemplified a good christian character. It was clearly seen how highly he was respected by the large concourse of people that came to the funeral and followed all that was earthly of Father Frazee, to its last resting place, there to wait the summons from on high. Brother Frazee, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for fourty years, and during the greater part of that time he was a member of quarterly conference. He is no more; the weary wheels of life stood still; he is released from the toils and ills of life, and enjoys the rest that remains for the people of God. While he left to his children some of this world's goods, he left them a legacy that is worth more to them than the riches of earth, a well exemplified christian character. They appreciated his religious example, and followed Christ. They felt sad at parting with a kind father, but knowing he had lived the allotted time for man to live, they realized that to die was gain for him. While they have lost a loving father he has gained his long sought rest. The funeral services conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. S. E. Simmons, of the M. E. Church South.

A. M. BOWLIN.

Sad Occurrence.

Saturday last, Nov. 26th, Messrs. Milton Meese and Aden S. Keefer went out hunting wild turkeys. About the same time Mr. Aaron Wilhelm and his son, Norman, residing about a mile away—all in Garrett county—also went out. Neither party knew the other was abroad. The Messrs. Wilhelm separated after a time, the younger killing a turkey and scattering a flock. After resting awhile with some men at one of the lumber camps near by, he concluded that the turkeys had probably come down from the trees, and started out again. He gave a call which was answered. Stationing himself behind a large tree with his gun thrust forward, he soon heard a rustle in the bushes a short distance away. Peering from behind the tree he saw, as he supposed, the dark breast of the anticipated turkey; took instant aim and fired. The next moment he heard a man halloo. He ran to the spot and found to his horror young Keefer dying. The ball had entered the left breast just above the collar-bone and, ranging downward, passed through his lungs to the spinal region. He lived but a few moments. Meese was by Keefer's side when the fatal shot was fired. There appears to be no doubt that the death of Keefer was accidental; he and Wilhelm were reared together and were friends. Keefer was in his 17th year. Wilhelm is greatly distressed over the sad affair. The call and the answer led each to think the other was a turkey, and under the circumstances Wilhelm's life was probably as greatly imperiled as Keefer's.—*Frostburg Journal.*

Allegany Items.

Dr. Alexander Thomson, a physician of Mt. Savage, and one of the most prominent citizens, of Allegany county, died Friday of last week. He leaves a wife and five children.

In a locality called "Cash Valley," a few miles north of Cumberland, the entire family of a farmer named Henry O. Becker, consisting of himself, his wife and seven children, are ill with diphtheria. One of the children has died, and the death of another is expected. Diphtheria is very prevalent in the locality named, there being a dozen cases besides those mentioned above.

W. O. Hoffman has been elected captain of company A, 2d battalion M. N. G., to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Col. Johnson to the majorship of the battalion. Capt. Hoffman was first lieutenant of the company.

Mr. Percival Rowland died Sunday evening at the residence of his uncle, Col Horace Resley, of Cumberland, from the effects of secondary hemorrhage, following an operation for aneurism.

A motion for a new trial in the case of Mrs. Ann Newcomer vs. Anthony Kean, of Cumberland, was argued in the Carroll county court last week. The court has rendered its decision, refusing the new trial, provided the plaintiffs will compromise on $2,000. If not a new trial will be ordered. The amount given by the jury was 3.500. It is not known yet whether the plaintiffs will accept the compromise.

The case of Lewis Pencock, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co., was concluded at Hagerstown Tuesday by a verdict of $9,600 for the plaintiff. The amount of damages claimed was $20,000. The facts in the case are that after dark one day last fall Pencock, while crossing from the store at Rawling's Station used as a ticket office by the railroad company, to board the eastbound accommodation train, which was standing at a platform opposite, fell through a cattle stop, injuring his leg, and, as he claims, sustaining other injuries from which he has never fully recovered.

Tuesday as Mr. George Eyerman, an employee at P. Helm & Co.'s planing establishment, at Cumberland, was working a planing machine his left hand was caught and the fingers were terribly crushed. Amputation of the first, second and third fingers was necessary.

Mr. Washington Loar, brother of commissioner Nathan Loar, met with an accident Tuesday morning which may terminate fatally. Mr. Loar is blacksmith for the New Central company's Midlothian and Johnson mines, and Tuesday morning he was caught between the bumpers of two coal cars at the latter mine and was badly, and it is feared fatally, crushed. He is about 45 years old and has a family, some of whom are grown.

Although it is a good while off, we already hear some talk about our municipal election next spring, when we choose a mayor, city clerk and five councilmen-at-large. The Republicans will have to elect four of the latter in order to control the new council, as only two of the holding-over councilmen are Republicans.

Next fall we will have a Congressman, a chief judge and an associate judge to elect, the two latter in the places now held respectively by Judges Alvey and Motter. In the event of the resignation of Associate Judge Pearre, an event publicly spoken of as not unlikely to occur in the near future, his successor will not be elected next fall, but at the "general election" following a year later, and the governor would make an appointment to serve *ad interim*.

As to Congressman, we believe Mr. Urner can he his own successor if he desire, but if he should prefer to go on the bench there will be a plentiful supply of candidates to choose from.

The chief judge of the district may come from any of the counties, but both of the associates cannot come from any one county. For the former place on the Republican side we hear mentioned Hon. H. W. Hoffman, of Allegany, and Hon. Francis M. Darby, of Washington. For Judge Motter's place Allegany will not be eligible with Judge Pearre on the bench. Mr. L. E. McComas, of Washington county and Mr. T. J. Peddicord, of Garrett, are spoken of for that place, and in the event of both associate places being filled (sooner or later) Hons. H. W. Hoffman and W. J. Read, of this county, will be in the field.

If the governor should have an *ad interim* appointment to make Ferdinand Williams would loom up.

On the Democratic ticket it looks as if Judges Alvey and Motter will both be nominated for re-election. When it comes to Allegany to set up a candidate there will he a pretty strong list to choose from, viz: J. H. Gordon, Ferninand Williams, Jas. M. Schley. (who ought to have been nominated ten years ago in place of his brother,) R. T. Semmes, J. J. McHenry, and possibly others. Col. Veitch, of Garrett, will also come up for consideration about the same time.

Take it altogether, there is going to be a very large crop of politics harvested next year in this locality, particularly when we reflect that we do not elect any local officers.—*Cumberland News.*

Some of the Blessings of a Drought.

Amid the loud and constant complaints of our present protracted drought, no one has yet found time or heart to speak a word of contentment or of gratitude. Let me ask my brother farmers to look on both sides of this absorbing question and see if they cannot find some cause of congratulation in what they, "with the rest of mankind," regard as an unmitigated calamity.

The first cause of congratulation is the general health that the drought produces. We are freed, almost entirely, from the frightful curse of the ague, and other malarial diseases that follow upon a wet season and that owe their birth and life to the decomposition of an immense vegetable growth.

2. A protracted spell of dry weather will add greatly to the destruction of seeds of many noxious weeds, and thus leave the places that they occupy for the future growth of food plants.

3. Our lands, like our bodies, require rest, and a drought is a rest to our soil. If seasons of perpetual fertility should occur, one of two things would happen: Either our fields would grow up in weeds that would require, in each successive year, additional labor to eradicate, or our farms would be rendered totally unfit in a short time for the cultivation of our three great cereals corn, wheat and oats—which crops cultivated successively on the same soil (with a total disregard of chemical affinities) would necessitate the introduction of new found plants, or the constant application of costly artificial manures.

4. There is imprisoned beneath our soils an exhaustless fund of manures in the shape of gases that can only be reached by heat. These natural reservoirs of fertility are kept down by the pressure of moisture and by shade. They exist in beds of humus (vegetable mold) or in a virgin soil too deep to be reached by the plow. That they exist is known to every observant farmer, from the simple fact that soils taken from a considerable depth below the surface, as from the excavation of a well, will produce for the first year or two a very luxurant growth. This evolution of latent force, reached only and generally diffused by heat, makes itself beneficially apparent in the next years crop; for old farmers will remember, with me, the drought of 1854 and the great product of 1855, and also other successive season of drought and abundance.

5. A drought forces us to agricultural economies. As a class our farmers are proverbially wasteful. To a stranger it would seem that feeding corn to hogs and hay and fodder to cattle on the muddy ground is regarded by so many of us as the perfection of husbandry, and that the burning of our straw piles is imperatively demanded by the necessary use for the next year of the ground thus occupied. It seems almost useless to denounce a practice that is so continuously and so dangerously followed by men who aspire to the reputation among their neighbors of good farmers. If this drought shall teach us to make shelter for our cattle and subsequent manure from the straw (if any remains unburned), or to lay planks or rails or poles on the ground where our hogs are fed on corn (if any of us shall have any corn), then this much culminated season will not have been in vain. During the last severe winter I fed and kept fat all my horses and cattle on wheat and rye straw, saved in my barn and cut up by a straw cutter, mixed with bran and occasionally sprinkled with salt water. I have found good, clean, wheat straw, thus saved and used as food for cattle, as good as over-ripe hay.

I will not bore your readers any further, but will say to my brethern of the plow that, if they will look at this thing right, they will come to regard this drought as a blessing in disguise.—*An Old Farmer, in St. Louis Republican.*

The signs multiply that at some time during the approaching session of Congress the Democrats will "have it out" on the question of Free Trade. Not that the differences in the party on this subject which have always existed have grown any wider of late, or that there is anything in the financial situation, the commercial condition of the country or the state of trade to press the issue upon public attention any more at the present than any other time. But the truth is the genuine Free Traders in the party have set their teeth and clenched their fists, and determined to have the questioned settled, if possible, once for all, whether the Democratic is a Free Trade party, a Protection party, or a party that is sometimes one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both, as occasion seems to demand. There has never been a time in the history of tariff discussion in the country when the Democratic party has not played a two-faced game upon this question. It is nominally a Free Trade party, and always has been. It has always recognized that dogma as one of its fundamental doctrines, and in its platforms has usually been outspoken in its advocacy. But there has never been a time when its utterances have not been plausibly explained in Pennsylvania and the manufacturing States as being practically in favor of Protection; nor ever a time when of its representatives in Congress were not advocating and supporting Protective measures of one sort and another. The party has done more stalwart and able-bodied lying on that subject than on any other, and that is saying a great deal.

David Davis was on Saturday called by the defence in the Guiteau trial as a "political expert," to give the jury, under oath, a statement of the condition of the two political parties. Mr. Davis' testimony did not prove of much value to Guiteau, but Mr. Scoville is to be thanked for giving the President of the Senate an opportunity to again announce the creed of the third party, but under circumstances more solemn than those which attended his former utterance on the same subject. From his testimony it is learned that Mr. Davis is still on the fence, and that he proposes to stick to it—at least, until the Republican party is destroyed, which, he assures us, cannot be accomplished until the Democratic party is carried to its grave. In his opinion there is absolutely only one way to break up the Republican party, and that is for the Democratic party to first give up the ghost. He takes no stock in the idea that internal dissensions will disrupt the Republican party. Judge Davis has so often acted with the Democrats when on the floor of the Senate, and has so often been considered one of the supporters of their policy, that they will scarcely relish his sworn statement. It is evident that he has either given up his ambition to become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, or that he does not think it worth having. In spite of his clinging to the fence so persistently, it may not be so long before he will come to the conclusion that it will be best for him to become a member of the "extraordinary organization," as he called the Republican party on the witness stand on Saturday.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, in a letter dated Miridian, Miss., gives an entirely new version of the election riot at Marion, in which, according to the first reports, Joe Barnett, Jeff Segars and Alexander Segars, all whites, were killed by an armed band of negroes, the whites being without arms. According to the correspondent, Barnett was drunk, and was the cause of the disturbance, by abusing the negroes. They stood it until he had twice struck one of their number, when they threatened to hit him with a brick. At the approach of a number of the whites the negroes ran, and they were fired upon by their pursuers. It was only then the negroes returned the fire, which brought down those of their assailants. The sheriff, with a mob, went to the house occupied by the Vance family. Though the original report said this house was filled with one hundred armed negroes it contained only Edward Vance, his two sons, and a white neighbor, who was a Democrat. The mob fired upon the house, and while attempting to escape from the rear, John was killed and another mortally wounded. Will Vance received a flesh wound. Will Vance promised to surrender if the sheriff drove away the mob, and having done so, he was sent to jail, where he still remains. Edward Vance made his escape, and will not dare to return, as he knows that he will be shot dead if caught. The sole offence of this family is that they are Republicans, like Judge Chisholm's. They are poor, and it is difficult to see how the son under arrest is to defend himself.

In the Guiteau trial Tuesday Mr. Scoville called to the witness' stand several of the experts for the defence. The first witness was Dr. J. G. Kiernan, editor of the Chicago *Medical Record*, who testified that he believed Guiteau's father to have been a crank, and that Guiteau himself was insane and irresponsible. The other medical experts merely answered in the affirmative a hypothetical question based upon the supposition that the defense had proven its theory of the case. In fact, one of the experts refuse to go as far as this. A Washington newspaper man testified that during the campaign Guiteau was regarded as a fool. This excited the assassin's ire, and he said that he wanted no more fool experts. He would rather be hung as a sensible man than acquitted as a fool. Mr. Scoville announced that he expected to call President Arthur to the stand to testify regarding the state of feeling between the factions of the Republican party at the time of the shooting.

There is only one sure test of the reality of man's religion, one certain way of finding out whether it is spurious or genuine; and that is the conduct of the man in daily life. By observing that, you can tell whether he is doing merely lip service or is guided by religious principle. His talk in the prayer meeting does not indicate his true character. When he says he is near to God, he may be tightly in the embrace of the devil. Guiteau represents (in an exaggerated way, it is true) a large class of religion frauds, cranks and hypocrites.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

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—AT—
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PRINTERS The Progressive Printer is a new book, full of information, by an old Printer. It is beautifully illustrated and gives **BOOK.** samples of fine Job Printing. The colored plate is a fine feature, and worth the price of the book. Send for it at once. S. Whybrew, Pub. Rochester, N. Y. 75c.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. W. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
And others.

11 26 3

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park, and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Bell, W. M. Rhudebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal y early payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoinining lands of Bowle Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 284, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

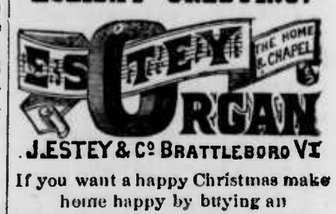

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12 3 '81 R. G. RICHARDSON, Manager.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned Collector of State and county taxes, for the 1st Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at public auction

On the 13th day of December, 1881,

at two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, all those lots pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, and known and described as

Military Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Also 25 Mine cars and one lot of Carpenter and Blacksmith tools.

Said land and personal property being assessed on the Books of Garrett county, in the name of William A. Brydon and wife.

The property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all costs incurred in making the said sale.

Terms—Cash on day of sale.

J. Z. BROWNING,
Collector.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 23d day of November, A. D., 1881, that the sale made by Joseph Smearman and Geo. W. Lohr, Executors, of John Smearmond, deceased, and reported by Joseph J. Smearman one of the Executors, of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, on or before the said 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sale to be twelve hundred dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WILLIAM HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
11 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

ESTRAYS.

Strayed from the undersigned at Deer Park, two steer calves, part alderney, one black, and one black and white. Last seen in Oakland, three weeks ago. Any information that will lead to their recovery, if left at this office or with the subscriber, will be liberally rewarded.

E. DROEGE.

The Awkward Predicament of a Woman Who Fainted in a Church.

Some women never can faint in the proper manner nor at the right time. And if a woman cannot bring about this happy combination of time and manner and swoon, she had better get along without swooning. Now, about two weeks ago, one Sabbath evening at Bradford, Pa., the best-behaved and most thoroughly moral town in the oil country, a city not given to fainting or other unseemly displays during religious services, the Methodist Episcopal conference was in session and its ministers were conducting service. Just after the ordination of deacons a woman in the gallery fainted. Now, while the ordination of deacons is a most holy, solemn and deeply impressive ceremony, it is not widely thrilling and exciting, like the initiation scenes in the Sons of Malta, and it is nothing to faint over. But this woman fainted, and a beautiful faint she made of it. It seems that she was sitting in the front seat in the gallery, and slid straight forward on to the floor, thrusting her unconscious! —— feet right through the gallery rail. They must have been a startling pair of feet to view, for the moment they were observed by the congregation the panic-stricken worshippers raised the cry that the gallery was giving way, evidently mistaking the swaying feet for displaced columns or bracket braces. In the most worldly manner the congregation made a rush for the doors, and in the panic the saints trod the sinners under foot, and the sinners walked along on the backs of the saints, according to the respective size of saint and sinner, all being animated by the desire to get out from under the threatening shadow of those overhanging feet. In the midst of the confusion and terror, one of those unconfined lunatics whose mission is to say and do the most idiotic things under the guise of sanity, sprung through a window and shouted fire, and unfortunately escaped alive. That brought the fire department and a miscellaneous crowd of a few thousand men and boys swarming around the church, and although Chaplain McCabe began singing a hymn at the top of his rather penetrating voice the panic could not be stayed and the people got out, but there wasn't a fall bonnet in the congregation fit to look at.

And how badly this woman must have felt when she realized how great a ruin she had wrought by fainting in that ridiculous manner, sticking through the gallery rail like a saw-buck hanging on a picket fence. And how the women with ruined hats will glare at her, especially those women who can't afford to buy new ones. A woman who is given to fainting ought always to pick out a suitable place before she lets go; and no woman whose feet are sufficiently startling in their development to throw a congregation of worshippers into a panic has any right to faint at all. —*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

What Lieut. Schwatka, the Arctic Explorer, Thinks of the Lost Jeannette.

Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic explorer and commander of the successful Franklin search expedition, is at the Palace Hotel. He was asked last night by a *Chronicle* reporter what he thought in regard to the fate of the Jeannette party. He replied: "It is, of course, merely a conjecture with me. While I must confess that the failure this year to hear anything of them makes their safety and return very much more dubious. I do not give them up by any means. I think that the Jeannette pushed on during the first season as far north as possible, and probably reached the Perry Archipelago, lying northwest of the American continent. I presume she went somewhere about Prince Patrick's Island, on the northeastern part of the group. Both McClure and Perry reached that neighborhood, and as she had a favorable season and was reaching for the Pole, I have no doubt she pushed that far north. She may have pushed on to the Pole or through Baffin's Bay, and ultimately come out on the Atlantic side. At any rate it is certain she will not be heard of this year, for all avenues are closed there now. It is not improbable that she is fast in the ice somewhere about the Perry Islands and may get out. If she does not, I don't think we shall ever see any of her people again, because if crushed in the ice they could hardly reach the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which would be their best channel of escape, and if they had abandoned the vessel fast in the ice without her being crushed they would long ago have reached the Mackenzie, or the natives near it, and have been heard of. I think that after searching Wrangel Land and finding it worthless, they pushed on towards Prince Patrick's, and it is not unlikely that the vessel is now fast in the ice somewhere there. In that event they would probably stay with the vessel in hopes of getting her out while the provisions lasted, because the chance of escape in the vessel while she remained sound would be much better than by such a sledge journey as would be necessary. It does not follow that she must have got out in such a case during such an open season as this if she ever could. What might seem to us an open season might have been one unfavorable for the extrication of the vessel, because the winds may have been adverse and driven the ice, as the warm season broke it up, in a pack upon the vessel, thus adding to her fetters. I don't think the Rodgers from her present position, has any chance of finding the Jeannette next season. It is hard from here to criticise justly an officer in the Arctic, but it seems to me that the Rodger's only chance of success in her search was lost when she failed to take advantage of the open sea and push on north from Wrangel. It is not likely that two such open seasons will occur in succession."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Dumas' Rusty Knife.

A curious story is told of the good luck which is supposed to follow Alexandre Dumas *fils* through all his enterprises in life. This luck has long been attributed by his family and friends to the possession of a rusty knife blade, which a fisherman of Marseilles drew up in his net at the foot of the Chateau d'If, and which the good fellow sent to Dumas *pere*, with the full conviction that it must have been the knife with which young Edmond Dantes (the Comte de Monte Christo) had ripped open the sack in which he had been sewn by the jailer as the corpse of Abbe Faria. Old Alexandre, after laughing heartily at the incident, sent a handsome present to the fisherman and flung the knife into the drawer of his bureau, where it remained until his death, when it came into the possession of his son. Young Alexandre was led by its quaint shape to look upon it as something strange and weird, and had it set in a silver handle and placed in a sheath to carry in his pocket. Ever since he thus appropriated it, he feels that he is doomed to good fortune. His pieces all succeed. His speculations never fail. The superstition has taken such root, that he is frequently called upon to help in the recovery of lost articles and the restoration of lost affections. A curious example of this credulity was exhibited the other day at Deanville, where a Polish Princess of great influence in the world of fashion had dropped on the sand a bracelet of great value, containing a portrait of the late Empress of Russia set in diamonds. The tide had washed up twice since the accident and all efforts to recover the jewel had been in vain. The Princess, who, like most of her countrywomen, has the greatest faith in talismans, immediately wrote to Alexandre, with the conviction that, aided by the rusty knife, he could find the bracelet. Of course the appeal excited great merriment among his friends, but his chivalrous gallantry induced him to answer the appeal, and he started for Deanville at once. On his arrival he immediately rushed to the *plage*, and after having saluted the fair Princess and expressed his conviction that no power could restore a heavy gold bracelet washed out to sea by the tide, he strolled down the sands out of sight to have a dip before dinner. No sooner had he plunged his foot into the water then he drew it back with an exclamation of pain. He had trodden on something hard and sharp, which had caused a deep wound in the sole of his foot, making the blood flow. He stooped to ascertain the cause, and to his utter amazement drew forth the golden bracelet, which had become wedged between two stones, and thus prevented from drifting out to sea. The delight of the Princess may be easily conceived, and her faith in the rusty knife blade has increased from faith almost to worship.

Women at Auctions.

To those who dote on the exciting episodes of auctions and the crowning satisfaction of wonderful bargains Washington is a perfect paradise. The clack of that fiend's tongue—who is always going! going!—only ceases far into the night in order to gain renewed vigor to begin again early the next morning. Great ladies alight from their carriages at the doors of distinguished people when they are to be auctions therein. Second-hand dealers and boarding-house keepers, natural enemies from a conflict of ages, push in wherever the red flag proclaims a sale, scowling at each other as they knead the heds and toss up the pillows to find the best to bid on. Ten determined women will sit around a kitchen stove for hours, waiting for Mr. Going to reach that article, and they will bid against each other with the ferocity of wolves struggling for a bone. The triumphant possessor, after paying almost the price of a new stove, finds when reaching home that her purchase has a broken back—is afflicted with asthma and chronic dyspepsia, being unable to digest coal. There are auctions all day long—on street corners—crowded with white people, and at night there are special auctions for colored folk. Going! going! pierces the ear the length of Seventh Street when the evenings begin to spread out.

There was an auction last week at the British Legation. The English Government is the only one that owns a house here and furnishes it for the use of its representatives. The object of the sale seems to have been to rid the house of a quantity of old, worn out and discarded articles. Had they belonged to an ordinary mortal they would scarcely have found purchasers, but as it proved they all brought fair prices. The china and glass wrought with the Thornton crest was run up to a high figure. Two hanged-out pianos brought respectively $240 and $350. Several engravings from Landseer's works were sold above valuation. A quantity of cooking utensils were run up to high prices, but long and loud were the lamentations of the purchasers when they saw the dilapidated condition of the ware. The collection was a lot of worthless pots and pans worn out in the service of the English Ambassador.—*Washington Letter.*

Advancing Education.

Answers written by the Metropolitan School Board. Pupils to questions put by a Government Inspector. Where is Turin? Turcen is the Cappitol of Chiner; the people there live in birds nest and has long tales. What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?—He was the father of Lot and ad tew wives. Wun was called Hismale and t'other Haygur. He kep' wun at home and he hurried t'other into the dessert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite. Who was Moses? He was an Egypsian. He lived in a hark made of bulrushers and he kept a golden carf and wershipt braizen snakes and he het nothin' hut kwaies and manner for forty years. He was kort by the air of his 'ed while ridin under a how of a tree, and he was kill'd by his son absion as he was hangin' from the bow. His end was pease. Verbal answers—What is a miracle? Don't know. If you saw the sun shining overhead at midnight, what would you call it? The moon. But if I were to tell you it was the sun. I should say it were a lie. But suppose I declared to you that it was the sun? I should say you were werry drunk.—*English Paper.*

—The old appellation Dead Letter Office has been changed to Returned Letter Office in London, owing to the fact that a multitude of people misunderstood its significance. The controller was besieged with demands for information about missing people and letters addressed to dead ones.

The Schoolmaster.

The curiosity that I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. He beats all.

The schoolmaster it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.

The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped that the corporal will soon be remanded to private life.

The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole, an astutor man is seldom found.

The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.

Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of boys, he has his own ruler. If he be no stick himself, his ruler always is.

The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.

The schoolmaster can he found in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be in his classify could.

The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.

He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching.

He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.

The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He would he all at sea without his monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place.

O shun misbehaving children, or the see of the monitor shall overwhelm you.

The schoolmaster teaches the A B C, but he cannot make a bee see.

Every sort of ology is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else.

In a school of young rascals the schoolmaster is always the principal.

Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law of love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up.

The schoolmaster loves to have callers at his school; but habit has so possessed him, that he not only collars his scholars, hut also scholars his callers.

I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school daze will never return.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Poetical Proclamation.

Governor Long, of Massachusetts, issued the following somewhat unique Thanksgiving proclamation:

WHEREAS, It is a common and ancient custom to set apart after the harvest a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, now, therefore, I, John D. Long, Governor, hy and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint therefor Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November next.

"Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks! Thou visitest the earth and waterest it. Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"O painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design.
Whereby these humble hands of ours
May share the work of Thine!

"Apart from Thee we plant in vain
The root, and sow the seed;
Thy early and Thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

'Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of Earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

"And still with reverent hand we cull
The gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful—
The beautiful is good!"

The Biter Bitten.

Getting up a "corner" in pork, wheat or corn is not a modern device. Years ago, when the thriving city of Milwaukee was but a territorial town, with only one thousand five hundred inhabitants, a speculator thought that he could make a large amount of money if he should buy and thus control all the salt there was in town. So he bought every barrel he could find and stored it. Having, as he thought, a corner, he put the price up to ten dollars per barrel. Unfortunately for the speculator's profits, another citizen heard of the speculator's purpose, and saw therein a chance to make an honest penny. He despatched a schooner to Chicago for a load of salt. The winds were propitious, and the schooner with her load was soon at the good citizen's dock.

One morning a farmer came into town for a barrel of salt. Going to the speculator's he was asked ten dollars a barrel. "Salt has riz," was the only reply vouchsafed to the farmer's protest. He, however, would not pay that price, and soon discovered that there was a schooner-load of salt for sale at the dock at twenty shillings a barrel. Having purchased a barrel he returned to the speculator and telling him of his purchase, denounced him as a swindler.

"You must have stolen the salt," said the speculator, "for there ain't any salt in Milwaukee except what I have."

"O, there ain't! O no! Let me tell you there's a schooner load of it at Swett's dock."

"Then I'm ruined!" exclaimed the speculator, as he rushed out to verify the statement—and he deserved to be.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Some cocoons raised at the Swiss colony in Grundy County, Tennessee, are finely developed and of superior quality. Silk culture is beginning to receive considerable attention at the colony, and is becoming a very important and successful industry.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Father Hyacinthe has decided to postpone his visit to America until next February.

—In England the Congregationalists are endeavoring to make $750 the minimum salary of a minister.

—Miss Louise S. Baker, a college-bred woman, preaches for the Congregational Church in Nantucket, Mass. She does not administer the communion.

—There is a congregation of colored Catholics in Marion County, Kentucky, with 179 communicants. Recently a jubilee mission was held for them, at which all but five are said to have attended.

—Findlay, Ohio, has been conditionally selected as the site of the college to be organized under the control of the general eldership of the Church of God in North America—better known as the Winebrennarian.

—The ministers of the California town of Los Angeles have signed an agreement that they will in no case perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons, "except the divorce he obtained on Scriptural grounds, and then for the innocent party only."

—A Methodist camp ground is to be purchased, consisting of 900 acres of land, on the top of the Allegheny Mountains, midway between Deer Park and Oakland, Maryland. It is to be a National camp-ground, similar to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park and Chautauqua. The ground is 3,000 feet above tide.

—The way to keep a Sunday-school teachers' meeting alive is to make it a live meeting. Begin promptly, whether few or many teachers are present. Close promptly, however interesting the lesson. Keep within an hour. Begin with prayer. Break in the middle with a prayer or a hymn occasionally. Study the lesson spiritually, not technically or professionally. Remember what the Bible is profitable for: Doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness and use it accordingly. Give your teachers the ear, throw away the husk, and they will come again. So says one Sabbath-school Superintendent, an old subscriber of the *Christian Union*. He has tried it and speaks out of three years of experience.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An election, like a circus, is generally carried on under a canvass.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Every man has his forte, if he only knew how to hold it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—Ambitious man: "Is there any fixed rule for writing poetry?" There is! Don't!—*Boston Post.*

—A pleasantry attributed to M. Thiers: "When I was very young I was so little—so little—that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries."—*Le Figaro.*

—The average life of a circus actor is forty years. The average life of a circus joke is 250 years. The latter is "worked almost to death" every year, too.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Conjurors astonish an audience by taking rolls of ribbon from their mouths, but then it is a common thing to see a carpenter take hammer and nails out of his chest.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—The Herdic coaches display a sign which says "Full" when they are loaded. The drinking man knows less than a coach. He is full before he finds it out, and always wants to take a little more aboard.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Plumbers have resolved to maintain their old prices during the coming winter. As heretofore their services will he valued at fifteen dollars a minute, while an ounce of lead pipe will he worth its weight in gold.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—Talk about gossip. How could the world dispense with it? A party of men on the backyard fence, and a parcel of women around the tea table, would fail to sleep from inate stupidity if there was no such thing as gossip.—*New Haven Register.*

—A correspondent asks: "Is the watermelon a fruit or vegetable?" That depends on how you acquire possession of the melon. If you buy it on the street it is a mere vegetable, hut if you have to crawl on your stomach about half a mile through high weeds on a moonlight night to steal it, while the old granger who owns it is asleep, then it is a rich and luscious tropical fruit. Your question is unseasonable.—*Texas Siftings.*

—First boy—"What ails ye?" Second boy—"Naw-nawthing." "Yes there is! You've been bawling!" "No I h-hain't." "What is it, then?" "Naw-nawthing, only yesterday I gave that Jones boy a licking, and this morning his father bought him a goat. All the boys are over there, and the goat is bunting all the boys and all the boys and goats are bunting each other, and I'm left out in the o-cold 'cause I licked the boy who runs the animals."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Disclaimed the Relationship.

The man who travels on the railroad and sits down by the side of lone females while laboring under the impression that he recognizes a likeness in their faces to his wife's aunt's cousin, met his match on one of the roads in this vicinity lately. He sat down in the half of a seat the other half of which was occupied by a pleasant-faced young lady. His first question was:

"Pardon me, Miss, but is your name James? I have a cousin of that name, whom you greatly resemble."

"No, sir," was the reply, "my name is not James. But, pardon me, is your name Zinc or Copper?"

"Zinc or Copper? No, ma'am," said the astonished man. "What lead you to suppose I had such names?"

"Excuse me," was the quiet reply, "but I thought certain you must be first cousin to a brass foundry."

The man fell over two seats and kicked a bird-cage half way down the car in his haste to get into the smoker, while the young lady smiled a gentle smile behind her handkerchief. It was a proof of the old adage that a witty answer turneth away bores.—*Oil City Derrick.*

For Young Readers.

MEETING OF THE BIRDS.

The blustry wind had called them all:
The birds arrived, the large, the small.
The owl, of course, was chosen judge;
He stared around, but didn't budge.

The robins, jays and meadow-larks
Got up to make a few remarks;
They said the time had come to go,
Red leaves and gold flew to and fro.

The sparrows then grew spiteful quite,
They thought it much too soon for flight;
But bluebirds longed for bluer skies,
And wrens thought this was very wise.

The blackbirds said their time was up:
The berries gone, where should they sup?
The catbirds said they quite agreed.
'Twas time the warning they should heed.

The owl this question put: "Say 'Ay,'
Those who intend away to fly!"
All but the sparrows vote to go;
These cheep a most decided "No!"

"'Tis carried," said the owl; "adieu!"
The birds cry: "Now for skies of blue."
"Go!" chirped the sparrows, "why this fuss?
Our home is good enough for us!"

George Cooper, in Our Little Ones.

ECONOMY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Suggestions for Both Young and Old.

Often we fail to take note of how much can he accomplished through the accumulation of pecuniary trifles saved. Wealth comes from careful savings, more than from large earnings. A little laid by every year and put at interest soon counts up. A single deposit even grows to handsome proportions. A gentleman at Taunton, Massachusetts, has shown us a savings-bank book which teaches a lesson to those who despise the day of small things. A deposit of twenty dollars, placed for him by his grandfather in a savings-bank at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1827—and afterward increased to thirty dollars, by the addition of ten dollars, in 1832—amounted in 1874 to over four hundred dollars.

Our rising generation should be reminded that there is no virtue so easy of practice, and yet so recklessly disregarded, as economy in little things.

Steady, small savings grow into independence so easily that it is more than wonderful to hear persons who have power to make them complain of how hard the world goes with them. A young fellow with a ten-cent cigar in his mouth—some three of which he will smoke in a day—will unblushingly say he cannot make both ends meet, any way he can manage, the while he is puffing off in smoke the very means through which he could be rich in this world's goods.

Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew at the University of Cambridge, England, was seventeen years of ago before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language; out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a carpenter he purchased a book, and when this was read he exchanged it for another, and thus he advanced in knowledge. He had not even the privilege of balancing between reading and relaxation, but was obliged to pass directly from bodily fatigue to mental exertion. During the six years previous to his twenty-fifth year he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labor, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock in the evening; and yet, at the age of thirty-one years, he had actually learned *seventeen languages!*

This illustrates the value of spare minutes. Many careless people waste more time every day than is needed to make them masters of a science, if well used. Some great works have been written in intervals of ten or fifteen minutes from regular employments.

Any young person who will find an hour a day for reading can easily acquire large learning. Try what you can do. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.

Sir Astley Cooper had, perhaps, the largest income ever received by a surgeon in England. It amounted in some years to about $190,000. But only through great hardships did he reach this wonderful success. When a student in the Edinburgh University, he lived in a very modest way in a third-story room, at an expense of about a dollar and a half a week. The first year after he settled in London his whole income amounted to only *twenty-five dollars!*

We are told that a well-known American professor once entertained Prof. Agassiz on a dinner consisting of potatoes and salt. Three times a week, for many years, this custom had been kept up, whoever chanced to be present; and the saving thus made had been judiciously invested in books, till the Professor owned a magnificent library.

The late Empress of Germany was one of the most simply-dressed of women, except on occasions of ceremony. Her dry-goods bills are said to have been less than those of the wives of many merchants. She often drove out in a calico dress. And yet she was very liberal in her gifts. The Princess Bismarck, fresh and comely, though nearly seventy, superintends her farm-work, goes about the house with a great bunch of keys at her girdle, watchful of the family expenditures, and her house filled with knitted quilts and such like, the evidence of her skill and industry.

At Ghent, in Belgium, an experiment has been made, which has been attended, it is said, with very good results. A gentleman who felt deeply concerned at the large amount of money wasted by children, and the careless, improvident habits thus early acquired by them went round to all the public schools, and, after talking to the scholars on the subject, made arrangements with the teachers to receive all the money which the children might be willing to intrust to them.

When this reached a certain amount it was deposited in one of the city banks. When a pupil's savings had thus reach one franc (twenty cents), he was to receive a bank-book, and be allowed three per cent. interest by the Bank of Belgium. The plan has met with entire success. The children now save their money instead of spending it foolishly, and by the time they leave school have often a large sum wherewith to enter into business, or procure an outfit. It is well known that it is not those who have the most money who spend the most on candy, cakes, peanuts, etc., things which do no good, and often cause positive injury to the health. Besides the money saved, which may be very useful in time of need, the habits of self-denial and economy thus formed are of the greatest value.

Young people, also, by judicious suggestions and instruction, may be induced to earn money enough to purchase their own books, papers, playthings, etc., and the pleasure of earning an object is almost equal to the enjoyment of it, when it is purchased. Self-reliance adds both to the happiness and moral strength of youth, and little efforts often produce large results.

Each scholar in a Sabbath-school at Frankindale, Pa., was given ten grains of corn to be planted and cultivated during the summer, the proceeds of the harvest to be used for the benefit of the school. The girls were each to raise a chicken. In the fall the grain and poultry were sold at auction. The proceeds of the sale amounted to $10.25, which was laid out in subscriptions for papers for the children's winter reading. These children enjoyed the reading of their paper much more than if it had been provided for them by their teachers or parents, without any efforts of their own, and the example of this school is suggestive to all.

Every family have little and loose expenses, entirely useless, and sometimes worse than that. Their accumulation would soon amount, if saved, to a virtual pecuniary independence. It will pay in many ways to hoard away the gleanings in the fields of evil customs and bad appetite, and the habit would soon become most laudable pleasure.—*Golden Days.*

Signs That Seldom Fail.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it is a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for "number one," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it is a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.—*Kind Words.*

Moved by a Tale of Misfortune.

A sharp game was, some time ago, played upon a cashier of one of the leading banks in this city, the facts of which have but recently come to light. One morning in early spring, with the full influence of budding and blossoming nature upon him, the cashier had taken his seat behind his desk, when he was approached by an attorney-at-law, whose countenance was sorrowful and warned the experienced eye of the financier of an early application for a loan. He therenpon hardened his heart and made up his mind to say no. After greeting him in a dejected and subdued manner, the attorney began to make known his business. With tears in his eyes the lawyer told him that the death of a near relative, involving heavy expense, and a failure of remittances, as well as poor-paying clients, had reduced him to the necessity of taking a step which only dire ill-fortune could reconcile him to. He wished a loan of $100 for a few days only, and he would offer as security a box of family plate and sundry heirlooms which had been handed down from generation to generation. He produced a receipt signed by the Secretary of the Safe Deposit Company, showing payment of storage fees for nearly a year in advance on a box containing plate of the value of $2,000. The lawyer said to the cashier as he wiped his tearful eyes, "I put a very low value on this, for I am too poor to pay high storage rates. I never thought that I would come to this, but I must. It is of no use. I'll pay the loan in ten days, though I am driven to sell my wife's diamonds." The cashier pitied the high-bred sorrow and felt for the scion of a noble house in misfortune, and then, thinking of the box of family plate, concluded to make the loan. The key of the box was handed over to him and the borrower, with many profuse expressions of gratitude, walked out with the money in his pocket. The note was placed in the drawer and forgotten. A few months elapsed and the bank changed its officers, and the incoming manager, among other assets, discovered the note with the family plate collateral. He at once sent for the box, and, opening it, discovered that its valuable contents consisted of eighteen volumes of the Patent Office reports, about twenty old newspapers, a plated caster and cake basket, all of which would sell for about four dollars. The revelation created much profanity on the part of the new management and a good joke at the expense of the cashier, who had been so nicely done for. Of course, as the borrower was a man of no property, nothing could be done except to bear the loss as philosophically as possible. But the cashier, who has now retired, has never heard the end of it, and in the bank a bad loan is spoken of as a "family-plate loan."—*Washington (D. C.) Republican.*

The Future of Canada.

The question of the future of Canada is largely a question of population. Canada is not at present in a position to assume the risks and burdens of independence, nor is the necessity of such a change greatly felt. When Canada has a population of twelve or fifteen millions of people, if the necessity arose, it might then be in a position to spend such sums on defense as might give it a reasonable hope of maintaining its position as an independent State; if it could count on still having thrown around it the ægis of the parent country, the problem of the means of defense would be more easily solved. Until, however, Canada reaches such a position that it could not easily be stricken down by any power, it would be madness to assume the burdens of independence.—*St. Johns Telegraph.*

THE DAIRY.

—One dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth one dollar and fifty cents' worth after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as an animal in good condition.

—It has been proven by numerous experiments that the shorter the time between milkings the richer the milk. In one case when a cow was milked twice a day, twelve hours apart, the milk gave twelve and a-half per cent. of cream, and when milked five times a day, seventeen and a half per cent. If, therefore, the time between the milkings varies, as commonly, the milking following closest to the previous one will give the richest milk. Cows milked at half-past six in the evening and half-past four in the morning will be pretty sure to give the richest milk in the morning, though this is partly caused by the more undisturbed time which they have at night when unharrassed by flies, etc.

—Bitter milk is a matter of frequent occurrence every fall and winter, or soon after the cows are off from grazing. It is caused, first, by bitter herbs in the hay—such as May weed, rag weed, John's wort, etc.—and also by the use of too much overripe food, such as straw, corn stover or late-cut hay. It never occurs when cows are fed on good food, and are thriving, or even holding their own, and are kept comfortably warm. It can be avoided, first, by correcting the error in feeding and exposure; and, secondly, by scalding the milk when it is first drawn, by setting it in pans over a kettle of boiling water till the skin which forms on its top is well wrinkled, and then setting it away to cool for the cream to rise. This treatment will drive out the cause of the bitter flavor and improve the butter and make it easy to churn.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

How Milk Gets Spoiled.

Mr. Willard, in a leture on the subject, gives much weight to certain causes which effect a deterioration in the quality of milk, and which should be carefully considered by consumers as well on account of the effect upon their health as that of the animal. The presence of dirt and dust in the milk pail; the inhaling of foul odors by the cows, at pasture and elsewhere, and the drinking of putrid water. These are brought forward because they are usually overlooked in the economy of the dairy.

Instances are cited in which putrid flesh has communicated a taint to the milk in the udder by simply tainting the air breathed by the cow. Milk in the vat of a cheese factory, during the heating of the curd, gave off a smell like that of stagnant water. It was found that one of the patrons had allowed his cows to pass through a narrow slough, the mud of which adhered to their udders. Particles of dust from this mud got into the pails at milking time, and thus introduced fungi from the slough, which multiplied in the milk and spoiled the whole of it, giving it the odor of foul water.

Professor Law, of Cornell University, finding the milk on his cream to be ropy, examined it with a microscope and found it infested with living organisms. On investigation he found that the herd from which his supply came, drank the water of a stagnant pool located in a muddy swale. The microscope exhibited organisms in this water identical with those found in the milk. The same was detected by a microscopic examination of the blood of the cows. That the cows were in a diseased condition was shown by the thermometer test—they being hot and feverish. A little of the same water was introduced into milk which proper tests had shown to be pure, and in due time the same filthy organisms multiplied and took possession of it in vast numbers, producing the same character of milk as that first noticed.

This investigation, made by a close observer, proves conclusively that the germs of disease and of a milk spoiling ferment can be introduced into the blood and into the udder by simply allowing the cow to drink unsuitable water. It holds out the plainest possible practicle lesson to the dairyman and farmer, and if they disregard it, and thus make bad cheese and butter, and endanger the health and even lives of their families and customers, he has only himself to thank. It shows that the cleanliness of the dairy must be radical, thorough ,and all-pervading. No filthy mud should be allowed to dry into dust that may foul the pail; no foul odors should taint the undrawn milk; and the drinking water should be free of the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump"—cow, milk and all.

Effect of Comfort on the Quality of the Milk.

The quiet and comfort of the cow has much to do with the quality of her milk. In hot weather, the annoyance produced by flies, and excitement caused by fighting them, makes the night's milk still poorer than it otherwise would be. Chemical analysis has shown a great falling off of fat in the milk of the same cow when chased by a dog. Any unusual excitement of the cow affects the fat in her milk. Extremes of heat and cold also affect the milk. In a case where cows went into a stream in hot weather, and stood several hours in the water above the knee, there was a falling off of the butter product from the same quantity of milk. This is accounted for by the extra food required to keep up the animal heat, in consequence of the heat being carried off by the water.

When we consider the fact that milk is secreted from the blood, we can readily see the effect that must be produced by excitement on the nervous system of the cow. In a case occurring in the city of Albany, N. Y., where a nervous cow was milked by a passionate man, who whipped and otherwise ill-treated her at milking, the milk was given to a child who had been healthy, but, after using this milk, became ill and suffered from intestinal irritation, followed by a fever which seemed to affect the brain and nervous system. This illness was traced directly to the milk of this ill-treated cow.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—At the barber's every man is expected to furnish his own mug.

A Brave Young Girl Artist.

The home of Miss Marion Foster is in Minerva, Ohio, a little town in the northern part of the State. Her aged parents live there still. From early childhood Miss Marion has been an invalid, and when she was eleven, by an accidental fall her spine was injured and her limbs became paralyzed. She has not since been able to walk.

She was found in her little parlor at 51 East Twenty-ninth Street last evening, seated in a roller chair, upon which she journeys round her room, looking not unlike a modern fairy queen chariot and all. She is a picturesque little being. Her hair is dark and long, lies in waves low down on her forehead, and falls unconfined upon her shoulders. From under the dark thatch-like tresses her large eyes look out.

All about the room were pictures, Miss Marion's handiwork. She is an artist. As a little child she delighted with brush and colors to daub on bits of tin or cardboard her earliest "impressions." Her father, who was a man of means, gratified her taste, and under the guidance of a governess and teacher the young girl made progress. A few years later Mr. Foster failed in business, and then the elder brother, who had undertaken to care for his father and his sisters, died, and left them all quite without means. Miss Marion sought work at a milliner's and with the little fortune thus saved, a matter of $50 or $60, she went to Cincinnati to put to practical use those gifts as an artist which she had cultivated purely for pleasure.

To gain a livelihood in a large city was a hard task for the unknown young girl. But, seated in her little carriage she painted well and bravely, and soon found friends. She painted many portraits in oil, and did much decorative work in oil and water colors, according as there was demand.

Miss Foster remained thus seven years in Cincinnati working with her brush. Among other friends whom she won while there were Emma Abbott, the singer (who was attracted to Miss Marion by her musical voice and taste for music) and Fanny Davenport the actress. For them she painted flowers upon their silk and satin stage dresses. Last April she came to New York, at the solicitation of Fanny Davenport, to consult Dr. Sayre. He has since been treating her for her spinal trouble and has given her some hope that perhaps she may yet be well and strong. Indeed, she was able at one time last summer to stand upon her feet and take a step forward. But a most unfortunate accident in moving her in bed undid all that the doctor had done, and left her paralyzed.

Miss Foster hopes now to remain in New York, and to establish herself here, where a larger field is offered for her work. The walls of her little parlor are hung with pictures and satin-painted screens and banners, all of them pretty and tasteful, and showing abundant evidence of skill. Across a chair last night lay a cream colored silk dress. It was made by Worth for Miss Fanny Davenport in "Camille," and across the front and sides of the skirt Miss Foster has painted red camelias. A large fan has been decorated to match. Miss Foster has painted several other dresses and fans for Miss Davenport, which will be worn for the first time during Miss Davenport's New York engagement this season.

Miss Foster is alone in New York but for the friends whom she has already made through Dr. Sayre and others who have called upon her. She desires to be better known, to the end that in making a name for herself she may also make means of support.—*N. Y. Sun*

Horse Lore.

The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal. Fifteen or sixteen quarts is its utmost capacity. This space is completely filled by four quarts of oats and the saliva that goes into the stomach with them. Horses are generally overfed, and not fed often enough. For a horse with moderate work, six or eight quarts of bruised oats and ten pouuds of fine hay a day is sufficient. This should be fed in at least three meals, and is better if fed in four.

A horse's digestion is very rapid, and therefore he gets hungry sooner than a man. When he is hungry he is ineffective and wears out very rapidly. Water fills the stomach, lowers the temperature and dilutes the gastric juice; therefore a horse should not drink immediately before eating. Neither should he be watered immediately after eating, because he will drink too much, and force some of the contents of the stomach into the large intestines, which will cause scouring. Scouring is also caused by too rapid eating, which can be prevented by putting half a dozen pebbles half the size of the fist into the manger with the oats. Give only a moderate drink of water to a horse. A large drink of cold water before being driven will have a very quieting effect on a nervous horse. A race horse always runs on an empty stomach. Digesting progresses moderately during exercise, if the exercise is not so violent as to exhaust the powers of the horse.

I consider bruised oats worth twenty per cent. more than whole. They are more completely digested. I prefer oats to any other grain for horses. Cracked corn is very good under some circumstances, but wouldn't use meal or shorts. The disease called big head is caused by feeding corn. When a horse comes in hot I would give a moderate feed immediately. If the horse is too tired to eat, would take his feed away. A heated horse is a reason against watering and for feeding, for the system is then just in the condition to begin digestion. A horse will not founder if fed moderately when hot. I prefer dry feed unless a horse has some disease of the throat or lungs. Do not consider it worth while to cut hay. I always feed hay from the floor, then the horses do not get particles in their eyes.—*Commissioner John E. Russell, before a Farmers' Meeting at Salem, Mass.*

—The scarcity of cheap wines at Paris has made beer-drinking fashionable. There are 25,000 beer-houses of all grades and sizes in the French capital, and the consumption during the summer was estimated at 3,000,000 glasses per diem.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If horses are caught in a cold, heavy rain, they should be rubbed dry and blanketed as soon as they reach home.

—White Cake.—Whites of four eggs, one cupful of white sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, lemon extract and two cupfuls of flour.

—Meat Cakes.—Chop any kind of fresh, cold meat very fine, season with salt and pepper, then make a nice batter, lay a spoonful of the batter on a greased griddle, then a spoonful of chopped meat, then a spoonful of batter; when browned on one side turn carefully, brown on the other and serve hot.

—Rice Waffles.—One large cup of boiled rice, two eggs, a teaspoonful of cornstarch, one of melted butter, one quart of milk in which dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Mix well in the flour a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Butter your irons and have them hot when you go to bake.

—Wait until a severe frost comes that freezes the ground at least two inches in depth before covering strawberry beds. Then use straw or coarse manure to cover. Straw is better because it contains no weed seeds. Cover lightly, but as uniformly as possible. Sticks of any kind may be used between the rows to hold the covering.

—Nut Cake.—Half a pound of sugar, five ounces of butter, creamed together, four eggs beaten in, one at a time; a teacupful of cold water, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, and a small pinch of salt; last of all, two cups of carefully picked shell-barks; the utmost care must be taken not to leave in any shells, or a broken teeth may be the consequence; bake in a quick oven in small pans.

—Pumpkin Pie.—Cut the pumpkin up and pare it, and put in an enameled saucepan, with a little water to stew until quite tender. Put it through a sieve and set what is not wanted aside for future use. It will keep a week in cool weather, but the frost must not be allowed to reach it. Take a large teaspoonful and a half for each pie; thin it with milk a little thicker than custard and add two eggs well beaten, sugar to taste, and a little nutmeg and ground cinnamon, or any seasoning preferred. Put it in a pie dish lined with paste and bake.

—Peach growers may be congratulated on the art displayed by them in covering the different varieties with different colors of gauze, ostensibly to prevent too frequent testing of samples of the fruit, but, in fact, to enhance the beauty and price of the produce. No one but the initiated imagines how marvelously beautiful a basket of red-cheeked Crawfords or Fosters may be made by stretching a two-cent strip of gauze or mosquito netting over it. The observer will notice that different colors of gauze are used with different varieties, which he supposes to be merely a matter of chance, but the suiting of the color to the variety is closely and shrewdly followed to the pecuniary advancement of the peach grower. I saw a man exhibiting some Crawfords at the fair in baskets covered with pink gauze, and his peaches attracted a crowd, while others on exhibition, equally large and showy, were passed without notice.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Shelter Saves Food.

Every keeper of animals would actually profit by a little study of chemistry and physiology. Here is a short lesson: All kinds of food, as hay, grain, bread meat, etc., are, like wood, mainly composed of charcoal (carbon) and water, with considerable nitrogen in some of them. To prove this, strongly heat any of the above food materials in a coal pit, or better, under glass. Water, with some nitrogen gas, will be driven off and can be found in the glass receiver, while only charcoal will remain. Let in more air and the charcoal itself will unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and also go off as a transparent, invisible carbonic acid gas. This chemical action sets at liberty *heat* that was before concealed or insensible, the same as when wood or coal is burned rapidly in a stove producing an active fire; or as when wood decays, but gives off heat so slow as not to be observed.

Exactly the same thing occurs when any food is dissolved (digested) in the stomach of animals or men, and is taken into the blood and carried to all parts of the body. The blood gets oxygen also from the air in the lungs and carries it all through the body. The atoms of oxygen meet the atoms of digested food, here, there, and everywhere in the blood vessels. The two unite just as they do in a stove; heat is produced, only a minute quantity at any one point, but a great deal of it, taking the whole blood circulation together, and so the whole body is *kept* warm, though heat is constantly escaping from the whole outside surface. Nature provides that the body shall always be kept warm, otherwise it would quickly perish; and so if the oxygen in the blood don't find food enough to keep up the internal heat, it will attack and consume any fat or flesh stored in the body, and thus make the animal poor.

We *must* have an ever-burning fire in both the animal and human system. If the surrounding atmosphere is cold, and carries off heat rapidly from the surface of the body, we must increase the internal production of heat by putting in more food, or by surrounding the body with a covering that will prevent the escape of much heat.

Is it not plain then, that by keeping animals warm, by means of close buildings, or shelter against heat-stealing winds, less food will be needed, and there will be less waste of flesh in making heat? Any arrangement of shelter, cover, stable, shed, blankets—anything that will prevent the natural warmth from passing away from the surface of any animal—will be a great saving of food required to keep up the absolutely necessary interual life warmth; will prevent loss of flesh; will allow the food to go more to adding to weight of flesh, or the yield of milk or of wool. Shelter and external warmth in cold weather are most economical and therefore profitable in the keeping of farm stock.—*American Agriculturist.*

Grit.

The force of will is a potent element in determining longevity. This single point must be granted without argument, that of two men, every way alike and similarly circumstanced, the one who has the greater courage and grit will be the longer lived. One does not need to practice medicine long to learn that men die who might just as well live if they resolve to live, and that myriads who are invalids could become strong if they had the native or acquired will to vow they would do so. Those who have no other quality favorable to life, whose bodily organs are nearly all diseased, to whom each day is a day of pain, who are beset by life-shortening influences, yet do live by will alone.—*Dr. George M. Beard.*

—The Anti-Tobacco Rechabites, a society now containing fifty-five members, held a meeting in New York the other evening, and after the regular speeches, an entertainment was given by the children of the members, the whole burden of the songs and recitations being to show to what depth the use of tobacco drags down the debauchee.

—Deaf-mute church festivals have been held annually at Berlin for fifteen years. The progress made during this period in establishing a language of signs, as well as in teaching the dumb to speak, is one of the most wonderful evidences of the advance of science.

—"Down town" in New York has extended its line as far north as Twenty-third Street, where stands the Calvary Baptist Church, the congregation of which has decided to sell the building and build another way up on Fifty-seventh Street.

THE Babylon (L. I.) *South Side Signal* quotes from a Missouri paper: Mr. Wm. F. Quinlan, Crystal City, Mo., suffered occasionally from rheumatic pains in his knees, for which he successfully tried St. Jacobs Oil.

WHEN a man tells a story he thinks is funny and the crowd does not catch on, his face falls naturally. It is affected by the force of gravity.

THE Milwaukee (Wis.) *Evening Wisconsin* says: "In all our experience we have never heard so many favorable reports from all classes as we have concerning St. Jacobs Oil.

A POOR young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

CUT and come again," as the woodman said to the big oak. "Oh, blaze away," replied the tree.

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription," for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing-down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

AN old negro says: "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey need some other kind of dressing."

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

"WHAT pressing necessity to crush the life out of us?" inquired the apples of the cider mill.

Not Bad to Take.

Consumptive people and those suffering with weak lungs, coughs, colds, sore throat and asthma, are earnestly recommended to take Piso's Cure, the best and most pleasant remedy for those diseases.

H. M. Bangs, of Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best cough remedy in the market, without any exception."

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILLS' SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. Use externally and internally.

DR. ROOER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys worms and removes all the Secretions which cause them.

"GO TO the ant, thou sluggard!" is very good advice, but most of them go to their uncle.

"GIVE examples," said an old back number on the Board of Examiners, addressing the ensign, "of different degrees and velocities of motion." "Well," the ensign said: "the swiftest motion is that of light, and the slowest, by several hundred degrees, is promotion." They sent him back two years. "That, young man," the examiners told him, "gives you an idea of retrogressive motion."

"YOU would hear, I dare say," said Mr. M'Lachlin, "what happened to our brother from the Sound when he was preaching at Kilmore. You know he is ferry fond of preaching extampore, and when he went into the vestry he said to the elders: 'I really do not know what to preach apout,' says he. 'Do you not know,' says Duncan M'Tavish, one of the elders, 'what to preach about?' 'No, I do not, really.' 'Well, then,' says Duncan, 'shust preach apout five minutes, it ill pe quite enough.'" "It's out of his own head," said Ross, "Ho got that one, Mr. M'Rory; put here is one that is quite true apout himself. When he was preaching at Slashach one day he was ferry eloquent inteed, and when he was in his raptures he cried: "And what shall I say more, my friends? what shall I say more?" 'Say amen,' says a tecent woman sitting pelow the pulpit.''—*Stronburg.*

TWO CHILDREN are playing together in a garden. The little sister says to her little brother, "Which would you rather be, a little flower or a little bird?" The young man, after a minute's reflection, "A little bird—because it eats!"

"IT IS a disgraceful shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as her lord and master came in in a demoralized condition. "You've been drinking again, and it was only last week that you took the pledge." "Just my luck," said Smith; "breaking everything I get hold of."

A LEMONADE spring has been discovered in California. Probably a monster aggregation and greatest show on earth was swallowed up there by a great convulsion of nature far back in the distant eons.

Mason & Hamlin Organ Company.

At the great Italian Industrial Exhibition just closing in Milan, Italy, the highest awards for musical instruments, a silver medal and diploma, were taken by an American manufacturer, the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, whose cabinet organs were judged to be so superior that they were the only reed organs of any manufacture, European or American, which were awarded a medal. It is a great honor to these makers that in Italy itself, the very home of music, their organs should receive such distinction. They excited much interest among musicians, and were by special order repeatedly exhibited to the Royal Court by Carlo Ducci, the distinguished artist of Rome.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

CHEAPER than blacksmithing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

THE COUNTRYMAN

IN THE

Weather Signal Office.

Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—such a nice merchine to set the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the acrometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"—— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good or bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could flank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use ST. JACOBS OIL, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dorg in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the ST. JACOBS OIL I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55	P. M.
No. 3	12.16	A. M.
No. 5	7.38	A. M.
No. 7	2.31	P. M.
Way	10.52	A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40	A. M.
No. 6	9.11	A. M.
No. 8	9.00	A. M.
No. 10	5.50	P. M.
Way	10.10	A. M.

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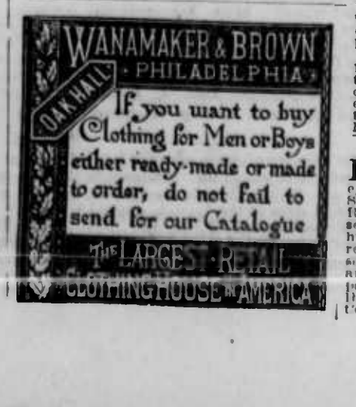

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FOR SALE BY E. E. CHISHOLM, Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881. NUMBER 43.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

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The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

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Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. (17 81 ly

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Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **It never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe sufferings from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

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All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 21f DAVID LITTLE.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

THE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire—the fact that the best rag carpet woven by her own hands must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out these chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauce pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's ax ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling wood piled un there in well-seasoned logs.

She was a little wrinkled face woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting was to be sold at the village store in exchange for sugar, tea or spices and all such necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny made," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I am glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. People say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be two careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though to be sure, no burglar, she added with a complacent, inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper in the wall pocket on the wall. Its the bureau drawers and the trunks and the lock up chests that they aim for. A fifty dollar bill! a clean, crisp, new fifty dollar bill! And all saving, too, out of the honest money."

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgeman, rubicund with the touch of the March winds, and muffled up in the skins of wild animals which from time to time he himself had shot.

"Good-day, Miss Dean, good-day!" said he. "No thank you; I can't sit down. I've a deal to busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took $50 out of the savings bank."

"Yes, I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey so that he can go around peddling tin ware," said the doctor. "Its pretty hard for one afflicted like he is to get along, and if you can help us a little——"

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, the money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into little bits."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean, said the good old man, "to help lame Dick."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, little irritably, "but I never pretended to be a charitable character."

The old Doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eighteen.

"Please excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," she said, but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me that you drew out your money."

Was all creation there? thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes," added Helen, coloring, so as to be near the district school where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently to command the respect of her pupils. If you will kindly lend me ten dollars."

"I never lend," said old Mrs. Dean curtly.

"I will be sure to pay it up when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen, "and I don't know any one else to go to.

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the saucepan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little covered memorandum book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people, Mrs. Dean," said the Squire's wife, with a laugh.

"Then you have come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean, frigidly.

"Poor Patrick O'Harry was killed today in the machinery of the rolling mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response.

"He has left a wife and eight children destitute."

"And whose fault is that said Mrs. Dean.

"Will you not contribute something toward relieving their condition!" urged Mrs. Graham, holding the pencil ready for use."

"Certainly not!" I have no money to spare."

"But I was told——"

"O, yes—about the money that was drawed out of the savings bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," softly whispered Mrs. Graham.

"Yes yes—I know!" said Mrs. Dean, "but no one interpreted the bible literally nowdays."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand was a failure, and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty dollars had taken to itself legs and was running away from the crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she waken up, roused by the noise of the coal being poured on the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsy," said he, "I thought you were never going to wake again! Here you sat, with fire dead out, and I've had to kindle it up again."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Dean. "I must have been asleep quite awhile. But"—as she started up she saw that the old wall pocket opposite was empty—"where is that old number of the Clinkerville Clarion?"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean, calmly. "We had both of us read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burned it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "I burned it up. Why shouldn't I?"

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a work. And her first utterance was:

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table drawer, took out a sheet of writing paper and wrote to Dr. Brigdman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodley's cart and horse. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for poor little O'Harras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

"I can't lend you ten dollars my dear," said she "because I haven't got it. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There's a nice spare room, and its an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes' to the district school."

"Oh! how very good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to see what a self, greedy creature I've been all my life. But you are welcome, my dear, and your board shall not cost you a cent."

She open her parlor, shook out the curtains, and built a fire in the air tight wood stove.

"Dean likes the parlor," said she, because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it."

She baked a fresh batch of gingerbread and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she took out a basket of hickorynuts for poor little Harry Jones who was trying to crack dried-up pignuts on the stone by the road-side; she renewed her subscription to the church charities.

"I can't be very liberal" she said; "but I am determined to do what I can."

"That's right my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your fifty dollar bill; but if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us,"

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out her kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the wide leaved table which always stood under the wallpocket and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splits, lined with red cambric and tied with cords and tassels of red worsted, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid I was getting to be a little miserly, and—why what is this?"

Mr. Dean stopped and picked up a slip of dark green paper, which had fallen out from the wall pocket as his wife turned it up side down and tapped her finger against it to remove all possible dust.

"It's the fifty dollar bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper and lodged here."

"The Lord has sent it back to us," said Mrs. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything he does, if we did know it.

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.

Lime and Limestone.

Considerable interest is just now manifested in regard to ground raw limestone as a fertilizer. It is claimed that it is equally effective as lime, and some remarkable statements have been made as to the results in the shape of large crops grown by its use. Now while I have no reason to doubt the truth of these statements, and do not profess to impugn them in the least, yet it is right that some one should explain to your readers why raw limestone cannot possibly be as effective as lime, or even as air-slaked lime, unless the latter has been exposed for a sufficient time to have completely lost its causticity and become thoroughly carbonated again. Limestone is carbonate of lime, and is insoluble in water unless the latter contains some carbonic acid, when it is only slightly soluble. But as all water in the soil takes up some carbonic acid from decaying vegetable matter into solution, limestone is nearly always dissolved to a small extent in the water; sufficient at least to make the water hard, or refuse to dissolve soap. When limestone is burned, the carbonic acid contained in it is driven off, the stone losing nine-twentieths or 45 per cent. of its weight. The lime is an acid, burning, caustic substance which has some peculiar properties upon which its agricultural value depends. These are, first, that it has a great affinity for carbonic acid, a great eagerness to recover what it has lost, and to return to its first and stable condition again. Second, that it has also a great avidity for water of which it will absorb about one-third of its weight, and yet remain perfectly dry. Third, that in thus absorbing water it falls to an exceedingly fine powder, by which its action upon organic substances is greatly assisted. It is then called "air slaked," as this water is absorbed from the atmosphere. Fourth, that in this condition it is soluble in 700 times its volume of water, and when thus dissolved its chemical action is still further assisted. Fifth, that caustic lime exerts a very active decomposing effect upon organic matter, depriving it of carbonic acid and nitrogen, absorbing the one and driving off the other, or entering into some complicated combinations with it, and in effect rapidly reducing it to final decomposition and its mineral elements. Sixth, that it also has the property of dissolving silica, and thus freeing potash from its combination as silicate of potash in the soil, and leaving it free to be dissolved in water and taken up as food by the roots of plants. Lastly, it exerts a favorable effect upon both clay and sandy soils, loosening the one and compacting the other in texture, both mechanically, and by its chemical action.

Now these most important effects of lime give it a very great value, and render it one of the most indispensable aids to the farmer. But on the other hand, limestone, being chemically inert and only slightly soluble, can have but a very feeble effect, if any; and as must be observed, none at all where the soil is already charged with lime; while lime by its varied chemical action has as great an effect upon limestone soils as upon peaty, mucky or alluvial soils. Some confusion of ideas exists in regard to the term air slaked. This really means that the lime has been exposed to the moist air until it has absorbed sufficient water to fall to a fine powder and became hydrate of lime. But this hydrated lime is still caustic, and retains all its chemical activity, unless the exposure has been so long that the lime has also regained its carbonic acid. But this requires a very long time—years in fact—and the lime sold under the name of "agricultural lime," and really the small broken waste lime of the lime kilns, yet retains the most of its caustic quality after it has lain about the kilns for several months. So that there is fresh air-slacked lime, which is pure hydrate of lime and old air-slacked lime, which has become carbonated or "mild" to a less or greater extent.—*Agricultural Engineer.*

Making a Newspaper.

"There in nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor, "No news at all; it's miserable, stupid." Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully printed column the different headings, foreign, home and domestic news, the wit and humor. Think for a moment when you gaze at it how the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out, "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, and pains-taking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common thing for a person, when not exactly suited, to exclaim: "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed it to a neighbor, exclaiming: "Here, Sam, have the morning paper. There is nothing in it to day; it is hardly worth reading." The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. "Everything; the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does not suit the other. Be assured its no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper; it is a very tedious, important, responsible position, and the man who manages a well circulated, satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of a Solomon. Let those who doubt assume the editor's place for a while, nothing more is needed for a grumbler. Our friend, when she is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or her silly little head.—*Exchange.*

People Who Whine.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they have no luck, and other's prosperity exceed theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains they have aches and pains because they whine; they whine, no one can tell why. Now a word to these whining persons: First stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, faultfinding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures who ever lived! Do you know that it is a well settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

Predictions for the Winter.

The following forecast of the weather for the coming winter was prepared by George H. Twiss, for the meeting of the Tyndall Association. He has made similar predictions for the past six years and read before this Association, and his forecasts have been verified by the facts:

The winter will be the mildest since the winter of 1875-76, but the average temperature will be a little below that of that winter. The length of the winter will be from six weeks to two months shorter than last year, the severe weather commencing about January 1, and closing early in March. The winter will be characterized by sudden sharp changes. The thermometer will likely touch a lower point than any time last winter, but the general average of the temperature will be much higher. A severe cold dip may be expected between December 28 and January 10. There will be little snow and sleighing.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,"
He said—and he stooped and kissed me then—
"Over the ocean many a day—
Good-bye," and he kissed me once again,
But only a few short months had fled,
When I answered my husband's kiss;
"I could not tarry away," he said;
"There is never a land as fair as this."

Again I stood by my husband's side.
"I go on a journey, sweet, to-day;
Over the river the boatmen glide—
Good-bye; I shall linger long away."
"Ah, he will come back soon, I know,"
I said, as I stooped for the parting kiss;
"He cannot tarry, he told me so.
There is never a land so fair as this."

But many a month and many a year
Have flown since my darling went away.
Will he never come back to meet me here?
Has he found the region of perfect day?
Over the ocean he went and came;
Over the river and lingers there!
O pallid boatman! call my name—
Show me the region so wondrous fair.

THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton gazed at with eyes of curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris; and if she had one ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs. Morris set up a wall-basket, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a new ivy-pot, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' plazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with urns until they looked like a stone-cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her flounces, and made her own phylacteries broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleon for ladies to exhibit their toilettes—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disgust and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleon. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was reached, and her habits, her manners, and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha of worldliness, affectation, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravaganee—his dear little harmless Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frank, child-like countenanee, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, during the "Te Deum," just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her gray eyes. But Mr. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. "James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold out to-day," said his wife. "And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstone?—his wife's dress just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the leeturn for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual danee. A pretty plaee for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose *she* would. I should think, at any rate, she could have controlled her inelinations and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm-Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say," warming up with her husband's silence, "when I am without a single diamond to my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris who owes you $5,000 borrowed money——"

It was very weak in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one can not be always on one's guard. "I understand, Juliet, my love," said he, "that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings."

"Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether," cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately. "Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts! It is always Uncle Roberts. And you 'understand,' forsooth! Why didn't *I* understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every pet piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me trodden under foot by any little minx who chooses to toss her head above me——"

"My dear! my dear! just remember where you are; just remember the children," murmured Mr. Templeton, floundering in a little farther.

"Where I am! I suppose you *don't* want all Carleon to hear how I am outraged. You'd *like* to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage——"

Here Mr. Templeton took off his hat and made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.

"What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?" asked the gentleman. "She looks like a thunder-cloud full of lightnings."

"Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess," was the answer. "She has probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!"

"I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her."

"How can he be?"

"Force of habit, may be. And she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her."

"Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, I'll wager another pair. Take me up."

"Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty," said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, before they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife had banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on a sofa, and called for Jane to bring the ammonia, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one's would be, treated as she was. And she would not go upstairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she, at least, had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white night-gown, with her black hair streaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of the ceiling, and with the foam standing on her lips—ghastly, stiff, and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Simpleton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her so fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. "Oh my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!" he cried.

"Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me the brandy. Heat those soapstones. Where are the hot-water bags?" And he was bathing her lips and rubbing her hands, and kissing her forehead, and adjuring her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's step was heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the least indication, and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her long supple body, that had been stiffly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her feet to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloral between the teeth, and the sobs sank away into sleep and the hysteries were over.

"What could have excited you so, my dearest, and thrown you into such a terrible convulsion?" Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. ("Hysterics" was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it.) "It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace."

"The heat," sighed Mrs. Templeton, faintly, "and the glisten of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. O, I'm afraid I was very cross yesterday, Jairus. I didn't know what I was saying. O, I never want to see any diamonds again."

"You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older," exclaimed the feeble husband.

"O, no, no, no! I should be so ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, Jarius darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them." But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaire ear-rings as he could buy with the bond he sold glittered in a velvet cased marked with her name.

As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach, and she ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself and turning to her husband for admiration, looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice and a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings in the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she showered upon his lips and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once but twenty times that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pale-pink seashell of the ear, the curve of the throat, the exquisite oval of the cheek; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. "I declare," she said, "the glistening of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds. I never thought I should have diamonds, Jairus."

Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening of ecstasy. The little borough of Carleon was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's a pair of enterprising burglars, who at that moment were not "burgling," chanced to obtain a view of their opportunities, and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

Alas for Mrs. Templeton! It would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had not another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Gracchi could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.

"O, what do I care for jewels!" she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey with her big pitying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of ruin, where the burglars had left their matches, and eaten their cakes and cold coffee—"what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. O, Hetty, how thankful I am they didn't take the children!"

"As if," said Hetty to her own husband afterward, "any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imps ever born of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been *our* children, Louis!"

"I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals," said Louis. "Pretty bits of glass, but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief."

"Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win her ear-rings—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter." —*Harper's Bazar.*

Hiring Children to be Good.

Mrs. Holmes and her sister were sitting before the cheerful grate fire sewing, while their tongues flew almost as nimbly as their fingers, as various matters from the forming of the President's Cabinet down to the shade of blue used in knitting the baby's socks had been discussed. Finally the subject of hiring children to be good was broached. "Well," said Mrs. Holmes, I am tired of trying to coax or beg Albert to do anything, and I think he is too large a boy to coerce into right doing. So I am going to hire him to do any little task I may hereafter require of him." "Mark my words, Ellen, you'll be sorry if you do," replied her sister, "how soon, think you, will his judgment as to terms differ from yours? I saw that course tried by George Edward's mother last summer. She needed some cherries for making pies, and offered him six cents a quart to pick them. He answered, impudently enough: 'Who'll pick cherries for six cents a quart? *I* won't.' And only yesterday, in coming from church, I overheard Mrs. Moody offering her boy five cents to learn the books of the Old Testament before evening."

"Well, he probably learned them."

"He more likely did not, or if he did he can't repeat them to-day. I will find out how good his memory is next Sunday morning, as he is in my Sabbath school class. Hiring children to learn anything, to do anything which they should do for its own sake, or to be anything, I have never found yet to work well."

"Well, what can be done?"

"Done! Why tell a child to do a thing and see that he does it, to be sure. The very ground-work of order in families is obedience. I have always told you that you would have trouble with Albert if you appealed so constantly to his wishes in little matters. A parent ought to know what is for a child's good better than the child does, and without unrighteously provoking a child to wrath or thwarting it unnecessarily. Unquestioning obedience should be the rule. This has always been my plan with my children, as you well know."

"I have always thought you much too strict with your little ones. What does a child of Nina's age know about obedience? You utterly spoil all the little cunning ways of your mere babies."

"Better to get along without a self-willed pet than to tolerate a self-willed boy."

"But you do give your children rewards for being good. What is that but hiring them?"

"My children know that obedience is expected of them; that to do good and be good is to be the rule of their lives, but they have evil and temptation to contend against, as well as all other children. If the hope of gaining some little gift, is added to the conscientious rightfulness of the matter, I sometimes think it helps some in overcoming the natural desires for wrong-doing."

"Then why do you tell me I shall be sorry if I hire Albert to do right?"

"Simply because he well knows if you do not hire him he will not have to perform the required task, and in this way you are putting yourself at his mercy. You make the gift the sole reason for his doing it, and as I say, his ideas of value and yours will soon differ. With my children, if I wish anything done they understand fully they must do it, whether I give them any little extra pleasure for it or not. A regular barter of so much given for such a service rendered I seldom make with them. Whenever I do, it is about some little business matter, and for the purpose of educating them either to work or to get by their own labor. I hired Willie to pick some berries for me during the summer, yet, had I wished him to do so, he would have picked them for me without pay. I wished to teach him the value of his labor."

"Well, I must confess, I can't see the difference between your method of hiring and mine."

"Well, there is a difference. You admit being tired coaxing and begging Albert to do anything, and therefore propose hiring him, and I tell you it will fail as signally as coaxing and begging have done. I never importune my children to do anything which I have not a right to command them to do, as you well know. Therefore, a gift from me is extraneous, a reward of well-doing, yet not a make-shift to enforce a command, which without it would be of no effect. And would you commence this very day, late as it is, and demand a prompt, quick obedience from Albert, in a short time you would have no occasion to coax or beg, and the rewards of well-doing can then be kept for prizes, as it were."

"Well, sister, your success with your boys has so far certainly been remarkable. If I only could——"

"You can if you will. You are a woman of sufficient character to carry out any course which involves as much courage and tact as this will. Only you must assert and maintain your womanly, or rather your motherly dignity."—*Christian at Work.*

The Editorial "We."

Some people are unreasonably inquisitive and curious, especially about matters which do not concern them in the least. For example, here is a correspondent who makes the startling revelation that he is a "constant reader of our valuable and influential paper," and would like to be informed why it is an editor or newspaper writer, when speaking of himself in his writings, invariably uses the plural pronoun "we" instead of the singular "I."

There are several reasons. Self-preservation is the first law of human nature. It begins at home, like old Mother Charity. There is some human nature about an editor, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor thinks too much of his "I's" to wear them in mourning, and therefore when speaking of some slab sided, six-footer as a miserable, red nosed, pusillanimous, wife beating snoozer, he considers it the better part of valor to drop in an occasional "we." This creates in the mind of the six footer the impression that the editorial force consists of a standing army, armed with deadly "we"-apons."

Furthermore, in cases where the victim comes around to the office to kill the writer of any particular item, it is so pleasant to have the guilty man's identity buried in the obscurity of the plural "we." The editor-in-chief, the commercial editor, the city editor, the local editor, the reporters, the bookkeepers, compositors, bookbinders, jobbers, pressmen, devil and all the delivery boys are thus placed on a common footing by the little pronoun "we," and when the enraged person looks about him and finds how many homes he would make desolate, how many wives he would make widows and how many children orphans, by killing off all included in the "we" at one fell swoop, he sickens of the sanguinary undertaking, turns sadly away, goes to some barroom, takes a drink, condemns the paper, prophesies that it is being run into the ground, and declares that he will henceforth exert his political influence to squelch the sheet.

And again, having tackled this subject, we feel called upon to correct an erroneous impression, which has gone forth through the machinations and manipulations of the machine. A few years ago the fiends of the opposition, for whom we have but feelings of contempt and loathing, and for whom we can find in our book of synonyms no sufficiently opprobrious or condemnatory title, caused to be published in certain sheets which we will not mention, a story to the effect that the use of the pronoun "we" by the newspaper originated in this wise: In England the King, Lords and Commons constituted the three estates of the realm. The King spoke of himself as "we," the Lords of themselves as "we," and the Commons in the same manner. The scurrilous article referred to above endeavored to convey the impression that the editors tried to ape the customs of the King and the Lords, and, by considering the newspapers the fourth estate, they acquired the habit of using the pronoun "we." This is a most ridiculous assumption, as the intelligent readers of the *Derrick* will see at a glance, and the story was gotten up merely to detract something from the popularity of the newspapers. The facts in the case are these: The editors commenced using the word "we" long before the Kings and Lords ever thought of such a thing; but after awhile the Kings, Lords et al., adopted the style under the impression they could deadhead their way into some of the female minstrel shows. But it didn't work, and, after being kicked out a few times, they tried to make folks believe the use of the plural pronoun originated with them.

There are other reasons. When noticing a marriage or birth "we" implies that at least a box of cigars will be required to go around.

An editor says "we" when advising the President how to conduct his Administration, because the President might not act on his suggestion if it was written plain "I."

When telling a minister how to preach the editor uses "we" to induce the belief that he has just held a conference with all the ex-ministers about the establishment.

The editor who tells the teacher how to teach says "we," because he has consulted with his wife about the matter, and she having been a teacher a few years before, of course knows all about it.

"We" is sometimes used because of the writer's modesty. Most writers are troubled in this respect.

In short, we use "we" because no one man could survive the trials, tribulations and taffy found about a print shop.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Two Frank Men.

"Mr. Blank," began a citizen, as he entered an office near the City Hall, "just one year ago to-day I came in here and called you a liar. I believed what I said, and for a year we have not spoken to each other. Within a week past I have found out that I was mistaken, and now I apologize for my harsh words and express my sorrow that I was ever led to indulge in such language."

"Mr. G.," replied the other, as he extended his hand, "your frankness begets frankness. During the last year but one you and I were friends. You borrowed upwards of seventy dollars of me in small sums, and never repaid a dollar. This last year we have been enemies and I am ahead financially. While I may long to forgive you, I must look out for the interest of my growing family. Let us compromise by nodding to each other in Sunday-school paying our own way outside."

Sir, I shall never nod to you in Sunday-school or elsewhere!" said Mr. G., and he walked out as stiff as a ramrod, and left the door wide open.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—On a slow going railway, recently, a passenger stopped the conductor and asked: "Why don't the train go faster?" "They run fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," said the passenger, settling himself back in his seat, "but that my friends won't come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting about the station two hours."

Vesuvius as an Oil Well.

It has been reserved for an Italian citizen of Harrisburgh, now perfectly Americanized, and therefore imbued with the Yankee genius, to conceive the idea of boring at the side of Vesuvius to ascertain the source of its volcanic fires and utilize the tremendous power which has for ages produced this amazing eruption by fire, smoke and great streams of lava. Angelo Possi Ponti is the name of the gentleman who has devoted a long time to this subject, and who has now come to the conclusion, after a study of the peculiar phases of the petroleum region of Pennsylvania, that the causes of the volcanic forces in Vesuvius are the same as those which produce the gasses in the oil region, only that those of the volcano are the greater and more powerful in their character. His idea is to have a shaft on the land side of the mountain, or a number of them, and by that means reach the bed or beds of oil which, he argues, flow into a great basin immediately under the crater of the volcano, and thus, by currents of electricity, are made to burn and overflow in great floods of lava. By means of the shafts in question Angelo Possi Ponti hopes to attract the oil from the source of its flames, thereby preventing eruptions and utilizing for mechanical purposes the vast accumulation of oil which has for ages been consumed in the crater. This is a tremendous project, in the pursuit of which the inventive Italian believes the source of earthquakes will be reached and controlled, whereby the human race will be shielded from an engine of destruction that has produced such enormous amounts of loss to mankind. This gives the affair a philanthropic phase highly creditable to the humane feelings of the generous Italian. Arrangements for a stock company have been made to take out a charter, with a capital stock of $500,000. Mr. Angelo Possi Ponti has been in consultation for some time with a number of eminent geologists and civil engineers in this city, who, while not being able fully to grasp the tremendous subject, still give its projector much encouragement. It is as possible as the Panama Canal, for which $50,000,000 has been subscribed, or the excavations at Pompeii and the search for the wonders of Troy, the discoveries of which have astounded the archæologists of the world.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

Tattooing in the French Army.

Dr. Lacassagne, a French physician, has published a book on the habit of tattooing as practised in the French army. There are professional tattooers in Paris and Lyons who charge half a franc for each design. Generally the tattooer has cartoons on paper and reproduced these on the skin by a mechanical process. Large designs cost a good deal; a big representation of an Indian holding up the flag of the United States cost the decorated person fifteen francs. China ink is the coloring substances preferred, touched up with vermillion. Dr. Lacassagne has collected 1,333 designs, tattooed on 378 members of the Second African Battalion, or on men under arrest in military prisons. Many were tattooed on every part of the body, except the inner side of the thighs. Patriotic and religious designs and inscriptions amounted to ninety-one. There were 280 "amorous and erotic devices" and 344 works of pure fantasy, such as ladies driving in a carriage, the horses plunging, and servants rushing to their heads. The great efforts of art are reserved for the surfaces of the breast and back. The subjects of many of the drawings are best left undescribed, the imagination of a dissipated soldier being quite savage in its impurity. Among patriotic and religious emblems are cited two devils, nine theological virtues, six crucifixes, two sisters of charity, three heads of Prussians, not flattered, and five portraits of Ideal girls of Alsace, with no fewer than thirty-four bust of the republic. Among animals, the lion and the serpent are the favorite totems. Among flowers, the pansy is generally preferred. The æsthetic classes will grieve to hear that not a single lily appears, and there was only one daisy. Among mythological subjects the sirens are the greatest favorites; next come Bacchus with his pards, Venus, Apollo and Cupid,

A Lizard Under a Man's Skin.

A gentleman from New London, Ralls County, Mo., tells the following story, which he vouches for: He says that there is a colored man in New London, who for years has claimed that he had a scorpion under his skin, and that it crawled from place to place over his body. A few days since Doctors Sprague and Ralls, of London, a couple of scientists, coaxed the darkey to submit to a surgical operation for the removal of the varmint. They distinctly traced the animal under the darkey's skin from his waist over the left shoulder, and thence back again to a position between the thighs and knee of the right leg. Clasping the limb above and below where the animal seemed to be, they administered chloroform to the man, and making an incision in the leg, took therefrom a living reptile—not a scorpion, but something resembling a lizard. It was placed in a vial of alcohol, and the doctors have had several offers for its purchase. The darkey avers that a colored man conjured him when he was a boy, and that he has been tormented with this animal ever since.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Wilmington probably has the largest sturgeon fishing firm in the country. It employs some thirty or forty nets, all told, on the Delaware, ten of which are fished by the month. A schooner is kept busy in the ice trade, and a steamer accompanies the boats. While the men are fishing the steamer moves from boat to boat, taking on the sturgeon as fast as caught, dressing them on the boat and taking the caviare from them. Speaking of caviare, it should be stated that it is the spawn of the fish, and is a favorite sauce, particularly with the Germans. It consists simply of the eggs, properly cured, and epicures regard it very highly. Many hundred kegs are shipped to Germany each year. The firm, after much trouble, is able to put up the caviare very nicely, with a patent preparation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Cayenne pepper grows wild in Polk County, Florida.

—A Delaware dog trainer receives from $100 to $200 for training setter dogs.

—There is an elk's head and horns in the museum of the University of Tennessee that weighs over 700 pounds.

—The law of Georgia makes it a crime to point a pistol or a gun at another, either in fun or malice, whether the gun or pistol be loaded or not.

—Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790, was grandson of a man born in the sixteenth century, in the reign of Elizabeth. Three generations thus extending over two centuries.

—There are more than twenty thousand people in America descendants of one Richard Lyman, who landed in Boston two hundred and fifty years ago, from High Olgar, near London.

—The emblem of the Order of the Garter is a dark-blue ribbon edged with gold, with the motto *Honi soit qui mal y pense* worked in gold letters, and a buckle and pendent of gold. It is worn on the left leg below the knee.

—In order to stop a panic in his church, a clergyman in Bradford, Pa., led off in a hymn at the top of his voice. His singing was so unmusical that the congregation believed that he had become terrified beyond control, and the panic increased in violence.

—The position of umpire *is not* always either safe or pleasant. A man in New York, to whom was referred a dispute whether a young woman's hair was red or auburn, decided that it was red. For this sanguine opinion the disputant who took an auburn view of the case stabbed the unhappy referee.

—All the Russian prisoners are not patriots suffering for the human race. Lieutenant Landsberg, who murdered Madame Vlasoff and her servant for money to pay his debts of honor, employs his life sentence of penal servitude in overseeing the construction of fortifications by a gang of rebellious Mussulmans from the Caucasus.

—Henry Johnson, a colored man in Sumter County, South Carolina, procured from a conjurer a charmed bullet and shot John Davis, with whose wife he was in love. He thought that he was thus protected from punishment, but to his surprise and that of the negro spectators in the court-room, he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. He still expects to escape the gallows, however, and his belief is strengthened by the fact that while his trial was going on two of the jurors were suddenly taken sick, and had to be replaced by others, and that within three hours after he was sentenced the sheriff, a robust man in the prime of life, dropped dead.

—The question whether eggs should be sold by number or by weight has been under discussion in Paris. All of the usual arguments in favor of either method have been put forth. Men of mathematical and statistical proclivities have been at work on the problem, and have learned that eggs laid by the more generous fowls, such as Black Spanish, Houdans and Creve-Cœurs, average seven to a pound, while Hamburgs and some other varieties lay eggs so small that nine or ten are required to tip the pound weight. It has not occurred to any ingenious Frenchman, that, in view of the varying thickness of the shells, a more equitable method than either of those under discussion would be to open the eggs, and sell them at so much a quart for solid meats, as oysters are sold.

—The Lynchburg *Virginian* describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep-stealing dogs. Having suffered severely from the depredation of dogs upon his sheep fold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an inclosure of rails twelve feet high and ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not even a greyhound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured forty-six dogs, including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen before in that neighborhood. This after their had been a public slaughter of all dogs suspected of sheep killing save one, whose master could not be convinced of his guilt. The trap was built for his especial benefit, and it caught him the first night.

—A little girl only fourteen years of age, named Margaret Messenger, has just been convicted and sentenced to death at the Cumberland Assizes in England for the murder of a baby whose nurse she was. The jury found her guilty, and also that—although, being at the time under the age of fourteen, she was, prima facie, incapable of crime—she was precocious enough to have a criminal intent. There is on record in England an example of a boy aged eight years being hanged for burning a barn in Berkshire. A boy of ten, convicted of murdering his bedfellow, was unanimously pronounced by the Judges as a proper subject of capital punishment, and does not appear to have been reprieved. These cases happened long before the Secretary of State was in the habit of interfering in cases of murder as he does at present; and it is probable that this young girl may have her punishment commuted to imprisonment for life.

—A report comes from physicians in Baltimore that a case of genuine leprosy has been brought to attention there. The patient is a lady, the mother of several children, and her case has excited considerable attention among the physicians of that city. She was born in Baltimore, where she lived until her sixteenth year, when she removed to the eastern shore. The only reason assigned for the affliction of this lady is that she resided near another leper, and it is supposed by this means contracted the malady. It is generally believed that leprosy is contagious, a belief which in this instance seems attested, as the woman has never in her life crossed the borders of the State of Maryland, thus making it impossible for her to contract the disease by breathing air which was previously contaminated by the presence of lepers. The patient has now about the face a leonine appearance, or a resemblance to the lion, caused by globules growing over it.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

CAREY OF CARSON.

The night-mist dim and darkling,
As o'er the roads we pass,
Lies in the morning sparkling
As dew-drops on the grass.
E'en so the deeds of darkness,
Which come like midnight dews,
Appear as sparkling items
Next morning in the news.

Away in Carson City,
Far in the Silver Land,
There lives one Justice Carey,
A man of head and hand;
And as upon this table
The Judge a smoking sat
There rowdied in a rougher,
Who wore a gallows hat.

He looked upon the Justice,
But Justice did not budge
Until the youngster warbled,
"Say—don't you know me, Judge?"
"I think," said Carey, meekly,
"Your face full well I know—
I sent you up for stealing
A horse a year ago."

"Ay, that is just the hair-pin,
I am, and that's my line;
And here is twenty dollars
I've brought to pay the fine."
"You owe no fine," said Carey,
"Your punishment is o'er."
"Not yet," replied the rover,
"I've come to have some more.

"Fust-rate assault and batt'ry
I'm going to commit,
And you're the mournful victim
That I intend to hit,
And give you such a scrampin'
As never was, nohow;
And so, to save the lawin',
I guess I'll settle now."

Up rose the Court in splendor;
"Young man, your start is fair,
Sail in, my son, sail over,
And we will call it square!
Go in upon your chances—
Perhaps you may not miss;
I like to see young heroes
Ambitionin' like this."

The young one at the older
Went in with all his heft,
And like a flyin' boulder,
At once let out his left.
The Court, in haste, ducked under
Its head uncommon spry,
Then lifted the intruder
With a punchor in the eye—

A regular right-handor;
And like a cannon-ball,
The young man, when percussioned,
Went over to the wall,
In just about a second,
The Court, with all its vim,
Like squash-vines o'er a meadow,
Went climbing over him.

Yea, as the pumpkin clambers
Above an Indian grave,
Or as the Mississippi
Inunders with his wave,
And merrily slops over
A town in happy sport,
E'en so that man was clambered
All over by the Court.

And in about a minute
That party was so raw,
He would have seemed a stranger
Unto his dearest squaw;
Till he was soft and tender,
This morsel once so tough,
And then, in sad surrender,
He moaned aloud, "Enough!"

He rose, and Justice Carey
Said to him ere he went,
"I do not think the lightin'
You did was worth a cent.
I charge for time two dollars,
As lawyers should, 'tis plain;
The balance of the twenty
I give you back again.

"I like to be obligin'
To folks with all my powers,
So when you next want fightin'
Don't come in office hours;
I only make my charges
For what's in legal time—
Drop in, my son, this evenin',
And I'll not charge a dime."

The young man took the guerdon,
As he had ta'en the scars;
Then took himself away ward
To the 'Ginia City cars.
'Tis glorious when heroes
Go in to right their wrongs;
But if you're only hair pins,
O, then beware of tongs!

—*Charles G. Leland.*

CLARE.

A Practical Lesson.

"Georgia! I fear you must put off going to Brighton for the present, unless you will go with the children without me. After all, why should you not do that, and take the governess with you?"

Mrs. Sanderson raised her large handsome eyes to her husband's face, and stopped in the act of filling the breakfast cups. "What can you mean, Walter?" she said slowly. "I do not quite understand. Why must I go to Brighton without you?"

"Because, my dear, I must run down to Scotland instead. My mother wants me."

"O, your mother!" and a slight cloud came over her usually calm face. She had not met with many disappointments in her married life as yet, and she had been looking forward for some time to this visit to Brighton.

"Yes; she writes that she would like me to go down as soon as I can."

"Is she ill, or what? Does she give no reason?"

"Well, no; I can't say she does; but I imagine somehow it is something about Clare."

"Clare! I daresay it is. What is she doing now? Of course, you know, Walter, that I never interfere in your private family concerns; but in my opinion, you should strongly advise your mother just to give her her own way. A very short time of nursing in an infirmary would completely cure her of that whim. She is not at all the kind of girl for that sort of thing, brought up as she has been, every one yielding to her, and running wild all over your father's estate followed by half-a-dozen dogs, and getting her own way in everything. I believe it would do her a great deal of good to go as a nurse to an infirmary."

"I have no doubt you are right; but I am certain my mother would never agree to it. Let me see. This is Thursday. I could go down on Saturday, and be back again by Wednesday morning early. That would give me three clear days there, and bring me home in time to take you to Brighton on the Thursday. That was the day you intended going, at anyrate."

And so it was arranged. Mr. Sanderson traveled down to Scotland the following Saturday, in obedience to his mother's summons. He had already decided that some new freak of his sister was at the bottom of the whole thing, and therefore, though annoying to his mother, not likely to be at all difficult to manage.

"It all comes from girls being brought up at home. If they could go to public schools like boys, and get all the nonsense taken out of them, it would be a thousand times better. A girl like Clare, living constantly at home with her mother and governess, is sure to take the bit into her own keeping, and rule over everybody. I have half a mind to bring her back with me, and keep her until she falls in love with some one. That would be the best tonic for her restlessness."

When this long railway journey was ended, he found himself standing on the platform of the dreary little side station, being hugged and embraced in the most affectionate and open manner by his sister, a tall handsome girl, who utterly disregarded the presence of a country woman, who, setting down the largest of her many parcels and bundles, stood looking on with undisguised curiosity at this manifestation of affection amongst the "quality."

"You darling old boy! I'm so awfully glad to see you," said Clare. "It is *too* nice of you to run down and see us in this way. Come along. Mamma will be in a fever until we get back again; for I am driving Frisky and Bolter to-day. We'll be at home in no time. Mamma wished to send the carriage; but I would not hear of it. Is your luggage all right? O, have you a sixpence for the boy who has been holding their heads? Frightened little animal he looks, doesn't he? O yes; we are all well. How are you all, Georgie and the children? You should have brought them with you. Why didn't you? However, it is too delicious to have you all to ourselves."

An unceasing flow of light-hearted, affectionate talk convinced Mr. Sanderson that he had been doing his sister a great wrong in looking upon her as the cause of his hurried journey; and as he regarded her sitting beside him so bright and happy, driving her mad little ponies with reckless speed up hill and down dale, over stones and round corners, making the bleak moor ring with her pealing laughter whenever they encountered a severer "bump" than usual, he almost felt as if he must apologize to her for having allowed such a thought to enter his mind.

"Walter! I do believe you are not listening to me. You are thinking of Georgia and the children. I don't believe you heard what I said. I was saying we must have long rides every day while you are here. Shan't we?"

"I fear, Clare, there cannot be many days of it. I must be in London again early on Wednesday morning."

"On Wednesday! I never heard of such an idea! What in the world brought you down, if you cannot stay longer than that?"

What in the world brought him down?—that was just the question he was asking himself. There was nothing wrong with Clare—that was perfectly evident; not a hidden corner or thought, even in her chameleon nature—all was open as the day. If it was only about expired leases and back rents, etc., it would have been as well if his mother had written frankly, and allowed him to judge if such a journey and loss of time were necessary. But he was careful to keep these thoughts to himself, judicial training having successfully overcome the natural frankness of his character. He was saved the necessity of making any reply to her last speech by the sudden pulling up of the ponies at the hall door.

"Take care!" laughed Clare as she saw him almost overbalanced by the extreme sharpness of the jerk. "Ah! there's mother. Have I not brought him home in good time, mother? Just twenty-five minutes from the station, and the ponies going like lambs. No, Walter; I am not coming in at present; I always drive them round to the stables myself;" and off she drove, leaving her brother folded in the arms of his mother.

"I am so glad to see you, dear Walter. I was so thankful to get your letter this morning. It will be all right, now you are come." And she led the way across the hall into the small room generally used by her and Clare when they were alone.

"Has Clare said anything to you? Dear boy! I am so anxious, that I can think of nothing else. Did Clare tell you anything?"

"Clare!" replied he. "Then it *is* Clare, after all! Is it some new whim?"

"O, Walter, worse than any of her other whims. She says she is going to marry—to marry a horrid man, a vulgar, low kind of person!"

"Whew! This is a new whim with a vengeance! I thought she had forsworn matrimony."

"O, don't make fun, Walter; it is too serious, and I am so anxious. The more I say to her about it the firmer she seems to be. I do not know what we are to do."

"Who is the man? Tell me all about it, and do not look so tragic, you dear old mater. At all events it is a step in the right direction. A married life is more in her line than a Sisterhood would have been. But who is the man?"

"He is a cousin of Mrs. Monkton, and a missionary in some mining village. Clare met him there last year, when those revival meetings were going on. I find out now that it was he who put that nonsense into her head about joining a Sisterhood, and devoting her life to nursing, etc. He was down here lately, and I noticed that a great many letters passed between them after he left, but I never for a moment thought of anything further. And then, a few nights ago, she told me she had quite given up all idea of infirmary work, for a much more useful and extended life had been offered to her. And then it turned out that when Mr. Moffat was down here he had got her to enter into a half-engagement with him."

"O, only a half engagement! We can easily settle a half-engagement. I'm thankful it is no worse."

"But it is worse! That was only at first. She told me he had given her a fortnight to make up her mind. Of course, he is marrying her for her money."

"We will let him know that she is almost entirely dependent on you, and that you won't give her a farthing beyond the sum my father left her, if she marries without your consent. That will bring him to reason, I've little doubt."

"Yes; but the difficulty will be with her; she will not give him up. The worse and more unsuitable such a marriage would be, the greater, I verily believe, will be its attraction for her. When will you speak to her about this?"

"I would rather that Clare should open the subject of her own accord to me. I will get her to come with me when I smoke my cigar after dinner, and see what I can make of her."

On finding himself, after dinner, alone with his sister in the smoking-room, Walter began to realize the difficulty of beginning a subject which she seemed to have no intention of introducing.

"Clare," he suddenly began, "do you know you have improved very much of late? You are rather a good-looking young person now. I am inclined to be proud of you."

"Thank you, Walter. Was I so very plain before?" she retorted saucily, with a light laugh.

"No; I do not mean that. You were always handsome enough; but somehow you strike me as being different this time. It may be your style of dressing, or the way you wear your hair; but there is a difference, I'm certain. You had better come back with me for a little. London is the place for a girl like you, and Georgie would enjoy taking you about. Poor girl! she is lonely enough at times, now that I am no longer a briefless barrister. Will you come?"

"You are a good old fellow, Walter, and I love you dearly; but I will not go to London with you. A London life would not suit me. But I believe you when you tell me I have improved. I must have improved, at any rate since you saw me in autumn; for I was unhappy and unsettled then."

"About what, dear?" he asked in his gentlest tone.

"Well, you know I wished to become a nurse; and mamma would not hear of it, and I was tired of the life I lead here."

"Yes; I don't wonder at that—it is altogether too dull."

"O no, not that! But it is so utterly useless, and there is so much to be done and so much that ladies can do better than any one else."

"But you are not useless here. You have your Sunday class, and the choir to train, and your poor folks to look after. I think you are wonderfully useful for so young a girl."

"Yes; that is just it; I am too young. I require guidance, Walter, and I cannot get it from mamma."

"Clare!"

"I mean, that although mamma is as kind as possible to the poor, and gives them food and wine and clothes too, yet personally, she takes very little interest in them, and I cannot get her to come with me on my rounds. It would be so much better if she would, because, you see, some of the people do not pay so much attention to me when I give them advice, just because I am so young and have no one to support me."

"I can imagine that it is difficult for you, certainly. But is there no one else you could get to join with you?"

"Yes, Walter"—and a faint blush spread over her face—"and that is why I am so much improved, as you say I am. My mind is quite at ease; for now I see my duty quite clearly. I thought mamma would tell you all about it to-morrow; but I should like to speak to you first, for she is very much against it, and I count upon your help to bring her round. I think it providential that you have come down here at this time, of your own accord too! I am engaged to a gentleman who will be able to help me, and who will take me to a place where there is far more need of me than there is here; for do you know, Walter, though I have been working hard with all my heart all these months, I do not see one bit of improvement amongst the people."

"Engaged to be married, Clare! Who is the gentleman? You sly puss! And so it is 'first love' which has improved you?"

"O no, Walter. I am not 'in love,' as you suppose; and neither is he; but we esteem and like each other; and we can do more for those poor people if we were married than if we were single. He says he needs a lady to help him."

"But who is he, dear? You have not told me that."

"He is a cousin of Mrs. Monkton's, and is a very hard working clergyman in a large and neglected mining village. His name is Moffat. He was here a good deal last year at the time of the revival meetings, and I got to know him then, but without any idea of marrying him; that has only been arranged a few days ago."

"You take away my breath, Clare. That is the very last kind of marriage I should have expected a girl like you to make."

"Ah, because you thought me vain and frivolous. But, dear Walter, promise me that you will talk to my mother, and make her see what a noble and useful life is waiting for me."

"A noble and useful enough life, Clare. But before I can make any promises, I must think it over. I am not prepared to give my sister up to the first man who asks her. Tell me about Mr. Moffat. What is he like? Is he young? And has he private means that he thinks of a wife like you?"

"I do not know whether he is very rich or not; I never thought of asking him. But we should not want to be very rich; because, in the life we have planned, we should have no time for visiting or going much into society; and you know, Walter, I have never been so fond of going to balls and parties as some girls are."

"Well, Clare, I'll sleep on it, as the saying goes; and to-morrow I will have a talk with you again. Be sure that I will do my best for your happiness. And now, let us say good night."

Next morning Clare came early into the breakfast room; but her brother evinced no corresponding activity; and when he did make his appearance, the presence of her mother prevented all renewal of their last night's conversation. Nor was any private interview possible until far on in the afternoon.

"I thought mamma was never going to leave us alone to-day, Walter. And yet, how bad of me to talk in that way; for of course she is as glad to be with you as I am. Poor mother!"

"Yes, Clare—poor mother! You are preparing a bitter pill for her to swallow. How do you think she will like your hurying yourself alive in a dirty, smoky mining village?"

"O, then, dearest of old boys, you have come around to my way of thinking! I felt sure you would! You lead such a busy, useful life yourself that I knew you would understand my feelings!"

"Stop a little, Clare. Not quite so fast. I certainly desire to see you happy, and I truly believe a well assorted marriage is the happiest state on earth; but——"

"O, no 'buts,' Walter!"

"You must hear me out. Before I can speak to my mother with any effect I must see Mr. Moffat. How can I urge the advantages of your marriage with a man I have never even seen? Everything in a case like this depends on the individual himself. In a worldly point of view, it is a wretched marriage for you; but there may be qualities and gifts in the man himself which out balance all that, and make him more than your equal. Do you understand?"

Clare murmured "Yes;" and her brother went on:

"Now, I think it would never do to write and ask him to come here for my inspection. I have been studying my Bradshaw this morning, and I discover I can leave this by the eight o'clock train to-morrow and be at his place, Reekton, about mid-day, spend an hour or two with him, and be back here by the evening train in time for dinner. What do you say to that? Then I can talk with some reason to my mother; or, perhaps, if I am greatly impressed, I may even bring him back with me. Or stay! Suppose you come with me! Why not? I think that a splendid idea! You would introduce me and smooth away any little awkwardness there might be in my going all alone, and having to introduce myself. It would be a delightful surprise to him. What do you say? Will you go?

"How good you are, Walter! Of course I'll go. It will be simply delightful. But how about mamma?"

"O, leave my mother to me; I'll make it all right with her."

Clare gave her brother's arm a grateful and affectionate squeeze. "And Walter, we must send off a telegram from the station to-morrow, and then he will be waiting at the station there for us."

"No; we will not telegraph, dear. In the first place I don't want everyone here to know where we are going; and then Mr. Moffat would be making all sorts of elaborate preparations for us; and neither you nor I would like to give him any trouble by our visit—would we?"

"No; of course not. But he would like to give us lunch, you know. However, as you say, the people here would talk; and we can make up our minds just to take whatever his housekeeper can give us on short notice."

And so the visit was thus arranged and carried out. The morning train took them off; and in due time, after some changes and delays, landed them at Reekton; a singularly well named place, Walter thought, but refrained from saying; for he did not wish to prejudice his sister in any degree. The fine bright morning had been gradually becoming more and more overcast, and had now fairly settled into one of those still wet days which are to some temperaments peculiarly depressing. Except the station master and a boy, not a soul was to be seen; any loungers that might otherwise have been there being kept away by the double event of a steady rain and of its being the dinner hour. A great many trucks filled with coal and coke, and others waiting to be filled; a long lane, which in reality seemed to have "no turning;" a wet, black, coaly road, stretching out dull and cheerless between very high, straggling bare thorn-hedges, and a lowering mist hanging over a large irregular village, completed a scene which filled both the spectators with silent dismay.

"Ask if this is Reekton, Walter; perhaps we have made a mistake."

Walter obeyed, and came back saying: "That village there at the end of that lane is Reekton. It is unfortunate that it has turned out such a wet day. Shall I send the boy down to the inn and see if we can get a cab or conveyance of some sort?"

"Yes, do, Walter, while I remain under the shed here."

In a minute or two her brother came back with the intelligence that there was no cab or conveyance to be had. There had been a wedding in the village a few nights before, and the only chaise it possessed had been nearly broken to pieces in the course of the festivities. There was nothing for it but to walk, and the station-master directed them how to find Mr. Moffat's house, which was right in the middle of the village, two doors beyond the King's Arms.

"What a wretched day," exclaimed the girl, with a shiver as she spoke.

"Yes; we do not see Reekton for the first time under favorable circumstances. Who could have foreseen a day like this after so bright a morning! Are you cold?"

"Yes; no—a little, I think."

"Shall I go into the inn as we pass, and tell them to have a chop or something ready for us, in case Mr. Moffat may be from home?"

"That would be the finishing stroke to our bad luck! Very likely we shall find he is away."

However, it seemed as if fate meant to be kind after all; for on knocking at the door of the house pointed out to them, a stout, severe-looking person informed them that Mr. Moffat was at home. "I'm no sure if he is down yet; but just step in here," said she, opening, as she spoke, a door on the left side of the little square passage; "he's mostly late on the Mondays"—and ushered them into a room where breakfast was laid for one person.

On a side table was lying in strange mixture of books and pamphlets, pipes in great variety, tins of tobacco, matchboxes and a dirty-looking smoking-cap, and on the floor a japanned spittoon. The window had evidently not been opened that day, and an effluvium from last night's tobacco still pervaded every corner. A greasy arm-chair stood on one side of the fireplace, and near it a pair of walking-boots ready for their owner; under the chair a pair of very much worn green-and-white Berlin-work slippers. The servant never thought of asking their names, an omission which secretly pleased Walter very much, and she had left the door of the room in which they were, open, so they had the gratification of hearing her go across the passage and up the narrow stairs, and knock at a door apparently right over them.

"You're wanted in the parlor," said the severe-looking person. "Who is it?" came from a man's voice. "I dinna ken them," she replied, more than halfway down stairs, evidently.

Walter carefully avoided looking at his sister as a certain muffled thumping, announced the approach of some one who evidently had no shoes on his feet; but he furtively glanced at his watch and saw that it was almost one o'clock. And then the door was pushed open, and he saw a short, thick-set man, with a high and shining forehead and general air of untidiness, enter, and suddenly stand as if petrified. A few desperately awkward seconds passed.

At length Walter came forward. "We must apologise for invading your premises in this manner Mr. Moffat, Clare introduced me."

Clare contrived to mutter a few words, and Walter held out his hand, which he felt was by no means cordially grasped by his host; but he continued: "My sister and I only thought of this little visit late last night, and so we couldn't let you know of it."

Clare and Mr. Moffat had silently got through the ceremony of shaking hands by this time, and the girl, nearly upset by the whole morning's experience, was glad to take the nearest chair, which happened to be the arm-chair under which Mr. Moffat's slippers were lying, so that that unfortunate man—as if to put and keep him at a still greater disadvantage—was forced to entertain his unexpected guests with no other covering to his large and badly shaped feet than that afforded by coarse home-spun stockings.

In vain Walter essayed his most genial manner; nothing could make the visit other than a wretchedly awkward one. Clare seemed unable to utter a syllable, and averted her eyes carefully from the man's unslippered feet and unshaven face. At length, seeing that her powers of endurance were being tried to the uttermost by various unhappy attempts on Mr. Moffat's part to assume the tone of an accepted lover, Walter suggested that they should leave Mr. Moffat to eat his breakfast in peace, while they would go back to the inn for the lunch which must be awaiting them, and invited Mr. Moffat to join them there as soon as was convenient for him, and spend the rest of the time with them until the train was due by which they were to return.

On getting out into the street, Clare convulsively clasped her brother's arm. "Walter, could we not get a train sooner than three o'clock?"

"I am afraid not. But do you know it is almost two o'clock, now?—the time will soon pass. It is this wretched weather that makes everything look so miserable."

Clare shivered, and wished she were away.

On reaching the inn they found their lunch waiting for them; but the chops were tough, and had been burned in the process of cooking, and Clare at least found it impossible to eat. A large party of convivial miners were in the next room, which was only separated from theirs by a thin wooden partition, and they had the benefit of the jokes, oaths and squabbles that passed among them. Mr. Moffat was some time in making his appearance; but when he did, he was much more presentable, more like the man Clare had seen and believed in, at her own home. But his shaven face and correct clerical costume came too late, and he was sensible enough to see the matter in its true light. Nothing could re-establish him again on the pinnacle to which Clare, in her uncurbed imagination and secret love of excitement under any form, had raised him.

On getting home Walter explained to his mother that she had no longer anything to fear; and next day wrote to Mr. Moffat, by his sisters desire, breaking off all further connection, and then telegraphed to his wife to expect him and his mother and sister the following day.

Georgie remained under the impression that her mother-in-law's state of health required a change. Not even to her did Walter ever divulge the severe practical lessons to which he had subjected his sister; not even, when he had the gratification of seeing her make a suitable and happy marriage within a year or two from the time when her self-will and self-ignorance had so nearly wrecked her life.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Southern Pacific Railroad and Its Connections.

In a lengthy interview in the New York *World*, Mr. R. S. Hays, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, gives some interesting facts regarding the system of roads which are to form a net-work of feeders to the Southern Pacific and thus make a complete route across the continent and new connections with Mexico. The new system consists of the Missouri and Pacific, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, the Memphis and Little Rock, the Texas and Pacific, the New Orleans Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Central Branch of the Union Pacific, with extensions and branches amounting in all to nearly 6,000 miles. Their eastern termini on the Mississippi River are at Hannibal, St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans; and they reach in their Western termini, the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston, Mexico at Laredo and El Paso on the Rio Grande—at the latter point connecting with the Southern Pacific, through which they reach San Francisco. In the West they reach the principal points in Kansas and Colorado, and the Union Pacific at Omaha by an extension now building through Nebraska from Atchison. The connection will be made from New Orleans with the Southern Pacific, which will enable the traveler from San Francisco to the East to cross the continent without incurring the risks of snow blockade, and the time by this line will not exceed that of the Northern line by twelve hours. Connections will be made with Mexico by lateral lines from St. Louis and New Orleans, and the great natural resources of Texas, New-Mexico, and Arizona will thus be opened up.

—"Can you look me in the face, Clara, and say that?" asked Fred. Said Clara, "I'm telling you the truth, Fred; but I'd rather not look you in the face, Fred; indeed, I wouldn't. Mr. Easel, the artist, says we should avoid looking upon anything but the beautiful."—*Boston Transcript.*

How a Handful of Mounted Police Keep a Host of Redskins in Awe.

The special correspondent of the London *Times*, who made the Northwest tour with Lord Lorne, praises up the mounted police, of whom (he says) it would be difficult to speak too highly. Lord Lorne, always very keen in military matters since the days when he himself worked *con amore* in a volunteer artillery corps, and for an amateur, therefore, an unusually good judge, pronounced them "as fine a troop as he ever saw." They are ludicrously underhanded for the ground they have to cover, and the number of Indians and white men, often more unmanageable than Indians, whom they are expected to keep in order. They are 300, and the Indians may be counted by tens of thousands. Yet, if a crime be committed out on the prairie, a handful of mounted police seize the criminal, a chief it may be, surrounded by his tribe, and carry him off to the nearest fort as coolly as a policeman would take up a pickpocket in Cheapside. Not long ago some Cree chiefs, considering themselves aggrieved by the Government, seized upon some Government cattle passing through their territory, killing and eating three. Colonel Herschimer and six of his men happened to come to the place almost the same day. They at once summoned the chiefs to surrender. The chiefs refused, armed themselves and their immediate followers, and, as the police approached, fired a volley over, but pretty near, their heads to intimidate them. Had the fire been returned the police, far outnumbered, would probably have been slain to a man; but, calmly relying on the majesty of the law, they walked under the bullets right into the Indian camp, handcuffed three chiefs and carried them off, amid loud protestations and threats, but no actual violence. A still more striking case occurred quite recently among the Blackfeet. One of the Mounted Police was murdered, shot in the back—by a young Blackfoot Indian, whose father had, or thought he had, a grievance against the Government, and on his death-bed bequeathed the legacy of vengeance to his son. The murderer at first escaped over the American frontier, but coming back was taken by a small body of police from the very midst of his tribe, to whom he appealed in vain, though they knew enough of English customs to know that he was being carried to death. He is now in Fort MacLeod, to which we are on our way, and though his execution is a certainty, and the Blackfeet, many of them armed with Winchesters, are quite numerous and powerful enough to avenge—as they might have rescued—him, indeed, powerful enough to raise war, not the slightest apprehension is felt of their making any serious difficulty, or the Governor General, I need scarcely say, would not be allowed to go among them, except under the strongest protests from those responsible for his safety. The Indians know well that nothing more than strict justice has been or will be done. What is perhaps still more curious than their submitting to the control of the police rather than resist it by force is that they voluntarily make use of it themselves. If an Indian nowadays has his horse stolen, instead of going at once on the war-path, and trying to recover it himself, together with the thief's scalp, he appeals to the police, and expects them to recover it, which they usually do.

A Veritable "India Rubber Man."

The strangest phenomenon we have seen for a long time is now on view in Vienna. "Der Gummimensch," or the India-rubber man, is quite the queerest fellow imaginable. He is a pale, flaccid man, with red hair and a bilious complexion; he wears black velvet knickerbockers and is very polite. He can seize the skin of his chest with both hands, pull it away from his body about eighteen inches and rnise it to the level of his head; and yet, when he leaves go, instead of the skin hanging in horrid folds, it goes spreading itself again, so that not a crease is to be discovered. The skin of his nose he can stretch six inches, the skin of his fingers two inches, so that his hands look sizes Nos. 20 or 30. He drags at the calf of his leg, and behold a goodly and translucent membrane, in which can be seen the ramified network of arteries, pink and pulsating. This does not hurt him. He can—but enough. You see that he well deserves his title of "Gummimensch." What with his cadaverous face and gluey elasticity he much reminds one of Doré's ghastly portrayal of the damned in the grand illustrations of the "Inferno." The medical faculty are highly exercised anent this man, and they have begged him for the smallest strip of skin just for a microscopical investigation. There has not been such a case for two centuries, and in those days of course the microscope was rather primitive. "Gummimensh" is a Bavarian, thirty-two years of age, married and has three normal children. He charges two florins to show himself. His skin feels like velvet, or rather like the breast of a plucked fowl, but it is not a sweet sensation to touch him.—*Vienna Cor. London Globe.*

—A Connecticut horse owner has recovered $475 of the town of Windham on account of the loss of his horse by lock-jaw, the disease being produced by treading a rusty nail into his foot, on the highway. Now it is proposed that the town shall sue a manufacturing company which made the highway a dumping ground for old building rubbish, rusty nails included. That would be eminently proper. Highways are not made for that sort of use.

—An exchange paper says that the plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. This editor probably forgets the desire to kick that a plug hat reposing innocently on the sidewalk with a brick inside of it always arouses in the gentlest of men.

—Most people in this country are tired of seeing the Goddess of Liberty with that same old suit on. Why not do her hair up in a French roll and give her a train?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mrs. Olive E. Whitney has a salary of $5,000 as designer for an Eastern chromo maker's holiday cards.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1881.

In the absence of more exciting topics, the tariff will probably be one of the principal subjects of discussion in the pending session of Congress.

The New Orleans *Times* (Ind. Dem.) declares that men who have grown up under the shade of Bourbonism "are like potato vines in a cellar—rank, but nearly leafless, bearing neither bloom nor fruit."

There is a solid chunk of truth in the remark of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, that "many of the back pay pensioners were not at the front in the war, and the government is paying for wounds received in picnic and saloon battles since Grant and Lee made peace."

It is stated upon good authority that the Baltimore *Gazette*, which is soon to pass into the hands of a new company as a nominally independent paper, will really be a Stalwart organ. One of its editors will be Mr. Elam, of the Richmond *Whig*, and Mahone is credited with having an interest in the concern. The story is given for what it's worth.

The Baltimore *American* of 13th says: The Democratic conference to prepare reform measures was a fizzle, after all. Only three members of the committee were present, and one of them was the Attorney General. Governor Hamilton, Mr. S. Teackle Wallis and Henry D. Farnandis were conspicuous by their absence. The Governor was in the city during the day, intending to attend the conference, but after making inquiries, he thought it best to return home. Attorney General Gwinn submitted his registration bill, and there the matter ended.

Judge Yellott, in his opinion in the cases of the crews of the oyster dredging vessels, who have been confined in the Anne Arundel county jail, and whom he had released upon writs of habeas corpus, attacks the proposition that under any form of law justices of the peace are empowered to impose criminal sentences. "The legislature cannot," he says, "empower a justice of the peace to assume jurisdiction in a criminal cause," and he adds that "the legislature of Maryland at its last session has done what the omnipotent Parliament of England would hesitate to attempt," and that "the action of the legislature was more in conformity with the summary mode of procedure of the Russian empire."

A young South Carolinian, of Democratic antecedents and training, recently said to a chance acquaintance on a Southern steamer: "If the Republican Party here could be what it is at the North—a party of progress, of ideas, of the nineteenth century, a really liberal movement—the young men of the State would flock to it and support it, but we don't want any more men of the Moses stamp. Their party principles were spoliation and plunder. We want a Mahone here to lead us out of Egypt, and we'll have one under some name or other, and then things will move in the old State."

An Atlanta correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) *News* fears disaster to the Georgia Democracy though the influence of the success of the Mahone movement in Virginia, and somewhat bitterly writes: "The last political campaign in Georgia made up the most vicious chapter in the political history of the State. For shameful personal abuse, eloquent oratory, popular enthusiasm sectional bitterness, and general demoralization it stands without a parallel."

The wife of the Rev. B. Lloyd, of Franklin, Pa., has been raised from what was supposed to be her death bed, and the miraculous cure is attributed to the effect of prayer. She had been given up by the doctors, but her husband asked the various churches to pray for her recovery, and while he was praying with his flock in his church the sick woman arose, dressed herself, and astonished the congregation by walking into their midst, though she had not been out of her bed for six months.

A Terrible Disaster in Vienna.

On the night of the 8th inst., a theatre in Vienna, Austria, took fire, before the commencement of the opera "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," caused by the fall of a lamp on the stage. It is estimated that about two thousand persons were in the house. The greatest possible confusion and fear immediately siezed the audience, and rushes were made to the doors and windows with the view of escaping the terrible disaster. Many escaped by ladders from the windows and by jumping into cloths that were held below so as to break the force of their decent. The rapidity of the flames, however, psevented the escape of the whole crowd, and it is estimated that some six hundred persons perished in the building, which was entirely destroyed. Immence crowds collected around the theatre during the fire and were horrified by the terrific shrieks and piteous prayers of the hopeless victims, who were unable to avoid the awful sufferings and death that awaited them.

Death of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick.

This brave and dashing officer of the Union Army during the Rebellion, died on the 4th instant, of Bright's Disease, at Valparaiso. He was born near Deckertown, N. J., Jan. 14, 1836 and graduated at West Point in 1861. Receiving a commission as Captain in the New York Fifth Regiment, Duryea's Zouaves, he was wounded in the fight at Big Bethel, June 10th. After his recovery, he was made successively Lieut. Colonel and Colonel of the Second N. Y. Cavalry, and subsequently attained the rank of Major General. He was looked upon as an excellent cavalry officer, and won great distinction in that branch of the service during the war. In November 1865, he was appointed Minister to Chili, where he married a native as his second wife. Returning from Chili, after a three years official residence, he spent his time chiefly on his farm and in delivering political and literary addresses, until he was appointed a second time by President Garfield to the Chilian Mission. Many a soldier's eye will dim with tears, as he reads of the death of dashing, fearless "Kil," as he was familiarly called, whose long marches and hard fights he had shared so frequently during the war of the Rebellion.

Terrible Disaster Near Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 10.—Horrors in Pittsburg follow close upon the heels of each other. Last evening a terrible explosion occurred at the Keystone Rolling Mills, 14th ward, but this morning comes another, which exceeds in horror anything which has occurred in this vicinity since the terrible destruction of life, caused by the collision at 28th street. Between 2 and 3 o'clock, this morning a frame boarding-house, located on the line of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad, some seven miles below the city, was set on fire by the explosion of a lamp, and of fifty persons known to be sleeping, only 24 escaped alive. All were more or less burned. So rapid was the progress of the flames, some were literally roasted to death without the possibility of an effort being made to rescue them. The building in which the fire occurred was located about seven miles from this city, at a place called Cut Rock, and was owned by Martin Joyce, a contractor, but was under management of a Mr. Kown, as boarding house keeper. It was about 30 feet wide and 50 feet long, and constructed of sixteen-feet boards placed on end. It had a board roof, with very steep pitch, and a loft formed by a sloping roof was the place in which the laborers were huddled for the night. In the lower story was the dining room and at one end of the building was the kitchen. The stairs leading to the loft were a little better than a ladder, and were located just at the side of the door leading from the dining room to the kitchen. In the loft bunks were arranged, but the only light which penetrated were two openings without glass, and which were closed at night with sliding doors, so as to keep out the chill night air. In this dark loft some 43 men were supposed to have slept last night, at least that number were at supper last evening, and none were reported away when the hour for retiring came.

The scenes this morning at the site of the ill-fated building were of a sickening character. In a heap in one corner of the ruins were the charred remains of six men who had evidently succumbed to the fiery element while endeavoring to escape through an opening in the roof.

Before the Democratic party in this State can recover the ground which it has lost, it will not only become necessary for it to dispense with the services of the "bosses," but to satisfy the people of its determination to reform certain abuses which of late years have been fastened to the body politic.—*Calvert Journal.*

Secretary Blaine.

To-day, it is understood, Mr. Blaine will virtually retire from the Department of State, and the name of his successor, Mr. Frellnghuysen, will be sent to the Senate. Mr. Blaine will retire to private life carrying with him a larger measure of the admiration and affection of the people than is accorded to any other living man. There has been throughout his whole career something brilliant and fascinating—a bold, straightforward appeal to the hearts of Americans, a dashing and fiery genius, and a winning sweetness of personal character that won to him the warmest regards of his political opponents, and united his friends to him with hooks of steel. No such figure has appeared in American politics during the present generation. To find a parallel to him we must go back to Clay, Webster, Douglass and Calhoun—to the days when individualism counted for more than it does now, and discipline counted for less. Mr. Blaine has that individuality that constitutes the leader. It was he who led into new paths and opened up new issues.

Beginning his career in Congress, his fine gifts as an orator at once made themselves felt. He has always had the happy knack of saying the right thing in the proper time—the rarest secret of eloquence. For this reason his oratory always seems born of the occasion, and if read after the occasion has passed away have not the studied splendor of Webster, nor the red-hot logic of Calhoun. But no man has ever possessed the art of persuading hostile audiences in a greater degree than Blaine. As speaker of the House for three terms, he was known as the best parliamentarian and presiding officer that ever sat in the chair; for his career was at a time when there was a greater pressure of important legislation and a greater danger of bad legislation than at any previous time. He almost created the system by which business is now dispatched.

When he first entered the Senate he seemed for a while to be limited by the smaller arena and the duller aspect of the public business. The older debaters, and especially the trained lawyers, had at times a certain advantage; but he, with his accustomed facility, soon mastered the situation there also, and was as much the focus of public attention and admiration as ever. But it has been during the past ten months that he has grown most dear to the people. The noble unselfishness with which he brought his great talents and large personal influence into the cabinet of Garfield, and became its main stay and its anchor; the brilliant services that he rendered in directing its foreign policy, and the devotion with which he watched over the wounded President in his long and agonizing illness—all of these impressed the popular mind with a generosity and nobleness of private character that wins them as his genius does. He had hardly taken his seat in the Department of State when it was felt that there was a brave, strong man there, and an American to the core. Short as was his service there, and hampered as it was by the illness of the late President, the amount of brilliant work accomplished was noteworthy. His dealing with the Cuban difficulty—a small affair, but it showed that there was a man at the helm—the American pork question and the Hartmann letter—all of these were treated in a way that gratified American pride and patriotism. The letter on the Panama Canal was a masterpiece. It had that solid ring about it, that faith and sincerity that impressed the European mind. It has been read and discussed in every capital in Europe, and has furnished the theme of editorial treatment in all the great journals of Europe, because it stated clearly, compactly and positively the American position on that subject—no with diplomatic indirectness, but with the bold earnestness that characterizes the man. This directness and earnestness shows itself in all the actions of Blaine. No statesman has ever been more frank and candid than he; he opens his whole heart; he utters his whole thought; there is no fear that he is working in the dark or pulling remote wires—and this is why he is so much loved. The people read his despatches to Lowell, that told the bitter, earnest truth about Garfield, when "professional etiquette" was giving out pleasant fictions: what Blaine said was believed.

Mr. Blaine retires to private life; but can such a man, at the full zenith of his great powers, retire from public life? Will he be permitted to do so? That he should have a brief season of rest after the arduous and exciting career through which he has thus passed is proper; but he has a great mission and duty as the representative of certain political ideas that are held by millions of Americans. When these call him from his retirement he must come.—*Balto. American, Monday,*

The Democracy and the Pensions.

With admirable candor the Democratic newspaper at Utica, *The Observer*, confesses the responsibility of its party for the passage of the monstrous Pensions Arrears Bill by the last Congress, and therefrom reads its friends a lesson. Commenting upon the startling announcement by Commissioner Dudley, that the deficiency under this bill, which was supposed to appropriate in all not more than $15,000,000, is $235,000,000, it says with great frankness: "The act under which this staggering sum of indebtedness is accumulating was passed by Democratic majority chiefly as a party measure." Of course there was insincerity and trickery in it, else why should Democrats go out of their way to lavish pensions upon soldiers in a war which they pronounced unconstitutional and unholy, and bitterly opposed from beginning to end? The demagogism of the bill was apparent enough at the time, but it is well to have the confession of it from Democratic authority. *The Observer* says: "It was thought, and with some superficial show of reason, that if a Democratic Congress exceeded in liberality to the soldier pensioners of the land the previous Republican Congresses, the result must be helpful to the party among the class of voters directly interested."

This might be more plainly stated thus: The Democratic majority in Congress, having control of appropriations and command of the Treasury, used the opportunity to draw on the Treasury for money to buy the soldiers vote. That is the whole of it. It could not be pretended that they were acuated by sympathy for the soldier or love for the cause in which he fought. Over against any such pretence the too fresh record stands. What they saw was a chance to buy, or attempt to buy, the favor of a large class of voters naturally hostile to them, at no cost to themselves, but at the expense of the National Treasury. For this they passed the bill—"chiefly as a party measure," and in the confident belief that "the result must be helpful to the party among the class of voters directly interested." But the game did not work. The tricksters gain nothing, though the Treasury is depleted. For it is further admitted by the same candid organ that "although a brave and popular soldier was our Presidential nominee, a little later the vote showed that the Arrears Bill had made no friends for the party he represented." *The Observer* commends the lesson and its moral to its Democratic friends in Congress and in the Legislature.

It occurs to us that the scope of this confession might not unprofitably be enlarged, and the force of the moral perhaps increased. This particular act was such patent demagogism that it needed no defining. But it is only one of many. The same insincerity, trickiness and deceit have characterized Democratic policy in the treatment of every public question for the past twenty years, until the reputation of the party in that regard has become notorious. But it has never paid, and it never will. This living by tricks upon tavellers is precarious and unprofitable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Tariff Convention.

One of the most important industrial gatherings ever assembled in this country was the National tariff convention that met in New York last week. It contained about six hundred delegates from all sections of the country, representing more labor and capital perhaps than were ever before represented in any convention in any country. It represented a principle which in the history of American legislation is estimated to have added a total of $1,500,000,000 to our revenues since 1850, and to have taken off at least $1,000,000,000 of taxes in internal and import revenues. The "American system," built up by such men as Joshua R. Giddings Thaddeus Stevens, James A. Garfield, Andrew Stewart, W. D. Kelley, Horace Maynard, James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conklink and other leaders in congress, has been of incalculable benefit to this country, and never was in higher esteem in the public mind than today. The chief objects of the meeting last week were:

1. To prepare the way for bringing the policy of protection fully and aggressively before the American people preparatory to the election of the next congress.

2. So to extend the principle of protection to our ocean carrying trade as will revive the former ascendency of our American commercial marine.

3. To put the internal revenue laws, with perhaps some needed or partial exceptions, in course of speedy extinction.

4. To secure, through the appointment of a skilled revenue commission, the preparation of a tariff law that shall harmoniously adjust the interests of revenue and protection without incidental incongruity or injustice.

The meeting was non-political in character, comprising men of all parties. In view of this fact, the spat now going on between Senator Voorhees and Henry Watterson as to whether the Democratic party is or is not for free trade, seems to be especially timely.

Henry says it is out-and-out for "revenue only." Daniel retorts: "The Democratic party never was a free trade party." He says, "The Atlanta cotton mills could not run a month were protection withdrawn from them." There is fun ahead, and the "expoliations" to which Voorhees refers may go deeper than now appears. No man can look back at the record and doubt the position of the Republican party upon the tariff.

The desire for a good national Bankrupt law is very general among merchants and men of business of all kinds. The state insolvent laws, which in most of the states have been devised for the purpose of supplying the need, have proven utterly ineffective. The difficulty lies in the fact that state laws do not bind outside of their own lines, and is virtually insurmountable. It is almost impossible for creditors in different states to stand upon equal footing, and in some cases the state laws have been so carelessly and improvidently drawn that they really do more harm than good—preventing the creditors from enforcing a fair settlement outside of judicial proceedings. The late Bankrupt law was full of imperfections, and had not been gotten into consistency and uniformity by the decision of courts even up to the time of its repeal. But in several cities boards of trade and chambers of commerce have given expression to the desire for a comprehensive and equitable Bankrupt law. A draft of a statute has been in preparation, and will in all likelihood be presented to Congress during the present session. It will probably provide severer measures against fraudulent bankrupts, and will avoid some of the cumbrous routine of the former act. There is no statute which needs greater care in preparation. It is legislation in which lawyers and judges of special experience in bankrupt procedure are requisite. It should be referred to a special committee, and considered fully in every detail.

An embarrassing complication has been discovered in the law providing for a special election to fill the vacant seat in the board of county commissioners of Somerset county, caused by a tie at the recent election. The constitution on the point is plain and specific, requiring the Governor to order a special election in all cases where there is a tie. But here arises the difficulties. The law prescribing the manner of holding special elections limits the time to fifteen days after the warrant therefor shall be received by the sheriff. Yet in another clause of the same law, relating to the registration of voters at such special election, it is enacted that the register shall give five days' notice of the days on which he will sit to revise the lists; shall sit two days in revising; shall at the expiration of six days thereafter, after having given five days' notice thereof, again sit two days in revising the lists. This requires more time than the fifteen days allowed by the Section before mentioned. Thus these inconsistent provisions of the law clash and render the whole nugatory. Some claim that in this condition of affairs it becomes the duty of the Governor to fill the vacancy by appointment; but the generally accepted theory for removing the difficulties is that it will require a special act of the Legislature, repealing the clauses alluded to and substituting in their stead an effective law. If, however, one of the late candidates should institute a contest, he would undoubtedly remove the difficulties in the present case, as a recount of the ballots, after the official return was made, showed a majority of two in favor of the Republican candidate.

The pension rolls of United States government for December amount to $7,900,000. There is so much that is suspicious about the continued and rapid swelling of the pension list, notwithstanding that it is sixteen years since the close of the war of the rebellion, that Congress will ere long have to take vigorous measures of inquiry to ascertain where the frauds lie, and who is guilty of the perpetration. It will be found, we apprehend, that professional claim agents have too much influence in certain official circles at Washington.

A conumdrum: Why is it that the Democrats in Congress, as a rule, are in favor of polygamy in Utah? Every one of them in the House will vote for the seating of Mormon Cannon in place of Cameron, Gentile.—*Balto. American.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1881.

The official and domestic life of the President of the United States is once more resumed in the historic White House, the National Sphinx having deserted the Gray House on the Hill for it, and the people once more crowd the broad halls of the President's House—a place that all Americans seem to regard as always, of right, open to them. There is less of domesticity about the President's House than ever before since Andrew Jackson's Administration; but, there is perhaps, also, more elegance than has been seen for some time.

Here, as everywhere, President Arthur's message was commented on favorably as a comprehensive, strong, state paper, full of points, and marking the symmetrical individualism of its author. If not so brilliant as some others, General Arthur is a well balanced and well equipped man, remarkably intelligent in affairs, finished and of unusual training in politics and business. The President's pointed and earnest recommendations to Congress about polygamy in the Western Territories bring to mind the fact that while the Republican party has destroyed human slavery from the face of the earth, it has shamefully neglected to pay proper attention to that other "twin relic of barbarism," polygamy; to root out and annihilate which, was one of the declared prime purposes of its organization.

There is a strong sentiment here in the aggregation of National politics about the Capital, in favor of a reorganization, in the near future, of the Republican party in the South "from the ground up." The native element of Republicanism South has found recognition in the organization of the House in the selection of a worthy member of the historic Brownlow family, of East Tennessee, for one of its officers. The placing of that sterling, original, soldier Republican, Colonel Houck, at the head of the Committee on Privileges and Elections—as I understand he is to be placed—is a cheering promise of the revolution that is to be made in the matter of elections in the long outraged, oppressed and swindled South. The three notable cases of the "Shoestring District" of Mississippi, the Charleston South Carolina, district, and that of Huntsville, Alabama, where the little rebel cavalry general, Joe Wheeler, used to so disturb Rosecrans' and Thomas' railroad communications, will be made examples of, to prove that the country has "turned over a new leaf." These cases will be pressed on the attention of the world as sample cases of the systematic plan by which the "Solid South" has attained its despicable solidity.

Among the new members who stood up to be sworn in for the present Congress, comes one from the far off Pacific coast of California, General W. S. Rosecrans, the old commander of the Army of the Cumberland, who impressed new life into it at Murfreesboro and led it in glory and triumph from Stone River to Chattanooga. When I used to see him dodging about the army at Murfreesboro, and when I last saw him at Bridgeport, Alabama, where he and "Fighting Joe Hooker" met General Grant, General Rosecrans was flashing with brunette vigor. His hair was as dark as a midnight picket line in a pine ticket; his cheeks were "rosy," and his eyes gleamed like the flash of sabre or bayonet. But the other day as he walked down the aisle from the Democratic side of the House, and came to the Speaker's desk at the head of his State delegation, though his martial form and fine Roman nose were familiar, his hair and beard were whitened, and he looked an old man. He shows that he has been broken down and soured since the days of the ill-starred "Storms of Chickamauga."

Gallery visitors at the Capitol in looking down on the green-carpeted House wherein the frisky solons disport themselves, crane their necks to get a good look at old Aleck Stephens. He looks like a grasshopper; and wheels himself about constantly in the arc-area in front of the Speaker's perch—backwards and forward like a craw-fish or crab. This little dried-up fragment of Democracy evidently rather enjoys the notice he attracts. He weighs about 70 pounds; but the small, decrepid frame contains an active, vigorous brain and a liberal spirit. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, the Brooklyn preacher of Independent-Republicanism, and lecturer on religion, also attracts some attention as a law-giving curiosity. He wears a sort of cornice expression between a grin and a smile, and black corkscrew curls about his brow. Washington pronounces him a witty lecturer already; and the Republican party is reconciled to his "lecturing," for he votes with us as "straight as a string."

The experts are now knocking Guiteau's insane theory "crazy," and I shall not be surprised to see brother-in-law Scoville abandon and throw up the case before it closes.

JUNIUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Cheap John's if you want to see toys and fancy goods.

—State Senator Brace, of Allegany, was in town Tuesday.

—Thos. Martin lost, by death, another valuable horse Wednesday.

—Died, at Oakland Tuesday Dec. 13th, 1881, Richard, infant son of W. W. Fairall.

—If you want toys and fancy goods, go to Cheap John's. He has plenty.

—The new Board of County Commissioners will hold their first meeting Jan. 2d.

—The B. & O. R. R. Co. has a force of hands engaged in putting in a switch at Mountain Lake Park.

—Old Santa Claus is getting his pack of Christmas presents ready for the little folks.

—The Christmas Services of the M. E. Sunday School will be held Monday night, 26th instant.

—Plenty of toys, candies, nuts, &c., for Krisskinkle at Cheap John's.

—The bond of Sheriff elect Jamison was filed and approved by the Orphans' Court Tuesday. The bond is for $25,000.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—Tuesday the bodies of Mrs. Dailey and James Daily were taken from the family lot and re-interred in the Odd-Fellows' Cemetery.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss has purchased the John W. Smith property, on Alder Street. Mr. Sturgiss will improve the property by the erection of a store building.

—If U want to be surprised just go and C Cheap John's stock for holidays.

—Mr. O. W. Heiskell has purchased the lot on Second Street opposite H. Wheeler Combs' residence. He will erect a handsome dwelling house thereon in the near future.

—This may be worth trying—grated horseradish, just as prepared for the table if applied to the temple, it is said is a remedy for neuralgia. It cannot do any harm to try it.

—Hobby horses, sleds, drums, fifes, accordeons, music boxes, harmonicas, toys and fancy goods, and even Jewsharps, at Cheap John's.

—Married, on the 12th of December, 1881, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Andrew Schartzer and Miss Hannah Kamp, both of Accident, this county.

—Gunners have no right to enter a field with a dog and gun without the permission of the owner of the property. Persons violating this law are liable to pay penalties. Sportsmen should remember this.

—The young man who adopts a course of reading for the long winter evening, and spends the greater portion of the leisure time in the company of instructive books, will be the man of influence in the future.

—A gracious revival of religion has just closed at Pleasant Valley, near Andrew M. Goff's. Eighteen professed faith in Christ, and fourteen joined the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. David Tasker was in charge.—*St. George Pioneer.*

—The entertainment given by the Oakland Amateurs Thursday and Friday nights of last week in Offutt's Hall, is highly spoken of by those in attendance. The characters were all well sustained throughout. Prof. Richardson's Orchester, of Piedmont furnished the music.

—The Weed agent says I have gained some false information in regard to the Weed. He may be right. He is my author. He says he will consider the source. That is stale. Give us something original, and don't make use of the brains of others. Again he says he does not wish a controversy through the papers. Why? Is it getting too hot for you? or have you nothing of merit to establish or vindicate. I would advise you to tackle a man of your size. I have had seven years' experience in the sewing machine business and *am not dabbling with everything.*

I. W. SLONAKER, Agent.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., and 6.45 p. m. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys!

for girls, and for boys. Where? Why, at Cheap John's, and don't you forget it.

For the Holidays.

Christmas Cards, Jewelry, Solid Gold Finger Rings, Scarf Pins, Ear Rings, Cuff Buttons, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Kid Gloves, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Hose, Hoods, Nubias, Leggins, Ladies' Hats, Bonnets and Seal Skin Caps, Shopping Baskets and many other useful and beautiful goods for presents, at

M. L. SCOTT'S
Baltimore Store.

"Excelsior."

We call special attention of our readers to the advertisement on the first page of this paper, the "Excelsior One Price Clothing House," of Baltimore. This is the largest clothing house in Maryland, and they retail at a slight profit on the cost of production. They give a written guarantee to exchage unsatisfactory guarments at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money. Read the advertisement carefully and then send your order.

Merry Christmas on the B. & O.

The B. & O. management has, with characteristic good feeling toward its patrons along the line, determined that they shall have a merry time on the road during the holidays. To this end the low rate of two cents per mile is announced from any station to any station on the main line, branches or divisions. In other words these low rate tickets will be placed on sale on Dec. 24th and will continue on sale until and including Jan. 2d. They will cover all points reached direct by the B. & O., and will be good on all trains that make the stops.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 14:

Henry Fuller and wife to Margaret A. Fuller, military lot No. 2206; $800.

John Shultz and wife to John Closs, ¼ acre of military lot No. 913; $32.50.

Jos. F. Nine, to Anson and Rufus Clement, ¼ acre of the tract called "Elk Garden;" $4.

Jos. G. Patton and others to Jos. Hostetters, part of a tract of land called "Quinquagesima;" $1000.

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to John N. Ervin, military lots Nos. 1588, 1590, 1591, 1592 1599; $875.00.

John Shartzer and wife to Norman B. Whirl, a lot of ground in the Town of Oakland; $400.

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, trustees, to Jos. C. Alderson, military lots Nos. 880, 881 and 947, also part of military lot No. 878, also part of lots 858 and 859; $2130.

John Beekman, to Henry Beekman, part of "Cow Pasture" containing 143¾ acres, part of "Pink of Allegany," containing 50 acres; $2000.

John Beekman, to Lonisa Beekman, military lots 1856, 1857 and 1858; $2000.

John Beekman, to Mary and Geo. O'Brien, 85 acres of the tract "Cow Pasture," and 100 acres of "Glencoe;" $2000.

John Beekman, to John C. Beekman, 200 acres of the tract "Oakdale," also military lots 1807, 1817, 1819, 1940 and 1911; $2000.

Detective Land Titles in Western Maryland.

At the close of the Revolutionary war the Maryland legislature passed a law giving to the heirs of officers of the Maryland Line killed in battle fifty acres of land, whithout patent, and it was provided that no taxes should be assessed until the lands were transfered by the heirs to other parties. Most of the lands were located in what is now Garrett county, and were only valuable for the timber growing upon them. The heirs, being unable to sell, took no steps to secure their titles, and it is alleged that the present owners hold under escheats issued upon false assertions that there were no living heirs. The rapid advance in the value of property in Garrett county has called attention to the titles of the present holders, and a wide field of litigation is in prospect. The following is a list of the officers of the Maryland Line whose heirs have a valid claim upon the lands in question, unless it can be proved that they sold their right to others: Major Archibald Anderson, killed at Guilford Court-house, S. C., March 15, 1781; Captains Mark Armstrong and George Armstrong, killed at the Siege of Ninety-six, June 18, 1781; Captain Wm. Beaty, killed at Hobkirk's Hill, S. C., April 24, 1781; Lieutenant John Carson, killed September 12, 1781; Captain Henry Dobson, killed September 8, 1781; Adjutant Richard Donovan, killed at Camden August 16, 1781; Lieutenant Edward Duvall, killed at Camden August 16, 1780; Lieutenant Isaac Duvall, killed at Eutaw Spring September 8, 1781; Captain Edward Edgerly, killed at Eutaw Springs September 8, 1780; Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin Ford, killed at battle of Hobkirk's Hill April 25, 1781; Lieutenant James Gould, slain at Hobkirk's Hill, S. C., April 25, 1781; Captain John Hardman, killed September 1, 1780; Ensign Caleb Mason, killed at Camden August 16, 1780; Lieutenant John De La Vau Brunne, killed September 12, 1781; Captain Wm. Wilmot, of Maryland, was killed by a British foraging party in a skirmish on John's Island, S. C., November 14, 1782. The blood of Captain Wilmot was the last spilled in battle in the war of the Revolution. Lieutenant Nathan Williams, killed at Camden August 16, 1781; Lieutenant-Colonel John Stewart ("Stony Point") was killed by a fall from his horse, March 22, 1783.—*Baltimore American.*

Suggestions of the Guiteau Trial.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who was in attendance for several days during last week on the Guiteau trial, on Sunday made it the subject of his sermon. He said:

"There is no mystery about it. It is a plain case of a man allowing his evil nature to run loose in every direction. It is not, as some say, the work of the devil. It is only the evolution of this man's own nature. There is a philosophy of crime, a science of sin, which is very old, but has not yet had a graphic and picturesque name given it. For purpose of warning and elucidation I shall call it 'Guiteauism.'"

"First, by 'Guiteauism,' I mean able-bodied beggary. There is a large class of men who spend their lives begging, although it is often under the pretence of borrowing. The assassin now on trial could have achieved an honorable livelihood by sawing wood or ditching farms, or pounding a shoe last, but he turns his back upon what he can do, and attempts that for which he has no qualification. There are in this country, as near as I can tell, about 100,000 of what are commonly styled 'dead beats.' They have a little smattering of learning, and forthwith feel themselves called to write books or edit newspapers, or take the lecturing platforms."

"After five or ten or twenty years of dead failure one would suppose they would take the hint, and, not being able to win their bread by toil of brain, go back to that which is just as respectable—the toil of hand and foot. No, they go to borrowing. They borrow in each neighborhood until the patience or the capacity of the neighborhood is exhausted, and then they turn themselves to pastures new. The assassin borrowed all he could in Freeport, then borrowed all he could in Boston, then borrowed all he could in Chicago, then borrowed all he could in New York, and then borrowed all he could in Washington. He borrowed the money for the purchase of the renowned pistol. He borrowed the apparel in which he now sits. He is borrowing the time of learned counsel. He is borrowing hundreds of thousands of dollars of the United States government in this trial. You and I are helping to pay his board at the prison. 'Guiteauism' is able-bodied beggary. Such men propose to live by their wits. They are trying to see what they can pick up. They hang around the headquarters of the political parties to see if there are any crumbs, and hurrah for the candidate they think will be successful. Washington is full of them. All the trees around the White House were full of these crows when Garfield was shot. That frightened them off their roosts, but they are now as thick as ever. They are as strong and enthusiastic now for Arthur as they were for Garfield then. Their chief apostle is Guiteau. The most of them will soon be despondent and mad enough to shoot anything from a president down to a sapling. The most of them will come home with no official appointment and without a cent in their pockets. What, then, will they do? Borrow of course; borrow. They will not think of getting work. It is only we vulgar people who work."

"The country has done all it could to alleviate the domestic calamity. But after all the alleviations the domestic grief is immeasurable. Rather than half a million dollars in their orphanage and widowhood would the broken-hearted family have had a log cabin of the West, with two rooms and father and husband with them. What broke up that domestic felicity? 'Guiteauism.' But the murder of James A. Garfield was not the worst part of this business. To show what Guiteauism is, look in upon the court room at Washington and see the attempt made by Guiteau and his counsel to defame the entire family—father and sons, daughters and uncles and aunts—with the charge of insanity to save that murderer."

"Again, 'Guiteauism' stands for those who employ the cloak of religion to cover up their turpitude. The assassin was a successful prayer meeting exhorter. He was an usher at revival meetings; he quotes Scripture glibly; he has been a member of the Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church and the Baptist Church. He has honored pretty much all our denominations except the Episcopalian; but as the Apostle Judas was hung, Guiteau may yet in one sense be in the line of apostolic succession. Membership of the church was to him a great field of usefulness, for it enlarged his opportunity and gave him more facility for the chief end of such men—the borrowing of money. He is only an illustration of that class of people in the churches who worship God on Sunday and the devil all the rest of the week. Some of them are vestrymen, elders, deacons or Sunday school superintendents and prominent professors of religion, while they are rotten clear through."

What we Pay to be Governed.

The nation's income for the last fiscal year is reported by Secretary Folger to have been in round numbers $800,000,000. It was derived from imports and the internal revenue tax, $200,000,000 coming from the former, and $160,000,000 from the latter, whiskey and tobacco paying $135,000,000 of the internal revenue. The expenses of the government for the year aggregated $260,000,000, so that the surplus revenue was about $100,000,000. The interest on the debt made an item of $82,500,000 in the expense account, and the payment of pensions an item of $50,000,000. When the debt is paid and the pensions expire the annual cost of government should not exceed $150,000,000, allowing for the growth in population until that time. But even now we pay but about 5 per capita annually for the national government, while the inhabitants of Manhattan Island pay nearly $30 per capita annually for their municipal government. Can any one explain why the difference in cost of the two kinds of government should be so great? No explanation of the difference is possible which does not rest upon the assumption that millions of dollars are taken from the city treasury fraudulently every year. The waste and stealings in the national government are considerable, but the squandering and plundering in our local government must be colossal, or its cost could not be $30 a year for each man, woman and child on Manhattan Island.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

John W. Forney died Friday of last week at his home in Philadelphia, in the 64th year of his age. Two weeks ago he seemed to be in perfect health, and was about to start out on an extended lecturing tour when he was prostrated by the disease which a few days later cut short his earthly career. He was a man of extraordinary intellectual activity and a most indefatigable worker, although he always seemed to have leisure to talk to his friends and to enjoy the good things of life. As a political writer he had few superiors, and he was also an effective and graceful speaker. His courtesy and kindness attracted to him a great host of friends of all shades of political opinion, whose affection and esteem he retained through all the vicissitudes of his public life. It cannot be said that he was a successful politician, and he never held an office commensurate with his abilities, although he was exceeding ambitious and had a remarkable aptitude for public affairs. He devoted the last years of his life to writing pleasant sketches of his contemporaries, and now that he is dead a great host of eulogists will do honor to his memory.

The Republican representation in the General Assembly is too strong and too respectable a minority to be running about in quest of an alliance with any man or any set of men. They are the forerunners of greater events which are morally certain to follow closely after them; the representatives of most important probabilities in the almost immediate future of Maryland politics; and the gentlemen comprising this large minority do not and will not lose sight of this fact. Therefore, their position will be one of dignified watchfulness, and whenever a coalition of the anti-ring elements is thought desirable for the purpose of holding in check or thwarting the supporters of the ring, the initiatory must come from the liberal wing of the Democracy. In the event that such overtures shall have been made, it will then be time enough for the Republicans to take them into consideration. —*Belair Times (Rep.)*

The only thing for the Republicans in the next legislature to do is to call their caucus, put in nomination first-class men for the different offices, and stick to them to the end. If the Independent Democrats (if there are any) are honest, and mean reform and want it, they can vote with the Republicans, and by so doing they will get a genuine article, and the ring will be driven to the wall.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow (Rep.)*

Mr. Longworth Powers, of Rome, son of Hiram Powers, the sculptor, having obtained the best photograph of President Garfield, began a bust of him on the 2d of July, the day the President was shot, and, singularly enough, he finished it on the 19th of September, the day on which he died.

Letter of a Woman to Guiteau.

The Chicago *Tribune* publishes the following letter directed to Guiteau by Mrs. A. D., of New York, now on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Todt, of that city. The letter has been forwarded:

"CHICAGO, December 5, 1881.

Charles J. Guiteau, Esq.: As I am a lover of justice, I like fair play, and also to see the innocent defended. I thought, therefore, to respond to your just appeal by sending you my check for $500, regretting very much that my means are not large enough to send you a thousand. How can I better show my sympathy for God's merciful messenger who has brought such bliss and joy to so many hearts, as by sending the proper means to defend your noble and valuable life!—a life which is held up as a model of extraordinary piety and godliness! Your appeal has touched my heart, and I would love to send a million of dollars, every single one worth a million cents, and each cent should send a million of shots through your heart, where the chord of kindness is wanting, filling up that vacuum with as much pain as you are entitled to suffer for what you have done.

MRS. A. D., of New York."

George Colton, Esq., has disposed of the Baltimore *Gazette* to a syndicate of gentleman, the transfer to take place on the 1st of January next, when the name will be changed to the *Times*. Messrs Robert Garrett, ex-Mayor Latrobe, James A. Gary, Hon. J. A. J. Cresswell and a number of business men of Baltimore are the purchasers. The paper will be altogether out of politics, and will be a special advocate of the commercial interests of Baltimore. The editor will be Mr. W. P. Hazleton, present managing editor of the *American*, who will have an entire new corps of newspaper men on his staff. The names given in the syndicate is evidence that money will not be a consideration in the enterprise. Already $300,000 have been raised.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
12 17-3 Executor.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

2d Day of January, 1882,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors for the coming year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

The citizens of the county are requested to inform this Board whom they prefer as Road Supervisors for their respective districts

By order

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
HOLIDAY GOODS,
—AT—
CHEAP JOHN'S
OLD RELIABLE STAND,
OAKLAND, MD.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. W. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
And others.
11 26 3

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 td Baltimore.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN.

These magnificent instruments will be sold from now to the 24th of December at a discount of 45 per cent., in order to add to the general enjoyment of the season.

THE "ESTEY"

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice, send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED
—OR THE—
STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square,
6 11 9 m New York.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 22d day of November, A. D., 1881, that the sale made by Joseph Smearman and Geo. W. Lohr, Executors, of John Smearmond, deceased, and reported by Joseph J. Smearman one of the Executors, of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, on or before the said 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sale to be twelve hundred dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WILLIAM HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
11 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

The Crazy Fits of Elephants.

"Of all the mad elephant's, Hannibal, I think, was the worst," said Dr. I. A. Graves, the veteran showman at Bunnell's. "Most elephants recover from a mad fit within a few days, but Hannibal—well, he would keep up a tantrum for weeks and months at a time. The longest spell he ever had began early one morning in June, 1854, while traveling with Raymond and Waring's menngerie from Pawtucket to Fall River. He broke away from his keeper and ran the highway thirteen miles, smashing everything he could. Talk about elephants being large! Hannibal looked as big as a locomotive that morning. The keeper attempted to check him and was chased into a swamp. The first vehicle the mad elephant met was a butcher's cart loaded with mutton. He smashed the cart, killed the horse, broke the driver's arm and scattered the quarters of muttou along the highways. Two vegetable wagons were upset and the horses were killed, the drivers escaping unhurt. When the fury of his fit was spent, Hannibal was found beneath a tree on the road side completely exhausted, and for the time submissive. Tusk chains were applied, and for many weeks afterwards he was kept under the strictest surveillance. To approach him during this period was dangerous. On turning out one morning in Burlington, Vt., I found a number of women and children petting him while he was swinging his ears in evident enjoyment. Then I knew the spell was broken. He was very docile and tractable the balance of that season.

"Hannibal was the most vicious elephant that ever tramped with a show. In 1849, while we were at Connellsville, Ohio, a stranger gave him a pail of water. He drank the water leisurely, and then, suddenly turning his head struck the man with his tusks. The poor fellow died. While chained at Williamsburgh, N. Y., in 1857, he took a fit and pursued the keeper into a stoneyard, when he got wedged in among the houlders, and was subdued in that dilemma. Up to 1845, Hannibal was noted for his unchangeable good nature. In those days old "Put" Townsend used to be his keeper. "Put" had trained him to drive the stake to which it was customary to chain him. One day, "Put" started the stake and handed the sledge to Hannibal to complete the job. Hannibal made a ponderous blow at the stake head, but struck his foot instead. He threw the sledge so far that it required an hour's search to find it, and never would touch one again. Hannibal lived to be one hundred years old, and killed twelve men.

"Columbus was another bad elephant. In December 1849, while with Raymond and Wariug's menagerie, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, he killed his keeper, took possession of the show and retained it for three days, killing in that time two camels and a llama, and upsetting a large stove and two animal cages. The doors were barricaded, cannon were mounted in the street, and soldiers paraded the premises in readiness to give him a warm reception should he appear. Finally two keepers entered the building from above, straddled the crossbeams, and dropped a noosed rope to the floor. He walked into the trap, and when he realized that he was caught, submitted quietly to the chaining operation. Columbus fell through a bridge at North Adams, Mass., the following summer, and died a few days later.

"Bill Williams, or 'Canada Bill,' as he was professionally called, was Columbus's first keeper. Forepaugh's elephant Romeo killed him in winter quarters at Frankfort, Pa., in 1865. Bill went into the elephants' den to do some chores and his crushed and mangled body was found a few hours afterward. George Waste was killed in much the same manner by Turner's African Romeo. Before a rescuing party could get his body away from the elephant it was denuded of everything except one boot. The elephaut Pizarro had mad spells oftoner than those I have mentioned. In 1850, he killed his keeper and two camels near New Orleans, and then rnided the country for miles around, doing a great deal of damage to farm property. Chief, who is the only one of the mad or "rogue" elephants alive, killed John King, the keeper with Robinson's show in 1879"

"What causes the madness of elephants?" was asked.

If you have ever noticed you may have seen that there are issues from the head of the elephant, just behiud the ear. When these are kept open, a thin watery substance exudes therefrom. I have always remarked that elephants are kindly disposed and easily handled while these tissues are open, but just as soon as they become clogged madness ensues. The insertion of a common tape needle brings relief."

"Is it true that elephants are fond of stimulants and narcotics?"

"Yes, exceedingly so. Now there's a popular error that should be corrected. It has always been thought that if you gave an elephant tobacco he would never forget it, and years afterward would kill you should an opportunity present itself. That is not so. On the contrary, there are only two things which they relish more—appletree boughs and thistles. Their passion for fine-cut tobacco is something marvellous. Some years ago when I was traveling with the elephant Conqueror, it was my custom to carry a meerschaum pipe in a particular pocket of my coat. One day I left my coat within reach of his trunk, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had found the pipe, crushed it, and swallowed it, case, stem, and all. During the few years I was with Conqueror I reckon he must have eaten several hundred pounds of tobacco. The truth of the matter is, gentlemen, an elephant, like an intelligent person, will eat only what suits his taste, and never harbors any dislike for those people who give him disagreeable food."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Suffering to be Beautiful.

Men, women and children all suffer for the sake of beauty. The latter are made to suffer by wearing as fashion or fond mamma's may decree, their little legs bare in winter, hair falling over their eyes in a straight bang, and I know of one mother who kept the eyelashes of her baby cut short until he was able to walk. Another mother tied her child's ears close down for years, so that they would grow not only small, but nestle snugly to the head. Others bandage the ankles, and tie up the fingers, so that they will taper, while of the Chinese children it is almost too dreadful to speak. They undergo various stages of torture, commencing at the age of two years. First, the four toes are forced under the ball of the foot and bound in that position until they lose their articulation and identity as limbs, and become amalgmnated with the sole of the foot. The second part of the operation is a torture so terrible that sickly children frequently die under it. The sole of the foot is curved into the shape of a bow, bringing the great toe and heel together as near as possible. The natives of the Western Pacific, who have naturally dark hair, wear it as light as they can make it by the aid of the caustic ash obtained from burned coal. The Venetian ladies used to spread their locks in the sun to bleach them.

As to shaving, savages are about as peculiar as the General who shaved every morning during the retreat from Moscow. We have often read of the discomforts they were obliged to undergo by shaving the head with a shell or hard piece of flint, or how it was necessary for a friend to sit on the head of a savage when he is being shaved, and how the favor is reciprocated when the accommodating party's turn comes.

The growing of finger nails has been carried to the extreme limit of possibility, some having been seen in China uiue and ten inches long.

We will not discuss the tatooing except to say that its only real use was the marking of all members of the same family so that they could never deny their identity, nor of the old barbaric customs of wearing large bones in their noses, so huge in fact that they were forced to keep their mouth open in order to breath, nor of how in Peru the lobes of the ears were trained to hang down to the shoulders, nor of how many savages cut their noses, ears, lips, and other parts of the frame into various conventional designs. It is sad enough to know that we as civilized people suffer the tortures we do, without tracing the follies of past ages. Do we not cut holes in our ears instead of our noses, press our feet into stiff, tight, high-heeled shoes, and our waists into the vilest kind of instruments of torture?—*Progress.*

A Corner in Apples.

From a leading member of the Vermont apple syndicate it has been learned, in reference to the "corner" in Vermont grown apples, that the syndicate is composed of the following well known Boston firms: Curtis & Co., Hiland, Chessman & Co., Winn, Ricker & Co. and Isaac Locke & Co. These four firms learned through their Eastern and Western correspondents that there would he a scarcity of apples in all but a portion of Vermont, known as the Champlain Valley, a very fertile tract of country lying between Lako Champlain and the Adirondack range on the west and the Green Monntains on the east. Here the apple crop was remarkable, both in quality and production, and a combination was immediately formed to purchase and control this fruit, which is famous for its keeping qualities as well as fine flavor. Agents were quietly sent to all points aloug the lines of railway and contracts made with all the leading producers of apples, at various prices, ranging from two dollars to two dollars and seveuty-five cents and three dollars per harrel, a few extra lots costing as high as three dollars and a-half per harrel. In the towu of Shelburne, Chittenden County, several extensive orchards were purchased, one producing nearly 5,000 barrels, and several 1,500 to 2,000 each, while in Addison and Grand Isle Counties orchards are numerous which produce from 400 to 600 barrels of No. 1 fruit annually. The syndicate is now busily engaged in securing the small lots of twenty-five to 100 barrels over this section, and in forwarding the fruit contracted to market. It has purchased to this date over 32,000 barrels of No. 1 graft apples. Of these 5,000 barrels are sent to New York for storage in "coolers," where the fruit is guaranteed to be constantly kept at a temperature of forty degrees, which prevents decay and admits of sales late in the season, when the markets are cleaned out of choice fruit. The remainder of its extensive purchase will be sent to Boston for storage and sale. The two leading members of the syndicate have both been spending their time in Vermont, giving their personal attention to the packing and shipping of the fruit, and they express themselves well satisfied with the superior quality of their purchases. They say in all their experience they have never seen or purchased a finer lot of apples, and express their surprise at the uniform beauty and fair fruit on the trees.—*Vergennes (Vt.) Cor. Boston Herald.*

Boston's Woman Lawyer at Work.

Boston's lady lawyer, despite the fact that the Supreme Court has denied her petition to plead at the bar, is doing a good business at her cosy office in Pemberton Square, drawing up legal documents of all kinds, and preparing court business for her attorneys, who represent her clients at the bar. Miss Robinson is by no means discouraged by the recent adverse opinion of Chief Justice Gray, published in the *Herald* Monday. She can afford, she says, to wait until such time as the courts decide to admit women to the bar on the same basis as men. Meantime she is kept constantly busy by a generous influx of office business, which is not only lucrative and valuable, but is a flattering index of the estimate set upon her talent and legal knowledge by those who have marked the proficiency which she displayed as a graduate of Boston University.—*Exchange.*

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* informs a correspondent that preaching pays better than humorous writing. Perhaps it does; but humorous writing is not so unhealthy as preaching. Anyhow, the humorous writer is not compelled to take an annual vacation of three months, or a European tour, for the benefit of his health.—*Norristown Herald.*

Cholera at Mecca.

Within the last few weeks there have been vague reports from Arabia of the presence of cholera in Mecca. These have now assumed a tangible shape, and there can be no doubt that a choleraic epidemic is ruging in the vicinity of the Prophet's tomb. A telegram from Alexandria sets down the mortality in Mecca from cholora at fifty-five on the 3d inst., 214 on the 4th and 214 on the succeeding day, making a total of nearly 500 deaths in three days. As Turkish figures seldom err on the side of exaggerntion in matters which concern the reputation of Turkish authorities, it may be reasonably assumed that the actual mortality has been greater than the death rate reported from Jeddah. The dirt of Mecca mocks the maxim which puts cleanliness next to godliness. Hundreds of thousands of Mahometan pilgrims crowd into it annually from all parts of the Islamito world—from the remote steppes of the Kirghitz to the almost unknown corners of the Empire of Morocco. These zealots as a rule are poor and half civilized persons who, provided they can gaze upon the shrines dedicated to Mahomet, are contented with filthy food and villainous accommodations in streets which reek in the hot sunshine with masses of indescribable garbage. The appearance of disease in Mecca in regular intervals is therefore a matter of course. Pilgrims dying there die happy, as death in the immediate vicinity of the tomb of the Prophet assures them n glorious journey across the razor bridge of "Al Sirat" into the luxurious realms of paradise. But the rest of the world has a direct interest in seeing the Turkish authorities compelled to reform the sanitary condition of their sacred cities. Cholera is a traveling and an invading curse. On several occasions during the last half century it has set out from Hindostan, and after wandering fitfully through Central Asia and Persia, has suddenly burst forth in Europe, and crossed the Atlantic to America. One of the most extraordinary illustrations of its occasional virulence and lightning like rapidity of movement occurred in the northwest provinces of India four years ago. A train left Cawnpore for Lucknow (a comparatively short journey) full of Hindoos. When it arrived at its destination it was found to be full of people who had died or were dying from an attack of cholera which had burst forth in one compartment of the train and spread instantaneously to all the other compartments. The Turkish authorities appear to have got the idea that the Mecca epidemic must be confined to Mecca, for they show signs of a disposition to prevent caravans of pilgrims from entering the Arabian town and district of El Wadj. They ought, however, to be required by Europe to take active as well as passive measures to prevent the epidemic from traveling on a radius beyond the limits of Mecca, for cholera, like a stone thrown in water, makes ever widening circles if it is not energetically encountered at the outset.—*New York World.*

New Jersey Witlings.

One of the most cunning and polite little fellows in the State of New Jersey spent the day at a kind neighbor's house recently while his mamma was away on a visit. His lunch hour at home was eleven, and at the usual time he began to feel very hungry. But the family did not lunch till noon, and as there were no signs of preparations, Harry (we will call him) was filled with the gravest apprehensions. What to do he didn't know. Good manners forbade that he should ask for anything, and yet he couldn't wait another minute. Finally nature asserted her superiority to all mere conventionalities, and he yielded. How considerately he did it will appear.

"Mrs. Thompson," said he, very earnestly, but very tenderly, "if you please—will you be so very kind—as to give me something to eat? I mean if it isn't too much trouble."

"Why, certainly, my dear," she replied. "What would you like to have?"

"O, anything will do, ma'am—anything," he responded with nervous eagerness, "if it isn't too expensive."

It is needless to say that he got it immedintely.

A very different kind of a boy was Johnny D——, who was also visiting a neighbor, but not in New Jersey. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, hut not with any great degree of enthusiasm.

"What do you say, Johnny?" said the lady, expecting him to say, "Thank you."

"I say it ain't cake," was the response.

Two Sorts of French.

A very amusing if not significant incident happened to the State Department guides who were showing the French guests through the Treasury Departuent. The gentlemen were treating the Frenchmen to very puzzling explanations of things in the Canadian French of the Maine pineries. At length the parties reached the great vaults where the securities of the National banks are kept. These are in charge of Mr. W. H. Plunkett. When the French guests were shown he at once began to talk with them most fluently in some language, which the State Department crowd did not understand, but which appeared to please the Frenchmen greatly, and put them all at their ease at onco. The State Department gentlemen did not appear to like the situation. They evidently thought Mr. Plunkett was taking the occasion to play a joke on the Frenchmen hy a vivacious use of the Irish tongue, as he is a well educated and lively Irish gentleman. But when the French gentlemen remained, and were found to be earnestly conversing with Mr. Plunkett, it became known to the State Department guides by inquiry that Mr. Piunkett had lived ten years in Paris, and fluently spoke a kind of French which it was a great relief to the honored guests to hear.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—A St. Louis man who dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians awoke to find that his wife, who had dreamed that she was superintendent of an orphan asylum, was drawing him out of bed by the hair.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A new museum is to be built for the University of Michigan at a cost of $60,000.

—Bishop Perry will be editor-in-chief of a "History of the American Episcopal Church," with Bishops Williams, Potter and Stevens for associate editors.

—The English Congregational Jubilee fund, just started, amounts to $230,000, much of which was pledged at the jubilee meeting in Manchester. Dr. Hannay is custodian and general agent of the fund.

—Harvard College has the largest freshman class in its history, numbering 250. Amherst has 97, Williams 85, Yale 255, Brown 70, Tufts 33, Dartmouth 45, which including specials, is much the smallest class for many years.

—The three religions of China are Confucianism, Buddhism and Tdouism. A missionary testifies that "though mutually conflictive and repugnant, these three systems live together in perfect harmony. The people believe in them all and they helong to them all."

—A movement is on foot among some of the more important Sunday-schools in favor of aholishing the old custom of hestowing Christmas presents on the children of the school, and substituting the practice of bringing presents by these children, to be donated to the less favored children of poor and distant mission fields.

—Superintendent Cole, of Albany, N. Y., suggests that the Board of Education provide twenty-five copies of some good juvenile magazine for the use of the reading classes in the lower grades of the public schools. The Albany teachers have begun systematically to furnish lists of books for home reading suited to the age and mental progress of their pupils.

—The work of revising the standard translation of the Bible has heen going on in Germany for some time. The revisors, who are mostly University professors, hold their meetings every spring and autumn, in various towns of Central Germany. Abont ten years ago they terminated the revision of the New Testament, and they are now occupied at Halle upon their final consideration of the Old Testament.

—Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, presiding Bishop of the Protestaut Episcopal Church in the United States, is now the oldest Bishop of the English-speaking churches. He was consecrated forty-nine years ago (October 31, 1832.) Bishop Hopkins, McIlvaine and Doane were consecrated on the same day in St. Paul's Chapel, New York City. Bishop Smith is the only remaining Bishop who was consecrated by Bishop White, and also the only one on the list of American Bishops who has exceeded Bishop White in the number of years of his episcopate.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"In Nantucket there are sixteen women to one man." Happy man!—*Boston Transcript.*

—The youth who "sows wild oats" is apt to mix in more or less tares.—*Gouverneur Herald.*

—A nice little man, at croquet
Would win every game that he'd pluet;
When applauded ho'd suet,
In an arrogant wuet,
When I'm left, it'll be a oold duet!
—*Puck.*

—Toledo sets the world an example of domestic economy. A son hangs himself with the same rope his father used, and it is again carefully laid away in the bureau for the convenience of others who may get tired of life.

—A South End man recently smashed a very ripe tomato on a yellow canvas and set it up in an artist's studio, and three-fourths of the critics who called pronounced it a most æsthetic and delightful piece of color work, in fact a chef d'œuvre, and he sold it to a rich man for $500. Money goes to the inventive genius.—*Boston Post.*

—"Have some more of the pie," urged Mrs. Slobson to her boarders, who obstiuately refused. Again she urged them, adding: "If you don't eat it I'll have to throw it away. It won't keep much longer." Strango to say, their appetites departed. This is one of the amenities of boarding-house life.—*Rochester Express.*

—"Now," said the teacher of a primary class to one of his pupils, to whom he was trying to impart a knowledge of divisiou, but with little success, "If you had a pie and I should ask you for a quarter of it, and you should give me what I wanted, how much would you have left?" "I wouldn't have any left!" quickly responded the little girl.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—The latest use devised for paper is its manufacture into blankets. It is claimed that they are soft and pliable, and for warmth excel hlankets made of any other material. The uses to which paper can be put are truly wonderful. Out of it almost anything can be made, from a lace handkerchief to a human habitation. The most expensive suits are sometimes made. They are cut libelous.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—At the dry goods emporium: "You warrant this silk to be——" "O, yes, lady. Just the best silk imported. If it cracks within a year, we'll make it good. Beautiful piece of goods." "Well, now let me see your plushes and velvets." "At the next counter, ma'am," somewhat dejected. Lady goes to the notion counter and buys half a yard of elastic and a paper of hair-pins.—*New Haven Register.*

The Penalty of Civilization.

An Indian girl, who, before she went to Hampton College, thought her father's log hut a palatial mansion compared with the surrounding tepees, and kept up the illusion, looking forward with pleasure to the grand reception her father would give on her return, burst into tears as she walked into the rude hut and realized how completely her education had isolated her from all that had been so romantic in her former surroundings. On the other hand when her sister saw her polonaise, her jaunty hat and her high-heeled French shoes she cried her eyes out because she couldn't be civilized, too. When the daughter began to "clean up" and "set things to rights" in the old hut her father began to think seriously about sending her back East. He couldn't stand any such nonsense as that.

For Young Readers.

THE BOY WHO KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book,
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and darlng will—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!
—*Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.*

"JUST HIS LUCK."

Just like his luck!" half the boys said, when Charlie Foster won the State Scholarship.

They had made the same remark when his name had been sent in by the Principal of the school to the Superintendeut as the best scholar. In all likelihood these same old school-fellows will keep on saying: "Just like his luck!" if Charlie ever becomes a Judge, or a Senator, or if he marries happily, or makes a fortune. Every step upward is attributed by some men and boys to that unknown quantity called "luck." And curiously enough, just as "Like his luck" is used to account for the success of one's friends, as "Just like my luck" is used to explain our own failures.

"It is just my luck! There was not a single question about anything I knew. I had crammed up the Capitals of the States, square root, and the conjugations, and I was asked about mountain ranges, compounded interest and the fifth declensiou. I always was unlucky!"

In all this talk about "luck" is there not a good deal of inconsistency? We never employ the word to account for our own successes or somebody else's failures. When the said Charlie Foster misses a catch at base-ball, or catches a crab in a race, we do not cry; "How unlucky he is!" but, "What a muff that Charlie Foster is!" and when we ourselves manage to get on the roll of honor, we resent with virtuous indignatiou any congratulations on our luck. "Luck, indeed!" we growl; "there was no luck at all. It was just hard work, and nothing else."

Moreover, this talk about luck is, in the first place, somewhat unmanly, not to say cowardly. To trust to luck is a confession that one can not do anything by one's own labor or one's own intellect. It is really, my boy, an acknowledgment that you have no independence of character, no strength of will, no patience and no perseverance. It is a sure confession of carelessness and idleness. "I'll study this thing or that thing, and trust to luck for the rest," you say, and the result is you are nowhere in the examination.

So in everything we undertake. If we neglect to take ordinary pains, if we omit ordinary prudence, no luck ever saves us from disaster.

Trusting in luck is a very different thing from trusting in Providence. Providence aids those who aid themselves, and just in proportion as they do their work honestly and conscientiously. Luck is a kiud of capricious spirit which is expected to set at naught all the laws of nature for our advantage, or to our disadvantnge, without the slightest apparent reason why it should intervene at all. If there is such a thing, thnt can neither make or mar us, our duty is uot to be its slave, but to make ourselves its master.

We must not stand like beggars at a street corner until luck drops a few coppers into our hats. We must be a law unto ourselves, and not mere playthings of chance. Let us be honest enough to acknowledge our own mistakes. The grumbler who laments:

"I never had a slice of bread,
Cut nice and smooth and long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side."

fancies himself unlucky. If he were honest, he would blame himself for not keeping good hold of his bread and butter, and, if he thought about it, he would see that falling on the buttered side was a natural result of the way in which he was holding it.

This notion of luck very often arises from a mixture of conceit and jealousy. We do not like to allow that another has more talent than we have, and has used his faculties better. He has, however, if we exnmine his career, been more studious, more careful, more observant. It would be much more noble of us, instead of repeating like parrots the word "luck," meaning thereby that he has got a reward which he does not deserve, to candidly say: "He has deserved all he has won; he is the better fellow."

Another evil arising from this talk about luck is that at last we actually believe in it. Once under the influence of this notion, we exercise no caution or foresight. "Luck," we say, "will pull us through." Fortunately for our future and permanent success, luck does nothing of the sort. In the long run, luck is nowhere. You may have heard of games of chance—gambling games, as they are styled—and of lotteries and the like. You have heard of people being lucky at them. The professional gambler and lottery-keeper know better than that; they know that even in throwing dice there is very little luck. The man who is lucky to-day is unlucky to-morrow; it is in reality skill or trickery and not luck that enables the professional gambler to pursue his career.

Lucky people, in fact, are people who have thoroughly trained themselves for the battle of life. They have eyes open to perceive a coming danger, and have learned how to avoid it; they recognize a difficulty, and know how to overcome it; they see an opportunity, and know how to make use of it; and they are ready, with all their faculties alert, to seize it before it has gone forever. Their success is visible to every eye, and arrests our attention at once. What we do not see, very often what we will not see, but deliberately shut our eyes to, is the foresight they exercise, the careful training they have undergone, the long practice which has made them perfect.

There is nothing brilliant or showy about this practice and training, and, therefore, we have not noticed them. But they are there, nevertheless. To all of us, every day of our lives, opportunities present themselves which pass without our heeding them, or, if we see them, without our having the courage and skill to avail ourselves of them. We let them fly, never to return, because we are not ready, and then we cry: "Just like our luck!" As Shakespeare says:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Away with your notions of luck. Be manly, and trust to work. Do your duty, and let luck do its worst.—*Harper's Young People.*

Adding to a Story.

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said:

"I was over at Uncle Fred's *last Saturday*, and came near staying too late. We had such fun that I did not notice how near the sun was to setting, and I was very much afraid I might meet a tramp."

"Did you meet one?" inquired Maggie.

"No one, but Johnnie Gates; he was coming down the hill whistling, and with a great big watermelon under his arm; I was scared at first, but when I saw who it was I got over it."

At recess Maggie said to Mary Ford: "Kitty told me that she saw Johnnie Gates carrying a big watermelon home Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it and what he is going to do with it?"

Before school Mary whispered to Sallie Bates: "Johnnie Gates was seen carrying a great big watermelon Saturday evening. I wonder if he got it honestly!"

"Mr. Hart's melon-patch was robbed about that time; may be that's where it came from," answered Sallie.

At noon Sallie told Susan and Jennie: "I know something, and I'll tell you if you won't breathe it to a soul."

"O no, we won't," cried both girls in one breath: "what is it?"

"Why, Johnnie Gates robbed Mr. Hart's melon-patch one night last week."

"O dear, isn't that awful?" exclaimed Susie.

"I always thought that Johnnie was not so much better than the rest of us, for all he made believe he was so honest," said Jennie.

"He couldn't have done it alone," Sallie said.

Whereupon Jennie hastened to a group of school-girls who were in the house and told them: "Johnnie Gates and a lot of other boys robbed Mr. Hart's melon-patch, and destroyed all they could not carry away."

Just at that moment Johnnie himself came in whistling, and looking like anything but a thief:

"O girls! get togather quick; I've got something for you, and it's most school time."

The girls looked at each other, and with little movements of disgust turned away.

"Why, what's the matter with you all? hurry up, as the bell will ring," cried Johnnie.

"We know what you've got, Johnnie Gates," spoke up Sallie, "and we don't want any of your stolen melon, and I think you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Who says I stole a melon?" cried Johnnie, in an excited tone; "I guess he'd better not tell me so. I was over at Uncle Henry's Saturday night, and he gave me a spleudid one, and I saved it on purpose to give you all some; but if that is the way you are talking about me you may do without."

"Well," said one of the girls, "that is what I heard, anyway."

"Who told you, I'd like to know?"

Then all began to talk at once, and became so excited that they did not notice that their teacher was in the room, until she spoke to Johnnie, asking him to explain the cause of the confusion. Then she carefully examined into the matter until she found that it all came from Kitty Coleman saying that she had met Johnnie with a melon.

The children that had taken part in the story felt somewhat ashamed of themselves when they saw how much the story had grown in their hands.

The teacher said: "I hope every one of you will learn a lesson from this incident, and just now, before the habit becomes fixed, resolve that you will tell nothing but what you know to be true, and that what you do tell, you will tell exactly as you heard it; and not tell anything to injure another, even if it is true. I hope Johnnie will forgive you, and that you will never forget the lesson you have learned to-day."

I am glad to say that Johnnie did forgive them, and gave them a piece of the melon all around; and I hope that neither they nor any of my little readers will grow up to be tattling, gossipping men or women.—*Morning Star.*

—According to lately issued regulation, the total weight of clothing, kit, accouterments, arms and ammunition carried by the German infantry soldier when he takes the field in full marching order, will amount to sixty-four pounds; the man's clothing and immediate personal equipment weighing twelve pounds; his knapsack, with its contents, eighteen pounds, and the remaining articles carried by him, thirty-four pounds.

—Philadelphia has already prepared a programme for the celebration, a year hence, of the 200th anniversary of the landing of William Penn. There will be three days of processions, naval displays, historical tableaux, fireworks, feasts and speeches.

—"What pressing necessity to crush the life out of us?" inquired the apples of the cider mill.

TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending the mountain or like a whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of life's discomforts is presented herewith:

According to popular impression, hot weather, mosquitoes and mad dogs all flourish at the same time and are chargeable to the malefic influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story of a dog and the comet, and which we here give in a short extract from the boy's letter: "Golly, Boh, you ought to ha' been there last night to a-seen the fun. Tom Winkins' dorg Toddies was a-settlu' at the gate a-gazin' at the Comit, when along comes old Sykes durned rat tarrier and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the 2 fought. The tarrier proved too much for Toddies, and afore they could haul him off the battle ground he had made a good square meal off his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL and rub him with it, and it would cure him in no time. What does Tom do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and slide into Father Jacobs confessional box and beg of him a bottle of his oil with which to rub his dorg. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was hot an' afore Tom could utter a prayer, two men were luggin' him home followed by a great crowd, who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had been hit by a mad dorg. The more he kicked and screamed to be let free, the tighter they held on to him." In reference to another torment, the Chicago *Western Catholic* recently wrote: "Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 *Dearborn Street*,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony to the merits of ST. JACOBS OIL as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

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HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

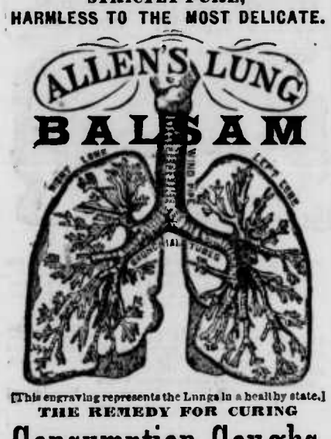

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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Consumption, Coughs,

COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,
All Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE
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It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

MOTHERS will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.
It is harmless to the most delicate child.
It contains no Opium in any form.
Caution.—Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.
AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
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In wine-bottles, $1.00 each. Ask for it at Druggists.
Prepared by GLOBE CHEMICAL CO.
11 Central Street, Boston.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—In the New York market the Early Rose potato still leads all the rest.

—Hellebore rubbed over with molasses and put around places that roaches and water bugs frequent, is a very effectual poison for them.

—Take a cupful of cream off the pan of milk in the morning, and put it to your bread when you are about molding it, and it will cause the crust to be very soft and delicate.

—Ginger Snaps.—One heaping cup of flour, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-fourth cup of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger. Mix and bake.

—Animals when confined and supplied with fattening feed always increase largely in weight during the first few weeks, after which the rate of increase diminishes to a considerable extent.

—Boiled Mackerel.—Put them on with cold water and salt. When the kettle boils, set it aside but watch it closely, and take up the moment the eyes begin to start and the tail to split. Sauce, parsley and butter. Garnish, fennel and slices of lemon.

—Old-Fashioned Gingerbread.—Two cups best New Orleans molasses, one cup hot water, scant half cup melted butter, a heaping tablespoonful soda, a little ginger and salt. Mix as soft as possible and roll out one and a half inches thick. Bake as quickly as you can without scorching, and eat warm or cold with butter.

—A Nice Plum Cake.—Six ounces of butter, whipped to a cream; add the same weight of sugar; stir in four whipped eggs, then twelve ounces of flour; beat well and add six ounces of currants and six ounces of sultanas and stoned raisins, two ounces of candied peel, twelve almonds, pounded, a pinch of mace, a teaspoonful of spice and one of baking-powder.

—Baked Whitefish.—Clean, rinse and wipe dry a whitefish, or any fish that weighs three pounds, rub the fish inside and out with pepper; fill with a stuffing made like that for poultry, but drier; sew it up and put in a hot pan with some drippings and a lump of butter; dredge with flour and lay over the fish a few thin slices of salt pork or bits of butter and bake an hour and a half, basting occasionally.

—A Distempered Colt.—Distemper in a colt takes about three weeks to run its course; all the medicine required is a light dose of Epsom salts, say four to six ounces, and good nursing. Give warm bran mashes, linseed or oatmeal gruel; keep the animal warm, and rub the legs with cloths dipped in hot water; a tablespoonful of mustard in the water would be beneficial if the legs seem to be weak and numb.—*N. Y. Times.*

Surplus Straw.

Your far Western correspondent, who inquires for some method of rotting his straw, so that he can use it for manure and avoid the necessity of burning it, is now passing through the same conditions that once prevailed her in Central and Western New York. Immense crops of wheat, and few cattle or sheep, and no one to purchase, forced us to fire our piles of straw, when we could do so and not endanger buildings. I once put a match to the straw of fifty-five acres of good wheat, that had been left from the threshing machine near the middle of the field, and then thought, and still think, it was the best thing for me to do under the circumstances. I knew of no way to reduce the bulk of this straw so as to make it available for manure that would not cost more than the manure would be worth.

My neighbors were doing the same thing, and we all sought some way to prevent this waste, but could not find it until our whole plan of farming was changed. But one device we did resort to, that had some merit, and may be applicable in a small way to the wants of your correspondent. We used straw to raise potatoes. The ground was well fitted by plowing and harrowing. The potatoes were dropped in squares of about two feet and pressed into the earth by the foot of the planter, or were very slightly covered with earth. Straw was then drawn from the pile made by the threshing of the fall before, and the whole ground covered so that there would be about one foot depth of straw under foot when standing on it. It took a good deal of straw to cover an acre in this way, and when once so covered nothing more was to be done in the way of cultivation until harvest came.

The harvesting consisted in moving the straw from over the potatoes, and picking them up. The straw would be very much reduced in bulk, in fact, partly rotted, and in condition to be plowed under the following spring by some help of the plowman in the way of working it into the furrows. There would be some weeds in the way when gathering the potatoes, that had sprung up among the straw, and the whole matter of drawing and spreading the straw, and then taking the crop from under it, and the slow plowing to put it into the ground next spring, made much labor, and this plan of disposing of straw was never very popular, though great crops of clean, beautiful potatoes were in this way produced. But then we had no market for more potatoes than we could use and sell to the little villages which marked the places where our cities now stand.

The case is now all different with us. We raise more cattle, sheep and horses, and take better care of them, and use our straw for bedding and for covering our yards in winter after every hard storm. In this way we trample a great deal by feet of animals that mix their dung with it. This mass of straw and dung is put into piles to heat, and start the growth of seeds of weeds and thus work out their destruction, or the cleanings of the stables and sheds are drawn directly to, and spread on, the fields that are to be plowed the next spring. All the straw that we cannot in these ways make into manure we sell to the paper-makers, or to be used for other purposes. The papermaker comes to our barns with his teams and takes away our surplus, and pays for it a sum that often fully equals the cost of harvesting and threshing the crop and seeding the ground with red clover. We do not burn straw in these days, but have come to think it of great value, and this will be true by and by in the great West.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Concerning Farm Laborers.

In old-settled countries professional farm laborers constitute a numerous and well-defined class of the population. They are to farmers what journeymen are to contractors and master mechanics. If they do not expect to work all their lives in the employ of others in the business of farming, they intend to remain farm laborers for an indefinite period. As they generally marry and have children, and as their pay is small, many, if not the majority of them, remain farm laborers all the working years of their lives. A man with a family once settled down as a farm laborer finds it difficult to change his condition, even if he wishes to. He ordinarily has no trade and no capital with which to engage in business. Farm laborers in old countries ordinarily live in cottages belonging to their employers or the owners of the estates on which they work. In some cases they are allowed, in addition to their regular wages, the use of a small piece of ground, and the opportunity to keep a cow, a pig, and some poultry. Many farm laborers arrange with their employers to obtain a supply of fuel and common provisions at current wholesale prices. With these exceptions the contract for labor, which generally includes the entire year, makes no provision for board, lodging, washing, and the care of clothes. The laborer must look to his wages alone for the means of keeping himself supplied with the necessities of life. In this respect he is in the same condition as the person employed at any kind of work except domestic employment in a city or town.

In the United States we have no class corresponding with the regular farm laborers in European countries. In the Southern States before the late civil war nearly all the farm laborers were negro slaves. In the New England and other Northern States the farms were generally small, and most of the work on them was performed by the owners or members of their families. When other help was required, young men belonging to good families were generally employed to do it. As they were the equals of their employers in intelligence, they lived in the same houses with them, and constituted a portion of their families. In the early days of the West very Democratic ideas prevailed and social distinctions were almost unknown in the country. As a consequence the "hired men" lived in the houses of their employers and associated with the members of the family on terms of equality. This custom is likely to prevail in any new country. At present a very large proportion of the farm laborers in the Northern States are foreigners who have recently "come over," and who wish to earn a little money to enable them to take up a farm of their own. Many of them do not understand the English language, and very few of them expect to work for hire for any considerable length of time. They are generally unacquainted with our methods of farming, and would not be sought for by farmers and their families for associates. They are, however, received into their families, partly because it is the common practice of the country, and partly because a temporary necessity requires it. The arrangement, however, is not a satisfactory one in any respect. It interferes with the culture and refinement of families, and makes a large amount of work for the female members of them.

Not many years ago it was the custom for the city or village tradesmen, mechanic and artisan to board the persons in their employ in their own houses. This custom is now almost entirely abandoned, and employes of all kinds in cities, with the exception of those engaged in work in houses, make their own arrangement for board and lodging. Those who do not keep house obtain accommodation in boarding houses. This plan gives excellent satisfaction to all concerned. Employers are not burdened by keeping boarding houses, and employes are better satisfied to obtain accommodations suited to their taste and their income. There is no good reason why large farmers should board the men in their employ. There is no more occasion for their doing so than there is for employers in large towns. Most of the comforts of a home are destroyed by filling a house with boarders, most of whom are strangers about whose habits of life little or nothing is known. Any farmer runs a great risk who takes into his family strangers who go about the country in search of employment, and who makes them the constant companions of his children. So far as the experiment has been tried men employed on large farms prefer to board elsewhere than in the houses of their employers, even if the food and sleeping accommodations are not as good. Those who are married desire to keep house, and those who are single prefer to board in the house of one of their fellow-laborers. The experiment of allowing the single men employed on a large farm to board in the family of a married associate is generally very satisfactory. They find enjoyment in each others' society, and to use their own language, "have a better time." They are free from the restraint they habitually feel in the presence of their employers, their families and visitors. They can make the hours for their meals more to their liking, and can engage in games and other pastimes without fear of disturbing persons who do not engage in them. Where several men are employed on a farm they would generally prefer separate sleeping-rooms, a common room in which to take their meals, and a large room in which they can read and enjoy themselves as they choose. Such a building can be constructed cheaply, and can be rented to a married couple on the farm, or to any other competent persons who may wish to take boarders. The plan of allowing farm hands to make their own arrangements for board, lodging and washing, makes it necessary to pay them for their services in cash or its equivalent at specified times. This plan is the right one. Justice demands that a farm hand should receive his monthly wages when they are earned. The use of the money is worth as much to him as to his employer. An order on a store where a farmer has a running account is not worth as much as the sum called for. Cash is required to buy goods at the lowest prices, and the purchaser should be allowed to trade where he pleases.—*Chicago Times.*

THE DAIRY.

—The inspectors of milk in the English cities have adopted a standard for the lowest per cent. of solid substance that can occur and it still be regarded as pure. If milk contains less than 11.5 per cent. of solid substance, it is deemed to have been watered.

—House slop is not fit food for a cow. It may do very well for a hog, but a cow is an entirely different animal, and cannot be fed on slops. A cow's stomach is large, and intended to be filled with bulky food. Greasy house slop will not be healthful for the cow or produce milk that would be fit for use. Sometimes skimmed milk is given to cows, which take it readily, and it increases the product of milk.

—An English paper says that American cheese is arriving in the English market in very great quantities, from 30,000 to 40,000 cheeses having been landed in Glasgow every week during the last two months. Every lot is picked up as soon as it arrives, the quality being considered fine. American dairyman will make a huge mistake if they spoil this splendid trade by any lowering of the quality of their wares for the sake of temporary profit.

—At the close of the season it is a usual circumstance that cream requires a vast amount of churning to induce it to become forty-cent butter, and quite often it utterly refuses to come at all. This, it is now asserted, can be remedied simply by feeding the cows on bran at least once a day. It is quite as likely that the fact of cream requiring more agitation to separate at one season of the year than another, is due to the changed condition of the feed as from the lengthened period of milking. Food can be so fed, or different foods furnished, that will change the character of the butter, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the remedy for the long "coming" cream can be found in a change of food, as in scalding the cream, patent churns, provokingly long times "minding the churn."

—A heifer calf, well taken care of and kept in a thriving condition, is the cheapest cow when she takes her place in the dairy that a farmer can procure. One of the mistakes in the past has been the poor care of the calves, and from the want of attention poor cows have been the result. Milk as a rule comes of breeding and proper feeding, the last of full equal importance. After the calf is a few weeks old a small ration of shorts can be added and this can be increased to about a pound a day, when the milk can be withheld, and if good, fresh growing grass is provided, the calf will show no falling off in growth. A two-year old heifer, when ready to take her place in the dairy, need not cost more than thirty dollars to the outside, and if conditions are favorable, she will pay for herself the first season. When once this plan has been tried and its benefits made clear by experience there will be less grumbling about poor cows bought out of droves.

Effect of High Pressure.

A subscriber would like to know if feeding cows meal—corn and oats, equal parts, or clear corn meal alone—will cause them to "run out" after two or three seasons' milking; "or, in other words, can you milk a cow as long profitably that is fed twice a day on provender as one that simply has her grass and no extra feed?" Cows which are made to live chiefly upon meal do not last as long as those which live on grass. A highly stimulating diet for any animal shortens the duration of its life. Over-exciting any particular organ exhausts its functions prematurely. But a generous diet—one that fully sustains all parts of the body—contributes to health and longevity. Cows which have a moderate feed of meal while grazing will give more and better milk and hold out longer than those which live exclusively on grass. This is more especially true with large milkers. So large a share of their food is converted into milk that their bodies fail to be properly supported. With such cows a moderate feed of meal daily while at grass gives a fuller development of vigor without undue excitement, and contributes to the duration of the milk-producing function as well as to an improvement in the quality and quantity of milk. Exhaustion, or a failure to fully sustain vital functions, is as fatal to duration as over-excitement or over-exertion, and from this cause more cows have their time of profitable milk-producing shortened from the lack of meal than from getting too much while at pasture.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

What Feed Produces Large Yields.

The fact that nearly all published test records make no mention of the food given before or during the experiment, shows how little attention is paid to one of the most important considerations in the production of milk and beef. Some sharp breeders, perhaps, may neglect to state the food consumed, so that the entire credit may be given to the cow. They would like to have the cow considered as the *creator* of milk and butter, and not merely as the *machine* to manufacture it out of food. But the time has gone by when this kind of miracle is believed in, and the science of the day requires that every fact should be stated to give a clear understanding of the test. No test is complete without a statement of the kinds, quality and quantity of food given per day before and during the trial. The great question between the breeds, in a dairy point of view, is, which produces milk and butter cheapest per quantity and quality? This can only be determined by accurate experiment, and the experimenters on the different breeds may as well begin in earnest to solve this point, for much is lost by delaying it.

Some engines are more economical of fuel than others, and there can be little doubt that some animal machines are more profitable in production than others. But it will probably be found, after the most accurate tests are made, that all breeds increase in productiveness as they are improved in capacity for digestion, and that this capacity improves gradually as the system of feeding improves.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—A South Carolina man thinks he can make quinine from pumpkins.

E. L. LOWEREE, ESQ., cashier of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a stubborn case of rheumatism, which wouldn't yield to physicians' treatment.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"DARN the newspapers! why can't they leave such items out?" exclaimed a hard up undertaker, when he read an article warning people not to indulge too freely in green fruit.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.18 A. M.
No. 5	7.58 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to this town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN

MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

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EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 371 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville Md.
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Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; and the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 20 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Guy Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

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RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.**

See that all Iron Bitters are made by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufactorers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys. Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and symphathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 3 to 33 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ! Price only $67.75 Chapel Organs $47.75 THE "LONDON" 18 stops & 2 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $65. THE PARIS now offered FOR $85. Other desirable new styles now ready.

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,200 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, **$222.75.**

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

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SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a hand and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without hasting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.,
218 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,
82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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HUTSON & FRINGER,

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INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for Instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1881. NUMBER 44.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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KLEIDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

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PLASTERER.

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JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*," "*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*," "*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. 17 8 1y

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains,

Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

N. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

WEBSTER AND BENTON.

One day after dinner, as Mr. Webster was seated in his library, the servant announced "Mr. Wilson, of St. Louis," and John Wilson came into the library. Mr. Webster at once rose and greeted him. Narrating the visit to me, he said:

Mr. Wilson was a gentleman whom I had known more or less for a quarter of a century; a lawyer of pretty extensive practice, with a good deal of talent; a man of very violent prejudices and temper, who had spent most of his public life, after he had reached manhood, in violent opposition to Colonel Benton. It was not so much of an opposition to Colonel Benton's democracy as it was a personal feud, as bitter and malignant as any that ever existed between two men. It was notorious it St. Louis that when Colonel Benton went on the stump, John Wilson would always be there to meet him and abuse him in the most violent terms, and then Mr. Benton would return the fire. I had not seen Mr. Wilson for a good many years, and only met him occasionally in court. He came to me a broken man, permaturely old, with a wrecked fortune, and after some conversation he said:

"I am going to emigrate to California in my old age, Mr. Webster; I am poor, have a family; and although it matters but little to me, for the short time that remains to me, if I am poor, yet there are those that are dear to me, whose condition I might improve by going to a new country and trying to mend my broken fortunes. My object in calling on you is to trouble you for a letter to some one in California; merely to say that you know me to be a respectable person worthy of confidence."

After expressing my regret that he should be obliged to emigrate to such a distance—for then it looked like a formidable undertaking to go to California—I asked him if he was fully determined.

"Yes," said he, "I have made up my mind."

Then I set about thinking what I could do for him. I saw no way to give him assistance. I had no particular influence with the Governor at that time and I finally said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Wilson, to say that so far as I am aware, there is not a human being in California that I know. If I were to undertake to give you a letter to any one in California, I should not know to whom to address it."

"That makes no difference," said he; "everybody knows you, and a certificate that you know me will be the most valuable testimonial I could have."

"I will write one with great pleasure; although you probably overrate the influence of my name in California. I want to give you something that will be a benefit to you. Let me see, Mr. Wilson. Colonel Benton almost owns California, and he could give you a letter to Fremont and others that would be of first-rate service to you."

He looked me in the face, half astonished and half inquiringly, as much as to say: "Can it be possible you are ignorant of the relations between Colonel Benton and myself!"

"I understand what you mean; I am perfectly well aware of the past difficulties between you and Mr. Benton, and the bitter personal hostility that has existed. But I want to say to you that a great change has come over Colonel Benton since you knew him. His feeling and sentiments are softened. We are getting older. Our fiery, hot blood is getting cooled and changed. It is hardly worth while for men, while they are getting near the maximum of human life, to indulge in these feelings of enmity and ill-will, and it is a thing we ought to rid ourselves of, Colonel Benton and I have been engaged in a war of words, as you and he have, and some two or three years ago we went out of the same door for years without as much as saying 'good morning' to one another. Now, I do not know a man in the Senate to whom I would go with more certainty of having a favor granted than to Colonel Benton. He feels that age is coming upon him and he is reconciled to many of his bitterest opponents."

"Is thy servant a dog," replied Wilson, "that he should do this thing? I would not have a letter from him, I would not speak to him, I would not be beholden to him for a favor, not to save the life of every member of my family! No, sir! The thought of it makes me shudder. I take a letter from Mr. Benton? I—"

"Stop, stop!" said I; "that is the old man speaking in you. That is not the spirit in which to indulge. I know how you feel."

And while he was raving and protesting and declaring, by all the saints in the calender, his purpose to accept no favor from Colonel Benton, I turned around to my desk and addressed a note to Benton, something like this:

"DEAR SIR: "I am aware of the disputes, personal and political, which have taken place between yourself and the bearer of this note, Mr. John Wilson. But the gentleman is now old and is going to California, and needs a good recommendation. I know of no one in California to whom I could address a note that would be of any service to him. You know everybody, and a letter from you would do him a great deal of good. I have assured Mr. Wilson that it will give you more pleasure to forgive and forget what has passed between you and him, and give him a letter that will do him good, than it will him to receive it. I am going to persuade him to carry this note, and I know you will be glad to see him."

"I want you to carry it to Benton."

"I won't" he replied.

I coaxed and scolded and reasoned, and brought every consideration—death, eternity, and everything else—to bear, but it seemed of no use. Said I:

"Wilson, you will regret it."

After awhile he got a little softened, and some tears flowed, and at last I made him promise, rather reluctantly, that he would deliver the note at Colonel Benton's door, if he did not do any more. He told me afterwards that it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed. Colonel Benton's house was not far from mine. Wilson took the note (as he afterwards told me,) went up with trembling hands, put the note with his own card into the hand of the girl that came to the door, and ran away to his lodgings. He had been scarcely half an hour in his room, trembling to think what he had done, when a note came from Colonel Benton, saying he had received the card and note, and that Mrs. Benton and himself would have much pleasure in receiving Mr. Wilson at breakfast at nine o'clock the next morning. They would wait breakfast for him, and no answer was needed.

"The idea!" said he to himself, "that I am going to take breakfast with Tom Benton! John Wilson, what will people say? The thing is not to be thought of. And yet I must; I have delivered the note and sent my card. If I don't go now it will be rude. I wish I had not taken it. It doesn't seem to me as if I could go and sit there at that table. I lay awake," said he afterwards to me, "that night, thinking of it, and in the morning I felt as a man might feel who had sentence of death passed upon him, and was told by the turnkey to get up and get his breakfast. I arose, however, made my toilet, and after hesitating a great deal went to Colonel Benton's house. My hands trembled as I rung the bell. Instead of the servant the Colonel himself came to the door. He took me by both hands and said; 'Wilson, I am delighted to see you; this has been the happiest meeting I have had for twenty years. Give me your hand. Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life.' Leading me directly to the dining-room, he presented me to Mrs. Benton, and then we sat down to breakfast. After inquiring about my family, he said: 'You and I, Wilson, have been quarreling on the stump for twenty-five years. We have been calling each other hard names, but really with no want of mutual respect or confidence. It has been a mere foolish political fight, and let's wipe it out of our mind. Everything that I have said about you, I ask your pardon for.' We both cried a little, and I asked his pardon, and we both became good friends. We talked over old matters, and spent the morning till twelve o'clock in pleasant conversation. Nothing was said of the letter until I was departing. He turned to his desk and said: 'I have prepared some letters to my son-in-law and other friends in California,' and he handed me nine sheets of foolscap.

"It was not a letter, but a ukase—a command to 'every person to whom these presents shall come greeting;' it was to the effect that whoever received them must give special attention to the wants of his particular friend, Colonel John Wilson, of St. Louis. Everything was to give way to that. He put them in my hands, and I thanked him and left."

Mr. Webster continued: "Colonel Benton afterwards came to me and said: 'Webster, God bless you for sending John Wilson to me. That is one troublesome thing off my mind. That was kind, Webster. Let us get those things off our minds as fast as we can. We have not much longer to stay; we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little enmity as possible.'"—*From Harvey's Webster "Reminiscences."*

A Sleeping Church.

Mr. D. L. Moody relates the following: "There was a little story going the rounds of the American press which made a great impression on me as a father. A father took his little child out into the fields one Sabbath, and lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, "pretty, pretty." At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his voice. No response. Then going to a precipice, some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murder of his own child. While he was sleeping the child had wandered over the precipice.

I thought, as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice—right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-day? It may be just out here in some public house; it may be reeling through the streets of London; it may be passing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians, too—whose children are wandering away, while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, strive to beat back the dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the boldest young men we have! O, my God, wake up the Church, and let us trim our lights and go forth and work for the kingdom of God!

Expenses of Garfield's Illness.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "One of the first things to be done in Congress will be the taking of some action with reference to the payment of the heavy expenses incurred by the illness of the late President. It seems to be accepted if Congress assumes the payment the three civilian physicians, Drs. Bliss, Agnew and Hamilton, will not expect less than $25,000 each for their services. They consider, it is said, that the direct loss to them from inattention to their regular practice, expenses, &c., will amount to one-half of this sum. No bills, it is said, growing out of the care of the President during his illness have been rendered, although Mrs. Garfield has in several instances requested that they be sent to her. Of course if Congress is to pay the bills, every one concerned will render much larger accounts than if Mrs. Garfield was to settle, and Dr. Bliss has intimated that he and his associates would not take anything from Mrs. Garfield if the Government should not pay. The proposition which appears to meet the most favor is that Congress shall designate, or authorize the President to designate, one or more persons to act as a commission to audit all bills, which, on their report, shall be paid by the Secretary of the Treasury."

FOR A COUGH.—A great many people at this season of the year never fail to suffer from colds and coughs. Here is a simple remedy for a cough and said to be a good one: To cure a cough roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar, finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is as good as it is agreeable to the taste.

Christmas Presents.

The custom of giving expensive presents on Christmas as a matter of form or habit, or from fancied obligation to do so, is productive of little good, and often of much harm. But the interchange of simple gifts in the family circle strengthens the bond of love, and excites, especially among the children, a consideration and forethought which is of real value in their training. There is no need for them to lament over a limited supply of pocket money; infinitesimal gifts are endeared by the loving heart that conceived and the skilful fingers that executed them. Then the great mystery preserved as to the presents makes a most delightful excitement among the little ones for weeks before the festal day. A Christmas tree is always a favorite method of distribution, but this involves more expense, both as to gifts and decorations, than is desirable. When there is a large family another method is to have each gift wrapped in paper and properly addressed and arranged on a table in the parlor, Christmas eve, and distributed by the one who can make the merriest time in so doing; or packed in a bundle, which, when all are assembled, is brought in as if it had just come by express. Another plan, which small people appreciate, is to enclose everything in a bag, or to deposit them in a tub of bran or sawdust, of course enveloped in paper and addressed; or on Christmas morning the packets may be arranged by the side of the recipient's plate at the breakfast table. Stockings hung by the chimney or at the head of the bed are easily filled, and in Holland the children place their shoes in a row in the kitchen or parlor, with the name of the owner above each. However limited the pecuniary resources may be, every family may have a happy time at Christmas, provided there be an abundant supply of kindly sympathy and genuine love.

Swearing Witnesses.

The *Presbyterian* has the following sensible article in relation to administering oaths to persons who are to testify before the court and jury:

"Strange to say, our courts, for hundreds of years, have persistently forced perjury on every witness sworn before them, and the object in writing this article is to attract the attention of every one who has power and ability to abate this evil by legislative action."

"When you take an oath as a witness (in the language used) to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, you begin to tell 'the whole truth,' when the counsel on the opposite side say, 'I object to this testimony!' The court stops you and says, 'that is not testimony in this case,' and forbids you from telling the 'whole truth.' Thus the court has compelled you to swear to what it will not let you do! But if they would direct the clerk to add to the oath so administered the words, 'So far as the same may be legal testimony in this case,' the objection I have made would be removed."

KEROSENE AND SALT FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* says: "In 1862, on a plantation in South Alabama, where there was great difficulty in securing good medical advice, I saw a whole plantation of blacks, as well as white members of a large family, successfully treated for diphtheria with kerosene oil and salt, used thus: Every patient was given a lump of rock salt about the size of a boy's marble, and instructed to keep it in his or her mouth, swallowing the salty salivy. At the same time the throat was rubbed with kerosene oil, and a flannel saturated with kerosene kept around the neck until the symptoms were abated or entirely gone. If necessary, mild cathartics were given. Not a case was lost, and there were fully 150 in all on the plantations.

The magnitude of the cattle-raising in this country—says the Baltimore *Sun*—is something that can hardly be estimated, but the land department of the Union Pacific Railroad is gathering facts which show its surprising growth. The shipments of cattle over that road this season will reach 170,000, over 160,000 having already passed through Omaha, and these mostly from Nebraska. The best of the high-grade beef cattle pass through direct to Europe.

The sensation of the period—especially for the two most interested—is the weaning of the elephant baby. This is now being accomplished at Bridgeport, Conn., where the mother and baby are in Winter quarters. The youngster takes kindly to its new diet of crackers and milk, but the mother shows discomfort.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

CHRISTMAS EVE.

How lovely must have been the night
When, from the silent sky,
Pure angel-voices sang aloud,
"Glory to God on high!"

Bright Christmas stars their radiance shed
Where weary shepherds lay,
And, starting from their dreams, they heard,
"To you is born this day

"A Savior, who is Christ the Lord!"
Thus to a world of shame,
At midnight, centuries ago,
The blessed message came.

The shepherds listened eagerly,
Half-hopeful, half-afraid;
Then followed where the brightest star
A gleaming pathway made.

It shone before them through the night,
A glowing, steadfast ray,
That cheered their hearts, and guided them
To where the "young child" lay.

In a manger slept the holy child,
Within a stable dim;
For in the homes of Bethlehem
There was "no room" for Him!

But high in heaven that blessed night,
Thus did the angels sing:
"Glad tidings of great joy to you,
Good will and peace we bring!"

And down through all the ages,
From that land so far away,
These words of glorious promise
Sound clear to us to-day.

And so the dearest festival
Of all we keep on earth
Is this of Christmas, when we mark
The Christ-child's lowly birth.

In every land the self-same joy
Is felt on Christmas Eve.
The night when the gay are gayest,
And the sad forget to grieve.

When in city, and town, and hamlet,
Glad chimes from the belfries ring,
And the Christmas waits under English skies
Their sweetest chorals sing—

When children in many a peasant's hut,
And in many a lordly hall,
Are sleeping, and dreaming they hear the voice
Of the beautiful Christ-child call.

For they firmly believe, when the midnight strikes,
He comes from His home above,
And whispers to them, and leaves a gift
In token of his dear love.

But the spirit of Christmas is always
The same, in whatever guise
He may come, whether that of the holy child,
With the light of heaven in his eyes,

Or the fur wrapped Saint of our early dreams,
The giver of endless joys,
Who drives through the night in a reindeer-sledge,
Packed full to the brim with toys!

He fathoms the secrets of every house,
He knows where the fir-trees stand
Waiting to bloom, and the stockings to grow
At the magical touch of his hand.

And up through the chimney away he flies
As soon as his work is done;
And out of the darkness we hear him call,
"Merry Christmas to every one!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Money for Christmas presents, indeed!" cried Mr. Darrow. "That's all nonsense!"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Darrow, deprecatingly.

"But there's an end to a man's purse!" said the head of the family. "Rent, taxes, insurance, school-bills, church expenses, and now on top of all the rest, like the last hair that breaks the camel's back, comes a demand for —Christmas presents! I can't do it, my dear, and I won't!"

"But the children!" said Mrs. Darrow, who sat with her hands folded in her lap, with a frightened air, as if some great catastrophe were about to befall her.

To her, Christmas had always been the great festival of the year, the day when earth and Heaven came nearest together—the time to rejoice and be glad with exceeding great joy.

"O, the children!" and Mr. Darrow shrugged his shoulders. "They won't suffer! Didn't I give Addie a doll on her last birthday? And hasn't Joe got a pair of skates? And what has become of little Bessie's blocks? Besides, children should be brought up to know that life isn't all play. *I* was cash-boy in a store when I was only two years older than Joe!"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Darrow, meekly; "but they have been looking forward all the year to Christmas, and I don't know how they'll endure the disappointment."

"It won't hurt 'em," said Mr. Darrow, as he buttoned his coat-pockets. "Times are hard, and a man must begin to economize somewhere."

Mrs. Darrow sat down when the heavy footsteps of her lord and master had ceased to clink down the frosty pavement, and began to calculate.

The noisy singing of the canary in the gilded cage disturbed her, and she hung it in another room; the unaccustomed task of trying to make two and two make five drew wrinkles on her forehead, and brought a sharp pain behind her eyes. She had just so much housekeeping-money allotted to her every month, and, good economist though she was, it was impossible to save much. Mr. Darrow was a thrifty man, and for every dollar he prided himself upon getting a dollar's value.

"I was going to buy a new wicker hamper for the clothes," said Mrs. Darrow, "and a set of new table napkins. But I must darn up the old linen to last a few weeks longer, and do without the hamper, so as to have a few dollars to buy toys for the children. I can't cheat them out of all their Christmas happiness, poor little dears!"

Mr. Darrow was sauntering comfortably up the snowy street, the day before Christmas, when he saw his wife, dressed in the little seal brown velvet hat and neatly trimmed cloth cloak which he knew so well, enter a toy store on the opposite corner. He looked hard a moment, then followed her.

"It can't be, after all that I said," he thought, "that she actually means to set me at defiance!"

There she was, however, in the crowd of buyers, edging her way patiently up to the counter, handling the cheap tags pending over their relative attractions.

Yes! She was actually turning out her purse. The shopman was looking around for his wrapping-paper and tissue. Now was the time for him to interfere. Mr. Darrow stepped up to the counter and laid his hand authoritatively on her shoulder.

"What are you buying, Abby?" said he.

Mrs. Darrow started and turned scarlet, like a detected burglar.

"The lady has selected a Noah's ark, sir," said the shopman, smiling obsequiously, "a work-box and a book of fairy tales!"

"Put them back," said Mr. Darrow sternly. "The lady has changed her mind. She will not take them. Come, Abby!"

And he led his wife out of the store.

"My dear," he said, grimly, when they were out in the freezing, gray twilight, with the flakes of snow already beginning to flutter in the air, "I told you I wouldn't have any of this nonsense."

"It's my own money, Caleb, that I saved out of the housekeeping allowance," said Mrs. Darrow, stung by a keen sense of injustice.

"If the housekeeping allowance is so much too ample for your requirements, my dear, I will see that it is cut down," said her husband. "When I said that the children were not to have any Christmas toys this year I *meant* it."

Mrs. Darrow went home and had a good cry. How was she ever to make the little ones believe that Christmas was not to come for them this year?

They were dancing about the sitting-room when she came in, those wild little elves.

"Mamma," cried Adelaide, "Bessie wants to go to bed now—absolutely now —so that Santa Claus will come quicker."

"He never comes till little baby-girls are asleep," said Bessie, pouting out her red lips, decidedly. "Old nurse said so."

"Mamma!" shouted Joe, "I almost know Santa Claus will bring me a tool chest! O, mamma, don't you wish it was to-morrow morning?"

"Children!" said the crisp, harsh voice of their father, who had entered from an opposite doorway, "this morning or to-morrow morning will make no sort of difference with you. Business has been bad this year, and there is no money to spend for such folly as toys. And the sooner you make up your minds to that the better!"

The children stared incredulously at him; then they turned their glances to their mother, and perceived that she had been crying.

Mr. Darrow sat by the fire after supper—a cheerful little heater, whose red eyes of fire shone vividly through the darkened room, and whose pipe carried the surplus heat into a register in the nursery above.

"Those children not in bed yet?" said Mr. Darrow to himself, as he heard the patter of childish feet, the ring of childish voices, above. "What in the world keeps them up at this time of night?"

Stepping softly, in his slippered feet, he went up stairs, and peeped in at the crack of the door.

Bessie was standing on tiptoe to hang a little, red-striped stocking on a nail beside the chimney-piece. Addie was helping her, while Joe stood sadly by.

"It's no use, chicks," said Joe. "Papa said we weren't to have any Christmas presents this year!"

"I don't care," cried little Bessie, excitedly. "Don't you know, Joe, it isn't papa that sends the Santa Claus presents? It's Santa Claus' ownself. And he never forgets good little girls on a Christmas Eve—does he, Addie?"

"No, indeed!" said Addie, her innocent face filled with undoubting faith. "You'll see, Joe! To-morrow morning these stockings will be full."

"If you really think so," said Joe, making for his own particular bureau-drawer, "I may as well hang up mine, too. For I'm sure I've *tried* to be a good boy."

So the little ones crept to bed.

Caleb Darrow stood there, with a pang of remorseful shame at his heart. Did he not stand in the place of Providence to these children? Had Heaven been as deaf to the prayers of his faith as he was to these little ones, where would he have been?

He went down-stairs to the room where his wife sat, sadly darning stockings.

"Abby," said he, "put on your hat and cloak. It is not nine yet," as he saw her astonished glance at the clock. "I want to buy some Christmas toys for the children."

"Caleb!" she cried, almost incredulously.

"I'm ashamed of myself!" said he. "I've behaved like a heathen Turk."

Then he told her what he had overheard.

"God bless the little ones!" said she, with tears in her eyes. "They are their own best special pleaders."

And the last customers in the toy-shop, that Christmas Eve, were Mr. and Mrs. Darrow, buying tool-chests, dolls, games, Noah's arks and music-boxes, with fruit, and nuts, and bon-bons.

"They shall have a merry Christmas," said Mr. Darrow, "if I don't smoke another cigar for a month."

And Mrs. Darrow could only look up in his face and say:

"O, Caleb, I am so happy!"

And almost before the crimson glory of the Christmas morning irradiated the east, they heard the children shrieking and shouting with joy, in the adjoining room.

"Didn't me tell you, Joe?" said Addie, exultantly.

"Santa Claus never forgets little children!" cried Bessie, hugging a curly-headed doll to her breast.

"Dear Caleb," whispered Mrs. Darrow to her husband, "now we can understand what our Saviour meant when He said, 'Oh, woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto these even as thou will.'"—*Saturday Night.*

Condensed Furniture.

The high rents and crowded condition of New York have evolved a peculiar kind of furniture, which is made to serve two or three purposes at once. An elaborate writing desk, with ink, pens and paper, is really a washstand. An elaborate etagere, or bookcase, is a bed or a wardrobe. A chair can be changed into a foot tub. A "chromo" proves to be a looking glass; a slop bucket and pitcher and basin is a praying stool; and a candelabra with wax candles proves to be an arrangement for concealing towls and tooth brushes. The New York *Times* suggests that a piano might be converted into a series of wash tubs, or a dish washing apparatus, and a Bubl cabinet into a stove.

Astronomical Progress.

Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvements in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we can not doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their greater distance, smaller size, or feebler light; indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light, or comparatively little. Thus, in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again, I may refer to the curious phenomena presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and a half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body, which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algol.

Thus the floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but studded also with extinct stars; once, probably, as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be, some seventeen million years hence.

The connection of astronomy with the history of our planet has been a subject of speculation and research during a great part of the half century of our existence. Sir Charles Lyell devoted some of the opening chapters of his great work to the subject. Haughton has brought his very original powers to bear on the subject of secular changes in climate, and Croll's contributions to the same subject are of great interest. Last, but not least, I must not omit to make mention of the series of massive memoirs (I am happy to say, not yet nearly terminated) by George Darwin on tidal friction, and the influence of tidal action on the evolution of the solar system. I may, perhaps, just mention, as regards telescopes, that the largest reflector, in 1830, was Sir W. Herschel's, of four feet; the largest at present, being Lord Rosse's, of six feet; as regards refractors, the largest then had a diameter of eleven and a-quarter inches, while your fellow townsman, Cooke, carried the size to twenty-five inches, and Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, has just successfully completed one of twenty-seven inches for the Observatory of Vienna. It is remarkable that the two largest telescopes in the world should both be Irish.—*Sir John Lubbock, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Skeleton in the Desert.

A few days ago, while traveling over the trackless expanse of the American Desert, about fifty feet from the surveyed line of the Salt Lake & Western Railroad, about fifteen miles from Fish Springs, between the north end of Dugaway Mountain and the north end of the Fish Spring Canyon, I came unexpectedly across a strange object. On close inspection I found it to be the remains of a young man.

The sudden discovery had a very startling effect upon myself and my companions, who soon gathered around the lonely spot where lay the last of the mortal coil of a human being, who must have perished in dreadful agonies, tortured by hunger and driven to despair by thirst. The osseous frame of the man was bleached to snowy whiteness, as were the clothes found on and about the skeleton. In the coat we found, besides numerous papers and letters, a tooth-brush, looking-glass, lead-pencil, razor, and quite a number of pocket trinkets.

On unfolding the papers which were rendered quite brittle by exposure and age, and the writing on which, partly in lead pencil, partly in ink, was almost illegible, we came across piteous appeals of the wretched castaway in the inhospitable solitude, tender summons for succor in his helpless destitution. Some of these cries from the depths of misery appeared to be directed to the address of a lady, presumably his wife. Her name was given as Jane Badger, Fairplay, P. O., Grant County, Wisconsin."

Some of the writing conveys the impression that the one who penned it was then laboring under the ban of that fearful mental derangement which is brought on by the torments of unquenched thirst and general privation, combined with the horrors of being thrown far away from all civilization.

One of the papers is a receipted bill and bears the only date furnishing a possible clue to the discovery of the identity of the victim of isolation. It is the year 1863, which indicates that the remains must have lain there nearly a score of years, "unknown, unwept, unsung."—*Cor. Ogden (U. T.) Herald.*

Girl Postboys.

In "The Land of the Midnight Sun" Paul B. Du Chaillu gives many novel experiences. Not the least interesting of these were his rides with girl drivers over Scandinavian roads. "At every station in Finland," he writes, "I had a young girl for a driver, and these children of the North seemed not in the least afraid of me. My first driver's name was Ida Catherina; she gave me a silver ring and was delighted when she saw it on my finger. I promised to bring her a gold one the following winter, and I kept my word. She was glad, indeed, when at the end of the drive, after paying, I gave her a silver piece. Another driver, twelve years of age, was named Ida Carolina. The tire of one of our wheels became loose, but she was equal to the emergency; she alighted, blocked the wheel with a stone, went to a farmhouse and borrowed a few nails and a hammer, and with the help of a farmer made everything right in a few minutes. She did not seem in the least put out by the accident. She chatted with me all the time, though I did not understand what she said, for I did not know then the Finnish language. She was a little beauty, with large blue eyes, thick fair hair and rosy cheeks."

A Philadelphia Lawyer's Fortune and Misfortunes.

The New Orleans *Democrat* relates the following:

Toward the close of Pierce's Administration society in Washington was much agitated and interested by a brilliant marriage of the daughter of a member of the Cabinet who then enjoyed a world wide fame as a financier and political economist. This was Robert J. Walker, a man of remarkable intellectual acuteness, great research and indefatigable industry. There was no lovelier or more attractive young woman than his daughter. Her mother, a lineal descendant from Benjamin Franklin, had contributed by her talents and charms largely to the success of her husband in politics, law and social advancement. The happy bridegroom on this occasion was a young naval officer of one of the oldest creole families of Louisiana. The marriage ceremonies were of the most brilliant character. The President, every member of the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, the Senators, in fine, all the notabilities of Washington attended, blessed and were enthused by the happy scene of a marriage that seemed so congenial, suitable, and felicitous.

After their marriage the young couple went on the grand tour to Europe, and took up their residence in Paris, where they sojourned for some months. Their means were ample and their circle of friends and associates were of the highest social class. And so for some years the course of their married life ran smoothly, until disasters, political, sectional and financial, fell upon them and their families. At the breaking out of our civil war, Robert J. Walker attached himself to the fortunes of the North. His son-in-law felt himself compelled, by every obligation of honor, State pride and duty to the ancient family of which he was a member, to identify himself with the South.

The consequent alternations and discord led to their permanent separation. The young wife retired with her child to her mother and family in Philadelphia, and there resided for several years in seclusion. In the meantime Mr. Robert J. Walker had lost by the investment in a railroad enterprise the large fortune he had acquired by his professional success, and at his death left his family in narrow circumstances. His widowed daughter, despite her extreme reserve, could not fail to attract the attention, sympathy and interest of the friends of the father and mother. Many advances were made by gentlemen of wealth and prominence to engage her favorable consideration of proposals of marriage. She resisted, for some time, all such advances. At last, however, her friends and society were astounded by the report that she had accepted the hand of a gentleman distinguished in the profession and political world, but cursed with a deformity and mutilation as repulsive and revolting as that of the veiled Mokanna of Moore's Lalla Rookh. In boyhood he had fallen into the fire on his face, and so burned it as to present even now, in advanced age, a most pitable and hideous aspect.

Those who are accustomed to make summer visits and sojourns at Long Branch have not failed to observe in the parlors of the West End Hotel, on the promenades and drives of that delightful resort, the unhappy victim of this cruel misfortune, in a stout gentleman of good figure, of dignified and graceful carriage, but with a face so blurred, scarred and distorted as almost to conceal and abolish all human resemblance, and repel with disgust all advance to closer observation and acquaintance. Upon that gentleman's arm leans a lovely woman, whose pale face still retains the most refined and beautiful expression, and whose harmonious features and lithe and graceful figure may be quickly recognized as those of the beautiful Miss Walker, who twenty-five years before, had enthralled all beholders and given her the unquestioned title to the sweetest and prettiest girl in Washington City. The marked attention of the brilliant company at the West End, through which they passed, and the eagerness of all persons to exchange courtesies and engage in conversation with the gentleman and lady, the attention and respect with which everything which fell from the gentleman was received by all listeners, betokened the high consideration in which he was held. To draw him into conversation and drink in every utterance appeared to be the ambition of every one.

"Who is that couple?" would be the natural inquiry of all strangers—"that terribly mutilated and defaced gentleman and that unhappy daughter who hangs upon his arm?" The ready answer would be, that gentleman is the ablest, most eloquent and impressive lawyer and orator of Philadelphia, who for many years has led that bar, and is the most agreeable and captivating gentlemen of the very polished society of that refined city. The lady is the daughter of Robert J. Walker, so distinguished in our political and financial history.

The Washington *Republican* adds to the above the following concerning the gentleman spoken of, whose name has not heretofore been mentioned:

Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, who has been in attendance upon the sessions of the Criminal Court this week, bears through life the marks of an accident by which he was severely burned in the face when only one year old, though its effects have been greatly alleviated by transplantation of the skin, for which purpose several journeys to Paris were made. He was born in 1816. He speaks deliberately without other memoranda than references to authorities, as is the practice of the bar in Pennsylvania generally. His memory is wonderful, many long quotations being rendered by its aid alone, and he is well read in the literature of his profession. His law library is worth between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and it lines the walls of his comfortable law offices in Walnut Street. In his private office a fire of authracite coal, over which a solution of lime has been poured, is kept burning, resembling white marble in flames. Delicate white ruffles on his wrists and two large seal-rings, worn on his left hand, are other indications of fastidious taste.

The State of Sinaloa, Mexico.

The Geographical Society of the Pacific met Tuesday night and was addressed by Prof. Frederick Weidner, State Surveyor General of Sinaloa, on the chief characteristics of that country. After briefly alluding to the topography and geological features, the speaker said that the State of Sinaloa offered superior inducements to immigration, and was fully capable of supporting at least six times its present population. Its mining, agricultural and commercial features were unsurpassed, and few countries were as well watered and as well protected against all possible drought. Its mineral products consist of gold, silver, copper and lead. A carboniferous formation exists that will, no doubt, be developed and turned to practical use at an early day. The mines are suitably located and yield ore that averages from $40 to $70 per ton, and from one of these mines, situated near the Durango boundary line $3,000,000 had been taken out in four years. The great drawbacks with which the population has to contend are a lack of railroads and the heavy tax on coinage. The Government is actuated by a liberal policy and lands can easily be located by appearing before the Federal Court and paying for the survey and title papers, the quantity being limited to 2,500 hectares to each applicant. A great diversity of soil exists, both the altitudes and valleys being covered by a rare luxuriance. Ebony, mahogany and the fruit trees of other states flourished abundantly, and often gigantic trees were met, measuring nine feet in circumference. At an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea sugar cane, rice and indigo are found, while wheat, oats and other cereals grow at higher altitudes. The population of Sinaloa is divided into four clases: The descendants of the original conquerers, Indians, crosses between these, and finally foreigners. The manufacture of mescal amounts to 15,000 barrels annually. The exports amount $200,000 annually, besides gold, silver and pearls, while the imports amount to $3,000,000, of which one-tenth comes from this city.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Case for Charity.

One of Detroit's millionaires was walking homeward yesterday when he encountered a lame man with a greasy paper in his hand. As the pair came to a halt the lame man asked:

"Will you do me the favor to read this paper?"

"Can't do it—left my eye-glasses home," was the reply.

"Then I will state the contents to you."

"No use—no use. I'm so deaf that I couldn't catch more than one word out of three."

"I'm a poor man with a wooden leg, sir."

"Yes—I see—I see. Lots of poor men have no wooden legs. You are lucky, sir, and I congratulate you. Must have cost you fifty dollars, and I presume it is a nice leg."

"If you had any clothes, sir."

"Yes, but I haven't."

"Or old boots."

"I'm wearing my old boots, you see. You are just six months too early to get 'em."

"I haven't had a meal since yesterday."

"Nor I, either. We are cleaning house, and for the last three days I've had to eat a cold lunch off the piano."

"Then you couldn't spare a nickel?"

"How can I? Ain't I walking home because I haven't money to ride on the car?"

"Is that so? Then we're both hard up."

"Of course we are."

"And being you're the worst off here's a cold passage I got at the house below, and here's a nickel to ride on the car! I tell you, sir, us poor folks has got to have more pity for the rich and do better by 'em or we'll all go to the poor-house!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Power of Imitation in Dogs.

The following anecdote may interest those of your readers who are accustomed to observe the characteristic actions of dogs. I can vouch for its accuracy, as I was an amused eye-witness and several members of my family were also present, and have often told the story.

A friend of ours and his wife were spending a musical evening with us, and an old, black, English terrier, who belonged to the house, had been in the drawing-room, which was up-stairs. The dog had been kindly noticed by our friend, who was partially lame from paralysis. On leaving the drawing-room, the dog followed him to the top of the staircase (we, with his wife, were waiting below in the hall), and with cocked tail and ears stood gravely watching his slow, limping descent. When the invalid was nearly at the foot of the stairs, the dog began to follow, limping on three legs (he was quite sound), in humorous imitation of our poor, afflicted friend, and his assumed lameness was gravely kept up, till he arrived on the mat. It was impossible to repress a smile, though our politeness was at stake, and the unconsciousness of our friend added to the difficulty.—*London Spectator.*

—This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too. The Boil is a mean Thing, and it is a Coward. If you Strike it it will Run. But the Man will not Run. He will Dance and make Remarks. Boils may start Way down near a little Boy's waistband But they always come to a Head at last.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—The marines in France are to be doubled in strength, and will henceforth form an army corps which will be the disposable nucleus for foreign expeditions. The actual effective strength of the marines may be estimated, including the reserves, at 40,000 men.

—The large black swan, for the past summer one of the attractions of Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, committed suicide, the other day, by jumping over the falls.

—There is a wild pigeon roost in Benton County, Tenn., four miles square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Czar is about to reorganize his army on the German system.

—New Yorkers with nothing to do play lawn-tennis on the top floors of private houses.

—Queen Ranavalomanjaka of Madagascar is a strong temperance woman and a rigid advocate of prohibitory laws.

—"Jim" Keene, the stock broker, was once a stationery peddler in San Francisco. He saved a little money and put it in the Savage Mine just as it was being "pooled," and he thereby cleared nearly $1,000,000.

—A woman teacher in Georgetown, Mass., was driven out of her school by the sight of a loaded pistol in the hand of a pupil she had reprimanded, but she met one of the committee at the door and he went in and disarmed the boy.

—A tract of land in Oregon, between the waters of the Santiam and Clackamas, about twenty by ten miles in dimensions, is covered by a dense forest of larches. The trees grow from 250 to 300 feet in height, many of them rising 150 feet without a limb.

—Jay Gould's green-houses, at his summer residence on the Hudson, which were burned ten months ago, have all been rebuilt. They are 372 feet long by eighty wide, and it requires sixteen men, 250 tons of coal and five large furnaces to transform the freezing air to tropical during the winter season.

—Ben Hilliard, of Washington County, Ga., is perhaps the greatest sufferer in the world. He has been thirty-three years in his bed, enduring the most excruciating agony from rheumatism, unable to move any part of his body except his lower jaw and to slightly shrug his shoulders. For all those long years of suffering his joints have been as stiff as if grown together solid.

—One of the most fashionable New York amusements is "a horse hop;" that is, some society woman engages the riding grounds and horses, and then invites twenty-five or fifty of her friends to be present. Two or three hours are spent in cantering, galloping and dancing quadrilles on horseback and then the guests adjourn to the house of their hostess, where they had an elegant supper.

—Henry Clay, a grandson of the famous bearer of that name, went to Greenland a year or so ago, with the purpose of joining the Howgate expedition there. The expedition, like Captain Howgate, was a failure, and Mr. Clay was left to look for the north pole on his own hook. He did so, traveled a great deal by dog-team and got enough of it. He has just reached his home in Kentucky.

—In some parts of the Maryland peninsula the following is believed to be a sight cure for chills and fevers: a live spider is caught and placed in a thimble, and a cloth tied over securely to keep it confined. The thimble is suspended around the neck of the afflicted person until the spider dies, which not only cures, but prevents the chills. It will doubtless tickle the spider to learn that he is worth anything to anybody.

—At the recent funeral of the Earl of Airlie, in Scotland, Lady Airlie *followed* the coffin, leaning on the arm of her eldest son. Lord Airlie having been chief of the clan Ogilvy, the procession was headed by the pipers, who played the "Portuguese Hymn" and "The Land o' the Leal," while, before it started, the pipers of Lord Breadalbane and other noblemen played in front of the Castle. The pibrochs were "Lochaber no More" and "Gleugarry's Lament."

—Various cases of poisoning from the use of perfumes have been reported in recent English journals. In one instance a little girl had bought some heliotrope perfume at a bazar, and had applied it on her face. This caused a vesicular eruption, swelling, itching, and in fact erysipelas, which lasted for some time. The scent was made with some of the products of coal tar, and not with the odoriferous principles of plants, thus acquiring its irritating properties.

—Bradhaur accepted an invitation to dine with Frohberg at Columbia, S. C. The meal passed pleasantly, and a bottle of wine was drunk. The subject of baptism came up, and one held that immersion was the only proper mode, while the other argued that sprinkling answered the purpose quite as well. They grew earnest and then angry. Bradhaur withdrew in a rage. Frohberg followed him into the dooryard, where his antagonist stabbed him with a knife. Frohberg hastily got a gun and shot Bradhaur. The baptismal question, however, was not settled.

—Dr. Tuttle, of Naugatuck, Conn., lost a valuable horse in a most singular manner. His two horses stood side by side in the stable as they have done for years; but the other morning one of them was found bleeding at the mouth, and the manger and stable floor were covered with gore. Investigation showed that in some way the other horse had gotten hold of the wounded animal's tongue and literally pulled it out by the roots. The tongue was found in the other horse's manger with plain teeth-marks upon it. The horses were wont to nip at each other in play, and it is supposed that one got hold of the other's tongue as if it had been a bit of rope or other inanimate substance. The injured horse was killed to end its sufferings.

—A singular criminal case has just been tried at Berlin. Some time ago Prince Eristoff, a Russian, called on a firm of jewelers in that city, and under false pretences induced them to send to his hotel articles to the value of about 9,000 marks, for which he also persuaded the hotel porter to advance in payment the sum of 3,000 marks. Thus possessed of the jewelry the Prince sold part of it and was about to depart from the Eastern Station for St. Petersburg when he was arrested on suspicion at the instance of the confiding porter. The counsel for the defense stated that the hotel porter had been paid the money he had advanced and that the jewelry had been restored to its rightful owner, and he begged the Court to regard these as extenuating circumstances, especially as the Prince did not intend to commit a fraud. The bench sentenced the prisoner to two years' imprisonment and loss of civil rights for the time.

The Republican.

J48. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Though fields and meadows brown and bare
The ermined cloaks of winter wear,
And breezes blowing sharp and cold
Proclaim the year is growing old;
The embers glow upon the hearth;
Within the house is cheerful mirth;
And through the world the joy-bells chime
At Chrismas time!

At Christmas time, old wrongs forgot,
Past feuds and fears remembered not.
We meet and greet the faithful friends
Who for life's losses make amends.
All evil passions we subdue;
All kindly graces we renew;
Peace—and good-will—are in their prime
At Chrismas time!

As travelers on their journey stop
To view the scene from mountain top,
So on this height we pause and feel
The airs of heaven around us steal.
Rich with the scent of Eden flowers:
New songs we sing; new life is ours—
And love, and Hope, and Joy sublime—
At Christmas time!

"NELL AND TOM."

A Holiday Story.

"Washington *Star!* New York *Herald!* *Times! Tribune!* and Baltimore *American!*"

The voice that uttered these common and familiar words in the car going up Pennsylvania Avenue was so unlike that usually heard to utter them that several persons looked up to see the speaker, who, encouraged by the looks, turned from one to another, saying, pleasantly:

"Have a paper? *Star! Times! Herald!*"

And several gentlemen did count over some of their loose pennies, and receive in exchange one of the papers; but a tall, dandified looking fellow, who had been eyeing curiously the owner of the papers, called out in a voice that could be heard all over the car:

"Say, there! I don't want a paper; but I'll give you ten cents if you'll tell me whether you are a girl or a boy.

It might, at first, have puzzled a casual observer to discover the sex of the owner of the papers, for the long boy's overcoat almost reached to the bottom of short skirts beneath it, and the cap that covered the top of the bend was certainly a boy's; but then the hair beneath—certainly there was no mistaking that, tucked away, as it was, as much out of sight as possible. It was light and curling at every loose end, and the face was one not easily forgotten, especially after hearing the voice. So, at least, thought one old gentleman, sitting by the door and watching the whole proceeding.

The young dandy jingled his loose money, and, picking out a ten-cent piece, handed it to the girl, as he spoke; but, instead of the laugh he had expected to create, he saw on the faces of those about him looks denoting displeasure, while the girl herself, with a bright crimson spot on either cheek, flashed at him a look from her bright eyes that so combined scorn and dignity that, even young as she was, made him lower his eyes with a sense of shame and humiliation visible to all those about him.

The girl turned then, and was about to leave the car, when the old gentleman by the door said, in a low tone:

"I'd like a *Herald*, please."

She was about to hand it to him, when she noticed the money he was holding out to her—a silver dollar.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking up, with a bright smile; "but I can't change that."

"Change!" muttered the old gentleman. "Who asked for change? I don't want any. It's always in my way. I'd like my paper, though."

"But, sir, you don't mean to pay a whole dollar just for a paper?"

"Well, if it's worth that to me why shouldn't I? See here, my friend," as she still hesitated, "I want that paper, and it's worth more to me just now than that; and I don't know why you couldn't use it, you know. Haven't you got some one you like very much that you might buy a Christmas gift for?"

The girl's face, that had become quite serious, brightened at this, and she handed the old gentleman the paper he wanted, took the money he offered, but the face that was turned to him as she left the car, though wearing a smile, supported a solitary tear, that made the old gentleman forget his paper and watch her as she went over to the pavement. He fancied a second tear followed the first, for she seemed for awhile to forget her papers; but, the car making one or two stoppages, he was enabled to keep her in sight for some little time, and at last came the words, sounding sweeter and more delicate than he had ever heard them:

"Washington *Star!* New York *Herald! Times! Tribune!* and Baltimore *American!*"

He turned at this and, opening his paper, as though deeply interested, he muttered to himself:

"I thought so. Humph! I wish I'd made it two. It would have been worth it."

Then he tried to read; but that one tear seemed in some way to have been transferred to the paper, and to blur the words so that they lost all meaning.

Somehow all that day the face of the girl haunted him, and that night he dreamed that he saw her weeping over the loss of her papers, while the dandy stood behind and smiled exultingly; and the next day he found himself watching for a sight of her at the place where she had entered the car the day before. He had not long to wait before he heard what now sounded so familiar.

"Washington *Star!* New York *Herald! Times! Tribune!* and Baltimore *American!*"

Yes, there she was, waiting to enter a car coming up the street; but as it approached she eyed it closely and then turned away.

"I wonder," he said, half aloud, "if that is the car she took yesterday, and if it's that insolent young dandy!"

He did not notice that the girl was coming in his direction until he turned to look for her and saw her standing before him. At the same moment she looked up and recognized him, and a bright smile broke out over her face.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "are you ready now to sell another paper for a dollar?"

"O, no, sir. You'll let me give you one now, won't you?"

"Humph! So you didn't find any use for the money yesterday, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I put it away all by itself."

"A kind of a miser, are you?"

"O! no, sir; but it will be such a nice surprise for Tom to-morrow, and it'll help pay the doctor."

"Who's Tom?"

"Why, he's Tom, you know; and he broke his leg, so I have to sell the papers now."

"Yes, I see. And where does Tom live?"

"Why, Tom lives where I do; down the next street there to the left, with Mrs. Andrews. May I give you a paper, please?"

"Well, I don't want the trouble of it now; but you might keep it for me till later. What are you going to do when you sell out?

"Well, you see it's Christmas Eve, and I might get some bundles to carry home."

"That's so. Well, meet me here at five o'clock, and I'll have some for you to carry for me."

"All right," said the girl, as she moved on with her papers, while the old gentleman looked about him until he discovered a druggist, where he found out just where Mrs. Andrews, who lived on the next street to the left, was to be found; which lady he called upon and proceeded to interview, inquiring into the family history of a certain Tom, who had broken his leg.

"And a sorry day it was for the girl when he was brought home on a stretcher," said Mrs. Andrews. "You see, he'd slipped sudden like and fallen down the stairs of the newspaper establishment; and they had to bring him here just so. It's been nigh three weeks now; and he ain't never said a word 'bout the suffering—only 'bout the girl."

"And the girl—his sister;" said the old gentleman.

"Lor' bless ye, she ain't his sister neither. You see, it all came about like this. His ma took a room here when she's at work in the Postoffice Department. She could have lived like a lady as she was, only her husband was dead, and he had left some debts behind, that she worked and saved and scraped to pay, so that, when the boy grew up he might meet the people his father owed and never have it flung out again him. You see, they had come from some other place here, and no one knew them to talk about them, if they lived plain and quiet like; and I never thought a body could be so happy as she was when the receipts come in. Every one of them is tied up in a little bundle for the boy. She was a-saving up so much every month till she took the girl. You see, that come about this way. The mother had been in the Postoffice with her; but she couldn't stand it, and just wasted away, till she had to leave. And then the money went for one thing and another, till when she died, there was no more than enough to bury her decent. Then the girl was fetched here. You see, the boy's mother couldn't turn the child off, and she promised the dying woman, who said she had no friends nowhere, that she'd tend to her, and so she just come here to go to school like the boy. There wern't no money to pay no debts that month, and it's my 'pinion that the money was used for the poor dying woman, so they could keep telling her she had enough left to pay for her burying. After that the debts begun to be paid again, till they was all gone; but they wasn't paid quite so fast, on account of the girl. But when they's all gone we had a kind of a jubilee, and the poor mother, that had worked so hard for her boy, just flung her arms round his neck and cried like to break her heart. For a couple of months she was gay and happy, like a young girl, and then the worry and all somehow begun to show that it had been too much, and she begun to grow weak, until it all ended by her having the typhoid, and she never knew nothing till the end come. She just seemed to finish when she had set her mind on doing for the boy, and then going to meet the husband she'd helped along. Dear! dear! but it was sad for the boy and girl; and Tom told me as how, if I'd keep them and take care of the girl, he'd see that it was all right. And so he has done, sir; bless him! I ain't never lost cent by them, and yet I never could have turned the girl out. I could have kept her to help me in the house, and more than paid for her keep; but the boy set his mind on having her go to school. The little bit of money that was left after the funeral and the doctor was paid that boy put in the bank to grow, and to save in case he might die, so the girl could have something; and the girl, knowing he's keepin' it, but not knowing what for, just set her foot down and says it shan't be touched while he's sick to pay the doctor nor nothing. And so she goes out and sells papers and such like, so's to keep the boy's money from going down too fast. I reckon she don't like it much; but then it's for Tom and he looks so pleased when she comes home. I declare, it makes my eyes water to think of them two."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman. "Do you suppose Tom would care to have a visitor?"

"I guess any one who lies in one position all day and night, too, doesn't mind seeing one who is ready to give them a kind word or two."

"I didn't say I had anything kind to say. He might take me for a meddlesome, inquisitive old fellow, better out of sight than in."

"Lor', sir, you can but give him a little kindness and you won't miss it." And Mrs. Andrews led the way up stairs to a room that, though it lacked some comforts and luxuries, that might have been acceptable to an invalid, at least admitted plenty of warm, bright sunshine. The boy had been moved to an old-fashioned lounge near the window, and the book in his hand indicated that he had been reading; but his head was turned to the door as it opened, and Mrs. Andrews admitted the old gentleman, saying, at the same time:

"Tom, if you've a mind to talk awhile, there's a gentleman that might have something to say to you."

Tom looked inquiringly at the old gentleman, who stepped forward and said, abruptly: "Bad hurt?"

"O! no, sir. Not near so bad as it might be. The doctor says I can soon get about again, and he comes every morning and moves me from the bed to this lounge, and at night some of the men from the next house come in and move me back. Every one is very kind."

"Pretty tiresome staying here all the time alone?"

"O! no; for I have Nell here part of the time, and when she's away and I don't feel like reading I can watch for her to come home."

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"And a sorry day it was for the girl when he was brought home on a stretcher," said Mrs. Andrews. "You see, he'd slipped sudden like and fallen down the stairs of the newspaper establishment; and they had to bring him here just so. It's been nigh three weeks now; and he ain't never said a word 'bout the suffering—only 'bout the girl."

"And the girl—his sister;" said the old gentleman.

"Lor' bless ye, she ain't his sister neither. You see, it all came about like this. His ma took a room here when she's at work in the Postoffice Department. She could have lived like a lady as she was, only her husband was dead, and he had left some debts behind, that she worked and saved and scraped to pay, so that, when the boy grew up he might meet the people his father owed and never have it flung out again him. You see, they had come from some other place here, and no one knew them to talk about them, if they lived plain and quiet like; and I never thought a body could be so happy as she was when the receipts come in. Every one of them is tied up in a little bundle for the boy. She was a-saving up so much every month till she took the girl. You see, that come about this way. The mother had been in the Postoffice with her; but she couldn't stand it, and just wasted away, till she had to leave. And then the money went for one thing and another, till when she died, there was no more than enough to bury her decent. Then the girl was fetched here. You see, the boy's mother couldn't turn the child off, and she promised the dying woman, who said she had no friends nowhere, that she'd tend to her, and so she just come here to go to school like the boy. There wern't no money to pay no debts that month, and it's my 'pinion that the money was used for the poor dying woman, so they could keep telling her she had enough left to pay for her burying. After that the debts begun to be paid again, till they was all gone; but they wasn't paid quite so fast, on account of the girl. But when they's all gone we had a kind of a jubilee, and the poor mother, that had worked so hard for her boy, just flung her arms round his neck and cried like to break her heart. For a couple of months she was gay and happy, like a young girl, and then the worry and all somehow begun to show that it had been too much, and she begun to grow weak, until it all ended by her having the typhoid, and she never knew nothing till the end come. She just seemed to finish when she had set her mind on doing for the boy, and then going to meet the husband she'd helped along. Dear! dear! but it was sad for the boy and girl; and Tom told me as how, if I'd keep them and take care of the girl, he'd see that it was all right. And so he has done, sir; bless him! I ain't never lost cent by them, and yet I never could have turned the girl out. I could have kept her to help me in the house, and more than paid for her keep; but the boy set his mind on having her go to school. The little bit of money that was left after the funeral and the doctor was paid that boy put in the bank to grow, and to save in case he might die, so the girl could have something; and the girl, knowing he's keepin' it, but not knowing what for, just set her foot down and says it shan't be touched while he's sick to pay the doctor nor nothing. And so she goes out and sells papers and such like, so's to keep the boy's money from going down too fast. I reckon she don't like it much; but then it's for Tom and he looks so pleased when she comes home. I declare, it makes my eyes water to think of them two."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman. "Do you suppose Tom would care to have a visitor?"

"I guess any one who lies in one position all day and night, too, doesn't mind seeing one who is ready to give them a kind word or two."

"I didn't say I had anything kind to say. He might take me for a meddlesome, inquisitive old fellow, better out of sight than in."

"Lor', sir, you can but give him a little kindness and you won't miss it." And Mrs. Andrews led the way up stairs to a room that, though it lacked some comforts and luxuries, that might have been acceptable to an invalid, at least admitted plenty of warm, bright sunshine. The boy had been moved to an old-fashioned lounge near the window, and the book in his hand indicated that he had been reading; but his head was turned to the door as it opened, and Mrs. Andrews admitted the old gentleman, saying, at the same time:

"Tom, if you've a mind to talk awhile, there's a gentleman that might have something to say to you."

Tom looked inquiringly at the old gentleman, who stepped forward and said, abruptly: "Bad hurt?"

"O! no, sir. Not near so bad as it might be. The doctor says I can soon get about again, and he comes every morning and moves me from the bed to this lounge, and at night some of the men from the next house come in and move me back. Every one is very kind."

"Pretty tiresome staying here all the time alone?"

"O! no; for I have Nell here part of the time, and when she's away and I don't feel like reading I can watch for her to come home."

"Humph! Is she the one that goes round selling papers, like a boy.

The boy turned quickly and said, earnestly: "Please don't speak so about Nell. She does look like a boy, but she didn't have anything to wear so nice and warm as my coat and hat, and she won't get anything either till the doctor is paid and I am well. O! sir, you should not speak so about Nell."

"Selling papers is not fit work for a girl."

"Do you think I'd let her do it if I could help it? Don't I know how the boys laugh and make fun of her? But she don't mind that half so much as she would to stay here and do nothing, and I couldn't lie so quit, as the doctor says, if she looked unhappy. And so I let her go, but I mean to make it up to her some day."

"Humph! You think so now; but the some day may never come. What kind of a blood-and-thunder story are you reading?"

He held out his hand for the book, and, as Tom gave it to him, he said, gently:

"It's not a blood-and-thunder story. The book belonged to my father."

"Eh! Well, who's your father? Didn't he read blood-and-thunder stories?"

"My father's name was Thomas Wheeler, sir; and I don't think he ever read blood-and-thunder stories."

But the old gentleman scarcely heard what the boy said. He was looking as if spell-bound at the fly-leaf of the book, on which was written: "Thomas Wheeler, Pittsburgh, Penn."

"Thomas Wheeler, Pittsburgh!" repeated the old gentleman.

"I didn't say Pittsburgh, sir," said Tom; "but," seeing at what the old gentleman was looking, "we did live there."

"And he was your father?" said the old gentleman, slowly and thoughtfully, still examining the name in the book.

"Yes, sir; he was my father."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, looking up at the boy now. "Anything wrong or unusual about him, about his appearance, you know?"

"No, sir," said the boy, wonderingly. "Nothing wrong. He looked different from other people because he had lost one of his arms—lost in the war."

But the old gentleman had risen before Tom had finished, and was on his way to the door. He turned, as he reached it, and, before opening it, said:

"Who did you say was your doctor?"

"I didn't say; but he's Doctor Reeder, just round the corner."

"Just round the corner, yes. You need not tell the girl I've been here."

Before Tom could say anything the old gentleman was gone; and he turned his head and said thoughtfully:

"A strange old gentleman."

Tom would have thought him stranger still could he have followed him to Dr. Reeder's office and witnessed the interview that took place.

"I am truly glad to see you, Mr. Weston," said the Doctor, shaking the old gentleman by the hand.

"Well, well, Reeder! Yes, it's some time since we met; but I'm in haste now, and I've come to see about that boy with the broken leg."

"Which boy?"

"The one round the corner. He's in the wrong box."

"Tom? Has anything happened to him?"

"Yes, he's got into the wrong box. I want him moved just as soon as you can conveniently spare the time."

"Where do you want him taken?" asked the doctor, who knew something of the old gentleman and his peculiarities, and understood pretty well how to manage him.

"To my own house, if you please."

"And what about the girl?"

"Well, I think the boy would rather stay where he is with her than go away without her, and if it had not been for her I should never have found—— See here, do you know anything of the girl's family or antecedents."

"Nothing. I have tried every way to discover her mother's friends, and have followed up every clue I could get; but in vain."

"So much the better. There won't be any one to interfere with my adopting her."

"Do you mean to adopt the boy, too?"

"I'd be a brute if I didn't do all in my power for Thomas Wheeler's child."

"You knew the father, then?"

"See here, Reeder, my youngest boy was in the army during the war; and, once when his life was in danger and he knew it not, Thomas Wheeler did. My boy was saved and is now a wealthy Californian; while Thomas Wheeler went for the rest of his life with but one arm. And that's his boy with the broken leg, and Nell's the girl that's trying to pay his doctor's bill."

Dr. Reeder said nothing for a moment; but before they parted he had heard about his friend's finding Tom through the girl and knew something of what he intended to do. It was arranged between them that the gentleman was to go home and acquaint his family with the change he proposed to make in the family; and then he was to meet the doctor and be with him when Tom was moved.

The tears chased each other down Mrs. Andrews' face when she found she was to lose the children, for she was truly fond of them; but, after the boy had really gone, she threw herself into a chair and caught her breath as a bank note met her eye lying on the table.

The removal of the boy was effected even better than they had hoped; but Tom himself remained very quiet and looked much paler than he did in the morning. He could not quite understand it all, and hardly knew how to take it, though he had been assured he should not be separated from Nell.

As the old gentleman parted from the doctor to keep his appointment with Nell, a bank-note was placed in his hands, accompanied by the e words:

"Use it for the girl, please. I'll see to the boy later."

"And you'll come up to-night?"

"Yes. I'll be back to-night, to see how they take it."

Punctually at five o'clock Mr. Weston met Nell where he had left her in the morning, and, drawing her into the only quiet place he could find, he said, in his abrupt way:

"See here! I came across some one to-day who wants to make you a present of a good warm coat and hat. A friend of yours."

"Me! A friend of mine!" You must be mistaken."

"Well, he's a friend of Tom's, and he thought, you know, that it would please Tom to have you come home with a new dress."

"Yes, it would please Tom; but——"

"No buts in the case. I've got the money and it's in my way. Come on, and let me spend it before I lose it. I hate to have other people's money to take care of."

Nell followed him, in a kind of dream, into an establishment where ready-made clothing was for sale; but when there she turned, as though she would fly from the place. But Mr. Weston spoke to her and said, kindly:

"O! I don't think it can be for me. There must be some mistake."

"No, there's no mistake, and it's to please Tom, you know."

Then Nell remained quiet while he took one of the lady clerks aside and gave her some instructions; after which he left Nell in her care, saying that he would be back in a little while. He waited, however, till the coat Nell had on was sent out to him; and then proceeded to a clothing store, where he ordered a suit of clothes to fit inside the overcoat.

When he went back for Nell he hardly recognized her in the extremely pretty girl, with her hair plaited down her back and a simple, but neat, suit of dark blue. He smiled as he saw her, and said:

"Do you think Tom will know the Nell who left him a few hours ago?"

"O! don't say that, or I'll take them all off."

"Well, well, I can't wait for that now, for it's getting late; and I want you to help buy some presents for my grandchildren."

"O!" said Nell, suddenly, when they had gone some distance from the store. "Well."

"I left Tom's coat and hat."

"It's all right. I told them to send it to Tom."

Nell looked surprised; but the old gentleman hurried her into a store, and she soon became interested in his purchases, for he appealed to her from time to time to assist in selecting something for a girl about her age or for a boy something like what he imagined Tom to be.

"And now," he said, when they were nearly through, "you see I didn't pay you all that paper was worth yesterday; and I thought you might like some more of it now, to buy something for Tom, you know."

"Why, you paid a whole dollar, and that was a great deal more than it was worth."

"Not to me. A thousand dollars would have been cheap. So you see you might as well take a little more of it; and it's not to go to doctor's bills, but must be spent now."

Nell took hesitatingly the five-dollar bill he handed her, and again a tear met his eye; but he soon removed that by interesting her in the disposition of her money. Tom came first, then Mrs. Andrews, and then a little sick child in the next house.

When they reached Mr. Weston's house both he and Nell had their arms full of bundles; but Nell was frightened at the sight of children running here and there and calling loudly for Grandpa! Grandpa!"

"Run! run! Run away, every one of you!" he replied: "You don't suppose I'm going to let you see even the outside of these bundles, do you, till the appointed time? Come, Nell, we must get these up-stairs before they get hold of them."

Nell followed him; but kept very close to him until they entered a room, where she was told she could put them down. Scarcely had she done so when she sprang forward, and, throwing herself on the floor by the side of a lounge, cried, excitedly:

"Why, Tom!"

"Well, Nell. How nice you look!"

"But, Tom, what does it all mean?" asked Nell, bewildered.

Then came the explanation, after which Nell smiled, with the tears in her eyes:

"Do you mean that this is really to be your home and mine, Tom?"

"Yes, Nell; and you won't have to sell papers any more. Think of it!"

But Nell was crying now; and the old gentleman, standing by the table, stopped in his work of unfastening the bundles to wipe his eyes, while the pleasant looking lady who was assisting him looked attentively at the boy and girl before her.

"O Tom!" was all Nell could say. And when her cry was over the kind-looking lady led her away to take off her wrappings and have something to eat; and then there were lots of children to see and get acquainted with, and then there was the Christmas tree. Nell had never seen one lighted before, though Tom had; and to her it was all new and so delightful. Such lots of beautiful things for everybody, even for Tom and herself. How did it happen? It was just like fairyland, and the kind doctor there, too. Nell would have been afraid she would wake up and find it all a dream, if it hadn't been that that she could take hold of Tom every once in a while and know that he was flesh and blood.

"Nell," he said, when the excitement began to subside a little, "how very pretty you are."

"O, Tom," said the girl, blushing, "you ought not to tell me that."

"I can't help it Nell."

"Then tell me when you're going to say it and I'll stop my ears up."

But when Nell looked again at Tom, he was looking puzzled over a paper that some one had handed him.

"What is it, Tom?"

"A receipted bill from the doctor; but I don't understand it. Who paid him, Nell?"

"I don't know."

"You have paid me yourselves," said the doctor, quietly. "and it's one of the pleasantest payments I ever received."

"But I don't understand," said Nell.

"Don't try to understand until you are as old as I am."

"I haven't told Tom," said Nell, turning to Mr. Weston, "about that dollar;" and in her own quiet way she showed it to Tom, and explained to him how she got it and what she was saving it for.

"Tom," she said, still keeping it in her hand, "I want to go their graves to-morrow and thank God right there for being so good and kind to us. May I buy some flowers with this?"

"Yes, Nell; and I hope God will let them know in some way what a happy Christmas He has given us."

Nell was looking at the old gentleman while Tom spoke, and something she saw about him made her go to him and put her arms about his neck, saying, tenderly:

"I don't remember my father and I don't know how it seems to have one, but you'll let me tell you sometimes, won't you, how much I love you for what you've done for Tom and me?"

"Well, well, we'll see about it," said the old gentleman, putting his own arms about her. "But if you keep on in this way you will make a ruined man of me. That paper was worth more than I can tell you on Tom's account, but now it's beginning to be worth something on your own account, and—well, it's time for us to say 'Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Arab and His Mare.

Sontamm ben Sontamm of the tribe of Aneyza has probably had more experience with horseflesh than any other child of the desert. From boyhood up he has passed his life among the horses of the Orient, and on more than one occasion he has been obliged to trust himself to the fleetness of his course to escape from the hands of wandering hordes while traversing the desert. Some time since, Sontamm was seen leading a mare of extraordinary beauty and symmetry through the streets of Damascus. Upon being questioned upon the breeding of the steed, he pronounced her to be the famous Sherissa, of the get of Abeyeh Shevrak, four years old, her dam being Hagar, and her sire Kehilan Ajuz.

I asked him to tell me about the breeds of Arabian horses.

"Our father, Ismail ben Ibrahim (Ishmael, son of Abrahnm)," he replied, "found two foals of the wild horse by their dam, whom he had shot with an arrow, and he put them in a sack and carried them on a camel till they were strong enough to walk, wherefore their backs were curved in to meet the saddle, and they were called *Bint el Ahwaj* or the 'Daughters of the Crooked.' As they grew up he rode them, and the wild horses followed them. From these two foals, both fillies, came our horses. Wherefore we Arabs reckon all our pedigrees from the dam, not as the fools of Franks do, from the sire."

"Are there any of the original breed left?"

"Abd el Kader—on whose head be all blessings—tells us that it is still found among our brethren in the Sahara. And I have heard that in Uzd, in Arabia, is another strain of that blood, called Zaid el Musefar. Who can tell? God knows."

"Which are the best for speed?"

"The most noted for speed is Kehilan Ajuz; for Kehilan has forty breeds, of which Kehilan Ajuz is said to be the swiftest, though its mares are ewe-necked and long-legged. There are six breeds of Seglawi, of which Seglawi Sheyfi is the best."

"But Kehilan is the best?"

"No, no. I have not said so. Kehilan alone is nothing. It is the second name which shows the breed. Kehilan Ajuz is the swiftest, but Kehilan alone is no breed. Abeyan Sherrak for beauty, Saadan Togan, Hamdan es Simri and Seglawi Sheyfi for speed and bottom. All these are good, and this is a mare to be proud of my son."

"And Franks think all Arab horses are alike. How little they know."

Sontamm's lip curled. "The Franks have no horses. One of them sent a long-legged creature to Damascus. He called it a 'thoroughbred,' and truly it could run fast. But what of that? It could not run a hundred miles a day on a few handfuls of barley, as our horses can, and it had a head like a block of wood. No Arab would send his mare to such a Kadish as that. Bah!"

"But I have heard my father say that the English once sent one of their mares that they call a thoroughbred to Egypt to run races with your horses, and that she beat them all, the best in the Pasha's stable. How is that?"

Sontamm smiled again.

"The Pasha of Egypt never had a horse that was Hadud in his best days. The Shammar and Aneyza have them all, save those that are found in the stables of Tyzoul Abdullah, at Doraiah. Still, as I said, these English horses can run well, but only for short distances and on good food. Take them to the Desert on a *ghazou* for such marches as we have, and they are gone on the second day."—*American Gentlemen's Magazine.*

Roman Remains in London.

Modern London is built on the debris of the London of the times of Julius Cæsar and Agricola, and it is by no means infrequently that 1800-year old relics of the Roman town are found many feet below the surface of the existing streets. There was a rich find recently in the vicinity of Warwick Square at the depth of nineteen feet. The most interesting relic that came to light was a hitherto unknown coin, of the year 50, which lay alongside of about a dozen urns containing the products of cremation. Just think of the pangs which dying would have inflicted on those ancients if they had known that their ashes would be seen and handled by an unknown race eighteen centuries and a half, nearly, after their demise! The most aristocratic urn was of glass and fifteen inches high. Well executed leaden pots inclosed several of these depositories, and roofing tiles the rest. The use of lead, as well as of tin, by the way, has great antiquity in Britain. Herodotus speaks of the production of tin there. Emblems of more or less significance touching the future state appeared on some of the receptacles. Along with the coin of the year 50 were others of dates between 46 and 300. But the Romans left something besides these useless things to be remembered by. They introduced into Great Britain its chestnut, walnut, peach, pear and cherry tree.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rev. W. H. Mubarn, so long and favorably known in the pulpit and on the platform as "the Blind Preacher," has returned to take up his residence in New York, after a long absence at the South.

—According to Mr. Volk, the sculptor who took the Lincoln life-mask, Old Abe had decided preference as to preachers. He said: "'I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!' And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words."

—A Baptist association, embracing twenty-seven churches, has been organized by the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. At its recent annual meeting 106 baptisms were reported for the year. Two churches had been organized and two Indians licensed to preach. The whole number of members is 865. Considerable missionary work was accomplished during the year.

—A medical man in Toronto has been ventilating in the newspapers recently the subject of overstudy among the children in attendance at the public schools, and asserts that the results of an investigation made by him show that several deaths of school-children which came under his observation were due solely to a too close application to books by scholars of nervous temperament and weak constitutions. He claims that the course of study in the Toronto public schools is so severe that many of the pupils are compelled, in order to keep up with their classes, to apply themselves to their books outside of school hours, and that no such condition of affairs should be allowed to exist. An investigation of the same matter in other cities would doubtless reveal a similar fault in the public-school system.

—As you came into church last Sabbath with your creaking shoes, after services commenced, you disturbed the whole congregation, and many of the young folks turned round to see who you were. And yet, you were not in the least disconcerted, and entered your pew with as much complacency as if you had respected the house of God and the opinions of your Christian neighbors. Was it right? If this had been the first time of your dereliction, I was going to say, there might be a slight excuse for you; a second thought tells me there is none. A person has no business to be late at church or anywhere else. I know of a man, more than three-score-and-ten years of age, who was never late at the house of God, even for a minute. In future see if you cannot improve and pay some little respect to the services of the sanctuary.—*Religious Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Strictly speaking, a march is about the only music that can be called sole-stirring.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—When you reach the plane of manhood it is quite natural that you should indulge in a little shaving.—*Boston Courier.*

—Appearances are deceptive. One cheese may seem to be the exact counterpart of another and yet be a mighty sight richer.—*Boston Globe.*

—"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the poor patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A frank old granger, in advertising his household goods for sale, wound up the list of articles with "and a lot of trash not worth much." If he had been an æsthetic he would have called it "a lot of valuable bric-a-brac."—*Norristown Herald.*

—There is a town down the peninsula that seems to be improving itself to death. Every time a citizen puts on a new button on his front gate, or whitewashes his pig-pen, the local paper cries that there is a fear in the community that the spirit of improvement is too rapid to last.—*Middletown Transcript.*

—Fullness under the eyes, says a phrenological journal, denotes language. A close observer might infer that fullness under the vest also causes a flow of language. It has been noticed that towards the winding up of a dinner party there is a wonderful flow of language among the guests.—*Texas Drifting.*

—An exchange says that "at Boston weddings the newest feature is to have the bride and bridegroom stand during the ceremony in a floral grotto made of chrysanthemums, asters, lilies, passion-flowers and smilax." At Chicago weddings the newest feature is for the groom to hustle around and get a living for himself and wife after they are married. Fathers of Chicago girls hail the innovation with delight.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I see you have the motto 'Excelsior' over your door," remarked a stranger who entered a Detroit saloon the other day. "Yes; I gif a bninter two tollor for dot." "It's a beautiful motto." "Yes, I tink so." "You know what it means, I suppose?" "Of course. It means dot vhen one of der boys says 'Shalk it down, Yacob,' I shalk him on der neck mid a club. I doan 'take feefty dollar for dat motto."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Miner's Notice.

It sometimes happens that the horny-handed prospector knows little or nothing of the forms required by law when locating a claim, and in such instances the honest old boys just drive ahead and do the best they know how. A grizzled old bunch of antiquity recently struck a lead near Gunnison, Col., and left the following notice written on an old envelope and stuck in a split stick:

"TAK NOTIS!

The undersined claims this lede with all its diffs, spurs, angels, sinosities, etc., etc., from this stalk a 100 fete in each direcshun, the Same being A silver bariug lead, and warning is hereby given to Awl persons to kepe away at their peril. Any persons found trespasing on this Clame will Be persecuted to the ful extent of the law. This is no munky talk butt I will assert my rites at the point Of the sleks shuter if legaly Necessary so talk head and good warning. Accordin to law I post This Notiss. JOHN SEARLE."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1881.

Congressman Urner is to be chairman of the Committee on Accounts.

On Wednesday, January 4th, the General Assembly will commence its sessions in Annapolis.

Mr. G. Kettlewell, Staff Correspondent of the Baltimore *Times*, was in Oakland Tuesday in the interest of that paper.

R. W. L. Raisin & Co., phospate manufactures of Baltimore, and one of the largest firms of the kind in the country have failed. Their liabilities are about $1,000,000. Assets not yet known. Creditors principally in New York and the West.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, held on Wednesday of last week, Hon. John W. Garrett was unanimously re-elected president for the twenty-fourth consecutive year. The affairs of the road are represented to be in a most flourishing condition.

The joint Senate and House committee appointed to arrange for memorial ceremonies in honor of President Garfield have decided to invite Senator Blaine to deliver the eulogy before both branches of Congress, in the hall of the House of Representatives, on some day yet to be determined.

Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, who was confirmed as Secretary of State on the 12th inst., is the nephew and adopted son of Theodore Frelinghuysen, who ran for Vice President on the same ticket with Henry Clay in 1844. He graduated at Rutger's College in 1836, was admitted to the Bar in 1839. In 1866 he was elected to fill a vacancy in the U. S. Senate from his State, and occupied a seat in that body till 1869; he was again elected to the Senate in 1871, and served until the end of the term in 1877, during which which time he served as one of the Electoral Commission.

The Polar exploring steamer Jeannette has at last been heard from. She was crushed in the ice off the coast of Eastern Siberia in June last. Her crew took to the boats, two of which landed on the Siberian coast. Many of the men were frost-bitten, and all of them were in a pitiable condition. One of the boats has not yet been heard from, and search is being made for it. The President, through the Secretary of State, has sent his hearty thanks to Russian individuals and authorities who have aided the unfortunate survivors of the Jeannette. Lieutenant De Long, the commander of the Jeannette, is among the survivors.

"The Times."

Mr. W. B. Hazelton, formerly of the Baltimore *American*, has purchased the Baltimore *Gazette*, with all its franchises, and will take possession on the last day of the present month, and on the 1st of January, 1882, begin the publication of an independent daily newspaper, to be called "*The Times*." It will be liberal in sentiment, but fearless and persistent in the advocacy of what the editor believes to be just and right. It has been hinted that *The Times* would be conducted in the interest of the "Stalwarts." We are informed that this is a mistake, and that it will be conducted in the interest of no party or faction, but that the aim is to make it a great *commercial* and *news* paper, opposed to all *rings* and in the interest of *the people*. We hope and believe that *The Times* will receive a hearty support from the people of this county.

The Rev. T. M. Hudson, a patriarchal Methodist minister of West Virginia, died on Friday at Weisburg, in Brooke county, at the age of 83. He was the first minister to preach in the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in Wheeling, and also preached the last sermon in the same building before it was demolished to give place to a larger edifice.

Democratic Decay.

The increasing distrust of the Democratic party which has been manifested in the elections in all parts of the country during the past few years is due to no sudden disgust or anger on the part of the people, but to a settled conviction of Democratic unworthiness—to the decay of the Democratic ideas, which, true or false, were once earnestly held and lived up to, but which are now abandoned at any moment in favor of a supposed expediency. The country has once or twice evinced a strong dislike to the dominant influences in the Republican party. The third-term influence, for example, was once rebuked by what was called the "tidal wave" of 1874, when Republican voters stayed away from the polls, and gave the elections to the Democrats, and reversed the majorities in Congress. But when the chastisement had been administered it was seen that confidence in the Democracy was not the spring of action.

It has not been, however, any sudden revulsion of feeling against the Democrats that has lost them all that they gained at that time, and which is destined to inflict in the near future still heavier losses upon them. It is a searching and well-founded belief that the Democratic party has no faith, no convictions, no mission, no ideas, principles or policy which are accepted by Democrats. To say that a man is a Democrat means absolutely nothing except that he is not a Republican. The party has not sufficient texture to make a good opposition.

There was a time when the word "Democratic" had a distinct meaning. It meant state rights, as against the national idea; localized government, as distinguished from centralized government; hard money; low tariff, or tariff for revenue only; opposition to national appropriations for internal improvements, or for rivers and harbors; opposition to grants of all kinds. These ideas may not be sound, and there are several of them that are obviously vicious in theory, but they are all ideas that men might earnestly hold and cling to, and be respected in fighting for to the uttermost. But there is not one of these ideas that Democrats have not cast aside during the past ten years, and which they have not now either wholly ignored or else simply written down in platforms as idle formulæ. States rights gave way by the passage in a Democratic Congress of the strongest measure of centralization that ever appeared in our political history—the creation of the National Board of Health, a measure which placed in the hands of a board of doctors the power to close the ports of New Orleans, or Mobile, or Savannah, with no appeal from their decision. They abandoned the principle of localization in favor of centralization in its most dangerous form. Hard-money ideas of the "Old Bullion" Benton Democracy rotted away into Greenbackism, inflation, silver inflation, and financial folly or bad faith in any form that it could take. "Tariff for revenue only" is now held by a small minority of the party, and the Southern states now demand "protection" more eagerly than New England. Internal improvements are no longer resisted, but Democrats are eagerly contending in Congress for appropriations for "improvements" of their creeks and rivulets. The most rapacious grabbers of appropriations that the history of the country has to show have been Democratic congresses. If these changes of Democratic policy represented real changes of opinion, they would be better worthy of respect, but they simply mean the loss of an old faith, without the gain of a new one. It is sheer decay, in which there is no hope of a new vitality.

How can an earnest-minded person care anything for the success of a party which has abandoned or bartered away for appropriations all the ideas that once made that party respectable even in its defeats? How can a Democrat who remembers even the traditions of Jefferson and Jackson, endure to be classed with inflationists, appropriation grabbers, triflers with the public credit and centralizers? And how much worse when, in addition to all this, he sees the organizations of the party everywhere in the hands of combinations of self-seeking men, more intent on tapping somebody's "bar'l" than on nominating a strong, pure man! The decay of the Democratic party is not a thing for even Republicans to rejoice at; for it would be better if the Republican party had a more earnest and sincere opposition.—*Balto. American.*

The Coming Legislature.

Under this head the Hagerstown *Mail* (Democratic) makes the following timely and sensible suggestions:

"We trust that those members elected to the Legislature, who are sincere friends of reform and retrenchment, should be now considering the subjects which are to require their attention, and no less is it the duty of all persons who have taken an interest in these matters to give the benefit of their counsel and services. In doing this by those who are attached to the principles which have made the several late elections so marked, something may be accomplished. It is so hard to reform abuses and so difficult to retrench when those in place or power are to suffer, that not only persistent but courageous action is a necessity. The measures most prominently before the public are:

"First, a new registration of voters. To make this effective and satisfactory, the registration must be in voting precincts, and these precincts ought not to contain more than 400 votes; and to be efficient in the city the registration should be biennially made.

"Next, primary meetings must be put under the protection of law, and under regulations that will secure a just and fair expression of the people who hold them.

"Next, the purity of elections must be defended by rigid and thorough law.

"Next, the absolute freedom of elections from the intrusion of strangers, or of their violence and force, and especially from the presence of armed men; and that full provision be made for the open and public taking of the ballot and the count of it.

"Next, useless offices must be abolished, and of these there is a number.

"Next, the number of officers and employees of the Legislature must be limited to proper and decent proportions, and their service and compensation fixed by law.

"Next, there must be provision made against any member of either House receiving extra or additional compensation beyond that of his regular salary for any kind of service rendered as such member, by the most stringent law.

"Next, that there be well guarded legislation to prevent any one from receiving any extra compensation for services rendered.

"Next, that a perfect system be established by law to give out the public printing, not only for the Legislature before the beginning of the session, but for all the printing for all the departments of the government for the year.

"Next, that the "subsidy," as it is now known and called—that is, the publication of the laws as now established by law—be repealed.

"Next, that the weighing of hay and grain be abolished.

"Next, that the laws for tobacco inspection be thoroughly revised, by abolishing the compulsory inspection and doing what can be done for the ultimate removal of the whole system without injury to this interest.

"Next, to thoroughly revise the oyster navy; reduce its expenditures so as to make it, not only self-sustaining, but a means of revenue.

"Next, carefully to scrutinize the many appropriations made to schools and academies and other institutions, and see that no improper ones are made, or if proper that the sums appropriated are not too large.

"These are some of the means that require thoughtful attention and intelligent and thorough action. There are others to which we shall direct attention, but these for the present we submit."

Mr. G. S. Griffith, president of the Maryland Prisoner's Aid Association has given the *American* some notes of his recent trip throughout the State inspecting prisons and almshouses. He has the following to say of Allegany county:

I visted the jail at Cumberland recently. I found thirteen prisoners; two were women and two were boys, one 13, the other 17 years of age. The youth of 17 was committed on the charge of murder. Five were serving out a term sentence. In the winter the average number of prisoners is from 20 to 30. I find that the number of prisoners is generally in proportions to the number of drinking saloons found in the town. The sanitary condition of this jail was not by any means good, the discipline and management very bad, and there is no proper classification of the prisoners. The building, although a new one, is badly constructed. The cells open into a common corridor, and face each other. A very little more expense could have remedied this great defect. In the morning the prisoners are let out of their cells and allowed to mingle miscellaneously together until the evening, when they are locked up for the night. Their condition is shameful. The most vulgar and profane language is used, and the noise is fearful. It reminds one of a number of demons let loose. I listened to them from the outside, looking through the iron grating for about ten or fifteen minutes, and found that one of the leading characters in this disgraceful and vile medley was the boy 13 years of age. I spoke to them of their disgraceful conduct and the horrible language used. They listened, and for the time seemed to feel some shame; but where they are allowed to associate in this manner, the young, middle aged and old, things cannot be much better.

The Baltimore *American* of Sunday says Mayor Whyte and Governor Hamilton are not in full accord regarding the attitude of the Independent Democratic members of the next legislature on the question of organization of the two houses of the General Assembly. Governor Hamilton was in the city Saturday, and held consultations with a number of his political friends. He was outspoken against the caucus, and expressed himself unequivocally in favor of the election of a speaker of the House nominated outside of all caucus influence. He will support Mr. McCosker for the speakership, and admires his pluck in making the fight at such heavy odds against the bosses. The Governor does not conceal the fact that he means to make war on caucus and caucus rule, and that he considers such a course as the only possible means of exterminating those whom he looks upon as enemies of the commonwealth. He had his war paint on Saturday, and he evidently meant what he said when at a hotel in the central section of the city he denounced any attempt to control the organization and the legislation at the next session by the influence of a caucus to be ruled by a minority of the members of the legislature. Mayor Whyte is likewise opposed to a caucus on legislation, as well as to the election of a treasurer and police commissioner at an early stage of the session. But he differs very materially from the Governor on the organization of the two houses. During the past week his opinions on the subject were freely circulated among the ex-Senator's friends and supporters, and created a flutter among the Hamiltonians, who do not look with favor upon the main question, though they agree with him regarding the minor points.

A National Bankrupt Law.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—A special hearing was given this afternoon by the sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee having in charge the subject of a National Bankrupt law. Arguments were made by Morris S. Wise, counsel for the New York commercial organizations, and A. D. Pillsbury, counsel for the trade association of Boston. Both gentlemen argued against the adoption of any scheme of procedure which will relegate the settlement of insolvent estates to the district courts of the United States, sitting as courts of equity or of court of chancery, believing that the ordinary equity practice governing those forms of actions known as creditors' bills, would be merely experimental, and, certainly, very questionable in their practical results. The former gentleman, while he did not, in terms, approve the various proposed acts (including the Lowell bill), believed that the only desirable and proper system to stand the test of experience, would be a codified law—one which would presume the right of the creditors to select their own assignee, and, also, to participate in the bankruptcy proceedings, and to be heard at every stage, thereof. Mr. Pillsbury held that the rules of a system in which uniformity of action throughout the county is an essential feature, should be codified into a statute. He believed that the Lowell bill, while not beyond criticism, was founded upon the true principle of legislation, and was correct in its general plan and purpose.

Representative Willlitt's bill to reorganize the Government of Utah Territory is important if, as reported, it has been drawn to meet the views of President Arthur. It applies the heroic method of treatment to the Mormon problem, depriving the people of Utah of all the privileges of self-government, and putting their affairs in the hands of a Governor and a Legislative Council of nine members, all appointed by the President. Such a measure would be out of harmony with our system of dealing with the Territories, but it would violate no constitutional right, for a Territory is entitled only to such form of government as Congress may provide for it. Besides, it is plain that if a stop is to be put to the practice of polygamy, Utah must be treated in an exceptional way. It is folly to expect the Mormons voluntarily to abandon a system enjoined by the superstition they call their religion, and worse than folly to expect them to aid in enforcing the United States statute designed to destroy that system.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is not enamored of the yeomen of the country. It has analyzed the subscriptions to the Michigan relief fund: "The New York relief fund for the Michigan farmers now reaches $141,703. The farmers' relief fund for their Michigan brethren amounts to $000. The contributions of Chicago to the relief of the Michigan farmers to upwards of $54,000, and the contributions of the Illinois agriculturalists to their burnt out Granger brethren consists of one corncob. If more, it has not been reported; ninety-nine cents and nine mills on every dollar thus far subscribed for the relief of the Michigan Grangers has been donated by the people of the cities and towns. The open-handed and sympathetic farmers of the West may probably be depended upon for the odd mill."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER:

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, 1881.

From the manner in which bills are being scooped and thrust into the hopper of the XLVIIth Congress, it might be supposed that Congressmen think the great end and aim of man kind is to make laws, or at any rate to introduce "bills." In all the legislatures of the land, as well as in Congress, those who are elected to such bodies act as if it were to be supposed that all interests of the State and Nation could be served by the introduction of bills; that all good objects are to be promoted and obtained by "bills;" all wrongs are to be suppressed and righted by "bills." "Bills" of one kind and another go a long way, no doubt—"bills" in Congress, "bills of rights," and "thousand dollar bill," for instance. But one who stands back and looks on at the average legislator is apt to be reminded of the pelican which sits on its big nest—largely out of proportion to the size of its body, and presumes by the display of its huge *bill* to over-awe all comers.

Senator Sherman has a bill in the Senate to give law, if not government, to Alaska, as it provides for erecting the settled part of that seal-fishing coast into a judicial district. Mr. Mottrom D. Ball is here from that far-off north west corner of the world with his "memorial," seeking to have Alaska habilitated with territorial government, of which he would like to be considered "delegate." He is ex-collector of that region, having been sent up there by Gen. Grant. He used to be a newspaper man in Alexandria, Va.; was a confederate soldier, and went for Grant, like thousands of confederate soldiers of the "Old Dominion," when Gen. Grant carried it for the Presidency.

Under Speaker Keifer's hammer all "Samrandallish" schemes for rendering damp valleys navigable streams, will likely be knocked to pieces when the River and Harbor bill comes to be 'freighted up." Gen. Keifer dosen't seem to have been in much more of a hurry to make up his committees than President Arthur has to make up his Cabinet; and he seems to have "caught onto" the President's excellent idea of keeping his own counsel, and only asking for advice when he wants it. It is beginning to dawn on Washington city that Arthur has inaugurated a much-needed reform in the treatment of applicants for office—using a candid "yes" or a respectful but decided "no," instead of "diplomacy" in getting over the difficulty. He has returned to the old-fashioned idea of communicating his constitutional information or messages to Congress, instead of the newspapers; has "stopped the leaks" in Cabinet and official circles, and is also addressing himself to the work of remedying that evil of dalliance in the matter of appointments, a system—or lack of system—and practice that has so long kept office seekers on the "ragged edge," and been the cause of great if not the most of the demoralization among them.

Acting Vice-President David Davis still adheres to his "sworn position" (see his testimony in the Guiteau trial) that he is afraid to trust himself with either political party. So he tells the Republicans to take the Senate committees and the Democrats to keep the offices, and he will continue to set on the top rail of the political fence and look wise. He proposes to see that those political highwaymen, Mr. Republican and Mr. Democrat, divide their booty fairly, and will even help them a little, on occasions, to acquire it; but none of such party rascality for him! He's above it—up on the top rail of the fence—has the chief seat in the "*sun*-agogue," or in the "temple." Were these "unclean political money changers" do business. His "awful condition" reminds one of Falstaff:

"Dost thou hear, Hal?

Thou knowest in a state of innocency, Adam fell; and what shall poor Jack Falstaff do in days of villainy?

Thou sees I have more *flesh* than other men; and therefore *more of frailty*."

While the grave and dignified Senators are discussing and inquiring into the practicability of preventing the advertising and sale of lottery tickets in the city, in order to shield the susceptible Government clerk, the gambling houses and dens of Washington have been running more publicly than usual this season, and Congressmen and common men are being roped in. Just the other night an establishment on F street—between the Treasury and Interior—was raided, and two Congressmen, among a dozen other gamblers, were "gobbled." One of the captives was a man who has held a high judicial position here. The proprietor was formely a Delegate in Congress from one of the Territories. The two National law-makers were allowed to depart and the proprietor was let off on bail.

This "train of thought" calls to mind that J. Harry Ford, who formerly, in connection with John C. Heenan, ran a faro bank over Weldon & Campbell's "sample room" on the Avenue near Fourteenth street, has just lately been made a Police Justice in the city of New York by appointment of Mayor Grace, or "by the Grace of a Democratic Mayor."

The vicissitudes of fickle political fortune in the republic are truths stranger than any fiction. Only the other night the son of ex-president Tyler offered a quarter of a dollar to be allowed to lie down and rest his body, weary from vagabondizing, on a sofa in a Pennsylvania Avenue hotel.

JUNIUS.

A Democratic Tribute to Blaine.

The retirement of Secretary Blaine from the Cabinet demands more than ordinary notice. He belongs to a class of men who grow no less by contact, who increase in estimation on close examination, and whose powerful magnetic qualities of mind and character will always give them large influence on public opinion whenever they choose to exert it, and prominent if not ruling leadership in any party association that they may be actively attached to. Such a man really needs but one patron—opportunity—to reach the highest eminence. A ready and vigorous debater, ripe in current political knowledge and practical minded in its application, he has been always able to hold the boisterous House or dignified Senate in respectful attention. Mr. Blaine's service in the State Department has been too short to determine on the success of his career as a diplomatist, but certain it is he has in his work manifested some of the characteristic that belong to him in other political associations. He has grapled directly with subjects for his consideration, and has injected into his policy Americanism enough to bring a good deal of national prejudice to his side. We do not mean to pass a eulogy on him, for we do not think him politically dead. On the contrary, the opportunity which has been lost to him by the death of the late President will be sought after in current events in the near future, and James G. Blaine will reappear to assert his claims to chief leadership in the national Republican party. His efforts for prominence will be the struggles of an able and popular man.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

BOSTON, December 16.—The committee appointed to investigate the conduct of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment during its recent trip to Yorktown find that the offences cited as simple intoxication, disobedience of orders, and unsoldierly and ungentlemanly conduct, are true against twenty members of the regiment; but that, according to the testimony of the officers and soldiers, the more serious charges of stealing cheap jewelry, insulting white girls on the streets, striking carriages and misbehavior at the Libby Prison, have not been substantiated. Orders have been issued by the commander-in-chief of the militia for the summary dismissal of the offenders, and the regiment has been directed not to leave its armory in uniform until the spring parade.

The South is beginning to manifest a positive interest in the policy of Protection. The Mobile *Register*, one of the ablest representatives of Southern sentiment, thus discusses the Tariff question:

The South will in time compete with New England if we are allowed equal opportunities, but if a tariff for revenue only without incidental protection to home industries should be established, we will find our infant manufactories breaking down before the vast and wealthy establishments of the North which have grown strong under several generations of government favors.

It is now perfectly apparent that no genuine reform is to be expected from the Democrats at the coming session of the Legislature. The measures introduced by them will be like the Registration Bill of 1880, so much worse than the present law as to be far more objectionable. With blind credulity, the people of Maryland have again elected a Democratic Legislature and the corrupt practices and abuses of the past are to be continued.—*Frederick Examiner.*

As a freight train of the Wabash Railroad was crossing the bridge over the Missouri river at St. Charles, Mo., on Thursday evening, the eastern span of the bridge gave way, and the entire train, composed of 32 cars, 13 of which were laden with live stock, were precipitated into the river about eighty feet below. The engineer is missing, but everybody else on the train was saved, although one or two of the crew are said to be badly wounded.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Oysters at Cheap John's to-day.

—Mr. W. L. Rowlings, of Bloomington, paid Oakland a visit Monday.

—Mr. E. B. Fuller, of Grantsville, called at our office Monday.

—Mr. Jasper Guard was in town Thursday.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug Store, for christmas Presents.

—Go to Cheap John's if you want to see toys and fancy goods.

—Monday will be generally observed here as a holiday.

—Go to Chisholm's, and get your presents before it is too late.

—Mr. Rowan White has moved into the brick house on Second Stree.

—If you want toys and fancy goods, go to Cheap John's. He has plenty.

—Christmas Tree Services of the Lutheran Sunday School at Deer Park, will be held Monday evening.

—Plenty of toys, candies, nuts, &c., for Krisskinkle at Cheap John's.

—Messrs. Jerome and George Walter, of Iowa, are visiting at Mr. William White's.

—At Chisholm's Drug Store, can be had the handsomest Holiday Goods in town.

—Rev. Henry P. Hamill is in Oakland. He will remain during the holidays.

—Mrs. Livingood, aged about 40 years, died at Coddington's Hotel, in Oakland, Sunday.

—Hobby horses, sleds, drums, fifes, accordeons, music boxes, harmonicas, toys and fancy goods, and even jewsharps, at Cheap John's.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The December term of the Circuit Court convened Monday morning, and is being adjourned from day to day by Mr. Tower, Clerk, until a Judge arrives.

—The Sunday School Christmas Services of the Luther School will be held in the Church Saturday evening, and those of the Presbyterian and M. E. Schools on Monday evening.

—Sheriff elect Jamison qualified Wednesday and entered upon the duties of his office. He will occupy the Sheriff's house next week. Ex-Sheriff White will move into his new residence on Oak Street.

—Persons desiring to purchase holiday presents in the shape of jewelry, penknives, pocket books, hand mirrors, gold and silver watch chains, &c., would do well to drop into Sturgiss' drug store.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week. The programme was short but very good, as follows: Essay, Geo. M. Mason; declamation, W. S. Davis; address by Rev. S. E. Jones.

—There are two estray yearlings at Mr. Solomon Yutzy's, on the West Union road, which came to that neighborhood in July last—one a red heifer, no marks; the other a white steer, with red ears and marked by crop and slit in right ear. If they are not soon claimed they will be taken up and sold.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., by Rev. Henry P. Hamill

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, a. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 6½ p. m., by Rev. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys, Toys!

for girls, and for boys. Where? Why, at Cheap John's, and don't you forget it.

Denttstry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will be in Oakland Tuesday, January 3d, and remain a few days.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, December 24th, 1881.

Brafford, Benj. F.,	Jordan, Mary E.,
Darling, M. A.,	Johnson, Mary W.,
Edwards, Perry,	Knepp, W. H.,
Gibson, Wm. S.,	Lewis John A.,
Guyton, Albert G.,	Moore, T. A. Miss,
Hamill, Rolla,	McCloy, E. T.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Completion of an Iron Bridge.

The new iron bridge across the North Branch of the Potomac, near Kitzmiller's Mill, has been completed. The cost of the bridge, which will be equally divided between Mineral county, W. Va., and this county, will be about $2,900. The bridge was not put upon the original location, but was placed about 250 yards further up the stream, at the request of the West Va. Central Railroad, the company bearing the expense of moving the abutments, which was about $500.

A Card.

SELBYSPORT, MD. Dec. 12, 1881.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—We, the undersigned delegates from Selbysport to the late Republican County Convention, desire to say through THE REPUBLICAN, that the report that C. F. Frazee, a candidate for nomination for Sheriff, had bought us, is a base lie. We would vote every time for a man like Mr. Frazee, and would be glad to do so at our own expense. Mr. Frazee has never tried to injure our party as have the originators of the falsehood

We are yours truly,

ULYSSES FRAZEE,
WM. A. SELBY,
WILLIAM GROVES.

Great Military Rifle Match.

The Garrett Guards, of this county, will engage in a most spirited contest at marksmanship on Monday Dec. 26th, (Christmas Day.) The prizes are very handsome and valuable, and may be seen at Sturgiss' Drug Store where they are on exhibition, and are as follows:

1st. The Watkins Prize, a magnificent silver goblet presented by Gen. J. W. Watkins, Adjutant General of the State.

2nd. The Veitch Prize, a beautiful silver and gold cup. Presented by Col. J. W. Veitch of Hamilton's Staff.

3d. The Challenge Cup, belonging to the company, and which must be won twice by the same party before it can become his private property. After which there will be handicap shooting for turkeys, &c. The distances will be one, two and three hundred yards.

The winer of the Watkins Prize will be disbarred from shooting for the Veitch Prize, as will be the same rule as regards the winer of the Veitch Prize, in the contest for the Challenge Cup. The "Guards" rank high among the companies of the State for marksmanship, and it is certain some fine shooting will be made. The target at which the Watkins Prize is contested for will be sent to the Adjutant-Generals office, while that for the Veitch Prize will be sent to Col. Veitch. The "Garrett Guards" is known as Company B, 2nd. Battalion, M. N. G

The judges during the contests will be selected at the company meeting on Saturday evening, 24th instant.

JOHNSON'S, MD., Dec. 20th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I see in your valuable journal nearly every week a communication by some one of the readers of THE REPUBLICAN, in other parts of Garrett county. I thought it no more than prudent to give you a little sketch of matters in District No. 9. Our school is progressing finely, with Mr. E. Lee as principal, and Miss Miller assistant teacher. The average attendance is nearly sixty scholars. Mr. Lee deserves much praise for his industry and other good qualities, and well deserves the name of teacher. Miss Miller is a stranger with us, but is wining many friends,

John N. Beale, an old and respected citizen, died on Saturday last, nearly eighty years of age. He leaves a widow of about the same age.

The Johnson Bros. are turning out a great deal of lumber at their two saw mills. They are also engaged at farming and stock raising. They butchered eight fine pigs last week, which cleaned or netted 2500 lbs. Fred Warner raises some nice pigs. He butchered three that weighed nearly 1100. Ambrose McKinzie, another neighbor, butchered some fine hogs that went over 300 each.

We could say much more of matters in our district. But will stop with this for the present, hoping to be excused for the privilege taken.

Respectfully,

A READER.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The diphtheria is again raging in the lower part of Cecil county.

Capt. L. T. De Witt has been selected clerk to the county commissioners of Allegany county.

Rev. D. M. George was ordained as the regular pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church, Frostburg, Md., last Sunday.

Mr. K. H. Butler, of Cumberland, has contracted with a New York company to supply 34,000 telegraph pole cross-arms.

Large quantities of wheat bran are being received at Hagerstown from Chicago to feed stock on the Washington county farms, in consequence of the scarcity of corn.

A county temperance convention is to be held at Salisbury, Wicomico county, January 3, to unite upon some plan for petitioning the Legislature in the interest of local option.

Rev. J. Reuhush, of the United Brethren Church, died Friday at his residence, at Leitersburg, Washington county, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, aged about 62 years.

The Cecil *Democrat* says: "There are very few ducks in the Susquehanna, and the few killed are shipped away and sold at fabulous prices. The shores are crowded with sportsmen, and about one duck to twenty gunners is said to be the result.

Early on Sunday morning Thomas Hodgett, who lived at Midlothian Furnace, was found dead in the cut near the west end of the railroad tunnel at Frosthurg, in Alleghany county. On his head was a cut apparently made by a blunt instrument, though it may have resulted from a fall off the embankment. Three tramps are in custody, but they are believed to be innocent, as no money had been taken from the person of the deceased. He had been drinking at Frostburg before he started for home. Hodgett was only twenty-eight years old, and had been married about six months.

Convictions for Election Assaults.

Judge Pinkney's remarks in the Criminal Court of Baltimore Thurs of last week, in passing sentence upon the four men convicted of an election-day assault, were as valuable a contribution to the maintenance of law and order and the protection of good citizens from the ruffianism of shoulder hitters in the employ of partisan cliques as was the term of imprisonment which he imposed. The facts of the case were that on the day of the municipal election, in October last, Joseph C. Mulligan was a challenger for the Old Line Democratic Council candidates at the polls of the fourth precinct of the Fifteenth ward. While in the discharge of his legitimate duty, he was brutally assaulted by a gang of sympathizers with the "regulars," and was refused by Justice Davis, the then committing magistrate at the Southern District Police Station, warrants for their arrest. Mr. Davis' conduct in this matter led to his punishment at the hands of Gov. Hamilton by removal from office. As Mr. Mulligan was returning from the police station to the polls he was again assailed by the same party, and with even more violence than previously. As he was very active and efficient as a challenger of repeaters and other fraudulent voters, it was evident that the design of the ruffians was to put him out of the way for the day. It was perfectly well known that with a fair vote and count it would be absolutely impossible for the "regulars" to carry the ward, and the sole resource upon which they could base hope was that of terrorism and knavery. They succeeded, but four of their unlucky tools are compelled to pay the penalty.

Judge Pinkney, in passing sentence, said:

"It now becomes my duty to pass sentence on the defendants The offence charged is what is known as common assault. Some years ago—in 1860—the legislature of the state passed a law providing for the prosecution of offences committed at the polls on election days. It had, however, since become pretty much a dead letter. It was passed during a period of great excitement, and at a time when the right of suffrage in Baltimore appeared to have been absolutely stricken down. This was in the 'Know-Nothing' days, so well remembered by many. The best citizens were assaulted and beaten, and some killed by men of the then dominant party. The law has gone into disuse on account of its extreme severity. But the offence remains. The poet has said, we may call spirits from the vasty deep; but they cannot always be as readily laid. When political parties allow and use ruffianism on election day to suit and and promote present purposes, they should know that the time will come when respectable people will forsake that party—though they may agree with its principles—and take measures to put such proceedings down. In those days to which I have alluded, respectable citizens found that the prosperity and most valuable interests of the city were being seriously affected, and at last the people aroused themselves and put an end to the great evil. These men have been indicted for and found guilty of 'common assault.' It is not so serious as many others which are brought before the court every week; but under the circumstances attending it the court would fail in the performance of its duty if it did not inflict a severe penalty. This is my duty in order to deter others from the commission of such outrages and to prevent the possibility of the existence of such a state of things as I have portrayed. I sentence each of the defendants to jail for one year."

In response to loud calls for it on the part of the Sunday school teachers and students, several of the leading publishers of lesson helps and note books will for the coming series of lessons print the text of the Revised Version side by side with that of the old. The course of the first six months of 1882 will be the Gospel of Mark.

A Claim of Nine Hundred Millions.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the publication of the gigantic scheme of the Peruvian Company, which makes an astounding claim against the government lately at war with Chili. The details are as follows: In 1833 the government of Peru offered to every discoverer of valuable deposits one-third of the actual value of the find. Cochet, after the proclamation was issued, made the wonderful discovery of the guano deposits, and advertised their use and value to the public, and in 1847 the Peruvian government acknowledged his rights as a prospector. Landreau, a Frenchmen, in 1844, in conjunction with his brother, who had been naturalized in the United States, discovered deposits which have been estimated as high as $400,000,000. The claims of these parties were subsequently repudiated by the government of Peru, with the understanding that the latter would make another contract protecting the rights of the prospectors, and it is said that both Calderon and Pierola, the leaders of the defunct government of Peru, were interested in these claims. The Peruvian Company professes to stand in the shoes of Cochet, who, they say, has the priority; but they are willing to pay the owners of the rights of Landreau $125,000,000 in case it can be shown that the discoveries of the Frenchman were other than those of Cochet. The amount claimed is startling, and at first blush absurd; but when it is considered that both the nitre and guano beds are really monopolies, and that the material for the manufacture of powder all over the world can only be had here in adequate quantities, and that the nitre beds are practically inexhaustible, renewing themselves as the material is taken away, the sum will not seem so large if the claim be just. According to the records of the Peruvian Custom house, it is asserted that the amount of guano already taken from the Cochet Islands will aggregate in value $1,200,000,000. One-third of this, which should have belonged to the discoverer, would be $400,000,000, and the interest at 6 per cent. for twenty years would amount to $480,000,000 more. The Peruvian Company proposes that the United States shall intervene between Peru and Chili in the troubles now pending between those countries, and connel Chili to accept a money indemnity, provided the Peruvian government agree to certain stipulations, among which the following are the most prominent:

The government to stipulate, first, that in 1840 Alexander Cochet discovered guano within the meaning of the decree of Febuary 13, 1833. That Cochet's discovery immediately vested in him a complete title to one-third of all the guano in original deposits in Peru, and that such title was a title to one-third of each separate deposit. That the removal of Cochet's one-third of each deposit by the government, or by its agents, was a tortitious conversion for which Peru, as a responsible agent, is bound to make amends to the owners. That the measure of damages in the premises cannot be less than the value of the converted property at the time of its conversion, with interest at 6 per cent. That the agreed total of these damages, including interest to January 1, 1881, is $900,000,000. That this total shall be capitalized as of that day, and shall bear interest at 6 per cent. until paid. That under the law contract of 1845, this indebtedness to Cochet is entitled to priority over any debt contracted by the government after the passage of that law; also, that all contract obligations created against the government after that date which might antagonize this priority, must be subordinated to it.

The government, therefore, hereby recognizes and formally acknowledges its direct indebtedness in the premises to the Peruvian Company: First—In the sum of $900,000,000 with interest at 6 per cent. from January, 1881, until paid; and this sum is admitted to be due and payable in full before any indebtedness created prior to the passage of the law contracts of 1845. Second—In the value of one-third of all guano taken from the original deposits in Peru since the 1st day of January, 1881, with interest at 6 per cent. until paid.

In return for the concessions to the Peruvian government, the company is willing to pay a war indemnity to Chili of $100,000,000, which they assert is ample for the loss of life, labor and treasure expended during the contest. Certain pamphlets were issued by the company with great caution and secrecy, stating that no stock is to be offered to the public and no information of the plans made known until the organization is fully completed.

The trial of Guiteau was postponed from Monday until Wednesday morning, to allow one of the jurors to attend the funeral of his wife who died Sunday.

The chairman of the two anti Bourbon committee of Mississippi have issued an address setting forth in calm and convincing array the evidence of the frauds by which the Bourbons carried the State in the last election. They show by facts dates and names that in thirty counties of the State the will of the people was defeated by the most brazen and unscrupulous fraud. The most common method used was to reverse the poll list—counting the Republican votes as Democratic. Other methods were ballot-box stuffing and throwing out Republican votes on merely trivial reasons. As a conclusion of their report they say:

"There is not a doubt in our minds that Benjamin King (anti-Bourbon) and not Robert Lowry (Bourbon) was elected Governor of Mississippi. Elected by a majority of 40,000. That if the false assumption is true that we have an honest ballot and a fair count, then twenty-four of the colored counties have given Democratic majorities aggregating 14,500, while the combined majorities in the white counties is something less than 9,500. In other words, the black belt, containing a class of population always unfriendly to the Democratic party, has furnished larger majorities than the counties which are hoary with the traditions of Democratic victories."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
12 17-3 Executor.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETIN'G.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

2d Day of January, 1882,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors for the coming year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

The citizens of the county are requested to inform this Board whom they prefer as Road Supervisors for their respective districts

By order

F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
HOLIDAY GOODS,
—AT—
CHEAP JOHN'S
OLD RELIABLE STAND,
OAKLAND, MD.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. W. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
11 26 3 And others.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptsons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 td Baltimore.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowle Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

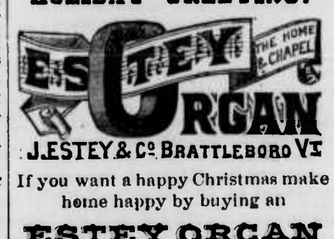

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

These magnificent instruments will be sold from now to the 24th of December at a discount of 45 per cent., in order to add to the general enjoyment of the season.

THE "ESTEY"

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED
—OR THE—
STORY of the SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
Principal Office, 34 Union Square.
6 11 9 m New York.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

ORDER NISI.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, this 22d day of November, A. D., 1881, that the sale made by Joseph Smearman and Geo. W. Lohr, Executors, of John Smearmond, deceased, and reported by Joseph J. Smearman one of the Executors, of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks, on or before the said 27th day of December next. The report states the amount of sale to be twelve hundred dollars.

ISAAC H. KOOKEN, C. J. O. C.
WILLIAM HARVEY, J. O. C.
JOSEPH DEWITT, J. O. C.

True copy—Test—
11 26 3 W. H. HAGANS, Register.

A Man Who Can Unhinge Every Joint in His Body.

The announcement that Mr. Charles H. Warren, the celebrated contortionist, would give an exhibition before the students at the Erie-Street Medical College yesterday morning found a *Herald* reporter in the amphitheatre at the appointed hour. The affair was certainly a marvelous exhibition of muscular activity and change. Mr. Warren is a surgical, physiological and anatomical phenomenon. The display which he made of dislocations and displacements of internal organs suggested continually the question, is he human?

Mr. Warren is, in his line, undoubtedly, the greatest wonder ever brought before the medical profession. The fact that Dr. Hamilton has devoted several pages to his case in his "New Surgery" is ample guarantee that his contortions are really phenomenal and worthy the consideration of medical science. Concerning him, Dr. Hamilton says:

"I think it may be safely said that if Mr. Warren does not dislocate his hips, then none of those seven or eight cases hitherto reported, and referred to by me in my Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations, were veritable dislocations. No case has yet, so far as I know, been verified by an autopsy. And it is to be hoped that, in the interest of science, Mr. Warren will leave a request that upon his death a careful dissection of his hip joints shall be made by competent persons."

Dr. Agnew, a surgeon of scarcely less reputation, says: "I have never seen an individual who presented such a remarkable symmetrical development of the muscular system."

Nearly all of the other eminent physicians and surgeons of the age have seen him, and unite in pronouncing him the most wonderful muscular specimen on record.

His exhibition Wednesday morning was a most remarkable one, notwithstanding that he professed himself hampered by a temporary attack of rheumatism. He began by displaying a dislocation of the thumb, which was perfect. The students were permitted to examine with the sense of touch this peculiar phenomenon. The subject then exhibited a dislocation of the wrist, equally remarkable. Next, he produced by muscular contraction a partial subglenoid dislocation of both shoulders, which Dr. Kitchen pronounced a most remarkable feat. This was followed by a dislocation of the scapula upwards, and a partial dislocation of the tarsal bones.

But the most remarkable feat, that which brings the greatest consternation to the medical profession, was a complete luxation of both hips upwards and backwards. This accomplishment, which has been made the subject of most careful study by Dr. Hamilton, was commented upon by Dr. Kitchen at some length.

Mr. Warren also twisted his ankles as if his feet hung upon a swivel, and produced a sub-luxation of the lower jaw. Another performance of his was the withdrawal of the viscera from the abdomen and forcing of them into the chest. This feat he performed with alternate efforts, producing an effect so unnatural as to call forth most enthusiastic applause from the students.

Dr. Kitchen then measured the chest expansion of the subject, stating that the customary limit is about three inches. The result was two measurements, 30½ inches in a state of contraction, and 39 inches in a state of expansion; making a difference of 8½ inches. This difference has been as high as 12 inches. On a former occasion, when Dr. Kitchen measured the exhibitor, the difference amounted to 11 inches. This falling off, coupled with a cough of Mr. Warren's, suggested the fear, which was afterwards corroborated by testimony, that the gentleman is a candidate for the grip of that prince of diseases, consumption. The exposure of such an exhibition as that of Wednesday morning, together with the abnormal nature of his work, cannot be very conducive to longevity.

Mr. Warren concluded his performance by wiggling his ears, and then performing a series of gyrations and contortions which are simply indescribable. During all the exhibition the display of muscles and surface markings of the body was most instructive to those interested in the study of anatomy. The anomaly of Mr. Warren's case is the fact that he is able to produce by muscular action a voluntary dislocation of nearly every joint in the body.

Mr. Warren is now traveling and exhibiting his physical versatility to the medical profession at the leading medical colleges in the land. He has been in former years connected with different organizations as an athlete, but now devotes all his time to the cause of medical science.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Things People Leave in Railway Cars.

A *Tribune* reporter recently lost a pocket knife in one of the elevated cars, and on asking an employe was told that it might possibly be found in the repository for lost articles at No. 4 Front street. On going up two flights of stairs into the building designated the reporter found a small room occupied by the property clerk, and across the passage way another room in which the missing articles were stored. Of course the missing knife was not found. Knives are proverbially elusive. But the storeroom proved that the conductors find a good many articles and turn them over to the company. Mr. Reeves, the clerk, said that the railway employes were a very honest class of men; but he would hardly say as much for the passengers, although he admitted that he sometimes received articles found by passengers in the cars. The conductors forwarded many small articles that they could easily keep without detection. As some reward for this the company aims to return to the employe who found the article such pocket books or valuable things as are unclaimed after a long time.

Once in a year the accumulated unclaimed parcels are sold. In the room the reporter saw the accumulation of about eight months. The most numerous of articles gone astray were umbrellas, of which over 1,000 were stowed away, ranging from the mounted silk to the broken handled cotton article. Parasols and canes were also numerous. Several shelves were filled with parcels just as wrapped up at the dry goods and other stores, which had doubtless caused much vexation to women just returned from shopping. Some dinner pails, shovels and mechanics' tools were reminders of the hardworking men who could ill-afford their loss. Careless school children have nearly a shelf full of books to witness against them, though there are also novels, scientific works, and one handsome new Bible. Lunch-baskets are also left behind. There are a few big black bottles, that were probably not much more lost than their owners when they left them behind. Two large baskets are full of pocket-books, containing various sums of money. They are mostly portemonnaies, as the shopping sex have the exclusive right, apparently to carry purses in their hands, and consequently to lose them.

There are several bushels of traveling bags, which probably were lost by persons passing through the city, and will never be called for. One day a big bass drum came to the property clerk, and a few days after the big bass German owner after it. A cornet was also sent in, as if to support the drum. One day a rabbit was left in a car, cosily tucked up in a basket. The property clerk also had the company of a poodle dog for a while. A woman telegraphed in great haste one day, inquiring for a basket of jewels she had brought in from the country. When she had identified the jewels, she did not reward the needy man who had been so honest as to return them, nor did she condescend to say "thank you," as she swept down the stairs. The clerk says that not one in ten parcels has the owner's name on it. If they were marked they would be more apt to be returned when found by fellow-passengers, many of whom do not know of the property clerk's office. Notices formerly were posted telling passengers where to look for lost parcels, but for some reason they have been removed from the stations.

"You will probably receive many umbrellas to-day, as it is rainy?" suggested the reporter.

"Not so many," said the clerk, "as if it had been threatening in the morning and had cleared off. Then people would forget their umbrellas, whereas to-day the rain will remind them of them. However, I shall probably get a dozen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sailors' Yarns of Arctic Life.

Six blue jackets from the United States man-of-war Alliance, which arrived here yesterday from the Arctic regions, were seen at the foot of West Twenty-second street by a reporter. They were all young and bright looking fellows talkative and merry.

"We had a rough time," said one of them, "and have got enough of Arctic expeditions. We'll never go up there again unless we're forced to it. It was nothing but fog, hail, rain, and snow all the time. I tell you we were mighty glad when we reached New York. Our four month's voyage has done us little good. We had to pay forty dollars for our outfits, which are almost useless to us now, and we never got more than a few hours liberty during all the time we were up there among the ice and snow. I seen a statement that we cooked eggs in the hot springs in Iceland. That is not so. We never had a chance to go to the hot springs. There's not a sailor aboard who wants any more service like we have gone through without extra pay."

Another sailor said: "The only real sport that I can remember was when we sighted a bear on the beach of Dane's Island. He was a big white fellow, and must have been very hungry to venture so close to our ship. Somebody fired and struck the bear, and he leaped into the water. Then a whole broadside was poured into it. The firing was kept up so long that I think some of the men must have shot in the same hole two or three times. Well, finally we brought the carcass on board. It was full of bullet holes. The boys say the Captain is going to use the skin as a sieve."

An imaginative tar, with poetry in his soul, spoke in glowing terms of the beauty of the icebergs they encountered. "They were all colors—green, blue, purple, red, and pink. The sun, which shone all night, made 'em purtier than a picture. It was a sight to watch the mountains of ice pass between us and the sun. Most of them had big and little peaks all mixed together, and capped with pure white ice. The Captain noticed an iceburg one day that had a peak on it with nearly all colors. It must have took his fancy for he ordered out a boat and had the men tow it to the ship. He said he wanted it to put it in his ice-box to preserve the meat. I guess he must have though that red, white, and blue ice—sort of United States ice—would preserve better'n ordinary ice. The meat that would rot up there where we were I'd call purty bad. Sometimes the sun shone all night as bright as it did at midday. As we moved toward home we began to get a little more night. First the sun would dip down a little and then come up again, like a big red ball bouncing on the ground. As we got further south it would go down and stay a few minutes. Finally it gave us a good old-fashioned home-like night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Clever Railway Theft.

A young lady traveling from Paris to Aix by the 8.40 train on Sunday had her box broken open during the night and £44 in gold abstracted. The box was locked, strapped and registered. The thief was evidently not pressed for time and no novice at the art, as all the contents of the box had been carefully readjusted and the small dispatch box, whence most of the money was abstracted, had been locked again, the lock being a simple one. A friend's appeal to the Paris authorities only resulted in the usual formula of taking details, shrugging of shoulders and handing on to a higher authority, etc. The box and its contents were untouched when handed over to the registration office at Paris, and was taken direct from the Aix station to an hotel and unstrapped by the porter in the lady's presence. Consolation was offered in the shape of an assurance that such losses on the Paris and Lyons Railway are common enough. —*London Times.*

Influenza, or "Pink-Eye" in Horses.

Under the above names are included many different diseases of the horse. It is, however, better to restrict the term influenza to only the epizootic disease of horses, which is analogous to the influenza of man, and accompanied by a catarrhal inflammation of the air passages, with general debility or weakness of the animal.

The common term of pink-eye is used by horse-owners on account of the coloration and general appearance of the eye. This is not a new disease, as might be inferred from the reports of the newspapers. The first account of an affection similar to it dates as far back as 1729. In 1732 it prevailed in England, in 1746 in Germany, in 1758 in the north of Scotland, and so on; in modern times it prevailed in 1840 in France, in 1858 in Germany, in 1860 in France again; while every one remembers the epizootic of 1872 which prevailed in this country. This started in Canada and spread all over this continent, disabling horses, preventing their use, and thus for a number of weeks interfered with the immense traffic of our people, while it carried off hundreds of valuable animals, either by disease, or, in many instances, improper and injudicious treatment. The latest appearance of this affection was just one year ago, when several of our large cities suffered from the same trouble.

Influenza is a disease essentially epizootic, that is, affecting a large number of horses upon a large territory, and its sudden appearance can as yet only be vaguely explained. It appears in all climates and under all temperatures. Many causes have been assigned for it, such as a sudden change of air, miasmatic influences, a peculiar electric condition of the air, etc. The presence of ozone in excess in the atmosphere, the influence of continued eastern or western winds, are considered by some authors as essential causes, but careful investigation has shown most of them to be groundless. Drafts or currents of air, low and badly ventilated stables, are regarded as predisposing causes, but this rests on no real ground, as we have seen it in New York prevail in the best stables where all hygienic rules were carefully observed, as often as in the poorest shantics, where fresh air and light were almost unknown, and where filth was gathered without regard to health. The sex, the age, the breed of the animal, seems to have no influence, though in the last two outbreaks in the United States mares seemed to suffer in greater numbers, and they also made a more general recovery, geldings, as a general thing, yielding less readily to treatment.

The question of contagion is yet unsettled; many admit it while many others deny it. The symptoms make their appearance suddenly; an animal, apparently perfectly well at a given time, may a few hours afterwards be very sick. At first the animals may show only a slight loss of appetite, a little fever which may vary in intensity, the pulse becoming quicker, the respiration increased, and the temperature rising several degrees. The throat becomes tender on pressure, and then a dry and painful cough appears. The eyes become bloodshot and swollen, with a discharge more or less abundant. Sometimes there is an inflammatory condition of the eye, followed by the formation of pus, and often the extremities are swollen. Soon a discharge from the nose takes place, at first thin and watery, afterwards more pus-like in character. According to the type and severity of the disease and the peculiarity of the individuals, nervous symptoms show themselves, or troubles of the chest and bowels are detected. Thus we find symptoms of lung fever, or bronchitis, colicky pains or inflammation of the bowels, complicating the original disease, and again rheumatic symptoms are observed. Generally the disease runs a regular course, and lasts but a few days, from seven to ten, unless it becomes complicated. In the first case there is no fear for ultimate recovery, while in the other fatal results may occur. The epizootic may last a short time, or it may continue for weeks or months; cases are recorded where it lasted a whole year. Irregular in its appearance and in its manipulations it may affect a few horses or may lay up all the animals of a stable. When the disease is simple in its character there is no mortality; in the epizootic of Cleveland, in 1860, it is said that only one horse died out of 400 sick ones. When it is complicated the mortality is likely to be greater, and specially is this the case where the disease known as purples (purpura hemorrhagica) appears.

The treatment of simple influenza is very easy. Rest, care in the diet, abundant drinks with small doses of saltpetre, are the principal things to be observed. Where there is sore throat employ slight counter irritations by liniments and blisters. A mixture of honey or molasses, with liquorice, gum arabic and extract of belladonna, will allay the cough. If there is extreme debility alcoholic stimulants may be given in the water, and if the administration of pills does not produce too much cough, two drams of carbonate of ammonia, with one dram of camphor, may be given. Careful attention to hygiene, proper ventilation, fresh and clean bedding, bandaging of the smaller extremities, and judicious blanketing according to the condition of external air, are of the greatest advantage in the management of influenza. Complications require a different treatment according to their nature. It is impossible to give any rules relating to the prevention of the disease; cleanliness and disinfection being about the only advice to give; but influenza will appear, no matter what precautions may have been taken against it.—*Prof. A. Liautard, V. S., in American Agriculturist.*

—Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, calls for missionaries to spread information concerning America in every county of England. He has become so delighted with this country that the next thing we hear may be that he intends moving the Thunderer over this way.

—Another stumbling block in the highway of matrimony this season is the bachelor dinner that precedes by a week the taking of the matrimonial veil. Eight courses and champagne leaves but little wealth for the bridegroom-elect to take a wedding trip upon.

For Young Readers.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

Dainty little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the firelight's glow:

Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head:

Mother, stepping lightly,
Plans, with tender care,
How to give each dreamer
Just an equal share.

Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises,
Down from top to toe—

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking:
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

—*Nursery.*

MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Mrs. Watrous had taken a great fancy to old-fashioned furniture. She already had a good deal that had been her great-grandmother's; and she had sent her modern furniture to auction, and had the old brought from the garret and rubbed with linseed oil and vinegar till it shone like glass, and then had rummaged round in the garrets of her cousins who did not care for such things, and among the second-hand furniture-shops, and had sent far and near into the country, wherever she heard of an article of the sort, to learn if she could add to her collection.

At last she had rested from her labors, her house equipped with a brass knocker, with brass sconces for candles, with little mirrors in open-work brass frames, with straight-backed chairs and "thousand-legged" tables, and everything, in short, except a great chest for the hall, which she wanted exceedingly, but which she could nowhere find.

She knew there had been such a chest in the family, all covered with carving that told in wood the story of some Middle-Age legend; but the track of it had been lost almost a hundred years ago. She would have given anything for it, she used to say; they were so very nice to stand in the hall, and so ornamental.

She wanted a great chest nearly as tall as Matty, with panels full of carving, and long shining hinges; but it was not to be found. And although Mr. Watrous would have had one made for her, that would not have been the genuine old article, and she would not listen to such a thing.

But one morning—it was on the morning before Christmas—Mr. Watrous took Matty on his knee and told her he was going to have a little secret with her, if she thought she could keep a secret; and of course Matty assured him that she could, and began to tell him all about several that she knew in order to prove how well she had kept them, clapping her hand on her little mouth in the middle of each, as she found how nearly she had betrayed every one of them.

"Well," said her father, "I think my little girl can keep this one; and it is only for a very little while. It is about mamma's Christmas present."

"Oh yes, indeed!" cried Matty.

"I have found the chest for her"——

"Papa! O papa!" cried Matty, clasping her hands. "Oh, how happy it will make her!"

Papa laughed and continued: "Now, you know that this afternoon the servants will be all gone"—for in Mr. Watrous' family the servants had the day and night before Christmas for a holiday, so that the rest of the family might have Christmas Day itself for theirs—"and there will be nobody but mamma and you and the baby in the house.

"The cart will come with the chest in it, and will wait just round the corner; and as soon as Cousin Kate sees it from her window she will send across for mamma to run in and see her a moment, and taste her Christmas pudding, and tell her if it needs anything else before boiling. And what I want you to do is not to be afraid to stay alone about five minutes"——

"Of course not!" said Matty.

"And to tell mamma that you will mind the baby while she runs across"——

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"And then the men will bring in the chest, and you may tell them where to put it—under the stag's horns, you know—and when mamma comes back"——

"Oh, won't she have a happy Christmas Eve! She said it was all she wanted!"

Papa laughed again. "We shall all have a happy Christmas Eve," said he. "And as for my little Matty, I hope she has a stocking to hang up that will bear a little stretching!"

And then Matty hugged her father, and laid her head on his shoulder, to love him a little while; and presently he went to the office, and she went to look at the turkey, as to the monstrous size and fatness of which there was just then quite an outcry coming up from the kitchen.

So the day wore away. A short winter's day, but it seemed longer and longer to Matty. At last it was getting on towards three in the afternoon, and there came a ring at the door, and Cousin Kate had sent over for Mrs. Watrous to come and taste her Christmas pudding.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Watrous, "I can't leave the baby."

"Oh yes, you can, mamma!" cried Matty. "Papa said—I mean—I'll stay with him, mamma, dear, and I won't be a bit afraid."

So, leaving the baby with Matty, Mrs. Watrous threw a shawl over her head and ran across to Cousin Kate's. And five minutes afterward, the men had left the great chest in the hall, under the stag's horns, and had gone, and shut the door behind them.

Matty could not see the chest plainly as they carried it by—it was getting dark in the hall. But she scratched a match, and then climbed up and lighted one of the wax candles in the little sconces just opposite the chest.

"Well, it is a splendid thing," she said to herself. The great sides, almost up to her shoulder, were all covered with carving of cherubs, and harps, and crowns, and birds, and snakes, and leaves, and babies, in what seemed to Matty the strangest confusion.

When she had sufficiently admired the outside, Matty thought she would like to see the inside. The lid was enormously heavy; but she tugged and tugged, and up it came a crack, and then she stooped and got her shoulder under, and rose little by little, and at last succeeded in standing the great lid upright—and what a wonderful place it was inside! Almost big enough for a baby-house.

There were great drawers and little drawers, and boxes with covers, and boxes inside these, and places like the berths she saw in the steamer when she was taken to bid Susy good-by, and an open space among them all, with a fur robe, a new fur robe for the sleigh, folded and lying on the bottom.

Matty had not half exhausted the delight of her discoveries when the baby, who was getting sleepy, and was quite tired of his rubber doll and rattle, began to fret. She ran to get him and brought him out into the hall; and it occurred to her that a seat on that fur robe would be a capital thing for the baby while she pursued her pleasure.

And no sooner said than done; she climbed in herself, lifted the baby over and set him down; smoothing the fur and saying "Poor pussy" to it.

The baby did just as she did, and patted the fur and said "Pussh," and cuddled down his little sleepy head upon it and let Matty go on opening this tiny box, and pulling out that tiny drawer, till all at once the grocer boy's quick ring at the area bell startled her so that she jumped, and, hurriedly scrambling out, she hit the great lid and down it fell and shut fast.

Matty came very near screaming. But she thought it wouldn't hurt the baby for a minute, if he would keep still while she opened it again; and she called out that sister was there, and listened to hear him cry, but heard nothing—for the baby had gone fast asleep on the soft fur, and even the dropping of the lid had not waked him.

So Matty stooped again to her task of opening the chest, and tugged and tugged, and pushed with her shoulders and pulled with her hands, and wished with all her heart she had let the chest alone.

"Oh, he'll be smothered!" she exclaimed. "He'll be smothered!" And she burst out crying and ran to find her mother, screaming: "The baby! Oh, the baby!"

Just outside the vestibule her foot slipped on the frozen dripping from an icicle overhead, and she fell from top to bottom of the steps and lay on the sidewalk senseless.

Mrs. Watrous, who had been kept much longer than she wished by Cousin Kate, came running up, only to meet her husband at the door, hurrying for the doctor. For he had turned the corner just in season to see Matty fall and to pick her up, himself almost turned to stone with terror. And then Mrs. Watrous flew into the house, to find one child unconscious and the other child gone; and she fainted dead away herself.

You can imagine what a moment it was for Mr. Watrous when he came back with the doctor—his wife coming out of her swoon only to scream for her baby, and Matty still stunned with the fall. And this was the happy Christmas Eve he had promised himself!

There was nothing broken, the doctor said, at last; he only feared concussion of the brain now, but possibly they might avoid that—only Mrs. Watrous must control herself and bend all her strength to Matty's recovery; and then it was evident that Matty knew what had happened to the baby, he said, and the sooner Mary could speak, the sooner they should know, too. Nobody thought of the chest; nobody looked at it; nobody saw it.

But while the doctor and Cousin Kate—who had come running over to see the reception of the chest, and found it all forgotten—were busy with Matty, Mr. Watrous had called a neighbor, and had searched the house from roof to basement, every room, every closet, even the cellar; and then he had run to the nearest police-station with the baby's photograph, to call out the force in a public search.

His wife sat there like a statue when he came back. Cousin Kate was doing everything she could have done; for with this fearful calamity overtaking both her children at once, Mrs. Watrous was so overcome that she could hardly move; she could only sit still and feel an unspeakable longing for Matty to open her sweet eyes, to open her dear lips, and whisper just one word about the baby. But no; Matty lay stone-still.

It was certainly an awful hour; one child perhaps dying; the other child lost; the neighborhood in a wild alarm; the police bringing two lost children to the door, for whom other parents were in equal sorrow—and all in the middle of it the Christmas bells rang out from the church-tower not far away.

Then Matty opened her great dark eyes wide, as if just waking from a pleasant nap. "There's the chime!" she said. "See if the baby will——O mamma!" as it all rushed over her, "the baby! the chest! the new chest!" And she fell back again into the arms of the doctor, who instantly began to pour a cordial down her throat.

In another minute her father had dashed down stairs and had pressed the rusty old spring of the great chest, and tossed up the lid, and there, cuddled down all rosy and warm in the white fur of the robe, lay the baby, as sound asleep as if he were in his little crib—for the moth holes in the red leather that was stretched under the open work top had given him plenty of air to breathe.

With what an ecstasy his father caught him and sprang up those stairs, to put him in his mother's arms! And his mother seized him, covering him with kisses and tears, till he set up a lively roar; and then everybody laughed, and everybody cried, and Matty joined the chorus with her little pipe, and her father fell on his knees and said: "Let us thank God!"

And there never was such a Christmas Eve as that one, after all. The neighbors came flocking in; the church-bells rang another chime as if in congratulation for the lost that was found.

Mrs. Watrous could only continue to sit still and sob till the doctor said Matty was all right if no new symptoms should make their appearance, partly to prevent which, Matty must on no account be allowed to go to sleep for some hours.

And then Mrs. Watrous rose to the occasion; and before her husband knew what had happened, and while he was nursing Matty in his arms, in a state of bliss, Cousin Kate's Christmas-tree had been brought across the street and set up in the parlor, and Cousin Kate's husband had been sent down town for a multitude of gifts that met the fate they deserved, and were hung on the instant.

And the tapers were lighted, and the neighbors' children were brought in, and Matty, in a toilet whose decorations consisted chiefly of brown paper and butter and vinegar, sat up till nearly midnight, regretting that her mother's chest could not have been hung on the tree, till some one suggested that, with the baby, it had already played the part of the Manger and the Christ-child.

Then, after distributing the gifts to all the other children from her throne on a high chair, and laughing at every fresh kiss under the bit of mistletoe, she fell sound asleep at last, with a horn of candy in one hand, a box of china dishes in the other, and hugging to her breast a wax doll, and a book of fairy stories, and a paint-box, and a bottle of cologne, and——

But there! what is the use of naming the possessions that poured in upon Matty that night? Let us say a whole toy-shop full; for never had any child such a Christmas Eve before.

And surely never was any child's mother so happy as Mrs. Watrous was as she hung over her two children that night, and felt that the great chest which had been the desire of her heart, and was to be the delight of her eyes, splendid Christmas box as it was, with its carved cherubs and crowns, was only the smallest part of her Christmas.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Youths' Companion.*

The Magnificence of Old Venice.

The luxury and grandeur of the costumes worn by Venetian ladies trace their origin entirely to Venetian crusaders and commerce in the East. Before 1071 the Venetians were comparatively simple in their attire; in that year their Doge, Domenico Selvo, married a Constantine Ducas. She brought with her Eastern costumes and luxuries, which made deep impression upon her simple-minded contemporaries in Venice; she was wont to wash in scented water, to cover her body with perfumes and rich unguents, and to bathe her face every morning with dew gathered expressly for her by her slaves. The chroniclers contemptuously speak of the orange water she profusely use, of her perfumed gloves, of her silken vests, and of the gold stick she made use of to convey her food to her mouth, and they attributed to the judgment of God on this excessive luxury her declining health and early death. Yet, could they but have witnessed a few centuries latter, the hold these luxuries would have, not only over the fair ones of Venice, but likewise over the men, they would with reason have quaked for the well-being of their republic. The rich dresses of Venetian ladies are well known to us all in the canvases of Titian, Paul Veronese, and others; their flowing sleeves, their jeweled head-dresses, the richness of their silks and satins, and, moreover, their long-flowing trains, of which Christoforo Moro complains thus: "Married women have exceeding long tails to their vestments, which drag along the ground, which thing is diabolical." The extravagance of women in their jewelry and dress wrought ruin on many a household, and from the sumptuary laws of latter history we gather the extent to which the evil had run. As an instance of female eccentricity in Venice, we may mention the high-heeled boots they wore. Invented originally to keep their dresses out of the mud, these boots grew into such an excessive size that the soles and heels were frequently over a foot in height; consequently a Venetian lady had great difficulty in locomotion, and required two maid-servants and two man-servants to accompany her on her walks as a support from falling; and to prevent this folly and unnecessary expenditure frequent statutes were passed; but, says one Government decree, "the ladies of Venice pay but little heed to our orders." Into their baths these devotees of fashion would throw musk, amber, aloes, myrrh, cedar leaves, lavender, mint, etc.; their pale cheeks they would rouge with paint, and during the night they would place slices of raw veal, which had been soaked for several hours in milk, over their faces, to dispel the pallor incident on dissipation. In short, hundreds of strange recipes are extant for preparing unguents to make their hands and feet soft, make their nails rosy and their skin glossy. In the seclusion of their rooms the Venetian ladies gave much time to music, and to the singing of madrigals; they took but little exercise, except in gondolas; they delighted in chess, and even in this modest pastime their extravagance was unlimited, for richly-wrought gold and silver men, set with chalcedon, jasper and jewels, or of the finest crystal, would alone satisfy their taste. Dearly did they love all games of chance, for many authorities tell us that in Venice cards were first invented; tarocchi was the favorite game, for which elegantly-designed cards were executed and stamped, as the law demanded, with the Senatorial permission. It was not long before the evils of gambling manifested themselves, for a decree of the Council of Ten, in 1506, prohibited games of chance, the sale of cards and dice, and obliged servants to denounce their masters who had gambling parties in their houses. Yet this must have soon been repealed, for nowhere did gambling go to greater lengths than at Venice in later years; the Ridotto and Casini of Venice were far greater hells than even Monaco or Homburg.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

—A ninety-seven pound Pennsylvania girl has a beau that tips the beam at 210. She keeps him in attendance every night up to twelve o'clock, seated comfortably in an arm chair. She explained to a companion, under the seal of secrecy, that beneath the cushion she kept her autumn leaves in a book, and as soon as they were sufficiently pressed she would give him the mitten.

—Quite a number of leading merchants who speculate in cotton futures are "out on bale."—*American Investor.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If you permit those dead weeds to stand about your young trees, look out for girdled trunks by the mice next spring.

—Lace curtains that shrink when they are washed can be lengthened by letting out the hem and facing with thin muslin.

—Professor Riley says that kerosene oil is sure death to insects in all stages, and the only substance with which we may hope to destroy their eggs.

—A good way to serve oysters to tempt the appetite of an invalid is to make a stew wherein cream is substituted for milk; salt it well; then line a small vegetable dish with thin slices of buttered toast, and pour the stew in.

—An inventive genius filled a small tarletan sack with a spoonful of cayenne pepper and tacked it over a rat hole. When the rat bounced out his eyes were peppered by the sifting from the shaken sack. He squealed like a pig and escaped. The whole tribe have since migrated.

—Pork chops fried and served with apples are not to be frowned upon; put the meat in the frying pan, and then scatter a little sage and pepper and salt over it; cook thoroughly; if it is fat enough so that there is plenty of gravy, fry the sliced apples in that; if not, add a lump of butter, brown the apples, and lay them over the pork.

—Jumbles made from this recipe are delicate and dainty: One quarter of a pound each of butter, sugar and flour; one egg; beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the well-beaten egg; stir in the flour a little at a time; flavor with rose water; bake in gem pans, or add flour enough to roll them out and bake as you do cookies. If you follow the latter method, after the jumbles are in the tins take a fork and pick the tops of the cakes to make them look rough.

—Chicken Cream Soup.—Boil an old fowl with an onion in four quarts of cold water until there remains but two quarts. Take it out and let it get cold. Cut off the whole of the breast and chop very fine. Mix with the pounded yelks of two hard-boiled eggs, and rub through a colander. Cool, skim, and strain the soup into a soup-pot. Season; add the chicken and egg mixture; simmer ten minutes and pour into the tureen. Then add a small cup of boiling milk.

—To make fishballs cut or pick cod-fish in small bits, taking care to remove every piece of bone; let it soak in cold water; let it cook slowly for twenty-five minutes; season with milk, butter and eggs; mix with this about double the quantity of boiled potatoes; add milk or cream to give the desired amount of moisture; shape in round cakes, roll in flour and fry until brown in hot lard. If the lard is not hot when they are put in they will soak up the fat and will be unpalatable.

—Mixed Feed.—One of the points in favor of the much-praised ensilage is that animals eat it with a relish. No food, however rich it may be in food elements, will prove profitable if the farm stock cannot be made to take to it kindly. It is on this account that a mixing of feed has been so successful. Sameness palls upon the appetite—a change of diet encourages and sharpens it. A few roots cut, or better, pulped and given to the animals, will make them eat the corn fodder or cut straw with all the greater relish. Try and make a little change in the diet of the animals, even though it be only once a week, with some roots, potatoes, apples, etc.; it will pay.

—A cracked hoof can only be repaired by new growth from the coronet, where the new horn is secreted. Horn consists of precisely the same elements as hair, and is really a solid, compact form of hair growth; the hair of the skin ends where the growth of horn begins, and this goes ou downward to repair the constant wear at the sole of the hoof-crust. But a crack in the hoof will always extend up into the new and weak growth because the horn is expanded by the pressure of the horse's weight upon the foot. To prevent this the sides of the crack must be supported and held together by some means. This may be done by boring holes through the horn on each side of the crack and putting horse-shoe nails through and drawing the hoof together and clinching the ends of these nails on each side. The top of the crack should then be burned across so as to obliterate the opening and form a solid starting place for the new growth. The hoof should be kept soft and elastic by frequent dressings of equal parts of glycerine and water.—*New York Times.*

Foul Cistern Water.

Our cistern is about six feet deep and the same in breadth. Formerly the water became so unpleasant that we were obliged to pump it out and clean up thrice from the last of March to November. In order to obviate this we first resorted to putting half a bushel of charcoal lumps in the cistern. This enabled us to get along with only two cleanings during the season. We then added two bushels of pure white sand to the charcoal, which rendered the necessity of cleaning still more seldom. But as the cistern had a tight wooden cover over it, we thought it might be still better for the water if it could be well aired. To effect this we cut a hole six inches square in the cover, inserted a wooden ventilator into this, on the top of which wire gauze was fastened, so as to keep out flies and all else. The fresh air now entering the waste-pipe passes over the water of the cistern and out through this ventilator, and thus keeps up a good circulation, and prevents its becoming foul there. A wire screen is fastened over the outside end of the waste-pipe to prevent insects or anything else getting into the cistern through it. The water now is kept free from any unpleasant smell; still the cistern ought to be pumped and cleaned out annually, as substances of various kinds are carried into it by the pipes from the eaves-troughs. The roofs of buildings will gather these notwithstanding the best of care. Screens placed over the tops of the leaders will obviate this pretty well, however.—*Christian Union.*

Farm Profits and Cheap Labor.

We carelessly picked up a few days ago a report of the National Agricultural Department, not of very recent date, in which is a statement in regard to cheap labor and the profits of the farm that attracted our attention, and a reference to which we think will interest many of our agricultural readers. This statement embraces the relative cost of machine and hand labor in the different parts of the country. The figures show that the larger the farm and correspondingly the larger the capital that can be judiciously employed in expensive machinery, the lower is the cost in the labor per acre. This would seem a strong argument in favor of large farms; and yet we know that more money is made—that is, the pro rata profits of capital are greater on a moderate-sized farm, than on the mammoth concerns where machinery that will thrash out one or two thousand bushels of wheat a-day are employed. It shows that there are other factors to enter into the question of profits beyond that of the mere labor-question alone.

Yet machinery of some sort is fast superseding all kinds of hand-labor. The article we refer to shows that in the matter of threshing the old flail will soon be as much of a curiosity as the earthern pots, or the woven cloth of the ancient mound-builders. Most of the crops are threshed by horse-power. In most States, however, steam-threshers have been introduced; indeed we believe in all but South Carolina. As we have said, the average cost of threshing is no guide to profits in farming, and yet the figures have a great value. It seems from the researches of the Department that the lowest cost is in California where the largest farms on the average prevail. This cost is put at five and eight-tenths cents per bushel. The greatest cost is in South Carolina where the wheat costs nineteen and two-tenths cents; a remarkable difference in cost. Pennsylvania manages to get its wheat threshed for seven and seven-tenths; while New Jersey has to pay ten and five-tenths. Maryland manages to get her threshing done a little less than Pennsylvania, being rated at six and eight-tenths. The whole list of figures show that wherever there are the largest tracts of land under individual culture and consequently a chance to use machinery of a powerful character, where from a thousand to two thousand bushels of wheat per day can be cleared out, the cost is the lowest. In some of the States East, where farms are not so very large, however, much is being done by co-operation in the use of expensive machinery. A set of neighbors will often club together and get a machine which can be used by all of them in turn. This of course is not very satisfactory except where the barns are large, and the work can be done under cover regardless of wind or weather. In the West the crop has to be threshed on the field, and it is well to choose one's own time to do it. On the community plan the one has the certainty of fine weather, while the others have to leave a good chance go by at the risk of loss. In the East however, many own absolutely the machines and hire them out successfully to the neighbors. All of this tends to cheapen the cost, if it does not add to the profits. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Monotonous Lives of Farmers' Wives.

It is said by Dr. Maudsley that statistics show that a larger per cent. of farmers' wives become insane than any other class of women. The cause is not, as might naturally be supposed, the hard work they are obliged to perform, but the monotony of their lives. Many a woman who is in a comfortable house, surrounded by highly cultivated land, is almost an automaton so far as the acts of her daily life are concerned. Her life was mapped out for her completely on the day she entered the farm-house a bride, with the exception of such slight events as the birth and possibly the death of children. While her husband goes about the country to transact business she stays at home, refreshing herself by piecing a bed quilt. When he sits down at evening to enjoy his pipe, and his agricultural paper, to which perhaps he has contributed some article on sheep husbandry, or the most approved method of onion raising, she sits by his side, busy with her knitting work, or with carpet-rag cutting, wondering meanwhile how she will be able to get money enough to buy the warp. He carries out the old patriarchal idea; he is the head of the house; he determines how the money saved during the year should be invested; he selects the pew in the church; he subscribes to relieve sufferers by flood and fire. She, like a new and uncertain player at euchre, simply passes. It would be an unwarrantably sweeping assertion to say that this is true of all farm lives. Many a farmer's house is as nearly the true and ideal home as any in the land, but it is true too often. If a man has married a wife who has no opinions of her own, he ought to seek to develop some latent mind force in her. Let him, as the wiser half, suggest to her that she try to retain health of mind with health of body by taking active interest in something. Where the materials for the study of, let us say, botany lie before her all the time, what an excellent thing it would be for her to study that. This is only one illustration. Too many women who begin to have some leisure on the shady side of forty think they are too old to learn, or to begin to do things they once aspired to do. They believe they have lost the capacity for mental labor, when the reverse is true. There is another aspect of this subject that women would do well to think of, and that is that nothing will so effectually preserve good looks and the spirit and strength of youth and early womanhood as to be filled with intense and hearty interest in the best things of this life.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

—Not a single horse, cow, sheep or hog should be kept on the farm this winter that has not a shelter to keep it comfortable. If this shelter has not yet been provided, lose no time in making it. Enough food will be saved in a single winter to make the shelter. Thousands of domestic animals die every winter that would survive if comfortable quarters were provided.

THE DAIRY.

—A cow becomes impatient under the hands of a slow milker and holds up her milk. The richest part is the strippings, and a cow milked quietly and quickly will give more and richer milk.

—The quantity of foreign cheese imported into Great Britain has doubled since 1870, and is now said to be about 278,310,000 pounds per annum. This is greater than has been generally supposed, and serves to explain why the demand for American cheese has constantly increased, to the astonishment of many of our dairymen and produce dealers.

—The Boston *Cultivator* truly says: Whoever places much dependence on the strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt edge butter. Allowing dirt to get into the milk and then depending on the strainer to get it out is a poor apology for cleanliness. More or less of the dirt especially everything of a soluble nature, and some that is not will find its way through the meshes of the strainer.

—During the inclement season warm, light, well ventilated stables should be provided, but the former conditions should not be secured at the expense of the latter, so long as both can be easily obtained. Tight, smooth and clean mangers are also essential to perfect success, and no system of butter making is complete which does not provide at regular intervals a full supply of clean water for the stock. Feed at regular hours, in small quantities, giving a variety of food each day, rather than a rotation extending over several days.

—To Remove Wart's from a Cow's Udder.—Apply caustic potash two or three times a week, and it will soon disappear, or, tie a silk thread tightly around the base so as nearly to cut into it and wholly stop the circulation, and it will come off in a few days. When the wart is broad and flat or crowded by others this may be impracticable, in which case it may be removed by cutting it off and touching the cut with a hot iron to stop the flow of blood; or by applying very strong pyroligneous acid to the wound. Lunar caustic in a strong solution is also recommended. As the operation is painful, only a small number of the warts—if there are many—should be treated at a time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Gathered Cream Butter Making.

There have been many radical changes in the methods of butter making within the past half score years. The old flat pan was superseded by the large vat, or pan large enough to hold a full milking, and skimmed in various ways by lifting the cream or drawing off the milk. Then came an effort to separate the cream from the milk by means of deep vessels set in cool, but not in cold-water. This met with only partial success, and never became popular. After this ice-cold water was applied to the deep cans, and the cream fairly jumped out of the milk, separating in ten or fifteen hours, perhaps not perfectly, but at least sufficiently to satisfy those creameries that desired to make cheese out of the skimmed milk. Then came almost simultaneously the two methods of butter making, one by the use of centrifugal force and the other by simply changing the method of applying the deep setting principles. The centrifugal is only practical where sufficient milk is collected at one spot to pay for running expensive machinery, and this plan also requires the highly objectionable feature of collecting large quantities of milk at one central point. This everybody acknowledges is highly detrimental to the milk, no matter how carefully and with what judgment it is done; while under ordinary circumstances, and especially while the weather is hot and murky, it is sure to injure the quality of the milk to that extent that a first-class article cannot be made out of it, no matter what process of butter making is pursued. To overcome this difficulty a happy thought has been adopted in what is called the cream gathering plan. This is where the milk is left on the farm, and only the cream is taken to the central point and there made into butter. The factoryman and farmer enter into an agreement by which the milk on every farm is to be treated under prescribed rules, so as to produce an uniform article of cream. The farmer is paid by the inch of cream he furnishes, so that the quality of his milk is of the first importance to him, as it always has been to the factoryman. The skimmed milk is left at the farm, where it will do the most good, for it certainly is a cumbersome substance to take care of when collected at one spot in large quantities, as it is of a highly perishable nature, and when in a state of decay is sure to destroy all that is fresh and delicious about the butter product. As for working it into cheese, we fear, as handled at American factories, it is an unmitigated nuisance, and all dairymen can be thankful that this plan of cream gathering is about to drive this nuisance from the market.

At present, we notice a wide margin between the highest and lowest prices paid for butter made from gathered cream. While this is to be regretted, there need be no time lost in sitting down to mourn about it. The solution of the problem lies within the power of any factoryman who practices this method of butter making. Let him see that the cream reaches his factory fresh, sweet and clean. That his own apparatus is in clean and perfect order, then that of the method of packing, shipping and sale of the butter is not only cool and clean, but above all that it is expeditious. We do not believe that the fault of bad butter lies inherent in any method of butter making, nor is it possible for all men to make fine butter by any one method; much under any system must be left to the individual skill and neatness of the butter-maker, though, of course, many methods are superior to others in helping awkward hands in overcoming their clumsy ways. Foremost among these we believe to be the cream gathering plan, and we believe it to be the most practical and money making, not only to the factorymen but to all concerned.—*American Dairyman.*

—A hospital for lepers was established at New Orleans in 1778.

To Keep Tires on Wheels.

A practical man writes on this subject: "I ironed a wagon some years ago for my own use, and before putting on the tires, I filled the felloes with linseed oil, and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I also ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are as tight as when put on. My method of filling the felloes is as follows: I use a long cast-iron heater made for the purpose. The oil is brought to a boiling heat, and the wheel is placed on a stick so as to hang in the oil. An hour is sufficient for a common sized felloe, of which the timber should be dry, as green wood will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil does not get hotter than the boiling heat, else the wood might be set on fire and burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible to water and is much more durable. I was amused some years ago when I told a blacksmith how to keep the tires tight, by his telling me that it was a profitable business to tighten tires; and the wagon-maker will also say that it is a profitable business to him to repair wheels; but what will the farmer, who helps to support the wheelwright and smith, say?

—Napoleon Bonaparte Barney was a machinist employed in the Rogers Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J., was divorced from his wife, and she went to her former home near Utica, N. Y. Mr. Barney, who is about sixty, married a Miss Sutton, sixteen years of age. They had one child. In the summer of 1880 Mr. Barney's grown-up son by his first wife, named Willard Barney, came to Paterson from Utica and fell in love with his step-mother. Then Mrs. Barney the first came to Paterson and met her former husband. He was surprised to find himself glad to see her. A family council was held, the result of which has just come to light. The old man obtained a divorce from his young wife, and remarried his first wife. At the same time his son married his father's second wife, and became his stepbrother's stepfather.

—A two-story frame house at Sandy Creek, N. Y., was recently moved over two miles by loading it on two platform cars.

A Nocturnal Ramble and What Came of It.

Some genius—we suspect him to belong to the jovial order of humanity—has said: "The day to drone and dream, the night to learn and ramble." We do not propose to dispute this worthy's view of the matter, but present herewith the experience of a Philadelphia journalist, Mr. William H. Cunnington, 1712 North Twentieth street, one of whose nocturnal rambles he thus refers to, beginning his narration rather peculiarly, however: "I am not a rheumatic, and have been troubled very little with bodily pains. Last Tuesday morning I experienced a very annoying stiffness of the neck, which grew worse as the day wore on. Toward evening it became very severe, and I could scarcely turn my head in any direction. Arriving home at tea time, it was with difficulty that I could eat my meal. My wife wanted to rub my neck with St. Jacobs Oil, but I refused, saying I thought the affliction would soon pass away. Tea over, against the remonstrances of my family, I left home to ramble toward the new Chestnut-Street Opera House, about two and a-half miles from my residence. I started in the midst of a heavy snow storm, and remained at the theater until the close of the performance, although I could feel my neck getting worse and becoming very painful. Leaving the play the trouble came to reach home. The storm continued; the ear in which I was became blocked in nearly every square, a cold current of air swept through the ear, and I did not reach my home until toward two a. m., by which time my neck had become absolutely rigid. Then I consented to the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which my wife applied two or three times before I arose. I continued its use that day and by evening I was free from pain, and the next morning I amused myself by twisting my neck in any direction that suited me, and not a vestige of stiffness remained."—*Boston Herald.*

If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheelbarrow.

In a Cincinnati daily we notice that Mr. Tim Gleeson, ex-member of the Council from the Fourth Ward of that city, says he suffered terribly with rheumatism all last winter and spring. He tried all kinds of liniments and medicines without any benefit until he used St. Jacobs Oil, the first application of which insured a full night's repose, and its subsequent use entirely cured him. It is a great remedy.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon.*

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spellbound.

"Yes, my child," says the mother, having concluded her fairy tale, "there are people in the moon, just as there are on the earth." "But there can't be, ma," "Indeed, and pray why can't there be, Miss Lily?" "Because, where would they go when the moon gets so small you can hardly see it?"

Here is a little story with a very piquant flavor of French sauce, though prepared by American hands: A splendidly gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste." "And pray what change would you make?" asked the host. "Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding," and here he glanced furtively at the dining table, "and more carving."

An Oil City boy was recently taken to the opera-house by his uncle. A few evenings subsequently there was company at his house, and the uncle and aunt were among the number. The lad was relating what he saw, and among other things said: "I was a little bit afraid, coz every time the curtain rolled down uncle went out to see a man, and left me alone."

"Did you observe that woman?" said a gentleman to a companion, as a sharp-featured female swept haughtily by them. The friend nodded to indicate that he had observed her. "Well, I'm indebted to her for the chief happiness of my life." "Indeed; I can imagine the gratitude you feel toward her." "No you can't; only her present husband can do that. Ten years ago I asked her hand in marriage and she refused me."

A California child, having heard the barren spots in the fields called "alkali spots," came to mother one day, while an old bald-headed man was visiting her, and said in a loud whisper: "Mamma, that man has an alkali spot on his head."

—A Boston gentleman, who has taken a great interest in the poorer classes of society, has been traveling extensively in Europe the past summer. He says that in no town or city that he has visited, either in America or Europe, has he found the mill operatives and laboring classes provided with such comfortable tenement houses as in Belfast, Ireland.

"Made New Again."

Mrs. Wm. D. Ryckman, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

It's the fashion now among church-going ladies to trim their bonnets on the congregation side.

Voice of the People.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me.

Yours respectfully,
Judith Burnett, Hillsdale, Mich.

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Is it a coincidence? Whenever the river rises there is a run on the banks.

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The sales of Frazer Axle Grease last year were enormous. Stick a pin here.

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A REGULAR CIRCUS.

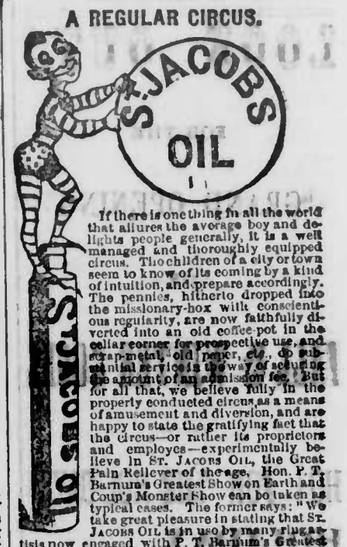

If there is one thing in all the world that allures the average boy and delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully diverted into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and scrap-metal, old paper, etc., of no material service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus, as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the Circus—or rather its proprietors and employes—experimentally believe in St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Pain Reliever of the age. Hon. P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and Coup's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that St. Jacobs Oil is in use by many rheumatists now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, united with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its happy effects upon those who have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain.
(Signed) Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson."
The Press Agent of Coup's Monster Show says: "In cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind our artists know how to cure themselves very speedily. St. Jacobs Oil is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they can get it they won't suffer much."
Mr. Frank I. Frayne says: "I have suffered terribly from rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, and at the same time I had severe pains in my chest. Sometime since I read something in a newspaper about the remarkable cures of St. Jacobs Oil, and I thought I would try that remedy. I tell you I am mighty glad I did, for after using one or two bottles of that preparation I felt no pain whatever, and have had none since. I am firm believer in St. Jacobs Oil, and I went everybody in my company to keep it near them."

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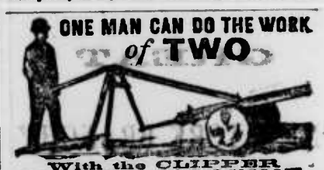

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RELIABILITY.

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MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male* or *Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

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5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

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of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

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7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 2 feet 7 inches.

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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

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It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

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It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

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It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881. NUMBER 45.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

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"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

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Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. 1'17 81 ly

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Neuralgia, Sprains,
Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe sufferings from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

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Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

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42tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER,
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

HOW WE TOOK A BOARDER.

Now our house is quite a large one, and, beside those apartments which we occupy ourselves and those which we dedicate to our guests, there is a very nice little room on the second floor, which we never use and very seldom enter.

One morning, when I happened to feel in a very economical mood, I bethought myself that, were this room furnished prettily, we might just as well as not take a boarder—there were such numbers of advertisements in the papers for just such places. So many single ladies wished "board in a private family where no other boarders were taken," and so many single gentlemen pined for "comforts of a home," that I had no doubt we could suit ourselves exactly.

Accordingly I broached the subject to Psalter at the table that very evening. Psalter only laughed at first, but when he found that I was in earnest, acquiesced in the arrangement, merely stipulating that neither maiden lady nor "geotleman and his wife" were to become inhabitants of the apartment. Consequently my choice was limited. A single gentleman I must have, and I was determined to be very particular about him. I consider myself a pretty good judge of character, and I resolved to select an intellectual, moral and well-mannered person, or to give up the idea altogether.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed without any answer. Thursday brought a young man belonging to a fire company, who stipulated that the members of his "machine" should be allowed the privilege of meeting in my parlor once a week, as their engine house was out of order, and likewise mentioned that he always, in the morning, took brandy instead of milk in his coffee.

To this gentleman's proposals I was obliged to answer in the negative, and, on his pressing the point, to inform him that the reception of the engine company would of itself be an insuperable obstacle. I did not think it prudent to add that his appearance and conversation did not tend to make me desirous of his society. Although I thought so, I based my objection altogether upon the fire company's expectation of meeting in my parlors.

I had said enough to offend my visitor, however, for he thrust his head forward turtle fashion, and remarked that I had better not "say anything agin No. 240," and that I might be "hopping glad to have 'em meet in my parlor, for—for all I thought myself some punkins, I was only small pertatures," and that "No. 240 boys were fine fellers, and I'd better not contradict him—sa-ay!" and departed, leaving an odor of bad cigars and stale whiskey behind him.

My next applicant was a maiden lady, who desired accommodations for herself, a parrot, a kitten, two poodles, a monkey, and a cabinet of mineralogical specimens. Of course she did not suit me, especially as she was very particular in her inquiries as to my servant girl's capability of washing and attending upon poodles and parrots.

Closely following upon her heels came a gentleman of respectable appearance and plausible address, with whom, in spite of a pair of very wild, singular eyes, which protruded beyond the lids until they appeared about to drop out into his cheeks, I was mightily taken. In fact, the arrangement were nearly concluded, when, to my horror, I made the discovery that he was a professor of spiritualism, and a speaking and singing medium; likewise, my eyes were opened at once to the singularity of the gentleman's eyes by this confession, and I became aware that the nearest insane asylum would, in all probability, suit him far better than my humble dwelling. So, with an inward thanksgiving for my rescue, I got out of the scrape as politely as possible, and the "medium" departed.

Then arrived three very untidy men, who wanted to share the apartment, and receive scholars on the violincello therein.

After these had departed, I declare I was quite out of patience, and almost resolved to give up my notable idea altogether; but, just as I had come to this resolution, I heard another ring at the bell. Such a ring! Not a loud, imperative, abrupt peal, but a modest, musical tintintabulation, which betokened an unassuming and well-bred applicant for admission.

"A young gentleman"—so Biddy informed me; and after peeping in the glass to see if my hair was smooth, I ran up stairs.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with ash, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hand; encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who could suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept very early hours. He was very fond of children, and would be happy, if I had any of those dear creatures, to instruct them in any little accomplishment, such as drawing or music, as an agreeable manner of passing his leisure hours. Altogether he was a perfect model.

Fanny happening to run in just then, the young gentleman took her upon his knee, and they became friendly at once. So, somehow or other, it was all settled, he began to chat with me and Fanny, and the other children, who had made their appearance; and, while we were conversing, the hours passed so quickly that it was dinner-time before I knew it, and, Psalter and Brother John, coming home, they were introduced to our new boarder, and insisted upon his dining with us that very day. He accepted the invitation very sweetly, and said that, if we were willing, he should be most happy to enter his new quarters that very evening, and would send to the Astor House for his luggage the next day, as he was somewhat fatigued by his journey. To this proposition we unanimously assented and then all sat down to dinner, Mr. Alberts saying grace at its commencement, and expressing, in the conversation which ensued, such excellent sentiments on all subjects, that we were absolutely charmed with him.

Very soon after the meal was finished, our boarder pleaded fatigue, retired to his own apartment, and Psalter, John and myself, a little later, set off for a concert which we were very desirous of hearing, leaving the children in charge of Biddy, with instructions to put them to bed at nine o'clock precisely.

"How do you like Mr. Alberts, my dear?" I said to Psalter, as we walked along.

"Tolerably," replied Psalter; "he seems to be a very excellent young man—not particularly brilliant but very worthy and well-mannered."

"Well, it is better to be good than to be brilliant, is it not?" I remarked.

"But how do you know that Mr. Alberts is not both?" inquired John. "There is a latent fire in his eye, a suppressed fervor in his voice, that tells me he is truly great. Of such men were martyrs made. Emma, did you notice how he said grace tonight? It was actually grand."

"That remark of his about the dignity of truth was really fine," said Psalter. "You may be right, after all, John.

"And he is so kind, to the children, and so very amiable," said I. "I am sure we shall be delighted with him." And we walked on together in the most amiable mood.

The concert over, we returned home, when, to our great surprise, we found the children still up, and in the parlor.

"It is not my fault, mum," said Biddy, when I spoke to her about it. "The young gintleman got up after you was gone, and has been playin' with 'em all the evenin'; and he sent me out for candy for 'em; and then, when the fun was over, he read 'em a chapter, and bade 'em say their prayers, for all the world as if he were a minister."

"Oh!" said Fanny, "he is so sweet!"

They talked about Mr. Alberts all the time they were undressing, and their admiration confirmed me in my opinion. Children always have such penetration!

The next morning we arose as usual, but Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and Biddy informed me that he had requested her not to arouse him if he should sleep late, as he never took breakfast, and was very much fatigued by his journey. So I cautioned the children to be quiet, and we sat down to the table without him. After breakfast, the gentlemen started for their places of business, and everything proceeded as usual till noon; but still Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and I began to feel rather surprised.

It was about noon, when two men, stout and stalwart, and wrapped in huge great coats, knocked at the basement door, and before any one had time to open it, stepped into the entry.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the first man—"beg your pardon, but is there any gentleman by the name of Scraggin boarding here?"

"No, sir," I replied

"Nor any one named Phillips?" inquired the man.

"No, sir."

"Perhaps his name is Alberts," said the other, stepping forward.

"There is a gentleman named Alberts at present in the house," I replied.

"Ah! then will you be kind enough to ask him to step down a minute?" said the first speaker.

"Certainly—if you will walk into the parlor I will call him," I said.

Accordingly, the two men proceeded to the floor above, while I sent Biddy to summon Mr. Alberts. After a great deal of knocking, she returned with the information that she could not make him hear.

"And what is more, mum" she continued, "the window out onto the roof of the shed is open, and the curtains blown' out of it and it seems as though there was no one in at all."

"Take my word for it that the room is empty—the bird has flown," said the first man.

"We must unlock the door and make sure, however," said the second.

I stood there in perfect astonishment as they pronounced these words and placed, at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it all mean?" I thought.

"You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose that Mr. Alberts came the good, interlectoral kind of body over you, didn't he?—said his prayers, like a good boy and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No?" replied the man. "Just look around and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?" said the man.

Oh! what a start the words gave me! I flew into the back parlor, for, be it known, that in certain drawers of the book case I kept my silver forcks, my surplus money, and several articles of jewelry. The drawers were closed. I tried them. The locks were broken and the contents gone; and Mr. Alberts—the amiable, virtuous, pious Mr. Alberts was the thief!

It was his particular forte—so the policeman told me—to impose himself upon persons who advertised for boarders, as a conscientious young man, and after insinuating himself as deeply as possible into their confidence, to take French leave in company with their valuables. I discovered afterward that during Biddy's absence for the purpose of buying candy, Fanny had innocently revealed to him the contents of the book case drawers, so that his task was rendered comparatively easy.

Oh! how I felt! how provoked I was with myself! But, between you and me, it was a great consolation to know that we were all in the same box—although John, who expressed such an exalted opinion of the amiable Mr. Alberts, declared that he had not been deceived for one moment.

It was a still greater consolation to get our forks back again, however, and to receive the news that Mr. Alberts was a resident of Sing Sing, which we did in less than a fortnight.

P. S.—I have come to the unalterable resolution never again to advertise for a single gentleman to board.

Seven years ago all the female convicts in the Indiana penitentiary were placed in charge of Sarah Smith, a philanthropic Quaker, for the purpose of testing kindness as a means of reformation. She has two hundred girls and women under her care, and the change is wonderful. They are required to perform certain work, from which they earn their own support, and they are kept within an enclosure, but there are no high stone walls, dark cells, barred windows, nor armed guards. Eight women assistants are all that she requires to control these prisoners, and severe punishments and deprivations are unknown. It has been proved, says an official report, that 80 per cent. of these convicts are so far reformed that on release they begin to lead reputable lives.

Good Feeling for the President in Ohio.

The Cincinnati correspondent of the New York *Times*, in his letter of the 13th inst. mentions the following, in reference to the feeling in Ohio for President Arthur:

"A well known Republican from the northeastern part of the State says that, so far as he can ascertain, President Arthur has the respect and friendship of the entire Republican Party of the Western Reserve. "His manly sympathy for Garfield during his long days of suffering," said he, "won the hearts of our people as nothing else could. During the campaign of last summer we thought little about him, and knew little concerning him beyond the fact that he was a New York politician and had been in the Custom House. But after the attack on Garfield we concluded he had good stuff in him, and felt disposed to give him as much sympathy and support as we could, without doing violence to our feelings or going against the real interests of the Republican Party. We feel now that he wants to do right, and as long as he shows that spirit we will support him clear into the next National Republican Convention. We have been afraid that he would run things on the politician's platform, and as he seems rather to be acting the statesman, it binds us to him. We hear nothing in our section about Stalwart and anti-Stalwart, except in the Democratic newspapers."

The exchange of graceful courtesies between Atlanta and Cincinnati is one of many gratifying evidencies of the growth of a hearty National sentiment that is fast obliterating the sectional line first drawn by Slavery. The orator who spoke for Atlanta at the Cincinnati reception said that he belonged to the New South, which had learned to labor, and which found greater glory in the dust of the soil on the face than in the military insignia on the breast. It is this New South that is disturbing the Bourbon politicians from the Potomac all the way to the Rio Grande. The New South has determined to shake off the burdens of prejudice and bitter memories, and setting its face toward the future to make the most of its fertile soil, its abundant water power, its vast stores of mineral wealth, and its great natural advantages for commerce. It is impatient of the rule of men who want to keep it fast tied to the dead past. It is going to revolutionize the politics of the Southern States, as it is now fast revolutionizing their trade and industry. The Atlanta Exposition, organized by a "carpet bagger" and enthusiastically supported by the young and progressive element in the whole Southern country, is a conspicuous sign of the dawn of the new era.

The Tory papers in Canada are opposed to annexation, and some of them are attempting to counteract that steadily growing feeling by virulent abuse of the United States. Let them possess their souls in peace. We do not believe there is a man of influence this side the line who would fire a single cartridge to bring Canada under our flag. She will come there some day of her own free will, and at present we know of no reason for stimulating her inclination. The old Quaker lady said she never could help being astonished at the men running after the women; if they would only wait the women would run after them. The Canadians can be let alone to discover the advantages of changing allegiance, and they will discover them in time to allow us to use the accession of English institutions and ideas they will bring into the firm offset the bulk of Spanish ignorance, and Indian shiftlessness we will acquire when we absorb Mexico. It will all come in good time.

The vagaries of an invalid are not always to be encouraged. A Long Island woman, being convinced that her end was near and being unduly solicitous at out the fate of her six children, implored her husband to marry her younger sister. He promised to do so after the funeral, and the sister was equally accommodating, but the sick woman was afraid that they might not be as good as their word. She entreated them to give a dying woman the consolation of knowing that her children would certainly be cherished after her departure. Worn out with her importunity, they finally consented to be married at once. When everything was settled to her satisfaction she derived so much contentment from contemplating the future of her little ones that she rapidly convalesced.

An exchange suggests that a good, stout cotton umbrella be rammed down Guit's throat, and then be suddenly opened.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

Ring, bells, ring! for the King is here;
Ring, bells, ring! for the glad New Year.
He mounts his throne with a smiling face,
His sceptre lifts with majestic grace.
Ring for the joy his advent brings:
Ring for the happy songs he sings:
Ring for the promises sweet and true
With which we gladden our hearts anew.

The new-born Year is a happy fellow,
His voice is sweet, and low, and mellow;
With the Christmas holly his head is crowned,
With the Christmas blessings we'll wrap him round.
Then ring, bells, ring! for the joyous day—
The Past lies silent, the Present is gay;
Ring out your merriest, cheer after cheer,
To welcome the birth of the Happy New Year!

—*Mary D. Brine.*

TED'S ACCOUNT OF NEW-YEAR'S.

"By-the-way," said Mr. Samuel Gloss, "I've a letter from little Ted. It's quite a heavy one, you see, for a chap of ten; but I can't make out such a mass of scrawl. Here, mamma, suppose you read it."

"Before Mrs. Gloss could reach out her hand, Uncle Joe, Mr. Gloss's bachelor brother, interfered with: "Let me have the boy's letter; I always did like that young scamp of yours."

After smiling at the down-hill tendency of the superscription, Uncle Joe soon became absorbed over the pages that began in text-hand, continued in spider tracks, and at last rose to the dignity of hieroglyphics.

The Gloss family, tired out after the holiday season, were having a domestic evening in the dining-room. The library, artistically hung in old Spanish leather, lacked the embellishments that grow out of daily use, and oppressed one like a great bronze extinguisher; the long drawing-room, the conventional New York parlor, was too like a mammoth and splendid hearse to admit of even its proprietors feeling at home in it. So about the dining table were gathered Papa and Mamma Gloss, the Misses Lou and Rosie Gloss, Mr. Sorghum, a gentleman of many smiles and compliments, of many suits of fine clothing, of a dog-cart and gorgeous living generally, and Uncle Joe, unmarried, crusty and rich. There was also a young fellow called Fred Tremaine, but he was only a chap in papa's office at a small salary. Though he had six good feet of uncommonly good looks, still he was very modest. "And no wonder," as Lou whispered to Rosie. "He ought to be, Twelve hundred a year, indeed!"

Sorghum remarked in his sweetest tones, "How seldom a poor dog of a bachelor like me has the chance of enjoying a happy family gathering!"

A sigh, carefully given out for only Rosie to hear, was a graceful hint of his dissatisfaction with a bachelor existence.

Mamma Gloss clasped her plump hands in a little ecstacy, and answered: "No one can have any idea of the peace and content of family life." A smile both maternal and encouraging showed that Mr. Sorghum was an approved candidate for the position of son-in-law.

Lou, who was clever, and had a lofty bearing, a marble-white skin, and wonderful rows of coal-black scallops on her pretty forehead, made a properly innocent and girlish comment on the bachelor remark; but Rosie, who was a confiding blonde with big gray eyes, said nothing, and kept on with her crotchet work; Sorghum used inwardly a warm emollient of Wall Street invective, and wished himself the Afghan stripe that could so hold her attention.

Just then Charlie Hedge (the young stock brokerage firm was Hedge & Sorghum) dropped in, and nodding familiarly to his partner, joined the family circle by taking a place at Lou's side. He exclaimed:

"How jolly! A regular boom in domestic evenings, eh, Miss Lou?"

Now Uncle Joe was sixty at least, tall, grizzled, clean shaven, heavy browed, with a cast-iron look that seemed expressly made to withstand humbug, and a steel-cold, sharp eye that could pierce the neatest coating of sham. Having at last finished his reading, he sat awhile shading his face with his hand; then looked up suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to something, cast a searching and discomforting glance around the table, and asked:

"Who would like to hear Teddy's letter?"

"I," said Sorghum, with the liveliest interest. "Ted must be a capital boy. He's *your* brother." (This last in an aside to Rosie.)

"Fine boy," confirmed Hedge. "Saw him here New Year's. So cheeky. Cheek is business capital. Ted will succeed. Let's have the letter."

"I think my Teddy is very bright," remarked Mrs. Gloss, "and so I always keep him away at school, where he has the best advantages."

"Yes," answered Uncle Joe, with an inscrutable intonation, "boarding school is such an advantage to a child of ten."

"O, yes, undoubtedly," sighed mamma, with a pensive look at the diamonds on her nice fat fingers; "and we mothers sacrifice everything to the good of our dear children."

Uncle Joe coughed noisily, and then asked: "Are you all sure you want to hear the letter, and that you'll sit still until the end?"

Quite an amiable clamor of voices assented; so he began the epistle, which, grammatically and orthographically, ran in this wise:

"DEAR FATHER & MOTHER Professor Whacker gave us a subjec for our first composition when we come hac after the holldays he said we must rite an acount of new Years & put into all we saw & herd wile we was home at New Year time so I rote mine & yisterday he give it back to me with very good marked onto it & he said for me not to leve it Lyon roun hice So I guess he thort it was pretty good & I guess I will send it to You so as you can see I make some proggres I brush my teath very careful evry nite & I am entirly out of pockit money your aff son TEDDY."

A murmur of amused admiration went around, and every one composed himself, with a smile, for further listening.

"An account of New Years

"Boys & girls hav fun at Christmus & get presints in there stockings &c but new Years times is for grown Folks crismas eve children has lots of fun so I think Grown folks ort, to have fun New years eve. I dont want to be mean about nothin so I dildunt answer back nothin to my sister loo wen she called Me a horid trubbelsome boy for sittin down in her room after diuner New years eave she was

"Skolding a little woman wot was a dress maker & had brort a long tailed pink dres home sumhow fixed up Wrong & she Had her hair all in little lon griddions to make it Skullup nice the nex day."

Miss Lou flushed, then laughed aloud nervously to show that she enjoyed the joke. Uncle Joe, without so much as a quiver of his bushy eye-brows, went on:

"rosy was sittin with her feet kurled up under her eting candy & reding a story book in her Room she sed go way Teddy & ma She was in her room having a row with Kamil the Made about her cloes and she sed go away Teddy too then I says were shall I Go to & she says you May go to the the Club & find your father I know were the fenix Club is Just roun the Korner but father was bussy playing cards with some men & and said go & sit down my Son

"So I set down & looked at some pictures there was two men talkieg & I guess they didunt know me but they knowed my sisters good kause one says charlie, you go in for loo If You can stand her temper & Ile go in for the blondy then we will make old man gloss settll our bills Ile brake her temper If I get her says charlie & I will get more capittal for the Firm

"blondy is meek & will stay at Home & not Interfear with me I Guess says the other feller any way we will share the proffets"

A funereal silence fell upon the room. Hedge looked unusually childlike and unconscious. Sorghum pulled his mustache over a bad imitation of a smile.

"then Father he after a good wile he got up & put on his Cote to go houne & just Out side the door of the club House a man said something to father and father He said lots of Swear Words that ain't allowed boys in Professor Whacker's skool & it was all a bout a Settlimeant.

"And father said he Hadunt Got the money for it. So I thort it was a newyear's presiut that man wauted pa to buy him

"then we went home Mother says to pa the gurls will look elegant tomorrer & they will be sure to ketch something wurth wile at last.

"Father says they had better ketch it pretty quick then for things is comiu to an end then all of a sudden ia pounsed on me & sent me to Bed

"the nex Day wlch was newyears no boddy et breakfast down s a rs but me and father father looked splendid & so did I. we had ou our bes cloes & the carriage was reddy to take us callin. wen ma & tha gurls came down they were very butiful especially loo tho I like Rose best.

"ma says pa what do you think of your chicken Biddys and she kissed him

"Ta says hum! And we went Out and he banged the front door."

Mr. Gloss used every wile to turn Uncle Joe's attention; but he went on mercilessly:

"Some of the Ladys we called ou was old & some was yung. The old ones mosely had no necks in their dresses & a good many had orfully pink cheeks & had dirty eyes with black Smudg under them.

"but Pa said the same thing evry wheres.

"how charming Yon Are to Day says pa to all of them & he bowed & bowed. And he kinder laffed and Bobbed roun & looked Silly then he come out & jumped in The carriage & says Swear words agen

"says I is it Fun to make calls pa

"Says pa its a nusense so says I wot makes you do it Pa

"Sosiety says pa then I asked who soiety was & pa says nuseuse agen theu he tells me to hold my tung

"Then we went to see a ugly ole woman with lots of dimons & she wanted to Kiss me & I wouldunt do it & after Wards pa skolded me & said she was Miss Koopons & I must always kiss such a Rich ole lady Then I asked pa if he was sick & and he sed he wasunt and I told Him I herd Misses Koopons say he was a sick Offant.

"And father sed more Swear words & made the Coach man drive me home. ma & the gurls wer in the parlor & so was the two men that talked A Bout loo And rosy at the club The big feller with the mus tash said to Rosy she was a crewll darllug & rosy she turned her back to him

"then ma pinsed Rosys arm & said she was a little feol & had no fealing for her family & rosy cryed softly rite down on the Makaroons I was eting cake all I wanted & no boddy noticed Me

"charlie forgut all a Bout loo s tempor I Guess bekause he said to her my hatiful kween I will be a good obediunt husband loo laffed & hit him with her fan then lots more came in & they all looked silly like father & all the ole men told ma she looked like rosy's sister. that aint so bekause ma is orful fat"

By this time the whole company had risen, and were trying to interrupt the reading; when Uncle Joe, in a voice of thunder, commanded attention. They all fell back in their seats and remained, with many curious changes of countenance, silent to the end.

"then Nite come on & Loo & rosy went Up stares & put more wite powder on there faces & looked at there Back hair In the Glass & loo said rosy ort to mary mister Sore Gum bekause he was so rich & loo said she was going to mary mister bedg bekause he was rich all tho he was a fool and then they went Down Stares

"a big tall yung man come into the library were I had bid my kandys & rosy sed out loud I want to show you this nice room. they was behind the door & he sed havunt you got eany new years for me Rosy & she said yes fred & gave him a kiss behind the door & he said o rosy If I was only rich & then ma came into the entree & they ran out & looked Silly two.

"then I went to sleep sittin on my bundll of candys & wen ma woke me up every Boddy had gone away & ma said she hated new Years & loo sed the men were all munkeys and rosy had a Hedake. then I went to bed but Some thing had made me orful sick tho I dont believe it was cake & I went into rosys Room softly She was crying and setting on the flor by the fire then I went into mas room & She was crying too & Pa was sayin We are Livin on a Volcaner I tell you

"I was kinder skared because volkaners burn you all up & are verry dangerus Ma says samuel I Kant help it the gurls must dress & we must keep up appearances says I ma why kant we move off the volkaner & buy a new House up to Sentril Park

"pa says where did that young skamp come from & then the flor jumpt up & hit me & ma sed It was kase I had et two much terrash.

"& I was orful sick all nite The nex morning Kamil the made helped me git up & sed I was to go rite off to skool Agen and the Coach man was to take Care of me I went to say good By to loo she was in bed with griddions in her hair eating lots of brekfast. rosy kissed me & her eyes was al red & she sed teddy deer they are breaking my hart & I promised Her wen I grow up I will llek them al

"I like Rosy pretty well considerin she is my Sister. pa & ma was shet up in the liberary & pa had lots of little papers on the tabel

"He said look at them

"dreses. bonnets. lineary. jewelry. I kant pay them I tell you we are livin beyund our menes. So is evvery bodly says ma but the gurls will marry wel. says pa look at rosy she is in love with that good lookin Rasgal on 12 hundrid a year.

"she shant have him says ma now dont be a brute and cut down expenssis perhaps jo will help you out my brother jo is a Stingee ole kur says pa. & if he knows we are hed an ears over in debt he wuddunt leve Ted a sent

"I dont want a sent pa says I five sents aint much & one sent aint nothin & uncle jo is an ole bare says I. o Send the boy to skool he makes me Cray Zy says pa & ma kissed me in a hurry & pusht me a Long to the dore

"pa had his hed burrred in his hands & kep sayin' roo fned. roolned and all for appearances So I am tired of riting such a long Compersishun and the coach man took me back to skool & that is all I know a Bout new years"

Uncle Joe quietly folded up the scrawl, and looked out from under the thatch of his eyebrows at Hedge, who, glancing at Lou, and seeing she was dangerous, silently left the room and the house. Sorghum followed, also politely escorted to the door by Uncle Joe's steady gaze. The method failed with Fred Tremaine, for the look only sent him as far as Rosie's side, where he sat down with determination. Mrs. Gloss was sobbing hysterically, and her husband seemed inclined to drop down dead.

"Well," Uncle Joe began—"well, aren't you a pack of idiots to sacrifice your comfort and honesty for this wretched show of fashionable life? Now I've always disappointed you in the money way, and I'll do it still." Mr. Sam Gloss trembled. "I'll do it still; for you think I'm going to see you go to ruin, and I won't. I will look over matters with you, Sam, and find out how I can put you on your legs again. But stop this high-pressure living, and give this girl, Rosie, to Tremaine, who is a good fellow, if he is poor."

Rosie and Fred tried to say some words of thanks, but failing to do justice to their feelings, consoled each other by clasping hands.

"There is worse misery than poverty," Uncle Joe went on, "and Miss Lou had better cast about for some good boy at a thousand-dollar salary, for no more brokers will desire her dowry to mend their capital. As for Ted"—and Uncle Joe rose to go into the library with his brother—"he's an example to all young writers—exact, truthful, impartial. I value his manuscript. I shall keep him in pocket money, and make him my heir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Story About Wall-Paper.

At the time of the building of one of the finest residences in Hartford, which is still a very new house, a local firm supplied the wall paper for certain rooms, contracting both to furnish and to put on the paper. It happened that they did not calculate the size of one room exactly right, and the paper of the design selected for it fell short just half a roll. They asked for delay enough to send on to the manufacturers for what was needed and was told that there was no especial hurry. It happened that the manufacturers had none on hand and had destroyed the blocks from which it was printed. They wrote that they had a full list of the dealers to whom they had sold that paper and that they would write to each of them and get from some of them a roll. It might involve a delay of a couple of weeks but they would surely get it.

In the course of time came a letter to their great surprise they could not find a single roll. Such a thing was very unusual, but in this case it had so happened. Accordingly the local firm asked for further time, saying they would write to their own customers who had bought of that pattern and would get the piece for them. But, to their surprise, this effort also failed. A long time had now elapsed and there was no use of delaying any longer. They had contracted to paper the room and their only course was to take off that which was insufficient and put on some other of which there was enough to go around. Accordingly, at length a man was sent out to remove the paper. He got his apparatus ready and was about to begin work under the direction of the owner of the building when the latter was for the moment called away. The house was large and very interesting, and so many people had rambled about it that finally admission had been refused by a sign at the door. On the occasion, however, when a gentleman had knocked and asked for leave to look about, the owner being on the premises, had been sent for to reply to the request in person. That was the call that for the moment delayed the final preparations. The gentleman went to the door and admitted the stranger, saying he would show him about the house but first must return to that room to finish his directions there, and he told the curious story about the paper as they went on. They entered the room together, and the first thing the stranger, who lived fifty miles away, said on looking about, was: "Why, I have that very paper on a room in my house, and I have an extra roll of it laid away which is at your service." In a few days the wall was papered according to the original contract. Had not the owner been at the house the stranger would not have been admitted; had he called later he would have been too late, had not the facts been almost accidentally told to him, he would probably have said nothing about the paper, and so on. The exact fitting of all the circumstances is something very remarkable, and makes one of those stories that seem hardly accidental in their nature—*Hartford Courant.*

Georgian Beauty.

Georgia, I need scarcely mention, is the famed land of beauty, and the men we had with us in the train, or saw here and there in town or country, do not certainly belie their reputation, for they are mostly tall and well made and have the chiseled high brow, the thin aquiline nose, the good mouth, peculiar to the Caucasian type. They all, high and low, affect the Orient garb—wear long, dark, almost trailing garments, round fur caps, or white cloths, turban-fashioned, but cumbrously and fantastically, if not picturesquely, falling in folds and flaps to their shoulders; and all are girt with a silver belt on which hang a ponderous cimeter and a long yataghan. The practice of bearing arms is as universal among these Christians as among their most savage Mussulman fellow-subjects, though there is nothing warlike, or even manly, in the look and bearing of these back-boneless Georgians, who can not forget how little their weapons availed them against Persians and Turks, from whose inroads they could find no other escape than in an ignoble surrender of their national existence, no refuge from the Turks except in the arms of the Russ. Of the beauty of the Georgian women no very striking specimens came anywhere in our way. Here, as everywhere else in Russia, females of all ranks have their cigarette cases in their pockets; but here for the first time I was applied to by a lady—a demure more than middle-aged lady—for "a light." Would the dear old soul have been surprised had I reminded her that she was in a non-smoking carriage, and that some of the stronger sex might object to tobacco smoke?—*Odessa Letter to the London Times.*

—An effort will be made in the South Carolina Legislature, now in session, to provide for the reopening of the State University by applying the surplus earnings of the State Penitentiary to that purpose. Three or more professors will be added to the corps of teachers already in charge of the agricultural college, the idea being to enlarge the curriculum and place the institution on even ground with similar universities in other States.

Forcing Winter Laying.

This can be done, and we will inform a "Reader" of the *Poultry World* how it may be done, to a certain extent. His inquiry is two-fold. He asks "if hens can be made to lay in winter," and "what shall we do to induce them to discount in cold weather?"

It is a difficult thing to "make young hens lay" ordinarily, until they are ready to perform this desirable duty in the natural way. Nature creates the disposition, and in due course of time affords a fowl the ability to discharge its eggs. This follows upon the completion of the formation and maturing of eggs within the hen. And they cannot be laid until they are fully formed and matured.

To have laying hens in winter, the first year of their lives, the pullets should be hatched early in the previous spring. Thus they grow to maturity by late fall, and after moulting they will begin to lay frequently in November, or even in October. Leghorns will commence to lay at five months old, and we have known Brahmas and Cochins to begin laying at six months.

Generally speaking, however, they do not lay much till they are a month or two older. So, if your pullets are hatched out, say in March or April, they will be seven or eight months of age in November, and should then be ready to "lay in winter" naturally, without forcing.

But they commonly do not get to laying at this time, and the reason is that they have not been properly fed with this end in view. Where you find young winter laying hens, you may be sure they have been taken extra good care of, from the shell upward. But older hens may be put up to this work by artificial feeding or by supplying them with highly stimulating or egg-producing food for the same purpose.

Thus: If we take a flock of one and two years old hens and pen them where we can furnish them with animal and grain food and the necessary condiments which go to create egg-meat and shells—away from the ordinary fed poultry—we can quicken them in the laying disposition, and they will commence to discharge their litters a month or six weeks earlier than they would have done had they been left to take their chances among the flock.

But this forcing is exhaustive. Nature is over-hurried. It is not a healthy way for hens to lay, under this stimulating "high pressure." And they soon lay themselves out. We have known hens thus treated to produce enormous sized eggs frequently, and also many soft-shelled ones, when being thus pushed. They can be "made to lay" in this way for a time. But it is a brief time only before they will "play out" under this hastening process.

We therefore advise those who would have laying fowls in winter time to procure pullets that they know are then seven to eight months of age, of any breed.

If they wish to bring their old hens into laying at this period, they must feed them high, in advance, keep them warm and dry, and feed them with plenty of animal food, wheat, buckwheat and egg-producing food for this purpose. And so it will be for the flock thus forced—a short life and a prolific one; but you may thus have winter laying hens.—*Poultry World.*

A Word for the Sheep.

The sheep is the cosmopolite among domestic animals. With a habitat extending from Nova Zembla to New Zealand, and following the lines of latitude around the world, it accommodates itself to every surrounding; here sweltering in the heated atmosphere of the tropic pampas, and there shivering before the crisp blasts that fan the mountain's brow; whether in glebe or glen, in field or forest, feeding on grain or grass, it is found fitted to its surrounding conditions, and to unfailingly mete to its owner in the measure from which it has been supplied.

This conspicuous pliability of the sheep has enabled breeders possessed of skill and enterprise to produce varieties suited not alone to the purposes of the pastoral herdsman, but to the average farmer as well. For the latter, whatever his condition and locality, some variety may be found from which he may confidently anticipate the maximum profit for such judicious care and reasonable sustenance as he may accord them.

The crying need of American agriculture to-day is a more general incorporation of the sheep into the farming economy. More prolific than horses or cattle, as well as more tractable, subsisting on scantier herbage, and requiring less supervision, it claims the additional advantage of "paying for its raising" in annual instalments of marketable fleece pending its growth to maturity. It is more readily transferred from one enclosure to another, and is easily restrained by fences that would prove no barrier against the encroachments of other farm stock. Its light tread and love of repose warrant its access to fields and pastures where the tramping of cattle and the tearing of hogs would not be tolerated. It wastes less food in proportion to the quantity consumed, and will hunt out and utilize much that would otherwise be lost to the farmer. Yielding a return in both fleece and flesh, it furnishes its owner with the double advantage of catching a good market for his product, requiring less water, and disposed to work for its food. It is without a peer when summer's drought taxes the farmer's resources for enabling his live stock to maintain an average of thrift and flesh.

All that can be said in behalf of feeding live stock on the farm, as distinguished from the soil-impoverishing policy of placing the raw grain and grass on the market, will be found to apply with double emphasis to the farm that carries as part of its outfit one or more sheep per acre. No animal returns more fertility to the soil in proportion to the amount exacted for its support, while none equals it in the evenness with which the droppings are distributed.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

—Liberty Cake.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, one and a half pints of flour, three eggs, salt and spices, and three teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

—Never wear a good woolen dress into the kitchen without the protection of a large apron.

Tongue Torture.

One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth bearing the cognomen of Galileo glided into his gondola over the legendary waters of the lethean Thames. He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the polorous Pepys and the erudite Cholmondeley, the most combative aristocrat extant, and an epicurean who for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character would take precedence of the most erudite of all Areopagite literati.

These sacrilegious dramatis personae were discussing in detail a suggestive and exhaustive address, delivered from the proscenium-box of the Calisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier on obligatory hydropathy, as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution, which had been vehemently panegyrized by a splenetic Professor of acoustics, and simultaneously denounced by a complaisant opponent as an undemonstrated romance of the last decade, amenable to no reason, however, allopathic, outside of its own lamentable environs.

These peremptory tripartite brethren arrived at Greenwich, wishing to aggrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation, indicatory of implacable detestation of integral tergiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in mezzotint and faleonry. This piquant person was heaping contumely and seathing railery on an amateur in jugular recitative, who held that the Pharaohs of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were exorcists of brouchitis.

Meanwhile the leisurely Augustine, of Cockburn, drank from a tortoise-shell wassail cup to the health of an apotheosized recusant, who was his supererogatory patron, and an assistant recognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitial molecular phonies. The contents of the vase proving soporific, a stolid plebeian took from its cerements a heraldic violoncello, and, assisted by a plethoric diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous piano-forte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolyx Caucasian gentleman not to misconstrue their encexorable demands, while they dined on acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wiseacre's pharmacopoeia. Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast fit for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languors and isolated scenes of squalor, which followed mechanist's reconnoissance of the imagery of Uranus, the legend of whose incoguito related to a poniard wound in the abdomen received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and posthumous photography. Meantime an unctuous orthoepist applied a homeopathic restorative to the retina of an objurgatory spaniel (named Daniel) and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth which had got mired in pygmean slough, while listening to the elegiac soughing of the prehistoric wind.—*Journal of Education.*

Stupid Teaching.

There is a vast amount of humbug in the system of common school education, and it is not strange that many parents are adopting the plan of having their children instructed by teachers at home, where they can carefully watch the child's training and see that what time is devoted to instruction is turned to account. A disgusted father writes to a Philadelphia journal saying that the other day he heard his little girl sobbing over a rule which she was trying to commit to memory, in the following words to-wit:

"Rule for short division, rule dash me write the divisor at the left of the dividend, semicolon, begin at the left hand, comma, and write the quotient beneath, period. Paragraph. 2. If there is a remainder after any division, comma, regard it as prefixed to the next figure, comma, and divide as before, period. If any partial dividend is less than the divisor, comma, prefix it to the next figure, comma, and write a cipher in the quotient, period. Paragraph proof period dash, multiply the quotient by the divisor, comma, and add the remainder, comma, if any, comma, to the product, period."

After reading these painfully idiotic paragraphs the amazed parent made inquiry and found that the pupils—children under ten—were required to study rules in this way in order that they might be able to write them out and "point" them, not correctly, but according to the book.

"I also found," he adds, "that if a comma was left out, though the sense remained unchanged, the pupil suffered as much in loss of marks as though she had committed a vital blunder. Thanks to home instruction, my little girl understands the rules of arithmetic, but she cannot learn them by rote in this parrot fashion, and suffers accordingly. Can we have nothing done in this matter to relieve our children from utterly useless memorizing, that leaves them at the end of a few years with weakened minds and no taste for study? I got a letter the other day from a man who had graduated from a university. He could neither write nor spell correctly (spelling goes 'gose'), and yet at school, a few years ago, he could glibly recite all the rules of grammar, and was by no means an indifferent pupil."

A Sensation in the Woods.

Mr. George Howard tells the following snake story: He says he was hunting in the swamp for squirrels, and that, as he was walking along, his attention was called to a tree where two or three squirrels were making a terrible noise. Thinking he would get a shot he crept to the tree, and, on the limb, he noticed a large snake, and just as he came near the tree the snake fell to the ground, tightly wrapped around a squirrel, which it soon swallowed. He says the other squirrels were so terror-stricken that they came running down the tree and jumping on trees, at the same time making a noise that was an entreaty for help. He killed the snake, which was about eight feet long, and the other two squirrels, and proceeded on his hunt.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—"Did your uncle leave you anything in his will, Thomas?" "Oh, yes," said Thomas, cheerfully, "he left me out."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Czar is a regular church-goer and very fond of sacred music. He maintains two fine choirs at Peterhof.

—It is estimated that the thirty-three missionary societies at work in Africa have secured upward of 30,000 converts.

—The Methodist Episcopal Board of Education received last year $9,256, and aided about 100 students who are preparing for the ministry.

—By a vote of the Baptist Deacons at Mendocia, Ind., a figure of Venus which had been embroidered on a screen by the pastor's daughter was declared unfit to be sold at the church fair.

—The Tennessee Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church reports thirty-four clergy, thirty-two parishes, and 2,738 communicants. The confirmations during the year were 281.

—The American Unitarian Association has taken steps to have a new commentary on the Old and New Testaments prepared. It has also appointed a missionary to labor among the Scandinavians of the West.

—London last year provided additional school accommodations for 25,000 children and now instructs at the board schools and at the voluntary schools over 500,000 pupils. Last year the cost per capita was $3.18.

—The number of Baptist associations in Alabama is fifty-five, with 1,435 churches and 76,000 members. Besides these are the colored churches, with 90,000 members, making a grand total of 166,000 Baptists in the State.

—Mr. Robert A. Barnes, of St. Louis, has presented the Trustees of the Central Methodist College at Fayette, Howard County, with the handsome sum of $25,000. The college will show its appreciation by founding the Robert A. Barnes Professorship.

—A Canadian parson undertook to break up the good old custom of sleeping in church by summoning the drowsy worshipers before a magistrate on a charge of interrupting divine service. But His Honor only dismissed the case, with an order to each party to pay its own costs.

—A number of Chicago men, including a Jewish rabbi, a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church and the pastor of a Unitarian society, have addressed a petition to the Board of Education asking that the first forty minutes in each school day be devoted to instruction in unsectarian ethics and psycology.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Beats all—Tramps.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—Alexander H. Stephens says he weighs ninety-four pounds, but that is too thin.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Read the weather predictions carefully every morning and always take your umbrella out with you. Somebody may want to borrow it!—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Ambitious youth: What is a good preparation for becoming a poet? Crawling through a threshing machine. We may get this young man into trouble by this advice, but we give it as a sacred duty to humanity.—*Boston Post.*

—This is the season of the year when the mince pie comes to town, and the citizen comes down town after dinner trying to pry a raisin seed out of a hollow tooth with a buckskin mitten, and he stops in the drug store and orders another box of those powders for indigestion.—*Peck's Sun.*

—From the personal column of a New York paper we learn that a great many women are traveling around lecturing this season. We know a woman who lectures without traveling around. We had the sad pleasure of listening to one of her strongest efforts a few nights ago, on our return (one p. m.) from the theater.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is printed as a rather remarkable fact that "Washington's body servant" was not at the Yorktown Centennial. His absence will not appear so strange when it is explained that the old man was down in Texas cutting seventeen cords of wood on that day. He wanted to come, but business is business, and the wood had to be cut.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Did you ever See a Bugaboo? Ask Mamma to Blow out the Light to-night after you Go to Bed and Let you See a Bugaboo. It has a Big Voice like a Bear, and its Claws are as Long as a Knife. It will Bite Good little Children and Run off with them to the Cold Dark Woods where they Can never See Mamma any More. If you are Good Beware of Bugaboos.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—His cuffs came down to his knuckles, the parting of his hair was central, his coat was six-buttoned, his trousers were lean and his voice was languid, as he applied for an appointment. "Aw, is there any vacancy in this department?" he asked. And the old man looked at him pityingly, as it were, and softly patting the youth's noble brow, said, "Yes, yes, I think there is. Go out into the wide, wide world, my son, and try to fill it before the commissioners run you in." And the young man turned longingly away, and went, but he can't understand to this day why, if there was a vacancy he didn't get it.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Beautiful Experiment.

A pretty experiment has been recently described by the well-known Belgian physicist, M. Plateau. He bends fine iron wire so as to present the contour of a flower of six petals. The central ring to which the petals are attached is supported on a forking stem, which is stuck in a piece of wood. After oxidizing the wire slightly with weak nitric acid the flower is dipped in glycerie liquid so as to receive films in the petals and the central part. It is then turned up, placed on a table near a window and covered with a bell jar. For a little at first it appears colorless, but soon a striking play of colors commences. In the experiment M. Plateau describes, the flower continued showing modifications of color for ten hours, when dusk stopped observation. Next morning several petals had burst. The liquid used was of a very mediocre quality. M. Plateau recommends preparation of the liquid thus: Dissolve a fresh piece of Marseilles soap, cut up into small pieces, in forty parts by weight of hot distilled water. Filter after cooling and mix thoroughly three volumes of the solution with two of glycerine. The solution should be left at rest till all air bubbles are gone.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The trees are waving giant's arms—gaunt, naked, bare of leaves,
Like gloomy ghosts, and spirit forms of other New Year's eves—
That came and went, and lived along their brief and changeful day,
To die like all things of earth, and softly pass away.

And now the clock with solemn tick boats out the dying year,
Another season's footstep sounds, another form is near—
As through the clear and frosty air a solemn tolling bell
Rings out with brazen voice and boats the season's funeral knell.

The earth with sympathetic scene seems frosty, old and gray,
As trees like giant mourning forms their hoary summits sway,
While wild winds moan like anguished ghosts in solemn tones o'erhead,
And nntures heart in sympathy seems hard, and cold, and dead.

On yonder hill where silver rays of icy moonlight beam,
And scores of pallid marble stones in ghastly whiteness gleam:
Beneath the snow drifts thousands there are sleeping side by side,
Who watched the flight of other years and with them drooped and died.

No home but watched a loved one leave and some time softly go
To join the sleepy multitude who rest beneath the snow,
And each New Year there seems to ring from out the wailing blast
A voice to warn the listening lives that this may be the last.

As all the deeds of other days pass on in swift review,
The good, the bad, the known, and those that no one ever knew:
The secret thought of good or ill, the joys, the sighs, the tears,
With all the cherished plans of life that perished with the years.

But though the evil spirits rise from out the painful past,
And somber memories of ill that crowd on us thick and fast,
The clouds that rise above them all are silver fringed with light—
And mercy's stars shine overhead with memories brave and bright.

'Mid all the weary paths of pain there shone love's guiding star,
And lights of life through clouds of gloom were twinkling from afar;
Bright angel hands were leading on when all was drear and dark,
And over wrong there rose a song as sweet as lay of lark.

So rich and poor, with bounding youth, and weak and trembling age,
Find gems of love engraven deep on memory's checkered page;
And through the darkened woof of life that meets us from the past
The silver warp is woven in, and will be to the last.

Then let us watch the seasons leave without a coward's fear,
And greet with open hand and heart each swiftly coming year;
Regarding evil deeds of old with justly keen regret,
But knowing well that golden days are waiting for us yet.

Be kind and earnest while we may, brave, honest just and true,
Nor care that treasures of the past must yield unto the new;
For mercy's garment's Father Time's swift moving limbs enfold,
And they who strew his path with flowers shall reap a hundred fold.

—*N. Y. Post.*

WHAT SHE FOUND.

Isadore Stafford was a woman to be envied. Why not? Rich, a widow, and still young, or at least far from old, the wholeworld lay at her feet, and she had but to reach out her hand to grasp anything she wished; everything but happiness; that had eluded her and never seemed farther from her than on this Christmas Eve when we see her standing by her window tapping impatiently upon it with her exquisite fan. Isadore Stafford never forgot her fan. With it she toyed constantly, and those whoknew her best could tell from the movements of the pretty thing just the state of its owner's mind. Her fans were as unique as herself, and I could no more describe them all than I could describe her moods and thoughts. Her favorites were a pure ivory, whose carvings were half an inch in thickness, and executed by Italy's finest soulptor; a jet black, at whose edge swayed to and fro in the nir frail lilies-of-the-valley, and one of gold, set witb small turquoise stones in hoathenish designs—but I am not telling tbe story of her toys, but of tbe woman herself, as she stood that wintry day amid her luxurious surroundings, watching the lazy snowflakes fall on the passers-by.

"Yes, the old year is aluost gone and the New Year will soon be here. Why am I not happy? Who can tell? I simply know I am not, and for once refuse to have my house thrown open to hundreds of guests on New Year's day, wbo bow themselves in and out with their senseless words, "I wish you a Happy New Year."

This woman, envied by all who knew her, was, nevertheless, to pe pitied. The world had proved to her, as to many another, a golden apple of Sodom, outwardly brilliant and desirable, but within, ashes. She had never known poverty, never been compelled to toil, never even soiled her tiny hands with work; but she had missed also the mental discipline that results from these, and the love of parents and brothers and sisters—even the love tbat woman has a right to expect when she marries, for hers had been little more than a business arrangement, made and urged by her guardian, lest she should fall into tbe hands of fortune-hunters, and when the shackles were broken by death the sense of relief was so sweet that no thought of marriage had since ever entered her mind. Of course she had been sought; and persistently, but with a charming firmness she kept ber lovers her friends by the "no" she uttered, and lived the years that came and went, as others weary-hearted have done.

Once only, and that in her school-girl days, had she known the thrill of happiness; but this was now so far away, so faint in her memory, had flashed across her life so suddenly and then vanished forever, that it now seemed a mere dream of her brain. Again she looked from the window. The flakes were falling more rapidly; great, soft flakes, that tempted one to raise the face to feel the winged things brnsh against it, and children, wild with delight that Christmas was so near, laughed and shouted and danced as if they were one with the snow-storm.

"Thirty-two! Life half gone and all spent in a chase after what does not exist. I'll make a vow on this Christmas Eve, and if I fail to keep it may its ghost rise up to condemn me. From this day no thonght of happiness shall enter my mind. It shall be banished with the fairies and hob-goblins I believed in when a child—and is quite as mythical as they."

At this moment her eves fell on a couple of wretched creatures, barely covered with rags that fluttered in the storm like flags of distress, as shivering hands found their way from their folds to beg of passers-by a coin.

"There, Isadore Stafford! What have you to say now of unhappiness or misery, as long as such people exist in the world? Thirty years! Ten times thirty are three hundred. If I should live thirty years longer I could at least lift three hundred souls from beastliness to humanity, from suffering to comfort. I'll try it! The idea is a new one and pleases me. Who knows but life will be interesting to me after all? How strange if, after traveling tbe world over to find novelty, I should find my first New Year at home?"

The inspiration took thorough possession of her, and ordering her carriage she hastily dressed for the street.

"To St. Luke's, John."

One would tbink she had often been here to have seen her run up tbe steps and ring the bell, but the matron did not seem to recognize her and stood in an expectant attitude to hear what her errand might be.

"Are your beds all filled?" asked the stranger.

"We are over-crowded, madam, and have been forced to decline some pitiful patients for lack of room."

"And what has been done with them?"

"Nothing, I fear."

"Could you get nurses for them if comfortable beds were provided?"

"O, yes, indeed!"

"And how soon could the children be moved?"

"To-morrow."

"I have come on a singular mission to-night, which I trust you can help me to fulfill. A wealthy lady whom I know has taken the whim into her bead of opening her house on Christmas to some suffering children. She does not wish her name to be known in the matter, but desired me to see if you could direct her to half a dozen children that are absolutely suffering for care and comfort, or, better still, send nurses and children to her house to-morrow. She will keep them until benefited or you can find room for them here. There will be a lady in charge to see that nothing will be needed."

"I should not call it a whim but a most Christ-like act. I wish all who have wealth would do likewise, and I can promise you nurses and children to-morrow."

"Tbanks! She will be delighted. You will also send your physician?"

"Of course."

"To-morrow, then, at ———, Lexington Avenue," and bowing, she passed out into the shadows, jubilant over her success.

"Home, John."

As she rested among the robes she murmured, "I felt guilty to hear that good woman say, 'Christ-like,' when it was merely a whim for novelty, but already I am enjoying the plan immeusely. Everything works like a charm. The world is passing away. Already the new is dawning. What a blessed inspiration! Who knows but that somewhere in the universe I shall find, if not happiness, real blessedness?"

"Is she in her right mind, do you think, Mary?" asked Alice, Mrs. Stafford's maid, of the waitress when the house was electrified by her plans.

"And that's what I've been wondering to myself—since I see the change in her manner. Don't I remember going into her room that very day before she went out into the storm, and seeing her sittiug in her great crimson chair, with her hands crossed and her eyes having that far-away look that is never good for mortals to have. I see, of course, she did not wish anything, and tbought I would go down and have a few words with my cousin nbout receiving calls, and when I came back she was gone—and you know how we fretted abont her for two mortal hours. At last she eame back, and her face shone as if she had been talking with angels, and taking me off by herself she told me to make everything ready in all the spare rooms, for company, and to put up an extra bed in the largest. Of course I supposed she was going to astonish her friends by some elegant entertainment, but when I hinted at this she said: "O, no! It is better than that, Mary. Entertainments make heart-aches, and this is to make happiness. I am going to keep the holidays in a new way. Perhaps the New Year will be really a New Year. You see that sounded very strange. What could New Year's be but New Year's anyhow? When she told me it was cripples and children from the hospital who were coming, I knew for certain she must be a little out of her mlnd, but she looked so beautiful and bright I had not the heart to oppose her. Something has happened to her, as sure as I'm a sensible girl."

Not only were Alice and Mary, but every domestic in the bouse was convinced that their mistress would soon be an inmate of a lunatic asylum wben they saw not one or two, but half a dozen, pale-faced cripples brought into the house and placed in the elegant rooms that had hitherto been devoted to the great and honored among her guests. Not a thing was allowed to be changed in these rooms. Delicate ornaments, statuettes, pictures, books, all remained as before, and under the elegant counterpanes and blankets lay wistful-eyed, suffering children, who almost forgot their pain in the beautiful world where they found themselves. Nurses cared for them, and in and ont moved Isadore Stafford, dressed in a plain black dress and white cap, not unlike a Sister of Mercy. Every eye brightened when she came in sight with her beautiful face, and as she passed from room to room, smoothing a pillow here, or patting a cheek there, the little visitors, as she called them, drew a long breath and believed that they had already reached heaven and an angel had ministered unto them.

Among these children was one toward whom Mrs. Stafford felt particularly attracted—a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten years of age, with great brown, luminous eyes, and a mass of golden-brown curls clustering over his head. He told her his name was Arthur Cleveland; that he had no parents—no one in all the world, but Kitty. Kitty was his sister, and was a little thing, whom he was drawing in his little wagon the day on which he had been hurt by the runaway horses. "O ma'am! just think if it had been Kitty! I should have died—for she's all I have in the world."

"And where is she now, Arthur?"

"I have not seen her since. A woman took her home and will take care of her till I get well. When will my back get well?"

"Pretty soon—I hope. Would you like to see her?"

"His eyes were all the answer she needed, and before night little Kitty was playing on his bed, and a crib near by told that she was a fixture, also. She was not handsome like her brother, but winsome and attractive, with such cunning baby ways that, Mrs. Stafford, who had never seen much of baby life, thought her a miracle of smartness.

The servants had been forced to believe their mistress no longer insane, but merely giving way to one of those freaks which they had become accustomed to, though as Bridget, the cook, said: "Who would ever imagine she'd be guilty of turning this elegant house into a hospital full of cripples and nurses and the like?"

"Well, if it's her way of being happy, I am sure we need not object. It's all the better for us, for if these children were not here the house 'ud be thrown open to hundreds of gentlemen New Year's Day, and then we would have to be in all day," said Alice. "I, for one, am mighty glad she's amused herself in this way, for I want to see my friends at my cousin's."

During these days Mrs. Stafford had not seen the physician, who came and went at regular hours, and who could not quite understand why his little patients were inmates of one of the palaces of the city. The night before New Year's at last came, cold and stormy. Mrs. Stafford had been out all day, ordering flowers and fruits and all sorts of gifts for her guests, and only returned home when the gas was lighted in the streets. Running up to her room to remove her wraps, her cheeks aglow with happiness and health, she went to her pet's room, and found, not Arthur and Kitty and the nurse merely, but a tall, heavily-bearded man, who stood in the center of the room, tossing Kitty like a ball in the air. Such crowing and laughing from Kitty! such joy and clapping of hands from Arthur! Mrs. Stafford stood for a moment unseen and unnoticed enjoying the scene, and feeling more genuine happiness than she had known in many a year. Suddenly Kitty turned and saw her, and reaching out her hands to be taken, sprang from the Doctor's into the arms of Isadore Stafford, utterly regardless of the fact that she was queen of society. To Kitty she was a beautiful woman, with a loving heart, or perhaps she was merely the personification of comfort. Cuddling close to her guardian, she turned to look at tbe doctor and play coquette with him, as babies have done since the days of Cain. Mrs. Stafford also looked up—and bowed. He stood transfixed.

"Is it possible, Isadore, that we meet thus—and over the gulf of years and changes, stand face to face once more? Little I thought that you were the Lady Bountiful who was ministering to my little patients the largest dose of health they could have had. Tell me of yourself."

"Come into the library. There is little to tell. You have followed your ideal, that is easy to see. I have lived a useless, tedious life without aim or profit. This freak that has brought you to my door was only a dream that led me to hope for happiness, by doing good to others. All selfish, you see."

"How beautiful you are, Isadore. How well all these elegant surroundings become you. It is well you did not marry me. A doctor's life has little luxury in it."

There was a tone of bitterness in his voice as he spoke, that for the moment blotted out all conventionalities of society, and almost defiantly she said in reply:

"Luxuries and happiness are not synonimous. I have never seen an hour's happiness since we parted until I brought these children here. You have had to work, have suffered weariness and exposure, but have no doubt had a happy home to come to when the day was gone."

"Did you suppose I would marry? Did you fancy I was like a woman?—Ready to vow to love and honor, when I knew it was a lie?" he answered still more bitterly. "It is true I have been happy, but it has been in the line of my duty—at least I have not been miserable. My home has been wherever sickness and suffering call me, and tbe years have passed quickly because so full of cares."

"Poor Allen! Mine has been infinitely worse. I have done no good—and the years have dragged their slow length along, each more tedious than the last."

And so the two talked over the years that had come and gone since they parted, until the clock on the mantel struck and reminded him tbat others were waiting for him to bring comfort and relief. With a long, kindly pressure of her hand he said "Good night," and shutting the door, left her alone. How the memories crowded. They came in at every door and hung about every picture and corner. They sang in her heart and danced in her eyes. They blotted out the present and in its place painted pictures of her school days. Beneath their power life had suddenly become a beautiful thing and every hour a blessing.

"Of all strange things that ever happened this is the strangest," said a society belle to the young gentleman at her side a day or two after Easter.

"Isadore Stafford married. The heavens must be going to fall. I should as soon expect to hear of Mother Mary Angelus being married, for, surely, she is more agreeable to gentlemen than this cold, elegant creature, that has lived so long among us, and has never cared for any one."

"The fact of her being married is not as strange as the way it was done, according to my notion. I believe in Cupid; that any veteran he aims at will fall. I always thought she'd find her fate sometime. Those proud icebergs always do; but I never thought she'd marry a doctor and turn into a Sister of Charity. To think of the men she has refused!"

"They say he was an old friend, and some one told me he was her first lover. If so that accounts for everything. Her maid told my friend, Miss Seer's waiter, that it was the strangest ceremony ever seen in New York. You know she did not receive New Year's, and every one was disappointed because it had been a favorite house for callers? Well, I happen to know what was going on behind those closed blinds, while hundreds of elegant gentlemen were dropping their cards in her basket. Shall I tell you about it? You will scarce believe me when I tell you that her parlors were as brilliantly lighted, and beautifully decorated as if she was to sit in them, dressed by Worth, and adored by the multitude, and all for what? For a few hospital children to enjoy. They were brought down into the parlors to receive their gifts, and then they were served in the dining room to a regular swell dinner. Of course the doctor was there, and they say she looked as happy as a girl. She had only met him the night before for the first time since she was a girl. There must be a vein of romance in her nature or she would never have taken such a freak into her head. Well-bred people should never have freaks."

"Yet this must have done a great deal of good. Think of the blessing to those wretched children. I never thought she seemed happy in society."

"It must have been her own fault, then. Worth as much as she is, I think I could manage to be happy," replied the fashionable young lady.

"You prefer money to friends, then?"

"It's our best friend, I think."

"I fancy as Mrs. Stafford she found life rather lonely," was the persistent rejoinder of the young gentleman. "I hope she'll be happy."

"Never fear. Late love marriages are always happy," replied the belle.

"And she was married on Easter?"

"Yes, quietly in church, and has begun her new life by adoptiug a little boy and girl who were her guests. I wonder if she'll give up fashionable life and we shall lose her nobby entertainments. I think it will be horrid if she does."

Mrs. Dr. Campbell did not forget her society friends; but, after a time, gave a grand reception to which all were invited, after which she devoted herself to her home and the wretched and suffering, until, not ten a year, but double that number, were lifted into a new world by the power of her woman's heart.

"When I gave up seeking happiness, I found it—and blessedness also," she said.—*Chicago Advance.*

Japanese Standards of Honesty.

You have dealt with a certain tradesman for years and found him scrupulously upright. Never once has he failed to point out defects, however trivial, in the goods he sells you, nor ever hesitated to take back anything that falls short of the quality described. Yet your friend goes, as a stranger, to the same merchaut, and is not only grievously overcharged, but otherwise palpably victimized. With us such conduct could only receive one epithet. In Japan nobody would be more surprised than the offending merchant if you called him dishonest. He refers his conduct to the simplest possible principles. Different merchants, he says, have different standards of profit. Some are content with five per cent, some consider ten a minimum, and some look for twenty or thirty, but none acknowledge any limit save occasion. Let only opportunity be favorable, and even your western trader will pocket his cent per cent. without flinching. Did you never, he will probably add, did you never, in your early days of intercourse with the Orient, purchase for a string of cash goods that you knew to be worth as many pieces of silver? Were you then acting dishonestly? You think not, and so do I; for you gave the owner of the goods the full local value of his merchandise, perhaps more, and your heavy gains were the product of your own superior shrewdness or business experience, whichever men please to call it. That shrewdness is a property, valuable, but not always marketable, and to invest it at the highest possible rate of interest is, according to my creed, a legitimate business. When, therefore, a foreigner and stranger visits my store, and shows that he understands neither the value nor the quality of the articles he sees, I should be defrauding not only my own shrewdness, but also the experience of those who are better informed, did I sell him my goods on the most favorable terms. I respect honesty no less than you do, but the range of my obligation is wider. I owe a duty to my own acquirements, and I owe duties, variously imperative to the capacities of my customers. When you bid me treat them all alike you remove the premium that properly belongs to the higher standards of mercantile ability, whether possessed by the buyer or the seller. Thus you will find—to revert to our crafty tradesman—that there will be no hesitation afterward about confessing the deception practiced upon the foreign stranger. You yourself before you became an intimate were similarly treated, but your subsequent remonstrances elicited an apology only for the want of courtesy to you personally, not at all for the violation of an abstract principle. To practice integrity for its own sake was a luxury confined to the gentleman of old Japan. His position made him superior to all those calculations of pecuniary expediency that found a place in the merchant's moral ledger. His word was as good as his bond, and his vocabulary included no more opprobrious epithet than "tradesman-like." But if this was among the distinguishing attributes of his station we might reasonably conclude that his example would beget imitators in the social stratum next below his own. And so it was. Beyond all question there have been and are many merchants in Japan whose business conduct satisfies the strictest standard of probity ever set up by any society. The balance of experience tends, however, to show that these are to be regarded rather as exceptional than typical. In most cases the influences of environment, opportunity and expediency seem to be more powerful than the attractions of principle.—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

—"Yes," exclaimed Brown, "you always find me with a pen in my hand. I'm a regular penholder, my boy." "Let's see," said Fogg, amusingly, "a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it?"

Texas' Painted Caves.

Mr. J. Van Wie informs the reporter that his grading forces on the Mexican extension of the Sunset Railway are now at Painted Cave, on Devil's River, or about two miles beyond. The work east of that point is very rough, but Mr. Van Wie has comparatively easy work for about half a mile west. There are three caves at this locality, all of which are painted, the figures of buffaloes, bears, Indians with bows and arrows in warlike attitudes, Indians mounted and on the chase, squaws, etc. The caves bave been tatooed entirely within, and many of these figures are still in a good state of preservation. This work was done by the red men in years long gone by, as tbe oldest white citizens remember these paintings, and say they look very much now as they appeared thirty and forty years ago, indicating the great age of the paintings. Mr. Van Wie has occupied one of these caves for kitchen and dining room purposes. It is about forty feet long and ten feet wide. It is approached by climbing a hill, when the cave is entered from the side of the hill. Its mouth is covered by clusters of vines pendant from the branches and boughs of a clump of hackberry trees. In tbe top of this cave is a hole, extending to the surface, through which Mr. Van Wie has run two stovepipes. Another eave still, its shape being round, and of capacity to hold seventy or eighty people, is used for storage purposes. The third eave opens in a solid rock bluff, being about six feet in diameter at the mouth, and extends backwards a distance of about 150 feet. This eave is to be used as a magazine, in which the powder for blasting purposes will be stored. Just below the caves the cliffs of the rock extend from twelve to fifteen feet, leaving a vacant space of about forty feet underneath them. Mr. Van Wie will locate his blacksmith shop under these cliffs to repair and sharpen tools and shoe horses and mules. This region, until withiu the past two or three years, was the wildest in the State, and the red man was its inhabitant. So it had been for all time past, so far as known. And this is another remarkable instance of how we Americans are progressing, even pushing our greatest agencies of progress through the very Gibraltar of the savage.—*San Antonio Express.*

Memory in Chess Playing.

Wonderful as are the feats of chess-players, who can work out a game or a series of games without seeing tbe board, there is nothing really remarkable in them. When once mastered, the trick is not only fairly easy of performance, but the fact that the process is purely mental rather facilitates than impedes the action of the mind. To the "blind-folded", chess player there is present a mental picture of the board with the pieces in position. He can change the position of the men as easily as be can think, and after he has once mastered the difficulty of fixing the mental fixture, it is distinctly before him. Some players, who do not in their common process of memory use picture phantoms, work out the moves as algebraical propositions are occasionally worked, by phantoms of sound; but, as a rule, chess players are mental-picture-readers, and can at pleasure call up any one of several pictures of boards as they last conceived them. The most difficult feat, and one which very few mental chess-players can accomplish; is to play two or three games simultaneously, the moves made by their opponents being told them in close sequence and their own moves being directed after all the reports of the proceedings of their opponents have been received. Thus, if there be several players against the one mental player, he must be told and remember what each of bis adversaries has done *before* he begins to give the instructions for his several counter-moves. In this exploit the most perfect development of the mental faculty of distinct picturing and the displacement and recall of mental pictures at will is exhibited. The prodigious difficulty of the feat can only be realized in the attempt to perform it. Even the expert blindfolded chess player can rarely succeed in accomplishing the performance we have attempted to describe.—*London Lancet.*

Railroad Building For 1882.

If the rapidity with which the actual building of railroads is the marvel of the time, the greater rapidity with which roads are mapped out, combined, estimated and surveyed is much more so. According to the plans thus far placed on record, nearly 16,000 miles of road are to be built in the course of the next fifteen months. North of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, and lying between the Atlantic coast and the Upper Mississippi, there are 4,791 miles; south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers there are 2,352 miles. Between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and north of tbe latitude of St. Louis, the number of miles is 4,063. Between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and south of the latitude of St. Louis, there are 4,140 miles. West of the Rocky Mountains the number of miles is 540. The grand total is thus 15,886 miles. In addition to the above there are projects for building railroads in Canada, in Mexico, and in Central America. Here is a field of railroad activity that to the unaccustomed view seems almost boundless. But, taking into account what is already in progress, and what the money has actually been subscribed for, we have but a small part of what is to be done by the end of the coming year.—*The Economist.*

—What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite deep and inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to come, too, and then you can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Shlash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—Severe winter weather began early this season at St. Petersburg and Vienna. Late in October Lake Ladoga was frozen over and the ice had spread into the Neva, completely closing it to steamboat traffic. All the canals were also frozen. Snow had fallen twice, and sledges were driven in great numbers by fashionable throngs up and down the Nevsky Prospect.

—A half dollar with a hole in it is not a whole half.—*New Haven Register.*

Attachments of Animals.

In his "Two Years in Victoria," Howitt gives an interesting account of the fondness displayed by an Australian stork for a man. This bird, known as the "companion," probably on account of his social habits, forms strong attachments for people. There was one at a store on the Bendigo, says Mr. Howitt, running about the diggings, and though often, apparently, in jeopardy from the huge dogs that hunted it, it would not go away. Its great attraction was a stockman, whom it followed about on his rounds. When he came out of his abode in the morning the bird began to leap and flap its wings and run round him, making the most extraordinary cries; it would then make great jumps, as high as the man's head, cutting the oddest figure with its long legs, its flapping wings and its gaping beak. The stockman would then say to it: "Come along, mate; let us go to the horses;" when it would leave off its caperings and cries and walk along soberly by his side. When the man went up to a horse on one side, the bird would go up to it on the other, to stop it; but if the horse offered to come toward it, it hopped away nimbly, and sought protection by the man. Wherever its human companion went, there was the bird to be seen, stalking along at his side. But the fiercest and apparently least tamable of beasts sometimes shows this unaccountable preference for man. An ancient author remarks that notwithstanding the many instances of such attachments which he had heard of, he declined to believe them, until he saw a lynx, that he had received from Africa, so affected towards one of his men that he could no longer doubt. "When my man was present," he remarks, "the beast would use many notable enticements and pleasant notions; and when he was going bold him back, and look after him when he was gone, very sad in his absence, but most joeund when he returned; and when my man went from me the beast expressed his love with continual sickness, and after some few days died."

An account of a cat which displays intense and unaccountable partiality for a certain boy in one of our great public schools was recently brought under our own notice. The boys of a particular ward, to the number of about thirty, sleep in a row of beds side by side. Every morning when it is about time to get up, the cat belonging to the ward finds its way to its favorite boy, who is not known to have done anything to propitiate it, jumps on to his bed, nestles down by his side, and purring and caressing, endeavors in every possible way to manifest its affection for him. One day, owing to some alteration of the beds, it jumped on the wrong one, and when the occupant attempted to stroke it, it became enraged, scratched him, and flew off to its favorite boy. Madame Helvetius had a cat which would not allow any one but its mistress to feed or caress it, and which never attempted to molest the birds which she kept. When its darling mistress died the poor animal was removed from the room; but the next morning it found its way back and was crying piteously. After the funeral it was missed, and ultimately was discovered on the grave, dead of grief.

In the "Biographia Hibernia," an affecting anecdote is told of such a friendship between a man and a wolf. A large tame wolf that had been brought up from a cub on board ship, was particularly attached to a certain Lieutenant. A violent storm overtook the vessel, and its destruction appeared certain. The poor animal was sensible of the danger, and whilst its howling was most piteous it could not be driven from the side of its friend. When the ship broke up, both the officer and the wolf got on to a mast, but were several times washed off, yet again and again, by helping each other, contrived to regain their frail hold. At last the man became benumbed, and so, although they had drifted to no great distance from the shore, finding that he was unable to support himself any longer he gave a farewell look and probably an endearing word to his vulpine friend, which loosened its hold on the mast, and clasping its fore-paws round its master's neck they sank together.

Party Names.

In the matter of partisan designations the English have been more sparing than most other Nations which enjoy political freedom. Till lately we have practically had only two parties, and in successive centuries they have changed their names from Cavalier and Roundhead to Tory and Whig, and then to Conservative and Liberal. Radical, and still more Home Ruler, are modern outgrowths. America has been more prolific in names, though, on the whole, as in England, there have habitually been, on the whole, only two great parties—namely the Whigs and the Federals, now rechristened Republicans and Democrats. But there have been many minor distinctions, such as Loco-focos, Know-Nothings, Copperheads, Hardshells and Softshells. It is, however, when we come to France, a country whose people are equally prone to revolutions and to systematic classifications, that we find party distinctions far more numerous. In the Chamber, for example, we have the Center and the Left Center, and the Pure Left and the Extreme Left; and so, of course, with the Right. Or, if we divide parties in another way, we have three distinct kinds of Monarchists and some half a dozen kinds of Republicans, for there is a kind of Republican who thinks Citizen Clemenceau rather a slow coach, and would prefer to see Citizeness Louise Michel at the head of affairs. But at first sight who would imagine that Germany, which some five and twenty years ago we regarded as a delightful dreamy Cloudland of beer and tobacco, music and philosophy—who would imagine that this once slow moving Germany even beats impulsive Gaul in the number of its political nicknames? At the recent election you might range yourself under at least ten distinct banners. You might be at your pleasure a National Liberal, a Secessionist, a Progressist, a Conservative, a Clerical, a Pole, a South German, a Protester, a Guelph and a Social Democrat. Of course this multiplicity of names is caused partly by the still unrepaired breach between Prince Bismarck and the Vatican, but still more by the fact that German unity is even now a very new thing. The cement has not yet had time to "set."—*London Graphic.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1881.

The Governor has appointed Dr. E. H. Bartlett, of Garrett county, a member of the State Board of Education vice P. A. Witmer, resigned.

The New York *Sun* says that if the Democracy of that city do not soon cease their wrangling, it will not be long before the Republicans will get the upper hand and convert the city into a Republican stronghold.

A lawyer, long skilled in watching juries, who has been present throughout the Guiteau trial, predicts that the jury will convict. He says that from his study, of their faces he thinks that for a time after the trial began they were nearly equally divided. He now thinks they are a unit, and would find a verdict of guilty if the case should close any day.

The freight steamer West Point, of the York River line, was blown up Monday noon at her wharf at West Point, Va., by a terrible explosion in her hold. Nineteen persons were killed, among them Adam Jasper, the colored fireman from Baltimore, and a mess boy from Baltimore. The others killed were colored stevedores from West Point, Richmond and City Point. First officer Geoghegan and Quartermaster Bohannen, of Baltimore, were badly burned. The vessel was completely destroyed.

The measure (a new registration law), to be above the suspicion of partisan bias and unfairness, ought to originate with the minority party in the General Assembly. This minority could not, of course, expect that a measure coming from their side of the house, and which must be passed upon by an antagonistic majority, would prevail unless it were formulated with absolute fairness in a political sense, and in such detail as to meet all the requirements of thoroughness and effectiveness and unambiguity of construction demanded by the exigencies of the times.—*Belair Times, Rep.*

A Richmond (Va.) Democratic paper, *The State*, is quoted as saying that "the Republican party has Free Traders, but it is largely composed of Protectionists, and its policy is thoroughly protective. The Democratic party, on the other hand, has Protectionists, but it is largely composed of Free Treaders, and its policy is thoroughly free trade." A single sentence more would have added to the force of this statement without detracting from its truthfulness; and, if properly constructed, it would read thus: "When the question of the tariff is involved the Free Trade Republicans vote with their party on general principles, while the Democratic Protectionists vote with the Republicans because of their protective policy." We should have supposed that the demonstrations of the last Presidential election had taught the Democratic leaders at least that much sense. Thousands of Democrats in New York helped to swell Garfield's majority solely because of the attitude of the Republican party on the tariff question. That issue gave the Republicans Indiana and Connecticut, and but for the Morey letter forgery the same party would have carried California and New Jersey.

A rumor has been circulated in Baltimore and other cities connecting Mr. Robert Garrett with a new projected newspaper (the *Times*) as one of its owners. This rumor is untrue. Although Mr. Garrett would like to see as many new enterprises started in this city as can be, he is not, directly or indirectly, connected with this particular project. One of the reasons, with others, is that his labors are directed in an entirely different channel. On the same authority, it is declared that Mr. Garrett, as a representative of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, says that it needs no organ, and that the entire press of the city is, and has been, quite ready at all times to recognize the fact that the interests of that road are so largely identified with the interests of the city that it will do the road justice on all occasions.—*Balto. American.*

Mormonism Must go.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax has written a letter to the Chicago *Advance*, in which he makes a number of suggestions, which he thinks, if adopted, will lead to the suppression of polygamy in Utah. He says:

"1. Juries should be empaneled by the United States Marshal of Utah exactly as in other territories and States, from law-abiding citizens only. How few of the readers of this article know that by a most unwise law, enacted under our unwise "conciliatory" policy, the Mormon officials select, in Utah, half the names from whom the United States jurors are to be drawn! As well expect to put down gambling by allowing gamblers to select half the jurors who are to try them for their offences!

"2. Without any reference to the general question of female suffrage, in communities where what President Arthur justly calls this 'barbarous system' does not prevail, the Mormons of Utah should not be allowed to vote their submissive bareens by the wholesale in favor of polygamy at either congressional or territorial elections. Nor should these surplus wives be allowed to claim land as 'the head of a family,' to help enrich their husband, a right denied to legal wives anywhere—both cases holding out a premium in power and in possessions to polygamy as against law-abiding citizens.

"3. The right of dower, which has been abolished by the Utah legislature (so as to render a polygamous wife slavishly dependent on the husband's favor for any share of his property after his death for herself or her children), should be re-enacted by national legislation, and carefully guarded for the legal wife, who, in polygamy, is never the favorite, as a general rule, This would greatly discourage women from marrying a polygamist.

"4. The District of Columbia had for years a territorial legislature. Congress, however, by the assent of both parties, believed such a body could be dispensed with there, and it is now governed by three commissioners under the supervision of the direct legislation of Congress. Every member of the Utah legislature, whose per diem and expenses are paid for out of the national treasury, holds the national law in utter contempt, and nearly, if not quite all, of them are practical polygamists. Why not try there exactly the same experiment being tested now in the District of Columbia—namely; abolish the legislature, saving all its expense to the treasury, and have, instead, a board of governing commissioners, under the supervision of the National Congress. The constitutional power is the same in both regions. The need for its exercise is far greater West than East. In this way only can the Union of Church and State in the legislature be effectively abolished.

"5. Enact that as Utah is confessedly exceptional in its outspoken determination to defy the national law, no citizens thereof shall enjoy the benefit of the land, patent, or naturalization laws, unless they declare under oath that they have not violated any law of the land, and specifically the law that is so contemptously trampled under foot in that territory; and this should also be subject to disproval by competent evidence. The exceptional crime and the wilful criminals should be banned by exceptional law.

"6. Heed the Gentile appeal from Utah that the open living in polygamy should be the crime punished rather than the ceremony, which is guarded by secret and oath-bound ceremonies of the Endowment Houses, which the leaders refuse to testify about in court.

"7. I do not underrate the value of the suggestion that in the territories a woman married to a bigamist should be a legal witness against him on his trial. There is the same justice in this as in allowing a woman, imposed on by a mock marriage, to testify. But this would be more effective after, rather than before, the legislation suggested above.

"But by itself this seventh proposition would be of little avail. Beguiled, induced, almost forced by the public opinion there, and by the increased happiness in heaven promised by their creed, the women, debased by this relation, must needs justify and eulogize it thereafter, or else proclaim themselves and their children dishonored.

"Now is the golden hour of opportunity and of power, too. Congress, by fearless, direct legislation, can cleanse the territory from this barbaric institution, which degrades woman, defies your national law, scouts at your national judiciary, mocks at your national authority, stains your national escutcheon, and revile all who lift their voices against it. No matter what may be one's politics—Republican, Democrat or Greenback—Northern or Southern by residence, Eeastern or Western—this is a question outside of party, and indeed, higher than party. Strike at it with bold, vigorous legislation; with prohibition that *will* prohibit; and when the leaders realize that the nation is in earnest, and has stirred itself in righteous wrath, the beginning of the end will be here, and the institution will tumble into ruin and disgrace."

State Politics.

[From the Baltimore Sunday American.]

The projects of the Hamilton men have been heretofore set forth, but they have assumed definite shape since the publication of the last program. The Governor will use all the means at his disposal to elect Mr. Thomas J. McCosker as speaker of the House, and also the other officers, including the treasurer, to be voted for at the next session of the legislature. The O. L. D.'s have decided upon John S. Gittings, as candidate for state treasurer, but the latter is not at present disposed to become a candidate. Mayor Whyte's advice to his friends to go into a caucus on the organization, and his declaration that Mr. Compton is almost sure of an election—published in last Sunday's *American*—was a great disappointment to many who expected the ex-Senator's assistance in the fight against the caucus and the managers. Mr. McCosker's experience may be not unlike that of many others. The Independent candidate for the speakership did not know what to make of the ex-Senator's position, and early Monday morning made a visit to the City Hall to see what it all meant. He found that Mayor Whyte had not changed his opinion since his conversation with the *American* representative, and Mr. McCosker, shocked and annoyed that the ex-Sexator, whose friend he had always been, should have turned his back upon him when he most needed his help, left the Mayor's office chagrined and disappointed, but more earnest than ever to make the fight for the sheakership. After this interview Mr. McCosker did not hesitate to say that he and the Mayor were political friends no longer—so far, at least, as the present contest is concerned. But amidst these adverse circumstances the Hamilton men say that they are in for the fight. They will make war on caucus, and prefer to be beaten in a square and open battle than to abandon the contest. It is the intention of the Hamiltonians to hold the election of a treasurer and police commissioner about the middle of February, one week or so before the appointments are sent to the Senate, and to reward those who will vote for the Hamilton men for these two offices. This will more than probably force the managers to call a caucus for the nomination of a treasurer and police commissioner early during the session, so as to bind the members and prevent any backsliking when Governor Hamilton's friends come around with offers of tempting offices. But Governor Hamilton's program and Mr. McCosker's declaration that he will be a candidate for the speakership have produced excitement among the men who hold office under the Governor. These persons want to be on the safe side, but they know that Governor Hamilton is now inflexible, and they see that the only way for them to retain their places is to get their members of the legislature to vote for the Governor's candidates for the various offices. What makes their embarrassment the greater is that most of the offices are held by men who have belonged to the anti-Hamilton ring of the Democratic party. Rumors are current that the Senate will reject all the Hamilton men sent down by the Governor, but that is the invention of some interested party, for that body is so evenly balanced that such action is not so easy as it was last session; and, furthermore, if they do reject one nomination, Governor Hamilton can continue sending down the names of his friends until the list is exhausted. It remains to be seen whether that traditionally dignified body will engage in such an unseemly contest. The Governor's motto is: "None but Hamilton men need apply."

The managers have prepared their slate, and do not think that it is in the power of Governor Hamilton to disarrange their schemes. On former occasions, some slates, prepared with due care, have been so badly smashed to pieces that they would not hear mending. George Hawkins Williams is their candidate for president of the Senate, and Eugene Higgins for secretary of that body. Otis Kellholtz is their candidate for speaker Milton Y. Kidd for chief cerk, and Dr. W. H. Cole for reading clerk. There will be no opposition to these gentlemen in caucus. Thomas J. Moor, who has been mentioned for reading clerk, in order to conciliate some of Mr. Whyte's friends, will be given the position of sergeat at arms of the House, or another office that pays as much as the clerkship, without its labors. It was found that it would not do to throw Dr. Cole overboard and substitute Moore for him, because the former has been very useful while occupying this office at former sessions. It is a question whether the Hamilton men have not begun their contest for the organization too late to be sure of success; but Mr. McCosker can lose nothing by being a candidate for the sheakership. If defeated, he will be the leader of the opposition in the House, and that is often a greater distinction than the speakership. It will be a much easier task, after the House is organized, for the Hamilton men to make a contest for the treasurership. The regulars are for Mr. Barnes Compton, first, last and all the time. What the Republicans will do is a matter for conjecture, but their plans will develop soon after the opening of the session.

The Wheeling *Register* of last week gives conspicuous place to an announcement that Senator Davis, of West Virginia, will not be a candidate for re-election when his term expires in about two years from now. According to the statement the editor says:

Senator Davis stated to the writer that his private business had assumed such proportions as to require a great deal of attention, and that new enterprises, with which he is prominently connected, will soon become more and more exacting upon him, and that it might become difficult for him to do full justice to those associated with him in these enterprises, and at the same time do his full duty to his State and country in the Senate. He should therefore, decline to be a candidate for re-election.

At the close of this term Mr. Davis will have served the people in this capacity twetve years. These have been twelve years of labor, of anxious desire to do his duty faithfully and well as he understood it; of earnest endeavor to elevate his State in the estimation of the country, to induce capitalists to investigate its wonderful wealth, and to enlist them in enterprise for its development. All persons who know Senator Davis will concede his great activity of mind and wonderful capacity for labor. Those who have critically watched his course in the Senate will testify to his carful and intelligent attention to his public duties, and his courteous efforts to serve his constituents, without regard to their politics or position. When he steps from his official station on the 4th day of March, 1883, he will receive from his constituents the well-earned plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The project for a tariff Commission is fast maturing in Congress. Mr. Morrill's plan for a Commission of nine members to be appointed by the President from civil life has been adopted by the Senate Finance Committee in preference to Mr. Garland's, which contemplates a mixed body composed of three members of the House, three of the Senate, and three from unofficial life to be chosen by the six. The general idea of an unprejudiced and disinterested Commission to go carefully over the tariff schedules, gather information as to the effect of each duty on industry and trade, and report their conclusions to Congress, is received with a good deal of favor by the country at large. Congress may be expected to give it shape and effact, for two reasons—first, the idea has evident merit and popularity; and second, its adoption will put off for a year at least a general discussion of the tariff question in its theoretical and practical aspects, for which most members are ill prepared. With the exception of a few dogmatists who are always ready to prance about on their hobbies, the members of both houses would be glad to delay the arduous work of tariff revision until they are much better informed than they feel themselves to be at present. We therefore look for the passage of some Commission bill at an early period in the session.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Missouri, despite the lawlessness which prevails in some sections of the State, is receiving an immense influx of immigrants. During the past year the number of immigrants to Missouri who came under the notice of the State Immigration Society aggregated about 90,000, and those who escaped the notice of the society would probably make the number fifty per cent. more. They came mostly from Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa, the only Southern State contributing any considerable number of this large immigration being Kentucky. As this immigration has been almost wholly from the Republican States, the democratic papers in Missouri declare that it will require harmony in that party and excellent nominations to maintain Democratic supremacy in that State for any considerable length of time, despite its present overwhelming majority.

A large dog, formerly belonging to a Pittsburg fire company, ran to the fire at the iron works in that city on Monday evening. A dwelling-house was threatened by the flames, and the dog rushed in, and seizing a baby from a cradle, bore it safely to the yard.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1881.

The XLVIIth Congress having put itself in trim for the work of the long session before it, its members have gone to the bosoms of their divers and sundry constituencies — gone home to gladden other places with their presence and "presents." But the weather resembles "Christmas weather," or the usual weather of the merry holidays, about as much as an ordinary Democratic Congressman resembles a statesman. It is sorry weather for a merry season. No snow, no music from dainty tongue of sleigh-bell or sleighed belle; no frosty air to nip the world and send denizens hurrying on their holiday errands of pleasure. But the return of the holiday season always lights up this part of the year, though its days are briefer and generally filled with more of cold and gloom than any others of the year. Echoes of the songs of "Peace and Good Will to Man" come merrily down through the ages to gladden the winter air, and the glory of the white plumage of the angles who bore the "Glad Tidings" eighteen hundred years ago, seems to flash over the world once more.

Speaker Keifer's organization of the Committees in the House seems to have been carried out, in the main, according to the expectations and wishes of that body; and at the same time in a manner that will well serve the many public interests and satisfy the party demands. The country confidently expected that the Speakership would go to the West; so when Mr. Kasson seemed unlikely to be heavy enough to concentrate the Western force successfully against Hiscock's Eastern following, and Don Cameron "twisted the tail of the Pennsylvania delegation and brought it around for Kiefer,"—as a leading Illinois Congressman graphically if not elegantly expressed it—and Wisconsin and Michigan fell in and the Western tidal wave swallowed up everything, the result was taken philosophically. What has followed in the organization of the Committees is taken in the same way; and now the work of taking public opinion, as applied to the various interests of the country, and crystalizing it into law and "appropriations" will go forward shortly. Already in the Senate the keynote of the coming battle has been sounded—on the tariff question. This, to-day, is the vital center of the power of the Republican party. That issue carried it triumphantly through the last National canvass, and seems plainly destined to rule the destiny of the next great National struggle of 1884. Last fall demonstrated that the manufacturing interests of Indiana had suddenly converted a Democratic State into a Republican one. In Illinois and other Northern States, distinctively agritural though they are, the manufacturing interest are outstripping the agricultural—i. e., greater progress is being made in manufactures than in the improvement of agriculture; and so the tariff question is paramount in politics.

So in the South, especially in Tennessee and Georgia, where manufacturing interests are beginning to dominate the planter interests, tariff ideas are growing up with the "New South" and its new notions of political Independence. The Houks, Moores, Thornbergs, Magruders, Hawkinses, and Brownlows talk it boldly about Washington this winter that "Tennessee is going Republican, straight and clean, next election." And Marshal Longstreet, of Georgia, is marshaling the Republicans and "Independents," like Stephens and Speer, and the young business element of Tennessee's sister State, to fall under the tariff banner and boom the manufacturing era so auspiciously inaugurated in the Atlanta Exposition, along with the Independent era in politics—independence of old Bourbon-planter freetradeism. The signs of the times, indicate, about the National Capital, that those patriots who calculate to win glory this winter in Congress in "revising the tariff," to do much good,"—or harm—will, to use rather a forcible slang phrase of the lobby, "get left."

Washington city, along with all the civilized world, is profoundly impressed over the news of the finding that the New York *Herald's* Jeannette has been lost and its bold and hardy crew found. But our city feels a particular interest in the matter because the family of Lieutenant John W. Danenhower lives in Georgetown, or "West Washington." Lieutenant D. is a young man of 30, tall, dark and raw-boned like his father, W. W. Danenhower, whom I knew as a Know-Nothing Chicago newspaper man in Illinois "befo' the wah," and who was an elector-at-large in the Bell and Everett ticket in that State.

That lively St. Louis female limb of the law, Miss Phoebe Cousins, is looking about the Capital after a sheep skin from the Supreme Court. She's a "fine lawyer"—that is, fine looking. She would have made a much handsomer Attorney General for our æsthetic President than—

"That old Philadelphia rooster,
The Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster."

The "Western style" of congratulation about the Post Office Department over the new Postmaster General is, "Howe?—shake!" And the congratulation is cordial, too, for Howe is felt to be a good, honest, capable man for the place. A good Cabinet specimen, though by no means a "fossil."

JUNIUS.

Triple Murder.

The enterprising town of Ashland, Ky., on the Ohio river, three miles above Ironton, was on Friday night the scene of one of the most atrocious murders ever committed in a civilized community. The house in which the crime was committed was the residence of J. W. Gibbons. While Mr. Gibbons and his wife were absent from their home on business, the house was visited by fiends who outraged the two girls who were left to care for it. One of the *girls was* the daughter of Mr. Gibbons and was 14 years old. The other was named Emma Thomas, aged 17. The son of Mr. Gibbons, who had been asleep, was awakened by the noise made by the villains, ran from the house and attempted to give an alarm. Before he could do so he was caught, one of the ruffians splitting his skull open with a hatchet, killing him instantly. The ruffians then returned to the house, and, despite the cries for mercy from the poor girls, murdered them then and there. One who made a loud outery was chopped to pieces with the hatchet that had murdered Mr. Gibbons' son, while the other was suffocated in a bed. The villains then determined to do away with all traces of their crime by burning the building. With this end in view they poured coal-oil on the bedding and the clothing of their victims, and saturated some kindling with the same fluid. They then set fire to the clothing and fled from the scene. Fortunately for the ends of justice, the light made by the fire soon attracted attention, and a number of persons arriving on the scene, rescued the bodies of the victims from the burning building. The remains of the two victims were horribly mutilated, and were ghastly beyond description. Nothing remains of the building but the chimney that stands a monument to the terrible deed.

An inquest on the remains of the murdered victims was held Saturday morning, but nothing was developed that would establish the identity of the murderers. As may be supposed the community of the little town and the neighborhood are with wild excitement over the terrible deed, and a reward of $1,000 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderers. Prominent detectives, among them John T. Norris, of Springfield, Ohio, have been telegraphed for and are hastening to the scene. It does not seem possible that the perpetrators of this fearful crime can long escape detention. It is safe to say that their tenure of life will be very brief after they are caught and returned to Ashland.

There is a quiet talk among some of the Democrats of the House in connection with the contested seat cases about the report that Curtin and other Democratic members from Pennsylvania are threatening to retaliate upon the rebel brigadiers for voting against Curtin in his contest for Yocum's seat in the last Congress. Curtin and his friends allege that the ex-Confederates voted against him because of his record as war Governor of Pennsylvania, and his services in putting down the rebellion. Mr. Chalmers voted against Curtin, and and now it is whispered that Curtin, Beltzhoover and other Democrats will in retaliation vote against Chalmers when the contest for his seat comes up. There have been open threats indulged in, and some Southern Democrats are stirred up about the matter, and if retaliatory action of that sort begins they will keep it up. A Southern member said that the time for Northern Democrats to dictate to Southern Democrats was passed; that Northern Democratic interference and dictation drove Malone out of the party, and would drive more out.

Two Detroit lawyears had a lively tilt in court this week. "You are a bulletin board, sirrah!" screamed one. "You are a liar!" howled the other. They glared at each other, when inspiration seized the biggest, and he fairly lifted himself off the floor in roaring out, "You are a mean bank cashier, sir, a bank cashier!!" That settled it; the extreme was reached.—*Detroit Free-Press.*

A miller in Peru, Ind., fell asleep in his mill and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out, and, of course, it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was: "Durn it! wife, what's the matter now?"

LOCAL NEWS.

—Oysters served in every style at Gerhart's.

—Preaching every evening next week in the M. E. Church.

—Dr. Charles Keller, of Grantsville, is spending the holidays in Oakland.

—Burgess Gonder, of Oakland, spent Christmas with relatives and friends in Cumberland.

—Died, near the Red House, of pneumonia, Sunday last, John C. Nethkin, in the 55th year of hisage.

—Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand, or baked to order at Gerhart's, opposite the Glades Hotel.

—Messrs. John and William Philson, of Berlin, Somerset county Pa., are visiting at Rev. John M. Davis.

—Died, near Oakland, of diphtheria, Monday last, William Paugh, aged about 27 years. He leaves a wife and one child.

—Died, in Ryans Glades, Saturday of last week, of diphtheria, a seven year old daughter of Mr. J. M. White.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Married, at Mount Zion M. E. Church, this county, Wednesday, December 28, by Rev. J. P. Wilson, Thomas W. Frost to Miss Sarah C. Turner.

—On Sunday night, Dec. 10th, a lamp exploded in the hands of Miss Mollie Vanverth, residing three miles from Hutton's Switch, burning her seriously.

—Mr. D. T. E. Casteel, of the West Virginia University, and Mr. Ed. H. Sincell of St. John's College, Annapolis, are spending the holidays in Oakland.

—The only business transacted by the Orphans' Court Tuesday was the passing of the first account of A. J. Fike, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Fike, deceased.

—On Christmas Day our worthy Postmaster was the recipient of a splendid turkey and a lot of fine apples, from John L. Browning, Esq., one of our substantial farmers.

—A juvenile Christmas Tree party was given by Masters Harry and Lee McComas, sons of Dr. J. Lee McComas, Tuesday evening, which was largely attended. The little guests were handsomely entertained. The party was a great success.

—Diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming extent in the Ryans Glade and Chisholm Mill neighborhood, this county. It is now in the families of Wm. J. Wilson, Capt. White and others. We have had no cases in Oakland so for this winter.

—Married, on Christmas Day, at the residence of Mr. Henry Feigh, by Elder Jeremiah Breghley, Mr. John Feigh and Miss Minerva Biddinger. There were about 70 persons in attendance, and all fared sumptuously, and a very pleasant day was spent. We wish the young couple much success and happiness.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m., and 6.45 p. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, will be in Oakland Tuesday, January 3d, and remain a few days.

SELBYSPORT, MD., Dec, 28th, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I ask the signers of the card published in the last week's REPUBLICAN, to come out and tell us who they are alluding to, and not do so much backbiting. Then they shall receive a reply in full.

E. J. STUCK.

Christmas in Oakland.

Christmas falling on Sunday this year, Monday was generally observed as a holiday. The stores were generally closed, except those dealing in holiday goods, and from all departments of business that deal in what are known as "Christmas goods," there came the reports that sales have been more active than ever before.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVALS.

The usual "Christmas Tree Services" were held at all of the Protestant Churches, that of the Lutheran School being held Saturday evening. The Church was handsomely decorated, and the children were all made happy by presents of toys, candies, nuts, &c.

At the Episcopal Church the exercises took place Monday afternoon, when presents were distributed to the children.

The Services at the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches were held Monday night, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, both houses were crowded. After short, but impressive exercises, the gifts provided were distributed to the children, after which a large number of private gifts were distributed.

THE RIFLE MATCH.

The rifle match announced last week came off according to program, on the Oakland Hotel grounds, near the Washington spring. Owing to the unfavorable weather, but few spectators were present. About 22 members of the company contested for the prizes. The "Watkins Prize" was won by Corporal L. D. Thrasher, of Deer Park; the "Veitch Prize" by Capt. E. H. Wardwell; the "Challenge Cup" by Sergt. A. C. Mason, and the "Drummers' Prize" by Master Percey Veitch.

The marksmanship was certainly good, and some of those who did not secure prizes made "strings" that reflects credit upon them.

A Donation to a Worthy Woman.

Mrs. Monterey Moon, of Oakland, who has endeared herself to the good people of this community by her christian fortitude under great physical suffering for several years, was, Saturday last, the recipient of a handsome donation of money and household necessities, which were collected by a few young ladies of Oakland. Mrs. Moon desires us to express her thanks to the donors, and to say that she heartily wishes them prosperity in time and happiness in eternity.

Election of Officers.

Officers of Patmos council No. 386, American Legion of Honor were elected at a meeting held Dec. 23d, to serve one year as follows:

Past Commander, T. J. Peddicord.
Commander, Dr. B. T. Keller.
V. Commander, E. J. Fringer.
Orator, H. W. Combs.
Secretary, F. A. Thayer.
Collector, E. Z. Tower.
Treasurer, W. H. Tower.
Chaplain, John W. Smith.
Guide, Lloyd Chambers.
Warden, Geo. W. Legge.
Sentry, E. D. Kepner.
Trustees Dr. E. H. Bartlett, John W. Veitch and Geo. W. Legge.

Officers of Alta Lode K of H, No. 574, were elected at a meeting held Dec. 22d, to serve one year as follows:

Past Dictator, James A. Haydeo.
Dictator, John Compton.
Vice Dictator, T. J. Peddicord.
Asst. Dictator, Chas. H. Sincell.
Reporter W. H. Tower.
F. Reporter, A. G. Sturgiss.
Treasurer, Geo. M. Masson.
Guide, Dayid Little.
Guardian, H. B. Wolfe.
Sentinel, Samuel Lawton.
Chaplain, J. M. Davis.
Trustees, E. H. Bartlett, J. M. Davis and Samuel Lawton.
Representative to Grand Lodge, Samuel Lawton.
Alternate, W. H. Tower.
Medical Examiner, Dr. J. Lee McComas.

On Monday night December 19th, Shealtiel Lode, No. 122 I. O. O. F., elected the following officers for the term beginning Jan. 1st:

Noble Grand, F. A. Thayer.
Vice Grand, S. E. Switzer.
Per. Secty, W. H. Tower.
Rec. Secty, M. R. Hamill.
Treas, Geo. W. Legge.
Representative to Grand Lodge, H. W. Combs.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending December 28:

Joseph R. Anderson, to Rudolph Beckman, part of a tract of land called "Latent Worth," containing 49½ acres; $350.

Elizabeth Myers and husband to John Wiley, part of a tract of land called "Shylock War," containing 2 acres; $21.

John N. Ervin and wife to Cephas A. Dodge, military lots Nos. 1588 and 1599, containing 50 acres each; $900.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Rosana Hoover, part of a tract of land called "Shylock War," containing 29½ acres; $500.

William Hoover, to Mary Goosman, part of a tract of land called "Shylock War," containing 87½ acres.

Emanuel Gnagey and wife to Solomon D. Yoder, part of a tracts "Sugar Point" and "Chestnut Grove," containing 280 acres; $3380.

Frances S. Lockman, to Robert M. Dorter, military lots 939 and 940, containing 117 acres; $1400.

Daniel Yommer and wife to Mary Wiley, part of a tract of land called "Bucks Pasture;" $130.

Peter Martin and wife to Wm. C. Buneutter, part of a tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing 174 acres; $1085.

John Roth and wife to L. C. and Jno. A. Shaffer part of "Covent Garden," containing 127 acres; $1400.

John A. Shuffer and others to Nancy Bittner, part of "Coven Garden," containing 127 acres; $1450.

Peter Martin and wife to Wm. F. Monsfield, part of "Small Meadows," containing 204 A. 3 R. and 6 Ps; $1433.25.

Howard Stuck and wife to Howard Minard, military lot No. 2910; $400.

Wm. Chisholm, administrator, to Davis N. Murphy, part of a tract of land called "Dalreach," containing 253½ acres; $1500.

Will it be a Mild Winter.

There are all sorts of theories advanced as to what the coming winter is to be, and of course about nine out of every ten such theories amount to absolutely nothing. A theory much believed by watermen is that a very mild November generally means a mild winter, and that the state of the wind when the sun crosses the line at the equinox will be the prevailing state of the wind until the vernal equinox. This looks plausible, but may not be entirely reliable. It is a fact, however, that last year when the sun crossed the line—the wind was from the northeast to northwest, and we know that these were the prevailing winds of last winter. Now this year when the sun crossed the winds were from the southeast to the southwest, and the same authorities confidently predict southerly winds as the most prevalent until the next equinox and consequently mild weather. In the fall of 1879, when the sun crossed the line, the wind was from the southeast to southwest, and during the winter of that year there were only three days when ice could be gathered fit to house.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The new military company at Rockville, Md., has been named the "Montgomery Guards."

The Cumberland *Times* (Dem.) editorially advocates Hon. John W. Garrett for United States Senator to succeed Senator Jas. Black Groome.

The work of lengthening the locks on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal is to be commenced January 1. The material for the purpose is now being distributed at the different locks.

The Frostburg *Journal* delves into ancient history, and rises to remark that this Christmas is the ninety-second anniversary of the formation of Alleghany county, and wants the people of the county to get ready for centennial celebration in 1889.

The jury in the case of Thomas Hodgett, found dead near the railroad at Frostburg on Monday morning last, though unable to implicate any person in killing the man, returned a verdict that he came to his death through the agency of persons unknown to the jury.

The recount last week of the vote at the late election for Messrs. Henderson, Democrat, and Purdum, Republican, to represent Montgomery county in the lower house of the Legislature, resulted in one vote more for Mr. Henderson than his opponent. The official returns gave Henderson two more votes than Mr. Purdum.

The Cumberland *Times*, in an article about graveyard insurance, says the total amout so far as known taken out in that section is about $108,000. Of this at least $52,000 is in collapsed concerns, and the other policies are in companies regarded as worthless. One man holding $5,000 insurance has paid two assessments, the first $6.45 and the second $99.75. So far some of the speculators have not received one cent from their ventures and do not expect to now.

Cumberland *News*: At 3:30 o'clock Friday morning there occurred in Barton a fire, resulting in loss of life. At that hour George Schramm, who occupies as a saloon and residence a frame building known as the old "Creutzburg brewery," was suddenly awakened to find that the house was on fire, the flames having started in the saloon beneath. Schramm and his family had barely time to escape with their lives, the entire contents of the house being burned. After the fire was out the charred remains of Peter McCormick, who was left asleep in the saloon when it was closed for the night, were found in the ruins. It is stated that McCormick was in the saloon intoxicated, and when it was closed he was locked in, that he might sleep off the effects of his potations. The origin of the fire is not certainly known. One theory is that he arose in the night and in groping about upset the stove or a lamp and fired the building. It is positively known that the remains were those of McCormick. The deceased was a miner and a bachelor, aged about 45 years. He was of rather dissolute habits. Schramm owned the building. As stated, the building and contents were a total loss.

The End of Capital Punishment.

Mr. Scoville expressed the belief, in his lecture in Washington last week, that if Guiteau is hung it will be the end of capital punishment. He thinks that a post-mortem examination would show that his brother-in-law was insane, and such a revulsion of feeling would follow, on the part of the public, that the death penalty would be abolished by unanimous consent. His declaration indicates that insanity is in the Guiteau family, and that he has caught it by marriage to Guiteau's sister. The expert who said under oath that five out of every twenty-five persons the world over are insane, may count Mr. Scoville in one of the fives. If Guiteau's execution results in the abolition of capital punishment it will be because no culprit can be judged bad enough to suffer the same penalty as that miscreant. Dr. Fordyce Barker brushed away much fog from the eyes of the jury when he pronounced moral insanity nothing but wickedness. Guiteau's insanity is wickedness in its worst form, and for such a criminal as he the death penalty is the only adequate punishment. From Moses to the end of the world there will be continuous laws for the infliction of the death penalty upon the murderer.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Dreadful Ending of a Christmas Festivity.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., December 26.—Last night John McClelland went to his house, and in order to amuse his wife and children fired off a lot of shooting-crackers. Not satisfied with this he procured a pound of powder and put it into three ale bottles, and fastened them up tightly. After he had inserted a fuse into each bottle, he attempted to fire them off in his yard. He was unsuccesstul in this attempt, and taking the bottles into the house, set them upon a table at which his wife and a little girl named Berry were sitting. Mrs. McClelland wished to fire off a shooting-cracker, and in order to get a light removed the chimney from a coal-oil lamp which stood on the table. The cracker went off and caused the lamp to explode. The burning oil was communicated to the powder in the bottles, and all three of them exploded with terrible effect, scattering glass all over the room. The oil set fire to the house and to the clothing of Mr. and Mrs. McClelland and Miss Berry. Mr. McClelland succeeded in extinguishing the fire, not, however, until he had been severely burned. His wife was also dangerously burned about the head and face, her clothing being burned from her body. Miss Berry was probably fatally injured by glass striking her in the side. She also received several other cuts and burns.

The Balloon Trip to the North Pole.

Commander Cheyne has started for Montreal by invitation of Sir John McDonald and Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, to interest the Canadian public in his scheme for reaching the North Pole by a balloon expedition. The Commander says that the expedition is to be fitted out by popular subscription. It will cost $80,000, and $40,000 is to be raised in each country. The three balloons, which will cost $20,000 will be made in England and shipped to this country. New York will be the starting point, and June next the time. The expedition will go to St. Patrick's Bay, 496 miles from the pole, and when the right wind comes along it is expected to reach the pole inside of twenty four hours. Each balloon will be provided with a sledge-boat and provisions for fifty-one days, and will reel out telegraph wire as it travels, keeping in communication with the main station. The Commander anticipates no difficulty from the cold. Orders have already been sent to Greenland directing the authorities there to aid the expedition in every way possible.

Business Principles on a Farm.

As population increases, competition increases, and as farming gets older, more difficulties are to be overcome. There is at present more need of business principles being used on the farm than there was a generation ago. As population becomes denser, more people have to maintain themselves on the same area—there is a crowding of the weaker to the wall. Capital and intelligence find larger opportunity, and forethought becomes an essential. The farmer who applies intelligence and forethought, and meets progress in order to reap all the advantages of his position, becomes an interested capitalist in the soil. He who jogs along in the old-time rut which was formed under conditions of scant population and virgin soil, finds himself remaining in poverty, and his children becoming common laborers.—*Idem.*

THE JEANNETTE'S SURVIVORS.—Mr. P. M. D. Collins, formerly a Russian telegraph contractor in Siberia, and who is familiar with the part of the country where the Jeannette's survivors now are, on being interrogated on the subject by a New York reporter Saturday, said he is quite confident that the missing boat will be found and the hardships of all the survivors are ended. "The mere fact that they are shipwrecked seamen," he says, "would guarantee that. As to their journey homeward, their best route is Moscow, and so far from its being one of difficulty or discomfort, it is one of absolute pleasure. I never enjoyed anything more in my life than my sledge ride from Ivkutsk to Moscow. The distance is about 3,500 miles and the journey consumed 27 days. Sometimes the mercury was 40 degrees below zero, but the air was dry and still."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAKERY.

The undersigned takes this mode of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies,

at any hour of the day.
Oysters served in every style.
FRANK GERHART,
12-31 Opposite Glades Hotel.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 17, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

2d Day of January, 1882,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors for the coming year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

The citizens of the county are requested to inform this Board whom they prefer as Road Supervisors for their respective districts

By order
F. A. THAYER,
Clerk.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the county Commissioners, at their next meeting after thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice, for a public road, beginning on the county road near Thomas Shaffer's and thence across the Backbone Mountain, by way of Henry Shaffer's saw mill, to intersect the county road near Samuel Gnagey's, a distance of about three miles.

GEO. WILSON,
SAMUEL GNAGEY,
THOMAS SHAFFER,
And others.
11 26 3

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and civilians in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
8 10 1d Baltimore.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal early payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

ESTEY ORGAN THE HOME & CHAPEL
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If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

These magnificent instruments will be sold from now to the 24th of December at a discount of 45 per cent., in order to add to the general enjoyment of the season.

THE "ESTEY"

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

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Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

12 17 3 HENRY J. MILLER, Executor.

Lafitte, the Pirate.

Jean Lafitte was born on the Garonne, and not at Marseilles, and was from his very boyhood accustomed to the ocean. His family for many generations had furnished some of the most skillful seamen and daring privateersmen of Bayonne. In the war of the French revolution, when the commerce of his native province was almost destroyed, he embarked as Lieutenant on board of a private armed vessel, which, after a brilliant career, was finally captured and carried into an English port. Here young Lafitte, with the other officers and the crew, were cast into prison. Time passed; his Captain, his brother Lieutenants, the common men even, obtained freedom, but Lafitte himself remained prisoner. His friends, however, and relatives left nothing undone to procure his release. Several times were prisoners of equal rank sent into English ports through the agency of his old Captain, in order to be exchanged for him, but it was not till many long years had passed that Lafitte found himself free. This long imprisonment aroused in him an almost savage thirst for vengeance against England; and on his release he returned immediately to privateering, principally for the harm he might thus visit on English shipping and English commerce.

The treaty of Fontainbleau and the subsequent pacification of Europe deprived him of the means of legally continuing his revenge. But long years of solitary brooding in the dungeons of his English prison, and during his night watches afterward on the lonely sea, had destroyed to a great extent his reverence for human laws, and he determined to continue his career. As it was only against England he sought revenge, he never attacked any but English vessels. His relations in France heard of his course with pain, and remonstrated with him earnestly and tearfully. But Lafitte was inexorable. His friends, aware how great had been the provocation, could say no more, but from that hour, for many long years, the name of the wandering outlaw ceased to be spoken in the household of his father, and children, in whose veins ran blood kindred to his own, grew up to manhood ignorant of his very existence.

The subsequent career of Lafitte is well known. Though he committed acts of piracy only on British vessels, he paid no regard to the revenue laws of any nation. For a long period he had under his command a large force, which sheltered in the Bay of Barataria, and as the Pirate of the Gulf and the terror of British commerce in American waters, his name will descend to the latest times. Driven from the Gulf by British cruisers to his so-called Temple on Grand Terre, and, hotly pursued, he would cross the Bay of Barataria into Grand Pass, running his fleet into Casminado Bay, with its many islands, or, passing through Little Lake into Bayou Pierot, or through Bayou Barataria and Lake Quicha into Bayou des Allemandes, he successfully eluded the vigilance of his pursuers, holding high revel with his desperadoes almost within hearing of both State and National forces.

The last act of his eventful career was the culmination of his long-treasured revenge, and served also to restore him to favor with the people and the authorities of Louisiana, whose laws he had so long set at defiance. It was at the battle of New Orleans. He was the genius of the great battle. His blood boiled at the sight of the red-coats. "Les Anglais perfides!" he shouted to his men; "make every shot tell! fire low my boys—fire!" he thundered to them, and his were the first guns to fire. Later in the battle a General officer is seen to lead the British forces. He mounts the parapet, waving his sword and cheering his men. Lafitte sprang forward with pistol in hand—a flash, and Packenham falls mortally wounded. The victory is gained and Lafitte's revenge sated.

Shortly after the battle citizens of New Orleans gave a grand ball to the officers of General Jackson's army, at which Lafitte was an honored guest, and was introduced to all as one of the heroes of the battle. General Coffee, of Jackson's staff, was thus introduced, and seemed to exhibit some hesitation when the name of Lafitte was spoken, and which he could not distinctly hear. Lafitte immediately drew himself up with hauteur, and hurriedly advanced a step or two, exclaiming with peculiar emphasis, "Lafitte, the Pirate!" General Coffee immediately advanced to Lafitte, and, taking him by the hand, apologized for the tardy manner in which he recognized the introduction, and explained the cause of his hesitation. Subsequently General Coffee visited Lafitte at the Temple, on Grand Terre, and parted warm friends.

Shortly after this visit old memories were reawakened, his early education, which had been strict, asserted its influence, and he sighed to return again to civilized life, to lay down the sword of the pirate chief, and pass his days in quiet. The volcano of passion or insanity, for it was as much the last as the first, had burned out in that fiery heart. Resigning in favor of his faithful Lieutenant, Chauvet, he returned to his native land, where he became reconciled to his family, lived on the old homestead where he was born, and died in 1846, after many years of usefulness, charity and devotion; his wife, whom he had married in Louisiana, surviving him but a few years. It has been said that Lafitte retained to the last moment of his life his life-long animosity; almost his last words were, *les Anglais perfides!*—*N. O. Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Largest Diamond Found this Century.

On Saturday night, Nov. 12, one of the great diamonds of the world—the largest, according to Mr. Edwin Streeter, which has been found this century—was exhibited at 18 New Bond Street. It was discovered in the claim of Mr. Porter Rhodes, in the Kimberly Mine, South Africa, and by its remarkable whiteness completely disposes of the charge against Africa of being the nurse of tawny diamonds. The surface diamonds had, indeed, a yellow hue, but now that the miners have gone below the trap, they find in Jagersfontein and other famous regions of the Griqua diamond fields the clearest blue-white stones. The Porter Rhodes diamond was brought to light on February 12, 1880, and before it left the diamond fields £500 (which was placed to the credit of the local hospital) had been paid by spectators admitted to see it, and £60,000 had been offered for it in vain by a syndicate of London jewelers. It weighs 150 carats, is still uncut, but is so cloven that the "table" and one of the "steps" are already formed, and it will lose less than most diamonds in the cutting, being expected to produce a net weight of about 100 carats when it assumes the form of a brilliant. Its great purity of color and compactness of shape make it a beautiful object, even in its present rough state.

Mr. Streeter shows near it models of other famous diamonds, the Koh-i-Noor (106 1-16 carats), with which Mr. Rhodes has been enabled, by the Queen's permission, to compare it at Windsor, the Star of the South (the great Brazilian stone), the Dresden Drop, etc., together with the unique jewel the Mackel diamond, in which a smaller stone has been embedded by some freak of nature. It was interesting to compare with these gems the more valuable jewel from South Africa, and the comparison was enjoyed on Saturday by a numerous company, among whom were many members of the Corps Diplomatique, Mr. Childer, Lord E. Churchill and others. The diamond was shown to the Queen and to Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany at Osborne, in January of this year, and Her Majesty presented Mr. Rhodes on that occasion with a watch, which he showed on Saturday with as much pride as his big diamond.—*London Times.*

Titled Americans.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia *Telegraph:* And, by-the-by, I think we shall soon have to set up an American peerage if titled Americans continue to increase in number. I do not refer to the ladies of our land who have become Princesses, Duchesses, or Countesses by the simple process of marriage, but to those more fortunate individuals who bear upon their erst republican brows the round and top of continental nobility. There is quite a goodly group of these trans-Atlantic nobles in Paris at the present time. First in order of seniority of rank come the Baron and Baroness D'Oyley, originally Dr. and Mrs. John Evans. The Baron is one of the most flourishing and popular dentists of the American colony, and came originally, I believe, from Philadelphia, deriving his title through his mother, who was a Miss Doyle, her surname, as any one can see, being a corruption of the name of Doyley. There is a branch of the Doyley family still flourishing in England, the head of which is the Admiral of that name, but whether they are on intimate terms or not with their Franco-American cousins I do not know. They ought to be, for the Baron by reason of his title is of course the chief of the house. I am told that the Baron was recently created a Marquis by the Pope, but that he hesitates to assume his higher title while in the active practice of his profession. Then we have the Baron and Baroness de Hoffman, the Baron formerly having been a banker in New York. I think his title descended to him from his father, but I have never had any precise information on the subject. The Marquis and Marchioness Murphy, who usually reside in London, but who are at present stopping at the Hotel Bristol, are from California, the gentleman's title having been conferred upon him by the Pope. So I really think that the above instances form quite a sufficient nucleus for the commencement of an American peerage.

Twenty Miles of Whales.

The steamship Newport, of the Ward's Line, which is now having her bottom scraped and painted on the dry-dock at the foot of Market Street, had an unusual experience during her recent outward trip to Havana. She sailed from this port on Thursday, October 27, and before daylight next morning she was off the Capes of Delaware. At about eight o'clock, when she was steaming at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, she ran into an immense school of whales twenty miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. The animals were of all sizes, and disported themselves in the water as if enjoying it. Suddenly the ship shook from stem to stern as she struck a monster about sixty feet long which was attempting to cross the path of the Newport. The whale was cut in halves which passed astern on either side, while the water was dyed red with his blood. The steamer came to a standstill and her stem was examined. It was found to have escaped injury, but the steering-gear was slightly damaged. This was soon repaired, and the Newport proceeded, but the passengers were not so delighted with the whales as they had been before the shock. The sight of the monster's head as it shot upward from the water had been anything but pleasant to them. Ten minutes after the vessel started up there was another and heavier shock, which almost threw the passengers from their feet. Another whale had been cut in two. The body of this animal passed under the vessel and struck the propeller with great violence. The engineer rushed on deck, imagining that the ship had struck a submerged wreck. Captain Sundberg ordered the course of the steamer changed and she soon ran out of the troublesome whales. The oldest sea-going men on the Newport, and some of them had been on whaling vessels, could not remember such an experience.—*N. Y. Times.*

Not Easily Killed.

J. B. Hayes, the trackwalker who was tossed like a feather by the engine of train fifteen on the Geneva, Ithaca & Sayre Road a few days ago, is not dead yet, notwithstanding the speed of the train was forty-five miles an hour. To the astonishment of his friends he visited Ithaca Friday just as if he never was in a railroad wreck. Hays has been in thirteen smash-ups in his time, and upon one occasion was picked up by a cow-catcher and carried eight miles without receiving serious hurt. He says he is called the India-rubber man, as he might well be, for he uses his limbs as if they were made of whalebone.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

—A five year old boy at Bergen Point, N. J., thus described his danger and his escape from a terrible fate: "I was a-tummin atoss the tack, when I seen the ingin a tummin'. I knowed I couldn't git atoss quick enough so I started to run. I lunned up the tack a little ways and tumbled. I heard the ingin a-tummin, and I shut my eyes, and put my face close agin the ground, and it went over me, and I got up and lunned down the bank."

Letting a Dog Loose.

Some days since a saloon-keeper on Gratiot avenue paid certain parties in Chicago $25 for a stuffed lion to add to the attraction of his saloon, and the other morning as the place was being scrubbed out the lion was placed at the front door to keep him out of the wet. Half a block down the street a farmer was having his wagon repaired, and a big bulldog was chained to the hind axletree. He grew uneasy the minute the lion was rolled out, and it only needed a few encouraging words from the boys to render him half frantic. He growled and plunged and tore around and attracted quite a crowd, among which was a man who remarked:

"That's a purty brave dog of yours, stranger."

"Brave! I'd like to see the man or beast he wouldn't tackle!" replied the owner.

"I dunno about that. Never saw a dog yet who'd staud before a lion."

"Well, here's one who'd stand before two lions. See how anxious he is to get there?"

"Yes, but he puts that on because he's chained. If he was loose you couldn't get him within a rod of that specimen."

"Couldn't eh? Maybe you want to hear yourself talk."

"Well, I dunno. I'm opposed to betting, card-playing, dancing and all that, but seeing you are rather sassy about this, I've got half a dollar here which says you can't get that dog up to within six feet of that lion."

"Put up the money—put up the money!" shouted the farmer, as he went down into his own pockets after the coin.

The money was put up, the crowd fell back and the farmer's face wore a smile of triumph as he still further excited the dog and then slipped his collar. With a yell of rage the "canine" made a beeline for the king of beasts, and in another moment there was reason for a terrific yell of applause. Dog and lion filled the air, so to say. The lion was rolled over and over, grabbed by the throat and shaken around, drawn across the street and back by the ear, and when the dog finally let up on the corpse the battle ground was covered with hair and hay and saw-dust and glass-eyes. At that moment the saloon-keeper rushed out, a policeman came up, and for five minutes the air was rent with shouts and exclamations and expostulations.

"It was all in fun," exclaimed the farmer.

"Dot lions cost me twenty-five dollars in Sheecago!" protested the saloon man.

"Who put up this job?" demanded the officer, as he glared around on the crowd.

By and by a deep silence fell upon the crowd, and in a voice which had only kindness in it the owner of the lion said he must have his twenty-five dollars or he would start for the Police Court. The policeman said it was certainly a case for the courts, and the crowd said the farmer might have known what would happen. He protested, but finally came to time, and when he had passed over a ten dollar bill and given his note for the balance, he had only one sentence to utter. That was:

"Now, then, I'll give any of you five acres of land to put me face to face with the outlaw who put up this job on a hard-working, innocent man!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Shrouded in Her Wedding Clothes.

This entire community has just been saddened by one of those terrible mistakes that are constantly occurring in every part of the country, but from which Fargo has until now had a blessed exemption.

Thursday afternoon, while all the little city was engaged in the festivities of Thanksgiving Day, while dinner parties were being given and merry groups were gathered around many a hospitable board; while preparations were going on for theater parties, festivals and concerts, a heart-rending tragedy was being enacted at one of our most popular hotels. A fair young girl, in all the bloom and beauty of life's golden morning, was innocently and carelessly dooming herself to death.

Miss Ada Price, aged twenty-one years, was a sister of Mrs. Joe Lamont, of the Headquarters Hotel. Thursday afternoon, having occasion to take a little magnesia, or powdered chalk, she by some awful fatality made a mistake and swallowed arsenic instead. Her sister, Mrs. Lamont, was herself confined to her room by sickness, so that the frightful error was not discovered for four hours. Then the sufferings of the hapless girl had become so great that there could be no longer disguising of the fact that she was poisoned. Dr. Rolph was speedily called in, and shortly afterward Drs. Darrow and Galloway were summoned, and all that medical skill could do was done to save the young life so full of promise; but every effort was in vain. The deadly poison had done its work all too surely. About 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the unfortunate girl passed into the great beyond.

Such a case would be sad enough under any circumstances, but many things conspired to make this one more than ordinarily pitiful. She had but recently come to Fargo, and had already won many friends by her intelligence and unusually amiable and attractive qualities. She died among comparative strangers, though friends; but another fact lends added poignancy to the sorrow which her fate must excite. Miss Price was to have been married in a short time to Charles Scott, long the leading surveyor in the Black Hills. Last Saturday he reached here, full of a strong man's love and hope. They were to have gone on their wedding tour to visit the home and family of the young bride at Perth, Ontario. Now her bridal robes will be a shroud, and instead of visiting the loved home of her childhood as a joyous bride, leaning upon the husband of her choice, she will go a corpse and he will be the first mourner. In this hour of terrible bereavement her sister, Mrs. Lamont, and her anguished husband that was to have been, will have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.—*Fargo (D. T.) Argus.*

—The reason that a baggageman recently hurled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane and thought he was a trunk.—*Boston Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—President Arthur is both a good shot and a good fisherman.

—The portrait of Garfield which is hereafter to honor the five-cent postage stamps is a striking likeness. Mrs. Garfield is much pleased with it.

—The advocates in Canada of a law permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister are encouraged to believe that their thirty years' efforts will be soon crowned with success.

—The remarkable estimate is made that in London the deaths among the Christians number twenty in the one thousand, while among the Hebrews the rate is only one in the one thousand.

—Cannon-King Krupp a few weeks ago had in his employ 23,000 men, but new orders obliged him to hire an additional force of 8,000, which places him at the head of a small city—more than 30,000 men.

—There are in Persia about 40,000 Jews, and the *Judische Press* says they have a bad time of it, being subjected to all sorts of vexatious restrictions. In the town of Hamidan are the traditional tombs of Esther and Mordecai.

—M. Gaston Blanchet, the head and chief worker in the interoceanic canal scheme, recently died in Panama of yellow fever. Being of great personal strength and the picture of health, he did not hesitate to expose himself to all dangers.

—A Washington photographer says that there is a great demand for the pictures of President Arthur. The sales of Mrs. Hayes' pictures used to average 250 a week. The theatrical favorites, so far as concerns the sale of their portraits at the Capital are Lotta, Mary Anderson and John McCullough.

—Dwight Lee, of Waterloo, N. Y., has in some strange manner lost the sight of his left eye. A few weeks since he thought his vision was somewhat dimmed, and on closing his right eye he discovered the other to be blind. He is unable to account for his misfortune, and the case is regarded as very singular.

—At Nagy Look, Hungary, the remains of a two-wheeled Roman car were lately discovered, with the skeletons of two horses attached to it. The objects are believed to date from the third century, and the place where they were found to have been the tomb of the owner. All the parts of the carriage are of most exquisite workmanship.

—The latest innovation in dress appeared at a wedding in St. George's, London, and as this is one of the most aristocratic churches in the city, the fashion will probably be adopted elsewhere. The bridesmaids wore different colors—one blue, another red, a third violet, a fourth bronze, and two others, children, cream color. The effect must have been very nearly prismatic.

—The restoration of the old State House at Boston, Mass., is now in progress. From original paintings, drawings and specifications of the architects, a complete idea can be obtained of every detail of the construction and ornamentation of the building a century and a half ago. An engraving by Paul Revere gives a correct idea of the size, shape and number of panes of glass in the windows.

—The battle of Trafalgar was fought seventy-six years ago; nevertheless, there are still alive five officers who took part in that engagement, namely: Admiral Sir George Rose Sartorius, now ninety-one years old; Admiral Robert Patton, of the same age; Commander William Vicary, aged ninety; Commander Francis Harris, also ninety, and Col. James Fynmore, of the Marines, over ninety-two years.

—Application has been made to Justice Gilbert, of New York, to enjoin the Mayor from killing two imported setters valued at $10,000, and complained of as disturbing the neighbors. The Justice said that a howling dog was a nuisance. The dog-owner's counsel said that the dogs were a breed that never howled or whined, and that they disturbed no one except when they themselves were annoyed. The decision was reserved.

—The San Francisco *Argonaut* rightly feels proud of its benevolent ladies from the fact that one of the richest of them went out to examine personally the grade and system of sewerage in the neighborhood of a hospital whose inmates have been the recipients of endless favors at her hands; and another lady, of the same street, pulled out $1,000 from her pocket for the purchase of turkeys and chickens for those who would otherwise have had a scanty board.

—An interesting suit is on trial in Westminister, Md., turning upon a postscript to a letter said to have been written by the late John Henry Hoppe. He left no will, and his estate had been settled. Suit is now brought upon the postscript written on the back of a letter from him admitted to be genuine, while the heirs claim the postscript and his signature to it to be forgeries. It reads in part: "Don't worry yourself, but take things easy and do the best you can for the present. I have prospered and have accumulated a great deal of money together, and I intend to do what I please with it. And, Ann, after my death, you are to have $40,000. This you are to have, will or no will. Take care of this letter until my death. Ann, keep this to yourself."

A Few Words About Canaries.

All birds at this season require extra food. Canaries should have all through the year German summer rape, Sicily canary and millet seeds mixed in equal parts, and care should be taken to have the seeds fresh and of best quality. In addition to the seeds feed canaries daily one-fourth part of a hard-boiled egg, both yelk and white, and mix with it as much cracker dust as can be taken up on a ten-cent piece. Fresh water, both for drinking and for the bath, and plenty of coarse, washed gravel daily will usually keep a bird in health. Twice a week give a piece of sweet apple or lettuce. If the bird has not yet finished moulting keep him in an even temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees and let him hang where there is no possibility of a draught blowing on him. If not yet in song hang a half inch strip of raw, fat, salt pork in the cage and let him pick at it for a week or so.—*Holden's Bird Magazine.*

For Young Readers.

TOM'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

His name was Tom, and he was from
A neighborhood where folks were good
And mostly did just as they should.

Now he was small, though feeling tall,
Which, it is true, seems nothing new
'Mong lads of six, and older, too.

"I'm most a man," he vowed. "And can
Not I, I say, be trusted, pray,
To make some calls on New Year's Day?"

But one who knows did him oppose
In this rash act, and said the fact
Was simply that his wardrobe lacked.

Tom answered not, but 'gan to plot,
In various ways, how he could raise
Sufficient funds within two days

To fill this need, which he, indeed,
Had oft before conned o'er and o'er,
And also often did deplore.

But stocks were low, as you may know;
Tops would not sell, and knives, as well,
Were at a discount, I've heard tell.

"I'll borrow, then," he vowed again,
Nor did refrain to take a cane
Belonging to his brother, Lane.

Likewise some gloves—ah! perfect loves,
Of lemon shades, which he essayed
To get inside of without aid.

The fingers were, as you'll infer,
Exceeding long; and, though 'twas wrong,
He twisted each into a prong.

And, thus equipped, he lightly skipped
Through cellar-door, and fences o'er,
To 'scape the vials of wrath that pour

Upon a lad, not always bad,
Who sometimes may, to disobey,
Be tempted, thus, to run away.

Once in the street, his heart did beat;
But not with fear, as might appear,
Yet *why* to him was never clear.

How'e'er, at last, this feeling passed,
He turned his face unto a place
Imposing in its "brown-stone" grace.

A footman grim confronted him,
Who did inquire, with eyes of fire,
What that young person might desire.

"Why, don't you know? It's New Year's; so
I've called, and I would like some pie,
And ice-cream, and such things. Oh, my!"

With quick amaze, young Tom did gaze
About; for lo! slam bang! did go
That door with most a mighty blow.

Thus left alone unceremonious, although, it seemed, no woe
He felt; no tears of grief did flow;

But, truth to tell, his wrath did swell,
Though soon 'twas spent; because he went
Next door and rang as if he meant

To wake the dead, of which, instead,
The living he did quickly see,
When ushered in right royally.

"I've come to call," said he, "on all.
I'm hungry, too; and so, if you
Don't mind, I'll eat now and be through."

The hostess, fair, then led him where,
Mid glass and plate, there did await
A feast which much did him elate.

Yet, Earthly Joy, how much alloy
Is mixed with thee. How little we
Can reckon on the things that be!

Lo! opposite to him did sit
His brother, Lane, who'd searched in vain
For lemon kids and missing cane.

What happened, oh! I hardly know,
For Gossip squints and Rumor hints;
So this is all I've gathered since:

That he, named Tom, who hailed from
A neighborhood where folks were good
And mostly did just as they should,

Oh! sad to say, did end that day
In a clothes-press, where, I confess,
His relatives he did not bless.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

Out of Place.

There was once a little frog that lived with many other frogs in a marshy place on old Mr. Grandison's farm.

Now, this frog, like a few children that I have met, had become very much discontented with his home, and longed to change places with some of his neighbors. "For instance," thought he, "if I could only fly like a bird, how happy I'd be!—I would soar far up in the air and see everything beneath me, as well as the bright sky above me. And I believe I could fly, too, if I were way up high on that big tree. I have no wings, to be sure, but I think I could use my legs for flying. They are long enough."

Just then a little squirrel happened to come along that way, and froggie said to him: "Friend Squirrel, won't you take me on your back and carry me up that tree?"

"Certainly, Brother Frog," answered the squirrel; "but hop on right away, for I must hurry home."

So the frog jumped on the squirrel's back, and held on tightly around his neck, while the little creature ran nimbly up the tree. Once high enough to please froggie, the squirrel left him on a stout branch and hastened away to his family.

Then, with all the conceit in the world, froggie spread out his long legs and proceeded to fly. But alas! he had reckoned beyond his ability; instead of flying, he fell down with great force against a large stone. He attempted to hop toward home, but found that he was too sore to move. How he wished then that he had remained at home! How sorry he felt that he had despised the place toward which he now looked with longing eyes! If he could only get there once more, he would never, never leave it again.

"Hello! here's a frog, and it seems to be hurt, too."

The speaker was little Charlie Grandison, who had chanced to pass by the tree just after froggie had fallen to the ground.

Charlie was a kind boy, so he took froggie up tenderly in his hand and said; "Poor little fellow! I wish I could do something for you, but I can't, so I'll put you right over there among the other frogs; perhaps they will doctor you."

This was exactly what the little penitent wanted; and never did frog give more satisfactory croak than he did when he found himself once more among his friends and loved ones.

Thus, my young readers, are we, too, out of place in any station of life but that in which God intends us to be.—*Little Gem.*

A Good Start.

What are the boys of to-day thinking about as they near the confines of their teens and look forward to the day when they shall be free to act for themselves? How does life present itself to them as they stand on the threshold of twenty-one? Is it a vision of fun, frolic and a good time; or a dream of position and wealth; or a more solid hope of learning and culture? I do not know; but lying before me is a letter dated December 31, 1878, written by one of the boys of to-day—though a boy no longer—which I hope some other boys will read:

"DEAR GRANDFATHER: To-day I am twenty-one. I now assume the responsibilities of a man, having left behind my youthful days. Like all young men I look forward with pleasant anticipations to the future. I have seen only the pleasant side of life, but probably soon will meet the gloomy side when I begin to fight for myself. Let us hope that with God's help I can overcome the obstacles I may find in my way, and at last be the winner in life's battle.

"To-day I received the present of $100 which you gave me twenty years ago. It now amounts to $386.96. Father has allowed me compound interest on the whole amount for the twenty years. You have my hearty and sincere thanks for this liberal gift. It will be of great service to me. It will pay my expenses in college for the next year. But should a good chance be offered me to go into business I may accept it, and in that case the money will form a good beginning to enlarge my savings about. . . . Again let me thank you for your gift, hoping that you may live to see me worthy of your kindness, and that your oldest grandchild may never give you cause to regret that he bears your name, but rather that in your old age he may be a joy to your heart, ever mindful of the blessings he has received from you and his Heavenly Father. Your affectionate grandson,

"_____"

Boys, don't you think such a letter would make the grandfather's heart very glad? I happen to know that he was very proud of it, and showed it to others, and that is how it came into my hands. There are several points about this letter that I like, and I wish to call your attention to them.

1. This young man is not a prig, posturing for effect before his elders, but an honest, straightforward young fellow, who loves life and hopes to enjoy it as he goes along. But he knows that life is a serious thing, and while he has had few troubles as yet he expects to meet them by and by; and so

2. He is not ashamed to look to his Heavenly Father for help in the battle of life, nor unwilling to strike lusty blows himself.

3. He has learned the value of invested money. The one hundred dollars laid by for him in babyhood have almost quadrupled while he has been growing to manhood. The hundred dollars might have been given him on some birthday, spent to gratify this or that passing whim, and nothing left to show for it. Now he sees how money earns money, and the accumulated sum comes to him at a time when he needs money to complete his education or to enter upon business.

4. He proposes to so order his life as to show himself worthy of the confidence bestowed upon him, and to bring honor upon the family name.

These are good foundations to-day for the life that now is and for that which is to come: honor to parents (and grandparents); willingness to work; a wise use of money, and faith in God. How many of the boys who read this are making as good a start?—*Christian Union.*

Tommy and the Baby.

Tommy Teale was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time, to celebrate such a grand event, he had to take care of the baby. His mother went out to do some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very bad about it. Little Nellie cried a good deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but did not like to take care of her when she was cross.

As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the side walk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't," Tommy shouted back, "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight and she can't get out," Ned said.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table, or break the lamp. An idea came into Tommy's head. He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer. He drove four tacks through her dress and fastened her down to the floor. When this was done, he ran out of doors as fast as his legs would carry him.

In about an hour Tommy's mother came home. He had not shut the door tight because he was in a hurry. Right on the top step she found the baby. But her little fat neck and arms were bare. She had no dress on. Her mother carried her into the sitting-room. There was the dress nailed to the floor. The baby had torn it all off trying to get away, and it had to go into the rag bag.

Tommy came in a few minutes after. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I never *did* see such a baby!" he said. "I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I guessed the nails would do it sure!"—*Our Little Ones.*

A Ferocious Patient.

The uncertain effect of anæsthetics on patients is one of the perils of dentistry. The operator does not know what to expect when he puts a stranger to sleep. The Bangor (Me.) *Whig* gives this incident:

A dentist had a rather ugly experience with one of his patients recently. The subject was a strong and healthy young fellow of about twenty-five or so, and the doctor proceeded to administer to him nitro-oxide gas for the purpose of extracting a tooth. Scarcely had the young man got well filled, and the tooth been only pulled, when jumping up like a flash, he aimed a tremendous blow at the doctor's head. Ducking under, however, the doctor escaped the blow, and giving the fellow a vigorous push, sent him back again into the chair. But his blood was up, and jumping up quickly, he struck the wall at the side of the chair two fearful blows with his doubled fists, which fairly shook the building. By this time he was out of it and calmed down immediately. All of this took but a second or two, and occurred in a small room partitioned off from the main office, so that the doctor had no means of escape. The plain impress of two sets of knuckles can still be seen in that wall.

—Honesdale, Pa., was left in darkness the other night, some mischievous persons having entered the purifying room of the gas works shortly after dark and unscrewed a cap which permitted the entire supply of gas, some 15,000 feet, to escape.

—The finest railroad station in the United States is said to be the new one of the Pennsylvania Company in Philadelphia. It stands in the heart of the city, and is described as a "magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture."

TONY PASTOR IN TROUBLE.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his inimitable variety combination making a tour of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing before the public. During our conversation I inquired as to his physical health, and he replied that it was excellent. He had occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but any complaints of that character never trouble him long, as he had found out a remedy for all such annoying affections. I asked what the remedy was and he replied, "ST. JACOBS OIL." Mr. Pastor said that he considered the Great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the cure or relief of rheumatism, and that it was the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. The foregoing, from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle*, recalls to our mind an idea wherein the editor of the Cairo (Ill.) *Evening Sun*, in paying a tribute to the enterprise of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and expressing his sorrow at the loss by fire which the latter paper sustained, says: "The whole office was knocked into ten thousand pieces—all except the ST. JACOBS OIL advertisement, which was mercifully preserved." The closing remarks in the above and the following item dent are a true index of the unexampled popularity the Great German Remedy enjoys everywhere: At a St. Louis theatre recently whilst the play was in progress, one of the lady performers met with a painful mishap, which quite disabled her. The hero of the piece, equal to the emergency, called out to one of the ushers to "bring a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL quickly." The thundering applause throughout the entire house which promptly followed this happy suggestion was an unmistakable proof of the fact that the audience "had been there themselves," as the expression goes, and experienced the benefits of this wonderful article.

Mr. Charles A. Whitney, advertising agent of Park Garden, Providence, R. I., writes: "For three years I had inflammatory rheumatism in my right hip and knee. I employed many noted physicians, and tried numerous remedies for the ailment, but found nothing to help me until I used the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, which cured me at once. I am now entirely well."

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!

STRICTLY PURE,
HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

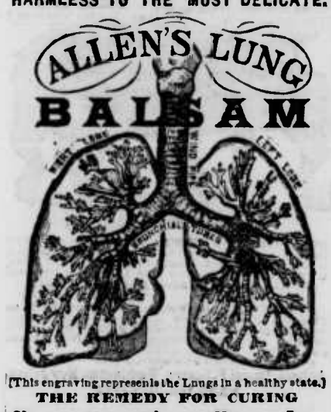

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

Consumption, Coughs,

COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

All Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

Consumption has been Cured

When other remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial.

It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

MOTHERS will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup. It is harmless to the most delicate child. It contains no Opium in any form.

Caution.—Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors,
CINCINNATI, O.

HOLIDAY MUSIC!

Send the price mentioned below, and receive by return mail one of these splendid new Music Books for Holiday Presents:

Norway Music Album,	$2.50 plain; $3 cloth; $4 gilt.	
Beauties of Sacred Song. 58 Songs. Elegant.		PRICE OF Each Book
Gems of English Song. The best and newest.		
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Creme de la Creme. 2 vols. Standard Piano Music.		
Rhymes and Tunes. $1.50. Charming Nursery and Kindergarten Songs.		

PIANO SCORES, containing all the airs of

Olivette. 50 cents.
Mascot. 50 cents.
Patience. 50 cents.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle

"A PLEASURE TRIP."

For the purpose of CONVINCING YOU that the WEEKLY NOVELIST is the "Best Story Paper in America," we will mail you a trial trip of thirteen back numbers, in regular order, upon receipt of 25c., either in postage-stamps or currency. (Regular subscription price is $3 a year.) Address NOVELIST PUBLISHING CO., 76 Randolph Street, Chicago.

A Business Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business Colleges. 50 Write for College Journal—sent free.

$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money and a 24 page Journal (ILLUSTRATED) sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

THE DAIRY.

—Tainted milk sometimes comes from certain animals, and sometimes from gases or an impure atmosphere. Bad food or strong-flavored food may cause it.

—A number of Iowa farmers have been experimenting this year with sweet corn as a feed for dairy cows and hogs, and find the results to be highly satisfactory. The cows increased their yield of milk perceptibly after a few days' feeding, while the hogs rapidly fattened. Sweet corn fodder has been successfully used in this section, and it is good feed for cows.—*Elgin (Ill.) Advocate.*

—When a cow has been encouraged to hold up her milk by feeding her during milking, it is difficult to cure the habit, and inconvenient at any rate, because by holding the milk a few times she may suffer injury. We would let her go without milking once until it is painful to hold the milk, and she will then let it down. Try laying a heavy chain across the back just in front of the hips, or strapping a band around her in front of the udder pretty tightly.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A bandaged cheese is a distinctive mark of American manufacture, for while bandages or wrappers are used during the curing of some of the English cheeses they are removed when the cheese is put on the market. Bandages, as applied in this country; protect the cheese not only during the process of curing but transportation, and prevent the losses otherwise experienced in cracked cheeses infested with skippers, and in defective and broken rinds. Bandaged goods have been vastly improved within the past few years. A special cloth is now manufactured for bandages of home construction, and there are also seamless bandages woven in one piece and sold by the yard.—*N. Y. World.*

—As the winter advances the manufacturers of oleomargarine and suine are putting forth their best efforts to supplant creamery butter, and they are meeting with a great deal of success in certain quarters, and there is no use denying the fact. Their product meets with a large sale in the south, where the people can not readily distinguish between the stuff and butter. Creamery butter cannot compete with the adulteration, unless the people are educated to its use. Oleomargarine is sold in the southern markets at twenty-five to twenty-seven cents, and any one who knows anything about creamery butter knows it cannot be sold at that price at this season of the year. The reasons are obvious for this and need not be repeated here. Manufacturers of pure goods must meet the frauds squarely and insist upon such legislation as will enable them to drive them to the wall.

Watering Cows in Winter.

How often should cows have water in winter, and when should they have it? Is once a day enough? are questions which are often asked. Cows, as well as other stock, should have water whenever they desire it, no matter how often. They need it especially after every meal of dry fodder, particularly after filling up with dry hay. Cows which live exclusively on dry hay should, of course, have drink more than once a day. The character of the food determines the amount and frequency of supply required. Cows living largely upon pumpkins, which are ninety-four per cent. water, get enough of it in their food, and do not need to drink at all. When they live upon fodder corn, which contains eighty-eight to ninety per cent. water, they drink but seldom; but when living upon grass, which contains seventy-five per cent. water, they drink often and suffer if they do not get water frequently. In the flush of feed in June, when grass is the most succulent and juicy, cows require drink several times a day, and fall off in their milk if they do not get it; and their milk will shrink more from being pinched for water than if pinched in their food supply. If cows need water several times a day when using such watery food as green grass, how much more must they need it frequently when living upon dry hay, which contains sixty per cent. less water than grass. The fact is, water, whenever desired, is more important than food. Our domestic animals suffer and depreciate less from a lack of food than from a lack of water. Such a result might easily be inferred from the discomfort and suffering people undergo when deprived of water too long.

The use of water for domestic animals, and the part it plays in the economy of life, seem not to be understood, or, at least, not to be fully appreciated by some farmers otherwise well informed, as we judge from the little pains they take in supplying it to their stock. The offices which water serves in the purposes of the animal economy are numerous and important. This must be apparent from the fact that fully three-quarters of the bodies of all our domestic animals consist of water. There is not a tissue or part of the body, solid or liquid, of which water does not form a component part. All the secretions and excretions are carried on through the instrumentality of water. But for the water in saliva we could not swallow our food, and it is equally necessary for digestion because it is essential to the solution of all nutrient matter. It acts as a common carrier for conveying the digested food from one part of the body to another, and for carrying off and discharging the effete matter and waste of the system. It is also essential for equalizing the temperature of the different parts of the body, which it does through the circulation of the blood. In short, all the functions of the body are carried on through the agency of water.

There is nothing which more effectually impairs the secretion of milk or the fattening of an animal than a lack of water. Cows cannot endure either heat or cold so well when thirsty as when not, and vigor begins at once to fail when the supply of water becomes defective. From every point of view, water is of the utmost importance in sustaining animal life. It is true, an animal can live some time without it, as it can without food, but it is so evidently essential to its well being, that no dairyman, who studies the best interest of his herd, will compel it in winter, when living upon dry fodder, to go longer without water than without food.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—Connecticut hopes for a Legislature without any lawyers in it.

Warming and Ventilating.

Hardly any subject is so much worth considering at this season of the year as how to warm and ventilate our homes in the cold and blustering days of winter. We may not refer to furnaces, because houses in rural districts are rarely warmed by them. We wish to limit our words to small dwellings. A century ago a blazing fire composed of logs four feet long or more, was the common way of generating heat for making families comfortable. It had much to recommend it. Even now that so many years have passed, no other way of generating heat is so social and delightful as a fireplace containing blazing wood. It is not only beautiful and cheering but healthy. Some of our readers may have often seen upon our prairies log cabins, having an open fire on one side and the only door upon the other. This only door was generous in size and was so large and loose that the outer air could easily rush into the humble dwelling, feed the flames and purify the air within. This way of warming houses had this chilling disadvantage, namely, that it could only warm one side at a time of the slimest persons. The other side always reminded the slimest person, if not the stoutest, that the room in which they lived was not airtight, but ventilated in the most efficient manner.

In our recent conflict it was observed that sick soldiers and wounded men recovered more rapidly in tents than in barracks—and in barracks more rapidly than in hospitals, showing the value of pure air. And so log cabins were freely ventilated and healthy, unless filthy hog pens, cattle sheds and slop puddles were near the door. The air the inmates breathed was nearly always pure, especially in cool and cold seasons of the year. In this way of generating and radiating heat, a vast amount of health and comfort was conferred upon the early settlers of our prairie lands. They soon learned to protect themselves from the chilling blasts and winter's cold, that entered at the generous door by placing a few feet in front of the burning wood "a settle" or long seat with high back and sides—high enough to protect their bodies against the cold. This "settle" was a proper resting place for the "settlers" of former and later times.

A uniform temperature is what health demands. The vicissitudes of any climate are the great cause of many fatal maladies. The difference, then, between the inner and outer air should be as small as possible. Excessive heat of dwellings has a tendency to induce inflammation of the lungs and severe disease of the throat. Catching cold depends not upon any moderate temperature but upon the change of temperature to which we may be exposed. Going from a hot room, as a kitchen or a sitting room, to a cool one for any length of time is a sure way of catching cold, unless the amount of clothing is much increased. Our experience is that at home a temperature of sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit is high enough for health and comfort. If sixty-six degrees is not high enough for health and comfort, it is wiser to wear warmer clothing than to raise the temperature of the inner air. The sick usually need a temperature of sixty to seventy, depending upon the disease under which they are suffering.

In many school rooms warmed by stoves, gases may escape and fill the room. Carbon gases are the ones that exude from imperfectly constructed stoves or leaky funnels. These gases are heavier than common air, and so gradually fall as they cool. We may often see that the little children sitting on the lowest seats may look dull and heavy—and soon will nod and fall upon the floor. The dullness and nodding o these little, or larger ones is a sure indication that they need fresh air. On entering some dwellings in cold seasons the inmates may complain of headache, dullness and discomfort. The earliest indication that the carbon gases have escaped from stoves or furnaces is sleepiness.

The airtight coal stoves are convenient and economical. But they render impure the air that surrounds them, and so demand a large amount of water on their surface for evaporation and a large amount of fresh air, that they may not impair health and induce disease. They are slightly more permeable by gas than wrought or sheet iron. At nearly a red heat a small amount of the carbon gases is destructive to human life. How can the air of log cabins and cottages be kept pure and sweet when close stoves are used? Open stoves are equal in ventilating homes to the open fire-places of former days.

Persons of limited means and confined to two or three rooms, can well afford to have two flues in their kitchen chimneys—one to conduct the smoke away and the other to ventilate the kitchen. Hot air and odors usually rise and occupy the upper part of the room. Openings, then, into the ventilating flue should be near the ceiling, and openings for fresh air near the floor, where fine gauze may be placed to check the full draught of the outer air. Any man, however poor, and yet able to build a cabin or cottage, is able to have its kitchen fully ventilated. Few men realize how much cheaper it is to properly ventilate their sleeping rooms and chambers than to employ a physician. For, beyond all question, vitiated air does impair health and produce disease.

Every home, even of only one story, should have a ventilator—a wooden tube passing through the roof—and then from each room on the lower floor have an opening and tube to carry vitiated air into the attic, or the attic ventilator. We advised cottages to be so constructed many years ago, and their occupants now testify that their physician's hill of one year, in former times, was lessened enough to pay the extra cost of ventilating their homes. They kept their wives and children in unusually good health. We do not mean that good ventilation will prevent or cure all diseases, but we do mean that it will greatly lessen the amount and aid greatly in curing those maladies that will inevitably come. Infectious maladies may appear, but their severity is greatly lessened by pure, fresh air, day and night, and good nursing.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The mail-carrier between Vergennes and Addison, Vt., is a plucky woman, who is noted for making her trip of twelve miles a day on time in any sort of weather.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A rich pudding sauce is thus made: Take one quart of sweet milk (have it part cream if you can get it), the yelks of five eggs, sugar enough to sweeten to your taste—say half a cupful—flavor with vanilla or with almond extract.

—The wise farmer treats the orchard with manure for enrichment as he would treat his fields for any other crop. It is an unquestioned fact that apple trees need manure. Next to wood ashes, no fertilizer is better than barnyard manure.

—A strong, good-sized table is almost a necessity in the cellar. Jars that are too heavy to be lifted on and off shelves may be set on the table. Many cellars are sometimes infested with ants and other bugs. One way to keep them from crawling over the jars is to take the tin cans in which peaches or tomatoes came, set the legs of the table in the cans, and fill them half full of water.

—Pasture grass contains about eighty per cent. of water, and the nutriment in a hundred pounds of it is supposed to be worth twenty-four cents. The nutriment of nineteen pounds of bran is equal to a hundred pounds of pasture grass; ten pounds of cotton-seed meal to twelve pounds of linseed meal, or nineteen pounds of corn meal to a hundred pounds of grass; a hundred pounds of pasture grass is a ration for an ordinary cow.

—Seed Cake.—Beat three-quarters of a pound of butter to cream with a wooden spoon; then add one pound of sifted sugar. Beat them together till like snow. Add nine eggs, one by one, into the batter. Beat it twenty minutes, then mix in lightly one pound of flour, well dried and rolled. Put all into a pan, with three folds of paper under it, and bake it in a well heated oven, but not too hot. Add a wineglassful of seeds.

—To Make a Cheap Filter.—Take a jug that will hold one gallon or more, according to the size desired. Turn it bottom up, knock in the bottom, then stuff in a wad of cotton batting in the mouth not very tightly; on this put one or two handfuls of small pebbles. Then add charcoal broken to about the size of peas (not dust). Over this place a cloth to prevent the charcoal being displaced when the water is poured on. Now place your jug over a vessel to catch the liquid, pour on your liquid, and as it filters through keep adding until all is finished. This makes a simple, cheap filter, and a good one, too.

—Here is a recipe for a dessert for a plain dinner: Make a crust as for baking-powder biscuit, roll it thin as for pie crust; cut out round cakes with cold water; drop a tablespoonful of either red or black raspberry jam in it; fold it together as for a turnover; bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven. This is to be eaten with sauce. Take one tablespoonful of butter, two of flour and three of sugar; put them in a basin on the hearth of the stove. When the butter is soft rub all together and add boiling water enough to make the sauce as thin as you like to have it; flavor with nutmeg, cinnamon and white-wine vinegar.

—How to Carve a Turkey.—Place your fork in the lower part of the breast, so as to have the turkey at perfect command. If you understand your business the entire carving of the fowl may be done without extracting the fork. First remove the wing and leg on one side, then the other wing and leg. Then slice off the breast, remove the "wish-bone," the neck bones and the neck itself. Then cut through the ribs and the job is fairly done. With proper care there is no necessity of firing the bird off the table into anybody's lap, but if this should happen it is perfectly proper to ask the person to please pass the turkey.—*Indianapolis Times.*

—I have yet to hear of the first person who has succeeded with the Japan persimmon all the year round, in the open air, at the North. It grows well during the summer, but dies in the winter. In California it is doing splendidly, and bids fair to become one of their most profitable fruits, judging from the many encomiums passed upon it by those who have tested its merits in that section. In the Gulf States it has also succeeded satisfactorily, although I believe not sufficiently long to recommend without reserve. Judging from what I have experienced and observed, the Japan persimmon will not live in the open air during winter in Ohio, where an inquirer resides.—*Josiah Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Preserving Fowl's Wings.

Turkey and geese wings are one of the greatest conveniences in a household, and every woman knows how to appreciate them, not only for dusting furniture, stoves, cobwebs, etc., but also for washing sinks and windows and for spreading paste on wall paper. It is always a trouble to keep the moths from ruining them in warm weather, as they seem to revel in the fleshy part of the wing. I have tried faithfully several methods to preserve them, such as binding the ends with linen cloth, burying in ashes and dipping in brine, but could find nothing that was perfectly reliable till two years ago an accident revealed the secret.

A pail of strong copperas water was set away to cool over night, preparatory to use in the cellar, and by some mischance a package of wings hanging overhead fell into the water with the joint ends down. In the morning they were taken out and flung into the woodshed, supposing they were ruined. Some weeks after, supposing they were dry enough to burn, they were picked up to carry to the kitchen range, but instead of being ruined they were in the very best state of preservation—not a moth visible or a feather loose—and they lasted the best of any wings I ever used. Last year I repeated the experiment of dipping them in copperas water, and the result was splendid; and hereafter it will be my rule in preparing wings for service, to dip them as soon as possible after they are taken off, and then string them on a cord and hang them up in a dry place till they are needed for use. It has often been said that some of the most useful methods of doing work and the best receipts were the result of accident rather than design. This method of preserving wings was purely accidental, and it is no waste, for the water is just as good to pour into the sink drain for a disinfectant as if the wings had not been dipped in it.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—A boarder in a New York hotel invited a friend to dine with him. While at dinner the visitor's coat was stolen. An attempt was made to hold the hotel proprietors responsible. The decision of the court was that the rule that makes the landlord of an inn responsible for the goods of his guests is a severe one and can only be applied when the conventional relation of innkeeper and guest exists. It cannot be extended so as to protect one who is not a guest or a transient visitor upon the invitation of a guest.

A Smile of Satisfaction.

This from the Cleveland (Ohio) *Penny Press*, carries its own suggestion: Recently meeting Mr. H. G. Keffer, treasurer of the *Cleveland Herald*, our representative inquired of that gentleman, after stating his mission, if he personally knew anything about the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. A smile played across Mr. Keffer's expressive face and his eyes twinkled merrily as he replied in the affirmative: I will not refuse to state my experience with it, and you may use it as you think best. Four years ago I sprained one of my ankles, an accident which, as you are aware, entails much suffering and sometimes leaves the limb in a condition to remind one frequently of the old hurt. Unfortunately this result ensued. Whenever the weather became damp or my system absorbed the slightest cold my ankle pained me. This went on at intervals for over three years, and I could not obtain relief. Last winter I applied the St. Jacobs Oil and it completely cured me. I have not since felt a return of the pain.

A LADY who lectured in Deadwood on "Æsthetic Culture" was astonished at the immense crowd that turned out until she learned that the people supposed that æsthetic culture was some new kind of mixed drink.

THE Trenton (N. J.) *Gazette*, mentions the case of Mr. John Wood, with the American Pottery Co., that city, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of an attack of rheumatism, which had confined him to his bed for seventeen weeks. He praises it unstintedly.

ADVICE--A moth telling another moth to keep out of the candle.

LORD BYRON, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady —— has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *living*, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

SOFT, but a hard nut to crack—The doughnut.

"First a cough, carried me off,
And then a coffin they carried me off in!"
This will not be your epitaph if you take your cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. It is specific for weak lungs, spitting of blood, night-sweats, and the early stages of consumption. By all druggists.

A CHICKEN'S neck is like a bell when it is rung for dinner.

Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANDIDATES, in an election race, frequently win by a scratch.

THE Philadelphia *News* says: "It has been discovered that animals struck by lightning become delightfully tender. Nature made a great mistake when she covered spring chickens with such notoriously poor conductors as feathers." Bliffers says that one could not expect to have lightning strike chickens that get to be "tougher'n thunder."—*Yawcob Strauss.*

THE Frog is Sitting on the Log. He is Waiting for a Fly to come Along. He has Business with the Fly. While he is Waiting let us Have some Fun with him. Put a Lighted Fire-cracker in his Mouth. Where is the Frog now? Why, there He is in the Water with his Ears blown out. Why does he not come back to the Log? Perhaps he has Forgotten all about the Fly.—*Denver Tribune-Primer.*

A FEW days ago a Mexican woman, while washing her feet in the Rio Grande near Rio Grand City, was seized and carried off by an alligator. Her husband hearing her scream rushed into the water, and, knife in hand, made this voracious beast give up his prey. The feet of the woman were badly lacerated, but at last accounts she was doing well.—*New York Tribune.* A few days ago a Cincinnati woman, while washing her feet in the Ohio River, felt a tickling sensation in one of her toes, and on drawing it out of the water discovered an alligator attached to it. Other alligators, hearing the cries of their companion, rushed to the shore and finally succeeded in rescuing him. At last accounts the alligator was very sick.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ASK no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play chess with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

"BUY your Christmas presents now," is the legend that meets us in the window of an uptown store. Thank you for the advice; but we always let our friends buy them for us.—*Boston Courier.*

THE circus clown's remarks are necessarily illogical. His reasoning is always in a circle.

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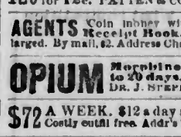

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No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882. NUMBER 46.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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[illegible] KAPPNER, Shop on Alder Street. A specialty.

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[illegible] CUTHBRIDGE, [illegible] Street.

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[illegible] Attorney and Counselor at Law, Oakland, Md.

[illegible] ENGLE, Address, Post Office.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

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The only clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. 6'78 1y

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave me my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. **25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.**

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

Republican Recruiting Ground.

The prolonged tenure of power enjoyed by the Republican party in the United States is in striking contrast with the rapid fluctuations of political opinion in other countries. In Great Britain the historical parties succeed each other after regular intervals. As soon as the Liberals have set up some great landmark of progress, such as a Reform Act, a Poor Law, or a National system of education, the constituencies recede from the advanced positions and there is a temporary reaction in public sentiment which enables the Conservatives to return to power. In Germany the Conservatives, who had steadily lost ground during the eight years which followed the establishment of the Empire, suddenly improved their position after the rejection of the Anti-Socialist Act, but have been again defeated during the present year. In Belgium the Liberals and Clericals are alternately victorious and unsuccessful. The Hungarian Liberals are firmly intrenched in office; but in Austria the Constitutionalists, after retaining political ascendency for twelve years, were demoralized by success and finally overthrown in 1879. In the United States, on the other hand, a single party organization has controlled the National Administration, and with the exception of a brief transition period the Houses of Congress as well, for twenty-one years, and, notwithstanding its prolonged official term and continuous success, is to-day strong, virile and thoroughly equipped for another quarter century of political power.

Colonel John Hay finds no difficulty in accounting for the uninterrupted success of the Republican party. In the course of his admirable address delivered before the Young Men's Republican League of Cleveland on Saturday last he explained why it is that every year finds the party increasing in numbers and reinvigorated in political influence. It is because thousands of young men become voters from year to year, and the vast majority of them vote the Republican ticket. "Take a bright, intelligent, clean-minded young fellow of twenty one, without any special reasons for joining either party, and he is almost sure to become a Republican." Colonel Hay easily proves that everything must lead the new voter in that direction. No matter how superficial his reading may have been, or how scanty his store of political information, he has learned that one party has always been on the right side in every recent conflict of American opinion—that it has fought and won one great battle after another for the preservation of the Union against treason and secession, for specie resumption against repudiation, and for the diversification of industries, the establishment of a system of National banking, the completion of internal improvements of enormous magnitude, and many other measures of enlightened policy against which the ignorance, prejudice and shortsightedness of the country were massed. He knows, moreover, that the leaders of the heroic period of the civil war and the men of genuine force and established reputation in the world of letters, science, education progress and philanthropy have been, with surprisingly few exceptions, unequivocal Republicans. "Our young man," says Colonel Hay, "must stop reading if he wants to avoid the utterance of Republican sentiment. Why should he not feel that it is a privilege to belong to that great historic party, whose past is brilliant with the record of glorious achievements, and whose future is as clear and auspicious as a fair morning in spring?"

In England there is no evidence that the new generation is moving with united front in the direction of Liberalism and progress. Indeed, it has been the boast of Conservative essayists that the strength of their party lies in the old and the young, whose political convictions were formed either before or after Liberalism was at its best. This explanation makes the election of 1880 a movement, in the main, of middle-aged Whigs and old-young Radicals against the old Tories and the young Imperialists or "Jingoes." In the United States, on the other hand, the best elements of American society are constantly massed against the worst in every political contest, and every year a contingent of new voters specially fitted by education and self-development for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship reinforces the party of progress. It is this that makes the Republican party dominant and so permanent a force in American civilization. Its youth is constantly renewed by the transfusion of fresh blood from the common schools and colleges. Republicans can derive from such reflections not a little encouragement and inspiration. At the same time they must not be tempted to forget that the commanding position which the party occupies is only to be maintained by loyal, intelligent and conscientious effort to face every new issue as it arises, and to enlarge its field of usefulness without flinching from any of its traditions and principles. They have a right to count upon the new generation of voters as their own recruits; and it they are wise they will multiply in all the centres of population the agencies by which such political support may be developed and brought to bear in general elections. The Young Men's Republican League in Cleveland appears to have done excellent service, and in Brooklyn a similar organization has accomplished a political revolution. Similar associations, with sub-committees in wards and an effective central organization, should be established in New York first of all, and then in Boston, and wherever the younger element of the party is now allowing its influence to count for little or to go utterly to waste.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Duty of Congress.

By the last elections the Republicans were again fully entrusted with the destinies of this country; the Democratic majorities in both branches of Congress disappeared. At that election the main questions before the people were the preservation of the national credit, the protective tariff, and the national banks. Upon these subjects the voice of the people gave forth no uncertain sound. But in some of the Southern States, where the good sense of the people at large is in accord with the Republicans upon the questions above named, they were returned a class of men whose existence in Congress is a source of danger to the best interests of the country. It is well understood in some parts of the South that a false count or a stuffed ballot-box sent men to Congress that the honest majorities of the people never selected. Public opinion in certain States justifies cheating the colored voters in any way that is possible. To avoid what the old Confederate generals hold to be the nightmare of negro majorities, men otherwise honorable have given countenance to the most open and notorious election frauds. This has been justified by the Democratic and Bourbon organs in the South. The consequence has been that decent men have in some States withdrawn from politics, being unwilling personally to soil their hands with the dirty swindles which they knew were going on, and whose "political necessity" they apologized for; and thus the elections in some of the Southern States have been placed in the hand of a vile and unprincipled set of sharpers, who, being justified by public opinion in cheating the negroes, go on with impunity to additional swindles on their own account.

It has thus happened that men have been counted into seats in Congress who do not really represent their constituencies, and these are for the most part men whose political complexion upon finance, public credit, the tariff and the national banks is such as to make their presence in Congress a standing menace of bad legislation. It is a serious, if not an alarming, thought that the well being of the whole people is at the risk of a combination of the opposition elements to the Republican party. There are bitter haters of the national banks, unscrupulous opponents to sound protective tariff, silver lunatics and inflationists in Congress now, who owe their seats to tissue ballots and false counts.

By the Constitution each house of Congress is the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members, and this is a duty in which a stern judicial attitude should be maintained. Under ordinary circumstances the presumptions are that the credentials are what they on their face purport to be. The prima facia right of a member elect to be enrolled cannot be denied. But where a member-elect comes from a region where public opinion justifies election frauds, where it is held to be "defending civilization" to defraud the colored voter, the presumption of fact is that he was not fairly elected. A majority has no need to cheat a minority. It simply outvotes it. And where cheating open and notorious is going on the presumption is that the returns do not represent a fair election. In all cases of contested elections from constituencies where dishonest election practices are known to exist and are justified by a depraved public opinion, the facts should be scrutinized by the Committee of Elections with pitiless judicial severity. The interests of the whole American people are at stake.—*Baltimore American.*

An Address Issued for Democratic Voters to Sign.

The following address, under date of Baltimore, will be transmitted to the various counties of the State for signature of Democratic voters:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Delegates—An Address to the members-elect of the Grand Assembly of 1882:

This appeal to the Democratic members-elect of the legislature who are truly attached to the principles and organization of the Democratic party, and who are sincerely in favor of the correction of all abuses that may now exist, through retrenchment in every branch of the public service wherever available, and the advancement of all just reforms as the most certain means of promoting the supremacy of both, is now made by your constituents in the different parts of the State with all the earnestness of present and apparent necessities before us. It is made for the purpose of a thorough, wise and determined effort at the approaching session of the legislature to accomplish all the purposes and objects that have so long been held up to the just expectations of the people, and more especially of our Democratic people. There is nothing so necessary now as prudent, brave and resolute action. The past political management of the State by a set of men solely combined for the purpose of power, of office and of thrift have brought us as a party near to the brink of ruin. To protect the party and to preserve to us its accustomed power and good name is among your highest and most important duties.

This is best done, first, by discharging all your responcible duties to the State and to the people of the State by the enactment of just and wise laws by the repeal of bad ones, by the strict observance of economy, by the maintenance of personal integrity in legislation, and by openly declared hostility to wrongs in every shape and form in every branch of the public service. The most certain and unmistakable mode of gathering power to those ideas is the correct and united effort of all such Democratic members, to whom this appeal is addressed to effect the organization of the houses by men who truly represent them. The presiding officers of both houses should be known men to aid you and encourage you in your efforts, and in the appointment of committees, this can be most effectively done.

The subordinate officers of the two houses should be in thorough accord with the presiding officers. The set now in should be removed. There has been a perpetual succession of these men who are adepts in all the ways of expert legislation in the past—all of whose purposes and intent lie in that direction, and who in the past have exercised almost omnipotent power in either defeating good legislation and whose open hostility to every species of reform and retrenchment make them dangerous in their offices where so much can be done against both.

New men of courage and undaunted integrity and independence are required in these positions. Let us most significantly warn you that if you have adverse presiding officers and a committee of the subordinates in the offices of both houses there is a mountain between you and your truest purposes. Unscrupulous management, obstacles of every kind, insidious influences will meet you at every step of your way, and in the end the next session will prove as fruitless of good and expected results as was the last disastrous session which impelled the organization of the party, and if repeated, will secure its disastrous defeat. The late elections are but mile-stones set up in the different counties to mark this open road to disaster. There must be new men and new blood. The perpetuation of the same order of things means the same men and dynasty of men in your Treasury Department, in your Board of Public Works and in the other public institutions of the State. It must end in one certain result—the total disintegration, if not absolute destruction, of the party. The Democratic people of the State demand all the things be well considered, and that prompt action be had to provide against all danger.

We, therefore, most earnestly call upon you to confer together before the meeting of the legislature. Either among yourselves or with others in sympathy with you, meet in conference and present candidates for the organization of both houses known by their past record and character to be in sympathy with the ends of a better condition of things. There is no authority outside of yourselves having any power to designate the time or mode of your assembling for organization, and when assembled in a spirit of harmony and concession, select such men for your presiding officer, your subordinate officers of the houses, your police commissioner and treasurer, as will best subserve the interest and honor and harmony of the party.

This course will restore peace and union—any other will bring disaster.

Professions coming from any quarter that may misguide or delude you into a false security that all this is nothing, and that good may still be worked out even through such hostile and unsafe instrumentalities are not to be entertained or considered for a moment, if anything is to be hoped for in the future.

The address is evidently the result of the recent conference in Baltimore of the leaders of the opposition to the state managers.

A case of prolonged somnolence that may serve as a companion piece to that of the sleeping Hungarian in Pennsylvania, is reported from one of the hospitals of Neiderweisel, in Germany.

The twelve-year-old daughter of an inkeeper fell into a deep trance in March, 1880, and continued in that condition for the entire remainder of the year. She was carefully observed by physicians and nurses in the hospital to which she was removed, and there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the statement made in regard to her, and the small quantity of nutriment that was prescribed had to be administered by forcing her mouth open.

She had normal sleep at night, but during the day lay wholly motionless, and apparently without cessation or consciousness. At first much emaciated, her appearance subsequently became fresh and healthy. About the beginning of the year she suddenly recovered her power of speech and was soon wholly restored in other respects. She is now entirely well. It is also said that during the whole period of her suspended animation she was fully cognizant of everything that took place about her.

W. Barnard Le Van read a paper before the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, on "Rrapid Transit." He took the ground that a speed of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles an hour was possible by the pneumatic system of transportation, which, he predicted, would in the future take the place of the railroads and the latter be only used for moving freight. Trains on pneumatic roads, he said, are in no danger of obstruction from malice, snow, slides of earth, rock, or collision with men, beast or vehicles, of running off the track, setting fire to buildings, stacks of hay or woods. Passengers would be free from cinder, dust and smoke. He thought by this arrangement a trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, now occupying ten hours, would be accomplished in four hours.

We believe that the American public, and we hope that the British public, are beginning to perceive that what in one aspect is unseemly in the Guiteau trial has in another aspect been the most effectual way of testing the prisoner's plea of insanity to the satisfaction not only of the medical experts who are careful watchers of it, but of all mankind. So regarded, the best interests of justice have been served by permitting the prisoner to display his hideous character freely to the jury and to the world.—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. William Warner, residing near Rowland's Mill, Washington county, visited some friends in Hagerstown on Tuesday, with her infant child. When she started home she wrapped up the baby so snugly that it died for want of air, and when she got to the end of her journey and removed the cloaks and shawls from the precious bundle, she found a lifeless corpse.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

I closed my book, for Nature's book
Was opening that day,
And, with a weary brain, I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand,
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.
I heard it murmur, "Mam-ma knows,
But I not unnerstand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What would'st thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What would'st thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head.
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered: "Oo will know,
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face.
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell
To the earth and went to sleep.
All winter it slept in its cozy cell
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;
Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap.

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair;
It felt the breezes blow.
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below.
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
I 's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'y one knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grows.
My Mam-ma has told me so.
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that *makes* 'em grow?"

How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'Twere vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago!
I heard the billows of science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child;
"God makes the grasses grow."

—*W. W. Fink, in St. Nicholas.*

WATER AND HEALTH.

One of the most important subjects for the consideration of the inhabitants of any thickly populated district is the sanitary chemistry of waters. Particularly is this important to the inhabitants of large cities, where the death rate is increased by a number of diseases that have been, and others that perhaps may be, traced to the imperfect and the improper supply of water.

Good water, fresh air and sun-light are three of nature's great remedies, but they are not advertised by our druggists because there is no money to be made. And if they were brought more forcibly to our notice, the chances are that we would prefer some of the more costly cures done up in bottles and wrapped in papers printed with the recommendations and opinions of those who, perhaps, are unconsciously victims to the patent drug. We people of the nineteenth century would, like Naaman of old, rather do some great thing than to wash and be clean.

The character of spring water depends largely upon the natnre of the soil through which it flows. Although spring waters may appear very clear and sparkling, yet they may contain large quantities of impurities held in solution. The fact that the water flows through earth and gravel is enough to account for its clearness—the soil, although giving it its impurities, filters from it any sedimentary matter.

The total quantity of dissolved impurity in spring waters varies from one or two grains to eighty or ninety grains in one U. S. gallon, (231 cubic inches.) Waters are said to be hard or soft. Lime salts make water hard. These lime salts decompose the soap and destroy its detergent properties.

With hard water much more soap is necessary, as some is used up in making the water soft. It is said that the people of Glasgow, in introducing the pure water of Loch Katrine in place of the hard well water, made a saving of $180,000 per annum.

Some hard waters may be made soft by boiling, viz., such as have bicarbonate of calcium. This compound may be destroyed by boiling, liberating carbonic acid gas, and forming insoluble calcium carbonate, which will settle and may be removed by filtration.

This explains how certain incrustations are formed in tea-kettles. I have specimens of incrustations more than an inch thick that were precipitated in the above manner in the boilers of an ocean line of steamers.

While bicarbonate of calcium produces only temporary hardness and may be removed by boiling, water is made permanently hard when the calcium is there as the sulphate.

Organic matter is almost always present in water. There must be a distinction made between vegetable, matter which is harmless, and the objectionable organic matters derived from decomposing animal and vegetable substances. These last rarely occur in spring waters.

One word in regard to living animals and plants in water. Although these animals when seen under the microscope are very formidable in appearance and frightful in motion, yet they are not objectionable. They only inhabit very pure water. The plants exercise a purifying influence on the water by liberating oxygen.

It sometimes happens, owing perhaps to some peculiarity of the season, that these little animals multiply to such an extent as to produce serious annoyance.

Although our waters are perhaps free from objectionable animals, yet I may say that it is stated that one-sixth of the deaths in Iceland are caused by little animals being taken into the system. Young leeches, contained in drinking water, sometimes fix themselves on the pharynx. In Algiers 400 French soldiers were sick at one time from this cause.

These waters contain about the same class of impurities that springs do. In addition to this they sometimes contain large quantities of putrifying animal matter on account of their too close proximity to cesspools, privy vaults or sewers. These matters, while they hardly affect the taste or smell, carry with them deadly results to the persons using the water. Wells in the neighborhood of grave yards often contain water contaminated with animal matter from the recently filled graves. In 1808 a law was passed in France prohibiting the digging of a well within 100 metres of any cemetery.

Very good water is often supplied by artesian wells when they are bored down so as to receive their supply of water from below a stratum of soil impervious to surface drainage.

Lakes and ponds contain less, but the same kind of impurities as springs. While the water from springs all flows through soil from which it dissolves its impurities, much of the lake and pond water only flows over the surface of the ground.

Rivers or any rapid streams contain generally a large amount of suspended matter which makes the water thick and dark in color. Very little of this suspended matter dissolves, and it may be removed by filtering or allowing it to settle.

When these turbid streams empty into lakes or ponds the suspended matter settles, leaving the lake water clear, but in running streams the[illegible] for the sediment to [illegible]

The water of the [illegible] forty grains of m[illegible] estimated that this [illegible] 000 tons of sedime[illegible] Gulf of Mexico. [illegible] plant food, and pa[illegible]

The water of ri[illegible] impure by receiving the drainage of towns on its banks. These impurities often make the water unfit to drink. Rivers, however, will purify themselves by oxidation in a short time.

The quality is often of more importance than the quantity of the impurity. Five or six grains of lime or magnesia will render water unfit for the cooking of some vegetables, while such impurity will be of great advantage when the water is used for making tea or coffee. Soft waters are generally better for cooking and for washing purposes, and hard water for tea or coffee. It is on account of this that certain wells have a reputation as tea wells. In years gone by there were two or three such wells in New York City and a boy was employed by the corporation to pump water for the benefit of the inhabitants.

The reason why hard water is better for making tea or coffee is because the lime salts prevent the water from dissolving the astringent matter contained in the tea or coffee, but it does not prevent the extraction of theine.

Larger quantities of these above-mentioned impurities make water injurious to health. If it is known that water has a high degree of permanent hardness, the chances are that it is a bad water. It will probably contain the sulphate of lime, chloride of calcium, and perhaps salts of magnesium. Magnesium salts are especially objectionable to water, and water containing even a small amount of these salts should be rejected. Water containing these salts causes diarrhœa when drunk. They are also said to cause dyspepsia. It is supposed to be the presence of these salts in water that produces goitre (a swelling of the glands of the neck.) Cretinism, which is a certain kind of idiotic insanity, is also referred to the same impurities in large quantities. Among the inorganic impurities of water, lead and copper are often found, and especially is lead found. A water which acts freely upon lead is not suitable for the supply of a town, as our service pipes are made of lead. Almost any water will act upon lead if left in contact with it long enough. For this reason we should always empty the house pipes of water which has stood in them over night, before drawing any for cooking purposes. Lead is a cumulative poison, and a very small quantity taken into the system each day will finally produce lead-poisoning.

The products of the decomposition of animal matter in water are the most objectionable impurities. These are highly dangerous even when in minute quantities. They are the more dangerous because waters containing such poison, instead of being disagreeable to the taste, are frequently of very fine flavor and much sought after. Many cases of disease have been traced to the use of water contaminated by drainage from sewers, cesspools, etc.

The old saying "There was health in the old houses; while there is death in the new" is easily explained. New villages are generally supplied with water from springs, and as the number of inhabitants increases wells are used for greater convenience. Wells often receive contamination from sewage and cesspools, while spring water is free from such contamination The famous Broad Street pump in London in 1848 killed 500 persons in a single week by disseminating cholera. In 1866 many deaths occurred from the use of water from a famous pump in Brooklyn. All trouble was brought to an end when the Health Officers removed the pump handle.

There are substances dissolved in water sometimes, which are themselves harmless, and yet they should cause the water to be looked upon with great suspicion. The first is sodium chloride or common salt. This substance may get into the water by infiltration from the sea or from strata containing common salt. But another source of chlorides in a water is polution by sewage.

Although the presence of chlorides in water does not show positively that the water is contaminated, yet when found in any quantity the water must be condemned until the source of the sodium chloride has been ascertained.

Nitrates and nitrites are sometimes found in water, and they may be there as the products of the decomposition of organic matter. Allowing that they are not injurious in themselves, yet they at once make you suspect that the water containing them has at some time or other been contaminated with organic matters to a large extent.

Impurities from factories and chemical works must sometimes be looked for. But such impurities are not to be feared in this country while our factories are so scattered as now. The waste products of our most important industries are quite harmless when diluted with much water.

It frequently happens that whole communities are thrown into a state of excitement if the water supply happens to be a little off-color, as it frequently is after a heavy storm. They get an idea that the water is poisoned, and no amount of reassuring will prove the reverse. Such cases occurred in New York City once or twice during the late war with the South, and they amounted, to almost a panic. In New York they supposed the Croton water, which supplies the city, to have been poisoned by Southerners. The absurdity lies in the fact I am about to state.

One-sixteenth grain of strychnine is necessary to poison a person. That each person might get that amount the water of Croton Lake would have to receive three and one-half tons of strychnine. There is not so much in the world, and it would take about three years to procure it.

If arsenic were used, they must have two grains for each person, and that would require 114 tons—a canal boat load.

Before closing I wish to call your attention to the following figures, which show the amount of water used per head in some large cities:

Manchester	50 gallons
Liverpool	30 gallons
Edinburgh	30 gallons
Glasgow	50 gallons
London	50 gallons
New York	100 gallons
Imperial Rome	[illegible]

Among Loose Lions.

Mr. George Sanger, having engaged with Mr. Paul Cleves, the proprietor of the Porte St. Martin theatre, Paris, to supply eight lions, two dromedaries and two elephants, to appear in a spectacular play, the lions were brought to the theatre. At nine the next morning the man in charge of the elephants, with an expression of terror in his countenance, said in a whisper to Mr. Sanger: "The lions are out." "Well," said Mr. Sanger, "why don't you catch them? Where's the keeper, Macomo?" "Don't know, sir." Mr. Sanger, taking an oil-lamp, with a wretched, smoked globe, went on to the stage, and, after walking about for a time, was heard to say: "O, there you are, are you!" and, looking over a trap in the stage, he saw the big lion Tiebborne, and presently the other two came prowling by. "All right, I will soon have them," said Mr. Sanger. At this, the big lion, as though he understood what was said, threw up his head and opened his ponderous jaws, showing his great tusks. Mr. Sanger took a heavy whip used by the elephant-keeper, and with this in one hand and the lamp in another, dashed into the cellar. The lions instantly dashed off. Presently he was heard to say: "It's all right, I have got one of them." Mr. Sanger came upon the stage, and said the other two were concealed among the broken timber and waste at the bottom of the cellar, and that he would have them directly. Several tried to persuade him to forego any further attempt. "What am I to do?" he answered, "I have engaged to bring eight lions here to appear in the play, and not to roam about in the theatre." At this moment something was heard to fall. Mr. Sanger, leaving without saying a word, went into the cellar again, and, after searching in vain for the lions for some time, discovered that they had got into the bottom cellar. They had fallen a depth of twenty feet. "All right, I have got them; come on, come on," cried Sanger. Thinking the lions were secure, some friends descended, but they were only caught up in a corner. "Bring up those shutters; be quick!" was next heard; and seeing such bravery shown by Mr. Sanger, they plucked up courage, carried several shutters, and hemmed them in. Then the cages from which they had so recently broken being lowered, the capture was easily effected. The hunt was carried on in the most calm and collected manner possible, and proved beyond all doubt that there was not the slightest fear on the part of Mr. George Sanger, the modern lion-hunter.

A Phenomenal Spring.

In April last David Manners, a farmer living in Kingwood Township, Hunterdon County, N. J., discovered a spring right alongside of another spring which has been in existence about eighty years, but has yielded no water, not even in wet seasons, since the Pattenburg tunnel was made several years ago. Why this spring should flow while the other is dry baffles the wisdom of the neighborhood. Just how water can flow through the crevices of rock from the mountain regions beyond Pattenburg to the Delaware River adds to the mystery of the spring. That which is most surprising respecting it, however, is the fact that every time the moon changes, whether there is rain or not, the spring rises about eleven inches, and then falls again some four inches. This causes a gain of seven inches with every change of the moon, and the spring is therefore growing rapidly. Already there are signs of a stream being formed, and the course which it will take is clearly outlined among the rocks and even down in the meadow land. The question which agitates the rural mind outside of the phenomenon of the spring's curious conduct is as to the result should a stream of any size be formed. Blocked in by the hills, it would be apt to rush down over the fields and destroy the rich farming soil. A sagacious school teacher has done some figuring regarding it, and has come to the conclusion if the rise continues at its present rate and the stream forms, as now seems likely, in three years there will be a body of water pouring over the rocks large enough to cause trouble, and that in six years the farmhouses will be washed away, unless moved beforehand. These things are not agreeable to contemplate, and David Manners and his neighbors are seriously discussing the taking of speedy measures to prevent the prophetic flood.

—Mr. Bright's accession to the Cabinet has never affected the social life of himself or his family. Neither his late wife nor members of his family have ever mixed in what in England is called society. In fact, he has never even had a house in London.

Savage Warfare in Brooklyn.

One day last week a Joralemon Street man arrived from Carlisle, Penn., with a young Indian squaw whom he had taken from school there and whom he proposed to train for an upper servant. The news of the arrival flew like wildfire, and the small boys of the neighborhood began preparations for the campaign. They slept on the floor nights, wrapped in blankets, to inure themselves to the fatigue and hardships of an active expedition, and ate hard tack and such spoiled meat as they could find, that they might prove trained soldiers when hostilities opened.

Friday night was fixed for the attack. Twenty veteran youngsters who had read of a score of bloody Indian battles armed themselves with broom handles and flocked to the fray.

"Be cautious, men," whispered Doony Murphy, who had been elected General. "The enemy is now at prayer meeting. She will return through the Fulton ravine, and as she rounds the angle into Joralemon canon we will trail her to her lair!"

"Shall we betake ourselves to the woods, General?" inquired Mick McCartney, who was second in command,

"So do!" the General, in a [illegible] the troops got be[illegible] amp posts.

[illegible] the stillness save [illegible] of the Court Street [illegible] ped to discharge or [illegible] The wind swept [illegible] front of the City [illegible] roar of the grizzly [illegible] his Eagles up and [illegible] of Myrtle Avenue. [illegible] buck stood before the Academy bill-board, wildly chawing the Patti show bills and rejoicing in his freedom.

At length the prayer-meeting services were ended, and Sarah, the squaw, started with the free and easy stride of her race to ride home.

"Brooklyn expects every man to do his duty!" said Gen. Doony Murphy, as a scout reported the arrival of the foe. He turned a shade paler as he spoke, but his companions noted it not. "When I give the ringing word of command, have at the redskins!" he continued, and, as the order went down the line, each hoodlum grasped his stick with firmer hand and thought of home and mother.

Slowly and with elastic tread Sarah alighted from a Greene, Gates & Fulton Indian pony and cautiously picking out the trail, passed over the plains where Court and Fulton meet, and turned into the dark and dismal canon of Joralemon, destined soon to sparkle with life blood.

"Lie quiet, men, ordered the General, "Col." Mick McCartney, you may lead the attack, surround her if you can, but be wary. The red devil may escape into her mountain fastness unless you are wary!"

Colonel Mick gave a ringing salute, and ordered his men to stand fast.

Sarah had penetrated the ravine about a hundred feet when suddenly there arose a yell of rage and vengeance, and the troops were upon her.

The battle was bitter. Murphy and his men were brave, but the squaw had legs like a thrashing machine and fists like shoulders of beef. Across the prairie the wind bore the howls of the wounded and the crash of the fray, mingled with the shriek of defeat and the hoarse cry of victory.

Then all was still again and peaceful in that awful dell.

And the buck left the Patti show bills and wandered over the field, gorging himself on assorted sizes of seats of trousers, thickly scattered there. The red child of the plains went home, thinking that civilization had some charms, and inclined to regard coming home as more elevating to the morals than going to prayer-meeting, while Murphy and McCartney stood up before the tattered remnant of their army and examined dime novels to see where they made their mistake.

One of yesterday's story papers contained the following answer to correspondents:

"D. Murphy—You should have crossed the prairie in the other direction, as an Indian always fights against the wind. Mutton tallow and tannin are said to be good. From the description we think the button holes of your pants may be used again, but the rest appears to have been badly damaged. No; we don't think you had better attack her again. Another time you had better go for the rest of the prayer-meeting and let the Indian go."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sun Disturbances.

Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun-pot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbance. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is planetary attraction, some that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter and some that it is the result of internal commotion and the upward rush of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a flame. Besides the sun-spot agitation the gaseous outbursts are marked and vivid. The tongues or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bear their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, who is making daily observations of the sun's chromosphere, gives a description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed lately. When first seen it was large and complicated, extending upward from the sun about 100,000 miles. Three or four hours later it had developed into huge proportions, extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually into regions where it would not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth would almost reach the moon. Two hours later the whole structure had collapsed, and was only about 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty forces at work in the solar orb, and make observers long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for these periodical solar disturbances, so intimately connected with the meteorological condition of the earth.

—On "Hospital Saturday" nearly 1,000 ladies sat in the London streets in charge of the collecting boxes.

Firework Making.

A firework factory is not a very imposing establishment to look at. It cannot very well be so. It is necessary to have almost as many workshops as there are various processes in the manufacture, and the law requires that only a certain amount of explosive material shall be accumulated in each shop, that only a certain number of hands shall be employed in it, that the center of each shop shall be at least twenty-five yards from the center of any other shop, and that finished fireworks shall be stored in quantities strictly limited and clearly specified in magazines sunk in the ground at least fifty yards from any other magazine or workshop. A large firework factory, therefore, has the appearance of a rather queer-looking little industrial village, the open spaces of which may perhaps be piled up with debris of one sort and another, while some of the roadways about it are fringed with a display of iron mortars, which, to any one who should chance to come upon the place without any knowledge of its character, might very probably suggest the idea that the heaps of broken frames rocket-sticks, barrels, and so forth, were the outcome of a recent bombardment.

It is not altogether an inviting enclosure for a stranger to make his way into. There is a big notice of "Danger" in capital letters near the entrance, and all sorts of notices of pains and penalties and warnings to trespassers. There are some fifty workshops and magazines dotted over about twenty-one acres of grass land, and the rules and regulations posted up here and there about the place convey the idea—quite an erroneous one no doubt—that a general blow-up may be expected at any moment. Every workshop is floored with kamptulicon and lined with paper. Not a scrap of iron is employed in their structure, all nails, etc., being of copper. The people employed in them are compelled to wear "over-all" boots made specially for the purpose without nails, and garments of woolen, all pockets, in which lucifers or other contraband articles might be brought into the place being strictly forbidden. To insure that this prohibition is adhered to, every person is searched before commencing work. If it is necessary, as it sometimes is at busy times, to carry on work after dark, each workshop must be lighted by a gas lamp shining through the window from the outside.

Perhaps the most delicate and interesting feature of modern fire work-making is the charging of Roman candles—those colored balls which are pulled out softly into the air one after the other without any report, and which always are recognized as such a pretty feature of the Sydenham displays. The public like to see these balls thrown out with exactly an equal force, so as to play just within the same sphere. In order to secure this very careful adjustment is necessary.

The fiery balls of color are little lumps of composition filled into the case, and separated from each other by a layer of "dark-fire," a little charge of gunpowder being just underneath each. It is this little charge of powder which blows them into the air, and if all the charges were alike, every ball would be thrown out a little further than its predecessor, because the deeper down in the case an explosion takes place the more violent it is, the resistance being greater. To obviate this the charge of powder is made to increase as the tube is filled up. The workman who fills a Roman candle, therefore, has before him a series of little scoops of different sizes for measuring the powder, and uses them in succession, the smallest being used for the first ball put in and the largest one for the ball at the mouth of the tube. The "dark fire" is a composition which only smoulders, and which therefore does not burn down to a second ball until the first has performed its graceful progress through the air. Of all fireworks the rocket is perhaps the most beautiful, and it certainly is the most curious in its structure. Some of the best of them are said to rise to a height of more than a third of a mile, and this amazing power of light is secured by running in very tightly into the rocket-case a composition which burns fiercely, and generates gas very rapidly when once lighted, but which has only a very small vent for its fury at the lower end of the case. The gas generated inside rushes out with such violence against the air outside that the rocket is driven upward by it, the tail of the comet consisting of the sparks of the fire burning within. Rocket-making of course forms a large part of the work of any firework factory. In one shed the cases are being made; in another building sticks are being split up and rounded at the head so as to fit into the rocket-case. In a third all sorts of curious burdens are being prepared for the fiery messengers whose heads are hollow chambers capable of holding "tail stars," comets, colored stars, golden rain, floating lights and a score of other surprises when the rocket can rise no higher. These floating lights, by the way, are well worth a passing notice. They are produced by little tubes of color borne aloft by a small silken parachute, which, together with the tube, is skilfully packed into the head of the rocket.—*London Daily News.*

Origin of Mustard.

Before the year 1729 mustard was little known, according to the *Grocers' Journal*, at English tables. About this time an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, began to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the flour through several processes necessary to free it from its husks. She kept her secret to herself for many years, during which she sold large quantities of mustard throughout the country, but especially in London. Here it was introduced to the royal table, where it received the approval of George I. From the circumstance of Mrs. Clements being a resident at Durham, it obtained the name of Durham mustard. The manufacture of mustard consisted in simply grinding the seed into a very fine flour, a bushel of seed, weighing sixty pounds, yielding twenty-eight pounds to thirty pounds of flour of mustard. A false taste, however, arose for having an improved color, and the flour of mustard was introduced from which the oil had been abstracted. Hence other materials, such as capsicum powder, turmeric, terra alba, wheaten flour, etc., are added to bring up the flavor and increase the bulk.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Berlin has a population of 1,130,000 and church sittings for only 130,000.

—The Presbyterian Church at Mount Puran, Md., celebrated recently its 166th anniversary.

—The teaching in English schools is gradually and surely passing out of the hands of the clergy.

—The English Wesleyan Conference has authorized the use of the Revised Testament in the church catechisms.

—A Jewish congregation at Newark, N. J., have made a bold innovation in adopting the fashion of removing their hats during service in the synagogue.

—The fifteenth new Episcopal church built in West Virginia through the active efforts of Bishop George W. Peterkin is at Ansted, near Hawk's Nest, Fayette County.

—Bible revision is going on in Germany. The New Testament was finished about ten years ago, and the revisers are now putting the finishing touches to the Old Testament.

—E. A. Harris, of Fitchburg, Mass., a conductor on the Old Colony Railroad, has taken a four months' leave of absence to inaugurate a series of revival meetings among the railway employes in Massachusetts.

—The Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Free Methodist Church of Fulton, N. Y., is blind, but he discharges the duties of the pastorate with his wife's help. She accompanies him to church every service, occupies the pulpit with him, and reads the Scriptures and hymns. At class-meeting she is by his side and informs him of the names of those who speak and those who fail to do so, that he may call upon them to give their "testimony."

—Mrs. Lever, who is a Mexican by birth and a fluent speaker of the Spanish language, has set out for Mexico to enter as an evangelist the service of the Mexican League. She will go to the city of Mexico and be under the direction of Bishop Riley. Prior to her departure a farewell service was held in the chapel of the Church of the Holy Communion, in this city. The Mexicans are a difficult people to evangelize, even by those who speak Spanish. Evangelists who undertake to labor among them without being able to address them in their own tongue generally make a failure of the work. The "League" is in urgent need of money, and asks help from those who have it to give.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A bare foot is a good tacks collector; but the owner groans as the iron enters his sole.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—The man who says that woman has never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing society.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Where is Tommy? He is playing base-ball in the lot. Can Tommy play well? Yes indeed, for he sometimes makes a home run. This is when his father heaves in sight.—*Chicago Tribune Primer.*

—The ten plagues of a newspaper office are bores, poets, cranks, rats, cockroaches, typographical errors, exchange fiends, book canvassers, delinquent subscribers, and the man who always knows how to run the paper better than the editor does himself.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—Prof. Huxley wants his boy to have "broad shoulders, a deep chest and a stomach so good he will never know he has one." That kind of a stomach would be a bonanza for a tramp. And, occasionally, it would strike the wealthy editor as a good thing to have in the house.—*Burlington Hawk Eye.*

—Gen. Sickles has got into a lively fight with the New York Gas Company, and his investigations showed that the meter charged for four feet for every one used, and the company tested the meter and said it was an unusually slow running one, and if it didn't more than quadruple the amount of gas used we should say the company was right.—*Boston Post.*

—Monkeys, says a writer on natural history, are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. But they don't require so much paregoric in their infancy as do human beings; and a monkey is not obliged to rush out at midnight to summon a physician for its offspring. And here is where they have the royal bulge, as the poet says, on their more fully developed fellow-beings.—*Norristown Herald,*

—Once there Was Little Girl who Lived all By Herself on a Lone Island. She was Oftentimes very Lonesome and and as she Grew up she Longed for a Sweet Heart, but as there Was nobody Else on the Island, of Course she could not Have a Beau. She had Four little Girl Babies and Three little Boy babies and She Gave them all the Candy they wanted. One day as she was giving them Some Candy, a Brave Young Prince landed on the Island and Seeing Her fell in Love with Her. She had never Seen a Man before and she did not Know what to Say when he Asked her to Marry him. "What will Become of My little Daughter Bella!" she asked. "She can Marry my Father, the King," said the Prince. So they All went to Church and were Married and Lived on the Lone Island happily to the End of their Lives.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

Alligator Teeth.

As the buffalo of the Western prairie is doomed to an early extinction, so the same fate appears to be in store for the Florida alligator. A day or two since a merchant of this city received a box containing 132 pounds of the teeth of the great water lizards. Now, each one of these teeth represented numerous saurians, as the tusks found in each animal are neither large nor weighty. A dealer in South Florida, has this year executed an order from Paris for 5,000 alligator hides, where shoes of the material have become fashionable. As the Caloosahatchie and Kissimmee Rivers are opened to navigation, and steamers freighted with sportsmen anxious to slaughter these scaly reptiles, traverse those waters, the race will fall back into Lake Okeechobee and the recesses of the Everglades. Even there their safety will not be assured.—*Jacksonville Letter in Savannah News.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE HUNGRY BOARDER.

"O, husband, what one boarder eats
We'd scarcely miss, not oven meats;
Do let me take one—you will see
The profits make you rich and me."

The husband was too wise a man
To argue 'gainst a woman's plan;
Besides he knew she'd have her way
As usual, so he said, "You may."

But being wise, he sought a friend
Famed for an appetite. "Come spend
A week with me," he said, "and show
My wife what boarders are, you know."

The table was a sight to see.
The wife, so happy, poured the tea.
The bogus boarder loosed his vest,
Prepared to do his level best.

He quickly got to work and spread
A pound of butter on his bread,
Put all the sugar in his cup,
And heaped his plate, like mountains, up.

The wife in horror looked aghast
To see her profits (?) go so fast,
And almost fainted on the floor
Each time the boarder called for more.

"O, Mr. Jones," she squirmed, "will you
Excuse me, but—are you not—through?"
"Through what," he grinned; this lunch?
Not I—
I've just commenced—please pass that pie."

"O, husband," groaned the wife that night,
"Do make him go; we're ruined quite."
"I told you so," he laughed; "but, dear,
We can't; you took him for a year."

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

A RAINY DAY.

The rain was falling in torrents.

"I shall have one day of quiet," said Mrs. Lloyd. "Even the Centennial Exhibition will not draw people out in such a down pour as this."

Mrs. Lloyd was a Philadelphian; the Exposition of 1876 was at its height. One battalion of guests, with a wagonful of trunks and satchels, had left the house, the night before; another was coming to-morrow. "But, to-day," she said, "I shall have rest."

Scarcely had she spoken, however, when the bell rang, and the next moment a card and a letter were brought up.

Now, Mrs. Lloyd had once written a book—a book of poems. She also contributed, weekly, a column on the fashions, to two newspapers. She was known, therefore, in the distant little Delaware village, where she had been born, as a burning and shining light of literature. The *Women's Banner* always spoke of her as "the gifted daughter of our own fair land;" her legion of cousins estimated the annual income, from her pen, at from eight to ten thousand dollars; all of them, who had literary tastes, had sent poems, essays and novels to her, with the expectation that she would have them published, without delay; and insure them, also, incomes of from eight to ten, etc. Her cousins, who had *not* literary tastes, spoke of her as our "strong-minded relative;" wondered, when they saw her, "when she would lecture, or go on the stage, or do something of that kind!" Or they innocently asked: "Who does take care of the house, and the children, poor little things?"

There were times when Mrs. Lloyd found her laurels a crown of thorns. They threatened to be uncomfortable, now. When she had descended to the parlor, card in hand, she found there a fragile, very pale girl, about twenty years old, a satchel in her hand, attired in a brown merino, which, as Mrs. Lloyd's practiced eye at once detected, had lately been turned wrong side out.

"My cousin, Amy Pollok?" she said, civilly.

"No, nothing of the kind," sharply transfixing Mrs. Lloyd with a pair of pale-blue eyes, which she fancied were washed out with many tears. "A cousin fifth times removed, may be. Kinship as thin as that is no ground for beggars to stand on."

"We are both women, then let us say," said the lady gently. "That is kinship enough, if I can do anything for you."

"O, I did not come to trouble you. I've started out in the world to be independent, and I'll carry out my purpose. I only want advice from you. People usually are ready enough to give advice. It don't come out of their pockets," with a short, disagreeable laugh.

"Very well. Advice," good-humoredly. "Sit down."

"It's hardly worth while," seating herself, however, with a quick, indignant glance about the room, at the costly furniture and *bric-a-brac*. "It's not likely you'll take much interest in *me*. Successful people don't often trouble themselves about those who are at the bottom of the hill."

"If you came to quarrel with me it was hardly worth while. Besides, I am not in an ill-humor to-day," laughed Mrs. Lloyd.

Her visitor stared at her, and then laughed, also; growing red, as a very young girl would do. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be rude. I have had so much to try me." The ready tears coming.

"I see that," quietly. "Take time and tell me what I can do for you. You are cousin Job's daughter; and, though I have never seen you before, he was very kind to me when I was a child."

"I don't want to appeal to your gratitude, or your sentiment; but your plain common sense," falling back into the rasping voice, and setting her head again defiantly. "You've been down on our farm. You know what chance there is there for a woman with brains. Lazy men and lazier helps. Canning, pickling, all summer; sewing and sausage-making all winter; every penny the farm yields going into their stomachs. The same dreary talk the year round; gabble and gossip. 'Who has the ague?' and 'is the brown cow off her feed?' It is two years since I had a new dress; it is four since I could buy a new book or paper. I have felt so starved in mind, that, sometimes, I thought I should go mad," turning the thin face and pale-blue eyes suddenly on Mrs. Lloyd, who felt a cold chill pass over her.

"Well?" she said feebly.

"Well? I'm tired of it. I've cut loose. I left mother and the girls at work in the kitchen. They've been there since they were born, and they'll be there until they die. But I've cut loose!"

"What do you propose to do?"

"O, I'm not a fool. I know I can't earn my living without some sort of capital—of skill or knowledge. I—I—" she hesitated, now, blushing hotly. "I may as well be plain spoken. I'm a poet."

"O!"

"Yes, I've written a great deal. The county papers have published all my poems."

"Did they pay you?"

"No. But if I were in New York, I know I could earn a comfortable living. I have enough manuscript here," nodding towards her satchel, to keep me going for a year."

"You are going to New York? You have secured a position on some paper or magazine, then?"

"N—no, not precisely that. I mean to write for the best, of course. But they do not know me—yet."

"In the meantime you are amply provided with means. Living in New York is expensive, as you know."

She fumbled with her papers, and then looked up boldly. "I have my passage paid to New York, and two dollars over."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Lloyd. "Are you mad?"

"No. I suppose it does seem like a desperate venture to you. But you have never read my poems. It is brains, not blood that tells," quietly replacing the manuscripts in her satchel, and locking it.

Mrs. Lloyd observed how thin her hands were, and that they trembled with the nervous tension which she had put upon herself. She did not argue with her. She would as soon have placed herself upon the track, in front of an engine under full steam, as have tried to thwart the little wiry woman, just now.

"She is wound up as far as she will bear," she thought, "and an imprudent touch will make her break down altogether. I wish she were safe at home in the kitchen again."

"Now, my dear Amy," she said aloud, "this much you must yield to me. Stay with me until to-morrow. Take a peep at the Exposition. It will give you some new ideas for poems, perhaps. Then have one good night's rest, and if you still persist you shall go in the morning."

"It is against my resolution," hesitating. "I determined not to be indebted to anybody for even a meal's victuals. I set out to be independent. I only wanted the names of publishers from you and how to find them——"

"Nonsense! Take off your hat," untying the strings. "We will have lunch, and then you shall go out to the Exposition, alone, and be as independent as you choose."

Miss Pollok was persuaded to go up to the dainty, little chamber, bathe her face and arrange her hair, which was fair and soft. Mrs. Lloyd's admiring little touch on the heavy braids seemed to wake the real woman in her disagreeable guest. The girl blushed and smiled.

"She is weak and worn out just now," judged the shrewd lady. "Not a bad type of woman for a wife and mother; but the last to make a successful fight against the world."

The lunch table, with its quaint china, pot of trailing vines in the center, and colored damask, touched the stranger's eye as a picture would have done. If home and home life could take this heartsome, poetic aspect, she thought, she never would have wanted to brave the world and be independent. Just as they were sitting down to the delicate little meal, a card was brought to Mrs. Lloyd.

"I must leave you for a moment," she said. "But you are at home now," and poor, tired Miss Pollok, sipping her strong tea and looking drowsily about the room, felt as if she had reached a haven of rest far better than any home she had known.

In a few moments Mrs. Lloyd came back, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

"My guest is another cousin, whom I have never seen before; a six-foot, apple-cheeked Michigander. Did you hear his voice? It is like the great winds in Ossian, that lift the rocks. He has come to see the wonders of the Centennial, and called on me, thinking the woman who writes the greatest wonder of all. I know he was disappointed not to find me with my hair down and a man's jacket on, and my stockings out at the heels."

"Yes. They all think of you in that way. It is too absurd," said Miss Pollok, angrily. "I shall let him know that you are one of the daintiest of housekeepers. O, I can tell good housekeeping, when I see it."

"I am going to bring him out. Susy, let us have something more substantial than chicken. Cold beef, ham and eggs; but plenty of it."

Miss Pollok acknowledged her introduction to Cousin Ralph Bristow with a cool, little nod, and a sharp, instantaneous inspection of him from the curly head down to the No. 9 brogans. How much beef and ham had gone to the making of these tremendous thews, she wondered, curiously.

But Ralph, in his relief at finding his literary cousin so "jolly," and in his quick compassion for her pale little companion was so hearty and genuine, and showed such an odd courtesy and tenderness through his big voice and cumbersome gestures, that both ladies were thoroughly awakened. They grew absolutely garrulous, and laughed, and became cheery, and brilliant, and appreciative, as they could not possibly have been, if the man had not come into the scene.

Before the lunch was over, they knew very clearly the extent and condition of Mr. Bristow's lumber trade; and could have sketched his house and farm, if not from memory, at least from the most vivid of descriptions.

"Yes, its the old homestead. Seems odd to talk of old homesteads in Michigan, eh? We call ours a pretty old building—forty years, I reckon. Father left it to me. 'You stay in the old place, Ralph,' he says. 'Don't go West.'"

"And you live there, you say, quite alone?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Well, I've got the farm-hands, and a woman to look to things. It's six years since—mother—left me. It's lonesome, since she has gone, I tell you. But there's no women around Pottsville. None of any especial account, that is," blushing hotly.

"You reminded me of one of Ossian's heroes when I first saw you," said Mrs. Lloyd, laughing. "Now I know why. You are in search of 'a white-armed maid of Strina-dona.'"

The young giant laughed, also. "I don't know what the qualities of the Strina-dona women may be; but if they are as independent and energetic as the women of Pottsville, I'll have none of them."

"You prefer the domestic, kittenish type?" said Miss Pollok, shooting a defiant glance at him, from under her light lashes.

"Certainly. I mean to do the thinking and the working for my wife."

"And what share is she to have in life?"

"O, she shall coddle *me*," with a quizzical twinkle in his black eyes, at the irate face on the other side of the table.

After they had returned to the parlor, the young Westerner invited Miss Pollok to go with him out to the Exposition. He had engaged the most showy "team" which money could procure, and it was now drawn up in state at the door.

"I consented to go with him," said Miss Pollok, as Mrs. Lloyd left the room with her, "because I could not refuse without rudeness to you. The man is well enough, as to looks [illegible] is anything for which [illegible] it 'is a great, magnificent animal, with thinks women were born to serve him.

"But, dear Amy, consider. He knows nothing of our class of women. Try and give him a glimpse of the cultured self-reliant girl is; I wretched hereafter brance."

When Mrs. Lloyd [illegible] back to Western Gog, as she [illegible] found him pacing up [illegible] head threatening to [illegible] ceiling of the little parlor.

"Now, Cousin Rhoda [illegible]egan, eagerly, "I invited Miss [illegible]ok to go with me out of courtesy to you. She's a nice-looking little thing. But I'm horribly afraid of her. These strong-minded, go-ahead women actually give me the dumb ague. I can't keep my ground with them at all."

"Poor Amy!" sighed Mrs. Lloyd. "You will have no trouble in pushing her out of your way, if you are so minded. She's used to it."

"Eh? How? You don't say so!" anxiously. "Why, I thought she was one of your driving reformers; women that go through the world like a darning-needle through a ball."

"How strange a mistake!" with another sigh. "Now, I do suppose that Amy has never had her own way in all her life. She was born to hard work, poverty, snubs and neglect. Kindness, I am sure, is something she has yet to experience."

"Tut; tut! Is it possible. Poor little thing! Very remarkable the mistake I made. Well, she shall have one jolly afternoon, at any rate. I wish I had brought a bouquet, Cousin Rhoda. I saw a stunner at a corner, and had a mind to bring it to you; but I supposed literary ladies would look upon flowers as trifling. But I could have given it to her, eh? Poor child! So she's had a rough time of it?"

The door opened at this moment, and he hurried to meet Amy, with a profound bow, which would not have done discredit to a French marquis. She, in turn, was very grave, but gentle; feeling the responsibility of supporting the character of all the literary sisterhood.

"You will remember to come home in time for dinner, at six?" said Mrs. Lloyd, as they bade her good-bye.

"O, I hear there are famous foreign restaurants, and we must try these anyhow, to-day. That is part of the show." And he telegraphed, dumbly: "She looks hungry," standing back of his charge.

The carriage drove off with a clatter and dash which wakened the quiet street.

The carriage was softly cushioned. Miss Pollok found it easier than the broken-springed old family one, in which she had been used to jolt to church. Never before had she reclined in such luxurious state, to say nothing of the gallant cavalier bending over her. Amy had been ugly, as a child, and sarcastic, as a woman; and had never before, therefore, in a single instance, received that peculiar homage, which men pay to every attractive girl.

"How very absurd," she thought, as Mr. Bristow stooped to adjust the rug over her dress, "I could do it much better myself. Makes me ridiculous." But she smiled and thanked him, with a queer, little glow of comfort at heart.

She was so tired, too. Worn out in body with downright hard work, and rasped in brain. The way was long. The carriage moved slowly through the crowded streets. Mr. Bristow, finding Amy did not respond, at the end of one of his longest-winded stories looked down and saw that her eyes were shut.

"Poor thing," he muttered. "It goes against my grain to see a woman so beaten out."

Amy started up, wide awake, at the eastern gate, declaring she had never had a pleasanter ride. "Your stories of Western life are so very odd," she said, with a patronizing nod. She was all alert and quite prepared to play *cicerone* to this great ignoramus from the backwoods. There was no book at the farm which she had not read a dozen times; and where were the ideas gained from the Spectator, Milton, the British Dramatists and Elegant Extracts be of use if not here in this exposition of the world's knowledge and intelligence.

As they entered the Main Building she glanced quickly around to discover where to begin her lecture. There really was nothing, at the first glance, which the literature of Elizabeth's time would serve to illustrate. While she was hesitating how to plant the first seed in the fallow field of this giant's brain, he drew her gently to one side.

"This red silver is worth looking at."

"I really know nothing about stones," sharply.

"And I very little. But I have looked into the mining business a little, and one picks up——"

It appeared that he had looked into mines, as well: lead mines in Galena, gold in Peru, salt in Poland. Before she could utter a word of protestation she was enthroned in a rolling chair, and Gog was pushing her here and there, explaining "stones," from Russian malachite and jasper to the great aerolite from Iceland. In fact, he would suffer her to look at nothing but stones.

"Keep your mind on one subject and you will not tire it," he said.

He took her into Machinery Hall. The great machines produced upon her the effect of which so many women complained: a stunning sense of ignorance, and discomfort, from close contact with a great, active power, of whose nature they knew absolutely nothing.

"You do not explain anything to me," observing that he pushed her chair through the aisles of moving, steaming monsters, in silence.

"How could I? It would be a work of years for you to understand them."

"Yet you seem to look at them intelligently."

"O, men, you know! Men in the West, are brought up among pistons and valves, and learn their nature and qualities unconsciously, as one does the house one lives in. At least, I did."

"Let us go outside." This weight of ignorance, accumulating from every side, was growing oppressive. Was there anything she did know?

"Here," said the giant, stopping before a case in another building, "is the log-book of the Polaris and the diary kept for three months on that floating [illegible] of ice." He put out his finger, and touched it gently. "Three months in all darkness and cold of the Arctic [illegible]. Starving, at last; and the ice [illegible] below them, day by day. Woundered!"

[illegible] was curious, how tender a voice he had for a giant. Amy had never heard [illegible]. She listened to it, looking at [illegible] pages stained with salt water; her [illegible] smoked, and eyes wet. She [illegible] of the poetry she had quoted. [illegible] feet folly to babble about "twinkling lamps," when the world was full of these sublime, tremendous realities. She began, too, to look back at her guide, with curiosity.

"You understand everything," she said.

He blushed like a girl, "I know just enough to understand that I am miserably ignorant. But I always liked to collect facts; and I've knocked about the world a good deal in search of them. What do you say to dinner, now, Miss Pollok? I begin to feel ravenous."

She smiled. "You are to command the expedition."

He pushed her into a shady nook, under a tree. "Very well. Now if you will sit here for a moment, I will run and order our dinner. By the time I come back for you they will be ready to serve it."

When he was gone Miss Pollok suddenly felt a gibing sense of defeat. He had, indeed, commanded the expedition, but too arbitrarily.

It would have been more in consonance with her resolve if she had made a meal of sandwiches and water than have allowed him to fling his money away in costly dishes for her. She got up and moved restlessly about. The trains on the Narrow Gauge Railway were passing every moment. Why not make the circuit of the grounds while he was gone? She had not once obeyed her own will to-day. She would have ample time to return before him. She was more perversely inclined to go because she felt it was a silly and unreasonable impulse. For months—years, indeed—there had been a nervous strain upon her; the contact with the cool, large good-nature and common sense of Bristow provoked and irritated her.

When Ralph returned the chair was empty, and no sign of Amy could be found in the neighboring grounds or buildings. He wandered about, impatiently enough, and then, becoming alarmed, extended his search among the passing crowds, with what success may be easily guessed. An hour passed, and, frightened and excited, he applied to the police.

"Have you tried at the hospital?" a guard said. "Not that it's likely you'll find her there. But there are accidents every day. There were several this afternoon."

Bristow was soon at the great round building, with its yellow flag flying on top.

"A lady here?" said an official, in answer to his inquiry. "Yes, several ladies. There was one brought in an hour or two ago, seriously injured from a fall on the railway. Fracture of the arm. Young, pale-blue eyes."

"Good God, it is she! Can I see her?"

There was a whispered consultation; and, finally, he was admitted. Amy, her sleeve cut off at the shoulder, her arm already in splints, lay, white and motionless on a lounge.

When Bristow came up to it, he dropped on his knees beside her. It seemed to him, in his great pity, that he had known her all his life; that she was one of his own people.

She opened her eyes; and, at the sight of him, the tears began to run, in big drops, over her white cheeks. "O, what is to become of me?" she cried. "I cannot move hand or foot. I must stay here for a fortnight, and I—I was going to be independent."

There was a worse hurt, he suspected, which remained behind, untold; sorer than the broken bones. "She has no money," he thought. "Well, there's some people in this world that do get horribly crushed under foot; generally, the littlest and best ones. Look here, Miss Pollok, be said, in his rousing, comforting bass: "I know it's unlucky; but you needed rest; that's what you needed. Now, you'll have it; You shall lie here, and look out of this window, at the grass, and beds of flowers, and the people going by; and cousin Rhoda and I will come, every day, to see you; and when the two weeks are over you'll have a new arm, and be a new woman."

She smiled, but miserably; and cried on steadily. He rose, quietly, and left her.

"Tears wash away lots of trouble from women," he said to himself. Then he stopped to speak to the superintendent. "I wish you'd mention to that lady," he said, "that the expenses of the hospital are paid by the Government. I'll make it all right. Every woman is willing to make what she can from the Government," with a chuckle to himself.

The next day, when Mrs. Lloyd arrived, all flurry and agitation, with a basketful of good things to eat, and dainty things to wear, she found Amy surrounded with flowers and magazines.

"Somebody has been here before me," she said.

"O, only that ridiculous giant Gog," laughed Amy. "The most self-willed, but best-hearted fellow."

"Very much like other men, I imagine. He impressed me as being rather coarse," with a shrewd, watchful glance.

Amy made no answer; but her eyes kindled angrily.

"Take care what you do," cried Mrs. Lloyd to Ralph, meeting him outside. "That little woman begins to think you an Admirable Crichton and a Bayard, all in one."

Bristow colored high, frowning. "Nonsense," he said. But, as soon as she was out of sight he dodged behind the Krupp cannon, and went back to the hospital. "She must be lonely—and hungry," stopping at a restaurant to find her something nice to eat.

Of course, all my readers know how the matter ended. The road which these two traveled, is broad; and we, all of us, have walked in it, find our way to it as we might.

At the end of the two weeks, Mr. Bristow drove up to Mrs. Lloyd's door, in a close carriage, from which he lifted a lady, who looked so tiny, and weak, and childish, that Rhoda professed herself almost unable to recognize her.

"This is not the belligerent, sharp little woman, who was going to fight the world a fortnight ago?" she said laughingly. "Why your cheeks are as pink, and your eyes as soft and shy, as my baby's used to be. What has changed you? A broken arm?"

"No," said Amy, with a quick laugh, her eyes downcast.

"You see the change, Ralph? All her weight of misery is gone," significantly.

He nodded, looking so big, and manly, and competent to move that or any other weight in the world, that Mrs. Lloyd put her hand caressingly on his arm.

"How did you do it?"

"Married her."

"Already? Good gracious, you don't mean it?" turning aghast, from one to the other.

"Why not?" simply. "I loved her and wanted to take care of her."

"And I loved him. I tried to be independent, you know, cousin Rhoda," clasping her hands in her eagerness to explain. "But I did not succeed, you know."

"Not a bad ending to my rainy day," said Mrs. Lloyd, with a delightful laugh. "Only I wish this end had occurred to me and I could have manœuvred a little to bring it about."

"Much better that you did not," said Mr. Bristow, gravely. "Neither Amy nor I are people who could be manipulated in any way. It was fate that brought us together. Or Providence, he added, reverently.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

The Care of Lace.

Valenciennes is the cheapest lace, in the end, for many reasons. It is made with a round whole thread. Worn carefully, *not daily*, it can hardly be worn out. It can be washed any number of times; and, not so peculiar as the point or applique laces, the Mechlins, etc., all of which are much more fragile, it gives the soft effect of lace without attracting too much attention, so as to be recognized easily again. It is a very great mistake to keep laces (particularly Valenciennes, which is not at all injured by being washed) for years without washing. Many women believe that all lace is ruined by washing, and will keep some cherished bit of lace for years and years, turning yellow with age and rotten with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces. Valenciennes does not need a skillful French blanchisseuse to "do it up," as the phrase is. Let the owner wrap a large bottle closely in white flannel, then sew tightly over the flannel a piece of cotton. After washing the lace carefully in lukewarm water and soap-suds, in which may be dissolved a little borax (say a thimbleful of borax to a pint and a-half of water), and rinsing the lace several times in clear water till no soap remains in it, wind the lace about the bottle which you have prepared as above. See that the lace lies quite flat without wrinkles; open the little loops that form the edge with a pin; stand the bottle in the sun. When the lace is quite dry, so that you may be sure of its entire cleanliness, you may, if you desire to give it the yellow appearance of old lace, take a soft handkerchief and dip it in a cup of black coffee, and sop the lace with it as with a sponge, trying to do so very evenly; then let the lace dry. Some people prefer to rinse the lace in coffee before putting it upon the bottle, but I have found the method described above better.

There are some kinds of old ecclesiastical lace, usually Italian, that in point of endurance are superior to the Valenciennes. But these are enormously expensive, and, unless they may be an heirloom, have no place in a work on economy. But some kinds of lace made to-day by ladies fond of fancy-work resemble it very much—not enough to be mistaken for it at all, but more like it than any other lace. It is made with a particular kind of tape and with thread on a piece of black or green leather. The amateur usually makes it for furnishing purposes—table-cloths, etc.; but a very fine quality of this lace is beautiful for dress trimming. I have seen a piece made to cover the front breadth of a dress cut in the princesse fashion, reaching from the throat to the bottom of the dress, and the effect was really very beautiful. This lace can be made in the odd moments that many women use for crocheting or knitting things of less use or beauty.

Lace! The word lace sounds like the "bagatelle" of the wealthy woman; but although it is not an article to be bought by the severe economist who earns a limited income, yet it may be her very good fortune should she inherit any of it, for it will save her many a penny that she will spend in less enduring fabrics. And one or two really good pieces of lace will be a wise investment for the economist, who, having a small capital to dress on, can afford to buy from time to time a good and lasting thing.—*Mrs. T. W. Dewing, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Not only at Balmoral but also at Osborne are the rooms which were occupied by the late Prince Consort kept just as they were during his lifetime. They are kept locked during the absence of the Court, but as the Queen comes to the palace, they are opened and lighted up every evening during her stay. At Windsor the Queen usually passes a part of each evening in his old sitting room.

—At the food exhibition at the London Agricultural Hall is a brownish-colored object about the size of a small tub, and it is labeled, "Zulu cheese, made by the youngest wife of Cetawayo."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The crown of England is valued at £134,000.

—Money for the Garfield monument is being raised in Paris.

—Tench, a French food fish, have been introduced in the Central Park ponds in New York.

—The authorities of the Vatican have rejected an application to put a telephone in that palace.

—A Massachusetts State prison convict has just been granted a pension of $1,100 for war services, and has made the money over to his family.

—The small amount of interest taken in amendments to State Constitutions has just been illustrated in Massachusetts, where, with 300,000 voters, only 30,000 ballots were cast on such an issue.

—Senora Augustina Ramirez, the mother of twelve sons, who with their father all died in arms against the French, has just been awarded a pension of $150 a month by the Mexican Congress.

—At the old center of the town of Newfane, Vt., where, forty years ago, there were several thriving stores, numerous houses, a hotel, the court house, jail, church and schoolhouses, there is now not the vestige of a building.

—The French army in Tunis is sadly in want of water during its marches in the interior. Water has to be carried on camels, as the Romans carried it during their campaigns against Jugurtha. To get water from the soil wells have to be bored fifty feet deep.

—Some time since an invalid member of a Scotch church had the service conveyed to him by means of a telephone line from the pulpit to his bedside. In the West Free Church, Dundee, which has just been renovated, a telephone line has been established from the pulpit to the bedside of a bedridden member of the congregation.

—A correspondent of a Geneva paper, writing from Vevey, says that a large meteoric stone, which seemed to come from a point in the Hautler, directly over the mountains on the Savoyard side of the Laste, fell with a tremendous report in the market place of Vevey. The stone was sufficiently large to have crushed any house upon which it might have fallen.

—The collection mania still has many followers. First it was postage stamps, but that seems to have palled on the appetite. Now it is labels and mercantile tags, ornamental and advertising cards. But the latest is a rage for hairpins, which fall (or are filched) from the heads of their beautiful owners. These are arranged in a scrap-book, accompanied with the name of the whilom wearer.

—A curious feature of the Chinese coins, the nail-mark, appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wentek a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for her Majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it she left the impression of one nail, and the impression has in consequence been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years.

—A Philadelphia court has decided that a bequest to lit a young man for the ministry is a gift for a religious purpose, and to be valid must be made at least thirty days before the testator's death. The law requiring this lapse of time in gifts of the kind was intended to prevent persons from doing an injustice to those having natural claims upon them by disposing of their property when at the point of death in a manner tended to propitiate Deity.

—The Indians of Mendocino County, Cal., poison large quantities of fish. They use a weed that grows like clover, in bunches, and is abundant in that county. They bruise the weed, and then fasten a quantity of it in the current at the head of a hole of deep water. The fish become crazy from its effects and die. It kills everything in the hole where it is placed, from the largest fish down to the smallest minnow. The Indians in this way gather fish by the basketful.

—A sanguinary drama has just been enacted at Loreto, in Corsica. A bandit was being led to prison by two gendarmes, when his relatives suddenly appeared on the scene and summoned the officials to release him. They refused to do so, and a brisk fire was the result. Both the gendarmes were killed, and their prisoner, whom they retained to the last, was so severely wounded that he is not expected to survive. The gendarmerie of the district has been sent in pursuit of the assailants, several of whom have also sustained serious injury.

—There died recently in Leipsic, Germany, an enormously rich widow, whose only relative was very distant. After making a large number of minor bequests, among them one of 150,000 marks to the city for the erection of a monumental structure, she bequeathed the residuary fortune to the Kingdom of Saxony, some 12,000,000 marks in all. A mark is about twenty-four cents. She directed that the interest on the money shall be used in assisting such poor persons as are not already benefited by public charities.

—The eldest son of the Russian Emperor is in his fourteenth year, of an active and lively disposition; and, for his years, far advanced in his studies. Russian is always the language employed by the Imperial family when they are together, but when the boys are with their teachers they speak French and English on alternate days. Six hours a day are devoted to study by the young princes, but their education is not limited to sedentary studies alone. They are also practiced in riding and shooting, and the Czarowitch is, it is said, already a good shot and rides well.

—The remains of an alleged sea serpent have just been found in the marl pit of O. C. Herbert at Marlborough, Monmouth County, N. J. Mr. Herbert had the remains removed to his house. There are forty or fifty sections of the spinal column, each one about three inches thick and nine or ten inches in circumference. At the head were found four tusks and a number of teeth. The tusks are between two and three inches in length, and they still retain the enamel. Mr. Herbert states that the remains are similar to those found two years ago in his pit, which were sent to the museum of Yale College. It is estimated that the reptile whose remains were just found was thirty-six feet long.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1882.

The new Baltimore paper the *Times*, made its appearance in Oakland Monday afternoon, and met with a ready sale. In size the *Times* is not so large as the *American* or *Sun*, but is large enough to give a great variety of news. It is printed on large, clear type, and presents a handsome typographical appearance. We hope it may become a welcome daily visitor to our town.

Attention is called to the prospectus of the Baltimore *Sun*, in another column. We can unhesitatingly recommend the *Sun* to those of our subscribers who desire a good newspaper. The price of the weekly is one dollar a year, and of the daily six dollars. The *Sun* is an independent journal, full of news and sound principles, and is one of the cheapest and best papers in the State.

The New York *Sun* (Dem.), is authority for the statement that through President Arthur's good offices there has been a complete reconciliation between the New York Statwarts and Half-breeds. It has all along been apparent that the President was determined to ignore factions of the Republican party in his official conduct, and he appears to have pursued that policy to good effect in New York.

We do not propose to make THE REPUBLICAN a vehicle for the ventilation of personal quarrels, and for this reason we think it best for all parties concerned, that we suppress a communication sent to us for publication from Selbysport. Both sides have been heard, and the people of the county, we are satisfied, do not wish to hear anything more from either party to this unfortunate wrangle. Fix up your little district difficulties among yourselves, and do not parade them before the people of the county, who are only disgusted by the display of such childishness on the part of men who aspire to be party leaders in their district.

Even Louisiana is said to be ripe for a successful anti-Bourbon movement. There has been widespread dissatisfaction with the Bourbon management for several years, but as the Bourbons control all the machinery of election they have been able to carry the State by any majority their consciences would permit them to manufacture. The State has a clear Republican majority on a fair count any day. The way to successful revolt lies through an independent movement, for that would take away strength from the Bourbons, who are willing to vote an independent ticket, but who will never vote a Republican ticket. It is said that Major E. A. Burke, who is the manager of the consolidated Democratic dailies of New Orleans, is in favor of revolt, and will lead an independet movement when the time for it arrives. This may or may not be true, but it is true that his newspaper has been whacking the Bourbons over the head pretty freely for some time past.

South Carolina is in a political ferment. The Democratic party in that State has been splitting into faction sever since Hampton left the Governorship for the Senate, and an open division is threatened in this year's canvass. There is no love lost between the two Senators, and Hampton has his own candidate for Butler's seat, which will become vacant next year. Many Democrats of prominence are quite ready to kick over the traces, and it is even said that Senator Butler is prepared to lead a sort of Mahone movement against the regular organization. The Republicans are doing all they can to foster the unpleasantness, and will hold themselves ready to throw their support to the wing that promises to secure the deliverance of the voters from the thralldom of ballot-box stuffing.

Gen. Hancock stated to a New York interviewer that he will not take any action to summon the court-martial to try Sergt. Mason, who attempted to shoot Guiteau, until he receives instructions from Washington.

The Political Situation.

The course of politics in Maryland, during the last year, has been strange and mysterious; but light begins to break upon the plans of the politicians. It appears now that the enmity between the managers and Mayor Whyte extended only as far as the disposition of the spoils, and that on the question of reform they were never very seriously estranged from each other. Having slipped into the mayor's chair in the most adroit manner imaginable, Mr. Whyte seems to have lost interest in the reforms of the O. L. D.'s and it is now publicly asserted that a rupture has taken place between the Mayor and the Governor. The fact is, we suppose, that there never was any real community of interests between them. Mr. Whyte, having been retired to private life at the instance of Manager Gorman, was naturally anxious to get back again, and chose what appeared to be the only practicable way of accomplishing his object. He will deny this, of course. Everybody who knows Mr. Whyte, knows also that he is accustomed to declare in the presence of excellent witnesses that public honors have always been thrust upon him, and that he has accepted them only to the serious detriment of his extensive law practice. The fact remains, however, that there being no direct road from Chase street to the Senate, Mr. Whyte took the shortest cut possible. It is not necessary at this moment to relate the secret history of the bargains, the outcome of which was the retirement of Mayor Latrobe, and the elections of Mayor Whyte. It is interesting history and will not spoil by keeping. The ring managers in Baltimore, apprehensive of a political storm, hastened to get in out of the rain, and they did not even have the politeness to lend Mayor Latrobe an umbrella. The mayor, like a very sensible man, turned up his coat collar and went home without loss of dignity, but we fancy his confidence in the honor of his political friend was, for once, very seriously shaken. The new mayor, upon his entrance into the office, seized the first opportunity to attack his predecessor, and he did it with such delicate indirectness that we suppose he is still under the impression that he said nothing in his inaugural that was not entirely complimentary. We cannot recall, at this moment, all the reforms which Mr. Whyte promised the public in that inaugural—and it does not much matter. The fact that the new mayor has surrounded himself with political associates whose business seems to be principally the building up of a new political machine is sufficient to arouse the apprehension of honest citizens. The very rupture which is said to have taken place between Gov. Hamilton and Mayor Whyte had its origin in the struggle which the mayor made for the retention of an official who has eked out his salary with the profits of council lobbying. Whether a business understanding has been reached between Mayor Whyte and the State or not we do not know, but we most sincerely congratulate Gov. Hamilton upon his determination to carry on the struggle for reform without the aid of the gentleman who abandoned reform as soon as it had served his purpose. The Governor has made a great many political blunders in the past. He has neglected to strike at the right time, and he has at times been very badly advised; but if he will carry on the fight a little longer he will find that the people—who are not by any means as helpless as the managers seem to think—will rally to his support, and enable him to put the Gorman and Whyte "managers" both to flight.—*Baltimore Times.*

War to the Knife.

The New Year opens with a complete transformation of the scene in the Democratic camp. Two men whose love towards each other (politically speaking) in the beginning of the year just closed exceeded that of the love of David and Jonathan, are friends no longer. The leading political event of the last days of the old year was the open rupture between Mayor Whyte and Governor Hamilton, and the separation of the two leaders is of such a character that a union between them is not likely to be effected in the near future. Hope ran high after the November elections that, with the powerful aid of the Mayor of Baltimore, the Independent Democrats would, with the aid of the Republicans, organize the two branches of the General Assembly and control legislation. But this is not to be, and to-day the "regulars" are morally certain to organize both houses, Mayor Whyte having publicly announced that he would lend no encouragement to the Hamilton Independents outside of the caucus. Gov. Hamilton and his friends read the announcement, first made in *The American*, with amazement, but the Governor at once decided upon his course. The program heretofore mapped out to parcel out the State offices between the friends of the Mayor and the Governor was at once abandoned, and the first result of the new policy was the appointment of Mr. James Hodges to a position coveted by a number of Mr. Whyte's intimate friends. But Gov. Hamilton has gone further than this. In unequivocal language he has told his friends that he intends hereafter to appoint no man to office unless he is satisfied with that man's sympathy with his policy. The two members of the Board of Directors of the Penitentiary to be appointed in February are to be Hamilton men, and the Governor does not conceal his purpose to effect the removal of Warden Wilkinson, and which, it is known, Mayor Whyte's friends particularly desire to avoid.

Governor Hamilton has been told that Mayor Whyte desires Mr. Wilkinson's retention, but that made the Governor even more earnest to accomplish his removal. Dr. Milton N. Taylor is mentioned as one of the directors to be appointed in February and the other vacancy will be filled by another pronounced O. L. D. The war of the factions has begun in earnest; but what a commentary this is upon the strange changes brought about in politics! In the last two years Hamilton and Whyte fought side by side against the managers. Now, Governor Hamilton is arrayed both against Mayor Whyte and the managers, and determined to wage the double contest to a triumphant issue. The Hamilton men attribute unworthy motives to the ex-Senator for declining to support Mr. McCosker; but those who know Mayor Whyte best are satisfied that only his desire to avoid entangling alliances and to serve the public in his present position prevents him from taking an active part in political contests. Strange to say, the handful of city members in the legislature of 1880 who stood by ex-Senator Whyte in the darkest days of his political struggle have grown cool towards him, and some of them are even going so far as to charge him with coalition with his former enemies. But this is denied by the ex-Senator's friends, and in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, Mr. Whyte's statement asserting that he will make no combination with his late opponents must stand as conclusive.

One of the mutual friends of Hamilton and Whyte, who, for the last two years has done good work in cementing the friendship between these two leaders, finds himself in a strange position. He recognizes that his occupation is gone, and he will carry no further messages of love and esteem from one to the other. Through this gentleman Mayor Whyte has been informed that Governor Hamilton has broken off all friendly relations, and that Hamilton, and not Whyte, men will be appointed to offices in the Governor's gift. Once last week the "mutual friend" ventured, in the presence of the Governor, to refer to a possible reconciliation, when Mr. Hamilton declined to hear of anything of this description. The Governor proposes to fight his battles single-hand. It will be war to the knife, and the Governor states that he is not afraid of the struggle.

General Bradley T. Johnson is aiding and abetting his Excellency in this contest. "We will fight on this line if it takes us all winter," says the General. "Our registration bill will be passed, and if it is not, the people will want to know the reason why. The only objection that can be made against our bill is that it is too fair. We give both sides an even chance, and the same number of judges and registers to each party. Why shall one party have an advantage over the other in the number of election and registration officers? Why should the Democratic party have a larger number of judges than the Republican party? If you want a fair election, there can be no objection to giving the Republicans an equal representation of these offices. It is the fairest bill that can possibly be devised." General Johnson submitted the bill to Mayor Whyte a few days ago, and after hearing the latter's comments on it remarked: 'Governor Whyte, either this registration bill is passed or none at all. I will button-hole anybody to secure its passage. I will explain the bill to the committee, and the legislature can do what it pleases with it. If the legislature defeats it, we propose to make this bill the campaign issue two years hence, and, mark it, on this platform we will nominate candidates for governor and comptroller and elect a United States senator. Our fight has just begun, and we are ready for it; and before we are through, we will smash the ring to pieces." General Johnson appears to be in earnest.—*Sunday American.*

Garfield's Tomb.

The following extract from a letter written by a lady of Cincinnati in Cleveland, in reference to the resting-place of our martyred President, will be read with interest:

"So long a time has elapsed since the obsequies that many strangers visiting Cleveland are surprised to learn that a detachment of United States infantry are still detailed to watch the vault wherein lie the remains of our honored President. Night and day can be heard the measured tramp, tramp of the sentry on duty, and it is intended to continue this watchfulness until the body is deposited in the ground. Through the grated door of the vault can be seen the elegant casket given by the Masonic brethern. Covered with beautiful flowers, kept fresh by loving hands, it is still visited daily by hundreds of people, many of whom eagerly seek the cast-off blossoms as mementoes. Near the vault is the shelter-house, and on the other side of the lake the white tents of the soldiers are pitched. At the base of the hill upon which the monument is to be placed, a glass house is erected, inclosing the funeral car, still trimmed with immortelles and the trappings of woe. An aged couple who had been gazing with tear-dimmed eyes upon the casket approached the guard and asked if they might not be permitted to have a few flowers from off the coffin. He told them he could not open the vault. They were much disappointed, and said that they were from the distant South, had always been rebels, but that the death of Garfield had changed their feelings, and that they had journeyed far for the privilege of standing by his tomb. Just then the ladies who were to change the flowers arrived, and, noticing the disappointed look upon the faces of the aged couple, asked if they could do anything for them. They replied: 'We crave but a few flowers to carry away with us.' The ladies picked out a few of the choicest of the flowers, twined together prettily, and presented them to the pleading pair, who departed sadly but pleased with the memento, which will always keep green in their hearts the memory of the noble and beloved Garfield."

A Year of Prosperity.

NEW YORK, January 1.—*Bradstreet's Weekly*, issued yesteaday, says, in its leading editorial, that telegraphic advices from thirty-five leading trade centres recount the story of trade and industrial prosperity in this country for 1881. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the conditions are so favorable as to insure a continuation of trade and industrial activity throughout 1882 and beyond.

The summary at Chicago shows an increase over 1880, the only drawback being a falling off in movement of breadstuffs. The outlook for the spring trade is reported good—Louisville reports an increase in trade and marked activity in building. Leaf tobacco business for the year was the largest ever known there. The summary for St. Louis is about the same as that for Chicago. The unseasonable weather affected seriously the fall trade at important points in Minnesota. Throughout Michigan the roads continue bad and collections are reported slow. These are only incidental drawbacks, as in general the year has been very prosperous for the Northeast, and this in spite of short grain crops. Immigration has been a most healthful stimulus for the Northwest. Coming east the great industrial activity is brought into sharp relief.

The prosperity in manufacturing industry existing everywhere is perhaps the most marked characteristic of the commercial situation and at present writing there are no signs of lessened activity in any direction. The year has brought great benefits to the South in the shape of rapid railway extension and the general development of the country. The movement in general merchandise at some of the leading Southern trade centers has not been so satisfactory.

It will be remembered that the Pacific coast was the last to feel the abounding prosperity of the country at the seaboard cities, and this is notably true of New York. Movement in general merchandise has been fairly unprecedented—no previous summer in New York ever saw such activity in the dry goods trade, and this statement will in a great degree hold good for other trades. The forbidding feature has been the falling off in the export trade, consequent upon the short crops and the speculation for high prices, but there are sufficient reasons for believing that the abounding resources of the United States will speedily afford a remedy for the impaired export trade.

High-Priced Butter.

It may surprise some of our agricultural friends to know that there can be more money made out of butter than any other product of the farm, if the proper methods are adopted and the right kind of cows are kept. The Messrs. Darlington over in Chester county, have a dairy farm of 480 acres, in which they keep 275 cows, from which they are now making more than one thousand pounds of "gilt-edge" butter every week. This is supplied directly to customers in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. On the first of November they put on the price for the winter, which is ninety-five cents per pound; ten cents more than they asked last winter. Owing to the drouth, there has been deficient pasture, and the cows have to be fed on grain and hay, which has decreased the flow of milk, in consequence of which the Messrs. Darlington cannot supply all the orders they get. Now, we do not think it costs these dairymen much, if anything, more to make their butter than it does the ordinary farmer, and yet they get double the price he does. It all comes of more careful methods, and should prove a stimulus to farmers everywhere to make better butter than they now do.—*New Era, Lancaster, Penna.*

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one can claim the championship in railway construction. The statistics for the year show that track has been lain on 258 different lines, aggregating 8,242 miles—the largest mileage ever constructed in any one year—that for 1880 being 7,174 miles, which was greater than that of any previous year, except 1871, when the total reached 7,379 miles. Of the forty-two States and territories in which the work of railway-building was prosecuted in 1881, Texas takes the lead, with 1,411 miles; Iowa follows, with nearly 500, while Maryland is credited with only 25 miles of new railroad, Georgia with 54½, Alabama with 14, Arkansas with 109, Florida with 103, Kentucky with 14½ Louisiana with 236, Missouri with 229, Mississippi with 68, North Carolina with 149, South Carolina with 67, Tennessee with 37, Virginia with 273 and Dakota and Ohio with between 400 and 500 miles each. Of the total mileage, 1,490 miles, or about 14 per cent., were narrow-gauge lines. With the exception of Texas, through which the Southern Pacific has been pushing its way, the Southern States scarcely make the showing that was expected.

In the "Memoirs of Count Segur," there is the following anecdote: "My mother, the Countess de Segur, being asked by Voltaire respecting her health, told him that the most painful feeling she had arose from the decay in her stomach and the difficulty of finding any kind of ailment that it could bear. Voltaire, by way of consolation, assured her that he was once for nearly a year in the same state, and believed to be incurable, but that, nevertheless, a very simple remedy had restored him. It consisted in taking no other nourishment than taking yolks of eggs beaten up with the flour of potatoes and water." Though this circumstance concerned so extraordinary a person as Voltaire, it is astonishing how little it is known and how rarely the remedy has been practiced. Its efficacy, however, in cases of debility, cannot be questioned, and the following is the mode of preparing this valuable article of food as recommended by Sir John Sinclair: Beat up an egg in a bowl, and then add six tablespoonsful of farina of potatoes, let it be mixed thoroughly with the liquid in the bowl; then pour in as much boiling water as will convert the whole thing into a jelly, and mix it well. It may be taken alone or with the addition of a little milk in case of stomachic debility or consumptive disorders.

The completion and opening of the whole line of the Southern Pacific railroad through from New Orleans to San Francisco is an event of more than ordinary importance in this railroad building country. It may be said to mark the beginning of a new era in our Pacific railway system, the future of which will bring with it a large crop of through lines to the Pacific, some of which are tolerably sure to become eventually competing lines for the through business. The present railway is the first connection direct with San Francisco yet opened to the cotton States, and especially to the principal port of the Gulf, New Orleans.

Gen. Sherman, when asked in Chicago the other day whether he believed the Atlanta exposition would help to reconcile the South with "other sections," answered, as reported by the *Inter-Ocean*: "It don't make any difference whether they are reconciled or not. The Almighty will take care of the country, I suppose, and He will see to that. If the people of the South are not reconciled I don't see that it can trouble anybody except themselves. They will have to obey the laws of the country just like the rest of us, and I don't understand that their likes or dislikes are regarded in the matter."

The constitutionality of the law placing the appointment of school commissioners in the hands of the judges of the several circuits has been denied by Judge Yellott, of Baltimore county. The constitutionality of the law has been questioned several times before by judges in other parts of the State, and, to say the least, the function which it requires the judiciary to exercise does not seem altogether in accordance with their office. In the present instance, no practical inconvenience arises from Judge Yellott's opinion, as Judges Grason and Waters hold the contrary view, and have appointed the commissioners. But it is obvious that serious inconvenience might arise in case a majority of the judges of a circuit should decline to exercise their power of appointment, and should be sustained in their position by the Court of Appeals during the interval between the biennial sessions of the General Assembly. The present would be a good time to test the law before the Court of Appeals, and if it should be decided unconstutional by that tribunal, the necessary legislation could be provided without delay.—*Balto. American.*

A GREAT WORK COMPLETED.—A dispatch published Saturday announced that the first train passed through the St. Gothard tunnel Friday afternoon. The tunnel, which was begun in the autumn of 1872, had in the three succeeding years advanced 5,084 of the 16,925 yards, or 9½ miles, of its entire length. In 1876 it was calculated that it would be finished during the summer of 1879, but it seems that it has taken nine years to get it ready for use. The cost of the tunnel has probably been ten million dollars. The railway of which it forms a part cost seven millions. Of the whole cost, Italy has agreed to pay nine millions and Germany and Switzerland four millions each. The St. Gothard Railway runs from Fluelen, on the Lake of Uri, to Comerlata, in Italy, and completes a direct railway route, following that which has been used by the diligence lines, from Paris to Naples, by way of important towns in Switzerland, and through Milan, Florence and Rome.

James Stinson of Altoona, Pa., was the ward of a rich aunt and her prospective heir. He was engaged to be married to Mary Price, an estimable young lady. She was a church-goer. He was not. He always accompanied her to the church door Sunday evenings and then awaited outside until the services were over to take her home. A number of young men were in the habit of congregating about the Methodist church door on similar duty. The church officers came to look upon their presence as a nuisance. They procured the passing of a city ordinance forbiding the custom under fine and imprisonment. This frightened all the loungers but young Stinson. He persisted in waiting for his girl. On a recent Sunday night a policeman arrested him and locked him up over night. This was a disgrace his girl could not overlook. She dismissed him. His rich aunt was also so scandalized that she changed her will, disinheriting him. To recompense himself for these losses Stinson has brought suit against the city, placing his damages at $50,000.

The friends of Gov. Hamilton have matured a bill which will be introduced at the coming January session of the Maryland Legislature for a new registration of voters in September, 1882. It is understood the bill was drawn by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson and submitted by him for suggestions and amendment to a large number of the members of the bar. It introduces some new features, such as impartial selection of registration and election officers equally from the two leading opposing political parties, all to be sworn officers; conferring rights and powers on challengers; introducing glass ballot boxes in Baltimore city; providing for free and unobstructed scrunity of registration lists and the process of voting from beginning to end.

An old man named Woods who was once a wealthy citizen of Kentucky counting fifty negroes among his assets, is now living in Cincinnati in happy dependence upon the charity of a colored man and his two sisters who were Mr. Wood's slaves before the war. It is not precisely a heaping of coals of fire upon his head for the three negroes feel that they owe him a debt of gratitude which they can never repay. They are the members of a family separated at the auction block but repurchased at a round price and reunited by Mr. Woods under his own roof after much trouble and delay. The war stripped him of everything except their faithful affection, in the enjoyment of which he is now passing a serene old age.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Write it 1882.

—The out-look for ice is more favorable.

—Snow to the depth of about 10 inches fell here Wednesday night.

—Candidates for Road Supervisors were plentiful in Oakland this week.

—The hotel improvements at Oakland and Deer Park are progressing rapidly.

—Ex-Sheriff White moved from the Sheriff's house Thursday, and Sheriff Jamison took possession.

—Cheap John commenced storing ice Wednesday last, and others are making preparations.

—The Third Annuel Grand Hop of the Garrett Guards will be given at the Glades Hotel on Thursday evening, 12th inst.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The B. & O. R. R. Co. has a large force of hands engaged in the construction of a dam across the Little Yough river, between Oakland and Deer Park, for the purpose of forming a lake from which the company hopes to get ice for their hotels.

—Mrs. Wm. P. Tatten gave to the carpenters who recently erected her handsome dwelling, a splendid dinner on New Year's Day. The participants were Messrs. Geo. A. Speeden, A. C. Brooke, W. D. Burton and H. Lowe.

—The Mountain Lake Park Association have made a temporary dam across Broadford run, on their grounds, with the expectation of securing ice for use next season. They are constructing an ice house with a capacity of about 400 tons.

—Died, at the residence of her daughter, in Johnstown, this county, of pneumonia, after an illness of one week Mrs. Elizabeth Forquer. Mother Forquer was born in Somerset county, Pa., May 3d, 1797, and died December 18th, 1881, in the 85th year of her age. She had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for more than 60 years, and for a long time her house was not only the preaching place, but the home of the itinerant preacher. The night she died was clear and calm, a beautiful emblem of her christian life. She died in the full triumphs of a living faith, and, like a sheaf of ripe wheat, was gathered by the angelic reapers into the heavenly garner. We trust her children and numerous friends will emulate her christian life, and at last meet her in heaven.

H. E. FRIEND.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 6½ o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park, at 11 o'clock, a m., by Rev. Studenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice.

That I have on hand three good second-hand Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, in good runing order, which I will sell for $10 each, in cash or trade. I also have one Groyer & Baker machine and one Home Shuttle machine, which I will sell cheap for cash or trade. Now is time to get good hargains. Call on or address F. M. Paxton, with I. W. Stonaker Oakland, Md.

School Commissioners.

Messrs. Brydon, Detawder and Bittinger, the old Board of School Commissioners for this county, were re-appointed, by the Judges of the Circuit Court to serve for the ensuing year. On Tuesday the Board held their meeting for re-organization, which was effected by the re-election of Mr. W. A. Brydon as president and Dr. E. H. Bartlett as Secretary, treasurer and Examiner.

Presentation of Prizes.

The prizes contested for by members of the Garrett Guards Monday of last week, were formally presented to the successful contestants Thursday evening of last week, in the armory, in the presence of a large audience, many ladies being present. The Watkins Prize was presented to Corporal L. D. Thrasher, by Col. J. W. Veitch, and accepted on the part of Mr. Thrasher by Capt. Wardwell; the Veitch Cup to Capt. E. H. Wardwell, by Dr. E. H. Bartlett, accepted by the victor; the Challenge Cup to Sergt. A. C. Mason, by Capt. Wardwell, accepted by Mr. Mason, and the Drummers Prize to Percey Veitch, by Mr. C. B. Ludwig.

County Commissioners.

The first business meeting of the new Board of County Commissioners commenced their session Monday, present, S. L. Townshend, President; Eli McMillen and Meshach Mattingly Commissioners and John C. Dunham Clerk. The principal business to be transacted was the appointment of Constables and Road Supervisors, and the apportioning of the road levy to the various county roads. At the time of going to press the lists were incomplete. The full proceedings will be published next week.

Constables were appointed as follows:

No. 1.—Thomas Davis.
" 2.—John W. Savage.
" 3.—Joseph Blocher.
" 4.—Levi Bittinger.
" 5.—John Kulb.
" 6. ——— ———
" 7.—Jas. S. Johnson, D. M. Mason.
" 8.—George Moon.
" 9.—Isaac Learue.

The American Farmer.

For January 1st makes its appearance it its new form as a semi-monthly, looking fresh and bright and vigorous, as though in the bloom of youth, instead of having labored for some sixty years (over a third of a century under the present management) in the cause of agricultural improvement. It is full of seasonable and instructive matter, covering a wide field, with something in every department of farm work and to please every taste. The doings and sayings of farmers' clubs are very interesting and useful, and these, with questions touching fertilizers and manures and farm live-stock, are always prominent parts of its contents. A Home Department cannot fail to please the ladies; in short, *The Farmer* cannot fail to be a welcome visitor to every farm and farm household. There are a number of prizes offered for essays on topics of living interest to our agriculture; and for clubs of subscribers a varied list of premiums is offered. The subscription is $1 50 a year, or $1.00 to clubs of five or over, and specimen may be had on application to the publishers, Sam'l Sands & Son, Baltimore.

Functions of the Newspapers.

The newspaper is, first of all, a business enterprise. Publishers make newspapers to sell, just as hatters make hats or shoemakers make shoes. The newspaper is merchandise made to suit the market. Those buy it who wish it, and the buyers take their choice of the wares offered. Without this commercial value a publication could not be sustained, and it would be as unwise as unjust not to take this fact into account. Newspaper makers, like other manufactures, must consult popular tastes and market demand.

But the newspaper is also a public agent. It offers to the public, for pay certain services, such as the advertisement of commodities, the announcement of public meetings, courts, elections and sales. On this work, as an advertising medium and public herald, it depends for much of its support.

These are the private and personal aspects of the newspaper, and so far as these are concerned it is the private property and business affair of its publisher. But to count the newspaper as merely a business enterprise, and to reckon with it only as such, would insult the public intelligence as much as it would trifle with the public interests and rights. It assumes public functions and responsibilities which none but a public teacher can hold. We cannot absolve men from the duties attached to the positions which they voluntarily occupy. But the press is the professed, if not paid, advocate of whatever set of opinions it publicly accepts. It offers its columns as sources of public information. It speaks in print, and therefore with a supposed deliberation candor and honesty such as men use under the most solemn circumstances. It is in this public character that it enters into the ranks of the world's teachers and becomes a public educator. —*Printer's Circular.*

MARYLAND NEWS.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is now closed for the season, and the water will be drawn off on Monday next.

Col. William Richardson, a prominent citizen of Frederick, died there Monday. He was the last sheriff of Frederick county, his term having recently ended.

The bluebird, the harbinger of spring, has put in an appearance in the neighborhood of Belair. He is a little too early to catch the worm, but he may catch something else before long.

Alexander Gilchrist, a miner in the Maryland Company's Kingsland mine, at Lonaconing, was killed on Friday by a fall of roof coal. He was 45 years old and leaves a wife and grown son. The latter was with him when he was killed. The accident was caused by taking out a prop before the roof was secured.

The Circuit Court of Allegany county met at Cumberland Monday, with Judges Pearre and Motter on the bench. The only criminal case of any importance in this court is that of Michael Flanagan, who was indicted for manslaughter at the October term, in killing farmer Brown near Lonaconing last August, but whose indictment was defective, on account of the words "did kill and murder," instead of "did kill and slay." The man has been in jail ever since the October term, although bail had been fixed by the court for his appearance at this term. Most of the witnesses in this case live in Garrett county.

The railroad cut near the tunnel at Frostburg was the scene of a mysterious death on Friday morning, almost precisely resembling the case of Thomas Hodgett, who was found dead there not more than ten days before. The victim in the last instance was Daniel McNamara, a miner, who recently worked at the Blaen Avon mine and boarded at Midlothian. He had been drinking at Frostburg the previous evening, and left after buying a flash of whiskey. The body was found about fifty yards from where Hodgett was found, and like him, there was only a single wound on the head, which might have been the result of a fall from the bank above, but may also have been made by a blow with a blunt instrument. As in Hodgett's case, the dead man's money was still in his pockets, and there was also a broken whiskey flask. The cornor's inquest had not rendered a verdict, but there is little doubt that it will be the same as in Hodgett's case—death at the hands of some person unknown. McNamara was 26 years of age and unmarried.

Ingredients of Lager Beer.

The Baltimore *American* of recent date had the following editorial paragraph:

"The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has been making some investigations into the manufacture of beer which rather shake the public faith in this pure product of malt and hops—'the healthiest beverage in the world.' It was known before that glucose and dextrine were used also in this manufacture, but the extent to which materials other than malt and hops are employed has not been generally understood. A demand for fuller details of the manufacture shows that some brewers use sugar, corn meal and rice in considerable quantities. In one brewery 3,000 bushels of corn-meal were used to 11,000 bushels of malt. This beer must contain a large percentage of fusel oil. In another case 500 pounds of coraline were used to every 96 bushels of malt. Coraline is an aquatic plant, like Iceland or Carageen moss. In another brewery the formula was two pounds of corn-meal and half a pound of glucose to every bushel of malt. Another used 600 pounds of glucose to 165 bushels of malt. This sort of beer is as much fermented corn-starch as anything else."

An inference is that these ingredients, being so largely used in lager beer, make it really unhealthy, tending to produce kidney diseases, now known to be so prevalent and fatal.

The past year has been a terrible one on the ocean, and the record of wrecks makes a longer list than in any previous twelve months. No less than 198 steamship disasters were reported, and just one-sixth of them occurred in the single month of October, which stands without a precedent in the history of the merchant marine. Full half of the disasters resulted from stranding, and the worst feature of it is that not a few of them appear due to sheer recklessness in skirting along unknown shores without making regular soundings. There was a narrow escape from a frightful disaster on Long Island sound to head the record for 1882. The steamer Newport, of the Fall-River line, started for New York Sunday night in a terrible storm, and about 2 o'clock in the morning ran into a schooner off Point Judith, causing a tremendous crash. The 350 passengers were thrown into a state of the wildest confusion, and it was a long time before they could believe that the steamer had escaped without serious harm.

The prophets foretold the year 1881 would be eventful, and this has been a year of horrors, and when the mortality from crime and accidents and the losses by flame and flood have been summed up, it will be found that few years in the history of the world were filled with so much disaster, and so many private and public calamities.

We are under obligation to the publishers of the Baltimore *Sun* for a copy of their Almanac for 1882, which contains 76 pages, and the record of a great variety of valuable facts, bearing upon matters of general public interest. A copy of this Almanac is sent to every subscriber to the *Sun*, free of charge.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 2, 1882.

It transpires that the large latitude given to the assassin Guiteau by Judge Cox was in pursuance of an understanding with the District Attorney, its object being to give the experts in attendance a chance to observe the everyday conduct of the scoundrel and contrast it with that he exhibited at their interviews with him while in confinement. When he became so bold and self-confident as to declare himself entirely sane, and has proved his declaration true by dexterous handling of facts and testimony as brought out by the prosecution, the counsel for the people asked the Judge to put the prisoner in the dock and treat him as other murderers on trial had been treated. Guiteau and his counsel then for the first time realized fully that he had been "given rope and hung himself." In the light of these facts it behooves the New York *Tribune*, the *Times*, and the host of other harsh critics that have assailed Judge Cox to retract their slanders and admit that both the prosecution and Court know better how to treat this extraordinary case than the wiseacres of the sanctum.

There has been a great deal of Democratic claque and clamor over the arrangement of the House Committees, and particularly over that on Privileges and Elections, of which Mr. Calkins, of Indiana, is chairman. These gentlemen are a little "too previous" in their remarks and charges. Mr. Calkins declares that his committee is fairly made up, in accordance with the customs of the House. Last session the Committee, as made up by Speaker Randall, was constituted of nine Democrats, five Republicans, and one Greenbacker; this year it consists of nine Republicans, four Democrats, one Readjuster, and one Greenbacker, thus giving the minority of this House the same representation precisely that the minority had in the last House. Mr. Calkins says, further, that he does not regard the Elections Committee a mere party machine, and so far as he is concerned it shall not be run as such—no man will be turned out or put into a seat simply because he is a Democrat or a Republican. The Committee is busily at work, and the testimony in five cases has been sent to the printer. A disposition is manifest to take up, examine and act on cases at once instead of indulging in the usual interminable delays. If this Congress gives us a departure from the disgraceful method recently practiced of keeping contestants who were really elected out in the cold until the very last day and hour of the second session, it will deserve no little praise. This thing of permitting a man who was never elected to draw the pay and perform the duties through a whole term and then on the last day confessing that it was wrong and vote pay also to the other fellow, is a crying evil. I put drawing the pay first and foremost, as with many Congressmen that is the most important part of it.

Ex-Secretary Blaine is preparing the eulogy upon the late President Garfield to be delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives when the funeral services are observed by Congress. He but recently sent the committee in charge of the arrangements his acceptance of the invitation. The selection of Mr. Blaine for this service was most happy and appropriate. Forever will his name be linked with the brief but honorable and satisfactory Administration of that statesman who, in the zenith of a well-deserved fame, was taken from his countrymen by the dastardly act of a cowardly assassin. None other than James G. Blaine could have been appropriately chosen to impress upon the minds of the people, and in words that will live, those traits of character, habits of life, and modes of action which will always endear the memory of James A. Garfield, not only to his contemporaneous fellow citizens, but their decendants yet to move and live. The oration of Mr. Blaine will be a labor of love, and in its records of the life and appreciation of the virtues of the dead President will reflect, in words scarcely possible to another, the universal feeling of citizens of the United States upon the National bereavement.

Among the politicians and Congressmen remaining here during the recess there has been a good deal of talk about the remark let fall by Senator Jones, of Nevada, that before the 15th of January the name of ex-Senator Sargent, of California, would be named to succeed Kirkwood as Secretary of the Interior. The questions before the gossips is whether or not Senator Jones knows what he is talking about. On general principles, being a close friend of the President, it would be assumed that he does. Yet there are some who believe Kirkwood will remain, and others who say that Sargent would not be appointed in any event because of the old scandal that has been buried for years. This and the House Committees and the New Years receptions comprise about all we have to talk about the past week.

It is now understood that General and Mrs. Grant will visit the President during the latter part of January, but Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is expected to arrive here the latter part of next week on a visit to her first bridesmaid, Miss Anna Barnes. There was a buzz in "society" the other day over the report that Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames had attended a semi-public festival and read an elaborate essay on "Famous Receptions" while her aged father lay dead in her house on Capitol Hill awaiting burial. That one so prominent as she has been in criticizing others should so far forget the amenities of civilized society is a little remarkable; but then Mary Clemmer is like a good many other literary ladies of the present day, "a law unto herself."

JUNIUS.

The Washington *Star* says the general sentiment of the members of the House Committee on Elections in regard to the Cannon-Campbell case from Utah, is that neither of them is entitled to a seat in the House. The committee will first inquire into the subject of weather Cannon is or is not an alien. The final decision will be, however, in all probability, that the whole matter be referred back to the people of Utah for a new election.

Col. J. M. Tarhell, Republican, was on Monday re-elected mayor of Pensacola, Fla., by a majority of 272. This is the first purely Republican victory in the South under the present administration.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

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NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

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If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

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These magnificent instruments will be sold from now to the 24th of December at a discount of 45 per cent. in order to add to the general enjoyment of the season.

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R. G. RICHARDSON,
Manager.

12 3 '81

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

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Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

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These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

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Baltimore, Md.

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
Executor.

12 17-3

BAKERY.

The undersigned takes this mode of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies,

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Oysters served in every style.

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Opposite Glades Hotel.

12-31

Manners and Customs of the Indians in Mexico.

The way of living of the Mexican Indian is generally very simple. Indian corn is the principal food in the temperate zone, while the banana is eaten by those who inhabit the hot zone. Mais and bananas grow without any exertion on the part of the consumer, and we generally find both fruits growing in abundance around the Indian huts. Next to mais and bananas, frijoles (beans) are cherished by the redskins. Meat is seldom eaten, and only that which is dried and cut up into long strips. Eggs, however, are much liked, and we seldom find a hut without chickens. Tortillas, a kind of hoecake, are served on holidays or consumed in the town after the Indian has disposed of his fruits in the market. The favorite beverage is pulque, an extract of the agave plant. Pulque, taken in moderate portions, is wholesome; but taken in large quantities it is rather intoxicating. On holidays we find many Indians drunk, after having invested their last cent in the favorite beverage. In former times it was the exclusive right of the aristocracy to get intoxicated. In these days of modern progress the privilege is shared by the vulgar as well. The common Indian regards intoxication not as a vice, but as the *ne plus ultra* of all earthly enjoyments. Yet the authorities seem not always to share the redskin's singular views, as the drunkards are often arrested and locked up.

As simple as his manner of living is the Indian's clothing. The materials are usually cotton or leather, and are manufactured by the wearers themselves. The shirt, if such is worn, is roughly made of cotton. The men wear wide trousers, which seldom reach below the knee, and which are fastened with a sash in the same manner as the trousers worn by the inhabitants of the Eastern countries. Leather trousers, adorned with silver buttons or coins, are only worn by those who can boast of a small fortune, and the happy owners are as proud of their property as the Albanese or the Cheibek of Asia Minor. Many Indians wear but a single primitive shirt with blue and white stripes, holes being made in the garment for the entrance of the head and arms. An Indian wearing this single shirt reminds a traveler of the wandering Bedouins and the inhabitants of India. The picturesque head peace, adorned with beautiful feathers, has given away to the prosaic felt or straw hat. The brims of these hats are frequently ten inches wide, and the part that covers the head is covered with colored ribbons and glass pearls. A faithful Moslem would at once recognize in these Indian hats a degenerate offspring of the sacred turban. Shoes are not worn by the Indian; he usually travels barefoot, or uses a pair of sandals, corresponding exactly to those worn by the hospitable sons of the Arabian desert. A woolen blanket, with a hole in the center, is owned by nearly all Indians inhabiting the temperate zone. This protects the bearer against stormy and cold weather and keeps him warm in the night. A very light portable mat and the blanket form the Indian's bed, on which he rests his tired limbs, while his brothers in the far East is kneeling on a mat formed exactly like his, his face turned to Mecca and offering his morning prayer to Allah, the ruler of the rising sun. The women wear a blue or white cotton shirt and a blanket, frequently interwoven with beautiful arabesques, is tied around the hip. In the hot regions the Indian women generally wear no shirt at all, but only the blanket or blue petticoat. The hair is hanging down the back or is twisted into cues, whose ends are tied to the sash that holds the petticoat. Both sexes wear rosaries, on which a cross or an image of some saint is fastened around their necks and hanging down on the breast. The Indian women of Tehuantepec wear necklaces of small gold coins and are as proud of their treasure as the Bedouin maiden is of hers.

The Indian's dwelling-place is primitive and has the appearance of an immense bird-cage, as it is usually constructed of reeds, the roof consisting of palm leaves or leaves of the agave. Windows are wanting, and the fresh air may easily penetrate into the lightly constructed edifice, whose door is generally constantly open, without latch or lock. In the mountain districts the Indian constructs his house of wood, and it resembles exactly the blockhouse in Canada or the far West. The interior of those huts consists generally of but one room, whose only decoration is a kind of family altar, above which we are sure to find an image of one of the Holy Virgins, generally that of the Virgin of Mount Carmel. The wall is often decorated with martyrs and saints. The table, if such a luxurious piece of furniture exists, is generally covered with pretty nosegays and other artistic arrangements of flowers. On the eve of great holidays a tallow candle is put on the altar and takes the place of the kitchen fire, that on common week days furnishes light for the family, when the visit of some friend or tale-telling stranger keeps its members from seeking their couch at an early hour. The kitchen utensils are the metate and the comal. The metate is a smooth stone about eighteen inches long, and serves to grind the Indian corn and the cacao nut. The comal is an earthen vessel that serves to prepare the favorite tortillas. A gourd bottle for water completes the Indian's movable property.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

Fashions for Gentlemen.

Gentlemen are emerging from the plain dark clothes worn so long to bright coloring now so fashionable in ladies' dress. Three different classes of goods are often seen in one suit, and the scarf or neetie is of the most flaming hue. Moorish and Oriental colorings and designs are shown in the various styles of neckwear, and the fashionable vest is in bright and pretty tints. The prevailing style of vest is single-breasted, without collar, closing high and cut short and straight across the bottom. Double-breasted vests are not worn. Garments of all kinds have never been worn as high at the neck as now. There is a tendency to put that braid on almost all classes of goods except fancy suitings. Braids of various widths are used, the six and eight line being most in favor. The tight trousers are cut by all the fine trades in New York, and such a thing as loose pantaloons is not known; but this is not the case in London, as the leading tailors there cut the trousers as loose as were being worn here years ago.

Fancy mixtures are in demand for frock-suits, sack-suits, and overcoats. Light gray mixtures with smooth surface are used for dressy overcoats, and green also is in favor. The general tendency is for fine goods, yet the Scotch suitings are more popular than they have been for several seasons past. Pin-checks are still in fashion, and some make them in cutaway coats to be worn with trousers and vest of one color. For overcoats there are the Elysians, Shetlands, furbeavers and Montaignacs, and many kinds of plain goods.

The entire suit (made of one kind of cloth) is only admissible for business purposes or for traveling. The double-breasted sack-suit is cut with a light double breast and narrow lapel, with five buttons to close. It is shapely at the back, and the sleeves are cut small and crooked. (All sleeves, including overcoat-sleeves, are cut thus). The cuffs are stitched on about two inches deep and finished with one button. For a man five feet eight inches the fashionable length is from twenty-nine to thirty inches. These sack-suits are usually made of fancy suiting. Young men who find the sack-suit particularly becoming can still wear it made in three different kinds of goods—the coat of fur-beaver, Elysians, or any kind of fashionable goods—the vest of fancy cassimere, and the trousers of something in fancy striped material and cut tight. The double-breasted pea jacket, with patch-pockets, will be worn, made in heavy overcoating, blue fur-beaver being a favorite. These are lined throughout with silk and trimmed with braid.

A handsome style of overcoat is the "surtout" coat. It is a double-breasted frock, the sleeves quite tight and lapels faced with quilted silk, velvet collar. One of the most select styles is the single-breasted sack of Shetland beaver, cut rather short. It is handsome, made of rough combination goods, blue face with golden tinge, a really beautiful color. No matter how cold the weather is the fashionable young man must not feel it; for to produce the elegant effect the coat fronts should be turned back to show the rich silk facings and the stylishly-cut undercoat.

A coat for a top garment is a loose oversack, which is patronized by young "swells" and men who ride and drive. It is also considered a high style for the street, and will in many cases take the place of the ulster. The newest thing in the way of this latter coat is the frock ulster with a short waist. All fancy shapes in ulsters are passe and but little used.

A three-button cutaway, rather short waisted, with long skirts, the back having the appearance of a dress suit, is very fashionable. The shoulders are made close to the body and shortened, the sleeves tight. These coats are bound flat with silk braid about six lines wide. This makes a very good evening coat, although the double-breasted frockcoat is the coat for receptions or dinner parties. The three-buttoned cutaway can be made of any class of goods that may please the fancy—of diagonal cloths or gay colorings. It is used for street wear with fancy vest, and the fancy vest is also worn with the double-breasted frockcoats.

Trousers measure seventeen knee and seventeen around the bottom, but some of the tonicst young men will have them as small as fifteen inches. These are made principally in striped goods. Fancy vests are again introduced, and some noted are extremely pretty.

The full-dress suit has undergone material changes. The cloth now fashionable is a small, very fine wall diagonal, and a very fashionable coat must be lined with white watered silk. The trousers have a black braid stitched on the side, no pockets, and are lined throughout with black silk. The vest has but three buttons. There are two kinds of dress for wedding purposes—a full-dress suit and a frock-suit. If the bride is in full dress and the wedding in the evening, the groom should wear a black dress coat, black vest and trousers, white tie and gloves, patent leather high gaiters, with plain kid tops. If the bride appears in dark dress the gloves should be of a delicate shade, not white, and the groom should wear a full-dress suit, with black tie and gloves of light color. For a morning wedding the bride would be dressed in dark colors, in which case the gentleman should appear in a dark frock suit, with a plain dark tie or scarf, with gloves of light color, and calfskin gaiters, with kid tops.

Gentlemen have worn hats with very narrow brims for some time past; but this fall the introduction of wide-brimmed hats for the ladies has made a change in mens' hats. The rims are much wider, and a bell-crown with a wide rim, it is said, is gradually coming into fashion.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Red Tape in Mexico.

The following from the *Tuscon* (Arizona) *Citizen* will give some ideas of the difficulties of railroading in Mexico. The railroad from Hermosillo to Guaymas is being run under circumstances that seem somewhat singular to persons not acquainted with Mexican laws and customs. Upon completion of the road the company arranged their tariff and time-table and began business, whereupon they were notified to suspend traffic until the proper authority inspected the road and tariff rates, and secured their approval by the General Government. As it would require fully two months for this official to go to the City of Mexico, and an equal length of time to return, the matter became one of serious importance to the Sonora Railway Company. At this juncture Gov. Oritz came to the rescue of the company, and assumed officially and personally, the responsibilities connected with the operations of the road, and he now issues all tickets and permits for transportation. The passenger tickets are four by fourteen inches in size, are covered entirely by writing and printing, and are signed by the Governor and his Secretary, and the official state seal is attached. This formidable document entitles the holder to a ride of a few hours from Hermosillo to Guaymas.

—Australia imported English sparrows to kill worms, but it is found that the birds are the worst pest of the two, and bounties are offered for their destruction.

Dress Trimmings.

Since "self" trimmings were first introduced they have never been quite neglected, but always maintained in vogue, because they can hardly be used in very common materials, and are, therefore, to a certain extent, restricted. Trimming, however, is by no means confined to the fabrics of which the garment is composed, or which are put in combination with it. There are quite new styles of narrow gold, and silken thread galloons which trim cloths and velvet; there are fabrics sold by the yard, into which gold, and a blending of high-colored threads are woven in minute lines, making a tissue which is used for drapery, and for the mounting of plain stuffs. Striped and plaided materials are both largely used as "trimming." They form the scarf drapery, which is used so plentifully, and the collars and cuffs for bodice and sleeves.

Stripes have superseded checks and plaid somewhat, particularly the shaded stripes, which are a feature of the season, the effects being of the rainbow, rather than the *ombre* order. These rainbow stripes show to much better advantage than the *ombre* stripes, as they do not take so much room for display, and are not only prettier in their blending of color, but more adaptable to a variety of purposes.

Fringes are not much used except in connection with beaded passementeries and embroideries, and even with these unite infrequently. Instead of fringe forming a border, pendant trimmings are arranged in bunches of beads in strands, silk, or chenille balls, or small pendant tassels. These bunches occupy spaces made by cutting small divisions in the edge of the tablier, or in the cut of the sleeve, or they occupy the niches in a basque. Clustered bows and loops of narrow *moire antique* ribbon, with short ends, inserted in small jet or garnet tubes, are a feature of the season, and are used upon sleeves and down the front of dresses instead of the larger bows in voge some time ago.

The great development, however, has been made in beaded trimmings, which are marvelously beautiful, and also very expensive. Whole fronts of skirts are exhibited, embroidered upon satin in different colors, or in pearls mixed with "rice" and silk, or chenille. White is often mixed with gold, or the opaline beads, and also with pale amber; but when this is the case, the gold, or amber, or opaline embroidery reappears in the trimming of the bodice and sleeves. For an embroidered tablier alone, two hundred and fifty dollars is asked, and for trimmings, forming borders, from sixty down to twenty-five per yard for those which are the most elegant in design.

Of course a large quantity is not used, but, nevertheless, the employment of handsome beaded trimmings bring up the cost of a dress to somewhat high figures. Fern leaves, flowers, autumn leaves, vines and the like, are perfectly reproduced, and the shading effected as naturally as if executed in silk, or almost as if the designs were painted by hand.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

The Subscriber's Address.

The carriers' address is legendary with every newspaper, but no one ever hears of a "subscriber's address." Why not? He has a side to this story, and is entitled to a hearing. A morning daily provides him with one, as follows:

"Say, you carrier boy, hold on a minute! This is New Year's Day—the beginning of a new year. There are several new leaves I want you to turn over before the sun goes down to-night. When you come spooking along here at five o'clock in the morning to leave my paper, I want you to remember that it is to be shoved through the opening in the side door. I have left word at the office about fifty times, but you insist on throwing it on the front steps. If you persist in this persistency I'll make hash of you some fine morning!

"There's another trifle I want to refer to. Why on earth can't you come along here without trying to raise the dead? You are not hired to slam gates, stone dogs, chase cats or whistle. You are not happy unless you wake up half your patrons, but I'm a patron who won't stand it any longer. The very next time you come along here with that infernal 'Sally Walters,' or whatever her cognomen is, I'm going to jump out of bed and take after you, and five minutes after I have got hold of your hair you'll take rank with the baldest bald-head in America.

"And, by the way, how often are you going to skip me this year? Your excuses are altogether too thin. Don't try that on me this year! I'm kind-hearted and long-suffering, but there is a limit to all things. The very first time I miss my paper I'm going to hire a field-piece, load it to the muzzle with powder, nails, glass and broken stones, and tie you where you will get the full force of the discharge right between the eyes!

"And you want to leave that dog of yours at home. I'm laying for that cur! When you can't set him on our cat you manage to meet some carrier with another canine and get up a fight and raise a neighborhood hubbub. O! I've had my eyes on you, young man, and you've got to step high for the next 365 days! Yes, I know it's cold, and you have to get up early, and it's a long and lonesome route, but you must also respect my feelings. Here's a dollar for you, and I want you to brace up and drop your mean little tricks. No reason why you shouldn't some day be President if you begin right, That's all, and when you want a new pair of mittens you know where to come for them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Another lady, Mme. Perree, has been admitted to practice as a doctor by the Medical Faculty of Paris, after a successful examination. She is married and is the mother of a family, and was, it is stated, led to the study of medicine by the fact that she was herself successfully treated by an American lady doctor during a severe illness. Mme. Perree is stated to be the second French lady who has sustained a doctoral thesis before the Medical Faculty.

—John & P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quite small size. Here is a sentence of forty-eight letters that contains the whole alphabet.

—Ex-Governor E. A. Straw, of New Hampshire is insane.

Utah and Nevada---Two Miners Tell Their Stories.

A few evenings since a couple of mining men, both strangers to each other, met in the reading room of the Walker House at Salt Lake City, U. T. The conversation turned on the mineral developments of the West, and presently one of the men remarked:

"If you want to see mining on a big scale just go to Southern Utah."

"How big?" said the other quietly.

"Why, the Big Hole Mine, that I am connected with, has the deepest shaft and the biggest workings in the world."

"How deep?" said the little man.

"You can't measure it, because if we stopped work long enough to see how deep the shaft was, it would materially interfere with the bullion product. We dropped a line once and reeled it out until it broke with its own weight. When a boy falls down that shaft he strikes the bottom a grandfather."

"Must have a big pay-roll."

"We used to send the money down to the hands in cases until the workings got so deep that we didn't get the winter account settled until way along in the spring. So we started a bank and telegraphed the money orders. That system saved us an awful wear and tear on the cages. The miners live down there and rear their families. They got an underground city bigger'n Salt Lake, with a regular charter and municipal elections twice a year. They publish two daily papers down there and a literary magazine."

"I never heard of the magazine," said the stranger.

"Of course not, it would be a year old when it got to you. Beside they hold a fair there every year and have horse-racing every Saturday. Finest four-mile track in the world, lit with electric light. No mud, no dust, always in the same condition. Perfect paradise for sports. What do you think of that for a mine?"

Here the stranger, who was a Californian, threw his leg carelessly over the arm of a chair, and lighting a fresh cigar, replied in a deep, earnest tone:

"I don't think much of your mine. You work too much for small results. When your mine plays out you have a lot of old machinery on your hands, and where are you? You mine after primitive methods, like all new countries. It takes experience and head work to tackle the industry in the proper shape. With your mine you must be on the ground in person, and have any amount of men to look after this department or that. Now I have a bigger mine than yours. It is located in Story County, somewhere in the northern part, I believe, and I run it quite up to the handle with one or two assistants.

"How deep might the shaft be?" asked the other.

"It might be pretty deep if I allowed the men to rush forward and overdo the thing, but at present there is no shaft at all."

"Hoisting works up?"

"No, no hoisting works—not if I know it. You can fool away a great deal of good hard coin on hoisting works."

"How in thunder do you run your mine?"

"On the assessment plan, sir. That's the latest and most improved method. We have a big map of the mine hung up in the company's office, made by one of the most competent artists on the coast. Now when we have a good map of the lower workings we don't need any works to speak of. We photograph the Savage hoisting works from the top of the Hale & Norcross trestlework—an entirely new view—and call it by our name, the Bullion Brick. I keep a man in Virginia at $100 a month to superintend the location and write weekly letters, and I stay in San Francisco in my office on Pine Street and levy the assessments every sixty days; that's often as the law allows. I'm the President, Board of Trustees, Secretary, Treasurer and everything—more especially the Treasurer. Of course, I draw salary for all the offices, and when I get through drawing salaries I turn the rest over to the agent in Virginia to pay off the hands. By not employing any hands he saves enough to pay himself. My regular income from that mine is $200,000 a year and never a pick struck in the ground. This is what I consider scientific mining, sir. You get the silver out of the pockets of the stockholders and leave the vast argentiferous and auriferous deposits in your claim for your children, who can go right ahead and develop the mine just as soon as the public quit putting up, which isn't at all likely to happen. As soon as a man drops on the game he dies, and the newcomers all have to learn for themselves. As long as people are being born in Nevada and California my mine will run on like a chronometer clock."

"But," said the Utah man, "my style of mining keeps a lot of men at work."

"So does mine," quoth the Golden Gate chap. "Thousands of men are working day and night to pay the assessments. It keeps the country as busy as a beehive, and the speaker sauntered into the telegraph office to order assessment No. 36.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

—Onc daleigh,
One horse,
One moon,
Of course,
One maid, who snuggles to you, nothing loth.

One arm
Well placed
Around
One waist,
One robe that's closely tucked 'round you both.

A race,
A dash,
A chair,
A crash,
And you and she are sprawling on the way.

A drink,
A bite,
Afford
Good night,
A groan when you look at your purse next day!—*Puck.*

—This is the story of the one person who ever, on a life policy, received the amount for which she was insured, and yet was not dead or supposed to be dead. At Battle Creek, Mich., about a year ago, Mrs. Henry Ingham had all her teeth pulled at once, and the result was a paralysis of the stomach, which so interfered with her eating that from one hundred and seventy pounds her weight fell to fifty. Her family was poor, and since it seemed certain that the woman would soon die the amount of her insurance was paid as a charity. Now she is better, and likely enough may entirely recover.

For Young Readers.

SOWING AND REAPING.

When the balmy winds of spring-time
Blow their breath across the plain,
Melting off the snows of winter,
Filling things with life again—

Then within the earth's broad bosom
Scatter we the precious seed,
Looking forward to the harvest,
Providing for a future need.

And, as days of summer lengthen,
How we watch with eager eyes
The slow progress of our harvest,
Growing to a ripening size.

For when summer's heat is over,
And autumn winds go blowing past,
If we've been faithful to our duty,
The seed will bring good fruit at last

Thus it is life's seed is planted,
Planted in our youthful days,
And it grows into a harvest,
As we go upon life's ways.

If we plant the seed of wisdom,
And destroy the weeds of sin,
Happy lives and many blessings
Is the reward we'll surely win.

No matter what our worldly profit,
No matter in what place we go,
Our reward will be according
To the kind of seed we sow.

Then as we sow good seed in spring-time,
Let us sow good seed in youth;
Always trying to be faithful
To our duty, and to truth.

—*Boston Pilot.*

PECULIARITIES OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

An article on the peculiarities of a few of the countless animal species may interest the boys, and men also, for that matter. The theme is inexhaustible. Infinite wisdom in the creation, wherein man has never been enabled, and never will be able, to discover a single error, is as manifest in the brute formation and instincts, as elsewhere. Observe, first, the camel genus, including the dromedary, with their singular adaptation to the traversing of the desert. Note his spreading feet, that shall not sink deeply in the sand, and thereby impede his progress; also his self-sustaining supply of water, during six or ten days; and, more particularly, the little plat of short, stiff hair within his nostrils, through which, by closing down the upper lid, he can sift air from the sand for respiration in like manner as fish separate air from water, through the "gills." His spinal column and paxwax, which support his head and long neck in a horizontal and curved position, upward, are more peculiar than in the horse or ox, or any other of the shorter-necked animals. He is very docile, possesses great strength, with astonishing power of endurance. DeQuincy, in his narrative of the grand exodus of the Calmuc Tartars, states that the camel was the only animal which endured, to the end, the terrible hardships of hunger, thirst, cold and heat, which reduced six hundred thousand souls to two hundred thousand.

The moose has a combination of mouth and nostrils which enables him to eat grass and other herbs under water, and an especially straight, trim and delicate leg and hoofs, which shall not entangle him in the meshes of herbs and brush wood. He is the animal of the "swamp," as the camel is of the desert. He is said to out-trot the fleetest horse, but never canters.

The hog, in his inner formation, resembles man more nearly than any other known animal. He has his combined carnivorous and granivorous stomach, and his contrariness. "As contrary as a hog," is a proverb. He has been taught to read figures and letters and to do other astonishing things. His tusks are horns, not teeth. Fancy a row of teeth, with a horn in their midst. Yet it is a horn, the same as if upon the top of his head, it has the pith of the horn; and a moment's reflection must convince even the skeptic that a tooth would not answer the intended purpose. It would break and he would be worsted in battle. As he is, the wild boar is said to have gored the king of beasts, the lion, to his vanquishment and death. His greatest peculiarity is that he is not a ruminant, in common with the split-hoofed genus; and because he does not chew the cud, the Jews rejected him as unclean.

The dog species have very many peculiarities. The hound, the coach, the bull, shepherd, drover, setter, the noble Newfoundland and St. Bernard, and others. My little terrier, or ratter, has hair growing in a curve over his eyes, which hides their glare from the cunning rat, yet does not obstruct his own vision. This gives him great advantage, like unto pussy-cats' sensitive "smellers." The dog never sweats or perspires, he has to "loll" it out of his mouth. Though he runs until he falls, his jacket is not moistened like other animals; and he can plunge into the water at the end of a heated race without injury, or the rheumatic pains to which man and other animals are subjected. Yet, his skin, when tanned, is nearly as porous as that of the deer. This fact would seem to require an inner impervious skin, or film, which alike estops perspiration and excludes water. The hound's keenest sagacity cannot scent the female fox, and presumably, other of the lesser mammals, during their nursing season. While she yields milk her paws have no trace of smell. Their nurslings, in their state of helplessness, are mercifully protected. The dog is the emblem of fidelity, as the anchor is of hope.

Pussy can watch her mortal foes without shutting her eyes or winking. I never could discover that moistening the pupils of her eyes by moving a preceptible film over them, as do some birds, the owl in particular.—*Newsboy's Appeal.*

Don't Be In Haste.

There is no task devolving on a schoolboy more irksome than composition-writing.

When I was a lad, my tutor—in whose head ideas lay imbedded like fire in a flint—sought to emphasize the fact that, with a little practice, it was as easy as turning over, and so it is, when you know how. He would set no rules for composition, being impressed with the Platonic idea that rhetoric consists in ruling the minds of men and that this art cannot be learned from text-books. Whenever the boys complained of the difficulty they experienced in evolving their ideas, he would say:

"Do not be in haste to accomplish a great deal at the outset. Study hard and practice constantly. Be easy, natural and wide-awake. Never imitate, except so far as it may be necessary to form your taste. Read good books—nay, the best books—and trust your instinct to the end."

Most boys fail in their early projects because their ambition outruns their energy. Our youth should not forget that they are boys and girls, and that great things will not be required of them until their powers have matured.

Study nature; be easy and unaffected; never spread your wings until you have learned to walk with a firm step on the ground. One aim should be kept steadily in view: Do the best you can. What is failure to a mind disciplined in the higher uses of its talents? It is but a whip that spurs it on to renewed effort. Our early failures give us hints of success.

Oftentimes, when writing a note, we say, apologetically: "In great haste." This is a fair excuse for one who has few intervals of leisure. But it will not avail as an apology for the shortcomings of a work which is supposed to engage our best talents, and which invites criticism. Nothing great was ever accomplished in haste.

Agatharius, an Athenian painter, valued himself upon the celerity and ease with which he executed his work. Whereupon, Xeuxis, the greater artist, remarked to him:

"If I boast, it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine."

Once get the notion out of your head that there is an easy path to fame and fortune, and you may soon boast of a wisdom greater than that of the school-room.

Some boys with large natural endowments are the envy of their less-favored companions. And yet many a lad ripens like fruit out of season, and owes his bright appearance without to imperfections within.

I do not know whether or not to marvel at the genius of these people the more, from the fact that Mozart and Beethoven composed music in their infancy, Goldoni wrote a comedy before his eighth birthday, Chatterton lisped in numbers, and John Stuart Mill read Greek at the age of four. Inspiration of this sort does not seize all young people alike, and as few minds expand under hot-house influences, we need not regret the fact.

Jean Paul Richter likens a melancholy child, with an old head on its young shoulders, to a butterfly without wings, or Cupid in a Dutch Coffin. There is often more push in a dull boy than in a prodigy who "shews off" to admiring audiences, and is pampered and spoiled. Let no dull boy despair, if he studies hard and yet fails to take a prize or reach the head of his class.

"Labor," said Tom Moore, "is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world, whether in verse or stone, in poetry or in pyramids."

Many dunces in the school-room, like Goldsmith and Scott, have won the prizes later in life.—*Golden Days.*

"Crafty" and "Simple."

They were about the same size, and looked much alike. They were great friends. One was a wise old rat, and the other was a young rat who thought himself wise.

The wise old rat we will call Crafty. His home was in Farmer Rural's cellar: that is to say, the front-door of it opened into the cellar; but there was a back-door in the garden, and there were passage-ways under ground, leading to the corn-barn and the drain.

Crafty had studied the ways of the human race for many years. In his view man was created for the benefit of rats. He had known men who were almost as sly as rats; but on the whole he looked upon them as inferior beings.

Simple, who lived close by, had also a great contempt for men and women. He often boasted that he got his board and lodging all at their expense. But he did not know half as much as he thought he did; and many a time he had been kept from getting into a scrape by his good friend Crafty.

One night, about twelve o'clock, Crafty and Simple started out together to see what they could find. Having poked into every corner of Farmer Rural's cellar, without getting anything better than raw potatoes, they made their way up stairs.

Just at the head of the stairs they came upon a sort of wire safe in which there was a most tempting bit of cheese. The door of the safe was open.

"Here's a feast," said Simple; and he was about to dart into the safe.

"Stop, my young friend," said Crafty, sitting bolt upright on his haunches. "That cheese has been put there on purpose for us."

"Well, then, why shouldn't we take it?" said Simple.

"Take my advice," said Crafty, "and let the cheese alone. Many a fine young rat has been cut off in the flower of his youth by snatching at the first good thing that happened to be put in his way. That safe is what men call a trap, and it is a very unsafe thing for you to meddle with."

A few nights after, the two friends started out once more, and in the middle of the cellar they found a nice barrel of meal. Simple was on the point of jumping right into it; but old Crafty stopped him again.

"Don't you know better than that, you greenhorn?" said he. "Never jump into a barrel in that way. Look here." And, crawling on the rim of the barrel, he flapped his long tail into the meal. "Splash, splash!" Right under the meal there was water.

"Ho, ho, Farmer Rural!" said Crafty, "that's your game, is it? You can keep this meal for your own eating."

But the next time that the two rats went out together, poor Simple did not come off so well. In spite of his friend's advice, he went after some bread-crumbs that were scattered on the top of what seemed to be a harmless wooden box.

It was a trap, of course. Simple was caught, and Crafty had to go back to his hole alone.—*Nursery.*

—It is suspected by the Boston *Globe* that a good many fathers have ascertained that the man was right who said: "Learning is well enough; but it hardly pays to give a $5,000 education to a $5 boy."

—Junior class in zoology; Examiner—"My good child, what are quadrupeds?" Scholar—"Animals with four legs." Examiner—"Very good. Now name some!" Scholar—"A dog, a horse, two hens ——"

THE DAIRY.

—No butter maker can afford to be negligent, even in minor details, so long as the demand for a good article exceeds the supply. Even a little extra care of stock will increase the quantity and improve the quality of products, which will amply compensate for the trouble.

—False Cream in Butter.—When cream is churned at a temperature of sixty degrees, some of the cream may not become butter, but will remain in the form of an emulsion with the buttermilk. This is more often the case at this season when the temperature of the milk in setting is usually lower than sixty degrees. In the churning some alcohol may be formed, and acid is always present in the cream from the oxidation of the milk sugar, and these dissolve the butter and retain it in a form very much like the cream. The temperature at which cream is churned should never be less than sixty-two degrees, and the difference of two degrees, although so seemingly insignificant, is yet sufficient to make all the difference between getting butter and missing it, although one may continue churning for hours. At this season it is advisable to ripen the cream by keeping it in a warm place at sixty-five degrees for twelve hours before churning, and frequently stirring it, or the cream-pot may be placed in a tub of water at eighty degrees for an hour and then taken out and kept twelve hours in a warm place.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Dairy farmers should note the difference in regard to cows kept, whether they produce 100 pounds of butter per annum or 250 pounds, and a still greater difference when the cows produce 400 or 500 pounds annually. Ordinarily, cows do not produce much more than 100 pounds of butter per annum, and those who keep them find there is no profit in dairying. A few dairies will average 250 pounds per cow, and these are the dairies which return a good profit., and their owners are full of confidence in their business. Once in a while a man owns a cow which makes 400 or 500 pounds of butter a year. Such cows are rare, but should be common. Careful breeding in time would make them common. The cows which make 250 to 300 pounds of butter annually should become so numerous as to be common cows, and it would not be difficult to bring about such a result. Good judgment in breeding is needed. Breed from the best cows, and use only bulls whose ancestry for several generations has been noted for being good milkers. A cow that makes about 100 pounds of butter does not pay for her keeping, and, strange to say, many such cows are kept, and the owners complain that farming don't pay. Why don't it pay? A question easily answered.

Cheese and Soil.

Every now and then a statement is circulated that there are only certain limited localities in which it is possible to make the finest grades of cheese. Great importance is attached to some mysterious quality of soil, or some peculiarity of the water, or to some specific variety of grass, or to a multitude of varieties, or perhaps it is assumed to be a question of plowing and reseeding, or not plowing at all, old pastures being the essential point. Such opinions are not uncommon. In Central New York the Frankfort and Utica States were at one time supposed to be unequaled for fine cheese in the United States, but it has turned out that just as good cheese can now be made elsewhere.

It is not many years since there was a current opinion among dairymen in the States, and among Canadians themselves, that Canada could never compete with the United States in cheese. There was something, it was thought, in the soil, especially around Ingersoll, where cheese factories were first introduced, which made the cheese hard and insipid and lacking in richness. But all this is now changed. In three competitive trials Canada has beaten the States, and to-day the cheese of Western Ontario, of which Ingersoll is the center, stands unsurpassed in the markets of England and Scotland. In Great Britain similar notions prevail for which no better reasons have ever been assigned, and which appear to be equally groundless. The assertion that first-class Cheddar cheese can only be made in one or two counties of England and Scotland is not sustained by facts.

The fact is, fancy cheese is confined to no spot in this or any other country. The quality of cheese does not necessarily depend on soil or climate. It is determined by the adaptation of manufacture to the varying conditions of milk. Soil, to a limited extent, affects the quality of milk. It affects both its cheesy matter and its flavoring oils; but, by adapting the manufacture to suit variations, fancy cheese can be turned out anywhere that healthy milk can be produced. The same may be said of butter. The dairyman who complains that he cannot make good cheese in this place or that, because the soil, or the water, or the grass will not admit of his doing so, may safely be set down as not understanding his business. He makes cheese by stereotyped rules—empirically, and without regard to or knowledge of the fundamental principles in the process. Of course, he cannot vary to suit changed conditions, and he makes a failure.

A distinguished butter and cheese maker in Illinois remarked, a few years ago; that it was very unsafe to employ Eastern men to make butter or cheese in Illinois. They invariably brought with them their Eastern customs, which were not adapted to Illinois milk. Their own citizens were much more successful, being accustomed to the peculiarities of the location. But a Western man would be as much at fault in the East as an Eastern man in the West. Both work with very little or no reference to the agencies or laws which control their results. These are, in truth, but little understood anywhere. They need more investigation to develop them. When this is done, and the laws which govern the operations become better known, dairy products will take an immense stride in quality, and their manufacture be a matter of as much certainty as any other manufactured product.—*Professor L. B. Arnold.*

—Elephants are now quoted at $7,100 each, but most people would rather have a $1.50 turkey, even if it won't last quite as long.—*Boston Globe.*

—A yellow crow was shot in Kentucky the other day.

Draining Wet Lands.

With the record of the grand results of drainage in this country before us, and with the evident possibilities of thousands of acres of land that is almost worthless now because of its wetness, if it were drained, there is plenty of room and cause for enthusiastic advocacy of drainage. It is almost safe to say that there never was a piece of drained land that did not pay a heavy per centage on the investment, although we do not ourselves go so far either in theory or practice as some who advocate the drainage of, and do drain all land. While we would not say that any soil is not bettered by drainage, we think that there is a point beyond which is not practical and will not pay. Nature has drained much land, and done it well, and we can afford to let it alone. But when nature has not done this our duty clearly is to supply the deficiency.

The intelligent experiments in draining wet land have been so many, and so successful, that it would hardly be thought that any could now doubt the practicability and profit of thorough drainage; and there is no such doubt with those who have made the subject a study. Men have incurred the ridicule of their neighbors by enormous outlay for tile for the apparently most unpromising mudholes, but, so far as we know, none of them made a mistake, and levity among their neighbors changed to great admiration for the profitable results. In England drainage is the rule and not the exception with the advanced farmers of the United Kingdom, and a large portion of the marked success of British agriculture, especially of experimental agriculture, is owing to the fact that the land is thoroughly drained. Usually this fact, important as it is, is not taken into consideration by those of us on this side of the Atlantic who are interested in agricultural matters, and who sometimes wonder at the results of British agriculture. There the matter of draining is considered so important that draining the land is the first thing thought of, and it is not spoken of in stating results, for it is presumed that it has been done. The Englishman fully understands its utility. Such men as Lawes and Gilbert have found that to be unvaryingly successful in raising crops, drainage is of the utmost importance, and that without it, other efforts to improve the soil are actually in some degree detrimental. These gentlemen found, for instance, that land that was heavily manured retained very much more water than land that was not, and so demonstrated that without drainge, even manuring was liable, to say the least, to do damage instead of good.

Doubtless there is much drainage done that is not satisfactory. It is not well done, and of all things this is a business that should be intelligently and carefully entered upon, and carried through in the same way. Slip-sod drainage may be said to be worse than no drainage at all. Tile that is improperly laid will sooner or later become an intolerable bother and nuisance. Not unfrequently it is laid too near the surface when it might just as well as not, at a little more expense, be laid deeper, and at sufficient depth to answer every demand. It pays to do everything well, that we attempt to do. To slight the commencement of any enterprise, in order to save expense or trouble, is a wretchedly poor policy and no enterprise demonstrates it more forcibly than tilling land. The soil will, of course, have something to do with the depth at which the tile is laid. Frequently quicksands or other defects will prevent it being laid as deeply as is desirable, and under such circumstances we must do the best we can. Nothing preventing, however, tile should be laid three feet and a half deep. As to the means of draining, tile is the most popular and usually the most satisfactory.

The outlet of the drain is of course a matter of the utmost importance, Without a sufficient outlet, and one that will allow a sufficient fall to the drain, our efforts would naturally be abortive. The outlet must be sufficient to give the water a free flow from the drain. It is recommended that precaution be taken to keep stock away from the mouth of the drain, as it is said stock is very partial to drain water, and will soon make a mud hold and obstruct the flow of the water, besides being liable to injure the tile.—*Western Rural.*

Sheep for Hard Times.

The past season, characterized by climatic extremes, followed as it must necessarily be by a winter in which feeder's resources will be heavily taxed to avoid a sacrifice of a portion of his live stock, will serve to give prominence to the claims of the sheep to a formost place in the farm economy. Subsisting through much of the past season on a meagre supply of grass and water, it is now ready to combat such vicissitudes as may be in store for it with less detriment than will result to any of its farm-yard companions that may be subjected to like treatment. Such tests of endurance are by no means desirable in the case of the sheep—are far from those conditions by which it should be surrounded where the best results are hoped for, but the fact that it will successfully withstand them is just so much to be credited to its favor. By the rule that a "penny saved is a penny earned" does the sheep not make money for its owner, under circumstances wherein other animals would bankrupt him. Thus it is that the farmer who can enumerate among his live stock a fair proportion of sheep, will be enabled to partially recoup himself against the loss to which he is inevitably subjected in many localities. If those less fortunately circumstanced will take the lesson home to themselves, and apply its teachings to their future policy, much good that is not now apparent to them may be brought out of their present adversity.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—Grease spots may be removed from linen by putting a good quantity of soda into the water in which it is washed. From silk or woolen goods there is no more effectual method than the old one, of placing a sheet of thick, soft brown paper over the spot, passing a hot iron over it, and quickly lifting the paper, on which the grease will be found absorbed. Paint spots should be rubbed first with a sponge dipped in turpentine, and afterward with a clean cloth from the circumference to the center, that the spot may not spread, A weak solution of ammonia will generally eradicate fruit stains.

CALENDAR FOR 1882.

JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	--	--	--	--
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FEBRUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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26	27	28	--	--	--	--
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MARCH.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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APRIL.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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OCTOBER.

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DECEMBER.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—One of the best preventives of hog cholera is good care, and that includes good shelter, good feeding and good watering.

—A farmer of experience in wool-growing says that there is more money in growing wool at even twenty cents a pound than in loaning money at ten per cent. interest.

—To Prepare a New Iron Kettle for Use.—Fill it with clean potato parings; boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry and rub with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

—Scurvy leg in poultry is a disease caused by a gathering of infinitesimal parasites, which come imperceptibly at first in the crevices between the edges of the leg scales and which rapidly increase, piling up on themselves and forming apparently grayish white warts or rough bunches, There are millions of them in one bunch. Kerosene oil will destroy them and remove the bunches.

—The scales which drop off from iron when being worked at forges, iron trimmings, filings or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees, or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth of flower beds or in pots, are extremely valuable. They are especially valuable to the peach tree, and, in fact, supply necessary ingredients to the soil. For colored flowers they heighten the bloom; they are also found to be beneficial to the pear tree when worked in round their roots.

—Says a farmer: Looking into the depths of that silo I could not repress a solemn feeling for the buried fodder corn; the hole was so deep and echoed our voices so hollowly. If that be the place to keep fodder, then brewers' grain and distillery slops are all right, when chemically balanced to the nourishing points, and all our farm-yard and barn-door poetry might as well be cut to three-eighths of an inch and buried, weighted with stone, in a cellar. This corn cheese, however, must be kept for home consumption, as it can't well be transported to market. Perhaps it will come out sweet this year. There must be a saving over hay in the item of fire insurance, for the silo is safe if the building overhead is burned down.

—The most effectual way to break a horse of pulling at a halter is to tie it by the tail. The crupper should be made strong with a ring sewed on the strap on top of the hips, which strap leads to the crupper. In this ring fasten the end of a rope which should be conducted to the head through one of the line rings and through the bit. When in the stable a crupper should be buckled around the tail and the tie rope attached to it by a ring sewed on it; and then passed through a ring fastened to a sirclngle round the body and fastened through a ring in the halter. A horse thus fastened will not pull more than once and cannot get loose. A horse in the habit of pulling at the head will break any halter; but when fastened by the tail, as described as above, a small rope will suffice to hold it.—*Rural News.*

—Pumpkins, adapted to culinary purposes, can be preserved, not only all winter, but up to the following summer, which is, perhaps, longer than may be desired. But for winter a pumpkin pie is not excelled for deliciousness by any any other, if the cook knows how to make them, as every one should. Some people use it also as a sance, and it is a good sauce, if properly prepared. When we were in the habit of preserving the pumpkin we selected the "Yankee Squash," as it was called, but other good kinds will, no doubt, answer as well. These we placed on a scaffolding, put up in the cellar, allowing them to lie side by side, but only in a single layer. We used them as needed through the winter, and found that from a dozen to a dozen and a half were ample to supply the family as long as we cared for them. On two occasions we kept one or two over to discover how long they would keep; and we found them in good condition in August, but that was about the end of their time.—*Canada Farmer.*

—There is a large rock on the creek here in town, says the Covington (Ga.) *Enterprise*, with the perfect foot track of a man in it, and on the same stone can be seen a horse track two inches deep. Old Mike Harper, a superstitious darkey, who died here a few years ago, claimed that it was the track of himself and horse, and made there in the sand on a day so hot that the sun baked the sand into stone. We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of Mike's assertion, but those who doubt the tracks being there can walk to the bend of the creek, just below the mill, and see for themselves.

—Hunger put an end to the recent strike of the Venetian gondoliers, which had its beginning in discouragement produced by the new steamboats on the canals and their popularity. The people of Venice, it appears, do not feel one-half as badly over the desecration of their romantic waterways as do tourists, to whom time is no object, and a new sensation the principal thing to live for.

—The earth seems destined to lose its giants. No creatures of the present day approach in size the monsters of early ages, while an eminent French authority has recently observed that all the larger living animal species the world over, including the lion, tiger, gorilla, giraffe, elephant, hippopotamus and others, are rapidly becoming extinct.

—One of the circusses made a great stir last summer by showing "the handsomest woman in America" at the head of its street processions. A rival circus will next season exhibit "the handsomest man and woman in the world," and a pretence of offering a prize of $30,000 for the pair is made.

—"I wish you wouldn't talk so about good people," said a New Haven woman to her husband. "They all have their failings; but many of them will get to Heaven before you do." "I sincerely hope so," was the curt reply. He was in no hurry to go.—*New Haven Register*

—An encouraging fact for the boys: Senator Brown, of Georgia, was twenty years old before he learned to read; at thirty-three he was elected to a Jndgeship; at thirty-seven he became Governor; and he is now, at the age of sixty-eight, a United States Senator.

—The most truthful and unobtrusive man in the community will, in one week after he becomes the owner of a setter dog, develop into a talented, gaudy and ostentatious liar.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Canadian cashier, who has embezzled $75,000, is described as a man of generous impulses.

A Boy's Luck.

The Norristown (Pa.) *Herald* in a recent issue referred among others, to the following cases of special interest. They are their own commentary. Mr. Samuel C. Nyce, resides at 308 Marshall street, and holds the responsible position of journal clerk in the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg. While Mr. Nyce and family were in the country recently, his boy, aged three years, fell and broke his leg. He recovered, but a very troublesome stiffness set in and he could scarcely use the leg. The injured limb was rubbed several times with St. Jacobs Oil, and the stiffness was so much reduced that the boy was able to use his leg freely. Dr. Knipe said it was the use of St. Jacobs Oil that cured the stiffness. Mr. Nyce himself used the Great German Remedy for toothache with good effect, and also for a sprain and pains of rheumatic nature, and always with good effect. Mrs. Nyce also says she thinks the Oil is a splendid thing, and she always keeps it on hand.

Don't throw away your old flour barrels. They are useful. It has been found that an ordinary flour barrel will hold 678,900 silver dollars.—*Quiz.*

Its Equal Is Unknown.

A Lowell (Mass.) paper, so we observe, cites the case of Mr. P. H. Short, proprietor of the Belmont Hotel, that city, who suffered with rheumatism for seventeen years without finding relief from any of the numerous remedies employed, until he applied St. Jacobs Oil: "I never found any medicine that produced such remarkable and instantaneous effect as it did," says Mr. Short.—*Lyons (Iowa) Mirror.*

Pennsylvania is getting a bad reputation because of her graveyard insurance companies. It looks as though her name would have to be changed from the Keystone to the Gravestone State.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of It."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

There is one town in Connecticut that has no fear of the measles. It's Haddam.

Spurgeon has advice for the man who marries a shrew, and says that when a man catches a tartar or lets a tartar catch him, he must take his dose of tartaric acid and make as few ugly faces as he can.

"Ma," she said confidingly, "Henry has asked me to marry him." "And you accepted!" was the query. "No," was the reply. "I didn't, and neither did I reject him. He can keep him on the string until Christmas he'll make me a handsome present to induce me to say 'yes.' You know I've been wanting a gold watch for a 'ong time."

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the departments, found himself confronted with the question: "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply: "I am unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship." He got it.

"For heroic but vain endeavors to look pleased," says a crusty old bachelor, "nothing can equal the facial expression of two girls compelled to dance with each other, on account of the scarcity of men."

In an album of autographs Alphonse Karr has written: "The first half of our lives we pass in desiring the second, and the second in regretting the first. "In the same album Alexandre Dumas has written: "What is duty? It is what we exact of others."

Germany has solved a problem for us. In that country more girls marry at thirty-five than at nineteen. Now we know why all girls of thirty-five remain nineteen for so many years; they don't want husbands.

No odds how poor the farmer's roots,
No odds how damaged are his fruits—
Though rust has spoiled his cherished wheat,
And though he can't make both ends meet,
His turnip crop cannot be beet!

The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up, and the pill is to get down.

The coming woman will not marry until she is able to support a husband in the style he has been accustomed to at home.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to the worst virulent rolling ulcers.

There should be no holes in Christmas stockings if they are worth a darn.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

Will the "coming man" shut the door after him? He will in this office or he will go out of the window.—*Lowell Citizen.*

He Had Bronchitis.

A prominent physician of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I owe my life to Piso's Cure." He had bronchitis.

Messrs. Crum & Bro., Cook's Mills, Ills., say that "Piso's Cure for Consumption sells readily, and is giving universal satisfaction."

J. T. Bledsoe, Francesville, Ind., writes: "Piso's Cure is giving general satisfaction. My sales last year increased about one-half over former years."

Newspaper Office for Sale.

Newspaper and Job Office in Northern Ohio. Established in 1870. Material alone cost over $5,500. Will be sold for $3,500 if sale is consummated by February 1st. Time given on portion of purchase money. Business will pay from $1,200 to $2,000 net per annum. Satisfactory reasons given for wishing to sell. Correspondence solicited. Address W. H. S., 141 St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Farmers, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Frazer Axle Grease. It is the best.

ALWAYS KEEP COOL.

To stick to your subject and the truth is an excellent plan, and whether it be in questions of finance or fishing, or any topic whatever, civil or political, always keep cool and tell the truth. However, there is a certain margin allowed for lying, when it comes to fishing, that is permitted in no other subject, and no doubt our friends in the picture are indulging in that special employment, as well, perhaps, as in a little scientific swearing. Their bodies and tempers are hot and the air is cool as they should be, but are not, and they are apparently in the condition when it is much easier to catch rheumatism than fish, in which case it would be well for them that they be provided with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy for this as well as other painful ailments.

WE'LL NAIL ITS COLORS TO THE MAST.

"Hello, Dennyl what is the trouble?" "Oh, I'm all broke up," was the response to the inquiry of an old fulpmate of William G. Denniston, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well known in the southern section of this city, who came limping into the American office yesterday. "I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended St. Jacobs Oil to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was another one of those advertised nostrums, but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief, and my faith was plighted to St. Jacob and his Oil after that. I freely say that if I had not been for St. Jacobs Oil I should, in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little, and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of, and any person who doubts it send them to me at 1924 South Tenth st.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PENSIONS are paid every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight, disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins gives a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows of orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 3 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address, P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and Pres't Central Bank both of Indianapolis.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. P. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (still-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		12.46 A. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.31 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.40 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.00 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work warranted.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42tf OAKLAND, MD.

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F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

PATENTS AND INVENTION

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer.
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

ATTORNEYS.

MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUEL BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlersville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
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H. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
Hon. J. H. PRICE, Ex-Judge, Bel Air, Md.
Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminister, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Brynat own, Md.
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Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
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J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as History; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full: when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000 ½ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY ORGANS & PIANOS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 2 to 32 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75. Chapel Organs $67.75. THE "LONDON," Bishops 5 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $93. THE PARIS now offered for $85. Other desirable new styles now ready.

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,200 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, Double extra Wrest Planks, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only,

$222.75.

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $185. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $137.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

☞ *Illustrated Catalogue. Free.*

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE DAVIS

VERTICAL FEED

SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,

WATERTOWN, N. Y.,

218 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,

82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

HUTSON & FRINGER,

OAKLAND, MD.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 6 SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overdrawn Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front sides. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

$275.00.

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial,

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you, write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, New Jersey.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS SUPERB REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instantly under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, lifted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

$85.00.

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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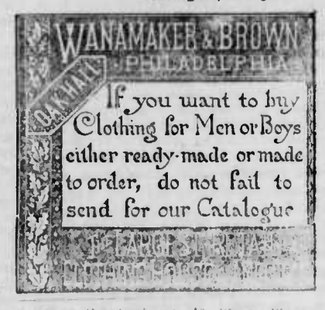

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good things that offer become wealthy; while those who do not remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Some of our workers are making over $50 a day. It costs you nothing to try the business. We furnish you with everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Remember, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

INVENTORS address LOSS & BROS. Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

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This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,

15 P. O. Avenue.

8 10 td Baltimore.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882. NUMBER 47.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Oranert Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opp site Talley's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Mitt and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

W. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

W. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second Street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak Street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office Garrett House, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Spouse's Building. Watches Cleaned and Repaired.

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MRS. M. E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty st, nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Center street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Resi nce opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Deer Park Md.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN, Oakland Md.

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"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment In Maryland. d17 81 ly

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **it never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. **25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.**

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 24f DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

DORA'S IGNORAMUS.

It was a lovely June morning in the country; the air redolent with the scent of myriad blossoms and musical with the songs of as many wild birds, when Dora Glade stepped over the threshold of her rustic school-house to encounter a surprise not altogether pleasant.

Since the first of May Miss Glade had been teaching this school of perhaps two dozen urchins, whose ages ranged all the way from five to fourteen years.

On this particular morning, however, there sat within the schoolroom, patiently waiting for the arrival of the teacher, a tall, well-built young man who was certainly several years her senior, and whose appearance indicated that he had come to stay.

The teacher herself was just nineteen, slender and graceful as a willow, with a charming admixture of womanly dignity and girlish shyness in her manner. She did not always know exactly what to do even with some of her rough youngsters already in her charge, and now her fair face darkened with a look of undisguised dismay, as she stopped short in the doorway, regarding this new specimen with a private conviction in her soul that she should never prove equal to the task of managing him.

She looked upon his intrusion into her little fold much as some peaceful shepherd might at the sudden appearance of a mountain lion among his innocent flock. Mastering her chagrin as best she could, Dora called her school together, and soon after approached her unwelcome visitor with a very evident air of embarrassment.

"Do you intend to remain in the school, sir?"

For the life of her she didn't know how she ought to address him.

"Yes'm," answered the new comer, with a meekness which, contrasted with his fine, powerful physique, made her strongly inclined to laugh in his face. "I talk'late to come afternoons. Can't come much mornin's, bein' as I hev to help Uncle Jake with the crops."

"Oh!" said Dora, gently, suppressing a smile, "your name, please?"

"Larry Farnsworth. Squire Jake Farnsworth over yonder," with an awkward nod of his handsome head in the direction of the squire's mansion, "where I'm stayin,' is my uncle."

"Yes," said Miss Glade, with a polite interest. "And now please tell me what you wish to study, Mr. Farnsworth."

"Spose ye call me Larry, Miss," said this great, fine-looking fellow, with the bashfulness of a child; "I ain't much used to t'ein' mistered, an' anyhow I reckon I'm one of yer scholars, jist like the rest."

"Certainly," said Dora, somewhat relieved, and determining to put a bold face upon the matter at once. "And now, Larry with a rose blush, in spite of herself, "let us proceed to select your studies."

But the verdant young gentleman soon disclosed the fact that what he did know of books might be comprised within a very small space, indeed, while a model list of what he didn't know would form a record as voluminous as that of the Whittaker testimony.

Days passed on, and Miss Glade found them passing very pleasantly. Her new pupil, though extremely ignorant, evidently did his best to improve, and was otherwise a model of perfect good behavior. The younger boys, also, gave far less trouble than at first. Whether he issued private orders to them outside, or whether it was a threatening glance from those commanding bright gray eyes whenever any incipient rebellion arose against the teacher, certain it was that the troublesome urchins behaved much better than before the advent of the "big scholar."

As for Miss Glade's opinion of our hero at the end of a month, perhaps we could not ascertain it more easily than by glancing at this portion of a letter written by her to her bosom friend in the city:

"You have not forgotten my Ignoramus, of whom I wrote you Kittie? Well, we still have the honor of his attendance at the school, and I will frankly admit that I should hardly know, now, how to keep the same school without him. How or why he does it I do not pretend to know, but he seems to have those old-time 'intractables' under such a spell that I do not believe one of them would dare disobey me, if he felt so inclined.

"One other fact is unquestionable to my mind. Were he only blessed with the cultivation and the gentlemanly, social polish which Mr. Arthur Hughes possesses, Larry Farnsworth would be my very beau ideal of a man. Often, as he sits poring hopelessly over the multiplication-table, in his homespun suit, sans coat, I catch myself watching the splendid figure, the clear-cut, intellectual face, with its broad, sweeping brow and fascinating gray eyes, almost expecting to hear their owner charm my senses with the eloquence of a Cicero, or thrill my soul with poetic disquisitions on the wonders and beauties of the old masters. He looks as though nature had formed him for a leading spirit among the choicest favorites of literature and art. Silent, those handsome lips are the very home of poetry and eloquence; but the moment he opens them to speak—shades of Murray! how my fairy castles tumble to the ground! He is an Ignoramus, Kittie—a hopeless Ignoramus!—calling me to his side twenty times a day to unravel problems which ought not to puzzle the intellect of a child often. Worse than all, he does not realize what he has missed. Oh, what a blunderer was destiny, thus to deny this man the one gift that would have made him irresistable!"

And then the postcript:

"I have at last fully decided not to accept the hand of Mr. Hughes. May he find better appreciation elsewhere. With all his elegance and culture he is not the man who can fill the heart of

"DORA GLADE."

And these words of Kittie's letter, in reply:

"Look out, my dear, or the Ignoramus may capture the heart that a man of intellect has failed to win. Stranger things have happened. Many a man has been educated by his wife."

Dora's lips curled and a flash of annoyance crossed her fair, expressive features as she read.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, contemptuously, crumpling the letter in her hand and tossing it into her desk.

But why did her fair face soften into infinite tenderness, again, and a blush deeper than a crimson rose bathe her cheek and brow and snowy throat as she remembered certain thrilling glances from a pair of bright gray eyes? And why did this worshiper of intellect murmur to herself with a kind of fierce delight?

"He loves me! I know it! I know it!"

During the summer days that followed, her thoughts often turned to Kittie's letter and the tempting possibilities it suggested. But she quickly put them from her. It was exquisitely sweet, this city girl who was well used to refined and cultivated society could not deny to herself to note the electric influence of her power in the dark flush rising to a manly cheek, the quick thrill of his powerful frame at her slightest touch, and the passionate light she sometimes caught in the finest eyes she had ever seen. And perhaps her own heart responded to every sign. But it could go no further.

Dora's mind was one of these which ever unconsciously reach out toward all the richest treasures in the world of art and learning, and she knew that it could never be satisfied with the companionship of one who would not, at least, keep pace with her in all the finest charms of intellectual life. She resolved never to make such a dangerous experiment, even for "love's sweet sake." And we think that she was right.

It was the last evening of her stay. Her pupils had all received their little tokens of remembrance, had said good-bye to their pretty girlish teacher, and were now gone to their several homes, leaving her alone to gather up her few effects and indulge in a parting reverie upon the events of the past three months. Larry Farnsworth alone had been absent that last day, but in her secret heart she thanked him for it, for there had been something in his manner of late, and a strange disturbance in her own feelings also, which made her doubt whether her dignified firmness could have stood the trial of a final parting.

How strongly her heart was beating now, as she thought over the past evening when the splendid-looking Ignoramus had walked beside her down the long lane leading from the school-house, and the low-spoken "good night" of each, as she turned to cross the narrow field in the direction of her lodgings. She remembered, with a thrill of wondering pleasure, how his awkwardness had almost entirely vanished in the unconscious devotion which he paid her.

No, she reflected, with a deep sigh, as she turned to go, it would never do for them to meet again. She must go back to the city and forget. Forget the lowly youth who had power to stir the very depths of her soul as no other mortal man had ever done! Yet her heart bitterly rebelled against the fate which made such renunciation necessary.

Glancing through the open door she saw a stranger coming up the path—a tall and handsome man, well-dressed and elegant. There was a something strangely familiar to her in his looks, and yet—it could not be.

Ah, but it could! for the next moment her hands were clasped in those of the tall stranger, and her unbelieving eyes were gazing up into the handsome saucy face of Larry Farnsworth.

"I came to bid my little teacher good-bye," he said, looking down upon her mischievously, a sly smile quivering under the slight, dark moustache.

"Larry ——!"

It was all she could say, for unable to bear a certain new expression in the glance of those gray eyes, and the rush of memories it brought her, she sank upon the nearest bench and covered her face with her hands. Larry sat down, too, with a warm light of tenderness in his resolute, saucy face, but the first words that Dora faltered forth made him laugh outright.

"Then you are not the Ignoramus, after all?" still with her face hidden from the roguish eyes.

"Well, no, not exactly, since I have the honor of graduating from old Harvard," replied the Ignoramus, with exasperating coolness. "Miss Glade—Dora," drawing her hands away from the blushing face, "please forgive my masquerade! Hearing much of the pretty schoolma'am from my uncle whom I was visiting, I began it through a pure love of fun, but soon found it so dangerously fascinating that I could not give it up. It was so pleasant to have you lean over my shoulder to correct those dreadful examples which you couldn't have done, you know, if I had not been you pupil."

"And you might have been teaching me all this time! For shame, sir!" pouted Dora, thinking with burning cheeks of her patient endeavors to educate this Harvard graduate.

"I dare to hope that I have taught you something, Dora; a lesson that is not found in school books. And now, since you have taught your stupid Ignoramous to love you, tell me frankly if you will marry him?"

"I would not, if I could have escaped seeing him again," said Dora, wickedly.

"But since you could not?"

Dora turns an arch face, wet with happy tears, to meet Lawrence Farnsworth's thrilling kiss. And thus we leave them to a future bright and peaceful as the lovely scene outside the rustic school house where Dora Glade first met and loved her Ignoramus.

Seldom is a more romantic career brought to public attention than that which has just ended in the death at Philadelphia of Mrs. Elizabeth Hatzler, in her 92d year. Mrs. Hatzler's claim to distinction lay in the fact that she was a veteran of the Franco-Russian war of 1812. Born at Landau, then a French possession, in 1790, she married at 20 George Hatzler, a cavalry sergeant in the French army, but their honeymoon was rudely interrupted by orders to the husband to join the expedition against Russia. The young wife immediately determined to accompany him, cut her hair short, donned a soldier's uniform, and thus disguised rode at her husband's side through the whole campaign. She participated in all the great battles, witnessed the burning of Moscow and after her husband's promotion to the rank of a staff officer often saw and several times conversed with Napoleon. She suffered her full share of the rigors of war, having been captured with her husband by the Cossacks and held a prisoner for nineteen months, and then exchanged only in time to share the sufferings of the disastrous retreat of the French army. She went through all these experiences without her sex being discovered, and despite all the exposures of her early life, retained the full use of her faculties to the end, living to see ten great-grandchildren growing up in her American home.

Intelligence reaches us from India to the melancholy effect that the Siamese nation has recently been plunged into mourning by the untimely death of "His Sublime Grandeur the Court and Body-Elephant of the King." Thus run the official title of the albino pachyderm, who, in virtue of his abnormal color, is the object of divine worship for the time being in the kingdom of Siam. His Sublime Grandeur, we regret to learn departed this life in a highly sensational manner, fraught with irreparable disaster to the entire staff of his household. One morning after a hearty breakfast he went mad quite unexpectedly and trampled five of his attendants to death. To shoot him would have been sacrilege. An attempt to tranquillize his perturbed spirit by encircling him with a huge ring of holy bamboo specially blessed by the high priest of his own particular temple proved worse than ineffectual, for he broke through the ring and all but terminated the high priest's career upon the spot. He was then with great difficulty driven into a close court of the palace, where, after several furious endeavors to batter down the walls with his tusks, he suddenly toppled over on his side, uttered a last cry of rage and gave up the ghost. Naturally enough this heavy calamity was attributed to criminal carelessness on the part of one or the other of the attendants intrusted with the sacred elephant's feeding. The king therefore interrogated the members of His Sublime Grandeur's Household in person with respect to their treatment of the illustrious defunct, and failing to elicit any individual confession of delinquency decreed that they should one and all, be punished. Having thus vindicated propriety, His Majesty assumed the garb of woe and is understood to be still inconsolable for his loss.—*London Telegraph.*

A HIGHER DESTINY.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a buble cast upon the ocean of eternity, and float a moment upon its surface, and then go into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us leaving the thousands of streams of the affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. This is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us, like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass beford us like the visions will stay in our presence forever.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, was in Washington the other day and while there met in the person of a hotel waiter, a negro, advanced to middle age, whom he had known down South. He made a few pleasant remarks to the colored man and got led into twitting him about religious matters, on which the darkey spoke with some fervor.

"Well now, Joe," said the gover ernor, "do you really believe in this matter of election by God that you speak of?"

"Deed I do, Massa Vance," said the negro seriously with a shake of the head.

"Well, do you think I am elected to be saved?"

"Scasly know, Massa Vance, but I nebber heerd of anyone being 'lected what wasn' a canderdate."

A murder trial was interrupted at Durango, Col., by the reappearance of the man who was believed to have been killed. The persons accused of the murder had robbed and beaten the missing man, who immediately left the place, while the body of somebody else was subsequently found and mistaken for his. He heard of his assailants' arrest, and decided to let them suffer awhile as punishment. He had half a mind to stay away until they were hanged, but relented.

Indiana has a new liquor law which will go into effect on the first of the year, which makes the buyer and the seller equally liable and responsible. Dealers who sell to drunkards are fined for the first or second offences, and for the third offense are liable to imprisonment and disfranchisement. Persons guilty of drunkenness are served exactly the same way, the law making no distinction between the two.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE KING'S QUEST.

The King rode fast, the King rode fart
"Now, by my crown," quoth he,
"If I, in all the land, shall find
A maiden of contented mind—
Be she of high or low degree,
By Pagan rite or Christian signed—
My consort she shall be."

But when he chanced the maid to meet,
So well content was she,
She would not wed—but, deaf and blind,
Went on her way: "Alack, I find
I'm caught in my own web," quoth he;
"This maid of contented mind
Is too content for me."

—*Century Magazine.*

MIZPAH.

The Rev. Leonard Austin was seated at a luxurious breakfast in his comfortable bachelor establishment, but for the time being not alone; his aunt, a fashionable New York lady, and his Cousin Elaine, a belle and heiress in her own right, were his guests; Miss Elaine was his vis-avis in a rose-colored cashmere morning robe, with a watteau plait, a costume that exactly harmonized with her dark, statuesque beauty and regal style. She was trifling with the amber coffee in her delicate and costly cup and looking at her cousin—by marriage—from under dark, drooping lashes. Their eyes met, but Elaine was an adept at flirtation and the Rev. Leonard did not understand it at all, so neither was the least embarrassed. And yet she was critically examining and weighing him, noticing his elegant velvet dressing-gown, his soft white hands, the air habitual of luxury about him, and saying to herself, "His Master had not where to lay His head!"

The Rev. Mr. Austin had approved of his cousin in one comprehensive glance, and was asking himself:

"Shall I marry her? She is handsome, well educated and an heiress—has been well brought up, and would do me credit as a wife, but——"

"And how do you like the place, Leonard?" Mrs. Remicke broke the silence by asking.

The Rev. Mr. Austin shrugged his shoulders. "The people are poor and stupid. True, I have time for study and there are a few good families here with whom I find congenial association. Otherwise it would be very dull."

"But your work" interrupted his cousin, "You must take much pleasure in that?"

"Yu-a-s," smothering a yawn, "of course I try to do my duty, but all flowers of rhetoric are wasted on these people, and as only plain talk is understood by them, I have not much scope for my intellect."

"Why did you bring your talents here?" asked Elaine, with just a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"The place is merely a stepping-stone to something better," replied her cousin as he rose from the table, a fine, stately man, with the ease and grace of centuries of culture in his manner.

He passed out to the small study in the back of the little Gothic stone church, where he held out the bread of life to a handful of people, and Elaine went up stairs to shake out the folds of her rich dresses, and find some flannel costume which was suitable to this village life which she had entered upon as a change from Saratoga and Long Branch. She was not exactly tired of life, this bright, vivacious, interesting young woman, but she was tired of *her* life among fashions and in the train of folly. She felt a capacity within her of doing some great work, but feared to offend her friends and make herself ridiculous. The cousin had been her pet companion in days long past, and when he wrote asking her mother to come and bring her for the summer, she was pleased to renew their friendship—perhaps she thought it might prove to be more than friendship.

She was disappointed; she found him living in luxury, surrounded by just such beautiful things as she had always seen, and with the soft effeminate manner of one who expected to

"be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;"

not a soldier of the cross as she had hoped to find. She never thought of the incongruity between her wishes and herself—she knew she wanted a leader, and had not found one.

Mrs. Remicke plunged at once into domestic details, and left Elaine to go where she pleased; so late in the morning, clad in a single short dress of navy blue cloth, with plumed sun hat to match, she strolled out and soon found her way to the church.

Before she reached it she heard the low roll of the organ and a snatch of sweet sacred music filled the air and sank deep into her soul. It was a wave of sweetest melody embodying a tender communion with the Unseen. It was a burden rolling from the heart, and dying away in an inspired sigh, the tears came into Elaine's eyes.

"And I thought him cold, selfish, fond of pleasure. When he can give such expression to his soul as that I will never touch the organ when he is near."

She entered the open side door, and climed noiselessly into the organ loft. Yes, in the gloom of the shadowed light she could just discern him. The last notes were reverberating through the hushed and vaulted space as she laid her hand softly on his shoulder.

"You have given me a real pleasure, cousin. I can never listen to ordinary music again. I—beg your pardon!"

For it was the face of a stranger that was turned toward her; a pale, intellectual face, as unlike the florid countenance of Leonard Austin as could possibly be imagined.

"I—I am the organist," he said, hesitatingly, "and Mr. Austin is good enough to let me play whenever I wish. It is," he added, with a mournful smile, "my only recreation."

Elaine was too much a woman of the world to be embarrassed, and she graciously put the organist at his ease by an animated dissertation upon ancient music, in which subject she was thoroughly at home. Then she left him as his pale cheek was flushed with excitement and pleasure, and dropped in upon the Rev. Leonard, who was lying on a Turkish lounge smoking a scented cigarette, and composing his Sunday sermon.

"Who is he?" she asked abruptly.

"Who?" sitting up in deference to her visit.

"Why, the organist; he plays divinely, and has the most interesting face I ever saw."

"O, the organist! Why, I think he is music mad; but he does play well, doesn't he? He's the schoolmaster and general factotum of the village; has spent a small private fortune in charity, and would take off his coat and shoes to-morrow and give them to a tramp if he thought he needed them. He isn't quite right—a sort of fanatic, you know."

"How strange," said Elaine, coolly; "such men are so rare that they ought to be exhibited at so much a head. Meanwhile I shall want to hear that lovely music every day."

"You shall. I will tell him you wish it, and he can take the time from his alpaca old women and red flannel sufferers."

"On second thought I believe I don't care," said Elaine. "You needn't mention it to him. Very likely I would get tired of it too often. What books are these, cousin, any new novels?"

"Not here," answered Leonard, with a laugh, "these are Paley's theology and Dick's philosophy. I am looking up some facts for next Sunday."

"Don't hold the hay so high your sheep won't get any. Do you never talk to them without books or paper?"

"Why, you know, Elaine, our church does not believe in an emotional religion. The people themselves would not understand it."

"Husks! husks," answered Elaine. "How tired they must get of them. Leonard, I don't like that expression. 'Our Church.' It is not ours. I remember when I was at school, I said one day 'I would give the world for a piece of bread,' and the dear old teacher stopped and said: 'The world is not yours to give, my child.'"

"Why, how energetic you are, cousin mine; since when have you renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?"

"I have not renounced them at all—they have renounced me by becoming tame and meaningless. O, Leonard, I had such plans of a summer here, helping you to do a noble work, helping to forget that twenty-five years of my life have been frittered away, and now I am disappointed!"

She wiped away two pearly tears, tossed her plumed hat on her head, and went out, leaving him to his Turkish siesta and his cigarette.

"The little termagent," he said—she was as tall as he, but men like to call women little — "I-don't-believe-I-will-propose; what an uncomfortable wife she would make, trying to reform something or somebody all the time."

The little village on the sea shore was a pretty and picturesque place, and Elaine spent days in wandering about it, sometimes with her handsome ministerial relative, oftener alone; she was a constant study and object of admiration to the primitive people she met, who studied her as if she had been some marvelous bright-winged tropical bird, in her cardinal seaside costumes, and dainty accoutrements. Sometimes she met Algy Fisher, the young teacher, leading some truant child to its home, or patiently teaching a refractory pupil in the open air, unmindful that he was giving time and strength in service not required of him. He looked thin and delicate, and Elaine saw that he was suffering, and once she stopped suddenly in her walk and remonstrated with him.

"You are killing yourself in the service of this people; have you no interest in your own life?" And then he answered gently:

"My life is not my own; it belongs to suffering and afflicted humanity everywhere; my time will be short. I have more work to do than other men."

"O," said Elaine, wringing her hands, "and I stand here all the day idle! Is there nothing I can do?"

"Plenty; do you see that cabin on the sands?"

"Where the children are at the door—where—where the man that was drowned yesterday is?"

"Yes! go there; those children need help."

"But my cousin, surely he has been there?"

"Yes! he read the twenty-third Psalm to them last night, but you—you will find something to do."

"Thank you," she answered, softly, "I will try."

She pushed the rough cabin door open with her white jeweled hand, and stood in the midst of the room, dirt and desolation, which, combined, present such a spectacle of misery to eyes unaccustomed to it. A woman was sitting by a rude bench, whereon lay a covered form, crying bitterly, nor did she cease during Elaine's stay; grief was now her only luxury. Elaine looked at the poverty of it all and went away with her thoughts full of mental measurings, and when the day of the funeral came, the widow and orphans were in decent black, there was a month's provisions in the house, and the bitter edge of their grief was taken off, and the Rev. Leonard had hired the oldest boy to wait on his office and blow the organ bellows at church.

This was the beginning, but not the end of Elaine's good work. Algy Fisher gave her plenty to do and small praise for doing it, but she was satisfied. One by one her fine garments dropped away from her as being too fine for present use; her mother was displeased but the girl was her own mistress. Leonard kept his counsel and bided his time. He did some graceful things for the poor, and preached better sermons, and was more manly. Elaine had always been fond of him, and so it happened that one day he placed a ring of betrothal upon her hand.

She had shown it to her mother who was pleased, and to Algy Fisher who said nothing. They were on terms of intimacy, now, but the servant of God was working out his time patiently, and gave little thought to other than his work; he did look at the now shining circlet which was to unite two destinies, and for a moment held the fair white shapely hands in his thin feverish fingers. Then he looked for one moment into the dark eyes, and asked in a voice that had not a tremor, "Does your heart go with it, Miss Remicke?"

Elaine was displeased not so much with him as with herself, and she gave a cold answer and left him.

But when they met again she begged his pardon for her petulance, and he said gravely:

"I was thinking of your happiness and I had no right—to—forgive me!"

A pang went through her heart with the words, a melancholy air fraught with sobs of passion overwhelmed her spirit, an infinite yearning as of a thirsty soul for sweet waters took possession of her, in that moment she had a glimpse of a lost heaven and snatched at the golden hoop that kept her within a circumscribed limit.

A few days after this a great and terrible excitement broke out in the little town on the coast. A vessel had stopped in the night to put off a sick and unknown man, who wandered from door to door seeking a refuge; it was Algy Fisher who took him in and permitted him to die in his bed. In a few days a terrible raging fever broke out, and Mrs. Remicke hurriedly packed her trunks and rode as fast as horses would carry her to the railroad station, accompanied by her daughter and nephew. These two were not going. Elaine *would* not go and Leonard *dare* not, but the news at the station decided him, and he was very angry at Elaine's obstinacy. When she understood finally his pusillanimous cowardice, she drew the ring he had given her from her finger.

"Take it," she said, "I have no further use for it. You are free."

The last she saw of him there was a curious look of mortification and vacillation on his handsome face, but no nimbus of heaven encircled his cowardly head.

When it was known that Algy Fisher was dying, and Miss Remicke was his nurse, people were excited, but not surprised. Death had long marked him for his own, and no one worried now over Elaine; she had nursed all the sick by turns and they were inclined to deify her. The old minister, who came from the next village to bury the dead performed a strange service one sun-bright even; he stood by Algy Fisher's death-bed and married this man to this woman, and there were no dissenting voices. Again a ring, but this time old and tarnished, rested on Elaine's finger. It had been his mother's, and it bore on the inside the single word Mizpah. "Let this be for a remembrance between thee and me."

"And is that the church of Mizpah?" asked my friend, looking up at the pretty stone edifice which was easily discernible from our boat.

"That is the church, and the dark spirituelle woman who preaches there every Sunday is the pastor of Mizpah; her people adore her, and you would never know, only for a sad pathetic expression in her great dark eyes, that she had passed through so tragic a history."

"Mizpah! Mizpah, what a pretty name," said my friend, smiling. "What a sweet motto for an altar cloth."

English and Foreign Song-Birds.

The English birds are more domestic and familiar than ours; more directly and intimately associated with man; not, as a class, so withdrawn and lost in the great void of the wild and the unreclaimed. England is like a continent concentrated—all the waste land, the barren stretches, the wildernesses left out. The birds are brought near together and near to man. Wood birds here are house and garden birds there. They find food pasturage and protection everywhere. A land of parks, and gardens, and hedge-rows, and game preserves, and a climate free from violent extremes—what a stage for the birds, and for enhancing the effect of their songs! How prolific they are, how abundant! If our songsters were hunted and trapped, by bird fanciers and others, as the lark, and gold-finch, and mavis, etc., are in England, the race would soon become extinct. Then, as a rule, it is probably true that the British birds, as a class, have more voice than ours have, or certain qualities that make their songs more striking and conspicuous, such as greater vivacity and strength. They are less bright in plumage, but more animated in voice. They are not so recently out of the woods, and their strains have not that elusiveness and plaintiveness that ours have. They sing with more confidence and copiousness, and as if they, too, had been touched by civilization.

Then they sing more hours in the day, and more days in the year. This is owing to the milder and more equable climate. I heard the sky-lark singing above the South Downs in October, apparently with full spring fervor and delight. The wren, the robin, and the wood-lark sing throughout the winter, and in midsummer there are perhaps three times as many vocal throats as here. The heat and blaze of our midsummer sun silence most of our birds.

On the other hand there are certain aspects in which our songsters appear to advantage. That they surpass the European species in sweetness, tenderness and melody I have no doubt, and that our mocking-bird, in his native haunts in the South, surpasses any bird in the world in compass, variety and execution is highly probable. That the total effect of his strain may be less winning and persuasive than the nocturne of the nightingale is the only question in my mind about the relative merits of the two songsters. Bring our birds together as they are brought together in England, all our shy wood-birds—like the hermit thrush, the veery, the winter wren, the wood wagtail, the water wagtail, the many warblers, the greenlet, the solitary vireo, etc.—become birds of the groves and orchards, and there would be a burst of song indeed.—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*

—Yesterday was a genuine November day, cold, bleak and heavy winded. The zephyrs which tore across Main Street at the corner of White tore off and threw into the mud three female hats. One owner said, "O my!" another, "Good-ness me!" but the third said nothing until she got the hat on her head, when, giving it a sharp little dab, she was heard to observe: "If I ever marry again I'll marry a man that can swear, I know."—*Danbury News.*

—This strange looking creature is a Billy Goat. He has a Beard on him that Looks like Papa's, and he is a Stronger Butter than Mamma uses for Cooking. What is the Billy Goat doing? He is Eating an Oyster Can. If you Were to go up and Pull the Billy Goat's beard you Would feel something Drop. And it Would not be the Billy Goat Either.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—McLeod of McLeod arrived at Nice the other day, bringing with him as traveling companions two huge cats, each one having a personal attendant.

Colorado Stage Stories.

Late last summer a party of gentlemen from New York started on a coaching trip from Gunnison to Ruby Camp, in the Elk Mountains.

"Climb up on the box seat," said Mr. Buck, of the *Spirit of the Times*, "if you want to enjoy the ride and see some clever driving."

We rode over a level, sandy trail for a few miles before striking the foot hills. Only a few monosyllables passed between the driver and the writer. On reaching the first rise of ground we met a teamster stuck in a rut with a load of coals from a neighboring hillside, where it crops out in a solid wall of black richness. The teamster had worked his mules for some time in useless efforts to extricate his wagon. The wheels on one side were sunk to the hubs in the yielding sandy ground, while the coal was badly canted. The road was so narrow where the mishap occurred that it was necessary for the coal wagon to pass us before we could proceed on our journey.

Our driver, Frank, took in the situation, and handing the reins of his four grays to the writer, said: "I'll try to get him out of that hole."

Swinging his six feet of bone, muscle and well-hardened flesh to the ground with but one touch on the wheel, in an instant he was at the head of the leading pair of mules, speaking kindly while arranging the harness. He did the same to the wheelers, and then, gathering the lines carefully in his hands, took the teamster's seat and straightened out the double team to the apparent limit of its strength. It was of no avail; the mules barely twisted the front wheels an inch or so, and that was all. Leaning over the team, the stage driver then curled his whip over the leaders' head, chirped cheerfully into the ears of the wheelers, started them in unison, and then fairly whooped them out of the rut.

When Frank had regained his seat I asked him if he had often been delayed by teams stuck with their loads.

"O, yes," he replied; "that little affair was nothing. Sometimes we have to cut out a new road to get around obstructions. Tremendous loads have been drawn over these mountains. Your Commodore Webb, of New York, for instance, built a smelter up here, which we will pass this afternoon. The machinery was all drawn, nearly or quite 150 miles, by oxen, to its present height of 11,000 feet. One piece weighed 8,000 pounds. It took twelve yoke of oxen about three months to drag it from the car to Ruby Camp. The freight on the machinery in its last stage was more than five cents a pound."

"Are you fond of driving?"

"Yes; I love to be around horses."

"You must have had some adventures?"

"A few," replied Frank, quietly.

"Where did you first begin to drive?"

"In the East. I came from Lockport, N. Y. I used to drive trotters. You ask Dan Mace if he remembers Frank Ensign."

Just then we passed an encampment by the side of a living stream from the mountains.

"That is a Mormon outfit," said Frank. "You can always tell them by the water barrels strapped to their wagons. The Mormons help construct the railroads. They are frugal and save their money. They adopted the water-barrel precaution after once crossing the Forty-Mile Desert, between the Colorado river and the cascades. There is no water to drink the entire distance. Before the overland railroad was built, all the trails crossing it were lined with bleached boaes of cattle and horses, and dotted with graves of immigrants. In winter it was inviting death to cross this terrible waste."

"You must have had some cold rides."

"Yes, I've been chilled to the marrow on several occasions; once on the road over the ground we are now traveling. It was two winters ago, when the discoveries of these diggings began to make a noise in the world. Men would undergo any hardship to reach the mountains. One morning I had a stage load for Ruby Camp. From signs in the air I made up my mind that before night a blizzard would roll down with frost sharp enough to freeze whisky in your breast pocket. I put on six layers of clothing. First silk underwear, then woolen, next buckskin, a suit of woolen clothes, a thick ulster, and finally a big bearskin coat that covered all up to my ears. I wore three pair of socks, a pair of arctics, and high flannel-lined rubber boots over them. I wound a flannel bandage around my head and forehead, and pulled my fur cap down to my eyebrows. A pair of goggles protected my eyes, and a muffler, which I managed to breathe through, covered my mouth, cheeks and nose. Heavy fur gloves, encased in rubber mittens, protected my hands. One of the members of the stage company had to go up on business, and he started off with me in the seat you occupy. He was pretty well bundled up, and said he didn't want any of the men to ride where he wouldn't go.

"Before we passed Castle Mountain the blizzard was on us. It came shrieking over the bare rocks and through the stunted trees louder than if a million Utes were swooping down after our scalps. It whistled around the coach and over the horses, fairly raising the harness from their backs. Icicles formed fringes from their mouths, and their sides were white with glistening frost. They lowered their heads to the storm and plunged bravely on with their load. 'Are you cold, Frank?' inquired the boss, with chattering teeth, 'Warm as toast,' says I. The point of my nose was the only sensitive thing about me; that tingled as if a coal of fire had come in contact with it. Pretty soon we came to a bend around the mountain, where we had a little shelter.

"'Pull up a minute, Frank,' said the boss, I 'guess I'll get in with the passengers.' Every man inside was stamping his feet. A fearful howl arose when the proprietor opened the door and dove in among the half-frozen, cramped-up travelers. Between the roaring gusts I heard the lively tattoo kept up until we began climbing the high range to Ruby Camp. Then only an occasional thump reached my ears. When we arrived at the station I had to help every man out of the coach. Nearly all had their feet, hands, ears or noses bitten, requiring vigorous applications of snow to restore a healthy circulation of blood. A little rubbing of my own nose set me all right [Frank's nose is rather long and thin], and when I entered the bar-room at the station, after seeing that my team was properly attended to, I was in a comfortable glow of warmth.

"'Frank,' said the proprietor, 'I don't see how you got up the mountain without freezing to death. I should have fallen off if I had remained outside another half hour.' Then turning to the landlord the boss inquired: 'What time did the coach from the other side get in?'

"'The coach isn't in at all yet.'

"'Then she is nearly three hours behind time,' said the boss, looking at his watch. 'Some accident has happened. I'll give fifty dollars to any driver who will go out and help them in.'

"'Who's driving?" I inquired.

"'Buffalo Hank," growled a lazy kicker, who was roasting himself near the stove.

"'Hank was a pard of mine, stranger," said Frank to me, "So in less than ten minutes I was on the road with a good team of horses and a strong covered wagon. I came up to the stage three miles from the station, at the top of the range. 'My God, Hank, why don't you drive in?" I shouted.

"'I can't,' he answered, huskily. 'My hands are frozen, and the passengers are paralyzed with cold. If I should start the team down the range I couldn't check or guide them, and every mother's son inside would be killed, as well as myself,'

"In two minutes I had my team fastened to the back of the stage, and Hank inside the wagon with his hands in snow. Then I mounted the box and brought in the passengers."—*New York Sun.*

Chilean Pirates.

The towns contain a due amount of tame cheats, but the bold, lectoring highwayman, the truculent sea robber, must be sought elsewhere. All along the Blue and Yellow River are found retail buccaneers, who hawk at a trifling quarry, and fatten on slender profits. These poor rogues do not aspire to a ship of their own; they come paddling out of muddy creeks in the smallest of sampans, ill-armed, ill-clad, but plentifully smeared with fish-oil. If confronted they fly, if grappled by the crews of the fourth-class junks, which they select as prizes, they slip like so many eels through the hands that grasp them, and their swimming makes amends for their lax courage. Seldom any very sinister results follow one of these attacks. If the fresh-water pirates prove victorious they are mild conquerors, and only too eager to be on shore again with their booty of rice and corn, stray garments, odd fragments of chain, bits of copper and brass hastily ripped from the poop and cabins, and perhaps the glorious trophy of a few rattling strings of cash. The dollars and silver bars are generally too well bidden to be detected by such hurried searchers; food, rather than fortune, is the object of the foray; and, except in rare cases of remarkable temptation, no life is attempted and no torture resorted to. With these amphibious, petty larceny rogues the magistrates deal mildly, according to the traditions of Chinese justice. Three hundred strokes of the bamboo may be endured by the human frame. Four sleepless weeks in the "cangue," or bamboo pillory, may fail to madden a stolid, unimaginable coolie. A few minor tortures need only be added to these first-named inflictions, and the culprit is used to have been most tenderly dealt with. Pilferers in a fair or the streets of a town are considered as still more venial offenders. A vigorous bastinado and a week of the pillory is the law's award in such trivial cases. Petty assaults are as leniently disposed of, but fire-raising is a sin of the deepest dye; and the malicious piercing of a neighbor's dyke, to let in a devastating flood, is punished with extreme rigor. Murder and treasonable practices, wholesale piracy and armed brigandage, all cry aloud for death, more or less slow and painful, and parricide evokes the sternest chastisement of the Chinese, as it once did of the Roman law.

President Arthur's Carriage.

Ever since the days of "the Father of his Country" people, particularly the residents of the Capital, have taken a lively interest in the style of equipage in which the various Presidents of the United States were accustomed to appear in public. President Arthur has not been without a due share of interest of this kind. Indeed, for various reasons, there has been more than the usual curiosity to know whether his "turnout" would be shabby or "loud." This curiosity may now be put at rest. President Arthur's carriage and horses are in Washington. The establishment is in every way a rich and handsome one; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that it is the finest which has ever appeared in the streets of the Capital. At the same time, however, all its appointments are subdued, modest, and in the best of taste. The carriage is a landau of novel design, painted a dark, mellow green, relieved with enough picking out in red to show the outline without being conspicuous. The trimmings are of morocco and cloth, the cushions and doors being faced with heavy lace. The harness has been made in keeping with the carriage, and is heavily mounted with plain silver. The dress blankets are of heavy dark-green kersey, and the coachman's lap-robe of green English box-cloth. These are all ornamented with the President's monogram. The lap-robe for the inside of the carriage is Labradore otter, beautifully lined with dark green, and having the monogram "C. A. A." worked in silk. The horses, two in number, are magnificent animals—mahogany bays with black points and without a white spot anywhere. They are five years old, sixteen hands high, have fine flowing manes and tails, and are half brothers. They are matched almost to a hair, were raised by the same man, and have always been driven together. Their heads and necks are particularly fine, and, though very stylish and showy, they are prompt, firm, and resolute, yet very kind and gentle. They can be driven on an easy rein, without check or martingale. They were the President's personal selection, as was also the carriage, and reflect no little credit upon his judgment as a horseman. The entire "turnout" is a model of quiet magnificence and good taste.—*Washington Special.*

Wanted—A Girl.

"I desire to advertise for a girl to do general housework," said a Laramie lady to the manager of an intelligence office. "I have had some little trouble and annoyance during the past year, and would like, if I could, to get a good girl who differs in many respects with those I have been wrestling with. Last fall I heard of a good girl who was working for a neighbor of mine, and went to work systematically to get her. I found afterward that it was a put-up job on me, and the neighbor wanted me to get the girl more out of revenge than anything else. The girl's name was Cleopatra. She wanted twenty-seven dollars per month and the use of the piano. I was so sure that she was a good girl that I engaged her on that layout. Cleopatra had so many lovers that we had to move the sofa into the kitchen on Sundays, and my husband and myself sat around on the floor, while Cleopatra wooed the festive mule puncher. We wanted to throw all the home influences we could around Cleopatra, so that she would feel perfectly cheerful and like one of the family. She used to wear my dresses when I was away, but when I asked her to let me wear her wardrobe she seemed hurt, and her whole system was churned up with convulsive sobs. By and by my dresses got kind of shabby, as the result of continuous wear by Cleopatra and myself, and so she got discontented and went away. Then I got a nice girl from Nebraska; but just as she had learned to make a pie that would yield to the softening influences of time she married a man from Bitter Creek, who was so cross-eyed that, when he wept, the scalding tears would roll down the back of his neck. I then secured a girl from the old country. She couldn't speak the English language fluently, and so I didn't have a very sociable time of it! When I would tell her to wash the dishes she would generally black the stove or bring in a scuttle of coal. I used to pour out my soul to her sometimes and ask her to confide in me, but she had a far-away look, like a man who cannot pay his board-bill. One day at dinner I asked her to bring in the dessert, but she didn't grasp my meaning, and through some oversight brought in the dish-rag on a tray. She used to wash the children's faces with the stove-rag, and brush their hair with the shoe-brush, and in that way soon won their esteem and regard. One day while we were at table she brought in the soup, and in an unguarded moment she stuck about seven inches of her thumb in the hot soup, in order to get a more secure grip on the tureen. In the first impulse of coy and maidenly surprise she thoughtlessly dropped the tureen and the soup in my husband's lap. My husband is a shy and rather reticent man, but he rose with a graceful movement to his full height, and killed her with the carving-knife, and kicked her gory remains under the table. After the inquest I got a hollow-eyed girl from Fort Collins. She was an orphan, with pale hair that she used to work up in the hash. She was proud and impulsive in her nature, and ate everything in the house. We used to hear her in the middle of the night foraging around after cold pie and fragments of rich and expensive grub. She had a singular yearning for jam and an impassioned longing for preserves that we never succeeded in quenching. When the jelly and fruit-cake gave out, she would sadly turn her attention to cold ham and mustard, with the smoldering ruins of baked beans and cold cabbage and vinegar. We stood it till groceries came up so, and apples got to be seven dollars and a half a barrel, and then we asked her to send in her resignation. Shortly after that my husband made an assignment. What I would like now is a good girl, not so much as a companion and confidential promoter of financial ruin, but more to wrestle with manual labor in the kitchen at so much per wrestle and board. I'm not difficult to please, but I don't want to pay the same salary that the cashier of a bank gets just for the sake of having a pampered menial in the house who doesn't do enough work to drive away her ennui.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

Esthetic Advancement in America.

"This is too ravishingly, exquisitely too, too," said a pretty maiden in an olive-green velvet suit and a brigand hat, standing in front of an inoffensive little landscape at the Art Association exhibition.

"Ya-as, quite so," said a youth of some seventeen summers at her side, dressed in a boy's jacket, tights, and toothpick shoes, and holding a soup-dish hat in his hand. "Ah, I can't say that I met anything better in all my wanderings thrwoughout Eurwope, don't you know? Howevah, a fellah must objeet, you know, to the eherweschewro, you know. Ah, you must agwee with me there. Positively, Miss Winlander, you must."

"O, dear, Mr. Snobbington, you are too dreadfully, awfully critical," said the young lady, tapping the youth playfully with her gold eyeglasses. "See what a delicate, subtle something lurks in that suggestion of an apple cart at the left. And oh, that roof. So Turneresque. So full of unexpressed passion and hidden unmeaningness. O, Mr. Snobbington, it is positively dreadfully incomprehensible. I'm quite sure I never saw anything so suggestively Coroish, never."

"Ah-ya-as, verwy good for this side of the wa-tar," said her companion, sticking a monkey glass in his eye and finally succeeded in keeping it there, after a series of facial contortions worthy of the lamented G. L. Fox. "As-ah-my twend Barwon Fwnd used to say, you know, we mustn't expect too much of ah-a new countwe. Must say, though, it's a twemendously good attempt for an ah-American artist-ah. Ah-but of course, you know, a fellaw must go to the Fwench artists for the lum tum thing, don't you know? The Barwon always said ewething else wasn't worth a wap, you know. But-ah-of course it's duced wough not to give Amerwiean ewedit fwr a good picture now and then, don't you know? Ah ya-as, the thing isn't half bad, you know, faw a young countwe-ah."

"Go on, Mr. Snobbington," said the maiden. "It's too delightfully, preciously lovely to hear you talk. You traveled gentlemen are so horrible, excellently well informed." And they glided on to the next picture

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

PASTOR DANKWARDT.

POMERANIA, 1807.

'Twas in the Northern German land
Fast by the Baltic Sea,
When the French Emperor sent his troops
To bend the people's knee,

And dwell within their houses,
Feasting on wine and corn,
Till German hearts should learn to feel
The might of foreign scorn.

They came to Bodenstede,
A hamlet green and still,
With fountain in the market-place,
Where maids their pitchers fill.

They over ran the village street,
They over ran the inn,
They stole the peasants' ripening crops,
And strove the maids to win;

And up and down throughout the night
They sang their ribald song,
While hidden evils darted forth
To join the lawless throng.

How fair was Bodenstede!
But deeds the Frenchmen wrought
Among her pleasant summer fields
No peaceful harvest brought.

The people seized the soldiers,
And bore them to the strand,
And shipped them to a barren shore
Within a hostile land,

And then returned rejoicing;
But he, the nations' fate,
Quickly dispatched a mightier corps
To hold the conquered state.

Alas for Bodenstede!
How sad the sun uprose
That day the foreign flags returned
Before his golden close!

Rode forth Commander Mortier:
"Seize all the men," he cried,
"Who rule in Bodenstede,
And place them side by side;

"And at the signal given,
Shoot each man where he stands.
They that remain shall live to see
Their blazing homes and lands."

Then forward stepped the pastor;
His eyes were bright as flame;
"If any man is shot, shoot me!
Mine is the guilt and shame,

"I bade the people to revolt,
And drag the men away;
I sent them to the Swedish shore;
'Twas I urged on the fray.

"Hear me, O stre, how innocent
These people surely are;
I pray thee burn my guilty roof,
But all these others spare."

The stern Commander Mortier
Heard what the pastor said,
One moment stood irresolute,
Then turned his horse's head;

And putting spurs to flank, they rode
Out from the wondering town;
And as they passed, the word was given,
"These fisher-huts burn down!"

A few poor sheds where no man dwellt
No blood that day was spilled.
And thus Commander Mortier
The Emperor's law fulfilled.

Those battle-fields are overgrown,
Dim is their glory now;
But Virtue ever wakeful shines;
The stars are on her brow.

The pastor in his flowing gown,
Before the armed host,
Joyfully giving life and home
If he may save the lost:

Deep in the German father-land
This rooted memory grows,
And safe within the children's heart
The living picture glows.

—*Annie Fields, in Harper's Magazine.*

AUNT RUTH FINDS THE COAL MAN.

You knew, I s'pose, that Jack's folks had moved to Boston? Yes; and soon's they got kinder settled down, Minty wrote me a letter urgin' me to come down right off, and stay with 'em a good long spell.

They'd be glad ter have me make it my home with 'em, you know, but somehow, I can't seem ter make up my mind to settle down in any one stiddy place—I s'pose that's always the way with widders and old maids—generally kinder oneasy, ain't they?

But 't any rate, I looked on that invite of Minty's as a regular providence; and I fairly jumped out o' my chair when I read it; and says I at once, "I'll go—it's just the thing!"

You remember I told ye about my scrape with that coal man, last Christmas, when I was to Boston—how I made him take me to the depot, and then hadn't a cent o' money to pay him, arter promisin' to reward him liberal, too!

I didn't mean no harm more'n a bnby; but I know *he* thought I was a swindlin', lyin' female woman, goin' round loose, a gittin' my livin' by workin' onto folks' feelings, and stealin' rides onter coal men. He hadn't no means o' knowin' the truth o' the matter, ye see, and it did look bad—it looked against me, that's a fact.

It would a ben easy enough ter sot the matter right if I'd only remembered the feller's address he gin me the last minute when I took the cars; but I'd gin up tryin' to do that long ago—'twant no kind o' use.

So that's how 'twas when I got Minty's letter. I'd turned the matter over in my mind a good deal, and I'd come to the decision that sometime; and pooty soon, too, that coal man and me would have a reckonin' together.

And now, here was a good chance to go and hunt him up. So I got myself ready's quick's I could, and went along.

Minty met me to the depet, and the fust words she said was:

"Aunt Ruth! what under the canopy is the matter with ye? You look as if you'd had a fit of sickness! Have ye ben sick?"

"No, Minty, I hain't" says I, "bnt there's other tronbles in this world as wearin' as sickness."

"For pity's sake," says she; "what *do* you mean?" And then I told her.

"It's that *coal man* that's wearin' me away to a shadder, and nothin' else," says I. "It's qniet up home, ye know, and likely enough my mind's dwelt on the subject more'n what's reasonable or nateral. 'T'any rate, all I've done lately, is jest ter think, think—night and day—about how I cheated that poor feller. And now I've come down to Boston, and I'm goin' to *find him* and hev a settlement wi,h him, if it costs *fifty dollars!*" says I; "and you've got ter promise to help me, too, or else I'll go 'n' git somebody that will," says I.

Minty laughed and hugged me over again.

"Cheer up, ' says she, "we'll have that old fashioned conscience o' yourn outer misery in no time. The coal man shall be found if we have ter turn Boston inside out and hind side afore to do it," says she,

Minty's better for me than a bottle o' medicine, any day, and she chippered me right up; so't I felt more like myself than I had for a good while. Nobody couldn't help feelin' revived jest to look inter her face. And speakin' of Minty, let me tell ye, that I settled it long ago in my own mind that Minty's beauty and her bright, happy ways that are so cheerin' to everybody, are owin' pooty much to her enjoyin' good health and to her havin' 'a bnshand that worships the ground she walks on to.

Good health and love—about equal parts—is my rule for makin' a handsome woman.

Wall, the next day, when I'd got rested a little, Minty and I talked the matter over, and we concluded that the fust thing we'd better do, was to advertise. So she writ a piece and sent it to the newspaper.

"That'll fetch him," says she, "if he can read and ever looks at a paper; but in the meantime we'll keep our eyes open. He may turn up when we ain't expectin'," says she.

From that day it seemed as of I didn't think o' nothin' but my coal man. Jnck said how't I'd got a *monomanier*, but I knew better, and I told him so; nothin' in the world ailed me, and I should be all right soon's this bizness was off'n my mind.

The fust time I went on the street I come pooty nigh gittin' killed myself or killin' somebody else, a number o' times

Ye see my eyes was everywhere to once, but mostly in the road, lookin' out for coal carts, and every one I spied I generally made a dive backards or forards, ter git a sight o' the driver's face ye know, and 'twant a safe way to do in a crowded street, by no means.

Once I run into a man and jabbed a stool he was carryin' right inter his stummick, so't he bellered out, and everybody turned and stared.

"Old lady," says he, "mind where yer goin', can't yer? Ain't there room for my stummick and yourn too, on this ere sidewalk?"

Some laughed, and I felt cheap enough.

Another time I walked right straight into a lady's face and eyes, my gaze hein' fixed ahead in the road, on a coal cart just heavin' in sight; I jest bumped square inter her face, and her spectacles fell off, she dropped her purse, and let go the string that was hitched on to her poodle deg, and I lost my bag; so we had ter paw round quite a spell 'afore we got right side up agin.

I 'pellygized as well's I knew how, nnd asked her if I couldn't do somethin' to kind er bring her teu, and make her feel better, nnd so on. She was leanin' up agin a store winder, and she jest put up her hand and fixed her spectacles on to her nose, more firm, and then she looked me over calmly, and says she: "*How very peculiar!*" I was awful mad!

If she'd jnwed and scolded I wouldn't a cared, but to have her treat me 's' if I was a menagery or some sort of a curiosity—I couldn't stand it nohow.

"Madam," says I, "p'raps you'd be 'peculiar' yourself if you had a whole city full o' coal men to look arter!" says I.

She only stared the more insultin' and I went off and left her standin' there as if sbe's paralized; I dunno but what she stands there yit—I don't care a snap if she does.

But that w'a'nt a circumstance to what I come teu another time.

Minty and I went one afternoon to a concert to the Music Hall. We thought it would rest us and do us good, and anybody 'd think that I wouldn't be such a fool as to look for n coal man there; but I sot through the fust half o' the concert—the music w'a'nt very interestin' ter me—too high-toned, I 'spose. I don't like this helter skelter music; I like somethin' with a *tune* to it, if its no more than "Yanky Doodle." Wall, as I was a' sayin', I didn't feel interested in the music, and so I got ter thinkin' and wonderin' about my coal man; when all to once a man right in front on us had a little coughin' spell, nnd turned his head round so't I could see his face; I grabbed Minty's arm.

"Minty!' I whispered, "there's my man—there!"

She looked where I pinted, and says she: "Aunt Ruth, you're crazy! that man is a gentleman; he looks like a Beacon Street swell! Do be quiet!" says she.

"I can't help that," says I. "He's the feller I rid on the coal cart with, or less he's a twin," says I; "and I'm goin' ter speak to him after this show is ever, sure's my name is Ruth!"

"How foolish!" says Minty. "'Tain't very likely that coal men make a bizness o' washin' up and puttin' on their white kid gloves, and goin' to concerts right in the middle o' the day,"

But there I sot and looked at him; and the more I looked the more sartin I grew that he was the very man. Ever feature of his face looked natural.

"Who knows but that he's had a fortune left to him," says I ter myself. "Stranger things have happened."

So when the concert was over, I jest pushed my way along side 'on him, and laid my hand on his arm.

"Excuse me, sir," says I, all of a tremble, "but ain't you the coal mnn that kerried me to the depot one day 'bout Christmas time last yenr?"

The mnn drew back a little, and looked at me serious and inquiring. I was awful scairt, but he didn't speak, nnd I's bound I'd make him. So I follows on, and snys I:

"Mebby you've had a fortune left ye—it looks like it—and if so, I'm glnd on't; but ye needn't be ashamed ter remember doin' a kind act, and I wnnt ter thank ye and relieve my mind all the same, if ye don't need my money," says I.

We was half way out by this time, and he seemed ter have his mind made up about me; for he turned to me, and he says, very serious and respectful:

"Madam, you are laborin' under a misapprehension; but I beg you to take this, and when you find the honest coal man that does me the honor to resemble me so close, will you give it to him for me?"

Them was his very words, and he dropped a twenty-dollar gold piece into my hand, and lifted his hat way off'n his head to me, as if I'd ben the queen, and walked on.

I looked at the money and wondered whether or no I was awake or dreamin'. And Minty, she ketched hold o' me and hauled me away and down the stnirs, quick as she could.

"O, Aunt Ruth!" says she, half cryin', "whnt hnve you done?"

"I dunno what I've done," snys I. But if thnt high and lordly feller ain't a *twin* to my coal man, I'll *eat* him!" says I.

"That man," says Minty, "is the richest man in New England! I knew him the minnte I see his face."

"O, wall, if he's so awful rich, I'm glad on't" says I, "bein's he won't never miss this money he gin me, and it'll 'be quite a fortin' to my coal man," says I

So I walked on, tryin' to feel's hold as a lion; but I didn't—I felt like deth; and I guess Minty knew it, for she never said another word about it.

After this, I kep pooty quiet for awhile—only I run into a peannt stand one day and had ter pay a dollar and a half dmnages; and once I chased a coal cart till I was clean beat out, and had to hire a coach to kerry me home.

But the wost on 't was, I was gittin' all discouraged, and I was willin' to own at last that I had got the monomanier, or a touch on't anyway; and finally, I consented to let 'em call in a doctor.

He said how 't my sistim needed *tonin' up*, and he left me some medicine. I took the medicine faithful; hut I knew, and Minty knew, too, that I couldn't never git toned up right, till I found that pesky coal man.

Our advertisin' didn't amonnt to shucks. A few smutty-faced, lyin' fellows called on us, expectin' to make somethin' out on 't, I s'pose; but we wan't so easy took in, and they went away as poor as they come.

One day, Minty showed in a yonng Irishman. He come bowin' and scrapin' up to the table, where I sot sewin', threw down his old hat and put out his black paw with a flourish, as if he was tickled to death to see me.

"By my sowl," says he, "if it isn't the identikle old lady, herself, now! I knew ye as quick's I set my two eyes on ye!"

"Singular," says I, cool's could be—for I'd got used to 'em, you know. "Singular, but I never see *you* afore," says I.

"O, now," says he, coaxin' like—"ye wouldn't forgit so aisy. Think, now, how would it be, say, barrin' the *baird*, and the short cut o' me hair, for the hot weather!" says he.

"Barrin' as much as yer mind to," says I, "I don't know ye and I don't wanter," says I; "and now if you'll step your blarney and tell me what ye want, I'll be obliged to ye."

He looked all struck of a heap for a minute, and then says he, "Didn't yer advertise for the young man as driv ye ter the depot on his coal cart last Christmas?"

"I did," says I.

"And isn't it meself as is the very feller?" says he, slappin' his knee, and lookin' up as bold as brass, agin.

"Now I think on't, I dunno' but ye be," says I. "Yes, I guess you be the very feller; and so I 'spose you've come to pay over that five dollars I lent you," says I, and I riz up and hild out my hand to him.

You 'orter seen that man; he looked all ways to once, and everywhere, but to me; then he picked up his old hat, and says he:

"It's mistaken I am now entirely! It's not meself nt all. I mane, it's not *yourself* at all."

"O yes, it is," says I, "it's *myself*, but it aint *yourself*." So sayin' I opened the door, and he went out in a hurry.

And this was only one of quite a number o' experiences we went through, and all for nothin'. No great wonder I had the monomanier, was it? It was a mercy that Minty didn't get it fastened on to her, too. I guess she did come dretful nigh it.

But there's an end 'o some kind to all things; and there's an end to this story, as you'll see, if you wait till I git through.

One morning Minty came to me after breakfust, and says she, "Aunt Ruth, Jack is goin' ter be away few days, and you and me'll give a party; *a coal man's party*," says she. "We'll advertise in every way we can for two days, and on Thursday we'll hold the receptshun in our basement. We'll have lemonaid and domnts and sandwidges enough for all the coal men in town. What do you think on't?" says she,

I hild my breth's much as a minit, I was so struck with the idea.

"Minty, it's jest the thing!" says I. "You are a genius."

So we set right about it. It was nwful hot weather, and it stood to reason that no hard workin' coal man would miss a chance o' gittin' a good lunch and a cool drink o' lemonaid, free, for nothin'. "That must fetch him," thinks I, and I felt encouraged.

The advertisement run this way:

"Free lunch to Coal Men! At No. 35 Clay Street (basement), from eleven a. m. to one o'clock. Come one, Come all!"

I asked Minty what she s'posed the neighbors would think, when they see the doin's.

She said she didn't care what they thought; but they'd probably think we was exsentrick, and took that way o' doin' good. It was fashionable ter be exsentrick.

Wall, when the time come, it was well worth all our tronble, jest ter see 'em; and if it hadn't a'ben for my monomanier, we sh'd had lots o' fun out on't.

There was a line o' coal carts standin' up and down our streets as far as you could see, both ways, and them fellers kep' a pilin' inter that basement as bizi-ness-like as you please, as ef, for all the world, it was an everyday thing to 'em; and they scrambled for the vittles, and drank whole tubs-full o' lemonaid, as if it did 'em good. I guess it did. We didn't worry none about thnt.

Wall, the time passed, and it was goin' on two o'clock, and among all them smutty-faced fellers, I hadn't seen one that looked at all like my coal man. I had on my best caliker dress, and I'd spilled it long ago—they slop't the lemonaid around so; and Minty she'd spiled her'n, too; but we didn't care for that, we was so disappointed. I was almost a cryin', but I kep' round among 'em waitin' on 'em, kinder mekanikle, when all to once an uproar was riz, loud laughin' nnd talkin' and jokin' back and forth about somethin' or 'nuther we couldn't make out what; but finally we disklvered the cause on't,

They was all settin' on to one little feller, and when we inquired into 't they laughed and shonted and said how't he'd been stuffin' his pockets, and they insisted on't that he should "shell out," as they called it, afore they'd let him go.

Minty spoke to 'em in her pooty way and begged on 'em to remember we was ladies, and be quiet.

They simmered down to once then; and Minty went to the little feller and says kindly, says she: "Haven't you et enough? What makes you fill your pockets? The rest don't do so, you see."

He looked sheepish for a minit, but he spunked up, and says he, "Yes, marm, *I've* had enough myself; I thank ye kindly; but I thought as how 'twonldn't be no harm ter carry some ter Jim—Jim Rasher—he's sick, ye know; and he hain't got nobody but me ter look out for him, he hain't."

Of course we was interested to once; and we asked a good many questions; and Minty told the boy to wait till the others was gone, and she put up a basket of things for him to take along to his sick friend.

While she was talkin' I was a-thinkin" and I says ter myself: "You'd better go and see this sick man; mebby it'll ease yer mind to do something for some coal man, if you can't for the right one."

So I run up stairs and put on my bunnit and clapped my purse into my pocket, and was ready and waitin' when he come out with his basket. So we went along together, and—wall, I might as well tell ye fust as last—I found my *coal man!*

He was sick, sure enongh; and he lay in a mis'able room on a mis'able bed, and the flies was eatin' on him up, and there wa'nt no air in the room fit for a human bein' to breathe, and he was tossin' and moanin', burnt up with fever.

Somethin' told me I had found him afore I see his face, and when I went up to him and laid my cool hand on his head he knew me, too. He looked at me for a minnit in that stupid, stunned kind of a way o' his'n—I remembered it perfeckly—but he knew me, and his great honest eyes kinder smiled, though his mouth was so solemn, and he says: "Old lady, is it you?"

I couldn't speak to once if I'd died, but I opened the basket and got him out some grapes and giv' him, and sent the boy for some cool water; then I bathed his head, and by 'n' by I asked him if there wa'n't no one to take care on him, Nobody but Sam, he said; the little feller that come with me; and he lived some ways off and was as poor as himself. There seemed ter be somethin' more he wanted to say, but he couldn't seem to git it ont; so I went on talkin'. I told him how I felt when I found I'd forgot his address, and how I had worried ever sence; and all how I'd hunted for him, and about the free lunch, and everything.

"And now," says I, "I want ye to cheer right up, for I'm goin' ter send you a doctor, and will have ye well and ridin' on your coal cart in no time. Is the old white hoss alive and well?" says I.

Upon this he smiled as bright as a button.

"Yes marm," says he, "the old mare's all right, thank ye."

"Wall," says I pooty soon, "I must leave ye now. You try and think if there aint some body we can git ter come and stay with ye a spell."

He picked at the bed-cloes and colored up; nnd finnlly I managed to make out on 'em both that there was a girl he was goin' ter marry, and she'd be glad to come, bnt she didn't even know he was sick yet.

So the little feller and I, we went away together, and we hunted up the girl and her mother. The girl's name was Berlindy, and they promised to go and take eare on him, and I paid 'em some in advance, and fixed things all right, and went home to Minty.

Minty was wonderful excited over it. "Our 'free lunch' was a sneeess arter all!" says she; and we went to bed that night two happy women, if we was tuckered out.

Wall, the rest is soon told. We kep an eye on Jim Rasher, and arter a while Jack give him a place in his own store, and Minty took Berlindy into the house as a servant.

When they was married, we helped ter fit 'em out, and among other things, I giv Jim the twenty-dollar gold piece and the man's message along of it.

He looked more stupid and stunned than I ever see him afore. Bnt his girl—Berlindy—she swallered it all, and more, too; for she tossed up her head, and says she:

"I should like ter see the man that can come up to James in good looks, if he is a millingnair!" says she.

Minty and Jack both say that my mononianier brought us all some good. But I don't never want another one; and in the future, I intend ter *pay all my bills as I go.*—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

Female Physicians in New York.

There are ten properly matriculated lady physicians here, who make, on an average, an income of $8,000 a year. One of the best, however, is Dr. Jacobi, who is in professional as well as matrimonial partnership with her husband, and has a home that almost deserves to be called a mansion in the richness of its furnishing and appointments. She is a Putnam, and a direct descendant of the stanch old Israel, of revolutionary fame. Mrs. Jacobi is not what is called a "woman's rights woman," but she thinks many of their cherished doctrines would come to pass if they would first bend their energies on a point to which they give comparatively little attention, that of gaining the same educational advantages for women as are provided for men.

Of course there are countless other women physicians in New York, but I have limited myself to those of the regular school, and those whose education, experience and talents have been recognized by the most eminent physicians of the opposite sex.

One wonders why women have not evinced a more decided liking for the profession of dentistry, which offers fewer obstacles in the way of preparation and popular prejudice than that of medicine. The leading dentist of Russia is an American woman, living in St. Petersburg, and she has the honor of performing on the mouths of the royal family.

There are so few women doctors in this country that it is difficult to find out anything about them. Those in this city are mostly married women who help their husbands, and there is one fair quack who advertises "diamond fillings."—*Chicago Inter-ocean.*

A Cup of Cold Water.

It was night at the Michigan Central Station in Detroit—late, dark, silent night, and only a few dim lights broke the gloom into dense shadows, that were more fearful than utter darkness, and no traveler was so unfortunate as to be compelled to linger in the dreary place.

At least that was the impression the vast silence gave, but there were two travelers who, when no trains were coming or going, waited in the depot through the chill morning hour. One was a man who had come by the latest train, and whom the conductor helped into the depot, and who, through weariness, had fallen asleep on the cushion. He was ticketed through, and his destination was the grave; no one needed to glance at at him twice to see that he had almost reached the end of his last journey. The other passenger was on the road to ruin; he, too, had nearly arrived at the terminus; at least, his palid, sin-marked face, and ill-asserted, ragged clothes, seemed to indicate that he had nearly touched the foot of the ladder; the world had taken his measure and named him "tramp," but he had wrought his own ruin; low and evil as he was he never blamed any one but himself.

This man had been watching the sleeper for a long time, had noted his weakness, his respectable appearance, and that he had a watch-chain at his vest pocket and a respectable satchel under his head; and he crept near, nearer, with the one horrible thought uppermost—he would rob the dying man! He had no fear of the act. He hugged the baseness of it to his soul. But he did fear that some one would come in and interrupt his project. If the man moved? Why, a turn of the wrist at his throat would settle him.

He did not move. The tramp took the satchel and the watch simultaneously and was ready to fly, but the sick man merely groaned faintly as his head dropped on the cushion. In the face of actual death he slept as quietly as a child on its mother's breast.

As the tramp looked with greedy eyes at the watch to note its commercial value he started and shivered as if an official hand had been laid on his shoulder, stared wildly at the face of the sick man and back to the watch, which, with open case, lay in his hand; then he muttered something that had the name of "God" in it, and instantly it was back in the pocket of the sick man, and the satchel was under his head again.

What had he seen?

The picture of a captain in the Southern army, wearing the Confederate uniform. A face that resembled that of the man who when he lay dying of thirst, and was about to be transfixed by a rebel bayonet, gave him a draught of spring water, and, setting him on his own horse, turned him to the North and said:

"When you meet a vanquished man, spare him, as I have spared you."

And he had raised his blue cap in the air and sworn to remember.

Now they had met again!

An hour later a carriage drove in haste to the depot, and first of all a child came running in. She looked at the tramp a moment and hesitated, then flung herself on the prostrate man.

"Grandpa, dear grandpa! wake up. We've come to take you home."

A gentleman and lady hurried in.

"Father," said the lady, kneeling by him, "we missed the time, but here we are now. Do wake up."

The tramp was fanning him with his cap; a certain dignity was in his face and manner as he did so. The sick man opened his eyes, smiled feebly, and said:

"Give—me—a—drink—of—water."

The tramp brought the water and knelt as he lifted the helpless head and placed the cup of water to the cold lips. When he laid him back there was a smile sealed upon them, and the lady and the little girl sobbed aloud.

The tramp rose to his feet, but his cringing manner was gone.

"The battle is most over," he said gently. "He told me to remember, and I did. I would have died for him."

He has done better; he has lived for him, and men touch their hats to him now, who three months ago would have spurned him from their doors.

Romance, do you say? No, my dear sir, it is reality!—*Detroit Free Press.*

Moving an Elephant.

On Thanksgiving day the managers of the fair-ground menagerie transferred an elephant from his old shed to the commodious mansion that was recently built for its accommodation at a cost of $5,000. It requires both tact and experience to move an elephant with any degree of satisfaction, and those not acquainted with the peculiarities of the animal would make a bungling job of it were they to undertake the task. An elephant has one peculiarity which all old trainers understand perfectly, and that is he will invariably attempt to leave a shed, stable, tent or house from the same opening or door through which he entered. Rather than leave from any other opening than that through which they have entered, although given an opportunity to obtain egress through other passages, elephants have been known in many instances to break their cages, and tear down doors, and even their own sheds. The Fair Association managers removed the bars at the rear of their elephant's house led him into the place through the opening thus created rather than take him through the front door. After doing this they replaced the bars and watched the animal to see what course he would pursue under the aggravating circumstances. He surveyed the situation, and then wrapped his trunk about each bar alternately and made a desperate attempt to remove them. After satisfying himself that this plan was not likely to succeed, he knelt down and placed his head under the bottom bar of the house, which was located about three feet from the ground, and endeavored to break it in twain. He failed in this attempt also, and finally gave up and became resigned to his fate. The managers then left him to entertain himself with his own reflections, but unanimously agreed, after they had reached a point beyond the hearing of the sagacious beast, that safety demanded that two more bars should be placed between the bottom bar and the ground.—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

—"So moat it be," said the old Knight Templar, as he pushed his enemy into the castle ditch.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

When Moody and Sankey get through with Scotland and England they will go to Paris.

—Chicago has fifteen synagognes, with an average attendance of over 1,300 members each.

—St. Louis is to have a new theological seminary, which is to be organized by the German Evangelical Church. The building will cost $30,000.

—The Greek Testament in the ancient tongne is now, by order of the Greek Government, read in its 1,200 schools which have 80,000 pupils.

—Edward Smith, a manufacturer of Enfield, Mass., has given money to found a college for colored people in Little Rock, Ark. It is to be called Edward Smith College.

—The remark by a venerable member of the Trenton, N. J., School Trustee Board, that married ladies as a rule were the best teachers, was the means of preventing the adoption of a motion requiring the resignation of all married lady teachers.

—Three Roman missionaries of Onrondi have been massacred in their houses near Tanganyika. Three others escaped. The last letters of the missionaries tell of the perils which they run on the part of the blacks from the calumnies of the Arab merchants in regard to those who endeavor to abolish the treaty.

—The liberality of the Union Baptist Church in Baltimore is remarkable, especially on account of the fact that the church is composed of colored people, most of whom are in humble circumstances. The contributions for a year are $3,000, and five of the young men of the church are preparing for the ministry.

—Miss H. Carter, a teacher among the Chinese in Boston, writes: It is not unusual to find a man who learns the alphabet and a few words in a single lesson. One pupil, of more than twenty-five years, learned to read so rapidly at his weekly lessons that he could study intelligently the Sunday-school Bible lesson in Isaiah lv. at the end of five months,

—The Rev. Dr. Speer, who many years ago was a missionary in China, is labering among the Chinese in Chicago. Possessing the happy faculty of being able to preach to these people in their own language, he holds a meeting with them every Sunday in Farwell Hall. He has secured their respect and confidence, and seems to be doing them much good.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A good husband, like a good base-burner, never goes out nights.—*Toledo American.*

—The greater hurry you're in, the more liable your shoe-strings are to come untied.—*Puck.*

—If life were but a game of cards what an advantage the lumber man would have! He would always have the deal, you see.—*Newton Republican.*

—Provisions are so dear this year that codfish balls have been discontinued at boarding-houses of the highest tone, which is rough on the codfish aristocracy. —*Andrews' Queen.*

—A new work on etiquette says: "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife will be slow to adopt these new-fangled ideas. —*Norristown Herald.*

—"Does it pay to steal?" inquires the Philadelphia *Times*. It does, esteemed contemporary, it does. It doesn't always pay the thief, but just think of the large number of criminal lawyers to whom it furnishes a fat living.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—"How to lift a Thousand Pounds," is the heading of a newspaper article. If the writer will tell us how to lift a note for a thousand dollars, when the lifter's assets are six dollars and a lay-down collar, his answer will probably touch a more responsive chord in the bosom of men.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

—Has the Printer tobacco? He has But he will not Tell you So. He carries it in the Leg of his Boot and when he wants a Chew he Sneaks down in the Back Alley where Nobody can See him. When he Spits tobacco, it sounds like a Duck diving in the Water. The Printer is a Queer man. He is a Fickle person. Sometimes he Has ten thousand Ems on the String, but they are always his Dupes. If you are a Printer, Do not Be a Blacksmith or you will get Fired.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—Young woman: How would you like to live in Thibet where the ladies paint their faces a sort of maroon color in order to hide their beauty? Would'nt like it! Thought so. Then why do you hide the complexion that you have by ronge and lily white, and enamel and all that sort of nonsense. It doesn't improve your looks a bit, and it rubs off on to the shoulders of Herbert every time he calls to see you. It's a regnlar "give away" on you and him, too.—*New Haven Register.*

Thousand-Dollar Shawls.

Few of the real Indian shawls are called for. One of the larger houses sells not more than a dozen such shawls in a year, and these are the cheaper ones; that is, the shawls of which the prices are under $1,000. One good reason is that the wearer of a real Indian shawl does not get the credit of it. So few are worn, and so many imitate so well, the real Indian is not recognized. It is said that in the manufacture of Indian shawls not the slightest improvement has been made since Napoleon introduced them into Europe by sending one to Josephine. The wool of the shawl is obtained from the inner hair of the Thibet goat. It is cleansed in rice water to add strength, and spun by women. Each loom produces about five shawls in a year. Victoria wrings tribute out of these poverty-stricken weavers in a certain number of shawls yearly.

It is said that native Indian shawls have been imported to repair shawls and change centers to suit the wearers. The shawls are made in pieces and put together so deftly that the seams cannot be found, except by an expert. In the aggregate a great many Indian shawls are imported, but are sold chiefly in the large cities, where they are kept in stock, and the purchaser in a smaller city will go there to buy them, in order to select from a number. Generally the demand has been active this year and a great many have been sold.—*Providence Journal.*

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SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1882.

The Governor's Message.

Gov. Hamilton's message, is an exhaustive review of what he regards as existing abuses and defects in the legislation and administration of the State, with suggestions as to how they should be remedied. The first portion of the message is naturally devoted to a consideration of the State finances, and the Governor goes over a good deal of the ground which has been the subject of recent and animated controversy between him and Comptroller Keating. The Governor disclaims any "spirit of criticism" or intent to reflect upon the past," yet the argumentative tone of this part of the message indicates that the heat of controversy at least has not entirely passed from his mind. According to the comptroller's statement the total of receipts of the State treasury during the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, 1881, is $1,996,-641.08, which, added to the balance of $513,026.36 in the treasury Sept. 30, 1880, gives an aggregate of $2,509,-667.44. Deducting disbursements, $1,757,469.15, the balance, Sept. 30, 1881, was $752,198.29. This balance the Governor argues, is merely nominal, and "in fact," he says, "there should not be one cent there. It does not belong to the treasury proper, but to the loan creditors, and should have been carried to their account by investments for the sinking fund." The Governor complains that not only this balance, but large sums besides, the proceeds of taxes levied and collected for sundry specified loans, have for a series of years been diverted to other purposes, and that there is actually due to-day by the treasury to these loans the sum of $1,465,196.13, including the balance referred to of $752,198.29. All this forms part, as stated, of the controversy between the Governor and the treasury officials, with which the public during the last legislature canvass became familiar.

The Governor claims that the actual surplus of ordinary or usual receipts for the past year over ordinary expenditures and after payment of balance of interest upon the public debt not otherwise provided for is only $2,089.56, and that if the school fund received all that was collected for it, instead of a surplus there would be a deficit of $81,269.14. This being the case in an "off-year," when there was no legislative session, the Governor urges that if the expenses for the present Legislature remain the same as for the last session, the deficiency for the current year will be $236,536.-63. Hence he urges the especial necessity of economy and a general reduction of expenses. Those of the Legislature, he holds, should not exceed $125,000. The Governor recommends certain modifications in the act of 1880, chapter 232, providing for a new $3,000,000 loan for the payment of the bounty defense loan, which matures July 1, 1883, and also the repeal of the act of 1872, chapter 366, for the issue of a 6 per cent. currency loan in exchange for the five per cent, sterling loan. The Governor explains at length the operation and value of the sinking funds, and urges that sound policy, as well as good faith, requires that they should not be suffered to be diverted or become impaired, but should be sedulously kept up and scrupulously applied.

Eighty-four tax collectors for the State are considered to be too many for the service, and the reduction of this number to twenty-four, or one for each county and the city of Baltimore, is recommended. More stringent measures against delinquent collectors are also recommended, and the appointment of an unpaid commission for the revision of the whole tax and collection system of the State, to report to the next Legislature. Instead of two fish commissioners the Governor thinks one quite sufficient, and has doubts whether the outlay for the service has any adequate results. The salary paid the secretary of the Senate as superintendent of vital statistics is declared to be for no service at all, and the act allowing it should be repealed. A similar recommendation is made in regard to the office of superintendent of the House of Correction telegraph. The offices of State tax commissioner and insurance commissioner the Governor thinks are useless and should be abolished, and the duties of both offices remitted to the comptroller, to whose department, in the Governor's opinion, they properly belong. The office of land commissioner is held to be useless, and the office itself an unnecessary burden upon the treasury, and should be abolished. The offices of weighers of grain and hay he also thinks are useless to the State.

The subject of legislative expenses is gone into at length, and suggestions made for their future regulation, as well as reduction. In the department of public printing and the item of publication of the laws the Governor is of opinion that "there can be a judicious saving of at least $70,000." The system adopted by the State of Virginia is explained and contrasted in point of economy. The Governor recommends that the public printing, binding, &c., be let to the lowest responsible bidder, the execution of the work to be under the supervision of a superintendent, and that the publication of the laws in the newspapers be confined to such laws as the Governor and attorney-general may designate as necessary to be published. The Governor recommends a complete reorganization of the State fishery force, or "oyster navy," with a view both to its greater efficiency and economy; the turning over of the police sloops to the counties for the protection of their local revenues from licenses for tonging, &c., and the establishment of dredging districts to be dredged in different years, the expense of the State oyster police to be borne by a tax on the sale of oysters by the gallon and bushel, the tax to be paid through stamps and permits.

The abolition of compulsory tobacco inspection is recommended; changes in the mode of administration of the House of Correction are suggested; a reduction in the number of managers, the institution itself to be put as far as possible on the footing of the penitentiary. In regard to the taxation of mortgages, the Governor recommends an equitable distribution or division of the tax between the mortgage debt and real estate covered by it, as being most conformable to the requirement of the bill of rights, that every man should contribute to the support of government according to his *actual* worth.

The Governor urges a new registration of voters, to be repeated biennially in this city and at longer intervals in the counties; also further and more stringent legislation to insure the purity of elections and the fairness of the canvass and return made of the votes; also that primary elections should be brought within the regulation and sanction of the election laws. The necessity of additional and more pointed legislation upon the subject of bribery and corruption at elections and for the suppression of legislative lobbying is also insisted upon. The appointment of officers by the Legislature is condemned as contrary to the true theory of government, and also the system of dual or tripartite appointments made by the board of public works or other chief officers of the State.

The Governor objects to the application of any part of the "repair bonds," authorized to be issued by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company under the act of 1878, chapter 58, to the purpose of lengthening the canal locks, as being foreign to the purpose for which the bonds were authorized.

The Governor recommends that the veto power confered upon the Governor by the constitution should be enlarged so as to enable him to veto particular items in an appropriation bill without vetoing the whole bill; also that he be authorized to appoint an unpaid commission to investigate the subject of encouraging immigration into the State, and concludes by avowing his readiness to co operate with the legislature in every useful measure.

Fight for Power.

Nothing can better illustrate the power possessed by the managers over the Democratic members of the legislature, when the latter can be induced to go into caucus, than the action of last Tuesday night. Although three-fourths of the Democratic members of the Senate and House of Delegates had not the slightest suspicion when the doors were closed upon the caucus that the old officers were to be turned down, no sooner was it proclaimed that a change of slate had been decided upon, than the men who had received promises of the votes and influence of the members were ruthlessly slaughtered to give way to an "infusion of new blood." The new officers in the House of Delegates were known to but few of the members who virtually were forced to vote for them. They were not candidates for these places, and their names had never been mentioned for them. Yet as soon as the word was passed around that the managers had decided upon a change, the dissenting voices were very few and scarcely audible. The bosses, on account of the peculiar complexion of the Senate, found themselves compelled to throw one of the officers in the upper house overboard, but their political attachment to him was so great that they determined to remove all, rather than to sacrifice one and let the others retain their places. It is, perhaps, too early to predict whether this stroke will prove advantageous or otherwise to those who planned and executed it. They succeeded in placing in good positions politicians from counties which are either Republican or against the managers. But while this may strengthen them in such localities (which is rather doubtful), they have lost the reputation of remaining true to their friends; for candidates for office who are misled into traveling to Annapolis and engaging board for three months in advance, on the strength of the promise that they would be appointed, and then find themselves stranded, are not likely to place much confidence in the future pledges of those who had duped them. Some of the candidates became pacified when told that it was all done "for the harmony of the party." Mayor White stated to one of the most prominet of the city members, who called on him prior to taking the train for Annapolis on Tuesday, that the House would make the greatest mistake if it turned down Chief Clerk Kidd, who had taken no part in the political fights, and who nobody wanted to see defeated. But Mr. Kidd had to go with the rest, for the sake of "harmony and reform."

The managers appear just now to have everything their own way, but they will have to proceed very cautiously if they intend to keep the ascendancy in both houses. The McCosker proposition regarding the state printing, which has produced such a shock in certain quarters, will be disposed of next Tuesday satisfactorily to the managers. Mr. McCosker committed an error in allowing his message to the Senate to go over until Tuesday. The leaders of the "regulars" appear to be assured that the matter will be disposed of without trouble that day. As soon as the message will come up a substitute will be offered directing the Committee on Printing to inquire as to the lowest price at which the public printing can be done, and to report without unnecessary delay. The leaders of the Democratic majority expect that enough votes can be secured to carry this proposition. Nearly all the city members who voted against a reference last week will vote the other way next Tuesday. One of the city delegates stated yesterday that many who had voted against a reference did so in order to express their indignation at the proceedings of the caucus, when the members had no choice but to vote for the men who had previously been decided upon by the leaders. Some of the county members will vote in the same way they did last time, but it is not thought that Mr. McCosker will carry a sufficient number of members with him to carry out his plan. The Committee on Printing will report that after looking over the field they have ascertained that the printing for the session can be done at $35,000, being a reduction of $3,000. Their report will be adopted, with possibly an amendment reducing the amount to a still lower figure, and a public printer will then be elected, as usual.

The advocates of Mr. McCosker's proposition are not idle. They expect to formulate public opinion in favor of the measure, and a number of the O. L. D.s' were at work yesterday urging the holding of a public meeting to endorse Mr. McCosker and the members of the House who voted with him against the reference of the message. The meeting is to be held in one of the large halls of the city, and a number of speakers are to attend. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen. Secretary Briscoe was in the city yesterday, and consulted with quite a number of the O. L. D. leaders. He was as aggressive as usual, and declares that a candidate for state treasurer will be placed in nomination known to represent the views entertained in the Governor's message, and that his side of the house will wage the fight with earnestness and determination. He states that inasmuch as Mr. Barnes Compton has canvassed the State and defended the policy of the managers in their administration of affairs, the issue will be plainly presented to the legislature. The Governor proposes to fight it out on this line, and will use every proper instrumentality to achieve the result which he has sought to accomplish for the last two years. The regulars appear to have great confidence of the election of Barnes Compton as treasury.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

Religion and Insanity.

[From the New York Tribune.]

An idea prevails that because the delusions and freaks of the insane often take a religious turn, religion is to be accounted one of the causes of insanity; and that if there were less religion in the community, or if it were less earnest and emotional, there would be fewer lunatics. Some persons have said, apropos of the Guiteau case, that ministers should be careful how they teach a high view of inspiration, or preach on the story of Abraham or inculcate the more solemn doctrines of the Church, for they may make their parishoners insane. In so far as this idea arises from attributing religious delusions to religion, it is simply foolish. The topics of a lunatic's wandering thoughts are not the cause of his aberration, and no one supposes they are except when religious delusions are in question. A man imagines he is a glass jar;—no one calls the art of glass-making the cause of the vagary. A woman is overcome by a diseased propensity to take goods from shop counters;—no one thinks the shops must be closed. In delirium tremens the patient sees snakes;—are snakes the cause of delirium tremens? Or would there be less of the disease if there were fewer reptiles? Insanity is an impairment of the physical condition and powers of the brain, and its causes must be sought either in original defects or in influences which have hindered normal brain action. The tendrils of the vine wind about the oak, but the oak has nothing to do with causing the vine's growth. So the wandering thoughts of a lunatic stray toward all sorts of subjects, but that is no indication that the subjects have produced the malady. The insane belief that one is Jesus Christ, or that he is inspired, or that he has committed an unpardonable sin, is not in any sense caused by the doctrine of the incarnation, or of inspiration, or of future punishment. The cause is always physiological.

There is another aspect to the idea in which it is more plausible. Strong emotions—anxiety, fear, sympathetic excitement—may, as is now known, so affect the brain as to produce physical disturbance, and ultimately insanity. Religious methods do—some more than others—arouse the emotions; hence erroneous methods may have a tendency in feeble or susceptible natures to unhinge the mind. But it is not the religion in them which is the dangerous element. Whenever a case of insanity is traceable to religious exercises, labors or meetings, as an exciting cause of brain disturbance, it will be found that these contained another element, quite distinct from the religion. Journals say that in Louisville lately a loving husband sat up night after night tending his sick wife, until continued anxiety and loss of sleep disordered his brain. He was seized at midnight, while others were away and asleep, with the delusion that she needed to be bled, and made seventeen cuts with a penknife, one of which severed an artery from which she bled to death. Their son, returning to the room next morning, was shocked to find his mother dead and his father raving. The healing art—nursing—was not the cause of this, but malnutrition of the brain from excitement and loss of sleep, exercise and food. So in the case of a farmer's wife who becomes insane under the excitement of a camp-meeting. She is perhaps naturally of a week, easily perturbed brain organization. She has always been accustomed to an uneventful, unemotional life, to a plain diet, daily routine labor, and early sleep. From these she goes to a scene of stirring excitement, an entire change of food, diminished exercise, and evening meetings in which exhortation, prayer and praise are spun out until toward midnight. If the brain succumbs to the change, the cause of the disturbance will commonly be found in some of the novel and unwholesome physiological influences—not in the religious element viewed by itself.

Accordingly recent medical writers on insanity are frank and cordial in disavowing that religion is to be accounted one of its causes, and teach that mental acceptance of religious truths as commonly held in America and England conserves the powers and tends to avert insanity. Wharton and Stille (1 Med Juris. sec. 662) quote many opinions to this general effect, and state, as the result of their reading and observation, that Christianity, taken in its practical sense, has no tendency to produce insanity. What is called religious insanity is produced by some departure from Christianity, either in the direction of scepticism or superstition. Dr. Cheyne says—and Dr. Duncan indorses the sentiment: "We firmly believe that the Gospel, received simply, never since it was first preached produced a single case of insanity. * * Derangement of mind may have been caused by the terrors of the law; but by the Gospel—by a knowledge of and trust in Jesus—never!" Dr. Brown says that religion should be viewed, not as a cause conducing to insanity, but as directly tending to mental improvement and health. Excited religious gatherings or a self-bruising asceticism may tend to insanity, but, "religion, as patterned in the life of Him whose name is connected with the creed of this country at the present time, is not calculated to predispose to insanity, but is calculated to predispose to most perfect mental health; and the human mind finds in that creed, when it is thoroughly understood and earnestly believed, the most perfect guide to a life of soberness and chastity, faith and well doing, which are the conditions of health." A dozen quotations equally emphatic might be added.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1882.

The yule-tide is over and our legislators have come back to us "with good capon lined" and in such a contented state of mind that they have apparently little apetite for the usual wrangle and turmoil of law-making. But soon the legislative dance will begin in earnest both in the dignified, deliberate—the never-in-a-hurry Senate, and the noisy, frisky, eagle-flying House. And like a comet, Congress sports a following, so that the Capital City is once more full, and this time for the winter. With the city filled up, and the world white with snow, winter seems fairly opened at last in this semi-southern "river-town," and "things look like business."

The country is getting thoroughly worked up to the idea that the popular branch of Congress is once more fully in the hands of the Republican party, and also to the full import of the western victory achieved in the election of Gen. Kiefer as speaker. It appears now, on a calm review of his own work, that the new Speaker deliberately constituted the Committees in such a way as to give the greatest amount of power to the Republicans and to bias legislation in favor of the West, or rather, so as to shape it according to western ideas with out encroaching upon eastern interests. Democrats are so dove-tailed in, on the tail ends of the Committees, as to give them the least influence not only in the Committee work but in the House. Very few of the Committees have got fairly to work yet, but to-day the greater part of the new clerks have got things into shape to begin house-keeping. I sat a few moments in the room appropriated to the "Claims" Committee yesterday, and it was amusing to see the "old stagers" come in to inquire after their cases—cases, some of them, which have been before Congress for the last fourteen years. A few of them have just and proper claims, and in all decency they ought to be paid; but, some how or other, they always get snowed under on the Speaker's table at the close of the session and die the death with the bad company they are in.

Since it became known that Gen. Grant had changed his mind concerning the Fitz John Porter case there has been considerable curiosity touching the effect this would have upon friends of the ex President in the Senate and elsewhere. People were especially solicitous about Senator Logan who made such an exhaustive speech last winter in opposition to Porter. In response to an inquiry on the subject, however, the Senator said a day or two ago that he was very much surprised at the change in Gen. Grant's opinion as the latter had frequently in his presence expressed himself so strongly against Porter's conduct. Gen. Logan says there is nothing new in the case to cause him to change his views; that he has nothing to take back, and will continue to oppose Porter's restoration to the army, no matter who may come to the rescue. So in this, as in all other things, Logan has strong convictions of his own and is thoroughly consistent.

Whatever other changes may yet be made in the Cabinet I am well assured by those here who ought to know, that Robert T. Lincoln will continue at the head of the War Department. He seems to be running it along peaceably, as is meet in these times of piping peace, and traditional Lincoln Republicanism is not a bad thing for a Republican President to have as a component part of his administration.

Anna Dickinson, whose magnetic platform eloquence, earnest face and firm "jaw" is known all over the country, and who has determined to play men's characters on the stage, will shortly appear here. Hamlet, Macbeth, and Claude Melnotte will make up her repertoire, with perhaps "Aurelian," her own play. Her costumes are European made, and her company consists of over thirty people. Washington expects Miss D's indomitable energy, bright intellect, and magnetic spirit to win her success on the stage as they have elsewhere.

How reputation may hang by a single hair—or at least by a few frizzes! Mrs. Speaker Kiefer (so to speak) wears not bang, nor crimp, nor frizz; but "puts away her dark drown hair," parted in the middle, and combed low down on each side of her head, *a la* Mrs. Hayes, though less "lop eared." And Capital circles are proceeding to "comb her down" for it. "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown"—not done up in frizzes and bangs.

JUNIUS.

The following card appeared in the Hagerstown *Daily News* of Tuesday:

HAGERSTOWN, Jan. 9, 1882.

To the Republicans of the fourth judiciat circuit:

Several articles have appeared in the newspapers within the past few days in which my name and position in reference to the judicial election to take place next fall, is mentioned and discussed. In the Baltimore *Times* of January 7 a correspondent from Annapolis says that "His (Mr. Darby's) friends have all along wanted him in Washington county as a candidate for chief justice" of the judicial circuit. And the Hagerstown *Daily News* of this date, quoting from "a Baltimore paper," but not giving the name of the paper, says that Mr. Darby will enter the field for chief judge * * * to succeed Judge Alvey,

Such advertisements of my name in connection with an office for which I have never intended to be a candidate, demand this public letter from me, so that Republicans of the circuit may be in no uncertainty as to my position, or as to what place on the judicial ticket I will ask at the hands of my party next fall. It is an honorable ambition to desire a place on the bench, and for several years past I have never hesitated to say that when the time came I should be a candidate for the nomination for *associate* judge from Washington county. Therefore, as I am an aspirant to the associate judgeship, and *not to the chief judgeship*, it is due the Republican party as well as myself, that I should state my position frankly, and remove all erroneous impressions which may have gone abroad by said newspaper articles. I hope the Republican papers of the circuit will insert this in their columns.

Most respectfully,
F. M. DARBY.

The following joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution relative to the election of President and Vice President and their successors for the unexpired term, in case of their death, removal, or other constitutional disability, has been introduced in Congress: "The electors appointed by virtue of article 12 of the Constitution by States shall hold their trusts and constitute the college of electors of their respective States, with power to fill vacancies for and during the Presidential term of fours years. And in case of the death, removal or other constitutiond disability of the President and Vice President, the Secretary of State shall perform the ministeral duties of the office of President *ad interim*, as acting President. And he shall immediately issue a proclamation convening the electoral colleges in like manner, as in the year of Presidential elections they would by law convene, and thereupon the same constitutional precedure shall take place by election to fill such vacancies for the unexpired term, as in case of the expiration of the full term of office of the President and Vice President.

The Democratic cry of Reform which was heard so frequently before the election, has become but an echo. With the first week of the session of the Legislature, the infant Reform was strangled to death. The cruel hand of the Ring was placed upon the throats of the Reformers and under pain of future political death all the reform was choked out. The people will only get such improvement in the laws and relief from present grievances as the aggressive Republican minority can force the Democrats to pass and none other. Only with a Republican Legislature can ample redress be expected from the heavy burdens under which we are now groaning.—*Frederick Examiner.*

THE REGISTRATION QUESTION.—The Crisfield *Leader* comments as follows on Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's registration bill: "The proposed bill is very elaborate in its construction, and in a multitude of checks seems amply sufficient to circumvent, (as Sam Weller would say) 'the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,' known only to some politicians. Those who, used to the becoming quietude to our country elections, may be disposed to smile at the multiplied precautions in which the bill abounds, should have learned from Baltimore city and Anne Arundel county that in time of elections there are places and men for whom laws cannot be too stringent or officers too vigilant."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Mr. Hoar called up in the Senate to-day his resolution to appoint a standing committee on woman suffrage, and a vote was taken on Mr. Bayard's amendment to refer it to the judiciary committee. The amendment was lost by a strict party vote of 31 to 27, except that Senator Davis, of Illinois, voted no with the Republicans. Some of the Senators, even, were surprised at the question becoming one of politics. This gives to the subject a new and important phase, for if the Republicans take up woman's rights, being in the majority in Congress, they can put the legislation through.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. H. W. Combs returned this week from a visit to Ohio.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Mr. W. P Townshend left Oakland Sunday morning on a tour through parts of West Virginia and Ohio. He will be absent about two weeks.

—Mr. Eugene Kildow, for a number of years past an operator in the telegraph office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Piedmont, died on Sunday last of typhoid fever, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Kildow was the son of George W. Kildow, late of Allegany county, and was about 27 years of age. A number of relatives of deceased reside in Oakland.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of December:

S. K. Welch and Maggie B. Mosser.

Andrew Shartzer and Hannah Kamp.

Jonas Hetrick and Annie M. Spiker.

Thos. W. Frost and Sarah C. Turner.

Isaac Moon and Julia Ann Uphole.

John L. Feigh and Minerva Bittinger.

John D. Rowe and Ella Powell.

Wm. H. Myers and Elizabeth F. Poland.

John O. Clabaugh and Maggie McKinzie.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending January 11:

Wm. H. Frazee, to Matthias Frazee, military lots Nos. 2917 and 2919; $500.

L. M. Cresap and wife to John Mackin, part of the tract of land called "Charles Disappointment," 100 acres; $600.

J. C. Alderson and others to Mountain Lake Park, part of a tract of land situated in Garrett county Md.; $2,382.85.

Wm. J. Brown and others to Geo. W. Blamble, part of a tract called "Bank Lot," containing 125 acres; $100.

J. J. Ashby and others to C. F. and C. H. Glotfelty, all those two tracts of land called "Piney Bottom and Bucks Dale," containing in all 443¾ acres; $5167.11

Peter P. Lohr and wife to Hannah Ashby, 21 acres of land of the tract called "Piney Bottom;" $5.

H. G. Davis and wife to Thomas Hays, part of a tract called "Peace and Plenty," containing 11 acres and 94 rods; $1.

County Commissioners.

The first business meeting of the new Board of County Commissioners commenced their session Monday, of last week, present, S. L. Townshend, President; Eli McMillen and Meshach Mattingly, Commissioners, and John C. Dunham Clerk.

Monday's and Tuesday's sessions was consumed in the examination of Supervisors' accounts.

Petition of Benjamin Snyder and wife for private road through lands of Henry Beckman, in District No. 1, filed and granted, and the following viewers appointed to examine and locate said road. James Glotfelty, Alex. Loar and Henry Shank.

The following Road Supervisors were appointed:

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Amount of Levy, $415.

DANIEL WILSON—Road from Wilson's store to Block run; from Deer Park to Block run: from Kitzmiller's to Ryan Glade; from Oakland, to Ryan Glade, road; from Salt Rock to Africa's school house; $85,00.

SILAS WALTERS—Road from Deep Creek narrow's, bridge included, to district line; from burnt school house to Deep Creek; $55,00.

HENRY SHANK—Road from Glendale to Swanton; from Swanton to Altamont road; $35,00.

ARCH. C. BROWNING—Old state road from Swanton, via S. W. Friend's to the Oakland and Bloomington road; from S. W. Friend's to Deep Creek; $30,00.

RICHARD BURKE—Road from Sand Flat to Deep Creek; from Wilson's store to Broad Ford; from Wilson's store to Beckman's; from Deer Park to Broad Ford; $75,00.

WM. SHARPLESS—Road from Swanton to top Backbone mountain; old state road to river, near Jno. Paugh's; from Wilson's store to Folly run; $90,00.

E. KITZMILLER—Road from top of mountain to Kitzmiller's; $45.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

Amount of Levy, $334.87.

JAMES A DUNHAM—Morgantown road from Selbysport to Va., line; from Selbysport to Guard's bridge, (west side) of river; from Rush's water through to Buffalo bridge, near Jeff. Frazee's; from mouth of Buffalo to Kim Frey farm; from Kim Frey farm to Dr. Frey farm; $50.00.

JOHN LISTON—Morgantown road from Selbysport, east to district line; Oakland road, from Selbysport to district line, near Elder Hill school house; Accident road, from Bear Creek to district line; from Speelman's mill to Selbysport, east side of river; $87.87.

THOMAS GAREY—All roads west of river, and south of Morgantown road; $50,00.

S. P. LOWDERMILK—Road from Kim Frazee's, via J. J. Frazee's, to Glade road; from Frazee bridge school house to Pennsylvania line; from Jno. J. Frazee's, via Baptist church, to Yough river; $20.00.

E. M. UMBEL—Road from Buffalo bridge near Jeff. Frazee's, to Pennsylvania line; from Glade road, via I. M. Umbel's, to Sand spring; from Glade road near Elisha Umbel's, to Va. line; $40.00.

WM. P. GROVES—All roads east of river and north of Morgantown, except the road from Speelman's mill to Selbysport; $87,00.

Would here state that from examination of the accounts of Supervisor Myers, he has over worked the levy of 1880, to the amount of $87.71, which has been deducted from the present year, $422.58, leaving a balance of $334.87, to be expended the present year.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Amount of Levy, $515.

PETER SLABAUGH—Road from Aaron Beachey's, via J. E. Gingey's, to Pennsylvania line; from Samuel J. Beachey's to Pennsylvania line; from Samuel Smouse's shop to Pennsylvania line; from Stanlo's barn to Cross Roads, at David Livingood's; from Slicer's hotel to Ridgely's school house; from Eli Miller's planing mill to national pike, at Fuller's; from national road via Warner's, to Pennsylvania line; $86.00.

ED. HARSHBERGER—Road from Stone House to Pennsylvania line; from Stone House to Common's school house; from Blocher's school house to county bridge, near Baker's; from Engle's school house to Jos. T. Wiley's; $49.00.

JAMES W. DURST.—Road from Cross Roads at David Livingood's to Swauger's mill; from Swauger's mill, to Backwoods; from Swauger's mill to Patrick Dorsey's, via Bancord's and Fresher's; from Dorsey's to New Germany church; from Backwoods road to district line; 101.00.

PETER STARK—Road from Ridgely's school house, via William Hoover's and Daniel Breneman's to mountain road; from Hoover's bridge, via Detemeaugh's, to Sol. Biddinger's; from Wm. Hoover's to Forks road near Benj. Beachey's; $43,00.

LEWIS POPP—Road from Pat. Darsey's, to national road; from Bepler place, via catholic church to district line; from Morgan Robinson, via Saml. McKenzie's, Chas. Blocher's and John Darst's; from A. J. Moore's, via Pilip Miller's and Lewis Popp's to national road; $83,00.

JOEL D. BRENEMAN—Road from national pike to district line, near Weller's farm; Cove road to district line; $12,00

GEORGE BURKHEART—Negro mountain road; $30,00.

JOHN HARTMAN—Grantsville road, from Ridgely's school house to district line; from Shrock's shop, to district line; from Cross Road's to river bridge; from Cross Road's near White Church to J. D. Breneman's; from Saml. Breneman's across Meadow mountain to Glade road; from Mountain road, via Jefferson Broadwater's and George Stark's, to White Church; $111,00.

DISTRICT NO. 4.

Amount of Levy, $450.

JOSEPH INSKIP—Road from Barnard's, via Gregg's mill, to county road, (called Barton road;) $85,00.

WESLEY GROVE and ADEN DUCKWORTH—All roads north of Savage river, except the road worked by Joseph Ins'kip; $200,00.

OTHO BERNARD and HENRY WARNICK—All roads south of Savage river; $165,00.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Amount of Levy, $422.59.

AARON BOYER—Road from Accident to north of Bear Creek, thence to Engle's mill; from Boyer's farm to Mrs. Gorrick's; from Accident via Jno. Gorrick's to Bear Creek; $56.00.

ABRAHAM TURNEY—Road from Zikins Glade to Morgantown road; $20.00.

H. SCHLOSSNAGLE—Friendsville road from Accident to district line; $25.00.

JAMES SKILES—Main road from district line in Flat Wood's; from Jacob Shartzer's to Wm. Hartman's; from Melchoir Miller's to Cross Roads, on Pysell farm; from main road, via Wellers mill, to Friendsville road; from J. Yoder's to line of Friendsville road; $58,00.

CHRISTIAN GLOTZ—Road from near widow Stark's to widow Hetrick's; from bridge, via Sol. Sibert's, to Grantsville road; $22,00.

LEWIS LININGER—Fork's road; road from Engle's mill to Hetrick's lane; from near Engle's mill, via Wm. Miller's, to national pike; $37.00.

J. MOSSER—Road from south side of Bear Creek bridge to Cove churche's; from Brethren Chapel, to district line; $50.00.

WM. FISHER—Road from Cove churche's to Dan Hileman's, from Wm. Fisher's to Wesley Hileman's; from Cove churche's, via Andrew Fisher's, to Morgantown road; $45.00.

JOHN DANIELS—Road from Morgantown road, via hotel, to national road; from Morgantown road, to Pennsylvania line; from Boyer's to Nile's mill; from national road to Nile's mill; $69.59.

JOHN BRENEMAN—Road from Castleman bridge to district line, No. 6; Cunningham road, from Schrock's to Bear Creek bridge; $40.00.

DISTRICT No. 6.

Amount of Levy, $415.

ALLEN ENLOW—Road from river bridge to Johnstown; $25.00.

ANDREW SEABOLD—Road from Jos. Frantz's to McHenry; from Selbysport, via Brice Welsh's, to district line; $25.00.

BENJAMIN SHEPP—Road from Yoder's, via Fraker's, to district line; road via Shepp's to McHenry; $25.00.

ADREON GLOTFELTY—Road from Cross Roads at West Farm to McHenry; $40.00.

M. GLOTFELTY—All roads on the east side of the Oakland and Accident roads; $65.00.

ASBERRY McROBIE—Road from McHenry, to south side of Deep Creek bridge; from Finger Boards to district line; $65,00.

GEO. W. GRIFFITH—Road from Johnstown to McHenry; $45,00

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Amount of Levy, $615.

JOS. B. DAVIS—Cranberry road from Finger Boards, on Cranesville road, to Va. line; from Cranesville road, via Davis' and Kuykendall's, to Hutton Switch, and thence on to Loraw's saw mill; $85,00.

J. F. BROWNING—Road from Sand Flat to east end of bridge, at narrows of Deep Creek; $25,00.

NELSON ERVIN—Road from Sand Flat to north side of Deep Creek bridge; from Burnt School House to the Browning road; from Hoop Pole Road, to Sang run road; $100,00.

WM. H. HALL—Road from Yough bridge to Cranesville road; $50.00

W. M. CODDINGTON—All roads in the district east of river, and not worked by Browning and Ervin; $355.00.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

Amount of Levy, $415.

JOSEPH IRONS—All roads on the east side of Backbone mountain; $208,00.

JOHN G. KNAUER—All roads on the west side of Backbone mountain; $207.00.

DISTRICT NO. 9.

Amount of Levy, $105.

MICHAEL DURST—All roads in the district; $105,00

Constables were appointed as follows:

No. 1.—Thomas Davis.
" 2.—John W. Savage.
" 3.—Joseph Blocher.
" 4.—Levi Bittinger.
" 5.—John Kolb.
" 6.—Meshach Casteel.
" 7.—Jas. S. Johnson, D. M. Mason.
" 8.—George Moon.
" 9.—Isaac Learue.

David Chambers was appointed janitor for the ensuing year at a salary of $150.00 per year.

The Legislature.

Both houses were organized on Wednesday of last week in accordance with the programme laid out by the Democratic caucus:

The Senate was called to order by its old clerk, Mr. Higgins, and after the swearing in of new members it proceeded to the election of a permanent President. Hon. Geo. Hawkins Williams, of Baltimore county, was nominated by Mr. Vanderford, and Dr. L. H. Steiner, of Frederick, by Mr. Brace. The ballot resulted Williams 15, Steiner 9, blank 2. and Mr. Williams was declared President. He made a brief address in which he expressed his belief that his mistakes would be dealt with tenderly and promised to be impartial in the discharge of his functions. The Democratic caucus nominees for subordinate officers were elected. It was ordered that no printing be done except journals and bills until a printer be elected.

It must be a cheerful outlook to Dr. Steiner, who, some years ago, was solitary, the Republican Lone Star of the Senate, to now be aided by nine members of like political faith.

At noon M. Y. Kidd, chief clerk of the last House of Delegates, called the House to order, and Dr. Cole, reading clerk of the last House, called the list of members, eighty-seven answering to their names. Hon. Wilmot Johnson, of Baltimore county, was made Speaker *pro tem.*, and Otis Kellholtz, of Baltimore, was nominated and elected Speaker. Mr. Wilson, of Frederick, nominated Sydney E. Mudd as the Republican candidate for that honor. Mr. Kellholtz received 57 votes, Mr. Mudd 30. Upon being conducted to the chair Mr. Kellholtz made the usual address, the most significant points of which seemed to be the anxiety felt by the State managers, to anticipate all questions of reform in all directions by prompt and vigorous legislation. They thus propose to disarm the enemy and leave the real essence of power with those who have governed the party in Maryland for lo, these many years. They can well afford to give up a few offices of comparatively little worth or importance for the sake of filling those that are of more value with men elected to do their bidding and whose tenure of office is only secured by unquestioning action in the path pointed out to them by the Ring leaders. Thus far, the slate as made up by the Ring was carried out, but a change was made in that of the principal subordinate officers. These gentleman had come to the sent of government to spend the session in their situations, but they were made to stand aside for others; and Hon. John Miller, ex-Senator from Cecil, was chosen as Secretary of the Senate, with John Barrett, of Baltimore, as Reading Clerk, and Wm. Purnell, of Cecil, as Journal Clerk, and Hon. Jos. B. Seth, ex-member was chosen as Chief Clerk of the House, with John Wm. Baughman, of Frederick, as Reading Clerk and Richard Wooten, of Prince George, as Journal Clerk.

On Wednesday, after the organization of the lower House of the Legislature, Mr. Thos. J. McCosker, moved that the two Houses meet in joint convention, Tuesday 10th instant, for the purpose of opening bids for the public printing and awarding the contract to the lowest responsible bidder. Mr. Morris at once jumped up and moved to refer the subject to the committee on printing to be hereafter appointed. The vote on Mr. Morris' motion was called and resulted in its defeat, a number of independent Democrats uniting with the Republicans, by 33 for and 55 against. Mr. Michaels, of this county, voted with the Ring.

The House of Delegates Tuesday adopted Mr McCosker's message for a joint convention of the two houses for the opening of bids for the public printing. This is a victory for the Independent Democrats and Republicans, that should be followed up by the speedy passage of other reform legislation. It is to be feared that the Senate will not prove itself as Independent as the House. At the same time, it is gratifying to see that the machine is not so strong as it was before the election, and that a sufficient number of Independent Democrats can be found to join with the Republicans in redeeming the pledges made by both parties during the campaign. On this motion Mr. Michaels voted with the Independents and Republicans.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This is to give notice that a vacancy exists in the Baltimore Female College to be filled by the Orphans' Court of said county. Books and Tuition in all branches free. Boarding can be had in the college or with friends in the city. Any one desiring to avail themselves of the position and thereby secure an education with little expense, should file their application in the Orphans' Court or with the Register of Wills, on or before the 10th day of February.

By order of the Court.

Test: W. H. HAGANS,
j 14 3t Register.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Howle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

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Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Howle Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

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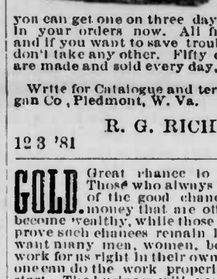

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Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
12 17-3 Executor.

BAKERY.

The undersigned takes this mode of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies,

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Oysters served in every style.

FRANK GERHART.
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A Marriage First Revealed at the Bride's Funeral.

There was a touching scene at Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, a few weeks since. The remains of a young, beautiful and amiable woman, who had figured prominently in the social circles of the West End, were being consigned to the family vault amid the sobs of relatives and domestics, the tears of friends and expressions of sorrow and regret on every side. As the florally laden casket was lowered its inscription: "Nancy Miriam Robbins," caught the eye of a young female domestic, who broke her emotions of grief with the whispered utterance: "Why should they bury her under her maiden name? What is the use of perpetuating a living lie?" Those words were intended for no one in particular; they fell upon the ear of a pall-bearer, who was visibly moved by the startling self-addressed query, and when the young girl returned to the line of carriages awaiting mourners and friends she was pressed for an explanation of her voluntary remark. This was given with some reluctance during the brief interval of closing the vault, and its import was clearly stamped upon the visage of the questioner, a young man well known in society here, whose ill-concealed agitation was generally remarked on the return of the funeral cortege homeward. He was spared any reference to the interview with the domestic and a feeling of sympathy possessed the occupants of the pall-bearers' carriage, for it was pretty well understood among them that the hopes of their friend had been buried in the vault just closed. The conversation took the form of a discussion in memoriam of the qualities of mind and heart possessed by the deceased young lady. Nancy Robbins was a great favorite in social circles, and as long as her health would permit she shone conspicuously in the reception saloons of the West End. The only daughter of a wealthy retired citizen, this charming young lady stepped from the portals of the Sacred Heart Convent into society here five years since, and made a decided impression among the beaux of the last semi-decade. Her sweet girlish grace and innocent face won admirers everywhere. She assumed the duties of directing her father's household, her mother having died many years since, and the indifferent health of Mr. Robbins rendered a daughter's care and attention a marked feature of her daily life. After a time the daughter's health, too, declined in such a manner as to occasion serious alarm, and, acting upon the advice of medical men and friends, Miss Robbins went to a Water-cure establishment at Cleveland. There she met and surrendered her heart to the assistant physician of the establishment, Dr. J. H. North, a dignified gentleman several years her senior. Miss Robbins was a willing captive, and in letters home to her confidential friends here she told of her admiration for the doctor in such terms that the verdict from gentle lips was: "Nancy means to marry that man! It is an easy conquest for him."

Among her friends at home, however, who discussed this penchant for the Cleveland doctor, it was conceded that a dissentient voice would be raised by old Mr. Robbins. Although devoted to his daughter, it was known that he discouraged the attentions of any and all suitors for her hand. Somewhat of a cynic, the old gentleman placed mercenary constructions upon the advances of every male visitor at the family mansion, a comfortable residence on the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Walnut Street. The young, penniless sprouts hanging on the skirts of society, feasting and wining from one house to another during the social season on the passport of a spry foot and a swallow-tail, were not welcome beneath Mr. Robbins' roof. His only aim for his daughter was that she should be a comfort to him in his declining years of sickness. It savored of sacrifice, and the old gentleman knew it, for he gave in money, notes and real estate about $35,000 to his daughter during her ministrations beside his couch. Before leaving the Water-cure Miss Robbins addressed a letter to a young lady friend in St. Louis, stating that she had fully resolved to marry the doctor at all odds, and that even her father could not stand between them. When she returned home Mr. Robbins became somewhat impressed with the curative qualities of the system prescribed by the doctor and its result upon the health of his daughter and he sent for him to come on to St. Louis for treatment in his own case. Dr. North succeeded in capturing not only the daughter but the old man, who pointed out to him what a fine field for practice the West End was and offered to build an office on the corner lot for him. This arrangement was entirely acceptable to the doctor. He pitched his tent right there, and boarded with the Robbins family, vacating his position at Cleveland. While the old gentleman appreciated the advantage of a physician under the roof, he steadily discountenanced anything in the shape of matrimonial attentions to his daughter, and the two hearts beating as one met at the same table day after day with little prospect of authorized union. Indeed the respectful awe for the head of the house was of such a degree that in order to ward off suspicion in the paternal mind an air of indifference was affected on both sides. But this condition of things could not be suffered long, and the doctor and the daughter determined upon a secret marriage. It so happened that a Presbyterian minister known to the doctor was in town upon a visit, and he was apprised of the facts in confidence. After satisfying himself that Miss Robbins was of age, and of her own free will and consent pressed the marriage, the visiting divine promised to perform the ceremony. One evening about three years since a carriage drove up to the Robbins residence containing the minister and one or two friends. They repaired to an apartment in the upper portion of the house where the bride and groom stood in silent waiting and in a few brief words uttered in an audible whisper the solemn contract was sealed, while the paternal dissentient, sitting in the back parlor below, entirely ignorant of all that was happening above, turned himself uneasily in his chair wondering "where Myrie was." The minister signed the marriage certificate and left, and the bride and groom sat down to mark out a plan to preserve the secrecy of their marital relation. It was no easy task with a below-stairs complement of quick ears and gossiping tongues, for the Doctor's demeanor when occasionally off his guard had already set the parlor maid to talking. It was decided by the newly-married pair that they should continue to occupy separate apartments and that the bride should be addressed in her father's presence as "Miss Miriam," her recognized name in the household. The life of a lie commenced the following day and the two roles of this realistic drama were well sustained for a period extending over three years, during which the health of the old man's daughter declined slowly but surely. Her withdrawal from society was understood in this, and the secret of her marriage was in possession of but four living souls who never betrayed the trust.

The revelation came after the death of Mrs. North a few weeks since. The whispered impression gathered from kitchen gossip which fell upon the pall-bearer's ear set him in an investigating mood and he had not very far to go to obtain a clue. The *Post-Dispatch* legal column announced a grant of letters of administration to the executor of "Nancy M. North," and lower down the record of the probate of the will was made. The testatrix had devised all her property to her husband, Dr. J. H. North. A few days before this confirmatory evidence had developed a letter was received by Mr. Robbins from the pall-bearer and discarded lover, informing him that his daughter had been married and had lived three years beneath his roof in that relation without his knowledge. The old man was in a condition bordering upon frenzy, but he pronounced the whole thing a lie and spoke of the writer as a scoundrel. When Mr. O'Rourke, the executor named in his daughter's will, called upon him; the letter was produced, and the colloquy that ensued was somewhat as follows:

Mr. R.—What do you think of a scoundrel who would write such a letter as that?

Executor—He has stated what is true.

Mr. R.—Do you mean to say that my Nancy was married to Dr. North? Do you believe it? What proof have you?

Executor—The best proof in the world—take the will for one thing.

Mr. R.—O! I don't care for that. It is not worth the paper upon which it is written.

Executor—Would a marriage certificate by a minister of the Presbyterian Church be satisfactory evidence.

Mr. R.—That, of course, would be conclusive. Have you got it?

Executor—It can be produced.

Mr. R.—Well, that settles it. To think that all this should have gone on right under my nose and I knew nothing about it! It did seem remarkable, though, when the doctor left the house the other day. He could not stay to hear me undeceived in this matter. I shall put in a claim for funeral expenses against the state.

The executor satisfied the father's claim for his daughter's funeral by a check for the amount right away, and the inscription over the vault will be altered from the maiden to the marriage name in a few days.

Mr. Robbins amassed the greater portion of his wealth at New Madrid and the neighborhood, where he has a son now living. He held at one time mortgages for over ten miles of land. He was in earlier days a teacher and did not thrive much at that, but gave his attention to business at New Madrid. The old gentleman enjoys a parlor game of euchre occasionally, and frequently took a hand with his daughter and son-in-law of a winter evening. He has recovered from the first emotions of surprise and indignation at the long-concealed marriage, and now remarks philosophically that "what is done cannot be undone."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Golden Ladder of Charity.

There are eight degrees or steps, says Maimonides, in the duty of charity.

The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand but not of the heart.

The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

The third is to give cheerfully and proportionately, but not until we are solicited.

The fourth is to give cheerfully, proportionately and even unsolicited; but to put it in the poor man's hand; thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty and know their benefactor without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the hind corners of their cloaks, so that the poor might take it unperceived.

The sixth, which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty, but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of those of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings, taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

The seventh is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved objects, nor they the name of their benefactor; as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of Silence or Inostentation, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which the most respectable poor families were maintained with equal secrecy.

Lastly, the eighth and the most meritorious of all is to anticipate charity, by preventing poverty; namely, to assist the reduced brother either by a considerable gift or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hand for charity. And to this Scripture alludes, when it says: "And if thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt support him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner; that he may live with thee." Levit. 25: 35. This is the highest step and the summit of charity's Golden Ladder.—*After the Talmud.*

—For a well posted thing the telegraph is terribly given to lies.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Railway Observations.

"Do you notice," the tall, thin passenger remarked, piling his valise and shawl-strap up on the seat before him, in an effort to make it appear that he filled the entire seat, and there wasn't even room for a two-year-old baby beside him. "Have you noticed the characteristic change in hats since we left New England? Now down East in fifty miles you couldn't hardly see one soft felt hat on the train. The old duffers ran to the graceful stove-pipe, which is just as much out of place in a railway car as a shooting-jacket and pink necktie would be in a pulpit, and the young men and their sisters affected the stiff round hats, the very young men crowning their lightness with the very flat hat that is an index to the wearer's character. But there was no slouch hats. Same way in New York. In Ohio and Indiana the soft hats began to insert themselves. In Central Illinois they grew sufficiently numerous to call for the yeas and nays, and when we swung across the Mississippi they had a decided working majority in both houses. See, the plug almost wholly disappeared; only now and then some commercial traveler comes into the car wearing one jauntily, and it is a burden on his mind every mile of the way. Once in a while only do you see a stiff hat on the train, but the soft hat is here in all its varieties, from the nobby little cocoanut with the rolled brim, to the broad, picturesque slouch that rests on the head of the herder and rancher. And between these two, runs all the gamut of soft hats, and some of them are fearfully and wonderfully made."

"And the manners change, also, as you come West," said the new young man, critically examining his cigarette holder and toying with the watch chain outside his coat, "Did you notice that when we went to dinner at Jefferson City, everybody ate with their hats on?"

"I noticed that," the sad passenger said, turning his pensive face away from the window where he had been contemplating the cheerless landscape, "I noticed that; I noticed that every one of us kept his hat on, too, and I also observe that the gentleman who informed the conductor and all the passengers within hearing four times this morning that his watch kept Boston time, it was so and so by Boston time, but he didn't know what time it was out here. I observed that he not only kept his hat on, but he helped himself to butter with his own knife, drank his coffee from the saucer, and took in his soup with the labored and audible aspiration of a case of asthma toiling up Bunker Hill monument." "There are many people, my son," added the sad passenger, tenderly, "who wear more hats than manners when they leave home. There is no reason why people should not be as polite and observe the requirements of good breeding just as much in a Western railway dining station, as in the Palmer or Tremont House, but the people who dine at the railway station are travelers, and are not, therefore, necessarily Western people."

"If dining station manners are wolfish and boorish," said the cross passenger, barricading the end of his seat with a valise, an umbrella, and a pair of forbidding feet, "it's the fault of the railway companies. You tell a man he has only twenty minutes in which to eat his dinner, and he is going to devote all the energies of his soul, hands and jaws to getting that dinner. He has to use every minute of time, he is nervous about his train, he is timed like an animal, and naturally acts like one. Now, you give the railway passenger a full half hour, and——"

"Pshaw," said the woman who talks bass, "that's what everybody says, and yet half the business men in America, when they are home, gobble their dinner from soup to dessert in fifteen minutes, and are out of the house before their wives have helped the children a second time."

Somehow, every time that woman speaks she closes the debate and forces the house to a vote.—*Burdette, in Hawk-Eye.*

Professional Tea Tasters.

The tea brokerage business was begun in a small way forty years ago and has been constantly increasing, until it has become an immense specialty. The commission is a half cent a pound, and the smallest amount that a broker will sell is five packages. He obtains samples from the importer and gives his customer an opportunity of carefully testing the article. Hence in a tea broker's office the kettle is always boiling and the center table has its extended array of tea-cups. The drawing is carefully weighed, and for one cup must turn a silver half dime, this being the usual weight. Generally a score of samples are tested at the same time in order to make comparison. The tea traders first try the aroma and then sip in order to get the flavor. What nicety of taste must be required to fix values in this rapid manner! An expert tea-taster, however, will not only designate the price but often specify the part of China where the crop was grown. Tea-tasting is said to be a gift, and some can never succeed, while others all at once display skill. A good taster must be of a rather nervous temperament, because tea appeals to the nervous system, and the business is therefore one in which the latter is severely tried and sometimes is shattered. Tea brokers are sometimes obliged to taste 300 samples in a day, and during the business season 200 is an average. One reason for this excess may be found in the fact that a broker may be employed to buy the entire stock for some important house. Hence he must exercise great care, but while he makes large profits his health suffers to a corresponding degree. The constant effect of such a stimulant indeed cannot be escaped. Tea enters the system by inhaling, and also through the mucous membrane, and lastly by the stomach. The result, as has been stated, is distressing to the nervous system, the consequences being varied according to personal idiosyncrasies. They are, however, of sufficient importance to have a place in the medical record. The tea broker must also resign the social nature of tea drinking, and when he comes home at night with a mouth irritated with professional tasting, how annoying must be the announcement that "tea is ready." The leading tea brokers are rich men, but, as in many other specialties, they have to pay for their success.—*New York Letter*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Opium kills about 160,000 persons annually in China.

—The "old pewter" craze threatens to rival the craze for old porcelain in New England.

—A Judge in Morelia, in Mexico, who gave a bull fight recently, was fined fifty dollars because his bulls were not brave.

—At Zwicken, Saxony, spectacles have cured a very shortsighted mare of Shying. How many poor animals have been beaten on account of a natural defect in the eyes.

—The Empress of Austria declines to follow the French fashion of wearing short hair. When she is not in the saddle she allows her long chestnut tresses to float loosely over her shoulders.

—The murder of Mr. Gold in a compartment carriage in England has at last waked up the whole country to the necessity of having railway carriages open, with a passage way through the middle.

—There is a superstition among Pennsylvania coal miners that if any person whistles in a mine some disaster is sure to follow. The theory is that whistling drives away the good luck spirit, leaving the miners to the mercy of spirits of evil. A whistler was lately mobbed in a Lackawanna mine.

—James J. Horsman, twenty years of age, while playing in a football match at Middleton, England, recently, lost his life. The teams were Middleton Rangers and Higher Crompton, and the Rugby rules were observed. One of the Crompton men threw Horsman, and falling heavily upon him, fractured his spine.

—The Governor of Bombay has telegraphed to Lord Dufferin that the cholera has ceased in Surat. Owing, however, to a habit among the Japanese of disinterring and bathing the dead on every third year, the world is liable to a fresh irruption of that plague, as the dead there of three years ago were the victims of a great cholera epidemic.

—The Washington *Capital* says that Secretary Frelinghuysen is far from being a man with a cold heart, and it tells how on a winter night, when the sleet was driving and a poor Irish woman was struggling along the icy pavement with a heavy bundle in her arms, he came out of his house on his way to a state dinner, and with courtesy invited her to take his carriage and tell the driver where to take her.

—A hotel in the exact shape of an elephant has been built at Atlantic City, N. J. The idea, of course, is to draw excursionists by means of the novelty. The structure is eighty-six feet long and sixty-five feet high. Stairways inside the legs lead up to a big restaurant and other rooms in the body, while on the back is a car forming a good place of outlook. The exterior is painted and sanded so as to resemble an elephant's skin, except for the windows. The cost was $20,000.

—Citizens of Virginia City, Nev., were for the moment attracted, a few days ago, by the sight of a medium-sized Indian squaw passing through the streets carrying on her back a stove weighing fully 150 pounds. It was sustained only by a narrow band passing over her forehead, and she had carried it thus nearly two miles. The stalwart buck strode along before her with lordly step and mien, feeling as if the whole earth was his and nothing good enough for his scalp-hunting mightiness.

—Two telegraph poles were erected in front of Mr. Gay's property, in St. Louis, despite his declaration that he would not allow his place to be disfigured. He set a gang of men to digging them up, and the company had another gang there to throw back the earth as fast as it was shovelled out. Then a cross-cut saw was manned, and the obstructionists held stones against its teeth. Next, a fight was followed by general arrests. But the poles were sawed off, an enthusiastic crowd taking Mr. Gay's side in the controversy.

—An attendant at the telephone station in the Rue de Bac in Paris, recently opened communication with another station, and was awaiting a reply, when a volume of flame and smoke issued from the tube containing the wires. The fire quickly spread to the walls of the room, and was not extinguished until considerable damage had been done, and several sets of apparatus destroyed. On the matter being investigated it was found that a workman in a sewer under the Boulevard St. Germain had accidentally burst open a gas pipe and so set fire to the inflammable covering of the telephone wires running alongside. The flames spread rapidly, and thus reached the office in the Rue de Bac.

—A Mormon Bishop, who claims the power of curing diseases by the laying on of hands, has had great success among invalids who had not much the matter with them, and to whom imagination was much the same as medicine. When he tried his ecclesiastical hands on a balky horse, he made a lamentably conspicuous failure. The man who owned the horse had paid the Bishop three dollars, as the ecclesiastic would not make the attempt unless paid that price in advance. The laying of hands on the beast's head had the effect of frightening him and making him furious. So, from a balker, he suddenly changed to a kicker. Knocking the Bishop down, the animal ran away, and, as he ran, kicked to pieces the buggy which was fastened behind him. The Bishop's reputation in Salt Lake City as a healer of disease does not stand as high as it did before he attempted that experiment in horse doctoring.

—While the Portuguese church of St. John the Baptist in Boston was undergoing repairs last September, the workmen found a spring of pure water beneath the building. A well was dug, above it a shrine was erected, and the water was consecrated. The pastor of the church assured the people that there was no miraculous power or even medical virtue in the water, and that if any cures had been effected they were simply the result of faith in God. But the people would not accept the explanation, and the stories of the remarkable virtues of the water spread rapidly. Soon there was a perfect rush of people to the church and it was found necessary to establish restrictions in regard to supplying the coveted fluid. Applicants are now required to repeat prayers for the souls in purgatory, and to drop a cent into the contribution-box, and are supplied with the water in bottles

For Young Readers.

FUNNY BOY.

A funny little chin,
A funny little nose,
A funny little grin,
Ten funny little toes,
Two funny little eyes,
And funny little hands:
How funnily he tries
To give his wee commands.

A funny little chat
With funny little bees,
A funny little cat,
And funny toads and trees,
A funny little dress,
A funny laugh of joy;
May Heaven ever bless
My funny little boy!

A funny little sigh,
A funny little head
That funnily will try
To miss the time for bed,
A funny little peep
From funny eyes that gleam,
A funny little sleep,
A funny little dream.

—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

THE BABY'S ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time—"all on a summer's day"—a small white bundle might have been seen half lying on a grassy bank, in a certain garden in the northern part of Germany. We all know that "appearances is deceitful;" but this small white bundle certainly looked nothing more nor less than a baby's pillow a good deal trimmed with lace and embroidery, on which was tied with two or three straps of scarlet ribbon, German fashion, something that looked very like a baby. I looked very like a baby, and it cried very like a baby. I suppose you would have called it a baby.

It was a pretty little thing, whatever you would have called it. The small pink face shone forth from a daintily embroidered cap. It had two great eyes as blue as pimpernels, a pair of the sweetest dimples in the world, and a perfect little rosebud of a mouth, that could open into a full-blown rose at the shortest notice, as you will see before this story is done.

It was all alone in the garden. I do not know whether the baby knew she was alone in the garden or not, but she seemed very happy and contented. She sat perfectly still, much engaged, apparently, in watching some long willow-branches that went swaying back and forth in the lazy breeze.

"Caw! caw! caw!" screamed a hoarse black crow overhead. There was a "whir-r-r" in the air, and down swooped the crow, lighting—now where do you think? Right on top of that baby.

I shall always maintain that she behaved very well under the circumstances. She did not so much as open her lips till the bold creature began pecking at the scarlet ribbons. You can hardly blame her for giving such a scream *then* that the unwelcome visitor flew off in a hurry.

A stork that happened to be passing heard the commotion, and felt obliged to stop and see what was the matter. She also flew down to the garden, and it was not long before she too spied the little white bundle sitting there under the trees.

The baby had stopped crying by this time, and, all being quiet, Mrs. Stork stepped cautiously forward, every minute stepping nearer and nearer, till at last she could look straight down into the pair of blue eyes.

Gravely the stork surveyed the baby, and gravely the baby surveyed the stork. Neither seemed to know quite what to make of the situation, although soon it began to dawn upon Madame Longlegs that may-be she had the best of it, and giving her head a toss, her wings a gentle flap, and opening wide her bill, she said softly to herself:

"Hurray! this is a lucky day for you, Mother Stork!"

Casting another glance at the baby, who still did not offer to resent all this familiarity on the part of a stranger, Mrs. Stork, like Master Crow, next concluded to try a taste of those gay ribbons.

The pimpernels shut up in a twinkling. The rosebud kept opening wider and wider. And alas! the harder the baby cried this time, the more delighted the visitor seemed to grow.

"Ahem! it's a real baby and no mistake," whispered the stork, dancing on one leg in high glee, and making noise enough with her wings to have been a dozen of her sisters and brothers. "Hurray! hurray!"

The sound of voices could now be heard in the distance. If the children only needn't have dawdled for once! If the butterflies hadn't led them such a chase through the flower-beds! If—if—if— But then there would have been no story to tell.

And as usual the children *did* dawdle. They ran from one rosebush to another in pursuit of a yellow butterfly; they held buttercups under their chins to see whether they liked butter or not; they stopped for a peep of their silly little faces in the clear waters of the fountain; and meanwhile Mrs. Stork had been making up her mind to great things. She had snatched up the little white bundle, and serenely sailed off through the bright summer sky.

"My baby! my baby! why, that *wicked, wicked* creature's got my baby!" was the agonized cry that rose from the garden.

If Mother Stork heard, she did not heed. On she flew with her burden, never resting once till she came to her own home-nest on top of a high barn in a village over so many miles away.

As for the three young storks, they were very much fluttered, indeed, at the sight of such an unexpected guest. The first thing they did was to hop out of the nest as fast as they could; and having arranged themselves gracefully on one leg in a semi-circle, they gazed solemnly down at their mamma's big prize, while that delighted lady, wishing to show off all its beauties and accomplishments, began pecking again at the scarlet ribbons.

For the third time that day the baby cried. She cried with such a will that the village sexton forgot to play his usual hymn—a thing he had not done in the course of sixty years.

Now, you must know that they were all very good, pious people who lived in that village. And ever since the church had been built, as regularly as two o'clock came round, come rain, come shine, the sexton had climbed the tower stairs, and there on the little balustrade had played a hymn in God's praise. And on this particular afternoon the sexton was just in the act of raising the old brass trumpet to his lips when for the third time that day the baby cried.

The sexton was old, and he was rather deaf, but he heard her; he was old, and he was rather blind, but he saw her—the little white bundle, crying away among the storks. His precious trumpet dropped from his fingers. He seized the rope of the alarm-bell behind him and pulled with all his might

The baby told the sexton.

And the sexton tolled the bell.

Well, the people came running out of their houses in terror. The cry of fire was spreading up and down the street. Men hurried out of the barns with ladders and pails of water. Some of the women appeared armed with brooms, though what they were going to do with them I'm sure I don't know. Not seeing any fire, they looked bewildered.

"Where' the fire, sexton?" they shouted wildly.

"It's worse than a fire," was the answer from the top of the tower. "The storks have got a child in the nest over yonder. Quick, quick, or they'll be off with it again!"

Ladders were hastily bound together to make them longer. Two or three men were softly creeping up to the barn-roof, when Mrs. Stork, getting a hint of what was going on, picked up the baby, and away she went over all their heads. The fire-engine had arrived on the scene. Some men seized the hose and sent a heavy stream of water full against the extended wings of the mischievous bird. But what was a little sprinkling, more or less, to Madame Stork?

On she sailed, rather slowly at first, enjoying the fun of bringing the peasants out into the fields and woods in pursuit, then faster, till she looked a small black speck in the sky to the excited people watching below, and at last she was out of sight.

By and by she began to near a city. There were a great many houses and spires and chimneys. Outside the town, in an open meadow, a large number of people were collected together. In their midst was a big colored mass of—something the stork didn't know what, and the baby didn't know what; but I will mention to you that it was a balloon.

Presently the balloon was loosed from its moorings, and with a bound ascended grandly into the air. A thousand pairs of eyes were watching it, and a thousand mouths were praising its graceful motion, when the thousand pairs of eyes fell upon the stork—and the balloon was forgotten. The people were wild with excitement. Cries of horror and lamenting were heard on every side. A huntsman fired a few shots, though without much effect.

"Keep close to the balloon, Mother Stork. Keep close to the balloon and you'll be all safe," whispered the wise bird to herself.

Attached to the balloon there was a boat, in which were seated a man and a woman.

"A child! a child!" exclaimed the woman, discerning the baby as the stork drew near. "Oh, you *dear* little thing!" she cried, talking first to the baby and then to her husband. "Oh, do let us try to save it!"

The wind was driving the balloon along at a rapid rate, so rapid that the stork had hard work to keep up, for she had traveled many a mile already, and was growing short of breath. Still there was the sound of those disagreeable leaden balls haunting her ears, and she pressed on as long as she could.

Baby grew somewhat uneasy however. The pincers that had been pinching her up so tightly certainly were loosing their hold.

Baby felt herself going—going—

"Ah!" said the woman in the balloon, giving a deep sigh of relief; "I thought we should have to lose her after all. I call myself a pretty lucky woman now, to find a baby in the clouds!"

"Wife," said the man, passing his fingers over the little white bundle; "the fog is so thick I can't see very well; but by the feeling of so much fine lace and ribbon I should say it was the child of rich parents. If so, our fortune is made. We have only to advertise it in the paper."

"Right!" was the answer. "They'll pay any sum for the sake of getting it back. I shouldn't wonder if we got enough to build a new house and live in ease all the rest of our days. That is, if it's—" she stopped in dismay as a new thought struck her—"living. It don't move. It's so still, I'm afraid it's dead. They'll never give us anything for a dead baby. Do you suppose the poor thing can have died of fright?"

"Oh, toss it a little!" suggested the man.

"So the baby was tossed and rocked back and forth in the woman's arms, and being hugged *very* hard. It gave a faint cry.

"It's crying! it's crying!" was the joyful exclamation; and the happy man, feeling sure now that their fortune was made, was ready to get back to the earth as soon as might be.

The gas was allowed to escape. The air became gradually purer. Little by little, tiny black points began to be visible through the thick clouds, and little by little, these tiny black points turned into substantial mountains and churches and trees and houses. There was a river, too, unpleasantly near.

Is it a law of nature that all balloons shall come down in the middle of a river? It would seem so almost, and this one was no exception to the general rule. There was a tremendous "splash!" and the man and woman, in such gay spirits only ten minutes before, were floundering about in the water, clinging to the overturned boat.

But the baby was very comfortable, floating down stream on her pillow, as if it had been an Indian canoe. It was very amusing. There were various pleasant sights at hand; some lambkins as white as snow playing together; an old gray-bearded goat teasing a frisky young one; long patches of forget-me-nots along the bank; and a whole troop of silver-backed fishes constantly darting up out of the water.

On she floated serenely among the pleasant sights, until, suddenly, a strong arm drew the little white bundle very carefully out of the river.

"Bless my stars!" said a great coarse man's voice, slowly: "bless my stars! It's no more a baby than I am! It's only some little girl's big crying doll!"—*Wide-Awake.*

Rather Enthusiastic.

The Wilmington (Del.) *Daily Republican* lately contained the following item of popular interest: Dr. J. F. Speck, who is connected with the Wilmington *Every Evening*, speaks rather enthusiastically of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. Speck states that he uses the Oil in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches and pains, and has always found it to act most happily. His attention was called to it by the many testimonials in its favor, and he one day used it upon himself for sore throat. Two applications were sufficient to effect a cure. He also used it on his little girl for sore throat with gratifying success. The same child had scarlet fever this winter which left the tendons of one leg much contracted. The little prattler couldn't walk without assistance and suffered much inconvenience and pain. Several applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored her limb to its normal condition and she has not experienced any trouble since. Dr. Speck states that he has also seen the Oil act charmingly in toothache. He thinks St. Jacobs Oil is a sterling remedy, and does not hesitate to recommend it for rheumatism, etc.

WHEN an infant begins a crying programme in an amusement hall, everybody loves to have the programme carried out.

THE Nebraska City (Neb.) *Press* says: St. Jacobs Oil strikes heavy blows for good all around, and its virtues for rheumatic pains are lauded upon every hand. Try it, all ye who suffer.

SILVER dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

"Do Likewise."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was *perfectly cured*. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

WITH features heated and red,
With head that throbs and aches,
A woman stands in the kitchen
Turning buckwheat cakes.
—*Longfeller.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

IN the street car: Blonde—"They say Carris is engaged." Brunette—"Engaged! why she was married a month ago, and has sued for a divorce." Blonde—"How romantic! Isn't it splendid!"

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples is) Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

A LITTLE boy remarked: "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and he convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

NO DANGER of over-coloring with L. P. Ransom Butter Color as with the chemical articles often used. Ask your merchant to order it.

YACHTING.

One of the most manly and satisfying pleasures, as well as the most agreeable, is yachting. The owner of the yacht is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race, or for the genuine enjoyment of guiding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have the care, management and working of a yacht dwell almost upon the water. As a class, they are quiet, sober, careful, skilful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from pains, the result of cold, bruises, sprains, &c. ST. JACOBS OIL is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to active business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to ST. JACOBS OIL, for I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the Oil, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding ST. JACOBS OIL did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that ST. JACOBS OIL is a mighty good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtsmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

LANDS. Contested land cases, private land claims, land pre-emptions, and homestead cases, for soldiers and their heirs prosecuted before the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, and Supreme Court, and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Land warrants, Interstate, and all kinds of land-scrip bought and sold. **PATENTS** also procured for inventors. S. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Land, Pension and Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

THE DAIRY.

—The care of cow-stables in winter should be closely watched and everything done in season. They should be cleaned often; indeed, no filth should be allowed to remain even for an hour.

—The exports of cheese from New York since May 1 has reached 108,328,440 pounds, showing a large increase over the same time last year. Of butter the exports have reached 17,670,850 pounds, showing a falling off of about 5,000,000 pounds. Of oleomargerine there was exported 7,677,915 pounds, an increase of nearly 1,000,000 pounds,

—Wisconsin cheese manufacturers have an eye on the Southern trade and will, next season, make an effort to ship cheese to some of the leading cities of the South, as well as to Mexico. It is just a trifle easier for the Northwest to supply this demand than it is for the New Yorkers, and a properly directed effort, with good goods, will succeed. By supplying this trade the Northwest will be relieved of her surplus cheese in midsummer.

Salt Crust on Butter.

Salt is taken up and held in butter by means of the water the butter contains. If there is albuminous or cheesy matter in the butter that will also take up salt. Butter fats have no affinity for salt, and do not dissolve it or combine with it except in a mechanical way, just as they would do with sawdust if mingled with them. The more water there is in butter, the more salt it will dissolve and take in, the water holding the salt in the butter in the form of tiny drops of brine. When there is much water in a sample of butter, and the little drops of brine are pretty numerous, the contraction of the butter by cooling crowds more or less of them outside the butter, and as they come to the surface the water in the brine dries away and leaves the salt on the outside of the butter in the form of a crust.

The quantity of water in butter depends something upon the quality of the milk from which it is derived, but more upon the manner of churning and working. When cream is churned pretty warm the butter takes in more water and also more cheesy matter than when the churning is done at a lower temperature, and it takes in more when gathered in a lump in the churn than when gathered in the granular form, and the finer the granules the freer will the butter be both from water and cheesy matter. To avoid liability to crusting with salt the churning should be done at as low a temperature as it will bear; and by reducing the temperature when the butter begins to form to fifty-four or fifty-five degrees the butter will form in fine granules and be in its purest and best condition. Butter should always be churned and gathered in this way to get the best quality. If one is using butter already made which is inclined to crust with salt, either by contraction from chilling or by simply drying out its water by standing exposed to the air, as it often will, he may avoid the disagreeable crustation by keeping it under the brine except when it is wanted on the table.—*Professor L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Golden Rules for Making Butter.

In closing a private letter, Mr. James G. Moul of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, Bayswater, London, Eng., writes: "I send you a copy of our rules for butter making." Though not new to the old butter makers, they are worthy of printing for the benefit of those who are beginning the business, as well as those who sometimes grow careless or forgetful.

1. The cream should be removed from the milk before the latter has become sour. The reason for this is easily explained; as soon as the milk begins to turn, curd is produced, and it is then impossible to remove the cream without taking off some of the curd also. Curd means cheese, and if curd is made up with cream into butter, the latter must necessarily have a cheesy flavor, and will in a very short time become "strong" and very inferior in quality.

2. As soon as the butter makes its appearance, and while still in a granular state, the buttermilk should be run off. Plenty of cold water should then be thrown into the churn, and the butter washed by turning the churn a few times; two or more lots of water should be used until the butter is thoroughly cleansed. Butter is frequently damaged by overchurning; it is quite an error to suppose that after butter once forms, more can be obtained by further churning; every revolution after the granules are about the size of Indian corn or small nuts, deteriorates the quality.

3. Butter should not be touched by hand. The water should be expelled by means of a butter worker.

Washed and Unwashed Butter.

The difference between washed and unwashed butter is analagous to the difference between clarified and unclarified sugar. The former consists of pure saccharine matter, which gives a flavor in addition to that of the sugar. Brown sugar, though less sweet, has more flavor than clarified sugar. When unwashed there is always a little buttermilk and sugar adhering to the butter that gives it a peculiar flavor in addition to that of pure butter, which many people like when it is new. Washing removes all this foreign matter and leaves only the taste of the butter pure and simple. Those who prefer the taste of the butter to that of the foreign ingredients mixed with it like the washed butter best. The flavor of butter consists of fatty matters which do not combine with water at all, and therefore cannot be washed away by it. The effect of washing upon the keeping qualities of butter depends upon the purity of the water used. If the water contains no foreign matter that will affect the butter it keeps the better for having the buttermilk washed out instead of worked out. Evidently the grain of the butter will be more perfectly preserved if the buttermilk be removed by careful washing. The grain is such an important factor in the make-up of fine butter that it is necessary we should be very particular not to injure it in any way if we would excel in the art of butter-making.—*American Dairyman.*

—Tuesdays and Wednesdays are the general calling days at Washington.

Winter on the Farm.

Winter should be a time of retrospect. With the season closed and the crops gathered, the farmer should count over his gains, and, if it must be, the losses also, and try and learn by inspection the causes which have combined to yield him the result of his season's labor. A certain field, it may be, has given more wheat than was expected, and it is a part of the winter work upon the farm to learn why such an agreeable increase was produced. It may be that the year itself was a favorable one, and this will lead the mind to consider the influence of the climate upon a crop; the effect of a good rainfall, a cool summer, or both. On the other hand, the granary-bins, after threshing, tell the sad story of a light crop, perhaps not half paying for the labor bestowed upon the field. Here again the causes are to be sought for, and it may be remarked that in this case they will be more apt to lead to an investigation than when the field is remunerative and satisfactory. It is only when the system is out of order, and the good results of health are not obtained, that the physician is desired. In the same sense the field may be "out of sorts," at least does not fulfill its functions as a profitable producer of crops. Land is sometimes spoken of as "clover sick," and with some propriety a field that is "poorly" may be said to be sick. Granting this, it is very natural to try and discover the nature of the malady, and, having found it, if possible apply the remedy, or remedies. There are already, even in this new country, many fields that are undergoing a slow but sure starvation. Food is being withheld, and at the same time hard work is demanded. As well hope to get the best speed or greatest possible power from a horse that is pinched at the manger. A horse on half rations is not half a horse, as far as those products are concerned for which a horse is kept. The engineer who only furnishes his engine with fuel enough to keep the water in the boiler a trifle below the boiling point, or, better, only makes sufficient steam to run the machine of the engine, with no surplus for work, practices a most wasteful economy. He may save some coal or wood, but that which is used is thrown away. The same reasoning applies to the cultivated soil. The grain field is in more sense than one, a factory in which the products of the farm are made. The soil and air are the sources of the food or fuel which the plants use in building up their structure. The question of the air may be dismissed, for it seldom, if ever, fails to yield the necessary food elements in sufficient quantity. If the soil does its part the greatest difficulty in the way of a good crop is removed.

Let us consider briefly some of the factors of a good soil, and then the reader may perhaps be the better able to see the fault in his own field, if he should be so unfortunate as to have a faulty one, and seeing it, may apply the proper remedy. The soil must contain all of those elements of plant food furnished by the soil; the potash, phosphic acid, magnesia, iron, lime, nitrogen, etc. More than their simple presence is demanded; they must be in an available form, that the growing plant may readily extract them from the soil. It is on this account that the chemist is not able by an analysis to give an exact estimate of the worth of an agricultural soil. The phosphic acid may be in an insoluble form, and the potash may be locked up so securely in its combinations with other substances as not to be within the reach of the delicate roots of the plants.

In order that the plants may feed with the greatest advantage they must have the soil deep and mellow, thus securing the conditions for the growth and spreading of many fibrous roots. The work of absorption is done largely by the delicate root hairs, and they must be able to pass between and come in contact with the fine particles of the soil. Besides being rich and deep and mellow the soil should be warm and moist. The absence of these two last essentials will make good crops impossible, no matter how well stocked the soil may be with the food elements of plants.

An examination of the leading essentials leads to a word as to the remedy for the absence of any one or more of them. If food elements are lacking they must be supplied either in a return of those that have been removed in the crop as barnyard manure, or in the application of the same elements in a more concentrated form as commercial fertilizers. If there is a lack of depth and mellowness, these must be obtained through a more thorough tillage. A wet and cold soil has its remedy in the removal of the excess of water by open ditches or underdraining.

It may be that a neighbor having like problems to solve may drop in for an hour, and while it is all cold without, the discussion—let it be warm rather than none—may go on to the advantage of both; the boys may be taken into the debate, and the evening will yield a rich return in thoughts that afterwards may be put to good use in the practical workings of the farm. The mind active in winter, alive to the demands made upon it by the circumstances of a competitive farming, means a planning and a system in future work that must bring success.—*Christian Union.*

—Marsh hay and straw differ from the best hay in being deficient in nitrogenous matters, starch, sugar, and fat, and in having more indigestible, woody fibre. If a sufficient quantity of wheat bran, ground oats, and corn or cotton-seed-meal is added to these coarse fodders, this addition increases the amount of nitrogenous matter, and starch, sugar, and fat, (which are all carbo-hydrates, that is, are formed of carbon and hydrogen) and renders them quite equal to the best of hay. It is by mixing such concentrated foods as these with hay that we are able to enlarge the product of milk, butter, flesh or fat of our animals, and a little larger admixture will make even coarse, marsh hay or straw equally productive. The knowledge of the exact compositions of feeding substances and the precise methods of mingling them to gain the best results constitutes the science and scientific practice of feeding. And this knowledge is one of the most important a farmer can possess.

—Clean Silver,—Wet a flannel cloth in kerosene, dip in dry whiting, rub the silver; let dry and then polish with chamois skin.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Egg Bread.—One pint milk, two eggs, butter size of an egg, one-half cup sugar, three teaspoons of "sea foam," flour enough to make a batter; bake. This makes one loaf.

—Veal Scollops.—Cut veal from the leg or other lean part into pieces size of oysters. Have a seasoning of pepper, salt, a little mace, mixed; rub some over each piece; dip in egg, then in cracker crumbs, fry as oysters.

—Spiced Fish.—Cold fresh fish may be used in this way. Remove all bones, bits of skin; lay in deep dish, barely cover with hot vinegar, in which a few cloves and all-spice have been boiled. Ready for use as soon as cold.

—Lamp shades are fashionable and useful. First get the shape, which should be cut and re-cut in paper until it fits the glass. Then you may trace comic designs on silk musin, or you may paint on satin, with fringe for border, or you may arrange ferns or dried flowers on silk with thin gum arabic. This latter work is pretty and novel.

—Scrambled eggs.—Have a spider hot and buttered; break the eggs into a dish, being careful not to break the yelks; slip them into the spider, add a very little salt, with butter the size of a nutmeg for half a dozen eggs, or three tablespoonfuls of rich cream. When the eggs begin to whiten, stir carefully from the bottom, until cooked to suit.

—A pudding, which we call "Kate's Brown Bettie" is for a simple and easily made dish eminently successful. Put alternate layers of grated bread crumbs or chopped apples in a pudding dish, season each layer with sugar, cinnamon, a little lump of butter. For a dish holding a quart and a half you need two teaspoonfuls of hot water. Bake an hour and a half. Have the top brown; serve with plenty of sweet cream.

—Professor A. J. Cook gave results of experiments showing the value of carbolic acid as a remedy against insects; he also inferred that the electric light promises much in this direction. The corn worm (Heliothis armigera) was described, and its great and exceptional raid in the Northern States referred to during the past year. The remedies recommended were fall plowing, trapping by use of sweet liquids, and attracting and burning with bright lights.

—Pigs are often lost for want of proper attention. A sow that farrows in a lot with a drove of other hogs is almost sure to lose her offspring before a day old, especially if the weather is cold and many gather to bed in one place. When a sow saves only one or two pigs it is often better to take them away, as it does not pay to suffer her to nurse so small a litter. The mother should be fed liberally on slops and grain when her pigs are young, as it is all-important that their growth should be pushed forward.

Rapid Movement in Beef.

So long as our surplus beef is sent abroad for market, European competition will fix a limit to the upward tendency of price. As population presses upon pasturage, and adds to the value of corn, the cost of beef-making will increase. Thus the margin for breeder and feeder is gradually narrowing. Will it render unprofitable the production of beef? Not at all. It will sharpen the wits of those engaged in the business, induce study of animal physiology and teach a multitude of economies in the practice of feeding and management. There are instances of success in feeding on the sterile soils of New England, and at the same time failures in the country of broad prairies and cheap corn west of the Mississippi. There is quite as much in the man as in the land. It is a question whether the range of capacity for this business is not equal to the whole breadth of physical and economic differences that modify its profits.

Whatever else may contribute to profit, as the margin lessens, early maturity will be very prominent. Great Britain was the first to learn this practical lesson. The Shorthorn is a result of it in English breeding, and it is enforced and emphasized in English feeding. American feeders are already learning it. They are finding out that good flesh can be taken on, not by spasmodic generosity of ration, but by continuous abundance. The flush succulence of summer diet does not harmonize well with an excess of harsh straw and coarse stover in winter. Good hay and sound grain may compensate for loss of vital heat in a pitiless storm, while it may not lay on an ounce of flesh. It has long since been learned that the coveted mixture of fat and fibre, the "marbling" of beef, is not obtained by alternate stuffing and starving. The loss in this country from periodical cessation of growth, in summer's drouth or winter's cold, is enormous.

There is another reason for early maturity. The cost of a pound of flesh is always greater during the second year than in the first; greater in increasing ratio the third, the fourth. This may be generally known but is seldom fully realized. The Fat Stock Show in Chicago illustrated forcibly the fact. There were nine young animals exhibited, not Shorthorns but Herefords, from 193 to 365 days old, none of which had gained less than two pounds per day from birth, weighing from 400 to 880 pounds, and averaging 603 pounds. Their average daily gain was two and fifty-seven one-hundreth pounds. Then there were nine grade Shorthorns about two years old, or from 620 to 960 days, all of which gained above two pounds daily, averaging scarcely two and one-tenth pounds. These were the only beef animals in the exhibition that came up to two-pound gain daily or were less than two years old, though there were 133 all told, some of which had made less than a pound per day. One had lived 2,900 days, making but ninety-two one-hundreth pound per day. Another at 2,760 days showed a gain of one and fifteen one-hundreths daily. As a rule, the longer kept the smaller rate of gain. One grade Shorthorn, only 679 days old, bred by H. C. Nelson, weighed 1,525 pounds, and J. D. Gillett's "Wild Bill" was tame enough to put on a weight of 1,935 pounds in 872 days. It is quite certain that these animals were fed at a profit. The superior advantage of early maturity, of steady and rapid growth, was one of the most obvious lessons of the fourth Fat Stock Show of Chicago.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Halloway, the defaulting teller of the Bank of Poughkeepsie, N. Y, was the very opposite of the typical defaulter—the pious, prim, precise and proper young man. On the contrary, he was a very rollicking fellow, full of fun and mischief, and making not the slightest concealment of his dissipation. He consorted openly with the young bloods of the town; drank heavily and constantly, and spent money—the bank's money, as it now turns out—like water. But he was so generally popular that he was re-elected Treasurer of the town, and the bank directors were so charmed with him that it was only by one vote that he escaped being promoted from Teller to Cashier only a few weeks ago.

—Mrs. Mary Carl, of Dickersonville, Niagara County, N. Y., aged thirty, the wife of Willard Carl and daughter of the Rev. Mr. Douglas, was so far gone with consumption that she was ordered to California as the only way to save her life. Tickets were bought, but she was too ill to undertake the journey. About six weeks ago she improved a little, and was sent among relatives in Fitchburg, Mass., for change of scene. There she was subjected to the prayer cure by a Boston lady. She is now fully cured and about to return home.

—An innocent-looking young servant girl kept her employer's family in a fright for six months, at Norwich, Conn., by ringing the door bell and rapping on the windows at unreasonable hours. They were sure that a ghost was about, and it was only after watching for twelve nights that a detective solved the mystery.

—A quilting party of the style of one hundred years ago was held at the residence of the Governor of Kentucky the other evening, nearly all the members of the Legislature being present. On the tables were cold 'possum, pop-corn, apple toddy and pumpkin pie.

—P. T. Barnum announces that he will employ all curious specimens of the human race, including giants, dwarfs, fat people, and freaks of nature, for his great show. Parties interested should write immediately, enclosing photographs, to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson, 40 Bond St., New York.

TO BE conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

IN the early days of printing books the paper was only printed on each side and the blank sides pasted together.

"HUSBAND and wife," says some sage person, "should no more struggle to get the last word than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb." They don't. The wife gets it without a struggle.—*The Judge.*

"THERE, you little guns, go to school," said a mother to her children as she finished combing their hair. "Why do you call them guns?" said a visiting aunt to the mother. "Why? Because they always go off with a bang."—*Boston Times.*

"WHAT did you do with that letter that was on the table?" asked Gus De Smith of the colored boy who cleans up his room. "I tuck it to the Post-office, sah, and put it in de hole." "What did you do that for? Did you not see that there was no address on the envelope?" "I saw dar was no writin' on do 'velope, but I lowed yer did dat ar on purpose, so I couldn't tell who yer was a-writin' to. I'se an edicated negro, I is."—*Texas Siftings.*

A WESTERN farmer of the old school, lamenting the paragon hired man of the past, thus speaks of him of the present: "He wears white shirts and collars. He won't eat with a knife. He wants napkins, and if we don't hang up a clean towel once a week he wipes on his handkerchief. He wants a whole hour at noon, and after supper he trots off to a singing school or sits down to a newspaper."

SEVERAL brothers recently got into a quarrel over a pie, and the little one felt less kindly toward the biggest, who took his part, than he did toward any of the others.

CODFISH skins are now used in the manufacture of light gloves. They will probably be used by the codfish aristocracy.

A FRENCH writer says: "The first half of our lives we pass in desiring the second, and the second in regretting the first."

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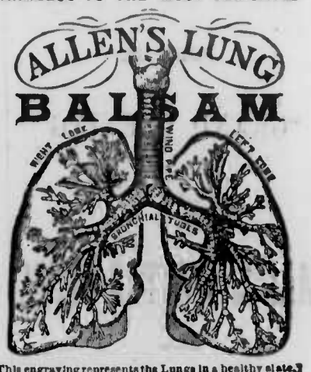

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]
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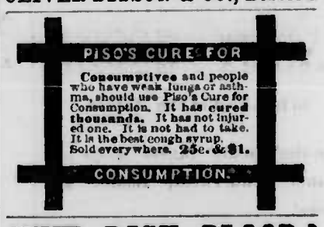

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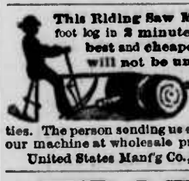
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B. O. R. Time-Table

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

KILDOW & YELOLY.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Richardson Building, near the Railroad Depot, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

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F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

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MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

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THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
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D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed 10 meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tubbles, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

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WESTERNPORT,

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Je21-yl

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BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 3 to 22 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75 Chapel Organs $97.75 THE "LONDON," 18 stops 5 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $65. THE PARIS now offered FOR $85. Other desirable new styles now ready.

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J. U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,200 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, **$222.75.**

☞ PIANOS, Grand, Square & Upright, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Piano, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☜ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

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VERTICAL FEED

SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of baud at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,

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218 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,

82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style K. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ **$275.00.** ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

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Washington, New Jersey.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

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CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

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Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only use now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ **$85.00.** ☜

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Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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GOLD Great chances to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for profitable money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Now is the time. You can work in spare time or give your whole time to the business. Any one can live at home and do the work. Anything in business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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S 10 td Baltimore.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882. NUMBER 48.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D. H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J. A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENLOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY. Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak Street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KILDOW & YELOLY, Main and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

[illegible] ARNOLD, [illegible] Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

[illegible] NER, Shop on Alder Street. [illegible] specialty

[illegible] WAGNER, [illegible] Street.

[illegible] CRITCHFIELD, Oak Street.

SURVEYORS.

[illegible] BANE, Auctioneer and [illegible] Oakland, Md.

[illegible] RAINED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

[illegible] COCK, [illegible] Building [illegible] and Repaired.

FINE AND FANCY GOODS.

[illegible] DAVIS, [illegible] Oak & Second Sts.

L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. [illegible] Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

[illegible] SBURGESS, Drugs, Medicines, [illegible] Stationery, [illegible] Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, [illegible] Contractor & Builder, [illegible] especially upon Depot.

[illegible] GOLM, [illegible] Contractor, and Builder.

[illegible] PEDEN, [illegible] Shop, Second house.

[illegible] BURKE, [illegible] Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, [illegible] Street

[illegible] Agent for [illegible] Organs.

J. [illegible] SON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, [illegible] Dist. Md.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises or address

P. MARTIN, Oakland Md.

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor." "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, it never fails. It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 21 DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light,
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering, Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead me to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father, many a thorn
Has pierced me: and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand:
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let thy worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

Thy way is dark, my child! But leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so: but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? To me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Leap up to light
My child.

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee:
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest,
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy father walks: then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foe command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng,
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee! my Son,
My Well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

A Summary of What is Known About the Center of Our System.

Exact logic—that is, a good level head—frequently finds it impossible to accept some of the conclusions of modern astronomical science. Modern astronomy is in fact constantly correcting and altering its own conclusions, proving this, that the absolute has not yet been arrived at and that there are still ages of work to be done in this line. It is intimately to the credit of Professor C. A. Young that in his recent work on "The Sun," published by D. Appleton & Co. in the "International Scientific Series," he distinctly recognizes the difficulties in the way of accurate astronomical calculations and very frankly points out the unreliability of some of its conclusions. It is not pretty generally admitted that the sun is but "a single star among millions, thousands of which exceed him in brightness, magnitude and power." But he is our sun. "Cut off his rays for even a single month and the earth would die—all life upon its surface would cease." What the ancients felt in this matter and formulated into systems of sun worship the modern scientific spirit, aided by the telescope, the pyrheliometer, actinometer and the spectroscope, has evolved into the doctrines of the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy, and so have weighed the sun in the balance and held its hearts in our hands, and the following conclusions are, for the most part, agreed upon: (1) The center of the sun is "a mass of intensely heated gases;" (2) its face, or photosphere, is a shell of luminous clouds, the home of the sun-spots; (3) its immediate environment or chromosphere is composed mainly of incondensible gases; (4) that the corona or next outer circle of the sun has as yet "received no explanation which commands universal assent."

Pouillet calculated that the stars and space in general must furnish to the earth about 85 per cent. as much heat as the sun supplies, but his assumptions as to the laws of cooling and radiation "are not at present received as accurate," and "the present uncertainty of the sun's distance, small as it is, renders precarious all computations" regarding the masses, distances and motions of the heavenly bodies when the period is extended backward or forward more than a few hundred thousand years.

The best feature of the latest scientific works is their conscientious clearness and candor in stating what science does not know. This is far more healthful than the spirit of twenty-five years ago, which was rather taking it for granted that science as good as knew the universe by heart. And this was greatly encouraged by the transcendental spirit, which asserted, though in wide circumlocution, that "what the human soul could ask it could also answer;" but not yet awhile, Mr. Emerson. Why, we don't yet no how far it is to the solar range, that warms us and ripens the grapes on our vines. Yet rays of light are only about eight minutes coming from the sun's face to our faces, if so long. But they dazzle even astronomy.

"The attraction between the sun and the earth amounts to thirty-six hundred quadrillions of tons: in figures, 36 followed by seventeen ciphers." Yet our little planet holds its own and seems in no hurry to drop into the "father of lights." "The sun's volume is 1,300,000 times that of the earth, while its mass is only 330,000 times as great." As to size it is about as a pin point to the head of a flour barrel, but the sun's average density (found by dividing the mass by the volume) is only about one quarter that of the earth. The earth is a little fellow, but compact and well made, let the infidels say what they will, and the sun, too, is good in its way. You not only cannot look the sun in the face with the naked eye, but the appliances used in the study of the moon, planet, and stars will not answer at all for solar work. To find the spots on the sun you need only throw its image through a telescope on to a screen of cardboard and they are as plain as freckles on some folk's faces.

Ever since Newton it has been known that a beam of light is decomposable into its constituent colors by passing it through a prism, and, under certain circumstances, the result is a rainbow-tinted band or ribbon, which has been called the solar spectrum. In this spectrum Wollaston, in 1802, discovered certain dark shading, and from that day to this astronomers have been endeavoring, by means of this spectrum, to determine the nature of the elements of the sun. In 1877 Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, announced that he had discovered the presence of oxygen in the sun. In fact, it is claimed by philosophy that the primal elements of all suns and worlds are the same, but the work of science is to prove this or prove the contrary.

There are a good many guesses as to what the sun spots really are. "Cavities filled with gases and vapors, which produce obscuration," sounds right but to-morrow some other theory may sound better. "Sun spots are not distributed over the sun's surface with anything like uniformity. They occur mainly in two zones on each side of the Equator and between the latitudes of 10° and 30°. But the cause of this distribution is not known.

As to the "Sun's Light and Heat," Herschel calculated that the amount of heat received on the earth's surface, with the sun in the zenith would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes nearly, and of course if such sheet of ice were a hundred and eighty million miles in diameter, it would all melt in the same length of time. "Of this enormous outflow of heat the earth of course intercepts only a small portion, about 1,2200000000. But even this minute fraction is enough to melt yearly at the earth's equator a layer of ice something over 110 feet thick." Better than this, our little earth intercepts enough of the sun's light and heat each day to clothe all clouds with beauty, to make the fruits ripen and the flowers bloom; better still, to keep our heart-blood warm and our pulses beating, and it is not from science alone, but from the reverent vision of common eyes that we must get much of the best light and heat out of the sun, the world or the stars.

Have a Purpose.

It is not possible for every boy to know, at sixteen, just what particular thing he is to do in life, but everyone ought to have some purpose, some laudable ambition, some high ideal, and then strive to attain it. One of our number asked me the other day, if I though every young man could become what he *chose* to be. That was really asking whether the old adage is true: "Where there's a will, there's a way." Did you ever know an aphorism of the ages that was not based on a deep truth? "Find a way, or make a way." In an important sense the adage is true. But the will must be full, thorough, complete. It must permeate every fibre of the boy's constitution. It must be permanent and reliable. It must not be ephemeral, superficial, or half-hearted. It presupposes some knowledge of the difficulties in the way, and a contempt for them as difficulties. The *means* are essential to secure the *end*. We cannot sit down, Micaber-like, awaiting for something to turn up, to put us in the place we wish to occupy. If one wishes to become a rich man, he must make up his mind to hard labor, early and late, year after year, till the result is reached; he must earn, and he must save every penny possible. Read the life of John Jacob Astor or Stephen Girard, if you wish to learn the way to wealth. It is your ambition to be learned, or eloquent, or honored? You must desire it with all your soul, and strive for it as for dear life; and you must not get discouraged as the years pass by. But you must have that kind of ambition which will admit of no refusal. It must be discouraged by no obstacles, thwarted by no misfortunes, weakened by no reverses. That kind of a perseverance, is what *men* are made of. I have heard it said that Lord Beaconsfield, in his boyhood, aspired to the first place in the English government, and so he attained it. The story probably has no truth in it, and yet has underneath it a truth worth more than if it were true. You need have no childish wish to become President of the United States, for generally he who strives after that place will never get it. The adage, "The dark horse always wins," has a great deal of truth in it. But you *can* and *ought* to have a high and laudable ambition to prepare yourself for manhood, and for the duties which manhood shall bring to you.—*William A. Mowry.*

The Most Powerful American.

Hon. Josiah Quincy has reason for his expectation that the reply he gives to an interesting question will "seem absurd to most men now living," although he thinks it may be "an obvious commonplace to their descendants." He asks: "What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen?" He replies that "it is by no means impossible that the answer to that interrogatory may thus be written: *Joseph Smith the Mormon prophet.*" Mr. Quincy, accompanied by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, had an interview with Joseph Smith at Nauvoo in 1844, and the "impression of rugged power" given by the prophet was such as no man has ever exceeded in all the experience of that venerable citizen of Massachusetts. Now, whatever may be thought of Mr. Quincy's half production as to the American whose influence upon the destiny of America up to the present time will be considered greatest a century hence, the very fact that such a keen observer and wise man perceives such momentous results of the foundation of Mormonism is alarming. Mr. Quincy says "it is at least doubtful whether polygamy was in any way sanctioned by Smith," but that prophet's claim of direct inspiration opened the way for the most monstrous abuses under the pretence of the divine sanction. "The possibilities of the Mormon system are unfathomable," he says, "and polygamy may be followed by still darker revelations.'" The deliberate opinion of such a man as Josiah Quincy that Mormonism effect such baneful results that the influence of its founder upon the destinies of his countrymen may a century hence be esteemed more powerful than that of any other American who has yet lived, is enough to startle the people and make them awaken to the need of eradicating the foul social system of Salt Lake City. If prompt action by the government to effect that result is necessary to prevent the fulfillment of Mr. Quincy's cautious prediction as to what American's influence is to be judged most powerful, let not the action lag one moment. Let Congress enact and President Arthur execute whatever laws are requisite to the immediate destruction of the institution of Mormon polygamy.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Bourbons of Georgia amuse themselves by asserting every few minutes that there is no independent sentiment in Georgia, bless your heart, no, and that, whatever may be the case in other Southern States, Georgia is still entirely content with Bourbon rule. The Independents, however, tell a different story. One of their most active members, Marcellus E. Thornton, of Atlanta, says: "There is a strong following of Independents in every county in the State, and organization would add to their numbers. In the contest for the Governorship there are the best grounds for predicting the success of the Independent candidate. It only requires the selection of an acceptable man to head the ticket, whose good faith can be relied upon, and in the adoption of a liberal platform, opposed to the chain-gang system and disfranchisement for minor offences, opposed to the leasing out and murdering of convicts, and the permitting of criminals to run at large and swell the calendar of rapes, burglaries, and murders throughout the State; in favor of a more liberal provision for general education, and the repeal of the present constitutional provisions which require that every person who proposes to vote at any election must first have paid all taxes due by him to the State, county or municipality for each and every year from the year 1877, including poll tax (up to the one preceding the one in which he desires to vote), the operation of which constitutional provision will in a few years absolutely disfranchise one-half or more of the otherwise qualified voters in the State, especially those of the colored race. A trustworthy candidate upon such a platform would receive the unqualified indorsement of the Republican State Convention for the Governorship, and would surely be elected. On such an issue the Republicans and Independents of Georgia would have a common interest and a common sympathy."

Ex-Representative Felton, of Georgia, who has the reputation of being the Moses who is to lead his state out of the wilderness of Democracy, had a communication in the Atlanta *Constitution* of yesterday in reply to late utterances of Senator Hill with reference to his (Mr. Felton's) political course. Mr. Felton says: "I propose to deal with him as I should do with any other public man, and judge him by his record, which I know to be as eccentric, as unwise, as unpatriotic, and too often as seemingly corrupt as that of any other politician whose evil counsels have assisted to blight the interest of the state which gave him birth." Mr. Felton closes by saying: "I am sorry for Mr. Hill. Blessed with most wonderful gifts of oratory, he has frittered away the greatest opportunities a public man ever had. He has actually done nothing for his state or country that will live in the memory of the true, the good and the patriotic."

None of the Northern Democratic newspapers seem eager to comment on the negroe exoxdus from South Carolina, and their backwardness is easily explained. Hitherto they have charged that Northern Republicans have instigated all the movements of this character among the negroes, but they cannot charge that now, because the Bourbon journals of the South admit that the cause is political oppression. This bars out the Northern Democratic editor. He has not for twenty-five years admitted that the Souther Bourbons can do wrong, and he is not going to admit it now; hence he keeps silent.

Dr. Wm. E. Butler, who died recently in Tennessee, aged 92, was a staff officer of Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812. Once he was defeated by Davy Crockett for the Tennessee legislature. He owed his defeat to the fact that he had a carpet on his floor. Crockett proclaimed from the stump: "Why, my fellow citizens, my aristocratic and wealthy competitor walks every day on store goods finer than any of your wives or daughters ever wore."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE PRINTER.

I love the good compositor's
Superb intelligence;
But hate him when he wilfully
Makes nonsense out of sense.

I love to have him follow close
The copy I indite;
But hate him, if I make a slip,
He does not set it right.

I love to help him on to wealth
By making copy "fat;"
But when he "breaks" a paragraph,
I must object to that.

I love to have him use his brains
When working on my "stuff;"
But when he guesses I am wrong,
And alters, then 't is rough.

I love to have him always know
Just what I mean to write;
If right he guesses, well and good;
If wrong, woe to the wight.

I love the good compositor
Who makes all smooth in type;
But for all errors that appear
His throat I'd like to gripe.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

We noticed him, I remember, from the very first; and we had three good reasons for doing so. In the first place, he was the very last passenger to come on board, arriving, indeed, just when the bell was ringing as a signal to clear the ship.

In the second place he was rather a remarkable-looking fellow altogether—tall, gaunt, sallow and stern, with a long, lean face, and a cool, gray eye, and, as we all declared, a manifest air of mystery about him, even from the beginning.

Last, but by no means least, of our grounds of suspicion, was the fact that our mysterious fellow-passenger brought on board with him an oblong, wooden box, very much like an overgrown pistol case, of which he seemed far more careful than of the well worn portmanteau, which was the only other article of baggage which he seemed to possess.

It was evidently not very heavy, for one sailor shouldered it with ease. It could not be called inconveniently large, for when its master begged to be allowed to keep it in his state-room instead of stowing it in the hold, neither Captain nor purser made the slightest objection.

It was not labeled "Glass, with Care," or anything of that sort, as we could all see for ourselves, and yet its master's nervous anxiety lest it should be damaged, or even bumped against anything hard, was so marked that every one began to have dismal suspicion as to its possible contents,

But just at first we had something else to think about, for the first three days of our voyage were a perfect chapter of accidents.

To begin with, we were thrown late at starting by having to wait more than an hour for the mail. Then, when we were just outside the Narrows, on came a fog as thick as buckwheat porridge, which forced us to lie-to till late in the afternoon, keeping up all the while a chorus of bells and fog-horns, worthy of a Chinese wedding.

And as soon as the fog cleared, it was succeeded by a pour of rain which inspired a facetious saloon-passenger to ask the captain, at dinner-time, whether fishing was allowed on the after-deck.

At length the rain went off in its turn, and now we began to hope that this was the end of our troubles; but we soon found it to be only the beginning of them.

The red and angry sunset on the second night, the ghostly haze around the full moon when it rose, the short, uneasy panting of the wind, all foreboded further mischief; and the older "salts" looked meaningly to windward and prophesied "dirty weather."

The prophesy was not long in fulfilling itself. About midnight I was awakened by a crash as if twenty cart-loads of bricks had tumbled through the roofs of as many glass-houses, and found myself standing bolt-upright in my berth, like a soldier in a sentry-box. The next moment I had a fine perspective view of my toes high overhead, while a kind of waterfall of cushions, blankets, pillows, soap, towels, boots, and what not, went pouring through every part of the room.

Then burst forth a deafening chorus of shouts, groans, screaming women, crying children, the rattle of dishes, the crash and jingle of broken glass, and we were fairly "in for it" at last.

For the next twenty-four hours, in the graphic words of our old boatswain, "every-thing blessed on board was inside-out and upside-down." Plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons, eddied ceaselessly from side to side of the table.

Hasty feeders stuck their forks into themselves in place of their meat, the soup meant for the mouths of the guests emptied into their laps instead; and just as one dignified old gentleman was raising his coffee-cup to his lips as solemnly as if he were taking poison, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and the boiling coffee flew like a fountain-jet into his spotless shirt-front, making him wriggle like a speared eel.

But by the morning of the fourth day the gale seemed to have spent its force, and we were at liberty to turn our attention once more to the mysterious passenger and his equally mysterious box.

The former seemed quite as anxious to preserve himself from contact with anything on board as he had been to preserve his package, for he never spoke to any one, and always answered as shortly as possible (when he answered at all) whenever any one spoke to *him*.

As for the box itself, it was a greater puzzle than ever. The stewards reported that he had warned them so earnestly against touching it, or even going near it, as to imply that the contents, whatever they might be, were something very dangerous indeed. But as if he had his doubts whether even the fear of some unknown peril would be strong enough to keep them from meddling with the precious package, if they got the chance, he spent most of his time below, and as he had taken a whole state-room for himself (or, rather for himself and his box) there was no risk of any one disturbing him *there*.

"I think he's a Fenian carrying over one of those dynamite torpedoes to Liverpool," said a young British officer, homeward-bound from Canada.

"More likely a bank-clerk absconding with specie," grunted a big, red-faced cotton-spinner from Lancashire.

"Box ain't heavy enough for that," objected a lanky New Yorker.

"Perhaps, after all, it's nothing more wonderful than a rare statue or picture for some museum."

Every one looked disappointed, for this last idea, which had somehow never occurred to us, now seemed natural and likely enough, and it was a sad come-down after all our romantic imaginings.

But just then a new turn was given to the discussion by a long, wiry, keen-eyed Cape Codder, who had hitherto been perfectly silent. Taking his short pipe out of his mouth, he said slowly and emphatically:

"'Taint that, boys; but I reckon I could tell you what it is!"

"What? What?" cried every one eagerly.

"A baby," answered the Yankee, with the solemnity of perfect conviction.

At this there was a shout of laughter so uproarious that a passing steward peered amazedly into the smoking-room to see what all the fun could be about. But the gentleman from Cape Cod was not a whit abashed.

"Laugh as much as you like, boys; but what I say I stick to. Every day reg'lar, at breakfast and at tea, I've seen that air critter, after he'd had his share, start for his state-room with a cup of milk and a hunk o' bread, and if that don't mean a baby somewhar' roun' I'm a Mexikin!"

There was a general start, for we now remembered to have seen the stranger do this, and wondered that we had not noticed it before.

For a few moments every one was in high glee at the apparent solution of the riddle; but the remorseless New-Yorker speedily blighted our new-born happiness.

"Guess you're consid'able out there, stranger," objected he. "For the baby that could be four days aboard ship, or anywhere else, either, without raising one squall, has got to be discovered yet. I've got three of 'em myself, and I guess I ought to know."

This unanswerable argument threw us all back to where we were before, and a sullen silence followed, broken at length by a dashing young sophomore from Harvard—one of the briskest and boldest spirits of our company.

"Baby or no baby," said he, firmly, "I'm bound to get at the ins and outs of this job, somehow. Either I'll know what's inside that box before it goes ashore, or I'll never wear the crimson of old Harvard again!"

But this valiant pledge seemed likely to go unredeemed, after all; for, as if the man of mystery had known of the plot hatching against him, he seemed to be, if possible, more vigilant than ever.

Day followed day, until at length we came in sight of Queenstown, where the stranger was to land, and the secret of the box was a secret still.

But the time came at last. Breakfast was hardly over that morning, when a steward (sent on purpose by the ingenious sophomore) tapped at the door of the stranger—who had retired as usual with his milk and bread—announcing that the Captain wanted him. Scarcely had he disappeared when the Harvard youth popped into his room.

The next moment a terrible cry startled us all, and, rushing to the spot, we found the mystic box open, and the sophomore struggling in the coils of a huge black-and-white snake!

For a moment all was confusion, but the stranger, who had just returned, sprang like lightning to the breakfast table, filled a cup with milk and set it in front of the snake. Instantly the latter unwound itself from its captive, who reeled helplessly against the wall.

"You're more frightened than hurt, young feller," said his rescuer coolly, "for this snake's quite a harmless sort, and as tame as a pet-cat in the bargain. I kept him dark while I could, for I didn't want him hurt, after stumpin' all Louisiana to get him for the London Zoological, but you'd best not touch him ag'in, for his breed's mighty fond of a fool, and I guess that's why he was so fond to git hold of *you!*"—*Golden Rule.*

An Angel's Touch.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say, yon drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whisky when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades, "Jist look a-there—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh and cried out "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said, "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that yon sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

—"Bridget," said the mistress to her servant, "put a little nutmeg in the custard this afternoon," and Bridget picked out the smallest nutmeg she could find and threw it in the custard, where it was found entire at the evening meal.

A Fable---The Clam and the Jackal.

One day a Farmer who was working in the Field heard a great noise in a Thicket, and upon proceeding to the Spot he discovered a Clam and a Jackal engaged in a deadly strife. The Clam already had a Bay Window over his left eye and had lost two teeth, and the Jackal was spitting blood and limping around on three legs.

"Ah! I'm glad you've come!" cried the Clam, as he caught sight of the Farmer.

"And so am I!" added the Jackal.

"And why this fierce struggle?" asked the Farmer, as he sat down on a stone between them.

"I'll tell you in a very few words," said the Clam. "This Jackal went out of his way to ridicule my speech. Now, I do not want to brag, but I claim to use good grammar in my talk, and I'll leave it to yon if I don't?"

"That wasn't what raised the Row," protested the Jackal. "I was walking along the Sand when this Clam made fun of my Gait. I don't claim to be as graceful as a Cow, but the Clam had no business to say that my Walk reminded him of a milk-stool running away with a Barn-yard."

"My friends," replied the Farmer, as a Hornet settled down on the back of his neck, "you are both wrong. In the first place, if the Jackal had kept to the woods the Clam would never have noticed his awkward Gait. In the second place, if the Clam had kept his Mouth shut the Jackal could have found no fault with his Grammar."

MORAL.

"In the third place," added the Hornet, as he carefully lifted the Farmer over the nearest brush, "if you had kept to your field no Hornet would have constructed an Orphan Asylum on the back of your neck."

ANNEX.

The time to quote philosophy is after the brickbats have done flying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dime Novels.

A young murderess in St. Louis confesses to have committed her dreadful crime under the inspiration of the vicious literature found in dime novels. She was poor but respectable. Her life became insupportable when contrasted with the good times which was ascribed to girls who ran away from home and lived in the gilded palaces of sin which the unfortunate imagine are asylums of refuge. This is a strange confession for a young woman to make, but there is reason to believe it is literally true. The country is flooded with vile publications calculated to lure from respectable paths the young and unsuspecting. The glamour of romance which they throw around youthful escapades robs the inconsiderate lawlessness of youth of all its repulsive features. The effect they have had upon boys, nearly every parent fully appreciates. But until the case of the young St. Louis woman was brought to light few supposed the corrupting influences of the alleged romances were undermining the restraints and decencies of girl-life. Hundreds of boys have been brought to shame by them. The young lives that have met with premature eclipse by the poison which the dime novel supplies are innumerable. Perhaps they will go on multiplying to the end of time, unless parental influence can meet the evil and supply an antidote. There is apparently no other way of counteracting the disease. There is law for the assassin and the common stabber, but none for the moral murderer, who spreads with invisible poison the spotless whiteness of young lives, even before they have grown out of infancy,—*Omaha Herald.*

Hiring a Substitute to Serve out a Sentence.

An extraordinary case was developed in the office of Chief Clerk Sparks, of the Court of General Sessions. In September, 1880, Sherman Reed was sentenced by Judge Cowin to the Penitentiary for three months for selling lottery-policy slips. Reed was sent to the Island, but in a day or two was brought down on a writ of habeas corpus, and pending an appeal was admitted to bail in $3,000. His bondsman was Oliver Blaber, a printer, of No. 112 William Street, who qualified on real and personal estate to the amount of $20,000. The decision was afterward confirmed, and the District Attorney informed the bondsman that the accused man must be surrendered. The surrender was made on a Monday morning. Officer Isaac Smith, of the Court of General Sessions, brought a man into Chief Clerk Sparks' office, and said that it was Reed, and, after the usual routine the man was ordered back to the custody of the Sheriff by Judge Gildersleeve, and he was taken to the Penitentiary. Chief Clerk Sparks this morning received word from the Sheriff that the man had confessed to Deputy-Warden Osborn that he was not Sherman Reed, but James McGinnis, of 281 Mulberry Street. McGinnis was taken before Judge Gildersleeve without delay. He said that he had been importuned by Blaber and other friends of Reed to personate Reed and serve out his imprisonment. He had finally consented to do so on receipt of $150. The money was dropped into his pocket by a "man with a red mustache," whose name he did not know, as he was being taken across the City Park to the Sheriff's office. McGinnis was committed to the Tombs on a charge of conspiracy, and proceedings will be taken against the other men implicated.—*New York Special to Cincinnati Commercial.*

—The New England Protective Association of Hotel, Boarding House and Restaurant Keepers had a convention in Boston to discuss the "dead-beat" and devise means of exterminating him. A report of the proceedings says: "Sad-faced women remarked that there was no place here or hereafter bad enough for the beat—forgetting boarding houses evidently; and irate men claimed that the wrongs inflicted on them by beats were harder to bear than the sufferings of the Pondas." Legislation on the subject was demanded.

—A cattle drover tells of an old Canadian farmer who keeps his money rolled around a broomstick. The other day when he bought some cattle of him he had nearly $3,000 in five-dollar bills thus preserved.

Quaint Epitaphs.

Of epitaphs remarkable for their play upon words a good specimen was furnished by Benjamin Franklin:

The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms; but the work shall not be wholly lost—for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more perfect edition, corrected and amended by the author. He was born January 6, 1706; died —, 17—.

A brother printer, under the impression that "the art preservative of arts" could furnish still better material out of which to compose an epitaph for one who was so skilful a craftsman, suggested the following as an alternative inscription:

Benjamin Franklin, the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all; and although the [illegible] of death has put a . to his existence, each § of his life has been without a].

The following epitaph of a watchmaker makes exhaustive use of trade phrases:

Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honor to his profession; integrity was the main-spring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life; humane, generous and liberal; his hand never stopped until he had relieved distress; so nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong except when set a-going by people who did not know *his* key; even then he was easily set aright again; he had the art of disposing of his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky movement put a period to his existence; he departed this life November 14, 1802, aged 57, wound up, in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired and set a-going in the world to come.

Here is an epitaph of an earlier date on a carpenter at Oakham, named John Spong (ob. 1736):

Who many a sturdy oak has laid along,
Felled by Death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong.
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And lived by railing, though he was no wit;
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And styles corrected, yet was no grammarian.
Long liv'd he Oakham's premier architect;
And, lasting as his fame, a tomb to erect
In vain we seek an artist such as he,
Whose pales and gates were for eternity.
So here he rests from all life's toils and follies—
Oh! spare, kind heaven, his fellow-lab'rer Hollies.

The following from Berkeley churchyard on Thomas Pierce (ob. 1655), relates to a self-made man, who was skilled in more than one branch of workmanship, and who was not without honor in his life from his fellow-townsmen:

Here lieth Thomas Pierce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brass and Silver wrought,
He Jacks and Clocks and Watches (with art) made,
And mended too when other's work did fade.
Of Berkeley five times Mayor this artist was;
And yet this Mayor, this artist, was but grasse.
When his own watch ran downe on the last day,
He that made watches had not made a key
To wind it up, but useless it must lie
Until he ri e again no more to die.

The shoemaker's trade, with such words as "awl," "sole" and "last" to play upon, has furnished some good epitaphs of this class; and the following blacksmith's epitaph has been thought so appropriate that it may be found in American and colonial as well as in English churchyards:

My sledge and Hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My Fire's extinguished; Forge decayed;
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent; my Iron's gone;
The last Nail's driven, my work is done.

An example of this epitaph may be found in Low Moor churchyard, on the tombstone of Christopher Barlow (1824). The earliest example is said to be found in Lincoln churchyard, where it is inscribed to the memory of David Fletcher, smith to this church (ob. 1744). A similar epitaph at St. Albans has the following additional lines, which are by no means an improvement:

My fire-dry corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, ascending to be blest,

While another at Chipping Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, is put into the third person and concludes:

His body here, clutched in the dust,
'Tis hoped his sont is with the just.

There is a curious epitaphial blunder on a tombstone at Monknewton, near Drogheda, erected by one Patrick Kelly, "in memory of his posterity!" There is an epitaph at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, on "the only surviving son" of Admiral Vernon. The following is from Llanymynech church-yard, Montgomeryshire:

Here lies John Thomas
And his children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
An one here.

More ludicrous than any of these is the inscription on a stone at Keel, in Montgomeryshire:

Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived he would have been buried here.

A companion blunder to that at Monknewton is found in the church-yard at Montrose, where lie the bodies of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, "and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwark!"—*New York Home Journal.*

Lighthouse Terrors.

If those on shore are awed by the terrible violence of the winds and waves during a tempest what must be the experiences of men who live in a building exposed to the full fury of the heavy ocean breakers? When we look at a lighthouse in calm weather, it is almost impossible to realize that the sea sometimes breaks over the lantern. Such is, however, frequently the case, and an instance of this occurred not long after the completion of the Bishop's Rock Light, which is erected on a rock beyond the Scilly Islands, far out in the Atlantic. One of the builders told of a heavy sea striking under the lantern and carrying away the fog-bell, which hung by a stout arm of iron nearly three inches square. A few years ago the lighthouse keepers on this rock were in a terrible predicament during a hurricane, the violence of which was described as being fearful. The lighthouse was struck by enormous waves in quick succession, each causing a noise like the discharge of a cannon, and making the massive stone building rock to and fro, so that every article fell away from its place. One fearful sea broke the great lens in several pieces, and another smashed the cylinders of the spare light, while sand from the bottom, thirty fathoms deep, was found heaped up on the lighthouse gallery. The power of these unbroken masses of water is so great that lately, at Wick, one of these shocks moved "a concrete block of four hundred tons built up in situ."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Religious.

THE FUTURE WILL MAKE FULL AMENDS.

Storm is not good; but when storms pass
And clouds are fled and airs grow mild
And waves plash softly one by one,
And weary earth, her conflict o'er,
Lies like a lovely sleeping child,
We feel a joy unknown before
In tree and flower and rain-washed grass,
A new significance in sun.

Pain is not sweet, but pain is best;
His cold hand has the magic keys
Which unlocks treasures to our eyes
Hidden in daily trivial things;
And common comfort, common ease,
Respite from common sufferings,
The morning's task, the evening's rest
Are to us riches past all price.

Life may be hard; but when life ends,
And all the hard things are gone by,
And every ache has been relieved,
And every tear is wiped away,
And softly on the ravished eye
Breaks the clear dawn of Heaven's day,
Joy shall for grief make such amends
That we shall wonder that we grieved,
—*Susan Coolidge, in N. Y. Independent.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

1882—FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 15—Power to Heal ..... Mark 1:29-45
Jan. 22—Power to Forgive ..... Mark 2: 1-17
Jan. 29—The Pharisees Answered. Mark 2:18-25
Feb. 5—Christ and His Disciples. Mark 3: 6-19
Feb. 12—Christ's Foes and Friends. Mark 3:20-35
Feb. 19—Parable of the Sower.... Mark 3: 1-20
Feb. 26—Growth of the Kingdom. Mark 4:21-34
Mar. 5—Christ Stilling the Tempest ..... Mark 4:35-41
Mar. 12—Power over Evil Spirits. Mark 5: 1-20
Mar 19—Power over Disease and Death ..... Mark 5:21-43
Mar. 26—Review, or Temperance Lesson.

"Having Done All, Stand!"

No verse in the Bible is more significant and suggestive than that in Luke which tells us of Jesus: "When the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

Imagination fills out these simple details; and we see the little company journeying on—the disciples, in childish ignorance soon to be enlightened, contending for the first places in the earthly kingdom so near and real to their dreams; walking with them, Jesus, alone, though in their midst, fed with meat they knew not of, the earnest, lofty face set steadfastly toward Jerusalem, the feet pressing unshrinkingly the road to certain agony and death. "As they went in the way," we read that He said to one who would have joined him "if,"——

"No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

Steadfastness may almost be deemed *the* virtue without which no other is possible. We often see natures rich with every quality but this; attractive, lovely, bright, with a genius that illuminates everything it touches, but lacking a persistent steadfastness. Such people have a talent for brilliant beginnings, their friends are constantly wrought up with great expectations; but they accomplish nothing, and finally fritter away even their own powers. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," has been life's verdict on many a modern Reuben.

Dogged obstinacy is not an altogether convenient trait in a child; but a mother may well rejoice in the little will so strong and determined, seeing in it the germ of a noble firmness that shall in after years, like a strong tower, withstand all assaults of fate and be a refuge for many.

It hardly needs Emerson to tell us that "the characteristic of heroism is its persistency." Looking back over history, we perceive steadfastness to be the heroic quality, that which makes a character, to all time, admirable in the world's eyes. The man who is "a mush of concession," a truckler and waverer, may win a kind of contemptuous, temporary popularity, but he soon goes to "his own place" in public esteem.

Wherefore, seeing we are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, shall we not strive to cultivate this heroic virtue of simple steadfastness. Once sure we are in the right, then to be steadfast—steadfast as the granite rock, against which the incoming waves, with sound and fury, dash themselves again and again, only to be repelled and shattered; steadfast as the mountain brook that sings,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever;"

steadfast as nature, whose suns rise and set, whose seasons wax and wane, no matter what commotions agitate the little world of men. A worthy purpose once formed, then go steadfastly on toward our chosen goal, no matter what lions threaten the forward path, no matter for outward opposition, difficulties, discouragements, no matter even for "the traitor in the heart," whispering self-doubt and despair. It is something when, in those inner dialogues known to every soul, one self can say to the other: "Yes, I know what you hint is largely true. The way is long, hard, steep. I am weak, and I journey alone. As you say, probably I shall fail at last; nevertheless, I shall go on."

When the path seems to end against a blank wall, and we come, perforce, to a stop, still one can, as Paul says, "Stand," and, "having done all, *stand*." Walls finally crumble before a determined steadfastness.

To often ponder the life of Him whose face was set so steadfastly toward the Jerusalem of His betrayal, agony, death, may vivify and strengthen our own weak steadfastness, and enable us to build better than we know or dream.—*P. Thorne, in Register.*

The Railroad Christian Association.

Cleveland is the center from which the work has sprung, although tentative efforts had been made in St. Albans, Vermont, as early as 1854, and in Canada in 1855; its success dates from 1872. Mr. Lang Sheaff became conspicuous in it at Cleveland; in 1877 Mr. E. D. Ingersoll was appointed Secretary of the Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Associations. So rapidly has this Christian enterprise grown, that in 1879 a convention of the Railway Young Men's Christian Associations was held at Altoona, Pennsylvania. There are now reading-rooms for railroad men at thirty-three railroad centers, of each of which a Secretary has charge. An aggregate of $30,000 is annually appropriated by the companies for this truly Christian labor. "Mr. Ingersoll," says a leading railway manager, "is indeed a busy man. Night and day he travels. To-day a railroad President wants him here; to-morrow a Manager summons him there. He is going like a shuttle back and forth through the country, weaving the web of the Railway Associations."

In Indianapolis twelve railroad companies aid in the support of this work of benevolence. "In Chicago the President of one of the leading roads, the General Superintendent of another, and other officials, have served and are serving actively on the Railway Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association." The stuff these men are made of may be seen from some of their reports to the Altoona Convention. One spoke thus: "About twelve years ago we organized in Stonington, Conn., a midnight prayer-meeting of railroad men. It was the hour before the starting of the steamboat night train. The first night one man was soundly converted, and continues to-day a living witness to the truth. After a while the meetings were suspended, and I heard nothing more about railroad meetings until Mr. Ingersoll, the Railroad Secretary of the International Committee, came down that way. I run a midnight train from Providence, and speak almost every Sunday, and many of our railroad men attend. I am forty-six years of age, and have been twenty-seven years on the road, and four years at sea. My engineer is a Christian man; I feel safe behind him." Are the passengers of the midnight train the worse off because the engineer and conductor are such men as these are? A Railroad Secretary who represented Indianapolis said: "A member of our Association was killed last week, and I was called on to bury him. It was a very sad duty. He was a Christian boy, and there are men here who have heard him pray. Going home from the funeral one of the boys, not a Christian, said: 'The Railroad Christian Association is doing more for our railroad men than anything else in the world.'"—*G. R. Crooks, in Harper's Magazine.*

Vera Cruz.

The city itself, compact and solid, with a line of domes and steeples blackened with time, roofs of substantial red tiles, plentiful balconies, and bits of wall tinted blue, green and pink, is like a little Venice. A large crane hangs out from the end of an iron pier, and the fancy hooks onto it at once—the terminus of the English railway which is to bear us away up the extraordinary slopes from the hot lands—the *tierras calientes*—to the mysterious interior and the capital.

In an existence of going on four hundred years Vera Cruz has arrived at a population of seventeen thousand. The interior view of the place does not belie the promise of the first glimpse. The churches are of irregular, picturesque shapes, with nice bells. The principal one, in a little shaded plaza, has a dome of colored mosaic tiles, which shine in the sun—a style we shall see plenty of farther on. The principal shops have a well-furnished air, especially in the branches of groceries and heavy hardware, and the custom-house square is stuffed to repletion with cotton bales, railroad iron and miscellaneous goods waiting transportation. The principal street is called De la Independencia, and leads to a short concrete promenade bordered with stone benches and palm-trees. It is early discovered that the Mexican is very patriotic. He names his streets after his battles, as particularly the Cinco de Mayo, fought at Puebla against the French, and even has a way of joining the names of his heroes to those of cities. Thus Puebla is Puebla de Zaragoza, commandant in the same great battle of the 5th of May; and Oaxaca is Oaxaca of (President) Juarez.

Grass grows in the joints of the stones in the minor streets, and open gutters run in the center. One might be in some such Italian city as Mantua. The *zopilotes* of which travelers have written sit on long, straight water-spouts projecting from the houses. They are large, raven black, dignified, and aloft there against the deep blue sky have an appearance of carved architectural ornaments. There are street-cleaning departments elsewhere which are far less ornamental, at any rate. Notices of a bull-fight for the coming Sunday are posted on the dead walls. A tranear of a peculiar pattern runs out to the open fields, where there is a dancing place and ball ground. There is a view, in passing, of the cemetery, which should be a leading institution indeed at Vera Cruz; and yet when one is on the ground, as is apt to be the case, there are mitigations to be found even of the terrors of yellow fever. Pall-bearers in gloomy weeds are naturally expected to form a considerable part of the population, just as murderers and kidnapers of all sorts are expected to abound elsewhere. But an American resident assured me that in four years he had known but one of our countrymen to die of the *vomito*, as it is called, and very few to have it. Its chief havoc is among the poor and badly nourished. The American Consul, himself a physician, and a resident of twelve years' standing, is strenuous in his views as to the harm done to the commercial interests of both countries by ignorance and misrepresentations on the subject. It is certain that the local authorities do not regard the disease as contagious, putting those afflicted side by side with surgical patients in the hospital; from which it seems that if the case were really looked into, there may be as little need of the annoying quarantine against yellow fever, at least of this variety, as if it were simple ague.—*W. H. Bishop, in Harper's Magazine.*

—For three months past robberies, attended with most cruel murders, have been of daily occurrence in Hungary. One reason is the increase of pauperism, but the chief cause is ascribed to the mild sentences passed by the courts of justice on crimes of violence. A few weeks ago, for instance, at Komorn, a woman who, because she wanted to marry a young man had killed her husband with a hatchet, was let off with only five years' imprisonment. The Pesth Court of Justice, too, has just sentenced a man who, after robbing a widow of her money, had murdered her, to no more than twelve years' imprisonment.

—A lady in Plumas County, California, has tamed a snake, which she takes delight in handling and caressing.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A TWILIGHT PASTORAL.

Katie takes the milking pail,
And to the meadow trips along;
The sunbeams slant along the vale,
And sweetly rings her milking-song:
"Heigho! heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindie, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
The meadows in the gold rain glisten,
The cricket stops his chirp to listen;
As o'er the grass the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

Colin hears the sweet voice call,
And sees the kine go lowing to her;
No call for him, and yet he goes,
Ah! twilight is the time to woo her;
"Heigho! heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindie, come Brownie,
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
So Colin leans upon the bars,
And wooeth Katie, till the stars
Shine through the bazo the twilight brings,
And still, upon the topmost spray,
The robin gaily sings.

The years they roll, the summers go,
The grass springs green, the waters flow,
And Katie gray, with Colin sitting,
He with his pipe, she with her knitting,
As twilight shadows, trooping throng,
Hears mother Katie's song:
"Heigho! heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindie, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls;"
And sees within the meadow fair,
Another Colin wooing there;
While from the vale the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

—*Century.*

TWO DAYS IN A BRASS KETTLE.

"Delphiny, yonr contrary-mindedness ez a wearin' me inter my grave, but if yer don't want to try on yer weddin' dress, you kin wear it a fittin' you good or had fur all me," said Mrs. Long, or the "Widder Sam," as she was called by the neighbors, regarding her pretty daughter ruefnlly over her silver-rimmed spectacles. "I never see a girl make sech a tinder about gettin' married, au' there ha'n't a likelier nor a genteeler man in the hull keounty then the elder" she continued excitedly.

"That's so," said Mrs. Sampson, the dressmaker, breaking her thread with the force of her conviction, "he ha'n't one o' them shiless kind that preaches fur pork 'n' taller candles, out er folkses sullars 'n the store, but jest sets up fur his pay in money like anybody else, and he gits it, tew," the widow went on. "Mis' Isril Baker don't git no chance to change the gospil fur a tuh o' soft soap when he's consarned, I tell you. He's got ez good a farm as there is in tha State, 'n' a frame house ez snug 'n' neat ez yaou please. He's a goin' to put up a front yard fence tew, come spring, ha tole me so the other day."

"But I detest the man, mother," said the slender, dark-eyed girl, whose brow wore anxious lines, but whose clear, brave eyes shone with a determined light which boded ill for the success of her mother's plans. "I have told you over and over again that I would never marry him. Still, if it will be any satisfaction to you, I will try on the dress."

"You're talkin' nonsense, Delphiny. You know ez well ez I dew thet the weddin' day ez fixed fur day after tewmorrer, 'n' tewmorrer the elder 's a comin' up with his friend Elder Knight. Miss Sampson hrought me word, by way of Seth Perkins. I can't say I'm sorry 't is so soon, mither, fur you ha'n't bin a consolin' darter tew me no way. The 'eademy edication 'at I gin you hez only set yeon up fore yeour folks, 'n' when I lay myself eout fur yeour own good, 'n' will thet yeon shell marry genteel 'n' intew the gospil, yeon go'n' get your mind sot on a yonng feller tbet ha'n't got nothin' but store clothes 'n' a sarcy 'n' a dreadful glib tongue to reckermend him. A kind o' furriner, tew, livin' away off in Canada, with the Lord only knows what kind 'ur a bringin' up. The elder said I did wrong when I harbered sich a character under my roof, fur idleness is the mother ev vice, 'n' he spent two bull months a doin' nothin' but huntin' and fishin' with a plenty of sly courtin' thrown in when my back was turned I 'spose proberable."

"The affections ken not altus be kept in eurb, Mis' Sam Long," remarked Miss Sampson, drawing down her long, thin face to accord with the sigh which heaved her sympathetic hosom.

"What is merridge without love?" she inquired, dramatically, with a pitying glance at the poor girl who looked so pale over the wedding finery.

"Cat'a foot about love," ejaculated the indignant widow, "I've hed two desp'rate good husbands myself, 'n' there was'nt nothin' so silly as bein' in love inter the bargain. Love ha'n't houses nor land nuther." And she tossed a handful of shreds which she had carefully plucked from the neat rag carpet, and hurled them energetically out of the window, as if she would thus dispose of this troublasome emotion for Delphine in particular and the world in general.

"It wouldn't make any difference if I had never seen Tom, mother, nothing would induce me to marry Elder Taylor if there wasn't another man in the world." And Delphine hastily removed the stone-colored silk gown which had been chosen by the united heads of her mother and three aunts as suitable for e preacher's bride, and left the room.

The wide kitchen door was open, overlooking sunny fields and the blue gloom of far-etretching pine woods. She stood there a few momenta with her hands clinched tightly together and with almost despairing eyes which were fixed on the road which wound beyond the fields like a brown thread into the hilly distance.

"O, why doesn't Tom comal" she said, half aloud. "He must have got my letter in time, or can it be he wasn't at home when the letter reached Stanford! I will not believe that he is the faithless, deceiving villian which mother and all the rest of the family declare him to be. O, no! something must have gone wrong, or he would certainly have been here by this time to save me from this dreadful marriage. What shall I do? I know the letter must have gone safely, for I did not intrust it to the care of our post-master, nor to the stage-driver, for they are both in league with my relatives. I walked five miles to post it myself, and saw it deposited in the mail-bag with my own eyes. What can he the meaning of this silence! Sometimes I think I shall go mad. But there is no time to be lost. If he does not come tonight I must go away. I must hide somewhere until the Elder shall have come and gone. But where shall I go! There isn't a neighbor who would dare to shelter me for fear of incurring my mother's displeasure or through awe of the Elder, and I haven't a single relative who isn't on the side of the enemy. I suppose I might exist for awhile in the woods. Better die of exposure than marry that dreadful man. But then Tom might make his appearance, and I must be near, near enough to see or hear him at the very first moment of his approach. Isn't there some nook in the barn where I might conceal myself! But"—Delphine's eyes stared about her as she spoke, and through the open door which led into what was called the back room, they fell upon a huge brass kettle which was suspended from the rafters overhead.

What a hiding place this would be! Surely the kettle was large enough to conceal a small body entirely from view, at least in a stooping position, and if the great iron nail which held it was driven into the beam firmly enough to bear her weight in addition to the kettle there was nothing more to be thought of. From her lofty perch she would be able to look down upon all the proceedings which her disappearance might occasion, witness all the comings and goings, hear much that was said, and what was better there was a view of the road through the great chink in the wall which was in a direct line with the ancient vessel, and she would be able to see the stage the moment it came in sight over the brow of Carter's hill.

There was no one about. Her mother was safely seated at her sewing in the sitting-room, and Barbary, the hired girl, was in the meadow picking cranberries. Delphine climbed upon a high bench which was placed along the wall, and from thence, by dint of considerable scambling, succeeded in making a trial of the brass kettle as a shelter.

It was stage night that evening, and with a feverish anxiety Delphine watched the approach of the lumbering old vehicle as it appeared over the brow of the hill. But Tom had not come. A lumberman in a red shirt going on to the bend, and an old lady, who, when the stage stopped at the post-office opposite didn't know where she was bound, were the only passengers it contained.

She retired early that night, but not to sleep. The household would be astir at an unusually early hour in the morning, for a rigorous baking was to usher in the day which was to bring the bridegroom. She counted the slow hours until the old kitchen clock struck three, then arose and made preparations for her sojourn in the brass kettle. She attired herself in the garments which had been prepared for her wedding journey, bonnet and all. That the family might suppose that she had sought a much more remote hiding-place she purloined a moderate supply of provisions from the pantry and stowed them away under the eaves, which were within reaching distance from her perch, then hearing a slight noise overhead, she climbed hastily into tha kettle and stowed herself carefully in its brassy depths.

Seth came down with his lighted lantern, and passed through the room on his way to the barn. Then she heard Barbary's newly-kindled fire crackle in the kitchen, and her mother's brisk voice in its usual high-pitched baking-day key. Delphine's heart beat rather loudly when Barbary came to peel her potatoes at the bench, over which she and the brass kettle were suspended.

"What's up this mornin' that breakfast is under way so airly! I'a'n't washin'-day nor bakin'-day ez fur's I ken kattiate," said Setb, appearing again with his lantern,

"We're a goin' tew bake thongh, ef 'ta'n't Wednesday nor Saturday. Sich things daw happen sometimes, 'specially when a hull baouse is upsot by a weddin'. Didn't you know, Seth Thompson, that to-morrow'a Delphiny's weddin' day!

"Wall, yis, but I shouldn't ha' s'posed that even that would ha' thrown Mis' Sam off the track, 'specially in her baouse-keepin' rules, for ef Mis' Sam ha'n't sot, she ha'n't nothin'. The elder does eat uncommon lively, though; preachin' ez wonderful lu givin' a fellera appetite, 'n' ef she a gone to her ten elders fer ter board for a day or so, I don't wonder she's sot up a bakin' ef 't was Sunday.

"I did think, Seth," whispered Barbary, with an uneasy glance toward the kitchen door, "I did think thet Delphiny wouldn't give in to her ma, baout marryin' tha Elder. Did you know how awful sot she was agin it? 'Pears tew me the gal acts kinder queer naow; tew resigned like all of a sudden. I shouldn't wonder of somethin's was a goin' to happen thet ha'n't looked fur," bighting a red apple with significant tightness.

"Sho!" exclaimed Seth, dropping his capacious pan, and opening his pale blue eyes to their widest extent. "I want to knaow!"

"Barbary, I wish you'd run up-stairs 'n' call Delphiny, she'd orter knaw enough to git up without bein' called this mornlu," but I ha'n't heard nothin' of her yit," said the sharp voice of the mistress of the house in the open doorway.

Barbary made an awful sign, which meant keep sllaut to Seth, and disappeared on her errand.

"She's up already," she reported, returning in a few moments. "Perhaps she came down the front way, 'n' ez a clearin' up the settin'-room, as 'twasn't put ter rights last night."

"Delphiny," called Mrs. Long lustily, "Delphiny, where be you? I warn't you to git breakfast."

But there was no response, and after repeated searching and calling, the lady finally decided that her daughter must have run over tew "Caroline's tew git the snow-drop table cover," which she promised to lend for the important occasion so near at hand.

Mrs. Long whisked into the kitchen, slamming the door after her. Barbary turned toward Seth, who was listlessly preparing food for a sick cow, and slowly, carefully opened her mouth.

"Ruther queer 't Delphiny should put on her travlin dress 'n' her best bunuet tew go over t' Aunt Caroline's to borrer a table kiver!"

"Sho! what a marster han' fur katllatin' you be, Barbara!"

"But you jist keep dark. Let Mis' Sam find eout herself, she 's bnound tew afore long, but I hope 't won't be till the pore girl gits well eout the way. I don' knowez I 'se ever 'spressed my 'phnion freely afore, but I ha'n't no doubt but thet there elder, plousity 'n' all, is a reglar old crockerdile. Miss Sam she's so masterful she runs on au idee, 't Delphiny wouldn't dare go agin her commarnds 'n' run away tew git rid of marryin' him. He may be klvered over with the gospel shell, hut for, there ha'n't no more gospel inside or him then there ez inside the skin or a puff ball."

"O Lordy," exclsimed Seth, aghast at such bold heresy.

"Well, there ha'n't no time to stan' here a talkin'. But there's fun ahead when the Elder gits along, you'd better believe." And the two went their separate ways, leaving the room, to Delphine's relief, quite empty.

An hour or so passed by, and she was still alone in the back room. Seth had harnessed old Dolly, and driven rapidly down the road toward the Corner. Aunt Caroline's small boy had rushed in breathlessly, bearing the snow-drop table-cloth, and Delphine knew hy the sounds that reached her ear, that her absence was occasioniug great alarm, and that her mother was somewhat excited, to say the least. Still it was evident that the haking was progressing, for the oven door creaked lucessantly, and there was a persistent whisklng of eggs and grating of nutmegs. But finally these sounds ceased. Seth drove hurriedly home again, and was anxiously interrogated at the door.

Then Barbary's pink sunbonnet careered wildly up the lane, tha harvesters were called in, and there was a great rushing to and fro.

But the door which opened into the kitchen, if left ajar, was immediately closed by the wind, so little or nothing of the conversation reached her ears.

At noon she saw the two Elders approeching the house in a lofty and ancient wagon drawn hy a solemn and angular horse. Elder Taylor, the expected bridegroom, wore a bran-new stove-pipe hat which outshone the sun, a solemnly elegant black broadcloth ault, which hung upon his long, lean figure like the garments of the most serene scare-crow that inhabited the grain-field below, and a speckless white cravat tied in a bow, whose like for size and precision waa naver seen in this region. His appearance seemed to astonish even the clear and placid atmosphere, for it immediately thickened and became filled with a sultry mist. His friend, Elder Knight, whose features and figure were both after the samo pattern, though less severe, hut even more angular, looked like his shabby and relenting ghost. Delphine concluded it was time to take a little refreshment, and reaching for a cookie ate it with composure.

"How does the Elder take it!" inquired Seth of Barbary when they met in Delphina's neighborhood, an hour or so afterward.

"He'e mad as a horalt. I heerd him a seyin' suthin under his breath, thet sounded pretty much like profanity, 'n' them gray eyes o' his flashed jest like a pane or glass with a candle sot behind it. I allers knowed that he hed a dretful temper. The other Elder up, 'n sez, ez of he wars in prayer-meetin', 'This ez a very solumn occasinn,' 'n' thet seemed to rile the bridegroom more and more. He says as how he's goin' to seek out that poor misguided giurl," imitating his tone to perfection, "'n' if she has been 'tlced away by thet ungodly 'n most worldly young man, Thomas Barrington, he will seize her from his pollutin' presence, 'n' bear her safe tew tha arms ov her distracted ma!"

"Mis' Sam is a leetle tew scairt to be so dretful mad, a'n't she!"

"Wall, yis, I a'pose she is purty ecairt, ehe'a got a mother's feelin's after all; hut, for'! nothin' ha'n't happened to Delphiny. She'e ahle tew take keer ov herself, ef ever a girl wuz. She'a jest hid away somewheres, sometimes I think she ha'n't so fur off, tell the elder gits himself off agin. P'r'aps she got word to thet other feller, 'n' he'e met her somewherea 'n' took her off to git married. The Lord only knows! Why don't the elder merry Mis' Sam, herself! It's plain t' be seen ea a meetin' haouse on a hill, thel et 's property he's after, 'n' though she ha'n't got quite 's much 'e Delphiny will hev, she's got a pooty big slice, I k n tell yaou."

"Dolly, would any feller dast to ask her?" inquired Seth, aghast at the very idea of such a trial.

"Lor', Eunus!" said Aunt Polly, whose round, rosy face, drawn down that it might bet er accord with trouble, looked l ke that of a homesick kitten, "nothin' dretful ha'n't happened to Delphiny. . he's only jest run away, that's all, she takes after her ma in being pretty masterful, 'n' when she said she wouldn't never merry the Elder, she meant it, 'n' I s'pose she thought thet wuz the only way to git eout of it."

"Right, Aunt Folly," Delphine came near saying aloud. But the sight of her mother's tears moved the girl. Tears were an out of character with the hard, worldly woman. She had never seen her weep before. "Poor motuer," she said to herself, "she must suffer to allow herself to exhibit what she would condemn as so much weakness in another. Perhaps I ought to marry the Elder, after all, since she has set her heart upon it to such an extent."

But, no, on a second thought, it was not her duty, it could not ba her duty, to eacrifice both herself and Tom because her mother's will ordained that it should be so. There was neither justice nor reason in it. Her mother would, herself, see the right some day. The Elder was uot only personally repulsive; but he was of a cold, hard, grasping natura, ignorant, bigoted, domineering. To live with him would be worse than death.

"I can't help being afeared that she's gone 'n' drowned herself in the river," replied this afflicted mother in subdued tones, "she's ez like her poor dead father ez tew peas in some ways, 'n' he was alwers kinder reckless 'n' desperate of things didn't go to suit him."

"Reckless and desperate, I should think," exclaimed Aunt Lolsy, the indignant sister of the deceased. "Some folks wouldu't wonder at some folks bein' kinder desperate. A husban' 's a dreatful reality, anyhow, 'n' a husban' you don't keer fur ez wuss. Pore girl! if she'd had a father she wouldn't ha' come to this."

The three other auuts were so startled by this outburat, that each dropped a stitch in her knitting work and drew a long breath and glared at the bold speaker in utter silence.

"What's the Elder a goin' t' dew!" questioned Aunt Jane after this very emphatic pause.

Delphine strained her ears to hear the reply to this direct question. It was just what she wished to inquire herself.

"He says it's his duty to find her in spite of everything, for, dear, if she ha'n't a'reddy, she should fall under the influourince of some unconverted 'n' ungodly person, 'n' stray eout or the fold ov the gospil 'n' the paths of peace."

Here Barbary's sniff echoed loud and distinct from some unseen corner. Mrs. Long started. The four aunts turned and fixed their eyes upon the "help" with severity.

"What if he can't find her!" queried Aunt Loisy, snapping her needles.

"The Elder's a terribla understandin' man, ez well's a good man," remarked Aunt Jane as if she had been contradicted, and with her stern gaze still fixed in the direction of Barbary, quite ignoring Aunt Lolsy.

"Hev you looked everywhere raound here?" came from Aunt Polly, who evidently feared open war was near, and was anxious to avert it.

"Yis, everywbere, they're searchin' in the woods now, I s'pose," sighed the widow dismally.

"But, lor'! she ha'n't there, I shouldn't wonder af she was merried to Tom Barrington afore this time," said Aunt Loisy with an aggressive pucker.

"Loisy Hutchinson, you never did hev no sense nor nothin' else," and Mrs. Long indignantly left the room.

The entrance of a neighbor prevented any comments being made on this sweeping accusation.

The neighbor was a wiry, inquisitive looking man, whose nose looked as if it been sharpened to a fine point by contact with other peoplea' affairs.

"Wall," said he, cheerfully, tilting his chair back against the wall and producing a knife from his pocket, which he drew backward and forward across the leg of his substantial boot, "et seems naow as ef Delphine wasn't uowhera. John Randall hez got back, 'n' he says the stage didn't take in no new passongers tell she got way down to Cold Stream. There ha'n't no strange team bin along the turnpike, nor t'other way acroat the bridge."

"I knowed aomethin' was a goin' to happen in this famerly," sighed Jane, "fur there wuz a windin' sheet in the candle night before las'."

"'N' Eunus sez the settin'-room fire, every time it's been lit on cool mornin'a this sumiuer, has been baound to hurn on one side entirely. There was no coaxin' of it to creep through t' t'other. That's allers a sign ov bad luck, you knaow, I've knaowd it to mean death," said Aunt Mary Ann.

The Elder and his friend did not return that night, and shortly after nine o'clock, though there was still a fight in the kitchen, the house became comparatively quiet. The slow hours wore toward morning. Once or twice Delphine let herself down from her lofty perch, and eased her cramped limbs by walking swiftly and noiselessly about the floor. But she dared not remain long out of the kettle, for a candle burned till morning in the kitchen window, and Seth, who was absent, probably still in active search, was likely to return at any time. She dared not sleep for fear that morning should steal upon her unawares, and sha he discovered with her unfortunate head out of the kettle.

Another lovely, summer-like day crept goldenly out of the autumn mist, and settled upon the rich harvest fields and the purple hills in the distance.

And sweet puffs of wind, bringing fragrant woodland odors of pungent herbs and balsams, blew in Delphine's face. There was a musical tinkle of cowbells in the air, the faint rustle of the raft-filled river, the swish of scythes in the ripened grain, and now and then the lazy roll of heavy farm wheels.

But all familiar sights and sounds seemed so strange to the poor girl from her strange hiding place. The day passed away much as yesterday had done. The neighbors came in to gossip and condole, to tell what was said at the store, what was suspected at the corner, and to give their opinions over and over again. She heard her mother's volee at intervals, now choked with weeping, now harsh with scolding. The aunts gathered round the saffron-hed in the back yard, just under the chink in the wall, spent a full hour in solemn conclave as to what would be done with her clothes in case she was never heard from more.

Barbary's significant sniff was of frequent occurrence. The Elder returned at noon, exceedingly ruffled in appearance, his smart clothing spattered with mud and covered with dust.

Late in the afternoon she heard her mother's quick, energetic step cross the floor and pause in the open doorway. For some moments she stood there quietly. Tha crickets were singing dismally under the rude plank floor. A pale amethystine mist had settled round the distant hills. The eun, which was near its setting, looked like e great crimson wheel through the thin floating haze. Presently another step came clipping the tall weeds outside, and the Elder's voice, thin, high-pitched, solemn, broke the stillness.

"Air yaon alone, Mis' Long! Ef yaon sir I'd like to speak with you. Sense to-day was fixed fur a weddin' day, 'n' hez sot all the folks a-talkin', don't you think we'd better hev a weddin' tewnight after all, 'n' give 'em somethin' more to talk about! Elder Knight is here already to perform the ceremony, 'n' ez there anything to hender yeou 'n' me hein' jined in the holy bond of matrimony—that is, in case you air willin'! I should ha' preferred her to yaon fur my wife in the first place, of course, but seein' ez you'd hed husbands already, 'n' wuz so well able fur tew stand alone in womanly dignity, I thought I'd give Delphiny a chance she——"

"O mercy," interrupted the widow, "do you think I'd hev tha heart tew git merried whilst I'm in the dark about my Delphiny! Wait tell I knaow what has become ov her, whuther she's dead or alive, heppy or sorrowful. I respec' yaour offer, but a mother ez a mother alwiz, Elder Taylor."

"I make no doubt but thet yaour daughter hez run away to jine with thet profligate young man thet stole like a serpint inter the bosom of this happy famerly last year. She chose her own path, 'n' she must walk in et. Why should you, the innocent, auffer fur the guilty? The unregenerate alwiz prefer the serolety of the unregenerate, you see she——"

Delphina heard no more of their edifying conversation, hut involuntarily uttered a little exclamation of delight, which, however, escaped the ears of the absorbed couple, for a well-known figure was driving at break-neck speed up the lane, and her release was at hand. In two minutes more Tom was standing before this startled pair, indignantly demanding of them what they had done with Delphine.

"O Lordy, ha'n't Delphiny with you, after all!" screamed Barbary, rushing in from the kitchen. "O, where kin the poor girl be! I've been consolin' myself all the while a thinkin' she wuz with you." And, for the first in her life almost, she burst into tears.

"Here I am, Barbary! here I am, Tom," spoke Delphine, cheerfully from the depths of the brass kettle. "And now if you only help me down I think all will be right."

"O yeou wicked, wicked girl, to scare yeour mother almost to death fur nothin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, but her reproaches did not continue, for Delphine had fainted, a little white heap in Tom's arms. Divining the whole story at once, he had sprung to her assistance, while the others stood transfixed with amazement.

"So my brave little girl managed to wait for ma after all," he said, when the color crept into her cheek again and she opened her eyes. "I was away from home when your letter reached Stanford, Delphine, but I have traveled every moment with a horrible fear that I might be too late, making my blood curdle all the way. You are certainly not marrie'd to the Elder!" with an awful glance at his would-be-rival.

She shook her head.

"I told you that I would never marry any one but you, Tom."

Then Delphine went up stairs to her own little room for a little rest, and Tom had a private interview with Delphine's mother, which must have been a successful one, for she appeared from it with a softened and smiling manner, and immediately went up to her daughter with the wedding dress on her arm, and bade her, at Tom's request, to array herself in it as speedily as possible.

And Tom sought the Elder with extended hand, and wished him joy after a most cordial friendly fashion.

As early lamplighting, as the hour was named announced among the relatives, there was a wedding in the Widow Long's parlor, a double wedding, which filled every one with surprise, and in spite of the lugubrious manner of the officiating Elder who pronounced the marriage ceremony, in the same warning tone with which he was wont to declare that the ark of safety was a sailin' by in prayer meetings, it was a merry one.

The elder bride, who was all smiles and tears like a young girl, declared that she was never so flustrated in her life—the findin' Delphiny, the Elder's proposal 'n' the weddin' and all was dretful sudden. The Elder swallowed all resentment and wore a noble smile upon his severe countenance, while the joy of the younger couple could not be suppressed. It sparkled in every look and tone, and excited the sympathy of all the guests. And in spite of past trials and hardships and the imprisonment of the brass kettle, there never was a prettier, rosier or fresher bride, though as doubtful Barbary declared, "she had taken all the weddin' look out of her dress by a sticken every one of the red roses off her mother'e monthly bnah inter her belt 'n' under her chin."

"Well, I shel find eout the meanlu' of that windin' sheet in the candle, 'n' thet fire's bein' so sot on burnin' on one side, sooner or later," sighed Aunt Loisy, as she climbed into the lofty wagon after the ceremony was over; "'n' whatever folks say et don't seem to me a purty or a proper thing for a young woman to hang herself up in a brass kettle, even ef 'twas tew keep herself from gettin' merried to the wrong one."

"Wouldn't yeou a died before you'd a merried the Elder, if you'd been in Eunus' place?" said Aunt Polly, meditatiugly.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

A Conscience-Stricken Animal.

A few years ago Dr. Schomburg, the Superintendent of the Botanic Garden of Adelaide, Australia, took charge of a select corps of monkeys and kangaroos, a "happy family," he might have called them, if it had not been for the depravity of an old babuina, or female Bhunder baboon. If she had not been the only representative of her species, he would have tried to get rid of her, for her only object in life seemed to be to make herself as disagreeable as possible. Solitary confinement made her wildly obstreperous, but in the family cage she kept the marsupials in a delirium of terror, and in the evening when her younger relatives ventured to enter the sleeping-box she seemed to consider herself divinely ordained to remove them by force. But one day she attacked her own keeper, and without any provocation lacerated his wrist in a shocking way. Schomburg at once ordered her to be shot. The next morning the assistant keeper approached her cage with a shot-gun, which had often been used to shoot rats that infested the menagerie-building. The other monkeys seemed to expect another razzia, but the Bhunder knew better. The moment she saw tho gun she made a dash into the sleeping-cage, and when the keeper tried to open the door she yelled as if she hoped to get off on a plea of insanity. Meaning to try her, the keeper waited till breakfast-time, but the babuina did not show herself. She kept out of sight a full hour, till the mess-boy brought an extra lunch of sliced pumkins, when she made a rush for the bucket in hopes of securing a portable piece. In that moment the keeper bolted the door of her sleeping-cage, and went back for his shot-gun. As soon as the babuina caught sight of him she flew toward her place of refuge, and, finding the door locked, made a mad attempt to squeeze herself through the interspaces of the front railing. But the bars proved inflexible, and, after another desperate pull at the sleeping-cage door, the babuina flung herself into a corner, closed her eyes, and was apparently dead with fear before the buckshot struck her. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

Courting by Telegraph.

During the last two years Miss Louise Elb and Miss Laura Jordan, telegraph operators, have worked together in the Western Union office at St. Joseph, Mo. Persons about the office who could not read the tickings of Miss Elb's instrument were puzzled frequently to see Miss Jordan put her hands to her ears. The very inquisitive, noticing that during the quick motions she shoved bits of cotton into the auricular channels, sometimes would ask if anything was wrong, but Miss Jordan would avoid the question. Not until two weeks ago, indeed, was light thrown upon the mysterious movements of the young woman and the smiling habits of her associate. Then it was revealed that Miss Elb is to be married shortly; that the young man in the case is John Martin, a Kansas City operator, and that the young couple have been making love by wire since 1879. In that year they agreed upon a cipher alphabet, by the use of which many tender sentiments were passed to and fro. Miss Jordan soon caught up the key, however; and, that she might not be in the way, kindly stopped her ears. The men in the office often wondered at Miss Elb's thoughtful silence and the happy smiles that completely mastered her as she sat at her operating desk, and now they know the secret they insist that she shall be married by wire, but, being a sensible girl, she prefers the hand-to-hand custom.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A High-Toned Porter.

A certain urbane resident of this city recently paid a visit to Butte, Montana. He stopped at one of the first-class hotels of Butte, and, in consideration of his standing here, he was given the "boss" room off the parlor on the ground floor. The next morning after his arrival he appeared at the door of the office without any too many clothes on, and, with a good deal of decision in his tone, informed the porter of the establishment that a pitcher of water was wanted in No. —, and then withdrew.

The porter was struck dumb for a moment, but, catching his breath, he exclaimed: "The blamed tenderfoot. A pitcher of water! Well, if he stays here long enough, he will find out that if he finds water in the barrel at the further end of the woodshed he will be doing a Moulton business. He must think that he is at the St. James in New York, or at the Grand Pacific in Chicago. As though a man would work up in this climate at twelve dollars a week and then pack water for such a looking specimen as that! A pitcher of water needed! I should not wonder. It will be needed a good while. What does he take me for? Does he think I am a fourteen-inch Cornish pump on the Alice, regulated at thirteen strokes a minute? Does he think I am a spring or well, or an abandoned shaft that is full of water? Does he regard me as the new water-works? Do I resemble Yosemite falls? Have I a Niagara profile? What ails the man? The idea that a man would come to a climate like this, and among such comforts as are lavished on people here, become so onery as to turn chambermaid and pack water for every duffer from the cow counties that strays off this way?" By this time the porter had worked himself into a fury and demanded to be shown the man that had insulted him by asking him to turn himself into a water-cart. Just then another gentleman, also from this city, mildly informed the irate porter that in the lower country, the gentryman who had called for water was a hotel-keeper himself; that, in fact, at home he ran two hotels.

"Two hotels!" thundered the porter; "two hotels; show him to me; show him to me just once, I will teach him that whatever he does in Salt Lake, he cannot run a hotel in Butte, a hotel! Why, confound him, he can't run one room up here."

The Salt Lake hotel-keeper left Butte by the first train. On the way down, in response to the question: "What do you think of Butte?" he immediately replied with a smile, "The town is most promising, and the people are exceedingly pleasant." But the first thing he ordered on his arrival here was a bath.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Men's Hats and Heads.

A man with a broad head at the back rarely has faith in a Creator. A long-headed man is close, smart, and far-seeing. Narrow at the temples denotes a miserly disposition. A lopsided head is that of a crank. A person whose forehead is broader than the back is dumb. Colonel John W. Forney never came to the store, but there was another gentleman who purchased his tiles here, and the hats fitted the Colonel exactly. When he wanted a new article he would send here, and it was no trouble to fit. He had a good head. Prof. Allen, of Girard College, has a remarkable head. He takes the same size hat as ex-Governor Curtin, although neither could wear the other's hat. Curtin's head is short and bulgy at the back, while the Professor's is long and slightly wider at the back than in front. The circumference of the heads of these two gentlemen is the same as was that of ex-President Martin Van Buren, yet the latter would have appeared odd with the hat of either of the persons named perched on his head. A small front and large back is the typical German head. The Philadelphia newspaper men have strange heads, and the most of these fellows are queer in their ideas. The boss politicians have good heads all through, and if it was not for offending them I would lay sketches of their craniums before the public. The largest hat I have seen recently is made for a monstrosity living at Burlington, N. J., and the hat held a bushel. This man's head is so big that he cannot carry it, and he is compelled to lie in bed nearly all the time. Men who require hats over "eight" size are not well balanced. The average size of heads is seven and one-eighth, but it is no credit to a man to have a small head, provided what is in it is distributed properly. You will observe that it is just as dangerous for a man to have too great a development of head as it is to have a too contracted one. The old saying of

"Big bend, little wit,
Little head, not a bit,"

is not a sound one, because I have the personal acquaintance of a gentleman well-known in this city, and who is the secretary and treasurer of a large manufacturing company, who requires only a six and a quarter hat, although he is a large man and his physical development otherwise is good. Notwithstanding the small head, this gentleman has one of the brightest minds in Philadelphia, and is a thorough-going business man. He is well known to the cotton and wool trade of this city. But there is this peculiar feature about it—a person whose head is very small or large is exceedingly vain, and has a good opinion of himself, in fact, much better than any other people have of him.—*A Hatter in Philadelphia Record.*

—There are many reasons why you can stock your farm more cheaply with sheep than any other animals. Less money will be needed for shelter and fencing. They will utilize every thing which grows on a farm, and, with the exception of hogs, the returns will come in sooner and oftener than with any farm stock. If your land is poor and needs enriching sheep will thrive where cows would need much extra feed, and at the same time they will be making the land better. Do not invest in poor stock. Better have a few good grades than a flock of poor, scrubby animals.

—The new postage stamps issued by by the English Government have appeared on matter recently received by mail. The Queen's head is in profile, and besides the denomination is printed around the head the legend "Postage and Inland revenue." The mystifying letters, which were at the four corners of the old stamps, are not included in the design.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rhode Island has a larger school income than any other State except Massachusetts.

—Three Congressional churches have been dedicated in Denver, Col., within six months; all free from debt.

—The corner stone of the new State and Normal School at Los Angelos, Cal., was recently laid with impressive ceremonies.

—Senator Sherman offers to donate ten acres of land in Mansfield, O., or forty acres in the suburbs, to Wittenberg College, provided it will settle thereon.

Pittsburgh has increased the salaries of those teachers receiving under $50 a month 15 per cent. Those who have been receiving $50 and over are to have an increase of 10 per cent.

—The pastorate of Calvary Church, New York, with its income of $12,000 a year, has been declined by Rev. Canon Carmichael, of Hamilton, Canada, to whom it was offered recently.

—The Gustav Adolf Verein, a society in Germany which assists in the building of Protestant churches in Catholic countries, last year received $190,000 and built twenty-two churches and six parsonages.

—The Indian Presbytery, at its recent meeting in Lennox, in the Choctaw Nation licensed one of the elders in the church at that place to preach. He is said to have studied two years, and to be a man of promise.

—From March 1 to December 1 missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union in the North Western Department established 492 new Sunday-schools, having a membership of 2,076 teachers and 17,268 scholars.

—Professor Phelps thus raps the crying clergyman: "Tears are sometimes nothing but a nervous luxury. In a public speaker tears are an infirmity to be got rid of, never a gift to be vain of." His advice to weeping clergymen is excellent: "Use tonics; study mathematics; take the fresh air; take the saddle."

—Great interest is felt in Chicago in the establishment of free Kindergartens for the children of the poorer classes. Five or six of these are already in operation in quarters where there is most need of them. Mrs. E. W. Blatchford is the leader in this work. She has sustained one of these schools at her own expense for several years past.

—The members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States during the past year gave $7,311,784 for its support, an increase of $298,032 over their gifts of last year. It has sixty-five Bishops, 3,401 clergymen, and 3,035 parishes, and 344,580 communicants, an average of one clergyman to each 102 communicants. The baptisms during the year have shown a decrease of 3,000.

—President Porter, of Yale, takes occasion to declare that in the instruction department of the college no religious tests are applied. It is not even demanded that instructors shall formally express a faith in God or shall use any religious influences. "But we do require," he says, "that no influences or instructions in any unchristian direction shall be allowed, whether directly or indirectly, and we expect that the public will hold us severely to this as our duty."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A half loaf is better than a whole loafer.—*Whitehall Times.*

—There are people who will buy anything on sight if they can be allowed to pay for it on time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A new law in Kansas forbids marriage within six months after divorce. It is believed that this law was passed for the benefit of insane people.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Mamie," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the——" "Yes, I catch on," said she.—*Puck.*

—A New York tourist who ate an alligator beefsteak in Florida didn't get the taste out of his mouth until he had eaten half a peck of onions and four dozen herrings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Chicago woman wrote to her friends in Boston that "she lived in Hide Park." When they came out to visit her they found the artless thing out at the Stock Yards.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—"The truth always pays in the end" is an old saying, and that is the reason, probably, why there is so little of it told at the beginning of any business transaction.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Christmas poem by our pickled poet: Pated familias, daughter, Lamb to the slaughter; a seal skin he bought 'er; He did what he ought er. Sing.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The continued mild weather, and no water pipes frozen, comes in rather badly. The plumbers have started a newspaper, and have no revenue to support it. Caught in their own "trap." Ha, ha.—*New Haven Register.*

—A lady remonstrated with a green girl who had washed a table-dish in a wash-basin. She nearly convulsed the whole family by replying: "Well, muin, but I clanes the basin agin afore anybody washes in it."—*Le Roy Times.*

—What Dr. Holland says about poverty being such a good thing for a young man is well enough if not carried too far. It should always be remembered that this is one of the glorious countries where it is easy to get too much of a good thing.—*Buffalo Express.*

—"Which had you rather have sonny," said a fond father, coaching up his oldest for Christmas, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress or Baxter's Saint's Rest?" "Gimme a sled an' a pair o' club skates and I'll knock the stuffin' outen all the book-worms in the block."—*New Haven Register.*

—Mabel is Sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song Says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be Giving herself Dead Away. He is Not Waiting for her in the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a bobtail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull out or Stand in on a Bluff. Mabel would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to Sing take Back the Hand which thou Gavest.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

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SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1882.

The Baltimore *Times*, which began life January 1, with a great flourish of prospectuses, has ceased to exist.

Mr. Wm. B. Green, editor of the *Montgomerian*, of Rockville, Md., has been appointed clerk to the House committee on accounts, of which Representative Urner is chairman. The *Montgomerian* is an independent paper, and supported Mr. Urner for Congress.

It is to be hoped that the Guiteau case will be given to the jury this week. Judge Cox has decided not to allow the prisoner to address the jury on his own behalf because of a well founded belief that he would abuse the privilege. He will, however, permit his counsel to read anything from his manuscript that they may deem appropriate.

Among the "on dits" in connection with the Guiteau trial is the prediction that Juryman Bright will "hang the jury" on the ground that Guiteau is insane. Mr. Bright's father was for some years an inmate of the Government Asylum for the Insane here, and died in that institution. The same authority avers that the son has always been considered by his intimates a "very peculiar man."

A very serious collision took place on the Hudson River Road, last Friday, near Spuyten Duyvil Junction, between the Albany express and the Tarrytown special. The stoves and lamps in the cars were upset, and ignited the wood and upholstery. Quite a number of passengers were killed or roasted to death, among them Senator Wagner (the inventor of the Wagner palace car), and a large number more or less severely injured. The Albany train was crowded with passengers.

Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, with the assistance of the new city administration in Baltimore, is giving the ring Democrats and bossism in general a bad scare. The Democratic ring in Maryland, and particularly in its operations in Baltimore, has been about as bad as could be. For years the most outrageous frauds have been committed at the elections, and it has never been possible to get any one adequately punished. Governor Hamilton voiced the better sentiment of the State in denouncing ring methods and demanding important reforms some time ago, and among the first results was the election of an anti-ring Mayor in Baltimore. The fight will be continued in the Legislature now in session and the Democrats of the State whose judgment has not been blinded know very well that if the ring isn't destroyed Democratic ascendancy in Maryland will be.—*Phila. Times.*

The Hagerstown *Mail*, Geo. Hamilton's organ, commenting on the comptroller's report, says: "We have examined it, and with pain and mortification at some of its statements. It is too bad that we should have such an exposition of our State finances at the very outset of our efforts this session for reform." Speaking of the registration bill, it says: "We wish to impress upon the minds of our lawmakers, however, that no sham or even half measure will do. The law must be thorough, clear and comprehensive, and must fully meet the evils to be remedied. This is what the people want, and they will not be satisfied with anything less." With regard to the organization of the Legislature it says: "The committees of the Senate are constituted against reform, against investigation of fraud, against the correction of abuses." The committee on executive nominations, it intimates, has been "constituted with a view to embarrass the Governor, but we mistake the Governor if such treatment will have any effect upon him." It concludes its article on organization by saying: "Thus it goes! All hopes for relief and reform from the Legislature are rapidly vanishing, whilst the life of the Democratic party in Maryland hangs upon a faithful fulfillment of them. Let all true Democrats, however, stand by their colors, and victory will come in the end."

The Governor's Recommendations.

In order to present in a clear and concise way the many recommendations which Gov. Hamilton makes in his message to the present Legislature a summary of his points is given below. The Governor makes about forty distinct recommendations. In addition to giving his general views on the financial policy of the State looking to the maintainance of the inviolability of the sinking fund, to the practice of "trenchant economy" by the Legislature and management to avoid a treasury deficit, now said to be impending, the Governor makes the following suggestions:

To reduce the number of tax collectors in the State from 84 to 24.

To make tax collector's defalcation a criminal offense.

To appoint a non-paid commission to revise the tax collection system and to report to the next General Assembly.

To reduce the fish commissioners from two to one.

To stop paying the secretary of the Senate $1,000 a year for recording vital statistics.

To abolish the office of superintendent of the House of Correction telegraph, though no salary is paid.

To abolish the office of tax commissioner and salary of $2,500, with $800 traveling expenses.

To abolish the office of insurance commissioner, who is paid by fees.

To abolish the office of commissioner of the land office (salary $1,500) and restore the records to the custody of the clerk of the Court of Appeals.

To abolish the weighers of grain and hay and lease the scales.

To reduce legislative expenses and the number of employes.

To stop paying extra compensation to clerks and employes.

To have all bills, &c., perfected and signed by the Executive and officers of the Legislature before adjournment.

To economize in the matter of printing.

To repeal the act authorizing the publication of laws in newspapers.

To dissolve the oyster navy, sell the old steamer, or substitute for it a swift tug or from four to six steamers, and sell or transfer the eight sloops to the counties interested in protecting their own oyster preserves.

For a Maryland and Virginia oyster law for Potomac river.

To modify the Maryland oyster dredging and tonging laws.

To put a stamp tax, per gallon or bushel, on Maryland dredged oysters.

To abolish the present compulsory feature of Maryland tobacco inspection by State officers.

To reduce the number of directors of the House of Correction from 18 to 6 or 7, to serve for two years and be appointed by the Governor.

To secure an equitable distribution of taxes between mortgage debt and real estate.

To stop the contingent fund of the Executive and make instead specific appropriations.

For new registration and election laws.

To legalize primary elections.

For more perfect provisions to count the votes in elections.

To prevent and punish election bribery.

To punish lobbying.

To elect the State treasury by the people.

To give the appointment of police commissioners to the Governor.

To take away all appointing power from the Legislature.

To deprive the judiciary of all appointing power.

To abolish the "dual or tripartite" appointing power of the Governor, Comptroller and Treasurer, as now practiced by them in the boards of public works and State fishery force.

To revise the Chesapeake and Ohio canal repair loan act of 1878, so as to define more certainly the objects of this loan, or to prohibit the further issue of bonds under it.

Requiring town, city and county authorities to report their indebtedness to the Governor.

To extend the veto power of the Governor to distinct and independent items of expenditure in any appropriation bill.

To make it the official duty of the secretary of State to attend to all matters connected with correspondence with foreign and sister States respecting inquiries about our industries, productions, resources, &c.

Authorizing an unpaid commission to give this subject some special attention.

The Spider and the Fly.

The managers who want to defeat the Police bill have during the last two or three days made advances to the Republicans. The proposition has been made that if the Republicans of the House vote for the message on the printing contract, as passed by the Senate, and also vote against the Police bill, the managers would allow them to name one member of the Police Board; or, if that is not satisfactory, that another bill will be presented providing for minority representation. One prominent Republican, in speaking of this proposition, said yesterday: "We have been told that there was no use fighting against the Printing bill. Mr. Colton will do the printing, no matter who gets it, and it therefore behooves us to make the best terms we possibly can for our side. The proposition has been made that if we vote to concur in the Senate message, and then vote against Mayor Whyte's Police bill, the opponents of the bill are willing to accord to us a representation on the Police Board by giving us one member of the three." These promises are easily made, but there is no likelihood that they can be fulfilled. It is to be feared that if the Republicans will lend themselves to carry out such a scheme, the managers after receiving all the Republicans could offer, would leave them in the lurch. The strangest part of the proposition is that it requires the Republicans to meet all their obligations to the managers before the latter are called upon to discharge any of the provisions of the contract. It seems to be the old story of the spider and the fly.

The Republicans, however, have the right, and it is their duty to demand minority representation on the Police Board. The safest way to do this is to amend the Police bill by inserting the names of two Republicans in place of the two Democrats to be named in the bill. If the managers will antagonize the bill, the Whyte men, in order to pass the bill, will make this concession to the Republicans, who will then be sure of their achievement, and will not be under the necessity of awaiting the favors of the managers.—*Sunday American.*

Maryland Legislative Reform.

There can be little doubt that the Legislative session of 1882 is destined to be a notable and memorable one in many respects. Although the session is still but ten days old, much of significance and importance has already been developed, and the political womb is plainly big with events of more than ordinary interest.

Even to those who have not made a study of State politics, it must be plain that the Democratic party of Maryland is no longer what it seemed a year ago—a solid and invincible organization far above the danger of defeat or the fear of dissolution. The same thing can by no means be said to-day.

Within the last few months, from one cause or another, from ambitious struggles within, as well as persevering assaults from without, the solid phalanx has been more or less broken, until now it stands at bay engaged in a desperate battle with its Republican enemies, and the still more dangerous foes of its own household.

Even the most sanguine Democrats will scarcely deny that the situation of the regular organization is a critical one, and that it will need wise and careful leaders to conduct it safely back to popular favor. Upon the spirit it shall display, and the measures it may adopt during the present session, will depend the question of its continued supremacy in the State.

The reforms already adopted are good as far as they go, but the Democratic leaders should not deceive themselves with the idea that the people of Maryland are to be tricked by any mere superficial purification, or that the removal of a few legislative employees, and the reform of a few minor abuses, will satisfy the popular demands. It will not do for them to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; to put out a door-keeper or two, and refuse to gratify the universal desire for a new and clean system of registration. There must be no whited sepulchre business about these reforms; they must be honest and thorough, if they are to satisfy public sentiment.

We earnestly trust that these hopes will not be shattered by the conduct of the Democratic majority in the Legislature. Willing reform is better than violent revolution. But we fear that the Democratic party of Maryland will have to change something else than the clerks of the two Houses before it will be in a condition to carry out faithfully the wishes of the people of the State.

It must get rid of the bad counsellors and leaders who have gotten control of its organization—the small cliques of corrupt officials, who direct its course and parcel out its patronage—before it can hope to redeem in their integrity the copious promises it has made.—*Ex.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—It is understood that there is now being organized in Washington by certain well-known gentleman from North Carolina a movement looking to a coalition of disaffected Democrats with the Republicans for the purpose of defeating the regular Democratic organization, and, so to speak, Mahonelzing the State, thereby securing an independent element in congressional districts that are largely anti-prohibition, which will result in displacing certain Democratic Congressmen and securing also a United States Senator next winter when the Legislature meets. That there is a movement of that kind on hand does not seem to admit of a doubt. Several of the gentlemen interested in it are here, and certain conferences are reported to have been held with the President and others high in authority. The whole matter is attracting much attraction here among leading politicians of both parties, as some such movement has been anticipated ever since the Virginia election.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1882.

Congress is a good deal puzzled and bothered with the Mormon question, which is forced upon the attention of that body by the contest for the seat of Delegate from Utah. There is no politics in the contest as both claimants are Democrats; but the Territory, like some other Democratic localities, needs reorganizing. The proposition which has been made to divide it up and attach the parts to adjoining States and Territories is a good one, and one that would break the power of Mormondom, for they would then be in a minority in each of the States and amenable to their laws. Congress has been slow to take notice of the institution of polygamy, but now that the question is brought where it must be met, and now that the Republican party is in control there is reason to hope that Mormonism is doomed. It was one of the original pledges of the party to uproot this "twin-relict" with that of slavery. The points at issue in the election contest deserve to be clearly understood: Cannon, a confessed polygamist, undoubtedly received a majority at the election. Campbell, who contests the seat, received a small minority only. Campbell's friends claimed the seat for him on the ground that he was the only person voted for who was capable of sitting. Governor Murray's certificate was so worded as to give a color to that claim. But the House sensibly decided that both the cases of Campbell and Cannon must be referred to the Committee on Elections, which will report all the facts to the House.

It is evident from the tone of the debate so far, that the House does not mean to admit Cannon; but to refuse the seat to him will not necessarily entitle Campbell to it, and sound lawyers on both sides doubt the right or the propriety of Congress seating a man who received only a small minority of votes. They believe that this would be to set a mischievous precedent; that so long as the people of Utah are allowed to vote for Delegates in Congress only that person who receives a majority of the votes is entitled to claim a seat; but that the House, as the judge of the election and qualifications of its members, may refuse for cause to admit the claimant, and thus say to the voters of Utah that they have sent an unfit person and must try again. For a number of years they sent as their Delegate Mr. Hooper, who was not a polygamist. The fanatical part of the Mormon priesthood on several occasions urged Brigham Young to either oblige Hooper to become a polygamist or allow them to send a Delegates who had several wives. Young for years resisted these demands, saying: "Leave brother Hooper alone. He serves us very well in Washington, and if he does not want more wives than one that is his business." But the fanatics at last succeeded, and Hooper retired to make way for Cannon. The latter has already served in three Congresses, nearly always having from one to three wives here with him, and he probably thinks it is rather late to raise that objection. Another point is that there is serious doubt whether he is a citizen of the United States.

It is hoped that by the time this letter is in print the Guiteau trial will be ended and the assassin under sentence of death. The closing arguments are now in progress. In an interview at the jail the other day with Mr. Reed, one of his counsel, the assassin proposed in all seriousness that after the jury had acquitted him he should take the lecture-field. He declares that in a year he would have $50,000, and would pay his counsel handsomely. Mr. Reed said: "Suppose now that the jury should find you guilty, and the judge sentence you to be executed. Have you thought of that?" Guiteau said he had not, but the Lord would be with him; the Lord would go right upon the gallows and stand beside him through it all.

Within the last few days political developments in Washington in regard to North Carolina point to a dis-integration of the Bourbon Democracy of that State. Within the past forty-eight hours Charles Price, former Speaker of the lower house of the legislature at Raleigh, and Col. W. P. Johnson, who made the race against Vance in 1862, have announced their separation, final and forever, from the Democrats, and their deliberate purpose to co-operate in the future with the Republicans of North Carolina, as do Mahone, Riddleberger and others with the Republicans of Virginia.

JUNIUS.

Fifty leather straps, each a foot long, two inches wide, and very thin, have been purchased by the Port Huron (Mich.) Board of Education for use in punishing pupils in the schools.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The pecan crop of Texas this year is valued at $2,000,000.

The color line has extended into Canada. Two citizens of Toronto were refused admittance to the skating rink because of their color.

The courts of San Francisco granted 364 decrees of divorce during the year just closed, a proportion to the inhabitants of the city vastly larger than even New England tolerates.

Henry C. Spaulding, whose name was made familiar in connection with glue, but who got none of the millions made out of it, was lately arrested at New Albany, Ind., for drunkenness.

There was so much drunkenness in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the Christmas holiday that the city council passed a special ordinance forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors on New Year's Day.

Hens scratched up a woman's garden at Pawtucket, and she poisoned them. To her horror, she saw the owner plucking them next day for the market, and her conscience gave her no peace till she had bought the lot at a price far above the butcher's offer.

Potter county, in Pennsylvania, is the scene of a novel elopement case, in which a middle aged woman, who is alleged to have two husbands living, induced a fourteen-year old school-boy to run away with her. They have so far been successful in concealing their place of abode, although diligent search has been made for them by the parents of the boy.

The German steamer Neckar, at New York, brought eight giraffes, three Nubian cattle, one white buffalo, two giant ostriches, one white llama, one Peruvian guanaco, two large billed birds, and various other zoological and ornithological attractions, on consignment to Barnum. They bore the voyage well, and have been transferred to winter quarters at Bridgeport, Ct.

Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, in his recent inaugural message declared that the "president or managers of a successful factory ought to be more highly appreciated by the people of the South than any public functionary in the land." The New Orleans *Times* pronounces Gov. Lowry's utterances "noble words, and fairly representative of the ideas that thrill the heart of the new South."

It is stated that a farmer at Lynn, Indiana, received a letter a few days since, without a date or signature, in which two small-pox scabs were enclosed. The letter was postmarked Cincinnati, and read: "I have sent you the small-pox. Go home and die." The letter was immediately burned, and the only clew to the perpetrator was thus destroyed; but the best detectives in the country will be set to work on the case.

As part of the mourning for the Empress and co-Regent, who died in April, the Chinese were forbidden to shave for a month. At Foochow the mayor, finding that the order was disregarded, made a raid on the barber shops, and sixty culprits found there were fined, severely bastinadoed, and had their shaven heads painted bright blue—the color for mourning there—and nicely varnished. They further had to present themselves weekly for fresh coats of paint and varnish while the mourning lasted.

Dennie Dunlap was a three-card-monte man attached to a circus. A greenhorn whom he had swindled out of $200, at Assumption, La., complained to a justice, who not only issued a warrant, but went to the tent to serve it. Dennie was operating on another victim, and he quietly offered the justice $20 not to interrupt him for ten minutes. This proposition was declined. Then the gambler angrily drew a revolver; but the judge fired quickest, killing him instantly, and coolly recovering the $200 from his pocket. The gambling privilege of that circus is now for sale.

A Leper Village.

A writer in the Cornhill *Magazine* describes a visit to a Chinese leper village near Canton. He says:

"It is situated about two miles and a-half from the suburbs of Canton, on a slight eminence, in the midst of cultivated fields, and accomodates between four and five hundred lepers, with their children born in the asylum. All persons recognized or declared by the authorities to be lepers are sent to these asylums, of which there are three in the neighborhood of Canton. Neither husband, wife nor children are allowed to accompany the leper to the asylum, but they are allowed to choose themselves new conjugal mates from the inmates of the same. The children born from these unions remain in the village. I saw of them a great number, varying from the age of infancy to twenty-five years, and, in fact, judging from the great number of sound people in the establishment, the offspring would seem to be as numerous as the legitimate occupants of the place. Only one leper admitted he was the son of another leper then in the place. As a rule they try to conceal their descent from diseased parents.

"The village itself forms a rectangle, surrounded by a brick wall, twelve feet high with a gate which is closed every night. The following description may give you an idea of its inner arrangement. A street fourteen feet wide (wider than any street in Canton) leads from the gate straight up to the temple or josshouse. From this street branch out at right angles on each side about fourteen narrow lanes, three feet and a-half wide, each two separated by one single low building partitioned again by a wall along its whole length and crossways by twelve to fourteen cross-walls, so as to form twenty-four narrow departments. In these small holes that whole mass of population is stowed away every night. Of course, I cannot speak with praise of its state of cleanliness—quite the reverse. During the day the gates are open, and the leaders roam about at liberty, to beg through the streets of Canton. They receive beside a small daily allowance from the government, and the monopoly of the trade coir rope making, by which they earn something in addition. The lepers leave the village in the daytime at pleasure, and their friends enter as freely to visit them, circumstances which go far to demonstrate the popular opinion that the contagion is not volatile or diffusible, or that it requires prolonged actual contact to communicate itself from one person to another.

We had taken the precautionary measure to send a message to the village on the day previous that we were coming to distribute alms among them. In consequence of this the greatest portion of the lepers stayed at home that day, and I had an opportunity of examining a great number. As a result of his investigation of cases Dr. Hillebrand satisfies himself that there exist in Chinese leprosy three distinct varieties—the tubercular form, the erysspelatous, and the simply practice or paralytic. The latter form is often accompanied with inveterate psoriasis; and he had frequently seen this type of disease in the Hawaiian islands, but had not previously recognized it is leprous.

The Senate of Maryland has voted down a proposition from Montgomery county to reduce the fee for marriage licenses in this State. Four dollars and a-half is the charge authorized by law, of which fifty cents is the clerk's fee. The sum total is properly regarded as an exorbitant charge when it is considered that many young people about to marry are very poor in money and need all they have. It is not altogether fair to say that in such cases they ought not to marry at all. The poor have a right to marry as well as those who are better off. On the borders adjoining States where the license fee is small a large proportion of the marriages are performed "over the line." This is notably the case with respect to Montgomery county and Prince George's, adjoining the District of Columbia. Repented efforts have been made from time to time to secure a reduction of this fee, but the mistaken idea of legislators that it would hurt the revenues of the State has been stronger than the dictates of a sound public policy. Notwithstanding the recent action of the State Senate petitions continue to be presented in favor of the change, one of which was presented by Dr. Bishop from the citizens of Worcester county. As opposed to the sound principle of encouraging matrimony, a petty revenue of this kind should not be weighed one moment.

A man in St. Louis sat watching stone masons laying a cellar wall, when he suddenly arose, approached one of them, aimed a pistol at him, and shot him dead. Pointing his pistol at the other workmen, he said: "If you do not stand still I will shoot you, too." He then walked leasurely away and was arrested a few blocks distant. The defence was insanity. There was no proof of hereditary insanity, nor much of previous mental disease, but the lawyer for the accused argued that the lack of any motive for the shooting, the defiant publicity of the act, and the total heedlessness of consequences shown, also that the fact that the accused gave various contradictory and absurd accounts of his reasons for the deed, showed insanity. But the court held that these are not sufficient grounds. The law presumes every person to be sane; if any one is not so, this must be proved. It cannot be inferred from the extraordinary malice, wickedness, recklessness, or uselessness of the act, nor from abnormal insensibility to consequences.

The Pennsylvania Republican State committee has fixed upon May 10 as the day for holding the gubernatorial convention. Several members of the committee strenuously urged a later date, but the managers determined on an early day in order to head off any revolt that may be contemplated. The Philadelphia *Press* claims that the time fixed is a mistake, but thinks the time is ample provided there shall not be an attempt on the part of county committees to deny full opportunity for a free expression. It calls upon the people to demand and insist upon the right of a popular election of delegates.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Rev. Tasker has closed his meeting at Aurora and is now holding one at Stemple Ridge.

—Major Alderson and others, of West Virginia, will immediately erect a planing mill at Mountain Lake Park.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—Married, at Hileman Ridge, this county, Jan. 12th, 1882, by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, Mr. Joseph Hileman and Miss Alcinda Wass, both of Garrett county.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Mr. Hugh Moore, residing near Oakland, has lost three children within the last two weeks from diphtheria. Another of his three remaining children is not expected to recover.

—Married, at Oakland, Md., Jan. 15th, 1882, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. Truman Miller and Miss Susie A. Gauer, all of Oakland, Md. Friend Truman and his fair bride have our sincere wish for their success and happiness.

—Mrs. Hiram Tasker, who has been teaching a class in vocal and instrumental music here, proposes to give a musical concert some time in next month. Mrs. T. is a thorough musician and no doubt the concert will be excellent.—*Tucker Pioneer.*

—The case of the State vs. Michael Flanagan, charged with manslaughter in killing Col. Hanson Brown near Lonaconing on the 9th of last August, was taken up in the Allegany County Court Tuesday, States Attorney Sloan appearing for the State and Price and Willison for the traverser.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church — Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except, the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, resident dentist at Westernport, Md., will be in Oakland Jan. 24th, and remain one week. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending January 18:

Geo. Schley et. al., to Moses Wensel, part of military lot No. 2553; $120.

James P. Erskine and wife to A. D. Huggins, military lot No 2028; $1.

Norman Barnard et. al., to John B. King, 4-7 interest of military lot No. 4045; $400.

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, trustee, to Reuben Enlow, lots Nos. 1576 and 1577; $525.

Small-Pox in Cumberland.

One bad case of small-pox was discovered in Cumberland Monday, which appears to have been brought there about two weeks ago by a man from McKeesport. The case is in an isolated portion of the city, but in order to prevent a panic similiar to that which occurred in 1875, the City Council met Monday, and called in the attendance of the city physicians. A committee was appointed to prepare an ordinance to enforce vaccination, and Dr. Thomas Healy was sent to Baltimore to procure a large supply of vaccine virus for immediate use, and to arrange for a sufficient supply to vaccinate the whole city. In 1875 thirty deaths occurred from this disease out of one hundred and seventy-five cases.

Hymeneal.

St. Peter's Catholic Church Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, was the scene of an interesting matrimonial event. The contracting parties were A. B. Gonder, Esq., the well known and popular Burgess of Oakland, and a member of the Oakland Bar, and Miss Mollie M. Casteel, the accomplished daughter of William Casteel, Esq., of Oakland. The couple were attended by the brother of the groom and Miss Maggie Tower, and Mr. King Delawder and the sister of the groom. The ceremony was performed by Father Schmidt, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church. The Church was so crowded that a large number were unable to obtain seats, which attests the popularity of the happy couple. At 8 o'clock in the evening a reception was held at the residence of the brides parents, which was largely attended by prominent citizens of Oakland, as well as a large number from the county and from Cumberland. We join with the many friends of the couple in wishing them a long life of happiness.

The Garrett Guards Ball.

The Ball of the Garrett Guards, held at the Glades Hotel Thursday night of last week, was an elegant affair, and reflected great credit upon those having charge of the arrangements. The large dining room of the Glades was handsomely decorated with evergreens and military designs. About forty couples were present, and the dance, which commenced at 9 o'clock was kept up until five o'clock Friday morning. There were guests from Deer Park, Piedmont Keyser, Westernport and Cumberland. Col. Johnson and Adjutant Sloan being among the number from the latter place. Prominent among those present were Quartermaster T. J. Peddicord and the Misses Peddicord; Capt. and Mrs. E. H. Wardwell; Col. and Mrs. J. W. Veitch; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walker; Miss Amelia Walker; the Misses Perry; the Misses Tower; Miss Delawder, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. Chisholm, Quartermaster's Sergt. Combs, Sergt. Jamison, Mayor Gonder and Mr. C. C. Willison.

The military men were in full uniform. The order of dance included twenty-one numbers.

An elegant supper was served at midnight by Manager Brant.

The music was furnished by Prof. Halle's orchester, of Cumberland.

Death of a Garrett County Citizen.

Henry Durst, with one exception, the oldest man in Grantsville district, Garrett county, died at his home in that place on the 8th instant, after one week's illness, of heart disease. He was blessed with remarkable health, and was never sick till his final illness. He was born in the year 1800, and was at all times a quiet and well disposed citizen. He has never been known in all his long life to have come in conflict with the law in any manner, and was much liked by all for his many amiable traits of character. He had no enemies for the good reason he never offended any one. He leaves an aged wife with whom he lived in harmony for nearly sixty years. He also leaves a large number of children, most of whom are scattered over the country. He had become the patriarch of the numerous and respectable family bearing his name. The succession now goes to Jacob and Henry Durst, twin brothers, who are hard upon their four score years, and are distant relatives of the deceased.—*Cumberland Times.*

The Preservation of Harness.

Though the harness is an article of every-day use there are few who know how to care for it so as to insure its durability, and to keep it looking clean and neat. A harness that has been upon a horse's back several hours in hot or rainy weather, becomes wet, and if not properly cleaned, the damage to the leather is irreparable. If, after being taken from the horse in this condition, it is hung up in a careless manner, traces and reins twisted into knots, the saddle and bridles hung askew, the leather when dried retains the shape given it while wet, and when forced to its original form damage is done the stitching and the leather. Those who use harness are not altogether in fault for this; they would care of it if they knew the extent of damage that would result from their carelessness, and that they do not is the fault of the manufacturer. It is a mistaken policy that lends the manufacturer of any line of goods to neglect giving needed information to the buyer. Every harness manufacturer would study his own interests by accompanying each harness sold with printed rules for preserving the same.

The first point to be observed is to keep the leather soft and pliable; this can be done only by keeping it well charged with oil and grease; water is a destroyer of these, but mud and the saline moisture from the animal are even more destructive. Mud, in drying, absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a ready prey to water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitching and mountings. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness the straps should be washed and oiled whenever it has been moistened by sweat or soiled by mud. To do this effectually the straps should all be unbuckled and detached, then washed with a little water and crown soap, then coated with a mixture of neatsfoot oil and tallow and be allowed to remain undisturbed until the water has dried out; then thoroughly rubbed with a woolen rag; the rubbing is important, as it, in addition to removing the surplus oil and grease, tends to close the pores and gives a finish to the leather. In hanging harness care should be taken to allow all straps to hang their full length; bridles, pads, gig saddles and collars should be hung upon forms of the shape of each. Light is essential in the care of leather, and when the harness closet is dark the door should be left open at least half of the time during each day. All closets should be ventilated, and when possible they should be well lighted. To clean plated mountings use a chamois with a little tripoli or rotten stone, but they should be scoured as little as possible. Rubber covered goods are cleaned in the same way. Leather-covered needs to be well brushed and rubbed with a woolen rag.

If a harness is thoroughly cleaned twice a year, and when unduly exposed treated as we have recommended, the leather will retain its softness and strength for many years. —*Harness Journal.*

The Legislature.

The Legislature on Thursday of last week re-elected Hon. Barnes Compton State Treasurer for two years. For this office the Republicans nominated Enoch Pratt, Esq., of Baltimore city, and he received 38 votes to 70 for Mr. Compton.

Leaves to introduce bills were granted as follows:

Mr. Beachy, of Garrett, for the destruction of Canada thistle in that county.

By Mr. Turner, of Allegany, for a fish way over the Great Falls of the Potomac and dams of that river and tributuries.

By Mr. Beachy, of Garrett, to make valid deeds given since December 1, 1860, which have not the seals of Justices thereon.

Mr. Harry Welles Rusk asked leave to introduce a bill incorporating the Gas Transportation Company. The bill provides for a gigantic scheme, which will be nothing less than a pipe line by which gas will be brought all the way from the great coal and oil regions of Pennsylvania. Similar companies have been incorporated in New York and New Jersey, and it is stated that the incorporators are mostly Baltimore capitalists. The bill, which is already drafted, will be sent on in a day or two to be engrossed.

Below we give the committees on which the Garrett members of the Legislature have been placed: In the Senate Mr. Getty is Chairman of the Committees on Internal Improvements and Contingent Expenses, and a member of the Committees on Elections, Engrossed Bills and Militia. In the House Mr. Michaels is on Committees on Militia, Insolveney, Roads and Highways and Organization; Mr. Beachy on Immigration.

Dr. Charles G. Keller, of Grantsville, was appointed Messenger to the President of the Senate, and W. D. Hoye, Esq., of Oakland, received the appointment of assistant engrossing clerk of the House of Delegates. These appointments give general satisfaction in this county. They are both worthy young men.

Message of Governor Murray, of Utah.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 16. —A copy of Governor Murry's message to the territorial legislature of Utah has just been received at the Interior Department. The greater part of the document is devoted to the resources of Utah and the desirability of bringing the territory into harmony with the rest of the country, so as to promote their development. On the political situation, he lays down the propositions: "That in no sense is the sovereignty of church over state in unison with the constitution and the laws; that political power is wielded by church authority throughout Utah; that officers of the church exercise authority in temporal affairs; that the sovereignty of the church is supreme and its practices are followed, the laws and the courts of the United States to the contrary, this being true in whole or in part." He continues: "Do you believe that the Government of the United States will much longer forbear to assert its sovereignty?" In regard to polygamy, Governor Murray says: "The system of plural wives was, by act of Congress of 1862, denounced as a crime. The constitutionality of this act has been fully sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. It being claimed that the people of Utah are a lawabiding people, I submit, as a necessary sequence, that you, as their representatives, should enact laws in accordance therewith." He strongly recommends the restoration to wives of their right of dower, of which they have been deprived by territorial legislation, and says to grant women the right of franchise and deny the right of dower is entirely inconsistent.

The manufacturing establishments of Weeling, W. Va., and vicinity make a very satisfactory showing as the result of their business for the year just closed. The Etna Iron works has just declared a dividend of ten per cent. out of its earnings for the past six months, after which it has a surplus fund of $116,000. Their buildings and equipments are to be increased by the expenditure of $60,000. The other manufactories make handsome exhibits, attesting the prosperity of Wheeling industries.

The Southwestern and Western Boundaries of Maryland.

There is between Maryland and West Virginia a question of disputed boundary dating back to the grant made by Charles II in May, 1669, to the Earl of St. Albans, Lord Berkeley, Sir Wm. Morton and John II. Trethaway of lands lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers. This grant was subsequently vested by King James II in Thomas, Lord Culpepper, and from him, by the marriage of his daughter to Lord Fairfax, passed into the Fairfax family. The geography of this country was not well understood at the time, and the northern and western limits of the Fairfax domain were rather indefinitely defined as following the *south side of the Potomac* to its head. There are two heads of this river, however, one that of the North Branch, and the other, and the most western, that of the South Branch, including between them half a million acres of fertile land, constituting Mineral, Grant, and parts of Pendelton, Hardy and Hampshire counties. If the South Branch of the Potomac be taken as the boundary of the Culpeper claim, it is evident that West Virginia will lose a valuable slice of territory and find access to the counties of Morgan, Berkeley and Jefferson reduced to a comparatively narrow strip having a very straggling outline. Maryland claims this territory under the terms of Lord Baltimore's charter, which called for all the land to the "first fountain of the Potomac." Assuming it to be fair to claim the westernmost head of the river as its "first fountain," Lord Baltimore early laid claim to all the land extending to the head of the South Branch of the Potomac, and protested against the action of the Virginia claimants who had undertaken to define his limits by granting lands to the North Branch. There was nothing practical done to throw light upon the matter under dispute until 1771, when an examination and survey of both branches of the Potomac was made by Col. Thomas Cresap, under the direction of the proprietary, and he decided that the South Branch had the most western source, and was therefore "the first fountain." This point being ascertained, the western boundary of Maryland was of course to be run upon a meridian passing through it. The French wars, the revolution and other causes intervened to prevent an early settlement of the question, and the southwestern and consequently the western limit of the State remained undetermined up to 1818, when Maryland, wearied out with her efforts, agreed to adopt the source of the North Branch as the initial point of the western line, and proposed to Virginia a meeting of commissioners empowered to settle the dispute on the basis of such concession. Virginia responded to the proposition in form but not in fact, as her instructions to her commissioners left nothing open to negotiation. They were directed to commence the western boundary at a certain stone planted by Lord Fairfax, instead of at a point to be determined by a fair examination. The joint commission met on the head-waters of the South Branch in the summer of 1824, when the contradictory nature of the instructions under which the representatives of either State acted being discovered, their labors were discontinued. Fairfax's stone was not in fact at the extreme western source of the North Branch. The negotiation resulted in nothing. Maryland's offer to relinquish her claims to the territory under dispute on certain conditions was not accepted, and the whole matter was left where it was before, to be settled upon its merits. Nothing further has been done to define properly Maryland's chartered limits. Col. Scharf, in his forthcoming History of Western Maryland, in treating on this subject, quotes the opinion of the late distinguished lawyer and historian, John V. L. McMahon, who thought there were two ways of proceeding by which Maryland might recover from a sovereign sister State the large territory in question. One of these—a direct one—would be by a bill praying a question as to boundary to be quieted; the other, more indirect, would be by raising issue in a suit for land granted by Maryland within the disputed territory. "It being then a case of conflicting claims under grants of different States, it might be at once transferred to the proper Circuit Court of the United States, and thence to the Supreme Court for final determination." West Virginia, if her own title to existence be unquestioned, might, perhaps, rest her claim to the half-million of acres involved upon the nature of the act of her creation, but if she holds by transmission from Virginia, her title can be no better than that of Virginia was—by prior occupancy and long-continued possession. At all events the question is a very interesting one.—*Balto Sun.*

An Indiana soldier, who is satisfied that many frauds have been practiced in pension claims, and that vast amounts are yearly paid out improperly as pensions, suggests a very simple and effective means of stopping such abuses. His plan is that the pension list shall be published, which list should show the name of the pensioner, rank, character of service or claim, and amount drawn. He wants this done, alike in the interest of the public, for the protection of deserving pensioners, and for the exposure of frauds. He does not indicate how the publication should be made,—whether in a volume, issued by the government for that purpose, or in the newspapers. The latter method would doubtless be the more effective. Let the pension list of each county in the Union, setting forth all the facts suggested above, be published say once a year in two papers of the county, and it is fair to presume that every person within its borders would soon be familiar with the character and merits of every case, and every tax payer in the community would thus be enabled to look out for improper or fraudulent recipients of the public bounty. It would doubtless cost considerable money to carry out this plan; but the sum so expended would not be a tithe of what would be saved to the national treasury by the reforms which such a publication would bring about.

REPUDIATION IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer*, the leading Republican paper in West Virginia, takes Mr. John S. Swann, of Kanawha county, to task for writing a letter urging a "full and complete repudiation of the debt both by Virginia and West Virginia. It says Mr. Swann certainly does not speak for the people of West Virginia in what he advocates, and declares that they do not deny their liability for some portion of the Virginia debt. The *Intelligencer* blames Virginia for not having given West Virginia light on the subject of the debt, although appealed to in that behalf. The *Intelligencer* further says Virginia "has the records, and she has already made an arbitrary exparte assignment of it on the basis of territory," and "does not mean to give West Virginia any credit for the assets that fell to her share."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

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For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 19, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

Monday, Feb. 6th 1882,

for the purpose of examining the Kitzmiller Iron bridge, and for the transaction of any other business which may properly come before the Board. Monday and Tuesday will be occupied in making the examination of the bridge, and Wednesday will be devoted to office business.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
12 17-3 Executor.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT OF GARRETT CO., OFFICE REGISTER OF WILLS.

This is to give notice that a vacancy exists in the Baltimore Female College to be filled by the Orphans' Court of said county. Books and Tuition in all branches free. Boarding can be had in the college or with friends in the city. Any one desiring to avail themselves of the position and thereby secure an education with little expense, should file their application in the Orphans' Court or with the Register of Wills, on or before the 10th day of February.

By order of the Court.

Test: W. H. HAGANS,
j 14 3t Register.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 291, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

BAKERY.

The undersigned takes this mode of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies,

at any hour of the day.
Oysters served in every style.

FRANK GERHART,
12-31 Opposite Glades Hotel.

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F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

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DR. J. DAILY,
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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
1071-y1

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

Tiresome Insects.

The most tiresome insect in existence is probably the ant, although that exasperating pattern of all the virtues is closely rivaled by the coral insect. Ever since the time of King Solomon, and probably from a still earlier period, solemn and wearisome moralists have urged their fellow-beings to go to the ant, and learn industry, business habits, ancient and modern languages, and the use of the globes from that wretched little insect. By implication we have all been assured that we are far inferior by nature than the ant, and that we can never become valuable citizens unless we imitate ants. After a few thousand years this sort of thing has become painfully tiresome. Undoubtedly the ant has its virtues, but after all it is an immensely overrated insect. It works industriously, but it also works unnecessarily and in circumstances which prove that it lacks good judgment. It keeps cows, or insects to that effect, and supplies itself with pure currant-bush country milk, but unless it is every man's duty to keep his own cow, of what value is the example of the ant in this respect? Sir John Lubbock assures us that the ants have a religion, and that they worship a black beetle. Surely, no worse example could be set before Christian people than is afforded by the grass paganism of the ants. So weary has the public become of being unceremoniously sent to the ant that there is now a growing disposition to refuse to have anything to do with ants, and to regard them as little better than crawling nuisances.

The coral insect has also been upheld as a model of industry, and boys who have shown a tendency to shirk their studies have been required to take notice that the coral insect can build an entire island by working at it for a few million years, and that this thrilling fact ought to make boys willing to study a particularly hard lesson for at least 3,000 or 4,000 years before they become discourneed and inform the teachers that the lesson is too hard. The coral insect has also been lugged into literature and sermons to an extent that is simply maddening, and that creates a thirst for blood in the man who reads for the ten thousandth time of the infinitesimal mason of the Pacific reefs. Moreover, the coral insect has lent his assistance to overthrow Usher's chronology, and is continually appealed to by geologists who wish to prove that it must have taken 7,000,000 years for the coral insects of Florida to build a reef over the remains of an India rubber boot or other undoubted relic of primeval man. On the whole, the coral insect, if possibly less tiresome than the ant, is more injurious to the peace of mind and happiness of mankind.

Efforts have been made from time to time by designing moralists to elevate the bee to a level with the coral insect and the ant. Dr. Watts admirably asks "how doth the little busy bee," and expects his readers to answer in terms of high commendation of that insect; while naturalists are never tired of telling us that the hexagonal cell of the bee is a marvel of mechanical skill. They never seem to notice that the bee is utterly incapable of inventing even the simplest hive, and has to depend upon man both for hives and for the introduction of honey into the market. As for Dr. Watts, if a bee had only stung him on his venerable nose he would have had an entirely different opinion of what is probably one of the most vicious, virulent and objectionable insects every patronized by mistaken and tedious moralists.

Whatever obligations we may owe to Charles Darwin as an ingenious and entertaining naturalist, he has forfeited them all by his late attempt to provide us with a new pattern of perfection in the shape of the earth-worm. He has written a whole volume in praise of that hitherto despised animal. According to Mr. Darwin, the earth-worm is far more industrious and intelligent than the ant, the coral insect and the bee; and henceforth moralists will constantly be sending us to the earth-worm. It appears that the earth-worm, who bores his way through the ground by swallowing the earth in his path, was the original inventor of the system of propelling vessels by pumping in water at the bow and pumping it out again at the stern. The amount of work done by the worms in excavating the earth is enormous, but their favorite occupation is burying ruined cities. It has always been a mystery how the remains of Roman and Grecian cities have been buried seemingly without attracting the attention of man. Mr. Darwin shows that the earth-worm has been the sexton of archæology. When the worms find a large stone, a fallen column, or an abandoned iron pot lying in a field, they proceed to undermine it by digging away the earth underneath it, while at the same time they bring immense quantities of earth to the surface and deposit it near the edge of the object to be buried. As a consequence, the object sinks slowly into the ground, and is covered by the earth brought to the surface by the worms, so that after a time it totally disappears. This is the way in which the ruins of antiquity have been buried, and although the process of burying is such a slow one that we do not notice it. Our houses are at this moment being buried by the earth worms.

It can be easily foreseen that the earth-worm, combining, as he does, the pestilent industry of the ant with the fondness for burying things and forming new strata characteristic of the coral insect, will become more tiresome than either of the latter, and that Mr. Darwin, as his inventor, will earn the lasting disapprobation of mankind.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Romantic Story About Miss Thursby.

Figaro tells a queer story about Miss Emma Thursby. At Stockholm one night after a concert, as she was waiting for a carriage in the rain, a footman in elegant livery came up and said that his master had ordered him to place his carriage at her disposal. "Who is your master?" "I have orders not to reveal his name, but to insist upon your making use of his carriage." In short, Miss Thursby, with one of the persons who accompanied her, entered the carriage and were driven to her hotel. During her visit in Stockholm, and in every town in Sweden and Norway where she went, Miss Thursby found the carriage with the two white horses and the two servants at the door whenever she needed it, but the owner failed to make himself known. Finally three days before Miss Thursby left Scandinavia for Paris, Mr. X. was announced. It was he! After Miss Thursby had expressed her thanks, and Mr. X. had explained his conduct, he said: "Miss, will you do me the honor to become my wife?" To which Miss Thursby replied: "You know who I am, but you do not know the engagements that I contracted toward my family when I left America. I will tell you what they are in order that you may see that this marrige is impossible." "Impossible!" "Listen. When I left my parents they made me promise two things—firstly, that I would never sing on the stage, and secondly, that I would marry none but an American——" "If I were to become an American?" said Mr. X. "Then I should be free to dispose of my heart as I pleased." Two days afterward Mr. X. returned. "I shall leave for the United States to-morrow. I hope, with the credit I have, to get promptly naturalized an American citizen. Go to Paris, for it is there I shall come to ask you to realize your promise; for you promise, do you not, to be my wife?" "I promise you," replied Miss Thursby. Mr. X., adds *Figaro* is now in America.

Mining in Ancient Times.

The methods in vogue among the ancients for the development of mines were in many respects far different from those in use at the present time. In the country to the south of us the descent and ascent of shafts were made by means of notched logs. These were from twenty to thirty feet long, extending from level to level. The logs or ladders were climbed by the sure-footed miners, the Aztecs, and more recently by the Indians, who were engaged in the dislodgment of the precious mineral. The ore was placed in rawhide bags containing about half a bushel, this same being rested upon the back while it was held in position by straps extending across the shoulders, united in front and fastened through its own weight upon the forehead. "If a mine were overflowing with water the troublesome fluid was removed in these bags in the same manner as the ore by the miners, who tediously climbed the notched poles, and whose notches answered the place of wider steps. The ore was removed in a manner almost as tedious. Fires were built against the walls of the mine, and as their surface became calcined the incinerated portions were dislodged by stone hammers. The melting was equally as cumbersome, being effected with charcoal and bellows. Yet mining was profitable under these crude methods. It is not surprising, therefore, that wonderful reports continue to reach us of the richness of the abandoned old mines of Sonora, which, with the introduction of modern machinery, worked by energetic and experienced Americans, will soon astonish the world with their rich production." In the early days of the Comstock we have seen these notched poles in use in the Mexican mine in this city; also the rawhide sacks. However, they used picks and shovels, and blasted out the ore instead of burning it out. The ore was worked in arastras, and by the patio process—indeed the patio process was in use here for some years, and not alone by Mexicans. Horses were used for treading these patios to stir up the pulp, and in a short time the poor beasts presented a pitiable appearance. The bluestone in the pulp took all the hair off their legs and covered them with sores, while the quicksilver salivated and poisoned them. It was said that the horses became so charged with mercury that it oozed from their eyes.—*Arizona Star.*

Novel Treatment of Drunkards.

Dr. Jurie, a prominent physician of Vienna, tells of two complete cures of dipsomania effected by him in an extraordinary manner. One of the cases was that of an habitual drunkard, who was picked up out of the gutter by the police and was handed over to the Doctor's treatment in the Correction Hospital for a period of fourteen days. The Doctor at once ordered that every article of food or drink given him should receive a liberal addition of whisky of a not over-refined quality. Water, milk, soup, meat and vegetables were all treated in this way, and whisky was even infused into the air that he breathed, through saturation of the walls, floors and bedding. At first the man proclaimed himself highly satisfied with his treatment, and said he would always like to have such a sensible physician. The second day, however, he began to feel nausea, the third day he vomited immediately after eating, and thereafter not a meal was taken that was not followed by vomiting. From day to day he experienced increasing torment, and finally begged piteously for relief. The result was that at the end of two weeks, though much reduced in flesh, he was filled with such repugnance for strong drink that he was never afterward able to indulge in it again. The other case mentioned by Dr. Jurie was of a similar character, and was treated by him in the same way and with equal success.—*Vienna Letter.*

Profits on Butterine.

Some idea of the profits which the manufacturers of butterine derive from their unholy trade can be seen from a simple calculation. A few days ago a gentleman purchased from a grocer six pounds of what purported to be fresh dairy butter, which he said he got from an alleged "Michigan farmer," who was perambulating the streets with a full stock "fresh from his own farm." Six pounds of the butter was made up of four pounds of lard, which costs forty-eight cents, one pound of cheap butter (bought in large lots), worth twenty-four cents, and one cent's worth of salt and coloring matter, making the total cost of the six pounds seventy-three cents, or twelve and one-sixth cents per pound for butterine, which sells from twenty-eight to thirty cents per pound. This would give a profit on the six pounds of from ninety-five cents to $1.13. At this rate the "Michigan farmer" will soon become the possessor of all the available grazing lands in Michigan, and secure a monopoly of the dairy interests in the West. Good butter cannot be bought much under the ruling market rates, and purchasers should look with the gravest suspicions on all dealers who offer any great reductions. Although dear butter may not be good, cheap butter is pretty certain to be bad butter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

For Young Readers.

IF YOU LOOK FOR FAULTS YOU WILL FIND THEM.

A dove and a woodpecker chanced to be neighbors,
And so went together to call
On a peacock one day,
Who, they heard people say,
Had late come to live at the Hall.

Of course they conversed in a neighborly fashion,
Of what I've no leisure to tell,
But a part of their talk
On the home-going walk
Will serve for a lesson quite well,

She scarcely had waited to be out of hearing
Before Mistress Woodpecker cried:
"Did you notice his voice?
It was terribly hoarse!
And he showed such detestable pride."

"Was that what you saw?" was the dove's gentle answer;
"My time I could better employ;
The grand tail that he spread,
The rich hues on his head,
Gave me beauty enough to enjoy."
—*Chicago Advance.*

BIG THUNDER AND BITING TIGER.

"It's a shame, that's what it is, and I don't think mothers have got any right to make boys eight years old tend little dried-up-looking babies that can't do anything but cry."

Eddie Barnard's voice expressed the sympathy he felt for his cousin, Charley Harnden, when he found him caring for the baby on that particular Saturday afternoon they had counted on for putting the finishing touches to a large kite which it was believed would outsail any other in the village.

"Boys wasn't made to sit 'round holdin' babies, and I just wish Doctor Abbott hadn't brought this one, 'cause it's just done nothing but plague me ever since it come;" and Charley almost shook his little baby brother, who was sucking his thumb as contentedly as if he hadn't an idea how sadly he was in the way.

"I'll tell you what we might do, and then babies wouldn't bother us any more," said Eddie, as he jumped to his feet suddenly. "We might turn Injuns, like two I read of in a book Sam Basset lent me. We could be reg'lar Injun chiefs, an' go out to Chickecommon woods to live."

At first Charley was delighted with the idea, and he danced around at great risk of upsetting the baby entirely; but a sudden thought clouded his joy.

"Injuns have wigwams, an' squaws, an' ponies, an' we can't get any of them."

"Yes we can; we can catch Tom Downey's old blind horse an' play it was a pony, an' you ain't smart if you don't know where to catch a squaw."

"Where?" asked Charley, breathlessly.

"Ain't there your sister Nellie? Can't we get a lot of grasshoppers an' coax her out behind the mectin'-house to see them? An' then can't we catch her an' tie her, an' drag her by the arms up to the woods, just like any Injuns do?"

"Of course. An' we could get some bed-quilts for a camp."

"Yes, an' we'll name you Biting Tiger, an' I'll be Big Thunder, an' Nellie can be Moon-face, just as it was in the book."

For some moments the boys sat in silent bliss. Then after a time a serious doubt crept into Biting Tiger's heart, and he asked:

"But what will we do for things to eat?"

"Things to eat?" echoed Eddie. "Chiefs don't bother about such things; they just send the squaws out to get it, 'cause that's what squaws are for."

"My! but won't mother be scared when she finds out that she got an Injun to hold the baby?" said Charley, thinking with delight that in his mother's fear he should be more than repaid for all the trouble the little fellow had caused him. "But then she won't be so awfully frightened, for he ain't got anything to scalp, if you wanted to do it."

"We can wait till he grows, an' then scalp him 'most every day," said Eddie, consolingly.

Then came the question of how they were to get away, for, valiant chiefs as they were, they could hardly drop the baby on the floor and run.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Eddie. "I'll go home an' get some ropes to tie Nellie with, an' then I'll go for the grasshoppers. When you hear me holler you send Nellie over, an' put the baby in the cradle, and come over lickety-split, so's to hold the squaw's mouth if she sets up a yell."

Big Thunder started for his mother's clothes-line and some grasshoppers, while Biting Tiger sat holding the baby as quietly as if he had never thought of being an Indian.

Surely there never were two chiefs on the eve of starting in the Indian business so fortunate as these two were, for in a short time after Big Thunder's departure Mrs. Harnden took the baby, and Nellie seated herself on the door-step to play with her doll.

Charley told her of the captive grasshoppers she would see if she went with him; and clasping her doll firmly in her arms, she started for the meeting-house near by, while Charley followed, ready to spring upon her as soon as he should see his brother chief.

Eddie was prepared for the first act in his new life. He had armed himself with a long carving-knife and fully ten yards of clothes-line, so that he was ready for any desperate attempt at escape the squaw might make.

All unsuspecting the horrible fate that awaited her, Nellie approached the fatal spot, when Big Thunder sprang out, winding the rope around her body a dozen times.

"Why don't you cry an' screech an' kick?" asked Charley, thoroughly disappointed because their captive had submitted so quietly.

"What for?" asked Nellie, in surprise.

"Why, 'cause we're Injuns, an' you're a squaw we've caught, an' now we're goin to drag you off to the woods," replied Eddie, brandishing his knife.

"I don't want to be a squaw;" and Nellie now showed signs of making as much of an outcry as the boys could have wished for.

"But you must, and that's all there is about it," said Eddie, sternly; and then he took hold of the ends of the rope, as he shouted to Charley: "Hold your hands over her mouth while I pull her along."

Charley hardly had time to reply before Big Thunder, with the clothes-line drawn taut over his shoulder, started ahead with a force that threatened to overthrow both captive and captor.

For five minutes there was a thrilling and exciting scene as the chief dashed along, dragging behind him the squaw, who was only half-gagged by Biting Tiger.

At the expiration of that time Big Thunder tumbled over a log, striking the ground with a force that caused his nose to bleed, while Nellie, being so suddenly released, fell backward, carrying Biting Tiger with her.

Big Thunder began to cry, but realizing that Indians should not be so particular about a little thump on the nose, urged his companion to "come on," while he forced the captive ahead again.

By the time they reached the first growth of trees that marked the border of the woods the newly-made Indians were feeling very warm, and decidedly uncomfortable as to what their mothers might be able to do in the way of capturing them.

Poor Moon-face was crying as if her little heart was breaking; but it was not noisy grief, and it made her captives look at each other very guiltily, since it showed how much suffering they were causing.

The first halt was made when they reached what they supposed to be the very heart of the forest, and Nellie was tied to a fence that had evidently been placed there for the accommodation of Indians with captives. She had recovered from her grief at being dragged from home, and now played contentedly with her doll, while the boys tried to make a wigwam. But it was not long before they learned how difficult it was to cut down trees with a carving-knife, and by the time they had succeeded in getting about a dozen small branches together they were decidedly hungry.

"We've got to look 'round and find something to eat," said Eddie, after he had withstood the pangs of hunger as long as possible.

"I thought the squaw had to do that;" and Charley looked up in surprise that they were obliged to do any work, after all the trouble of finding and catching a squaw.

"So they do, after they get broke in, but I don't spose Nellie could do much toward killing bears and deers until after she gets kind of used to it."

It was sad to think they had a squaw who was not accustomed to the business, and with a sigh Charley released the captive, that all might go in search of food.

It was a long, weary tramp which they had, and it seemed that it must be nearly supper-time, when they suddenly heard a fearful noise among the bushes, as if some enormous animal was coming directly toward them. Then both the Indians turned pale with terror; for what could they do in the way of fighting a bear, with only one carving-knife between them?

Only for a moment did they face the terrible danger, and then both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger started for home as fast as their legs could carry them, while their late captive ran behind, imploring not to be left alone. It was a cowardly flight for two Indians with a captive to make, but the ferocious animal appeared to be pursuing, and they could do no less.

When they reached Charley's home, where Mrs. Harnden could be seen in the sitting-room with the baby in her arms, Eddie's clothes were covered with dirt and the blood that had fallen from his nose; Charley was quite as dirty, although not as bloody as his brother chief, and Nellie's once clean white dress was completely ruined.

The ferocious animal followed them up to the very door of the house, and then it looked more like Benny Cushing's pet calf than it did like a bear.

That night, after the two Indians had settled matters with their respective mothers, both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger wisely concluded that the Indian business was too painful ever to be indulged in again.—*James Otis, in Harper's Young People.*

The End Man's Jokes.

"I hev bin axed," begau Brother Gardner, of the Detroit Lime Kiln Club, "what relashun de negro minstrel troupe b'ars to de cull'd race. To return an off-hand answer, I should say dat it b'ars about the same relashun dat a hasty puddin' does to a ten-thousand dollar paintin'. If dar am any relashun whatever, I hev neber bin able to diskiver it. De cull'd man may dance an' sing, but he nebber trabbles on his ignorance nor on de jokes an' gags of de pas' gineration. If twenty cull'd men should put on wigs an' paint up to resemble twenty white men, an' sot down befo' de public an' ask why an elephant was like a gimlet, and what was de difference between a clam on de sand and a sand on de clam, dey would be hooted off de stage. Yet, do public will see white men disguise deirselves as negroes an' applaud de gags an' jokes, an' conundrums dat de poorest African in Detroit would be ashamed to acknowledge. If de public hankers fur sich shows, an' mus hev 'em, let 'em go on, but doan' let white folks deceive deirselves or be deceived. Continer to call 'em negro minstrel shows, but doan' look fur de negro in 'em. He ain't dar. He's home in de busum of his family, warmin' his feet, learnin' de chillen to read, an' tellin' de ole woman dat all flesh am grass."

—There is a widespread opinion in the country that the one-cent piece of 1851 is worth a good deal. A report has been current for the past five years, and has spread throughout the Union, that in coining that date of the one-cent piece a lot of gold was by mistake melted into the copper. No such mistake was made, and the cent of 1851 is worth no more than of any other date, but day after day the Treasury Department is in receipt of letters asking how much they are worth, and what the Government will pay for them.

—A Canadian has recovered a verdict for $150 damages against the trustees of the First Baptist Church of Montreal, a horse, frightened by snow falling from the church, having collided with his sleigh to his personal injury. He lost his case on its first hearing. The Court of Review reversed that decision, and awarded $150 damages, and the Court of Appeals has now sustained the latter judgment by a majority of the Judges.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and secondly, a desire to warn all, who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astonishing. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

Economy in Dress, as in Everything, a Test of the Best Breeding.

It is to be regretted that economy is not fashionable in America. As a proof that it is an unfashionable and even a despised virtue, relegated by the rich to the supposed exclusive use of the poor, who ever hears an American woman in fashionable life, at least, utter the words: "I cannot afford it?" In reality waste only is vulgar, economy is eminently respectable and in good taste. Unfortunately, however, those who practice economy hide it with as much care as if it was a crime, or something to be ashamed of, while waste, which should be considered the distinguishing mark of the ignorant and the stupid, takes first rank with us as the heritage of the "finest people." Happily the "finest" are not the "best people," and the best people always know how to economize, how to use their means, whether large or small, in such a way as to make them go as far as possible. The most perfect lady, the best bred woman, whether her means be large or small, is she who knows in all things, but especially in the matter of dress, how to expend her money to the best advantage. To dress well, a woman must give a certain portion of her time and some conscientious thought to the subject. To help those whose means are limited to a clearer understanding of the capabilities of their position, so that they may intelligently economize their resources, we will give them some hints drawn from the experiences of those who have made it a conscientious study.

Unless you can afford to have many dresses, never purchase one, no matter how cheap and beautiful it may be, that is striking or peculiar either in novelty of material or make-up or brilliancy of color. Select unobtrusive, good materials, and make them up into simple garments. If you have but one "best gown" you can vary its appearance much more easily from day to day with the accessories of bows of ribbon, sashes, scarfs and laces, if it is made in simple rather than an elaborate style. One skirt will outwear two trains, and it is even practicable to make a detachable train for such a dress, so that it can do duty both as a costume de promenade and an evening toilet of high ceremony.

Laces of good quality and of several kinds are always a good investment. Even if not "real," they may be selected of the best qualities of imitation, and are more effective in transforming a well-selected "best gown" into a variety of toilets than any other accessory that we can suggest. Then they last from year to year, and the older they are the more valuable they become, and the more beautiful if well managed.

The best materials for a "best gown," while of necessity lying within certain limits, are sufficient to choose from. Suppose it to be of black velvet or plush, it would last with care for five or six years. If of white or cream cashmere or Chudda cloth, it could be made to do duty, with a variety of ribbons and laces, for three seasons, and then be utilized by dyeing and turned into a walking dress for two seasons more. Black satin de Lyon or satin merveilleuse, and plain black silk of good quality are excellent materials for such a dress when velvet cannot be afforded and cashmere is not preferred. Black satin of the best quality can hardly be worn out in twenty years. If, to prevent fraying, good, deep seams are taken, and the bottom of the skirt well defended by a wide Titan braid, or a good binding (and for this purpose nothing is better than cloth), a satin robe can be worn for twenty years; and when such a dress becomes passe as a dress, the stuff can be used for bows, bonnet trimmings, cording, piping, facings, revers, bindings—everything that comes under the head of trimmings or accessories.

Here are some of the best wearing, lasting and serviceable dress goods for dresses of other than ceremonious uses: Corduroy, which is very durable and will dye, cashmere, merino, alpaca, all soft-finished India cashmeres, and Chudda, Shooda, and Radzimir cloths, no matter by what name they are called. Fine, good flannels and all cloths wear well, and will dye. Foulard silk is one of the cheap materials that will last, and look well to the last. All linen goods last well. Fine calicoes, fine satteens, and fine printed goods of all kinds, and good ginghams are good investments. Cheap, unwashable goods are never economical.

Do not economize, or try to economize, by purchasing cheap bonnets, or gloves, or cheap shoes. The handsomest toilet is degraded by an old pair of shoes, an ill-fitting or cheap glove, or a shabby bonnet. The bonnet must be of best materials, late style, and fresh.

In the matter of wraps it is difficult to advise. Cashmere and India crape shawls, it must be remembered, however, never go out of fashion, while velvet and satin jetted and fringed dolmans and visites do. One of those really handsome visites, such as give distinction to a lady's toilet, costs more than the shawl.

Never wear cheap or imitation jewelry. No one is deceived thereby. If you cannot afford real and handsome jewels, substitute bows of ribbon and flowers for evening, and a good silver, jet, steel, or enamel clasp for day wear. Agate stones set in oxidized silver make one of the prettiest and most elegant, because most sensible, of inexpensive scarf or shawl pins. The topaz is one, the amethyst another, inexpensive jewel, which, when well set, is in better taste for the adornment of a lady's finished toilet than an imitation diamond or Rhine crystal ornament. Coral also, when of good color, well set, and becoming to the complexion of the wearer, is a choice ornament, giving the required elegant finish to the ensemble of a judiciously, economically, well-dressed woman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Ze super he standa so," said Venturo, the Italian stage manager for Rossi, throwing himself into a preposterously awkward position, to show a Philadelphia reporter one of the favorite attitudes of stage soldiers, sailors and citizens. "He cannota worka hees leg, he cannota mova hees arm, but he cana do every time somezing wrong."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Cows that are running down in flesh, says Colonel F. D. Curtis, cannot give healthy milk. To yield the best results they must be kept in good condition.

—The hay crop of Massachusetts is one of the most important products of the State. Yet the average yield is extremely small, being only one ton per acre.

—Doughnuts.—Mix one coffeecupful of sugar, one coffeecupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of melted lard, one teaspoonful of salt, spice to taste and flour to roll.

—Charred corn is an excellent agent in correcting acidity in the stomach of the hog, particularly if the corn is reduced to charcoal. A handful given occasionally to the pigs will aid digestion and stimulate their appetites.

—Graham Gems.—One coffee cup Graham flour, one cup sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, two tablespoons molasses, one-third teaspoon soda dissolved in milk; pour in hot, well-buttered gem-pan and bake in hot oven.

—Too much attention cannot be paid to the cleanliness and ventilation of stables and pens. To insure the health and comfort of animals they must be kept dry and warm and have plenty of light as well as pure air and pure water.

—Spanish Cream.—Beat the yelks of three eggs with half a cup of granulated sugar; heat half an ounce of isinglass in three pints of milk; when it is dissolved, and the milk risen to boiling point, stir them slowly into the yelks; boil once more and then stir in the frothed whites. Pour into moulds and set away to cool. This is very good the second day after it is made.

—It is said that if linseed oil is applied to sore teats for a few times, both before and after milking, it will effectually cure any case of the kind. Many cows are kickers until their teats are so treated, when they become as quiet as lambs, and seem to delight in being milked. Teats may appear smooth, but still are tender, and only need a little oil to make the cow perfectly willing to be milked.

—Pork Sausages.—Have two thirds lean and one-third fat pork, and chop very fine. Season with three ounces of salt and one ounce and a half of pepper to every ten pounds of meat, with powdered sage to suit the taste. Warm the meat so that you can mix it well with your hands. Mix it well, and pack in jars. When used, do it up in small cakes, and fry in butter or alone. It should be kept where it is cool, but not damp. Sausages made in this way are very nice for breakfast.

—The culture of osier willows is a specialty that pays only under favorable circumstances, such as a suitable location and soil and a steady market for them. The demand is unsteady and very limited, and the soil suitable is low, moist, wet ground. They can be raised most profitably on the edges of ditches made to drain swamps; the cuttings are planted along the ditches on the soil or muck thrown out and may be ready for gathering the third year, when the roots throw up a large number of shoots. The kind of willow grown is a shrub and not a tree, and throws up a cluster of thin stems, which grows to a height of six to ten feet. These willows make excellent hands for binding corn-stalks.

—Few persons know how closely related to the potato are many other well known plants. Botanists know them all as solanaceous plants, and under the more familiar name as "night-shades." In this class of plants are to be found the potato, the tomato, egg plant, pepper and tobacco plant. Then among the poisonous plants are the belladonna and the jimson weed; the beautiful petunia also belongs to it. A large portion of the plants of this solanaceous family are pervaded by a narcotic principle rendering the leaves and fruit poisonous. At the same time some afford nutricious food, not because free from the narcotic principle, but because the latter is expelled in the process of ripening or cooking, as in the case of the potato and tomato.

—There are many sores on cattle which if kept constantly washed clean with cold water and kept free from dirt would heal of themselves. A very careful herdsman says his practice of curing hoof rot is to thoroughly cleanse the affected parts with warm water and soap, and then apply warm tar between the hoof. In very bad cases there will be a large core to come out; remove it carefully with the thumb and finger, cleanse the cavity as above with soap and water, and then fill with warm tar. Keep the parts thoroughly covered with tar, even if it is necessary to use a bandage. Keep the animal in a clean, dry pasture. It is no more liable to affect the whole system than any other ulcer. When once cured there is no danger of its appearing again unless from the same cause.

Salt for Wheat Fields.

Salt is used as a fertilizer, and usually with beneficial effect on crops. It is known, however, that a too liberal application of it will destroy vegetation. It is applied sometimes on the growing crop in spring, but usually on the field and worked into the soil previous to seeding. A much larger quantity may be used when worked into the soil than when applied directly to the crop; 300 or 400 pounds per acre may be sown broadcast on the crop, though one barrel of 280 pounds is about the usual quantity used, and three or four times that quantity may be worked into the soil with safety. Used in this way it is beneficial in destroying insects and worms in the soil, as well as to promote growth and early maturity of the crop. It is not claimed that salt is a direct fertilizer, for sodium is not found to be an element of plant food to any great extent in the cereal crops, but a mechanical effect is somehow produced which is beneficial to vegetation to a limited extent. Last season one of my neighbors used over four tons of salt on thirty acres of wheat land, worked into the soil before seeding, for which he thinks the crop was much improved; the yield was over thirty bushels per acre of superior quality of wheat. The straw of grain when treated with salt is usually brighter and cleaner of rust or fungi than elsewhere, which would seem to show a more healthy condition of the plant.—*E. P. Root.*

Making Butter.

Almost everything can be done either well or indifferently, and we too often are satisfied with indifferent results. Butter making, like everything else, has had a primitive stage in its history, when it was accomplished and that was about all. In this world of progress, however, there is a commendable ambition to do everything well and as near perfection as possible. Therefore, in butter making, as in other departments of industry, there has been constant effort to improve. Primitive implements have given way to those of more modern design and excellence, and the principles of science have been applied to the work until there may be a very general uniformity in the dairy, if people will only consent to believe that there is such a thing as progress, and that it has been made. There are people who affect not to believe this in the matter of butter making. They cling to old methods with a tenacity that is worthy a better cause, and the result is that they are badly left in the business, for old methods cannot compete with the new. Yet thousands have some excuse for neglecting to employ the best and most improved methods. It cannot be expected that every man and woman in this great country of ours can become instantly familiar with all the improvements that are made in any direction. Very simple things are often very difficult for even the wisest to understand. To those who are familiar with a process or method, the fact that others are not appears to be evidence of unaccountable stupidity. Such thoughts are natural, we suppose, but they are not reasonable. It looks perfectly easy to hold a plow or drive a team, but there are millions who can do neither. It looks like the easiest of work to those who understand it to make a newspaper, but no one who does not understand it, can do it or see exactly how it is done; and so it is with all kinds of business.

The woman who has spent her whole life in making butter as she was taught by her mother, and is simply practicing the methods of her grandmother and great-grandmother, cannot be expected to break away from these settled habits in a moment. They have become second nature, and all innovations, or many of them, simply appear ridiculous. We cannot hope to alter this, unless we alter human nature. Still, such habits are broken away from, else we should have no progress whatever. How is it done? Why men and women compel themselves to believe that the world has reached perfection in nothing, and that consequently there must be room for improvement even in what we have come to think is about perfect. The next step is to experiment with what is claimed to be an improvement on the old, and if that results in giving satisfaction, we have taken a progressive step. This is what we must do in the dairy. Old methods have been superseded and new ones adopted by the most progressive. There is no doubt whatever that these new methods are better than the old ones, and we can convince ourselves of the fact, if we will just try them. It will pay us to do so, and we should consult our own interests by throwing away the old fashioned primitive churn, and adopt a better one; adopt a systematic method from the milking to the packing, and no longer make butter at random—sometimes with our milk and cream at one temperature and sometimes at another—sometimes using poor salt and sometimes using good salt, sometimes with milk and cream tainted with external flavors and sometimes not, sometimes with old cream and sometimes with new cream. We believe that the best butter ever made is made in the dairy, and we believe, and know, that we can all make the best, if we will strive to do so. Some of the new implements and methods have been long enough in use, to have proved their utility. To adopt them is no longer in the nature of experiment; we know what they will do before we touch them.—*Western Rural.*

Trimming Trees.

There are frequently pleasant days in January that the weather is not too cold for the fruit grower to work in his orchard comfortably. As this is usually a season of leisure, when such days come they should be improved by looking over the orchard, and cutting off such limbs as may be thought necessary for the improvement of the orchard. Limbs cut off at this season of the year, when the sap is comparatively at rest, leave a wound that can be more easily protected from the action of the weather, than if cut a few months hence, when the sap is in motion.

To trim a tree just right, requires good judgment, a good eye and some experience, as well as good tools. The saw should not be only sharp but perfectly straight, and set wide enough to run easy; the knife and the ax should also be sharp. To trim trees with poor tools is not only very disagreeable work, but it is impossible to do the work well.

Some make a mistake in trimming trees by trimming too much in the middle, cutting out not only large limbs but also all of the fruit-bearing spurs, leaving but a small amount of bearing wood at the end of each limb. While it is desirable to cut out all limbs that cross the other limbs and to keep the inside of the tree so that the fruit can be easily gathered, there is a point beyond which it is not judicious to go, as some of the best fruit frequently grows in the center of the tree; this is especially true of some varieties of apples.

There are some pear trees that grow too high, and need to have their tops cut off to make them grow more stocky. The peach tree not only needs to be cut off at the top but to be headed in on all sides.

In trimming small trees one thing should never be lost sight of; that is, that the trunks should never be exposed to the hot sun; if the top does not spread enough to shade it, a few inches of the lateral branches should be left to furnish leaves for shade. Where large limbs are cut off the wound should be covered with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, or white lead mixed with a very little oil.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—A number of Washington people are trying to get up a sort of relief arrangements for dismissed clerks and clerkesses. It is proposed to levy contributions of ten cents a month on all Government employes for a fund to provide temporary relief for the "bounced" and to secure their passage homeward.

THE DAIRY.

—Tainted milk sometimes comes from certain animals, and sometimes from gases or an impure atmosphere. Bad food or strong flavored food may cause it.

—During the season of 1881 the total sales of cheese on the Utica, N. Y., Board of Trade aggregated 240,746 boxes, or 14,444,760 pounds. The sales on the Elgin, Ill., Board exceed the above in number of boxes, but not in pounds. The Utica cheese sold for $1,615,184.17. At Little Falls, N. Y., the sales reached 553,025 boxes, of 15,181,500 pounds; value, $1,653,766.34.

—An excellent food for butter cows, for winter consists of clover hay cut and mixed with two quarts of wheat middlings, three quarts of ground corn and oats (four parts corn and one of oats), and one quart of cotton-seed meal. This may be given at two feeds, one morning and one at night, with a feed of hay at noon. With this meal fifteen pounds of hay per day will be required.

—In Denmark, in the management of the dairy, rape cake, oats and wheat bran are reckoned as first-class butter foods, palm-nut cake, and barley as second class foods, while linseed cake, peas and rye are placed in the third class. By the employment of first and second class foods, with cut straw, hay and roots, an abundance of excellent butter is produced throughout the winter. Since turnips so strongly flavor both milk and butter, mangels are esteemed as a better food for milch cows.

The Dairy of the Future.

Those who read the dairy department of our agricultural journals, cannot help but notice that the tendency of the times is toward an actual revolution in dairying; and the sooner we meet the demands of the times and accept the changed relations that will force themselves upon us at last, the better it will be; and decidedly so to our advantage.

It needs no argument to prove that a conservative course in the future will end in disaster or what is the same in principle, the producing and selling of dairy produce below its cost of production.

The Western man, who has accepted these new requirements from the start, and never, for that matter, been in the rut, has already the advantage; and as he will be constantly grasping every opportunity to strengthen his advantages, the time may now be readily discerned when he will actually control our home markets, not only with a better article, but having adopted a wise course, and complied with the demands that a constantly changing, but progressive dairying makes necessary, he has cheapened his production so that competition becomes impossible. Viewed in this light, it seems that these most radical changes must take place in our dairying within the immediate future.

First. There must be a total abandonment of the combined manufacture of butter and cheese. Factories must be conducted exclusively upon one or the other plan, and farm butter-making should become as rare as home cheese-making.

Second. That the times will demand that the dairy shall be bred with a view of supplying these specific requirements of butter or cheese. That if for butter, the Jerseys and Alderneys should influence the herd with their superior butter-producing qualities; and if for cheese, the Ayrshires or the Holsteins should predominate.

Third. That winter dairying will have to be adopted very largely from the very fact that its tendency is to equalize productions, and hence not only maintain prices, but give the farmer an income at a time when the usual profits of the farm are very meager.

There is no denying the fact that there is a growing desire for the higher grades of butter, and that the people are quite willing to pay for it at even a quite advanced price; and that they do refuse to buy inferior and bad dairy butter and buy 90,000,000 pounds yearly of oleomargerine is to me conclusive that if the cream that made this poor butter could have been made into gilt-edged butter, as it can by the cream-gathering principle, it could have been sold in place of the oleomargerine at a remunerative price. The discrimination now made between dairy and creamery butter, some twelve cents per pound, is one the dairymen cannot much longer afford, since the same cream now made into dairy butter could be made into creamery butter, and even upon the 90,000,000 pounds which would supersede the oleomargerine the increased income, even if only ten cents per pound, would be nine million dollars, every cent of which will go into the farmer's pockets; and if even the gain upon the whole product of the country upon dairy butter was only five or three cents per pound the gain would be immense, running far into the millions of dollars.

The arguments that could be brought forward by the other propositions demand articles by and of themselves. The native cow is to be superseded by a well-bred cow, and one that has a precedent of a line of butter or cheese producers behind her. To send the milk of a butter cow to a cheese factory, or of a cheese cow to a butter factory will not pay in the future, nor will dairymen always remain ignorant upon the subject of food and its influences upon milk. The fact is, that the common run of dairymen have no actual knowledge upon this subject; but success in the future will demand that they shall. Whether the coming butter cow will eat ensilage or feed upon clover and corn and cottonseed meal is not yet settled, but it will be; and one thing will be paramount to all others, to obtain the greatest results from a certain amount of food; for one of the most difficult things to determine will be the increasing of both quantity and quality of products while actually reducing cost below even that of present products; but that it will be seemed mainly by a breed of high-grade cows, whose milking qualities are established, rather than accidental, as is now the case with the native cow, there is no reasonable doubt.

When the subject of breeds for the different requirements of the dairy, and winter dairying as a factor in future success, may call out another chapter if the editor thinks best.—*Cor. American Dairyman.*

—Society now issues cards on the birth of children in families.

Look After the Farm Tools.

At this season of the year there are many days when but little work can be done in the field, yet an inclement day can well be utilized by looking after the farm tools, carts, wagons and the various implements required upon the farm. A coat of paint applied to the woodwork would preserve it for a great many years, and the paint applied to the iron-work would greatly preserve it, but in this case the bearings should not be painted. A coating of lard oil would, however, be found of good service; the bearings would be preserved from rust, and when the machine was brought into use in spring or summer it would run much easier than if allowed to rust all winter. In case paint is thought to be too expensive, petroleum is as good a preservative, though appearance is sacrificed in its use. On a clear day in winter the shingles of buildings might have a coat of whitewash, which would preserve them many years, and though it would not render them fireproof, yet it makes them less liable to take fire.

—A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of these good actions always rebounding to me, the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him. For as sound belongs to the drum, and shakes to the substance, so in the end, misery will certainly overtake the evil-doer.—*Buddha.*

—Two of the finest of the private residences in the vicinity of New York Central Park belongs to two lager beer princes, George Ehret and Jacob Rupert, both of whom have made their money in fifteen years.

He Did Not Mince Matters.

A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) *Item*, in a late ramble throughout that city, gathered, among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son. Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which became perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not mince matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. After pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt any rheumatic pain.

LAZINESS grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

HORACE B. DICK, ESQ., associate editor of the *Delaware Co. Republican*, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of very severe injuries resulting from a fall. His arm appeared to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NEVER give a present with a string attached to it as if you wanted to keep it, or expected it to come back again.

Consumption Cure.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark.

HONESTY is the best policy, except when an acquaintance strikes you for a loan. Then a little deception often saves cash.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

A FASHIONABLE belle wishing to be very serene on a rival said the only thing that wasn't false about her was the hole in her stocking.

The "Golden-Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

"WHAT is love?" asks everybody, and somebody replies: "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

A MAN often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

A WATCHMAKER is sitting in his shop, surrounded by clocks and watches, all going, and no two alike. He perceives that it is getting late in the afternoon, and anxiety rushes upon him. He rushes out of his shop and stops the first passer-by. "Sir, what o'clock is it, please?"

WANTED to swallow him—"I think I made a sensation," said Brown. "All the time I was speaking the whole audience received my statements with an open mouthed eagerness that was really wonderful." "Gaping is nothing very wonderful," remarked Fogg in his usual exasperating manner.—*Boston Transcript.*

ACCIDENTAL truth—A medical certificate is among the treasures of the London General Post-office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended to Mrs. ——— in her last illness and that she died in consequence thereof."—*Syracuse Herald.*

A CALCULATING exchange says "It takes a woman ten times as long to dress as a man." Perhaps because her dress costs ten times as much as a man's. Anyhow, when she is dressed, the chances are that she looks ten times more paralyzing than a man.—*Norristown Herald.*

W. TO B.—"I'll give you a piece of my mind, sir, if you are not careful!" B. to W.—"I'll be very careful, for your sake, as you need all the mind you've got! It might ruin you for life if you were to give even a small piece away!"

WIVES ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only my nerves, my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."—*Boston Star.*

THE word "nasty," though not nice, is much used in England. It describes so much of the weather over there that people cannot get along without it.

HOW TO treat a hummer—show him no quarter.

Universal Satisfaction.

Universal satisfaction—so every druggist reports about Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Messrs. Groesbeck & Wilkinson, of Harvard, Ills., write: "Your medicine gives universal satisfaction."

L. E. Sandoh, of Kirby, Ohio, says: "I am selling Piso's Cure. It gives satisfaction and good results."

L. Volkers, of Dennison, Ills., reports that Piso's Cure sells rapidly and gives good satisfaction.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SAVE your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

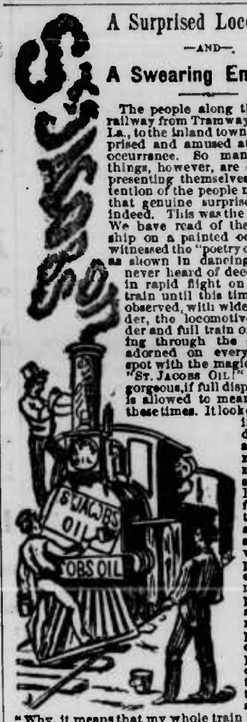

A Surprised Locomotive

—AND—

A Swearing Engineer.

The people along the line of railway from Tramway Landing, La., to the inland towns were surprised and amused at a recent occurrance. So many strange things, however, are constantly presenting themselves to the attention of the people now-a-days that genuine surprises are few indeed. This was the exception. We have read of the "painted ship on a painted ocean," and witnessed the "poetry of motion," as shown in dancing, but had never heard of decorative art in rapid flight on a railway train until this time. People observed, with wide-eyed wonder, the locomotive and tender and full train of cars moving through the country, adorned on every available spot with the magical words—"ST. JACOBS OIL." It looked gorgeous, if full display of color is allowed to mean anything these times. It looked sublime, if the impudence of the advertising man be the measuring standard. It looked funny to see the train and engine swathed with these parti-colored rheumatic wrappings; and at a convenient opportunity our correspondent inquired of the conductor what it all meant? "Why, it means that my whole train looks like a traveling menagerie," said the conductor. "I laid up my train at Tramway, as usual, and, during the hours of 'balmy sleep,' I suppose some of those advertising wretches backed up their 'kit' and posted it from front to rear. I don't know why they did it; but there stands the elongated, red and yellow facts staring you in the face, and just as prominent as a rabbit's ears! It's hard luck stranger, but I guess it's all right."—*Galveston (Tex.) Daily Journal.*

PENSIONS

ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight, disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins gives a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 4 stamps for new Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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Apply on the premises or to

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Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Thos. R. Herwits, on the Hoppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

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PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED

—FOR—

PEDDICORD & COMBS,

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We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

For Sale, Cheap!

One FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE. Weight 1400 lbs. Nearly new. In first class order. Only reason for selling we are compelled to have one of greater capacity.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland. July 3-tf.

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE IN OFFUTT'S BUILDING,

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Particular attention given to Conveyancing. Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. le14-1y

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OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

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AND

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Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

In a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
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BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at their shop on the corner of Mill and Second streets. *All work guaranteed.* HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Call and see us.

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FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

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Principal Office, 34 Union Square,

8 11 9 m New York.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUN

MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

COL. EDWIN WILMER, Manager.

HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

OFFICERS.

SAMUEL BLACK, - - - President,
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President.
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

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MARSHALL & FISHER.

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WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
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H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
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J. J. BLACK, Physician, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
D. J. CUMMINS, Banker and Farmer, Smyrna, Del.
Hon. GEO. P. FISHER, Ex-Judge, Dover, Del.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

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BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $60 to $1000, 2 to 32 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75

Chapel Organs $57.50 THE "LONDON," 13 Stops 5 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $65. THE PARIS now offered for $85. Other desirable new styles now ready.

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J. U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship product direct from Factory.

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ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 1,300 7¼ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only. $222.75.

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

☞ *Illustrated Catalogue. Free.*

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

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THE DAVIS

VERTICAL FEED

SEWING MACHINE.

See what it will do without Basting.

It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sleet without fulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

It will bind dress goods with the same or other material, either scallops, points, squares or straight.

Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

Fold bias trimming and sew on at one operation.

Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a band and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

Davis Sewing Machine Co.,

WATERTOWN, N. Y.,

128 and 220 STATE ST., CHICAGO,

82 & 84 Bank & 93 St. Clair Sts.,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

HUTSON & FRINGER,

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 8 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

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Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

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CORNISH PIANOS ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

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Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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THE LARGEST RETAIL CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA

HOLIDAY GREETING.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

Is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,

12 3 '81 Manager.

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CUSTOM WORK

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at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882. NUMBER 49.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—subburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor." "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **It never Fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

WAS IT FLIRTING!

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary with the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well-bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country, to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths. The pulpit was vacant and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects, I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objection to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast and Glasgow was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's style; of a study where the foothills were softened by Persian rugs, and the doors draped in portiers of velvets; chairs and a desk, carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and pure china with a lady at its head, who resembled a queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform and that the train was coming to a stand-still.

I seized my traveling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porter had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun-bonnet, the other by a red-haired boy with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneeded horse attached to a queer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light summer suit and a city family bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform. The former put his trunk in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun-bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family, come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks and city family—mother, father, little boy, nurse-maid and baby—were put in the wagon and driven by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone, but for the station-master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe. In a moment more the official without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I.

The station-master took no notice of me, but, having climed up on a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put they key in his pocket, and sauntered away down the railroad. In a few minutes a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail, and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. Mactaggert?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know? I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but, you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things when I drive down. Step in, won't you? I'll jest hang this can of paraffine ile on behind. Some dislike the smell—may be you do. The sugar-loaf, tea and coffee can go under the seat as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through it now." And he shook the reins and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which we drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and white apron.

"Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset," said the deacon. "This is Mr. Mactaggert, that's to preach for us. Mr. Mactaggert, this is my daughter Mary."

We bowed, and she vantshed with the parcels.

"What a lovely little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like Angelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and brushed my hair in the blue-walled bedroom on the second floor with white fringed counterpanes and curtains, and two black silhouettes over the mantle-piece on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stout lady, who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter at Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, as girls must praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I should spend the summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here."

It was a pleasant summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day! I often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk-pail, driving her over to the country grocery, and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogramed and perfumed letters were often brought over from the office in company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table, while Mary sat at the other sewing. Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to singe its wings over the chimney and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry, and she would go into the kitchen and find "something good." I always held the light for her. And when something good was found we ate it on the back porch, sitting side by side on the step like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evening.

The summer passed, October came. Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream on the back porch that evening that I said to Mary: "I will tell you a secret if you will keep it for a while, Mary."

"Oh, of course I will, Mr. Mactaggert."

"I am going to be married this autumn, Mary," I said. "Those pretty letters you always thought came from my sister are from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us, Mary, when we are married. I shall tell Angelina how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in the Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—"

"For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash to the ground and shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself, and said she had overtired herself, she thought. They had been baking all day, and it was warm. And now she bade me good night. But I did not see her the next day, nor the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good-by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me at Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course I said it was the baking that had overcome Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary a great deal, and I missed her every hour, exactly—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief.

"I haven't much time to write," she said, in her postscript. "Mary is sick, and besides being driven I am anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazar for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew.

After we had roamed about the bazar and bought all sorts of knicknacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat, and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who, "on this occasion only," was doing good, onerous, hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table with their backs to us.

"I am very tired, are you not, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered:

"Yes, I am tired. I don't thing that it is worth the while to come all the way from Vale of Cruix to Glasgow sight-seeing."

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

"I think we'd better have ten," said the voice. "It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary today? Think of my never asking before."

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We all thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She just loved him dearly. And the day before he went away he told her that he was engaged to some girl in Glascow. I am afraid it has broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunty Russel,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed? Why, it's he who ought to be ashamed. Of all the things, a minister to be a cold, cruel flirt! and that is what Hugh Mactaggert is."

I listened, but I could not move or speak, I felt as though my heart was also breaking, and oh, the time I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"I see by your face that the little story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert," she said.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offense to you."

"Nothing but love another woman," she answered. "Love her, and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think I'm hurt, indeed, I am relieved! I should have kept my word to you but for this; but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S. at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is it not?—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina, splendid as she was, would never have made me happy.

But I only said, "Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered.

"It is yours," I said. with a bow.

After that I think that we were both happier than we had been for days, and shook hands when we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off, and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart. To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix. Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I even help my wife pick currants, and I have taken a turn at the garden when help was scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

But one thing is on my conscience. I have never been able to ask myself the question: "Did I flirt with Mary?" If not, what was it.

What Rum Does.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:

"I am aware there is a great prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it is demoralizing to everbody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can comprehend the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breasts of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the men of genuis it has wrecked, of the struggling with imaginary serpents produced by the devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almhouses, of the asylums, of the prisons and of the scaffolds on either side, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness.

It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, and blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death not life. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, embraces consumption, invites cholera, imports pestilences, covers the land with misery, idleness and crime. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, hates love, scorns innocence and virtue.

It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, and the children to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, and endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot.

It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malvolence of a fiend calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unstained with havoc, it wipes out nation honor, curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abomination, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

The Bible.

The Bible is a good book with a single purpose, and that purpose is to reveal the sinfulness of the human family, and a method of salvation from that sinfulness. And of course a book that has only one end in view must necessarily be silent with reference to a thousand other subjects. Two years ago a man was galloping on horseback, as if he had seen a spectre, down the bank of a New England river in the dead of night. His mission was to inform the sleeping dwellers in a number of manufacturing towns father down the stream that the great dam further up the river was about to burst its barriers. The horseman, as he sped along, trampled myriads of flowers under foot, but he had nothing to say of botany. He rushed by hundreds of projecting rocks, rich in stories of pre-historic ages, but he had nothing to say on the subject of geology. Over his head the starry hosts were marshalled as it had been since the foundation of the world, but he had nothing to say on the subject of astronomy. He had just one mission, to inform the slumbering toilers of their danger, and how they might escape it, and he had no time to devote to the consideration of any other subject, however important, or however fascinating to other minds. So it is with God's word. Its single object is to tell us of sin, and its cure. On this subject it is full and explicit, and infallible.—*Exchange.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SMILE AND FROWN.

O the happy, happy morn,
When love in his heart was born;
As a bird, earth swept along
Flowery ways, on wings of song,
By joy made wild!
And the very air did beat,
In responsive music sweet,
To the coming of his feet.
—For she smiled!

O the wretched, wretched night?
When the stars refused their light,
And the black waves of despair
Closer crept from out their lair,
And his soul was drowned.
O the cruelty of fate!
O the foolishness of hate!
On an empty world, bereft
Of its god when love hath left?
—For she frowned!

And we older-hearted smile,
And we colder-hearted sneer,
Through a silly, girlish will
That a man's great heart appear
So weak or —— strong?
That a smile, or frown, at will
Can a heaven to silence still,
Or the sad old earth can thrill
To joy and song!

Though we smile and though we sneer,
It is but to hide a tear
As it burns upon the dust
Of a dear, dead year,
When we loved, too!
When she smiled, or as she frowned,
So the earth went spinning round
Through a path of song and flowers,
Or she crept through starless hours,
For we and you!

For 'tis love, and it is love,
That the heaven and earth doth move
Through its fervid spell the rose
All her beauty doth disclose
To the sun;
And if o'er the dreams may be
—Fancied immortality—
'Tis o'er death the victory
Love hath won!

—*Hettie A. Morrison.*

SURROUNDED BY FIRE.

Life upon the "Border" is always attended with more or less danger and excitement, and, even Iowa, in her advanced stage, is not exempt from it.

There are still large tracts of unsettled prairie over which devastating flames sweep annually, notwithstanding the fact that our laws attach heavy penalties to the crime of setting out fires at this season of the year. On the evening of November 2, 1880, I rode out for the distance of seven miles, to witness a prairie fire, that t might accurately describe it to our readers.

The settlement extends about five miles east of Bur Oak Grove, and from thence an uncultivated prairie, twenty-five miles in width, offers a grand scope for the flames. On the evening in question, we ascended an eminence and beheld one unbroken line of fire extending from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, now bending to the east for a mile or two, and now to the west, bounded on one side by a blackened waste, on the other by a brown expanse, over which the flames were steadily advancing.

As it moved over the short upland grass, it was not more than a foot in height; in other places it shot skyward in fiery jets, as it struck the swampy ground, where reeds and flags grew rank and tall, while, scattered over the blackened space, huge pyramids of flame lighted the scene for miles around, marking places where tons of hay were making midnight fires.

The wind was low, and the line moved leisurely along, in strong contrast with the evening before when a young man residing with his widowed mother upon the outskirts of the settlement had discovered the fire sweeping down upon them, borne by a fierce head-wind that threatened to destroy all before it.

The usual mode of protecting isolated farms, is to plow a strip of land about twenty feet in width around the premises, and in ordinary cases the fire will not pass over; but it was evident that, with such a breeze, plowing would be of but little avail, and in company with the nearest neighbor, the young man undertook the hazardous work of fighting it by back fires, that is, by burning the prairie in small patches before it has time to sweep down in one extended line. In places, it was easy enough; in others, it required all their efforts to keep it from getting beyond their control. For several hours they kept it within bounds, but suddenly a whirlwind passed through the fire, scattering the sparks and burning grass in a luminous shower about them.

The fire started anew in a thousand places, as sparks caught and ignited, expanding in flaming sheets of light, which grew wider and wider with every breath of the wind.

"Merciful Heaven! we are surrounded!" exclaimed the older man, as he glanced hastily about for some means of escape.

There was no time for consultation: the flames were sweeping down from the east, borne by the resistless force of the wind which caught the tall grass as it burned off at the roots, and hurled it forward upon the inflammable vegetation beyond.

If they retreated before it, they must pass over a piece of swampy ground, where grass and reeds grew rank and strong, with every prospect of being overtaken in a worse place than where they were.

On came the flames like a wrathful fiend. Every moment the air grew hotter and the sparks thicker as the dangerous element was borne toward them on the wings of the wind, and each acting upon his own impulse fled in opposite directions. The younger man ran straight toward the flames, and although the burning space appeared to be only a line, he found it much wider than he supposed, and instead of clearing it with a bound, as he had intended, he was obliged to pass over several rods of blazing grass, and when he reached the space already burned his hair and eyebrows were badly singed and his coat on fire. Quickly drawing off the garment, he succeeded in extinguishing it, and then looked around expecting to see his neighbor, but the older man had run out into the slough, and lay down with only his head above the water to await the coming of the flames. In a few moments the place was completely hidden from view by the crimson sheet that swept over it; how a human being could live in the midst of so much flame and smoke seemed too deep a mystery, and as soon as the grass had burned sufficiently away the young man returned to look for his missing comrade. When the smoke had cleared the man arose from his place of doubtful refuge and stood gasping upon the shore.

"How are you?" asked the younger, advancing toward him.

"*I am very nearly boiled*, that's about how I am," he said, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak.

"The flames heated the air until I was obliged to duck my head under, then the burning reeds fell into the water till they set it to steaming, and when I raised my head I got a breath of hot air, that made me think my choice lay between boiling and roasting; I'd like to see the fellow that kindled the fire in my place awhile; how fured you?"

"I am scorched some, but very glad to escape so easily, although I have not the least desire to try it again. But hark! what was that?"

The two men listened anxiously for a moment, and the sound was repeated, striking a chill to their hearts far more terrible than anything they had before experienced.

It was a human cry, and so full of agony and despair that the two men trembled as it came borne across the waste, fearfully wild and distinct above the roar of the flames.

"'Tis a woman's voice," said the elder man, as a shudder ran through his frame at thought of a fellow-being perishing horribly, so near that they could hear the heart-rending shrieks.

"Look, look!" shouted the younger man, pointing in the direction from which the sound proceeded, where, darkly outlined against the lurid sky, a female form was visible retreating before the flames, which every moment gained upon her.

"O God! it is my Lily! my own precious child! Is there no way to save her?" exclaimed the elder man despairingly, as his gaze fell upon the fleeing girl.

"Alas, none," were the unuttered words that rose to the lips of his companion, as his eye measured the distance, and he saw how utterly futile would be any attempt at rescue.

The father comprehended what a single glance had revealed to the other, that the flames would overtake her before they could traverse half the distance and it would only involve a useless sacrifice of two more lives. He raved in agony. A lifetime of torture seemed to concentrate in the moments as they watched the fragile girl, as she sped hopelessly on as if striving to evade, if only for a moment, the fate that awaited her.

"Look! look! again shouted the young man, pointing to a dark object which neither had previously observed.

It was a horseman, riding at full speed toward the fleeing girl, dashing straight in toward the fire as if willing to meet the flames half-way.

To the men who watched his course it seemed like rushing into the very jaws of death, but the horseman never faltered. With an encouraging shout to the girl, who now ran to meet him, he dashed onward, unheeding the current of heated air and stifling smoke that was wafted toward him.

"*Too late! Too late!* He cannot repass the ground," groaned the father, as his eye measured the hopeless distance which lay between his child and safety.

"If there is a man in the world who can save her it is John Harper," said his companion encouragingly.

"*John Harper! Is it he?*" gasped the father, "and it was only yesterday that I told her never to be seen in his company again, and now the brave fellow is riding straight into the flames to perish with her," and the hopless father groaned in anguish.

"See! he has reached her; he swings her to a seat behind him, and wheels about to recross the ground," and with a cheering shout the young man endeavored to encourage the heroic fellow.

"*Has he gone mad?*" he asked a few moments later. "He is not taking the shortest cut, but is bearing away to the right!"

"It matters not: 'tis but a hopeless race with the winds, and no horse in America could run it. O, my poor child, O, my brave boy!" and the father covered his face with his hands and groaned in agony.

The rider knew the strength of the animal as well as any one; he could feel the panting sides and note the slackened speed of the willing beast, and clearly realized the inability of the horse to carry his double burden across the intervening space, but if he could urge him to make a few more desperate bounds he could reach the solitary tree that stood like a lone sentinel in the midst of that scene of terror and desolation.

The horse already staggered with exhaustion, but with whip and voice he urged him on, until trembling in every limb, he paused beside the tree.

"*Quick*, Lily, climb for your life!" he said, standing erect in the saddle, and helping her as far he could reach, then swinging himself up he assisted her to a seat upon a branch out of the reach of the scorching flames.

The horse stood for a few seconds, as if to recover breath for a final effort, and freed from his burden, made another effort for his own safety. He staggered forward, and fell upon his knees, just inside the burned region, where the men were standing, and not a moment too soon. The father ran to him, and throwing his arms around his neck, caressed him with tears of gratitude.

"I'll take it all back, John. You're good enough for the President's daughter; take Lily and my whole farm with her, if you want to," he said, as he grasped the brave man's hands as he descended from the tree.

"I'll accept your offer, minus the farm," was the smiling reply.

"How came you out here, Lily?" asked the father.

"I came to look for you. You had been gone so long that we feared that the flames had overtaken you," she answered.

"Well, don't you ever get John into such a scrape again,"

And she never did.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

—According to Col. F. D. Curtis, experiments have demonstrated that cooking food adds to its value about twenty-five per cent. for fattening pigs. But from this apparent gain must be taken the miller's toll, one-tenth, and the cost and labor of cooking. When pigs eat a large amount of meal in a raw state and not soured, it will ferment more or less in the stomach, and this condition tends to destroy the appetite and to produce scours.

Whales and Their Habits.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, who accompanied the Dundee whaling fleet to Davis Strait and Lancaster Sound last summer, mentions the change that has taken place in the geographical distribution of the Arctic whale. A century or two ago this animal was found everywhere north of the sixtieth degree of latitude, and extended many degrees farther south on the east coast of America. It abounded on the northern shores of Europe and the coast of Iceland and Greenland, frequenting the Islands of Jan Meyen and Spitzbergen in incredible numbers. Now it has deserted Spitzbergen and the north of Europe, it is becoming rare on the coasts of Greenland, and seems to be retiring farther into the unpenetrable recesses of the Polar Sea. Whalemen are not agreed as to whether the animals are actually diminishing in numbers. Some believe that they are still as numerous as they were at the beginning of the century; others predict that the time of their total extinction is approaching. They are still sometimes seen in enormous numbers. Whales exceeding forty-seven and forty-eight feet in length are caught every year. Captain Deuchars, of the Dundee fleet, two years ago took a whale sixty-five feet long, the "bone" of which measured twelve feet ten inches, and which gave twenty-four tons of pure oil. The largest whale ever caught in Davis Strait, in 1849, had a "bone" fourteen feet long, and yielded twenty-seven tons of oil. The destruction of "suckers," or baby whales, which is considerable, may have something to do with the present decadence of the fishery. Whalemen think that no animal should be killed whose "bone" is not more than six feet long. Whales may live to a very great, but no one knows to how great, an age. Although dead ones are often found floating on the water, none are ever discovered that have died from natural causes. Whales are monogamous, and are much attached to their consorts. The correspondent who furnishes these facts tells of an animal which came back every day for a fortnight through great peril from the fleet to the place where its mate had been taken, regularly going over the course followed by her in her flight, looking for her. The animals sleep on the surface of the water, enjoy fine weather and sunshine, and are often seen at play on bright days. When they are together in large numbers the water becomes covered with an oily exudation from their bodies, which has a sickly smell and attracts flocks of "molly" petrels. They can live only on the most minute marine animals, for, though a whale's mouth "would hold a whaleboat, with all its crew, its gullet would be choked by a herring. When feeding, it swims through the water with its mouth wide open, a constant stream passing in at the front, through the upright whalebone plates at the sides, and out again at the back. The small animals which form its food are entangled in the long hairs which fringe the internal edges of the plates, and from time to time, as they become collected in sufficient numbers, the whale closes its mouth, raises its tongue, and swallows the mass." Its favorite food is a black pteropodous mollusk, resembling a humble-bee, and, after this, jelly-fish, of which it takes millions to make a meal. Fortunately for the whale, these creatures go closely massed together in shoals many square miles in extent. After man, the whale's worst enemy is the grampus, which attacks it savagely, and is very destructive to the species. Its protection from both enemies is the ice; and it is, consequently, now found almost exclusively in the neighborhood of ice.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Giants in These Days.

Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, who lives on a farm near Seville, Ohio, is seven feet eleven and a half inches high, and weighs 478 pounds. Mrs. Bates is seven feet eleven inches high, and weighs 413 pounds. It is a difficult matter to convey an adequate idea of the proportions of such a dwelling as the one occupied by the Ohio giants. A door that is six feet six inches high is a large-sized opening in the side of a house—that is, a dwelling-house, not a cathedral. But the doors in the domicil of the Bates giants are ten feet high, and the knobs are nearly as high as the reporter's head.

The house was built by Captain Bates in 1876, and is elegantly furnished. In the main building on the ground floor are, besides the spacious hall, the bedchamber of the giants, a sitting-room, and a parlor. The couch upon which the big couple sleep was made especially for them, and it is a curiosity to look at. It is extensive enough to give the great people room to stretch in, and it looks as big as an ordinary sized floor. It is really ten feet long, wide in proportion and about twice as high as a common bed. The magnificent dressing case is also a huge affair, with a glass upon it nearly as big as the side of a house. In the sitting-room is a piano of ordinary size itself, but it is mounted on blocks two feet high, so that the instrument is away up in the air, out of the reach of common folks. There are two rocking-chairs in this room that are so big that the reporter had to climb up into one of them the same as an infant would clamber into a "high chair." It is very expensive for the giants to live, as they have to pay such an exorbitant price for everything they wear. For instance, it costs the Captain $30 for a pair of boots.

It is a most astonishing sight to come across the two giants out for a drive. City folks who have seen the ponderous wagons with wheels reaching to the second story of a house, used to haul stones weighing tons and tons, can form an idea of the vehicle used. It is pulled by six stout Norman horses, and is enough to make a man think he has 'got 'em sure, to suddenly meet such a spectacle on the road out in the country. Passing wagons have to let the rails down and drive into the adjoining fields until the giants go by.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—At Boston weddings the newest feature is to have the bride and bridegroom stand during the ceremony in a floral grotto made of chrysanthemums, asters, lilies, passion flowers and smilax.

—Nothing shocks the sensibilities of an honest man more than a dishonest and meaningless laugh.

The Coming Transit of Venus.

The second one of the pair of transits of Venus across the face of the sun which occur in the present century, is on the programme for next December. On the 6th of that month the phenomenon will begin at about 8h. 13m. a. m. and end at about 2h. 20m. p. m., Chicago time. The transit will, therefore, be visible through its entirety from this city, wind and weather permitting. The next succeeding transit of Venus, visible from any part of the earth's surface, will not occur till June 7 in the year 2004, or 122½ years hence.

It is well-known that the last three of the four transits, which are all that are known to have been observed since the "creation," have been regarded as very valuable for the furnishing of data for determining the distance of the earth from the sun, which is the unit employed in our measures of distance of planets, comets and stars. They have furnished us with successfully nearing the approximations to the truth, though some doubts have been raised with regard to the relative value of the results obtained from the transit of 1874. There is, however, no room for doubt that the importance of the problem warrants the employment of all the means at our command in the effort to obtain a still closer approximation to the truth than we now possess. Apart from its merely abstract interest as a scientific question, it is intimately bound up with the computations of the lunar motion which are so much depended upon by those who "go down to the sea in ships." The science of navigation will never be perfected till we know the mean distance of the earth from the sun a little more closely than we now know it, and are thus enabled to calculate more accurately the ever-varying perturbations in the apparent movement of the moon among the stars.

The problem is, in effect, to find the difference between the apparent positions of the planet on the sun as seen at the same instant of time at two widely-sundered points on the earth's surface. The line joining those two points is the base of a monster triangle, the other sides of which meet at the surface of Venus, and pass beyond her to form another monster triangle, the base of which is on the sun. Then, a subsequent calculation gives the lengths of those lines from the earth to the sun. The difficulty lies in obtaining the measures free from error. That is practically impossible; but the magnitude of the unavoidable error is gradually being narrowed down by the increasing perfection of the instruments employed and skill in using them.

The motion of the planet with reference to the earth during the coming transit will be such as to furnish three available base lines, all of them terminating in the United States. The other extremities lie respectively in the neighborhood of Madagascar and the Cape of Good Hope, near Cape Horn, and New Zealand to Australia. The first of these will be available for measures at the beginning of the transit, the last named for measures of the end of the transit; while the middle one will furnish simultaneous measures for the whole phenomenon. The line from Chicago to Cape Horn is the best, and would be the only one calling for attention but for the notoriously uncertain character of December weather at its southern terminus. The last-named consideration may render it advisable to provide for observations at the other two southern stations—viz.: the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, or near those places.

Of course plenty of observations will be made in the United States, weather permitting, but they will be valueless without comparison measures at the other extremities of the base lines referred to. American astronomers naturally feel an interest in the solution of the whole problem, and are already bestirring themselves to make the necessary arrangements for observing in the Southern hemisphere. It is interesting to note that they will probably have "a monopoly" of the photographic method. It is not provided for in the arrangements of the European astronomers, the results obtained by it having been regarded as very doubtful. But a recent comparison of the photographs taken here during the transit of Mercury in May, 1878, shows that with fine weather during the whole transit the results of the photographic work will be much more trustworthy than those obtained by the observation of contacts. There is certainly reason to expect that the experience of seven years ago will be of great service in the work of eleven months hence. It is, therefore, highly desirable that the work should be done, and in the best manner possible. As a prominent American astronomer has remarked, even if the result should not be all that could be hoped for, the astronomers of the next century but one would scarcely forgive those of to-day if the opportunity be neglected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rise in Prices.

The New York *Public*, which makes a careful study of prices, compiles a table of comparisons in prices for various dates between January 1, 1860, and December 1, 1881. It has taken commendable pains to make sure that it is comparing the prices of merchandise of the same quality, standing and importance. The date when prices were the lowest in this interval was November 1, 1878, and the following are quotations of a few of the most representative staples on that st of November in the following years:

	1860.	1878.	1881.
Wheat, 2 red Winter	$ 1.33	$ 1.01	$ 1.44½
Wheat, 2 Spring	1.17	.10	1.32
Corn	.68	.40¼	.69
Oats	.38	.28½	.47
Beans	1.26	1.55	2.75
Pork, mess	13.25	7.75	18.00
Bacon, cwt	10.00	5.68	9.62
Butter	.14	.16	.25
Cheese	.10	.17½	.11½
Eggs	.10¼	.22	.26½
Hay, cwt	.80	.45	.65
Potatoes, brl	1.12	2.60	2.39
Cabbages, cwt	3.50	2.50	8.00
Apples	1.50	1.25	3.00
Sugar	.07	.05½	.08½
Coffee, Rio	.13½	.11¼	.10½
Tea	.31	.14	.15
Codfish	4.00	4.25	5.50
Salt	.80	.65	.75
Cotton	.11½	.09¾	.11½
Sheeting	.08¾	.07½	.08¾
Wool	.48	.35	.46
Harris goods	1.50	1.50	1.60
Hides	.25¾	.20	.22
Pig iron	22.50	16.50	25.50
Lumber, White pine	16.00	15.00	16.00
Brick	5.00	3.75	7.50

It is worth noticing that there has been a substantial decline in tea and coffee, and these are almost the only articles so affected.

For Young Readers.

HOW SIR WILLIAM KEPT HIS PROMISE.

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong, white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said, "Come, tell me, dear."

"It's father's bowl I've broken;
'Twas for his dinner kept,
I took it safe, but coming back
It fell"—again she wept.

"But you can mend it, can't you?"
Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
I cannot make it whole,
But I can give you sixpence
To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
In purse and pockets, too,
And found but golden guineas.
He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"
He said, "again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence.
I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan rejoicing—
A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William;
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
And low before him bends;
"Will not Sir William come and dine
To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here.
You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with Dukes and Earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her,
He must his friends refuse,
So "a previous engagement"
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand,
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard—
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!

—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.*

"GOOD LUCK" AND "POOR LUCK."

"C-a-t, cat; c-a-t, cat; c-a-t, cat."

These words were uttered by a voice in a tiny, unfinished room in the pitch of the roof. A small piece of tallow candle spluttered and flared on the window-sill, throwing strange shadows into the dim corners and among the rafters overhead. A young man in rough clothes was in the room leaning over a book held close to the candle. He was spelling out the words slowly and painfully, over and over, "C-a-t, cat; c-a-t, cat; b-a-t, bat."

At last he heard the clock down stairs give a long w-h-i-r-r-r-r, and then begin to strike. He looked up and counted—twelve. Then he closed the book, blew out the candle, hastily threw off his clothes, and was soon sound asleep beside his companion, Ned, who had been already three hours in bed.

The sun had not yet risen when he awoke. In a moment he was up, and dressed, and sundying away again. H-a-t, hat; h-a-t, hat; and so on through all the ats. Then he began again.

"Be you up, boys?" cried a rough voice down stairs. "Come, hurry up and git to work."

Ned rolled slowly over in bed, and stretched his arms, and yawned.

"Oh, what a fool you be, Jack Lewis," he drawled out in a sleepy tone. "Don't you git enough work without stickin' over them books?"

"I don't care," answered Jack. "I'm bound to get an education. I've never had a chance yet, since I've been bound out, but I'll be my own master in a year now, and the schoolmaster he's put an iden or two into my head."

"Well, you're a fool, that's all," said Ned.

A year had passed by. It was the first day of school, and the children were flocking toward the little black school-house. The teacher, who was seated on a high platform behind a desk, wiped his glasses, rapped on the desk, and called the school to order.

He arranged the classes—first the scholars in advanced arithmetic and geography and history; then, a class in decimals and grammar; and so on till he came to the last.

"All those who have never studied fractions, or grammar, or geography, will rise," he said.

Five or six little girls, with long hair and short dresses, and two small boys in short pants, stood up. And one other stood up, too. He was six feet tall, and was clumsy and poorly dressed. It was Jack.

The teacher looked down at him and repeated what he had said.

"You misunderstood me," he added.

"No, sir," said Jack, firmly. "I belong to this class."

Several of the children giggled. One of the boys threw a great spit-ball, that struck him on the back of the head.

"I can't help it, said Jack, with face as red as fire. "This is the first chance I've ever had to learn, and I'm a-going to take it." And he sat down and was soon studying away at an example—add 2-5 to 3-5.

"Baby boy!" cried one of the scholars at recess.

"Spell fool," cried another.

"Where did you go to college?"

"When did Columbus discover the Mississippi?"

"Add one apple and two dogs."

But poor Jack did not look up. He was studying away at his old spelling-book, which was thumbed and dog-eared and torn; m-e-a-s-u-r-e, measure; p-l-e-a-s-u-r-e, pleasure.

"I say," cried one of the boys at last; "what kind of a mother have you got if she didn't teach you anything?"

Jack was on his feet in a moment. His face was flushed and his hands clenched. He seized the boy by the collar, and was just about to throw him, when he stopped.

"What be I about?" he said, slowly. "If you was my size, I'd give you a trouncing you'd remember. But there, you're only a baby!"

And he sat down again on the door-step and began to pore over the old spelling-book.

One of the young girls in the upper class, named Florence West, came up and stood beside him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, boys," she said. "You don't know what a hard time he's had to get along. He's been bound out for five years past, and has never had a chance to go to school. But he's working hard now to make up for lost time, and we ought to help him instead of laughing at him."

Jack looked up gratefully, and his face was covered with blushes. He almost thought an angel had come down to help him.

Just then the master's bell rang, and they all went in. That day Jack stood at the head of his little class. In two weeks he led the class above.

At the end of the year, the friends of the scholars had gathered at the exhibition in the school-house. The teacher rose. Every sound was hushed.

"I have something remarkable to tell you," he said. "Last autumn, a young man of twenty-one entered the lowest class in my school. He has earned his food and lodging by chopping wood and otherwise aiding a kind woman of the village who desired to help him. All his spare time has been spent in his studies. He has made up all the studies of the lower classes, and I am happy to say he has the highest rank in the school. You may take the seat in front, Lewis. Had it not been for this, the first place would have been held by Miss Florence West, who will please take the other vacant chair."

What was Jack's surprise as he walked up the aisle to hear the audience favoring him with hearty applause.

But for all the honor, he had only been through the district school. Now he had all summer to make some money to carry him through the next year at the high school.

Years passed on. Let me picture a scene "out West."

"Good-morning, Mr. Lewis," said a poor, shiftless-looking man, walking into the office of the Hon. John Lewis, and standing before him. "Do you remember me?"

"No, sir."

"No; I didn't suppose you would. My name is Ned Barnes. I was bound out with you to Farmer Harris when we were boys. But you've got on in the world, and I haven't. I don't know how it is, but some folks seem to have good luck, and others has poor luck. You always had good luck and got ahead. I thought p'raps you'd find me a job, just for the sake of old times."

"Yes, indeed," said Jack; for it was he grown up to middle life, after going through college and building up a fine law business. "If you'll go up to my house, Florence, my wife, will fit you out in some decent clothes, and then I'll see what I can do for you."

These were the men who, twenty years before, had been in that little attic-room, the one snoring in bed, and the other thumbing his old spelling-book. That was where the good luck and the poor luck began.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Match-Making Napoleon.

Napoleon could be liberal for his own sake to those who could help him, always on the condition of their absolute subservience. But he appears to have been almost destitute of real generosity of soul; he took a positive pleasure in wounding sensitive natures, and he was given to indulging in outbursts of brutality which sometimes passed from rough language into actual violence. As for that match-making mania of his, there are two instances among many which are strikingly suggestive. One was his actually proposing, after the divorce from Josephine, that she should bestow her hand on the Prince of Wurtemburg, who, having come to Paris on political business, had been greatly taken by the fascinating Empress. Though the proposal was certainly made, it could scarcely have been serious; at all events, the Prince would have had reason to repent the match, for Napoleon was in love with Josephine to the last, and proved his capricious love by his irritable jealousy.

In the second instance to which we refer, a marriage was really brought off, in a style that reminds us of the Eastern seraglio or the guard-room, and one of the victims was no less a person than Davoust. Napoleon suddenly announced to his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, that he (Leclerc) was appointed to the command of the St. Domingo expedition, and must sail immediately. Leclerc remonstrated against the hasty departure. A sacred tie bound him to France. He had a sister who would be left alone in the world.

"We must have her married directly—to-morrow, for example."

"But I have no fortune to give her."

"Am I not here? To-morrow your sister shall be married. I don't know exactly to whom."

Shortly afterward Davoust entered to inform Napoleon that he was about to be married.

"To Mlle. Leclerc! I find the match very suitable."

"No, General; with Mme. ——"

"To Mlle. Leclerc."

And Davoust was sent off to Mme. Campain in search of his future bride.—*London Times.*

—The railway system of India includes 8,611 miles. The gauge is three feet and six inches. All lines are built primarily for military and not commercial purposes.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1881-1891.

1881.

Axles groaning, pistons hissing,
Tearing, wearing, bolts all missing,
Rushing hideous thro' night air,
Always wanting some repair,
Boisterous, blustering, screaming, sooty,
That's the way he does his duty.

1891.

Silent, voiceless, quickly speeding,
Coal or water never needing,
As he rushes thro' the dark,
Showing but a single spark;
Like glowworm or firefly,
Or star twinkling in the sky,
Soundless all his work will be,
Moved by electricity.

—*Railroad World.*

IN THE SOUTHEAST BASTION.

I was standing in the inner court of the old fortress of San Marco, in St. Augustine. I had made, or thought I had made a discovery. Ever since I had first visited it I had taken the greatest interest in this ancient pile, begun 300 years ago by the Spaniards, and the oldest edifice of the kind in our country. I was thoroughly acquainted with its demi-lunes, its barbican, its terre-plein, its portcullis, its moat, its dungeons, and everything known and seen by the general public. But now I hoped I knew and should see something unknown and unseen by the general public.

The young man who assisted the old sergeant in charge of the fort approached me. "It is time to shut up, sir," he said.

It was true. The sun was setting. I walked through the great entrance hall, casting a longing look leftward as I did so, crossed the drawbridge and went into the town. I had not walked a dozen yards on the broad sea-wall which skirts the water front of the old city when I saw riding toward me on the road a lady on a sorrel horse. She rode directly up to the wall, and we both stopped.

"Good evening," said she, with a pleasant smile. "Just from San Marco, I suppose. Have you found anything new?"

This seemed to me a curious question to come at such a time. I was wildly anxious to tell some one of what I had discovered, and why should I not tell Miss Mallette? This young lady was the daughter of one of our great western farmers, and was my most intimate friend in the town. We had walked together on moonlight nights on the sea-wall, we had sailed together on the broad waters of the Matanzas, we had rambled over the old fort, had danced together at the hops, and had taken many a ride along the shell road and into the beautiful rose gardens of the suburbs. She had told me of the 10,000-acre fields of wheat upon her father's farm, and of the long gallops she took and the strange life she led upon that vast domain. I in turn had told her everything about myself I thought she was likely to know; and why should I not tell her this thing, in which she would feel more interest than in anything I had spoken of before?

"I believe," I said, "I have found out something new."

"O, delightful!" she cried. "Just stand where you are, and tell me all about it. Your head is so high that I don't have to bend down a bit. What have you found?"

"You remember the dungeon in the northeast bastion?" I said.

"Where the skeletons and the iron cages were found? O yes, of course I remember it; and when I visit Washington I am going to see if one of those skeletons really is in the Smithsonian Institution. I don't believe the people here know anything about it."

"Well," I continued, "I have always considered that in the southeast bastion there must be something of the same kind, for it is not to be supposed that the Spaniards would have built a bastion which for more than fifty feet from its outer corner should be of solid masonry."

"Yes, I remember that we talked about that. But you don't suppose they put skeletons in every corner?"

"O no," I said, "I have no reason to suppose there are any more skeletons, but I feel sure there is a room or dungeon within that bastion."

"We have supposed all that before," said Miss Mallette, "but what have you found out?"

"That is what I am going to tell you," I replied. "You remember two rooms which open to the right as you go into the entrance hall of the fort?"

"Certainly," said she. "One of them was the kitchen of the Indian prisoners where that horrid murderous squaw presided."

"Well, then," I said, "you remember there is a third room, completely dark, beyond these?"

"O yes. I've often stood at the open door and tried to look into it with lighted matches and papers; but I could never see more than a few feet, it was so pitchy black inside. The old sergeant never takes anybody in there, does he?"

"No," I replied; "for some reason or other he never investigates this room. He always says there is nothing in it, and passes on."

"I should like ever so much to go in there," said Miss Mallette.

"I've been in," I answered, "and have gone all over the room."

"How on earth did you do that?" she exclaimed. "I should have been afraid of wells and pitfalls. Please tell me all about it. But are you not tired of standing?"

"Not a bit," I answered. "I have long wished to explore this room, because beyond it lies the unknown fifty feet of the southeast bastion. I was afraid to take a lantern into the room, for if the old sergeant or any one else saw me groping about there, he would interfere with my investigations, which I wished to keep to myself; so I determined to go in and cautiously feel my way about the place. I tapped the ground before me with a cane as I walked so that I should not step into any hole. After I had been in there ten or fifteen minutes, it is astonishing how my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. I could actually see, though very dimly, the inner walls as I approached them. And here I made a discovery."

"O! what was it?" cried Miss Mallette, greatly interested.

"It was a hole two or three feet square, in the eastern or farthest wall of the room."

"And did you go through?" cried the lady.

"No, I have not got so far as that yet. In fact, it is now impossible to go through it. It is nearly filled with sand or fine earth, and this must be dug out before any one can enter it."

"What do you intend to do about it?" said Miss Mallette, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And where do you think it leads to?"

"I feel confident," I replied, "that it leads to some chamber in the southeast bastion, and I intend to dig through and see what is beyond."

"If I were a man," said the lady, "I should like nothing better than to do that. But are you sure that you have really discovered this thing? Perhaps there is some one who can tell you all about it."

"I thought of that," I said, "and I asked the old sergeant. If anybody knows anything about the fort, he does. When I told him I had found this hole he looked amazed, and expressed a great deal surprise at my exploring the dark chamber. I found he did not want to talk about the matter at all; but as I rather pressed him with questions about the hole in the wall he told me briefly that it had been made by some prisoners who were in that apartment. They had thought to get out by cutting through that wall; but when they made the hole it instantly filled up with sand which came from the other side. I asked him who the prisoners were, but he was very short about it. 'I wasn't one of 'em,' he said; 'nayther did I put 'em there. I just tell the tale as it was told to me.' And off he walked. From what he said I am sure that nothing has been discovered beyond that hole, but I am afraid I have made him suspicious of me, and I must be very careful in what I intend to do."

"Can't you get permission from somebody to explore the place?" asked Miss Mallette.

"O no!" I exclaimed. "If the authorities did anything at all in the matter they would take it up themselves, and all the fun of the discovery would be lost to me."

"Then what are your plans?" she asked.

"Here comes young Norton," I answered, "and I can't tell you now. But if you will walk with me to-morrow to the fort I shall have worked out my plans, and will tell you all about them. We will go in the middle of the day when there are few people there."

The next day I took her to the fort and told her all I intended to do. I would come there late in the evening, go unobserved into the dark chamber and be shut up in the fort for the night. I would take some candles and tools with me and dig out the sand from the hole. In the morning I could slip out unobserved. I would do this every night until I had penetrated into the chamber I was looking for.

"I think that is dreadful," said Miss Mallette. "You will take your death of cold in that damp place; the sand will cave in on you and bury you, and you'll have to sleep all day, which will give you no time for riding or anything else. Besides, how are you going to get shovels and such things into the fort without their seeing you?"

"I shall want but a few tools," I said, "and I have thought of a way to get them in. Late this afternoon I am going to lower a rope from some northern point on the barbette, where few people ever go, down to the moat. It won't be noticed; and then to-morrow I'll bring some tools in a boat, tie them to the lower end of the rope, and cover them over with brushwood. Then, after I have been shut up to-morrow night I'll haul them up."

"To-morrow night!" she exclaimed. "So soon as that?"

"Yes," I said; if the thing is to be done, it might as well be done at once."

The next day, despite a good deal of discouragement from Miss Mallette, I carried out my plan. Late in the afternoon she went with me to the fort. There were a good many visitors about, and it was some time before I had an opportunity to slip into the dark chamber. I took leave of her at the door.

"It's a perfectly horrid place!" said she, looking in, "and I wish you would give up the whole thing this minute."

"I wish you took more interest in it," I said. "But I must not keep you here any longer. Good night."

Thus virtually dismissed, Miss Mallette walked quietly away, while I slowly groped inch by inch to the interior of the sombre cavern, where I felt for a corner, in which I deposited the candles and other necessary articles I had brought in my pockets. I had not been here long before I heard the sound of approaching voices, and in a few moments a group of tourist visitors made their appearance at the open door. To my amazement, Miss Mallette was one of them. At first I thought she had betrayed me, and had brought these people to laugh at me. But I soon perceived that my suspicions were unworthy ones. The ladies and gentlemen peered through the door, exclaiming at the dreariness of the place. Then one of them lighted a paper, as many a visitor had done before, and tried to peer into the interior. The flame lighted up their faces, and I could see that that of Miss Mallette was filled with a painful anxiety lest I should be discovered. But I knew this could not be, and it amused me to stand there and look at them, feeling certain they could not see me.

"What a perfectly horrible hole!" said one of the ladies. "Not a window or place for any light to come in! And this outer room is so dim there is no spare light to go in at the door."

"What could it have been used for?" asked one.

"It must have been a prison," a gentleman answered.

"Impossible," said another. "No one could live in it a day. The very darkness would drive a person crazy."

The anxiety on Miss Mallette's face now grew deeper, and I wished I could assure her that the darkness would not drive me crazy. The burning papers soon went out, and I wished the people would go away, for I was obliged to remain perfectly motionless and still. If I had groaned or spoken, I believe I should have frightened some of them into convulsions. Miss Mallette was the last to leave. Evidently she did not know the party, and had only joined them when she saw them approaching the dark room. She turned her face toward the interior of the room, and by the light in the doorway, which was now very dim, I could see she made some sort of sign with her head and hands. The other people were not very far away, and I did not dare to speak.

When all was quiet, and I was sure that the fort had been closed for the night, I lighted a couple of candles, which I stuck in a little mound of sand upon the ground, ate some luncheon I had brought, and then, it being quite dark outside, I lighted myself through the rooms into the courtyard, went up on the barbette, and drew up my tools, made my way to the chamber, where I had left one candle burning, took off my coat, and speedily set to work.

My theory was that beyond the inner wall of this chamber, distant only a few feet, was the wall of the dungeon in the southeast bastion which I was looking for. The space between the walls was probably filled with sand in order to mislead and deter any one who should attempt to penetrate through the wall of the room I was in, and this had stopped the work of the prisoners who had tried to escape. It was certainly ridiculous to suppose that the whole interior of the great bastion was either solid stone or filled with sand.

I dug, and I dug, and I dug; I shoveled and hoed a vast mass of sand from the hole into the room in which I stood, but still it came down from above. I knew, however, that there must be a limit to this continual caving in, and that if I shovelled and hoed long enough, I must eventually make a passage through the sand.

Although strong, I was unused to such labor as this, and before long I became very tired. I lay down to rest upon a small rubber blanket I had brought, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep. I did not awake until the next morning. My candles had burned out, and I could see the distant daylight through the door of the room. I found myself no worse for my sleep, for the air of the place was dry. I did not dare to go out of the room until I heard the sound of voices and visitors, for it would not be prudent for me to make my appearance before any one had entered the fort.

I had waited about an hour—perhaps I had taken another little doze—when I heard some one approaching. In a few moments I saw Miss Mallette at the open door. Before I could speak she had called to me in a low tone, which had something of anxiety in it. I instantly answered and went to her. As soon as I entered the other room she cordially shook me by the hand and said, laughing, "I really am glad to find you alive; I did not know what might have happened to you in this dreadful place."

"Nothing happened," I answered, "and I did not find the place at all dreadful."

"Well, I hope you got through with your work," she said. "What did you discover?"

"I have discovered nothing yet, and I have only begun my work."

"You are mistaken there," she said, very decidedly. "Your work in that dark hole is finished. If you did not do last night all that you wanted to, you will have to leave the rest undone. I have made up my mind that you shall not pass another night in that place. I could hardly sleep last night for thinking of it; and when I came here this morning I did not know but that I should have to go back for people to dig you out from a pile of fallen sand."

"But I must go on with the work," I said. "You don't know how I long to get into the outer chamber which I know is in this bastion."

"All that does not matter at all," she said. "If you stay in here to-night I am going to tell the sergeant."

She said this with a laugh, but I knew she meant it. "That is pretty hard on me," I remarked.

"Not hard at all," she said, lightly, touching my arm with the point of her parasol. "You can get somebody to do the work for you; some one who is better able to dig and to stay in a place like this than you are; some one who will come in here at night and work just as you intended to, and who can easily be persuaded to keep the thing quiet till the work is done. After you have made the discovery, of course you will want everybody to know. And now let me drive you home."

We went out together, met nobody, and she drove me to my lodgings. That afternoon, when I called upon Miss Mallette, I found her filled with an idea.

"You know Madame Tonnin, the little French teacher?" said she.

I knew Madame Tonnin very well. She came every day to give French lessons to my landlady's little boy.

"If anybody can tell who will be a good person to do your work for you, she can," said Miss Mallette. "She knows all about the Minorcans and other white people of the place—of course you don't want a blundering negro—and she herself is the very person to keep a secret. Let us walk around to her house and tell her about it. You know you have *got* to tell somebody, or the thing can't be done."

I did not wish to give up my original idea, but at last I consented. I had become convinced I could not do the necessary digging, and if the matter was to be carried on at all, I must get somebody to help me.

We put on our hats and started for the house of Madame Tonnin. Before we had gone half way we met her. In St. Augustine you meet everybody every time you go out. We took the little lady to a retired seat in the Plaza, and there I told her my plans. I did not exactly desire to communicate these to the French lady, but Miss Mallette had talked with such practical force on the subject that I really had no arguments with which to answer her. If she had been a man, I should not have allowed her to take command in this way.

Madame Tonnin listened with great interest, wagging her little head in affirmation at every sentence. "Ze ex-plor-as-ze own, ve ex-cav-as-ze-own, zat is right. I 'ave ze man. He is my nephew, Monsieur Seemon. He is at my house at zis time. He is an excavateur par excellence. Zat is ze dream of his soul. You will find he is ze man for whom you search. He is like ze rocks, ze stones, ze"—looking around for further similes—"ze bench of wood. His lips is—gummed up."

"Sealed, you mean," said Miss Mallette.

"Yes, sealed," said the little lady, with a wag of her head.

We found Monsieur Simon at the house of his aunt. The house was a very small one, with the front door opening directly into the parlor. Monsieur Simon was seated at a back window reading a very old copy of a French newspaper. He was a small man with a bald head, a shining, animated face, and a rusty coat of bombazine. We were duly introduced, and after a few preliminaries and injunctions I told him my plans and desires. As I spoke the eyes of Monsieur Simon sparkled, and when I finished he sprang to his feet.

"Archæolo-gie, my friend, is that which possesses me. It fills me up. It floats me into thin air abuf the misaries of life." He spoke better English than his aunt, merely peppering his sentences with French accents and peculiarities sufficiently to give them a foreign flavor. "I follow in my soul those great leaders Belzoni, Layard, and even that execrable Schliemann. Gif me the money and the men, sir—"

I hastened to stop him at this point, endeavoring to make him understand my real intentions. I had no money—at least none of any importance—and wanted no men. I intended to make no archæological researches. I merely wished to dig into a comparatively modern structure, not quite three hundred years old. I told him in fact I was afraid I had made a mistake. I did not wish a man of science. I was merely looking for a trustworthy person who could dig. Monsieur Simon looked disappointed; then his face sparkled again. "I will be that man. I will work for you—for—for three dollars a day. And when the discoveries are made, I shall share with you the glory."

I told him that after I had entered and examined the chamber in the southeast bastion, he might have three-quarters of the glory, or all of it if he chose. As for the three dollars a day, I thought it pretty high pay for a man who had not the strength and ability of a regular laborer; but I felt sure the work could not continue very long, and I agreed to pay it. After all, the element of intelligence should not be disregarded. Monsieur Simon was therefore engaged for the work of exploration. I gave him full explanations and directions, Miss Mallette occasionally adding a shrewd suggestion, and Madame Tonnin wagging her head in continual affirmation. He agreed with me in my hypothesis of the interval between the two walls being filled in with sand, and was certain he could soon dig away enough to leave a passage to the inner wall; but he differed with me in regard to the means of making an entrance through this inner wall. I had provided some large chisels and a mallet, which I had left with the other tools in the dark chamber, but he thought it would be better to make use of some of the modern inventions. With one or two cartridges of dynamite he said we could blow a hole through the wall in an instant, whereas it would take hours to cut one with chisel and mallet. But this I absolutely forbade. I wanted no explosions to wake up the people in the vicinity, and to blow, perhaps, my Frenchman into atoms. Monsieur Simon insisted that as the dwelling of the old sergeant was some little distance outside the fortress, he would not hear a slight explosion; but I remained firm in my prohibition of dynamite, and he consented to break through the wall in the way I desired.

Operations were to begin immediately, and that evening Monsieur Simon and I went to the fort, and seizing a favorable opportunity, I conducted him into the dark chamber. I took him by the hand, and cautiously led him to the inner wall. I made him feel with his hands the hole I had discovered, led him to the corner where I had placed the tools, and left him supplied with matches, candles and food, and a little bottle of wine.

For two nights Monsieur Simon worked at his explorations. Each morning I visited him at his house, and received a report. No one had noticed his ingoings or outcomings, he said, and on the second day he reported that he had made a passage which extended some feet. All the sand which had fallen from above he had removed and scattered over the floor of the dark chamber, and he confidently expected in two or three nights more to reach the inner wall. I then strictly enjoined him, as I had done before, that when he had reached this wall he was not to make the hole through it, as I intended to be present when that was done. I wished to be the first to make the discoveries in this hidden chamber.

On the morning of the third day I went to the house of Madame Tonnin. She was not in, and neither was Monsieur Simon. A girl handed me a letter from the latter personage. I opened it and read it in the little parlor. Then, with the open letter in my hand, I walked, or rather ran, to the cottage of the Mallettes.

Miss Mallette was sitting on the front porch. She ran down the steps to meet me. "What's the matter?" she said.

"I want you to read this letter with me," I answered; "I can scarcely understand it."

And so we sat down on the steps of the porch and read the letter together. I shall not give the words of Monsieur Simon's epistle. It was long, and was written in English considerably worse than that which he used when speaking. This is the purport of it. The night before he had penetrated into the chamber in the southeast bastion. He had unexpectedly reached the wall of the chamber, and had been unable to resist the temptation of cutting a hole through it. Then, with a candle in his hand he had entered the hidden dungeon. The wonders of the place were more than he could describe. Against the northern wall were three iron cages, each containing a skeleton; on the outstretched hands of one of these was a massive ring. Against the eastern wall stood two skeletons, chained in an upright position. On a square stone in the center of the the room was a bronze jar partly filled with ancient coins and medals. By the side of the jar was a roll of manuscripts tied together with leathern thongs.

At this point in the letter Miss Mallette looked at me without saying a word. I looked at her, and we went on.

There were other objects in the room which the writer had not time to examine; but in the southwest corner, to the right of the hole he had made, there stood a most wonderful figure. It was a tall mummy, completely clad in armor.

"A mummy in armor!" exclaimed Miss Mallette, with a burst of laughter. I could not not help joining in her merriment, though I did not feel a bit jolly.

"The bombazine humbug!" I exclaimed. "What does he take me for?"

"A lover of antiquity," said Miss Mallette. "That is evident enough."

"Worse than that," I replied. "Let us read on.

It was impossible, Monsieur Simon continued to allow any one person, and especially a person like myself, who had had no active part in the enterprise, to enjoy all the advantages of such a discovery. He had taken steps, therefore, to secure to himself something more than the mere glory of the affair. The movable things, such as the coin, the medals and the jar, the manuscripts, and the ring from the finger of the skeleton, he had taken from the dungeon, and they were now in his possession. He had replaced the stones in the hole he had made and had piled sand against them. He had also thrown sand into the hole of the wall in the dark chamber, so as to give it as much as possible its appearance when I discovered it. In the sand, he took occasion to mention, he had placed two dynamite cartridges, with which he had provided himself in case the inner wall should prove too hard for his chisels.

"The outrageous impostor," exclaimed Miss Mallette.

"You don't believe he buried any dynamite in the sand?" I said.

"Not a bit of it," she answered promptly.

Monsieur Simon then proceeded to say that he had gone with his valuables to Tallahassee, from which place he should immediately proceed to a spot he knew of where he could remain entirely unobserved for any length of time, and where he would have ample opportunity to classify and describe the coins, and to decipher the manuscripts.

"Decipher the manuscripts!" I exclaimed, in contempt. "Any one who knows old Spanish could read them."

"Old Spanish!" laughed Miss Mallette. "I believe you really think there are such manuscripts."

"I forgot," I said. "I was only thinking what a humbug he is."

"His story has had an effect upon your imagination," she said; "but let us go on."

The rest was purely practical. Monsieur Simon said that if I would send $100 to his address in Tallahassee a friend would receive it for him and take it to him in his secure retreat. He then would send me thirty of the coins and two of the manuscripts, in order that I might assure myself of the truth of his statements. After this we could make further arrangements with regard to our mutual advantage.

"The clearest case of attempted swindling," I said.

"I don't believe he dug into the hole at all," said Miss Mallette. "I suppose he found some comfortable place and slept all night."

"I shall go and see if he really made any excavations," I said.

"Don't you do it!" Miss Mallette exclaimed, putting her hand on my arm. "You'll get yourself blown up with that dynamite."

I had been for some time sitting on a bench in the court-yard of the fort on the next day after the receipt of Monsieur Simon's letter, when Miss Mallette walked into the yard.

"I thought I should find you here," she said. "You haven't been poking around in that hole in the wall, have you?"

"No; I promised you I would not do that."

"I know you promised, but I was afraid the attraction would be too strong. I am glad you are so good. Don't you want to go out on the water-battery? I haven't had any real sea-breeze to-day."

I hesitated a moment. "If you don't mind," I said, "I prefer going up on the barbette. I have made a discovery, and I want to tell you about it."

"Another discovery!" she said with a laugh. "You are one of the greatest discoverers of the age. Is it another mummy in armor?"

I said nothing to this, and we walked up the stone incline that led to the upper portions of the fort. Miss Mallette did not show the same interest in the matter that she had done before. She stopped when we reached the wide stone surface of the barbette.

"If you really have made any discoveries," she said, "you ought to tell the people at the barracks. They would be able to investigate the matter properly."

"I don't want anybody to investigate my discoveries but myself," I said.

"Then why do you tell me?" she asked.

"O, you are different. I hoped you would take some interest in the matter."

"Well," she said, with a little air of submissive endurance, and seating herself on the broken edge of one of the ramparts.

I stood before her, and began: "I have made a discovery which to me is very important."

The countenance of Miss Mallette looked a little disturbed, and then she said: "I don't think you ought to tell me your important discoveries. You know I can't help you the least bit. Do you know it is nearly lunch time?" she added, taking out her watch.

"You can help me," I said, firmly, "and I must tell you."

"You discovered it here?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," I said, "in this fort."

Her face turned hard and a little pale. "There are some things people think they discover, when there is really nothing to discover," she said. "It was the same way with that other thing. I must really go now." And she slipped down from the rampart.

"Miss Mallette," I said, quickly, "you really ought not to go until I tell you what I have to say. I have discovered that I love you."

At these words she looked up at me, and another change passed over her features. If I could read what was passing in her mind, it seemed to be a delightful feeling of relief. Her face turned rosy, her eyes sparkled and then she looked down and said nothing. I could not understand her.

"Did you think that this was the discovery I had made?" I said, directly.

"No," she answered, looking up for a moment. "I thought—and I didn't like it a bit—that you had discovered that I loved you."—*Harper's Magazine.*

—Deacon: What is a proverb? Something to sling at another man.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Doubt springs from the mind; faith is the daughter of the soul.—*J. Petit Senn.*

—The gods have a curse for him who willingly tells another the wrong.—*George Eliot.*

—The school attendance at Louisville, Ky., is 14,528; the number of teachers employed, 360.

—It is with happiness as with watches—the less complicated the less easily deranged.—*Chamfort.*

—"The pious man and the atheist always talk of religion, the one of what he loves and the other of what he fears."

—The average daily attendance in the public schools of New Orleans is 15,357, an average of about forty pupils to each teacher.

—The school authorities of Washington, D. C., by a vote of thirteen to three, have decided against the admission of colored children to the schools attended by white children.

—Aside from the $65,000 income from the Porter Fund, the Academical Department of Yale received last year $151,572.45. Its expenses were $146,732.52. The Theological Department, with an income of $27,659.38, expended $26,967.11.

—It is the general opinion of the legal profession in Kentucky that the colored school law of the State is completely at variance with the National Constitution. A test case is now in process of decision in the United States Court of the District of Kentucky.

—The total value of school property in West Virginia is $1,743,929. The school population is 213,441; the attendance, 91,298. There are 3,327 public school teachers in the State, 117 of whom are colored. The average salary given to teachers is $26.61.

—In Tasmania, in the year 1880, there were 171 schools in operation, the total number of children on the rolls for the year was 12,286, the average number on the rolls from month to month was 8,352, and the average daily attendance 6,002. The total expenditure in aid of public education amounted to £16,512.

—Mrs. Mary J. Pierce, who has been a teacher among the Seneca Indians in Cattaraugus County, New York, since 1840, is now past sixty years of age and somewhat feeble. She made an address in Salamanca a few days ago, entreating her hearers to keep up the good work in which she has been so long and zealously engaged.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The champion nine of the country—femi-nine.—*Burlington (N. J.) Enterprise.*

—"You took a lode off my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said to the speculative purchaser.—*Fun.*

—The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

—Washington is to have a paper called *Common Sense.* Like all other new papers, it will fill a want long felt in its own neighborhood.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten. It is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily occur to our readers.—*Rockland Courier.*

—Murphy (in the law, to his two new clerks): "An' now, bhoys, listen to me. I'll have no foightin' in my office. If a clerk of mine was to kill another clerk, bedad, I'd just sack the pair of them."

—A little-four-year old girl did not obey when her mother first called her. So her mother spoke rather sharply. Then she came in and said: "Mamma, I've been very kind to you to-day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me."

—Two little girls, aged four and six, had just had new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday-school. Said Etta, the elder, "O, I have forgotten my verse." "I havn't forgotten mine," replied the other. "It is, 'Blessed are the dressmakers.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

—Landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has a "hall bedroom for a single woman eight by twelve."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Here is a Sewing Machine. It was Made for little Children to Play with. Put your Feet on the Treadles and Make the Wheels go round Fast. See how the Thread unwinds and the Needle bobs up and Down! This is Lots of Fun. Do not Deny Baby the Privilege of Putting his fat little Finger under the Needle. It will Make pretty Holes in the Finger and give Baby Something to Occupy his Attention for a Long Time.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—An old farmer dear Coxeville, who was annoyed by tramps, put the sign "Small-pox Here" on his gate. He chuckled with self-satisfaction when he saw tramp after tramp gaze at the sign and pass by on the other side. But one day a particularly forlorn-looking specimen of humanity boldly opened the gate, entered the yard and knocked at the front door. The farmer answered the summons, and when he saw the tramp he pointed to the sign and asked: "Can't you read?" The vagrant looked at the legend and replied, "O yes; but I'm not afraid, Guv'ner; I'm just getting over the small-pox—left the hospital only this morning." Then the farmer didn't chuckle, but the door flew shut with so much suddenness that the tramp thought it had been struck by a western tornado.—*Norristown Herald.*

External Use of Castor Oil.

The London *Medical Journal* gives reports from various practitioners who have found purgative results follow the inunction of castor oil. One writer states that he has frequently applied this oil to the abdomen, under spongiopiline or other waterproof material, in cases where the usual way of administering by the mouth seemed undesirable, and with the most satisfactory consequences. In a case of typhoid fever, also, half an ounce of castor oil was applied in this manner, under a hot water fomentation, the effect of this being as represented, to relieve the constipation and tympanitic distention that had been present, without undue purging or irritation of the bowels.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1882.

A free circulating library is offered to Baltimore as a gift by Mr. Enoch Pratt.

Hon. Clarkson N. Potter died at his home, in New York city, Monday morning.

The Greenville (S. C.) *News* (Bourbon) says that "the State is in a very great danger of being captured by negroes, Radicals and political and social outcasts." This being interpreted, means that the leaven of the independent movement is working in the Palmetto State.

With reference to the business before the Legislature the Baltimore *Sun* of Monday appropriately remarks: "For a member or a coalition of members to make his or their support of a measure of public utility, and which they know is unobjectionable upon public grounds, conditional upon somebody else's support being given to another measure of doubtful or disputed expediency, is as bad in principle as if money, and not votes, were made the consideration for the bargain." Yet this is just what some members of the Legislature are doing.

The Senate Judiciary Committee Monday agreed on a bill designed for the suppression of polygamy. Its main features are sections [based on Mr. Edmunds' bill] doing away with the present requirement for proofs of polygamous marriages, by providing that the fact of living in bigamous relations shall be sufficient evidence for conviction, and that in prosecutions for bigamy any person drawn as a juryman may be challenged on the ground that he practices or believes in polygamy as a religious rite, and certain new provisions, introduced by Senator Logan, debarring all polygamist from the privileges of voting, service on juries or holding offices.

There is reason to believe that the prevalent rumors of the spread of smallpox through the country are much exaggerated. The reports of mortality published by the National and local boards of health do not justify the conclusion that there is anything alarming in the present outbreak of the disease. The community is never entirely free from this dreaded complaint; it figures to some extent in all the death tables. All that can accurately be said now is that there are a few more cases in the large cities that occur in average winters, and that at perhaps a score of insolated places in the country the disease has broken out. Of course all proper care and precaution should be exercised, but there is no occasion for people to get frightened and behave as if the pestilence were stalking abroad in the streets.

The Legislature has now been in session nineteen days, no inconsiderable fraction of its legal term of life of ninety days. It has been busy with matters of personal interest to its members, but it has not passed any bill of importance to the public. It is a reform Legislature. It is committed to the passage of laws of which the hoped-for effect would be the election of legislators who will subordinate private to public interests, and the people of Maryland are perhaps not unreasonably becoming anxious to see something done. Besides the inauguration of measures looking to the discontinuance of its present practices, the Legislature has various matters of immediate and grave interest to do. The State has been sufficiently scandalized by what has already happened. The conviction is general that it is time that such members as recognize the truth that public office is a public trust should begin to transact the business of the Commonwealth, regardless of party and personal ties. Neglect of pledges will perhaps entail more serious consequences now than it has at previous sessions. Public patience is almost worn out.—*Baltimore Sun, Monday.*

Registration of Voters.

In order to secure a vote for every citizen entitled to the same, beyond the possibility of being deprived of it by any fraud or trickery at the polls, the idea of registering all legal voters was suggested. This system will, however, be of no avail, if such registration is not carefully made by the best and most honest men that can be procured. The objection to it arises from the fact that the Registers appointed for such work have, heretofore, been in many cases men, whose allegiance to their party has controlled their judgment and determined their action. The party in power has thus had an undue influence in determining who shall, or who shall not, be allowed to cast their ballots at any election. Moreover, it has catered to fraud by retaining upon the registration lists names of the absent and the dead to be claimed by fraudulent voters. The system has thus proven to be defective, and to be a partial failure. Wherein can its defects be removed, and the objects of registration be secured beyond the possibility of a peradventure? This question has been agitating the minds of earnest friends of a free and fair ballot, and an honest count.

To meet the difficulties found in the present system, it has been proposed that the minority should have a representation among the Registars themselves. Both parties are interested in a fair registration list, the minority as well as the majority. Indeed the former are most interested. They need to be protected against the majority, and, it seems, cannot secure such protection, unless they are allowed to have a part in the registration themselves.

The people do not wish any Registration measures, which will simply open up opportunities to repeat the grievances complained of for many years past. Give the minority a representation in the registration officers, and a fair result may be anticipated. Let there be two Registers for each voting district, with the power to select a third party for reference in their differences, and the lists may be kept clean and pure.

We trust that our representatives will contend for the insertion of this feature in the proposed Registration law. It will inspire some hope of Reform in past abuses, which seems absolutely beyond attainment in any other way at present proposed. An honest registration may be secured in this way. Let us try whether it cannot be. The end is worth the experiment. Let it be made.—*Frederick Examiner.*

We heartily endorse the above suggestions, and trust that our representatives will act upon them when the measure comes before the legislature.

The Legislative Printing.

Session after session of the General Assembly witnesses a fight on the subject of the public printing, all of which might be obviated and much money saved to the State, if some other method were adopted of giving out said printing. According to the present method of giving out the contract, after the beginning of the session, but few printers are in a position to put in bids. Let sealed bids be advertised for, three months before the first day of meeting of the Legislature, the said bids to be opened in public on the first day of November, and the contract to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, and the way will be opened for a more lively and vigorous competition. Then the successful bidder will have time enough to make his arrangements for performing all the public printing promptly economically and satisfactorily. A bill incorporating this idea should be passed by the present Legislature, and there will be an end to the consumption of time in wrangling on this subject to the detriment of other subjects that demand all the care and time which can be given them by our legislators. Give every printer in the State a fair and equal opportunity of entering into competition for the public printing, and the result will be a decided saving to the State Treasury.—*Exchange.*

The Cumberland *Times* (Democratic) of January 2d, says the Hagerstown *Mail* of a recent date "reads more like a Republican paper than any journal of that persuasion on their exchange list."

That it is very hard on the Republican papers with which the *Times* exchanges. It is needless to add that the *Times* does not exchange with *The Odd Fellow*. We could stand even that, however, if we had been among the number of his exchanges, but when he says: "To the Hagerstown *Mail* we would suggest that it unfurl the Republican banner," we protest, in the name of the four thousand five hundred Republicans of Washington county, we solemnly protest. We've got enough of that mongrel kind of a thing—half Hamilton, half-anything-in-the-world, selfish kind of a thing—hanging around the edge of the party now, and don't want any more. Please keep away from our tents, Mr. *Mail* man. We don't want you; keep away.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

Politics in Maryland.

No more appropriate season could be taken than the present to speak plainly of what is dignified at this time by the name of "politics" in the State of Maryland. This is the third session of the Legislation in which the present contending elements have been arrayed against each other. It is, however, simply a struggle for power. The contestants are chiefly officeholders, who, in one way or another—it makes very little difference how—seek to perpetuate their hold on places for themselves and their partisans.

While the session of 1880 was exhausted in extravagant expenditures and sham reforms, the present promises by its begining to leave a still more unpleasant and damaging record to the party in power, which is responsible for the misdeeds of its representatives. The effect of the unhappy struggle of 1880 was to increase the Republican strength from 21 to 31. The handwriting which has been blazing on the wall for two years remains unheeded. There can be but one final result, and that termination seems to be not very far off.

Those who have anything to do with the politicians assembled here every two years may be familiar with the "inside of parties," but a week's study of the men and methods employed to drive the trade of politics will scarcely fail to shake the faith of the firmest believer in popular government. Satraps literally throng the halls and assume direction of every movement, as though the Legislature was a convocation of marionettes. The spectacle is painfully humiliating. Bargains are made—spoils partitioned before the game is run down—even written contracts, it is said, have been signed, sealed and delivered by and between people who have no place on the floors of either house, guaranteeing measures for men and men for measures. The syndicate of these traders may be named on the fingers of one hand. They are not known to the esteem of the community, and but little respect is due or given them outside the arena of politics. Yet they possess an influence, and employ arts which dazzle and delude many who would not go astray or be misled in any other sphere of life. They have at their bidding scores of henchmen—"vultures," as some one has ventured to publicly call them—who continually watch and prey and spy for their employers—and themselves. The chief influence in Annapolis this winter is one which has been felt in the city of Baltimore, where it can defeat or delay until the exactions it demands are complied with. It is cowardly and cringing when it is in danger, and brutal when it feels secure.

There was a time when public measures were matured in open debate and men made their places by the mental qualifications and good character which they displayed. Such an arena would be no stage for those who direct affairs in these times. They resort to the closet or caucus, where men are disciplined with shut doors and the seal of secrecy set upon every lip. Nor is one party or faction better than another in this regard. They all have their "bosses" and their "rings," which do so much of the governing and direction of public affairs that we have almost begun to look upon the personal strifes of this or that clique of men as the struggles, in fact, of one or the other of the great parties into which the people naturally divide.

In every party some direction of campaign details may be necessary and tolerated, but it does not follow that the successful ward manager should henceforth become the dictator and master of those he has led to success. Yet such a theory has grown into an established practice. Democrats have deceived themselves with the notion that through the ballot-box could be achieved "reform within the party." The men who have made themselves "the party" hold the ballot-box and count the returns! They do more—they pack the primaries, select their instruments in advance, count them into office, and use them as they have occasion. Every year pledges and promises have been made and violated. No reform is possible until these bad influences are swept away, and the power derived from the great majority of the people becomes centered in men who are responsible to constituencies and not in the hands of officeholders. Fresh names and clean men must be brought forward for the work the people need to be done. The conservatism of the State, which is as much opposed to party broils and indecent scrambles for place as to misrule and extravagance or corruption, demands the change, and will have it.

It is notorious that the people who are best informed in such matters cannot say exactly when there was a perfectly fair election in Baltimore city. If this be true, it is the first duty of the Legislature to apply the remedy. If it is not true, why did two successive Democratic conventions pledge that party to correct election abuses? Now, if the necessity for a new registration of voters in Baltimore be questioned, let a committee on the conduct of elections be appointed and examine those men under oath whose names so often figure in the public prints as managers and engineers of the party machine. Not more than a dozen persons need be examined. When they fall out with each other they do not hesitate to criminate and recriminate. It is believed there are experts in the business of managing elections who—if they have any regard for an oath—could throw a flood of light on the practices of the best, which would serve to guide legislation for the future.—*Annapolis correspondence of Balto. Sun.*

Dr. Chancellor on Small-Pox.

Dr. C. W. Chancellor, secretary of the State Board of Health, has just issued a circular on "Small-pox," in which he urges upon the people the importance of vaccination and re-vaccination. He says vaccination is perfect while it lasts, yet the duration of the insusceptibility varies with different individuals. Though in some instances it is unquestionably permanent through life, it is safe to say that re-vaccination should always be tried after the expiration of eight or ten years, or whenever during the prevalence of small-pox it is desirable to be assured of protection. By the observance of this rule, and the general adoption of primary vaccination in youth, it is equally safe to say that one of the most loathsome diseases which afflict mankind may be effectually robbed of its terrors. Dr. Chancellor also publishes a number of suggestions for the information of the medical fraternity in regard to the quality of virus used and the manner in which the operation should be performed. He also calls attention to a number of sanitary rules to be observed during the prevalence of small-pox, and says that only nurses and attendants should be permitted to visit the sick room of a patient, and these to see no other persons without having first changed their clothes. All persons exposed to the contagion should be immediately re-vaccinated, even though the experiment may have been unsuccessfully tried previously. After recovery the patient should not be permitted to go out or communicate with others until the crusts have fallen off and his clothing is renewed or disinfected. After death from small-pox the beds and clothing, carpets, curtains, &c., should be destroyed or disinfected. The precautions indicated receive new force at this time, and it cannot be too strongly urged upon all who have not been vaccinated to seek the protection which so simple and harmless an expedient affords.

According to the forthcoming report of the Commissioners of Emigration, says the New York *Tribune*, the destination of 152,221, or nearly 35 per cent, of the immigrants arriving at Castle Garden during the last year was this city or State. It would be an error, however, to suppose that this enormous percentage of the foreign influx remains in New York. The figures given include all immigrants who had no settled plan in their minds other than to get to America. A large proportion of this class drifts to other States after staying here a few days or weeks. The State which after New York was the destination of the largest number of the immigrants was Illinois, to which 54,461 were bound. The two next in order were Pennsylvania, 45,116, and Ohio, 25,204. The activity of mining and manufacturing operations in those States accounts for the heavy flow of foreign population thither. In the Commissioners' tables the Southern States make a very poor showing. Michigan alone got more of the immigration of 1881 than all of them put together. Alabama, which has vast areas of wild land and important mineral resources waiting for their development, attracted only 386; North Carolina, which for many years has been boasting, and with reason, too, of the cheap lands and delightful climate of her Piedmont region, was the destination of 785; Tennessee, which has made persistent efforts to attract settlers, got only 967. And so it goes through the whole list of the old Slave States. Perhaps we should except Texas, which obtained 2,390 of the immigrants of the year; but that is, after all, but a meagre figure, when the great size of the State and her enormous tracts of unoccupied tertile prairie are taken into the account.

John Irwin Halser, who recently witnessed an execution at St. Louis, has gone crazy from the effects of the horrid sight.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1882.

Members of the House of Representatives are acting like a lot of children, pouting, sulking, and growling because the Committees do not suit them—because some of them have not been given the places they thought themselves entitled to. Nothing of consequence has been done or appears likely to be done until these spoiled babies have had their squall out and become quiet. If any good reason existed for all this fuss it might be tolerated with some degree of patience, but it almost wholly grows out of personal disappointments and soreheadedness. Suppose the Speaker has not made up the Committees just as somebody else might have done—suppose he has made some mistakes in placing individual members—representatives of the Nation—should stand up on their hind legs and howl for six weeks? Mr. Briggs, of New Hampshire, hit the nail square on the head during the discussion the other day, when in reply to the question "What shall we do?" he said: "Stop this everlasting talk and go to work."

Bureau making has been inaugurated vigorously in this Congress—or at least attempts at it have. Mr. Belford, of Colorado, is in the business extensively. He proposes first a Bureau of Mining then a Bureau of Labor Statistics, and if he modestly stops there somebody else will likely project a Bureau of Fishing, a Bureau of Telegraphs and Telephones, and so on all through the list of industries common to the country. The Department of Agriculture, of course, furnishes a precedent for all of these experiments. There is a project on foot to annex to this Department the "Weather Bureau," as it is popularly called, and to make the consolidated concern the pedestal for a full-fledged Cabinet officer. If Mr. Belford succeeds in putting all of the commercial industries and activities of the Republic under the paternal care of the General Government, with a Bureau for each, the country will be pestered for years to come with clamorous demands for the creation of new Cabinet positions. The relative and general importance of Cabinet Ministers' places varies with circumstances. By and by the Cabinet may be a sort of Congress. There is pending in the Senate a bill to make the Patent Office an independent Bureau and vest the Commissioner with greater powers, which has much to recommend it. But the proposition does not contemplate creating a Cabinet officer.

The Guiteau trial still drags on. Mr. Scoville has talked the better part of the week and said some things which, in his cooler moments he is sure to regret. He has seemed to grow desperate under the weight of the load he is carrying, and by the tirade of abuse in which he unfortunately allowed himself to indulge on Thursday gives some color to the remark of Judge Porter the day before, that there are two Guiteau's in the case. Not even Guiteau himself, had he been permitted to make a speech to the jury, would have raved more wildly or more foolishly than Mr. Scoville did against several distinguished men, one of whom is the President of the United States. His unbridled attack on these persons will have no other effect than if it had come from Guiteau—it can hurt no one but the speaker. The marked contrast between the exhibition of weakness which Mr. Scoville has made in his closing speech and the commendable spirit which he displayed in the earlier part of the case makes it evident that the severe labors of the almost hopeless task which he undertook have had a telling effect upon his mental and nervous organization. This is, perhaps, the most charitable view that the public will be disposed to take of his unlicensed harangue. If Mr. Scoville's theory of the assassination were to pass current it would establish a rule that henceforth no man shall have the right to assume an attitude of opposition in politics lest he may be held responsible for the act of some arch fiend whose opposition takes the form of murder. The latest rumor in regard to the case is that the jury is likely to be "hung" by one juror who had insanity in his family. Of course this is not known. It is to be hoped that a better result will be achieved and that the end of the trial and the end of Guiteau are both near events. For one I am sick of the subject.

JUNIUS.

Edna May Bradley eloped with Pearsen, a married man, of Dallas, Texas. Her father followed them to Denison, and talked of using a pistol, but was pacified by $1,050 and a promise of $600 more, for which he let his daughter go. But the final payment was not made, a piano was siezed to satisfy the claim, and the whole matter become public.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A good old lady of Plymouth, Mass., collected money for the benefit of a poor family and bought groceries for them. The family are now suing her for the cash.

It is said that the cost of the Ashtabula disaster to the Lake Shore Road, five years ago, is two million dollars, and some of the suits for damages are not ended yet. The Spuyten Duyvil calamity will cost the New York Central a tremendous sum.

The Church of England clergy have been among the heaviest sufferers of the long agricultural depression in England. Many have been unable to lease their glebe lands. One well known divine has let his vicarage, dispensed with servants, and taken a cottage in the village.

An out-of-town druggist entered a Boston apothecary shop and had a simple prescription put up. The charge was $1.50. He remarked that it was rather dear, because, as he was a druggist himself, he knew the price of the ingredients. "That alters the case," was the response; "seventeen cents, please."

Robert Bailey, a teacher in the McBride school, near Red Bud, Illinois, was killed by a refractory pupil, named James E. McBride, seventeen years old, whom he attempted to punish. Three stabs with a knife were inflicted, causing death before medical assistance could be obtained. McBride was arrested.

The train from California over the Southern Pacific Road, due at Dallas, Texas, on the 17th inst., was detained about ten hours by a heavy snow storm in Southern California and Arizona, which lasted two days. The snow fell from 16 to 18 inches deep, and numerous heavy drifts were encountered.

A negro boy employed in a planing mill at Newark, N. J., had his coat-sleeve caught in a nut while oiling a hanger a few days since, and was whirled around the shaft rapidly until he was denuded of his clothing, when he was thrown ten feet away, against a post. He escaped with slight bruises, and when asked how he felt, said: "I felt awful 'shamed when I found myself there without and cla'es, while everybody was around.

In Ashland, Oregon, one night not long since, the waltzers at a very aristocratic ball suddenly stopped dancing because Wm. Webb, the only violin player, ceased performing and threw up his hands. The reason for Webb's action was that the sheriff was standing in the doorway with a shot-gun leveled on the musician, whom he had come to arrest on a charge of horse stealing. The belles and beaux coaxed the sheriff for a few hours' delay in the execution of his warrant, but he was obdurate and imparative, and the party was unceremoniously closed.

The Manna in the Wilderness.

Botanists and travelers have been rather unsuccessful in attempts to ascertain the origin of different kinds of manna known in commerce. In the valley of Gohr, to the south of the Dead sea, sixteen hours onward which leads into a long valley, Buckhardt found what he called manna, dropping from twigs of several kinds of trees. According to his representations Arabs collect it and make it into cakes, which are eaten with their nauseous butter made from the milk of sheep. They churn it thus. A goat skin is filled with milk and suspended between two poles, swung to and fro by pulling an attached chord till it assumes a new character—a greasy, soapy mass—and that is Arab butter. Mr. Turnor found a grove of tamarisk trees near Mt. Sinai in the valley of Farran, which furnish what the monks called manna. They were bushy, about ten feet high, from which drops of sweetish thick fluid ooze. If taken early in the morning, before the sun is up, it may be kept in earthen pots a considerable time. It is used in lieu of sugar in the convent. Commercial manna, principally in the hands of druggists, is a product of the punctured stems of the *ornus Europa*, growing in Calabria. An article very similar in appearance and medicinal properties is procured in Sicily by the same kind of process. Both have a sweetish taste are soft, of a pale yellowish color, and used for their mild laxative quality rather than food. From the forgoing facts it is very clear there is not the slightest resemblance to that extraordinary nutritious article which was miraculously provided for the children of Israel in a barren wilderness on a memorable occasion, while in their forty years' peregrination towards the promised land.—*Boston Transcript.*

A goat owned by a Georgia judge has long horns on his legs as well as on his head—eighteen in all—and he will probably form the nucleus for a fine Odd Fellows' lodge.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Considerable ice was stored here during the week.

—The roads throughout the county are in a bad condition.

—W. P. Townshend, Esq., returned Tuesday morning from his western trip.

—The thermometer at Oakland Tuesday morning registered 14° below zero.

—Married, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, John C. Luckey and Susannah Collins, both of Randolph County, W. Va.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Hon. J. B. Asken, of the Post-office Department, was in Garrett county last week, on business connected with our prosloffices and mail routes.

—Deer Park Literary Society meets every Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Questions discussed, music and other literary entertainments the order of each meeting.

—Married, at Deep Creek, this county, Jan. 17th, 1882, by Rev. Henry E. Friend, Mr. Calvin Glotfelty and Miss Mollie Echard, both of Garrett County.

—Last week we stated that Mr. Hugh Moore, residing near Oakland, had lost three children from diphtheria and had one more ill with the same disease. Since then the last named has died, making four within the short space of two weeks. The ravages of this dread disease is now confined to a few families in the southern part of the county.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Subject: "The Father's Charge."

Stone Church.—Preaching by Rev. David King at 7½ p. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Garden Seeds Direct from the Grower.

We are in receipt of Harris' Moreton Farm Seed Catalogue for 1882, containing a list of choice field, garden and flower seeds grown and for sale by Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Harris is an old seed grower and has had unusual opportunities for obtaining and testing all the new varieties of farm and garden seeds. He is a well-known agricultural editor and author of thirty years standing. He was for many years editor and proprietor of the *Genesee Farmer* and afterwards one of the editors of the *American Agriculturist*. He has a fine farm of nearly 300 acres near Rochester, N. Y.

A $20.00 Bible Prize.

The publishers of Rutledge's Monthly in the prize puzzle department of their Monthly for February offer the following easy way for some one to make $20.00:

To the person telling us which is the shortest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures by February 10th, 1881, we will give $20.00 in gold as a prize. The money will be forewarded to the winner February 15th, 1882. Those who try for the prize must send 20 cts. in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the March number of the Monthly, in which will be published the name and address of the winner of the prize, with the correct answer thereto. Cut this out; it may be worth $20.00 to you. Address, Rutledge publishing Company, Easton, Pa.

OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In the issue of the *Democrat* of the 21st inst. I notice an item in reference to our little serenade of Wednesday evening last, in which the reverend editor takes occasion to use such harsh terms as "calathumpian," "bull band," "semi barbarism," &c. Well, Mr. Editor, I must confess that I feel more amused than angered when I try to comprehend those high-sounding terms, which the aforesaid reverend editor, in the kindness of his heart, saw fit to apply to the boys of our town; and, after summoning all of my intellectual power, I still fail to comprehend his meaning for there were no barbarrians in our little band. I think in his eagerness to condemn he only took a partial view of the situation, for I am verry sure if there were any barbarrians to be seen on that occasion, they were a part of his select company.

When our little band collected on that memorable night we were only intent upon a little sport and of paying our respects to our popular Burgess and his lady, (and having an eye single to the enjoyment of a few pints of pea-nuts at the expense of the Burgess.) We were exceedingly glad when we were requested to call after supper; but image our chagrin and disappointment when we returned to find a posse of deputy constables clothed with the majesty of the law awaiting our arrival. But we soon took in the situation and passed around to see what it all meant, when the final onslaught came that spead consternation in the rank and file of our little band, and most of them sought shelter by "mothers' side." One or two thought to stand their ground, but they were soon seized by half a dozen deputies and choked until their efforts to breath could have been heard fifty yards distant. And thus the fond anticipations of an hour were totally crushed and we were exceedingly sorry.

In conclusion I would say to the reverend editor that, while he is so anxious to have all the boys arrested, he should include some of his number, and especially the one who, through the excitement retreated up stairs to a certain window and there, assuming the position of the assassin Guiteau, drew forth a deadly weapon and fired at random into the street, hoping, no doubt, to put us to flight, but nevertheless violating another of the town ordinances. "Take the beam out of thine own eye," and perhaps you can see more clearly.

To the Burgess would say we wish him and his fair bride a long and happy life, and shall long brood over their hospitality, hoping they will remember that though we are boys to-day, we will be men some day.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

DEER PARK, Jan. 24th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—This place, once in repute for its sobriety and moral behavior, is now to be ranked among the dissolute and drunken. The sober portion of the community is daily shocked at the number of drunkards seen in our streets. It is a matter of much debate here how the individual selling the demoralizing stuff obtained license to do so. It is a well known fact that out of the fifteen persons who recommended him for license, not more than four could comply with the requirements of the law. (There will be some hing said about this, so I am informed, in the near future.) But since we are compelled to witness this drunken nuisance, I would suggest to the County Commissioners the propriety of at once putting up a building commonly called a "cooler," or "lock-up," and also to send us a policemen, or at least a man upon whom the community can depend as a constable, whose duty shall be to care for these drunkards till they become sober, so that the women and children can pass along the streets without being intimidated. On Saturday last several in a drunken state crept into a house car and were locked in for several hours by some of the town boys. On the evening of the same day there were several skirmishes, some one using a knife in a liberal manner, and making a few incissions, though not of a dangerous character. One, I believe, was dressed by Dr. Laughlin.

And now, Mr. Editor permit me to ask the question: If it is right to license men to manufacture drunkards, young and old, so that the public peace is endangered, is the above suggestion not in accordance with the principles of justice? Erect a place to put them in, and employ some one to care for them till they become sober enough to care for themselves.

X. X.

Allegany County News.

Mr. William J. Walker, late of the Gilsey house, New York, has been appointed superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company's hotels. He is a hotel manager of considerable experience. His headquarters will be at the Queen City hotel. Mr. Walker succeeds Capt. J. P. Dukehart, who has held the position of manager of the company's hotels for about two years past.

The argument in the case of the State vs. William Atkinson, charged with libel, was concluded at 10:15 Saturday morning by William M. Price on the part of the State, in a speech of over one hour. The jury at 1:40 brought in a verdict of not guilty, which caused much rejoicing among the friends of the defendant, who was formerly a prominent merchant and hotel proprietor in Lonaconing, and whose property was entirely consumed by the great fire in September last.

Mrs. Troxell died of small-pox at an early hour Saturday morning, after about one week's illness. Her husband, Alfred Troxell, is an employe of the rolling mill belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company. There are now no cases of small-pox in any part of the city, nor have any cases been reported in any other portion of the county. There are said to be several cases of small-pox at Martinsburg, which was carried there by the same party which brought it here.

In the case of the State vs. Michael Flannagan, charged with manslaughter in the killing of Col. Hanson Brown, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation for mercy.

Mrs. Theodora Legge, wife of Mr. J. F. Legge, agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Cumberland, died at her residence on Union street Sunday morning, after an illness of two weeks, of typho-malarial fever which baffled the skill of the attending physicians, among whom was Mr. Legge's brother, Dr. Legge, of Pittsburg. The remains were taken to Frederick city for interment. The deceased leaves four children, one a babe of five weeks, and the oldest a boy of about nine years.

The Legislature.

Very little business of interest has been done in the legislature since our last report. Mr. Getty obtained leave to introduce the following bills:

To create another election district in Garrett county.

To incorporate the "Lake View Land and Building Association," also to grant additional powers to "Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county."

Mr. Michaels offered an order to allow the engrossing clerk $30 and other clerks $15 worth of postage stamps, which was indefinitely postponed.

The financial crisis in France just now, and which threatens a general panic and crash, is full of warnings for us in this country. It is still doubtful whether or not a universal suspension can be averted, and whether or not the industries of France will be forced to undergo a long period of paralysis and depression. It is the old, old story of inflated and ever inflating credit and confidence until the bubble burst. Frugal and economical France had large savings. The people had them hidden away in security. The prosperous condition of the country during the past three years induced the creation of numbers of banks and other corporations. Speculation carried up the value of these shares, and buoyancy of business led to doublings of capital stock, and still, the prices went upward. And this, too, in spite of the fact that the wheat crops and the wine crops of two years had failed and France was importing food. The amount of capital invested in corporations during the year 1881 was $557,000,000. The market has been uneasy since the 1st of January. On last Wednesday a large offer of Suez Canal shares struck the market like a blow, and prices began to tumble. Suez went down from 310 to 222, and tended downward still; Union Generale, the most audacious of the balloons, went down from 3,000 to 110; the Bank of Lyons and Loire went to smash, and legitimate business as well as speculation became involved. Great efforts are making to hold up Union Generale, for if this fails it will drag down many other money institutions in the general wreck. In this country there are many indications of over-speculative confidence, though here we have had the advantage of immense production and enormous trade balances in our favor to base it on. The immense amount of capital that has been locked up in new railroads has caused anxiety to far-sighted men, for this was one of the precursors to the panic of 1873. The enormous production of the precious metals by our mines, the vast wealth of our cotton, corn, pork, petroleum and tobacco have sustained speculation on this side of the ocean; but even our prodigious resources may be overtaxed, and these are warnings and signs that level-headed men should watch carefully.—*Balto. American.*

THE LUMBER FIELDS OF THE SOUTH.—According to the census bulletins there are 122,675,500,000 feet of merchantable pine lumber in the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Texas, enough to supply the demand of the whole country for at least sixty years. On the other hand, Minnesota, which is one of the most important lumber States in the North, has only 6,100,000,000 feet of this timber. The total cut in the three Southern States enumerated is only 638,541,000 feet or about one half of one per cent., considerably less than the annual growth of the forests.

Moody and Sankey have been crowding the Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh. Mr. Moody has enlisted the sympathy of the Scotch children to a remarkable extent. He invited them to bring on a certain day such contributions as they could spare from their homes of toys which had been given them and which they were willing to give to poor children who were without these luxuries. The result was the bringing of enough toys to fill two large wagons.

Guiteau Guilty.

[Special to the Cumberland Daily News.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1882.

The great Guiteau trial which has been the centre of public attention since Monday, November 14th closed abruptly to-day upon the conclusion of the argument. Judge Cox delivered his charge to the jury and retired them for deliberation about 4:38 p. m. After an absence of about 45 minutes they returned and upon the usual question being put by the clerk as to the result of their deliberation, they returned a verdict of "guilty as indicted."

The verdict was received with applause, which was however immediately checked. Mr. Scoville demanded that the jury be polled and upon each man's name being called he answered "guilty."

An attempt will be made on the part of the defence to obtain a stay of proceedings on the ground of jurisdiction, but it is not probable that such a motion will be entertained.

The Exigencies of Guiteau's Case.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 23.—If the jury in the Guiteau case should bring in a verdict of guilty at any time before Monday next, at which time the next term of the Criminal Court will begin, the counsel for the prisoner will be entitled to file their bill of exceptions at any time during the continuance of the forthcoming term, and the court will be compelled to grant a hearing upon the exceptions at once. If the exceptions be overruled, Judge Cox, can under the law, at once pass sentence, and within thirty days thereafter the sentence can be executed. The law provides that the prisoner shall be entitled to one intervening term between the conviction and the sentence. If the counsel for Guiteau should fail to file their bill of exceptions before the termination of the next term (the one beginning on Monday next), then Judge Cox can within ten days after the termination of said term pronounce sentence. The only contingency which would, in case of conviction, postpone the execution of the sentence until September would be the failure of the jury to convict before Monday next, providing, of course, that Judge Cox is disposed so to sentence the prisoner as to grant him the minimum grace allowed by the law. As was said by an eminent lawyer this afternoon in discussing this question, there are several matters to be considered in determining the ultimate result, and as the prisoner is not yet convicted it will for some days remain a matter of uncertainty how long under the law and the possible exercise of discretionary clemency on the part of Judge Cox the prisoner may be allowed to live.

Killing Snakes With Dynamite.

The following is an extract from a letter which appeared in the Little Rock (Ark.) *Democrat*: "After a long search we found what is known as the 'Old Jackson Copper Mines,' situated on the rolling fork of Little river, Sevier county. We commenced cleaning out the old shaft, and when about four feet deep a large rock was removed by Mr. Thompson, and before it could be raised to the top, the head of a monster rattlesnake peered from the opening made by removal of the rock, and before this snake was killed we found them breaking in upon us from other portions of the wall, and from their hissing and rattling and onward march upon us, retreat was our only safety. With rocks, shotgun and revolver we battled with the enemy, managing to keep them all between the shaft, but with all we could do it was impossible to destroy them, and a half pound stick of dynamite was charged and thrown in their midst, and when the smoke cleared away victory was ours, and all those that were not entirely destroyed retreated, as the tails of several were seen protruding from the wall.

"Words cannot describe the picture presented and the opinion of all was that at least fifty of these huge reptiles had been killed, but when counted only eighteen rattle and one black snake, with the remains of half dozen more shattered and scattered by the explosion, was the result of our hard earned victory. The snakes were the largest of this species I have ever seen—the smallest one measuring four feet seven and a half inches and the longest one inch less than seven feet. The least number of rattles was twelve and the greatest twenty-three, and the weight of the largest rattlesnake was twenty-six pounds and four ounces. The black snake was perfectly immense, but we were unable to get the exact length, as a portion of his body was torn off and thrown heavenward by the dynamite, but eight feet of this monster still remained with his strange associates.

The Philadelphia *Times* says the project of pumping illuminating gas hundreds of miles through pipes, from the bituminous coal regions of Pennsylvania to all the larger cities of the Middle States, is one which in any other century than ours would have been deemed fabulous. With us it is not only considered feasible, but may be regarded as among the great mechanical industries which will be perfected within the next few years. All through the oil country gas is carried long distances in pipes by natural pressure from the wells, and one of the largest iron firms in Pittsburg has for many years used in its puddling furnaces gas from a well in Butler county, forty miles away.

Talmage Doesn't Believe the Ark Story.

Talmage, in a recent sermon, says of Ingersoll: "He sharpens all his witticisms to destroy our belief in the deluge and Noah's ark. He says it must have rained eight hundred feet of water a day; that the ark could not have been big enough to contain the animals; that the mountain on which the ark rested must have been seventeen thousand feet high, and he does not believe the story. Neither do I. There is no such story in the Bible. We must read the story as it was written by Noah, who described a scene as he saw it. Noah meant that the whole earth was covered as far as he knew them. It was not necessary to submerge Europe and North America, which were not then inhabited. He omits all reference to that part of the story which says that the foundations of the great deep were broken up before the windows of Heaven were opened. As to the size of the ark, it was the Great Eastern of that day. After thousands of years of experiment in ship carpentering we have got at last up to Noah's ark. Ingersoll can't understand how the animals were all got into the ark. But I have owned horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs, and I never had a horse or a cow or a dog that was so stupid as not to know enough to go in when it rains."

Painlessness of Death.

Death is painless, the physicians say, and facts seem to prove the statement: "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, Wm. Hunter; and Louis XIV, is recorded as saying, with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult."

On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations, and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

In the *Quarterly Review* there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physicians to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned the prisoner coolly replied that it was not worth asking for.

Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterward restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain.

Captain Marryatt states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing around me assumed the appearance of waving green fields. It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Bell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT OF GARRETT CO., OFFICE REGISTER OF WILLS.

This is to give notice that a vacancy exists in the Baltimore Female College to be filled by the Orphans' Court of said county. Books and Tuition in all branches free. Boarding can be had in the college or with friends in the city. Any one desiring to avail themselves of the position and thereby secure an education with little expense, should file their application in the Orphans' Court or with the Register of Wills, on or before the 10th day of February.

By order of the Court.

Test: W. H. HAGANS,
j 14 3t Register.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

BAKERY.

The undersigned takes this mode of informing the citizens of Oakland and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies,

at any hour of the day.
Oysters served in every style.

FRANK GERHART,
12-31 Opposite Glades Hotel.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

1882.

GARDEN SEEDS!

DIRECT FROM THE FARM!

Warrented to Grow or Money Refunded.

Seeds sent prepaid by mail, and their safe arrival in good condition guaranteed.

Money may be sent by Draft or Post-Office Order or (when this cannot be obtained) by Registered Letter, *at my risk.* My seeds are fresh, pure and good, and will certainly please you. Catalogue for 1882, with directions for cultivation, FREE. Please send for it. Address

JOSEPH HARRIS,
Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 19, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

Monday, Feb. 6th 1882,

for the purpose of examining the Kitzmiller iron bridge, and for the transaction of any other business which may properly come before the Board. Monday and Tuesday will be occupied in making the examination of the bridge, and Wednesday will be devoted to office business.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER,
12 17-3 Executor.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was republished in this paper recently, and has been a subject of much conversation, both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull indefinite pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything! Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and that there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It must be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to draw the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids he had provided a vial the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I have Bright's disease of the kidneys*' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe then that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities with Dr. Craig, the discoverer, and saw the physicians prescribing and using it and saw that Dr. Craig was unable, with his facilities, to supply the medicine to thousands who wanted it. I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store, and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

A Career Which Recalls the Experience of "Coal-Oil Johnny."

"George H. Nesbit has been expelled from this Exchange." This brief dispateb from the Pittsburgh Petroleum Exchange made interesting reading for the New York petroleum brokers yesterday. There is no man alive of whom these same brokers love so much to talk as George H. Nesbit, and when business was over yesterday afternoon the oil speculators gathered in little groups on the floors of their exchange and told innumerable stories, good, bad and indifferent, in all of which the subject of the Pittsburgh dispatch figured.

Nesbit is a queer fellow, and his career has been a strange one. A year ago he suddenly appeared in New York. He was rich then—a millionaire, perhaps—and he was as reckless as he was rich. He casually called in at the Petroleum Exchange while seeing the sights. Just fresh from the Pennsylvania oil regions, he was interested in everything pertaining to petroleum. He was disgusted with the slowness of things in the Exchange. He had no respect for men who bought oils in lots of a few hundred barrels. He had cherished the idea that New York was something of a town, and his disappointment was marked; but what New york couldn't do for herself, Nesbit determined he would do for her. He had his private secretary along with him, and in a careless, off-hand way he ordered the purchase of a certificate of membership, paying out on the spot the $200 or $300 for which the certificates were then selling. Mr. Nesbit proceeded to business at once, and the magnates of the Exchange looked on in astonishment. From an operator who was dispensing "privileges" the new member called for 50,000 barrels as an initial investment. The man of privileges did not allow his amazement to interfere with his trade, and smiled serenely as he put $650 commission into his wallet. Nesbit loomed into a hero immediately. The "little operation" in 50,000 barrels was an indifferent matter, he insisted, and did not hesitate to unload as promptly as he had purchased and with an equal carelessness as to prices and profits. He took his private Secretary out for a whiff of fresh air and a few more sights, and then dropped into the Exchange again. More than one operator wanted to supply him with "privileges" this time. He turned none away empty. Everything that was offered he bought, and that, too, with ready cash. In five minutes he had purchased 350,000 barrels of petroleum at prices in no instance under regular quotations. Then he placidly sauntered out into the street. He made no money by his transactions. His losses are unknown, and rumor places them at widely-varying figures. But he had done "big things" among the oil-brokers. He had acquired fame. He seemed to be happy, and the brokers certainly were. The next day he transferred his certificate of membership to a Wall street man, and started on a journey homeward toward the oil regions.

Fortune has not smiled on Nesbit since. His schemes have miscarried and his recent career has been blotted all through with disaster and ill-luck. The end was announced yesterday in the telegram reporting his expulsion from the Pittsburgh Exchange. The reason for that expulsion is said to be inability to meet outstanding contracts. On similar grounds it is reported that he has been expelled from the Bradford (Pa.) Exchange, where for a long time he was the controlling spirit. In 1876 he was the big man of the Parker (Pa.) Exchange. Then Parker was chief among the oil centers, and Nesbit was probably the heaviest operator of the country. His speculations were on the most stupendous scale, not infrequently involving millions of dollars in a single day. When a mere boy he started for the oil regions to make his "fortune." He struck rare luck, and was soon in control of some of the finest and most valuable properties in the oil district. In Pleasantville, in the Bullion and Bradford oil fields, and in Butler County he was very successful. As a producer he grew rich quickly. It was not till within the last half-dozen years that he launched out into speculation. He seemed to care nothing for risks. The magnitude of his operations for a time placed him virtually above competition, and, by sheer good fortune, he was not knocked under. Reminiscences not a few are recited illustrating his indulgence in freaks such as that which moved him to buy a membership in the New York Exchange, operate in a reckless fashion for a single day, and then suddenly withdraw. He was very liberal, and his charitable acts were numerous. His faults, according to the stories told by those who knew him in his palmiest days, have always been to his own hurt only.—*N. Y. Times.*

—With a pale, almost bloodless face, deep-set and brilliant eyes, hair and eyebrows snow white, Cardinal Manning presents an imposing appearance, the robe and scull-cap of scarlet silk emphasizing the effect.

—Dr. C. C. Graham, of Kentucky, who was born, ninety-eight years ago, in a stockade fort near Danville, has seen that State grow into a great commonwealth from a wilderness of giant forests and canebrakes.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Have you begun a farm journal for 1882?

—Castor oil is said to be a safe and sure cure for warts on cow's teats.

—Hundreds of farmers are yearly giving up their common fowls for pure bred.

—An old locust post was recently exhumed at Easton, Pa., which formed part of a hotel sign 100 years ago. It was still sound.

—When trees are transplanted the roots are always more or less injured; hence, it is best to cut back the tops to correspond with the roots left.

—Save the soot that falls from the chimneys. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of great value for flowers and plants of all kinds.

—The most essential point about the preservation of pork is to have it thoroughly cool before salting. Any man who neglects that precaution will suffer from it.

—It is asserted that the addition of anthracite coal ashes to the soil in moderate quantity assists in retaining moisture, and also acts mechanically to render a tenacious soil more friable.

—A heifer coming in at two years old is the best time for developing her future milking qualities. Comfortable quarters, generous feed, regularity in feeding and kind treatment will do much, however, in rearing a fine milker.

—Cattle undergoing a fattening process, as well as those kept for the producing of milk, should enjoy the greatest possible amount of rest. All violent exercise must be guarded against, as it increases the decomposition of fat.

—Let the boys plow up say an acre of good, rich ground on the farm and then plant nuts—walnuts, hickory-nuts, chestnuts, pecans, etc.—and let the boys take care of the grounds afterward. When the boys' beards grow the birds will be building nests in the trees.

—Eggs can be preserved in the best and most effective manner in common lime water at a low temperature, and there is no necessity for trying experiments. When the eggs are kept in a liquid they lose no moisture by evaporation, but when kept dry they lose some of their water, and their quality is thereby deteriorated.

—There are said to be six forms of "blind staggers" in horses, two only of which are regarded as essentially incurable. The first of the incurable forms is due to the formation of tumors in the brain, usually composed of a peculiar fat known as cholesterine, the second to a disturbance of the circulation in the brain as the result of some structural disease of the heart.

—Coarse litter from horse stables is excellent mulch for strawberries. The purpose of mulching is not to keep the plants from being frozen, but to keep them frozen and avoid the danger of alternate thawing and freezing; at the same time the air must be admitted to the plants. Coarse mulch is, therefore, better than fine stuff, which packs upon the plants and is apt to smother them. Horse manure is good for strawberries on clay land, but for sandy land it is too hot and dry, and cow manure is better.

—Delicious Salad can be made of salmon, either canned or fresh. If fresh it must be boiled until it is tender and easily separated from the bone. Pick the salmon in bits, let it stand for half an hour, then drain off all the oil that collects. The salad should have one-third of celery to two-thirds of salmon. For the dressing for a one-quart can of salmon, six hard-boiled eggs will be sufficient. Chop or cut the whites of the eggs in small pieces; rub the yelks to a smooth paste, mixing it with vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, sugar, curry powder and olive oil or melted butter. Your own taste is the only safe guide in salad, making, as the quantity of vinegar, mustard, etc., varies, and sometimes implicit obedience to a rule results in insipid salad.

Our Forests.

A new idea is that of holding a National Convention for the consideration of means for the preservation of our forests. The proposition is to invite the General Government, the States, scientific and agricultural societies, and other associations interested in saving our timber from wanton destruction, to send delegates to Cincinnati to discuss the whole subject of forestry.

It is unquestionably a subject of importance. Our forests are now thinned out at a rapid rate, and in the most prodigal way. Many thousand acres of woodland are annually burned over, mostly by accidental fires, but often intentionally, to make clearings. Railroad ties consume every year a vast amount of growing timber. An enormous quantity, too, and some of it of the most valuable species, is needlessly used up for firewood. In all parts of the country the waste goes on.

The loss of the timber is only one of the evil consequences of this wanton destruction, against which we have so often cried out. The proportion of woodlands in many regions is too small for the proper protection of agriculture. The lessening of the forests is having an injurious effect on the climate and it interferes with the farmer in many ways. Once the trees are felled, too, we may have to wait for a generation before a new growth of equal size will take their place. Very likely that new growth will be of much inferior timber; and where forest fires have occurred the calcined soil, as may be seen in many regions, will support only the poorest and meanest scrub oak and underbrush.

The great enemy of the growing timber is fire. Forest fires, both here and in Canada, grow more numerous as railroads increase; but the prodigality of farmers also needs a decided check.

We doubt if the Cincinnati Convention can devise a remedy for these great evils. Practical measures are not likely to be started in such a gathering. We rather expect from it a vast amount of talk and theorizing; but its mere assembling will do good, we hope. It will fix the attention of the people on a subject in which they ought to have the greatest interest, but about which they do not think much.

How to prevent forest fires will be the gravest and most difficult question before the Cincinnati Convention.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Winter Care of Horses.

This faithful servant of man is too often shamelessly abused or injuriously petted. All thinking people are forced to acknowledge the truth of this. There are some men who should not be permitted to have the care of anything with more feeling than a back-log. They abuse even themselves, although it is frequently the case that they are not aware of the fact. But when they abuse their horses they must know it. Nothing appeals more forcibly to man for protection than the brute creation. They are the slaves of his will. He takes them from their wild state, in which they will protect themselves, educates them to yield obedience to him, imprisons them in stables or yards, or harness, and contracts with them to recompense them for the loss of liberty, by taking good care of them. If he violates that contract he becomes base indeed, for he uses his advantage to be tyrannical and cruel toward creatures that are powerless to resist, or that have not the reasoning faculty to make their power effective. The saddest commentary ever made upon our humanity is the formation of humane societies, made necessary by man's exercise of brutal power toward domestic animals which should excite his sympathy and enjoy his kindness. A few weeks since a man-brute in one of our suburban towns left three or four horses in a stable to die of hunger and thirst. When discovered they were in a most pitiable condition. Now, what is the proper estimate of such a man? Language fails to state it. That his hands are clear of human blood, is only because he is too great a coward to meet his equals in thought and reasoning power, in attempting to give reign to his natural cruelty. He may be set down as utterly devoid of principal and humanity, and a disgrace to his race. Kindness toward our horses is often carried to extremes, and becomes a sort of delicate cruelty. We have seen stables that were made so close, for the purpose of securing warmth, that the lack of ventillation was a serious impediment to the health and general comfort of the horse. Fresh air is as necessary to every living thing as food is, and the very first thing that should be looked to in the construction of stables, as well as of houses, is ventillation. The horse should not be permitted to stand in a draft, but the ventillation should be so arranged that this will not be necessary, and yet so that there will be a constant influx of pure air. As a matter of fact too little attention has been given to this important subject. We somehow seem to have gotten the idea that a horse's lungs and system are proof against all the deleterious effects which other lungs and animal systems suffer from certain causes. If we place a horse in a dark, damp cellar stable, or in any other similar place, where the air is bad, and he contracts disease, we wonder why he should be so susceptible. The wonder is that he does not die outright, without the general warning of danger which the approach of disease gives. Better let the horse suffer a little from cold than to poison his lungs and system with vitiated air. It will require additional food to keep up the animal heat, but that will be our loss and not his. If we would save loss to ourselves, however, and prevent injury to the animal, we will have the stables warm and properly ventillated at the same time.

Another great mistake in winter treatment is what may be called a reckless use of the blanket. Although the stable may be sufficiently warm, the blanket must go on, and every time a team is stopped on the road out comes the blanket. Usually a horse is far better off in the stable without a blanket, and nine times out of ten he is better off without it on the road. Farmers do not generally drive so hard as to cause their teams to get into a perspiration, and except in very cold weather the horse has enough hair to protect him from the cold. In deciding upon the advisability of blanketing, the office of the hide must be considered. This is filled with innumerable pores, through which a large portion of the effete matter of the system escapes. If these pores are closed this effete matter is confined, and if they are thoroughly closed death will result. For instance, if we were to varnish an animal he would die, for the hide could not perform its functions. And so whatever prevents the least escape of animal heat and gases serves to keep the animal the warmest. Paper, for this reason, is the "warmest" article that can be wrapped about a living thing. Blankets do not entirely confine the heat and gases, but they do to some extent, and when they are not needed they become a source of injury. That they are not always so is because there are occasions when the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Nature protects the horse excellently, and unless he is in a perspiration, or the weather extremely cold, keep the blanket off of him when on the road.—*Western Rural.*

Corn Fodder.

Corn fodder is said by a contemporary not to be a complete food for cattle. It is said to be deficient in flesh-forming elements. Dry corn stalks contain three per cent. of albuminoids or flesh-forming elements, thirty-nine per cent. of carbo-hydrates, and one per cent. of fat, or heat-forming elements, and forty per cent. of crude fibre. The total of digestible food is estimated at forty-two per cent. The albuminoids are deficient, and corn fodder needs to be supplemented with some other kind of food rich in albuminoids, such as clover or cotton seed meal. Clover cut when in full blossom, for instance, contains thirteen per cent. of albuminoids, twenty-five per cent. of carbo-hydrates, three per cent. of fat, and thirty per cent. of crude fibre. The total digestible food is estimated at forty-six per cent. By feeding the corn fodder in combination with clover, a food complete in its composition is furnished the farm stock, and it is better to feed these than to feed all of either kind. If corn fodder is fed alone, some of its carbo-hydrates will be wasted, because they are in excess, while if clover is fed alone, some of its albuminoids might not be so profitably disposed of as they would if combined with other food less rich in these elements.

—"Gossip," says the *Queen*, "is the patent sign of vulgarity in heart and mind. It is as thoroughly vulgar as curiosity."

—A recent visitor of Natal describes the life there as exceedingly rough and full of inconveniences. The houses built by the Dutch settlers are destitute alike of comfort or beauty. The roads are execrable, and the ant-bear holes, concealed by the long grass, makes cross country riding perilous. Fleas and white ants abound, and near water mosquitoes, too. Snakes are apt to intrude themselves into the house, and a sharp glance around a bedroom is expedient.

A Railroad Official Interviewed.

Not every one so cheerfully communicates his knowledge and opinions as recently did E. L. Loweree, Esq., cashier of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, that splendid outlet to the South from the Ohio. Our representative waited upon Mr. Loweree, and in reply to certain questions the latter gentleman observed: "I was suffering from a very severe attack of rheumatism in my right foot; it was in a terrible condition; the pain was almost intolerable; our family physician waited on me without success; I sent for another well-known M. D., but even the twain could do nothing for me; I could not get down here to the office to attend to my duties; in fact I could not put my foot under me at all, and after nine weeks' suffering I began to grow desperate. My friend (whom, of course you know, for he is known by everybody), Mr. Stacey Hill, of the Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad Co., called to see me; he spoke very highly of St. Jacobs Oil, and recommended the remedy to me in glowing terms. I laughed at the idea of using a proprietary medicine, and yet the party recommending it, (Mr. Stacey Hill, remember), being a man of sound judgment, set me to thinking the matter over. The next day, when the physicians called, I dismissed them, and said to myself that I would let nature take its course. That resolution lasted just a day. On the following morning I, in a fit of desperation, sent a servant for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. I applied that wonderful remedy, and it penetrated me so that I thought my foot was about to fall off, but it did not; in fact it did just the opposite. The next morning the pain had entirely left my foot, the swelling was reduced, and really the appearance was so different altogether from the day before, that it actually surprised me. I applied more of the St. Jacobs Oil, and that afternoon I walked down here to the office, and was able to attend to my duties and get around as well as any one. Let me say for St. Jacobs Oil *that it beats railroad time*, and is always sure to win.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WASHING the leaves of the wax plant occasionally is the very best treatment for it. When washing, brushing with a soft brush about the axils of the leaves will tend to keep the plant free from mealy bugs, one of its insect enemies. When the plant commences its growth we would supply it once a week with manure water.

From an extensive use of St. Jacobs Oil in the editor's family, we are able to speak confidently of its great worth in numerous ailments, and fully recommend it as an article most desirable to have on hand in the medicine chest.—*Stamford (Conn.) Herald.*

HUMAN flesh is heir to 2,400 different diseases. An intelligent doctor is bound to hit some of them in examining a patient.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SYDNEY SMITH being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

YOUNG man, if you haven't anything to say, write it out in the form of a lecture, mount the rostrum and your fortune is made.—*Boston Transcript.*

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AMOUNTS to the same—The man who stops his paper to economize ought to cut his nose off to keep from buying handkerchiefs.—*Louisville Straws.*

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or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE men with the biggest watch-chain usually have a silver watch at the end of it.—*Hartford Globe.*

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GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male* or *Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

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Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

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The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the less will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

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It will sew over uneven surfaces as well as plain.

It will sew over seams in any garment, without making long or short stitches, breaking of thread, or puckering the lining of the goods at the seam, requiring no assistance from the operator, except to run the machine and to guide the work. A point which no other machine possesses.

It is the only practical machine for hemming bias alpacas, poplins, muslins, and other similar goods without basting, and it is the only machine in the world that will turn a wide hem across the end of a sheet without pulling the under or upper side of the hem.

It will turn a hem and sew in a fold at one operation.

It will do felling, bias or straight, on any cotton or woolen goods.

It will fell across seams on any goods.

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Bind folds without showing the stitches, and sew on at the same time.

It will put on dress braid and sew in facing and a bias fold at one operation, without drawing either dress, braid or skirt, and without showing the stitch on right side.

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Make milliners' folds with different colors and pieces of goods at one operation, and sew on at the same time.

It will sew in a sleeve, covering a cord and stitching it into the seam at the same time.

It will gather without sewing on. It will gather and sew on at the same time.

It will gather between two bands, showing the stitches on the right side at one operation.

It will make and sew a ruffle on any part of a dress skirt, and sew on a bias fold for heading at one operation, showing the stitches on the right side.

It will gather and sew on a band with piping between ruffle and band, at one operation.

It will sew a hand and ruffle on a dress skirt, stitching in piping at head of band at one operation.

It will make plaited trimming either straight or scalloped.

Make plaited trimming either scalloped or straight and sew on a band, and edge stitch the band at one operation.

It will, with one operation for each variety, without basting, execute 20 practical varieties of ruffling, being 12 more than can be produced on any other machine with same number of operations.

It does not change length of stitch on scroll work.

It sews from lace to leather without changing stitch or tension.

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CORNISH PIANO SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

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is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUUARY 4, 1882. NUMBER 50.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville - suburbs of Oakland.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "One Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor." "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

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A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by consumption or diphtheria. No medicine has ever been discovered which gets so quickly and surely to such cases as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for forty years, and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

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For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

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I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—J. WILLIAMSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cured diphtheria and sore throat so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: Never was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever PAIN KILLER has no equal. It cures when everything else fails. Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

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Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

EFFIE'S MONEY.

"It is no use, mother, I would sooner stay at home than wear that dress again. I did want to go to this party, and I wanted some kind of a pink dress—I could not have a silk, but I could get a tarlatan and have it just as pretty as I want for £2. Indeed, it is too hard," Effie said, almost crying.

"I am very, very sorry, my dear, but you know I began this year with the determination of not going into debt for a thing. I am just getting a little relieved now. Bear up, my child, next year you can have more pretty clothes," the mother said, soothingly.

"Next year! Oh, mother! Next year I may not care for them. Don't you know that Mr. Arthur told us Willie Carleton would be home, and the party was given for him?"

There was a bright flush on the pretty face that looked so entreatingly into her mother's.

"How can I manage it? No way that I can see."

"Mamma—oh, I know! Please, mamma, Mr. Stewart's rent will be due in—let me see—yes, just eight days. Ask him to let you have half of it. Do!"

Her voice was raised in the excitement of the moment, and Mrs. Fairleigh said:

"Hush, dear, he will hear you."

"Oh, no, he cannot. I heard him go out over half an hour ago. Will you not, mother?"

"Indeed, I cannot, dear. Mr. Stewart has always been so prompt. I might borrow it, but hate so to do it. Well, we will see; but don't make up your mind to it."

"Oh, if some good fairy would only drop it down the chimney to me! Oh, for only two pounds to make me the happiest girl in the world. I never thought before how much two pounds could do. Nothing could make me so happy, now, as a new pink dress," Effie said.

Then her thoughts flew to the one she wanted to wear that dress to please.

Two years before—when Willie was on the eve of leaving home for a sea voyage, he had told Effie she ought always to wear pink. And he looked so much, and said not a great deal, but only a word now and then, that with his image, had been treasured in Effie's heart ever since.

Mrs. Fairleigh was thinking, too, of times when, like Effie, she had had her bright dreams—of the happy days when she watched and wished for a loved one's coming. On and on, a sad, sweet light beaming in her eye. A delicate flush coming over her saddened face, Effie raised her eyes and exclaimed;

"Why, mother, how pretty you look. I declare that puts me in mind of what Mrs. Arthur said the other day—that she did not know how Mr. Stewart could live in the same house with you and not fall in love with you—that you were prettier now than half the young girls she knew."

"Hush-sh! directly, Effie. How could Mrs. Arthur talk so? I am astonished at you, Effie, to repeat her words. Dear me! Suppose Mr. Stewart should be in his room! Do go and try the door. I shall be miserable until I am sure he has gone out. He could hear every word; and what would he think of you or me?" Mrs. Fairleigh said, looking very uneasy.

Mr. Stewart was in his room, and he heard every word. Quick as thought he darted across the floor and noiselessly turned the key.

"Now rest easy; the door is locked and he is out, of course. You know when he is in, the door is never fastened," Effie said.

"Go and see if the key is out I cannot rest, I'm so afraid. And what would he think of me?"

Quickly across the room Mr. Stewart went again, returning to his armchair with the key not only to Mrs. Fairleigh's front door, but with the key to the little woman's heart and her reserve of late.

"Then she does care what I think of her," Mr. Stewart said; "I am glad of that."

"The key is out, mother," said Effie.

"I am relieved now. Now, child, don't you ever talk or let anybody talk to you like that again. Mr. Stewart has some sorrow, I know, and I would not add to that by having such talk reach his ears. But, indeed, I should like to know what his trouble is; and I'd like to comfort him if I could. He is a good man, I know, and I'm sorry enough for him."

And in the front room, Mr. Stewart thought:

"She is a dear, gentle little woman, and if I had a happy heart to offer her I truly would. But it would be a pity to cast my gloom over her. I can never banish from my mind the idea that from the spirit world my wife comes, calling me for my child. Why was I so proud? Why should I have cast forth my child, because her young heart wandered where I did not approve? Nellie! Nellie! where are you? Suffering, perhaps and I with all this accursed wealth that made me so proud."

The next day there was a light tap on the back door, and Mr. Stewart called in, saying:

"I am going out of town to day, Mrs. Fairleigh. I may get back to morrow, or perhaps not for a week or ten days. So, if you please, I'll pay for my room now. And mad ame, if you would have inquired a little among your neighbors, you would have found out and saved me the mortification of knowing that I was keeping your room for £4, £t less than other gentlemen are paying for the same kind of room. There it is for this month, and the balance of last month. Good morning, madame."

And Mr. Stewart was out and off before the astonished little woman could offer a word of remonstrance."

"Oh, how lucky! Mr. Stewart is my fairy surely. And if I did not know better I should think he was in his room and heard us!" Effie exclaimed, her bright eyes dancing delight.

In less than an hour the happy girl was on her way to purchase the pink tarlatan.

"This is a clever little ruse of mine," said Mr. Stewart. "But, unless I can manage to steal in unobserved, I shall have to stay all night at a hotel, or—let me see! Cannot I fix up some story—not exactly a lie—to tell the little woman? What a sweet voice she has! Ah! I have it! I will say I received a letter, and learned that the gentleman I had business with was in town, and there was no longer any necessity for going. Yes, that will do."

And, well pleased with the little plan for Effie's pleasure and own relief, he determined to return home as usual, and give the invented reasons for his not being out of town.

Effie was just stepping into a draper's, when she felt her dress pulled gently, and turning, she saw a little pale face, with great pleading brown eyes raised to hers.

"Please, oh please, give me something for mamma. She's so sick, and so cold and hungry, too?"

The little thing was shivering. And Effie saw the poor blue eyes peeping out of the old shoes.

"Oh, come on, Effie; it's the same old story they all tell. I am going to get some fixings for the party; are you?" said a friend coming up.

"Please!" the quivering lips uttered again.

"Come, do," said the gay girl.

Effie put her hand in her pocket, took out and opened the portmonnaie. Nothing was there but the two pound notes.

The child's eyes were fixed so eagerly on her face that she could not resist.

"I must help her; I believe she is telling the truth," she said, turning to her companion, who with a toss of the head, said;

"Very well—I came out to buy, not to be sold," and passed on.

"Where do you live, child?" Effie asked.

"Not far. Will you come? You will know then."

Effie followed the little form as she hurried, shivering, along several squares to a row of small but decent looking houses. Opening the door she led her friend up the stairs to a small, almost empty room. Tears sprang to Effie's eyes as she saw the pale face so wasted and full of suffering. Effie listened to her story, and then bidding the child to stay with her mother, she started off.

In less than half an hour she was back again, with a strong, pleasant looking woman, bringing a basket well filled with things Effie thought the best for the sick woman.

A fire was soon started in the little grate, a cup of tea and toast were placed before the mother. Nell started down stairs to beg their landlady to let the girl broil a piece of steak on her fire. From the basket Effie took a pair of shoes and warm stockings for little Nell. When the dear, good girl had made them comfortable, she placed the balance of her money in the woman's hand, telling her that she must take it to buy medicine with.

And then she went to find her a doctor, and sent him where she had been.

Willingly he went, bless his kind heart, feeling never better paid than when having a chance to help God's needy ones.

* * * * * *

"And that's where the money's gone?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, that afternoon, when Effie told her story of the sick woman and poor, half-naked child.

"Yes, mother; and I hope you are not hurt about it, I'm not going to ask for any more. I don't care about the pink dress now," Effie said, looking doubtfully at her mother

"Dear child, I am not hurt about it, but you were so happy when you went off to spend your money—"

"Oh, yes, mother; but oh! I am happier now; indeed I am. Just think how much my money has done."

"But their names, my child; you have not told me that."

"Why, hers is Eleanor Fenton, and Nell, her little child."

Scarcely had she uttered these words when a quick step crossed Mr. Stewart's room; his door opened, and without a knock theirs, too.

"Take me to them!" Mr. Stewart cried. "They are mine—my child and hers! God bless you, Effie, for what you have done! Now come with me quickly, do!"

An hour had hardly passed when a carriage rolled up to Mrs. Fairleigh's door, and soon after Mr. Stewart came in, bearing in his arms his daughter. Gently he placed her in his arm-chair, before the brightly burning fire, and then, turning to Effie, he said:

"Will you stay and take care of them while I speak to your mother?"

Never in the world was a woman so taken by surprise as Mrs. Fairleigh, when, meeting her in the hall, Mr. Stewart said, taking her hand and drawing her into her own room:

"Mrs. Fairleigh, if I had had a cheerful heart, I should have offered it to you long ago. But I could not think of casting any gloom over you. Now I am relieved, and will be happy if you will just say yes to my question—can you care enough for me to marry me? My poor daughter wants a mother's care, and I—I want the little woman who said, only yesterday, she would like to comfort me."

"Oh! did you hear?" Mrs. Fairleigh began saying, blusing like a young girl.

"Yes, all but my answer."

"Yes, if—"

"Yes. "That's enough. Thank you, dear, Mary," Mr. Stewart said, raising her hand to his lips and then drawing her nearer, I have felt like kissing you many times. I might as well begin now."

And before Mary could object, the kiss was taken, and with a merry laugh, the first she had ever heard from Mr. Stewart, he drew her with him to his daughter's side.

"Here my daughter, is the mother of your kind little friend, and she will very soon, I hope, be you mother, too."

And when Mary Fairleigh was bending over to kiss Eleanor, Mr. Stewart went and put his arm around Effie, and asked:

"Can you make up your mind to welcome me with a kiss, little daughter?"

"Indeed I can," said little Effie, with a warm kiss, "and I am just as glad as I can be."

Under their loving care the widowed daughter, soon grew well and cheerful again; and Nell's merry laugh resounded throughout the house.

The night of the party Effie stayed at home. She forgot all about it in the excitement of that day which Mr. Stewart found his daughter, and the next also. Then the third day it was to be, and then it was too late to get ready.

She was thinking a good deal about Willie, and wondering if he would come. And so, with thoughts of him in her mind, she put on her prettiest pink tie possible, and fixed pink ribbons on her bright brown hair and looked as lovely in her black alpaca that evening as she would in pink tarlatan. I think, and so thought somebody else—or, at least he thought she could not be more beautiful, and that somebody was no other than Willie Carleston, who, having been to the party, and waited patiently enough for her coming, had started to find and bring her.

How happy she was! How happy they both were! The party was quite forgotten until after 11 o'clock, when Willie started up, saying:

"They will never forgive me. But how I hate to go. May I come to-morrow? Will you take a walk? And in the evening we will go to the opera, and—I am selfish enough to make you promise that while I am here you will go with no one else? Say, Effie, promise me that, and I will go away contented to-night and happy enough, too!"

Of course she promised, and was glad enough to do it. And, with such a beginning, we may know before a week had passed she had promised more than that.

Mr. Stewart carried his wife to their elegant home just as soon as their daughter was well enough to be removed, and that was scarcely a month after he found her. And in the new home there is to be a wedding right soon. Willie dosen't believe in long engagements, neither do I.

"You are very happy, Effie," her mother said, as they were busy in making beautiful things for Effie's wedding.

"Indeed, I am, mother. I have been every hour since I spent my money. Oh, mother, did you ever see two pounds bring such happiness before?"

"Oh, my love, it is all the reward of a pure, kind and loving heart."

The Razor-Back Hog.

To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of the landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of the Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text book on the science of geometry. His ears—or the few rags and tatters of them that the dogs have left, are curled back with a knowing vagabondish air. His tail has no curl in it—but it hangs aft, limp as a wet dish-rag hung out of a back window to dry. The highest peak of his corrugated back is six inches above the level of the root of his tail. He does not walk with the slow and stately step of the patrician Berkshire, but usually goes in a lively trot. He leaves the impression that he was late starting in the morning and is making up for lost time, or that he is in doubt about the payment of that check, and is hurrying to get it cashed before the bank closes.

The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on acorns, pecan-nuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence and assist in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see the crop spoil for want of attention.

He does not know the luxury of a sty. He never gets fat, and from the day of his birth, sometimes two years roll into eternity before he is big enough to kill.

Crossing the razor-back with blue blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track the railroad company pays for him at the rate of one dollar a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privelege of shoveling the remains off the track.

The ham of a country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine knot.—*Siftings.*

It is understood, that the Census Committee of the House has agreed, that if any State shall gain a member or members, and its Legislature shall not meet in time to redistrict the State before the next Congressional election, the additional member shall be elected at large, and if any State shall lose a member or members, and shall not make a new division of districts in time for the election, all of that State's members shall be elected at large.

California flour is now competing with the Illinois and Missouri mills in the Memphis (Tenn.) market. This is regarded as an indication of the value of the Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific line across the continent to the Southern States, and inspires the expectation that the whole Southwest is hereafter to carry on a large trade with California.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE CONTENTED COBBLER.

The shoemaker sang while he hammered away:
"O, who is as happy as I am to-day?
I save twenty soles where the parson saves one;
And I always heel when the doctor heals none.

"I sit on the bench like a Judge and I boot
The people who say that my measures don't suit;
I cut all my uppers; I care not for caste;
My very first pleasure each day is my last.

"I'm always a-mending while others fall ill,
And when I am thirsty with cobblers I fill.
I'll never peg out, for I always peg in,
And how can I lose when I'm shoer to win?

"My goods are all soled before finished, and I
Can foot many Bills without heaving a sigh;
In fact I am envied by little and tall,
For of this world's blessings alone I have awl."

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

HOME-LIFE OF THE CZAR.

Incidents of His Concealment at Gatschina---Influence of the Empress Over the Emperor.

Notwithstanding the commencement of the winter season and the reassembly of the nobility in St. Petersburg, the Czar remains concealed in the seclusion of Gatschina. This place is about forty miles from St. Petersburg, with which it is more or less directly connected by three railways. It is thus quite a strategical position, and possibly this circumstance has influenced its selection as an Imperial retreat. The residence is surrounded by a beautiful park, with picturesquely undulating grounds, the graceful slopes being adorned with fine old timber. The palace itself is an enormous building, or block of buildings. One huge square stone edifice occupies the center, and from it branch out on either side circular wings which serve as galleries to connect the main edifice, and two smaller but substantial annexes that face in the same direction as the central portion, and form projections at the ends of the general semi-circular front. In the central block are the state and larger reception rooms. The wing on the left is occupied by the imperial family. In that on the right are the apartments for members of the household. Visitors arriving are conducted to the central entrance, and, except under the most safe conduct and after searching examination, no one is allowed to approach that portion of the palace inhabited by the Czar. Thus the general arrangement of the buildings, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the Emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are strictly guarded. The galleries at Gatschina have long been famed as containing magnificent artistic collections. One which leads to the Emperor's private rooms is called the Japanese gallery, and here are assembled a number of curiosities of the highest value, which have from time to time been presented to the great White Czar by the rulers of China and Japan. The Japanese Minister, who was lately presented at Gatschina, and who is a great collector of both European and Asiatic bric-a-brac, stated that there was nothing in the East to compare with this Russian collection, and that it would be impossible to replace many of the ancient and extremely valuable artistic objects that adorn the imperial gallery. In addition to the Asiatic curiosities, the lover of antiquities finds at Gatschina magnificent specimens of the most highly-worked Louis XVI. furniture. These were presented to Catherine the Great by the most unfortunate of French monarchs, and have always been highly prized by the Russian imperial family.

The ordinary sitting-room of the Czar, in which he transacts business, is situated on the first floor of the block inhabited by the imperial family. It is a comfortably, but simply, furnished apartment. The style somewhat betokens the character of its occupant. A number of heavy German-fashioned and capacious arm-chairs give it an air of ponderous solemnity. Little elegance or ornament is noticeable, but a large writing-table and other unmistakable signs denote that many of the Emperor's hours are here passed in close application to the endless business that devolves on the autocratic head of a system of bureaucratic centralization. The Czar is an early riser, and the labors of his day commences at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving his Ministers, who present their weekly or daily reports, and consulting with them over affairs of State. The reception of Ministers is followed by the presentation of officials who have recently received important appointments, or with whom the Emperor, for some particular reason, desires to converse. Occasionally a newly appointed Ambassador or diplomatic agent is introduced to present his credentials, and rarely a day passes without one or more Russian deputations obtaining an audience. It is specially significant of the policy of the present Czar that while high officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview, his Majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khirgiz, sometimes of swarthy Kalmuks or skin-clad Samoyedes, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants who desire to present a holy picture to their great father and to express their loyalty and devotion to his person. The Emperor receives one and all with a stern dignity which, though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all who approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute though kindly master. This species of self-assertion was a trait in the character of the Emperor in his very earliest days. He is devoted to music, and, when a boy, it was suggested that he might derive pleasure from taking a part in the musical performances of the palace orchestra. The then heir apparent was delighted with the idea, and it remained to be settled on what instrument he should learn to perform. Characteristically the imperious Prince selected the trombone as being the instrument with which he could produce the greatest effect, and, lover of music though he was, his performance appeared chiefly to consist in a well sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the remainder of the orchestra.

Although stern and even overbearing toward the majority of those who surround him, Alexander III. has always been a sympathizing and affectionate husband and father. At one o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving in company with the Empress or his sons. At half past seven, which in Russia is considered a late hour, the Emperor and Empress dine; but at this meal the children, who have already been consigned for the night to the care of their superintendents, do not appear. In the evening there is often a little music, of which the Empress is as fond as the Emperor, and her majesty is a good pianist. The Czar retires to bed early, and by eleven o'clock all is silence in the imperial apartments.

During the day-time the Empress occupies a room on the ground floor exactly below the Czar's study, with which it communicates directly by a small private staircase. The Czarina's boudoir is elegantly furnished, but in a simple style, and with no appearance of luxury except such as is given by the presence of certain handsome pieces of furniture and *objets d'art* which remain to testify to the more extravagant tastes of former occupants. The look out from the windows over the park is charmingly picturesque, but the attention is somewhat distracted from the beauties of the scenery by the continued pacing immediately in front of the windows of the many sentries who closely surround the house. The Empress is an admirable manager both of her time and of everything that pertains to the household duties. Her great intelligence and sweetness of manner have given her an extraordinary influence over her husband and all other persons who are brought into contact with her. The Anitchkine Palace, which she occupied as Czarevna, was a model of household management, and to her initiative are due the commencement of sweeping reforms in the administration of the other overgrown palaces. She is patroness and takes as far as possible an active interest in the management of half the charitable institutions in Russia, and particularly those that are connected with the protection of women and children. Every morning, while the Emperor is busy up-stairs with his Ministers, the Empress receives the reports of M. Delianoff, General Baumgarten, and others, whom she intrusts with the supervision of the various societies in which she is interested. It is rare also that any deputation or individual of importance is presented to the Emperor without being subsequently introduced to the Empress. But it is not affairs pertaining to her imperial position alone that occupy the attention of this excellent wife and mother. The Empress' solicitude for the safety of her husband is well known, and it has been observed that she is never at ease when he is called away from home. The education and care of her children also engross much of her thoughts. The eldest son the Czarevitch is in his fourteenth year, and resembles his mother in features. He is of an active and lively disposition, and, for his years, is far advanced in his studies. Russian is always the language employed by the imperial family when they are together, but when the boys are with their teachers they speak French and English on alternate days. Six hours a day are devoted to study by the young Princes, but their education is not limited to sedentary studies alone. They are also practiced in riding and shooting, and the Czarevitch is, it is said, already a good shot and rides well.

The critical position of the country and the personal danger of the Emperor are the dread skeletons in the cupboard of this otherwise happy imperial family. It is not my purpose to touch on politics to-day, and therefore I must close this letter without further allusion to the grave anxieties that often cloud a face which, from its resemblance to our much-loved Princess of Wales, no Englishman can look upon without especial feelings of sympathy.—*London Telegraph.*

Bragged.

Boys are often as foolish braggarts as their elders. They love to "show off," and will put themselves to trouble and pain in order to win admiration. The following anecdote, taken from the New York *Ledger*, displays a braggart whose folly brought ridicule upon himself:

"When I was at school," says Colonel Tracey, late clerk to the Mayor, "there was one boy with whom I was always quarreling. He was an Irish youth named Barney, and, like many of his countrymen, he had a fair share of mother wit. I believe I disliked him mainly because of his wit, which sooner or later made every boy in school the butt of some joke.

"Never shall I forget how I tried to get even with him, and how wofully he beat me with my own weapons. Laying my plan carefully beforehand I drew Barney into a controversy, in presence of most of the boys, upon the comparative bravery of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. After a warm discussion, in which history was largely drawn upon, and much bantering exchanged, I said:

"'Look here, Barney, we can test the thing right here. You are an Irishman I am a Yankee. Now I will engage to do something here, this moment, that you will not dare to do.'

"'Go ahead!' returned he defiantly, and the boys crowded around to see the fun. I took a large pin from my coat and deliberately thrust it through the lobe of my ear, pulled it through to the head and then drew it out. It hurt dreadfully, but I never winced.

"'There Barry,' said I, handing him the pin, 'I dare you to do that.'

"Every eye was upon him, but he was quite equal to the occasion.

"'Yes,' he replied, slowly, 'I dare do it—but I'm not such a blasted fool.'

"What a shout the boys raised! I slunk away, feeling very silly. I had a sore ear for many days, and firmly resolved never again to outbrag an Irishman."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is said every man thinks himself able to edit a newspaper, and the less he knows about it the more he thinks he can do it.

—Concerning the campaign in favor of an Englishman's marrying his deceased wife's sister, the Boston *Transcript* wishes to know why Englishmen do not marry the sister in the first place.

—An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved himself such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.—*Modern Argo.*

—Prof. Phelps says that clergymen weep to conceal the thin points of their sermons, just as lawyers go into the pathetic to save a horse thief who was found a-saddle of the stolen animal.

—A New York fireman threw a satchel containing $46,000 in bonds out of a window, and it kicked around for six hours before its owner found it. Some folks don't know when they have a good thing.

—"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Grand Central depot, of a lounger. "I don't know was the reply; "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

—Rev. Mr. Talmage has found a man who wanted to borrow fifteen dollars to relieve his distress, but refused to accept enough money to open a news stand because the business was beneath him! It seem that beggars are choosers in these days.

—The dead-bell of the New York City hospital has been solemnly tolled by unseen hands for the last few weeks whenever a patient died. Everybody began to be superstitious about it, until it was discovered that it tolled when patients didn't die and that the rits were running over the wires.

—The Boston *Traveller* relates that a young infant in that city having been presented with a handsome basket bearing the words, "Welcome, Little Stranger," in green and gold, the Irish nurse protested against the form of the salutation, contending that "for sure that was wrong, for the baby is not a stranger, but one of the family.

—A Rochester doctor has earned a private box in the opera house there, for the rest of his life, because his patient, the builder and owner, although sick, did not die, but saw the completion of his opera house. This is reversing the order of things. It is more apt to be the doctors who confer private boxes upon their patients.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Cleveland is ahead of all the cities in electric illumination. A mast 260 feet high has been erected in the public square, supplied with four electric lights having an illuminating power of 40,000 candles. This will light an area half a mile in diameter. It is strange that the people of Rhode Island do not light up their State with a mast like that.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Two women called on a Maine dentist simultaneously, one to have all her teeth extracted, the other only one. The dentist mistakenly put the latter under the influence of ether, and rendered her toothless. Those who saw her, when she came to realize it, says the lion and tiger are incapable of ferocity. The dentist wonders why in the name of all that's good he was born, anyway, and is anxious to learn when it will be safe for him to come out of the swamps. The other woman thinks the whole affair very funny.—*Boston Post*

—A shrewd little female scamp in St. Louis collected about fifty dollars during the holidays from benevolent persons in the following manner: She would get into a horse-car, pay her fare ride a long distance, and then tell the conductor to let her out at a street remote from the point where the car then was. "Why, you are on the wrong car, three or four miles from where you want to go," the conductor would answer. Thereupon the little shivering wretch would begin to cry bitterly, and the other passengers, aglow with seasonable kindness, would take up a collection for her benefit.

—A remarkable exhibition of tranquility under acute suffering and generally disheartening circumstances was furnished by Mr. C. K. Tibbitts, of Boston, a victim of the accident on the Boston & Maine Railroad last Monday. He was found by a reporter, soon after the disaster, in a farm-house kitchen near the wreck, propped up in two chairs, with his head against the wall. One leg was badly crushed, his right arm was disabled, and his head was so thickly bound with linen that his mouth and one eye were the only features visible; but the philosopher was smoking a cigar, and evidently enjoyed it. He could not speak aloud, but he huskily whispered that there was no use in crying when he could just as well laugh.

A Touch of Nature.

"Your child is very sick," said the doctor, laying down his book to feel a very small pulse; "she has fever and is threatened with inflammation of the brain."

"What shall I do for her, doctor?" asked the sweet little mother, looking up with fond attention in her brown eyes.

"Give her a powder and put a mustard plaster on her chest, and let me know if she gets better soon."

The doctor returned to his book and the mother went away with her baby, but soon came back again.

"She is much worse, doctor; I am afraid she will die."

The doctor laid down his book and looked attentively at the baby. "Yes, she will die," he said gravely. "I can do nothing more for her."

The brave little woman did not shed a tear. For a moment she looked grave while the doctor regarded her earnestly, then she said, gently:

"I shall bury her in her best white dress and put her blue sash on; and please, doctor, don't send in your bill until after the funeral."

"I will not," said the doctor, and he looked grave for a few moments after he was left alone; then he resumed his reading, while a tender smile lingered about his mouth. He was a popular lawyer, but was playing a part for the benefit of his little daughter, and the baby that died was an indestructible doll.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Pounds, Shillings and Pence.

A paper was read by Mr. John Evans, D. C. L., LL.D., on "L. S. D., or the Origin of Pounds, Shillings and Pence." In treating of the development of the three principal English coins, the lecturer proceeded to trace the history of the penny downward, and exhibited an interesting specimen of Offa's (King of Mercia, A. D. 759–796) coinage, that monarch being probably the originator of the penny coin. The earliest English piece with a date is one suppose to have been struck for Perkin Warbeck in 1404. From the time of Edward I. the penny silver coinage underwent a steady process of degredation, until in 1797 copper pennies, weighing one ounce avoirdupois each, were first issued by royal authority. The derivation of the name of "shilling is doubtful, but in madieval times the word was always Latinized as *solidus*, a Roman coin, which was originally of gold and about seventy grains in weight. Though the term was well-known in Saxon times it was only in use in accounts. Henry VII., who was the first to introduce the pound in gold, also struck the first shilling in silver in 1504. Edward VI. was the first to introdnce silver crowns, half-crowns and sixpences, and he also reformed the coinage of shillings, which his father had greatly debased. In 1816 the great recoinage commenced, and by 1819 upwards of 60,000,000 shillings and 30,000,000 sixpences were struck. The pound weight of silver originally corresponded with the money pound of account, there being in it 240 dwts. No gold currency existed in this country until nearly two centuries after the Norman Conquest, the first gold coin struck having been a gold penny, in the year 1259, which Henry III. ordered to be current for twenty pence. In 1343 another attempt to introduce a gold coinage was made; gold florins of six shillings, and half and quarter florins being then issued, but they were almost at once called in. They were succeeded by the noble, and in the reign of Edward IV. the angel, each being originally current for six shillings eight pence. In 1489 the sovereign, equivalent to twenty shillings, was coined, the name being derived from the representation on the obverse of the sovereign seated. With various changes in quality and value the sovereign or pound remained in currency until after the Restoration, when the piece obtained the name of guinea, from the gold of which they were made having been brought from Guinea by the African Company, and their value was enhanced to twenty-one shillings. The present sovereign dates from July 1, 1817, when it was made by proclamation based upon Act of Parliament, the sole standard measure of value and legal tender for payment without any limitation of amount.—*London Post.*

Beheaded for Falling in Love.

Among the Chinese students who came to this country to obtain an education were two bright boys named Chin Chin Yateh and Chin Chin Chan, who came to this city. They were brothers, and entered the Hopkins Grammar School, where they made good progress in preparation for Yale College. While in this city they boarded in the family of Mr. Vester, No. 59 Kensington Street. When the students in this country were recalled by the orders of the Chinese Government last May the two brothers left for Hartford, where they learned the telegraph business, and later on returned to China. During their residence on Kensington Street Chan became interested in a young lady named Sherman, living near by. This fancy was strongly opposed on the part of Miss Sherman's friends, but Chan's attentions were continued, and were only interrupted by the departure of the young Celestial. The acquaintance was kept alive, however, and Chan has corresponded with the lady ever since. The principal reason for recalling the Chinese students was the fear, on the part of the authorities, that they were becoming thoroughly Americanized, and that they would marry American wives. They were here at Government expense, the object being to have them return to their native country with power to introduce American civilization. Advices received here state that Chan's persistence in his devotion to Miss Sherman coming to the knowledge of the Chinese authorities, the young man was condemned to death, and, according to Chinese customs, was beheaded in Hong Kong.

Another instance, showing the narrowness of the policy of the Chinese Government, is the fact that a young Chinaman now living in the family of the late Dr. Bacon, having become converted to Christianity, was advised by the Chinese Commissioner at Hartford to remain in this country, as his return to his native country would be the signal for his death. He therefore remains in this country and will study for the ministry. One of the latest labors of Dr. Bacon was in arranging for the young man's education.—*New Haven Cor. N. Y. Times.*

The Hog Guessers.

"Hog guessing" has been regarded as an amusment of the borders of civilization, or of those rude and primitive times when greased pole climbing, sack racing and even ruder sports were numbered among the most favorite of popular pleasures. But that busy and bewildered person, "the future historian," as he turns the musty files of the New York papers of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, will learn with curiosity that among the incidents of the celebration of Christmas was "guessing" at the weight of a notable pig in a suburban town; that the affair was not contributed for the entertainment of the "peasantry," but that among the "guessers" were men of wealth, wearers of diamond, drivers of fast horses, bankers and brokers, and at least one man conspicuous in the management of public education; and that so many persons who were no "guessers," and did not even see the pig, were interested in the sport that a report of it was thought to be worthy of as much space as is often given to an important measure of statesmanship. We do not know what "the future historian" will make of it, because we do not know what relative importance he will give to this and other contemporaneous social activities.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Snooks thinks a man fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. Snooks.

Religious.

WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—*Rom. viii. 28.*

Where ruin falls on noble piles
The ivy creeps, and o'er them smiles;
And beauty sits above decay
With charms that drive the gloom away:
So o'er the heart ofttimes
With burdens crushed and losses,
Or bleeding from the crimes
Of men, as passion heaves and tosses,
There springeth blessing on the path
Of those that know but storm and scath.

The circle of the "all things" broad
Is in the sunshine of our God;
His light is ever on the wing,
And finds the lowest, meanest thing;
His love enspheres the race,
It makes the peasant kingly;
The beauty of His face
Falls on us all and singly;
What seems the cloud with angry frown
Is but a blessing stooping down.

What alchemy of love is this,
From pain and woe resulting bliss;
From every heart a rapture brought,
In every tear a rainbow caught?
Gold in the crucible!
All storms with beauty rifled!
Oh, Jesus, may we feel
Our hearts to Thee uplifted;
For 'tis in Thee life hath its balm,
And in Thine every sigh a psalm.

—*Rev. Dwight Williams, in Christian Woman.*

THE MANHOOD OF CHRIST.

It is our Lord, and our Lord alone, who satisfies our human want of an ideal of goodness. He shows us what human goodness was meant to be. He offers us, in His life, the ideal life—the life of man at his best, in his perfection. This is the meaning, or one of the meanings, of that title by which, more frequently than by any other, He referred to Himself—"the Son of man." No doubt the original purpose of His publicly adopting that name was to claim for Himself the great prophecy in which Daniel describes one like the Son of man coming with the clouds of heaven to the Ancient of Days, and receiving dominion and glory and an imperishable kingdom, that all peoples and nations and languages should serve him. * * * But a fuller and more satisfactory reason is to be found in the fact that our Lord is not merely human, but that He is the representative or ideal man—the one Son of our race who is not unworthy of its high origin, in whom its original idea is perfectly realized. This is what St. Paul means by calling Him the second Adam—the counterpart, that is, of the first father of our race, unlike the first Adam in this, that He is always true to the idea of a perfect humanity. And so He stands alone in history, the first of a new race of men, the faultless pattern and type of human goodness.

For in the ideal which His life presents to us, let us observe, first, the absence of any disturbing flaw. In the midst of a soiled and sinful world, He alone is absolutely sinless. He, too, is tempted, as was Adam. Unlike Adam, He resists temptation. We shall seek in vain for any trace of evil in this perfect life—for any word, any action, any gesture or movement which implies a will averted from good—which implies sin. Everywhere we see in Him simple and sustained elevation above the circumstances, above the opinions of the world, above its pleasures, above its sorrows. "In vain," it has been said by no friendly writer, "in vain does the most keen witted malice seek to trace selfishness in the motives of Jesus of Nazareth." No lower inclinations of sin, no paltering with truth, no swerving from justice, no self-seeking, no covetousness, no ambition, can find a place in that character of such lofty purity, of such stern veracity, of such considerate equity, of such unreserved sacrifice, of such disinterested love.

And the ideal of goodness presented us by our Lord is perfectly harmonious. We see in Him nothing of the narrowness or the one-sidedness which is traceable more or less in all merely great men. As a rule, one man can only appropriate one part of goodness at the cost of the rest. How often, for instance, are the best people we meet with charitable but indifferent to the claims of truth, or truth-loving but careless about the requirements of charity. In our Lord there is no one predominating virtue which throws the others into the shade. Every excellence is adjusted, balanced, illustrated, by other excellences. It is impossible to maintain, with any approach to a show of reason, that some one particular temperament shapes His acts and words; that he is cynical, or choleric, or melancholy, or phlegmatic. He is each of these; He is none of them. He combines the masculine with the feminine type of character. He combines the active instincts of life with the repose of contemplation. It is impossible to say that He surrenders Himself to any especial duty to the surrender of the rest. He obeys the law, but He proclaims man's freedom in obeying it. He rivals the sternest ascetics in not having where to lay His head; yet He converses brightly with all the world, eats with publicans and sinners, attends a wedding banquet, sheds tears at a funeral. He is consumed, as He says, with zeal for God's honor; yet He is always calm. He rebukes the ill-considered fervor which would call down fire from Heaven upon those who did not receive Him. He is ever contemplating, as none else could contemplate, the nothingness of all created things, the coming of that day which cometh as a thief in the night; and yet He sympathizes with all that is tender and beautiful in nature and in life. He points to the birds; He lingers over the colors of the lilies. He culls from the homeliest incidents and features of country life the materials for those imperishable parables which, like flowers on the altar, by reason of their very simplicity, are so suggestive of divine and eternal truths. He is tender without false sentiment, benevolent without a trace of weakness, resolute without passion, without obstinacy. His condescension never degenerates into mere familiarity. His incomparable dignity never touches—it were blasphemy to think it—the confines of pride. His lofty freedom from the world's tyranny and prejudices never becomes contempt for man, or any form of misanthropy. His implacable hostility to sin is always allied to the warmest love for sinners. Against evil in all its forms He brings not peace, but a sword; while on those who will He bestows a peace which the world cannot give. In His own words, He is as wise as the serpent, He is as harmless as the dove. He is in His character, as by the terms of His mediatorial office, at once the lamb led forth to sacrifice, and withal the lion of the tribe of Judah.

Once more. The type of goodness presented to us in the life of Jesus is a strictly universal type. It is flavored, so to speak, by no race or clime or sect. It is absolutely world-wide. Certainly the peculiar features of goodness are always the same; but a good Englishman, as we know, is in many ways figured in a different outline from a good Frenchman or German. National habit and modes of thought and action drape the eternal virtues in dissimilar guises; and such is our finiteness, a very French type of goodness would not find many imitators here, just as good Englishman would have to be studied by our neighbors across the channel before they would do him any sort of justice. Now, although our Lord was born in a province of the Roman Empire marked by the very strongest peculiarity of race and thought, He does not exclusively belong to it. His character is just as intelligible to the Greeks, or the Romans, or the Germans as to the Syrians or the Arabs. No Jewish sect could claim Him as its adherent; no Jewish teacher has left on Him a narrowing impress; no popular error among the people of whom he was, received any sanction at His hands. He will not hear of their superstition about Sabbath observances; He is lord also of the Sabbath. He will not sanction their cruel intolerance of the Samaritans; the Samaritans, both in His teaching and in fact, are the objects of His especial favor. They may judge hardly of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with the sacrifices—of the eighteen whom the tower of Siloam had crushed in its fall—of the man who had been born blind; but He will not for a moment yield to their assumption that each form of bodily misfortune is the consequence of some secret sin. He has a wiser and wider philosophy of pain than that. Still less has any Roman or Greek or Indian thinker shaped Him into an intellectual mold. He rises above all the dividing lines of that or any previous or subsequent age. He speaks to the human soul in all countries and ages with the authority of one in whom every soul finds, at last, its ideal representative. Although He wore the dress of a Jewish rabbi, and accommodated himself to the usages of a Jewish life, all His ordinary words and actions, although altogether suitable to His age and country, are yet also equally adapted to all people and all climes. And thus His character—let me repeat it—His character is correspondent to His world-wide claim, and in all quarters of the world men have recognized in Him an absolutely universal type of human goodness. And if any have dared, of His grace, to say with His apostle: "Be ye followers of me," they have quickly added: "Even as I also am of Christ."—*From Canon Liddon's Sermon to the People.*

How the Sabbath Is Kept at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

That vast railroad and other business interests can be successfully conducted, without interference with the proper observance of the Sabbath is shown by the City of Scranton, Pa., the center of the anthracite coal trade. More than one hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal on an average pass through Scranton every week in the year, requiring what would seem an almost continuous line of trains over the four or five railroads that diverge from that point. But, so far as we are able to learn, at no time in the history of this business, no matter how great the demand or pressure, have trains been sent out during the daylight hours of Sunday, and very few in the twenty-four hours that make up the full period of rest. The same thing is true of the very heavy freight tonnage that is carried over these various lines.

During each week-day more than fifty passenger trains arrive at or leave the depots of the city, but, with the exception of two trains passing through soon after midnight, not a passenger car enters or leaves from the beginning of the Sabbath to its end.

This observance of the day of rest is most marked in every branch of business. No unnecessary work is done at any of the numerous collieries, rolling-mills, machine-shops, or factories in and about the city. Drunkenness and disorder on that day are seldom heard of, and the almost absolute quiet and restfulness so grateful to the lover of the Sabbath seem to prevail everywhere.

Many towns of less importance, and many railroad corporations doing a much smaller business, would think such a course impossible, but very few of the many thousands of people in and around Scranton mourn this weekly isolation from the outside world, or are seriously inconvenienced by it. This general observance of the day of rest has arisen largely from the New England training and education of so many of the founders of the town; and has been acquieseed in by the greater portion of those, even of foreign birth, who have so largely contributed to its vigorous growth. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that this city may well serve as a model to other communities, and as a standing proof that the successful conducting of vast interests does not require the breaking of the Fourth Commandment.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

Champion Walkers.

Six hundred miles in six days is what must now be demanded of the coming pedestrian who goes as he pleases. Since Fitzgerald, with his 582 miles, has surpassed Vint with his 578, as easily as Vint had surpassed Hughes' 568, and as Hughes had surpassed Rowell's 566, and Rowell had surpassed Hart's 565, and Hart had surpassed Weston, and Weston Brown, and Brown O'Leary, and so on down, surely the possibility of 600 is not so distant as 500 once seemed. It may very likely be reached in the new match which Rowell, Vint and Panchott have just made. There is obviously a limit to the distance possible for human heels, unless reinforced with wings, like Mercury's, or in some other way aided; but it is hard to guess closely what this limit is.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Turn your back on borrowed trouble that you may better be prepared to face the real.—*Whitehall Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE CARDINAL BIRD.

She brought a redbird in a cage
And hung it from my window-sill—
The redbird then was all the rage,
And may be still.
I know not—I so long have been
Amid the city's dust and din.
But when I was a little child
I greatly loved its wood notes wild,
Which lured me many a sunny day
Through maple forests far away,
For years though I have seldom heard
The cardinal bird.

A day and then a week pass'd by—
The redbird hanging from the sill
Sang not; and all were wondering why
It was so still—
When one bright morning, loud and clear,
Its whistle smote my drowsy ear.
Ten times repeated, till the sound
Fill'd every echoing niche around;
And all things earliest loved by me,
—The bird, the brook, the flower, the tree—
Came back again, as thus I heard
The cardinal bird.

Where maple orchards towered aloft,
And spicewood bushes spread below,
Where skies were blue and winds were soft,
I could but go—
For, opening through a wildering haze,
Appeared my restless childhood's days;
And truant feet and loitering mood
Soon found me in the same old wood.
(Illusion's hour but seldom brings
So much the very form of things)—
Where first I sought, and saw, and heard
The cardinal bird.

Then came green meadows, broad and bright
Where dandelions, with wealth untold,
Gleam'd on the young and eager sight
Like stars of gold—
And on the very meadow's edge,
Beneath the ragged blackberry hedge,
'Mid mosses golden, gray and green,
The fresh young buttercups were seen,
And small spring-beauties, sent to be
The heralds of Anemone:
All just as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

Upon the gray old forest's rim
I smell'd the crab-tree's sweet perfume;
And farther, where the light was dim,
I saw the bloom
Of May apples, beneath the tent
Of umbrel leaves above them bent:
Where oft was shifting light and shade
The blue-eyed ivy wildly strayed;
And Solomon's seal, in graceful play,
Swung where the straggling sunlight lay—
The same as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

And on the slope, above the rill
That wound among the sugar-trees,
I heard them at their labors still,
The murmuring bees;
Bold foragers! that come and go
Without permit from friend or foe;
In the tall tulip-trees o'erhead
On pollen greedily they fed;
And from low purple flox, that grew
About my feet, sipp'd honey-dew.
How like the scenes when first I heard
The cardinal bird.

How like!—and yet • • • The spell grows weak—
Ah, but I miss the sunny brow—
The sparkling eye—the ruddy cheek!
Where, where are now
The three who then beside me stood
Like sunbeams in the dusky wood?
Alas! I am alone. Since then,
They've trod the weary ways of men:—
One on the eve of manhood died;
Two in its flush of power and pride.
Their graves are green, where first we heard
The cardinal bird.

The redbird from the window hung,
Not long my fancy thus beguiled:
Again in maple-groves it sung
Its wood-notes wild;
For, rousing with a tearful eye,
I gave it to the trees and sky.
I miss so much those brothers three,
Who walk'd youth's flowery ways with me,
I could not, dared not, but believe
It too had brothers, that would grieve
Till in old haunts again 't was heard,
The cardinal bird.

—*William D. Gallagher.*

A BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

I am going to tell in a plain, straightforward way how it happened. Tom says that I may make the story public, if I think his experience will serve as a warning to any one. He has been kind enough to give me several particulars of the affair which he has hitherto refrained from speaking about. To be sure, more than a year has passed, and the edge of poor Tom's mortification has become blunted, but there was a time when any reference to the unlucky affair of which I am going to write, in his presence, caused him great annoyance.

Our factory—in the office of which I am employed as book-keeper,—is in the village of Dash, several miles from New York, on the line of one of our well-known railroads. The company employs nearly two hundred hands, and the weekly pay-roll amounts to about twenty-five hundred dollars.

Every Saturday for several years, Mr. Lucas, the junior partner of the firm, has been in the habit of going to New York by the noon train to draw that amount in small bills from the bank, returning by the train leaving the city at two o'clock.

"This is unfortunate!" exclaimed Mr. Sloman, the senior partner, as he entered the office one Saturday morning, and threw himself into a chair. "Mr. Lucas has sprained his ankle and can't go to New York for the money, as usual. I suppose I must go, though I'm so busy that I don't see how I can spare the time."

"I will go if you wish," I said, "though I'm rather behind-hand with posting, as you know, sir. Still"——

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "I would rather go myself than spare you."

"I say," interposed Tom Sloman, who had been seated at his father's desk reading the morning paper for the last hour, "I'll go, if you like, sir."

Tom had been enjoying his college vacation for about a fortnight. Two-thirds of each day he had spent in lounging about the office, and it was in some slight degree his fault that I was behind my work. I liked Tom. He was a well-intentioned fellow, but just a little egotistical. He loved good companionship, was talkative and made acquaintances easily. His favorite theme of conversation was Thomas Sloman, Jr., and that gentleman's shrewdness and sagacity he held in very high esteem.

"The man who wishes to overreach me," he used to say, "must get up early in the morning."

"I'll go if you like, sir," said Tom, to his father. "I've nothing else to do, and I'd like a ride to the city and back."

Mr. Sloman cleared his throat, as was his habit when anything annoyed him, and looked thoughtfully at his son.

"I don't know," he said, slowly.

"Why, I'd like to go," said Tom.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars is a large sum of money," said his father; "and you know, Tom, you are rather heedless sometimes."

The young man made no reply, but his face flushed angrily and he began impatiently tapping his boot with his little bamboo cane.

"There are a good many sharpers in New York City, as you know," added Mr. Sloman, "and a man who carries money with him there needs to be very cautious and very careful."

"My dear sir," said Tom, whom this remark had touched in a tender spot, "I flatter myself that I can bring that twenty-five hundred dollars from the bank in New York to this place without losing it. I think I'm sharp enough to—"

"O, I am well acquainted with your opinion on that point," laughed Mr. Sloman, "and it is for that very reason that I hesitate to trust you. And besides, Tom, as I said before, you are often heedless in what you do."

"You treat me like a child, father," grumbled Tom.

"Well, well," said Mr. Sloman, impatiently, "We've talked enough about it. You may go, Tom, but I must caution you to be very careful with the money, and with whom you come in contact while you have it. Only a month ago Mr. Lucas was followed from the city by a fellow whom he thinks intended to rob him. You cannot be too careful."

Tom's reply was a supercilious smile. I could not help being amused at his sublime self-confidence. An hour later he stepped on board the train for New York.

Not seeing a vacant seat in the car which he entered, Tom was about going forward when some one touched his arm and a voice said:

"Here's a seat, sir."

Tom turned. The speaker, an intelligent-looking, well-dressed man of about thirty, was in the act of removing his valise from the seat beside him to the floor.

"I have so often been inconvenienced," said the stranger, as Tom took the proffered place," by the hoggishness—I can't call it by any other name—of persons in the cars who fill every seat near them with their baggage, that I never allow myself to give a fellow-traveler cause to complain of such conduct on my part."

"That is praiseworthy in you, sir," said Tom, with an air of importance. "I wish that everyone was as courteous."

"Thank you, sir. Going to New York, I presume?"

"Yes, sir,"

"So am I. I'm a 'drummer—always on the wing. Traveling just now for Brown & Co., of Boston; woolen goods. It's a very fascinating life, sir. But perhaps you're in the business, yourself?"

"No."

"No? Well, do you know, I half thought you were. You have certainly a business manner. I'll venture to say you've the making of an A1 drummer in you, sir."

"Do you think so?" asked Tom, pleased with what he thought a compliment.

"I certainly do. What *is* your business?—if you will pardon my curiosity."

"Just at present I'm a student at Yale," replied Tom.

"Indeed! I have a brother at Yale. He's a Soph."

"So am I. Perhaps I know him. What is his name?" asked Tom.

"Jones."

"What, Fred Jones, of Boston?"

"Yes."

"I guess I do know him," cried Tom, with enthusiasm. "You must have heard Fred speak of me—Tom Sloman."

"Are you Tom Sloman? I have heard Fred speak of you He thinks very highly of you."

"Fred and I always get along well together," said Tom, complacently.

"Yes; I'm delighted to make the acquaintance of a college-mate of my brother's."

Tom thought Mr. Jones a very agreeable fellow, and Mr. Jones certainly did all he could to strengthen the favorable impression he had made.

He had, it appeared, been an extensive traveler; and during the remainder of the ride he entertained Tom with a very genial, pleasant talk of his experiences in different parts of the world. He had just begun what promised to be a thrilling story of a strange experience of his in Paris, when the train came to a stand-still in the Grand Central Depot.

"Do you go up town?" inquired Mr. Jones, as they left the car.

"No," replied Tom, "I go to the Dash Bank."

"Sorry that we shall have to part. I go to Fiftieth Street. I hope we shall meet again, my dear fellow."

"I hope so, I'm sure, Mr. Jones. But, I say, I should like to hear the rest of that story."

"You may, I hope, sometime. Can't possibly stop now, I'm sorry to say, for I've a business engagement. Good-bye!" and the genial, pleasant Mr. Jones touched his hat and hurried away.

Tom took a Fourth Avenue car, regretting that he could not have the company of his new acquaintance, for whom he had conceived quite a favorable opinion.

Half an hour later he reached the bank and presented his check with a letter of introduction from his father, or the teller would not have cashed it.

"Now we'll see whether I can get back to Dash without being robbed!" was his mental exclamation, as he left the bank. "If anybody thinks he can get this money, let him try!"

As no one heard the challenge, no one accepted it, and Tom jumped on board a passing car.

At the same moment a short stout elderly man in a pepper-and-salt suit, whom Tom had glanced at and noticed in front of the bank, leaped upon the front platform. Tom entered the car at one end, this man entered it at the other. There was certainly nothing very suspicious in his appearance. It was that of a well-to-do business man, but Tom eyed him very sharply. Apparently quite unconscious that there was any one else in the car, the man seated himself and pulled a newspaper from his pocket, and began reading with an appearance of great interest.

Upon the arrival of the car at the Grand Central Depot, Tom arose to his feet and the man in the pepper-and-salt suit arose to *his*. When Tom got out of the car the man in the pepper-and-salt suit got out, too.

Tom entered the depot, and the man in the pepper-and-salt suit followed him. Tom pretended not to notice him, but advanced to the office and bought his ticket. When he turned the elderly man stood near him engaged in examination of the time-table and apparently not paying the slightest attention to him or his brown-paper parcel.

"My dear fellow, this is, indeed, a most agreeable surprise!" exclaimed a familiar voice, as Tom turned away from the ticket-office. "Is it possible that you, too, return by the next train?"

The speaker was no other than the agreeable Mr. Jones, who as he spoke grasped Tom's hand and shook it with great warmth.

"Are you going back so soon?" asked Tom, delighted at the unexpected appearance of his companion of the morning. "I thought——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Jones. "I expected to remain in the city a week, but I received a telegram recalling me to Boston. My grandfather has been taken very ill and is not expected to live. I couldn't ignore such a call, of course, and here I am. Wait a moment until I get my ticket. One to Boston, if you please, sir. Thank you. Now we're all right, I think. Come on, my boy," and seizing Tom's arm, the genial Mr. Jones hurried him along the platform and on board the train.

"I'm in luck," resumed Mr. Jones, upon whose spirits the melancholy condition of his grandfather seemed to have no depressing effect. "I didn't anticipate the pleasure of your company on my homeward journey. Here's a good place; suppose we sit here. That's it. Now we're as comfortable as you please."

As Mr. Jones paused, the man in the pepper-and-salt suit entered and appropriated the seat directly behind the one occupied by Tom, who thought, "All right, old fellow, I'm ready for you," but said nothing.

Mr. Jones was as entertaining as ever. His flow of spirits and his fund of anecdote seemed absolutely exhaustible.

"By the way," suggested Tom, as the train moved out of the depot, "suppose you finish that story you had just begun when we arrived in New York this noon."

"Story! story!" said Mr. Jones, reflectively. "Ah, yes, it was about my adventure in Cadiz with Don Carlos——"

"No, no," interrupted Tom; "about an adventure of yours in Paris. You were returning to your hotel one dark night when your attention was attracted by a cry of 'Help!' You——"

"O yes, I remember! Well, I rushed in the direction from which the sound appeared to proceed. As I turned down a narrow street the cry was repeated with startling distinctness. I rushed forward and found a thick-set man in a dark cloak was engaged in a desperate struggle with two rough-looking men, who were endeavoring to throw him to the ground. He was fighting well, and giving his assailants all they could do to overpower him. Just then one of the rascals drew a knife. I gave a loud shout as I ran forward. The rascals seeing that help was approaching, took to their heels, and though I pursued them a short distance, they succeeded in effecting their escape. I returned to the scene of the late conflict. The stout man advanced towards me.

"'May I request your card, monsieur?' he said, grasping my hand.

"'I hope you are not hurt,' I said, in the best French I could muster.

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'Monsieur,' he added, with evident emotion, 'you have saved my life. Be assured I shall not be forgetful of the gratitude I owe you. You will hear from me again.'

"So saying he wrapped his cloak around him and disappeared in the darkness."

"And did you ever see him again?" inquired Tom, who had listened to his companion's story with great interest.

"The next morning, sir," said Mr. Jones, impressively, "as I sat at breakfast a waiter approached me.

"'You are wanted, monsieur, at the Tuileries,' he said.

"'At the Tuileries,' I gasped. 'Impossible. By whom?'

"'By the Emperor, monsieur.'

"'O there must be some mistake!'

"'There is no mistake, monsieur. A carriage is in waiting at the door to convey you to the palace.'

"Well, sir, I went out and entered the carriage, hardly knowing whether I was awake or dreaming. I exhausted my ingenuity during the ride in trying to imagine the reason of my summons to the Tuileries. A servant met me at the door.

"'This way, monsieur,' he said, bowing obsequiously; 'I have orders to conduct you to the Emperor's private apartment.'

"I followed the servant through a long, wide hallway, which I thought would never end. Presently we paused before a door, upon which my companion knocked. It was instantly opened by a man whom I at once recognized as the very individual whom I had rescued from the assassin's knife the night before.

"He sprung forward, saying, 'Ah, monsieur, you little thought that you had saved the life of an Emperor!'"

"He was really the Emperor?" cried Tom.

"No other than the Emperor, Napoleon the Third. It seems that he had been walking the streets of Paris in disguise—like old Haroun Alraschid in the Arabian Nights, you know—when he was attacked by the men from whom it was my good fortune to rescue him.

"I spent the remainder of the morning with him, and when I left he presented me with a magnificent gold snuff-box set with diamonds. It has never been of any particular use to me, for I don't take snuff—filthy habit; but I assure you, nothing would tempt me to part with it. It's in my valise now. Would you like to see it?"

"I should, very much," replied Tom, eagerly.

"Just reach me my valise, then, and I'll show it you."

To reach the valise, which was in the rack directly over his head, Tom was obliged to use both hands, and therefore to relinquish possession for a moment of the precious brown-paper parcel which he had until then held in his lap. He laid it upon the seat and arose to his feet.

After gaining possession of the valise, he handed it to Mr. Jones, who drew a bunch of keys from his pocket. In the meantime Tom had picked up what seemed to be his package of money.

"It's an elegant box," said Jones; "and you will say when you see it. Pshaw! too bad! too bad!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Tom, considerably startled by this sudden exclamation. "You haven't lost it, I hope."

"O no, dear me, no! Not so bad as that, but I've lost the key to my valise. Very provoking!"

"Try one of mine."

"It would be of no use. It's a patent lock, you see. Luckily, I have a duplicate key at home. Sorry I can't show you the box; but never mind, it will keep, and you'll have an opportunity to see it, I hope."

Tom was annoyed by the unfortunate loss of the valise-key, but he forgot his disappointment in listening to a recital of a most extraordinary adventure of Mr. Jones' in South Africa, which was scarcely finished when the train arrived at Dash.

"Well, good-by, my boy. May the day of our next meeting be not far away." These were Mr. Jones' parting words.

As Tom left the car he glanced at the man in the pepper-and-salt suit, but he was asleep, or pretended to be.

"If he really was after the money, he's had his trouble for nothing," thought Tom.

Ten minutes later he entered the office where his father, Dick Faushaw, the foreman, and myself were seated.

"Well, father," he said, with a complacent smile, "here I am again."

"The money—is it all right?"

"Here it is, sir."

"You had no trouble, eh?"

"Of course not."

"I'm very glad of it," said Mr. Sloman, as he opened it. "But what's this?"

"The money's all right, I hope, sir."

"Money! There's no money here?"

"No money there!" cried Tom and Dick Faushaw, while I dropped my pen, aghast.

"Nothing but a lot of slips of old paper," said Mr. Sloman.

Tom dropped into a chair, pale as a ghost. Dick uttered a low, prolonged whistle, and I continued to stare, bereft of speech.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Sloman, fixing his eyes sternly upon his son's face.

Tom sprang to his feet, and his face lighted up.

"I'll fix it!" he cried. "Leave it to me," and rushed from the office.

His father called him back, but Tom did not hear him.

Dick stepped to the door and looked down the street.

"He's running toward the railroad depot," he said. "P'r'aps the bundle got changed somewhere down there. Maybe he'll bring the money back with him all right."

In fifteen or twenty minutes Tom returned and sank into a chair, gasping for breath.

"Well, asked his father, "what have you done? Where is the money?"

"On board—the train," he gasped. "But I've—telegraphed his description—to C——, and when the train gets there—they'll arrest him."

"Whom? Whose description?" demanded Mr. Sloman.

Then Tom told us all about the man in the pepper-and-salt suit who had followed him from New York. When he had finished his story his father said not a word, but began pacing the floor with bowed head and contracted brows. Dick Faushaw returned to his work, and I picked up my pen.

"I telegraphed to the conductor," said Tom, after an oppressive silence of five minutes' duration. "The train must have arrived at C—— before this, and I'll probably get an answer in a few minutes."

Ten minutes later Tom received an answer that the man he caused to be arrested was a well-known judge, and not the culprit at all.

Tom, overcame with shame and mortification, told his father the whole story of his trip, and Mr. Sloman at once felt convinced that Jones was the guilty party.

"Impossible!"

"We shall see," and Mr. Sloman seized his hat and left the office.

During his father's absence, Tom sat and gazed out of the window with a most doleful expression of countenance, and without uttering a word.

Nearly an hour passed before Mr. Sloman's return. As he entered the office at last, both Tom and I looked eagerly into his face.

"No news?" asked Tom.

"None but what I received from the conductor of the westward-bound train which arrived at the station while I was there. He said that your friend, the conductor of the train on which you came from New York, was very much embarrassed by the mistake you made in telegraphing him that the old gentleman whom you described had taken your package of money. He was very angry when he was told of your suspicions, and soon everybody in the car knew all about it. The passengers, of course took his part, as he was known by some of them, and the conductor was abused right and left. The conductor, however, feels almost certain that the man who sat with you, and who seemed so friendly, had had something to do with the disappearance of the money. He got out at M——, the next station above here."

"I don't see how or when he could have taken the money," Tom said. "I didn't lose sight of the package for a minute."

"Are you sure?" asked his father.

"Come to think of it," cried Tom, changing color, "I *did* lose sight of it just for an instant. You see, Mr. Jones or whatever his name was—asked me to hand him his valise, and I left the package on the seat while I took the valise down from the rack."

"That was probably when he took the money," said Mr. Sloman. "Well, Tom, I fear we shall never see that twenty-five hundred dollars."

Tom said nothing, but looked unutterable things.

The robbery had evidently been carefully arranged by some one who was aware of Mr. Lucas' habit of going to the bank every Saturday afternoon. Whether the thief would have pursued the same course if he had had Mr. Lucas to deal with, we don't know, but probably not. That gentleman would, no doubt, have been subjected to an entirely different treatment.

The money was never recovered, nor did Tom ever hear from the fascinating commercial traveler again.—*Youth's Companion.*

For Young Readers.

A TRIP TO THE LAND OF NOD.

I.

Did you ever hear how Budge and Tod
Took a flying trip to the Land of Nod?
They put on their night-gowns—climbed the stairs,
Mumbled their innocent, drowsy prayers,
Curled up in bed in a dimpled heap,
And in forty winks they were fast asleep!
Then the Dream-Man came, on a train of cars,
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of stars;
The fires were lit by a comet, queer,
And the man in the moon was engineer!
A sea-weed cord held the engine-bell,
Made from a ringing ocean-shell:
The railroad track was a rainbow band,
Reaching far over the sea and land—
And the ends of the road, I am gravely told,
Were built upon pots of shining gold!
"All aboard!"—and away went Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, to the Land of Nod!

II.

The cars were filled with a curious crew;
Sweet baby Trix, and the Wandering Jew;
Jack with his bean-stalk—the Giant Grim,
Little Miss Muffet and Uncle Tim,
Fairies, and sprites, and Brownies rare,
And mermaids, wrapped in their yellow hair,
Sat, side by side, in the phantom cars
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of stars;
On, on they sped through the silver sand
Of the beautiful streets of the Wonder-land;
They stopped in a cloud for a drink of dew,
While the sea-shell rung and the whistle blew;
They gathered blossoms that never die,
That grew in the land of the "By-and-by;"
And there, at the end of the route, I'm told,
Our travelers found the Pot of Gold!
Then the Dream-Man brought little Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, from the Land of Nod!

—*St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT SPONGES.

Sponges are so common and so familiar that many of us have used them all our lives without stopping to admire their curious and interesting structure, or to inquire into the history of their past lives. We may, indeed, have noticed that they can be squeezed into a very small space, and that they will return to their natural shape when the pressure is removed. We have perhaps noticed also that they are full of little holes or pores, and that they will absorb an astonishing quantity of water.

You know there has been a doubt whether sponges belong to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom. For a long time naturalists were in doubt about the matter, but it is now settled that they are animals, living and growing on the bottom of the ocean. The only part of the sponge that reaches us is the skeleton. The living sponge is a very different object. Shall we see what we can find out about it?

Upon naming the word "animal," a picture comes before our minds of some creatures having a mouth to eat with, and eyes to see with, and possessing feet or wings, or some other means of moving about; but the sponges are far from this. They are probably the lowest animals with which you are acquainted. They have no nerves, no heart, no lungs, no mouth and no stomach.

Live sponges consist of jelly-like bodies, united in a mass, and supported by a frame-work of horny fibers, and needle-shaped objects called "spicules." This jelly-like flesh, covering all parts of the skeleton, is about as thick as the white of an egg, but it decays immediately after the death of the sponge. During life the flesh presents many bright colors; in some species it is of a brilliant green, while in others it is orange, red, yellow, etc.

The frame-work varies in different kinds of sponge. In those which are valuable for our use it consists of horny fibers interwoven in all directions until they form a mass of lacy net-work. This you can easily see with the naked eye, but by looking through a microscope you will see beauty you had not imagined, and which but for this valuable instrument would never have been dreamed of. In our ordinary sponges these fibers are all that remain of the former living animal, the soft flesh having been removed. It is found that the horny fibers are composed of a substance very similar to the silk of a silk-worm's cocoon. They are exceedingly tough and durable. Most of us have discovered that a good sponge becomes like an old and tried friend, and that unless it is abused it seems as if it might never wear out.

In looking at any sponge you will notice large holes through it, with many small pores scattered between them. The living sponge is constantly drawing in water at the small pores. This water passes through a set of branching canals, and is thrown out from the large holes on the surface. With a microscope little fountains may be seen constantly playing from the large holes of a living sponge. The circulation is kept up in the canals by the movement of "cilia," which are delicate threads waving gently but continually. The word cilia means "eyelashes;" let us remember it, for this is a name we shall often want to use. The stream of water thus passing through the sponge brings to every part of it small particles of food, and all the air it needs for breathing purposes.

Everything that lives must eat and breathe, but how is the sponge to eat without a mouth? When the food touches any part of its body, the soft, jelly-like flesh sinks in to form a little bag; at the same time the surrounding parts creep out over the morsel of food, until it is entirely covered and digested. After this the flesh returns to its original position, and any shell or other refuse that remains from the meal is washed away.

Sponges have a curious manner of producing their young. At certain seasons very small oval masses of jelly are formed on the inner surface of the canals, which finally drop off. They remain in the canals for a time, and become perfect eggs, after which they are thrown out by the stream issuing from the fountains, and instead of falling to the bottom, as we might suppose such helpless masses of jelly would do, they swim around as if they meant to have a little sport before commencing the sober realities of life.

You will be interested to know that while these jelly-like eggs were resting in the canals of the parent sponge, delicate cilia (which we learned about just now) were forming at one end of the egg. These cilia strike the water with a rapid motion, and the eggs are rowed about through it until they settle down and attach themselves to some rock or shell on the bottom of the ocean, and finally grow up into the perfect sponge. The waters are swarming with these eggs at certain seasons, and great quantities of them are eaten by larger animals.

Sponges are common in nearly all parts of the world, and they differ greatly in size and quality, but few species being useful to man. Some species are nearly round, others are always cup-shaped, some top-shaped, and some branched. A fresh-water sponge is frequently found in our streams, growing upon sticks and stones. It is of a bright green, and when seen under the water in a flood of sunlight it is very pretty.

The spicules of sponges grow in a variety of elegant shapes, but they are visible only with a microscope. They are composed of lime or flint, and are generally sharp-pointed. They are imbedded in the flesh as well as in the horny fibers, thus serving to protect the helpless creatures from being devoured by fish and other animals. In our fine sponges, the skeleton is almost destitute of spicules, while in some others the flesh is supported wholly by spicules, giving them so loose a texture that they are of no value for domestic purposes.

Fine sponges are used by physicians in surgical operations, and are sometimes very expensive. Should you at any time take a fancy to a dainty little sponge in the druggist's window, and step in, thinking to buy it, you will probably be surprised at the price asked for it. Our finest sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea. They are obtained by divers, who search for them under rocks and cliffs, and who remove them carefully with a knife, that they may not be injured. The Turks, who carry on the trade, have between four and five thousand men employed in collecting sponges. The value of the sponges annually collected is estimated at ninety thousand dollars. Coarse varieties are found in the Gulf of Mexico and the Bahama Islands. They are scraped off the rocks with forked instruments, and consequently they are often torn.

This demand for sponges has increased so much during the last few years that there is cause to fear the supply will be exhausted, unless some way can be found to cultivate them by artificial means. With this view, attempts have recently been made to raise sponges in the Adriatic Sea by taking cuttings from full-grown ones, and fastening them upon stones on the bottom of the ocean until they attach themselves. These experiments have been successful, but the operation is a delicate one, requiring great care not to bruise the soft flesh. It is necessary to keep the sponge under sea water during the process.

Some of the glass sponges are exceedingly beautiful. The delicate "Venus's flower-basket" grows in the deep sea near the Philippine Islands. It looks like spun glass woven into a beautiful pattern, and is so exquisite that we can scarcely believe that it is the skeleton of a sponge. This sponge is composed of bands of spicules running lengthwise from end to end, with cross bands at right angles. The corners are filled with a pale-brown, corky-looking substance, reducing the spaces to little tube-like holes, and rising into spirally-arranged ridges between them. The ridges, instead of having a continuous glassy skeleton, have their soft substance supported by a multitude of delicate six-rayed spicules interspersed with what, under the microscope, look like little stars and rosettes. The whole sponge is covered with fine hairs, and the mouth is closed by a net-work of a jelly-like substance supported by sheaves of fine needles. The glass-rope sponge roots itself in the mud of twisted fibers.

The boring sponge spreads itself over the shells of oysters and mussels, boring them through and through, and dissolving the shell. It even bores into solid marble, and will, in time, utterly destroy it.

Fluts are exceedingly hard substances—so hard that when we wish to be emphatic, we sometimes say that a thing is as hard as flint. Yet all the flints in the world are supposed to have been formed from soft sponges. By examining small pieces of flint under a microscope the texture of the sponge, in a fossil condition, is often clearly seen, and the spicules peculiar to sponges are recognized.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Natural Ant-Trap.

Mr. J. Harris Stone describes in *Nature* how he found in Norway one of the catchflies busily trapping ants. Last June he was staying at Hnsum, in the Lærdal Valley, Norway, where he observed on the almost precipitous sides of the valley a number of the red German catchfly (Lychnis viscaria). The plants were growing luxuriantly some 1,000 feet above the bed of the river, and were showing a gorgeous array of blossoms. On plucking some of the flowers he became aware of a most unpleasant stickiness around the stems; in some instances the glutinous secretion being powerful enough to support the whole weight of the stem when he inverted and opened his hand. On examining the plants he was surprised at finding on quite ninety-five per cent. either the dead bodies of a large species of ant, or individuals in all stages of dying. Some flowering stems had only one dead or dying ant upon each; others had two; others three; while others again had as many as seven or eight. Some ants had, as it were, simply lain down in the glutinous matter and succumbed without further struggling. The heads of others, firmly imbedded in the treacherous gum, with the rest of the body stiffened and suspended in mid-air, testified to violent and prolonged resistance. Some ants again had the body arched up, as if to avoid contact with the stem, and the legs only were fatally caught. The glutinous or sticky tracts lay around the stem, directly beneath the nodes, and were about half an inch or more in depth. Two to four sticky nodes were found near the top of each flowering stem.

—Chickens are an exception to the rule that nothing is made in vain. Chicken croquettes are now made without the concurrence of chicken or any other variety of meat.—*Boston Transcript*

—Drooping eyelashes are furnished to women who wish to wear an Oriental look by a hairdresser in New York.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1882.

The *Democrat* came out in a new form last week, which improves its appearance very much. It is now an eight column folio instead of a five column quarto. The head has been changed to *Mountain Democrat*.

Mr. Scoville, in behalf of the relatives of Guiteau, the assassin, has accepted the offer of a Philadelphia firm to freeze and exhibit the body of the assassin after he is hanged, half the profits of the enterprise to go to the relatives.

Mr. Berry, Monday, in the House of Representatives, introduced a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment making person holding the office of President ineligible for re election and providing at the end of his term of office the President shall receive a pension of $6,000 per annum, and declaring Cabinet officers ineligible for election to the Presidency for the term following that during they held such office.

Four weeks have been spent in a fruitless attempt to organize the New York Legislature, and the Democratic "majority" seem to be as far from an understanding as ever. The fact is there is no Democratic majority in the sense of collective party responsibility in either House. The Legislature is composed of three parties--Republican, Democratic, and Tammany—a combination between any two of which is regarded as equally inexpedient and undesirable. The Democrats cannot pay the price that Tammany demands for its support without making themselves ridiculous, the Republicans cannot act with either without accepting troublesome responsibilities, if not dishonorable obligations.

It is stated with much positiveness that President Davis of the Senate favors the admission of Dakota into the Union, and will vote for the bill. He holds, so it is said, that the southern portion of population and other consideration, to admission, and that it is not a question for partisan consideration. Judge Davis' vote, combined with that of the Republicans, would give the bill a majority in the Senate; and, as the Republicans control the House, it would appear that the measure has a good prospect of becoming a law at the present session. A delegation from Southeastern Dakota and the Black Hills, headed by Representative Pettigrew, had an interview with the President Monday in reference to the admission and division of that territory.

The indications are rather in favor of the passage by the House of the apportionment bill recommended by the caucus committee. This bill fixes the membership at 320. The Senate recognizes the right of the House to control the matter of apportionment, and will therefore, probably, concur in any measure which the latter sees fit to pass. Under the pending bill the States of Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, Florida and New Hampshire, will each lose one member, as compared with their present representation; while Arkansas, will gain 1, California 1, Georgia 1, Illinois 2, Iowa 2, Kansas 3, Kentucky 1, Maryland 1, Massachusetts 1, Michigan 2, Minnesota 2, Mississippi 1, Missouri 1, Nebraska 2, New York 1, Ohio 1, Pennsylvania 2, South Carolina 1, Texas 4, Virginia 1, and West Virginia 1. As the delegations from the States which are accorded an increase in this bill constitute more than a two two-thirds majority (209) of the House, it is reasonable to conclude that the measure will get that support.

In Maryland, "my Maryland," the lobby runs the State Government. It is charged that contracts, to which legislators are parties, are duly signed and sealed, and retained in the pockets of the members of the "third-house" until the puppets in the legislative halls perform their stipulated work. Maryland would appear to need a regular spring cleaning.—*Boston Herald.*

The Guiteau Case Again.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Late this afternoon Mr. George Scoville, counsel for Guiteau, accompanied by John W. Guiteau, entered the clerk's office of the criminal court and filed a motion for a new trial and the reasons thereof, a bill of exception and affidavits by Geo. Scoville, John W. Guiteau, Chas. J. Guiteau, and Fred. H. Snyder, of Jersey City, N. J. The reasons for a new trial are stated to be twelve, to wit: First—By reason of the uncertainty of evidence upon which the verdict is founded. Second—The verdict is founded upon no particular count or counts in the indictment. Third--The trial of the case was not concluded in the same term of the court in which it was begun. Fourth—The court has no jurisdiction. Fifth—The court erred in overruling the prayers of the defence. Sixth—The court erred in excluding proper evidence submitted by the defence. Seventh—The court erred in permitting improper evidence offered by the prosecution. Eighth—The court erred in entering into an agreement with the prosecution whereby experts were allowed to observe the prisoner. Ninth—Misbehavior of the jury in reading newspapers. Tenth—New facts. Eleventh—The verdict was contrary to the evidence. Twelfth—The verdict was contrary to law.

The bill of exception contains eleven counts, which are almost identical to the reasons assigned for the new trial.

Charles J. Guiteau, in his affidavit asking for a new trial, states that he has been confined to jail and could not give attention to ascertaining facts connected with the case, and had, therefore, to rely upon counsel, Mr. Scoville, for all information upon the case. Mr. Geo. Scoville in his affidavit, says a copy of the *Evening Critic* of November 19, 1881, has the names of several of the jurymen upon the margin towit: "Thomas" on the top of the second page is written in the hand-writing of Thomas W. Heinline; that of the word "Michael" on the top of the same page is in the hand-writing of Michael Sheehan; that of the name of H. J. Bright on the left hand margin of the second page is in the hand-writing of Henry J. Bright; that the two signatures of Heinline, at the bottom of the second page, are in the hand-writing of Thomas W. Heinline; that the signature of F. W. Brandenburg, at the bottom of the said second page, is in the hand-writing of Frederick W. Brandenburg, and that the other writing on the margin of said newspaper is that of the hand writing of some of said jurors.

Mr. Scoville further avers that he has discovered two important witnesses in the persons of Henry T. Bragden, Fredericksburg, Va., and Jno. W. Green, of Stafford Court House, Va., who will swear that they in June last, upon seeing Guiteau in Lafayette Park, pronounced him insane. Frederick H. Snyder, of Jersey City, N. J., in his affidavit, says that he was a guest at the National Hotel from December 7 to 20 inclusive. His room was near the room occupied by the jury and on the 13th day of December, while the jury were absent, he, in passing, saw a newspaper on the table and took it. Believing in justice he had called the matter to the attention of Mr. Scoville. Mr. John W. Guiteau makes an affidavit that he knows all the jury and believes that the names Brandenburg, Heinlein, Bright and Sheehan were written by the persons bearing those names respectively.

The newspaper in question contains an account of the day's trial, an editorial on Guiteau and an account of Bill Jones' attempted shooting of the prisoner.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The motion for the new trial in Guiteau's case, made last Saturday by Mr. Scoville, has been fixed by Judge Cox for hearing next Friday. The District attorney this morning had an interview with the jurors in reference to the charge that a newspaper had been read in the jury room, and all the jurors declared that no newspaper had been seen by them since the trial began. On an examination of the names written upon the margin of the paper, all of them declared that the names written thereon, in evident imitation of their names, were forgeries. Some thought they saw evidence of the tracing of the names. Mr. Sheahan, whose name appears upon the paper, said he did not have a pen in his hand during the entire trial. Mr. Bright, another juror whose name appears upon the paper, said he did not have a newspaper in his hand during the trial, and that he had never seen any writing materials in any of the rooms occupied by the jury. It seems that both Mr. Scovill and Mr. John W. Guiteau had albums in which the jurors were asked to write their names, and the oaths of both these gentlemen to their knowledge of the jurors' handwriting is based on this fact.

Mr. Scoville has addressed an appeal to the "American people" asking for money to continue the struggle to save the prisoner from the gallows, whom he believes to be an insane man. He says that he has thus far remained in the case out of loyalty to his wife, and because he believed the defense to be just, and was anxious to save the nation from the lasting disgrace of hanging an insane man to gratify popular revenge. There is a bare possibility that the motion now pending for a new trial will be granted. If overruled judgment and sentence will be passed on the prisoner to be executed in the latter part of June. Several weeks will intervene, however, during which a bill of exceptions can be presented and an appeal taken to the General Term. To do this counsel must be employed and paid. Mr. Scovill's own recources are exhausted. He has sacrificed his business, and has incurred expenses at Washington amounting to $550, and has contracted debts for the support of his family at home exceeding $300, and as an offsett, has received only about $250 from friends. His aged mother is lying seriously ill and requires some portion of his time and resources. For these reasons he cannot give two months more of his time to this trial unless the public come forward with pecuniary assistance. At least $2,000 is needed. Those who are willing to contribute are invited to address Mr. Scoville, at Washington until Feb. 7.

Mr. Blaine's Policy.

The adverse criticism of Mr. Blaine's diplomatic correspondence with the South American republic by a certain class of newspapers is evidently aimed at the individual, and not at the policy foreshadowed by him. It is no new thing for the United States to interfere in behalf of neighboring republics. The dominion of the French in Mexico, the threatening attitude of this government, and their consequent withdrawal and the downfall of Maximilian, are still fresh in the public mind. It is true this was a foreign invasion of American territory, and the steps taken by the government of the United States were a reassertion of the Monroe doctrine; but the right to interfere is a corollary of that doctrine. The formal warning to every enlightened nation to keep its hands off is an implied promise that the necessary supervision of these struggling nationalities will be assumed by the United States. To stand by and see a friendly and once powerful country blotted out of existence without even a protest is essentially un-American; and that is exactly what must happen to Peru if Chili is allowed to work her will. The provinces she proposes to occupy leave nothing to Peru but barren mountains and trackless deserts, and if there be anything worth taking of what is left, Chili will absorb it. Assuredly, the popular impulse which gave rise to such eloquent appeals in behalf of Grecian independence, which welcomed Kossuth as a second Washington, and which lashed itself into fury over the partition of Poland, is not so far spent as not to admit of sympathy for the misfortunes of a country with which we are allied by contiguity of territory and kindred institutions. Deep down in the hearts of the American people is rooted a sentiment utterly repugnant to the consummation of this gross injustice in South America, and Mr. Blaine will not have long to wait for triumphant vindication. The policy outlined by him is not only favorable to the commercial interests of this country, which are decidedly on the wane in that direction, but it is broad, equitable, and in consonance with the genius of American statesmanship since the foundation of the government. If there were no other argument in its favor, the fact that an ambitious republic like Chili, saturated with European and especially English ideas, backed by English capitol, and, by the force of circumstances, arrayed in an unfriendly attitude to the United States, is about to obtain a vast expanse of territory, by means of which she will control the whole western coast of South America, is sufficient ground for very decided interference, and a protest which would carry with it the weight of a command. Had Mr. Blaine been suffered to carry out his policy, there is not the slightest probability that a war would have resulted; but the integrity of Peruvian territory would have been maintained, and the United States, in any contingency that might arise, would have had an ally bound by the ties both of gratitude and self-interest.—*Balto. American.*

The Governor of Rhode Island has ordered two salutes to be fired in Providence on the 22d of February, a national salute at noon, and a salute of twenty-one guns to the flag of the French Republic at the hour of the dedication of the monument in the memory of the French troops who fought in the American army in the war of the Revolution.

Bronze Medals for the "Old Guard."

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 28.—The *Post-Dispatch* publishes the following this afternoon: About two months after the Chicago Convention the idea of having medals struck to commemorate the story of the voting of the Grant phalanx originated with Don Cameron. A consultation was held between Roscoe Conkling, Chauncey J. Filley and others, and finally an order was given to J. M. Kershaw, of this city, to strike 330 bronze medals. The matter was to be kept a profound secret and Kershaw was enjoined to silence. He has been working on the medals for several months, and they are now completed, and within a few days will be sent to Chauncey Filley, at Washington, who will superintend the distribution. The medals are of bronze, perfectly round, two and three-fourths inches in diameter, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and weigh nearly one pound. On the center of the face is the profile of a head of General Grant. Underneath and extending partially around the head is a wreath of laurel and oak leaves. Around this is a slightly raised circle, outside of which is a record of the Grant ballots arranged in a complete circle, the number of each ballot and vote cast being set down it a separate space. The record begins at the exact center of the bottom when the medal is held in the proper position, and comprise the thirty-six ballots which wavered from 302 to 313. Between the first and thirty sixth ballot, which meet at the bottom of the ring, a star is engraved; after the seventeenth, which reaches a point diametrically opposite the star, the numbers reverse, so that the figures can all be read without turning the medal around. On the outside of the record and along the rim a wreath of "fleur de lis" is handsomely worked completing the face. Inscribed in the center of the reverse side of the words, "In Commemoration of the Thirty-six Ballots of the Old Guard for Ulysses S. Grant for President at the Republican National Convention at Chicago in June, 1880." All the lines are straight save the first and last, which curve gracefully in, parallel with the edge. Under the last the name of the member of "The Old Guard" to whom the medal is to be sent is inscribed. The surrounding lettering is very simple yet handsome, a border completing the reverse side. At the center of the top is a hole in which to place the ribbon. The medal is altogether a very handsome bit of engraving. Grant's profile shows a part of the coat collar and necktie. Of the 330 medals one will be sent to each of the 113 delegates who voted for Grant, and the balance to General Grant and a few Stalwart friends. The head of the medal will be engraved on letter paper and be sent with these souvenirs. The first design of the medal in brass was forwarded to New York and submitted to General Grant, his wife, Conkling and a few other ladies and gentlemen for approbation.

The Washington *Republican* publishes interviews with the jurors in the Guiteau case, but they revealed nothing specially interesting. Foreman Hamlin was outspoken in his praise of the colored juror Wormley, whom he declares to be as "white a man as he ever saw in a black envelope." He says Mrs. Scoville's testimony did not do Guiteau any good, and the latter would have done better "if he had kept his mouth shut." As heretofore, Hamlin says the first ballot was eleven for conviction and one blank, whilst a second ballot showed the entire twelve for conviction. Juryman Heinlein says there were, of course, times when doubts of Guiteau's sanity were entertained, but at last it settled down to the conviction shown by the verdict. On the other hand, Juryman Bright says there never was, so far as his knowledge goes, any doubt in the minds of the the jury as to Guiteau's sanity. Juryman Brawner says he never had a scintilla of doubt about Guiteau's sanity, although he had hoped he might. The speech of the accused had no effect at all. The expressions of the other jurymen were of about similar purport.

RELIGIOUS RITES TO BE DENIED.—A few days ago the Rev. Father Flynn, of Morristown, N. J., sought instruction from Bishop Wiggins as to the treatment of liquor dealers and their victims. The Bishop's version of this interview has just been made public. The Bishop says that he instructed Father Flynn that incorrigible drunkards should be denied Christian burial. He explained that incorrigible drunkards are those who habitually drink to excess, and continue to lead such a life into their last sickness, after having been repeatedly admonished by their pastors. In regard to persons who sell liquor indiscriminately to drunkards, and others, contrary to the laws of the church and State, they too are to be treated the same as incorrigible drunkards, and their bodies are not to go into consecrated ground.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30, 1882.

If with the verdict guilty; which gives such universal satisfaction, we could have an end of Guiteau, and see his miserable carcass hurled out of sight, it would be a relief to the sojourners in Washington as well as to the country generally. But the indications are that proceedings in the case, of some sort or another, will go on for some months. It is certain to be from three to six months before the present verdict can be given practical effect. There is not a ghost of a chance for a new trial because all the errors, if any, have been on the side of Guiteau and there are no reasonable grounds upon which to base the motion; but an appeal will be taken to the Court in General Term and possibly to the Supreme Court, all of which will cause delay. The opinion prevails here that the hanging will take place about July. There is much regret that justice cannot be reached sooner. One thing, however, may be taken for granted—that in all future proceedings if the assassin is brought into court he will have to keep his mouth shut. There will be no more calling witnesses liars or denouncing counsel in their arguments as lying whelps.

This remarkable trial with all its humiliating aspects has also had its pathetic side, arising from the connection of the prisoner's self sacrificing sister with it. No one who watched the benign-faced little woman sitting faithfully in the court room day after day, and knows anything of her tireless devotion to her brother, can fail to entertain for her feelings of profound sympathy and respect. The portentious crime of an insignificant and degraded man has been the fearful background against which two pictures of noble American womanhood have traced themselves for the emulation and pride of a nation. One—she who watched at the bed-side of the victim with such dignity of love and firm self-repression—has won the fullest meed of praise that a watching world could bestow; but the other—she who has been mother, sister, and friend to the despised and execrated criminal—exercises her ministrations in an unpopular cause, and has received no reward except the ungrateful indifference of the object of her care and the impugnment of her motives by a prejudiced people. It was pitiful, and yet it compelled admiration, to watch her in the court room pale and flushing with the alternation of her feelings. One moment resenting with indignation whatever looked to her partial mind like wanton injustice, the next bursting into tears she vainly tried to hide when any of the many painful developments in the case came to the surface. It is only the wretchedness and depravity of the cause which prevents her noble assiduity from winning universal acclamation, yet the very loathsomeness of her task gives her conduct in the matter its highest merit. There can be nothing but pain in parting from such a monster of ingratitude and hopeless degradation.

Washington society experiences an aching void when the White House is closed as at present. Six months of mourning for the late President will expire March 19, and then President Arthur will hold the usual levees during the rest of the session. He expects to give a series of State dinners commencing very soon, but those will be comparatively quiet affairs. It is often remarked how dreary the Executive Mansion looks with lights in only one corner—the private part of the house. The President breakfasts quite late, and Senators frequently begin calling before he has finished. He sees visitors and attends to business until 2, when he goes for a drive. Sometimes on his return he sees visitors by special appointment before dinner. President Arthur, unlike his predecessors, does not receive visitors in his Cabinet room, not even Members of Congress who call on business. He sees them in the library, which is adjoining the Cabinet room in the private part of the house. He never sits while receiving visitors, but walks about from one to another, giving each as much time as he thinks proper. A member of the House of Representatives who has called on him several times tells me he has never yet seen the President seated. Mr. Arthur has done some very graceful acts for a man occupying the high position of President. One was seeking out a lady who was one of his wife's bridesmaids and who is here living very plainly in a retired part of the city, and going in person to see her to ask if there was anything in his power to do for her. Another was sending the basket of flowers to Hon. Ateck Stephens on the day the President thought was his seventeenth birthday, January 11, which, however, was just one month too soon, as Mr. Stephens was born on February 11. Not only the President, but the acting Vice President, Senator Davis committed the same mistake and sent him floral souvenirs on the 11th instant.

The Capital did not go as Wilde over the æsthetic Oscar as might have been expected. A large audience of curiosity seekers attended his lecture, but after they had seen what he was like the majority left. There was actually nothing worth thinking about in the lecture. The English æsthete, with his keen-breeches, lawdedah impersonations, and lily and sunflower adornments, is about a stand-off with Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who represented American *dilettante* in England with a California diamond as large as a saddle-rock oyster illuminating his buckskin shirt-front, moccasins encasing his corns and bunions, and with a drawl in his tone of voice now adopted as the truly æsthetic intonation, John Bull has sent us a Roland for our Oliver.

JUNIUS.

History of Small-Pox.

Of all the plagues which have arisen from time to time, and infested cities or countries, none is more persistent, none is more easily communicable or fatal than was small-pox a century ago. But whence or how the disease arose it is not so easy to say. Other pleagues have vexed the earth for a time and then passed away, leaving no vestige of their ravages, as did the great plague at Athens, during the Peloponnesian war, or the plague in England of Charles II; but small-pox, not content with twelve centuries of sway, holds its own despite the discoveries of science. It is unquestionably true that diseases of such contagious natures generally arise among filthy and ill conditioned people confined in narrow quarters. This was the case with the Athenian plague, and it was again the case in the Jewish quarters of European cities. Contagious diseases were comparatively rare among the Romans and Greeks of the illustrious periods, owing to the free public baths and excellent sanitary and gymnastic habits of the times.

It was reserved for the middle or dark ages to furnish the most dreadful examples of pestilence. Small-pox arose in the darkest period of mediæval times. It first invaded England in the ninth century; it was common in Arabia in the tenth; the crusaders carried it through all Southern Europe; it reached Norway in the fourteenth century; in 1517 it was carried to St. Domingo by the Spaniards along with slavery, the Inquisition, the rack and a host of other blessings; three years later it crossed to Mexico and slew three millions; it invaded Iceland in 1707 and Greenland in 1733, slaying a fourth part of the residents in the former and a large portion of those in the latter country, and despite all that medical skill has done and is doing to cast it from the earth, it bids fair to retain its hold in some measure as long as popular ignorance, destitution, negligence and carelessness continue to combat the physicians and the dictates of common sense.

Its history is thus unique; other contagious diseases have proved as fatal under similar circumstances for limited periods; none have continued their blasting work for ten centuries in all climates from Mexico to Greenland. It is not unreasonable, therefore; that its approach should be hailed with terror as is the approach of almost no other disease. Yellow fever and Asiatic cholera even, have caused no such potent and widespread destruction. The very air it taints infection; garments in contact with patients carry their baneful power for years, if shut up in tight closets; it can be communicated by mail or by the wind, by railroad, by ocean voyage, by manifold means which cannot be guarded against. It is not only dangerous but loathsome in its progress; it drives away one's friends, thrusts him into unutterable tortures and leaves him often a wreck for life with ruined health and disfigured countenance. When to all this is added its persistent re-appearance at almost definite periods, it is not to be wondered at that small-pox scares are so common.

COUNTY PAPERS.—The Baltimore *Sun* in recognizing the kindly expressions of the county press respecting it, adds: "In acknowledging these kind utterances it is only proper at the same time to acknowledge the importance of the place which our county contemporaries hold in the field of journalism. A county paper properly conducted deserves the cordial and practical support of the residents of the county, and, it may here be suggested, should be encouraged by punctual settlement of journalistic liabilities. The county paper can no more get along without cash than any other business enterprise, and its editor should be spared the disagreeable necessity too often forced upon him of settling on his subscribers to settle up."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Frank Siddall's soap for sale at J. A. Grant's. Try it.

—H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., has been unwell for about two weeks.

—Mr. Fletcher Veitch and sons, of Montgomery county, are visiting at Col. J. W. Veitch's.

—Our physicians have been unable to obtain vaccine virus, although they have made repeated efforts.

—John W. Lee, residing near Oakland, has lost two children from diphtheria within the last few days.

—Diphtheria has made its appearance in Oakland, and we now have two cases, neither being serious however.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—One day last week Mr. Nelson Ervin residing near Oakland, found a two-year-old colt drowned in a large spring near his place.

—Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, residing near Johnstown, this county, has now in operation a lime kiln with a capacity of 50 bushels per day. The lime is said to be of the best quality, and meets with ready sale.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock, p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of January:

Walter D. Collier and Annie T. DeWitt.

John C. Luckey and Susanna Collins.

Harman Keener and Sarah E. Adams.

Truman Miller and Susan A. Gower.

Andrew B. Gonder and Mollie M. Casbeel.

Calvin H. Glotfelty and Mollie C. Echard.

David F. Cooper and Emma R. Lee.

Joseph Hillyman and Abinda Wass.

E. B. Hartman and M. E. W. Litzinger.

And one with request not to publish.

Notice.

That I have on hand three good second-hand Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, in good runing order, which I will sell for $10 each, in cash or trade. I also have one Grover & Baker machine and one Home Shuttle machine, which I will sell cheap for cash or trade. Now is the time to get good bargains. Call on or address F. M. Paxton, with I. W. Slonaker Oakland, Md. 1 42 t

The Public Schools and Vaccination.

Under the law it is obligatory upon School Trustees to close the public schools when an infectious disease has been declared epidemic, as is now the case with small-pox. In case of the latter disease, however, provision is made to admit pupils who present a certificate of vaccination from a physician, but as it seems to be almost impossible to obtain the vaccine virus, and inasmuch as there are no cases within the county, our School Board has determined to allow the schools to remain open, but urge the trustees and teachers, as well as the patrons of the schools, to have all pupils vaccinated as soon as possible.

A Marriage and Two Murders.

One day last week a ginger bread negro arrived in this city in company with a fine-looking white girl, and asked a minister to marry them. They were informed that miscegenation was unlawful in this State, and that they would have to go to Pennsylvania. They took the train to the State Line and crossed the mountain to Wellersburg, where they were married. The next day they passed through here on their way to Randolph county, in West Virginia. The girl's name was Collins, and she is of a respectable family. Her father, who resided at Beverly, heard of the whereabouts of the couple, and sought them out. The negro, expected to be shot, and drew his revolver and killed Collins. The news spread like wildfire, and soon the negro was in the hands of a mob, who strung him up to the nearest tree. The new-made wife is now a widow and an orphan.—*Cumb. Times.*

The *Times* is evidently mistaken as to the movements of the above couple after they left Cumberland. January 20th, a "ginger-bread" negro, accompanied by a white girl, arrived in Oakland, procured a license, were married and left for their home the same day. His name was Lucky and hers Collins, and they claimed to hail from Randolph county, W. Va. The notice of the marriage was published in THE REPUBLICAN of last week, and we have no doubt they are the parties alluded to in the above.

What Is Trespass?

Judge Rose, President of the court of Montgomery county, in a recent case of trespass tried before him, charged the jury as follows: "No man has the right to go upon the premises of another, whether for gunning or for other purposes, without the consent of the owner and every person so doing is a trespasser. Although it is customary for persons to enter upon the grounds of others for the purpose of fishing, nutting and gunning, yet they have no right to do it without the consent of the owner. Being a trespasser, he must get off of the premises if directed, and must not stand upon his going. He must move as fast as he can, but need not run. If he refuses to go, the owner can use as much force as necessary to put him off even if it result in the death of the offender, but you dare not use more force than is absolutely necessary."

Important Decision.

The Court of Appeals, of our State, has recently decided, 1st, that a debtor can waive his right of exemption for $100 worth of property.

2. That unless the debtor claims his exemption when more than one article is levied on by the sheriff, or constable, he cannot afterwards sue the officer for $100 in money.

3d. That it is not the duty of the officer making the levy to set aside the exemption, unless demanded by the defendant, except only when the property to be sold consist of one single piece of property which in its nature is indivisable. Then he must have it appraised and reserve $100 for defendant. If the appraisement of the one article is less than $100, then he returns the writ "nulla bona."

Allegany County Items.

James A Millholland, the manager of the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad, stationed at Cumberland, has made an improvement on the brakes for iron hopper coal cars, invented by the late Ross Whaans, of Baltimore. The brakes now in use apply the shoe against only four wheels of the eight under each car, but the improvement locks all four of the wheels. The carrying capacity of the coal hoppers having been nearly doubled of late years, rendered such an improvement imperatively necessary, and a test has proved that the new brakes answer all requirements.

The prisoners convicted at the January term of the Circuit Court were sentenced Friday of last week as follows: Michael Flanagan, convicted of manslaughter, eighteen months; J. H. Page, colored, convicted of receiving stolen goods, three years; David Saunders, colored, receiving stolen goods, two years and six months; J. H. W. T. Mitchell, colored, forgery, three years. All of the above-named go to the penitentiary. Geo. Hawkins, convicted of larceny, received three months in the House of Correction.

Scarcity of Labor in the West.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., Jan. 26th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—There is but little doubt of the scarcity of laborers for farm or railroad operations the coming summer, and as the railroads have the most money they will monopolize the labor. For the past six or eight months day laborers, and especially farm hands, have seemed to grow more scarce in the improved western states. The laboring class all seem to be going farther west to get Homesteads and own land of their own. Of late we have heard many farmers express a fear that there would not be men sufficient to do the work that had been planned for the coming season. It being very wet through the fall season and winter coming on and as a consequence there is about one-third of the 1881 corn and wheat crop yet in the fields, and cannot be garnered until spring opens. After spring opens there will be but little time to spare as wheat sowing will soon press itself upon the farmers. This will be a time when farm hands can command harvest wages, for a few weeks as the fields must be cleared to make ready for a new crop. There are large numbers of farm hands working in the Middle and New England States, far from $12 to $16 per month, who can get far more in the West, with good opening propects around them for investing in the rich soil, and soon becoming a part of the independant freeholders, which they stand but little chance of doing in their eastern location and with their present wages. The Swede, the Norwegian and the German young men are coming into the west, and it is seldom that they are there over a year before we begin to hear them talking about their land, their farms, and soon they lead home their wives to their farms. But the farmers must make their arrangements in time. There is going to be a greater demand for all class of laborers in the west than in any former year. The towns and cities, with the railroads will need double the number of all classes of mechanics of former years. Immense enterprises are to be put in operation; and thousands of miles of railroads are to be built which will necessitate the building of hundreds of new towns. Many of the present towns and cities are to be greatly stimulated into immense improvements. Manufacturing is coming into all parts of the west. Dacota is attracting the attention of the world, unsurpassed for grass and grain. More acres of fertile soil to the square mile than any other state or country on earth. Unusually blessed with a uniform climate of suitable sunshine and showers. Crops never failing. Water and atmosphere health inspiring. There is no wonder that there is a loud call for more laborers. We bid them come. There is work and good wages for all, and among all classes of emigrants, their are none more desirable than laborers for farms and mechanics of all classes. The west is now calling for them. Those that have a strong will and plenty of nerve and backbone will do well by going.

To inquiring friends in Garrett county.

C. H. C.

STELLA, OHIO, Jan. 26, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—As I have not troubled you for some time, I will ask for a small space in the columns of THE REPUBLICAN, our most welcome weekly visitor. (Don't be flattered, for I really think it one of the best county papers in the country.)

With other things, I see in the last issue a notice of your Burgess passing from single to double blessedness. May long life and happiness strew their pathway.

I also read an article which may lead some of my brother farmers astray, with regard to pruning fruit trees in the winter. My theory is never to cut a limb till the sap is flowing freely, then the sap will flow to the wound and keep it moist to the end of the stub, and it will heal over in half the time of that cut in the winter or early spring, for in the latter case the wood and bark will dry from ⅛ to ¼ of an inch from the pith, and the March and April sun and winds will crack the wood and let the water in, and if it even does heal over it will make a damaged place in the tree. From fifty years experience and experimenting I think I know what I am writing about. In order to test the matter let any one cut off a limb now and another the same size when the tree is in bloom, and that will satisfy him as it did me.

We are having the warmest and wettest winter ever known here, and the roads are almost impassible. We only have one mud hole between here and McArthur, 9 miles. Wheat never looked better this season of the year. Crops of all kinds were light, and everything is now high: Wheat, $1.30; corn, 90 cents; oats, none for sale; hay, $15 to $20; potatoes, $1.00 to $1.40; butter, 25 cents; eggs, 28 cents.

J. B. RANDALL.

False Pretences.

The Democratic majority in the present Legislature, are striving hard to mislead the people of the State, into the belief that it is their intention to institute at the present session, some of the many long-promised reforms. Only a few weeks ago the atmosphere of the State Capital was filled with the promises of great and needed reforms, and economies in the conduct of governmental affairs. The leaders of the managers party vied with the O. D. D.'s in proclaiming to the people what tremendous sacrifices was to be made by the politicians, who feast upon the loaves and fishes of public plunder, in favor of the overburdened tax payer and the *dear* people, in whom they take such an adding interest. The organization of the two Houses witnessed the overthrow of several of the most objectionable officials, whose political records and past party services had rendered them too heavy a load for the managers to continute to carry. This was followed with a great flourish of trumpets, by the announcement that the number of the officers and employes of the two Houses was to be very greatly reduced, and the committee on organization, in their report, did actually recommend a much smaller number of officers than was employed at the last session.

But here reform ended. Every few days new appointments are made, of officers of the two Houses, and new names are added to the pay rolls, swelling the costs and expenses of the session, for the purpose of providing a place for some henchmen, for whose services the managers can compenstate them in no other way. By the end of the session the pay roll will be as large as in any previous year, and the expenses of the session will be just as great. In the matter of public printing, through which many thousands of dollars have year after year gone into the pockets of the political Bosses, the Republican minority, together with a handful of the Democrats, made a desperate struggle to secure a saving to the State of some eighteen thousand dollars. But so powerful is the influence of the Bosses in the control of every measure looking to the disposition of spoils, that as yet the contract has not yet been awarded and the indications are that it will not be, until it is certain it shall go into the hands of the Bosses themselves. Then came the election of a State Treasurer, when an opportunity was afforded the Legislature to break the power of the Canal Ring, but through a corrupt bargain with the great reformer, Mayor Whyte, the Ring succeeded in re-electing their chosen servant, and the people were set at defiance by the barter and sale of the politicians. Now we hear upon all sides the clamor of the Democratic press for the immediate passage of the Registration law, which the managers have decided shall be passed, and denunciations against the Republican minority because of the defeat of a similar, but more infamous law two years ago. But this Registration Bill does not mean any reform, although it is so heralded to the people. It is full of pitfalls and snares and opportunities for fraud, which render it infamous and objectionable. It is not a *new* Registration law for which the people have pleaded so long, but a *good* and *fair* law, which the one now proposed is not. The efforts which are being made by the Republicans to secure such amendments as will make it conform to the wants of the public, are characterized by the Democratic press as attempts to defeat reform Legislation by filibustering and delay, and the party lines seem to be strictly drawn, upon every question which involves an issue of interest between the politicians and the people. Thus will the remainder of the session be spent, and when the first of April arrives we shall look in vain to find some good thing which has been done in the interest of the general public, by the statesmen at Annapolis.

The Democratic craft is sailing under false colors, and its crew is composed of pirates rather than patriots. —*Frederick Examiner.*

The Democratic leaders and Democratic members of the legislature of all shades have agreed to pass the Registration bill, and until it is passed tranquility is to reign in the camp. The passage of the bill is now assured, for the Democrats have determined to rush it through at all hazards. The bill is by no means what it should be, and it would be better if the Republicans and Independent Democrats could unite and pass a fairer bill. But this is impossible. There are some good things, however, that the bill will accomplish. It will give us a new registration this year. Inasmuch as the Congressional elections take place next fall, the new registration will have to be conducted under United States supervisors. At each of the sixty places of registration supervisors appointed by the United States courts will be stationed, and see that no registration frauds are committed. Governor Hamilton has stated that he proposes to appoint only first-class men as registers, and if this is done, something at least will have been gained. The Governor's friends are now collecting names to be presented to the Governor for registration officers, and he will select from the lists the names of those whom he considers best fitted for the purpose.—*Balto. American.*

Everybody who is exposed to small-pox infection should be vaccinated. Vaccination is probably a sure protection against small-pox if properly renewed. The protective influence seems to become exhausted after the lapse of many years, and the vaccination should be renewed every five or six years. Statistics show that even after the influence of the vaccine has been so far dissipated that the patient is liable to an attack of small-pox the disease occurs in a mild form. Vaccination is even a better protection against small-pox than small pox itself. Tables made up of statistics gathered from various parts of the world show that out of every 100 cases of small-pox occuring after vaccination the percentage of deaths was only 8.3, while out of every 100 cases of small-pox succeeding small pox the percentage of deaths was 15.7. The prejudice which some persons entertain against vaccination perhaps originated in the injurious effects that have followed the use of virus taken from a human subject instead of the cow.

There were 1,319 deaths from small-pox in Philadelphia during the year 1881.

The long and wearisome story of Irish outrages which has been each day telegraphed across the sea for so many months has not given so full a picture of the deplorable state of this perpetually unhappy country that some recent statistics, carefully collected by an English correspondent, will be wanting in instruction to us. The correspondent confines himself to the twelve counties in the South and West which are known collectively as the "dangerous area," and over which five magistrates, all military men of vigor and determination, have been set up in authority. Within this district are comprised 10,600,000 acres of land, nearly a half of all Ireland, and 2,079,000 people, or 40 per cent. of the population. More than 93 per cent. of these people are Catholics, against a proportion of 76 per cent. for the whole country. Nearly 38 per cent. of them can neither read nor write, the general percentage for Ireland being 33 per cent. The pasture land comprises 55 per cent. of the surface, while throughout Ireland the rate is 49 per cent. He points out the unusual extent, in this dangerous area, of lands devoted to grazing, and the consequence of it in the comparatively idle lives that the people lead as shepherds and herdsmen for generation after generation. Ten or twelve strong men may be seen daily in many villages "lounging in a shambling group against the Courthouse," without work and without hope of it, while those who pretend to employment as shepherds can spare any amount of time in "leaning up against the post or whistling over the interminable heath." With these statistics we may ask if there is any hope that the land of Ireland can ever be made to support this population in peace and plenty. Within thirty years more than 2,500,000 people, or 45 per cent. of the present population, have emigrated, and still it is estimated that to-day in Ireland there are "more than 900,000 young persons besides adults, able to work, who are without employment," which is more than one-third as many as have emigrated in a generation; moreover, at the old rate it would require a decade for them to leave the soil. Save in the North there are few manufacturing enterprises in Ireland; many that still remain are falling into decay; the movement for an exhibition which might revive them has apparently died an untimely death, so that of relief there really appear to be none, either in present fact, in promise, or will in any one's safe imagination. As this correspondent points out, what efficiency the Irish grazing lands now have is seriously menaced by the as yet undeveloped meat and corn trade of the New World, so that for the future the promises are for worse times instead of better. In emigration he finds the only possible relief, and for this there is fortunately less disinclination than there once was. But of emigration, when this country has more than 900,000 people doing nothing, there must be a vast deal. It is the idlest regions that are the most dangerous, and the idlest regions are also the grazing regions, or the regions upon which, unless manufactories come to their relief, the people must in future most depend for whatever of life and happiness they can get.

The anxiety of the Democratic members of the legislature to pass the Registration bill in haste is, to say the least, very amusing. For six years the Democracy has promised to pass new registration and election laws, and now that its leaders see that the people will not be trifled with any longer, they resort to the expedient of rushing through a bill prepared by a committee appointed by their convention, without affording an opportunity to the Committee on Elections to examine and report upon any other registration bill that has been or may be submitted to it. They are evidently determined to pass their bill, and dread the introduction of any measure that will insure fairness of registration by allowing the minority party to be represented among the registration officers.—*Balto. American.*

Commissioner Dudley renews the proposition of his predecessor in the Pension Office, Mr. Bentley, that Congress should authorize the employment of special agents to expose fraudulent pensioners. The last Congress refused to adopt the plan. Perhaps the present one will take a different view of it, now that public opinion is aroused on the subject. Some silly members talked last winter as if an investigation of the pension rolls would be an insult to the soldiers. The insult is, in fact, in permitting rascals with fictitious wounds and infirmities to draw the same pay from the Government as the maimed veterans, whose disabilities speak for themselves of valiant services in the war.

The loss to England by the last three years' bad harvests is estimated at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty million dollars a year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is claimed that a fourteen-year-old newsboy in Cambridge, Mass., supports his widowed mother and his five brothers and sisters, and puts something in the bank weekly besides.

A workman was examining a hole which he had just bored in a factory floor at New Britain, Conn., when his eye was destroyed by a red hot iron thrust through from the other side.

Changes in Vermont are not always progressive. Newfane Centre was a county seat in 1840, with a court-house, jail, school-house, churches, several stores, and a considerable population. Not a vestige of the village remains.

The laborers living in the small town of Pennomene, near Panama, and working on the De Lesseps canal, refused to be vaccinated. During the past three months upward of one thousand deaths have taken place there from small-pox.

A rich copper mine has been rediscovered in the vicinity of Tusean, Arizona, within a few weeks. Nearly fifteen years ago it was first found, but the men who located the claim were driven from the mountains by hunger, and neglected to take accurate bearings of the spot. Since then four or five prolonged attempts to find the rich deposit have failed.

A fire broke out in the old *World* building, corner of Park Row and Beekman street, New York, about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, and in a short time it was in ruins. Most of the occupants escaped, but several were killed and a number badly injured by jumping from the windows on the upper floors to the pavement. It is believed that several persons perished in the flames. The total loss of life is not yet known, but it is thought it will foot up at least six or eight, and possibly twelve. The loss in property is estimated at over one million dollars.

The President sent to the Senate on Wednesday of last week, the following names for Federal offices in this State: For Collector of the Port of Baltimore, Col. E. H. Webster, of Harford; Naval Officer, Dr. R. W. Wilmer, of Charles; District Attorney, Archibald Sterling, Esq.; Marshal, John McClintock.

N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual contains full statistics of all newspapers in the United States and Canada, descriptions of every County and State and populations from the Census of 1880. Three dollars postpaid. N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Philadelphia.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

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For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 19, 1881.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

Monday, Feb. 6th 1882,

for the purpose of examining the Kitzmiller iron bridge, and for the transaction of any other business which may properly come before the Board. Monday and Tuesday will be occupied in making the examination of the bridge, and Wednesday will be devoted to office business.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Estate of John P. Miller, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JOHN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1881.

HENRY J. MILLER, Executor.

12 17-3

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

President Grevy.

There are some men who win the great prizes not because of their greatness, but because of their fitness. M. Jules Gervy, the President of the French Republic, owes much of his success in life to the fact that circumstances have served him admirably for the exercise of his peculiar talents. When, after McMahon's blunders and treacheries, it was found necessary to nominate a president the soundness of whose Republican principles was placed beyond the shadow of a doubt, and yet whose radicalism was of that moderate tone which should be a guarantee against any extreme policy, no other man in France was found uniting these needed qualities in so marked a degree as M. Jules Grevy. In this role, however, the role of moderation, M. Grevy had made his appearance before. To fill difficult situations, and to be the man called upon to act in critical issues, is to sum up the history of his political life.

M. Jules Grevy's most conspicuous virtue—we prefer to give preference to his virtues rather than his talents, as he presents the rare instance of a public man who has made his talents serve his virtues rather than the other more commonplace rule—M. Grevy's most prominent virtue, then, has been his purity of motive. He is one of those men who have found character an excellent substitute for genius.

As a politician, M. Grevy has been conspicuous in all the great events which have agitated France since 1830. During that revolution he left his law-books to storm barricades—an act of patriotism that eighteen years later, in 1848, brought its reward. Ledra Rollin, one of Grevy's most intimate personal friends, sent him into the Jura as Commissioner, from which section of country Grevy was after returned to the National Assembly by an immense majority. It was in this Assembly that Grevy proposed his famous amendment, which won for him an enduring celebrity. That amendment attempted to do away with the office of a nominal head of the republic. M. Grevy even then foresaw the danger to be dreaded in the person of Louis Napoleon, and the game he could play were the power vested in the hands of the people. The amendment provided a guarantee against both these dangers by suggesting that the President should be elected by the Chambers, and that his title should be simply that of "President of the Council of Ministers," to be removed at the will of the Deputies. Had the bill been passed it would have saved France twenty years of despotism. Naturally, under the Empire, M. Grevy's political career was under an eclipse. But he was elected by a large majority as Republican candidate to the Corps Legislatif in 1868, where he distinguished himself by his courage and energy in heading the war waged against Napoleon's misrule.

With the establishment of the Republic, M. Grevy's position became an important one. He was elected President of the Assembly at Versailles, filling that arduous rule with marked firmness and impartiality.

In person M. Grevy is formed to be a marvel of vigor and strength for a man in his seventy-fifth year. To look upon his fresh complexion, and to note his firm step, his erect carriage and his robust physique, one would believe him to be in the mature vigor of the fifties. His physiognomy is striking from its dignity and the repose of its expression. In dress he is scrupulously neat, and his ideal of official dignity is revealed in the fact that at seven in the morning he will be found arrayed in his frock-coat. The sobriety of M. Grevy's character may be gauged by his having been a model illustration of the French proverb, *"Un Franche-Comple ne rit jamais."* He has never been heard to laugh in public. He allows himself, however, the luxury of one indulgence. He has a passion for the hunt. To follow the hounds, and to hear ringing in his ear the music of the huntsman's horn, is his one permitted relaxation. In his dispensing of the social gayeties of the Elysee, M. Grevy is aided by his gracious wife and his charming daughter, the latter of whom has been educated upon much more liberal principles than the usual cloistral French custom permits.—*A. B. Blake, in Harper's Magazine.*

Two Boys Encounter Two Bears.

Last Monday two young men named Clarence and William Eastman, of Kearsarge village, North Conway, started out into the woods on a bear hunt. About noon they come across the track of two bears near a logging road. The boys followed the trail eagerly until they found that the bears had gone into a cave some distance from the road. They cautiously peered in, and in the uncertain light saw both animals engaged in gnawing what appeared to be the carcass of some wild beast. The young hunters were greatly excited, of course, but they did not loose their coolness. After a whispered consultation, which was carried on without disturbing the bears, so intense were they upon their meal, the boys selected their marks and fired. Both bullets took effect, as was evident from the furious uproar inside the cave. When the smoke lifted the wounded bears rushed out of their retreat, bringing the young hunters to close quarters. The age of the animals was probably about a year, and they weighed upwards of 150 pounds each. Noting the size of the game, and realizing that they must defend themselves from the coming attack, the boys threw away their guns and prepared to fight. "Mount him, Will!" shouted Clarence, and at the next moment each sprang directly on the backs of the growling brutes. Then began a lively struggle for the mastery. The boys weighed about as much as the bears, and the contest was not so unequal as might appear. Each hunter grasped the long hair near the ears and dug his heels into the flanks of his antagonist. Clarence was on a steep pitch when the struggle commenced, and after a few minutes of hard work, was thrown from his seat; but in falling he upset the bear and both rolled to the foot of the incline, where the boy came out on top. The bear, caught in a hollow place in the ground, was considerably cramped, and Clarence was able to get his knife out of his pocket and open it. With that he dealt a heavy blow in the neck, which let out his life blood in torrents. Then the victorious Clarence turned his attention to his comrade. William had not succeeded so well, and was by this time in an embarrassing position. When he closed with the bear the latter made for a fallen tree which lay several inches from the ground. Bruin tried to crawl under the tree, but there was not room enough to pull his rider through. The bear could not advance and William could not pull him out. There they hung, the bear struggling to get through and the boy craned over the log, his arms cramped and his strength fast failing him. Then Clarence rushed up to his assistance. This startled bruin, who backed out of his uncomfortable position, and partially freed himself from his tormentor's hold. Then the brute "got in a side winder," for, drawing back his paw, he whacked William on the head, tearing the flesh and leaving the mark of his claws across the boy's face. William was thrown down and the bear was free. Before either of the hunters could load his gun bruin took "leg bail" and escaped into the woods. The boys dressed the other one and carried it home.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

The Girl Suicides.

The number of suicides in Paris has been appalling since a few weeks. Self-destruction seems to have become almost an epidemic. Not a day passes but the papers report one or several cases of voluntary death by drowning, suffocating or poisoning. The statistics of suicide in France are, indeed, of an alarming nature. Hundreds of unfortunate wretches are hurrying out of the world every year in this country, so prosperous, so highly civilized, at present so tranquil, but whose evil is a general lowering of the moral standard. It is particularly among that most unfortunate class—among those poor producers of luxury—the work girls, overworked, underfed, miserably paid, with brains impaired by the spectacle of frivolity and fashion, that the victims of suicide are recruited. Charcoal is the classic means of self-destruction with the sewing-girls, but occasionally some distracted plyer of the needle will resort to a less ordinary end, as in the case of that unfortunate creature, who some years ago, threw herself down from the summit of the Vendome column. A more shocking death than hers could hardly be imagined, and the mingling of the trivial and commonplace circumstances which preceded her death has always impressed us deeply. She left her place of employment suddenly in the afternoon, alleging that she needed to buy thread; and hurried at once to the column on the place Vendome. Her companions, on hearing of her fearful death—her cry, when once she had leaped, will never be forgotten by those who heard it—remembered to have noticed her sewing her skirts together at the bottom, and to have wondered what could be the purpose of this. Life was not extinct in the battered broken body when it was taken to the nearest druggist's, and meanwhile eager groups were gathered around the pavement, where a horrid bloody stain marked the exact spot of the fall. And what of the suicide of two childish creatures, two girls of eleven and twelve, worked and driven beyond endurance, who crept away together one gloomy night, and, clasping each other's hands, walked step by step until the water closed over their heads, into the Seine, where their slight and miserably-dressed bodies were found floating together the next day. The suicide of a child! Can human misery reach a greater horror than this?—*Paris Register.*

Cochineal.

The insect which yields the color called cochineal seems to thrive in Mexico better than in the countries of the South American continent, for the cochineal exported to the States and to Europe yields generally higher prices than that produced in South America. The breeding of the cochineal insect in Mexico seems to be very ancient—more ancient, indeed, than the Toltec emigration, and the industry was in a far more flourishing state in ancient times than to-day. Yucatan, Puebla and Michoacan were famous for the cochineal produce, and to-day that industry is not even known in the above-mentioned States. It is due to the endeavors of the Catholic clergy, who were constantly encouraging this industry, that the same is yet flourishing in the State of Oajaca. The heavy duties that other States were compelled to pay to the Spanish Crown and the heroes of pronunciamentos have never been introduced in Oajaca, and even the revolutions have not devastated this State in the same degree as other States suffered. The breeding of the insect is exclusively in the hands of the small Indian farmer, who is sure to make a comfortable living out of his one or two thousand nopal plants. In April and May little baskets are fastened to the nopal plants, and into these baskets the female animal lays her eggs and then dies. The dead mothers yield the first harvest, and two or three weeks later myriads of insects leave the basket and begin to feed on the juice of the plant. In January and February the breeder gathers the principal harvest, killing all the animals but those that are wanted for the production of the new harvest. Formerly the animals were killed in hot water; to-day the commonly-adopted way is to kill them in hot stoves, by which performance the insect loses two-thirds of its weight. As the rays of the burning sun are dangerous to the young animals, the Indian generally plants one or two sunflowers near a nopal plant. A nopal field covered with millions of snow-white animals protected by the natural roof of the heliotrope is a curious sight.—*City of Mexico Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Loudon letter: Mrs. Langtry is not in herself witty, neither is she a sparkling conversationalist. She is what you would call a quiet person—a pretty woman who is content to be eloquent with her eyes. These characteristics are often coupled with keen observation and an inate talent, which develops with necessity or is discovered by occasion. Mrs. Langtry seems to be a cleverer woman than was suspected. She is poor; of that there can be no doubt, and I have previously mentioned the fact as eminently creditable to her. It is not disguised by her friends that she enters theatrical life to increase her income, and it must be reported that she has started successfully.

—When a nation gives birth to a man who is able to produce a great thought, another is born who is able to understand and admire it.

A Western View of Judge Lynch.

Meditating upon a two-line telegram in the morning newspaper that tells how the Vigilance Committee of Dead Man's Gulch has lynched the notorious outlaw, Smith, for the murder of the highly respectable barkeeper, Brown, the Eastern man thanks his stars that he does not live in Dead Man's Gulch, where outrages of this sort are tolerated—and he passes with a sigh of satisfaction to the detailed account of the hanging, by due process of law, of another Smith, who killed another barkeeper in Boston, or New York or Philadelphia.

There is, it is true, some ground for the belief firmly entertained by the majority of Eastern people, that the frontier—that fugitive region which twenty years ago was marked by the Missouri, and that is now westward of the Rocky Mountains—is alive with truculent ruffians, whose knives are always loosened in their sheaths, and whose revolvers are always full cocked, who "hold up" innocent travelers, and, not content with mere robbery, never consider their work complete without murder. But the very important modifying fact is lost sight of that, for every genuine single desperado on the frontier, there are several hundred men who are not desperadoes, and who, for their own good, are determined that peace and order shall be preserved. In point of fact, on "the lawless frontier," this orderly, peace-loving class is largely in the ascendant; and it is this class that does the lynching. The Vigilance Committee of Dead Man's Gulch is the community—as yet unorganized—acting directly for itself, without any reference of the work to deputies at all. It recognizes the facts that a crime has been committed, and that, as a measure of communal self-defence, the criminal must be punished; and without circumlocution it acts upon the just appreciation of the situation by catching the criminal and hanging or shooting him out of hand. The conditions under which society exists at the Gulch would render any effective treatment of the case other than this summary one exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible. In an isolated mining-camp, the inhabitants of which continually are changing, and rarely have anything in common but a strong desire to get rich quickly, there cannot possibly be set up the complicated machinery, or anything approaching to it, which in more stable communities guards public safety and morals, and, when these are infringed, executes the appointed penal laws. The ebb and flow of population in itself suffices to prevent or delay arrangement of this sort. A still stronger obstacle, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the camp, is that the scheme which includes a constable, a warden, a judge and sheriff, and that necessitates a trial by jury, is too much of a bother and takes too much time. In the opinion of the camp, it does not "pay" to waste two or three days in doing a job of justice that "the committee" can attend to satisfactorily in twenty minutes. And, even supposing the existence of a camp willing to provide itself with all the functionaries necessary to discharge the statute law—though the supposition certainly is not tenable—the difficulty immediately would arise that officers could not be found to fill worthily the several offices. It is a general rule in mining that the best men in camp are the most successful miners; and the complimentary rule is equally general that the least successful miners are the worst men—the lazy and worthless "tailings" of the camp, out of which its vicious element is formed. There are exceptions to both of these rules but they are few. When a man is washing out an oyster-can full of dust a day—as the best men did at California Gulch, Colorado, in 1856—it is pretty certain that he is not going to fritter away his time as a policeman or a judge, or by sitting on a jury. It follows, therefore, that, if these offices are to be filled, they must be filled by drafts from the class that cannot or that will not make mining pay—from which class the camp criminals also come. Howsoever well the plan of setting a thief to catch a thief may work in other places, in a mining-camp it does not work at all. The thief and his captor simply join forces, and the injury to the community is correspondingly increased.—*Cor. Philadelphia American.*

Hindoo Cow Worship.

Della Valle, the Roman traveler, who visited Western India in the reign of Jamo I., says that the Hindoos in Cambay, in Guzerat, prevailed on the Mogul Governor with a large sum of money to prohibit the slaughter of cows or calves under heavy penalties; and any man at Cambay, Musselman or otherwise, who disobeyed this order was in danger of losing his life. The Emperor Aurungzebe was more intolerant, and was detested by the Rajpoot princes because he slaughtered cows in Rajpootana, not for the sake of the beef, but in a spirit of persecution and revenge. As late as the end of the last century Tippoo Sultan excited horror throughout Southern India because he compelled large numbers of Hindoos to eat beef, in order to pollute them beyond all hope of being restored to their caste, and thus forced them, as it were, to become Mohammedans. Strange to say, nearly all the civil posts in his Government were filled by Brahman's; while his Prime Minister was a Brahman of the purest caste. They all pocketed the affront to their religion in consideration that they were pocketing large sums of money out of the coffers of the State; while Tippoo Sultan could not dispense with their services, since they were the only educated men in his dominion.

It may naturally be asked what there is in the cow to command such superstitious reverence. As a matter of fact the worship of the cow is associated with one of the oldest religions of the world. From the remotest antiquity the cow has been regarded as the incarnation of the female element in nature—the universal mother, as well as the giver of milk and butter, which are the choicest delicacies in the eyes of a pious and primitive people. The Egyptians worshipped the goddess Isis in the form of a woman with the horns of a cow. The Hindoos worship the cow as an incarnation of Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, the holy, beautiful and pure ideal of woman, who rose from out of the sea like another Aphrodite. To wake up in the morning and see a cow is the best omen of good luck that can befall a hindoo, just in the same way that to wake up and see a widow drives him into a state of the most acute apprehensions of coming misfortunes. The ideas of Hindoos as to beef are altogether different from those of Buddhists. The Hindoos regard the cow as a deity. It has been said they would eat human flesh rather than taste beef; and they have been known to perish of starvation on board ship rather than eat salt beef. Yet for all this Brahmans traveling in England have been known to eat beef and like it. Indeed, one Brahman boasted during a visit to England that the sacrilegious nourishment cured him of a bad asthma which had affected him for years, and which had originally been brought on by a series of bathings in sacred rivers, undertaken with the pious view of washing away the sins of his deceased father. Buddhists, on the contrary, have no superstitious belief in the cow as a divine incarnation, but only object to killing animals for any purpose whatever as contrary to the law of benevolence and loving kindness; and their objection vanishes in the case of animals that have died a natural death or been killed by some one else. Gotama Buddha himself died—or rather passed away into the nothingness of Nirvana—from having unfortunately eaten too much sucking-pig, which had been provided for his supper by a faithful disciple; and notwithstanding all that has been said about the respect of the Buddhist for anything that has life, it is certain some of them will eat almost anything after it is dead, including rats, snakes and slugs, provided only that they themselves have had nothing to do with the slaughter.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Tossed By a Mad Buffalo.

There was no time to be lost, as I was not more than twenty yards from him; so reining in with a jerk and turning the horse at the same instant broadside on I raised my gun, intending to put a ball, if possible, just between his neck and shoulder, which, could I have done so, would either have knocked him down or at any rate made him swerve; but my horse, instead of standing steady, as he had always done before, now commenced walking forward, though he did not appear to take any notice of the buffalo. There was no time to put my hand down and give another wrench to the bridle (which I had let fall on the horses neck,) and for the life of me I could not get a sight with the horse in motion.

A charging buffalo does not take many seconds to cover forty yards, and in another instant his outstretched nose was within six feet of me, so, lowering the gun from my shoulder, I pulled it off in his face, at the same time digging the spurs into my horse's sides, but it was too late, for even as he sprang forward the old bull caught him full in the flank, pitching him with me on his back, into the air like a dog. The recoil of the heavily-charged elephant gun with which I was unluckily shooting twisted it clean out of my hands, so that we all, horse, gun and man, fell in different directions. My horse regained his feet and galloped away immediately.

The buffalo, on tossing the horse, had stopped dead, and now stood with his head lowered within a few feet of me. I had fallen in a sitting position and facing my unpleasant looking adversary. I could see no wound on him, so must have missed, though I can scarcely understand how, as he was very close when I fired. However, I had not much time for speculation, as the old brute, after glaring at me a few seconds with his sinister-looking, bloodshot eyes, finally made up his mind, and, with a grunt rushed at me. I threw my body out flat around the ground to one side, and just avoided the upward thrust of his horn, receiving, however, a severe blow on the left shoulder with the round part of it, nearly dislocating my right arm with the force with which my elbow was driven against the ground, and receiving also a kick on the instep from one of his feet. Luckily for me he did not turn again, as he most certainly would have done had he been wounded, but galloped clean away.

The first thing to be done was to look after my horse, and about 150 yards from where he had been tossed I found him. The buffalo had struck him full in the left thigh; it was an awful wound, and, as the poor beast was evidently in the last extremity, I hastily loaded my gun and put him out of his misery. There I was, left alone and uninjured, with only my gun for company, and the nob-backed buffalo cantering away toward the horizon.—*Denver Tribune.*

A New Dental Disease.

A child, aged ten, whose teeth six months ago appeared to be all perfectly sound, came to me with toothache in the right lower canine. I found that a large portion of the enamel had disappeared from the front surface of the tooth, as if it had been chipped violently off, the dentine was all exposed, but there was no softening or appearance of decay. The disease, which has commenced in several of the other incisor teeth, appears first as a small white spot in about the thickest part of the front surface of the enamel, which it seems to penetrate; and then, suddenly disintegrating, this comes away, and exposes the remaining sensitive enamel and the dentine. This disease is altogether a different thing from the gradual decay, or wear at the neck of the teeth frequently met with in adults, for in this case the patient is only ten, and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the incisors and canines never have been known to decay in the manner above described. We are often at our wits' end to cope with the increasing prevalence of caries in the teeth of the very young; and if this be (as I fear it is) a new form of destructive energy, the sooner it is recognized the better.—*Cor. British Medical Journal.*

—A Boston lady who has a gymnasium for girls cures curvature of the spine by piling bean bags on the heads of the patients and having the latter walk around the room so straight as not to drop them.

—When a man is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman she opens the door to be sure no one is listening outside.—*French Fun.*

—He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, powers or energy.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Orthodox Russians prevented the performance of Wagner's operas under Alexander II.

—Five thousand pagans are reported as converted during the last executive year through the missions in Siberia of the Russian Holy Synod.

—A Christian church has been built with stones from the ruins of a heathen temple by the native converts connected with the Madura Mission of the American Board.

—The proposed University of Texas will probably be long in building, as the regents discover that they have at their disposal only $37,000 of the $150,000 necessary.

—The late New Hampshire Legislature enacted that no child under sixteen years shall be hired for any work unless it attends school twelve weeks in the year and is able to write legibly and make easy work of the "Third Reader."

—In the four theological seminaries in and around Chicago, the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational, there are at present about 300 young men—a larger number than are gathered for the same purpose within the same space elsewhere in the United States.

—It is said now of Harvard University, by one who professes to know, that while there have been years in the history of that institution when very few of the students proposed to enter the ministry, now there must be between thirty or forty who are looking forward to that calling as their choice.

—In both France and England the study of Greek and Latin inscriptions has been taken up as a part of classical education. The French are in advance, for they are taking measures for working into the regular school course visits of inspection to the inscriptions preserved in the museums of Paris and other cities.

—Rev. Dr. Baird, a leading member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, objects to the admission of a colored clergyman to the Memphis Presbytery and says: "One of the conditions of ordination is that a man shall be able to edify the church. Now, I risk nothing in asserting that no negro man in the present condition of the Church and the world can attain unto this essential qualification for the position of a minister among us."

—"A Christian Army," organized mainly after the pattern of the English "Salvation Army," has been started in Chicago. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is at the head of it as General, with a corps of other officers, bearing military titles. The members wear uniforms, with certain decorative symbols. Their headquarters are to be at No. 13 South Halsted Street. A drum corps to attend the street processions of the "army," is in process of drill. The intention of the movement is to do something to reach the specially irreligious masses, the "hard cases" of society.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Chicago girl who is engaged to a young doctor calls him "a sweet pill."

—Tramps who take their rations from the kitchen door are among the notable people of the day.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A man never swears vengeance on his neighbor's dog only when his own canine cannot lick him.—*Whitehall Times.*

—When would the cobbler seem mostly likely to feel the weight of declining years? When at the last he is waxing old.—*Boston Traveller.*

—A scientific journal says: "The monas crepuzculis is only a twenty-four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter." We never measured the monas whatyon call it, but we supposed its diameter was much greater.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An Ohio paper says a young lady who graduated in a calico dress a few years ago is now married to a railroad superintendent who has an income of half a million a year. Graduating girls should remember this, and not draw on the dry goods supply too strong.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Young Lady: Why are men so slow to offer ladies seats in horse cars? We will tell you. It doesn't make a man any richer or better off in the world to have "thank you" said to him, but it makes him feel happier, and the neglect your sweet sex has shown of that little point has obtained for many of you a chance to stand up in a horse car.—*Boston Post.*

—Calino, having read the stories of crime with which the journals are crammed, was in constant fear of murder; for he lived in a lonely spot and his servants all slept very soundly. One day he said to a friend: "Ah, I've got it. I can sleep soundly now. At night the knob of my chamber door communicates with an electric battery." "Well," if the knob is touched the battery fires off a can of dynamite, and the house is blown up. Good trap for robbers, you see."—*Le Figaro.*

—"Ah! so you are the young man from Bethany who wishes to learn the business, are you?" said a New Haven merchant, recently. "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "Let's see. Are you quick at figures?" "Tolerably." "If a man should buy 150 yards of calico at thirteen cents a yard, how much would it come to?" "A man that would pay thirteen cents a yard for calico when he could get it in market for eight cents—fifteen off for immediate cash—would come to want mighty sudden." The young man was engaged.—*New Haven Register.*

—The New York *Sun* says that "harpooning whales by cannon and seining menhaden by enormous nets worked from steam vessels, are now supplemented with catching fish by earthquakes. Thousands of them were thrown upon the beach of the North Island of Arran by a single shake, a few days since, to the delight of the Irish fishermen, who considered it a perfect windfall." This is indeed a splendid way to fish. You go and sit on the shore and wait for an earthquake. You're not bothered to hold a pole or fuss with bait, and you're quite as likely to get some fish.

A CRABBED CREATURE.

That nature cares for and entertains her own has become an established fact to all observers. Who does not love the sound of the brightly scintillating waves leaping from the phosphorescent sea, as they break against the rocks in the summer night until Nature herself, weary of the operation, turns the sounding surf towards the opposite shore, leaving stranded some badly-mutilated snail, which wanders solemnly on, Bohemian fashion—with all its worldly store upon its back. On the same beach may be found our crustacean edible—the crab—whose chief apology for existing at all seems to be its ability to furnish a delectable meal to fortunate bipeds. The crab being covered with a hard, impenetrable shell, it is not easy to molest or make him afraid; therefore he wages war in his watery world unceasingly when once attacked. Although tiny, he cannot be said to be devoid of understanding, having ten legs to assist his locomotion; this, however, avails him little, for, when conquered, he never turns his back to his enemy, starting into a bold run, but, like many politicians during election time, slips off sideways. There comes a time in the life of this pugnacious fellow when the years bring him more bone and muscle than he can dispose of with comfort, and he finds himself in a very tight place; his shoes pinch him and he begins to realize the practicability of applying to Dame Nature for more room or a house in proportion to his increasing size. Nature slowly responds to the call; but in her own good time provides a new home, so that the enterprising little creature does not wander about homeless, but is provided for suitably, as was the old sailor, who dropped his rheumatism and crabbedness when he applied the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. This last, however, may sound rather fishy to the skeptical reader, and to such we would reply in language too plain to be misunderstood—in words illustrating facts that even the waves of time cannot wash away or scaly epithets affect. St. Jacobs Oil to-day has rendered the lives and homes of myriads of sufferers brighter than ever the electric light can, which people pause to admire along the way. Still more happily served than the old sailor was an invalid, who wrote thus concerning his case:

"CROOKED HAERTEL."

Accept a thousand thanks for that "golden remedy." I suffered for many years with rheumatic pain in my limbs. My legs were drawn together, and people called me "Crooked Haertel." I used St. Jacobs Oil, and was cured, and now feel so well that I think I could dance, as in my young days. JOHN HAERTEL, *Fremont, Ia.*

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Cured my little girl of fits. She was also deaf and dumb, but it cured her. She can now talk and hear as well as anybody. PETER ROSE, Springwater, Wis.

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Has been the means of curing my wife of rheumatism. J. B. FLETCHER, Fort Collins, Col.

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Made a sure cure of a case of fits for my son. E. B. EAGLE, Huntsville, Kan.

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Cured me of vertigo, neuralgia and sick headache. MRS. WM. HENSON, Aurora, Ill.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Was the means of curing my wife of spasms. REV. J. A. EDIE, Beaver, Pa.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me of asthma after spending over $3,000 with other doctors. S. R. HOSS, New Albany, Ind.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Effectually cured me of spasms. MISS JENNIE WARREN, 710 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured our child of fits after given up to die by our family physician. It having over 100 in 24 hours. HARVEY KNOX, Versailles, Warren Co., Tenn.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me of scrofula after suffering for eight years. ALBERT SIMPSON, Peoria, Ill.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured my son of fits, after spending $2,400 with other doctors. J. W. THORNTON, Claiborn, Miss.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me permanently of epileptic fits of a stubborn character. REV. WM. MARTIN, Mechanicstown, Md.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured my son of fits, after having had 2,500 in eighteen months. MRS. E. FOARS, West Potsdam, N. Y.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me of epilepsy of nine years' standing. MISS ORLENA MARSHALL, Granby, Newton Co., Mo.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Has permanently cured me of epilepsy of many years duration. JACOB SUTER, St. Joseph, Mo.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me of bronchitis, asthma and general debility. OLIVER MYERS, Ironton, Ohio.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Has cured me of asthma; also scrofula of many years standing. ISAAC FEWELL, Covington, Ky.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured me of fits. Have been well for over four years. CHARLES E. CURTIS, Oaskis, Douglass Co., Minn.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured a friend of mine who had dyspepsia very badly. MICHAEL O'CONNOR, Ridgway, Pa.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Has permanently cured me of epileptic fits. DAVID TRAMBLY, Des Moines, Iowa.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured my wife of epilepsy of 35 years standing. HENRY CLARK, Fairfield, Mich.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured my wife of a nervous disease of the head. E. GRAHAM, North Hope, Pa.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cured my son of fits. He has not had a fit for above four years. JOHN DAVIS, Woodburn, Macoupin Co., Ill.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A Maine grape grower hastens the maturity of his fruit by training vines over ledges of rocks.

—Sore Throat—Use a gargle of a goblet half full of water, with a teaspoonful of common baking soda, dissolved in it.

—The open fire-place, which each year commends itself more and more for sanitary and other reasons, has at the present time a prominent place in many luxurious homes.

—Before putting the pork with beans, when about to have pork and beans, pour boiling water over it. This is necessary to remove all traces of the brine; rinsing in cold water is not sufficient.

—To have a potato retain all of its good qualities it should be dug on a dry day and at once stored in a dark cellar. It is a mistake to suppose that a potato is improved, or will keep better, by drying in the open air.

—Doughnuts.—Take three eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of allspice, four small tablespoonfuls of melted lard, and flour to roll into cakes.

—Begonias grow better if shaded from noon-day sun, but they like sunshine in the winter. The Crasulla requires to be kept in a dry condition all summer to bloom by Christmas. All succulents demand several months of complete rest, and this plant has the fleshy leaves and stems of its tribe.

—Such plants as as abutilons, fuchsias and geraniums as have become pot-bound, and which it is desirable to winter over without growth, may be kept in the house at a low temperature during the winter, remaining in the pots without any change until spring, and then be planted out if desired.

—The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pino. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species are preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present numher at about 750,000 species.

—The time to draw manure to the field is when the work can he dono most easily and cheaply. The manure loses nothing if spread upon the ground in the winter, but it will waste if left in heaps. One thing should not he lost sight of in drawing the manure as it is made, and that is to use plenty of absorbents in the stable to soak up the urine and keep it from being wasted, and this can perhaps be better done hy taking out the manur in this way than in leaving it in heaps in the yard.

—The occupier of a twenty-acre farm, near Birmingham, England, gives the *Agricultural Gazette* a statement of his experience in soiling during the last two years. In 1881, he kept ten cows, a pony and a donkey for twelve weeks on five acres of grass, turning them on the meadow land after mowing. In addition, the cows had each five pounds of rice and cotton-seed meal daily. He estimates the increase of yield of his land at seventy-five per cent., and also attaches much importanee to the greater value of the manure when the cattle are fed in sheds.

—Orchard-grass alone would not make a good permanent pasture; in fact, it is the worst grass that could be grown for that purpose by itself, on account of its habit of growing in hunches. A pasture should have a close, thick sod, and be made up of several grasses which would come into the best condition at different periods, so tbat the grazing would be continuous. Orchard-grass is an early and a late grass, but if it is continually eaten down it will have no late growth at all. It is a better grass for hay when sown with clover than for pasture. It is best to sow it alone early in the spring or early in August.

—A cow that will not eat is sick. A healthy cow never refuses food. When a cow will not eat it would be advisablo to give her some medicine, and nothing is better than a quart of linseed-oil. This may be given by pouring it gently down her throat from a long-necked bottle, the neck of the bottle being put in the sido of her mouth where there are no teeth, and the head heing held up by an assistant. The oil should he given in small quantities as she will swallow it. After the oil has operated the cow should have hran mash and should be fed lightly until the appetite is restored. Clover hay, ent and moistened with water and mixed with a few qnarts of bran, will make an excellent food, which she will doubtless eat freely if she is not overfed. Overfeeding will sooner spoil a cow's appetite than any other mistake in her management.

Salting Stock.

Colonel Curtis writes: Our practice has been for years to keep a tight box under the shed in the barnyard, in which there is a constant supply of salt. The cows help themselves to this, eating as much as they like winter and summer. The salt beiug always accessible, the cattle are never salt hungry, and consequently never eat too much, thereby causing unusual thirst, which is the case when they are fed salt periodically. In winter this is injurious, hence we cannot recommend the practice of putting brine on straw to induce the cattle to eat it in order to get the salt, because the effect is to create an unnatural thirst. When stock have free access to salt they taste a little every day, which gives tone to the stomach and helps to make a steady and healthful appetite. We use coarse salt, preferring it to the fine, as it does not dissolve so readily and does not absorb moisture so freely, which causes it to waste. We have used rock salt but gave it up on account of its high price. The coarse salt answers just as well, not costing half as much, and not dissolving much faster. Our salt box does not have to be filled oftener than once a month, which is quite a saving of time as compared with the system of salting occasionally; besides there is no forgetting. In summer time a tight box is placed in the field and salt put into it for the cattle to help themselves. A rain falling into the box does no harm, as it only dissolves the salt and the stock take a lick of the brine instead of the salt. As the salt does not evaporate (only the water) from the heat of the sun, there is no loss. This plan of salting stock is the least trouble and the most economical and the safest.—*Canada Farmer.*

Sheds for Winter.

The winter, where it has not been wet, has tbus far been favorable to those flockmen who for any cause have not provided sufficient shelter for their sheep. But the winter is not over yet. It has not begun. We shall have winter enough, oven if it should he what we call a mild one, and the most sensible thing that the owner of unsheltered sheep can do even at this late day is to build sheds at once. The elaborate plans which often appear in hooks and agricultural journals with reference to the construction of sheep sheds and barns, are a great deal better on paper than they are anywhere else. A good shelter can be inexpensively made, and any man of fair judgment can plan and erect a cheap shed if he has anything at all ont of which to construct it. It is well understood that while sheep can bear a great deal of cold, they cannot stand the wet, any more than a man who should be compelled to wear a wet overcoat until it dried upon his back could stand it. The wool becomes wet, and it is resonable that the animal should suffer. But indepeudent of such consideration altogether, economy and effectiveness in feeding would suggest shelter. When sheep have no shelter they huddle together in case of storms, and by constant tramping manage to keep the snow down, and to maintain the warmth of the body, but they do very little eating. If the hay is thrown into the open field before them, much of it is liable to be blown away; and even when it is placed in racks they do not eat as much of it as they require, for if they separate for that purpose, their wool heing wet, they soon become chilled, and hurry back again to their huddling. Necessarily this cannot go on long. There must be food eaten, or the animal heat cannot he kept up even by huddling, and two or three days of such experience is sufficient to practically finish the weaker ones of the flock, while the yearlings and oldish ones will have suffered injury which will require very careful treatment to repair, and the strongest of the flock cannot entirely escape serious loss in condition.

It is better to have sheds that can be closed when occasion requires, as open sheds must necessarily have much snow drifted into them at times. But open sheds will answer, and can be constructed at very little expense. They need not be framed or silled. Simply set posts in the ground, board three sides, if boards are at hand, and make the roofs of boards, battened with slabs, if you have them; if these things are not at hand, cover with straw or hay, and even the sides can be made of these. But as the *Rural* recently stated, nothing is so injurious as to shut up a flock of sheep in a close unventilated barn. The air becomes vitiated, not only from the exhalations, but from the gases issuing from the manure, and impaired health must result.

The very simplest and cheapest kind of a shed is made hy setting in the ground crotched posts, in the crotches of which a pole is laid, and then rails extending from the ground to the pole in the crotches, laid, making a roof. If straw or pine bows are placed on the rails, it will become nearly water tight. If lumber is plenty boards or slabs may be used for the roof. Sometimes hay stacks standing close together serve to make such a shelter still better. The horizontal pole is made to rest in the stacks, which form sides to the shed. If we will keep in mind that a little ingenuity will enable us to construct sheds without much cost, we will have them. —*Western Rural.*

Corn Fodder Studies.

I have no silo, but planted considerable corn for fodder, a portion of which was used to make beef. It was taken to the harn directly from the field, and given to the cattle without cutting. Nearly three months the oxen were fed with this corn, and with but little else, except their grain, which consisted of corn meal, shorts and linseed meal. During this time they preferred the corn to the best hay I could give them. The time they were eating this green corn was when the weather was mild; no extra food being required to keep out the cold, no expense for curing, no cost of cutting and packing, as is done in filling a silo; no labor in removing from the silo to the harn. Was the corn fodder as valnable as it would have been in the form of ensilage? Was the manure of as much value as it would have been if the corn had been taken from the silo in winter?

It is much easier procuring absorbents in warm weather; easier keeping the cattle clean and comfortable in the stable in the warm season. What advantage is to be gained in packing corn in the silo to he fed in the cold season, especially such fodder as is assigned for meat alone? Corn fodder comes at the season of short pasturage. Steers may have made a good start towards beef while the pasture was good. If the pasture was closely fed, while the grass was growing in the early season, when the dry weather of July and August comes the cattle would make but little gain, if left in the pasture. If they were removed at that time and fed in the stable with green corn and grain, and no more stock put upon the pasture during the season, the feed would he the better for it the next spring. The steers taken to the stable and fed, would lose no time, and make a superior quality of beef. The owner of the steers can as little afford to have them lose time in growth and laying up fat, as a manufacturer could to run his machinery by steam or other power, and produce no goods. There are many acres in New England that would produce superior quality of fodder corn, but would produce but little hay. I have for several years used our common flint corn for seed for fodder corn. It will mature quicker than Southern or Western corn; consequently there is less risk from unfavorable seasons. The stalks are finer, and much better than the coarser varieties, if it is to be fed without cutting. The cattle like it better than fodder grown from the larger varieties. Of course less bulk of fodder is produced per acre. I like fodder corn as a winter feed, cured, as it may be in the shock. It is a valuable food for any stock fed with hay; but I think that which is fed while the weather is warm, and from the field, without curing, gives me a greater profit. I tried planting it so far apart that ears would form; while the corn was in the milk, fit for the table, as green corn, the cattle would eat stalks and ears together, without waste.

As soon as the corn was past that age, the stalk had done its life work—produced seed to preserve its kind, it has given to the seed the better portion—it had gathered all from earth and air—then dies. I have never been able to mix ripened corn fodder and the ripened corn in a manner that the stock would relish it, or do as well when fed with it as they would when fed with fodder corn, grown so thickly no ears could form. The latter kind keeps green longer, seemingly loth to yield its life until the great life object has been obtained by seed. I like only so much corn to use as I can feed while in the milk.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

Successful Bean Culturists' Methods.

A New York State farmer, who grows beans largely, thus describes his methods in the *Rural Home*. In the first place I select sod, and if I have manure I cover it, say fifteen or twenty loads to the acre. Plow it six inches, turning it over as nicely as possible, and cutting a furrow as wide as I can turn. Then roll it down and cultivate it the same way as it is plowed, so as not to turn up the sod. I always manage to have my bean field so that I can plow around the entire lot, so as to avoid back furrows and dead furrows. After I get over the field one way, I turn and cultivate obliquely, and if I don't get it to suit I turn and cross it; then start the roller ahead of the planter, with coverers working independent of the rest of the machine. The planter throws up a ridge over the beans, so that when the beans come up they are up out of the way, and are not likely to be covered up in cultivating. I always start the cultivator as soon as possible after the beans are all up nicely. I follow the cultivator with men enough to hoe and keep up, taking pains to stir this ridge of dirt around the beans, thereby killing all the weeds that have started. After the hoeing is through with, say in about two weeks, I cultivate them again, and then again just before they blossom. When they are fit to pull, I use a two-horse machine, which pulls two rows at a time, putting the two rows together; I then follow with the wheel rake, going the same way, taking two of the double rows, making four rows of beans. I hold the lever in my hand, keeping the teeth out of the ground so that they will gather the beans as free from dust as possible. I rake them into small winrows, then keep men enough to keep them well shaken up; they are then left to dry. As soon as the stalk becomes dry and the bean bard, I draw them in, putting two men with a team driving between the rows, pitching on both sides loading, principally from the ground, as I do not like to tread them much, as it scatters or shells them and wastes them. In mowing, tread them as little as possible. I take two barrels, putting them equal distances apart, and mow around them, then keep drawing them up as we fill up, which leaves a place for the air to circulate.

Now, in regard to threshing. Sometimes I thresh with a machine and sometimes tread them out with horses. If I want to sell early I thresh with a machine; if not, I can tread them out in the winter for less money. My beans generally yield from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. You want to know about the profits. Now, that depends altogether on the price; my opinion is, it costs about a dollar, all told, to raise and get a bushel of beans to market. So if you get twelve shillings you have fifty cents for your labor.

I consider the bean crop the hardest crop on the soil. It takes the cream from the land to produce a crop of beans and I never allow beans to follow beans on my farm. I have heard the remark many times that such a piece of land was so poor that it wouldn't raise white beans. Now I find that it takes the best land to raise good white beans.

Cesspool Fever.

This is the fever that wrought so much mischief in one of the Washington hotels a few years ago. It is said by good medical authorities to be fatal to many persons every year in New York. The fever is not severe. There is but little headache and no pain or tenderness in the abdomen, as in the case of typhoid fever. Still the tongue is covered with a white fur and the appetite is bad. Its chief characteristic is diarrhœa, acute in some cases, but more generally chronic and lasting months or even years. The patient, if he does not recover, dies of simple exhaustion.

The disease is found wherever the contents of cesspools and out-houses find their way into the drinking water, or their emanations into the air of sleeping-rooms. It is quite apt to prevail at our summer health-resorts, the ignorance of proprietors more than neutralizing the abundant hygienic provisions of nature.

Cases occur even among the White Mountains and at our most famous watering-places. At Martha's Vineyard last year, a friend stopped at one of the most acceptable houses on the island. He states that two of the guests were suddenly seized with summer-sickness soon after their arrival. It was found on examination that the privy and the well were only twenty feet apart, and the well was quite a deep one. The contaminated water was probably the cause of the sickness.

The son of a physician was taken with disease in a virulent form at a boarding-school, and died on the third day after his father was summoned. The young man's room was large and high, and everthing about it seemed favorable to health. But it was found that one of the windows opened into the vestibule of a water-closet, used by from seventy to one hundred persons, its only ventilation being through a pipe about six inches in diameter, which emptied into the chimney of the young man's room. He was undoubtedly poisoned and killed by the foul air.—*Youth's Companion.*

—It is a fact that little, just perceptible cracks in earthenware will disappear, and the dish look as good as new, if it is boiled in milk. This has been tried on a small majolica pitcher with success.

—Stock that will not pay to keep in good condition at all seasons is not worth keeping at all. No excuse is sufficient for keeping stock in a half-starved condition.

—Smoking seems to be on the increase in France, as well as in the United States. During the year 1881 the Government of that country realized 320,000,000 francs from the sales of tobacco and cigars, being a much larger revenue than was ever before realized from that source. In 1812 the revenue from it amounted to only 30,000,000 francs. This would tend to show an increase in the consumption of tobacco during the period of sixty-six years of over one thousand per cent., while the increase of population during the same period has only been about thirty per cent.

—At a tailors' convention, a delegate hit the nail square on the head when, during a heated controversy between two delegates, he arose and said he thought the convention had met to discuss measures, not men.—*Somerville Journal.*

—The eye of the master does more work than both his hands.

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, *but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement*, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me:

C. M. FARMEN,
1690 *Third avenue, New York.*

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

"'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlshad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child.'

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. 'I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches*, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. 'I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed—'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.'

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
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Col. J. W. LEONARD, Capitalist, Salisbury, Md.
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Hon. H. VANDIFORD, Editor, Westminster, Md.
H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
S. T. LOVE, Physician, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
Hon. JAS. B. GROOME, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.
Hon. J. A. J. CRESWELL, Banker and Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.
Hon. JOHN DUNLOP, Att'y at Law Richmond, Va.
R. H. BAKER & SON, Attorney at Law, Norfolk, Va.
Hon. L. E. WALES, Associate Judge, Wilmington, Del.
Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
J. J. BLACK, Physicinn, New Castle, Del.
B. F. RIGGS, Banker and Farmer, Middletown, Del.
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Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehesver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT OF GARRETT CO. OFFICE REGISTER OF WILLS.

This is to give notice that a vacancy exists in the Baltimore Female College to be filled by the Orphans' Court of said county. Books and Tuition in all branches free. Boarding can be had in the college or with friends in the city. Any one desiring to avail themselves of the position and thereby secure an education with little expense, should file their application in the Orphans' Court or with the Register of Wills, on or before the 10th day of February.

By order of the Court.

Test: W. H. HAGANS,
14 3t Register.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,

12 3 '81 Manager.

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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BEATTY

ORGANS & PIANOS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $38 to $1000, 3 to 23 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's" Parlor Organ! Price only $107.75 Chapel Organ only $78.75 THIS "CABINET BOX" Organ, 5 Octaves & full suite of Reeds, ONLY $68. THE PARIS new Organ for $61. Other desirable new styles now ready.

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J. U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,309 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, Double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, $222.76.

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,600. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

☞ *Illustrated Catalogue, Free.*

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 12 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places it entirely under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

CORNISH & CO., Washington, New Jersey.

CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 8. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great vol ume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882. NUMBER 51.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, etc.

G. W. LEGGE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Second & Oak sts. Produce taken in exchange.

D H. LOAR, ORIGINAL NEW YORK STORE, General Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

I. W. STALNAKER, Grocery and Provision Store, Corner Third and Oak Street.

J A. GRANT, Dry Goods, Notions & Groceries. Gravely Tobacco a specialty.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, gents Agricultural Machines, Opposite Dailey's Park.

JAS. A. ENDOW, Dealer in General Merchandise and Country Produce REPUBLICAN Building Oakland, Md. 11-15

LIVERY STABLE.

MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

BLACKSMITHING.

KELDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. LEE McCOMAS, Office on Main Street.

PLASTERER.

JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

E. D. KEPNER, Shop on Alder Street. Repairing a specialty.

WM. M. WAGNER, Shop on Second Street.

GEO. F. LOUGHRIDGE, Shop on Oak street.

SURVEYORS.

J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Ghules Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. M.E. DAVIS, Cor. Oak & Second Sts.

M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville - suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Deer Park Md.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN, Oakland Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

Diphtheria.

A cold or **sore throat** may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly and surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. HOUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow anything. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Coshocton: YOUR PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, (so alarmingly prevalent) here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, **Providence, R. I.**

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

Ancient Millionaires.

Thousands of men have envied Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Mackey, Keene, Gould and the other fellows who can buy strawberries at one dollar per box; but the richest of them are mere vagrants when compared to some of the ancients. There was Ninus, for instance. He was the son of Nimrod, the old hunter, who made lions scratch for holes and tigers take to ditches. Old Nim left his boy about £130,000,000 in cash, besides 120,000 cattle, a piece of land about as big as Arkansas and 14,000 likely slaves. There were no lawyers in those days who made a specialty of breaking wills, and young Ninus quietly took possession and cast about for some plan to keep himself out of the poor house.

He was considered a poor young man, and had he been seen lugging his girl to an ice cream saloon or riding out in a lively rig, his friends would have said he bring up in a garret By a lucky capture of territory from the Assyrians, together with 20,000 slaves, 125,000, cattle, ten wagon loads of silver and jewels, and a few other trifles, Ninus walked up the social ladder until big bugs asked after his wife and babies and he could lose three games of billiards without wondering if the owner of the saloon would take a "stand off." He was worth £350,000,000 when he died, and yet for the last five years of his life he went without mutton because the price had raised to three cents per pound.

The heiress with a $50,000 bank account considers herself some pumpkins, but what a three cent piece she would have been alongside of Queen Semiramis. She not only had the lucre left by Ninus, but in ten years she had increased it twofold. Just multiply £350,000,000 by two and you have the amount of her bank balance, to say nothing of jewels and clothing and furniture and palaces and slaves and cattle. Had she sold out and cleared up she could have drawn her little check for about £700,000,000. She didn't worry about where her spring bonnet was to come from, and when a new style of dress goods came out she didn't sit up nights for fear some neighbor would secure a pattern first. While she made it lively for her enemies she was soft on her friends. She gave her waiting maid $500,000 in a lump for dressing her hair in a new style, and she tossed the same amount to her dressmaker as a reward for the excellent fit of one particular dress. One day when she saw a poor old man traveling the highway on foot she presented him with 500 asses to ride on, and insisted on his accepting £50,000 to pay his toll and tavern bills.

Cyrus, king of Persia from the year 538 to 570, had some little change to begin with, and in ten years he could draw his check for £600,000,000. He didn't haggle over the price of a slave when a man come to buy, but presented him with £1,000. He at one time owned 30,000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 15,000 asses and 25,000 slaves, and, when he got tired of a palace costing $1,000,000, he gave it away to some poor washwoman with seven children to support. He one day set down to a dinner which had cost £30,000, and in the afternoon went on a £50,000 drunk. The police didn't run him in, or he would doubtless have insisted on paying a fine of $20,000 and presenting his honor with a corner house and lot in the toniest part of Babylon.

King Menes was another well-heeled man. It was too much trouble to count his cash, and so he weighed it. One day when an old friend asked him for the loan of a few dollars until Saturday night he sent him a procession of sixty asses, each animal loaded with one hundred pounds of gold coin. He paid £100,000 for a bird which could whistle, the same for a trick dog, and he had such a fondness for white oxen that he shelled out £25,000 apiece for them, and at one time had a drove of 2,000. When he got out with the boys he made things lively. During one spree in his city, of Memphis he gave away £500,000 and didn't get drunk at that. At one time he had 600,000 gold chains, 1,000,000 finger rings, 100,000 costly swords, 300,000 daggers and land only knows how many fish lines, jack-knives, corkscrews and tobacco boxes. His wife had £1,000,000 a year as pin money, and when his eldest son went up to Thebes to see the elephant he was followed by 500 friends, 1,000 slaves, 2,000 horses and £500,000 for fare, checks and beer money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Wonderful Advance.

In every department of life the late census shows the wonderful increase which has taken place during the last decade, and which has probably been unprecedented in this or any other country; and the developments which have been made show our capabilities for still greater progress in the future. The secret of the great success of English trade and commerce was the wise statesmanship of her government in requiring her consuls and resident ministers in every nation of the globe to obtain all the information at their command, on which to base the making of treaties that would encourage the introduction of her products into those countries, and thereby encourage her manufactures at home and her commerce abroad. This system was followed in the United States during the past administration to a greater extent than at any former period; and to Mr. Evets is the country indebted for a more thorough advancement of the same system than was established by any of his predecessors in the office of secretary of state. During the colonial state of these now United States, such was Britian's policy in securing trade to the compact masses of people in her small home dominion that she permitted not a hob-nail to be made here, but forged all the supplies required for our convenience and comfort to be obtained from the mother country, that were paid for with such of our agricultural products which she could not raise in sufficient quantities at home to supply the necessities of her population. After the Revolution, we were left in such a condition of poverty and dependence that we had scarcely begun the attempt to manufacture the simplest materials required in the every-day affairs of life before the war of 1812, to which we were goaded "in defence of our rights upon the ocean, and the protection of our seamen, who were seized by the thousand, and for years, from on board of our ships, to supply Great Britain with the crews for her navy, in the gigantic wars in which she was engaged with Napoleon." The war ended, we found that some considerable progress had been made during its continuance in the manufactures and the arts; but the far-reaching English statesmen, true to their well established principles, combined with the cunning and craft of her manufactures and her merchants, and as soon as our ports were again open to their commerce, flooded us with the accumulations of her workshops, with orders to their agents to sell them without regard to cost, in order to break down our infant establishments; so that, as in former time, they might continue to have the control of our markets for the products of her home industry. The result was a general prostration in all branches of business, which swept over the whole country; for not only were our manufactures almost brought to an end, but our monetary affairs had been most seriously affected at the same time, in consequence of the breaking down of our banking system, predicated upon the expiration of the charter of the United States Bank during the war. By the necessity of a re-charter after some delays, and the protection to our manufactures by a tariff on foreign goods, in 1817, we again began to recuperate; and, except when these two great subjects of our economic system have been tampered with by Congress, we have for more than sixty years enjoyed a measurable success, and are now equal to or ahead of any other nation in skill, labor and capital. And at no period of our existence as a nation has such prosperity dawned upon us as during the past decade. Therefore, "Let well enough alone," should be our national motto.

It is very encouraging to see that the South is becoming weary of Jeff Davis and his sleeping cause. The Southern journals are telling him plainly that he will do his section best service by keeping his mouth shut until he can talk sense. One of them calls attention to the silence which Bob Toombs has been indulging in for some time and regrets that Mr. Davis "has not seen fit to charm the country with the same kind of eloquence." Another says Mr. Davis should either put himself in sympathy with the South of to-day or hold his peace. "We have no doubt," it adds, "Mr. Davis believes the South is in chains, but everybody else knows that she is freer and more prosperous in all directions than when slavery was a part of her environment." If Mr. Davis's observations call forth sentiments as sound as these, it cannot be said that he talks wholly in vain.

To Young Men.

'A penny saved is a penny earned,' is an oft-repeated expression, which I contend is incorrect, and to which I have invariably replied. 'A penny saved is worth more than four earned.' 'Why, how is that?' the young man will say—yes, and the old man, too, who have never given the matter due consideration. Now, in order to prove the correctness of this assumption, I will take three young men, representing the different types of character as they exist at this time—farmers, for instance.

No. 1 is fast and works most of his time and earns say $120 a year, but he smokes cigars and takes his social glass when in company with others, bets, likes fast horses, attends all the dances in the neighborhood, etc., etc., and at the end of the year has saved nothing of his earnings, is in debt, and credit is gone.

No. 2 is not so fast, but likes to smoke and wear good clothes, but he does not take care of them nor anything he works with, and is careless in other respects. He also earns say $120 a year, out of which he has saved $10 at the end of the year.

No. 3 is more careful and uses economy; when anything breaks, he mends it in time; when the connections of his machine become loose, he tightens them to prevent breakage; takes care of his harness, houses his implements, and is careful in other respects, by which means he is enabled to earn say $200 a year, and he has saved out of that amount $50 at the end of the year. Thus it will be seen that only No. 3, the most thrifty and careful, saved but one penny out of four that he earned; and No. 1 saved nothing—not one penny—out of a hundred earned.

This picture is not overdrawn, but portrays the three classes or types of characters, as they exist at this time, not only of young men, but some married men with families may be included.

Now, in conclusion, and in order to demonstrate the correctness of this theory, let No. 3 loan his $50 out, and every dollar of interest it accumulated is worth just four other dollars that he earns, because it is clear, over and above his other earnings, out of which he has to live. It is the same as that much saved. As to No. 2, let him also loan his $10 out, and every dollar of interest it accumulates is worth just twelve other dollars that he earns, for the same reason that he saves only one-twelfth of what he earns. So the less one saves, the more valuable it is to him, and the greater need there is for his saving. As to No. 1, I have nothing to say, but must leave him in the hands of a higher power to deal with, to which he must account for a manner in which he improves the talent entrusted to him. If he continues, he will not only entail poverty and degration on himself, but on others he comes in contact with, whom his example and influence affect, or those whom he is instrumental in dragging down to poverty and sin with him.

Keep a Bottle of Lime Water.

If good milk disagrees with a child or grown person, lime water at the rate of three or four tablespoonfuls to the pint, mixed with the milk or taken after it, will usually help digestion and prevent flatulence. Lime water is a simple antacid, and is a little tonic. It often counteracts pain from acid fruit, from "wind in the stomach," and from acids produced by eating candies and other sweets; also "stomach-ache," (indigestion) from over-eating of any kind. A tablespoonful for a child of two years old, to a gill or more for an adult, is an ordinary dose, while considerable more will produce no serious injury. A pint of cold water dissolves less than ten grains of lime, and warm water still less. Pure lime water, even though pretty closely corked, soon deteriorates by carbolic acid in the air, which unites with the lime and settles as an insoluble carbonate. To have it always ready and good, and at no cost, put into a tall pint or quart glass bottle, of any kind, a gill or so of good lime just slaked with water. Then fill the bottle nearly full of rain or other pure water, and let it stand quietly, corking well. The lime will settle, leaving clear lime water at the top. Pour off gently as wanted, adding more water as needed. Some carbonic acid will enter, but the carbonate will settle, often upon the sides of the bottle, and freshly saturated water remain. The lime should be removed and a new supply put in once a year are so, unless kept very tightly corked.—*American Agriculturist.*

Beheaded for Falling in Love.

Among the Chinese students who came to this country to obtain an education were two bright boys named Chin Chin Yateh and Chin Chin Chan, who came to New Haven, Conn. They were brothers and entered the Hopkins grammar school, where they made good progress in preparation for Yale College. When the students in this country were recalled by the orders of the Chinese government last May the two brothers left for Hartford, where they learned the telegraph business, and later on returned to China. During their residence on Kensington street, Chan became interested in a young lady named Sherman, living near by. This fancy was strongly opposed on the part of Miss Sherman's friends, but Chan's attentions were continued, and were only interrupted by the departure of the young celestial. The acquaintance was kept alive, however, and Chan had corresponded with the lady ever since. The principal reason for recalling the Chinese students was the fear, on the part of the authorities, that they were becoming thoroughly Americanized, and that they would marry American wives. They were in this country at government expense, the object being to have them return to their native country with power to introduce American civilization. Advices received state that Chan's persistence in his devotion to Miss Sherman coming to the knowledge of the Chinese authorities, the young man was condemned to death, and, according to Chinese customs, was beheaded in Hong Kong.

Another instance, showing the narrowness of the policy of the Chinese government, is the fact that a young Chinaman now living in the family of the late Dr. Bacon, having become converted to Christianity, was advised by the Chinese Commissioner at Hartford to remain in this country, as his return to his native country would be the signal for his death. He therefore remains in this country and will study for the ministry. One of the latest labors of Dr. Bacon was in arranging for the young man's education.

Poor Mr. English, of Indiana, deserves a testimonial of public sympathy. Never was an unlucky politician made to suffer more acutely. He was nominated for Vice-President because he was rich and it was supposed would bleed freely. Now the process of persuading money from English was about as difficult and unnatural as that of extracting blood from a turnip, with this difference, that a turnip doesn't feel it and English did. Harassed by committees, candidates and stumpers, all determined upon getting at his bank account, his penurious soul suffered untold agony during the campaign. To add to his distress, he was roundly abused by the leading men of his party as a miserable skinflint, and was told to his face that he was a dead weight upon the ticket. The only distinction he gained was of being the most unpopular candidate for the Vice Presidency ever nominated. He beat his party in his own State, and that beat it in the country. When the canvass was over he no doubt found some comfort, as he counted up his losses, in the thought that he was at last out of a bad scrape. Now this consolation is taken from him. One William D. Murphy, of Albany, has sued him for $1,180 for services as a stump-speaker rendered during the campaign, for which he says English promised to pay, and has attached his property in this State. The suit will be an interesting one. If Murphy should win it, who can tell how many other Democratic orators will rush to the courts with similar bills? The wretched ex-candidate who paid a heavy price for his defeat, and was scoffed at and reviled by his own party associates for not paying more, might be plucked to the bone.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

IMPORTATION OF POTATOES.—Importations of English, Irish and Scotch potatoes continue on quite a large scale at New York. Saturday 3,000 sacks were received. The consignees say the Irish product is worth $2 50 per sack here, while the cost on the other side is about 84 shillings per ton. The freight is 20 shillings per ton, and the duty 15 cents a bushel. A leading dealer says that but for these contributions from our foreign relations the price in this market would now be at a very extravagant figure, owing to the partial failure of the crop. Scotch potatoes are preferred for shipping to the South, as they are less liable to decay, and are brought to this country in good condition.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

YOU AND I.

"If you love me as I love you:"
The mate, imprisoned thought shone thro'
His eyes that never her face forsook,
But followed and watched with a longing look.
Love's masterpiece for him was wrought,
Since she he found was the one he sought.
With her in his sky to flood the day,
Then, oh, for spring in the heart alway!

"If you love me as I love you:"
From her heart the thought escaping flew
Up to the heaven of a happy face,
A song without words and a nameless grace.
For love had seized his brush anew,
And his masterpiece for her he drew;
And she felt that life-long joy was near,
Since he she had chosen was here—was here.

"If you love me as I love you:"
She needs not sigh nor need he sue
Since side by side they watch without fear
The life-sadened slave of Old Time—the year.
And they say he may carry off little or much,
There is one dear thing that he dare not touch.
Of the past, of the present, and future, too—
'Tis: "You love me as I love you?"

GRACE'S VALENTINE.

A crisp, clear morning, with a dome of purest blue overhead, and a mantle of snow-white ermine underneath the feet. At an easy walking distance a sheet of frozen water, so faultlessly smooth that Jack Frost must have swooped down upon it and congealed its surface during a complete calm of the disturbing elements. What could have been more propitious for a skating party?

It was a pretty scene. Warmly clad and daintily booted—flying along over the sparkling surface of the lake went the merry skaters—red cheeks growing redder, and bright eyes shining brighter—clear, young voices ringing out in chimes of tinkling laughter—*bon mots* and repartees, and—must I say it?—occasionally a shaft of malicious meaning veiled under honeyed-sounding words.

Such is life—bitter must mingle with the sweet, and suspicious, crabbed natures are ever to be found among the sunny, glad spirited ones who do so much to fill our lives with happiness.

It was the day preceding the one which is marked with the white pebble upon the calendar of every child, and also upon that of many children of a larger growth. Is there a maiden who does not greet the coming of St. Valentine's Day with an expectant thrill at her heart as the postman's ring is heard, and the white-winged messenger is delivered to her whose bold chirography tells at once the secret of its sender's name? If so, she is an anomaly among her kind, and must have been aged (at heart) from her cradle.

But to return to my story. One swift-footed fairy of a girl was the cynosure of all eyes as she circled around, as much at her ease as though she had been born and bred upon skates. She was as pretty a picture of youthful maidenhood as one could find in a day's journey.

She had no lack of attendants. It is one of the peculiarities of male nature to set a value upon what is most difficult to obtain, and Elsie, a great favorite, was one of those rare young misses who, as a usual thing, prefer girls' society to boys. And here let me whisper a secret. Such a friend is the nicest to have. One who is at all times lovable, and bright, and charming, and whose vivacity does not depend upon the masculine element in society as fully as the brilliance of a fire does upon a due amount of coal.

I will not deny that Elsie was very much pleased when she saw Harry Vail make his appearance upon the ice; for, although a fine, manly fellow, who could hold his own with the best at a game of base-ball or at a trial with the boxing-gloves, still there was an absence in him of that vainglorious boastfulness with which brothers are so apt to try to impress their sisters or their girl-friends; and then, too, he was so sensible and helpful in all emergencies, that Elsie could not any more help liking him than the sunflower can help turning its golden leaves toward the sun as he takes his diurnal pilgrimage from east to west.

Owing to this prepossession in his favor he was considered a privileged personage among the rest of the boys; for Elsie allowed him to fasten the skates upon her little feet, and to hold her muff, and—well, if he had been her shadow, he couldn't have been in more constant attendance upon her; and it occasioned some heart-burnings, for "the best skater on the pond, and the prettiest girl, ought not to be monopolized," said one party, in an injured tone; and another neglected lad made a grumbling answer that "It was admitted shame, and he meant to put a stop to that racket," though it remained to be discovered how he would first begin to set about it, as he was too shy to speak in a girl's presence, and blushed to the roots of his hair if one of the pretty sisterhood addressed even the simplest remark directly to him.

"Are you going to send any valentines to-morrow, Elsie?" asked May Osgood, skating up beside her friend.

"Yes; I shall put one in the post to-night for little Micky in the infant class at Sunday-school. You've seen him, May, and he's the cunningest little thing—and so patient!"

"May be I'll send him one, too, now that you've put me in mind of it. But aren't you going to have a little fun on your own account? I am. Mamma says I'm getting too big for such things, but I don't think so."

"I haven't quite made up my mind yet," answered Elsie, with a warning glance at her friend, for Harry was evidently paying interested attention to what they were saying. "What do you think about it, Harry?" she added, turning smilingly toward him."

"It's splendid fun to send comic ones," he answered, "that is, if you can hit upon a good one."

"I hate the ugly things!" exclaimed May, vehemently. "I'd never forgive any one if I got one."

"But you wouldn't find out who sent it," said Elsie.

"We've a visitor at our house," said Harry, "and he's a perfect gem of a fellow. He can draw the cutest things. I believe I'll get him to scratch me off something nice, and I'll send it to the girl I want to have for my valentine all through the year."

"People can't always get what they want," was May's sententious answer. "May be the one you like don't like you."

"Don't talk nonsense, May," said Elsie, "and let's see which can first reach that stunted old tree on the other side."

So in another instant the merry trio were flying over the ice in a hotly-contested race.

A day later.

"Tousin Ally, please let Mamie tum in," said a baby-voice outside the door, and two chubby hands pounded lustily upon the heavy oaken panels in the hope to expedite "Cousin Ally's movements.

Another instant and the door was opened, and Alice Anstruther caught the child up in her arms and kissed her, without noticing that she had a companion in another tiny sister who had reached the mature age of six.

But "Here's me, too, Tousin Ally," piped a small voice, and Kitty was in turn kissed and made welcome.

It was not long before the little runaways were missed from the nursery, and Miss Alleyn, their young governess, came in search of them to Miss Anstruther's room.

"You rogue," she said, smilingly, as she shook her finger at Kitty, "why did you let Mamie come and bother Miss Anstruther?"

"Mamie tumed, and I tumed to bring her," said Kitty, "and we don't bother Tousin Ally, does we?"

"No, pet, not in the least. Come in, Miss Alleyn; I promised the children to show them my scrap-album, and as there are some things in it worth the attention of grown people, perhaps you would like to look it over with them."

Grace Alleyn accepted the invitation, and was soon engrossed with the pictures. As she sat with her head bent and her eyes cast down. Alice took the opportunity to satisfy her wish to have a good look at her face. It had charmed her artistic nature at the first glimpse she had obtained of it, when the evening before her cousin had introduced her to her, and a closer study of it did not lessen the attraction. A rich bloom lay upon the round cheeks and colored the pouting lips. A purple darkness brooded upon the heavy, curling masses of hair which had evidently been cut short at no distant period, for it was only just long enough to cluster in great round rings about her head.

Suddenly, as Alice gazed, a death-like pallor overspread Miss Alleyn's face, and she fixed her eyes upon a picture as though fascinated by it. After a time she turned them upon Alice with an intense question in their brilliant depths, as she asked, in a low, strained voice.

"Will you forgive me if I seem to be taking the liberty hardly warranted by our short acquaintance? I hear you are soon to be married. Is that gentleman your intended husband?"

As Alice glanced at the portrait her lips curved into an amused smile.

"Wayne Clifton is my cousin. We are just like brother and sister," she said.

A low cry startled her; but Grace Alleyn's next words enlightened her as to the cause of her strange agitation.

"O, Miss Anstruther," she exclaimed, hoarsely, "pity me! I, who might have been at this moment the happiest woman upon this earth, am instead the most wretched of mortals. Take warning from me and guard against jealousy as you would against taking a serpent to your heart. O, Wayne, I see it all now. Well might your love turn to hate!"

Alice's beautiful eyes were radiant with a happy thought. She went up to Grace and put her arms about her.

"So you are 'Grace?'" she said, softly, "whom Wayne loved so dearly—his promised wife. You naughty girl to almost break my poor cousin's heart. I thought I should hate you if I ever met you, but I don't one bit. I love you, for I see that you are as unhappy as he is, and that there has been a mistake. Will you let me be peacemaker?"

What more she intended to say remained unspoken, for an interruption came. Elsie rushed into the room, eager and glowing from her walk to the post-office.

"O, Cousin Ally, see what a lovely valentine has been sent to me, and it isn't any of your stupid boughten ones; it's hand-painted, and I know who did it. It's Mr. Wayne Clifton, who's visiting Harry Vail's brother—he's his college chum, Harry says."

Grace had recovered her self-possession by this time, and, but for the trembling of the hand which stroked Mamie's curls, one would not have known that she had heard the name Elsie's rosy lips had uttered.

Alice examined the valentine admiringly, and then handed it to Grace, saying:

"Wayne is quite an artist. What a pretty fancy that is. I will leave you to look at for a moment while I show Elsie a gift I have for her. Cousin Ally's valentine is a useful one."

Another moment and with a delighted face Elsie was trying on a sealskin skating cap, while Alice took the opportunity to whisper to her,

"I want you to ask Harry," as you call him, to tell Mr. Clifton his Cousin Alice is visiting at your house, and that she wishes to see him as soon as he can make it convenient to call. Ask Harry to come with him to show him the way; and mind, say nothing about my request to Miss Alleyn."

Then she led Elsie back to the group she had so lately left and said:

"You must ask Miss Alleyn her opinion as to whether your cap is becoming or not."

"Wait until I have taken a walk in it. Then I will ask her," laughed Elsie.

"On the principle that healthy roses make the truest kind of beauty?" questioned Grace, rousing herself with an effort from the abstracted mood into which she had fallen.

Then Elsie vanished, and after she had been away for some time a strange nervousness took possession of Alice. She started at every unusual sound, and if the bell rang she would start hastily for the door in a very unusual manner for such a self-possessed young lady.

Grace had taken away her little charges sometime before the ring came which announced the arrival of the visitor Alice was evidently expecting.

She went to meet him in a flutter of excitement.

"Wayne," she said, "it's the luckiest thing you ever did in your life to draw that valentine for the youngster who sent it to my little cousin, for but for that I should not have known you were here. Now I want you to answer me a question: Are you still fond of Grace? I ask because you wrote me such a bitter letter about her that I am sure disappointed, but faithful love gave it its sting."

The animation which had brightened Wayne's face at meeting Alice died out suddenly—usurped by a pained expression.

"Don't rake up that old wound, Ally; it is not sufficiently healed to bear probing. I do what I will, I cannot help loving the girl, and I wish I could hate her! the heartless coquette! to play with a man's happiness and then throw him over for a richer lover."

"Are you sure she did that, Wayne?"

"Am I sure that I am alive?" he answered, bitterly. "But why do you ask."

"I will tell you. Grace is here in this house, and she loves you as dearly as you love her. It was jealousy made her act as she did, for she told me so with tears in her eyes."

Wayne looked the surprise he felt.

"Then it was you she was jealous of, Ally," he said, after a moment's thoughtful consideration; "for now that you put it in that light, she was never the same after I showed her your picture, saying, jestingly, that I had fallen in love with the original. She showed no signs of annoyance at the time, and like a fool I kept up the delusion. Then I grew angry at her for seeming pleased with Herman Lancaster's attentions, and we quarreled and parted."

"You did very wrong, Wayne," said Alice, seriously; "and you have been punished for playing fast and loose with your happiness; but, unless I am mistaken, this will be a happy Valentine's Day to you and to Grace. Wait a moment."

Alice, after a brief absence, returned. Grace followed her, with wide wondering eyes.

"I told you I had a valentine for you, Miss Alleyn, and here it is, or rather, here he is. I will give him into your charge, and then excuse myself, as I have letters to write."

"Will you forgive me, Wayne?" said Grace, looking pleadingly up into the agitated face of her lover as she went toward him, after one incredulous look, succeeded by a burning glow of happiness, which irradiated her face.

"Upon one condition," said Wayne, drawing her to his heart, and holding her there in a close embrace—"that our wedding take place at the same time with my Cousin Alice's."

"That is next month Wayne, and—but I must tell you something before we renew our engagement. I am no longer my uncle's heiress—I am poor, and am earning my own living."

"What difference does that make?" burst in Wayne, impetuously. I did not fall in love with your uncle's money; it was with you."

"I did not mean that, Wayne, but I shall have to make my own things, even to my wedding dress and bonnet, and that wouldn't give me time."

"And I say that you couldn't look nicer to my eyes in any gown than in the very one you have on now. So that's no excuse, and I'll not accept it. We'll be married first, and you may afterward spend months in making 'things,' as you call them."

Wayne had his way about the marriage taking place with that of Alice. Grace was married in white, and looked as fair and graceful in her simple dress as did Alice in her rich toilette of satin and point-lace.

She would have dearly enjoyed presenting Grace with a *trousseau* as handsome as her own; but she could not prevail upon her to accept anything so costly, and so she had to content herself with giving a pretty and serviceable tea-set of silver for her wedding gift to her new cousin.

The Secret of Wing Shooting.

Shooting on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing, or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees or excellence; but any one with the full use of his faculties and the nubition necessary to success in anything can acquire it. The secret lies in the hand becoming subservient to the eye. The two must be connected as by electricity. The eye is never at fault: if it were there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card players and conjurers in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot. One often hears it said: "To be a good shot requires a quick eye." It matters not how quick the eye is, unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Every one can see quick enough. Let one bird out of a trap before five hundred people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practiced shot can throw up the gun to his shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull trigger, before the bird has flown ten feet. Take the adroit fencer or boxer; he sees an opening and his practiced muscles obey the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpracticed eye can follow. Of what use then is the sight on a gun? Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely to see the barrels. A sportsman should shoot game the same as an Indian shoots his arrow, by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye, but there is nothing gained by this. There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This is termed "snap shooting." The other, equally good, and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird, and when covered, fire while the gun is in motion. When you pull the trigger the other hand has a tendency to stop. That misses the bird, but education will teach it not to stop, the same as we teach both hands a different action while playing on the piano.—*Sacramento Bee.*

—The Supreme Court of Maine sustained the will of Horatio N. Foster, an uneducated deaf-mute, seventy-six years old, who could neither read, write, nor use the manual alphabet. The will was made by pantomime, dividing $7,000. Only one similar case was ever tried by the courts in the United States, and that in North Carolina.

—Four thousand barrels of petroleum a year was too much for the world's consumption twenty-five years ago. They are using it up now at the rate of 50,000 barrels a day.

Decline of Professional Beautydom.

Professional beauties were rapidly becoming disturbing influences in the best conducted London circles. To be the rose, or to boast the presence of the rose, in a brilliant company was one thing; the display of a multitude of buds, vying in their ambitions with the mature and perfect blossom, was another. The spirit of a burning, and in nearly every instance, most unbecoming coquetry was instilled into a number of breasts. Society was agitated by the discussion of rival claims till it grew sick of hearing about them. There was not a youthful, or a middle-aged, or elderly beau who did not think it incumbent upon himself to start some lady who had been sufficiently unfortunate to attract his favorable opinion in the professional beauty line. This, it was felt, was going a little too far. There was no reason why individual cavaliers might not have their preferences, but there was every reason why they should not ask society to endorse their choice. If Paris had been only one of a multitude of connoissers in feminine beauty, the apple which he gave to Venus would not have been so bitterly grudged by the brace of neglected goddesses. The system of professional beautydom was, in fact, found to be incompatible with the harmonious working of the social machine. Drawing-rooms were split up into different camps. The gentlemen who pleaded the claims to pre-eminence of the particular lady they had honored with their championship were growing as much nuisances as, according to the refrain of Bon Gaultier's ballad, the man who lost his heart a short time ago. Moreover, the absurdity of the whole thing was patent. The professional beauty was only one star in a galaxy, and not necessarily the brightest. Her own vanity might be gratified at the selection, but not more than was the vanity of the cavalier who selected her. The boredom which this condition of things resulted in provoked a wholesome reaction. Mothers and fathers, husbands and lovers, began seriously to reflect on what would be the general consequences of the system if it was indefinitely developed. The names of a score of professional beauties were so habitually on people's lips, their photographs were so aggressively conspicuous in shop-windows, that society wearied of hearing of them. It also began to be a little apprehensive as to the consequences. It received some highly practical admonitions in the revelations of the law-courts, and it came to the conclusion that on the whole, both in the way of enjoyment and of credit, it had more to lose than to gain by perpetuating the regime. This conviction reached its climax during the London season of last year, and for this fact, if for no other, we may well be grateful to 1881.—*London World.*

He Fell a Third of a Mile.

Last Wednesday there occurred on Slate Mountain, near Ashcroft, one of those accidents that make men realize how terrible are the perils that environ the pathway of the fortune-hunter in these great mountains. A young man named J. M. Zern, who has been prospecting and contracting around Ashcroft for some time past, had, in connection with another man, a contract to run in a tunnel on a claim very near the summit of Slate Mountain. The claim is known as the Shamokin lode. They had nearly completed the contract, and Zern was making his preparations to get out of the country for the winter. The trail leading from the cabin occupied by the two contractors to the claim winds its sinuous and perilous way along the steep slope of Slate Mountain, frequently zigzagging to avoid the ledges and ease the grade.

But there is one place far up toward the summit where the slope is almost perpendicular for quite a distance, and under the best conditions travel at that spot is very perilous. The trail, about eighteen inches wide, is cut out of the mountain side, and it would make a tenderfoot's hair stand on end to look down. There has been a crust of snow several inches thick on and near the summit of Slate Mountain for a week or more past, and the cold nights has frozen this snow where it has been pressed down along the trail until it is as slippery as glass.

Last Wednesday morning Zern and his partner were proceeding along the trail to the Shamokin lode, and at the precipitous spot referred to Zern missed his footing. The misstep carried his body off the trail, and in an instant the doomed miner was whirling down the snowy slope, wildly grasping at the air, and attempting in vain to secure some foothold on the frozen ground. His terror-stricken partner, utterly unable to render him any assistance, stood gazing at the terrible sight with emotions past description. Down, down the poor fellow went, and when his bruised and bloody frame reached the bottom, it was 1,800 feet from where it started, and bore but little resemblance of its original self.—*Leadville Democrat.*

Fabled Men.

At the Grosvenor Gallery I observed a young man with unmistakable rouge upon his cheeks. I am told that the fashion of making up the complexion is by no means unknown among our gilded youth. While young women imitate men in the masculinity of their attire, empty-headed young men perhaps deem it advisable to endeavor to maintain the true balance of things by making their faces resemble those of girls. It is a noble and knightly enterprise, chivalric, and worthy of all praise!—*London Truth.*

—Twenty years ago the exports of pecan nuts from Indianola, Texas, were reported at $100,000; now it is estimated that the amount annually gathered exceeds $2,000,000 in value. No care, however, has been taken of the trees; in fact, in many localities, trees from fifty to 100 years old have been cut down to secure the nuts. With proper care of these trees and systematic gathering of the crop, it is believed that $10,000,000 could be annually realized.

—Dr. Barkesdale, of the Virginia Lunatic Asylum, reports the case of a negro lunatic whose brain weighed seventy ounces. This is believed to be the largest brain on record, except that of Oliver Cromwell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Garfield monument to be erected at Washington by the Army of the Cumberland will cost $200,000.

—A fifth of the population of Paterson, N. J., or say 10,000, consists of the girls who work in the factories there.

—The old parsonage house occupied by President Arthur's father at Greenwich, N. Y., was sold recently for $75.

—It is a great discovery, if as claimed, they have found how to serve any number of subscribers on a single telephone wire.

—The Rev. Mr. Lavelle is the promoter of a lottery in Montreal, with $1,000,000 capital, which has received the approval of the local government.

—Jesse James, the outlaw, says he will kill twenty men before he is taken, and every detective in the West seems to fear that he may be counted one of the twenty.

—A card was sent to President Arthur recently asking prompt admission on the ground that the applicant's wife was an intimate friend of one of the President's grooms.

—Forty-seven million dollars were put into new buildings in New York City in 1881. We thus see how little Mamma Shipton's diro prophecy affected our business life.

—John McAuley, one of the roughest and toughest bummers of New York, lately experienced religion, and has gone to work as a missionary in the roughest and toughest parts of the city.

—The architect of the new Metropolitan Opera House at New York says that it will have the largest auditorium of any theater in the world, even exceeding that of La Scala, at Milan, which is now the largest.

—The London *Law Journal* is of the opinion that a Judge should have the power to remove a prisoner from the court-room and proceed with the trial, if justice cannot decorously be administered in the prisoner's presence.

—The wife of Engineer Melville of the Jeannette has been married to him seventeen years, four of which she has enjoyed his presence with her. The rest of the time he has been in the ice packs of the frigid zone.

—John Ballard of Columbus, O., died recently at three o'clock in the morning. At that hour, his friend, Henry Ward, at Zanesville, awoke, called for his horse, saying that Ballard had called him and he must go; and in two hours he was dead.

—It does not require a mine in order to start a mining company. The fleeced ones, however, find that even the wildest companies do have a mine. The officers demonstrate to them, after a time, that what was yours is now mine.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Joseph Smith, of Oswego, rushed home the other day to shake hands with his wife and bid her farewell, as he felt that he should die at once. To her inquiry he said he felt well, but was sure that his time had come. In fifteen minutes he was dead.

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says: "It is a fact that no one will be found to dispute that we have in Chicago at the present time entirely too much crime to the square mile." About how much crime would be the correct thing.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Attorney-General Cleaves, of Maine, in his annual report, favors the restoration of capital punishment. He says the convictions for murder in the first degree during the present year alone exceed the number during the three years previous to the abolition of the death penalty, and are nearly equal to the number occurring during the three years following.

—Baroness Erlanger, wife of the banker, ordered her carriage to take her to the Ring Theater in Vienna the night it was burned. Accidentally the coachman arrived fifteen minutes later than ordered and the Baroness escaped the horrors of the fire. Strangely enough, a like delay prevented her intended visit to the Nice Opera House on the evening it was burned last March.

—Senor Zamacona, the Mexican Minister, gave a farewell ball in Washington recently. The Washington *Star* says: "The decorations within and without the two houses they occupy have never been surpassed here. All the projections of bay windows, doorways and cornices of the buildings were brilliant with lights, showing the red, green and white of the Mexican national colors. The name Mexico and the coat of arms of that republic blazed in gas jets. On entering, tropical plants and cut flowers were seen grouped in corners and adorning mantels and tables. The stairways were also entwined with green. Smilax trimmed chandeliers and mirrors. The vista through the rooms terminated in the enclosed garden in the rear, which was brilliantly lighted and its walls lined with tall plants. The large picture of the City of Mexico still covers the wall in the rear, and on the balcony by which the ballroom is approached are panels representing scenes from peasant life in Mexico. The floor of the ballroom was covered with white linen, and dancing was kept up merrily until a late hour."

London Penny Papers.

Indeed, a good journal—that is, a journal equal as regards typography and thickness of paper to the *Times*—could not, even with advertisements, be produced for 1d. at all. The cost of the material on which to print would ultimately crush it. The loss is, we believe, slight on each copy, so slight that if the copper coin were as it would be under a decimal system, five farthings, half the tenth of a florin, the whole difficulty would be removed. Any loss, no matter what, if multiplied by 100,000 a day, becomes ruinous; and newspaper proprietors are compelled, by the pressure of the penny, to give us abominable paper, often too flimsy to hold together in a high wind, to postpone the intellectual matter of the paper to advertisements, and to use type which must be ruinous to the eyes of the next generation, and which, wherever light is at all deficient, is indescribably harassing. They are compelled to insist on condensation in the methods of reporting, which to public speakers and suitors in courts constantly involves extreme injustice, and to cut down Parliamentary debates until they are positively and visibly diminishing the intellectual influence of public men.—*London Spectator.*

Florence's Pet Barber.

I could not help hearing it, because waiting for the same barber. Florence had had an enormous house Monday night, was bland and beaming, and settled himself in Gus Levi's chair at the Grand Pacific barber-shop Tuesday morning, with that air of a man truly satisfied with the comfort and happiness the "Almighty Dollar" can bring.

"Do you know," said Florence confidentially to the barber, "I never get into a barber chair without thinking of Henry Jumpertz, and resolving to write a barber story." Gus had, in the meantime, provided Mr. Florence with plenty of lather and tally, and secured passes for two to McVicker's that evening, when he continued his chatter:

"I think it was in '59. I was on my way west from Detroit, and occupied a seat with a quiet, intelligent gentleman that I somehow got interested in after awhile, but found it hard work to draw out. I tried to size him up, but couldn't make out whether he was a decent sort of a preacher, a well-behaved commercial traveler, or some modest sort of a newspaper man—I knew he wasn't an actor, or he would have commenced giving me 'murmer' wind right off. The fellow knew so much, confound it, I couldn't mention a subject but what he was 'up' in. I never enjoyed a man's company so much in my life; but there was no use; he wouldn't 'give up' anything.

"We got in Chicago early in the morning, and, as we actors all used to stop at the old Matteson House, I invited my fellow-traveler up there to get something warm. After we'd had a drink, as we both needed a shave, we started for the barber-shop. He got in ahead of me and got my regular barber's chair, so I took a chair and waited. Then I took my time and went to chatting with Henry—that was his name, Henry Jumpertz—just as I always do to the old boys that shave me at different places.

"My quiet friend, who had given the name of Brown, courteously waited for me until I was through, and I says to him: 'Say, Brown, Henry gives a man a mighty good shave, don't he?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'he's a splendid workman. *He keeps sharp razors!*'

"Of course, I didn't pay any attention to such a remark as that at the time. When we got out into the office, Mr. Brown thanked me for the pleasure he had had in my company; and, just as he was about leaving me, said: 'Mr. Florence, to be frank with you, I am a detective. I have been looking for a murderer; I have got him. Good-day Mr. Florence.'

"I had some engagements farther West, and, after I had played them, I came back, went to the Matteson House, as usual, started in to get shaved, looked around for Henry, couldn't find him, shouted to the 'boss' and asked him where he was. 'Why, didn't you know about Jumpertz? Well, well, well! Why, Jumpertz was arrested for murder not fifteen minutes after he shaved you the last morning you were in here, and the man who had his shave ahead of you was the officer who arrested him!'

"Of course I was perfectly paralyzed, but found on inquiry that Jumpertz had been arrested for the murder of his mistress. He was charged with murdering her, cutting her in pieces, packing her in a barrel and shipping her East. I never heard what became of Jumpertz, but the whole business kept running in my head ever since, and I never get into a barber-chair without I wonder if the man that's shaving me isn't another murderer!—*Chicago Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Old-Fashioned Banker.

The old-fashioned banker used to go to his office so punctually that you might set a town clock by him. When he dined at the club or hostel he used to observe the manners of his customers and, if he thought them extravagant, he showed them little mercy in "the shop" or the "sweating room." He would stay in the office until the accounts were balanced; and we have known of clerks being kept up for hours until the error of a penny could be rectified. Old Simeon, of Cambridge, gave a man twenty pounds to detect the error of a penny in his accounts. The old-fashioned bankers were the men who kept up to the last the powder and pig-tail, the top-boots and knee-breeches.

The half holiday was an institution totally unknown. The country bankers sent up to town heavy parcels by Pickford's van, a guard with a blunderbuss keeping watch over them. In those days of expensive postage it was a great object to send letters by private hands. A Manchester bank calculated that it saved the pay of two clerks by this system. If any of their customers were found to have booked places at the coach offices it was soon arranged that they should take letters to town. Sir Rowland Hill's innovations have nowhere been more efficacious than in the province of banking. The banker in old times never concerned himself with literature. He would be regarded as going to professional perdition. He would be looked upon as the Cambridge candidate for honors who falls in love or betakes himself to poetry. When the news came to Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough that a young banker named Rogers had just published a poem on "The Pleasures of Memory," he exclaimed, "If old Gozzy"—alluding to the respective head of the firm with which he was banking—"ever so much as says a good thing, let alone writing, I will close my account with him the next morning!" An absurd story is told of an old banker, of a single pint of porter being invariably placed at the bottom of the staircase for his laundress. In course of time the pint was exchanged for a pot. A customer forthwith remonstrated with him: "I must say, Sir, that if you go on doubling your expenditures at that rate, it may be time for your customers to look after their balances."—*London Society.*

—There are 2,250,000 acres of Government land in Alabama subject to entry under the homestead and pre-emption laws, and the entering of land was never brisker than at present. Hundreds of acres are also being sold on the cash basis system of $1.25 per acre, particularly in some of the Southern counties of the State.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

The Republican.

Jas. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

AN OLD WIFE'S VALENTINE.

The old wife stood at her garden gate
The eve of St. Valentine's Day;
She watched for the post, that like a Fate
Just stopped and then galloped away—
Just stopped, and then, in the waning light,
Passed over the hill and out of sight.

Her grandchild tugged at her shawl and gown,
And her daughter called, sweet and clear,
"Mother, come in, for the cakes are brown,
And the boys and father are here."
"Ah, yes," she said, "and the night is cold;
I quite forgot that I'm growing old."

At breakfast lay at the father's place
A letter as white snow;
He looked at it with a curious face,
And said, "Now I want to know!"
The boys all smiled; the mother grew
O'er face and throat a crimson hue.

He opened the dainty letter then,
And lo! in its sathiy fold
Was painted rose and forget-me-not,
And lilies with hearts of gold:
And, under the whole, just one sweet line—
"Forever, forever, thy Valentine."

He touched the note with a tender care,
And he went to his sweet wife's side;
He stroked with his hand her snow-white hair,
And he kissed her with loving pride,
Saying, with smiles and misty tears,
"My Valentine through fifty years."

"O boys," he said, with a youthful pride,
"After fifty years of life,
If you find in your home, and by your side,
A fair and a faithful wife,
Count your life lucky, as I count mine,
And loyally kiss your Valentine."

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

VALENTINE'S VALENTINE.

On a cross street, just off an aristocratic avenue, stood a row of tenement houses. In one of these lived a widow and her daughter, having only lately moved from a better part of the city.

The autumn before Mr. Dayton had died, and Mrs. Dayton, never strong, had been a complete invalid ever since. Now winter had come, and Rose was watching the snow grow deeper and their means grow less with an anxious heart. Her name was Rose, but Lily would have been better suited to her delicate beauty and slenderness of form; but under the fragile exterior dwelt a brave heart and a vast amount of practical good sense. She stood by the window, one day, watching the storm drive past in white whirlwinds, and, as she was engaged in retouching the pictures of frost with the point of her scissors, her mind was busy planning how she could increase their slender income. Suddenly she turned away, and said, quite decisively for a day dreamer, "I have an idea, mamma."

"Have you, my dear, just one?" asked her mother.

"Only one, just now," she said, "and it's this. Do you remember the verses I used to write for poor papa, and how he praised me, and called me his little poet, and said I would be famous some day?" She smiled pitifully, remembering every word he had spoken in those happy days, and contrasted them sadly with the loneliness of the present. "If I have any talent in that direction," she continued, "I'm going to turn it to some use now. I've heard of professional letter writers—people who write letters for other people for money, you know, and I'm going to write valentines. There's only a short time now before Valentine day, and we must get my sign ready."

Mrs. Dayton helped her with a sad heart, she, too, remembering how it had not been necessary once for her to puzzle her brains over ways and means.

By the first week in February a sign appeared upon the street door, and Rose was busy devising rhymes of the sort in which loves and doves, flowers and bowers and happy hours completed the couplets. She was very scrupulous in the matter of authorship, and the verses were always of her own coinage, and as original as the inspiration of such a threadbare theme could make them.

Her customers had been numerous, principally shop boys and girls and people of the neighborhood, with whom she had some acquaintance; among the rest one or two elderly victims called, whom she found the most difficult to suit in their selections of verses.

Valentine Day had come and her little couplets of sentiment were flying in all directions over the city, and she was thinking that she might as well bring in her sign now, when it attracted the eyes of two passers-by. "Valentines Written to Order," exclaimed one. "I declare, Val, here's a chance for an adventure. Let's go in and get some verses—the writer of them is a spinster; I know just how she looks—elderly, about forty, say, tall and thin, and wearing cork screw ringlets; undoubtedly she has for company a cat, and a canary, and a geranium plant. Suppose we interview St. Valentine's Laureate; I'll get her to write some verses for me to send to Fan, but I don't know who you can send yours to, poor boy, for you're heart-whole." The one thus compassionately addressed replied that he guessed he could dispose of them in some way. So the two young men, Valentine Clark and Frank West, rang at the door and were as much surprised at the beautiful young girl that admitted them as if an apparition had confronted them on the threshold, but there was no retreat now, and after they had made known their errand with considerable embarrassment in place of their usual nonchalance, she asked with an assumption of professional dignity in a wonderfully musical voice: "What would you like for the subject of your valentines?" Frank was the first to recover his self-possession, and said, "You make mine the 'Last Appeal,' something about Cupid's darts and bleeding hearts." She looked at him half doubtingly, but proceeded to search among her papers, and make a selection therefrom, which she offered him. He read it over and pronounced it capital. "Now for Val," he exclaimed, "give him a 'declaration of first love'—something modest and retiring." She searched Cupid's quiver again and found a stanza which she thought might be appropriate. It was the best of her stock—indeed she quite prided herself upon it as a metrical composition, which fact, had he known it, would have been a delightful piece of flattery.

"O, mine are worth double that to me," said Frank, as he named the price, and he carelessly gave her a dollar, "and I'll know where to come when I want a verse or two on blighted love, or transferred affection, if this shouldn't prove successful. Come, Val," he added, "let's go and send our valentines now."

As soon as the door was closed upon them, Valentine Clark said, indignantly: "I say, Frank, this is an outrage! We were perfect ruffians to do it, and I'll never forgive you for proposing it. She saw through our pretence, too! Did you ever see a more beautiful face, Frank? She makes me think of that St. Cecilia we were looking at the other day at Osborne's sale."

"Poor old boy!" said Frank, interrupting his burst of enthusiasm, and he patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow, I never expected this of you—that *you* would fall a victim to Cupid's arrow; *you* who have laughed at me for admiring the insipid beauty and expressionless faces of pictures, have at last been snared by a pretty face. Better mail your valentine to her right away—'Declaration of First Love'—very appropriate, but rather precipitate; might not be reciprocated, you know. All that sort of thing does well enough in novels. Will you send your valentine now? I'm going to stop in here to copy mine, and mail to Fan."

"Don't," said Valentine, impatiently; "I shall keep mine, and you may do what you please with yours," and he walked away, leaving Frank West standing on the steps of his uncle's office, looking after him with a comical air of mingled pity and astonishment, depicted on his face. When Val had disappeared in a receding car he gave a prolonged whistle and ejaculated: "Hang it! I've done it now! Who would have thought of such a thing? I'll have to laugh him out of this delusion, else there'll be the dickens to pay, when his family hear of it, and they'll bring vengeance down on my unsuspected head. It'll go hard with Val, too, for when his mind is made up, might as well try to move a six-story block as to make him swerve from his purpose. Poor boy!" Be it known that this same "poor boy" was older by a couple of years than this young man of twenty-one, who looked at love in all its dealings from a business standpoint, and had little faith in love at first sight, bleeding hearts, and "all that sort of thing."

The next time these two young men met, Frank West rallied Valentine Clark on his recent fascination. "Well, Val," he exclaimed, with provoking coolness, "have you seen St. Cecilia again? Has she accepted thy Declaration of First Love? and comest thou here to tell me that thy fate is sealed? Whence this frown on thy brow, and that scornful curve on thy lip?"

"Enough nonsense, Frank," said Valentine, carelessly. "Let's drop the subject."

"Exactly what I say," answered Frank; it *is* all nonsense, but I was afraid you might be 'getting foolish,' as the Shakers say, over the pretty little valentine writer—she was pretty, that's a fact. I sent the verses to Fan and they accomplished their purpose. She guessed who sent them; didn't know of my poetical ability before, thought the verses 'just lovely,' admired the sentiment, etc. What if I had told her they were not original (but I haven't,) that I bought them and paid for them with silver? Half the charm would be lost."

After they had separated Frank West congratulated himself that he had led Valentine Clark to see the error of his ways, and had cured him of his foolish fancy. "It's a wonder, though," he said to himself "for Val is such a dreamer that he never sees the ludicrous side of anything. This freak—which might have proved an unfortunate one for him—is as foolish as the notion he took into his head of educating that little girl he picked up somewhere a year or so ago; he thought he had discovered a wonderful artistic talent in her, which was only an ingenious trick on her part of obtaining help.

"He's safe now, until some other old fancy strikes him. Perhaps he would not have been so sure that his badinage had succeeded, could he have seen his friend above in his room, heard his soliloquies and known who was the one that figured extensively in his sleeping and waking dreams, but he did not know, and in the business and pleasure which filled the next two months the episode of the 14th of February was almost forgotten, and he probably never would have recalled it, had it not been for an incident that happened early in the spring. It was April, but more like May, for, although the winter had been severe, the season was unusually forward. Frank West and Valentine Clark were walking through Central Park, when the former suddenly perceived that his companion's attention was not given to the subject of their conversation, and that his eyes were resting on some distant object.

"There she is!" exclaimed Val. "I thought it was she. We'll finish our talk some other time."

"Wonderfully cool," Frank West thought, as he found himself walking alone and saw Val's slim figure hurrying toward the subject of attraction. "He takes it for granted I'm not coming, but I won't leave him now—I'll be bound if I will—he'll need me to help him out again, for it's that Miss—what is her name, anyhow? I don't suppose the dear fellow himself has the most remote idea what it is. It may be Smith or Jones for all he knows. He turned and sauntered across the park with a nonchalant air, and came up to them just in time to hear the "dear fellow" asking considerately how Mrs. Dayton was now that spring had come.

"I'll be bound if he does not know her name already. His charming sister Agnes might be sick a year, and he wouldn't evince half so much solicitude for her," said Frank to himself.

Miss Dayton had seen and recognized him; she bowed, but apparently neither she nor her companion had any intention of asking him to join them; both seemed quite oblivious of his presence.

"Poor mamma," she answered Valentine's inquiry with a sad smile, which only made her still more beautiful in his eyes, "she's better now, but she can't go out doors yet, and she does long to see the flowers so much—not hothouse plants, but violets and the little pink spring beauties we used to find in the country; she thinks it would make her well if she could only have some, but I don't know where to get any."

He did not tell her of the resolve he had made, but asked if she often came to the park.

"Not often," she replied, "for I'm too busy."

"You don't write valentine verses now?" he asked, smiling.

"O, no," and she smiled in return. "I shall probably never do that foolish thing again; I write some verses for my own and mamma's amusement, and I make lace now, and do some other kinds of needle work."

Valentine's resolve number two was also kept to himself.

"O, I must go home now," said Rose, quickly, "the sun is going down, and mamma will be expecting me."

"I was going that way," said Val, trying to invent some plausible errand on the spur of the moment that would make it necessary for his homeward way to lead him across Vine Street.

"Val," said Frank West, thinking it was time for him to interfere; he apologized to Miss Dayton and said to the other, "you know we're going down to meet Arthur Burton at seven o'clock."

"I'll meet you at the train," said Valentine, "but I—Agnes wished me to do an errand for her in at Dartell's," and he turned away from his friend, asking Rose Dayton if he might walk home with her. She blushed and said simply: "I suppose you may, if you were going my way, and your friend, too," she supplemented, discretely.

"O, Frank has to go to the train," said Val decisively, and without further talk they separated.

Two days after, a bouquet of fresh blue and white violets, and other of the earliest wild flowers found their way to No. 105 Vine Street. The boy that brought them answered Rose Dayton's look of enquiry, as she took them, with: "I dunno who 'twas sent 'em. He said there wa'nt nothin' to say." Before she could question him further he had bounded down the steps and was half way up the street.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dayton, as she came slowly in from an adjoining room.

"Some flowers, mamma—wild flowers," said the girl, joyfully, as she buried her face in the cool moist blossoms, "such as we used to find in the woods at grandpa's. How kind he was, mamma, I told—" she stopped abruptly, and for the first time in her life fell to prevaricating.

"Who, Rosy? Who sent them? Who brought them? What did he say? Where did he get them?"

"Some one, who knew us, must have sent them," said the girl evasively; "perhaps some one who knew that you were sick, and that you loved flowers."

"It might have been old Mr. Wood," said Mrs. Dayton, "but I don't know, I'm sure; or, maybe it was Charlie Stone, he used to get them for me once in the while, when we lived on the avenue."

"Or, it might have been—some one else," suggested Rose, and the truthfulness of her nature urged her to add—"Perhaps it was Mr. Clark, mamma; I met him in the Park a day or two ago, and happened to mention to him that you loved wild flowers."

"Mr. Clark, did you say?" asked Mrs. Dayton, with unusual animation for her; "I don't know any Clarks here."

"Don't you remember the two gentlemen who came on Valentine Day?" said Rose. "This is one of them; I have met him once or twice since then, and he is very kind, and inquired after you, mamma."

"If he sent them, I'd like to thank him, I'm sure. Rosy, you might write and thank him, if you knew his address," suggested Mrs. Dayton.

"O, no," said Rose, quickly, "perhaps they are not from him. But, whoever it is, we thank them."

As spring passed and summer came, Valentine frequented Central Park, hoping to meet Rose Dayton there again, but, save once or twice when he had caught a glimpse of her as he passed in a car, he had not seen her for two months. One day the opportunity of executing a plan he had formed some time ago, was offered him by a remark his sister made.

"Mamma," she said, languidly, "you know how I have torn that beautiful lace scarf that Aunt Grace gave me; who can we get to mend it, that will not ruin it?"

"I know," said Val, who seldom paid any attention to his sister's perplexities of this sort. "I know who you could get to do it, and it would be well done, too."

"You? What do *you* know about lace-makers?" said his sister with astonishment; "what protege have you on hand now?"

Mrs. Clark, with an eye to business, plied him, with questions, and Valentine, remembering the explanations he must make, thought best to withdraw with as few words as possible, and said vaguely that he heard of her, and knew where she lived, and Frank West had seen her, too, and he guessed (he thought the prevarication was pardonable) his sister had ordered some lace from her.

It all led to Mrs. Clark and her daughter's alighting from their carriage one day at No. 105 Vine Street, and the unsuspecting mother explained innocently that her son had heard of her by way of a sister of his friend.

A few days after, Agnes Clark came to her brother, and said, sweetly, "Dear Val, you are always so obliging, and I am in such a hurry to get ready for the reception to-night, and John isn't here, so won't you go to that Miss ——I've forgotten the name—that lace-maker and get my lace scarf? She must have finished it by this time." She was surprised at the alacrity with which Val complied with her request, but had so far forgotten his unusual obligingness, as to be very much out of humor when he did not return at the time she had anticipated his arrival.

Once there he almost forgot his errand. They talked of how hot and dusty the city was, of how green and cool the country must be now, and of the matinee that afternoon, upon which Val said, hesitatingly: "By the way, I have some tickets which I purchased for my mother and sister, but as they have other engagements, I beg that you and your mother will accept them." They did so, and both greatly enjoyed the holiday. Later on, an additional pleasure awaited them; it so happened that Mr. Valentine Clark was returning home by the same car. He seemed delighted with the girl's naive comments on the afternoon's entertainment.

About a month later Frank West and Valentine Clark left the city to spend a few weeks in the country. After a few days of hunting and fishing, Val announced that he had business in the city, and must go back by the morning train.

"Well, good-bye, my boy," said Frank, knowing it would be useless to urge him to stay. "I hope 'business' won't keep you long. When you see Fan tell her how hugely we've enjoyed ourselves; been too busy to write, etc.; you can frame some good excuse for me."

Val did not go back to the country, and when Frank West returned in the fall his glowing accounts and somewhat over-drawn pictures of idyllic life there failed to convince him that he had missed anything by staying in the city.

Another Valentine Day came, and Rose Dayton sat smiling over her work and thinking of last year's episode and its sequel. She was interrupted in her reverie by the postman's ring; she ran out to answer it, and returned with a letter which she opened and read hastily—her verses of a year ago.

To this a note was subjoined in another hand:

This is the truth, but not the whole truth. If you will let me call this evening I will tell you the rest. I shall come if you do not forbid me. YOUR VALENTINE.

"O, it's cruel, mamma," the girl cried, dropping the letter. "He sends me back that foolish thing I wrote last February. He despises me for it."

"Let me see, dear," said her mother. Mrs. Dayton read the letter through and then said, gently: "But I think he means it."

"O, mamma! You don't think he could care for me?" and Rose looked like her namesake flower as she spoke.

"Why not, my darling? Are you so unlovable?" she said, with motherly pride and affection in her voice." But Rose ran away to her own room, there to quiet, if possible, her perturbed heart. Subsequent events bore witness that she wrote no forbidding letter.

"Misguided boy," said Frank when he heard of his friend's approaching marriage; it seems that Val was not the first to tell him, dreading his cynical comments. "And the aggravating part of it is that he doesn't look as if he needed pity—looks like the happiest man alive."

"But it is not so bad as it might be," said Mrs. Clark to her daughter, as they talked of the coming event, "for she had at least two of the 'Three F.'s,' face and family, and I've learned that Mr. Dayton was once a very wealthy and influential gentleman; your father knew him quite well."

So all rough places were smoothed in the path of these lovers; but Valentine always rallied his pretty little wife as having been the author of the proposal—adding that he had not the will to refuse.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Blind Beggar's Bride.

A little girl named Murray, only fourteen years of age, and small and slimly built for her years, was married recently to a blind man named Patrick Murphy, residing in St. Mary Street, below Seventh. The bridegroom is a stoutly built, tall man over fifty years of age, and for the last eleven years has earned his living in this city by soliciting alms, being unable to secure other employment owing to his infirmity. The girl Murray is the daughter of a pensioner, now deceased, and she lived with her mother in the vicinity of Murphy's residence. She was employed by the blind man to lead him through the streets, and on occasions she accompanied him to Harrisburg and other cities in Pennsylvania where Murphy was in the habit of making periodical visits in search of nickles.

A man named Sullivan, who keeps a cheap grocery in St. Mary Street, told a *Press* reporter yesterday that Murphy earned on an average as much as fifteen dollars a week all the year round. He had a considerable sum of money saved in the bank, and after country expeditions had often handed Sullivan fifty dollars to eighty dollars to take care of for him.

"Why did he marry so young a girl?" asked the reporter.

"Well, he was accustomed to the young lady," was the reply. "He told me that he should not regard her as his wife until she had attained womanhood, but that meanwhile he desired to have a claim on her so that he could bring her up his own way. She appears to be perfectly contented, and it is a very good match for her from a money point of view. I never heard of Murphy owing anybody a cent."

"Where were they married?"

"Well, they are, properly speaking, Catholics, but no priest would tie the knot, the girl being so young, and so they went to a Unitarian minister, and he married them."

"Did you ever hear how Murphy lost his sight?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think he told me he met with an accident in a machine shop at Cleveland, O., twelve years ago. He came to this city with $3,000, his entire savings for years, and was robbed of every cent of it in a den in Alaska street the day after his arrival."

"How did that happen?"

"Why, he got into a conversation with a stranger, and foolishly spoke about his money, and said he wanted to put it in a bank. He was a simple sort of a fellow and the stranger had no difficulty in taking him in. He told Murphy he would show him a bank where he could place his money in safety, and then took him to a house in Alaska street and told him that was the bank. Murphy paid down his money on a kitchen table and got a receipt from a confederate of the wily stranger, and the unfortunate blind man was led into the street and conducted a square or two and left leaning against a lamp-post. A police officer soon enlightened him as to the so-called bank, but nothing could be done to assist him, for Murphy had not the slightest idea where he had been."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—According to a recent order received in Havana from Madrid, no manufacturer whatever is now allowed to use for his products the arms or emblems of friendly nations unless a special authorization to that effect has been previously obtained from the Government whose arms and emblems are intended to be used. This measure has been adopted at the request of the Austrian Government to prevent Messrs. Corral & Co. from stamping the Austrian imperial eagle on their cigar boxes and labels.

Religious.

THE WIDE-AWAKE BOY IN CHURCH.

How he turns and twists,
And how he persists,
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide-awake boy in church!

First, he crushes quite flat
A fine lady's hat,
Bowed low in devotion,
By a quick backward motion.
This restless, smart boy in church!

Then, earnest and still,
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some old hero bold;
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise
At his thoughtful eyes
Is turned to despair,
As he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still, each naughty trick flies
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother, so dear,
Who thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes?
Yes. His fingers, he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head,
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes.
That I'm bound to confess;
But God made the boys
With their fun and their noise,
And He surely wants them in church.

Such children, your know,
Long, long years ago
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though disciples were bored;
So we'll still keep them near Him in church.

—*Mrs. Juliet H. Brand, in Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

1882—FIRST QUARTER.

Feb. 5—Christ and His Disciples..Mark 3: 6-19
Feb. 12—Christ's Foes and Friends..Mark 3:20-35
Feb. 19—Parable of the Sower.... Mark 4: 1-20
Feb. 26—Growth of the Kingdom..Mark 4:21-34
Mar. 5—Christ Stilling the Tempest.....Mark 4:35-41
Mar. 12—Power over Evil Spirits..Mark 5: 1-20
Mar 19—Power over Disease and Death .....Mark 5:21-43
Mar. 26—Review, or Temperance Lesson.

A Difficult Question for the Infidel.

Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, preached at Calvary Church last Sunday morning. His text was from 2d Kings, ii., 10: "And he said, thou hast asked a hard thing."

There is no doubt, said the speaker, that there are men in the world who are in doubt as to whether there is a God, and who cannot accept Christianity honestly and justly to themselves. Yet, when a Christian speaks to an infidel of a Divine Savior, the certainty of a resurrection and the eternity of the human soul, it is invariably acknowledged that the question is a hard one to decide. It is sometimes taken for granted that the man who cuts clear of Christianity frees himself from many doubts and difficulties. Such an admission is to be deplored. Instead of escaping, by doing this, one only surrounds himself with greater darkness and problems more difficult to solve than if he were to admit the truth of the Divine doctrine.

The infidel who denies the Divinity has, indeed, a hard position. To sustain himself, he must explain how the world came to be as it is. He must tell whence came man, and the countless order of animals, and he must show how the earth was clothed in such beautiful verdure. All this and much more has the infidel to do. Difficult as it is, the unbeliever endeavors to explain how, why and wherefore came all the mighty mysteries. What is it a believer in God says? He does not advance many theories; he does not hesitate to say: "I believe there is a God, an omnipotent being from whom all this comes." What does the infidel say? He stammers out that it is by chance, and gives other doubtful reasons why things exist. He will say that there existed an infinite company of atoms which united and made the universe by chance. Can any one believe in chance? Such conceit is fit for no man, except for him who in denying a God did so at the cost of his reason. It is far harder to believe that everything was created by a natural law than by an all-powerful God. In certain mechanisms there is an absolute knowledge, but in the creation of the universe facts are not admitted, but supposed. To assume blindly certain things and then to state that the results are what men see is a hundredfold more difficult than to attribute the origin of the world to a Creator. Lord Bacon was a believer, and he said that he would rather believe in all the fables than to believe that the universe had been created without a mind.

Another thing that the Christian can point to is the preservation, through ages of most adverse circumstances, of the Bible. The believer asserts that the Bible is God's work; the unbeliever that it is not, and that its preservation was the merest chance, the result of unforeseen circumstances. If the Bible is not the Word of God then it is a falsehood; if not Divine, then it is the worst book in existence. No other book has ever been written that has not grown obsolete. But the Bible lived on, indestructible, and gathered freshness from every generation.

Another thing which proves that God exists is the life of Christ as a factor in the world's life, without regard for His doctrines or teachings. He was a man without an army, without family, or without property; born in a village that would bring contempt upon his name, a man who offended rulers, being misunderstood by His own, and yet rose to be master of the whole thinking world. That fact alone is proof enough of His divinity. Four hundred millions of people believe in that man, who in threescore years lifted Himself to a throne greater than Cæsars, and which has outlasted all others. How can an unbeliever account for all this? He must be speechless, only answering: "Thou hast indeed asked a hard question." If any one should map out the boundaries of Christianity, he would find that it embraced all that was most intelligent and most civilized. Order, purity, benevolence, justice and every public virtue have increased in every land just in proportion as the Scriptures have been accepted. Ask an unbeliever for an explanation of this, and the answer would be, indeed: "Thou hast asked a hard question." Masters of the science of reason and of art have all bowed down in childlike simplicity at the foot of the Cross. Ask an unbeliever for reasons why Christianity is a mere fable, or to explain why in the front of the Christian army have been the glittering names in all histories; call upon him to account for the fact that Christianity has grasped and held the intellect for ages, and has been certified to by such men; and he will say: "Thou hast asked a hard thing."

The unbeliever, resting only upon the quicksands of guesses and uncertainties, is never satisfied, and is apt to cry out: "O God, if there is such a thing as God, save my soul ere I die." Christians in the present age of scorn, who are trying to live good lives, need not be alarmed by the activity of modern skeptics. Notwithstanding the little things that are now flying in the face of Christianity, the time will surely come when the last infidel, having surrendered his difficult task, will throw down his pen and exclaim: "Gather me in: thou hast conquered."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What Is the Grave?

The grave—what a word—what a mystery! There is no other word in our language of such meaning and such awful import. The very sight of the grave makes humanity shudder, and shrink, and cling to life, when even life is an intolerable burden. Yet, why should it be so? What is the grave that it should so unman stout hearts and fill humanity with terror? What is there in the grave that even the very word should be awful? Look at it: look down into it; look through it—it is only a little narrow opening in the fresh, sweet earth; a retired, shaded spot, aside from the bustle, whirl and commotion of a restless world; a little mound, when completed, and rounded up and sodded over, planted with shrubs and flowers; a little palace, with its marble shaft standing up in the midst of the bounties of Nature, surrounded by the decorations of art; a suburban retreat, where the weary and care-worn can retire and find rest and repose. Ah! well!—adorn, paint, embellish the grave as we may, the very word is still awful, and its solemn import still clings to it, as the perfume clings to the rose after it is crushed. Beautiful as the place may be with natural loveliness, lavish as may be the adornments of art, the very sight is yet appalling. To tell the afflicted that it is the most frequented place of earth; that the great and small of all generations resort to it, and there all distinctions are blotted out; that all grades meet there on a common level; that in the grave all oppressions cease and all wrongs have an end, does not meet the wants of the afflicted soul. Both of these views of death and the grave may be literally true, outward and materialistic, but they cannot satisfy the living soul when going to its baptism of suffering and despair. The grave is the end of life, for only the dead enter into it and only the dead dwell there. It matters not what we say to the sorrowing about the beauties of the place where the dead repose, it does not relieve the subject of any of its terror, nor bring to the sorrowing any relief or comfort. But tell them that their loved ones shall rise again; that the grave shall give up its dead; that they who are in their graves shall hear the voice of God and shall come forth, and you have instantly transformed their night into day, their sorrow into joy, their mourning into rejoicing, and robbed both death and the grave of their terror. The Lord says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death." That meets the case; that annihilates death and the grave; that sends the tide of joy bounding through the heart of a sorrowing world. Some long to be laid at rest after vainly battling with the troubles of the world.—*Church Union.*

Ways of Doing Good.

We have no right to select our own work, and say: "This we will do;" but we must be willing to work in the sphere in which God has placed us, however humble it may be. A soul may seem a very small thing, and yet did not the Savior say: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The work to which we give our zeal and earnestness, while it is yet small, may grow into great proportions. In the temple of old there was first the layer of foundation stone. This must not be despised. Then stone after stone was put in its place, until finally the grand, completed structure crowned the top of Mount Moriah. The feeling of the true Christian laborer is very nicely expressed in these words from Tennyson:

And most I work through months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil,
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

"The ways in which we can do good are many. We can all do good if we try. We can scatter blessings all along our pathway. Little deeds of kindness, words well spoken, these are things that cost very little; and yet they may be the seeds of great harvests. Read the eighth chapter of second Corinthians, and ask yourself the question: "How can I be doing good?" Paul, in speaking of Christian liberality, lays down a rule which will apply to all Christian work. God does not measure our work by its greatness; He looks at the hearts and motives of men; and if we work according to His plan, and observe the conditions laid down, we shall not be compelled at last to come into the Savior's presence with empty hands.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

—The seemingly incredible statement that the cost of fences in the United States amounts to considerably more than the National debt, is given color by the Bureau of Statistics of Indiana, which says that the fences of that State, if extended in a single line, would go around the world nearly fourteen times. Their aggregate length is put down at over 344,000 miles, and their total cost not less than $200,000,000.

—The Idaho City *World*, in describing a recent grand ball at that place, says: "It was the boss racket. It was not one of those stiff, stylish dances, but was a regular romping, rollicking hoe-down, and all hands waded into the fun with a vim until time to clear the dining-room for the next morning's breakfast."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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six months..... 75
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SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1882.

We have no legislative proceedings of interest to publish this week.

It is a very moving spectacle which the Democrats present when they turn their backs upon their own dissensions and contemplate the imagined dissolution of the Republican party.

Capt. H. Clay Naill, of Frederick county, was Tuesday appointed surveyor of the port of Baltimore, to succeed Col. G. W. F. Vernon. This leaves but one general appointment to be made in Maryland, that of assistant United States treasurer.

W. H. Cole, M. D., has retired from the editorial staff of the Baltimore *Gazette*, after many years of service, to accept the agency for this State of the Eqitable Life Assurance Society of New York. The society was fortunate in securing the services of a gentleman so well and favorable known throughout the State. We wish the Doctor abundant success in his new field of labor.

The dead-lock in New York Assembly was broken Thursday of last week, by the election of Charles E. Patterson, the Democratic caucus nominee, as Speaker. The Tammany men agreed to vote for Mr. Patterson on the condition that all the other nominations for officers of the Assembly should be withdrawn and a new caucus held. The "regulars" claim this a Tammany weakening.

The prize fight for $2,500 a side, between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Patrick Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., came off at Mississippi City, Miss., Tuesday in the presence of several thousand people, and was won by Sullivan in nine rounds, lasting 26 minutes. In the last round Ryan, who was badly punished, was knocked senseless and was unable to come to time. The authorities made no attempt to interfere.

Guiteau Sentenced.

The third act in the awful tragedy which has for seven months occupied the attention of the whole nation was completed in the Criminal Court at Washington on Saturday morning. First came the shooting of President Garfield and the long train of melancholy incidents that attended his brave struggle for life. Then came his death, his funeral, and the eulogies in which his countrymen sought to give expression to their admiration for his character and their sorrow for his untimely taking off. Scarcely had the orators ceased from their panegyrics when the trial of the assassin began, and for nearly three months the story of his shameful life and his horrible crime has been retailed from day to day, until the whole country has become weary of the theme. The sentence pronounced by Judge Cox on Saturday, which sends him to the scaffold, gives a feeling of positive relief to millions of people who believe the murderer was sane when he committed the crime, and ought to pay the full penalty of the law.

A new trial having been denied Guiteau, Judge Cox, in passing the sentenced, addressed the prisoner as follows:

You have been convicted of a crime so terrible in its circumstances, and so far-reaching in its results, that it has drawn upon you the horror of the whole world and the execrations of your countrymen. The excitement produced by such an offence made it no easy task to secure for you a fair and impartial trial; but you have had the power of the United States treasury and of the government in your service to protect your person from violence and to produce evidence from all parts of the country. You have had as fair and impartial a jury as ever assembled in a court of justice. You have been defended by counsel with a zeal and devotion that merit the highest encomiums, and I certainly have done my best to secure a fair presentation of your defence. Notwithstanding all this, you have been found guilty. It would have been a comfort to many people if the verdict of the jury had established the fact that your act was that of an irresponsible man. It would have left the people the satisfying belief that the crime of political assassination was something entirely foreign to the institutions and civilization of our country; but the result has denied them that comfort. The country will accept it as a fact that that crime can be committed; and the court will have to deal with it with the highest penalty known to the criminal code, to serve as an example to others. Your career has been so extraordinary that people might well, at times, have doubted your sanity. But one cannot but believe that when the crime was committed, you thoroughly understood the nature of the crime and its consequences [Guiteau—I was acting as God's man], and that you had moral sense and conscience enough to recognize the moral iniquity of such an act. [Prisoner—That's a matter of opinion.] Your own testimony shows that you recoiled with horror from the idea. You say that you prayed against it. You say that you thought it might be prevented. This shows that your conscience warned you against it, but by the wretched sophistry of your own mind, you worked yourself up against the protest of your own conscience. What motive could have induced you to this act must be a matter of conjecture. Probably men will think that some fanaticism or a morbid desire for self-exaltation was the real inspiration for the act. Your own testimony seems to controvert the theories of your counsel. They have maintained and thought honestly, I believe, that you were driven against your will by an insane impulse to commit the act; but your testimony showed that you deliberately resolve to do it, and that a deliberate and misguided will was the sole impulse. This may seem insanity to some persons, but the law looks upon it as a wilful crime. You will have due opportunity of having any errors I may have committed during the course of the trial passed upon by the court in banc; but meanwhile it is necessary for me to pronounce the sentence of the law—that you be taken hence to the common jail of the District, from whence you came, and there be kept in confinement, and on Friday, the 30th day of June, 1882, you be taken to the place prepared for the execution, within the walls of the said jail, and there, between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M., you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

As the last solemn words fell from the Judge's lips the prisoner echoed them but in a far different tone of voice, for it was in a voice of passionate hatred that he cried out: "And may God have mercy on your soul! I had rather stand where I am than where that jury does, or where your Honor does. I am not afraid to die. Confound you! [he cried, violently struggling with the deputy marshals who were endeavoring to repress him] leave me alone. I know where I stand on this business. I am here as God's man, and don't you forget it. God Almighty will curse every man who has had anything to do with this act. Nothing but good has come of General Garfield's removal and that will be posterity's idea of it. Everybody is happy here except a few cranks. Nothing but good has come to this nation from his removal. That is the reason the Lord wanted him removed."

Mr. Scoville took an exception to the judgment and sentence of the court; and while this was being noted the prisoner sat tapping nervously with the tips of his fingers upon the table. Then he broke out again wildly: "I'd rather a thousands times be in my position than be with those devils who have hounded me to death. I will have a flight to glory, and am not afraid to go. But Corkhill and the others are. There is no let-up on Corkhill, the scoundrel. He has a permanet job down below. I will go to glory whenever the Lord wants me to go, but I will probably stay down here a good many years, and get into the White House. I know how I stand on this business, and so does the Lord; and He will pull me through, with the help of two or three good lawyers, and all the devils in hell can't hurt me.

The court then, at 11:45, adjourned.

The last brick was laid on the Sibley cotton mills at Augusta, Ga., Friday last. These mills stand now finished and ready for the water to turn the thirty thousands spindles, and as soon as the cement is dry the water will be turned into the wheel-pit. This will be done on Monday, the 6th of February, when the machinery of this giant mill will begin its great work.

The ice cone at the base of the Yosemite Falls is 200 feet high. There are numerous visitors and there are fifty-nine residents in the valley.

Mr. Blaine's Peace Congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Ex-Secretary Blaine has addressed a letter to President Arthur appealing to him not to withdraw the invitation extended to the independent governments of the Western hemisphere asking them to send delegates to a peace congress to be held at Washington next November. He says that the project was cordially approved by President Garfield, but the assassination prevented him from issuing the invitations. President Arthur received the suggestion "with the most appreciative consideration," and, after carefully examining the form of the invitation, directed it to be sent. Mr. Blaine was greatly surprised to read the following passage in the letter of Mr Frelinghuysen to Commissioner Trescott, recently made public:

"The United States is at peace with all the nations of the earth, and the President wishes hereafter to determine whether it will conduce to that general peace, which he will cherish and promote, for this government to enter into negotiations and consultation for the promotion of peace with selected friendly nations, alities without extending like confidence to other people with whom the United States is on equally friendly terms. If such partial confidence would create jealousy and ill-will, peace, the object sought by such consultation, would not be promoted. The principles controlling the relations of the republic of this hemisphere with other nationalities may, on investigation, be found to be so well established that little would be gained at this time by reopening a subject which is not novel."

Commenting on this passage Mr. Blaine says:

"If I correctly apprehend the meaning of these words it is that we might offend some European powers if we should hold in the United States a congress of the 'selected nationalities' of America. This is certainly a new position for the United States to assume, and one which I earnestly beg you will not permit this government to occupy. The European powers assemble in congress whenever an object seems to them of sufficient importance to justify it. I have never heard of their consulting the government of the United States in regard to the propriety of their so assembling, nor have I ever known of their inviting an American representative to be present. Nor would there, in my judgment, be any good reason for their so doing.

"The President of the United States in the year 1881 adjudged it to be expedient that the American powers should meet in Congress for the sole purpose of agreeing upon some basis for arbitration of differences that may arise between them and for the prevention as for a possible of war in the future. If that movement is now to be arrested for fear that it may give offence in Europe, the voluntary humiliation of this government could not be more complete unless we should petition the European governments for the privilege of holding the congress.

"I cannot conceive now the United States could be placed in a less enviable position than would be secured by sending in November a cordial invitation to all the American governments to meet in Washington for the sole purpose of concerting measure of peace, and in January recalling the invitation for fear that it might create 'jealousy and ill-will' on the part of monarchical governments in Europe. It would be difficult to devise a more effective mode for making enemies of the American governments, and it would certainly not add to our prestige in the European world.

"Nor can I see, Mr. President, how European governments should feel 'jealousy and ill-will' towards the United States, because of an effort on our part to assure lasting peace between the nations of America, unless, indeed, it be the interest of European powers that American nations should at intervals fall into war and bring reproach on republican government. But from that very circumstance I see an additional and powerful motive for the American governments to be at peace among themselves."

Mr. Blaine goes on to say that while the United States is at peace Chili, Peru and Bolivia are at war, and that it was the intervention of the United States that averted war between Chili and the Argentine Republic, and Gautemala is at this moment asking the United States to interpose its good offices with Mexico to prevent war. Mr. Blaine then makes this appeal to the President:

"If you have not formally and finally recalled the invitations to the peace congress, Mr. President, I beg you to consider well the effect of so doing. The invitation was not mine. It was yours. I performed only the part of the secretary to advise and to draft. You spoke in the name of the United States to each of the independent nations of America. To revoke that invitation for any cause would be embarrassing; to revoke it for the avowed fear of 'jealousy and ill-will' on the part of European powers would appeal as little to American pride as to American hospitality."

In conclusion Mr. Blaine presents the material and commercial considerations that will result from the cultivation of closer relations with the South American nations. Last year they drew from us $120,000,000 in cash in excess of the value of products which we sent them. If the balance in our favor in European trade should be overthrown, our commercial exchanges with Spanish America would drain us of our reserve of gold coin at a rate exceeding $100,000,000 per annum, and might precipitate a suspension of specie payments. This result, remarks Mr. Blaine, might be worse than a little 'jealousy and ill-will' abroad."

Glass Ballot-Boxes.

Senator Clark, of Talbot, has introduced a bill for a change in the election laws. The important provisions of the bill are that the sheriff shall, under the penalty of $500, provide and cause to be delivered to the judges of election in each district and precinct, previous to or at the commencement of elections, a suitable box, two side of which shall be transparent, of glass, for receiving the ballots, and two separate books for the purpose of entering the voters' names. Another section provides that the judges shall count the votes and read aloud the names on each ticket, before such persons as shall choose to be present to witness the count. The clerk shall after the count enter the number on the poll-books, and after such count is made the said judge or judges shall, in the presence of said clerks and other persons, return the ballots thus counted to the box, and immediately, under penalty of $500 fine, seal up said box by securly pasting thereon and entirely around the same, covering the aperture through which the ballots are placed, and on the strips of paper thus pasted over the aperture the judge or judges' name or names shall be plainly written in his or their handwriting. The boxes containing the ballots shall be returned to the clerks of the courts, who shall safely keep the same for the space of ten months, after which time he shall, in the presence of one or more judges of the Orphans' Court, open said box and destroy the ballots which it contains, and shall record among the land records of his office a certificate of the fact, signed by the justice or justices.

A further section says that the candidates who are interested in the election may inspect such ballots, provided they bring a good and sufficient reason. The boxes must be opened, however, in the presence of the judges and justices of the Orphans' Court. The boxes may then be resealed with the ballots in them, and the names of the justices before whom it was opened recorded.

Judges in contested election cases shall also cause the boxes to be opened in the presence of the clerk of the court.

If this bill passes it will certainly render the settlement of contested elections less complicated, and will also do away with many unlawful manipulations of the ballot-box.—*Balto. American, Sunday.*

The Proposed Annapolis Celebration.

Messrs. Bishop, Mudd, Wiener and Johnson, joint committee of the Maryland legislature appointed on the celebration at Annapolis of the anniversary of the day on which Washington resigned his commission, were here to-day arranging with the Congressional delegation preliminaries for the proposed event. Their mission was two-fold—first, to consult the delegation as to the prospects of securing an appropriation from Congress to assist the celebration; and next, to secure their advice with reference to extending invitations to members of Congress to attend. The visitors had interviews with Senators Gorman and Groome, Representatives Urner, McLane, Hoblitzell, Chapman and Talbott, and were assured that whatever was needed in the matter of national legislation the delegation would push it forward to the best of their ability. With regard to the question of an appropriation, the visitors were not encouraged to hope. The sentiment of the delegation in Congress was against it, though the matter was not finally disposed of. The visitors were introduced to many prominent statesmen while here, including Senator Bayard, of Deleware, and Hawley, of Connecticut, who expressed great interest in the proposed event, and the latter particularly commended the movement, volunteering every assistance in his power toward promoting its success. The committee returned to Annapolis this evening, pleased with the result of their visit.—*Washington Cor. Balto. American, 7th.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1882.

While discussing the question of a new apportionment for members of the House of Representatives some attention is being given to the prospects for control of the next Congress. Of course the apportionment must be fair and impartial, and though the Republicans have the power to pass any bill that may be agreed upon there is no disposition to obtain an advantage by that means. A majority of the Census Committee favor a bill fixing the membership of the next House at 320 as the nearest to exact fairness possible to arrive at, upon the basis of the census returns. This increases the total membership by twenty-seven, and increases the representation of twenty-one States. Senator Lapham, of New York, opposes any increase for his State, or any disturbance of the present districts, on the ground that the Legislature now being Democratic, might refuse to pass a proper apportionment bill and secure an advantage by electing the additional representative on the general ticket. But the majority of Republicans here do not share this feeling. There is perfect confidence that New York may be relied upon as surely Republican in future campaigns, and no action or want of action on the part of the present Legislature would suffice to secure the additional member. This reminds me that the talk among politicians here about ex-Senator Conkling going into the Cabinet has changed and there is a rumor that he is to be made the candidate for Governor next year if he can be persuaded to accept.

Advices received here from all sections of the country give assurance that the Republicans need have no doubts about securing the next House. From the South come reports especially promising. The Bourbon backbone is unquestionably broken. In Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, Texas, and in fact nearly every Southern State there are strong prospects of gaining representatives. In all these States there are hosts of wise, courageous, and energetic men who are carefully perfecting plans for a revolt against Bourbon rule. In all this progressive work the President is manifesting a strong interest, and there is no reason why the Arthur Administration should not accomplish the final pacification of the country. This will come, if at all, through the dissolution of the Bourbon party. As the sun by its heat compelled the traveller to take off his cloak, which the blustering wind had vainly struggled to remove, so the liberal spirit in which anti-Bourbon Democrats are treated by Republicans is making inroads upon the Bourbon organization.

It is believed among the best informed politicians here that ex Senator Sargent will surely be appointed Secretary of the Interior within a very short time. His friends say that the delay is due to the fact that Secretary Kirkwood has not yet rendered his decision in the California land grant cases in which Mr. Sargent is attorney, and which he could not properly act upon as Secretary. It is expected that a decision will be rendered in a few days. Secretary Kirkwood certainly expects to leave the Department very soon, as his household effects here are being packed for shipment to Iowa. It is rumored that he will be a candidate for the next Governorship of his State. During the interval since Mr. Sargent's appointment to the Secretaryship was announced as probable there have been malignant attacks upon his record, but they appear to be as abortive as they are groundless. He has been assailed as the author of the Desert Land Act, but the record shows that Mr. Sargent was not the author of the act; which originated in the House of Representatives, then Democratic, and that he offered several amendments, which were adopted in the Senate, calculated to guard against the abuses and frauds from which no land laws are entirely exempt, since the acquisition of land fraudulently is more frequent under the homestead acts than under any other statutes. The announcement of Mr. Sargent's prospective appointment as Secretary of the Interior has been heartily approved by all the newspapers of California, both Republican and Democratic, with but a single exception.

Some time ago Commissioner of Patents Marble tendered his resignation, to take effect as soon as his successor could be appointed, pending which he retired from the office. There were several applicants for the position but no selection was made, and this week, upon an intimation from the President that such a course would please him, Mr. Marble withdrew his resignation and again assumed charge of the office. This result is a source of gratification in and out of the Patent Office. Mr. Marble being a man of remarkable administrative ability, and very popular.

General Butler has been conspicuous among the Capital visitors this week and one day held a protracted conversation with Senator Malone on the floor of the Senate. It is suggested that the latter was giving him "points" for his next Gubernatorial campaign. It is also asserted that one object of his present visit is to renew his points as to what is a legal hanging in this District. Some years ago General Butler was counsel for a man convicted of murder and he then maintained that under the old law in force here hanging must be done with chains. General Grant commuted the sentence of Butler's client so that the question was not settled but he now calls Mr. Scoville's attention to the law.

JUNIUS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Since the Vienna disaster seats near the door have been at a premium in European theatres.

A new tent making for Barnum's show next summer will cover a field 466 feet long by 270 feet wide. It has given employment to three hundred men.

One hundred and twenty thousand American grapevines have been planted on the Island of Monte Cristo, rendered so famous by Dumas' novel, and are growing finely.

An ice bridge has formed under the Niagara, and the railroads and hackman are prepairing to receive the visitors that are usually attracted by the falls in their winter dress.

The eucalyptus tree now borders many of the roads and avenues crossing the Roman Campagna, and wherever planted by the monks, it has driven off the malaria and fevers.

The Catholic of Mailboro', Mass., have banded themselves together to effect a reform in funerals. They have voted that only two carriages containing friends be permitted with funerals of deceased members of the church to which they are attached.

The Liberal League of St. Louis had to call on the police for protection against several members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who attended the meetings and interrupted the speeches with such exclamations as "Blasphemer," "Fool," "Liar," and "Lord pity him."

Henry Merz, of St. Louis, jilted Mrs. Dinkelmann on account of her marital infelicity, and paid all the cost of a divorce. Then he married her. But within a year he was cured of his love for her, and employed the same lawyer who procured the divorce to annul his own marriage.

The Dublin *Gazette* contains a list of all the persons confined in Irish jails under the provisions of the act for the protection of persons and property. Four hundred and sixty-three persons are now confined, being an increase of 109 during last month. Several prisoners have been recently released.

Two well-dressed boys, named Kaufman and Husch, aged 14 and 13, armed with a revolver and two knives, applied to a railroad employe at Jersey City, and desired to know how far $3.49—all the money they possessed—would carry them on their way to the plains, where they intended to exterminate the red skins. They were taken in custody, and their fathers in New York notified.

It is asserted that the nutritiousness of apples has never been properly appreciated, and that they are far more nourishing than potatoes. Cornish workmen say that they can work better on baked apples than on potatoes. There is a dish in Cornwall called squah pie, made of mutton, with slices of potato, apple and onion, and, strange as it may seem to many, it is excellent.

The American Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia has notified policy-holders that their policies would be cancelled unless the wires of the Brush electric light passing over the roofs of the insured properties were removed. The matter has attracted the attention of the City Councils, and a committee has been instructed to inquire into the alleged danger from electric wires.

A Philadelphia thief's case was before the grand jury, and his indictment was sure to follow unless some obstacle could be interposed. His brother-in-law, who was in the anteroom, told the complainant that the hearing was adjourned. Having thus got rid of the chief witness, he personated him before the jurors, giving such an account as to clear the prisoner.

The Circuit Court at Chicago has annulled the marriage of Albert Steinmetz and Emma Steinmets. The parties were uncle and niece, he being a brother of her father, and they lived together from 1862 till 1879, she giving birth to five children. The application was made by Mrs. Steinmetz, who stated that she was not aware until recently that such a marriage was prohibited by the laws of the State, and therefore null and void. The children were given into her custody.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Miss Emma McMillen, of Accident paid a visit this week to relatives and friends in Oakland and vicinity.

—Register of Wills Hagans Monday granted letters of administration to Luke Male on the estate of Alexander Male, dec'd.

—Snow fell here Saturday and Sunday to the depth of 15 inches on a level, affording good sledding for a few days only.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Maj. H. J. Johnson, commanding the Second Battalion, M. N. G., has issued an order directing his command to parade on the 22d inst.

—Col. Veitch had one of his fingers badly crushed Monday, by having it caught in his chain pump. It was thought at one time that amputation would be necessary, but it is now believed the finger can be saved.

—Wheeling papers contradict the "Marriage and Murder" case, taken from the Cumberland *Times* last week. There is no truth in the report of Collins having been shot by Luckey and the latter hanged by a mob.

—Mr. Demas Spiker, residing near Bear Creek Glade, this county, lost last summer 14 head of sheep, 6 head of which are still at large. They are marked with crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to their recovery.

—The residence of Mr. Alexander Sinclair, about three miles from Oakland on the Hoopole road, was destroyed by fire Friday night of last week, together with most of the contents, including all of Mr. Sinclair's grain and meal. The family escaped to the barn where they passed the remainder of the night. This loss falls very heavily upon Mr. S., who is a poor man.

—Died, at the residence of her son, near Oakland, Friday of last week, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Combs, widow of the late William Combs, in the 64th year of her age. Deceased had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for 30 years, and died full of hope of a blessed immortality. Her remains were interred in the *Odd Fellows* cemetery at Oakland Sunday, after services at the M. E. Church, conducted by Rev. B. Isom, assisted by Rev. John M. Davis.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, a. m., by Rev. Wm. Staudenmire.

Stone Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice.

That I have on hand three good second-hand Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, in good runing order, which I will sell for $50 each, in cash or trade. I also have one Grover & Baker machine and one Home Shuttle machine, which I will sell cheap for cash or trade. Now is the time to get good bargains. Call on or address F. M. Paxton, with I. W. Slonaker Oakland, Md. 1 4 2 t

DEER PARK, MD., Feb. 7, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Passing along about my own business on Friday evening about 7 o'clock, my attention was arrested by a crowd gathered at a public place in our once quiet village. Being of an inquisitive turn I made some inquiries as to why and wherefore of this gathering. I was told in reply that a recent limb of the law was drunk, and was so abusive that his wife had to fly for her life, he having struck at her with the kitchen poker. The poor woman traveled from Deer Park to Swanton in the night, on foot, to save herself from the threatened injury. Is there not a woe pronounced against him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth? Neither is the man who drinks free from blame. Such persons are very annoying to the peace of the community. A man might as well try to make a seat out of a bull's forehead as expect to find peace and quietness where drunkards abound. On Saturday another sad scene was witnessed at the depot. One of our old and respected citizens indulged in what seemed to me a little too much; (but then I may be mistaken as I did not see him take any.) I only judge from the fact that it took two sturdy fellows to put him on the train. Oh, that something could be done to stop this machine of destruction and death. When will the people arise in their majesty and might of awakened conscience and indignant protest and proclaim their declaration of independence from the most degrading tyrant that ever corrupted a people or cursed a nation.

A good for nothing drunken lout,
Fool within, disgraceful without;
Who wishes to see him tubling about,
I don't, I don't).

The Literary Society in this place seems to be taking hold. Its meetings are well attended. Hoping that this society may be productive of good, I remain

Yours, &c.,

X. X.

Boundary Line Commission.

By chapter 182, of the acts of 1878, the Governor was requested to open correspondence with the Governor of West Virginia with a view to establishing and ratifying the line between West Virginia and Maryland as run by the commissioners appointed under chapter 275, acts of 1852. Chapter 182 provided that if the Legislature of West Virginia appoint a commission on the subject, that Maryland should take similar action and that the joint commission review the line beginning at Fairfax stone and running due north to the Pennsylvania line as surveyed by Lieut. Mickles, the commissioners to report to their respective Legislatures and the line to be established when ratified by the two Legislatures and by Congress. There having been no action yet, and to prevent trouble from the non-establishment of the line, Col. Veitch and others of Oakland, urged action by Gov. Hamilton, who wrote to Gov. J. B. Jackson, of West Virginia, informing him of the subject, and in reply Gov. Jackson writes that he has referred the matter to the West Virginia Legislature, now in session, and requested them to appoint commissioners, to act with Maryland commissioners, to establish the boundary line between the two States.

The follow letter from the Secretary of State is in answer to a lengthy communication from Colonel J. W. Veitch to Governor Hamilton on the boundary question:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
ANNAPOLIS, MD. March 27, 1882.

MY DEAR COL:

The Governor has this day written Governor Jackson upon the subject of the boundary, and you can so announce to your friends in the Legislature of West Virginia.

Hastily, I am truly yours.

JAS. T. BRUCE.

The Value of Local Papers.

Every honest reflecting mind knows that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a public convenience, even if not conducted in the interest of the ruling political power. Its columns are not filled with brilliant editorials, still it benefits you in every way. It increases trade, it cautions against imposition, it saves you from loss, it warns you of danger, it points out different advantages and increases your profits. Now, if you want such a paper you must support it by advertising your business in it; assist in increasing its circulation by getting your neighbors to subscribe with you for it. If you want such a paper, you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but as a means to increase your own wealth as well as that of the place in which you live; therefore, support it by advertising and subscribing and paying for it.—*News.*

Facts About Dancing.

From time to time our opinion has been asked on the questions of dancing. We prefer to state some facts touching the practice, and leave every one to do his own thinking and reach his own conclusions:

1. It is a fact that the dancing mentioned approvingly in the Bible was carried on by the sexes separately, and generally, if not always, as a religious act.

2. It is a fact that modern dancing, however well done, adds no worth to the character.

3. It is a fact that a trained monkey can excel the best taught young lady or gentleman in the use of his heels.

4. It is a fact that it requires no intelligence and no virtue to dance well.

5. It is a fact there is no more honor in dancing well than there is in jumping, walking, running, or wrestling well. Dancing matches are on par with walking matches, etc.

6. It is a fact that mixed dancing becomes extremely fascinating.

7. It is a fact that much valuable time is lost by this species of reveling.

8. It is a fact that money is wasted on dancing.

9. It is a fact that people who cannot entertain themselves and each other in a rational way, and must employ their heels for this purpose, are to be pitied.

10. It is a fact that young ladies permit familiarities in the ball-room which public sentiment universally condemns as dangerous to purity.

11 It is a fact that many females have been ruined by attending dances.

12. It is a fact that the best of young men, even of those who dance do not wish their sisters to attend balls, and do not wish to marry dancing girls.

13. It is a fact that the whole spirit and tendency of dancing is worldly.

14. It is a fact that no one was ever noted for piety and dancing.

15. It is a fact that when a professor of religion follows dancing, his influence for good is lost.

16. It is a fact that men of the world think dancing inconsistent with the Christian profession.

17. It is a fact that the best people in the world never dance.

18. It isa fact that a dancing church member is not worth anything much to the church. As the love of dancing comes in, the love of God goes out.

19. It is a fact that the most pious and considerate people in all the denominations are opposed to dancing, and earnestly advise against it.

20. It is a fact no young convert desires to dance, nor any one else in whose heart the love of God burns.

21. It is a fact that no one ever dances to glorify God, but an apostle enjoins us to do everything in his glory.

22. It is a fact that the most ardent advocates of dancing always change their views in the presence of death.

All these facts can be proven, and are true beyond a doubt. In the light of them it ought not to be difficult for any inquirer after the right way to come to a safe conclusion. Reader, if you are a Christian, and wish to decide the question, "Shall I dance?" with reference to your Christian growth, influence and happiness, you will never dance. It is a safe rule, says one, to engage in nothing upon which and in which we cannot ask the Divine blessing.

Apply this simple rule to the dancing question, and your feet will never be found in the slippery way of the ball-room.—*Babtist Record.*

Abuses of the Attachment Law.

It is notoriously true that West Virginia's attachment law is grossly abused in the prosecution of foreign claims against foreign creditors before Justices of the Peace, in our State. Claims, for instance, against employees of the B. & O Railroad (Connellsville division) are nominally transferred to West Virginia curbstone brokers and sharks, who swear to the accounts, give the attachment bond, and otherwise attend to the prosecution before the W. Va. Justice for a per cent. on the claim. Probably the account is for a small amount and the defendant lives one hundred miles from the place where suit is brought. At an expense and loss in time equal to the amount involved, the defendant comes to contest the action (one continuance is very common before Justices,) and his case is in all probability postponed one week. This is equivalent to judgment against him, because he cannot afford to come back. We do not propose to enter into all the abuses to which the law is subjected by brokers in such claims, but we do say where an account of a Maryland citizen against a Maryland citizen is not collectable in that State, and where a West Virginian, if plaintiff could not recover in that State, our laws ought not to permit non residents to attach non residents in the same class of cases, even though the account be nominally assigned to a citizen of this State. —*Keyser Tribune.*

The Local Paper.

"Thousands of people receive all the benefits from a local paper, prosper and forget the editor whose heart and brain have been devoted to the interests of building up the town or community in which these same people have met with success. Many a paper located in some unheard of town or county has been the means of bringing the natural advantages to public notice, built up the village into a town, labored for the prosperity of the county, assisted every one else to a front seat and then failed because a short-sighted public no longer see a direct income from the money expended to support it. When railroads were building, when public institutions were wanted, the local press was kept oiled and editors kept from starvation; but now it is as popular to send to some noted city for fashionable dress goods, clothing, furniture, carpets, etc." The above sound doctrine from the Burling on *Hawkeye* is verified by the following from the *Weston Homestead*: "A large portion of the people do nothing to support their local papers, and yet reap the benefit every day of the editor's work. A man will say, 'Advertising does not pay in my business. I have to keep my men on the road, and get my customers by going after them,' and yet the fact is that the town in which he does business would be unknown, the railroad over which he ships his goods would be unheard of, if it were not for the newspaper which he says does him no good. The local paper is of advantage to every man in the community, and when a man refuses to contribute to support the newspaper on the above ground that he does not need it, he might as well refuse to pay his taxes for the support of the courts and police force on the ground that he never breaks the law and does not need the officers. There are men who believe themselves honest and pious, who are doing business in every community, and every day appropriating to their own use the fruits of other men's labors, by reaping the benefit of the newspaper without contributing a cent to its support, and yet they would be terribly shocked if they should be charged with stealing from their neighbors. But the principle is just the same, the only difference is that the law can reach them in one case, and in the other it cannot, but morally, it is just as dishonest to steal the fruits of your neighbor's enterprise as it is to steal his chickens. Too much credit cannot be given the newspaper for the work it has done and is still doing for the benefit of this country."

Meeting of County Commissioners.

The Board of County Commissioners met in there office in the Court House Monday, a full Board present.

Monday afternoon they proceeded to Kitzmillersville to make an examination of the iron bridge recently erected over the North Branch of the Potomac. After a thorough examination they were satisfied that the work was properly performed. They returned Tuesday evening, and Wednesday morning proceeded to dispatch the business that had accumulated. The bridge was taken off the hands of the contractor and the contract price paid.

S. Lantz was appointed Constable for district No. 1, *vice* Thomas Davis, declined.

Considerable time was occupied in approving Road Supervisors' and Constables' bonds, but no other business was transacted of special interest to the people of the county.

Health Hints.

Try popcorn for nausea.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try cane brake for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gavel.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try to cultivate an equable temper and don't borrow trouble ahead.

Try taking your codliver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooking cough.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

In his sixty sixth year General Meigs is retired from his position of quartermaster general of the army of the United States, and the good wishes of the country for his future welfare follow him. Few men have ever had entrusted to them such a task as was his during the late civil war—that of superintending the supplies of the immense armies that were called to the defence of the Union—and he discharged his duties with an intelligence, skill and faithfulness that entitle him to the gratitude of all men—Federals or Confederates—who believe that the result of the war was the salvation of the republic. As an engineer he displayed most conspicuous ability previous to the war, and in the dark days of the conflict his ccurageous faith in ultimate triumph never flagged.

The bridge on the extension of the Erie Railroad on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, across a ravine 300 feet deep, which is now in progress, will be the tallest bridge in the world. The site is about 27 miles from Johnsonburg and 13 miles from Bradford, Pa. The length of the bridge will be over 2,000 feet, to be covered with 22 piers of iron and 23 spans. The piers will be 110 feet wide at the base, tapering gradually up to a with of 12 feet at the top. The other bridges approaching nearest to the height of 300 feet are the following: The Kentucky River bridge is 276 feet high, the Great Peruvian Railway bridge is 235 feet, the Portage bridge, on the Erie's main line, is 234 feet, and the Niagara suspension bridge is 275 feet.

The Baltimore *Sunday News*, edited by James R. Brewer, one of the most consistent Democrats, as well as one of the most thoroughly posted politicians in Maryland, in speaking of the exciting events in the Legislature, says, "that many Democrats regret the condition of affairs and deem it the beginning of a great political storm which may break over the Democracy with crushing effect."

WASHINGTON, February 6.—The polygamy question was brought squarely before the House to day and promptly acted upon. Under a suspension of the rules Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, who had prepared a set speech on the subject, called up his polygamy bill from the calender and it was passed at once with practically no opposition. It was believed that the Democrats would oppose it, on the ground that it might injure the chances of their contesting delegate from Utah for a seat in the House, but as it was known to have been pronounced a strict party issue, they let it severely alone, and when the bill passed there were many Democrats who did not vote at all. As passed the bill provides that no person can become a representative or delegate in Congress under the age of twenty-five years, and having resided seven years in the United States. Polygamists and bigamists are disqualified.

The temperance issue was tested, just before the House adjourned, on an effort to pass the bill to appoint a commission to investigate the alcoholic liquor manufacture and traffic. This was called up under the suspension of the rules, and tellers were ordered, on the demand of Mr. Bragg, of Wisconsin, for a second. The Republican members present voted solid for the demand, and the only Democrat who voted with them was Mr. Vance, of North Carolina. The bill was finally taken up, but did not reach its final passage, owing to the great amount of dodging among members, particularly the Democrats who eluded the responsibility of voting by absenting themselves from the hall, thus breaking a quorum. The vote on the final passage of the measure was—yeas 112, nays 98. Mr. Urner voted with the majority, Mr. Covington was necessarily absent, Mr. Talbot did not vote; Messrs. McLane, Hoblitzell and Chapman voted with the minority.

RICHMOND, VA., February 4.—The community has had two sensations in the last twenty four hours of the most absorbing character. At the Midlothian coal mines, in Chesterfield county, by a horrible explosion thirty souls were suddenly hurried into eternity. A similar disaster occurred in these mines several years ago, but this is by far the most horrible that has ever been known in its history. The heartfelt sympathy of this whole community goes out to a large number of grief-stricken widows and orphans.

The other sensation was the sudden fall of a span of Mayo's bridge, when an omnibus with a full complement of passengers precipitated into the river some fifty feet below. Fortunately only one of the passengers was injured, and he is supposed to be only slightly injured. This bride is one of historic interest in Richmond. Over it the Confederates retreated when the city was evacuated in 1865, and was destroyed by them, and during the occupation of the Federals it was rebuilt and used as a toll bridge until they were reimbursed, and it was restored to the Mayo owners.

PREVENTION OF DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. J. W. McLean, of Norwalk, Conn. sends the following to the New York *Tribune:* "In view of the increase in the number of fatal cases of scarlatina and diphtheria, I wish you would publish the results of the use of a preventive against the contagion of these diseases. During the four years I have used it, and in forty well-marked cases of diphtheria, where 140 persons were exposed to the contagion, not a single case has been reported to me. I use one dram of Monsel's salt, or the sub-sulphate of iron, in eight ounces of cold water, adding plently of sugar to overcome the taste of the iron. Of this solution I give from one to eight tea-spoonsful each day, according to the proximity of the disease. As it has proved so efficacious in my hands, I am anxious to have it generally tested."

Mr. Kasson has introduced a bill in the House directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay Mrs. Mary Bullard, of Iowa, the sum of $100, the value of a horse ridden to death by her in obtaining aid to rescue captured Union soldiers. Mrs. Bullard lived in Missouri, surrounded by rebels, her husband being a Union soldier. One day she overheard a party of Confederates discribing the capture of some Unionists and making plans for capturing others. Mrs. Bullard was ill, but she mounted her horse, leaving her children alone, and without drawing rein rode thirty miles to the Union outposts, and gave the information that was the means of releasing the prisoners and capturing their captors. "My horse died next morning," says Mrs. Bullard. "I borrowed one of a soldier and returned it afterwards." Mrs. Bullard deserves a pension in addition to the $100. Such self-sacrificing patriotism was rare in Missouri in those days.

The Baltimore *Herald* is of the opinion that a great majority of the young men and woman from the country who crowd our cities in quest of employment would fare better if they would remain at home. It is an old story, however, and not likely to be heeded. The numbers who are looking to the cities as their abiding place are daily increasing. Referring to the females, it says: "One of the saddest features of the subject is the fact of young girls coming to the city, in very many instances, unprotected. They come to find life in its gayest aspect. With a little work they hope to secure better clothes and a more stylish way of living. Some of them succeed, and finally become wives of good, respectable men, but many more are carried away by the glittering temptations around them, or pressed to the wall by heartless employers, and find shelter in haunts of vice, where hope and innocence and life are all lain upon the altar of shame. It is a sad fact that a very large proportion of the dissolute women of Baltimore city were born and raised in the country. They do not come here to pursue a life of shame. Such a thought did not tarnish their minds when they left the home roof; but they did not know the snares which beset the pathway of young girls in a large city, and what they deem the smiles of friendship and the hand to guide to success are often the means to lure them to destruction."

The man who saves something every year is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there, soon makes a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and respectable accumulation. In this country, any man may make himself independent, or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change. How many things do individuals and families buy that they do not need, or cannot afford. Think twice before you spend that small coin. Do not be stingy or mean, but also do not be foolishly self indulgent. The self-indulgent person is far more likely to become ungenerous than the self-denying one. The money wasted on hurtful things alone—the medicines and drugs we mingle with our diet in the form of tea, tobacco, alcohol and the like—stands on the very threshold of prosperity, and bar the way of thousands to a home in their old age.

Dr. Talmage said on Sunday that he had learned that Colonel Ingersoll's mother was a good Christian woman, and went on to propose certain questions as to the effect religion had upon his mother: "Did it make her kind and loving and patient? Did it give her comfort in the day of trouble? Was she deluded with it to the last? He is said to be a brave man. I dare him to take his mother's Bible on some Sunday afternoon, and go into his room and lock the door, and kneel down and read the fourteenth chapter of John."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at auction

On the 6th day of March 1882,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that piece or parcel of land called

Part of Glendale,

which appears on the assessment books of Garrett county in the name of John Eland & Co.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms cash on day of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
2 11 4t Collector.

Gnats on the Wheel.

A certain gnat, Æsop tells us, happening to alight on the wheel of a chariot, became dizzy with the elevation, and cried aloud: "Behold how furiously I drive the world! See how I till the heaven with dust!" Very likely Æsop in this story only meant to give a sly dig at some little great man in the Lydian court whom he did not like; it may be to the purse-proud Cræsus himself. The hunchback slave was not likely to be dazzled by the money of Cræsus or the splendor of his Persian conqueror. Humps on the back, a slave's collar, an empty pocket, or like ugly gifts of fate, usually open our eyes very wide to the insignificance of our more lucky neighbors. Æsop, outside of the palace gates, telling his jeering stories to the mob, could see plainly that the rich Cræsus and the mighty Cyrus were nothing but gnats which had lighted for a moment on the great wheel of life. His savage, true laugh of scorn at them has echoed down through thousands of years. But if Æsop himself had been a fat, handsome, magnificent courtier, he too would have been *bête montée* with his elevation and have flapped his tiny wings on the top of the wheel, crying, "See how furiously I drive the world around?" Of course we can all see how neatly the story fitted those pompous fellows two thousand years ago. The great wheel was turned and turned inexorably age after age; and down and under they went, Cræsus and Cyrus, and even the empires and the myriads of people whom they ruled, crushed out of sight like gnats; dead after one summer day. They drive the world! We can see now that they could neither help nor hinder its slow, steady progress, any more than the beating of an insect's wing could check the wheel. We are far enough removed from them to see how insignificant they were in the slow-moving progress of the countless multitudes of human beings.

But it is quite different with ourselves. Almost every one of us is convinced that the Wheel of Life has very nearly stopped turning nowadays, and that it depends a good deal upon us whether it shall keep moving or not. Whatever our pursuit or hobby, we are sure that it, and we behind it, are driving the world.

It is not only men who handle great religious or philosophic truths who are filled with this singular inflation. Any hobby or pursuit, no matter how insignificant, furnishes wings for the gnats. Such men honestly believe that the discovery of a passage through the Arctic seas is the only object now before mankind which makes life worth the living; others that humanity has nothing better to do than to listen to music, or accumulate rare editions or old china. All these things have their uses; but the world is big and full and old, and bookbinding and pottery are not among its primal forces. A beautiful landscape or figure or a fine bit of drapery is a pleasant factor in the universe, and so is the successful imitation of them with paint on squares of canvas; the harmonious toning of colors in a man's coat and trousers or the set of a woman's skirts may also be very useful things to understand, even if one is not a tailor; but really, we must doubt whether they are "the Secret of Life." It is the tendency of modern society to exaggerate all of its trivial discoveries or successes. The man who fancies he has advanced an inch beyond his fellows in the training of his eye or ear is not satisfied with announcing his little discovery, but becomes the founder of a school, and poses before groups of prostrate admirers. "Behold," they cry, "how furiously he drives the world and tills heaven with the dust!" The smaller the success, too, the more the poor human gnat capers and exults. The height of autocratic arrogance and complacency is probably touched by the women who rule the fashionable clique in any town—who lay down laws as to the trimming of a gown or the courses of a meal. The great Wheel turns and the gnats buzz and buzz and disappear. Can there be any sermon truer than this which Æsop preached for us ages ago?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hindoo Philosophy.

That there are more ways than one of seeing everything is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture, in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man says unto the tiger: "Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?" The tiger gave answer: "The painter was a man. If a tiger had been the painter, then the drawing would not have been in this manner!"

Rochefoucauld says: "How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?" To beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: "I have now 1,000 rupees which I will bury out of the city, and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself. They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money was safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this strategem. Going to him he said: "A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow we will go together." The friend, coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and, having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the Kings of Persia sent a skillful physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying: "They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions, but to this day no one hath taken notice of me that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed." Mohammed replied: "It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating while they have a good appetite." The physician said: "Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health." He then made his obeisance and departed.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts, and lowers and degrades his better-nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honor as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An Eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian priest knew that a moujik, or peasant, had come upon buried treasures in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest being excessively avaricious, determined that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off its skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the Moujik's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: "Who's there?" "The evil one!" replied the priest; and demanded that the Moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain that his visitor was none other than what he represented himself to be; and in great terror, he seized the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. "I've lived before now without money," said he, "and now I'll go on living without it." The priest seized the money and hastened home. "Come," said he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before any one sees it." She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when forth flowed blood, and the priest began to howl: "O, it hurts, it hurts! don't cut, don't cut!" She began ripping the seam out in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. "And all that they tried," adds the legend, "all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail. The goat's skin remained clinging tight to the priest all the same. God evidently did it to punish him for his great greediness."—*Chamber's Journal.*

An Englishman's Ascent of Pike's Peak.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is usually made on horseback; for, just as in Switzerland no one rides who can walk, so in America no one walks who can ride—the guides themselves accompany the expedition on horseback. It is a curious fact that, on attaining an altitude of about 12,000 feet, the pedestrian is attacked with a feeling of extreme lassitude and oppression not experienced on the Swiss Alps even at much higher altitudes. This statement we do not make only on our own authority. We have the assurance of a very distinguished mountaineer, well acquainted with Switzerland and the ranges of Central Asia, that it was as much as he could do to struggle up to the top of Pike's Peak. Occasionally a party will announce their intention of going up the Peak on foot to see the sunrise therefrom, and will make great preparations accordingly. They will start early the previous afternoon with a goodly supply of wraps and food, carrying revolvers to intimidate the bears; but, according to the inhabitants of the signal-station before mentioned, they usually arrive somewhere about ten a. m. and are content to see the sunrise from a much lower level. Should you chance to fall in with a "suncise" party on the mountain, you will find they are a little tetchy if you condole with them on the incomplete success of their expedition, and they will assure you with some warmth that sunrises can be seen just as well from the precise spot attained by them as from any more elevated position. After this assurance you would do well to drop the subject. The path all the way up is perfectly well defined, and no guide is needed. Wherever any reasonable doubt can arise a signpost reassures the traveler. It is practicable by moonlight, even through the forest, and a revolver is not a necessary part of the outfit, the chance of encountering a bear being remote in the extreme. The mountain buck, a species of wild ram much affected by the sportsman, is not unfrequently met with. Towards the top the path becomes bare and uninteresting, but for most of the way the scenery is picturesque, bold and diversified. From the stony plateau on which the weather-signal station is built one can see about one hundred and fifty miles over the prairie, and on the opposite side a long range of mountains is visible. The station is a substantial building, containing three or four rooms, in which the two permanent inhabitants contrive to look very cheerful. The furniture of the principal chamber in this highest inhabited house in the world—14,150 feet above the sea-level—consists of an elaborate writing-desk, a large wooden bed, a few book-shelves, well-filled, a stove, a table, and a few chairs. One of the signal men, an ex-first Lieutenant in the American army, dispenses hospitality for a consideration. A cup of coffee with condensed milk costs twenty-five cents, or one shilling, and the charge is the same for a glass of lemonade. The gallant officer is much pleased with his quarters, in spite of the low winter temperature, the mercury, or rather the spirit thermometer, having been known to recede to forty-seven degrees below zero. He affirms that he never had a good night's rest till he attained his present elevation, having previously suffered from asthma. The number of signalmen attached to the station is three, of whom two are always there. Their experience of climate changes must be interesting, as furious thunder storms take place with short notice, and heavy gales come on quite suddenly in a clear sky, blowing over without a drop of rain, on which occasions the dust is intolerable.—*Saturday Review.*

—Since 1610, 523 theaters have been burnt down in the Old and New World, 460 disasters of this kind having taken place within the last 100 years (up to 1878), while from 1871-8 the average rate was thirteen theaters per annum. In the list of localities, London, with thirty-one, is at the head; Paris, with twenty-nine, follows next; the youthful city of New York has twenty-six, and the yet younger San Francisco twenty-one.

—Thomas T. Henry has been admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, the first colored candidate to pass the examining board in that city.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In the last ten years the number of churches of all persuasions in Chicago has increased from 156 to 218.

—A church in Dundee, Scotland, has a telephone attached to the pulpit for the benefit of invalids who cannot come to church.

—There are two colleges in the United States possessing departments of political science, Columbia College and the University of Michigan.

—During the last forty years 120 missionaries have fallen victims to the climate of the west coast of Africa, but the converts to Christianity number over 30,000.

—The Girard fund for the support of the Girard College, Philadelphia, amounted last year to $900,000. With improved business, it is said it will easily net $1,000,000 in 1882.

—To raise money for her church the Rev. Miss Anna Oliver, "the black-eyed girl pastor," of Brooklyn, is to issue 13,000 shares of stock at one dollar each, the certificate of stock being a portrait of herself.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates a change in the teaching elementary schools, so as to give a larger place to memorizing and reciting poetry. He argues that it suggests high and noble principles of action.

—President Darling, of Hamilton College, is a busy worker. He does all the preaching in the chapel, and almost every class in some recitation, and goes out at intervals to make addresses for the college, and delivers dedication and installation sermons.

—The *Christain Leader* (Universalist) has a notice of a congregation of that denomination which has decided to celebrate the Lord's Supper without distributing the elements to the people. The bread and wine are to "stand on the table as sacred symbols to speak through the eye to the heart, the minister interpreting."

—The State of New York expended $9,675,992 last year upon public schools—a larger amount than any other State. Illinois follows with $6,735,478; then comes Pennsylvania with $6,046,116. New York has 386,225 illiterates out of a population of 5,082,871, and Massachusetts 168,615 out of a population of 1,783,085.

—Baltimore's most fashionable Methodist church has introduced electric lights into its auditorium with exceedingly pleasing effect. It is the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, and the Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., one of the most distinguished orators in the Methodist fraternity, is its pastor. The church edifice cost about $300,000.

—The *Christian at Work* says: "Upon the subject of pauper relief the *Christian Leader* well says: 'How so to administer charity that it shall not be a curse, so far from being a paradox, is in sober truth one of the toughest and the most serious problems of the age. But give your neighbor's dog a bone for the third time, and the question how to prevent the animal from quartering upon you for the rest of his life becomes more of a puzzle than a problem of Hamiltonian metaphysics.' And the solution of that problem is—united systematic benevolence discriminately bestowed."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it increases.

—She (of a literary turn): "Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter of fact): "Beg pardon that was rather before my time, you know."

—A while ago a party of lynchers down South postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

—They have found a King who reigned in Egypt more than a century before Abraham. He's dead. He's a mummy. He's not a pretty mummy now; but mum he is, now.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "run down town and get some venom distinguisher; I do say, the cockroachers are getting so humocous that I'm almost repelled to decoy them;" and Ike smilingly said "yessum."

—"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much, but it doesn't, and we have parted!"

—A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one-hundredth part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World.*

—A cockney inquired at the postoffice the other day for a letter for "Enry Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied a little angrily, "you've hexamdined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; it begins wit a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the ho's."

—A traveler visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty?" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

—There is martial infelicity in Deadwood as well as elsewhere. When a wife runs away with an affinity the bereft husbands posts notices in the saloons, where they will catch the eye of a majority of the population. A recent one reads as follows: "My wife Sarah has Shook my ranche. When I dident Doo a darned thing Too her'an' I want it distinctly understood that any man that Takes hur in an' keeps her On my account Wil git himself pumped so Full of lead that Sum tenderfoot will locate him for a Mineral Claime. If she runs hur face fur goods I won't Put up for hur, an' I'le lick the 'son-of-a-tor-nado that talks her stand-off' even Fur the drinx. a word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools too."

For Young Readers.

OH! WHAT A GREEDY BOY!

(Written by him after spending the holidays at Grandmamma's.)

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves,
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow,
Something fairer far than these,
I can show you if you please:
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine,
In their sirup clear and fine;
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow.
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quinces ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire,
To seek the little cupboard where the jam-pots grows.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of lings and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.
—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

QUEER COMPANY HOME.

The oak fire burned briskly in the polished stove, and puffs of delicious air came in with the opening of the door, making the lamps burn bright, while we girls pared and clipped the golden pumpkin rind, and Mother Forrest told us a story of her own childhood.

None so ready for a new country as an old pioneer; and this woman with the bright black eyes and hair, contented with her children and grandchildren on the new prairie farm, was brought up on the mountain-sides of West Pennsylvania when it was the home of panthers and bears, who were very sociably frequent and familiar. Her father moved from Delaware County, New York, when she was a little girl, and she grew up as much at home in the wilderness as the catamounts. All summer long she roamed the woods with her brothers and sisters after berries and flowers and fun; the woods their playgrounds from the time sap flowed in sugar-making till hazel-nuts were hidden by the snow. The mountains were a free, breezy, sunny home for them; and though there were plenty of "creatures," that is, wild ones, the children were wild and fearless, and brought up to take care of themselves.

"I wa'n't a mite afraid of animals," said the smart, comely woman, who never would grow old. "Only one thing skeered me, and that was men. If I saw or heerd of a man outen the woods, I would cut and run like a deer. It was a rough, hard set got loose among the mountains in those times. But I had the queerest comp'ny home one time ever you heerd of, or anyb'dy else so far as heard from. The fall I was fourteen, my next youngest brother, and sister and me, father took us down to the island, 'bout eight miles from our place, to pick apples on shares. Our trees hedn't got to bearin' yet, and we was mighty glad to get 'em this way, pickin' two baskets for the farm-folks and keepin' the third for our own. We went Wednesday, and were goin' to stay three days, and father was coming with a team for us and the apples we gathered. We slept at the farmhouse, and had plenty of provision along, and the folks gave us all the bread and milk and cheese we wanted, and we had a real larkin' time. By Saturday we were good ready to go home and see mother. We waited till near sundown, when my next oldest brother came for us and said father couldn't take the team off that day and we were to walk home, and he would send for the apples next week. We had between seven and eight barrels picked, enough to do us all winter. How them Pennsylvania orchards did bear those times! Bill had been started after us early in the forenoon, but he played along the way and took a swim, and hunted a woodchuck, and picked berries, till, lustld of gettin' there 'bout two o'clock and givin' us plenty of time to get home in, it was most night. The folks told us we'd better stay over night, but we was so anxious to see mother and get home, it seemed we couldn't stay over Sunday nohow. So we took some apples in a basket and started just a little while before sundown.

"The road went along the mountain, with the steep bank like a wall on one hand, goin' down just as steep to the bed of the river on the other, and it was woods nearly all the way. We was so glad at the thought of gettin' home and seein' mother by ten o'clock that we was just as full as we could be. We sang, and ran, and whooped, and joked about wolves and bears, and those first two miles didn't take very long to get over. But then it was fairly dusk, and the woods darker than a pocket, so dark you couldn't make out anything, and we was glad to hear something come along pit-pat, and find the old dog from the farm had come after us. We could just see his form and each other—spots darker than the dark. We couldn't lose the road, for it was the only one, and cut among the thick trees, and all we had to do was to follow our noses over the mountain straight home. By way of keepin' our spirits up, we began to train.

We mocked every creature we knew. We hooted like owls, and screeched like cats, 'n' howled like wolves, and sang and hollered at the top of our voices, and we wa'n't weak lunged either. And that sober old dog trotted 'long side of us, never changin' his gait or gettin' ahead, but allers keepin' up with us. I was awful glad of his comin', for I didn't like the idee of walkin' six miles through the woods black as darkness't had never been skimmed. The walk was nothin', for we could go six miles any time after huckleberries, but I didn't know what we might meet before we got through.

"We called to the dog and tried to stir him up, but he kept the same trot just behind us, and wouldn't take any notice of our frolics. We called him, 'Hy, Rover! good Rove! good old fellow!' but he wasn't to be turned from his stiddy path. Billy began to say he didn't believe the dog knew his own name, or he'd got changed in the dark, and by that time we began to feel a little creepy and exert ourselves to keep our spirits up. We sang and hollered, and we set on the dog, and called him all the names we could lay our tongues to: 'Old Jack-of-the-woods,' 'old Tread-on-his-tail,' 'old Blackin'.' Seems's if I never heerd a regimunt c'd make quite so much noise's we children did out on the mountain that night,

"There was one cleanin', less'n three miles from our house, and we felt most home when we came in range o' that. It was a lonesome cabin standin' by itself in the middle of a field. We were gettin' skeery by this time, 'n' we 'greed not to go any further, but stop over night with the folks whom we knew, and go home next mornin' before breakfast. We didn't like the idee of facin' the dark any further through the woods. As we started for shelter, our courage began to run out at elbows when we heerd a voice—somethin' 't we know—and we piled over the rail fence and put for the house, where a light was burnin" as tight as we could pelt.

"And what do you think we heard from our mild companion I've been tellin' you 'bout?

"That beast 't had been with us, it give a jump and lit on the top rail as light as a cat, and gave one long, awful screech that just lifted us. 'Twant no dog in this world, but a painter, 't had been trottin' with us all that evenin' when it was so dark we couldn't make him out. How we stumbled along over the rough plowed ground I can't tell ye. Seemed as if we never could get to the house, and our hearts burstin' our breasts, and throats chokin', we was so scared. Seemed 's if I was all insides for that one burnin' minit we were gettin' over that field! The woman in the house was alone that night, sittin' up ironin', and she heerd the panther's scream, and she was scairt to death, and just had time to drag her husband's tool-chist against the door, when we'ran up, too out of breath to call, and just came bounce against it. She thought it was the panther, and was nearly dead with fright. We screamed out to her to let us in, and she pulled the door open just wide enough to let us tumble in, the last one beggin' and cryin' for fear the panther would claw him before he could get in, and the chist was dragged back and the door fast before we had sense to know we were safe

"There was a bright fire on the hearth, and it shone out of the windows, and we knew the panther wouldn't be likely to come very close, creturs are so 'fraid of fire. The woman, alone with her baby and children asleep, was dretful glad to have us with her that night. We put all the loose boards in the loft-chamber up to the windows, for fear that thing might try to get in, and we sat up hearin' it screech round the house fit to tear itself in pieces, it was so mad to think we'd got away. The fire burned down and there was no more wood in the house, and we didn't dare to stir out for a stick, for all the pile of brush lay close to the door. But by and by the screams died away, and after watchin' an hour more we were glad to go to bed. Next mornin' we found the earth all clawed up round that back doorstep, and the bark scratched off the logs round the window where we'd fastened the cellar door up for a shutter, right at the foot of the bed. It must have come smellin' round after we thought it had gone off, and done that mischief.

"We never could tell why it hadn't attacked us in the road, unless it was actually scared of us, we showed so little fear and kept up such a racket. They say panthers like singin', and that may have kept it quiet, or it may leave been a young one, or not hungry.

"Next mornin' father and the boys drove up bright and early to ask if anything had been seen of us. After my brother Billy started the day before, they heard from a neighbor out huntin' that a big panther had been round the places up the mountain, stealin' sheats out of the pen, and it had carried a sheep off day before. Mother had been dreadfully uneasy when we didn't get home at sundown, and father began to worry about us when we didn't come by bed-time. He had been out to meet us, and then started with the team as soon as it was light enough to see. Father said it was well we hadn't gone any further, for the woods was wildest our end of the road, and then our panther might have got his courage up and wanted to make acquaintance with us. We was a little shy a good while after that about bein' out late after dark."

"I should thought you'd been afraid," said Ruth, drawing a deep breath as she took up her knife again to attack a pumpkin.

"'Fraid, child, 'fraid? We wasn't frald neither, only most scairt to death," was all the confession the old lady would make. There was evidently a decided difference with her between sudden panic and cowardly fear. Don't you think there is, too?—*Wide Awake.*

—A very sad incident occurred in Hoboken, N. J., the other night. A man, whose wife was so badly afflicted with the esthetic craze that she had recently given a party to which only those of esthetic tastes were invited, came home in a state of intoxication, greatly to the astonishment of his better-half, who had never seen him in that condition before. "How dare you appear before me in such a condition, sir?" she exclaimed. "It's esthetic," he replied. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the wife. "You gave a little blow-out the other evening, didn't you, that you said was a very consummate affair?" "I did," she replied, "but what has that to do with your drunken orgies?" "Well," said the man, "I've been having a little toot, too."

—In Rockville Center, N. Y., sixteen baby graves standing in a row, each mound about three feet long, show the affliction to which Mr. and Mrs. Furman Abrams have been subjected. Their seventeenth child is living.

—At Erie, Pa., Wm. Ross and wife held a protracted discussion of the question of the omnipresence of the Holy Ghost, until the debate ended with the insanity of both and their confinement in an asylum.

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed,

And by such a one's sympathizing advice and aid many a trouble has been lifted and burden lightened. Such a friendship is worth keeping, and when, from his experience, he advises and instructs, his opinions should be heeded. If kind words can never die, and good deeds are never lost, the inducement for always doing the good one can is still a great one. Many people imagine that they had better do nothing than do a little, forgetting that it is the detail that makes the aggregate—the drops that form the showers—the little kindnesses of life that make existence endurable. As, in the picture, the good old ST. JACOBS is extending relief to the suffering suppliant by offering a bottle of that wonderful remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, so all can do something of benefit for his fellow men in their times of trouble or sickness. In how many instances could the simple mention of the words "ST. JACOBS OIL," coupled with terms of indorsement and encouragement, bring relief and cure to those suffering with rheumatism. In view of the wonderful record of this Great German Remedy in the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful diseases, it appears in the light of strong duty for everyone to patiently, yet persistently, urge its application in the diseases named, bearing in mind that the highest good from man to man consists in that which tends to promote their peace, welfare and general health. Among others who have no hesitation in giving free expression to their opinion is Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has used the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows: "I am pleased to say that the use of ST. JACOBS OIL has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative."

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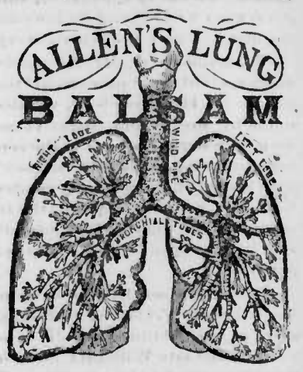

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money and a 24 page Journal ILLUSTRATED sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

Goats on the Wheel.

A certain goat, Æsop tells us, happening to alight on the wheel of a chariot, became dizzy with the elevation, and cried aloud: "Behold how furiously I drive the world! See how I fill the heaven with dust!" Very likely Æsop in this story only meant to give a sly dig at some little great man in the Lydian court whom he did not like; it may be to the purse-proud Cresus himself. The hunchback slave was not likely to be dazzled by the money of Cresus or the splendor of his Persian conqueror. Humps on the back, a slave's collar, an empty pocket, or like ugly gifts of fate, usually open our eyes very wide to the insignificance of our more lucky neighbors. Æsop, outside of the palace gates, telling his jeering stories to the mob, could see plainly that the rich Cresus and the mighty Cyrus were nothing but gnats which had lighted for a moment on the great wheel of life. His savage, true laugh of scorn at them has echoed down through thousands of years. But if Æsop himself had been a fat, handsome, magnificent courtier, he too would have been *tete montee* with his elevation and have flapped his tiny wings on the top of the wheel, crying, "See how furiously I drive the world around!" Of course we can all see how neatly the story fitted those pompous fellows two thousand years ago. The great wheel was turned and turned inexorably age after age; and down and under they went, Cresus and Cyrus, and even the empires and the myriads of people whom they ruled, crushed out of sight like gnats; dead after one summer day. They drive the world! We can see now that they could neither help nor hinder its slow, steady progress, any more than the beating of an insect's wing could check the wheel. We are far enough removed from them to see how insignificant they were in the slow-moving progress of the countless multitudes of human beings.

But it is quite different with ourselves. Almost every one of us is convinced that the Wheel of Life has very nearly stopped turning nowadays, and that it depends a good deal upon us whether it shall keep moving or not. Whatever our pursuit or hobby, we are sure that it, and we behind it, are driving the world.

It is not only men who handle great religious or philosophic truths who are filled with this singular inflation. Any hobby or pursuit, no matter how insignificent, furnishes wings for the gnats. Such men honestly believe that the discovery of a passage through the Arctic seas is the only object now before mankind which makes life worth the living; others that humanity has nothing better to do than to listen to music, or accumulate rare editions or old china. All these things have their uses; but the world is big and full and old, and bookbinding and pottery are not among its primal forces. A beautiful landscape or figure or a fine bit of drapery is a pleasant factor in the universe, and so is the successful imitation of them with paint on squares of canvas; the harmonious toning of colors in a man's coat and trousers or the set of a woman's skirts may also be very useful things to understand, even if one is not a tailor; but really, we must doubt whether they are "the Secret of Life." It is the tendency of modern society to exaggerate all of its trivial discoveries or successes. The man who fancies he has advanced an inch beyond his fellows in the training of his eye or ear is not satisfied with announcing his little discovery, but becomes the founder of a school, and poses before groups of prostrate admirers. "Behold," they cry, "how furiously he drives the world and fills heaven with the dust!" The smaller the success, too, the more the poor human gnat capers and exults. The height of autocratic arrogance and complacency is probably touched by the women who rule the fashionable clique in any town—who lay down laws as to the trimming of a gown or the courses of a meal. The great Wheel turns and the gnats buzz and buzz and disappear. Can there be any sermon truer than this which Æsop preached for us ages ago?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hindoo Philosophy.

That there are more ways than one of seeing everything is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture, in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man says unto the tiger: "Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?" The tiger gave answer: "The painter was a man. If a tiger had been the painter, then the drawing would not have been in this manner!"

Rochefoucauld says: "How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?" To beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: "I have now 1,000 rupees which I will bury out of the city, and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself. They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money was safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this strategem. Going to him he said: "A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow we will go together." The friend, coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and, having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the Kings of Persia sent a skillful physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying: "They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions, but to this day no one hath taken notice of me that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed." Mohammed replied: "It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating while they have a good appetite." The physician said: "Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health." He then made his obeisance and departed.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts, and lowers and degrades his better nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honor as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An Eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian priest knew that a moujik, or peasant, had come upon buried treasures in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest being excessively avaricious, determined that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off its skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the Moujik's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: "Who's there?" "The evil one!" replied the priest; and demanded that the Moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain that his visitor was none other than what he represented himself to be; and in great terror, he seized the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. "I've lived before now without money," said he, "and now I'll go on living without it." The priest seized the money and hastened home. "Come," said he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before my one sees it." She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when forth flowed blood, and the priest began to howl: "O, it hurts, it hurts! don't cut, don't cut!" She began ripping the seam out in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. "And all that they tried," adds the legend, "all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail. The goat's skin remained clinging tight to the priest all the same. God evidently did it to punish him for his great greediness."—*Chamber's Journal.*

An Englishman's Ascent of Pike's Peak.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is usually made on horseback; for, just as in Switzerland no one rides who can walk, so in America no one walks who can ride—the guides themselves accompany the expedition on horseback. It is a curious fact that, on attaining an altitude of about 12,000 feet, the pedestrian is attacked with a feeling of extreme lassitude and oppression not experienced on the Swiss Alps even at much higher altitudes. This statement we do not make only on our own authority. We have the assurance of a very distinguished mountaineer, well acquainted with Switzerland and the ranges of Central Asia, that it was as much as he could do to struggle up to the top of Pike's Peak. Occasionally a party will announce their intention of going up the Peak on foot to see the sunrise therefrom, and will make great preparations accordingly. They will start early the previous afternoon with a goodly supply of wraps and food, carrying revolvers to intimidate the bears; but, according to the inhabitants of the signal-station before mentioned, they usually arrive somewhere about ten a. m. and are content to see the sunrise from a much lower level. Should you chance to fall in with a "sunrise" party on the mountain, you will find they are a little tetchy if you condole with them on the incomplete success of their expedition, and they will assure you with some warmth that sunrises can be seen just as well from the precise spot attained by them as from any more elevated position. After this assurance you would do well to drop the subject. The path all the way up is perfectly well defined, and no guide is needed. Wherever any reasonable doubt can arise a signpost reassures the traveler. It is practicable by moonlight, even through the forest, and a revolver is not a necessary part of the outfit, the chance of encountering a bear being remote in the extreme. The mountain buck, a species of wild ram much affected by the sportsman, is not unfrequently met with. Towards the top the path becomes bare and uninteresting, but for most of the way the scenery is picturesque, bold and diversified. From the stony plateau on which the weather-signal station is built one can see about one hundred and fifty miles over the prairie, and on the opposite side a long range of mountains is visible. The station is a substantial building, containing three or four rooms, in which the two permanent inhabitants contrive to look very cheerful. The furniture of the principal chamber in this highest inhabited house in the world—14,150 feet above the sea-level—consists of an elaborate writing-desk, a large wooden bed, a few book-shelves, well-filled, a stove, a table, and a few chairs. One of the signal men, an ex-first Lieutenant in the American army, dispenses hospitality for a consideration. A cup of coffee with condensed milk costs twenty-five cents, or one shilling, and the charge is the same for a glass of lemonade. The gallant officer is much pleased with his quarters, in spite of the low winter temperature, the mercury, or rather the spirit thermometer, having been known to recede to forty-seven degrees below zero. He affirms that he never had a good night's rest till he attained his present elevation, having previously suffered from asthma. The number of signalmen attached to the station is three, of whom two are always there. Their experience of climate changes must be interesting, as furious thunder storms take place with short notice, and heavy gales come on quite suddenly in a clear sky, blowing over without a drop of rain, on which occasions the dust is intolerable.—*Saturday Review.*

—Since 1610, 523 theaters have been burnt down in the Old and New World, 460 disasters of this kind having taken place within the last 100 years (up to 1878), while from 1871-8 the average rate was thirteen theaters per annum. In the list of localities, London, with thirty-one, is at the head; Paris, with twenty-nine, follows next; the youthful city of New York has twenty-six, and the yet younger San Francisco twenty-one.

—Thomas T. Henry has been admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, the first colored candidate to pass the examining board in that city.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In the last ten years the number of churches of all persuasions in Chicago has increased from 156 to 218.

—A church in Dundee, Scotland, has a telephone attached to the pulpit for the benefit of invalids who cannot come to church.

—There are two colleges in the United States possessing departments of political science, Columbia College and the University of Michigan.

—During the last forty years 120 missionaries have fallen victims to the climate of the west coast of Africa, but the converts to Christianity number over 30,000.

—The Girard fund for the support of the Girard College, Philadelphia, amounted last year to $900,000. With improved business, it is said it will easily net $1,000,000 in 1882.

—To raise money for her church the Rev. Miss Anna Oliver, "the black-eyed girl pastor," of Brooklyn, is to issue 13,000 shares of stock at one dollar each, the certificate of stock being a portrait of herself.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates a change in the teaching elementary schools, so as to give a larger place to memorizing and reciting poetry. He argues that it suggests high and noble principles of action.

—President Darling, of Hamilton College, is a busy worker. He does all the preaching in the chapel, leads almost every class in some recitation, and goes out at intervals to make addresses for the college, and delivers dedication and installation sermons.

—The *Christain Leader* (Universalist) has a notice of a congregation of that denomination which has decided to celebrate the Lord's Supper without distributing the elements to the people. The bread and wine are to "stand on the table as sacred symbols to speak through the eye to the heart, the minister interpreting."

—The State of New York expended $9,675,992 last year upon public schools—a larger amount than any other State. Illinois follows with $6,735,478; then comes Pennsylvania with $6,046,116. New York has 386,225 illiterates out of a population of 5,082,871, and Massachusetts 168,615 out of a population of 1,783,085.

—Baltimore's most fashionable Methodist church has introduced electric lights into its auditorium with exceedingly pleasing effect. It is the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, and the Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., one of the most distinguished orators in the Methodist fraternity, is its pastor. The church edifice cost about $300,000.

—The *Christian at Work* says: "Upon the subject of pauper relief the *Christian Leader* well says: 'How so to administer charity that it shall not be a curse, so far from being a paradox, is in sober truth one of the toughest and the most serious problems of the age. But give your neighbor's dog a bone for the third time, and the question how to prevent the animal from quartering upon you for the rest of his life becomes more of a puzzle than a problem of Hamiltonian metaphysics.' And the solution of that problem is—united systematic benevolence discriminately bestowed."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it increases.

—She (of a literary turn): "Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter of fact): "Beg pardon that was rather before my time, you know."

—A while ago a party of lynchers down South postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

—They have found a King who reigned in Egypt more than a century before Abraham. He's dead. He's a mummy. He's not a pretty mummy now; but mum he is, now.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Ike," said Mrs. Parlington, "run down town and get some venom distinguisher; I do say, the cockpoachers are getting so humorous that I'm almost repelled to decoy them;" and Ike smilingly said "yessum."

—"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much, but it doesn't, and we have parted!"

—A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one-hundredth part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World.*

—A cockney inquired at the postoffice the other day for a letter for "Emry Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; it begins wit a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the ho's."

—A traveler visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

—There is martial infelicity in Deadwood as well as elsewhere. When a wife runs away with an affinity the bereft husbands posts notices in the saloons, where they will catch the eye of a majority of the population. A recent one reads as follows: "My wife Sarah has Shook my ranche. When I dident Doo a darned thing Too her an' I want it distinctly understood that any man that Takes hur In an' keeps her On my account Wil git himself pumped so Full of lead that Sum tenderfoot will locate him for a Mineral Claime. If she runs hur face fur goods I won't Put up for hur, an' I'le lick the son-of-a-tor-nado that talks her stand-off' even Fur the drinx. a word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools too."

For Young Readers.

OH! WHAT A GREEDY BOY!

(Written by him after spending the holidays at Grandmamma's.)

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves,
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow.
Something fairer far than these,
I can show you if you please:
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jelly Jolly, Jelly Jolly jam-pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine,
In their sirup clear and fine;
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow.
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.
CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quinces ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire,
To seek the little cupboard where the jam-pots grows.
CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.
CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.
—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

QUEER COMPANY HOME.

The oak fire burned briskly in the polished stove, and puffs of delicious air came in with the opening of the door, making the lamps burn bright, while we girls pared and clipped the golden pumpkin rind, and Mother Forrest told us a story of her own childhood.

None so ready for a new country as an old pioneer; and this woman with the bright black eyes and hair, contented with her children and grandchildren on the new prairie farm, was brought up on the mountain-sides of West Pennsylvania when it was the home of panthers and bears, who were very sociably frequent and familiar. Her father moved from Delaware County, New York, when she was a little girl, and she grew up as much at home in the wilderness as the catamounts. All summer long she roamed the woods with her brothers and sisters after berries and flowers and fun; the woods their playgrounds from the time sap flowed in sugar-making till hazel-nuts were hidden by the snow. The mountains were a free, breezy, sunny home for them; and though there were plenty of "creatures," that is, wild ones, the children were wild and fearless, and brought up to take care of themselves.

"I wa'n't a mite afraid of animals," said the smart, comely woman, who never would grow old. "Only one thing skeered me, and that was men. If I saw or heerd of a man onten the woods, I would cut and run like a deer. It was a rough, hard set got loose among the mountains in those times. But I had the queerest comp'ny home one time ever you heerd of, or anyb'dy else so far as heard from. The fall I was fourteen, my next youngest brother, and sister and me, father took us down to the island, 'bout eight miles from our place, to pick apples on shares. Our trees hedn't got to bearin' yet, and we was mighty glad to get 'em this way, pickin' two baskets for the farm-folks and keepin' the third for our own. We went Wednesday, and were goin' to stay three days, and father was coming with a team for us and the apples we gathered. We slept at the farmhouse, and had plenty of provision along, and the folks gave us all the bread and milk and cheese we wanted, and we had a real larkin' time. By Saturday we were good ready to go home and see mother. We waited till near sundown, when my next oldest brother came for us and said father couldn't take the team off that day and we were to walk home, and he would send for the apples next week. We had between seven and eight barrels picked, enough to do us all winter. How them Pennsylvania orchards did bear those times! Bill had been started after us early in the forenoon, but he played along the way and took a swim, and hunted a woodchuck, and picked berries, till, instid of gettin' there 'bout two o'clock and givin' us plenty of time to get home in, it was most night. The folks told us we'd better stay over night, but we was so anxions to see mother and get home, it seemed we couldn't stay over Sunday nohow. So we took some apples in a basket and started just a little while before sundown.

"The road went along the mountain, with the steep bank like a wall on one hand, goin' down just as steep to the bed of the river on the other, and it was woods nearly all the way. We was so glad at the thought of gettin' home and seein' mother by ten o'clock that we was just as full as we could be. We sang, and ran, and whooped, and joked about wolves and bears, and those first two miles didn't take very long to get over. But then it was fairly dusk, and the woods darker than a pocket, so dark you couldn't make out anything, and we was glad to hear something come along pit-pat, and find the old dog from the farm had come after us. We could just see his form and each other—spots darker than the dark. We couldn't lose the road, for it was the only one, and cut among the thick trees, and all we had to do was to follow our noses over the mountain straight home. By way of keepin' our spirits up, we began to train.

We mocked every creature we knew. We hooted like owls, and screeched like cats, 'n' howled like wolves, and sang and hollered at the top of our voices, and we wa'n't weak lunged either. And that sober old dog trotted 'long side of us, never changin' his gait or gettin' ahead, but allers keepin' up with us. I was awful glad 'of his comin', for I didn't like the idee 'of walkin' six miles through the woods black as darkness 't had never been skimmed. The walk was nothin', for we could go six miles any time after huckleberries, but I didn't know what we might meet before we got through.

"We called to the dog and tried to stir him up, but he kept the same trot just behind us, and wouldn't take any notice of our frolics. We called him, 'Hy, Rover! good Rove! good old fellow!' but he wasn't to be turned from his stiddy path. Billy began to say he didn't believe the dog knew his own name, or he'd got changed in the dark, and by that time we began to feel a little creepy and exert ourselves to keep our spirits up. We sang and hollered, and we set on the dog, and called him all the names we could lay our tongues to: 'Old Jack-of-the-woods,' 'old Tread-on-his-tail,' 'old Blackin'.' Seems's if I never heerd a regimunt e'd make quite so much noise's we children did out on the mountain that night.

"There was one clearin', less'n three miles from our house, and we felt most home when we came in range o' that. It was a lonesome cabin standin' by itself in the middle of a field. We were gettin' skeery by this time, 'n' we 'greed not to go any further, but stop over night with the folks whom we knew, and go home next mornin' before breakfast. We didn't like the idee of facin' the dark any further through the woods. As we started for shelter, our courage began to run out at elbows when we heerd a voice—somethin' 't we know—and we piled over the rail fence and put for the house, where a light was burnin' as tight as we could pelt.

"And what do you think we heard from our mild companion I've been tellin' you 'bout?

"That beast 't had been with us, it give a jump and lit on the top rail as light as a cat, and gave one long, awful screech that just lifted us. 'Twant no dog in this world, but a painter, 't had been trottin' with us all that evenin' when it was so dark we couldn't make him out. How we stumbled along over the rough plowed ground I can't tell ye. Seemed as if we never could get to the house, and our hearts hurstin' our breasts, and throats chokin', we was so scared. Seemed 's if I was all insides for that one burnin' minit we were gettin' over that field! The woman in the house was alone that night, sittin' up ironin', and she heerd the panther's scream, and she was scairt to death, and just had time to drag her husband's tool-chist against the door, when we ran up, too out of breath to call, and just came bounce against it. She thought it was the panther, and was nearly dead with fright. We screamed out to her to let us in, and she pulled the door open just wide enough to let us tumble in, the last one beggin' and cryin' for fear the panther would claw him before he could get in, and the chist was dragged back and the door fast before we had sense to know we were safe

"There was a bright fire on the hearth, and it shone out of the windows, and we knew the panther wouldn't be likely to come very close, creturs are so 'fraid of fire. The woman, alone with her baby and children asleep, was dretful glad to have us with her that night. We put all the loose boards in the loft-chamber up to the windows, for fear that thing might try to get in, and we sat up hearin' it screech round the house fit to tear itself in pieces, it was so mad to think we'd got away. The fire burned down and there was no more wood in the house, and we didn't dare to stir out for a stick, for all the pile of brush lay close to the door. But by and by the screams died away, and after watchin' an hour more we were glad to go to bed. Next mornin' we found the earth all clawed up round that back doorstep, and the bark scratched off the logs round the window where we'd fastened the cellar door up for a shutter, right at the foot of the bed. It must have come smellin' round after we thought it had gone off, and done that mischief.

"We never could tell why it hadn't attacked us in the road, unless it was actually scared of us, we showed so little fear and kept up such a racket. They say panthers like singin', and that may have kept it quiet, or it may have been a young one, or not hungry.

"Next mornin' father and the boys drove up bright and early to ask if anything had been seen of us. After my brother Billy started the day before, they heard from a neighbor out huntin' that a big panther had been round the places up the mountain, stealin' shoats out of the pen, and it had carried a sheep off day before. Mother had been dreadfully uneasy when we didn't get home at sundown, and father began to worry about us when we didn't come by bed-time. He had been out to meet us, and then started with the team as soon as it was light enough to see. Father said it was well we hadn't gone any further, for the woods was wildest our end of the road, and then our panther might have got his courage up and wanted to make acquaintance with us. We was a little shy a good while after that about bein' out late after dark."

"I should thought you'd been afraid," said Ruth, drawing a deep breath as she took up her knife again to attack a pumpkin.

"'Frald, child, 'fraid? We wasn't 'frald neither, only most scairt to death," was all the confession the old lady would make. There was evidently a decided difference with her between sudden panic and cowardly fear. Don't you think there is, too?—*Wide Awake.*

—A very sad incident occurred in Hoboken, N. J., the other night. A man, whose wife was so badly afflicted with the esthetic craze that she had recently given a party to which only those of esthetic tastes were invited, came home in a state of intoxication, greatly to the astonishment of his better-half, who had never seen him in that condition before. "How dare you appear before me in such a condition, sir?" she exclaimed. "It's esthetic," he replied. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the wife. "You gave a little blow-out the other evening, didn't you, that you said was a very consummate affair?" "I did," she replied, "but what has that to do with your drunken orgies?" "Well," said the man, "I've been having a little toot, too."

—In Rockville Center, N. Y., sixteen baby graves standing in a row, each mound about three feet long, show the affliction to which Mr. and Mrs. Furman Abrams have been subjected. Their seventeenth child is living.

—At Erie, Pa., Wm. Ross and wife held a protracted discussion of the question of the omnipresence of the Holy Ghost, until the debate ended with the insanity of both and their confinement in an asylum.

A Friend In Need is a Friend Indeed,

And by such a one's sympathizing advice and aid many a trouble has been lifted and burden lightened. Such a friendship is worth keeping, and when, from his experience, he advises and instructs, his opinions should be heeded. If kind words can never die, and good deeds are never lost, the inducement for always doing the good one can is still a great one. Many people imagine that they had better do nothing than do a little, forgetting that it is the detail that makes the aggregate—the drops that form the showers—the little kindnesses of life that make existence endurable. As, in the picture, the good old ST. JACOBS OIL is extending relief to the suffering supplicant by offering a bottle of that wonderful remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, so all can do something of benefit for his fellow men in their times of trouble or sickness. In how many instances could the simple mention of the words "ST. JACOBS OIL," coupled with terms of indorsement and encouragement, bring relief and cure to those suffering with rheumatism. In view of the wonderful record of this Great German Remedy in the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful diseases, it appears in the light of strong duty for everyone to patiently, yet persistently, urge its application in the diseases named, bearing in mind that the highest good from man to man consists in that which tends to promote their peace, welfare and general health. Among others who have no hesitation in giving free expression to their opinion is Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has used the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows: "I am pleased to say that the use of ST. JACOBS OIL has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative."

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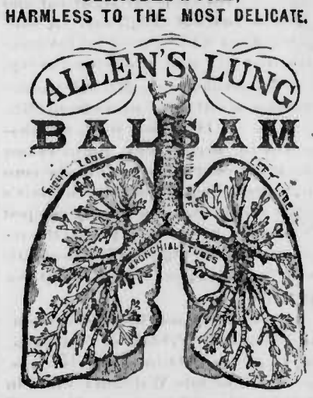

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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Gnats on the Wheel.

A certain gnat, Æsop tells us, happening to alight on the wheel of a chariot, became dizzy with the elevation, and cried aloud: "Behold how furiously I drive the world! See how I fill the heaven with dust!" Very likely Æsop in this story only meant to give a sly dig at some little great man in the Lydian court whom he did not like; it may be to the purse-proud Cræsus himself. The hunchback slave was not likely to be dazzled by the money of Cræsus or the splendor of his Persian conqueror. Humps on the back, a slave's collar, an empty pocket, or like ugly gifts of fate, usually open our eyes very wide to the insignificance of our more lucky neighbors. Æsop, outside of the palace gates, telling his jeering stories to the mob, could see plainly that the rich Cræsus and the mighty Cyrus were nothing but gnats which had lighted for a moment on the great wheel of life. His savage, true laugh of scorn at them has echoed down through thousands of years. But if Æsop himself had been a fat, handsome, magnificent courtier, he too would have been *bête montée* with his elevation and have flapped his tiny wings on the top of the wheel, crying: "See how furiously I drive the world around!" Of course we can all see how neatly the story fitted those pompous fellows two thousand years ago. The great wheel was turned and turned inexorably age after age; and down and under they went, Cræsus and Cyrus, and even the empires and the myriads of people whom they ruled, crushed out of sight like gnats; dead after one summer day. They drive the world! We can see now that they could neither help nor hinder its slow, steady progress, any more than the beating of an insect's wing could check the wheel. We are far enough removed from them to see how insignificant they were in the slow-moving progress of the countless multitudes of human beings.

But it is quite different with ourselves. Almost every one of us is convinced that the Wheel of Life has very nearly stopped turning nowadays, and that it depends a good deal upon us whether it shall keep moving or not. Whatever our pursuit or hobby, we are sure that it, and we behind it, are driving the world.

It is not only men who handle great religious or philosophic truths who are filled with this singular inflation. Any hobby or pursuit, no matter how insignificant, furnishes wings for the gnats. Such men honestly believe that the discovery of a passage through the Arctic seas is the only object now before mankind which makes life worth the living; others that humanity has nothing better to do than to listen to music, or accumulate rare editions or old china. All these things have their uses; but the world is big and full and old, and bookbinding and pottery are not among its primal forces. A beautiful landscape or figure or a fine bit of drapery is a pleasant factor in the universe, and so is the successful imitation of them with paint on squares of canvas; the harmonious toning of colors in a man's coat and trousers or the set of a woman's skirts may also be very useful things to understand, even if one is not a tailor; but really, we must doubt whether they are "the Secret of Life." It is the tendency of modern society to exaggerate all of its trivial discoveries or successes. The man who fancies he has advanced an inch beyond his fellows in the training of his eye or ear is not satisfied with announcing his little discovery, but becomes the founder of a school, and poses before groups of prostrate admirers. "Behold," they cry, "how furiously he drives the world and fills heaven with the dust!" The smaller the success, too, the more the poor human gnat capers and exults. The height of autocratic arrogance and complacency is probably touched by the women who rule the fashionable clique in any town—who lay down laws as to the trimming of a gown or the courses of a meal. The great Wheel turns and the gnats buzz and buzz and disappear. Can there be any sermon truer than this which Æsop preached for us ages ago?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hindoo Philosophy.

That there are more ways than one of seeing everything is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture, in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man says unto the tiger: "Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?" The tiger gave answer: "The painter was a man. If a tiger had been the painter, then the drawing would not have been in this manner!"

Rochefoucauld says: "How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?" To beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: "I have now 1,000 rupees which I will bury out of the city, and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself. They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money was safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this strategem. Going to him he said: "A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow we will go together." The friend, coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and, having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the Kings of Persia sent a skillful physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying: "They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions, but to this day no one hath taken notice of me that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed." Mohammed replied: "It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating while they have a good appetite." The physician said: "Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health." He then made his obeisance and departed.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts, and lowers and degrades his better-nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honor as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An Eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian priest knew that a moujik, or peasant, had come upon buried treasures in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest being excessively avaricious, determined that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off its skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the Moujik's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: "Who's there?" "The evil one!" replied the priest; and demanded that the Moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain that his visitor was none other than what he represented himself to be; and in great terror, he seized the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. "I've lived before now without money," said he, "and now I'll go on living without it." The priest seized the money and hastened home. "Come," said he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before any one sees it." She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when forth flowed blood, and the priest began to howl: "O, it hurts, it hurts! don't cut, don't cut!" She began ripping the seam out in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. "And all that they tried," adds the legend, "all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail. The goat's skin remained clinging tight to the priest all the same. God evidently did it to punish him for his great greediness."—*Chamber's Journal.*

An Englishman's Ascent of Pike's Peak.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is usually made on horseback; for, just as in Switzerland no one rides who can walk, so in America no one walks who can ride—the guides themselves accompany the expedition on horseback. It is a curious fact that, on attaining an altitude of about 12,000 feet, the pedestrian is attacked with a feeling of extreme lassitude and oppression not experienced on the Swiss Alps even at much higher altitudes. This statement we do not make only on our own authority. We have the assurance of a very distinguished mountaineer, well acquainted with Switzerland and the ranges of Central Asia, that it was as much as he could do to struggle up to the top of Pike's Peak. Occasionally a party will announce their intention of going up the Peak on foot to see the sunrise therefrom, and will make great preparations accordingly. They will start early the previous afternoon with a goodly supply of wraps and food, carrying revolvers to intimidate the bears; but, according to the inhabitants of the signal-station before mentioned, they usually arrive somewhere about ten a. m. and are content to see the sunrise from a much lower level. Should you chance to fall in with a "sunrise" party on the mountain, you will find they are a little tetchy if you condole with them on the incomplete success of their expedition, and they will assure you with some warmth that sunrises can be seen just as well from the precise spot attained by them as from any more elevated position. After this assurance you would do well to drop the subject. The path all the way up is perfectly well defined, and no guide is needed. Wherever any reasonable doubt can arise a signpost reassures the traveler. It is practicable by moonlight, even through the forest, and a revolver is not a necessary part of the outfit, the chance of encountering a bear being remote in the extreme. The mountain buck, a species of wild ram much affected by the sportsman, is not unfrequently met with. Towards the top the path becomes bare and uninteresting, but for most of the way the scenery is picturesque, bold and diversified. From the stony plateau on which the weather-signal station is built one can see about one hundred and fifty miles over the prairie, and on the opposite side a long range of mountains is visible. The station is a substantial building, containing three or four rooms, in which the two permanent inhabitants contrive to look very cheerful. The furniture of the principal chamber in this highest inhabited house in the world—14,150 feet above the sea-level—consists of an elaborate writing-desk, a large wooden bed, a few book-shelves, well-filled, a stove, a table, and a few chairs. One of the signal men, an ex-first Lieutenant in the American army, dispenses hospitality for a consideration. A cup of coffee with condensed milk costs twenty-five cents, or one shilling, and the charge is the same for a glass of lemonade. The gallant officer is much pleased with his quarters, in spite of the low winter temperature, the mercury, or rather the spirit thermometer, having been known to recede to forty-seven degrees below zero. He affirms that he never had a good night's rest till he attained his present elevation, having previously suffered from asthma. The number of signalmen attached to the station is three, of whom two are always there. Their experience of climatic changes must be interesting, as furious thunder storms take place with short notice, and heavy gales come on quite suddenly in a clear sky, blowing over without a drop of rain, on which occasions the dust is intolerable.—*Saturday Review.*

—Since 1610, 523 theaters have been burnt down in the Old and New World, 460 disasters of this kind having taken place within the last 100 years (up to 1878), while from 1871-8 the average rate was thirteen theaters per annum. In the list of localities, London, with thirty-one, is at the head; Paris, with twenty-nine, follows next; the youthful city of New York has twenty-six, and the yet younger San Francisco twenty-one.

—Thomas T. Henry has been admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, the first colored candidate to pass the examining board in that city.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In the last ten years the number of churches of all persuasions in Chicago has increased from 156 to 218.

—A church in Dundee, Scotland, has a telephone attached to the pulpit for the benefit of invalids who cannot come to church.

—There are two colleges in the United States possessing departments of political science, Columbia College and the University of Michigan.

—During the last forty years 120 missionaries have fallen victims to the climate of the west coast of Africa, but the converts to Christianity number over 30,000.

—The Girard fund for the support of the Girard College, Philadelphia, amounted last year to $900,000. With improved business, it is said it will easily net $1,000,000 in 1882.

—To raise money for her church the Rev. Miss Anna Oliver, "the black-eyed girl pastor," of Brooklyn, is to issue 13,000 shares of stock at one dollar each, the certificate of stock being a portrait of herself.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates a change in the teaching elementary schools, so as to give a larger place to memorizing and reciting poetry. He argues that it suggests high and noble principles of action.

—President Darling, of Hamilton College, is a busy worker. He does all the preaching in the chapel, leads almost every class in some recitation, and goes out at intervals to make addresses for the college, and delivers dedication and installation sermons.

—The *Christian Leader* (Universalist) has a notice of a congregation of that denomination which has decided to celebrate the Lord's Supper without distributing the elements to the people. The bread and wine are to "stand on the table as sacred symbols to speak through the eye to the heart, the minister interpreting."

—The State of New York expended $9,675,992 last year upon public schools—a larger amount than any other State. Illinois follows with $6,735,478; then comes Pennsylvania with $6,046,116. New York has 386,225 illiterates out of a population of 5,082,871, and Massachusetts 168,615 out of a population of 1,783,085.

—Baltimore's most fashionable Methodist church has introduced electric lights into its auditorium with exceedingly pleasing effect. It is the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, and the Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., one of the most distinguished orators in the Methodist fraternity, is its pastor. The church edifice cost about $300,000.

—The *Christian at Work* says: "Upon the subject of pauper relief the *Christian Leader* well says: 'How so to administer charity that it shall not be a curse, so far from being a paradox, is in sober truth one of the toughest and the most serious problems of the age. But give your neighbor's dog a bone for the third time, and the question how to prevent the animal from quartering upon you for the rest of his life becomes more of a puzzle than a problem of Hamiltonian metaphysics.' And the solution of that problem is—united systematic benevolence discriminately bestowed."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it increases.

—She (of a literary turn): "Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter of fact): "Beg pardon that was rather before my time, you know."

—A while ago a party of lynchers down South postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

—They have found a King who reigned in Egypt more than a century before Abraham. He's dead. He's a mummy. He's not a pretty mummy now; but mum he is, now.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "run down town and get some venom distinguisher; I do say, the cockroaches are getting so humorous that I'm almost repelled to decoy them;" and Ike smilingly said "yessum."

—"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much, but it doesn't, and we have parted!"

—A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one-hundredth part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World.*

—A cockney inquired at the postoffice the other day for a letter for "Eury Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; it begins wit a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the lo's."

—A traveler visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

—There is martial infelicity in Deadwood as well as elsewhere. When a wife runs away with an affinity the bereft husbands posts notices in the saloons, where they will catch the eye of a majority of the population. A recent one reads as follows: "My wife Sarah has Shook my ranche. When I dident Doo a darned thing Too her an' I want it distinctly understood that any man that Takes hur In an' keeps her On my account Wil git himself pumped so Full of lead that Sum tenderfoot will locate him for a Mineral Claime. If she runs hur face fur goods I won't Put up for hur, an' I'le lick the son-of-a-tor-nado that talks her stand-off' even Fur the drinx. a word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools too."

For Young Readers.

OH! WHAT A GREEDY BOY!

(Written by him after spending the holidays at Grandmamma's.)

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves,
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow.
Something fairer far than these,
I can show you if you please:
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jam-pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam-pots grow!

'Tis the dearest spot to me
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine,
In their syrup clear and fine;
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow.
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quinces ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire,
To seek the little cupboard where the jam-pots grows.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.

Never tell me of your bowers
That are full of bugs and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house beneath the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam-pots grow.

CHORUS.—Where the jam-pots grow, etc.
—*Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

QUEER COMPANY HOME.

The oak fire burned briskly in the polished stove, and puffs of delicious air came in with the opening of the door, making the lamps burn bright, while we girls pared and clipped the golden pumpkin rind, and Mother Forrest told us a story of her own childhood.

None so ready for a new country as an old pioneer; and this woman with the bright black eyes and hair, contented with her children and grandchildren on the new prairie farm, was brought up on the mountain-sides of West Pennsylvania when it was the home of panthers and bears, who were very sociably frequent and familiar. Her father moved from Delaware County, New York, when she was a little girl, and she grew up as much at home in the wilderness as the catamounts. All summer long she roamed the woods with her brothers and sisters after berries and flowers and fun; the woods their playgrounds from the time sap flowed in sugar-making till hazel-nuts were hidden by the snow. The mountains were a free, breezy, sunny home for them; and though there were plenty of "creatures," that is, wild ones, the children were wild and fearless, and brought up to take care of themselves.

"I wa'n't a mite afraid of animals," said the smart, comely woman, who never would grow old. "Only one thing skeered me, and that was men. If I saw or heerd of a man onten the woods, I would cut and run like a deer. It was a rough, hard set got loose among the mountains in those times. But I had the queerest comp'ny home one time ever you heerd of, or anyb'dy else so far as heard from. The fall I was fourteen, my next youngest brother, and sister and me, father took us down to the island, 'bout eight miles from our place, to pick apples on shares. Our trees hedn't got to bearin' yet, and we was mighty glad to get 'em this way, pickin' two baskets for the farm-folks and keepin' the third for our own. We went Wednesday, and were goin' to stay three days, and father was coming with a team for us and the apples we gathered. We slept at the farmhouse, and had plenty of provision along, and the folks gave us all the bread and milk and cheese we wanted, and we had a real larkin' time. By Saturday we were good ready to go home and see mother. We waited till near sundown, when my next oldest brother came for us and said father couldn't take the team off that day and we were to walk home, and he would send for the apples next week. We had between seven and eight barrels picked, enough to do us all winter. How them Pennsylvania orchards did bear those times! Bill had been started after us early in the forenoon, but he played along the way and took a swim, and hunted a woodchuck, and picked berries, till, instid of gettin' there 'bout two o'clock and givin' us plenty of time to get home in, it was most night. The folks told us we'd better stay over night, but we was so anxious to see mother and get home, it seemed we couldn't stay over Sunday nohow. So we took some apples in a basket and started just a little while before sundown.

"The road went along the mountain, with the steep bank like a wall on one hand, goin' down just as steep to the bed of the river on the other, and it was woods nearly all the way. We was so glad at the thought of gettin' home and seein' mother by ten o'clock that we was just as full as we could be. We sang, and ran, and whooped, and joked about wolves and bears, and those first two miles didn't take very long to get over. But then it was fairly dusk, and the woods darker than a pocket, so dark you couldn't make out anything, and we was glad to hear something come along pit-pat, and find the old dog from the farm had come after us. We could just see his form and each other—spots darker than the dark. We couldn't lose the road, for it was the only one, and cut among the thick trees, and all we had to do was to follow our noses over the mountain straight home. By way of keepin' our spirits up, we began to train.

We mocked every creature we knew. We hooted like owls, and screeched like cats, 'n' howled like wolves, and sang and hollered at the top of our voices, and we wa'n't weak lunged either. And that sober old dog trotted 'long side of us, never changin' his gait or gettin' ahead, but allers keepin' up with us. I was awful glad of his comin', for I didn't like the idee of walkin' six miles through the woods black as darkness 't had never been skinned. The walk was nothin', for we could go six miles any time after huckleberries, but I didn't know what we might meet before we got through.

"We called to the dog and tried to stir him up, but he kept the same trot just behind us, and wouldn't take any notice of our frolics. We called him, 'Hy, Rover! good Rove! good old fellow!' but he wasn't to be turned from his stiddy path. Billy began to say he didn't believe the dog knew his own name, or he'd got changed in the dark, and by that time we began to feel a little creppy and exert ourselves to keep our spirits up. We sang and hollered, and we set on the dog, and called him all the names we could lay our tongues to: 'Old Jack-of-the-woods,' 'old Tread-on-his-tail,' 'old Blackin'.' Seems's if I never heerd a regimunt e'd make quite so much noise's we children did out on the mountain that night.

"There was one clearin', less'n three miles from our house, and we felt most home when we came in range o' that. It was a lonesome cabin standin' by itself in the middle of a field. We were gettin' skeery by this time, 'n' we 'greed not to go any further, but stop over night with the folks whom we knew, and go home next mornin' before breakfast. We didn't like the idea of facin' the dark any further through the woods. As we started for shelter, our courage began to run out at elbows when we heerd a voice—somethin' 't we know—and we piled over the rail fence and put for the house, where a light was burnin' as tight as we could pelt.

"And what do you think we heard from our mild companion I've been tellin' you 'bout?

"That beast 't had been with us, it give a jump and lit on the top rail as light as a cat, and gave one long, awful screech that just lifted us. 'Twant no dog in this world, but a painter, 't had been trottin' with us all that evenin' when it was so dark we couldn't make him out. How we stumbled along over the rough plowed ground I can't tell ye. Seemed as if we never could get to the house, and our hearts burstin' our breasts, and throats chokin', we was so scared. Seemed 's if I was all insides for that one burnin' minit we were gettin' over that field! The woman in the house was alone that night, sittin' up ironin', and she heerd the panther's scream, and she was scairt to death, and just had time to drag her husband's tool-chist against the door, when we ran up, too out of breath to call, and just came bounce against it. She thought it was the panther, and was nearly dead with fright. We screamed out to her to let us in, and she pulled the door open just wide enough to let us tumble in, the last one beggin' and cryin' for fear the panther would claw him before he could get in, and the chist was dragged back and the door fast before we had sense to know we were safe

"There was a bright fire on the hearth, and it shone out of the windows, and we knew the panther wouldn't be likely to come very close, creturs are so 'fraid of fire. The woman, alone with her baby and children asleep, was dretful glad to have us with her that night. We put all the loose boards in the loft-chamber up to the windows, for fear that thing might try to get in, and we sat up hearin' it screech round the house fit to tear itself in pieces, it was so mad to think we'd got away. The fire burned down and there was no more wood in the house, and we didn't dare to stir out for a stick, for all the pile of brush lay close to the door. But by and by the screams died away, and after watchin' an hour more we were glad to go to bed. Next mornin' we found the earth all clawed up round that back doorstep, and the bark scratched off the logs round the window where we'd fastened the cellar door up for a shutter, right at the foot of the bed. It must have come smellin' round after we thought it had gone off, and done that mischief.

"We never could tell why it hadn't attacked us in the road, unless it was actually scared of us, we showed so little fear and kept up such a racket. They say panthers like singin', and that may have kept it quiet, or it may have been a young one, or not hungry.

"Next mornin' father and the boys drove up bright and early to ask if anything had been seen of us. After my brother Billy started the day before, they heard from a neighbor out huntin' that a big panther had been round the places up the mountain, stealin' shoats out of the pen, and it had carried a sheep off day before. Mother had been dreadfully uneasy when we didn't get home at sundown, and father began to worry about us when we didn't come by bed-time. He had been out to meet us, and then started with the team as soon as it was light enough to see. Father said it was well we hadn't gone any further, for the woods was wildest our end of the road, and then our panther might have got his courage up and wanted to make acquaintance with us. We was a little shy a good while after that about bein' out late after dark."

"I should thought you'd been afraid," said Ruth, drawing a deep breath as she took up her knife again to attack a jumpkin.

"'Frald, child, 'fraid? We wasn't 'frald neither, only most scairt to death," was all the confession the old lady would make. There was evidently a decided difference with her between sudden panic and cowardly fear. Don't you think there is, too?—*Wide Awake.*

—A very sad incident occurred in Hoboken, N. J., the other night. A man, whose wife was so badly afflicted with the esthetic craze that she had recently given a party to which only those of esthetic tastes were invited, came home in a state of intoxication, greatly to the astonishment of his better-half, who had never seen him in that condition before. "How dare you appear before me in such a condition, sir?" she exclaimed. "It's esthetic," he replied. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the wife. "You gave a little blow-out the other evening, didn't you, that you said was a very consummate affair?" "I did," she replied, "but what has that to do with your drunken orgies?" "Well," said the man, "I've been having a little toot, too."

—In Rockville Center, N. Y., sixteen baby graves standing in a row, each mound about three feet long, show the affliction to which Mr. and Mrs. Furman Abrams have been subjected. Their seventeenth child is living.

—At Erie, Pa., Wm. Ross and wife held a protracted discussion of the question of the omnipresence of the Holy Ghost, until the debate ended with the insanity of both and their confinement in an asylum.

A Friend In Need is a Friend I

And by such a one's sympathizing adv
aid many a trouble has been lifted and
lightened. Such a friendship is worth k
and when, from his experience, he advi
instructs, his opinions should be heeded.
words can never die, and good deeds ar
lost, the inducement for always doing th
one can is still a great one. Many people l
that they had better do nothing than do
forgetting that it is the detail that makes
gregate—the drops that form the showe
little kindnesses of life that make existe
durable. As, in the picture, the good
JACOB is extending relief to the suffering
ant by offering a bottle of that wonderful r
ST. JACOBS OIL, so all can do something o
fil for his fellow men in their times of tro
sickness. In how many instances could t

ple mention of the words "ST. JACOBS
coupled with terms of indorsement a
courragement, bring relief and cure to the
fering with rheumatism. In view of the
ful record of this Great German Remedy
cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and all
diseases, it appears in the light of strong
everyone to patiently, yet persistently,
application in the diseases named, bear
mind that the highest good from man
consists in that which tends to promot
peace, welfare and general health. Among
who have no hesitation in giving free exp
to their opinion is Bishop Gilmour, of Cle
Ohio, who has used the Great German R
ST. JACOBS OIL, and endorses it highl
writes about it as follows: "I am pleased
that the use of ST. JACOBS OIL has benef
greatly, and I have no hesitation to reco
it to all as an excellent curative."

A GOOD FAMILY REME
STRICTLY PURE,
HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELI

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healt
THE REMEDY FOR CURI

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All Diseases of the Throat, Lung
Pulmonary Organs.

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failed to effect a cure.

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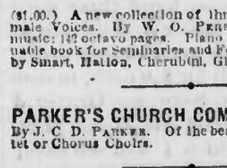

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Sunflower seeds, fed in small quantities, imparts a beautiful gloss to the plumage of poultry.

—Never set a hen in a box above the ground or floor of the chicken-house, if possible to do otherwise, as the eggs dry too fast and lose their vitality. Much better success may be expected if the nests are made upon the ground.

—There are some kinds of cotton cloth which almost invariably turn yellow after the first washing; this can be prevented if two days before the regular washing the cloth is soaked in clear water. This is worth trying if you have any doubts about the cloth.

—A very agreeable dentifrice for good teeth is made from an ounce of myrrh in fine powder and a little powdered green sage, mixed with two spoonfuls of white honey. A druggist will make up the compound, and the teeth should be washed with it every night and morning.

—Before dipping a new pen into ink thrust it into a fresh-cut potato, and the ink will never cling. When the pen is thickly gummed with dried ink a few thrusts will clean it perfectly. When not in use, some accountants leave their pens sticking into a potato kept on the desk for the purpose.

—Poor shelter, care and feed will, in a few generations, make scrubs of the finest thoroughbred stock. Thoroughbred scrubs are but little better than native scrubs, and the farmer who raises either will always be poor. Breeding the best stock and keeping it in the best possible manner pays the largest profits.

—Allowing for considerable variations, owing to prices, etc., Professor Caldwell, of Cornell University, names from three-quarters to one pound per day to 1,000 pounds weight of stock, as the quantity of linseed oil cake, which may be most profitably fed during winter when it is only desired to keep the animals in good condition.

—The Croup.—Take lobelia, ginger and cayenne pepper, of each one-half drachm, put them in a pitcher with one-half pound of sugar and a pint of boiling water; stir until sugar is dissolved; leave to settle; then add one drachm of the oil of peppermint, and one ounce of the tincture of myrrh. Bottle when cool; dose, from ten drops to a teaspoonful every half hour until relieved. I hope that every mother who reads this will give it a trial.—*Maine Farmer.*

—The immense herds, now aggregating twenty millions, which roam over the pampas of the Argentine Republic, and comprise, with the sheep, most of the wealth of that country, are all descended from eight cows and a bull which two Portuguese brothers, named Goes, took to the Spanish colony there in 1553. It is only within a few years that any effort has been made to improve the much-depreciated stock of the country. As yet only a few cattle near Buenos Ayres have been crossed with short-horn breeds.

—The alarming prevalence of the small-pox makes timely this item, taken from the Liverpool *Mercury:* "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man" says Edward Hine, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at short intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."

—Cup Coffee.—Four eggs, two cups sugar, one scant cup butter, one cup milk, one small teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Beat the whites and yelks separately. Beat the sugar and butter very light, then add the eggs and other ingredients and stir in flour just enough to stiffen. The flour should be used with good judgment, as there is great difference in the quality. Three cups of flour is the prescribed quantity, but Mrs. P.'s cook used less, and her cup cakes cannot be beaten by any one.—*Mrs. Beecher.*

Winter Treatment of Hens.

Hens must have comfortable and convenient quarters in winter. Most people keep too many hens for the accommodations they furnish them. Hens are naturally active animals, and when confined in winter quarters require plenty of room. Five hens and five roosters, of all ordinary breeds should have a house 24x16 in the clear and ten feet high in the clear. This will allow about seventy cubic feet of space for each fowl, which is little enough. No class of animals is so susceptible to the ill effects of crowding as the feathered class. Hens will not lay when too much crowded, nor will they remain healthy long if too many are kept together. The building should be well ventilated by chimney without admitting any gusts or draughts of wind. It should face the south, if possible, and have several windows in front. Where the weather gets very cold it will be well to have the whole front glazed and have a stove inside. Hens cannot lay unless they are kept comfortable, and when the temperature falls to ten degrees, or lower, they require a little artificial heat. This heat must be carefully managed; a little fire only should be kept, and it should be as steady as possible. Uniformity of temperature is what is wanted. The houses must be kept clean and neat. The floors should be swept every day, and be dusted over with dry earth, ashes, chaff, short straw, or litter of any kind that can be easily removed. Every hen house should have plenty of suitable roosts. There should be a shallow box or bin in one corner—a sunny corner is best—containing dry earth, ashes, chip dirt, or a mixture of them for the hens to wallow in. They enjoy their bath in winter as much as in summer. Where oyster shells cannot be easily procured there should be a box containing gravel within reach of the fowls. A sufficient number of nest boxes with glass nest eggs in them, several shallow vessels for water, and a feed trough will complete the necessary outfit for the hen house. A very important adjunct to the hen house is an open shed where the fowls can stay at pleasure when the weather is not too cold. Such a shed should protect the hens from the prevailing winds.—*Western Rural.*

A Lesson on Potatoes.

The almost universal failure of the early planting of potatoes leads one to inquire if there be no means whereby we can increase the probabilities of a crop. Potatoes have come to be considered a most uncertain crop. Here and there we find a farmer with a choice piece of light clay land, who uniformly produces a paying crop of potatoes. The reason for the success in such cases is believed to be in the good soil, rather than in peculiar merits of culture. If we find one in the past season who has made a good crop, it is fair to conclude that his method of planting and cultivating must have credit.

There is good reason for suspecting that where potatoes are not planted more than two or three inches deep, they will fail in a dry season. We made four plantings last spring. The first two, of Early Rose, were made the same day, as soon in April as the garden ground would work well. The subsoil of our garden is clay, and the soil rich and deep. Five rows were planted in the usual manner, in furrows three feet apart and covered three or four inches deep. Alongside of these we planted five rows, the same way in every respect, and then covered them with half-rotted straw to the depth of six or eight inches. Now as to the result:

The first planting made a good half crop of medium-sized potatoes. The second five rows, planted same day and the same way, except covered with straw, made a crop of large smooth potatoes and very few small ones. The vines on the first planting dried up a month sooner than on those planted and covered with straw.

About the 25th of April we planted on bottom land, in the spaces in our wheat where the shock corn had stood. The ground was in perfect order, loose and rich from the trash and ashes left after burning the rakings of the corn stubble taken off the spaces between the shock rows. We planted eight bushels of good seed cut to two eyes in shallow furrows and covered with the plow, confidently expecting a splendid crop. The potatoes were cultivated the same as the other plantings. The crop panned out about twenty-five bushels of very small potatoes, and many of them having dry black rot at one end.

Alongside of these we planted three rows, forty rods long, in shallow furrows covered lightly with a hoe, and then a foot deep with the remains of an old straw stack. The result was—no potatoes worth digging, since we could not plow them out on account of the straw. The weather turned dry soon after this planting and the ground had become quite dry before the covering of straw had been put on. Not enough rain came for about ten weeks to wet the straw, and the weather became intensely hot and dry. The potatoes under the straw were as dry as a bone, two months after planting. When the time for digging came we found an occasional hill that had two or three smooth potatoes. In such places the straw had been very wet when put on; where the straw had been very dry when put on the potatoes had done no good, not more than half of them even coming up.

From these four plantings the best and poorest crops came from under the straw. Had we planted a month earlier and got the straw on before the ground over the potatoes had become dry, we should have had a good crop, where by planting late and covering the dry ground with straw, so it never was dampened by the three showers which came between the time of planting and digging, the tubers lacked moisture. Potatoes require more moisture and a lower temperature than was possible under the conditions of our crop. At the State Fair we noticed the finest lot of potatoes on exhibition, shown by a farmer who was kind enough to tell us, sub rosa, the secret of that lot of Early Rose being so much larger, smoother and brighter than any others exhibited. He planted early and covered at once with straw, six or eight inches deep. He claims that he never fails to raise a good crop under straw, and seldom fails in his main crop of field culture. He advocates deep planting, and early.

This lesson in potato planting is, not that potatoes under straw are a failure, but that in a dry season, if potatoes are planted early, on good ground, and deep, and covered with straw while the ground is yet damp, a big crop of excellent potatoes may be expected. Again, we conclude that potatoes on good clay land, such as our first plantings were made in, will make a good crop in seasons and with culture that will give a complete failure on bottom land.

A cool, rich soil, not subject to sudden extremes of heat or moisture, is better for potatoes than a loose soil with a gravelly sub-soil. We yet have great faith in straw covering as an equalizer of moisture and temperature of soil about the tubers, but it must be applied before the ground becomes dry and hot. We believe it is not too early to plant potatoes in February or March, if only the ground will work well. Fall plowing will help in potato culture.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Hints to Transplanters.

The *Gardener's Monthly* reviews some of the many practical things brought out in experience and now confirmed as good doctrine. It says:

It is now established beyond all question that a tree or shrub taken out of a poor soil will not bear transplanting as well as one that has been well fed. For instance, if five years ago two Norway spruces were planted, both of same age and in soil just alike, but one should receive no manure for all that time and the other have a little manure every year, the chance of success in removal will be very much in favor of the well-fed tree. Numbers of trees with good roots and well planted die after removal, simply from a very weakened constitution brought about by poor living.

Another capital fact of practical value to transplanters has been developed, which is only just now becoming well known. It has always been understood in this country that a transplanted tree is safer for being pruned, but the pruning generally consisted of shortening in all the branches, strong as well as weak. But it is now found that the tree should not be shortened in, but merely thined out. All the weaker branches should be cut out and the strong ones left.

And there is the practice becoming now better known than others, also first learned through our pages, that it is not possible to pound the earth too tight about the transplanted tree. It is not possible to avoid all risks in transplanting. The art will never be so perfected that some will not die; and mortality where all the conditions can be controlled, will be less than ever before.

Another thing may be remembered, that trees die in winter from drying out. Therefore give the roots all the chances you can to heal and grow before cold drying winds and frosts come. One of the best of these chances is to plant early. Plant as soon as you can after the fall rains come. It makes little difference whether the yellowed leaves have fallen or not.

Table Notes.

A table daintily arranged with food daintily cooked and served produces a more favorable impression upon guests than one overburdened with elaborate decorations and an unending variety of perhaps poorly prepared dishes, with no regard for order or appropriateness The fashion of serving one or two articles at a time, and having a number of courses does away with a great deal of the confusion which characterized an old-fashioned dinner. Really there need not be any very great variety for a nice dinner or supper, but served separately it seems more, as longer time is consumed by the meal, and greater opportunity is afforded for sociability.

The table should be laid with the greatest care, first covered with a mat or cover of cotton flannel, which will add greatly to the appearance of the table-cloth, making it look much heavier and handsomer. Then the ornaments, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, salts, butter plates, etc., should be arranged with precision, calculating what will be needed for each course, so that when the changes are made there will be no confusion. The dishes for the several courses should be set on the sideboard or side-table, counted and piled together so that the waiter will have no trouble about them.

Dinner cards are used of great variety, from a plain card, with the name written on it, to beautiful, painted satin fannies in the shape of little fans, tambourines, etc. Some of the novelties are apples, oranges and lemmons, tied around with narrow ribbon, which is first passed through two cuts in the end of a small, narrow, gilt-edged card. These seem more appropriate for breakfast parties. A fancy clothes-pin is sometimes employed to hold a card.

Fruit and flower decorations are lower than formerly, and for several reasons are more desirable. It is quite in order to remove the outside from oranges and bananas, and have the oranges divided into quarters, or even into smaller parts, and the bananas cut into several pieces. They are then interspersed with grapes and candied fruits of different kinds.

In order to have a meal served elegantly, and without confusion, it is of the utmost importance that every detail should be attended to beforehand, and that the servants know just exactly what they are expected to do. Then the servants should not be called to do other things when they are passing a certain course. Nothing creates more confusion and disorder and changes the even tenor of a meal more than to have some one come in late. It disarranges everything. There is an obligation on the part of the guests as well as hostess, and whether invited to a dinner or visiting at a friend's, it is a breach of etiquette to be late to a meal, especially so if there are others invited. Invitations to dinner or tea should always be accepted or declined so that a hostess may know for what number to arrange her table.—*Cleveland Leader.*

How to Distinguish Small-Pox.

When the passengers in a Third Avenue elevated railroad car yesterday caught sight of the face of a man who got in at Ninth Street, some of them moved into other cars, and all the others except one went to the other end of the car and sat close together there. The face of the man who caused this commotion was covered with big pimples. He would have had the end of the car to himself but for another passenger who remained close to him, and then resumed the reading of a newspaper. The other passengers looked at this couple curiously. One of them signaled the man with the newspaper, and he, too, moved to the crowded end of the coach.

"That man you sat by appears to have the small-pox, and I thought you might like to know it," said the man who had signaled to the newspaper reader.

"No, he hasn't," said the other. "I had been looking at him when you beckoned. He has got acne, that's all."

"Are you a physician?"

"I am a surgeon."

"What is acne?"

"Acne is merely a cutaneous disease, producing an eruption like what you see on his face. Small-pox does not look like that at all."

"How does it look?"

"Well, whenever you see pimples depressed in the center you may take that as a sign of small-pox. Small-pox pustules appear first on the face, then on the neck and hands, and afterward on the body. At first they are the size and have the solidity of small shot, but a layman would not be able to judge of them until on and after the fourth day; when they become depressed in the center and surrounded by a circle of pink that turns a dark crimson. The pimples are often so thick that they run together. There is no odor accompanying the disease that, once noticed, cannot be forgotten. I am sorry I can't tell you more, but I must get off here."

The passengers were interested in what the surgeon said, and disappointed when his short lecture was ended.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Allen Dodworth, the teacher of dancing to aristocratic New Yorkers, is an old gentleman of fine figure, with snowy white hair and beard, sharply cut features, bright black eyes, and the courtly manner of an old school gentleman. He has traveled all over the world, picking up not only much general information, but suggestions for new compositions in the national dances of different countries.

—Demetrius Papagiannaeos and Athanasius Andricheaches are two Chicagoans who on last Sunday beat a rival candy peddler for interfering with their sales.

Vanilla.

Vanilla, the parasitical plant, grows wild in the woods of the States of Vera Cruz, Tabasco and Oajaca, in Mexico. The cultivation of the vanilla is very simple, and mostly Indians and mulattoes are employed in this branch of industry. A shoot is planted at the foot of a tree, and this spot must be kept clear of weeds and parasitic plants. In the third year the plant yields fruit and continues to do so for thirty years. Fifty husks on an average are yearly gathered from a plant. The wild-growing vanilla yields more than that cultivated by the Indian, but it is inferior in quality. The plant blossoms in February and if northerly winds and showers are prevailing, the flower drops, and the plant yields no fruit. It ripens in June, and the gathering is done at the end of July. After the vanilla has been exposed to the sun it is enveloped in woollen blankets in order to make it perspire, and after this process it is exposed to the dry air for two or three days, finally dried in the sun and packed into boxes. A pound of vanilla may be purchased in the growing districts at two dollars.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

—The public school of the village of Fort Ann, N. Y., is successively managed by L. W. Barrett. Recently some of the mischievous masculine pupils formed the conspiracy to put cayenne on the stove, and then persist in denying the job, or any knowledge of it. They succeeded in doing it to the letter, but Mr. Barrett proved himself master of the situation. He promptly dismissed the feminine portion of the pupils, and then ventilated the room by letting down the windows. Then to convince the boys that the sin of lying was as great a trespass against the laws of school as was the original offense, he raised the temperature of the room to nearly fever heat by administering corporeal punishment to every one of the thirty-five lads who had transgressed by either cayenning the atmosphere or falsely denying knowledge of it. One of the boys acknowledges that the punishment inflicted was no sneezing matter.

—A little girl who was watching a sunset of crimson, orange and purple, said: "Is that the power and the glory?"

A Picture Worth Beholding.

Hanging between two small windows, and catching the light from a larger one opposite, in one of the offices of Adams Express Company, at 59 Broadway, New York—the office occupied by Mr. W. H. Hall, head of the delivery department—is a plainly finished but neatly framed chromo about 2½ by 3 feet in size, which is looked upon by hundreds of people daily, on many of whom it has a wonderful and salutary effect. It represents a flight of half a dozen rough stone steps leading from the swarded bank of a placid lake to a little rustic temple set in the rugged side of the mountain which rises in stupendous proportions in the background all covered with a rank luxuriant growth of foliage in brush and tree. In the open door of this little temple stands a half concealed figure, with an arm and hand extended, holding forth a small, dimly defined package, while seated on the sward at the foot of the steps an aged pilgrim, barefooted, lame and decrepid, bears a staff in one hand, and in the other holds before his dim eyes a small bottle, whose label he eagerly scans. This label bears the words "St. Jacobs Oil the Great German Remedy." Simple as this little chromo appears in its unostentatious position, it has an influence which it would be difficult to estimate. "It is to that picture and the persuasions of Mr. Hall," said Mr. Edward J. Douglass, a gentleman connected with Mr. Hall's department, "that I owe my present ability to perform my work. Some weeks ago I was violently attacked with sciatic rheumatism, and hour by hour I grew worse, and nothing my family or the doctor could do gave me any relief. I began to think in a few days that my case was hopeless and that I was doomed to be an invalid and helpless cripple for life. But at last I thought of that picture which I had so often looked at with but little interest, and then Mr. Hall came to my bedside, and telling me how St. Jacobs Oil had cured him of a worse and longer standing case than mine, urged me to use the same remedy. I did so that very night, directing my wife not to spare it but to apply it thoroughly according to the directions; this she did with a large piece of flannel cloth saturated with the Oil, and then bound the cloth to the affected parts. The next morning I was free from pain, and although a little sore in the hip, was able to dress myself, and the next day resumed my duties in the office as sound as a dollar. Here I am now in full health and strength, having had no touch of rheumatism or other pain since. Whenever I see one of our drivers or any other person who shows any symptoms of lameness or stiffness, I point him to the picture in Mr. Hall's office, and then direct him to go for St. Jacobs Oil at once."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

THE Harvard students are like widows—they are always trying to take advantage of a fresh man.—*Texas Siftings.*

AN old sailor was observed to be always hanging about the door of a church when a marriage was taking place. He explained that he liked to see the tide going out.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD," urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good-night two or three hours earlier on Sunday nights.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHERE did you dine yesterday, Fwed?" "Oh, at the kwub." "Good dinnah?" "Yasse, O, yasse; I dined on such a lovely twinwose, with a gewanium for dessert. With those I dwunk in the delicious fwagwance of a sweet and tendah violet." "How pwecious!" "Yasse, it was evah so wuttahly soul-satisfying and supwene."

LOST the game: "But I pass," said a minister recently, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

MR. RAGBAG was only twenty-three, when his eldest son was born. We remember the day well. We congratulated him. But he didn't seem very jolly. Not but what it was a fine boy, and Ragbag was wealthy, so a family was no burden to him. But he said: "Good Lord, oh! friend, just think of it! Here at the age of twenty-three I've got to begin setting a good example!"—*Boston Post.*

"THE muses kiss with lips of flame," says a recent poet of the new order. Then we are thankful that we are not counting any of the muses just now. We don't wish to have our best winter mustache burned off until later in the season.—*New Haven Register.*

AN affectionate mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

—The Virginia *Chronicle* gives these as appropriate threadlines for each month's bunch of marriages: "January Jumps, February Fastenings, March Matings, April's Annexations, May's Matchings, June's Johnings, July's Joyous Ones, August Agreement, September Splicings, October's Odds Made Even, November Nooses, December's Daring Deeds.

—Dan Edson, of Warrensburg, Pa., was a terrible blasphemer. A horse kicked him in a barn the other day, and his ejaculations were uncommonly prolonged and violent. Then flames broke out among the hay, and the building was destroyed. There is no convincing the neighbors that Dan's sulphurous language did not kindle the fire.

"WHAT is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered: "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl for two hours."

MOSES HOW, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

MISTRESS: "Bridget, I really can't allow you to receive your sweetheart in the kitchen any longer." Bridget: "Thank you, kindly, ma'am, but he's too bashful for the parlor."

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UNDER the microscope a hair has rough edges like a rasp. No wonder then that a young man's mustache often tickles a girl's nose.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

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Particular attention given to Conveyancing. Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
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Offics and residence on Oak street, between First and Second

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
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MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE.

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.51 P. M.
Way	10.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation
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By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

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INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

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WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

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SAMUED BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
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R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
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BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
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J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
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Col JACOB MOORE, Ex-Attorney General, Georgetown, Del

INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY
OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Agents for Garrett County.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

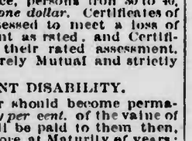

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Semsley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT OF GARRETT CO.
OFFICE REGISTER OF WILLS.

This is to give notice that a vacancy exists in the Baltimore Female College to be filled by the Orphans' Court of said county. Books and Tuition in all branches free. Boarding can be had in the college or with friends in the city. Any one desiring to avail themselves of the position and thereby secure an education with little expense, should file their application in the Orphans' Court or with the Register of Wills, on or before the 10th day of February.

By order of the Court.

Test: W. H. HAGANS,
j 1 3t Register.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Stanglas' drug store.

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J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
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OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

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☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEATTY
ORGANS & PIANOS.

BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J. U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $80 to $1000, 8 to 32 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75. Chapel Organs $97.75. The "LONDON" 18 stops & full sets of Reeds, ONLY $85. THE PARIS Now offered FOR $65. Other desirable new styles now ready. ☞

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

$222.75 SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 3,200 7¼ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, $222.75.

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,500. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Piano, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☜ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

☞ *Illustrated Catalogue, Free.*

Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS
Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Style 300. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

CORNISH'S Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, filled up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of *New* and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ **$85.00.** ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

Address the Manufacturers.

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CORNISH
CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style K SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and sympathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 8 years We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ **$275.00.** ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

A BIG BONANZA!

Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars. Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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CORNISH & CO.,
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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882. NUMBER 52.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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G. A. SHIRER, Oak street, near Second. A general line of Stoves and Tinware.

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KILDOW & YELOLY, Mill and Second streets.

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JAMES ARNOLD, Residence on Fourth Street.

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J. B. BRANT, surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Garrett House, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED, Address, Post Office.

JEWELER.

A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Smouse's Building Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store. Millinery, Gents' Furnishing And Fancy Goods, and Shoes. Main Street, Opposite Dr. McComas' office.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly opp. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Crapsville - suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Deer Park Md.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells at cost to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and all prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Diphtheria.

A **cold** or **sore throat** may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly** and **surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BURTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—G. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Leeds, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. ROUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Cochocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, **Providence, R. I.**

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

DEACON SAVEALL'S SPEECH.

From Harper's Bazar.

MY FRIENDS:—We air here tonight to see if the deestrict will vote to build a new skool-house or not. We air here at no small expense of time, trouble and kerryseen. I didn't expect to say nothin' when I kum in here, but I've been a-thinkin' as I've been a-settin' that I ought to raise my voice agin the whole purceedin', it is such an extravagant waste of public money taxed out of private individuals. I shall vote agin it, and do all I can to kill it. The trouble is, folks want too much in these days, and them folks what have little or nothin' 'cept young ones are always ready to vote to spend other folks' money to edicate 'em. There wasn't much money spent to edicate me, and I've been a deekin in our meetin' for nigh forty year. I've worn the same coat and the same trousers, to say nothin' of waist-coat and boots, every Sabbath-day durin' full half that long period. Ain't I a pattern for the deestrict in matters of economy? What would have bekum of me and Betsey Ann if I hadn't 'a done so?

I don't purtend to be a judge of wimmen's goods and fixin's, but I've observed that she don't spend much of my money on dresses and bunnits. She knows my sentiments too well on them points, and don't waste her time a-gaddin' round to see the fashuns and such. She's a stay-at-home woman and a workin' woman, she is, and, if I do say it, she's a pattern just as much as I am. Why, it e'en a'most tuk our breth away one Sunday mornin' when we seed our minister's wife a-kumnin' inter the meetin'-house with a new bunnit on, all kuvered up with fine flowers and fethers. Smudody sed 'twas an Easter, or a Wester, I've forgot which, for we don't keep them Pagin days like the 'Piscopals and Romans. We know better. We rejice in the lite while we walk on in darkness; but as I was a-sayin', me and Betsey Ann was dredfully distrest over it. And when we got hum, sez she to me, sez she; "What an example to our young folks! You oughter to go right over there, Jeremiah, and labor with 'em about it."

The next mornin' I went over to the parsonage, and kerried sum specked apples that we wuz goin' to throw away; for I alwuz takes sum thin' with me when I goes to see the minister's family—it's a sakred dooty. I tackled Mr. Nicodemus about it. He said that the bunnit wuz a present from sumbody who wuz here last summer. I suppose it wuz sum of them city folks who was a-doin' nothin', and spendin' their money at the tavern—"Summerin'," I believe they call it. Anyhow I felt an inward call to labor with the minister a spell longer, and to tell him in plain words that he mustn't allow any of his family to indulge in extravagance, whether it costs him anything or not. We pay him four hundred dollars a year, when we can raise it—that's what he wuz called on—and I've often laid awake nights thinkin' that he must be a layin' up money, and it's wrong for ministers to do that: the Scripters is all agin it.

He has a wife, seven children, and an old uncle on his hands, to be sure, but then we only charge him fifty dollars a year for the use of the parsonage, and there ain't many folks that gets their rent as cheap as that. We use it to pay the insurance and krep the house in repair. Petatoes and brown bread are cheap; that's our livin' mainly, and what's good enuf for us is good enuf for anybody. And then, agin, I don't see why the minister should be obleeged to entertain the whole tribe of Gadites, and half the tribe of Manassar, and spend our money in feedin' 'em.

Why, it's wus than a flock of Egyptian locusts to see the folks that go a-trampin' in and out of our parsonage in the course of a year. We don't hev any kumpany. We did hev a man and a woman lite down on us onst, but they didn't stay long. She sed that her mother was a third cousin to my wife's great-aunt, but we never seed 'em afore they came a-drivin' into our door-yard. I was a-splittin' kindlings, and Betsey Ann she was a-sittin' milk pans out to dry in the sun, when we heerd sumbody ery out: "Why, how do you do, Cousin Jeremiah? How do you do, Cousin Betsey." We thot sumthin' queer was a kumnin', and when that air woman jumped out of the wagin, and told the man who druv the team to take out the trunks and bandboxes, I riz right up and told 'em we had no komadations for kumpany, and they'd better go on to the tavern. My pumkins! how that female did splutter! They had traps enuf with 'em to stay a munth; but it was rite in haylin'-time, and they didn't find the atmosfear congenial, so they left in a hurry, and we've never seed 'em since.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I wrastled and remonstrated with Mr. Nicodemus about kumpany too much kumpany. He looked rather cut up, and sed that the Scripters taught us to entertain strangers and to show hospertality. I surmised that he had heerd sumthin' about the strangers who had lit on us, and how we got rid of 'em; and I made up my mind that if he was a-goin' to put *me* down in that way, I'd tell Mr. Stavemont, when he came round for my subscriptions of ten dollars for next year, that I should cut it down one-half. I don't mean to keep a public-house for nothin', and I ain't a-goin' to have the minister spend any of my money in doin' it nuther.

These'ere ministers have got to be kept down or they'll get high-minded. They are the sarvants of the people, and I for one think they oughter be reminded of it from time to time. Human natur' is very frail, even in the best on us, and although our Mr. Nicodemus is 'most always a subdued sort of a man, we mustn't let him get to independent. P'r'aps sumbody may think I'm sayin' too much about the minister and too little about the skool-house, but I ain't forgot my subject by no means.

"Just because Square Jones—who has been off travelin' this fall, and has seed a whole lot of new things in the way of edication—thinks that the deestrict oughter hev a new skool-house, the whole naburhood has got crazy over it. I don't know as I ran purvent it, but am a-goin' to raise my voice and use my influence agin it. I've been a deekin nigh on to forty year, and I've passed through more seens and unseens than anybody else in the kummunity.

These'ere new-fangled notions that Square Jones has been a-talkin' about—such as skools, skool-buks, and implements—oughter be put down; the only implements we need are agricultooral implements, and as for skool-buks, the old ones are good enuf. Talk about advanced ideas, objek-teaching, and new methods! it's all a contrived plan to take the money out of our pockets. Mebbe you don't know how sayin' I am about things. Let me relate an inserdent, which although it failed of its purpus, my will was all rite.

Last fall sum time I heerd old Mis' Jones say thot Mis' Brown told her darter Melindy that Gloryanna Perkins said that the last time she went down to the city to put some money in the bank that she'd had left her, who should walk in but our Mr. Nicodemus! (The idee of a minister's having' anything to do with a bank! I guess the 'Possel Paul never went into a bank, and didn't know much about such institootions.) He went up to the cashier with a piece of paper, and he paid him sum money. Mis' Perkins seed the bills, but couldn't tell how much he got, although she tried to; but she heerd the chashier say, "We always like to chash Mr. Duncan's checks; he knows how to do good with his money."

Now Mr. Duncan's folks waz here in our village all last summer, and went to our meetin', and I noticed that Mr. Nicodemus alwuz paid 'em a good deal of attention—mor'n he oughter, I thought. We hire him to look after *our* spiritooal interests, and not them of rich folks who don't live here.

Puttin' this and that together, it 'curred to me that 'twould pay to go down to the city, see Mr. Duncan, and find out how much that check wuz, so that we could take it out of the salary. I mentioned the matter to a few of our members, and they thought well of it. So after I'd got through gettin' in the sowin' I went down to the city, and after a good deal of trouble I found out where Mr. Duncan's store wuz. So I went in, and sez I to a dapper-lookin' feller who stood behind the counter, "Is Mr. Duncan in?"

"Yes," sez he; "he's in the offis and is very bu-y, as this is shippin' day." I didn't see no ships round nowhere, and I though he meant to chaff me a little, seens as I wuz from what they call the rooral deestrict, so sez I: "Young man don't you insult me, a man old enuf to be your grandfather. You just tell me where that offis is, for I've got important bizness on hand." He larfed right out, and then p'inted me to a glass door, which I opened, and here was Mr. Duncan settin' by a desk 'ritin'. He looked up, and sez he, "What can I do for you, my friend?" Sez I, "Didn't you have your famerly down to our village of Slowton last summer? and didn't sum of your folks go to our meetin'?" He thot a minit, and then sed, "Yes—what of it?" Sez I, "Didn't you make our ministister a present? and if so, how much was it?" I never seed a man get so mad in a minit as he did. "You pryin' old scoundrel," sez he. (I'm 'most ashamed to use his language, only I want the deestrict to know how much abused I've been for tryin' to save our folks in payin' the minister.) "Leave this room," sez he. "You don't deserve to have a minister or to enjoy the blessings of the Gospel. You remind me of the man whose yearly contribution was a peck of green peas." I didn't stay long after that, 'cause it kinder seemed as if my kumpany wasn't appreciated. When I got hum I told the committy of the way I was received, and they agreed to pay my expenses out of the salary, and deduct twenty-five dollars that year. I thot we'd better take out fifty dollars and risk it, but Deekin Cautions said the minister might say sumthin' about it and make a fuss. So we didn't do it. I haven't passed through such an experience since the time when we painted the outside of our old meetin'-house, twenty-five years ago, and tuk it out of old Mr. Hardtimes, who used to do the preechin' afore Mr. Nicodemus was hired. There was a good meny then who said I was mean about it, but we must expect to be ill-treated when we make such sacrifices for the sake of religion. I could say more, but won't now, 'cept that I shall continue to raise my voice agin havin' a new skool-house built in this deestrict; ourn's good enuf.

Lemons for Small-Pox.

The *Scientific American* publishes some interestining facts respecting the practice of Dr. A. S. Payne, late Professor in Southern Medical College, Athanta, Ga. Dr. Payne says that as early as 1846 he noticed that the initial small-pox fever could be discovered by its peculiar pulse before any other symptoms appeared. Having discovered this pulse, he proceeded to vaccinate. If this is done within ten or twelve hours after the inception of the fever the patient will have a slight indisposition, without a sign of eruption, and as positive exemption from a recurrence of the disease as if he had passed through its stages. A remarkable feature of this experience is that if the patient is vaccinated early after the initial fever sets in he may be allowed to go where he pleases without fear of spreading the disease. Prof. Payne has tried his plan for thirty-four years on more than a hundred cases, without failure. He advises the discontinuance of small pox hospitals, as tending to increase the ravages of the disease, and instead recommends isolation of patients, and where parties are exposed to the small-pox, visit them twice a day, and as soon as the fever is recognized vaccinate them. He believes this method would soon stamp out the disease which is now becoming so prevalent.

Last April Dr. James Moore, of Ironton, Ohio published his experience with lemons as a remedy for small pox. It is as follows:

I was taken sick April 14, with what I supposed was a severe cold, having had my hair shingled the previous Friday. The 14th I was quite feverish with a severe pain in the head and back. Saturday, 16th, I was no better; Sunday, fever somewhat reduced, I presume by the aid of aconite, which had been administered to me by Drs. Moore and Dunn, eruption very indistinct underneath the skin.

Monday morning, 18th, eruption unmistakably that of small-pox. Tuesday morning eruptions very abundant, crop increasing rapidly in size and number. Wednesday morning a very dense crop all over the face, forehead, scalp of head, neck and soles of feet. Upon the arms, hands, legs, and body they were pretty evenly distributed, but not so closely packed as upon the above-mentioned parts. By evening I was suffering intensely from those on the scalp. By 10:30 o'clock the pain was almost intolerable. My nurse had retired and was sound asleep in bed. My feet were so tender that I dare not let them touch the footboard of the bed. My head I could not suffer to lie on the pillow. I lay, raised up on my elbow, my neck resting on my hand. I had by this time become so nervous I dare not shut my eyes from fear of seeing unpleasant visions. Pulse about ninety. I had upon the table at the bedside a pitcher of water and a drinking-glass, a box of seidlitz powders and an once of chlorate of potash in cyrstals. I had also at my bedside a paper of lemons, also one of oranges. These were all the agents within my reach.

I recollected that lemon juice in sufficient quantity was a sedative, and would lower the heart's action, and by so doing might relieve me of these unpleasant visions. I therefore squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one of the lemons into the glass, to which I added about two tablespoonfuls of water, and drank it. I then opened the rind and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in close proximity to a large mass of snow or ice. My pulse had dropped to sixty. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone. I not only found that they were gone, but by placing my hand upon my head I found that the pox had gone also. My head was bathed with gummous like fluid, which had exuded from the pox. It stained the napkin I had applied to wipe it off. It seemed as if such had given up its contents and wilted down to a level with the surface. The same had taken place with those upon my face. My beard was glued together with the same kind of fluid. Those upon my neck had not bursted, but had shrunk away and diminished in size considerably. I laid down and slept two hours comfortably. I awoke, I presumed, from cold, although I had plenty of cover over me and the fire was still burning in the grate. I felt so well pleased that I took a little more lemon juice. I kept my pulse at from sixty to sixty-seven for thirty-six hours, when all eruption and elevations had disappeared from my skin. I then bid good by to lemon juice and small-pox.

So strongly am I convinced of the power of lemon juice to abort any and every case of small-pox, if administered as I administered it myself, that I look upon it as a specific of as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in Intermittent fever. I therefore publish my experiments, hoping every physician having a case of small pox will give it a fair trial, and report the result to me.

Incidents of the Small-Pox Scare.

The prevalence of small-pox throughout the country has caused some strange exhibitions of fright and selfishness. Only nine miles out of St. Louis a negro lay sick with the disease on a pile of straw at the roadside. The next morning he was discovered, and as the weather had been cold, it is probable that he was badly frozen; but nobody would go to his aid, and he was left to die all alone, which he did after an another night of exposure. An Indian woman was similarly left to herself in a suburb of Cincinnati. After her death the shanty in which her body remained was set on fire by throwing blazing wads of straw at it. Three children were abandoned by their parents at Selma, Tenn., and in this case there was not the excuse of real danger, for the father and mother had been protected by recent vaccination. In a Wisconsin lumbermen's camp three men were left by their companions with food and water for only three days. After that they would have starved to death had not a man, who heard of their plight through the fugitives, gone to their succor. On the other hand, case of self-sacrificing bravery are also numerous.

Mormondom is having some trouble on the inside of the church as well as attacks from the outside. President Taylor has recently married his twenty-eighth wife, a buxom Massachusetts widow. The buxom widow proves not to be a very amiable addition to the connubial flock. Four days after her marriage she raised a terrible rumpus by broomsticking three of her sister wives. President Taylor himself could not quiet his turbulent household until he sent No. 28 off to San Francisco.

If a newspaper should contain all the things that all its readers want it to print, it would have to be bigger than a bed-spread. If it should leave out all that each of its readers does not wish to read, it would be blank paper.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE NIGHT-WIND.

Once when the night-wind clapped its wings,
And shook the window bars and roof,
I heard the souls of battle kings
Drive by in clashing proof?

Sometimes, a runic strife it kept,
Of winter nights, in sleeted trees;
Or underneath the eaves it crept—
A swarm of murmuring bees.

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the air
In hollow chase their bugles blew,
While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare
The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,
Safe, under ward of storm and night,
To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone
A taper kind and bright.

These things the night-wind used to tell,
And still would tell, if I might hear;
But sorrow sleeps too sound and well
To lend a dreamful ear.

—*Edith M. Thomas, in Century Magazine.*

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

Aunt Remember Mordaunt was a queer-looking little body—like a bugaboo in the children's nursery-book, "her nose went out and mouth went in." She wasn't much larger than a girl eight years old; and she had fallen down cellar and broken her wrist, been thrown out of a carriage and put her shoulder out of joint, and being as bald as a baby, she wore the funniest of small "russet-fronts" under little "mob-caps," so that it was no wonder people looked at her and smiled. Her shrewd, twinkling eyes usually smiled back. Aunt Remember cared little what people thought of her. She was much more occupied in deciding what she thought of them.

And let me assure you she was no insignificant person in her circle. No fairy godmother ever was more fearfully looked up to—no, looked down to—than Aunt Remember. She was shrewd, she was witty, she had a sharp tongue of her own—more, she was the richest woman in Peachlands.

She lived with her brother Paul and his wife, who had three daughters. People said Aunt Remember would leave her money to one of these daughters, and Aunt Remember said that she should, "to the one who pleased her best." The thing was to know *how* to please her. She found fault first with one, then with the other. Marion was self-willed, Mattie was lazy, and Mollie—well, Mollie had red hair. I do not think it a sin to have red hair, but Mollie thought it was. Had she not been reproached with it since her tenderest years? To be sure, it was soft as silk, and an artist might have considered the burnished ripples very lovely, as they swept away from a complexion whose pink was prettier than the tint of any sea-shell; but the color of her hair was a sore subject with Mollie. She was never quite happy, unless she had altogether forgotten the matter, and as Mollie was usually exceedingly busy, she generally had a very good success at forgetting.

Marion was a brunette, very fond of stylish dress and very ambitious. Matrimonially, she had fixed her goal very high. She intended to marry a man, handsome, distinguished and able to support her in good style. No other would she look at.

"Ah, my lady," Aunt Remember would say, "you will go through the world and pick up a crooked stick!"

Marion, the eldest, was already twenty-four. Mattie was twenty—pretty enough, good enough; but Mattie'll never set the river on fire," complained Aunt Remember.

I think myself that the latter was fond of her importance—careful to keep up this uncertainty regarding her preference, for nobody could be certain regarding it. But it kept the small house at Peachlands in a constant state of agitation.

The house itself belonged to Aunt Remember, though she had virtually given it to her brother ten years before. After her husband's death—for Aunt Remember had had a husband—she had transferred it to her brother, when he came West with his young family.

The furniture also was given him, with the exception of a parlor suit, which Aunt Remember was supposed to have sold—a suit of mahogany and gray haircloth, which she had owned—bequeathed by her mother—when a girl.

I say *supposed*, because Aunt Remember was peculiarly reserved and secretive regarding her doings. She never asked council of her relatives, or of any one else, but planned and performed according to her pleasure.

She required her connections to sometimes execute commissions for her of which they had not the least understanding—as, for instance, during the last few years, since Aunt Remember had dislocated her shoulder, one of the girls went quarterly to the office of C. Everard, said office being attached to a furniture warehouse, and paid him some money.

He was a young man, very business-like, but with pleasant, hazel eyes, which Marion declared "just splendid!" but curled her delicate nose at the suggestion of Aunt Remember, that Mr. Charles Everard's acquaintance might be worth cultivating.

"Nonsense! The *idea* of *me* marrying a man who keeps a little furniture-shop down on Bond street!" she cried.

"Who *are* you, miss? Your father is only a poor farmer."

"I don't always intend to be poor, if father is. I shall marry for money," returned Marion. "And not for money only—I must have everything."

"Hump!" ejaculated Aunt Remember; "when Sir Perfection comes courting *you*, let me know!"

But nobody took offense at Aunt Remember's sharp speeches.

Mattie was requested to carry the next quarter's money to Mr. Charles Everard, but dawdled so long at getting ready that Aunt Remember bade her take off her bonnet and sit down, and sent Mollie.

"You're smart, if you *have* got red hair, Mollie," she said; and, with this doubtful compliment ringing in her ears, Mollie set out.

As I have said the color of her hair was a sore subject with her, and, when Mr. Charles Everard first saw her, she had drawn her veil of soft-gray tissue down so as almost to cover it. But he beheld a pair of limpid, brown eyes, a pretty smile, and a dimpled rose-red cheek, and thought he never had met any one half so lovely.

"Well, how did *you* like Mr. Charles Everard?" asked Aunt Remember, sharply.

"I think he is very nice," answered Mollie, taking off her bonnet before the glass, and wishing her hair wasn't red.

"I suppose *you* wouldn't marry a man who kept a little furniture-shop, either?" remarked Aunt Remember.

"Yes, I would—if it were Mr. Everard, and he wanted me to!" laughed Mollie, blushing.

After that, the quarterly sums of money were paid Mr. Everard monthly instead, and Mollie carried the envelopes containing them to the dingy little office down in Bond Street.

Mr. Everard told her, one day, that he wished it wasn't so dingy—for *her* sake; and, another day, told her that he did not like storing and selling furniture, but he had a mother and invalid sister dependent on him, and could not follow the business he liked, which was architecture, but must continue in his father's shop, at least for the present.

It seemed to Mollie that never was such a pleasant spring, for in one way and another she came to see a great deal of Mr. Charles Everard, and his hazel eyes mingled with her dreams very pleasantly.

One day he told her that his deceased father and Aunt Remember had been engaged to marry each other when they were very young.

"Then you know Aunt Remember?" cried Mollie.

"No. I never saw her but once—twice. She engaged me to store some furniture for her."

"What kind of furniture was it?" asked Mollie.

"A very old-fashioned, gray haircloth set. Have you ever seen it?"

"No," answered Mollie.

"It's queer; ages out of style."

"Why does she keep it?"

"A matter of sentiment, probably. In value it's worth a hundred dollars or so, while she has already paid twice its value over for storage."

"I never knew that Aunt Remember was sentimental," laughed Mollie.

"She doesn't look so, that's a fact. But do you know I fancy the look of those little bright eyes of hers!"

It was an eventful summer, for Marion and Mattie both became engaged. Marion to 'Squire Dillon's son, Mattie to Rob Barney, the butcher's nephew, a young fellow as roly-poly and as easy-going as herself.

Regarding the prospects of the latter couple, Mattie and Rob had promptly contented themselves with the thought that Aunt Remember meant to leave Mattie her money, and forthwith took no thought for the morrow.

The other couple, thinking very sharply of the morrow, hoped that she would leave it to Marion. Marion gave Dudley Dillon every reason to suppose so.

"*He* has a fortune, being an only son. I shall be sure of that, anyway!" she said to herself.

As soon as her bridal outfit could be prepared, she hastened the wedding, for Marion did not mean to be five-and-twenty until after her wedding-day. The next marriage—Mattie and Rob—followed shortly.

"How are you going to live?" asked Aunt Remember of Marion.

"Dudley has means," replied her elder niece.

"How are you going to live?" she asked subsequently, of the 'Squire's rather rakish son.

"My wife will have means, I suppose," he said, with a rather sharp glance at Aunt Remember.

She volunteered no information on the subject, and the wedding, which was close at hand, took place.

"When are you and Charley Everard going to marry?" asked Aunt Remember.

"Charlie can't support two establishments at present; so we must wait," answered Mollie, cheerfully, though the limpid brown eyes had a regretful look in them.

"Then you don't calculate that I intend to leave *you* my money?" said Aunt Remember, grimly.

"No," answered Mollie, quietly.

Marion was no sooner married than she learned that her husband had had a quarrel with his father, and could expect nothing of him. She was too proud to let her family know this, and then commenced a desperate struggle to keep up appearances.

Her dignity and energy shamed her unprincipled husband, and he soon began to make better use of his talents; but, as far as her expectations were concerned, Marion's marriage was a failure. She became a hard, bitter woman.

Mattie and Rob went to live with Rob's uncle, the butcher, and though he was poor and unsentimental, he was good-natured, and suffered them to share with the rest.

But the old saying was true—that never a house was wide enough for two families. When Mattie's fat, good-natured baby was born, Mattie became desperate to have a home of her own, and, tired of waiting for Aunt Remember's money, and longing for independence, she infected Rob with her tardily-developed energy, and they went to work to make a home and a living for themselves.

They had hardly done so before Aunt Remember, who had been silently ailing for a long time, died. Mollie, who was no nearer marriage than she had been three years before, though a little graver, as well as sweeter—for patience and duty well performed make people lovelier as they grow older—Mollie tended her faithfully in her last illness.

"My will is in the escritoir!" were her last words.

When it was read what did they find? The old estate legally secured to Paul Mordaunt and his wife. To Marion, one thousand dollars; to Mattie, one thousand dollars; another thousand to fat little Robby; but these were the only moneys mentioned, and, as I have told you, Aunt Remember had always been considered the richest woman in Peachlands. What did it mean?

To Mollie she had left only the gray haircloth parlor set.

"We can marry now, Mollie," said Charlie Everard, with a rather sad smile.

"I want to see it," said Mollie.

So they went into the great storage chamber, and took the wrappings off the queer old furniture. Pinned upon the back of the sofa was a letter, which, to Mollie's astonishment, she found directed to "My Niece," in Aunt Remember's cramped, stiff hand. The letter read as follows:

"I do not know which of my three nieces will get this in years to come—time must decide that; but it will be to my favorite. In leaving this set of furniture to her, I leave a legacy which I should like preserved—for it is surrounded by associations I have never spoken of. This furniture occupied my mother's best parlor when I was a girl, and many happy hours I spent there when I was engaged to marry John Everard. The furniture of the old parlor, where we spent our evenings, is all that is left me to remember him by, for I sent back his gifts when I foolishly promised to marry a rich man. I tried to be a good wife to my husband; but I never have been happy—never! I always have regretted that step. During the years I was a widow, with large sums of money in the house, I used to fear robbery, and at various times concealed bank-bills of different denominations beneath the lining of this sofa, where they will be found—enough, I think, to secure the finder from any fear of future want."

Breathlessly they ripped down the rusty linings, and what a sight! The old sofa was literally stuffed with bank-bills of the highest denominations. If the same amount of money had been concealed in gold in it, ten men could not have lifted it, Mollie thought.

Gratefully she accepted her legacy—gratefully preserved the old furniture, which will again become an heirloom to the children she and Charlie Everard proudly call theirs; and this story will be handed down from generation to generation, little as the little woman's favorite niece had suspected her of "a matter of sentiment."

To Marion, let me add a little daughter was given later in life, of whom she says:

"She shall never marry for money. I will warn her!"—*Saturday Night.*

A Cure for Unrequited Love.

A curious love episode had its culmination in court here to-day when Jennie Blank, a good-looking young woman of refined appearance, was found guilty of maliciously breaking the windows of William H. Anderson's house. Miss Blank first met Mr. Anderson about nine years ago, and fell deeply in love with him, although he claims that he did not encourage her affection. He ceased to visit her, and she then began to write him letters of the most touching character, but they failed to move him. On the contrary, he wooed and won another woman, whom he married nearly a year ago. But this only seemed to excite Miss Blank to frenzy and she wrote him so many letters that he sometimes received five or six of them in one mail. There was nothing offensive in them; they spoke of hopeless love; but the sentiments were refined and the language well chosen. Mr. Anderson did not reply to them, and some time after his marriage, he said to-day on the witness stand, somebody began to annoy him by systematically breaking the windows of his house. One time a brick was thrown through his store window at three o'clock in the morning. On another occasion his enemy apparently made a miscalculation and sent a stone crashing through the window of a Chinese laundry next door. Mr. Anderson placed himself on watch for the miscreant about two weeks ago, and discovered that it was his admirer. He saw her take a piece of brick out of tissue paper, send it banging against his shop window and walk complacently away. He followed her to Fifth and Walnut Streets, when she turned upon him and said, "Why, Will, is it you? I didn't suppose you had turned spy." Then he had her arrested. Mrs. Anderson could not testify as to the breaking, but said: "I married the man this woman wanted to marry. She is in love with my husband and I cannot help it."

The prisoner took the stand, and it was only by a great deal of ingenious questioning that the prosecution drew from her the admission: "I raised my hand as I passed Mr. Anderson's house and afterward heard the crash of the glass." "That is enough," cried the prosecuting officer, amid a roar of laughter, and Miss Blank, with a face wreathed with smiles, tripped over to a seat in front of the dock, and immediately became engaged in an animated conversation with a strange young man charged with murder. The jury, after remaining out about an hour, found the woman guilty, but recommended her to the mercy of the court. Judge Briggs said that before passing sentence he would have the prison officers make an investigation as to the woman's mental condition.—*Philadelphia Cor. N. Y. Times.*

The Jersey Jacket and Worth Mantle.

The wholesale stores are already busy with making smaller wraps for the spring in two shapes that have met with favor during the winter. These are the Jersey jacket and the short Worth mantle. The Jersey jacket is a plain long enirass made single-breasted, and with all the seams of the back sewed their entire length to make the garment fit closely over the hips and tournure. This garment follows every outline of the figure as smoothly as a woven Jersey waist would, and dispenses with the outside pockets, the lappets and buttons at the back that were the marked features of the masculine English walking jackets. Small buttons, in a single row, fasten this jacket down the entire front, and the other only trimming admissable upon it is tubular braid put on in military rows. The length depends upon the wearer, as it must be made as long as she can wear it without wrinkling when she sits, as its beauty depends upon its smoothness. This design has been in favor as a part of tailor-made suits all winter, and will be used in the spring in Cheviots, English homespuns, coachmen's drab diagonal cloths, also slate gray or gray-blue, olive, brown and dark green cloth.

The short Worth mantles for dressy occasions are made of black satin or of camel's hair, trimmed with ruffles of the material that are gathered, not pleited, and with frills of Spanish lace or the full ruches of chenille. Some undress mantles of Cheviots will also be made to wear with various dresses. These wraps have the loose mantilla front, square sides giving the effect of square sleeves, and either one, two or three seams behind. The back lies smoothly on the bouffant tournure, and the garment is of even length all around, falling just below the hips. Such wraps are now worn of velvet and of moire figured plush to complete costumes of the same material.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Baptist church has been organized at Santa Fe, New Mexico, being the third in that Territory.

—There are in the Canadian Provinces ninety-one Congregational churches, with fifty-one pastors and 5,635 members. Their church property is valued at $500,000.

—The venerable W. W. Corcoran, who never wearies in good works, has given to Columbian University a valuable site in Washington for its college, law school and scientific school.

—The Roman Catholics are making determined efforts to convert the people of Central Africa to their faith. Already more than fifty missionaries have gone from Algeria to Equatorial Africa, and the Pope is urging greater efforts.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe's son Charles was ordained and installed pastor of the Saco (Me.) Congregational Church, the other day, though four of the five deacons and thirty-three members protested that he lacked piety and was theologically loose.

—The total receipts of the American Board for the last financial year were $691,245. Of this sum $257,907 was expended for the four missions in Turkey; $103,781 for three missions in India; $89,642 for the two missions in China; $46,624 for Japan and $51,276 for three missions in Africa.

—The South Congregational Sunday School of New Britain, Conn., pays its Superintendent a regular salary, and he devotes his whole time to the interests of the school, visiting families, looking after absent scholars, etc. It is the largest Protestant Sunday School in the State, and numbers about 1,000 members.

—The ordinary country school-house is as ill-adapted for the use to which it is put to as anything could be. The Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wisconsin has done a good service for his State in preparing and sending out a circular containing designs for buildings, of various prices, with practical suggestions as to ventilation, lighting, etc.

—As the result of his last year's work in China, Dr. Nevins counts one hundred villages which have become centres of Christian work, and in these are thirty churches. His parish extends over some 300 miles of country, in which he is the only evangelist employed by the board, although the number of conversions have increased twenty per cent. in the last few years. There are still whole provinces, containing an average of about 2,000,000 inhabitants unentered by missionaries.

—During 1881 the missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union in the Northwest established 547 new Sunday-schools, mostly in pioneer settlements, aided 1,044 old schools—1,591 in all, having 5,756 teachers and 49,874 scholars. They placed in these settlements pure and healthful literature, valued at $8,261; distributed 5,142 Bibles and Testaments, visited 9,188 families, conducted 2,185 religious services, organized and attended 112 conventions for the instruction of teachers, and traveled 119,144 miles.

—The final abandonment by Dr. Talmadge, of Brooklyn, of the so-called free-pew system, and the substitution of the plan of selling the choice of seats at a fixed rental at auction, first introduced, we believe, by Plymouth Church, must be regarded as a significant testimony against the experiment of maintaining a free seat church by the contributions of attendants. The method has long since been abandoned by the Roman Catholic metropolitan churches, whose pew doors open only to renters by year or the day; it is generally going out of vogue with the Methodists.—*Christian Union.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Ah me," sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a loan-sum life we lead."

—"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the exense of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

—It may be mortifying young man, but that moss agate slab you are wearing for a sleeve button is not the proper thing. Have it made over into a center table, and then buy a small, fashionable cuff button.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Here is a popular eastern actress. She has $75,000 in diamonds and $50,000 in dresses. Her salary is forty dollars a week. She boards at home and makes her mother do the work. Economy is the road to wealth.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

—A surgeon has removed a patient's leg above the knee. The subject laments the loss of his limb. "Come, come," says the man of science cheerily, "you mustn't take on so. It's all for the best—see, you were going to have a corn on your little toe."

—Gus Singsadly is deaf as a post. During one of the cold days recently a friend told him he would freeze his ears if he did not protect them in some way. "Suppose they do freeze," said Singsadly, "what harm will that do, they're no good."—*Rochester Express.*

—"Friends," once said a clergyman to a number of people who had entered his church for the purpose of getting out of the rain, "I have often heard of the church being used as a cloak for one's sins, but this is the first time I ever heard of its being used as an umbrella."

—Recently at Los Angeles a married woman eloped with her coachman, in consequence of which her husband shot himself. The next day his daughter, who was also in love with the coachman, went insane, while the servant-girl, who was in turn gone on the defunct husband, tried to drown herself three times. We shall get out an extra as soon as we learn of the course taken by the house-dog in the matter.—*Derrick' Dodd.*

—Here we have a poet. He writes for the country newspaper. The paper does not pay him anything for writing. He writes for glory. See how pale and thin he is. Perhaps glory does not agree with him. At night he walks without a hat to let the starlight soak into his brain. He never gets full. Nobody ever asks to. He was not born a genius. At a very early age he fell out of the garret window, and when they picked him up he was a poet. Poets are therefore made, not born. This is why flats are built eight and ten stories high.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Hornbill and Toucan.

The chief of the singular birds at the "Zoo" is kept in a secluded cage and can be seen only through the good offices of his keeper and a fee. His Latin name, particularly if it described half his accomplishments, would be so long that we pass it by and choose the more prosaic title of hornbill. It is a bird with a body much like that of the eagle, black and white in color. Its head is fitted with an enormous bill as large as the human hand, sharp-pointed and crowned with a horny plate as large as a butter-dish. Mr. Hornbill's keeper takes his stand ten feet away and tosses grapes at the bird so rapidly that the human eye can hardly follow them through the air. But the eye of the hornbill is quicker, and he catches them every one in his bill, now depressing it, now raising it in air, and again turning it sideways according to the angle at which the grape is delivered to him; and when half a dozen grapes are shot at him in succession as rapidly as the keeper can do it, the bird usually misses but one. If a grape were only a base-ball, the hornbill could give points to the best of our professional first basemen. The hornbill and toucan (which also has a huge bill, sometimes ten inches long) have a funny way of feeding from the ground. They pick up the food in the extremities of their bills; then, with a toss of the head, open the mouth, and the food describes the arc of a circle falling into the gullet with absolute certainty. Some years ago under the hornbill's perch was found what looked like a fig enclosing a mass of slightly digested grapes and other food. It was supposed for a time that the bird had disgorged its own stomach. The fig-like mass was passed over to the dissecter of the Zoological Society, and Mr. Hornbill was watched carefully for any ill effects. Presently the bird, which meantime had kept as well as usual, threw up its "stomach" again, and ere long the dissecter reported that what seemed a stomach was only an inner lining formed by a thick secretion, the disgorging of which was a natural function of the bird. Soon after it was found that other birds in the "Zoo" had the same curious habit. It seems that the hornbill, of which there are altogether some six species living in Africa, Hindostan and Burmah, have a singular way of nesting, of which the habit above described is an incident. The male takes the female to a hollow tree. There the mother-bird builds a nest of her own feathers and lays her eggs. Then the mail builds up the hole with clay, and keeps his mate a close prisoner until the eggs are hatched. In the clay is left a small hole, through which the female protrudes her bill, and the male bird keeps her well provided with dainties, gathering them in his stomach and then disgorging them in the pouch mentioned above. If the female breaks down the clayey harrier the male instantly kills her. During the period of incubation the labors of the male make him so weak and sickly that he often yields to any sudden change of weather and dies. But the female waxes fat as a Thanksgiving turkey on her lord's devotion, and the natives often seek her out when on her nest and kill her as a great delicacy.—*London Cor. N. Y. Post.*

The Advantages of Utterism.

The notion that grew up about six years ago that every one ought to be æsthetic, and that every one who followed certain recipes could be so, and gain healthy enjoyment of art by merely living in a certain atmosphere, was one that would scarcely have needed refutation had it not been the genuine expression, though in an exaggerated form, of the reaction from the Philistinism of the earlier part of the century. At the bottom of the sham sentiment and fashionable foolishness, which, as it were, armor-plated the æsthetic movement, there was a real desire for a little more beauty in the surroundings of life, and perhaps even a wish for a less material view of life itself. Possibly the weakest stripling who poured over a lily in a glass of water was as estimable a spectacle as "the First Gentleman in Europe" being hoisted into his inexpressibles by half a dozen valets, and the ladies who waved peacock fans slowly in the dim light of sage-green drawing-rooms would have compared favorably in all but complexion with their prototypes of the Regency. At all events, both the male and female æsthetic had some faint notion of an ideal—not wholly selfish, nor wholly base—and though the ideal was as nebulous as the atmosphere of the boudoirs, it was sufficient to prevent their being wholly contemptible. Unlike Kingley's maiden, they did no "noble things," but dreamed "them all day long;" and, though their dreams were irritating to others—at least, when they issued in action—they in the end worked a considerable change. It would be difficult now for any one, even buying furniture or domestic utensils of any sort, to avoid becoming possessed of a considerable number of objects which were really good in form and color, and the importation of really beautiful fabrics and embroideries from the East has increased enormously. It is almost as common to see a bit of Rhodian embroidery in a drawing-room now as it was to see a piece of Berlin wool-work a dozen years ago, and the houses are few and far between, in London at least, which have not a bit of Japanese art, whether it be on paper, lacquer, bronze, or silk, lighting up some odd corner. And good, too, has been done to painting, indirectly, by making artists feel that the sympathy of a considerable mass of the public is with them, and so encouraging them to take heart of grace to work steadily in their own way.—*London Spectator.*

—Temperance people frequently place a "hot bottle" to their feet when in bed. Is this right?—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Of course it is right. If more people were to place hot bottles to their feet instead of placing them to their lips they would experience much less difficulty in standing on their feet.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Three men called at the house of a Norwegian in Wisconsin and demanded money. The man was away, and thus the wife felt called upon to pitch one over the stove, break one arm for the second and scalp the third with a stick of wood.

Justice for a Dancing-Master.

Considerable interest was excited in the Russian capital a short time ago by a curious case tried before the chief magistrate of the Eighth Police District, both plaintiff and defendant being persons well known in the upper circles of St. Petersburg society. The former, Michael Grasdinski, a noble by birth, is a fashionable dancing master, patronized by the Court and aristocracy; the latter, Captain Bresenski, a staff officer of the Imperial Guard. It appears that Grasdiuski had given twenty dancing lessons at the rate of two rubles per lesson—his regular charge—to the Captain's youthful daughter, and had applied repeatedly for payment of his bill, but in vain. One evening he called upon de Bresenski in person to collect his forty rubles, and was shown into the dining-room, where the gallant guardsman, whose speech and demeanor exhibited unmistakable symptoms of vinous excitement, greeted him with affectionate joviality, and, in reply to Grasdinski's respectful request for a settlement of account, declared himself ready and willing to pay up on the spot to the last copeck upon one trifling condition—that his creditor should there and then dance the "Kamarinski" for his (Bresenski's) special and particular delectation. This the terpsichorean professor steadfastly declined to do, whereupon Bresenski's cheerfulness incontinently forsook him, and, summoning his servants he commanded them to "throw the dancing dog into the street." They fulfilled his orders to the letter. Charged with assault, Captain de Bresenski attempted to excuse his conduct on the ground that he had intended to pay Grasdinski a compliment in asking him to dance, and on his abrupt refusal to comply with the request had been moved by natural indignation to turn him out of doors. The court, however, failing to recognize the force of this argument, sentenced Captain Bresenski to suffer three days' imprisonment and to pay the outraged dancing-master's claim in full. Public opinion in St. Petersburg is unanimous in approving the justice of this decision. —*London Telegraph.*

"Yes, Sir, I'd Shoot Him."

Six or eight congenial spirits sat around a stove in a Grand River grocery the other night, and after several other subjects had been exhausted, some one introduced that of panics in churches, theaters and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark:

"Gentleman I just long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd give a new twenty dollar bill to be in the theater one night when there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one good, level-headed man could stop the thing as easily as you could end up that barrel of flour."

"Well, I dunno about that," observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire! and hear it where and when you may it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theatre in case there was a cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued the grocer withdrew to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a board, and gave three or four men the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "fire!" and "powder!" and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary, he fell over a lot of baskets piled up between him and the door, got up to plow his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposite side of the street.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Incident of Garfield's Last Days.

At a little company the other evening at which Colonel Rockwell, who has been visiting the Garfields during the holidays, was present, the conversation was about Garfield and his way of making intimate acquaintances of so many different men. "He had many very intimate friends," said Colonel Rockwell, "but there were some to whom he was especially attached. With all of these he was intimate in a particular direction. Prof. Hinsdale enjoyed his confidence as an old associate and scholarly gentleman. General Swaim he regarded with somewhat a brotherly affection. Blaine and Garfield were intimate in a social as well as public way. Each enjoyed the other's confidence for years in the House together. Then there were Conger, of Michigan, and Morton, of New York, and several others with whom Garfield had always been on the best of terms. But among all of these there was no one who enjoyed his confidence and esteem so fully as Swaim. They had long been associated in many ways, and Swaim was more like a member of his family circle than any of the others." Then the conversation turned to the last days of the great man. "There is one thing I believe that has thus far escaped being published," said the Colonel, "and that was a little incident that occurred only a few days before his death. It was along in the afternoon, and I was the only one near his bedside at the time. He had just awakened from a short nap, and lay quietly gazing at the ceiling above. 'Old boy,' said he, suddenly, 'do you think my name will ever go down in history?' 'Yes,' I responded; 'not so much, though, for what you have done as what you will do.' With a sad smile upon his face and a slight shaking of his head, he said: 'No, not for what I will do; my work is finished.'"—*Cleveland Herald.*

—A son of the late Orson Pratt, one of the original Mormon apostles, is in Washington urging legislation to put an end to polygamy. He is a son of his father's first wife and his mother taught him the evil of Mormonism, consequently he wants it wiped out.

—A Vermont boy who went under the ice and wasn't pulled out for nine minutes says it was the nicest dream he ever had, although he kept clutching around for the bedclothes.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SHY EYES! SLY EYES!

I pray you, for a moment's space,
Maiden, uplift your downcast face,
That I may mark the morning rise,
Now curtained by those Orient eyes,
Too long so coldly, coyly hid
Beneath the fringed and tremulous lid:
Shy eyes! sly eyes!

Over your golden ritual bent,
Are you on pious dreams intent?
Yet something like a sidewise hint,
A transient gleam, a fleeting glint,
As of blue lightning, seems to flash
From out each long and languid lash:
Shy eyes! sly eyes!

Rolled down the solemn minster calm,
Peal the deep notes of prayer and psalm;
The people kneel, the people rise,
And still you will not lift your eyes,
Nor let me—naughty maiden!—see
The brightness of their witchery:
Shy eyes! sly eyes!

The Dean within the pulpit stands,
With reverent mien and stainless hands;
All through his sermon, grave and wise,
I can not move to meet your eyes,
Though by your bonnet's tilted brim
I know they're coyly raised to *him:*
Shy eyes! sly eyes!

Well, now! the goal of quiet's won—
The prayers are o'er, the sermon done;
At last unveiled, and glorious, rise
The splendors of your Eastern eyes;
And yet so tender is their shine,
One moment lifted up to mine,
I vow their light is half divine:
Fond eyes! sweet eyes!

—*Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Bazar.*

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

A famous prima-donna had been giving a concert in the parlor of the large hotel at Mount——. The few last rich notes of song had died away on the air; the applause had ceased; and slowly the audience was breaking up into little knots, with the usual interchange of greetings and comments.

Outside, by one of the long windows that opened on the broad piazza, stood a young girl, bending eagerly forward. The hood of her water-proof cloak was drawn back, and the light from within fell on her fair hair, her wide-open, blue eyes, and her red, parted lips.

"O, Dick," and the words ended with a little shiver, "wasn't it beautiful? If I could *only* sing like that."

Her companion, a tall, broad-shouldered, young countryman, was leaning carelessly against the window frame, with his dark, earnest eyes fixed as intently on the girl's face as hers were on the gay scene before them.

"I think—I am almost sure—I could do it if I tried," she continued, without waiting for an answer. "Listen, Dick!"

She dropped her head slightly, and warbled, in a clear, flute-like voice, first softly, then louder, two or three bars of the song she had just heard, ending with a crisp little run.

"There, I knew I could do it," she cried, gleefully, "only, somehow, I do not exactly know how to manage my breath, and my voice seemed to run away from me. How pretty it is in there. The beautiful dresses, the long trains, the bright lights and the flowers. How glorious it must be to stand there with all those faces looking at you and all those grand people listening, as if their lives depended on hearing every word you sang. And the applause, Dick—I don't see how any one could help singing after *that*."

A troubled expression passed over the young man's face.

"Let us be going, Milly," he said, abruptly, "or some of these fine people will be coming out here and find us peeping."

But the girl did not stir. Her face was still turned toward the parlor.

"No one will think of coming out here; the dampness would spoil all those pretty dresses."

She pressed her face, as she spoke, close to the window-pane. "I believe I could stay here all night and watch," she added.

"Come, Milly." Dick spoke sternly now. "It's half-past ten o'clock, and I promised Aunt Rhoda to bring you back early. The chances are that we will get caught in the rain, as it is; the sky is as black as pitch."

Milly yielded, reluctantly, to his grasp. But as they reached the edge of the piazza, and Dick sprang lightly to the ground and raised his arms to assist her, she cast a last, lingering glance at the window.

"There's the beautiful lady who sang, Dick," she said, "standing there, with all those people pushing and crowding, to get a chance to speak to her. I had rather be in her place than to be a queen on the throne. How nice it would have been, if *we* could have walked in at the front door—I, with my long train, and you, with your white gloves, and have sat down with the best of them, instead of creeping up on the piazza, and standing outside, in the darkness, listening——"

Dick lifted her to the ground. "Put this on, Milly; it's a chilly night, if it *is* July," said he, drawing the hood of the cloak over the girl's head, and allowing his hand to linger, for a moment, on the rippling hair, with a caressing touch. "What a flighty little Milly you are, after all! To think that a few line dresses and gay people should be able to turn such a sensible little head as yours."

"Not so flighty as you think, perhaps," returned the girl, proudly, drawing away from him. "And it isn't the sight of the fine dresses and gay people; it is the thought of what I might do with my voice, if I only had the chance. There's trouble ahead, Dick. It is coming slowly but surely. I've lain awake many a night thinking of it. Aunt Rhoda is old and feeble and that trouble with Uncle Seth's eyesight is growing worse all the time. Ever since he had to pay those notes that he had to indorse for a friend, and we had to put a mortgage on the farm, it has been very hard to get along. If his eyes should give out entirely—I hardly dare think of it—there is no one but me for them to lean upon in their old age."

"You're not the only one, Milly," said Dick, bringing his hands down, heavily, on his arm. "There is a good, strong arm—and a willing heart to back it."

"But you have your mother and your education to look out for. No—no—it's very kind of you to feel that way, but we have no claim on you. It wouldn't be right——"

"No claim?" echoed Dick. "*No claim?*"

His heart beat fast as he bit his lips hard to keep back the torrent of impetuous words that struggled for utterance.

He and Milly had reached the gate by this time, and in stooping to unfasten the latch, he gained a little leisure for self-control.

"What have I to give her but myself," he thought. "And what am I but a great, hulking fellow, who has not yet found out what his place is to be in the world. Better wait forever, than to come to her empty-handed."

He opened the gate for her to pass through, and then, aided by his strong arms, she sprang into the wagon.

"No claim, Milly?" he repeated bitterly. "No claim! It's a pity if the girl I have known ever since she was a baby, whom I have drawn to school on my sled, and who has been to me first playmate, then friend—I say it's a great pity if the girl who is as dear—as dear—as dear—" Dick felt the blood mounting to his forehead, as he continued, stammering, "as dear to me as—as—a sister—cannot feel that she has the best claim on me in the world. And as for Uncle Seth, who, in his prosperous days, has done so many kind turns for mother and me, why, his claim is so plain that a blind man could see it. O, Milly, don't speak like that again. You don't know how the words hurt. Hold the reins for me a moment, while I look for the lantern. Where can it be?"

Just then there was the pattering of feet on the gravel-walk, and a young woman ran down to the gate, swinging a lantern in her hand.

"Here's your lantern, Dick Ashley," she said, raising it so that the light showed her to be a bright, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, rusty beauty. "I thought you would be wanting it, so I came down and took it up to the house to light it for you. And I should have been back sooner only I was hindered in helping with the supper. Well, how did you like the concert? You haven't thanked me, Milly, for getting you a place, where you could see and hear it all."

"Thank you, Kate. It was a great treat. I shall remember that voice as long as I live. And all the time the lady was singing, I felt as if I was going up—up—up—I don't know where."

"Well, Milly," and Dick laid his hand on her arm, "please *don't* go up—we want you down here, just at present. You see, Kate, whenever Milly gets into her romantic flights, I am the weight to pull her down to sober common sense; otherwise, we might lose her."

Kate's keen eyes caught the movement of Dick's hand and a scowl passed over her handsome face.

"Milly loves music so well," she said, "and understands so much more about it, that she feels differently from us. Now, for my part, Dick, I think Milly's voice just as fine as the one you heard to-night; and I believe she could sing just as well if she had the teaching."

"Milly doesn't need any teaching. She sings well enough as it is."

"O, Kate. O, Dick," said Milly, depreciatingly, while Dick held out his hand, impatiently, for the lantern.

"I do," reiterated Kate. "It's the solemn truth. I only wish I had Milly's voice. You wouldn't catch me settling down in a stupid place like this when I might get to be rich and famous. There's no end to the luck a good voice brings. Why, there's Miss B——, up at the house, the lady who sang to-night; they say she was a poor country girl; and some one found out what a voice she had, and gave her lessons; and now she is just rolling in money. She takes care of her mother, that gray-haired lady, who sat near the door; and does so much good besides. And I can see, as I wait on her at table, how much every one, even those grand 'stuck-up' people thinks of her."

Kate was the daughter of one of the village farmers. She taught school the greater part of the year, and during vacation, eked out her scanty income by waiting on table at the Mount—— hotel.

"Wait a moment, Dick," pleaded Milly, as the young man murmured something about its being time to go. "How long will Miss B—— stay at the hotel, Kate?"

"Only this week. Then she goes to Europe to rest. She gave that concert last night to help one of the poor women at the hotel. She is a kind body, and seems to be always ready to do a friendly act."

The young horse darted forward as he felt the sudden sting of Dick's lash. "Good-night, Kate," called the young man. "You and Milly will catch your deaths, standing out here in the damp."

Kate stood for a moment listening to the sound of the retreating wheels. "Look sharp, Dick Ashley, she said, with a mocking laugh, "or you'll lose your pretty bird. You think you have her safe caged; but for all your watchfulness, she may fly out into the world and leave you; and *I am the one who has unfastened the door.* I've seen that Milly has been uneasy in her mind this long while, thinking of the old folks' trouble, and wanting to earn something to help them. It only needed those words from me to start the thing. With Milly once well out of the way, Dick might have eyes for girls who are far more handsome than she. It's a game worth playing, at all events, and I am willing to risk everything on it."

Dick, alarmed and vexed at the turn conversation had taken, drove home in silence; and Milly was too busy with her half-formed plans, to say more than a word or two.

"Good-night, Milly," he said, tenderly, as he unlocked the door of the farmhouse for her. "I shall not see you again for three weeks. I am going to start to-morrow for cousin John's. He is the one who has promised to give me a little help in my education, and I shall make him quite a visit. Don't borrow any trouble. There will be a way provided, without your putting your shoulder to the wheel; trust to me for that. So, go to sleep, without a thought of what is to come. The 'darkest day,' you know, 'is just before the dawn.'"

The day after the concert aunt Rhoda sent Milly up to the hotel, to tell the housekeeper that she could have "that week's churning," for the hotel table, if she wished it. The young girl had delivered the message, and was walking slowly down the broad, well-kept walk, when she noticed that the great piazza was nearly deserted, it being the hour when almost all the ladies were dressing for dinner.

But one lady sat by the side of the front door, reading, and as she raised her eyes from her book Milly saw that it was the singer whom she had heard the night before.

It was a strange thing for shy little Milly to do, but before she thought she found herself standing before the lady, who was looking at her curiously.

"If you please, ma'm," said Milly, blushing, "I heard you sing last night, and it was so beautiful. And I think I can sing, too; and we are so poor, and need the money so much at home. I wonder if you would tell me if my voice was worth anything."

The lady dropped her book. "What is it, my dear?" she asked kindly. "I don't quite understand."

"If you would only, *please*, see if I could sing ma'am." Milly, as she spoke, wrung her hands, nervously.

"O, you want me to try your voice. Why of course I will. Come into the parlor and you shall sing for me, and then I will sing a little for you. Don't be afraid. There is never anyone there at this hour. We can have it all to ourselves."

She led the way, and Milly followed, timidly. The large parlor was deserted. Seating herself at the piano Miss B—— ran her fingers lightly over the keys, and then asked: "What can you sing, my child?"

"All the old hymns and songs; Uncle Seth likes the old Scotch songs best of all."

"Do you know this?" playing "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town," and she looked up at Milly as she spoke. Milly nodded assent.

"Very well, now sing, right out."

Milly's voice trembled and hesitated, at first; but the accompaniment gave her courage, and then it poured out rich and strong, filling the large room and echoing through the hall and corridors.

The lady paused in astonishment. "Why, of course, you can sing. My child, you have a glorious voice—now, go on——"

After the song was finished Miss B—— tried Milly's voice in sustained notes and scales; and, at the end of the brief lesson the delighted pupil found herself sitting by the teacher's side pouring into her sympathetic ears all her troubles and fears and hopes and plans.

It was the talk of the whole town when, just a week from that time, Miss B—— left for Europe, taking Milly with her. It had required much persuasion on her part; but when she had satisfied Uncle Seth that Milly would be in good hands, he reluctantly gave his consent. Miss B—— undertook to pay all expenses and the only condition of the agreement was a solemn promise that Milly should not sing in opera, the good old man having inherited from his Puritan ancestors a horror of the stage.

When Dick came home he was stunned by the news of Milly's departure. Great, too, was his astonishment and grief when he found she had gone without one little note or word of special farewell.

"Did she leave nothing with you, Kate?" he asked, as he overtook that young woman on her way to singing-school.

It was too dark for him to notice Kate's flushed face and confused manner.

"No," said Kate, slowly, "the fact was, Milly's head was completely filled with her new friends and new life. And she did not have all the luck, Dick. I have been appointed postmistress. It will be far better than tramping through the snow to teach tiresome children."

But Dick hardly heard what she said. He was thinking of Milly. "It's but the beginning of the end," he murmured. "She will never be the same Milly again. O why did they send her out in the world, away from those who love her best?"

He wrote her kindly once, twice, three, *four* times, without receiving an answer. Then, in a fit of indignation he wrote to Miss B——, demanding an explanation—and that, too, failed to win a reply.

"Are you sure you put on the right stamps?" he asked of Postmistress Kate, and she assured him that she "was sure."

They had letters regularly at the farmhouse, however, and Kate seemed to be the favorite correspondent. Dick began to look on her as the only link left between him and Milly. He left, after awhile, for a neighboring town, to study for the ministry; but came home frequently; and never failed to pass a part of the time with Kate; for, in spite of Milly's cruel neglect, he found himself hungering for the slightest tidings of her.

For the first two years Milly wrote that she was studying hard and making rapid progress. Presents came to the farm-house and money to pay the interest on the mortgage. There were also pretty little gifts, sent through Kate to old friends, Dick being the only one forgotten. At last came the news of a grand triumph. Milly had sung in public, and her success was assured. Various extracts from foreign journals were copied by the papers lauding the beauty and talent of the young American singer. Then Milly pleaded for two or three years more, and accompanied the letter with a check to pay off a portion of the mortgage; and with this came a photograph of herself in *grande toilette.* Meantime the years went by. Seven had passed. During that time gentle Aunt Rhoda had been carried to her last rest and slept in the village cemetery. Milly's money, however, procured a capable housekeeper for Uncle Seth in the person of one of his nieces.

Dick, too, had been fighting his way in the world, and climbing step by step. The Rev. Richard Ashley was beginning to be widely known as the able, earnest young pastor of the large and flourishing church in the city of ——.

Uncle Seth finally placed himself in the hands of a skillful oculist for an operation on his eyes. It proved unsuccessful, and the good old man was doomed to total blindness. Dick heard of the result, and hurried to the farm to offer what comfort he could.

It was a beautiful day in June when he stepped upon the platform of the station at Mount ——. In front of him stood a lady, who had just left the forward car. Something familiar in the quick step and carriage of the slender figure caused Dick to start, violently. The lady was dressed in deep mourning and wore a heavy crape veil over her face. Handing a baggage-check to one of the drivers she passed into the waiting-room. Dick felt strongly impelled to follow her, but chiding himself for his curiosity, turned on his heel and walked away.

Across the track was a footpath, leading to a short cut through the fields and woods, to the farm. But Dick had a business errand at one of the houses near by, and he followed the main road. When he left the farmer's house he turned aside from the highway, and crossing a field, reached the bypath to the farm. How the old memories came surging into his mind! How often had Milly and he walked under those trees. Yonder, was the little brook, with the broad stepping-stones, which they had crossed a hundred times. He strode forward, rapidly, and stood by its brink. In the middle of the stream, on a large flat stone, stood the lady whom he had seen at the station. The recent heavy rains had washed away some of the stones, and a wide space of rushing water rolled between her and the bank.

It was but the work of a moment to roll a stone into the stream, and to assist her to spring to the other bank. As she threw back her veil to thank him Dick raised his eyes and saw—Milly herself.

"I came but yesterday," she explained, after an awkward silence. "Miss B—— died suddenly, and her mother and I left at once for home. I did not telegraph, because I wanted to surprise them at the farm. Are they well?"

"You have not heard, then?" returned Dick, gently, "it is as you feared. Uncle Seth's eyes have given out."

"O, why did they keep it from me?" she cried. "I would have come at once. It is a mercy that I am able to take care of him."

They walked along, slowly, talking of uncle Seth and his affliction.

"It seems but yesterday that I left," murmured Milly. "Thank God, il *friends* prove fickle there are some things that do *not* change. This path, this brook, seem the very same that I left, years ago, and these trees are not altered; even the little flowers are in the old places. How is—Kate?"

She spoke hesitatingly now.

"Kate?" he repeated. Kate? I do not know."

"Do not know?"

"She left here four years ago—married a gay young clerk, and went out West to live."

"I—I thought she was married to you," gasped Milly. "In every letter she spoke of seeing you, being with you, and the others wrote in the same way. She told me she was going to be married; and I supposed, of course, it was to you."

"For the first time Dick smiled. "I did see a great deal of her; it was the only way I could hear from you," he said.

They had reached the short lane by this time, that led to the farm house.

"One word, Milly, said Dick. "I have a right to know. Tell me what I have ever done that you should answer none of my letters, that you should leave without one word of farewell?"

"It is the very question I have been longing to put to you. I left a long, long letter for you, with Kate. I wrote again and again. I sent messages and gifts by her, until hope died in my heart. And all these long, weary years, poor, little, homesick, far-away Milly has been waiting and praying for one word of encouragement from her old friend—is it possible that Kate——"

"I see it all now," replied Dick. "She has very near made a total wreck of two happy lives."

The sound of a voice, singing an old, familiar hymn, came through the open door of the farm house. Milly lifted her finger to Dick, and hurried through the hall into the kitchen.

Uncle Seth, with a bandage over his eyes, sat in an arm-chair, with his niece on a low stool at his feet. As the young woman arose, in surprise, Milly motioned for her to be silent.

"Why do you stop?" queried the old man, impatiently. "That was one of Milly's favorite hymns. But you don't sing it as she did. Go on, Sophia."

The girl obeyed. But after the first line, a clear, rich voice joined in the refrain. The old man started to his feet.

"Milly," he cried, groping with outstretched arms. "It is—it must be—Milly, come back again."

Milly threw her arms around his neck and answered, brokenly, "It *is* Milly, come to be eyes for you in your blindness—to stay with you, always—to share her good fortune with you—to leave you never, never more."

A smile lighted the meek, patient face.

"I am content, now. It is Milly come back to me and to Richard," he continued, hearing Dick's voice.

Dick could not speak; but his earnest eyes put the question that his tongue refused to utter.

Milly's lips parted in a happy laugh, as she stroked the old man's silver locks.

"It is Milly come back to you—to you and to Richard," she added, gently, placing her hand in the young man's eager grasp.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

How It Feels to be Hanged.

Yesterday several gentlemen were speaking of capital punishment, when Mr. J. L. McNeely, one of the most prosperous farmers in Pulaski County, remarked: "Gentlemen, so far as the punishment is concerned, hanging does not amount to anything. I was hung once till I was insensible, and the feeling could scarcely be called pain." The bystanders thought that he was joking. "I am in earnest," he continued. "In 1865, just at the close of the war, robbers came to my house in search of money. As a precaution against such visitors I had given two watches and $600 in gold to a trusty colored woman to keep for me until times improved. I was lying in bed, crippled. Several men entered the room, and, without saying anything, put a rope around my neck and began to pull. I told them that if they were going to hang me, to wait until I could get my crutch, so that I could walk to the hanging place. They took me out on the gallery, and, throwing the rope over a cross-beam, asked me for my money. I told them that I had none. They drew me up. For a moment I experienced a slight choking sensation, and then I became insensible. When I became conscious, after being taken down, I was sitting on the steps. The sensations while regaining consciousness were very much like those experienced during a nightmare.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Snake Story.

To get a snake out of a bottle is a tedious job; in whatever position it is turned, the head will be directed upward, so that the only way to induce him to come out is to place the bottle upright or nearly so; even then the head is withdrawn on the slightest alarm and the position is by no means favorable to its transference to a box. If the door or opening of the latter will admit of it, the best plan is to put the bottle uncorked into the box and let the snake crawl out at its leisure, first "chocking off" the bottle with a wedge of paper or wood, lest it should roll over on the reptile, and fastening a string to it in order that it may be removed without difficulty at the earliest possible opportunity.

One of the most poisonous snakes I ever possessed was brought to me in a brandy-bottle, and after twisting, and shaking, and tapping it for an hour without avail, I grew impatient. The tail just then happened to protrude about half an inch, so I seized it with my fingers, and, rapidly drawing the body through the other hand, had the reptile safely in my grip behind his death-dealing jaws, now distended with anger. But the slide of my snake-box was shut over, and I could not draw it back with one hand; so I was obliged to let him slip back in the bottle again. Having set the box all in order for the new-comer's reception, I once more essayed to lay hold of him by the tail; but now most provokingly, no amount of maneuvering would bring that useful member to the top. Another half hour's unsuccessful angling converted my patience into desperation, and at length, when I saw the tail about two inches from the mouth of the bottle, I stuck my forefinger in recklessly to try to secure it.

That was hopeless, as I might have know; but it certainly did cool my spine a little when I discovered, on attempting to withdraw it, that my finger was jamed! I pulled, wrenched, twisted it with all my might, for the brute was raising its head, and its flickering tongue was rapidly approaching the unhappy digit that involuntarily corked up its prison. I gave a final tug, the violence of which nearly dislocated all my phalanges; but it was no use, and with a yell I raised the bottle high in the air, intending to smash it on the head of my bunk. I distinctly felt the snake, momentarily inverted, fall on the end of my finger, but as I flung my hand up the bottle slipped off and fell on the deck behind me, fortunately without breaking. By the time I picked it up the snake was half way out, hissing furiously with rage and fright, and I had but just time to thrust it into the box. If I had not been flurried, I should probably have been able to extricate my finger with but very little difficulty. It is of the utmost importance never to lose presence of mind in dealing with these things.—*London Field.*

Winter Life in Holland.

In Holland the fun of winter life takes many forms; and winter facilitates locomotion, as the highways of summer available for trek-schuits become the best thoroughfares for those who skate. In this way, directly the ice bears, visits are made and distances traveled which cannot be done in summer; and, instead of going round and round as we do here on a small confined space, the Dutch make up a party and pay a visit to some neighboring town or village. A bright winter's morning is always exhilarating, especially to those whose red particles are doing their work satisfactorily; how much more so when cheerful company, free exercise, variety of character and constant change of scene all tend to mark the day as a red-letter one; and to crown all comes the pleasant sensation of feeling deservedly tired, with a night's rest well earned. Should the frost be sufficiently severe, a river is most interesting, being on a large scale and partaking more of the character of a fair, which is the case, for instance, on the Maas, at Rotterdam. This is very well pictured in some of the old Dutch engravings; one particularly gives an admirable idea of the whole thing, showing sledges, iceboats, stalls, booths. Now, the freezing of the Maas is most uncertain; while other waters are frozen hard, the Rotterdamers still remain land-bound. The Maas runs very strongly, and the difficulty is for the first coating of ice to form. When a severe frost catches the still water during the night, then "once begun, soon done," and the crews, who turn their berths at night, wake up in the morning to find themselves frozen in. The canals naturally soon freeze over, and the trek-schuit traffic is supplanted by baggage-sledges, large and small. Near dwelling-houses are seen the little box-sledges for the children. These are precisely the same as the seventeenth century contrivances; the child sits with just room for its feet, and, with stick in each hand, pushes astern and propels itself ahead. The adult sledges are in some cases simply gorgeous, as the opportunity affords great latitude for form, great scope for variety of gear, harness and trappings. They are generally rather of the swan outline, the "sleighers" sitting in the body, the driver perched at the back, as on the tail, the sweeping-irons following the curve of the swan's neck; over these run the reins. One horse generally constitutes the team, but in an old engraving three horses in single file are shown drawing a sledge *de luxe.—Good Words*

He Had a Terrible Time.

A gentleman, possessing a rather rough appearance, a native of Kansas City, and who receives his letters and bills addressed through the mails to one William King, strolled into the Union Depot last evening just drunk enough to look tired and sleepy. He threw himself upon one of the wooden benches in the gentleman's waiting room and was soon asleep and snoring. In a few minutes passengers in the waiting-room at the time were startled at the capers he began to cut. He was evidently a chronic somnambulist and imagined in his sleep that he was driving a street car, and endeavoring to manage a very wild team of horses. He stood up on the bench and yelled: "Whoa! whoa!" as he leaned forward and held out his hands, as though he were attempting to obtain a tighter grip on the imaginary lines he was holding. As soon as he was satisfied that he had stopped the horses, he jumped from the bench exclaiming: "Confound it! this car always gets off the track at the wrong time." After making this observation he walked to one end of the bench and began to pull it around the room with all his might and main.

"What are you trying to do?" inquired a bystander.

"Why, you confounded old fool, can't you see I am trying to get this car on the track?"

Finding it was up hill work, he walked to the other end of the bench and tried to quiet his horses again by saying: "Whoa boy, whoa, boy!" etc. This task having been accomplished, he turned to the crowd of spectators and asked them to help him lift the car on the track. When they failed to respond he said: "You are the meanest set of street-car passengers I ever hauled."

"What is the number of your car?" chipped in a bystander who stood near the back, holding his sides as he laughed.

"The number of my car," replied the perspiring somnambulist. "is 47."

At this point of the proceedings a policeman appeared on the scene and dashed the contents of a glass filled with water in the face of the sleep-walker. This awoke him and brought him to his senses forthwith. When he saw the crowd standing around him laughing and slapping each other on the back his astonishment was of course very great.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Mother Shipton's Successor.

No sooner is Mrs. Shipton, with her fatal year, laid away to rest than another prophetess arises in the American Israel, who foretells that at the close of the year 1882 the millennium is to be ushered in and Satan be caught by the heels. The new soothsayer is the estimable Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, of Brooklyn, who is now tottering on the verge of eighty years, and to whose words that respect is due, which, in spite of ourselves, we instinctively pay to old age. According to Mrs. Gould the following things will come to pass within the 1,000 years which are to begin at the close of the present year of grace.

All distinctively American humorists are to receive appointments as foreign consuls, which they shall hold until they die. Poets shall be made ministers to foreign courts and there abstain from their usual work.

When a person wants a pin or a ten dollar note it shall appear at once to him floating in the air.

Nobody who hires a man to work for two dollars a week shall expect from him work worth ten dollars for the same period.

Nobody shall expect anybody else to keep his promise, but each person shall be "himself by himself alone, one everlastingly and single."

People shall not quarrel or bicker about questions of art or politics, but all shall mind their own business from the least even unto the greatest. In fact, there shall be no art or politics, the same being inevitably connected with the foolish relations of a world gone by.

Nobody shall ask another about any matter which that other wishes to conceal, and as the reverse side of this nobody shall have any private affairs, and we shall all know as we are known.

Newspapers shall cease to blackguard each other about facts of editors' lives in which the public has no legitimate interest. No newspaper writers who have souls above buttons shall describe society life.

Correct taste shall take the place of current popularity and availability, and a cabbage which can be boiled and eaten shall by universal acclaim be looked upon as better than a dish of lilies set before starving perple. In the quest for excitement the public shall not make an egregious ass of itself.

Poets who have nothing to say shall cease saying it, and in the cessation of their clamor the world, ever avid of poetry, shall have opportunity to listen to rhymsters who have really said something, and thus people shall be informed and inwardly built up into the stature of thinking and feeling beings.

Nobody shall under any pretext find fault with anybody, since finding fault is but the expression of an odious individuality and selfishness.

Nobody shall prophesy about the weather or the end of the world. Likewise there shall be no new theories in regard to the aurora borealis or the nature of comets.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

American Cars Lighted by American Electric Lamps in England.

A regular train of Pullman cars is now run upon the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway, England. The train includes a parlor car, a drawing-room car, with ladies' boudoir, and dressing room, a restaurant car and a smoking car, while a compartment at each end of the train next to the luggage compartment is provided for servants. The cars are kept at an equable temperature by means of hot water pipes. There is electric communication between the parlor, drawing-room and smoking-cars and the restaurant car, and in many ways the comfort of passengers is provided for. The most important and novel feature of the train is, however, that it is lighted throughout by electricity.

The lamps used are Edison's incandescent lamps, twenty-nine being used. On the very successful trial trip the electricity was supplied by Faure accumulators, of which eighty were carried. Mr. W. Lachlan, the engineer, representing the Societe la Force et la Lumiere, who was in charge of the batteries, reported that but thirty were brought into use on the down journey, and only a portion of the electricity stored in these was expended. On the up journey these and four fresh boxes were brought into operation. For the present the accumulators will be charged each evening at the society's depot, Charing Cross, but as soon the necessary arrangements can be made it is intended that the recharging shall be at Victoria with a dynamo machine, worked by a small stationary engine. It is not improbable, however, that before long the electricity required may be generated on the train itself, the chief practical difficulty in the way of this saving of force arising, the London *Times* says, from the unavoidable alterations in the speed of the train—a mechanical difficulty in the way of charging the accumulators in this way which the ingenuity of the electrical engineers will no doubt soon overcome.—*Scientific American.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1882.

The House of Delegates passed a bill on Monday to provide for the election of School Commissioners. The bill should pass the Senate also. It would restore local self-government in many of the counties, where, at present, the school commissioners do not represent the majority of the voters.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, celebrated his 70th birthday Saturday. He was the recipient of many handsome floral tributes from both North and South. In the evening Mr. Stephens gave a dinner at the National Hotel to the Georgia delegation in Congress, Col. R. M. Johnson, of Baltimore, and several other personal friends. Mr. Stephens is in unusually good health.

The Frederick *Citizen* (Dem.) pays a high compliment to Capt. H. Clay Naill, the new Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore, saying:

The President, if he had determined on a change, could not have made a selection in any way more suitable, or more popular. Capt. Naill is eminently qualified for the position. Affable, honorable and honest; he will bring also to the discharge of the duties of the office industry, energy and business tact.

Independent Movement.

The liberal or anti-Democratic movement in North Carolina has found a leader, and the natural conclusion is that it is now ready to "boom." Ex U. S. Senator Clingman comes to the front as the man who is willing to marshall the dissatisfied Democrats for an attack upon the Democratict political machine. Gen. Clingman has been a Democrat for more than a quarter of a century, and has occupied seats in both branches of Congress. He says there will be no difficulty in organizing a very formidable movement if the Republicans will consent to disband their party and join it, "but," he added, "if the Republicans persist in keeping up their organization I don't think we can do much, for that party is very distasteful to our people, and they will not do anything that might by any possibility restore it to power. Mr. Adams once said to me, many years ago, that the Democratic party in Massachusetts was just large enough to fill the federal offices in that State, and that it didn't want to be any larger. That is the case with the Republican party in North Carolina. If they are willing to sacrifice the federal offices, I believe we can overthrow the Democratic machine, for the people are tired of it." Negotiations looking to a consolidation of all elements opposed to the democracy are pending in North Carolina, but the Democratic leaders of that State who are in Congress profess to be very indifferent with regard to it. They do not believe a coalition can be formed, but the indications are that the coming canvass may develop more opposition than the dominant party counts upon.

The National Committee of the Union League in its meeting Tuesday at Washington, discussed the proposed independent movement in several Southern States. The committee decided that the League should extend aid and money to such Southern States as "gave promise of redemption from Bourbonism." In order to more effectually aid the independent movement, the National Committee will hold a series of meetings in such Southern States as may be designated by the executive Committee, to select speakers and organize for the fall campaigns. There being some question as to the exact status of the League with the administration in this movement, a number of the more prominent members of the committee had an interview with the President. The result is said to be satisfactory to all concerned, as the League will have all the aid that can be properly given in the proposed operations in the Southern States.

Sullivan was refused admission to the wake held over the body of his friend McCarty, in Boston, and he thrust his arm through a widow, seized the lamented McCarty by the foot, and had pulled him half-way out before the amazed company could stop him.

On the Ragged Edge.

Politicians of high as well as of low degree, from the Governor of the State down to the humblest lamplighter of the city of Baltimore, are on the ragged edge. Gover Hamilton is anxious as to the confirmation of his appointments; Mr. Colton regards his election to the presidency of the canal; Senator Gorman is taxed to prevent Mayor Whyte's increase of political power and Mr. Colton's election to the canal presidency; Mayor Whyte is awaiting the verdict of the people on the municipal appointments, and the state and city office-holders tremble with fear lest the gubernatorial and mayoralty green-bags should turn them out of place and power. This is not a happy condition of affairs for politicians, but to add to their annoyance, the situation is daily becoming more complicated. It was stated in last Sunday's *American* that a breach between Senator Gorman and Mr. Colton was imminent, and that Mr. Colton would find this out before many weeks have rolled over his head. A great many politicians were startled at this report, but Mr. Colton has reached the same conclusions, for he admits in private, that though the canal presidency had been promised him by Senator Gorman, there is much doubt whether he will be Mr. Gorman's successor. But this is not the most extraordinary development of the present campaign. On Friday last the political magnates were thrown into excitement by the report that Governor Hamilton and Senator Gorman had been closeted together for some time, and there were conjectures as to what it all meant. Those who saw the two as they left the Governor's private room at the State House say that both were in excellent humor. Of course, the avowed object of the conference was "canal business;" but two political opponents of the stripe of these two gentlemen would scarcely have spent so much time in the discussion of routine matters. It is more than likely that the canal was one of the subjects under consideration, and that the presidency of the big ditch was broached. Mr. Gorman is willing that Governor Hamilton's wish regarding the canal presidency shall prevail, provided that the Governor names Osterbridge Horsey for the place. In that event Messrs. Compton and Keating will support the Governor. It just happens, however, that the Governor is not so ready to follow where Mr. Gorman leads. Senator Gorman wants the Governor to forget the dead past, and look to the living future. This is not because he loves Governor Hamilton more, but because he loves Mayor Whyte less. To clip Mayor Whyte's aspiring wings, Mr. Gorman is willing to unite with Governor Hamilton. The Governor has been a sore affliction to "the close corporation" which in the last six weeks has been quickly dissolving partnership; but Mr. Gorman is satisfied to endure it two—yes, six years longer—if necessary, rather than see Governor Whyte wield the gubernatorial sceptre, and thence replace Mr. Gorman in the United States Senate. There looms up in the distance, before the vivid imagination of Mr. Gorman, the probability of Senator Whyte's elevation to the gubernatorial chair, and the present junior senator from Maryland is willing to link (temporarily) his political fortunes with those of Governor Hamilton, and if need be, re-elect Mr. Hamilton, if he can succeed in keeping down Mr. Whyte. "You owe nothing to Mayor Whyte," Mr. Gorman can almost be heard saying to Governor Hamilton. "You know that he could have aided you very materially in the election of one of your friends to the state treasury ship. But he did not do it. Why, then, hesitate to take up the cudgel against him? Why cannot we renew the friendship of 1869, when we aided in your election to the Senate? This is a time when we can be of great advantage to each other. I shall submit my resignation as president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to the stockholders March 21st. We will listen to all the suggestions you may make on this subject, and though I do not know the feelings of Messrs. Keating and Compton on this matter (for I have a delicacy, to discuss it with them), I am quite sure that either one of them would not for one moment hesitate to vote for your old friend, Mr. Horsey, for canal president. There is no use of carrying political enmity too far. We want new blood—fresh blood—to infuse vigor into the body politic. We shall esteem it a favor if you will aid us in this purgation of politics. Now, why can't we agree on such a platform? I am quite sure my friends in the Senate will not reject your appointments. I have always admired your honesty, your courage and your frankness, and I am quite sure that with you as a candidate for governor, the Democratic party will sweep the State. Consider calmly the subject whether it is not better for us to drop our grievances and be reunited as friends." Such conversation was quite likely to put both in good humor. Mr. Gorman upon leaving the Governor was met near the State House by Attorney General Gwinn. The Attorney General, it will be remembered, has been a frequent visitor at the Governor's office for weeks past, and the meeting of the Governor and Mr. Gorman is said to be one of the fruits of these calls.

There is no longer any doubt that Senator Gorman intends placing himself at the head of a new division of the Democratic party, which his friends call "The Young Democracy." The program contemplates the exclusion from the organization of Messrs. Colton, Hines and all the others who have belonged to the Gorman-Colton combination, and to replace them with young men, who will be more manageable than some of the obstinate and hotheaded politicians, who will persevere in doing exactly that which Mr. Gorman does not want done. Mr. Hines and others have favored the Police bill, although Mr. Gorman protested against it. Besides this, the question has also agitated the circle as to who is a bigger man in the Democratic party, Mr. Gorman or Mr. Colton. All this is to be settled by Mr. Gorman and the Young Democracy. The old politicians are to be placed under the ban, while Mr. Gorman and the Young Democracy will soar to victory. But Mr. Gorman wants just enough of the old blood in the new movement to keep up the respectability of the thing, and Governor Hamilton may suit him as well as anybody else for the next governorship and Mr. Binns or Mr. Horsey for the canal presidency. Mayor White, who will not be in the new arrangement, thinks it will be hard work for Mr. Gorman to combine with Governor Hamilton on such an issue. At the same time Governor Hamilton may accept help to confirm his appointments. The first batch of appointments will be made one week hence. The Senate is holding back the confirmation of Mr. James Hodges as one of the directors in the penitentiary. The policy of that body is to take no action on any of the appointments until it is seen whether the Governor intends to make a clean sweep. If he intends to replace ring men by Hamilton men as inspectors of tobacco warehouses, &c., then there will be war, unless an arrangement, as above named, is made.—*Annapolis Correspondence Sunday American.*

The Taxation of Mortgages.

The Hagerstown *Mail* of last week has a lengthy editorial favorlog the taxation of mortgages, from which we make the following extracts:

"The arguments in favor of the taxation are strong, and one would think, almost irresistible. The Declaration of Rights of the State, Art. 15, ought to be decisive, which says that 'every person in the State or person holding property therein ought to contribute his proportion of public taxes for the support of the government, according to his actual worth in real or personal property.' There can be no reason assigned why a man who has $5,000 invested in mortgages should pay no tax and his neighbor who has a farm worth $10,000 with a mortgage upon it of $5,000, (which, if he has no other property, would make him worth only $5,000,) should pay taxes on $10,000. Here are two men, each worth $5,000—the one pays no tax, the other pays taxes on $10,000.

"The equitable rule, and what we conceive to be right and just and in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Declaration of Rights of the State, is to tax the mortgage and exempt the land to the extent of the mortgage. That is to say—if Mr. A. has a farm appraised at $10,000 and Mr. B. has a mortgage upon it for $5,000, each has $5,000 invested in the farm. Let Mr. A. be allowed to go before the County Commissioners and have his assessment credited with $5,000, and let Mr. B. be charged with $5,000. Each then would be assessed according to his interest in the farm. This mode would be just, and we believe would meet all real objections against taxation. It would not be double taxation, and would be a great relief to the land-holder who is unfortunate enough to have a mortgage upon his property. Minor objections might be urged to this plan but we think a well drawn and judicious law could remedy all of them."

At Grand Rapids, Michigan, recently a man called at the office of a medical friend and engaged in conversation. On the table were lying a number of vaccine points, and the visitor mistaking them for toothpicks, commenced using one. The physician didn't notice what the man was doing for some minutes, and his attention was only called to the fact by the visitor puncturing his tongue with one of the points, causing it to bleed slightly. The doctor gave the matter prompt attention, washed the man's mouth with alcohol and used preventives of various kinds, but, alas, to no purpose. The vaccination "took," and the man to-day wears his tongue on the outside of his mouth.

The London *Times* announces on good authority that the government has decided to buy up the telephone companies in Great Britain.

Arthur all Right.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, in a recent letter says: "President Arthur is undergoing a severe test, involving his ability to pursue undeviatingly the policy he started out with concerning appointments to office. He has reached the point when complaints begin to be heard of slowness, if not indecision, in cases concerning which the complainers can perceive no occasion for delay. To a certain extent a multitude of interested persons desire to be President themselves, with Arthur for a figurehead merely. They have no idea that they are not capable of doing everything at once. The responsibility is a mere trifle that would not disconcert them in the least. As to making mistakes, they conceive it could hardly be possible for them to make any. To drive ahead regardless of consequences, according to their conceptions, is so natural and proper that they cannot understand why President Arthur does not do it, at least until they get all that they are after. The complaint that Arthur goes slow is well founded. But it is equally true that he goes sure. Probably no President in an equal length of time ever made fewer blunders than he has done. No other President ever had anything like such difficulties to encounter or such a load of responsibility. Who of all the complainers could have stood under it and so soon won his way to public approval. This dispensing of the offices has been only a small part of the task. Arthur might have done this in a week's time, probably. There was, however, the larger task incident to the manner of his becoming President. If by being slow he has provoked complaints from application for office, good and true men, as they may be, who can say that he could have done his work better? His acts should be judged as a whole. The man should be considered with reference to his entire course, and in view of what the situation might be had he pursued any other. If in some particulars his decision has been unexpected, have not the circumstances under which he has acted been accompanied with unprecedented embarrassments? It is not charity, but reason, that may be pleaded for the President. It is what he has a right to expect. Does not the country derive strong and unexpected satisfaction from his general conduct? What would men have? General Arthur has won for himself the reputation of being a safe man. Is that nothing? The country did not know him. It knows him now. If he has judged rightly so far, why should he not continue to do so? If there be any mistake in Arthur's slowness as to appointments, it is on the safe side. Acting on a large knowledge of men and affairs, and with perfect fidelity to his own convictions. General Arthur simply takes time to find out what is best. He has manifested the ability to change his policy, to stop when in doubt, and to go ahead only when he is sure he is right. And there is no quality that is more precious in a public man."

Mr. Urner in Congress.

Hon. Milton G. Urner, known all over the land as the "lone star" member from Maryland, is as busy as a beaver. By dint of a peculiar perseverance, an unthing energy, a sleepless vigilance, such as he is master of, he has, beyond doubt, accomplished more real solid work and conferred more substantial favors on his people than any man who has ever represented this District.

His rooms are thronged at all hours with an importuning crowd. We know of our own knowledge that men have besieged him for favors from every portion of the State. We have seen delegations large enough to fill his parlors seeking his aid in their behalf.

He never turns a friend away unrewarded when it is within his power to secure what is wanted. He started on, determined to conquer a just and equitable recognition of his District and no man has made a more signal or brilliant success of a similar undertaking. He has improved the United States mail facilities in his District. He has introduced and labored to secure the passage of a great number of public and private bills for benefit of his constituents, and it was through his influence that Congress appropriated funds for the new Postoffice building in Baltimore. He has secured the appointment of many worthy and deserving men of his district to lucrative positions in the government service. And yet his labors are not ended.—*Rockville Montgomerian.*

Newspaper men don't go into business places and say: "See here, I don't like the way you arrange your show window, and I'm going to have it fixed." Not at all. But other men are continually coming into newspaper offices with very similar complaints. Isn't it about time that people looked upon a newspaper as a business operation?—*Chambersburg Repository.*

The Registration Bill.

The House of Delegates passed the registration bill Friday afternoon. No amendments were made to the bill as it came from the Senate, and it goes to the Governor in that form. Democrats and Republicans alike voted for the bill, there being 89 yeas and no nays, only two members, Messrs. Action and Dixon, absent. The Republicans explained that they did not consider the bill by an means perfect, but voted for it because it was better than the present registration. The precinct bill for Baltimore city, which is the basis of new registration in Baltimore, has been already signed, and operations under it are going on.

The registration bill as adopted by the Legislature provides for the appointment by the Governor of one registration officer in each election district in counties, and twenty for each of the three legislative districts of Baltimore; three registers to be assigned to each ward after the redivisions of the wards directed by the recent act of Assembly. Under the precint bill there will be 180 precincts in the city, to be numbered regularly from 1 to 180, and the registration bill gives each register charge of the precincts, to be assigned to him in numerical order. At each regular session of the General Assembly hereafter the Governor shall appoint one register for each ward as then laid out. Registers during their sessions are clothed with the powers of justices of the peace, their terms of office both in Baltimore and the counties to extend for two years from the first Monday in May following their appointment. Before the fourth Monday in May, 1882, the Governor shall cause to be delivered to the registers, through the sheriffs of the counties and the police commissioners of Baltimore, one registry and two poll-books. Registers are to sit in Baltimore from the first Monday in July, and for revision and completion of the registry for fifteen days from the first Monday in September, and for three days from the first Monday in October, and in 1883 and subsequent years for revision for fifteen successive days from the first Monday in September and three days from the first Monday in October, with open doors from 8 a. m., to 7 p. m. In the counties they are to sit five days after the first Mondays in July and August, five out Mondays in September and the first Monday and Tuesday in October. In subsequent years in the counties they are to sit five days after the first Monday in September and on the first Monday and Tuesday in October. Registers in Baltimore to receive $4 a day while at work in 1882, and subsequently $500 per annum, the pay in the counties to be $4 a day. Notice of time and places of registration in Baltimore to be published in six daily papers ten days before the first and seven days before the September and October sitting; in the counties notice should be given in two newspapers of opposite politics. Registers are to administer an oath to all applicants for registration, but no questions to be asked touching causes of disqualification not enumerated in the constitution. Where registration is refused, or names improperly entered after the close of registration or revision, appeal is given to any judge of a circuit court of a county or of the Supreme Court in Baltimore. Baltimore registers, six days after the October sitting, 1882, must deliver the registry and poll-books to the clerk of the Supreme Court, with a certificate appended to each that it is correct in all particulars, and after 1882 shall make new poll-books, the clerk of the court to deliver one poll-book to the police commissions on or before the third Wednesday in October each year. The same applies in the counties to the registers, the clerks of the circuit courts and the sheriffs.

The sittings are designated the "first summer sitting," the "September sitting," and the "October sitting;" no register to enter or strike off any name except during a regular sitting. One month before the summer sitting a census of voters in Baltimore is to be taken by the police commissioners, to be returned to the precinct registers before the summer sitting; a similar census to be taken in each September before the election of members of the General Assembly. Penalties for registers or others having custody of the books are a fine of $500, or three years' imprisonment, or both; and for frauds of violence attempted upon the registers, or interference with them, the same penalty. A fine of $500 is imposed for failure or refusal to qualify or perform the duties of register after appointment.

Caleb Duffinger, of Unionville, Ohio, vaccinated himself about ten days ago with virus taken from the arm of a neighbor, who was formerly of intemperate habits. The vaccination took rapidly, with more than ordinary swelling and pain, and resulted in his entire right side becoming paralized. A fatal result is apprehended from this attempt to save a doctor's fee.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In nine months Boston has had only 54 cases of small-pox, and only 9 were fatal.

New Hamshire has already had 70 inches of snow this winter, and is expecting more.

About 80,000 acres of land between Juffa and Jerusalem has been secured on which to form a colony for the prosecuted Jews of Europe.

A Philadelphia magistrate has been fined $50 for making an excessive charge of 35 cents in a fee.

The commission appointed in Germany to revise Luther's translation of the Bible has held its last sitting and brought its work to a close.

A novel kind of fishing is practiced by a diver at Burlington, Iowa. Clad in his suit, he decends into the river at a point where large numbers of catfish are gathered by an eddy, and catches them easily with an iron prong.

A man murdered his brother without hindrance, at Saxeville, Wis., but immediately encountered a fierce avenger in a big dog. Made furious by seeing his master slain, the brute set upon the slayer, biting him, and hanging to him until he was captured.

Lieutenant Flipper is not to leave the army, it appears. He was not found guilty on the charge of embezzlement, but of deceiving his superior officer. General Grierson and other officers have written to the President that Flipper is not a bad person, and that he ought to be given another trial.

Atlanta, Georgia boasts of the possession of a pretty girl, the daughter of a shoemaker, who has adopted the trade of her father, and is a skilled workwoman. Though under twenty years of age, she has been engaged for several years in mending and making, in good style, both boots and shoes. She is patronized by a large number of families.

The First Vaccine Factory.

Probably the first vaccine factory established in this country is in a barn on the property of Mr. Lawrence at Cos Cob. A number of inverted saw horses, some traps, a few razors, a stool or two, quantities of quills, and calves in a pen are all that there is to be seen. One man does all the work, and yet from this barn vaccine matter is sent to Japan, Europe, California, and all over the United States. Forster's quills are known to almost every physician in this part of the country. This is his factory. Business in quills has been very brisk this winter. It was not until Dr. Foster had experimented and tried a number of times that the vaccine at last "took." The first calf inoculated successfully was from vaccine imported from Europe. From this calf it was given to another, and so on for twelve years to the present time. From one calf as many as 700 quills have been taken; it varies however, with different calves. White animals are preferred, as their skin is more tender. They are in most cases hired from farmers around and then returned. The operation on the calves is not a difficult one, nor do they suffer and afterward die as many suppose. But on the contrary they are said to be benefited by it. They do not suffer any more pain than a person who is vaccinated, for the process is the same only that the calf has hundreds of incisions instead of one. There is a cow in the village said to be the animal which was first vaccinated twelve twelve years ago. It has always been considered an excellent cow.—*Greenwich (Conn.) Graphic.*

Paying the Doctor.

One would think, says an exchange, that gratitude would lead a person whose family had been faithfully attended by their physician to pay him promptly and give his bill the preference over every other; instead of this, with a very large class, the reverse is true, and the "doctor's bill" is the last one paid.

The coolness with which excuses are given for delay is astonishing and almost incredible. A friend gave me a few of them as offered by persons who were able to pay and whom he had faithfully served. Said one, "Doctor, I have paid every bill I owed on the first of January, my dry goods, grocers, provisions, and all other bills except yours, and the next money I get I will apply to your bill." Said another, "I was obliged to buy my wife a sealskin cloak, and I am short of money." Says another, the mother of the family, "We have had those photographs of the four children, they cost $25; don't you think they are beautiful? You shall have a copy of each for your album and we will pay your bill by-and-by, when husband gets some more money," and many more he gave me.

There is nothing so well earned as the bill of the kind, faithful physician, and justice, not to say gratitude and decency, demands its prompt payment.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Jacob Brown, Esq., of Cumberland, paid us a pleasant visit Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawton are visiting relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

—Col. J. W. Veitch left Wednesday for Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis, on professional business.

—Mr. A. C. Greene, of Allegany county, died Wednesday last, from paralysis.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Messrs. Thos. J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs left Monday for Baltimore and Annapolis, on professional business.

—A revival of religion was commenced in the Oakland M. E. Church Sunday evening of last week and is still in progress, with indications of success.

—Mr. George Kibbow was painfully injured Monday last, while working on the Mrs. Walker house, by being struck in the back by a piece of timber which fell from the floor above

—Rev. Wm. Stonedemmire left Oakland Wednesday for the eastern cities, to be absent about three weeks, in the interest of the Lutheran Church building enterprise at Deer Park.

—The Rev. E. B. Raffensberger, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, at Cumberland, has been called to the pastorate of a flourishing church in Maison, Ohio.

—Bell & Brother, saddlers and harness makers, Oakland, Md., have just received a large lot of the best leather ever brought to this county Call and see them. Over C. C Michael's store.

—Married, in Baltimore Tuesday, Feb 14th, 1882, Mr. John McMullen, formerly of Accident, this county, and Miss Mollie Messersmith, of Baltimore. The bridal party passed through Oakland Wednesday en route to their new home in Clarksville, Iowa, followed by the good wishes of their many friends in this county.

—Mrs. Mary Tasker is agent for Garrett county for the exclusive sale of the excelsior gas safety burner, and all in need of the best and cheapest light should not fail to give her a call and secure one at once. She also wishes some agents. Boys now is your time to make money. Apply at this office.

—Dr M. A. R. F. Carr, of Cumberland, has been selected as the resident surgeon of the B. & O. R R at that city, and will have the care of all parties injured on the main stem between Martinsburg and Piedmont, as well as those hurt on the Pittsburg division and its branches.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock, a. m. and 7 p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m.

Lutheran Services at Deer Park at 11 o'clock a. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

McHenry Items.

Mr. James Greenleaf has opened a blacksmith shop in our town. Jim is a No. 1 smith, and all desiring work in his line would do well to give him a call.

Our young merchant, S. P. Specht, is doing a good business.

Mrs. McLean is visiting relatives near Barton.

Our school, which is under the supervision of the well known teacher, S. K. Welch, is in a flourishing condition.

OBSERVER.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 15:

John G. C. Riley, et. al., to Isabel M. Steyer and John G Steyer, military lots Nos. 437, 184 and 449 and part of lots Nos. 448 and 439; $700.

Elizabeth McAllister and husband to John G. Elsey, part of military lot No. 231; $630.

Joel Wiland and wife to Henry Winterburg, ten acres of a tract called "Black Stone;" $5.

Nelson H. Meese and others, trustees, to Hiram Duckworth, "Back woods Church Lot," in Garrett County; $5.

Jos. R. Anderson, to Hiram Duckworth, part of "Cuevfot Dale," containing about 56 acres; $350.

Samuel Hileman, to Sophia E. Hileman, military lots Nos. 2730 and 2731.

John M, Davis and others to Moses Hileman, their interest in military lots Nos. 2722 and 2724; $156 27.

Frederick Cutler and wife to Simeon W. Green, 125 acres of the tract called "Republic;" $2200.

Bridge Inspection.

Under the order passed at last term of County Court, the Commissioners went, on Tuesday, to inspect the bridge over the N. Branch, at Kitzmillersville, with a view to receiving it off the contractors hands. Garrett county commissioners were to have met the commissioners of Mineral county at the bridge on day named, but from some cause they had left before ours got there. After viewing the work, Messrs. Johnson and Butler, of the Mineral County Court, decided the superstructure, or bridge proper, a good job, and that Mr. Stuart, the contractor, was entitled to infance of contract price. But owing to the projection of abutment on W. Va. side out into the river farther than was contemplated, the contractor, Mr. Kitzmillier, was required, before the work would be taken off his hands, to build a break above said pier—a crib to be filled with rocks to protect from ice-gorges and logs coming down. We hope it will be well done. That everlasting North Branch Bridge has been building, rebuilding, falling down and reconstructing ever since Mineral was a county, and we don't know how long before.—*Keyser Tribune.*

OAKLAND, Feb. 14th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Your paper of last week (Feb. 11th,) contained an extract from the *Baptist Record*, on the subject of dancing which ought to be read carefully and remembered. Such an array of indisputable *facts* ought to confirm and strengthen those who oppose this dangerous amusement, and convince those who are undecided about it. Many parents are led to permit and even encourage their children to dance. Sometimes, because of the persistent entreaties of the young folks, they yield against their better judgements. Sometimes, perhaps, they entertain the idea that dancing is fashionable, and is considered the proper thing in what is called "good society." Without discussing the question as to what constitutes "good society," it is clear, from the *facts* referred to, that the practice of dancing destroys religious feelings and desires and produces impure morals. Parents who permit or encourage this practice, and also those who defend it, ought to consider the responsibility they incur in promoting that which is so pernicious in its tendencies.

The publication of this extract from a Baptist paper will correct a mistake made by many that the Methodist Churches are the only ones that condemn dancing. Perhaps a little investigation will show that the Evangelical denominations are united in opposing it. At least, it is clear that any christian lady that does *not* discourage it stands convicted, by the facts in the case, of approving a practice which destroys the religious life and saps the foundations of moral purity.

SAMUEL E. JONES.

DEER PARK, Feb. 13th, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—I had intended letting the first communication of "X. X." pass by unnoticed, but as he has seen proper to spread his eloquence before the public a second time, I cannot refrain from asking your kind indulgence in a few ungrammatical sentences from the other side of the house. Now, in the first place, when the sainted "X. X." spoke of the men getting drunk, and that the boys locked them up in the cars, I beg to remind him that that crowd came from Oakland, in a state of intoxication, and that they were not in my place at all, and that they remained in the car on their own account rather than go to their boarding house. He also states that a "thumb of the law" knocked his wife down with a poker, (which Mr. "thumb of the law" denies.) Be that as it may, I don't propose that "X. X." shall place the blame on my shoulders, as "thumb of the law" came from Piedmont on that evening, and had not been home fifteen minutes ere it was reported that he had struck his wife, and more than that, I can prove by a half dozen people that he didn't take a drink in my shop as I positively refused letting him have a drop. "X. X." in his article dated Feb. 7th, says: "One of our old and respected citizens, indulged in what seemed to be a little too much, Judging from the fact that it took two sturdy fellows to put him on the train." The above I believe is true, but he did not get his "little too much" out of my shop, as he has not been in there since the holidays.

In conclusion, If Mr. Shoemaker and Greenback politician will peg away and attend to his own business, and leave me attend to mine, he will have enough to do, as I feel certain that when ever I violate the law my case will be attended to through the proper channel, and that without any suggestions from the sainted "X. X."

Yours &c.,
WHITE MCWILLIAMS.

Another communication was received from Deer Park, severely criticizing "X. X," which is too personal in its character for publication —ED.

Report of the Maryland Fish Commissioner to Governor Hamilton.

The report of Major T. B. Ferguson, a Commissioner of Fisheries of Maryland, which has been sent to Gov. Hamilton, is a very interesting document. The year 1880, which the report covers, has, he says, been a very important one in the history of the Maryland Fish Commission. During the spring of 1880 there was a very decided increase of shad at points near the head of the Chesapeake and in the Potomac. The catch at the head of the bay and in the Susquehanna from 1870 to 1881 was 6,394,929. The catch of 1880 was 614,929, an increase of 96,729 over the average for the five preceding years, including 1879. The work of shad-hatching was commenced in 1875, and was continued the following year, principally at the head of the bay. In 1876 operation there were not prosecuted on a scale sufficient to enable the commission to transfer many of the fish to the Potomac, but the numbers deposited in that river were increased from year to year until 14,350,000 were deposited during last season. The investigation of last season indicates that fishes inhabiting salt water exclusively can be as readily propagated artificially, and increased to as unlimited an extent as the anadromous fishes, with whose spawning habits there had been more thorough acquaintance, and it is quite possible that the bay mackerel may be propagated on a yet larger scale than has been attempted with the shad itself. The eggs of the mackerel, unlike those of the shad, are somewhat lighter than water, and the apparatus used in the cultivation of shad cannot be efficiently employed in their manipulation, and several new forms of apparatus have been experimented with, and are found to act most satisfactorily. The number of mackerel has been very materally diminished in the waters of the State, and they are becoming more scarce every year, and it will doubtless require several years to restore them to their former abundance and make the catch plentiful enough to warrant the establishment of hatching stations higher up the Chesapeake bay.

It is essential to the thorough success of the work of shad hatching that means be provided for the ascent of these fish to localities from which they are now debarred by natural and artificial obstructions. He suggests that the dam on the Gunpowder river, a part of the Baltimore new water supply, should be provided with fishways for the free access to the upper waters of the river of shad, herring and rock. The Patapsco river is also obstructed by many dams, none of which have been provided with effective fish-ways, and many miles of the Patuxent river, at least, could be opened to the migration of these valuable fishes.

In April last a quarter million of shad eggs were obtained at Moxley's Point, Potomac river, and emptied into the Eastern branch of the river at a point near navy-yard. The quantities obtainable at this period could not be handled on account of the lack of apparatus, but cans for developing the eggs were put up at the navy-yard and over 19,000,000 fish were produced there, 14,000,000 being deposited in the waters of Maryland.

The fish hatched at the hatching-house during 1879 had nearly all been distributed by January 1, 1880. Sixty thousand young Penobscot salmon which had been hatched there were in March and April deposited in the upper waters of the Susquehanna, the Monocacy and the north and south forks of the Potomac, and 25,000 salmon eggs from Grand Lake stream, Me., were from March 23 to May 24 deposited in the Monocacy, Potomac, Gunpowder, Gwynn's falls, Lake Roland, Patuxent, Bush river, Chesapeake bay, Patapsco, &c. Two hundred thousand California salmon eggs were hatched and the young fish liberated in the Potomac between the hatching station and Fort Pendleton. Five thousand received from another source were placed in the head-waters of the Gunpowder, and 5,000 in the Patuxent, near Savage Station. During the two years preceding the last a considerable number of the eggs of the brook trout were hatched out at Druid Hill and distributed in the Susquehanna, Potomac and Maryland waters. German carp have also been freely distributed, and most encouraging accounts have been received of the success which has attended the cultivation of this fish by those who have received them in all parts of the United States. The carp grow much more rapidly in this country than in Europe, and it is quitely likely that the fish issued during the winter of 1880 will spawn during the summer of 1882.

Journalism in the United States.

The variety and extent of journalism in the United States is shown off to great advantage by the forthcoming report of the tenth census. The collection and collation of the facts bearing on this particular national industry was committed to the hands of S. N. D. North, who is himself an experienced newspaper editor, and his report will show that there were printed in this country during the late census year 11,418 periodical publications, of which 982 were daily, 8,725 weekly, and the remainder semi-weekly, tri-weekly, bi-weekly, monthly, semi monthly and tri-monthly. New York takes the lead with 1,412. Illinois coming next with 1,032; Missouri standing eight on the list with 531. These publications are divided into some twenty classes: Devoted to general news, politics and family reading are 8,556; to religion, 572; agriculture, 162; commerce and finance, 143; trade, 166; insurance and railroad, 51; magazines and periodical devoted to general literature, 145; Sunday newspapers, 247; medicine and surgery, 111; law, 44; science and mechanics, 73; education, 21; art, society, music and fashions, 2; college and school papers, 219; children's and Sunday-school, 192; freemasonry and similar, 146; illustrated publications, 512; miscellaneous, 196. Of the whole number 10,619 are printed in English, and 769 in other languages. Of these latter 95 are German, 35 French, 4 Indian, 2 Chinese, 2 Polish, 5 Welsh, 15 Bohemian, 2 Portuguese, 36 Spanish, 22 Swedish, 9 Dutch, 4 Italian, 15 Norwegian, and 1 Catalan. Of the religious publications there are 114 unsectarian, 75 Methodist, 73 Baptist, 67 Catholic, 32 Episcopalian, 39 Presbyterian, 3 Dunkard, 6 Spiritualist, 6 Mormon and 1 Shaker. An estimate of the cost of running these publication show that $28,571,336 was paid out in wages alone during the census year; the percentage of which paid for work on daily papers was 56.65 and for weekly and other papers 43,35 per cent. In the production of these publications, 50,799 male and 3,855 female operatives find employment; 16,480 persons, among whom are quite a number of females, are returned as editors or on editorial staffs. The gross value of the annual product of these publications amounted to $87,441,132, of which the dailies are credited with $42,750,132, and the others with $44,601,098. The percentage of receipts from advertising on the former was 59,69, and the latter 48,31 per cent. The percentage of receipts from subscription was—dailies, 46,21; others, 53,79. The average daily consumption of paper was—on dailies, .297,568 pounds; the total weight used during the year being 178,165,951 pounds. The aggregate circulation per issue of dailies was 3,637,424 copies, and for all classes, 31,178,924. The aggregate number of copies of daily paper issued during the census year was 1,135,532,446, and for all classes 2,077,650,575. The average subscription price of daily papers is $7.31. The people of this country pay out more than $26,000,000 a year for their newspaper and periodicals.

Mr. North's newspaper statistics will soon appear in the shape of a report, which will give an exhaustive history of the subject, and when his investigations, which are of a more thorough nature than ever before made in this line, when completed he will present the Smithsonian Institute with a collection, embracing a copy of every paper ever printed in this country.—*Paper Trades Journal.*

Working His Way Up.

"Gath" in the Cincinnati Enquirer,

A curiosity among Senators is Henry G. Davis, now nearly sixty years of age. While he was a boy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad came up the valley of the Patapsco past his birthplace; and when he was discharged from his father's farm he went to that railroad and asked for work. They made him a brakesman for a while, and then he developed into a conductor, and stayed with the road nearly till the time of the John Brown raid. Affable, particular, very fond of money, yet working hard to get it, he started, at 35 years of age, a little money-lending business at Piedmont, at the foot of the Alleghany mountains, a wild mining town, and varied the business by getting out some coal. A bank is the result of that work, of which he is president, and it is a national bank, too. Mr. Davis probably took a hand in forming the State of West Virginia, in which his railroad had an especial interest. Virginia had obstructed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in her palmy days, and when she went out of the Union and a State seceded from her, it was arranged that this State should come right up to the Baltimore and Ohio crossing place, so that to-day there is not one foot of this railroad on old Virginia soil. It jumps from Maryland into West Virginia. Mr. Davis also moved into the new State, and began to get out lumber and buy new coal mines not much known to other people, taking into his ventures some of the Garrett family. He has accumulated about $1,000,000 in money and property, and now considered on the Democratic side one of the most useful men to know. Mr. S. B. Elkins, formerly an active delegate in Congress from New Mexico, who has married one of Senator Davis' daughers, is a co-operative in his enterprises, and together they are building a railroad from Piedmont to a new coal field on the Alleghany mountains, and expect ultimately to carry it across the Ohio river or to some connecting point with the Chesapeake and Ohio or Richmond and Alleghany railroad.

Three young fellows took it into their heads to dance at the grave of a friend at Lawrenceville, Ill., and one of them fell into it. Their conduct shocked the mourners, who drove them away and subsequently prepared to lynch them. They fled hastily, making their way down the river fourteen miles in a leaky boat, which finally sank under them. They swam to the shore, but it was a cold night. They were too exhausted to go any further, and in the morning their dead bodies were found.

We are attached to the Democratic party and principles and yield to no one in fidelity to them, but we cannot sanction and applaud the wrongs done in the name of the grand old party by those who, in direct antagonism to its declared principles, arrogate to themselves, for their individual benefit, the position of dictators. The supreme crisis is now upon us; the existence of the party in Maryland is at stake, and every man in office and power is expected to do his duty.—*Hagerstown Mail.*

The grand jury of Chicago have come to the conclusion, after a long investigation of gambling in that city, that it is at present protected by the police power, and that it is an almost hopeless task to attempt an enforcement of the criminal laws against the pernicious nuisance as long as the police authorities, under instructions from the mayor, permit gambling to go on inven violation of the law.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 1? tf

NOTICE.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, Nason McAllister, having with my wife Elizabeth McAllister, agreed to a final separation, and that for and in consideration of the sum of three hundred and forty dollars to me paid, out of the proceeds of the sale of our land to John G. Elsey, do hereby accept the same and release her from any obligation she may by law be under as my wife, and allow her freedom to separate and depart from me; and do further agree to in no sense molest or restrain her from seeking a home wherever she may desire, and nevermore to seek a reconciliation between us.

In witness whereof I herennto set my hand and affix my seal this 9th day of February 1882.

his
NASON X MCALLISTER,
mark.

2 18 3 Test— W. H. TOWER.

ORDER NISI.

George T. Dunlop, vs. Sarah A. E. Blackburn. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett cunty, No. 90 Equity.

It is ordered this 10th day of February, A. D., 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by A. Hunter Boyd, Trustee, in the above case be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March next, provided a copy of this be inserted in some newspaper published at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $400.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
2 17 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRIDGE PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Bear Creek, on the road leading from the Morgantown Road to Accident below George Schlossnagle's saw mill, or at the most convenient place.

JOHN WASS,
BENJAMIN GRIFFTH,
SAMUEL HILEMAN,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the county road running from Jonas Tice's to the widow Hetrick's, viz: To leave the old road bed at a point near Glade Run, and running thence between the lands of Andrew Fysell and Nancy Hetrick, intersecting the county road running from the Grantsvill road to Englee Mills, at a point near Christian Orendorf's.

LEWIS BRITZELL,
JONAS J. TICE,
ANDREW FYSELL,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Breneman's, and running through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near Jonas Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 15 5 And others.

Estate of Alexander Mail, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of;

ALEXANDER MAIL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of August next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of Feb., 1882.

LUKE MAIL,
1823 Administrator.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at auction

On the 6th day of March 1882,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that piece or parcel of land called

Part of Glendale,

which appears on the assessment books of Garrett county in the name of John Elsand & Co.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms cash on day of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
2 11 4t Collector.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
may 1m6

Queer Hiding-Place.

Charles Adams, for nine years watchman at the Winchester Armory in this city, died at the residence of Dr. George Quinn, Chapel Street, Dec. 29. His acquaintances were confident that he had a large sum of money, at least $2,000, and one of them was sure he had been in the habit of carrying his wealth beneath his belt. Within a few weeks of his death he had been seen to display a large roll of bills, and he had assured Dr. Quinn and Mrs. Quinn during his illness that he had more than enough money to supply all his needs and amply recompense them for their services. When he died a search was made for the treasure. The room he had occupied was thoroughly overhauled, but the amount found was less than a dollar. In the room where he had lodged previously was found sixty or seventy dollars in gold, but nothing was seen of the larger sum sought after. It was known that he had not been in the habit of confiding his money to the savings banks, but the banks in this city were visited. In none of them had he deposits. After Adams' death Dr. Quinn visited a lawyer and made some inquiries looking toward some plan for protecting himself legally in case there should be a suspicion of foul play. This circumstance, with other things, led to much gossip, the Coroner held an inquest. There was little or nothing to indicate anything but death from natural causes, and the inquest, although nominally to ascertain the cause of death, was really to trace the missing money. The closest search, however, by Coroner, jury, detectives and reporters proved fruitless.

After the funeral letters of administration were issued by the Probate Court. There were few effects to administer upon—the sixty or seventy dollars, a gold watch and Adams' clothes comprising about all that was known. It was announced in the evening papers today that the watch and clothes would be sold at auction to-morrow night. The clothes were collected this morning and taken to the Blair undertaking rooms, where the appraisers and Coroner Bollman met to figure upon their value. An overcoat was thought to be worth about two dollars and a half. It was being folded up to be laid one side when something rolled out of one of the pockets. It was a dirty white woolen bag about six inches long and three inches wide, with short straps at the side. Mr. Blair opened it and found within the rubber lining a green, greasy cartridge shell, such as are used in sporting rifles and are manufactured at Winchester's. There was nothing attractive about the object, and Mr. Blair handed it over to William H. Angur, one of his employes, to throw away. Mr. Augur took it one side and had the curiosity to pull off the cap. Inside was a roll of green paper, about large enough to fill the inside of a lady's thimble. Pulling out the substance, Mr. Angur jumped with surprise in spite of his sixty years. The roll when unfolded was found to consist of five bills, one of $1,000, one of $500 and three of $100. It appears that when the undertakers removed the clothes from Adams' body the bag was found strapped about the waist. Some one cut open the bag and discovered the cartridge shell. It was covered with verdigris, and Dr. Quinn cautioned those in the room not to handle it carelessly, for fear of getting poisoned. It was suspected that Adams had worn it for a charm or to ward off rheumatism, or something else, and so it was thrust into the bag again, and placed in the coat-pocket. It is supposed Adams has no heirs, and if none come forward after five years the Probate Court will turn the money over to the State Treasury, and if in thirty years more no one establishes a right to it it will become the property of the State.—*New Haven Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

A Real Ghost.

If I were to tell you that I have seen and analyzed the waters of a river which runs two degrees north of the Equator, and found in those waters eleven per cent. of sulphuric acid and one and one-half per cent. of hydrochloric, I might cause some surprise, but little or no incredulity, even if I were to add the little-known fact that in that region of the world there is thrown away in twenty-four hours more of those two acids than is artificially produced in Europe in a year. But if I tell you that I once saw, outside my fancy, a woman who was two thousand miles off at the time, I shall not only be generally disbelieved, but laughed at as well. I have often told the story in private life, but not till now have I told it in print. Twenty-three years ago, as I was looking out of the window of General Torico's rancho at Chorillos, ten miles south of Lima, Peru, there passed by several ladies and gentlemen on horseback. A lady whom I will call Mrs. Morena (the Spanish rendering of a common English name), was one of the gay cavalcade. She was so beautiful that I have remembered her face with the ease with which I am able to recall the Victoria Regina, or the yellow convolvulus, or the blue orchid, as when I first saw those beautiful flowers in their native lands. I had never spoken with Mrs. Morena or her husband, who accompanied her, and who was then on his way to Jauja from the United States, to get healed from consumption.

Three years ago, as one morning I lay musing in my bunk in a Cunard steamer crossing the Atlantic in full daylight, and, having my eyes wide open, Mrs. Morena came into my cabin, and to my sorrow went out of it as quickly as she came in. Thereupon I rose, bathed, dressed and went up to breakfast. It was late, the saloon was nearly deserted, and I found only two fellow-passengers, talking together and eating ham and eggs. I had never seen either. The common name of Morena was mentioned between the two, and I, being full of my vision, remarked at a venture to him who sat next to me: "Mrs. Morena is more plump than she was twenty years ago." My neighbor turned on me a quiet look of inquiring surprise. Putting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, he drew out one of those excellent photographs for which some American photographers are so celebrated. Is that the lady you mean?" he gently demanded, and I answered: "Certainly, and you see she is rather stouter." "When did you see her last?" was the next question, and I answered, "This morning." The gentleman with the photograph was Mr. Morena, the husband of my beautiful lady. We became friends; we had many social yarns together. He told me of his residence in Jauja, of the complete cure of his lungs, the number of his children, and many more dear, delightful household things, in which I had no interest. He invited me to his house. On our arrival at New York, Morena telegraphed to his wife, who replied, while he waited in the telegraph office, that they were all quite well at home. Nothing happened. I had not, to my recollection, thought of the Morenas for years before. It is very difficult to understand, when two or three are met together under given circumstances, that a real presence may be vouchsafed to each.—*London Spectator.*

Married.

Cowper, in a humorous poem, entitled "Parting Time anticipated," bids young ladies,

"Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."

Years ago, in New Hampshire, a young lady and her lover were placed in a ludicrous position by not heeding his advice. It was the custom in those days to choose all town officers at the annual March meeting. After a batch had been chosen, they were marched off to a justice of the peace and sworn into office.

Squire Chase, the father of the late Chief Justice Chase, being a prominent Justice of Cornish, usually did this work for that town. As the officers were numerous, the task kept him busy from morning till night. One day, when the town meeting had tired the Squire out, he returned home, threw himself into an easy chair and was soon in a sound sleep. An anxious couple, who had been impatiently waiting the Squire's return, that he might marry them, again called at the house. Mrs. Chase, being somewhat agitated, led them immediately before the sleeping Justice.

"Mr. Chase," she shouted, shaking him by the shoulder, "wake up; here's a couple come to be married."

Half waked, the Justice rubbed his eyes, and supposed he saw in the couple two persons waiting to be sworn into office. "Hold up your hands," he said.

As they had never seen the marriage ceremony performed in that style, they hesitated.

"Hold up your hands!" exclaimed the Squire, more peremptorily, and they obeyed.

"You severally, solemnly swear," he continued, "that you will faithfully perform the duties of your offices respectively according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God!"

The couple looked at each other and then at the Squire. "That's all, exceptng the fee—one dollar," he added, soothingly. It was dropped into the extended hand, and they went out, doubting if the Squire had tied the knot as it should be done. After a little conversation, they concluded that if they lived up to the oath they would be much better married than most of their friends, and so the matter rested.—*Youth's Companion.*

Comstock Salamanders.

If there are to be found anywhere in the world a set of human salamanders we may claim the credit of having them here on the Comstock. What would scorch a man who lives wholly on the surface chills a miner mured to the heat of the lower levels. A miner who has been for some months past working in one of the hottest sections of the Comstock, a day or two since, gave an *Enterprise* reporter his experience of the heat which miners are often called upon to encounter. He says that in working at points where the thermometer marks a temperature of 115 to 120 degrees great thirst is experienced. No ice water is too cold to be swallowed with a relish. Men go to the water barrel in which huge chunks of ice are floating about, and will take their picks and chop up the ice in order that the water may be rendered colder by being filled with fine fragments. Often this does not satisfy them, and they chew and swallow lumps of ice.

The natural temperature of the human body—of the blood—is about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit; therefore, when a man remains in a hot place for an hour, or even half an hour, his blood, his whole body, becomes heated to a temperature of 115 or 120 degrees, or whatever may be the temperature of the place in which he is at work. It is then that the miners began to pour down ice water and eat ice. The strangest thing about the business is that it does not hurt any of the men. Often they swallow such quantities of ice water that their stomachs will not retain it, and in vomiting it up it will feel cold in their mouths and against their teeth. All they do on such occasions is to swallow more of the same water, but more cautiously.

When men are working in extremely hot places the temperature of the place to which they come to cool off—the cooling-off station—is probably 100 degrees. This temperature—which would almost roast a surface man—appears cool to a man who has come from a place where the thermometer marks 110 to 115 degrees. In a place where the temperature is ninety degrees the man will feel so cold as to shiver. Often at the cooling-off station, where the temperature is 100 degrees, the perspiration will cease, and the man will begin to feel very uncomfortable. On leaving and going back to where the temperature is from 115 to 120, as the perspiration begins to start, there is for a minute or two an intolerable itching over the whole body. As each closed pore reopens it produces a tinging sensation. However, as soon as there is a free flow of perspiration all this trouble ceases and the man feels quite comfortable and so remains until his whole body—blood, flesh and bones—again reaches a temperature of from 110 to 120, when he becomes wild for ice water and ice. It is not a little strange—when we consider that ninety-eight degrees is the natural temperature of the blood—that serious results do not follow exposure to a degree of heat almost sufficient to cook the blood in the veins.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

—In his Christmas sermon at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, London, the Rev. John Davies, in alluding to the appearance of the Revised Edition of the New Testament among the events of the year, said: "The greatness of the future of nations belongs to the Republic of the United States, and it is there where the work was awaited with the most universal impatience."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Lowell *Courier* knows a man who was so slow that he could not get out of his own way.

—Some of the Catholic priests of Ottowa have declared against marrying persons after dark.

—It is said there are eleven nuns in the Hotel Dieu Convent, Quebec, who have each completed over fifty years in the sisterhood.

—Three physicians of Portland, Me., certified that one Mrs. Pennell was insane. She didn't happen to be, however, and has sued them for heavy damages.

—A poetical correspondent of the Portland *Argus*, in a panegyric on Peter Cooper, pronounce the old man "a beautiful dimple on the face of society."

—"When I was young," remarks a celebrated physician, "I had fifty remedies for every disease. Now I find fifty diseases for which I have no remedy."

—The Massachusetts Legislature is seeking for a new law so framed that one obstinate juryman can't render null and void the convictions of the other eleven.

—The Government painter spent for the Government last year the sum of $2,215,939. It is lucky that there is no such thing as a Government plumber.—*Christian Union.*

—The officials of London, Canada, have distinguished themselves by declining to protect the first Chinaman who settled in that city, and, as the roughs gave him no peace, he was compelled to quit the place.

—"Pharaoh's daughter" has been discovered among the mummies of Thebes. Critics describe her as "a lady of rare beauty," with a mole on her under lip, which gives a touch of the picturesque to her face. She is en route for England, and will be exhibited in the British Museum.

—A West Virginia Railroad Company has agreed to stop at least one of its trains each way—or being flagged—for passengers and fright at every farm where right of way is given. The good times hoped for when every farmer should have a railroad in his own door-yard, seem to have come in West Virginia.

—Professor W Grylls Adams says that the sun is a magnet which draws the earth's atmosphere toward it, the friction generating positive electricity in the air and negative electricity in this globe. When the air is charged to the discharging point electricity is transferred from the poles to the Equator and the auroral phenomena are produced.

—'Squire Wells, of Millville, N. J., has condemned an uncleanly youngster of that village to pay a fine of $13.55 or submit to ten days' imprisonment for discharging tobacco-juice upon the floor of the Methodist Church during a revival service. The boy committed various other misdemeanors within the sacred edifice, but profuse expectoration was the gravamen of the charge. 'Squire Wells found a precedent for his righteous anger in an identical decision by 'Squire Stratton, who administered justice from the same bench twenty years ago.

—Dennie Dunlap was a three-card-monte man attached to a circus. A greenhorn whom he had swindled out of $200 at Assumption, La., complained to a Justice, who not only issued a warrant, but went to the tent to serve it. Dennie was operating on another victim, and he quietly offered the Justice twenty dollars not to interrupt him for ten minutes. This proposition was declined. Then the gambler angrily drew a revolver, but the Judge fired the quickest, killing him instantly, and coolly recovering the $200 from his pocket. The gambling privilege of that circus is now for sale.

—The St. Gothard tunnel is now daily traversed by eight trains, four each way. Touching solidity of construction, the tunnel leaves nothing to be desired. The official inspectors express themselves perfectly satisfied with the condition of the work. Particular attention was paid to the windy stretch, which has caused so much trouble and given rise to so many fears, but the massive granite masonry with which this part of the passage is stayed seems admirably adapted to its purpose, and shows no sign of yielding to the immense pressure that weighs upon it. The ventillation is good, and no inconvenience was experienced from the temperature. The tunnel is lighted with lamps placed a kilometer apart.

Pluck Rewarded.

On the first day of the new year a young man, resident on the South Side and whose name is Good, went to the house of his own true love, and thence they went to the house of some one having authority in such matters and were wed.

The parents of the young lady were not apprised of this decisive and important step taken by their daughter until after it had been taken, and then they were in no wise pleased. So positive was their disapproval of the act that they refused to allow the young lady so lately a wife to accompany her husband or see him at all. Of course this was a highly unsatisfactory decision to the young couple, but it was laid down as of the Medes and Persians, from which there was no appeal. The husband fretted under it a day or two, and called at the house and endeavored to have the young lady renounce her allegiance to the parental roof, but it seemed to be a too painful proceeding and she couldn't do it.

Finally, however, the husband's indignation mastered him, and he determined to remain passive no longer, and so he engaged the services of two stout, well-proportioned police officers, and engaged them to escort him to the house of her parents, which, by the way, is on Jane, near Twenty-first Street, South Side; and with the protection of these he entered, and made a formal demand upon his parents-in-law that they release his wife and upon his wife that she accompany him. This was such an unexpected and, withal, business-like step that, after some slight parley the house capitulated. The young wife packed up some of her personal effects, bade farewell to the household, and departed to enter upon the new experience. The friends of the young couple hope that their married life thus auspiciously begun will flow more smoothly as time goes.—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

For Young Readers.

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I might begin: "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But—seems to me—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."
It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

"To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!"

There? Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!
—*Kate Kellogg, in St. Nicholas.*

TONY'S COVETOUSNESS.

"But don't I wish it was my sled?"

Here five-year-old Tony looked at it, his fat hands jammed into his very small pockets, his brown eyes, in their wonder and admiration, growing bigger and bigger, as if either eye could have taken that sled in and found house room for it.

It was a gay little affair, but, alas! it was not Tony's. It belonged to Popham Cornish, or, as the boys called him for short, Pop Corn. Why did his folks give him a name the boys could cut up such a caper with? The sled was named "The Hare," but there were three hares on it really, a gilt one on each runner, and a gilt one on top.

"My!" said Tony, "Pop Corn needn't do anything to it. That sled has got to go. Three hares could make anything go." And Tony began to think whether he himself would not make a swift racer if stuck all over with gilt hares.

How Tony did long for that sled! He longed so ardently, I am sorry to write, that he chipped off a piece from one of the commandments, as his teacher would have said. You know there are ten of them, as every one would say, if some people did not have short memories.

"And there is one," said Tony's Sunday-school teacher, "that is mother of another."

"That is a funny commander," exclaimed Tony, "to be a mother."

"Commandment," I said.

"Oh!"

"One commandment says: 'Thou shalt not covet,' then mentioning various things."

"Cubbit?"

"Covet, covet, Tony! That means to want a thing very badly, to keep wanting and wishing, and perhaps to feel unpleasantly toward the person having the coveted thing. That may lead to stealing, which is forbidden by another commandment. So the tenth commandment is mother of the eighth. Don't do anything to the commandments or take the least chip from them."

"No," thought Tony, "I won't eubbit."

But Tony kept lugging for that sled so fiercely that he chipped off a dozen pieces from the tenth commandment. I wonder that Tony did not steal the sled the first day. What happened, let me tell you. It just makes me shiver.

Tony was sitting on the edge of his trundle-bed at night, having said: "Now I lay me," but all the while he was thinking about Pop Corn's sled.

"I have a great mind to go and take it!" he said.

By and by he jumped out of bed, stole down stairs, and then out of doors. He hurried into Pop Corn's yard and creeping into the shed, there in the moonlight he saw "The Hare," or the three hares, rather.

"Oh," exclaimed fat little Tony, "don't I wish these lovely creatures would give me a ride," and as he said it, down he dropped upon the sled, plump as a pumpkin. To his surprise and joy the sled stirred.

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" screamed Tony, "wouldn't Pop Corn like to have the hares do this for him! Lazy people like him that stay in bed can't expect hares to pull 'em round."

It was so still. Nobody was up, not even cross old Grandpa Perkins, who would often say to Tony: "What's this little boy making so much noise for?"

As the sled went along, the three hares stepped out of their gilt finery, and there they were, harnessed to the sled, one going ahead and the two others following.

"Oh you lovely, sweet, nice, pretty hares!" shouted Tony. "I'll jingle some bells for you. Jing, jing, jing! Don't you think that is nice?"

The hares turned their big eyes toward him, smiling and looking very queer and wicked. Tony felt a bit uneasy.

He was a small citizen of Boston and much attached to his home; but what if those funny hares took it into their heads to quit that renowned city?

The hares went due north, faster, faster, leaving all the city streets behind them; faster, faster, through villages, across meadows and over rivers.

"Oh dear me," thought Tony, "where are these creatures going? Stop!" he bawled.

They only turned and winked at him. Faster, faster, faster! Up through New Hampshire, over the mountains at a leap, just scraping the top of Mount Washington—what a mad race!

"You ugly, good-for-nothing things, stop-p-p! Don't I wish—I was—like Pop Corn, in bed—fast asleep-p-p!" sobbed Tony.

Faster, faster, over the snow of Canada, among a strange people on snow-shoes, faster, faster, away up across Hudson's Bay, among folks short and fat and dressed in skins, over long fields of ice—and—right against an iceberg.

The shock made Tony open his eyes! There was his mother laughing and rubbing his nose with a big icicle.

"Come, Tony, I am trying to wake you, for it is time to be getting up. What are you groaning about?"

That was the last time Tony wanted to trouble anything belonging to others, and he was very careful how he chipped a piece off the tenth commandment.—*Interior.*

Running.

Very few boys know how to run.

"Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys: "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to pull through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble are caught and kept out by this little hairy net-work. Then the passages of the nose are longer and smaller and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.—*Theo. B. Williamson, in St. Nicholas.*

A New Hampshire Amazon.

Living in a town in New Hampshire is an Amazon, not in the sense of apparent masculinity, but in actual strength and agility, and her enterprise is equal to her endurance. It was reported in the papers of the county that she picked and marketed four hundred quarts of blueberries the last season. She assured the writer that the quantity was much larger than was reported. These berries she carried on foot two miles to the village, and peddled them out to the residents. Recently she wheeled a wheelbarrow two and one-half miles over a rough and hilly road, and returned with it, trundling home two good-sized pigs. She performed a feat, a few weeks since, that few men would care to undertake, yet she accomplished it without ado or difficulty. Having purchased at the village an outside dwelling-house door, one and one-half inches thick, she placed it on her back and carried it in that manner to her home, a distance of two long miles. Yet she is slender in form, and agile and elastic as a deer. She is often seen walking in the street engaged in knitting, her fingers and feet moving as if in vigorous competition with each other. When not encumbered, in passing to and from the village, she frequently strikes into a run, sometimes maintaining it up the steepest hills and for most of the distance. Occasionally she essays journeys of ten or fifteen miles on foot into the neighboring towns, if not at a corresponding speed, yet at one surprising to people with ordinary powers of locomotion. Matched with a husband of equal energy, she would be surrounded with comfort and abundance.—*Boston Journal.*

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To remove old paint, cover with a wash of three parts stone lime slaked in water, and one part of pearlash. Let the coating remain sixteen hours, when the paint may be easily removed.

—For ringworm in calves soft soap applied as an ointment is a never-failing cure. I thought perhaps you might think it worth while to let the public know of such a simple remedy.—*A. Neild, Charlbury.*

—Though the drought shrunk the crops in Kansas last summer very greatly, the farmers' products of the State footed up $122,946,490 for the year, forty per cent. more than the value of the abundant yield of the year before.

—Probably the largest hog in the United States was lately exhibited at Junction City, Kansas. His length is seven feet; girth of neck, six and one-half feet; girth of chest, seven and one-half feet; girth of center, eight feet; width across the hips, thirty inches, and weight, 1,532 pounds.

—Baked fish is apt to be dry, and can be improved by basting it with a little good fat or olive oil, or by laying a slice of salt pork over it, or strips of pork in slashes cut in its upper surface. Blue fish, bass, shad, carp, red snappers and other fish from three to six pounds in weight are good for baking. Brown gravy or sauce should be served with baked fish, and a highly-seasoned bread stuffing increases their palatableness.

—In warm, properly-ventilated stables it is doubtful whether horses ought to be blanketed, but in cold stables there is no doubt that they should be; also in all cases when stopped in cold weather on the road. It is better, when the horse comes in warm and sweaty, to rub him dry before feeding and watering. Horses are much like human beings; they take cold by exposure, as a man will. They should be carefully treated, and never be allowed to stand long in cold weather in a sweaty condition without being blanketed. Many horses are ruined by exposure and drinking cold water when warm and sweaty.

—For meat fritters sift a teacupful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt into a bowl; mix it into a smooth batter with the yelks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of salad oil, or melted butter, and tepid water enough to make a batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Set this aside for two hours or better still for twenty-four. When it is to be used, whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, first adding a pinch of salt; stir them lightly into the batter, and add the sliced meat. Have a small kettle of hot fat ready—be sure that it is smoking hot—then drop in the slices well covered with butter. Do not let them touch each other. Cook until nicely browned and turn so that all sides may be done alike. Take up with a skimmer and drain on whitish brown paper before serving.

Never "Too Much" Manure.

A friend lately remarked to me that as I was cleaning out under piggeries, henhouses and barns to draw the rich accumulations of years on the fields, I would not need to buy commercial fertilizers the coming season. This idea is commonly advanced, and generally in connection with the commercial fertilizers, but it is a most fallacious one. So far from proposing to buy less manure, I am cleaning out every available load of fertilizers, in order to be able to afford to buy more. The man who, year after year, allows manure to lie in his barnyards is pretty sure, sooner or later, to lack the money to pay for phosphate and other fertilizers. Then the farmers who boast that they never buy phosphate, and who are only a little, if any less neglectful of their own supplies, have their spiteful little chuckle over the "failure of high farming." The failure is not of that by any means but of wasteful neglect. The manure made on the farm may not be the cheapest the farmer uses. I have often heard enthusiasts aver that some commercial manures were cheaper than the product of their stabled animals. This is often true, but when manure is made, there remains only the expense of drawing it out, and this can always be afforded. A good farmer can well afford one dollar per load for good stable manure when the distance is not more than three or four miles. He may not be able to pay this for one crop, and for this the commercial fertilizer drilled in with the seed may be the cheapest fertilizer that can be used. The farmer who tills rented land can therefore better afford to buy phosphate and other concentrated fertilizers than he who owns the farm he works. He can afford to, because the labor in distributing the fertilizer is reduced to the smallest proportions; the fertilizer is so evenly distributed that the larger portion is usable by the first crop, and as for the money expended it should be returned 200 fold within a year after it is expended. All this makes a fair case for the advocates of commercial fertilizers, but the fact remains that if by the use of guano or phosphate they are securing large crops and not returning any of the proceeds to the soil, they are surely exhausting their farms, and the time is not distant when the fertilizers on which they trusted will fail to produce their usual effect. On the other hand, if large crops, produced by purchased fertilizers, are in part returned to the soil, the result is a continued progress in fertility. Stable manure can never be so thoroughly distributed as to be all taken up by the first crop. This is a gain to the soil, preventing rapid exhaustion where stable manure is used freely, but it involves a loss to the farmer who has to wait longer for returns from the fertilizer he applies.

By promptly using all the available manures on the farm several advantages are secured. Larger crops enable the farmer to keep more stock and make larger piles of manure. Fertility is doubtless increased in other ways. A rich soil is more open to the air, and at the same time the crop covering which it usually has protects it from drying winds. The many roots of plants open the soil to the rains and snows, protect it from washing, and to some extent afford a natural underdrainage. Anyone can test this in open weather during the winter, when the ground is saturated with water by walking on strong growing wheat, and on a bare field naturally as dry, on which nothing has been sown. The difference should convince any one of the advantage of keeping the land covered.—*Country Gentleman.*

Asparagus.

The usual method of propagating asparagus is from the seed, which retains its vitality several years if kept dry and not exposed to great heat; but fresh seed is preferable. As freezing does not injure the seed it may be sown in the fall, and may even be delayed until spring if more convenient. The seed bed should be well worked over and made deep, rich and so light that the surface will not become hard and baked after heavy rains. Make drills four inches apart, in which sow seeds four inches distant from each other. This will admit of vigorous growth, which is very important, as the plants will be in better condition for planting when one year old than ever after. Cover about one inch deep. An ounce of seed should give about a thousand plants. Hoe and cultivate well, and keep all weeds down. Transplant in the spring to the beds where they are to remain. Good strong one year, or if the seed was sown in the fall, eighteen months old plants are better for setting than older ones, but those of two or even three years old may be used if others are not readily obtainable.

A light sandy or alluvial soil is far preferable to any other for asparagus; a cold clay soil, however rich, is seldom satisfactory. But whatever its nature it must be made very deep and rich, and the materials used for fertilizing applied in the most liberal manner. If the soil is naturally cold and heavy, muck, sand or the sediments of ponds or creeks may be added in sufficient quantities to lighten as well as to make it rich. "The richer the better" is an old and good rule in making asparagus beds.

Depth of soil is also important, because warmth, proper drainage, and the retention of just enough moisture to keep the plants growing and the roots healthy cannot be secured in a shallow soil, however nearly perfect it may be in all other respects. The bed should be thoroughly worked with a spade or trench plow to a depth of at least eighteen inches, while two or even two and a half feet is usually considered better by the most successful gardeners. On light soils, naturally well underdrained by a porus subsoil, a less depth will answer if surface applications are increased. The usual practice in small gardens is to set the plants in beds and quite close together. This method should be entirely abandoned; for to obtain large asparagus the plants must have plenty of room for full and perfect development of both roots and tops. For garden culture, the roots should be three feet apart and the plants not less than eighteen inches apart in the rows; and for field culture, the rows must be four feet and plants two feet from each other. When plenty of space is allowed, the roots have room to spread, the crowns increase in size without crowding, and the yield will be much greater than when close planting is practised. It is a common saying among market gardeners that "giant asparagus is only obtained by giant culture," and allowing abundance of room for the plants is an important step in this direction.

After the land has been put in proper condition by manuring and working to the required depth, trenches from four to six inches deep should be opened with a plow. If the roots are large, two furrows should be run for each trench, throwing the soil out on both sides, leaving the bottom of the trench broad enough to admit of spreading out the roots to their full length without crowding against the sides. Set the roots at proper distances along the trench and haul the soil over them with hoes, or it may be thrown back with a plow; after which run a harrow over the surface to make it smooth and level. If the crowns of the plants are covered fully four inches after the soil is well settled above them it is sufficient, although some set them much deeper, which is not only entirely unnecessary, but in cold soils rather injurious than otherwise, as the plants will not start so early nor come forward so rapidly as when set near the surface.

An asparagus plant at first consists of a crown or centre bud, from which the roots grow out laterally in all directions nearly horizontally, seldom going deep into the earth. Neither do the crowns grow upward or downward as the plants become old, but as the first bud or stalk rises to the surface and above, if left undisturbed, another bud is formed at its base, and then another, and so on during the entire life of the plant, the old crowns becoming large masses of dead and living buds on nearly the same plane. We are thus particular in describing the habit of asparagus roots, because thousands have made asparagus beds with solid stone bottoms, believing it necessary to prevent the roots from going deep into the earth and spending the force of the plant in that direction instead of throwing up its succulent and much prized shoots; and many have been deterred from planting asparagus by the supposed necessity of stone foundations.

It is frequently asserted that asparagus roots go down until they strike some hard substance, when they are turned and come through the surface as stalks. Where such an absurd idea originated may be as difficult to determine as is the origin of hundreds of others equally absurd that have both in theory and practice found their way into both ancient and modern gardening.

After cultivation consists mainly in top dressing and working in fertilizers from time to time to keep up a vigorous growth of the plants. When they are set in wide rows it is easy to run a shallow furrow alongside, fill it with manure, and then throw the soil back with the plow. Fertilizers of almost any kind may be spread over the surface and worked in when weeding or otherwise cultivating the plants. Salt has long been considered a special fertilizer for asparagus, probably because the plant is found wild in salt meadows and sands near the sea, and while it may not be necessary for the production of large and fine-flavored asparagus, it is, as is well-known, a most excellent fertilizer for a great variety of plants, and may be safely used on an asparagus bed in such liberal quantities that all noxious weeds will be killed out. Consequently it is often a cheap method of weeding a plantation and enriching it at the same time, besides destroying the larvæ of noxious insects that infest the buds and plants. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is stated that the Standard Oil Company paid seven million dollars in the last six months for barrel staves.

Don't Eat Too Fast.

Cooking, masticating, digesting, assimilating and absorbing are distinct parts of that great process, that converts animal and vegetal materials into living and growing animals. All food must be reduced to a fluid mass before this conversion can occur. Masses of food are useless until they have been comminuted into particles too small to be even seen. They must be reduced to particles before they can be dissolved. The first two stages of this wonderful conversion of vegetals to living beings is cooking and chewing—mechanical processes, that reduce the size of food so much as to bring each particle in close contact with saliva, and then reduce them still more by what is well called digestion. These processes of insalivation or solution are chemical. We cook our meats, that we may lessen their toughness, or may diminish the adhesion of their fibers, or compel the minute particles, of which their fibers are composed to separate from each other. The hard digestion of any flesh, then, depends upon the adhesion of these fibers and their particles and the way of preparing them for the successive stages of solution. Mastication and insalivation accomplish two important purposes, namely, to reduce masses of food into smaller parts, and then to mingle them with saliva. The process of cutting them into smaller masses than we can easily, or safely masticate is of all others, not only the first, but the most important. The next process, that of cooking may precede it. But all these processes are important. The tenderness of our food depends upon the way of cooking we may adopt. Boiling more than any other way of preparing for the several changes that may succeed it in the regular course of converting meats and vegetals into living flesh, softens it and separates the fibers into particles from each other. Frying hardens them more or less and so renders them indigestible. The one way lessens the labor of mastication and digestion, whilst the other increases it. Bad teeth have a similar effect.

Any imperfections in any one stage of the preparation to convert food into a living organic mass may be considered causes of indigestion. These few words on indigestion may plainly show why we should eat slowly, why we should well masticate our food, and why some persons do not easily digest it, and change it to a milky fluid, that can be easily absorbed and contributed to the quantity and richness of their blood. Often we dine with friends who do not seem to know that they in eating have anything else to do but to place between their jaws as large masses of food as they can place there and move their jaw a little or just enough to shape the mass of their food so that they can push them down their gullet into the gastric sack below. They do not seem to know that food is useless and may be injurious unless they prepare it for complete digestion, and aid the normal functions of the stomach and duodenum to convert it into a milky fluid that may pass easily through the mucous membrane of the food canal. Not long ago we were called to visit a man who was in great distress. He had crowded his breakfast down some thirty minutes before. He was in greater distress than he could possibly enjoy. The cause clearly was an overloaded stomach. So we gave him half a bowl of mustard water, and he soon vomited four halves of breakfast buscuit. The buscuits were large and hard. He was astonished at the result of our prescription and was inclined to deny that he ever swallowed them. He paid our fee and we gave him good advice. First, to properly cook his food; secondly, to place within his mouth only small pieces of any food —to use his knife very freely; thirdly, to masticate every kind of food until it was reduced to a soft pulp and had been mingled with a proper amount of oxygen. All readers may not know that one advantage of thoroughly masticating our food is that in so doing we necessarily mix air with the pulpy mass, and thus assist nature in the process of digestion. In this condition of a pulp the gastric juice combines with every particle, and converts it to a milky fluid and is readily absorbed. All kinds of food treated in this way mingle and form a nutritious mass that never distresses or torments.

Our readers should remember that indigestion and gastric pain is induced by neglecting the natural laws of eating.

People generally are not aware that meat, vegetables and fruits are useless, except as a qualification to the appetite, unless they are reduced in size so much that their nutritious particles may be obtained and absorbed, and so enter the vital currents from which means of growth are drawn.

Artificial teeth, where natural ones are lost, contribute largely to our strength and beauty. They enable the most reckless man to chew his food well, and so increase the amount of food that his age and growth require. Those who wish to possess health and beauty must use the usual means of obtaining them. They must avoid inducing indigestion by failing to masticate and absorb their food.—*Prairie Farmer.*

He Read Der Babers.

Fowler, the druggist on the corner of Second and Green, advertised in yesterday's city papers for a pharmacist. Soon after his doors were opened a German, fresh from fadderland and with hardly a speaking acquaintance with the English language, stepped hopefully in and said to Mr. Fowler:

"I read mit der babers dot you vant a varmasseest, und I shust coome rhound to got der shob."

"Are you a pharmacist—a druggist?" asked the puzzled pill-pounder.

"Vell, I was raised on der varm, und I ghan asseest mit der beesness."

"Yes, but does that make you a druggist?"

"Mein vreend, I shust told yer how I vas. I leeve all mein life on der varm, und I do nnny kind oof vork. I was no dhroogist, hut you shust dhry me und see I vas a ghud varm-asseest."

The druggist tumbled to the German's racket at last, and seeing that he had interpreted pharmacist to mean a farm assistant, he invited him to leave his address and expect an answer very soon. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Life Saving Crews on the Atlantic Coast.

A New Yorker can easily learn something of what the life saving crews do by imagining himself an inmate of the little station on Coney Island, east of the Oriental Hotel. He would be one of five or six men occupying the tiny house, and would be provided with a limited supply of old clothes and a few blankets. Every sixth day he would be the cook, and would take his turn in preparing the dinners and suppers of pork, coffee and hard-tack. The next day, perhaps, would be his turn to scrub out the station from top to bottom. Every night he would take his "watch" of two hours in patrolling the beach. That is, he would start out at midnight, on a bleak night, perhaps with snow falling, certainly with the air freezing cold, and taking a lanteru in his hand and a Coston light in his pocket, would make his way through the storm up to Norton's Point and back. As soon as he returned the next man would go on duty and go over the same ground. Neither of them probably would meet as much as a ghost in the long walk, for spirits are not as plenty on Coney Island on a winter night as they are at the height of the season. This may not be what a laboring man would call hard work, but there are few people in New York who would care to undertake it for the small pay that is given the surfmen. And as to reaching a wreck, the mere dip in the surf on a winter's night would be enough to satisfy most of us, without any further efforts to launch the life-boat or rig the "breeches buoy."—*N. Y. Times.*

The American and the European Newspaper.

Rabbi Somesehein, of St. Louis, lately spoke upn the difference between American and European newspapers of the present dy. The European newspapers he would compare to a fisherman who sits immovable and silent on the bank of a strem waiting for prey to enter his meshes The American journal is like the hunter who seeks his game and seenres it by hard work. The American editor always keeps the wants of the reader in mud when preparing matter for the pres. He is not so particular about beauty of language so long as he secures the nws. The European editor, on the contrary, was like a college professor, very cassical, very cold and very long winded. The history of newspapers was a histoy of the world. The first newspaper was printed in the Latin language for a select few soon after the invention of the pritting press. A copy of it was now preserved in the Leipsic library, and the greatest news it contained was a description of the discovery of Americe. It was printed in 1494, just about the period the discoveries were made. Born in Germany, the newspaper then gravitated toward France, where it existed in a slipshod manner for a couple of centuries. The first development worth speaking of occurred at the time of the French revolution in 1789. An official journal published in Paris at the time issued a semi-weekly edition, which was at the time considered a matter of some moment.

A Scarcity of Corn Cobs.

"There is a corner in corn cobs somewhere," said a wholesale dealer in pipes, "for the demands of manufacturers of corn-cob pipes cannot be met, even at advanced prices. There has never been such a scarcity in the supply. The pipes, too, seem to be in greater demand than ever. Many men won't smoke any other kind. I know one rich society man who would be in disgrace if he was seen in public with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, but who keeps his pipe in his bedroom, and has a quiet smoke before he goes to bed. The man who invented the process of hardening a corn cob has become independently rich. Some cob pipes are costly because of the silver mountings, but the pipe that sells for five cents is the most popular. Smokers say that a corn-cob pipe is sweeter than any other. Southern negroes, who know what is good, from a hoecake to a 'possum, wouldn't give a cob pipe for the finest meerschaum, if he couldn't get another. I suppose the short corn crop has had something to do with the scarcity. The cobs of a poor crop are not fit to make pipes out of."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne's new novel —which bears the curious title of "Dust" —has for motto the couplet:

"Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust."

It opens in the England of 1816, in the days of Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

NAUTICAL: Said the sailor to his sweetheart: "I know that ladies care little about nautical matters, but if you had your choice of a ship, what kind of a ship would you prefer?" She cast down her eyes, blushed and whispered: "A little smack."—*Somerville Journal.*

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmers' fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."

ELOISE asks if we will publish her poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilelet upon our faceiet we reply: yes. Write only upon one sideiet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stampiets. Your poemlet shall have spaceiet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"DID you receive my card, Mrs. C.?" "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. C., "and I have been expecting to return your call, but this is one of the terrible things that I always keep putting off." Mrs. B. looks pleased, but she doesn't feel that way.—*Illinois State Register.*

A DRUGGIST of Belton Falls, Va., has been sent to prison for sixty days, "for selling liquor as a beverage." Wonder what they would have done with him if he had sold it as a liver pad or as a wash for removing freckles. —*Texas Siftings.*

"THERE'S our Jeremiah," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend, "No," said the old man, with a sigh and significantly tapping his head, "he failed for want of capital."

A NORTH CAROLINA Justice of the Peace recently married a couple as he sat enthroned in state on the back of a mule, and the animal for once realized that there was bigger trouble going on than he could produce, and kept his heels still.—*New Haven Register.*

A MAN has had the gall to start a one-cent restaurant in Pearl street. Yet we don't know why there shouldn't be some prophet in one sent.—*Ex.*

THE Prince of Wales, it is said, has recently taken to American whisky, and is now addressed as "Your Ryeness."

—In the chamber of his residence at Paterson, N. J., recently, John H. Berden, American Express manager at that city, lay immovably ill with typhoid malaria, when his wife bending over his face to discover whether he was in a healthful sleep, detected the odor of smoke in his whiskers. Her attention being thus aroused she could smell the smoke in the air. Opening the door she found the house on fire. Rousing her husband she rushed to the street to give the alarm. Mr. Berden, though he had not been able to stir for days, in his excitement arose, walked down stairs and fell at the street door. He was carried to a neighbors and immediately began to gain health and strength. Scientific men declare that the odor of smoke in a house, when still so faint as to be unnoticed in the air, will be strongly manifest in the clothing and hair of the tenants.

—Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt front. He may have no mother to support him.

Well Indorsed by Our Own Citizens.

No matter how useful anything may be in itself, good Indorsements seem to increase its usefulness greatly by insuring a wider field for the display of its special merits. We were thus impressed in view of the following statements received by one of our representatives from leading individuals connected with some of the largest enterprises in our midst. Among others whose testimony was freely given was W. H. Stearns, Esq., Master Mechanic of the Conn. River Railroad, residing at No. 23 Boylston street, who observed: "St. Jacobs Oil has had remarkable effect among the men employed here. One of them jammed his arm very badly, and by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was greatly benefited, and the arm was healed. Another used it for severe rheumatic pains in the knee, and pronounced the Oil a complete success as he was cured by its use." Mr. A. B. Taylor, of the "Ray & Taylor Manufacturing Co." was pleased to say: "My aunt, Mrs. Pillsbury, of Mount Clair, N. J., while visiting at our house tried St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia, and found immediate relief every time. She pronounced it the best thing she had ever tried for the trouble." Mr. J. B. Weston, 45 Greenwood street, Supt. Car Works, Boston & Albany Railroad, thus addressed our reporter: "I am one more of the fortunates who have had the good luck to hear of that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. I had rheumatism in the shoulder severely and could find no relief until I used the Oil. I applied it and must confess I was surprised at the results. I am almost well and expect to be entirely so in a few days."—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

A CAT when pursued by a ferocious dog may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but, nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

THE St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch* at the close of a long article says: In fact St. Jacobs Oil is pushing all other remedies out of the field, and, excellent though some of the liniments formerly offered are, the efficacy of St Jacobs Oil is magical in cases of sciatica, rheumatism, pleurisy, neuralgia, nervous headache, lumbago and scores of other disorders; while in the case of sprains, burns or injuries it is an absolute panacea, and for general use is better than the advice of many physicians. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

BIBLICAL STUDENT: Of course Ruth wanted a beau, but no one has ever been able to determine why she chose such a Boaz she did. *Newton Republican.*

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir* —Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS used to say that if the Atlantic Ocean were claret he would drink his way to America. Sir Philip was often half-seas over.—*New Haven Register.*

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BRONSON ALCOTT says "the blonde type is nearest to the divine likeness." Very few newspapers use the blonde type.—*Binghamton Republican.*

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A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Redehenver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican office, Oakland, Md.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horners, on the Hooppole Road, adjoinining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

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THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED

—FOR—

PEDDICORD & COMBS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. le14-ly

W. A. DAILY,
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Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

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BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.57 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

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6 11 9 m New York.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions, Reasonable terms, References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.

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HOME OFFICE, No 11 S. GAY STREET.

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WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, Vice President,
R. W. L. RASIN, - - - Treasurer,
E. M. WILMER, - - - Secretary.

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MARSHALL & FISHER.

G. LANE TANYHILL, M. D., 129 W. Biddle St., Medical Supervisor.
WILSON G. REGESTER, M. D., 17 N. Calhoun St., and D. W. CATHELL, M. D., 2 N. Broadway, Medical Examiners.

DIRECTORS.

SAMUED BLACK, Capitalist, Baltimore, Md.
WOODWARD ABRAHAMS, (Cochran & Co.) Ice Dealers, Baltimore, Md.
R. W. L. RASIN, Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturer, Baltimore, Md.
EDWIN WILMER, Gen'l Agency, No. 11 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.
E. M. WILMER, Educator, Institute, 379 Druid Hill Ave., Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.

Hon. J. TOME, Banker, Port Deposit, Md.
F. STUMP, Judge, Elkton, Md.
THOMAS MALLALIEU, Manufacturer, Millington, Md.
H. G. VICKERS, Attorney at Law, Chestertown, Md.
A. R. WEEDON, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.
SUDLER & PRICE, Merchants, Sudlerville, Md.
Col. JAMES WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Cambridge, Md.
Hon. O. HAMMOND, Attorney at Law, Easton, Md.
GEO. M. RUSSUM, Attorney at Law, Denton, Md.
Col. T. S. HODSON, Collector of Port, Crisfield, Md.
B. EVERETT SMITH, Editor, Snow Hill, Md.
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H. CLAY NAILL, Register, Frederick City, Md.
BLACKISTON & ELLEGOOD, Attorneys at Law, Cumberland, Md.
S. THOMAS McCULLOGH, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
J. S. JAMESON, Educator, Bryantown, Md.
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Hon. J. P. ALLMOND, Mayor, Wilmington, Del.
J. T. HEALD, Real Estate Exchange, Wilmington, Del.
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INCORPORATED 1880.

SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY

OF BALTIMORE.

The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

THE OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION IS

1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

PRACTICAL WORKING.

The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

PERMANENT DISABILITY.

In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

MATURITY OF YEARS.

Members who live to their years of Expectancy, will be paid, in their life time, the amount of their certificate (old age in a majority of cases, is a time of most need.)

EXAMPLE.

Take a person of 40 years of age, at the time of joining. Their expectation of life, as per the Carlisle Tables, is 27 years. Should such a person live to be 67 years of age, he or she would then receive, *in cash* (in their lifetime,) the amount of their certificate.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the value of the certificates.

Respectfully,

EDWIN WILMER, Manager,
No. 11 S. Gay Street.
(P. O. Box 657) Baltimore, Md.

F. A. THAYER & CO.,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Agents for Garrett County.

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RESIDENT DENTIST

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nesbkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Tax Collector's Sale.

The undersigned collector of State and County taxes for the First Collection District of Garrett county, Maryland, for the years 1878 and 1879, will sell at auction

On the 6th day of March 1882,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that piece or parcel of land called

Part of Glendale,

which appears on the assessment books of Garrett county in the name of John Eland & Co.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms cash on day of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING,
2 11 4t Collector.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec 31 ly.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

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Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

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J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

If you want a happy Christmas make home happy by buying an

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

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OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

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ORGANS & PIANOS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 2 to 22 stops. Have you seen "Beatty's Best" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.15. Chapel Organs $75. THE "LONDON," Metropolitan 6 full sets of Reeds, ONLY $68. THE PARIS now offered FOR $81. Other desirable new styles now ready. ☞

☞ BEATTY'S FACTORY, RAILROAD AVE., & BEATTY ST., Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Over THREE ACRES OF SPACE. Largest Works in the World that ship products direct from Factory.

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SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 2,300 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all Improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, **$222.75.**

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,000. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

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CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

5 Octaves. 5 SETS REEDS

Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 800. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. Sub. Bass and Grand Organ. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Piano Pocket. New and improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its aid the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with rest French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

NO MONEY WANTED

Until tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 6. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys. Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and of the pathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

☞ $275.00. ☜

Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

NO MONEY WANTED,

Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

Illustrated Catalogue showing all our latest styles, sent Free.

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 5. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882. NUMBER 53.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise. Corner Alder and Second Streets.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

THOMAS MARTIN, Opposite Postoffice.

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J. B. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Office at Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md.

JOHN HARNED. Address, Post Office.

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A. B. WOODCOCK, In Wm. Simmuse's Building. Watches and Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

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GEO. C. STURGISS, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars. Alder St.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

CABINETMAKERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

STONE MASONS.

P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, MD., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Deer Park Md.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor."

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

Diphtheria.

A **cold** or **sore throat** may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly and surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. ROUTH, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

DR. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

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A TIMID GIRL'S COURAGE.

"Are you going in the direction of the station, Nellie?" asked Mrs. Wilton of her sister, as that young lady appeared fully equipped for a walk.

"I scarcely know," Nellie answered in a hesitating tone; "the fields looked so lovely in the view from my window, and I was seized with a desire to wander at will among their beauties, and so have put on my broad hat and heavy shoes without regard to appearances."

Mrs. Wilton glanced at the pure white dress, set off with cardinal ribbons; the broad hat, with its knot of wild flowers shading a sweet, Hebe-like face, and, tastly, at the small feet, whose stately symmetry no shoes could disguise, and a thrill of admiration warmed her sisterly heart.

"She is very pretty, and, what is better, she has a true, noble nature," she thought as she gazed after her graceful form; and all unconscious of her sister's praise Nellie Ashton ran down the garden walk, and once free of the grounds and observation broke into the carol of a happy child as she wandered from hedge to hedge, seeking and finding new blossoms at every turn.

Occupied in this way, and taking little heed of the direction in which she went, Nellie was suddenly brought to a stand-still by a sound that to her timid city ears was blood-curdling.

A great cow, which she had approached unobserved, had, when only a few paces from her, lifted up its head and uttered a prolonged—and to poor Nellie a terrifying—bellow. A faint answer came back from the distant pasture fields whereupon bovine, with a satisfied air, began cropping industriously a few spears of grass growing in the neighborhood of a stone and-lime wall in the vicinity.

Nellie Ashton's one weakness was a terror of cows. She looked on them as her natural enemies, and though heartily ashamed of the cowardice this aversion entailed was quite unable to overcome it. The sight of one of these mild animals peacefully grazing at the safest distance inspired her with unreasonable fear, and their presence in the green clover fields interfered seriously with her intense love of nature.

Never before had she encountered the objectionable animal in such close quarters, and fright for a moment arrested her footsteps. She drew a long breath and tried to still the wild beatings of her heart.

"If I run it will chase me," was her first thought, and then came the happy conclusion: "I will mount that wall; its top is broad enough to walk on, and, thank Heaven, cows cannot climb."

A moment more and her resolution was in practice. She had gained the elevation and was in safety, but, not content till distance stretched between herself and the obnoxious animal, she hurried along the precarious walk without observing its gradual ascent, and only paused when she could look back securely on her past danger and meditate at leisure on the perverse and evil nature of cows in general.

"It stands there pretending to crop grass," she thought, as she watched it moving about in the sparse herbage, "but I know it is planning how it may attack me. Oh, dear! I suppose they are very necessary to people's comfort, for milk and all that, but for my part I think such dangerous creatures should be confined somewhere."

She had reached this part of her soliloquy when, chancing to glance down the road, her eye caught sight of her brother in-law taking what he called a short cut across the fields from the car station to his summer home. Under these circumstances the presence of this gentleman (who was much given to tease) would have been quite sufficient. The appearance of a stranger added to Nellie's confusion, and she immediately prepared to spring lightly to the ground before they could join her, when to her alarm she discovered she was at least twelve feet above it.

The wall she had been following in her eagerness to escape from the cow formed the base of a sloping terrace, and rose gradually as it progressed until its height was something formidable.

"What shall I do?" cries Nellie. "If I jump down I may break my neck. If I run back there stands that malignant cow her horrid horns just set for me."

Harry was fast approaching. There was nothing left but resignation, and, forgetting how her heavy boots must dangle, poor Nell dropped down in sheer exhaustion to rest.

As Mr. Wilton and his companion drew near, talking gayly, he for the first time became aware of the presence of his pretty sister-in-law.

"Why, Nellie," he exclaimed in genuine surprise, "how did you get up there?" and he looked about for a ladder or some means of ascent.

"I was taking a walk," the young lady faltered; but Harry's quick eye caught sight of the cow at the further end of the wall, and knowing Nellie's weakness, burst into an uncontrotable fit of laughter.

Nellie's chagrin and the stranger's growing embarrassment checked his lonely mirth, and he hastened to introduce his companion to his sister-in-law.

"This is my old and valued college friend, Dr. Raymond, Nellie." Then turning to the other he added: "Let me present you to my sister, Miss Ashton, Arthur, and at the same time assure you she would be the dearest girl in the world if she wasn't so chicken-hearted."

Dr. Raymond—a handsome gentleman of seven-and-twenty, graver and more polished in manner than his friend—bowed with marked respect to our poor heroine, who was nervously trying to conceal her boots. Their mutal diffidence might have increased into embarrassment, but Harry's high spirits came to the rescue.

"Pray assist Miss Ashton to alight while I vanquish her enemy," he cried, "and then we'll go home across the fields together to where my wife is anxiously awaiting our arrival."

Under pretence of protecting them from further danger he seized a broken branch fallen by the wayside and went in advance flourishing it and leaving the newly-made acquaintances to follow. Never before had Nellie found conversation such a difficult art. She sought in vain for something appropriate to say, but the truth was her sensitive mind shrank from recalling the absurd position she had occupied. She glanced secretly at her handsome cavalier, whom Harry had always described as the embodiment of all that was noble, true and manly, and felt he must regard with contempt a silly, nervous creature such as she, without courage or self-command enough to conceal her idle fears.

Beyond monosyllables she could not control her speech, but he talked freely.

"Harry stole a march on me by getting married while I was in Europe," he said "I went there with my little sister, as well as to perfect my own medical studies. She was a delicate child then, but is now a blooming young lady, and my journey East is to meet and take her to my Western home, her education being finished at last."

Finding Nellie still silent, beyond a murmered assent, he went on to say that he and this young sister, Clara, were orphans, and that her delicate childhood had been his tenderest care. "Indeed, I think I chose my profession of medicine to fit me to watch over her more ably: but now thank Heaven, she is as robust as I could wish, and needs no doctor's skill.

As he said this he reached the cottage door, where Kate Wilton stood ready to meet and welcome them, having been apprised by telegram of her guests' arrival.

That evening would have been one of unalloyed delight to Nellie Ashton but for a preconceived and ineradicable idea. She was convinced that her first appearance in Dr. Raymond's eyes had stamped her as a weak, contemptable character; and as every moment spent in his society increased her admiration and regard for him, this conviction grew into absolute pain.

Mr. Wilton truely valued his lovely young sister in-law, and to see her united to the friend of his soul had long been the dominant wish of his heart.

This propitious meeting, for such it seemed to him, was the very thing to bring about his darling project, and while in his high good humor he continued to tease Nellie on her escape of the day before, he never dreamed of the exquisite pain he inflicted on the sensitive beauty.

His wife, with woman's tact, hurried the conversation on to Arthur's sister, and proposed that she and Nellie should accompany him on his next visit to the city and bring her out to Fernley, as their lovely country home was called.

"Clara will be delighted, I can answer for that," Arthur responded, gratefully. "I was going to beg Miss Ashton to take an interest in her, and your kindness meets my fondest hopes."

A lovely blush of pleasure suffused Nellie's cheeks at the thought of being a friend to Arthur's sister. Oh, could he think her worthy of the place; she had always—she felt convinced—appeared in her very worst light to him, and, no matter how she tried, could never, in her own opinion, retrieve the silliness of their first meeting.

Clara Raymond was a warm-hearted, impulsive creature, like her brother in many ways, and she and her new friends became attached almost from the first moment of meeting. With all the enthusiastic ardor of such a nature she hailed her escape from control at school; and she spent her first day at Fernley in roving among the flowers like a butterfly, challenging her grave but happy brother to run races with her, and gambling with Psyche, Mr. Wilton's favorite dog, until Nellie, who for once had thrown aside her reserve in Arthur's presence and joined in her gayety, begged her in fond anxiety to rest awhile lest she should exhaust herself.

Nellie's forethought was not unneeded. Next day Clara did not rise from bed. She had a severe chill, followed by a severe headache and pains so severe that she could not repress her moans.

Nellie had been with her from the first complaint and now never left her. On the third day, after a careful examination of the case, Dr. Raymond dispatched a note to town for another physician, and called Nellie Ashton from the room. As they stood together face to face he was far the paler and more perturbed of the two.

It was true that Nellie's blooming beauty had undergone a chastening change in the past few days; a deep and earnest purpose marked the expression of her lovely face, and in her large dark eyes shone a sweet and holy light that touched the heart of the young doctor as never beam from woman's eye had done before.

He tried to speak, but his words came faint and difficult of utterance; at last, mastering his emotion, he said:

"It is my duty to acknowledge the worst, my dear Miss Ashton; to prepare others, and, as far as I can, protect against the dreadful calamity that has befallen my poor darling. Alas! you must see Clara no more; she is a victim to the small-pox."

"I have known it, Dr. Raymond, for some hours," calmly answered Nellie; "the leading symptoms I was already familiar with; the others I learned from a medical work you left in the library."

"You have known it, and yet remained in her room at the risk of your life and beauty," cried the doctor, in a voice choked with emotion.

The ghost of a smile flitted across Nellie's pale face.

"My life is in God's hands, Dr. Raymond," she replied. "If it is lost to me in usefulness, I shall die well."

"No, no," said Arthur Raymond, rousing himself to duty; "it must not be; it shall not be. We have no right to demand such a sacrifice. I will see Mrs. Wilton, and at once procure a hired nurse."

For an instant Nellie lost her timidity; she drew close to Arthur and laid her hand on his arm. "I have written to my sister; she knows all, and consents to my course. Already all communication is cut off from the lower floor, and these two airy rooms are left to the patient and me. Do not talk of a stranger, a hireling, when you know your sister's sensitive life would sink beneath the consciousness of desertion by those she loves. No, no; you cannot move me. My place is here."

And there it was. The startled, easily-frightened Nellie, at whom her brother jested so constantly, was suddenly transformed into a quiet heroine with a task before her from which many a stout heart might have shrunk and quailed, for Clara Raymond's disease was of the virulent form, and not only days but weeks passed while that slender life hung on a thread, and they who loved her watched in prayerful dread of all their care being vain. But the day came when hope had its triumph, and light returned to Clara's dull eye and strength crept slowly back to her young form. But ere the happy smiles died on her young nurse's lips or her tears of grateful love were dry the ominous chill sickened Nellie. Her head drooped, crushed with pain, and her limbs refused to bear her wearied body.

"I am ill," she confessed to Arthur, "but for the love of Heaven do not let Kate come near me. She cannot afford to risk her life; it would break Harry's heart to lose her."

"And yet you risked yours," cried Arthur, completely broken, while tears stood in his manly eyes.

"Yes; but I can be spared," she murmered softly.

"No, no!" he cried in uncontrollable emotion, "you cannot, you shall not; you are all the world to me, you dear, noble, brave-hearted girl, and please God I will live or die with you."

In after years when Nellie Ashton was his happy, honored wife, Arthur Raymond could not recall without intense emotion the single-handed struggle he held with death for that fair prize.

Foreseeing her own illness and dreading that her sister would try to reach her Nellie had written to and secured the service of an excellent nurse for herself, and with the help of this good woman and her lover's skill the fell disease was conquered and the blooming Hebe rose from the infected couch a pale, haggard woman, who was still to be an invalid when Clara was fresh and bouyant, as if no such scourge had ever laid her low.

But she regained her lost beauty in time, at least in her lover's eyes, who declared that she was prettier than ever.

"Yes, prettier than the day I first fell in love with you, perched on that stone fence in a white dress and bright ribbons."

"Oh, that dreadful day," she cried, laughing, "when I thought you despise me for being a coward."

"Since then he has learned to call you a heroine," said Clare, winding her arm around her new sister; "but it is I who have the best right to give you that name."

The Triumphs of Christianity.

The following passage is quoted by the London *Quarterly Review*, with the remark that, "for the commendation of its wide historic survey, and its vigorous and glowing eloquence, it is one of the finest in the whole range of literature."

"It arose in an enlightened and sceptical age; but among a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, but which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, it made its onward march through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman Empire, it bore without resistance, and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; assaults in the way of argument, from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repeat, and whether attacked or not it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the thrones of the Cæsars; it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and all learning to itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and scepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization, and the nurse of learning, and it light, and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the divine, in which the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has accommodated itself to every clime; it has retained through every change a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth, amid outward hostility and inward divisions."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"HOW FAR IS IT CALLED TO THE GRAVE?"

"How far is it called to the grave?"
The boy looked up from his play—
"The grave? I have not heard of the grave; it
must be far away.

"Often the sailors have told me
Of lands where the palm-trees wave,
Of lands of beauty and wonder; but they never
spoke of the grave."

Naught he knew of the silent grave,
Naught knew he but his play and prayer;
Yet his life's travel was nearly o'er, this little
foot just there!

"How far is it called to the grave?"
The lover looked up with a smile—
"Ah! from the golden land of love it must be
many a mile!

"Our bold lips yet in the sunshine,
Through song and through scented May;
Far, far off, is the silent grave, and its shadows
cold and gray!"

He could not see thro' his darling,
With the bride-flowers in her hair,
And the wedding token on her hand, was almost,
almost there!

"How far is it called to the grave?"
The mother turned with a tear;
White grew the roses in her cheek; her heart
stood still with fear.

"How far? 'Tis close to the hearthstone;
Alas! for the baby feet—
The little bare feet that all unled haste there
with steps so fleet!

"And alas for the ringed footsteps,
And those that have gone astray!
And alas for the broken-hearted! they find it
far away.

"Yet the longest journeys have their end,
And the darkest shadows flee,
And even the dreariest rivers find their way
unto the sea."

"How far is it called to the grave?"
"It is only a life, dear friend;
And the longest life is short at last when
Heaven is at the end!"

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

Her Story.

I was a governess when I first met him, and he was the new curate. I was not very happy, for I had charge of four tiresome girls just getting into those most objectionable ages eleven to sixteen; and I was only twenty myself. Sometimes I felt as if I could not cope with them; and I was obliged to be stern, prim and old-maidish to try to keep up their respect. When the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, I longed to sing and dance in the fullness of youth and health; for I was only a girl after all.

I dare say I ought to have liked teaching; but I did not: I hated it, and I was miserable. Those four girls tormented me; they were not lovable, and I yearned after the little ones in the nursery. My employers were kind, I think; but a governess is rarely very happy, and I was young and lonely—an orphan and alone in the world. I had no relatives, save an uncle in Australia, who sometimes wrote to me and occasionally sent me a five-pound note.

Mr. Ponsonby was our Rector—an old clergyman of the humdrum style, and the greater share of whose work fell to the hands of neophytes, who came and went in succession. We—that is, I and my oldest pupil Caroline—used to teach in the Sunday-school. Mrs. Thomson liked her girls to be useful; and, as Caroline was only sixteen, she wished me to help her to teach by taking part of her class. I was vexed at this, for did I not teach all the week? And yet I grew to like the work. The solemn-faced, innocent little rustics were a weekly relief, in their very simplicity and awe-struck respect for "teacher," from the airs and graces of the young ladies in the schoolroom.

On the Sunday that I saw Mr. Clitheroe first I was teaching my small scholars, when the door opened and the Rector came in. He never minded me, and I continued trying to impress some fact on the blue-eyed innocent who stood demurely before me, and who, as I firmly believed, was counting the bright buttons on my jacket instead of listening. Suddenly I raised my eyes and saw a strange face. It was quiet, grave and intellectual. I stopped and hesitated. The stranger, seeing that he had put me out, moved aside, and at that moment Mr. Ponsonby came up to him.

"I must introduce the teachers to you," he said. "Mr. Clitheroe, this is Miss Hodgson, who has the first class."

A few words were interchanged; then they came to us.

"This is Miss Carolina Thomson, of the Grange," said the Rector, who is so kind as to help us; and this—this is—hum—ch—Miss——"

"Morley," I said, quietly, to help him out of his difficulty.

"O, yes, Miss Morley!" he said.

A formal bow then followed, and they passed on.

After this I saw Mr. Clitheroe very often; he became the greatest comfort to me, though he did not know it. His sermons went to my heart. Gradually my life grew more tolerable to me. Poor foolish little thing, I began to look forward to Sunday, to cherish his words and looks, to think, I am afraid, more of the preacher than of the message he delivered. In nearly a year I had hardly spoken to him a dozen times; but I often fancied that his eyes rested kindly and inquiringly on me. Then came our school-treat; and, as Mr. Thomson was the 'Squire, and gave the feast in his grounds, I dressed myself on that bright day. It was only a plain muslin gown that I wore; but, with a blue ribbon in my hair and a nosegay in my dress, I could see that I looked nice. The day went on; Mr. Clitheroe never came near me—never spoke to me. He had talked and laughed, played with the children, joined in the games, and helped with the refreshments; but he took no heed of me, who was doing all this, also. My hopes—though what I had hoped I knew not—drooped, and I thought it was going to be a blank day. Mr. Clitheroe took not the slightest notice of me; and after tea I felt too lonely to play. The children, fortified by tea, were no longer shy and in need of help; and I wandered away into the park. I felt sad, and the tears came into my eyes. He might have spoken a word to me, I thought.

Presently a tall figure appeared beside me, and a voice that thrilled me said—

"Tired, Miss Morley? You have worked too hard."

What a glorious walk we had! He drew all my simple story out of me, and I told him all my "disagreeables" and troubles. He was so kind; he cheered me, he made me look on the sunny side, and he spoke of himself also. In fact, as we sat there chatting, I forgot that I was a governess—forgot that I was on earth; till some one called him away, and I did not speak to him again that day.

I came back to mundane things sharply enough when stupid little Caroline came simpering up and began to tease me about him, notwithstanding my sharp rebuke.

I saw more of Mr. Clitheroe after that, and he and I always seemed—at least I fancied so—to have a kind of tacit sympathy between us. I could no longer conceal the secret from myself that I loved him, but scarce dared to hope my love was returned. One day a letter was brought to me in a strange, and yet strangely familiar, hand, bearing only our village post-mark. My heart throbbed; my color came and went—the more so as I caught Caroline's eyes fixed upon me with an expression of amusement. I felt that I was betraying myself, and, with a mighty effort, I laid the letter face downward upon the table.

"Go on, Caroline," I said; "don't stop like that." And Schiller was resumed, though it was as much as I could do to translate him decently.

The first free moment I had I opened the letter and read:

"DEAR MISS MORLEY:—Pardon me if I seem abrupt, but I love you. I adore you. You are beautiful as an angel, you are lovely as a rose. I only live for you. I cannot exist any longer without you. I love you as my own life. Give me hope; say 'yes;' that you feel some interest in me—that I may fly to your feet and there pour out my devotion. Dearest Miss Morley, write to me, answer me; tell me you will be my bride. In longing suspense,

"Yours for ever, ARTHUR CLITHEROE."

I dropped the letter into my lap and buried my face in my hands. He loved me—he wanted me to be his! O, bliss unspeakable—oh, joy undeserved! Was it a dream? No; there lay that precious letter. Again and again I read it—my first love letter.

I was a little disappointed in the letter for all that—it was too wild, too sentimental. I fancied he would have written more soberly, more thoughtfully. I wished that he had spoken instead of written—it was so formal to have to answer him. His proposal was not quite so nice as some I had read of. And yet should I quarrel with my bliss, come how it might? O, no!

It was with a heart full to overflowing that I answered him. I did so at once, for my pupils and I were going out and I had a chance of posting it; moreover, I felt that I could never send it to him by hand. So, without waiting to think, lest I should lose my courage, I wrote my answer. It was not an easy task.

"DEAR MR. CLITHEROE:—I cannot tell you how your letter surprised me. I feel so flattered, so grateful to you for loving me. It seems incredible that you should ask me to be your wife. I feel I can only answer the truth, and that is that I love you, and have loved you for a long time. Yours,

MARION MORLEY."

This did not seem at all the kind of note to send, so I wrote another and another, all worse, until, in desperation, I sealed and directed the first. I still did not allow myself to think further till I saw it safe in the post-office, and then, for very shame, I would have gone in and asked for it back. I felt I had taken a plunge into unknown waters. My thoughts were in a state of chaos—I was joyful, trembling and excited.

I fear my four girls thought me very absent that afternoon. As we went out, Caroline and Amy, the two eldest, begged me to go a different way from that which I had chosen, but I said I must post a letter.

"Let me run with it to the post, Miss Morley," said Caroline. "It will take me only a minute from the turnpike, and then we can still go by the high-road."

"No, I must post it myself, dear," I replied, hugging my letter tight.

They pressed me to let them take it, those tiresome girls; and, like a silly little thing I turned as red as a peony, whereupon Carrie said:

"You look so red, Miss Morley! Perhaps it is a love-letter. I do believe it is!" she cried, as I stupidly got more and more crimson.

"You must not be so forward; it is very vulgar to talk about love-letters," I answered, according to my rule.

"Is it vulgar to be in love, then, Miss Morley?" she asked. "I never knew that. Do you hear, Amy? It's vulgar to be in love."

"Well, not exactly vulgar, of course, Carrie," I extenuated; "but it's better that young girls like you and Amy should not talk of such things yet."

"Miss Morley, I've often heard papa say that he was in love with mamma when he was quite a boy," said Amy. "Was he vulgar?"

"Of course not, Amy," I replied, "because—because he married your mamma, and it was a suitable match in every way."

"O, I see!" said Caroline. But supposing—supposing—just for instance, you know—that you were in love with Mr. Clitheroe—that would be vulgar, would it not!"

"How often have I told you, Carrie, that it is very rude and vulgar to make personal remarks?" I said. "We'll drop the subject, if you please."

I spoke with as much angry dignity as my confusion would admit. Tiresome, forward children, I do believe their sharp eyes had somehow seen the address on my letter! However, it was posted; and the rest of the day and night passed in a sort of trance. My uppermost feeling was wonder as to what would come next.

I had to endure tormenting suspense all the next day. The post was my first trial; I longed to, yet dared not, look at the letters, and almost felt relieved that there was not one for me. Then every ring at the bell set my heart quivering. At last, in the afternoon, when I was speaking to Mrs. Thomson in the garden, Mr. Clitheroe went past in the road. He only bowed; but she beckoned to him to come in. He did so; and I grew red and pale, and the hand I held out to him trembled. He looked conscious, too—I saw that before I slipped away. Would he tell Mrs. Thomson, and would she send for me? But no summons came; and night closed upon my wonder and excitement.

The next day brought my suspense to an end. It was Wednesday, our half-holiday. The girls had gone out with their mother, and I was free for a few hours. I took my hook out into the garden, but I could not read. The click of the gate startled me. I leaned forward to see who it was, and beheld Mr. Clitheroe. O, how my heart beat, and how I trembled as he approached!

"How do you do, Miss Morley?" he said. "I am glad to be able to speak to you alone, for I have something to say and to explain."

I stole a glance at his face. He looked flushed and agitated. He sat down, and there was a minute of silence, which grew almost insupportable to me. Why did he not speak or take my hand? O, I could have sunk at his feet and hidden my blushing face!

"Miss Morley," he continued, "I received a letter from you yesterday."

"Yes, yes," I said, hurriedly. "It was a stupid letter, I know; but yours surprised me so. I never dared believe you could love me," I stammered, and hid my glowing face in my hands.

"When did you get the letter you answered?" he asked, gently.

"The day before yesterday," I answered; and in my nervousness I drew it from my pocket.

He put out his hand and took it. He read it through, and then he took my hand.

"Miss Morley," he said, gravely and kindly, "believe me, you cannot know how highly I respect and esteem you, and how difficult I find it to tell you that I never wrote that letter at all."

"Never wrote it!" I echoed, stupefied.

"No," he replied; "there is some mistake here, some cruel jest. I never penned it; nor is it my writing, though in close imitation. Had I so meant to address you I trust I should have treated so high and holy a theme in a more dignified manner. I could not write to you like that, Miss Morley."

"I thought, I felt—" I muttered. "But you never wrote it—you did not, you do not——"

And then the real nature of my miserable situation flashed upon me. It was all a mistake; he did not love me!

"I do not love you, Miss Morley, as that letter says" he continued. "Forgive me; but I feel it is best and wisest to be frank with you. I have never yet dreamt of marriage. I have no present means, and have been too busy with my profession to think as yet of love. I bitterly deplore that some—I fear willful—mistake has exposed you to this unpleasantness."

I listened as in a dream; my head was buried in my hands, and my very heart was faint. O, the shame, the humiliation, the misery of having let him so openly see my love, which now came back to me rejected! I longed to fly, to escape from my intolerable position. He had tried to take my hand, but I had waved him off.

"Go away, go away!" was all I could say.

I heard his steps die away, and then my tears came. For a long time I sat on thus, crushed and stunned by this cruel blow. At last I rose to go in. The blissful hours of free love were drawing to a close, and instinct taught me to hide my wound from others. I was startled to behold Mr. Clitheroe still in the garden, apparently examining some plants. He heard me move, and hurried up to me before I could escape.

"I cannot let you go like this, Miss Morley," he said. "Will you forgive me for being the innocent cause of this cruel annoyance?"

"O, yes!" I muttered. "But I am so ashamed—my letter——"

"Miss Morley," he said, "I respect you more than ever. Your letter and your words shall be forgotten by me; they shall be as though they had not been. Trust me. I have forgotten already what you would have me forget. I must hope to merit your good opinion of me by my discretion; and I shall only try to find out who could have so insulted you. Have you any suspicion?"

"No," I replied; "I have not thought about it. Please let it alone, and let me go now!"

He raised his hat and said: "Good-bye." I was alone—more alone than ever. My bright castles were shattered, and the letter that had been a mocking phantom to me—he had never written it.

His Story.

I have been in at the death of many a fox, shot many an innocent bird and beast as a young man, and have said many cruel words in my time, but I never felt such a barbarian before that day. And yet it was not my fault. I was obliged to do it. Truth and honor demanded it.

Poor little Marion Morley! I had often noticed her sad face, and longed to be of use to her, and had even tried to make her think I would befriend her if she needed it. I had often preached at her the hard lesson, to whatsoever state she was, therewith to be content. But I had never dreamed of love—I had never tried to win her affection. As I told her, marriage lay very far in the dim future with me—as far, in fact, as the living that I hoped would ultimately fall to my lot. It never crossed my wildest fancy that she would have taken more than a friendly interest in me; therefore my utter astonishment can be imagined when I received her poor little innocent letter promising to be the wife I had not desired. How hard it was to tell her that I had never penned the letter she had received.

I returned home humble and grieved—grieved to have wounded her sensitive feelings, grieved that she should have given me her love unsought. I prayed that night that she might forget me. I felt very guilty; and yet I could find nothing of which to accuse myself. My chief feeling, however, was indignation against the person, whoever he or she might be, whose wicked jest had caused all this. I had my suspicions. Caroline Thomson was never a favorite of mine; I thought her a forward sly girl, precocious and assuming; and I imagined her quite capable of playing such a trick.

One day I met Miss Tompson walking in the village and joined her. Purposely I led the conversation around to practical jokes.

"I do not know anything more cowardly than to play a practical joke," I said, "on a person whom circumstances place to a certain extent in one's power. A practical joke of any magnitude is insulting, cruel, stupid and a disgrace to one person only—the perpetrator."

The girl's face got very red, and she tittered nervously.

"Have you ever played such a joke?" I went on, "I am pretty sure you have, and on Miss Morley; have you not?" I demanded, sternly.

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"Please answer me straightforwardly, Miss Thomson," I said, "or I must, as your clergyman, apply to your mother. You will know what I mean if your conscience accuses you. Did you not lately play a practical joke upon Miss Morley?"

The girl burst into tears, and gradually told me all—how she and Amy had written the letter in fun and never meant any harm; how, when she imagined that Miss Morley had answered it, she was too frightened to confess; how she was so very sorry, and so on.

"You have done an unmaidenly cruel action," I said—"an action which, but for Miss Morley's good sense and ladylike mind, might have caused great mischief. I hope that this will be a lesson to you, and that in the future you will be more considerate for others' feelings."

I now hoped that all trouble arising from this unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how Miss Morley drooped. She seemed almost afraid to look at me, though I strove hard to put her at her ease.

Some months passed by, and I found myself taking more and more interest in her, though we rarely exchange words now. One day I was much concerned to hear from Mrs. Thomson that she was leaving them.

"Miss Morley leaving!" I exclaimed. "You surprise me! Why is she going?"

"I cannot discover," said Mrs. Thomson. "She has no complaints to make. I have always been kind to her; but she says she must go; and she does seem to be falling into bad health here. It's a great pity; but I can't persuade her to remain."

I could not help feeling that I was driving her away. The thought caused me pain, and I began to wish that I had never told her I had not written that letter but had accepted the love which now I began to prize. One thing I determined; she must not leave her situation. I could far easier find another curacy than she another home. If I went at once, she would doubtless remain; all I need do was to speak to her and tell her, as if casually, that I was going. I watched for an opportunity.

One afternoon I met her coming out of the church; she had been trying the organ. I hurried to join her at the gate.

"How do you do, Miss Morley?" I said. "You have been practicing, I see."

"Yes," she replied.

"It is a queer old organ, is it not?" I continued. "I wish the parish could afford a new one."

"I suppose they cannot," she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Clitheroe."

"Are you not going home?" I asked.

"No," she replied; "I must go round by the village."

"So must I; and we will go together," I said. "I want to tell you that I am going away."

"Going away," she repeated. "Why?"

"To better myself, as the people say," I replied, smilingly. "I've only just made the arrangement—in fact, it was only this morning that I told Mr. Ponsonby, and I mean to leave in less than a month."

"You will be missed here, Mr. Clitheroe," she said.

"Do you think so?" I asked. "Ah, I fear very little! But it is pleasant to think one leaves a kindly memory behind. When are you going."

"I don't quite know," she replied. Mrs. Thomson urges me to stay and not go at all."

"I know she does," I said; "and I hope you will."

"Perhaps I may," she replied; "but my plans are not settled yet."

I saw I was right. Poor child, she had no wish to go now I was leaving! We walked on for some time in silence. I could not part from her thus. At last I said suddenly:

"Miss Morley, I love you—I cannot tell you how much! When I had to deny writing that letter, I did not: but since then you have crept into my inmost soul. Have I any chance left?"

"Mr. Clitheroe, I thank you," she answered, calmly; but I must beg you to drop the subject."

"Why?" I exclaimed.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because you are saying all this from pity. You think I have been unhappy, and I won't be pitied!"

"Indeed you wrong me," I pleaded; but she was obdurate.

I saw her once more before I left. I was lunching at Thomson's. I had a rose-bud in my hand, and presented it to her.

"Is it not a lovely bud?" I asked.

"Yes; it is a beauty," she said.

"If you have not forgotten our conversation the other day," I pleaded, "will you wear this rose as a sign to me that you relent and will be mine?"

She hesitated and turned very pale. I watched her closely. She seemed in doubt. Could I have spoken to her again, I fancy I could have won my cause; but others came into the room. She took up the bud and placed it in a vase full of flowers, and then left the apartment.

I went away, and soon after obtained another curacy. Sometimes I heard from the village. Marion Morley was still governess at the Thomsons; and, as I did not like to inquire after her in particular, I heard nothing of her for many months.

The great event I had been hoping for so long arrived about a year after I had left Stonehouse. A small living was presented to me.

"With every longed-for joy a thorn comes," I thought as I took up my bachelor quarters at Carstones.

It was a nice place. As I knew that much of the pleasantness of my life there depended upon the Squire, I naturally felt a great curiosity to see him, the more so when I heard his name was Morley. I could not help wondering whether he was a relative of Marion. He was from Australia, report said, and had only lately settled here and bought the estate. He was a widower, very rich, and had a niece, his heiress, living with him. I found him a frank, sensible, kindly man.

"You and I are both strangers here," he said, when we met for the first time; "we must pull together. As a beginning, suppose you come and dine with us. My niece and I will be delighted."

"Thank you," I said; "you are very kind."

"Not at all," he said. "Say to-morrow at six. No ceremony—just ourselves."

The morrow came, and I went up to the Hall. As I entered the drawing-room I was still wondering whether these Morleys were relatives of Marion, when, behold, she herself stood before me! My astonishment and delight nearly deprived me of speech.

"Did you not know I was here, Mr. Clitheroe?" she said. "Directly my good uncle came home, he sent for me, and has adopted me as his own child."

"I congratulate you most sincerely," I said.

"I was so surprised when I heard that the new Vicar was Mr. Clitheroe," she added.

Then Mr. Morley entered.

"Ah, Mr. Clitheroe, how do you do?" he said. "I see you and Marion need no introduction. I remember now; she said she had seen you or heard of you somewhere."

Somewhere—yes, indeed! I felt almost sorry to see her. Marion Morley the governess I would have loved on and on; Miss Morley, of the Hall, an heiress, was very far above the reach of a poor Rector. I could not help feeling that this leap had taken her away from me altogether; and, though I loved her no less, I dared not renew my suit. But at last, as time went on, I could bear it no longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not hear me out I determined to write to her, and, in order that there should be no mistake this time, I gave the note to her uncle.

To this day I do not know how I spent the interval before I got the answer. At last it came.

"Though disappointed in you once, I am willing to try you again," and so I grant your request. Come and see me to-morrow morning that we may talk it over.

MARION MORLEY."

It was a most welcome, though short and odd note. I could scarcely see how she had been disappointed in me. But the favorable answer was too delightful to be cavilled at. In the morning I went over to the Hall, and Marion received me very calmly.

"How do you do, Mr. Clitheroe?" she said, "You have come about the tracts, I presume? They have just arrived; so we can divide them among the districts at once."

"But, Miss Morley," I said, "first tell me in pity that you meant what you said yesterday in your note! You have relented? You love me?"

She blushed and seemed at a loss to know my meaning.

"That little note gave me great joy," I said.

"What little note?" she asked.

I gave it to her. She got very red, and then burst out laughing.

"I am indeed revenged," she said. "I wrote this, but not to you."

"Not to me!" I cried.

"No," she replied; "it was to Anne Channings, the girl who is pupil-teacher and got into that scrape about the needlework. I wrote to promise her that I would see if she could get back again. I wrote a note to you about the tracts, and I must have put the letters into wrong covers."

"But did not Mr. Morley deliver you a note from me yesterday?" I asked. "I gave it to him to make sure of no mistake."

"No; I never received it," she replied.

"May I tell you what was in it?" I asked.

"Yes, she replied.

I did so, and then asked——

"And now are you sufficiently revenged for the first mistake in our correspondence, Marion?"

"Quite," was the reply.

We spent the next two hours in delicious converse; and now we are spending our lives together, although we did make such a muddle of our love letters.

Norwegian Table Manners.

Table manners are at a low ebb in Norway. Consistency does not seem to be regarded as a jewel. The same people who bow so ceremoniously to each other and express sympathy and interest in the veriest trifles of life, and who dance and grimace fully five minutes at an open door before they can determine which shall enter first, are exceedingly ill-bred during meal time. Their knives wander so far down their throats that one must at least admire their courage, though failing to appreciate its object. In these feats they rival the professional knife-swallowers of Bombay. They hold their forks like pens. Even a four-tined fork is not considered too unwieldy to use as a toothpick. All knives are put promiscuously into the butter dish, which, indeed, is never provided with a separate implement. Also when spoons are furnished for a public dish a Norwegian generally prefers using his own. Eggs are sucked from the shell. The people eat most voraciously, displaying the appitites of tigers, and making disagreeable noises with their mouths. They rise and reach across the table for something you could readily pass them, and sometimes a person gets up and walks to the end of the table for some particular dish he fancies. When the plates are changed at the end of a course the knives and forks are apt to be simply wiped by the waiter upon a towel in full sight, and then complacently returned to you. And yet it was the Scandinavians who won from Voltaire the praise of being the "Frenchmen of the North," on account of their punctilious politeness. Kind-hearted and well-meaning, but surely somewhat deluded old man.—*Nosk, Lapp and Finn, by Frank Vincent, Jr.*

A Fighting Whale.

Joseph W. Mead, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is now on board the bark Hercules on a whaling voyage. His ship was off St. Helena on the 28th of October, 1881, from which place he sends an interesting letter to one of his relatives in Poughkeepsie. From it we make the following extracts: "On the 6th of June last we raise whales and got them all in favorable positions, when we lowered our boats and, in a short time our second mate struck one. In a few minutes after the whale caught the boat about in the quarter and completely chewed it up. Mr. Luce, the chief mate, when he saw our signal from the ship, sent a boat, and had the crew picked up, took the line and still had the whale fast. The third mate also came up and went on the whale three times. The fourth time the whale caught and mashed his boat into tirewood. The steerer was killed, but the rest of the crew were saved. In the meantime the boats did not dare to get near the wounded whale, but fired at it from a distance with guns. About this time we received help from a ship named Milton, which sent two boats to the rescue, for we were in a very weak condition. Before you could hardly think it possible, however, the Milton's boats were both mashed and their crews swimming in the water. They were soon rescued by our boats. The boats hung about the whale until dark, when we cut the line and let the huge monster go. The next morning, however, we saw him again and took hold of him, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we succeeded in dispatching him. It was the largest whale taken in this section for many years and made 150 barrels of oil. Its length was sixty feet and jaws nineteen feet."—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

—A young Washington couple, John P. Smart, a pension bureau clerk, and Ida M. Hicks, a very beautiful girl, whose marriage was opposed by the lady's mother, invited a clergyman to meet them at the house of a few friends the other morning, and were married. The account states that "their marriage is the subject of congratulation by all except the girl's mother." And yet, was there any one whose wishes were more entitled to respect than hers?

Above the Clouds on a Railroad.

A recent trip to Gunnison City afforded me an experience not often enjoyed by any, and utterly unknown to those readers of the *Interior* whose homes are away from the mountains—a railroad ride through a dense stratum of cloud—to the clear sky above the storm. Returning from Gunnison the Denver & Rio Grande Railway crosses the continental divide, through the Marshall Pass, at an altitude of nearly 11,000 (10,882) feet above the sea level. As a specimen of ingenious engineering and a proof of the success of indefatigable energy, it is a marvel as well as a curiosity. Upon the occasion referred to, we left the dining station (Sargent's) at about two p. m. It was raining—a cold, disagreeable, drizzling rain. Slowly the train began its long and difficult ascent of the grade of over 200 feet to the mile, toward the summit. As we advanced the veil of cloud whose fringes we had been watching resting on the mountain tops and waving from point to point, drew closer. Soon its damp folds had shut us in, and we were in the bosom of the clouds. All view was shut out; nothing to be seen but the grey mass of mist; nothing to be heard but the labored breathing of the asthmatic little engine, buckling down to its task. At snail's pace, ten miles an hour, we crept up the mountain's side. Now we paused at a tank to replenish the engine's supply of water, and again we resumed the ascent. Gradually the mist became brighter; soon a gleam of light shot through; then the light, fleecy, upper clouds became visible, with blue sky between. Up, up we labored till the mist had passed beneath our feet, and the sun shone as brightly as ever. We were above the clouds. Blue, intensely blue was the sky, relieved here and there by a few light summer clouds. Below us the mist lay like a vast gray sea, from the bosom of which emerged the frosty heads of Ouray, Antoro, Shawano and their companion peaks, like islets against whose rocky sides the billows of cloud rolled and receded. It was a sight not soon to be erased from the memory. Above the clouds, imagination, aided by memory, could picture the poor mortals only a few miles below us shivering in their rubber coats, while we were reveling in the bright sunshine. But like, time and tide, the Rio Grande Railroad waits for no man, and we began our descent. It is not long before we left the sunny heights, and again approached the damp folds of mist. The gulches beneath us resembled huge caldrons from which great masses of steam were rolling up toward heaven. It was a grand, an awful sight, thus to see a whole mountain-side apparently enveloped in boiling water, while the great clouds of vapor rolled and tossed like the surf of a tempest-lashed ocean. We entered the confines of the cloud; slowly and carefully the train crept down the mountain-side, clinging tenaciously as with a life-grip to the steep slope. Again the rain reappeared, increasing in force till upon our arrival at Poncho Springs we were in a pouring storm. In the short space of six hours we had risen from the region of storm and discomfort through and above the clouds, basked for a little time in the unclouded light of heaven, gazed upward to the deep blue above, and looked triumphantly down upon the source of our morning's discomfort; then descended again to the common level to have our share of the disagreeableness of life. What a picture of life's journey. Often from the midst of discouragements and trials and petty annoyances may we rise for a while above them all, and on the mountain tops rejoice in the unbroken sunlight of Divine love and paternal care. But vain is it for us to wish to remain. It is not God's purpose that we should ever stay on the heights. Forbidding though the clouds may look, we must descend again to encounter the storm, the driving rain, the chilling dampness of the mist, but to be supported by the memory of our late exaltation and the consciousness that "behind the clouds is the sun still shining," that our Father still smiles upon even the clouds, and that in due time the storm shall pass away, the blue sky again appear, and the sun of joy and peace shine once more upon our heads.—*Rev. John E. Reid, in Chicago Interior.*

The Shape of Our Bodies.

Symmetry is one of the conditions of good health. God knows the best form. He created the man upright in his own image. The vital organs in the chest and abdomen are fitted to an erect spine. If the upper portion of the spine bends downward as in drooping shoulders, not only is the great nerve marrow of the spine itself distorted, and its circulation crippled—which is a serious matter, resulting in certain common affections—but the lungs, heart, liver and stomach lose their natural place, and perform all their duties disadvantageously. A very large proportion of our many affections of these vital organs take their rise in such displacement. What shall be done?

1. Improve the desks in our schools, so that, instead of compelling our young to sit for hours every day in a stooping position, they should be compelled to sit erect, with head and shoulders drawn well back. This is very easily accomplished. Such a change in our school furniture would prove a priceless blessing.

2. Remove every ounce of pressure from the waist. Pants worn without suspenders and drawn close about the body, skirts or dresses pressing at the waist, must produce round shoulders; for when the organs of the abdomen are pushed downward, the shoulders must droop in order to maintain the relation between the thoracic and abdominal viscera.

3. The back leg of our chairs must be sawn off two inches shorter than the front ones. The front edge of the seat must not be more than fourteen inches high for women and sixteen for men. The chair-back is likewise unphysiological. The part which meets the small of the back should project farthest forward. Instead of this, at that point there is generally a hollow. This arrangement will immediately relieve the back while sitting, and secure a good position of the shoulders.

4. The habit of walking erect with the air of a soldier must be generally cultivated.

5. Gymnastic culture of the shoulders. —*Golden Rule.*

—It is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half so long to make a wound as to heal one.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A stone church, built two hundred years ago by Puritans, is used by Unitarians at Hingham, Mass.

—There are in Washington, D. C., forty-three Baptist churches, eight white and thirty-five colored.

—A plan is on foot in Elmira, N. Y., to introduce a number of savings banks in the public schools, after the system popular in France and Belgium.

—The Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in Syracuse University, New York, has taken the proper method in a case of hazing, by having the offenders arrested on a charge of assault and battery.

—Mr. Kimball, the "church-debt raiser," has assisted in freeing 175 churches from incumbrances. The largest amount which he wrestled with, and which he "conquered," was a debt of $110,000.

—The Fiji Islanders, who within a half a century were savages, give $15,000 a year to religious objects. The population is 120,000, of whom the Governor reports that 102,000 are regular worshipers in the churches.

—On the education of young men the Troy (N. Y.) *Times* advises that it is most desirable for their successful career that they have the opportunity for industrial or commercial training, if such be their choice, and with aptitude and ambition pointing that way.

—The financial returns of two Catholic church fairs held in Philadelphia show that one realized $14,000 and the other over $10,000. The contests by votes proved most remunerative, the ballots to award a chalice producing the sum of $2,800.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church has been in existence eight years, beginning with nine clergymen, including Bishop Cummins, and twelve laymen. It now has 110 clergymen and about 7,000 communicants. It has church property valued at $915,000, exclusive of incumbrance.

—By the will of Mr. Isaac Rich, the founder of Boston University, his immense estate, amounting to nearly $2,000,000, was bequeathed to the University; but it was to be withheld until ten years after his death. Last month marked the termination of that period, and, in recognition of that event, there was an informal jubilation in the chapel of the institution.

—The Czar of Russia has given his consent to convert seventeen imperial palaces into institutions of learning. These palaces, will, of course, be used for higher schools, while nothing is done for the improvement of popular education. Russia has a school population of 15,000,000 and the number of children in primary schools is a little over one million.

—Rodney Wallace, of Fitchburg, Mass., has given to Smith College, Northampton, a $5,000 scholarship to help indigent students. He has also contributed $2,000 to aid in building a music hall, and $2,000 for the art collection of the new art gallery. The gift of $5,000 is to be a nucleus for a fund of $50,000 which the college officers will endeavor to establish for the assistance of those students who need help.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep," must have slept between sheets of water.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—An exchange says the nihilists threatened to put Alexander III. "in a hole." Wouldn't that be czar-chasm?—*Norristown Herald.*

—American women are pronounced the best dancers in the world. They are also better adapted to make a man dance attendance on them than any other women in the world.

—A kind-hearted judge: A Texas judge knocked six months off a ninety-nine years' sentence in order to show the prisoner's friends that he was willing to give him a chance.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

—It is a mystery what supports "the gaze-at-the-girls-young-man," who can always be found on the street corners.—*Boston Globe.* As a rule it is the solid brick wall of the block.—*New Haven Register.*

—A new religious sect in Minnesota are called the Dreamers, and they have a dream interpreter, and are governed in their conduct by their dreams. Cheese and mince pie distributed at night would break up the whole church.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Very kind drug clerk to little girl—"Now, be sure you tell your papa to take this medicine according to the directions on the bottle; an overdose might affect his brain." Little girl—"O, I guess there's no danger of that, for I've heard mamma tell him lots of times he never had any brains."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Gus De Smith has quit boarding with the widow Flapjack on Austin Avenue. After having had sausage for dinner six consecutive days, he mildly hinted that he would like a change. "Change," shrieked Mrs. Flapjack, "why I've been buying sassangers this week from four different butchers. Ain't that change enough for six dollars a week?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Are you the happy father of a brace of vigorous, active boys? You are? Then you know all about having two snow forts in the front yard and all the neighbor's brats lying in wait behind them to give you a warm greeting with a snow ball volley as you come swinging up the walk with a half a dozen new lamp chimneys in your pocket and a 17x14 pane of glass under your arm to set in the cellar window.—*New Haven Register.*

—He was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. "You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or a half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted this investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails, what do you do then?" "O," replied the conductor with ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home and sold out his railroad shares.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

LAST SUMMER'S DRESSES.

I have been through my last summer's dresses.
Had a regular "closing-out day,"
And of all most discouraging messes,
Commend me to old clothes, I say.
There they are, worn and tagged out and tattered,
On the bed and the chairs and the door,
While some hats, rather rakishly battered,
Lie sociably near on the floor.

There's my white lace, still covered with favors—
Cost a fortune, and turned out a fraud;
But I wore it that night at the Travers',
When I danced with the swell from abroad.
Here's a bunting, a satin brocaded;
Here's a mms' cloth, made up rather plain;
And this old muslin, looking so faded,
And with *such* an aggressive big stain.

I remember the last time I wore it,
At that picnic where we caught trout,
And I caught on a thorn-bush and tore it,
And of course all the shirring came out;
And to finish the wreck more completely,
Tom McCrary, the blundering old dear,
Must needs upset his berries discreetly—
The avalanche struck me just here.

Poor Tom! In far-off Colorado
He's at work, in some gully or ditch;
But it never will prove El Dorado—
Tom isn't the kind to get rich.
And should he return, dear old fellow,
With his limited income increased,
I'm certain I'd be sere and yellow,
And he would be forty, at least.

It is silly, I know, to remember,
But some thoughts are so loth to go,
For I'll be twenty-three next September,
And a girl can't wait *always*, you know.
Well, life is peculiar and puzzling,
And I don't find much game in the hunt,
But—I always shall keep that blue muslin
With the strawberry stain down the front.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

MY UNCLE'S SECRET.

"Above all, avoid two things," said Uncle Richard—it was our last evening together before my departure for college, and my venerable uncle, who had supplied the place of father to be ever since my earliest recollection, was giving me his parting advice—"never gamble and never fight a duel."

Both vices were sufficiently prevalent then to render such counsel to a young man leaving home less superfluous than it might appear at present.

"I am very anxious to impress this injunction," he continued after a thoughtful pause, "and can think of no better mode of doing so than by relating an incident of my early manhood, which has left its shadow on my whole life since."

I had long surmised that some mystery enshrouded Uncle Richard's youth. On a certain day every year he would shut himself in his room from morn till even-ing, and when he reappeared his face would wear a look so saddened that it was easy to perceive he had been communing with some secret sorrow.

On one of these occasions, when he had forgotten to look the door as usual, I suddenly entered his chamber. He was seated with his elbow on the table, supporting his forehead with his left hand, and gazing intently on a miniature held in his right hand.

He looked up quickly at my entrance, and I shall never forget the intensely painful expression of his features, while great tears were coursing down his furrowed cheeks.

With a hurried apology I withdrew, and heard Uncle Richard turn the key behind me.

"Was uncle ever married?" I inquired of Aunt Rachel, who kept house for him, and to whom I related what I had seen.

"Never," she replied.

"I wonder whose picture it was," I remarked, seeking to draw out something that might satisfy my curiosity.

But Aunt Rachel knew nothing of any picture. She had married young, and while her husband lived she and Uncle Richard resided far apart, and of that period of his life she knew but little. She only knew it was connected with some hidden grief which he had always shrunk from alluding to, and concerning which she felt it would pain him to be questioned.

"I was several years older than you are at present," said Uncle Richard, "when I went to spend the winter in New Orleans, a city whose fashionable gayeties—to say nothing of their attendant vices—were then unrivaled outside of Paris.

"One evening curiosity prompted me to visit a noted gaming house—an establishment frequented by the card playing *elite*. I had nothing of the gambler in my disposition, but had heard so much of such places, and of the magnificent style in which they were conducted, that I wished to see and judge for myself.

"Not desiring to appear a mere intruder, I sat down at one of the tables, intending to risk a few dollars as a sort of admission fee. Opposite sat two young men—one was fair complexioned, and prepossessingly handsome; the other dark, with sinister eyes that glanced furtively from beneath a pair of heavy, black eyebrows.

"I lost several stakes successively, my dark-faced *vis-a-vis* as uniformly winning. I felt a little piqued at what I imagined was a covert sneer as he pocketed his gains.

"I put down a heavier wager, and this time detected my successful adversary in the act of *'slipping'* a card. I rose excitedly, and openly taxed him with cheating.

"In an instant all was in an uproar. Before it had subsided I felt a touch on the arm, and looking round, found myself confronted by the object of my accusation, of whom I had lost sight in the confusion.

"'I demand immediate satisfaction,' he said, in a tone low enough to avoid attracting notice.

"'I owe none to a cheat and swindler,' I replied, shaking off his hand with unconcealed disgust.

"'Perhaps you will not refuse it to *me*,' interposed the fair-faced youth, who had been the other's companion at the table.

"A glance at the speaker's countenance convinced me that, however questionable his present associations, he was a gentleman, and that he believed the charge against his comrade groundless.

"'I have no cause of quarrel with you,' I said, 'unless you choose to *make* one.'

"'I choose to *discover* one,' he replied. 'This gentleman is my recognized associate and friend. Therefore your aspersion of him reflects directly on myself.'

"'I disclaim any such reflection,' I returned.

"'Your disclaimer cannot alter the fact,' he rejoined with something of *hauteur*. 'I insist on your meeting either him or me—unless, indeed, *prudential* motives should decide you to decline.'

"I was already too much irritated to be conciliatory.

"'Very well,' I said; 'be it as you will.'

"At that moment I saw a gentleman standing near with whom I had partial acquaintance, and beckoning him to me, explained what had occurred, requesting him to represent me in the affair, which he consented to do.

"A whispered consultation, held apart, between this gentleman and one selected by the challenger, resulted in an arrangement for an immediate meeting with pistols. This was thought preferable to deferring the affair till morning, as the publicity of the altercation at the card-table might lead to official interruption; and, in the clear moonlight of that bright Southern night a duel with fire-arms was as practicable as in the open day.

"A surgeon, also, was secured; and quiet by this time having been restored, we withdrew separately to evade observation, and started for the rendezvous agreed upon, my friend and I walking a little behind the others.

"'If I fall,' I heard my adversary say to his friend, 'I want you to write to——'

"I fell back to avoid hearing what was evidently not intended for other ears.

"I would gladly omit the recital of what followed. Let me hasten over it as rapidly as possible.

"At a retired spot near the river we took our places. The word was given and we fired together.

"A quick, sharp, burning pain shot like a flash athwart my temple. I raised my hand involuntarily, and felt the roughened ridge left on the abraided skin by the bullet that had so nearly pierced my brain.

"An exclamation drew my attention to my adversary. He lay stretched upon the ground, the surgeon and his second bending over him.

"Instantly every feeling but that of solicitude for his condition was banished from my mind. I hurried to his side. A deadly pallor had already overspread his face, and the blood was slowly trickling from a wound in his uncovered breast.

"'Forgive me,' I said, stooping to take his hand; 'I should have more firmly resisted being drawn into a quarrel with one against whom I bore no grudge.'

"'I was wrong to force it on you,' he replied, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"With a smile he feebly returned the pressure of my hand. Then his fingers stiffened, the upturned eyes became glassy, and the pale features fixed and rigid. I knew I had thenceforward to answer to my conscience for a fellow-creature's life.

* * * * * * *

"It was with very different feelings I approached my home from those with which I had left it two months before. Then I was looking forward, with buoyant hopes and spirits, to the end of the brief period to elapse before my wedding with Alice Lockwood. I was returning now to claim the fulfillment of her promise. I *ought* to have felt supremely happy—*would* have done so but for the ever-haunting thought that the hand about to clasp hers at the altar was stained with blood.

"I resolved that Alice should be the first to whom I would unburthen my troubled conscience. If any one could soothe and bring it peace, it would be she.

"They told me she was lying ill—very ill—when I reached the door.

"'Tell her I have come,' I said—it was all I could articulate.

"The messenger soon returned and conducted me to her bedside, by which a group of anxious, weeping friends were assembled. And, oh! how like were her pallid features to those I had looked upon in the moonlight on that fatal night.

"She looked up at my approach, smiled sweetly and reached out her hand, which I took eagerly.

"'I must leave you, Richard,' she said; faintly. 'I must go to my poor, dear brother.' They will tell you how cruelly he was murdered. You never saw him; but here is his picture that I have kept by my pillow. Take it—it will help remind you of me, for we were very—very like. But hark!—he—calls me!—I—I must go!"

"And the gentlest, purest spirit that ever animated mortal clay took its Heavenward flight!

"From the dear face, still beautiful in the repose of death, my eyes wandered to the picture in my hand. A half suppressed cry rose to my lips. It was that of the fair youth the voice of whose blood 'crying from the ground' was never more to cease ringing in my ears!

"'Thank God!' rose the prayer from my anguished soul, 'she died without knowing whose was the cruel hand that crushed her tender, loving heart!'"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Don't Sign Papers.

People who thoughtlessly sign documents often put their property in peril, and many men have been ruined by indorsing for a friend. How often have good-natured men's fortunes been diminished by obligations incurred carelessly or without thought of consequences. During the rebellion the steamer Jessie was seized because it was supposed she was a blockade runner. The case was delayed in the courts for eighteen years, a fact which is very discreditable to our lawyer rulers. In the meantime all the parties defending the ownership of the vessel had disappeared. The only responsible person that could be found was a young girl of seventeen, whose father was on one of the bonds. An obligation of $70,000 has been rolled up, which this young woman will be forced to pay unless the law somehow interposes to save her. She will be ruined financially, as that sum is greater than her inheritance. Here is a case in which a person is punished who is entirely innocent of any offense. But the moral of this instance is, don't put your name on bonds or notes, for it may injure not only yourself, but your innocent children. —*Demorest's Monthly.*

—It is a singular fact that none of the children of the Presidents like the White House as a residence. Garfield's little son and Arthur's little daughter both denounce the house.

The Loves of Soulless Things.

Anecdotes of the fidelity and amiableness of the cat are only outnumbered by those appertaining to the dog; their friendships are strong and enduring. The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his "Natural History Anecdotes," cites a remarkable instance, communicated to him by Mr. E. Pollock, of Sligo, of a terrier's rescue by a cat. A bulldog had seized a little terrier by the throat, and although beaten and hustled by a crowd of people, would not let go his hold. Suddenly a cat that lived in the same house as the terrier, and was always fed with it, sprang through the mob, and fastening on to the dog's head and throat, lacerated him so severely that he was forced to let the terrier go just as it was on the point of being chocked. By kind treatment it was ultimately revived. Strange to say, the opportune deliverer had kittens at the time, yet, for her poor little friend's sake she risked everything.

Nearly every one can point to singular instances of close friendships formed between dogs and rats, and some very remarkable accounts of the attachments for other animals have been recorded in this journal; but certainly no one can tell of a more eccentric choice of companion than that related by Jesse, the naturalist. The anecdote was told him by an engineer of repute who, during a nine years' residence in the United States, had charge of the construction of some extensive works, one being the erection of a beacon in a river swamp. During the progress of the work a young alligator was caught, and became the property of the engineer. This strange pet he tamed thoroughly, so that it followed him about the house like a dog, even contriving to scramble up stairs after him. It displayed great affection for its master; but its chief friend, when taken to New York, was a cat. The attachment was reciprocated, and nothing seemed to disturb the friendship of the curious couple. When the cat reposed before the fire the alligator would place himself close to puss and go to sleep. When puss chanced to be away the alligator would become restless and unhappy, but as soon as she returned regained his spirits.

Mrs. Lee, to whom we are indebted for many suggestive anecdotes of animal life, tells a still more wonderful tale of a friendship made by a cat with a canary! Both these creatures belonged to the narrator's mother-in-law, and, as presumedly natural enemies, were carefully kept apart. The bird was only allowed out of its cage when grimalkin was shut out; but one day, to the lady's consternation, she beheld the cat in the room, and the canary perched on its back. However, puss seemed friendly, and the bird fearless; and so they were left undisturbed for the while, and on several other occasions disported together affectionately. One morning, when they were in their mistress' bed room, the lady was horrified to hear the trusted cat give a howl, and seizing the bird in her mouth, jump on to the bed, where it stood, with bristling hair, glaring eyes and stiffened tail. At this moment the lady beheld a strange cat creeping into the room. She drove it away; and as soon as it had disappeared, her own faithful puss deposited her little feathered friend upon the bed quite uninjured, it having only been taken up to preserve it from the claws of the intruder.

The Rev. F. O. Morris tells us of a remarkable friendship that existed on a farm near Leipsic between a cat and a chicken. The four-footed companion of the bird was almost constantly with her favorite, and guarded it from every danger. When the chicken grew up, the cat still remained on friendly terms with it; and when the poultry were summoned for feeding puss always attended and would not permit any of the fowls to approach till her favorite hen had first satisfied her appetite, after which they were allowed to feed unmolested. Bishop Stanley mentions a case of a poor little kitten whose mother had been killed, taking up its abode with some fowls and their young, and becoming so friendly with them that sometimes it might be seen playfully catching at their feet as if about to bite them, while they playfully pecked at their singular companion in return. Sometimes the kitten would hide behind a bush or a shrub, and then unexpectedly springing into the midst of them without their displaying any fear, and would purr and rub against their sides. One particular hen, however, was the kitten's especial favorite, and every day she would accompany it to its nest, and lie down outside to wait for its reappearance.

One of the most remarkable instances of a cat's friendship for the feathered race is related by the late Mr. Kingston in his "Stories of Animal Sagacity." In a loft where puss was rearing her kittens, a pigeon had built her nest. The bird had frequently lost her eggs and young through the depredations of the rats; and this, it is surmised, had prompted her to build her nest close by the cat's snug quarters. Puss offered no objections, and in a little while the two matrons became quite sociable, feeding out of the same dish, and displaying much affection for each other. The strangest part of the matter was that when puss was absent, the pigeon constituted herself defender of the kittens, flying at anyone who attempted to approach them, and striving with beak and wings to drive the intruder away. Subsequently, when neither her own brood nor the kittens required her further care, she was often seen fluttering close to her feline friend, when puss was making her excursions abroad. Surely, no more marvellous instance of affection and gratitude overcoming the instincts of nature, is on record!

Mr. Kingston is also our authority for the following anecdote. A frog that had found its way into a country house had been kindly treated by the servants, doubtless with a view to diminishing the beetles or other intruders, and had been permitted to take up its residence in the kitchen. As the winter evenings approached, the frog was wont to come forth from its place of refuge and bask on the hearth before the fire. A favorite old cat, that had a long-established right to a place on the hearth, took a liking for her strange companion, and became accustomed to its nestling under her cosy fur; when froggy left its hole, it would hop toward puss, who constituted herself its defender, and attempted to guard it against all intruders. The ultimate fate of the curious couple is left untold.

A wonderful anecdote of affection in horses is told by Monsieur de Bonsanelle, and although it is not an instance of friendship between animals of opposite tribes, it is too appropriate to our theme to be overlooked. This gentleman, a cavalry officer, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being from old age unable to eat its hay or chew its oats, for two whole months was fed by two horses, one on each side of it, who ate from the same manger. These two noble creatures drew the hay out of the rack, chewed it and put it intact before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Simple Remedy for Catarrh and Bronchitis.

It is now generally known that carbolic acid is strongly disinfectant, and very usefully applied to putrid sores or purulent wounds. Wood creosote is similar, is decidedly antiseptic, and quite volatile. It is, therefore, natural to suppose it would be useful when applied to catarrhal and bronchial affections which arise from diseased or putrefying mucus. We learned of its use for this purpose from Dr. Pescetto, a learned physician in the noted Italian medical school in Genoa, Italy, from whose conversations we gleaned portions of the important article on "Catching Cold, and the Remedies" given in last December's *American Agriculturalist*. We have since recommended the following statement in many cases with the best results. It can do no harm, is simple, and is eminently worthy of trial, both for temporary and chronic affections.

For Bronchitis.—Get from the druggist a little good wood creosote. Put two drops of it into a bottle holding a pint or so. Pour in a little more than half a pint of clear water, and shake it well; also shake well always before using it. Take a mouthful of this, throw the head back, gargle it some time in the throat, and then swallow it. Repeat this every two hours, more or less, so as to use up the liquid within twenty-four hours. For each subsequent twenty-four hours use three drops of the creosote in three to four gills of water. This three drops a day may be continued as long as any bronchitis appears. Two to four days is usually enough, though it may be continued indefinitely without harm.

For Catarrh.—Prepare the creosote water as above, in any amount, at the rate of one drop of creosote to one gill of water (four drops to the pint), or a little more water if the creosote be very strong and the water too irritating. Make a fresh mixture once in two or three days, and as much oftener as more is needed. Take a handful of this water, previously well shaken, and snuff it through the nose into the mouth, and eject it. A little going down the throat will do no harm. Do this two or three times, and repeat it at bedtime, in the morning on rising, and, if need be, occasionally through the day. In fact, keep the nasal passages washed out with creosote water. Its vapor will even penetrate the bony cavities, and also be drawn into the lungs with useful results. It destroys the purulent mucus, and tends to prevent its further secretion. It is useful for any discharges from the nose or lungs produced by colds or general weakness.

For bronchitis, and especially for catarrh, good rare-cooked beef or other nourishing food, and quinine, if needed, to obtain and retain a vigorous system, are capital aids to the creosote or any other medicine.

To insure accuracy, as usual in such cases, we sent a proof-slip of the above to a very competent regular physician, who returned it without correction or addition, except as follows: "The above is valuable and entirely reliable, and should be widely read. Nine-tenths of the people who take nostrums for catarrh have no such disease, but have been made to believe they suffer from it by the quacks who sell their useless and poisonous stuffs for the cure of catarrh at an immense profit. A common 'cold' is an acute catarrh, and properly treated is soon well. Chronic catarrh of any part of the mucous tract is not so easily cured, but fortunately is much more rarely seen by physicians even than people usually think.—*American Agriculturist.*

Severe Punishment.

A Montreal, Canada, newspaper says that the city was startled recently by a sensation, which, for novelty as well as diabolism, is perhaps unrivalled. The Hervey Institute is a home for children whose parents can pay wholly or partly for their maintenance. There are generally in the Institute over one hundred inmates, of ages ranging between infancy and fourteen years old, and several of the leading ladies of Montreal are managers of the concern. A quarrel between Mrs. Craig, the matron, and a nurse recently disclosed the revolting story that the matron for some time past had been in the habit of punishing refractory children by applying mustard poultices to their bodies. About sixteen of the children were stated to have been thus treated. Some of these were infants, and one little fellow is represented to have been so terrified at this mode of punishment that he set fire to the children's dormatory in order, he said, to try and escape from the house and the mustard blisters. The children are stated to have been in some cases so badly blistered that they could not sit down. When brought before the Board of Management the matron acknowledged the mustard plaster punishment, repented, was forgiven, and was maintained in her position. Legal measures and personal violence against the matron are threatened by the parents of some of the children who have been sufferers by the heartless treatment.

—It appears from the last volume of the history which Germany is publishing of the late war with France that the number of men whom Germany put into the field for fighting purposes was 33,-101 officers and 1,113,254 subordinates. Of these 1,146,350 men, 290,000 were nursed in field hospitals and 812,021 in hospitals for reserves. The lives lost numbered 129,703, of whom 6,247 were officers and 123,453 subordinates. More than 40,000 men either died in battle or afterward from their wounds. In addition to the money which the war cost the State, there were voluntary contributions of $12,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Of the 601 convicts in the Arkansas State Prison more than one hundred are murderers.

—The Petersons claim that "Ilelen's Babies" has had a boom, and that they have sold 150,000 copies lately.

—Cyrus W. Field is said to have arranged to put nearly $1,000,000 into his newspaper building, to be erected in New York this year.

—An economical woman at Andover, Mass., committed suicide by gnawing the phosphorus from matches and drinking a pint of ink.

—Says the Philadelphia *Chronicle:* "Michigan produces more salt than any other State, but it is forest fires and not salt that put the inhabitants in the greatest pickle."

—Several recent explosions of stoves in Maine show that the old-fashioned practice of loading firewood with gunpowder for the annoyance of thieves is still followed in that State.

—A rail-splitter in Alamance County, Va., found twenty pieces of gold in a log which he was splitting the other day. The treasure was concealed in an augur hole, and the tree had grown over it.

—A man in Columbia City, Ind., claims to have discovered a spot where diamonds can be scooped up by the quart, and though he has been offered a whole gallon of whisky he won't give the place away.

—Newark, N. J., has been robbed by mayors, councilmen, auditors, treasurers, clerks, policemen and contractors, and yet imagine their surprise and indignation to discover that she has $18,000 left in the treasury.

—Rev. George Flett, of the Okanese Mission, who arrived in Winnipeg recently, with Mrs. Flett and Miss E. Ross, drove the whole way, a distance of over two hundred miles, in a bob-sleigh, making the journey in nine traveling days.

—A comparatively new method of heating railway cars is now in use on a number of the Southern roads. Surplus steam from the locomotive is used. The advantages claimed are perfect safety, a uniform degree of heat throughout the whole train, great economy and simplicity of operation.

—W. S. Balch, who, during a twenty years' conductorship on the roads of the Rensselaer & Saratoga and Delaware & Hudson Canal Companies, traveled a distance of nearly a million miles—in exact figures 930,000 miles—equal to a little more than thirty-seven times around the world, never once received a scratch nor met with any accident or mishap whatever.

—In a recent address, Dr. Siemens commended the open fireplace for its sanitary advantages. Unlike radiating stoves, it warms the walls and furniture of a room more than the air. If the air within a room is hotter than the walls, moisture condenses on the latter, causing mildew and fermentation, with resulting liability to disease on the part of the occupants of the room.

—A new law has been projected to govern the employment of children in manufactories throughout the Russian empire. The minimum age is fixed at twelve years, but the children already employed in such establishments are excepted from the operation of this clause. For a person under eighteen years of age a day's labor is not to exceed twelve hours, inclusive of two hours for rest and meals. Night work is absolutely forbidden.

—Maryland and West Virginia have an unsettled dispute of long standing, involving the right to half a million acres of fertile land. Charles II. made a grant in 1669 of a large tract "bounded on the north by the Potomac." There are two branches of the river, and the northern one was taken as the line, which became the boundary of the States; but Maryland has never given up her claim, and a new attempt is now being made to get the territory.

—A recent investigation in one of the large stores in Chicago, where one hundred girls are employed, that they are compelled to eat at noon thirty at a time, in an atmosphere thick and foul with sickening and unhealthy odors. In the same place their shawls and wraps, often damp or wet, were folded in small bundles and left to reek all day in this impure air. The Board of Health has ordered the proprietors of the establishment to provide better accommodations immediately.

—As engine No. 25, which draws Erie passenger train No. 1, was running at full speed near Binghampton, N. Y., recently, a tire on one of the driving-wheels came loose, and was thrown through the air with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and, striking a telegraph-pole, splintered it to atoms. The heavy piece of iron rebounded and tore off the steps of two passenger cars. The inmates of the cars were greatly shaken up as the train went bumping along. The train, fortunately did not leave the track, but railroad men say that it was a very narrow escape from a very serious accident.

—The Pennsylvania game law has compelled Uncle Joe Jones, of Kane, to break camp for the season and come home with his rifle. Uncle Joe is sixty-five years old. He has spent most of his time since he was twelve years of age roaming the forests of Potter, McKean, Elk and Forest counties. He has killed thirty-three deer and five bears this season. He has what he says is a correct record of his prowess as a hunter. If it is true, Uncle Joe has in his lifetime killed 3,527 deer, 321 bears and 50 panthers. He never kept any account of the catamounts, wolves and foxes he has slain.

—Upon being informed by a New York *Tribune* reporter of the passage by both Houses of Congress of the bill for her benefit the widow of the late Abraham Lincoln expressed herself as very grateful to the Senators who presented her case in Congress, and said that now she should have an operation performed on her eyes in a short time. Hitherto she has not felt able to incur the expense attending this. In response to the account of her condition recently published, Mrs. Lincoln has received a check for $250 from a New York merchant, who does not wish his name to be made public, to pay for any extra attendance she may need. Accompanying the check was a letter, in which the giver referred to his gift as sent in the spirit of a son to a loyal mother.

Small Boys' Clothing.

Cheviots and Scotch suitings are chosen for small boys' suits for every day wear. For slender little fellows the box-pleated blouse is preferred, while stouter boys have the single breasted sack. Both these garments are cut very high in the neck to conceal the shirt waist, and are finished by a turned over collar of the material that is deep and square behind and more shallow in front, with either round or square corners. A deep collar of white linen and a colored cravat bow are worn above this. The blouse has two box pleats in front, and one in the middle of the back and may be double or single breasted. A notched collar, like those on gentleman's morning coats, is used in blouses for larger boys. The belt is very wide, and is held on by straps at the side. The sack coat is made to fit very closely, like the old-time roundabout, is cut away below the waist line, and is buttoned thence up to the throat. This coat is also made of dark blue or brown diagonal cloth, and trimmed with frogs of tubular braid, five or six of them being placed in rows. Plain knee-breeches without fullness at the knees are made to match each of these coats, and are trimmed with braid when the coat is trimmed. Double-breasted sacks are worn by slender boys, and may be buttoned their whole length or cut away, according to fancy. For dress suits black velvet or else plush is made up with a simple jacket and trousers. Overcoats worn by these small boys are very long, double-breasted sacks, or else modified Ulsters, made of thick warm tufted beaver cloth, either blue or brown. The trousers reach just below the knees, and the overcoat is long enough to conceal the trousers. The wool stockings and the cloth gaiters are very dark brown or black; red or blue stockings are less worn than formerly by small boys. Black silk stockings and a deep embroidered collar, with wide cuffs, are worn with the black velvet suits. Boys still in skirts have lady's cloth, Cheviot and velvet suits. These have blouses and sacks like those described above, and the kilt skirts are laid in wide box pleats. With kilt suits the newest overcoats have bodies cut off straight around the waist, and a skirt attached, with its fullness in two great box pleats behind. A deep collar of plush and another of the wooly cloth of the garment are around the neck. Polo caps of Cheviot, or of cloth are made to match each suit, and are the most inexpensive cap, as well as most popular with the little fellows. Occasionally the red fez is seen on very small boys, while larger boys wear stiff low crowned Derby's or else seal-skin turbans.—*Harper's Bazar.*

What the Baby's Name Should Be.

The wife of Jacob Squires, a resident of a district "ontport," where schoolmasters were scarce, applied to the parson for the baptism of her baby—the tenth it turned out to be, for our fishermen, as a rule, are blessed with large, or as they expressly put it, "heavy families." The good lady explained to her parson that her "skipper" had gone to the Labrador, and had left express orders that on the arrival of No. 10, if a girl, she was to be christened by the name of "Hyena." The parson was startled and shocked with the idea of labeling an infant with such a dreadful name, and told the mother that she must have made a mistake, and it would never do to give the name of a beast of prey to a Christain child. Mrs. Squires persisted in saying there was no mistake, and that she dare not diverge from the order of her skipper. After much persuasion he induced her to defer the baptism till the skipper's return. On his arrival he called on the parson and explained that his "old woman" had made a mistake, and that he had directed the baby to be christined not "Hyena" but "Joseph-Hyena," The parson pondered a moment, and then the mystery cleared up. "O, I see it; Josephine you want to name your baby?" "That's it, exactly, parson," said Jacob, "but you see we couldn't rightly get our tongues around it when we saw it in print. We can call her Josey, for short, bless her little heart, sô Joseph-Hinney be it."—*London Paper.*

A Queen's Courtesy.

The kind Queen of Belgium showed the other day what grace and gentle courtesy adds to womanhood. In the Rue Royale, as a cabman was waiting on the stand, seated on his box, a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat and sent it dancing along the street, while he, unable to leave his horse, was gesticulating frantically to the passers-by, who, insensible to his appeals, were enjoying the scene. Just then the Queen drove past in her pony-chaise, and, seeing the poor man's distress, stopped and ordered a groom to get down and run after the hat. Her Majesty waited till it was brought and restored to its owner, who, now more embarrassed than before, did not know how to express his gratitude. She then bowed her acknowledgments of the awkward attempts he made to convey his sense of her condescension, touched her horse and drove off, having given a lesson to the little crowd of rather crest-fallen by-standers, which is to be hoped was not lost upon them.

—An organ which is somewhat of a novelty has been placed in the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn. It cost $6,000, has two manuals and pedals, and is operated by pneumatic tubular action. The keyboard is on the main floor, about ten feet in front of the pulpit platform, making the distance between the keyboard and windchest about sixty-five feet. For use in orchestral compositions there is unusual addition of a snare drum, operated by a pneumatic engine, controlled by the feet of the organist. The wind for the organ is supplied by feeders worked by two water motors.

—"A young naturalist" writes us to learn "how he can catch a live wasp for scientific purposes without injuring it?" Right by the tail, son; right by the tip end of the tail. Squeeze hard. The wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any that you can see, send us the bill, and we'll pay for a new wasp. —*Reading Times.*

—A woman at Burlington, Vt., sues a preacher for $10,000 damages because he refused to marry her to a sixth husband. The preacher said there was such a thing as overdoing business.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1882.

Mr. W. D. Hoye will please accept our thanks for valuable State papers.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett has been reappointed a member of the State Board of Education.

Our thanks are due Delegate Beachey for public documents, the first we have received this session.

Representative Urner is at home suffering from rheumatism and Washington malaria. No serious results are apprehended, however, and he expects to be at his post again this week,

Local bills have been offered in the legislature for the funding of the School Board indebtedness, and requiring auctioneers in this county to be licensed, The funding bill is meeting with some opposition.

The burning of a building Friday morning of last week in Chester, Pa., in which fireworks were made, causing an explosion that killed fourteen persons outright and wounded fifty or more, some of them fatally,

G. W. Delawder, Esq., of Oakland, has been appointed one of the Fish Commissioners for this State. This is the best appointment the Governor could have made. Mr. Delawder has made fish culture a study years, and probably knows as much about it as any man in the State.

The Oakland *Democrat* and Baltimore *Herald* are discussing reform so far as that issue may involve the governer's salary. And it does not appear either that His Excellency ever recommended that he be invested with power to appoint the wealthy editors of the papers named an unpaid commission to investigate and report.—*Frostburg Journal.*

The term "court in banc" which occured so often in the published proceedings of the Guiteau trial, means the full bench, or a majority thereof, in which the judge from whose decision an appeal is taken is an individual member. In this particular case it means all the judges of the District of Columbia sitting together, Judge Cox himself being of the number.

Congress is making the usual deficiency appropriations to fill the gaps made by Democratic economy and reform. This has been a regular custom since the Democrats secured a majority in Congress in 1876. Every year since then it has been necessary to pass heavy deficiency bills to enable the Departments to carry on the public business Mr. Randall and his associates have been accustomed to go before the country at the close of every session and show the people the enormous reductions which the Democrts had made in the public expenditures, but they were always careful to make no mention of the deficiency bills. Now that we have a Republican majority in Congress there there will be an end to this Reform by Deficiency.

The United States Senate Tuesday passed the Apportionment bill just as it came from the House, and it now only needs the signature of the President to become a law. It increases the number of members of the House from 294 to 325. While the distribution is not mathematically correct, as was proposed by the Senate plan it is as practically fair as any that could be arranged, although in the computations for a basis of representation the advantage is given to to the populous and growing States. The legislatures of a majority of the States are now in session, and can proceed to redistrict them according to the bill. In any state where this is not done previous to November next, it will be necessary to elect the representatives on the general ticket. The representation of Maryland remains at six; but a readjustment of the districts must be made. Tuesday the State Senate decided to turn the whole matter over to the Committee on Ele[illegible] of the United States,

Republican members. The House of Delegates had previously voted to place the subject in the hands of a partisan Democratic special committee, but the firm attitude of the Senate Republicans nipped this gerrymandering scheme in the bud.

Assuming that Mr. Urner will next fall go upon the bench, the question of his successorship becomes a matter of prime importance to the Republicans of the District. We shall probably have no lack of names to choose a candidate from. By counties we give a few of those who have been canvassed, but whether in all cases by authority we are not prepared to say:

Allegany.—Hon. H. W. Hoffman, Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, Hon. Wm. Brace, Hon. Wm. J. Read, B. L. Turner.

Frederick.—Hon. L. H. Steiner, Thos. Gorsuch, Jno. C. Motter, Col. G. W. F. Vernon.

Garrett.—Thos. J. Peddicord, H. Wheeler Combs.

Montgomery.—Hon. Thos. Moore, Hon. Francis Miller.

Washington.—Lewis E. McComas, F. M. Darby, Edward Stake, Hon. Jos. H. Farrow.

The question of judicial candidature may enter more largely than now appears probable into the question of selecting a candidate for Congress. Under the law the associate judge to be elected next fall may come either from Garrett or Washington county, and seems generally to be conceded to the latter. If it should perchance go to Garrett Mr. Peddicord would be the man. If to Washington, Mr. Darby seems to have the call. The chief judge can come from either county in the circuit. Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Read of our county have been mentioned in this connection, and Mr. Stake of Washington.

On the Democratic side Judge Alvey will doubtless be nominated for chief judge, and either Judge Motter or Syester for associate. For Congress there is a score of candidates.

It seems to be universally conceded that the Republicans have much the better show of electing all three of the candidates to be voted for at the next election.

It might as well be understood now that Washington county cannot have all three of the candidates to be voted for next fall, viz: Congressman and two judges.—*Cumb. News.*

The Distracted Family.

Messrs. Gorman and Colton have not yet smoked the pipe of peace, and the latter has almost abandoned the hope of being elected president of the canal. Mr. Outerbridge Horsey is still the most prominent name mentioned for the presidency; but there are many shrewd politicians who think that the day of Mr. Gorman's resignation of the presidency is afar off, and that something out of the ordinary run of affairs will again happen to induce Mr. Gorman to remain at the head of the canal. Senator Gorman offers as a panacea for all the troubles in the Democratic ranks, the gerrymandering of the state so as to enable the Democratic party to send a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. He has a plan which will doubtless be followed by the Democratic majority of the legislature. He wants to detach a considerable portion of Frederick county to the Second Legislature district, and infuse "new blood" in the Fifth district by adding to it a slice of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards of Baltimore city. This would be an excellent thing for the Republicans. It would in all probability make the Second district Republican, and by the introduction of the Republican votes of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards the Fifth district would soon be enabled to send a Republican member to Congress. The Sixth district is irredeemably lost to the Democrats, and they can scarcely hope to regain it under any circumstances. Congressman McLane, who is an older and more experienced man, doubtless saw the Senator's mistake, and hastens to say that gerrymandering processes always inure to the advantage of the party against which they are directed. There is a decided difference of opinion between the Senator and the Representative on this subject. But Mr. McLane rather goes beyond his knowledge in the assertion which he is reported to have made, that the police census just taken is correct. Inasmuch as Mr. McLane lives in Washington in winter, and in Newport in summer, and only occasionally visits Baltimore, he is not very a competent judge to decide upon the increased population of Baltimore in the last six months.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

The present debt of France in round numbers is 20,000,000,000 francs; of Great Britain, £784,000,000; of the United States, $1,762,491,000. The public debt of France is only £20,000,000 greater than the debt of Great Britain, and the debt of the latter is more than twice as large as the debt of the United States.

Easy Lessons in Politics. For Use in the Primer Classes in the Public Schools.

From the Baltimore American.

Is this a Minister of the Gospel? No, it is not a Minister of the Gospel to any great Extent. It is a Politician. Does the Polician look like the Minister of the Gospel? No, my child; not in Maryland. Where is the Politician going? He is going to the State House in the Ancient City. Is he going to walk there? Not if he knows the Difference between a Railroad Pass and a Bowl of Soup. Does he know the Difference? Well, he ought to by this time. Why does the Politician go to the Ancient City? He goes there to Promote Legislation. Does he Promote it? He does when it Pays him enough. Does the Politician want an Office? I should Smile, my Child. Will he get it? Yes, my child; for he is a good Democrat, and voted Eight Times at the last Election.

* * * * * * *

What is the Policeman doing in the Graveyard. Is he weeping at the grave of his wife? No, my child, he is not weeping at the grave of his wife. He is taking a Census. What is he taking a Census of? He is taking a Census of the Legal Voters of Baltimore City. But why does he come to the Graveyard? Because he cannot find enough Live Voters outside. Will Dead Voters do just as well? They will, my Child. Can they Rise from their Graves and go to the Polls and Vote? No, my child; but their Friends can go to the Polls and Vote for them. Will they do it? Wait till the next Election comes and you will see. Is this Right? No, it is not Right, but this is a Free Country. Will the Policeman carry all the names from the Gravestones? He will if we do not Interrupt him. Shall we Interrupt him? Not unless we wish to Sleep in the Station House all Night. What will the Policeman do with his Book when he has filled it with Names? He will hand it to the Police Board. What will they do with it? They will Add it up. What will they do then? They will Multiply it by Five Hundred, and then they will have the Census of the Whole City. I do not Understand that. Neither do I, but the Police Board Understands it. Will there be a big Democratic Majority next Fall? There will, if the Police Board can Make one.

* * * * * * *

Has the Mayor the Green-bag of the ex-Mayor? No, he has not the Green-bag of the ex-Mayor. He has his own Green-bag. Is the Green-bag of the Mayor different from the Green-bag of the ex-Mayor? Slightly, my Child. What has the Mayor in the Green-bag? He has the Names of the Men who will fill the City Offices. Are they all Democrats? They are unless the Mayor is very much Mistaken. Why does the Mayor look so Troubled? He is Trying to Divide one hundred Offices among five hundred Democrats. Can he do it? No, my Child; he has just Found out that he cannot do it. Will those who do not get an Office be very Angry with him? They will never Vote for him again. Does he care for that? Yes, he does care. What will the Mayor do with his Green-bag? He will send it to the City Council. When will he send it to the City Council? He will send it to the City Council when the Governor sends his Green-bag to the Senate. Why does he Wait till then? When you are Older, my Child, you will Know.

* * * * * * *

What is the City Councilman doing? He is Drawing his Salary. Does he Draw his Salary regularly? He does if he knows himself. Does the City Councilman earn his Salary? He Thinks he does. Do other People Think so? No, my Child, they do not.

* * * * * * *

The Annapolis *Record*, a Democratic newspaper and a backer of Gov. Hamilton's, says:

"Gen. Frank A. Bond in a remarkable letter, says the O. L. D. organ before the election, hinted '*bloodshed* and m-u-r-d-e-r' if things did not go on as they thought proper. Well, General, we prophesied correctly. We knew the people of this county would not submit tamely to ruffians from other sections taking possession of their polling places and over-riding their liberties. Now we make another prophecy—*the next time it is attempted the killing will not stop with one man.*"

Potatoes from England and Germany are being landed at New York from steamships at the rate of 3,000 tons per week, and the importations are quite profitable to the New York merchants, because of the exorbitant price of the domestic article. In fact the seaboard cities of our Atlantic States have been obliged to pay such high prices for some classes of domestic vegetables that a resort to foreign importations would appear to be irresistible.

The Apportionment Bill Passed.

The House succeeded Friday of last week, in passing the Apportionment bill. Members who had substitutes with regard to representation withdrew them after a vote on the 316 proposition, knowing it to be impossible to get away from the inevitable 325. This increases the membership thirty-two over the present number. The final passage of the bill left a few soreheads; but, taken as a whole, the measure is quite satisfactory, and members are heartily glad that it is out of the way. The comparison with the present apportionment stands as follows Alabama 8 members, no change; Arkansas 5, gain of 1; California 6, gain of 2; Colorado 1, no change; Connecticut 4, no change; Georgia 10, gain of 1; Illinois 20, gain of 1; Indiana 13, no change; Iowa 11, gain of 2; Kansas 7, gain of 1; Kentucky 11, gain of 1; Louisiana 6, no change; Maine 4, loss of 1; Maryland 6, no change; Massachusetts 12, gain of 1; Michigan 11, gain of 2; Minnesota 5, gain of 2; Mississippi 7, gain of 1; Missouri 14, gain of 1; Nebraska 3, gain of 2; Nevada 1, no change; New Hampshire 2, loss of 1; New Jersey 7, no change; New York 34, gain of 1; North Carolina 9, gain of 1; Ohio 21, gain of 1; Oregon 1, no change; Pennsylvania 28, gain of 1; Rhode Island 2, no change; South Carolina 7, gain of 2; Tennessee 10, no change; Texas 11, gain of 5; Vermont 2, loss of 1; Virginia 10, gain of 1; West Virginia 4, gain of 1; and Wisconsin 9, gain of 1. This makes a Democratic gain of 15; Republican gain 19; Republican loss 3; total Republican gain 1.

Section 2 of the bill provides that whenever a new State is admitted to the Union the representative or representatives assigned to it shall be in addition to the number 325.

Section 3. That in each State entitled under this apportionment the number to which such state may be entitled in the Forty-eighth and each subsequent Congress shall be elected by districts composed of contiguous territory, and containing as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants, and equal in number to the representatives to which such state may be entitled in Congress, no one district electing more than one representative: *Provided*, That unless the legislature of such State shall otherwise provide, before the election of such representatives shall take place as provided by law, where no change shall be hereby made in the representation of a State, the representatives thereof to the Forty-eighth Congress shall be elected therein to now provided by law. If the number as hereby provided for shall be larger than it was before this change, then the additional representative or representatives allowed to said state under this apportionment may be elected by the State at large, and the other representatives to which the State is entitled by the districts as now prescribed by law in said State; and if the number hereby provided for shall in any State be less than it was before the change hereby made, then the whole number to such State hereby provided for shall be elected at large, unless the legislatures of said State have provided, or shall otherwise provide before the time fixed by law for the next election of representatives therein. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Publication of the Laws.

That the laws, which all men are bound to know and respect, ought to be published for general information is a proposition too plain and just to admit of a serious debate. But their publication shall be freed from all taint of partisanship. Everybody, of what ever political faith, is interested, and any distinction is unfair, illiberal and bigoted. It does not matter that the same course was adopted by the party in opposition at any previous time. Such an argument is utterly puerile. If the fact were so it only shows that a bad practice is being followed when it ought to be repudiated. Wrongs never become rights by prescription. We are dealing with present practical matters. Laws affecting every body should be brought to their knowledge in the most effective way. That way is by the amendment suggested by Senator Farrow, that the publication in newspapers of different political faith, and a fair price paid to the printers. It is false economy to hold back money in such a cause. The public pay for the enactment of laws and the carrying on of the Government in all its branches, and it has a right to demand all proper returns, and especially a knowledge of what its Legislators have done.—*Ex.*

PITTSBURG, Feb. 19.—The special telegram sent out from this city and widely copied, by newspapers throughout the country alleging undue intimacy between the wife of Hon. A. W. Campbell and George K. Wheat, a prominent merchant of Wheeling, West Virginia, is characterized by those gentleman as an atrocious falsehood, and without any foundation whatever. The lady involved was absent on a visit to her sister at Weston, West Virginia, for over a week prior to the date of the alleged occurrence.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1882.

Congress has been shaking things up rather lively for a week past and several important matters have been practically disposed of Among these are Mr. Edmund's Mormon bill in the Senate and the Apportionment bill in the House. The latter as finally perfected is the fairest apportionment measure ever passed and is as absolutely impartial as it is possible to make it. Any Democrat who complains of it would growl if he were going to be hung. The only States losing a member are three Republican States—Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, while the gains are almost equally distributed. The question of dividing Dakota and admitting the souther part into the Union is favorably settled so far as the Committee is concerned and the indications are that it will pass. Some Democrats oppose it solely on political grounds, but I have not found a single opponent among the majority.

Talking politics a day or two ago with a Democratic Senator who was opposed to Tilden as a Presidential candidate two years ago I made the not unexpected discovery that the Gramercy cipherer is the favorite of his party for the nomination in 1884, so far as the preponderance of Democratic sentiment can be gathered at this political centre. Their Uncle Samuel is taking the place so long filled by Horatio Seymour as the patriarchal candidate. While the Republican party has so many favorites that a choice is difficult, the hapless Democrats are fain, when the time for laying out a campaign draws near, to fix in despair upon the only man in their ranks over whom extreme old age has cast a mantle of respectability. Mr. Seymour had the respectability by nature, and with the added qualification of age he was quite the ideal candidate of the antiquated Democracy. Mr. Tilden is not quite so well off, but even in his case senectitude has softened the glare of notority into something like the more pleasant lustre of fame. So it now appears that the Democrats of all the States turn their eyes to him—and his barrel—as the most hopeful candidate for 1884—provided that '84 does not find the sage of Greystone twanging an orolde harp above the clouds. When Mr. Hendricks was here recently he asked if the report were true that he had "conciliated" with Samuel Jones upon the basis of "the old ticket" and he did not deny. The understanding is said to be that in case of election Tilden is to do something never done before—resign the Presidency and let Hendricks act. That is a fine programme, but it takes a majority of the American people to carry it out, and it may fail in execution somewhere.

Advices received here from Panama indicate that the DeLesseps canal is not materializing very successfully. The work has not really been begun, although the formality of "breaking ground" has been gone through with. The amount of money subscribed is almost insignificant when the cost of the enterprise is considered. The available cash on hand after paying interest to investors and the purchase money for the Panama railroad does not exceed $12,500,000, while the lowest estimate for the cost of the undertaking is $168,000,000. Worst of all, the second assessment has not been promptly met in Paris, and the company bids fair to be left without money. These things do not promise the immense returns which have been held out as the certain result of the distinguished French engineer's connection with the canal enterprise. It is not improbable that the absence of the indorsement of the United States has something to do with this failure. Meanwhile Capt. Eads is here log-rolling for his ship railway across the Isthmus without much prospect of success. The sum which he asks Congress to guarantee is only $200,000,000 and the railway be begun as soon as he secures that trifle, pending which he is on "waiting" orders. So are a great many more people who want a few hundred millions.

President Arthur's first state dinner was given Thursday evening and in the elegance of its appointments equaled any like occasion under any Administration of the past. The East Room was transformed into a bower of palms and other exotics, and the mantels were bedded a foot high in beautiful flowers. The state dining room, which was used for the first time during this Administration, was also beautifully decorated. In the centre of the table was a mirror on which swans rested as on the placid bosom of a lake. The floral ship sent from Boston to President Garfield for his inauguration, freshly rigged and loaded with flowers, had the place of honor among the decorations of the table, and the Marine Band discoursed sweet music from the hall adjoining. All the foreign ministers were present, together with the members of the Cabinet and of the House and Senate Foreign Affairs Committees. The new Chinese Minister, Chin Chi Young, accompanied by Mr. Bartlett, his American assistant, attracted considerable attention, this being his first appearance at a large social gathering.

JUNIUS.

The Democratic party of this State is concocting a monstrous iniquity in the shape of gerrymandering the Congressional Districts of the State.

They propose to redistrict the State for Congressional elections, and in such a way as they hope will result in the election of a full Democratic delegation from the State.

The first step in the crooked scheme was to have the police take a census of voters of Baltimore city, as if the United States—the very one on which the lower House of Congress has just passed an apportionment bill—would not do. Commenting on this proceeding the Washington *Star* (Ind.) says:

A census of voters of the city of Baltimore, recently taken by the police of that city, shows the proportion of voters to the whole population to be unusually large. The average estimate is that the voters will number one to every five of population. The last United States census puts the population of Baltimore at 332,190, which would, at the common estimate, give that city 66,438 voters; but the police census returns 83,197, or upwards of 17,000 in excess of what is admitted to be the general proportion. The robust voting capacity of Baltimore city has always been a matter of surprise to the country part of Maryland, and the new police census of that city is calculated to still further astonish the rural population.

Following this, the Maryland House of Delegates has taken up the matter of redistricting, and has raised a committee, all Democrats, being one from each of the six Congressional Districts. The member of the committee from this District is one of 3 Democrats out of 17 members of the House from the District. Mr. Turner fought the measure in the House, but of course he was overslaughed. In the Senate Mr. Brace filibustered to defeat the matter, and fittingly criticized the partizan conduct of the majority in manipulating the redistricting.

The managers have given out that they propose to cut Frederick county in two, and put several of the strongest Republican precincts into the Second District, Hoping thereby to make this District Democratic and also save the Second. By their "padded" census of Baltimore City, above described, they propose to spare some voters to the Fifth District, and make that permanently Democratic.

The Democracy should beware of their conduct in this matter. While we believe we have majority enough in this District to spare some, still we do not want to see the District gerrymandered. If it is done, we are firmly convinced that the Second and Sixth Districts will both go Republican. The new registration, supervised by U. S. officers, will knock the bogus Democratic vote in the 17th ward of Baltimore (part of the Fifth District) all to pieces, and with even a fresh part of Baltimore city added to the Fifth we may carry that District.—*Cumberland News.*

Legislative Resolutions in Reference to the Death of President Garfield.

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, That in the death of our honored President, the late Jas. A. Garfield, the Nation has lost one of her wisest and bravest sons, whose indomitable genius, stimulated by a laudable ambition and the patriotic enthusiasm of an American citizen, secured his elevation from the humble walks of common life, by steady promotion, until he attained the full enjoyment of the highest honors in the gift of his countrymen. Known and cheerfully recognized as a scholar of eminent distinction by men of learning, admired as a fearless and brave soldier, and widely esteemed as a pure and wise statesman, he challenged the enthusiastic admiration of his fellow countrymen, who had, with lively interest, watched his firm, steady and onward march to imperishable renown.

Resolved, That the assassination of the late President, was the act of a wretch, whose previous lawless life had made him fit for such a deed of horror, and who, having been granted an impartial trial, resulting in his conviction by a jury of his countrymen, should at the time fixed by the law, justly suffer its extreme penalty.

Resolved, That the profound sympathy of the people of Maryland is herewith tendered to the grief-stricken mother, widow and family of the late President, whose wonderful manifestation of heroic fortitude and other lofty characteristics in their sore affliction, have given them a place in the hearts of the American people, alongside of that occupied by the illustrous deceased.

Resolved, That this Excellency, the Governor of this State, be, and he is hereby, requested to transmit a copy of these Resolutions to the said widow and family of our deceased President, at his earliest convenience.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Prof. R. G. Richerson, of Piedmont, was in town Wednesday.

—Mr. Nathan Casteel has been very sick for a week or ten days. He is now in a fair way to recover.

—Matthias Faherty, who has been a watchman at 58 cut, on the B. & O. R. R., near Oakland, for about thirty years, died suddenly Wednesday.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The 22d was not observed as a holiday in Oakland. The Garrett Guards intended to parade, but owing to the inclemency of the weather they did not turn out.

—During the temporary absence from home of Mr. L. H. Johnson, Sunday last, some person or persons broke into his smoke house and carried away all of his meat.

—The protracted meeting in the M. E. Church is still in progress. A large number have joined the church and many have professed conversion. It is the most successful meeting that has been held here for many years.

—Col. J. W. Veitch, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, and Messrs. T. J. Pedalicord, H. Wheeler Combs, G. S. Hamill and W. P. Totten left for Annapolis Wednesday. They are interested in some of the local bills now before the legislature.

—Dr. Bartlett, our efficient County School Examiner, has been very active in his efforts to have all the scholars in our public schools vaccinated. This work was somewhat retarded at first by being unable to obtain virus, but we understand that the work is about completed.

—Died, after a brief illness, at Grantsville, this county, Victor, son of Henry and Sophia Winterberg, aged 21 years, 7 months and 6 days. The deceased was a youthful Christian and member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Grantsville. As a Christian his daily desire was to live nearer his God. This desire was realized on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, when God said: "Come up higher."

J. J. YOUNG.

DEER PARK, Feb. 21st, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much amused in reading what I suppose was intended to be a reply to a few items I had contributed to THE REPUBLICAN for my own pleasure, not thinking for a moment that truth so fearlessly spoken would have such an effect as to evoke so terrible a roar from one whose bite is perfectly harmless, so far as I am individually concerned. In reading carefully over the Deer Park missive of the 13th inst., one or two things very much surprised me: 1st. That any one should go to the trouble to disprove what had not been said. I never said the men whom the boys locked in the cars got drunk in Deer Park, I said they were drunk, &c. My 2d. surprise was when I discovered a glaring falsehood charging me with saying that a recent limb of the law knocked his wife down with the poker, when I said he struck at her with the poker (which he himself acknowledges to be true.) Another item I cannot help noticing. He calls me a Greenback politician. Poor fellow, wrong again, and were I to be silent here hundreds who have known me for near a quarter of a century, would be shocked at the thought that I had forsaken those principles which from childhood I have held tenaciously. I have never anywhere been backward to avow my Republican principles among friends or foes and there are plenty who can certify to my opposition to the party with which Mr. Mc W. would identify me. Lastly I feel sorry I do not come up to the standard by which he chooses to measure me. He calls me a saint. I wish I was worthy of such eulogium, for if I understand the meaning of the word it means one who is blameless in life, holy in conversation and practice; one who wishes to do good and eschew evil; 'tis for this reason perhaps, I never knew a saint to open a house to dispence anything that would destroy the bodies and souls of their fellow beings. They, the saints, are aware that no drunkard hath eternal life, consequently they would save their fellow mortals and not destroy them or see them destroyed without raising a warning voice. Yes, the saints would save hundreds of thousands who are the victims of licensed rum sellers. They know that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are detremental to the happiness of the people. They know that the majority of those that now fill our prisons are graduates from the dram shops. They know that in thousands of homes where may be found the suffering wife weeping with her penniless, breadless, friendless, children; that this state of things exists only because the husband and father is a drunkard; and just now, feeling moved with saintly impulses, I think 'tis better to peg away at any kind of honest labor than to deal out that which ever has been and still is, a bitter, blighting, damning curse upon everything holy, virtuous and true, the enemy of the Sabbath and all its blessings, the enemy of the husband, the enemy of the wife, the worst enemy God has in the world, and the best agent the devil ever employed. And now, by way of conclusion, let me say that yesterday such scenes were witnessed in this place as were never seen before several men, beastly drunk, commenced fighting and were soon wallowing in the mud; this appearance exceeds anything I ever saw, one of them was taken off the track by a senseless state and I am informed had it not been for Mr. Tillson and his kind family he would have died.

Yours very truly.

X. X.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending February 22:

Peter Martin and wife to John Fahey, part of "Small Meadows," containing 156 acres; $1,092.

Peter Martin and wife to Michael King, part of "Small Meadows," containing 102 acres; $714.

Peter Martin and wife to John Fahey, part of "Small Meadows," containing 150 acres; $1050.

Cyrus Schlossnagle, and Sylvanus Schlossnagle, to Samuel Mosser, part of a tract of land called "Henry's Meadows;" $135.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett County was convened on Tuesday, 21th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Order of sale of personal property of Christian Mosser, deceased, granted to Susan Mosser administratix.

The following accounts were ratified and confirmed viz:

First account of Elizabeth Phillips, guardian to Catharine and Arthur Gordon.

First account of Wm. H. Barnard, administrator, C. T. A., of John Gilford Barnard, deceased.

First and final account of Chas F. Frazee, administrator of John J. Frazee.

Second and final account of James W. White, executor of George J. Watter, deceased.

First account of Henry and Isaac Thompson, executors of Isl Thompson, deceased.

Ninth account of A. J. Fike, executor of Christian Fike, deceased.

Second and final account of W. H. Barnard, administrator of Henry P. Lohr, deceased.

Third account of Henry Winterberg, administrator of Wm. Figge, deceased.

THE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

A remarkable creditable record of the operation of this B. & O. Institution.

(Baltimore American, Feb. 16th.)

At a recent quarterly meeting of the B. & O. Relief Association, held at Relay Station, the secretary submitted a report which shows its affairs to be in a most flourishing condition. This organization is quietly but effectively performing most valuable service, not only among the employes by protecting them from want, but to the company itself, and is constantly developing new methods of usefulness. Although only started in May, 1880, the report referred to showed the issue of 22,150 insurance policies, and on December 31, 1881, an actual membership of 13,105 persons; also the payment of 5,557 claims for sick benefits, aggregating $74,769.56; of benefits on account of disablement from accidents aggregating $83,047.87, and of 128 death policies aggregating $30,420.31. These sums, with the payment of 1,168 physicians bills, amounting to $11,678.48, made a total expenditure of $200,816.22 disbursed for the relief of members on lines extending from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Columbus, Sandusky and Chicago. The association, through its corps of medical inspectors, not only superintends the hygienic and sanitary welfare of its members, but is also charged with a close supervision over the sanitary condition of the company's shops, stations, coaches, grounds, buildings, waters, &c., to the manifest advantage of its service. The measure adopted by the association last fall to guard employes of the company from effects of malaria, which was unusually prevalent everywhere, are said to have been very effective in neutralizing its effects. Pursuing the same policy immediately upon the discovery that small pox was becoming epidemic in the United States, the society undertook the gratuitous vaccination of all its members, and in special cases of their families. Reports already show that the medical inspectors have vaccinated 5,170 persons; also that of the total number vaccinated fully 80 per cent. of the operations were successful. In other words, out of 5,170 persons, over 4,000 were found to be exposed to the full effects of small-pox, which has been declared by the National Board of Health to be epidemic throughout the country. The employes referred to are not resident in any circumscribed locality, though probably half are residents in Maryland. The statistic, therefore, furnished a sad commentary upon the danger to which our entire population is exposed through lack of proper precautionary measures. If other benevolent societies and corporations would recognize the fact that prevention is of far greater value than the cure of disease, and would follow the worthy example of the B. & O. Association, they would not be acting humanely, but would also in many instances save their own funds from heavy depletion.

School Commissioners.

For a long time there has been a feeling in the State that the appointment of these officers by the Judiciary, as a means of freeing them from political taint, has been in most counties an egregious failure. There is no doubt of the fact in this county and in the adjoining county of Montgomery. Never, since the appointment has been placed in the hands of the Judges, have these gentlemen thought it worth while to appoint a Commissioner from the Republican ranks. The political complexion of the Commissioners has always been decidedly and unmistakably Democratic, as though it were impracticable to find any one suitable for this office within the lines of the majority.

Many of the best Judges in the State have pronounced the law, imposing the task of appointing such officers upon them, extra judicial and unconstitutional. Some have pertinaciously refused to exercise the authority, under such circumstances. And a renewal is now being made of the effort to effect a change in this matter. Two Bills to that end have been introduced in the Senate on this subject. One by Senator Steiner, similar to those he has unsuccessfully striven to pilot through, ever since his first appearance in the Senate, in which the choice of School Commissioners is entrusted to the people as the proper authority, because they are most interested in the skill, judgment and good sense of the men who are to conduct our Schools. The other by Senator Parsons, which places the appointment of School Commissioners in the hands of the Governor. These Bills were both reported unfavorably upon by the Committee on Education, upon the 16th instant, and the motion to substitute one or the other for the reports upon them is to be discussed in the Senate, on Thursday, 28th inst.

As believers in local self government in all matters not of national character, we trust that the choice will be placed by the Legislature in the hands of the people. This is the plan adopted in States where the common schools flourish most satisfactorily. Nobody can be more interested than the people themselves in securing first class men to fill these positions. And as a change should take place in the mode of appointment, it would seem best to adopt this plan, although it might even be better to transfer it to the Governor, rather than leave it where it has been so curiously employed for the advantage of one particular party. If the people can elect their other officers with advantage, they surely could not fail in this particular, and the experiment would show that the School system would be greatly benefited by the change.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Concerning Justices of the Peace.

There is no doubt that a conscientious Justice, says the Easton *Express*, ought to settle a larger proportion of the petty cases which come before him, without causing the parties interested and the county unnecessary expense. The Justice is armed with sufficient power to settle trivial quarrels and misunderstandings between parties litigant, and a clear-headed, conscientious man is just as likely to do justice in such cases as a jury of twelve men. Every term, cases are tried which are troublesome, vexatious and wasteful of valuable time in the county Courts. The following remarks of a Judge in a neighboring county are well worth considering in this connection. He referred to the fact that for eight hours the time of the Court had been occupied in trying three unimportant cases, and said: "In the first case tried, the costs, $56.20, was imposed, one-half on the prosecutrix and the other half on the defendant; in the next case the costs amounting to $40.67, were disposed of in a similar manner. In the third case the costs are $48.99, making in three cases $145.86 of costs imposed on the prosecutors and defendants. The jury in these cases have found that there was nothing in any of them calling for conviction or punishment. Ill temper and bad conduct deserving censure there had undoubtedly been, but nothing deserving the penalties of the law. This is the deliberate opinion of thirty six men under oath after attentively hearing the evidence, the arguments and the counsel, and the law from the court; and after careful deliberation, we have no hesitation in saying that in each case the verdict was exactly right. The court decidedly concurs in each verdict of the jury. Now, the question that arises in the administration of justice is: Ought it to cost the parties this comparatively large sum of $145.86, and the county an additional expense of at least $150, to ascertain that the matter in litigation is of no importance to anybody, and that these are trivial cases? We think not. The law gives to the committing magistrate the undoubted right to compare these differences—to settle them between the parties when they first come before him, and so arrive at the end of the case, which, if settled then, will cost the parties but a trifling sum."

Cut off the Dead Wood.

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

This is good work for the beginning of a new year.

Dead wood is not only unsightly, but it is injurious to the tree. We need to get rid of it, in order to give that which is alive a fair chance. From my window where I write I see a number of old oaks that have begun to die at the top because of the fish hawks who build their huge nests there and saturate the bark with salt water. The tree is sure to die unless the process is arrested, although it may perish more slowly than it would do if the roots were affected.

Some men begin to die at the top. The action of the brain is affected, and they become immobile, inert, indolent; the impulse is taken out of their life, while the ordinary functions of existence continue to act, and they go on eating and drinking, and talking and sleeping; they cease to be of any further use in the world. They are the dead wood of society, and everybody feels that they are an incumbrance. And it is the dead wood that breeds vermin. Inertia is the mother of vices.

There is too much dead wood in the learned professions, and in most other departments of life. The sap does not seem to have reached them.

They are much to be pitied, but they are none the less in the way for all that. It may or may not be their fault that they bring forth no fruit. They would be glad to do something if they knew how; and perhaps they might have accomplished some little work if they had not mistaken their vocation.

The Christian ministry would be none the worse for a judicious pruning. There are lawyers and doctors who might be laid on the shelf, and the world be no worse off. The great army of the unemployed is a sad spectacle to look upon; but, then, if one finds that he has got in the wrong place, why need he stay there so persistently? There is something which every man can do who has arms and hands and a tongue in his mouth, and any small modicum of brains in his head. There is the soil to be tilled, and fish to be caught in the sea, and a multitude of other occupations which require no special amount of genius, and why not turn in them for a living? It is more honorable to work with the hands, in any honest way, than to drop down on one's friends and eat the bread of dependence.

In mid winter, as I look out of my window, I cannot distinguish the dead from the live wood in the tree, and in fact there is nothing left but the grim skeleton; the leaves and every thing that indicated life vanished weeks ago. But the other night the strong wind blew, and the earth was covered with dead sticks. The living branches held on and defied the storm, but the poor, rotten, dead things had to give way. And so it is when any great temptest sweeps over the land; the lifeless, useless men, who in quiet times had crept into the offices, are swept off; the shams are displaced, and the real men come to the front. The law of the survival of the strongest comes into play, and the weak are dethroned. Great crises help men, and then the men shape the crises.

Dead wood is good for nothing but to be burned, and if it has died on the tree it is not good for much even for fuel. It is hard to tell just what to do with the dead wood in society. Hospitals for the inert and inefficient would only extend and perpetuate the evil.

Drowned out and Starving.

MEMPHIS, TENN., February 19.—A special dispatch from Helena says: "There is no abatement of the disasters that have overtaken the planters of the Mississippi valley, caused by the overflow of the Mississippi river between Memphis and Vicksburg. For three weeks it has rained almost daily, until now there is but a dreary watery waste extending fully fifteen miles inland from either bank. The destruction to dwellings, stock and lands cannot now be properly estimated. There have been innumerable breaks in the levees, and out look for the present is anything but hopeful. Cattle and hogs have been drowned by the hundreds, barns have been swept away and their contents wasted, and mules and horses are suffering for food. The loss to planters by these mishaps cannot but have its effect in cramping their facilities for putting in a crop for the year. This condition of affairs exists to an alarming extent in Crittenden, Lee and Philips counties, Arkansas, and in De Soto, Tunica and Codhoma counties, Mississippi. These are the largest cotton growing counties in the Mississippi valley, and what is true of them is also true of others that have suffered in a similar manner. Starvation is threatening many poor people whose homes line the banks of the streams that have overflowed. In some instances cabins can be found in which are negroes, hogs and mules all gathered under one shelter, awaiting the receding of the river, that has in its mad fury driven them to seek safety by flight in the high lands. The latest break occurred last night about three hundred yards above Austin, Miss. This will overflow the entire country between Austin and Friar's Point, a distance of 35 miles.

A Methodist clergyman in Wisconsin, Rev. J. E. Irish, has just ventilated the disagreeable fact that nine-tenths of the married people in that State are not properly married at all. A Wisconsin law declares that clergymen, before being authorized to perform the marriage ceremony, must file a copy of their credentials of ordination with the clerk of court in some one of the counties of the State; and Mr. Irish has been proved to be correct in his assertion that a great majority of them have never complied with this regulation, of which they seem to have no knowledge. In the eyes of the law, marriages solemnized by them have no legal sanction, and the consequences may be very serious as regards inheritances and the ownership of property. Persons now living in matrimony may, of course, be legally joined again if they have any doubt of the legality of the former ceremony; but the trouble occurs where now deceased couples, united by negligent ministers, bequeathed property to children who are, technically, illegitimate. The marriage and divorce laws of many of the States of the Union are exceedingly loose, confused and obscure, and it has long been apparent that it would be a national blessing if Congress could pass a strong and simple law applicable to the whole country; but, unfortunately, there seems to be no constitutional warranty for such an enactment.

The editor of an Eastern paper says that a wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes put on the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty-fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders, or otherwise in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred-fold in its preserving influences against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles are, the more benefit derived; such shingles are generally more or less warped, rough and cracked. The application of the wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or first form, thereby closing the space between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks and spots in the shingle itself, prevent its warping for years, if not forever.

The Baltimore County *Union* (Rep.) speaking of the Maryland Federal appointees, says: "They are well and favorably known throughout Maryland, and it is gratifying to observe that leading journals and prominent citizens—Republican and Democrats—have spoken highly and flatteringly of them, touching capacity, merit and all else calculated to win respect and confidence from the entire people."

Mrs. Scoville, the sister of Chas. J. Guiteau, has written a letter to the widow of the late President Garfield, in which she pleads earnestly for the life of the assassin. She claims that her brother was "brain sick, deluded and crazy on that dark day in July," and beseeches Mrs. Garfield to "forgive him even as Christ shall forgive us all."

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned living five miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale two very large half-breed Shorthorn-Durham cows, and two very fine large three-quarter bred Shorthorn-Durham yealing bulls. One of the cows measures 14¾ hands high, and is built in proportion. Good dairy cows. Prices reasonable. Also Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching, 13 for one dollar, and 26 for one dollar and fifty cents.

2 25 4t S. D. YODER.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 18 tf

BRIDGE PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Bear Creek, on the road leading from the Morgantown Road to Accident below George Schlossnagle's saw mill, or at the most convenient place.

JOHN WASS,
BENJAMIN GRIFFTH,
SAMUEL HILEMAN,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the county road running from Jonas Tice's to the widow Hetrick's, viz: To leave the old road bed at a point near Glade Run, and running thence between the lands of Andrew Pysell and Nancy Hetrick, intersecting the county road running from the Grantsvill road to Engles Mills, at a point near Christian Orendorf's.

LEWIS BEITZELL,
JONAS J. TICE,
ANDREW PYSELL,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Breneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near Jonas Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 18 5 And others.

Estate of Alexander Mail, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of;

ALEXANDER MAIL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of Feb., 1882.

LUKE MAIL,
1 8 2 3 Administrator.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NOTICE.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, Nason McAllister, having with my wife Elizabeth McAllister, agreed to a final separation, and that for and in consideration of the sum of three hundred and forty dollars to me paid, out of the proceeds of the sale of our land to John G. Elsey, do hereby accept the same and release her from any obligation she may by law be under as my wife, and allow her freedom to separate and depart from me; and do further agree to in no sense molest or restrain her from seeking a home wherever she may desire, and nevermore to seek a reconciliation between us.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and affix my seal this 9th day of February 1882.

his
NASON X McALLISTER,
mark.
2 18 3 Test— W. H. TOWER.

ORDER NISI.

George T. Dunlop, vs. Sarah A. E. Blackburn. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, No. 90 Equity.

It is ordered this 20th day of February, A. D., 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by A. Hunter Boyd, Trustee, in the above case be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March next, provided a copy of this be inserted in some newspaper published at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $400.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 17 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

The Shoemaker.

Jim Tewksbury was a shoemaker,
A promising young man,
But never kept his promises—
A shoemaker never can.

"Your boots," he'd say, "shall ready be
At noon, on Saturday"—
But go for them, you sat a day,
Nor satisfied them away.

For Jim would surely put you off—
Of that there was no doubt—
As though you came to put them on
He always put your out.

And so it was, how oft you called,
And for your boots did ask,
It always turned out in the end
To be a bootless task.

The only way was threatening;
Then Tewksbury understands
If you can't have them on your feet,
You'll leave them on his hands.

This always proves an argument
Of truly wondrous heft,
And Tewksbury would go right to work
For fear of getting left.

Perhaps you know a shoemaker
Like Jim—then to him say,
"You think it pays to make me wait,
Now wait, sir, for your pay."

This, children, is the shoemaker. I warrant me you have seen him sitting on his bench; but the promises he makes there have not the force of a bench warrant.

Go to him to heel your shoe, and he'll disappoint you.

He says "there's nothing like leather," and yet he well knows that the paper board he puts into your shoes looks exactly like leather.

Therefore, you should not trust the shoemaker—unless he will trust you.

The shoemaker is sometimes called a cordwainer. Accord wanes between you and him after a short acquaintance.

St. Crispin is the shoemaker's patron saint. A man must be a saint to be the patron of a shoemaker.

Crispin was a martyr. He probably had corns. That must have been the martyr with him. If he had a corn it was because his shoes was a-tip tight.

He was a Roman, and all shoemakers like their customers to be roamin' as much as possible.

He fled to Gaul in the third century. That is the reason all shoemakers have so much gall.

It is said that he stole leather to make shoes for the poor. His followers still make poor shoes, but I never heard of their stealing lenther.

The shoemaker's shop is more dungerous, by the way, than the dramshop. You are always sure of a tight fit at the shoemaker's.

There are some good things to say of the shoemaker. If you will repair to his shop, he will repair your understanding. Therefore, you stand under obligations to him.

He repairs your boots when they are worn, and when they are entirely gone, he repairs your feet.

This repairing those feet of yours is one of the features you had not thought of, I suspect.

Then the shoemaker puts you on your taps, when your sole is about ready to leave you; when you are down at the heel he strnightens you up, and when you have nothing to stand upon he puts you on a new footing.

The shoemaker works with a stirrup. With it he can stir up the lazy apprentice.

The shoemaker also uses wax ends. A whack sends the apprentice to work when he is idle. Idle like to be an apprentice? Guess not.

The shoemaker is a disinterested fellow.

The shoemaker has a great many tools, and he has to use awl when he sews. So's this true when he pegs.

The shoemaker is always pegging away. He continues to drive pegs in until he pegs out.

There have been many celebrated shoemakers. They rose high in public life, although they began at the foot.

In some countries the wooden shoe is worn by the peasantry. Wooden shoe think they would be clumsy?

Boots are made rights and lefts. It is right to put one on the left foot, and it is left to put the other on the right foot.

But you have had enough of the shoemaker. Let us not feel above him, though we often feel above his workie to.

May he live long, and when he has passed the last lap of his earthly race may a lap stone be erected to his memory.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Albany Juror's Freak.

During the trials of William A. Lawrence, in the County Sessions, recently, for the crime of grand larceny, one of the jurors, unseen by the Court, and evidently unnoticed by any of the court officers, stepped out of the court-room during the examination of William B. Dewey, a witness for the prosecution. The juror remaining out some time one of the remaining eleven informed the District Attorney of his absence, and the fact was brought to the attention of the Court. Judge Van Alstyne directed the stenographer to strike from his notes the evidence of the witness on the stand given during the absence of the juror. This order induced objections from the prisoner's counsel, Messrs. Niver and Fitts, who claimed that the Judge exceeded his authority. After some discussion Judge Van Alstyne addressed Clerk McIntyre and inquired how many officers had been assigned to duty in the court. The Clerk answered "Twelve." The Judge then asked the Clerk, who had charge of the officers of the court, to which the Clerk made no reply, as it was not his province to overlook the court constables. The Judge then said that hereafter he wished the Sheriff to organize his force of officers and put them in their proper places in the court, and that when an officer was put in charge of a jury he should hold such officer to a strict accountability. "The administration of public justice in this county," said the Judge, "has become demoralized and fallen into disrepute, and I propose hereafter to insist upon the proper discharge of duties by persons holding place in this court." The witness on the stand was requested by the District Attorney to repeat his former testimony on the return of the juryman, and he was allowed to do so, against objection and exception by the prisoner's counsel, who insisted that a duplication of testimony by a witness was illegal. A fine point of law may be worked out of this episode.—*Albany Argus.*

—Forty different tongues are spoken in Africa, but they have only one general way of roasting and eating a missionary.

In the Barber Shop.

"A woman, being only a beardless woman," the sad passenger said, "will always, even though she succeed in obtaining the ballot, miss the manly experience of waiting sixty-seven minutes in a barber shop for a shave. She will never know what it is to study character from the chair. She will never see the row of patient looking men sitting in solemn rows around the room, reading yesterday's papers and *Police Gazettes*, and looking upon each other with dark suspicion, each man believing all the others capable of sneaking into the chair before he is next."

"She will never see the nervous man," said the fat passenger, "who springs half wny to his feet every time 'next' is called, and sinks back overwhelmed with bashfulness, and silently scowled at chook with an intent to commit fraud by all the other sufferers."

"And she will miss the spectacle of the anxious man," said the fat passenger, "who is supremely fearful of missing his turn, and keeps tally on his fingers of the elect who are in ahead of him, and gets excited and loses his coun every time a new man comes in, or an old delegate changes his seat."

"And the impatient man," said the tall thin passenger, "who fidgets along until he is last and next, and then runs across the street to find twenty men in the other shop, and then returns to discover that seven men have come in since he went out and tries to look as though he didn't know how badly he was left."

"And the abstracted man," said the cross passenger, "who looks at the chromo of a round-faced woman with coal-black hair, and Turkey-red cheeks, grape-vine curls and circular eyes, entitled 'The Southern Beauty,' and drums on the floor with his feet until he misses his turn, and gets so bewildered by the catastrophe that he can't imagine how to work himself into the chair until the last man is shaved."

"And the foolish man," said the passenger with the sandy goatee, "who waits an hour and ten minutes, and just discovers when he is on his way to the chair, that he is in a strange shop and hasn't a cent in his pockets. Then he looks quietly at his watch, murmurs an awful lie about an impossible train or an unheard of engagement, and wanders out into the night to smite himself with reproaches that sting like a serpent and bite like a horse fly."

"And the man who takes off his coat, vest, cuffs, necktie and collar when he gets into the chair, and looks as though he wanted to take off his boots, trousers and shirt," said the sad passenger.

"She will never comprehend," said the cross passenger, "the horrified feelings of the man with a black beard three weeks old and thick as a hedge, who sees a boy with a round, fat face, smooth as an April watermelon, take the chair of his favorite barber on the call of next."

"Nor the feelings of the crowd," said the man with the sandy goatee, "on Saturday night, when some soulless scoundrel, who needs hanging, gets into the chair at half-past nine o'clock and orders a shave, shampoo, hair cut and whiskers dyed, and then wants his moustache waxed."

"And the fresh man," said the fat passenger, "who rushes into a shop with ten men waiting for a chair, and says he has to take a train in fifteen minutes and would the gentleman who is next object to giving way to him as a great accommodation?"

"And nobody says anything," said the tall thin passenger, "but everybody looks steadfastly at him, and the gentleman who is next calmly but firmly gets into the chair when his turn is called."

"And the man who goes around from one shop to another, asking: 'How many are there ahead of me?' until the last shop is closed."

"She will never know," said the sad passenger, "what it is to be shaved by a man with a touch like a shadow and a razor that puts you to sleep in a minute, and who fusses over you with towels and water and perfumes so deftly and lightly that you want to be shaved over again."

"And she will never puzzle herself six times a week," said the Jester, "trying to understand why a barber will spend three minutes carefully brushing and waxing your mustache, and then, just before he lets you out of the chair, take a towel and rub it up and down your face and back and forth across your upper lip, until he makes that mustache look like a fright wig on a minstrel end man."

"And she will never know," said the woman who talks bass, "what it is to be shaved by a barber who eats garlic to cure his catarrh, and who ought to change his trade or learn to breathe through his ears."—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

An Encounter with a Slave Dhow.

An English correspondent writes as follows: The story of the British fight with a slave dhow, flying French colors is now officially and in detail before the country. The affair was not an attempt to capture the slaver; it was not a fight at all, but a massacre. The incident is a tragic episode of the work which Great Britain performs as sort of naval police in the forcible abolition of slavery. While the murder of Captain Brownrigg and the deaths of the other brave fellows were being lamented in England, retributive justice soon laid hands upon the dhow and the Arab assassins. It appears that Captain Brownrigg had long been engaged off Zanzibar in the philanthropic work of the government. He had never boarded French dhows, but had been in the habit of running alongside in his pinnace to verify their papers. Other dhows he had regularly boarded. Some he had captured, releasing their living cargoes. On this occasion, Dec. 3, he only intended "quite cursory examination" of the dhow in question. He did not even arm his boat's crew. He went alongside without hailing or stopping the dhow. Just as he was "making" the vessel he sent the cockswain forward to attach the pinnace to the dhow, so that he might converse with the Captain as they both forged along through the water. As the man was standing on the stern of the boat, in the act of "making fast," he caught sight of eight or ten men crouching down with guns at the "ready" position. He called out to the Captain, who was standing aft at the tiller, whereupon the Arabs rose up and fired. He closed with one of them, and the two fell overboard. Fifteen to twenty Arabs then leaped into the pinnace with drawn swords and clubbed guns. At their first volley they killed one of the crew outright, mortally wounded a second, and severely hurt two others. It was, therefore, no difficult matter for them to drive the remainder, unarmed as they were, into the sea. Captain Brownrigg and his steward were in the after part of the boat. There was but a single rifle on board. The Captain seized it and shot one of the Arab boarders. Before he could reload he was attacked from above by the rest. He clubbed his weapon and fought gallantly, but under the terrible disadvantage of being below his assailants and half blinded with blood flowing from a severe wound in the forehead. His was in the stern sheets, while the Arabs were on the top of the canopy and at the sides, so that he got at them with difficulty, they at him with ease. For twenty minutes the unequal contest went on. As fast as the Captain knocked one man over another took the vacant place. At last the English officer fell, wounded in twenty places, the coup being given by a bullet which pierced his heart. During this sanguinary business Bishop, an ordinary seaman badly wounded, was supported to the dingy, astern of the pinnace, by the stoker Venniug (himself shot in the leg), but the Arabs, hauling their boat up alongside of the pinnace, cut him over the head until he sank. Massey, an able-bodied seaman, badly wounded, was supported to the shore, a distance of 700 yards, by two comrades. The account of the remainder of the crew is thus made up: The second stoker swam ashore, so likewise did the interpreter and "writer." There were then left on board, as previously stated, the Captain and steward, a Genoese, who saved himself by falling down and pretending to be dead. The leading stoker remained in the water, swimming about and keeping clear of the assassins, and when the dhow sailed away he scrambled on board the pinnace, got up steam, picked up the men on the beach, and took them and the dead Captain to headquarters at the Island of Pemba. A few days later the dhow was taken. In the scrimmage of capture one of the Arabs was shot. Eight others are in custody, as is also the Captain. Full reports have still to come in, though it is understood that no papers were found in the dhow, or anything to verify her nationality. Captain Brownrigg was a brave and popular man in the service, and his death is lamented in the region where he had done so much useful work and also at home. One cannot help feeling that there was a certain amount of recklessness in not arming the crew. Another notable thing is the fact that the Winchester rifle is not used in the service. Had Captain Brownrigg been armed with this weapon he would most probably have been alive now to describe its deadly effect upon the treacherous Arabs. Englishmen who go to explore strange and possibly hostile countries invariably carry Winchester as well as ordinary rifles.

How to Become Plump.

You want to know what you shall do to become plump and seemly? I will tell you.

1. Be thankful you are not fat. Man's body is designed for use. Lean, flexible, active folks should be duly grateful that they do not waddle, wheeze and sweat. Besides your chance for long life is, on the whole, better than that of the fat man. So gratitude, that your case is no worse, is your first duty.

2. You must begin the consideration of your emaciation with the physiological fact that the quantity and quality of your flesh depends on the character of your digestion. The dyspeptic and consumptive eat an enormous quantity of nutritious food; but grow thinner day by day. Lean people are not unfrequently great eaters; but the food is not appropriated. Such bodies are like our great peninsular army which, receiving constant supplies of men and horses, constantly decreased in size and strength. So, my dear shadows, we must determine, first, what will give you more strength in digestion and assimilation. You probably eat too much. The digestive apparatus is compelled to undertake so much, it can do nothing well.

Remember it is not the quantity eaten, but that digested, which determines your flesh and strength. Eat less! And as the saliva plays a very important part in the function of digestion, masticate thoroughly, drinking little or nothing by way of helping the food into your stomach.

3. Eat but twice a day; and, unless in the midst of hard labor, let the second meal come as early as two or three o'clock. So important do I regard the two-meal-a-day system for certain classes of individuals, that I rarely prescribe for a consumptive or dyspeptic, without making this rule imperative. If the patient is to eat twenty or even twenty-five ounces of food per day, it is greatly better to eat it in two meals. And, I may add, that for all classes of persons, I believe it would prove a great advantage, in a physiological point of view, to change from the present system to two meals a day.

4. For breakfast eat coarse bread, cream and baked sweet apples; for dinner, beef or mutton, (not veal or lamb), with some coarse bread, potatoes, and all the vegetables of the season, except tomatoes; for desert, use fruit ad libitum. If possible sleep a little after dinner.

5. You must sleep in a pure atmosphere; go to bed as early as nine o'clock, and rising by six, walk slowly in the open air half an hour or more, drinking two or three tumblers of cold water.

6. Spend the evening in social enjoyment. Happiness and laughter are the best friends of digestion.

7. Live as much as possible in the open air, never forgetting that, after the food has been well digested in the stomach, it must mingle with a good supply of oxygen in the lungs before it can be transformed into the tissues of the body. Bad food with pure air, will make flesh faster than the best food with an impure atmosphere.

8. Bathe frequently, that the effected matter in the system may easily escape, and thus afford the best opportunity for the deposition of new material.

9. If married, cultivate the quiet sentiments of domestic life. If unmarried, and of proper age and health, seek in this most satisfactory of all earthly relations, that freedom from the fret and discontent of life which only a true marriage can give.—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

For Young Readers.

A COUNTRY BOY.

The wind may blow the snow about,
For all I care, says Jacky;
And I don't mind how cold it grows,
For then the ice won't crack.
Old folks may shiver all day long,
But I shall never freeze;
What cares a jolly boy like me
For winter days like these?

For down the long snow-covered hills
It is such fun to coast,
So clear the road! the fastest sled
There is in school, I boast.
The paint is pretty well worn off,
But then I take the lead;
A dandy sled's a loiterer,
And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper-time,
Kit but my cheeks are red!
They burn and sting like anything;
I'm cross until I'm fed.
You ought to see the biscuit go,
I am so hungry then;
And old Aunt Polly says that boys
Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do
To pass the time away;
The dark comes quick in winter time—
A short and stormy day;
And when I give my mind to it,
It's just as father says,
I almost do a man's work now,
And help him many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up
And get all through with school,
I'll show them by-and-by that I
Was not meant for a fool.
I'll take the crops off this old farm,
I'll do the best I can.
A jolly boy like me won't be
A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh
Just as I come in sight;
The oxen poke me with their horns
To get their hay at night.
Somehow the creatures seem like friends,
And like to see me come.
Some fellows talk about New York,
But I shall stay at home.

—*Sarah O. Jewett, in Harper's Young People.*

WHETHER TO GO TO SEA?

This is a far more serious question, dear boys, than many of you imagine. For perhaps you have looked at it only through the rose-colored spectacles of Mr. Cooper or Mr. Marryatt, and it may be that some have even used the more glaring ones furnished gratis by the sensational story writer of to-day. And thus fancying that a sailor must be a sort of combined Jack Easy and Ralph Rackstraw, I know from experience how eager becomes the desire for "a life on the ocean wave." But both Cooper and Marryatt wrote of sea life as it was connected with the naval service of their day, giving only the very brightest side of the picture at that. And the naval service of then or now is as unlike the merchants service as can possibly be imagined.

The time has been when a boy with a natural aptitude for sea life could ship on board some of our American vessels, and the discipline be good for him, whether he ultimately followed the sea or not. This was when crews were made up of some, from our own seaboard towns, whose purpose in going to sea was to fit themselves for the quarter-deck, as rapidly as good habits, energy and application would do it. They were, as a rule, intelligent, cleanlived young men, respecting themselves, and respected by their officers, who were too wise and too upright to use toward them the language and abuse so common at the present day. From such as these sprang many of our best American Captains; but where those of the next generation are coming from I cannot imagine unless more of our large cities follow the example of New York in instituting nautical school-ships like "St. Mary's," where boys can be thoroughly trained for the merchant service.

For, alas! our ships' forecastles are filled with a constantly increasing throng of vicious and grossly ignorant foreigners, of many nationalities, while a purely American crew is very seldom seen at the present day.

The truth is, boys, that sea-going is terribly misrepresented by most nautical writers. For one book like Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" or Jewell's "Among our Sailors," there are a thousand of the "Brave Bill, the Boy Buccaneer" order—books which represent sea-going as an adventurous, romantic, jolly sort of life, abounding in marvelous incidents by sea and land. Nothing is said of the wearying, round of unpleasant tasks, of hardships most terrible, sufferings almost incredible, dangers without number, shipwreck—death. I do not wonder that boys who read these books get false views of sea life, as well as false views of life in general.

"Ah," I hear you say, "we know that there are hardships and dangers to be met with in a sailor's life; we expect them."

But bless you, boys, while I don't mean to be impolite, I must flatly contradict you, and say that you don't know anything about it, excepting in the vaguest sort of way—excepting as you imagine yourself, on your return, saying to some of your adluring schoolmates: "I tell you, fellows, it was lively times the night we lost our to'gallantmasts, and I had four fingers frost-bitten reefing topsails off Cape Horn, last December," or, "I say, my lads, how would you like to have been in my shoes a year ago to-day, when the old Susan went ashore in a living gale, and only three of us were saved out of the whole ship's company?" You may fancy such incidents interesting to recount, but their actual suffering and terror you cannot begin to realize in advance.

However, my object in writing this paper is not to throw cold water on any projected seagoing, if it is honestly, knowingly and properly entered into. But it is always a good plan to look squarely at both sides of so important a question as whether to go to sea or not.

If a boy has not some natural aptitude for a sea life, he would better by far stay at home. He may be strong, active and courageous, and yet be entirely unfit for a sailor. And one trouble is that boys who are attacked with "ship-fever" often mistake for aptitude what is merely inclination. Out of one hundred and forty-eight boys admitted to the "St. Mary's" nautical school, seventy-eight were discharged before the end of the year—cured. Yet in the code of regulations for admittance to membership it is specially stated that boys who make application "must evince some aptitude or inclination for a sea life." And I can not help thinking that if such boys could not accustom themselves to the gentle discipline and admirable routine of that most excellent nautical school, what would they have done on board the average merchant-vessel, where they certainly could not leave at the first, nor the twentieth, touch of hardship?

But beyond all this, the would-be sailor must be strong and resolute, for the system of "four hours off that you're never sure of, and four hours on, that you're always sure of" (to use Jack Tar's expression), is a most exhausting one in itself. Through day and night, storm or calm, heat or cold, at the end of the alternate four hours' sleep which the sailor may be lucky enough to get in the foul atmosphere of a dirty forecastle, a vigorous pounding on the door summons him from his slumbers. And on shipboard one cannot say in answer: "I don't feel very well—I guess I wont get up yet awhile." No, indeed. Then follow two hours at the wheel, or on the lookout, where he must attend strictly to business, though drenched, it may be, to the skin, or shivering in the most piercing of midwinter blasts. And, leaving this task, he may be sent immediately aloft, where for an hour or two longer he balances himself on a slippery foot-rope, and, clinging by his elbows to a swaying yard, battles with the stiffened, slatting canvas, his fingers benumbed, and his ears and nose almost freezing.

Through it all, or while about his ordinary duties on deck, he must accustom himself to hear his name coupled with harsh words or reproaches, according to the fancy of those in authority over him. And I do not mean by this the extraordinary personal abuse which has been, and is occasionally at the present day, carried to such terrible lengths. On shore, one may at least defend himself from word or blow. But remember that, on shipboard, to even look your resentment is almost to take your life in your hand.

A boy may be better born and better educated than the officers over him, but the great social gulf between forecastle and quarter-deck will seldom be bridged by kindly, never by familiar, words. And however hungry he may become for congenial companionship, he must not expect to find it in the forecastle. Many of the sailors whom he will meet there at the present day are worse than ignorant; they are foul-mouthed and profane.

Associated with a boy's dreams of sea life is almost always the delightful hope of sight-seeing in foreign lands. But if he stays by his ship in port—the only safe thing for him to do—he is kept continually at work, from early dawn till dark. And sight-seeing in a foreign city after dark has numberless disadvantages. If he is foolish enough to leave his ship when he arrives in port, he not only loses the chance of joining her again, but the thousand allurements on every hand are almost sure to lead a boy, thus separated from all restraint, into the downward path.

Such is a very small part of the unvarnished side of merchant-service sea life, of which more especially I have written because so few boys can take the navy as a medium for sea-going.—*Frank H. Converse, in St. Nicholas.*

Weeds in the Garden.

Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds, which unconsciously creep into this garden, and unless they are put down, or better, pulled out, they injure and spoil the good flowers.

1. *Untruth.* This is dark-leaved, and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it is strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.

2. *Slang.* This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but is not considered to have any beauty.

3. *Bad grammar.* This is a common weed found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons. It grows slowly but steadily, and finds a place beside the nicest looking flowers. There are a number of varieties, and among them are "I seen," which chokes up "I saw," or "I have seen;" "it's her'n," which crowds out "it is hers," and "it is me," which grows close to the little plant "It is I."

4. *Gossip.* Every one knows this ugly weed which works mischief wherever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely over-run and spoil the gardens in which it was allowed to grow.

These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are gaining headway.—*Scholars' Companion.*

A Shrewd Stroke by Dumas, Sr.

The following characteristic anecdote is told about the elder Dumas: Just before Monte Cristo was brought out at the Porte St. Martin Theater the director entered into an engagement with the author to pay a bonus of 10,000 francs if the proceeds of the first fifty representations reached the sum of 150,000 francs. During the course of the fiftieth performance Dumas made his appearance at the theater to inquire about the receipts. "It is already nine o'clock," said the manager, "here are my books; you will see that the total receipts amount to 149,980 francs, and so there is no bonus to be paid you!" "You are quite right," responded the dramatist, "but I am very sorry, as I counted on receiving the money and invited a few friends on the strength of it, to sup with me, and now I have not a sou in my pocket." "My purse is at your disposal; how much do you want?" "Oh, not more than a hundred francs at the most." Dumas carelessly replied. The hundred francs passed into his pocket, and he sauntered out of the manager's sanctum to entertain his friends. Half an hour after he had gone the treasurer of the theater brought the director a couple of louis as supplementary receipts for the day. Alexander Dumas, it turned out, determined on not letting the 10,000 francs slip from his fingers, had taken a couple of *loges*—with a portion, no doubt, of the loan made him—and had thus made the receipts amount from 149,980 francs to the desired total.

—Douglas Jerrold said savagely: "Truth is like gold; people manage to make a little of it go a long way."

WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to, better the weather, and hurls his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,

Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost paralyzing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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WM. G. DIGGES, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4th, '81, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM HAS CURED HIS MOTHER OF CONSUMPTION, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

DR. MERRIFIELD, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

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FARM AND

—Of all shares, most reliable. Th something.

—When frying all the cakes bef them, then you ca the cooking upon pends.

—Strawberries when four or five plnnted together, may be n perfect perfect variety we

—A gentleman through ex-Senato in New Mexico, s by sixty miles in 000 head of cat horses. The inco not be less than $ season."

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It has sometime questions of this propriety be refe animals interested be, a horse's ind matter might very In one case a larg up with a spout at down hay from t low opening on th corner a common wards placed; and them a brenst-high fodder was placed receptacles, the ho back and forth be little if any prefer three were supplie nte quantities, he the breast-high o other horse with d have chosen other certainly not th habit, for this ho on the floor at the several years befo never saw a mang tive years old.

The cruel habit to pull his fodder order to improve defensible. It ma structed rack of m ter for some hors habit of throwing manger. I could rational excuse for

A feed-manger, high, and so large spread out very t disposed to germ and the best reme grain, of whatev scattered that only be taken. Dry fee ticated, and more A manger four eighteen inches w deep, is the best s hold hay enough f brushed out when ing, and serves to excessive or irregu

The use of the fodder and feed is one for each, beca quent clearing of mangers are used boxes, the fine re generally suffered mangers until it b sive and injurio *Examiner.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Of all shares, plow shares are the most reliable. They always turn up something.

—When frying cakes, roll and cut out all the cakes before you begin to fry them, then you can get that attention to the cooking upon which success depends.

—Strawberries are much more prolific when four or five different varieties are planted together, although each variety may be a perfect one, than if but one perfect variety were planted alone.

—A gentleman who recently rode through ex-Senator Dorsey's cattle ranch in New Mexico, says of it: "It is forty by sixty miles in size, and has on it 28,000 head of cattle and 1,300 head of horses. The income from this place can not be less than $76,000 for the present season."

—A good, cheap, quickly made corn bread: Mix three large cups of corn meal with one of wheat flour, a cup of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and enough soda to remove acidity, and a little salt. Add enough sweet milk (or water may do) to make it as soft as you would for soft gingerbread. Mix well and bake fifty to sixty minutes.

—It is recommended, as an important item in sheep husbandry, "to separate the ewes whose lambs are intended for market, and devote to them a little special care and attention. It will be evident to every sheep farmer that this, though it cost but a trifle of either time or food, will add many pounds and a good fattening condition to the lambs.

—A fruit tree can not bear a very heavy crop oftener than once in two years and in order to obtain an even bearing tree the fruit should be thinned very freely every year; this would secure not only very even crops every year, but finer and more superior fruit. Birds assist us in this matter by picking off the blossoms. Thinning is easily done if we obtain a slender pole with a hook like knife attached, or even a codfish hook, by which the extra fruit could be easily cut out.

—Handsome pillow-covers, or "shams" as they are sometimes called, are made by taking, for the pair, eight hemstitched pocket-handkerchiefs. Put them together with hands of insertion of torchon, Hamburg, or rie-rae, and trim the edge to match. These covers will wash and iron easily, which is a great point gained, unless one has an accomplished laundress. Choose handkerchiefs of line and yet sufficiently heavy linen to make sure that they will take starch well.

How High Shall the Manger Be?

The popular answer to this question is that nature made the horse to eat from the ground, and therefore the fodder should be placed on the floor. Per contra, the usual style of construction is a rack as high up as the horse can conveniently reach, and sometimes higher yet. The popular idea of settling a dispute is to strike an average—or, as the phrase goes, "split the difference"—and in this particular case this is just about what ought to be done. The manger should be neither high nor low. The idea that because in the olden times, when there were no stables and no mangers, the horse took his food from the ground, therefore he must ever continue to do so, is as absurd as that of the old curmudgeon who told his wife and children that as fingers were made before forks, they should eat with their fingers instead of with forks. The tastes, habits and other general characteristics of the horse have by breeding and cultivation become highly artificial, and wholly unlike those of his progenitor "in a state of nature," and they should be carefully studied, and as far as possible gratified. In the artificial condition of affairs which now prevails the world over, there is little virtue in the theory that nature is to be followed in anything. The truth is, nobody at this late day is qualified to say what is natural for any beast, unless he has been intimately acquainted with the breeding and habits of its ancestry for many generations.

It has sometimes been suggested that questions of this character might with propriety be referred to a jury of the animals interested. However this may be, a horse's individual choice in the matter might very easily be determined. In one case a large box-stall was fitted up with a spout at one corner for putting down hay from the loft above, with a low opening on the floor; in the opposite corner a common hay-rack was afterwards placed; and subsequently between them a breast-high manger. When the fodder was placed in the two first-named receptacles, the horse frequently passed back and forth between them, showing little if any preference. But when the three were supplied with hay in moderate quantities, he would always empty the breast-high one first. Possibly another horse with different breeding might have chosen otherwise. This was most certainly not the result of individual habit, for this horse had been foddered on the floor at the foot of a chute for several years before the experiment, and never saw a manger or a rack till he was five years old.

The cruel habit of compelling a horse to pull his fodder from a high rack in order to improve his figure is wholly indefensible. It may be that a well-constructed rack of moderate height is better for some horses which have a vicious habit of throwing their fodder out of the manger. I could never see any other rational excuse for its use.

A feed-manger, too, should be breast-high, and so large that the feed can be spread out very thin. Most horses are disposed to gormandize when fed grain, and the best remedy for it is to feed the grain, of whatever kind, dry, and so scattered that only a little at a time may be taken. Dry feed is always better masticated, and more thoroughly digested. A manger four feet long, sixteen or eighteen inches wide, and six inches deep, is the best size and form. It will hold hay enough for a foddering, is easily brushed out when wanted for grain-feeding, and serves to correct a tendency to excessive or irregular foddering.

The use of the same manger for both fodder and feed is better than to have one for each, because it compels the frequent clearing of it out. Where deep mangers are used, and separate feed-boxes, the fine refuse of the fodder is generally suffered to accumulate in the mangers until it become a musty, offensive and injurious mass.—*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

Feeding Cabbages.

An important discussion on the feeding of cabbages to milch cows took place at the Bridgewater meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, but like many other similar discussions, terminated without arriving at any definite conclusion or offering any explanations, although there were those present who were learned in rhetoric, logic and the laws of natural science. The question under consideration was, "will cabbages, if fed immediately after milking, disagreeably affect the taste of the milk?" The feeding of turnips would, of course, be included in the same question. The experience of every farmer has shown that when a cow is fed with turnips and cabbages just after milking no flavor of these vegetables is imparted to the milk, but when fed before milking the milk is invariably affected. These vegetables contain a pungent gas, which permeates all the absorbing glands, and from which it is transferred to the blood and thence to the milk, long before the cow has finished mastication. But when twelve hours had elapsed between the feeding and milking, the effluvia has been thrown off, and its presence cannot be detected.

If an animal be slaughtered immediately after eating either cabbages or turnips, the beef will have the same flavor that is noticed in the milk, but the beef of another animal, fed in the same way and at the same time, when slaughtered twelve hours afterward, will have no unpleasant taste, nor will the effluvia be detected in the rumen.

The statement was also made that if cabbages are placed in a pile at low temperature little effluvia escapes, so long as the temperature remains low; but if by fermentation the temperature is raised to over ninety degrees, then decomposition becomes rapid, and the gas rapidly escapes, becoming evident to the olfactories of every person present. Is it possible, then, as claimed by scientists, that cabbages or turnips remain in a cow's paunch for twelve hours before she chews her cud, the temperature remaining above ninety degrees, that fermentation will not take place in the cow's stomach and evolve gas sufficient to permeate the whole system of the cow.

We should remember that the fermentation in the cow's stomach and that taking place in a pile of turnips or cabbages are not the same nor identical in character. The action of the acid in the stomach which produces digestion, prevents decomposition. Decomposition, where gases are evolved in the stomach, producing bad breath and sick headache through the pollution of the blood, is the result of indigestion; or, in other words, an undue fermentation. Digestion prevents decomposition, but dissolves the albumen and the vegetable fibrine so that they are changed to animal librine and albumen. This change is a very slight one, and evolves no offensive gas. The fact is these feeding substances are scarcely changed at all, the starch and sugar only a very little.

Professor Arnold, one of our ablest authorities in matters connected with dairying, has attempted to show that the stomach of a cow is a miniature silo; but even Professors sometimes make mistakes. No one ever found the contents of a cow's stomach similar to the contents of a silo, either to the taste or to the smell. It is true that lactic acid is found in the gastric julce, but it acts as a preventive to decomposition, and never as an agent of decay. Whenever lactic, or any other acid, is formed in the stomach, it is an evidence of indigestion—that the stomach is out of order, and that such acidity needs to be corrected by an alkali, which may neutralize the acid. When a mother has reason to think that the sugar of her child's milk is being converted into lactic acid, she quickly detects it by the odor of the breath and adopts means to cure the difficulty. The ferment of an healthy stomach and the ferment of a pile of vegetable matter outside the stomach are never identical. The ferment of an unhealthy stomach, however, and the ferment of the outside pile of cabbages or turnips are too often very much alike. The contents of the paunch of a cow when emptied into the open air will soon ferment and evolve noxious gases, almost unbearable to persons present; while nothing of the kind ever takes place in the paunch of a living, healthy animal.—*American Cultivator.*

How to Pluck Poultry.

I have known persons on market day to go out and kill twelve or fifteen fowls, and to bring them into a room where there would be half a dozen women and boys pulling a few feathers at a time, between their thumb and forefinger, to prevent tearing them. Now, for the benefit of such, I will give our plan: Hang the fowl by the feet by a small cord; then with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corners of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running in a stream, place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade up into the back part of the head, which will cause a twitching of muscles. Now is your time, for every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick. Before he attempts to flap you can have him as bare as the day he came out of the egg.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

—As a general thing potatoes are not planted deep enough, seven inches in heavy and eight inches in sandy soil being about the proper depth. By putting the tubers down deep, they stand the drought better. Mulching potato ground is also a good plan, as it tends to keep down weeds and preserve a moist surface, and also furnishes plant food to continue the growth of the crop.

—To make hot Slaugh—Chop a cabbage fine. Put a cupful of sweet cream, or a cupful of milk with a tablespoonful of butter in it, over the fire. When nearly boiling stir in one well heaten egg, and three tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar. Stir rapidly until thick as boiled custard. Season with pepper and salt, and turn over the chopped cabbage. Stir it thoroughly and serve at once.

—A Russian who lately died in Switzerland, named Vanderwies, left his wife $22,000,000 in cash and large estates in Russia; to his eldest son, $15,000,000 and a castle at Lugano, and $15,000,000 and a castle at Valrose to another son.

THE DAIRY.

Elgin Butter and Cheese Statistics.

An Elgin (Ill.) correspondent furnishes an exchange with the following interesting statistics:

The accompanying table shows the sales by months on the Elgin Board of Trade:

MONTHS.	Pounds of cheese sold.	Av. price.	Pounds of butter sold.	Av. price.
January	1,371,188	8¾	278,479	32
February	817,457	10	249,822	32½
March	914,920	9 1-5	374,090	32 2-5
April	667,653	8½	259,871	30
May	805,348	8	304,800	22 1-5
June	1,280,119	6¼	407,684	20
July	805,329	7	282,597	22
August	1,060,038	9	380,091	27
September	872,448	11¾	266,297	33
October	961,986	10¾	379,307	34¾
November	480,622	9 1-5	264,550	37 2-5
December	1,254,657	8¼	430,079	42
Total	11,327,525	9	3,868,429	30½

It will be seen by the above that nearly two and a quarter millions of dollars were distributed among the milk producers of this section during the year, which, to say the least, is an exceedingly handsome sum, and far more than all other branches of agriculture have paid for the same time. Beside, the money is distributed monthly, thus giving the farmers and others who are interested in this industry their funds at regular intervals. If we would add to this the amounts paid for milk shipped to Chicago from points tributary to the Elgin Board of Trade, as well as the total product of all the factories represented on the Board, we would find that the amount of money paid for milk, butter and cheese would aggregate fully $5,000,000.

By comparison, we find that the average price of cheese through the year has been 9 cents, and butter 30½ cents. The highest price paid for cheese at Utica, N. Y., was 13⅜ cents, at Little Falls, 13 cents; at Elgin 13 cents. In both cases the cheese was full cream. The lowest price paid at Utica was 8½; at Little Falls, 7; at Elgin, 5; and the Elgin product was part skims, while the others were full creams. These comparisons are useful, in that they show that, while comparatively a small portion of Illinois is engaged in dairying, and that while a large portion of the milk from that section is used as an article of food in its natural condition, Illinois holds a prond rank as a butter and cheese producing State.

Useful Hints for Dairymen.

The following excellent advice, given by the Hon. Harris Lewis at the recent meeting of the American Dairymen's Association, is well worth notice and study by all persons interested in dairying. He said:

"The first question asked by a dairyman is, what shall I do to cheapen the the cost of milk? The speakers before have told us truly that we must improve our stock. And how? By carefully selecting cows adapted to your farms and the particular branch of the dairy business you wish to pursue. If you want to make butter or cheese, the Holstein is well adapted to your purpose if you have level lands. If your lands are hilly you must select a smaller, more active breed. If your purpose is to make cheese, the Ayrshire is good. If you want to make butter on hilly pastures, take the Devon or Jersey. The Guernsey is a little too large. Having decided upon what you want to do, select from some old established breeds to suit your object in view, and then breed for it with the common stock for a foundation. I believe that there is nothing so good for the cow, and to produce good rich milk, as our native long-leafed, long-rooted grasses. Our bulbous-rooted grasses cannot stand the trampling of the cattle in our dry seasons. A good mixture for the pasture is two bushels of orchard with one bushel of Kentucky blue grass to the acre. In seeding for pasture, a little clover is an advantage but not much. I never sow more than eight pounds of clover to the acre. On lands costing less than $100 per acre you can pasture cows profitably. If the cost is much over $100 it is doubtful if you can rely entirely upon your dairy. I feed my land in proportion to the quantity I take from it. I cut my grass thrice. The first cutting I put away for spring feeding; the second and third for immediate use. The aftermath proves very attractive to my cows. This mode of cutting is very successful, and cheapens the cost of milk. Another way to lessen the cost of milk is to treat your cattle with uniform kindness. You can lessen the pasturage by judicious soiling. Ensilage is good for this purpose, and may even be fed in summer for a change of diet. Ensilage, in the craze that has prevailed over it, has been overvalued. We have not yet found the genuine value of it. I think that by feeding roots with dry feed in winter you can increase the production of milk and cheapen the cost. Regular milking will cheapen the cost of production. Milk as nearly as possible at the same moment and in the same order at fixed and regular intervals three times a day. You can cheapen the cost of production by keeping your cattle clean in their winter quarters. Card them at least once a day."

—The best rule for salting butter is to salt to suit the taste of the consumer. There is no use in applying any particular amount of salt for the purpose of preserving it, because the very slightest salting is always more than sufficient for all the effect salt can have as a preservative of butter. Generally one ounce of salt to sixteen ounces of butter, so as to obscure, in a measure the faulty taste, the flavor of salt being less objectionable than a wrong or faulty taste in butter. But if the flavor is very fine and full it will not be desirable to hide it, but on the contrary to give it more prominence, hence less salt—say one ounce to twenty of butter—will give a better effect.—*Prof. Arnold.*

—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has a counterpart in Newfane Center, Vt. There was at that place, forty years ago, a court-house, jail, hotel, school-houses, churches and several stores, but now not a vestige of a dwelling.

—Worth says that nine out of ten of the dresses passed off in this country as his are made in New York and Boston, and would shock a French lady into fits.

—People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

—It is said that in Calcutta a young lady will rise at an afternoon visit and say, "Excuse me, but I must go home, for my five o'clock fever."

Tony Pastor in Trouble.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his inimitable variety combination, making a tour of the principal cities of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. He owns and runs a first-class theater on Broadway, New York City, and has gathered about him the best troupe of variety artists that could be obtained. The company has just completed a brilliant engagement at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, and after the present tour they will reappear in Tony Pastor's own theater in New York City. Mr. Pastor is the originator of his peculiar school of character singing, and has made himself immensely popular, having realized by his talents a large fortune.

The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently at the Bingham House, in Philadelphia, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing before the public. During our conversation I inquired as to his physical health, and he replied that, notwithstanding the strain upon him in the discharge of his professional duties, it was excellent. He had occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but any complaints of that character never troubled him long, as he had found out a remedy for all such annoying affections. I asked him what the remedy was, and he replied, "St. Jacobs Oil." I then learned from Mr. Pastor that he considered the Great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the cure or relief of rheumatism, and that it was about the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. A conversation held subsequently with various members of the organization revealed the fact that St. Jacobs Oil had been performing most invaluable service for them in the way of curing then of rheumatism. Nearly every artist in the troupe used it, and was enthusiastic in its praise, and the writer was really forced to the conclusion that Tony Pastor was certainly in luck in having so valuable an article known and employed by his inimitably good company of performers, for it enabled every one to be always in his place, thus insuring comfort to the management and genuine satisfaction to the public. Tony Pastor would certainly be in trouble without St. Jacobs Oil. At least, other managers whose artists have been temporarily unsupplied, have noticed the difference between St. Jacobs Oil in stock and St. Jacobs Oil out of stock—among the members of their companies.—*N. Y. Clipper.*

"THERE!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success."—*San Francisco Post.*

"ALL through advertising," remarked ex-Mayor Gregory to us as he went homeward with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, "that I bought this. Your paper contains so many wonderful cures—of course they are facts—and so I thought I'd try a bottle for the rheumatism."—*Madison (Wis.) Daily Democrat.*

MUSICAL: Jones, on hearing a band of "pieked musicians" torturing a tune at a recent concert, said: "Ah, I understand; they were pieked before they were ripe!"

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites; and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

GENERAL SHERMAN ought to be happy. Ten deserters were captured last week. This increases the regular army fifteen per cent.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Truth is Mighty.

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

ESTHETIC editors have their paste made from sun flour now.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood.* By druggists.

"I'LL give you ten dollars or thirty days." "Well, I'll take the ten dollars, 'Squire."

WE wear—ahem—we wear—a—a—number eleven boot. We make this confession because—because—well there's no telling. Some good country lady, a constant reader of the *Argus*, may be making us a pair of yarn socks, and we don't want them so small that we'll have to cut a hole in the heel and wear them for mittens.—*Evansville Argus.*

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like a moon on its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

LARGE white buttons are now seen on fashionable overcoats. This is an excellent idea. By having the wearer's name and address painted on the buttons the policeman who finds him after midnight clinging to a lamp-post would know where to take him.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A DETROIT girl has sued a man for $1,000 damages for hugging her twice. That is too confounded high. But we suppose while he was about it he could have hugged her ten thousand times and it wouldn't have cost any more. Michigan men always let up too quick.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE winter is so mild at the North that the ice crop will have to be replented. Last year the ice dealers gave as a reason for high prices that the crop had been eaten up by the grasshoppers. We are not supposed to know any better down South, here.—*Texas Siftings.*

"A SAD TRAGEDY" is a favorite heading with an esteemed contemporary. The adjective serves to distinguish such catastrophes from the joyous tragedies which make a picnic of this mortal life.—*New Haven Palladium.*

"I HAVE divided my subject," began the person, "into two heads." "Two heads with but a single thought," whispered Fogg to Mrs. F., and then he closed his eyes for his usual nap.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHINAMEN don't rock the cradle. They make the sky rock it.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

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WHEN we consider the number of human beings that die with Consumption every year, the importance of a medicine that will cure all Throat and Lung Diseases that tend to this complaint, and even to the destroyer after it has indicated its presence in the system, must be admitted to be beyond all estimate. This wonderful power is claimed to be possessed by ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases have been fully tested. The formula from which it is prepared is referred to by the leading medical journals as being equal to any preparation that can be made up for such diseases by the medical faculty. The Balsam is, consequently, recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

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1882 THE SUN, 1882

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NATIONAL, INDEPENDENT, CONSERVATIVE.

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This book contains the names and Postoffice address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwits, on the Hooppole Road, adjoinining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

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A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.15 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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INCORPORATED 1880.

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The Officers and References are gentlemen of well known business and Professional standing, and reputation.

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1st. To secure to its members or their heirs a sum of Money at a time when it is most needed.

2d. To insure such benefits at the lowest cost.

RELIABILITY.

The Principles on which the Society is founded are as old as history; the funds are held by the members themselves, until needed to pay dues and benefits.

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Any person *Male or Female* in good health, between the ages of 20 and 60 may become members of the Association.

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The members agree to pay annual dues, (for current expenses) and assessments, as rated, until such assessments shall exceed the amount required to pay a certificate in full; when they will be assessed *only* such a prorate proportion as may be necessary to make up the sum needed, to pay a Certificate; all the members will be assessed, *as rated* in the Tables, and cannot be assessed for more.

EXAMPLE.

Take our assessment on a certificate of $1250; all who hold Certificates for that amount, will be assessed as rated according to their ages. As for instance, persons from 30 to 40, would be assessed *one dollar*. Certificates of $2,500 would be assessed to meet a loss of $1,250—½ the amount as rated, and Certificates for $5,000, ¼ their rated assessment. Thus the plan is purely Mutual and strictly Equitable.

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In case a member should become permanently disabled, *fifty per cent.* of the value of their certificates will be paid to them then, and fifty per cent more at Maturity of years; or to their heirs at death. This is manifestly a most benevolent and desirable provision.

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EXAMPLE.

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The permanent disability provision and the payment to living members, of Matured Certificates, render membership, in this association *more desirable* than in Societies, that pay benefits in case of death *only*.

WHO ARE SPECIALLY INTERESTED.

Every member has a personal interest in the growth and welfare of the society and should be active in inducing others to become members, as the larger the membership, the *less* will be assessments, and the *greater* the the value of the certificates.

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EDWIN WILMER, Manager, No. 11 S. Gay Street.

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Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Tax Collector's Sale.

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On the 6th day of March 1882,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door, in Oakland, all that piece or parcel of land called

Part of Glendale,

which appears on the assessment books of Garrett county in the name of John Eland & Co.

This property will be sold to pay the taxes due thereon for the years 1878 and 1879 and remaining unpaid, with the interest thereon, together with all the costs incurred in making said sale.

Terms cash on day of sale.

JAMES Z. BROWNING, 2 11 4t Collector.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882. NUMBER 1.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN, Oakland Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
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Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

Diphtheria.

A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption or diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly and surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. ROUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

DR. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

MRS. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

421f DAVID LITTLE.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

THE BEACH FARM.

'And serve him right!' said Mrs. Wynhart, grimly.

If Mrs. Wynhart had lived in ancient times, she would most assuredly have been ranked among the Scribes and Pharisees.

She was always criticising and finding fault. Nobody suited her. And when she spoke out the short, decisive sentence above recorded, she sat down the tea kettle with an emphasis which jingled the very lid.

The neighbors had been there to drink tea. Whenever anything of social importance happened in Sandville, the neighbors always went somewhere to drink tea. And Mrs. Wynhart, had had plum cake and frizzled beef, fresh doughnuts, and damson jelly, to celebrate the occasion.

And now that the company was gone (Sandville people always put their knitting work in the bag and went home early on account of the beach road and the rising tide,) Luella, the eldest daughter, was washing up the dishes, and Winifred, the younger, was chopping raisins for a pudding.

"Oh, mother!" pleaded Winifred, who was a fair-haired, cherry-lipped girl, always hanging down her head like a wild anemone, "don't talk in that way, please!"

"Mother's right enough," said Luella.

"Why shouldn't I talk that way?" said Mrs. Wynhart. "It's the gospel truth ain't it?" Jack Jelliffe was a wild fellow, always careering around the country when he'd ought to be at home reading his "Notes on the Chatechiz."

"But, mother," ventured Winifred, "you let him come here to see Luella, when you supposed he was old Squire Sandiman's heir."

"I couldn't put him out doors, could I?" retorted Mrs. Wynhart severely. "Besides, that's quite a different thing. Squire Sadiman ought to know his own nephews better than any one else, and he's left all his money to Simeon, while Jack has only got the Beach Farm, where there's nothing on earth but sea-weed and samphire, and long clams, to be had!"

"It's an unjust will!" said Winifred, reddening to the very roots of her flaxen hair.

"Hoity-toity!" said Mrs. Wynhart, wheeling suddenly around and regarding Winifred sarcastically through the moon-like spheres of her big silver spectacles. "What fastness was it of yours, I'd like to know? He never will be Luella's husband now!"

"There never was an engagement," said Luella, cavalierly. "Of course a girl must nonse herself; but I didn't care for him."

Winifred looked up with her soft eyes brimming over with tears. Was there no such thing, she asked herself, as truth and loyalty in the world? Why did they all turn against him in this way, just when his uncle's will had so cruelly disappointed him.

So Mrs. Wynhart and Luella went to the "Weekly Chorus of Song," where Deacon Thorney led the tunes very much through his nose, and Miss Betsey Boxfield labored after, on a leaky melodeon which wheezed audibly at every note, and Winifred remained behind to darn the stockings, and put her twin-brothers to bed.

"Some one must stay to see that Benjamin and Abijah don't set the house on fire," said Mrs. Wynhart.

"And Winifred never cared for music," added Luella, "nor for society either."

It was the way in which matters were always decided in the Wynhart household. Winifred was quite used to it, and never dreamed of making an appeal.

Luella was undoubtedly the beauty of the family; but there were those who might have preferred the yellow locks and limpid blue eyes of the younger sister, in spite of her round little nose, and the mouth which was perhaps too wide for classic comparison.

But while she sat there all alone, with the twins snoring up stairs, and the fire cracking on the hearth, and the golden March moon climbing the sky, there came a tap at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Jack Jelliffe himself.

"Oh, Jack!" said Winifred, jumping up with a slight scream.

"Yes, it's I," said Jack, somewhat moodily. "I just met your mother and sister. They wouldn't speak to me."

"Wouldn't speak to you, Jack?"

"Pretended not to know me, until I spoke. It's all the same. Winifred, you don't believe it, do you?" he burst out, abruptly.

"Believe what, Jack?" she faltered.

"That I am wild and worthless—that I deserved the slight my uncle has put upon me."

"No, Jack," earnestly responded Winifred, with tears in her eyes, "I never believed it! Because we were playmates together, and you were always, oh, so good to me! And besides, Jack, I hoped—I thought you might one day be my brother."

"I liked Luella well enough," said the young man, slowly, "but it wasn't she that I wished to make my wife. It was you, Winifred!"

"I" cried the girl.

"I loved you, Winifred,' said Jelliffe, in a faltering voice. "Whenever I dreamed of a home of my own, it was your face I fancied beside my hearth; but now—"

"Well," said Winifred, "now—"

"I don't dare to ask any girl to be my wife. I wouldn't expect any girl to go to the bleak loneliness of the Beach Farm, with its acres of seagrass and shingly sand, and its old, one-storied house, all leaning to one side with the east wind."

Winifred looked at him with soft, glittering eyes.

"Jack," said she, I don't mind the loneliness nor the east winds, if—if only you love me! I'd risk it all, if—

"Winifred! Do you really mean it?"

And she answered, blushing beautifully:

"Yes, Jack."

"You'll risk it all, Winifred, for my sake?"

And she said it again:

"Yes, Jack."

Great was the tumult and displeasure in the Wynhart family when it was discovered that Winifred had engaged herself to Jack Jelliffe.

"If it had been Simeon, now," croaked Mrs. Wynhart, "I shouldn't have so much objected."

"But I didn't love Simeon, mother, said Winifred.

"Love!" repeated Luella, angrily. "Bah! I've no patience with such sentimental trash; and if Winifred is really determined to go to the Beach Farm, she must make up her mind to separate herself from us!"

"Oh, Luella!"

"Luella is right," said Mrs. Wynhart. "I never expected to see a child of mine deliberately turn pauper."

And Winifred, who had been secretly contemplating the idea of a new white alpaca dress to be married in, now resolved that she would have to wash and iron her old white muslin, because it was very plain that her mother would not open her purse-strings in her behalf.

Winifred, soft and yielding though she was in other matters, was most true and loyal to Jack Jelliffe, in spite of the vehement opposition she met with from her family.

"I love him, mother," she said, piteously, when Mrs. Wynhart was most merciless in her vituperation.

"Humph!" said the stout matron. "It's a pity you didn't fall in love with Billy Seeley, who has just been sent to the poor-house!"

So matters stood, one gloomy, blowy April evening, when Winifred went out under the crimsoning maples of the woods to meet Jack Jelliffe. For Mrs. Wynhart had made herself so obtrusively disagreeable that all hopes of pleasant evenings by the fireside were abandoned, and Winifred lived only in the brief, bright moments when she met her lover in the winter sunset, with the frozen branches crackling overhead and the chill stars shining in the sky.

Jack Jelliffe was there before her.

"Well, lassie," he exclaimed, joyously, as she came up, "I've been waiting for you this half hour! And I though you never were coming!

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Wynhart was cutting out little cloth waist-coats for the twins; by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp, when the door opened, and Winifred came in, leaning on—Jack's arm.

She glared at them over her spectacles-rims with most ungracious eyes.

"Mother," said Winifred, in a low voice, "we have something to tell you. Jack has sold the Beach Farm——"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Wynhart. "and you're expecting to come here and live, are you? But you can't!"

"To the city of Sandport," went on Winifred, as if her mother had not spoken—"for a sea-side park. And they have paid him twenty thousand dollars for it."

"Twenty—thousand—dollars! gasped Mrs. Wynhart. "For a hundred acres of barren sea sand! It ain't true—I don't believe it!"

"And," added valiant Jack, "we have bought Doctor Bailey's farm, with the stone house, and I can give Winifred a home at least as good as the one I take her from."

"As good as you take her from! I should think so!" ejaculated Mrs. Wynhart, remembering with regret that all this golden prize might have been Luella's. "Squire Bailey's stone house! With a bay-window and double parlors, and blinds to every window! Well! Only, Winifred, I hope you'll not be too set up to speak to your mother and sister when you're moved there."

"There is no danger of it," said Winifred, laughing almost hysterically—for, brave as she had been in the face of trouble, good fortune almost took her by surprise. "But oh, mother, if you'll only kiss me, and say that your glad I'm going to be so happy—if you'll only do that!"

And Mrs. Wynhart did so, from the very bottom of her heart. Neither was it an act of hypocrisy. For Winifred engaged to a man worth twenty thousand dollars was a different sort of person from Winifred who had resolved to marry a pauper. And this was the sort of logic by which Mrs. Wynhart argued her way through life.

Squire Sandiman's will was so different from the way in which people generally had interpreted it. Simeon, with his five thousand dollars in cash, was all very well—but the Beach Farm has sold for four times that amount, and the disinherited nephew had become the hero of the day. How was Squire Sandiman to have foreseen all this?

But Winifred cared little for all that. She had loved Jack before, and she loved him now. It was nice to be married at home, in a new white dress, with Luella to arrange her hair, and she was glad that they all liked Jack so much. But she loved him—nothing else mattered much—she loved him, and that was enough.

Effects of Reapportionment.

Now that the reapportionment bill has been passed by both branches of Congress, it becomes interesting to study what effect it promises to have upon the congressional elections of next November, the national convention of 1884, and the Presidential election of that year. As we have already said, the redistribution of members among the various States is as fair as it could have been made, and this impression is confirmed by the easily ascertained fact that if the States should be carried on the congressional vote in 1882 as they were in 1880, the Republicans would gain only two members of the House of Representatives. They are stripped of one each in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, but they gain in California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, a total of 20, from which a deduction of the losses in New England leaves 17. The Democratic States making gains are Arkansas, Georgia, Kentuck, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolian, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia, a total amongst them all of 15. Thus on this basis the new House of 325 members would consist of 163 Republicans and 162 Democrats. Of course, this is merely a rough calculation, and is simply founded upon the comparative votes of the States in 1880. Virginia is placed in the Democratic column, and nothing is predicated upon the very possible success of anti-Bourbon movements in other sections of the South, nor upon the chances that New York may revert to the Democracy this year; but still the computation demonstrates that the bill was drawn in a spirit of equity to all parties and sections. It illustrates the tendency of power to shift to the westward, and the East is only saved from greater losses by the increase of population in the principal cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Texas with a gain of five congressmen, Kansas with a gain of four, and Nebraska with a gain of two, forcibly point out in which direction the march of empire is taking its way.

The redistribution will also exercise an important influence upon the national nominating conventions. Those of 1880 were composed of seven hundred and thirty-eight delegates each—double the number of senators and representatives—and, consequently, three hundred and seventy was a majority in the Republican convention, and one hundred and eighty-five in the Democratic convention, where they count by half votes. In 1884 the conventions—provided there are no new states admitted to the Union in the meantime—will embrace eight hundred and two delegates, making four hundred and two a majority with the Republicans, and two hundred and one with the Democrats. Both conventions will become more unwieldly than they ever were previously; but a more even distribution of representation will tend to make the Presidential candidate of either party dependent for his nomination upon the delegates of the States that may reasonably be expected to give him a majority at the polls. But our politics are in too much of a condition of change just at present to justify any claim of clairvoyance in connection with the events of the coming two years. The congressional elections of next fall will undoubtedly clear away much of the confusion, and throw valuable light upon the pathway leading to 1884; but nine months must elapse before they take place, and in that time some startling mutations may occur. Still, during that period we ought at least to be able to determine what the revolt against Bourbonism in the South will amount to—what will be the results of the Republican and Tammany coalition in the New York legislature, and how far the uprising against the Republican bosses in Pennsylvania will affect the political status of that state.

What is true of the Presidential nominating conventions is also true of the electoral college. In 1884 it will comprise 401, instead of 369 members, and the successful candidate will need 201, instead of 185 votes. As matters stand now, however, the ratio of increase is so apportioned that at first sight no party seems to suffer by it. But a little closer consideration will prove that the bill does place the Republican party in a very favorable position for 1884. The problem is not at all difficult of demonstration. It is a question in easy mathematics. In 1880 Garfied had 214 electoral votes and Hancock had 155; and if the states were to vote the same way in 1884, the Republican candidate would have 235 votes, as against 166 for his Democratic opponent—a majority of 69—or, in other words, the Democrats must capture the thirty-six votes of New York or gain an equal number in other states of the North and West to elect their man. They might look to Indiana with some hope but for the fact that the growth of manufactures in that state places it firmly in the ranks of the protectionist party. But instead of capturing Indiana, they are more likely to lose New Jersey on that very issue, and their chances have not lately improved in Connecticut. The line of reasoning brings us to the conclusion that, unless the solid South is broken up, New York will hold the balance of power in the electoral college under the new apportionment.—*Baltimore American.*

At the election in New York last fall the organization known as the Irving Hall Democracy co-operated with Tammany Hall against the New York county democracy. But the action of the Tammy Hall members in co-operation with the Republicans in organizing the Legislature has disgusted the Irving Hall people, and hence, at a meeting of the general committee Thursday evening, a resolution was adopted depleting the action of those members who have ceased to co-operate with the party, and calling upon the Democratic representatives to cease their bitter personal disputes. One of the leading speakers declared that there must be a union of the local Democracy; that Democrats should forget all past allegiance to a boss or set of bosses, and that any man who stands in the way of the union of the Democrats must be thrown aside.

GOV. HAMILTON'S APPOINTMENTS.—Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, continues to justify the public confidence in his capacity to give the State an honest administration. He has just made the long-expected appointments to important offices which fall to the executive in Maryland, and the list, while decidedly objectionable to the ring managers who have long disgraced the Democratic party, is one that commends itself to the average taxpayer. In one conspicuous case the Governor has displayed a most praiseworthy independence, appointing as one of the three supervisors of election in Baltimore Enoch Pratt, one of the most prominent Republicans in the city. The ring will fight to defeat the Governor's nominations in the Senate; but the people are with him, and he promises to come out all right.—*Philadelphia Press, rep.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Nebber spec' ter dribe a mule jes' by twistin' ob his tail,
Nor to pick de lock ob Heaben wid a rusty shingle nail.

Nebber spen' yo' idle moments loafin' roun' a chicken roos
'Less yo' mos' almighty sartin dat de bull-dog ain't tied loose.

Nebber spec' ter hive de chillun wid a circus goin' by,
Nor ter make a Christmas dinner offen las' yeah's rabbit pie.

Nebber whittle out yo' fortin' fum de empty codfish box,
Kase de chaps is allus safes' wot kin stan' de hardes' knocks.

Allus cut de ripes' clover wen de grass is damp wid dew;
Allus sabe de vities' sinner 'bout de bes' cumpuecttin' pew.

Allus gib de weakly kitten all de healthy bull-pup's keer;
Allus drap de hungry stranger in de snuggest cabin cheer.

Nebber swim across de bayou if de alligator's in,
Kase he eats de water faster dan de smartest niggah kin.

Nebber ax de lazy darky w'en ter hoe de tater row;
W'en yer startin' out ter trabbel ride a critter wot yo' know.

Nebber rest yer winter's fillin' on yer richer nabor's word,
Kase de silver-treated bird may turn out a mockin'-bird.

Paint de dog as barks de loudes' allus makes de toughes' fight,
Nor de wind dat rattles wildes' allus brings de coldes' night.

Paint de forty-shillin' waistcoat kibers up de trues' heart,
Nor the loudes' color chromo talks about the fines' art.

Paint de thousan' dollar harness makes de stiddy wu'kin' nag,
Nor de fiddle playin' darkey puts de cake meal in the bag.

Settle all yo' little troubbles 'thout the aid ob court hus' law,
Or yo'll fin' yo mouf is holdin' mo' dan yo' kin ebber chaw!

Nebber eat de morrer's breakfus' till de day w'en it is due,
Kase de 'membrance ob de feastin' makes de fastin' mought blue.

J. Russell Fisher, in N. O. Picayune.

DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again."

—*Alice Carey.*

The windows were raised, the lace curtains looped lightly back, letting in the delightful air of an evening in early June. The group within were amusing themselves by observations upon the passers-by, not always as charitable as they should have been, for youth and prosperity are rarely gentle judges.

An elderly gentleman passed, from whose face not even the fond smile with which he regarded his daughter's, upturned to address him, could banish the care-worn, anxious look that had a faint, though more hidden, reflex in her own.

"Stingy things!" exclaimed Cornelia Gregg, shaking back her curls with a graceful toss which it had cost her much time and practice to acquire, "I wonder what such people do with their money, anyway!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" queried Mrs. Gregg, coming back into the conversation out of a dream of orange blossoms and wedding cake in which she was nowadays chronically plunging in consequence of the approaching bridal of her eldest daughter who, at the close of her third vigorous campaign, had succeeded in capturing a tardy, some said a not too willing, subject.

"Of Mella Moore," was the reply; "we've been trying, ever since our church-benefit concert was talked of, to get her to take a part in it; she has such a magnificent voice and could help us so much, but she won't."

"Perhaps she has good reasons for refusing," suggested Aunt Rena, who was an admirer of Mella's.

"Not a shadow of one—just a mere pretense. She says she hasn't time, and can't afford the new dress that would be necessary; we *all* know how much truth there is in that. She isn't going to have one for graduation either, because her cousin Laura can't. I expect they'll be a disgrace to the class, though everybody knows that Mr. Moore is as rich as a Jew. Mella might make Laura a present of a dress if she has so much sympathy. I just intimated as much to her."

"Indeed! how did she receive your impertinence?" asked Aunt Rena.

"O, just laughed, and said she would gladly do so if it were best. Just think what a contemptible creep out! As for impertinence, my dear Auntie, I don't consider it such to let that sort of people see that you perfectly understand the pretexts they use to cover their niggardliness."

"There is no danger of your following their example," remarked her father, "though I can tell you if you *would* adopt some of Miss Moore's prudent ideas it would be so much the better for you."

Mr. Gregg arose as he spoke and left the room, as if unwilling to meet the outburst he had provoked. As he passed out into the slow-gathering twilight, no smile, awakened by a daughter's fondness, relieved the worn look which rested upon his face, also—it seemed instead to settle into the hopeless grimness of despondency.

"Papa's getting perfectly unbearable of late," remarked Cornelia, "but I don't care its true what I said. Mel hasn't given a single party this season, and she's no good for company any more. She and Laura clique off by themselves on the pretense of studying that anybody can see is intended to captivate the new Professor—but there goes Jay Whiteman. Isn't that a perfectly elegant turnout,"

So the conversation slipped away, only Aunt Rena bestowing a single thought upon the unbearable papa who had taken himself and his perplexities to the office—there to ponder, for the hundredth time, upon the problem of spending *one* thousand dollars of money over *two* thousand indebtedness. It was a time that tried business men to the utmost, and, when the most prudent were not secure from failure, what could he hope for, with lavish expenditure and no outside resources.

As Cornelia Moore passed up the long avenue leading to her beautiful home, a slight figure bounded toward her and a happy, girlish voice cried: "I have translated all that long, hard chapter; come up and let me read it to you."

"I'm ever so glad!" answered Mella, but first we will go in and sing for papa."

The cousins' voices harmonized well, and listening to, sometimes joining them, from his post of ease upon the sofa, Mr. Moore felt a little of the weight of the day's cares slipping away, a breath of fresher life coming back to his heart, much as a summer day traveler upon a long, dusty way feels a thrill of relief when some green tree spreads its leafy arms between him and the burning sun, or a brooklet laughs up at him from its cool bed of pebbles. Dear old songs the girls sang, or cheerful hymns that hushed the turmoil of earth's short to-day with Heaven's eternal rest and peace.

Late that night, while Cornelia Gregg was enjoying herself at a gay party, untroubled by any thought of the unwrought tasks that would surely stand against her on the morrow, Cornelia Moore laid aside her books, threw open the shutters, and looked out.

The moonlight lay, broad and white, upon the lawn, making the shadows under the great trees seem blacker and deeper by contrast. Mella wondered if, in like manner, it was the brightness that had hitherto lit up her life which made the shadows she now saw stealing over it appear so gloomy and forbidding. She loved her home, she knew every tree and bush, every nook where a vine grew, or a flower blossomed, or a bird's nest was hidden. She could hardly conceive of life apart from it, yet she knew that she must give it up, that soon it would be her home no longer. What wonder that tears rose to her eyes at thought of all she must so soon relinquish. No other place, however great its attractions, could ever be to her like the home of her infancy; and now she was about to exchange it for no abode of luxury, but for an humble dwelling among strangers under the cramping influences of poverty. For, though the world as yet knew it not, it must ere long discover that wealth had spread its ever-ready wings and flown away from Eldredge Moore.

At the first signs of trouble in the financial world he had begun to prepare for it. His family always accustomed to generous though not heedless expenditure, being at once informed of the change in prospects economized in every possible manner; hence the occasion of Miss Gregg's disparaging remarks. Mella and Laura, the cousin who, since her mother's death had left her desolate, had been sheltered and cherished by them doubled their application to their studies so as to graduate a year earlier and be ready to support themselves, while all vied in efforts to make the "bread-winner's" few leisure moments as restful and inspiriting as possible. Anxiety was not allowed to destroy their home-life; indeed, instead of there being less there was if possible more love and consideration than ever before manifested between the members of this rare family.

Yet they could but grieve as one by one Mr. Moore's efforts to avert his misfortunes proved of no avail. There were too many magnificent debtors, men who purchased bountifully in prosperous and went to destruction in disastrous times, leaving their creditors to fare as best they might. The clouds grew darker daily, there was little time to provide for the storm when it should burst. Mella shuddered as she thought how near it might be.

But the star-lit night soon began for her its restful ministry, holding out its dewy cup of refreshing, whispering of the All-seeing Eye that swept its viewless distances to seek out the tired and trustful heart—of the Ear that is ever open to sorrow's cry—the Arm which is never "shortened that it cannot save," if salvation from the threatened trouble be best; so her tears were soon dried and, casting all her care upon the Care-Taker, she ere long found refuge in sleep.

Not very many years before, Lewis Gregg had been in the employ of Jaynes, Walthe & Co., and, being entirely trustworthy, was from time to time promoted until the head-clerkship was reached. Not long after that a fortune of a few thousands was left him, which, instead of proving as it might have done a blessing, became rather a bane.

The fact that he had married very young had been a draw-back upon him, as choosing without judgment, under a spell of a pretty face (though, it must be confessed, men of mature years often make the same mistake), he found too late that his help-meet despised economy, and that the apparent amiability which had been so strong an attraction to him depended entirely upon her being gratified in every whim, no matter how unreasonable. Having been always in the most moderate circumstances, their small accession of fortune quite turned her brain. Nothing would satisfy her but her husband's quitting what she termed his menial station, and going into business on his own account. Perhaps he also felt, in a less measure, his new importance; at all events, a few months saw him the possessor of a fine new store and an immense gilt-lettered sign. With prudence at the helm, this might have succeeded, but it proved only the beginning of ventures. A house in a fashionable street at a high rent, more servants, new and costly furniture and dresses, were things which Mrs. Gregg felt indispensable to her position, and she would not be denied. So, at length, her husband ceased to remonstrate and let the tide take its course, shuddering sometimes, when an adverse wind brought to his ear the roar of distant breakers, but powerless to keep clear of dangerous waters. Times at first were favorable; he cherished always a vague hope that he might pull through somehow, but a growing family brought growing expenses, times grew harder, and at last, after having tried every expedient to keep it off, he found ruin staring him in the face. His stories of business pressure did him no good at home; they were treated as "mere tricks to scare us, because he is too stingy to spend the money. Men always try them, but *I'm* not to be fooled that way!" So spoke Mrs. Gregg to her daughters, and they were but too willing to be reassured.

No wonder his thoughts were gloomy as he returned to his home. There was plenty of light there, however, and just under the chandelier a beautiful set of silver flashed it back in answering blaze, while his family were gathered around in admiring ecstacies.

"What does this mean?" he asked, sternly, and for a moment all were awed by his tone and look. Mrs. Gregg recovered first:

"Why, it is our bridal present to Kathleen; don't you think it lovely?"

"I think you will pack it up and send it back to-morrow," was the reply. "Wooden plates and sixpenny glasses would be much more appropriate gifts from us."

"From *you* undoubtedly, rejoined his wife, in her coolest tones; they would equal your usual generosity; but you will please reflect, my dear, that all these are marked with her monogram, and it is quite doubtful if Silverly would be willing to receive them, even to gratify your penurious whims."

"Whims!" he repeated, furiously, "haven't I told you plainly enough for more than a year that, if we did not retrench, we should be ruined? And here, within the past three months, I've had bills enough sent in for silks and ribbons and laces and jewelry to sink a man worth five times as much as I. I tell you it must be stopped."

"I suppose," retorted Mrs. Gregg, stingingly, "that you would like your daughter married in a calico dress, with Biddy Flynn for bridesmaid. That would, perhaps, meet your ideas!"

"A calico dress that is paid for is richer apparel than a silk which is not. But one thing is sure; this silver *I cannot* pay for—if *you can*, well and good."

"Which is a poor way of reminding me that I did not bring you any money and so am entirely dependent upon your doled out bounty. At this rate I might as well be a poor man's wife."

"You *are* a poor man's wife," was the reply. "I knew of no man any poorer."

There were steps up the walk followed by a ring at the door-bell.

"Harold Creighton's compliments," read Mrs. Gregg from the gilt-edged card," and he hopes Miss Cornelia will accept the accompanying bouquet for the party. "How devoted!" mused the lady, "and such magnificent flowers! That will surely be a match and he so wealthy! You see what comes of *my* management!" turning triumphantly to her husband; but he was gone.

Pacing on with rapid steps, companioned by bitter, despairing thoughts, careless whither he went or what became of him. Still on, mindless of time or place, till the moon, which had been all the while patiently climbing a ladder of gleaming clouds, stood at its top and looked brightly down upon him with no roofs and walls between. A fresh, country scent was in the air, and roses nodded at him over white palings. Whither had his unwitting feet borne him? He looked about him as in a maze.

Yes, it was the very same—the little house where he had dwelt in the first days of his married life, perfectly content and care-free. How happy he had been there!—more so than ever since. He would gladly now give all up and go back; but too well he knew the uselessness of such a proposal.

"No!" he murmured; "I must try this last move; if it fail, then——"

He lingered long in the dear old neighborhood. Who can tell what memories and reflections came to him there, or how they told upon the future? When he returned thither, his home was silent, its inmates wrapped in slumber; caring not, he bitterly thought, whether he ever came back.

Yet his wife had held a long and serious consultation with herself. She could not help fearing that his words had too much truth in them; but she would not draw back; the silver she could not give up; the wedding must go on as she had planned it, no matter what came afterwards. The next morning's mail took a letter with a superscription which her hand had not traced before for months.

The yard of a pleasant country-house, with flecks of lingering sunlight dimpling through the low-drooping trees. An air of general peacefulness over all, and a placid old lady quietly watching from the wide, old-fashioned porch, the progress of her husband up the walk from the gate.

"What a time it takes you!" she calls out, cheerily, as he draws near.

"True enough," he answers, in the same tone, "and I'm in a hurry, too; but we're not so young as we once were."

"Not so young, but just as happy," she answers fondly. "What have you there?"

"A letter from our Elizabeth, and I can't make it out, I must say—either what she means, or what's the good on't."

"It does seem queer-like," she remarks, after a long and careful perusal of the hurriedly-written sheet; "I can't see how she could get into any such trouble as to need to borrow money of us, rich as her husband is."

"Well," he explains, after another reading, "she says Lewis has spells when his mind seems wandering, and he fancies himself poor, and won't let her have any money; and she has made this debt, promising to pay it just now. She'll send it all back again when he gets right, you see."

"Yes, but three hundred dollars is a great deal for us. We should have to take it right out of our principal, and there ain't any too much of that, you know. And if he never gets right—sometimes they don't—what *should* we do if we lost it?"

"O, we couldn't. His property'd pay that much. I can't bear to deny the girl"—she would always be a girl to him.

Long the good old couple chatted over the letter, it was so seldom they had one now, and in the morning the heavy draft upon their small savings went its perilous way. Great would have been their misgivings could they have followed it to its destination.

But Mrs. Gregg had no scruples. Her triumph was complete. The wedding proved as brilliant as she had planned; *her* present, as she had took pains to ticket it, was admired and envied as much as even she could wish. True, there were other remarks not so pleasing, but these were not for *her* ears.

"I never knew," observed one gentleman to another, "that Mrs. Gregg had any property of her own."

"Nor I," was the answer; but so much the better for her if she has. There's going to be a smash-up here before long."

"Well, they won't go alone, that's one comfort; there are plenty traveling that way nowadays. By the way, things look pretty dark for Moore, I'm told. Hope he'll pull through."

"Yes, but if he don't, there's one thing sure, he won't let anybody lose by *him*."

Neither gentleman saw the curtains near them move as they turned away, or knew that their host had heard their remarks. These words were destined to recur to him in a far different scene, when he should be struggling mightily with the powers of darkness and temptation.

Commencement Day, with its beautiful evening, came. Cornelia Gregg was bride-like in the clouds of lace and tarletan, looped up with costly flowers, and few among the enchanted spectators knew how near her diploma came to being a farce, though some envious schoolmates whispered of copied exercises and interlined translations.

Gemella Moore and her cousin Laura wore the same simple Swiss muslins that had served the previous summer, tastefully made over, with flowers from their own conservatory. It is true, some, knowing Mr. Moore's reputed wealth, wondered at their plain attire, but it was the mere thought of a moment. Though the youngest in the class, they received its highest honors, and words of earnest praise from their Principal in his address.

"Well, mother," said Mella, that night, as they chatted over the events of the evening, before retiring, "it is all over, just as nicely as it can be, and we are quite as well off as though we had been dressed like Cornelia; though I must confess I felt rather plain and overshadowed at first. To tell the truth, I have felt rather badly about our dresses, all along, though I wouldn't own it; but it wasn't so dreadful after all, and I'm glad we did not yield to temptation, and buy new ones. It has taught me a good lesson."

"Yes," replied her mother, smiling, "you are much happier. You have no thought of useless extravagance to cloud the memory of your Graduation Day, or vision of unpaid bills to perplex the future."

They felt this more fully when, a few days later, Mr. Moore announced to his family that he thought it best to close up his business.

"I might keep on a little longer," he said, "but it would only be protracting the agony. I can pay every dollar if I close now.

"Then do so, my dear," responded his wife, cheerfully, "and we will consider what is best for all afterwards."

So, one fine morning the world learned that Mr. Moore had closed up his business, but there was little else to say, for he owed no one.

The homestead was Mrs. Moore's, and, at her request, it was sold, giving her husband means to open business, in a modest way, in the western town of Elmayne, in whose excellent schools both Mella and her cousin obtained good positions as teachers. Their new sphere was humbler, it is true, but full of usefulness and activity, and they were happy in it and in each other.

* * * * * *

It is later in the season; there is a party at the Greggs'. Mr. Gregg has paid no attention to the preparations for it—seems, indeed, not to have noticed them, or in fact any of the family proceedings for some time; even now, though the guests are arriving, he is at the office busy at a work that has engrossed him for days. Looking over his shoulder you would observe that he is classifying and arranging his books and papers, as men do who see their last hour approaching. The hours flit by, he heeds them no more than the gay throng in his lighted rooms. At last he has finished. It is midnight. He laves his burning head face in cool water and settles to thought. Presently he arises, takes from his drawer a revolver, sees that it is loaded and lays it upon the table. Then, as by an impulse, he turns the gas low, opens the shutters, and looks out. There is a faint sound of far-off music, the moon is wandering westward through a filmy haze that makes all things seem ghostly and unreal, as if the looker-on had entered some new world and the old were drifting out of sight. The feeling grows as he gazes; some subtle, yet familiar influence seems to steal upon him; he could almost fancy the breeze brought some faint fragrance of roses that seem, somehow, to have been lately seen, yet to have faded long ago, long forgotten scenes arise before him, long forgotten voices are in his ear. The years that were seem to rise up and stretch out their hands to him, crying softly, "forsake us not, forsake us not," the calm high-floating stars seem whispering "patience! patience! how little is your life—the years of God are eternal."

It is long ere he seeks his desk again and writes hurriedly, as if fearful of something. Soon he lays two letters beside the revolver then he turns out the gas.

To his wife and daughter's mingled disgust and relief, Mr. Gregg did not attend their party. Their late breakfast they were accustomed to take alone, but neither did he appear at dinner. Late in the day an excited group broke open his office door, fearful of what they might find there. A revolver and two letters lay upon the table—the room was silent and empty.

One letter said to his creditors: "I had fully resolved to end a life which seemed such a failure; I had, as you see, made every arrangement to do so; but, in the end, I scarcely know how, better counsels have prevailed. *I will not die* a cowardly rascal, cheating my creditors of their just dues—rather will I live and labor to right the wrong which I have done them. Take all I have, and let it pay us far as it will. Every remaining indebtedness shall be canceled as fast as possible. Until I can look you all in the face and can say I owe no man I shall not return."

To his wife and daughters he wrote: "I am sorry to leave you so, but it is unavoidable. You could never consent to share the poor manner of life which will be mine until my debts are paid. As soon as I can I will send you a plain maintenance. Until then, I think you can manage by the sale of your jewelry and wardrobes."

"How cruel!" cried Cornelia, "as if we could spare any of our things!"

"It will not be necessary," remarked her mother, loftily. "Kathie's husband will take us to his home, since our natural protector has seen fit to desert us."

But that gentleman manifested no desire for such an addition to his stock of domestic bliss.

"Indeed, mamma," reported Kathleen, "I cannot get him beyond this: 'Cornelia can have a home with us, until she gets one of her own, which I hope we may manage soon;' but he thinks it will be far more agreeable and proper for you to go back to Grandpa's."

"Back to Grandpa's! bury myself in that hole! I'll die first!"

Nevertheless, she was obliged to go, with all her discontent and rebellion, back to the "quite farm-house, back to the placid, loving old couple who, though sorely straightened, cared for and comforted her as best they could. What are the years to teach her? The wonderful years, so long, yet so swiftly flying—that heal so many wounds and bind up so many hearts, yet break so many, the years that come and go, laughing and weeping, smiling and dying, that we know not whether most to dread or long for their coming—the rainbow years, whose sun shines so often through a thick rain of tears.

Ten have passed by. Cornelia Gregg has not found her position as unsalaried nursery-governess in her sister's house particularly pleasant; but her wasted opportunities leave her unable to do better. Her mother is still at the old home. The "plain maintenance" has come regularly, but with no clue to the sender's whereabouts. It is more than a year since all the debts were paid, yet still he does not come. She has hoped, watched, yea! prayed, for his return; for her life has shown its true face to her and she realizes her folly—yet still she is alone. The dear old father and mother have gone home to Him who will cherish them even as they did their erring, but at last repentant, child.

Alone she sits in her old porch, in the fading twilight of an autumn day. The year is dying, she thinks, and so are her hopes. The stars flicker out slowly, they are her only companions, save sad thoughts. Is that a step? She turns—it seems long to her, too, before the manly figure reaches her, and she recognizes, though changed and worn, her husband. Who can describe that meeting?

Later, they sit together, hand in hand.

"My husband," she sighs, after one of those long silences that so often occur in the first reunion of long sundered friends, "can you forgive my folly, my recklessness, my cruelty, which made all the past so hard for you, which in fact, has cost you all these long years of sadness and labor?"

"Do not speak of it," he answered, gently; "doubtless I, too, was in fault, and, anyway, we all must learn the life-lesson that is best for *us*, for our own particular weakness. I love to think that the next life will show for what this was to prepare for us."

"Now I have a comfortable and pleasant though not luxurious home for you, and you will doubtless be content in it; but how is it with our daughter, with Cornelia? will she—shall we send for her?"

"Time has had its teachings, also, for her. I think she will be glad, and grateful, too, to come."

And she was.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

A Dead Woman's Heart.

In a law office on Jefferson Street, not a mile away from Fifth, yesterday afternoon, the proprietor sat with a volume of legal lore on the subject of damages open before him, and a slip of paper containing a number of references by the side of the book. From time to time he read a paragraph or a line, and then lay back in his chair with a thoughtful and rather puzzled look, as though he was endeavoring to make certain facts square with the statements which he had made. In this situation a reporter of the *Courier-Journal* found him. Said he in response to an inquiry: "I have had a peculiar and unusual set of circumstances submitted to me with a view to having a suit for damages brought, and I am at a great loss to determine whether an action can be maintained at law. A few days ago a lady in this city died suddenly of heart disease. Two well-known physicians made a request of the family to hold an autopsy, and as the friends of the dead woman were not adverse to having positive knowledge concerning the cause of her death, the request was complied with. They went to the house and, excluding everybody from the room, where the body lay, proceeded with the dissection. The heart was removed, an examination made of its condition, as well as the surrounding tissues, and when their explorations were concluded they apparently made a proper and decent arrangement of the woman's mortal remains, and left. Shortly after their departure the discovery was made that the heart had been stolen. The scandalous action aroused the deep indignation of the lady's family, and they at once came to me to see if the daring doctor who had done it could be made to compensate her representatives in money for the outrage. I am now looking up the question, but have as yet come to no fixed conclusion. If a woman's heart is stolen during life she has no remedy but to pursue the depredator and regain it, or establish a partnership with him for the joint enjoyment of the treasure; but in a case of a dead woman the subject is altogether different, and, no principles having ever been established that I am aware of, it is time for something to be done to settle the question."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—At the Police Court in Philadelphia some years since the Prosecuting Attorney noticed, among the vicious crowd of criminals, a handsome, intelligent lad, fifteen years old. Calling the Judge's attention to him they gave him a private examination, and after consulting with his employer, who had had him prosecuted for embezzlement, released him on condition of his going to live with his uncle in the country. He has turned out a very respectable young man, and never comes to the city without calling on the Prosecuting Attorney and thanking him for what he did for him. He said he is doing very well, but declares if he had been abandoned when a cloud hung over him he would have gone to the bad sure.

—A journalist has been excused from serving on a jury at Baltimore on the ground that his time was fully occupied, and the paper on which he was engaged would be inconvenienced by his absence.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—President Eliot says that, with strict economy, it costs about $500 a year to be a student at Harvard.

—The teachers of Boston are petitioning that female teachers who have served ten years shall receive a salary not less than $1,000.

—Nearly three-fourths of the churches in the Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania have their seats free, or fifty-nine out of eighty-six.

—By the death of Captain John Brooks, of Bridgeport, Conn., the First Presbyterian Church of that place has fallen heir to the greater part of his $150,000 fortune.

—The Tabernacle Baptist Church at Nottingham, England, revise their list of members every three months, and members who have been absent for that time without reason lose their membership.

—A professor of French in an Albany, (N. Y.,) school recently asked a pupil what was the gender of academy. The unusually bright pupil responded that it depended on whether it was a male or female academy.

—A professor in the college at Lewisburg, Pa., held his place twenty-seven years and was then discharged by the trustees. He claimed that he was an officer of the institution for life, removable only by judicial proceedings, and therefore sued for continued salary. The Supreme Court has decided against him.

—The entire teaching staff of the College of the City of New York consists of a president, salary $7,500; twelve professors, at $4,500 each, and one other at $3,000; nine tutors, at $2,375 each; five others at $1,500 each; two others at $1,200 each; one at $2,000, and one at $800. Thirty-two professors and tutors, at an aggregate annual salary of $99,575.

—Rev. John Kerr, of Belfast, now in this country, says there are 240 Methodist ministers in Ireland who are living on the smallest possible sum, and who report 2,000 conversions among the results of their last year's work. The Methodists have two colleges on the island, one of which is burdened with a debt of $20,000. Mr. Kerr speaks very highly of the work of other Protestant denominations in Ireland.

—From Nebraska a new missionary of the American Sunday-School Union reports to a lady and her class in Canandaigua, N. Y., the distribution of their donation of ten dollars; a part to Creighton Union Sunday-School, which is doing all it can in a new railroad town to prevent the sale of liquor (which may have caused the Superintendent's house to be set on fire, Dec. 18th); a part to Emerick Union Sunday-School, organized in a settlement where he found only one Christian family, but sixty children, besides young people and adults; a part to Bethlehem Union Sunday-School, organized on Christmas day in a very destitute community, seven miles from any place of worship; and a part to Battle Creek Sunday-School, in a settlement ten years old, but which never had a Sunday-School before.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It takes a bold man to roll his own ideas into the world.

—An old lady wants to know what is meant by "mean time." Our watch keeps it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newborn babe? Because its precious little.

—The latest æsthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends is, "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

—It has got so now that the daily paper is gradually usurping the place of the sewing circle as a disseminator of news.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—What is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? There is a material difference. One is hard up and the other is soft down.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A book-keeper for a Philadelphia plumber rendered a bill for $110 instead of $1.10, and the debtor came in and said he would take his solemn affidavy that the work wasn't worth a cent over $60.

—"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for Congress," answered the Colonel.

—When a man's hair stands on end, an ordinary person says his hair stands; but you can't get a doctor to talk it in that way. The doctor calls it horripilation. This makes the hair stick up worse than ever, but it gives the family confidence in the doctor.

—While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover a grizzly bear came along, and, approaching from behind, began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and she leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

—A young nobleman in a frightful railway accident missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My Lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but with a trace of anxiety depicted on his countenance, "will you be good enough to see in which half he has got the key of my carpet bag?"

—When Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for $5,000, he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

—How beautiful is the exhibition of humanity in the young. A little boy found a poor half-frozen wasp in the garret and placed it upon a chair before the parlor fire to thaw out. When sister Mary's beau called that evening he glanced at the chair and seating himself in it, murmured: "Ah, bless her heart, how thoughtful she is of my comfort!" Two minutes later there was as much noise and racket in the parlor as if it had been turned into a den of demons. The wasp had thawed out; that is why Mary isn't married yet.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SOLO.

I gaze on the blazoned windows,
The columns ashy and cold,
The fretted groinings and arches,
The ceiling of azure and gold.

The organ shudders and mutters
Like a monster dying in pain;
The chorus has wailed its parting,
Lamenting, repenting in vain.

Then out of the sadness rises
An angel whose wings are furled:
You lift your voice in the solo,
And I fly from a stricken world.

I traverse the shining oceans
Where melody rims the skies,
And I pass the islands of glory,
And the headlands of Paradise.

You bear me, I care not whither,
So long as I hear you sing,
For toil and grief are forgotten,
And life is a heavenly thing.

The music ends, and I shiver,
For my soul has returned to earth,
And the silence falls like a sorrow
Which blanches the face of mirth.
—*J. W. DeForest, in Harper's Magazine.*

A COMPLICATED PREDICAMENT.

Josephus Jones was his name in full, but he was called Seph by familiar acquaintances, and usually designated as "Potter's colored boy." In his stockings he stood about four feet five, was black as ebony, and had an inclination to grin more or less. When in full costume he wore his employer's discarded cowhide boots, a blue flannel shirt, a frock-coat ornamented with brass buttons and a faded felt hat that had a ragged vent-hole in the crown. Trouble usually slipped from his mind and memory like water from a duck's back; but at the time about to be mentioned he was considerably disturbed because he was not white "like other folks."

The white boys and girls in the Potter neighborhood had been planning several weeks to have a masquerade party in the old red school house, and Seph desired above all things to have a share in the fun and eatables of the occasion. His color and scanty wardrobe, however, were likely to debar him the privilege.

"It don't make no dif'rence, nohow," he said to himself, after mature deliberation. "I's gwine to hab a show in dat party one way or nudder."

When the expected day at last arrived he watched the preparations anxiously all the morning and afternoon. The inside of the school-house was first abundantly trimmed with evergreen, then a stage was erected in one corner for a tiddler, and next a long table was arranged at the back of the room for the refreshments, which were brought in baskets by several of the boys and girls from time to time. Finally the tablecloths were spread, and the girls drew from the mysterious baskets frosted cakes wrapped in tissue-paper, great bloated pies, nuts and raisins, oranges and big bunches of grapes, paper bags filled with candy, and, in fact, a quantity of good things that made Seph's mouth water while he looked in through one of the windows.

At home, late in the afternoon, Job Potter secretly led him up to an unfinished room over the wood-shed, and showed him his mask and outfit, which were hidden away in a barrel. He made Seph try on the mask, the old beaver hat and the coat, just to see how they were going to look.

"Father is mighty sot on not lettin' me go," said Job, "but I'm a-goin' now, you better believe. Don't say anything, though. Mum's the word."

Seph said that he would take care. But an hour afterward, when he saw the Deacon, as Job's father was familiarly called, come down from the shed chamber, and carry Job's mask and costume to a hiding-place in the barn, he had to lie down behind the wood-pile, and hold both hands over his mouth to keep his laughter from being heard.

At the supper table Deacon Potter announced to the whole family that he did not approve of masquerade parties anyway, and certainly not for young people. Job must just make up his mind to stay at home.

Seph was bringing in the kindling-wood for the morning and heard the Deacon's command. A few minutes later a great thought took complete possession of him. If Job couldn't go why shouldn't he go in his place?

"Dar's no reason in de world why I hadn't jes' as good a right to go as he hab, an' I's gwine to, sure's my name's Josephus."

He hurried through all the chores, swallowed his supper hastily and took advantage of the first opportunity to slip away to the barn. After hunting all over the haymow and in every hole and corner he could think of for the concealed articles, he found them under a basket in the corn crib.

Luckily the moon was just coming up and the cracks in the barn admitted glimmer enough for him to see where it was and what he was doing. He very soon exchanged his own garments piece by piece for Job's Sunday suit, which, with the exception of the pantaloons, fitted him very well.

While his teeth chattered and his whole body trembled with nervous excitement, he put on the mask and beaver hat. These, together with the coat collar turned up, completely concealed his face, head and neck; and tucked away in a pocket of the coat there happened to be a pair of brown-cotton gloves Job sometimes wore to meeting, that supplied the last necessity to the disguise. Should it be found out that he wasn't Job, Seph knew very well what his fate would be, and he took care to have every part of his black skin and woolly head thoroughly covered before he ventured forth.

In a very short time he arrived in sight of the school-house lights, and heard the fiddle already under way. Heads were bobbing past the windows in rapid succession, as though all were dancing, and the sounds of mirth and revelling that floated out toward him gave his blood a stimulating tingle.

Not a minute was to be wasted; it was "time already to be in dar 'mong de victuals, an' circ'latin' wid de crowd," he thought, walking up boldly to the door, where a dozen or more boys were watching the arrival of each new comer.

"Now, then, here we have him!" said one, and for an instant Seph hesitated.

"It's Billy Tarbox," cried another.

"No, 'tain't," said somebody else; "it's Job Potter. Hey, Job, you've got on your go-to-meetin' clothes; you can't fool us."

Seph felt a laugh tickle him clear down to the soles of Job's boots; but he was a trifle nervous also, and consequently suppressed it quickly. Without saying anything, he pushed by them and entered.

"Here's Job!" "Here's Job!" shouted every one at once; and before Seph could make up his mind what to do, fifteen or twenty boys and girls in masks began to caper around him. As soon as he did collect his scattered wits, however, he decided to play that he was dumb, and refused to speak. That made them laugh, and shortly they left him to greet another arrival.

Nobody, indeed, seemed to have the least suspicion who he really was. They'd "neber coteh him to let 'dem know, needer," Seph ruminated. He guessed he'd "cut his eye-teeth, an' knew what he was 'bout. When dar was mince-pies 'round, and stuffed chicken, an heaps ob good things, jes' lebe him alone."

"But," as the old saying has it, "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Before supper-time could draw near, there was a little catastrophe awaiting Seph that he had not counted on.

It arose from the fact that there was a meeting at the church that evening which the Deacon and Mrs. Potter attended, their way lying directly past the school-house. Who ever could have supposed that curiosity would have prompted the two good old people to look in and see what the young folks were about, even though they did not approve of such goings on?

But in the meantime Seph enjoyed himself amazingly. He watched the table longingly; he listened to the tiddle, and danced until he was out of breath; he played chase the squirrel, and had capital fun for an hour or more; then the end was at hand.

While standing in the middle of the floor, hesitating what to take part in next, he happened to notice a face outside one of the windows, and it did not take him more than the thousandth part of a second to recognize the Deacon looking straight at him. It was a tremendous moment, and Seph could almost feel the wool on the top of his head uncurl and rise right up under his hat.

His first impulse was to make a rush for the door. When he crossed the entry door-sill, however, he stubbed one foot and fell, and the Deacon's hand was on him before he could recover himself.

He led Seph down the road, Mrs. Potter following close behind and pleading for mercy, as mothers do.

But in a moment the mask fell off, and the Deacon, amazed, let go his hold.

"What—!"

Seph did not wait to hear anything more, but ran into the bushes, then leaped over a fence, and ran at his best speed across an acre or two of plowed ground.

"By golly!" he gasped, dropping down at last exhausted. "I reckon I's glad I'm black dis yere time, anyhow!"

Sorely disappointed, however, he skulked back to the barn, and there another misfortune overtook him—his own clothes had disappeared.

For a moment or two this startling discovery was too much for his intellect to grasp. He searched here and there desperately, overturned the hay, upset a barrel of oats, frightened the hens from their roosts, and got the horse to neighing. Then, scared and bewildered, he rushed outside, undecided what to do.

Surprise, however, awaited him here again. In a moment he saw himself—or at least somebody with a black face and his clothes on—steal out from the wood-shed near by, and hurry down to the road.

If he "wasn't himself, who in de world was he? dat's what he'd like to know."

But in about three minutes, when he saw the mysterious personage and the Deacon meet unexpectedly near a great tree that stood in the yard, he was never so glad in his life to be in some other fellow's clothes.

Seph ran over to the wood-shed, climbed up the ladder to the chamber above, and began to disrobe himself of Job's clothes in a hurry. He had got them all off, when that personage came scrambling up the ladder also, and the two confronted each other in the straggling moonbeams that found their way through a cobwebbed window.

"What yer gwine to do wid my clothes on, Joh Potter?" Seph asked, wrathfully.

"Nothin'. Pa's spoilt it all! He first thought that you was me, and then that I was you. There's no goin' to the party, anyway."

Seph dropped down on the floor, and let out the laugh that had been tickling him several times during the evening.

"It am all on account ob de Deacon bein' so onreasonable," he said. "We's had a perdicament for sartin."—*F. B. Stanford, in Harper's Young People.*

Jelly from Ivory.

The last sale of ivory at Liverpool was the largest which has taken place for a long time. Manufacturers who were present tell us that the prices realized show an advance of from 20s. to 80s. per cwt. All the lots were sold. There were buyers not only from the English towns, but from America and the continent. Ivory is very largely used in the Sheffield trades, more especially for hafting cutlery of all kinds. The demand for billiard and bagatelle balls, as well as for piano keys, has greatly increased of late years. One leading cutlery house made a calculation some time ago, suggested by a question put by a visitor. They estimated that to supply themselves with the ivory they needed for the handles of their cutlery, etc., they required 1,280 elephants every year, and that even on the basis that each tusk weighed 23½ pounds. In a magazine the question was recently put, "What becomes of the ivory waste?" There is no ivory waste. In the cutting of the ivory the powder which comes away is sold for making jelly. It has long been used abroad, and is now getting pretty well known in this country. It is sold at 4d. per pound, made up into parcels, and is regarded as an excellent material for making jelly, particularly in the country, where calves feet are not always procurable when required.—*Engineer.*

—Canadian-born residents of Boston have formed an association to work for the annexation of Canada to the United States.

Under the Alps.

The necessity for the St. Gothard railway has long been felt, and especially for goods traffic during the winter season. Passengers from Northern and Central Germany have also been compelled, in attempting to reach Milan in winter, to make a considerable detour if they wished to go by rail. Of the greater passes over the Alps, the Mont Cenis, Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splugen, Wormserjoch and the Brenner, only the first and last have hitherto been furnished with railroads. Passengers from France have preferred the route over Mont Cenis, and those from Bavaria and Austria that over the Brenner, both very good so far as those countries are concerned, but not so convenient for the Rhineland and Switzerland itself as the St. Gothard, which falls almost in a straight line drawn from Frankfort-on-the-Main, through Zurich to Milan. The Brenner line, by Inspruck to Verona, has not put Switzerland into any closer communication with the Mediterranean; nor can the route by Mont Cenis be said to have assisted the Central European Republic in any way. Hence the desire for a genuine Swiss railway, like the St. Gothard, which is expected to be in working order next July. Even now that it is nearly finished, there is serious talk of rival lines over the Simplon, Napoleon's great military road, by piercing the mountain pass between Brieg and Domo d'Ossola; and another, suggested in France, by making a more direct route from Geneva to Turin by burrowing under the "monarch of mountains," Mont Blanc itself. The Simplon scheme favored by Western Switzerland has apparently only one drawback, the necessity for an Alpine tunnel eleven miles long. It was therefore thought by the governments of Germany, Switzerland and Italy, that the St. Gothard scheme was most deserving of encouragement, and they contributed large sums toward its completion. The line, however, is not a government one, but the work of an ordinary company subsidised to a large proportion of the £6,800,000, which it is estimated the line will cost. The first chief engineer was M. Gervig, who was succeeded by M. Hellwag, now of Vienna, whose post the present chief engineer, Mr. Bridel, occupies. The greatest height above the sea of the rails in the great tunnel from Goschenen to Airolo is 3,788 feet, being about 610 lower than the highest point in the Mont Cenis tunnel. Its length is nine miles 468 yards, about one and three-fourths miles longer than the Mont Cenis tunnel. Its width varies from twenty-six feet three inches to twenty-four feet eleven inches, and its height to the crown of the arch is nineteen feet eight inches, above which rises the mountain peak known as the Kastlehorn.

The approach to the tunnel from the Italian side is at first gradual, lying along the eastern side of the Valley of the Ticino. Subsequent steep ascents are overcome by the agency of spirals. Below the village Giornico is a fine lattice-girder bridge over the Ticino, with two spans of 150 feet each. About a mile to the north is the spiral tunnel of Travi, passing through hard granite, and 1,698 yards long near which a second spiral, that of Piano Tondo, nearly as long. These spiral tunnels—which, as Mr. C. G. Ethelston points out in his valuable "Notes of a Visit to the St. Gothard Railway," are to an Alpine Railway as locks to a canal—present an apparently unexampled and most remarkable feature in engineering science. When on account of a sudden change in the levels of the valley a considerable lift is required, the line is run into the side of the mountain, and the tunnel being constructed with a sharp curve and a steep gradient, the line, at a much higher level, crosses its former course, like those corkscrew staircases which Mr. Burnand happily thought were invented by "inebriated architects." Beyond Faido is another spiral tunnel, and again at Freggio, the next stations to which are Ambri and Airolo. At the latter the line enters the grand tunnel, the contractor for which, M. Favre, was one of the victims to this important work, having died of apoplexy in the tunnel itself in July, 1879. Commenced in the middle of November, 1872, the nine miles and a little more than a quarter have taken nine years to complete, the rock, through which it was necessary to bore, being composed mainly of a hard granite gneiss. Between the Goschenen end of the St. Gothard tunnel and Altdorf there are three spiral tunnels in various parts of the valley of the Reuss, much resembling those in the Valley of the Ticino. At Leggestien the aspect of the railway is remarkable. For nearly a mile are seen three almost parallel railways at different elevations and apparently unconnected, but in reality joined by the spiral tunnels of Wattingen and Leggestein. The line takes these parallel runs in order to enable it to rise to a sufficient height to enter the great tunnel two and a half miles farther south. Lower down the valley is the Pfaffensprung tunnel, bored through the hardest granite, and after passing Amsteg the works are of less grandiose character down to Fluelen, but between that place and Brunnen are numerous tunnels. Toward Immensee the work is lighter again, and the extremity of the St. Gothard Railway, properly so-called, is reached. Switzerland may well be congratulated on the success of a great national work. It is true that the Governments of Germany and Italy contributed to the cost, but this they could well afford to do in order to be brought into close connection. At times some opposition has been made to the work. It was urged that a through train from Zurich or from Germany to Milan would have the effect of taking travelers through Switzerland instead into it, and thus injure the inhabitants; but this oddly selfish view was quickly set aside and the superb works pushed rapidly on to completion.—*London Telegraph.*

The National Party in Egypt.

Some years' residence in the country, much of which has been spent in visiting the various villages under exceptionally advantageous conditions for arriving at the true state of the feelings of the people, enables me I hope, to throw some light on the causes which have led to and which justify the National movement, on the aims and ambitions which actuate the leaders, and to bear testimony to the general acceptance by the mass of the Egyptians of the watch-word, "Misr-lil masreen"—Egypt for the Egyptians. The movement may be said to be the natural assertion by a hitherto oppressed people of their right to a voice in the government and administration of their own country. Ismail Pasha, unscrupulous despot and squanderer as he was, did push Egypt further on the path of progress than any other Moslem land. With the material progress brought about by the introduction of machinery and the construction of important public works there was also a marked moral progress. Constant intercourse with Europeans could not fail to influence the mind of the Egyptians more or less, and there gradually grew up a feeling that all was not as it should be, and a considerable amount of grumbling and discontent manifested itself, which, however, found no vent until after the downfall of Ismail Pasha. When Ismail Pasha, finding that the generous persons who had advanced him money expected their interest, and began to complain of his methods of administering the country, he asked some of the European governments to supply him with competent persons to assist him in the work of administering the various departments of state. These administrators, who in turn were succeeded by a host of commissioners, directors-general and comptrollers, and most of whom were absolutely ignorant of the language of the country, dismissed from the various departments they controlled the old-established Arab and Coptic clerks, who, though perhaps venal, obstructive and scheming, were in many cases capable. These native officials were replaced by their only possible successors—a crowd of Syrian Christians, speaking Arabic and French, or Italian. The dismissed officials, many of whom were men of considerable influence, and in many cases considerable land owners, left Cairo and Alexandria, and settled in the villages. The Syrians imported into the administrations lost no time in asserting themselves, and endeavoring in all possible ways to discredit the Egyptians by great activity and by making themselves almost indispensable to their European patrons. Their chief competitors were the Copts, who, on account of their aptitude for accounts, were not easily displaced. Still, continuous misrepresentation did its work, and every one who has lived in Egypt is familiar with the depreciating shake of the head when the fitness of a Copt for a vacant post is being discussed. The result of this great Syrian influx was that rapidly they occupied all the subordinate posts in the departments, and the Egyptians found themselves ousted from nearly all the positions of trust and importance in the country.

This state of things went on for some time, and the natural result followed. The young Egyptians who found themselves debarred from advancement in the service because they were Egyptians, the dismissed officials, the sheiks, and other country personages, who not unfrequently found themselves treated with rudeness and disrespect by the young European employes of the cadastre, domains and Daira Sanieh, joined together, and formed themselves into what was at first known as the young Egypt party, but which to-day has just claims to the more dignified title of the National party. The National party once having been formed, after much interchanging of ideas and serious discussion, decided on a programme, which may be said to embrace the following articles: 1. Independence of Egypt from Turkey. 2. The formation of a Chamber of Representatives to be elected by the people. 3. The direct administration of the country with or without the control. 4. The dismissal of the highly paid foreign officials, whose presence is unnecessary if the control be effective. 5. The employment of Egyptians in all departments where foreigners are not absolutely necessary. The programme, as originally drawn up nearly two years ago, was a reasonable one, but it was just one of those programmes which require strong measures to push them through. If it be acknowledged that the programme was reasonable, it is difficult to see how anything could have been done without calling into play a force capable of making itself felt. The army was naturally the force most easily utilized, and had proved its own power, having been utilized by Ismail Pasha to rid himself of his two foreign ministers, Messrs. Wilson and Blignieres. Under Colonel Ahmet Bey Arabi, who, by his character for integrity, his eloquence, and force of character, had gained the confidence of both the National party and the soldiers, the army, after showing their power in a number of small ways, overthrew the Riaz ministry.

The demonstrations of February and October have startled many people, and a great deal of nonsense has been written; but it is greatly to be doubted if in any other country but Egypt what really amounts to a great revolution could have been effected without bloodshed, and it certainly speaks volumes for the progress of a nation when such a revolution can be carried through quietly and reasonably. The whole programme was well thought out and executed; no excesses have been committed nor are any likely to be. No greater mistake can be made than to accept the assertion that the movement is confined to the towns of Cairo and Alexandria. I have had occasion during the last eighteen months to visit many of the villages, and I may say with absolute certainty that all the leading men, the shieks, the mudirs (if not Turks), the various muffettishes—in fact, all the people who influence the masses—are warm supporters of the National party. The fellah certainly knows very little about matters political, but his experience of Turkish and European interference with his affairs makes him view such interference as not an unmixed blessing. The Turk, by means of the Kurbach, extorted from him the last piastre possible; the Greek and Italian money-lender does the same by means of the mixed tribunals. Who can wonder at his supporting the sheik of his village, and through him the National party?—*Cairo (Egypt) Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.*

—The fact that New York has only one acre in public parks to every 1,371 inhabitants, while Chicago has one acre to every 252, Philadelphia one to every 282, and San Francisco one to every 198 inhabitants has set some of our citizens to thinking. They have formed "The New York Park Association," and propose to see New York's lack in this respect rectified. We give the movement our heartiest good wishes.—*Christian Union.*

General Gage and the Boston Boys of 1775.

In Butterworth's "Young Folks' History of Boston" it is said that the frog pond does not look as it did when the British soldiers prevented the boys from sliding and skating there, and the delegations of young Americans waited upon General Gage, and laid before him the story of their wrongs.

As the British soldiers did not prevent the boys from sliding and skating on the frog pond, it would be hard to tell wherin its appearance has been altered; moreover the boys did not lay the story of their wrong before General Gage.

At this statement there will be at once an expression of incredulity, and our reply would be substantially that there are some errors which it is a pity should continue to be perpetrated with the sanction of so many distinguished names.

These are that the coast was not on the Common; that it was not destroyed by the British soldiers; the boys did not call on General Gage at the Province house; and he did not know of the matter until told of it, after all was over, by the officer on whom they did call.

This, if correct, would seem to leave very little of the story, and yet there is a substratum of truth in it, and the correct story is fully as good as that which has been so often repeated incorrectly.

Rev. Dr. Hale, who, at the dinner of the Latin school association in 1877, first pointed out the inaccuracy of the picture, told the story as it had been told to him thirty years before by one of the boys.

The coast was from near the corner of Beacon and Somerset street, down the hill to the foot of School Street. The boys of the Latin school used to bring their sleds to school, and after school coast down the street. In a house opposite the school, near the present site of the city hall, lived the British General Haldimand, the Colonel of Gage's own regiment. His servant spread ashes on the coast, and the boys of the Latin school appointed a committee from the first class to see the General and complain of the servant. He received them kindly, said he had trouble enough with the Boston men, and would not have any with the boys and sent a servant out to brush off the coast. Afterwards he mentioned the visit to General Gage, who made in reply a remark sufficiently resembling that which he is reported to have made to the boys to render it possible that it was the foundation of the common tale.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Second-Hand Book.

A week or two ago a bright and chatty young woman called at a house on Cass Avenue and endeavored to make the sale of a book entitled "Home and Mother." The ladies of the house received her in the usual ten degrees below fashion and, utterly refusing to look at the book, she said:

"I haven't any money, and I know that my husband wouldn't pay for it."

"It is a book highly spoken of by the press."

"Yes, I know, but my husband is queer."

"And you see the superior style of binding."

"I know, but my husband would call it bosh and trash."

"Sh'n't I call when he is at home?"

"That would be useless. He wouldn't even look at it, and he hates female book agents."

"Does he?"

"Yes, he abhors them. I knew he doesn't even treat them civilly when they call at his office."

"Is that so?" mused the girl, and when she left the house she for some reason or other started right down town.

The lady of the house might have forgotten the incident in five or six years but for a sort of climax. When her husband came home to dinner he handed her a copy of "Home and Mother," with the remark,

"Happened to see it as I passed a second-hand book store, and thought perhaps you'd like it."

"Yes—an—but, Henry, a girl was here trying to sell me this very book not over two hours ago!" stammered the wife,

"Was, eh? Well, she probably got discouraged, sold out to the second-hand dealer, and has skipped the city. Is dinner ready?"

Dinner was ready, but somehow the wife had no appetite, and since that she has fits of abstraction, glances suspiciously around at times, and has been seen going in and coming out of second-hand book stores.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Clergyman's Canary.

The Rev. Dr. Day is fond of canaries, and the bay window in his library is occupied by a large number of these favorite songsters, to some of which are given the freedom of the entire room at times. One of these is very much interested in penmanship, and will watch Dr. Day write by the hour. The black line left by the pen in its travels is the greatest of mysteries to the bird, and he will follow it as it spins out across the page, and make frequent examinations, first with one eye and then with the other, but can never quite understand it all, and after scratching his head with his claw he will follow the line across again. This he will keep up by the hour, and it would be interesting to know his thoughts on the subject—if canaries ever do have thoughts.—*Titusville (Penn.) Herald.*

—In every house there should be a little nook in which a few simple remedies are kept. Among them should be extract of ginger, Dover's powder, peppermint, chlorate of potash, bicarbonate of soda, sweet oil, paregoric, camphor, arnica, a bottle of pure whisky, cotton, old muslin for bandages, some sticking plaster, a box of ground mustard and some ready-made mustard plasters. Always strike a light when you go to get any of these in the dark, and be sure you have the right one.

—A new step forward in the higher education of women has been taken by the University of London. It had already secured power to grant degrees to women and had exercised this privilege, but it has now decided to admit women who obtain degrees to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by men, including the right to become acting members of the governing body.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Pamphlets are hard to dispose of, but books are bound to sell.

—"A smile" in the bar-room makes tears in the home; remember that, young man.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Fifty-eight thousand four hundred and fifty persons sought homes in Minnesota last year, of which number 42,700 came from foreign countries.

—The pall-bearers at the funeral of the late Clarkson N. Potter of New York were his seven brothers, who laid the coffin in the grave and covered it with earth with their own hands.

—A Buffalo photographer takes pictures by electric light. The instantaneous gelatine dry-plate process, which is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of electric light, is employed.

—The average daily error of the Yale Observatory standard clock which distributed the daily time signals to the railroad telegraph offices of Connecticut during the month ended January 31, 1882, was 25-100 of one second.

—The richest man in Wyoming County, New York, lives in the plainest manner and fights his taxes. He has been a voter in the same county fifty-five years, but has never voted for a Legislative candidate who was elected.

—The Board of Health of Arcade N. Y., served a notice on a farmer living near that village to wash himself. He had not done so, it is claimed, for forty years, and so filthy had he become that a committee was appointed to abate the nuisance.

—Lieutenant Hays, who lost his life with General Custer at the time of that fearful massacre, left two orphan sisters who are now in Washington in destitute circumstances. They have been making underclothes for ten cents apiece in order to buy bread.

—A "gallery boy" writes to the New York *Sun* complaining of the admission to the gallery of Wallack's Theatre of a man who wore a swallow-tail coat. Every class in the community has its rights, and even those of the gallery boys should be respected.

—A drove of thirty-five hogs drank long and deep of a barrel of sirup skimmings near Buena Vista, Ga., and in a few hours every big and little porker was drunk as a lord. They cut up all manner of didos, and finally the whole gang got weak in the knees and dropped off to sleep.

—A singular case of contagious vaccination was reported at the Health Office in Baltimore the other day. A young lady living in West Baltimore was recently vaccinated by a prominent physician, and, while suffering with the fever attending vaccination, borrowed a pair of ear-rings from a lady friend for a day. Upon the return of the ear-rings the owner put them on, and in a day or two was astonished to find that she was thoroughly vaccinated in the ears.

—Traveling in Florida is expensive. The hotels range in price from $3.50 to $4 per day, but are first-class in every respect. Board may be had in private houses from $2 to $3 a day. Steamboat fares are about $6 for a day and night's travel, including fare and berths. The boats are very much crowded now and cots are used nightly in the cabins for the comfort of passengers. It is not a good idea to buy return tickets on the steamers, as the discount is small and the return tickets are good on certain boats.

—George W. Cranier, formerly an extensive builder in Troy, N. Y., and who was buried several days ago, made peculiar provisions for his funeral four weeks before his death. He ordered that his coffin be made of red cedar, and that the trimmings be of brass; that two black horses and one gray horse leading draw the hearse, and that ten coaches with black horses be provided; also that persons attending the funeral be attired in black clothes and silk hats. These arrangements were carried out to the letter.

—A number of years ago a clergyman named Clevinger was one of the most popular men in two States. His house was built in such a manner that a large hall which ran through it was exactly on the State line between Kentucky and Tennessee, and whenever a runaway couple came to him to be married the obliging parson, on the first intimation of an approaching pursuit, would usher them across the hall into the State from which they had not come, and from which they could not be legally dragged by a relentless parent.

—In getting your photograph taken observe the following rules: Keep your eyes fixed upon the floor until the moment comes to "keep steady." Practice your sweetest expression before the glass in advance, and begin to express when you see the man advance with the square box. Try to think of something calm and placid—molasses, for example. Keep something in your hand to steady your nerves—a corn cob is a good thing. Never pay the entire sum in advance, and always remember that the plainest looking people make the most successful pictures.

—John Gymber, who achieved greatness about a year ago by means of his extraordinary capacity for sleeping, and thereby became such a natural curiosity that it was a moment of regret to all except himself and attendants when he finally woke after a nap of seventeen weeks, is now earning an honest living as a wide-awake employe in the Allentown rolling mill. He has regained his health, is as straight and strong as a telegraph pole, earns good wages, and is cordially liked by his fellows. His memory is still somewhat defective, but is gradually improving.

—A curious case is reported from Rutland County, Vermont. Horace Hotchkiss died recently at the age of seventy years. When about twenty-seven years old he had a severe attack of brain fever, from the effects of which he became insane, in which condition he remained until within about fifteen hours of his death. He then suddenly became sane, after forty years of derangement, and asked his wife to sing. She was unable to sing, but repeated a hymn with which she was familiar, and to her surprise he repeated it after her as coherently and intelligently, and with as much feeling as if his mind had never wandered. He repeated one or two other hymns, and then became unconscious and remained so until he died.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882.

Vol. 6, No. 1.

THE REPUBLICAN, with this issue, commences its 6th Volume, in a healthy and prosperous condition. We are pleased to say that it is looked upon as one of the best county papers in the State. Of course we take a pardonable degree of pride in this, and we are not to be blamed for it. We purchased it in 1877, going in debt for the entire office, and have built it up by hard and diligent labor, until it pays us a reasonable recompense. For this condition of things we feel under obligations to our patrons, and especially to those who are prompt in the settlement of their obligations. We shall continue to labor for the Republican party and in the interests of the people of the county, and feel assured, from past experience, that we shall receive a reasonable share of the public patronage.

On Friday of last week the President sent in the name of Hon. Roscoe Conkling for the vacant chair in the Supreme Court.

The Hagerstown *Mail* in refering to the testimony being taken before the committee on elections, says "it is clearly proven that the persons who have committed these frauds have no respect for law, and that courts and the law officers are not a terror to evil-doers. This investigation clearly shows the necessity of the legislature passing some law for the protection of the ballot-box and for the selection of fair judges of election in the counties. In most of the counties we can safely say there are good judges, honest elections and fair counts; but in several of the counties, and especially Anne Arundel, there have been the grossest frauds and outrages, which the Democratic party cannot long overlook."

A Genuine Democratic Platform.

In view of the negative character of those which have been heretofore furnished by the party, one might have described them as simply denying what the Republicans affirmed. They have been freed from all positive elements whatever, save meaningless platitudes about the coustitution. The *Boston Herald*, (Independent), has the following on this subject:

"What one Democratic Senator would like to see in 1884 is "a straight Democratic platform." That would be a novelty, at least. By the way, what would be a "genuine Democratic platform?" Is there anything left of the structure of 1880, through which General Hancock stuck his soldierly foot, that would be available two years hence? Is a "genuine Democratic platform" anything but a Republican platform four years old?"

Now and Then.

There has never been a better illustration of the aphorism that "the whirligig of time brings in his sweet revenges" and makes all things even than is presented in the condition of affairs in the Democratic party in this city and State. Men who but a few months ago were dispised and rejected by the bosses, find themselves in the high places in the Democratic temple. About two years ago Senator Gorman, in calling to order the convention for the election of delegates to the presidential convention, reminded his Democratic hearers that the stragglers will not be permitted to occupy the tables at the future Democratic love feasts, and that the irregulars will not be allowed to joim in the paeus at the hour of victory. Mr. Gorman was just then fresh from the field of conquest at Annapolis, and neither he nor any of the chosen knew at the time what evils time had in store for the so called regulars.

The managers and their followers cannot reconcile themselves to the altered situation. They seem to be "irreconcilables," and stigmatise all those who do not chime in their peculiar views as not being Democrats. Thus Mayor Whyte's appointments and Gov. Hamilton's nominations are looked upon as undemocratic. Respectable men, who do not wear around their neck the collar of bossism are read out of the party. The managers cannot imagine how in the world two such Democrats as Whyte and Hamilton could bring themselves to appoint to office independent men, who have either never been mixed up in politics or who dared to act in opposition to the managers when occasion called for it. A large number of the regulars have raised the cry that the Governor and the Mayor are bent upon destroying the Democratic party, and that two years hence the State will surely go Republican if they continue in their work. The "outs" are particularly solicitous about the future of the party. They are sure that it is going to the dogs, and that something heroic must be done to save it. They don't know where all this will end, and are appealing to the faithful within the camp to stem this tide of independence in politics.

Although the Governors' appointments, as a rule, give general satisfaction to the public, and though many of them receive the heartiest commendation of the people, the managers are even less pleased with them than with Mayor Whyte's appointments. They are angered at the state executive for attempting to place in office independent Democrats and one Republican, and their henchman are crying out aloud that the Governor is trying to surrender the State to the Republicans. In their conferences they are concocting schemes for the rejection by the Senate of the Governor's appointments, and a movement has been set on foot for the introduction of a bill providing for the election by the legislature of the supervisors of election. Nothing in the last two years has so disconcerted the bosses as this last of Governor Hamilton's bombshells.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murderer, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's days of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.—*Extract from Blaine's Eulogy on Garfield.*

A Graceful Tribute.

CLEVELAND, O., February 22.—C. A. Withers, Jas. D. Campbell, B. F. Knipe and Ferdinand Schwartz, the committee appointed by the ex-Confederate soldiers resident in Cincinnati and its vicinity, arrived here this morning, bringing with them the memorial tribute to the late President prepared for Mrs. Garfield. The resolutions are framed in Tennessee colored marble, highly polished and cut from a single block about two feet square. The United States coat-of-arms is inlaid in Mexican onyx at each corner. The committee called upon Mrs. Garfield this forenoon and formally presented the testimonial. C. A. Withers, formerly adjutant general of General J. H. Morgan's staff, made the presentation address, as follows: "It is with mingled feelings of gratification and regret that I have the honor, madam, of presenting to you this memorial of the ex-Confederate soldiers of Cincinnati. It is gratifying that we can truthfully and feelingly unite our voices in commendation of the lamented dead with those of the many thousands of a common people; and the occasion which called for such sentiment is painful in its recollections, and as fully deplored by the people of the South as by those of any other section of the country. The unanimity with which these resolutions were passed and the expressions conveyed therein, speak more than any words of mine; and you can rest assured, madam, that in them is voiced the tribute of all the old soldiers of the South to the sterling worth of the late President."

Mrs. Garfield by a great effort repressed her emotion, while the aged mother of the late President wept freely. The ladies were both clad in the deepest mourning. The late President's widow, her voice trembling with emotion, replied to the address of General Withers as follows;

"*Gentleman:* I am very grateful to you, and to those from whom this beautiful gift comes, for its sake and for the sentiments expressed."

The two ladies then examined the memorial gift, and expressed their admiration of the frame to Mr. Knipe, its maker, who said: "My heart went out in sympathy for the President. I volunteered to make that frame, and I made it so that it may remain a standing testimony of the Southern sentiment."

Gen. Withers added: "And, moreover, we want to show these Northern politicians that we ex-Confederates are not as black as they try to make us out." The younger Mrs. Garfield responded: "It had always been the General's greatest wish that there be no North or South. His earnest desire was to see a united country, and had he lived"— Here her grief overcame her, and the sentence was unfinished. After a brief silence courtesies were exchanged, and the visitors withdrew and drove to Lakeview Cemetery, to visit the vault wherein Gen. Garfield's body reposes.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.—The following indications are furnished by one of the most experienced observers in the Government Signal Service: "If at night you observe a remarkable clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon, and an unusual brilliancy or twinkling of the stars, it indicates an unusual humidity in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and is therefore, an indication of approaching rain. Dew and fogs are indications of fine weather; and halos, coronal, etc., indicate rain or snow. When the outlines of cumulus clouds are sharp, it indicates a dry atmosphere, therefore, fine weather. A light scud driving across hazy clouds indicates heavy wind and rain. When the upper clouds move in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or that of the wind then blowing, the wind will soon change."

The New Dog Law.

The following bill, entitled an act to provide for the valuation and protection of Dogs and to encourage Sheep husbandry is now before the legislature.

SEC. 1. *Be it Enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of each and every county in the State shall, at some time prior to the 1st day of April in each and every year, divide the Election Districts of their respective county into as many parts or divisions as there may be constables appointed in such Districts, and shall assign one of such divisions to each Constable, so appointed, for the purposes hereinafter mentioned.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of each constable to go over the division so assigned to him and make an inventory of all the dogs in his division, and also the property they most frequent as their home, giving an accurate list of the number of dogs to each piece of property, which said list shall be made out and returned under oath to the County Commissioners before the first day of May of such year, and at the time of taking such list said constable shall leave at or upon the property a list of all the dogs charged by him to said property, which list shall stand against such property unless the party owning the property shall appear before the County Commissioners within ten days after said notice and convince them by evidence that such dogs or any number thereof have been destroyed and the County Commissioners shall have power to correct the return of the constables in their discretion, and shall allow said constables such compensation for their service as they may think proper.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That upon the return of such lists by the constable as hereinbefore provided, the County Commissioners shall proceed to fix and appraise a value upon each dog so returned, after having corrected notice as aforesaid, which value shall be ($25,00) twenty five dollars for each and every dog, and no less; provided, however, that the owner may have the privilege of fixing a higher valuation upon each dog.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted*, That after the County Commissioners shall have appraised and valued said dogs as aforesaid, they shall cause their appraisements to be added to the assessments of the party, or parties to whom the property may then be assessed, giving to the said assessment all the dogs charged to said property by the constable, which said assessment shall be treated as other assessments of property and be taxed accordingly.

SEC. 5. *And be it enacted*, That the party or parties to whom any dog shall be assessed, shall have the same rights and title of such dog that he or they would have in any other property, and shall be responsible for all injuries done by such dog to any property, (whether they be aware of his vicious propensities or not) and shall be entitled to sue for and recover any damage done to such dog, provided, however, that they shall not be allowed to recover for any dog a greater amount than that for which he is assessed; and provided, further, that no one shall be liable for killing a dog in self defense or when such dog is actually engaged in the destruction of stock or poultry.

SEC. 6. *And be it enacted*, That any one who shall suffer loss or injury to stock or poultry by the action of dog or dogs, shall be permitted to sue the owner or owners of such dog or dogs and recover the value of his damages, or may within ten days from the time of the doing of such damage apply to the County Commissioners and have the damages valued by two discreet persons to be selected by said County Commissioners, and the County Commissioners shall, upon the return of their said appointees, (which return shall be under oath) pay to the said party or parties damaged two-thirds of the value of his or their said damages as shown by said return, upon the assignment by said damaged party or parties of all his or their claim for damages as aforesaid, to the said County Commissioners, and the said County Commissioners may then in their discretion maintain a suit in their name in the same manner as the assignee might have done, and any recovery thereon shall be paid into the Treasury of the county.

SEC. 7. *And be it enacted*, That for any failure by a constable to perform the duties imposed upon him by the County Commissioners under this act or for any willful error or errors in his return as herein provided for, he shall be subjecteded to a fine of five hundred dollars to be collected out of his official bond, by suit in the name of the County Commissioners.

SEC. 8. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

The Cincinnati papers charge certain dealers in seeds at Chicago with shipping to Ohio cloverseed adulterated with Hungarian seed. The latter is worth but two cents a pound, and renders barren any field where it is planted. This fraudulent operation has amounted to not less than $100,000, besides the damage to fields from this weedy crop.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1882.

The panorama is moving along smoothly, and the measures which have attracted so much attention are giving away one to the other in rapid succession. Gen. Logan scores one more triumph in the passage of his bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list, the vote standing 35 to 17, with several pairs. Five Democratic Senators voted for the bill, while several others abstained from voting at all. The bill will undoubtedly pass the House, and will give Gen. Grant an annual salary of $12,500—enough to make him comfortable for life. It has been stated privately among the ex-President's friends that, if placed on the retired list of the army, he would retire from politics entirely, which is no doubt true. It is not likely that Gen. Grant would in any event ever have been a candidate for President again though many who had reasons to fear his candidacy were induced to vote for this bill as a means of getting him out of the way. The impression here is that Congress will now agree to restore Fitz John Porter to his rank in the army, though Gen. Logan and others are still bitterly opposed to it.

We have again celebrated the annual "little hatchet" day. The city of Washington decked with a thousand flags greeted the 15th anniversary of its founder's birthday. The general holiday which emptied the Government offices and closed up the public works poured a crowd of people upon the streets to see the Nation's Capital everywhere crowned with the "gorgeous ensign of the Republic." The Oldest Inhabitants Association, numbering among its members some whose recollections go back to the early days, held a meeting and listened to an address by the venerable Joseph H. Bradley, Esq., the Nestor of the Washington bar, still erect and full of fine oratory. He dwelt upon Washington in two aspects: First, Washington the architect, under Providence, of his own fortune, and second, Washington the creator of a permanent seat of government for the Republic, and the founder of its Capital City. In sketching the Father of his Country under the first aspect he narrated the events of his youth, dwelling upon such as tended to mold his character, and depicted with graphic skill episodes of his early life which showed that danger and toil were to him providential guides upon a providential way. History showed no lad so young called to such great undertakings. The outer circumstances concurred with the inward life to make the boy the father of the man. A word picture of Washington with a handful of men protecting the retreat of Braddock's army drew repeated rounds of applause. Then, considering Washington under the second aspect, as founder of the city, Mr. Bradley gave a brief history of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the seat of government here. The constitution was Washington's work. It grew out of an assemblage which convened in 1784 at Mount Vernon, and was completed in Philadelphia, where he occupied the chair. That instrument fixed a permanent seat of government for the United States. The city was planned by him; its first sketch, with Washington's own signature upon it, is now preserved at the office of commissioner of public buildings and grounds. It was not Washington city, but the city of Washington which he found to be to all time, with constant growth, the nation's monument to Washington. Yes, I may add without offense to Judge Bradley perhaps; it is a great thing to be father of a country, even after 150 years have passed away; and the American people are not going to forget a little favor of the kind. No one ever raises the third-term cry against Gen. Washington, and yet he has been filling the office of Father of his country for a good many years. Perhaps it is because there is no salary attached. This may be a suggestion to the special committee of the Senate on civil service reform. Abolish all salaries and the struggle for place will cease.

During the visit of the Fisk Jubilee Singers here last week a rather touching incident occurred at the White House. It will be remembered that when they where here last Spring the leading hotels refused to receive them as guests on account of their color, and General Garfield learning of it sent them word that they could come to the White House when they had no other place. In the few months since that visit President Garfield has passed away, and they called this time accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Rankin to pay their respects to President Arthur. The latter received them in the Blue Parlor, and after introductions were over the visitors sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus" with such pathos that the President was actually moved to tears, and he turned his head away at first to hide them. As the rich melody of the grand old hymn rang through the apartments, however, the President could no longer conceal his emotion, and drying his eyes with his handkerchief, he thanked the singers heartly, declaring frankly that he had never been so touched before. As the little band of singers and their escort turned to leave the apartment Dr. Rankin said to a bystander, "I shall always believe now that the President is a truly good man."

JUNIUS.

Guiteau's desire for notority has received a severe blow during the last week or ten days, for in that time not over a dozen persons have had curiosity enough to struggle through the mud across the commons to the jail in which he is confined. Sunday proved no exception, for, except his guards, the prisoner saw no one and consequently was greatly disappointed, as Sunday has generally been a good day with him for the sale of his autographs and pictures. Anticipating a rush that morning, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast he sent for the barber who shaves him, after which he took a bath and donned his new suit of clothes. He occupied nearly two hours in arranging his toilet and sat down to await the arrival of visitors. Greatly to his disgust his solitude was not invaded and he was afforded ample time to perse his Bible investigations. He made no attempt to conceal the blow that his vanity had received, and when dinner was served anxiously inquired of his guard why no callers had been admitted to his cell. When informed that no one asked this privilege he refused to believe the statement and accused the warden with intentionally depriving him of his solace. His egotism remains as great as ever and he cannot bear the idea of being classed with common criminals, for, to use his language, he is the most important prisoner ever confined in a prison and should be allowed liberties accordingly. Since his brother John and Mr. Scoville left the city he has been compelled to remain in almost solitary confinement, the monotony of prison life being broken only by a short walk in the corridor for exercise.

Current Religious Discussion.

On the whole, the Church may most wisely use influence to overcome that growing habit of perpetual pleasure seeking which is the real evil. A considerable number of people want to make amusement the business of life, and the frivolousness of character that results is lamentable. The best remedy for all the evils along this line is vital religion, which may be trusted to recreation, athletic exercises and amusement within just limits. Perhaps new rules are not needed so much as deep reaching revivals, and to that matter the inventive genius of our pastors may safely be restricted, by their good sense. As inventors of amusements of a pleas nature they would probably invite ridicule and would certainly get a great deal of it. Nothing is gained by condemnation of all recreation of whatever kind as inconsistant with the profession of a Christian. But the wholesome law of our nature makes recreation an exception, and forbids making it a business of life. To be of any value it must be the exception, and the more exceptional it is the sweeter it will taste.—*The Methodist.*

A recent occurence in Youngstown, Ohio, has given a fearful warning to the pestilent tribe of practical jokers. A young man named Henry Waters, somewhat prone to superstition, and of a rather humorous nature, had been in the habit of keeping a pistol at the head of his bed where he could reach it upon the slightest warning. For the purpose of enjoying an exhibition of his terror, a party of young fools secretly drew the bullets from the cartridges, leaving the powder undisturbed, and one of them, wrapped in a sheet, entered his room at midnight, while the rest waited near by. He awoke in great alarm, and, after a warning, fired at the figure. The bullet was thrown back against the head-board of the bed. This operation was repeated until the cartridges had all been discharged, and then the victim of a practical joke fell back upon his pillow with a scream. When lights were brought the miserable fools found their friend a raving maniac, and he is likely to remain one for the rest of his life.

A CORNER IN QUILLS.—There has been such a demand in New York for vaccine virus that some shrewd fellows actually got up a little corner in quills. Most of the quills used by physicians are Austrian quills, those raised in this country not being generally large enough, and the demand for quills has raised the price from $11 to $12.50 per gross. A very good substitute for quills is made from ivory chips. One dealer recently gave an order for 100,000 of these ivory points.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Work at Mountain Lake Park will shortly be commenced in earnest.

—Dr. Samuel P. Smith, of Cumberland, died at his residence Thursday morning.

—Lenten services at Episcopal Church every Wednesday and Friday at 4 P. M.

—Sunday Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., left for Howard County, this State, to visit his father who was very ill.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—The hotel improvements at Oakland and Deer Park are progressing rapidly, and will undoubtedly be completed in time for summer visitors.

—Mr. G. E. Hinkley, our enterprising merchant tailor left Oakland Thursday morning to visit the scenes of his youth in Frederick county, Va.

—Found—on the Oakland and Aurora road near Thompson's, last fall, a new leather line. The owner can have it by calling on Mr. John Stasbach.

—A new postoffice is to be established at Pompey Smash, to which the mails will be supplied over the George's Creek and Cumberland Railroad.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Accident, Md., February 28th, 1882, by Rev. John J. Young, Dr. A. F. Spiker, of Grantsville, and Miss Emma C. McMillen, of Accident.

—Mr. H. H. Maushach, the famous merchant tailor of Wheeling, W. Va., will be in Oakland, March 14th, with a complete line of samples. He will be pleased to have you call and see them.

—Mr. Daniel Smouse an old resident of Cumberland, who left there about 25 years ago, is doing an excellent business in Iowa with his patent skimmer and evaporator for making maple sugar and sugar cane syrups.

—The nomination of Col. H. J Johnson, editor of the Cumberland *News*, to be Postmaster at Cumberland, was sent to the Senate by President Arthur Tuesday afternoon, and will doubtless be confirmed as soon as reached in the order of business.

—Mr. D. H. Loar is delivering lumber for the Lake View Planing Mill. We understand that contracts have been entered into with Mr. D. E. Offutt and others for the furnishish of lumber to this mill.

—Mr. G. W. L. Myers, General Manager of the Lake View Planing Mill and Lumber Company, was in Oakland this week making arrangements for the early starting of the mill. A considerable quantity of lumber is already on the ground.

—The protracted meeting in the M. E. Church of this place, which has been in progress nearly four weeks, closed Wednesday night. During the meeting there have been more than fifty additions to the Church, and about as many conversions.

Church Services—Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. C. B. Ludwig.

Lutheran Services at Deer Park at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. C. B. Ludwig.

Episcopal Church—Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Special Bargains

will be given until the 15th of this month, in order to close out my entire stock of goods. Persons indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts between now and the above date.

J. A. ENLOW.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, March 4th, 1882.

Boner, Mary Ann,	Nutter, Tom,
Cowgill, Thomas,	Shuttlsworth, J. S.,
Felton, C. M.,	Sargent, Stephen E.,
Jones, Mahida,	Tracy, James,
Kennedy, John,	Tibbls, Levi, Sr.,
Morris, G. B. Dr.,	Wilt, Peter,
Martin, Lewis,	Wolf, Asbury,
Michaels, Sophia,	Walters, Elijah.
McDonald, John R.,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Frozen to Death.

On Friday of last week three colored men, employed on the North Branch railroad visited Deer Park, and after becoming intoxicated started for the camp about 5 o'clock P. M. One of the party, Robert Green by name, of Washington city, became separated from his companions, and was found Saturday morning on Backbone mountain, about four miles from Deer Park, frozen to death. The body was taken back to Deer Park, and on Monday an inquest was held and a verdict rendered that deceased came to his death by freezing, superinduced by intoxication. The body was sent to Washington. We understand that another of the party had his feet and legs badly frozen. At whose hands will this man's blood be required in the great day of final account.

The Planing Mill at Lake Park.

The Lake view Planing Mill and Lumber Company has just been organized in Wheeling, for the purpose of manufacturing lumber, erecting houses and doing a general mercantile business at Mountain Lake Park, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, in Garrett county, Md. Wheeler Combs, of Oakland, is President; J W. Gallagher, of Moundsville, vice-president; J. F. Paull, of Wheeling, secretary and treasurer, and G. W. L. Myers, of Fairmont, general manager. It is intended to commence operations at once.

Order of the Iron Hall.

W. H. Tower, Esq., deputy Supreme Justice, instituted the Order of the Iron Hall, Saturday night last, in Legge's Hall, Oakland.

The objects of this organization are to unite in the bonds of Union, protection and forbearance all acceptable white men, of good moral character, steady habits, and sound bodily health; to establish a relief fund for which members who have complied with all its laws, rules and regulations may receive the benefit of a sum not exceeding $25 per week when, by reason of disease or accident, they become disabled from following their usual or some other occupation, or, at one time of not more than $1,000 when they have held a continuous membership for seven years, provided that the total sum drawn shall not exceed, both in sick disability and other benefits the sum named in the certificate of membership.

The following officers were elected and installed:

Past Jondor Justice—W. H. Tower.
Chief Justice—B. T. Keller.
Vice Justice—E. H. Bartlett.
Accountant—H. W. Combs.
Cashier—J. Lee McComas.
Adjuster—E. J. Fringer.
Herald—G. D. White.
Prelate—A. G. Stargiss
Wichman—F. A. Thayer.
Vedette—T. J. Peddicord.
Medical Examiner—E. H. Bartlett.
Trustees—Drs. J. Lee McComas, E. H. Bartlett, B. F. Keller.

From the Cumberland News.

The Chief Judgeship.

CUMBERLAND, Feb. 22, 1882.

EDITOR DAILY NEWS:—The very long judicial term of fifteen years, as prescribed by the constitution of 1867, will expire with our next fall's election, when all the surviving judges elected in that year will go out of office. The people of this circuit, composed of Washington, Allegany and Garrett counties, will be called on to fill the places of two members of our bench, Judges Alvey and Motter.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that both political parties will be in the field at our next election with full judicial tickets. If parties will bring the judiciary into the political arena they ought by all means to carefully select their very best and fittest men for the bench. Allegany county will not be eligible to an associate judge, (she having one now in the person of Judge Pearre) but will be so as to chief judge.

As a candidate for this high office I would suggest publicly what I have heard mentioned privately a number of times that William John Read, of this city, would in every respect be acceptable and fit. Mr. Read was born, educated and raised here; is of fine presence and dignified address, with a character for integrity and uprightness unquestioned, possessing a high sense of honor and tone, with an intellect solid, clear, methodical and discriminating, and quite capable of solving any judicial problem. He was prepared and disciplined for the bar in the office of Judge Pearre when that gentleman was in a full and lucrative practice, but for a while afflicted and seriously disabled, thus casting upon the student severe and heavy professional labor, such as come to a practitioner of years standing. Under such auspices he came to the bar in 1864, a good lawyer and experienced practitioner. Since then he has enjoyed a generous and quiet practice, sufficient to develop and widen a susceptible capacity, but on the other hand it has not been such a miscellaneous and contradictory one as too often distracts and unsettles the legal mind, instead of giving it depth, width and balance. Mr. Read is thirty-eight years of age—in a judicial sense, young, but not too young—about the same age as his honor Judge Alvey was when he was elected in 1867. It was never even suggested at any time that he was too young for the place he has so well filled. It may be remarked in this connection, not unfitly, that all, or nearly all, the best Maryland judges went upon the bench early in life. The same rule obtains in other jurisdictions. The living Judge J. S. Black, went on the bench forty years ago, at the age of thirty-three; and Judge Gibson, of the same State, the greatest State judge in this country, took his seat in early life. Judge Marshall became chief Justice of the United States in mid-life, and served thirty-five years. Associate Justice Story, profound and learned, who wrote more elementary law than any other judge of any age, represented New England on the supreme bench for more than a third of a century, beginning his brilliant judicial career in his thirties. I know Mr. Read's native modesty would cause him to shrink from such exalted references, but propriety and good use will not be offended by recalling such historic facts. It can be said truthfully of Read, without disparagement to any other gentleman of the bar, that he would at once blend the dignity of the lawyer with the gravity of the judge, and he would always be mindful of the fact that the bar is an important and co-ordinate branch of the machinery of justice in its workings for the good of the people.

Mr. Read, though a stanch Republican, is not a professional politician, has never coveted nor accepted office away from the line of his profession. He was elected State's attorney in 1871 by a majority of about 800 when the Democratic party was nearly that much in the ascendency. In 1878 he was called to the mayoralty, of this city by a very large majority. It is needless to say how ably and acceptably he served the public in these two trusts. In 1877 he was flatteringly nominated for State Senator, but devotion to his profession was stronger than his inclination for Senatorial honors, so he put them aside and they fell upon another honored citizen of the county, Hon. John S. Combs.

CITIZEN.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of February:

Rufus Fansler and Anna Palmer.
Wm. Stanton and Anna M. Durst.
John A. Delawder, Jr., and Minnie C. Fink.
Silas Crow and Mary Jackson.
Hanson B. Lewis and Barbara A. Weimer.
William H. Miller and Sarah Beeghly.
A. F. Speicher and Emma C. McMillen.

Jimmy Brown's Coasting Party.

I have the same old, old story to tell. My combet has been such again at any rate, that's what father says—and I've had to go upstairs with him, and I needn't explain what that means. It seems very hard, for I'd tried to do my very best, and I'd heard Sue say, "That boy hasn't misbehaved for two days. Gracious, I wonder what can be the matter with him!" There's a fatality about it, I'm sure. Poor father! I must give him an awful lot of trouble, and I know he's had to get two new bamboo canes this winter just because I've done so wrong, though I never meant to do it.

It happened on account of coasting. We've got a magnificent hill. The road runs straight down the middle of it, and all you have to do is to keep on the road. There's a fence on one side, and if you run into it something has got to break. John Kruger, who is a stupid sort of a fellow, ran into it last week, head first, and smashed three pickets, and everybody said it was a mercy he hit it with his head, or he might have broken some of his bones and hurt himself. There isn't any fence on the other side; but if you run off the road on that side you'll go down the side of a hill that's steeper than the roof of the Episcopal church, and about a mile long, with a brook full of stones down at the bottom.

The other night Mr. Travers said—. But I forgot to say that Mr. Martin is back again, and coming to our house worse than ever. He was there, and Mr. Travers and Sue, all sitting in the parlor, where I was behaving and trying to make things pleasant, when Mr. Travers said, "It's a bright, moonlight night; let's all go out and coast." Sue said, "Oh! that would be lovely. Jimmy, get your sled." I didn't encourage them, and I told father so, but he wouldn't admit that Mr. Travers, or Sue, or Mr. Martin, or anybody could do anything wrong. What I said was, "I don't want to go coasting. It's cold, and I don't feel very well, and I think we ought all to go to bed early, so we can wake up real sweet and good tempered." But Sue just said: "Don't you preach, Jimmy; if you're lazy just say so and Mr. Travers will take us out." Then Mr. Martin must put in and say: "Perhaps the boy's afraid; don't tease him; he ought to be in bed anyhow." Now, I wasn't going to stand this, so I said: "Come on; I wanted to go all the time, but I thought it would be best for old people to stay at home, and that's why I didn't encourage you." So I got my double-ripper, and we all went out on the hill and started down.

I sat in front to steer, and Sue sat right behind me, and Mr. Travers sat behind her to hold her on, and Mr. Martin sat behind him. We went splendidly, only the dry snow flew so that I couldn't see anything, and that's why we got off the road and on the hill before I knew it. The hill was just one glare of ice, and the minute we struck the ice the sled started away like a hurricane. I had just time to hear Mr. Martin say, "Boy, mind what you're about, or I'll get off," when she struck something—I don't know what—and everybody was pitched into the air, and began sliding on the ice without anything to hold them, except me. I caught on a bare piece of rock and stopped myself. I could see Sue sitting up straight; and sliding like a streak of lightning, and crying: "Jimmy, father, mother, Mr. Martin! Oh, my! help me." Mr. Travers was on his stomach, about a rod behind her, and Mr. Martin was on his back, coming down head first, and beating them both. All of a sudden he began to go to pieces. Part of him would slide off one way, and then another part would try its luck by itself. I can tell you it was an awful and serreptitious sight. They all reached the bottom after a while, and when I saw they were not killed, I tried it myself, and landed all right. Sue was sitting still, and mourning, and saying: "My goodness gracious, I shall never be able to walk again. My comb is broken and that boy isn't fit to live." Mr. Travers wasn't hurt very much, and he fixed himself all right, but his overcoat looked as if he had stolen it from a scarecrow. When he had comforted Sue a little (and I must say some people are perfectly sickening the way they go on), he and I collected Martin—all except his teeth—and helped put him together, only I got his leg on wrong side first, then we helped him home.

This was why father said that my conduct was such, and that his friend Martin didn't seem to be able to come into his house without being insulted and injured by me. I never insulted him. It isn't my fault if he can't slide down a hill without coming apart. However, I've had my last suffering on account of him. The next time he comes apart where I am I shall not wait to be punished for it, but shall start straight for the North Pole, and if I discover it the British government will pay me mornamillion dollars. I'm able to sit down this morning, but my spirits are crushed, and I shall never enjoy this life at any more.—*Harper's Young People.*

"President Arthur is as polite as if he had come to the Presidency not by election but by birth. Mr. Bancroft the other day invited him to dinner, adding that he feared the etiquette of the White House would prevent the President from accepting the invitation. To which the President replied in writing, accepting the invitation, and saying: 'I am allowed to accept invitations from the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and —Mr. George Bancroft.' No Prince could have bettered this."—[*New York World.*

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 18 tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road at or near the Calmese place, and running through the lands of Daniel Annan and others, to intersect the Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park, a distance of about 1½ miles.

P. HAMILL,
THUMAN CASTEEL,
3 4 5 GEO. D. WHITE.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judgment to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POETRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poetry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches to the given line of lot 1899 and with it north 35 degrees, east 41 perches, then south 6¼ degrees, east 24 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
3 4 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned living five miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale two very large half-breed Shorthorn-Durham cows, and two very fine large three quarter bred Shorthorn-Durham yearling bulls. One of the cows measures 18½ hands high, and is built in proportion. Good dairy cows Prices reasonable. Also Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching, 13 for one dollar, and 26 for one dollar and fifty cents.

2 25 4t S. D. YODER.

BRIDGE PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Bear Creek, on the road leading from the Morgantown Road to Accident below George Schlosnagle's saw mill, or at the most convenient place.

JOHN WASS,
BENJAMIN GRIFFITH,
SAMUEL HILEMAN,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the county road running from Jonas Tice's to the widow Hetrick's, viz: To leave the old road 6ed at a point near Glade Run, and running thence between the lands of Andrew Pysell and Nancy Hetrick, intersecting the county road running from the Grantsville road to Eagles Mills, at a point near Christian Oreendorf's.

LEWIS BEITZELL,
JONAS J. TICE,
ANDREW PYSELL,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Breneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near Jonas Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 18 5 And others.

Estate of Alexander Mail, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of;

ALEXANDER MAIL,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of Feb., 1882.

1 8 2 3 LUKE MAIL, Administrator.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NOTICE.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, Nason McAllister, having with my wife Elizabeth McAllister, agreed to a final separation, and that for and in consideration of the sum of three hundred and forty dollars to me paid, out of the proceeds of the sale of our land to John G. Elsey, do hereby accept the same and release her from any obligation she may by law be under as my wife, and allow her freedom to separate and depart from me; and do further agree to in no sense molest or restrain her from seeking a home wherever she may desire, and never more to seek a reconciliation between us.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and affix my seal this 9th day of February 1882.

his
NASON X McALLISTER.
mark.
2 18 3 Test— W. H. TOWER.

ORDER NISI.

George T. Dunlop, vs. Sarah A. E. Blackburn. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, No. 90 Equity.

It is ordered this 10th day of February, A. D., 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by A. Hunter Boyd, Trustee, in the above case be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March next, provided a copy of this be inserted in some newspaper published at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $400.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
2 17 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,

vs.

William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Teeters, Samuel Teeters, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Hy. Barnes, —— Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Compainnt in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1821, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1803, and recorded in Liber D, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, wherein he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz, are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate of the revision, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John B. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John B. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Jacob Metz, both of whom died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: Isaac N. W. Metz, Emily Metz, John Metz, Eliza Metz and Elizabeth Metz, Isaac N. W. Metz is still living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, Emily intermarried with one William Spiker, both of whom are living and residing in Garrett county aforesaid, John Metz or any issue he might have had, have not been heard of for more than twenty years, Eliza Metz intermarried with Andrew Hewitt, and died intestate leaving surviving her, her husband Andrew Hewitt and one child Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Metz intermarried with Milton Morrow, Ruth Barnes, daughter of William Barnes, the original ancestor, intermarried with Isaac Metz, both of whom died intestate, leaving surviving them the following children and heirs at law: William Metz, Abigail Metz, Sarah Metz, Isaac Metz, Matilda Metz, Elizabeth Metz, Joseph Metz and Eliza Metz, Ruth Metz and John Metz, children of the said Ruth an Isaac Metz, died intestate without issue before their mother, Ruth Metz who died in the year A. D. 1863, intestate, Elizabeth Metz is still living and was intermarried with a man named Horan, now dead without issue, Eliza Metz is still living and intermarried with one Meshach Preston, now dead without issue, Abigail Metz died leaving issue, William Metz, who is intermarried with —— Fazenbaker, and Lavinia Metz who intermarried with Henry Spiker, Matilda Metz went West about forty years ago, and neither she nor her husband (if she had any) have been heard from since that time, Sarah Metz died since the death of her mother Ruth Metz, leaving Anne Metz, William Metz, intermarried with Huldah Barnes and died intestate, leaving children as heretofore named in this Bill, Isaac Metz intermarried with Anne Fazenbaker, and died intestate leaving surviving him, his widow and the following heirs at law: George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Metz, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Jacob Metz, Louisa Metz, Isaac Metz and Francis S. Metz, and of them Mary E. Metz intermarried with one Samuel Teeters, Francis S. Metz intermarried with Markey, Jacob and Isaac Metz, both died intestate and without issue, Joseph Metz a son of Ruth and Isaac Metz, both died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: John T. Metz, Mary M. Metz, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Metz, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz and Joseph Metz, of whom Mary M. Metz intermarried with James Darnley, both of whom are living, Rachel J. Metz intermarried with Howard Lease, both of whom are living, John Barnes, son of William Barnes, the common ancestor died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: Sarah Barnes, Nancy Barnes, Rachel Barnes, John Barnes, William Barnes, Henry Barnes, Joseph Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Mary E. Barnes and Daniel Barnes, of whom Sarah intermarried with one William Sigler, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heir at law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and James Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue.

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes, the following do not reside in the State of Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabith Horan, ——Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 4 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

A Turkish Wedding Reception.

An invitation to a Turkish wedding came to us through the wife of an Italian physician, and was for "ten o'clock"—a strange hour we thought—but it proved to be ten o'clock Turkish, which is about three o'clock in the afternoon, a la Frank. Turkish time is reckoned by the sun, and is always a problem to people keeping Frank time; and the Turks, to be exact, must have their watches changed every day.

We were a party of eight—all ladies; no gentlemen must be seen in the *harem-lik*, though this reception was at the house of the bridegroom. The sons take their brides to the father's house, and if it becomes crowded additional rooms are built.

We found the gates of the outer wall thrown wide open. A man servant stood inside to see that all left the overshoes in the court. To those of us who had not worn shoes that could be removed he made a deprecatory salaam, as if to say: "Your pardon, ma'am," and wiped our shoes with a damp sponge. (how much time and patience—yes, and money—our housewives would be saved if a like cleanly custom existed in America, for I fancy this is one secret of the Turkish carpets lasting for generations; that no dirt from the streets is ever brought in on to them.)

We were then motioned to go up the stairs and were first taken to the mother of the bridegroom, who was seated on a high divan, and received us with many salaams, but did not rise. She had a spilted sacque, of delicate lemon-colored satin, lined and trimmed with fur, thrown over her shoulders (the morning had been rainy and it was still cool,) and her other garments were made of rich Oriental stuffs; her head handkerchief was plain, but decorated in front with diamonds.

A young lady dressed in drab silk, made in the latest Parisian fashion, with feathers and diamond ornaments in her hair, received us standing, asked us to be seated and ordered coffee to be brought to us. We sat upon low divans which were built next to the walls of the room, and are piled with cushions covered with beautiful embroidery in silk and gold thread. The coffee was brought by three servants, one bearing the silver tray with the tiny china cups and zacfs (holders) of filigree silver, set with gems; another the coffee-pot, which was silver, and was carried in an elaborate dish hung by long silver chains, resembling an incense burner, and the third handed us the cups.

After a time "sweatmeats" were brought and served with great eleganee. The water was in gold goblets, the spoonholders of Bohemian glass, set in silver frames, and the jars for the "sweets" equally rich and elegant. But partaking of the talli is not easy if not to the "manner born." I had fortunately had previous lessons and could do it native fashion. A goblet of water is provided for each guest; two spoonholders, one for the spoons before they are used and one for soiled spoons. You take a spoon, fill it with talli (which is always something very sweet and delicious, either made of oranges, citron, currants, with the seeds all picked out with a needle, rose petals, or what is most delicious, a sugar paste flavored with flowers, violets, acacia, lavender, etc.), take it all into the mouth, place the spoon in the proper holder, take a glass of water and drink until the talli is entirely washed down the throat. This must be done as speedily as possible, however much you may wish to have the "sweetness long drawn out."

We remained in this room some time, those who knew Turkish, carrying on the conversation. The elderly ladies seemed to be assembled here. Many of them were dressed in broosa gauzes and silks, made in quaint, simple fashion, but wearing rich jewels—one wore the handsomest emerald ring I have ever seen. While the visiting was at its height a lady spread her prayer carpet in a corner of the room, with her face toward Mecca, threw a light shawl over her head, and went through with her devotions, often bowing her head to the floor. No one seemed to mind it at all, and when she arose she immediately joined again in the conversation.

From this room we were conducted to the room where the bride was to sit in state.

At one end of the room was a very high divan, so high as to require a step to climb on to it, covered with satin of bright colors, and over it were branches of artificial flowers and tinsel ornaments, forming quite a canopy. The room was handsomely furnished—chairs and sofas covered with damask silk, window draperies of the same material and carpet to match in color. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed in arabesque patterns. The seats were gradually filled with elegantly dressed ladies—silks and satins with long trains, feathers and diamond ornaments in the hair. One dress of lemon-colored satin elaborately trimmed with white lace and estooned with flowers, was especially rich and beautiful.

The bride was led in by two elderly women very simply dressed except for the diamonds flashing on their turbans, and followed by a little girl bearing her train. She walked very deliberately through the long room and climbed to her place under the canopy of flowers. The women took seats on either side of her and the little girl took a seat on the step in front of the divan.

The dress of the bride was of blue silk covered with embroidery in gold thread and seed pearls. The veil was blue gauze, to match the dress, and fell to the floor; over this was gold tinsel in fine threads, hanging in masses as long as the veil. These were fastened with a tiara of diamond ornaments, sprays of flowers and leaves, and diamonds were stuck upon her forehead, each cheek and the chin, and she wore several rings outside of her gloves.

We had no scruples about gazing at her, for she was there to be looked at. She could not move a muscle of her face, as you can imagine, with all those ornaments upon it. She did not appear young or beautiful, which was not strange with such disfigurements.

In an outer room the "unbidden" guests assemble. On such occasions the house is open for every one to come into the hall in the centre of the house, and the bride was led out for the common people to get a look at her magnificence. There was a crowd of village women in yashmak and feredji coming and going.

Behind a screen in this hall were musicians who make the fun of the occasion. Turkish music is unlike any other—hardly classic—but it is more thrilling and exciting than any I have ever heard. Some of the natives peeped behind the screen, and there was giggling and laughing, but I suppose it was too Oriental for us to be allowed to see or hear much of it.

Before we left we were shown the bridal bed. The bedstead was profusely gilded and hung with satin damask; the sheets and pillow cases were of the finest linen, hemstitched and embroidered with vines of silver. There were two yorshans or comforters—one of blue silk covered with gold embroidery, the other pink silk, thickly set with gilt spangles.

The wedding festivities continue a week, partly at the home of the bride and partly at the home of the groom.

The reception which I have described is about the last. Then the life with the mother-in-law begins. The bride cannot speak in her presence, unless she is given permission, for years, perhaps not ever, if she takes a dislike to her, and she is called the bride until a newer-married person is brought to the house.—*Constantinople Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Trichina Talk.

"The worms as found in pork, with very rare exceptions, are in a torpid condition, coiled up and imprisoned in a tough sack or capsule, which they never leave until the pork is eaten by some animal, the gastric juice of which dissolves the sacks and sets the worms free, to increase in size, pair and breed. Each female produces a brood estimated at from 2,000 to 20,000. The young ones cling to the villi of the host's intestines, producing diarrhea, which is the first symptom of trichinosis. After breeding for some weeks the old trichinæ die and are ejected from the system. The young ones bore through the walls of the intestines and make their way along the fibres of those muscles which are able to move by will. The worms absorb the juices as they pass along. Continuing the migration for about a week they reach the proper age or condition to go to rest. They then bore through the sarcolema or coating of a fibre of the muscle, and coil up within it. This produces rheumatoid pains, inflammation and swelling of the muscles occurs about two weeks after eating the infected meat, and is the most critical stage for the subject. If the brood is not sufficiently numerous to cause death to the patient, a cyst forms around each worm, inflammation goes down and they cease to trouble their host, who may from time to time take other broods until he becomes infested with millions of trichina and yet live in good health.

"Enormous numbers of trichinæ have been found in human subjects who have died from accidents and other causes, and have not been suspected of harboring trichinæ. In a German who died in the London hospital from wounds, Drs. Thudichum and Cobbold found about 100,000,000 of trichinæ, or at least the number counted in small portions of the flesh warranted that number in the whole body. These had, no doubt, got in the subject a few thousand at a time. There were perhaps years between taking the first and later lots, the subject being addicted to eating raw and under-done meats. Fortunately, thorough cooking meat will destroy all trichinæ it may contain. A very large number of experiments has been conducted in England and Germany by feeding trichinous flesh to various animals and birds, and these give us a complete history of trichina.—*From an Interview with a Detroit Microscopist,*

Steam-Ships and Emigration.

Emigration has in these latter years had its character and its proportions radically altered by the revolution in the facilities of communication between the opposite shores of the Atlanta. It is not only that the ease and cheapness and speed of transit have abated the terror and mistrust which emigration once excited. The emigrant felt that there was no place for repentance if his new home should not content him. He now is conscious that a return is a matter of a few weeks and a few pounds. Though he may never cross back himself, he beholds perpetually friends and neighbors coming and going. He hears of relatives at home. The fashions and customs of his old and his adopted country are constantly assimilating. But a more important effect, in its bearing on the recent growth of emigration, of the breadth and smoothness of the high-road, which steam by land and sea has paved between the Old World and the New, is the impulse it has given to the import of raw produce from the former. The road sloped once only one way, and that way in the direction away from Europe. Emigrants went to found colonies and establish themselves in fresh homes. Their departure relieved the mother country from disaffected agitators, or from cries for food it could not satisfy. So far it benefited, and it expected nothing more. The importation on a great scale of food from the rich American soil is a novel result of European emigration. A few years ago it was impossible to look upon emigration as a means of feeding Europe. No means existed of conveying either from the American plantations to the Atlantic sea-board or from the sea-board to Europe the surplus food, abundant as it might be. A couple of centuries back Surrey could not sell its surplus stock in London. Fifty years since the American Northwest would yet more in vain have raised its millions of bushels of grain which a hungry Europe could not have touched. American corn-fields have now been brought by steam within tangible distance of Europe; Europe accordingly dispatches its reapers to get in the harvest.—*London Times.*

—When Representative William H. Felton went to Augusta, Ga., the other day to deliver his promised speech, Mrs. Felton was asked why she braved the stormy weather and came also, and she replied: "I have had charge of the Doctor for twenty-eight years, and do not propose to let him venture off by himself now."

—A young man has been committed to the Maine State Insane Hospital who, having recently sold a tract of land at a profit of $2,000, was so much disturbed mentally that he went about among his business acquaintances selling counties and States.

The Hen and the Alligator.

The St. John's River is the alligator's paradise. Its shallow banks keep the alligators out of harm's way from the passing boat. There they lay stretched out on the sand, with no one to molest them. Now and then a passing shot from some fool on a steamboat wakes one up, when he opens both eyes wide, takes one look around, and sinks in the water till the fool gets by. The chances of killing an alligator with a rifle are about one in 500. Unless you hit him in the eye, you have no chance at all. His throat and the little tender spot under his fore legs, are always well covered. The bone of the alligators head—that is, his long skull—is at least an inch thick. Nothing but the ball from a field-battery would disturb him at all. Buckshot would be nothing but mosquito-bites to an old alligator. Alligators lay their eggs in the sand, in a sunny place where the temperature is sure to be warm enough to sustain animal growth. If a cold snap comes, it kills the life of the egg, just the same as the chickens die in a hen's egg when the old hen stops off too long. In the case of the alligator the warm sand is the nest, and the sun is the old hen. The sun sits on the nest all day, and gets it so warm that it continues to keep warm during the night. The ostrich is a lazy bird, and like the alligator it shirks the "setting" business off on the sun. In fact, there is no need of any bird "setting" on its eggs in the Tropical regions. Captain Larkin tells me that he has hatched goose-eggs and hen's-eggs in the warm sand.

"I place them just as the alligator does," said the Captain, "where they are continually warm, with the small end of the egg up and just sticking through the sand. I spread a blanket over them at night, and at the end of three weeks the chickens jump out and commence eating the musquitoes."

"Did you ever, vice versa, hatch alligator's eggs under a hen, Captain?" I asked.

"No; but Mr. Pratt, the editor of the Palotka *Herald*, and Colonel Hart, who has the big orange-grove over the river, have done so, and it was a very curious experiment, too."

A moment afterwards the Captain introduced me to Mr. Pratt. "He is a very careful and truthful man, do," said the Captain, "and the best authority we have on alligators."

"What was it about you and Colonel Hart hatching alligator's eggs under a hen, Mr. Pratt?" I asked.

"Why, yes, we tried it. We hatched out two litters—one under a goose, and the other under an old hen. The goose staid around the nest after the young 'gators came, for some time. She was very much puzzled. She couldn't give up the idea that they were her goslings, but still she didn't want to claim them. So she'd go to the nest and look in very mournfully, as men look at the remains at a funeral, and then go away and think."

"Who fed the little alligators?"

"O, little 'gators don't eat anything. They will live for weeks on absolutely nothing. I've kept 'gators till they were a foot long, and never given them anything to eat. They simply lie still and grow. They live on air."

"What did the old hen do?"

"Well, she was different. She didn't act like the goose. She was a very stubborn old hen. I had tried to break her up. We'd tied her off the nest, ducked her in the water, and done everything to stop her setting; but she would set. So I put ten 'gators' eggs under her in the sand, and let her go at it. I thought she'd get tired; but she sat five weeks on those eggs, and finally they hatched out six as lively little 'gators as you ever saw. The little fellows, you know, are quite frolicky. I saw by the looks of the old hen, the morning that the 'gators hatched out, that something was up. The old hen clucked in a slow, motherly way, as if she was very proud. I don't think she'd seen the 'gators, though. Well, the second day I threw some corn around the old hen, and she came off to eat. I knew she wouldn't go back again if she ever saw the gators; but I wanted to see just what she would do. So Colonel Hart and I watched the nest."

"Did she come back?"

"Yes, and what do you think she did? Why, she just clucked around the nest, as if it was the loveliest brood of white chickens on earth. Why, the old fool actually went and sat down on the nest, and never noticed the difference. I always knew hens were darned fools, but I never took them for beastly idiots before. That hen sat on those little 'gators for four days, till the little fellows began to crawl out of the nest and drop into the muddy water. And even then the old hen staid around, clucked to them, and tried to feed them. Colonel Hart has three of those 'gators now in his duck house, two years old, and as gentle as kittens. They do everything we tell them to. We are going to break them to the bit when they get about six years old, and use them to draw the ferry-boat between the Larkin House and Colonel Hart's orange-grove."

"And the old hen?"

"Well, she's still around. She walks around the 'gators still and takes a motherly pride in them."—*Eli Perkins, in Chicago Tribune.*

The Highest Railroad Bridge.

The Kinzua Creek flows at the bottom of a ravine between Bradford and Alton, Pa., over 300 feet deep and 2,250 feet wide. This chasm has for years prevented a railroad connection between that region and Pittsburgh. The Erie railway is now spanning the ravine with a bridge, to make the long desired connection by extending its Bradford branch to Johnsburg, Pa. The bridge will be the highest railroad bridge in the world—305 feet. This is sixty feet higher than the Niagara Suspension Bridge, 170 feet higher than the great bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati, 189 feet above High Bridge, New York; 170 feet higher than the East River Bridge, and 45 feet higher than Portage Railroad Bridge over the Genesee River. The Kinzua structure will consume 40,000,000 pounds of iron. It will require 30,000 yards of masonry. The cost will be over $500,000. The Bradford branch will connect with the low grade division of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, and will make a short through route between New York and Pittsburgh.—*Bradford (Pa.) Special.*

—Nervous spasms are usually relieved by a little salt taken into the mouth and allowed to dissolve.

For Young Readers.

THE LAST YEAR'S DOLL.

I'm only a last year's dollie!
I thought I was lovely and fair—
Humbug, for the cheeks that were rosy,
Alas, for the *once* flowing hair!
I'm sure that my back is broken,
For it hurts me when I rise!
Oh, I'd cry for very sorrow,
But I've lost out both my eyes!

In comes my pretty mistress,
With my rival in her arms—
A fine young miss, most surely,
Arrayed in her borrowed charms!
My dresses, and my slippers, too,
But sadder, oh, sadder than all,
She's won the dear love I have lost,
For I'm only a *last year's doll!*

Oh, pity me, hearts that are tender,
I'm lonely and battered and bruised.
I'm tucked out of sight in the closet,
Forgotten, despised and abused!
I'm only a last year's dolly,
Alone with my troubled heart;
Sweet mistress, still I love thee,
Inconstant though thou art!

—*Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.*

THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

I don't know what the almanac man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest, and Dan was certainly the one who understood the matter best.

It began pretty much like other days, only that there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying, and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps, if his mind had not been already made up, he would not have minded so much when his father said at the breakfast table:

"We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready to go at it."

Daniel's appetite was gone at once. How he hated to turn that heavy creaking old grindstone! and how sure his father was to find a dozen things to do first, and keep him waiting all the morning! He went around by the sink drain, and dug his bait; he examined his fishing-pole; he put up his lunch; he even tried a worm on the hook; and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden, and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the mill-pond, and in the middle of the road near by stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth round stone from the wall, and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise top tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed—at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nanny Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chaise, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the mill-pond.

"Daniel! Daniel? Come on, now, and be spry about it!" called his father, as he moved toward the grindstone; and Dan obeyed, though he felt as if his feet had all at once turned to lead.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "Crrr-crrr-crrr," rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dane. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "I reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work, and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell everybody. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased.

Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded along.

"Get up, Whitey," urged the Deacon; "it's getting along toward chore-time. Whitey ain't so spry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nanny in the shay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey. I reckon something must scart him; but he just trotted off home as stiddy as if I'd been driving, and waited at the door for mother to come and get Nanny before he went to the barn."

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "it was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to."

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him."

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rubbing his stubbly chin, and looking curiously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin."

"I never will," said Dan, solemnly.

"This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Harper's Young People.*

Doing Things Easily.

What I detest the care to be spotless as a lily, sweet and fresh as lavender, a blessing to those who see her, a part of all fair and comely scenes, instead of something discordant, marring them? I refuse to believe it of any girl who reads this. Now, let the Wise Blackbird drop a bit of wisdom in your ears which will take the harshness out of every disagreeable duty in life. In Dr. John Todd's "Letters to a Daughter" he wrote: "Whatever one does well she is sure to do easily," and words to the effect that what one goes at thoroughly ceases to be disagreeable. I know a girl of twenty years ago who took these words into her heart, and they have made work the pleasure of her life. All the careless people who watch her cry out at the trouble she takes with everything she does; but they are very apt to say, after all is through: "You have such an easy way of turning off things, and things always stay done for you." Of course they do. Thoroughly is the Saxon for through, and anything that is thoroughly done is through with. It is a queer paradox that if you try to do things easily, to shirk and slur them over, you will always find it hard to get along; while if you put all sorts of pains into your work, and never think how easily it can be done, but how well it can be, you find it growing easier day by day.—*Wide Awake.*

Tackling a Tiger.

In the afternoon we continued on our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about four o'clock we turned toward our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning when he exclaimed: "Beware, Sahib!" and a full-grown tiger went past us at gallop. A straggling volley was fired after it, and, although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing itself on its hind legs clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or table. Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its claws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat; and then growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions, and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me, but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jostled through the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under very similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I can not tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile.

They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, though, as yet, I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and lacerating my chest with his claws. A shot was fired and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire so high.

The second and third shots were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not repress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, very fortunate for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see him, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend Grant was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

Captain Lucy and some of the natives came up and proceeded to stanch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my thigh was the worst. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible.

The wounds on the chest were also severe, but my shoulder was not very much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and, upon recovering consciousness, found I was being carried along on a rough litter formed of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg, and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping place.

As soon as the news spread about Shallangat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding around our tent to see it. The hub-bub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of tom-toms and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued all night.

The following day fever set in, and toward noon I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals, I was in this state for five days.—*From "John Bradley in Burmah."*

—Dr. James McCosh, the President of Princeton College, is an excellent baseball player.

The Illuminator.

The existence of good feeling on the part of the French Nation for the people of this country is shown by the presentation of a colossal bronze figure of Freedom holding aloft the torch of Liberty. Beauty, with usefulness, is combined in this immense work of art, as the bright, blazing torch will serve the purpose of a beacon light in the harbor of New York. There is another figure which will challenge larger praise and admiration than even the great work above referred to. It is illustrated herewith, and represents the aged and worthy ST. JACOBS, holding aloft in his hand that beacon which will guide aright all sailing upon the sea of life, whose waters abound with the shoals and dangerous places of sickness and disease. The light it casts is designed to show that ST. JACOBS OIL is the true and trusted means of keeping the body on its proper course, and of easing and "righting" it should it be unfortunately cast upon the shoals of rheumatism or other painful ailments. Thousands of grateful ones throughout the world have proved the value and felt the good of this Great German Remedy, and are glad to recommend it to all needing the services of just such a remedy. In this connection Mr. John S. Briggs, a well known citizen of Omaha, Neb., told a newspaper man that he was terribly afflicted with an acute attack of rheumatism in his back. The disease, which had been preying upon him for years had drawn him out of shape. He resorted to every remedy known to physicians, but found no relief until he tried ST. JACOBS OIL, one bottle of which effected a complete and radical cure. Another case may justify reference:

A VETERAN SEAMAN'S TROUBLE.

Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.: I send you this, feeling that the information conveyed will be of material benefit to many of your readers. One of our oldest citizens, Captain C. W. Boynton, the Government Light-house keeper at this point, is probably one of the oldest seamen in America, having sailed twenty-six years on the lakes. After this forty-six years' service his eyesight failed him and he kept the Light at Chicago until the Government built the Grass Point Light here, when he was transferred. While seated in my store this morning the Captain volunteered the following written statement: "This is to certify that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty (20) years, both in my side and limbs. I am happy to say that, after using less than two bottles of the ST. JACOBS OIL, I am entirely free from pain, though still limping somewhat when walking, from long force of habit. C. W. BOYNTON." Referring to the foregoing facts, I might allude to numerous similar cases that have come to my notice, but "a word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHN GOEBEL, Pharmacist, Evanston, Ill.

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CARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Mincemeat—Take eight pounds of beef, two and one-half pounds of suet, three pounds of currents, two and one-half pounds of citron, four pounds of sugar, one peck of apples, four lemons, one ounce of nutmeg, one-half ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of mace, a little salt and one quart of cider. Mix well.

—Hominy fritters go well on a cold morning with coffee. Take two teacupfuls of cold boiled hominy, one cup of sweet milk, four table-spoonfuls of flour, a little salt, and one egg; beat vigorously and drop with a spoon into hot lard; fry until brown. Rice fritters can be made in exactly the same way by substituting boiled rice for hominy.

—The largest horse known was recently purchased in Ohio by parties living in New York. It is of Norman breed, of iron-gray color, and weighs 2,045 pounds, being heavier by several hundred pounds than Barnum's big horse. The animal is but three years old, and instead of being clumsy and ill-proportioned, as would naturally be supposed, is of perfect form and symmetrically built.

—Napkin rings to dress the table, and especially to please the children of the household, are made of soft unbleached twine. Make a chain the required size, then crochet round and round until the ring is wide enough, finish with a small scallop, then starch them off very stiff, slip them over a bottle to dry and smooth out all the wrinkles. When dry run a different-colored ribbon in each ring, and tie in a tiny bow.

—Some young housekeepers, and all servants, need to be cautioned once in awhile in regard to their manner of using spoons in cooking. The best solid silver ones (which almost invariably suggest the wedding-day) are certainly unsuitable to scrape kettles and saucepans with. The plated ones are no better fitted for the purpose, and who but a chemist can tell how certain acids will act on the metal, and subsequently on the family? A liberal supply of cooking-spoons, which can be bought at any first-class hardware store, should be provided. Two or three of the old-fashioned light spoons, made of wood, are useful also for some kinds of stirring and beating.

—Stewed Celery—Prepare one head of celery, two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, three gills of milk, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt. Wash the celery thoroughly, cut it into inch-lengths, when it should be put into a saucepan, covered with boiling water, and cooked until tender, the length of time for which depends entirely upon the age and quality of the celery. When tender the water must be poured off, the milk and flour mixed together in a bowl, which season with the pepper and salt, and pouring it over the celery, return the saucepan to the fire, stirring all until the milk boils, when the butter must be added and the stew served hot.

Value of the Hay Crop.

There are few, who have not given the subject especial attention, who appreciate the value of the hay crop to the people of all the States. In the year 1880, as we learn from the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, the value of the four most important crops of the country was estimated as follows. Corn, $679,714,499; wheat, $474,201,850; hay, $371,811,084 and cotton, $280,266,242. The value of the hay crop of New York alone was $80,261,928; that of Pennsylvania, $44,728,704, and that of the little State of Vermont, whose entire agricultural product was only $18,022,847, amounted to the astonishing sum of $12,293,112: In Missouri the hay crop was worth $10,605,395. In the Southern States this crop is strangely neglected. This is not because grass does not grow well in that quarter of the Union, nor that it does not remunerate the farmer. The yield in Vermont was only 1.08 tons per acre, worth $10.40 per ton, while in every Southern State the yield was greater and the product worth more per ton. The highest yield of hay per acre in the United States was in Texas, and the yield in every Southern State was above the average, and the value of the crop per acre much above the value of the same crop in the North and West. The greatest value per acre of the hay crop in any State was in Georgia, where it was worth $30. In Missouri it was worth $12.94 per acre, while wheat was worth $11.93 and corn only $10.22. Of course there is a limit to the demand for hay, but it is plain that it is not reached in the West or South. It is therefore a little curious that a crop so pleasant to handle and so profitable is not given a more prominent place in the catalogue of agricultural products.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Drinking in Cold Weather.

When a sudden cold snap follows a warm spell, animals of all kind are apt to drink much less than they need, unless water is where they can get it without exposure to the cold. Perhaps they need less at such times; but often they suffer from thirst before going out in the cold to drink. Thrifty condition at such times is promoted by careful watering more than by high feeding. This is especially true of poultry and milch cows. Meal or cut feed is better for cows at other times, but when they are in danger of getting two little water, after they have been put up for the night, I gave a pail of thin slop, so thin that it will be drunk rather than eaten. For fowls I give a light feed of corn just after daylight every morning, a feed of bran and mill feed, mixed with warm water, at noon, and at night as much corn as they will eat greedily, to protect them from the cold. Of course, water is kept in the hen house constantly but it cannot be always warm and sometimes the surface will have a thin film of ice over it. By feeding warm, soft food once a day, I insure their taking some moisture with their food. When the weather turns warmer I give the corn only at night, the bran and mill feed mixed with warm water in the morning, and a few wheat screenings at noon. It is not worth while to throw away wheat screenings in the coldest weather, when the most the fowls eat goes to support animal heat. Corn will do this better than anything else for old fowls, and at this season there is little danger that corn will make the hens run too much to fat and too little to egg production.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Breaking Horses.

The subject of breaking horses is one that is frequently broached by correspondents, and is of so much importance that we never tire of answering questions and make suggestions with reference to it. Horses are very valuable property, as those who have them to buy especially recognize, and yet the value of horses which are annually ruined through ignorance and carelessness in breaking is very large. We now call to mind a fine colt which was practically ruined last year by the blundering of the man who was trying to teach it the ways of "horse civilization," but who did not know, or did not seem to know, any more than the colt did, if he did as much. Just through clear stupidity that animal was converted into a kicker of the most vicious kind, and is one to-day. It, therefore, is very important that if we have colts at all, we should know how to manage them, to the end that they may be developed into as perfect horses as possible.

In order to accomplish this kindness will not do it all, but it will go a very long ways, and without kindness nothing can be accomplished. You cannot beat and swear a colt into a good horse. This course has been pursued ever since the first few colts were foiled and the universal verdict is that it is a lamentable failure. Even they who whip the hardest, and swear the loudest will agree to that verdict. The Arab, as is well known brings the horse to such marvelous perfection as characterizes Arabian horses, through the excercise of unvarying kindness from the time the colt is foiled until the horse dies. The family and the colt occupy the same apartments frequently, and the animal is at all times perfectly familiar with the voice and touch of those about him. He fears nothing, for there is nothing to fear. He learns from the very beginning that man is his friend and protector. The idea of master, which obtains among us, is never entertained in Arabia, while in truth the Arabian is more truly and perfectly the master than we are. We are apparently satisfied with the name, and with what satisfaction comes from acting the role of the tyrant, while the Arab seeks the reality, and does not aspire to be tyrannical.

As soon as we learn the important lesson which Arabian horsemanship teaches we shall have more good horses and shall be better satisfied with ourselves. We shall then find the colt broken at the time we now usually begin to break it from the very commencement of its existence, we shall accustom it to being handled, and gradually accustom it to trappings which will resemble the harness, until the time comes for turning the play into reality, the work will have all been done. This should be the aim of every horse-breeder. The confidence of the colt should be early won, and it can be won much earlier in colthood than it can be when the time has arrived at what we now call the breaking time.

The age at which a colt should be put to work should be when it has substantially obtained its growth, or rather when it has become perfectly developed. The most of our colts are put to work too young, especially if they have grown rapidly. We seem to forget that an overgrown colt is like an overgrown boy—has the size but not the strength. Strength, which is only another term for complete physical development, must come with time as a rule, and if we put a colt to work before its development has been secured, we shall injure it just in proportion as we work it beyond its strength. The laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. It may be said that our colts are usually broken from one to three years sooner than they should be.

In horse breeding and horse rearing, we are like, as we are in most everything else, a little careless. This country ought to breed and rear the best horses in the world, as is evidenced in our success in trotting stock. If America continues to out-strip the European horse upon the European race-course, the time will come when the trotter of the European will come from America. But that style of horses is the most useless of any, and we should endeavor to breed up our general purpose and draft horses, until we can export instead of being under the necessity of importing. We can do it, too, if we are careful.—*Western Rural.*

A Good Word for Parsnips.

The climate for most parts of this country is poorly adapted to the growth of turnips and other vegetables that grow near the surface of the ground or project above it in part. If a drought occurs they are likely to be hard and stringy. Carrots and parsnips, however, are less likely to be injured in this way, as they grow entirely underground. The extremity of their roots penetrate the soil to a long distance and obtain moisture even in a dry time. Their leaves, which are near the surface, shade the soil and help to keep it moist. Parsnips are very productive and have no insect enemies. They can be harvested late in the fall and preserved in pits for winter use or allowed to remain in the ground all winter. Parsnips are improved instead of injured by the process of freezing, which changes the starch they contain into sugar. Children who do not like most kinds of vegetables are very fond of parsnips. To be prepared for the table as they should be they should be first boiled and then fried till the surfaces are brown. Many use parsnips only in the spring, but by digging them in the fall and preserving them where they will not be in danger of constant freezing and thawing, they are in excellent condition to use at any time during cold weather. In the island of Jersey, parsnips are extensively raised for milch cows. In France they are employed for feeding fowls at all seasons of the year. When fed to fowls that are to be fattened they are first boiled and then fried in cheap fat. It is necessary to thin parsnips by hand and to weed them once in the same way, but most of the work of cultivation can be performed by a horse cultivator. After the leaves cover most of the ground no labor is required except to pull up the large weeds that appear between the rows.—*Chicago Times.*

—A farmer at Wethersfield, Conn., gathered 576 eggs in January from twenty-three pullets of last year's raising.

Pinte Engineering.

Yesterday afternoon a bevy of Piute squaws were at work wood-gathering on Mill street, a short distance above the high railroad bridge that crosses over to the grounds of the Ophir Mining company. They had secured a stick of wood which was to long to be conveniently carried, and desired to break it in two. Such was the problem to be solved, and they went about the business as follows: The stubborn stick was placed in a slanting position against a bowlder some four feet in height. This being arranged two squaws raised a rock that would weigh about 150 pounds, and placed it on the head of a third squaw. The squaw after properly poising the rock with her hands, made a short run, then springing from her feet, after the fashion of a fighting ram, discharged the ponderous rock.

She missed her aim. The rock, after describing a curve of several feet in the air, fell with a crash against the bowlder alongside of the stick of wood.

She was evidently a good deal chagrined at the failure of the first effort. When the rock was again poised upon her head, she walked off some thirty feet, and when she darted forward, it was plainly to be seen that she meant mischief.

Running forward some twenty feet she suddenly bounded high in the air and discharged the great rock. Being but light and slender, when the heavy rock left her head all ballast was gone and she spun around in the air some four or five times, finally coming down on her feet and all right. The result of her effort was, however, somewhat disastrous to one of her assistants. The stick was fairly struck and broken, but the upper end of it flew back and struck the largest and fattest squaw squarely in the stomach, stretching her upon the ground as one dead. A great outcry was raised by all the squaws and papooses, a lot of bucks came tearing down the railroad track from the neighborhood of the lumber-yards, and for a time there was a great commotion. A few handfulls of snow finally brought the injured squaw to her legs, and when she got up she gazed wildly about as though wondering to see that no one else was injured by the explosion.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

The Rabbit Plague in Australia.

We have lately been told by an Antipodean contemporary that a desperate struggle is now going on in South Australia between man and rabbit "for the survial of the fittest." Every device has been tentatively employed by the farmer to get the better of his destructive and ubiquitous little enemy, but "Providence"—as Napoleon was want to say—"favors big battalions," and the victory remains hitherto with the swarming armies of the aggressive rodent. Ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported from England and turned down among the rabbit-infested districts; but the extraordinary and unnatural result has been that, after a short time, the mustelidæ or weasel tribes began to fraternize with the "nimble, skipping little animals," as Lord Granville once called rabbits in the House of Lords. For a while it was hoped that poison, in the form of steeped wheat or of phosphorized oats, would keep the rabbits down; but hitherto they have triumphed over the puny onslaughts of their human assailants. It has been suggested—and by no one more forcibly than by Lord Elcho—that wire-netting should be thrown around the Australian wheat-fields to keep the rabbits out; but the expense is great, for the rabbit is a great jumper, and can easily clear an obstacle which is less than four feet in height. Lord Elcho gave a hint in these columns to Australian agriculturists how to plant their wire-netting so that the rabbits could not burrow under it, his advice being that the bottom of the netting should be buried underground, with an elbow turned up two or three inches below the surface, and running outward at right angles to the upright stand. The rabbit, when he begins to burrow, soon lights upon the buried obstruction, and gives up the attempt to scratch his way under the upright wire-netting which protects the crop from its hungry teeth.—*London Telegraph.*

Space and Electricity.

How far we have annihilated space and time by means of electricity let the following incident, related by the *Times of India*, show: "During the repairs of the telegraph cable near Bombay, the steamers Chiltern and Great Northern were about half a mile apart, the former having hold of a shore cable, and so was in telegraphic communication with Bombay; the latter having hold of a sea end, and so was in telegraphic communication with Aden. The Chiltern desired the Great Northern to splice on to the cable end held by the latter, and pay out three-quarters of a mile of cable, and this was communicated by wire from the test-room of the Chiltern passing through all the coils of cables in her hold and on to Bombay, whence it was sent on to Aden, and back from Aden to the Great Northern. Thus, as a speedy means of sending a message half a mile, it was forwarded by a route between three and four thousand miles long. The following morning, when the two vessels were within a quarter of a mile of each other communications passed between them constantly in the same way." It is quite evident that as railway and steamboat traveling and telegraphing progress we shall have to adopt some other means of measuring distances than those we now posess.

—The fact that kaleidoscopes are more than mere toys will be a surprise to many people. But they are sold here in New York by opticians at a high price and made with expensive lenses. These expensive ones are used in all sorts of industrial drawing and designing. Architects sometimes take designs from them for architectural ornaments, and carpet-designers also employ them. The centerpieces made of plaster-of-Paris for ceilings are so designed. But the greatest use of the kaleidoscope is said to be in the manufacture of round stained glass windows.—*Christian Union.*

—At a meeting of the Boston Natural History Society, Mr. S. W. Garman gave an account of a wren found in the "Bad Lands" of Dakota, which protects its nest against hawks and owls by a barricades of stones.

—The Rev. Mr. Dayton, pastor of the Borden Valley Methodist Church, in the town of Avoca, N. Y., may be considered bigoted by some persons, but no one can charge him with hypocrisy. His parishioners gave him a "donation party," a week or two ago, in a class leader's house, and presented him with a purse containing $63. In the course of the evening the clergyman learned that some of the younger members of the company were dancing in an adjoining building. He condemned this form of amusement, and declared that he would quit the premises unless it were stopped at once. He supposed that his wishes had been complied with, but ascertaining afterward that the young people had kept on dancing, he gave back the $63 to the committee on the following Sunday, and directed that it should be distributed among the donors.

A SINGULARLY interesting case was lately referred to by the Brooklyn *Eagle*. It was told by Mr. W. A. Davenport, connected with the house of Messrs. Butler, Pitken & Co., 476 Broadway, New York, and concerned the marvelous cure of Mr. Ezra D. Clarkson, near Newark, N. J., of a terrible case of rheumatism, which other remedies had failed even to alleviate. He was on his way to a hospital when Mr. Davenport met him and induced him to try St. Jacobs Oil, with the result named.—*Cleveland (O.) Practical Farmer.*

"I've been heron bad things about you," saidone big hird to another. "Let's stork about somethiug else," was the response.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE Newark (N. J.) *Sunday Call* says: One of our Cincinnati exchanges cites the case of Mr. Haldeman, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil. His wife was cured of neuralgia by the same article, and every member of his family of some pain or ache by the Great German Remedy.

SUNFLOWER seeds are just as good for chicken feed as they were before they appeared in the æsthetic craze, and not a whit better.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

OSCAR WILDE yearns to see an American spring. Somebody should impart to Oscar the great secret of the bent pin.

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

WHATEVER you have to do, do it with all your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

THE potato is a susceptible vegetable. It is constantly getting mashed.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

O. R. Keith & Co.—What the Chicago Tribune says.

O. R. KEITH & Co., the representative Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery house of Chicago, have made the amplest arrangements for a greatly enlarged trade the present spring season. Their mammoth store of six floors, 160x175 feet, shows an immense stock of almost everything in the dry-goods line. For several years, they have been adding new lines of goods to their former stock, and their business has nearly doubled each year for the last three years. This new departure of a house with such an established reputation, large capital and business, by which it practically becomes one of the great general dry-goods houses for which Chicago is so famous, is of general interest to the trade and the public. Its great enterprise, large experience and unsurpassed facilities for obtaining the choicest fabrics and latest styles from the great fashion centers of Europe, and in the world's best markets, must make it the leading house in its lines in this country.

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Why! Because, with improved machinery now-a-days, a good, substantial buggy can be made for fifty dollars, about the cost of two saddles. Two persons can ride in one buggy and save you one horse, consequently saddles have nearly gone out of existence. For particulars send for an illustrated catalogue, mailed free on application. Address, Enterprise Carriage Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, O.

Ten Years' Experience.

CEDARVILLE, O., Dec. 16, 1881.

Have used Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family for ten years, and want nothing better as a cough remedy. J. A. HARENDD.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE continues to lead all competitors by a big majority. All dealers.

HOW PEOPLE do change, to be sure. There are the Pingreys, for instance. Six months ago, before they were married, when Henry used to leave her house, Martha would stand at the gate and throw kisses at him until he was out of sight. This morning, when he left home, instead of a kiss, Martha threw a fire shovel.—*Boston Transcript.*

A ROCKLAND mother went to the door and called the heir into the house. "You weren't sliding on Sunday, were you, Freddie?" she reproachfully exclaimed. "No, mother," replied the youthful Freddie, promptly; "I cannot tell a lie—I was sliding on the ice."—*Rockland Courier.*

SAID the Speaker to the member: "The gentleman is out of order." "Out of order, am I?" indignantly replied the member, "old hoss, if you just come out back of the building, I'll convince you I'm in as good order as any man in the State! Come on, old man?"

"OH, dear, I see there is a revival of anæsthetics again," said a New Haven woman, "and they do give sunflowers instead of chloroform to pull out teeth with. Well, I declare, I don't believe I ever could swallow a sunflower whole, in this world, ever."

A CLEVELAND man got desperate, resolved to commit suicide, and went and ate a custard pie at a railway restaurant.—*Boston Post.* It was an overdose, and the man recovered.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SOPHIA, sentimentally: "I dearly love to listen to the ticking of a clock. It seems to me that a clock has a language of its own." Mr. Smart: "Yes, Sophia, the clock has a language—you might say, a dial-ect."

AT the opera in Dublin a gentlemen sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.—*New York Post.*

PATER, who won a cool $500 on the election, bought his wife a pair of solitaires with the money. She approves of that kind of election ear-ring.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH made his way to fortune and fame by politeness. He was not one of the Elizabethan ruffs.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

[Correspondence of the Chicago Times.]

The World's Epileptic Institute.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., August 10, 1881.—While passing through St. Joseph, and having heard a great deal about the World's Epileptic Institute located here, I concluded to pay the celebrated Institution a short visit. We were met by Dr. Richmond, the proprietor, who has gained a reputation as broad as the land. He is a rather small, yet prepossessing man, of very affable and gentlemanly manners. He gave us a hearty welcome, and took great pains in showing us through his palatial and mammoth Institution. It is a five-story building, 209x180 feet, with basement, and contains over three hundred rooms, and can accommodate five hundred patients, and each and every room is furnished in the most elegant and lavish manner. But we will begin at the office, which is a large room furnished with rosewood furniture throughout. In the office are thousands of photographs of those who have been benefited by the Nervine. The walls are elegantly papered, and are profusely decorated with rich and costly pictures, relieved here and there by busts in stone and bronze of eminent men of this and other countries. In connection with the Institute is a mammoth printing house and bindery, occupying six or seven large rooms, and a score of presses are kept running night and day turning out work for the doctor. The office is one of the finest and most complete in the West, and he has the rooms decorated, carpeted and trimmed up with as much care and luxury as is his own private office. On the first floor of this mammoth building is the doctor's private office, the printing department, bindery, tank room, packing room, bottling room, consultation room, barber shop, drug store, cigar store, notion store, etc., all of which are neat and fitted up regardless of expense. The second floor has the hotel office, dining, billiard and cooking rooms, many guest chambers, and several parlors. The third and fourth floors are rooms, all of which are furnished with Brussels carpets and the finest of furniture. In fact, the entire house is furnished regardless of expense. The billiard room has six tables, all of which are free to the guests of the house and their friends. The bath room is large and neat, and that too is free to guests. The entire building, which is nearly new, is surrounded on the east and south by an elegant five acre park, in which are many lovely trees, beds of rich and rare plants, gravel walks and drives, delicious arbors, and a most beautiful summer house for social parties, etc. There are a number of fountains that add wonderfully to the beauty of the park. It is truly one of the most lovely and beautiful parks in the western country, and the Institute has no equal for luxury, beauty and comfort in the world. Everything is perfection, and the visitor is at once charmed with the entire place and its surroundings. An idea of the immensity of the doctor's business may be given when we say that on the day we visited the Institute he showed us to his express room, and we saw the expressman take goods labeled to the following places, to say nothing of hundreds of orders from all quarters of America: Lyons, France; Geneva, Switzerland; Madrid, Spain; Brussels, Belgium; Cape Town, Africa; Shanghai, China; Yokohama, Japan; Bombay, India; Melbourne, Australia. The doctor employs hundreds of men and women in his Institute in the several branches, aside from the immense force required to conduct the hotel. It is worth a visit, and Dr. Richmond extends to all a cordial welcome to come and see him. He and his wonderful medical discovery have given to St. Joseph a good name all over the habitable globe. The building is supplied with water and gas works, is admirably ventilated, and fire escapes are numerous. The park is prepared to be lighted up with gas, as lamps are scattered all over it.

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No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. NUMBER 2.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

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S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

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A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly** and **surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—T. O. FORE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

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For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. HOUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

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I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

MRS. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. No many children have died here. I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Harrell county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

DUEL ABOUT MISS IMOGENE.

Miss Imogene De Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle. Girls of all kinds, if they live, can be eighteen years old; but to be a beauty and a belle needs a concurrence of favorable circumstances. In Miss Imogene these favorable circumstances were of a decided order. She had a lovely face, a graceful figure, and she was the only child of the Hon. Lysander De Forest, an ex-Governor, an ex-Senator, and a probable foreign minister.

Besides, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and her bewitching smile. Girls of eighteen are not all wise, and perhaps Miss Imogene believed this; at any rate she looked as if she believed it. When wandering in the moonlight under the orange-trees, or when whirling through the waltz in some splendid feast, they were both quite certain that nothing but Miss Imogene's personal loveliness entered into their dreams concerning her.

Hitherto, though both pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance of friendship. Duval rather wished to do so; it gave him an honorable opportunity of watching his rival's chances; and Fontaine was of that order of men who like a little opposition. He intended at some favorable opportunity to make a *coup d'etat* and at once and forever put poor Duval out of the painful uncertainties of love. For somehow he regarded his own success as certain, and if the confident heart wins the fair lady, and the faint one loses her, he had some reason for his blissful security.

One lovely evening in the charming May—for May is charming in central Texas—Imogene was slowly riding across a prirle that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers. Duval was by her side, reciting Byron in a very touching manner. Imogene had casually noticed that two horsemen had emerged from a little wood, and were slowly following them; and she had also noticed that they had passed, at rather closer quarters than she liked, a herd of cattle, feeding. Whether the magnificent bull leading them was irritated by Duval's floating scarlet necktie, or by the poetry, or by motives beyond human comprehension, is uncertain, but his anger was positive enough. Bellowing and tearing up the ground, he came furiously after the lovers. Poetry and sentiment collapsed, and the first law of nature promptly asserted itself.

Both put their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact the question was this. Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, Duval, and I am turning sick and faint. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Let us separate. He can not follow both, and perhaps he will select me."

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had noticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse, one of them had risen in his stirrups, and thrown a lasso around the furious animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was one of the horsemen; the other who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The Governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks and no introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance and smile he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions, Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger! He was quite inexplicable. Gov. De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light, and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all the credit of the rescue to the Governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which Imogene and he once more changed eyes. The news soon spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only he had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed such an encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans always ready for such emergencies," etc. And really he did look so gallant and so handsome that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffaloes under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish to make Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit the two men went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one, equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutal danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-Governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighborhood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewilderingly unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of black hair and snowy flowers and her long drapery of some soft silky tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance, and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of his reciting poetry; consequently neither Duval nor Fontaine felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed, he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still he had one great advantage—he staid in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced he was indifferent to this great favor; for Duval had found opportunity of putting very clever leading questions to Mr. Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered them with the greatest candor.

Indeed, he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected that Duval, who really longed for a confidant, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think Fontaine would win Imogene?

John said he knew very little of women, but thought Fontaine would not win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidant, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in five minutes the two men were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John all his hopes and fears with regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaint's of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidant. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me, things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose either an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confidant of both men, a post not half so difficult as it appears at first sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval that he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouthpiece; and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet—a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and his charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smouldering fire can not always be controlled, and one night, when Imogene had been very haughty and cross to both Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the plazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and prostrate, Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air unconsciously irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was to-night!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half-smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Imogene is never ill-tempered," answered Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"You won't allow me? Understand I shall say what I choose about that lady. I do not recognize your right to defend her."

"Nor I yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more right than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes, I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequences of that speech, I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool, Fontaine! Send your second to me at midnight. If your valor holds till morning, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went in, in fact, to John Winthrop to ask him to make the needful arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persuasion, John agreed to do so; but ere Duval left, Fontaine tapped smartly at John's door, and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself almost obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation, but finding that impossible, made the strange proposition that he should act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour, and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen, and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in his heart as blood-thirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second has a great deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay, partly, he said, because he still hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at their usual desks in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural that no one attached any unusual meaning to it. Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree, and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontaine paced nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had intrusted to him. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar, when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas'r Jeff. Thought you'd done shooted each other for sure. I's been a-lookin' all around yar since sundown."

"What did you come here for?"

"Mas'r John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read yours by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friends, I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her two kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you. JOHN WINTHROP."

There was a moment's deadsilence, then Duval said: "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now; and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

How to Trim a Lamp.

There is such a vast difference in both the quantity and quality of light promised by a common coal oil or a kerosene lamp when properly trimmed and that produced by the same lamp when improperly trimmed, that it is surprising how any one of ordinary intelligence and observation can be satisfied to use, even for a single hour, an imperfectly trimmed lamp. Yet, strange to say, a large proportion of the millions of kerosene lamps that are in nightly use are not trimmed as they should be. Careless housekeepers and stupid servants think "it will just do as well." In trimming a lamp, to break the charred wick with the fingers, to saw it with a rough knife, or to haggle it with a pair of dull shears, as it will to clip it smoothly and evenly with a sharp trimmer. But people who are fastidious enough to care for a light they can read, sew, or do any kind of work by, with satisfaction and comfort, know that such is not the fact.

Since kerosene came into use as a light-producing agent, various implements for trimming lamps have been patented and placed upon the market; but, after a pretty thorough examination of the most of them, says a correspondent, I incline to the belief that nothing has yet been invented for the purpose quite so convenient, cheap and effective as a pair of ordinary, medium sized scissors. To do the work properly, however, the scissors must be sharp, for it is impossible to trim a lamp perfectly without a sharp trimmer.

The belief is quite general that to prevent a lamp wick from flaring at the corners and breaking the chimney, it must be cut rounding, to correspond with the cap or cover of the burner. My experience, however, coupled with close and careful observation, leads me to the conclusion that the way to trim a lamp so as to secure the very best result—to get the most and pleasantest light with the least breakage of chimneys—is to cut the wick parallel with the top of the burner.

When ready to trim the lamp remove the chimney. Raise the cap of the burner. Turn up the wick, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, clip it even with the top of the tube. Be careful not to cut or squeeze the tube with the scissors. See that no lint or thread remains on the wick, and that it has not been pushed out of its perpendicular position and cut diagonally. Close the cap over the tube, put the the chimney in place, and the lamp is ready for use. If these directions are strictly followed, it will, when lighted, yield a broad, straight-edged flame, without a notch or indentation in it, and furnish a clear, pleasant, steady light. Try it and see.

FOLLOW THE COMPASS.—A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost, and layed out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare. He wished to go north, but he "tried hard to mak the thing point north, but 'twas no use, 'twould shake, shake, right round, and point southeast every time." A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason of the mishap which befel our Wolverine friend—they are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points.

It is argued that Mr. Conkling will be likely to decline the nomination to the Supreme Court because he declined the Chief-Judgeship which President Grant offered him. But he was alive when President Grant made his offer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE EMPTY PURSE.

What is this I have tumbled down
From the top of my book-strewn shelves to-day?
Its crimson faded to dull red-brown,
Its edges garnished with cobwebs gray.
She was promised mine for better or worse,
Who knit for me this silken purse.

And when she gave it: "What is it worth,
This empty purse?" I said, with a laugh,
Hiding my joy in foolish mirth.
"An old one full were better by half."
"Nay, nay," and her rounded cheek grew red,
"For my heart is in the purse," she said.

And to-day, as I sit among my books,
As sits in his den a drowsy bear,
And she passes my doorway with haughty looks,
The wife of a witless millionaire,
I'm inclined to think that the truth she told,
And her heart was in a purse—of gold.

THE STORY OF AN OLD COAT.

In Ten Episodes.

I.

Of course there was a time when the coat was new. We shall go further back even than that, and speak of a period when it had no existence—ere even the idea took possession of the narrow brain of stingy old James Gelsworthy to invest five pounds of his beloved money in a warm garment of excellent quality, wherewith to protect his lean carcass from the chills of December. It was December in Cribbie Street, Mile End, London, E., as well as in Curzon Street, Mayfair, W. Around the mansions of the wealthy and refined, the cruel, snow-laden blast howled in impotent fury, because it could not shake the massive doors or make the heavy, tightly-fitting windows rattle. When it discovered a stray chink, and contrived to sneak through insidiously, thick curtains barred its way, rich carpets checked it, blazing fires warmed it, an equable temperature absorbed it. The bitter herald of a hard winter had to content itself with screaming viciously outside: "I'm here, and I won't go away. I'll not leave you for months—for months. I'll bring bronchitis, and inflammation, and death to some of you yet. You shan't escape me, with all your tricks. Whoof! Puff!"

Then the wealthy and refined smiled confidently in their comfortable apartments. They were prepared for the siege.

Far otherwise was it with the poor and vulgar. They shrank and shivered at the fearful menace, for they knew it was no idle threat. The wind-fiend is their savage enemy. He rejoices at their defenceless condition, their miserable dwellings, their meagre food, their scanty fuel, their insufficient clothing. He comes to kill; he tells them so, as he whistles through their chattering teeth. And he never jokes.

The two rows of rickety tenements known as Cribbie Street, Mile End, were let out to the poor and vulgar, in suites, generally comprising one room and a cupboard for each family, irrespective of size. At No. 12, a certain back chamber—without a cupboard—was occupied by a man, a wife and a very wee morsel of humanity. The man was young—only three-and twenty. His name was Mark Roper. The woman was also young—some nineteen years, perhaps—and she was called Pattie. The wee morsel was still younger, being but three days old, and having no name yet decided upon. But they thought of calling her Pattie also—at least Mark did.

Mark Roper's misfortunes may be summed up with terrible simplicity. He was out of work, and had been so for the past six months, in consequence of a strike, which he had no hand in originating, and with which he totally disagreed. During that time, the neat little cottage at Stratford had been given up; the furniture had disappeared bit by bit, the pawnshop had swallowed up their blankets and counterpanes and warm clothing. At present, the room in Cribbie Street, whither they had fled as the cheapest refuge upon earth, except the workhouse, contained only two chairs, a table, some articles of crockery, and a mattress on the floor, upon which the young wife lay with her first-born folded lovingly in her arms. The parish doctor had attended her; the parish dispensary had provided medicine; the parish overseer had allowed a little oatmeal and a little port wine—quite as a favor—to help to get up her strength. So she ought to have been grateful, poor thing! Well, and so she was—grateful to God that her husband loved her, and that her child lived.

"Mark! I can't eat any more now. Finish up this basin of gruel for me while it's hot. Do, dear," she said, coaxingly.

"Not I. I can't abide it—I hate it!" he replied, trying to look nauseated by the very idea.

She raised herself upon one elbow. "You have had nothing but a savelov all day, Mark; and if you don't swallow this, I'll not taste another drop you make for me—there!"

"But, dear, I don't like it."

"It's a story. You do. You shall. Finish it at once, or you'll make me ill talking about it. There now."

He took a few spoonfuls, and pretended to drain the basin; but his wife was too sharp-eyed. She watched him closely, and never relaxed her vigilance until the whole was consumed.

"Now I'm satisfied," she said, sinking back upon the bolster. "Where is uncle's letter? What time did he say he would come? Six o'clock, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"It's nearly that now—don't you think so? Uncle will do something for us. I'm sure he will, when he sees baby. Look at her. Isn't she an angel? Such large brown eyes, just like yours! She's the image of you, Mark."

"Your uncle may help you, but not me," returned Mark, gloomily.

"He can't help me without you, love—that's one comfort."

"He'll try it on, though. I know he'll try it on," muttered Mark, as he walked to the stove and pieced four small knobs of coal, with great care, between the bars. But Pattie did not catch the words, because she was listening to a footstep on the landing outside. Then the door was opened abruptly, and her uncle, James Gelsworthy, walked into the room.

"Phew! Here's a a pigsty! Hope you're satisfied, girl!" was the old man's greeting to his niece.

"It wasn't a pigsty I took her to first," broke in Mark, with a flash of indignation.

"You shut up, Mark Roper. You're a fool, and you'll never be anything else," said Gelsworthy, waving him away, contemptuously. "You married Pattie in spite of me. You ran away with her, and thought you were mighty clever, no doubt. But you shan't have much of my money—*you* shan't."

"Uncle! dear uncle!" exclaimed Pattie, "you must help us—you really must, if only for baby's sake. See what a beauty she is! She smiles at you already."

"O! yes. She's all right. I don't mind her, nor I don't mind you; and I'll act straight by the pair of you, if you do what I want."

"What is that?"

"Why, look here, Pattie. You must just bring your kid, and come back to live with me like you used to, before you took up with that penniless scamp against my will."

"And what is he to do?"

"Do! Work—emigrate—go to Australy—go to Canady! Anywhere, so long as he keeps out of our way. I don't mind stumping up the coin to pack him off."

"You want—to—separate—me—and—Mark!" she inquired, very slowly, fixing her eyes sternly upon his face.

"Jes so," said the old rascal, unabashed by the glance; "that's it. He can't keep you, and I can. If he likes to hook it, I'll help him to keep himself; not otherwise."

"Mark!" cried Pattie, sitting bolt upright upon the mattress, as a burning flush mounted to her thin cheeks, and her trembling finger pointed to the door—"Mark! Turn that man out!"

"You ungrateful, disobedient hussy!" cried Gelsworthy, in a passion. "After all I've done for you! Brought you up from a child, fed and clothed you, beggar's brat that you were!"

That was the last they ever saw of Uncle Gelsworthy, alive.

II.

I suppose it was the keen northeaster and the driving sleet, in the teeth of which James Gelsworthy had to fight his way home that evening, that made him think what a very threadbare, thin and comfortless overcoat he had on. And seeing that he had worn it now for some ten winters, and had originally procured it second-hand, his reflections upon the subject are not surprising. Anyhow, the following morning, as he gazed from his window at the unabated inclemency of the weather, and turned his eyes upon the dilapidated garment, hanging from a nail in his bed-room door, he settled it definitely in his mind when he muttered: "That's what I'll do; I'll have a coat made a-purpose." So he went to a tailor's, and overhauled his entire stock of piece goods before he finally hit upon a cloth to his taste. It was a heavy, closely, woven, waterproofed, drab-colored texture, of the best quality; similar to that worn by grooms in livery in first-class establishments. Then he gave minute instructions as to the shape, the size, the pockets, the buttons, all according to his own notions of what a coat ought to be, without any regard to the "prevailing fashions," which the tailor vainly sought to bring under his notice.

When the coat was finished and sent home, he took it back to have an inner lining stitched in, because it was not warm enough; and afterward he took it back again to get another lining added, because the first was not strong enough. "I'm not a-going to pay for a concern that'll wear out in a month," he explained.

By this time, the tailor and his journeymen were thoroughly sick of that coat, and distinctly refused to make any further additions or alterations whatever.

James Gelsworthy was extremely proud of this new item to his limited wardrobe. He wore it on every possible opportunity. He turned it to account by knocking off fires in February, and keeping it on in the house, for the sake of its more economical warmth. He used it as a second counterpane thrown over his bed at night. This last fact was discovered in March by his landlady, who, not having seen anything of him for two days, became alarmed on the third, and caused the door of his room to be burst open. They found him lying upon his bed, still and peaceful and cold, with the favorite coat resting across his limbs. James Gelsworthy was dead.

Over the mantelshelf was a bit of paper, fastened with pins; and upon it a few words written in a shaky but legible hand: "In case of my death, the furniture and other things belonging to me in my two rooms, I give to my niece, Pattie Roper, 12 Cribbie Street, Mile End. There ain't no money, only just enough to bury me. I drawed it all out and disposed of it months ago. Signed by me, James Gelsworthy."

III.

The "furniture and things" were a real godsend to Mark and Pattie.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the husband. "We'll sell the lot. I'll give over looking after odd jobs, and we'll get an assisted passage to Melbourne. I've heard as how there's heaps more chance for a poor man in Australy."

"I'm willing to go anywhere," answered Pattie, "so long as we can only manage to stick together."

The real and personal estate of old Gelsworthy produced about twenty-five pounds in cash—truly a blessing to the extremely impecunious, as any one will know who ever had the bad fortune to stand in urgent want of a similar amount, and the good fortune to come into it unexpectedly just in the hour of need. The last thing disposed of was the heavy drab overcoat, by private treaty with Mr. Isaac Solomons, dealer in anything.

"Well, what do you want for it?" inquired Mr. Solomons, after having turned it over several times and regarded it suspiciously, as though it were an infected garment.

"Suppose we say, thirty bob?" suggested Mark, tentatively.

"There's no harm in saying thirty quid, so long as nobody parts with the coin. No, my man: that there coat ain't no use to me—it's too ugly; and my customers is mostly fashionable inclined."

"But it's worth something. Look at the quality!"

"Quality! What's quality nowadays? Nothing. It's cut that's wanted; and there ain't no cut about that there; not a haporth."

"What will you give? Come!"

"If I were to spec'late fifteen bob on it I should lose. Shtrike me! I should lose. No; 'pon my honor, I can't do it!"

"Well, fork over. It's no good to me—it don't fit."

"It ain't much good to anybody, as I can see," grumbled the Jew. But for all that he "forked over" the fifteen shillings immediately; and the coat became the property of Mr. Solomons.

IV.

If you had watched Mr. Solomons transacting business in his own shop, you would have wondered how, in the name of all the common laws of finance, he contrived to keep clear of the bankruptcy court. Continually to be selling goods without a profit is generally supposed to bring about very unsatisfactory results. But to part with them at an appalling loss—to have them literally wrenched from you by a greedy public, heartlessly taking advantage of the perpetual slackness of trade—ought to culminate in disaster, speedy and complete. And yet Mr. Solomons was not submerged. He contrived in some fashion to keep his head above water, and his shoulders, too, in spite of the terrible sacrifices he solemnly professed to make every hour of the day. Perhaps it was but a grim joke, a melancholy satire, when he ticketed the coat acquired from Mark for fifteen shillings as a "tremendous bargain—only two pounds ten shillings."

"Cost me three pounds—s'help me! If I never speak another word'" he exclaimed to the pale and patient-faced young woman who stopped to inspect it.

"It would just fit father nicely," she said, more to herself than to the Jew. "And very warm and comfortable; but rather a funny shape, isn't it?"

"Funny shape! Why, it's one of Poole's latest styles, made expressly for a Markiss, who only wore it three times, and then got tired of it."

"What is the lowest you will take?"

"Lowest! Well, if I'll touch a farden less than two-ten; not if the Prince of Wales was to go down on his bended knees! Ten bob is enough to drop over one article—rather!"

"I am unable to spare more than two pounds; in fact, I have no more with me. If you cannot accept that, I must go without."

"Lose a pound! lose a whole pound! O, shtrike me, I can't, I can't. What with one and another of you, I shall be driven to the workhouse," cried Mr. Solomons, pathetically.

"Well, then, good day, sir. I must try and find something that will do elsewhere."

"Don't go. Say two-five—make it as light as you can for me—say two-five!" he pleaded, seizing her by the hem of her mantle.

"Impossible! I tell you I have only two pounds."

Solomons groaned, as in anguish of spirit. "Give us your money!" he said, desperately. "I must try to make it up some other way, I suppose."

So the young woman carried away her "tremendous bargain."

V.

The father reclined in an arm-chair by the fire, smoking a too-highly seasoned brier-root pipe. The daughter sat at a small table by the window, coloring photographs. The father's face was of that shrunken, bloated type, frequently observable in drunkards when their usual supply of alcohol has for some reason or other been cut off. His eyes were heavy, expressionless and leaden; his lower lip was pendulous; his chin was unshaven; his hands were dirty. The daughter was graceful and pretty. Her features were delicate; her complexion pale; her expression sweet, sad and patient. What did it matter to her gin-swilling parent that she worked for him, tended his wants, nursed him when he was ill, was robbed by him when he was well—struggled, labored, fought to save him, both soul and body? Was it not her duty? He was her father! What did it matter to him that her young life was wrecked, her future rendered hopeless, the one love of her girlhood crushed and blighted by his miserable being! That was a simple necessity. He had brought her up to the idea to hold him over and above all earthly considerations. Was he not her father? The man who had won her whole heart was noble and worthy; yet she would not marry him. The home she might have made a smiling paradise, would never be formed. Well, the sacrifice was required. Somebody must reap the benefit of her existence; and was he not her father?

"That's a wretched ugly thing, that lop-coat," he grumbled from his easy-chair.

"But it fits you, papa. It is nearly new, and, above all, it is thoroughly warm and well made. Those are the principal points, with your liability to rheumatism and gout."

"That's right—fling my misfortunes in my face! Remind me of my ill-health—of my pain and suffering. It's like you! Don't let me forget them, not on any account."

"O papa!"

"There, don't begin to cry and whimper. I suppose you mean well, and are a good girl, after all. Got any money, Madge?"

"Not much," she faltered, trembling.

"I haven't had a dram worth speaking about for more than a week. You have kept me on short allowance long enough, I think, Madge."

"But see how ill you have been, papa. You know the doctor said you were to drink scarcely anything."

"Confound the doctor! What does he know about it? Besides, I'm well again now—well as ever. I really must run out and get three pen'orth. Lend us sixpence, Madge." He always said "lend." By no chance did he ever employ the word "give" in pecuniary negotiations.

After many promises and much whining and persuasion, he wormed the coveted sixpence from his daughter's slender purse. She knew he had no other money, and that it would be impossible for him to hurt himself on that amount.

"I'll try this overcoat for the first time," he said, as he put it on. "Yes; you are right; it is very comfortable, and will last me for ages. I'm not hard to please in matters of dress."

"Do come back to tea, papa, were her parting words at the door. "The weather is very rough, and you are not yet strong enough to stay out late. Do come back to tea."

"Of course, of course! How far do you think I can travel with sixpence—a paltry sixpence?" he inquired, sarcastically.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, he staggered home drenched with rain, and, alas! intoxicated.

Madge was accustomed to the spectacle. In silence and without reproach she led him to his room. Suddenly she missed *his coat*. It was the old story. He had pawned it. She asked him for the ticket, and found that it also was sold for a mere song. The coat she had worked so hard to pay for!

The poor grief-stricken girl, in the retirement of her own room, threw herself by her bedside and wept in anguish to that other Father who has promised new, one day, He will surely wipe away all tears from the eyes of those that mourn.

VI.

The individual who bought the "duplicate" from the drunken old man, probably lost or forgot it altogether, as the coat remained undisturbed in the store-room of Messrs. Bate & Grindwell, pawnbrokers for over the statutory twelve months. It then became an "unredeemed pledge," and as such was labeled, hung up, and dangled before the public as a remarkable proof of the manner in which the disinterested vendors were prepared to forego all personal profit for the general weal. The coat was fingered and thumbed and twitched, and tried on, and turned over by some dozens of persons before one Slortmiles, a cabman, took a fancy to it and eventually became its owner. And now it began to see service. He wore it hard, did Shortmiles. What with snow, and rain, and frost, and sunshine, its original color grew many shades keeper. Beer stained it, tobacco smoke impregnated it, cold pork greased it. It saw a great deal of out door life in London, and acquired an impudent, reckless appearance. Its big bone buttons seemed to stare in awful astonishment at those mean persons who presumed to offer its master less than double his legal fare. When Shortmiles tossed a coin in the palm of his hand, and inquired of a victim: "What d'yer call this? What's this for?" the big bone buttons seemed ready to burst from their places with surprise, indignation and reproach. The victim could imagine them saying: "Ay, what do yer call it? What is it for? That's what we want to know, Yah—shabby!"

It happened one day that Shortmiles, feeling himself insulted by the remarks of a rival cabman anent the symmetry and attractiveness of his features individually and collectively, including a definite opinion respecting the lowest market value of his face if put up to auction by a cheap Jack in the neighborhood of the New Cut, leaped from his vehicle and challenged his tormentor to personal combat. The gauntlet was at once picked up and the battle began.

How furiously it raged—how women screamed, "Shame! why don't you part 'em?" and men replied: "Get out! why don't you leave 'em alone?"—how a stately policeman, with slow and measured step, approached the scene, forced his way through the crowd, and said: 'Now then, stop this 'ere; show us your badges both on yer'—how the two combatants were summoned before the magistrate and fined—and how they ultimately shook hands and swore eternal friendship—are not all these things matters of trifling concern, in comparison with the following fact? When Shortmiles was preparing for the duel he took off his coat, folded it carefully, and placed it under the box-seat of his cab. Of this he was certain. After the struggle, when he returned to his post the coat was gone. Of this he was also positive, and he never set his eyes on it again.

VII.

A certain loathsome lodging-house, situated in a back slum, whither we must now repair, was nothing else but a nest of thieves—wretched, ill-clad, hungry thieves; outcasts from the more sturdy and bolder ranks of crime; despised by the clever burglar who took his fifty or hundred pounds worth of "swag" at a haul; ignored and disowned by the dashing swell-mobsman or the accomplished pickpocket. These poor creatures were only stall-lifters and area-sneaks—men, women and children who were willing to risk the terrible punishments of the law for sixpence. A number of them were assembled in an underground back kitchen, discussing the good and bad luck of the day. They separated themselves into little groups of twos and threes, and established temporary partnership on the basis of uniting their pilferings and "going whacks" in the profit.

Presently the door opened, and a man with a detestably cunning expression of face, and having a stumpy horsewhip in his hand, entered the room.

"Well, my lads and lasses, how are you all getting along?" he said. "I was just driving round this way, so I thought I'd pop over a look in. Got anything in my line to-day?" He walked round, and rapidly inspected the various little piles of articles presided over by the respective "firms."

"You're a-picking," grumbled one lean and tattered chevalier d'industrie; "and it ain't fair."

"I allus pick, and pays extra for it—yer know I do," replied the dealer. "I on'y wants boots and clothes—nothing else ain't no good to me, not at a gift."

Having selected sundry odds and ends, and having paid for them, after considerable haggling, out of a big bag of silver and copper, he stuffed his purchases pell-mell into a canvas sack and carried them off. At the top of the street he mounted a clumsy cart, drawn by a melancholy pony in a decline. A drive of about an hour and a half took him to the other end of London, where his destination was a dingy shop with the announcement—"Marine Stores—Wardrobes bought and sold."

With the assistance of his "old woman" and his "two gals," the contents of the canvas sack were re-examined and appraised. Among other things, it contained the coat that Shortmiles had lost a few hours before.

Some days later, a stout and comfortable-looking old gentleman, with benevolent blue eyes and an amiable double-chin, stepped cheerfully into the "Stores," followed by a thin man, whose more than shabby exterior and general appearance of extreme depression proclaimed that he was very hard down on his luck.

"Have you got such a thing as a strong warm topcoat?" inquired the stout gentleman.

"A topcoat?" said the dealer, suspiciously. "What sort of a coat do you mean? Do you want to buy one, hey?"

"Of course I do. Do you think I shall ask you to make me a present of one? I want a coat that will fit this man here. Anything that's warm and tidy will suit."

"O, werry well; then I think I can show you just the hartiele you'll like;" and the wary dealer, feeling he was safe, produced the garment whose adventures it is our business to trace.

In the end, the stout gentleman paid for it, and the thin man wore it, an arrangement which was mutually satisfactory.

"Now, Reeves," observed the former, as they quitted the shop, "you said you could get a good job at once if you only had your tools out of pledge and a coat to cover you. Here is the money for the tools—fifteen shillings. Take them. And may God prosper you, my man; may God prosper you!"

Two big tears coursed slowly down the rough cheeks of the mechanic, as he grasped for a moment the extended hand of his benefactor. "I'll never forget this, sir—never!" he murmured, in a broken voice. "It ain't for the likes of me to ask your name and who you are; nor yet to offer to pay you back when better times come to me—as they will now, as they will now. But you've saved me from worse than death this night, sir. Believe me, I never raised my finger to take what didn't belong to me afore. It was only want and desperation that ever gave the devil a chance to put it in my head. I shall get work now, thanks to you; and I'll be an honest man still, as I always have been."

"Yes, yes; of course you will," said the old gentleman, nodding his head in friendly assent, while his kind, mild-blue eyes glistened moistly under the gas-lamp. "And look here, Reeves; if ever you get better off, and come across a poor man in want of a little help, you help him, Reeves, d'ye see—you help him!"

VIII.

The blessing which the good Samaritan had invoked upon the man he had saved from disgrace and misery came down upon him. Reeves prospered. Bit by bit, his cottage grew into a cosy home, that he loved more and more every day; his children became plump and rosy-cheeked, and his wife bright-eyed and happy. But in all his new-born prosperity, the grateful mechanic never forgot his true friend's parting injunction to be tender to others in distress. It will only be necessary to mention one occasion upon which he succeeded in imitating very closely the sublime example of magnanimous charity that had been his own salvation.

Reeves was returning from work. It was rather late; and what few people were about were hurrying out of the blinding sleet and piercing blast as fast as their legs could carry them, and that was at no remarkable speed, on account of the atmospheric opposition they encountered. At one moment the wind suddenly increased to the fury of a hurricane, and compelled Reeves to seek temporary shelter in a friendly doorway. He was not alone there. Some one else had adopted the principle of "any port in a storm." It was a man—gaunt, hollow-cheeked, ill-clad, shivering and miserable.

"What a fearful night—ain't it?" observed Reeves in a gentle voice.

"Suppose it is; I don't care; it's all the same to me," returned the man, hoarsely.

"I don't want to be rude," continued Reeves, in the same tones of sympathy, "but you seem to be hard up. I've been in the same case myself, and I can pity you. I'm only a workingman, and I know what hard times mean."

"It ain't that alone what's the matter with me, mate; although you're right, so far. It would puzzle anybody to be worse off than I am just now. But it's sorrer that's a-killing me, more than want. I'm a-dying, mate, that's what I am."

"Come, come, don't talk like that; you'll feel better after a good supper and a comfortable night's rest. And I've got a bob or two as will pay for them."

"You're a man—a true brick! It does a chap good to speak to the like of you. I thought the breed had died out. But it ain't suppers and nights' rests what'll give me back my wife. I want my wife! I've been hunting for her high and low all over London, from one end to the other, for the last six months. And I can't find her. I can't come across her no how. O, Mary, Mary! why did you run away from us—why did you leave me and the children when we were so fond of you? You know we was! Why did you go?" He beat his forehead against the rough bricks and wailed forth the agony of his breaking heart, unconsciously. Presently he drew himself up and shook his emaciated fist in fierce rage. "Curses!" he cried, "a million black, bitter curses on the man as 'ticed her way from me! if I had him by the throat now—so, like that—I'd tear him limb from limb!"

For some time Reeves said nothing. He felt he was in the presence of a trouble which no words of his could assuage. But by and by, when the poor fellow's passion had spent itself, he ventured: "Look'e here, friend. You'll find your wife one day, either on earth or in heaven. God pardons such weak, misguided creatures as she; and if you should never meet her here you will there, depend on it. You don't know how she has suffered; you don't know how she has repented; you don't know how her fault may have been 'blotted out and her sins forgiven. Mate, I shan't say anything more about it, because I can't help you in that matter. But I can do so in another. When I get home I shall find a bright, cheerful fire, plenty to eat and drink, and a warm change of clothes. You won't have such luck as that. The togs you've got on now wouldn't be much use to you in summer, let alone such a night as this. I'm going to leave you my overcoat—that's what I'm going to do. It ain't elegant; but it will stand a pretty hard lot of wear yet; and it's warm and water proof. Here, catch hold of it," continued Reeves, divesting himself of the garment, and throwing it over the man's shoulders. "Don't mind me. I can buy another to-morrow, thank God. You'll find three or four bob in the left side-pocket; get yourself a glass of something hot, a jolly good supper and a clean shake down. No thanks, old chap; I'm not used to 'em. Good-bye, and good luck to you. I'm off!" Suiting the action to the word, Reeves darted out of the doorway and quickly disappeared from view down an adjoining street.

A quarter of an hour later the recipient of the generous mechanic's bounty was recruiting his exhausted frame with half a pork pie and a pint of hot ale, strongly flavored with ginger. While he was disposing of this, to him, delicious fare, his eyes rested upon a ten-days-old newspaper, that chanced to lie on the bar of the public house in which he stood. All at once a gray, ashy hue overspread his face; the knife slipped from his trembling grasp; with shaking fingers he seized the paper and gazed at one short paragraph with such an expression of horror and despair that the barman on the other side was startled, and said: "What's the matter? Are yer ill?"

"Read that for me," replied the man, wildly. "I can't see—I feel as if I were going blind. Read that."

The barman took the journal and read at the place indicated: "Found Drowned—The body of a woman, aged about thirty, and evidently belonging to the poorer classes, was yesterday taken out of the Thames, near Woolwich. She had on an old cloth jacket, much worn, a common black alpaca dress, jean petticoat, colored stockings and buttoned boots, rather dilapidated. Is marked with a small scar over the right eyebrow. In the pocket were found a leather purse containing fourpence in coppers and a bit of card that had evidently been written upon, although the words 'Joe' and 'forgive' were alone legible. The body had suffered from long immersion. It was taken to the mortuary."

"Thank you," said the man, mechanically, passing his hand over his clammy brow.

"It don't mean trouble to you, I hope?" asked the barman, feelingly.

"I'm Joe," replied the other, as he staggered to the door and left the house.

He walked on and on, quite heedless of the mingled rain and snow, that blew in gusty torrents from every point of the compass. Other pedestrians might grumble bitterly, or swear savagely, at finding themselves out in such uncharitable weather. This man could scarcely have told whether it was midsummer or midwinter. He didn't care. All weathers were the same to him now. It was late when he found himself on Westminster Bridge; and it was quite deserted. Deliberately he climbed one of the centre buttresses and stood outside the parapet, gazing into the dark abyss beneath. Then he took off the coat which Reeves had given him a few hours before, folded it up tightly, and flung it back on to the bridge. "I won't waste that," he muttered. "Some other poor man may pick it up and be glad of it. That kind-hearted chap said as how I should one day meet Mary on earth or in Heaven. I know where to find her now; but it isn't here." He crouched down, and then suddenly sprang forward. The gloom swallowed him up. The waters closed forever over him.

IX.

The coat experienced a few rapid and uneventful changes of ownership, after this, in the way of being bartered and sold "in the trade." Within a week, it became the property of a gentleman who never saw it, or even knew of its existence. The gentleman had a large house at Notting Hill, employed menservants and maid-servants, owned horses and carriages, used massive silver plate at his six o'clock dinner, and was treated with marked respect by his bankers in Lombard Street. He also had an extensive warehouse in the city, where he carried on a highly remunerative business as an "exporter of second-hand wearing apparel." He was a big merchant. His books showed many thousand pounds a year net profit. But his grandfather had tramped the streets of London with three or four hats on the top of his head, and a sack slung over his shoulder, as he sang out "Ole clo'!" at regular intervals, like the minute-gun at sea. There were people who could recollect it—strange, that there always should be people whose memories are so terribly distinct upon any subject we most particularly wish to relegate to oblivion. The gentleman of Notting Hill disliked any reference to the "founder of the firm." He felt strangely ashamed of his ancestor, dead and gone. There is a mighty difference, thought he, between walking about to pick up a few shabby garments here and there, and buying them wholesale by hundreds and thousands, to be packed in heavy bales, "marked and numbered as per margin," and shipped to the uttermost ends of the earth!

X.

We are now going across the sea, on the lightning wings of fancy. We want to look up some old friends of ours and find out how they are getting on. It will be recollected that Mark Roper, with his wife Pattie and their baby, emigrated to Australia, there to court that better fortune which had persistently refused to smile upon them in the land of their birth. Three years have passed since they first set foot upon the shores of the new country, with a capital consisting of a very small amount of money and a very large amount of pluck. The latter has stood them in good stead, as it will anybody who only makes up his mind to rely upon it steadily. Pluck is one of the best substitutes for more substantial property that a man can possess. Mark found it so. At first he had a very rough uphill battle to fight. Circumstances let him have one or two powerful slaps "straight from the shoulder, just to try what metal he was made of. He always gave forth the true ring and came up smiling. Then circumstances turned round in a friendly manner, patted him approvingly on the back and said: "You'll do!" And he did do as well as he could wish, and far better than he expected. He has thrown over his original trade long ago, and is part owner of a small sheep-run "up-country." His home—surrounded by a large and well-cultivated garden—is a cottage built of logs and corrugated zinc, rather rough to look at outside, but exceedingly bright and cozy, if we give a peep at the interior, as we shall take the liberty of doing.

Pattie is there, busily preparing a supper of unusual abundance. She expects her husband home to-night, after an absence of six days. He has been to Melbourne, where he will endeavor to pick up two or three steady young fellows to work on the "run" as their stock is increasing and more help is required. Very different does the young wife look now, compared with when we saw her stretched upon the pallet in Cribbie Street, Mile End, sipping the parish gruel. She has changed into a comely, blooming woman, with a glow of health and contentment upon her face most pleasant to behold. "Baby" Pattie sits on a high chair at the table, watching her mother's culinary operations with great intentness, and trying to dip her little fingers into everything within her reach. In the corner is a cradle where a pretty boy of twelve months reposes quietly, with his great blue eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, and exhibiting a perfectly philosophic indifference to the rattle of plates, pots and pans, mingled with the incessant chatter of his sister.

By and by the wife's attentive ear caught the sound of wheels. She flew to the door, and saw a wagon, drawn by a pair of strong horses, rapidly approaching. Directly she appeared, the man who was driving gave the reins in charge of another, leaped to the ground and ran to meet her. It was Mark Roper. He caught her in his arms and kissed her. To see this happy pair, you would have thought they had been parted for years instead of for days. They loved each other as fervently as ever.

When the wagon drew up near the door, Mark introduced the two young men he had engaged at Melbourne; and then they proceeded to unpack and carry into the dwelling a number of tools, implements, bundles and parcels—the last named containing household comforts and necessaries, such as people supply themselves with in quantities, when they live nearly two hundred miles away from the principal town, to which they can only pay very occasional visits. After a gigantic supper had been disposed of, the two new "helps," weary with their long journey, retired to rest; and Mark and his wife settled themselves down for a quiet chat upon affairs in general, particularly their own.

"What a lot of clothes you have brought!" said Pattie, as she examined a motley heap of garments before her.

"Yes," observed Mark. "We shall want them all. The fresh hands have plenty of rough work before them, and will wear them out soon enough, I warrant."

"Here is a great ugly heavy coat. Whom do you intend this for?"

"O, that—they threw it in cheap, so I took it. It will serve somebody a turn in the rainy season."

"The lining wants coming out; it is all going to pieces," she remarked, taking up her scissors and snipping away at some loose rags. "Hullo! What's this?"

"What's what?" inquired Mark, over the tankard he was lifting to his lips.

"This! There is another lining underneath, and something stitched inside it."

"Rip it open, then, my dear!"

No sooner said than done. In another moment Pattie drew forth a thin oil-skin envelope and laid it on the table.

"What's in that, I wonder?" cried Mark, holding it up to the light. "Paper of some kind, I can see. Slit it open gently with a knife, girl. Don't tear anything. Be careful."

"It's bank-notes!" exclaimed Pattie, pale with excitement. "Look! One, two, three, four, five."

"By Jove! so they are. Five Bank of England notes for—for— Why, Pattie, they're for a thousand pounds apiece!" The rustling wealth shook in his trembling hand as he spoke.

"And here is something else. Mark—a bit of paper, with writing upon it. What does it all mean?"

"Read it," said her husband.

Thus it ran: "Whoever finds this money—five thousand pounds—may keep it. I give it to them freely. It's all mine, and got honestly. (Signed) JAMES GELSWORTHY."

"Uncle's money!" cried Pattie, gasping with astonishment.

"And your uncle's cost!" added Mark, in the same tone. "I remember it well now, torn and dirty as it is. I might have known it by the buttons. To think—only to think that it should have come back to us again, when I sold the whole concern more than three years ago for fifteen shillings!"—*London Society.*

A Georgia Negro's Trained Dogs.

A night or two ago one of our most prominent citizens was aroused by a terrible fluttering among the ducks out in the yard. He had thirteen ducks in the drove, and the unusual commotion at such an hour in the night caused him to get up and see what was the cause of the disturbance. Imagine his consternation when he found seven of his ducks lying dead in the yard, and four others in the hands of a negro thief. There is not much strange about this, but the manner in which the theft was committed is the singular part. The negro had two dogs—one a large white one. These dogs he sent into the yard to catch the ducks, which they did, and would then carry them out into the street and give them to the rascal. The dogs were seen each with a duck, carrying them out to their master.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

—A saloon near Tombstone, Arizona, was robbed of $750 the other evening. Just as the place was about to be closed for the night, and while several citizens were in the saloon, two men entered with shot-guns. While one stood guard at the door the guns were brought down, and the order to "hold up hands" given and the boss was told to open the safe and be lively. The money was then taken.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—In China $150,000,000 are spent every year in ancestor-worship.

The Baptist church at Tewesbury, England, is one of the oldest of that denomination in the world. It recently held its 226th anniversary.

—The faculty of the State University of Oregon have decided not to permit students to carry more than three studies at one time without special permit.

—The West Presbyterian Church in Forty-Second street, New York, formerly Dr. Hasting's, not only called Rev. Mr. Paxton, of Washington, to be their pastor, but put a $12,000 salary among the inducements.

—The venerable Enoch Pond, the Gamaliel at whose feet in Bangor Seminary several generations of preachers have sat, is now ninety-five years old, and says that he has not had a headache for the past sixty-six years.

—Dr. Emilio Fuentes, a highly cultured and influential ex-priest of the Roman Catholic church, in Mexico, has been received into the Methodist church. He is in the prime of life, thirty-eight years of age, and a clear, earnest and influential preacher.

—The pupils of Mr. Gangengigl, a Brooklyn teacher, are in the habit of calling him "Gouge-and-giggle." As this interferes with the discipline and his inability to keep order on account of his ridiculous name, he has lost several places. He has got permission to change it to Giel.

—A Presbyterian church in *Deep* Creek, W. T., has a roll of 160 Spokane Indians, and a number of the Umatilla Indians, who are under the care of the Catholics, have expressed a desire to have a Presbyterian organization on their reserve. Nearly one-third of the whole number of the Nez Perces Indians are church members, belonging to churches located in Kamiah and Lapnai, in the Presbytery of Idaho.

—One of the most encouraging evidences of educational progress in this country is the attention which school authorities are beginning to give to the intelligent study of the English language. Under the system, which is now being gradually changed, pupils were made to commit to memory a vast array of rules, which served them not at all in speaking and writing. Many have been the graduates of Normal schools incapable of writing a common-place letter correctly and with ease.

—Student writes: "Which is best, to sit up late at night and study when everything is still, or to rise early in the morning. I can study best at night, but the next day I am apt to feel tired and weak." Undoubtedly the best time for brain-workers is the early morning, and when one has formed the habit of going to bed early and rising early, he will find that he can do better work, and with less exhaustion, than when he works at night. "Night work," says the *Lancet*, "during student life and after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy. Surely morning is the time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A two foot-rule—Keep your feet dry.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Even a successful Arctic expedition would be an ice-elated affair.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

—A spoon-holder—a chair occupied by a pair of clean gone lovers at twelve o'clock at night.—*Toledo American.*

—Twenty million false teeth were made in Delaware alone last year. Please chew on that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam-engine? Bread is a necessity. A steam-engine is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention; therefore, a loaf of bread is mother to a steam-engine.

—An exchange prints an able article on "Hints and how to go to sleep." It is the most convincing article we ever read of upon the subject. We were fast asleep before we had got half through it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A little girl once took a letter from her mother to an old lady friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are good child and are a faithful little messenger." Thank you, ma'am; and I shall tell her too that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to."

—Personal: Will the young lady with a wart on her nose and a diagonal slant in her optics, who stepped on a gentleman's corn as he was leaving the post-office, please send her address to Shoeloes? To avoid mistakes, she will please mention the flavor of her breath?—*Whitehall Times.*

—Did you know that the days are growing longer? Of course, they are growing longer just now. But what we intend to say is that the full day of twenty-four hours, it is discovered by science, is growing longer, not very fast, perhaps, but so rapidly that after about a million of years the day will actually be twenty-four hours and some three minutes in length. Are you going to sit up to see it?—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Jim Webster and Gabe Snodgrass met on Galveston avenue. Jim was dressed in the height of the style, and upon cross-examination explained that he had just been attending his brother's wedding. "Who did he marry?" asked Gabe. "A 'ooman," responded Jim. "Well, I reckon I knowed dat ar, as a matter of course." "Dar ain't no matter of course about it in our family," replied Jim, "for when my sister Matildy got married I hope I may be shot if she didn't marry a man. Hit's a fact and I'll swear to it."—*Galveston News.*

—"I ain't feeling very well to-

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SHADOWS.

The moon a light-hung world of gold,
Low-drooping, pale and phantom-fair;
The fresh pomp of the summer leaves,
And fragrance in the breathing air.

Beneath the trees flat silhouettes,
Mute idiot shapes that shun the light,
Weird crook-kneed things, a fickle crew,
The restless children of the night.

In idle vacant pantomime
They nod and nod for evermore,
And clutch with aimless fluttering hands,
With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor.

Quivering, wavering there forever,
On the bright and silent ground
Meshed and tangled there together
While the rolling earth goes round.

And the gold-tinged eary ocean
Ripples light in many a breeze
O'er the sweet-breathed purple lilac,
O'er the tall and slumbering trees.

But comes the dawn,
The spell is done;
Weird spirits flee
At rise of sun.

—*W. S. Kennedy, in Harper's Magazine.*

MISTAKES.

Reconcile yourself (if you are to remain in this world at all) to the conditions of your being; do not vex yourself and break your heart, struggling against what is irremediable. Do not look to find here what is not to be found. Do not fancy that wiser and luckier folk have found it, and that you would have found it, too, but for some unhappy mistake you made at a critical turning in your life. The mistakes you have made, if you be an ordinary mortal living a ordinary life, have not, in fact done your life much harm. You are making just about as much of things in this world as it was in you to make at all. Make the best of the bargain you have made, in this or that. Doubtless you see it was not a perfectly wise bargain. You would not make it again. Had you been considerably wiser than Solomon you might never have made it at all. But you are in for it now. Make the best of things, in good nature and cheerfulness. Do not mope and keep thinking, thinking, how much better you might have done, and (like Mr. Bumble) how cheap you went. So doing, you will be making the very worst of things. You will be deliberately blackening the sky under which you must live if you are to live at all; you will grow into a curse to yourself and a nuisance to your neighbors. There is plenty for you to do. Go and do it. There are people a thousand times worse off than you. Try and help them. And for any sake, do not be always thinking about yourself. Get away from that unsatisfactory subject of contemplation. And be quite sure that if you have told your special friends, about ten times each, how unhappy you are and how many blunders you have made, they are by this time most uncommonly sick both of you and them.

Being what you are, it is quite certain that if you had not done the foolish things you did, you would have done something else as bad or worse. You married early, when you could not afford it; you had some anxious years; days have been when it seemed the poor head was to go under water altogether. Well, but it did not. You have lived through these anxieties; why recall them? You have got upon firm ground. Be thankful. It is far more and better than you deserve. And the burden which lay on you so heavily may have saved you from making an inexpressible fool of yourself. A man of sixty dangling after some silly girl of five-and-twenty is an amazing and humbling object of contemplation. Even he suspects himself to be a fool; everybody around knows it. Now you, with your seven grown-up sons, and with your masterful wife, are safe not to make a fool of yourself in that particular way. Other ways are open to you. But not one which leads to manifestations quite so deplorable and contemptible. It is likely enough you would advise a friend not to take the turning you did. A man who has a mother-in-law will generally counsel any mortal man to marry an orphan. But this comes of your knowing the evils you have, and being unaware of those which are waiting round the corner, and from which no earthly lot is free. You must take all things here, your profession, your wife, your house, your horses, your servants, your native country with its climate, all your environment, for better for worse. A friend worries you by little weaknesses, but he is better than no friend at all. He may be likened to a gift of a thousand pounds, subject to a deduction of two hundred and fifty. It is a disadvantage about a locomotive engine that it gets so hot. But you must accept the engine under that deduction. For it will not go unless it be so hot. If you, being a human being living in this imperfect system of things, will break away from everything which has its inconveniences, you will leave yourself without any possessions or surroundings whatsoever.

To speak gravely: One remarks, in these advancing years, that the great anxiety and care of worthy men and women, growing old, are about their children; the lesser ones, still going to school; the bigger ones, for whom you are seeking an aim in life, or whom have gone far away. No doubt, if you had no children, you would be free from many anxious thoughts. The income would go much farther. The furniture and the painting of your house would last much longer. You could indulge in many luxuries, now impossible. You might buy books without stint and cross the Alps yearly. But you would not have these selfish indulgences at the price. It is a cheerless thing, a childless home. No one will bear with you in the last fretfulness, and smooth the last steps of your way, like your own boy or girl. If there be in you any good at all, it has been brought out mainly by the continual presence and charge of your children. And you have had gleams of a pure and unselfish happiness, which are unknown in a lonely life. Had you kept clear of the responsibilities of life, and given no hostages to fortune, you would, no doubt, have presented a narrow mark to the shafts of care. But, unless you were a very poor creature indeed, every time you heard the laughter of the little ones, and watched their winsome ways, their thoughtless merriment, you would have felt that you had missed the best happiness of this life. And to do that of your own free will is surely the greatest of all mistakes. Your library may be full of beautifully-bound volumes; your carpets unworn, your walls unmarked by little fingers, no sudden noises may jar your nerves; no eager little face look in when you are in the very middle of a complicated sentence, and break the tenor of your thoughts. And you never yet saw the childish eyes close upon this world; nor received the last kiss from lips that were growing cold, when Somebody as of old) "called to Himself a little child." You never knew that terrible trial, which no faith and no hope could make anything other. But neither did you ever see the bright looks lighted up when you return from a brief absence, nor did little pattering feet run to meet you. You never were earnestly questioned as to what you had brought; having earnestly considered London shop-windows in the search for something to bring. You may have been told, but you do not know, as you might, that these little creatures (coming from where Wordsworth tells us), whether abiding with you here or gone on before you, are the instruments of the Best Hand to bring out the very best that can be made of His creatures here. All that good is worth having, even at what it costs. A great deal has to be paid for it, no doubt. But unless in morbid and transient moods you would not wish to have done without it.

Therefore, instead of moaning over days past, with their opportunities missed, and their idiotic sayings and doings, we shall all set ourselves to do the best we can in the days which yet remain. And if there be blots on the page which can never be rubbed out where we are, there is the supreme consolation that some day we may hope to turn over a quite new leaf, and to make a quite fresh start, far away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Congressman Cox's Observations in Foreign Lands.

Hon. S. S. Cox passed me on the street last night and stopped to talk a minute, I asked him what it had cost him to see Europe. "It cost just my Congressional salary of $5,000 to pay mine and my wife's expenses, and make a journey of eight months around the great circle of Europe. We went to Constantinople, to Egypt, to Palestine, to Russia, to Norway and Sweden, and, of course, went where we liked in middle Europe. For that amount of money we stopped at the very best hotels, had the best rooms and attendants, and had the best commissionaires to show us about."

"Were you a good deal troubled with vermin, bed-bugs, etc.?"

"Well, some. All the south of Europe, the north of Africa, and Asia, of course, have their pests. You begin to feel it at Constantinople. I think we were plagued more by a sand-fly along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean than by fleas. Those spiteful flies kept my wife in as a great state of exasperation as she ever shows."

Speaking of the mail service, Mr. Cox said: "I wrote a good many newspaper letters and all of them came through safely but that one in which I describe my presentation to the Sultan. It was the most interesting that I wrote. That never came to hand, and I never could write it again. Lew Wallace, our minister, obtained the presentation for me, while my wife was allowed, without my company, however, to go to the seraglio, and to see the female life of the Sultan's household."

"How did you find the consular service of the United States, Mr. Cox?"

"I was very agreeably surprised at its excellence. Our consuls all along that coast, as far as I observed, were observing, shrewd, good fellows, many of them badly underpaid. Gen. Lew Wallace is a man of literary and worldly talents, and makes a very good minister. I could find nothing of our consulates in St. Petersburg. One of the best fellows I found was at Christiana, Norway. He was getting only $200 a year out of his fees. Since I came back I have had him raised to $1,000 a year. We finished the foreign service bill last Saturday. I am on the appropriation committee, you know."

"What do you think of Russia, Mr. Cox?"

"Well, Russia is in a very bad condition, arising from a want of an industrial and self-supporting society. The government has picked out persons in every province in Russia and educated them thoroughly, given them fine technical educations, for its war purposes, in the engineering schools, in the languages, so as to make them accomplished tools of the Czar. Now these men have no occupation in Russia after they are educated. There is literally nothing to do where they reside. They have no business experience. Consequently they become nihilist. Nihilism in Russia is the effervescence of the intellect demanding more and better institutions than naked despotism, demanding a career, congenial occupation, freedom of speech and of action; in short, it is education detesting absolutism and idleness. The common people of Russia are devoted to the Czar. They call him their father. The cabman that drove us around, the laborers, all the bottom stratum of society, are loyal to the soul, and will kill a man if he says anything against their holy and dead master, the Czar. But these educated, unflinching nihilists mean to transform that society to the likeness of Europe and America, or to perish with it."

"Mr. Cox, do any of them in Europe live as well as we do in the United States?"

"No; there is no country like this anywhere, yet the wholly commercial character of our life sometimes fatigue the brain."—*Gath.*

—The Khedive of Egypt says he is opposed to polygamy, and is working to make his people content with one wife for each husband. He wants to inspire them with a liberal feeling toward all religious beliefs, and to make them respectful to Christians and Jews, as well as to people of their own faith. He has given land at Cairo for a Protestant mission, and in upper Egypt for another. He does not expect to change his religion nor to ask other people to change theirs. He has about $500,000 a year spending money, and is obliged to be much more economical than his predecessor, who spent $10,000,000 a year on his harem.

The Hotel Clerk.

The hotel clerk is a young man who was originally created to fill an Emperor's throne or adorn a Dukedom, but when he grew up, there being fewer thrones and doms than there were Emperors and Dukes, he was temporarily forced to take a position behind a hotel register. His chief characteristics are dignity of bearing, radiant gorgeousness of apparel, haughtiness of manner and jewelry. His principal duties consist in hammering on the call bell, in handing guests the wrong keys to their rooms, and in keeping a supply of toothpicks on the end of the desk. When all his time is not taken up in the performance of these arduous duties, he will condescend to explain to a guest that he does *not* know whether the north-bound train leaves at three p. m. or not, and if the guest insists on enticing further information out of him, he will probably hand him a last year's official railroad time table.

When a stranger comes in on a late train, jams his valise down on the counter, and approaches the register, the hotel clerk, in a preoccupied and austere manner, turns the register and hands the stranger a pen—a pen that has an impediment in its legs, catches in the paper, and splutters fragments of the guests name all over yesterday's "arrivals." The clerk, after turning around the register and examining the signature to see if it is genuine, expresses some doubt as to there being a vacant room in the house. The stranger says he is bound to have a room. The clerk retires behind the desk, and after consulting some pigeon-holes, concludes that the gentleman may have No. 1,192. He writes some hieroglyphics on the register, and then he talks for half an hour with the porter and the baggage man about the trunk of the gentleman in No. 46, having got mixed with the baggage belonging to the gentleman in No. 64. When he gets that matter arranged he sits down to polish and admire the long nail that he is cultivating on his little finger, and forgets the gentleman that has rented No. 1,192, until he is made aware of his existence by an impatient tap on the counter. With the air of a martyr, and a sigh that expresses the fact that he considers the whole traveling public his enemies, he says, "Ah! would you like to go to your room?" There is about as much hospitality in his tone as there is in the voice of a bull-dog, when somebody treads on his tail. It is not intended to be hospitable. It is intended to impress on the mind of the stranger the fact that although he—the clerk—is passing poor on $12.50 a week and board, yet he is proud and is merely filling the ignoble position he now occupies until he can come into his dukedom, which include among its perquisities a yacht on the coast, and a shooting lodge in the highlands of Scotland.

Then John shows the gentleman to No. 1,192.

No matter how crowded a hotel is, the hotel clerk always finds one room left for the late arrival. When the latter kicks about it, when he is leaving next day, because it was on the fifth floor, and was furnished with nothing but a bed, a bar of soap, and a crack in ceiling, the clerk tells him that if he had only been staying another day, he could have had an excellent room, in fact the best room in the house, which would be vacated after breakfast, by a gentleman who was leaving on the noon train. To our certain knowledge, the gentleman has been leaving that excellent—that "best room in the house," every to-morrow for the last twenty years.

The hotel clerk is said to be distantly related to the railroad ticket clerk, but this must be a mistake having its origin in the fact that there are certain traits and atrocities of character common to both. The hotel clerk has no relations. Not one man in a thousand can remember ever having seen a hotel clerk's father or uncle.

The night clerk is no so gorgeous or inclement as the day clerk. He wears a smaller finger ring and a larger boot. His duties are not so onerous as are those of the day clerk. He sleeps in a chair near the stove or reads novels all night, and his most important duty is to wake up and speed the parting guest who goes off on the morning train.

The hotel clerk has much to try him, and perhaps we would find many excuses for what we consider his exasperating peculiarities, if we stood on his side of the register and had the experience of how it feels to be a target for the grumbling, the fault-finding, and the interrogatories of the average traveler who lives on corn bread and bacon at home, but howls loud and long, because he does not get turtle-soup and four kinds of pie three times a day when he stops at a hotel.—*Texas Siftings.*

Read to Improve.

There is no virtue and little enjoyment in reading one after another of what are commonly known as solid books unless they are read merely as means toward gaining some definite knowledge. A book of history or geography or physics or geology is no more than a means of getting certain knowledge that is to be used immediately or after a time. If it is read with a notion that the mere act of reading is a praiseworthy use of time, something efficacious—in the same way in which it has been supposed that the saying of a certain number of "aves" or "credos" was efficacious—then the time is for the most part lost. It is too much like gathering a miscellaneous assortment of pieces of cloth and never having them made into clothes which can be worn. The substance of the matter is to read for the sake of finding out something and to get at the information in the quickest way. A great part of the historical books have been written with no conception of the wants of readers who are not already familiar, in a general way, with the subject, and therefore prepared to be interested in details. The genealogy of a person you know nothing about has not the faintest interest for you, neither has the year of his birth or death. Story tellers give that sort of account of their characters which historians ought generally to give, while many so-called historians might just as well and better be put in the form of tabular statement and compressed in a few pages.—*Hartford Time.*

The Biter Bit.

One of the most singular and at the same time distressing accidents which has been chronicled for many a day took place in Buckeye Gulch recently, the victim being a miner living there, and named Henry Sullivan. Late in the afternoon he was brought to the house of Dr. Smith, who knew him personally. He was at the time suffering from a severe cut on each side of his leg, near the ankle, and a fracture of both bones. An injury of this character, at that spot, is an extremely serious one, and all possible was done to relieve his pain. How he received the injury and how he reached the city embody an exceedingly interesting story of fortitude. Sullivan lives, as many other miners do, entirely alone, in a log cabin at the head of the gulch. Among the tools and articles in his humble place of abode was a large steel trap, such as is used in catching bears and heavy game. Its shape, when open, was oval, but when the spring was touched two sets of cruel teeth sprang together, closing on whatever happened to be in range, be it man or beast. The trap had not been used for a long time, and stood open in a corner of the place. It occurred to Sullivan that the trap might do some damage in that condition, and accordingly he pulled it out to the middle of the floor to close it up. In its long period of disuse the springs had become rusty, and the working portions of it stuck together, refusing to operate. Sullivan labored with it for quite a time, and then becoming angry, picked up a hatchet and began hammering at it. Still the jaws refused to shut, and without thinking of the consequences, he thrust his foot against the lever and struck it again. At that instant there was a clash, and the teeth sprang shut, pinning him just above the ankle. The springs were of the most powerful make, and, as there was no loosening them when they had once caught, Sullivan, in his agony, felt his very bones crack under the death-like grip, and half fainted as he fell to the floor. Then nerving himself for a desperate effort, he wrenched at the stout iron with both hands, but without loosening it the fraction of an inch. Half an hour of pain and terror followed, and a new idea occurred to him. The trap was fastened at the base with heavy screws bolted at either side. A wrench lay within reach, and grasping it with the strength of desperation, he succeeded at length in unfastening the bolts. The steel bars dropped apart and he was free. It is needless to enlarge upon his journey of a mile and a half up the gulch, to the nearest house, and how he was finally carried to this city. His injuries are of such a nature that he may possibly yet suffer the amputation of the foot. Sullivan is an old Leadville man. —*Leadville Chronicle.*

The Financial Value of Life.

In a late number of the *Insurance Times* appears an article written by John W. Guiteau on "Interesting Facts About Mortality Tables," together with a long article from the editor of the paper, expressing the high regard felt for John W. Guiteau by insurance men, and their sympathy with him in the calamity brought upon the family by his graceless brother. Mr. Guiteau's article, which was written, of course, from the standpoint of an insurance man, said:

"It is shown by this table that out of 100,000 persons living at age 10, more than half, or 51,230, attain the age of 64 years; out of 96,285 living at age 15, more than half, or 49,341, attain the age of 65; out of 92,637 living at age 20, more than half, or 47,361, attain the age of 66; out of 89,032 living at age 25, more than half, or 45,291, attain the age of 67; out of 85,441 living at age 30, more than half, or 43,133, attain the age of 68; out of 81,882 living at age 35, nearly half, or 40,890, attain the age of 69; out of 78,106 living at age 40, nearly half, or 38,569, attain the age of 70; out of 74,173 living at age 45, nearly half, or 36,178, attain the age of 71; out of 69,804 living at age 50, nearly half, or 33,730, attain the age of 72; out of 64,563 living at age 55, nearly half, or 31,243 attain the age of 73; out of 57,917 living at age 60, nearly half, or 28,738, attain the age of 74; out of 49,541 living at age 65, more than half, or 26,237, attain the age of 75; out of 38,569 living at age 70, more than half, or 21,330, attain the age of 77; out of 26,237 living at age 75, more than half, or 12,383, attain the age of 81; out of 14,474 living at age 80, more than half, or 8,603, attain the age of 83; out of 5,535 living at age 85, more than half, or 3,079, attain the age of 87; out of 847 living at age 90, more than half, or 216, attain the age of 92; out of 249 living at age 92, more than half, or 79, attain the age of 93; of these, only 11 live to be 94, and the last three survivors of the 100,000 starting at 10 years of age, die during the 95th year.

"For a general statement it may then be said that more than half of those living at any insurable age will live to an age beyond 65. The productive period is best prior to that age. The financial value of the lives of business men usually begins to wane before the age of 60. Sometimes the turning point is at a much earlier age, and occasionally men are at their best at 60, but this is very rare, indeed. The highest statistical authority establishes the fact that only a small percentage (from three to ten) of those who attained old age and were engaged in active and successful business in early manhood and at their prime, ever succeed in retaining a competency for their future support."

—The mail rider between Warrentown, Va., and Washington; in the same State, is an old man named James Harrell, who has been in the service for thirty years. He has ridden over his present route three times a week each way since 1865, most of the time upon the raw-boned horse "Mandy," which still serves the Government in the same humble capacity. The number and variety of packages which this toiling nag will transport without the faintest sign of rebellion surpasses belief. He once carried over a considerable part of his route a cooking stove and sixteen feet of pipe, besides the mailbag and several smaller packages. For the sake of humanity and his own piece of mind it is to be hoped that the postman walked that day. The veteran Harrell is very poor, and looks forward with anxiety to the time when old age and infirmity will oblige him to quit the service.

Comparative Values of Gems.

Scientists speak lightly of colored gems as alumina found in nature, crystallized and colored with oxide of iron, and "valued at enormous sums." It hardly raises the more precious in general esteem to know that the emerald, ruby, sapphire and amethyst are almost the same chemically, or that the emerald and the aquamarine only differ in color, the former being absolutely priceless, while the latter has no determinate value. Pearls only are sold by the grain. All other precious stones are sold by the carat, which weighs four grains. Diamonds weighing less than a carat are more valuable than rubies, sapphires or emeralds of the same weight. But all the colored stones exceeding a carat are more valuable than diamonds, and the difference in value increases very rapidly with increase of size. If a ruby is very perfect, and of a rich, dark color, it commands an extravagant price. A fine three-carat diamond might be worth from $600 to $1,000, according to quality, while a perfect three-carat ruby would find a purchaser at from $3,000 to $5,000. Rubies weighing four carats have been sold in Eastern cities for $10,000. Scientific writers class sapphires and rubies simply as sapphires. The red sapphire is a ruby, and the blue ruby a sapphire. The present demand of fine rubies exceeds the supply. It is not exactly known where those came from which are now finding their way into the market, but it is presumed that many are taken from old ornaments in family collections. Sapphires are very rare and scarcely less valuable than rubies. They make an exquisite appearance, properly arranged, and having small diamonds as foils. They are apt to show a dull color at night, and those are consequently most sought after which sparkle by gaslight. Large and perfect stones are of fabulous value. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a fine sapphire, considered worth $160,000. Sapphires and emeralds are rarely set alone, but with smaller stones, commonly diamonds, which throw their beauty into relief. Expert jewelers are not agreed as to whether the sapphire or the emerald is the more valuable, but the last, perhaps, maintains a greater popularity. Its value increases rapidly with its size. The wife of a railroad king in this city purchased a fine ten-carat emerald a dozen years ago for $5,000, which is now worth probably $20,000. It is worn in a ring as a solitaire, and needs no foil to enhance its extraordinary beauty. There are said to be many rubies and emeralds in the city worth from $2,000 to $5,000 or even more, which are in the possession of connoisseurs.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Mixed Marriage Licenses.

Marriages are doubtless made in heaven. We have the assurance for it in many a line; but it would still appear that they are open to the charge of occasional mistake, and that it is just as well, in celebrating them in this lower sphere, to see that all the preliminaries are satisfactorily settled. Such care, at any rate, would have avoided the very painful results which attach at this moment to a nuptial ceremony that lately took place at Verona. In that town, for some reason or other, the official intrusted by the sindaco to issue licenses for marriage mixed up the names of the applicants in such sort that when the day arrived for uniting a number of young couples, the wrong people found themselves named in the documents, and had to choose between taking the partners selected for them, or postponing their marriage altogether for some time, with the obvious chance of never getting married at all. With much reluctance on the part of some, and, grievous to relate, joy on the part of others, the ceremony was allowed to proceed, a number of people who until then had been strangers to one another being declared respectively man and wife in true Italian form. It is satisfactory to know, however, that in the opinion of the sindaco of the town this was not a matter of much importance; it being certain, in that gentleman's opinion, that thus mated they would experience quite as few disappointments or quarrels as they would had they each chosen their own mates for life; while by promptly agreeing to accept the official arrangement they had saved the State representative much trouble and not wasted the time of its clerks in preparing fresh licenses in return for the fees.—*London Telegraph.*

A French Rogue's Trick.

"Colonel Gaston, U. S. A.," stopping at the "Continental Hotel," Paris, called at a jewelry shop in that city and left some articles for repair; then he came and bought a silver cigarette case, paying in both instances the amount due. Then he decided upon buying a bandeau and necklace of diamonds valued at $20,000, which he locked up in a little leathern bag that he had brought with him. After figuring on the value a few minutes—during which time a customer in a big overcoat entered and looked at, but did not buy, some sleeve buttons—the Colonel presented his check for the amount due on the diamonds. The lady, in charge of the shop, refused to take the check, and he said he would go and draw the money himself, which he did, leaving the bag in charge of the lady. She took the precaution to feel of its contents, and much to her relief recognized the peculiar form of the diamond bandeau and the stones of the necklace within. She waited until nightfall, and as her customer did not return, she cut open the bag. To her consternation she found that it contained nothing but some bits of wood and wire formed in the shape of the bandeau, and a string of glass beads that did duty for the necklace. The customer in the big overcoat who came to look at the sleeve-buttons had probably managed to change the bags. The sharp thieves have not been caught.

—A New York correspondent says: "West Broadway is probably the most railway ridden street in this city, yet it is the most progressive to-day perhaps, of all the business thoroughfares. The elevated railroad has three tracks running above it and five or six horse car lines run on its surface. The noise and confusion are almost intolerable, yet an immense amount of building is going on along its whole length, some of the finest stores in the country being in course of erection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A New York restaurant advertises a square meal for five cents, and now why can't a married couple live on $500 a year.

—Although it is certain that Judge Wilkinson, of Boston, has left over $100,000 worth of property, no trace or evidence can be found thereof in any bank or place of deposit.

—A Western editor received a letter from a subscriber asking him to publish a cure for apple tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A woman recently walked with an infant child from Philadelphia to Chicago. As there were no outstanding bets on her, and no gate money, she had to go to the workhouse.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fat men are always the very essence of good nature. Nine out of ten will only laugh when you accidentally poke them in the stomach with your umbrella, and the tenth will beg your pardon for being so big.—*Rochester Express.*

—Bismarck is a great man, but when an English paper charges him with having a nose like a turnip dug out of the ground after a long winter, he feels the hit just as much as if his salary was only seven dollars a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—President Arthur was first led to feel the importance of women having larger and fairer opportunities by the sympathy he felt for a sister whose health was quite broken down through long years of struggling as a school teacher for a woman's pay and man's work.

—Proverbial philosophy: It is never too late to mend—and to mate. A stitch in time is economy prime. "The law's delay" is the lawyer's chief pay. There's many a slip after many a "nip." 'Tis an ill "wind" that stabs one behind. Fortune favors the brave—and the knave. Evil communications divide close relations.

—Mrs. Daniel Webster has sent the little letter to a New Haven school which celebrated her husband's birthday: "New Rochelle, Feb. 4, 1882. Please accept my thanks for your gratifying remembrance of my late husband on the 100th anniversary of his birth; also for your kindly greeting to myself. My kind regards to all your scholars. Yours, very sincerely, Caroline LeRoy Webster."

—Mary Washington, the mother of Washington, was buried at Fredericksburg, Va. In 1831 a wealthy New York man, Mr. Burrows, proposed to erect a monument over the grave at his own expense, and Andrew Jackson helped to lay the corner-stone, but, as Mr. Burrows failed in business, work was stopped half way. The people of Fredericksburg now ask Congress to have the monument finished.

—A Troy (N. Y.) bell-founder has received an order for a bell from Delhi, Iowa, upon which the following inscriptions are to be cast. On one side: "A voice has gone before every great good that has ever been achieved in this world." The above words were taken from President Garfield's last public address. On the other side of the bell will be cast: "In memory of a servant of Jesus Christ, our loved President, James A. Garfield. 1881."

—On the death of Chief Justice Marshall, nearly fifty years ago, the lawyers of Philadelphia moved for a monument. The project failed at the time, as is often the case, and only $3,000 was contributed. The matter was soon forgotten by almost everybody. The last surviving trustee of the fund died a few days ago, and among his papers was found a careful account of the money, showing that by investment it had grown to $20,000. The monument will now be erected.

—Several young men went from a St. Louis ballroom to get drinks at an adjoining saloon. All took whisky, and when it was down they looked at one another with disgust depicted in their faces. It was the very worst whisky they had ever tasted. John Mackey, who had invited the party out, refused to pay for the stuff. More than that he whipped the bartender for retaliation, and undertook to empty the bottle on the floor. A policeman was called in, who killed Mackey during the light that ensued.

—The miracle phase of the Rev. George O. Barnes' Louisville revival has been investigated by the *Courier-Journal*. Among those who had been anointed with oil in the meetings were found individuals who firmly believed that they had been cured respectively of sunstroke, neuralgia, dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism, bronchitis, malaria fever and kidney disease. One man who had been ill for ten years, and was barely able to get to the church, went away at a brisk pace, apparently in perfect health.

—If the laws of hereditary hold good, and the theories of some people don't fall through, the manufacture of distilled liquors is doomed. They, the theorists, maintain that a child may be born in such a condition as to have through all its life fits of periodical intoxication, without having tasted strong liquors. Nobody is going to spend money for intoxicating liquor, when he can have the periods just as intoxicating, and just as often, without.—*Lowell Journal.*

—A young Brooklyn woman who has been in the habit of reading a separate novel every day in the year, went into a paint shop the other day, came home and sat down to sing and play on the piano a song called "I'm so lonely." Suddenly she stopped, and, wheeling round toward her mother, casually remarked: "I may as well tell you I have taken Paris green, just as I said I would. I wouldn't take the trouble to save me, for I will kill myself some other time." The doctor gave her antidotes but they did not save her. Since receiving a severe blow in the head a year ago she has often wished and tried to put an end to herself.

—Olive Logan writes from London to the Philadelphia *Times:* "At a tea-drinking with agnostics the other day, I was told that the stone bench in Battersea Park, upon which George Eliot and G. H. Lewes were wont to sit in the early days of their heart-yearnings, before they cast the world's dictum at defiance and went and sat comfortably on chairs and sofas in a mutual ownership drawing-room, is daily decked with fresh flowers by devout disciples of the philosophy which these two brave and original thinkers fully believe in, and had the courage to proclaim to the world both by word and deed."

The Republican.

J48. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD

SHADOWS.

The moon a light-hung world of gold,
Low-drooping, pale and phantom-fair;
The fresh pomp of the summer leaves,
And fragrance in the breathing air.

Beneath the trees flat silhouettes,
Mute idiot shapes that shun the light,
Weird crook-kneed things, a fickle crew,
The restless children of the night.

In idle vacant pantomime
They nod and nod for evermore,
And clutch with atmless fluttering hands,
With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor.

Quivering, wavering there forever,
On the bright and silent ground
Meshed and tangled there together
While the rolling earth goes round.

And the gold-tinged early ocean
Ripples light in many a breeze
O'er the sweet-breathed purple lilac,
O'er the tall and slumbering trees.

But comes the dawn,
The spell is done;
Weird spirits flee
At rise of sun.

—*W. S. Kennedy, in Harper's Magazine.*

MISTAKES.

Reconcile yourself (if you are to remain in this world at all) to the conditions of your being; do not vex yourself and break your heart, struggling against what is irremediable. Do not look to find here what is not to be found. Do not fancy that wiser and luckier folk have found it, and that you would have found it, too, but for some unhappy mistake you made at a critical turning in your life. The mistakes you have made, if you be an ordinary mortal living a ordinary life, have not, in fact done your life much harm. You are making just about as much of things in this world as it was in you to make at all. Make the best of the bargain you have made, in this or that. Doubtless you see it was not a perfectly wise bargain. You would not make it again. Had you been considerably wiser than Solomon you might never have made it at all. But you are in for it now. Make the best of things, in good nature and cheerfulness. Do not mope and keep thinking, thinking, how much better you might have done, and (like Mr. Bumble) how cheap you went. So doing, you will be making the very worst of things. You will be deliberately blackening the sky under which you must live if you are to live at all; you will grow into a curse to yourself and a nuisance to your neighbors. There is plenty for you to do. Go and do it. There are people a thousand times worse off than you. Try and help them. And for any sake, do not be always thinking about yourself. Get away from that unsatisfactory subject of contemplation. And, be quite sure that if you have told your special friends, about ten times each, how unhappy you are and how many blunders you have made, they are by this time most uncommonly sick both of you and them.

Being what you are, it is quite certain that if you had not done the foolish things you did, you would have done something else as bad or worse. You married early, when you could not afford it; you had some anxious years; days have been when it seemed the poor head was to go under water altogether. Well, but it did not. You have lived through these anxieties; why recall them? You have got upon firm ground. Be thankful. It is far more and better than you deserve. And the burden which lay on you so heavily may have saved you from making an inexpressible fool of yourself. A man of sixty dangling after some silly girl of five-and-twenty is an amazing and humbling object of contemplation. Even he suspects himself to be a fool; everybody around knows it. Now you, with your seven grown-up sons, and with your masterful wife, are safe not to make a fool of yourself in that particular way. Other ways are open to you. But not one which leads to manifestations quite so deplorable and contemptible. It is likely enough you would advise a friend not to take the turning you did. A man who has a mother-in-law will generally counsel any mortal man to marry an orphan. But this comes of your knowing the evils you have, and being unaware of those which are waiting round the corner, and from which no earthly lot is free. You must take all things here, your profession, your wife, your house, your horses, your servants, your native country with its climate, all your environment, for better for worse. A friend worries you by little weaknesses, but he is better than no friend at all. He may be likened to a gift of a thousand pounds, subject to a deduction of two hundred and fifty. It is a disadvantage about a locomotive engine that it gets so hot. But you must accept the engine under that deduction. For it will not go unless it be so hot. If you, being a human being living in this imperfect system of things, will break away from everything which has its inconveniences, you will leave yourself without any possessions or surroundings whatsoever.

To speak gravely: One remarks, in these advancing years, that the great anxiety and care of worthy men and women, growing old, are about their children; the lesser ones, still going to school; the bigger ones, for whom you are seeking an aim in life, or whom have gone far away. No doubt, if you had no children, you would be free from many anxious thoughts. The income would go much farther. The furniture and the painting of your house would last much longer. You could indulge in many luxuries, now impossible. You might buy books without stint and cross the Alps yearly. But you would not have these selfish indulgences at the price. It is a cheerless thing, a childless home. No one will bear with you in the last fretfulness, and smooth the last steps of your way, like your own boy or girl. If there be in you any good at all, it has been brought out mainly by the continual presence and charge of your children. And you have had gleams of a pure and unselfish happiness, which are unknown in a lonely life. Had you kept clear of the responsibilities of life, and given no hostages to fortune, you would, no doubt, have presented a narrow mark to the shafts of care. But, unless you were a very poor creature indeed, every time you heard the laughter of the little ones, and watched their winsome ways, their thoughtless merriment, you would have felt that you had missed the best happiness of this life. And to do that of your own free will is surely the greatest of all mistakes. Your library may be full of beautifully-bound volumes; your carpets unworn, your walls unmarked by little fingers, no sudden noises may jar your nerves; no eager little face look in when you are in the very middle of a complicated sentence, and break the tenor of your thoughts. And you never yet saw the childish eyes close upon this world; nor received the last kiss from lips that were growing cold, when Somebody as of old) "called to Himself a little child." You never knew that terrible trial, which no faith and no hope could make anything other. But neither did you ever see the bright looks lighted up when you return from a brief absence, nor did little pattering feet run to meet you. You never were earnestly questioned as to what you had brought; having earnestly considered London shop-windows in the search for something to bring. You may have been told, but you do not know, as you might, that these little creatures (coming from where Wordsworth tells us), whether abiding with you here or gone on before you, are the instruments of the Best Hand to bring out the very best that can be made of His creatures here. All that good is worth having, even at what it costs. A great deal has to be paid for it, no doubt. But unless in morbid and transient moods you would not wish to have done without it.

Therefore, instead of moaning over days past, with their opportunities missed, and their idiotic sayings and doings, we shall all set ourselves to do the best we can in the days which yet remain. And if there be blots on the page which can never be rubbed out where we are, there is the supreme consolation that some day we may hope to turn over a quite new leaf, and to make a quite fresh start, far away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Congressman Cox's Observations In Foreign Lands.

Hon. S. S. Cox passed me on the street last night and stopped to talk a minute, I asked him what it had cost him to see Europe. "It cost just my Congressional salary of $5,000 to pay mine and my wife's expenses, and make a journey of eight months around the great circle of Europe. We went to Constantinople, to Egypt, to Palestine, to Russia, to Norway and Sweden, and, of course, went where we liked in middle Europe. For that amount of money we stopped at the very best hotels, had the best rooms and attendants, and had the best commissionaires to show us about."

"Were you a good deal troubled with vermin, bed-bugs, etc.?"

"Well, some. All the south of Europe, the north of Africa, and Asia, of course, have their pests. You begin to feel it at Constantinople. I think we were plagued more by a sand-fly along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean than by fleas. Those spiteful flies kept my wife in as a great state of exasperation as she ever shows."

Speaking of the mail service, Mr. Cox said: "I wrote a good many newspaper letters and all of them came through safely but that one in which I describe my presentation to the Sultan. It was the most interesting that I wrote. That never came to hand, and I never could write it again. Lew Wallace, our minister, obtained the presentation for me, while my wife was allowed, without my company, however, to go to the seraglio, and to see the female life of the Sultan's household."

"How did you find the consular service of the United States, Mr. Cox?"

"I was very agreeably surprised at its excellence. Our consuls all along that coast, as far as I observed, were observing, shrewd, good fellows, many of them badly underpaid. Gen. Lew Wallace is a man of literary and worldly talents, and makes a very good minister. I could find nothing of our consulates in St. Petersburg. One of the best fellows I found was at Christiana, Norway. He was getting only $200 a year out of his fees. Since I came back I have had him raised to $1,000 a year. We finished the foreign service bill last Saturday. I am on the appropriation committee, you know."

"What do you think of Russia, Mr. Cox?"

"Well, Russia is in a very bad condition, arising from a want of an industrial and self-supporting society. The government has picked out persons in every province in Russia and educated them thoroughly, given them fine technical educations, for its war purposes, in the engineering schools, in the languages, so as to make them accomplished tools of the Czar. Now these men have no occupation in Russia after they are educated. There is literally nothing to do where they reside. They have no business experience. Consequently they become nihilist. Nihilism in Russia is the effervescence of the intellect demanding more and better institutions than naked despotism, demanding a career, congenial occupation, freedom of speech and of action; in short, it is education detesting absolutism and idleness. The common people of Russia are devoted to the Czar. They call him their father. The cabman that drove us around, the laborers, all the bottom stratum of society, are loyal to the soul, and will kill a man if he says anything against their holy and dead master, the Czar. But these educated, unflinching nihilists mean to transform that society to the likeness of Europe and America, or to perish with it."

"Mr. Cox, do any of them in Europe live as well as we do in the United States?"

"No; there is no country like this anywhere, yet the wholly commercial character of our life sometimes fatigue the brain."—*Gath.*

—The Khedive of Egypt says he is opposed to polygamy, and is working to make his people content with one wife for each husband. He wants to inspire them with a liberal feeling toward all religious beliefs, and to make them respectful to Christians and Jews, as well as to people of their own faith. He has given land at Cairo for a Protestant mission, and in upper Egypt for another. He does not expect to change his religion nor to ask other people to change theirs. He has about $500,000 a year spending money, and is obliged to be much more economical than his predecessor, who spent $10,000,000 a year on his harem.

The Hotel Clerk.

The hotel clerk is a young man who was originally created to fill an Emperor's throne or adorn a Dukedom, but when he grew up, there being fewer thrones and doms than there were Emperors and Dukes, he was temporarily forced to take a position behind a hotel register. His chief characteristics are dignity of bearing, radiant gorgeousness of apparel, haughtiness of manner and jewelry. His principal duties consist in hammering on the call bell, in handing guests the wrong keys to their rooms, and in keeping a supply of toothpicks on the end of the desk. When all his time is not taken up in the performance of these arduous duties, he will condescend to explain to a guest that he does *not* know whether the north-bound train leaves at three p. m. or not, and if the guest insists on enticing further information out of him, he will probably hand him a last year's official railroad time table.

When a stranger comes in on a late train, jams his valise down on the counter, and approaches the register, the hotel clerk, in a preoccupied and austere manner, turns the register and hands the stranger a pen—a pen that has an impediment in its legs, catches in the paper, and splutters fragments of the guests name all over yesterday's "arrivals." The clerk, after turning around the register and examining the signature to see if it is genuine, expresses some doubt as to there being a vacant room in the house. The stranger says he is bound to have a room. The clerk retires behind the desk, and after consulting some pigeon-holes, concludes that the gentleman may have No. 1,192. He writes some hieroglyphics on the register, and then he talks for half an hour with the porter and the baggage man about the trunk of the gentleman in No. 46, having got mixed with the baggage belonging to the gentleman in No. 64. When he gets that matter arranged he sits down to polish and admire the long nail that he is cultivating on his little finger, and forgets the gentleman that has rented No. 1,192, until he is made aware of his existence by an impatient tap on the counter. With the air of a martyr, and a sigh that expresses the fact that he considers the whole traveling public his enemies, he says, "Ah! would you like to go to your room?" There is about as much hospitality in his tone as there is in the voice of a bull-dog, when somebody treads on his tail. It is not intended to be hospitable. It is intended to impress on the mind of the stranger the fact that although he—the clerk—is passing poor on $12.50 a week and board, yet he is proud and is merely filling the ignoble position he now occupies until he can come into his dukedom, which include among its perquisities a yacht on the coast, and a shooting lodge in the highlands of Scotland.

Then John shows the gentleman to No. 1,192.

No matter how crowded a hotel is, the hotel clerk always finds one room left for the late arrival. When the latter kicks about it, when he is leaving next day, because it was on the fifth floor, and was furnished with nothing but a bed, a bar of soap, and a crack in ceiling, the clerk tells him that if he had only been staying another day, he could have had an excellent room, in fact the best room in the house, which would be vacated after breakfast, by a gentleman who was leaving on the noon train. To our certain knowledge, the gentleman has been leaving that excellent—that "best room in the house," every to-morrow for the last twenty years.

The hotel clerk is said to be distantly related to the railroad ticket clerk, but this must be a mistake having its origin in the fact that there are certain traits and atrocities of character common to both. The hotel clerk has no relations. Not one man in a thousand can remember ever having seen a hotel clerk's father or uncle.

The night clerk is no so gorgeous or inclement as the day clerk: He wears a smaller finger ring and a larger boot. His duties are not so onerous as are those of the day clerk. He sleeps in a chair near the stove or reads novels all night, and his most important duty is to wake up and speed the parting guest who goes off on the morning train.

The hotel clerk has much to try him, and perhaps we would find many excuses for what we consider his exasperating peculiarities, if we stood on his side of the register and had the experience of how it feels to be a target for the grumbling, the fault-finding, and the interrogatories of the average traveler who lives on corn bread and bacon at home, but howls loud and long, because he does not get turtle-soup and four kinds of pie three times a day when he stops at a hotel.—*Texas Siftings.*

Read to Improve.

There is no virtue and little enjoyment in reading one after another of what are commonly known as solid books unless they are read merely as means toward gaining some definite knowledge. A book of history or geography or physics or geology is no more than a means of getting certain knowledge that is to be used immediately or after a time. If it is read with a notion that the mere act of reading is a praiseworthy use of time, something efficacious—in the same way in which it has been supposed that the saying of a certain number of "ayes" or "credos" was efficacious—then the time is for the most part lost. It is too much like gathering a miscellaneous assortment of pieces of cloth and never having them made into clothes which can be worn. The substance of the matter is to read for the sake of finding out something and to get at the information in the quickest way. A great part of the historical books have been written with no conception of the wants of readers who are not already familiar, in a general way, with the subject, and therefore prepared to be interested in details. The genealogy of a person you know nothing about has not the faintest interest for you, neither has the year of his birth or death. Story tellers give that sort of account of their characters which historians ought generally to give, while many so-called historians might just as well and better be put in the form of tabular statement and compressed in a few pages.—*Hartford Time.*

The Bitter Bit.

One of the most singular and at the same time distressing accidents which has been chronicled for many a day took place in Buckeye Gulch recently, the victim being a miner living there, and named Henry Sullivan. Late in the afternoon he was brought to the house of Dr. Smith, who knew him personally. He was at the time suffering from a severe cut on each side of his leg, near the ankle, and a fracture of both bones. An injury of this character, at that spot, is an extremely serious one, and all possible was done to relieve his pain. How he received the injury and how he reached the city embody an exceedingly interesting story of fortitude. Sullivan lives, as many other miners do, entirely alone, in a log cabin at the head of the gulch. Among the tools and articles in his humble place of abode was a large steel trap, such as is used in catching bears and heavy game. Its shape, when open, was oval, but when the spring was touched two sets of cruel teeth sprang together, closing on whatever happened to be in range, be it man or beast. The trap had not been used for a long time, and stood open in a corner of the place. It occurred to Sullivan that the trap might do some damage in that condition, and accordingly he pulled it out to the middle of the floor to close it up. In its long period of disuse the springs had become rusty, and the working portions of it stuck together, refusing to operate. Sullivan labored with it for quite a time, and then becoming angry, picked up a hatchet and began hammering at it. Still the jaws refused to shut, and without thinking of the consequences, he thrust his foot against the lever and struck it again. At that instant there was a clash, and the teeth sprang shut, pinning him just above the ankle. The springs were of the most powerful make, and, as there was no loosening them when they had once caught, Sullivan, in his agony, felt his very bones crack under the death-like grip, and half fainted as he fell to the floor. Then nerving himself for a desperate effort, he wrenched at the stout iron with both hands, but without loosening it the fraction of an inch. Half an hour of pain and terror followed, and a new idea occurred to him. The trap was fastened at the base with heavy screws bolted at either side. A wrench lay within reach, and grasping it with the strength of desperation, he succeeded at length in unfastening the bolts. The steel bars dropped apart and he was free. It is needless to enlarge upon his journey of a mile and a half up the gulch, to the nearest house, and how he was finally carried to this city. His injuries are of such a nature that he may possibly yet suffer the amputation of the foot. Sullivan is an old Leadville man. —*Leadville Chronicle.*

The Financial Value of Life.

In a late number of the *Insurance Times* appears an article written by John W. Guiteau on "Interesting Facts About Mortality Tables," together with a long article from the editor of the paper, expressing the high regard felt for John W. Guiteau by insurance men, and their sympathy with him in the calamity brought upon the family by his graceless brother. Mr. Guiteau's article, which was written, of course, from the standpoint of an insurance man, said:

"It is shown by this table that out of 100,000 persons living at age 10, more than half, or 51,230, attain the age of 61 years; out of 96,285 living at age 15, more than half, or 49,341, attain the age of 65; out of 92,637 living at age 20, more than half, or 47,361, attain the age of 66; out of 89,032 living at age 25, more than half, or 45,291, attain the age of 67; out of 85,441 living at age 30, more than half, or 43,135, attain the age of 68; out of 81,882 living at age 35, nearly half, or 40,890, attain the age of 69; out of 78,106 living at age 40, nearly half, or 38,569, attain the age of 70; out of 74,173 living at age 45, nearly half, or 36,178, attain the age of 71; out of 69,804 living at age 50, nearly half, or 33,730, attain the age of 72; out of 64,563 living at age 55, nearly half, or 31,243 attain the age of 73; out of 57,917 living at age 60, nearly half, or 28,738, attain the age of 74; out of 49,541 living at age 65, more than half, or 26,237, attain the age of 75; out of 38,569 living at age 70, more than half, or 21,330, attain the age of 77; out of 26,237 living at age 75, more than half, or 12,383, attain the age of 81; out of 14,474 living at age 80, more than half, or 8,603, attain the age of 83; out of 5,535 living at age 85, more than half, or 3,079, attain the age of 87; out of 847 living at age 90, more than half, or 216, attain the age of 92; out of 249 living at age 92, more than half, or 79, attain the age of 93; of these, only 11 live to be 94, and the last three survivors of the 100,000 starting at 10 years of age, die during the 95th year.

"For a general statement it may then be said that more than half of those living at any insurable age will live to an age beyond 65. The productive period is best prior to that age. The financial value of the lives of business men usually begins to wane before the age of 60. Sometimes the turning point is at a much earlier age, and occasionally men are at their best at 60, but this is very rare, indeed. The highest statistical authority establishes the fact that only a small percentage (from three to ten) of those who attained old age and were engaged in active and successful business in early manhood and at their prime, ever succeed in retaining a competency for their future support."

—The mail rider between Warrentown, Va., and Washington; in the same State, is an old man named James Harrell, who has been in the service for thirty years. He has ridden over his present route three times a week each way since 1865, most of the time upon the raw-boned horse "Mandy," which still serves the Government in the same humble capacity. The number and variety of packages which this toiling nag will transport without the faintest sign of rebellion surpasses belief. He once carried over a considerable part of his route a cooking stove and sixteen feet of pipe, besides the mailbag and several smaller packages. For the sake of humanity and his own piece of mind it is to be hoped that the postman walked that day. The veteran Harrell is very poor, and looks forward with anxiety to the time when old age and infirmity will oblige him to quit the service.

Comparative Values of Gems.

Scientists speak lightly of colored gems as alumina found in nature, crystallized and colored with oxide of iron, and "valued at enormous sums." It hardly raises the more precious in general esteem to know that the emerald, ruby, sapphire and amethyst are almost the same chemically, or that the emerald and the aquamarine only differ in color, the former being absolutely priceless, while the latter has no determinate value. Pearls only are sold by the grain. All other precious stones are sold by the carat, which weighs four grains. Diamonds weighing less than a carat are more valuable than rubies, sapphires or emeralds of the same weight. But all the colored stones exceeding a carat are more valuable than diamonds, and the difference in value increases very rapidly with increase of size. If a ruby is very perfect, and of a rich, dark color, it commands an extravagant price. A fine three-carat diamond might be worth from $600 to $1,000, according to quality, while a perfect three-carat ruby would find a purchaser at from $3,000 to $5,000. Rubies weighing four carats have been sold in Eastern cities for $10,000. Scientific writers class sapphires and rubies simply as sapphires. The red sapphire is a ruby, and the blue ruby a sapphire. The present demand of fine rubies exceeds the supply. It is not exactly known where those came from which are now finding their way into the market, but it is presumed that many are taken from old ornaments in family collections. Sapphires are very rare and scarcely less valuable than rubies. They make an exquisite appearance, properly arranged, and having small diamonds as foils. They are apt to show a dull color at night, and those are consequently most sought after which sparkle by gaslight. Large and perfect stones are of fabulous value. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a fine sapphire, considered worth $160,000. Sapphires and emeralds are rarely set alone, but with smaller stones, commonly diamonds, which throw their beauty into relief. Expert jewelers are not agreed as to whether the sapphire or the emerald is the more valuable, but the last, perhaps, maintains a greater popularity. Its value increases rapidly with its size. The wife of a railroad king in this city purchased a fine ten-carat emerald a dozen years ago for $5,000, which is now worth probably $20,000. It is worn in a ring as a solitaire, and needs no foil to enhance its extraordinary beauty. There are said to be many rubies and emeralds in the city worth from $2,000 to $5,000 or even more, which are in the possession of connoisseurs.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Mixed Marriage Licenses.

Marriages are doubtless made in heaven. We have the assurance for it in many a line; but it would still appear that they are open to the charge of occasional mistake, and that it is just as well, in celebrating them in this lower sphere, to see that all the preliminaries are satisfactorily settled. Such care, at any rate, would have avoided the very painful results which attach at this moment to a nuptial ceremony that lately took place at Verona. In that town, for some reason or other, the official intrusted by the sindaco to issue licenses for marriage mixed up the names of the applicants in such sort that when the day arrived for uniting a number of young couples, the wrong people found themselves named in the documents, and had to choose between taking the partners selected for them, or postponing their marriage altogether for some time, with the obvious chance of never getting married at all. With much reluctance on the part of some, and, grievous to relate, joy on the part of others, the ceremony was allowed to proceed, a number of people who until then had been strangers to one another being declared respectively man and wife in true Italian form. It is satisfactory to know, however, that in the opinion of the sindaco of the town this was not a matter of much importance; it being certain, in that gentleman's opinion, that thus mated they would experience quite as few disappointments or quarrels as they would had they each chosen their own mates for life; while by promptly agreeing to accept the official arrangement they had saved the State representative much trouble and not wasted the time of its clerks in preparing fresh licenses in return for the fees.—*London Telegraph.*

A French Rogue's Trick.

"Colonel Gaston, U. S. A.," stopping at the "Continental Hotel," Paris, called at a jewelry shop in that city and left some articles for repair; then he came and bought a silver cigarette case, paying in both instances the amount due. Then he decided upon buying a bandeau and necklace of diamonds valued at $20,000, which he locked up in a little leathern bag that he had brought with him. After figuring on the value a few minutes—during which time a customer in a big overcoat entered and looked at, but did not buy, some sleeve buttons—the Colonel presented his check for the amount due on the diamonds. The lady, in charge of the shop, refused to take the check, and he said he would go and draw the money himself, which he did, leaving the bag in charge of the lady. She took the precaution to feel of its contents, and much to her relief recognized the peculiar form of the diamond bandeau and the stones of the necklace within. She waited until nightfall, and as her customer did not return, she cut open the bag. To her consternation she found that it contained nothing but some bits of wood and wire formed in the shape of the bandeau, and a string of glass beads that did duty for the necklace. The customer in the big overcoat who came to look at the sleeve-buttons had probably managed to change the bags. The sharp thieves have not been caught.

—A New York correspondent says: "West Broadway is probably the most railway ridden street in this city, yet it is the most progressive to-day perhaps, of all the business thoroughfares. The elevated railroad has three tracks running above it and five or six horse car lines run on its surface. The noise and confusion are almost intolerable, yet an immense amount of building is going on along its whole length, some of the finest stores in the country being in course of erection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A New York restaurant advertises a square meal for five cents, and now why can't a married couple live on $500 a year.

—Although it is certain that Judge Wilkinson, of Boston, has left over $100,000 worth of property, no trace or evidence can be found thereof in any bank or place of deposit.

—A Western editor received a letter from a subscriber asking him to publish a cure for apple tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A woman recently walked with an infant child from Philadelphia to Chicago. As there were no outstanding bets on her, and no gate money, she had to go to the workhouse.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fat men are always the very essence of good nature. Nine out of ten will only laugh when you accidentally poke them in the stomach with your umbrella, and the tenth will beg your pardon for being so big.—*Rochester Express.*

—Bismarck is a great man, but when an English paper charges him with having a nose like a turnip dug out of the ground after a long winter, he feels the hit just as much as if his salary was only seven dollars a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—President Arthur was first led to feel the importance of women having larger and fairer opportunities by the sympathy he felt for a sister whose health was quite broken down through long years of struggling as a school teacher for a woman's pay and man's work.

—Proverbial philosophy: It is never too late to mend—and to mate. A stitch in time is economy prime. "The law's delay" is the lawyer's chief pay. There's many a slip after many a "nip." 'Tis an ill "wind" that stabs one behind. Fortune favors the brave—and the knave. Evil communications divide close relations.

—Mrs. Daniel Webster has sent this little letter to a New Haven school which celebrated her husband's birthday: "New Rochelle, Feb. 4, 1882. Please accept my thanks for your gratifying remembrance of my late husband on the 100th anniversary of his birth; also for your kindly greeting to myself. My kind regards to all your scholars. Yours, very sincerely, Caroline LeRoy Webster."

—Mary Washington, the mother of Washington, was buried at Fredericksburg, Va. In 1831 a wealthy New York man, Mr. Burrows, proposed to erect a monument over the grave at his own expense, and Andrew Jackson helped to lay the corner-stone, but, as Mr. Burrows failed in business, work was stopped half way. The people of Fredericksburg now ask Congress to have the monument finished.

—A Troy (N. Y.) bell-founder has received an order for a bell from Delhi, Iowa, upon which the following inscriptions are to be cast. On one side: "A voice has gone before every great good that has ever been achieved in this world." The above words were taken from President Garfield's last public address. On the other side of the bell will be cast: "In memory of a servant of Jesus Christ, our loved President, James A. Garfield. 1881."

—On the death of Chief Justice Marshall, nearly fifty years ago, the lawyers of Philadelphia moved for a monument. The project failed at the time, as is often the case, and only $3,000 was contributed. The matter was soon forgotten by almost everybody. The last surviving trustee of the fund died a few days ago, and among his papers was found a careful account of the money, showing that by investment it had grown to $20,000. The monument will now be erected.

—Several young men went from a St. Louis ballroom to get drinks at an adjoining saloon. All took whisky, and when it was down they looked at one another with disgust depicted in their faces. It was the very worst whisky they had ever tasted. John Mackey, who had invited the party out, refused to pay for the stuff. More than that he whipped the bartender for retaliation, and undertook to empty the bottle on the floor. A policeman was called in, who killed Mackey during the fight that ensued.

—The miracle phase of the Rev. George O. Barnes' Louisville revival has been investigated by the *Courier-Journal*. Among those who had been anointed with oil in the meetings were found individuals who firmly believed that they had been cured respectively of sunstroke, neuralgia, dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism, bronchitis, malaria fever and kidney disease. One man who had been ill for ten years, and was barely able to get to the church, went away at a brisk pace, apparently in perfect health.

—If the laws of hereditary hold good, and the theories of some people don't fall through, the manufacture of distilled liquors is doomed. They, the theorists, maintain that a child may be born in such a condition as to have through all its life fits of periodical intoxication, without having tasted strong liquors. Nobody is going to spend money for intoxicating liquor, when he can have the periods just as intoxicating, and just as often, without.—*Lowell Journal.*

—A young Brooklyn woman who has been in the habit of reading a separate novel every day in the year, went into a paint shop the other day, came home and sat down to sing and play on the piano a song called "I'm so lonely." Suddenly she stopped, and, wheeling round toward her mother, casually remarked: "I may as well tell you I have taken Paris green, just as I said I would. I wouldn't take the trouble to save me, for I will kill myself some other time." The doctor gave her antidotes but they did not save her. Since receiving a severe blow in the head a year ago she has often wished and tried to put an end to herself.

—Olive Logan writes from London to the Philadelphia *Times:* "At a tea-drinking with agnostics the other day, I was told that the stone bench in Battersea Park, upon which George Eliot and G. H. Lewes were wont to sit in the early days of their heart-yearnings, before they cast the world's dictum at defiance and went and sat comfortably on chairs and sofas in a mutual ownership drawing-room, is daily decked with fresh flowers by devout disciples of the philosophy which these two brave and original thinkers fully believe in, and had the courage to proclaim to the world both by word and deed."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

We are indebted to Senator Getty for valuable State papers.

The Rockville *Advocate* says with a good deal of assurance that, "It is very generally conceded that the Democratic nominee for Congress of the Sixth District will come from Montgomery county, and will be either E. B. Prettyman or Montgomery Blair."

Mr. George Colton Tuesday of last week announced his retirement from the management of the *Gazette*, owing to the pressure of other business engagements. Mr. William Cronsdale, late editor of the Wilmington (Del.) *Every Evening*, assumes the management and editorial control of the *Gazette*, which will be "a pronounced and unwavering supporter of Democratic ideas and principles," Mr. Cronsdale states that various improvements in the paper are in preparation and will be soon carried into effect.

Following is a list of newly appointed Justices of the Peace in Garrett county: District No. 1, Emil F. Droege, and William Sharpless. No. 2, Jonas Wass, Isaac Umble. No. 3, Henry Winterburg, Sylvester Butler. No. 4, A. J. Warnick, Marcus Fazenbaker. No. 5, Wm. Hinebaugh, Wm. Miller. No. 6, Peter Echard, R. T. Browing. No. 7, A. B. Gomler, R. B. Jamison. No. 8, Charles Best, James W. White. No. 9, Perry Weimer, Joshua Fazenbaker.

The above nominations were all confirmed by the Senate Friday of last week, except Jonas Wass and Isaac Umble, of No. 2, and J. W. White, of No. 8. They were rejected, no doubt, because their appointment did not suit Mr. Getty, although they are among the best men in our county.

War in the Camp.

The day is fast approaching when the clique of the present Democratic State managers will be no more. The decisive battle will soon be fought, and the preparations for the encounter forebode a severe conflict. The breach between Senator Gorman and Police Commissioner Colton is growing daily wider, and though both have been busily engaged denying that any coolness existed between them since the publication of the fact in *The American*, every vigilant and candid observer of political events must need know that the day of the break between these two leaders is not afar off. That Senator Gorman should seek to promote a quarrel with so sagacious and shrewd a politician as George Colton, who, as is admitted, did more than anyone (not excepting Mr. Gorman himself) to send Mr. Gorman to the United States Senate, and who, in fact, was his political sponsor for the last ten years, would seem marvelous but for the circumstance that gratitude does not find its place in the hearts of all politicians. It is now an open secret to those on the inside in the Democratic camp that Senator Gorman promised Mr. Colton the canal presidency, and it is equally well known and openly stated by politicians in the managers' clique that the promise is not to be kept, and that in all probability the Junior Senator from Maryland will not give up that lucrative office just yet. The meeting of the stockholders of the canal will be held March 21st, and if the pledge made to Mr. Colton is broken, it is scarcely probable that the Senator and Police Commissioner will remain political friends. It is known to every one taking the least interest in Maryland politics that Mr. Colton has contributed more than one man or any two men to the success of the present clique. It must, therefore, seem peculiarly mortifying to him to see himself slaughtered in the house of his friends.

The biggest thing of the session for the managers was the introduction last week of the bill to place the appointment of tobacco inspectors into the Board of Public Works, and the inspectors, instead of receiving a salary, are to be paid out of the fees. The outage is to be $2 per hogshead, out of which the inspectors are to pay to the State the sum of ten cents! What a good thing this would be for the managers' favorites who are to be appointed as inspectors may be imagined, when it is stated that a prominent merchant states he is willing to pay to-day to the State the sum of $35,000 for the privilege of taking charge of the warehouses, and pay the State forty cents for every hogshead. The inspectors under the new bill would take charge on May 1st, when there will be in the warehouses twenty thousand hogsheads. The outage and accrued storage on this would not be less than $50,000 to which the five new inspectors would be entitled, and as the tobacco is held as collateral security for the charges, there is no question but that the money due on it will be collected, and some arrangements would be made by the inspectors to clear the warehouses before their successors two years hence would be appointed. The inspectors would have a first-class berth under the hill. If there is a large crop, and 35,000 hogsheads are inspected in the five warehouses, their receipts would be $70,000, and the State would receive the small pittance of $3,500 for the use of the five buildings. The inspectors would draw $66,500, which would leave them a magnificent sum each year after paying all the expenses. As before stated, there are merchants in the State willing to pay a large bonus for a privilege which it is proposed to grant to a few politicians, and pay the State forty cents for each hogshead inspected. The proper title of the bill would be evidently "An act entitled an act to provide lucrative offices for five politicians, for extraordinary services rendered the managers and to perpetuate their power." Some of the most obnoxious of the lieutenants of the managers, and whom it was found necessary to displace from their offices on account of an indignant public sentiment, are lobbying for the bill, and have been promised positions of inspectors. It is announced that the places are all "taken," but this is rather premature. If the bill passes the Senate, it will not be so easy to pass it through the House. In order to make the bill palatable to the merchants, the "compulsory inspection" feature of the present law was stricken out. But the snake coiled up in the bill has been discovered, and if the legislature passes the bill it will meet an impediment in the executive chamber, where the Governor will knife it, as he certainly ought. The bill is evidently the biggest job heard from this session. It throws into the shade as a political lever the police commissionership, the printing contract, the city collectorship, &c.; and all this power to say who shall be the occupants of these offices is to be vested in the Board of Public Works! This board is gradually becoming a stupendous monopoly in the patronage line.

But even this is not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the managers for power. They are determined to strip the Executive of all the patronage at his disposal if possible, and have introduced a bill to take the appointment of the supervisors of election out of the Governor's hands and let the legislature elect these officers. But this bill has as little chance to become a law, as the Governor has a veto ready for it. The bosses have not acted very discreetly about these matters, and in their madness to retain power have over-stepped the mark and made themselves objects of ridicule.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

Congressman Ellis, of Louisiana, is another Southern Democrat who is alleged to be preparing to attend the funeral of the Democratic party. He is reported as saying: "The Democratic party is dying nationally of timidity and inanition. It is without men or measures. It is not agreed on any policy. In the States of the South it is losing ground. Virginia is gone. There are grave fears for other States. It is disrupted and broken in divisions and fractions in nearly every Southern State. It is past praying for, and if the South breaks up, the Democratic party is a thing of the past. In this State and city—Louisiana and New Orleans—for six or eight years past, anybody, without morals, brains or principles, could be elected, provided he could trick himself into a Democratic nomination, and all because of a tyrannical public opinion that almost ostracized a man who avowed himself a Republican." The foregoing is a vigorous statement of the situation, but it is fortunate for Mr. Ellis that it is made in Washington, as it affords him an opportunity to deny it truthfulness when he goes home, and of charging it all upon the pesky newspaper reporters.

The spot whereon President Garfield fell in the railway station at Washington is marked not only by a little silver star, but by the regretful veneration of the passers-by. As they hurry to their trains, it is said that each steps aside lest a disrespectful foot should desecrate the spot,

The Canal Management.

Whoever will be the chief of Maryland's great ditch will have no bed of roses. General Bradley T. Johnson has not yet given up his investigations and supervision of canal finances. He has just filed his quarterly reports for 1881. They show that the total receipts of the canal were $304,096·82, and the disbursements $342,789.45, showing an excess of expenses over receipts in 1881 of $38,693.63. The debt during 1881 has been increased by $65,000, there having been borrowed from bank $40,000, and $25,000 of repair bonds have been issued. The report states that the gradual issue of repair bonds will eventually result in the sale of the canal, and the entire loss to the State of its interest in that work. The act of 1878, for the first time in the history of the canal, created a lien prior to the State's mortgage on that work. The report further states that the bonds issued under that act are now being illegally used for the lengthening of the locks. When they are totally expended—as they will be before long—another flood will occur which will disable the canal. The credit of the company will then have been destroyed, it will be unable to borrow money to repair the work, and the mortgage of the repair bonds will be foreclosed and the canal sold.—*Balto. American.*

A Maryland Town Almost Destroyed by Fire

A terrible destructive fire broke out in Prince Frederick, Calvert county, Md., on Friday afternoon last, and before it exhausted itself nearly the whole town was destroyed. It appears that on the afternoon of that day a little son, about five years of age, of Rev. Mr. Wilson, by some means became possessed of a match which, after lightening, he carelessly threw under Methodist church building, near by. Under the building, which had never been occupied, was a pile of shavings, to which the blaze communicated, and in an incredible short time the whole building was a sheet of flame. There being no provisions to prevent the spread of fire, the flames were rapidly communicated to the following buildings, all of which were totally destroyed: New M. E. church, which was to have been dedicated on Sunday; M. E. Parsonage and new *Journal* printing offices, law offices of Joseph A. Wilson, John Gray, J. P. Briscoe and Judge Magruder, Shemmell's dry goods and grocery store, Shemmell's ten pen alley, five hotel, owned by Judge Magruder, and operated by Mrs. Mary Johnson, court house and all the records, in the register of wills' office. The only property saved were the jail, dwelling-house belonging to Mr. Shemmell and two dilapidated structures. So far as is known there was no insurance. The loss will reach at least $100,000.

The Mormons are visably alarmed by the action of Congress toward them, and by the unprecedented vigor of public sentiment against polygamy as shown in the popular meetings held in all parts of the country. Their Legislature has sent a long memorial to Congress, protesting against the threatened deprivation of the right of local self government, and begging them not to favor measures "containing provisions utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of Republican government" This is a cool observation, coming as it does from what Senator Edmunds fitly calls the "most intense and anti-Republican hierarchy, theocracy, as an organized and systematic government, that has ever existed on the face of the earth." Everyone knows that the church of Latter Day Saints is the real ruler of Utah. The Territorial Legislature dares do only what the three Presidents of the Church direct, and the three Presidents are controlled by one of themselves. This man is the absolute ruler of the whole population, Mormon and Gentile. Nobody but a Mormon would have the assurance to call such a government as that Republican, or to speak of its overthrow as a blow to local self-government.

BOSTON, March 4.—A member of the Guiteau family returned from New York to-night, and has since been advised by telegraph that a new plan of action has been adopted by the relatives of Guiteau in their efforts to save him from the gallows. It is claimed that important evidence upon the alleged former insanity of the prisoner has been unearthed in New York, and they will file a motion for a new trial based upon this new evidence. In addition, it is stated that Mr. Scoville will no longer act as counsel for Charles Guiteau, and that he has already left Washington for Chicago. It is also stated, and not denied by the Guiteau family, that General Butler will succeed Mr. Scoville as chief counsel; that it is not yet decided whether or not Mr. Reed shall be placed on the counsel for the defence; that the names of the others lawyers engaged cannot at prest be ascertained.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1882.

The enemies of ex-Senator Conkling have been talking a good deal about how the vote stood on his confirmation for Supreme Judge, but accounts do not agree. Of course the proceedings of executive sessions are secret and the oath of a Senator requires him to keep them so, hence whatever is said about the vote is speculation or guess-work based upon views expressed by the various Senators beforehand. The statement that Senator Miller, of New York, was one of the few Republican Senators who voted against Mr. Conkling may be pretty certainly put down as incorrect. This talk about obtaining the secrets of executive session reminds me of a sort of practical joke played upon Senators by the astute Edmunds. It was at a time when the secrets of the daily executive sessions were leaking out freely. In fact, the executive proceedings were no secret, for the newspapers daily published everything that was said and done that was worth publishing. Senator Edmund is a strict constructionist of all rules and laws. He believes in making executive sessions secret. No newspaper reporter ever found a leak in him and it is doubtful if any one ever tried. In one of the executive sessions the subject of the accuracy with which the papers got reports of proceedings supposed to be secret by Mr. Edmunds, who protested against it and insisted that it should be stopped. At his instance all the doors of the gallery were examined to see if they were locked, and all the recesses were looked into to see if any eave-dropping reporter had concealed himself within the chamber. Senatorial dignity even stooped to look under the seals in the reporter's gallery. Of course, no intruding reporter was discovered, and the Senate was convinced that none save those legally entitled to be present heard the proceedings. Notwithstanding this precaution, the newspapers continued to publish full reports of the secret sessions, including the expedition to and search of the galleries. After a day or two's talk over the matter it dawned upon the Senatorial mind that Mr. Edmunds had, in fact, discovered the method of leaking, by the search he instituted. He had compelled the Senators to demonstrate that the only way in which the secrets got out was by some Senator telling. He was not willing to stand up in the Senate and intimate that the Senators gave away executive secrets, but he compelled the Senate to show itself that the body contained the leaks.

Another recent nomination of the President's that has created a good deal of stir in certain circles is that of Pinchback for Surveyor of Customs for the port of New Orleans. A class of people here and in Louisiana have been very much agitated over this appointment and telegrams have poured in protesting against his confirmation. It is an office which Pinchback has been very anxious to secure, and which would give him a great hold on the colored vote of that section. Two years ago his name was sent in for the same position under an understanding said to have been had with Secretary Sherman, but President Hayes when his attention had been called to the nomination he had made, withdrew the name and Pinchback went home in no small dudgeon to Louisiana, and was a pronounced Stalwart from that time. His present selection, it is understood, was at the suggestion of Senator Kellogg and is the inauguration of an effort to solidify the colored vote of the State. Pinchback is wealthy and a keen politician and his appointment in connection with that of Kennedy, another colored man, to the position of inspector of money order postoffices in Louisiana is regarded as a very shrewd and important one from a political point of view. A few white Republicans join in the outcry against it, but the fuss mostly comes from Bourbons who fear they will not hereafter be able to carry a Republican State by bulldozing or capturing a part of the colored vote.

Since the apportionment bill passed there has been a good deal figuring on the probabilities of the next electoral college as well as the complexion of the next Congress. By the terms of the new law the electoral college will consist of 401 members, instead of 369 as in the old college, and a successful candidate must have 201 votes, instead of the memorable 185. Dakota is likely to become a State before the next Presidential election, in which case the college will contain 404 members and a majority will require 203 votes. In the elections of the last decade the sixteen Southern States cast 138 electoral votes. In the next they will cast 163. Assuming that Dakota will at that time rank as a State and be Republican in politics, and that the South will still be "solid" the Democrats figure that just 50 additional votes will be necessary for them. But from the present outlook they had not better calculate very largely upon the solidity of the South in the next election. The 12 votes of Virginia are almost certainly lost to them, and the indications are that Tennessee and Louisiana may be likewise. Nor is there much encouragement for them in New York whose 36 votes they must have, to stand any show at all. But by the way, since it is becoming so common for Presidents and rulers to be shot at—vide the latest attempt on the life of the Queen of England—it is doubtful if either party will find anybody two years hence willing to set themselves up as a target. If this sort of thing goes on the office of President will go begging.

JUNIUS.

The Business Outlook.

The recent heavy and disastrous failures at Chicago and other business centres where speculation is rife, accompanied as it has been by a fall in the prices of breadstuffs and provisions, has been regarded in some quarters as no evidence of an over-doing of trade and an over supply of the above named staples. It is also argued with much force that such a condition of the produce markets must cause a lack of confidence in merchandise of all kinds, and a slow and hesitating demand with a fall in prices at the opening of the spring season now at hand. The very large decline in our exports for the year 1881, as compared with that of 1880, and which it is said was chiefly due to the drought, has in a manner destroyed confidence both among producers and dealers, and throughout the mercantile world. The breadstuffs export shows a total falling off of $52,000,000. Unusual and excessive speculation in breadstuffs has certainly done much harm. Wheat and corn have been run up to prices which of themselves greatly check exports. Thus, in December, 1881, spring wheat No. 2 at Chicago sold at from $1.25½ to $1.28, as against 93⅜c. @ $1.10½ in 1880, and corn, No. 2 at 59½ @61½c., as against 36@42½c. Although Great Britain imported thirty-three per cent. more wheat last year than during 1880, yet, for reasons which are clear, none of this increase was derived from the United States. On the contrary, her takings from us during that period barely held their own. But, after several years of unprecedented crops, the country has been able to sustain these diminished exports without inconvenience. A decline in the price of breadstuffs with consequent losses to speculative dealers, would, nevertheless, be a great blessing to the country at large, as it would send abroad large quantities of cereals not wanted here. As regards merchandise there can be no doubt that the supply of both imported and domestic goods has been much in excess of what could be marketed at the scale of prices existing a few months ago, and were prices the same now as they were then we might well view the spring prospect with distrust. But it is to be remembered that an over-supplied condition of the market always finds its remedy in a fall of prices, and that such a decline in prices has already occurred. The gradual fall in prices during the last quarter of 1881 is almost as remarkable as was the rise during the first quarter. The reaction of the last six months caused in many branches of trade a material curtailment of productions. Between the production of prices on the one hand and the moderation of production on the other, we have a condition of things which should be favorable to a healthy spring business. Putting together all the facts of the commercial situation it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that the recent reaction in the markets will prove but transient. The present conditions promise to insure a continuation of trade and industrial activity throughout 1882, and in all probability beyond.

The startling rumor is afloat that Brigham Young is not dead but sleepeth, and that his galvanized body is to be produced at the proper time to bring back the recalcitrant members of his flock and nerve the faithful. Such a trick is not impossible with the Mormons, and strange as it may seem, a vast majority of them would unhesitatingly accept such an imposition as true. This may be used as an accessory to the scheme inaugurated on Saturday in the Mormon legislature to make a state of Utah, but Gentiles are not so easily fooled as the faithful.

Gov. Colquitt, of Georgia, it is given out, is to be a candidate for the United States Senatorship, to succeed Senator Hill. Gov. Colquitt is a man of ability and great personal popularity, as was attested by the defeat of ex-Senator Norwood at the last gubernatorial election. Should Senator Hill recover his health and stand for a re-election there will be an exciting contest between these able and popular gentlemen.

A Romantic Story from Colorado.

The Pueblo papers announce that General Eugene Kenilworth Stimson, the State engineer of Colorado, has fallen heir to a large fortune by the death of an uncle in Scotland. By the demise of Edmund Bruce Wallace Kenilworth, seventh Lord Laurie, he comes into possession of an estate valued at £350,000. It is not generally known, but General Stimson is a native of Scotland. He was the oldest son of a youngest son, and was born in Kenilworth Castle, seventy miles north of Edinburgh. During the Macduff-Bosworth insurrection in 1858 he played such a conspicuous part as a leader of the clan Bosworth, that he was subsequently compelled to flee to America, where he assumed the name of Stimson. His uncle, Lord Laurie, was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and it was while a visitor at the former's castle, Kenilworth, that Scott wrote his great novel of that name. Lord Laurie's oldest daughter, Annie Laurie, was the celebrated beauty whose charms have been immortalized in the most popular of Scottish ballads. One of her daughters, Miss Meg MacDonalbain, was in Denver last summer visiting General Stimson's family. A part of the estate which has suddenly fallen to General Stimson is the grand old castle of Kenilworth, with its magnificent parks preserves and rentals. What the General intends to do with his newly acquired fortune is not known. It is probable he will sail for Europe early in the spring, as a visit to Edinburgh is necessitated to claim the estate and transact the consequent business.

The truth concerning the outrages the Jews have endured in Russia is revealed slowly but surely. The people of England are supplied with facts and figures from a source that will not be questioned. When they are made acquainted with the character and condition of the people who have prosecuted the Jews they will be prepared to believe much more than has been related. The sodden ignorance which prevails in the districts in which the Jews have experienced horrible treatment has been described time and again, and recent in English publications. All these things should be taken into consideration in estimating the trials the Jews have been subjected to by a besotted people, blinded by prejudice, inspired by race hatred, and revenge.

Very many people do not understand the cause of the terrible persecution of the Jews in Russia. It is principally this. In the districts where it occurred and is occurring the people are ignorant and bigoted. The use of intoxicating liquors is more extensive than among any other nation of Europe. They are also very superstitious. When a misfortune befalls them of any kind, the first thing done is to drink deeply, and the next to wreak their vengeance on some victim, and it has become the common thing to find that in the Jew. A flood or fire, sickness or failure of crops, is the occasion for a prompt and brutal persecution of these helpless people, and the soldiers, being drawn from the populace, join the mobs, so that before their officers can stop them, the injury has been done.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—It is stated at the Capitol to-day with great positiveness, that the President yesterday formally tendered the appointment of Associate Justice of the United States supreme court to Senator Edmunds, and he declined it. It is said that the President had determined, before hearing from Mr. Conkling, to appoint Mr. Edmunds in the event of the former's declination, and that he was anxious to transmit Mr. Edmunds' name to the Senate yesterday afternoon. It was the desire of the President, so it is said, to let the appointment of Mr. Edmunds and the declination of Mr. Conkling be made public at the same time. Therefore the news of Mr. Conkling's declination was held back for a while in order to communicate with Mr. Edmunds. The latter very promptly declined, however, and now the general impression seems to be that Judge Blatchford, of New York, will be appointed. In conversation several days ago, when it was suggested to Mr. Edmunds that he might be appointed, he declared that he would not accept the place if tendered to him.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4.—An immense anti-Chinese demonstration took place in this city this afternoon. Long before the hour of meeting Platt's Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and a crowd of fully 30,000 people surged about the stands of Montgomery and Pine streets. Jacob S. Taber, president of the Board of Trade, presided at the meeting in the hall, and introduced Mayor Blake to the audience. Resolutions were adopted expressive of the unanimity of sentiment in opposition to Chinese immigration, and the meeting was addressed by many of the leading citizens in the State of California.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The new mail route from Oakland to Ryans Glade has been granted.

—The Senate Tuesday confirmed the nomination of Col. Johnson as postmaster at Cumberland.

—Mr. A. Loewenstein has permanently located in Grantsville where he will conduct the tailoring business.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Died, on Tuesday Feb. 28th, on Hileman Ridge, Jasper Newton, aged 2 years 9 months and 20 days, beloved son of Howard and Christina Griffith.

—Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through green goggles. *You* may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. John Richardson, who desires to retire from the wagon making business on account of age and ill health. This is a splendid opening for a good mechanic.

—The protracted meeting in the M. E. Church at Johnstown, this county, in charge of Rev. A. M. Bowlin, closed Wednesday night of last week, after being in progress about four weeks. The meeting resulted in about thirty additions to the church.

—Levi B. Conner, of Frostburg, aged 73 years, was stricken with paralysis Saturday morning. He carried the mail for the last 50 years, at one time as a stage driver on the National road, and for the last two months from the Frostburg depot to the postoffice.

—An exchange says a pinch of powdered sulphur put in the foot of each stocking, whenever the stockings are changed, is to a very considerable extent, absorbed by the system, and is a most effective preventive against the contraction of nearly all contagious diseases. Worth trying.

—The lengthening of the six canal locks between Cumberland and dam No. 4, a distance of 196 miles, is so nearly completed that the water will be turned on from dam No. 6 to dam No. 4 during the present week, and from Cumberland to dam No. 6 on the 18th inst. It is supposed that navigation can be commenced by April 1st, by which time the eight lengthened locks on the lower division will probably be completed.

—The Cumberland Valley Sunday School Assembly, embracing Harrisburg, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Huntingdon, Frederick City, Middle Pennsylvania and Northern Maryland, will hold their Annual Meeting this year at Mountain Lake Park. The Park will have many attractions this year besides the camp meeting which promises to be a huge affair.

—Number 10 Express on the B. & O. R. R. ran into a slide on the Parkersburg branch Wednesday night of last week. John Golgley the engineer and John E. Brewer the fireman were killed. Both were residents of Grafton, and leave families. The train contained forty passengers, all of whom escaped unharmed. The train caught fire, with the exception of the sleeper, and was entirely consumed. The fire was communicated to the railroad platform on which was standing a lot of carbon oil, and the platform adjoining the store of George James, the latter also took fire and was totally destroyed.

Church Services--Sunday.

Episcopal Church--Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Special Bargains

will be given until the 15th of this month, in order to close out my entire stock of goods. Persons indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts between now and the above date.

J. A. ENLOW.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 8:

Peter Martin and wife to Laura A. Baker, 70 acres of the tract called "Small Meadows;" $385.

Emil F. Droege and wife to Lafayette Friend, part of a tract of land called "Deer Park;" $50.

Max Klien and wife to John O. Michaels, lot No. 46 in "Brant's Addition to the Town of Oakland;" $36.

Lucinda A. Rogers and husband to Wm. T. Jameson, their interest in military lot No. 884; $625.

Held for Forgery.

Josiah Harding was before Justice Gonder Monday charged with forging the name of H. G. Davis to a check for $100, which he endeavored to negotiate at several business places in Oakland. He was committed to jail in default of $200 bail for his appearance at May Court.

Bell Brothers

Received this week another lot of leather from their Western tanners. The stock they are using and the style of work they are turning out, is building them up a large trade. Lloyd is a first class mechanic and means business. He says he will give his customers better leather, better work and more of it for less money than any man between Baltimore and Wheeling.

Death of an Aged Christian.

Died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. A. C. Brooke, in Oakland, Md., Saturday, March 4th, 1881, Mrs. Charlotte White, aged 84 years, 8 months and 2 days. Her maiden name was Jonson, and she was married to William White in her 19th year. About 50 years ago she was converted and joined the M. E. Church. Her hopeful and cheerful life made her one of the most beloved members of the family with whom she had lived for about twenty years. She was best satisfied when "diligent in business," but at the same time was "fervent in spirit serving the Lord." During her brief illness, which she said would be her last, she gave many evidences of her saving faith in Christ, her last words being: "Happy! Happy! Joy! Joy! My sins are all forgiven through the blood of the Lamb!" Soon after she calmly and quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Oh, that we may follow in her footsteps and so grandly triumph in the last hour. Her funeral services were held in the M. E. Church on Monday, conducted by Rev. S. E. Jones, and her remains were taken to the family burying place at her old home and placed beside her husband, who had preceded her about twenty years. Deceased was the mother of 13 children, and had 55 grand children and 70 great-grand children.

X. X. X.

PRINCETON, ILL., March 6th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—After an absence of eight years I made a visit to my old home in Garrett county this winter, and had a splendid time visiting relatives and old acquaintances in and about Accident. I was pleased to see the many improvements that have been made in the past few years, and to hear that Garrett county was coming to the front as one of the leading counties of the State. I never knew how to appreciate your mountain scenery until after I had lived in a level country, and then taken a trip over the B. & O. R. R., which I think runs the finest coaches between Chicago and New York. Although I was raised in the midst of your mountains, I would prefer to live in Boreas county, which I think one of the best counties in northern Illinois. It has six railroads within its limits, and the Illinois river and Michigan canal on its borders. Princeton, the county-seat, is beautifully situated on the margin of a high rolling prairie, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, 105 miles West of Chicago. It has thirteen churches, three national banks and one savings bank, and three weekly papers, and contains between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants.

TRUMAN FRANTZ.

The American Farmer

for March 1st, still further improved in appearance and convenience by having its leaves stitched and trimmed, is full of sensonable articles—the important subjects of live stock, fruit growing and gardening, and the application of commercial and domestic fertilizers, receiving, as in the rule in this practical journal, the largest share of space and attention. Dr. Thomas Pollard, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia, now one of the editors, addresses himself to the needs and opportunities of agriculture in Maryland, Virginia and the other States of the nearer South, dwelling with emphasis upon the desirability and adaptability for them of grasses, stock raising and mixed husbandry. An attractive home department is always provided for the ladies of the farm household and neat engravings illustrate many of the articles.

In the issue for March 15th, the awards will be announced of the prizes for the best essays on mixed farming, improved live stock, fruit growing, trucking and tobacco, and the editors say a treat is in store for their readers. *The Farmer* is a friend whose semi-monthly visits should should be welcomed by every farmer. It is publised by Sam'l Sands & Son, Baltimore, at $1,50 a year, or at $1 to clubs of five or more.

Crowding into the City.

From the Baltimore Herald.

There is not a day, perhaps, that additions are not made to the population of Baltimore by young men and others seeking employment in one or the other departments of business. They come with lofty ideas of life in the metropolis. They step from the train or boat, wondering which place of business they should favor with their services, but the gilded pictures of imagination are soon daubed by a bitter reality. Among the great mass of seekers some succeed, others have the good judgment to return to their homes, others accept any kind of labor they can get, while a large number drift into idle and dissipated habits, and prefer to live from hand to mouth in questionable ways, rather than return crestfallen and with acknowledged disappointment to their homes.

Many of these young men are well raised, have had instilled into them sound principles, but they have never been, in their quiet homes among the trees and the birds, assaulted by such a whirlpool of temptation as they meet in large cities. There is no avenue of vice that is not open to them, and every avenue is furnished with the most attractive inducements. It is not wonderful, then, that so many of them are loth to swell the great army of loafers that curse every large city in the Union.

It is fair to say that a large number of Baltimore's wealthy merchants and most useful and respected citizens are natives of some country place. Many of them were reared upon farms, and know something of early toil and privation. But they are the few who have succeeded, out of the great numbers who have come to the city. They were the lucky ones, or rather, were men of grit, who appreciated the situation and determined to fight a hard battle for victory, and they won. Even then, in most instances, they were surrounded by favorable circumstances, which do not occur to the average newcomer; and they came at a time when there was a more prevalent disposition to take young men by the hand and encourage and help them into position. It is not so much the case to-day. The newcomer is compelled to shift for himself, and too often is he looked upon with distrust until he establishes himself by continued probity into the good will of the public. There are but few hands extended to help, but few voices to whisper words of encouragement, and he is pushed hither and thither, until, if he has not an unflinching character and adamantine principles, he is crowded to the wall. It is frequently the case that families who inherit a little money feel that there is more enjoyment for them in the city, and an opportunity for more profitable investment. They come and are tempted to live in better style, and enlist in the gayeties around them. They invest their money recklessly into some business, and a few years finds them penniless. Discouraged and friendless, they prefer to spend their lives in poverty to returning back to their native neighborhood, and be the food for interminable gossip.

One of the saddest features of this subject is the fact of young girls coming to the city. In very many instances unprotected. They come to find life in its gayest aspect With a little work they hope to secure better clothes, and a more stylish way of living. Some of them succeed, and finally become wives of good, respectable men, but many more are carried away by the glittering temptations around them, or pressed to the wall by heartless employers, and find shelter in haunts of vice, where hope and innocence and life are all lain upon the altar of shame. It is a sad fact that a very large proportion of the dissolute women of Baltimore city were born and raised in the country. They do not come here to pursue a life of shame. Such a thought did not tarnish their minds when they left the home roof; but they did not know the snares which beset the pathway of young girls in a large city, and what they deem the smiles of friendship and the hand to guide to success are often the means to lure them to destruction.

It is well enough to have a large population about which to boast, and to say to the world, behold how rapidly we increase; but it is not altogether population that forms the greatness and wealth of a city. There are thousands whose absence would decrease the population, but Baltimore would be wealthier and greater without them. But still they linger, and the thousands who do not labor are content to eat the bread of charity or subsist upon the fruits of vice. It is no disrespect to the country regions of the State to say that a very large proportion of the extreme cases of destitution are from the country. The habits of their life have not been of that practical and observant character to fit them for the cut-throat business policy of a large city, and they are driven to want and dispair, not so much by indolence as by an incapacity to cope with the ways of city life.

"I wish I was back home" is the yearning of many hearts—back by the old fireside, by the old table, among those who were true and loving. Men are standing upon street corners, in bar rooms, in houses of ill-fame to-day with this yearning in their hearts. Some of the more pious are sitting in some reading-room waiting for some good brother to step up and invite them into a fat position, forgetting that piety without pluck is not accounted much in large cities. And after awhile he waits for his dinner, for no one invites. The Christian people of the large cities are not of the inviting kind.

A gentleman made a tour of a considerable portion of the State last summer, and he was surprised to find so many people anxious to live in the city. Young men wanted to leave comfortable homesteads. Families who were doing well imagined they could do much better in the city, and even young ladies aspired to enjoy city life.

To the young men especially of the county, in all candor, the *Herald* would say stay at home. If you are on the farm, you do Baltimore and yourself more service by staying there and cultivating it. If you are determined to come to the city, either secure for yourselves a suitable situation before you come, or come on a visit and see for yourselves. Don't be so foolish as to sell your little property, or draw from its hiding place your little savings, and come on a venture. There are great odds against your success. If you are a mechanic, you can make as good a living where you are and run no chances of failure. The wages may be a little better here, but your expenses will be greater and the temptations more plentiful to squander your earnings (provided you get an opportunity to earn anything.) Let nothing but the most solid and sensible purposes tear you away from home and friends and a certain livelihood for the uncertainties and dangers of the city.

Fun with a Linchpin.

Three boys of our acquaintance are good, kind hearted, generous fellows, who would not intentionally do any mean act. They are also active, fun-loving. They have just the talent and abilities to make excellent men, and we have considered them among the best and most promising boys we know of. Recently they saw a farmer selling potatoes from his wagon, and made some jocose remark about one of his horses. He rather gruffly told them to "go away." No doubt he was weary and no one enjoys having sport made of what he may not be able to help. A few minutes later he carried a basket of potatoes to the cellar of a customer, and the boys noticed that the linchpin which held one of the wheels on, was loose and partly out. Had they acted upon the impulse of their heart's best and real feelings they would have pushed it back into its place, or have told him about it. But, prompted by their fun loving natures, in a thoughtless moment they pulled the pin out and dropped it on the ground, half wishing or hoping, perhaps, he would see it, but yet thinking what fun it would be to see the wheel come off, and the potatoes dumped into the streets. So they went off a little distance put on an unconcerned look, but watched for the result. On starting the team the wheel left the axle, the potatoes did tumble and spread out in amusing style and the boys had a hearty laugh. But the crash frightened the apparently dull team; they started on a jump which threw the farmer off his balance; he fell in front, and a wheel crushed the bones of his right arm, and barely escaped crushing his head also. He is now confined to his bed, and will never be able to use his arm at hard work. The horses ran against a tree, not only scattering the potatoes widely, but smashing the wagon, and the broken tongue maimed one of the horses so that he had to be killed. Had these boys stopped to look ahead, and see the possible result of what, at the first impulse, seemed so small a matter as pulling out a bit of iron, would they have done it? We like to see our young friends cheerful, happy, we had almost said frolicsome, and will say it in the best sense of the word—but, dear boys, whenever you are planning any enterprise, or sport, remember the "Linchpin," and stop long enough to think what may be the outcome, and don't run risks, hoping that chance may bring all out well. Chance is a fickle thing, not to be trusted.—*Id.*

The committee on elections having decided against the claims of both Cannon and Campbell to a seat in Congress, the matter will be remanded to the people of Utah for another election. As Cannon has four wives, under the Edmunds bill he will not be eligible. Campbell doubtless thinks that if he could not be admitted himself he kept Cannon out.

The Black Bears Cunning.

I really think that Bruin possesses the sense of humor; at all events his actions point that way, and there is no doubt that he is extremely cunning and observing. I once had an Englishman visiting me, who played the flute. He was in the habit of marching up and down, while playing, near a tame bear I had at the time. The bear had a piece of stick about two feet long, which he tossed about for amusement. After a time, he came to handle the stick very much as my friend did his flute. This annoyed my sensitive friend, and in revenge he teased the bear with uncouth noises. Bruin sniffed and whined, and waited his opportunity for delivering a tremendous blow with his paw at his enemy, whose tall hat was knocked completely over his eyes. He escaped being scalped by dropping flat and rolling out of the reach of the bear. This bear spent much of his time in the tree to which he was chained, and when climbing usually got his chain twisted over and under the branches in a most intricate manner, but never failed to take out every turn as he descended. A friend who owned a tame bear told me that, for a long time, he could not account for the mysterious way in which the poultry disappeared. Observing, at different times, a good many feathers around Bruin's pole, he began to suspect that the bear was the culprit. Close watching confirmed his suspicions. When Bruin thought he was unobserved, he would seize any unfortunate hen or chicken within his reach and devour it; but if any one approached before he could complete the meal, he would sit upon his prey until the danger of discovery had passed. He was betrayed, at last, by the cackling of an old hen, that he had failed to silence.—*The Century.*

This man is a School Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair and it will Bite the School Teacher. The School Teacher is a very Able Man and he will find it out as soon as the Bent Pin Tackles him. Will the School Teacher rise again? We should Smile. But the School Teacher will not Smile. He will play a Sonata with the Ferrule on the Boy's Back. The boy put the Bent Pin in the Chair. He is trying to be a Humorist. When the School Teacher gets Through with him the Boy will eat his meals from the Mantle-Piece for a week.

Is this a Locomotive Head-light? No. Then it must be a Drug Store Illuminated. No, it is a man's nose. What a funny Nose it is. It looks like a Bonfire. Half a dozen such Noses would make a Grand Fourth of July Celebration, It is too bad that such a lovely tinted Nose should have such a Homely Man Behind it. The Nose has cost the Man a Great Deal of Borrowed Money. If it were not for the Nose a great many Breweries would close and a great many Distilleries would Suspend, If the Man drinks too much Water, his Nose will lose its Color. He must be careful about this. How many such Noses would it take to make a Rainbow half a Mile long? Ask the Man to let you Light your Cigar by his Nose.—*Denver Tribune.*

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—A despatch was received here to-day from the Cumberland (Md.) coal region, stating that the miners there would go on a strike, on the 15th of March, against a reduction in their wages of ten cents per ton, which they have been notified will go into effect on that date. They now receive ten cents more than miners in the Clearfield region of this State, and a delegation was sent to Clearfield to inaugurate a strike among the miners there for ten cents additional. The miners in Clearfield region, however, refused to enter the combination, but the despatch states there is no doubt that all the Cumberland miners will be out on the 15th.

There are various ways of gaining notoriety. Rev. E. C. Miln, a Chicago pastor, having failed by the old-time manner of preaching to attract sufficient attention to satisfy his vanity, concludes that if he can not become famous he will at least become notorious. He accordingly announces with a flourish that he will hence forth renounce his belief in God and immortality and be a free thinker after the manner of Herbert Spencer. Whereupon his church promptly decides to dispense with his services, despite his pitiful appeals to be retained. Mr. Miln seems not to have considered the question as to why a church should exist at all if there were no God nor no hereafter

We learn from our observant contemporary, the Philadelphia *Press* that President Arthur remains at the dinner table three hours, "and when it is over he swallows a glass of Apollinaris with his cigar." This beats Gen. Butler, who chews cigars, but never swallows them with Appollinaris.—*Boston Post.*

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavey plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wagon Maker Shop for Sale or Rent.

The undersigned will sell or rent his Wagon Maker Shop, in Oakland, together with machinery, tools and stock, and give possession at any time. His reason for retiring is advanced age and ill health. No opposition and a good trade. A good opening for an energetic mechanic.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 18 tf

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road at or near the Cahnere place, and running through the lands of Daniel Annan and others, to intersect the Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park, a distance of about 1¼ miles.

P. HAMILL,
TRUMAN CASTEEL,
345 GEO. D. WHITE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. 2 5 3m

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

FOR SALE.

The undersigned living five miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale two very large half-breed Shorthorn-Durham cows, and two very fine large three-quarter bred Shorthorn-Durham yearling bulls. One of the cows measures 14¾ hands high, and is built in proportion. Good dairy cows. Prices reasonable. Also Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching, 13 for one dollar, and 26 for one dollar and fifty cents.

2 25 4t S. D. YODER.

BRIDGE PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Bear Creek, on the road leading from the Morgantown Road to Accident below George Schtossnagle's saw mill, or at the most convenient place.

JOHN WASS,
BENJAMIN GRIFFTH,
SAMUEL HILEMAN,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the county road running from Jonas Tice's to the widow Hetrick's, viz: To leave the old road bed at a point near Glade Run, and running thence between the lands of Andrew Pysell and Nancy Hetrick, intersecting the county road running from the Grantsvill road to Engles Mills, at a point near Christian Orendorf's.

LEWIS BEITZELL,
JONAS J. TICE,
ANDREW PYSELL,
2 18 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Breneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near Jonas Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 18 5 And others.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 384, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels (to the value of the tree or trees) so cut down.

THOS. B. HORWITZ.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Drowning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

Dogged Persistency.

For years the water question has been a conundrum on the plains of Arizona and Southern California. It is well known that some of the land on the deserts is of the best quality, and would produce the best crops in the world if rain would fall or water were plentiful enough for irrigation. This problem has been solved by a South American gentleman who has traveled over most of the world. He has been in this city for the past few days, and a *Times* reporter, learning through a third party that he had made a discovery, called upon him and gathered the following facts: It seems that the gentleman was traveling in a dry part of South America about eighteen months ago, all alone, looking for a new range for stock. He had journeyed about thirty miles from water and was beginning to get used up when he discovered one of those green spots on the desert that makes the lonely traveler's heart feel light. On nearer approach he saw that there was a town of small animals, similar to the prairie dog of this country. They had mounds all around the green spot and seemed to be very numerous. When he rode up among them they all scampered into their holes, but soon came out again and became quite tame. He rode up to the spring or well and found it to be an excellent quality of water.

After quenching his thirst he began to look around and investigate the new camp. The strangest thing that his attention was called to was the similarity of the hole from which the water flowed to the holes made by the dogs. The spring flowed from the entrance of a mound just the same as that in which the dogs lived, but it was much larger and on top was a large basin. Noticing this fact and knowing that water was a great distance off, he began an investigation, and came to the conclusion that the little dogs had bored the well. Acting upon this decision he captured two of them and started for his ranch. On arriving there a pen was made in a dry place and the little fellows put in it. In a few days the work began. They worked very rapidly and soon had a hole fifty or sixty feet deep. They seemed to be able to penetrate the hardest kind of soil, as they kept right on, stopping for nothing. One would work in the bottom of the hole while the other brought the dirt to the top. On the fifth day they seemed to be exhausted, and he gave them some water. This stopped work for several days, but they soon got thirsty and went to work as hard as ever. On the morning of the eighteenth day they both came up with a rush, followed by a stream of water. How deep they had gone it was impossible to tell, as the hole was not straight.

"What kind of looking animals are they?" asked the reporter.

"Very similar to the common prairie dog in size and color, only they have a bony snout, and the claws are much longer and larger. They soon became tame and make nice pets. But I will have several of them down here in a few days, and you can take a look at them."

"What do you propose doing?"

"I think there is a large country south of here that can be utilized with the assistance of my pet dogs. I feel sure that every part of Southern California and Arizona can be cultivated where the land is rich enough to raise grain. These animals will find water if it is within four thousand feet of the surface. I know it because I have tried them."

"How is it that nothing has been said about this discovery?"

"O, that's all right. I have kept it to myself, and should have done so now, but my friend here had given it away before I saw you, and I thought I would tell you the whole story, and ask you to say nothing about it, for several reasons. I don't want it known until I am sure that it will work in this country. If it will work, I intend to import a number to this country and Arizona."

If this animal will do what Captain Liftchild says it will, Southern California will be a flourishing country within a few years.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.*

Draw Poker as a Disease.

Draw poker is a most fascinating yet deceiving game. One of the peculiarities of the game is that the beginner, as soon as he finds out that one certain kind of a hand beats another, and that a bluff, if successful, beats any hand, thinks he can play the game better than any man. If he holds a poor hand once, and bets big on it, and scares out an old veteran, when he rakes in the money he cocks his hat on one side and thinks how rich he might have been if he had learned to play poker before. He wonders why everybody does not give up business and play poker and get rich. As he counts over the chips he has won so easily by a simple display of nerve, he says to himself: "This game is good enough for yours truly. Henceforth hard work and me will dissolve partnership." He keeps on playing. When he wins his hat is cocked on one side, and when he loses he wears it straight. At first it is on one side most of the time, then he gets to wearing it straight pretty frequent, until finally he loses every dollar he has got and goes out and clubs himself. Countrymen who think they can play a pretty good game of poker, find themselves in large cities, and they are not contented till they get into a game, and nine times in ten they get so everlastingly scooped that they can't tell their own names till they look at it pasted on the inside of their hats. However good a man plays there is always somebody that plays better, and they are always laying for the fellow that can't play as well as they can, while the countryman is always laying for some one that can play better. There is no game better calculated to take the conceit out of a man than poker. We have had it taken out of us $75 worth by a cuss that didn't seem to know half as much as we did.

A man has to have the conceit taken out of him about eleven times before it will stay out, but after he has once got it eradicated from the system he never catches it again. He can live right amongst it, where all around him are down with it, and he will not take it, not if he knows himself. It is as if he had been vaccinated, and very likely he has. If you have an idea you are a good poker player there is no help for you till you get the conceit worked out of you, and the sooner you get it out the better. Some can get it out by losing a hundred dollars, others have to lose a farm or a house and lot. In some cases it takes years to get it out and in other cases it can be got out in one evening. Do not delay having it taken out, as long as your system is in the condition to retain the seeds of the disease, but hunt for games that you can get into, till you lose enough, then call yourself a monumental, colossal, diabolical, enigmatical ass, and jump the game. You will never think as much of yourself after it is over as you did before, but you will be worth more to society.—*Hudson Register.*

An Ugly Beast.

Mr. P. J. Hogan, the gas-fitter for the opera festival, had a narrow escape from death by a fright on Friday afternoon, when he came in contact with a real, live alligator four feet long in a place where no one would ever expect to find such a "varmint." About eighteen months ago the zoological garden loaned to the exposition a young alligator two feet long to adorn the cascade in Horticultural Hall and give an appearance of wildness to the artificial scene by the presence of animal life of a repulsive kind. The alligator behaved very well for some time, and satiated his appetite with bugs, flies and mosquitoes. But one night he disappeared, and he was mourned for lost or stolen, although the commissioners thought that there was no man in Cincinnati mean enough to carry away an alligator. In a few months the absence of the loathsome creature was forgotten, and it was believed that he wandered off and died.

On Friday Mr. Tom Wise sent for Mr. P. J. Hogan to connect the street gas with the Music Hall building. It will be remembered that the Elm Street front of Horticultural Hall is about three feet above the level of the part used for the cascade and exhibit of plants. Into this raised portion Mr. Hogan went boldly with a wrench and lantern, but he had scarcely disappeared from view when a most unearthly yell was heard, and the poor plumber without lantern, hat or tools, rushed out to where the astonished Wise and his assistants stood. Hogan's hair stood up like bristles on the fretful porcupine, and his eyes rolled with such an expression of terror that the other men shrank from him.

Mr. Wise, thinking the man frightened without cause, undertook to explore the cavern and beard the monster in his den, but he was only absent a few seconds, and made quicker time in reaching daylight than Hogan. He staid long enough, however, to find out that the reptile was an alligator, and at a rapid glance seemed to measure four feet in length. Here then, was the alligator which was supposed to be lost, and Hogan had found him. It had probably crawled into this retreat and had hibernated in the moist marshy ground. The food which Mr. Alligator had indulged in probably consisted of rats and small bugs and insects. At any rate he is still alive and has increased his length during his mysterious absence about two feet. But there seems to be a disposition to let him severely alone, as the gas has not yet been connected. Wise and Hogan declare they are satisfied to let him stay. The ingenuity of man will probably capture him at last, and with the help of one hundred men, with clubs and a derrick, it is probable the festive alligator will be soon a gay corpse. Mr. Wise will take up the floor to-day, and, with ropes will remove his alligatorship. The reptile should be taken back to the home of his younger days at the Zoological garden, and preserved for having a history more romantic than any of his species.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Bismarck as a Patient.

It may be interesting to many of our readers, says the *Berliner Tagblatt*, to take a look at the most powerful statesman of the age, the "iron" Chancellor, on his weak side, namely, as a patient. The Prince's chief trouble, as is well known, is a painful nervous affection, which the physicians call "sciatica," and which they greatly dread on account of its obstinacy, beside this, the Chancellor suffers at times from an inflammatory swelling of the veins in the feet, and like all other mortals, occasionally from lighter indispositions, colds and indigestion. It seems that the patient is as inconsistent regarding the methods of his treatment as he is in other matters. With the same feeling of absolute indifference which, according to his own words, he manifests in certain political topics, he also deals with the exigencies of the medical science. Homeopathy or allopathy—it is all one to him, as long as he believes one or the other will cure him. It has even happened that he allowed himself to be treated by an allopathic physician, and soon after by a homeopathist. When at Friedrichsruh, he sends for Privy Sanitary Conneilor Dr. Dohm, of Hamburg, who is an allopath. At Varzin, when medical attendance is needed, the physician, also an allopath, in the adjacent town of Schlawe is applied to. When at Kissengen, the Prince consults the well-known Dr. Diruf, also an adherent of the old school. During his stay at Berlin, however, he inclines to the homeopathic treatment,

Since 1870 the Chancellor, as well as the whole of his family, are regularly attended by Sanitary Councilor Dr. Zwingenberg, one of the most noted representatives of homeopathy in Berlin. Nevertheless (at all events before 1870), the Chancellor also frequently consulted the present Director of the Imperial Sanitary Bureau, Dr. Struck, (allopath). At present Dr. Zwingenberg seems to be the Chancellor's only medical adviser, who visits the patient twice a day, and has frequently been sent for from Varzin as well as from Friedrichsruh. Previously Prince Bismarck had put himself in the hands of the late Dr. Vehsemeyer, and before him in those of Dr. Kleinschmidt, occasionally, also, Dr. Mertens, all of them homeopathists. The Prince has frequently expressed the opinion that he is less concerned about the mode of treatment than about the result of the same. At times he goes so far as to insist upon being restored to health and activity within a specified time; if the physician succeeds in this the Prince is content, but rarely ever has a word of appreciation for the brilliant achievements of his medical attendants. Thus it will be seen that the "iron" Chancellor, even in private life, stands on as completely realistic a ground, and calculates as realistically concerning his health, as he does in his peculiar policy.—*American Register.*

Table Manners.

There are some people who should never join a company at dinner, unless their arms are skewered at their sides like trussed fowls, for then they will not put out their neighbors' eyes with their elbows. There are others who should be deprived of the privilege of speech at such times, so that they could not spoil everybody's dinner with an account of the last medicine they took, interspersed with comparisons between the relative merits of rhubarb and castor oil, powders and pills. A manual of good behavior while at table ought to be placed with the menu before such people for the protection of society, or a printed list of rules slipped into the napkin: "Turn your head away when you cough;" "Do not breathe into your glass;" "Do not fidget at table;" "Avoid talking about medicines, false teeth, or the state of your stomach;" "Never criticise the food at a table where you are a guest;" "Breathe gently, no snoring allowed;" "It is considered ill-mannered to pick your teeth or clean your nails at the table;" and most of other things which are *not* to be done. If it would seem a breach of good manners to place such a reminder before a guest, what must be the delicacy of a guest who would practice any of these things? It is not from ignorance as much as carelessness that they do so. They simply carry the manners of the camp into the court. There are many little touches of etiquette in vogue now at table which can be acquired by observation, but the common rules of proper behavior are always the same. Ignorance will often pass unnoticed if it does not betray itself. The countryman who, dining in company, saw a finger bowl for the first time, attracted the attention of the whole table by the loud tones in which he refused it: "I don't drink lemonade, waiter; take it away and bring me a bowl of drinking water." If he had waited a moment and observed others he would have discovered its use. A writer on table etiquette says:

Eat slowly, as it it were a pleasure you desired to prolong, rather than a duty to be got rid of as quickly as possible.

Don't bring your prejudices, your dislikes, your annoyances, your past misfortunes or future forebodings to the table. That would spil the best of dinners.

Respect the hour of meals. You have no right to injure the temper of the cook, destroy the flavor of the viands and the comfort of the family by your want of punctuality.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Moving an Immense Building.

At a recent meeting of the Engineer's Club of Philadelphia, Howard Murphy, the Secretary, read a detailed description of the moving of the Hotel Pelham at Tremont and Boylston Streets, Boston, for the purpose of widening Tremont Street. This hotel is built of freestone and brick, ninety-six and sixty-nine feet frontage. The Boylston street wall is supported on eight granite columns twelve feet high, three and four feet square. There are a basement and seven stories above the sidewalk; height above tramway on which it was moved, ninety-eight feet; weight, 5,000 tons, exclusive of furniture, which was not disturbed during removal, nor were the occupants of the stores on the first floor and some of the rooms, the various pipe connections being kept up with flexible tubes.

Careful experiments with models showed that, if the lower part of the building was firmly braced, there was no danger of shifting in the parts above. The general arrangements consisted of heavy and substantial stone and brick foundations for iron rails and rollers, and the building was forced to its new position with fifty screws two inches in diameter, one-half in pitch, operated by hand against timbers arranged to uniformly distribute the pressure against the building. Much care and ingenuity were displayed in the details of the arrangements. Two months and twenty days were occupied in preparation. The actual time of moving was but thirteen hours and forty minutes. The greatest speed was two inches in four minutes. The hotel moved about one-eighth of an inch at each quarter-turn of the screws. The whole distance moved was thirteen feet ten inches. For the work 4,351 days labor was required. The whole cost was $30,000.

This is the largest building that has ever been removed, although larger ones have been raised, which latter is a most simple and less risky operation. The complete success of this undertaking is shown by the act that cracks which existed in the walls prior to removal were not changed by the operation. Paper was pasted over them before commencing, that any change might be seen.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

He Found Her Brave Enough.

The well-known fish-monger, Mr. Albert A. Wilson, lives in the Warwick suburbs, his house overlooking the bay and somewhat isolated from other dwellings. He married a wife not long ago, and presented her with a revolver, as a protection against tramps, who, trudging along the railroad, sometimes called at the house for food, but did not think she had the courage to use it. Going home a few evenings ago in a jocular mood, Wilson rapped at the door, disguising his voice, and was refused admittance. He then went around to the back door and tried it, demanding something to eat, but Mrs. Wilson declined to open the door to a stranger. He then shook the front door and peeped in at the window, when there was a report inside, a crashing of glass, and a bullet whizzed by the head of the festive joker, so close that he hastily withdrew and gave his name, as he heard the ominous preparations for another shot. He was admitted, and was more than satisfied that the result of his experiences proved beyond a reasonable doubt that Mrs. W. had all the requisite courage to use a weapon when it was necessary to protect the house from intruders.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—Moses Hull, the spiritualistic lecturer, says that "the era of women has arrived, and henceforth the world will be governed by brain rather than by muscle." He may find that some of the women possess both.

—A married man in Robertson County, Ky, measures six feet five inches in height, and is only fifteen years old.

For Young Readers.

KITTY AND THE WASP.

"Oh my, did you ever? Such a beautiful fly—
I'm sure that I never—but, I must be sly!
Just look, he is coming right straight for my nose,
I'll certainly catch him!" said Kitty Whitetoes.

"I'll lie in the sunshine, pretend I'm asleep,
Keep just a peep open, be ready to leap!—
Here he comes, how's my chance!—Oh dear,
there he goes!"
He has sailed over the head of Miss Kitty Whitetoes.

"Never mind, he'll be back. I'll nap it awhile—
There's time enough yet!" And so to beguile
The time while he's flying, she put her black nose
Right under one foot with its little white toes.

This gay little fellow—the beautiful thing—
Carried something unheard of by Kitty—a sting.
At last, tired of flying, he spoilt her fine doze
By dropping right down on the top of her toes.

"Ha, ha! now I've got you!" She let her foot fall,
Then bounded and rolled 'round the room like a ball.
Alas! as the beauty fell under her toes
He left his sharp sting in the end of her nose.

Poor Kitty! instead of the beautiful catch
She had planned, she for once found more than her match;
And how much in a second she learned, no one knows
Half so well as herself—my pretty Whitetoes.

I am sure she learned *something*, for since that sad day
Not even a fly has she caught in her play;
While before, if one showed near the little black nose
He was sure of a squeeze 'neath the pretty white toes.

—*Chicago Advance.*

A BRAVE LITTLE "REBEL."

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1771, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barnyard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the Sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the Commander-in Chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the General immediately!"

"But the General can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the General!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the General immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British Commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the General.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the General," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the General, and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her Cornwallis, in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the General that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the General soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the General, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And these sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Greedy Boy.

Little Johnny Eataway's playmates called him "Johnny Pig;" and I don't wonder that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over, and he had eaten so much he could not eat any more, he would beg his mamma with a dreadful whine not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much, I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by-and-by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of the bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand-organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one very cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paregoric for the baby, who had a pain (paregoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with), when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half-full of pretty, pink paper packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop, and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one," begged Johnny.

"No," said the man. "I don't give them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing until the man—it was quite dark now—said: "Well, as I have only a few left, and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank-you (greedy boys are never polite), sat down on the nearest doorstep, laid the bottle of paregoric by his side, tore off the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinders, and stamped, and choked, and sputtered, and wiped his mouth again and ngain on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap.—*Wide-Awake.*

Rapid Breathing as an Anæsthetic.

Dr. M. T. Yates, in a letter published in the *Biblical Recorder*, says of the surgical operations to which he has recently submitted: "My doctors said that they had seen it stated by an American doctor that if a person would breathe as rapidly as possible under an operation, he would not feel the pain of cutting, and they wished to try it on me, to which proposal I assented. Mr. Macleod superintended the breathing—which was like that of a dog on a hot summer day—holding out of my sight a handkerchief in his hand to be dropped as a signal—when he saw the color come in my face—for Henderson, the operating doctor, to go ahead. When Macleod told me 'That will do,' I was surprised to find that the operation had been performed. This I have tried three times, and have not, at either time, felt more pain than is usually inflicted in the case of vaccination. I heard the knife rip through the flesh, like the sound produced in cutting leather, but I did not feel the pain. What is the philosophy of this kind of an anæsthetic? Is it simply a diversion of the mind? We presume the rapid breathing acts very much like the inhalation of laughing-gas; that it oxidizes the blood more highly and makes the heart beat faster, as shown by the color in the face, and this exhilaration produces insensibility to physical pain. A man slightly wounded in battle often does not know it at the time—partly, perhaps, because of mental preoccupation, but mainly, we suppose, because he is toned up by the excitements of the conflict. But, whatever may be the explanation, Dr. Yates' experience is an instructive instance of the connection and interaction of bodily estate and mental sensibility.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

—The shrewdest pickpocket in the country is Mollie Hoey, recently arrested in New York. She took $10,000 at one haul from a Chicago man.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

"The small boy's idea of genuine comfort and happiness was to be pitched into a pond of ice cream whose shores were made of sponge cake. His misery was the absence of these pleasant substances. That boy simply represents humanity. Comfort is appreciated by contrast—we enjoy a thing in proportion to our conception of the disadvantages of our deprivation thereof. This applies to material things as well as to immaterial considerations. The icicle, whose appearance in the wintry cold and blackness sends the shiver of discomfort through the observer, would suggest notions of the coolest comfort in hot and sultry days of the summer season. And in both seasons—that in which the icicle flourishes best and in the one wherein its absence is conspicuous—that most uncomfortable and torturing disease, rheumatism, plentifully abounds, causing pain and agony to myriads of people. And yet it need not be thus afflictive if sufferers would only use ST. JACOBS OIL, the surest, safest and speediest remedy in the whole world for the eradication and cure of rheumatism and all painful ailments. The following from the Rochester (Ind.) *Sentinel* shows how some people attend to their rheumatism: "When a young husband had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife—'What have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?' he received the brief, practical and suggestive reply—'Buckwheat cakes and the measles.' We have the report of a case in our midst, not where measles was in the bill of fare, but where sciatic rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known Rochester druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: 'The senior member of this firm was attacked with sciatic rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 10th, could scarcely leave his room. He used ST. JACOBS OIL, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. The run which ST. JACOBS OIL is having is, we say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

"Edgar T. Paige, Esq., druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls," says the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, "that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, for a severe case of rheumatism, and it cured him as if by magic."

A Good Family Remedy!

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JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's LUNG BALSAM ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

WM. C. DIGGES, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4th, '80, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM HAS CURED HIS MOTHER OF CONSUMPTION, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for two ye years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of BRONCHITIS.

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Consumption, Coughs, Colds,

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All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

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copies have been sold, it shows no signs of losing its hold as a public favorite, but is still used and recommended by the best teachers. It is a

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having been many times revised, and by the addition, at various times, of much valuable material, is conceded to be most complete, thoroughly practical and progressive, and without a superior as an instruction book.

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Students, young men and Ladies, in a light, pleasant business. Send for circular and FREE OUTFIT. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Hens, as a rule, lay about an equal number of eggs in their first and second seasons, after which the produce decreases.

—There is no change or improvement in the journalism of the last ten years that is more noteworthy than that increased attention which is everywhere given to supplying agricultural and home information for farmers and their families.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In feeding, farmers should remember that the measure of the value of a food is in a great degree determined by its price. If hay is worth ten dollars per ton and corn the same price, feed largely of corn, using only hay enough to distend the stomachs of the animals.

—In using baking-powder be sure not to use too much. Besides being unhealthful, it spoils the delicate flavor of cake and of biscuit; it is a great temptation to put in a little more than that given in a recipe to make sure of the desired lightness, but it ought to be resisted. If you are not your own cake-maker impress this fact upon your cook.

—Hanging Baskets—What looks more lovely than a plant suspended from a small rustic basket in the centre of the upper part of the window? It interferes with nothing and nothing interferes with it. There's an element of beauty in that simple fact. Plants which have slender branches, which naturally hang down, are at home in this situation. The mother-of-thousands, the wandering Jew, with its pretty marked leaves; the lobelias and some of the trailing campanulas or bell-flowers: the well-named rat-tailed cactus, and the so-called ice-plants are more at home when suspended than when grown in any other position.

—Remedies for chilblains and cold feet—Slice raw potatoes with the skins on and sprinkle over them a tea-spoonful of fine salt, and as soon as a liquid is drawn from them rub it upon the chilblains with a bit of cotton wool. Sometimes one application will heal them if the skin is not broken; if it is, make a salve of equal parts of mutton and beef tallow and of grated carrot, simmered together an hour with a bit of camphor gum and of borax dissolved in it. Take a piece the size of a walnut to half a pound of tallow. Rub this salve on a linen cloth and apply nightly until healed. It will heal chapped lips and hands and can be used every night with advantage. A table-spoonful of alcohol can be added to it while soft, but nearly cold, to keep it sweet through the summer. Every night when going to bed put a little cold water into a bowl and dip the feet into it and then rub them briskly with a bathing towel. Do it several times and rub the towel under the foot and across the heel, so as to start the circulation, and your feet will be warm and chilblains will not annoy you.

Borrowing Farmers.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "A good thing may be carried to a bad extreme, and a little useful accommodation among neighbors may run into excessive annoyance. It is an old saying that 'he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' but I find the inverse more emphatically true: 'He that goes a lending goes a sorrowing.' A neighbor who keeps an unusually complete supply of tools (or who attempts to keep them), has informed me that several have entirely disappeared, through the agency of borrowers, beyond the possibility of his tracing them, and these tools cost him many dollars. Some years ago my several poorer neighbors seemed to think that as I was well supplied, it was my duty to lend them whenever they wanted. The question which they asked was, 'Are you going to use your wagon to-day?' And if the answer was negative I had no further voice in the matter; the wagon was to be taken, of course. Some of them even went so far as to regard my right to any of the tools as second to theirs, and one of them positively refused to return a machine till he had done with it, although I was in equal need. I lent a tool costing twenty dollars to a neighbor, which he kept several months until I had forgotten who took it. After inquiring for many miles I traced it out. The borrower was mortified; he told his hired man to return it, instead of which he had put it in an out-of-the-way place; but it would probably have come home sooner if drawing twenty-five cents a day all this time. I have succeeded in partly breaking up this borrowing and lending, and I believe my neighbors like me all the better for it. I began with the harrow, which had been lent to so many that several teeth were missing. When I discovered this loss, I told the next applicant that each borrower must add a tooth. Some complied, and others would not take it.

I am aware that poorer neighbors may think hard of richer ones who will not lend everything, but he who would please all will find no limit to the yearly widening circle of borrowers. Accommodate where he reasonably can, and there stop. They will like him none the less in the end. Fixed prices for hiring out would be an excellent remedy.

Some Uses of Gas Tar.

The value of gas tar for many purposes is not generally appreciated. Its odor is disagreeable to many and it is not of a lively color. As a paint for the interior of poultry houses it can hardly be excelled; its odor is so permanent that it does not require to be renewed frequently. In stables it is said to be no less efficacious, as flies will not congregate or rest on surfaces that have been painted with it. It is to be hoped that gas tar will have a thorough trial as an insecticide the coming season, for it is not only a safe remedy but a very cheap one. Mr. R. S. Hart, Brighton, N. Y., has tested for two years the efficacy of gas tar water for potato beetles with the most satisfactory results. His method is to put two quarts of tar into a three-gallon pail, fill with water, stir well, allow to settle, then sprinkle the beetles with the water. This amount of tar will serve for a season provided the potato patch is not too large. It is only necessary to refill the pail with water as often as emptied and stir and settle as at first. The point is to thoroughly impregnate the water with the tar; it kills the beetles and does not injure the foliage. Mr. Hart has tried the gas tar water on currant bushes infested with worms with equally good effect.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

The Vegetable Garden.

In these days of a scant supply of labor and high prices for it, economy which does not approach meanness, is one of the fine arts. For instance, it is economy to hire only good, well-trained farm hands, but it is not economy to set them down to a meanly-furnished table. It is economy to feed your people well, but it is far from economical to have to purchase all they eat. A farmer is expected to have something besides salt pork and potatoes on his table, and a variety is more economical than meat, wheat flour, canned goods and store truck generally.

Vegetables are so healthful, so economical and so indispensable that it is a sign of a poor farmer if his table lacks them at any season of the year. There is no land on the most productive farm in the country which pays one-third as well as a well laid out vegetable garden, properly planted and cultivated. As hand labor is costly, it is both wise and economical to dispense with it whenever possible. My experience in market gardening has proved that all kinds of garden truck can be grown and cultivated by a man or boy, with a one-horse single shovel cultivator far more successfully and at far less expense of time and wages than by the employment of any three good men with hoes. A garden for vegetables should have no bushes, trees or perennial plants in it, but should be convenient for the plow and teams at all times. It should be long, to save time in turning, and wide enough to supply the family demand. It should be covered with good, old well-rotted manure six inches deep plowed under twelve inches, then it should be covered again with manure three inches deep, and this last coat should be first buried out of sight. The ground should then be harrowed and cross-harrowed till fine, marked in rows twenty-eight inches apart, and left to stand three days before planting. I never plant for a succession; but plant early sorts for early use, medium sorts for later use, and late sorts for fall use and for storing away for winter. This gives a variety for use through the season, and we do not have the monotony of the same flavor throughout the season. I plant as early as the soil will permit—hardy sorts in March or April; tender ones in May; but I get everything as early as possible. I am particular in having pure, true, fresh seeds; this is an absolute necessity, and if a farmer is not a judge, he must avoid "box seeds" and buy direct from some house of established character, if it costs five times as much. Never let a poor crop be laid to bad seed, because that is a sure sign of a bad gardener.

The time to plant seeds is, as a rule, when apple tree leaves are as big as a mouse's ear. The depth to plant is as a rule, about three times as deep as the size of the seed. As soon as they are planted walk along the rows flat-footed, treading in the seed quite hard, then draw the rake over the row to break up what would become a hard crust after a few heavy dews or a light shower. Cabbages and tomatoes are, in the hands of most farmers, best planted at once in the ground where they are to grow, as house-grown plants are usually so badly grown, so long-legged, as to be unable to stand the change to hot days and cool nights, so that they do not recover till the season is half over, and never are so fruitful.

Having got thus far, and the plants all showing above ground, pay no more attention to them for the season, but attack the weeds with all possible vigor; don't allow one to grow a quarter of an inch high, and if the seed was put in properly the crops will not even need thinning. But every plant must have room to grow, both roots and tops. One horse to a cultivator may be run between the rows as often as every four to six days to advantage, and in gathering the vegetables always pick the finest; this will allow the smallest to grow. It will surprise novices to find how this simple mode of managing a vegetable garden will produce the finest, earliest and most succulent products. The faster the growth is made, the better they are. Never let the ground bake, and if heavy rains beat the soil down hard, run the cultivator through as soon as the storm is over, to let the roots have air, or the plants will stand still as to growth.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Sowing Seeds.

The time will soon arrive for general seed-sowing, and a hint or two in regard to it may not be out of place. Much that is sown never appears, and the seedsman is charged with selling old or poor seeds. Sometimes this may be so, but very often it is the sower's own fault. There is much more art in sowing seeds successfully than people suppose, and yet it is very simple when understood. Many seeds are sown too deep, and yet if not deep enough they will dry up and not grow at all. The depth must be determined by the size of the seed and the character of the soil. If the soil be light and sandy, there is not so much danger of the seeds rotting from deep sowing as if the soil be stiff; and even if stiff soil the depth will have to be determined by the condition of the soil. Suppose we are to sow a piece of oats, in land that is liable to become clotty, and this is the distinction between light and heavy land. If we can roll the land after sowing it would not matter much about sowing deep; but the seed would have to be harrowed in pretty well if left in a clotty condition unrolled. Indeed, if the seed were sown on ground simply first harrowed and then rolled, in such land as we have described, many more seeds would do well than if harrowed before rolling. In other words, shallow sowing, if the ground is well pulverized and pressed firm, is more favorable than deep planting with a rough surface. Finely pulverized soil, with a well-pressed surface, is indeed the very best conditions for success with all seeds; and the shallowest kind of sowing, so that the seeds be firmly imbedded in the soil, is the essence of good seed-growing.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* thinks that, under an inexorable pressure that is beyond the reach of influence or argument, the plantations will split into small farms, and small farmers will take the place of large planters. The same causes that sliced nearly seventy thousand farms from the Georgia plantation in the ten years preceding 1880 will cut off as many more between now and 1890.

THE DAIRY.

—The membership of the New York butter and cheese exchange is growing so rapidly that larger quarters are necessary. The membership will soon number eight hundred, and the initiation fee will be raised to $500.

—The Society of Public Analysis of Great Britian has adopted a standard for the poorest milk of nine per cent. of solids and twenty-five per cent. of fats. Professor Cameron states that examinations of the milk of forty-two short horn cows, during the winter of 1880, gave 9.70 per cent. of solids and 4.20 per cent. of fats in the poorest milk, the cows being housed and well fed. The average yield per day was 11¼ quarts per cow. In every instance more milk was given in the morning than in the evening. The quality of milk improved in each case as the time for calving drew near. The older cows were found to give both more and better milk than the younger ones.

—Science and best practice would seem to be on the side of churning cream sweet. Dr. Voelcker, chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has recently taken strong grounds against churning cream sour. He lays as much stress upon having cream sweet when it is churned as he does upon having it clean. Common sense would seem to coincide with Dr. Voelcker. That milk, when it has turned sour, is started on the road to decomposition, is not questioned by anybody, even the advocates of souring cream. What advantage it can be to the stability of butter fats to hold them for a time, either long or short, mingled with a mass of decomposing animal matter, in whatever stage of decomposition it may be, common sense is unable to understand.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—Foot-rot in cows is caused by a blood disease similar to that which produces "salt rheum" in persons. The foot between the claws of the hoof becomes inflamed, and breaks out with blisters; these run together and form raw spots, which discharge a yellow serum. In bad cases the hoof separates at the coronet, and in time drops off. The treatment is to give the cows or oxen a pound of epsom salts, followed by one ounce of hyposulphite of soda daily. The feet should be washed with a solution of one dram of sulphate of zinc in a quart of water, and should be cleaned and dressed thoroughly between the hoofs. Then dress the parts with an ointment made of one pound of lard, two ounces of turpentine, and one ounce of finely powdered verdigris acetate of copper. It is caused by impure air of close stables, by the absorption of filth through the skin of the feet, as well as by the irritation produced by standing too long upon hard plank floors. It is not contagious excepting when it becomes very bad and the feet suppurate, when the poisonous matter will produce the disease in other cattle. But when it appears in a herd it generally goes through it, because all are subject to the conditions which produce it.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Little Falls Cheese Market.

The Little Falls *Journal-Courier* publishes a table showing the number of boxes of factory and farm and dairy cheese sold on the Little Falls market during the year 1881, and also the amount of butter during the same time on the same market. The facts presented show that Little Falls is the largest interior dairy market on the continent, and probably in the world. The whole number of boxes of cheese sold at Little Falls in 1881 was 289,962 and the number sold at Utica, according to the recent report of the Secretary of the Utica Board of Trade, was 240,746. This gives Little Falls an excess over Utica of 49,226 boxes, amounting to 295,356 pounds, or twenty per cent. more than Utica. The value of cheese and butter on the Little Falls market during the year will amount, at the rates for which they are sold, to about two millions of dollars. This does not include a large amount of butter and cheese sold for home consumption, or for the milk sold for town and city consumption, as well as that taken to supply the condensing factories at Little Falls, Fort Plain and St. Johnsville.

The farm dairy cheese sold at Little Falls comes wholly from Herkimer County, and is delivered on Mondays, the amount for the year being 23,211 boxes, or 1,392,660 pounds. This is mostly used for the home trade, and not unfrequently the best brands sell at a price slightly in advance of factory. Nearly all the factory cheese sold on this market goes abroad—English shippers giving orders in advance for certain well known factories.

The Little Falls market has an immense influence on the trade, and, with the Utica market, may be said to have controlling power over the cheese trade of America. The prices received at these markets are watched by dairymen and dealers in all parts of the country and are taken as a guide in transactions; and well may this be so, for the annual sales of cheese at these markets, and at Rome, N. Y., will probably amount to upward of four millions of dollars.

The bulk of cheese sold on the Little Falls market is made in Herkimer, Montgomery, Fulton and Otsego Counties. According to the last census (1880) the number of gallons of milk sold or sent to the factory in Herkimer County for the year was 16,638,733. The amount of farm dairy cheese, or cheese made on the farm and not in the factory, was 2,863,134 pounds, and the butter made on the farm amounted to 1,402,122 pounds.

On the assumption that a gallon of milk will make a pound of cheese, the milk sold and delivered to the factory would produce 16,638,733 pounds, and if to this be added the farm dairy cheese, we shall a total of 19,551,877 pounds of cheese, as the product of Herkimer County alone, besides butter, amounting to 1,402,122 pounds.

A county having such a record in dairy produce may well be noted as having within its borders the largest dairy market in the world where cheese is sold from first hands.—*Country Gentleman.*

—There are yet 1,000 Indians in the everglades of Florida. They have become civilized but they speak their own language.

—The Chester, Pa., Dairy makes 1,000 pounds of butter per week.

Metz in 1882.

On the city side of the gate a German sentry paces up and down, personifying that force which Prince Bismarck declared made right. The names of the streets have been changed—the German appellation is painted up under the French one on a white board at each corner. The shopkeepers have declined to ticket up their goods in German money, while the conquerer is left to do his own little sum of exchange, converting his iron currency into that of the vanquished. Metz is truly a town in the occupation of the enemy. One would think that the horrors of a long siege had been endured, and that the inhabitants had still shut themselves up to their own houses. The fact is that two-thirds of the people of Metz quitted the town when the Germans established themselves there, and at one moment the population fell from fifty-five thousand to eighteen thousand; while the Germans, like locusts, came down to replace them, opening the closed shops, and receiving subsidies from their own government, so that the garrison might not be totally demoralized by frigidity which met them from a people who had lost their nationality and would not be comforted. The garrison has not sufficed to populate the town; the heavy, measured tread of the German soldiers, the noise of the butt-end of the rifles as they are grounded, the clattering of the long sabers over the stones, the dull beat of the drum, the shrill sounds of the fife, and the occasional roll of musketry heard in the moats of the fortifications, seem to be the only noises which break the dreadful silence. The line of demarcation has been sharply drawn between the two people. They do not associate, and many a woman will step off the pavement to avoid any contact with the uniformed official or soldier, while more than one officer saunters along as if he were convinced that he was playing an unworthy part. Being quartered in Metz cannot be a very enviable position for any of the fifteen thousand lieutenants Germany is said to delight in, for the people have turned their backs on them, and no family will admit them into its midst.—*London Globe.*

Kansas Praising It.

"While I was in Topeka last winter," said the Hon. Arthur Edgington, "I had a pretty rough time of it. I got a bad cold, and then, that not being sufficiently severe, I was also attacked with rheumatism. The pain was in my left shoulder. At times I almost writhed in agony. I tell you, sir, that the pain could not have been greater had my shoulder been screwed up in a vise. I was utterly helpless, and felt like I was destined to remain in that condition indefinitely. My friends and a physician were generous in their prescriptions and my room soon became a miniature apothecary shop. But nothing did me any good. One day some one told me I was enduring a great deal of needless pain when I could invest fifty cents in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and be cured. I invested in a bottle of the Oil, rubbed it on my shoulder twice, and in two days forgot that I ever had rheumatism. Yes, that is a great remedy, and no mistake. They can't say too much in favor of its healing power."

The above was uttered by Mr. Edgington while sitting in the porch of the La Gonda House, at Columbus, the other evening, and was overheard by an escaped reporter, who is traveling over the country incog. Inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Edgington is one of the most widely known men in Kansas, figuring prominently in politics, and acting as the responsible agent of the Bradstreet Commercial Agency. Upon subsequently making Mr. Edgington's acquaintance the reporter was assured that all he had heard was true, and he was at liberty to use it in the papers.—*Oswego (Kan.) Democrat.*

It is said the only obstacle in the way of transporting live hogs from this country to England is the difficulty of feeding them on the passage. Why not feed them from the trough of the sea?—*Somerville Journal.*

The St. Paul (Minn.) *Globe*, observes: Things had gone wrong with him, and he wanted to die; yet he had the whole house darting around mighty lively, so we heard, hunting for the St. Jacobs Oil bottle, when the first twinge of rheumatism gathered him up.

At a curiosity shop: "Oh, the charming little box! Antique, isn't it?" "No, madame, it is modern." "What a pity—it was so pretty!"—*Le Figaro.*

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Adolphus, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, Evangeline. No more margins for me." [Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week.]—*Courier-Journal.*

Recently the wife of one of our friends returning home rang at her own door. Nobody coming, she rang again. Still nobody. Finally, at a louder, longer ring, the valet coincided to show himself. "Pray, are you deaf?" said the lady. "I beg pardon, madame," said the valet, tranquilly, "but I heard only the third ring."—*Le Figaro.*

Her mistake: "Why do you suppose Johnson Reed is always driving over to Smithville?" asked one Austin gentleman of another. "His wife says he goes over to admire the beauty of the place," was the reply. "Yes, but does his wife know the beauty of the place is a young widow?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Waiter: "Isn't that a pleasant wine?" Guest: "It has a fine flavor. The color pleases me very much." Waiter: "I should smile. Maybe the boss didn't have a time getting it up to the right color. He had to ransack all the drug stores in town."—*Texas Siftings.*

He slipped quietly in at the door, but, catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Mamma, is the old hen going to be sent away for the summer?" "No, Charlie, but why do you ask?" "Well, I heard papa tell the new governess that they would have a fine time when they sent the old hen away for the summer." Mamma put little Charlie to bed.

The doctor told a Vermont woman whose husband was sick that a certain medicine wouldn't keep, and as she didn't give it all to him, she took it herself, so as not to have it wasted. Vermont folks are not disgustingly wasteful.

Church organists in the Pine Tree State are very mercenary. They are always looking after the Maine chants.—*Boston Score.* We will inchoir into this.—*Steubenville Herald.* See one of them, and ask hymn.—*Musical Herald.*

A young girl with blonde eyes and blue hair wants to know if a "court in hane" is anything like flirting with a bank clerk when she gets a check cashed? She's innocence personified—all but.—*Norristown Herald.*

"In a Decline."

Dr. R. V. Pierce: *Dear Sir*—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and everybody thought she was going into the consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her. Mrs. Mary Hinson, Of all druggists. Montrose, Kan.

It will be advisable for such as have any fears of baldness to quit indulging in white grub, since a farmer has discovered that the white grub eats off the roots just below the crown.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The New World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y., is now completed and ready to receive patients.

Now we'll spring a pun on you. Lookout! If you speak of "a place where ships tie up," your remark is equivalent to a statement in writing, because it's a dock you meant. We now swear off on puns for a year.—*Boston Post.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be cured." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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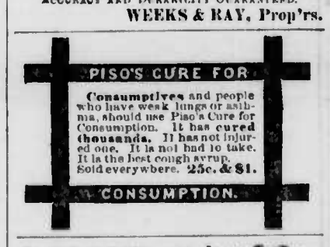

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No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,

vs.

William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Teeters, Samuel Teeters, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Rhoda Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Hy. Barnes, —— Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Complaint in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1829, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1808, and recorded in Liber D, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, whereby he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz, are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate of the revision, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John B. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John B. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Ruth Metz, both of whom died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: Isaac N. W. Metz, Emily Metz, John Metz, Eliza Metz and Elizabeth Metz, Isaac N. W. Metz is still living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, Emily intermarried with one William Spiker, both of whom are living and residing in Garrett county aforesaid, John Metz or any issue he might have had, have not been heard of for more than twenty years, Eliza Metz intermarried with Andrew Hewitt, and died intestate leaving surviving her, her husband Andrew Hewitt and one child Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Metz intermarried with Milton Morrow, Ruth Barnes, daughter of William Barnes, the original ancestor, intermarried with Isaac Metz, both of whom died intestate, leaving surviving them the following children and heirs at law: William Metz, Abigail Metz, Sarah Metz, Isaac Metz, Matilda Metz, Elizabeth Metz, Joseph Metz and Eliza Metz, Ruth Metz and John Metz, children of the said Ruth and Isaac Metz, died intestate without issue before their mother, Ruth Metz who died in the year A. D. 1863, intestate, Elizabeth Metz is still living and was intermarried with a man named Horan, now dead without issue, Eliza Metz is still living and intermarried with one Meshach Preston, now dead without issue, Abigail Metz died leaving issue, William Metz, who is intermarried with —— Fazenbaker, and Lavinnin Metz who intermarried with Henry Spiker, Matilda Metz went West about forty years ago, and neither she nor her husband (if she had any) have been heard from since that time, Sarah Metz died since the death of her mother Ruth Metz, leaving Anne Metz, William Metz, intermarried with Huldah Barnes and died intestate, leaving children as heretofore named in this Bill, Isaac Metz intermarried with Anne Fazenbaker, and died intestate leaving surviving him, his widow and the following heirs at law: George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Metz, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Jacob Metz, Louisa Metz, Isaac Metz and Francis S. Metz, and of them Mary E. Metz intermarried with one Samuel Teeters, Francis S. Metz intermarried with Markey, Jacob and Isaac Metz, both died intestate and without issue. Joseph Metz a son of Ruth and Isaac Metz, both died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: John T. Metz, Mary M. Metz, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Metz, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz and Joseph Metz, of whom Mary M. Metz intermarried with James Darnley, both of whom are living, Rachel J. Metz intermarried with Howard Lease, both of whom are living, John Barnes, son of William Barnes, the common ancestor died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: Sarah Barnes, Nancy Barnes, Rachel Barnes, John Barnes, William Barnes, Henry Barnes, Joseph Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Mary E. Barnes and Daniel Barnes, of whom Sarah intermarried with one William Sigler, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heir at law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and Jefferson Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes, the following do not reside in the State of Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabith Horan, ——Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 4 6 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POETRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poetry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit; Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1809 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 89¼ degrees, east 24 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 3 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
3 4 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

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is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day,

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SQUARE GRAND PIANO, New Style, No. 3309. 7⅓ Octaves, Elegant Rosewood Case, Rich Mouldings, double extra Wrest Plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, Grand French Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only, $222.75.

☞ PIANOS, GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT, $125 to $1,600. New 7 Octave Rosewood Square Pianos, $145. Elegant Rosewood Upright, $173.75. ☞ OTHER OFFERS. Send for full particulars, list of Testimonials, etc. SEE BEATTY'S QUARTERLY.

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Only $85.

CORNISH ORGAN Style 3000. 5 OCTAVES. FIVE SETS REEDS. SUB. BASS AND GRAND ORGAN. 13 beautiful solo stops. Fancy Music Pocket. New and Improved Knee Swell and patent double action Grand Organ Knee Swell which places instrument fully under control of performer, and by its use the softest, sweetest cadences or the most powerful and magnificent tones can be produced at will.

Cornish's Patent Stop Action the best in the world and only one now made that will not become deranged with use. Upright bellows of great capacity, fitted up with best steel springs. Solid Black Walnut Case of New and Unique design. Elegantly finished and ornamented with real French burl walnut panels.

PIPE ORGAN TONE

of great power, sweetness and harmony. Fully warranted for six years. We will box and deliver on board cars here, this superb instrument with $10 Stool and Music for only

☞ $85.00. ☜

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PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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Postmasters, Sign Painters, School and Music Teachers this interests you; write us for full particulars.

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CORNISH

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

CORNISH PIANO Style 5. SQUARE GRAND.

7⅓ OCTAVES, THREE STRINGS.

French Grand Action. Full Iron Frame with Extra braces. Overstrung Scale, agraffe throughout. Ivory Keys, Soft Pedal, capped hammers and every modern improvement. Magnificent Rosewood Case, elegantly finished back and front alike. Four round corners. Solid Rosewood Mouldings, all round case, extra fine carved legs, and lyre and handsome scroll desk. Dimensions, 6 feet 11 inches in width, 3 feet 7 inches.

TONE pure, sweet, harmonious, and of the pathetic, combined with great volume variety and brilliancy. Fully warranted for 6 years. We will sell this Magnificent Piano with a handsome $15 Rosewood Stool and music, for only

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Shipped on half a Months Test Trial.

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Until piano is tested and found satisfactory. If not as represented you can return it and we will pay Freight both ways.

PIANOS $125 and upwards. ORGANS, $25, $35, $45, $50, $55, $60, and upwards.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882. NUMBER 3.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Resid nce opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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JOHN SHATZER, Second Street

STONE MASONS

P. GRIM, Residence, at Crossville sidewalks of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with cost on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

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The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

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Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland d17 81 ly

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...re Catarrh may not seem to ... and it promptly attended ... our ill neglect, is often ... exception or expectoration ... ever been discovered which ... surely in such cases as ... D'S CATARRH KILLER. The ... of this *invaluable remedy* has ... thousands of lives.

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... KELLER in my family for forty ... never known it to fail.—RANSOM ... Wayne bay Co.

... KELLER in my family twenty-... have found it a sure remedy ... place.—D. W. LYER, ... N. Y.

... and prove it is the best ... We would not be without it.— ... Liberty Hill, Va.

... I have used CATARRH KILLER ... for cold and ... the best ... —GEO. HOOPER, Wimsboro, ...

... recently with bronchitis, and my ... CATARRH KILLER ...

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER. For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN. Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

MARY'S MISTAKE.

"No news of him yet! Oh, Herbert, are you really lost to me?"

Thus often murmured Mary Weldon, a beautiful girl of twenty, as she vainly scanned the "shipping news" in the paper for tidings of her absent sailor lover.

Three long years had now passed since he left her—for nearly three years she had heard nothing either of him or his vessel—the Hero, a surveying craft, of which he was the captain.

He had told Mary before he sailed that he thought the voyage would not occupy more than twenty-eight months; that at the end of that time he would probably come home, and that he should then make her his wife. But, as yet, she had received but one letter from him—four months after he went away—while now thirty two more had passed without her getting a line.

Her father thought that the craft must have been lost, and so did many other people; but Mary kept hoping on.

She had loved the young naval captain deeply, and she could not bring herself to think he was dead. In spite of his silence and his long absence. Both her parents, believing that he had either died or that he was false to her, endeavored to turn her mind in another direction.

There was a certain skipper named John Thomas, a good-looking, worthy young man, who numbered thirty years in age, and $300 in savings. Mr. Weldon now wanted his daughter to encourage this person; but although she liked and respected him for his excellent all-position, she had never thought of accepting him for a husband.

One day it chanced that Thomas bought from a news stand a copy of a South American paper, the latest number, and evidently the only one which had reached Bristol.

From the right hand lower corner of one of the pages a piece of the paper had accidently come off and was missing.

Attracted toward that spot, the captain's gaze was riveted on a little notice near this part of the journal. The heading of this paper having been partially torn off with the missing piece of the paper, it stood thus, with the other lines undistured beneath:

"MAR

"On June 28th, Herbert Weyman, late captain of the bring Hero, to Fanny Major, of Costa Rica."

For a moment the young man's brain seemed to spin round like a top.

"Married! So he is married!" he murmured to himself. "Then, indeed, all is over between him and Mary Weldon. How scurvily he has treated her! I have always heard good reports of him, and would not believe this did I not see the marriage notice here before my very eyes in this paper, published in Costa Rica, where the wedding took place!"

Again he looked at the notice.

"Ay, I have made no mistake. Here it is, plain enough, under that heading of 'Married,' or 'Marriages,'—whichever it was before the letters coming after mar were torn off! And now what shall I do? I don't like to be the bearer of this terrible news to poor Mary. Heaven help her!"

Finally he concluded to take the paper to her mother; but not until the next morning after she had received it could Mrs. Weldon master courage to show the notice to Mary.

The young girl became very pale; even her lips turned white, while great blue rings appeared under her beautiful eyes; and for a moment she staggered as if about to swoon.

"My dear child," cried her anxious mother, winding an arm about her neck, "let your pride help you. So false a person is not worth a thought!"

"No, no; he cannot have been false, mamma. There must be some mistake!"

"Would that it were so. But these lines tell the story." Again Mary read these terrible words.

"May not some foolish person have put it in for a joke?" she said.

"No; don't try to delude yourself, Mary. Marriage notices are never put in for jokes—at least, not in that way."

From this moment Mary began to droop. She strove to call pride to her aid, but in vain. Her nature was of that intense, loving kind that clings forever to the object of its affectionate regard.

Now her parents strove harder than ever to persuade her to receive the attentions of Chaptain Thomas.

At last, to please them, she consented to see him occasionally. But her absent manner convinced the young man that he could hope nothing from this concession.

He was a manly fellow, whom the sorrows of women, but especially those of the one he loved, affected deeply; and Mary, who had always rather liked him, at once noticed and appreciated his sympathy.

"Marry him and forget that other worthless fellow," her father ventured to say to her, at last.

"I could never like Mr. Thomas well enough for that, papa, and I doubt not he knows it."

"Yes, but it was only the other day that he told your mother that he would willingly run the risk of your ...ing him after marriage, if you would have him."

But Mary sadly shook her head.

"So you persist in thinking of that false-hearted rascal—"

"Oh, papa, say nothing against him," she interrupted. "Somehow I still feel as if there must be some mistake. Yes," she added, starting up; "you shall take me away off to Costa Rica and we will search the marriage register there!"

This was not the first time she had made that proposal, and now her father replied: "Mr. Thomas sails on a trading voyage next week to Costa Rica, and as I have business to transact there, where I intend to establish an agency for shipping stores, you and I can accompany him."

They sailed at the appointed time, and finally arrived at Costa Rica.

There inquiries were made, but the marriage register could not be examined, as the building in which it had been kept had lately burned down and the book was lost.

It was ascertained, however, that the chaplain of a British frigate, which had been in the harbor about a year before, but had now sailed away, had married a young naval officer and a lady. The names of the wedded twain could not be learned, but there existed no doubt, even in Mary Weldon, that they were Herbert Weyman and the Fanny Major mentioned in the notice.

Mr. Weldon now hardly gave his daughter a moment's rest with respect to Captain Thomas. He believed that, if she married that person, she would be a happy woman, in time.

At last he said: "Promise me one thing, Mary—that you will at least have him when we return home, which will be in about eight months from now!"

"Yes, if I am alive, and if I learn nothing in the meanwhile to show that we have been mistaken about Herbert!"

She only made this promise to please her father. She felt quite sure it would never be fulfilled—that she would die before she arrived home, and be buried in the deep sea.

At last the time came when the vessel sailed.

Mary had continued to droop. Her cheeks were sunken, her voice was hollow; she had become thin and worn. But her strong constitution kept her up, and when finally within a day's sail of home, she concluded that she was likely to live on for years.

So then, after all, her promise would have to be fulfilled—she would have to marry Thomas—for she would not break her word even though it broke her heart to keep it.

"Yes, I have allowed myself, by papa's importunity, to be drawn into making that unfortunate promise, and I must keep my word even though it kill me!"

As she spoke, she sprang upon a bench near the rail, the better to receive upon her hot, fevered brow the full force of the fresh morning wind, which was blowing hard.

Not a quarter of a mile astern of the ship was another vessel—a handsome top sail schooner, which had been sighted that morning, and was evidently also bound for Bristol.

In her agitation Mary hardly noticed it. Her brain was reeling, and she felt dizzy. A sudden roll of the ship precipitated her over the rail into the sea.

All the officers and men being intent upon some work forward—the young girl's father being below—no person, not even the man at the wheel, whose back was toward her, and who was a little deaf, saw or heard her fall overboard.

She did not know how to swim, and when she came to the surface the salt water, which had poured into her mouth, drowned her gurgling cries.

As she struggled there in the seething waters she saw the ship flying on, its occupants still unconscious of the accident.

She went down for the second time, even at that dreadful moment, as the thunder of the waters fell upon her confused brain, she was conscious of thinking that at least she would escape a marriage with the man she did not love.

But when she again rose to the surface she heard voices and dimly saw a boat from the other vessel—the topsail schooner coming swiftly toward her.

She would be saved after all, was her thought, and the sacrifice would have to be made.

She was half bewildered, in a semi-conscious state, when a few moments later she was pulled into the boat, and it was some minutes before she could fully realize her situation.

Some person had an arm around her, and while he bathed her temples and forehead, he was eagerly calling her by name.

When she was fully restored to sight and sense she uttered a wild cry of surprise on recognizing, in the hand-some young officer who held her, none other than Herbert Weyman, her long-absent lover!

"Let me go," she sobbed, disengaging herself from him. "Take me back to my father, who is in that ship in the distance, and then return to your wife, for I suppose she is aboard that schooner."

"My wife?"

"Yes; your bride, Fanny Major."

Weyman looked puzzled, until from a little ornamental rubber case taken from her pocket Mary drew forth and showed to him the notice she had cut out from the Costa Rica journal. She had preserved it carefully, and as the case was almost air-tight, the paper had been but little more than dampened during her recent immersion in the water.

"Well," said Weyman, as his face cleared, "here is the schooner close to us! Take a good look at her, and you will see my bride."

"Oh, Herbert, I see no woman!"

"True; but you see a beautiful schooner. There is her name, in red letters, on the quarter."

Mary read the name.

It was "Fanny Major."

"That is the name which is in the notice!" cried the young girl, in surprise.

"Yes," he answered; "but it means the schooner—nothing more!"

"Why, surely the paragraph is a marriage notice!"

"No; had not the heading been partly torn off, leaving only M-a-r, which I perceive was the sole cause of your mistake, it would have been 'Marine Transfer,' not 'Marriages,' as you supposed.!"

As soon as he had assisted the over-joyed girl aboard the schooner he showed her, in a perfect state, the same number of the paper as that from which she had cut the notice. The heading was "Marine Transfer," and the meaning of the notice was thus made apparent. Weyman had been transferred to the Fanny Major; that is, to the vessel of that name.

Further explanations followed. Herbert's long silence had been caused by his being sent to cruise in the lonely Arctic ocean, where he had been shut in by the ice for one whole winter.

With the greatest difficulty he had, after many months of bad weather, brought his shattered craft, in the following summer, to Costa Rica.

There he was transferred to the Fanny Major, and was sent for a cruise off the coast of Siberia. Before going he wrote to Mary, intrusting his letter to a friend of his, a naval officer, who had just been married to a lady in Costa Rica, by the chaplain of the frigate, and who, with his bride, was going to sail for home on leave of absence, aboard a merchant ship. The ship was lost, as he subsequently learned, and with it the letter.

On his return to Costa Rica from Siberia he found orders left for him to sail for home with the Fanny Major.

He must have arrived only a day or so after Thomas got under way, and thus have just missed a meeting there with Mary.

As to his overtaking the craft, which must have sailed a week before he was ready to start, this was probably owing to his having had better weather than Captain Thomas had encountered.

And so, now, Mary was happier than words can express. A few hours later she was restored to her father's arms, and to Mr. Weldon the necessary explanations were made.

A month later his daughter was united in marriage to Herbert Weyman.

Captain Thomas, for a long time disconsolate, eventually married a rosy Scarborough girl, who proved to be an excellent wife.

It is a mistake to say that the Democrats learn nothing. At rare intervals they have an experience so severe that they are able to profit by it. They had one in the last campaign, and its cause was Mr. Watterson's headlong zeal in having the platform declare in favor of a "tariff for revenue only." The campaign was going on pretty smoothly until General Hancock's eye fell upon that declaration, and he was induced to impart to the public the reflections which it aroused in his mind. Then there was trouble. From that time tariff was the issue of the campaign, and when the vote was counted even General Hancock was convinced that there was nothing local about an issue which could cause such widespread disaster. Mr. Watterson and Cox are the only Democrats in the country who have been able to "come up smiling" on the same issue again. They wish to try the battle over again, but the other statesmen of the party have had enough. A significant indication of this desire for a change is found in some recently published conversations with the members of the South Carolina delegation in Congress. Senator Hampton says he is in favor of a "tariff for revenue with incidental protection." Senator Butler varies it a little and says: "Such protection as is incidental to a judicious and just tariff." Congressman Dibble is even more cautious: "Tariff for revenue without exposing our industries to ruinous foreign competition." Congressmen Richardson and Evins simply echo Senator Hampton's "tariff for revenue with incidental protection;" and Congressman Tallman is strong against free trade with a demand for "tariff for protection in respect to many articles." Of course talk about "tariff for revenue with incidental protection" is a mere juggle of words to conceal hostility to protective principles, but the fact that Democrats are afraid to declare themselves openly in favor of free trade is significant. We have no doubt that their next National platform, if it contain any reference to the tariff at all, will adopt some such weak subterfuge as Mr. Hampton's formula, but no body will be deceived by it. The only issue the Democratic party has been true to during its entire career is free trade, and nothing short of an open declaration in favor of protection will convince the people that it will be safe to trust the industrial interests of the county to Democratic control.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There is no question that small-pox is a dreadful disease. Yet there can be no good cause for the senseless alarm and panic that is manifested by some at the prevalance of the plague. Not only does it do no good whatever, but it really is unworthy especially of Christian men and women. Discretion, caution, prudence,—these it is our duty to exercise at all times; but these never have anything in common, with selfish cowardice. Now if there were a little more fear and dread of sin, that worse plague than small-pox, it would be a good deal better. No one seems to mind associating intimately with souls that are all black and blotched with vice. Even tender children are unhesitatingly allowed to go in and out of houses that are hopelessly infected, whose very atmosphere is thick with impudity, profanity and blasphemy. And people do not think that there is any danger in this. They do not fear "catching" sin. Yet if the truth were known, most forms of sin are more infectious than cholera and small-pox, and also far more fatal. Sin kills vastly more bodies and souls every year than all other diseases together.—*The Moravian.*

Of the worst foes that woman have ever had to contend with, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in men has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink.

The Rev. J. W. Gaines, a colored preacher, is said to be the only minister that has visited the cell of President Garfield's assassin.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces in my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A BREAKFAST STORY.

"So yer don't remember me? Wal, I ain't su'prised; bein's my name's what 'tis now; hut when I tell yer—Lemme see; sixteen an' ten an' four—you've bin gone fifteen years."

"Yes, it was fifteen years ago this month that I went West."

"You an' my Em'ly was 'bout of an age. She died when she was sixteen; father died ten year arter, jest four year ago nex' week; and you went off the year afore Em'ly died. Yes, she'd bin thirty this fall. Law, I'm growin' old! but——"

"You must refer to Emily Benham; strange I did not recall you."

The last speaker was a tall young man of thirty, with large, black, searching eyes, a full beard, and hair of that indescribable tint, neither red nor brown, but with a rich golden sheen, auburn, perhaps it would be called, curling tightly about a well-shaped head; a dainty mustache, half concealing a finely-cut upper lip; and withal such a bearing of dignity and self possession that one unacquainted with his early life would have little suspected that his boyhood had been passed amid the surroundings in which we now find him.

"I thought yer'd remember Em'ly. Beg yer pardin, but I didn't know one spell but you two'd make a match! Foolish I know 'twas tew;—w'y you was nuthin' but children; but 'most ev'ry day yon'd leave ther boys down't ther corner an' come up 'roun' ther bridge by ther mill an' go cross-lots, you'n Em'ly ter school. Father 'n I used to talk 'bout it some, an' your folks liked Em'ly, tew; but you got oneasy, an' wanted ter see more o' the world afore yer settled down, an' then ther nex' year Em'ly took sick an' died; s'pose she studied rather hard, or somethin'. Some brain trouble, ther doctor called it."

"O, yes, I well remember Emily. She was a good scholar, and often helped me solve a knotty problem. In fact, I believe she was the only *girl* in the school that could count up more 'headmarks' than I. The last year, while studying botany, we often went 'cross lots, as you have said, and gathered specimens for the class."

"Wal, four years ago father died—I allus called him 'father,' an' he called me 'mother,' 'cause Em'ly did, I s'pose—and when Mister Meachem come over here, a year or so arter, an' told as how he b'lieved he an' me could make a good livin' together—yer see, I had a good place here, an' he had about ten thousan' in money, an' had bin in the hotel biznis down to Portsm'th—w'y without many 'ifs an' ans' we was married, an' we fixed ther house all up, an' built a new barn, an' there's lots o' city folks comes over ter ther Cap'n Sander's place ev'ry year, an' a good many on 'em comes out here, an' with ther pos'-office we've made a comf'ble livin'; but I dunno how 'tll be now, sence the Cap'n's place's fonu' an owner; p'r'aps nobody'll come this summer.

"But yer mus' want yer breakfust. Bin up ter the buryin'-groun', did yer say? Wal, it's a nice mornin' fur a walk. S'pose yer see the gre't moniment on Cap'n Sanders' lot, an' the stun fur James, who was killed in the war? I hain't seen em yit, but I hear they're dretful nice, only they say that James' stun don't say nuthin' 'bout his helu' a rebel. Some folks think he wa'n't, an' b'lieve ther message he sent ter ther Cap'u was true, an' others don't b'lieve a word on't. Fur my part, I don't see how a man can be *made* ter fight 'nless he's a mine ter; leastwise, he needn't *shoot* at nobody; an' I dunno as James did.

"Now, come, set right up ter ther table an' help yerself; yer oughter have an appertite; yer must 'a' walked four or five mile this mornin'. Husban' said yer went out jest as he was a-lightin' ther fire—'bout four o'clock, I spose 'twas.

"Of course you remember Cap'n Sanders, an' how his son went off an' got married ag'in his will, an' how he disowned him an' told him never ter darken his door ag'in."

"Yes, I do remember some things about the Captain, but I was only a boy, you know, and seldom went up on the hill. If I remember rightly he kept himself shut up nearly all the time for two or three years before he died. Repented, didn't he, when it was too late? He died the year before I went away, and left all his property to James or any of his heirs, provided they were found in fifteen years; if not, it was all to go to the town. Am I right?"

"Wal, yer do remember perty well; but I forgot how fast time slips away. Yer don't remember James? He went off some time afore ther war; yer couldn't 'a' bin more'n seven or eight year old, an'——

"Now, do help yourself, won't yer? I'll warrant yer don't fine any better bluefish nowhar; an' if them Graham rolls *ain't* good I dunno whar yer'll fine better, if *I* did make 'em. Have more coffy? No! Well, speak when yer cup's out, won't her? I'm goin' back ter the beginnin' an' tell yer all 'bout the Cap'n's 'fairs; so 'f yer want anythin' just speak it right out.

"Yon'll remember some on it 's I go 'long till I git down ter ther time yer went off, prob'bly, yer mother must 'a' told yer 'bout it more'n once. How I *should* like ter see yer mother a'gin! but——

"What did yer say? Livin' in Bostin now, an' yer mother's comin' up here nex' month? Wal, yer tell her ter come right here an' *stay*; it shan't cost her a cent. Tell her ter wait till near the end o' the month, so 's ter be here when the big weddin' comes off up ter the Cap'n's place; but yer don't know nuthin' 'bout that till I teller yer, but——

"Eh! Yer'd pay her board if she come? Sho', now, she'll be welcome, pay or no pay; but I s'pose yer able ter pay yer way wherever yer go. Dekin Hopkins told me more'n a year ago that yer was rich—with fifty *thousan'* or more. I declar' it does beat all—a poor boy like you ter go out into the world all alone an' make a fortin at thirty. I s'pose Chicager's quite a place; somethin' like Portlan', mebbe. *I* went ter Portlan' once, an' I was glad ter git back hum, whar I could breathe an' think ag'n. Sech a racket, an' everybody a-hurryin' 'long as of thar life depended on't. I kep' a-thinkin' of the Scripter passage 'bout hastin' ter be rich an' fallin' inter a pit or a snare or somethin', an' of it hadn't bin for father a-ketchin' me I should 'a' fell head over heels inter a hole myself. Father said it was ther entrance ter ther barber-shop down under their hotel. I do hope they've got some kine of a railin' round it now! Why, I might 'a' broke my neck.

"So yer a-livin' in Bostin! Got a fam'ly, I s'spose, an' live in gre't style, o' course. I——

"*What!* yer hain't married *yit?* Wal, yer ought ter be, if I do say it's onghtn' ter, p'r'aps. What yer goin' ter do with all yer money? But, law! it's none o' my biznis——

"More coffy? Yes; I knew yer'd like it. We don't give that kine o' coffy to *ev'rybody* that comes 'long; but when husban' told me yer name las' night, an' said yer had gre't big black eyes an' dark-red hair—'tain't red, I know, only as the light strikes on't—I knew 't must be you, an' I made up my mine yer should have ther best ther house could furnish, an'——

"'Bout the Cap'n? O, yes, I *was* goin' ter tell yer. Wal, yer see, James was an only child. The Cap'n come down here an' built that gre't house out on ther hill arter he left the sea an' retired, as folks say. He had consid'able money, an' he was boun James should have an edication. He had a sister down ter New York, the Cap'n did, an' so James went down thar to a 'cademy or somethin'. Wal, you've heard how he got 'quainted with that gal from Georgy, an' arter he went back the secon' time he writ hum that he was a-goin' ter marry her when he got through studyin' that year.

"O, my stars, how *mad* the Cap'n was! W'y, yer see, he was an out-an'-out abolitioner, the Cap'n was, an' he'd bin predictin' fur more'n a year that some time afore long ther North an' South had got ter fight it out, as he used to say. The idee of his boy marryin' a Southern gal—like 's not a slave holder's darter—was more'n he could stan'; in fac', *I* think the Cap'n was reelly crazy fur a spell.

"Wal, he wouldn't hear *nuthin'* ter Mis' Sanders. Poor soul! she didn't live but 'bout tew months arter the Cap'n sent ther fust letter. She was sickly when they come down here, an' folks said one reason the Cap'n built 'way up thar on the hill was ter git a sea-breeze an' a lan'-breeze tew, in hopes *one* on 'em would agree with her. As I said, he wouldn't hear a word ter *her*, but set down and writ a letter ter James an' told him of he married *that* gal he should cut him off without a dollar.

"*I've* allus had a notion of James had 'a' come home an' *talked* with the Cap'n, instead o' sendin' that letter 'bout love's goin' whar it's *sent* and the *'word* an' *promise* of a *Sanders* hein' o' more value than money,' an' all that, it might all 'a' been dif'rent; but James was dretful high-steppin', an' onreasonable, tew, 'bout some things. Jest as soon as the Cap'n got that secon' letter he packed up ev'rythin' he could fine that b'longed ter James an' sent 'em tew him, an' writ him he should consider him dead an' was than dead, and never ter darken his door ag'in.

"Of course you've heard most o' this afore, an' I won't stop ter tell it all. The war come, sure 'nough, an' the fust news the Cap'n had from James for 'most five years was when Dekin Hopkins' son Joel come home wounded an' said he'd seen James Sanders a-lyin' on the battle-field when he was bein' carried off, an' he made ther men 'twas carryin' on him stop, so 's he could speak with him. Yer see, each side was a-takin care o' their own dead an' wounded, an', when the meu come back arter takin' care o' Joel, nothin could be foun' o' James; he'd bin carried off, prob'ly.

"Wal, Joel said that James told him ter tell his father that he'd bin drafted into the C'nfedrate army, but he'd bin in hopes ter git taken pris'ner an' git over this side; he'd bin mighty sorry he didn't 'xplain matters ter his father afore he got married, an' he wanted ter come home an' beg his forgiveness, an' then he'd 'nlist in the Union army. You've heard it all, an' how the Cap'n broke all down an' tried to fine him or any trace o' his wife an' children, ef he had any; he advertised in the papers an' spent 'most all he had in money; but 'twa'n't no use, fur, yer see, he didn't know what the Georgy gal's name was, nur nuthin', an' so he fine'ly gin it up, an' died the year afore yer went away, as ev'ryhody said, of a broken heart, an' left ther place an' all he had ter the town if James nor no heirs didn't turn up inside o' fifteen years; an' it——

"What'd yer say? 'Somebody'd oughter 'a' lived in ther house?' Yes, that's true 'nough, but the Cap'n's will said—or, at least, it was s'posed to *mean*—that ther house shouldn't be used 't all for fifteen year.

"Wal, I've helped yer mem'ry perty well, I guess, on what happened afore yer went away, an' now I'll tell yer the rest Yer——

"'Anythin' more ter eat'? W'y, yes; glad yer spoke. I've got a mince-pie in ther oven, and I forgot all 'about it, now, that's too bad! I jest put it in ter warm a spell, an' I declar' it's all dried up, but I've got piece o' dried apple pie an' a leetle grain o' cheese in the but'ry. Thar, now, I'll get yer a glass o' milk, an' I guess yer'll make out quite a meal arter all.

"Lemme see, whar'd I leave off?—'bout keepin' the Cap'n's place so shut up? O, yes. Wal, arter he'd bin dead 'bout five years, the S'lectmen had ther house all aired out, took up all ther carpits and shook 'em, an dusted down all ther columbs, but they put ev'rythin' back jest as 'twas, 'except they didn't tack down their carpits—jest spread 'em down an' stood ther furniture 'roun', an' shut the place up for five year more, when they went through all ther manœuv's ag'in.

"Ther house was gittin' perty shabby fur want o' paint, but o' course the town didn't want ter lay out much on ther place an' then perhaps have somebody turn up an' claim it arter all. Yer may remember that the Cap'n built a pier clear out inter the water an' had a wide gravel-walk leadin' down onter it; that walk must be more'n a quarter-mile long, an' all the way each side till yer got down ter the sand, whar nuthin'd grow but weeds, was rose bushes an' s'ringoes, an' ev'ry year ther daylias was sot out an' took up—Mis' Sim'kins took care on 'em—yer remember 'her? Yes, she's livin' 'bout here yit! She's over ter ther gre't house now, a-sewin' and a-bossin' ther rest, an' a-talkin', all ther time, jest ther same 's she did twenty-five years ago. Strange, I declar', that she should 'n' made all ther carpits an' curt'ins an' things fur the Cap'n an' now she's a-doin' it all over fur his—But I'm a-gittin' the cart afore the hoss, as husban' says, so I'll go an tell yer in reg'lar order. Yes, husban' says when I tell a story it makes him think o' the way a cat comes when yer call her, goin' all 'roun' rubbin' all the chairs an' up ag'in ther hop-board, an' fine'ly comin' up ahine yer, rubbin' yer feet.

"But, sho'! what was I a-tellin' yer? Yes, yes. Mis' Sim'kins took care o' the daylies, and ther g'raaiums, an' ther was gre't double hollyhocks, with morningglories twinin' all 'roun' 'em. Wal, Mis' Sim'kins used to go over thar an' keep 'em all in good shape ev'ry year, 'cause, she said, 'twas tew bad ter let 'em all die out. Then, yer know, thar was a clump o' pines—a grove, the city folks call it—out thar ter ther lef' han', an' a path leadin' off o' the walk right inter it—the pine clump, I mean. Wal, one day four year ago—the same year father died, that's how I remember—a boat come up an' fastened onter ther pier an' a dozen or so young fellers an' gals come a-troopin' up ther long walk an' went over inter them pines, with baskets an' boxes an' bottles an' I dunno what all. Mis' Sim'kins happened ter be over thar a-tendin' ther flowers, an' she went an' told Dekin Hopkins—he was one o' the S'lectmen—an' he went over an' told 'em they was trespassin' on private property. They was very perlite, an' begged pardin, an' offered to pay all damages, an' praised the place up, said they was out for a picnic an' noticed ther pines an' ther landin' an' thought 'twould be a good place ter stop.

"Arter a while the Dekin told 'em all about ther place, an' 'bout ther picters an' shells an' all ther traps in ther house—you know the Cap'n had lots o' stuff that he'd brought home from all over the world e'en-a'most—so nuthin' 'ud do but they must go inter ther house, an' so ther Dekin showed 'em 'roun'. They stayed 'roun' thar tew or three hours, an' when they went off ther feller that seemed to be ther leader gin ther Dekin a five-dollar bill, an' said thar was lots o' people over ter ther P'lands that would like ter come up here an' see ther place an' would be willin' ter pay fur ther chance.

"An idee struck the Dekin at once, an' he said, 'Send 'em along; we'll 'commodate 'em.' Wal, what do yer s'pose they did? W'y, they had a picter-man come down here an' make a lot o' picters of ther place, and when ther P'lan'-folks come here they could go all over ther house an' groun's and have a picter ter boot fur a quarter. My land! folks come from ev'rywhar, I should think, an' in less than two years they'd cleared 'nough ter fix ther place all up—painted, fixed up ther underpinnin an' chimbleys, an' ev'rythin' 'xcept their inside; they didn't touch that; an' then——

"'Hot in here'? That's a fact; come out onter ther stoop here, under ther mornin'-glories: thar, now, you'll git a sniff o' salt water, tew.

"As I was a-sayin', folks kep' a-comin' more 'n' more every year. Wal, las' year the fifteen was up—las' Septem'er; lemme see, yer remember 'bout ther gre't picter o' James the Cap'n had made down ter Bostin; he sent down a small card-picter an' had the big un made, an' hung it up in his room whar he could see it all ther time. Mis' Sim'kins—yer know she lived with him the las' year—Mis' Sim'kins said he would sit for hours afore that picter, an' sometimes there tears a-rollin' down his cheeks onter ther floor.

"One day las' July, 'most a year ago, a lot o' elty folks was up ter the Cap'n's place, a-lookin' round, when all of a sudden one o' ther ladies give a little scream—she was a-lookin' at this very picter—an' over she went onter the floor; fainted clean away. Wal, Mis' Sim'kins—she stayed thar 'most all ther time, ter show folk 'round; ther S'lectmen 'paid her somethin', o' course—she run an' got some water an' rubbed her han's an' her head, an' fine'ly she come out on't.

"Yer hain't seemed much s'prised 't anythin' I've told yer yit; but now I'm gittin' whar yer'll be more int'rested, an' I might 's well tell yer right out that *she* was James Sander's darter.

"O, my, how Mis' Sim'kins did brag 'bout it! I never could bear her, anyhow. She allus thought she knew everythin' afore anybody else, an' it didn't never take her very long ter tell all she did know nuther; but thar's one thing *she* ain't bin able ter find out yit, an' that's who Rose Sanders is a-goin' ter marry. I do hope ter goodness somebody'll hear *his* name afore she does.

"As I was a-sayin', Mis' Sim'kins went all 'roun' a-talkin' 'bout it. 'Only ter think,' she would say, 'only ter think that I should 'a' hin ther *last* ter hold the Cap'n's hand an' close his eyes, 'an ther *fust* in town ter take Miss Rose's little white hand in mine an' help to bring her back from the dead e'en-a'most.'

"'Smoke'? w'y, yes, if yer wan' ter; though, as I tell husband', it does seem dretful foolish. He 'n I set out here in ther moonlight sometimes, hut ther leaves are so thick we can't hardly see each other; he'll puff an' blow away, an' I tell him he looks like the steamers 'way off 'eross ther bay thar; all yer can see 's a leetle glimmer o' light an' 'casion'ly a curl o' smoke. But yer don't seem ter be as int'rested as I *thought* yer'd be; I s'pose 'cause yer've seen an' heard so many queer things yer don't git 'xcited easy. Perhaps ye——

"'Sleepy,' eh? Wal, yer got up tew early, an' like's not yer've over-e't; not that I care how much yer eat, but I s'pose ev'rythin' tastes so good ter yer down here 't yer dunno when ter stop.

"But I've got 'most through. Whar'd I leave off? I declar'!

"How did she prove it?' O, yes! Yer see, she had ther mate ter the leetle picter that ther big un was painted from in her trunk ter ther hotel over on the I'lan'. Wal, *that* was well 'nough, but her name wa'nt *Sanders*. No; 'twas Smith,—Rosaline Smith. But it all come out. W'y, James had changed his name; strange he should 'a' thought o' Smith, though. Land sakes, thar's 'nough Smiths *born* inter ther world, 'thout folks addin' it on ter a good name of any other kine. W'y, I can count 'em up right 'roun' here. Thar's Joel Hopkins—he come home arter the war an' married a Smith gal over 't the 'Holler'; an' husban's mother was a Smith—she's been dead this twenty year, though; an' then thar's Hezekiah, an' Dan'l's widder up ther street—he left eight children, Dan'l did; all boys, tew—*Smiths!* w'y yes——

"'Heard 'nough 'bout ther Smiths,' did yer say? Wal, I shall have ter tell yer how they proved it. This gal Rose had James Sanders's picter, an said it was her father's, an' she had a Test'-ment, too, an' thar was writ in it, 'James Sanders Smith, from his mother.'

"I'll hurry 'long now an' tell yer. My lan, I've got 'nuff ter do not ter be settin' here 'uuther minnit.

"Rose she told her story; said her father was wounded in the war, an' died on ther way home, when she was four years old; she was born down in Georgy. Her gran'father was a-buildin' railroads down thar when ther war broke out; he'd bin down thar eight or ten years; her father was workin' fur him; her mother was edicated in New York, an' met her father thar ter school; but they wa'nt edicated *together* then.

"Wal, it seems prob'ble James had gin Rose's mother the name o' Smith—fur the fun on't, I s'pose, though I 'low tain't proper ter do so—an' so when the Cap'n cut him off he jest let it go so an' was married by that name, an' then he put the name onto ther Sanders in ther Test'ment. They had the writin' 'xamined by some kine o' glasses or somethin' an' foun' the Smith was writ with diff'rent ink, an' wa'nt jest like the rest, anyhow.

"'Tany rate, that's the best 'xplanation 't could be made 'bout his changin' his name, an' Hezekiah says thar was a man here from Chicarger arter the war 'nquirin' 'bout a James Smith, who was killed on t'other side in ther war an' was s'posed to b'long 'round here som'er's. So, yer see, his wife could'nt 'a' known his right name.

"Rose said her father an' gran'father was both drafted inter ther army—that's what Joel said, yer know—an' was both killed. Wal Rose an' her mother got through ther lines an' went ter Chicarger ter live with an aunt of Rose's. I didn't think 'bout *your* a-livin' in Chicarger tew; but then, ef it *is* anythin' like Portlan', I don't s'pose yer'd 'a' known Rose. W'y, folks went a-flyin' 'long 's though they didn't know anybody an' didn't wan' ter. I shouldn't——

"'Boat goes in an hour'n' a half'? Does it? I'm 'most through, anyway. Yer see, Rose's mother didn't live but a short spell arter they come North—as I've allus said, ef James had 'a' come home an' seen the Cap'n 'twould all bin so diff'rent. W'y they wa'n't Southe'ners, nor slaveholders, nor nuthin'; an' her aunt brought her up. They allus thought strange 't they couldn't find any trace of James's folks, but, yer see, 'twas Sanders they was arter, an' not Smith, an' nobody knew it.

"Wal, I've told yer perty much all now. Rose an' her aunt was a-livin' in Bostin when they come up here, an' she was 'xpect' ter be married this year, so they took possession o' the property, an' they've spent a pile o' money fixin' up. They say her husban' ter be is doin' on it; strange he shouldn't 'a' bin here to boss it some. An' ther weddin' comes off jest a year frum ther time she fust set foot in it—that's the las' o' nex' month.

"They're goin' ter have a steamer come up from Bostin on purpns, with a ban' o' music an' I dunno what all, an' the groun's are ter be all lit up, an' fire-w'ks—gre't times, I 'xpect.

"Yer 'goin' up ter take a look at ther place?' Wal, I would. I'm real glad yer come here. Now, yer remember an' have yer mother come so's ter be here ter ther weddin', I dunno whether anybody here'll be 'nvited or not, but we can see ther firew'ks an' hear the ban' play anyhaw.

"Yes, Mis' Sim'kins 'll remember yer, I guess. Good-by. Remember, yer'll be welcome to come here any time."

"Well, wife, your turn's come now, sure," said Mr. Meacham, as he was sorting the mail one night about three weeks after the narration of the story we have heard. A letter was a rare event in Mrs. Meacham's life. "Queer-shaped, new fangled envelope, ain't it? Hullo! here's one just exactly like it for Miss Sim'kins and Deacon Hopkins' folks! Yes, and a half-dozen more. What! Weddingcards?"

"Wal, I do *declare*! Ter think that feller should 'a' set here an' never say a word, when he knew more'n I did, an' *he's* a-goin' ter marry Rose Sanders. It does beat all!

"But won't Mis' Sim'kins be hoppin mad when she finds out *I* knew it afore she did!"—*Lippencott's Magazine.*

—John D. Cunningham, Jr., drives leisurely around his gigantic peach orchard of 50,000 bearing trees near Griffin, Ga., observes with satisfaction that the buds are not too precocious, and complacently remarks, "I reckon this is my year." He says that his is the biggest peach orchard in the world, but, lest some jealous grower should presume to dispute the assertion, he intends to set 200 more acres next fall. "This is the only region in the world," adds Mr. Cunningham, "where a perfect peach can be raised."

—Enquirer: A school teacher is a person employed to give parents five hours of peace and quiet per day.

A Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower-table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"O you must, you will, take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way!"

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that "Really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing——"

"O that's all right," said the young lady. 'You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! The cake will all be taken if you don't hurry," and she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I——"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but——"

"O, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly, "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that: but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose——"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands as he handed her a one dollar bill. "O, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and his one dollar bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "O, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"O does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything a'bout——"

"O, but you will, said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now, take an envelope. Open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to put out the exact change.

"O, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "O, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know, added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"O, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "O, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What?" said the youth; "one dollar! Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I——"

"O, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity;" and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at——"

"O, but you must first buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table. "Here's just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"O, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower-counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggie, too. O, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack." and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go, I have——"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair, may I be—he blowed!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Chief Justice Noah Davis, of New York, is spoken of as a man curious in matters of special or technical interest, and one whose face is not unknown on Wall Street. Not long ago a rare event in Mrs. Meacham's life. "Queer-shaped, new fangled envelope, ain't it? Hullo! here's one just exactly like it for Miss Sim'kins and Deacon Hopkins' folks! Yes, and a half-dozen more. What! Weddingcards?"

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—Enquirer: A school teacher is a person employed to give parents five hours of peace and quiet per day.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Compulsory education is being enforced in Mexico.

—The Maori Christians in New Zealand built for themselves six new churches last year.

—Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, says there is more positive Christian life in New England to-day than ever there was before.

—The first senior class of Colorado University will be graduated this year. It has six members. The whole number of students now in attendance is 118.

—Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, presented the town of Cheney, in Washington Territory, with a schoolhouse, and has sent a staff of teachers at his own expense to establish the institution.

—Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon devoted the $30,000 presented to them at the recent anniversary of their wedding to the endowment of an orphanage for girls. They had already established one for boys.

—Announcement is made from England of the death, at the age of ninety-seven years, of Rev. S. Oughton, for many years associated with Baptist missions in Jamaica during the most memorable parts of their history.

—It takes the long-suffering school-committeeman to appreciate the industry of school-book makers. When he goes home to find spelling books on every table, readers in mail box and geographies under the door-mats, he appreciates the enterprise of agents and his own dread responsibilities.

—Out in Paterson, N. J., the other day, it was so cold in a school house that the only way the teacher could keep her pupils from freezing was to set them dancing a Virginia reel, the music for which was played by one of the pupils on a piano. After the children were aglow from the exercise order was called, when they went through their studies in comparative comfort.

—The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Newark has recently resigned after a pastorate of thirty-two years. Although more than 200 years old the church has had only fourteen pastors, including Aaron Burr, the father of Col. Aaron Burr; Abraham Pierson, first President of Yale College, and Alexander McWhorter, a friend and adviser of Washington's. If the next pastor remains as long as the last, he will stay there until some time into the next century.

—The Rev. John W. Butler, of the City of Mexico, in an article on the progress of evangelical missions in Mexico in the past ten years, gives the following table of their present condition: Foreign missionaries and assistants, 51; native helpers, 209; congregations, 239; members, 10,764; probable adherents, 19,000; Sunday-schools, 103; Sunday-school scholars, 3,685; pay-schools, 79; pay-school scholars, 2,782; church edifices, 37; other places of worship, 192; probable value of church property, $320,610; presses employed, 12; religious periodicals published, 11; their united circulation, 11,850; pages of religious literature issued in 1881, 6,071,900. Ten years ago there were 125 congregations, 11 churches, 99 halls of worship, 28 free day schools, and 28 night schools.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is a little singular that a crank cannot be turned in the right direction. —*Newton Republican.*

—What can make more vocal noise than a boy driving ten cows through a town? Why, a boy driving two cows, of course. The more cows, the less noise.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* notices that "a pair of black eyes give a man a sort of rapped expression." The man with poulticed eyes and face has an expression still more wrapped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—During a dearth of news in a Western newspaper office, the office cat was jammed in the job press, and the editor immediately set up the following headlines: "Dreadful Accident." "Nine Lives Lost!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A Galveston school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty feet broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve feet long, how many shingles will be needed?" The boy took up his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know better than any of we fellers."—*Hartford Times.*

—Fogg has a neat way of turning a compliment now and then. Seeing the elderly Miss Pangley in the street the other day he tried to avoid her, but did not succeed. When they met, said Miss Pangley, "O, you naughty man! You wanted to cut me!" Replied Fogg, blandly, "I should be cutting a pretty figure, wouldn't I?" Miss Pangley tells her friend, Miss Sagegreen, that Mr. Fogg is a perfect gentleman.

—Two sides to it.—"There are two sides to everything," said a lecturer, "I repeat it, there are two sides——" At this juncture a tired looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well, if you've no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Austin Society Notes.—Colonel Bill Snooks is looking smiling and happy. His mother-in-law left yesterday. We were glad to meet Mose Swindlelmeyer, the handsome drummer. The Sheriff will also be glad to see him, as he has a capias against him for not paying his drummer tax. Bill McSpitter, the talented horse thief, is in town en route to Huntsville. He has many friends in Austin who are disappointed at his not being hung. Judge T. C. Blowhard, of Bungtown, is once more in our city. His visit has no political significance. The Grand Jury is in session just now at Bungtown—that's what brings him over. The beautiful Miss Peggy Priggins left yesterday on the 2:40 train for her home in Crosby County. The young men regret her departure, and especially the dry-goods clerk who let her have credit to the amount of seven dollars is unconsolable, as it will be deducted from his salary.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

Mr. Charles G. Leland contributes a gypsy ballad to an illustrated article by Elizabeth Robins describing "A Ramble in Philadelphia," which appears in the *Century Magazine*. The original text accompanies this translation:

"TO TRINALI.

"Now thou art my darling girl,
And I love thee dearly;
O, beloved, and my fair,
Lov'st thou me sincerely?

"As my good old trusty horse
Draws his load or bears it—
As a gallant cavlier
Cocks his hat and wears it—

"As a sheep devours the grass
When the day is sunny—
As a thief who has the chance
Takes away our money—

"As strong ale when taken in
Makes the strongest tipsy—
As a fire within a tent
Warms a shivering gypsy—

"As a gypsy grandmother
Tells a fortune neatly—
As the Gentile trusts in her
And is done completely—

"So you draw me there and here,
Where you like you take me;
Or you sport me like a hat—
What you will you make.

"So you steal and gnaw my heart,
For to that I'm fated!
And by you, my gypsy Kate,
I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch,
I am beaten hollow;
Where thou geest in this world
I am bound to follow—

"Follow thee where'er it be,
Over land and water,
Trinali, my gypsy queen!
Witch and witch's daughter!"

NEW YORK OPIUM DENS.

I was out to see some of the American opium smokers, of whom Dr. Kane, in his recent book, says there are at least three hundred in the city. One of them had made an appointment to take me about. As we stood for a moment in the shelter of the doorway of a public house two women passed us. They had just turned out of Chatham Square. They wore long ulsters cut close to the figure and fashionably made. Their shoulders were protected by deep fur capes. Their heads and faces were pretty effectively wrapped up, and a tilted silk umbrella concealed them still further. They passed a few yards beyond us, and then turned and disappeared down a cellar-way. "We shall see them again later on," my companion said, and he led the way to the first place of our investigation, which is just below Mott Street in Chatham Square. It looked like a deserted barracks. The moist fog from outside had invaded it. Its bunks, or platforms, built all around the walls, were unoccupied. A young Chinaman stood in the middle of the room, smoking a tobacco pipe with a long stem and a bowl the size of a child's thimble.

"Halloo!" exclaimed my companion, "where are the smokers?"

"For week, no," returned the Chinaman, smiling gloomily, and shaking his head.

"What; no American smokers?"

"For week, no."

"Why? Did they steal all your pipes?"

"Yuh, steal some."

The fact was, as my companion explained to me afterward, that American smokers had cleared out of this place because it was not kept clean. It is true that the American smokers are occasionally nimble-fingered gentlemen, who are not averse to appropriating without pay a really good pipe when they find it, but they are neat in their personal habits and cannot stand vermin.

Our second visit was to an opium cellar, or "joint," in Mott Street. It is one of the few which are favored by American smokers, and they frequent it for the reason that its tidiness is measurable, that its pipes are good, and that the opium supplied is *li yun*, or of the No. 1 grade. The cellarway leading to it is like most of the others in Mott Street. A citizen who did not know what was on the other side of the door would hesitate about descending into it. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we went in. As the door closed behind us all the dismal suggestion of the fog and the rain was shut out. I had a half sense that I had got into some small heathen temple by mistake. It was warm and dingy, and a peculiar aromatic fragrance filled the air. A Chinaman with round silver spectacles fairly glowed in an illuminated cubby hole. He was busily engaged in the manipulation of some mystic trinkets. A husky voice from somewhere called: "Wing, gimme a quarter's worth," when he instantly bobbed out of sight. Through another illuminated cubby hole I saw a table, upon which glittered a pile of polished metallic wedges, curiously inscribed, and I was told afterward that this was gambling paraphernalia. Between the two cubby holes lay a dark passage, which we passed through, fetching up against what I suspect was either a shrine or a Chinese toilet table. It was laden with pots and brushes and saucers, and lots of other matters with unknown outlines and inconceivable uses. A bunch of punk-colored joss sticks on pink standards smouldered upon it somewhere, and off to one side, flanking it like a bastion, towered a gray and massive jar of tea.

In a room behind all this we came upon the smokers. There were eight, all men. Only one was a Chinaman; he was tightly rolled up in a horse blanket and fast asleep. Two only were smoking opium. The others were smoking tobacco and conversing.

This bowl of the opium pipe is called so only by courtesy. It is the size and nearly the shape of a door knob, made of metal or clay, and solid save for a hole that would be filled by a knitting needle, and that leads down through its center into the bamboo stem. The opium pill, when it is cooked, is set upon the bowl like a small washer, the opening left in it by the steel needle coming just opposite that in the bowl itself. All being ready, the smoker places his lips to the ivory mouth-piece at the end of the stem, turns the opium pill to the flame, and as it burns with a bubbling sound, draws the smoke into his lungs. It takes about twenty seconds to consume a pill, and a smoker can finish his pipe with a single inhalation. From twelve to fifteen pills can be made from twenty-five cents' worth of No. 1 opium.

The matted boards and the stuffed cricket were not as hard as I had supposed, and I did not find the position uncomfortable. My companion worked away like a skilled thuker, twirling the slender needle and deftly cooking and molding the plastic pills. His face and hands glowed in the clear yellow lamplight, the rest of his person merging indefinably into the shadows. He chatted as he worked, and when the pipe was ready he swung the mouth-piece around to me, and prepared to bring the pill against the flame. I had my doubts about drawing a quantity of opium smoke into my lungs, and I shrewdly determined to do the work as I would with a pipe of tobacco. He asked me if I was ready and I replied that I was. He tilted the opium pill against the flame, and I performed rapidly with my lips the operation that I have always found to succeed so admirably in smoking a tobacco pipe. I think it was about the most futile effort that I ever made. It seemed as if I were sucking at all outdoors, and in a moment the pill took to flaming and sputtering in a most alarming way, and my companion adjured me to "hold ou." He proceeded to inform me that it was impossible to circumvent an opium pipe in that infantile manner, and, overcome with chagrin at my failure, I permitted myself to be betrayed from the shrewd standpoint which I had taken, and promised him that I would positively "fetch the thing at the next trial." I did succeed with it in three trials. I felt an smooth and oily warmth sliding, as it seemed to me, into the very recesses of my being, and when the pill had quite disappeared I lay and enjoyed the pride consequent upon having mastered the technique of a vice that is so odd.

We lay for two hours. I smoked four pills, and my companion smoked fifty cents' worth. I do not know that the opium produced in me any other effect than a somewhat surprising but certainly very willing acquiesence in my surroundiugs. I felt well pleased. Tray after tray was borne in by Wing, until nearly everybody was smoking. The smoke lay in thick strata. Its odor, though heavy, was sweet and pleasing. Under it, as under the moonlight, objects seemed shorn of their ungainly features, and appeared soft and charming.

We went to another branch in Mott Street. The rain was still falling, and darkness had set in. Opium seems always to be smoked in cellars, and it was into a cellar that we went. The smoke was so thick that for several minutes I could not see my hands as I held them at my waist. At length I became aware of a room about twenty feet square. My head, as I stood, came within an inch of the ceiling. A platform, raised a foot and a half from the floor, extended about three sides of the apartment. In a corner behind a stove, a pot of tea and a small counter, lay Poppy, the proprietor. A dozen of the little peanut oil lamps glowed round about like fire flies in a fog. The place was packed with smokers, and they were all Americans. I doubt if, engaged at any other occupation, so many could be contained comfortably in so small an area. They lay as I have already described, with their heads against the walls and supported upon crickets, and now, moreover, each group contained a third person, who reposed transversely with the other two, making a pillow of one of them. Five women were among the smokers. Two of these were the same as I have mentioned as passing me in the afternoon. My companion got a place, after a while, at a tray. I sat on a stool at his feet, and leaned upon him. Everybody was chatting save the Chinese proprietor, Poppy. He was busy in supplying opium. The familiar cry of "Poppy, gimme a quarter's worth," came at brief intervals, and from all sides. He tried behind his counter and his jars of tea to smoke a pipe himself, but he had only indifferent success. The two young women who had passed me in the afternoon, with the ulsters and the fur capes, were reposing close by me. They lay facing each other, the little flame of peanut oil between them clearly illuminating the faces of both. They had a companion, a young man. They talked in a langnid fashion among themselves, and with others in the room. The women were good looking, twenty-five years of age, perhaps. They had made themselves quite comfortable. Their hats and wraps were laid aside. One of them attended to the "chying" or cooking of the opium, and the pipe was passed about among the trio in turn. She was very deft at the work. The slender needle of steel was twirled in her fingers more rapidly than the eye could follow it, the while she lazily chatted and smiled. The young man was a listener. He lay with his eyes half closed, and smoked a cigar between his pipes of opium. When fresh opium was called for, as it was repeatedly, an evenly divided pool was made up among the three to pay for it. One of the young women had just returned to the city from a trip through a country where she could get no opium. She described her yearnings for the drug, and her enthusiastic delight at this first taste of it after her forced abstinence. She had escaped great suffering by the use of morphine pills.

All the smokers were acquainted and they called one another by their first names. Two of the women were variety actresses, and a third performs in a dime museum the trick whereby the head of a living woman is made to seem to exist without any appendage of trunk. The smokers chatted about all sorts of things, and narrated their experiences with opium without the slightest restraint. There was a man from Chicago who had been traveling in Pennsylvania, and who carried a toothbrush in his waistcoat pocket. He had not been able to find smoking accommodations in his wanderings, and as a substitute for opium he had taken morphine pills, a handful of which he exhibited. They constituted a part of his necessary luggage, and were carried loose and handy, in the same manner as his toothbrush.

The stories that were told would make a book. The latest news from the different branches were discussed. A new branch was about to be opened in connection with the Cremorne Garden. The night before, in a branch across the street, two of the female smokers had become intoxicated with liquor, and had fought savagely hand to hand. The story was graphically told, and I could fancy them at it in the smoke. There is always somebody lying about a branch, who is ready to act as messenger or to cook. His reward is an occasional supply of the opium which the stringency of his own finances does not permit him to purchase outright. He brings in beer, wine, tobacco, or whatever individual smokers desire. It is not unusual for a gambler who has been successful to make champagne flow like water in a branch. I heard of a king among the bunco men who only a few nights before had spent $100 in champagne and intoxicated a whole crowded branch. I was forced myself to drink a glass of beer which a skilled telegraph operator who had intermitted his smoking long enough to become very drunk, and whose heart beat, to the best of my judgment (he insisted on my feeling it), 200 times to the minute, insisted upon "setting up." Just after this episode a handsome young fellow, who could scarcely have reached his manhood, came in. He wore handsome clothes and what resembled a diamond pin in his scarf. I learned that he was a skilled pickpocket and thief.

Shortly afterward I experienced a slight feeling of nauseau, which increased momently, until a cold perspiration broke out all over my body, and my hand trembled so that it was difficult to hold the cigar that I was smoking. My companion advised me to take a cup of tea, which he said would sicken and relieve me. I tried the tea. It was weak and lukewarm, and I wonder that it did not produce the effect promised. But it did not, and, my distress continuing, I made a break for the open air. This almost immediately restored me. The rain was still falling, and the pavements were shining in the light of the gas lamps. The illuminated windows of Mott Street were blinking vaguely through the fog. Chinamen popped out of doorways and uttered queer little songs, such as barbaric cuckoos might emit, in token that the gambling games were opened. Other Chinamen momently popped in, and the street, under the darkness and the rain and the fog, was alive with a bewildering heathen life. And then I turned into Chatham Square, amid the bounding horse cars and the great square backs of Christian civilization.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Manufacture of Tiles.

Tiles, being a thinner ware than bricks, have to be made of a purer and stronger clay. They also require more careful treatment, but the process of manufacture is not essentially different. There are many varieties of tiles, but for practical purposes they may be reduced to three, namely, paving tiles, roofing tiles and drain tiles. In weathering, the clay is spread in layers of about two inches thickness during winter, and each layer is allowed the benefit of at least one night's frost before the succeeding layer is put upon it.

Sometimes the process is effected by sunshine. The comminuted clay is next placed in pits and allowed to mellow or ripen under water. Then it is passed through the pug mill, and the tempered product cut in thin slices with a piece of wire fixed to two handles, in order to detect any stones, and then passed through the pug mill again, after which it is generally ready for moulding. To take the case of pan tiles (hand moulded), the moulder turns the tile out of the flat mould on the washing-off frame, on the covered surface of which, with very wet hands, he washes it into a curved shape. Then he strikes it with a semi-cylindrical instrument called the splayer and conveys it on this to the flat back, where he deposits it, with the convex side uppermost, and removing the splayer, leaves the tile to dry. The tile is afterwards beaten ou the thwacking frame, to correct any warping that may have occurred, and trimmed with the thwacking knife. In the kiln, which is constructed with arched furnaces at the base of a conical erection called the dome, the tiles are closely stacked in upright position, on a bottom of vitrified bricks. The fuel used is coal, and the burning continues usually about six days. In making pipe drain tiles, the clay is first moulded to a proper length, width and thickness, then wrapped around a drum; the edges are closed together, and the tile is carefully shaped by the operator's hand, sometimes assisted by a wooden tool. Tiles as well as bricks can be made by machinery; with suitable dies almost any form of tile may be thus had, which is producible by the advance of a given section of clay parallel to itself. In other machines pressure is exerted on the clay in a mould.—*Scientific American.*

Morning and Evening Water-Drinking.

A certain amount of water is necessary to carry on the functions of the animal economy. During the season of active perspiration, the quantity is considerable.

When shall this water be taken into the system? It may be introduced during the day, when thirst requires; but it is a capital practice to introduce a quantity on first rising in the morning, and on going to bed at night. Thousands of dyspeptics have derived signal relief by drinking one, two, or three tumblers of water on rising in the morning, and on going to bed at night. I have sometimes thought, on hearing the testimony of these dyspeptics in regard to the influence of cold water thus taken into the stomach, that, perhaps, of all baths, this is best.

The number of persons suffering from heart-burn or water-brash is very large. In a ladies' seminary I asked how many suffered more or less with heart-burn, and more than half the hands went up. It is a very common affection, and is the introduction to graver forms of indigestion. It should not be treated with either indifference or alkalies, but by the observance of the following suggestions. Avoid soups; drink nothing at your meals; say "No, thank you," to the pie and cake, and go without your supper.—*Dr. Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

—A forged check for $3,500 was discovered in the office of Kirtland, Humphrey & Co., St. Louis cotton brokers. The clerks were at once brought under suspicion, but before any of them had been arrested, word came that the son of the senior partner was eating in a restaurant with a handsome young woman, and that the pair looked as though ready for a journey. The culprit was caught at the railroad station. He had stolen the money to pay the expenses of an elopement.

—Sophronia.—Yes, we suppose horse trotting will ultimately come to be regarded as an aesthetic form of amusement, but not until a trotter can make his mile in 2.2.—*Somerville Journal.*

Some Long-Headed Horses.

Ex-Alderman John J. Morris sat in room 11 in the City Hall yesterday, with his chair by a window and his hat by his side. He was comfortably posed. The engine house at Chambers and Centre Streets was well in view, and perhaps it was the sight of it which prompted the ex-Alderman to say:

"Fire engine horses show amazing intelligence sometimes, and do remarkable things, but it seems to me that the performance of Chief Bates' horse goes ahead of everything else on record."

What was it?"

"Last Sunday the Chief was away," the ex-Alderman said. "In his absence Assistant Chief Shay was driven down town to the big cotton fire by Bates' driver behind the Chief's horse. Later they went up again to Fire Department Headquarters, in Mercer Street, and Shay and the driver jumped out and went into the building, leaving the horse and wagon outside. They had just mounted the stairs when the big gong in the hall struck 225. The horse heard it and started on a dead run down Mercer Street, without any driver, at his regular gait. No. 225 is the alarm box on the corner of Stanton and Attorney Streets, way over on the east side. The horse rushed down Mercer Street to Canal, swinging out of the way for trucks and carts exactly as though steered by his driver, and galloped along Canal eastward to the Bowery. He turned up the Bowery toward Stanton Street, and cleared the vehicles until, in swerving one side, he collided with a big freight car going up from the old depot, and the little red wagon was caught. The horse got free, however, and went bounding along alone until he had nearly reached Stanton Street, when Battalion Chief Breslin came down the Bowery and turned into Stanton Street. The Chief's horse followed Breslin to the fire, where he was known and taken care of."

"Had the horse been in that direction to a fire that day?"

"No; he had just returned from down town. He didn't run away, and the only solution is that he knew the location of No. 225."

"How long has the Chief had him?"

Two years. He has two horses. He goes to all fires south of Fourteenth Street, and all third alarms north, so it requires lots of work of the horses. Horses learn their duties just as a boy learns his trade. Some years ago Thirty-three engine had a horse named Buckskin, on account of his color, that had to be sold because he was soft-footed. You see, their feet can't stand the terrific work at the engine forever, and they're sold at auction when they've outlived their usefulness on the engine, though they're perfectly good for other purposes. Well, Buckskin was bought by a Seventh Avenue feed store man. He found him a good horse and used him well. One day he was on Seventh Avenue with a heavy load of feed, and was just above Twentieth Street when there was an alarm of fire from Thirty-seventh Street. Twelve truck came sweeping out of Twentieth Street and went bowling up the Avenue with her gong ringing. Buckskin was alone; he had a big load, and he was out of practice; but he went to that fire in first-class style, jerking the load of feed up the Avenue in a way that made people look. After that they tied him when there was any fire under way.

"That reminds me of Engine Thirty's old team. They were bought by a truckman. One day he was carting a heavy load of goods from a North River steamer, when he had occasion to pass the team's old engine house in Spring Street. When an engine team returns from a fire the horses walk right up on the sidewalk, are unhitched, and the engine is backed in. When Thirty's old team came to the house they walked right up, too. The driver might as well have tried to jump over a house as to stop them. There they stood, waiting to be unhitched, and they they wouldn't move. Finally one of the firemen told the driver to get up to his seat and get a good hold of the reins. Then he went in and struck the alarm. The horses thought it was a fire, and away they went like a shot, load and all. The truckman avoids Spring Street now."

"Very intelligent."

"I should say so. It reminds me of Thirty-three's tender horse Bill. You know the horses have to be hitched up many times a day without leaving the house. Along the side of the engine is a rope that the engineer rings the gong with when going to a fire. When they have a hitch up at Thirty-three and don't go out, Bill waits till he's released from the tender and then goes to the engine, seizes the rope, and rings the gong like a pirate. That's his idea of fun. He learned the trick himself. They've some good horses up in Thirty-three. They're fed four times a day—at 8, 12, 5 and 8 o'clock, and exactly fifteen minutes before feeding time one of the engine horses, Jim, begins to pound the iron column at the head of his stall with his off forefoot. That foot just falls there with the force and regularity of a trip hammer until Jim gets his feed.

"Talking about intelligent animals reminds me of Thirty-one's Thomas-cat, which goes to every fire. In pleasant weather he jumps on the coil of hose on the tender, and in chilly weather he crawls into the ashpan of the engine. He never gets left, however cold it is."

"Are the cats as intelligent as the horses?"

"I can't say; but I just happen to think of Truck No. 5. They had a dog named Ginger that would go up and down a ladder three stories tall as easily as a fireman. Once they came home from a fire and missed Ginger. They looked high and low, but got no trace of him till some people living next door to the house that was afire came to the truck-house and said that there was a dog on a section of the roof of the burned building. The men got out their truck, went around to the building, and raised a ladder to the roof, and Ginger came down rung by rung."

"That was a remarkable dog."

"Yes; it reminds me of the coach dog Eight truck had. He's dead now. It was a sight to see that dog run up and down a ladder. The driver of Eight had to feed his horses every morning at six o'clock, and the night watchman used to wake him. After a little time the dog would go up and wake him mornings with the regularity of clockwork. Later the driver was transferred to Thirteen engine house, and that dog went up there every morning at six o'clock and howled outside till the driver got up and quieted him. He got to be a nuisance, but they couldn't drive him away. He thought he was doing his duty. The poor beast was run over by an engine and killed some time ago."

"Would these dogs go up a ladder when the building was ablaze?"

"Of course. Thirty-three had a dog that was famous because he'd follow the pipe everywhere. Wherever the nozzle of the hose went that dog went too."

"Is he there now?"

"No; they got rid of him because they thought he made one of the horses balk. The horse wouldn't take the swinging harness. He had lived in his harness for years, and, though he was a splendid animal, he would not take to the new arrangement. He was transferred 'way up town, where they still use the old style of harness, and is very highly spoken of. That company once had a trick dog—one of the heavily coated ones they have in shows. One warm day they slipped him and put on an old Mother Hubbard bonnet around his head. Just as they had him nicely bedecked an alarm of fire came in, and away they went up Sixth Avenue, dog and all. The dog looked so astonishing that the people chased him in a perfect mob, and it was such a procession as is seldom seen. Captain, now Chief, Breslin was running along by the engine, when the dog tried to run between his legs. The dog got through all right, but the Captain didn't. He got a pretty lively fall, and the dog was relinquished after that. The Captain said he was a good dog, a stylish dog, and a handsome dog, but it took too much intellect to run him and the department too."

The ex-Alderman changed to a still easier position, disposed his legs anew, and continued:

"It reminds me of a dog Eighteen engine had, which would stand by the front doors when there was an alarm, and as soon as the driver yelled 'Ready,' that dog would jump against the doors and push them open. Never failed. It's difficult to tell which has the greater intelligence, a dog or a horse. Horses seem to stick to their habits longer, and they carry them out with more force. Chief Breslin was telling me the other day of an old horse that backed into their house, No. 33, with a manure wagon. Nobody knew he was an old fire horse until the alarm struck, and the old plug started out and nearly took the whole interior of the house with him. He demolished the staircase and made havoc of the wagon, but he was on time."

"Such horses need attention?"

"I should say so. I'll never forget the Jersey City milk dealer who drove over here one day with an old department horse. An engine went along Greenwich Street, and so did the milk dealer. He didn't want his horse to go to that fire, but the horse wanted to go. He went. The milk was half butter when he got there, but he drew up behind the engine on time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Thoroughness.

Worcester's definition of "thorough" is "perfect, total, complete, entire, finished, full." Thoroughness, then, has the qualities indicated by each and all these adjectives.

The effort of many men and of many women is to reap the results that are won only by "fidelity over the few things," and reap them with the least fidelity and toil possible—reap them at half price. Hence we have very few first-class workmen in any field of labor. And hence the few first-class workmen we do have command, in whatever field they may be found, high position and large remuneration.

It is related of "Billy" Gray, one of Boston's merchant princes sixty years ago, that on one occasion, when reproving an employe who had known him in early life, the latter, rather impudently, reminded Mr. Gray of former days, when the now millionaire was employed "to beat a drum." "Yes," said Mr. Gray, "but didn't I beat it *well*?" In that reply was contained the secret that had lifted the drummer-boy to the Senate of his State, and had made him the largest shipping merchant of his time. Whatever he did, if it were only to beat a drum, he did it "well," *thoroughly*.

The foundations of thoroughness in any sphere of activity, are a clear comprehension of the requirements involved, a capacity to meet those requirements and a consciousness that will not allow any remissness, any slighting, any neglect.

"The gods see everywhere."

That man who has the idealty to grasp the possibilities opened to him by his profession, occupation, trade, who has the ability patiently to labor toward the realization of those possibilities, and the conscientiousness that will not permit him to slight any part of his work, cannot fail of attaining high position in his class. Comparatively few comprehend the heights that may be attained in the quality of their work, in its extent, in its inquence, and of those who do comprehend this, comparatively few have the courage or the patience to attempt the possible, and still fewer are conscientious and thorough in the work which they do perform.

In every department of human industry "there is plenty of room at the top." There is always room for first-class statesmen, first-class lawyers, first-class preachers, writers, physicians, farmers, engineers, brakemen, stenographers, stonemasons, seamstresses, housemaids, laundresses, street-cleaners, boot-blacks. The man who honors his work by doing it well, and has that within him which will not permit him to do it slightingly, is sure of employment and equally sure of promotion. There is no vocation so humble that it may not be lifted into honor by conscientious fidelity in the discharge of its duties, and no vocation that may not be made a stepping stone to something higher.

We have a great many skilled workmen in all departments, but what is needed equally with skill is the moral quality which will keep the skill always applied when and where needed, the self-regulating power which compels fidelity to trusts when infidelity to them might be known to none save the All Seeing One.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"How many tenses are there?" asked a teacher of a boy. "Seven," answered the boy; "the present, the perfect, the imperfect, the plu-perfect, the first future, the second future and Oscar Wilde." "Why," asked she, "what tense is he?" "O," replied the boy, "he's intense!"—*The Judge.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Chicago men who are to build the Texas Capitol own a tract of land in Texas five times the size of Rhode Island.

—Louisville talks of establishing a free art gallery, where citizens may pass the time between drinks.—*Chicago News.* Chicago would have one, too, but she has no time between drinks.—*Louisville Courier.*

—A New York police Inspector who had received five hundred dollars reward for the arrest of a murderer has turned over the money to the trustees of a fund for the benefit of the family of the murdered man.

—The New York shaver who read his verse the other day, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from girls," had no authority, perhaps, for his revised version, but the teaching was sound.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have built a cottage at St. Johnland, L. I., in memory of a deceased daughter. It is to be a home for orphan girls, has twenty-six beds, and Mr. Vanderbilt is to pay all running expenses.

—A correspondent of the Buffalo *Express* relates the following on the authority of a friend lately returned from abroad: "Mr. Oscar Wilde, paying a morning visit to a lady, surprised her dusting some articles of vertu too precious to be intrusted to any hands but her own. 'O,' said he, 'what unnecessary labor! Dust should never be removed; it is the bloom of time.'"

—A Cincinnati woman found some "baking powder" in a second-hand cupboard she had bought, but as the biscuit into which she had put it were not as light as usual, a level-headed neighbor advised her to find out what the white powder was. It proved to be morphine. The woman who would leave morphine in a cupboard, and the woman who would use it without making inquiries about it, are enough alike to be twins.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Louisville had a case of tall oaks from little acorns the other day, represented, respectively, by matrimony and a snow-ball. A boy threw a snow-ball at the driver of a carriage and knocked his hat off. Consequently the carriage was hindered so that it missed a train, consequently the occupants, a young runaway couple, didn't get on board, consequently when the girl's parents came a few minutes later they were caught, and consequently there was no wedding.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—The full returns from the Ryan-Sullivan fight are not all in yet. A St. Louis man has been killed while "fighting it o'er again" with another man who disagreed with him on its merits, and a telegraph operator at Canton, O., was, while discussing the subject, tempted to show how much of a blow he could stand, by requesting a friend to strike him in the breast. His friend struck him what is described as a "moderately heavy blow," which caused him to fall. He did not rise, and an examination proved that he was dead.

—The Boston "counter-jumpers" have formed a "Mutual Culture and Benefit Association," the principal object of which is to allow its members to go to Europe. Each member subscribes fifty cents a week for the first twenty weeks. This fund will be enough to send one out of every twenty-five members to Europe, the employers agreeing to pay their salaries during their absence. Two out of every twenty-five members will therefore see Europe each ten months, and the whole number be able to go in the course of ten years.

—An old woman named Martha Agnes Boothe arrived in St. Louis the other day from Louisville en route for Texas, with a black pipe and a long knife, with which she threatened to cut any one who interfered with her smoking. She had no baggage whatever, no money to take her to Texas, and nothing to do when she got there, but she said she had lived in Louisville long enough, and wanted a change. The police authorities sent her back to Louisville, whence, a day or two afterward, she was returned to St. Louis. This game of battledore and shuttlecock could not be kept up forever, and so she was put on a train for Texas, to be thrown off, probably, at the first station. This seems to be a rather queer amusement for two civilized communities to indulge in, to say the least of it.

—A few years ago John Reichart, of Erie, Pa., fell down, striking on his right hand. After a time his little finger began to swell badly, when he consulted a physician. But medical treatment availed nothing, and the swelling grew worse and worse, until he was advised to have the arm amputated. But to this he would not consent. The affliction is charotorized by the medical profession as either hypertrophy, an enlargement of the fatty substance, or exostosis, a morbid enlargement of the bone. For over eleven years the abnormal growth has been slowly but surely progressing, until today his hand is swollen to the size of a man's head, while his forearm is as large as a man's thigh. By actual measurement his little finger is eight and one half inches in circumference—larger than a wrist. The palm of his hand is fifteen inches in circumference, and wrist eighteen. From the wrist the swelling extends nearly to the elbow.

—A New York correspondent says: "The topic of building reminds me of landlords, especially of landlords who are so blind to their own interests as to allow their property to stand idle a long while because they cannot get the exorbitant rent they are pleased to ask. One of these owns a building in Park Row, just below Beekman Street, which had been vacant, I understand, for thirteen years, in consequence of the refusal of its owner to accept anything less than $16,000 a year. How much longer it would have been vacant no one can tell if the New York Belting Company, which had been burned out in their old quarters, had not been compelled to find new ones near by. As may be supposed, the building had sustained great injury, as all buildings do from non-occupation, and must have cost the landlord from such cause, as well as for insurance, taxes, and loss of rent, more than $500,000. The same man owns a large marble block in Broadway, above Spring Street, which has not had a tenant for twelve or thirteen years, on account of the same obstinacy which, in that case, has involved him in a loss, it is estimated, of $900,000.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.

The President Monday appointed Judge Samuel Blatchford, of New York, to be associate justice of the Supreme Court.

Kansas will elect four Congressmen at-large this year, as Governor St. John refuses to call the Legislature together to redistrict the State.

The Maryland Senate has resolved itself into a society for the encouragement of matrimony—it has passed a bill reducing the marriage license fee to two dollars.

The report of the Illinois Board of Agriculture of the condition and acreage of winter wheat shows that the seeding for the next crop has been 2,676,000 acres, or 275,000 less than the previous crops.

When a Kentuckian gets mad he speaks right out in meeting. At such times he blurts out the truth without regard to consequences. The Danville (Ky.) *Tribune*, in a late issue, made the following truthful statement: "The State of Kentucky has been domineered by the Jeff Davis party for twenty years. The Bourbon leaders are all rebels, not ex-rebels, but living rebels. And the stars and bars to them is the prettiest rag in the world."

Costa Rica is traversed by a volcanic range giving rise to frequent earthquakes; a very severe one in 1841 destroyed the town of Cartago. It has, according to recent intelligence from Panama, been again badly shaken up, and four towns, Alajuela, San Ramon, Gracia and Heredia, are reported destroyed. Alajuela, the capital of the province of the same name, has lost several thousands out of a total population of 6,000. Heredia has a population of 9,000, but the extent of the loss of life in that city is not stated. San Ramon and Gracia are towns of small size.

The finding of the Court-Martial in Sergeant Mason's case, sentencing him to be discharged from the army and to undergo eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, while seemingly a severe punishment for shooting at Guiteau and missing him, must be estimated partly from the military stand-point from which it was delivered. The detestation of Guiteau and his crime is deep and universal, but no man, whether soldier or civilian, can be permitted to wreak individual vengence upon him. Above all, the demands of military discipline require that such offence as that of Sergeant Mason should be suppressed with a strong hand, and that soldiers should be taught to constantly remember that there is a power greater than the bayonet and more potent than the mailed hand in the laws of the land and in the processes and decrees of the tribunals of justice.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing under date of March 12th, says: "It is reported that Governor Hamilton is feeling quite friendly to Senator Gorman since the latter has parted company with men whom the Governor has been accustomed to look upon as not his friends. In consequence of this it is also reported that most of the Governor's appointments will be confirmed, and that the Governor will not feel much aggrieved if he is called upon to substitute several new names for important places where the first nominations have been strongly antagonized. The statement is made that Mr. Colton struck at Senator Gorman on the police commissioner matter to show his power, and by that means force himself into the canal presidency. Enough friends of Mr. Gorman believed this to make the question one for prominent consideration. The pressure upon Mr. Gorman to stand firm has been strong, and in his present position he is said to have enough support in the board of public works to make his ground sure. It is not probable that Mr. Gorman will retire from the canal presidency at this time or that he will yield an inch. So the war is not ended yet.

Ups and Downs.

The chain which bound Senator Gorman and Police Commissioner Colton in apparently lasting friendship has at last been broken, and the indications are that the links of that chain will not soon be mended. The partnership which enabled them to control the political destinies of the Democracy of the State has been dissolved, and the reminiscence of two years ago, when the Warwick and the Grave-digger, shoulder to shoulder, fought Governor Hamilton and other political leaders, live now only as a tradition in the memories of the participants. The enmity between these two leaders is to all appearances irreconcilable, for their hatred toward each other is now as strong as formerly their attachments were warm. The rupture, however, was not unforeseen. When, four weeks ago, *The American* announced a breach between Senator Gorman and Police Commissioner Colton as an event in the near future, the organs set up a howl of indignation and declared that it was impossible that such a thing could ever happen. When, last Sunday, it was predicted that the police commissionership was the rock upon which the amity of the two Democratic chieftains would split, one of the newspapers announced that nothing in this world could induce Senator Gorman to take part in that or any other political contest; that "hands off" was his motto, and it was intimated that he would take unto himself wings and fly away to some undiscovered spot, where he would be far away from the seductive influences of Maryland politics, and that he would return only as a messenger of peace. The events of last week demonstrated the accuracy of this oracle's deliverance. Senator Gorman, instead of retiring into a political cloister, came down to Annapolis in a Pullman palace car and fought valiantly for his candidate. An edict went forth that the line had been drawn, and that all the friends of Gorman must vote for Blans, and during the day the latter's supporters counted upon forty-one votes as certain for their choice. They made a miscalculation, and General Herbert's election was the first defeat that Senator Gorman met with since he has assumed the leadership of the party. His political life has been a series of successes, but his opponents think that he has now found his Waterloo. Elected to the canal presidency in 1872 through ex-Senator Whyte's influence, and several years afterwards appointed by Mr. Whyte as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, Mr. Gorman did not neglect to improve his opportunities, and in 1880 he defeated Senator White for the United States senatorship, and followed up his successes in attempts to prevent the political ascendancy of his former chief by exerting his influence against his nomination for the mayoralty and against the passage of the Police bill. Senator Gorman had no intention to rest his laurels on the defeat of the Police bill. His chief of staff and his most active lieutenant in the senatorial campaign of two years ago was George Colton. Mr. Gorman saw that the latter possessed political ambition, and with an increase of power he might become a dangerous rival. He resolutely determined to nip in the bud Mr. Colton's aspirations by preventing his election to the the canal presidency and lessening his influence in the Police Board. Mr. Gorman was too ambitious, and hence his fall.

There is a deeper significance in last Wednesday night's contest than appears on the surface, and there is no wonder that all the influences opposed to Mr. Gorman arrayed themselves against him in this fight. With Mr. Blans in the Police Board, Mr. Gorman might have made combinations by which he could have controlled the appointing power of the police force, and indirectly exerted an important political influence over the city. With this important branch of the public service of the city under his direction and control, Mr. Gorman had hoped to neautralize Mayor Whyte's influence in the city, and to wage war against him for political supremacy in Baltimore. The political power which Mr. Gorman would have possessed had the result of the caucus been different, is not to be under-estimated. As president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, he already wields, through this patronage, great influence in Western Maryland. As the virtual master of the Board of Public Works, he is in a position to dictate terms to the Eastern Shore counties in return for appointments on the oyster police force. It is plain that it was only necessary to give him control of the Baltimore police force to have made him the absolute sovereign of Maryland, selecting for us our mayors, our governors, our judges, our congressmen and United States senators. It would have made him the most perfect boss that this state has ever known. But it was not to be. It is so ordained by some hidden laws that govern mankind that when a man becomes too ambitious and greedy for power he is checked in his career, and the admonition comes to him: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." If he disobeys the voice and prosecutes in his ambitious designgs, the day of his destruction is not afar off. It was one of the strange things in this contest that a caucus composed in a great part of Gorman men should have been the instrument to frustrate Mr. Gorman's designs. The Democratic members of the legislature were most of them men who followed the Gorman banner. Whenever any important political matter was to be accomplished Senator Gorman came down from Washington "to fix things up." The cause of the rupture between Messrs. Gorman and Colton lies in the latter's belief that Mr. Gorman did not intend to keep his promise to make him president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. It is stated that Senator Gorman promised this office to Mr. Colton last summer when his aid in the Keating campaign was very essential on account of the expenditures which it involved, and it is understood that Mr. Colton had some reason to believe that the pledge would not be fulfilled. Senator Gorman's resignation of the canal presidency has been a matter of discussion ever since his election to the United States Senate. It was announced in June, 1880, that Mr. Gorman would have resigned then but for the pending litigation against the canal in the United States Circuit Court. In June, 1881, Mr. Gorman was placed in the unpleasant position of being forced to remain at the head of canal affairs by the importunities of stockholders, and now it is more than probable that Mr. Gorman will again suffer martyrdom in being compelled by the stockholders to retain the presidency of the canal, the salary and traveling expenses of the office being $6,000 a year. The meeting of the stockholders of the canal company is to be held March 21st, and it is expected that the stockholders will again ask Mr. Gorman to remain at least until the expiration of the fiscal year. Of course, Senator Gorman cannot be so hard-hearted a man as to refuse to listen to such a request; and it is possible that at the expiration of the fiscal year in June, there will be no one on hand to fill the place, and Mr. Gorman will again be compelled to remain in his present position. A Democratic politician, referring to Mr. Colton, said a few days ago that Mr. Gorman forgot that Warwick, who made the king, also dethroned him. There is no parallel in the defeat of Senator Gorman and that of Senator Whyte two years ago. Mr. Whyte was defeated by a legislature which was elected against him through the aid of Messrs. Gorman, Colton, Compton and others, and, therefore, nothing else was to be expected of it. But Mr. Gorman was beaten in the house of his friends.

There is consideraable curiosity in political circles to know what alliances Mr. Gorman will now form. There is no indication that he intends to retire from politics, and, of course, it will be necessry for him to make new combinations to replace the friends he has lost. Messrs. Colton and Hines and their retinue having left him, he has now with him among the active leaders Messrs. Keating and Compton. The anti Gorman side has now the prestige of victory, and it intends to follow up the fight by making a contest against Mr. Gorman's candidates for Congress. The latter's preferences are known to be for Fred C. Talbot from the Second district, Chapman from the Fifth and Vic. Baughman from the Sixth. The Anti-Gorman men will fight each of these three men. In view of the result of the caucus, Mr. Gorman will take no part in the Congressional fight in this city. The Anti-Gorman men are opposed to any gerrymandering of the state, and they say that the present division of the Congressional districts suits them. Mr. Gorman is also preparing for the gubernatorial fight next year, and it is understood that Messrs. G. Hawkins Williams and Charles B. Roberts both expect his support. It may be that many of Mr. Gorman's friends will prove summer friends. One of his followers (an officer of the last House), who was his unalterable supporter, and who pictured him to all persons as a Napoleon who would never meet a Waterloo, has already deserted Mr. Gorman's standard, and this is said to be the case with many others.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

The tunnel under the British Channel is expected to extend a distance of one mile by Easter. The rock through which the boring is made is extremely dry, and the ventilation is perfect. The air at the head of the boring is far purer and pleasanter to breathe than the air of any London street, and the reason is obvious. It is, in fact, the very healthiest sea breeze, raught just below Shakespeare's Cliff, and, after compression, conducted thence in a five-inch iron pipe to the boring machine 1,100 yards off. There the air escapes in the most inoffensive and even agreeable manner.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13, 1882.

A great deal has been written recently about the methods of President Arthur in the matter of appointments to office, and by some he has even been accused of procrastination and lack of nerve. But it is more than likely that the complaints are chiefly originated by those who are seeking places and who become impatient if their demands are not promptly recognized. When General Garfield had been a month in the White House he was very nearly worn out with the persistent boring of office seekers. The color had all left his face, and the lines of care and worry were clearly marked there. Indeed a more striking change is seldom seen, and it was noted by all who saw the President in those days. The pressure upon him for place was unprecedented, and civil-service reformer though he was, he had too much good nature to properly resist it. He did not realize that all reform of the civil service must begin with the President, who is the appointing power, and that if he fails to properly resist this pressure, it will go on if it crushes him. President Arthur took the difficulty in hand very firmly. He resolved that worry and scramble should not kill him, and that the views expressed in his letter of acceptance should be the rule and guide of his administration as nearly as possible.

Of course it is a considerable part of a President's daily duty to fill places which have become vacant, and which need to be filled at once in order that the public business shall go on. About this routine work no one complains of him. He gets through systematically and promptly, and on a method or plan about which there is no concealment. About those great appointments which have political significance and importance Mr. Arthur is more cautious, and it is here that the impatient office seakers grumble at him, but they have not moved him from his evident purpose to go on with care and take his own time, as he has a right to do. Naturally the President's course in this matter is much discussed here at the Capital, where place hunters congregate and all sorts of ambitions have their focus. Men like Sargent and Chandler, who set their friends on the President for weeks to secure them Cabinet places, are impatient of delay and grumble at Mr. Arthur. People who do not want office, on the other hand, like his method.

The appearance in print of the letter written by General Garfield to Secretary Chase in 1863 has created quite a sensation here, and it is regarded unfortunate that the publication was made. General Garfield at that time was chief of staff to General Rosecrans, who commanded the Army of the Cumberland. The letter criticises the policy of General Rosecrans as one of inexcusable procrastination, and the writer expresses his intention, if the inaction continued much longer, to ask to be sent somewhere where he could be part of a working army. General Rosecrans, who is now a member of the House from California, says he very much regrets the appearance of such a letter more on account of its injury to the memory of Garfield than his own account. The point made is that, occupying confidential relations to his superior officer, writing such a letter, whether its charges were true or not, was a breach of faith and subject to court martial. There appears to be little if any doubt of the genuineness of the letter, and the friends of the late President are not pleased that it has been made public. He is not here to defend or to explain, and the inevitable result of the publication will be to stir up bad feeling and to give currency to gossip, idle and otherwise. Already gossip on the subject has commenced and it is asserted that at the time of General Rosecrans removal from the command of the Army of the Cumberland General Garfield, who had then come to Washington to take his seat in Congress, expressed great regret, and was loud in praise of Rosecrans as an able military chieftain. Afterwards, it is alleged, President Lincoln when informed of General Garfield's expressions remarked with much surprise that it was principally on account of General Garfield's statements and representations that General Rosecrans had been removed. It is charged that this letter was published in the interest of Fitz John Ported, against whose restoration to the army Garfield was thoroughly opposed, having been a member of the court martial that dismissed him.

Congress pegs along without raising much excitement. The old cry that "the Chinese must go" has taken fresh impetus, and judging by a vote of nearly two to one in the Senate the influx of almond-eyed Celestials will be stopped if legislation can stop it. There is also a strong probability now that we shall have some tariff legislation after all. Mr. Wm. E. Chandler expects to be made Secretary of the Navy very soon, though old Hunt, as the politician call him, has seemed to be fixed to stay. His young wife, who is his third, is a good deal of a "society" woman, and has laid herself out to make things pleasant for the President—a widower in the prime of life, handsome, gallant, well fed, and fond of social life. The "society" business is a most powerful lever to work on a man who is in power and who is found of it, and the impression exists here that the Hunts are working it for all it is worth. Secretary of State Frelinghuysen has three daughters who figure prominently in all of the lumtum social gatherings.

JUNIUS.

The Letters of Declination Sent by Messrs. Cokling and Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The following letters in reference to the vacant Associate Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court were made public to-day:

No. 29 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, March 2, 1882.

MR. PRESIDENT—Absence prevented prompt acknowledgment of your two esteemed letters, which were found here awaiting my return from Utica.

The high and unexpected honor you proffer by selecting me as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is grately valued. It will ever be a matter of pride and satisfaction that you and the Senate deemed me fit for so grave and exalted a trust. But for reasons which you would not fail to appreciate, I am constrained to decline.

Although urgent demands on my time just now prevent my accepting your cordial invitation to pass a few days with you at Washington, let me hold this a pleasure deferred but not lost.

I have the honor to be, sincerely,
Your obedient servant,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, March 6, 1882.

MR. PRESIDENT—I have received through the Secretary of State your very flattering offer of the appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. I thank you sincerely for this highly valued proof of your good opinion, but I feel, for reasons, that I ought not accept it. I shall cherish this mark of your kindness and good opinion—though I did not need this proof of it—as one of the most pleasant of my life.

I am, sir, very faithfully yours,
GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

1411 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,
March 11.

MR. PRESIDENT—I am deeply touched with the manifest consideration you have shown me in connection with the Associate Jodgeship, but further reflection has not enabled me to change the views I expressed to Mr. Frelinghuysen.

With the sincere hope that you have experienced no embarrassment from the delay your kindness has caused.

I am, faithfully yours,
GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

They Don't Like to Burn the Old Lists.

How the Democrats will persist in hanging on to the old and rotten registration lists! It seems as if they refuse to be parted with something near and dear to them. When Mr. Davis moved, in the House of Delegates that the old books be destroyed before the new ones are made, they voted down the amendment. Of what value can those corrupted list be unless the new registers are supposed to use them for copying into the new books? Mr. Davis desired to provide against that very contingency, but the Democrats refused to accede to any such wholesome principle. But, if the old lists are to be permitted to remain in existence, the responsibility upon Governor Hamilton is all the greater to appoint as registers men who will be above such petty trickery.—*Balto. American.*

Youthful Marriage.

Last week Ella Shores, aged 14, was married to Howard E. White, aged 16, both of Dames Quarter District, near Princess Anna. The interest attaching to this marriage will be apparent when it is stated that the girl was the divorced wife of her step-father, Sydney Shores, aged 45. On February 5, 1880, the Rev. Mr. Bowen married Shores and the girl, then 12 years old. On the 9th of the same month Shores was arrested at his home, in Dames Quarter, and the Rev. Mr. Bowen was arrested in Mt. Vernon and taken before Justice Robinson, of Princess Anne, and committed to jail in default of bail. Sydney had married his uncle's widow and she had not been dead more than two months when he induced Ella, his wife's daughter by her first husband, to marry him, as stated. The child was to young to know any better and no blame was attached to her. In this State a penalty of $500 is imposed upon a man for marrying his step-daughter and the minister is fined $1,500 for performing the ceremony. Both Shores and Bowen were indicted at the April term of court, 1880. Both trials took place during the same term. Shores was convicted and a fine of $500 was imposed upon him—he to stand committed until fine and cost were paid. The convict was a poor man and it looked as though the groom would pass the remainder of his days in jail. Fortune favored him, however, and he escaped from jail on May 20th, 1880. Mr Bowen was tried and acquitted on the ground that he did not know the girl or the affinity that existed between her and Shores. The marriage of Sydney and Ella was annulled by the court. It will be seen that on the same day of the same month two years after her first marriage Ella Shores was for the second time married, although only fourteen years old.—*Denton Democrat, Feb. 21th.*

Fish Commissioner Ferguson's report gives the following as the value of the oyster business of the State of Maryland:

Number of dreding boats, 700; value of boats, $1,050,000; value of outfit, $70,000; number of men employed in them, 5,600; wages paid to them, $616,200; number of scrapers, 550; value of boats, $44,000; number of men employed in them, 2,200; wages paid them, $297,000; number of canoes engaged in the oyster trade, 1,825; value of boats, $182,500; number of men engaged in them, 5,148; wages earned by them, $1,158,300; number of runners, 200; value of boats, $300,000; number of men employed on them, 800; value of wages paid them, $166,400; whole number of boats; 3,257; value, $2,042,500; whole number of men employed, 13,748; annual value of wages and earnings, $2,538,000; number of people supported by the oyster catching, 54,662; number of bushels of oysters taken in 1879-80, 10,579,01; number of bushels packed in the State (of Maryland oysters), 6,653,472—shipped out of the State, 2,021,840 bushels, consumed in Baltimore, 818,680 bushels; in other towns of the State, 200,000 bushels—in the counties, 875,000.

The Republicans of Tennessee will hold a State convention at Nashville on Thursday, April 28, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor. The Tennessee Republican State executive committee has unanimously agreed that the constitutional convention to be voted on in August next should be called, and that the Republicans in Tennessee should vote in favor of the assembling of said constitutional convention, and they unanimously requested the committee to announce that such was the opinion of the Republicans who meet with the committee. The main ground of said opinion was that the recent decision of the Supreme Court in effect prevents the Legislature from making any permanent settlement of the State debt, they regarded a permanent settlement of the State debt and the removal from the politics of the State of a question which has been so hurtful to every interest of the people of Tennessee as being desirable, and they are further of the opinion that the action of a constitutional convention on the State debt question, submitted to and ratified by the people, would be final and permanent,

The Chinese Immigration bill as passed by the Senate Thursday of last week provides that from and after the expiration of ninety days after the passage of the act, and until the expiration of twenty years after its passage the coming of Chinese laborers to the United State shall be suspended, and prescribes a penalty of imprisonment not exceeding one year and a fine of not more than $500 against the master of any vessel who brings any Chinese laborer to this country during that period. It further provides that the classes of Chinese excepted by the treaty from such prohibition, such as merchants, teachers, students, travelers, diplomatic agents and Chinese laborers who were in the United States on the 17th of November, 1880, shall be required as a condition for their admission to produce passports from the government of China personally identifying them and showing that they individually belong to one of the permitted classes, which passports must have been endorsed by the diplomatic representative of the United States in China or by the United States consul at the port of departure. It also provides elaborate machinery for carrying out the purposes of the act, and additional sections prohibit the admission of Chinese to citizenship by any United States or State court, and construes the words "Chinese laborers" to mean both skilled and unskilled laborers and Chinese employed in mining.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sun burns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of bicarbonate of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. The method of sprinkling it on and covering with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and coveed with a moistened cloth.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Elk Garden mines now employ 150 men and ship 800 tons of coal per day.

—A communication was received from McHenry too late for publication this week.

—The Appeal Term of the County Commissioners will commence on Monday, April 3d.

—A house and lot on Liberty Street for sale, or will exchange for a small farm in the county. For particulars apply at this office.

—What a sale Morrison & Bro. has on their Cough Syrup, Liniment and Horse and Cattle Powder. The largest package for the price in the world.

—Died, in Oakland, Saturday last, of pneumonia, infant son of Dr. B. F. and Lizzie Keller, aged 5 months and 11 days.

—Rev. C. B. Ludwig, of the *Democrat*, was in Cumberland Wednesday, in attendance on the wedding of his nephew, Mr. G. W. Ludwig.

—Married, on the 14th inst, at the house of Mr. Rudolph Phoglepole, by Rev. W. E. George, Stephen Wilson and Miss Jennie Fulmer, both of this county.

—The *Democrat* will make its first appearance this week as an "all home printed paper." This is certainly enterprise, but whether it will pay the proprietor is a question.

—Those of our subscribers who contemplate changing their places of residence this Spring, will please inform us so that we can have their papers properly delivered.

—Mr. James O. Cleveland, of Oakland, is prepared to take contracts for plastering. He refers to Mr. George W. Legge and Capt. Wm. R. Jarboe to his workmanship.

—Mr. W. S. Davis, who has been teaching the Enlow School, is laid up with mumps. Mr. Charles Irvin will conduct the school during Mr. D's indisposition.

—Found, on the Horseshoe road near the Northwestern pike, last fall, a ½ inch iron rod, about 10 feet in length. The owner can get it by calling on Mr. Christian Yutzy.

—Our attention has been called to the misbehavior of some young gentlemen (?) during the distribution of the mail at the Postoffice. We are sorry there is no remedy for the evil.

—We understand that Gov. Hamilton has pardoned Simon L. Bowser, convicted of bigamy in the Circuit Court for Garrett county last September, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

—Died, on Thursday, March 9th, on Hileman Ridge, Mr. Howard Griffith, and on Friday, 10th, at the same place the second son of deceased and Christiana Griffith. Father and son were buried in one grave. The oldest child had died Feb. 28th.

—Mrs. Conrad Race, of Frostburg, made affidavit before Justice Moat Monday of last week that she believed poison was administered to her by her husband, Conrad Race, and a girl named Ellen Foy, who lived in the house. Race and the girl have disappeared, and it is said have eloped. Mrs. Race will probably recover.

—Died, Feb. 12th 1882, of pneumonia, at the residence of his father, near Hutton's Switch, this county, Thomas Albert Copps, aged 19 years, 5 months and 11 days. Deceased was an exemplary young man and much respected where known. His illness lasted but a few days. May his family find comfort in their sorrow in Him who bears our sorrows and carries our griefs.

Church Services--Sunday.

Episcopal Church--Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock p. m., by Rev. C. B. Ludwig.

We Need Money.

This may seem strange to many of our subscribers, for judging by our books a large number of them seem to labor under the delusion that a newspaper can be run indefinitely without the outlay of any capital. This is an error which is painfully apparent to us. We do not like to dun, we do not like to see newspapers in the habit of dunning, and it is not our fault that we ask those indebted to us to come forward and settle. In making this request we are only asking for what properly belongs to us, and if those who are indebted would take this view of it they would not be slow in squaring their accounts. We venture to say there are not a dozen subscribers upon THE REPUBLICAN's mail list that it would in any way embarrass to pay what is due us, yet for some cause many of them are exceedingly slow in doing so, and for this reason—distasteful as it is to us—we find it necessary to give them at least one dunning a year. We hope, therefore, that those who know themselves to be indebted to us, will embrace the opportunity to forward what is due. Remittances may be made by check, postoffice money order or by registered letter. Sending money in unregistered letters is not a safe way of transmitting it. Those who do not desire to remit as above may find an opportunity to bring the amount of their indebtedness, or send it by a neighbor during the meeting of the county commissioners the first week in April, or during May court. Friends, make some effort in our behalf, because we really need the money in order to carry on our business in a business like manner.

Music Teaching.

Mrs. H. P. Tasker, having returned to her home in Oakland, is now prepared to take a limited number of pupils in music. Vocalizing will be blended with instrumental instruction. Harmony and transposition a specialty with advanced pupils. General review and examination from a black board once a month gratis, to the pupils classed. 3 18 2

DEER PARK, March 14th, 1882.

An interesting protracted service at Deer Park closed last Sabbath night a week. The services were conducted by the United Brethren Minister, Rev, Clary, and the writer, in the Union Church, and continued for four weeks, with good results. About twenty-five persons professed conversion, and about the same number joined the church.

The second M. E. Quarterly Meeting for the present Conference year was held at Ryans Glade Church on the 4th and 5th of this month. The services were spiritual and profitable.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

The Miners.

In accordance with the notification of the miners to the companies the former stopped work yesterday afternoon. At the Consolidation company's "New" mine, the miners took out their tools in the morning and did not work at all, while at the Ocean mine they worked but half time,

It is generally understood that the coal companies will make up their pay rolls from March 1st to 14th, and pay for that time, and take out their fixtures and tools from the mines.

The executive committee of the Knights of Labor was in session at Frostburg during the greater part of yesterday, and they were continuing their deliberations at a late hour last night. It is supposed they were at work on a reply to the companies circular, and it is thought probable this reply may be handed to the companies to-day, though nothing positive is known on this point.—*Cumb. News, Wednesday.*

Waste of Land in Fences.

If a farm of one hundred and sixty acres is divided by fences into fields of ten acres each, there are five miles of fence. If each fence now is one rod wide, no less than ten acres of land are occupied by them. This is equal to six and one-fourth per cent of the farm, and the loss of the use of the land is exactly equal to a charge of six and one-half per cent. on the whole value of the farm. But nearly every fence row in the country is made a nursery for weeds, which stock the whole farm, and make an immense amount of labor necessary to keep them from smothering the crops. Much damage always results to the crops from these weeds, and if these expenses are added to the first one, the whole will easily sum up to twenty per cent., or a tax of one-fifth of the value of the farm. To remedy this we would have fewer fences, or we would clean and sow down the fence rows to grass or clover, and mow them twice a year. Ten acres of clover or timothy would at least supply a farm with seed and a few tons of hay every year. We would, in short, consider the fence rows as a valuable part of the farm, and use them as such.

Commits Suicide while Insane.

Mr. Josias Pennington, who resided at No. 25 Franklin street, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. Mr. Pennington has for some time past been laboring under mental derangement. While perfectly harmless, he was considered hopelessly insane, and was an object of pity among all his friends. Shortly after two o'clock yesterday Mrs. Pennington was alarmed by hearing the report of a pistol from her husband's room. She quickly sent a servant to ascertain its cause, and he returned and reported the door was locked. Further investigation proved his statement to be true, and when the door was forced open the lifeless body of Mr. Pennington was found stretched upon the floor in a pool of blood. There was a bullet wound through his brain. Dr. W. C. Van Bibber was at once summoned, but life was extinct, and his services were of no avail. The coroner was notified, and made a thorough investigation into the cause of the death of Mr. Pennington. Dr. Van Bibber, who was well aware of the mental condition of Mr. Pennington, stated all the facts in his knowledge to the coroner, who also listened to other statements from different members of the family, and, under the circumstances, deemed a formal inquest unnecessary. The deceased was forty-six years of age, and leaves a wife and six children. He was a native of Baltimore, and had been for many years engaged in mercantile pursuits, subsequently engaging in business as a stock-broker. He was a son of the late Josiah Pennington, a distinguished member of the Baltimore Bar.—*Balto. American, March 11th.*

The Walking Gait of a Horse.

The *National Live Stock Journal* makes some suggestions with respect to the walking gait of the horse which are well worth thinking over. A careful calculation of the time spent on a walk by the farm horse, it says, as compared with the time used at other gaits, would show that the walk is nearly the constant gait. All the work of the farm is done on a walk. It is only when returning with the empty wagon, or when, occasionally, a team is hitched to the family carry-all, that another gait is employed. A horse that under the saddle will walk nearly or quite five miles an hour, will at his work make, say three and a-half miles while a slow walker would not come within a mile of this speed, taking the day through. This would cause a loss of nearly two days in the week—or, at a low estimate, a week out of a month—which in money value would probably amount to not less than twelve dollars, counting the wages and board of the man and the time and feed of the horse, to say nothing of the additional loss on account of delay in the work—always, as every thoughtful farmer knows, an important item, especially in some seasons. These are points of interest to every farmer. Let "horsemen" give time and thought to developing a race of fast trotters, if they will. Farmers should aim to breed a race of fast walkers, as by far the more useful animal.

A Suggestive Sermon from Abroad with a Wholesome Local Application.

From the Hudson Register.

Draw poker is a most fascinating yet deceiving game. One of the peculiarities of the game is that the beginner, as soon as he finds out that one certain kind of a hand beats another, and that a bluff, if successful, beats any hand, thinks he can play the game better than any man. If he holds a poor hand once, and bets big on it and scares out an old veteran, when he rakes in the money he cocks his hat on one side and thinks how rich he might have been if he had learned to play poker before. He wonders why everybody does not give up business and play poker and get rich. As he counts over chips he has won so easily by a simple display of nerve, he says to himself; "This game is good for yours truly. Henceforth hard work and I will dissolve partnership." He keeps on playing. When he wins his hat is cocked on one side and when he loses he wears it straight. At first it is on one side most of the time, then he gets to wearing it straight pretty frequently until he finally loses every dollar he has got and goes out and clubs himself. Countrymen who think they can play a pretty good game of poker find themselves in large cities, and they get into a game, and nine times in ten they get so everlastingly scooped that they can't tell their own names till they look at it pasted on the inside of their hats. However good a man plays, there is always some one that plays better, and they are always laying for a fellow that can't play as well as they can, while the countrymen is always laying for some one that can play better. There is no game better calculated to take the conceit out of a man than poker. We have had it taken out of us seventy-five dollars' worth by a cuss that didn't seem to know half as much as we did.

A man has to have the conceit taken out of him about eleven times before it will stay out, but after he has once got it eradicated from the system he never catches it again. He can live right amongst it, where all around him are down with it, and he will not take it—not if he knows himself. It is as though he had been vaccinated, and very likely he has. If you have an idea you are a good poker-player, there is no hope for you till you get the conceit worked out of you, and the sooner you get it out the better. Some can get it out by losing $100, others have to lose a farm or a house and lot. In some cases it takes years to get it out, and in other cases it can be got out in one evening. Do not delay having it taken out, as long as your system is in the condition to retain the seeds of the disease, but hunt for games that you can get into, till you lose enough, then call yourself a monumental, colossal, enigmatical ass, and jump the game. You will never think as much of yourself after it is over as you did before, but you will be worth more to society.

OUR Anaperlis Letter.

ANAPERLIS, MD., March 10, 1882.

DEAR EDITOR:—The abuv capshun will send sich a thrill uv joy and satisfaction thru yure sole az yu hav not felt this winter. I am shure yu will captalize, ur at least italicize the "our."

It hez not bin mi gud fortune tu see much uv yure wurthy cotemporary the *Dimmycrat* this winter, but whensoever I hav bin so blest, I observed that it I ristled all over with grate hed lines, announcin letters from Anaperlis. Sum had bin written, it iz true, with "repugnence" or other sort uv contrariety, but whatever they wur not, wun thing wuz serten, tha wur at least letters from Anaperlis, and that iz why I am here.

When I last saw yu, mi friend, I cud not but remark how chang'd yu seamed. Yure feeturs look't wan—a heap wanner than usual, an I observed that yu seamed to regard me with a far-awa, beseachin sort of gaze. Yure locks had perseptably thinned, an bore the marks of havin bin extracted bi the method popularly beleeved tu be in voge when men ar in despar, viz: yanked out bi the little eend. I realized to wunst that yure mentle apparatus wuz endoorin a feerfle strane, an az sune az I left the grosery whar yu wuz I went tu solvin the problem as tu what yure trubbel wuz, an yu no when I hring mi intelleck to bear on a subjeck—when I kum down on it flat footed ef mi fut don't slip, ef a trace don't brake, or ef nuthen don't giv wa its got tu kum. So I sed to miself what iz the matter with our editer, iz hiz trubbel furren ur domestic; iz it finanshel ur perilticle; duz mi arrears uv subscription have ennything tu du with it?—an az I pondered over it the insperation begun tu git a holt uv me an awl tu wunst a grate flud uv lite busted luse on to it, an I saw the hull thing az clear az noonday. Yu had not had a letter frum Anaperlis. I saw tu wunst the hull situation an that I stud in the focus uv it. I realized mi responsibility, an I am not the man tu desert a post ur sacrifise a frend when tho voise of dooty calls.

I rushed tu the stable whar ole scal wuz munchin hiz otes an thru miself bestride him, and tu encurage him tu beat his fastest rekord I wore out 17 switches on him goin home; I seezed my travlin bag an shuved in a lot uv noozepapers to give it the proper rotundity, an amung tho uther rubbish I hovo in a shurt, not notisin in mi haste that it belonged to Mrs. McK., an in less time than it takes tu rite it I wuz on mi wa to the anshent sitty.

I tuck a nite trane fur the good book sez "men luv darknes ruther than lite becos—tha don't want to anser questions. I tuk a stock trane becos I had but little uv the reddy, an I allers liked kattle. I will not truble yu with the insidence of the jurny, but tha wur various an noomerous, suffise it tu sa it tuck 2 days of smart skrl.oagin tu accomplished it, an at the end uv that time I landed safe in the sitty uv Anaperlis. I tuck logins at a "popiar hordin house" an slep the slepe uv the innersent.

This mornin az I intended intervuin hiz excellency, together with uther shinnin lites, an az I had bin browsin round, amung the cole hoppers and kattel kars the last 2 days, it waz imperativo that I shud be properly attired. Thar iz nothin that sets orf a fine lookin gentleman like miself to better advantage than a immackiate shirt buzzum with a cuppie uv dimun studs skrude in at the proper angle. So I proseeded to don mi clene shirt in which I tuck a grate deal of pride, it beln mi cheef, elame tu respectalility az mi uther close wuz only about average. I opened the carpet-bag an the first thing to excite a feelin uv vague unsertainty and alarm wuz the ruffel round the tale, which happened to kum up loremost. An rite here permit me to observe bi wa uv digression that I hav bin on the frunt in the picked line expozed to the enemy's sharp shuters, I hav stud in the shock uv battel an war, in frunt uv the kanon's mouth and I hav bin exposed tu death frum storm and flud, but in awl mi life I wuz never so kumpletely dumfuzzled as I wuz this mornin bitthat feemall shurt ruffel. The sleeves wuz cut orf at about half mast, the koller ditto, an thar wuz no buzznin tu speke uv, and wurst uv awl, the tale begun about whar I thort it ort tu leave orf. I cud manage tho short sleves, the lace koller, an awl that, but how was I tu stow awa a yard uv excessive shirt tale. Thats wat got awa with me. Ef I cut it orf an thro it awa some fole wud find it, an think a murder had bin committed, an wud hav the Baltimore detectives an perlees after me, an if they tracked the other end of the garment tu mee, it wud be strong circumstanshel evidens, an I would probably be hanged.

I wuz sorely puzzled, but the genius that never forsook me came finally tu mi releef, an I tuck out mi nife an split the darned thing down behind an before, an shuvd a seckshun down each trowsers' leg. After passing this feerfle ordeal, awl the rest seemed plano saleing, an comparativly easy. So I buttoned up mi kote an wescote, to the chin, an intervued Messrs. French an Black be 4 seeln the Guvner.

I shall probably remane here doorin the remander uv the seshen, an yu kin depend on heln kep posted on the doins in gineral an pertickler. I interd to go to the bottom uv awl this unfernal hullabaloo about taxin dogs and morgages, about stealin stashunary an paper kutters, an about the oyster navee and turbacker war-junks, etc., etc.

The Guvner is clerely rong about wantin tu quarter the oyster land force in the terbaker ware-houses. fur don't any body no, tha would eat up all the terbacker an then what wud the state kum to?

Truly yours,
R. MCKRAKKEN.

Religious Notes.

Rev. N. L. Beard has resigned the pastorate of the Lutheran church, at Burkittsville, Md.

Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, has issved a proclamation appointing the 6th of April as a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," in that commonwealth.

Seven hundred conversions are the result of seven weeks revival work in Cincinnati under the leadership of Harrison, the "boy preacher."

The last six weeks have seen Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Glasgow, Scotland. They have held large meetings and have met with great success in their work.

The propriety of rising when the "hymn before sermon" is sung is suggested by a writer in one of the religious journals, on the ground that "it gives relief to the muscles and fits one the better to listen to the sermon."

There is no foundation, Dr. Schaff says, for the report that the demand for the Revised New Testament has almost ceased. On the contrary, the demand at present is greater than it has been for several months past. Thirty editions have been brought out in this country alone.

Maryland is in a fair way of becoming a Republican State, as the Westminister *Democratic Advocate* of that State says, more plainly than it intended to do, in the following paragraph: "The Readjuster Legislature of Virginia has just passed a bill appropriating $100,000 for a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Such an expenditure would be of doubtful propriety with no debt, few taxes and prosperous times, and in the present condition of the State is but little less than robbery. Maryland has a normal school for the education of white teachers which should never have been built, and the present Legislature would be doing a good act if it would authorize its sale." This extract has the true old time Democratic ring. The public schools and the churches are playing the mischief with the Peninsula Democracy.—*Wilmington News.*

The Missouri Grand Lodge of United Workmen, recently in session in St. Louis, passed a resolution of great significance. It came up in the form of a question upon the admission of saloon keepers and bar tenders into the organization. It was claimed that these men were in constant danger of losing their lives at the hands of the very characters who patronize them, and, according to the supreme medical examiner's report, the saloon keepers were largely in the lead on the list of deceased members, many of the class being taken off by consumption. The debate was spirited, and when the vote was taken the resolution that no saloon keeper or bartender be admitted to the brotherhood was carried by a large majority.

It really begins to look as if the great war over the disposition of the effects of the sick man of Europe was at hand. Russia holds that she is heir to all Turkey in Europe, and would long since have possessed herself of it but for the jealousy of the other powers. More recently the most positive check to her ambitious designs has been offered by the united German powers, and Russian hatred of Germany and Austria has recently become so fierce that it can no longer be repressed, as was revealed in the recent utterances of General Skobeleff. The Russian newspapers, it is said, are full of belligerent articles, while the Germans, if not as aggressive as the Russians, are sullen and stubborn, as becomes their national character.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED, SALESMEN.

To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Unequalled facilities. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. 500 acres of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Shrubs, Roses, etc. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

For Sale Cheap.

One 20-horse Engine and Boiler, one 40-horse Engine and Boiler, and Two 2-flue Boilers, 20 and 25-horse power, all second hand.
Apply to
3 18 2t R. C. PAUL, Frostburg, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETI'G.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 15, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, April 3, 1882,

to continue in session during the week, and longer, should buisness require, for the purpose of hearing appeals, making transfers upon the county assessment books and transacting such other business as may properly come before them.

All persons desiring their assessments corrected are hereby notified to appear at this session, as no alteration in assessments will be made on said books after the adjournment of the ensuing regular appeal term.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
3 18 td Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

BRIDGE PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the erection of a bridge across Bear Creek, on the road leading from the Morgantown Road to Accident below George Schlossnagle's saw mill, or at the most convenient place.

JOHN WASS,
BENJAMIN GRIFFITH,
SAMUEL HILEMAN,
2 18 5 And others.

Wagon Maker Shop for Sale or Rent.

The undersigned will sell or rent his Wagon Maker Shop, in Oakland, together with machinery, tools and stock, and give possession at any time. His reason for retiring is advanced age and ill health. No opposition and a good trade. A good opening for an energetic mechanic.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 16 tf

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21 tf OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 294, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned living five miles south of Grantsville, Md., on the Oakland road, has for sale two very large half-breed Shorthorn-Durham cows, and two very fine large three quarter bred Shorthorn-Durham yealing bulls. One of the cows measures 14¾ hands high, and is built in proportion. Good dairy cows. Prices reasonable. Also Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching, 13 for one dollar, and 26 for one dollar and fifty cents.

3 25 tf S. D. YODER.

Home-Made Screens.

These are not Indian, nor Japanese, nor Early English—only simple home-made screens, requiring no artistic talent and exhibiting no monrnfnl lack of it, as is the case with most modern house-decorations. Do you wish to imitate them, O impecunious dweller in a country house? If you can get the "blind side" of the village carpenter he will make you a light pine frame with solid feet, about three feet by three, or four feet high by two across, for fifty cents; then ask at a paint store for Devoe's ebonizer, which will cost twenty-five cents, and stain it carefully—two coats well rubbed in will give a fine polish. Now take silesia of two contrasting colors, one for each side of your screen, cut the exact size, which dampen thoroughly, and stretch while wet upon your frame, tacking it very lightly on both sides, and drawing it tighter as it dries. Take a tape-measure and mark off equal distance, say an inch or an inch and a half apart, turning the edges in, and then tack with very small carpet-tacks, which are afterward covered with a fancy brass-headed nail.

Your screen now is ready for adornment. Christmas and Easter cards gummed on according to taste make a very pretty and enduring remembrance of friends. A friend prepared a charming fairy-tale screen for her nursey, in three compartments, each telling various fairy legends most graphically, as the pictures were cut from books, and appropriately arranged. Sister Anne was in her tower looking out for the brothers, while below poor Fatima fell at the feet of the furious spouse. Cinderella's career began in ashes and misery at the bottom, while the happy Prince tried on the bright slipper at the top, and Jack really twined his bean stalk up and down the last compartment, while Kate Greenaway's quaint little maidens peeped in and out. What a pleasure it was for the darlings lying in their little brass cribs to be soothed to sleep in such a fairy-like manner!

An invalid was greatly gratified by a present of a screen on which her favorite flowers were grouped, they being in reality frontispieces from old floral magazines. Historical subjects with portraits may be used very effectively for large folding screens. Take some well-known author, put his likeness in the center and group around pictures of his life or illustrations of his works; or take a poem and illustrate it by collecting suitable pictures from various sources from time to time. You will be surprised at the result.

In fastening on all these pictures for screens to a foundation of either silesia or paper, be very careful to know just where the picture is to be put, because it can not be moved afterward without leaving a blur. Use fine flour paste, *very smooth* and rather stiff. Put the paste on to the picture, then set it in its place, and press down gently with an old linen napkin. Do so until all are on, when your screen is finished, as it needs no varnishing afterward.

These hints are intended for inartistic work-women, or rather for those who have the idea in their brains, but cannot make the hand obey. For an artist the field is inexhaustible, and even for those less ambitious a background carefully put in, and then a single figure or a lovely engraving from a portfolio, produces a surprising effect. Those from the illustrated papers are always available for such a purpose.

Some English screens are made of photographs on tinted paper. At a recent royal wedding such a screen was named among the gifts made by one of the princesses. They are easily made. The frame may be either black or bright red stained wood; stretch over the muslin that has been shrunk, or else have the frame altogether of wood; cover this with the kind of paper used for the fly-leaves of books—crimson for one side, French gray the other, or China blue and old gold. Slip your photographs from the cards by floating them in water. Then press them between old newspaper with a warm iron. Arrange your photographs according to taste. It is best to have a large one in the centre, and group the others around it. You may have fancy pieces, or else heads of celebrities, or even likenesses of your friends. These photographs be must put on the screen with starch boiled just as if to starch clothes. When all are dried, put on a thin coat of sizing, and afterward varnish over all. A table screen for a lamp is similarly made. Cut out six pieces of cardboard in the shape of a Gothic window. Paste on one side only the tinted paper. When dry, fasten together on the back. Then, as in your large screen, group your photographs on, finishing off with sizing and varnish. Have six holes punched each side, and fasten together with ribbon bows. This makes three folds to your screen. The edges may be finished off with gold paper, or ribbon glued on, if you prefer.

A transparent screen is very ornamental where there is an open fire, made either of plain or ground glass, and one we have seen had impressions of ferns on the glass, which seen through the firelight gave out a very soft and tender hue.

Another transparent screen is made of thin muslin or tarlatan, or, better still, white crape, stretched on a frame; then water-color pictures are gummed on it, arranged fantastically or tastefully, as you like. Such a screen was once seen, according to tradition, in the stately study of one of our most distinguished authors. The light shining from behind throws out all the mellow tints of the picture very effectively, conveying the impression of a lovely stained glass window.

The frame of screens may be varied by more than one device of handiwork. The gilt cornices formerly used for windows can be utilized by being tacked on with brads to the wooden frame, then burnished up with bronze gold, which costs from thirty to seventy-five cents an ounce, according to quality. First put on with a brush a coating of boiled linseed-oil; wait a few moments for it to dry, and then, with a piece of cotton batting slipped in the powder, lightly dust over the surface of the frame. The magical effect will delight any who will take the trouble to try it, and as one ounce will decorate a great deal of surface and will last some time, it is worth the time and expense. Another pretty frame is of scarlet cloth an inch and a half wide, pinked out at the edges, box-plented, and then fastened on to the frame with brass nails, one set on every pleat.

Screens have been long in vogue; they were necessities of household furniture in the days of broad chimneys and tapestry hangings. Then furnaces prevailed, and open fires and screens went out of fashion. Of late years, with the restoration of these cheerful home delights, the screens come back triumphantly from the dust and cobwebs of the garrets and attics.

Screens are, one may say, historical. They open a wide field for fancy and ingenuity, and like most other decorative objects are more satisfactory and more prized according as they are the result of the framer's skill and ingenuity, rather than the combined job of the upholsterer and a book of directions.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Late Fashion Notes.

Scotch ginghams come in handsome solid colors.

Many new spring basques are cut double-breasted.

Very short polonaises, with Louis Quinze scarfs in the back, are in high favor.

Wreaths of white ox-eyed daisies, combined with crimson hedge roses, and arranged to lie flat, are worn in the hair.

Short velvet skirts, with bodice and panniers of some soft self-colored English woolen textile, with pelerine and deep cuffs of velvet, will be a fashionable spring walking costume.

Neckerchiefs of gray or cream-colored washing silk, embroidered all over in tiny silk polka dots, and linjshed with a five-inch ruffle of oriental lace, are novel and dainty.

"Looking-glass" beads are seen upon some of Worth's latest creations, both in fringes and embroideries, especially on white toilets, lending that touch of color or contrast rather that purely white dresses are apt to lack.

Indian, Paisley, and other handsome shawls are being made into Portio and Mother Hubbard cloaks and visites for spring wear. They are lined inside with colored satin or surah silk, and finished with a bordering of chenille fringe in deep oriental colors.

Lovers of soft, pretty lace who cannot well afford to purchase the real, yet dislike the poorer qualities, are delighted with the beautiful and effective oriental patterns which now come in various widths, and are generally conceded to be the daintiest and most attractive of the imitation laces.

A stylish model for a spring hat, in the "Queen Mab" shape is made of amber-colored straw, with cascades of gold lace veiling a wreath of mignonettes and chenille moss rose buds, of a deep crimson. Inside, the hat is faced with crimson shirred satin, with a narrow band at the extreme edge of amber beads.

A favorite French style of trimming a round skirt is to place three tiny gathered ruffles around the bottom of the dress; then above them is set a flounce about half a yard deep. This flounce is then headed with three more narrow ruffles matching those around the bottom of the dress. The edge of the panniers or tunic, and sometimes the bottom of the basque is trimmed with little ruffles, which are cut very small.

Wide striped satins in pale colors, alternating with those of gold or silver moire, are favorite materials for evening dresses for young ladies. The dresses thus composed are made without the admixture of any other fabric; they have short skirts, and are bunched up very full in the back and over the hips, a Watteau style being aimed at in the entire costume, shepherdess boots of tinted kid being worn with the dress, ornamented with bows, and silver and gold clasps made in the shape of shepherdess crooks.

One of the characteristic features of fashion this spring will be the wearing of large sashes, which in a measure will take the place of the full draped *tournures* at the back; and another will be the adoption of wide collars which will be worn with deep puffs to match. The dress bodice will be slightly open for dressy occasions when this collar is worn, or a fichu of mull can be used where the collar is not becoming, which is to be draped over the bosom quite in the Charlotte Corday style. These fichus are trimmed round with double ruffles of lace and are long enough in front to reach the belt.

Dressmakers have set their faces most resolutely against Mother Hubbard cloaks, Camisavel wraps, circulars, ulsters, or indeed any long mantle which entirely envelopes the person. They say, and very truly, that so long as the outside wrap is costly and elegant, it matters but little how plain the dress beneath is made. So in their interest, and possibly at their suggestion, modified Hubbards, and *visites* are becoming quite general. They are now made semi-long so that the dress skirt is well in view. They also fit more closely to the figure, but in other respects they show all the characteristics of the old style.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Corner in Quills.

"There has been such a demand for vaccine virus that some shrewd fellow actually got up a little corner in quills," said Dr. S. S. Bogert, house physician of the Eastern Dispensary, Essex Market. "Most of the quills used by physicians are Austrian quills. Those raised in this country are not generally large enough. An ordinary quill will make four 'points,' or slips. First the feather end is cut off; next the other end, leaving a tube of the clear, hard, transparent, horny part of the quill. This is too smooth to retain the virus, so it is scraped at each end to make it rough. The ends are then dipped, and the quill is split into four slips. They are sold at $10 per hundred. Single slips are sold at twenty-five cents each. As there have been more persons vaccinated within the past six weeks than in the preceeding ten years, the demand for quills has raised the price from $11 to $12.50 per gross. A very good substitute for quills is made from ivory chips. One dealer recently gave an order for 100,000 of these ivory points. Each ivory point will vaccinate two persons. Sometimes glass tubes are used to dip in the virus; but they are more expensive.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An indignant drummer drops us a postal from Mexia, to say that the reason the Sifters never see any drummers at church is because they, the Sifters, do not go there themselves. There is many a random fired at a mark that hits the arrow it was aimed at, and this is one of them.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dangers From Electric Aparatus.

Did you ever take an electric shock? Have you ever read of a person being struck by lightning? Then you know that electricity, in sufficient quantity, is a very powerful and even dangerous thing.

It is becoming important for young persons to remember this whenever they visit exhibitions, factories or business establishments of any kind where electric apparatus is used; for new kinds are steadily coming into use which involve novel dangers for persons who meddle with them carelessly.

At an exhibition of electricity, lately, a machine was shown in which there was an armature revolving very rapidly—thirty times a second. It looked smooth and beautiful, but really it had a rough jagged edge, somewhat like a circular saw. You know that when a circular saw is revolving, one cannot see the teeth. A visitor carelessly touched this revolving armature and his finger was torn to pieces.

At the same exhibition a gentleman happened to tread upon a wire which was feeding a lamp with electricity, and at the same moment he took hold of the lamp to examine it. Immediately the electricity flowed through his feet body and hand, and it is one curious thing that when electricity is passing through one's muscles they contract. This person could not unclasp his hand, neither could he move his feet. He was paralyzed. The workmen around ran away afraid there would be an explosion. But a person who understood about electricity came by, and he immediately lifted the sufferer's feet off the wire. This broke the current, and saved the man's life.

Even the wires which run in various directions along streets and through buildings to supply electric lights are dangerous. They can sometimes give a person a fearful shock if they are touched in a particular way; or can set fire to woodwork or curtains if they become disarranged or the insulating material covering them decays and drops or is rubbed off. Two or three persons have been killed or dangerously shocked by meddling ignorantly with these wires. A gentleman was once leaning against a balustrade in a building where an electric apparatus was in operation, and his gold watch chain was pressed against two wires through which a current was flowing. The fluid immediately began coursing through the chain, heated it red hot and burned a spot in his vest. He will know hereafter that one should be careful in leaning against electrical things. On account of these dangers, and for some other reasons, electricians are now trying the experiment of inclosing the wires in a tube and burying them under the ground. As long as they are allowed to hang exposed, every one who does not understand electricity thoroughly should remember to *be careful* when he is near electrical apparatus or wires.—*Christian Union.*

The Panic at Lyons.

The aspect of the great City of Lyons, crushed as it is by the great financial panic, is both lamentable and terrible. The situation of things is so complicated so chaotic, that after twenty-four hours of close study I hardly know how to begin my story, so I am obliged to put of until to-morrow the thousand details gathered about the catastrophe, which has nearly ruined the second city of France from top to bottom and from bottom to top. The exaggerated speculation into which the whole city has been dragged is such that the loss of the brokers is estimated at an enormous figure. For the present I prefer to accept the sum which the Chamber admits, namely—36,000,000 of francs. You must understand that these millions do not include the individual losses of each member on 'Change, as each one has been speculating on his own account. To the contrary, this only constitutes what is owing to brokers from their customers, who had heavy margins deposited to their credit, but not heavy enough for this terrible break in the market. The result is that until they can ward off total disaster the brokers have suspended payments. A heavy cloud of sorrow hangs over the city like a pall. As yet they dare not uncover the ruins—the total failures, the positions of the most honorable men are so fearfully compromised. From the day-laborer to the millionaire, or rather the ex-millionaire, everybody has lost. No one has the first sou toward a settlement.

A man who is above all suspicion of dishonesty came to see his agent, and said: "I have 500,000 francs; here it is. Take it. It's all I can give you on the 3,000,000 which I lose. What do you want me to do about the difference? If I commit suicide will it change anything? I would willingly do that but could they make gold or bank notes out of my blood?"

One must recognize the fact that, if all who can't pay their differences for the end of the month commit suicide, this city, La Croix, Rousso and Brotteau will become vast cemetaries. Business is totally suspended. The numerous groups in the street talk only of disaster, and the women and children weep without knowing the why or wherefor. The women themselves had "taken a hand." Widows, shop-girls, and the "cabontines" of the cafe concerts and second-rate theaters carried their wages to the bourse and won. Now they have lost, pay nothing.

The bourse is open but there is no business transacted. Not a quotation was made during the whole day. A few of the terrified sold for cash a few City of Paris bonds or shards of the Credit Foncier hid the money and took the first train for Geneva. So far, a young man has suicided in a bath, and an old officer gone crazy, and the wife of a leading merchant has disappeared. Unhappily we fear, these will not be the only cases of the kind. The old boursiers have not lost all hope. We are expecting anything, but know nothing.—*Paris Figaro.*

—A gang of seven juvenile thieves has been broken up in Brooklyn, N. Y. The leader is only sixteen years of age, but has attained notoriety enough to secure his picture in the gallery of wrong-doers at police headquarters. The operations of these juveniles have been carried on quite extensively for several months.

For Young Readers.

PRINCE NEZAHUALCOYOTL.

Ever so many years ago—long before white people came to America—there lived, down in what we now call Mexico, a little Aztec Prince named Nezahualcoyotl. A long, funny name, is it not? What do you suppose they called him "for short?"

But, in spite of such a long name, he proved himself, as he grew older, to be one of the bravest Princes and brightest boys of whom history tells—as an American Prince should be.

Great Kings, although they have beautiful palaces to live in, and everything to make them happy, endure heavy cares of government which at times make them gloomy and sad; yet one would imagine that a boy Prince, too young to assume responsibilities, would have no other care than to do right, and be happy. But poor Nezahualcoyotl had more cares than you imagine.

A few years before this story opens his father had been killed in a terrible battle, and, soon after, a wicked uncle named Moxtla was crowned King, although he knew that Nezahualcoyotl was rightfully the ruler. And when the boy's friends advised him to hide from Moxtla, who, of course, jealously watched his movements, the lad said: "Why, surely, he will not be unkind to me!"

So, on the coronation day, when everybody was gayly dressed, and a great banquet was to be held at the palace, Nezahualcoyotl dressed himself in his best and went bravely to the new King's dwelling to offer his contratulations.

But when the crowd stepped aside to let him approach his uncle, and when he knelt down and said: "Uncle, I hope you will be happy," and handed him a bouquet of flowers, his uncle turned rudely away and began talking with his officers. By this Nezahualcoyotl knew that his uncle was unfriendly to him, and he hurried, as friends advised him, to a palace in a distant part of the country.

One bright morning, soon after, the Prince was playing ball in the palace court-yard, and as he was laughing and tossing the plaything against the wall, an attendant came running up, and said:

"Oh, sir, there are some armed men coming from the King!" And after pausing to catch his breath, he said: "Oh, hide, or they will kill you!—quick!"

The Prince turned very pale at this, but, quieting his friends and attendants, he showed them how foolish it would be to show his fright at this time, and urged them to stand by him.

In a few minutes up came the armed men, with the feathers on their heads nodding in the wind, and they were all ready to kill the Prince, although he had done no harm.

But he stepped forward to greet them, and welcomed them to his palace, and invited them to dine with him. Being treated so courteously, they walked in, and were soon seated at the table.

Now, among the Mexicans (or Aztecs) of those days, it was a mark of respect to burn incense when great men were visiting at a house; so, before long, the incense began to send up its curling wreaths of smoke in the doorway leading to the next room, while Nezahualcoyotl politely entertained his cruel guests.

As he talked pleasantly with them, and they were enjoying the meal, he quietly rose, and saying: "Excuse me a moment," passed into the next room. The doors were wide open, so that his enemies did not suspect anything at his departure.

But, as the servants fed the fire of the incense, the clouds of smoke became denser and denser, and completely hid Nezahualcoyotl from the feasters. Glancing back through the wavering clouds of incense at his enemies, he saw them dreamily watching the curling smoke, and evidently not thinking of his movements. So he quietly opened a door, and there close by it lay a long pipe, through which water formerly had been brought to the palace, but which had been for some time unused. Softly closing the door behind him, he quickly dropped into the long dark pipe, and lay there safely hidden until night-fall, when he came out, and with some faithful followers hurried far away from his persecutors.

Now, just think how angry Moxtla must have been when he heard of this—and how severely he would punish the men he had sent to kill the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. He immediately proclaimed that an enormous prize would be given to any one who would bring the Prince to him, dead or alive.

Therefore poor Nezahualcoyotl was compelled, with a small band of friends, to wander about in the night over high mountains, and across lonely plains; and seldom in day-time could he safely venture out, for, as he knew, many persons in all parts of the country were vigilantly watching to capture him. Poor boy! He continually urged his faithful followers to leave him, lest they should endanger their own lives. But they refused, for they loved him; and, indeed, even the cruel soldiers of his uncle thought of the little Prince with tenderness.

And this was a fortunate thing for him. For, one day, as he lay concealed in some bushes, he heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the soldiers in the distance.

Nearer and nearer they came, until about sunset they pitched their tents close to the hidden Prince, and ended the day by a lively dance. The keen glance of one of the soldiers spied the poor Prince trying to hide among the bushes near by. Quick as a flash the kind-hearted fellow picked him up and put him into the great drum, and while the other soldiers in a ring around the camp-fire were noisily singing, they little knew how snugly the long-desired prize, for which they had traveled so far, lay concealed at their very feet.

And at last a change came for both the wicked uncle and the young Prince. Men tired of Moxtla's severity and cruelty, and lamented the alteration since the peaceful rule of Nezahualcoyotl's father. Then they thought of the Prince, and resolved to fight for him.

Gladly he received this good news, and, returning with his faithful followers, he fought a great battle; and being so fortunate as to gain the victory, he was crowned King, and reigned over Mexico for years afterward, a wise and good ruler.—*Sarah C. Very, in St. Nicholas.*

A Few Words to the Boys.

Boys are scarce now-a-days. In the days of Methuselah, male human beings were still boys when nearly a century old; twenty-five years ago boys were still such until well out of their "teens;" now the interval between infancy and the age at which the boy becomes a young man is so brief that boyhood is almost a thing of the past. The happy period of care-free, joyous innocence which formerly intervened between childhood and early manhood, is now almost unobservable. Boys grow old too fast. They learn to imitate the vices and the manners of their seniors before they reach their teens, and are impatient to be counted as men, no matter how great may be their deficiencies, their unfitness for the important duties and responsibilities of life. The consequence of this inordinate haste and impatience to be old is premature decay. Unfortunately the general tendency of the young members of the rising generation is to copy the vices of their elders, rather than the virtues of true manliness. A strong evidence of this fact, if there were no other, is the unnaturally old-looking faces which so many of our boys present. At the present time the average boy of twelve knows more of vice and sin than the youth of twenty of the past generation.

It is not so much for these human mushrooms, which may not inaptly be compared to toadstools which grow up in a single night and almost as speedily decay, that we write, but for the old-fashioned boys, a few such there may be, those who have not yet learned to love sin, those whose minds are still pure and uncontaminated. Those who have already begun a course of vice and wickedness we have little hope of reforming; but we are anxious to offer a few words of counsel and warning which may possibly help to save, as brands plucked from a blazing fire, those whose moral sense is yet alive, who have quick and tender consciences, who aspire to be truly noble and good.

What are boys for? This question was answered with exact truthfulness by a little boy, who, when contemptuously accosted by a man with the remark: "What are you good for?" replied: "Men are made of such as we." Boys are the beginnings of men. They sustain the same relation to men that the buds do to full-blown flowers. They are still more like the small green apples which first appear when the blossoms drop from the branches, compared with the ripe, luscious fruit which in autumn bends the heavy-laden boughs almost to breaking. Often, like the young apples, boys are green; but this is only natural, and should be considered no disgrace to the boys. If they grow up naturally they will ripen with age, like the fruit, developing at each successive stage of life additional attractions and excellent qualities.

A Nation's most valuable property is its boys. A Nation which has poor, weakly, vicious boys will have still weaker, more vicious and untrustworthy men. A country with noble, virtuous, vigorous boys is equally sure of having noble, pious, brave and energetic men. Whatever debases, contaminates or in any way injures the boys of a country, saps and undermines the very foundation of the Nation's strength and greatness. Save the boys from vice and crime, give them good training, physically, mentally and morally, and the prosperity of the Nation is assured.

When a skillful artist perfects a work of art, a painting, a drawing, a statue or some other work requiring great talent and exceeding all his other efforts, it is called his masterpiece. So man is the noblest work of God, the masterpiece of the Almighty. Numerous anecdotes are told of the sagacity of dogs, horses, elephants and other animals, of their intelligence and ingenious devices in overcoming obstacles, avoiding difficulties, etc. Our admiration and wonder are often excited by the scarcely less than human wisdom shown by these lowly brothers of the human race. We call them noble animals, but they are only noble brutes, at best. Compared with man, even in his most humble form, as seen in the wild savage that hunts and devours his prey like a wild beast, a lion or a tiger, they are immeasurably inferior. And in his highest development, man, civilized, cultivated, Christianized, learned, generous, pious, certainly stands at the head of all created things.

Boys, do you love what is noble, what is pure, what is grand, what is good? You may each, if you will, become such yourselves. Let us consider for a moment how a noble character is ruined.

A noble character is formed by the development of the good qualities of an individual. A bad character is formed by the development of bad traits or evil propensities. In other words, sin is the cause of the demoralization of character, the debasing of the mind, the loss of nobility of which we see so much around us in the world. Sin is the transgression of some law. There are two kinds of sins: those which are transgressions of the moral law, and those which are transgressions of the physical law. Both classes of sins are followed by penalties. If a person violates the laws of health he is just as certain to suffer as though he tells a falsehood, steals, murders, or commits any other crime. Perfect obedience to all of nature's laws, including, of course, all moral laws, is necessary to perfect health and perfect nobleness of character.

By obeying all the laws which relate to the healthy action of the body and the mind, a noble character and a healthy body may be formed. Any deviation from right will be sure to be followed by suffering. A boy who carefully heeds the advice of good and wise parents, who avoids bad company, who never indulges in bad habits of any sort, who cultivates purity, honesty and manliness, is certain, to grow up into a noble, lovely youth, and to become an intelligent, respected and virtuous man.—*Good Health.*

—When we consider that seven hundred and fifty umbrellas were left in the New York Elevated Railway cars last year we begin to appreciate the extent of human forgetfulness.—*Lowell Journal.*

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The newest bracelets are of gold coin, from one dollar up to the double eagle.

—In spite of drouth and chinch bugs, Kansas, according to the latest reliable estimates, will have this season about 100,000,000 bushels of corn.

—When a farmer neglects or refuses co-operating with his brother farmers, he strikes a blow at the advancement of his class and becomes his own worst enemy.—*Exchange.*

—During the recent Arkansas State Fair at Little Rock, Sam Morrow, colored, of Washington County, took the first premium on wheat. The wheat was a splendid variety, and weighed nearly sixty-eight pounds to the bushel.

—Powdered rosin is said to be the best thing to stop bleeding from cuts. After the powder is sprinkled on, wrap the wound with a soft cotton cloth. As soon as the wound begins to feel feverish, keep the cloth wet with cold water.

—The breeder who can bring to notice a breed of fowls that will eat potato bugs has a fortune in his hands. They are a desirable want on all potato fields. Bugs are usually plenty. Where is the breed of fowls that will destroy them?—*Denver Tribune.*

—If Ohio, in place of her 600,000 dogs, was to keep at the same expense the same number of pigs, the figures would stand something like this: 300,000 pigs kept one year would dress 60,000,000 pounds of pork, worth $4,000,000. This would be an equal gain, whereas now the loss on sheep killed by dogs foots up into the millions.

—Fried Oysters.—Drain the oysters through a sieve; beat up two or three eggs; have ready some grated bread or cracker crumbs; sprinkle some salt and a little pepper over the oysters, then dip each oyster into the egg and bread crumbs; have the pan hot and clean; put equal portions of butter and lard in the pan; fry to a nice brown; be careful and not burn.—*Boston Transcript.*

—I was taught that fence posts should be seasoned, but a trial of bar posts set green, seem to disprove it. Feeling encouraged in that direction, my brother, about June 1, 1845, sawed from thrifty white oak trees, posts for a feace in front of our house. They were six by six inches at the butt, three by six inches at top, and were set at once, the fence being completed in July. The fence is now standing, and is in fair order, only two posts having been renewed in the thirty-six years. We have proved on this farm that chestnut posts are more durable if cut and peeled, and placed directly in the ground.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—Nothing improves the appearance of the waitress at a table so much as a neat and tasteful apron. At a recent entertainment given in a church parlor a few very pretty aprons were worn. One was of white dotted muslin trimmed with a ruffle edged with Valenciennes lace; another was of plain muslin with two deep fluted ruffles of the same, with black velvet heading. Another had Valenciennes insertion put over blue ribbons, and still another was of plain white linen with a wide hem and a broad band of ric-rac above that. Daintier than any of these, but less serviceable, was one of pale pink silk with a deep muslin flounce put on in plaits.

Sheep and Goats.

There has suddenly sprung up an old idea of protecting sheep against dogs by adding a goat or two in the flock to drive the dogs away, etc. But this has hardly made its appearance before it is contradicted. A gentleman of Washington writes in a New York paper that it will not be tried more than once. He trained a pair of Angora goats (a buck and ewe) on one occasion to raage with his sheep for the latter's protection; but the "buck could jump any fence in the county, and could climb any tree growing in the corner of a rail fence by first getting on the fence and then into the tree. In quite a short time every wether I had was as good jumper as the Angora buck, and had I not converted them into mutton I would have had a valuable flock of sheep ruined. Kill the dogs but keep the sheep and goats separate here as well as hereafter."

If the plentiful use of bells will not protect sheep, herding or yarding should be resorted to. The expense of erecting a rough fence, say seven feet in height, and of course impenetrable to dogs, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet square, is nothing to compare to the loss of sheep. A fence solidly built of rails, poles, etc., would last the best part of a score of years, and there would be no trouble of gathering the sheep into it when once accustomed to it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Raise Your Own Fish.

By attaching a pump, propelled by the wind, to a well you can supply a basin from fifty to seventy-five feet in diameter and six to eight feet deep, with water sufficient to raise several thousand carp or other fish. The cost of this pond and appurtenances need not exceed fifty dollars. The bottom and sides need to be cemented thoroughly. When the basin is complete, place in it a small quantity of brush or floating weeds. If you intend to raise carp, do not place other fish of a predatory character in the pond. The spawning will occur during the spring months, the female laying from 50,000 to 500,000 eggs. The eggs will adhere to whatever they touch, and will soon hatch. The green scum of a partially stagnant pond is fine food for the young fish. Mud in the bottom of the pond is beneficial. The fish will feed readily on kitchen-garden refuse, such as cabbage, leek, lettuce, hominy or other substances. Water seldom becomes too warm for these fish. During freezing weather they bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pond. While in this condition they should not be disturbed. In a pond of the given dimensions several thousand fish have annually been taken. If weeds and grass grow profusely about the borders of the pond, so much better for the fish. In two years' time you can have an abundant and constant supply of sport and food, and the advantage of a pond to assist in beautifying your home.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—"A man would be a heap better off of he was as perticler 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

THE DAIRY.

—Butter Inspector Howe, of Chicago, is pushing the work of prosecuting dealers in adulterated butter quite successfully. He has been able to secure several convictions. The frauds are generally fined about twenty-five dollars and costs and almost always insist on having a jury in the case.

—A roan Jersey short-horn cow, belonging to General Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., is reported by Hark Comstock to have given 1,787 pounds of milk in one month last spring, and making twenty-one and three-quarters pounds of butter in seven days. Her feed was grass and four quarts of ground corn and oats daily.

—Judge McCrary, of the United States Court, has decided that a suit for infringement of the Cooley creamer patent can not be maintained, as the alleged invention "is void for want of novelty and by prior use." A similar decision has been rendered in New York in relation to drive wells. An appeal has been taken in both cases to the United States Supreme Court.

—Canada has become more emphatically a dairy country than the United States. With a population of 5,000,000, they manufacture annually 60,000,000 pounds of cheese, equal to twelve pounds per capita, while we, with 50,000,000 make 300,000,000, or six pounds per capita. With a population not exceeding one-tenth of ours, their exports of butter are about one-half as great as ours.

—The value of the butter product of the country is about five times that of cheese, but only three per cent. of it is as yet shipped abroad, while thirty per cent. of the cheese goes there. American dairymen have unquestionably succeeded remarkably in pleasing the palates of the English with their cheese, and in continental countries, even in noted dairy districts like Holland and Belgium, American cheese is offered the traveler. No packing of butter has as yet been able to bring the American maker into really serious competition with the French and other continental makers. The English like fresh butter. The shipments from New York, mainly to ports in Great Britain, from May 1, 1881, to January 11, 1882, were 16,898,482 pounds, to 23,906,205 for the corresponding period last year.

—Brewers' grains have no ill effect upon the milk; on the contrary, they produce milk abundantly and of very good quality. But they will not make good butter. It is best to feed them with some corn meal; half a bushel of grains twice a day, with two quarts of meal, is the quantity fed by many experienced milk dairymen. Cows do very well kept in a stable and a roomy yard the whole year round, and fed by soiling. Cows cannot be pastured properly where land is worth $100 per acre, and soiling, either wholly or partially, must be resorted to. By soiling ten cows can be kept easily on twenty acres of land, and where it is in real good condition one acre will support one cow through the year, because two and sometimes three crops can be grown on the same ground in the same season. Half a bushel of bran a day would be too expensive a feed at the present price of bran; it would be cheaper to feed cut hay or corn-fodder, wetted and mixed with two quarts of bran and two quarts of corn meal, twice a day. In soiling a large quantity of manure is made, which is one of its greatest advantages.—*N. Y. Times.*

Milk Breeding.

Dairy farmers are raisers of milk, they ought to be *breeders* of milk. How should this be done? Why should they breed milk? What is "breeding milk?" To answer these questions in their inverse order: Breeding milk is selecting and pairing animals so that the yield of milk in their progeny will make them most remunerative for this quality. The farmer who has a first-rate milch cow, or who would breed one can afford to ignore every other quality except milk-yield and constitution. Still it is not best to do so. Milk outweighs in value every other product. Beef, labor and calves, the only other products we get from a neat animal, are insignificant compared with milk, provided only we are situated so that we can make use of it. A great many dairy farmers calculate to obtain all their cows by purchase from drifting droves. *That* is buying milk in anticipation; and though such milk may often be very good, the farmer not only runs great risks of disease, consumption and the like, but he loses both the pleasure and profit of breeding his own stock.

Breeding for milk is what many dairy farmers claim to do. How many breed milk?—obtain the actual result? This they ought to do, and they ought to take pride in seeing their herd of deep milkers and rich milkers grow year after year in both quantity and quality of the product from the same number of cows. In almost every dairy section there are some such farmers. They buy from the cow dealer only to fill an empty stall, or to feed up surplus crops. Their herd is their own. They know its pedigree and its produce, and they know that it pays them to raise their own cows.

The milk-breeder selects his cows, looking first to quantity and richness of the milk. The two must be combined for the best results—and they may be. It is true that the greatest milkers seldom give the richest milk, but many of them yield milk of excellent quality. These cows should of course be well-shaped and of good constitution, free from swollen glands in the flanks, thick through the heart, and good handlers. Nothing gives so correct an idea of a cow's health as her hide. It is hard to describe how it should feel, but easy to say how it should not. It must not stick to the ribs, nor be thick or lumpy, nor must it be thin and flabby, and the hair must not be dead and clammy, nor harsh and wiry. A soft, mellow, mobile hide, unctious to the touch, yielding to pressure, yet elastic and loose upon the sides, with hair not unnecessarily fine and soft, but fresh and healthy, furry and elastic. Such a hide and hair indicates a good constitution and at the same time good health. No one can judge of the constitution of an animal, if from any cause it is not quite well.—*American Dairyman.*

—A field of corn is growing in Volusia County, Fla. It was planted Dec. 1.

Soap Grease or Freedom.

At one time during the civil war, when the Yankees made a raid into Ouachita Parish, La., a good many negroes went off with them. Among the number who started was an old woman living in Monroe. She seemed quite rejoiced at the idea of being free; she clapped her hands and shouted and called her friends to go with her. "Come 'long wid me, folkses, I'm gwine to glory! Gwine to glory in dis here waggin! Come 'long, all of you, an' go wid mo to glory! Glory!"

But when the baggage was inspected it was found that Aunt M'lissy was taking an undue allowance, for besides her trunks she had several kegs, bags and barrels, some containing ashes, and others full of old bones and meat skins for soap-grease. The officer had them all thrown out into the street, declining to transport such freight. This highly incensed Aunt M'lissy. She quit shouting "glory" and indignantly jumped out of the wagon, and refused to go a step toward freedom without her treasures.

"You 'speck me to go Norf an' leave haaf my plunder 'hin'? Hice me dowa dat air hair kivered trunk er mine an' my blue chis', an' my dog-irons, an' dat yudder yaller trunk; I'se gwine to stay here, I is! Ketch me leavin' dese diggin's 'dout my little bags er bones an' my little barril ashes, an' my little kaigs er bacon-rines!"

Some one reminded Aunt M'lissy that she was losing a glorious opportunity for gaining her freedom, but she muttered: What's use bein' free if you ain't got no soap-grease?"

So her trunks and her "blue chis" were "listed down," and she returned home, happy to resume her old life rather than part with her cherished soap grease.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Society of Public Analysis of Great Britian has adopted a standard for the poorest milk of nine per cent. of solids and twenty-five per cent. of fats. Professor Cameron states that examinations of the milk of forty-two short horn cows, during the winter of 1880, gave 9.70 per cent. of solids and 4.20 per cent. of fats in the poorest milk, the cows being housed and well fed. The average yield per day was 11¼ quarts per cow. In every instance more milk was given in the morning than in the evening. The quality of milk improved in each case as the time for calving drew near. The older cows were found to give both more and better milk than the younger ones.

—At Vienna has been printed an official report on the riot at Warsaw, from which it appears that the total number of families whose property was damaged is 2,011, or about 10,000 individuals, with claims amounting to 1,200,000 rubles. Of these claims the Warsaw relief commission has recognized 767,000 rubles. Its fund had reached, on January 18, the sum of 150,000 rubles. It is learned that the mob destroyed 292 spirit shops, 603 restaurants, shops and places of worship, and 393 private houses, all the property of Jews.

Uncle Sam's Men.

Uncle Sam's letter-carriers are a hardworking set of men, and are liable to contract rheumatism because of the constant exposure to which they are subjected. Calling at the Post-office the reporter had a pleasant conversation with Mr. J. H. Mattern, one of the most popular and clever letter-carriers in Indianapolis. Mr. Mattern said that, while in the army during the civil war, he sprained one of his ankles, which was always worse in the spring during the period of the rapid changes in the weather. He did not find much relief from the several remedies he applied. But two years ago he hit upon St. Jacobs Oil, and experienced wonderful relief from its use. Several applications of the Great German Remedy relieved him entirely. The reporter talked with others among the letter-carriers and found that the Great German Remedy was popular in the Post-office. They use it for sore feet, rheumatism, etc., and praise it highly.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) News.*

PAT says he was born on the last day of the year, and congratulates himself that he was born at all. "For if it had been the next day what would have become of me?"—*Quiz.*

WE see in the *New York Spirit of the Times* mention of the cure of Mr. George Drake, 46 Fifth street, Indianapolis, Ind., of a severe case of water rheumatism, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BY contracting a disease you help to spread it. Queer, isn't it?—*New Haven Palladium.*

IT is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

THE human race is remarkable for its continual exercise of the logical faculties. The reason which it gives for its conduct may not always be satisfactory to the critic, but it at least shows that the great brain of the world is ceaselessly active. "What did you think of the Bishop's sermon this morning?" asked a gentleman of his barber. 'The man of shears replied: "Well, really, sir, there was a gent a-settin' in front of me as 'ad his 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"CONDUCTOR," said a lady passenger on the train, pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the window-sill behind her, "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down." "I daren't, ma'am," replied the polite but cautious ticket fiend, "he's a member of the Legislature."

A MAN in this county, being in town several days ago, was sent for and told that one of his children was dead. Slapping his hand upon his thigh, he said: "By gum, that's hard. I wouldn't had her happen for half a dollar!"—*West Liberty Scorcher.*

A BROOKLYN policeman rescued six children from a burning dwelling. He had been only two weeks on the force. By the time he has been there two years he will learn to come out of a burning house with a new overcoat on and the spoons in his pocket.

"I DON'T mind the pi-anner much," said a fond but perplexed mother, recently, "but when Marier gets to sailyin' around in front of the lookin'-glass and disputin' in French with her own shadder, it makes me right nervous."

THERE is a woman in Wisconsin who has been married fifty-eight years and who has never missed building the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire-escape on record.

"WHAT must I do," asked a mean and conceited man of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own portrait," was the reply.

THE reason that a baggage man recently hurled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

Removing the Capitol.

A few years ago it was the fashion among a certain clique of politicians, whose utterances were echoed by a portion of the press, to clamor for the removal of the Capitol from Washington to some representative Western city near to the geographical center of the country. The topic seemed to prove a seven days wonder, however, and was soon forgotten in the rush and requirements of the Nation's urgent business. Now whether the Capitol will ever be removed or not is not near so interesting a question to some people as whether rheumatism can or will be removed from their bodies. The subject of the removal of this disease from the system has very successfully interested myriads of people, and from the extended expressions conveyed by the almost innumerable statements received from representatives of every class of the community, we append the following brief selection,—premising for the benefit of the reader that the disease referred to is rheumatism or neuralgia and the remedy is that grand old pain panacea—St. Jacobs Oil.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio: "Excellent for Rheumatism and kindred diseases. It has benefited me greatly."—Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago: "Has been used in my family and neighborhood with remarkable results, and I think it an excellent remedy."—John Carr Moody, Esq., Counselor-at-Law, Vallejo, Cal.: "The relief afforded in a short time was such as to make me disregard the evidence of my own senses."—Capt. Paul Boyton, the World Renowned Swimmer: "I do not see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."—Mr. D. W. McDonald, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Ottawa, Can.: "A splendid remedy; cured rheumatism of my wrist and hand."—Commander J. B. Coghlan, U.S.N., Mare Island, Cal.: "Complete and wonderful cure of most painful attacks of rheumatism."—Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Supt. New York Post-office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious. Ready relief for rheumatic pains."—Ex-Postmaster Gen. James, while Postmaster of New York, tersely and characteristically endorsed Supt. Wareing's report by writing: "I concur."

Assessment Life Insurance Irregularities.

The Chicago *Tribune* says editorially: "If anything were needed to show the necessity for a stringent law restraining the assessment or co-operative life-insurance craze, it is shown by our Columbus dispatch, which confirms the report of some Ohio miscreant having taken a risk on the elder Mrs. Garfield's life in one of the speculative companies. There is great excitement and indignation at the State Capital and throughout Ohio in consequence of this and other recent similar discoveries. The passage of a strong protective law by the present Legislature will undoubtedly result." The dispatch is as follows. "Great indignation has been occasioned by the verification of the report that some miserable speculator in human life has taken out a policy for $5,000 on the life of Mrs. Garfield, the late President Garfield's mother, without her knowledge or consent, in the "Standard Mutual Aid Society," of Mansfield. Mrs. Garfield is over eighty years old, and her insurer probably rightly calculated that he would not have to pay many assessments before he could realize on his policy. Insurance Commissioner Moore has all the evidence in his possession, but will not disclose it until it is given in his forthcoming report, which promises some startling developments in respect to other companies of this kind. Senator Horr's bill for regulating these assessment societies, it is believed, will go through both Houses without opposition. The Legislature is determined to grapple with assessment life insurance, by means of which alone the graveyard rascality is possible, and put an end to it before its disgraces this State as it has Pennsylvania."

Extract of Letter in New York Sun.

A well-known sportsman from the North, while hunting in Florida was recently bitten by a rattlesnake when twelve miles from home and without whisky. The colored driver of the party had, however, in his pocket a bottle of pain killer, which he insisted the wounded man should drink and apply to the bitten spot. For want of any other remedy, real or supposed, this was done, and a cure was effected. Since then Davis Pain Killer has been made a legal tender in Florida. The snake measuring four and a half feet long was killed—the skin and rattles preserved to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

"LITTLE thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself." The thanks of invalids the world over are being showered on the inventor of Kidney-Wort, for they are giving health to all. Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it.

WE kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness and dyspepsia. They contain no opium or hurtful drug. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure is a sure and perfect remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

"I THINK," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower or go on a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a very cold collection. I hope it won't be as cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday. Why, there wasn't efficient to buy a foot for a destitute widder." And the old lady put on her sash and left.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

"WHAT to eat and how to cook it," is the name of a book recently published. "What to eat and where to get it," would meet with a livelier sale among the laboring classes.

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach and General Debility. Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

SHE was a wee bit of lovable humanity, and when she murmured "Yes" to his tender inquiry, he called her "a little one for assent."—*N. Y. News.*

Bed-Ridden and Cured.

W. E. HURSTIS, of Emporia, Kan., says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

WHY are seeds, when sown, like gate posts? Because they are planted in the earth to propagate.

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

BACON says: "Reading makes a full man." That must be the Reading in Pennsylvania where the brewery is located.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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22 5 tf S. D. YODER.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 364, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road at or near the Calhoun place, and running through the lands of Daniel Annan and others, to intersect the Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park, a distance of about 2¼ miles.

P. HAMILL,
TRUMAN CASTEEL,
345 GEO. B. WHITE.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a change in the county road running from Jonas Tice's to the widow Hetrick's, viz: To leave the old road bed at a point near Glade Run, and running thence between the lands of Andrew Pysell and Nancy Hetrick intersecting the county road running from the Grantsville road to Engles Mills, at a point near Christian Orendorf's.

LEWIS BEITZELL,
JONAS J. TICE,
ANDREW PYSELL,
2 18 5 And others.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities, and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue,
8 10 6d Baltimore.

TIMBER FOR SALE.

Part of the timber on the tract of land belonging to Theos. B. Horwitz, on the Hooppole Road, adjoining lands of Bowie Johnson, within a short distance of Browning's steam saw mill. Apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

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THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED

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We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

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☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

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v3n47.

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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. P. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	3.31 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FREE TO EVERYBODY!

A Beautiful Book for the Asking.

By applying personally at the nearest office of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance) any *adult* person will be presented, with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED

—OR THE—

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containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 28 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

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6 11 9 m New York.

INVENTORS

BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 517 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for Instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,

vs.

William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewlit, Ellen Hewlit, Elizabeth Morrow Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary L. Teeters, Samuel Teeters, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Ithoa Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Hy. Barnes, —— Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Complaint in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1821, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1803, and recorded in Liber D, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, wherein he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz, are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate at the revision, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John H. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John H. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Ruth Metz, both of who m died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: Isaac N. W. Metz, Emily Metz, John Metz, Eliza Metz and Elizabeth Metz, Isaac N. W. Metz is still living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, Emily intermarried with one William Spiker, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heirat law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and James Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes, the following do not reside in the State of Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewlit, Ellen Hewlit, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabhth Horan, ——Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of, the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is therenpon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 4 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four annual yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. J. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer, Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN.
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

heriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the Sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Flack, Eno, & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POETRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poetry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1161, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1163, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1163 south 6 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1809 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 6½ degrees, east 21 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1161, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 10 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
3 14 t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

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CUSTOM WORK

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SAMUEL LAWTON.

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It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

For sale by all Jewelers. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue, and to see warrant.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Breneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 18 5 And others.

1882 THE SUN, 1882

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Full of news and sound in principle. The paper of the people. Its past the index of its future. The cheapest and best newspaper known. The world's news in a nutshell form. An entertaining, Accurate and trustworthy newspaper. Reliable market, stock, finance and shipping reports. Special home and foreign correspondence. The sun stands in the front ranks of journalism. Terms of subscription by mail, invariably cash in advance. Postage free.

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Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodebeaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882. NUMBER 4.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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P. A. CHISHOLM, Carpenter, Contractor, And Builder. Residence on Centre street.

GEO. A. SPEDDEN, Residence opp. School house.

A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

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P. GRIM, Residence, at Catonsville—suburbs of Oakland.

JAMES S. JOHNSON, Residence on First street.

J. W. LAUGHLIN, MD., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Deer Park Md.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

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The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invaribly

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior-One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Diphtheria.

A **cold** or **sore throat** may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly** and **surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is **not an experiment.** It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—H. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. HOUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever PAIN KILLER has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER, For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

AHEAD OF TIME.

"Now I'm going to show you why I struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

"I have a warm place in my heart for my native Vermont," she went on; "And knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not remain here instead of seeking a home and a profession for myself among strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject but there was no time to confess it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with a brisk "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage.

"This," pointing to a weather-beaten but comfortable-looking house, is the home-stead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law expects us."

"How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable?" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily. "And, my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders, and peered with a microscope upon your hands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly."

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law had described her—"like a very sad and troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I noticed her mournful eyes fill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, "you are as busy as ever, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," our hostess replied; "there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?"

"I made a little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I suppose?"

The doctor's tone was somewhat crisp.

"I churned at four, and I have just worked my butter over. I don't mind it so much when churning doesn't come washing days; and, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is ready."

"Been washing, too?" my friend inquired.

"Oh, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that there was in the house!"

"So you've made forty pounds of butter," said the doctor, "washed—and what else?"

"Not much else besides the regular work. I picked some beans for dinner, and made a few pies; that's all."

At this point my friend much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon as we had driven away.

"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it now solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I calculate the length of that woman's days within a fraction of time."

"I should think your brother wouldn't allow his wife to work so," I remarked.

"What does he know about it?" said the doctor. "He comes into the house for the three meals that are prepared for him, and when night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to the village and spends his evenings with his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves him. Sarah has an excellent reputation as wife and house-keeper all over the country. She has helped my brother 'lay up'—in Vermont vernacular—several thousand dollars. It doesn't take a prophet to see that another wife will have the benefit of this one's toil; though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country, she will not have sense enough to be benefited by anything!"

"If your sister-in-law would only have a servant," I suggested.

"A servant! Why, what a greenhorn you are!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife strong enough to bear the finger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? If it is for better, my dear, to wear one's self to death than to [illegible] and [illegible] and extravagance, they would of course [illegible] by the spirit of economy [illegible] my brother is considered [illegible] stop at [illegible] ern [illegible] "My sister Anna seems [illegible] have [illegible] relations [illegible] and [illegible] people [illegible] beat [illegible] other [illegible] with [illegible] my sister Anna was as healthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one of the family. I had some hopes that she would keep out of the tread-mill, and, it she did marry a farmer and settle down here, that she would furnish an example of common sense to her neighbors; but she is just like the rest, only worse perhaps."

All this as the doctor hitched her horse, and was walking up the long, graveled walk.

Sister Anna was scolding one of her children when we entered the house and we were upon her before she had finished her loud-pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had such contrary youngsters as I have got?" she remarked, apologetically. "They do worry me so sometimes that it seems to me I should enjoy myself in my grave."

"Send a couple of them to me, Anna, whenever you feel like parting with them," said the doctor.

"I would in a minute if their father was willing," the lady replied. "I don't know how to bring up children," she added, "and if I did know how I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything; I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer."

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it if I give up?"

"Where is the pain, Anna, how long have you had it?"

The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had all the time no suspion that any of it was assumed.

"It is under my left shoulder blade," her sister replied, "and I haven't breathed a long breath since November. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute."

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side, and took her hand in hers.

"Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right," said the invalid, doing her best to make light of the situation.

"How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired, as she prepared some medicine.

"Only six this year."

"And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?"

"Of course I"

"How many cows have you?"

"Fourteen."

"And you make butter for the market?" Sister Anna smiled as she answered this question.

"I average about sixty pounds a week."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"About four o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Anywhere from 10 to 12," and then with a glance in my direction, "You see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't do this they couldn't lay up anything, to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated in great perplexity. "I don't suppose I shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have hard coughing spells every morning, do you not?"

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world did you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. That I do know is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find other places for his workmen, and some one must be found immediately to do your housework and you must go to bed every night at 8 o'clock, and remain in bed till after breakfast. You must have all sorts of nourishing food, and pork and cordials must be eliminated from your bill of fare."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lips quivered painfully.

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you, you may get well; if not, it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, as I don't know what I am talking about, [illegible] for any responsible physician you [illegible] truth."

"Oh, Mary! There isn't any way of doing the thing you mentioned. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer, and I have been trying harder than ever to make the end lap over."

"Where is Clarke?" the doctor inquired.

"He is down at the creek, haying."

"I will drive down and have a talk with him right away," said my friend making ready to leave.

"Oh, Mary! Don't you think there is any other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arms and caressed her fondly.

"No other way sis," she replied; "but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other places," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story; work, work, work, without rest or change from year's end to year's end. My mother killed herself by her attempts to get ahead of time. Two sisters have traveled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropped dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knew it was all wrong as soon as I knew anything, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried so hard to get ahead of time and make things 'lap over' that she has abused and probably killed herself besides criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has had five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and muscle are forever in use! Every year I come up here and find things going from bad to worst among my relatives and most of my friends, and the horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will ever have the slightest effect."

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and unusually frequent. There is no mistaking such signs."

"How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of the twenty-four."

"Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asked you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives you can say that she declined to live among criminals and suicides."

Five months after the above incident, sister Anna died, and one year from the date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and laying up for a future which is more than likely she never will enjoy.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Advertising is the pole that knocks the persimmons.

Don't—Pray Don't.

Don't tell this little one, who may be slightly wilful, that "the black man will come out of the collar and carry it off if it does not mind." Don't create a needless fear to go with the awful threats all the stages of its existence.

Don't tell the little five year old Jimmy "the school marm will cut off his ears"—"pull out his teeth"—"bite him"—or any of those horrible stories that are commonly presented to the childish imagination. Think you the little one will believe any thing you tell him, after he becomes acquainted with the gentle teacher who has not the least idea of putting those terrible threats into

Don't tell the children they must not drink tea because it will make them black, while you continue to use it daily. Your example is more to them than precept; and while your face is as a June morning, they will scarcely credit the oft told tale. Either give up drinking the pleasant beverage, or give your children a better reason for its none-use.

Don't tell them they must not eat sugar or sweetness, because it will rot their little teeth. Pure sugar does not cause the teeth to decay; and sugar with fruit is nutritious and healthy, notwithstanding the "old saw" to the contrary. The case of city children is often cited, the cause of their pale and delicate looks being declared an over amount of sweetments with their diet, when the actual cause is want of pure air and proper exercise.

Don't tell the sick one that the medicine is not bad to take, when you can hardly keep your own stomach from turning "inside out" at the smell of it. Better by far tell him the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary for his health and you desire him to take it at once. Ten to one he will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner.

Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard your lips, and bridle your tongue, if you desire to have the coming generation truthful. Truthfulness is one of the foundation stones of heaven. Remember the old, old Book says "no liar" shall enter the gates of the beautiful city. There is no distinction between white lies and those of a darker hue. A falsehood is an untruth, whether the matter be great or small.—*Rural New Yorker.*

About Advertising.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisment it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

Don't be afraid to invest in printer's ink, lest your sands of life be nearly run out.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the stuff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

As imple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a small card, published for a few months after, giving your address.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Now is the time to think about advertiseing, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

To make a man realize an idea as you realize it is what is necessary to understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names before the pulic, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you, too?"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ABSENCE OF MIND.

[Scene: A sleeping-car. An absent-minded passengor suddenly arises from his seat and looks aimlessly around him.]

"A heavy weight is on my mind!
I know I've left *something* behind!
It cannot be the brazen check,
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,
For here it is! My hat-box? No!
It safely rests the seat below!
It must be, then, my new umbrella,
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!'
Why, bless me, no! How very queer!
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight!
My purse and ticket are all right!
What fancies crowd an addled head;
There's naught amiss! I'll go to bed."

Full peacefully he sank to rest,
If snores a peaceful sleep attest.
A tuneful hour had scarce slipped by,
When loud uprose an anguished cry—
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—
"I've left the baby at the station!"

—*Century.*

MOTHER.

"Where are you going this evening, Kate?"

"To the temperance meeting. I promised to play for the Society to-night. You won't mind, will you?"

"Be home early, dear."

"Yes, but don't worry if I should be detained. Johnny will take care of me. Can you have a little hot chocolate ready for me when I get home?"

And when evening came the bright face and cheerful voice were gone.

"Everywhere but here," sighed the weary mother, as she turned up the light, and seated herself to her long evening's work.

"I didn't dream of this," she mused, "when I made plans, with Katie's little baby face looking into mine. 'She will be such company for me,' I said, 'when she grows up,' and now I seem to be nothing but a convenience.

"Night after night I sit by myself. It is either lecture, or party, or concert, or company, when I am expected to exert myself and wait upon her and John. It is hard to be forced to admit it, but I think my child cares for everybody but me. And I cannot tell her that I think she neglects me. If she cannot see for herself, I must suffer on." Her eyes moistened. "It seems to me I have been unselfish," she said. "I know I have tried to be."

There was a knock at the door. A neighbor came in, one of those women who, though not generally liked, contrive to keep on a good footing with their neighbors through sheer force of persistence. Her name was Grace, though not a particle of that quality so often found in the humblest of women appeared in her speech, manners or garments.

"I was sure I should find you alone," she said. "Kate is out?"

"Yes; she has gone to the temperance meeting. She is very useful there."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Grace, her keen eyes reading the pale, patient face. "Kate seems to be a great favorite everywhere, but I should think you'd want her at home more. Aren't you lonesome evenings? I shouldn't know what to do without my Liza."

Kate's mother almost smiled involuntarily. Liza was a very homely girl, without ambition and almost without spirit. She was Kate's senior by nearly twenty years; yet there was something pathetic in the care and love she showed for her mother.

"Yes, I think Kate is a favorite," she made reply. "Nothing in the way of amusement seems to go without her help. I want her to enjoy herself while she can; trouble always comes soon enough."

"Most likely it will if she marries Johnny Palmer," ventured Mrs. Grace.

"Why, what do you mean? What about Johnny," asked the woman, with nervous interest.

"O, nothing—only he neglects his mother as much as——"

"As Kate neglects me, you would say," exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, with a touch of anger. "You may be sure, Mrs. Grace, that my child hasn't the least thought that she is neglecting me—and she isn't," she added, with a mother's self-abnegation. "I can't expect to keep her, so young and so full of life, housed day and night with an old woman like me."

"Old!" laughed Mrs. Grace. "Why, Kate is seventeen, and you are only twenty years her senior. You ought this moment to be almost as youthful and fresh-looking as she is.

"Goodness! You old!" she went on, when Mrs. Raynor failed to reply. "Why, I'm in my sixty-first year, and I can enjoy my share of the world's good yet. The trouble is, you've forgotten yourself and have made your whole life bend to her preferences and inclinations. That's the reason she never thinks of your pleasure or convenience. Kate is a good girl, I'm sure, but people are talking, Mrs. Raynor, specially since Jo died."

Jo was Mr. Raynor. He had been dead now nearly three years.

"What are people saying?" asked Mrs. Raynor, her blue eyes full of lightning.

"Well, they speak of your being left alone so much. You used to be the life of the place."

"I don't care about going out. It's my own fault."

"That's what I reply. At least that's what I tell them you *say*. It's almost always the way; the same old story over and over with parents and children. You bring up your children with painstaking and care, only to have them laugh at your old-fashioned ways and leave you, with hardly a regret, on the first opportunity."

"Don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, in a pained voice, trying to keep back her tears. It seemed like the echo of her own sad words.

Meantime Kate sat at the little organ in the brightly lighted hall, and played and sang, and looked very handsome and very happy. She thought she was doing her duty, and the girl really desired to do some good in the world.

She belonged to the Dorcas Society, that met once a week to sew for the poor, and to the Mite Society and other kindred associations. She taught in Sunday school, was a member of a literary club, and she often said she had scarcely a moment to call her own.

A stranger was speaking. It was a man freshly caught in the temperance net, and he floundered and blundered until it was a positive pain to look at and listen to him.

Belle Lockwood, who sat next to Kate, whispered something in her ear that made her laugh, and then she caught the eye of Bessy Birch. Bessy shook her head, and Kate looked at her music, and then back at Bessy again.

For a long time she gazed, growing more thoughtful every moment. Earlier in the evening she had overheard some one say: "Did you ever see a happier-looking woman than Bessy's mother? Or a younger? One would take them for sisters."

Somehow the words had lingered in Kate's mind, and now she turned and looked at Bessy's mother. There she sat, serene and smiling, every now and then nodding to Bessy, as something was said or done that met with her approval.

Yes, she was looking as young, almost, as Bessy herself. And as Kate watched her, she remembered that they seemed always to take delight in each other. Almost everywhere, they were together.

"Mamma is my beau." How often she had heard Bessy say that! Some way her own mother's sad, pale face forced itself before her.

"If mother only looked like that," she sighed; if mother would only be bright and stirring and go about with me!"

And then it occurred to her that she had never really thought of that before. She had preferred Johnny—the clumsy lad that she cared no more for than any other friend, only that she liked to show her power over him.

It was not quite honorable. She felt herself blush. If Johnny were to ask her to-morrow, she could not marry him. How much nobler and better Bessy was acting!

And there was poor mother all alone. Nobody to speak to, evening after evening, seldom going out, except to church—and so much prettier than Mrs. Birch! Why, yes, prettier and younger-looking! If only she had some incentive, she would be a mother to be proud of.

"How selfish I have been," she thought with a sigh.

"Kate! are you dreaming? Didn't you hear them give out the hymn?"

It was Johnny who spoke, and Kate almost resented his attention. He found the place, opened the music, hovered about her, till the girl's cheeks burned again—everybody was looking at them.

"Johnny, I'm going home with Bessy," she said, at the close of the evening. "You take some one else to-night."

Johnny stepped aside like one stunned, conscious that something had offended the girl—he could not tell what—and Kate walked home on the other side of Bessy's mother; for they passed Kate's house.

"Doesn't Mrs. Raynor ever go out?" asked Mrs. Birch, unconscious of the sting in the question. "It seems as if she would enjoy these meetings. You see, Bessy won't go anywhere without 'mother,' and so we enjoy all the good things together."

With these words sounding in her ears, Kate reached home and went in. It had seemed rather odd to be without Johnny, but she respected herself more when she thought of his commonplace, even silly remarks, and his often-recurring laugh.

Her mother had evidently been asleep, and it smote the girl's newly awakened conscience to meet the weary, sad smile. "I never thought how lonesome you would be," she said, with a kiss so tender that it thrilled the aching heart.

"O—well—Mrs. Grace was here a little while," said her mother.

"Deliver me from her society!" laughed Kate. "Nobody escapes her merciless tongue."

"I didn't expect you so soon or I'd have had a little chocolate. Did—who came home with you?"

"Bessy and her beau," said Kate, demurely.

"Bessy and who?" asked her mother. "I didn't know any young man waited upon Bessy."

"Ah, you don't know everything! Bessy has the nicest beau you ever saw—perfectly devoted to her, and I'm going to have just such another. I have done with Johnny."

"Well, you astonish me," said Mrs. Raynor, "I didn't know as I should ever be curious again. How long has it been? I never saw her with anybody but her mother."

"And that's just what I mean!" said Kate, her eyes dancing. "Mother, I've been asleep this long, long while, and I've just waked up to realize what I've been dreaming about, and to feel sorry for it. Do you know that I am ashamed of myself, because I have neglected and forgotten you. You are ever so much younger and prettier than Bessy's mother, and if you will accept the office, I will have you instead of Johnny, hereafter, for companion. I've waked up to realize that nobody does, or ever will, love me as mother does."

"O my dear child!" exclaimed her mother, with a half-sob, taking her in her arms, "this repays me for all the past. I have sometimes—not often—felt a little neglected and lonesome since your father died; and to-night I was thinking what plans I used to make against the time you should be my companion as well as my daughter. And when I have seen Bessy and her mother——

"Well, no matter. I shall never feel, never think, that again, for the good Father has granted my prayer and given my darling back to me."—*Youth's Companion.*

—A young operator on the Central branch at Concordia, Kansas, recently got married, and the *Blade*, instead of flattering him and saying the usual number of sweet things, merely remarked that "H. Demairs, operator at the C. B. depot got married Sunday eve. Hope it will make him better natured, so he can answer a civil question in a gentlemanly way." The *Empire* gives him the following send-off: "All that we hope is that his wife will break his head with a broom stick or mop handle, or curry him down with the milk-stool if he is not pleasanter around the house than he is around the depot."

—An experienced mechanic writes: "I have tried chalk, soap, treacle and rosin, to prevent slipping of belts, but I like oiling the belt on the inside just before I stop on a Saturday; it preserves belts and beats anything I have tried yet."

—How to procure a telling effect—Communicate a secret to a woman.

That Threatening Comet.

The threatened destruction of the earth, by a comet falling into the sun, some fifteen years hence, was referred to editorially by the *Tribune* last Sunday. It was then stated that the matter would be referred to the *Tribune* astronomer. The promise was made in a jocular way; but so many readers have since expressed a desire to "hear from him" on the subject that he has undertaken a response.

There is certainly some reason to think, or fear, that the comet referred to will really fall into the sun. The mere fact that the comets of 1668, 1843 and 1880 were all traveling in nearly the same path does not prove their identity. But the fact that they (or it) nearly grazed the surface of the sun at the nearest approach does furnish good reason to think that the motion in the curve was thereby retarded; and the necessary consequence of such retardation must be a final destruction of the orbit. The comet of 1843 passed within about 80,000 miles of what appears to us to be the sun's normal surface. The observation of the solar eclipse of 1869 satisfied the writer that the sun has an atmosphere which extends at least 800,000 miles above the apparent surface. That is, it extends out ten times as far as the least distance of the comet. The solar atmosphere must be exceedingly rare in that vicinity, but so is the earth's atmosphere at the height of 100 miles; and yet we know that the latter retards the flight of meteors so much as to warm them up to the luminous point—the motion being converted into heat. It is easily shown that the passage through a resisting medium destroys much more of the tangential motion than it does of that which results from the action of the centripetal force. Hence the orbit bends inward more rapidly than before. This means that the comet returns sooner to the aphelion point, shortening the major axis of the orbit and the period of revolution. If the comet pass through the resisting medium at each perihelion return, the orbit is soon broken up by the fall of the comet into the sun.

It is easy to calculate, approximately, the quantity of heat developed by such a catastrophe. If we take the sun's radius as the unit of measure, then the square of the velocity on reaching his surface, plus unity divided by the major axis of the orbit, is a constant quantity—the same for every member of the solar system, except a small variation due to the quantity of matter in the falling mass. With this we may calculate that a parabolic orbit would give a greatest velocity of 382½ miles per second; and if the axis of the orbit were shortened to equal that of the earth's orbit the greatest velocity would be about 382 miles. If, therefore, the orbit of the comet should be shortened down by two or three more perihelion passages before the final collapse we should still have a maximum velocity of about 380 miles. This would be converted into heat. Dividing this velocity by 223 feet, and squaring the result, we obtain, in round numbers, 80,000,000 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale as the rise of temperature of the falling mass. A large part of this would be distributed by conduction among the material composing the sun.

The next important point is to know the quantity of matter in the comet; and that we do *not* know. But we have several indirect reasons for believing that at no time has it been more than about one part in 5,000 of the earth's mass. And it is probably now much less than even that relatively small quantity. The passage through the sun's atmosphere shears off the gaseous matter of the comet and its attendant train of meteors, both of which are left behind by the more solid nucleus, as the latter rushes away in its diminished orbit. Hence, though the shortening of the period does not detract very much from the perihelic velocity, it does materially lessen the quantity of matter that is left to be heated up by the last grand rush down into the bowels of the sun.

Now, if we allow the very greatest possible value for the mass of the comet just before it loses its individuality, we shall find the heat generated by the impact to be just about equal to that thrown off by the sun during one week. Allowing what seems to the writer to be the maximum probable value, the resulting heat would be equal to the present solar expenditure during not more than two days, and scarcely less than one. The result in the first, and worst, case would be an outburst of solar energy that would make itself felt on every planet in the system. Still the magnitude of the effect would very largely depend upon another consideration. If the comet should strike the sun on the side that is turned away from the earth, the point of greatest disturbance, would not come round towards us for several days; and during that time a large part of the extra energy would be so much disturbed that the earth could endure the change without an entire subversion of the present order of things. If, on the other hand, the comet should strike on the hither side of the sun, the result to us would be most disastrous. The increased heat would rarefy our atmosphere, making it occupy a much larger bulk than now, and enormously increase the evaporation from ocean, lake, river and dry land, parching up the latter, probably drying up all our water courses, even to the bed of the great lake system, and loading the atmosphere with all the material requisite to a deluge of rain, that would begin to fall by the time the stricken side of the sun had been carried away from us by the solar rotation. That set of changes would be repeated, on a diminishing scale, several times at intervals of nearly a month before the disturbed forces had settled back into something like an equilibrium.

The speedy charging of the atmosphere with moisture would furnish a "blanket" covering that would act as a partial palliative to the intensity of solar heat outside. But it is difficult to understand how, under even such conditions, human life could continue to exist on the earth. If perpetuated anywhere, we must expect it to be in the polar regions. If, for instance, the outburst should occur while it is winter to the northern hemisphere, the sun would be below the horizon of dwellers near the North Pole during the greatest intensity of disturbance. The people there would probably survive; provided always that the ice cap at the South Pole were not liberated so as to deluge the North, and permit once more the greatest land surface exposure south of the Equator.

This is a dreary picture. It is not, however, overdrawn. We have reserved one other ameliorating possibility. It is that the mass of the comet when it strikes the sun will be much less than allowed under either of the preceding hypotheses. In that case the disturbance would be much less than above described. How much less it *will* be no one can say now. We close with one suggestion:

It is among the possibilities that, at some future time within a century from now, the greater part of the habitable globe, if not all, and including that part which has made what we know as history, will be desolated—swept as with the besom of destruction. Is it not desirable that we should devise some monument, or monuments, as durable as the pyramids of Egypt, though not necessarily as costly, that will exist though our present libraries and buildings are swept away?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Town Dogs and Country Dogs.

The town dog is a citizen of the world and prides itself on knowing how to behave in all situations, how to treat gentlemen, tramps and small boys. "'Tis a foul thing," says Launce, "when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies." It is often more friendly with strangers than with its own master; just as a certain barrister who was walking up to the court in a wig and gown, on being greeted by his father, who was dressed in a rustic fashion, gave him a patronizing nod and, on being asked who his friend was, replied carelessly: "Only a fellow that I know." The country dog, on the other hand, has but one master, and reverences him. No dog is idle in the country; in short, what chiefly differences the rustic dog from his town brethren is that he has a strong sense of duty. The town dog, unless he belongs to a very serious master, makes no difference between working days and Sunday. The country dog invariably knows and respects the day of rest (like some nobler animals), by indulging on that day in more sleep than usual. He never thinks of accompanying his master on Sunday, although on other days it would puzzle his owner to escape from the house without him. Scotch collies are the most reverential of country dogs, and invariably go to kirk with their masters. Indeed, kirks are sometimes estimated over the borders as being big enough to hold twenty or so many more collies. The country dog, again, is an excellent guard to his master's house, his suspicions feelings not being continually lulled to sleep by the number of people coming and going, as with his town brother. If he has a vice, it consists in baying the moon. Then he contrives to murder sleep in rustic solitudes as effectually as do the cats in a town square. He has two failings—one when, being a shepherd's dog, he takes to worrying game, young partridges, grouse and the like; the other, when grown sly and bloodthirsty, he illustrates Shakespeare's lines as being

The dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their innocent blood.

But then Shakespeare never had a good word to fling to a dog. This was the one form of life for which he had no sympathy; perhaps, from his experience of men, he disliked to see what should be their virtues more strongly reflected in the disposition of dogs. Few more grotesque sights are visible in the country than the spectacle of a country dog so far forgetting its sedateness as to romp and play with one of its kind. The parson's Scotch terrier may, indeed, find time for such frivolity, but every other dog is too hard-worked. What the bear in the street was to the town dog is the sweeping cry of the fox-hounds to his country cousins. They are ineffably disgusted and, perhaps, a little bit afraid of this abrupt invasion. For the time being, too, their services are dispensed with, and themselves slighted in the eyes of their masters, who are altogether taken up with the excitement of the sport. A wandering Scotchman playing the bagpipes is another of their pet aversions. His music is too harsh for their sensibilities. They are not so ready for a fray as their town brethren; but when they once begin they fight in earnest, like heroes of the prize-ring, who "mean business." Fortunately a country dog has a thick, shaggy neck, for the most part, and the author of 'Rab and his Friends' has taught us how their most desperate enemies may be appeased by a pinch of snuff, like Virgil's bees, *pulveris exigui jactu*. Bearing in mind the sedate character and many solid virtues of the country dog, it is with much regret that we see from the last report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that a marked decrease of dogs has occurred this last year in the country. In what a sorry plight a town dog soon finds himself if he ventures into the country is strikingly illustrated by the unfortunate dog which annually appears on the course when the Derby is about to be run. A country dog detected in any grave fault, running after sheep and the like, meets with scant forbearance; a short shrift and a long rope awaits him. His town brother frequently escapes after some nefarious deed, with nothing worse than an avenging Nemesis in the shape of a tin kettle tied to his tail. Then he vanishes suddenly some day. That is all. Perhaps he is flung into what anglers know as the Bow-wow Pool, near the bridge, a sweet morsel for pike. When the country dog fulfills the adage that every dog has his day, he generally obtains a decent burial. The boys with whom he has romped plant dog-violets over his grave, and write his epitaph, appropriately enough, in dog-Latin.—*London Graphic.*

A Horse's Private Mark.

Dr. Bender recently made an incision into the left shoulder of a fine horse belonging to Mr. H. Hess, the Superintendent of Street Service in the introduction of our water works system, and removed a silver ten-cent piece of 1876, which was placed there about four years ago by the man from whom Mr. Hess bought the horse in Kentucky. It was intended as a private mark, and was placed just beneath the skin, but considerable tissue had formed over it during its four years' lodgment. It was a well-preserved piece when slipped under the skin, and the only mark it retains of the singular service to which it was put is a greasy substance which adheres closely to the depressions in the coin.—*Jamestown Journal.*

—Every able-bodied man in Leavenworth, Kansas, is taxed annually three dollars toward keeping the streets and sidewalks in repair.

The Channel Tunnel.

On the French coast the company which obtained a concession from the French government in 1875 to construct the southern half of the proposed channel tunnel have made considerable and, so far, satisfactory, progress in the examination of the chalk cliffs near Calais, which are believed to be the offcrop of a continuous bed of homogeneous chalk running beneath the sea between the two shores, and by invitation of the Paris committee the engineers and officials of the English Channel Tunnel Company and some others yesterday visited the works. The borings are near the little village of Sangatte, which, according to Murray, is about six miles from Calais. The buildings are not merely temporary sheds, such as might suffice to protect the workers during the prosecution of experimental borings, but substantial erections of brick, with concrete floors, a high brick chimney shaft, and tramways running a distance of perhaps a hundred yards, to the edge of the cliff, over which the excavated chalk is thrown, the cliffs at this point rising precipitously from the beach to a height of over one hundred feet. In one large building is the machinery, designed by M. Colladon, for driving with compressed air the boring machines. This will be superintended by M. Welker, who was in charge of the air compressing machinery used in the St. Gothard tunnel. Two shafts have been sunk at a distance of forty or fifty yards apart, and by the larger of these the visitors descended to examine a horizontal cutting. About seventy feet below the surface the borers have found the *craie de Rouen*, strata corresponding to the lower portion of that homogeneous gray chalk which some of our geologists have called the chalk without flints. At a depth of seventy-eight feet the brick lining of the pit ceases and the employment of wooden "tubing" begins, this being carried down to a depth of 204 feet, when the chalk becomes so dry and hard that a lining is no longer required. The depth of the shaft is about 280 feet, and going about six feet lower down by a ladder through a hole at one side a gallery eight feet high and of the same width is entered. This opens into one of equal diameter running nearly at right angles, which, with a slightly upward inclination, to provide for drainage, runs in a northeasterly direction, but trending to the northward—that is, toward the sea—with a curve having a radius of one kilometre. It is to be 1,850 yards long. Artificial ventilation has not been found necessary so far, the two shafts, with both of which it is in connection, providing for an up and down current of air. This gallery is about 170 feet below low-water mark, but no portions of these workings have yet been pushed out under the sea. M. Alexandre Lavalley, the contractor for the Suez Canal, who has offered to undertake the construction of the tunnel or the French *concessionaires*, is to drive another gallery of equal length in the same direction as, but not immediately over, the one already begun. He will employ Brunton's cutting-machine, while in the lower gallery Beaumont's machine will be used, both machines being driven with compressed air. It is found in the lower gallery that there is but little percolation of water, and that such as runs in comes from springs in fissures. What does flow in is pumped out at the rate of sixty gallons per minute. At a depth of 288 feet a bed of green sand less than even feet thick is reached, and then the galt. From the town of Dover the approach would, as is now suggested, pass at a depth of 300 feet below the seaward spur of the outer wall of the castle.—*London Times.*

What Matter?

A story is told of a bare-footed, hatless boy, who, one hot day in August, 1836, was plodding his way along the tow-path of the Delaware & Hudson Canal. He had forty miles of his journey yet before him when a canal boat overtook him, and he was offered a ride by the driver. On the boat was another ragged lad, the son of a Scotch emigrant, who had just landed and was on his way to the coal mines in Pennsylvania. The two boys became chums on the long, tedious journey, and then parted at Honesdale, the first to find work on the canal, the other to drive a mule in the coal mines.

Last summer the President of this canal company fell into confidential chat with its General Manager, and the gray-headed men recognized in each other the boys of forty-six years ago. In the meantime they had achieved education, power and the sincere respect of their fellowmen.

Such instances as these—and there is no lack of them in American life—are often held up to our boys to show them what may be done by energy and industry in this country, and to stimulate them to exercise these traits of character. Yet they should take care not to confuse success with merit.

A man may put forth all his energies, and labor faithfully, yet conquer neither wealth, fame nor power. Circumstances may inexorably keep him in poverty and obscurity. Yet his work may be as well done and as enduring as that of his successful brother.

A great Scotch divine, whose influence was powerful in guiding the thought of his times to higher levels, when congratulated in his old age on the work of his life, replied:

"If I have been of any use in this world, the credit is due, under God, to blind Sammy Lindsay, that taught me when I was a boy. He made a man of me, and put me to work as completely as if I had been a tool of his making. I never shall shake off the influence of that man. When in the opinion of my hearers I have been most eloquent, I have said to myself: 'There's auld Sammy threepin' again!'"

Sammy Lindsay died poor and unknown, but his work lived.

"What matter whether crowned or crownless, so that God's work be done?"—*Youth's Companion.*

—The other night a professional mesmerizer found great difficulty in persuading any one to come on the stage. Finally one young man concluded to risk it, and the first experiment was with a glass of water, the youth being made to believe that it was alternately brandy, whisky, champagne, etc., and drinking it with great gusto. In five minutes thirty-seven men were on the platform asking to be mesmerized.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Baltimore has more colored Sunday school scholars than any other city in America.

—Ex-President Chadbourne, of Williams College, has accepted the Presidency of the Amherst Agricultural College.

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, recently said to the Rhode Island teachers: "If we are wise we shall make the Bible the corner-stone and top-stone in our education."

—The families of Harvard students recently received circulars from the College authorities asking: "Do you have family prayers?" And out of 741 families, how many do you think answered Yes? Only 211. Is it any wonder Harvard should be known as a free-thinking institution?

—The pastor of a Chicago Presbyterian church received the present of a hook from his people, and on opening it found $400 laid in bills between the leaves. The title of the book, "One Year Abroad," was significant, and the pastor may take the hint, though he has to shorten the time.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The new methods of instruction in the Boston primary schools have in the past three years worked wonders, the only drawback being the want of time to enable the teachers to acquire the needful knowledge and skill. These methods are, in effect, those which teach children to think rather than to merely remember.

—The report of the fifty-ninth annual meeting of the Connecticut Baptist Convention and of the sixty-third session of the Educational Society has been issued. The whole number of churches in the six associations of the State is 120. The number of baptisms for the year was 588, a gain of 237 over the previous year. The total membership is 20,830. The amount of money contributed for all purposes during the year was $170,435, a gain of $31,736 over 1880.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, recently gave an instance of what a firm will and mother-wit can do in enabling a poor young man to surmount the difficulties in the way of his getting a thorough education: "Two years and a half ago there appeared in Cambridge, just before the examination for admission, a young man of rough exterior who came from a small village in New York, where his father earned a scanty living as a stone-mason. He came to see me before the examination, and stated, among other things, that he never had any teacher in Greek, Latin or German; that he had begun to learn these three languages only sixteen months before; that out of these sixteen months he had worked ten at his trade as a stone-mason, and that his entire quick capital was ten dollars. To my astonishment he passed an excellent examination, succeeded in every subject except Greek composition, which he had never tried to learn. He was taken care of at Cambridge, as many another has been, and in his first year won a scholarship."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It takes the whole Legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

—"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "If——" "If what?" he anxiously inquired. "If I could get a box large enough for the purpose," she replied.

—A Cincinnati lady disguised herself as a book agent and made twenty-six calls at different offices. She says she had no idea that old, gray-headed men could tell such sweet lies and be so deceiving.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Young man, if you had one and two-third tons of gold coin, you would be worth just a million dollars. Every little piece of gold you get hold of throw into the junk pile until you accumulate that weight. You can then sell it and be come a rich man.—*New Haven Register.*

—The great apostle of the esthetes was asked the other day which of all the numerals he thought the most truly beautiful and serenely lovely. "Why, four, to be sure," he replied with an air of inexpressible languor. "And why?" asked his fair questioner. "Because it's two twos." And that was all he said that day.

—A boy who had always refused to eat oat-meal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oat-meal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

—"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the saints and apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady, "for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder.—*Modern Argo.*

—Music and Millinery.—"Good morning, Fogg," said Brown, briskly. "How did you like the opera last night?" "O, so-so," answered Fogg, moodily; "nothing striking about it, excepting the drum-sticks." "Come, come," returned Brown, "be serious. Didn't you think that bravura passage with pizzicato and appogiatura embellishments were lovely?" "Guess I didn't see it," answered Fogg, as before; "there was only feathers and flowers and things on the one in front of me." "What are talking about, man?" exclaimed Brown. "That girl's hat, of course. Wasn't you?" "Good morning," said Brown, as he turned the corner.—*Puck.*

—At a meeting of some colored brethren it was decided to make a collection. The President concluded to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the President approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes with astonishment, he exclaimed: "Fo' goodness, but I'ze eben lost de ten cents I started wid!" Then there was consternation on the faces of the assembly. Who was the lucky man? That was the question. It was evidently a hopeless case, and was summed up by one brother, who rose in his place, and said, solemly, "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson roun' heah somewhar."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Within my home that empty seemed I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean
and small;
And I cried out rebelliously for that
I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands,
Were also mine, with rest for burdened
hands;
If love, the love I carved would come and fold
Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and
bless,
And life would round out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love?" I cried,
"Or wealth or fame? Else shalt thou be denied."
She answered, "Nay, my child; but I am more.

'Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave,
her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise.
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace,

I bade her enter. How transfigured
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had laid unprized? How wide and
sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been led!

Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea.
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.
—*Carlotta Perry.*

A WEDDING SANS CEREMONY.

"One thing I am determined upon," remarked Mrs. Sue Hathaway, decisively; "you, Fan, shall have a decently ceremonious wedding. When I think of the harum-scarum way in which Charlie and I were thrown at one another, the wonder is not that we haven't quarreled since, but that we were ever really married at all."

"Tell me about it, Sue dear," coaxed Mrs. Hathaway's youngest and pet sister, as she folded and replaced in their boxes the dainty articles which she was preparing for her own trousseau. You have always spoken of your wedding day as the most unhappy day of your life; but I cannot conceive how that can be, when you and Charlie love one another so dearly."

"And if we had not loved each other beyond all possibility of quarreling, we would certainly have broken our engagement an hour before the ceremony was really performed. I sincerely trust, dear Fan, that your married life may be as happy as mine has proved, and that Heaven may defend you from a wedding day as chaotic as mine."

"My remembrance of the affair is that it was a perfect success. You are such a manager, Sue, you are always in request for tableaux and private theatricals. I never knew an occasion which you were not equal to, from a charity bazar to the State dinner the ladies gave the foreign deputation. I was only eight years old when you were married; but I remember that I was your bridemaid, and that I wore a pulled mull, with pink kid gloves. They were the first kid gloves I ever had, and I was as proud as a peacock of them. I wouldn't carry a bouquet for fear of soiling and hiding them, but marched in, arm in arm with Isabel's oldest boy, with my hands displayed as conspicuously as possible."

"And do you happen to remember what a scamp that boy was? He was the cause of more than half of my tribulation. He was a regular little Ishmael—'his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' And when I think what a Bohemian Isabel has been all her life, and the wildly preposterous way in which she was married, I don't wonder. She was studying abroad when she met her husband. They had both gone to Europe for a number of years, and they concluded to be married at the American consul's and continue their foreign residence, instead of coming home for the ceremony. They were married in the evening and took a steamer immediately after for some Mediterranean port. Isabel's trunks had been sent on board during the afternoon, but when they drove down to the wharf at night, they found that the ship had moved from its anchorage, and they were obliged to hire a waterman to row them out. The water was very rough, and in a sudden lurch of the little boat Isabel was thrown overboard. She was promptly rescued by her husband, and got safely on board, but in a completely drenched condition. Now comes the ridiculous part. It was a cargo steamer, which only carried a limited number of passengers, and it so happened that there were no other ladies on board. Isabel's trunks were buried in the hold, where it was impossible to get at them, and the valise, which had fallen into the water with her had gone to the bottom, and Isabel retired to her state-room to improvise a toilette out of some flannel under-clothing of the Captain's and two Marseilles bed-spreads."

"How very dreadful!" exclaimed Fan, choking with laughter.

"She succeeded, too; she basted up a wrapper of the bed-spreads with a Watteau pleat in the back, trimming the front with a Turkish towel torn in strips, and breakfasted next morning in that costume. Her husband told me he never saw her dressed so becomingly."

"I always thought Isabel was a genius," Fan remarked, admiringly.

"Yes, but what a very singular proceeding! Isabel is five years older than I am, and I look up to her for certain qualities. But she has no idea of ceremony or etiquette, and she utterly abhors convention. Now I say that getting married at all is a concession to conventionality, and if you are going to acknowledge the claims of society so far as that, you might as well do the thing respectably and in good form. I am a manager, as you say, and it was for that very reason that the entire arrangement of my wedding was left to me. We were living in the old family mansion in the country, two miles from the church, and of course the wedding had to be at the house. This troubled me from the first, for the ceremony is always so much more solemn and impressive before the altar, and I wanted to think of it as a sacrament, to really feel the sacredness of the vows I was taking upon myself. Instead of this, I knew perfectly well that I would be distracted by people whispering and giggling during the minister's very prayer. What restraint can there be in parlors where one has danced the German a score of times, and where one expects to dance again in a few moments? Besides, the house was to be crammed with company, and I was morally certain that everything would be in confusion. Charlie's family were coming; they are very aristocratic; and I was more afraid of them then than I am now, especially of his sister Adelaide. She is the most envious and spiteful creature in the world, did all she could to spoil the match, wanted Charlie to marry some particular friend of hers. Then there was Aunt Sue Stockstill, for whom I was named. We were all very fond of her, and our love was tempered with a respectful admiration which amounted almost to fear.

"The entire second floor was given up to guests, and we were huddled in the little bedrooms under the Mansard roof. You and I had Bridget's room, and she slept on a pallet in the kitchen. Charlie had a cot in the hall. All of our boys slept in the stable loft. Father swung himself up in the hammock on the back veranda; it was July, but he took a horrid cold all the same. Mother hall the trunk-room until Isabel arrived with her two boys, when it was given up to her, and mother camped on the lounge in the back parlor. Now that is only the background to the picture. We had no city caterers to provide the banquet. Mother made every cake, and had her hands quite full enough to provide a handsome table daily for her guests. I had loads of beautiful flowers sent me, and Isabel took the decorating of the parlors off my hands. That was really a great help, for she has exquisite taste and rare inventive genius. She rigged a superb wedding bell out of an old hoop-skirt, and turned the old rooms into bowers of beauty. But I had all of the receiving and entertaining of the guests upon my hands, and all the little arrangements to make which are always left to the last moment. Your dress came, and had to be altered; I sat up late into the night to do it. Then you and your tiny groomsman had to rehearse your entree and your young nephew did behave abominably. He caught your dress out of my hand and raced with it down stairs into the parlors. He got himself up at the last moment like a wild Indian, instead of dressing as he should have done. He left the water running until it soaked through the ceiling below; he hung the cat over the balustrade, and made a bonfire in the wood-house; he sifted a quart of salt into the ice-cream as it was being frozen in the cellar. There was no end to the pranks that that fellow perpetrated. The wedding presents were displayed in the library. They were superb. I had not expected anything so beautiful. But Adelaide whispered about that with the exception of one dozen spoons, it was all plated ware, and that half of the porcelain and bric-a-brac was hired for the occasion.

"Isabel repeated her remarks to me just in time to raise my angry passions to a white heat, and to send me down stairs inwardly raging on my wedding morn. We were to be married at noon precisely, in order to take the three o'clock train for the city. I had a very elaborate and becoming traveling costume, which I had decided to wear, with the addition of a real white Spanish lace mantilla arranged as a veil. Aunt Sue met me at breakfast. 'My dear child,' she said, 'I can't bear to think of your not being married in white. Nothing else is suitable for a bride. Wear the India muslin in which you looked so lovely at your graduation.'

"I did not dare displease Aunt Sue; but the muslin was crumpled and yellow; it would look dreadfully by daylight. There was still time; and I determined to have shutters closed, curtains drawn, and the rooms lighted as for evening. Brother Ned helped me arrange four dozen wax candles on brackets among the flowers. When they were lighted, the rooms made me think of Victor Hugo's description of the marriage of Corinne. It was as brilliant and sparkling as fairy-land, and the tumbled muslin would look very well. I ran up stairs to dress. But first I had your hair to curl and gloves to fit, and then I must needs wash the vermilion from the face of that boy. Then Charlie, who was vainly trying to tie his cravat without a glass (he had dressed in the bath-room), came to me for assistance, and I saw the minister drive up to the door before I had begun my toilette. I was half dressed when Charlie tapped at the door. 'Sue—Sue dear! they are having a council of war down stairs, and they don't like the idea of our being married by artificial light in the daytime. The majority think it an affectation, and it rather strikes me so to. Isabel asked me to ask you to let her take down the candles. She didn't dare to speak to you about it herself; she said you had had so much to fret you.'

"'Tell her to take them down,' I replied, in a choked voice and then I burst into tears. It was the last straw, and Charlie and I came nearer to quarreling then and there than we ever did in our lives. I hadn't the heart to go on with my dressing, but sat and boohooed until Charlie came to the door again to say that the company was waiting. Then I dashed into my clothes. I had no time to comb my hair, but Charlie pinned the lace veil over it rather awkwardly, so that we deluded ourselves into the idea that it did not show, and I stood up in my creased and second hand gown, with unkempt hair, and face and eyes swollen with weeping, and was married, with the glare of noonday displaying all defects. They say that the consciousness of being well dressed gives a peace of mind which even religion cannot impart. Imagine, then, my torture to be a gazing-stock at such a time before all these people! I had it in my mind to murder them all and then kill myself. Then afterward. We had thought, of course, that the company would remain and dine with our family, and then take the evening train for the city. But no. Adelaide thought it would be so jolly for all to go down en masse. Ned had to drive like mad to the livery-stable to get conveyances for them all, and Charlie and I got to the station in separate carriages. The engine was decorated with evergreen and flags in my honor, but the conductor thought Adelaide was the bride, and gave her my seat, and I was very nearly left, for Ned came driving me up with our slow old Pilgrim just as the conductor had given the signal for starting. Charlie was on the rear platform waiting for me. He pulled the cord violently and jerked me on, while Ned gave me a parting push. My elegant traveling costume was torn half off me. How every one laughed! and Aunt Sue made a spectacle of me by producing her housewife and sewing me up before the assembled multitude. Then half of the party went to the same hotel that we did, and it leaked out that we were a newly married couple, and altogether it was the most completely mortifying and disheartening day of my life."

"You poor thing!" laughed Fan. "If you had only had a nice competent sister as I have, to take all the worry off your mind, then you could have resigned everything to her good providence, as I do, and have calmly awaited your fate with folded hands."

"Yes; if I had had some one to rely upon I might have given my thoughts to more serious matters. Or if Charlie had been more conservative in his ideas, more punctilious in matters of etiquette, he might have helped me out; but he did just as every one else does, left everything to me, and I had the satisfaction of making a grand fiasco of it all. But I will do better by you, Fan. You are not to be married until June; that will give us plenty of time to complete arrangements. The ceremony shall be at St. Andrew's and I will give you the most recherc of receptions. I am very glad the Professor has decided to spend his vacation abroad; it is just the thing for a bridal tour. You can have your selection of the young men from the graduating class, with whom you flirted so unconscionably, for your ushers. To think of your receiving all that attention from the under-graduates, and then marrying a grave Professor! It does seem so funny.

"But he is not grave at all, Sue; and he is very young for his honors. Only thirty, and I am twenty-three, a real old girl. You don't realize how time flies."

"Well, if he is not old, he is at least dignified and formal—good material to work with at the start. He would give a certain prestige to my occasion. I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you married in good style. You will redeem the family."

Mrs. Hathaway left the room with a flutter of drapery, and Fan fell into a muse. Her father and mother lived alone now in the old family mansion, Isabel was in Europe again, Ned and the other boys were out West, whilst she was whiling away the winter at Sue's beautiful home in the city. She was weary of society, and she wished that summer was nearer, when Alston could leave his college duties and claim her. She cared as little for ceremony as her Bohemian sister Isabel; she wished it all over, and herself settled in a home of her own. Home! What a delightful sound! Should she ever realize the word?

There was a ring at the door. The postman had brought her letters from her Professor and her mother.

"DARLING FANNY" (wrote the first)—"I can't wait. June is a long way off, for the winter is only just begun. Moreover, there is no need of waiting. We were idiots to think of it. Mrs. Delaney has gone South for the winter, and has advertised her lovely home to let, furnished. You remember it, do you not? It was at a sociable there, behind the garnet plush curtains in the bow-window, that you told me —— The house has had its associations for me ever since. I never go by it in the evening and see the light streaming through the stained glass over the hall door without fancying that it says to me: 'I know your secret; I've a weakness for lovers.' That house is to let, or, rather, it was; it is so no longer, for I have rented it. Don't start and drop this paper. The house awaits a mistress. I've told the kitchen girl that you will appear Monday morning. Now don't say you can't, for I have just received a letter from your mother, and the thing is to be. She thinks it decidedly the most sensible plan she has heard of lately. Why should I spend my evenings in a boarding-house for six months longer, when I might toast my toes, instead, at my own fireside? The thing is preposterous. I inclose your mother's letter to me, in which you will see that she proposes that I bring you to her next Saturday evening. We can then be quietly married at church after the regular Sunday service, and can start for our own home by the early train Monday morning, which will land me at the college in time to attend to my regular classes. I know that your sister very kindly intended to make a social event of our marriage; but I have a horror of 'events,' and, besides, I can't wait. She must come with you, and see the knot properly tied. I will meet you both at the —— Depot at half past four Saturday p. m."

The letter from Fan's mother re-enforced the Professor's plea, and gave a maternal sanction to the hasty marriage. Fan ran to her sister's room, only to ascertain that she had gone out in the carriage, the maid did not know whither. It was Saturday, and half past three in the afternoon; and scribbling a hasty note of explanation, which she left upon her sister's dressing table, Fan packed a hand-bag and departed. She reached the station a little too early, and sat in a corner of the waiting-room, enjoying watching the people come and go, trying to imagine their histories, and wondering whether any were going on errands like her own. At last the train trundled in. There was the usual hubbub of embracing friends, importunate cab-drivers, and hurrying travelers. She eagerly scanned each passenger who emerged from the cars. Her Professor had not come. Inexperienced in the ways of travel, she began to be nervous. She still sat in the corner of the big room, outwardly calm, but inwardly quaking. An old gentleman by her side, who, like her, had watched the crowd with meditative interest, his stubby chin resting pensively on the horn handle of his umbrella, turned to her and remarked: "Such a power of people!—such a power of people! Nary two on 'em alike; nary one on 'em you ever see afore."

At last she stepped to the ticket office and inquired the last train from the college station. Yes, one would be in at eight o'clock, but no trains going out after that to Edgecliff, her mother's home. Could she not go at nine o'clock to —— Junction, and catch the night express at that point? "Yes, that was possible," and Fan sat down again, and waited. The eight o'clock train brought the Professor, weary and anxious. He had lost the earlier train, and feared all would go wrong in consequence. The idea of the express at —— Junction raised his spirits at once.

They set out in high glee, only to be delayed by the heavy drifting storm sufficiently for their train to reach the junction five minutes after the express had left. Here was a predicament! They stood together on the platform, stranded, upon a stormy Saturday night, in a strange town, the last train left for everywhere, and the station-master locking his door for over Sunday. There were no carriages in waiting; and inquiring the way to the nearest parsonage they set out for a tramp together through the storm.

"Courage, Fan," said the Professor; "there is no way out of this mess but to get married as quickly as we can."

A meek-eyed minister's wife answered their summons. Her husband was at home and sick in bed; not so ill, however, but she thought he might marry them, though he had been somewhat delirious during the day. They might follow her into the bedroom; she was sure no license was required. And so the Professor in his snow-flecked ulster (Fan thought hysterically of her sister's words, "His presence would give prestige to any occasion") and Fan in her damp rubber waterproof stood together hand in hand by the good man's bedside. Fever had left him a little incoherent. He made the Professor promise to obey Fan, and Fan to support the Professor, but otherwise they were soundly and sacredly married, and the minister's wife was made to smile by a crumpled bill of large amount pressed into her thin hand. A telegram announcing the event winged its way to Fan's mother, and a long sleigh-ride of twenty-seven miles across the country carried Fan the next day to her new home. But Mrs. Sue Hathaway never, never forgave them their unceremonious wedding.—*Harper's Bazar.*

American Humor and Common Sense.

Mr. Oscar Wilde is troubled about the lack of seriousness in American newspapers. He says they attempt to treat all subjects humorously. We are not surprised that Mr. Wilde takes this view. His perusal of American newspapers is naturally confined chiefly to their observations upon himself, and we are glad to chronicle the fact that they all take a humorous view of him. In this they merely echo the sentiment of the American people, who, in one way or another, are extracting a good deal of amusement from Mr. Wilde's visit. If he expected to be taken seriously when he decided to visit this country he did so simply because he misunderstood the American character. We are a nation that likes to laugh, and that has a sense of the ludicrous which is keen with constant cultivation. Before Mr. Wilde arrived there was in some quarters a disposition to take him seriously, and to protest against giving him literary and social recognition. This grew out of an idea that he was coming here as an exponent of art and as a representative of literature, and those who had examined his claims for recognition in either character were not favorably impressed by them. But it was impossible to hold this view long. It received an almost fatal shock when Mr. Wilde expressed himself disappointed with the Atlantic Ocean, and it was completely dissolved in the titter which ran over Chickering Hall, when, arrayed in his peculiar costume, he stood forth to deliver that exceedingly commonplace lecture which has been so aptly called "Ruskin and Water."

From that time till the present the whole country has looked upon Mr. Wilde as the most successful amusement of the season. Wherever he has appeared, some new way of enhancing the public's enjoyment has been invented. College students in the university towns found in him a perfectly justifiable object for their ridicule. Quack doctors hit upon his favorite sunflower as a means for advertising their own nostrums, which, let us hope, were as harmless as Mr. Wilde's. In the free and untrammeled West tradespeople utilized his form as a means of advertisement, and if Mr. Wilde took up a newspaper there he very likely saw himself, dressed in his special garb, standing at the head of an announcement by a clothing dealer that "Wild Oscar, the Ass-thete, buys his clothes at our establishment." An apostle who makes clothes and personal adornment so conspicuous articles in his artistic creed cannot complain of familiarities of this kind. He is a new revelation to our people. We have had among us for many years zealous and able advocates of artistic development, the fruit of whose careful sowing is visible on many sides; but no one of these has thought it necessary to cut his trousers short or wear his hair long in order to make the people listen to him. Humor is a strong element in the American character, as Mr. Wilde has discovered. We have no doubt he has discovered, also, another element equally strong, and that is common sense, which is also a necessary accompaniment to a keen sense of the ludicrous. We did not need Mr. Wilde's visit to teach us the old truth that he who dresses to attract attention confesses that he can hope to attract it in no other way. If he has been somewhat roughly handled he has only himself to blame for it. He alone has given point to the wit of the venerable poet who went about the Century Club, on the night of Mr. Wilde's visit, saying: "Where is she? Well, why not say 'she?' I understand she's a Charlotte-Ann!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Modern Dinner.

Nowadays an invitation to dinner is like a draft. It is to be honored at sight, but usually with a three days' grace. Unless the receiver honors the demand, or furnishes a reasonable excuse, he may be said to have repudiated his obligations. It is purely a business affair, this dinner giving and dinner accepting transaction. Most families keep a set of books in which all dealings of the sort are posted with mathematical accuracy. Single men, who have no helpmate to remind them of their engagements, post their dinner cards where they may be seen every morning, stern monitors of the day's "pleasures." Then there is the call which must be paid by the invited guests within seven days after the dinner has been eaten or declined; and when this obligation is discharged the honest member of society thanks his stars and takes courage. How different all this is from the visiting and the unconstrained social intercourse of the older time! The country knows no more the hearty and natural manners of other days. Country festivities have taken on the "airs" of the city without their completeness and polish. There is no heart left in the city "entertainment," as we call it, with unwitting sarcasm, and the freedom and genuineness of country living are going out with the good old customs. And, by and by, we shall come to such a melancholy pass that when one enters a house without a ticket he shall be ignominiously handed over to the police as a social tramp.—*N. Y. Times.*

—It is better to pay a letter carrier a fair salary than to have him feel obliged to help himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

For Young Readers.

PRIDE AND A FALL.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red,
"What a most unfortunate creature I am;
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered like this to me!
That I should be placed on the very same shelf
(Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam!"

So she fumed and fretted, hour by hour,
Growing less and less contented,
Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
That she at last fermented;
While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still,
And let her have her say—
Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
The parson—to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take tea with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horrible mess? Dear—dear!
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
"Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam,
Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
Oh my—what a dire disgrace!
And the pig ate her up, with a twitch of his tail
And a troubled expression of face.
While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish,
"Well, things turn out very funny."
—*St. Nicholas.*

A GHOST STORY.

A Story of the English North Country.

"So you want me to tell you a story about a ghost, do you, children?" said Parson Goodharte, looking up from his book, with a queer little twinkle in the corner of his dark-gray eyes, as his three nephews and two nieces came trooping around the snug arm-chair in which he was sitting by the fire. "Well, that won't be very easy, because I never saw a ghost myself, and I've never met any one else who had, either. But I once knew a man who *thought* he had seen one—or *felt* one, rather—and a very serious matter it was for him, as you shall hear.

"When I first came here as a young curate, long before any of you young folks were born, every man, woman and child in the village believed as firmly in ghosts, witches and all that nonsense, as they believed that the sun shone or that the wind blew.

"I've seen a strapping fellow six feet high, big and strong enough to knock a horse down, go half a mile out of his way rather than pass after dark a spot where a highwayman had been hanged in chains; and more than one old woman was scared into fits by a white cow suddenly getting up from behind a hedge, as she was going home through the fields in the twilight.

"As for the church-yard, all the money in the Cottonborough Bank wouldn't have tempted any of our village folk to go through it after nightfall. And certainly it was a dismal place—there's no denying it.

"Our pretty little new church over the way wasn't built then, and the old church stood right out at the very end of the village just where Farmer Thompson's big barn is now.

"It was a grim old building, all of dark-gray stone turned almost black by the weather, and fast crumbling away. The tower was one mass of dark ivy, and the church-yard itself was full of gloomy firs and cypresses, growing together in thick clumps, which harbored owls and bats without number; and when the moon glimmered through the clouds upon a stormy night, making the white tomb-stones whiter and the black trees blacker than ever, it certainly did look as ghostly a place as I ever saw in my life.

"But as if all this was not enough, the spot had a legend attached to it, and a very grim one, too. Just at the further end of the church-yard, the ground fell steeply away to a dark hollow, through which ran a stream.

"This hollow bore the pleasant name of 'Dead Man's Gully,' and the traditions of the county recorded that a great battle had been fought in this place in the days of King Alfred, and that a number of wounded Danes, who had crawled to the stream to drink, had been cruelly slaughtered by the Saxons, despite the entreaties of a good monk, who tried hard to save them.

"Ever since that day—so ran the legend—on the anniversary of the massacre, any one who passed the spot after nightfall would hear the shouts of the slayers, and shrieks of the slain, mingling with the hoarse rush of the water, and would see—if the moon were bright enough to show it to him—the stream running as red as blood.

"So, what with this nice story (which every soul in the district knew by heart), and what with the gloominess of the place itself, the village people were as shy of it as if it had been a fever hospital.

"Of course, I was very much put out at seeing my parishioners making such geese of themselves; but what was to be done?

"Talking to them would only have made them worse, for they would have told me that they, who had lived in the country all their lives, must know more about it than I, who had only just come there.

"At first I tried to shame them out of their terrors by constantly going about the haunted spots myself, by night as well as by day.

"But it was not a bit of use, for they were accustomed to consider it part of a clergyman's business to deal with ghosts, and held that I ought to be a match for any amount of them, if I did my work properly.

"So the only thing I could do was to leave their beliefs alone, and trust to time to wear them out.

"It was toward the end of my first year in the village, and the nights were getting long and dark, when, one evening, as I was coming home in the twilight from visiting an old laborer, who had fallen ill, a man came flying down the lane, full-speed, and ran bump against me so violently that he almost knocked me down.

"'Gently, my friend,' said I; 'I'm not made of iron.'

"'Be thaat thee, paarson?' answered a shaky voice, which I recognized at once as that of Dick Grimes, the miller. 'Stand by me if thee be a Christian man!'

"'What's the matter?' asked I, wondering not a little what could have happened to frighten a great sturdy fellow like him—for frightened he evidently was—so badly that he could hardly speak.

"'There be a boggart (ghost) after me,' panted Grimes, 'rattlin' a chain and shroikin.' Try if thee can stop him, for the love of heaven. I cannot!'

"Sure enough, at that very moment I heard a sound of pattering feet approaching, mingled with the clanking of a chain; and through the darkness I could just make out something white coming swiftly toward us. Grimes, who seemed too much scared even to run away, got behind me as if I had been a wall, while the ghost came on.

"And when the terrible hobgoblin got right up to us, what do you think it turned out to be? Why, neither more nor less than the miller's own white donkey, which, having been carelessly tethered, had managed to break loose, and was enjoying a moonlight run by itself, dragging its chain along with it!

"I took care to keep the secret, but the story leaked out somehow, and you may fancy what a hard time of it the poor miller had in the village for a good while after, although many who laughed at him would have been no braver themselves in his place.

"Now it happened that the hardest of all upon him was Sam Barton, the butcher—a great, brawny fellow, with large, red whiskers, and a hand like one of his own shoulders of mutton—who was fond of bonsting that he feared nothing above ground or under it.

"One night, when a lot of them were having a sort of holiday-supper at the little inn, yonder, Barton made fun of the miller so unmercifully that at last the poor fellow got quite angry.

"'Ah, any man can talk big when there be no danger!' cried he; 'but if thee'd been i' my place, thee'd ha' done jist as I did!'

"'Would I, though?' shouted the butcher, fiercely. 'Thee mun get up early to catch Sam Barton playin' craddint (coward.) I be'nt afeared o' nought above ground, nor under it, neither!'

"'Well, then,' said Grimes, looking him full in the face, 'will thee go through the church-yard now?'

"'Aye, that I will,' cried the butcher, jumping up at once; 'and ye may a' coom with me if ye loike, and see that I do it fair!'

"'Well, hark ye to me, lads,' put in the landlord, 'I'se tell ye how we'll do it. Sam shall tak' these three knives, and stick one i' the ground by the stile where he'll go into the church-yard, and another by Squire Hawker's monument i' the middle, and the third at the gate on t'other side. Then we'll go round to the gate and meet him, and see that a's fair.'

"The plan was at once agreed to, and off started the valiant butcher, whistling defiantly, and clinking the three long knives in his brawny hand.

"But as he began to leave the village lights behind him, and to approach the dark, dreary church-yard, his whistle grew fainter and his step less brisk. It was a chill, gloomy night, and the wind moaned dismally through the leafless trees, while the distant roar of the torrent that ran through Dead Man's Gully sounded unnaturally loud in the grim silence.

"Every ghost story he had ever heard in his life seemed to crowd into the unfortunate butcher's memory at once, and by the time he reached the stile he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to be well out of the whole business. But it would never do to give in now, so over the stile he scrambled, planted his first knife, and went on.

"The church-yard was dark as pitch, and he got more than one tumble over the graves, which made his nerves none the steadier.

"Just as he was sticking the second knife beside the 'Squire's monument (which loomed white and ghostly through the darkness), the church-clock struck twelve.

"The deep, hollow sound, amid that dead silence, started him from a walk into a run. On he went, scratching himself against projecting boughs and bruising his shins upon the tombstones, till at last he came down on his hands and knees, close to the white gate. Just then an old owl overhead gave such a scream that Sam, too scared even to look round, stuck the third knife at random behind him, and tried to rush off. But lo! something seized and held him fast, and poor Sam, frightened out of his wits, howled, shrieked, kicked, struggled, and finally fainted outright.

"Meanwhile, his comrades, who were waiting outside, heard his cries, and fearing that something had gone wrong, ventured in, keeping very close together. And what do you think they found? Why, that he had stuck the knife *through the skirt of his own coat*, and pinned himself to the ground! And that was all the ghost there was about the matter."—*Golden Days.*

Little Johnnie.

Little Flossie was five years old. She had a little brother Johnnie who was two and a half years old. They were playing party. Flossie had eaten all her goodies. Seeing Johnnie's spread out before him in most tempting array, she raised her large gray eyes, and said: "Johnnie, play you said, 'Sister, won't you have some o' my goodies?'"

Little Johnnie, looking as grave as a judge, replied: "Flossie, play I said: 'I shan't do it.'"

Flossie dropped her head, feeling she had met her match.

—The private, Niles, who passed himself off in Philadelphia for a Major-General and received much money and comfort from old army men before the imposition was discovered, is at least a cool and clever fellow. When confronted with proofs of his falsehood he merely said in explanation that if he had presented himself as a private soldier no one would have taken any notice of him. As to his sickness and destitution he told the truth. He is not yet able to sit up in bed, and the men who helped him do not regret their generosity, believing that he would have died without it. The strangest and saddest feature of the case is that the evidence shows Niles to have been a brave soldier who was wounded several times and deserved well of his country.—*Chicago Times.*

—When the sun of mercy shines the hottest, then the fruits of grace should grow the fairest.—*Fleming.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

Later advices from Costa Rica prove that the recent earthquake was by no means so destructive of property as was at first reported and that no loss of life whatever occurred.

A senatorial "syndicate" has been organized at Annapolis to reject any and all nominations which are not satisfactory to its members individually. The next thing in order will be for the people to organize a syndicate to reject these Senators. –*Balto. Star.*

The stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal met in Annapolis Monday. Mr. Gorman was detained in Washington by sickness of his child. He forwarded his resignation as president of the canal, which the stockholders refused to consider until the annual meeting in June.

The Hagerstown *Herald and Torchlight* (Rep.) says: "It is evident the Democratic party is becoming greatly demoralized, and there is no telling what surprise may be in store for this State at the next general election. Whatever may be the outcome, it is very evident the old ring cannot hold the State in its grasp much longer."

The *Frederick Examiner* (Rep.) says: "What will be the result no one can tell, but it is very evident that the Democracy cannot be said at present to be a *harmonious* body. The bosses have separated, and the unity which marked their efforts in the past is not found at present. The triumphant faction seems afraid to boast of its success, and the conquered faction in silence is doubtless preparing measures to regain what it has lost."

If there are any Democrats with strong temperance views, they will learn with annoyance of the efforts of their representatives in Congress to avoid committing themselves on the bill to appoint a commission to inquire into the alcoholic liquor traffic of this country. Even Senator Bayard resorted to filibustering so as not to appear too ardent a lover of morality. But a vote was reached in the course of the proceedings which is a fair record for judgment, and indicates that only one Democratic statesman (real or alleged) is in accord with the reasonable demands of the temperance people throughout the land.

The Democratic party in this State pledged itself before the last election to abolish useless offices. It has done nothing yet to carry out its pledge, although there are in existence not only many sinecures, but also several unconstitutional places created for pet politicians and used as rewards for party services. The Tax Commissioner, the Superintendent of the House of Correction telegraph, the Insurance Commissioner and a multitude of other statesmen ought to be allowed to benefit the people by being freed from their public duties in the offices filled by them and letting the money now flowing into their coffers be saved to the State.—*Balto. Star.*

A Senatorial Syndicate.

ANNAPOLIS, March 22.—The topic of conversation at the State House is the rejection of so many of the Governor's nominees by the Senate yesterday. The universal opinion seems to be that the Senate acted very unwisely, and the especial point of censure was the fact that the rejections were all made at the behest of a syndicate, a thing unknown before in the history of the Maryland Senate. The votes by which the several rejections were made varied from 14 to 17. The Governor after his refusal to withdraw the names of Messrs. Seim, McCosker and Jones, was prepared for the slaughter of the innocents, and took the matter in a philosophic manner. Colonel Joyce evidently did not like his rejection, and Mr. McCosker said he considered it an honor to be rejected by such a body. There is no cause assigned for the rejection except the political sentiments of the nominees. The Governor, it is understood, will send in again men of the same character. The following Senators are said to have signed a written contract to reject any nominee on the objection of a single member of their syndicate: Messrs. Wells, Warfield, Williams, Hepron, Binns, Bond, Cooper, Gill, Getty, Vanderford, Parsons, Farrow, Lancaster, Allston and Magruder. The last four are Republicans.

The Garfield Monument at Washington.

Prominent among the undertakings to honor and perpetuate the memory of the late President Garfield, the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, of which General Garfield was a prominent member, has far advanced plans for the erection of a magnificent monument or statue at the National Capital, that is rapidly becoming a popular national movement. The Society are merely directing the raising of the necessary funds, and the erection of the monument, which, when completed, will be turned over to the President of the United States, as the property of the Nation. While nothing definite as to the character of the structure has been determined upon, the plans of the Society contemplate the raising of the largest amount possible, when a commission will be organized of the most eminent sculptors and architects, to whom will be entrusted the duty of creating a structure that, in point of design and artistic excellence, shall equal, if not excel, any similar work in America; that it may thus exemplify the exceptional regard that is held for our late Chief Magistrate in the hearts of his countrymen.

The committee consists of the following gentlemen who were appointed by Gen. P. H. Sheridan, the President of the Society, as possessing fitness for the duty intrusted to them: Gen. James Barnett, Merchant, of Cleveland, Ohio, Chairman; Gen. Henry M. Cist, Attorney at Law, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Recording Secretary; Gen. W. A. Robinson, Banker, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gen. A. B. Underwood, U. S. Surveyor, Custom house, Boston, Mass.; Gen. Anson G. McCook, M. C., of New York City; Gen. J. C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Gen. J. G. Parkhurst, of Coldwater, Mich.; Lieut. John Rubm, of Nashville, Tenn.; and Col. H. C. Corbin, Asst. Adt. Gen., U. S. Army, the latter of whom is Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

In the desire to make this movement one in which the whole people may be represented, by even the *smallest* contribution, the Postmasters of every town in the country have been appointed agents for the collection of subscriptions, and are especially charged with the fact that no subscription, however small, will be refused. It seems eminently fitting that such a monument should be erected at the National Capital, where the deeds of many of our most distinguished countrymen are honored in enduring bronze and marble, and that it should be the gift of the whole people, in recognition of the fact that from among the humblest one of our number arose to be the highest in the land. We cordially commend the undertaking to our people, and trust that our town will be liberally represented in the coming memorial. Our postmaster is duly authorized, and will be pleased to receive the smallest contributions. A handsome engraved receipt will be sent to every subscriber of one dollar and upwards, that may be preserved as an elegant souvenir of the fact.

It is suggested that societies, musical, literary, or otherwise, throughout the State, give benefits in aid of this project. These, in connection with the benevolent and patriotic ladies and gentlemen in our midst, should render the Committee having this great work in charge most valuable assistance.

Let the good work be done. Particular attention is invited to the fact that their's is a thoroughly National project, and has no connection with the Cleveland Monument, or any other purely local enterprise.

Who is Responsible?

Complaint has been made from time to time of improper influences that have been employed to control legislation in our State. A correspondent of *The Sun*, on the 15th instant, says: "It should be borne in mind that the Democratic party is amendable for all the abuses which disgrace Maryland and the city of Baltimore to-day. If the Democratic party suffer itself to be controlled and misled by the mercenary and irresponsible element, it should suffer the consequences." We take it for granted, that the admission of this communication into the columns of *The Sun* is a quasi endorsement of the position taken by the writer. How then shall the State be freed from such abuses? Is it not time for the honest yeomanry of Maryland to rise and hurl the party in power from its position, and to try whether other auspices and other men may not give us something better than a mercenary element to effect and control the government of our fair old State?

The party in power, taking the judgement of its own men, has failed to fulfil its duty, has failed to control public affairs so that the greatest good of the greatest number shall be accomplished, has become unsatisfactory to those who do not recognize "the right of controlling and dividing the public plunder" as the greatest function of government. Under these circumstances what is to be done? Manifestly to say, let us try others, let us see whether a change of authority may not be better for the old State. The Republican party has a bright future before it, if will be only true to itself and the principles it claims. Therefore let us close all breaches in our ranks, and with a united front endeavor to overthrow the corrupt legions that have for so many years controlled the State, and labor side by side for Republican success.—*Frederick Examiner.*

A letter to the Cumberland *Daily News* of Monday last speaks as follows of the approaching Judicial election:

"Edward Stake, Esq., of Washington county has been suggested as a candidate for chief judge on the Republican ticket, and is believed will be the strongest candidate that the Republicans can nominate. Mr. Stake, although comparatively a young man, is well known as a lawyer of ability, with considerable experience at the bar and an immense degree of popularity in his own county, which he carried a few years ago by over seven hundred majority against a popular Democratic candidate. It is generally conceded by representative men of the party in Western Maryland that this nomination will be pressed upon Mr. Stake. He is understood to be willing to accept the nomination for associate judge, but it is expected that he will consent to accept the nomination against Judge Alvey, so that the Republican ticket may be full, with a chance of success."

The many friends of Mr. Stake in this community will be gratified to see this appreciation of our former townsman. Mr. Stake was born and spent his boyhood days in this town where he has many warm friends. If he is placed upon the ticket as a candidate for this important trust he will receive the almost undivided support of the people of this community. — *Williamsport Pilot, March 11th.*

How to Beat Whyte.

Governor Hamilton has entered the field as a candidate for renomination, and has so announced himself to the friends with whom he comes in almost daily contact. The Governor, it is stated, does not propose to resort to any underhand means to secure a renomination. He thinks that the political squabbles which have disturbed his party since he ascended the gubernatorial chair have hampered the consummation of his plans for the reformation of political abuses, and he yearns for an opportunity to make good the pledges which he made on the stump. The only way in which he can accomplish this is to serve another term. Mr. Hamilton anticipates that Mayor Whyte will be an aspirant for gubernatorial honors next year, and the Governor is anxious to measure swords with him. The relations between the state and city executives have undergone a marked change since last year, and the rupture between them was announced in *The American* nearly three months ago. The Governor and his friends felt (whether justly or not) that they had been instrumental in the political resurrection of ex-Senator Whyte, and considered themselves slighted when it was officially promulgated that Mayor Whyte's political allies intended to support Barnes Compton for state treasurer. It was the intention of the Governor to revolutionize Democratic politics in this state last year, and the nomination of Mayor Whyte by the Democracy was looked upon by him as the harbinger of the approaching doom of the managers. The belief was cherished that in return for the aid extended to the Mayor by the Hamiltonians, Mr. Whyte's friends would assist in the election of a Hamilton man for treasurer. Mr. Whyte's indisposition to assist in the election of a Hamilton man for speaker of the House of Delegates widened the breach, and a few hot headed of Mayor Whyte's friends have added fuel to the flame by inconsiderate attacks on Gov. Hamilton. The Governor has long cherished the hope of being able to control the Board of Public Works, and have the naming of the president of the canal and the appointment of other officers of the public works of the state. How keen, then, must have been his disappointment when he learned that for two years longer, and to the end of his first term, he must remain a minority member of the board. Many of Mayor Whyte's friends at the time intimated that it was a mistake on his part to desert the Governor at such a critical juncture, for the defeat of Mr. Hamilton meant the success of those who formerly were Mayor Whyte's outspoken opponents and whose elevation was the continuance in office of men whom the people turned down when they elected Mayor Whyte. The work was done, and the result was that the Mayor incurred Governor Hamilton's enmity without gaining the friendship of Mr. Compton, who is now as unfriendly to Mr. Whyte as he was two years ago when he contended against his selection to the chairmanship of the Maryland delegation to the Cincinnati Convention. The Hamilton men are now in a condition ripe for any revolt against Mr. Whyte.—*Sunday American.*

The House Tuesday of last week, by a vote of 199 to 42, passed the Anti-Polygamy bill, which was approved by the Senate on Feburary 16, and it will undoubtedly soon become a law by the affixing of the President's signature. Whatever may be said of the measure as regards its effectiveness to suppress the evil which has so long outraged public decency, it must be admitted that a good beginning has been made, which can be followed up by as much more, and as severe, legislation as is needed. Many of the Democrats true to their records, did all they could to refrain from hurting the feelings of the large class of law-breakers whom they number among their constituents by opposing the measure and by trying to destroy its efficiency by amendments. They talked largely about "religious freedom" and "free government"—phrases that are particularly dear to people who are not practically religious and do not like government of any kind.

The Rev. Dr. Babcock has written a letter to the Wilmington *Morning News*, in which he states that his authority for the charge of Senator Bayard's influence having defeated the local option law in the Delaware legislature is Mr. Schade himself. That gentleman, in his report to the Brewers' Association in Chicago, as its attorney, expressly says: "I acquainted that noble friend of personal liberty, Senator T. F. Bayard, with the state of affairs, and the consequence was a very strong and able letter from the Senator in defence of personal liberty. The Delaware Senate soon after defeated the Local Option bill. Senator Vest, of Missouri, also followed with a similar letter in behalf of our rights. I mention their letters especially, as both are United States Senators."

The Annapolis Daily *Record*, which is Democratic enough to satisfy everybody and which certainly has its eye on the Legislature all the time, thinks last week's work was a bad one for the Democracy of Maryland. It says: "The refusal of the House to pass the Senate bills to provide glass boxes and to allow candidates or their representatives in the polling rooms, looks as if the members of the lower house desired neither fairness nor decency in elections. A party that will not throw every safeguard around the ballot box, not only deserves but ultimately will meet defeat." The Record goes further and adds that the hustings next fall will be a sad place for Democratic orators. It will be a sad place for any and every orator who has had or has any connection with the present ring in Baltimore and Maryland.

Maj. H. K. Douglas is being urged by his numerous friends both in this county and Washington as a candidate for Congress upon the Democratic ticket. There is no doubt that Maj. Douglas is the strongest man that party can nominate. If he should be placed upon the ticket the Republican party will have to bring out its best men to win, and from what we can learn that "best man" is either Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, or Louis E. McComas, Esq. Either of the above named gentlemen will make a creditable representative and one our district might be proud of.—*Cumberland Independent.*

A Washington special of Monday says: "It matters not how many petitions are sent him, the President does not intend, under any circumstances, to consider the question of pardoning Sergt. Mason or reducing his sentence for six months at least. If there is a demand then for it he will consider, but will not do so now. In the meantime this may prove a blessing in disguise for Mason, for subscriptions are being made quite freely in many sections for the support of his wife and children. It is thought these subscriptions will run up to four or five thousand dollars. Mrs. Mason just now is in need of money."

Two young girls of Illinois, Minnie Madden and Grace Crary, 18 and 19 years old, have been making a bicycle tour of the West for their health, and have now gone as far south as Texas, intending to reach Florida by spring, a trusted servant-man being in constant attendance.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1882.

Nothing appears more certain to the observers of political events than that the Democratic politicians can not, or will not, learn anything—not even by experience. The Republicans here have been a good deal amused lately at the efforts of the Democratic Congressmen and leaders to organize and strike out early for the ensuing Congressional campaign. For a number of years the party has floundered around without any policy to speak of, but adopting every expedient to catch votes. They bid first for the Independent vote with Greely in 1872, then for the Greenback vote, and finally in the last campaign they made a bold strike to capture the soldier vote for Hancock. It has been generally supposed that the scheme of throwing out inducements to catch the soldier element was pretty effectually squelched in that campaign, but now they come to the front with a fresh bait on their hook in the person of Gen. Rosecrans as chairman of the Congressional campaign committee. It was a most foolish selection from every point of view. As a disgusted Democrat said after the caucus: "It puts us on the defensive. We will have to defend the chairman of our committee against the assaults of the so-called Half-Breed press, because of the assaults against a dead man. We will have to defend him against the assaults of the Protestants because he is a Catholic. It was a bad selection, because Gen. Rosecrans is two thousand miles away from anywhere and is no politician." This about expresses the situation as it is. The more sagacious and business like Democrats wanted to elect Mr. Flower, of New York, to the chairmanship, partly because he has a "barl" and partly on account of his character and ability, but they were overruled, just as the whole party will be when the election comes around.

Congress has been for two or three years discussing measures for providing some suitable place for our immense National Library, which now contains over 400,000 volumes and is increasing at the rate of 25,000 volumes per year. A library building is absolutely necessary, as in the present condition of things the books can be of little use to anybody piled and stacked up in nooks and corners about the place now provided for them. The delay of Congress to select a site and appropriate money for a building led to a recent proposition to raise the dome of the Capitol fifty feet and put another story on the centre building. The practicability of this was referred to Gen. Meigs for his opinion as an engineer, and he has just sent his reply to the committee. After describing the construction of the dome, and the capacity of the central portion of the Capitol to bear weight, Gen. Meigs debates that he does not think it prudent to put the additional weight upon it. He says the walls under the dome are just proportioned to bear the load now upon them. The mortar used in the construction of the walls was made of lime and sand, as cement was not used in those days, and the soil upon which the walls rest is of moist clay; that the key-stones in some of the arches over the lower windows under the dome have dropped, some more than others, and upon the whole, Gen. Meigs says the suggested rising of the dome would be a dangerous and fatal enterprise. He says it is possible to take the dome to pieces and rebuild, but that the proportions of the Capitol forbid this as well as any attempt to raise the dome. In conclusion he says: "Nowhere is to be found a great building of such rich and graceful composition as the present Capitol of the United States." And he maintains substantially that any change would not only be dangerous, but would destroy the architectural beauty of the Capitol.

The old vexed question of official precedence which has caused heart-burnings and jealousies in Washington society ever since this city became the seat of Government, is liable to come up and engender bad feelings on any occasion of ceremony. It caused a lively and very warm discussion between some ladies and the doorkeeper of one of the reserved galleries in the House of Representatives on a recent occasion. It was a question as to the best seats being given to the families of members of the Cabinet in preference to the families of Justices of the Supreme Court. Some ladies of the latter class took possession of the disputed territory and kept it, despite the pleadings of the doorkeeper, who in vain urged his orders to keep those seats for certain ladies specially invited by the President. But because the ladies invited belonged to the family of a Cabinet officer the ladies in possession declared that the question of precedence had long ago been settled in favor of the Supreme Court as above the Cabinet in the official scale, and kept the seats. When ex-Senator Conkling's nomination to the Supreme Court was discussed here it was urged that he would never accept a position which would force him to walk behind all the others of the same class on all occasions of ceremony. The most recently appointed Justice of the Supreme Court always walk behind the others in entering and leaving the court room daily, and at State dinners and on similar occasion also, takes a less honorable seat than those commissioned earlier. Mr. Conkling would have had to walk immediately behind Justices Gray and Stanley Matthews, the other two recent appointments, and he doesn't love Justice Matthews, anyhow, and Justice Gray, who is by long odds the biggest man in Washington, would have completely overshadowed Mr. Conkling. This is the kind of talk we hear among the Miss Grundy's of the National Capitol, but perhaps people of sense will not for a moment suppose that Mr. Conkling even thought of this aspect of the case when he declined the Judgeship.

JUNIUS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Steel rails are now quoted as low as $54 a decline of $10 within a few weeks, which means a saving of from $800 to $1,000 per mile in the construction or railways.

The engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company is maturing plans for the erection of a breaker at a central point, to which the coal from a number of adjacent mines can be delived for preparation and shipment. If the experiment proves successful the plan will be adopted at numerous points throughout the coal region.

E. R. Hill, formerly a wealthy resident of Fort Wayne, Ind., but now in reduced circumstances, was arrested Saturday night in Chicago for using the United States mails to defraud. He had been in the habit of writing to wholesale grocers and butter dealers all over the country for shipments of produce, and when the confiding dealers shipped to him he refused to remit, and sold the goods at a great sacrifice.

The demand for rolling stock for railroads has fallen off considerably, and rail mills, locomotive works and car shops are no longer overburthened with orders. Instead of having orders far ahead, manufacturers are beginning to solicit business, and orders which last year would have had to wait for months, can now be filled at short notice. One order for one thousand freight cars brought bids for furnishing forty thousand, some of them being at a decline of $150 on last fall's prices.

Two well-trained racing dogs, Let-me-go and Nell, had a contest near Philadelphia on Saturday, in a race for $100 over a distance of 200 yards. Let-me-go made the distance in 11 second, beating her antagonist by 10 yards. Let-me-go is what is known as a "whippet," being a half-breed greyhound. She is two years old and weighs only 17 pounds, while Nell is a much larger dog, weighing 38 pounds. Her stride is fully five feet long, yet Let-me-go overcome that advantage by the celerity with which she sped over the ground.

GEN. GRANT'S IRISH.—At the St. Patrick banquet in New York, Friday night of last week, the toast "The United States of America" was responded to by Gen. Grant. As he rose the company gave vent to enthusiastic applause, and the guest's health was drank by the entire company standing and give three cheers and a tiger. There was much merriment when Judge Daly announced that the General was an Irishman by being made a citizen of the capital of Ireland during his continental trip. The cheering was again renewed as the ex President spoke. He said that it was true that he was an Irishman. He became one in Dublin in January, 1879. He found it rather embarassing to say what he wanted to, and, therefore, he would ask Mr. Depew to say what he could say were the latter in his position. He would say for himself, however, that he hoped all Irishmen would take advantage of the opportunities which this country gave them to show what they are worth. It was one of the grand features of America that there was no country on earth that extended to the poor and humble a better change to lift themselves upward if they had the stamina and the inherent merit to raise themselves in the world. The speaker had seen all countries, but he came back from his travels a better American than when he went away.

CHICAGO, March 18.—M. E. Dickson, of this city, started for Washington to-night with a petition for the pardon of Sergeant Mason. The petition is 2,400 feet long and is said to contain 120,000 names. It is elaborately gotten up, and required two expert paper hangers two hours to fold it properly. The *Tribune's* Sergeant Mason fund amounts to $320.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Sturgis's for spectacles and eye glasses.

—A good milch cow for sale by L. L. Loar.

—Call and see Sturgis's full line of spectacles and eye glasses.

—The *Herald* press has been sold to parties in St. George, Tucker county, W. Va.

—The inclement weather is somewhat retarding work at Mountain Lake Park.

—Sturgis has the only complete line of frameless eye glasses in town, and spectacles with buvisable steel frames.

—Mr. Robert W. McMichael is spoken of as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Cumberland.

—An effort is being made for the establishing of a national bank in Oakland. A bank is much needed here.

—"Fish Commissioner" Delawder has succeeded in bringing down the price of fresh fish in this market from 12½ to 5 cents per pound.

—Married, March 20th, 1882, by Rev. John J. Young, Mr. Henry Durst and Miss Margarett Dietrich, both of Accident, Garrett county Md.

--Died, Friday of last week, at Friendsville, this county, after a long illness Mrs. Rebecca Coddington, wife of Wm. A. Coddington, in the 53d year of her age.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, March 19th, 1882, by the Rev. H. E. Friend, Mr. Charles F. Glotfelty and Miss Delilah Turney, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, in the Lutheran Church, Oakland, Wednesday, by Rev Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. William Roth and Miss Clara Russell, both of Garrett county.

—The directors of Mountain Lake Park Association held a meeting at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Thursday. A number of the stockholders are also here.

—The appropriations just made by the controller for the public schools are payable on and after 27th inst. Allegany and Garrett counties get $6,332 13 for white, and $151.02 for colored schools,

—Spectacles and eye glasses at Sturgis's from 25 cents to $2.

—Died, at Ottawa, Canada, March 9th, of diphtheria, Madge, daughter of Dennis and Mary Ryan, of Oakland. The remains were brought to Oakland Friday of last week and buried in the Catholic Cemetery Saturday.

—Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, who has been absent for some weeks, working in the interest of the Deer Park Lutheran church building enterprise, returned home last week. We understand that he has been very successful in his mission.

—Among the local bills for this county passed during the present session of the Legislature, is one to establish two new election districts in this county out of the 1st, 7th and 8th Districts, and by changing the dividing line between Districts Nos. 3 and 4, to be called Districts Nos. 10 and 11.

—The Lonaconing *Times* makes the following statement as to the manner in which John Walsh, of Lonaconing, who seeks a pension lost his arm: "The young man, was at the time an infant in the cradle, and during one of those predatory excursions of the rebels, a shell from a federal battery exploded in the house of his parents on Hampshire Hill, near Piedmont, West Virginia, and tore off his arm while asleep. About a year ago his father was killed by an accident in one of the mines of the New Central coal company, leaving a wife and six or seven children, the eldest of whom is this youth."

Church Services--Sunday.

Episcopal Church--Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

M. E. Church — Preaching at 10½ o'clock a. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 22:

Emily P. E. Droege and husband to Henry G. Davis, their interest in military lot No. 1147; $200.

Wm. C. Pennington and others to Henry G. Davis, their interest in military lot No. 1147; $150.

Joel Beachy and wife to John P. Miller, 10 acres of land in county; $400.

Danl. Harshberger and wife to John P. Miller, 1 acre and 110 perches of land; $51.

Henry J. Miller and wife to Rudolph and Barbara Yoder, 11 acres and 110 perches of land; $400.

Jos. R. Anderson, to Henry M. Broadwater, 70¾ acres of land being of "Cheviot Date;" $424.

We Need Money.

This may seem strange to many of our subscribers, for judging by our books a large number of them seem to labor under the delusion that a newspaper can be run indefinitely without the outlay of any capital. This is an error which is painfully apparent to us. We do not like to dun, we do not like to see newspapers in the habit of dunning, and it is not our fault that we ask those indebted to us to come forward and settle. In making this request we are only asking for what properly belongs to us, and if those who are indebted would take this view of it they would not be slow in squaring their accounts. We venture to say there are not a dozen subscribers upon THE REPUBLICAN'S mail list that it would in any way embarrass to pay what is due us, yet for some cause many of them are exceedingly slow in doing so, and for this reason—distasteful as it is to us—we had it necessary to give them at least one dunning a year. We hope, therefore, that those who know themselves to be indebted to us, will embrace the opportunity to forward what is due. Remittances may be made by check, postoffice money order or by registered letter. Sending money in unregistered letters is not a safe way of transmitting it. Those who do not desire to remit as above may find an opportunity to bring the amount of their indebtedness, or send it by a neighbor during the meeting of the county commissioners the first week in April, or during May court. Friends, make some effort in our behalf, because we really need the money in order to carry on our business in a business like manner.

PITTSBURGH, PA., March 20, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Doubtless many of your readers have heard of Mr. Grigg, the old mill wright, who at one time lived in Selbysport, and who was accused of burning the court house at Kingwood. He has been living in this city for some time, and was engaged recently in selling a preventive for small-pox. He contracted the disease and died a few days ago.

Mr. A. J. Frazee has left Pittsburgh for his home in your county, where he expects to remain for several months.

Yours, truly,
REPORTER.

Maryland Sunday School Union.

This important institution held its 26th anniversary on Tuesday evening in Baltimore, with its usual success. The reports showed that a good work was done last year in the organization of schools and general missionary work. We learn that the State Missionary will labor a few weeks in this county, and desires that those who can give information will address State Missionary, Maryland Sunday School Union, corner Charles and Saratoga streets, Baltimore. We bespeak for him a cordial welcome and co operation.

Music Teaching.

Mrs. H. P. Tasker, having returned to her home in Oakland, is now prepared to take a limited number of pupils in music. Vocalizing will be blended with instrumental instruction. Harmony and transposition a specialty with advanced pupils. General review and examination from a black board once a month gratis, to the pupils classed. 3 18 2

A High Compliment.

Miss Sullivan, the daughter of Gen. J. C. Sullivan, of Oakland, California, and grand-daughter of Gen. B. F. Kelly, the superintendent of the Hot Springs reservation, received the following flattering notice in the San Francisco *Argonaut*:

The vocal event of the evening was the first public appearance of Miss Mary Isabel Sullivan. The numerous friends of the young lady, scattered through the large audience which filled Piatt's Hall, were doubtless prepared to find in the debutante the tall slender and fair haired girl who came forward with easy grace and quiet self-possession, to sing for us all the Recitative and Polonaise from "Mignon." But to the unbridled Miss Sullivan's youthfulness was something of a surprise and everybody rustled their program in making sure of the selection, after a first glance at the singer. The Polonaise, from "Mignon," is an immensely difficult thing. What with its cadenzas, trills, breezy roulades and high E flat, it is enough to appal the bravest vocalist; but Miss Sullivan opened her pretty, round mouth with the utmost unconcern, and caught up the fascinating rhythm of the Polonaise without a shadow of hesitancy. And so she sang to the end, making nothing but play of the little climbing trills, sending her flexible voice here and there for any note she cared to reach, and completing her triumph with the sustained high E flat, that even Kellogg touches with a gingerly staccato. Of course there were thunders of applause, and a multitude of flowers, and Miss Sullivan was recalled to sing the "Last Rose of Summer." It is unnecessary to say that her voice is a remarkable high clear soprano; it is also strong and flexible, and is capable of wonderful things. Miss Sullivan has a self-possessed stage presence, and seemed entirely at home beneath the gaze of a critical world. Her dress was of white tulle satin, embroidered with a design of marguerites.

The Mining Situation.

The long-looked for reply of the miners to the circular of the coal operators, was issued yesterday. It is the proposition that a committee of five miners meet a similar committee from the companies to take into consideration the differences existing between them. Following is the answer in full:

To the Mining Companies of the George's Creek-Cumberland Coal Region:

We, the employees of the several mining corporations of Allegany and Garrett counties, in reply to your declarations, would say that in view of the fact that you have determined to reduce the cost of the production of your coal and to enact such laws and regulations as will give you proper control of your property; and further, you declare that your interests have been greatly embarassed by the arbitrary and unjust rules instituted by the labor organization of this coal region, "regulations that have been most unjust to the companies and really advantageous to no one."

As to the first declaration of your determination to reduce the cost of production and to enact such laws and regulations to control your property. This, your right, we concede, if it be not injurious to the rights of your employees.

Further, as to the second declaration "that the laws and regulations governing your employees in and about the mines at the present are unjust and embarrassing to the companies and really advantageous to no one," we cannot concede, for the fact has been clearly proven that your employees have been greatly benefitted by the same, employment more generally distributed amongst your employees and the interests of the companies greatly secured.

Therefore we cannot consider your determination to reduce the cost of production as just or reasonable, nor do we accept as reasonable your purpose to make twelve hours a day's work, but consider it unjust and illegal. The necessity of any changes in the cost of production or an increase of time has never been admitted by your employees.

The appeal made by us to the Clearfield miners, from which you draw such inferences, was not an admission upon your part of such necessity, but that they, with us, would ask for and secure from their employers a just compensation for their labor.

Therefore, gentlemen, we, your employees, deem it unnecessary to enter into any lengthy argument in reply to your bill of declarations at this time, but we are willing to appoint a committee of five to meet a similar committee from your body at Cumberland, Md., at any time between now and the first of April, to take into consideration the differences now existing between us, and we will accept whatever is fair and just to you and honorable to our country and county and all interests appertaining to the business community in which we reside, as well as to our families and ourselves.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Address all communication on this question to Robert W. Price, Lonaconing, Allegany county, Md.

The following set of resolutions has been conspicuously posted about the mines.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WHEREAS, There is offered to the miners of the George's Creek Cumberland coal region a reduction of 15 cents per ton—from 65 to 50 cents; drivers from $2.48 to $1.65 per day and other labor in proportion and

WHEREAS, We, the miners and laborers of the George's Creek region, have decided that we will not accept the proposition offered; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we cease work after March 14th in this region and not accept work in this or any other region that produces coal for the same market at a lower price than that for which we are contending; as war has been declared on all mining labor all should fight the battle together.

Resolved, That any one working at any labor in the mining department in this or any competing regions while this question of wages is pending shall be considered a blackleg and an enemy to the cause of labor.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Frostburg, Md., March 14, 1882.

A notice was posted at Lonaconing yesterday offering the miners $1.40 per day to work on the construction of the Pittsburg and West Virginia Central railroad. It is under food a few of the miners took the offer.—*Cumb. News.*

A Historic Family.

The *Journal*, of Bonaparte, Van Buren county, Iowa, of February 9, announced the death of M. Cresap, an old and highly respected citizen of Bonaparte. Mr. Cresap was born in Allegany county, Md., in 1806, and was 76 years of age at the time of his death. Shortly after his marriage he removed to Somerset county, Pa., where for many years he kept a hotel on the National turnpike. In 1865 he removed to Bonaparte, where he resided until his death. He left eight children, four of whom reside at Bonaparte; the remaining children, G. M. Cresap, Elizabethtown, Ky.; Mrs. Charles C. Smith, Colorado, and Wm. Ross Cresap, of Montana.

Mr. Cresap belonged to a family which was identified with some of the most stirring scenes in the early history of Maryland, and which still has many representatives in the Western section of the State. Thos. Cresap, the founder of the family in Maryland, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. The stories of his prowess and daring in many exciting scenes of early provincial history are still preserved, not only in the pages of Maryland history, but in many interesting local traditions. He was specially prominent in the border warfare between Maryland and Pennsylvania arising out of the disputed boundary question, and defeated the Pennsylvanians in several encounters. He was at last surprised, taken prisoner and carried to Philadelphia, where, according to Col. Brantz Mayer, "the streets, doors and windows were thronged with spectators to see the 'Maryland monster,' who taunted the crowd by exclaiming, half in earnest, half in derision, 'Why this is the finest city in the Province of Maryland!'" Thomas Cresap afterwards removed to Western Maryland, where he became the acknowledged leader of the bold and adventurous pioneers of that section. He reached the remarkable age of 105 years, and retained his mental and physical vigor in a remarkable degree to the last. His son, Michael Cresap, equally distinguished for cool courage and strong character, commanded the first company of riflemen from Maryland in the Revolution, which were recruited and armed in Frederick county with remarkable dispatch, owing to the commander's great personal popularity. Captain Michael Cresap died after about three months' service, and was buried in Trinity church yard, N. Y., where a rude stone for many years bore simple tribute to his name and memory. Luther Martin, the great Maryland lawyer, married a daughter of Michael Cresap, and entered the lists in defense of Cresap when the latter was erroneously charged by Mr. Jefferson with being the cause of the Indian war of 1771, and as guilty of the massacre of the relatives of the celebrated Indian chief Logan, whose eloquent and pathetic speech is still found in most of the school readers of the day.—*Balto. Sun.*

A Wholesale Grocer's Rule.

Every established local newspaper receives subscription, from large cities, which puzzle the publishers to account for, but which the New York *Times* lately threw some light upon in the following: "A wholesale grocer in this city, who has become rich at the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and invariably went for his debtor. Said he: 'The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business.'" The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.—*Ex.*

Death of William Taylor.

William Taylor, a well known colored man of this city, died at his residence on Frederick street yesterday morning after an illness of about two weeks, of pluerisy. He was born and raised in this city, and was probably as well known as any colored man in town, having been engaged in various restaurants and hotels. Among other establishments at which he had been employed were Hurd's restaurant and the St. Nicholas hotel, this city, and the Glades hotel, Oakland. At the time of his death he was engaged at Joseph Lloyd's establishment. For two years during the war he was body servant to General Siegel and accompanied him on various campaigns. He was of late years prominent in local politics and his intelligence made him more or less a leader among his race. He was 41 years old and leaves a wife and eight children.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

The Alarming Increase of Doctors of Medicine.

The remarkable number of the graduating class of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York—213 in all, although 26 failed to pass examination, and less than 200 actually received diplomas—recalls the question so often asked by the advocates of high standard of medical education. What is to be done with the army of newly-fledged physicians annually turned out by our medical schools? Prof. Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, demonstrated by statistics several years ago that the ratio of physicians to general population annually diminishes the medical graduate's prospect of obtaining remunerative professional employment, and the time is not far distant when measures must be taken to lessen the influx of young men into the ranks of medicine. No better way can, perhaps, be proposed than that which it was the aim of the American Academy of Medicine to establish and foster, namely, a return to the ancient rule of four years preparatory collegiate training and of three years in the medical school, in place of the now almost universally prevalent two. But how to bring about such a state of things with half a dozen medical schools in competition for the students' fees where there ought to be only one is a question not easy to solve, and one in the solution of which medical Faculties cannot be expected to participate.—*New York Times.*

The Texas Tarantula.

The Texas tarantula, when he is full grown, is boss among spiders—what Jesse James is among robbers, or Jay Gould among railroad magnates. He has hair all over his legs, and wears his eyes on the top of his head to see that nobody takes advantage of him. We are not describing Jay Gould, but the tarantula. He is big enough, and hungry enough to gobble up all the rest, which remark however applies as well to Jay as to the tarantula. The tarantula is a desperado among insects. In one respect, nevertheless, he differs very much from the Texas Desperado. The latter is more dangerous when in liquor than at any other time, while the tarantula is the most harmless insect on the road, as long as he is under the influence of alcohol, and the bottle is corked up tightly. The tarantula makes himself respected with a pair of hooked fangs, which at the same time are the principal cause of his unpopularity. As long as this amiable insect is not interfered with, he attends strickly to his own business, but if anybody punches him in the small of the back with an umbrella, or spits tobacco juice on him, he becomes irritable and peevish. Under such provocation he will jump up and down, sling his arms and legs about, gnash his teeth, and go on for all the world like a stump speaker whose veracity has been questioned by a man in the crowd. On such occasions he will jump on anybody, regardless of his size, or social status.

Like all disagreeable people, the the tarantula has his personal enemies. The enemy he likes less than all the rest is a large black wasp, whose only mission in life seems to take the conceit out of the tarantula. He accomplishes this remarkable feat by vaccinating the tarantula on the back with a sting. When the tarantula goes out to bulldoze inoffensive tumble bugs and grasshoppers, he has to look out for the wasp. A fight between the wasp and the tarantula is almost as interesting as a Congressional debate on sectional issues, and it always ends with the death of the spider. As soon as the tarantula hears the buzz of the wasp, he looks for a hole to crawl into, and if there is none handy, it is "good-bye John" with Mr. Spider. The wasp circles around the excited spider, very much as a hawk does over a barn yard. Suddenly he dives down, vaccinates the tarantula, and flies up again. It does not seem as if it had touched the spider, but he has, and it has taken too, for in a few seconds, the desperado of the prairies begins to walk zig-zag, very much like a fashionable young man returning from an oyster supper. In a short time the tarantula feels tired, and finally swoons away, whereupon the wasp alights, takes a good look at his victim, and, seizing him by one of his legs, drags him off to some secluded spot where he administers on his estate. The would-be desperado can learn a great deal if he will ponder over the relations between the wasp and the tarantula.

The bite of the tarantula is not as bad as has been represented. It rarely causes death, but it is very painful, causing the bitten person to dance about as impatiently as a man who goes to the postoffice, finds his box full of letters, and then discovers that he has left the key in his other pants. The tarantula can be successfully tamed by patting him on the small of the back with the flat of an axe.—*Texas Siftings.*

Customs and Principles of the Dunkers, or German Baptists.

The following discription of this peculiar religious sect is taken from an article in the *Century* for December, corrected in accordance with the criticism of the *Primitive Christian*, a paper of that denomination, published at Huntingdon, Pa.:

"The Dunkers profess all the fundamental principles of Christian faith. They baptize the neophytes—as their founders at Schwatzenau did—by immersing them three times in the name of the Father, the Son and the Spirit. Their communion is preceded by the rite of foot-washing. A curious discussion has of late engaged their attention—upon the question whether the single or the double mode has the better claim for observance. When the same brother both washes and dries the feet, it is the the single mode; when each service is performed by a separate person they call it foot washing by the double mode. It is not to be understood, however, that the whole congregation is thus served by one or two of their number. There are enough of them going around with the tub and towel to finish the ceremony within a reasonable time. Foot-washing and communion are always administered in the evening; and just before the communion a love-feast is held in commemoration of the supper which Jesus took with his disciples. There is no binding rule as to the choice of food, though among the viands lamb has the preference. Even such luxuries as coffee and butter, unknown to Scriptural Palestine, are not objected to. After the love-feast comes the "holy kiss." The minister gives it to the brother that sits next to him on the right; he applies it, in turn, to his neighbor, and thus it is passed along the line, and by the last is carried to the next table. The same order is observed with the women, with the exception that the first kiss is applied by the minister to the first sister's hand.

The Dunkers live in peace with one another and seek no redress for injury done to them by recourse to law. Disagreements among themselves are settled by the elders, whose decision is final. Only in exceptional cases, and after permission is granted by the officers of the congregation, do they institute law suits against the people of the world. Like the Quakers and the Mennonites, they refrain from taking or administering oaths, from participating in warfare, or giving countenance to it in any manner whatever. They are averse to accepting public office. Their poor they support. Among their host of two hundred thousand people, there is not one who suffers for want."

THE FLOODED REGION.—The government steamer Anita has gone up the Yazoo river with 100 tons of provisions for the sufferers by the overflow in that region. The project of removing the people from their homes has been abandoned, and only those will be brought away who are actually imprisoned by the waters. Relief depots will be established at various points. The steamer Carroll brought 1,000 horses and mules from the Yazoo country to Vicksburg Tuesday. At Tennessee Landing the back-water is running over the levee into the river. There are thirty persons in the second story of a house at this place and not a foot of land in sight. James A. Logan and James B. Stone rescued ninety people at Omega by means of skiffs.

Reports received at New Orleans from Tensas parish, La., are to the effect that every plantation is wholly or partially under water. The whole of Harrieane Island is completely submerged. The Landry crevasse, in Ascension parish, has not been closed, but continues to widen. It is now reported to be 115 feet wide. The water is backing up on lands in Ascension parish above the break and flooding plantations below in that and also in St. James' parish. A portion of the Burnside plantations is under water. At new Orleans the river has scarcely varied an inch in a week, standing eight inches below the high-water mark of 1874.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitous distribution.

A Vivid Reminiscence of a Vigilance Committee.

In the summer of 1851 I was a resident of Weaverville, Trinity County, California, one of the most prosperous mining towns in the State at that time. A few months previous to that time the vigilants of San Francisco had driven out of the city quite a large number of roughs and thieves who had generally circulated through the mining towns of the State, when the vigilants of San Francisco made it too hot for them. A large number of them were from Australia, and generally were known as "Sydney ducks." To be from Sydney was equivalent to being a thief. Amongst the early California miners nearly every mining town had its vigilance committee, and Weaverville was not behind her sister towns in that respect, and your humble servant was an active member of the aforesaid committee. Now there resided in town two Englishmen, one by the name of Hardgraves, from Illinois, and the other by the name of Seymour, from Sydney. They being fellow-countrymen were naturally friendly with each other, and passed their evenings frequently together. Hardgraves was a hard-working miner, but would sometimes get on a "bust." Seymour did not seem to get on very well; had no luck in his operations and was generally out of money. Hardgraves came to town one evening and brought with him his dust, amounting to about $1,000, which he had in a yeast powder can, placed in his breast between his shirts for safe keeping during his absence from his cabin. That same evening Hardgraves took it in his head to get on a glorious drunk with his friend Seymour. Next morning Hardgraves was minus his dust, and of course he and Seymour were together that night, and Seymour must be the thief. He was a "Sydney duck," and that was sufficient to hang him; and what was more, he wore a coat which, by turning, one side was red with blue facing; when the other side was out it was black with red facings, and many of the honest miners thought and said that none but a thief would wear such a coat.

Well, Seymour was arrested by the Sheriff for the robbery. In those days there was not much respect paid to the civil law, as the county had neither jails nor courthouses, to confine or try her criminals in. The supposition was that Seymour would get away without proper punishment, so that the vigilantes took the matter in hands appointed a committee to wait on Sheriff Nixon and demand the prisoner. The writer of this was one of the committee, and a gentleman that is now holding an important office in California was another of the committee. Well, we went with the full determination of having him. We made a demand for the prisoner from the Sheriff. He told us he would not give him up, but in a moment the Sheriff was disarmed and the prisoner was in our custody. Well do I remember the look of horror that overspread the prisoner's countenance when he thought his last hour on earth had come. Some were for hanging him without a trial. The more cool were for giving him a trial, and if found guilty then hanging him immediately, and, thank God! the latter prevailed. There was a judge appointed on the spot, and the jury sworn in under the shade of a pine tree just below the town, and the trial commenced. No law quibbles nor technicalities were heard in that Court. The trial proceeded, but with very little evidence against the prisoner. Hardgraves was the first witness; he testified to being drunk and in company with the prisoner the night the dust was stolen. Others testified about the same thing. The jury could not agree on their verdict, and the prisoner was held in custody, with the understanding that he was found guilty and was to be hung at ten o'clock that night. About nine o'clock the prisoner was taken out and made to believe that his last hour had come. He was taken to a large oak tree just across a gulch from the town, which was afterwards known as "hangman's tree," and there a rope was placed over a limb and the other end about his neck, with the demand; "Seymour, make your peace with your God, for you have just fifteen minutes to live." He first professed his innocence before God and man as to the crime he was charged with, and in an earnest manner prayed God to receive his spirit in His heavenly keeping after his foul murder here on earth. After the fifteen minutes had expired he was hauled up by the neck and suspended until life was nearly extinct, when he was let down and told if he would confess to the robbery he would have further time, but he still persisted that he was innocent of the crime that he was accused of. Again he was hauled up, he begging to be shot, and not tortured any more, which was not granted. Again he was let down to see if he would not confess, but he would not confess his guilt, which made many that were there about him cry out: "Hang the guilty wretch this time sure."

But better counsel prevailed, and it was agreed to make him leave the country under penalty of death if he should ever be caught therein after twenty-four hours from that time. He was then taken from the gallows, and made to believe he would suffer death the next day. He was placed in charge of a guard of two men for the night, with the understanding that they would let him escape during the night. I was one of the guard. About twelve o'clock I went into the cabin, which was his prison. He was on his knees offering up his devotions to God for the salvation of his soul. I said: "Seymour, I believe I will let you escape, for you may be innocent of this crime." Such a look as he gave I remember to this day, throwing himself at my feet and begging only as a condemned criminal can beg for his life. I told him to arise and leave the place as soon as possible and not stop until he had crossed the Trinity Mountain. Well, he left, showering blessings on my head. About daylight next morning, as he had reached nearly the summit of Trinity Mountain, two miners that were on their way to Weaverville saw a man in the trail ahead of them, but on his seeing them, dodged into the brush. They, fearing robbery, drew their guns on him and told him to come out of the brush or they would shoot him. He came out, begging for mercy. He said he had just escaped from Weaverville with his life, and advised them not to go there, as they hung men for pastime in that burg. But they said they were not afraid, as they would attend to their own business. This was the last I ever heard of Seymour.

Now for the sequel. The can of dust which Hargrave lost, and for the supposed theft of which poor Seymour came near being hanged, was found by Dr. Winston, a few days after the banishment of Seymour from the town, in a bunch of chapparel near by; and subsequent events proved conclusively that Hardgraves had there dropped it while drunk.—*Tombstone Nugget.*

How He Lost His Memory.

He had asked the man in the seat behind him for a chew of fine-cut, and after stuffing half the contents of the box into his mouth, he had put the box itself into his pocket. When reminded of this he replied:

"Bless me—bless me! Why so I did! Hope you won't take offense, sir, for I had entirely forgotten it. Dear me! but I find fresh evidence every day that I am not what I used to be. I see that I am losing my memory."

"That's too bad," said the other. "How long have you been thus afflicted?"

"Exactly thirteen years to-day."

"Did some accident happen to you then?"

"Accident? Bless you, my dear sir, it was a terrible thing. I was hung by a mob."

"Is that so? I don't want to be impertinent,, but I should like to hear about it."

"Certainly—no impertinence about that. I was in Denver. My business there was to sell pianos and organs. One night I called at a house to see about the sale of a piano, and I found the lady murdered in the hall. While I was standing there, horror-struck and terrified, several parties came up, accused me of the deed, and in ten minutes a mob had a rope around my neck. I was dragged to a tree, given two minutes to pray, and then pulled up."

"Hung by the neck?"

"Yes—a regular hangman's noose, and the end of the rope was made fast and I was left swinging."

"Great Scots! and—and—but you didn't die?"

"I dunno," softly answered the piano man. "I date my loss of memory from the minute they began pulling on the rope. Perhaps I was cut down and resuscitated—perhaps the corpse was taken out and buried. As I told you before, my memory has sadly failed me."

The other puzzled over it, blew his nose, got red in the face, and finally blurted out:

"Say, mister, I believe you are a gignntic, cousarned liar!"

"Like as not—like as not!" blandly replied the piano man. "When a man's memory begins to fail he may hit the truth or he may lie—just as it happens. Have you any good chewing tobacco with you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Story of Szegedin.

At Szegedin called the "Queen of the Alfold," the author of "Maggarland" of course found sad traces of the terrible disaster, caused by the bursting of dykes, which happened to the city in 1878. Its position had always been a perilious one, and the inhabitants knew that a deluge was more than possible in the future. "Apres mo ile deluge" was what each one apparently thought, and nobody dreamed that it would come so soon. The alluvial plain, in the center of which stands Szegedin, is bounded on one side by the River Theiss, rising in the Carpathians, not far from the provinces of Galicia and the Bukovina, and its overflowing, which, in a greater or less degree occurs annually, is due chiefly to the melting of the snow on the highest peaks and the wearing away of the rock through which the infant river passes. Flowing to meet the Theiss from the eastern frontier of Hungary come the waters of the Maros—the principal river in Transylvania—which empties itself into the Theiss at Szegedin. It was the triangular space formed by these two rivers, measuring nine hundred square miles of rich pasture and cultivated land, that the failure of the dykes converted into a turbid ocean. From one inhabitant of the unfortunate city the author heard a harrowing story. He was in a boat on the flood, he said; and having picked up as many people as it could hold with safety, was about to row off with his living freight, when suddenly a woman in the water clutched the side of the little vessel and threatened to overturn it. At once he saw the danger, and without a moment's hesitation seized her hands, and pushed her with all his strength away. As he did so, she recognized him and called him by name; and then he saw, too late that it was his wife.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A State Where People are Strangers.

Owing to the peculiar configuration of our State, and the absence of any of the modern faculties for communication, there is probably no State in the Union in which the people of different sections are less familiar with the customs, manners, pursuits and character of each other than are the people of Florida. So far as West Florida is concerned, were it not for the payment of taxes, the appointment of officials by the Governor, and the biennial elections for members of the Legislature, she might be forgotten as being a part of the land of flowers. The St. John's River, the Transit road, and the road from Jacksonville to Chattahoochee bring the people of the other sections of the State in frequent contact and communication with each other. With us, however, there is little if any communication, and all of our business interests follow channels that lead out of the State. There is a promising prospect now, however, that the great gap between us and the rest of the State will soon be bridged, and that the period long sighed for by the leading minds of Florida would become homogeneous, united in interest and feeling as well as in name, is at hand.—*Pensacola Advance Gazette.*

—A Connecticut man, aged seventy-four, and once worth $15,000, has been arrested for stealing eight cents' worth of spruce lumber. Poor old man! Not enough left to pay for his board!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Food Equivalents.

It seems to me that the great majority of farmers need a good deal more knowledge, both practical and scientific, in the matter of the values of different kinds of food for stock. Such a knowledge will enable the farmer to feed his stock with greater economy and at the same time keep them in better condition. The practice of farmers in feeding stock varies in different localities, and even in the same locality. One farmer will winter his cattle entirely on hay, and often, before spring, they will become so constipated that their excrement is voided in hard balls; they fall off greatly in flesh, and spring finds them in bad condition. I remember the time when it was a common practice to winter cattle at a straw stack, with no food except the straw to which they helped themselves. Cattle confined for a long time to a single article of diet which, like this, is deficient both in flesh formers and fat and heat producers, were generally in a terrible condition to endure the March winds. Many of them died, and many more were so run down that it took all the best part of the season to get them back to as good condition as they were in the previous fall. In the great corn growing States many farmers run to the other extreme, and feed too lavishly of corn, which contains an excess of heat and fat producing elements. I have known farmers to feed a horse thirty large ears of corn a day—equal to twelve or fifteen pounds of shelled corn, all through the winter when the teams were not working, and often they were not taken out of the stable for a week, except to water.

I have seen men keep hogs shut up in a close pen or muddy yard, obliged to sleep on a dusty floor, and for months not feed a mouthful of anything except corn. It is little wonder that with such management our western horses break down early, or die of colic, or that cholera sweeps our herds of swine out of existence. Common sense teaches that the more comfortable and contented our stock is kept, the better they will thrive, and generally the more profitable they will be to us. An animal cannot be comfortable when suffering with hunger, or when gorged and clogged by too great a quantity of rich food. The animal wintered on straw or a poor quality of hay will suffer both with hunger and cold, for there is not enough fat in the food to maintain vital heat, or enough of the flesh formers to replace the waste. The animal that is fed too much corn-meal loses appetite and all the digestive and assimilative organs become deranged. The knowledge which the farmer should have, and which science can help him to gain, will enable him to so combine the different articles of food as to make the proportions of flesh and fat formers what they should be. Millions of acres of cornstalks, in our western States, are left in the fields and fed off after the rains and winds have bleached them until they are nearly worthless, and the land is damaged by tramping more than all the food is worth. Straw stacks, by the thousand, are left to rot. All this material can be fed to stock profitably, and will be relished by them if combined with some of the richer foods.

For example, if good hay is worth $12 a ton, and straw is only valued at $4, we may be able to make a much better ration for our cattle—as well as cheaper—by feeding 1,500 pounds of straw combined with 400 pounds of corn meal and 100 pounds of linseed meal. If the corn meal costs $1 per 100 pounds, and the linseed meal $1.50, the ton would cost $9.50 against $12 for hay. We need a systematic series of experiments carefully carried out, to enable farmers to know what the feeding value of various substances is. There are many farmers who regard bran as almost worthless. Many years' practical experience in feeding it leads me to value it higher than corn meal, possibly not entirely on account of the actual nutriment contained in it, but because when fed with corn meal it, like grass, keeps the bowels open, prevents indigestion, and enables the animal to maintain a healthy condition and assimilate its food so much better than it can without it. I think that we should first make ourselves acquainted with the constituents of animal foods, getting clearly before us the proportions of flesh and fat farmers in each, and we should then carry out some experiments to see how theory and practice agree. There are a few facts about animal foods which farmers should remember: As, for example, that the time of cutting and manner of curing of hay, straw and fodder will greatly affect their value; that the albuminoids are far more costly than the carbhydrates, and that stock will do better on a food in which the latter are deficient, than if the former are.

I have examined a number of tables which give analyses of different articles of animal food, and select from them the following as a fair average: In these tables the albuminoids are valued at about $4.30, carbhydrates at 90 cents, and fat at $4.35 per 100 pounds. All the articles in these tables are valued at a higher price than we should give them in our western States, but the relative values are what we want and they are right. In the following table the digestible amount of each of the elements is given. The first column represents the number of pounds of each in a ton, and the last the money value at the prices given above. In the carbhydrates is included the digestible crude fibre. In the hay, straw and fodder, a good medium quality is represented, the average of five analyses, including the best and poorest samples:

	Pounds.	Money Value.
CLOVER HAY.		
Albuminoids	214	$ 9.24
Carbhydrates	752	6.76
Fat	42	1.82
	1,008	$ 17.82
AVERAGE MEADOW HAY.		
Albuminoids	108	$ 4.68
Carbhydrates	839	7.38
Fat	20	87
	948	$ 12.93
CORN FODDER.		
Albuminoids	66	$ 2.86
Carbhydrates	868	7.81
Fat	20	87
	954	$ 11.54
OAT STRAW.		
Albuminoids	28	$ 1.21
Carbhydrates	803	7.21
Fat	14	61
	844	$ 9.03
OIL CAKE.		
Albuminoids	475	$ 19.00
Carbhydrates	703	6.32
Fat	180	7.80
	1,358	$ 33.12
WHEAT BRAN.		
Albuminoids	252	$ 10.92
Carbhydrates	862	7.67
Fat	52	2.25
	1,156	$ 20.84
CORN MEAL.		
Albuminoids	168	$ 7.28
Carbhydrates	1,212	10.90
Fat	96	4.16
	1,476	$ 22.34
OATS.		
Albuminoids	180	$ 7.80
Carbhydrates	860	7.74
Fat	94	4.07
	1,134	$ 19.61

These tables will be found a help in making up a ratio from straw, or the poorer qualities of hay. I wish some of your readers who are feeding cattle this winter, would try feeding straw in connection with some of the richer foods, and see if it will not be much cheaper than hay.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Country Gentleman.*

Staining Floors.

With the present economical and pleasing fashion of stained floors partially covered with rugs the following directions, given by the *Art Interchange* for staining floors, will doubtless prove welcome to many readers:

The materials required can be bought at any ordinary oil or color store. As a general rule one quart of the staining liquid will be sufficient to cover sixteen square yards of flooring; but different kinds of wood absorb in different proportions, soft woods requiring more for the same space than hard woods. The colors of the stains are various, so that one may either choose ebony, walnut, mahogany, rosewood, satin-wood, oak medium oak or maple, according to the paleness or depth of color desired. A quart and half a pint of the best varnish are required to finish the sixteen yards above mentioned. The necessary purchases are completed by a good-sized painter's brush and a smaller one. If the wood is uneven it must be planed and rubbed down to a smooth surface, while the cracks and space between the boards, if very wide, may be disposed of by a process called "slipping," by which pieces of wood are fitted in. The floor must next be carefully washed and allowed to dry thoroughly. The actual staining may now be proceeded with. The liquid is poured out into a basin and spread all over the floor with the aid of the large brush, the small one being used to do the corners and along the wainscoting, so that it may not be smeared. It is best to begin staining at the farthest corner from the doorway and work round, so that one's exit may not be impeded. It is also a good plan to work with the window open if there is no danger of much dust or blacks flying in, as the staining drys so much quicker. After the floor is quite covered the stainer for about an hour whilst the drying is going on can make the size, which should be put in a large basin with half a pint of cold water to each pound, and then stood either on the hob or in the oven to dissolve. Before recommencing the work also the brushes must be washed, and this is no great trouble, as a little lukewarm water will take out all trace of the stain and clean them quite sufficiently. The sizing is then laid on in exactly the same manner as the staining, always being careful to pass the brush lengthwise down the boards. If the size froths or sticks unpleasantly it must be a little more diluted with warm water; sometimes if the sediment from it is very thick is all the better for being strained through coarse muslin. The sizing takes rather longer than the varnish to dry two or more hours being necessary even on a warm, dry day. Not until it is quite dry, however, can the last finish be put to the work with the varnish. For this it is always safest to get the very best and to lay it on rather liberally, though very evenly, over every single inch, as the stain will soon rub off when not protected by it. The best way to ascertain whether it is varnished all over is to kneel down and look at the floor sideways with one's eyes almost on a level with it. Thus much for staining and varnishing.

Some people, however, prefer the old-fashioned polish of bees-wax and turpentine instead of varnish. The staining is done in the same way as for the other process, and while it is drying the polish to finish it may be made in the following manner: One and one-half pounds of beeswax is mixed with five ounces of resin and one pint of turpentine in a basin and then stood in the oven for a few minutes until it is melted to the consistency of thick cream. When it is cool and the staining perfectly dry it is rubbed rapidly on the floor with a cloth, and if it is too thick to allow of this it should be diluted with a little more turpentine; then it is brushed with some force with a brush which may be bought for the purpose, and finally finished off with the finest of baize. It will be seen from these directions that a great deal more time and labor have to be bestowed on this wax-polishing than on the varnishing process. Apart from this it is not so durable and requires polishing once or twice a week to keep it looking bright, whereas the varnish need only be washed over with a cloth wrung out of clean warm water to make it look perfectly clean. People are often found who object to stained floors, because they imagine they soon wear shabby with constant traffic; but, even if they do, this is no great trouble to remedy. Some linseed oil rubbed over all the worn places, or even over the whole, will be found to renovate it wonderfully; while even if the floor becomes much damaged it can easily be stained, sized and varnished in the particular spot without going over the whole.".

—A church society whose members promise to avoid bad words, evil speaking, to bear no grudges, to obey all lawful authority, to study to do good to all men, and to show kindness to animals—surely that is not a bad idea. Such an one has been started in Exeter, England, with the Bishop at its head. There is no law against starting a similar one any and everywhere.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—"Small, bow-legged as a cavalry colonel; always hugged in a frock coat buttoned tight up to the chin like a Quaker; bald as a billiard ball; red moustache cut like a brush; eyes sparkling and piercing, behind gold spectacles"—this is the portrait of Le Royer, the new President of the French Senate, as given by a Paris paper.

Nuggets.

In a little cabin far up the gulch the first white child in this part of the world was born. The girl-wife had followed her lover from the States, and, braving every hardship for his sake, had at last found him. When the baby came the gulch went on a week's spree. Gold in handfuls was thrown by the rough miners into the little one's cradle until it was almost smothered under the yellow nuggets. One poor fellow wanted to hear it cry, and when the baby piped up the miner wept, saying he had not heard a sound like that for years. How the rough, big-bearded men crowded around that little child, one asking if he might kiss it, another if he might lift it, and a third the privilege of seeing it fed out of a bottle. When it was sick business in the gulch was almost suspended, and nobody could think of doing anything until "the baby" was better. These were the good old days of gulch mining in Montana, when flour was one dollar a pound, sugar and coffee seventy-five cents, dried apples ten dollars a gallon, brooms five dollars apiece, tacks seventy-five cents a paper, calico one dollar per yard, and when a miner could take out sixteen dollars per day with a chance of a rich nugget turning up twice a week. Nugget-finding is the excitement of a miner's life. Of course, as long as gold is found in chunks weighing one and two pounds there is no good reason why it should not be found in lumps weighing fifty pounds, and it is these huge bowlders the gulch miner is constantly looking for and daily expecting to turn up. Montana has been fairly productive in nuggets. One was taken out of Snowshoe Gulch in 1865 which weighed 178 ounces troy, and sold for $3,200. Another was found in July, 1865, by Maxwell, Rollins & Co. in Nelson Gulch, worth $2,073; another on the claim of Deitrick & Brother in Rocker Gulch, which sold for $1,800. A boy on Scratch-Gravel Bottom found a piece of gold which he sold for $475; two other pieces were picked up and sold for $375; and one on Captain Tandy's claim for $550. Mr. Rogers found in Nelson Gulch, in 1878, a nugget worth $600. A farmer plowing in his field saw something shining and picked it up; it proved to be a nugget of gold worth $200. Nuggets are still found, but not so often as in the palmy days of Last Chance and Alder Gulch.

Speaking of nuggets, do you know where the largest gold nugget in the world was found? It was discovered in 1858 in the Ballarat Diggings, Victoria, Australia. It weighed 2,166 ounces, and was sold for $41,580. It was nearly pure gold and estimated in the British Exchange as the equal of standard gold or pounds sterling. This mammoth nugget was called "The Welcome," and for many years was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. New South Wales produced gold to the total weight of 3,281,000 ounces, valued at $59,415,085. Victoria exceeded this quantity nine-fold, her product in the same ten years being 26,000,000 ounces, equal in value to $520,000,000. In 1862 the colony sent to the Great International Exhibition an obelisk called "The Gold Trophy." It was forty-five feet high by ten feet square at the base, representing in cubic contents the bulk of all the gold raised in the colony in eleven years—1851 to 1862. Down to the end of 1867 the gold from this colony was reckoned at $680,000,000—besides the gold of New South Wales.—*Fort Keogh Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Johnny's Composition.

The trustees of a school once offered a prize to the scholars in it for the best composition. All the boys were compelled to write, and were allowed to choose their own subjects. One boy declared that he could not do it. He could not think of anything to write about. Nevertheless, he was obliged to become one of the unwilling competitors. When the day of trial came, he read his composition, or rather a part of it, for he was not permitted to read it all. He began: "My composition is about Spring. Spring will soon be here. How do I know that? Because it came last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"The grass will soon grow green, and the trees will put forth leaves. How do I know that? Because the grass grew green, and the trees put forth leaves last year, and the year before that, and the year before that and the year before that.

"And the little lambs will come, and they'll gambol, and play and have a good time. How do I know that? Because the little lambs gamboled last year, and the year before that, and the year before that. And——"

"That will do, Johnny," interrupted a trustee, tired of the iteration; and Johnny marched from the stage to his seat, repeating:

"And the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that."

The audience screamed with laughter, but Johnny's composition did not gain the prize.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Amateur of Prison Life.

"Well, sir, we'll send you to jail for thirty days," said Mayor Rowe in the police court several weeks ago to an innocent-looking young man accused of vagrancy, "and when you get out I want you to leave the city at once!" The prisoner made no response, but very humbly accompanied the officer to jail. Yesterday 'Squire Rahn, of Leesport, ten miles away, came to Reading to look after a rich young farmer who had mysteriously disappeared. He went to see Warden Brossman at the prison, and in making a tour of the cells found his man at work winding carpet rags. The prisoner laughed when he saw the 'Squire and treated the whole matter as a joke. The Mayor was then informed that the man he had committed for vagrancy was a Berks County farmer owning an estate worth $35,000, with not a penny of debt on it. A discharge was at once made out, and 'Squire Rahn took the man home. "I wanted to see how things go among jail birds, that's all," was the only explanation he could get from the young farmer.—*Reading (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—Are church choirs put at the back end of churches to accommodate the timid worshipers who can not face the music?

Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagus, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of this journal in a recent conversation by the sea shore, "I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed I am all right. Of late I

carry a stock of ST. JACOBS OIL in my little boat—[The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it." The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOBS OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

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JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

WM. C. DIGGES, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4th, '81, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM HAS CURED HIS MOTHER OF CONSUMPTION, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTY and was induced by his friends to try ALLEN'S Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others of BRONCHITIS.

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AGENTS Coin money with Dr. Chase's New Receipt Book. Newly revised and enlarged. By mail, $2. Address Chase Pub'g Co., Toledo, O.

NOTICE.—Lists of Names of Fruit Growers wanted to send my Fruit Package Circular to. Good prices paid. N. D. BATTERSON Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Dodge, Gov't at Surgeon, St. Louis, treats Piles, Rupture and Fistula with success. 3035 Dickson St.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Salt, it is said, will prevent club-root in cabbages. Throw a tablespoonful of fine salt around the roots after planting; this will also destroy the cut worm.

—If corned beef is left all night in the water in which it was boiled, it will absorb a great deal of the rich juice of the meat which otherwise would be lost. The meat will be very juicy and sweet.

—To remove ink stains from printed books, procure a pennyworth of oxalic acid, which dissolves in a small quantity of warm water; then slightly wet the stain with it, when it will disappear, leaving the leaf uninjured.

—The peppermint crop of the United States reaches about 70,000 pounds a year, of which 30,000 pounds is exported. Two-thirds of the peppermint oil of this country is produced in New York and about one-third in Michigan.

—Pine stumps may be more profitably removed by blasting with dynamite than by a stump puller. A large pine stump requires very great force to be pulled out of the ground, but it is easily torn to pieces and thrown out by two to four ounces of dynamite.

—Nutmegs should be used sparingly, for they possess a narcotic property that constitutes them a drug. A lady who was indneed to take nutmeg tea by her nurse was made drowsy by it, and finally put into a profound stupor resembling that of opium.—*Health Monthly.*

—An ebony finish on furniture is procured as follows: Sandpaper the wood until a clean, smooth surface is obtained. Make a strong decoction of nut galls in hot water, adding a little logwood extract; paint this over the wood hot, giving two coats. Then brush it over with a solution of sulphate of iron, one ounce to a pint of water. Smooth down the grain, and polish with bees-wax and linseed oil.

—For chapped hands, scrape beeswax lightly into a small wide-mouthed bottle until it is nearly full; put in a small piece of mutton tallow, and fill with olive oil; set the bottle far back on the stove, and as soon as the wax is melted remove it. This will be found very nice for chapped hands; it is also healing if used on small sores, and is good for sunburn. The oil is much pleasanter to use if a few drops of some essential oil are added to give it a pleasant odor.

—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes that experience has taught him the following points about potatoes: "1. The Early Rose is the best in quality and most profitable. 2. It must be planted as soon as the ground can be properly prepared. 3. The ground must either be already highly enriched, or else heavily manured with old, well-rotted manure. 4. The Colorado beetle must be destroyed as soon as the plants come up. 5. The ground must be kept clean and must be stirred each week until the plants are full of bloom. A few days' delay in planting often means failure. A difference of just one week in planting two different plats last spring, caused almost a failure in the last one planted. Neglect to kill the Colorado beetle as soon as the plants push through will seriously injure the crop. When the plant begins to bloom, cease to stir the soil deeply, but skin the surface until they cover the ground."

Ringbone and Bone Spavin.

The question has often been asked: "What is the cause, and what will cure ringbone?" In my opinion ringbone is caused by a leak or rupture in the tube or aqueduct that conveys nutriment to the hoof; the matter that should pass on and cause the hoof to enlarge leaks out by the way, and causes the enlargement called ringbone. During the first twelve months the enlargement is not a hard substance, but a fluid, a thick yellow oil. During this stage my laceration of the foot may chance to cause a cure by opening a way for the fluid to exude. In this way blistering, firing, scoring will sometimes cure. Itinerant horse farriers go about the country curing ringbone by a sort of hocus-pocus process. They will write on a slip of paper some hog latin gibberish, then put a lance through the flesh of the foot, and insert this bit of paper into the opening. Others will cut into the foot and remove a bladder that is in every horse's foot; by this cutting they may chance to cure. Horses sometimes cure themselves by calking themselves; they may cure by getting their foot fast between two rocks and tearing the flesh open. Every one of these ways have been known to cure, and every one of these ways have been known to fail.

I have been raising and handling horses for the last fifty years. The following remedy I have never known to fail: Oil of vitriol, two ounces; bear's grease, four ounces; spirits of turpentine, eight ounces; mix together; clip the hair, apply with a swab; rub in with the hand; heat in with a shovel; to be applied six mornings in succession. If applied during the first twelve months it will entirely remove the bunch and the lameness; if after, it will remove half the bunch and all the lameness. The skill of man can do no more.—*Cor. Toronto Globe.*

An Elephant's Milk Teeth.

Empress, the female elephant at the zoological garden has just passed through one of the interesting changes looked for in her species at about her age, in the shedding of her back, or, as they are called, "milk" teeth. Some days ago Empress appeared a little dull and seemed to have lost her appetite. Secretary Kalb had her watched closely, but could not determine what was the matter until yesterday, when there appeared the crowns of several teeth. These crowns were about three inches long, an inch and one-half wide, and an inch thick, and made the cause of her indisposition clear. An examination of her mouth corroborated the same thing, the "milkers" having disappeared. Within an hour the Empress began to regain her wonted good health, and soon made known that she was longing for something to eat. This loss of her early molars is said to occur at the age of ten years, and proves the number of her days as given when she was brought as correct. Empress was purchased in Hamburg, Germany, last summer, arriving at the garden in September, costing, delivered, $3,000.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Health the Best Wealth.

Nothing discourages the health reformer like the quiet satisfaction with which people live without health. If a woman can eat and sleep, and is able to attend to the ordinary duties of life without pain, she is not only satisfied, but grateful for such a merciful dispensation.

Let people be satisfied with such poverty in other departments of life; let a man be satisfied with just enough to buy food for the hour; we cry out "Shiftless, good-for-nothing," and yet how contemptible is money by the side of health! A man who lives in the midst of the new continent is rich, if he possesses health. No matter what may be his surroundings, though he be a millionaire or wear a crown, he is poor indeed, if he be sick.

I want to see a noble ambition to grow rich in this true wealth. I want to see men and women very misers of physical vigor.

Look at those two men. They are the ordinary pale, round-shouldered Americans. To-day they have nothing but their naked hands and brave hearts. They engage in the struggle for success. One gives up body and soul to making money, the other, a generous part of his life to laying up this inestimable wealth of health. Ten years elapse; now we look at them again.

The greedy merchant counts his gold by the million, but he is twenty years older than when we saw him first. He is thinner and paler, he is dyspeptic, nervous, anxious, old, thoroughly unhappy. That man has made a wretched failure in life. Every large heart sincerely pities him.

Now we look at the other. Erect, broad-chested, muscular, vigorous, healthy, happy, buoyant, victorious. We will not trouble ourselves to ask how much money he has collected. We cannot look upon him without feeling that he has achieved a grand triumph.

I wish I felt at liberty to mention a few Boston names. It would strikingly illustrate the point under discussion. I could mention the name of a gentleman who resides on the hill near my own home, who has amassed an immense fortune. His carriage is the finest in the neighborhood, and I notice in many unusual ways the most lavish waste of money. But I never see that gentleman without pitying him from the bottom of my heart. His face is the picture of despair. Nervous and dyspeptic, life is all a torture to him. I should not be surprised to hear of his committing suicide. Half the rich men and women in town belong to the category of the miserable. They can't digest their dinners.—*Dr. Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

Attachment of Wild Animals to Men.

My first acquaintance with wild animals dates from the, winter of 1836-37, when Van Aken's Menagerie had their winter quarters in Tubingen, Germany. A fine leopard used to enjoy his siesta in the afternoon, and slept quietly in his cage like the other carnivora. Being a daily guest, one day I ventured to stroke quietly and cautiously the back of the leopard, who was lying against the bars. This caused him to turn around to look at the person who had dared to interrupt his slumbers. My friendly advancement, with a few pacifying words, seemed to please him, for he lowered his head against the bars and rubbed it and the rest of his body against them, which I interpreted as an encouragement to pat him again. Then I began to scraich his head, the leopard pushing himself forward in order that my hand could also offer the same caress to the neck and back. When I reached the tail he let it glide through my hand, approaching again with his head and repeating the sport. In this way our friendship was sealed, and henceforth the leopard watched the entrance door, becoming restless as soon as I appeared, showing his joy by hurrying to and fro in his cage, and by friendly snuffles calling for my caresses. However, he had been tamed for a long time, and Mr. Van Aken sometimes set him at liberty in the evening when no visitors were present. One evening when I entered the menagerie, the animal, being at that moment free and responding to the petting of Mr. Van Aken, rushed with a few bounds toward me, and jumping up at me, rested his forepaws on my chest, his hot breath mingling with mine, if that had not come to a stop at the unexpected sight. Mr. Van Aken, running to my assistance, helped me to regain composure, and I stroked the head and back of the splendid animal, which now, cat-like, wound himself between my legs, I meanwhile explaining to the astonished owner about our intimacy.

Since the Zoological Garden has been opened here I have witnessed similar examples. One time I tickled the head and neck of a spotted hyena with my cane, and he placed himself against the bars of the cage with a peculiar, smiling look, encouraging me to extend the scratching to the sides of his body. The hyena grew friendlier the harder I rubbed, and when I took away my cane he turned himself around in order to offer the other side. Later, after further acquaintance, I used my hand instead of the cane, when I could pull the animal by a leg or by the tail toward the bars, and the oftener I bothered him, rubbing and pulling, the friendlier the expression about his mouth grew, and the oftener he bit himself in his fore leg as if he wanted to say: "Look here; it does not hurt, even if I should get your hand between my teeth." Playfully he ran about in the cage, rolling himself; then crying and laughing with pleasure; now offering the head or ears, now the snout or foot, so that I could seize it. One of my acquaintances slapped me on my back one day when playing with the hyena as I would with my dog, and immediately the behavior of the animal changed; his eyes glowed, the hairs of the back stood up, and a leap at the bars plainly showed that the supposed attack on me would have been dangerous for my friend without the protection rods. His departure appeased the beast immediately, and he was as agreeable as possible.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

—There is a giant measuring six feet eight inches in height and weighing 234 pounds, among the working population of Crisfield, Md. He is a colored youth, only nineteen years old, and has grown up under a diet consisting principally of sweet potatoes. His shoes are sixteen inches long.

—The last trip of the Cunard steamship Servia to Liverpool is said to have been the fastest across the Atlantic yet accomplished. The apparent time of the passage is seven days, twelve hours, thirty-nine minutes, and the actual time of the passage from Sandy Hook, seven days, seven hours, forty-one minutes. This is by several minutes the shortest passage on record, notwithstanding that the Cunard route is by ninety miles longer than that taken by most of the other lines. On several days the Servia had easterly winds.

SAYS the Brooklyn *Eagle:* Mr. R. C. Moore, of Messrs. Vernam & Co., 34 New street, New York, was almost instantly relieved by St. Jacobs Oil of severe pain following an attack of pleurisy. The remedy acted like magic.

"DO YOU know, miss, that young Schinderhannes has been sentenced to ninety-nine years imprisonment?" "Poor fellow," sighed the young lady, "he will have to wait so long before he can marry."

THE art connoisseur and exhibitor, Prof. Cromwell, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

"WERE I to be candled, I would say you were just about the nicest fellow I ever met," she said, while leaning on his arm in front of a confectioner's. He bought the taffy.

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

WHAT could be said if a lawyer should charge only a nominal fee? It could be said, and said truly, that it was phenomenal.

A PRISONER at Chicago tried to commit suicide the other day because the turnkey seemed to feel above him in society. This is evidently going to be a dreadful summer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable because one lung was almost gone. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

ALTHOUGH one of the oldest cities in the world, the old Philistine city of Gaza, with a population of 20,000 people, has had no missionary until within three years. The church of England now has a dispensary there where the poor receive medicines and advice free of charge. Each applicant is required to hear a portion of Scripture read and to carry away a Christian tract in Arabic. Four schools have been opened for Greek and Moslem boys and girls.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

THE Boston *Post* can't see any object in walking with a girl unless you can put your arm around her, and millions of female voices are crying out over the land: "Neither can we!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PATRICK (dressing for a party)—"Bedad now, and I shan't be able to git on these boots till I've worn thim a toime or two."

"SNAP," a great Border Story by T. Buchanan Price, is an intensely interesting and thrilling book. Critics class it with the great Cooper's famous Indian tales. Immense sales are predicted. First edition going like wild-fire. Price $1; bound in cloth. W. B. Smith & Co., Publishers, 27 Bond Street, New York.

"A LOBSTER never comes ashore," said an old fishmonger, "without great risk of getting into hot water."

YOUNG or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo N. Y.

"WERE you hurt near any one of the vertebræ?" asked a lawyer of a witness who wanted damages. "No," was the answer: "I was hurt right on the race-course, close to the judge's stand."—*Boston Globe.*

"QUALITY comes before Quantity." And there is where the great beauty of Kidney-Wort comes in. Its quality is unequaled as a curative for all liver, bowel and kidney complaints. It acts first by overcoming in the mildest manner all tendency to constipation. Then, by its great tonic and invigorating properties, it restores to health the debilitated and weakened parts.

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THOUSANDS of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

JOHNNY wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school and study, and maybe you'll be President some day." Said Johnny: "Father, there's about 1,000,000 boys in the United States, isn't there?" "Yes." "And every one of them stands a chance of being President?" "Yes." "Well, dad, I'll sell out my chances for a circus ticket."

THE brewers of Rochester publish a card in the *Express* of that city announcing that they will not advance the price of beer. In consequence of this decision the paragraphist of the *Express* has concluded to remain in Rochester for the present. What a little thing will sometimes change the whole course of a man's life!—*Norristown Herald.*

FIRST SWELL: "I never did like 'May,' not nearly so pretty as 'Mary;' wonder they don't change the name of the month to 'Mary.'" Second swell: "Clevawe ideaw, haw Jove! make awstaws good to June, you know!"

RETRANSLATED from the *Omnibus:* "Mary, why hast thou to the gentleman there above a kiss-hand to thrown?" "I have to him only that which he to me thrown has, back given, therewith he himself no false hopes may entertain."

ATMOSPHERIC knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked "What is mist?" vaguely replied: "An umbrella."

A BOSTON paper says: "One of the might-have-been lives at Little Falls." A great many of the must-have-beens live in Boston. —*Yankee Reporter.*

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE fined a man twenty shillings for beating another, because it was the value of a pound.—*Waterloo Observer.*

UNDER the head of "Musical" a Cleveland paper gives an account of a horse trot. Presume it was an attempt to beat time.

MR. COBB recently married Miss Webb; he knew they were intended for each other as soon as he spider.

IF one dog can be placed on a scent, how many can be placed on a trade dollar.—*N. O. Picayune.*

☞ For one dime get a package of Diamond Dyes at the druggist's. They color any thing any color. The easiest to use, and the most desirable colors.

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If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's use, does not give you entire satisfaction, kindly return it at my expense and I will promptly refund you the $90 with interest. Nothing can be fairer. My object in placing this organ at $90, is to have it introduced into every home in this country. Every one sold is sure to sell another. Often 50 sales can be traced from the first one introduced. All that is asked of the purchasers after giving the instrument a fair trial, kindly bring friends to see it and hear its musical effects, having no agents, no warerooms in large cities (selling direct only), I rely solely on the merits of the Beethoven to speak for itself and kind words from satisfied purchasers, which I am proud to say are many.

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One 20-horse Engine and Boiler, one 40-horse Engine and Boiler, and Two 2-flue Boilers, 20 and 25-horse power, all second hand.
Apply to
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3 18 2t Frostburg, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 15, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, April 3, 1882,

to continue in session during the week, and longer, should buisness require, for the purpose of hearing appeals, making transfers upon the county assessment books and transacting such other Business as may properly come before them.

All persons desiring their assessments corrected are hereby notified to appear at this session, as no alteration in assessments will be made on said books after the adjournment of the ensuing regular appeal term.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
3 18 td Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
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Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

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Manufacturers of
SADDLERY AND HARNESS,
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Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, on a proved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 18 tf

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Wagon Maker Shop for Sale or Rent.

The undersigned will sell or rent his Wagon Maker Shop, in Oakland, together with machinery, tools and stock, and give possession at any time. His reason for retiring is advanced age and ill health. No opposition and a good trade. A good opening for an energetic mechanic.

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Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

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RESIDENT DENTIST
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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-y1

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road at or near the Calmere place, and running through the lands of Daniel Annan and others, to intersect the Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park, a distance of about 1¼ miles.

P. HAMILL,
TRUMAN CASTEEL,
3 4 5 GEO. D. WHITE.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

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The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

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Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,
vs.
William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Teefers, Samuel Teefers, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Rhoda Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Ely Barnes, —— Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Complaint in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1821, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1803, and recorded in Liber D, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, wherein he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate of the residue, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John B. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John B. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Ruth Metz, both of whom died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: Isaac N. W. Metz, Emily Metz, John Metz, Eliza Metz and Elizabeth Metz, Isaac N. W. Metz is still living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, Emily intermarried with one William Spiker, both of whom are living and residing in Garrett county aforesaid, John Metz or any issue he might have had, have not been heard of for more than twenty years, Eliza Metz intermarried with Andrew Hewitt, and died intestate leaving surviving her, her husband Andrew Hewitt and one child Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Metz intermarried with Milton Morrow, Ruth Barnes, daughter of William Barnes, the original ancestor, intermarried with Isaac Metz, both of whom died intestate, leaving surviving them the following children and heirs at law: William Metz, Abigail Metz, Sarah Metz, Isaac Metz, Matilda Metz, Elizabeth Metz, Joseph Metz and Eliza Metz, Ruth Metz and John Metz, children of the said Ruth and Isaac Metz, died intestate without issue before their mother, Ruth Metz who died in the year A. D. 1863, intestate, Elizabeth Metz is still living and was intermarried with a man named Horan, now dead without issue, Eliza Metz is still living and intermarried with one Mesthuch Preston, now dead without issue, Abigail Metz died leaving issue, William Metz, who is intermarried with —— Fuzenbaker, and Lavalnia Metz who intermarried with Henry Spiker, Matilda Metz went West about forty years ago, and neither she nor her husband (if she had any) have been heard from since that time, Sarah Metz died since the death of her mother Ruth Metz, leaving Anne Metz, William Metz, intermarried with Huldah Barnes and died intestate, leaving children as heretofore named in this Bill, Isaac Metz intermarried with Anne Fuzenbaker, and died intestate leaving surviving him, his widow and the following heirs at law: George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Metz, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Jacob Metz, Louisa Metz, Isaac Metz and Francis S. Metz, and of them Mary E. Metz intermarried with one Samuel Teefers, Francis S. Metz intermarried with Markey, Jacob and Isaac Metz, both died intestate and without issue. Joseph Metz a son of Ruth and Isaac Metz, both died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: John T. Metz, Mary M. Metz, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Metz, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz and Joseph Metz, of whom Mary M. Metz intermarried with James Darnley, both of whom are living, Rachel J. Metz intermarried with Howard Lease, both of whom are living, John Barnes, son of William Barnes, the common ancestor died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: Sarah Barnes, Nancy Barnes, Rachel Barnes, John Barnes, William Barnes, Henry Barnes, Joseph Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Mary E. Barnes and Daniel Barnes, of whom Sarah intermarried with one William Sigler, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heir at law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and James Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue.

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes, the following do not reside in the State of Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabhih Horan, ——Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 11 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

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Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POETRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poetry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit:" Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1899 and with it north 35 degrees. east 81 perches, then south 66½ degrees, east 24 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 3 acres of land. to the highest bidder for cash,

On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
3 4 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

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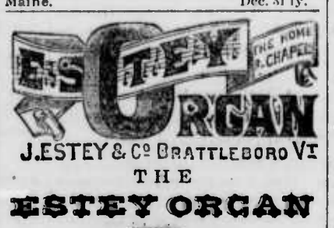

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882. NUMBER 5.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

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A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says: In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch: We have *seen* it's magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia: After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says: It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.: It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says: In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says: I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says: For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

DEMOCRACY TO UNCLE SAM.

The Government can never be restored and reformed except from the inside.—S. J. Tilden's letter to the Iroquois banquet.

Give ear, good Uncle Sam, behold us kneeling
Low at thy feet, with hearts clean purged from pride.
List to our prayer, our appetites revealing,—
Let us inside.

Since direful '60 we have had no manna,
Fainting from hunger we have nearly died;
Too long we've played the role of Doctor Tanner,—
Let us inside.

Too long our skies have sunless been and murky,
In vain our empty mouths have opened wide;
O, Uncle Sam, we're leaner than Job's Turkey,—
Let us inside.

What are our "principles"? O, do not ask us;
To solve that query we have vainly tried,
We're fairly famished, do not overtask us—
Let us inside.

For our dear native land—may Heaven guide her—
Reform and reforation we'd provide;
But such a job appals the mere outsider,—
Let us inside

Let Tilden in—he loves his country madly
"I cipher her," once ardently he cried:
"But she ne'er sighed for me," now moans he sadly.—
Let him inside.

For public pap persistently we're pining,
Some decent hill of fare for us provide;
On husks—crow—wind—we're dreadful sick of dining,—
Let us inside,
Let us inside,
Inside.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARRYING A TITLE.

Marion Dennison choose for herself when she accepted Walter Delamayn as her husband. She knew little of him—no one could possibly have known much of him, for when he arrived at the pleasant little New England town of Millburn it was as one of some scores of summer visitors, and by no means the most conspicuous among them. He was a gentleman—at least he seemed one. He was handsome, manly, of distinguished manners, though cool and almost languid, and he showed his reading and social accomplishments, though only when drawn out, and then with some reluctance.

"Walter Delamayn, London, England," was the name the young man had registered at the hotel, and in the throng of more obtrusive guests he would have passed unnoticed during his sojourn in Millburn had not an observant chambermaid found that his handkerchief was marked with a coronet, a fact which she communicated to her intimate friend, a lady's maid, who told it to her mistress, who confided it to her companions. Next day the rippling circle of news had widened till it included all Millburn, and Mr. Delamayn awakened to find himself famous; the hotel clerk informed him obsequiously that a much more eligible suit of apartments on the parlor floor was vacant; three waiters contended for the honor of taking his order at breakfast; by ten o'clock the musical guest was playing "God Save the Queen" on the hotel piano, and a steady rain of autograph albums had set in. The young lady whose maid enjoyed the chambermaid's friendship was the proud owner of a "British peerage," and she had found that the Hon. Walter Delamayn was the son and heir of Montagu, Eleventh Baron Melfort, possessor of wide estates, and a coat-of-arms where an improbable animal in an impossible position stood jealous sentinel over three objects which she promptly identified as "heraldic thingumbobs."

The object of all these attentions did not lose his head; possibly because he had already lost his heart. A trifling service to Miss Dennison, when he met her terrified by the admiration of a drunken rowdy, had introduced him; the acquaintance had become closer at a pleuic; at least it ripened into something more than a summer flirtation. Marion was the only child of a rich man; she was romantic, ambitious, self willed and sadly spoiled. How she had come to fall in love let them explain who can explain such things; suffice it that she had, and that she loved with the intense fervor of her passionate nature.

"You never told me that your father was a peer," she said to Walter on the day that he became the lion of Millburn.

"Didn't I?" he said, lazily; "well, I thought that in America all men were free and equal—besides, that you cared for me only because I was myself."

"So I do, dear!" she whispered; yet she sat up late that night, scribbling "the Hon. Mrs. Walter Delamayn" and "Lady Melfort" over her note paper, and when she slept it was to dream of coronets and court presentations.

When Mr. Delamayn declined to stir from his third story room where, he declared, he was perfectly comfortable, or to avail himself of the attentions showered upon him, public enthusiasm was manifestly abated, and when the news of his engagement and approaching marriage to Marion Dennison was announced, the female portion of the community instantly declared its conviction that he was an impostor, that it had known so all along and that any one could see it with half an eye. Her father did not like the match.

"He knows too much for a lord, Marion," he said, "and he won't give any account of himself. 'If your [illegible] without knowing who I am, or seeking to know who I am, or more than this—that I love her and will provide for her.' When I hinted that he could afford to be magnanimous, knowing I was rich, he asked: 'Have I asked about Miss Marion's fortune?' and true enough he hasn't; but I don't fancy him, Marion, and it's utterly unbusiness like," the crowning offense in Mr. Dennison's eyes. "However, my dear, you're of age, and you always have had your own way, so marry him if you insist on it. If the worst comes to the worst, you can always come back to me."

"Come back if I had been deceived—back to this little town of tattlers!" said Marion, scornfully. "You know, father, that I never would do that—I would die first. But I love Walter and I will trust him and marry him!"

She did, and only a few days later, after a very brief bridal tour, she and her husband bade the old man farewell, as he sailed from New York to South America, summoned thither by news of peril to a railroad enterprise in which he was largely interested.

"And so you really, truly love me, Marion?" asked her husband, after dinner that evening, as they sat together; her head reclining on his shoulder and her hand in his.

"Do you—can you doubt it?" was her answer.

"But is it myself you love? Could you to-morrow, if our fortunes were changed from what you think them, come with me and face the world in the fierce, thankless struggle a poor man must fight for his daily bread? Could you be my wife for worse as well as for better—in poverty even as in wealth?"

"What silly nonsense you talk! But why do you ask?" she said, nervously, struck by the seriousness of his tone.

"Because, my dear," he said, hesitatingly, "your husband is a salesman at Hauptmann's, at $800 a year, and his holiday ends to-morrow! Nay, do not curse me—do not turn from me"—

"A salesman?" she said, springing from her seat, and rising to the full height; "then you deceived me! And you call yourself a man and pretended that you loved me!" and with a moan she sank down beside the sofa and buried her face in her hands, red to her throat with passion and indignation.

"If I have deceived you, Marion," he said, in low and broken tones; "if I have deceived you it was because of my love—my heart-hunger for you. To win you, would not the Angel of Truth himself put on the garb of falsehood? Forgive me for my passion—my worship of you! I will work for you, but do no desert me—only let me be near you and see you smile sometimes, and kiss the hem of your garment. Besides, you said you loved me and cared not who I was!"

Aye, that was the worst of all, for when she revolved the matter in her mind he had not deceived her after all. She had deceived herself, and she had found that where she thought all was love much in reality was pride and vulgar ambition. And for this discovery she hated—him, and not herself.

"The law has made me your wife—your chattel," she said at last, coldly and with bitterness, "and it is my duty to follow you. With you I will remain, but I can never, never love and respect you."

"Till you can love and respect me I shall not claim the title of your husband," he replied.

Next day they settled down to "light housekeeping" in three dingy little rooms in a dusty little house. They were clean and cozy, and far from uncomfortable, but she cried herself to sleep wearily, thinking how different this was to the life to which she had been accustomed—and the life she had dreamed. Early next morning she heard a tap at her door—then her husband's voice: "Good morning! I must hurry down to the store, but the coffee is ready for you. Good-by!" and when she had dressed and gone out into the tiny kitchen she found the little oil Stove alight, and the fragrant coffee smoking, and in their dining and drawing-room the table neatly spread—for one.

It was a curious life to live. They were together only such a little while every evening—strangers under the same roof and linked in the same life. A courtier would not have been more assiduous and deferential toward a queen. Left alone all day long, with nought but her thoughts to occupy her, she came little by little to take an interest in—to find something enjoyable in her life. Its independence pleased her and the study of her neighbors was like reading a whole library of novels. Her interested in their domestic affairs and could not but blush and feel a pang at her heart to hear them sound her husband's praises—how brave and helpful he had always been toward them and how he worshipped the ground on which she walked, and all were so proud and grateful that he had won such a wife. And the blush and pang were renewed when he came home in the evening, speaking little and dropping his eyes when he found hers fixed upon him, but evidently worshipping her afar off as fervently as at first. But ever rose up her pride and wounded ambition, an impenetrable wall between them!

It was Christmas Eve, and Walter was to be out late. Eleven had struck, when, on looking over the array of little presents she had prepared for the children of their neighbors, she found that one had been overlooked. It was a wild night, but the toy store was near at hand, and the streets would be lighted and thronged, and so throwing on her hood and shawl she hurried out. On her return, at a street corner, she was accosted by a flashily dressed man: "Where do you live, my dear? Give me a kiss, just one, for the sake of Christmas," he said, following her trembling steps along the streets with drunken persistency.

"Oh, go away. Do leave me, sir, or I'll call the police," she faltered.

"Call the police? Why, certainly. It's all right. Only one kiss and then I'll let you go," and the wretch approached her.

A scream, a laugh of drunken triumph, a rush of hurrying footsteps, then she saw her prosecutor fall like an ox struck down by the butcher's ax and felt a strong arm thrown round her and hurrying her homeward. Between terror and thankfulness she could not stand or speak, and could only sob hysterically as her husband laid her on the sofa, covered her with her shawl, turned up the lamp and shook the fire into a ruddy glow.

"Can I do nothing more for you?" he said, at last, when she was mistress of herself; "nothing? You are sure? Then shall I ask Mrs. Williams to come and stay with you?"

"Walter," she said, after a pause and then stopped, startled at her own voice.

"Well, Marion?" he replied, as he stooped to give her his arm and support her to her room.

"I have always respected you," she went on, in an almost inaudible whisper, "and I love you!" she added, drawing down his face to hers that he might not see her happy blushes,

What a happy life theirs was, even before their first-born boy came with the flowers of May! Walter vowed that she was not only the prettiest woman, but the best housekeeper in New York, and she was surprised herself at the way in which their money lasted—she could not understand how, after the weekly expenses were paid and the weekly dollar had been deposited in the savings bank, her husband could find means to obtain the little delicacies and knick-knacks he was perpetually offering at her shrine. That he saved his car-fare by walking, and at times took lunch with a friend she knew—or he told her—but when she went out she never could make such bargains as he seemed to hit upon. On the morning after their reconciliation she had taken her needle and picked the obnoxious coronets out of her husband's handkerchiefs, not without some blushes and a little soreness at heart, but as time wore on regrets and ambitions vanished completely, and she could even propose calling their dwelling "Melfort Hall."

August had came round again, when Marion noticed that her husband often seemed thoughtful and abstracted, but when she taxed him with his silence and unsociableness, he insisted with an effort that nothing was wrong. "I shall be late to-night, dear," he said, as he left her one morning—"very late, perhaps, and I may have to leave town to-morrow for a few days." She thought little of it when 11 o'clock struck, and then midnight, but when she awakened with a start to find it nearly day and her husband not returned, she owned herself alarmed. Then came a messenger from the store. "Mr. Delamayn was needed at once—nothing had been seen of him for two days; was he ill?" A thousand suspicions tortured he mind; could anything be wrong? It was nearly noon before he came, looking haggard and occupied.

"Marion," he said, "we must leave town to-morrow. Something has happened. Are you strong enough to hear it?"

"Leave town to-morrow! What can have happened?" she gasped, sinking down on the sofa. "Is there anything wrong? Oh, Walter, they sent from the store to know why you had not been there. It cannot be that—"

"Cannot be that what? Why are you crying so, darling? Sitting up has made you nervous. You must rest to-day, for to-morrow we sail on the Bothnia at 6 o'clock."

"I do not understand you. Why should we fly? I know you have done nothing wrong. Stay, and all will be explained, all will come out well."

It was his turn to stare. "My dear," he said, "I have done nothing wrong, but my father is ill and has forgiven me for thwarting his ambitions in the matter of a family alliance, and I have been telegraphed for," and he handed her a dispatch. It read:

"LONDON, Aug. 24.

"*Hon. Walter Delamayn, care British Consul, New York:*

"Lord Melfort is seriously ill. He desires your immediate return."

It seemed all a dream to her, a dream from which she could not wake for the next ten days—a dream of doing a year's shopping in one afternoon, with such a pocketbook full of bills as she had never seen even in the Millburn First National Bank; of sailing over the Atlantic, the most admired and honored guest in the great Cunarder; of driving at night down English county roads which the impossible lion stood guarding the three "heraldic thingummies," and after winding for a long mile under stately trees, halting at last before a house that looked more like the palace of her childish visions—the dream ending as her husband almost carried her up the steps and whispered to her:

"You are home at last, in Melfort Hall. Don't give way, for the honor of America!"

It was not a dream, and when Mr. Dennison reached New York on his way back from South America prepared to find an easy place for his obnoxious son in-law in California and take his daughter home, he found in the papers brought on board by the pilot-boat a personal item to the effect that all London society was crazy over "the beauty and accomplishments of the Hon. Mrs. Walter Delamayn (*nee* Dennison), Lord Melfort's daughter-in-law, whose appearance at the recent Royal Drawing Room created a sensation without parallel in fashionable annals."

NEW YORK, March 17.—John W. Young, a son of Bringham Young, said to a reporter at the St. Nicholas Hotel yesterday that he had never heard till the other day that his father was really not dead and that a spurious resurrection was contemplated. "My father never predicted," he said, "that he would reappear on earth. The Mormons are not a superstitious people, to believe in such a reappearance, nor are we in need of any tricks or devices to keep them in our fold."

Hundreds of tents are being put up in all parts of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to accommodate the immigrants who are now pouring in upon regular and special trains, which are laden every trip with people from both Canada and the United States.

Congressman Urner of this State is entitled to the credit of having introduced more bills at this session than any other member.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

O, she was so utterly utter!
She couldn't eat plain bread and butter;
But a nibble she'd take
At a wafer of cake,
And the wing of a quail for her supper;
Roast beef and plum-pudding she'd sneer at,
A boiled leg of mutton she'd jeer at.
But the leg of a frog
Might her appetite jog,
Or some delicate bit which came near that;
All the Boston baked beans you could mention
She'd decline like a Latin declension,
But was fond of the use
Of the liver of goose,
Which tho name is a bone of contention!
The consequence was, she grew paler,
And wishy-or, washy-er, frailer,
Ate less for her dinner,
Grew thinner and thinner,
Till I really think,
If you marked her with ink,
Put an envelope on her
And stamped it upon her,
You could go to the office and mail her!
And she talked with a lisp and a stutter,
For she was so utterly utter!

O, she was so very esthetic!
Her face was quite long and pathetic,
The ends of her hair
Flowed loose on the air,
And her eyes had a sadness prophetic,
Her air was so mildly abstracted
That you felt all your gush counteracted;
The lamps she wore down on her forehead
Were straight, and deliciously horrid;
And a sad-colored gown
Going straight up and down
She wore when the weather was torrid.
It was terribly hard to enthuse her.
But a bit of old china would fuse her,
And she'd glow like a coal or a candle,
At the mention of Bach or of Handel,
At pinks and sweet-williams and roses
She made the most *retrousse* noses,
But would swoon with delight
At a sunflower bright,
And use it making her poses.
She moved with the sleepiest motion,
As if not quite used to the notion,
And her manner was chill
As a waterfowl's bill
When he's fresh from a dip in the ocean!
Her voice was so low and so thrilling,
Its cadence was perfectly killing:
The colors she wore were all shaded,
As if they were washed and had faded;
Her manner was dimly quiescent,
As though she were just convalescent.
It was quite the reverse of marmette,
But oh, it was very esthetic!

And if, with your old-fashioned notions,
You could wish that more cheerful emotions,
More sunshine and grace,
Should appear in her face,
More gladness should speak in her motions—
If you looked with a homesick dejection
At the changes in voice and inflection;
And sighed for smooth tresses,
And plain, simple dresses,
That used to command your affection;
If you longed for bright eyes in whose glancing
The light of future was dancing,
And glanced back with fond admiration,
At the freshness and sweet inspiration,
The dainty, trim figure and features,
Which used to belong to young creatures;
O hide your rash thought in your bosom—
Or if you must speak out and use them,
Then under your breath you should mutter;
For she is too utterly utter!

—*Wide Awake.*

LADY ADELA.

I.

Edgar Shafto was an idle, spoilt young man, who had often been called by the bad names of "flirt" and "adventurer." In the first of these characters he was so inconstant as to be hardly dangerous, except to people who had never heard of him before. He could not be devoted, even to an heiress. Yet he was ambitious, often wished to be rich, and had fancies of distinguishing himself in different ways; but as nothing could be gained without exertion of some kind, this lazy-minded man seemed likely to remain a poor nonentity all his days. Sometimes he talked about going in for science, and told his aunt, the only person who believed in him, that if he chose he could do great things, and make all sorts of discoveries.

"Well, my dear, why don't you?" said Miss Shafto, encouragingly.

"It is such an awful bore," replied Edgar.

He generally met his aunt in London, and for years had not thought it worth while to pay her a visit in the country; but one summer her letters were full of a new neighbor of hers, a certain Lady Adela, a girl whose relations were all dead, and who had come down for a time to a house she had in this quiet part of the world. Miss Shafto had an old friend who was related to Lady Adela's mother, and this old friend was now living with the heiress, who was much too young and pretty to take care of herself.

All these hopeful circumstances brought Mr. Edgar down one day to South Hazel, to his aunt's nice red house in the hilly village street. He had written the day before to say he was coming, but was too clever to wait for an answer. Old women, with their conscientious anxiety, had spoilt his plans once or twice before, he thought. If he could only manage to like Lady Adela, why should not she like him? He was clever, handsome, of good family. What reasonable objection could there be? Edgar Shafto was not at all troubled with modesty, and was beginning to think that this shilly-shallying life had gone on long enough.

It was early in September when he came down to South Hazel, on a lovely, warm afternoon. The harvest wagons were creeping slowly home, up and down the hills; here and there a tree was turning yellow, the cottage gardens were full of flowers, and up above great flocks of fleecy clouds were weaving themselves into long low arches across the blue limpid sky. Other clouds were mounting slowly in heavier masses, away to the south. All these pretty sights, with the faint smell of wood-smoke in the air, just to remind one that it was autumn, made Edgar feel quite charming as he strolled up the hill. He had heard that his aunt was at Hazel House; what could be better than to follow her there, and to get rid at once of the slight impatience and curiosity in his mind.

He found the ladies in one of the old walled gardens, which opened into each other at the back of the house. They were standing by a bed of pansies; his aunt, tall, fat and beaming, with the smile of a young woman; Mrs. Sackville, small and gentle, her hair in round white curls; Lady Adela, with a basket in her hand, gathering flowers, and much hindered by the caresses of two large dogs.

Edgar Shafto lost his heart immediately. He had often done it before, but this time he was a most surprised and alarmed at himself, for he could hardly take his eyes away from Lady Adela, and certainly not his thoughts. She was a lovely little person; not short, but slightly and finely made, holding herself with the light, graceful uprightness that comes naturally to, perhaps, one woman in fifty thousand; Gainesborough's Duchess being an example of it. Her hair was dark, her eyes were very large and blue, her pretty, delicate features were full of spirit and expression. To describe her in a few words, she was a sweet, fearless, high-bred little beauty. She wore a gray jacket and a shady hat, trimmed with large white daisies, and was ready to smile with a sort of angelic frankness on the young man he came up to her, amidst the exclamations of the old ladies.

That delightful garden; its paths went winding about among all sorts of flowers; mallows and salvias and mignons, pansies in varied crowds, hedges of sweet peas, still bright in color, and mignonette, which filled the air with sweetness. While his aunt, quite alive to the situation, and nervously afraid that Mrs. Sackville might suspect her, was explaining what an unexpected pleasure Edgar's arrival was, he walked on with Lady Adela and her dogs, through those bright and fragrant ways. He was very agreeable; pleasant to look at, with brown eyes, good features, and a sweet, though somewhat melancholy smile; pleasant to talk to, for he quite hid his feelings and argued with Lady Adela in an amiable, dispassionate way about her flowers. There was some fun in disagreeing with her; she was so positive, and seemed to delight in fighting small battles for her favorites. Yet she had no conceit, and when she found out that Edgar knew more than she did, and could give her a whole list of scientific names, she was ready to look up smiling and to take his opinion.

They were getting on beautifully when Miss Shafto found it was time to go home.

Edgar, who had already promised to lend Lady Adela a book on carnations, could depart with an air of pleasant unconcern. When he was alone with his aunt the artful young man went into no raptures, but began coolly talking of his own affairs. Miss Shafto, a naturally impatient woman, who wished to be the soul of prudence, but could not always manage it, soon burst out into questions. "Did he admire Lady Adela?"

"She seems a nice little thing," said Edgar. "Innocent; fond of plants and animals."

"But so pretty! Don't you think so?" exclaimed Miss Shafto, in amazement.

"Yes; a pretty little face," said the provoking Edgar. "What makes her live down here?"

"She has not been very strong, and this place agrees with her particularly well. I know Mrs. Sackville is very anxious about her."

"She looks well enough."

"Well, Edgar," said Miss Shafto after a pause, "I am glad you are so sensible. I think her lovely, and that was what made me so nervous when you arrived. I was afraid you might fall in love with her, to tell you the truth, and that would be such a misfortune."

Edgar laughed slightly. "I am getting to old for that sort of thing," he said.

"That is nonsense, of course. But Mrs. Sackville and her friends mean her to make a great marriage—very rightly and naturally, too—and if my dear, penniless nephew—oh! it would seem too dishonorable, somehow! Mrs. Sackville would never believe that I had not asked you down on purpose."

"Well, we all *think*, you know. Nothing positive yet. Mrs. Sackville hinted the other day at Lord Elton; and, of course, there could be nothing more suitable; in fact, he is the only man in the county worthy of her."

"That little brute!" said Edgar, forgetting himself.

"Why, what do you know about him?"

"Nothing," he said, rather shortly. "If I knew him to be a scamp and a ruffian, what would be the use of telling you? You and Mrs. Sackville would think alike, no doubt. Lord Elton! What can his little faults signify?"

"Don't talk in that disagreeable way," said Miss Shafto laughing. "Yes, we should think alike; and Lady Adela would agree with us. She is a very sensible girl, with no absurd romance about her. *She* will never throw herself away."

"It would be a pity if she did," said Edgar. Then he began to whistle, and then to talk about something else, with such an interested air that his aunt smiled at her own anxieties.

He stayed on from day to day, and saw Lady Adela many times, keeping up a successful self-control that surprised herself. It was a new thing to exert himself like this; to be strong in holding back and hiding from other people's quick eyes the first real passion that he had ever known. Only the knowledge that discovery would mean banishment, could have given such resolute power to the idle, self-indulgent Edgar. The strangest chances were always bringing him and Adela together during the fortnight that he stayed at South Hazel. Every day she became more attractive. She had the high, wild spirits of a child, yet with such dignity that no one could treat her as a child. Edgar saw her look haughty and scornful once or twice, and that was enough for him; it added a sort of bitterness to his love for her; if she knew, would not she turn her little head away, with a curl of the lip that was enough to plunge one into purgatory! He called himself a fool and lost all hope, if he ever had any; but then next morning he would meet her riding her black pony, sunny and sailing as the day; or would find her walking with the dogs, or gathering flowers; or would see her sweet, grave face in church, listening to the rector's long sermon. He himself, in his effort to commit himself, appeared to be more languid, lazy and indifferent than ever before. He seemed to care less as he grew every day to care more, and was thoroughly, sharply and comfortable miserable. The touch of her hand made him turn pale, and when she passed him it was only by a violent struggle that he could prevent himself from kissing the fringe of her dress. All this time he managed to deceive his aunt and Mrs. Sackville. Whether Lady Adela herself was equally blind may, perhaps, be doubted; for the most resolute person cannot always command his eyes. But she was a very sensible girl, as Miss Shafto said, and also, in those days, a little hard-hearted. It would have been unnatural if the man had not admired her, and she did not find it necessary to deny him her smiles.

Miss Shafto liked having her nephew with her, and was only too glad that he should stay, as long as his behavior was so perfectly satisfactory. For anything she knew or cared, this state of things might have gone on through the autumn; but a fortnight of it was enough for Edgar. He soon found that there were limits to his endurance of this kind of life, in which joy and pain were mingled in such a maddening way.

One morning he went out about ten, without telling his aunt where he was going. As he came near Hazel House he saw a figure moving far away in the garden. He dashed through the garden door, fortunately meeting no one; for he would have found a difficulty to give an account of himself.

Lady Adela was on her favorite sunny terrace at the end of the garden—a high walk sheltered by evergreen hedges, and divided from the field beyond by a low stone wall quite covered with ivy, with red pots full of flowers set upon it here and there. Here she was amusing herself with a cat and kitten, which were racing each other and playing up and down. She met Edgar with her usual sweetness, laughing at her own childishness, for the cat and kitten had a most eager playfellow.

"Ja Miss Shafto here! Are you come to fetch me?" she said; but then a startled look came, and drove her smiles away.

Edgar had come to the end of his restraints and his subterfuges.

"I am going away," he said. "It is all very well for you—of course you don't care and you have never thought of me—but I shall go mad if I stay here any longer."

Lady Adela blushed violently. She looked at him for a moment, with some expression in her blue eyes that he could not understand, but he soon found out that it was only surprise and annoyance.

"Then you had better go," she said, in a low voice.

"Don't be so awfully cruel," said Edgar, trembling. "Did you think that a man could see you every day for a fortnight, and not worship you? Some fellows might have gone away and said nothing, but I could not do that. Are you so very angry with me?"

"Yes. You ought to have gone away. It is not right."

As the stern little lady said this, turning half away from Edgar, her kitten made a spring and clung to her dress. She took it up and fondled it in her hands; the little thing purred, and rejoiced in her kindness, while poor Edgar looked on with dark gloomy eyes.

"Why isn't it right, if I love you better than life?" he said. "Why shouldn't I tell you so? Now forget everything else, and tell me the truth. If you were a girl with nothing, would you find it impossible to marry me? Do you hate me as much as that?"

There was a long silence. It seemed that Lady Adela could not, or would not, answer. Edgar gazed at her, and she at the kitten, which went on purring, while the rat rushed about in the bushes and the wind rustled the trees softly and far away there was a sound of singing. It was very provoking, certainly, to be made love to by an impossible person on such a morning, when all creation was enjoying itself.

"If you did not feel that you ought to make a great marriage, could you think of me?" said Edgar, at last, very humbly.

"Don't ask me!" said Lady Adelia, with a sudden shiver, and a tiny stamp of her foot. "I wish you would go away. I think you are very impertinent, and I was never more astonished in my life."

Edgar stood breathless for a moment under this severe snubbing.

"It's true. I suppose I am," he said rather dreamily. "An idle dog like me does not even deserve to be refused civilly."

"I beg your pardon," she said with a little haughty air that became her wonderfully. "I am sorry if I was rude. Good-by."

"Good-by, indeed! That means that I shall go and blow my brains out," said Edgar. "Can't you have a little pity—are you sending me away forever?"

He was very tragical. The idea of driving him to suicide perhaps alarmed her a little, for she was very young. But not being in the least a weak girl, if she felt sorry, she felt rather scornful, too.

"No, you must never come back," she said, and then with a shade of hesitation—"at least not for seven years."

"Seven years! Thank you! You are very merciful," repeated Edgar, bitterly. "To come back for the pleasure of finding you married to some one else—of being introduced to the Duchess of something or other—that will be a privilege, indeed."

"Now it is you who are rude," said Lady Adela, indignantly. "I can't talk to you any more!"

"Very well. You have broken my heart—cruel, hard-hearted girl! You will soon hear that I am dead—people don't live through such an agony as this."

"I thought they generally did," said Lady Adela, as she walked away.

Edgar rushed after her, threw himself before her, seized her hands, and kissed them furiously. He was so violent that Lady Adela almost cried with fright, but to him she only appeared extremely angry.

"There! I hear my aunt calling me. Go away at once, for heaven's sake!" she said; and Edgar, who saw no use in facing Mrs. Sackville, turned and fled.

He went to town that afternoon and wrote Lady Adela a letter, to which she sent him no answer at all. He concluded from this that she was hopelessly offended, and for several days considered the quickest means of death, but reflecting, like the lover in the old song, that

"A neck that's once broken can never be set,"

he changed his mind, and happening to meet a scientific friend who was going to explore in Africa, he started off with him that autumn in search of distraction.

II.

Some people change very much in seven years and a half; others hardly at all. It depends a good deal on the life they lead, and the care that is taken of them. Lady Adela, a creature petted by fortune and nature, hardly looked a day older, as far as her beauty was concerned.

It was Christmas Eve, and she and Mrs. Sackville were at Hazel House. She had an unaccountable love for the quiet old place. A snow-storm was raging outside and she was sitting by the drawing-room fire, alone and quite still, with her feet on the fender, and a sleeping kitten in her lap.

It was the same delicate, fine, sweet little face as of old, only with a new look of gentle thoughtfulness. Her hair was cut short in a dark, soft crop, which suited her small head wonderfully; she was dressed in white, with some large coral beads around her neck, and on her shoulders that cold night she wore a short white cloak, braided with black. She lay back in her chair, and there was something tired and listless in the lines of her figure, in the way her pretty hands were folded, in the expression of her eyes. Needless to say that she was still Lady Adela, and not Duchess of anything; but no one who knew her could think that this affected her happiness much.

She was generally of a most sweet and cheerful disposition, loved by all her friends and servants with something more than ordinary love. Against this little absolute queen no one ever thought of rebelling; it was happiness enough to be ordered by her. No trouble or annoyance was ever allowed to reach her, if love could keep it away. The shadow on her face this evening was something quite unusual and strange.

She had seen in that day's *Times* a report, not yet confirmed, but too likely to be true, that the scientific African explorer, Mr. Shafto, after frightful hardships borne heroically, had lost his life in the rapids of some scarcely-known river. It was rumored that he had rescued several of his companions, and had then sunk from exhaustion. There was a list of all his doings and discoveries; there were deep regrets at the early death of this brave, clever, distinguished young man.

"He was worth something, after all," Lady Adela said to herself. "Seven years! poor fellow! I wonder if he ever thought of coming back."

Miss Shafto had long left the village, and Mrs. Sackville had that afternoon written her a letter of condolence, in which she added her niece's sympathy to her own. That was all; there could be nothing more; and most likely nothing certain would ever be known about the explorer's death. Lady Adela thought about it a great deal, as she sat by the fire.

It was nearly dinner time; but Mrs. Sackville not being very well that day had stayed in her room, and Adela was looking forward to a solitary evening. It was not nice to be alone. She reflected with some consternation, that her aunt could not live forever; and then came into her mind one by one the men she had refused. First poor Edgar Shafto, and then Lord Elton, and all the rest. Only in one instance did she now feel that she might have acted differently; and this was a perverse sentimental fancy. Now that all her attractions were powerless to bring him back to her any more, she felt as if she had always cared for him.

A sound of wheels outside and a bell ringing loudly, roused her from her dreams. Who could be arriving so late, and in this weather, too? The door was opening, the butler was bringing in a card.

"The gentleman is in the hall, my lady. I was to ask if you would see him."

Lady Adela bent down, holding the card in the firelight.

"It can't be," she said after a moment. "I think there must be some mistake. But—ask Mr. Shafto to come in."

The butler looked grave and puzzled. He was an old servant, and one of his mistress' most careful guardians.

"It is not the Mr. Shafto who used to come here, my lady," he said.

"No. They say he is dead. Ask him to come in," said Lady Adela, absently.

The visitor came in. She got up, and for a moment they stood looking at each other. It was Edgar, of course, but terribly changed. Lady Adela at first thought that he had become hideous. All his superficial good looks, his figure, his complexion, seemed to have been left behind in the dreadful swamps and deserts through which he had fought his way. Her smart young lover, with his lazy, indifferent, deceptive manners, had come back to her a worn, hardened, slouching, middle-aged man, with a dark-burnt skin, hollow eyes, hair more than touched with gray, and a look of stern, watchful eagerness, which yet had a certain calm, as if the man knew that all his difficulties were only met to be overcome.

Adela gave him her hand. He took it and kissed it, and then she began to realize who this was, for at first it seemed as if this wild-looking traveler was quite strange to her.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have thought about it so often, never hoping to have it again."

"Won't you sit down," said Lady Adela, gently.

He obeyed, leaning forward and looking at her. She took her place again where she had been sitting, with the kitten in her lap. The white cloak had slipped off her shoulders; she looked very young and child-like, quite as pretty, and far sweeter than he remembered her. It seemed as if she surely could not snub him now.

A feeling of intense, longing tenderness filled Edgar's eyes with tears. This was not the madness that had seized him long ago; it was something deeper, stronger, more patient. Actually to see her, to hear her again, the girl who, since he first saw her, had never even been in danger of a rival—there was something in it almost too solemn.

Lady Adela felt the change in him, and had already begun to be proud of it, and to think there was something very fine and noble in her old friend's look and manner. He had gone away weak and come back strong. A man like this would never suggest shooting himself if he was disappointed again. That Adela already knew that he would not be disappointed—if he really meant—then she was suddenly shocked at herself, and looking bravely at him she said, "I am so very much surprised. I saw a report in the *Times* to-day——"

"Of my death, you mean. No, I am not dead yet. I got to London this morning and saw my aunt—found her actually reading that bit of romance."

"Was none of it true?"

"It was a good deal colored," said Edgar; and then, as she smiled at him, his face softened into a sort of unbelieving gladness. "What a blessed country England is! Nothing changes, except to grow better, and kinder and more beautiful. Seven years in Africa makes one very patriotic, I can assure you. And very frightful, too, I am afraid you will say. How is Mrs. Sackville?"

"She is not very well, thank you."

"And have you been here all the time?"

"O, no! A good deal though, for I am fond of the place."

"I remember every flower that used to grow in those long borders. I suppose they are just the same."

"Not now," said Adela, with a little smile. "You would find the garden very desolate now."

The first shade of constraint between them had passed away. They went on talking about the old days, the dogs, the pony, Miss Shafto, the flowers, and the little events of that September fortnight, and they seemed to forget by mutual consent the tragical ending of it. She tried to asked one or two questions about Africa, but he would not give much answer to them. Africa was a desert, where she had never been. What was the use of talking about one's banishment?

At last the explorer remembered that it was growing late, and that he ought to account for the strange hour of his visit. Perhaps this fire-light Eden must soon close its gates on him, this time forever.

"I came to-night," he said gravely, "because it seemed my only chance of seeing you, and I could not put it off. There is an expedition starting next week, going through Abyssinia, to look up the slave-trade question. I have half promised to go."

"Really?" said Lady Adela, after a moment's silence.

She was looking into the fire; she lifted her head, and straightened herself a little. Certainly, she did not look pleased. Edgar said nothing, but watched her. Presently, stroking her kitten, she turned her head toward him, without raising her eyes, said, "Why do you want to go?"

"I do not want to go, if you will tell me to stay," Edgar answered. "I came down here for your decision. Don't think that I have forgotten anything, or that I have allowed myself any hope. But when my aunt told me that you were still here, and not yet married, I thought I must risk your being angry with me, to know if you could possibly change your mind. I did not deserve you then, and I don't now—but that is nothing to the purpose. Am I to go or stay?"

Lady Adela had not cared for many people in her life, but those she did care for were perfect in her eyes. Edgar, under all these changed circumstances had become a hero. She had been half in love with him before he came; now it was all over with her. Edgar is not likely ever to forget the look and manner with which she turned to him—happiness, enthusiasm, and still a little shade of dignity.

"I think you had better stay."

Such an evening as that was well worth the hardships and dangers of seven years.

* * * * * *

Most of Lady Adela's friends were rather shocked at the news of her engagement, and especially Mrs. Sackville, whose one idea had been that her niece should make what she was pleased to call "a good marriage," and to whom the claims of science and hard work were an object of the utmost scorn. She tried to reason with Adela, who was obliged to confess that she cared for geography no more than her aunt did.

"But, why then, my child! what makes him such a bore?" cried Mrs. Sackville. "Do consider, dearest; you don't look more than two-and twenty, and there are lots of people——"

Adela shook her head, smiling.

"What is the attraction? You always used to say that you could not marry without being in love. Now, surely——"

"But, do you see, Aunt Mary, I am in love, and for the first time, too," said Lady Adela.—*Times.*

A School-Ma'am's Budget.

DEAR MARY; Teaching school is like writing poetry—not to be done unless you can not help it. If you are born for poesy I suppose you must write; if for pedagogy you must teach. In either case you may be a blessing to other people; but so is a good cook or a chambermaid, and cook or chambermaid will have more money than you. You are welcome to my experience; profit by it if you can.

After the high school course I took the four years' course at a normal school, and have taught, I may claim, successfully for seven years. I have not been idle, as you know, but have read and studied all those years. I am now teaching fifty children for $9.10 a week. The place is only fifteen miles from Boston, near enough to raise board but not salaries. I pay $4 a week for board, seventy-five cents a dozen for washing, room-heating extra. We have thirty-five weeks of school in the year.

Now imagine yourself in my place, and you will have a nice little problem like this to solve:

Receipts per week		$9 10
Board	$4 00	
Washing	75	
Room-heating	25	
Expenditures		$5 00
Balance		$4 10
Thirty-five weeks		143 50

Here is a list of things that you may consider indispensable:

Vacation expenses, seventeen weeks	$50 00
Traveling expenses	15 00
Overshoes	1 00
Half-dozen handkerchiefs	75
Stockings, flannels, etc	5 00
Two pair shoes	7 00
Two school dresses	15 00
Two school hats	4 00
Gloves	1 00
One best dress	15 00
One best hat	6 00
Pew rent	5 00
Educational journals	5 00
School articles not furnished by the town	3 00
Stationery and postage	5 00
Newspapers	....
Lectures and concerts	....
Ruffles and neckties	....
Cloak and shawl	....
Books and pictures	....
Christmas cards, etc., etc., etc.	....

While you are applying yourself to the practical solution of this question, people will wonder that you like to dress so shabbily. They will calculate by the fashion of it how long you have worn that fifteen-dollar dress for best. After they get used to that, accept it as a part of yourself and cease to remark with their eyes, the right year will come around for you to have a winter hat, and it will be so strange a thing for you to do—the hat will contrast so forcibly with your cheap, antiquated, draggled-looking gown and the threadbare old cloak that you had before you ever taught, that you will at once become again the observed of all observers.

Some teachers are supported by their fathers. Your ambition is to support yourself and save $300, that your may retire gracefully to the Old Ladies' Home when past teaching. Believe me, dear, it is a wild ambition.

There is one thing, though, that you might do. You might become a missionary, and these people will subscribe liberally to send you to South Africa or Japan. You would receive more there than they will pay you for teaching their own children here. But I dare say you would find that that situation, like every other, has its own disadvantages.

If you decide to teach, I wish you "good luck;" and it is only fair to add, as another bit of my experience, that if you can manage to get on without the money, teaching will bring you what is worth more than money.

Your friend,

THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

—*Boston Advertiser.*

—The Rev. David Mossom is said to have been the first native American who was ordained in the Church of England. He was the clergyman who married General Washington, near St. Peter's Church, New Kent County, at the White House, Va. The church was built in 1703, at a cost of 146,000 pounds of tobacco. Daniel Parke Curtis, whose widow became the wife of Washington, was a vestryman in St. Peter's.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Might of the Rivers.

The boast is frequently made that man has subdued the earth, commanded the elements, and compelled the grandest as well as the most mysterious forces of nature Ariel-like to do his bidding. There is some ground for this boast, but it goes too far. Not a year passes, nay, hardly a day, that the incompleteness of man's conquest is not made apparent, and sometimes he appears as the conquered instead of the conqueror in his attempts to subjugate nature. The recent terribly destructive floods in the West illustrate in a striking fashion the truth that man has not yet even got the upper hand of one of the agents of nature with which he came in contact at the dawn of his history—the rivers. In every age the efforts of men to master the rivers, along whose courses they delight to live, have formed a conspicuous feature of this struggle with nature. Hardly any other thing has in an equal degree called into play human ingenuity, perseverance, and mechanical skill. Yet the rivers are not mastered. The art of bridge building is one of the oldest and one of the most perfect of the mechanical arts. Some of the finest and most stupendous structures that human hands have reared are bridges spanning great rivers. Yet as often as the season of floods returns great bridges are swept away and dashed to pieces. There are few large rivers in the civilized world that have not swallowed up hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of such structures. Statistics showing the annual cost of repairing the damage to bridges caused by overflowing and ice-gorged rivers would undoubtedly reveal a huge leak in the pocket of the public. Even the small streams in the country, that in the hot days of July contain barely enough water to wet a few pebbles in their beds, swell at this season into torrents that cost the farmers many days of labor lost on their fields in repairing and rebuilding bridges. Every year the railroads are put to great inconvenience, delay, and expense from this cause.

But the damage to bridges is only one of the losses caused by the rivers. In flat countries it is impossible, or it has proved impossible so far, to keep rivers confined within their banks. The most elaborate system of levees and dykes have failed to hold them. The Mississippi and its tributaries, along whose courses there are now so much distress and loss caused by floods, are in this respect among the most refractory of rivers. The Dutch have kept the ocean out of Holland more successfully than the Southern planters have kept the Mississippi out of their fields. Every time there is a great flood, not only flocks and herds but men and women are drowned. Probably there will always be losses and disasters of this kind, but it would seem that experience ought to point out some better protection than now exists. Whenever a flood occurs we hear of gangs of men working with all their might to strengthen the threatened levees. Sometimes their efforts are successful, but oftener the work is begun too late. We even see cities partly overflowed and whole villages swept away by the great rivers. Some of these disasters might be, and ought to be prevented by forethought and proper precautions; others, perhaps, would occur in spite of human efforts.

Rivers and similar streams also cause great damage at this season to roads and highways. To a great extent this loss is preventable, as it is often due to carelessness and ill-placed economy on the part of those whose business it is to construct the roads and keep them in order. There are few regions in which may not be seen roads running unnecessarily close to the banks of rivers, and unprotected by proper embankments. Almost every year some of these roads are partially destroyed, and with singular want of foresight are hastily and carelessly reconstructed in the same place and without any extra protection. Some roads of this kind are very picturesque, and excite the admiration of summer visitors on that account, but this is is a kind of romance of heavy cost to the neighboring farmers.

A great deal remains to be done in getting the control of the rivers. Probably they will always succeed in breaking their confines once in a while, but it is certain that with more intelligent and careful application of mechanical knowledge, man can generally be their master. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Bowing in Holland.

Everybody bows—nobody nods, and touching the hat is unknown. You bow to everyone you may have met when calling on a friend, for callers meeting are introduced. You give an order to a gardener or a workman, and he takes off his hat with a bow which would not bring discredit on a Duke. Every one bows on passing a house where they visit. I often used to amuse myself by watching behind a curtain to see every second man take off his hat to the window it being quite immaterial whether any of the family are visible or not; and every second lady make a polite bow of the whole body, not a mere inclination of the head, as our ladies do. Everybody bows. Men take off their hats to each other; tradesman do the same to all their customers. A well-known lady is bowed to by all her father's husbands or brother's friends, and any gentleman knowing a lady who is staying at a house where he visits will bow to her.

I even had a bowing acquaintance with a student whom I never met and did not know from Adam. I could not imagine what made the boy bow so profoundedly, until I got some one to ask if he knew me. I found I had once met his father somewhere, and that was the—shall I say excuse? I should if he had been English. Well, after an absence of three years, I returned to the town where he lived, and there he was, grown into a man, bowing still. For some months we had quite a lively bowing acquaintance, and there it ended, as aforetime. I must, however, include "compliments" with bowing as the Dutch idea of politeness. Every parcel is sent home with the sender's compliments, and I once heard this message delivered at the door of a house where I was calling: "My compliments to the *mevrouw*, and has she any dust?" It was the dustman!—*Leisure Hours.*

—Kentucky boasts of a blind man who started a grocery store and still owns it. That is nothing. There was a blind man here once who started a hand organ.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Chinaman has given $10,000 towards the new Methodist College at Fuchow, in China.

—Iowa has 21,598 teachers, only 7,252 of whom are men. Their average salary is $31.16; that of the female teachers is $26.28.

"Pa, why do they call 'em high schools?" "It's because we pay so much for 'em, my son. You'll understand these things better when you get to be a tax payer."—*Courier-Journal.*

—The population of Toronto, Canada, numbers 86,445. The churches can accommodate 49,860 persons, and the attendance on a recent Sunday showed 38,796, or a percentage of worshipers of 44.92.

—Seven hundred and fifty dollars a year is to be the minimum salary of a Congregational preacher in England. In New England many are glad to get six hundred.

—Rev. William Howieson, of England, has retired from active service after a thirty-three years' pastorate with the Walworth-road Baptist chapel. And he takes with him, as a testimonial of his people's affection, a present of $1,000—a right good testimonial.

—It is proposed in Hartford, Conn., to build a new High School only one story in height—a large central hall or assembly room to be lighted chiefly from above, and to be surrounded by a corridor and class-rooms. Safety in case of fire, and health, secured by the absence of stairs, are urged as the advantages of this plan.

—Sir Charles Trevelyan has recently published a lecture on "Christian and Hindoolsm Contrasted," in which he expresses his conviction that the conversion of India to Christianity will take place in a different way from that generally anticipated. When the absorption of Christian truth has gone far enough, he says, native opinion will declare itself and "a nation will be born in a day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In 1879 the Children's Scripture Union was organized in London, and already has nearly 9,000 branches in various parts of Europe, with 100,000 members. The Union's object is the excellent one to promote the regular daily reading of the Bible by children and young people. Each member is given at the beginning of each year a card containing a list of readings for that year. Why shouldn't the Union be started in this country?—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Another learned blacksmith has arisen to take the place of the late Elihu Burritt, albeit his acquirements are almost exclusively Biblical. He is about publishing a book of 556 pages which he has named "Curiosities of the Bible." He has spent nearly thirteen years in the preparation of the work, and has gone through the Bible thirteen times with a minute examination of every verse, deducting from it whatever he thought might appeal to the curious interest of readers, and his knowledge of the Scriptures is said to be marvelous. The blacksmith's name is Ambrose S. Olley, and his shop is at Booth's Corner, Delaware County, Pa. He works hard at his trade all day and devotes his evenings to study.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Western firm named Nice & Good is said to have a bookkeeper named Simmons. According to an exchange he signs his receipts thus: "Nice & Good, per Simmons."

—Something possessed a mild-looking book-agent to put a brick in his coat-tail pocket, and the way a Devonshire Street broker hurt his toes on it was simply agonizing.—*Boston Post.*

—The laziest man is on a western paper. He spells photograph "4tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee "10ac," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

—At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman. "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

—"What are you doing here?" said old Subersides to a tramp who was lying on his front stoop, gaping at the moon. "What am I doin' here?" echoed the lazy rascal, endeavoring to suppress another gape. "Why, I'm studying astr'nomy." "How so?" queried the curious proprietor. "O," replied the loafer. "I'm yawnin' after the unattainable."—*Hackensack Republican.*

—A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied. "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at table. "You've eaten eight; I've been countin'!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A new map of Boston has a certain open space designated as Haymarket Square. A printer would readily see how the error occurred. The Square was marked on the original draft Haymarket, but in printing it was changed to Hay Market. In correcting the proof the reader marked it "Put small in," and the printer followed his copy literally.—*Traveller.*

—The sermon was duller than usual, and it was only here and there that a fully wide-awake member of the congregation could be seen, when a little fellow whose uneasy twistings had aroused his father from a comfortable nap, piped up in a clearly audible voice: "Pa, what do we have to stay here for?" That simple, childish question injected more animation into the members of the church on that one evening than the pastor had aroused during his entire ministry.—*Chicago Times.*

—Popular Prices: One for a crown—the Prince of Wales. Two for a scent—a bridal couple. Three for ache water—a trio at the medicinal springs. Four for a pound—a quartette of pugilists. Five "for a song"—a quintette of vocalists. Six for two quarters—a half dozen pupils for six months. Seven for a far thing—the stars of the Pleiades. Eight for a center-piece—burners for an octagonal chandelier. Nine for a scent apiece—the Muses each in search of a favorite perfume. Ten for a "mill"—a half-score of boxers.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

SPEAK WELL OF EACH OTHER.

Things of greatest moment often
Start from trifles light as air,
And thus many guiltless beings
Have been hunted to despair
By the venomed voice of gossip, which throws
poison everywhere.

Sometimes in our own home circle
Words are spoken thoughtlessly,
Pointing with a shade of reason
Toward a friend's integrity.
Those few words may gather others till a scandal vast we see.

Sometimes, too, vague hints may waken
Doubts and fears within the soul;
Hints concerning trivial actions
Deep suspicions may unroll,
Plunging some loved ones in trouble which no
effort can control.

Yet she may be pure and guileless,
Free from every thought of ill;
But that hint so idly spoken
Grafts its deadly poison still;
Such light words of gossip started can with
grief a young life fill.

Every one is prone to falter,
Clouds on every heart may fall;
Some grope onward, led by Folly,
Some respond to Duty's call;
Our friend's case we cannot fathom, so should
never judge at all.

Speak not ill of friend or lover,
They may prove true in the end;
Best be blind to little failings,
And stand ready to defend;
Always striving to discover some new virtue in
our friend.

Burdened by some foul injustice;
Stung by slights that seldom fail,
Innocence is often wounded
By suspicion's flimsy veil,
And that veil each day grows thicker through
the scandal-lover's tale.

Then beware of passing gossip;
Light as is the snow flake's fall,
It will gather in its passage
Till the drift is huge and tall.
So when speaking of a neighbor say good
things or none at all.

—*Mrs. J. W. Schenck, in Our Herald.*

MR. MAYE'S MEMORY.

"There is one thing you mustn't forget, Brother Tom?"

"What is that, Emma?"

"Don't forget to go to the help office, and send me up a cook. The new girl is good for nothing, and the old one can't do everything. Black or white, young or old, man or woman, I don't care, only send me up a competent cook by ten o'clock this morning."

"Don't look so desperate, sis; I'll remember it. I want things in pretty good style for Maxwell; he is used to it—is fond of good dinners, and I guess I'll send you up a good, smart man-cook, Emma."

"I hope Mr. Maxwell won't expect things *too* nice, but I'll do my best in other matters, Tom, if you'll only provide some one capable of serving a good dinner."

Mr. Thomas Maye disappeared with a reassuring nod. He had a proverbially bad memory, pretty Emma Maye knew it very well, yet in this desperate emergency she trusted him. Dangerous, but what could she do? During the two years she had had charge of her widowed brother's family, they had been blessed by the most skillful of cooks; but Joan had taken a fancy to get married, and her place was hastily supplied by one who soon proved incapable. Just at this juncture, Mr. Maye received tidings that his deceased wife's favorite brother, Arthur Maxwell, just returned from Europe, would pay him a visit.

The Maxwell family were noted for their wealth and good breeding, and Arthur especially was distinguished for his agreeability.

From the first, Emma had been nervous over the responsibility of entertaining this elegant young man whom she had never seen. She was lovely and accomplished, but she could not cook—in fact she had never tried. Certainly, it seemed task enough for a young lady of twenty to superintend a family consisting of her brother and herself, two boys and their tutor, two little girls and their nurse-maid, with two other servants. But though arduous, it had been well performed.

The house was the perfection of neatness and taste, the children well trained, and Emma was much beloved in her brother's family. The latter she had been devoted to in sickness and health, and he gratefully intended to make her tasks as light as possible. But, as I have said, he had a proverbially bad memory, and, unfortunately, Emma had been obliged to trust to it.

It was half-past seven when Mr. Maye went down town. He took nothing but a cup of coffee at seven, and lunched at his favorite restaurant at eleven. At half-past three the Mayes dined, and Mr. Maxwell was expected by the three-ten train.

"There!" sighed Emma, when, two hours after her brother's departure, the house was in its usual exquisite order, and the vinnds and flowers sent up for dinner; "if Tom doesn't forget, and if he sends up a *good* cook, everything will be nice enough."

She did not dare consider the possibility of Tom's having forgotten, or that of the cook not coming for any other reason; but when, precisely at ten o'clock, the door-bell rang, a secret weight was lifted from her heart. She ran herself to answer the summons.

A medinm-sized, well-dressed, modest looking young man stood at the entrance, and she brightened at sight of him.

"I am very glad you are so punctual; I was afraid I should be disappointed," she said, leading the way into the kitchen, without an instant's delay. "Let me see—ten o'clock. I shall have to set you to work at once to prepare a first class dinner. We are expecting company from New York, and my cook has left me, and I do not myself know anything about cooking. What is your name?" literally bereaving the young man of his hat, and hanging it as far out of reach as possible.

His reply was rather faint, but she thought she caught it.

"Mac? You do not *look* like an Irishman. But it doesn't make any difference. Are you a *good* cook?"

The smile of the young man was rather puzzling.

"I'll do my best," he said pleasantly.

"You see there's nothing in the house but cold chicken," continued Emma, unconsciously wringing her little hands as she continued to address the new cook, who certainly listened very attentively. "But my brother has sent up some pigeons—to be roasted, I suppose."

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a celery salad?"

"I think I can."

"And Mayonnaise sauce for the cold chicken?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a French soup?"

"I can."

"O, well, I guess you will do," beginning to look relieved. "Be sure the vegetables are not overdone, and the coffee good—my brother is very particular about his coffee. And we will have a Florentine pudding?" with an inquiring look.

"Yes'm," readily.

The new cook was already girding himself with one of the white towels that lay on the dresser, and casting a scrutenizing glance at the range fire.

Quite reassured in spirit, Emma was turning away, when she stopped to add:

"I will lay the table myself to-day, Mac, and fill the fruit-dishes and vases; but if you give satisfaction, I will intrust you with the key of the china closet, and you will have the entire care of the table;" and with a gracious nod the young lady withdrew from the kitchen.

She piled the fruit-dishes with rosy pears, golden oranges and white grapes; filled the vases with roses, lilies and ferns; set clusters of dainty glasses, filled with amber jelly, among the silver and china, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction at the result, ran away to dress.

"I'll not go near the kitchen to even smell of the dinner. I don't know anything about cooking it, and will trust to luck. I have an idea that Mac is real capable—is going to prove a treasure. His dress was so neat, and he was so quiet and respectful," concluded Emma, leisurely arranging her bangs.

Her new dress, with its abundant lace and cardinal ribbons, was very becoming, and lifted the petite, round figure so perfectly that Emma felt at peace with all the world.

"I have heard that Mr. Arthur Maxwell is very fastidious in the matter of ladies' dress," mused Emma, twisting her head over her shoulder to see the effect of her sash. "I wonder what his first impression of me will be? I *should* like to have poor Ally's brother like me."

At length the last bracelet was clasped, the last touch given, and retiring backward from the mirror, with a radiant face, Emma turned and ran up to the nursery, to order the children dressed for company, and also to speak with the boys—and, it must be confessed, flirt a little with Mr. Vincent, the tutor, who was always at her service for this exercise.

There was a delightfully savory odor prevading the house, when she came down and set out the wine and ice, and made a few amendments of the table. Before Alice died she had painted an exquisite ebony ring for her brother, and this Emma placed with the napkin designed for Mr. Arthur Maxwell, thinking how artistic and pretty everything was, and deciding that the gentleman's first impression *must* be pleasant.

She looked at her watch—five minutes past three. Then she went softly to the end of the hall, and listened to the lively clatter in the kitchen. She could hear Mac chattering pleasantly with the little housemaid. Nancy, and all seemed to be well in that direction.

At three-ten she repaired to the drawing-room, and took a seat overlooking the street. Carriages came and carriages went, but none stopped at the entrance. The little girls, brave in new ribbons, came down; the boys and Mr. Vincent came down. Mr. Maye's latch-key settled in the door, the dinner-bell rang.

"Not come?" asked Mr. Maye, at sight of Emma's disappointed face.

"No," she pouted; "and such a nice dinner!"

"Very strange!" mused that gentleman, leading the way into the dinner-room. "I hadn't the least doubt—Why, my dear fellow," seizing by the shoulders the new cook, who, acting also as butler, had just placed the soup-tureen upon the table—"dear, dear fellow, why how is this? Emma declared you hadn't come!"

That young lady grew as white as the table-cloth and grasped a chair for support.

"*That* Mr. Arthur Maxwell? I—I thought it was the cook!"

"I came earlier than I expected, and in time to make myself useful to Miss Emma," laughed Mr. Maxwell, divesting himself of his white towel and bowing with exquisite grace to that young lady.

The cultivated accents, the ambrosial locks of the bent head, the clear, eloquent, beautiful eyes—oh, why *hadn't* she known? How *could* she have fallen into such an error?

"I was so terribly anxious—I didn't look at you twice. Mr. Maxwell, I hope you *will* forgive me!" stammered Emma, as red now as she had been pale.

"There is nothing to forgive, if my dinner turns out well," he added, laughing, evidently the sweetest-tempered man in the world. "I learned to cook when I was a student in Paris—a Frenchman taught me. I *have* been rather proud of my culinary skill, but I am a little out of practice now, and am not quite sure of the Florentine."

"Emma!" cried Mr. Maye, what *does* all this mean?"

"Why, John, you promised to send me up a man-cook."

Mr. Maye clasped his hands tragically.

"Emma, I forgot it!"

"Well, *he* came, just at ten o'clock. I thought he was the cook; I ushered him into the kitchen, among the pots and pans. I questioned him as to what he knew about cooking. I urged him to make all haste and serve the dinner—and called him an Irishman!" sobbed Emma, hysterically.

"No offense, Miss Emma. My grandfather, on my mother's side—Major Trelawny—was an Irishman," observed Mr. Maxwell, coolly. "And, since I have done my best, *won't* you try the soup before it is cold?"

The others started, and Emma cried; but Mr. Maye laughed—laughed uproariously.

"The best joke of the season! Sit right down, everybody! Emma, you foolish girl, don't cry. Arthur doesn't care. And as for your Florentine—Arthur, tell Nancy to bring it on. The proof of the pudding is the eating, you know."

"Miss Emma *won't* cry when she tastes my soup," remarked Arthur, ladling it out promptly, with an air of pride.

And then they all fell to tasting and praising, and urging Emma to taste and praise, until she laughed and cried all together.

But Mr. Arthur was so delightful, so winning and so witty, so kind to his agitated young hostess, and he'd cooked such an excellent dinner—from the pigeons to the pudding, everything was perfect.

By-and-by Emma was herself again.

"This has taught me a lesson," she said. "I never will be so desperately situated again. I will learn to cook."

"Let me teach you," said Arthur.

He did. And Emma taught him to love her. There was a wedding by-and-by.

"The blessed result of my miserable memory!" Mr. Maye said.—*Saturday Night.*

Mental Prescience.

Many years ago there was a lady who had a most intense dislike to cats, so much so that were there one in the room when she entered, she would be obliged to leave immediately, such an effect had it upon her nervous system. On one occasion, she was invited to dine with the narrator's family in the country, but she declined, because she knew that there were cats on the premises; but on the promise that the cats should be strictly incarcerated she consented to come, and the three cats belonging to the house were duly shut up. During the dinner she was seen to be very uncomfortable, and to look very pale, and on being asked the matter, she said that she was sure there was a cat in the room. Assurances that this could not possibly be the case were of no avail, and on search being made, a cat was found actually sitting under her chair. She rose immediately and left the table; and passing down the dining-room toward the door she also passed across a small cupboard door opening in the wall, through which the dinner was served directly from the kitchen. As she passed this the second cat of the establishment jumped through it into the dining-room. A scream of horror burst from the poor lady and she was led away fainting in the drawing-room. The time of year was such that the window of the drawing-room was open, and it was so made that it reached nearly down to the floor, and not much above the lawn outside the house. While the poor lady was being attended to by aid of scent-bottles and such-like restoratives, the third of the cat establishment jumped in at the window! This was too much to be borne by such a peculiarly constituted nervous system, and she begged to leave the house immediately.

In 1851, as I was walking down the centre of the Great Exhibition, carelessly looking about me, I was struck with a sudden thought as to whether I should meet a clergyman there with whom I had lived some ten years before, and had not seen for many years, and so far as I remember, had hardly thought of since. Pondering on so strange a turn to my thoughts, I suddenly turned round and retraced my steps, and before I had gone thirty yards I met face to face the very gentleman whom I had but just contemplated the possibility of meeting.

Another and a different sort of mental prescience occurred a few years since. I was dressing one morning, when I suddenly thought: What became of my brother's old signet-ring that I used to wear? (This brother had died some thirty years before.) I began to think over it; but found I had lost all recollection of its fate, and it passed from my mind. About five or six days afterward my niece came to stay with me. She had come from my old home, some twenty miles distant, where I had been born, and she said she had brought over a ring for me, as my sisters thought it must belong to me, and that it had been found by one of the gardeners in the mold in the garden. And by inquiry I found that it had been picked up on the very morning that I had thought of it when I was dressing. Here, then, was the long-lost ring and these various circumstances connecting themselves together; and I then remembered that I had lost the ring in that very spot in the garden belonging to my old home where it had been found; and being a signet-ring, and useful for sealing letters with, I had bought another to supply its place. On referring to my old accounts, I further found that this newer signet-ring had been purchased nearly twenty years before, so that the lost ring had been lying in the garden mold some twenty years before it was recovered in the vicinity of the spot where I had lost it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Long Outlook for the Heir.

An old farmer living about twelve miles west of Guelph, died recently, leaving a will, of which the substance is as follows: The son works the farm till his stepmother's death, at the end of which time he has to commence paying installments on $3,000 to the rest of the family at a yearly rate of $50 a year, and when he gets all paid off he will get the farm in his own possession. It will be seen that after the stepmother's death it will be sixty years before the son gets the farm, and as the woman is yet in the prime of life and healthy, it is calculated she may live another forty years. The son is now thirty years of age, and when he can claim the farm, by this reckoning he will be 130 years old. The old man must either have thought life much longer than it is or else he was afraid his boy might turn a spendthrift if allowed to get the property sooner.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Donald G. Mitchell, the "Ik Marvel" of former years, is now almost sixty years of age. His hair and bushy whiskers are plentifully sprinkled with gray, and he has grown stout, but his face has the ruddy hue of health. Mr. Mitchell occasionally leaves the retirement of his "Farm at Edgewood," near New Haven, to read a lecture before a popular assembly.—*New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

—The revived popularity of foot ball in England is bringing to the front a long list of accidents. At a match near Middleton five players were so seriously hurt that medical attendance was required. At Sheffield one boy had his collar bone broken, and another was injured badly in the side. Two accidents have also occurred at Oldham, and one of them resulted in death.

—Why is the vowel "a" the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Thomas Miller, of Harrison County, Kentucky, an industrious, hard-working man, and the father of twelve children, has discovered himself to be the only living heir to an estate in Lexington worth $50,000.—*Chicago Times.*

—A new, and it is to be hoped unique, way of punishing children in the Buffalo Orphan Asylum is by letting the sash of a heavy window down upon their hands, thus confining and torturing them in spite of their groans and cries.

—A Baltimorean wishes to sell to the Federal Government, for $1,500, General Washington's sword-knot. It is well preserved, is of silk and silver tinsel bullion, with a tinsel rosette, and its genuineness is said to be well attested.

—Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend—who will stand firm when others fall—the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous; in such an one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—*Dean Stanley.*

—Some folks are pesky injudicious. When two men get to fighting in a back yard, somebody is very likely to rush out and disturb and bother a quiet-loving policeman about it when he has no desire to see the light or have anything to do about it.—*Boston Post.*

—Captain Percival, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate with the announcement "that the vessel was going to eternity." "Well," replied the Captain, "I've got ten friends over there to one in this world; let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Eight hundred and sixty-four dogs were stolen in New York last year, for which $6,913 reward was offered and 856 questions were not asked. There are supposed to be eight professional dog-stealers, each of whom, it will be readily seen, makes an average of $864 a year out of this singular industry.

—Paradise Valley, in San Diego County, California, seems to deserve its name, since it yields all manner of fruits. The apple, orange, lime, lemon, fig, olive, guava, peach, pear, grape, strawberry, apricot, etc., flourish there. Some brown Turkish figs grown there measured four inches in length and six inches in circumference.

—A pretty Philadelphia girl, on being asked why her engagement had been broken off, replied: "You see, he came to me one day with an album in his pocket and proudly displayed the autograph of Charles J. Guiteau, which he went to Washington on purpose to get. I was not anxious to marry a born fool, so we parted."—*Chicago Times.*

—From a circular issued by the Secretary of the Miners' National Union it appears that 31,000 persons have been killed in various ways during the past thirty-one years in English mines. "Our modernized mode of working mines," writes the Secretary, "is rendering catastrophies of this kind of a huge magnitude.

—Gas fitters have recently made a most useful application of photography. They photograph the gas flames given by different burners or jets so that a customer can see if the shape and form of a light will suit him before he gives his order. As the flames are moreover depicted "life-size" the purchaser can always tell whether his jet is up to the standard.

—A man who is ordinarially intelligent in most matters expressed surprise the other day on being told that the persons representing foreign countries at the seat of the National Government as Ministers, are not religious preachers. He thought, in his innocency, that all ministers are preachers! Some people live to learn, but it takes them a long time.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Here is a real adventure in the far West for boys to read: Christian Alfson, aged twelve, wandered into Utah. He was employed awhile on a sheep ranch, but was too small to do the work, and was discharged. For twenty days the poor little fellow trudged aimlessly about, in bitterly cold weather, scantily clothed and fed. One day he was found insensible in a snow drift, with a little flour in a tin pail as his entire stock of provisions, and so badly frozen that, on being sent to Salt Lake for treatment his feet were amputated.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The problem of co-operative stores and other plans of economizing is an old and yet ever new one. One of the latest enterprises of the kind, a Consumers' Coal Company, has been formed in New York with a cash capital of $500,000, the par value of shares being five dollars. The company was formed to supply coal consumers at a fair price and full weight, and to protect them, especially the poorer classes, from extortion. The coal will be delivered in specially constructed bags of different weights, sealed so that they cannot be tampered with. Coupon tickets will be issued to stockholders at a reduced price, each one representing a ton of coal. These can be transferred to the poor, if the stockholders are charitably inclined. The managers expect to pay dividends to the stockholders as well as giving them coal at a rebate from schedule prices.

"Muriate of Soda."

P. T. Barnum, who, having attended an agricultural lecture, where the speaker was very lavish of his praises of muriate of soda as a fertilizer, went in the morning and ordered several tons to be sent to his farm, which in due time was delivered. His farmer opened one of the casks with the intention of applying it, and was surprised to find it common salt. He started for Mr. Barnum and accosted him in the following manner: "Mr. Barnum, what did you say that stuff was that came yesterday?" "Muriate of soda." "Muriate of soda!" said the farmer. "It's nothing but salt." "Nonsense," said Mr. Barnum. "It is muriate of soda." "Mr. Barnum, come and see for yourself." He went, he saw and tasted it, and declared it to be the greatest fraud ever perpetrated. He started for the city, and went directly to the dealer from whom it was bought, and asked what the stuff was they had sent him. Their reply was, "Minute of soda, as ordered." "It is a mistake, for it is nothing but common salt." Then for the first time, he learned that common salt and muriate of soda are one and the same thing.

For Young Readers.

PEARLS.

If I had been made a rooster,
Of course I could only crow;
If I were a chicken or a hen,
I'd have to cackle, you know.

If I had been made a pussy cat,
I could only say: "Mew, mew;"
If I were a dog, to bark and howl
Would be all that I could do.

But, do you see? I am none of these,
I'm a little talking girl,
And mother says that every word
From my lips should be a pearl—

Bright and polished with cheery tones,
And set in a loving smile,
Think of the pearls in a single day—
For I'm talking all the while!

—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW THE WOOD WAS CUT.

In one corner of the old academy play-ground a group had gathered about two boys. Sandy Jardine and Max Guerney. Sandy was a tall, strong, large-featured lad, as opposite as the poles to the little, lithe, dark youth who stood near him, looking up in his face with laughing black eyes.

They were leaders, these two, each of his particular clan; and respecting their popularity the school was nearly divided. A strong rivalry existed between them, good-natured enough for the most part, though sometimes verging toward unfriendliness. Just now Sandy was evidently excited, almost angry. In a foot-race the preceding Saturday Max had beaten him, gaining a supremacy which he possibly might hold.

"Yes, you did whip me, fast enough," Sandy was saying, while a dull red mounted to his cheek; "but, all the same, I'll whip you to pay for it, and any day you've a mind to set."

"The track was too short," cried one of Sandy's champions. "That's what's the matter! By the time Sandy got under headway, he had to turn. The walk was laid out for little fellows."

Considerable laughter followed this sally, and the "little fellow," Max, joined in it heartily.

"Come, I'll match you in any way you like," continued Sandy. "Come, now! rowing, riding, running, wrestling—which shall it be? Come! I dare you, Max Guerney!"

A little murmur of approval ran around the group, and then the boys waited for Max's reply. Well they knew he would never refuse a dare.

"I, as the challenged party, have a right to choose the weapons?" interrogated Max, with a side-glance from his laughing black eyes. "Well, then, I'll neither ride, nor row, nor run, nor wrestle, but I'll saw wood with you, Sandy, and you may beat me if you can!"

What a clamor of high boyish voices met him!

"Oh, no fooling now!"

"Whose wood?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you." Max's voice rose clear above the tumult. "I'm in earnest. There's old uncle Nathan Blines and his wife, poorer than double-distilled poverty, and nobody to do a hand's turn for 'em since 'Siah died. I saw Uncle Nathan out chewing at his woodpile. You know they hauled him some cord-wood last winter, your father, Sandy, and mine, and two or three others; and I made up my mind to go over and saw for him some Saturday, any way, poor old fellow! There's pretty near five cords of wood, I guess; and we'll have somebody divide and measure it for us. Then we'll saw to win; and if you whip me in it, Sandy, the next Saturday I'll match you in splitting and housing it for him. What do you say?"

Sandy joined in the cheers and laughter with the utmost good nature.

"Done!" nodded he. "I'll do it."

Up spoke a blue-eyed, wiry little fellow at his elbow:

"You shan't do the whole of it! Say, Charley Bugbee, I'll split for Sandy, and you for Max!"

"Agreed!" said Charley.

"And we'll wheel in for you two, Art Humphrey and I!" declared Sandy's brother Jack. "Won't we, Art?"

"Whew! How far my little candle throws its beams!" laughed Max. "I'll tell you, boys; we might have the match in Uncle Nathan's back yard, charge fifteen cents or so admittance, and give Uncle Nathan the money."

"Hooray!" shouted Reub Story. "My brother works in the Clarendon *Star* office, and I'll get him to print our hand-bills. He owes me ten cents, anyhow."

"Good for you, Reub!" cried Max. "Grand sawing match! Ditto splitting ditto! Ditto wheeling ditto! Fifteen cents admittance! Children, full price! Gate open from ten a. m. to five p. m. Good enough!"

Next day the prospective sawing-match was noised about town, and a day or two later the hand-bills were out. It made a great deal of talk, both sportive and serious, in the village.

"It's a good idea—a first-rate idea!" That was Captain Winty Coolidge, you might know. "It 'arns the boys that mixin' kindness to other folks with their fun don't hurt nothin'. It's worth a quarter, and I'm a-goin' to pay it. I'm a-going to pay it!"

There was every indication that the sawing match would be a grand success financially.

"I don't believe the back yard will hold 'em all," laughed Max to the half-dozen boys who, with him, were taking their homeward way after school Friday night. "Have you got the tickets, Reub?"

"Yes; a hundred and fifty of 'em."

"Good! Now all we want is a fair day."

The day proved to be all that could be desired.

Hazy clouds veiled the burning face of the sun, and there was a brisk, cool breeze blowing. The sawing was to begin at nine o'clock; and before that time the board benches ranged around the back-yard fence filled with merry lookers-on. Uncle Nathan sat in his low, vine-draped doorway, beaming at everybody over his brass-bowed spectacles. There was Max and Sandy, fresh and smiling, with their saws; Dick and Charley with their axes, and Jack and Arthur with their wheelbarrows. Max's father stood near, watch in hand.

"Go!" said he.

Instantly both saws cut with a tuneful shriek into the wood, nearly drowning the sound of Peleg Toothacre's cracked fiddle, which had been engaged, with Peleg, to make music for the occasion.

At precisely the same instant the two logs across the two saw-horses fell in twain.

How everybody cheered, sending little tingles of excitement thrilling along every boyish nerve! And Uncle Nathan waved one of the eyes out of his spectacles; and Aunt Nabby, over his shoulder, fluttered her big calico apron, and bobbed her gray corkscrew curls, to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel," which Peleg's cracked fiddle was merrily playing.

The hours wore on. The crowd came and went, surging in and out of the back yard with jolly chat and laughter. The saws shrieked; the axes flashed in air; the wheelbarrows trundled from woodpile to woodshed. Peleg fiddled through and through his repertory of tunes from "Yankee Doodle" to "Money Musk" and at length came high noon, with twenty minutes for refreshments.

In the afternoon the excitement waxed stronger. The boys sawed steadily on with scarcely any symptoms of fatigue, save that there was a scarlet flush on Max's dark cheek, and Sandy's lips were pale, and trembled a little nervously.

Everybody was laughing and talking of the sport. Even Mrs. Colonel Grosvenor, the great lady of the village, drove up to the back yard gate in her carriage, bringing a demijohn of delicious iced lemonade for the young sawyers and their friends. Captain Winty Coolidge walked around, rubbing his pudgy hands together, and sprinkling in encouraging remarks between the shrieks of the saws and the squeaks of the fiddle.

"It's a good thing to strengthen the muscles—the muscles. A long chalk sensibler than walking ten hours to a stretch, so 'tis, so 'tis! Good boys! Doing well, all on ye—all on ye!"

And how earnest every one became, to be sure, when at length the sticks in each woodpile might be counted.

"You never saw anything like it!" said Max to his mother, between huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the tea-table that night. "Everybody who had a handkerchief shook it, I know, and Aunt Nabby waved her big checked apron. They were all singing out 'Go it!' and 'Good!' till a fellow couldn't hear himself think. Uncle Nathan sat in the door trotting his foot and wiping his eyes, though what for I can't imagine; and Peleg jumped up on his nail-keg and fiddled like the whole town was burning! Oh, 'twas great! And when we counted up the money there were twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents cash for Uncle Nathan, and everybody cheered again like fun when we handed it over. And Captain Winton made one of his speeches. Uncle Nathan broke right down when he tried to thank us, and Aunt Nabby kissed us boys all round. Yes, ma'am!

"Oh, yes'm; Sandy beat by twenty-four seconds; and Sandy's Cap'n again at school, and of course Dickey Bird beat Charley, because Charley couldn't split my last stick till I'd sawed it, for they kept right on our heels the whole time. But Art Humphrey beat Jack Jardine! For Art caught up the wood in his arms, quick as Charley split it, and ran into the shed with it and out while Jack was unloading his wheelbarrow. It gives a fellow an appetite," concluded Max, with a sideloug glance from his laughing eyes as he reached for his third helping of jam; "but it's a little hard on the arms!"—*Ada Carleton, in Wide Awake.*

Two Patriotic Maidens.

Girls often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honors, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home to do worsted-work.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science, and even in war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring confusion into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dikes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourself some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the center of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a *relievo* representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the Provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the Burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The Magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—*Harper's Young People.*

—Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882.

The gratifying intelligence that Mr. G. W. Delawder had been confirmed as State Fish Commissioner, was received here Tuesday evening. Strong efforts are said to have been made, in the interest of Mr. Ferguson, for the defeat of Mr. Delawder, and it was thought by many that they would be successful, but they failed, and the people generally of this section of the State are gratified that this matter has been settled by Mr. Delawder's confirmation.

The report of Judge Advocate General Swaim that the proceedings of the court-martial which tried Sergeant Mason are invalid will have a doubly good effect. It will refer the trial of the case of the would-be murderer of Garfield's assassin to a civil tribunal and it will stop the flood of sentimental swash with which Cheap John newspapers and other trick mule shows have been deluging the country for a week or two.—*Balto. Star.*

The following temperance address is from the report of the Howard County Grand jury, which adjourned Tuesday last:

"We directed special attention to the existence of disorderly houses, where the increased sale of intoxicating drink has been a cause of great complaint by neighbors and passers-by, and discovered that the evil is rapidly on the increase, and, in our opinion, the time is ripe for the adoption of 'local option' to save the helpless and the young men from drunkenness. No conscientious grand juror can deny that drink is at the bottom of eight-tenths of all the crime and disorder brought before them for investigation. We owe it to the rising generation, we owe it to the helpless devotee who cannot help himself, we owe it to the sorrowing wife or mother, to prevent the wholesale subjugation of body and soul by the demon drink. In no spirit of persecution do we recommend the adoption of this most salutary measure, but in the spirit of the true friendship to all our fellow-men who are afflicted with this disease."

Maryland Sunday-School Union.

The twenty-sixth anniversary exercises of the Maryland Sunday-School Union took place Wednesday night of last week at First M. E. Church, Fayette and Charles streets. A select choir of pupils of various Sunday-Schools occupied the platform, and under direction of Prof. John G. Robinson sang a number of hymns. After reading of Scripture and prayer by Rev, J. B. Stitt, the report of the president, Mr. G. S. Griffith, was read by Rev. H. E. Johnson. The report was an earnest argument for the increase of mission schools in order to reach that class of children growing up in the State without religious influences. Particular reference was made to two schools of this character, namely, the Causeway Mission School, Eden street and Easteru avenue, and the Friends Mission School in South Baltimore. An extract from a letter written by Rev. John M Davis, of Garrett county, gives an encouraging view of Sunday-School work in that county. The report further shows that the union has employed the services of Mr. Wm. A Baker, State superintendent, and three missionaries—Revs. G. E. Scott, Geo. H. Nock and W. C. Brown—the last named is colored, and labored exclusively among his own race. The statistics show; Schools organized, 24; schools reorganized, 17; officers and teachers received, 224; scholars, 1,822; cards given to children to enter schools previously established, 1,015; families visited, 8,099; union meetings. 43; sermons and addresses, 359; conventions, 11; miles traveled by missionaries, 6,248. Bibles, Testaments, hymn books and other literature have been judiciously distributed. The report of the treasurer, Mr. J. R. Kelso, Jr., shows receipts, $3,290.55; expended $3,279,29. At the international Sunday-school convention in Toronto, Canada, last June, Rev. Julius E. Grammer reported for Maryland, 2,043 schools, 23, 348 teachers and 210,227 scholars.

The Philadelphia *Record* asks: "Does talk win elections?" No; talk does not win elections. Counting sometimes wins elections. The Record's query is as pertinent in Baltimore as Philadelphia.—*Balto. Star.*

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* at Annapolis gives us another sketch of the doings of the men who control the State under Democratic rule, which we copy below. "Occasional" says "the Democrat party is amenable for all the abuses which disgrace Maryland and the City of Baltimore to-day." Is it not time that Democrats should pause and reflect, and then follow their patriotic feelings rather than partisan bias. "Occasional" writes:

"If the control which a certain set of politicians possess over all Legislation affecting corporate interests and business enterprises at Annapolis, as well as in the city council of Baltimore, may be taken as evidence of power, the people cannot too soon set about reorganizing the politics of the State ou some other basis besides that of public plunder. Those who regard the present situation in its true aspect cannot fail to see in the strifes which have lately stirred the State capital that *the faction of the Democratic party lately opposing election reforms and other wholesome measures has always figured in the various jobs that from time to time come up.* Hitherto this element has been curbed to some extent by influences which were ameable to public opinion, but now, all restraint having been thrown aside, Baltimore city is treated to the first does in insolent disregard of the people's right. Under the influences which seem to control certain kinds of legislation, city and State, the city council has arbitrarily acted on the electric lighting business, turning a deaf ear to all who proposed competition of lower rates for the service desired. It is hardly necessary to designate who the men are that *thus control. They have been identified with bounty and printing scandals, with telegraph and practical wire-pulling above ground and under ground.* One of them enjoys the reputation of being "a majority" of the city coucil, as well as a director of the paramount body sometimes called the General Assembly of Maryland. Comprising not over five or six persons, they undertake to dictate terms and *'play' corporations whenever opportunity is afforded, and prey upon the general business interests of the community* not only of Maryland, but sometimes of other States doing business here. In fine, they compose what has been aptly termed the 'third house,' or the lobby of the Legislature. They sit in the speaker's room while the legislature is in session, and operate in various ways, sometimes even to the extent of summoning individual Senators and Delegates before them, and *putting tickets into their hands, with commands to vote as required.*

"When this state of affairs is considered, the natural inquiry is for the remedy. Is there no way to free legislation of corrupting influence? *It should be borne in mind that the Democratic party is amenable for all the abuses which disgrace Maryland and the city of Baltimore to-day.* If the Democratic party suffer itself to be controlled and misled by the mercenary and irresponsible element, it should suffer the consequences; but there are those in its ranks, like Governor Hamilton and the gentlemen composing the committee of the last State convention. Ex-Governor Thomas, Attorney-General Gwin, Hon. B. C. Roberts and Henry D. Farnandis, who have forced down the throats of an unwilling faction those wholesome measures of reform to purify elections and the administration of justice in Baltimore city, which are but the beginning of the work to be done. Let these gentlemen be again called to the front, with others like them from all parts of the State, to take the sick man in hand. If names were needed, a list as long as a local option petition could be furnished, and they should be as far as possible men who are not in office. No opportunity so favorable has presented itself in ten years for elevating the personel of candidates for suffrage as now, and if such a consultation as the one here proposed is deemed advisable, it would be entirely competent for the Democrat State central committee to meet at an early day and request the step to be taken.

American Newspapers in 1882.

The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued next month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massashusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

Mr. G. W. Delawder, our esteemed Garrett county friend, has been confirmed as State fish commissioner. Strenuous efforts—said to have been put forth in the interest of Mr. Ferguson, his competitor—were made to defeat Mr. Delawder, but happily this failed. We are satisfied that Mr. Delawder will make a capital commissioner, and for his own sake as well as that for the State at large and particularly this section of it, we are glad he is in the office.—*Cumb. News.*

Last week's events at Annapolis have shown to the managers that Governor Hamilton is not weak enough to be misled by the promises or intimidated by the threats of those who want to use him to serve their selfish purposes. Promises of future support did not have the desired effect of inducing him to withdraw from the Senate the names of respectable men obnoxious to certain bosses, and threats that the nominees would be rejected had as little weight. It is strange that the Bourbon leaders will learn nothing by experience. They pursue the same old tactics session after session, with very little variations, and live in the happy delusion that their offers of peace will be earnestly considered by men to whom the same propositions have been made time and time again, only to be broken. Two weeks before the close of the last session the bosses, in full strength, waited on the Governor to assure him of their pacific intentions, although they had fought him uncompromisingly since the beginning of that session. It was soon found that the object of their visit was to prevail upon Governor Hamilton to appoint their favorites as supervisors of election for Baltimore city. The Governor turned a deaf ear to their advances, and the peace conference proved to be a huge failure. The same experiment was attended with similar results this session. A few of Senator Gorman's friends apparently intend to keep coquetting with the Governor for a while longer. The state senator from Mr. Gorman's county, and who is known as the latter's particular friend, voted for several of Governor Hamilton's rejected nominees, including one tobacco inspector and one of the Democratic supervisors of election. It was safe to do this, for the majority gainst them was large. When the bill to take from the Governor the appointment of supervisors of election was on its passage before the Senate the senator kept up appearances and voted against it, but when it was found that the bill could not pass without his vote, he quickly changed his mind and voted for the bill. A few days after Senator Bians' defeat for police commissioner, when the Gorman adherents were full of hope that they would succeed in effecting a coalition with the Governor, a certain prominent Democratic member of the committee on executive nomination ventured the remark that he did not see why the Governor's nominations should not be confirmed; that Governor Hamilton meant well and that he would be reasonoble in his future actions. But all this is changed now. Governor Hamilton proposes to stand on his record. If Senator Gorman wants an alliance with him he must come over to him and subscribe to his principles and platform, and abide by the issue. But Mr. Hamilton will not listen to compromises. He will seek no entangling alliances and put himself under no obligations. He will continue as he has, and those who do not fancy it must remain where they are. —*Balto. Sunday American.*

Anne Arundel County Elections.

The Lonaconing *Times*, referring to the late election in Anne Arundel county and the testimony taken before the Committee on Elections, says:

"The testimony in the Anne Arundel election contest is a thorough exposure of the shameless methods by which the ring has perpetuated its power in this State. In that county not even a decent effort is made to cover up the outrageous manner in which ballot boxes are filled with fraudulent ballots, and tickets cast by Republicans abstracted from the boxes and Democratic tickets substituted therefor, until a clear Republican majority of hundreds is transformed into a fraudulent Democratic majority of thousands. At the last election in that county, in nearly half the election districts, more ballots were found in the boxes than there are voters in the district to cast them; and in one district especially sixty-two Republican votes only were found in the box when two hundred and thirty-three Republicans came forward and were willing to swear to having voted that ticket. In this connection the remark accredited to an Anne Arundel politician who enjoys a soft position as a reward for this kind of work, may be taken as the quintescence of candor. He is reported as having cried out against the excess of "work" required of Anne Arundel county to keep the State Democratic, and said that year by year they have been required to increase the Democratic majority until it now amounts to a virtual disfranchisement of two-third of the Republican voters. But this patriot was proud of his "word," and boasted that they would persevere even if it went to the extent of disfranchising every Republican voter in Anne Arundel county. That man deserves well of his party, and will doubtless be a prominent 'manager' before long."

John Boward, one of the oldest citizens of Cumberland, died Sunday last in his eighty-second year. He spent his entire life in Cumberland, and lived under all the pesidential administrations save that of Washington.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1882.

Attention has lately been turned largely in the direction of the "Peruvian Company" investigation. Some very interesting developments were expected, especially as several prominent officials and ex-officials were supposed to have been implicated in something improper, but with the exception of occasional glimpses of what the miners call "paying dirt" it must be said that Mr. Shipherd's examination has not panned out as richly as the surface indications promised. The witness has not risen to the dignity of a second Oakes Ames, though he has a way of assuming mystery and leading his hearers to think that he is on the point of disclosing something very startling. There is nothing in his testimony to injure Mr. Blaine or Senator Blair, or any one else whose names have been mentioned, except Minister Hulburt of whom the witness took pains to express a rather damaging opinion. It is possible that Mr. Shipherd has been posing as a person who knows a great deal if he only would tell it in order to advertise himself and his schemes. He appears in the committee room as a smooth, perfectly self-possessed, sharp man of affairs. Just where the hitch exists in this Peruvian enterprise does not clearly appear. Various theories are held. But perhaps something more to the point may come out when some of the other gentlemen are heard from on the stand. Gen. Hulburt is on his way home, and doubtless he will take a seat in the witness box. It is not at all unlikely that his story in that event will be worth listening to. He is liable to have views on any subject that interests him, and he has, moreover, an emphatic and picturesque way of expressing them,

The Senate has presented a gold snuff-box to Capt. Isaac Bassett, Assistant Doorkeeper, who has served as an officer of the Senate for fifty years, and is now an active and fine looking old gentleman. In the short address which Capt. Bassett made in acknowledgement of the testimonial, he presented some interesting reminiscences about Senatorial snuff-takers of earlier days. "When Martin Van Buren was Vice-President," said he, "he was possessed of a gold snuff-box. He gave it to me in charge, to keep well filled with snuff and see that it was placed on the Vice-President's table every day that the Senate was in session. At the end of every week thereafter he handed me fifty cents to pay for the snuff. When his term expired I gave him the snuff-box. He left the city soon after, and forgot to give me the fifty cents that he had always given me at the end of the week. Henry Clay was very fond of a pinch of snuff, and enjoyed it very much. He would often stop in the midst of his speech and call a page to bring him a pinch of snuff, and if he could not see any one of the pages he would leave his seat and walk up to the Vice-President's table, take up the gold snuff-box, take a pinch of snuff, and, returning to his seat, resume his speech. Richard M. Johnson and John Tyler were neither of them snuffers, and therefore I had to furnish my own snuff-box; but when George M. Dallas was Vice-President, he brought with him a very handsome gold snuff-box and gave it to me in charge, and after his term expired I returned it to him. When Millard Fillmore was Vice-President he objected to having a snuff-box on the table of the Vice-President, because, in his opinion, it interfered with the business of the Senate, Senators would come up and stop to converse with each other, and disturbed him so much he could not hear what was going on in the Senate. Ever since that period there has been placed on each side of the Senate a small snuff-box fastened to the wall.

The Chinese bill passed the House as it came from the Senate by more than a two-thirds vote. The sixty-five negative votes were all Republicans except four. It has been asserted that the President would veto the bill, but that does not seem probable. The clamor about the wickedness and injustice of the measure, in Congress and out, is rather absurd. Time and again both political parties have promised to do what has now been done, and nobody has raised a voice of protest or disavowal of responsibility for such promises. The bill as it now lies on the President's table suspends the importation of Chinese laborers into the United States for a period of twenty years.

President Arthur has been entertaining Gen. and Mrs. Grant at the White House, and gave a grand dinner in their honor. All the ladies say there ought to be a madame at the Executive Manston. A widower President more than rivals the unmarried preacher in the number of tender souvenirs received. Several who have lately had the privilege of seeing President Arthur's bed chamber speak of the dressing table and other tables in the room being fairly covered with dainty gifts. There are numberless mouchoir cases and glove boxes, sachets, and other such elegant trifles, all labelled "Souvenir" or "Remembrance," "Token of Friendship," "Forget-me-not," or bearing similar suggestive legends.

JUNIUS.

A Better Outlook.

VICKSBURG, March 27. — The steamer Carroll, from Sharkey, on the Tallahatchie river, reports a fall of 18 inches at that point, and that many planters are preparing to resume work. It was reported that the gin-house of D. G. Pepper had fallen in, killing and drowning a number of people, but this report was not credited by the officers of the Carroll. A man named Louis Stanley was drowned at Mrs. Dans' place, near Chotard, on Saturday. Two negroes were capsized in a skiff at Major Higgins' place, in the same neighborhood, and both were drowned. The house of Henry Davenport, on Peeler's place, was washed away, and everything he had lost. The compress here, which has been under water, was opened to day for business. The steamer Sunflower, from Fasonia, 215 miles up the Sunflower river, arrived this morning, and reports the river as falling at that point, with a total fall of two feet at Campbellsville, 90 miles up, and falling one inch in 24 hours.

An unusually heavy rain fell there last night, of several hours' duration.

From passengers by the Sunflower we learn that there is much dissatisfaction up the Sunflower river with the manner in which the rations were distributed by the United States steamer Anita on her trip up. Planters and laborers object to merchants acting as distribution agents. The steamer Ike Bonham, from Little Deer Creek, came in to-day with 70 of the stock and 43 passengers, 1,000 sacks of seed and 47 bales of cotton. A fall of seven inches is reported in the creek, with a strong current, which indicated a general decline of water. The Bonham went as high as Gibbons' Landing, Sharkey county. She reports but little destitute in the section. Planters generally think a good crop will be made. The hands generally are well cared for and satisfied. With a decline of three feet, many plantations will be out of water.

Reports to-day from the overflowed districts are generally very encouraging, the river falling in all directions, and many places are beginning to show up and plowing is going on. The town of Mayersville is out of water. In Eagle Bend the water is falling three inches every 24 hours.

Planting is going on at Lelands and Vacluses, in Arkansas; land is in sight at Sunnyside, Lake Port, Harwood's Ashton's, Hilliard's, Petcher's Point, Wilson's Point, Cottonwood, Vilias Vista, Point Lookout, Henderson's and Duckport, and planters are very busy. Planting in the Deer Creek country generally commenced last Saturday. A large portion of the Sunflower country is still under water, but is falling at the rate of three inches per day. The total fall at Johnsonville has reached about three feet. It is the feeling generally among the planters in the above mentioned districts that the water will now run off in time to enable them to make good crops.

One of the most astounding things in the religious world is the extraordinary growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church since the opening of present year. The *Methodist* has been keeping a careful account of the conversions reported by all the churches which consent to send their reports. Thus far 1,294 of the churches have reported that 39,652 persons have been converted since the 1st of January. This is the more wonderful in view of the fact that there are 17,656 Methodist churches, and that the total number of additions to them during the year 1881 was only 25,992. If conversions and additions go on for the rest of this year as they have begun, the increase will be the most phenominal on record,' The Presbyterian Church, with its 5,598 churches, gained last year 25,344 new members, or only about five-eighths as many as 1,294 Methodist churches have gained since New Year's

Dr. David Nathan Lewis, of Louisville, who is dreadfully deformed, has been sentenced to pay $3,000 damages to Miss Sallie Johnson, who is a noted beauty, for breach of promise of marriage. A mutual friend induced them to correspond, and Lewis made such an impression by his letters that the lady was ready to overlook his unpleasant physique. They became engaged, but he broke the engagement, and a suit ended in his defeat, in spite of the argument of his counsel that she ought to be glad of a release from so unsightly a lover.

The End of the Legislative Session.

On next Monday night—3d prox—the session of the Legislature will close by constitutional limitation. Much will be left undone that has been promised the people, and more will be done that might with great propriety have been left undone. The session has repeated the errors of its predecessors. Members have lost time in the early weeks, and have tried to rush bills through towards the end of the session that were rashly conceived and carelessly drawn up. The consequences is, an accumulation of laws that are not needed, but which lumber up the statutes and make these anything but creditable to the State. The law-makers will, however, soon return home, to render account to their constituents of the trust that was confided to them. Annapolis will speedily revert to its normal state of sleepiness, not to be disturbed before the session of 1884, unless the bill passes giving it a jollification in the way of a Centennial Celebration in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-two.—*Frederick Examiner.*

SALT LAKE CITY, March 27.—In some cases, as of City Councils, where the body is empowered to fill vacancies, the polygamists are resigning at once, and monogamists are being elected in their places. What is gained is not apparent, for no one has proposed to supersede the polygamists in office save by election under existing laws. The *Mormon News* strongly advocates the appointment of non-residents for election commissioners under the Edmunds bill. It says most appointees to federal positions in the territory are scalawags. But even these would suit them better than residents, because a commission of strangers would mean the failure of the scheme of the plotters—that is, things would be left pretty much as they are. The Gentiles are the plotters referred to. *The Tribune* (Gentile) says that there are residents of Utah well qualified in every way who would willingly serve gratuitously rather than see the commission made up of men who do not understand the situation here, and who would possibly be hoodwinked, tricked or cajoled. The Gentiles consider the Mormon unanimity for a commission of strangers a strong argument against it.

WHEELING, March 27.—The most severe hail storm known here since 1869 occurred about two o'clock today. It was short but severe. Hailstones, many of them as large as walnuts, fell with incredible force and rapidity. A brisk breeze blew from the West, and the hail pelted exposed sides of buildings like rifle balls. The State House, United State Custom-house, Female College, Linsley Institute, the large hotels and factories, and all the ward school buildings, with the business houses and residences having frontage on the west, had the windows riddled. Hot-beds, green-house and skylights gave way like egg-shells, and many valuable plants were destroyed. The storm reached from five miles west to five miles east of the city, and from a short distance below the town to the north end, and the damage at the lowest calculation will reach $25,000. Persons exposed and unable to reach shelter were badly bruised about the head, and horses in many instances became frantic and ran away. The street cars and railroad coaches all suffered more or less damage to the windows. A heavy rain followed, completing the destruction. In many cases where skylights had been broken valuable goods were exposed to the weather.

MARYLAND NEWS.

A young fox is being nursed by a cat near Sykesville along with her litter of three kittens. She seems very proud of young Revnard.

A six-year-old daughter of Mr. T. F. McCardell, of Cumberland, died on Friday of lock-jaw. She was unusually stout and healthy, and the cause of the attack is a mystery.

The slander suit of Mrs. Ann Newcomer against Anthony Kean, which has been pending in the courts for several years, was compromised on Friday by the plaintiff consenting to accept $1,500 damages. The jury in Carroll county rendered a verdict of $3,500. A motion was made for a new trial, but the court refused, on condition that the plaintiff compromise on $2,000. This was several months ago, and after considerable delay the reduced sum was agreed upon to avoid further legal expenses.

The work of turning the water into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was commenced at Cumberland on Sunday, and by the end of the present week the canal will be in order for the opening of navigation to Georgetown. The boats that are in the basin at Cumberland loaded with coal will soon be gone; but in consequence of the strike of the miners, there is a poor prospect for the boatmen.

LOCAL NEWS.

—A communication from Annapolis is crowded out.

—Mr. Boyer has removed his meat shop from Alder to Second Street, opposite the stone church.

—Mrs. Gen. Crook arrived here Monday evening. She will remain here during the summer.

—We have recently purchased a large lot of job type, and are now better prepared than ever to do good work on short notice.

—Veitch & Townsend have removed their law office to the Court House. They have handsomely fitted up the two front rooms.

—A son of Mr. Louis Nydegger, aged about 15 years, residing near Fort Pendleton, this county, died of diphtheria in the early part of the week.

—Everything is quiet in the mining region. It is not likely that an agreement will be effected between the companies and the miners for some time to come.

—Clerk of Court Tower has removed his office to the room originally occupied by him, which he has enlarged by closing the passage way and adding the space thus gained to his room.

—Mr. S. E. Shirer, after a residence of several years in West Virginia, has returned to Oakland, where we hope he may remain for a long time. We would like to have many more like him.

—A party of temperance crusaders, the majority of whom are women, and who have been doing good work in Martinsburgh for sometime past have commenced their work in Keyser, their first service being held Monday.

—The confirmation of Mr. Delawder as Fish Commissioner will create a vacancy in the School Board of this county. We have heard the names of Mr. W. P. Totten, of Oakland, and Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, mentioned in connection with the vacancy.

—It has been determined to erect a belfry on the Oakland M. E. Church and place therein a good church bell. Messrs. A. G. Sturgiss, J. O. Michael and F. A. Thayer compose the committee having the matter in charge, They will call on our citizens in a few days for subscriptions to defray the expenses attending the improvement.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Episcopal Church--Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Changes of Residences.

Among the many changes of residence in Oakland, we note the following:

A. G. Sturgiss, to house recently purchased from John W. Smith.

I. W. Slonaker, to house vacated by Mr. Sturgiss.

Mrs. Matthews and Mr. Pope, to house vacated by Mr. Slonaker.

G. W. Merrill, to house vacated by Mrs. West.

Mrs. West, to house vacated by Mrs. Mary Tasker.

A. B. Woodcock, to house on corner of Third and Alder streets.

James Wiseman, to house vacated by Mr. Woodcock.

S. E. Shirer, to Pritchard house on Pennington street.

Rowan White, to Sheriff Jamison's house.

M. R. Hamill, to house on Oak street, opposite G. L. Bosley's

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending March 29:

J. M. Schley, surviving trustee, to John T. Bowers, military lots Nos. 2545 and 2546; $200.

Benj. W. Hoff and wife to Geo. D. Frantz, part of lot No. 2962; $100.

Geo. D. Frantz and wife to Benj. W. Hoff, military lot No. 2949; $100.

John W. Savage and wife to Sami. Hoff, part of military lot No. 2880; $50.

O. W. Helskell and wife to Lucretia Hagans, part of lot No. 76 in "Pennington's Addition to Oakland;" $400.

Delicate Surgical Operation.

Tuesday morning last Dr. J. Lee McComas performed a very difficult but successful surgical operation on the person of Mrs. Wilson, wife of Mr. J. W. Wilson, of this county. Mrs. Wilson had been suffering since last August with a cancer, (partaking of the *medullary Sarcoma* form,) in her right breast, which had spread very rapidly and threatened to pervade the entire system, and shortly result in death if not checked. The glands of the entire breast were taken out, down to the pectoral muscle, including the glands of the *axillar* or armpit. The patient being in delicate health at the time the operation was performed, additional anxiety was felt for the result. The operation was a complete success, and the patient is now doing well. Chloroform was the anæsthetic used.

Narrow Escape from Death.

Wednesday afternoon D. J. Lee McComas made a narrow escape from being crushed by a mogul engine. He started to cross the railroad tract in front of Dailey's Hotel ahead of an engine which was some distance from the crossing, but it was approaching at a more rapid rate than he had supposed, and in his hurry to clear the track he slipped and fell, striking his nose and the side of his face on the outside rail, which so stunned him that for a moment he was powerless to move, but was hapily aroused, at the shouts of some persons near, in time to crawl from his perilous position just in time to escape the wheels of the engine. The Doctor's nose was broken and his face otherwise bruised, but his injuries are more painful than serious.

Just So.

"I take your paper." Just so. But that doesn't entitle you to half a column of free advertising, the free run of our exchange list, nor an equal share in all our belongings. You take your own paper, not ours, if you pay for it; and you take it for your own benefit, and generally without the slightest idea that your patronage is of any advantage to us. We print newspapers as a business transaction, and you buy them. There is no debt of obligation incurred on either side. If you like the paper and think you can afford it you will continue to take it, and if we can afford it we will continue to furnish it. But when you think, or fancy you think, you have any claim on us other than that of fair treatment because of these business relations you entirely mistake the plan of journalim. This is addressed to no especial person, but is given as a sort of general reproof for what seems to be a prevalent notion among no inconsiderable class who imagine that because they take the paper they therefore have a mortgage on the office and its editor.—*Ex.*

Knights of Honor.

The grand lodge of Knights of Honor concluded its session in Annapolis, Thursday of last week. Grand officers for the ensuing year were elected and installed, as follows: Past grand dictator, C. H. Wier, of Baltimore; grand dictator, P. A. Witmer, of Hagerstown; G. V. D., E. A. Glitinger, of Frederick; G. A. D., A. J. Corning, of Baltimore; G. R., Col. M. L. Byers, of Hagerstown; G. Tr., W. H. Ravenscraft, of Frostburg; grand chaplain, Rev. A. D. Melvin, of Oxford; grand guide, Henry Schaeffer, of Baltimore; grand sentinel, J. L. Bikle, of Hagerstown; grand trustees, W. J. Walker, M. M. Higgins and J. W. Snyder; committee on laws, G. M. Upshur, U. E. S. McKee, J. Glenn Cook; committee on finance, E. D. Miller, James Whitehouse and J. Y. Boyle; representative to Supreme Lodge, P. G. D., Chas. H. Wier, of Baltimore; alternate, James Whitehouse; Dr. E. H. Bartlett, present State medical examiner, was recommended to the Supreme Lodge for reappointment. A committee was appointed to complete arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the Supreme Lodge in Baltimore in May next.

We Need Money.

This may seem strange to many of our subscribers, for judging by our books a large number of them seem to labor under the delusion that a newspaper can be run indefinitely without the outlay of any capital. This is an error which is painfully apparent to us. We do not like to dun, we do not like to see newspapers in the habit of dunning, and it is not our fault that we ask those indebted to us to come forward and settle. In making this request we are only asking for what properly belongs to us, and if those who are indebted would take this view of it they would not be slow in squaring their accounts. We venture to say there are not a dozen subscribers upon THE REPUBLICAN'S mail list that it would in any way embarrass to pay what is due us, yet for some cause many of them are exceedingly slow in doing so, and for this reason—distasteful as it is to us—we find it necessary to give them at least one dunning a year. We hope, therefore, that those who know themselves to be indebted to us, will embrace the opportunity to forward what is due. Remittances may be made by check, postoffice money order or by registered letter. Sending money in unregistered letters is not a safe way of transmitting it. Those who do not desire to remit as above may find an opportunity to bring the amount of their indebtedness, or send it by a neighbor during the meeting of the county commissioners the first week in April, or during May court. Friends, make some effort in our behalf, because we really need the money in order to carry on our business in a business like manner.

The New Summer Resort
MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK.

The Directors of Mountain Lake Park met at the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Thursday of last week, when it was determined to erect a hotel 32 by 80 feet, two stories high, and an auditorium 80 by 52 feet. A wire fence will be placed around twelve acres, which will be used as the camp ground. The grounds for a depot and express office have been leased to Mr. A. R. Sperry, of Hampshire county, W. Va., for a term of three years. Mr. S. will erect suitable buildings at once and take charge of this department. The plat of the grounds, prepared by Mr. Faul, of Baltimore, has been completed, at a cost to the Association of $900. The map will be lithographed and ready for circulation in about three weeks. A number of cottages have been contracted for and the work will be pushed as rapidly as the weather will permit. A large force of hands are now at work, under the superintendence of Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland, one of the Directors, preparing the grounds, marking the streets and lots, so as to be ready for an excursion for the sale of lots on the 18th of May. Much labor and capital will be required to make the enterprise a success, but the men who have undertaken it are sanguine of the result. Garrett county will be greatly benefitted by the increase of her taxable basis in a very short time, as a number of valuable buildings are already contracted for. Encouragement should be given by our citizens to those who come to invest capital for the enjoyment of our pure mountain air for a few months each year. Farmers should plant and sow, make butter and raise poultry, as there will be an unusual demand, and all farm products will bring the cash.

Lots on the camp ground will be leased at a nominal sum to parties who may desire to erect tents, either for their own use or for the purpose of renting to others, during the camp meetings.

LAKE VIEW

The Lake View Land and Banking Association own a large tract of land on the south side of the railroad, with a frontage on the railroad opposite Mountain Lake Park of about 1800 feet, and also fifty acres on the north side adjoining the Park. These lands are being laid off into lots and will be sold and improved by cottages. The Lake View Company propose to erect a handsome hotel on an elevation overlooking the Mountain Lake Park grounds. It is upon these grounds that the large steam Planing Mill is now being erected, which we are informed will be in operation within the next three weeks.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, April 1st, 1882.

Brown, I. D.; Hoye, John Mrs.; Higgins, R. J.; Kimmell, Chauncy, 2; Wilson, Robert, 2.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Death of Henry W. Longfellow.

BOSTON, MASS., March 24.—At a little after 3 o'clock this afternoon the death occurred, in Cambridge, of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Not since the death of his intimate friend, Prof. Agassiz, has his health been robust. During the past two years he was unable during that time to enjoy his food owing to impaired digestion, living entirely upon bread and milk. On Saturday last he was out part of the afternoon, walking upon the piazza, and on going into the house complained of being slightly cold. At dinner he was suddenly taken ill, and soon after went to his room, and in a short time had a violent attack of vertigo. On Monday, dangerous symptoms became manifest, and the family was seriously alarmed. On Tuesday morning these symptoms assumed an aggravated form, and it became evident to the household that his death was near. During Wednesday and Thursday there was a slight improvement. During the afternoon of Thursday he talked a great deal about various topics and seemed to have recovered a large portion of his usual bright and cheerful disposition. Later in the night he became partially unconscious, and seemed restless and uneasy. This morning he revived, though his talk was of a rambling nature and somewhat incoherent. This condition condition continued until about an hour before his death, when he again became unconscious, and so continued until the last, suffering but little pain apparently. The immediate cause of his death was peritonitis.

Have there been no Democratic heroes since Andrew Jackson? Has the Democratic party done nothing since his time of which it can be proud? These conundrums are suggested by the letters and speeches called out by the Chicago banquet, a careful persual of which impels an answer to both in the negative. No one of the speakers or writers referred to a Democratic statesman who has lived since Jackson, and Jackson has been dead thirty-seven years. Why go so far back for inspiration? There are Polk, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan—why not make a casual allusion to them, or hold an occasional banquet on some of their birthdays? They have not been dead so long as Jackson has, but they are in many senses more dead than he will ever be. Buchanan as the last Democratic President deserves recognition of some kind. He represented his party at its highest state of development. He is a better and truer representative of it to-day than Jackson is. Jackson grappled with problems which were settled forever years ago. Buchanan wrestled with some which were much nearer our own time, and we all known what a mess he made of them. He showed us what a modern Democratic statesman was capable of when trusted with power, and his memory is therefore much more eloquent with warning for the present generation than that of Jackson. If a dead Democratic statesman is the only true Democratic guide, therefore, we insist that Buchanan is the proper one to be selected.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Fortune-Makers in Ireland.

A poor country, as every one knows, yet there is one class who seem to be able to make great fortunes in Ireland. A man named Wise died lately in that country intestate, leaving $15,000,000 made out of a whisky distillery in Cork. A few years since, Sir Benjamin Guinness left 6,000,000 of dollars and an estate worth one hundred thousand dollars a day all of which was derived from the brewing of the "stout" known throughout the world. In Cork also there is another porter brewing firm very wealthy, while in Dublin there is a distiller named Roe quite as well off as Wise, Ireland has many great landlords but very few rich ones. It is rare that a fortune is made in trade in that country, while outside of the linen manufactories, there is little that is profitable compared with similar establishments of other nations. These rich distillers, by the way, have been very charitable, and have devoted a large part of their fortunes for educational and benevolent purposes. But this does not make up for the misery they have occasioned by the sale of intoxicating drinks, No doubt Ireland has been badly governed, but the amazing prosperity of the distillers must have something to do with the misfortunes of the people.—*Demorest's Monthly for April.*

Worse and Worse.

The latest reports from the flooded districts of the Mississippi Valley fix the number of people made destitute at fifty thousand. This is an appalling statement, for at country prices for food and clothing several million dollars, in the aggregate, must be expended to support people until they can raise and sell another crop. But only a portion of them can expect to raise a crop, for while the broken levees admit an overflow they do not afford egress for all the water that enters. Hundreds of plantations and farms will, consequently, be under water until two late in the season for planting, although not too late to spread malaria and a demand for quinine. All the trouble, destitution and sickness might have been prevented had the levees been kept in good condition, and the levees would have been all right had not a gang of politicians, tried for years to persuade the people of the Southwest that Congress would take charge of the levees and make their improvement the excuse for some big local jobs.—*New York Herald.*

Prayer Not a Democratic Sign.

[From the Hartford Courant.]

By all means, Mr. Watterson! After disposing of the crew in the various excellent ways you suggest, turn the old hulk adrift and let the elements toy with her. We stick a little, however, at the word "prayerfully." It reminds us of the old story—perhaps the Iroquis never heard it, though you have—of the Democratic landlady in Pennsylvania in whose tavern dining-room the Democrats of the village were in the habit of holding their caucuses. By trick and device the room was obtained for a Republican caucus. The old lady was present. The chairman, after rapping to order, invited the Methodist preacher to begin the proceedings with prayer. "Get out of my house, you plack Republicans!" shouted the old lady, rising in Jacksonian wrath at the desecration of her premises. In vain the chairman assured her that it was all right—that the meeting was a genuinely Democratic one. "I know better," she said, "Temocrats never bray."

A Sad City Scene.

About 11 o'clock last night the cries of a little girl were heard by predestrians on O'Fallon and Twelfth streets, which were so pitiful that those who happened to be in the vicinity at that hour hastened to the place to ascertain what had happened. They found the little girl clinging to the hand of a drunken woman, endeavoring to prevent her from failing and exclaiming in agonizing tones, as she sobbed as though her little heart would break:

"Oh, please, please help me take my mother home, please do, won't you, gentlemen?"

The scene was indeed a touching one, as the little creature, poorly clad, stood on the deserted corner under the gas light looking pale and haggard, and weeping as she clung to the hand of her drunken mother, who staggered and cursed, and endeavored to push her child from her presence. Men who collected at the corner were so deeply touched by the child's grief that they promptly came to her rescue, and took the miserable woman to the address given them. In the darkness, unattend, the poor little child, who is not seven years of age, wandered through the streets, heart-broken and crying, visiting saloon after saloon, until at last she found her unnatural parent, the only relative she had in the world, overcome by intoxication. The life of the girl must indeed be terrible, for one so young and frail to endure.—*St. Louis Republican.*

One of the most curious railroads in the world is a ten-inch guage road running from North Billerica, Mass., to Bedford. It was first hooted at by the people, but was completed, making a length of about eight and a-half miles. There are eleven bridges. The rails weigh twenty-five tons to the mile. One grade is 155 feet. The cars and engines are constructed so as to be very near the ground, giving them greater safety. The cars have an aisle, with one seat on each side. In the same manner as ordinary cars have two seats. The cars weigh but four and a-half tons, ordinary cars weighing on an average eighteen tons. Trains run at the rate of twenty miles an hour with perfect safety. The engine is placed behind the tender, giving greater adhesion to the track. They weigh eight tons, and draw two passenger and two freight cars. The cost of the road was about $4,500 per mile.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POULTRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poultry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1899 and with it north 35 degrees, east 81 perches, then south 80½ degrees, east 24 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
414t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

Sheriff's Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
in Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of four writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, one at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 50 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of S. Rosenheim & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 85 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of Davis & Townshend, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 94 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, and one at the suit of Daniel E. Offutt, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No 85 Originals, September Term, 1876, of said Court, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Bowie Johnson, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Bowie Johnson, of, in and to all that tract or part of a tract of land situate and being in Garrett county aforesaid, and commonly known as Johnson's part of the tract of land called

"Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained,"

lying near and along Deep Creek, in said County, and more particularly described as follows. Beginning for the outlines thereof, at the end of 280 perches on the fifth line of the whole tract, being at bounded white oak standing at the end of the fifth line of a tract called "Stock Farm," and running thence with the fifth line of the whole tract, north 44½ degrees, east 498 perches to a bounded spruce pine standing near two large white pines marked with six notches each, and a maple marked E. A., then with sixth line of the whole tract, south 13 degree, east 285 perches to a bounded wild cherry and a white pine, then with the seventh line of the whole tract, south 37 degrees, west 131 perches, to a bounded pine, then with the eighth line of the whole tract, south 55 degrees, west 212 perches, to the end of the sixth line of the aforesaid tract of land called "Stock Farm," and thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing one thousand acres of land, more or less. It being the same land which was devised to the said Bowie Johnson, by the late Reverdy Johnson, by his last will and testament, duly recorded in "Wills, Liber J. B. M." No. 5 fol. ——, among the records of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore county, State aforesaid.

The said land is situated about eight or nine miles northeast of the Town of Oakland, in Garrett county, aforesaid, the Hooppole and Meadow Mountain road passing through it. It is well adapted to farming purposes, and is accessible to the railroad and market towns by good roads.

And I hereby give notice, that by virtue of the foregoing writs of fieri facias, I will,

On Wednesday, April 26th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale, the whole of the said land and property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for *cash*, to satisfy the said executions and costs.

The improvements on the said property consist of a small frame dwelling house and stable.

EDMUND JAMISON,
414 Sheriff of Garrett Co., Md.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing.

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

EDMUND T. JAMISON,
415 Sheriff.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

Going to Law.

1. Lawyers, doctors and ministers, like teachers, legislators and soldiers, are necessary to society. Even courts are necessary. But as the wholesome man has small use for the doctor, and the honest man no need of a confessor, so the just man will be a stranger to courts and juries, and will call a lawyer to prevent trouble rather than to cure it.

2. The wit was not less wise than bright who asked the plaintiff ending his grievous tale of wrong with the declaration that he should immediately demand damages in court—whether he had not got damages enough already? For there is just difference enough in ordinary cases between the damages a plaintiff will get in court and the damages he has already suffered to leave room for a play on the words—and no more.

3. Few litigants ever sit down to count the cost in advance—even the money cost. Let us be among the few prudent, and reckon up the costs of an ordinary case. Suppose Brown's cattle have broken into Smith's corn and destroyed corn valued at, say $100. Smith demands a settlement. Brown replies that the fence was poor, that Jones's cattle got in afterward and did most of the damage, and that the real damage was not half so great as Smith claims. Here are issues for a first-class suit. If Brown were properly approached he would probably pay $10—possibly $20—but Smith is sure he has lost $100, and that Brown ought to pay it all. He decides to enforce his rights. The lawyer will begin a suit for $10. When it is ready for trial he wants $15 more. The clerk's fee and the jury fees are, say, $6 more. The witness fees are $4. Smith loses in all fourteen day's time, worth $28. At the close of the trial the lawyer wants $25 more. Total disbursement $88. The estimated loss was $100. To this add the costs of the action, and the total damage is $188.

Now, taking the average of cases of this kind, Smith will be fortunate if he recovers a verdict of $25. In such case his net loss will be $163, or $63 more than it would have been if he had kept out of court and let his "rights" go. If he had compromised with Brown and gotten $10 or $20, that would have been clear gain; his victory in the court has been a clear loss, and a more disastrous one than the original infliction. So much for the plaintiff's side.

Now let us see about the defendant. He might compromise with his neighbor by paying say $50; but he will not. He will fight the suit at whatever cost. His lawyer's fees alone are $50; he loses time, worth at least $25, and has $25 to pay at the end; the total is just twice the amount that the case might have been settled for. The original damage was said to be $100. The two men spend $188 in "lawing" it, and of this only $25 goes from one to the other; the other $163 is dead loss, which must be added to the original $100 to show the real damage.

4. These figures are furnished us by authority which cannot be questioned, as very fair average figures. We are assured that the relative actual results of ordinary litigation will show a clear loss quite as startling as this, and that a very large percentage of cases show a much larger loss, especially when new trials, appeals and collateral suits are involved. This column is regularly read in at least 100 families in a rural neighborhood in this State, where a litigation that began about a few sheep has gone on until the court costs alone, three years ago, had amounted to over $400, and, so far as we know, they are still rolling up.

5. But the most important considerations are yet to be mentioned, and these go to the uncertainty of the result. If the man who knew he had a right to recover could be even reasonably sure, his case would be comparatively an easy one. But nothing in this world of uncertainties is more uncertain than the result of a lawsuit. Nor is this because judges and juries, and lawyers are worse than other men. Consider the contingencies necessarily involved.

(1.) The statement of the case. Not one man in a hundred knows how to state his case to his own lawyer in its full strength. He has a strong consciousness that he ought to win, and he rests chiefly on that.

(2.) The presentation of the case by the lawer to the court and jury. Not one lawyer in a hundred can state a case in its full strength after it has been clearly stated to him.

(3.) The evidence is always uncertain. Old lawyers often remark that few things are so difficult as to extract the simple truth from a witness who knows it; and it must always be remembered that in the nature of things witnesses seldom know more than a fraction of what it is desired to prove. And the risk of a material witness being sick, or dead, or on a journey at the very moment he is needed, is also considerable; thousands of cases are defeated by such miscarriages.

(4.) Allowances must always be made for the incompetence of judges and juries. Verdicts flatly against evidence are an everyday occurrence, and the grossest ignorance of the law on the bench is the perpetual disgust of the painstaken attorney.

(5.) Finally, perhaps the most treacherous feature of litigation is the uncertainty of the issue upon which the case will at last be disposed of. The plaintiff and the defendant assume, of course, that the whole story will come out, and that the final judgment will show who, upon all the facts, had the most right on his side. The experienced lawyer knows that such a trial is the exception and not the rule. A dozen or a score of preliminary issues may arise, or may be raised, between counsel prior to the trial; questions about the forms of pleading and methods of procedure, about the special rights of the parties in the premises, about their liability to be sued and their right to sue, about limitations and bars and estoppels, on any one of which the whole case may be made to turn and to take its final result. If all these perils are safely passed, and the formal trial is reached, it may at any moment be discovered that the principal witness is incompetent, or that written evidence relied on is inadmissible under rules of evidence, or that the lawyer on one side or the other has mistaken the real issue, and it is now too late to correct his error, or that the Court itself has no jurisdiction.

6. What then? Shall we submit to *every* wrong—to every outrage? There are exceptions to all rules, and there are litigations most wise. When the title to a great property is at stake, when a mortgage must be foreclosed, when one is sued and has no choice but to defend, and especially when one knows that he is right, and knows that he has the absolute evidence in his control, and knows that he has the best lawyer at the bar, and knows that the Court knows the law and will apply it, and knows that the jury will not be permitted to find against the evidence—then litigation may be relatively safe and wise.

This article has something of the tone of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry: "Don't!" But it is the best advice we have to give.

One affirmative word may be added. If you must litigate go as to a battle, and go only to win. To this end give as complete attention to the preparation of your case as if you were to try it alone, and at the same time employ only the very best counsel you can reach. "Cheap law is the dearest of all purchases."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Wonderful Winter of 1881-'82.

The winter of 1881-'82 has, according to the calendar of the seasons, given way to spring, and, as is not often the case in this latitude, spring has visited this northern locality strictly on time, and the genial season is upon us without meeting any lingering trace of winter.

The winter just closed has been a wonderful one, even in these days of the unusual and unexpected, marvelous and extraordinary. It is almost unprecedented that in this city the thermometer has not fallen below zero during the entire winter, and that during the greater part of the season from November 1 to March 1 it has been above freezing point, and that upon but one or two occasions, and then for brief periods, has it fallen as low as ten degrees above zero.

Another remarkable instance in the history of the winter just passed has been the absence of snow. During the winter of 1880-'81 snow, and deep snow, was the rule. There was not only a frequent repetition of heavy snow-storms, but the snow remained on the ground in such depths during at least three months as to seriously interfere with and obstruct street travel. The horse-cars were repeatedly prevented for days from running, and for weeks at a time had to employ double teams. One line of horse-railway suspended travel for three weeks, and at the end of that time was compelled to use the pick in order to uncover the track from the accumulated ice and snow. Nor was the general railway traffic any more fortunate; some of the railways were unable to operate their trains, owing to the repeated deep falls of snow, except by the employment of thousands of laborers, who excavated the drifts, piling it on flat-cars, by which it was hauled off. On several occasions the trains running into this city were suspended, and the week or more of the "milk famine," when the milk-trains were cut off from the city, will be long remembered.

Compared with that rigorous winter the one which has just now given way to spring seems all the more remarkable, and will long be considered exceptional. Except two or three days, when the fall of snow did not exceed an inch at any one time, and this disappeared in a few hours, Chicago has had fairer and more agreeable weather than often happens in ordinary springs. What had this extraordinary winter in store for man? The extreme rigor of the preceding winter left a legacy of excessive drouth, which was followed in many sections of the West by a great loss of corn, and wheat, and oats, and potatoes. The wheat was such a failure that in some localities not enough was gathered for seed. In others the corn perished under the drouth. Many sections gathered no hay for many months, though in the fall there was a new and bounteous growth that sufficed to make the pastures good far into the winter months. The winter of 1881-'82 was attended with sickness of great severity, including the dreaded small-pox—imported here—which has been and is yet yet almost an epidemic in certain States; but the prevalence of diseases of other and equally as fatal types was as great during the winter of 1880-'81, when the extreme weather intensified human suffering.

The mildness of the past winter has not been limited to the Western States alone. It has prevailed generally throughout the country and all over Europe, from St. Petersburg to Constantinople. There, as well as at certain points in Canada and Nova Scotia, there has been brief and exceptional cold weather, but as a whole the season has been one of unusual mildness. To the astronomer, and generally to the scientific world, the two winters in such extraordinary contrast ought to furnish the materials for some additional information, not only as to the causes resulting in such opposite temperatures, but as to the effect of these variations upon human health and human happiness. Can they from these phenomena discover anything as to the causes producing them? Or can they pluck from these extremes following each other in such succession such knowledge as will enable man to fortell what is probable in the future, or what effect, if any, the severity of the one or the mildness of the other winter may have upon the human family? Is either, and which of these winters, a forerunner of pestilence or famine, or of the opposite of these? The direct effect of a severe winter is to kill by freezing the heat in the ground, and the direct effect of drouth is to burn the corn and the grass in the field. But these have not been general; they have been confined to localities. Can the man of science give a warning note as to the general effect of the mild winter of 1882—a warning that will enable him to profit by its promised blessings or to avoid its pre-established blights and calamities? The ordinary "weather man" predicts, but his predictions are so close upon the time for their fulfillment and are so frequently disappointments that they have small value. Can the men of science reason out what will be the weather and its concomitants during the unexpired seasons of 1882? Can they deduce from the past what will be the character of the winter of 1882-'83?

Is there any connection between the weather and the severity of disease? Has it an influence over or otherwise is it a cause of epidemic or other unusual visitations of new and pestilential disease? Can science, enlighted by these two winters of such strikingly opposite character, contribute anything to human knowledge that will be of benefit to mankind?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Under the Bed.

The man in the moon has probably never been the subject of half as much scientific investigation as that other skeleton in the family, the man under the bed. It is an awesome feeling to a timid, shrinking, sensitive woman, to remember just as she has put the light out, and crawled into the safe and comfortable retreat where she expects to peacefully lay her head on a smooth pillow, and sleep if not snore—that she has forgotten to look under the bed! In a moment she is as wide awake as if a confirmed victim of insomnia; she imagines she can hear some one breathe; she knows he is there, dressed in a brigandish suit—red-flannel shirt, military boots, a slouch hat and a mask and a whole arsenal of firearms; her heart beats thick and fast, strange noises ring in her ears, the perspiration starts out and bathes her in clammy folds. She has locked the door, and he will murder her if she moves? In a very ecstacy of terror she slips one white foot out on the carpet, it touches a cold rubber shoe of her own that is lying beside the bed, and with a shriek that rouses the whole family, she tears open the door and when the alarmed household inquires the cause of her fright, she coolly answers: "I thought I heard a rat in the room."

The man under the bed does not always prove a myth. Perhaps it is an actual fact that women who pray look for him more regularly than others of a less spiritual turn of mind; when the good woman kneels at the bed-side to offer her devotions, it is the most natural thing in the world for her to first explore that historic territory and satisfy herself that no concealed burglar is listening. It is also a well authenticated fact that a pious woman in the suburbs of London did discover the legs of a bold, bad, housebreaker sticking out, just as she began her petition. She did not shriek, but went on with a prayer for that particular sinner, that would have melted the heart of a Newgate thief. I wish that it might be added that he was converted on the spot, came out and was pardoned and afterwards married the petitioner. But truth compels me to add that the woman was interrupted in the most solemn part of her prayer by a peal of laughter from the graceless younger brother who had enacted the part of a burglar.

More tragic was the story of the lady who traveling alone stopped at an inn and mentioned the fact that she had been followed and watched by a villainous looking man with a shock of red hair, who she feared had designs upon the valuables she carried with her. As nothing was seen of him at the inn she retired for the night, carefully locked the door and was soon in bed, leaving a light burning in front of a mirror. No sooner was her head on the pillow than she had a distinct view of the man with the red hair crouching under the bed; she made no sound, but reached softly for a scarf she had laid near, made it into a running noose and waited. The next morning when her servants broke open the door; they found the lady sitting up in bed, grasping with both hands the noose in which she held the fearful weight of the dead man; she had strangled him, but was herself a raving maniac from whom reason had forever gone.

Some years ago a prominent Judge in Birmingham, New Hampshire, was found murdered in his own house and no clue to the murderer. It was immediately after an adverse decision he had made in a case of great importance, and the murder was supposed to have been instigated by a desire for revenge, but as all the parties were respectable people it was impossible to fasten the guilt on any one. The Judge was a widower and lived alone with the exception of a young daughter and the servants. This daughter was beautiful, and on the evening in question had returned home from a ball at a late hour and had gone directly to her own room where she stood before her mirror taking off her jewels. As she did so she held her white and rounded arm above her head, and conscious of its beauty said aloud: "What a beautiful arm!" little thinking the idle remark of such consequence as it proved to be in the tragedy that followed. The girl both saw and heard her father's murderer, but as he was masked failed to distinguish his features, but always declared she should know his voice if ever she heard it. Several years passed, and in another city she was standing in a crowd observing some passing sight, when she was conscious of the curious regard of a stranger who stood near. Looking at her with a singular intensity he made this remark: "O, the beautiful arm!" She knew the voice in an instant, and throwing herself bodily on the man, denounced him as her father's murderer. He was arrested, tried and convicted, and told how he had lain hidden under the bed and heard the idle remark of the young girl which she herself had been scarcely conscious of. He had recognized her on meeting her, and involuntarily betrayed himself, as he had been a stranger and an unsuspected party.

It is not a pleasant thing for any woman to awaken in the night and see a masked burglar standing over her with a pistol in his hand. Yet such an occurrence happened to Mrs. Mary Scotten, sister of Mr. Daniel Scotten of Springwells, only a week or two ago. Mrs. Scotten is a lady well known in Detroit, and she is the one woman who did not up to the time mentioned, believe in either ghosts or burglars. So much faith had the lady in her kind that she failed to use the burglar-chain across her own door, and retired to rest without a misgiving. To a representative of this paper she said:

"I never for a moment had thought of burglars getting into the house, and when I awakened and heard the chain at the door rattle, I supposed it was a mouse, then I heard a board creak, but thought that was the servants. But in a moment a man with a white handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face stood in the room, with a bit of lighted candle in one hand and a pistol in the other; he pointed the pistol at my head and said: 'If you move I'll blow your head off!' I didn't move."

"What were your sensations at that supreme moment, Mrs. Scotten?"

"I had none; I think I must have been partially stunned. The man repeated the same threat over to me and as his eye caught the basket of silver on a chair he snatched it up and hurried out. Then I sprang from the bed and shut the door while I screamed loud enough to waken the whole house. My brother opened his door, while I called to him not to come out—that there were armed burglars in the house, and they had taken the silver."

"And did he try to stop them?"

"No; he said, 'Let them have it; they're welcome to it. I hope they'll get it all and leave us in peace."

Mrs. Scotten expressed herself in kindly Christain words about the men, who take their own lives in their hands rather than work and earn an honest living, but it is safe to say that the good lady will never forget that midnight intruder, nor the wicked gleam of the menacing pistol he leveled at her.

People should take every precaution to receive a burglar, as he has all the advantages on his side; he is wide-awake and clear-headed; he has a loaded revolver in his hand, not under his head, nor in the bureau drawer, or a locked satchel—and he does not value human life, though he does not wish to kill either women or children, and noted burglars have declared that they hated to contend with screeching women! The noise unnerves them.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Colonel Bowie.

Sensational articles appeared in a special edition of the Houston *Daily Post* recently, written by W. P. Zuber, of Grimes County, professing to give the first full account of the massacre of the Texan garrison in the celebrated fortress of the Church of the Alamo, at San Antonio, March 6, 1836. Zuber says he got the account from a Mexican fifer known in Texas as Polin, who was with the Mexican army at the time of the capture of the Alamo. Polin says that after the Mexican soldiers had taken the fort, scaled the walls and put the garrison to the bayonet or sword, Santa Anna, accompanied by members of his staff, entered the fort and viewed the Texans slain. Polin, being a fifer and a privileged character, entered with Santa Anna, and immediately behind the Mexican dictator. Santa Anna ordered the citizens of San Antonio to pick out the corps of Colonel Travis, the Texan commander, which he ran his sword through. After Santa Anna had retired from the fortress, two Mexican officers, with a number of soldiers, entered and proceeded to pile up the bodies of the dead Texans, in order to burn them. In the search for corpses they discovered the celebrated Texan patriot, Colonel James Bowie, in a secluded apartment of the fortress, lying sick upon a stretcher. One of the officers looked at the sick officer and asked the other if he knew him. The latter said he thought he did, and that it was the infamous Bowie. The officers then berated Bowie for fighting against the Mexican Government, after having married a respectable Mexican lady. He denounced them for fighting under a tyrant like Santa Anna. They ordered him to shut his mouth, and Bowie said: "Never, for your sort." "Then," said the senior officer, "we will relieve you of your tongue." They then had soldiers take knives and split open his mouth, cut off his tongue, and throw his body, still writhing, upon a pile of corpses. The latter was saturated with camphene, and while Colonel Bowie's body, still bleeding but speechless, lay alive upon the funeral heap, a match was stuck into the combustible fluid and a tall pillar of flame immediately shot up and one of the American officers, pale and trembling, said to his companions: "That fire takes Bowie's soul up to God."

This is the first account of the last moments of Colonel Bowie ever published. —*Houston Dispatch.*

The Founder of Missions.

The report is made, on the statement of Father Casanova, parish priest of Monterey, that the grave of Father Junipero Serra has been discovered in the old San Carlos Mission in Carmel valley, about four miles from that town. There has always been a tradition that Serra and fifteen Mexican Governors of California were buried in the old church. The exact spot where their honored bones reposed was open to as much doubt as the grave of Adam, over which Mark Twain wept. Now it seems that Father Casanova has begun the work of digging away the debris of a century, and has already brought to light the bones of the founder of the Missions.

The name of Junipero Serra is one of the best known in the early mission annals of this coast. He was a man of singularly unselfish enthusiasm, devoted to spreading his faith among the simple-minded Indians. He first established the Mission at San Diego, then the San Carlos Mission and afterward the other missions on this coast. He seemed to have a passionate desire to set up the cross in all parts of the State, but he made his headquarters at the place where his bones are now said to lie. In the pleasant Carmel valley, overlooking the pleasant little bay, he built the church which forms to-day one of the best monuments of the substantial architecture of the Mission Fathers.

But he did more than build churches. He improved the ground, planting choice varieties of grapes, pears and other fruit. In the Mission garden at San Carlos, now fallen into decay, is an orchard of magnificent pear trees, with trunks as large as a man's body. The culture of the land and the training of the natives went hand in hand. The methods of the Father's were primitive but there is no question that this coast is largely indebted to them for the civilization which it gained before the days of American rule. It was an Arcadian period of peace and happiness, when the lust for gold was unknown and pastoral pursuits and paternosters absorbed men's minds. The decoration of an alter was of greater moment than the destinies of the Old World from which they came. They were affluent in leisure; they builded for all time; they were never hurried; they scorned to lie or cheat; but they took possession of the country, utilized the natives and left a substantial impress upon the land which another century of American vandalism will find it difficult to remove. They deserve to be remembered because they possessed many of the traits which are most conspicuously absent in the life of the adventurers who elbowed them out of the way.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Sheriff Bandy, of Lebanon, Tenn., showed some children how to work a pair of handcuffs, and fastened them on his wrist. He took them off next day when his deputy returned from the country with the key.

THE DAIRY.

—One firm in Holland sends each week to English markets from seventy to ninety tons of artificial butter, and this, by the way, is from the home of the famous family of Holstein cattle.

—C. S. Paine, East Bethel, Vt., with a herd of eight well selected cows of common stock, made during the twelve months ending December 1, 1881, 2,000 pounds of butter, an average of 250 pounds per cow. The average for the State is thought to be not far from 125 pounds per cow.

—A New York jury has given a verdict against a dealer who sold "skimmed milk" in violation of the city ordinance, although he used no deception as to the quality in making his sales. The verdict was rendered on the ground that skimmed milk is unwholesome and an improper article of food.

—Although American butter has established an excellent reputation in Europe, where it is relatively as high as the best brands of home manufacture, the epicurean citizens of Brazil do not accord it the same position. In Rio Janeiro the Danish and French butter has the preference, though persons who have tested the different qualities in that country assert that the preference is simply one of prejudice.

—At the recent Dairy Convention at Geneva Lake, one enthusiastic representative of some Eastern salt firm, during an exciting speech in which he undertook to instruct the Western butter and cheese makers as to how to get the most money out of their business, made the assertion that if his modus operandi was closely followed farmers would ere long realize one dollar per pound for their gilt-edged butter. The remark created quite a stir among the audience, the only response, however, coming from an old farmer, who rose in his place and, clasping his hands and rolling his eyes upward, ejaculated, in a regular revival-tone of voice: "God forbid!" A roar followed the remark, and the salt-peddler subsided.

Ensilage in Wisconsin.

At the late meeting of the dairymen of Wisconsin, W. A. Henry, Professor of Agriculture in the Wisconsin State University, related the results of his dairy experiments at the farm at Madison in ensilage of fodder. His silo is of stone, thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and thirty feet deep. The walls are eighteen inches thick, with no doors or windows. Over the silo, which is about half under ground, is a shed. The bottom of the silo is composed of bowlders, in the interstices of which cement is poured. The expense, including the shed, was $413.43. The ensilage was Indian corn of different varieties. When the corn was cut in September it was found that by actual weight there came from good land, from one variety of corn, twelve tons to the acre; of another variety sixteen and one-half tons, and from a third twenty-one and one-half tons to the acre. The results were, the speaker thought, as high as could be obtained. He placed no confidence in statements which represent sixty or seventy-five tons of ensilage produced on an acre. The ensilage was drawn immediately to the silo, where it was cut into half-inch pieces at the average of 120 pounds a minute. When ensilage was put in it commenced immediately to heat and appeared to be spoiling. Work progressed, however, until 150,000 pounds were deposited. The silo was then filled to within eighteen inches of the top. Ten thousand pounds of wet clover was then put in, upon which were put planks weighted with eighteen tons of stone, which made 112 pounds to the square inch. The ensilage settled about four feet. In December the silo was opened and the clover was found to be of a brown color and badly rotted on top, but most of it was eaten and more greedily by the cows than the corn fodder. Two cows were fed meal and ensilage, and two others were fed hay and meal. It was found that the flow of milk from ensilage kept up better than from other food. There have been no experiments made with ensilage milk as to its composition or butter-making quality. To cut and put down the ensilage cost about $1.68 per ton, but the Professor expected to reduce this cost fifty per cent. next year. It may be added that the vote of the general run of the dairymen there was for lack of confidence.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

Higher Prices For Butter.

"Butter is advancing in price," said a Washington Market dealer on Friday, "and the best grades are likely to go higher, I am afraid. You may smile; I said 'afraid.' The high price of butter is as much a misfortune to the dealer as to the consumer; perhaps more so. Instead of the unusually high price enabling us to make more money, we make less, because we have to sell it at a closer margin, and we sell so much less of it. Moreover, our customers grumble. The advance comes from entirely natural causes—a short supply, in two words. There was about thirty per cent. less butter made in this State alone this season than last season, and the shortage has been proportionately as serious in several other States.

"The rise in price for the best butter is from six to eight cents a pound by wholesale. Dairies that could be bought a few days ago for thirty-five cents now bring forty cents by the tub. Butter that a few weeks ago we wouldn't buy at any price because it was not up to the standard of our trade, we have to take now, and are glad to get it. Inferior butter that couldn't find a purchaser a few weeks since seems to go off now like hot cakes, the big commission houses say.

"The cause of the short supply is, of course, the drought of last summer, which burned off the grass and grain in all parts of the country. We have not felt this much heretofore this season, because there has been enough to supply the demand up to this time. Now that we begin to call on the reserve, we find there is no reserve of good butter. The reason why there is so much poor winter stuff in market, proportionately, is because grain being scarce and high, the farmers sell all their grain, instead of feeding their stock upon it as usual. You can't make good butter in winter unless the cows are fed on good fodder."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Shaving on Sunday has been decided in Toronto to be against the law.

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye-sight is lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use St. Jacobs Oil to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.

The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) *Register* shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hayes's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he come I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUR.

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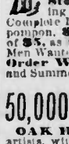

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven; the steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.—*The Household.*

—A little saleratus rubbed on, with the finger or a bit of linen, will remove stains from cups and other articles of tableware. It will also remove spots from marbleized oil cloths and many stains from tinware. —*Chicago Journal.*

—The premature growth of colts by high feeding and severe traning, has the tendency to degenerate the breed, by entailing the overworked debility on their issue, which may become hereditary, and be transmitted to future generations.

—Some farmers think that a cow must eat all the time when confined in the stall. It is a poor economy which puts fresh hny into a manger on top of older hay. A little tossing of tho hay left in the manger will dry it and make it seem of renewed niceness to cows or horses. —*Denver Tribune.*

—Aprons which are very useful in the kitchen are made of ticking; get one yard; put a band on as for any apron, then turn it up at the bottom for a quarter of a yard, or even more, on the right side; fasten each end securely, and in this pocket the clothes pin can be carried or used with ease.—*N. Y. Post.*

—To improve potatoes of bad quality, by cooking, is, to peel them, and boil them gently until nearly done. Then drain the water from them, and put them again upon the fire, submitting them to a dry heat; then mash them with a two pronged fork instead of a spoon. The fork breaks them into pieces, and allows the wnter to escape; thus very much improving what are called "waxy potatoes."—*House Treasure.*

—Loaf Cake.—Take three cups of sponge dough (like pancake batter,) one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs beaten separately, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water; one teacupful of raisins, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, make it as you do a cake before you mix with the dough. Put in the raisins the last thing. Let it rise the same as bread and bake an hour.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—If properly treated the wall-flower may become, without much trouble, a more valuable plant even than it is at present. How often do we see whole rows of musightly scraggy plants disfiguring the whole garden until they come into bloom, when with a very little care we might have our houses full of their fragrance a month sooner than we do. A good plan is never to grow from seed, but to set apart two or three plants solely for the purpose of propagating from. If the flower tops of these be pinched out they will soon form an abundance of suitable growth for cuttings, which should be dibbled in, in a sandy compost, pretty closely together under a handlight.

Adulteration of Tea.

Tea is sometimes adulturated with the leaves of other plants, as for instance, aloe, ash, hawthorn, etc., but by a careful microscopical examination these adulterations can be easily found out. Genuine tea leaves, when moistened with hot water and opened, and then examined by the microscope, show a very characteristic venation; when once seen, this character will not be easily forgotten. Tea is adulterated in other ways besides the admixture of foreign leaves. 1. The leaves are often "faced" or artificially colored with Prussian blue and turmeric, or indigo and tale-powder. Black tea is often "faced" with plumbago. 2. The leaves are sometimes mixed with sand and other mineral substances; all of these bodies can be detected by microscopical and chemical analysis in the ordinary way. There is still another method in which this leaf is rendered not genuine; that is the practice of selling the tea more or less exhausted. A pretty fair judgment as to adulteration of a sample of tea can be arrived at by a simple process. The process is based on the extraction of the theine contained in tea, and ascertaining the percentage of theine extracted from a known weight of tea. Tea contains from a half to five per cent. of theine. The way to proceed in this new process of extraction is to weigh out about 180 grammes of the sample of tea, and boil with two litres of distilled water in a glass beaker; allow the infusion to boil for five minutes; then add to the infusion a small quantity of glass (reduced to a fine powder) and magnesie oxide. Keep this mixture in strong ebullition for about twenty or twenty-five minutes, at the same time occasionally stirring with a glass rod. Again, add 250 cc. of water, and boil for fifteen minutes longer. The aqueous extract is now to be evaporated very carefully to complete dryness. The residue left on evaporation is to be treated three or four times with rectified ethylic ether by means of Payen's percolator. Three or four treatments with ether generally suffice to remove all the theine. The last portion of the ethereal washings when evaporated should leave no residue. These ethereal solutions are to be gently heated and then allowed to evaporate in a shallow dish of known weight. The solid remaining is the pure alkaloid theine. The dish and its contents are now weighed; the weight of the dish and the theine, minus the weight of the dish alone, gives of course the weight of the theine. From this the percentage of theine in the original weight of tea can be ascertained by means of simple proportion. If the percentage is less than a half per cent., you may conclude that the sample has been either adulterated with foreign leaves (which can easily be recognized by their botanical structures under the microscope) or the leaves have been exhausted.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

—Superstition never displayed a stranger whim than that indulged in by an anti-superstitious organization lately formed in this city, called the "Thirteen Club." It is limited to thirteen members, it meets on the thirteenth of the month in room thirteen of a certain hotel, the letters of whose name are thirteen in number, and its last banquet was lighted by thirteen gas jets. We presume their only after-dinner diversion is in solving the famous "13, 14 puzzle."—*Christian Union.*

A German Store.

On going to bed that night we got our first insight into the mysteries of German stoves and beds. German rooms, as all well-regulated foreign rooms are, are cold in winter. In the corner of our room stood a china or delf-ware concern which the waiter was pleased to imform us was a stove. It was at least seven feet high, and two feet and a half square. The monotony of its white, glistening, glazed exterior was relieved by an attempt to deceive one into the belief that it was built of separate bricks, while for ornament it bore around its top a border of impossible raised flowers, and half way down one side an impossible raised angel, with outspread wings, surrounded by a wreath of impossible raised flowers, in much the same style of art one sees on the old-day teapots in the familiar illustration of "Rebecca at the Well." Well, the waiter opened a polished door of sheet brass on one side of this monolith, about n foot from the floor, and exposed an iron door, bearing a peg, from which peg depended a key. With the key he unlocked this second door and brought to view a third door of barred iron. He opened the third door and we gazed into a little chamber about a foot square. Into this chamber he put a little piece of paper, a small handful of wood and a still smaller handful of coal. He touched off the paper, closed the inner door, and proceeded to open the windows, for that stove smoked most infernally. We went down stairs until that stove had gotten through with its smoke. When we went up again the waiter had shut all three doors not forgetting the middle one, and had left that little smothered handful of coals to warm up that great stove and our great room. The Germans claim that they get a maximum amount of heat out of these stoves with the expenditure of a minimum amount of fuel, and that there is no danger of fire from them—economy and safety, two German characteristics. I can vouch for the minimum amount of fuel, but on the question of heat I am inexorably silent. They must be safe, for it is a physical impossibility for a little, smothered fire to get out of a stove with solid walls half a foot thick and defended by three doors, one of them locked and the key on the outside.—*Berlin Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Hansom Leaf.

The "Hansom" cab, an oddly-shaped affair, resembles the hood part of an old-fashioned gig, running between two high wheels, considerably behind the horse, the driver's seat perched up behind the entrance to the interior between him and the horse through two doors that, when shut, cover the legs of the passenger, who can be still further protected from the weather by a glass window, manipulated by the driver, and which unfolds so as to join the doors. A small trap-door in the roof affords communication with the driver.

As drivers the London hansom cabbies excel the world. The skill displayed by them while wending their way at a terrific speed through such thoroughfares as the Strand, Cheapside, and Fleet Street is marvelous. Such a thing as a collision never occurs. They drive, as a rule, first-rate horses, from the fact that there are none so vicious that the hansom cabby cannot bring under subjection. The vehicle is with propriety called the patent safety, as no accident happening to one of them can possibly injure the passenger. The horse is too far ahead to do any damage by kicking, and were he to fall down, or an axle to break, the body of the vehicle is so low the fall would scarcely cause a jar. As to running away, the cabby's high perch and leverage against the horse's mouth, by the reins passing over the top of the cab and then down to the bit at an angle of forty degrees, renders such an occurrence impossible. The cabbies' knowledge of the great city is another source of wonder, because, if the exact address is given they will surely find it. They are a hard class, however, and although a lively one will make a great deal of money, there are very few of them who own cabs and horses. They are either the property of companies of job masters who take out licenses for the cab, the cabby taking out his simply as a driver, hence it is that the number of the cab invariably differs from that on the cabby's badge. The average price of hire per day, including a change of horses is from eighteen to twenty-five shillings. Once on the street they have the privilege to stop at any public stand, and from which they are compelled to answer any call, and drive anywhere within the city limits, provided their horse is in condition to go; this, in abstinate cases is decided by a policeman, or, if necessary, the nearest magistrate. While in motion, however, though without a load, they may pass a call unnoticed and the police cannot interfere. The cabbies have a lingo among themselves which adds to their unsimiliarity to other people, it consists of a reversion of our language, speaking it backwards thus defying the uninitiated to understand them.—*Chicago News.*

—David Davis said to some ladies: "Why do you permit yourselves to be placed in the ignominious position of coming here, begging favors of the Government, where there are thousands ready to crowd you to the wall and fight you for every favor that you ask? You all look intelligent. Why do you not go out and learn to become cooks, housekeepers, chambermaids, if you please, and then you will be certain of a good home and independence. People will then be running after you, instead of you running after them, and the position of a respectable serrant in a good family is one infinitely to be preferred to that of hanging to some beggarly office, dependent on the whim or will of some bureaucrat." The ladies are said to have "flounced out" when the old man had got thus far.

—Laurent has found that any ordinary good silvered glass mirror of any thickness may be rendered magical by heat. A simple way of doing this is to heat a brass tube and apply the end of it to the silvered face. If the surface of the mirror is opposite a screen the section of the tube is reproduced in white; if it is turned away from the screen the image (which is seen only after the screen is removed) is dark. A cold tube may be used with a hot mirror.

—A former chief of police of Chicago, Elmer Washburn, once caught a notorious bunko steerer trying to lead a countryman astray, and after taking the gambler to the Central Police Station, strapped to his back on which was printed in large letters: "Bunko Steerer —Beware of Him," and had him paraded around the principal hotels by two big policemen. For a while thereafter the gamblers were less industrious in the streets than they had been.

—A New York policeman swallowed a beef bone at dinner the other day, and it lacerated his throat in such a manner that it is a chance if he lives. The obvious moral of this touching incident is to have beef bones finely ground before they are fed to policemen.—*New Haven Register.*

IN the *Times*, of Philadelphia, we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

AVOIDING the vulgar: Miss Araminta Gushlington speaks of the "solemn season of loaned." She never could bring herself to say Lent. It is so painfully vulgar, you know.—*Boston Transcript.*

GAVE instantaneous relief. St. Jacobs Oil. Neuralgia. Prof. Tice.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

IN its fashion notes for the week the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says: "Coupons are not cut by us."

Sick-Headache.

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

"DWO VAS shoost enough, budt dree vas too hlenty," remarked Hans, when his best girl asked him to take her mother along to a dance.

YOUNG and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN that have been bedridden for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

NEW style of Western joke: Suppose there was a man named Icnlar, and he had a dog. When they were together they could not lie down because they would have to remain purp-and-Icular.—*New York Graphic.*

A MAN with a felon on his hand is entitled to SYMPATHY. How much more the keeper of the State Prison, who has a great many.—*Lowell Courier.*

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y. —*Utica Herald.*

A NEW shade of feminine goods is "crushed carrot." No doubt a color called "mashed custard pie" will be brought out in season for pic-nic wear.—*Norristown Herald.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

AN UNUSUAL FURORE.

A Recent Excitement Investigated by the Herald and the Results Made Public.

(*Cleveland, O., Herald.*)

A few weeks ago we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* "A Remarkable Statement," made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befell him, and a few days thereafter we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement in Rochester," caused by Dr. Henion's statement. In the first article Dr. Henion stated that for a number of years, up to last June, he had been afflicted with what seemed at first a most mysterious trouble. He felt unaccountably tired at frequent intervals; he had dull and indefinite pains in various parts of his body and head, and was very hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. However, as a physician he thought, and so did his fellow physicians, that he was suffering from malaria.

But he grew worse, and was finally obliged to give up a large and lucrative practice. Still he was not conscious of his danger, nor that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon him, although all his organs had become gradually weakened. The symptoms above described continued, accompanied by others of an aggravated nature, and he noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids he was passing; that they were abundant one day and very scanty the next, and were covered with froth or filled with brick-dust sediment. But even then he did not realize his real and alarming condition. At last, however, he was brought face to face with the fact that he was a victim of a most terrible disease, and he made heroic efforts for recovery. He traveled extensively and consulted the best physicians, but they could give him only temporary relief, and that principally in the form of morphine. And so he grew steadily and constantly worse until his life became a torture. His pulse was uncontrollable. He lived wholly by tujections, and for six days and nights he had the hiccoughs constantly, which are the sure indication of coming death.

When hope and life were nearly exhausted his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, strongly urged him to try a means which the reverend gentleman had seen used with remarkable results. He objected at first, but finally consented, and was conscious of an improved condition the first week. His pains gradually disappeared; his stomach resumed digestion; his heart became regular; his headaches disappeared; he had no more chills and fever, or acidity of the stomach; he gained twenty-six pounds in three months, and is a well man to-day, being entirely cured of a most pronounced case of Bright's disease.

Although conscious of the consequences from his professional brethren, still as a duty to his fellow men, and according to a vow he made on what he thought was his dying bed, he published a card detailing his illness and remarkable cure. "Since my recovery," he says, "I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. It has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity,) but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the life before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease.

The second article entitled "Excitement in Rochester," was made up of interviews with Dr. Henion himself, who confirmed all said in his card, and also with Mr. H. H. Warner. The latter gentleman did not regard Dr. Henion's case as particularly exceptional, because he had known of very many such cures by the same means in all parts of the land. Kidney diseases, he said, are carrying off tens of thousands every year, while Bright's disease is increasing 250 per cent. a decade, and yet the people do not realize it or seek to check it until too late. He related how a New Orleans medical professor, lecturing on this disease, thinking to show his class what healthy fluids were, subjected some of his own to a chemical test, and although he had no suspicion of it before, discovered that he, too, had the dreaded disease, which proved fatal in less than a year. There was also an interview with the celebrated chemist of the New York State Board of Health, Dr. S. A. Lattimore, who said he had analyzed the remedy which cured Dr. Henion, and found that it was "entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We have made these condensations in order that all the material facts may be set before our readers. Since the publication of these two articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also one to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given us as to the validity of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following letters, which add interest to the entire subject and wholly verify every statement hitherto made:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statement, over my signature, to which you refer, is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself as to my physicians and friends. * * *

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1882.

SIRS: Acknowledging your favor duly received, we would say: The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the best citizens of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote, which you are at liberty to use if you wish. H. H. WARNER & Co.

To Whom it may Concern:

In the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* of December 31, 1881, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr. J. B. Henion, of this city, recounting his remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys, after several doctors of prominence had given him up, by the use of a preparation manufactured in this city and known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of this remedy, whose commercial and personal standing in this community is of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements, which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor, Rochester.)
WM. PURCELL, (Editor *Union and Advertiser.*
W. D. SHUART, (Surrogate Monroe County.)
EDWARD A. FROST, (Clerk Monroe County.)
E. B. FENNER, (District Attorney Monroe County.)
DANIEL T. HUNT, (Postmaster, Rochester.)
J. M. DAVY, (Ex-Member of Congress, Rochester.)
JOHN S. MORGAN, (Special Co. Judge, Monroe Co.)
HIRAM SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedsman.)
W. C. ROWLEY, (County Judge, Monroe County.
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (Member of Congress.)
CHARLES E. FITCH, (Editor *Democrat and Chronicle* and Regent of the University.)

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill.:

Will you allow the following card, personal to myself, to appear in your widely-circulated paper?

There was published in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of the 31st of December last, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I was referred to in that statement as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured.

Now the republishing of his statement in many of the leading journals of the day has been the cause of an incessant flow of letters to me making many inquiries, but chiefly whether the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc., etc.

I beg, therefore, to anticipate any further inquiries and save time and labor, and some postage, by saying that the statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He is a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.)
Rector of St. Paul's Church.

Rochester, N. Y., January 28, 1882.

A LADY says that it takes many men a whole lifetime to learn to carry a ten-dollar bill home without breaking it.—*Boston Globe.*

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, Illinois.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. Very truly yours, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

THE latest aesthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends is: "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."—*Boston Post.*

A LANDLADY advertises that she has "a fine, well-furnished bed-room, for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bedroom, for a single woman eight by twelve."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"IS THERE any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob on the right."

A PINE tree uprooted by a recent inundation in Oulais, Finland, was found to have 1,029 annual rings. We saw a lady in the horse-car the other day with about the same number of rings; but she was probably not nearly so old as the tree.—*Boston Transcript.*

TWENTY-FIVE dollars will purchase all the material needed for a young lady to go into plaque painting, and if she has any talent at all some of the plaques can be warranted to scare a cat to death on sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MISS BUCHANAN once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or to a Buchanan's, either." And he did it.

THE breezy burglar's evening pleasautry: "I alwnys raise the wind when I blow open a safe."

LAWYERS in Massachusetts carry green bags to show that they belong to "The Old Balze State."

"IF I rest I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust I bust," is the American version. —*Rochester Express.*

THE old man "exploded with laughter" when the young girl "burst into womanhood." —*Texas Siftings.*

HOW CAN man and wife be one, when the woman is won herself?—*Salem Sunbeam.*

THE wheel of fortune runs slow, because its felloes are tied.—*Whitehall Times.*

"PRESUMPTION begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of Kidney-Wort begun with wise cautions and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hardworking man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

GUITEAU could never sleep at proper hours, cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were always on the *qui vive*. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, his wretched brains would not have raged with improper fancies. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is already becoming as famous as his Pills. It is a sure cure for all diseases of Skin and Scalp.

☞ Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. Only ten cents. Sold by all druggists.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

SAVE your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of hearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

MUSICAL READING
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Ditson & Co. publish a very delightful series of standard and new books, designed to give, in an attractive literary form, all needful information about musical history and some portions of the study of Music.

Town Libraries will confer a great favor on the musical people of the community by adding these books to their lists.

Romance is remembered in the Biographical Romance of BEETHOVEN ($1.50), and the Romantic Biography of MOZART ($1.75). Both closely follow facts.

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The Lives of BEETHOVEN ($3), of CHOPIN ($1.50), of GOTTSCHALK ($1.50), of HANDEL ($2.00), of ROSSINI ($1.75), of SCHUMANN ($1.50), of VON WEBER (2 vols. each $1.50) and of MENDELSSOHN ($1.50), are standard, exceedingly well written and very readable books.

History is well represented by RITTER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC (4 vols. each $1.50), compact and complete, while Elson serves up in his capital collection of CURIOSITIES OF MUSIC ($1), a fine entertainment. Grimm's BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT COMPOSERS ($1.50), includes the history of some hundreds of notabilities.

In Guilmette's VOCAL PHILOSOPHY ($1.50), DAVIS' VOICE AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT ($2 cents), and Sieber's ART OF SINGING (50 cents), we have most directions for the care and training of the voice.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

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FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. ☞ Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
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NEW DISCOVERY.
For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere, receiving the highest (and only) prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
But by poetical and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
The Advantages Are
IT WILL NOT COLOR THE BUTTERMILK.
IT WILL NOT TURN RANCID
IT GIVES A BRIGHTER COLOR.
IT IS THE CHEAPEST COLOR MADE.
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BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other one is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter in which it is put. Ask for W. R. & CO.'S IMPROVED COLOR and take no other. If you cannot get it write to us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (46)
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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
For complaints peculiar
Ladies to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
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Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
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Beauty and Decorative Art combined. The newest and most elegant portrait. Send for circular. G. F. E. PEARSALL, 298 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address.
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For Sale Cheap.

One 20-horse Engine and Boiler, one 40-horse Engine and Boiler, and Two 2-flue Boilers, 20 and 25-horse power, all second hand. Apply to

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3 18 2t Frostburg, Md

COMMISSIONERS' MEETIN'G.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 15, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, April 3, 1882,

to continue in session during the week, and longer, should business require, for the purpose of hearing appeals, making transfers upon the county assessment books and transacting such other business as may properly come before them.

All persons desiring their assessments corrected are hereby notified to appear at this session, as no alteration in assessments will be made on said books after the adjournment of the ensuing regular appeal term.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
3 18 3t Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival in trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good work men I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

BELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 19 tf

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 201, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Wagon Maker Shop for Sale or Rent.

The undersigned will sell or rent his Wagon Maker Shop, in Oakland, together with machinery, tools and stock, and give possession at any time. His reason for retiring is advanced age and ill health. No opposition and a good trade. A good opening for an energetic mechanic.

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2 5 3m.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e27-y1

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

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ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road at or near the Calmese place, and running through the lands of Daniel Annan and others, to intersect the Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park, a distance of about 1¼ miles.

P. HAMILL,
TRUMAN CASTEEL,
3 4 5 GEO. D. WHITE.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

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—ALSO—

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—ALSO—

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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
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July 8-tf.

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H. B. WOLFE.
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BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
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INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions, Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS FOR INVENTION
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,

vs.

William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Teeters, Samuel Teeters, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Rhoda Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Hy. Barnes, —— Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Complaint in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1821, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1803, and recorded in Liber D, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, wherein he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz, are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate as the residue, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John H. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John H. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Ruth Metz, both of whom died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: Isaac N. W. Metz, Emily Metz, John Metz, Eliza Metz and Elizabeth Metz, Isaac N. W. Metz is still living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, Emily intermarried with one William Spiker, both of whom are living and residing in Garrett county aforesaid, John Metz or any issue he might have had, have not been heard of for more than twenty years, Eliza Metz intermarried with Andrew Hewitt, and died intestate leaving surviving her, her husband Andrew Hewitt and one child Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Metz intermarried with Milton Morrow, Ruth Barnes, daughter of William Barnes, the original ancestor, intermarried with Isaac Metz, both of whom died intestate, leaving surviving them the following children and heirs at law: William Metz, Abigail Metz, Sarah Metz, Isaac Metz, Matilda Metz, Elizabeth Metz, Joseph Metz and Eliza Metz, Ruth Metz and John Metz, children of the said Ruth and Isaac Metz, died intestate without issue before their mother, Ruth Metz who died in the year A. D. 1858, intestate, Elizabeth Metz is still living and was intermarried with a man named Horan, now dead without issue, Eliza Metz is still living and intermarried with one Meshach Preston, now dead without issue, Abigail Metz died leaving issue, William Metz, who is intermarried with —— Fazenbaker, and Lavinia Metz who intermarried with Henry Spiker, Matilda Metz went West about forty years ago, and neither she nor her husband (if she had any) have been heard from since that time, Sarah Metz died since the death of her mother Ruth Metz, leaving Anne Metz, William Metz, intermarried with Huldah Barnes and died intestate, leaving children as heretofore named in this Bill, Isaac Metz intermarried with Anne Fazenbaker, and died intestate leaving surviving him, his widow and the following heirs at law: George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Metz, Sarah A. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Jacob Metz, Louisa Metz, Isaac Metz and Francis S. Metz, and of them Mary E. Metz intermarried with one Samuel Teeters, Francis S. Metz intermarried with Markey, Jacob and Isaac Metz, both died intestate and without issue, Joseph Metz a son of Ruth and Isaac Metz, both died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: John T. Metz, Mary M. Metz, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Metz, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz and Joseph Metz, of whom Mary M. Metz intermarried with James Darnley, both of whom are living, Rachel J. Metz intermarried with Howard Lease, both of whom are living, John Barnes, son of William Barnes, the common ancestor died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: Sarah Barnes, Nancy Barnes, Rachel Barnes, John Barnes, William Barnes, Henry Barnes, Joseph Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Mary E. Barnes and Daniel Barnes, of whom Sarah intermarried with one William Sigler, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heir at law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and James Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes, the following do not reside in the State of Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, ——Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
3 4 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehemer and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

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Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

The room is now occupied by Mr. A. Enlow, who expects to give his attention to Mountain Lake Park next summer. Mr. Enlow will sell his entire stock of goods to any one desiring to occupy the room.

Address or apply to

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co. vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judgments to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POETRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poetry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1069, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1068, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1068 south 6° degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1069 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 6½ degrees, east 21 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1069, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
3 4 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

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R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

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It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enameling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold.

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

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Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Brenneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Bouchey, Daniel Breneman, and intersecting the county road near John Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 18 5 And others.

1882 THE SUN, 1882
BALTIMORE,

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882. NUMBER 6.

OAKLAND BUSINESS GUIDE

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc.

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D. E. OFFUTT, GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Agricultural Machines, Musical Instruments. Guns, Pistols, etc.

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MICHAEL MARONEY, Seventh Street, North end.

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D. BRANT, Surveyor, Auctioneer and Conveyancer. Grants Town, Oakland, Md.

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JOHN M. JARBOE, Carpenter, Contractor & Builder, Residence on Liberty St. nearly oppo. Depot.

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A. C. BROOKE, Res. near Republican office.

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JOHN SHATZER, Shop on Second Street.

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> Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

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A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says: In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch: We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia: After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says: It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.: It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says: In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says: I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says: For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.* Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

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Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 19 tf

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Postoffice address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
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d t&10 Baltimore.

THE LESSON I LEARNED

"Don't believe anything you hear, and only the half you see," said Grandma, Peters, and settling the spectacles on her nose, she picked up the pair of trousers she was mending and thus nipped in the bud the piece of gossip that Mrs. Grantly had begun to disclose.

Grandma had the knack of doing this better than any one I ever knew. It takes a deal of courage to say the right thing at the right time, and very few are always equal to the occasion. I confess I never could do it. Either I came out too vehemently, or my courage failed me entirely. I never could do those things with the quiet good nature that grandma could.

"Don't believe anything you hear, and only the half you see," she said again.

"Oh, that's all very well," returned Mrs. Grantly; "but when things assume such suspicious appearances, we ought not always to close our ears and eyes. Now, I am as charitably disposed toward my neighbors as any one, but—"

"But it's hard to show it always," interrupted grandma, and she laughed until her chair shook.

The bud was nipped again; this time it was killed outright, and in despair Mrs. Grantley retreated.

I walked down the path to the gate with her; and I am going to confess right here that my curiosity had been a little aroused by her dark hints, and while not intending to say a word to draw her out, was in hopes that her surcharged heart might overflow in a gush of confidence and satisfy my curiosity. She needed no "drawing out;" she foamed over as soon as ever the door between her and grandma was closed.

"It's all about the neighbor just over the way," she whispered.

"Not the Robertsons!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Do you know them?"

"We have merely exchanged calls." I replied.

"I think she is very sweet and pleasant."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"No; have never seen him but once."

"He is a traveling man," she went on; "is gone most of the time."

"Yes."

"Well, he went away last week. The second night after he left, I was lying awake, and thought I heard voices. I got up, looked out of the window, and there in the moonlight stood Mrs. Robertson and a gentleman."

"Perhaps." I ventured to say, "it was Mr. Robertson himself."

"No, it was not," she replied, emphatically; "he is a tall man; this one was short and stout."

I was really very much surprised and shocked by Mrs. Grantley's revelation. Although a woman inclined to garrulity, she was neither untruthful nor imaginative. I rolled the morsel of gossip under my tongue, and resolved to keep it there, and meantime to set a private watch on Mrs. Robertson's proceedings. I had not long to wait. Only the next evening I saw her come out of the house accompanied by a gentleman, the same one, evidently, that Mrs. Grantley had described. Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of this occurence, but with this morsel of gossip under my tongue it was quite another affair.

I sat up quite late, but did not see them return. It was nearly midnight when I awoke and heard voices floating out on the soft June air. I listened a moment, then left my bed and looked out of the window. There in the pale starlight, I saw at Mrs. Robertson's gate the same pair that had passed through it only a few hours before.

I do not know how long they had been there, but as I looked he opened the gate for her to pass through, she saying as he did so: "By Wednesday next." Then they said, "Good-night," not very lover like, 'tis true, and separated.

"By Wednesday night," I repeated as I crept back into bed. "I suppose that is the time when she expects Mr. Robertson home, deceitful thing!"

A long time I lay awake full of strange thoughts and imaginings. How pleasantly she had parted from her husband. No doubt, thought I, she packed his valise, personally overseeing to his comfort, and wishing him a prosperous trip and a safe return. No doubt she would welcome him home as sweetly as a true and loyal wife should, and he never dream of her faithlessness. Oh, such a wicked world! I repented monotonously, my senses half lost in sleep. Just then came grandma's advice standing out in great large letters—"Don't believe anything you hear, and only the half you see." Oh, but it was too palpable to shut out so. I must not be deaf and and blind to everything. And again I rolled the sweet morsel under my tongue.

The next night I never went to bed until after midnight. I sat at the window and peeped through the blinds at the house over the way. A dim light glimmered in the parlor room, but no sound broke the stillness of the cottage. Disappointed and tired, I went to bed and slept quite late the next morning. But I had not slept away my interest in my neighbors. Before I could dress, I peeked through the blinds. The brightness of the June morning shone and sparkled over everything. The tiny grass plot glittered as if begemmed, the bed of portulaccas waved in regal splendor, the canary sang in its cage for very joy. Bending over a bed of pansies was a lady's figure under a gentleman's straw hat. As she raised her head, I recognized Mrs. Robertson, the loveliest flower in the lovely garden.

"No wonder she bewitches the men," I said, mentally, as I watched the slight girlish figure on its rounds among the flower beds.

Now, had any person accused me of being a meddlesome gossip I should have indignantly resented the charge. But here I was actually prying into my neighbor's affairs, and, I am afraid, only too glad to discover that everything was not apparently on the square. I resolved, however, to keep my own counsel, and not to divulge what I had seen to a living soul.

Alas for poor human nature! That very afternoon brought Cynthia Harland, one of my intimates, and, under a solemn promise of secrecy, I told the whole story. After that, how we magnified every little occurrence connected with the Robertsons! If a carriage drove up to their door, how we peeked, and craned our necks to discover the inmates. Oh, it makes me blush to think of this even now! At the time Mr. Robertson returned. Mrs. Robertson rode with him, walked with him and seemed as loving as though he was all the world to her. How I pitied him. He was so handsome and noble in his appearance, and seemed so devoted to her, that sometimes I felt an intense desire to reveal to him the truth. Of course this I could not do; but I could and did cut his wife's acquaintance. I shall always remember the look that came into her face the day we met at a picnic, and I put the tips of my three fingers into the extended palm and looked away from her face.

How the story ever got abroad I cannot tell. I am sure I never mentioned it to any person but Cynthia Harland, and only then under a promise of secrecy; but by and by I heard it whispered about; first in private families then at public gatherings. There was no accusation, but whenever Mrs. Robertson's was mentioned there would be ominous glances, and covert looks, and wise shrugs. After awhile all these became manifest to the lady herself, and she soon began to absent herself from our social gatherings.

"If she wasn't guilty she would not have taken the hint so soon!" said the gossips, and I believe them.

Meantime something else occurred that quite affirmed my suspicions. One afternoon, as I sat by the window, I saw Mrs. Robertson come walking down the path with the identical short, stout gentleman who had been her escort. I leaned back so as to be screened by the curtains, and eagerly watched them. They were chatting very gaily, and as they reached the gate, Mrs. Robertson slipped a ring from her finger and gave it to the gentleman, saying something in a sweet, laughing way that I could not understand. He laughed, too, put the ring in his vest pocket, and bowing politely, left her.

Not long after this, I received a call from a lady living in another part of the city. During her stay, she inquired if Mrs. Robertson did not live somewhere in my neighborhood.

"There is a Mrs. Robertson living across in the cottage yonder," I replied, indifferently.

"A small, pretty women with curling hair?" she asked.

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Know her! Why she used to be my nearest neighbor; and a sweeter, better woman never lived! I must go to see her before I leave the neighborhood."

"Are you quite sure this is the same person?" said I.

"I presume it is. My friend's husband is connected with the mercantile house of Cole & Cole."

"I think it is the same," I returned, "but I do not visit them."

"You should get acquainted, then," she replied, warmly, "for I assure you you are missing a great deal. She is so good."

"Unfortunately, I am not of your opinion." I answered, coldly. "I made Mrs. Robertson's acquaintance, but had good reasons for discontinuing the intercourse."

"Indeed!" exclaimed my caller, and I saw a look come into her face that did not at all flatter my convictions. "As a friend of Mrs. Robertson I insist upon hearing those reasons. I have known her a long time, and know her only as a true, noble woman."

Thus importuned, I related all I had seen and what the reader already knows.

"You will admit," I said, "that ladies who receive and entertain gentlemen during the absence of their husbands, and who give tokens to the same are not very pure."

"I will admit nothing in this case," said she, indignantly. "Has this story gone abroad?"

"It seems to be generally known," I replied.

"My poor friend! Of course, Miss Peters," she continued, "I must accept the facts as you relate them, still I am positive there is nothing wrong with Mrs. Robertson. The gentleman may be a relative or friend. I shall sift this matter immediately by going to Mrs. Robertson," and suiting the action to the word, she bolted out of my door before I had time to remonstrate or excuse myself in any way.

In a moment I saw them returning together. I would have given worlds just then, had I never heard of Mrs. Robertson. But there was no escape for me now. I opened the front door and invited them in.

"I have told Mrs. Robertson your story," said this mutual friend, "and she has come over to explain."

"Pardon me, Miss Peters," said Mrs. Robertson, "for this intrusion. I felt it was my duty to my friends and to myself to sift this matter to the bottom."

I bowed coldly, but my heart beat audibly and my face glowed crimson.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me what first roused your suspicions against me?" she asked, in a sweet voice.

"I—I am satisfied there has been a mistake," I stammered, "and I owe you an apology."

"I must insist upon knowing all the reasons my neighbor has for her suspicion against me," she replied.

Oh, how bitter the morsel had become now! If I only had never put it into my mouth! I summoned up courage enough to tell her what I had seen and heard at the gate one night many weeks ago. How helpless morally I was! I could not say it was accidental on my part that I had seen and heard, I dared not say I listened and peeped! I felt as if an awful gulf had opened at my feet, and into it I must leap.

Mrs. Robertson heard my story through in silence. Then in a clear voice, with her blue eyes fixed sadly on my face, she said: "You have sadly misconstrued my conduct. The gentleman was Mr. Gould, my sister's intended husband. You will recollect that at that time Mr. Gould was director of the musical association then being held in this place. He, at my husband's request, was my escort for three evenings to the concerts. We were late returning on account of Mr. Gould's position as director. My saying 'by Wednesday next,' I do not recall. Of one thing I am certain, we were not making any appointment. The ring story is easily explained. Mr. Gould was on his way to New York at that time, and intended to purchase the wedding ring. Unfortunately, he had not my sister's finger measure, and mine being the exact size of hers, I loaned him a ring."

I had not once look up, culprit that I was, since she began to talk. As she ceased, an awkward silence fell upon us. I must say something. What should it be? Every good impulse within strengthened me to say and do what I did. I went over to Mrs. Robertson, took her hand in mine, and looking straight into her eyes, acknowledged my fault, and *begged*—not asked—her forgiveness. In a sweet, gracious manner it was granted.

"Before you leave," said I, "let me thank you, Mrs. Farrell, for the part you have taken in the matter. Mrs. Robertson is fortunate in having such a loyal friend."

After they had gone I flew to Grandma Peters, and on her friendly bosom sobbed out the whole story.

"Poor child!" said she, patting my shoulder and stroking my hair, "poor child! You have had a hard lesson; but remember this in the future. Don't believe anything you hear and only half you see."

Opening the Car Window.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window in a railway car, and he jumps and gets in ahead of the other boys and says, "Allow me," Oh, so courteously. And she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad." And the other male passengers turn green with envy and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, and if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on and he takes it in both hands, but it sort of dosen't let go to any alarming extent, and he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "little closer into place," and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains and his hat falls off and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts and his face gets red and his feet slip and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out. "Now then, all together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind thank you; it dosen't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down. Oh, dosen't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough extend any of your sympathy. He dosen't want it.

What the Surveyor Missed.

A surveyor who was running township lines in a new county in this State last fall was engaged by a farmer to survey the line between his farm and that of a neighbor. They had a line once, but had engaged in several disputes as to whether it was on the divide. The surveyor was making preparations when the owner of the other farm approached and inquired:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Find the exact line," was the reply.

At this the man wheeled and went off on the gallop, and he was seen no more until the line had been run. The surveyor and the first named farmer had just completed the work when the other came up to within about ten feet of them and asked:

"Well, have you got through?"

"Yes, all through."

"And is the fence a foot on his farm?"

"No, he has two feet of yours, and the fence must be moved so that you can have it."

The man sprang upon a stump, faced a thicket about five rods away, and yelled out:

"You, there—Reuben and James and Samuel! The survey is made and we are all right! You kin shoulder them shotguns and go back to the sawmill, and if you meet the old woman coming with the pitchfork, you kin tell her to turn back and git up a squar' dinner for the surveyor!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Chicago *Times*, once the most widely circulated and most influential Democratic journal in the country, says, in its issue of the 17th ult.: "The departed soul of that body of political idolatry called the Democratic party is past praying for. It is a lost soul of a dead cause; a ghost of the receeding past which no spell of political necromancy can bring back from the sepulchre of Bourbonism to animate the present or the future."

Annoyance Prevented.

Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

"From henceforth no more twain, but one,"
Yet ever one through being twain,
As self is ever lost and won,
Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain;
And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship glad and high,
All promises to praise and prayer,
"Where two are gathered, there am I;"
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,
Gained twice the force for all ye do—
The ceaseless, sacred Church of two.

One in all lowly ministry,
One in all priestly sacrifice,
Through love which makes all service free,
And finds or makes all gifts of price,
All love which made life rich before,
Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on
To the Great Bridal of the Christ,
When all the life His love has won
To perfect love is sacrificed,
And the New Song beyond the Sun
Peals, "Henceforth no more twain, but one."

And in that perfect Marriage Day
All earth's lost loves shall live once more,
All lack and loss shall pass away,
And all had all not found before;
Till all the worlds shall live and glow
In that great love's great overflow.

—*Good Words.*

THE LAST ELM OF THE AVENUE.

A pitch dark night, rain falling in torrents, wind blowing gustily from every point of the compass at once. Two or three oil lamps flickered feeble in the gloom on a struggling crowd of damp passengers, in a chaotic mass of luggage and—no porters.

Such were my earliest impressions on being turned out of the London down train at Westwood, the station for Cinqhaven, whither I and some half dozen other officers were bound, to complete our education by a course of musketry instruction.

"Where's Cinqhaven," was my first very natural inquiry. "And how am I to get there?"

Cinqhaven was "across there," a civil official replied, pointing over an expanse of plowed field in the direction of the South Pole. The one omnibus had, it appeared, departed with a small selection from the impatient crowd of belated travelers, but would be back again directly.

"How soon?" I asked.

"Well, in about an hour or so."

I thanked him, committed my belongings to his care, and with a benediction on my luck and the Colonel who had sent me there, plunged into the night.

Outside the station I found an officer with his party, a sergeant and some privates, about to march to Cinqhaven, and gladly joined them.

I took for granted some one knew the way. I didn't. Such a night! Rain pelting us viciously, wind blowing our fragmentary attempts at conversation away into space. Finally, at a point where five roads met, and the wind and rain did their wickedness, we halted. Fire and candle-light streamed invitingly out of the unshuttered window of a low white house; a sign creaked over our heads in the darkness, and after a brief debate, in we all turned to the cozy kitchen of the Green Lion.

We were not unwilling to accept the landlady's assurances that the storm would "blow itself out" in half an hour or less. She invited us into her own snug parlor, and here, for the first time, I got a look at my companion.

The landlady's prediction was verified in less than the time mentioned. The storm blew over, the clouds parted, and a clear white moon shone out.

Half an hour's quick walking brought us to the top of the hill, under which lay the little town of Cinqhaven. Its red roofs looked pretty and picturesque in the moonlight beyond, and to westward the sea and the marshes stretching away gray and mysterious; below us a row of lighted windows showed where the barracks stood.

"That's a welcome sight," said MacLeish.

"Were you ever here before?" I asked.

"Never. I only heard of the place last week—ah!" he stopped short.

I looked round in amazement. He was standing upright and rigid, his eyes fixed on some point in the road before us, his forefinger extended.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, looking down the road—white and lonely—and seeing only a milestone standing out distinctly from the dark hedge.

"There!" His eyes dilated with a fixed stare of horror, his breath came short and quick, and at last, with a sharp cry, he swayed forward and fell insensible on the path. I thought he tried to say something, but failed to understand him. The soldiers had halted, and two came rushing up vociferating wildly in some unknown tongue. They knelt beside him and raised him all stark and white, in the moonshine. I gave a few directions; to which they vouchsafed not the smallest attention; but somehow they contrived to support him between them, and we proceeded to the barracks; no great distance, fortunately.

I questioned the sergeant, who had looked on meanwhile with undisturbed composure. He declined to commit himself to any opinion whatever. The privates were "Caolchairn's" own people, puir ignorant Hieland bodies, who could hardly speak English. Could he understand Gaelic? Weel, a word, or may be twa. What had MacLeish said as he fell? It sounded like "into my grave," but he cauldna be positeeve. And here Sergeant Tulloch's communications came to an abrupt stop, and I could only extract, in addition, that the Highlanders knew best what to do with their chief, and that "he's be a' right the morn."

So he was. He appeared on parade right enough. I found that he and I were in the same section; also that of all the sixty officers composing the "course," he was the only one with whom I had the slightest acquaintance. He was in the same position, I fancy—so we fraternized to a certain extent—walked over to Boatstown together—the popular amusement of the period, and worked at the red book in company. He was an odd young fellow as starchily repellant as a Spanish Don one moment, and the next boyishly expansive and communicative. I think he was really desperately shy—the result of home-breeding. He gave me a description of his Highland home one day, with his mountain and moor, loch and forest, where the MacLeishs lived in feudal state, naught appertaining to the true dignity of a real Highland chieftain being lacking, from the pipers to the deadly feud. The MacLeishs of Tuchoran had killed, burned, betrayed, massacred and generally made themselves mutually unpleasant from time immemorial. The two branches of this amiable family sprang from twin brothers, and, according to tradition, were to carry on the same bloodthirsty relations till they became simultaneously extinct.

"And may I ask how you and the representative of the other line conduct yourselves when you happen to meet in society nowadays?" I inquired. MacLish laughed.

"We don't meet. Tuchoran was sold generations ago and the MacLeish of that date died abroad. We have often tried to trace out his descendants, but with only partial success. Perhaps it is as well," he continued with an embarrassed laugh, 'for they say that though we don't slay and plunder nowadays, the—the curse is on us yet. When one of each line shall meet, there follows calamity."

I looked as profoundly impressed as he could desire.

"Ten years ago a clergyman in the South—chaplain to a hospital—wrote to my father to say his cousin, Fergus MacLeish, lay dying—mortally wounded in some discreditable brawl. My father, good man, started at once. He was in time to see the dying man and to promise to befriend his only son—a boy of about fourteen. Fergus MacLeish died with his hand clasped in my father's. It was their first and last meeting."

"Well! No harm came of it I suppose."

"My father never saw his home again. He was killed in the great railway accident on the Great Northern."

"What became of the boy?" I asked presently.

"Young Fergus? He was an utter good-for-nothing. My mother gave the chaplain carteblanch, and he did his utmost to reclaim him. It was no use. He was in and out of prison half a dozen times and at last we shipped him off to the Colonies—but I'm almost sure I met him last year at the Derby."

"How did you know him?"

"By his likeness to myself. Its curiously strong. Also by another mark—a cut on one eyelid that gives him a most sinister look. The chaplain mentioned it to me."

"Did anything happen?" I could not resist asking. MacLeish's face grew dark.

"Don't ask me—enough to ruin my life, and making it little worth having from henceforward. Hullo it's seven o'clock. Do you dine at mess to-night?" and he left me to dress.

Still I got no nearer to any explanation of the occurrence on the first night of our meeting. He always avoided the Westwood road I noticed, and another peculiar fact which struck me was the way in which his servant Alistor—his foster brother he told me—kept us constantly in sight. It was as if he expected me to do his master a mischief. Wherever we went Alistor's red head and foxy eyes appeared at unexpected moments. One day MacLeish came into my room in great distress. An accident had happened in the town—a scaffold had fallen, and Alistor, who was passing at the moment, had been knocked down and injured—some iron work had struck his head and it was feared had destroyed the sight of one eye.

"He must go up town as soon as he can travel. Everything that the best man there can do for him shall be done. I'll trust him to no one here. My poor Alistor!" and he was hurried into the train, and I saw no more of him.

We walked back together down the memorable Westwood road.

"Can you guess what he means?" asked MacLeish, after long silence.

"Not in the least," I replied.

"Do you remember the night we came?"

"Perfectly," I answered. We turned a corner as I spoke, and the broad white road to Cinqhaven sloped down the hill at our feet—with the milestone standing out white and distinct against the dark hedge. MacLeish stopped.

"There by that stone, on that night, stood Fergus MacLeish. I saw him as clearly as I see you now. He held out his hand, and said: 'Welcome! we are waiting for you, Caolchairn.' His face was clear in the moonlight. It was the face of a dead man."

"I don't believe a word of it," I said energetically, to assure myself I was not frightened.

"Do as you please," said MacLeish coldly.

"It was evident," I reasoned, taking counsel with myself, "that poor MacLeish's brain had become diseased; living all his life in a bogie-ridden Highland stronghold, in an atmosphere of Gælic superstition. He would be better without Alistor hovering about him and ministering to his fancies, and I must do my best to drag him into society. He certainly hates the sight of his fellow-creatures as much as any man I know." Accordingly, next day, instead of our usual secluded seat on the shingle, by a deserted Martello tower, I suggested that we should take our books to the parade, studying in public being a Cinqhaven fashion.

"Where's the parade? I've never seen it yet," he remarked. I marched him eastwards forthwith. It was half-past twelve on a bright autumn morning, the sun was shining, the sea dancing, bevies of pretty children rollicking on the shingle, and three of the prettiest girls in Cinqhaven taking a brisk turn after bathing. The prettiest bowed to me, and looked as if we might come and talk to her if we liked; but all that MacLeish said was: "It was a bad place for working and that he wanted to go to the town and buy some red ink."

"This way," I said. "You don't mean to say you've not been down the Lady's Avenue?"

We turned through a gate into the cool shade of some pollard elms that made a bowery walk across some low lying meadows to the town. "Some dead-and-gone country lady—bless her considerate soul—planted this grove and bequeathed it to the town. It is the prettiest thing in Cinqhaven."

"The town doesn't seem to appreciate it," said MacLeish. "It has been let go to the bad. These trees want thinning and some young ones planted in those gaps——"

"The Mayor and corporation are awaking to a sense of their duties, I see," I said presently. "They are actually breaking up the ground and getting fresh earth in. I suppose it's twenty years since it was last done—and it will be twenty more before it's done again."

MacLeish did not answer; he seized my arm suddenly and pointed with outstretched finger to the last elm of the avenue.

"There!" he gasped, "he is there again."

I saw nothing but two wheelbarrows, a plank and two spades sticking upright in the newly broken earth.

"Hold up!" I said. "Don't faint here, for Heaven's sake!" and I shook him roughly. He looked at me vacantly, and I hurried him on. Presently he passed his hand across his eyes and drew a deep breath.

"My grave—or his!" he muttured.

He said no more till we reached the barracks, when he turned to me quite calmly and collectedly. "Laugh as you will—it can do no harm. I have seen him again. The third time will be the last." And he closed his door gently upon me.

I hadn't a chance of making many friends of the Cinqhaven residents, sociable and agreeable as they were, and was pleasantly surprised to meet some Welsh friends, established in one of the Parade houses for the season. They were a gay, hospitable set, with half a dozen pretty daughters, and as many sons, all holiday-making as hard as they could. Something was always going on at the Pryse-Davieses, and I and many of my friends were made cordially welcome at any time. I conveyed numerous invitations to MacLeish—all politely but firmly declined. A picnic to Eastcliff Bay—a boating party up the river to Lynas Castle—an afternoon dance; finally a seat on the drag to Northwold races.

On our return from our walk up the avenue, I found yet another of Miss Winnie Pryse-Davies' pretty little notes lying on my table, and a second addressed to Captain A. MacLeish.

"A dance after the races! Bless the girls, what constitutions they have! Is it worth while bothering MacLeish to go, I wonder? What can make them so crazy to cultivate his acquaintance?"

I gave no encouragement to Miss Winnie's hopes of his acceptance when I met her on the Parade that evening.

"Such a shame!" she said. We want you all to come in uniform. It will make the room look so much better. Yours is lovely, I know—but a Highland dress?"

"Well there are some 93d men here. Shall I bring them?"

"O, as many as you can, by all means, but I had set my heart on your Highland chief." Here three more Miss Pryse-Davieses hurried up, excitedly and delightedly. "He's coming, Winnie! Here's the note!"

I could fairly believe my eyes.

"Why not?" said MacLeish to me that night. "I've been very ungracious to your kind friends. Let me off the races, and I'll be as civil as you please all the evening. Next Friday, is it? Well, I hope they won't make a late affair of it. I'm going to shoot in the match on Saturday."

So it befel that on Friday evening a resplendent figure presented itself in my room. Caolchairn in full war paint.

"Why, you are as bejeweled as an old dowager going to Court," said I, gazing on him with respectful admiration. "You'd be worth something if you were melted down! MacLeish laughed merrily. He was in high spirits, as excited as any school-girl at the prospect of a dance, asked me no end of questions about the Miss Pryse-Davieses, and made me solemnly promise him introductions to all of them.

"By the way, I ought to have some money with me," I said as we passed through the barrack gate. "We may want a cab home."

"Nonsense; it's a splendid night; besides, I've plenty." And he drew out his purse as he stood under the lamp. "No, it's all gold; what a nuisance!"

I noticed a pair of hungry eyes gleaming out of the darkness as he poured the money back, and saw a ragmuffin figure move slowly off. "Lucky there's two of us," I thought.

It was a brilliant little dance. The rooms were pretty and gaily decorated, the local confectioner had surprised himself in the supper, and the Pryse-Davies girls looked as fresh and bright as if they had not passed a whole day under a broiling sun on the race-course.

"Is this wise?" I asked Miss Winnie, as we stood in the open French window of the dining-room, that looked on to the Parade.

"What, the open air? O, it never does me any harm; and the moon is rising so exquisitely."

There was a small enclosure in front of the house, and over the dwarf wall a crowd of shabby-looking people were gazing in at the brilliantly-lighted room.

"I'll send two of the men round to order them off," she said.

The last that departed looked round at me with the curious eager eyes I had seen before.

Meanwhile the fun was becoming rather fast and furious. They were getting up reels. One of the Highland officers had brought his bagpipes, on which the miscreant was a distinguished amateur performer. MacLeish was one of the noisiest and gayest there. I could hardly recognize the proud, reserved boy I knew. The Pryse-Davieses were bewitched with him and he with them.

"What has come to you, MacLeish? I asked, when I came upon him, sitting in a dark corner alone, his face buried in his hands. He looked up with a queer, wild smile.

"I'm not mad, Jones, or melancholy, I'm fey; that's what it is."

"Come home now, there's a good fellow; it's past two, and you wanted to be early."

"Not a bit of it! I've a waltz with Miss Winnie and half a dozen other dances to dispose of."

The other men departed by degrees, but MacLeish stayed on to the last and I with him.

I might have left him, but some instinct detained me. At last we took leave.

Our shortest way home was through the Lady's avenue and I took it without reflection. Half way through the grove MacLeish stopped. He had forgotten some nonsensical commission for one of the girls.

"I'll overtake you," he said. "I must go back."

I was too provoked with him to argue, but walked on, then sat down in the gloom on an overturned wheelbarrow and waited.

Some one passed me a few minutes later. He was in the full light of the moon, and I recognized the same shabby figure I had seen twice before—a young broad-shouldered, slouching rough. He seemed to disappear suddenly behind one of the trees as a footstep approached and MacLeish's voice was heard singing a waltz tune. I caught a glimpse of his Glengarry and plaid as he crossed a streak of moonlight, and the next moment heard a sudden exclamation. There came a scuffle—blows—and before I could reach them a heavy fall—a groan.

MacLeish was on his knees struggling to rise, held down in the grasp of a fallen man. He shook him off as I got up, and staggered to a tree, against which he leant panting and breathless.

"He tried to garotte me, and when I managed to twist out of his hands, dealt me a heavy blow on the head. I only struck him once, in self-defence. Is he damaged?"

I turned the fallen man over on his back. He lay still. I dragged him to moonlight.

"MacLeish! He's dead."

But MacLeish had dropped on his knees beside him and was gazing into the dead face with as face as ghastly.

"Fergus! Fergus MacLeish! Have we met? At last!"

He rose, perfectly panic-stricken. It was his cousin, he was assured, and indeed the likeness would have convinced me of the fact, without the additional evidence of the marked eyelid.

MacLeish was distraught with terror. It was murder he had done; he should die a felon's death. Nothing I could say would reassure him.

"Leave him here. Who's to know anything about him?" I said at last. "Society is well rid of him. What on earth are you going to do now?"

He had seized one of the pickaxes left by the laborers, and was digging in fierce haste under the last elm tree.

"His grave was to be here," he said. "He came to show me the spot."

I suppose it was a mad thing to do, but seeing him resolved, I turned to with the spade and helped him. The earth being newly laid, was light and easily moved, and we soon made a trench deep enough for a grave. Then we laid the body gently down, and shoveled the earth in with feverish haste. The broad, staring moon showed every pebble on the pathway, every stray leaf on the earth. We removed all traces of the struggle, replaced the tools, and hurried home in utter silence.

MacLeish held out his hand without speaking, as he stopped at his own door. I took it without hesitation. I am glad to remember that. He fixed his wild woeful eyes on me for a moment and then hurried away. I was too excited and horror-stricken to think, and I lay down, dreading the hours that had to pass before the morning. Strange to say, I slept quietly and seamlessly far into the next day, and when I awoke I could not realize the tragedy in which I had taken part.

"I've dreamed it all," I kept saying to myself; and a dream is soon forgotten. I'll go and have a swim and then see if the Pryse-Davies girls are out on the Parade. It must be all a nightmare. Still, persuade myself as I might there were two things I could not do; pass down the avenue, or face MacLeish.

Where was he, I asked his servant. Gone to the ranges. I would go and meet the party returning. It would be best to get the first meeting over in public. I walked quietly along the pretty country lane, listening for the well-known crack of the rifles. All was silent. Then at a turn of the road, I came suddenly upon a dozen figures or so walking slowly and silently. Four of them bore a hurdle, on which lay something with an officer's cloak thrown over it.

"What is it?" I asked; though I knew beforehand what the very words of the reply were going to be somehow.

"Poor MacLeish! He was in the butts, and came out to look at the target; they had ceased firing at it. We were shooting at long range, and some one—I don't know who—fired at the wrong target. Shot through the heart—he dropped without a cry—stone dead."

I left Cinqhaven that night, and will never set foot there again as long as I live.—*The Argosy.*

A Thrilling Incident.

A Scandinavian immigrant gives the following account of a tragedy in the famous Lofoden mælstrom, his rustic pathos of the fiords doubtless being lost in the free translation of a Toronto reporter: "A few years ago on a delightful July evening, I saw a body of codfish rise by the edge of the whirlpool's outer circles, and immediately after the cod had risen a whale arose among them and spouted. The columns of spray blown up like a geyser attracted the attention of a small fishing boat not less than a half a mile distant and knowing that where the whale blew there was cod, they pulled toward the spot. In the boat was a pretty old man and his son, a lad of about sixteen. They had just come for the first time out to the Lofodens, and now pulled carelessly inside the circle. Their boat began to move slowly round, but they went on fishing unmindful of the motion. But the movement increased, as every moment the circle grew smaller and the swirl moved faster. At length the truth dawned upon the luckless old man and the boy. A faint scream of terror came over the water; they grasped their oars and pulled with desperation. But they were in the meshes. It seemed as if some fiend were dragging them to the vortex. For a time they held their own against the centerward force, but only for a while. The old man's strokes became less steady, so did the lad's. The latter again rallied, and was pulling with the desperation of dispair when his oar unshipped and fell over. In a moment it was carried away. Then the two set up a wild, piercing cry, put their hands up, praying to God for mercy—they could not expect deliverence. In a minute or two it was all over. The boat was whirled round and round, then her stern was seen to rise in the air, then, with all she contained, she disappeared forever."—*Omaha Bee.*

—Dr. Strother, a Kentucky lecturer, holds that the Garden of Eden was the Mississippi Valley, and that Noah's ark started from Manhattan Island.—*Chicago Herald.*

Shooting at Kings and Queens.

Shooting at Kings and Queens may be a pleasant pastime for those who pull the trigger, but it cannot be supposed to be very agreeable to the persons who are made the targets of these cranks and would-be assassins. The unsuccessful effort of MacLean, the other day, to end the life and reign of Queen Victoria, recalls the number of attempts that have been made upon her life during her most extraordinary and successful career, and lead to the inquiry whether the mania for Queen and King killing is to become epidemic, and the uneasy heads that wear crowns be made more uneasy by the consciousness that these same heads need to be constantly dodging the assassin's bullet.

Since her coronation in 1837 there have been no less than seven different attempts to take the life of Queen Victoria, but none of them was the result of a political conspiracy, nor were any of the villains inspired by political reasons, such as Guitean alleges actuated him in slaying President Garfield. Of the six persons who fired at the Queen before MacLean, or attempted to do so, only one was sentenced to be hanged, and that sentence the Queen afterwards commuted to banishment for life. The others were adjudged insane, or partially so, and their only punishment was confinement in prison for a term of years and being publicly whipped.

The fact that the Queen escaped unhurt in each and every instance had no doubt a great influence upon public opinion and upon juries, and the would-be assassins got off easier than they otherwise would if their aim had been more accurate and the Queen had suffered death. In that case there would have been less leniency shown the culprits, and the vengeance of the British people, who are sincerely attached to their sovereign, would have made short work with the assassins. Another reason for letting them off easily was that there was such pride in the popularity of the Queen's reign that it was deemed best to assume that no one but a crazy person could be dissatisfied with her. It must be admitted that Victoria's reign for over forty years has been so kind and beneficient that it has been in sharp and striking contrast with that of many of the blood-stained and cruel sovereigns who occupied the English throne before her. She has been a Queen only in name, and if the British Government has been the parent of certain evils and injustice toward Ireland and India, it has not been the fault of Victoria so much as the fault of the system that lies at the base of the national fabric.

But assassination in some of the other despotic countries of Europe, notably in Russia, means quite another thing, and the work of killing rulers is not undertaken by cranks who are simply intent upon a little notoriety. There the conspirators are terribly in earnest, and are resolved to have a change in the public administration of affairs, or perish in the attempt. The Government is also in ernel earnest, and no plea of insanity avails, or is allowed to stand between the culprit and his certain and inevitable doom. No doubt that the Russian people have long suffered grievances and abuses which they cannot endure much longer, and to get released from which they see no course open to them except that which leads over the grave of the Czar. Wendell Phillips declared on one occasion, when speaking of the death of the Russian Emperor, that if nothing could cure those tremendous evils but assassination, "then welcome the dagger."

Turning to our own country, where the Government is the most beneficent and mild that the wisdom of man has yet devised, one would naturally suppose that there would be no assassination for political reasons. But of the twenty-five Presidents who have held the office since the organization of the Government, two have already fallen victims to the bullet of the assassin—nor the result of a political conspiracy, not the outcome of a party plot, fostered and stimulated by partisan animosity, but the outcome, nevertheless, of political hatred. —*Chicago Journal.*

An Extraordinary Breach of Promise Suit.

Year after year Parliament has been urged to repeal the law prohibiting a widower's marriage with his deceased wife's sister; but the law still stands and involves many awkward complications. At the Liverpool assizes recently, before Baron Pollock, an action was brought by Anna Rowland, a domestic servant, to recover damages from Stephen Amer, a butcher in Watson Street, Birkenhead, for an alleged breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Mattinson and Mr. Dodd appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Segar for the defendant. Mr. Mattinson stated that the defendant, in 1877, lost his wife, and, the day after her funeral, asked the plaintiff, who was her sister, to come to his house and look after his children. She did so, and at the desire of the defendant, afterward gave up her situation and staid with him permanently, attending both to the children and the domestic affairs, as well as to the business. About three months after the death of his wife the defendant urged the plaintiff to marry him, but she declined on the ground that it was not seemly to entertain the proposal so early. Eight or nine months afterward, however, he renewed the offer, and the plaintiff then accepted him, and they became engaged. So completely did the defendant trust his affairs to her that she had all the control of the business, managing the shop, keeping the notes and cash, and collecting the accounts. After some further remarks from the learned counsel, the Judge asked if Mr. Mattinson admitted the fact of the plaintiff being the sister of the defendant's deceased wife. Mr. Mattinson said he could not deny the fact. His lordship then said that ended the case at once. A man can no more marry his deceased wife's sister than he could marry his grandmother. This was a matter of common knowledge, and when a man could not legally marry a woman he had promised to make his wife, there could not be an action for breach of promise of marriage.—*London Paper.*

—The famous Watkins Glen property, lying at the southern end of Seneca Lake, N. Y., was recently put up at auction to satisfy the claim of certain creditors and was bid in for the sum of $50,000 in the interest of the heirs of William C. Longstreth, of Philadelphia.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association has 1,000 members.

—The Forsyth Street Methodist Church of New York City celebrated its ninety-second anniversary recently.

—Mr. H. B. Bryant, who founded forty-eight business colleges in this country, has now an interest in only one.

—The Baptists of the United States are a large army, numbering 2,336,022 according to the Year Book, just published.

—Hereafter any teacher who accepts a present from pupils in the public schools of Hamilton, Ont., will be immediately dismissed.

—The present total value of the property of the University of Vermont is $285,000 and its yearly income is $21,000. During the past year it has received gifts amounting to $100,000.

—In Connecticut last year 1,634 public schools were in operation under the charge of 2,802 teachers in winter, and 2,783 in summer. The number of pupils receiving instructions was 119,499.

—The Protestant Christian Chinamen have been relieved from taxation for religious festivals in China. They number about 15,000. The Roman Catholics secured such exemption many years ago.

—The Rev. Robert Prout, of Charles County, Maryland, recently deceased, bequeathed $50,000 to the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society, and $20,000 to the Virginia Theological Seminary.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Trinity parish, in New York city, contains seven church buildings—Trinity, the mother church, and St. Paul's, St. John's, Trinity, St. Chrysostom's, St. Augustin's and St. Cornelius' Chapels.

—The class of '33 of Dartmouth College presents a notable instance of longevity. It graduated thirty-one members, and seventeen are still living, their average age being seventy-six years and six months. One of them is one of the present "twelve apostles" of the Mormons in Utah.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A clergyman in Scotland preached, a few Sundays ago, from the text: "If ye do not repent, ye shall likewise perish." The wife of a farmer who was present went home and told her husband the text was: "If you do not pay rent, you shall leave the parish."

—The adherents of the Scotch Church number 1,063,000; those of the Free, 790,000, and those of the United 474,000. Other non-established churches have 537,000, and absentees from all, 530,000. The population of Scotland is 3,394,000; the Established Church can claim only about a third of it.

—The new buildings of the Union Theological Seminary are in process of construction. They will be four: The James Dormitory, for which Mr. Willis James has given $100,000; the Morgan Library, for which ex-Governor Morgan gave $100,000, besides an equal amount for the purchase of lots; the Adams Chapel, to cost $50,000; and Jesup Hall, for which Mr. Morris K. Jesup has given $50,000. About $50,000 has been given for incidental expenses of building, and $150,000 more is needed. An addition to the endowment and a new Professorship are also needed.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Philadelphia man can so mesmerize people as to make them think water is whisky while they're drinking it. He is offered an enormous salary to come to Boston and tend bar.—*Boston Post.*

—The late Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware the Dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the Dog?"

—"Think I'd live in that building?" exclaimed the lady who ran a boarding house. "Not a bit of it! Why, all the doors fasten with bolts. There isn't a keyhole in the building."—*Boston Post.*

—The dreadfully mean Cleveland Press wants Anna Dickinson to assume the part of little Eva in a play—we forget the exact name—with respect to somebody's cabin.—*Elmira Free Press.*

—Jones says they haven't any fire department in their town, but he feels certain, from the frequency with which his step-ladder disappears, that there must be a hookin' ladder company somewhere about.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—Ode on Longfellow's birthday:

Goodness, gracious, sakes alive,
Longfellow's s-e-v-e-n-t-y-five!

(There was more of this, but it had to be cut out on account of an extraordinary press of reading matter in our columns.)
—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—The member of the New Hampshire Legislature who denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman Capitol" is now trying to get out of it by saying that he used "by Judas" as a sort of oath, just as he would say "by George" or "by Tunket." He says he knew well enough it was Hannibal who stabbed Cæsar.

—"The country will always be safe," says a contemporary, "while her citizens continue to take an interest in politics." This is true, and it is pleasant to observe that the interest of her citizens in politics continue unabated. And what more patriotic picture could one wish to look upon than that of a man discussing the tariff question in a corner grocery, while his wife at home, down in the cellar, is rasping her fingers splitting kindling wood?—*Somerville Journal.*

—"If," asked the client, "a man has his ox gored, can't he recover anything?" "Not in this court he can't," calmly replied the lawyer, pocketing his retainer, "he may have his socks gored, or cut bias, or made plain with a panier for the heel and flounces for the bunions; nobody can recover a cent from you for it. Make 'em as you like 'em." And the client went away and told his neighbors that lawyer Taketall was going crazy.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—One of Washington Irving's funny letters tells about a man who, in going home from a dinner party, at which he had taken too much wine, fell through an open grating into a vault beneath the sidewalk. He found the darkness and silence rather oppressive at first, but in the course of the evening several of the other guests fell in and, on the whole, they had a very pleasant night of it.—*Exchange.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A NARROW SQUEAK FOR NIAGARA.

[Oscar Wilde was at first disappointed with Niagara; he complained of its want of grandeur and variety of line, but he admitted that the colors of the falls were beautiful. Underneath the falls he realized their majesty and the strength of the physical forces at work.—*Morning Paper.*

Falls of Niagara? What shall I say to you?
What sort of view of your merits convey to you?
You have so many visitors awed
(Mostly inferior persons, no doubt of it,)
Shall I pronounce you successful or "out of it?
Are you consummate or are you a fraud?

Much as I fear that my hosts will be hurt if I
Cannot consent to your merits to ecstily.
Truth, which is quite to supremely divine,
May not be blinked without shameful implety;
Where, then, Niagara, where's your variety?
Where, my poor Falls, is your grandeur of line?

Must I decide that you scarcely have got any?
Must I remark on your pitiful monotony?
Must I—since thus you continue to thrust
Water in floods on one senses incessantly?
Animadvert on this feature unpleasantly?
Worthy cascade, I'm afraid that I must.

Tell me, too, pray, is that curve satisfactory?
Are not those bowlders perceptibly packed away?
Is not the water a trifle to flat?
Look to the left of it, look to the right of it,
Look at the breadth as compared with the height of it;
Is there no room for improvement in that?

Still you *have* points which may serve you redeemingly—
Points which have won you your worshipers seemingly,
Since even I can allow their delight;
What though your curves may be molded less graciously,
Yet is your color distinctly too preciously
Toned into harmonies utterly right.

Ay, and in sooth at your stream when I took again
(More, when I enter that galleried nook again)
Something of majesty now do I note.
Nor can I question the force that is dashing you
Over the precipice, not to say splashing you
Over my wonderful fur-collared coat.

Yes, after all you may win the æsthetical
Judgment by—ha! the syllabus poetical!
Quick! the inn-album at once if you please!
Hark to that roar, as of mighty democracy
Beating the shore of effete aristocracy
Where the vain monarchs lie snoozing at ease."

Courage, Americans! closed is the ordeal,
Judged is the cause, and with sympathy cordial
Here I announce my decision to you.
Justly yet kindly can I in this matter act,
Lo! I approve of you, fortunate cataract;
Falls of Niagara! pass! you will do.
—*St. James Gazette.*

SNOWDROP.

The twilight gathers quickly and still the snow falls as it has been doing all the afternoon.

Hurrying homeward I catch glimpses of pleasant rooms 'twixt the lighting of the gas and the closing of the curtains; rooms with ruddy fires, beautiful pictures, books and flowers; rooms with groups of children at the windows to watch the first great fall of snow.

Thinking of my own cozy home, where wife is waiting for me, I nearly tip over two children—boy and girl—and exclaim:

"Well, my boy, I didn't intend to tumble over you! The snow is coming fast and you'd better be home with your little sister."

A poor wan face with great earnest eyes looked up into mine for a moment; then he moved along with the little girl by his side.

Her eyes? I looked closer—yes—*Blind.*

The little red shawl was drawn tightly around her, and the tiny hand was drawn through the arm of her protector.

Very gently he led her.

"Where are we going to-night, Ralph?"

"I don't know, little Snowdrop; God will take care of us—mother said so. May be we can sleep on some doorstep. I'd keep you warm with my coat, but may be the angels would take you from me, and then, Showdrop—I'd die."

"No, Ralph, you wouldn't. You'd live and grow up to be a man. But, Ralph, I'd like to live with you now that mother has gone. You'd be so lonesome without your little Snowdrop. No, Ralph, God will let me live for you if I am blind."

"If you are blind," he said, impetuously, "you are my little Snowdrop, and I cannot spare you. Mother gave you to me, and you are mine, *Mine*, my own wee Snowdrop."

It so happened that being called out that night, (we doctors are sent for at all hours) on the steps of the "brown stone front" I stumbled over what seemed a huge snowball, yet—how is it this intuitive knowlege comes to us?—I knew it was not a snowball, and stooping down I found the children I had met a few hours ago.

Wrapped in his coat she lay in her brother's arms. Poor child, how wan he looked as we took him in! And she—ah! was it possible that she could live?

Slowly the color came back to her lips. With what a sigh the spirit entered into the clay and made it *life*. (Where had the spirit been, meantime?) Quick gasping sighs, then sleep, blessed sleep.

Very patiently we worked over the boy. Would those large wistful eyes never look into mine again? It seemed not, and I had to go up to my patient, who could not be kept waiting any longer. But by and by I came down to find the servants still rubbing away.

"Shure, sur, an' there's not a speck of loife in the chile," said the soft-hearted Irish cook, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

I bent over and thought there was a scarcely perceptible flutter of the little heart. A gasp! Yes, life and consciousness were coming back.

At last those wondrous eyes opened:

"Snowdrop! oh my Snowdrop!" he cried, starting up.

We laid her there—rosy and warm in her sleep—by his side.

"Snowdrop, I thought we went to heaven and——"

Sleep had come and the two were saved.

"Shure, sur," said the cook, "an' they shall sleep in me own bed the night."

So the children were carried up stairs and tucked in the cook's bed and I went home.

Next morning I found my little folks warm and rosy in the kitchen with the cook.

My own house was a little quaint, and old-fashioned, but wife and I loved it more than we could have done any stately mansion on Fifth Avenue.

But it was a *quiet* house.

The reason?

Perhaps, some day, wife will let you peep at her treasures. She keeps them in a drawer. Only a little torn hat, a whistle, a drum, a pair of shoes. Well, our house wasn't always quiet, and wife was merrier in those days. Our boy would have been nearly old enough for college, now.

I took the children home to see wife, and her soft motherly heart leaped up when she saw them.

Peeping into the sitting-room just before going out, I heard Ralph, with eyes lit up, telling about: "My mother, my beautiful mother."

"She used to do the sewing for the stores all the day long, and often through the night. But they would hardly pay anything, and sometimes we had no dinner or supper till the work was taken home. She looked so beautiful then, because, in the afternoon the roses came into her cheeks and stayed all the evening. But in the morning she was pale, oh, so pale!

"One day mother went out to take some work home. It was cold and windy and we had had nothing to eat all day. At last she came back with bread and tea, and wood and coal for a fire. The basket of wood and coal was heavy, and I did not know she had it until she set it down on the floor and sat down by the window. 'Ralph?' she called. I sprang to answer, but there was mother with a handkerchief to her mouth. O, mother mine!"

"I called the neighbors but they could do nothing, only one ran for the doctor and came back without him."

"I did all there was to do. I would not let them touch her. She was *my* mother. I chafed her hands until at last she opened her eyes, then her lips moved and she whispered: 'Snowdrop,' 'Ralph,' and I cried:

"O mother we are here! Please don't go! O mother, live! O mother, mine, live! But only a quick quiver came over her face, and her hand sought for Snowdrop."

"I put her hand on Snowdrop's golden curls, for she seemed to grope in darkness."

"'Ralph,' she whispered, 'take—care—of—Snowdrop—and—God—keep—yo—my—chil——'"

"She could not finish the word."

"'Ralph!'"

"I bent over her, but only heard a long, low sigh."

"They took us children away, and then they buried mother in a big graveyard,

"One of the women in a room next to ours took us, but they were poor, and I, though I sought for work, could get none. They said I was too young and turned away. And yesterday Mrs. Burn's husband came home drunk, and he knocked my little Snowdrop over, because she was blind and could not see to get out of his way. Then he cursed her, and I just went up and struck him. He ordered us out, and we went into the street just as the snow was beginning to fall, and we walked till we were so tired, and we thought we'd sleep on the doorstep.

"We went up that fine street because we knew rich people lived there, and I was telling Snowdrop about the beautiful rooms we could see into when the gas was lit."

I forgot my patients as I listened to the boy's story. But when I saw the little birdie safe asleep on wife's lap and her arm about Ralph, then I went on my round.

I had a long round that day and it was late when I reached home. When I did I saw a brighter light in wife's eyes than for many a day, and a flush on her cheeks as if she were growing young again.

The children were off to bed and wife took me up to look at them. Ralph turned over and murmured: "Snowdrop."

After tea wife came to her place on my knee, just as in the old honeymoon days, and I knew what was coming. But she didn't say a word, only looked straight into the fire, and I, looking closer, saw the tears gathered in her eyes. So I didn't wait for her to ask, but said:

"Yes, we'll keep them."

Then the tears ran over and she turned and kissed me; but she could not speak for the quivering of her lips and I knew she was thinking of Frankie in Heaven.

The children stayed: the house grew brighter and wife younger as the years sped on.

Ralph has grown to be a man and my practice will fall into his hands. Wife says he won't marry, his heart is so bound up in Snowdrop. But—perhaps—well, there is no knowing.

We cannot spare Snowdrop, for she knows the old home from garret to basement. Who would sing and play for us in the evenings, and warm my slippers, and do all the other things she does for wife and me? No, we couldn't spare our sunshine, our sweet spring flower, *our* Snowdrop.—*Golden Rule.*

Ridiculous Fears.

One of the most curious things in the newspaper literature of the present day is the fierce opposition shown by certain English journals to the French proposition to construct a railway tunnel under the English channel from Calais to Dover. Labored articles, columns in length, are published every week against the project, which the innocent reader is asked to believe to be one of the most wicked and dangerous that was ever conceived. The measure is opposed not, as might be supposed, because it is regarded impracticable, useless, or too costly, but solely on the ground of public safety. It is seriously and elaborately argued that the tunnel once opened would increase the chances of a hostile invasion of English soil by France! Anyone but but a thick-headed Briton would want no better trap for an invading foe than to get him in an underwater tunnel some twenty miles in length, with a little corps of sappers and miners at one end of it. The predicament in which Pharaoh and his hosts found themselves was nothing compared to the fix in which the invaders could be placed in consequence. Yet Johnny Bull persistently refuses to take this view of the case, and stubbornly insists that the work shall not be done, for the reason stated above, no matter how much benefit it might be before a war occurs between the two countries. —*Washington Post.*

Training Young Horse Stock.

A young horse can be educated to a degree proportionate with his natural intelligence, and his tractability, as a rule, will be in the ratio of his breeding. If he is highly bred, of any breed, whether Trotter, Percheron, or Clydesdale, the chances are that he will be more susceptible to training than if of what is understood to be scrub origin. This is owing in part to that progress made by animals under domestication—progress in refinement of form, and certain other tendencies and acquirements which all educated breeders aim to fix. Men and children, by constantly coming in contact with those of better tone and more refined sentiments, imbibe these qualities to a degree and their natures are improved. So it is with colts reared by men who are engaged in growing the better classes of stock, they usually get more intelligent handling than when in other hands, hence become more thoroughly domesticated.

When we consider how few horses there are, (leaving out the old plow and team horses, accustomed all their lives to having the whiffletrees striking against their heels), that will permit the cross-bar or anything else to come against their hind legs when in harness, we may well wonder why the prominent lessons from colthood up are not as they should be to secure safety behind the horse's heels, under nearly every conceivable circumstance. The disposition to kick is implanted in most animals that have the round hoof, and in some whose hoofs are cleft. Especially does the horse look to his heels as his best and most reputable mode of defence. To kick, under circumstances where defence is thought necessary, is allowable in the horse; nor does he lose caste by this indulgence, if the provocation is great. But the horse that strikes with his forefeet, or uses his teeth—and where they do one of these things they are quite likely to do both—takes a low rank, and is a veritable hyena among horses. As a rule, the horse showing, from his colthood up, a disposition to bite and strike, will prove, under ordinary care and handling, partially at least, beyond the reach of kindly tutorship.

But the animal that, not having been fortified against such sudden surprises by previous training, shows a disposition to protect himself from anything that strikes him unexpectedly in the rear, is merely carrying out a warrantable instinct. Against this tendency to surprise, we have it entirely in our power to fortify him. This can be done by a series of lessons, and they may begin when he is a young colt. Yet, they may be deferred till he is of sufficient age to be handled in harness. Perhaps the best way to familiarize the colt with the harness is to place this upon him while he is in his stall. In order to accustom him to work up to the collar, before hitching him to the wagon, harness him in his stall; hook his tugs to a whiffletree; attach a rope to this, running over a pulley or roller; append a heavy weight to the free end of the rope, and so adjust the fixtures that when the colt goes forward to the manger, or feed box, he will tighten the tugs and lift the weight. In this exercise, the pressure against the collar will become associated with his hay and grain and it will be found that the association is by no means an unpleasant one. So adjust the whiffletree—and let it be a very light one—that when the colt backs to the limit permitted by his halter, the whiffletree will come in contact with his heels. Be careful that he is accustomed to this, at first, in your presence, every precaution being taken to avoid a sudden surprise, involving a response from his heels.

It is of the utmost importance that he become accustomed to permit some unusual substance to dangle against his heels, that he may, in the future, permit this without kicking. This he certainly will do if the lesson is given to him with discretion, not alone in the manner stated, but by a progressive plan, out of the stable. It will very rarely be necessary to show the colt, if he is of reasonably fair temper, that the master is his superior, physically, through the means of appliances that he uses upon him. If his duties are taught him through kindly lessons, and not through putting them before him in the light of a series of punishments, by making him draw a load, when, perhaps, his breast or muscles are sore, even making the lesson impressive by the use of the lash, the colt of average intelligence and docility will take hold of his work willingly.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Domestic Tanning.

Tanning hides is a simple matter, but it requires experience to become an expert. The old way was packing in clay ditches, and in modern times packing in vats. I use molasses casks in place of vats. Take of quick lime one quart to each pail of water enough to cover the hides. Let them remain in this three or four days or until the hair comes off easily, stirring up once a day; then remove the hair and flesh with the knife (the point hail of an old scythe is the best substitute;) then soak the skins in clear water for two days. Now take of hen manure one quart to each pail of water and soak the skins in it from three to four days. Scrape every day while in the hen manure on both sides. All skins must be soaked soft in clear water before liming. Fresh skins just taken off are the best for the amateur. Now put your skins in a weak solution of hemlock or oak bark, at first weak and stronger after a while. The bark will have to be cut or broken up to get the strength out. No iron must be used as it will blacken and spoil the leather. This will take from one to six months. It must be aired every day and the solution changed as soon as the strength is out. This you may know by the white scum rising and other symtoms of fermentation. This is the true way to tan for boots, harness or heavy ware.

The next way is to use the common sumach leaves. June or July is the best time to gather them, but any time before frost will do. Dry in the shade, then pulverize as fine as you can. Treat the hides the same as in the above, except use the sumach leaves in place of the hemlock or oak bark. Airing twice a day, night and morning, will take from one to three weeks, according to the strength of liquor and thickness of hide. This is the way that I tan all skins for gloves, mittens, etc.

For strings, whips and like purposes, oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) one ounce; salt, one pint; milk, three quarts. Dip the skin first into soft water, milk-warm, with saleratus one ounce to the gallon of water. Work for ten or fifteen minutes, then put into the vitriol mixture and stir constantly for forty or fifty minutes; then rinse and soak thoroughly and dry slowly, working often while drying.

For furs I use the vitriol recipe because shorter and easier. Remove all flesh and grease; then tack on a board, flesh side out; wash with the saleratus, then with the vitriol compound; then take off the board and soak and wash well in cold water, and dry slowly in the shade. An airy cellar is the best to dry in. Be sure and not use too much vitriol. To remove grease from fur rub with coarse wheat flour. Oil the skins tanned with the hair off on the flesh side when taken from the vats; if you like, smooth off with glass first. These recipes are good ones if properly followed. I know, for I have practised for years all the above.—*N. Y. World.*

Early Chickens.

To be successful in raising early chicks, it is not only necessary to have a good location and a house properly constructed but it is also necessary to possess an interest in the business sufficient to insure constant watchfulness. A dry, sandy or gravelly soil, with nothing to obstruct the rays of the sun is important. As no artificial heat can be made equal to that generated by the sun, the house should be located and constructed with the view of getting all of the sun's rays possible. While the cold north wind should be shut out, the house should be so located and constructed as to be easily ventilated. While the little chicks may be chilled by strong blasts of cold air, there is quite as much danger of killing them with hot, confined air. After the chicks are three or four days old, they should have fresh air a portion of every day, but the hen should not be permitted to run at large. She should be confined in a small house, made light by having the walls principally of glass. Some fresh air should be let in, even in the coldest weather, and when the weather is not very cold, fresh air should have free access. It is more important to keep the chicks dry than to keep them warm, therefore in damp, rainy weather they should not be permitted to go outside of the covered house; but in dry weather when the thermometer is not below forty degrees, they will improve by letting them out in the fresh air, providing the hen is kept in. The chicks will not go beyond her call, and will frequently return to the house.

The health of the chicks is the most important thing to look after. This can only be obtained by giving them plenty of light and sunshine, pure air, not too cold, and food that is adapted to their age. Fine ground meal should always be given with caution. It is much better to have the corn only cracked. Millet seed in small quantities is good, hay seed and weep seed, that settles to the bottom of the hay mow, furnishes a variety of food, and keeps both the hen and the chicks busy. Care should be taken not to overfeed, for food that is kept before the chicks several days becomes unhealthy. Soft bones pounded fine make an excellent food, but should be fed only in limited quantities. The same may be said of fresh meat. A variety of food should be given, and care taken not to cloy the appetite of any one of them.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

French Field Mice.

Darwin's now familiar paradox, that the fertilization of certain flowers may depend upon the number of cats in their neighborhood, has an illustration now in France, where it may even be carried a step further. Any observer who knows the French rural districts well must be struck by the immense number of mouseholes which may be seen in some places. The surface of the ground at times has quite the appearance of a network of little burrows, where it would be impossible for one of the field-bees required for the fertilization of Mr. Darwin's flowers to find a secure spot for its nest. In the Department of the Aisne alone it has just been calculated by a special Commission that these field-mice have cost the farmers no less than thirteen million francs. The climate seems to be especially favorable to these creatures; and, the population being sparse, the number of cats is few, and the mice increase and multiply beyond belief. Arsenic has been tried in the open, but the hares and rabbits get killed first; and now the plan adopted is to construct heaps or small stacks of straw, to which the mice resort in myriads. These heaps are placed partly below the level of the ground, and securely packed and covered in; being first stored with poisoned beetroot, turnips, and carrots. This plan is said to be succeeding well, and without harm to the hares and rabbits.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

To Cleanse a Soiled Chamois Leather.

Many workshops contain a dirty wash leather, which is thrown aside and wasted for the want of knowing how to clean it. Make a solution of weak soda and warm water, rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and allow it to remain in soak for two hours, then rub it well until it is quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda and yellow soap. It must not be rinsed in water only, for then it would be so hard, when dry, as to be unfit for use. It is the small quantity of soap left in the leather that allows the finer particles of the leather to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing, wring it well in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leathers. In using a rough leather to touch up highly polished surfaces it is frequently observed to scratch the work; this is caused by particles of dust, and even hard rouge, that are left in the leather, and if removed by a clean rough brush it will then give the brightest and best finish, which all good workmen like to see on their work.—*Scientific American.*

—Oranges Preserved in Syrup.—Remove the peel and seeds from some oranges, cut them in slices, boil them for a considerable time in strong sirup, and preserve them in pots or glasses.

—The Young Men's Lyceum of Danielsville, Windham County, Conn., has decided, after a thorough discussion, that men are not stronger, mentally, than women.

For Young Readers.

ASKING WHY.

The very oddest boy I know
Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow,
And his brave, bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very strange boy is asking why,
From the time that morning paints the sky
Till the sleepless stars look out on high:

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky?
It has no wings, and yet it can fly—
And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good?
Is it always naughty to do as you would?
And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud, and why did it burst?
This bird was an egg, and which came first,
The egg or the bird? and how was it nursed?

What is the wind? and where does it stay;
When it hushes itself and creeps away?
Is it crying or singing? and what does it say?

Why does the sun sleep back of the trees
At home when in summer he takes his ease
All night in the rocking bed of the seas?

Why is it bad for boys to fight?
And for soldier-men so brave and right?
Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,
And the apple trees do the work for all
With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great, strong gentleman ride
In a carriage, pretty, and soft and wide,
And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry;
But I'll tell you a secret, deep and high:
The grown-up children keep asking why.

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair
Beyond the stars and the star-lit air
For men and women and Robin Adair.

—*Fannie E. Robinson, in Wide Awake.*

UNSELFISH.

"Look out for number one, my boy," said his father, as the baby held up his bread-and-milk for mamma to eat.

"That's what he never will do," laughed mamma. "He'd far rather look out for number two. Not a spoonful will he take till he holds it up for me to taste."

Just as mamma had taken her sip, baby caught sight of papa's curling beard and laughing eyes. Holding up the spoon to him, he made a little coaxing sound.

"The generous darling!" said mamma. "Number two and number three both come before number 'one in your arithmetic; don't they, baby?"

"We'll name him 'Number One,'" said aunty, from her easy-chair in the corner; and ever after that she playfully called him "Number One," although he soon had another name. Aunty had a way of proving that her choice of a name was a good one however. For, as baby grew older, his father was continually repeating the saying: "Look out for number one;" but it was with a proud feeling that his boy never could be selfish after all. He was so forgetful of self that he always thought of all other numbers before number one.

He chopped kindlings for mamma as cheerfully as if it were the best fun in the world; and often and often he scoured the knives, or even washed the dishes, if she did not feel well. He helped papa in many other ways. His sick aunty called herself "number four," for she came in for a large share of his loving thoughtfulness.

As Number One grew older, he had a darling baby sister, number five. Then, by-and-by, came number six and seven—another sister and a brother.

How could Number One look out for himself, when there began to be so many other numbers?

He kept finding out new numbers, too. There were Grandpa and Grandma Gray, Grandma Eaton, and aunts, uncles and cousins—so many that, when he counted the numbers, they went all the way from number eight to number forty-seven. He did not see them all every day, to be sure; in fact, some of them lived so far away that the visits were few and far between. But when they did meet, they were all sure to feel very soon that Number One was not looking out for himself, but wished rather to make them happy.

Number Forty-eight was poor old Darby, who had to sit in his chair from morning till night, year in and year out—poor, lame and blind! How Number One did delight to carry him a pailful of mother's broth, and perhaps sit and read a psalm to comfort him!

By-and-by he was strong enough to shovel snow for Miss Patty, who lived in the lane close by, or to dig up her little patch of a garden in springtime. So aunty called her Number Forty-nine.

Then there were numbers fifty and fifty-one—Tom Hanson and his little brother. They had never asked to their names. How could Number One help lending them his for a ride every other time? True, Dick Jones and Jack Harvey didn't lend theirs; but perhaps they didn't think. Yet, somehow, Number One did think, and he couldn't enjoy his all by himself, seeing the little fellows look on with such hungry eyes.

And so the numbers kept adding up day after day, and year after year. At first, aunty kept account to amuse herself in her weary hours of sickness; but by-and-by there were so many that she gave it up.

"I believe there never was a more unselfish boy," she said; "and he's the happiest boy I know of, too."

The numbers counted up pretty fast when Number One grew to be a man; for he was married, and had boys of his own. But he often thought how much he should love a little daughter; and he soon found out a way to add two new numbers to his list. A poor woman died, leaving twin girlies without father or mother, and Number One adopted them. He took them to his home, where his wife was all ready to welcome them. The twins were old enough to remember their own dear mamma; but before long they found that they loved their new mamma and papa just as much. Their names were Catherine and Tabitha; but their new papa called them Kitty and Pussy, for short. In a few years they were old enough to go to boarding-school.

When they came home for their first vacation, they found that papa had added a new number—a splendid great tabby-cat, with yellow eyes. He had been sent out to sail on the harbor in a basket, by some cruel boy; and their papa, standing on the wharf, had heard him crying, and saved him from a watery grave.

"I've named him Moses," he said, "because I took him from the water. He pays me well by catching mice."

The next day was papa's birthday, and Kitty and Pussy each had a gift for him. As they were talking them over together, Kitty said: "The trouble is, Puss, I always want to do something my very own self for papa. He's so good to us, and to everybody. I do believe everybody loves him. Even Moses purrs on his knee, and catches mice for him; but all we can do is to buy something for him with the money that he gives us."

"Oh no!" said Pussy, "that isn't all. We can try to please him every day, and I'm sure he will understand from that how much we love him."

"But then I want to say it somehow, and not just act it out," said Kitty. "Oh! I know what I'll do, I'll write him a birthday note."

Half an hour after, Pussy was just putting the last stitch in the pretty watch-hook which was to be her gift, when Kitty held out the note for her to read.

"That's nice," said Pussy. "And I'll add a little."

Then they folded the note, wrote upon the outside, "For Papa's Birthday," and placed it with their gifts under his plate at table. When he opened it, he read:

"We stood alone upon the wharf;
A wail came o'er the water.
'Can that be Moses' voice?' he cried.
'Then I'll play Pharaoh's daughter.'
And lightly springing to a boat,
He rowed to reach the casket.
But lo! 'twas only tabby-cat,
In cast-off butchers' basket.
Now tabby-cats catch mice and rats—
Thus daily doth Moses;
But Kitty Cat, who can't do that,
Her love in rhyme discloses,
With many sincere pur-r-rs, KITTY CAT."

"Next Pussy Cat, with grateful pur-r-rs,
A birthday greeting adds to hers;
And wishes every day to fly
To show her love. So now good-bye.
Purringly, PUSSY CAT."

When papa first began to read he smiled, but soon the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around both little daughters, and told them how sure he was that they loved him as he loved them.

Say, boys and girls, would you wish to be loved by every one? Then don't be so careful to look out for number one, but think of the other numbers first.—*Lilian Payson, in S. S. Times.*

"Faithful in Little."

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm 'most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard, and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. "Why do you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books, tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different; nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma," said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'

"And once he said to a man: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning."—*Pansy.*

One of Guiteau's "Admirers."

A woman signing herself Clara Augusta Davis, of Hoboken, N. J., wrote thirteen pages to Guiteau telling him that if money could get him out of jail, she would free him. She also sent him a picture of a handsome, intelligent woman, addressed to "my poor, dear, persecuted friend." She told her feelings for him, and described her fainting away when the verdict was announced. Scoville with some trouble hunted her up, and found that she only wanted Guiteau's replies as souvenirs. So he withheld her letter from the assassin, who, when he heard of it, by means of another letter from her, was furious, and when Scoville entered his cell began abusing him violently.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Queen Victoria's monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield has been erected in the Hughenden Church. It bears the following: "This memorial is placed here by a grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria. 'The Kings love him that speaketh right.'"

—According to the Philadelphia *Record*, fifty tons of mud are passed daily through the water-pipes of the city. This gives each resident a pound of solid matter in his water every week. The tax-payers will probably object to this method of improving the navigation of the upper Schuylkill.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, was assassinated by a member of his own gang of robbers, in his house at St. Joseph, Missouri, Monday morning.

Richard T. Merrick, Esq., of Washington, has been secured by the Attorney General to take the place in the Star Route cases, which was occupied by himself before he was appointed Attorney General.

It is believed that more oats, wheat and corn have been planted in Georgia this season than in any previous year since the war. Georgia has given her Southern neighbors more than one useful lesson in enterprise and independence, but none more essential to the welfare of the South than the importance of diversified agriculture.

The Lancaster *Examiner* asks: "How would Randall and Watterson—a protection head and a free-trade tail—do for the Democratic ticket in 1884? This arrangement, with a platform based on, the Hancock theory of the 'tariffs a local issue,' would seem to let in a gleam of hope on the sombre situation."

It is estimated that the expenses of the present session of the Legislature will not be more than $90,000—a saving of $38,000 on the cost of the preceding session. The Democracy have been forced into this retrenchment by the active and intelligent opposition which has confronted them at every step. Instead of reducing the expenses $38,000 the Ring would have increased them that much and pocketed the proceeds if it had dared to do so. The taxpayers of Maryland must place this $38,000 to the credit of the Republican party.—*Belair Times.*

Gov. Hamilton Expresses His Opinion of the Senate.

"I have done my duty, and am willing that the people shall judge between me and the Senate," said Gov. Hamilton at the Executive Mansion on last Wednesday to some of his Baltimore friends who had called upon him. "I have done the best that man could do, I have sent to the Senate the names of men of standing, of integrity and of an irreproachable character; could I—could any man do more than that? Yet, with a discourtesy unparalleled in the history of the State, they reject men against whose character they do not dare to offer an objection. Ten Democratic senators, unfaithful to the trust reposed in them by their constituents—traitors of the cause they represent—and five renegade Republicans, enter into a compact to defeat good men. I owe nothing to this Senate. I owe them no courtesies. They have violated the pledges they have made to the people, and I do not propose to have any more victims sacrificed to their passion and prejudice. If they reject men of unimpeachable integrity they must abide by the consequences. The law gives me power to protect the people and if they continue their wholesale slaughter, I shall at the proper time, make the appointments, as required under the Constitution." These words fell on the ears of some of the Governor's most devoted friends. They applauded his sentiments, and declared that he has done his duty, and that now nothing remained for him except to let the legislature adjourn and make his most important appointments thereafter. His friends assured him that the people of the State were with him; that his course commended itself to the people, and that those who placed obstacles to the practical execution of his plans would be condemned. He is naturally very much excited about the senatorial syndicate which has placed it in the power of any senator to object to an appointment obnoxious to him. The Governor considers this an outrage upon the State, and does not hesitate to express himself freely on the subject. It is not only to his friends that he takes occasion to denounce the senatorial ring which has turned down some of the best men ever proposed for any office in the State. The governor's political foes hear him express the same sentiments. Mr. Patrick Rielly, one of the city delegates in the legislature, yesterday took occasion to call upon the executive and to remonstrate with him from ignoring him (Mr. Rielly) in the selection of registers in the Ninth ward. Mr. Rielly is evidently a believer in the doctrine that the members of the legislature shall dictate to the governor the men whom he shall appoint for the various offices in their respective district. The governor on the other hand, is of the opinion that he must use his own judgement in these selections, and appoint the best men he can find, without regard to the recommendations of the legislature. Mr. Rielly complained of discourtesy. "Discourtesy!" exclaimed Governor Hamilton, "Don't talk to me of courtesy. There is no courtesy over there (pointing to the State House). You people are running the party to the ground,—ruining it, sir; ruining it." "But," said Mr. Rielly, "those appointments will not be confirmed." "I don't care whether they are or not," rejoined Governor Hamilton. "I don't care what they do with them. They are in the hands of the Senate, and the Senate may do what it pleases with them. They are ruining the party. Ten traitorous Democrats and four renegade Republicans have joined hands to defeat good Democrats, because they don't suit their wishes. Isn't that enough to disgust honest people? Won't this exasperate the citizens who are in favor of honest government? The people will not stand it." Mr. Rielly made an effort to "talk back" at the Governor about Western Maryland, but Mr. Hamilton made some pointed replies. The interview then terminated, and Mr. Rielly went his way in peace, though his thoughts were full of war.

"Gov. Hamilton's veracity and integrity will, I think, shine like two stars against the black back-ground of political trickery and chicanery which surround him at Annapolis, and it will make him the next governor of Maryland, if he wants a re-election." The gentleman who gave expression to the sentiments was Mr. James Hodges, a prominent supporter of the Governor's administration, and who has just returned from a visit to Annapolis. Mr. Hodges is one of the "glorious rejected," the Senate having declined to confirm his nomition as one of the directors of the State Penitentiary.

Much bad feeling has been engendered in regard to the action of the senatorial syndicate, and there are indications that it bodes no good to the party in power. It has strengthned the Governor's hands, who has been inspired with new zeal to persevere in the course he has laid out for himself. He has decided to call no extra session of the Senate, and after the adjournment of the legislature he will make his own appointments for the various positions left vacant by the rejections of the Senate. The men selected for registers of voters do not suit the managers any more than the supervisors of election, but the senatorial ring is afraid to trifle with the people much longer. The managers ought as well to make up their minds that, after the Senate adjourns, Dr. Milton N. Taylor and James Hodges will be appointed supervisors of elections.

One day more, and the curtains will descend upon the biennial comedy at Annapolis. This was to be a reform session, but it "reformed" with a vengence. The lobby flourished in the last days of the General Assembly and revenge and partisan bitterness controlled at least one house of the legislature. It assembled with a flourish of trumpets about economy and retrenchment and ended as other sessions have ended. If it had adjourned after the passage of the Registration bill, it would have made a better record for itself, for it would have saved the people of the State much money. It has, however, accomplished one good thing: The old political syndicate has been broken up. The old partnership trading under the firm of Gorman, Colton & Co., has been dissolved, and though a new firm has been created under the name of Gorman & Co., with some old members of the Board of Public Works as silent partners, the managerial coterie is left weaker than before. Mr. Colton will probably resume business at the old stand, but the managers are divided, and that is at least something to be thankful for.—*Sunday American.*

On the 30th ultimo two men visited the house of Sheriff Wm. Estes, of Stokes county, North Carolina, and demanding the safe key of the sheriff's wife, threatening to kill her if she refused. She delivered the key. While the intruders were robbing the safe, a neighbor who was stopping in the house came down stairs and killed both of the men. Upon examination it was found that one of the men was the sheriff, who had disguised himself, and the other was one of his neighbors.

The Political Outlook.

The political situation throughout the whole country at the present moment is somewhat anomalous. The Republicans are holding power on the general issue of their demonstrated fitness and capacity as against the unfitness and incapacity of their opponents, made plain in the last three Congresses. The country is prosperous, business thrives, the wheels of Government are not creaking much more than usual, the people are moderately contented, and thus far in the present session of Congress no "burning question has been opened upon which the Democrats can base a reasonable hope of disturbing the hold of their opponents upon popular favor at the next election. It might almost be said that for the moment there are no politics; certainly no pending question upon which party lines can be drawn. They are drawn, to be sure, whenever the 11t takes Democratic members to obstruct proceedings and delay the public business, as the other night when Blackburn and Springer cried "To your tents, O Israel!" and they arrayed themselves solidly against the passage of a simple resolution relating to the order of business But they seem to do that instinctively or from force of habit. No other emergency is capable of huddling them together. Upon every question of any moment or gravity they are either divided or all at sea. They make confession of bankruptcy when they go tanting for an issue as they have been doing for the past six months or more, and the desperate straits to which they are reduced are disclosed by the calmer of the free traders, to which no answer can be made, that the tariff question is absolutely the only issue left them. In the light of the last campaign, and in view of the recent utterances of some of their most eminent leaders, it hardly needs to be pointed out that when they adopt that they fall hopelessly asunder.

So there being no "burning question," we have something like a political calm. We do not recall the time when political questions were so little discussed and with so little partisan feeling. Not even during the brief period which intervened between the final defeat of the Whig party in 1882 and the reopening of the slavery controversy by the Kansas-Nebraska bill was there such an absence of controversial bitterness in political discussion. Not that there are no controversies nor that bitterness has disappeared. We are not so near the tottlennium as that. But they are controversies within, rather than between, the two great parties; and are so largely personal in their character that the masses of the people take only a languid interest in them. This state of affairs cannot last long, of course. It is not in the nature of our Democratic institutions nor in the temper of our people that this period of rest from political controversy should long continue. Political agitation is the safety of free institutions and the life of a self-govering people. We had our off-year elections last fall with very little excitement or noise and much more strife between leaders in the same party than between the parties themselves. Our State Legislatures have held their annual winter sessions and are drawing near the period of adjournment without having opened any serious new causes of indifference between the great parties, local or otherwise, and without having done anything to change materially the aspects of the situation. Congress has been four months in session, and, strange to say, the party in the majority has committed no blunder to furnish capital for the opposition, and the minority has not yet found a feasible issue or a principle of cohesion.

But we elect a new Congress next November, a Congress that holds over to the inauguration of a new President; in a few months we shall be in the midst of the Congressional campaign, and to all appearances nothing of the old differences between the two parties remains, except the names, upon which issue can be joined. Each party dwells with satisfaction upon the fact that there are internal dissentions in the other, but Republicans are comforted by the thought that while their divisions are local and temporary, those of their opponents are general and permanent. Moreover, they are in possession and intrenched, and their adversaries have not been able as yet to discover a point of attack. To a casual observer looking over the field, seeing how the Democratic party, after suffering a great defeat in the Presidential election and losing both branches of Congress, has broken into factions in New York and is disintegrating in its great stronghold, the South, and how it has not only failed to find a point of attack in the Republican lines, but even to hold itself in line upon any party question in Congress, it would seem the most natural thing in the world for that party to throw up the sponge and abandon the fight. But that is not to be expected. They will keep it up though all the questions upon which they began it are disposed of. "What are you fellows fighting for, now that Lee and Johnston have surrendered and the Confederacy has gone up?" shouted a Union soldier to a rebel picket in the Southwest in the last days of the war. "For our rights in the Territories under the Dred Scott decision," was the stubborn answer. And perhaps that is what the Democratic party is fighting for. Who knows?

It is a curious outlook. At no time in its history has the Democratic party been so utterly destitute of either principle of union or rallying cry. Nor has the Republican party ever seemed more deserving of public confidence; we doubt if it ever stood higher in popular esteem. We do not pretend to read the political horoscope, but the existing conditions seems to us to point to the probable continuance of Republican ascendancy for many years to come. Nothing but their own mistakes or the ambition and folly of their factional leaders can prevent it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Early in the session of the Legislature the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Delegates was instructed by resolution to investigate the financial management of the State, particularly in view of the differences between Governor Hamilton and Comptroller Keating with which the public has been regaled, the former in unmeasured terms having denounced the latter as false to his trust. The investigation was, we believe, undertaken by request of Mr. Keating, who demanded that his official acts should be reviewed.

The committee was charged with the investigation on the 20th of January, and have just submitted their report, which we find in Monday's *Baltimore Sun.*

The report is certainly a remarkable document *It proves all that has ever been alleged against the Democratic management of our State's finances. The sinking fund has been wrecked!*

The committee report that the fault for the present lamentable condition of our States finances is attributable to mis-conduct of the successive Legislatures, which recklessly appropriated money, spending the State's revenue, and not providing properly for an income. This, bear in mind, has all been under Democratic management, and the attempt of the committee to generalize the misfeasance will not be acceptable to the public, which now for the first time has been made officially aware of the gross lack of duty on the part of the Democratic State officicials.—*Cumb. News.*

We are afraid the Democratic party is not quite foolish enough to adopt free trade as an issue. Its journals and statesmen are shy of the subject, and many of them are openly in favor of protection—not too much protection, but just enough to enable the party to hold the votes of the workingmen. The resounding Voorhees announced some time ago that the only salvation possible for the Democrats lay in the adoption of a moderate protective policy and in an emphatic renunciation of all sympathy with free trade. He gave no reason for this change of front, merely observing that what the party must have was a larger number of votes on election day, and this was the only way in which to get them. Had it occurred to him that the late Andrew Jackson was a protectionist he would probably have called his plan a Jacksonian revival. Viewed as an illustration of democratic devotion to principle, the somersault proposed by Voorhees is more characteristic than is morally impressive, but at the same time it is not wholly impolitic. The party has reached that point where it must either turn back or go over the precipice. It may not accomplish anything by retreating, but it certainly will gain nothing by going ahead. Its position is a good deal like that of the valiant young man who came down from Yonkers to New York to enlist in the militia. Adorned with youth and beauty and a new silk hat, he presented himself to the recruiting officer and stated his errand. The stern, battle-scarred veteran looked solemnly at him and said: "Suppose, sir, that you were in command of a company; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on either side of you arose perpendicular precipices a hundred feet in height; that in front of you stood the enemy ten times your number;—young man, what would you do" "General," said the embryonic Napoleon, without a moment's hesitation, "General, I should resign!" We think the Democrats would be wiser to resign, but as it will come to the same thing in the end it does not matter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Society Belles

Are loud in their praise of Floreston Cologne on account of its remarkable delicate and lasting fragrance.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3, 1882.

Congress is just warming up to the real business of legislation, and the indications now are that it still has a long pull ahead before the session can end. It is understood that about one hundred speeches were booked in the House on the Tariff Commission bill, of which only a comparatively small portion have so far been delivered. The tariff question is exciting more attention than was expected at the opening of the session, and if the Commission bill is defeated a revision will be insisted upon with sufficient pertinacity to compel another long discussion. To say nothing about the large appropriation bills, there are enough other important measures pending to occupy attention for a considerable time. This Congress is probably quite as talkative as any of its predecessors, but as nearly all its members desire to keep their seats another term, and as they must "make a record" to do so, there is some hope that something more than the introduction of bills and making speeches will be accomplished before midsummer. The purpose of the Democrats appears to be to talk as much as they can, and it possible prevent the passage of any desirable measures, as a means of making political capital. That is about all the policy the Democratic party has had for years.

Some suggestive figures were sent to Congress the other day by the Secretary of the Interior in response to a resolution requesting a list of States and corporations that have received land grants and have not fulfilled the conditions on which those grants were made. The grand total of the land grants made to States and corporations is 137,881,357 acres. Of this vast amount, eight railway companies have been granted 116,580,008 acres, and to them have been patented 3,971,391 acres. These railway corporations agreed to build 7,748 miles of road; they have built 1,465 miles. Grants of 21,282,349 acres of land have been made to ten States for railroad building purposes, and about one-half of this amount has been patented to the railway corporations in the States. This brief statement suggests the freedom with which the railway corporations make promises and the reluctance with which they perform them. Another important feature of the business is that although the corporation in no case fulfill their part of the compact, they hold the Government rigidly to a performance of its implied obligations. Isn't it about time for the Government to inspire these grasping organizations with a little respect for its authority and a little regard for the rights of the people?

Advices received here from Salt Lake indicate that the polygamists have at last taken alarm over the Edmunds bill and fear serious trouble when it goes into operation. Nevertheless, they have not given up all hope that they may find loop-holes of escape, and with this end in view some of the leaders have quietly removed their wives to separate houses, thinking thereby to avoid arrest under the clause which makes cohabitation with more than one woman a misdemeanor. Many polygamist office-holders have also resigned, and their places have been filled by monogamists who are not subject to removal under the bill. It is also said that no polygamous marriages have been celebrated since the passage of the bill, though, as these are always secret, nothing can be learned concerning them. This bill was thought to be iron-clad in its provisions, and the presence of these difficulties even before the Commission is appointed is very discouraging to those persons who have builded so many hopes upon the success of the measure. It is not probable, however, that if this legislation fails Congress will hesitate to supplement it with other laws of even a more severe character if really necessary to effect the desired end. Having put its hand to the plough Congress is not likely to turn back. It may yet turn out that the polygamists have honestly accepted the law and are only putting their houses in order against the arrival of the Commission.

Sickness has been quite prevalent among Congressmen this winter and there are now several cases on the list. The condition of Senator Logan's health is regarded with much anxiety by his friends, and it is feared that he will not be able to remain at his post during the rest of the session. He is one of the most active and industrious Senators in the discharge of his duties and protecting the interests of his constituents, and his influence with the Administration is justly very great. During his speech in the Senate some days ago in favor of expending the entire receipts from taxes on distilled spirits for educational purposes, in referring to those who do not believe that good of any kind can come of money earned by the sale or manufacture of liquor, Senator Logan related the following: "I once heard a story which I think would apply to these gentlemen very nicely. There was a man—I will not mention his name—for whom I had great respect, and I think this whole country had. He was considered a statesman in his day. He sometimes indulged in a little game of cards. He was coming up the Avenue one morning and met a poor old colored man, who, calling him by name, said: 'My congregation is very poor; we want a place to worship God in; we have no house; will you please contribute a little something for that purpose?' The gentleman put his finger in his pocket and pulled out a hundred dollar bill. Said he, 'I won that last night at a game of cards; if you will take that for the service of the Lord you can have it.' He took it and said: 'Thank you sir.' 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'"

JUNIUS.

Petty Annoyances.

The little ills of life are those that do the most lasting damage to the individual. When we are bowed down with some heavy affliction, such as sickness or death, loss of property, etc., we nerve ourselves to bear the dispensation with the strength and patience of a genuine Christian. The blow has been struck, and it is ours to recover as speedily as possible. All our friends are in sympathy with us, and kind words and helping hands are extended which are a great amelioration to troubles, and before we know it comfort is ours; and we may even be lifted into higher Christian virtues by experiencing a period of humiliation and affliction. But for the little grinding every day annoyances, what help is there? The ills that we bear in silence, that we must not even speak of, that are not observable by others and no one knows of but ourselves; the skeleton in the closet that is as sure to be there as the night to follow the day. With these what shall we do? Many a lovely disposition has been soured by being constantly surrounded with unpleasantness, by grievances too numerous and too trifling to speak of, or too nearly connected with the family flesh and blood to dare to seek for sympathy where sympathy could be found. Those who are so situated as to have no control of their surroundings, nothing to do but to suffer and bear, are indeed to be pitied. A long continued strain of this kind too often ends in a spoiled temper, broken health or insanity. The world looks on coldly, little dreaming of the scenes behind the curtain that have been too much for frail human nature to bear. If any one who chances to read these lines should be suffering in the way we have mentioned, let them put their trust in a power that never deserts. Every night has its morning, and there will come a change some day, if we are worthy. Every worriment that is patiently borne and every duty that is faithfully performed are noted by an All-seeing Eye, and will in His own good time be turned to blessings. With the beginning of each New Year let us resolve to raise above petty vexations; to put all harrowing things behind us; and never in turn be found nagging or tormenting others. Let us be thankful for such blessings as we have, and merciful towards those who have wronged us. If we keep these resolves, the Lord will keep the accounts, and if there is any balance due, we shall receive it. When we have learned to trust more fully in the Power that holds our destinies in the hollow of his hand, little things will have less power to disturb.

Although the year 1881, gravely eventful as it certainly was, passed without those absolutely unparalleled and astounding events which some people had expected of it, yet, according to a Philadelphian, there is still time for prodigies to occure in connection with this mysterious epoch. Mr. G. W. French has no faith in Mother Shipton, nor in the unusal juxtaposition of the numerals in 1881; but he believes in the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, and he insists that certain prophecies indicated in the sign language of this pyramid were remarkably fulfilled last year. To him the pyramid contains tokens of a prevalence of true religious worship in Egypt at that date; and sloping passage ways, dark holes, perpendicular ascents and overhanging walls are all replete, for him, with spiritual meaning. After proving that the prophecies of Daniel point straight to 1881, and that the Apocalytic vision of 1260 years from the Mohammedan hegiran in 1881 gives the same date, he declares that "the Pyramid shows a *plus* 1881," or, in other words, that it is carried over, in its results, into a part of the current year. Hence he looks for great religious events in 1882; and those who have a taste for marvels of any sort may be glad to thus learn that the present period of portents is not wholly over.

LOCAL NEWS.

—See our great premium offer.

—Hon. M. Bannon was in Oakland Wednesday.

—Mr. A. A. Perry was in Oakland this week.

—Mr. Hinkley has returned from his visit to Virginia.

—The most liberal premium ever offered in the county. See another column.

—If you want a good farm wagon or a first class buggy, call and see samples at Davis & Townshend's.

—The M. E. Sunday School will meet next Sunday at 9 o clock A. M. At the close of the school officers and teachers will be elected for the year commencing with that day.

—The Board of County Commissioners has been in session since Monday to the time of our going to press, but nothing of general interest has been transacted. The time has been principally occupied in making transfers.

—Col. John E. Wood, through his attorney, G. S. Hamill, Esq., has purchased from Hon. M. Bannon, a twelve hundred acre tract of land near Oakland, known as Fortes' Glade. The consideration was $4,800. A good bargain for the Colonel.

—In noticing the surgical operation performed on the person of Mrs. Wilson for the removal of a cancer last week we inadvertantly failed to state that Dr. McComas was assisted by Dr. B. T. Keller. The omission was made in hurriedly transcribing our notes.

—The municipal election took place at Frostburg Monday. Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft was elected mayor; John Johns, George Bittner, Enoch Clise, Joseph Knode, John Preston and Andrew Snedtz, councilmen. All are Republicans, except Knode, who is a Democrat.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder, State Fish Commissioner, will appoint Lieut. D. M. Muson to a position in his department. The only objection we can see to this appointment, is that it will take Lieut. Muson from Oakland where he has become very useful as a conservator of the peace.

—The following additional staff officers of the Second Battalion have been announced in General Orders No. 4, by Col. Johnson, commanding: H. Wheeler Combs, First Lieutenant and Commissary of Subsistence, and Edward R. Ladew, First Lieutenant and Ordinance Officer.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 10½ a. m. by Rev. C. B Ludwig.

Episcopal Church--Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Save Money by Using Cut Feed.

Having the privilege to manufacture and sell the Little Champion Feed Cutter, I will retail the same for the small sum of $2,25.

I. W. SLONAKER,
Oakland, Md.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 5:

J. M. Thayer and wife to Charles Janoski, 57½ acres of land; $402.

Wm. Fisher and wife to William Hochman, part of the tract "Quadrangle," containing 19½ acres; $400.

Frederick Mertens, et. al., to C. T. West, an undivided ¼ part of lots Nos. 2022, 2025, 2026, 2027 and 2028; $3250.

Margaret Spencer and Jno Spencer, to Robert Greene, several lots and parcels of land situated in county; $5000.

Levi Switzer and wife to Geo. F. Alt, part of lots Nos. 3338, 3341, 3342 and 3343; $650.

Jurors for May Court.

The following is the list of Jurors for May Court, as drawn by Judge Pearre Tuesday last:

No. 1.—Joseph Lashorn, L. H. Schoolfield, W. S. Pew, Charles T. West, Sebastian Hinebaugh.

No. 2.—Otho Speelman, John M. Kessler, Andrew J. Umbel, Wm. L. Dunham, Thomas Kelley, Andrew C. Friend, Harrison Collins.

No. 3.—Geo. W. Shaw, Christian Vaucht, Isadore McKenzie.

No. 4.—Oliver C. Facenbaker, Geo. H. Allen, Hiram Duckworth, Saml. Harshbarger, Eli Merriti, Norman Jacobs, Geo. T. Michaels, Pat Laffey.

No. 5.—Frederick Kamp, Aaron Boyer, Wm. Fisher, Philip M. Miller, James Paul, Joseph Groer, Henry E. Friend.

No. 6.—Jeremiah Enlow, B. F. Hoye, John E. Otto, C. W. Savage.

No. 7.—John T. Browning, Jacob Capp, Marshall M. Ashby, S. E. Switzer, John Close, Wm. White, of Jos.

No. 8.—Isaac Abernathy, William Chisholm, Simon S. Fike, Daniel Davis, (colored,) Garrett V. Moon, David Fike, Hugh Cooper.

No. 9.—Aaron Wilhelm.

Officers of Registration.

The following named gentlemen were appointed by Gov. Hamilton as officers of registration for this county:

No. 1, Henry O. Hamill; No. 2, James H. Rush; No. 3, Isaiah Fuller; No. 4, Robert Somerville; No. 5, Henry Zinkan; No. 6, Thomas Browning; No. 7, W. H. Hall; No. 8, Wm. F. Deakins; No. 9, Wm. B. Murphy.

Of the above Messrs. Somerville, Hall, Deakins, Zinkan and Murphy were rejected by the Senate Monday last, evidently at the instance of the Senator from this county. The gentlemen rejected are among the best men on the list, and this is especially true in the case of Mr. W. H. Hall, whom we know personally to be an honorable gentleman and well qualified for the office. Those rejected by the Senate will, in all probability, be reappointed by the governor after the adjournment of the Legislature.

The Check of a Book Agent.

[From the Union Bridge (Carroll Co.,) Index.]

Among the peripatetic wonderers who infest the rural districts and whose room is preferable to their company, are book agents and sewing machine canvassers. One of the former class, who is traveling through this section delivering "Scharf's History of Western Maryland," met with quite a rebuff the other day in delivering the work to Charles B. Simpson, Esq., of Frederick county. The facts as we learn them are as follows: The agent called at Mr. Simpson's home during his absence to leave the work. The ladies of the house refused to receive the same, whereupon he rudely brushed past them, placed the books up in a table against their protest, rushed back to his wagon, jumped in and rapidly drove away. On Mr. S.'s return he instructed his son, who was just about starting off on horseback to attend to some business, to take the books, follow the fellow and place the books in his wagon. The young man took the books and galloped off after the retreating agent. At Mr. DeWitt Haines' residence he saw his wagon in the yard, and, riding up, placed the books therein, while the agent was in the house; and returned home. On returning to his vehicle and finding the books there, the man of "gall" waxed wroth and threw the books out into the road, where they lay until one of Mr. Haines' family picked them up and carried them into the house, where they remained at last accounts. Mr. Simpson refuses to receive them, claiming that he did not subscribe for the work. We have not heard the agent's version of the affair.

The Sharpsburg *Enterprise* has the following:

"Some of the parties whose names are down say they were not asked to subscribe, but only to lend their names as an influence. The books were left with them and they refused to receive them. The agent was persistent and left copies lying on the pavement in front of their residences until the bailiff was notified to remove them, they being adjudged a nuisance by the council. The parties say they will stand the agent a suit. Excitement ran high and the affair was town talk for several days.

In the delivery of the above work in this county, the agent met with consaderable opposition, and quite a number refused to take the book, claiming that they had never subscribed for it, and propose to resist payment. Others claim that the work is not a history of Western Maryland in any sense, and contains little more than may be found in the Maryland Directory.

A Rare Chance to Get a Singer Machine.

I will rent you a machine for three dollars per month, and if payments are made promptly I will give you the machine when it has paid for itself in rent.

I. W. SLONAKER, Agt.,
Oakland, Md.

A Clear Complexion

Can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. Regulating the internal organs and purifying the blood it quickly removes pimples and gives a healthy bloom to the cheek. Read about it in other column.

An interesting case was decided by Judges Alvey and Motter at Hagerstown, Md., on Friday. Many years since a Mr. Needy died intestate, leaving a small farm near Smithburg. On the death of his widow the property was sold, and divided among the children, with the exception of that belonging to one daughter, whose whereabouts was not known. After seven years, the daughter not appearing, her quota, amounting to $250, was by order of court divided among other heirs. Recently the daughter returned, and the court has decided that she must be paid; that the Orphan's Court has no authority except over the estates of dead persons, and the daughter not being dead, the trustees must pay her the amount due.

Close of the Legislative Session.

[Special to the Baltimore American.]

ANNAPOLIS, April 2.—There is a general feeling of joy among the members of the legislature that the long three months' agony is over. It is a good thing that it is over. It ought to be over, for it hasn't been such a grand success, and the Speaker's gavel will fall on about two hundred bills of general and local import enacted upon; but the House has not manifested the inclination to do any extra work, as the early adjournment yesterday showed. The Speaker was out of the chair, and one of the jovial spirits held it. One of his first official acts was to adjourn the House, in the midst of a roar of laughter.

As the session draws to a close, the members are beginning to manifest a frolicsome disposition, and there is a good deal of fun passed around during working hours. Frequently the joke is to call up a bill which is the pet offspring of some staid old countryman, and every member will vote "no;" and after there are about eighty or ninety "noes" recorded against the measure, which, perhaps, is some innocent little local affair, and its progenitor is worked up to a state of indecorous frenzy, they will change their votes to aye. A bill for the extermination of screech owls in Garrett county came up the other night, and a jolly member from Kent arose and said there was a snake in the bill, and moved to amend by striking out the word "screech," which was accordingly done, much to the disgust of the gentleman who had labored to prepare and pass the bill.

The biggest job was put up on two of the Montgomery county delegation. There was a Senate bill for a stringent dog law in that county, and one stalwart old farmer of Montgomery favored it, while another was vigorously opposed to it. A scheme was concocted, and when the bill came up some of the best speakers in the House, with all due gravity, made splendid arguments in favor of the bill, thereby bringing the opponent of the bill down to the tooth-gnashing verge of despair. They then turned around and, to the intense surprise and disgust of the other man, heaped upon the bill some ridiculous amendments and passed them. One of these was a long one, providing that at congressional elections the tickets of the contestants should be printed as "for the dog law," or "against the dog law," etc. Another one was that all dogs, with their ears and tails cut, should have the taxes on them proportionately curtailed. Another was to the effect, "that all dogs or parts of dogs, inconsistent with the provisions of the act be, and the same are hereby, repealed." Another was that all dogs going from the sheriff at the rate of over a mile a minute should be exempted from the provisions of the act (i. e., not be killed). The worst part of this little joke, which kept the House in a roar for half an hour, was that they were sent over to the Senate, and President Williams was enraged because these amendments had been sent to that body, and Senator Moore, who had offered the bill, was so choked with emotion at seeing his darling used for such a purpose that he wanted the bill sent back without comment, which would have been a decided insult. The amendments had to be read in the Senate, and, after suppressed laughter on the part of everybody, except Messrs. Williams and Moore, it was decided not to concur in them. The bill, however, was effectually killed. There was no reason why the Senate should have gotten on its ear about it, however, for only a few nights previous that body got hold of one of Senator Brattan's bills for the protection of insectiverous birds, and tacked onto it amendments including ground hogs, sand pipers and gallinippers. However, a little folly is pleasant, now and then, to the wisest men.

The rush which accompanies the closing days of each session set in about the middle of last week, and now there is an indiscriminate scramble to put bills through. All propriety and courtesy has been set aside, and each county is trying to get its own bills in, at the expense of those of every other county. In this state of affairs Speaker Kellholtz has a hard row to hoe. Members come up, look over the files and surreptitiously slip their bills up toward the top and other bills toward the bottom, and it is with difficulty that they are kept straight. Senator Clarke, who offered the best bill for glass ballot boxes that has yet been drawn up has been utterly unable to get it through, and denounces the Democrats as being opposed to fair elections. The bill passed the Senate by a vote of 17 to 4, but in the House an unfavorable report was submitted on it from the committee. It was probably in knowledge of this fact that the Senate passed it.

The Senate will spend its last hours—probably the greater part of the session of the last day—in executive session, and the syndicate will get in its last whack. As a prominent member, referring to the city registers, expressed it, "We won't allow the flock to fight." It is difficult to see what objection can be raised to such excellent names as the Governor has sent in. The trouble is that many of them would like to refuse to serve if they could. The law, however, obliges them to perform the duty. The Senate, in executive session, on Saturday night got into a wrangle over the appointment of Geo. Boyd, for one of the registers of Harford county. The charge against him was that he had canvassed the county for Allen, the Republican Senator from that county. That gentleman tried in vain to save him, but all the Democrats were down on him except the Hamilton men, and he was rejected. The Governor will send in all the rest of the names to-day.

Ex-Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, who is a shrewd business man and financier, takes a hopeful view of the prospects of the country. He says: "Money is more abundant, the railroad war is over, the crops promise well, property, in all probability, is to be worth in 1882 about as much as it was in 1881, and the general affairs of the country will go steadily forward." He adds that "the country is rich, and the producing power of the United States exceeds the most sanguine anticipations of the most enthusiastic statesman or political economist." Mr. Morgan thinks that we are collecting too much money for internal taxes and for duties on imports, and that while as an American citizen it is pleasant to see the national debt diminish a hundred million or more a year, "it is bad policy." He thinks it would be far better that the money should not go into the treasury, and this can only be done by reducing the duty on imports, and by largely diminishing, if not doing away altogether with the internal revenue taxes, except on whiskey and tobacco. Mr. Morgan wants the payment of the debt spread over a large number of years, so that the people of the South, who, he says, "chiefly instrumental in causing it, will have more ability than they now have to help us pay it."

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.
Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased beneficient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.
Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.
Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.
Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.
Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

Sixth.
Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Agents Agricultural Machines,
Opposite Dailey's Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00 Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the CASH.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Maching by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the
ANSON WOOD MOWER,
THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,
Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the
Coates Self-Dumping Rake,
All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Oakland Wagon Shops,
Oakland, Md.
4 8tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

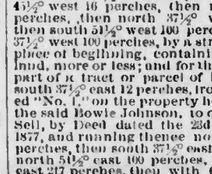

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 19 tf

Sheriff's Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of four writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, one at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 50 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of S. Rosenheim & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 85 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of Davis & Townshend, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 94 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, and one at the suit of Daniel E. Offutt, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No 85 Originals, Sep. tember Term, 1876, of said Court, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Bowie Johnson, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Bowie Johnson, of, in and to all those tracts or parts of a tracts or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, being portions of the the tract of land commonly known as Johnson's part of the tract of land called

"Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained,"

lying near Deep Creek in said county, and described as follows: For the first tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning at a stone standing at the northwest end of the division line, between the land of Bowie Johnson and the tract of land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol. 387, one of the land Records for Garrett county, and on the fifth line of the tract of land called "Stock Farm," and running thence north 54½° east 398 perches, to a bounded spruce pine, then with the sixth line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 18° east 385 perches, to a bounded wild cherry tree, then with the seventh line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 37° west 57 perches, to the land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Silas Walters, by Deed dated the 26th day of May, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol. 183, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and running with the line of the said land, and by and with Deep Creek, to a bridge over the said Creek, then south 70° west 12 perches, then south 49½° west 44 perches, then north 4½° west 16 perches, then north 18° east 10 perches, then north 37½° west 35 perches, then south 51½° west 100 perches, then north 37½° west 100 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 418¾ acres of land, more or less; and for the second tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning south 37½° east 12 perches, from a stone marked "No. 1," on the property heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and running thence north 54½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 28 perches, then north 50½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 217 perches, then with the eighth line of the whole Johnson tract of land south 53° west 200 perches, then north 37½° west 215 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 289¾ acres of land, more or less.

These two tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land being portions of the tract of land which was devised to the said Bowie Johnson, by the late Reverdy Johnson, by his last Will and Testament duly recorded in "Wills, Liber J. B. M.," No. 5, fol. ——, among the records of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore county, Maryland.

The said tracts or parts of tracts of land are situated about eight or nine miles northeast of the Town of Oakland, in Garrett county aforesaid, the Hoppole and Meadow Mountain roads passing near or through them.

They are well adapted to farming purposes, have good timber on them, and are accessible to the railroad and market towns by good roads.

And I hereby give notice, that by virtue of the foregoing writs of fieri facias, I will,

On Saturday, April 29th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale the said tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land, together with the improvements thereon, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for *cash*, to satisfy the said executions and costs.

EDMUND JAMISON,
484 Sheriff of Garrett Co., Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.
Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.
d17 81 1y

A Polite Man's Dilemma.

Now and then the passengers on our little bob-tail cars are treated to an amusing incident, but one which happened last week rather goes ahead of anything we have heard in some time.

Much has been said and written upon the inconvenience to which the patrons of this style of vehicle are subjected, yet people continue to ride in them, and it was through the mistaken politeness of a gentleman in acting as conductor which was the cause of all his misfortunes.

Starting to go down town, he had reached Seventeenth Street when one of the little three-cent cars jogging by suggested the idea of getting aboard instead of walking all the way. Acting upon this thought he hailed it, and found on seating himself and making a survey of finances that he possessed the requisite fare, three cents, "only that and nothing more," which he proceeded to drop into the box. So far so good. With a sigh of relief he settled himself in one corner of the car and prepared for a peaceful ride, there being besides himself only one other occupant, a man deeply engrossed in reading a newspaper. Scarcely had he ridden a block when the vehicle came to a halt, and a fair young damsel entered. Our friend, who is a gentleman of the old school, and susceptible at all times to beauty in any form, more particularly so when that beauty is embodied in the person of a young lady, here arose, and bowing politely, said: "Permit me, madam, to pass your fare." At the same time, without looking at the coin given him, dropped it into the box, and once more seated himself. The young lady moved uneasily, blushed a little, and then, leaning forward ventured: "That was a ten cent piece I gave you and the fare is only three."

"Is that really so? I beg a thousand pardons. Here, driver," getting up and hastily pushing open the door between himself and that personage, "I have made a mistake and dropped ten cents into the box in place of three. It belonged to this lady there. How can I get it out?"

"Get it out! You can't get it out at all. It'll just have to stay there. You can ride it out, if you like. There ain't no other way, unless," he added, with an unfeeling chuckle, "you expect me to crawl down through that hole and get it for you."

Here the driver, overcome with his own wit, closes the door with a bang, and clapping his sturdy self, ejaculates: "A putty fellow I look, to crawl into a ticket-box!"

Perplexed at the situation, annoyed at his own stupidity, yet outwardly all smiling politeness, our friend here turned saying:

"Madame, the mistake was mine—a very stupid one, I acknowledge—yet it is not right that you should suffer. You will permit me to return to you the seven cents," at the same time painfully conscious that he had not a single penny about him.

"O, no; I wouldn't think of such a thing. I am sorry, but it can't be helped now."

"Madame, I insist. Allow me," making a deep and exhaustive survey of every pocket about him in the vain hope of catching somewhere a stray coin. It is of no use; the money is not there, and his hands not possessing that Midas power of turning all they touch into gold, it is not forthcoming. Here a feeble little voice says:

"Well, since you insist upon it, of course——"

"I do insist upon it; I insist upon it most emphatically."

What is to be done. Already the great beads of perspiration stand out upon his forehead, and every time he opens his mouth only seems to plunge him deeper in the mire. An idea suddenly strikes him, and leaning over to him of the newspaper, whispers in his ear: "Lend me seven cents, quick, to pay the lady."

The man who all this time had given no heed to what was passing rouses up with a start, and saying in a voice distinctly audible even to the horse outside, "Seven cents! Bless my soul, I don't believe I have it about me," looking up with that dazed expression of a person whose thoughts have gone a long journey.

"O! I beg you will not disturb yourself over such a trifle. Do not borrow the money, indeed, it is not of the slightest consequence."

By this time our friend had reached a state of scarlet misery pitiable to behold that stage in which it makes one warm even to look at them. There is nothing for him to say, nothing that will not add to his present embarrassment, so he wisely takes refuge in silence, watching with eager interest the game of chase in which his fellow passenger is engaged after the required seven cents.

Ah! at length it is fished out and handed to the young lady, and he breathes again. But now the problem of how to pay the man suggests itself.

Here feminine wit comes to the rescue, and the unfortunate cause of all the trouble suggests he be paid by taking the fare of the next two passengers who got in, and by that way he will be the loser of a penny only. This plan is discussed, and finally submitted to the driver, who giving it his approbation, they once more settle down to wait the unconscious liquidation of the debt. Pretty soon they get in together, a lady and a gentleman. Out of his pocket comes the six cents and he starts for the box. Here our friend jumps up, and extending his hand, takes the fare, which, to the gentleman's astonishment, he puts, not into the box, but into the hand of his friend.

The newcomer looks for a moment dumbfounded, then striding over, catches him by the collar, excitedly ejaculating: "Here, none of that! That game is too old to go down. Just hand that money over!"

At this crisis the lethargic apathy of despair settles upon the unfortunate victim of politeness, and he neither moves or utters a sound. The young lady and the newspaper man here start forward as champions, and with the aid of the driver, who is called to testify as to the perfect honesty of all persons concerned, an understanding is at length reached, and the little farce of "Much Ado About Nothing" comes to an end.

It is safe to say a more uncomfortable car load of passengers have seldom been thrown together. And as our friend left the scene of so much misery—to his credit, he it said, with an imperturbable countenance—he sagely made three resolutions: Never, except under the most pressing circumstances, to act as conductor; secondly, no matter how sure he may feel of the value of a coin, to examine it on all sides before dropping it into the box, and lastly, never under any circumstances to set foot again in a three-cent bob-tail car. —*Washington Post.*

The United States Supreme Court.

Talking of the Supreme Court is a reminder of the complaints that lawyers make about the bad manners of the bench. Arbitrary power, which its possessor expects to exercise during his life, is not conductive to politeness, and nowhere is this better illustrated than on the Supreme bench of the United States.

"What do you say, sir?" asked one of the Justices the other day to a very prominent lawyer from one of the great cities of the great West,

"I say," answered the lawyer, and then he repeated a legal proposition which he had been making when he was interrupted.

"Well, sir," said the Justice, "if you mean to state such a proposition as a proposition of law, it is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. It is worthy of the bar of ——," naming the lawyer's city.

The lawyer grew angry, and defended his local bar from the aspersion, but all the comfort he received was a growling assurance that nothing personal had been intended.

The incident is only a sample of what is constantly going on in the court-room. The lawyers often have a hard time in their dealings with the court, and the worst of it all is that the Justices have the advantage popularly supposed to be possessed by the preachers—their hearers cannot answer back, at least, answering back might be detrimental to the interests of their clients.

Sometimes the lawyers give the Judges cause enough for an exhibition of bad manners. One of the funniest scenes that the court-room ever saw was a display of temper by the usually placid Justice Bradley. Ordinarily briefs are bound in paper, and the Judge was in the habit of folding up his copy with the papers for convenience of carrying the bundle. Once a magniloquent party from New Orleans made his appearance in a case involving a claim of his own. He had had his brief elegantly printed and bound in stiff boards. When his time came to speak he began reading: "When the banny blue flag went down before the stars and stripes——"

There was a rustle of outraged dignity among the silken gowns, and each Judge picked up his briefs. Justice Bradley looked at the stiff boards, and his dark face grew darker with wrath. He made a great show in trying to fold up the book, and then, with an explosive epithet, which the court heard but did not heed, he ripped the book to pieces and threw it under the table. Perhaps it may not be necessary to add that the claim at did not win his case.

The bar here is looking for an outburst from Justice Gray. His Massachusetts reputation has come here before him. His tirades against trembling deputy sheriffs and frightened witnesses have been told about over and over again. Only two lawyers in Boston have been able to turn the table on him. One was Henry E. Payne and the other Sidney Bartlett.

"If your honor please," said Payne one day, beginning a motion.

"Sit down, sir; don't you see I am talking with another Justice?" thundered the then Chief-Justice.

Mr. Payne took his hat and walked out of the court-room. A half hour afterwards a messenger reached his office with a note saying that Judge Gray was willing to hear him. "I am not willing to be heard," answered the old lawyer, "until Judge Gray apologizes." And apologize the Judge had to.

"Mr Bartlett," said the Chief-Justice one afternoon, throwing himself back in his chair, "that is not law and it never was law."

The veteran smiled, and looking over the bench said: "It was law, your honor, until your honor just spoke."—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

An Italian Breakfast.

At nine o'clock comes breakfast—and such a breakfast! It is served table de hote style. The bill of fare this morning was as follows, plates being changed of course, for every article of food:

1. Macaroni, with cheese, in long, snake-like pieces. The Italians ate it, lifting up a spoonful, catching it with their lips, and chewing it as they sucked it into their mouths, the ends hanging down to their chins at the start. Each officer took several spoonfuls, and the whole looked like a pile of white fish-worms on his plate.

2. A bologna sausage-like mixture cut into slices, and served with radishes. The Italians dipped the latter into a mixture of sweet oil and vinegar before eating them.

3. The next course was boiled beef and salad. I don't know how the beef was cooked, but it was greasy. The salad was eaten swimming in oil.

4. Next, cauliflower, much larger and better than American produce, served in cream.

5. Chicken, roasted and saturated with grease.

6. Jerusalem artichokes, eaten raw in oil and vinegar.

The desert, consisting of doughnuts fried in grease, cheese, then apples, oranges, figs and raisins.

Besides these, and in place of coffee, each plate had a bottle of wine beside it, and all drank liberally. A fine breakfast, indeed, and our dinner will be much like unto it. The only difference will be coffee at the end and an extra plate. Dinner comes at five o'clock, and these two meals make up the day's rations. The biscuit and tea at nine o'clock can hardly be called a meal. I don't like such feeding. The Italians grow fat upon it; but the grease in it will make an American's liver as torpid as a snake in the winter.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

—The man in Fine Arts, who said that "the Nile had two annual inundations each year," probably had walked through the college yard without his overshoes.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Noblesse Oblige.

It has been said that if you wish to learn whether caste survives in any given country you should look to its usages of marriage. Now, the first cause of the isolation of the titled classes in France is their practice in marrying among themselves. Marriages with the rest of the nation are very rare and always of one kind—the son of a noble marries sometimes the daughter of a man of the other classes, the daughter of such a man marries a noble almost never. And to the isolation caused by non-intermarriage is added the social isolation produced by special pursuits. Nothing seems more capricious to a foreign observer than the choice of professions and employments by the sons of a Legitimist family. The Legitimist will go into the army, and he will take a small clerkship in the office of a railway company. But he will only serve the Government in certain special capacities, and he will have nothing to do with trade. These prejudices do not exclude considerable virtues and considerable services to French society. The titled land owners of France, who still hold a much larger portion of the soil than is commonly supposed in this country, have been the great improvers of French agriculture, and much of the development of the enormous natural wealth of France is attributable to them. Their private virtues have been deposed to by great authorities. The late Mr. J. S. Mill, who lived much in France, is known to have had a very high opinion of his Legitimist neighbors, and even to have gone the length of saying that, if you wanted to find a Frenchman who habitually spoke the truth and was honest in all his dealings, you should search for a Legitimist noble. But all this has invariably been coupled with great ignorance and strong prejudices. The insane speculation of many months is best expressed by the repressed energy of a class voluntarily excluding itself from a large field of employment and by its ignorant contempt for regular and honest trade. It cannot exactly be said of a French noble that he cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed. The fact is that, if very poor, he would willingly dig or live on the charity of his relatives. But nothing would induce him to mix himself with the usual occupations of the bourgeoise. Unfortunately for himself, though he may not trade, he does not derogate from his position by trafficing in the stock and shares which ought to represent trade. If these ladies and gentlemen had once understood that the constant buying of shares could no more go on indefinitely than the constant purchase of shoes, stockings or furniture for resale at a profit, they might have escaped their present misfortunes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An American Sinbad.

Mr. Peter Hevener, who represents the Cochet and Landreau guano claims, and who is accused of passing off his own son as the son of Cochet in order to enforce that claim, is a typical specimen of the adventurous American, who, like Sinbad, the sailor, goes all over the world to make money, and comes home to tell about it. Thirty years ago he was in San Francisco, not lucky, disgusted, disappointed. So he drifted to Australia and started a mill and a stage coach company, which, as it looks to him now, was "only a few thousands for six months' work and that was too slow."

In 1852 he stepped over to Peru. There was at that time but one railroad in Peru, and, although he didn't know a thing about railroads, he was confident he could fill a contract for one; in fact he "never saw a piece of work he did not feel equal to." The Peruvians had no taste for business and admired a man with his big ideas. So he got a contract for a nine-mile railroad and a $500,000 reservoir. About this time he became acquainted with Cochet and Landreau, two French chemists, who had claims for several hundred millions against the Peruvian Government, for the discovery of guano. Cochet gave up the attempt to collect his claims, and went back to France; while Landreau remained and worried the lives out of the Peruvian officials, in demanding his $200,000,000. He lived in a room which had not been cleaned for sixteen years. The den was in an alley which, for fear of his papers being stolen, he allowed no one to enter. Cobwebs hung from the walls like bunches of Spanish moss, and stuffed specimens of birds, animals and reptiles, covered with dust, filling the intervening space. Hevener advanced him money and pushed his claims. It was hard work. The officials were sick of the sight of him, and probably became sick of the sight of Hevener also; but they have never yet paid those claims.

Hevener, however, does not seem to have been the kind of a man to wait until Providence and the Peruvians found it convenient to pay guano claims. If he could not collect two or three hundred millions in a few days, he was not above turning an honest penny at what lay nearest to him. Discovering that in 1819 some hard-pressed bandits preferred driving a pack of mules laden with salt a million of silver headlong over a cliff into the sea, rather than suffer it to be captured by the troops, Hevener chartered a boat and rigged machinery for the purpose of recovering the treasure. But instead of taking the silver out, he himself was taken in. He found only $2,000 worth of bars, and concluding that the winds and waves had carried mules and silver to an unknown distance from the cliff, he gave up further search after spending $40,000. However, the next two years he did something really worthy of himself in building railroads, tunnels and bridges. He went and got his note-book for the year 1859 to show to the reporter of the Philadelphia *Times*, but was a little disappointed that the total paid him by the Peruvian Government for that year did not foot up as much as he thought it would. It only reached $1,530,000.

After this business slacked up somewhat, and having nothing on hand but a mill, the guano claims and a little $50,000 in nitrate, he set sail for New York, bought $75,000 worth of machinery in order to build the biggest saw-mill in South America. While in New York he heard that Governor Sanford, of California, was just beginning to ship kerosene oil to Peru, where they used nothing but candles. He could have kicked himself for not thinking of oil years before. However, he said: "If he takes oil I will take lamps." So, as freight was charged on the cubic foot, he filled in all the spaces around and between his machinery with lamps and wicking. He bought two chandeliers for $60 as a tribute to the character of the Peruvian officials, intending to present them to the President and Vice-President, as a bribe for the monopoly of supplying them with oil and lamps for twenty years. But Sanford was at Lima nine days ahead of him, and got from the Peruvian Legislature what Hevener hoped to bribe from the Executive. "I did not give those chandeliers to the President and Vice President," he says, "but sold them for $500." His lamp speculation was very profitable. A lamp, bought in New York for sixty or seventy-five cents, retailed at Lima at $15 or $20. In two months he persuaded the Legislature to annul Sanford's privilege, bought him out for $200,000 and had control of the entire coal oil business of the country. He lit five cities, had seven retail lamp stores, ran his mill and was filling contracts and oil cans day and night, right and left.

In 1864 "the Spaniards came sweeping down to Peru, whaling everything right and left." An American engineer and himself took a contract to build a ram. They covered an old war vessel with railroad iron, and although Hevener never saw a cannon except as they lay around the forts, he made up his mind he could rifle a cannon as well as the next man. He took the smooth bores, rifled them, "and that old ram just walked out among them Spaniards and walloped the life out of them right in the harbor." There are still due him $30,000 on this contract, but this "is only a trifle."

After this he bought Cochet's claim from Cochet's son outright and Landreau got $9,000,000 assigned him on his claims, but he was never paid a penny. In 1870 the Government hired an assassin to kill Landreau, and one morning he was found lying on his doorstep, his skull fractured and a knife wound in his hip. He did not die, but when excited he "cuts up just like that fellow Guitean."

Among other schemes Hevener undertook was an elevated wire railroad across 400 miles of desert to the nitre deposits, which are brought on the backs of mules. He built nineteen miles at a cost of $40,000, but the muleteers, jealous of machinery, destroyed it all in a single night. Subsequently a company of Frenchmen spent $1,685,000 in building a pipe line to pump the nitre in liquid form. The experiment succeeded. They pumped three hours and then stopped to mend a belt. The liquid nitrate congealed, and no power could ever get a flow through those pipes again. They picked up their baggage and walked away. The pipes are there now.

Mr. Hevener is a remarkable specimen of the American money-making adventurer, who has scarcely his parallel even in the wonderful Sinbad and the caravan merchants of the Arabian Nights.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Flogging An Indian.

One rainy afternoon, five or six Oregon pioneers were seated around a rusty old stove, gossiping about old times. One of them told the story of a first settler of Cornvallis, Benton County, who came into the country about 1845. There were plenty of Indians in the valley Klickitats and Calapooyas, and only two or three white families. The old man used to leave home for a week at a time to work in Oregon City. He had to walk the sixty miles there and back and pack flour and bacon on his back.

"Did the Indians show themselves at the cabin while he was gone?"

"Once a pack of them went to the cabin and were very saucy, finding only the old lady at home. They crowded into the house and began to help themselves to whatever they could lay their hands upon, but the old lady took the ax and made them clear out.

"When the old man came home she told him about it. He kept out of sight, and in a day or two back came the Indians. The redskin they called the Chief came into the cabin and began to lay hold of anything he fancied. Then the old man walked quietly into the doorway with his rifle on his arm. He looked the Chief up and down, and then said to his wife:

"'Do you see that bunch of twigs over the fire-place? You take them and go through that fellow while the twigs hold together!'

"He then made a step toward the Indian, and said: 'You raise a finger against that woman, and I'll take you in hand.'

"The old lady took the twigs and used them lustily on the Indian's back. She actually beat him around the house until there wasn't a whole twig in the bunch.

"You should have seen the crowd of wenty or thirty Indians standing there, fairly in ecstasies of laughter to see the white squaw flog the chief. He made the quickest time on record back to their camp as soon as she let him go, and that crowd never bothered that cabin again."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Camel Race.

In the interior of Australia camels have for some time past been used as beasts of burden. The Australian, however, is not only a good man of business, but a keen sportsman as well, and especially fond of a race meeting. Thus it came about the other day that on the arrival at Thargomindah of a troop of eighteen camels laden with merchandise some of the enterprising townsmen arranged for a race between five of the fleetest of the "ships of the desert." They were ridden by light weights—two of them being jockeys well known to the sporting public in the neighboring township of Wilcannia—and the only stipulation made was that the prize of fifteen pounds should be handed over by the winner of the trustees of the fund for fencing the cemetery! A level start was effected, but the camel ridden by one Bond made all the running, and won in a "canter" by four lengths. One of the "ships" is reported to have laid down at the back of the course, and, "his steering gear getting out of order," he could not be piloted straight afterward. Thus not only is Thargumindah entitled to the credit, if any, of having promoted the first camel race in Australia, but also to the exceptional credit of having devoted racing stakes to a praiseworthy object.—*The Colonies and India.*

—Prosperity makes a fool weaker and a wise man stronger, and adversity does the same.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A young attorney at Brownsville, Ky., who failed to get a license to practice law, has gone to chopping wood for a living.

—A rattlesnake confined in a cage for eleven months shed its skin four times, ate sixty rats, and, although it had access to a tank of water, an apparatus prepared for the purpose proved it had never drank a drop.

—The London *Guardian* says that, "in spite of anti-religious manifestations, there never was a time when religious communded more intelligent interest than in these days." This coincides with the fact that theological books took the lead in the literary publications of England for 1881.

—Half the silver half-dollars circulated in Montana are alleged to be counterfeits made by the Chinese in San Francisco. They are described as of exactly the weight of the genuine ones, and of one thirty-second part of an inch larger in diameter. They contain only sixteen cents worth of silver, which is all on the surface.—*Chicago News.*

—Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines, running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steels on us unawares. —*Wisconsin State Journal.*

—There is considerable evidence to show that Nathan D. Marshall, of Camden, who committed suicide, was influenced to take his own life by his extraordinary friendship for Horace Hammel, the defaulting secretary of the Newton Building Association. The two men had lived upon terms of the closest intimacy from boyhood, and the horror of testifying against his life-long friend, at whose trial he had been summoned as a witness, is thought to have unbalanced Mr. Marshall's mind. At least there was no other known cause for the act of an estimable citizen.—*Chicago Times.*

—A lady of rank, proudly conscious of her dignity, one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors that the three classes of the community—nobility, gentry, and commonalty—might very well be compared to the three materials, china, delf and crockery. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a desire to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice: "Hollo, Crockery, bring little China!"

—Epitaph hunters may be glad to know that a rich reward awaits the enterprising searcher in the lonely mountain gulches of Colorado. The following specimens will serve to illustrate the prevailing sentiment of these last tributes:

He had sand in his craw,
Hot was slow on the draw;
So we planted him out in the dew;

which is equivalent to saying that it is essential to be quick as well as brave. Another inscription thus accounts for a tragedy in which a man shot his wife and then killed himself in a dismal gulch near Del Norte: "Two poor tenderfeet—couldn't stand the altitude."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—About a year ago a tree fell across the platform of a street-car in the outskirts of Philadelphia and seriously injured the conductor, who expected to be a cripple for the rest of his life. All sense or feeling had departed from his lower limbs, upon which not even a galvanic shock produced the slightest effect, and several doctors gave up his case as hopeless. About a fortnight ago the conductor, while reaching as far as possible for an article above his head, felt something in his back snap suddenly and violently. When he recovered from his alarm he found that sensation had returned to his lower limbs, and he is now at work on his car again with his old health and strength.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A strange phenomenon was observed the other day at Bartlett's Reef lightship, off Saybrook, Conn., which resembled a tidal wave on a circumscribed scale. The vessel was lying perfectly still on a sea calm as a mill-pond, and not a breath of wind stirred the atmosphere, when all at once an area of about a quarter of an acre was lifted out of the depths to a height of twenty-five feet, churned into foam, and in a second threw the lightship on her beam ends, almost swamping her. The phenomenon subsided as quickly as it appeared, but the billowy roll continued for a long time afterward. Captain Edwards, who was on board at the time, states that he saw a similar occurrence about the same place nearly sixteen years ago.

—George B. Wall, of New Utrecht, N. Y., in his dying observations regretted that he did not begin right with Mrs. Wall. He said that if he had thrashed her well when she first struck him she would not have repeated it, and have gotten into the custom of beating him, he never returning it because he would not strike a woman. From the neglect of conjugal discipline it came about that on a day when Mrs. Wall had missed the ten o'clock train, and had come back to vent her mischance on Mr. Wall in the usual way, and he, for the sake of peace, had left the house, she followed and fetched him back, and then shot him with a pistol. She made him say it was an accident; but when relieved of the intimidation of her presence, the dying Mr. Wall said she did it to kill him, and then he uttered the lament that he had not begun right—a lesson to all men.—*Chicago Journal.*

Cure For the Blues.

"What's the matter now?" asked a fashionable Austin lady of her husband, who seemed to be depressed.

"I'm feeling very badly. I'm afraid I'm not long for this world," was the reply.

"Fiddle-sticks."

"No! I'm in earnest. It will not be long before you will be walking to the grave-yard behind my coffin."

"That's just where you're fooling yourself. I'll ride in a carriage, or else I'll not be in the procession at all."

Such heartlessness made him so mad that he went to work and chopped up a cord of wood, and now he feels strong enough to run for almost any office in the gift of the people.—*Texas Siftings.*

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.

The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular surgeon, but, merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurrences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—St. Jacobs Oil. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, colic, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc., render St. Jacobs Oil pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people, which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It also cured my wife."

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By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

WM. C. DIGGES, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4th, 881, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM HAS CURED HIS MOTHER OF CONSUMPTION, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of BRONCHITIS.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—An easy method of salting stock is to place a large lump of rock salt at different locations, to which the stock can resort whenever desired. It can also be placed in the troughs of the stables to good advantage.

—A good cow has a full eye, a small and short head, dished in the face and sunken between the eyes, a soft and loose skin, deep from the loin to the udder, and a very short tail, a thin udder and a square bag with teats a good distance from each other, and one which, when milked, shrinks to a small compass.—*St. Louis Rural World.*

—Renting almost invariably depreciates a farm, and must be fatal to profitable farming. The only successful farming, with our present costly labor, is on productive land. Poor crops do not pay for the labor. The best income of the farm is from the improvement of its productive power, and the net profit of it will increase in greater proportion even than its product increases.

—A quit-claim deed is imperfect, as it does not warrant the title. A person may give a quit-claim to a piece of land he does not own, because he simply conveys whatever title he may claim to have. No person should be satisfied with less than a full warantee deed. It does not injure a deed that in the notice of sale the description of the land was faulty, if the land is properly described in the deed.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Pretty little cakes, to be mixed with others in the basket, are made of three-quarters of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and cut fine, one pound of pulverized sugar, and the whites of five eggs. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in the sugar and then the almonds. Press on white, buttered paper in small cakes, heaping them up till they are cone-shaped. A little practice will enable you to do this successfully.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cottage Cheese: Wherever a cow or cows are kept, the cream is regarded as the important part of the milk, while the skim milk goes to the pigs or the poultry. Of course it is thus utilized and ultimately comes around as food, but it may be better to make a more direct use of it. The skim milk contains a valuable portion of that most nutritious food; in taking the cream, only a part of the nutriment is removed. The skim-milk is allowed to become slightly sour or "clabbered." The pan is then set upon a cool part of the stove to warm gently, or upon the top of a kettle of boiling water. It should get no warmer than the heat of new milk, when the whey will appear clear and separate from the curd. When separation takes place pour the whole into a bag of thin material, and hang to drain. When it ceases to drip, turn the curd from the bag and mix with salt and a little sweet cream.—*American Agriculturist.*

Spinach.

Of all the variety of growths that can be utilized as "greens," there is nothing which has gained and kept the place of spinach. Planted in the spring as early as the snow is off and the ground can be worked, it matures a crop in from six to eight weeks; it can be cut immediately and give place to other crops. For these reasons it is a desirable crop to raise. It requires a soil naturally fertile, and one that has been thoroughly manured for at least three consecutive years, and should have a heavy coat of manure soaked into the soil before sowing. The seed should be planted thickly in rows, one foot apart; should be hoed and kept clear of weeds till large enough to gather, which is best done by cutting the plant off just below the ground with a knife or hoe, taking care not to cut so high as to cut the plant in two. The root does not sprout the second time. The "Savoy Leaved," is a good kind to plant, having a thick leaf and growing to a good size. The prickly seeded spinach is no longer planted in this vicinity by gardeners, as the round seeded varieties have proved to be equal if not superior in all respects. Spinach planted in succession every two weeks will give a crop till the first week in July, when early cabbages and other vegetables take its place on the table and in the market. The hot weather is unfavorable to its growth, as it has a tendency to run up to seed in the hot months. Later, the seed can be sown for fall and winter, beginning the first of August, the last planting being about September 15. Seed sown after that time will not always make a sufficiently strong and vigorous plant to withstand the winter.

Spinach covered lightly when the first snow comes, with poor hay, cornstalks, straw, leaves, or better still with hemlock boughs, will keep green and be ready to cut at any time when the snow leaves the ground and the thaw has loosened the top soil so a knife can be got under the plant. It is the most popular market greens known, and by care and management can be had continuously through the market season, and can be even cut and stowed so that a supply can be had while the snow is upon the ground, as it will keep from four to eight weeks in a cellar where a temperature between thirty-two or forty degrees can be maintained.

The profits of the crop vary, but as it is salable in large quantities, and in case of failure the land can be immediately planted to some other crop, the risk is trifling.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

Remedy for Hollow Horn.

The treatment required for the disease which produces the condition of the horns known popularly as "hollow horn" is as follows: The most conspicious symptom is a general low fever, with heat or coldness, or both alternating, of the extremities, chiefly of the horns and ears. The membranes of the head are congested or inflamed, and there is often a discharge from the nose. The first treatment consists of a brisk cooling purgative, such as one pound of epsom salts, if the horns and ears are hot and the muzzle dry; if the horns are cold and the nose is moist, a quart of linseed-oil should be given and turpentine should be freely rubbed about the roots of the horns and the ears. After the purgative, in either case warm gruels of linseed or bran should be given, with a teaspoonful of ginger, and the animal should be well nursed. A tarry stick should be placed in the drinking water, or if it is not readily taken in this way a little tar should be rubbed on the tongue every day.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Gladstone as a Worker.

The visitor privileged to enter the modern house, which has a more illustrious tenant than had the older building, albeit the Tudor king was once a guest, can not advance a single step without being reminded of Mr. Gladstone's most famous and perhaps most popular recreation. Just behind the door, on the day I visited Hawarden Castle, stood an ax—not one of the costly and ornamental gifts which from time to time the people have pressed upon the acceptance of the great statesman, but a plain and exceedingly handy instrument, bearing evidence of being much used. It was not there for show, or even from the feeling which prompts hunting men to decorate their walls with stags' heads or foxes' brushes. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone, entering after a hard half-day's work, had dropped it there, as being the nearest place at hand. Probably it had been there since the Saturday preceding, which was, for reasons at the time greatly agitating the country, the last opportunity he had of indulging in his favorite exercise. A great gale, memorable in the annals of shipwreck, had swept over the country. It had played sad havoc with trees everywhere, and some of the lords of the ancient forest which skirts Hawarden Park had fallen. The next day, the Premier, going out, ax in hand, had spent some hours in clearing the timber, and shortly after coming back had found himself attacked with a serious cold. He had been confined to his room for some days, and though now convalescent, was still a prisoner in his library. The attack had been serious, as one could see, looking upon the pale face, and touching the still feverish hand. But no doctor had been called in. Everything is homely at Hawarden Castle—always of course excepting the plaster battlements and turrets, with which the present proprietors have had no more to do than had Edward the First. It is an old-fashioned English notion that wife or mother can nurse a man through a cold, and Mrs. Gladstone, who has had some experience in this department of woman's work, had assiduously set herself to the task, and was now rewarded by final triumph. Her patient, she confided to the visitor, left nothing to be desired in the way of patience and docility when once avowedly on the sick list. The difficulty was to keep him off the sick list when in health. He had no capacity for measuring the limit of his powers, which a long series of great achievements had led him to believe were invincible and inexhaustible.

This is an old story, which finds many illustrations in the House of Commons. One night last session Mr. Parnell was with something more than usual success obstructing the passage of the Land Bill, and the indignation of the majority of the House had crystallized into determination to sit, if necessary, all night. Mr. Gladstone was in his place on the Treasury Bench, in a condition of exhaustion that was evident to every one but himself. It was close upon midnight, and he had, an hour earlier, flamed forth in a magnificent outburst of righteous wrath, which played round the heads of the obstructionists with the greater intenseness since it had been so long restrained. Mr. Jesse Collings, long a faithful ally of the Irish members in their policy, now rose, and formally dissociating himself from their tactics, concluded, amid loud cheers, by declaring that "all they wanted was that Mr. Gladstone should go home to bed, and let the House settle down for the night, or till whatever hour might be necessary in order to dispose of the question immediately before it." In deference to this unanimous and hearty desire, the Premier presently withdrew. But that was a concession he is not ordinarily inclined to make to the frailty of the human frame. He will sit for hours, frequently far into the morning, when he might as well, and even much better, be in bed. But whether at home or abroad, at Hawarden or in the House of Commons, as long as he can bear the weight of his harness he will stand up and carry on the work begun more than fifty years ago.

The woodman's craft is the only exercise, except walking, which Mr. Gladstone indulges in. It is many years since he was astride a horse, and he never much cared for the exercise. He very rarely drives, and neither shoots, hunts nor fishes. But he is a great hand with the ax, establishing fresh claims upon the filial respect of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, himself no mean craftsman. In the recess, weather permitting, and sometimes whether or not, scarcely a day passes that he does not stroll out with his seventy-three years on his head, and his ax on his shoulder, not returning till, if his labor were paid at the current wages, he would have earned his dinner. Failing opportunity for tree-felling he takes a turn for an hour or so on the terrace in front of the house, where the flower garden is, and whence may be seen a far-reaching stretch of meadow-land bounded by trees. During the session his hour for retiring to rest is usually contemporaneous with that of the adjournment of the House of Commons. It is oftener two than any other hour on the dial that he gets to bed, with the consciousness that he must be up betimes to carry on the business of an empire on which the sun never sets. At home, in the piping days of the recess he does not follow the wholesome habit of some tired legislators, who, being in country quarters, have been known to go to bed at ten o'clock, by way of striking an average with the patriotic dissipation of the session. He is rarely in bed before half past eleven, and sometimes hears the chimes at midnight before turning in. But at whatever hour he retires to rest he is down at a quarter to eight, and before breakfast walks off to the little church in the village, where the service is conducted by his son, the rector. There is a private footway connecting the castle with the gateway leading into the road, and here, very soon after eight o'clock every morning, fair weather or foul, snow or wintry sunshine, the English Premier may be seen walking with light and active footsteps toward the village church.—*H. W. Lucy, in Harper's Magazine.*

—A curious thing has happened in Great Britain. Subscriptions to a monument to be built to the memory of Beaconsfield reached the sum necessary for its completion and $10,000 will be left over. American committees would like that sort of experience.—*Toledo Blade.*

Clever Thieves.

Really Parisian thieves are adroit creatures and full of invention. The other day the police arrested a precious trio who have been making a comfortable living for some months past out of the large dry goods stores of Paris in the following fashion: The party included an elderly, well dressed man, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his buttonhole, a middle-aged lady and a young one, the two last being irreproachable as to manners and toilet. The *modus operandi* adopted by the trio was as follows: They would go to one of the large crowded shops, and, on entering, the gentleman would take the principal superintendent aside, and would say to him confidentially: "Be so good as to have a special watch kept over my wife. She is a kleptomaniac, and if she purloins anything say nothing whatever about it, but just charge the articles and I will pay the bill." This arrangement fixed the eyes of all the watchers on the elder woman, who would help herself from time to time to some inexpensive trifle, while the actions of the younger one passed unnoticed. That cunning damsel would secrete about her person remnants of costly lace, handsome fans, packets of gloves and other objects, getting off with her booty unsuspected. Grown careless by success, she was seen in the act of pocketing a piece of valuable lace the other day. The whole purty was arrested and their neat little plan of action was exposed.—*Lucy H. Hooper.*

A Noble Lord's Little Joke.

Some time ago at Lord Sherbrooke's town house the butler caught a strange man hiding in a store closet between the hours of nine and ten p. m., evidently with burglarious intent. Taking him to Viscount Sherbrooke, who was in his study, the butler asked whether he should fetch a policeman. "Certainly," said his lordship; "or rather, you need not trouble: I will ring for one!" and so saying, he rang the bell. Buttons appearing, his lordship said gravely, "William, go into the kitchen and tell a policeman or two to come up." Getting no answer to his puzzled and amazed look, the boy went, only to return in a few moments to say that there was no constable on the premises. "What!" exclaimed his lordship; "you mean to tell that, with a plain cook and three housemaids in my employ, there is not a single policeman in my kitchen! It is a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit of it. Butler, let the man go instantly!"—*London Paper.*

—The pastor of the Brick church, of this city, Dr. Bevan, intends to return to London, from whence he came five years ago, for a reason which will generally surprise the American people. He finds that, in America, orthodox ministers are expected to confine themselves to their churches and congregations, and not to meddle with politics or public affairs. In England a clergyman can be a justice of the peace, he can serve on school boards and there is no impropriety in making known his partiality for or dislike of a political party or a noted statesman.—*N. Y. Hour.*

—Henry Hill, who was put off a Georgia railroad train last summer because he insisted on riding with his coat off, though the conductor instructed him that it was impolite to the women in the car, has obtained a verdict for $5,000 against the company.

PROF. ROBERT ODLUM, of the Natatorium, this city, was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Washington (D. C.) Star.*

IT is the little things that fret and worry us. A three-year-old boy may keep a man in perfect misery, whereas no such trials would accompany the presence of his eighteen-year-old sister.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE Boston *Pilot* says: St. Jacobs Oil stands without an equal.

ON seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.

"BEAUTY can draw, with a single hair," says the poet. True enough, and in due course of time a single heir draws beauty.

IF you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

SOME one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully,
MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in a suit about a lot of hogs, "there were just thirty-six in the drove. Please remember the fact—thirty-six hogs; just three times as many as in that jury-box, gentlemen." That counsel didn't gain his case.

A CERTAIN gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of nine years who came to her funeral said to his daughter of about the same age: "Your papa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "but not till after the funeral."—*Chicago Times.*

IT takes only thirteen minutes to load an elephant on a railroad train, while it takes twenty for any sort of a woman to kiss her friends good by and lose the check for her trunk.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SPRINGFIELD, IND., bought a town clock for $800, paid $700 to repair it, and now wants to sell it for $40. Find how much Springfield is ahead of time on that dicker.—*Free Press.*

ICE-CREAM is now served in molds to resemble asparagus. This won't do. The only way that will wean the girls against it is to make it resemble onions.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A MAN who wants his wife to love and respect him will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

THE Evansville *Argus* wants to see a man who has not at some sorrowful period of his life stepped on one edge of a barrel-hoop and felt of the other with his nose.

"THOUSANDS have tried it, and will never use any other," is the significant and pathetic encomium of a cough balsam which circulates in New England.

"WHO's to be shot at next!" asks the Boston *Post.* Let's see; who was shot at last? When it comes our turn we want to be out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

POSTMAN: "Say, sis, where's Mrs. Malley O'Dearmont?" Sis: "I'd'nor. She died last week and didn't leave any directions."—*The Judge.*

Answer This.

Did you ever know any person to be ill, without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure? Ask your neighbor this same question.—*Times.*

OSCAR WILDE wishes to shake hands with the author of "Beautiful Snow." The author will please refrain from stepping up all at once, for Oscar is sensitive in the presence of a crowd.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IS YOUR scalp full of dry husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within 6 days; try it, for it is the best head dressing ever used. Sold by all druggists at $1 per package. Also his celebrated Celery and Chamomile Pills, at 50c per box. The recognized standard remedy for all headaches and nervousness.

NEW ENGLAND thought leads the world as usual. A Northford woman says she saw a live grasshopper in a snow-drift.—*Danbury News.*

☞ Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, &c., 10 cts. A child can use them with perfect success.

Terrible Sufferings.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well.
J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

THE deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth lynching."

*** "Tend a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!" Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

INQUIRER: What is the most scarce American coin? Don't know, sir; dollars are quite scarce enough.—*Boston Post.*

WOMEN that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

WHAT the milkman said when he found a fish in the milk: "Good heavens! The brindle cow has been in swimming again."

EDUCATION is a good thing enough; but the Ignorant man makes his mark first in the world.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE great distinguishing feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

IT isn't flattering to a man to be summoned on a breach of promise case as an expert.

WHEN is a wolf most dangerous? When he feels sheepish.

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

THAT RICH EXPERIENCE.

A Free Press Interview Sustained and Its Source Revealed.

(*Detroit Free Press.*)

A few months ago an interview with a prominent and well known physician, formerly a resident of Detroit, but now living in New York, appeared in the columns of this paper. The statements made by the doctor and the facts he divulged were of so unusual a nature as to cause no little commotion among those who read them, and many inquiries were raised as to the genuineness of the interview and the validity of the statements it contained. The name of the physician was at that time suppressed at his own request. The seal of secrecy, however, can now be removed, as the important and interesting letter which appears below will abundantly show. In order, however, that the reader may better understand this letter, a few extracts are here with given from the interview in question.

After an exchange of courtesies and a few reminiscences about the war, in which the doctor was a prominent surgeon, the reporter remarked upon the doctor's improved appearance, upon which he said:

"Yes, I have improved in health since you last saw me, and I hope also in many other ways. One thing, however, I have succeeded in doing, and it is one of the hardest things for any one, and especially a doctor, to do, and that is I have overcome my prejudices. You know there are some people who prefer to remain in the wrong rather than acknowledge the manifest right. Such prejudice leads to bigotry of the worst order. Now, I am a physician, and of the 'old school' order, too; but I have, after years of experience and observation, come to the conclusion that truth is the highest of all things, and that if prejudice or bigotry stand in the way of truth, so much the worse for them—they are certain to be crushed sooner or later. Why, when I knew you in Detroit, I would no sooner have thought of violating the code of ethics laid down by the profession, or of prescribing anything out of the regular order, than I would of amputating my hand. Now, however, I prescribe and advise those things which I believe to be adapted to cure, and which my experience has proven to be such."

"How did you come to get such heritical ideas as these, doctor?"

"Oh, they are the result of my experience and observation. I obtained my first ideas upon the subject, though, from having been cured after all my care and the skill of my professional brethren had failed to relieve me. Why, I was as badly off as many of my patients, with a complication of troubles, including dyspepsia, and consequently imperfect kidneys and liver, and I feared I should have to give up my practice. For months I suffered untold agonies. Dull, indefinite pains in various parts of the body; a lack of interest in everything around me; a loss of appetite; headaches; all these disagreeable symptoms were added to pains which were both acute and constant. Sick as I was, however, I became restored to health in a most surprising manner and in an incredibly short space of time, and it was this that proved a revelation to me. That was the starting point, and my prejudices faded rapidly after that, I can assure you. I went to reading extensively, and analyzing more extensively, and since that time I have discovered many things of real value to humanity. Why, only a few days ago I advised a lady who was suffering from a serious female difficulty and displacement to use the same remedy which cured me. I saw her this morning and she is nearly well; the pain and inflammation are all gone and she is around, as usual. We have no right in the medical fraternity to sit back and declare there is no such thing as improvement or advancement, or that we have a monopoly of the remedies which nature has given to mankind. There are great changes going on in every department of life, and there are great developments in medicine as well. Thousands of people die every year from supposed typhoid fever, rheumatism, or other complaints, when in reality it is from trichina, caused by eating poorly cooked and diseased pork. Thousands of children are dying every year from dropsy as the apparent sequel to scarlatina, when in reality it is from diseased kidneys which have become weakened by the fever they have just had."

"Well, doctor, you have got some new truths here, certainly, but they sound very reasonable to me."

"Well, whether they are reasonable or not, I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they are true, and I propose to stand by them, no matter how much opposition I may raise by doing so. Any man, be he politician, preacher or physician, who is so considerate of his pocket-book or of his own personal ends as to stultify himself by suppressing the manifest truth, is unworthy the name of man, and unworthy the confidence of the public whom he serves."

The above are some of the principal points in the interview referred to. Now for the sequel. The following outspoke letter from the doctor himself which has just been received is published in full:

Editor Detroit Free Press:

Some time ago a reporter of your paper had an interview with me which he said he would like to publish. I consented on condition that you would not mention my name until I gave you permission. I have now accomplished the purpose I had in mind, and wish to say to you (which you can publish or not as you see fit) that I had debated for a long time whether I would shake off some of the professional fetters which bound me with others for years, and tell the truth, or not. When I looked back, and thought of the tortures, like those described by Dante in his trip to the infernal regions, which I endured from dyspepsia, and recalled how much I would have given at that time for the relief which I have since obtained, I determined that I would take the step so long meditated, and thereby discharge a duty to my fellow men. If I could thereby save one poor mortal one night of the terrible suffering I endured, I would be fully satisfied, be the other consequences what they might.

My dyspeptic condition was produced by a torpid liver, which did not, as a consequence, remove the bile from the blood. This produced derangement of the stomach, inflammation of its coats, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, depression of spirits, yellow complexion, fat-covered eyes, chills and fever; in short, I was miserable to the last degree. I appealed in vain to my books, to my skill, and to my fellow physicians. The mystery of my ill-health grew deeper. I traveled everywhere—exhausted all authorized expedients—but to no purpose!

When in this frame of mind, desperately in need of help, but expecting none, one of my unprofessional friends called my attention to some unusual cures wrought by a prominent remedy and urged me to try it. I emphatically declined. But secretly, and with the firm determination that I would never let anybody know what I had done, I began its use. It was only an experiment, you know, but for that matter, all medical treatment is experimental. Well, to make a long and surprising story short, I experienced a sort of physical revolution. My skin got a better color. My liver resumed its functions. I no longer had to arouse the bowels with cathartics. My headaches disappeared with my dyspepsia; but still I was not convinced. "Nature did it," I reasoned. But, determined to pursue the investigation to the extreme, while I was in active work, I tried the effect of the remedy on my patients afflicted with kidney, liver and urinary diseases, watching every development carefully and studiously. Then I was completely disarmed, for the remedy stood every test imposed.

Under such convincing circumstances, the matter of confessing my cure became a question of conscience and of duty to humanity. "Here is a remedy," I said, "that has done for me what the best medical skill of the country could not accomplish"—and as an honorable man I will not suppress the facts. I therefore write you and most unhesitatingly assert that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, stomach or urinary organs which are amenable to treatment, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure surpasses any remedy I have ever known or used, and since physicians have so much ill-success in the treatment of diseases of these organs, I am prepared to accept all the consequences when I say that they are, if conscientious, in duty bound to use this pure vegetable compound in their practice.

Yours very truly,
J. W. SMITH, M. D.

Statements so outspoken as the above and coming from such a reliable source are valuable beyond question. They conclusively show not only the power of the remedy which has become so well known and popular, but the great importance of attention in time to the first indications of declining health. When professional men of such high standing sink their prejudice and willingly declare their belief in that which they know to be valuable, the public may confidently follow their example.

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Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in Mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.39 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

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Order of Publication.

John Barnes, and Nancy Barnes, his wife, Isaac N. W. Metz and Eliza Preston,

vs.

William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, John B. Barnes, Emily Spiker, William Spiker, John Metz, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Hornn, William Metz, —— Metz, Henry Spiker, Lavinia Spiker, Matilda Metz, Anne Metz, Anne Metz, George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Teelers, Samuel Teeters, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Louisa Metz, —— Markey, Frances S. Markey, John T. Metz, Mary M. Darnley, James Darnley, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Lease, Howard Lease, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz, Joseph Metz, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Rhoda Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, William Barnes, Frank Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary Ellen Major, Samuel Major, and David Evans.

No. 238 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate situated in Garrett county, and State of Maryland, of which one William Barnes died seized and possessed.

The Bill of Complaint in this cause states that the said William Barnes died about the year A. D. 1827, seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Allegany county, now Garrett county, State aforesaid, described as follows: Known and designated as "Come by Chance," containing forty acres, more or less, and "Daniel's Addition," containing forty-four and one-half acres, more or less, lying near the town of Barton, in said Garrett county; and being the same property which was conveyed by John Rhodes to William Barnes by deed dated the 3d day of October, A. D. 1803, and recorded in Liber T, folio 87, one of the Land Record Books of Allegany county aforesaid, and which said property is now in the occupancy of one David Evans.

The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left a will which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphan's Court for said Allegany county, wherein he devised the said real estate to his daughter Ruth for her life, and at her death to her son, John Metz.

The Bill further states that the said Ruth Metz and John Metz, are both dead and that by a proper construction of the will of William Barnes, the said Ruth and John Metz took but life estates in the said real estate, and that the said William Barnes died intestate of the revision, and that his heirs at law are now entitled to said real estate. The Bill further states that the said William Barnes left surviving him seven children and heirs at law, as follows: John Barnes, William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Abigail Barnes and Ruth Barnes, of which William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes, Sarah Barnes and Huldah Barnes, went West a great many years ago, and that neither they nor their descendants (if they ever had any) nor any of them have been heard of for at least forty or fifty years, and cannot be found or heard of, although diligent search and inquiry has been made for them, Abigail Barnes died intestate leaving two children, John B. Barnes and Huldah Barnes, said John B. Barnes is now living and resides in Garrett county, State of Maryland, and Huldah intermarried with one William Metz, a son of Ruth Metz, both of whom died intestate leaving the following children and heirs at law: William Metz, Abigail Metz, Sarah Metz, Isaac Metz, Matilda Metz, Elizabeth Metz, Joseph Metz, and Eliza Metz. Ruth Metz and John Metz, children of the said Ruth and Isaac Metz, died intestate without issue before their mother, Ruth Metz who died in the year A. D. 1883, intestate, Elizabeth Metz is still living and was intermarried with a man named Horan, now dead without issue. Eliza Metz is still living and intermarried with one Meshach Preston, now dead without issue. Abigail Metz died leaving issue, William Metz, who is intermarried with —— Fazenbaker, and Lavinia Metz who intermarried with Henry Spiker, Matilda Metz went West about forty years ago, and neither she nor her husband (if she had any) have been heard from since that time, Sarah Metz died since the death of her mother Ruth Metz, leaving Anne Metz, William Metz, Intermarried with Huldah Barnes and died intestate, leaving children as heretofore named in this Bill, Isaac Metz intermarried with Anne Fazenbaker, and died intestate leaving surviving him, his widow and the following heirs at law: George Metz, William J. Metz, Mary E. Metz, Sarah J. Metz, Charles O. Metz, John H. Metz, Benjamin Metz, James H. Metz, Jacob Metz, Louisa Metz, Isaac Metz and Francis S. Metz, and of them Mary E. Metz intermarried with one Samuel Teelers, Francis S. Metz intermarried with Markey, Jacob and Isaac Metz, both died intestate and without issue. Joseph Metz a son of Ruth and Isaac Metz, both died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: John T. Metz, Mary M. Metz, William H. Metz, Benjamin T. Metz, Alexander Metz, Rachel J. Metz, Martha Metz, Ida Metz, Rebecca Metz and Joseph Metz, all whom Mary M. Metz intermarried with James Darnley, both of whom are living, Rachel J. Metz intermarried with Howard Lease, both of whom are living, John Barnes, son of William Barnes, the common ancestor died intestate, leaving the following children and heirs at law surviving him: Sarah Barnes, Nancy Barnes, Rachel Barnes, John Barnes, William Barnes, Henry Barnes, Joseph Barnes, Jefferson Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, Mary E. Barnes and Daniel Barnes, of whom Sarah intermarried with one William Sigler, both of whom are dead, leaving one child and heir at law Nancy C. Sigler, who has intermarried with William Miller and both of whom are living, Nancy, daughter of John Barnes, the son of William, intermarried with Isaac Miller, both of whom are living, Rachel intermarried with Enos Jacobs both of whom are living, John intermarried with Nancy Shaw, both of whom are living, William intermarried with Rhoda Ayers, both of whom are living, Henry intermarried with Margaret Miller and died intestate, leaving surviving him his widow and the following children and heirs at law: Rebecca Barnes who intermarried with George Cook, William Barnes, Henry Barnes and James Barnes, who intermarried with —— Spiker and Frank Barnes all of whom are living, Joseph the son of John, the son of William, the common ancestor died intestate without issue, Jefferson intermarried with one Amanda Dye, both of who are living, Benjamin intermarried with some one unknown to this complainant, both of whom are now living, Mary E. intermarried with Samuel Major, both of whom are living, and David, who died without issue.

The Bill further states that the descendants and heirs at law of the said William Barnes [illegible] Maryland: William Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes Sarah Barnes, Huldah Barnes, Andrew Hewitt, Ellen Hewitt, Elizabeth Morrow, Milton Morrow, Elizabeth Horan, —Markey, Frances S. Markey, Nancy C. Miller, William Miller, Isaiah Miller, Nancy Miller, Rachel Jacobs, Enos Jacobs, William Barnes, Margaret Barnes, Rebecca Cook, George Cook, Jefferson Barnes, Amanda Barnes, Benjamin Barnes, —— Barnes, Mary E. Major, and Samuel Major.

The Bill further states that a certain David Evans is in possession of the said property and claims an interest in it.

The Bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties interested, and that no division of the same could be made without greatly impairing and depreciating the value thereof, and without loss and injury to the parties in interest.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett county, State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 10th day of April, 1882, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to be and appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 10th day of July next, to answer the premises, and show cause if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
344 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Sloanaker, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judgments to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POULTRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poultry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1669, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1668, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1668 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1889 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 65½ degrees, east 21 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1669, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
4 1 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing.

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

EDMUND T. JAMISON,
4 1 5 Sheriff.

PATENTS.

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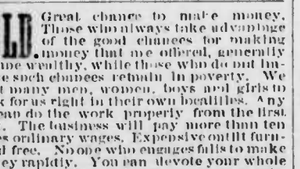

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It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as UTILITY and beauty are concerned. In JAMES BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES, this WASTE of precious metal is overcome, and the SAME SOLIDITY AND STRENGTH produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, especially adapted to the purpose, has two plates, of SOLID GOLD soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavy plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, &c., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold

THIS IS THE ONLY CASE MADE WITH TWO PLATES OF SOLID GOLD, AND WARRANTED BY SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

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ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public road near John Broneman's, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. Mary Beachley, Daniel Bereuman, and intersecting the county road near Jones Tice's.

JOHN BRENEMAN
CHRISTIAN BRENEMAN,
SIMON WEIMER,
2 8 5 And others.

1882 THE SUN, 1882

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Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodehenver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882. NUMBER 7.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a big firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 12 tf

Sheriff's Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

in Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of four writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, one at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 50 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of S. Rosenheim & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 85 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of Davis & Townshend, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 94 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, and one at the suit of Daniel E. Offutt, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No 85 Originals, September Term, 1876, of said Court, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Bowie Johnson, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Bowie Johnson, of, in and to all those tracts or parts of a tracts or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, being portions of the tract of land commonly known as Johnson's part of the tract of land called

"Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained,"

lying near Deep Creek in said county, and described as follows: For the first tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning at a stake standing at the northwest end of the division line, between the land of Bowie Johnson and the tract of land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol. 387, one of the land Records for Garrett county, and on the fifth line of the tract of land called "Stock Farm," and running thence north 51½° east 398 perches, to a bounded spruce pine, then with the sixth line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 13° east 385 perches, to a bounded wild cherry tree, then with the seventh line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 37° west 57 perches, to the land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson to one Silas Walters, by Deed dated the 26th day of May, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol 183, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and running thence with the line of the said land, and by and with Deep Creek, to a bridge over the said Creek, then south 76° west 12 perches, then south 49½° west 41 perches, then north 47½° west 16 perches, then north 13° east 10 perches, then north 37½° west 35 perches, then south 50½° west 100 perches, then north 37½° west 100 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 418¾ acres of land, more or less; and of the second tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning south 37½° east 12 perches, from a stone marked "No. 1," on the property heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and running thence north 51½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 28 perches, then north 51½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 247 perches then with the eighth line of the whole Johnson tract of land south 85° west 231 perches, then north 37½° west 225 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 288¾ acres of land, more or less.

These two tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land being portions of the tract of land which was devised to the said Bowie Johnson by the late Reverdy Johnson, by his last Will and Testament duly recorded in "Wills, Liber J. B. M." No. 5, folio —, among the records of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore county, Maryland.

The said tracts or parts of tracts of land are situated about eight or nine miles northeast of the Town of Oakland, in Garrett county aforesaid, the Huppuie and Meadow Mountain roads passing near or through them.

They are well adapted to farming purposes, have good timber on them, and are accessible to the railroad and market towns by good roads.

And I hereby give notice, that by virtue of the foregoing writs of fieri facias, I will,

On Saturday, April 29th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale the said tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land, together with the improvements thereon, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for *cash*, to satisfy the said executions and costs.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett Co., Md.

484

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR,
173 Prestmanst.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and spralns.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

B. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and sore ness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.* Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
d tf10 Baltimore.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

PATTY'S LETTERS.

"We don't keep boarders," said Mrs. Farquehar, looking in owlish fashion through her spectacle glasses at Mr. Stuart Waller. "We've got plenty to spare without the trouble of 'em. You'll find the tavern about three-quarters of a mile below. You must have come right past its doors."

"So I did," said Mr. Waller, who possessed the insinuating, chivalric manner that made every lady whom he addressed feel herself for the time being the only feminine creature in all the universe; "but no amount of money would hire me to make my home in a place like that. Here it is like a glimpse of paradise," looking around admiringly at the shady lawns, the clematis-bordered porch, and the rose hedges all sprinkled over with pink buds. "I am sure, madam, you will reconsider your decision, and take me for a few days, and I will promise to be no more trouble around the house than a kitten.

Mrs. Farquhar was but human, and the upshot of affairs was that Mr. Waller's trunk arrived the next day.

"Oh, mother," said Patty Farquhar, knitting her pretty eyebrows, "why did you let him in? And we so peaceful and comfortable here!"

"Child, why shouldn't I?" said the widow. "He's to pay ten dollars a week board, and I have no use for the little three-cornered room over the parlor."

"I don't know," said Patty, slowly, "but it seems to me I feel exactly as Eve must have felt when she saw the serpent writhing his way into Paradise."

"Nonsense?" exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, almost angrily.

But Patty only laughed, and ran away under the shadow of the pink buds to meet her lover, Morris Newton.

"Little one," said Morris, imprisoning both her soft white hands in his, "I have got bad news for you."

"Bad news, Morris?"

"I've got to go to Omaha next week to see about those silver mines that one of my clients has an interest in."

"Oh, dear," said Patty, pursing up her strawberry of a mouth.

"I shall be gone six months."

"Worse and worse," said Patty.

"But if you say so, Patty," drawing her to his side, "we can be married first and make a wedding trip of it.

"The idea!" flashed back Patty, drawing herself out of his embrace. "And I without a single dress made!"

"We can buy the dresses afterward."

"That's all a man knows about it."

"You're sure it's impossible?" with a disappointed air.

"Oh, quite," asserted the little brunette.

"Then," said Mr. Newton, with a sigh, "you must write very often, and be getting your foolable rols ready to be married as soon as I come home."

"Yes," said Patty, gravely; "that's more reasonable."

And she went into the house utterly ignorant that at the same time Mr. Stuart Waller was laying a wager with a boon companion at the Easteworth Arms that "he could cut out that conceited lawyer in less than four weeks."

For Mr. Waller piqued by Patty's cool indifference, and, unfortunately, his were the "idle hands" for which Satan is said to have plenty of mischief to do.

"She's pretty after a fashion," said he to himself, "and I mean to make her dead in love with me before I'm through."

Mr. Stuart Waller was a man of the world. Patty Farquhar was as young in experience as in years. They were an ill-mated pair, and it was hardly three weeks before the tongue of gossip began to busy itself with the widow's dark-eyed daughter.

Mrs. Farquhar came into Patty's room one afternoon, and found her crying as if her heart would break, and with an open letter in her lap.

"Heart alive, child! what's the matter?" cried the old lady.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing!" cried Patty, hurriedly wiping her eyes. "Only I have got a letter from Morris, and it makes me feel so glad and sorry."

"Folks didn't cry over love letters when I was a girl," said Mrs. Farquhar.

But the letter was more to Patty than her mother suspected. Every trusting word, every caressing adjective was an envenomed arrow in her heart.

Patty knew that almost unconsciously she had been led into what seemed to her an innocent flirtation with Stuart Waller. She had walked with him in twilight, and she had written him two letters, when he was temporarily absent in New York—careless, girlish letters, which, although she had no thought of harm at the time, she would now give worlds to recall.

"I'll ask him to return them to me," said Patty to herself, "and then I'll turn over a new leaf. I will go to Aunt Prudence's while he remains here, and begin my wedding clothes in good earnest."

But when Patty Farquhar preferred her innocent request, Mr. Waller laughed in her face.

"Oh, dear Patty," said he, "do you take me for a fool?"

"My name is Miss Farquhar," said the girl, with flashing eyes.

"Excuse me; but when you say 'Dear Stuart—'"

"I never said such a thing!" interrupted Patty, with burning cheeks and eyes aflame.

"In the letter."

"I said 'Dear Mr. Waller,'" panted Patty.

"Excuse me once more. Your memory plays you false."

"Will you return me the letters?"

"Miss Farquhar," with a low bow, "they are a great deal too precious to me."

"You refuse?"

"I never refuse anything to a lady; but—"

Patty did not stay to hear the conclusion, but flashed out into the afternoon sunshine, with a large lump in her throat and a curious sensation as if all her blood was turned to fire.

"What a fool I have been," she thought, pacing up and drown the tiny graveled walk like a chained pantheress, and biting her scarlet lip. "Oh, what an idiotic, unreasonable fool! And what will become of me if Morris Newton sees those scrawls? But surely, surely, in the wildest moment of infatuation, I never addressed him as 'Dear Stuart?' Be that as it may, however, I must and will get those letters back."

Fired with indignation, Patty Farquhar resolved herself into a private detective, searched Mr. Waller's room and even got a false key to his trunk and went through the contents, but all in vain. And she had the satisfaction of perceiving by Mr. Waller's amused and patronizing manner that he knew all about it.

"I'll have them yet," said Patty.

Miss Farquhar was standing with clasped hands before the wide-opened door of the old-fashioned oven, built on the side of the kitchen chimney and extending a sort of humpeback excrescence out into the lilac bushes of the back garden when Mr. Waller came in with a string of speckled trout depending from his finger.

"La Penserosa!" said he lightly, "Pardon me, Patty, but why are you so grave?"

"My thimble," said she, "It has rolled down into the oven—my little gold thimble."

"And you can't reach it?"

"It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible when a lady's behest spurs one on," said Mr. Waller, gallantly. "Stand aside one second, Penserosa."

And he sprang valiantly into the yawning depths of the old brick oven.

It was decidedly warm, for the fires had just been taken out; it was decidedly dark, but no sooner had he entered, than Patty, a brilliant inspiration lighting her heart and face alike, swung the massive iron door to, and fastened it with the sturdy bolt.

"Hello!" said Mr. Waller; "what are you doing, Patty?"

"I'm shutting the door," Patty breathlessly responded.

"But I can't find your thimble in this Egyptian darkness."

"I don't want my thimble."

"Patty—Miss Farquahar—what do you mean?"

"I mean to have those letters back."

"Do you want to roast me alive in this black hole of Calcutta?"

"I don't care much whether you roast or not," replied Patty.

"I shall shout for help."

"Shout away," said Patty, with a laugh. "Dorcas is hanging out clothes by the river, and mother has gone to the village. Do shout!"

"Patty," imploringly said Waller.

"Well?"

"Am I to be a prisoner here for life?"

"Until you give me those letters."

"I can't," said Waller, "I haven't got them with me."

"But you can tell me where they are, I suppose," rejoined Patty.

The oven was hot and dark—a sensation akin to suffocation stole over Stuart Waller.

"Let me out," said he, grinding his teeth, "and I will give them to you."

"That won't do," retorted Patty. "I must have them before you come out or not at all."

"Impossible!

"Nothing is impossible when a lady's behest spurs one on," mimicked malicious Patty.

Mr. Waller uttered an exclamation which was certainly not a prayer.

"I can't stand this broiling hole!" shouted he. "In the little summer house under the loose board of the table. Quick, or I shall be stifled to death!"

Patty flew off as if her tiny feet were garnished with wings. In the summer house, under the loose board of the table, lay the two letters, as Waller had said, wrapped in oiled silk, and tied with a yellow cigar ribbon. Catching them up, she tore them hurriedly open.

"I knew it wasn't 'Dear Stuart,'" she exclaimed mockingly, and then tearing them into a shower of infinitesimal pieces, she flung them to the summer wind.

Half a minute later, Mr. Waller, crumpled as to linen, frowsy as to hair, and streaming with perspiration, crept out of his sultry cell. Patty courtesyed low to greet his egress.

"Walk out," said she, "coward and liar."

Mr. Waller made no reply. What could he have said?

He left Farquahar cottage that evening. He said he had received a telegram. Perhaps he had, but Patty had her doubts on that subject. At all events he disappeared, and Patty Farquahar breathed free again.

Morris Newton came back in October, and Patty married him. But she never told any one, even her husband, of the episode of the old brick oven and the two letters.

The Next Corn Crop.

The demand for corn is largely on the increase, and the enlarged requirements for this cereal in Europe will require all our efforts to furnish the necessary supply. The great increase of production may be found in the fact that from 592,071,104 bushels in 1850, 838,792,742 in 1860, 760,944,549 in 1870, to 1,754,861,535 bushels in 1880. According to the statistics of this latter year the single state of Illinois produced 325,792,481 bushels of corn in one season, Iowa produced 275,024,247 bushels the same year, Missouri 203,485,723, and Indiana, Ohio and Kansas upwards of 100,000,000 bushels each. A contemporary suggests that while corn can be grown in nearly all the states, there is a somewhat limited area of county that is adapted to its profitable production; that except in a few counties in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, it cannot be produced to much profit south of the Ohio river. The Western limit of the profitable production of corn is about two hundred miles west of the Missouri. North of Iowa corn is likely to be killed by frost before it matures, and some of the quick-growing varieties can be raised. East of the Alleghany Mountains, except in favorable localities, corn is only produced at the expense of a large amount of labor, and the application of considerable manure, which renders it a crop of questionable profit, except where the invaluable properties of corn fodder became a factor in its cultivation. The great increase in the export of live stock and dairy productions must also add largely to the increase in the food to supply the means of meeting the demand, and after all that has been said upon this subject, it must be conceded that corn, and the meal and fodder therefrom, must be relied upon to meet the exigences of the case. Last year the corn crop was shortened nearly one-third the usual average, by the almost unprecented drouth, and any old stock that may have been left over from the preceding year must have been pretty well exhausted for domestic use, as well as for foreign consumption. The hay crop, being also a sufferer by the drouth, could not afford the necessary quantity of food usually availed of to supply the deficiency.

The Boston *Cultivator*, alluding to the various causes which will require an extended cultivation of Indian corn, takes the ground that, comparing its fodder value independent of the grain, it is doubtful if any other fodder crop can equal its worth in this respect. While the Western farmer is at present wasteful of this element of value, his forced appreciation of its worth is among the possibilities of the near future. So far as the Eastern farmer is concerned, a proper appreciation and utilization of corn fodder forms the only basis upon which he can hope to secure a remunerative return for the labor and expense bestowed upon this crop. If the new system of ensilage, now in its earlier stages of experiment, shall prove to be the blessing to farmers which is predicted for it, the cultivation of corn as a fodder crop will receive additional impulse. Any system which shall enable the farmer to double the amount of live stock upon his farm must add value to his acres, increased income to his pocket and abundant fertility to his soil. In connection with its value as a fodder crop, even under old systems, the cultivation of Indian corn must ever be a source of profit to a majority of our farmers.

Come Home Sober.

"Now, Jimmy, come home sober," said a small woman with a fair, sorrowful face, as she watched her husband start to his work from their inviting little house in one of our avenues. "Come home sober!" There was an appealing tremolo in the voice, a prayerful quiver of the lips and a forced smile upon the white face that said plainly: "I am ashamed to speak the words, but if you will only come to me a man to-night I shall be happy until to-morrow." She watched him half sorrowfully and half fondly as he kissed his hand to her and strode away with elastic step and manly bearing, and when he had disappeared a look and a whisper were directed to God, the comforter, and the door was closed. How many scenes occurring daily in every town and city in the land does the above describe; and how many such scenes are followed by the appearance of the loved at night with eyes and passions inflamed, breath polluted, brain crazed, and form staggering and unstable in the power of the murderous alcohol?

God pity the sufferings, the disappointed hopes and despair of the mothers, wives and chrildren of the drunkards. In this life there are many trials and severe sufferings, but none so great as to see the dearest one on earth going day by day deeper and deeper into the tortuous tunnels of shame, of death, of drunkenness. Husbands, in the name of humanity, of God, of the love you bear her who holds you so dear to her eternal happiness, "Come home sober to-night!" Bring a clear brain and a kiss of love unpolluted by the breath of a monster that is murdering you and starving the hearts and mouths of those who deserve your love and assistance. Then will your homes know happiness and by your own efforts a place of rest, screened from the eyes and ears and afflictions of the world by the thrifty vines of love that grow continually, sheltering only you and yours, and bearing the fruit that God intended should be planted, cultivated, gathered and enjoyed by the deserving among his husbandmen.

The oldest of the Protestant missions in China dates from the year 1842. Then only six converts could be found in all China. To-day there are 29 missionary societies at work at 91 central stations and 511 outstations, 250 ordained missionaries and 73 ordained native clergy, 63 unmarried women teachers, 511 licensed preachers, 71 colporteurs, 90 "Bible women," 400 churches, 18,000 enrolled communicants, about 75,000 adherents, 20 theological schools, with 231 students, 30 higher boarding-schools for boys, with 611 scholars, 38 for girls, with 777 scholars, 177 day-schools for boys with 4,500 students, 82 for girls with 1,800 students, 10 missionary hospitals and 24 dispensaries. At the Mildmay Conference in London Dr. Legge stated that at the present rate of progress, in forty years more Protestant missions ought to report 26,000,000 communicants and 100,000,000 adherents in the middle kingdom. The (American) Presbyterian Publishing House at Shanghai printed in 1880 314,000 Bibles and Testaments, 4,672,500 pages of tracts, and 226,763 volumes of miscellaneous books.

Elegance and Purity.

Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, beauty and lustre.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

"Naught to be done"—eh? It was that he said,
The Doctor, as you stopped him at the door?
Nay, never try to smile and shake thy head,
I could ha' told thee just as well afore.
I haven't lived these thirty years to want
Parsons or women telling what is nigh
When the pulse labors and the breath is scant,
And all grows dim before the glazing eye.

I felt that something gave here, at my heart
In that last tussle, down there on the Scar.
Nay, never cry, fond lassie as thou art,
Thou wilt do fine without me—better far.
Thou'st been a good and patient wife to mo
Sin' that Spring day, last-year, when we were wed.
I never meant so cold and strange to be.
Come, an' I'll tell thee. Sit here by my bed.

So, where the sunshine rests upon thy hair,
It shows almost as smooth and bright as her's.
The girl I wooed in Dunkerque, over there—
Fie, how the thought the slackening life-blood stirs!
O, wild black eyes, so quick to flash and fill!
O, rich red lips, so ripe for kiss and vow!
Did not your spell work me enow of ill,
That you must haunt and vex me even now!

I swore, as we drove out into the gale,
And staggering down mid-channel went the boat,
Never at Dunkerque Pier to furl my sail,
While I and the old Lion kept afloat;
The pier where she and her French lover laughed
At the poor trusting fool who had his due;
Quick though his hand flew to the keen knife's haft,
The English list was yet more quick and true.

She and her beaten sweetheart, do they prate
Yet of her triumph? Let them, an' they please,
I shall know naught about it, lying straight
Up on the headland, neath the lail fir trees.
I wish I could ha' been content, my lass,
With thee, and thy blue eyes and quiet ways;
Thou hast thy bairn, and as the calm years pass,
Thou wilt forget thy stormy April days,

Thou'rt young and bonnie still, my wench.
Thou'll make
A happy wife yet. Choose some quiet chap
Who'll love the little 'un for thy sweet sake.
And bear thee to some inland home, mayhap,
We're rough and stern, we ou the sea-board bred,
And can't forget, or smooth a rankling wound.
Come close; there's just one thing left to be said,
Before I'm dumb forever, underground.

Last night they watched the life-boat driven back.
The rock-ot battling vainly with the blast,
While the good bark, amid the roar and wrack
Drove headlong—struck—and lay there hard and fast.
They neither saw nor heeded; as the flash
Of cold blue fire lit all, above, below,
The French flag flying o'er the whirl and crash,
"Louise, Dunkerque," the letters on her prow.

I saw, plunged, fought, and reached the sinking bark,
The old hot poison fierce in every vein,
Seized on two sailors, shrieking in the dark,
Bore them to land, and turned to swim again.

Clasping the rigging yet one man I found;
I caught him, struggled on; the beach was near.
"Louise!" he gasped, and 'mid the roar around,
I knew the voice last heard on Dunkerque Pier.

The murderer's lust surged to the throbbing heart.
The murderer's cunning loosed the saving hand.
'Twas but to let him go; I'd done my part—
Praised and avenged! Why, thus 'twere well to land.
But she—No cloud on her bright life should rest,
An' I could ward it; love and hate at strife
A moment, then, snatched from the breaker's crest,
I dragged him, stunned and bleeding, back to life.

Somehow I hurt myself, and so it's over,
And better so for all. Thou'lt rear the lad
To make some Yorkshire lass an honest lover,
Nor tell him all the wrong his mother had;
And sometimes—for thou'rt kind—when stars are out
In the green country, where no tempests blow,
Thou'll say: Thy father had his faults, no doubt,
But still he died to save his bitterest foe."

—*All the Year Round.*

POLLY GARDNER AND THE DRAW BRIDGE.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy" but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off on a visit to a sick neighbor. Birds were singing, bees were humming, and the slender branches of the great gray-green willows that shadowed the road moved softly with every light puff of wind. Away off in the field over the hills Polly could hear the ring of the mowers' scythes. Everything was so pleasant and peaceful that she wished her parents were there to enjoy it with her.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road, she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was another wagon, driven by Mr. Ward, the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and began fumbling slowly in his coat pocket for something.

After considerable searching, he drew out a white envelope, and turned it first one way and then another, shook his head, and began feeling in his pockets again, brought forth his spectacles, adjusted them carefully upon his nose, and once more began examining the letter. At last he read in a loud voice:

"'Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Wilson Grove. In haste.' Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked, sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's *me*!" cried Polly, jumping from the horse block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?" asked Mr. Ward, still holding the letter far above Polly's reach.

"Yes, of course," cried Polly, indignantly. "I'm nine years old next week."

"Wery well, Miss Polly Gardner, here's your letter. But if your mar hadn't put 'In haste' on the outside of it you would have had to come and fetch it yourself," said Mr. Ward, as he handed the letter down to Polly.

"Thank you ever so much," said Polly, tearing her letter open nervously. After reading it once, she said "O!" in a delighted voice.

"Nothing the matter?" inquired Mr. Ward, who still sat looking at Polly.

"No; but mother and father are coming to-day, if this is the 24th of August."

"Yes, it's the 24th. But let's see your letter, and I can tell you what they mean."

Polly handed her letter to Mr. Ward, who read it aloud slowly:

"'DEAREST POLLY:—Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:33 P. m., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has time.

"'Love to all, and a thousand kisses from

"'MAMMA AND PAPA.'"

"Well," said Mr. Ward, as he gave Polly back her letter, "they'll be here in about a half-hour, for it's almost four now. I guess I'll be moving; it's time I was back to the store." So he chirped to his horse, turned the wagon, and was soon out of sight.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago, and the flowers were not then open, and now as Polly ran down the road she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock, saw that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the centre of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond, you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in, it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream, and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him, Polly heard the cry:

"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the occupants of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! oh, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed, I don't care to live," she said to herself, as she approached the great black noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her, she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine and gasped out: "The bridge is open and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched as though he had been drawn through briers, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering: "Please take me away and find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now being closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing that they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enamelled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."—*Harper's Young People.*

Owed Him One.

Quite an interesting wedding was celebrated at the Atlantic Hotel last night. Some time ago Thomas Luster, necessarily a very bright young man, fell desperately in love with Miss Margaret Rice. Miss Rice was the divorced wife of a man namen Henry Robertson, but that made no difference with the ardent lover. The charms of the young woman had made the hair stand sentimentally on the head of Mr. Luster, the brilliant. As Poe insisted, he "loved with a love that was more than a love." How such a love can be bestowed is something that a newspaper man hasn't time to investigate, but as he hasn't time to question such emotional desperation, he must simply allow Mr. Poe, who is dead and therefore cannot defend himself, to remain master of the heart-moving situation. The ceremony was performed by Justice Pears. The bridegroom was nervous. Robertson, the former husband, had followed the couple. The bridegroom had many reasons to believe that Robertson, as the divorced husband of the bride, meditated revenge. The bridegroom trembled. The bride shook. A doctor who was present thought that she had a chill. After the ceremony the divorced husband approached the bridegroom and said:

"I have followed you because I owe you one."

The bridegroom shook.

"Yes, sir; I owe you one, and I propose to pay it right here."

The bridegroom shook violently.

"Whenever I owe anything I pay it."

The bridegroom shook more violently.

"Yes, sir; I always pay it. I owe you the drinks; what'll you take?"

The bridegroom was greatly relieved, and took whisky.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

India Proofs.

There are various ways in which deceptions are practiced. For instance, "unlettered India proof," as it is technically called, is, from being taken off the engraving at an earlier stage, very much superior to what is called a "lettered India print," which is obtained after many impressions have been taken off the engraving, and when the plate has, consequently, become worn, and the picture lost its clearness and sharpness of line. To turn an "India print," therefore, into an "India proof," the India print is cut down all round close to the engraving. A clean sheet of India paper, of the same tone as the India print, but of a larger size, so as to show a clean blank margin, is then mounted on a piece of still larger plain paper and the cut down India print in turn is mounted in such a position as to show the usual margin all round. Before drying, the manipulated print is subjected to immense pressure, which so forces the mounted print into the India paper as to entirely hide the difference in the thickness of the material. A true impression taken off a plate leaves the mark of the plate all round the picture; and to add this to the "doctored" India proof, a plain steel or copper plate of the proper size is laid on the face of the print, which is again subjected to pressure, and the deception is then so complete as almost to baffle detection. A volume belonging to a collector was supposed to contain India paper impressions of engravings to the value of £300, but on examination they were found to be "doctored" plates, not worth £30 in all. —*Chambers' Journal.*

—The most popular book agent lives in Philadelphia. When snubbed he gets mad and immediately goes off saying: "I'll never speak to you again."—*Philadelphia News.*

—In the census office is a return in which a Boston man is described as a manufacturer of pigs' feet.

A Storm on the Sun.

After a time of comparative quiet another storm has burst upon the sun. Two or three weeks ago the great disk of the luminary shone in a telescope with hardly a spot or a variation anywhere in brilliancy except the ordinary mottling, which sometimes appears strikingly suggestive of a mass of tremendous flames on the tops of which the spectator is looking down. Then a spot of small size appeared and moved slowly across the disk. Presently a congeries of little spots broke forth like an eruption, surrounded by facular in glowing waves and tortuous banks. In a day or two the outlines of a large spot could be seen coming around the eastern limb of the sun. It seemed to grow as it advanced. In a short time a white filament pushed its way across the very centre of the spot, looking like a snow bridge over a dark chasm, and then the spot split in two and slowly disappeared. Now the eastern edge of the disk began to be crowded with on-coming spots. The wrinkled lines of facule showed where the surface was agitated, and where new spots were likely to break forth at any moment. They came in groups, and one huge spot with a dark central chasm capacious enough to swallow the earth seemed to be their leader. Cloudy days intervening interrupted the sight, but with every return of sunshiny weather the telescope revealed new spots and new groups, until now the sun is spotted like a leopard. The sight with a magnifying power low enough to show the whole disk at once is wonderful. The spots are of all sizes, from great caverns in whose dark purple depths the eye fancies it can detect strange forms, mysterious creations of the sun, to little specks that but for their congregating in the neighborhood of the larger spots would hardly be noticed. It is a beautiful spectacle, and only systematic observations and measurements can convince the beholder that he is witnessing such a battle of elemental forces as this earth has never beheld since it hardened from a rotund mass of fiery gases into a firm and habitable globe. A little careful watching and calculation soon show the real meaning of what the telescope reveals. It is the heaving and lashing and swirling of a storm, not a storm in any sense in which we understand the word from our experience here on the earth, but a storm born, probably, in the interior of the sun itself, and exercising its fearful energy upon a ball of glowing gases. But those gases are in the most unheard of and marvellous condition. Among them are many whose names are familiar to students of chemistry, and which in our laboratories are airy things that reveal themselves only by their effects. In the sun they are heated up to such a degree that no earthly chemist would recognize them, at least not by their conduct, for in that unparalleled furnace they are freed from many of the laws which chemistry imposes upon them here. And more wonderful yet, men of science tell us, so tremendous is the pressure to which they are subjected in that heart and center of gravitation that, though they are gases still, they must resemble in their mechanical behavior rather tar or honey than the airy substances which we know under their names. These gases, continually ascending or moving away from the center, become partially cooled at what appears to us as the surface of the sun, and fall back in showers of hot, metallic rain! It is amid such surroundings that the sun storms rage, and from such that they are born.

Here is the most splendid field for discovery that is open to man in the physical universe. Science has learned a great deal about the sun since the first Herschel taught that it might be a habitable globe, but yet It has hardly reached the threshold of knowledge in this direction. It has learned that the existence of life upon our globe depends upon the sun, and that any considerable change, one way or the other, in the amount of heat and light with which the sun supplies us would extinguish the little torch of human existence and end the history of our race. It has learned that the sun is not the clear, calm, unspotted and undisturbed luminary that it was supposed to be before the telescope and the spectroscope were invented, but that it is, on the contrary, the scene of the most tremendous commotion, the sport of forces mighty enough to dissipate the earth in a puff of fiery vapor. But whence the sun derives its energy, what its composition is, how long it will continue to supply vitality to the system, whether it is undergoing or is likely to undergo any changes that may bring danger to the earth, are all questions upon which more light is needed before they can be satisfactorily and finally answered. Anybody who wishes to assist in this search for knowledge can easily and cheaply furnish himself with the necessary means. Telescopes are no longer very costly instruments. A good one, made to order by a responsible optition, and furnished with all the needful accessories, can be purchased for half or even a quarter of the price of a grand piano. Even if no discoveries are made with it, it will give no end of instruction and amusement. Observations made by persons not conversant with the processes of astronomical science are not without value, provided they are carefully and accurately made and recorded. The astronomers are always glad to get such records, and they know how to put them to good use.

The present sunspot period is now at its height. It will in a few months begin to diminish, and then some eleven years must elapse before another maximum is reached. It is to be hoped that the present opportunity of obtaining more accurate knowledge of the sun will not be neglected. Everybody who owns a telescope or a spectroscope can help. Some of the best work ever done in astronomy has been that of amateurs. In England this is better understood than in this country. There astronomy is the favorite study of many clergymen, who own fine telescopes and write valuable papers for the scientific societies. In the United States we have clearer skies than the English and a more favorable latitude. America ought to be the country of astronomers, and the secret of the sunstorms should be discovered here.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An editor out West was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, and when he departed the jailor asked him to give the prison a puff.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Russian Characters.

"Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Nevski, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all. The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a very terrible story; how a young widow lady, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common jail, and kept there for a week amid disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulation, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed to communicate with any of her friends and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any one who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told this story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished an Englishman present exclaimed in indignation. "What a barbarous country it must be where such tyranny is tolerated for a day. But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted Czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system." And so the Muscovite world goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Let their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstance. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervor. The Orthodox Church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but a Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditional formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and of repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the stupid, patient, miserable man is happy. —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Locusts in Angora.

Last year the village of Angora, in Asia Minor, was devastated by locusts, and, in order to avert a repetition of the calamity which laid waste several productive agricultural districts, the Governor of the Province decreed that every able-bodied peasant should, during a certain period preceding the ensuing locust-hatching season, collect locust eggs at the rate of two pounds' weight per diem and deliver them in person to the nearest local authorities. His Excellency fixed the minimum quantity of ova to be gathered in this manner at 1,400,000 pounds' weight, and furthermore prescribed that a daily fine of two piastres should be levied upon each peasant who should fail to fulfill the duty thus imposed upon him in the general interest of the Province. The practical results of this wise and prudent decretal were as follows: During the first day or two of the period appointed for the collection of the ova a few rusties brought in their quota of eggs, but the large majority of the peasantry, far too indolent to take the trouble of digging them up, compounded with the powers that be by privily purchasing the necessary quantity of eggs from the officials at one piastre per kilogramme, and then making public delivery of that quantity to the employes empowered to receive it. Thus the 200 or 300 kilos of eggs really collected and delivered by law-abiding peasants were sold over and over again to the malingerers. These tricksters saved half the amount of their fines, the officials pocketed a piastre by each transaction, and the crop of locusts for the coming season will, in all probability, turn out even finer than that which all but ruined the Angora vilayet last year.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Taking a Shock from the Electric Wires.

The members of the Massachusetts Insurance Union, at the close of its quarterly meeting and dinner yesterday accepted the invitation of the American Electric Light Company to visit its stations and examine its lights. At the office of the Company on Tremont Street an exhibition of the incandescent light was given, while the examination of the arc lights took place at the Mechanics' Building. Professor Bernstein, the Electrician of the Company, devoted himself to convincing the visiting Underwriters that most of the tales regarding the danger of electric light wires are unfounded. In order to show that no danger of fire attends the introduction of the incandescent light into dwellings he shattered the globe of one with a hammer, when the light at once went out. When the company was arrayed about one of the large lamps burning in the basement of the Mechanics' Building the Professor astonished some at least of the party by breaking the wire close to the lamp with a pair of nippers. The only result was the instant extinguishment of the light. "You see I am still alive," he said; and then, taking up the broken wire, one end in each hand, he united it and the light immediately resumed shining. These tests, several of the gentlemen said, demonstrated perfectly what Professor Bernstein said—that when electric light wires are perfectly insulated by thick coatings and are carefully strung there is no danger to life or property if they are cut by an ax or if they fall across a telegraph or telephone wire, or even if a man takes hold of them to make connections with a lamp.—*Boston Journal.*

—Oscar Wilde dotes on American canned corn. Oscar would become reasonably sane if he stayed with us a little while.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Presbyterian Sunday School at Connellsville, Crawford County, Pa., awards a handsome Easter bonnet every month to the scholar who stands best in her class and church and Sunday School attendance.

—Georgia leads the Baptist hosts of this country in numbers, having 2,890 churches and 238,975 members, Texas following next in the number of churches, 1,925, and Virginia in membership, 203,050.

—It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer-meeting, and how much is required to keep them away from a good show.

—The new revivalist, George O. Barnes, calls himself the "Mountain Evangelical of Kentucky." He claims to be able not only to cure sin-sick souls but disease-hardened bodies. For the first he preaches and prays. The latter he annoints and prays over.

—A Scotch writer who has been looking into the hand-books of worship of the Roman Catholic Church finds the number of directions for spreading and folding the hands, bowing, kneeling, kissing the altar, etc., to be 320, slight bows 37, profound bows 9.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—There is a movement in the Kentucky Legislature for the equalization of the distribution of the school fund between the white and colored people of the State. A discrimination is now made against the colored people on the ground that they pay taxes on only $3,500,000 worth of property.—*Denver Tribune.*

—It is said that Leipzig, Germany, has only seven churches, all poorly attended, no such thing as a Sunday school, and that a religious person is there looked upon as a curiosity. That is the worst thing we have ever heard said of Leipzig, and we are glad a like record cannot truthfully be written of any city in this country.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The Rev. Dr. Gladden thinks that pupils should learn such things as will tend to make them happy in whatever calling they may choose. He suggests that all possible ways should be devised in school to awaken the minds of the pupils and stimulate a thirst for knowledge; and he suggests that boys should be made to see that farm life is far from lonely or uninteresting. They should be taught natural history and mineralogy.

—Miss Anna Oliver's church in Willoughby and Tompkins Avenues, Brooklin, is in luck once more. The church is built on leased ground owned by two parties, one of whom has deeded all his right, title and interest in the real estate to the church for church purposes. The other owns $13,000 in it yet, and now Miss Oliver and her officials want the friends of this enterprise to the number of 13,000, which she believes it has in Brooklyn and vicinity, to contribute one dollar or more each toward clearing off this indebtedness. The property is valued at $30,000, and this is all that is due on it. Miss Oliver has been nearly three years with the church, and this last is reported to be the best in every sense. The church building seats 1,000, and is well filled on Sabbath evenings, and has fair audiences in the mornings. The Sunday-school numbers 200, with twenty-seven teachers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A doctor who won't advise a man to leave off his flannels the first warm day is no friend to the profession.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Every life is a drama in which tragedy, comedy and farce are about equally divided. Men who drink enjoy the mellow drama.

—There is no doubt in the world that everybody ought to reform, and as for ourselves—well we are very busy in telling others what they ought to do, but we will attend to that little matter by and by.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In youth my maiden aim
Was to change my maiden name,
And so I made an aim
At him, and woo my game,
And changed and made a name.
—*The Judge.*

—Class in History: Teacher—"Who was the first man?" First boy—"George Washington." Teacher—"Next." Second boy—"Adam." First boy (indignantly)—"I didn't know yer meant foreigners."

—From the recent revelations made by the *Press* of that city, it is now beginning to be considered highly probable that the Philadelphia detective stole little Charley Ross.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—An Arkansas court recently decided in a case of assault and battery, that while it was merely a breach of the peace to call a man a "no account whelp," it was rank felony to call him a "low-down cuss."

—A painter was going to elope with a girl at the West End. But it took him so long to climb the ladder to her window that her father had time to go and get a policeman to arrest the marauder. If you ever employ a painter you'll believe this.—*Boston Post.*

—There might have been a time when servant girls had a penchant for wearing their mistress' clothes, but that was in the days of low wages. Nowadays the average girl would not be seen in such shabby dresses as the mistress is obliged to appear in.—*Philadelphia News.*

—One of the morning papers contains an account of how a man lost a gold watch on a Market Street car and states that the case is in the hands of a detective. If the case is in the hands of a detective, we venture to inquire what has become of the works.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The average young man cannot hold thirty pounds of iron on his knees for twenty minutes, yet he willingly kills himself trying to hold 140 pounds of girl for two hours.—*Detroit Free Press.* Well, what of it? Would you advocate the holding of bar iron by a man, young or old, in preference to 140 pounds of good looking female? If that is the platform you are running on you will have an almighty big majority recorded against you. You can hold the thirty pounds of pig iron, and we will struggle along with seven times the weight in 'tother kind. We were always willing to do more than our share of the hard work.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ON KINGSTON BRIDGE.

On All Souls' night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.—*Old Legend.*

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow;
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below;
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—
Their hate was once too deep for fears;
One drew his rapier as he came—
Up leapt his anger like a flame;
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet him so.
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—
Cold, cold as was his enemy;
A stony horror held him fast.
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed: "I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
"O Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back
To say thou lovest thy lover still?"
Into the starlight pale and cold
She gazed afar—her hand was chill.
"Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils?—how we kissed?
Take thou these kisses as of old!"
An icy wind about him swept:
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

—*Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, in Century Magazine.*

BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

Brown was a magazine writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—I borrow the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. My opinion is, that his abilities were—in short, were not first rate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals, Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing table, under a Chubb's lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason—unduly neglected now, but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr. Brown first came to London. While he had money he wrote what he pleased; when he had not he had the good sense (and good fortune) to write what pleased the public. The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business.

But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. "I'll be a butterfly," he said to himself, after he hawked his ethics from west to east and back again; and for some months he labored with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on the lookout for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. "Fiction," he said to himself, "is the thing. If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country."

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scene there. Spain was the land of romance; his characters should be the men now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. "I will read up the history," he said; "and with Gil Blas, Mr. Borrow, and the Tales of the Alhambra, I think something may be done." Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times:*

AMANUENSIS WANTED.—The Applicant will be required to have recently travelled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B., 99 Hampstead Road.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfill in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid-servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call "copy"—a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper "On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats," when the maid-servant fresh from the country, opened the door.

"If you please, sir——"

"Well," said Brown, mildly.

"There's a lady down stairs and she wants you, sir."

Now Brown was not accustomed to receive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious and desired quiet. So he replied: "She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please."

"O, sir, you're such a funny gentleman," Sarah said and lingered.

"That's how I pay my rent, Sarah," replied Brown. "Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody."

"Please, sir, it's B. B. she wants," the girl persisted, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

"Eh! a lady? Show her up." And Brown hastily threw off his dressing-gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated. "Odd," thought he—"decidedly;" and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so. The visitor was equally embarrassed, and the silence endured until you have read the next paragraph. Brown paused, because instead of the middle-aged lady, with a British Museum complexion, whom he had expected to see, there stood before him a young girl, whose age could not have been more than twenty, and whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first recovered himself, I am happy to say; and having got hold of a chair, he jerked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honor to be seated. "I fear, sir, there is some mistake." The voice was a very sweet one, as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

"You wished to make some inquiry about my advertisement," he said, with some hesitation.

"Then you are B. B.?"

"I am B. B., madam."

The visitor rose, and bowing her head to, him said: "I must apologize for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which—which has caused this visit;" and she moved toward the door.

"I beg your pardon," Brown said, hastily. "One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain——"

"Pray, do not ask me, sir," and again she turned to the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

"I have no right to detain you; but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so." It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished—a trait on which he prided himself.

"It is impossible," she said, looking up at him, and perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued: "I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or some one who—who could have accepted my services."

"I should be most happy," Brown began. She shook her head and replied, now without embarrassment:

"I was mistaken."

"You have been in Spain?" Brown asked.

"I have only just returned from there."

"I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection, but if you will permit me it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty."

She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed.

"The assistance I required may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you."

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown, she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good-day rather abruptly, she disappeared down the stairs. Brown is considered—by some people—a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. "Very odd!—no name—no nothing! There she goes! Very pretty figure!—awful shabby bonnet!" Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat and followed at a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back sensibly; then, as the bonnet passed round a corner he quickened his steps and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets and disappearing up a court, which seemed to be a playground for the children of the neighborhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room on the ground floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady wearing so and so lodge there? She did—on the third floor back. The bell was broken and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, and yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to "come in," did so.

It was a little sitting-room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait of her Majesty over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood outside the window. A pale, withered-looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain, as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a party of tourists, returned to England. She could do but little for her mother's support without again leaving her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the *Times*, lent her by a neighbor.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavorable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know, but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Somewhere, under the shadow of the Wrekin, in Shopshire, there lived a Mr. Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When our Brown was a boy, his uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighborhood. Brown had always shown a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property and acting as trustee. He had worked his way up without help, and he was determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage, a term which Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter, for the first time, alluded rather pointedly to "those three acres by the new church."

"You have always told me, my dear uncle"—so ran the letter—"to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it. The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work—scene laid in Spain—from which I hope great things, and am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive."

The elder Mr. Brown read this letter with a doubtful expression on his face. "Great work, indeed!" he said to himself. "Chateau en Espagne! I'll go to London and see what that boy's doing." And therefore Mr. Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterward at 99 Hampstead Road.

"Out of town!—nonsense, my good girl, the old gentleman said to Sarah, who vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. "This is the room, I think?" and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table busily writing, and opposite to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good looking.

"Well, sir?" he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

"Pray, sir, is this your amanuensis?"

Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said:

"Yes sir."

"What!" the old gentleman said in a tone that was so menacing, that Brown thought it was best to lead the young lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old man wiped his brow. "John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to principle, but even to ordinary propriety——"

"My dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Mean—why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis? What is she doing here, sir?"

"It's all over with the three acres," Brown thought. "I must tell him."

"I admit, sir, that I have practiced some deception upon you, and yet I told the truth."

"Eh?"

"I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also——"

"Well, sir?"

"My wife."

"Now it's all over," Brown said to himself. His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his small snuff-box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At last he spoke in a much calmer tone and said gravely:

"I am very glad to hear it."

Brown would have been ill-fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. Thought he, "this is the proper time to say nothing." In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that their hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas is one of the family and he'll come round by degrees.

Uncle Silas might or might not be coming round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff-box at intervals. At last he spoke.

"John, I've been mistaken in you—don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of deception, which is unmanly and disgraceful."

Brown felt the truth of this and showed it in his face.

"For that, sir, I shall have to beg your pardon."

"Humph!" said his uncle.

"But as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines."

"Pretty business it is to support a wife!"

"And consider the advantage one derives in such work from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman. How many writers enjoy a reputation which has been chiefly earned by their wives? When you hear of Mr. A., author of So and So, you may not suspect how much Mrs. A. had to do with that celebrated work; how she pointed A.'s dialogue for him, and managed his love scenes, and helped with an idea when his plot got into inextricable confusion. And then, sir, my case——"

"I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to show whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue; I consider that by deceiving me you have forfeited any claim you had upon me;" and Mr. Brown took up his hat as if with the intention of leaving the house.

"If by claim, you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I'm sorry, indeed, to have lost your good opinion. Still——"

"You would do it again in the same way, I suppose."

Brown hesitated, "After all," he thought, "I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?"

"Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you——" He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on the table and scattered Brown's card-basket to the four winds.

"Very well, sir," the old gentleman said: "I see how it is. You know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and you may set your old uncle at defiance."

"You do me great injustice," Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr. Silas promenaded the hearth-rug, with one hand behind him, and the other firmly grasping his snuff-box. Presently the snuff-box disappeared into one pocket and out of another came a paper of a discolored legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card-basket.

"There is the title to the land. You will find it all in form, and so good morning to you."

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder and looked up anxiously into his face.

"What's the matter, dear?"

Brown collected his thoughts and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought him in the days of yore and now regretted his generosity.

"Of course you will not accept a repented benevolence!"

"What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralized."

"But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer."

"That's the very thing. I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of the hill." And Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. Mrs. Brown—I have great pleasure in giving her proper title—went to the window, whence by straining her eyes, she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile, Mr. Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape, the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake, Brown had quarreled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons, who, after a few moments quitted the lawyer's house, arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle; yet it was so. Mr. Silas Brown could not maintain his position against the nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr. Silas entered the house with his nephew, and took her by the hand, gravely, but kindly. What his impressions were of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

"If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer."

Some days afterwards, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend—the present writer, in point of fact—he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him very clever, shall put on record:

"It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family," he said, "otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round."—*Chamber's Journal.*

Egypt.

The Egyptian imbroglio is likely to be a serious one. That country was recently put under the control of the representatives of the English and French bondholders. These people cared nothing for Egypt or its prosperity, and as they represented a wholly irresponsible and exceedingly rapacious class of moneylenders, they proceeded to make all the money they could out of the unhappy inhabitants of the land of the Nile. The taxes were diverted to the payment of the interest on the bonds, and what was left was divided among the relatives and dependents of the leading capitalists who represent the bonded interest of Great Britain and France. Every appointment which involved a salary was given to young French and English understrappers, and their compensation increased in every respect inordinately. Young fellows who would be glad to make a bare living as clerks in their own country were saddled upon the unfortunate Egyptians and given princely incomes. There is no government so mean, so rapacious, as that of the money-lenders, and this class had full swing in the land of the Pharaohs. Of course the wrath of the people of Egypt, especially of the leading classes, was unbounded, and was manifested in every way, but as the bondholders had the governments of Great Britain and France behind them, no heed was paid to the righteous indignation of the cruelly plundered Egyptians. It is difficult to foresee how this will all end. The fate of Egypt is bound up with the puzzling Eastern question. Asia Minor, Syria, and the land of the Pharaohs are destined to be the scene of many mighty conflicts between Russia on one side and England and France on the other. Mighty commercial interests are at stake. It is vital to the Western powers that the Suez Canal, Egypt, and the route to India should be in their hands; but the measureless greed of the bankers will help the enemies of England and France by making the people of Egypt their active enemies.—*Democrat's Monthly*

Children's Books.

Children's books abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selection, and end by taking the book the bookseller recommends, or which recommends itself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one. Illustration is in itself a good thing when the work is as well done as we find it to-day, but, except for the smallest juveniles, it ought not to be made of more importance than the text. It is a well-known fact that many publishers select pictures, and then order a story written to fit them; an author so hampered can never produce so good work as though his invention were given free play, and the result of his labor is often of the poorest. Comparatively few fathers and mothers interest themselves seriously to provide the best possible mental food for the growing intelligences in their charge. The want of a sense of responsibility in this matter is as astonishing as with regard to matters more important still. A child's mind is just as much dependent for its best development on the quality of the food furnished it as its body is upon its physical support. A child often gets more real mental culture from browsing at will in its father's library than it gets from all its school lessons. The school-teaching is mainly good for discipline of the mental faculty, secondarily for information; while the reading of books may be made a powerful instrument for moral training as well as for education of the higher qualities of the intellect—imagination, humor and the like. There is a notion of the necessity for "writing down" to the supposed level of the childish intelligence, which is quite mistaken. A milk-and-water diet is inferior to one of the milk undiluted, figuratively as well as literally speaking. A compulsory cramming of the child's mind is one thing, and a very bad one; to surround it with the best literature, and leave it to its natural reaching out after what it can comprehend and enjoy, is quite another, and a very desirable thing to be done. The intellect of many grown persons, as well as children, is dwarfed, or becomes flabby, nerveless and inactive, for want of wholesome and substantial sustenance. Children's reading, it seems to me, is at present especially defective in stimulus to the imagination. Fairy tales have not the vogue they had twenty years ago. I have seen children whose reading I knew was limited to that class of flavorless literature so plentiful now, and it was plain that their prosaic little minds needed above all things some of this culture of the fancy and imagination. They knew nothing of those most fascinating plays of my childhood, in which my brother and I used to live out of ourselves and out of the world of every day, having transferred our personality entirely, for the time being, into that of some favorites of fiction—Robinhood and his men, Friar Tuck and King Richard, or any of the long list of Waverly-novel heroes. A move has been made in the right direction, of late, by the publication of certain classics of literature in a form suited to children's capacity. Such are the abridged editions of Froissart's Chronicle, Mallory's King Arthur, and other books which I have noticed on bookseller's counters. Some of these are, unfortunately, gotten up with so much elegance that people of moderate means cannot indulge in their purchase. The established favorites in the line of fairy tales ought never to be allowed to get out of print, for the newly written ones do not approach the old ones in merit.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Grafting Season.

Every farmer and gardener should know how to do his own grafting. It is the easiest thing in the world to do after paying a little attention to one who is at work. The few implements necessary should always be on hand, to wit: a grafting-knife, which can be purchased at any seed store; a very fine saw, a long-handled screw-driver to keep open the the split stock, a tin cup in which to prepare and keep warm the wax, and a thin wooden paddle, or rather spatula, with which to apply the wax.

The cherry can be grafted now, as the sap of this tree begins to run early and there is small chance of a cherry scion growing after this has taken place. The apple and pear can be set at any time up to the middle or even end of May, if the scions have been carefully preserved and have not yet started to sprout. There is no danger of a graft not growing if the stock be split so that the bark shall not be bruised, and shaping the scion wedge fashion both ways, preserving also the bark uninjured, and placing the *rim of the wood* of both stock and scion exactly together, or at least crossing each other, so that the sap can intermingle. We prefer two eyes or buds to a graft, and would rather have only one than more than two. One year's wood should always be used when it can be obtained, as it is more certain to take and grow more vigorously, and the graft should be cut from bearing branches.

We wish to remind those preparing grafting-wax, that we have found *four* parts of rosin, *one* part of beeswax and *one* part of beef tallow to be the best proportions. Melt them together in a skillet, (which is best,) or a tin cup, and mix well. It should remain in the vessel and used as needed. Twenty or thirty scions can be waxed with one heating-up. When much grafting is to be done, a little fire for heating the wax should be made on the spot, between the bricks or stones.

We have seen various preparations for making grafting-wax, and we believe we have tried nearly all, but prefer our own where there is only a little grafting to do, though we should adopt that recommended by our friend Larkin, of Delaware County, where there is much to do. Applying it warm or hot does no injury. The object to attain in the mixture is that the wax will not crack in cool, dry weather, or run in warm weather. If, however, upon trial, different proportions be required, the foregoing can be altered, though after using them in several ways we have come back to these. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Our acknowledgements are due to U. S. Senator Coke for courteously refraining from sending us a copy of his speech on the tariff.—*Texas Siftings.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Canadian banks were forbidden last July to issue any more $4 bills, but by some queer freak the public demands them, and the Dominion Government will hereafter issue bills of that denomination.—*Chicago Herald.*

—At a recent dinner party in New York the colored servants were dressed in the style of a century ago, and looked as if they had stepped out of pictures of Mount Vernon in the good old days when George Washington was lord of the manor.

—The disposition of colored people to visit and console sick friends is illustrated in a case in Georgia. A colored woman was attacked by colic. About one hundred of her sympathizing friends collected around her bedside. The floors gave way and the house was wrecked.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Our fashionables will be dismayed to learn that the most polished nation in the world has decided it is not now "the thing" to wear a watch chain in view. What in the world is to become of the massive plated chain cables to which our watches are suspended?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In Duval County, Florida, dwells a polygamist with three wives. A negro deemed it a duty to prosecute him, and, after gathering the requisite proof, started for the Court House to make a complaint. He had gone only a few miles when the polygamous husband overtook and shot him.—*Chicago News.*

—Mr. Vanderbilt is now perfectly content to be admired and envied simply as the driver of Maud S., whom he has just brought to New York. He is to be seen in the Park every pleasant afternoon, is often accompanied by General Grant or Mr. Lorillard, and would rather talk about the turf than anything else.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Brooklyn man gets $500 from a dentist who broke one of his teeth and let the fragment fall into the windpipe, where it stuck. The patient was under the influence of gas at the time, didn't know what had happened, was doctored for bronchitis, and only used the dentist after coughing up the ivory at the end of a long sickness.

—One British boast is, that they detest the shams of America. When they construct a work it is constructed for all time. And yet, a corps of British engineers built a $3,000,000 breakwater at Madras, but when it was lately finished and announced as ready for business, a storm came up and tore out the breakwater by the roots.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—"Don't talk to me about the advantages of an education," indignantly exclaimed a certain manufacturer lately. "Here I spent $9,000 on that boy of mine. He came out of college with flying colors. I put him in charge of the factory while I went off for a little vacation, and what do you suppose he did? Shipped 150,000 of my new patent improved snow-shovels to South America."—*Philadelphia News.*

—The estate of Ko Kun Hua, the late Chinese professor at Harvard College, is valued at $2,000. His widow, who was appointed administratrix, signed her name "Ko; before marriage, Yas." The children are named Ko Poh-fu Ko Joona Ja, Ko Wan-Lan, Ko Wan-Jing, Ko Wan-Ku, Ko Shu-Ju. The rights of administration were transferred to Mr. Horace D. Chapin by Mrs. Ko just before her departure for China.

—Said the Texas man to his Northern guest: "There isn't much fun going on this week. Now if you'd come a week ago I could have taken you to three lynchings and a dance, but just now there isn't much sport on hand. However, if you like, we'll go down to the saloon and start a fight. I've no doubt the boys would go in to make it pleasant for a stranger." Texans are hospitable men.

—Dr. Hammond says that a great many persons are afflicted with the "reasoning mania." We are compelled to add to this statement our conviction that the number, large as it is, bears a very small proportion to the countless hosts who have an unreasoning mania. Physical science is certainly very trying and very exasperating. If one's brains are as wet and soggy as the muck of a marsh he is called an idiot; if one's brain is so active that it dives into everybody's affairs, peers through the keyhole of every chamber and pries into every possible secret, he has a reasoning mania; and if he has just intellect enough to mind his own business, and nothing more—well, the number of the latter is so extremely small that, as yet, science has not classified them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Beckford and the Match-Making Duchess.

There is a capital story told in connection with Beckford and the Duchess of Gordon. That a man of his enormous wealth should remain a widower was to the mother-world a most heinous offence, and every lure was cast out by gorgon mammas and siren daughters to capture such a splendid victim; but our hermit was proof against all temptations. Most famous of all the match-making mothers of the period was her Grace of Gordon, a resolute woman who cared nothing for rebuffs where a prize for one of her daughters might be gained, and under whose manipulation man was a weak creature indeed. Beckford was in the habit of paying a short visit to London once or twice during the year, but finding that he always contrived to avoid her and her darlings, the Duchess resolved to pay an uninvited visit to Fonthill and attack the lion in his den. Made aware of her coming, Beckford gave instructions to his confidential servant to see that the lady was sumptuously entertained as long as she chose to remain, and then retired to his private apartments.

When her Grace arrived, she was informed that Mr. Beckford was engaged studying some new books that he had just received, and that it was more than any servant dared do to disturb him. The next day, and the next, similar excuses were rendered to her request to see the host; every attention was paid her, everything she could desire was at her command—except the master. During eight days this maternal fortune-hunter fretted and fumed and resorted to every device her imagination could suggest to get at her proposed victim, but all in vain; and at the end of that time she was compelled to beat an ignominous retreat. —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

Public gratitude to Governor Hamilton for what he has accomplished in the work of reform is to take the shape of a banquet to be tendered to him "by Democrats from the State at large." Among those to be invited are Governor Tilden and other high officials of other States whose names are more or less identified with reform. It does not appear that our own ex-governors are to be among the guests, Governor Thomas, Governor Carroll and Governor Groome not being expected to reveal on that occasion—although some of them may be considered Democrats "at large." The senatorial syndicate will not be there, but will be permitted to munch their boiled crow in one of the ante-chambers, and will be included in the toast "to our honored dead."—*Balto. American.*

The Baltimore *Evening Star* of Monday has the following to say about "the Cumberland coal trade":

Mr. Charles Mayer, president of the Consolidation coal company, whose miners in the George's Creek coal regions are at present on a strike, was seen by a reporter and asked if the company would make a statement regarding their position in the matter. Mr. Mayer stated that he was not at liberty to make any statement for the company, for while all the reports of the strike published so far have been one-sided and in favor of the Knights of Labor only, yet the company, knowing just what it could afford to pay, and not desiring to reduce the force of men for the sake of their families, had been compelled to reduce the price of their wages. In doing so they acted conscientiously and felt that they were in the right, so were determined to carry out their decisions. They would, as before stated, give miners ample time to reconsider their action and return to work, but when the present supply of coal is exhausted, which will be in about a month's time, they would consider that ample grace, and if the strikers refuse then to return to work, imported men would be put on.

The Party Opportunity.

The Republican party has rarely had such an opportunity as is now presented for great success in Maryland. She should close up all breaches in her ranks, lay aside family quarrels, join hands and prepare for a vigorous attack upon her antagonists. Democrats have demonstrated the fact, that with them Reform is impractible if not impossible. Their pledges to the people have not been redeemed, but have been broken as readily as they were made, and in the struggle for spoils and honors they have indulged in disgraceful fraternal strifes. With a united front, the Republicans can secure success in our State. Let this stimulate every member of the party to do his best for a prudent, energetic and vigorous campaign in the coming autumn. The old Sixth District must not throw away her Republican character. She can make it still more emphatic than it has been, and she will do it, if she is animated with the true spirit. Let us cast about for reliable, consistent, tried standard-bearers, and under their lead win our way once more to success, and try to redeem the State from the condition into which Gov. Swann carried her during his term of service.—*Frederick Examiner.*

A review of eth political situation in the State appeared in the Baltimore *Herald* of Sunday. We extract the following pertinent to the affairs of this District:

This discord in the Sixth Judicial District is an opportunity that must not be lost to the Republican party. It concerns the fate of the party throughout Maryland. Already the party, by a blunder of the Democracy, have the Seventh Circuit by the seating of Judge Brooke. The judges for that circuit appoint public school commissioners for St. Mary's, Calvert, Charles and Prince George's counties. The commissioners will lay a complete network of Republican teachers throughout these counties and that will guarantee a proper polling of the negro vote for all time to come, besides other necessary incidental party advantages. Such a state of affairs jeopardizes the Fifth Congressional District. If the Democrats have much dissension this fall in nominating, it will be very difficult to elect their man. Two years hence Sidney E. Mudd will be a member of Congress from that district. Such was the blunder of a Democratic Legislature in seating Judge Brooke.

The fourth circuit is in an extremely doubtful position, with ninety chances out of a hundred for the Republicans. It already has one Republican Judge, and Garrett, Allegany and Washington, the counties composing the circuit, are all Republican. The Democrats will re-nominate Judge Alvey for chief Judge. He will probably be elected by his own personal strength; Mr. Frank Darby will be the Republican candidate for associate, and he will assuredly be elected. Judge Pearre, the other associate, holds over. The Republicans will then have two judicial circuits after this fall, and likely a third circuit; and that seems that all the Western shore of Maryland, from the peninsula to the Alleganies, will be Republican. These are large Republican gains, and the signs of the times in the Democratic ranks are that they will not cease here. The Sixth Congressional Districts is irretrievably Republican, and the Fifth is not safely Democratic. This is a gloomy prospect for the Democrats to begin their campaign with. The Republicans must not lose their heads by success. They have the vantage ground. Will they hold it?

Counting the Electoral Vote.

The Presidential count bill, which passed the Senate without amendment, provides that the Presidential electors of each State shall meet and give their votes on the second Monday in January next following their appointment at such places as the Legislatures of the States may direct; that each State pursuant to its laws existing on the day fixed for the appointment of the electors may determine prior to the meeting of the electors any controversy concerning the appointment of all or any of them; that such determination shall be conclusive evidence of their lawful title and shall govern in the count by Congress; that no electoral vote or votes from any State from which but one return has been received shall be rejected except by the affirmative votes of the two houses; that if more than one return is returned is received from a State the votes of those electors who have been appointed by the lawful tribunal of the State shall be counted, and in the event of a question as to which of two or more of such State tribunals is the lawful tribunal, the votes of the electors appointed by that tribunal which the two houses, acting separately, shall decide to be the authorized one shall be counted; that in case of an undetermined contest between two or more sets of electors of a State, those votes shall be counted which the two houses, acting separately, shall decide to be the lawful electoral votes. The bill also provides that if the counting of the votes shall not have been completed before the fifth calender day, next after the first joint meeting of the two houses, no recess shall be afterward taken by either house, until the counting is finished.

The O. L. D.'s Organizing for the Fall Campaign.

The O. L. D.'s are beginning preparations for an aggressive campaign. The term of their Executive Committee of One Hundred expires next month, when elections will be held to choose a new committee, which is to consist of one hundred and eighty members, or one from each precinct. Dr. Milton N. Taylor, who resigned the chairmanship of the Committee of One Hundred last September, is taking an active part in its formation, and declares that the election for a new committee will result in the purification of the organization, and that it will drive from it the men who were smuggled into the committee under false colors, and were the tools of the managers and represented their interests. Dr. Taylor has determined to renew his conflict with the managers, and he is, as usual, sanguine of the result. A combination of circumstances will favor the O. L. D.'s this year. Governor Hamilton has recognized the organization as a political factor, and has bestowed upon its members some of the best offices in his gift. The Committee of One Hundred has passed that stage when it was safe to ridicule and belittle it. It is no longer a body of "soreheads," as the regulars called it last year, and it is more than probable that it will have more to say than the regulars in the appointment of judges and clerks for the next October and November elections. It is well for the body pollotic that such a Vigilance Committee should exist in a party where rings and bosses flourish to such an extent as in the Democratic party of this state. Similar committees have accomplished great results for other cities. The O. L. D.'s expect to be reinforced by a large element which has taken no interest in the movement last year, on account of its supposed weakness, and they expect to secure some of the best men in the Democratic party as members.

One of the principal dangers against which they have to contend will be the anxiety of the friends of the regulars to be admitted to the organization. There is such an intense feeling between the politicians in the camp of the "regulars," that some of those now out of power will try to use the committee as an instrument to punish their opponents. Politicians who, after many years work in the body, and with the machine, find themselves in a minority, affect a disdain for their former co-parceners and are not slow to avail themselves of every opportunity to announce their own saintliness and to picture the depravity of those who co-operated with them in the lobby and behind the scenes. It is understood that there is no want of such political Pecksniffs in the Democratic party at present, and the O. L. D.'s recognize that the danger lies in admitting such people or their friends into their organization. That they will attempt to secure admission is beyond question, as they have already made public exhibitions of their penitence. But those who will control the committee will demand that these politicians remain on probation some time longer. The O. L. D.'s will very shortly express themselves in favor of Governor Hamilton's renomination, and a public meeting is to be called soon after the organization of the new committee, calling on him to accept the leadership of the State, and make another contest against the bosses.—*Baltimore Sunday American.*

A Defunct Syndicate.

The Hagerstown *Mail*, a journal which has always been closely allied with Governor Hamilton in his course, says:

"An extra session of the Senate will not be convened by the Governor. We have no doubt but that he has full constitutional authority to carry into execution all the laws passed by the last session, without the assistance or advice of that body. To all present appearance it has done its last work and has practically ceased to exist. The Governor would prefer to send whatever appointments he may be required to make to the next Senate for confirmation. For he may rest assured that some members who made themselves so conspicuous in the spiteful, or resentful or selfish antagonism to him will never more appear in that body. And why should the Governor convene such a body? To ask its advice and consent to anything or any person, when, by a written agreement, fourteen members of it—being a majority of that body, it being but twenty-six in number—formed themselves into a syndicate to reject any nomination that any one of them might ask. The political career of that body closed with a fitting address from its president—George Hawkins Williams, of Baltimore county. We are thus particular in noting the course of this gentleman, as we understand he has the most unbounded aspirations for future official positions. Where kindly and generous feeling should prevail, and almost invariably does so at the separation of gentlemen who had been together for so long a period in the common service, this gentleman determined to make the close of the Senate an exception to the general rule by a most discreditable farewell address, and one that could reflect anything but honor upon a body capable of having such a presiding officer, if made so with full knowledge of his uncharitable nature and cynical and selfish instincts."

Mormons Discouraged.

SALT LAKE, April 7.—The Mormon spring conference met yesterday. The attendance was slim and the proceedings tame. There is a great ferment in the Mormon mind. The church leaders seem unable or unwilling to sound any rallying cry. The Mormons are heard to regret that Brigham Young is not alive. They recall that he contemplated abandoning polygamy if the Reynolds decision was against it, and demand that the present church leaders shall openly announce their submission to the law or their intention to continue to defy it. Their instructions to polygamists to find separate houses for their plural wives are regarded as cowardly and create dissatisfaction among the Mormon women. The coming constitutional convention is expected to provide against the further extension of polygamous marriages, but what the people already in polygamy are to do gives the most concern. Some polygamists have sent away their plural wives; others have not and say they will not. Although greatly disturbed as to possible consequences they say they are willing to suffer political disfranchisement and aid in stopping further polygamous marriages, but that they will not abandon their plural families, and they fear persecution if they do not. The women have suddenly acquired greatly-increased importance. The polygamists will probably not endeavor to be registered for voting by the election commissioner. They expect to be able to elect monogamous Mormons to all offices. Nevertheless, there is a great rush for naturalization papers. There would be but little disposition among Gentiles to disturb the existing polygamous notions if the church would stop the practice where it is, but they show no disposition to do that, or those who have the disposition lack the courage to act.

Victimized by Sharpers.

BOSTON, April 6.—A remarkable conspiracy to extort money from Charles Francis Adams and to blacken all his family has just come to light. The first intimation of the scheme was a warning received by Mr. Adams' clerk last Friday that Mr. Adams' account at his bank had been overdrawn. This was considered very surprising, as he was known to have $18,000 to his credit there. An investigation was at once begun, and it was found that a check for $17,500, regularly endorsed and signed by Mr. Adams, but filled in by another hand, had been deposited in the Merchants' Bank some time previously, and had, in due course of business, come around to Mr. Adams' bank. To-day J. S. Morrison was arrested on the 10 o'clock train for New York. He made the statement that the check represented money that Mr. Adams had lost at gaming. The statement further shows that Mr. Adams, who is in feeble mental health, and whose memory is impaired, was considered a fit subject by this man, who is interested in a banco game, and that it was believed his family would pay any sum to avoid the publication of the story. Mr. Adams was met one day on the street by Morrison, who assumed to be a relative and political friend of Mr. Adams, and decoyed him into a place on Royiston street, where the game was in progress Mr. Adams was confused, and did not seem to know what he was about, and the sharpers finally induced him to sign and endorse three checks, one for $17,500, one for $1,600, and one for $250. Morrison frankly said that he did not believe Mr. Adams knew what he was doing, and observed Mr. Adams after the swindle coming from his home without apparent agitation; supposed the game had succeeded and Mr. Adams had concluded to allow the check to be paid. A man named J. F. Norton is implicated, but has not yet been arrested. Mr. Adams' clerk, on discovering that this check had been deposited, had the account trusteed, and the matter placed in the hands of detectives. Mr. Adams is 76 years old, has been somewhat ill for two years, and at times his mind is affected. He does not yet seem to realize the extent or nature of the transaction. The largest check only was deposited. Mr. Adams is the well-known statesman, and at one time minister to the Court of St. James, and has been frequently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency.

Some interesting statistics of the vast coal industries of Pennsylvania for 1881 are just issued from the office of the Secretary of Internal Affairs. In the anthracite regions 319 collieries have been in operation, employing 75,169 hands and turning out 27,929,128 tons, at a cost of $29,451,781 in wages, $106.55 per ton. There were 328 bituminous collieries in operation during the year, which produced 15,692,923 tons of bituminous coal at a coal at a cost in wages of $14,510,057, an average of half a mill over 92 cents per ton, In the anthracite collieries the employes worked on the average a trifle over 275 days during the year and produced 373.14 tons each, earning on the average $397.58 in wages, or a fraction more than $1.44 for each working day. In the bituminous mines the workmen had an average of 217 days' work during the year and produced 442.37 tons each, earning an average total of $407.20, or a little over $1.87 for each working day. As a large proportion of the employes are "helpers," or boys under age, who are paid small wages, the actual earnings of of adult miners are of course considerably in excess of the average shown by the statistical returns.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD.—A certain boat coming up the Mississippi the other day lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar de hell is you gwine wid dat boat? Can't you see nuffin? Fust thing you knows yer gwine ter turn dis house ober, spill de ole woman and de chil'en out in de flood an' drown 'em, What yer doin' out here in de country wid yer damn boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'n fields an' git back into de ribber whor you b'longs. Ain't got no busines sev'n miles out in de country foolin' roun' peopies' houses nohow!" and she backed out.—*Memphis Appeal.*

The President last week nominated Senator Teller, of Colorado, to be Secretary of the Interior; Wm. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Secretary of the Navy; Wm. H. Hunt, now Secretary of the Navy, United States minister to Russia; John J. Knox, of Minnesota, comptroller of the currency.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1882.

The long-expected Cabinet nominations were made this week, together with several other rather important appointments. The nomination of Secretary Hunt for Minister to Russia is not, it is understood, very acceptable to him, but he will take the place in lieu of something better. He preferred first to stay where he is and next to have some good thing here, but the President thought he ought to be satisfied to take what he could get. The difficulty of providing for him has delayed the sending in of the nominations. Mr. Lincoln is now the only one of President Garfield's Cabinet left, and it is generally understood that he is to remain. The nomination of Mr. Chandler for Secretary of the Navy was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which Don Cameron is chairman, and though whose efforts Mr. Chandler, when nominated last spring by President Garfield for Solicitor General, was rejected. But Don was not disposed to make any particular effort against Mr. Chandler now, especially as it would antagonize him with the Administration. His opposition last spring was mainly to oblige his brother-in-law, Wayne McVeagh, then Attorney General. There has been considerable opposition to Chandler's confirmation for this position, but the Democrats were not solidly against him as before, though most of them entertain a strong dislike for him politically. It has been rumored here for some time that Mr. Chandler and Mr. Blaine, who for so long were the warmest of friends, had fallen out, but those who saw Mr. Chandler enter Mr. Blaine's house about dark the day his nomination was sent in think there must be some mistake about the rumors. Mr. Chandler is a shrewd politician, and he will work the Navy Department for all it is worth for his party.

The President's veto of the Chinese emigration bill is well received except among the Pacific coast Republicans, who think that they are ruined by it. Gen. Rosecrans and the other Democrats from that section believe that their party will reap a great advantage, but that is by no means assured if the Democrats in Congress refuse to support a bill with a ten years limit. Among the Republicans the belief is strong that the country will sustain the Presidents view of the case, and even some Democrats characterize the veto as a sharp move. Said Senator Maxey: "Arthur plays his hand and never gets excited. I like to see a man play out his hand." Said a prominent Republican Senator: "You may depend upon it, the country will indorse the veto. The message is a fair, straightforward statement of the question, without extravagance, and will go a long way to relieve the apprehension that many thoughtful people have felt at the passage of so extreme a measure. It looked as though the time might come soon when race prejudice might be strong enough to push through any legislation. The Republican party has always claimed to act according to certain principles of right and honesty between man and man, regardless of race or color. If we are now to permit a law to be enacted without protest, simply because we can, in obedience to the hatred of one race for another, we stultify the foundation principles on which we have stood from the beginning. This bill is a bad precedent to set, and our foreigners, of all classes, should reflect a long time before they demand the prohibition of Chinese emigration, for policy alone, if not on principle." As to the course of Congress with reference to another bill this session, opinions differ too much yet to prognosticate.

It would undoubtedly be well to check the immigration of Chinese for a time, but that could be done in strict conformity with the treaty and in a reputable way, either by suspending their coming for three or five years or by settling a limit to the number that shall be brought over. It should not be forgotten that these people are brought over by Americans, in American steamers, as a remunerative business. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that if the Californians are so unanimous as is pretended in their hostility to Chinese labor they have a remedy in their own hands. They need not employ them or buy of them or sell to them. It is well known in San Francisco that the buildings in the Chinese quarter, where those people are huddled together, are owned by white men, who pocket the rent paid by Chinese for their hovels and then join in the anti-Chinese howl. A great many of the tenements occupied by the Chinese are a disgrace to a Christian city. But the owners are not Chinese, but white people, who would be offended if they were told the truth—that the rents they and their families live on are disreputable gains. It is disgraceful that the question of the Chinese should be made the mere sport of demagogues, who do not blush to say openly that they do not care about the right or wrong of it, but consider it solely from the point of party advantage.

JUNIUS.

Naturalists claim that every creature, however insignificant, has its use. But no man can name the use to which the so called Democratic party can be put. It cannot be used to uphold the system of protection, and yet its most influential leaders render it impossible for the party to be used to assail that system. It hates National banks, and yet embraces hosts of men who would quit it at once if it should make war on the National banking system with effect. Its traditions and many of its strongest men favor a sound currency, and yet the Democratic masses are so infected with soft-money notions that, if it ever takes any side on that question, it inevitably takes the wrong side. All its theories are hostile to internal improvements. The party, therefore, can never be used to plan or carry out great works for the development of the country. Yet the temper of its local politicians and voters, especially at the South, is so strongly in favor of works in which they have a direct interest that the party could not be held together for an hour on a policy of rigid opposition to such works. It seems to be the mission of this Congress to teach the country that the so-called Democratic party has not even one bond of union. It has been supposed that Democrats, if united in nothing else, were at least united in suppressing free speech and honest elections at the South. But here we have Senator Mahone, and after him come others, who declare that it is time to put an end to the methods by which the South has been made solid. Again, it was very significant that the Tariff Commission bill passed the Senate by the votes of twelve Senators who were elected as Democrats, and ten of them came from the South. With them was Mr. Voorhees, whose speech recognizing the movement of public opinion toward the protective system was generally accepted as evidence of Democratic disintegration. In due time there will be votes on measures of internal improvement. It is probable that these will make manifest the radical disagreement of Democrats on this question also. Does anybody want proof that there is no Democratic party? If so, this Congress will furnish it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Crop Prospects in the South.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Reports received by the Agricultural Department up to Saturday last show a very hopeful prospect for food crops in the South. There is a general increase in the acreage of winter and spring wheat and oats, and a slight decrease in that of cotton. The increase of food crops is as follows: Tennessee, 30 per cent. in wheat, and 40 per cent. in oats; North Carolina, wheat 25 per cent., oats 30 per cent.; Georgia, wheat 20 per cent., oats, 33 per cent; South Carolina, wheat 25 per cent., oats 50 per cent.; Arkansas, wheat 10 per cent., oats 15 per cent. In all of these states there is reported a decrease in the purchase of commercial fertilizers amounting in the estimated aggregate to two million of dollars. Alabama reports that owing to the very short crop of corn produced last year on account of the drouth the planting of winter wheat and oats was fully 50 per cent. greater than ever before, while the preparations for corn are increased in as great a ratio. With a good season the food crop will be enough for two years supply. The decrease in cotton owing to floods, is estimated at 250,000 to 350,000 bales.

DULLNESS IN LOCOMOTIVE BUILDING.—It has been announced that the Roberts Locomotive Works, at Paterson, New Jersey, are about to discharge 500 of their 2,000 hands. The New York *Times* says the cause of this proposed discharge of the men is the countermanding of one order for ninty locomotives, and the probabilities that still others will follow. At the Grant works ten new engines were countermanded after they were completed, and last week they were stored away. It is thought that a number of new locomotives from various shops will be stored when completed, because they will not be delivered until paid for, and the railroads ordering them are unable to pay for them. The Paterson locomotive manufactures a month ago would accept no orders to be completed inside of a year. Now they would take contracts to be filled by summer. The Baldwin Works at Philadelphia have accepted an order from the Pennsylvania Railroad, to be completed in a few months, which they declined to take a short time since and fill inside of a year.

There were eleven deaths from small-pox in Philadelphia during the last week—an increase of seven, as compared with the previous week.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug store for your fishing tackle.

—The Lake View Planing Mill will be in operation in about two weeks.

—Lake ice is being received here in large quantities. It costs here about seven dollars per ton.

—Married, April 10th, 1882, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Henry Wilzgal and Miss Catharine Yommer, both of this county.

—Go to Chisholm's for your garden seed.

—Our young friend Titus Delawder has opened a green grocery in the Richardson building, near the depot. He also keeps confectionary, bread, cakes, tobacco, cigars, &c.

—An iron bridge, 200 feet in length, is being constructed over the Potomac river at Shaw Station, for the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad Company.

—Builders are very active in this town and vicinity, and from the present outlook the improvements this year will far exceed those of any two years in the past history of our town.

—Died, near Selbysport, Sunday April 9th, 1882, Henry Lancaster, aged about 70 years. Deceased was a member of the M. E. Church, and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

—A large stock of fishing tackle just received at Chisholm's Drug store.

—Married, April 4th, at the residence of the bride's parents in Deer Park, by Rev. J. S. Laughlin, Mr. Franklin H. Thrasher and Miss Minnie M. Clary, both of Deer Park, Md.

—Rev. Dr. S. C. Thrall, late rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Cumberland, has the option of three calls, two in Illinois and one in Indiana. He has not yet decided which one he will accept, but will shortly start West on a prospecting tour.

—Mountain Lake Park and Lake View are beginning building operations. Work has been commenced on several houses., Capt. Jarboe of Oakland, having contracts for half a dozen cottages, besides the large hotel wing on which he now has a large force of hands employed. Other contractors from Wheeling, Grafton and Keyser, have contracts for boarding houses and cottages.

—The Board of County Commissioners of Allegany county have elected G. L. Wellington, county treasurer; George S. Wilson, collector of First district; Jas. M. Stocker, Second district; John J. Keller, Third district, and Adam Thompson Fourth district. Mr. Wellington is assistant cashier of the Second National Bank. All the appointees are Republicans, and assume the duties of their office in June.

—Garden seed by the ounce, pint, quart or peck at Chisholm's Drug store.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m.

Episcopal Church—Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. C. C. Pierson.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Save Money by Using Cut Feed.

Having the privilege to manufacture and sell the Little Champion Feed Cutter, I will retail the same for the small sum of $2.25.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Oakland, Md.

A Rare Chance to Get a Singer Machine.

I will rent you a machine for three dollars per month, and if payments are made promptly I will give you the machine when it has paid for itself in rent.

I. W. SLONAKER, Agt.,
Oakland, Md.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parkers Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

Newspaper Sharks.

Newspaper sharks—that is, that class who take a paper for a number of years and skip without paying for it—are reminded by a contemporary that "the new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay the same, theft; any person guilty of such an action is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of subscription." A New York paper has already commenced suit against several subscribers for such an offence.

Always Refreshing.

A delicious odor is imparted by Florestan Cologne which is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.

Death of an Editor.

Theodore F. Fagne, editor of the Keyser (W. Va.) *Echo*, died Wednesday of last week at that place after a lingering illness, a victim to that dread disease, consumption. He was a native of Boonsboro, Washington county, where his remains were taken for interment. He leaves a wife and one child.

Report of Deer Park School.

The Deer Park public school closed on the 6th instant. An examination was held on the 5th instant, with the following result, as to those who made over 90 per cent.:

Seventh Grade.—Frank Harrison, Oscar Droege.

Sixth Grade.—Geo. Harrison, Hiry Loughlin, Chas. Jankey, Ella Laughlin.

Fifth Grade.—Eddie Gleeson, Ettie Bartley.

Third Grade.—Katie Gleeson.

Those who made over 70 per cent.:

Fifth Grade.—Quillie Bartley, Willie Gleeson, Ida Custer, Annie Fleegle.

Fourth Grade.—John Bartley, Robert Jankey, Annie Clary, Lulie Murphy,

Third Grade.—Eddie Williams, Jennie Williams, Adoni Pew.

Visitors.—Mrs. Droege, Misses Vie. and Hellen Harrison, Miss Sue Thrasher, and Miss Sue Shank.

SILAS WEIMER, Principal.
MARY M. MICHAEL, Assistant.

Commissioners' Proceedings.

The Board of County Commissioners continued in session until Saturday evening. The time was principally taken up in hearing appeals and making transfers.

On Thursday the Board proceeded to the election of a tax collector for 1882, the names of Aaron Boyer, John Barnes, Truman Casteel, Michael Natham, John Swalp and Jackson Umbel, being placed in nomination. Five ballots were had, but without result, Messrs. Boyer, Custer and Margroff each receiving one vote on each ballot. The matter was brought up again on Friday, but no ballot was taken. On Saturday five ballots were taken, resulting as follows:

1st. Ballot.—Casteel, Swalp and Umbel, each received one vote.

2d.—Casteel, Swalp and Nathan.

3d.—Casteel, Umbel and Nathan.

4th.—Casteel, Boyer and Custer.

5th.—Custer, 1; Margroff, 2.

Mr. Margroff was thereupon declared elected.

On motion 5 per cent. was allowed the collector on county taxes.

A short time after his election Mr. Margroff filed his bond, in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars for the faithful performance of his duties as collector of State taxes. His sureties are: E. Margroff, Jas. A. Hayden, Wm. Inglebert, A. G. Sturgiss, T. J. Pebbicord, F. A. Thayer, and D. E. Offutt. The bond was approved.

Whitewash for Outbuildings.

The following receipt is timely and reliable: As we have often recommended, good whitewash, well applied to fences, sheds, rough siding, and the walls and ceilings of outbuildings, cellars, etc., has a highly sanitary influence, as well as being very preservative in its effects. To be durable, whitewash should be prepared in the following manner: Take the very best stone lime, and slake it in a close tub, covered with a cloth to preserve the steam. Salt—as much as can be dissolved in the water used for slaking and reducing the lime—should be applied, and the whole mass carefully strained and thickened with a small quantity of sand, the purer and finer the better. A few pounds of wheat flour mixed as paste may be added, and will give greater durability to the mass, especially when applied to the exterior surface of buildings. With pure lime, properly slaked and mixed with twice its weight of fine sand and sifted wood ashes, in equal proportions, almost any color may be made by the addition of pigments, granite, slate, freestone and other shades may be imitated, all without any detriment to the durability of the wash. This covering is very often applied, and with good effect, to underpinning, stone fences, roofs and the walls of barns and other outbuildings. Probably the pure whitewash is more healthy than the colored, as its alkolescent properties are superior, and when used in cellars, kitchens and sleeping apartments produces salutary results.

No person who regards the health of his family should fail to apply a coat of such whitewash every spring. Country places, especially farm outhouses, fences, etc., are greatly improved in appearance by an annual coat, and it will add to their permanency much more than many would imagine. As we all know, it is cheap and easily applied, so that neither expense nor labor can be pleaded against it.

OAKLAND, MD., April 10, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please find room in your columns to inform the readers of your paper, that on Tuesday, March 28th, the house of Mr. Phineas Miller, near Maple Run, Preston county, W. Va., was entirely destroyed by fire, together with much of its contents. The loss is estimated to be over $800, not including the building. The fire originated in the garret, and was not discovered until it broke through the end of the house, and was first discovered by Mr. Miller, who was working in a field some distance away. When he reached the house other members of the family were engaged in trying to extinguish the fire, but believing this to be impossible, they, with the aid of some neighbors who had arrived, succeeded in saving a few articles of clothing, bedding and furniture. Mr. Miller had one hand painfully burned, and his wife was so severely burned upon her head, hands and arms that doubts were entertained for a few days as to her recovery, but she is now improving, and will be all right in a short time. Mr. Miller is a very worthy citizen, and though a well-to-do farmer, the loss will fall heavily upon him in his old age.

X. X. X.

Maryland State Temperance Alliance

The Maryland State Temperance Alliance will hold its ninth annual meeting in Baltimore, on Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st of April, 1882, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, corner Charles and Fayette streets, commencing at 10 A. M. All temperance associations, churches, Sabbath schools, religious and reform associations are entitled and requested to send delegates, one for every fifty of its members (or fractional part thereof), but not less than two nor more than four for any one organization, and to furnish them with certificates of election, stating what organization they represent. All persons, who are either life directors, life associates, life patrons, life or annual members, are members of the annual meeting, without being sent by any organization, "provided they are in accord with the principles of the Alliance." Vice Presidents of the Alliance will also be admitted as members without being sent. As temperance is a part of the Gospel, all ministers in the regular pastorate are requested to see that their churches and Sabbath schools select delegates, and such as will attend the meetings. Friends of the cause are requested to give notice of this anniversary meeting through the pulpits of their various churches, Sabbath schools and other associations entitled to send delegates; and also to secure the publication of the same, or a synopsis thereof, as far as possible in their county newspapers, religious and secular. The ladies will supply a bountiful free collation each day to delegates from the counties. Arrangements have been made with railroads for reduced fares.

Workingmen's Complaints.

Except for the labor troubles and the increase of silver and decrease of gold in the treasury, the trade and financial outlook is highly satisfactory. The spring business has been very heavy, settlements have moved along promptly and easily, and there is a promise of full crops during the coming season. There is, indeed, something alarming in the accumulation of silver in the treasury; but it is probable that Congress will, at the present session, repeal the compulsory coinage law, and permit the department to exercise its own judgment to stop the heaping up of the big dollars in an excess over the amount that can be placed in circulation. Nearly all of the most radical even of the silver money advocates now agree that the process of accumulation has reached the point of absurdity, and that a halt should be called upon the coinage, until some proportion of the surplus gets into the hands of the people. It is ridiculous to continue a coinage that strengthens in no way the financial position of the government, and only to a limited extent goes into general circulation.

But while Congress can very easily correct this trouble, the agitation among the laboring classes is of very much more importance, and presents a question which is worthy of the earnest consideration of all men who have an interest in our future peace and welfare. All over the country the working people in the various trades are holding meetings and setting forth their grievances, and it is particularly noteworthy that this is being done without intemperance of language or language or violence, for which reason the movement is all the more formidable. In the quietness of the discussions and the moderations with which the strikers or intending strikers set forth the arguments of their case, they show a deep settled conviction that the employed is not being fairly treated by the employing class, and that labor is under an urgent necessity to protect itself against capital. We do not say that these complaints have in all instances a solid foundation of fact. Indeed, it is not questionable that there is frequent exaggerations in the speeches of labor orators and the utterances of labor platforms; but it is equally true that from their own standpoint these men handle the issue with intelligence and dignity and that they show a very keen appreciation of the circumstances that environ their situation. It is remarkable, for instances, with what cleverness they ring the changes upon Wall street stock gambling as the robber of the incomes of properties that are large employers, and upon which thousands of workingmen depend for their daily bread. The revenues of railroads and telegraphs, they say, are taxed for the benefit of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and Fields and other jobbers in values; and they make a strong point when they quote Mr. Gould's dramatic exhibition of the tin-box containing an alleged fifty three millions of dollar's worth of securities, and contrast it with the fact that the wages of the employes of his Wabash Railroad system are from one to two months in arrears, and the men can obtain no satisfaction or guarantee for the future. The muscle and industry of a vast multitude of wage earners are virtually placed under contribution to the gambling ventures of these great money kings, and, as the great majority of these work people are readers of the newspapers, they fully comprehend the nature of the infliction, and it would be foolish not to expect them to resent it.

As matters stand, they are made the tools and playthings of the monopolists and speculators, who play a game that is morally on the same plane as that of the gamblers with marked cards, and their welfare is made secondary to the manipulation of the securities which represent great corporate properties. It is altogether a bad condition of affairs, and it must become either better or worse. It cannot always endure as it is now. Either the working people must have justice conceded to them, or they will retrograde in every quality that goes to make up good and valuable citizens. They are the bone and sinew of the land—the substructure upon which rests our republican institutions and civilization—and their prosperity is a thousand times more important than that of all the gamesters who are assuming to be their masters. That little tin-box device of Gould, and the subsequent exhibition of the methods by which he and individuals of his kidney endeavor to make every interest of labor subservient to their schemes, have placed a powerful argument in the hands of the working people. If we desire to have a permanency of national prosperity and see legitimate business flourish, there must be a readjustment of the relations between labor and the capital that is used for no other purpose than that of stock speculations. It is the one black cloud upon the horizon of the future.—*Balto. American.*

R. D. Morrison on Temperance.

Mr. Robert Morrison, a prominent member of the Baltimore bar, in an address delivered in that city recently on the subject of temperance said:

"When an individual finds himself in a condition of ill-health, it is his duty to himself to seek for the cause, and, if possible, to remove it. A man who has gone some distance on the voyage of life finds that his digestion is impaired, his nervous system shattered, his brain unsteady in its operations, and seeking for the cause of this condition, he awakens to the fact that it is all due to the excessive use of intoxicating liquor. What had at first been indulged in as a social pleasure, what had afterwards been resorted to because of the pleasantness of the taste or the exhilaration of its stimulus, has at last gradually and imperceptibly become a necessity. What is that man's duty to himself? It is, cost what it may, to assert the mastery over this pernicious body and soul-destroying habit if he can. When a city finds itself in an unhealthy condition, when epidemics are raging, and the reaper, death, is doing his most rapid work, what is the duty of the authorities? It is, as is the case of the individual, to seek for and remove the cause. When a State finds itself in an unhealthy condition, crime rampant, pauperism prevalent, jails and penitentiaries crowded, the percentage of insanity great is the duty of the State other than that of the individual or the city? If it is true that these evils are at their maximum when the liquor traffic is allowed to flourish untrammeled, and at the minimum when that traffic is prohibited, can there be any doubt that it is the duty of the State to wipe out and destroy that traffic? Drunkenness is found to prevail. What is the remedy? Yellow fever is a disease; so is small-pox; so is drunkenness. We try to prevent as well as cure the first two—why not do the same as to the last? But it is said we ought not to prevent people from becoming drunkard-against their own will. If drunkenness is likely to injure others besides the victims, why not prevent a man from becoming a drunkard as well as prevent him from having the small-pox? If there were a vaccination that would be a preventive of drunkenness, don't you think the State would have as much right to make it compulsory as the vaccination to prevent small-pox? To the voters we say, you are the State, and it depends on you, whether or not these preventive measures shall be taken." Laws, if they are good laws, always look to the preventive of wrong as their chief end rather than its punishment; and they almost always involve interference with some personal right in their enforcement. It is time this nonsense was put a stop to of objecting to prohibition laws because they do what all other laws of a preventive character do—that is because they prevent people from doing as they please in a matter which affects the general welfare. No law was ever perfectly observed or enforced where there was any considerable temptation to its violation. But prohibition laws have been enforced in the local option counties of Maryland as well as the other laws. It is said the Sunday laws are violated in this city. This is, unfortunately, too true. They are shamefully, and almost defiantly violated. But does anyone for this reason want these laws repealed? It is said that any religion is better than no religion, and we say any prohibition of whiskey is better than no prohibition. The time is coming when pohibition will extend over this broad land, and in the progress towards this consummation let us remember "The mills of the gods grind slowly." The passage of the Registration bill inaugurates a new era in the matter of elections, and with fair voting and fair counting we may make ourselves felt at the ballot-box as never before."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The mother of the late bandit, Jesse James, is consoled by the belief that her boy is better off in Heaven than he was when on earth.

All the large ship-building establishments at Philadelphia, Camden, Chester and Wilmington are now actively employed and full of orders.

The chorus now rehearsing for the May festival in Cincinnati consists of 631 voices. There are 268 sopranos, 141 contraltos, 66 tenors and 156 basses.

A great steam plow, costing $19,000, of English manufacture, with the necessary machinery, is to be put to work near Minneapolis, as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

In Glasgow, Scotland, Moody and Sankey have been gathering enormous congregations, sometimes estimated as high as 15,000. Nearly all the meetings are crowed an hour before it is time to begin the services.

A dispatch to San Francisco from Victoria confirms the report of the steamers Euphrates and Escambia sailing from Hong Kong to arrive this month with 3,000 Chines to work on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The body of James Gillard, who was buried two weeks ago at Brunswick, N. J., was exhumed Monday morning and found to bear evidences of having been buried alive. The body was turned on one side, and the face was scratched from evident struggling.

At a meeting of the Baptist Conference at New York Monday the opinion was generally expressed that they should have a pure translation of the Bible in all known tongues; that it should be circulated, and they should organize a society to do this great work.

There are fifteen locomotive works in this country, which in 1881 turned out 2,616 engines. The Baldwin works in Philadelphia is the largest, having actually completed 600 within the year. In addition, there were about 300 built at the shops of the various railroad companies.

The International Distilling Company of Des Moines, Iowa, owns the largest distillery in the world. It has a daily capacity of 14,000 bushels, making 56,000 gallons of spirits each day, the tax upon which amounts to $50,400. Six storekeepers are required to take charge of the company's warehouse.

The promenade over the East river bridge promises to be the most attractive of any in the world. The walk for foot passengers is in the centre of the bridge, and nine feet above the roadway for carriages and railroad cars, and the view, taking in the bay, the river, a glimpse of the sound, and the area of the two densely populated cities, will be such as thousands will delight to linger over. The distance between the towers is 1,595 feet 5 inches, and including the approaches, about one mile.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or cellico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitous distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Monday, May 15th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. BOSLEY,
4 15 5 Examiners.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
4 15 5 A. FAIRALL.

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Oakland Wagon Shops,
4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1860, ch. 288, as for felontously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
may 1 m6

Gossip About Jay Gould.

Gould is a native of Delaware County, and lived there—his father was an intelligent, well-to-do farmer, I have heard—until he had attained his legal majority. Soon after that he bought a large tract of land, and issued a pamphlet, written by himself, ingeniously setting forth its advantages. He speedily sold it in sections at a large advance on its cost, evincing then, as he had evinced from his early teens, a remarkable talent for trading. As his home was near the line of the Erie Railway, his attention was early directed to its importance, and he purchased some of its securities with the first surplus money he made. He steadily increased his interest in the road until he had been chosen a Director, and finally gained control of the corporation. It will be remembered that, after he had been forced out of his dictatorship, as it virtually was, owing to the overthrow of Tweed & Co., and after legal proceedings had been instituted against him for the recovery of a great sum alleged to have been illegitimately obtained by him, he surrendered $9,000,000, knowing he would be obliged by the courts to do so. The nine millions, as they were called, are now said to have consisted to a large extent of doubtful securities, so that the actual cash benefit to the Erie Road did not reach much more than one-sixth of the amount named. The report of the surrender, however, put up the stock, and Gould, before the matter had become known, bought large blocks of shares and disposed of them, it is asserted, at the advance, thereby getting back much more money than he gave up. The assertion, no doubt true, clearly illustrates Gould's astuteness and capacity for calculation.

His first appearance in business here was as a leather merchant in the quarter east of Nassau and north of Beekman Street, known as the swamp. Then very young, he exhibited the same alertness, discernment and knowledge of the market that have since distinguished him in a far greater degree. He prospered, of course, and while dealing in leather, fell in love, so the story goes, with a pretty and interesting girl, and, as her parents opposed the match on account of her tender youth, ran away with and married her.

The marriage turned out an unusually happy one. The couple are still devoted to one another. She is wholly domestic, a very quiet, refined, well-bred woman, who would rather be at home with her husband and children than anywhere else. She dislikes show as heartily as her liege does, and is free from the least tincture of social ambition. One never reads, as one generally reads of the wives of rich New Yorkers in the so-called society journals, about her sumptuous entertainments, her magnificent diamonds, her ravishing toilets, her elegant dinners. Neither he or she would desire to be so advertised, if they cared for such things which they do not. They live as tranquilly as any pair of small trades-people having rooms over their shop in Sixth Avenue. Their residence is at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, a spacious but plain house of the regular pattern, not distinguishable from hundreds of others in the fashionable quarter. It is very comfortably and elegantly furnished, containing a number of books, pictures and engravings, but with no attempt at display, no savor of money.

Gould very rarely gives even a dinner party, and when he does it is rather commercial than social in its objects. His pleasures are few; but among them is the theater, where he may frequently be seen, especially on first nights, generally with his son George, his eldest child, about fifteen or sixteen years old. He drives, too, with his boy in the park and along the boulevards in a very modest turn-out, but spends most of his evenings in the bosom of his family—he has four children—and among books, of which he is fond. He is often seen at the Windsor Hotel, a kind of stock and railway exchange, on the diagonal corner, where he meets many operators and money magnates. They talk much to him, but he rarely speaks more than a few words at a time, though often assenting and dissenting by a motion of the head. He must get a good deal from them; they can get little from him.

In point of manners he is a model. His discipline and breeding are perfect; his face is as calm and undecipherable as the obelisk in the park. The most cunning mind reader could not tell by the closest study of his face whether he was making or losing millions. He always speaks in a very low voice; he never gesticulates; he was never known to laugh; he never even smiles. But he has not a preoccupied or distracted air; he is simply grave and everlastingly serene. Instead of assuming, as operators often do, to know more than is in his mind, he pretends to know nothing; he acts the part of a financial agnostic. The one man who is acquainted with the monetary and commercial condition of the country better than any man in it, will often affect to be ignorant of the commonest financial fact. If anybody asks him about the markets he will be likely to reply that he has not been doing anything for some time, and has no means of forming an opinion. If anybody inquires why money is tight, he will be apt to say that he is unaware of the circumstance, and refer him for information to somebody who is only an agent or mouthpiece of the Mephistopheles of Wall Street. He will utter these transparent fictions, too, with so sincere an air, in so gentle and polite a tone, that for the moment the hearer is in danger of believing him. Overrunning with affairs as he always is, he is never abrupt, impatient or irritable, even to those who interrupt and bore him. Generally when at his office in lower Broadway, he is hard to see, but when he is willing to admit any person into his private room, he is as courteous as brevity of speech will allow.

Almost everybody knows from portraits and caricatures how Jay Gould looks; but when seen he is found to be younger than he is generally thought. He is not yet fifty, and his slight, short figure, and the absence of gray in his black hair and full whiskers with mustache adds to his youthful appearance. His dark eye is full of intelligence, and his aquiline nose is decidedly intellectual. The indications of his mouth and chin are concealed by hair; but they are unquestionably strong. He generally dresses in black, and is a pink of neatness without the least tendency of dandyism. He is a plain liver; does not use tobacco, and seldom drinks stronger than claret. While his health is good, he is not very robust, and he takes excellent care of himself, conscious, perhaps, that each added year of his existence is worth millions. He is generous with money, making it a rule to give at least $100 to each and every charitable object brought to his notice. He prefers to give privately, having a temperamental dislike to seeing his name paraded in the newspapers as a donor.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

New Arithmetical Problems.

It is twenty-six rods from Smith's house to the saloon where he takes a nip six mornings per week. In fifteen years how far has he walked?

If a college student tears down two signs, upsets four ash barrels, rips up five rods of sidewalk, breaks two windows and smashes the Professor of Latin all in one week, how would a charge of bird-shot affect his sacred constitution the following Monday night when girdling shade trees?

A wise Arabian, who had thirteen dollars in his vest pocket, wanted to divide it among five beggars so as to give each one three dollars. How did he proceed? [This is the one that always keeps the boy after school and gets his jacket dusted.]

How many boys three feet tall will it take to climb over a wall five feet high and carry off half a bushel of harvest apples? This must be figured by the rule of three—two boys and the old man's dog.

During a courtship of three years a young man writes his girl 472 love letters, calls her an angel 1,481 times, accompanies her to twenty-eight picnics and seventy-two singing schools, and then walks off on his ear and marries a widow with six children. Find how much the girl loses, providing she lights on the right kind of a lawyer to move a jury.

A peasant who had half a cord of wood at his door desired his five sons to saw it up in such ratio that the eldest should saw three-sevenths and the youngest one-sixth. How did they divide the wood? [Key: For the teacher only: They let the old man saw it, of course.]

The average woman speaks 142 words per minute. In a conversation lasting sixteen minutes a servant girl with her ear at the key-hole catches 356 words. How many does she miss, and how did she get that black eye?

If it takes a boy twelve years of age twenty-two minutes to bring in six small sticks of wood, how long will it take him to walk a mile and a half to see a circus procession?

A fond husband hands his wife $20 with which to purchase a spring bonnet and—well, we don't remember the rest of it. He probably died soon after handing over the money, or she discovered that the twenty was a counterfeit, or something or other happened to cut the thing short. Come to think of it, a fond husband bought himself a $50 overcoat and gave his wife twelve shillings to get her fall hat clapboarded over for winter, and she thanked him kindly, and he smiled lovingly, and the mother-in-law went and hanged herself in the wood-house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Graveside Swindling.

Precisely who is swindled in a recent transaction of a very novel nature is what a bereaved family and a bewildered undertaker are now endeavoring to discover. Both parties are, however, certain that a few hundred dollars which belonged to one of them passed into the hands of an astute young man they would both like to meet. The story of the clever and decidedly new method of swindling was related during a conversation which followed the annual meeting of the lot owners in Greenwood Cemetery at No. 30 Broadway on Thursday afternoon. Stealing plants and flowers in cemeteries had been a prominent topic during the meeting, and the conversation which followed drifted naturally into stories of thefts in and around such institutions, the following instance being the most remarkable that was related:

A wealthy family some few weeks ago buried an only daughter. She was an estimable young lady, was idolized by her parents and they spared no expense in arranging for her funeral. Two or three days after the interment a very genteel, well-dressed young man called on the undertaker. He announced himself as the betrothed lover of the deceased young lady, and said that the object of his visit was to give some token of the extent of his affection for her. "I wish," said he, "to pay her funeral expenses. A few days more and she would have been my wife; now she is dead, and I have given no evidence of the value I placed on her love."

In vain the undertaker told him that it was not customary for families to allow such bills to be so paid. The young man was so evidently affected by the loss of his loved one and so anxious to pay the expenses that he at last persuaded the man of coffins to make out the bill, which his mourning visitor took with him "just down to his father's office, who would make out the check and send it back at once." No check, however, came, but a day or two ago the father of the young lady, meeting the undertaker said: "I was as sorry as surprised at hearing of your embarrassment and hope the money was sufficient to fully relieve you."

The undertaker, aghast, stammered: "Money! Embarrased! Relieve me! Why, I haven't asked you for any money, and did not intend to for some weeks yet."

It was next the gentleman's turn to express himself, and somewhat nettled he tartly replied: "And yet you damned me for the expenses of my daughter's funeral within three days and I paid the bill." A comparison of notes followed and then they ascertained that the plausible young man had within one hour of getting the bill from the undertaker called on the father of the lady, representing himself as the son of the undertaker. He told a story of his father's embarrassments which moved his hearer to that extent that he paid the amount of the bill in currency, and the question now is, who is swindled, he or the undertaker? The trail of the money and the young man is cold, and the police think he will be more difficult to find than the young man who is striking false alarms of fire.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Regular Mourners.

"Madame, you must get out of this carriage—it is intended only for the friends and relatives of the family. I never permit 'regulars' to attend funerals when I am in charge."

The speaker was a well-known uptown undertaker, who stood beside a carriage in Kensington recently, and spoke to some one inside the vehicle. A streamer of black crape fluttering from the door-bell of a neat three-story dwelling near by, and a long line of carriages preceded by a hearse told that a funeral was in progress. The first, second and third carriages had been filled with the near relatives of the deceased, and as the fourth vehicle drove up a woman, dressed in shabby black and with her face closely veiled, came down the steps of the house of mourning, and opening the carriage door herself, got in and sank back into the farthest corner. The action, quick as it was, did not escape the eye of the solemn-faced man standing on the steps of the dwelling. Quietly advancing to the curbstone, and in a voice just loud enough to be heard by the person for whom it was intended, he spoke. Without a word the unwelcome occupant alighted, drew her rusty black shawl more closely about her shoulders, and walked slowly up the street.

"That is an annoyance peculiar to Philadelphia," said the undertaker to a reporter who happened to be a witness of the episode, "and is probably more of an institution in Kensington than in any other section of the city. The American custom of exposing the dead to the gaze of the general public, which has been in vogue for more than half a century, has naturally led to abuses, of which this is one of the most marked. I refer to the attendance of persons at funerals who have no possible interest in the deceased nor connected by the most remote tie of blood or marriage. Not only do they mingle their tears with those of the mourners, but they actually force themselves into the carriages and ride to the cemetery, there to witness the final scene with apparently as much emotion as the nearest and dearest relatives."

"There are very few funerals taking place north of Girard Avenue and east of Fourth Street," continued the speaker, as he closed the door of another cab, "where you will not find what we term 'regulars.' They are an evil tolerated simply because the solemity of the occasion prevents such measures being taken as would prevent a repetition of the annoyance. The 'fainter,' to use another trade phrase, is a similar nuisance, but not seen as frequently as her more ubiquitous sister. The 'fainter' swoons suddenly while looking at the corpse, and is only revived by copious draughts of brandy. She usually picks out a soft chair to fall upon, and is quite expert at assuming a graceful position. The precise object of the 'fainter' I have never thoroughly understood. Whether to gain sympathy, or whisky, or to display an attitude, is a question. Of the two characters, however, the 'regular' is the most familiar and the most audacious. At an ordinarily large funeral, say of twenty or more carriages, she is seen most frequently. The body is laid out in the parlor as a general thing, sometimes a day before the funeral, and is there viewed by the relatives and friends. The neighbors usually testify their esteem for the deceased by calling at the house, although they may not be acquainted with the family. In many cases this visit is expected, and it is looked upon as a slight if it is not made. English people, however, show a decided aversion to have any one gaze on their dead, except those very near to them, but custom is so arbitrary that the residents of any neighborhood, and especially in this section of the city, would feel insulted if they were not allowed to take the last look. As I said before, one of the outgrowths of this custom is the regular funeral-goer. She reads, besides her weekly story paper of sensational trash, the marriages and deaths in the *Ledger*. She notes carefully all the funerals that are to take place within a reasonable distance of her home, and appears to have an especial weakness for interments at the Palmer Street burying-ground. If two funerals occur in the same day, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, the 'regular' is delighted, and makes a strenuous effort to attend both. She dresses herself early in the morning, and, provided with a large handkerchief, she repairs to the house of death. The first thing the 'regular' does is to make a mental estimate as to whether the crape on the door belongs to the undertaker or to the family; to speculate as to whether the coffin handles are solid silver or plated; to take an inventory of the furniture, the carpets, and the probable cost of the coffin.

"She examines the quality of the shroud, and passes judgment on the profusion or poverty of the floral offerings. Then she makes a critical survey of the mourning worn by the grief-stricken relatives, and is usually able to tell whether it is owned or borrowed, and if the latter, it becomes almost a duty to find out who the owner is, and how often the crape has done duty on similar occasions. With an experienced 'regular' this is an easy matter, and these points once settled to her satisfaction, she opens the floodgates of her ever-ready grief. She looks on the face of the dead and weeps. She snivels and sobs, and says: 'How natural! How very natural! Poor, dear man; he just looks as if he was asleep,' and then usually turning to some one near, she offers consolation by remarking that 'It is the prettiest corpse ever I see'd in my life, so peaceful and life-like.' It makes not a whit of difference whether the dead man or woman is wasted to skin and bone from a lingering disease or not, to the 'regular,' the corpse is always 'so natural.' She sways to and fro, and exhibits all the symptoms of grief, and sobs audibly as the clergyman pronounces a eulogy on the noble qualities of the deceased, who might have been in life a grinding skinflint or consummate rogue. As the coffin lid is laid on, the 'regular' dries her tears and prepares to execute a flank movement on the undertaker. Her plan is usually to get into a carriage the minute it stops in front of the door as that woman did a moment ago. Rather than have a disturbance many undertakers permit this, and the 'regular' accomplishes her principal object, which is to get a ride to the cemetery. She has a melancholy mania for getting as close to the grave as possible and crying loud enough to attract general attention. Then she goes home in the street-cars and hurries off to another funeral, where the same programme is repeated. Very often we encounter another class of 'regulars' who strive only to get a ride to a graveyard where their own people are buried. These worthies always betray themselves by carrying a flower-pot, which they vainly try to conceal in their shawls. The pot contains flowers to be planted on the graves of their own dead.

"The flower-pot regulars make a regular picnic out of the occasion. They take their sewing and lunch. An old tombstone forms the table if the weather is fine, and, seated on the grass, the cronies gossip and sew to their hearts' content. On a clear day in the spring-time I have seen no less than twenty of these scandal-mongers waiting at the Palmer Street ground for a funeral to enter, which they follow like carrion crows in search of horse meat."

The suggestive but rather inelegant simile was interrupted by a young man who called the undertaker's attention to a woman ascending the steps, and crowding her way between the persons coming out of the house. She was prevented from going any further by the undertaker whispering something in her ear.

"That woman," said he, resuming his position at the curbstone, "has been going to funerals for twenty years, to my certain knowledge. If she fails to get a ride she is content to watch the house while the family is absent. She takes occasion to go all over the house and examine everything. I don't think the woman is dishonest. She is a genuine female Paul Pry, umbrella and all."—*Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Artemus Ward's Last Addresses to British Audiences.

When Artemus arrived here in 1866, he was a dying man. I can see him now as he came on the narrow platform in front of his inferior panorama, and stole a glance at the densely-packed room and then at his panorama. His tall, gaunt, though slender figure; his curly, light hair and large aquiline nose, which always reminded me of a macaw; his thin face flushed with consumption; his little cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces, and which he said was "wearing him out," at which we all laughed irresistibly, and then felt ashamed of ourselves, as well we might; but he himself seemed to enjoy his cough. It was all part of that old topsy turvy mind in which everything appeared most natural upside down! On first entering he would seem profoundly unconscious that anything was expected of him, but after looking at the audience, then at his own clothes, and then apologetically at his panorama, he began to explain its merits. The fact was that Artemus intended having the finest scenes that could be painted, but he gave that up on account of the expense, and then determined to get the worst as the next best thing for his purpose. When anything very bad came up he would pause and gaze admiringly at the canvas and then look around a little reproachfully at the company. "This picture," he would say, "is a great work of art; it is an oil-painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. I wish you were nearer to it so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never shall again." Nothing could be more impromptu, and therefore riveting, than his manner throughout, from the moment he entered; he seemed to be doing everything for the first time and without the least preparation, and, indeed, he was most unlike such mechanical artists as Albert Smith, who used to say he could go through his "Mont Blanc" half asleep. Artemus was always in reality at high pressure. He was never twice the same, he poured out new jokes with prodigal invention, and every gesture was original and arose out of the immediate occasion. His finger was ever on the pulse of the people; they were always absolutely in his power, whilst he flattered them by appearing to be entirely in theirs. He would conciliate them, inspire pity, claim indulgence, throw himself upon their generosity, pretend to exert himself to labor under a depressing sense of failure, even make capital out of his poor cough; and, then, he was so deeply wounded if some very mild joke failed to elicit applause that he would stop and look reproachfully at the people until they shook with a new sense of the absurd situation. At other times, when interrupted by laughter, he would look around with surprise and say: "I did not expect you to laugh at that. I can throw off numbers of those little things, but I assure you I can do better than that.—*H. R. Haweis, in Belgravia.*

—Isaac Newton, the philosopher, was, like Macaulay, not above propounding riddles, showing that although he *discovered* gravity, he was not always *addicted* to it. Here was one of his which Horace Walpole couldn't guess:

"Four people sat at a table to play,
They played all that night and some part of next day:
This one thing observed, that when all were seated,
Nobody played with them and nobody betted;
Yet when they got up, each was a winner a guinea,
Who answers this riddle I'm sure is no ninny."

Those of our readers who do not pretend to be any "smarter" than Horace Walpole will be pleased to know that the answer is "musicians." It might have been "pun-makers" almost as well, because they often play upon words, night and day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A certain Philadelphia man who has been to Europe and never tires of telling about it, remarked to a stranger on a local train the other day: "I suppose you have not traveled much, have you?" "Not much, not much," was the reply, "only about 180,000 miles during the past ten years." The "been-to-European" nearly fainted, and does not yet know that the stranger lives thirty miles out of the city and has merely traveled that distance twice every working day during the past decade.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Irish landlords up to the present time have not made an effort to charge their tenants for the air they breathe, but they are rapidly coming to it.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

American Extravagances.

The Treasury statistics of our imports for the calendar year closing with December 31, 1881, show that our people have not yet begun to curtail their purchases of luxuries of life. In 1879, the last year of the period of business stagnation, our importation of what may be denominated luxuries amounted to $68,000,000, and in 1880, with the renewal of "good times," our people bought of the same articles some $93,000,000 worth, an advance of $25,000,000! It was in that year that the people began to feel like indulging their tastes more freely. The figures of the Treasury bureau indicate that the "flush" times are still with us, of which, perhaps, there is no better sign than the purchase of precious stones. In 1879 the importation of diamonds and other gems amounted to $4,727,000, in 1880 to $8,083,000, and last year to $8,727,000. The importation of gems is a very good commercial barometer. When the "times" press hard upon the people the importation is small, but with a rising commercial barometer, the dealers in this class of luxuries begin to buy more freely in anticipation of a sure demand for their costly wares. Since 1879 we have more than doubled our purchase of foreign fancy goods, the figures being $4,730,000, against $9,018,000 last year. In musical instruments, a trade which quickly "senses" any change in the feelings of the people who have tastes to gratify, the imports have doubled, rising from $702,000 two years ago, to $1,489,000 last year. In silk goods, we are buying a third more than in 1879, the figures for last year being $33,000,000, a decline of $2,000,000 from the imports for 1880; but this decline is no indication of diminished purchasing power among the people; it may be ascribed to overstocking the year before, and to changes in the fashions. The variation is, however, so slight as to scarcely call for explanation. Of silk hosiery, certainly a luxury, pure and simple, we are importing $424,000 worth. Of foreign jewelry we never buy heavily, owing to the duties, and especially to the great skill of our home manufacturers. Our bill is this particular can be covered by $459,000 for 1881. Of gloves, principally kid, we continue to buy nearly $4,000,000 worth yearly, but in hard times people curtail their purchases of gloves very quickly. As with diamonds, so with paintings and statuary; the increased purchase of these articles is a sure indication of the "flushness" of the national pocket. In 1879 we brought of these works of art $1,608,000, and last year $2,429,000 worth. Foreign books and engravings made an item of over $3,000,000 in our imports, but two years ago our book-buyers and print-collectors were far less lavish of their money. The wine and spirit trade is importing nearly $3,000,000 worth more of these luxuries than during the last panic year; the figures for 1881 are $9,573,000. The development of the brewing business in the United States rendered it unnecessary to buy more than $831,000 worth of Bass' "bitter" and of German lager last year. Of foreign tobacco and cigars (mostly Cuban) we bought in 1881 to the value of $7,700,000, an increase of about $2,000,000 since 1879. Our importation of foreign watches—thanks to the excellence, and, indeed, superiority, of American machine-made watches—is confined mainly to very costly English and European makes, and also to the very cheapest Swiss grades for the supply of auction shops and the swindling of the simple. But even in these goods our imports are about double what they were in 1879, the figures for 1881 being $2,318,000. Of foreign leather goods, fine harnesses, etc., we are purchasing at this rate of something over $1,000,000 a year. Of fur and dressed skins we imported last year $5,050,000 worth, as against some $3,000,000 in 1879. Our imports of foreign glassware have increased from about $1,600,000 in 1879 to $2,749,000 last year, and this does not include our purchase of foreign mirrors, which, in 1881, amounted to $822,000. Our foreign button bill shows that the domestic industry is not yet up to the demands of taste and fashion. Buttons to the value of $3,786,000 came in last year. In perfumery and cosmetics a little money would seem to have gone a great way, if we may believe the French labels on the preparations on the druggists' counters. The bill for 1881 was only $475,000; but, as has been hinted, our manufacturers have grown very expert in the preparation of these wares. The carpet industry in this country has reached a high grade of perfection, and to this reason may be ascribed the fact that $812,000 will cover the purchase of foreign carpets last year. French stationery, as sold in the shops, is pretty sure to have been made in Western Massachusetts, for our imports of foreign writing paper in 1881 only amounted to $47,000. In woolen dress goods our foreign purchase fell from $14,607,000 to $13,765,000 in 1881. In foreign fruits there was an increased importation, the values being $15,315,000, as against $14,401,000 in 1880. The "gilded youth" and returned tourist patronized the foreign tailor and dressmaker to a smaller extent in 1881 than in 1880, the figures being $740,000 against 898,000 respectively. The fact is that the foreign tailor does not suit the American taste, except in the case of over-English young swells. There is a lack of style in English tailoring, and the peculiar cut of the garment is apt to render the wearer ridiculous to the ordinary American citizen. At the present time we are buying abroad fully 50 per cent. more of foreign luxuries than two years ago.—*Boston Herald.*

—Michael Nikiforovitch Katkoff is the editor of the Moscovski *Vedomosti*, but we don't believe his contemporaries make as many puns on his name in one year as American journals perpetrate on the cognomen of Burdette of the *Hawk-Eye* in two weeks. A Moscow paragrapher never copies a "Whoeverski sawovitch" joke and credits it to "The Witty Michael Nikiforovitch Katkoff in the Moscovski *Vedomosti*."

—A prominent dealer in beef at Quincy Market, Boston, states that he sells to the manufacturers of oleomargarine nearly forty thousand pounds of suet and tallow per month, the results of the cattle dressed for his own sale alone. A pork-packer in the same market ships 400,000 pounds of leaf lard weekly to New York City for manipulation into butter imitations.—*Merchant's Review*

THE COUNTRYMAN
IN THE
Weather Signal Office.

Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—sich a nice merchine to sot the weather in hnyin' and harvest time." His inspection of the aerometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"—— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could flank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use St. Jacobs Oil, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dorg in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over the paper, read: "Mrs. P. A. Gies, 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

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For You

MARCH

A blustering fellow
He tosses the snow
And pinches
The ears a
Of each little darling

The timid birds hear
heads,
The mooly-cows shi
And sweet
"At home we
Until this noisy fello

A bright little maiden
And gently, though
back,
Oh, fair she
In stalless a
She calls to the flo
dears."

The birds hear her v
glee,
And pink little buds
see:
The grass
And lambs
And, oh, the glad ch

And who is this blust
And who is this maid
Whose whis
Wakes oak
Why, she is Miss Apr

HOW JACKY W

The joyous chim
steeple of Christ C
"Christ our Lord
Sons of men a
and from all the c
pealed the chorus:
"Hallelujah

It had been a
this Easter Sunda
warm as a day in
Dent's mamma wa
this morning, for
asked permission
mass at St. John'
said: "Go if you
will take care of t

So she took J
while the church
the birds singing,
down Linden str
church, told him
story of Christ's d
told him, too, ho
on this day, the jo
ing: "Christ is ri
all the churches th
sweet music and E
the people's joy.

Just as the la
pretty Aunt Prue,
with her sweet
under the Gainsbo
came over the l
dog, Pug, and Jac
her.

"O Jacky," s
Pug for me—the
come from churc
me, and if I go ba
late for the serv
way from churc
Pug home with m

So Jacky, wh
young auntie, pr
care of the barkin
dressed to go with
o'clock.

Mamma tied a
jeweled collar—he
was Pug, and Aun
his vanity—and
play with the dog
she bathed and dr

Just as baby
bath, a mingled h
from the yard.
as if she had been
to the rescue.

It had occurred
needed a bath, too.
he had moved t
to admit Pug's
squeezed him thro
the time clinging
tied to Pug's coll

There his dog
down the cistern,
until his howl m
brought mamma

"Now, Jacky,
said mamma, "o
Pug, and don't g

Jacky promised
and indeed he
promise. He was
low in the world,
(cousin Tude s
eyes), a sweet m
"banged" straigh
to his mamma's d
disgust. "Papa
called him, though
was two and a hal
ought to be cut sh
to boy's clothes.

After mamma
Jack had a lively
ning races and
until they both we

Then he threw
the peach tree, a
his side. It was v
bells had ceased r
were silent; and J
about what mamm
morning.

"I believe I'll g
he said to Pug at
it's almost like H
flowers everywh
angels, Pug, angel
flying about," he

"Mamma did not
about the angels,
there must be ang
I 'spect my li
is there, Pug.

and mamma says
lieve mamma wo
to church and bro
me this Easter d
wose from the d
caught him and b
and then she woul
when she prayed
bed every night
lieve Auntie Prue
finished Jacky, wh
what a naughty th
of the yard without
sion.

But a baby con
strict monitor, and
Pug after him by t
down the street.

He knew very w
church was, for
pointed it out to
outriding. Down
and, opening the
to the pretty place
and pretty there,
grass just coming
earth with a velve
unfolding.

Jacky was hot,

For Young Readers.

MARCH AND APRIL.

A blustering fellow goes prowling about;
He tosses the snow with a scuffle and shout,
And pinches the toes,
The ears and the nose
Of each little darling, wherever he goes.

The timid birds hear him and hide their wee heads,
The mooly-cows shiver in barns and in sheds,
And sweet flowers say,
"At home we will stay
Until this noisy fellow gets out of the way."

A bright little maiden is soon on his track,
And gently, though firmly, she orders him back.
Oh, fair she appears,
In smiles and in tears;
She calls to the flowers: "Come up, pretty dears."

The birds hear her voice, and they twitter with glee,
And pink little buds peep the bright sky to see;
The grass twinkles out,
And lambs skip about,
And, oh, the glad children so merrily shout;

And who is this blustering chap, can you tell?
And who is this maiden who rules hill and dell,
Whose whisper so arch
Wakes oak-tree and larch?
Why, she is Miss April, and he Mister March.
—*Harper's Young People.*

HOW JACKY WENT TO CHURCH.

The joyous chimes from the tall gray steeple of Christ Church rang out:

"Christ our Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:"

and from all the church-bells in the city pealed the chorus:

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

It had been a long, cold winter, but this Easter Sunday was as sunny and warm as a day in June. Little Jacky Dent's mamma was not going to church this morning, for Katy, the nurse, had asked permission to attend morning mass at St. John's, and mamma had said: "Go if you want to, Katy, and I will take care of the babies."

So she took Jacky in her lap, and while the church-bells were chiming, the birds singing, and the people going down Linden street on their way to church, told him the old, old, tender story of Christ's death and resurrection; told him, too, how, all over the world, on this day, the joyous bells were pealing: "Christ is risen; Allelnia!" and in all the churches there were flowers and sweet music and Easter offerings to show the people's joy.

Just as the last bells were ringing pretty Aunt Prue, in a dainty dress and with her sweet face glancing from under the Gainsborough hat she wore, came over the lawn, followed by her dog, Pug, and Jacky ran out to meet her.

"O Jacky," she cried, "do keep Pug for me—there's a dear—until I come from church. He has followed me, and if I go back with him I shall be late for the service. I'll call on my way from church and take you and Pug home with me for dinner."

So Jacky, who adored his pretty young auntie, promised to take good care of the barking little terrier and be dressed to go with Aunt Prue at twelve o'clock.

Mamma tied a stout cord to Pug's jeweled collar—he was a great dandy, was Pug, and Aunt Prue ministered to his vanity—and told Jacky he might play with the dog in the back yard while she bathed and dressed baby.

Just as baby was splashing in the bath, a mingled howl and scream came from the yard. Mamma dropped baby as if she had been a hot potato, and flew to the rescue.

It had occurred to Jacky that Pug needed a bath, too. So with infinite pains he had moved the cistern lid enough to admit Pug's little body, and had squeezed him through the opening, all the time clinging tightly to the cord tied to Pug's collar.

There his dogship hung, half-way down the cistern, nearly choked to death, until his howl and Jack's scream had brought mamma to the rescue.

"Now, Jacky, don't do that again," said mamma, "or you will drown poor Pug, and don't go out of the yard."

Jacky promised to do as mamma said, and indeed he meant to keep his promise. He was the dearest little fellow in the world, with deep, clear eyes (cousin Tude says he has *navy-blue* eyes), a sweet mouth, and yellow hair "banged" straight across his forehead, to his mamma's delight and his papa's disgust. "Papa John," as Aunt Prue called him, thought that when a boy was two and a half years old his hair ought to be cut short and he be put into boy's clothes.

After mamma went into the house, Jack had a lively time with Pug, running races and playing hide-and-seek until they both were tired.

Then he threw himself down under the peach tree, and Pug lay down by his side. It was very still. The church-bells had ceased ringing, even the birds were silent; and Jacky began to think about what mamma had told him that morning.

"I believe I'll go to church to-day," he said to Pug at last. "Mamma says it's almost like Heaven in church, with flowers everywhere and music—and angels, Pug, angels, with white wings flying about," he added thoughtfully. "Mamma did not really say anything about the angels, but if it is like Heaven, there must be angels there, of course. I 'spect my little brother Philip is there, Pug. He died one time, and mamma says he is an angel. I believe mamma would be glad if I went to church and brought Philip home with me this Easter day. I'd say: 'Philip wose from the dead, mamma, and I caught him and brought him to you;' and then she would never cry any more when she prayed beside Philip's little bed every night—and Pug, I just believe Auntie Prue wants you *now*," finished Jacky, who knew well enough what a naughty thing it was to go out of the yard without mamma's permission.

But a baby conscience is not a very strict monitor, and, dragging reluctant Pug after him by the cord, Jacky started down the street.

He knew very well where Aunt Prue's church was, for mamma had often pointed it out to him when they were out riding. Down Linden street he went, and, opening the park gates, passed into the pretty place. It was very still and pretty there, with the tender green grass just coming up and clothing the earth with a velvet robe, and the leaves unfolding.

Jacky was hot, dusty and tired, for Pug had objected to going to church, and the child had carried the struggling, barking little dog in his arms for three squares. The sweet baby face was flushed with the heat and fatigue, the broad-brimmed hat was pushed far back over the sunny curls, and Pug had torn a big rent in the sailor dress in his effort to escape. So he climbed up on one of the green wooden seats, under the shadow of a lilac bush, with Pug in his arms, and would doubtless have fallen fast asleep if the choir in the church just across the street had not commenced to sing:

"Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain."

"We must go now, Pug."

So the child slipped down, and, taking Pug once more in his arms, walked across the park to Aunt Prue's church. The chapel doors in the rear of the church were open, and in they went.

The people were seated, and fixing themselves comfortably to listen to the Easter sermon. Fans and dresses rustled, the light came in through the great stained windows, and fell in flecks of red and purple and yellow—here on a new spring bonnet, there like a flame on the floor.

Mr. Dale had risen from his seat to announce the text, when a smile, then a sound which broadened into a laugh, broke out all over the congregation.

For there in the doorway of the church, facing all the people, stood Jacky with Pug in his arms. No wonder every one laughed! Straight into the church stepped the little lad, and was up on the pulpit stairs before any one had thought to stop him.

Yes, there was the great cool shaded church; the sweet music; flowers on the organ, the altar and everywhere about the chancel, but the angels with their white wings—where were they? And little brother Philip—was he not in this Heavenly place?

Jacky turned round on the pulpit stairs and gravely sought Aunt Prue's Gainsborough hat with its nodding white plumes. Yes, there she sat with a face all rosy red at the sight of her dusty nephew and struggling dog.

"I've brought you your doggy, Aunt Prue," he said, in his clear, childish voice, that rang through the arches of the great church. "And, oh, Aunt Prue," with a trembling lip and the big tears startiug from the blue eyes, "there are no angels here, and I can't find brother Philip for mamma!"

Papa John, red and wrathful, started down the aisle toward his young son; but kind Mr. Dale, leaving his pulpit, took the child by the hand, and, giving him a little bunch of fragrant tea-roses from a vase near by, led him into the vestry.

Jacky went back through the park in papa's arms, and by the time he reached home was fast asleep, with the curly head nestled down

"Within the gracious hollow
Which God made in every human shoulder,
Where He meant some tired head
For comfort should be laid."
—*Wide Awake.*

A Pathetic Incident of Life in the Great City.

As a gentleman was walking up Broadway a day or two ago his attention was attracted by a man ahead of him, about whom clung an air of shabby gentility. Suddenly the man sprang forward and seized a piece of bread that was lying on the walk. The morsel he thrust into his mouth and crunched between his teeth like a famished wolf. The gentleman, like others familiar with life in New York, had learned to turn a deaf ear upon beggars, but this spectacle went to his heart. He could not bear to see a person actually suffering from hunger, and taking a coin from his pocket accosted the man. The poor wight looked at him in a dazed sort of way. "Here, my man," said the gentleman, "take this and get something to eat." The man seized the coin and dashed away in the direction of a cheap eating house. The gentleman continued on his way, with a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that he had helped a man who was really needy. A few blocks above he stepped into a mercantile establishment to see about some business matters. He related the incident in the street, and one of the persons with whom he was talking remarked "that man must make five or ten dollars a day." Then it was explained that the man was a fraud. He stopped in front of an establishment one day to pick up a piece of bread, and the clerks presented quite a sum of money to him. A day or two afterward he was seen doing the same thing in the vicinity and the trick was exposed. He carried the bread in his pocket and tossed it on the walk to pick it up again. The gentleman came down Broadway meditating on the deceits of this world, and when he reached his office told how he had been imposed upon. A gentleman present said a lady friend saw the same man greedily devour an apple-core that he had found in the gutter. She called him across the street and gave him fifty cents. The man is a Frenchman, about forty years old, with a full beard, and generally operates in the vicinity of Broadway and Houston streets.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—J. M. Davis, a renowned hunter, living on Fifteen-Mile Bayou, in St. Francis County, Arkansas, recently had a thrilling encounter with a panther. Davis was out hunting, when the animal sprang upon him from the lower limb of an oak tree. Fortunately it vaulted over his head, and, recovering from his surprise, he shot at and wounded it badly. The panther crept along the ground toward him, seemingly determined to slay him. Davis fired again, and this time the shot was fatal, the charge lodging in the panther's head and killing it in a short time. The animal was unusually large, measuring eight feet five inches from the tip of the tail. Nearly a whole deer was found in his paunch.

—A New York woman has made her will on silver cards, taking out a piece of each card in the shape of a crescent—no two being alike—and giving this piece to different heirs. They are to receive what she has bequeathed them on the cards into which their crescent pieces fit.

—The oystermen of Oyster Bay, L. I., claim that they hold their fishing rights under a patent of grant issued to the town by Queen Anne, and that the New York Legislature has no right to interfere with them.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Buckwheat given to hens makes the yelk of their eggs a very light yellow. More corn will increase the color.

—A pint of soot from the chimney or stove pipe in a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of the greatest value for flowers and plants of all kinds.

—"Flat bread" is highly esteemed by the Norwegians, who bake it every day in round thin cakes. It is made of rye and oatmeal mixed with water, stirred well together, thoroughly kneaded and baked on a griddle.

—In some parts of Southern Illinois vegetables are raised in advance of the season in open ground by conducting heated air or steam in pipes running at some distance under the surface of the earth.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Canada-thistle perpetuates itself chiefly by means of root-stalks, which are full of dormant buds, and hence any piece an inch long will send up a stalk. A single plant in an ordinary cultivated field will soon spread all over it by means of the roots.

—Breakfast Cakes.—Take the remnants of a cold boiled ham, fat and lean together, and chop them finely, or pound them in a mortar. Soak an inch thick slice of wheat bread in half a pint of warm milk, and when very soft, pound it with the ham. Add two well-beaten eggs to the mixture and a little pepper and eatsup or Chili sauce. Roll into cakes, dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in pork fat, or put into a baking dish and cover it with bread crumbs, and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes.—*Country Gentleman.*

—To wash a venison steak is to ruin it. When you slice the steaks from the haunch they ought to be clean. The outside cut may be soiled from transportation; then you may rub it clean with a damp towel. A venison steak should be broiled on a clear hot fire, well salted and with a very little pepper and eaten plain with a little hot butter in the dish. A good sauce is made with a couple of teaspoonfuls of currant jelly, a mustard spoonful of celery seed and some of the gravy from the venison steak, served as hot as possible. Hot plates—very hot ones—are a necessity for game of all kinds, and most especially venison.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Tomato Culture.

The chief requisites, says Joseph Harris, in growing good tomatoes are: First, good seed of a good variety; second, good stocky plants, and third, good warm, dry soil and good cultivation. The best crop of tomatoes I ever raised was treated in the following manner: Seed sown in hotbed in March, in rows three inches apart and four or five seeds to the inch. When two inches high the plans were removed to another hotbed and set out in rows five inches apart and the plants three inches apart in the rows. As soon as the plants began to crowd each other they were transplanted into pots and placed in hotbed, the pots being plunged into the soil level with the surface. This last point should not be overlooked. It gives the roots of the plants the needed "bottom heat," and the heat is much more uniform than if the pots are simply placed on the top of the soil in the hotbed. The plants were allowed plenty of air and soon were hardened off. The last week in May the plants were set out in the open ground, in rows three and a-half feet apart each way. The land was mellow and moderately rich. We made good-sized holes with a spade where the plants were to be set out, and then with a rake or hoe filled these holes with fine, warm surface soil, and put a table-spoonful of superphosphate in each hole, and work it thoroughly into the soil with a hoe. Give the plants a thorough watering before removing them from the pots. Set the plants deep, or say till the first leaves are on a level with the surface. Press the loose, mellow soil firmly around the ball of earth and roots. Keep the ground very loose and mellow on the surface by the constant use of the cultivator and hoe. If you have no hotbed start the plants in a box of light soil in the kitchen window. When the plants begin to crowd each other in the box transplant into other boxes, and when they are well-grown harden them off by leaving the boxes out of doors during the day in fine weather. Good plants may be raised by sowing the seed out of doors early in the spring. Select a sheltered spot with a southern exposure; work into the soil some dry sifted coal ashes. Sow the seed in drills, fifteen inches apart. For raising young tomato plants in this way the soil cannot be too rich. But the land where the crop is to be grown need only be in good average condition, except that it should be very fine and mellow.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Overstocking Pastures.

The overstocking of land is one of the surest and quickest ways of ruining pastures. It is an everyday thing with many farmers, who cannot be made to believe that they are getting the full benefit of a pasture unless the grass is eaten off a little faster than it has time to grow; consequently all who put this method in practice always have bare pastures and poor cattle. The advantages to be derived from allowing the grass to gain on the cattle during the growing season are many, among which are the following: Cattle which are kept growing all the time come to maturity at a proper age. Animals kept constantly on bare pastures never mature properly; those kept on good pastures do not have to work day and night to satisfy their appetites, or use up all their food in building up a system worn down by partial starvation. A good covering of grass is a protection to a pasture. It is Nature's protection against the effects of bad and dry weather and the cold rains of winter, so that new grass will be growing under a covering of the old crop. It is true that cattle will thrive better on a mixture of old and new grass, while the seeding of the mature grasses will keep up the full variety of those kinds native to the soil. Consequently pastures thus treated produce more food for stock during the year than those kept continually eaten down to the bare earth. The practice of keeping pastures in good condition is easily done upon large farms, where reserve fields can be provided, but even the small farmer can succeed in having renewed and fertile pastures, if he but study the laws of Nature, and practice according to the knowledge thus acquired.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Footgear for Girls.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the center of the instep as possible. Instead of the weight of the body resting upon an arch, in the modern line lady it rests upon pegs, with the toes in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the heel is so high that the foot rests upon the peg and the toes; the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practicing walking upon stilts. In order to poise the body of these two points a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine."

It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping from under the foot, and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals (which allow the feet perfect freedom and play,) the present mademoiselle, when she attempts to run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.—*Good Words.*

The Kansas City *Times* reports that its book-keeper suffered very severely, and for a long time, with rheumatism. He tried St. Jacobs Oil and was cured by one bottle of it.

The *Courier-Journal* knows of forty-four cases where people who smoked after going to bed awoke in a brighter land.

The Ithaca (N. Y.) *Ithacan* observes: Our druggists report that St. Jacobs Oil goes off like hot cakes.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste-basket.

"Many silly people despise the precious, not understanding it." But no one despises Kidney Wort after having given it a trial. Those that have used it agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the new boarder replied: "Just so; I am leaving this for you."

Electricity is certainly a wonderful thing. There is an electric hair-brush warranted to make the hair grow and cure headache, and an electric flesh brush that will cure several other ills that flesh is heir to; and now if some fellow will bring out an electric clothes brush that will make an old suit of clothes look and wear like new, he can sell thousands at a dollar apiece, or three for two dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Chilian comic papers burlesque our navy. Some people can joke about the merest trifle.—*Texas Siftings.*

Better than putting one Dollar out at compound interest, is the sending it to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., for two boxes of his Celery and Chamomile Pills, which cure nervous disease, quiet the mind, bring on refreshing sleep and prevent paralysis. The same amount will buy at your druggists, his well known and popular Skin Cure, the popular and standard remedy for all Scalp and skin diseases.

A wit being asked, on the failure of a bank: "Were you not upset?" replied: "No; I only lost my balance."

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

A Harlem man who had offered $50 to any one who would remove his bunion, now turns around and wants $10,000 because a street car accommodated him.—*N. Y. Star.*

☞ For five cents Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of all colors of Diamond Dyes, and directions for all uses.

"And phat wud ye want sich a man as Pathrick for!" said Mrs. McGlone. "Ye niver cud thrust him out ye sight, ouliss ye was wid him."

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

The announcement is now made that gum arabic was discovered in the muell-age.

Farmers, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Frazer Axle Grease. It is the best.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

A very old lady on her death-bed, in the penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: "Laws, I knowed it all the time."—*New York Telegram.*

The statistics of the Treasury Department show that last year 770,000 corsets, valued at $780,000, were imported into the United States from Europe. Is it not about time we were growing our own corsets? Have we no princes of whalest—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

It is asserted over and over that anxiety shortens life, but when a chap sees another fellow feeding his girl sandwiches at a picnic is he going to sit down and bid his soul be calm. Not by a hoot-jack!—*Detroit Free Press.*

An intelligent lady asked a sculptor who was about completing the figure of a lamb: "Did you cut out that animal?" "Oh, no," said the artist, "the animal has been there all the time; I only took the marble from around him—that's all."

The Boston papers say the girls of that city have begun to wear police helmet hats. Then should the Boston papers warn the Boston girls. If they go to imitating the Boston police, they will never catch a man.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Scientists say the best brain food is corn meal; so if you wish to flatter a scientist, by some delicate allusion to his mental capacity, all you have to do is to call him a mush-head—then run.

"Ain't that a lovely critter, John," said Jerusha; as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Waal, yes," said John, "but then he's dreffully freckled, ain't he!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do you know the reason why I'm going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful, "because you're bigger than I am."

Get a cow with a dreamy eye if you want a good milker.—*Detroit Free Press.* For a "dreamy," read "creamy." A nightmare is the only animal that has a dreamy eye.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
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If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
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Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

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OVER Half Million ACRES
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$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money, and a 24 page Journal (ILLUSTRATED) sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

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A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 868

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The Next Wheat Crop.

The Cincinnati *Price* gives reports from the wheat crops of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee, and from a few places in other Western States, from which it makes the conclusion that the winter crop of wheat now promises an outcome equal to any previous year, and if the spring sowing is an average one, the wheat crop of 1882 may be counted on as reaching 500,000,000 bushels. with the chances of even larger results than the great crop of 1880.

The Illinois State Board of Agriculture, however gives a somewhat different report, so far as that State is concerned, as to the condition and average of the winter wheat. The report shows that the seeding for the next crop has been 2,676,000 acres, or 275,000 less than the previous crop. In the northern division the area is 15 per cent., or 12,000 acres below last year. The condition is 4 per cent. above the average. In the central division, which raises half of the whole crop of the State, the condition is 3 per cent. above the average, and the acreage is 18 per cent., or 150,000 acres, below last year. In the Southern division there has seldom been a more promising condition or a better yield per acre in prospect.

Knowing ones aver that no one need stand in dread of a drouth during the coming summer because the ground is soaked to such a great depth that the heat of the sun, even without rain for long intervals, will be insufficient to dry it out. Last spring the earth was very inadequately soaked, and the hot sunshine speedily evaporated all the moisture. Certainly we all ought to be glad that nothing of the kind will happen this year.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

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Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
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Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
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Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
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They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

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For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.
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A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

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July 3-tf.

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Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of he Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

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INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 917 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
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$60

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There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

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under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the CASH.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

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Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Maching by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

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Oakland, Md.

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42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

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Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POULTRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poultry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1899 and with it north 35 degrees. east 81 perches, then south 69½ degrees, e ast 21 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.
Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
4 14 t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing.

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

EDMUND T. JAMISON,
4 15 Sheriff.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

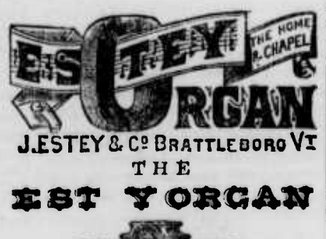

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Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 8 '81 Manager.

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Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

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GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.
GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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Address A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers,
THE SUN IRON BUILDING,
Baltimore Md.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodeheaver, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882. NUMBER 8

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a shop firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

21-tf

Sheriff's Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

in Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of four writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, one at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 90 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of S. Rosenheim & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 85 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of Davis & Townshend, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 91 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, and one at the suit of Daniel E. Gilluit, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No 85 Originals, September Term, 1876, of said Court, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Bowie Johnson, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Bowie Johnson, of, in and to all those tracts or parts of a tracts or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, being portions of the the tract of land commonly known as Johnson's part of the tract of land called

"Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained,"

lying near Deep Creek in said county, and described as follows: For the first tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning at a stake standing at the northwest end of the division line, between the land of Bowie Johnson and the tract of land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol. 3-7, one of the land Records for Garrett county, and on the fifth line of the tract of land called "Stock Farm," and running thence north 51½° east 39⅝ perches, to a bounded spruce pine, then with the sixth line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 13° east 385 perches, to a bounded wild cherry tree, then with the seventh line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 37½° west 57 perches, to the land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson to one Silas Walters, by Deed dated the 26th day of May, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, Fol. 183, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and running thence with the line of the said land, and by and with Deep Creek, to a bridge over the said Creek, then south 70° west 12 perches, then south 19½° west 14 perches, then north 4 4-5° west 16 perches, then north 18° east 10 perches, then north 37½° west 35 perches, then south 53½° west 100 perches, then north 37½° west 100 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 31⅝ acres of land more or less; and for the second tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning south 3½° east 12 perches, from a stone marked "No. 1," on the property heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and running thence north 51½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 28 perches, then north 50½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 217 perches, then with the eighth line of the whole Johnson tract of land south 53° west 248 perches, then north 37½° west 215 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 289¾ acres of land, more or less.

These two tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land being portions of the tract of land which was devised to the said Bowie Johnson by the late Reverdy Johnson, by his last Will and Testament duly recorded in Wills, Liber J. P. M. No. 5, &c., among the records of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore county, Maryland.

The said tracts or parts of tracts of land are situated about eight or nine miles northeast of the Town of Oakland, in Garrett county, at the head of Deep Creek and Meadow Mountain roads just between or through them.

They are well adapted to farming purposes, have good timber on them, and are accessible to the railroad and market towns by good roads.

And I hereby give notice, that by virtue of the aforesaid writs of fieri facias, I will,

On Saturday, April 29th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale the said tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land, together with the improvements thereon, seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy the said executions and costs.

EDMUND JAMISON,
484 Sheriff of Garrett Co., Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1882.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is entirely because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"She has got a face like one of her own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.

"I've heard of her more than once," returned Frank Calverly. "'The pretty flower girl,' the people call her, don't they? Old Frixham has doubled his custom since she came here."

"And the best of it all," added Fitzalan, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions—a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbena leaves," said Calverly. "I should really like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp green moss. Trails of smilax wove their green garland up to the ceiling, heaps of gold rose-petalled buds lay in the window; tufts of purple heliotrope perfumed the air, and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show window, while spikes of perfumed hyacinths and cape jasmine flung their subtle scents upon the air.

And Dolly herself, with her round, dimpled face, pink cheeks and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was a fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up as two gentlemen entered, and a soft crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.

"Have you got one of my favorite buttonhole bouquets made up Miss Penfield?" Fitzalan asked, with a careless bow and smile.

"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves; that is what you like. No; I have none made up just at present, but I can tie one up in about a half minute, Mr. Fitzalan."

"One for me, too, if you please," said Calverly, touching his hat.

"Just the same?"

Dolly lifted the long eyelashes, which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave him a sly glance.

"A little different, phase. Consult your own taste, Miss Penfield."

"I like the double blue violets," said Dolly gently, "with geranium leaves."

"Then they shall be my favorite flowers also," said Calverly, gallantly.

The gentleman had hardly taken their leave when old Frixham, the florist, bustled in with round, red face, shining bald head and an air of business all over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theatre bouquets ready?" said he, looking critically around and moving a glass of freshly cut callas out of level sunset beams which at that moment fell like a sheen of golden laces athwart the deep low window.

"I shall have them ready directly," said Dolly, starting from her reverie; "the flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on hand," said the florist, fretfully, "and those gaudy cape bells are so much dead loss. Let the man from the green-house know, please, there's a demand for half-open rose-buds and forced lillies of the-valley."

"Yes," said Dolly, dreamily; "I will tell him—when he comes."

The closed country wagon, with its freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously scented flowers, came early in the morning, long before the fat florist was out of bed and while the silence almost of an enchanted land lay upon Broadway.

But Dolly Penfield was there freshening up the old stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, John," she said, briskly, "nor amaryllis flowers, and we want plenty of camelias and geraniums and those brigh flowers."

"I thought, perhaps," said honest John Deadwood, who measured six feet in his stockings, and had the face of an amiable giant, "you might want to go back with me to-day, Dolly. Your aunt has come on from Kansas, and there is going to be a dance out in the old barn, with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs. And mother said she would be proud to welcome you to the old farmhouse, Dolly. Your oleander tree is kept carefully at the south window, and"—

"Dear me!" carelessly interrupted Dolly, "why don't they put it in the green house?"

"Because, Dolly," said the young man, reddening, "it reminds us of you. And the meadow lark in the edge sings beautifully, and old red brindle has a spotted calf."

"Has she?" questioned Dolly, indifferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her.

"Dolly," said he, "you don't care for the old home any longer."

"Yes, I do," said Dolly, rousing herself; but—"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek, an involuntary smile dimpling the corners of her fresh lips as she glanced through the smilax trails in the window.

John Deadwood, following in the direction of her eyes, glanced, too, just in time to see a tall gentleman raise his hat and bow as he went jauntily past.

"Is that it?" said John, bitterly.

"Is what?" petulantly retorted Dolly. "I'm sure I don't know why we are standing here waiting now, and I with twenty eight bouquets to make up by two o'clock. That's all, John, I think. Don't forget the lillies-of-the-valley."

"But you haven't answered me, Dolly."

"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn and coming back with me when the wagon returns at five o'clock."

"It's quite out of the question," said Dolly, listlessly.

"Dolly."

"Well."

"You promised me a year ago"——

"Nonsense!" said Dolly, flinging the azaleas and pinks around in fragrant confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you've no right to go back on your word, Dolly, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."

"But you made me believe that one day you would be my wife. And I've lived on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since. And if this city situation of yours should break up my life's hope"——

"Don't hope anything about me, John!" brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Please, John, don't stand there any longer, looking like a ghost!"

And honest, heart-broken John turned and went with a heavy heart where the wagon stood, and old roan was waiting with down-drooping head and half-closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered between his teeth, "that there is nothing left to live for any longer."

Dolly looked half-remorsefully after him.

"I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself, as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the new comer. I do like John Deadwood, but I think he has no business to consider himself engaged to me, just of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change as one gets on in life."

And Dolly's cheek was like the reflection of the pink azaleas as she thought of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring that he had given her as a troth plight.

And Mr. Frixham came in presently.

"I've a note from the Sedgwicks, on Fifth avenue," said he hurriedly. "They always order the flowers from Servoss, but Servoss has disappointed them. They want the house decorated for a party to-night—there's not a minute to lose. I've telegraphed to Bolton's for one hundred yards of smilax and running fern and one hundred poinsettas, and I think we can manage the rest ourselves. You had better go at once, Miss Penfield, and plan the decorations—you've a pretty taste of your own—and I'll send up the flowers with Hodges to help you."

And Dolly went, her mind still on the turquoise ring, with a band of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgwick mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate glass casements and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgwick, a stately lady, in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing-room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eyeglasses, "you're the florist, are you? Well, I know nothing about the things—I only want the rooms to look elegant. Tell your husband to spare no expense."

"Mr. Frixham is not my husband," said Dolly.

"Your father, then?"

"But he isn't my father," insisted Dolly, half laughing. "He's no relation at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgwick. "I particularly desire plenty of white roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagment party."

"Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look interested.

"Between my daughter Clara and Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgwick, with conscious complacency.

Dolly said nothing, but the room, with its fluted cornices, and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out, with Mrs. Sedgwick still chatting about white rosebuds and begonia leaves, she passed the half-open door of a room, all hung with blue violet, where a yellow-tressed beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Fitzalan bending above her.

"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Dolly to herself,

There was a sharp ache at her heart; but after all it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh! thank heaven it was nothing worse than that.

Honest John Deadwood was driving old roan steadily and alone past the patch of woods, where the velvet-mossed boulders lay like dormant beasts of prey in the spring twilight, when a gray shadow glided out of the other shadows and stood at his side.

"John," she wispered,

"Dolly! it's never you?"

"Yes, John," said the girl gently but steadily. "I'm going back home with you."

"God bless you, Dolly!" said the young man, fervently.

"For good and all, John, if you'll take me," said Dolly, slowly. "I've had quite enough of city life, and I'll help you with the green-houses and I'll try to be a good little housekeeper at home. Shall I, John?"

John put his arm around her and hugged her up to his side.

"Darling," said he huskily, "it's most too good news to be true, but if my word is worth anything you shall never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out of the bower of smilax and rosebuds. The Sedgwick mansion wasn't decorated at all and Mr. Frixham had lost his new customer. And the turquoise ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a blank envelope.

Southern Humor.

Mr. Henry Watterson writes in the *Century* upon the "Oddities of Southern Life," saying:

Every people is known by its jokes. Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play to their likes and dislikes. The humor of Harry Fielding, Thackery tells us, is wonderful wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lanthorn. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between opera bouffe and Anglo-Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our domestic jocesity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow, and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes—that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South this classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the old story of the traveler who asked a Mississipian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol, but ef you should need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pach of cards, that he got them and returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please, your honor, if I must tell why I drapped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your honor, to look over the kerds and mark the howers." The following incidents no less reflect the local color of the ante-bellum days: Two Kentucklans went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John, who you are. Remember you are a Kentucklan. Pay the bill and shoot the scoundrel."

How to tell Good Butter.

When butter is properly churned both as to the time and temperature, it becomes firm with very little working, and it is tenacious; but its most desirable state is waxy, when it is easily moulded into any shape and may be drawn out a considerable length without breaking. It is then styled gilt edged. It is only in this state that butter posseses that rich nutty flavor and smell, and shows up a rich golden yellow color, which imparts so high a degree of pleasure in eating it, and which increases its value manifold. It is not always necessary, when it smells, to taste butter in judging it. The smooth unctuous feeling in rubbing a little between the finger and thumb expresses at once its rich quality; the nutty smell and rich aroma indicate a similar taste; and the bright golden, glistening, cream-colored surface shows its height of cleanliness. It may be necessary at times to use the trier, or even use it until you be an expert in testing by taste, smell and rubbing.

Men Who Win.

It is not the men of great talents often who do the great work of the world. It is the men who have trained their working powers the best. The greatest engineer of England was a man of only medium talents; but he was a giant in working. He gave himself wholly to it when a task was to be done. If a mountain was to be pierced and a roadway made through its heart; if an "impracticable and impossible" bridge was to span a chasm or valley, he would shut himself up for a few days in his room, and scarcely eat or sleep while he turned the matter over and over in his mind. At the end he would come out smiling, with his plans all clearly laid and his hand ready to set to work and carry them out. Those who wish to be great men and women, in the truest sense, must learn to be great workers, both with brain and hand. The two must go together, or they will accomplish nothing of importance to themselves or the world. Train the working power to its utmost capacity if you desire to make your mark in the age in which you live.

Be Happy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is another name for love—for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that 'when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window,' and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and to battle with an enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by clouds of discord and unamiability.

After the world was created it was pronounced very good. It is good yet; it is the inhabitants that bring condemnation upon it. Were the people all to obey the injuction to do as they would be done by, this world would not be very far from a paradise, and we should experience less cause for finding fault with our first mother who listened to the tempter.

There are too many people in Cincinnati who think it not necessary to vote at local elections. It requires several weeks of lively discussion to wake them up.—*Cincinnati Gazette.* There are a good many of that kind in Baltimore, but then there are other philanthropic souls who endeavor to perform that duty for them.—early and often.—*Baltimore American.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O, no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see the stand
And smile upon my pale;
Then beckonest with thy mailed hand.
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—*Longfellow.*

A REAL SWEET STORY.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had had many, for she had a temper, and he had a temper, and they were both of them impulsive young people with very little self-control.

"You are a false, selfish, untruthful, man-like man," said she.

"And you a suspicious, unreasonable, unwomanly woman," said he.

"Take back your letters," she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon on the floor at his feet.

"I will," he muttered between his clenched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two, and then flew away in thin uncanny black fragments up the chimney. As the last fragment disappeared, Rick turned again to Letty, with frowning brow, and asked, as he had asked before: "Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?"

"I do," she replied, "unless you show me the charm."

"I will *not* show it to you," he declared, with violent emphasis. "If my word be not sufficient, I refuse to give you farther proof. I wonder that you dare insult me by asking it. And I also wonder how you, believing me to be false and untruthful, can be willing to trust your future to me. And, to speak frankly, I begin to think we have made a great mistake in supposing that we could spend that future happily together, for I am fully convinced we are anything but

"'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'"

(These lines were quoted with most sarcastic inflection.) "And furthermore I also begin to think that perhaps it would have been better if we had never made this mistake—if we had never met, in fact."

"O, indeed, sir!"—with great assumption of dignity. "Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then, when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her,) and in pleasing her I may find I am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself."

"Are you referring to Brougham Brown?"

"I am referring to Brougham Brown."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Rick, seizing his hat, "this is *too* much. Letty, good-by forever!"

But Letty began humming an air from *Patience*, drumming an accompaniment on the window-pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly and the whilom performer listened intently. Five minutes passed, and still the street door did not slam. "He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose," she said, with a defiant grimace, "but I won't," and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a bang.

And then she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone "forever!"—Rick, whom she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her so dearly for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling Lena Varian, with her pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair, had chosen to tell fibs about him. And shaking the tears from her lashes, she began scolding herself as hard as she had scolded poor Rick. "The idea, Letty Lounsberry, of your believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did flirt a little with her, that is true; but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them and flattering them. But he never gave her the little gold pig—*your* Christmas gift to him—never! How she got it I can't imagine, but he would have explained if you had given him a chance." And then the absent mother, gone to Aunt Emory's for a two days' visit, came in for a share of reproach. "If she had only let our engagement be known, instead of insisting upon our waiting until Rick was twenty-one, and I had not been obliged to carry my engagement ring in my back hair, the only place where it is safe from Baby's—Goodness gracious! Baby!" And Letty suddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Lounsberry was absent—poor fellow! he'd have staid away if he could have foreseen his reception—Baby had been sitting alone in the dining-room in the middle of the big dining-table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars and fruit cans and catsup bottles and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was the monthly house-cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smashing and breaking, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweets and sours. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet into her slippers, and hastened where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish-towel, in the very spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor, filling the air with the subtle fragrance of garlic. "That won't be missed," said Letty. "Thank fortune, there is no worse mischief done." But the "thank" was scarcely uttered when her eyes fell upon the last jar of the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being carefully kept for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth thirty thousand dollars) birthday. There it stood directly in front of Baby, with more than half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents by little scooping fingers.

"O, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?" asked Letty, reproachfully and dramatically.

But Baby evidently had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept on crooning to her bottle-doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat and tied it securely over what remained over the original covering.

Then said Baby, "Rick tiss I—nice Rick!"

O, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagined he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good-by to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.

"Yes, Baby, nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick, but for all that, the ring he gave me goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him to-night. How dare he wish that we had never met?"

But she did not hear from him that night, and the next day the little band of gold was released from its hiding-place in her thick brown hair, and a too faithful messenger placed it in Rick's hands as he left his place of business. But, ah! what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about the Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! what a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty times a day!

"No nice—no more," said Baby, missing the merry tones and the happy laugh.

But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken. Brougham Brown suited her much better as a prospective son-in-law than Richard Creighton. One was a wealthy young brewer, the other a poor clerk in a counting-house.

"Letty will soon get over it," she said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face. "A first-love disappointment is always hard to bear for a while. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin, but I didn't; I lived to marry you, and I have a seal-skin cloak and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket."

And so Brougham Brown, who was really a manly, generous, good-hearted fellow in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting himself in the most ardent fashion to Letty, and she, seeing her mother's pleasure thereat, and hearing no word from Rick, received his attentions in a passive, unresponsive way.

Three months went by, and it was Aunt Emory's birthday, and that eccentric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, lunching with one portion, dining with another, and supping with a third. The lunch party was given at her sister Letitia's (Mrs. Lounsberry,) and some half a dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were bidden to the feast. Letty, in a sea-green gown (Rick's favorite gown,) with a spray of pink hyacinths (Rick's favorite spring flower) in her hair, went quietly about welcoming the guests, Brougham Brown following her like her shadow, until lunch was announced. Then taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmamma's famous peach marmalade (she had had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done,) when somebody said, addressing her mother: "Have you heard that Richard Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed fast lately."

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her niece's poor pale face, and asked, sharply: "What's the matter, child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?"

"No, ma'am," answered Letty, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preserved peaches should be.

"Let me help you," said Brougham; and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon her dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

"And so that is the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it?" said Aunt Emory. "I don't want any. I prefer my sweets unmixed with unknown foreign substances. Take it away, Norah."

But Letty was already slowly unrolling the paper (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck persistently to her small fingers, but accomplished at last, when out rolled the little gold pig. And on the inside of the paper was scrawled, in Rick's bold hand, these words:

"MY DARLING:—How foolish we are—I mean, I am! Here is the charm. Miss Varian had it about ten minutes last night—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece off one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow evening. RICK."

Never did any young lady so suddenly break through all the conventionalities of society, never did daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never did niece so unflinchingly brave the displeasure of a thirty-thousand-dollar aunt, as did Letty Lounsberry the instant after she had read this note.

"Brougham," she cried, looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "I must see Rick. I *must*—I *must*. You will go and bring him to me, dear?"

(It was the first time she had ever called him "dear," and, alas! he felt that it would be the last.) For a moment he pulled his long mustache nervously.

"We are not very good friends, you know," at last he said.

"Yes, I know. But I am to blame for that too," said Letty, hurriedly. "Forgive me, Brougham, but I *must* see Rick."

And the good fellow, hesitating no longer, turned from that imploring face, and, with a tugging at his heart-strings, went off to seek his rival. He found him and brought him back to the girl they both loved.

And what do you think Aunt Emory did?—Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham Brown, Letty should inherit any of her money. "Left the house in a passion?" Not a bit of it. She laughed and laughed until she could laugh no longer.

"Now I shall have something new to tell folks," she said. "They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard in all my life."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Lounsberry. "It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on?"

"O, I'll look after them," said Aunt Emory; and her remark makes a very good ending to this real sweet story.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Folks to Keep Away From.

"Dar' am sartin folkses I want to keep away from," began Brother Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, as the voices of the Glee Club died away on the last strains of "Sarah Jane's Baby." "I mean dat class of people who groan ober de wickedness of de world, an' who have heartaches an' sorrows to peddle aroun' de kentry at de reg'lar market rates. Dar' am de ole man Turner. He comes ober to see me now and den, but he can't sot still kase somebody stole his dog, or hit him wid a brick-bat, or beat him out of seventy-five cents. He fully believes dat de world am gwine to smash at de rate of fifteen miles an hour, an' it would emmost kill him to lose his ole wallet an' find a man honest 'nuff to return it."

"De widder Plumsell comes ober to borry some butter fur supper, an' she draps down on a cha'r an' heaves a sigh as big as a barn doah an' goes on to say dat dis am a cold an' unfeelin' world. 'Cording to her tell all men am dishonest, all women extravagant, an' all chill'en just ready to come down wid de measles. Tears run down her cheeks as she tells how she has to work an plan' while everybody else has money to frow inter Lake Erie, an' she wipes her nose on her apron as she asserts dat dis wicked world can't stan' mo' dan fo' weeks longer.

"Deacon Striper draps in to eat popcorn wid me of a Friday ebenin' an' he hardly gits out from under his hat befo' he begins to tell what his first wife died of: how his second run away; how his third broke her leg by fallin' off a fence an' cost him twenty-eight dollars and fourteen cents for doctor's bill, an' befo' he gits frew you couldn't make him believe but what de hull world was dead agin him. He predicts a late spring, a hot summer, poor crops, high prices, a bloody war, an' goes home feelin' dat he am stoppin' on airth only to accommodate somebody.

"I have no sorrow of my own. I've been robbed, but dat was kase I left a winder up. I've been swindled, but dat was kase I thought fo' queens would beat fo' aces. I've bet on de wrong boss; I've bought lottery tickets which didn't draw; I've been sick unto death, an' I've bin shot in de back wid a hull brick yard, but I do not sorrow and I do not ax fur sympathy. De world am plenty good 'nuff fur de class of people livin' in it. Honest men am not lonesome fur company, an' honest woman am sartin to be appreciated. De janitor will now open fo' winders an' we will purceed to bizness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Origin of Some of Longfellow's Poems.

The late James T. Fields; writing about Longfellow, said:

"As I happen to know of the birth of some of Longfellow's poems, let me divulge to you a few of their secrets. The 'Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he had it in his own heart for many months. The poem of 'The Reaper Death,' came without effort, crystallized into his mind. 'The Light of the Stars' was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening exactly suggestive of the poem. 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the Hesperus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly caused him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach 'The Skeleton in Armor' rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid.

"One of the best known of all of Longfellow's short poems is 'Excelsior.' That one word happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1851, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner he crowded it with verses. As first written down 'Excelsior' differs from the perfected and published version, but shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of 'Evangeline' was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl."

—Journalistic changes are continually occurring in Texas. Bill Snort, formerly of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*, has assumed editorial charge of the *Texas Torchlight*, at Scootville. We shall frequently have occasion to quote from the *Texas Torchlight*.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Changes of the Moon.

In one of the most whimsical of his essays Charles Lamb speaks of the utter confusion of mind which would result if, on getting out of bed some morning and looking towards the East, where we had always been accustomed to see the sun rise, we should find the moon coming up, "attended by the eleven stars," while far up in the sky the disc of the sun should appear, white and ghostly, as the moon waning in the early dawn. Probably the majority of us would not at first be willing to trust to the evidence of our senses, and would call our families directly to help us out of the difficulty. But if our wives and children with one voice declared that what we saw was real, fear and apprehension of coming calamity would take the place of distrust in our senses, for we could not help believing that what we saw was but the forerunner of changes in the economy of the solar system of the immediate, to say nothing of the final results of which none could speak "with confidence." Should we find upon "sallying abroad" that the people in the street all stood gazing at the sky, and, too, had "lost all confidence in the universe," we should certainly believe that we had taken leave of our senses *in toto*, and that the whole world had gone mad with us. But if then, as Lamb continues, we should begin to find that we were much lighter than we had ever been before; that we bounded along the streets instead of walking, and that ponderable bodies had lost their old-time weight, so that hawkers' carts and the stalls of green grocers were swept out of the way like so many feathers, we should be reduced to the "extremity of humor" on one side of our nature, while on the other we should be painfully reflecting upon the probable result of what would now seem apparent—that we were receding from the sun, and might soon be left in "lightness, comparative darkness and certain eclipse."

The truth probably is that should such an aspect of nature ever be put on as that which Lamb has taken for the basis of his sketch, we should not act at all in the way which the most whimsical of English humorists has here described. How we should comport ourselves under such circumstances it is probably out of the reach of any mortal to say, but it seems extremely probable that before long the solar system may be called upon to give an account of itself which will, if not immediately to us all, yet to the scientific world, be most interesting—we do not say alarming—because it is entirely unprecedented. Several German and at least three English astronomers—among whom Professor Ball is to be counted—have of late told us that physical changes have been going on in the moon which will cause physicists to recast their opinions in regard to the condition of that body. The first astronomer who called attention to this fact was Professor Heilbronn, of Bonn, who has discovered great caverns in our satellite which certainly could not have existed two months ago. He notes particularly two of these fissures—one at the base of the Tycho Brahe, and another, which has apparently been caused by the displacement of rocks near the crater of what is probably one of the oldest of lunar volcanoes. Up through another crater has been thrust a column of rock of enormous height—enormous when we consider the moon's size—and there are also evidences, obtained by means of the spectroscope which has hitherto given indications simply of solar light reflected from the moon, that volcanic forces are now at work in a planet which has hitherto been held to be utterly lifeless so far as chemical action and any form of energy except gravitation is concerned.

It is evident that speculation in regard to these phenomenal appearances is as yet premature. Possibly they are connected with general cosmical changes, such as those which Professor Huggins long ago pointed out when he showed that the whole solar system is in motion toward certain stellar systems. Possibly they may be connected with recent changes in the sun; but as yet all is in the dark.—*London Spectator.*

Child-Stealing.

"These men never steal the child themselves. They go into some large city, stop at a first-class hotel, and talk and act like gentlemen. Meanwhile they get their eyes on some child which they think is suited for their purpose. They like to select a child old enough to walk out alone, and healthy enough to stand a little fatigue and hardship. This, however, does not figure in the case so much as the question of a ransom, and if they think that will be forthcoming, invalid or cripple, male or female, whichever it may be, the child is sure to become their victim. Once selected, and the child's and its parents' habits learned, they put their confederate—the real child-stealer—'onto' the child. The confederate watches his opportunity, coaxes the child away and finds everything arranged for his escape. The men then wait for a few days until a reward is offered, and finally go to the officers, ask the amount of the reward and say they think they can find the child. They are not supposed to know anything about its abduction and tell a plausible story as to how they came by their knowledge, saying probably that they read the story in the newspaper and afterwards noticed certain suspicious circumstances which led them to believe they could tell where the child was.

In this way the child is ultimately found, and the strangers who have been so kind in assisting in the search receive a part or all of the proffered ransom.

Although there have been but few kidnapping cases of late, it is generally esteemed by "fly" men, who know something of the channels in which crime runs, that it is about to become, at an early day, one of the great evils of the country.

It is stated that it is becoming rapidly more popular with crooks than any other species of underground work. There are many cases now which are settled up and never heard of.

After the celebrated Charley Ross case kidnapping among men of this class fell into disrepute, but men who live on "rackets" of one kind or another seem to generally esteem it a successful one, and the opinion of the initiated is that it will supplant the well-worn "gold-brick swindle" and bunko-steering business before many months, and number among its regular clan hundreds who are now deserting the older schemes.—*Interview in Denver Tribune.*

Street Scenes in Cairo.

The liveliest imagination cannot form any notion of the infinite novelty and strangeness of a street scene in Cairo. The Moosker is the broadway of the city. It is about thirty feet wide, and leads from the Ezbekeeyah—the park and the French quarter of the city, where are the hotels, cafes, etc.—to the Mokattam hills. It is lined with small shops, nearly all of which have no windows but the whole front stands open to the street. There are, perhaps, a dozen French jewelry stores that have show windows, and that is all. In the busy hours the street is crowded, but yet not so much as a cross street, near the farther end, which we call Bazar Street, as the bazars are entered from it, and it is exceedingly difficult here to get the right name for anything among these Arabs. On certain days this street is a perfect jam. It is lined with little shops; there hundreds of women with veiled faces will squat on the ground about three feet in front of the shop and display small stocks of greasy cakes, pieces of sugar-cane, a few pairs of slippers and other goods. Of the crowd slowly moving in opposite directions, there are many men and women carrying trays, water-jars or other articles on their heads, and all the women who carry their children place them astride their left shoulder, and the little ones soon learn to "hang on" to the shawl or wrap covering their mother's heads. Then a man bearing a goat skin full of water occasionally squeezes through the throng, and a woman completely enveloped in black silk, riding astride on a donkey, with feet drawn up beneath as high as possible, goes along. Next comes a carriage, with a sais, or runner, in picturesque costume, who goes ahead, carrying a gold-tipped rod, with which he urgently taps people who fail to get out of the way at his stentorian shout of "Shemalak!" left, "Amenak!" right. The crowd makes way for the carriage just about as water makes way for a boat, closing in behind it. Then comes two or three camels, burdened with huge loads of green clover, their long necks and supercilious noses extending over the crowd. As all the people are costumed in bright colors and strange styles, the jam seems to us more like a grand masquerade, especially as everybody is so good natured, and jostling is a matter of course.

The bazars are the most interesting places in Cairo. There are sections for almost every variety of business—gold and silver work, slippers, rugs and carpets, saddles, perfumery, spices, books, crockery and dry goods—all have a separate quarter. You step out of the crowded street, through an old arch-gateway, and find yourself in the silver bazar, where the workmen are busy hammering out all sorts of silver jewelry, such as bracelets, necklaces, etc. The gold and silver bazar consists of a dozen short, narrow passages about six feet wide, running around corners this way and that, and loosely roofed over with slats or matting. The space between the buildings is occupied for about eighteen inches on each side with a platform about as high as an ordinary chair, which is called the mastabah, and is an extension of the floor of the shop. This is for the customers to sit on, the natives dropping their slippers and sitting on their feet, according to the Turkish fashion. The space between the mastabahs is only about three feet, for the passage of the public, and in places it is impossible for two persons to walk abreast. The ground is unpaved and uneven, and, being wet down twice a day, is often slippery. The dusty, dingy buildings and the dilapidated appearance of the partial covering gives to these little lanes a very nasty look, but the impression is removed when you look at the goods displayed by the shopkeepers. Their shops are about five or six feet square and entirely open in the front. A part of this space is occupied by a workman, who with a little furnace, a hammer, small anvil, pair of plyers and a few other tools, is working silver and gold into attractive shapes. His assistant will open an old safe and show you very beautiful gold and silver ornaments, which they have manufactured in the same styles as were popular and fashionable two or three thousand years ago, as proved by old jewelry or pictures found in the ancient tombs. The merchant will often order coffee to be brought and you take a cup, shaped like half an eggshell and holding about three tablespoonsful, by way of politeness. The jewelry lacks the fine finish we are accustomed to see on such goods, but the styles are most attractive and show what can be done by patient hand-labor and almost without tools. The goods are sold very cheap,—that is, when you have gone through the regular custom of beating the asking price down to about one-half. It sometimes requires two or three days to make the purchase of some coveted article at the lowest price; but as it prolongs our visits to the bazars, and the enjoyment of seeing the people at their work and the panorama that is constantly moving by, we do not consider it a misfortune, while the shop-keepers seem also to enjoy the time spent in making a bargain.

The slipper bazar is about as narrow as that of the gold and silversmiths, and all manner of red and yellow slippers, with queerest pointed toes, are offered for sale. The manufacture of the slippers goes on in these little cubby-holes. One merchant I noticed had a space of only three feet wide and eighteen inches deep, and this is partly occupied by narrow shelves for his goods. He has barely room to sit on his feet between the side shelves. The other bazars are not so narrow, say from eight to ten feet wide. In the perfumery bazar may be found the odors of a thousand flowers, from attar of roses to peppermint, and the pleasant civility and patience of the merchants are admirable. They urge you to sit down, to take cigarettes or coffee, and taking a bottle of precious attar of roses from its tin box, will put some upon the handkerchiefs of all members of the party. Some of the merchants speak a little English or French, and seem to bestow unusual attention upon travelers. But they are not to be trusted as regards prices, and will take double the real value of their goods. If the purchaser is not wide awake.—*Cairo Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—A bill to compel fortnightly payments to employes of manufacturing companies has just passed the Massachusetts Legislature

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Appletons have sold 46,000,000 Webster spellers within the last forty years.

—There is a gradual rise being made in the salaries of New York City clergymen.

—At Wallerawang, New South Wales, a lady has built a church for the joint use of Anglican and Presbyterian communities.

—Deacon George W. Chapman, of Boston, recently in passing a candy store which the Sheriff was selling out stepped in and bought the entire stock; and then followed a revelry in sweets among the thousand children in the Tremont Temple Sunday school, of which for years he has been Superintendent.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The hall of Georgetown College (District of Columbia) containing its collection of curiosities is to be known hereafter as Coleman Museum, in consideration of a recent gift of $10,000 from Mr. James V. Coleman, of San Francisco, to the college. The will of the late General James M. Coale, of Frederick, Md., contains a bequest of $10,000 to the same institution.

—A Presbyterian at Blyth, Ontario, called on his pastor and handed him $100 as a donation for missionary work. The pastor, knowing that the man was not wealthy, expressed astonishment and asked him how he happened to have so much to give away. The man explained that it was tobacco money which he had saved. Formerly he used the weed inordinately. He had reformed, and the money was one of the first substantial proofs that his reform was in earnest.

—The Baptist Union Theological Seminary, at Morgan Park, near Chicago, has an attendance of ninety-three students, which, with the twelve ladies attending lectures, gives a total of 109. In the regular course there are three graduates, twenty-two in the senior class, seventeen in the middle and twenty-five in the junior. The English course numbers eight students and the Scandinavian eighteen. The faculty numbers ten, including the President, the Rev. George W. Northrup, D. D. LL. D.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The best kind of plans have been devised to advance education; but little has been accomplished. And the reason is that the body of the teachers has never cared a tig for reform or improvement. In a town of 10,000 inhabitants there is a Superintendent who has done a great work; he has improved the schools in every way. Yet he says: "I have done it all without help from the teachers; they have stood coldly by; they have not welcomed improvements, even when it would be for comfort. They have behind my back discouraged school-officers and poured cold water. 'New fangled ideas!' spoken in a most contemptuous way has been the argument. They would have rejoiced at my failure. But I have succeeded."—*The School Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—English and French doctors don't agree as to what causes sea-sickness. We thought it was caused by going on the water.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow" because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his own shadow.—*The Household.*

—Somebody wants a honey store established in every town. In Louisville the dry-goods stores have all been enlarged to make room for sweetness.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills where he can pick sixty bird-shot out of his legs.—*Free Press.*

—A new song is entitled: "Be kind to the foreigner who lands on our shores." It seems to us that this song will never do for a temperance gathering, for it is a sort of back an alien song.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Snooks went home the other night afflicted with a double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare 'f you two gals don't look 'nough like to be twins."

—"Don't go chopping away at the branches," said an old woodman to his son. "Lay your ax at the root of the tree." And like a dutiful boy he did as he was told. He laid the ax at the root of the tree, and then went off for a day's fishing."

—They tell of a man out West who was putting a blast in a well, and it went off prematurely and blew him out into an apple tree about fifty feet away. In a moment he recovered himself, and remarking: "The Lord knows better than I do after all; I guess it is almost time to go prunning," took a large pruning knife from his pocket and set to work.

—A New Yorker advertises "the patent tidy fastener." It is a snare and a hollow mockery of course. An instrument has never been invented—and never will be—that will secure a tidy in its place. When a young man can sit on a chair ten minutes without getting the tidy under him somewhere or on the floor he may know that the millennium is only about two hours hence.

—A dinner party—the youngest gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by inquiring the name of the hostess' little daughter, to which the child has replied "Ethel." "And why, Ethel, do you keep patting me on the arm?" "Because mamma says you're a muff"—(awful pause, during which the child strokes him down)—"but you don't feel like one, you know." (Table-lean: child complacent—nobody else.)—*Judy.*

—A gentleman, who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder saying, as he did so by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "O, it's yours, is it? Well, I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation.—*Chicago Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE BICYCLE BELL.

O, sweet are the sounds of waters, and sweet
The distant echoes of welcome feet,
The wild birds singing, the hum of bees,
The night wind's rustle in summer trees;
But none, to my ear, in sweetness excel
The wee tink-tink of the bicycle bell!

Whenever I hear it, I stand once more,
At twilight's fall, by the garden door—
The garden door, that shuts out from the street
An inclosure teeming with odors sweet—
Listening (O, why should I blush to tell?)
The first tink-tink of a bicycle bell.

It ceases at length, where I knew it would;
The door half opes, and where late I stood
Another stands; but he sees not me,
For I am no longer there you see;
And I would not, for he should know as well
I had heard the sound of that bicycle bell.

But soon together we walk or stand;
I feel it again, that touch of the hand!
I hear the words I shall ne'er forget;
My eyes are full, my cheeks are wet;
Again I feel my bosom swell,
As silently by hangs the bicycle bell.

Some years have gone, some sorrows have come;
No longer each morning he leaves his home,
Or at eve returns to it, mounted thus,
But soberly on an omnibus.
But every whit I love it as well,
Whenever I hear it, the bicycle bell.
—*London Society.*

WHITE HYACINTHS.

Founded on Fact.

Seventy years ago, or thereabout, in the early spring of each year, when the hyacinths and jonquils were in bloom, a tall, stately and beautiful old lady would drive up in her coach-and-four every Sunday to the door of one of the old colonial churches in Virginia to attend divine service after the ritual of the Episcopal Church. She always came in grand style, coach-and-four, footman, driver and outrider, as became a grand dame of the old noblesse. The sight of that old yellow-bodied coach, with its armorial quarterings in silver on panels and harness, always seemed the realization of the old nursery lullaby:

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry—
Hush-a-bye, my darling,
You shall have your coach-and-four
To ride like Becky Bolling;

which has been sung to thousands and hundreds of thousands of children in the Old Dominion, where folk-lore and nursery traditions have held a potent sway for two hundred years. But the old lady of this story was not Becky Bolling, whose glories were sung in nursery songs as incentives to virtue and good deeds, although she may have been a blood relative of the princely house of Bolling, on the theory of the old Virginia lady who once said to a Knickerbocker who had expressed surprise at the remarkable consanguinity among Virginians: "Why, my dear sir, you need not be surprised: there is nothing remarkable in it, because, in Virginia, we are all descended from one common stock, while in New York they are descended from different nationalities. In Virginia, everybody who is anybody at all, is kin to everybody who is anybody."

At all events, it is certain that Becky Bolling, the belle and heiress of her day and time, belonged to the aristocracy; and so did the old lady in question. But their supremacy was at long intervals apart, Becky having been a belle when General Washington was a beau in his prime, while our old lady lived until after the Revolution, and had seen the establishment of Church and State follow the fortunes of the then young republic; had seen most of the parsons sent by the Crown to officiate in the parish churches turn to be as great rebels as Patrick Henry or Mr. Wythe. She had sat under the preaching of that good man Parson Jarrett, who had lived at Anousville, the family seat of a prominent family, until he married and went to Gunshill, presented to him by his parishioners after he had wedded a wife. So the old lady lived long after Becky Bolling, and was much beloved and respected as the heroine of the nursery rhyme.

The old lady had a history, a sad, sorrowful history; a heart history, racking and wrecking in its violence. But she outlived it like the prisoner of Chillon; she was too brave to succumb, and lived through it all.

She was a marvel to look at as she would descend from her coach at the old church door—and everybody in those days did not ride in coaches. She came out to church only in the early spring, when the dainty white hyacinths were in bloom; when the jonquil and narcissus, the daffodil and the lilac filled the air with their modest fragrance; before the gaudy rose and the ruby-lipped tulip had opened their intoxicating cups. The old lady always wore a bunch of white hyacinths at her throat, and carried them in her hand. She was never seen without them; and she consequently never appeared in public except in the season of these blessed flowers. Ah, to see her descend from her coach at the church door, with a number of gentlemen offering their gallant services to assist her to descend from the coach, a gallant custom unknown everywhere but in Virginia—for it was not considered proper for a servant to touch the hand of his mistress; to see her enter the old church with its high-back pews and modest chancel; its painted gothic windows and high pulpit, reaching almost to the ceiling; to see her stately form sweep grandly down the aisle, arrayed in the richest black velvet and point d'Angleterre, with court train flowing in rich, ample folds behind; velvet hat and plumes surmounting her crown of snow-white hair, to see her benignant, lovely face and jeweled hand reverentially clasping the Book of Common Prayer, and to see the inseparable bunch of white hyacinths always at her throat, and to see her enter the old-fashioned pew and kneel with face to the altar and pray, oh, it was like a revelation of the beauty of piety and reverence for the sanctuary of God.

But with the season of hyacinths the old lady departed and did not reappear until the springtime was again ushered in with all its sweets and flowers. Her face was colorless as the flowers she wore, a pure, highbred absence of color that came from perfect repose and purity of heart. For fifty years no one had ever seen her agitated or heard her utter a hard or unkind word to man or beast. The storm had done its worst, and had passed over her, leaving her apparently dead as the marble she looked like. She led a life of utter calm and stagnant desolation, like a sheet of water held in icy chains. She betrayed no emotion of joy or sorrow, but had a smile and a kind word for all her friends and neighbors. Once only she seemed to be moved, when the congregation was wailing through the litany and praying to be delivered from "battle and murder and sudden death." For a few moments the invocation seemed to recall her to life and the memories of the past, for her head sank lower, her prayer book closed and she gave a wild, despairing look to the clergyman. She kneeled longer than usual, and her lips moved nervously longer in prayer than was rightly customary. All who knew her understood it and looked with tears and pity on the wretched old lady and remembered that she was *mad* as far as a woman could be whose heart, whose hopes, whose emotions had all died long, long ago.

The story of Mary Harrison is short and sorrowful. Her heart received a sudden killing blow that crushed the light of love out of her, sharply and suddenly. She was the daughter of an old aristocratic house, once very wealthy, but then decayed somewhat in their fortune. She was the idol of her circle of acquaintances, and beloved by two suitors at the same time, one of them rich and influential, but unbeloved by his neighbors. The other lover was a young lawyer, descended from the best blood of the gentry, but poor and dependent on his talents for success in life. He was young, handsome and clever; had already made his mark in politics and his profession, and had been elected to the House of Burgesses by his adoring constituents. He loved Mary Harrison passionately and had wooed and won her affections, with the cold assent of her father. In those days, honorable gallants always "spoke to the parents first" before a formal declaration to the young lady in question. The reputation of John Nelson was irreproachable, and Mr. Harrison coldly assented to the union with his daughter, but procrastinated the time of marriage almost indefinitely. He hoped that by delay their affections would wear out, and that his daughter would finally listen to the suit of Colonel Stockworth, the wealthy lover, who had lands and barrels of money. Stockworth was an unlovable man, cold and vindictive, cruel to his servants and as penuriously grasping as any Shylock.

Months and years rolled by, and the solution of the suit between Mary Harrison and John Nelson seemed as far off as ever, while Colonel Stockworth continued to press his claims more earnestly than ever; in fact, he never seemed to weary and never to understand coldness or reserve. He was a constant visitor at Mr. Harrison's mansion, and would always seek opportunities to be alone with Mary. The two lovers frequently met in her parlor, and were as friendly as neighbors and old acquaintances could be.

One evening, in the bright autumn days, Colonel Stockworth met Miss Harrison in the grove that stood about her home. He had joined her as she walked alone. He repeated his love for the twentieth time, and for the twentieth time she refused him. Cool and impassive, the dark-browed man replied that her wishes should be respected and he would desist in his declarations of love, but that he trusted to the effect of time in bringing about a change; and, saying very quietly he could afford to wait, he left her with more feeling than he had ever betrayed before. When he had departed, the old negro nurse, who had followed behind at a respectful distance, approached her mistress and said:

"Miss Mary, you'd better beware of that man; he was muttering something between his teeth when he passed by me, and it sounded mightily like a curse upon Mr. Wilson and yourself. I tell you he is full of mischief, and is bad enough to carry out any mean thing he sets his heart on. And I tell you, he doesn't love you, Miss Mary, because it didn't hurt him a bit when you discarded him, but it made him angry. I could see it all. He has done so many cruel things I wouldn't be surprised at anything else he might do. So, I tell you, young mistress, you must keep a sharp eye on him."

A few days after this John Nelson and Mary Harrison met again and renewed their professions of attachment, and were as happy as possible under the statuary aspect of their matrimonial plans. Mr. Harrison pleaded with his daughter, and implored her to accept the wealthy suitor, pleading the embarrassment of his own personal affairs and the financial relief such a marriage would bring him. But all to no purpose. A regular, systematic course of slights and petty annoyances were put into practice toward John Nelson; sometimes his horse was suffered to remain hitched to the rack, and not taken to the stable, as was universally customary toward all welcome visitors in that land of chivalrous hospitality; sometimes his waiting man, with his master's portmanteau, was not shown to the room usually occupied by his master; and, again, Nelson was not asked to return to dinner after a morning call, or invited to stay to tea after an afternoon visit, and was now never asked to call again. The continued and persistent slights and insults weighed heavily upon his mind, but were as so much fuel to his consuming love—they intensified the burning love he felt, and tended to confirm her in her choice.

And now his visits were short and hurried, and their partings sad and tearful. Nelson and Stockworth seldom met at the mansion, and even in the most friendly manner, because the one knew his strong point, and the other was not ready to expose his chagrin and disappointment. Mr. Harrison would sometimes meet John Nelson at public places and pass him without recognition until it become unbearable, because it was the subject of conversation throughout their large circle of acquaintances.

At last the early spring came with its flowers and sunshine, and all nature seemed buoyant with life and activity. Mary Harrison was radiant with beauty, and as chaste and unsuspicious as Hypatia and unconscious of evil and danger as an innocent child, while John Nelson was incapable of attributing improper motives to Stockworth. He only felt that there was an understanding between his rival and Mr. Harrison, and that the latter preferred the wealthy suitor for his daughter's hand.

At last, with Mary's consent, he determined to bring matters to a crisis; he was a victim to slights, and often insults, which goaded him to madness and desperation, and he concluded to visit the mansion the next day and claim the father's consent, and, in the event of a failure, to marry the girl at the old church, as both were of age.

When the appointed day arrived he dressed himself with scrupulous taste and propriety, ordered his servant to make ready his horse and accompany him to the mansion, with strict orders that the horses were not to be taken to the stable under any circumstances. While the servant was making his preparation, John walked leisurely and thoughtfully into his mother's garden and gathered a large bouquet of snow-white hyacinths, the first of the season. He tied them with a pale-blue ribbon, and as he mounted his horse he gave the flowers to the servant to carry in his hand until they should reach the mansion. His horse was a restive thoroughbred and seemed agitated as they rode down the long avenue of aspens and Lombardy poplars that led to the front gate. The horse would sometimes wheel around and refuse to go forward. This was kept up until within a mile of the mansion and they were entering a dense forest of pines, where leaves were sighing in the breeze of the spring twilight. The servant was riding some fifty yards in the rear, when the sharp report of a shotgun broke the stillness.

John Nelson fell from his saddle mortally wounded, while his horse fled wildly in an agony of terror up to the mansion, leaped the fences and galloped around the yard neighing wildly and snorting through his distended nostrils. Mary Harrison was standing with her father on the veranda watching the movements of the terror-stricken animal.

"O, father, something has happened to Mr. Nelson," cried Mary. "Let us go out on the road and see what it is."

And with that she fled as fast as her strength would allow down through the lane and out into the old pine forest. She outstripped her father. A horrible dread gave lightning speed to her pace, and as she ran her hair fell over her shoulders and floated in the air like an aureole of glory about her head.

But we return to John Nelson. As soon as he fell from the saddle, shot through and through the body, the faithful servant was by his side. He raised his master's head on his lap, and moaned piteously. John rallied a little, and recognized his servant and saw the flowers still clutched in his faithful hand.

"Robert, take those flowers to Mary with my last love. Tell her that I died with her image before me—and I have been foully murdered—by——"

But he never finished the sentence. He struggled but a moment and died, died alone there in that gloomy, old forest, alone and so near to the home of his darling Mary. The flowers dropped from the hands of the negro, and fell into a pool of his heart's blood that stained the white sands.

The negro saw that his master was dead; hastily snatched up the hyacinths all stained with blood, and screamed wildly, frantically for help. He rushed here and there, kissed his master's hand and behaved like a demented man, while the tears streamed down his swarthy cheeks. Then he thought of going for assistance. He fled up the road that led to the mansion screaming at every step. He soon met the terrified lady far in advance of her father, and rushed wildly to her, holding out the blood-stained hyacinths. "Master told me to give 'em to you, Miss Mary, with his last breath; he's lying dead up yonder; somebody in the woods shot him, and he's dead," said the maniac, and then ran back to the dead body.

Mary followed close at his heels, and fell on the stiffening form of her lover. She did not speak, or moan or weep. She kissed him until her lips were crimsoned with the blood that slowly oozed from his throat and mouth.

She was borne away to Nelson's home that night with the dead body, and when her father interfered and attempted to take her back to her own home she flew at him wildly and then clung to the lifeless body of her betrothed, still holding to the bouquet of hyacinths.

She sat by his side like a statute until he was buried. When the coffin was lowered into the grave she attempted to throw herself into it, as if determined never to be parted, even by the grave. She had heard the solemn service for the dead chanted by the weeping multitude, but remained unmoved. It was only when the coffin was lowered and the clods began to fall on the lid that she rushed forward and would have thrown herself into the grave. They led her away a raving maniac.

The country was in consternation at the foul murder, and as a matter of course the negro servant was arrested and lodged in jail. An inquest had been held, and the verdict pointed to the servant as the murderer. In less than one month the wretched negro died in jail of a broken heart, protesting his innocence to the last, saying that the shot was fired from the pine woods. Then a little negro girl hunting her stray calves said that a big dark man had rode furiously past her in the forest soon after she had heard the shot, but she could not identify him, as he wore his hat pulled down over his face. Many believed the faithful servant guilty and as many believed him innocent. The little negro girl said she would recognize the man she saw in the woods if she should ever meet him again. This girl was the property of a near neighbor, and was seldom seen out of her own quarters.

Mr. Harrison and Colonel Stockworth were the most active in searching for some clew to the murder. Stockworth was active and zealous and so horrified that he tried to excite a mob to seize the body servant of John Nelson and hang him without a trial; and it is certain that had the poor wretch lived to stand trial, he would have been hung. But the strain on him was too great, and grief and terror combined to release him from the law and the hangman's rope.

At last the horror and excitement over this ghastly deed began to fade. Poor Mary Harrison lived a raving maniac for six months, and then relapsed into a quiet lethargy, and at the end of a year she rallied, but never regained her spirits. She would set for hours in abject listlessness, but never called the name of John Nelson to any human being. The only recollection she seemed to retain of him was the dried and faded bunch of white hyacinths that still retained the time-browned stain of blood on their white bells. She seemed to have lost all memory of old faces. She met Stockworth every few days with perfect composure and when he proposed again to her, after the expiration of a year and a half, she consented as listlessly as an idiotic child.

They were married soon afterward—she, yielding and obedient, and he, stern and unsympathetic. Ten years had passed and three children were born unto them. During this period Mary did not seem to regain her mind, but remained docile as a lamb led to the slaughter, while he became more stern and course than ever.

After ten years of quiet listlessness and profound indifference, Mary Stockworth was seated in her chamber watching her children play and romp about the halls. A negro girl, now a full-grown woman, was introduced into the room, bringing a note and a basket of choice fruit from one of her neighbors. Colonel Stockworth's heavy step was heard in the hall, which attracted the attention of the negress. She uttered a startled exclamation:

"Lor', Miss Mary, that is the man I saw riding through the woods that night Mr. Nelson was killed!"

"Hush, girl, that is my husband and the father of my children," said Mrs. Stockworth, with her eyes flashing with somewhat of their old light. Her senses seemed to have returned with the utterance of the name of John Nelson, the first time she had heard it for nearly twelve years. She sprang to her feet, and, grasping the girl's hand, said: "Hush; would you hang my husband and the father of my children? Don't say any such thing again."

"I tell you, Miss Mary, that I would know him if I had met him in Heaven. He looks now as he did the evening when he nearly rode over me in his hurry to get away. I tell you it is the same man," reasserted the negress, most vehemently.

"O, you must be mistaken," said Mrs. Stockworth, her eyes literally flashing fire and every feature instinct with violent excitement which the girl mistook for anger at her remarks. She was subdued in a moment to submission to the will of the patrician lady, and quietly took her leave.

As soon as she was alone Mary Stockworth was the prey to violent emotion. She sent for her husband to come to her, the first summons he had ever received from his wife. He hastened to obey the call.

When he entered the room he was astonished at the changed aspect of his wife. She motioned him to a seat some distance from him, then rising like an enraged tigress, like an avenging Nemesis come to judgment, she stood before him, her eyes glaring with supernal fury, and her words hissing and searching as the final sentence of fate.

"Colonel Stockworth, what were you doing galloping through the woods that night John Nelson was murdered? Why were you there?" she said, but without a quiver in the once melodious voice.

Stockworth grew very pale beneath his swart skin; he quailed before her pointed question. He rallied just a moment, and replied with brutal evasiveness:

"Still harping on John Nelson? It is very unseemly to take such interest in any man who is not your lawfully wedded husband. Pshaw, Mary, it does not look womanly and wifely."

"Then you were the murderer—you, the father of my children, and my husband. That girl has just recognized you, sir," she replied with forced calmness.

What else was said in that interview was never known to the outside world. But his words and his confession goaded her to madness, and she fell with a piercing shriek to the floor, where the cool, collected villain left her lying, and proceeded direct to the house of a friend near by, who trafficked in slaves. With a big reward he told the man that he must purchase the girl from her master, and send her away to distant parts by the next day. The man did as he was directed, completed the purchase, and before the next morning the girl was far, far away, never to return and appear as witness against the wealthy Colonel Stockworth.

From that day the madness of Mary Stockworth was confirmed without an intermission, save in the early spring time, when the hyacinths were blooming; and, after the season was over, she secluded herself and would hold no converse with any one of her friends and neighbors. Somehow or other the secret leaked out in after years.

Stockworth left home and was absent five years. He could not bear the reproachful eyes of his wife that followed his every movement like an accusing spirit. He died in the course of a few years, while his wife lived to an advanced old age, and reared her three children to be useful men and a lovely woman. But she was mad to all the outside world, and all loved and pitied her because of her many virtues and long sufferings. This story is handed down from past generations, and is actually founded on fact.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Perilous Adventure.

News has just been received of a rather perilous adventure which happened to Mr. C. K. Munroe, a member of the New York Canoe Club. Mr. Munroe went to Florida with his canoe Psyche last fall. After trying various waters he launched his canoe into Fisheating Creek, and ran down the creek into Lake Okeechobee. As he passed the saw grass at the margin of the lake it closed behind him and left no landmark to indicate the spot where he had entered. Calculating as closely as possible the mouth of the Kissimmee, he attempted to enter that stream. Nothing but miles of saw grass appeared along the shore. He spent four days and nights in his little canoe, completely lost. He tried to return to Fisheating Creek, but this attempt proved as fruitless as the search for the mouth of the Kissimmee. Into every hole or opening showing the least signs of an outlet from his prison he poked the nose of his canoe. Finally he put his boat as near the shore as possible and took to the saw grass on foot. He managed to get ashore, and reaching a settler's house, fifteen miles from Fort Bassinger, secured a guide, came back, recovered his canoe, and gaining the Kissimmee set sail for Bassinger.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Wayne Station, near Philadelphia, has developed a private lunatic asylum where, it is alleged, lunacies are made to order when the price paid is large enough to make it an object. One of the nurses has told of the brutal treatment of a rich young lady, placed in there by her relatives on account of family troubles, for the purpose of driving her to insanity.—*N. Y. Press.*

For Young Readers.

THE FATE OF THE SELFISH OYSTER.

There once was a selfish old Oyster,
Who lived like a mook in a cloister,
Safely housed in his shell,
Like the monk in his cell,
Though the bivalve's apartment was meister.

Anchored light in the mud of the bay
This lazy old party did stay.
Nor cared he to roam
Very far from his home;
For exertion, he thought, did not pay.

And you will be wondering, I think,
What he did for his victuals and drink.
Well, the Oyster was sly,
And when yonnog crabs came by,
He would catch them as quick as a wink.

Then in him the poor crabs had to stay,
Till in time they had rotted away.
So the Oyster got fatter,
And the crabs—but no matter—
For crabs have no souls, people say.

"And oho!" said the Oyster, said he;
"What a lucky old party I be!
Like a king in his pride
I wait here, and the tide
Every day brings my living to me."

But there came a grim Star-fish, who spied
Our friend lying flat on his side;
For the greedy old sinner
Had just had his dinner,
And now could not run had he tried.

With a spring to the Oyster he came,
And he threw his five arms round the same.
He shut off his breath,
And he squeezed him to death.
Then he ate him, nor felt any shame.

The point of this story, my dears,
Just "as plain as a pikestaff" appears.
But please give attention,
While briefly I mention
The moral again, for your ears.

Don't be greedy and live but to eat,
Caring only for bread and for meat;
Nor selfishly dwell
All alone in your shell—
Don't be oysters, in short, I repeat.

But you'll find it much better for you
To be kind, and unselfish, and true;
Then you'll not lack a friend
Your cause to defend,
When a Star-fish rolls into your view.
—*George J. Webster, in St. Nicholas.*

FRED'S FRUIT-TREES AND GARDEN.

"I think there never was a boy who did not love to eat every kind of fruit?"

This sage remark was made by Fred Cantield to his elder brother as they looked wistfully over the fence between their own fruitless garden and Mr. Black's very tempting orchard, which in the proper season produced abundantly apples, pears, grapes, peaches, plums, apricots and all the small fruits known to the intelligent gardener. Just at that moment Mr. Black himself appeared among the trees, and Fred, forgetting his usual modesty, called out: "Mr. Black, may I take some of these apples that hang over the fence?"

For some unaccountable reason the gentleman spoken to was not in his usual mood of generosity, and, answering the boy quite roughly, replied: "Why don't you grow apples for yourself?" Poor Fred, who was already moving towards the attractive tree, turned quickly away, and the tears started in his eyes.

"I told you not to ask him," said his brothers, reproachfully, "but you paid no attention to me; you will mind me, next time, I think."

"I will have fruit of my own, next time!" said Fred, suppressing a sob and drying his tears lest any one might see his mortification; for a spirit of independence had been awakened by the late affront.

"There is not a tree in our garden," said his brother, "and you know the place is not our own; if you were to plant trees you might never eat the fruit." "It will be good for other boys then," said Fred, with determination in his tone. "I will plant them, and I may eat of the fruit, too!"

His brother laughed at this newly-formed resolution; but it only fixed more firmly Fred's, manly and independent decision, and he began at once to learn the season for planting the different kinds of fruit-trees. Without losing a day, he was soon at work laying out a bed for strawberries. The plants were procured from a neighbor, who was digging up some of his and who said that any one who wanted them might have them.

Fred next found two nice apple trees growing wild in the wood. As they were just the size for transplanting, when November came he removed them to his little garden. A young plum tree was dug up from the fence, with his neighbor's permission, and several peach trees, which came up of themselves the spring before, and stood in a cluster in the back yard—all were transplanted to the new garden. Some grape-vine cuttings were carefully planted in a damp corner near a high wall, and a cherry tree from the road-side found its place in Fred's orchard in the early spring.

Our little gardener was more and more interested day by day, as he watched the growth of his trees. His delight was boundless, however, when he saw the strawberries put forth blossoms. "Now," said he, "I shall say nothing about them till they are ripe, and then surprise mother with a dish of strawberries and cream."

Fred was not sparing with the watering-pot, and when other boys were romping along the street, he was found in his garden, pulling up weeds, training his grape-vines, or, after sunset, sprinkling the young plants with water. In the meantime he learned how to graft and bud his trees and, when an opportunity offered, he added another tree or picked up some new information about the cultivation of fruit.

The fourth of July had come, bright and lovely, after a heavy rain of the night before. Fred was out in his garden at sunrise, for he expected something of interest there. Imagine his delight when he saw his strawberries red with ripe clusters. He gathered some of the finest, and by the time breakfast was ready he had a dish of beautiful berries placed by his mother's plate. She, too, was delighted, and praised the fruit. All the family tasted them, of course, and his little sister clapped her hands and said: "How nice, to have fruit growing in our own garden!"

Fred's vines bore some bunches of grapes the second year, and the grafts which he set in the young trees all did well. His garden was a source of great pleasure to him, and he never tired of showing to his friends his thriving and promising orchard. In a few years he had apples and pears, cherries and plums, apricots and peaches, and different kinds of small fruit. No wonder the boy was proud to hear his mother tell a friend from a distance: "We seldom buy fruit now; Fred grows it all in our own garden."

This little gardener had now grown up to be a young man, and his father had procured for him a situation in a business house in a distant town. "I want to go very much," said he, "but what will become of my garden when I am away?"

"*I* will take care of it," said his little brother, "and if it is not as fine when you return as when you leave it, you can blame me for neglect."

Though Fred grew up and prospered in other pursuits, his garden never lost its attractions and pleasant memories, and when, in after years, he revisited the home of his boyhood, before taking a seat in the house, he had to take a ramble through the garden, to look at the trees which his own hands had planted years before.

If the thousands of boys who read this would follow this boy's example, they would find a useful and delightful occupation for their spare moments, and their work would be a source of inexhaustible pleasure to the end of life. The fruit is sweetest of all when the trees that bear it has been planted by our own hands.—*Rev. R. H. Craig, in N. Y. Observer.*

An April-Fool Joke.

Jack and Kitty sat by the fire one windy March evening, popping corn.

"Tell you what, Kitty," said Jack, "I've thought of a boss April-fool joke to play on that new boy across the road. He's so honest and solemn, you can fool him just as easy."

"What is it?"

"Oh, I'll take a chip and write on it 'April-Fool,' and wrap it in a paper, then I'll put another paper on the outside of that, and so on, lots and lots of papers till I have a big bundle. I'll write on the outside, 'Henry Johnson, from a friend,' and the last thing before I go to bed the night before April-Fool's day I'll run over and hang it on their door-knob."

"Won't some of them see you?"

"No danger. They always go to bed early over there. I suppose because his mother is too poor to sit up and burn out wood and lights. But they get up early in the morning. He'll go out to the pump for some water, and find the bundle, and he'll think he's got something nice. Won't he be well fooled when he gets it all undone and finds nothing but a chip?"

"He's got a sister not quite as big as I am," remarked Kitty, not seeming to enter into the sport as heartily as Jack did.

"Come here," children," called their mother from the sitting-room; "and I'll suggest an improvement on Jack's plan. I dare say Mrs. Johnson would remember that it was the first of April, and tell Henry not to expect to find anything in his bundle. So a surer way to fool him would be to put something inside. There are the rubber-boots you had last year, you know, Jack, and they were so small you only wore them a trifle. You might do them up for Henry, and they would be very nice for him to wear in this spring mud.

"Mother," said Kitty, "there are my copper-toed boots that I outgrew last year. Couldn't I put them in for the little girl?"

"Certainly, dear."

Not many evenings after, you might have seen Jack and Kitty very busy in the kitchen. The rubber-boots and copper-toed ones were tied up in a snug package, and over that was wrapped no end of papers, till the bundle was almost as large as Kitty herself. Jack wrote the address, and ran over with it at bed-time, as he proposed. The Widow Johnson's light had been out for an hour, for the children had kept watch.

She found the bundle when she first got up the next morning, and carried it in to the children. "You must remember it is the first of April," she said, with a smile, "and you mustn't expect to find much in this, if it *is* heavy."

"Oh yes, it *is* April-Fool's day, isn't it?" laughed Henry. "Well, they can't fool us now, can they, Sis? But we'll undo the papers. They'll come handy for a good many things, and we shall find a stone or a brick at the last end."

So the children had lots of sport unwrapping the papers, and they were most thoroughly fooled when at last the very boots they had so much needed came to view.

"I'd like to be fooled this way every year," cried Henry, storming about in his new boots.

"So would I," chimed in his little sister, looking happily down at the copper-toes.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Sensation of a Man While Falling.

Dick Sullivan, who fell sixty feet from the roof of the Visitation convent at the fire a few weeks since, was down town yesterday, and while still using a crutch, he is able to get around. He said that when first he lost his foothold on the roof he fell forward on his face and commenced sliding down. There was nothing to catch to, but still there was hope. Every article was grabbed at. When the tin guttering was reached Mr. Sullivan made a desperate effort to hold on to it but it gave way. Then he knew no more, and was instantly crushed on the brick pavement below.

Mr. Sullivan says that when he was sliding down the roof he never expected to again see the sun shine or hear the voice of a friend, and during the time he could not help thinking of what a horrible death he would meet. This feeling was but for an instant. Unless something unexpected occurs, Mr. Sullivan will be at his post—pipeman at No. 5 engine house—in a few weeks.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—The rarest coin in the United States is the double-eagle of 1809, of which there is only one in existence, belonging to the cabinet of the United States mint. The next in rarity is the half-eagle of 1815. It is said that the King of Sweden, to complete his collection of United States coins, paid $2,000 for a specimen. Only five of these half-eagles are in existence. The silver dollar of 1804 is rare and valuable. Only ten pieces of the kind are to be found.—*Providence Journal.*

—Eleven thousand eight hundred dollars pay the yearly salaries of all the New England Governors, and the Governor of Massachusetts gets five thousand dollars of it. The Governor of New Hampshire receives only eight hundred dollars.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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one copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882.

Somehow or other, nobody seems anxious to get up a complimentary banquet to the senatorial syndicate—and yet they are a right hungry set. —*Balto. American.*

They have a very low idea of the Republican party who talk continually of what it must do to catch votes and secure the support of this or that element. That is Democratic policy, but not Republican.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Boston *Journal* would very much like to see Mr. Blaine in the House again. There is a better opportunity there for really great leaders to render the country and their party service than in any other branch of the government.

State Senators Steiner and Gill, who were members of the Engrossing Committee of the Senate, turned into the Treasury the $50 extra compensation allowed each of them for services on that committee after the adjournment of the Legislature.

The anti-Chinese bill reported several days ago from the committee on education and labor passed the House of Representatives Monday, after an exciting session, by the decisive vote of 201 to 37, a considerably larger majority than was obtained in that body for the bill which was vetoed by the President.

By an explosion of the boiler of Sibley's grist mill in Baltimore, seven persons lost their lives, seven were wounded, two dwelling houses were demolished, and other surrounding property damaged. Failure to keep up an adequate supply of water was the cause of the disaster. The engineer was among the killed.

Two-thirds of the business portion of the town of Crisfield. Somerset county, Md., was destroyed by fire at an early hour Sunday morning. The fire originated in the store of James Booth, and he was arrested on the charge of arson. There was much feeling against him, and some threats of lynching were made.

The Ohio Senate has passed what is known as the Horr Redistricting bill. Calculating on the basis of last year's vote, the Republicans would be able to carry under this arrangement seventeen of the districts and the Democrats four. There is some doubt about it passing the House. If all plans for redistricting the State fail, the Republicans are talking about nominating Governor Foster for Congressman-at-large, trusting to his popularity to call out a full party vote. The Democrats are believed to be coaching ex-Senator Thurman for the same place on their ticket.

A Maine Republican having suggested the names of James G. Blaine and John B. Gordon as candidates for the presidency and vice presidency on a "broad national platform," the N. Y. *Sun* retorts: "It does not seem to occur to those friends of Mr. Blaine who want to go in for a broad national movement that Connecticut and Texas, or Vermont and Mississippi, or Ohio and South Carolina, would answer the purpose quite as well as Maine and Georgia. Ohio and South Carolina, for example. What a sentiment there would be in a ticket containing the names of John Sherman and Wade Hampton!"

The Philadelphia *Times* does not regard the local Democratic victories in Ohio and Michigan as very significant, as may be judged by the following language: "General cussedness seems to have struck the Republicans in the unimportant local elections in Ohio and Michigan. The beer question toppled Cincinnati over against them because of the new license law and Cleveland flopped with Cincinnati. These are the sort of elections the Democrats win now and then, much to the profit of the Republicans, for they expend their cussedness in off years, inflate the Bourbon Democrats with hopes of success, and then brain clout them when important elections comes around."

There is a suspicion in West Virginia that Senator Davis's refusal to be a candidate for a third term in the United States Senate was only a shrewd move to draw out his opponents and test the popular sentiment on the subject. When he has permitted his rivals to slaughter each other and has led the Democratic press unwittingly to commend his public career, *The Wheeling Intelligencer* thinks that he will be found in the field, and "the decided chances are, if his party has the votes to elect a Senator, that he will be the man."

Within scarcely more than a month two Maryland towns have been swept by the flames. Early in March nearly every building in Prince Frederick, Calvert's county seat, was destroyed by fire, and Sunday morning two-thirds of the business portion of Crisfield was laid in ashes. In both instances there was absolutely no apparatus on hand with which to fight the fire, and the flames swept along until there was nothing left to burn. At the fire at Prince Frederick there were many valuable court records destroyed which can never be replaced. The same was not true in the Crisfield fire, but the loss was sufficient to materially cripple the town. There are plenty of other Maryland towns in the same unprotected condition. Let them take warning from the unlucky fate of Prince Frederick and Crisfield.

Labor Troubles.

Strikes are increasing daily in number and importance. A few months ago the relations of labor and capital were almost entirely undisturbed throughout the country. Working people were everywhere more fully employed than ever before, and were receiving wages which, up to that time, were generally satisfactory. Now the condition of industry is on the whole less favorable, the employers, as a rule, being able to secure less profits, and therefore being less able to pay good wages; and yet a considerable proportion of the strikes which are now reported daily originate in demands by the working people for higher wages. It is true, there are notable exceptions. The difficulty in the Harmony Mills, at Cohoes, which may affect 5,000 workers, arises directly from a posted notice of a reduction of 10 per cent in wages, though the employers claim that the movement was designed to head off a demand for an increase, which they have been discussing for some time. In the Lawrence mills, a reduction was proposed by the employers. But the lumbermen of Michigan, the employes in the glass manufactories in New Jersey, the bricklayers in Philadelphia, the locomotive-hullers at Paterson, the carpenters, shoemakers and railroad hands at Toronto, and the ship-calkers at Cleveland, all desire, in one form or another, better remuneration for their services. The great strike of coal-miners in the Cumberland region, the strike of 3,000 marble-cutters here, that of the carpenters and joiners, iron-moulders, coopers and coach-painters, all originated in demands for higher wages. Many other controversies exist, too numerous for mention, which have not yet reached the form of refusal to work, but may at any time, and other strikes of minor importance are now in progress.

When so many diverse interests are disturbed at the same time, though it is not possible to discuss the merits of each case in detail, it is certain that there must be some common cause of trouble. If this cause can be discovered, an understanding of it may be useful to employers or employed, or to both. For every strike is a waste. Both parties always suffer, but in times like these the laborers are apt to suffer most, For the state of business is such that in most of the leading trades some suspension of production would be advantageous to those who have large stocks on hand. The partial failure of crops last year and the decrease of railroad building have materially diminished the ability of large numbers of people to consume the products of others. The farmers, for example, upon whose labor half the consumers of the country directly depend for support, have less to sell than they had at this time last year. They raised less wheat, corn, cotton, cattle, hogs, fruit, milk, butter and vegetable—less in value by several hundred millions. Hence they have less to sell, and must perforce buy less for themselves and their families. Thus the drouth of last summer comes home to the manufacturers, who are able to sell less of their products than they sold when all classes were thriving and willing to purchase freely. Having hoped that the decline in consumption would soon cease, and having accumulated large stocks of goods in many cases, they are the less inclined in such cases to prevent a temporary suspension of work. In some instances, indeed, it is thought by the laborers that steps have been purposely taken by the employers to bring about a strike and suspension.

But a far more common cause, it is probable, is the pressure which an advance in prices has brought to bear upon those who live by wages. This advance, though mainly caused by the partial failure of crops, has been greatly increased in its effect upon retail prices by speculation in products. Undoubtedly this has materially enhanced the cost of living, for laborers as for everybody else, and probably even more for those who are obliged to purchase small quantities at a time, or to board, than for those who buy at wholesale. Even the wholesale prices at New York, however, have advanced nearly 12 per cent on the average during the past year.

Practically the wages of labor have been temporarily reduced by this increase in the cost of the necessaries of life. But the working men would be wise to remember that the increase is temporary, and due to disasters of which they have not hitherto seriously felt the consequences. Good crops, in all probability, will cause prices to tumble again within a few weeks or months. It is worth the while of the workmen to consider whether the losses of a strike may not better be avoided by enduring some inconvenience for a time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

General Laws Passed by the Legislature.

Below are the general laws passed by the Legislature just adjourned, except a few enacted in the closing days:

For a new and uniform registration of the voters of the State; designating the general holidays to be observed in the State; to protect the new cut-off of the Craighill channel from the oyster-dredgers; authorizing clerks of courts to record receipts, releases and final discharges, and to admit copies of same in evidence; punishing malicious destruction to libraries by $100 fine or three months' imprisonment; authorizing magistrates to commit incorrigible minors to St. Mary's Industrial School on complaint of parent or guardian; designating who shall take acknowledgment of deeds outside of the United States; to prevent weighing of cattle on Sunday at State scales; admitting proof by witnesses to handwriting or signature, to prove deeds, bond, bills, &c.; allowing commitments to jails or House of Correction, instead of penitentiary, for larcenies less than $50; requiring hawkers and peddlers to take out licenses; to punish stealing of dogs; punishing disturbers of religious meetings; to inflict corporal punishment on wife-beaters; to protect administrators in giving notice to creditors, so as they may not be answerable for claims after expiration of notice; for preservation, arrangement, &c., of ancient documents pertaining to Maryland; to punish bribery of public officers; dividing the oyster waters of the bay into seven districts; to protect road to navigation by punishing vessels lying to buoys or anchoring in the way of range lights; protecting orioles; providing against the spread of infectious diseases; abolishing House of Correction telegraph superintendent; guarding against small-pox by allowing physicians fifty cents for vaccinating children of parents or guardians unable to pay; surveying and marking the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia; legalizing use of deceased paupers and unknown dead for the prosecution of the study of anatomy; to pay expenses of Presidential electors; to improve State House grounds and pave circle surrounding; for another oyster police vessel; striking out the compulsory feature of the tobacco inspection laws; appropriating $4,000 to pay costs in contested election cases; fixing 325 pounds as the standard weight of a barrel of corn; extending the provisions of the general incorporation law to turnpike and plank road companies and passenger railway companies outside of Baltimore, not over twelve miles long; redemption of the Maryland defense loan; to abate State taxes on shares of manufacturing corporations to the value of the plant, when plant is exempted from local taxation; clerks of courts to record proceedings where lands are sold under judgment; limiting liens of mortgages; for the inspection of milk and preventing swill being fed to cows; to sell steamer Lelia and purchase two tugs for the oyster navy; amending the general incorporation act relating to telegraph companies; to pay office expenses of registers of voters; amending the law for probating wills out of the State; to punish persons aiding inmates colored House of Refuge to escape.

They make short work of strikes in Spain. When the Madrid compositors struck lately, the president and secretary of the trade union were thrown into jail, and all soldiers, sailors, and civil servants who could set type put at the service of the newspapers.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1882.

Since the end of Lent the Capital has been very lively socially, politically, and generally. Congress has not stirred up much dust, but it keeps pegging away and matters are shaping for more lively work in the next two months. The Democrats give up beaten on the tariff question, in the present Congress at least, and the Commission bill is certain to become a law. Several contested election cases have been settled by the elections Committee and are ready to be reported to the House. There is likely to be some music when Democratic methods in South Carolina and Mississippi are officially shown up, but there is little doubt that the Committee's conclusion will be sustained. Captain Howgate gave us another sensation by eluding a deputy marshal who had been sent with him to his house, and the fact removed whatever doubts previously existed of his guilt. It can not be that he really expected to escape beyond recapture, but he may have regarded his case so desperate anyhow that it could not be made any worse by the attempt. The Star-route prosecutions promise to occupy some attention for the next four weeks and we shall see whether the Government is powerless to convict rascals who steal from and swindle it under cover of law.

The drawing of the Shipherd net has not caught any very big fish and consequently but little interest is manifested in the investigation. Mysterious hints of astounding developments were thrown out to the public in the beginning, and expectation was raised to a pretty high pitch. It was, indeed, more than intimated that one distinguished man, a conspicuous character in American politics and statesmanship, would be entangled in the meshes of the Peruvian company; and very naturally this excited public interest. The testimony has shown that this prominent individual, as Secretary of State, simply manifested and expressed what might be termed an official interest in the claims, and that he was willing, as the head of the Department of State, to protect the interests of American citizens. The over-sanguine Shipherd put his own interpretation upon the Secretary's patient bearing and kindly expressions, and like the candidate for office who construes a pleasant greeting from a voter into a pledge of his support, at once concluded that he had everything his own way. He communicated his rose-colored views to parties interested with him in the claim and they concluded that they had become possessed of a real bonanza. All the brilliant prospects of the Peruvian company, so far as its influence over State Department was concerned, were based upon the too favorable interpretation placed by Shipherd upon conversations held with the Secretary. Shipherd manifested the same characteristic of excessive confidence in his correspondence which has been published. If a public man to whom he addressed one of his circulars did not at once reply, rejecting his propositions, Shipherd would at once construe that silence to mean a favorable response and would enroll the man as one of his partners. Whether he is most dupe or knave remains to be seen; but as a sensation he no longer possesses interest. Some of Shipherd's latest testimony makes it look as though he was both a knave and a fool.

There is a great deal of building going on here this season and the Capital will improve greatly during the year as it has in past years. Among the new buildings just begun is one for the Money Order Division of the Post Office Department. The Department is rapidly out-growing the building which, when erected some years ago, was regarded ample for all time. Senator Windom's new house is nearly ready for occupancy, and so is the spacious one built by Mr. Blaine, but the latter and his family will not move in before next autumn as they propose spending the summer out of Washington, as usual. Senator and Mrs. Windom will probably move in theirs, which is a mammoth dwelling, very soon. Their former residence, which Senator Platt, of New York, purchased and settled on his wife just a year ago, has stood empty ever since last November, when Senator and Mrs. Windom gave it up. Mrs. Platt, hoping to rent it, came here and refurnished it throughout very sumptuously, but has not found a tenant. These three houses, all very handsome and specially adapted for entertaining, stand as monuments to the futility of human hopes and ambitions, which was never more forcible exemplified than by the brief duration of the Garfield administration and the subsequent change of plans of those who had expected to shine during its continuance, which they certainly believed would be four years at least. Since he is a Senator, as he was before his brief experience in the Cabinet, Mr. Windom will not look upon his big, new house as a white elephant; still it is probably as true of him as of Mr. Blaine that he began building with a view to the requirements of a Cabinet officer's residence. Perhaps, otherwise, both gentleman would have been satisfied with the houses they had used while Senators, when it was customary for the Speaker to have public evening receptions, like those of the President, once a week. It may be considered certain that had Mr. Platt waited a week or two he would not have bought a house here at all.

JUNIUS.

End of a Great House.

NEW YORK, April 15.—A. T. Stewart & Co. announce that they have determined to discontinue their dry goods and manufacturing business, and offer their stock of merchandise and mill properties for sale. Mr. Henry Hilton and Mr. William Libby, who constitute the firm, refused last evening to speak relative to the announcement.

The retirement of A. T. Stewart & Co. from business has been expected for some time by those well informed as to the dry-goods trade. Since the death of A. T. Stewart the business of the house has, according to the assertions of others in the trade, been steadily contracted. The house first practically withdrew from the jobbing business, then from the importing, and almost entirely from the wholesale business. For several weeks there have been many rumors afloat concerning it, principally to the effect that it was going out of business, and that it had been a large borrower of money, an expediency that was never resorted to while A. T. Stewart lived.

The best information obtainable last evening, in default of any from Messrs. Hilton and Libby, was to the effect that when Mr. Stewart died there was at least 22,000,000 in the business of the concern. The house had on an average a balance of at least $1,000,000 in the Merchants' National Bank, of which Mr. Stewart was a director, and about $500,000 in each of the three other banks in which the house kept accounts—the Chemical and the Mechanics' National and the National Bank of Commerce. The aggregate was about $2,500,000. The stock and property of twelve mills owned by the concern, the goods in the Chambers street and Tenth street stores, and the stock in store houses in Paris and elsewhere, as well as in transit, made the estimated total mentioned. Up to within ten days of Mr. Stewart's death it stopped buying. Hence it is inferred that the business stood worth $22,000,000, more or less, at the time of Mr. Stewart's death. Mr. Hilton, soon after the funeral of Mr. Stewart, assigned to Mrs. Stewart the $1,000,000 cash to which he was entitled under the will of Mr. Stewart for the entire business of A. T. Stewart & Co., which was willed to her. According to the trade, Mr. Hilton announced his intention of proving that he could surpass Mr. Stewart in the conduct of the concern. One of the first steps was to establish a branch house in Chicago. This was against the advice of those associated with him in the business. It is generally believed that this branch has been run at a loss from the start. He also, it is said, changed the methods of conducting the business from those established by Mr. Stewart, in the belief that these methods would result in an increase of the business. He openly announced his intention of building up the traffic of the concern to proportions beyond those apparently contemplated by Mr. Stewart.

The first intimation of the curtailment of the business of the house was when the wholesale store at Chambers street and Broadway was discontinued, and the entire business concentrated in the building at Ninth street and Broadway. From that time the house had been rapidly going out of the jobbing business. At about the same Mr. Hilton issued his edict against the admission of Jews to the Stewart Hotel at Saratoga, the Grand Union. That action is said to have resulted in a loss of at least fifty per cent. of both the wholesale and retail trade of the house. During the last four years the house has become, from one of the largest importers of dry goods, one of moderate rank. Its largest, and, in fact, nearly all of the invoices of foreign goods, have been simply consigned to them for sales, on account. A gentleman well known in the dry goods trade said last evening: "The business of A. T. Stewart & Co., so far as I can learn, has simply shrunk and shrivelled away."

Southern apologists for the sanded cotton are finding much comfort in the story of heavy sticks of wood used in packing Northern bales of hay.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Rev. Mr Bridges arrived at Winnipeg on Sunday night with 500 English immigrants.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says that the Confederate bond boom has revived. Fools still survive.

A Boston paper is in "favor of women voting if they want to." We would like to see the man who would make them vote if they didn't want to.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Georgian threatens the publication of a directory of the names of all the unmarried young ladies in Georgia who are heiresses to $5,000 or over. It may not make a bulky volume.

A fire has been raging in the woods near Patchogue, Long Island, since Thursday. Over $20,000 worth of timber has been burned. Forest fires have also broken out near Babylon, L. I.

While a man was sitting in the crotch of a tree to saw off a limb, at Saginaw, Mich., the crotch split as the limb fell, letting him down into the opening and closing on him. It took an hour of chopping and prying to get him out of the trap, and several of his ribs were broken by the squeezing.

A married couple of Leavenworth, after living together thirteen years, are asking for a divorce on the ground that they are uncle and niece, a relationship which they have only just discovered. There is no Kansas law against such a marriage, however, and they are not likely to get a legal separation, though they have already parted.

The Illinois Department of Agriculture will soon issue a report concerning the condition of winter wheat in all the counties in Illinois, which will indicate a somewhat decreased acreage as compared with that of last year, owing to the damage sustained from floods and frost, but, in the main, there is promise of a fair average yield.

Bob Jackson was missed from Winnipeg, having last been seen going away from a bar room drunk. After a week he was found dead, with his feet and ankles imbedded in frozen earth and his body leaning against a fence. He had stepped into deep mud, and, was too incapacitated by rum to extricate himself, had stood there until a cold snap fastened him.

The total receipts of wheat for the week ending last Saturday, at all points, foot up 585,000 bushels, and the shipments 740,000 bushels. The Baltimore receipts were 38,000, and the shipments 138,000 bushels. The total receipts at all points for the corresponding week of 1881 were 2,160,000 bushels, and for 1880, 2,045,000. The total shipments for the same week of 1881 were 1,923,000, and for 1880, 2,365,000 bushels.

According to official statistics, the total population of the German empire, as given by the last census was 45,234,061, of whom 44,958,205 were natives and 275,856 foreigners. Of males there were 22,185,443, and of females 23,048,628. Prussia contributes 13,414,866, the next most populous states being Bavaria, with two and a-half millions, and Saxony (the most populous of all for its area) with one and a half millions. The greatest number of suicides occurs in Saxony, Lelpsic alone recording more self-murders than any of the other great European capitals.

A Democratic Candidate on a Spree.

The Kentucky Democrats are in a state of utter confusion. There was a split in the convention to nominate a candidate for clerk of the Court of Appeals, and the bolters nominated ex-Governor Richard T. Jacob in the field in opposition to Capt. Thomas J. Henry, who was a confederate officer. The Republicans then refused to make a nomination and adopted Jacob. At this juncture of affairs Henry, the regular Democratic candidate visited Louisville, became overpowered by the Bourbon infidels, lost several hundred dollars at faro, and endeavored to forget his losses by more Bourbon, and created a scene at his hotel. His conduct has created a public scandal, and the Democrats demand his withdrawal from the ticket. Henry with heart bowed down, went to the State Central Committee, confessed to getting drunk for the first time in several years, and threw himself on the mercy of the committee. The committee have about decided not to depose Henry, on the ground that it is no crime for a Kentuckian to get drunk occasionally. Meantime there is a howl from all of the defeated candidates and their friends. The situation is truly interesting, but it is not thought that any body can be beaten in Kentucky for getting drunk.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parkers' Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug store for your fishing tackle.

—Preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning and evening.

—Go to Sturgiss' for spectacles and eye glasses.

—State Fish Commissioner Delawder was in Baltimore Monday.

—Go to Chisholm's for your garden seed.

—Spectacles and eye glasses at Sturgiss' from 25 cents to $2.

—Rev. S. W. Davis arrived at Oakland Wednesday.

—A large stock of fishing tackle just received at Chisholm's Drug store.

—P. T. Garthright, Esq., of Mineral Spring, this county, was in town Tuesday.

—Vennor says we will have some cold weather the latter part of this month.

—Mr. C. C. Michael has built a substantial platform in front of his store.

—Garden seed by the ounce, pint, quart or peck at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Call and see Sturgiss' full line of spectacles and eye glasses.

—The side walks in Oakland should be attended to at once. Let us shape up before the arrival of summer visitors.

—Mr. D. R. Smith, of Johnstown, this county, left Oakland Thursday for Topeka, Kansas. We heartily wish him success.

—Sturgiss has the only complete line of frameless eye glasses in town, and spectacles with invisible steel frames.

—The new residence of Mr. O. W. Heiskell, at the north end of Second street, is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. John Snatzer is superintending the work.

—T. J. Peddicord, Esq., and Messrs. Samuel Lawton and W. P. Totten have all been quite ill for several days. We are glad to be able to announce that they are improving.

—Mr. R. P. Spiker, of the Spiker Wagon Company, of Piqua, Ohio, and a former resident of Oakland, was in town last week. The west agrees with Mr. Spiker in more ways than one.

—Capt. E. H. Wardwell informs us that there is a strong probability that the Fifth Maryland Regiment, and the Governor's Guards, of Ohio, will camp at Oakland or Deer Park this summer.

—Married, Tuesday evening in the M. E. Church, Oakland, by Rev. S. E. Jones, Mr. George Porter and Miss Flora Kepner. The church was well filled with the relatives and friends of the couple. We wish the happy couple success and happiness.

—Mrs. M. E. Davis has received her stock of spring goods, selected personally, consisting of newest styles in Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments, &c., all the late novelties. A full line of nice Lace Goods. Prices low for cash.

Always Refreshing.

A delicious odor is imparted by Floreston Cologne which is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.

Agricultural Implements.

Special notice is called to the card of P. T. Garthright, Esq., the live merchant of Mineral Spring, this county. Besides keeping a first class store, he is agent for Davis & Gould, of Cincinnati, the celebrated manufacturers of spring wagons, carriages, buggies and buck-wagons. He will also furnish farm wagons, Oliver chilled plows, and Hartzel plows. Give him a call and we guarantee satisfaction.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 19:

Wilson Proctor and wife to Franklin P. Arnold, lot No. 51 in "Wilson's First Addition to Oakland;" $130.00.

Wm. C. Pennington, Trustee, to Jacob Feicht, part of "Emancipation," containing 50 acres of land; $250.

Thomas J. Broadwater and wife to Lochiel L. M. M. & Co., military lot No. 3895; $375.

Caroline E. Myers and husband to Mary M. Yommer, part of "Cardavia," containing 116 acres; $2300.

Wm. M. Guthrie and wife to Alexander Thomas, 62 acres of land in county $1000.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Aza Durst, military lot No. 2128; $300.

Mary F. Nash, to A. L. Huggins, military lot No. 859 and part of lot No. 878; $625.

Collecting.

Every one who has tried it is apprised of the fact that collecting money just now is an up-hill business. The following which we find in an exchange on the subject, is worth reproducing: "Last week a man stepped up to us and said he would pay every cent he owed us if he lived until Saturday night. We presume the man died. Another said he would pay us in a day or two as sure as we were born. Query—did the man lie, or were we never born? Another said he would settle as sure as shooting. We are led to the conclusion that shooting is uncertain. Another said he hoped to go to the devil if he did not pay us in three days. Haven't seen him since, suppose he has gone, but we trust he has not hoped in vain. Quite a number said they would see us to-morrow. These have been stricken blind or else to-morrow has not come. One man told us six months ago that he would pay us as soon as he got some money. The man would not lie, so of course he has not got a cent since."

Sunday School Re-organization.

The Oakland M. E. Sunday School re-organization for the ensuing year was completed Monday evening, as follows:

Superintendent—Rev. J. M. Davis.
Assistant—S. L. Townshend.
Secretary—A. G. Sturgiss.
Assistant—Thomas Bosley.
Treasurer—John O. Michael.
Librarians—L. H. Bell and Arthur Townshend.
Musical Director—D. H. Loar.
Organists—Misses Sarah Lawton and Emma Brooke.

Pine Grove School.

Cranesville Public School of Garrett county, Md., known as Pine Grove School, closed Thursday, April 6th, 1882. The per cent of each of the following pupils having been kept daily during entire term stands as follows in the following branches:

History.—Marshal H. Frankhouser, 100; Isouri A. Frankhouser, 100; Valonia O. Feather, 100; Zouri O. Falkenstein, 100; Marshal H. Frankhouser, 100.

Grammar—Isouri A. Frankhouser, 100; Valonia O. Feather, 100; Zouri O. Falkenstein, 100.

Orthography.—Marshal H. Frankhouser, 97; Isouri A. Frankhouser, 99; Valonia O. Feather, 97; Zouri O. Falkenstein, 98; James M. Wolfe, 84; Eda E. Albright, 91; Chas. Falkenstein, 91; Alice Falkenstein 90; Florence Otto, 98; Leesie W. Otto, 95; Bertie C. Feather, 90; George Falkenstein, 93; John M. Falkenstein, 92; Ulysses Lewis, 96.

Present every day.—B. C Feather, L. W. Otto, G. Albright and Alice Falkenstein.

CARLES N. LEE, Teacher.

Pension Rolls of the Sixth District.

In response to a resolution of the Senate, the Secretary of the Interior transmitted to that body a statement prepared by the commissioner of pensions of the number of pensioners on the rolls, the amount of pensions annually paid, and the amount paid, including arrears of pensions, for the year ending September 4, 1881. The tables are arranged according to congressional districts. There are some thousands of pensioners whose actual residence could not be definitely ascertained. There is an aggregate of 269 851 pensioners on the rolls, with an annual value in September last of $29,263,469. There are in the Sixth district 557 pensioners, with an annual value of $59,624 and aggregate payment, with arrears, for year ending September 4, 1881, of $113 287. The number of pensioners in each county of the district, with the amount annually paid, is as follows: Allegany, 98 pensioners, annual value, $10,414; Frederick, pensioners, 209 annual value, 22,300; Garrett, pensioners 31, annual value, $3,382; Montgomery, pensioners, 44, annual value, $4,748; Washington, pensioners, 175, annual value, $18,780.

Allegany County Items.

Frostburg has sent $13 for "Betty and the baby."

Conrad Race and Ellen Foy, who were charged with having poisoned Mrs. Race at Frostburg were discharged Monday.

The court at Cumberland decided last week that costs in appeal cases must be paid directly to the justice and constable, and get their separate receipts before the case is called in court for trial.

The seventy five-hour walking match for $100 a side between W. L. McCray, of Cumberland, and Wm. Pierce, of Lonaconing, closed at Cumberland Saturday night, McCray being the winner. He scored 200 miles and Pierce 197 miles.

At the sale of Dr. S. P. Smith's effects ten shares of stock of the Second National bank of Cumberland, of the par value of $100 sold for $216.50 per share. This speaks well for the bank, and shows to the public that the managers are men of good sterling qualities. A better record than this cannot be shown by any bank in the country.

Wednesday of last week a little two-year-old daughter of Mr. Joseph Growden, of Bottle Run, fell into a cistern and was taken out about half an hour after dead. The pump of the cistern had got out of order and a board had been taken up to get water to wash with and neglected to be put back, when the child playing too near it, slipped in with the above result.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down the type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou does not look at what may concern thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

To a Young Lady.

[From Puck.]

We never thought about having a "Housekold Department" in this paper until we received your letter the other day, asking us of canned chicken in comparison with the same biped fresh killed.

We think it might be a good idea to set apart a column of *Puck* to tell suffering people how to make sponge-cake, how to cut an ulster down into door-mats, and the best method of working stale bread and sour milk up into a stew, that it may be palmed off on the average man as a recent culinary novelty from Paris.

It might also be a brilliant idea to have a "Fashion Department," and furnish anxious ladies every week with charts and maps of the latest articles of transatlantic wear.

But to the chicken. We do not know exactly which possesses the greatest merits, the live or the canned article, and, indeed, it is a very difficult question to answer with any degree of correctness. Each has its peculiar merits.

Now to start on, canned chicken has no bones in it, and you never run the risk of getting feathers tangled up in your teeth, because the chicken is always plucked before it is put into the can, unless it happens to be so tough that the plumage cannot be pulled out with a pair of pincers, in which case the bipeds are taken to a barber's and shaved.

Live chicken is also good, and has a decided advantage over hermetically-sealed hen in some ways. You see, there is more excitement in securing it. The canned article you purchase in cold blood; but the old Shanghai you have to capture; and oh, there's lots of fun in it. You start out with a pole, and make a crack at the fowl, intending to fetch it down; but you don't; because, when the pole gets there, the bird is fast going over the fence. You follow, thinking you may get an appetite for the refugee when it is cooked; but, after you have made a desperate crack at it, resulting in a bad miss, which lands you all over the ground, you conclude there is more appetite than hen in store for you. Now you can't get such a chase as this out of canned hen to save your life.

Canned hen, though, is always better to steal, because it can't crow or make any noise. One you kill with an ax, while the other you open with the old rusty scissors—the old regulation pair, with one blade half gone, and the screw so loose that you can't cut newspaper with it without grinding your teeth. Well, when you hammer on this with a stove-lid lifter, and suddenly have it fly through and splash a lot of hen up in your face, while your finger catches on the jagged edge and leaves about a yard of flesh there as a souvenir—well, then you believe that canned hen has its drawbacks, as well as its beauties.

Take the old yellow hen, for instance—the old golden lady that looks like an omelette on legs—well, when you get through with her, you haven't got a can left to plant a flower in, or to bail a boat out with, or to fatten the ostrich.

Then again, when you get through with your canned hen, you haven't got any wings left to brush up the ashes with, or yellow legs to lie around on ash heaps and work in color. We think canned hen has another great advantage—when you buy it, you cannot tell its age, because the teeth are not packed in the can.

Hens should always be packed in cans when they strike the springtime of life, for then they can't grow old and get tough. And five years after the canning they would be as tender as ever, while, if allowed to continue in life's pilgrimage, they would justify the popular suspicion that sole-leather is the evolution of the hen. But, then, canned hen cannot go around the garden, tearing up mignonette and pansies; and you don't have to fatten it to kill; and you don't have to watch boys to keep them from throwing stones at it; and dogs never chase it; and you can have it ready for the table inside of ten minutes.

Now we have told you frankly all we know on the chicken question; and we will cheerfully give you information on all kindred subjects if you will make known your interrogations. Send your photograph, too—not necessarily for publication, but merely as an ornament to paste on the wall, to cheer us up when we are sad and can't borrow any money.

Fort Sumter.

Twenty-one years ago, April 12th 1861, at half-past 4 in the morning, the War of the Rebellion began. That was the fateful hour that saw the first shell discharged from the bowitzer battery on James Island at Fort Sumter. For some months earlier the hosts of Secession had been at work all over the South, confining themselves, however, to manifestoes and proclamations and resolutions and general blustering on paper. But the moment the first shell had left the battery's throat that April morning a bloody contest was on, which was not to end until the morning of April 9th, 1865, when Lee should unconditionally surrender at Appomattox Court House. Thousands of those who read this paragraph will feel something of the old loyal thrill as they recall the particulars of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Anderson's transfer of his entire garrison from Fort Moultrie, a week station, to Sumter, which Beauregard reported to be by nature "a perfect Gibraltar;" the appearance of the South Carolina Commissioners at Washington, with the design of having him removed; Floyd's desperate attempts to bring him to grief; Buchanan's wretched halting between various opinions, none of them patriotic; the seizure of sundry forts and other property of the United States by the Governor of South Carolina; the building of batteries, devoted to Sumter, upon the Islands forming Charleston bay; the unsuccessful attempt of the "Star of the West" to supply Anderson with men and provisions; the formal demand upon Buchanan for the surrender of Sumter made by the Attorney-General of S. Carolina; the expedition ordered by Lincoln to relieve Anderson; Beauregard's demand for the surrender of Sumter and Anderson's refusal to surrender; the bombardment that followed; the evacuation of Sumter, with its impressive attending ceremony of prayer and salute;—these are the salient points in that first stirring chapter of the history of the war.

How far away and unreal it all seems, looked at from these piping times of peace! But we may be sure that so long as the Republic endures Anderson and his garrison will live in the hearts of their county. It is interesting to note that of all the officers who participated in the historical defence only three are now living. These are Generals A. Doubleday, T. Seymour and S. W. Crawford. Gen. Doubleday was retired as Col.; Seymour as Major-General; while Crawford, although also an officer of regulars, was retired for wounds received in battle, with full pay of the rank he held in the volunteer service as Major-General.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Million of Immigrants this Year.

Nothing bearing on the development and increase in population and wealth of the American States is more interesting than the study of the foreign immigration. Last year Mr. Nimmo, Chief of the Bureau of Statistic, states that the arrivals of immigrants reached the extraordinary number of 720,045—the greatest number on record in any single year. Assuming that each immigrant has in his brain and muscle a power equal to a capital of $1,000, we gained in the year 1881 alone, something like $720,000,000 and a cash capital (at $85 a head) of over $61,000,000. The immigration of the year exceeded by 60,000 the aggregate population in 1880 of the eight organized Territories of Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming and the State of Nevada. It exceeded the population of twelve States of the Union, as reported by the census of 1880.

The indications are that the foreign immigration of 1882 will far outstrip even that of last year. The arrivals at New York for the first three months of 1882 were about 50,000, against 29,881 for the first three months of 1881. At Philadelphia on Friday, twelve hundred immigrants arrived from Europe, and immediately took the cars for the West. This is a sample of the way they are already coming in. If the New York increase of forty per cent. for the past three months of the year should be maintained for the remaining nine months, the arrivals of 1882 will aggregate one million immigrants. This rush of Europeans to America is the greatest movement of people the world has ever known.

An examination of the immigration of last year reveals these important facts: Twenty per cent. of the arrivals were under fifteen years of age, the males slightly preponderating. This youthful portion easily assimilates. Seventy per cent. are in the reproductive period of life, between fifteen and forty years of age, forty six per cent. being males and twenty-four females. Ten per cent. only exceed forty years, in the ratio of six males to four females. Not more than ten per cent. of the immigrants come with habits rigidly formed or political or social ideas permanently fixed. The comparative youthfulness of those who seek homes here explains the rapid increase of our population, and the exceedingly rapid process of their assimilation. The peaceful blending of many nationalities has resulted in the "survival of the fittest." All who settle in the States and Territories become Americanized, and part of the most numerous English-speaking nation on the earth.

A paper in the North American Review for April, on this subject of immigration, presents a curious fact which speaks eloquently of the part of foreign immigration in advancing our National prosperity and growth. The population of the United States by the first census of 1790 was 3,929,829. If the increase had been confined to the excess of births over deaths, the population in 1880, the writer estimates, would not have been fifteen million. Without immigration the country would not have had 50,000,000 for a hundred years to come. "Whence, it appears," says the Review, "that the population and consequent expansion of the settled area, the development of agriculture, manufactures, mining and railways, as well as of domestic and foreign trade, have been anticipated more than three-quarters of a century by the quiet influx of Europeans."

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—A report gained circulation here that the Ford brothers, who killed Jesse James, were hanged at St. Joseph this morning. Inquiry proves this to be false, but elicited the fact that the grand jury found an indictment against them for murder in the first degree this noon. About an hour later the boys were brought into court and pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to be hanged May 19. Dispatches from Jefferson City say that Governor Crittenden has granted an unconditional pardon to the Ford brothers, who this afternoon pleaded guilty to having killed Jesse James at St. Joseph, and who were sentenced to be hanged May 19.

CHICAGO, April 18.—Frank James, brother of Jesse James, has returned to his old quarters and is organizing from among his own crowd a party of avengers. They will call themselves "The Death Avengers," and propose to track down and kill every person, high and low, who had anything to do with bringing about the death of Jesse. The avengers are being recruited from the country which produced the outlaws Polk Wells, Bill Norris, Jim Dougherty, John Pomfrey and others like them.

Elegance and Purity.

Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, beauty and lustre.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

NOTICE.

CLERK'S OFFICE, April 19th, 1882.

The Commissions of Justices of the Peace, Registration Officers, Commissioner of Fisheries and Member of State Board of Education, have been received this date.

It is necessary for the parties thus commissioned to qualify within 30 days from above date, as their places will otherwise be vacated.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Ephriam G. Blackburn, of Garrett county, has filed his petition under Article 48, title "Insolvency," Code Public General Laws of Maryland, as amended by Act of Assembly passed at January session 1880, and such petition being now pending, a meeting of the creditors of said petitioner will be held at Oakland at the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county on Tuesday, April 25th, 1882, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a permanent trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Preliminary Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 20, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, May 1st, 1882,

for the transaction of any business that may come before the Board.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
4 22 2 Clerk.

(The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.)

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
A. FAIRALL.
4 15 5

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Oakland Wagon Shops,
4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Naming the Baby.

"I think," said the fond mother, "that as the baby's last name is Brown it would be better to give him some first name less common than Henry? There are eleven columns of Henry Browns in the directory."

"Thirteen, darling," said Mr. Brown; "I counted them yesterday. What we want for the baby is a unique first name—a name that will make it possible always to identify him. Isn't that it, dearest?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I have prepared a list from which we can pick. Suppose we skim over it? Let's begin with the twelve tribes of Israel. Are there any among them that you like?"

"I think not."

"How would Gad do? Gad Brown? That would be novel, anyhow."

"But too startling, perhaps."

"Possibly. The others are all rather common. Does Ivanhoe strike you? I rather like Ivanhoe Brown. Or, if we wanted to give him a middle name, we could call him Ivanhoe Alcibiades Brown."

"It is too long; and, besides, I'm not certain I could always spell Alcibiades correctly in marking his underclothing."

"Plutarch, then?"

"Mr. Brown, that's outrageous!"

"Outrageous, love! Plutarch! Why what do you mean?"

"No child of mine shall ever be named after the god of the infernal regions!"

Mr. Brown explained the blunder and passed on. "What do you say, then, to Galileo? There is not a single Galileo Brown in the directory."

"Was Galileo an Israelite?"

"No, love, I think not."

"I thought from his name perhaps he came from Galilee," said Mrs. Brown, thoughtfully.

Mr. Brown was too much astonished to try to explain. He resumed the reading of his list:

"Pelaliah is a Scriptural name. Would you care for Pelaliah? Pelaliah Brown?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Brown. "It sounds like an impeachment of the poor child's veracity. I don't think we ought to start him in life with an insinuation that he will be a story-teller."

"It might not be right. Suppose then, we call him Petrarch?"

"Is that a Bible name?"

"No, love, not a Bible name."

"To be sure not; I was thinking of St. Peter. I think, William, I should prefer an American name of some kind if we could find one."

"Patrick Henry, for example?"

"That is Irish."

"No; you know Patrick Henry was an American. He was a celebrated patriot; don't you remember?"

"It may seem very stupid, but I always half the idea, somehow, that there were twins: one named Patrick and the other Henry!"

Mr. Brown concealed his feelings and turned a new leaf of his list.

"I have a few Aztec names," said he, "that belong on this continent and that are marked by strong individuality. Tegozomoc, for instance. He was an Aztec King."

"Was his last name Brown?"

"I think not. No, I am certain it wasn't, and there was Nezohualcoyotl; he was a King, too."

"Our child could never put such a name as that on an umbrella handle."

"True," said Mr. Brown. "The King probably had no umbrella. Spotted Tail, however, is a native American name which——"

"I don't know. Spotted Tail Brown might answer for——"

Mrs. Brown suddenly flirted out of the room with a remark intimating that she was going home to her mother's. After she had a good cry, Mr. Brown folded up his list and agreed to call the child Thomas.—*Our Continent.*

The Superstitions of Fishermen.

Of the numerous other practices in use among the fishing fraternity for securing good luck, we are told that on the highest mound of the hill above Weston-super-Mare is a heap of stones, to which every fisherman in his daily walk to Sand Bay, Kewstoke, contributed one toward his day's good fishing. A curious custom was, in years gone by, observed at Filey in connection with the herring fishery. During the time the fishing boats were at sea the junior portion of the inhabitants seized all the unemployed wagons and carts they could find and dragged them down the streets to the cliff's top, leaving them to be owned and taken away by their respective owners on the following morning. This was done about the third Saturday night after the boats had sailed from Filey, under a superstitious notion that it drove the herrings into the nets. In Cornwall it is considered unlucky by fishermen for any one to eat pilchards—or, indeed, any kind of fish—from the head downward, as such an act is said to be "sure to turn the heads of the fish away from the coasts." The proper way is rather to eat the fish from the tail toward the head, this serving as a kind of charm to insure good luck to the fisherman and bring him large quantities of fish to shore. Again, when there is a large catch of pilchards, they are preserved by being rubbed with salt, and are placed in regular order, one on the other, heads and tails alternately. When so placed, the fish often make a squeaking noise, which is locally called "crying for more," and is regarded as a most favorable omen, being supposed to indicate that more fish may soon be expected to be brought to the same cellar. The noise, however, which is heard is really produced, says Mr. Hunt, by the bursting of the air bladders, and when many break together—which is not unusual when hundreds of thousands are piled in a mass—the sound is a loud one.

Among some of the superstitions notions relating to success in fishing which formerly prevailed in Ireland, and have not yet quite died out, we may mention the following, current in Ulster: To meet certain persons in the morning, and especially barefooted women, was deemed an omen of ill-fortune for that day. To name a dog, cat, rat or pig, while baiting the hooks, also foreboded ill-luck. The fishermen always spat on the first and last hook baited, and also in the month of the first fish taken. Before casting their nets or lines they dipped them in the water three times, and each time gave a kind of chirp with the lips, resembling that of a young bird. The fishermen, too, were accustomed to light a small fire of chips in their boats, to drive away, as they supposed, any witches that might have harbored there during the night to frustrate their success. The customs practiced by the Scotch fishermen for obtaining good luck are equally curious. Thus, in the *Banff Journal* of 1855, it is related that, in consequence of the herring fishing being very backward, some of the fishermen of Buckie dressed a cooper in a flannel shirt, with burrs stuck all over it, and in this condition he was carried in procession through the town in a handbarrow. This was done to "bring better luck" to the fishing, and happened in a district, says the writer, "containing no less than nine churches and chapels, of various denominations, and thirteen schools." Certain family names are considered unlucky, and in some of the villages on the east coast of Aberdeenshire it is still considered a bad omen to meet a person by the name of Whyte when going to sea, as it is thought that either the lines will be lost or the catch of fish poor. In Buckie there are some family names which the fishermen will not pronounce, such, for instance, as "Ross" and "Coull," and if these ill-fated names are mentioned in their hearing they spit, or, to use the vernacular expression, "cleiff." Men, too, who have been hired before their names were known have actually been refused their wages at the close of the fishing season, partly because the fishing was unsuccessful with the boats in which they sailed, and owing to the want of success being ascribed to their presence in the boat.—*Leisure Hour.*

Dogs as Drunkards.

The fact that even dogs are inclined to intemperance is unknown to many who hold them in high estimation, but such is the fact, especially bull and spitz dogs. Mr. Sam Wyman, who keeps the saloon on Ninth and Market, owns a large bull dog who is a confirmed drunkard. He has gotten so addicted to drinking that he resorts to all sorts of means to get beer, and sometimes shows great cunning in getting a drink of his favorite beverage. The fact had become generally known, and yesterday several gentlemen determined to watch him. Every morning Mr. Wyman sets his emptied beer kegs out on the sidewalk for the collector, and leaves the bung out, there being always more or less beer in the bottom of each keg. As soon as the kegs were set down and the proprietor gone inside the saloon the dog approached from his post of observation, and after smelling the kegs with the air of a connoisseur, selected the one which he seemed to think contained the most beer, and putting one of his paws against it, pushed the keg over. He then proceeded to push the keg until it got close to the edge of the curbstone; and, turning the bung down, got out into the street, and as the beer ran out eagerly lapped it up. This process was repeated until every keg had been drained, and after licking the edges of the kegs the dog trotted off, evidently not having gotten enough. This process the dog repeats every day, and sometimes more beer is left in the kegs for his benefit, and he gets beastly drunk. Drinking, however, seems to agree with him, as he is very fat and sleepy-looking.

This instance brings to mind another case of a dog in Indianapolis which was very much addicted to drinking. The dog was known as "Old Jack," and was considered a member of the fire department, as he always stayed at the engine house, and went to every fire, riding on the front of the engine. Next to the engine house was a saloon, where he used to get beer in the same manner as the dog in this city, and also used to get drunk. About a year ago he went out one day, and there happened to be more beer than usual in the kegs, and he accordingly got drunk. While he was drinking an alarm was turned in and the engine passed him. He attempted to jump on the seat in front, but was too drunk, and falling beneath the wheels, was crushed to death.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

How a Note of Henry Clay was Paid.

Mr. John Wentworth in a recent lecture on Henry Clay told the following story: Mr. Clay had a large and expensive family, and he keenly felt his poverty, while he lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to friends, known and unknown, for all kinds of favors. The day upon which Mr. Webster made his celebrated speech, in March, 1850, he was highly eulogizing it at dinner when some one asked him if he did not think Mr. Webster's influence had been greatly impaired by his allowing certain wealthy men in Massachusetts to settle an annuity upon him for abandoning his practice in the courts so as to devote more time to public affairs. Mr. Clay responded: "In view of the manner in which my note was paid at a bank in Kentucky, I do not think I ought to speak upon that subject. With difficulty I had raised the money to pay the interest when I went to the bank to ask a renewal. The cashier told me I had no note there. I asked him what had become of it, and he said he was instructed to answer no questions. And never have I been able to find out who paid it; but," turning to Judge Conrad, of New Orleans, he said, "Judge, I always supposed you had something to do with that matter." To which he responded: "Whether I or any one else had anything to do with the matter you will never know." Mr. Clay then said: "In view of my many opponents, I am as thankful for the secrecy as the money; but, when I am free from public life, I am going to insist upon knowing who were such benefactors." When some one said: "Mr. Clay, your friends will never let you be free from public life." "In that view, gentleman," said he, "bear witness to my inexpressible gratitude to my friends, not only for their favor, but for their manner of bestowing it," adding that there was but one unpleasant thing about it—that it was the only present that he had ever received that he could not divide with his friends. Here Judge Conrad observed, "That need not trouble you, as you had liberally divided the proceeds before you gave the note." "You are right," says Clay; "the note was given principally to take up the paper of friends which I had endorsed."

—The newest trick of the three-card monte men is to use business cards. They thus entrap men who would never fall victims to the regular game.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The United States Supreme Court.

It is not true, the attaches of the court say, that any of the Justices have had gowns made in Paris by Worth. They are all home made, and have been made by one family of people for nearly forty years. Zach Chandler had a very poor opinion of these gowns, for it is said of him that he once said to Salmon P. Chase, a former Chief-Justice: "Salmon, when you have your old jacket on you look every inch a Judge." There is no reason why one of these gowns should be called a jacket, for the skirt reaches the floor. The gowns are put on the Justices in what is called the robe-room, adjoining the Court, at five minutes to twelve o'clock, for the Judges never go upon the bench until high noon. Then, after the Marshal's deputy sings his song about "God bless the United States and the Justices of this Court," or words to that effect, the arrival of the Justices having been previously announced, they take their seats and are ready for business.

The Clerkship of the Court is worth more than the salary of four of the Justices, as it is said to frequently pay over $40,000 per year. The charges are simply terrible. It costs about a dollar for the Clerk to look at you, and another dollar to get out of his sight. They have little talk then of keeping the decisions back as long as possible, often a couple of months, and, in the meantime, if any one wants a copy of the decision, it costs two dollars for each page of one hundred words. There is no good reason why the decisions should not be put in type the day they are delivered, and furnished as the debates of Congress are furnished, the day following; but this was not the practice forty years ago, and they never do anything about the Court except in the time-honored but excessively slow way. This, all agree, would be a great inconvenience, but it would take $10,000 a year out of the fees of the Clerk, and, of course, it is not done. Several times bills have been prepared for introduction in Congress on the subject, but somehow nothing was heard of them afterward. Those who proposed them were convinced that it was not the custom, and they let the matter drop. The Supreme Court has always held that every bill relating to the Court must first be sent to them for inspection, and, strange as it may appear, they have always carried their point in this respect.

When Belva Lockwood, the female lawyer, applied for admission to practice before the Court, the Justices were shocked and the Clerk horrified. The Court considered the application, and, after holding it under advisement for a month or so, gravely declared against her, on the ground that it was against the custom, if not the law. Belva, in reply, said it was against the custom once to ride in a railroad car, or to light up a house with gas, but these customs were not in keeping with the progress of the times. The reply was that there was no help for her. Belva, being practical, slipped over to the Senate, drew a bill giving women the right to practice law, provided they were competent, and had it introduced. She had a similar bill introduced in the House, which body passed it. The Senate in turn passed it, and, lo! the custom was a thing of the past. A law took its place, and she or any other woman is now perfectly free to get a big fee for appearing and arguing a case before the Supreme Court, provided she is fortunate enough to get employed.

It is against the custom, and no one is allowed to do it under penalty of being put out of the Court-room, for anyone, newspaper reporter or lawyer even, to write a word in the Court-room, or take a note of any point in a decision or remark of any of the Judges. This appears strange, and yet it is a fact, and there are hundreds of newspaper correspondents who know it from being prevented. The custom is to go to the Clerk, and wait a week or so for him to make such extracts of an opinion as are wanted, and to pay him his fees. The only way to get over this is to keep the points in your head, and write them out after coming out of the Court-room, which has to be done on what is called decision day.

The opinions of the Supreme Court are much too long. They go into a history of every case, and often a person has to read a half-hour or so before the point of the decision is reached. But all this plays into the hands of the clerk. He gets wealthy in consequence of it. Imagine the readers of a paper in these days of telegraph having to wait three or four weeks for a decision! The Judges are too slow. They don't intend to be slow, but they are, without knowing it. It is seldom that a decision can be had in less than a month after a case has been argued. In similar Courts in England a decision is given in five minutes after a case is argued. This is as it should be. The Judges, in holding off their decisions, without knowing it, are enriching a certain number of resident attorneys at the expense of other attorneys, who do not happen to reside here; for, knowing the delay, the expense of waiting, etc., non-resident lawyers frequently are required to secure the assistance of resident attorneys to argue and look after their cases.

One of the customs is that each Justice has a body servant. The Justices get money for their own body servants, but the custom is otherwise, and the body servants are paid $1,200 per annum by the Government. Some of the Justices want to select their own body servant, but they are not allowed to do it by the other body servants, for the custom is that the newly-appointed Justice retain the body servant of his predecessor. The body servants have never been known to allow a Justice to violate this custom.

Mr. Justice Woods, who was appointed by Garfield, in speaking to some gentlemen of this custom, said: "My body servant is the most annoying thing I have yet experienced. The fellow is the first man I see in the morning and the last I see at night. He forced his way into my room at the Elliott House, ordered me to go down to breakfast, and then asked me what I would have for breakfast, taking my order to the cooks himself. I could not get rid of him, in any way. He haunted me all the time. I tried to find places to send him to get rid of him, but he was back as quick as lightning. That fellow will be the death of me. I have this satisfaction, however, the other Justices are tortured in the same way."

When Mr. Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, recently went on the Supreme bench, he had an idea he would do just as he pleased, but after a trial he finally had to yield, and is now as completely in the power of his body servant as any of the others. He not only was not allowed to select a man for himself, but was forced to accept the services of a fellow he does not like.

They are death on customs; they live on custom, and not one of the body servants does a thing different from what he did years ago. As a rule, the body servants are past middle age. The fathers and grandfathers of some of them served in the same capacity, for they never let a new man into the ring.—*Washington Cor. Hartford Times.*

The Doom of the Tuileries.

The brief cablegram from Paris announcing that the Chamber of Deputies had appropriated 50,000 francs for the removal of the last vestiges of the Tuileries recalls some interesting facts regarding this famous home of kings and emperors. It was Catharine di Medicis who began the construction of the palace in 1561, and erected the centre pavillion and adjoining wings. The entire front was completed by Henry IV. When this was done the structure had an imposing facade 335 yards in length. Henry IV. also commenced the gallery fronting the Seine, connecting the southern extremity of the building with the Louvre, a work which was continued by Louis XIII. and finished by Louis XIV. By the completion of this gallery, in connection with the Tuileries and the Louvre, three sides of an immense rectangle were inclosed, leaving open the fourth side, running along what is now known as the Rue de Rivoli. In 1808 Napoleon I. began the erection of this fourth side of the rectangle—a work interrupted by the downfall of the empire. Napoleon III. undertook to carry out the projects of his uncle, and completed the gallery connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries, thus forming a vast inclosure, of which the part nearest the Tuileries was and is called the Place du Carrousel, and the remainder is known as the Place du Louvre. The two places were separated by a high iron railing, by which stands the Arc du Carrousel, which in the time of the first Napoleon was surmounted by the bronze horses and chariot of St. Mark, since restored to Venice.

Catharine di Medicis gave to the palace she erected the homely name of the Tuileries, because it was constructed on the sight of some tile-works. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. resided there much, but Louis XIV. considered the building unworthy of the mighty king he thought himself, and preferred to squander the earnings of the people on Versailles. At Versailles, too, chose to reside Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The latter especially disliked the Tuileries, as though he had a premonition that some day before it, and what was afterward known as the Place de la Concorde, his head would be severed from his body. During the days of the first French revolution the old building was put to a variety of uses, but when Napoleon I. attained supreme power he took up his residence in it, and much improved its appearance, both externally and internally. One of its largest apartments he hung with full length portraits of his field marshals, and it was known thereafter as the Salle des Marechaux. In the Tuileries Napoleon III. was born, as was also his son, the unfortunate prince imperial. While Louis Napoleon was president he resided at the Elysee, where President Grevy at present resides, but after the "nephew of his uncle" usurped imperial power, his first act was to take up his abode in the palace in which he was born. He much improved the ancient pile, tearing down and rebuilding the pavilion next to the Seine.

In the Emperor's pavilion were the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress, which were fitted up with great splendor and luxury, and with an attention to the comfort of its occupants not much seen theretofore in the royal abodes of France. It was from this pavilion that Eugenie fled in disguise after the fall of Sedan had made France no longer a safe dwelling-place for her. It was not many months after this when the Communists destroyed the greater part of the venerable building, leaving unharmed, however, the pavilion of the Emperor, and the corresponding pavilion at the opposite end of the front. The building had been at times so much an object of popular hatred that it is surprising that it was not burned before. On August 10, 1792, it was stormed by a mob, and the Swiss body-guard of the King was slaughtered while defending it. In July, 1830, it was taken and ransacked by rioters, and at the expulsion of Louis Philippe, in 1848, it was again ransacked by a turbulent crowd composed of the dregs of the people, who appropriated whatever they could lay their hands on.

The brightest and most splendid days of the famous structure were just before its fall. Napoleon III., as is well known, kept a magnificent court, and he made the building which was his birthplace a truly imperial residence. In 1867, the year of the exposition, Paris was visited by all the crowned heads of Europe, and the fetes given in their honor at the Tuileries, and presided over by the beautiful Empress, were dazzling in their splendor.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Work of National Decorators.

It is a matter of National interest that in the rehabilitation of the interior of the White House we do not now, as in former years, have to go abroad for our decorations or decorators. The work begun by Mrs. Hayes was continued by Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Hayes is responsible for the superb dinner-set of Limoges ware, designed by Theodore R. Davis and painted and fired at Limoges. The designs are representative of American plants and animals. To the same lady is due the elegant mahogany table and sideboard, carved by the ladies of the Cincinnati Art School, and now in the private dining-room. During the anxious days of July and August Mrs. Garfield superintended the renovation of the Green and Blue rooms and second floor lobby. In its present condition the apartments of the White House thrown open on reception days are in keeping with our National character, and, if not of imperial magnificence, are at least elegant and artistic.

The French Census.

The census returns in France show that the population remains nearly stationary. Since 1876 there has been an increase of 389,670, whereas during the preceeding five years there had been a gain of 802,867, which was partly due to the emigration of families from the provinces annexed to Germany. For a nation of 37,000,000 this is a very low rate of increase, and, inasmuch as the losses due to emigration are scarcely worth mentioning, it can only be accounted for by the birth-rate, which is the smallest known in Europe. Notwithstanding the heavy inroads of emigration to America and Australia, equaling 200,000 a year, Great Britain, with a birth-rate of 34 per thousand, now has a population of 35,246,562, an increase of 3,389,224 during ten years; and Germany, with a birth-rate of 40 per thousand, has a population of 45,210,000, an increase of 4,186,905 during the same period. Austria-Hungary, with a birth-rate of 43 per thousand would have had an even larger increase if the death-rate, which was 20 in Great Britain and 26 in Germany, had not been 32 per thousand. In France the death-rate is only 21, the popular idea that the Parisian dies young being fallacious, for the Boulevards as well as the streets of London have their octogenarians and centenarians, and 55 is roughly computed in the cafes as the average age in the Capital. But the birth-rate is exceptionally low—26 per thousand—so that the margin for natural increase is very small. An increase of 389,679 in five years is an average gain of 77,344 a year with a population of 37,000,000. This is a lower rate than the inferences from the vital statistics would have justified. The next census will show a larger population in Great Britian than in France.

Another tendency revealed by the recent census is movement of population from country to town. In 1876 the proportion of urban to rural population was 11,960,724 to 24,945,064. The proportion will now run considerably above 35 to 65, for the population of all the agricultural departments has declined, and there has been a marked increase in the towns and industrial quarters, especially in Paris, Lille, Lyons, Marseilles, Havre and Rouen. The Department of the Seine, or Paris, has added 337,000 to its population since 1876. This is an annual increase of 67,400 as compared with 77,934 for the whole nation. That is to say, the Capital, with less than a thirteenth of the whole population of France absorbs within 10,500 of the whole annual increase. At this rate Paris seems destined to remain the second city of modern times, although France has been already outstripped in aggregate population by the United States, Germany and Austria-Hungary, and will soon yield the next place to Great Britain, which is nearly on a level with it. London, with a population of 4,761,313 (within the police districts) has the crowning position; Paris with 2,747,000 is second; New York with 1,942,000, (with Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and Long Island City added) is third; Berlin with 1,122,360 fourth; Vienna with 1,103,857 fifth and St. Petersburg, Moscow and Constantinople, which exceeded 600,000 ten years ago, vying with Philadelphia, Calcutta and Bombay for the next place, Pekin being left out of account, inasmuch as its population has never been definitely ascertained.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Not That Kind of a Doctor Shop.

Old Bill McGammon, who keeps a grocery store in the suburbs of Austin is one of the closest men in the State of Texas, and abbreviates his words in writing. He abbreviates the names on the drawers and boxes of the contents, in his grocery, instead of painting the names in full. For instance, he painted on the sugar barrel "Br. Sugar," for brown sugar, and so on.

Last Tuesday, a feeble-looking stranger dropped into Bill McGammon's store and after looking around, asked:

"Is Doctor Prunes in!"

Old McGammon stared, and said he reckoned not.

"Is Doctor Codfish in, then?" asked the stranger.

"No, he is not," said Old McGammon emphatically.

"Then tell Doctor Cherries I would like to see him, if he is at leisure."

"You get out of here. I believe you have escaped from the Lunatic Asylum. This ain't no Medicine College; this is a grocery," retorted Old McGammon getting red in the face.

"If this is a grocery, then you had better carry back them doctor's signs to where you stole them from," responded the stranger strolling out.

Old McGammon looked where the stranger had pointed, and for the first time noticed the result of his abbreviating the word "Dried" into "Dr," for on the drawers he read, in large letters: Dr. Prunes, Dr. Peaches, Dr. Codfish, Dr. Cherries, Dr. Peas, Dr. Apples, Dr. Beef.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Cholera Coming.

The Ganges and the Jumna, two of the greatest rivers in Asia, are each considered sacred by the Hindoos; but where the two rivers unite is regarded as the very holy of holies. This point is called Allahabad. There is quite a lake at this point, and in the middle of it a sandy fork, which juts in between the two rivers. It is to Allahabad the pilgrims come from all points of Hindostan. They live and sleep upon this sandbank, singing hymns, offering up prayers and almost worshiping the two sacred streams. The sanitary conditions are of course frightful; the land becomes foul, and the rivers polluted, and it is on this filthy and sacred spot that the cholera has started in its periodical marches around the world. At last accounts the annual pilgrimmage was under way, and cholera of a violent type had made its appearance. Cholera of late years has not been as fatal as of yore, and enough is known to enable the authorities to check its ravages if efficient means are taken. But still it makes its appearance once in about every seventeen years, and if it again resumes its march around the world we may expect it in the United States in 1883.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—"Inconsistent with strict veracity" is the way they put it in England, instead of calling a man a liar.

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TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending the mountain or like a whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of life's discomforts is presented herewith:

According to popular impression, hot weather, mosquitoes and mad dogs all flourish at the same time and are chargeable to the malefic influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story of a dog and the comet, and which we here give in a short extract from the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to hi' been there last night to a-seen the fun. Tom Winkins' dorg Toddles was a-settin' at the gate a-gazin' at the Comit, when along comes old Sykes durned rat tarrier and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the 2 fought. The tarrier proved too much for Toddles, and afore they could hant him off the battle ground he had made a good square meal off his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL and rub him with it, and it would cure him in no time. What does Tom do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and slide into Father Jacobs confessional box and beg of him a bottle of his oil with which to rub his dorg. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was hot an' afore Tom could utter a prayer, two men were luggin' him home followed by a great crowd, who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had been bit by a mad dorg. The more he kicked and screamed to be let free, the tighter they held on to him." In reference to another torment, the Chicago *Western Catholic* recently wrote: "Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 *Dearborn Street*,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony to the merits of ST. JACOBS OIL as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!
DR. WM. HALL'S
FOR THE Lungs. BALSAM
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
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NOTICE.—Lists of Names of Fruit Growers wanted to send my Fruit Package Circular to. Good prices paid. N. D. BATTERSON Buffalo, N. Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me

Liberal Trusts. Mistakes of Moses and Apostles. Send stamp for prices to Dr. Dodge, Leghorn, Kan.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Samples worth $1 and terms to agents sent free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Damp tea leaves scattered over the carpet before sweeping, improve the colors, and give it a fresh, clean look.

—A strip of thick paper laid over the edge of each stair under the carpet will preserve a stair carpet from wearing through one-third longer than otherwise.

—A pig to be suitable for roasting should be from a month to six weeks old. After this period the delicacy of its flavor is to a certain exteut lost.—*N. Y. Post.*

—When you want a dust pan, have it made to order, with the handle turning down instead of up, so as to rest on the floor, and tip the dust pan at the proper angle for receiving the dust. It is a great convenience, as you do not have to stoop and hold it while you are sweeping.

—Quinby, the well known writer on bee culture, says of catnip for bees: "If there is any article that I would cultivate especially for honey, it would be catnip. I find nothing to surpass it." This is high authority, and ought to entitle this common but little utilized product of nature to a place among the valuable things of the farm. It is but another instance that goes to show that our people fail to utilize the native resources of their farms as they should. They have not learned the value of the things they tread upon and often ruthlessly destroy.

—Here are two receipes for foam sauce, to suit either a plain or rich pudding. Number one: Half a cup of white sugar, one-fourth of a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of corn starch; mix and beat to a cream, put in a tin basin on the stove, and add boiling water till the sauce is of the proper consistency. Number two: One and one-fourth cup of white sugar, an equal quantity of butter, the yelk of one egg; stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the well-beaten yelk of the egg, and lastly the white of the egg, which you have beaten to a stiff froth, and a cup of boiling water.—*N. Y. Post.*

—To renovate worn out files and rasps boil the file in a very strong solution of soda, or, what is still better, soap boilers' soap lees, which removes all the inherent dirt. It must then be allowed to remain for about half a minute in a solution composed of two parts of water and one part of nitric or muriatic acid; and after that, washed with water and slightly brushed over with oil of turpentine. To show the efficiency of the dilute acid in producing a keen edge on instruments, dip therein a round pointed needle, or worn knife, and the result will be satisfactorily seen.—*The Household.*

Garden Herbs.

Few things add more to the pleasure of a thoroughly good cook than to have a full supply of kitchen herbs ready to hand. A little of one thing or another in this line often makes all the difference between a successful dish and one of mediocre quality. Every garden should have a few, and where they are wanting should be looked after at this season.

Perhaps the most useful is parsley. That has to be raised from seed, although if the flower-stalks are cut off as they come up in the summer, the same plants may be prolonged several seasons. It does not go to seed, however, the first season of sowing; so that if sown early and gets strong before summer comes, we can get a pretty good supply of leaves the first season. The seeds, however, take several weeks to germinate, and should be put in as early as possible. Another herb of great service to the best cooks is the leek; a kind of onion which is no onion, as it makes all tops and little roots. It is not so strong as the ordinary onion, and gives a delicate flavor to certain soups and sauces that nothing of the tribe will do. This also has to be sown early and on very rich ground. But if possible the richness should be given to the ground the previous year. Fresh and rank manure is unfavorable to good leek-culture.

Many make good use in winter of marjoram and summer savory. These are raised from seed sown at the usual time in the spring. Sage and thyme are perennials; but they require an occasional pruning or replanting to get them in the best condition. If left to themselves they become woody, scrawley and somewhat barren of leaves, if they are not entirely killed by the severity of the winter. Thyme can be kept in good condition by being simply sheared down to the ground or cut back with a knife every spring. This induces a good, healthy growth, which is in excellent condition for use at any time. Sage is often kept many years in good condition by simply cutting back; but often it needs starting quite anew. This may be done by taking cuttings of the old plant and burying them down deep in the ground so that the tops of the shoots are barely above the surface. These root very well and soon make good plants. There are other herbs useful on some occasions; but these are essential to every good garden.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Matter of Fences.

The cost of fence-building is one of the great burdens of civilization. According to the census of 1880 it cost during the year 1879 the sum of $78,629,000 for building and repairing fences in this country. The following States made the largest outlay for this purpose:

Illinois	$5,925,425	Missouri	$4,611,416
Indiana	3,754,175	Ohio	5,983,067
Iowa	4,678,773	Pennsylvania	5,507,458
Kansas	2,087,051	Texas	3,079,479
Kentucky	4,024,725	Wisconsin	2,621,456

In 1871 it was estimated that the fences of the United States had cost $1,747,549,931, and were 5,000,000 miles in length. The following are a few specimen fences: In Nueces County, Texas, 80,000 acres are inclosed in one pasture by a barb fence. In Southern Missouri 30,000 acres are being inclosed by a dog-proof sheep pasture. But the largest inclosed pasture of the world is that of the famous Maxwell grant, in New Mexico, on which over 200 miles of wire fence are in use, and 700,000 acres held in one inclosure. Some of the inner inclosures on the same grant are ten miles square. —*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—We are sorry that the peach crop is about to be a failure for the sixty-seventh time. It seems as if we never should get an opportunity to test our new invention for spinning fine yarn from the outside wool of this sub-acidnous fruit.—*New Haven Register.*

Florida Alligators.

The alligators are mostly of the red-eyed species, which are noted for their size and ferocity, and, when met on land, are not much disposed to turn out of their course for anything, so that not many people care to meet them in their rambles. An immense fellow, who lay about two hundred feet from the shore, allowed us to paddle within one hundred feet of him, so that I had a fine view of his vicious eyes and general ugliness. It was fully two feet from his nostrils to his eyes, and he must have been nearly or quite twelve feet long. As we approached nearer he settled slowly out of sight, sinking so easily as not to cause a ripple upon the almost glassy surface of the waters as he disappeared. It seems that these strange creatures are almost as much at home on land as in the water and, contrary to my previous understanding of their habits, they are frequently found a mile from any body of water, especially at night, when they wander about from one pond or lake to another. They are very destructive of stock, and are especially fond of hogs, and, as all stock runs at large in this country, they catch great numbers of them. Calves and yearlings are also a favorite diet of these monsters, and even full-grown cows and steers are frequently pulled into the lake by them and devoured. Whenever you see a bob-tail cow in Florida, which is not unfrequently the case near the numerous lakes and ponds, it is safe to presume she has been wrestling with an alligator, and would, if she could, "a tale unfold." A gentleman living about two miles from Lochloosa Lake, told me that on one occasion he was driving a lot of cattle across a stream that empties into it, when all at once they commenced running and bellowing. Running forward he saw that an immense alligator had seized a fine yearling, not by the tail, but by the body, being so large that it had actually grasped the yearling's body in his mouth, as a pig would an ear of corn. And although, he could not, of course, raise it from the ground, he did by his weight and the strength of his huge jaws crush it to the earth. The owner of the animal tried to make the 'gator let go his hold by striking him over the head with his cow whip. Failing in this he rode rapidly back for his gun, and was followed on his return by his dog. By this time the 'gator had released his hold, and the yearling lay in the road nearly dead. Riding up within twenty feet, the gentleman discharged a heavy load of buckshot at the alligator's head, which only served to infuriate the brute, and he at once made a rush for the dog. Thereupon the gentleman approached until he could almost touch the 'gator with the muzzle of his gun and discharged the other barrel at a point just back of the shoulder causing the animal to retreat into the bushes, and he was found next morning on the shores of the lake stiff and dead. He measured fifteen feet in length.

Alligators are being hunted very extensively of late for their teeth and hides. Their teeth are mounted with gold and made into ear-rings, neck-laces, watch-charms, etc., and are worth from one dollar to five dollars per pound. The hides are worth from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents each, green. Over four hundred have been killed in Lochloosa Lake alone. Fire hunting at night is the most successful mode of capturing them, if not the safest. Two men and a boat are required. One paddles, while the other has an immense bull's-eye lantern fastened on top of his head, the light of which attracts the 'gators to the surface and blinds them so that the boat can be run right against them. Then the man with the light thrusts the muzzle of a heavy caliber rifle within six inches of the creature's head and fires, immediately proceeding to haul him aboard, to which effort the 'gator lends what strength he has left; his great desire on being mortally hurt is to get out of the water. And if he once feels the boat after being shot he will attempt to climb in himself if not entirely dead. A native alligator-hunter whom I met on the shore of the lake yesterday, told me that he had seen as many as eight 'gators at one time during one of these night hunts, and that he could hear and feel their noses "plump" against his boat as they swam rapidly toward the light, their eyes being too much dazzled to distinguish the boat until they ran against it. On coming so abruptly in contact with the boat's sides, they would back off a little distance to investigate.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—The Memphis *Avalanche* claims that the present system of improving the Mississippi and preventing overflows was discarded 4,000 years ago by a Chinese civil engineer as worthless.

"WHAT is a promise, my boy?" asked a school-teacher, whose reputation for honesty was not of the best, to one of his younger scholars. "I don't know, sir," timidly replied the youngster. "Well, suppose you should come to collect a bill of me, and I should tell you to call around the next day and I would pay you, what would that be?" "I think that would be a lie, sir."

THIS is the way that a Dutch farmer advertised for a lost calf: "Rund away, one red and vite calf. His tu be hind legs vas plack; he vas a she calf. Enipotti vot brings him pack gots five tollars. Jacob Zuddening, Clear Creek, three miles behind the prige."

"I DUNNO' a heap 'bout poultry," said old Uncle Pete when they were discussing the question of the day up at the market, "but de sweetest chicken I'se ever eat was drawn. It was drawn fru the winder of a chicken-house in de dark of de moon."

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth; a youth to fortune and to fame unknown; too much benzine crept underneath his girth and played the mischief with his temperance zone. —*Waif.*

A RETIRED pugilist, who disapproves of the brutality of the modern prize fight, has taken up his residence in Lawrence because they have Pacific mills there.—*Somerville Journal.*

PEOPLE who stay away from church through fear of catching the small-pox may, in the sweet by-and-by, become familiar with a bottomless pit.—*Boston Courier.*

A CORRESPONDENT refers to Oscar Wilde as "a glucose disciple of the beautiful." This is the severest blow glucose has yet received. —*Norristown Herald.*

"THAT prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the Judge to the Sheriff. "Yes," said the Sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"No," said the Cincinnati man, "I can't become a Christian. I can't bear to give up reading the local papers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE nobbiest thing in boots is a bunion.—*Denver Hello.*

—The Philadelphia *Chronicle-Herald* quotes a woman of its acquaintance as saying that "large cities seem built expressly to accommodate men. There are lots of saloons and eating houses for men and lamp-posts for them to cling to when tight, and yet there is not a single convenience for a woman to see if her bangs are all right or her bonnet on straight. I don't see why every corner is not ornamented with a large mirror."

—Theodore A. Havemeyer, on his great model farm in Bergen County, N. J., expects by a regular series of experiments to test the value of ensilage and the best methods of its manufacture. He has the best constructed silos about. He is only ten miles away from C. W. Mills, who is esteemed the prophet and pioneer of ensilage.

—A crank would be all right if he could be made to turn the grindstone of industry.

MAY the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Albany (N. Y.) Press and Knickerbocker.*

INNOCENT levity by the gentleman with the glass eye: "No; I can't vote; I'm not naturaleyesed."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GONE! Inflammatory rheumatism, cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Ira Brown.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAPLE SUGAR is made by tapping maple trees with a gimlet and grocery store hogsheads with an auger.

Removal and Change of Name.

The Hagerstown, Md., Agricultural Implement Manufacturing Company have removed their business to Newark, Ohio, and changed the name to the Newark Machine Company.

Their old works at Hagerstown were not large enough, and for the past few years the Company were unable to supply the demand for their specialties—Grain Rakes, Grain Drills and their celebrated "Victor Double Huller Clover Machines"

At Newark they have just completed new brick shops covering nearly seven and a half acres of ground, into which they have placed a new 150 horse power Buckeye engine and boilers and some new machinery. They have just started up with 90 hands and expect to work 200 more the present season, the capacity being 500 hands. We wish them success.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

THERE is an article going the rounds headed "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well, we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear.—*Peck's Sun.*

IF you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

A CLERGYMAN after marrying a couple made use of the following benediction: "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do."

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

REDDING'S Russia Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The Real Relation Between the Human Body and the Weather Scientifically Explained.

Scientific American.

One of the most valuable developments of modern science along the line of human necessity is the National Weather Bureau at Washington. Experience has shown that eighty-six per cent. of the predictions of the signal service are accurate; and these predictions are unquestionably of the greatest advantage to the seaman, the agriculturist and the entire commercial world. The service has proven its necessity by its usefulness, for in past times the facilities for foretelling atmospheric changes were meager indeed. The only indications our fathers had of coming changes in the weather were aching limbs, twinging joints or painful corns. These "indications," though crude, were usually correct, and hence naturally suggest the inquiry as to the relation between the human system and the weather. The body is unquestionably an excellent barometer. It foretells changes in the atmosphere long before they occur, and this fact has been taken advantage of by physicians who, when all other agencies fail, prescribe a change of air, thus hoping the body may find an atmospheric condition better suited to its needs. And yet the real relation between the human body and the weather has never been fully understood, nor has there ever been, until now, a correct explanation of what rheumatism (which seems in league with the atmosphere) really is. It was originally thought by many to be a trouble in the joints, and as such was treated in the most strange, not to say ridiculous, manner. This theory became dispelled when the same trouble attacked the muscles, and the feeling then prevailed that it was a purely muscular disorder. But this idea was found to be too narrow, and now it is universally conceded that rheumatism is a blood disease. And what a terrible disease it is. It often comes without warning and prostrates the system with agony. Again its beginning is gradual, and its growth slow. In its acute form it manifests itself in every conceivable shape and always accompanied by intense pain. At one time it is inflammatory, at another neuralgic. Sometimes it assumes the form of gout, and again that of pleurisy or lumbago; but in whatever manner it appears it is terribly painful and always to be dreaded. The pain and annoyance of rheumatism are increased by its great danger, for it is liable to attack the brain or heart at any moment, thereby causing instant death. Indeed, nearly every case of heart disease, with all its dreadful suddenness which has ever occurred, can be traced more or less directly to rheumatic causes. In its chronic form it stiffens the joints, contracts the muscles, undermines the health and ruins the life. It frequently attacks men and women who are apparently in perfect health. Indeed, it is as greatly to be dreaded as any possible form of physical woe.

But, however severe its effects may be, the exact cause of this blood trouble has been an undecided question, and it is only within the past year that any decision upon the subject has been reached. In order to fully determine what the cause of rheumatic disorders really was, certain authorities sent letters of inquiry from Washington to the leading practicing physicians of the land, and these inquiries were responded to quite generally, thus furnishing data of great value to science and mankind. The views held by the doctors are of a varied nature, but so overwhelming a proportion holds to one belief as to leave but little doubt that it is the correct one. This belief, briefly stated, is that uric acid in the blood causes rheumatism, and that it is only by removing this poisonous acid that rheumatic or neuralgic troubles in all their terrible forms can be cured. This being true, the important question arises: "How does this poisonous uric acid get into the blood, and how can it best be removed?" Uric acid is a waste material of the body which the kidneys should carry out, but because they are weakened they cannot throw it from the system. Restore the kidneys and you restore the power that will force the uric acid from the system and thus banish the rheumatic agonies which it causes. This is reason; it is science. No one whose kidneys are in a perfect condition was ever troubled with rheumatism, and no rheumatic sufferer, however slight the pain may be, has perfect kidneys. The conclusion of this truth is inevitable; perfect kidneys mean freedom from rheumatism.

When rheumatism has manifested itself in any special part of the body, attempts have usually been made to treat that part of the body. As a result, the pain has departed but the disease has remained, lying subtly concealed and ready to break out at some unexpected moment. Checking the pain in any single locality only scatters the disease through the system, when, if the seat of the disorder, which are the kidneys, were reached, a complete cure would be the result. This way, therefore, to expel this rank and poisonous acid before it assumes an inflammatory or chronic form is by keeping the kidneys in absolute health. This is no easy thing to do, and no means has, until within the past few years, been known which would successfully reach and affect these great organs. At last, however, scientists have discovered that the leaves of a tropical plant, previously but little known to science and unknown to medicine, possessed marvelous qualities adapted for the kidneys. These leaves have been skillfully combined in the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is, up to the present time, the only known preparation that acts so directly upon the kidneys as to effectually cure the various dangerous forms of kidney disease, and hence remove all uric acid from the blood. As a result, the cures it has been the means of performing are really very remarkable. Indeed, there are thousands of persons in America to-day who owe their restoration to health and entire freedom from rheumatism to this simple yet powerful remedy, which is known universally, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., and sold in every drug store in the land.

From the doctors in the various cities of the United States who have certified over their own signatures to the scientific statement that uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, are a large number of Chicago and St. Louis physicians, among them being Dr. Adolph Uhlemeyer, Dr. Wm. Webb, Dr. John M. Frank, Dr. Edwin T. Webster, Dr. Benjamin F. Whitmore, Dr. William T. Richardson, Dr. Robert T. Atkinson, Dr. Thos. F. Humbold, Dr. William M. McPheeters, Dr. William Johnson, Dr. Isaac N. Love, Dr. Clark Whittier, Dr. J. T. Hodgen, Dr. Thomas F. Durigan, Dr. Nicholas Gutman, Dr. Antonio Prieto, Dr. Charles H. Goodman, Dr. Daniel Kuin, Dr. Henry Newland, Dr. William S. Wortman, Dr. George T. Fitzer, Dr. Henry F. Ihlbrandt, Dr. Elijah T. Frazier, Dr. Carl Spinzig, Dr. David B. Martin, Dr. Benjamin F. Taylor, Dr. James L. Logan, Dr. A. Beacock Dr. Henry Kirchner, Dr. John J. Kane, Dr. Benry F. W. Kruse, Dr. William C. Glasgow, Dr. Jeremiah S. B. Alleyne, Dr. Thomas S. Comstock, Dr. Charles H. Hughes, Dr. Frederick Kolbenheyer, Dr. Joseph Heitzig, Dr. Edward A. DeCaffiot, Dr. Bernard Roemer, Dr. James M. Clopton, Dr. Charles V. Ware, Dr. Alphonso Jaminet, Dr. James L. Kent, Dr. William S. Barker, Dr. Solomon C. Martin, Dr. Rudolph Studhatter, Dr. Louis P. Ebrmann, Dr. John A. King, Dr. Simeon E. Garlock, Dr. Theodore Foy, Dr. John E. Faber, Dr. Ernest F. Hoffman, Dr. Herman Nagle, Dr. Adolph Wislizenus, Dr. James L. Pirtle, Dr. Edward Rose, Dr. William H. Grayson, Dr. Hugo M. Starkloff, Dr. Robert M. Swander, Dr. William N. Brennan, Dr. Temple S. Hoyne, Dr. Lyman Ware, Dr. Charles W. Hemstead, Dr. William J. Hawkes, Dr. T. C. Duncan, Dr. William R. Griswold, Dr. Lyman Bedford, Dr. A. B. Westcott, Dr. J. B. Bell, Dr. Charles M. Clark, Dr. W. H. Woodbury, Dr. Alfred H. Hiatt, Dr. Herman Hahn, Dr. Calvin M. Fitch und Dr. John D. M. Carr.

The theory of the doctors as above explained finds its confirmation in the fact that when the kidneys have been cured, rheumatism is completely removed. This is not, of course, always accomplished instantly, for in a disease so subtle, the cure is often very slow, but under no other plan can any hope of permanent relief ever be found. There are hundreds of cases on record during the present winter of persons afflicted with rheumatic troubles of the worst order who have been entirely cured by following the theory above stated and using the remedy mentioned. Many of these persons had the very worst possible symptoms. Vague aches in different portions of the body were followed by agonies the most intense in some particular spot. Acute and throbbing pains succeeded each other and the coursing poisonous acid inflamed all the veins. Troubles which began with slight disorders increased to derangements the most serious. It is sad to think that all this suffering was endured when it could have been so easily relieved. Acting upon the theory and using the remedy above mentioned the kidneys could have been restored to their usual vigor, the uric poison expelled from the system, the inflammation removed and the pain entirely banished.

These are some of the real and scientific facts regarding rheumatism, attested by the highest authority and they are, beyond question, the only correct ones ever brought forth. We are aware they are advanced ideas, but ten years hence they will be the accepted belief and practice of the world. If people suffer from rheumatic troubles in the future, and with these plain truths before them, they certainly can blame no one but themselves.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

WHERE are the dreams of the days gone by?" asks a London poet. Don't know; we haven't got 'em; search us and you'll find we haven't got a dream to our back.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Bonanza Mine

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

A DUBLIN newspaper contained the following: "I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flannagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"Enjoy Your Life"

is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

CONSOLING: Poor author—"Heavens, what a pain there is in my head!" Wife—"Complaining of that! You ought to be thankful there is anything in it."

"DO BOLDLY what you do at all." Boldly do we affirm that Kidney-Wort is *the* great remedy for liver, bowels and kidney diseases. Rheumatism and piles vanish before it. The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.

A KENTUCKY girl was struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding. There is such a thing as a girl being too attractive.

FEW complexions can bear the strong white morning light which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills *will cure* any case of nervousness or headaches, of whatever form; even chronic cases yield to its influence.

"I HOPE this is not counterfeit!" said a lover, as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the quick reply.

☞ A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. If you want good ink cheap, try it.

THE answer is: One is corn in the popper, and the other is "pop" in the corner. You can fix the question to suit yourself.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, coative habits and all conde diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

THE best time to pass mutilated silver coin is to pass it when it is offered to you.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

Anti-Liquor

To come before the public with an absolute cure for drunkenness, or a specific to remove the desire for alcoholic stimulants, seems to many, we have no doubt, an absurdity; such is the case, nevertheless, and before offering our medicine to the public we thoroughly convinced ourselves by actual experiment that it would do all we claim for it.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, a complete non-alcoholic tonic, will not only remove all the nervous disorders and weakness remaining after excessive indulgence caused by *liquor*, but will absolutely kill that desire for artificial stimulants that every intemperate man feels driving him to ruin.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is also a remarkable and trustworthy remedy (having the confidence of the medical profession) for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all disorders of the nerves, muscles, and digestive organs. As a spring tonic for ladies, children, and all that need new life and rich blood, it is without an equal. Price $1.00 a bottle. Get the genuine.

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Now wind up the musical season with the performance of one of our popular Cantatas. Specimen copies promptly mailed for the price here mentioned.

SACRED. JOSEPH'S BONDAGE ($1.00), RUTH AND NAOMI ($1.00), BELSHAZZER ($1), PRODIGAL SON (35 cents), or the easy DANIEL (50 cents), or ESTHER (30 cents).

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OPERETTAS. BARBER OF BATH (50 cts.), PALOMITA ($1.25), ROBINSON CRUSOE (50 cts.), SLEEPING QUEEN ($1 cts.), CUPS AND SAUCERS (25 cts.), DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND ($1.00).

FOR THE YOUNG. CINDERELLA (30c.) CULPRIT FAY ($1.00), DRESS REHEARSAL (50 cts.), GUARDIAN ANGEL (50 cents), HOME IN FAIRY LAND (60 cents), LESSON IN CHARITY (50 cents), LITTLE BO-BEEP (50 cents), QUARREL AMONG FLOWERS (35 cents), SPRING HOLIDAY (60 cents), THREE LITTLE KITTENS (50 cents), TWIN SISTERS (30c).

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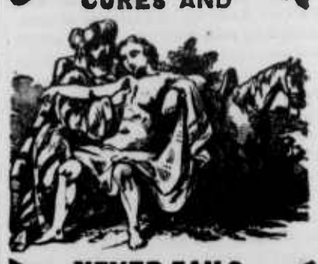

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$1000 REWARD for any machine hulling as much clover seed in 1 day as the **VICTOR** Double Huller Clover Machine can. It beats all other Hullers, having bulged

511 VICTORS sold last year, and the demand could not be supplied. 150 Bushels in ONE DAY.

Circular confirming this mailed free. Send for it. NEWARK MACHINE COMPANY, Newark, Ohio. Owners of Patents and the only Manufacturers in the world.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Ins. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

$100 A Month For Teachers Students, Young Men and Ladies, in a light, pleasant Business. Send for Circular and FREE OUTFIT. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

BUGGIES for Dealers Medium Work. Low Prices. UNION CARRIAGE MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O. Catalogue Free.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

SOLDIERS 160 Acres to All. write to J. ROGERS, Land Agent, Plankinton, Dak.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 869

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Ancient World.

In a recent lecture on the world at the time of man's appearance, Boyd Dawkins, the English geologist, gave a brief sketch of some of the changes which have preceded the present condition of the earth's surface. In the eocene and miocene periods, he said Europe was united with Iceland and Greenland, and also with the United States of America by a barrier of land, extending past the Faroe Isles, which was covered by dense forest, composed to a large extent of the same trees, in Europe and in America, and which allowed of a comparatively free migration of animals to and fro between England and the United States. In the rivers of Europe were alligators and fish not to be distinguished from those of America. In the pliocene age the barrier of land became depressed, and for the first time in the history of the world what is now the Atlantic became connected with the Arctic sea. During all these changes the British Isles formed part of the continent, and the Atlantic seaboard was marked by the five hundred fathom line. As regards the changes in climate in Europe in the three periods, the lecturer said that during the first period the climate was tropical in Britain, palms and breadfruits and other southern trees living in the southeast of England. In the second period the climate was cooler and palms were scarce, but magnolia and tulip trees and sequoias abounded. In the third period the climate became temperate. These surroundings of man were gradually shaped in the three earlier stage of the tertiary period until they arrived very early at that equilibrium which is found to day.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or. said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 8-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

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AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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C. C. WILLISON,
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AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,
Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOONA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,
Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Monday, May 15th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED.
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. BOSLEY,
4 15 5 Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00 Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the Cash.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Maching by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,

JAS. A. HAYDEN.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Stanglss' drug store.
2 5 3m

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nelkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Sliker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehever and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Birt, & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judicials to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POULTRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poultry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1189, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1889 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 67½ degrees, east 24 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1189, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said claim and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
4 1 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing.

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

EDMUND T. JAMISON,
4 15 Sheriff.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. None who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

J. ESTEY & CO. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

EST YORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1y21-vi

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There **is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING—BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

1882 THE SUN, 1882
BALTIMORE,

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NATIONAL, INDEPENDENT, CONSERVATIVE.

Full of news and sound in principle. The paper of the people. Its past the index of its future. Cheapest and best newspaper known. The world's news in compact form. An entertaining, Accurate and trustworthy newspaper. Reliable market, stock, financial and shipping reports. Special home and foreign correspondence. The sun stands in the front ranks of journalism. Terms of subscription by mail, invariably cash in advance. Postage free.

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ONE MONTH	50
THREE WEEKS	38
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ONE WEEK	13

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A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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Baltimore, Md.

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A fresh, bright, newsy journal for the fireside. A weekly events in compact shape. Entertaining stories, original and selected.

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CORRESPONDENCE from the great centres of activity, Washington, New York, San Francisco, London and Paris.

Articles upon the latest discoveries, bringing the reader abreast of the times in all that relates to the Laboratory, the Workshop, the Farm, the Orchard, the Garden and the Household. Commercial, Financial, Telegraphic, Market and Stock Reports.

Pure in tone, no parent fears to place the BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN in his children's hands. Conservative in views, THE WEEKLY SUN presents facts unbiased by partisan feeling. Compact in shape, THE WEEKLY SUN says much in few words.

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No deviation from published terms.

Address A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers,
THE SUN IRON BUILDING,
Baltimore Md.

Small Farm For Sale.

A farm of one hundred acres, belonging to Wm. M. Rodehever, on the Hooppole Road, six miles from Oakland, will be sold very low, if purchased before next June. There are about 50 acres in a good state of cultivation, the whole well watered. The improvements consist of two small dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, and two young orchards of apples and peaches.

Apply on the premises or to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882. NUMBER 9.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 19 tf

Sheriff's Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

in Garrett County, Maryland.

By virtue of four writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, one at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 59 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of S. Rosenheim & Co., to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 85 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, one at the suit of Davis & Townshend, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No. 94 Trials, September Term, 1876, of said Court, and one at the suit of Daniel E. Offutt, to the use of Reverdy Johnson, being No 85 Originals, September Term, 1876, of said Court, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Bowie Johnson, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, at law and in equity, of the said Bowie Johnson, of, in and to all those tracts or parts of a tracts or parcels of land situate lying and being in Garrett county, State of Maryland, being portions of the the tract of land commonly known as Johnson's part of the tract of land called

"Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained,"

lying near Deep Creek in said county, and described as follows: For the first tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning at a stake standing at the northwest end of the division line, between the land of Bowie Johnson and the tract of land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. 4I. F. No. 3, Fol. 387, one of the land Records for Garrett county, and on the fifth line of the tract of land called "Stock Farm," and running thence north 67½° east 39½ perches, to a bounded spruce pine, then with the sixth line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 13° east 38½ perches, to a bounded wild cherry tree, then with the seventh line of the whole Johnson tract of land, south 37° west 51 perches, to the land heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson to one Silas Wallers, by Deed dated the 6th day of May, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. 4I. F. No. 3, Fol. 183, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and running thence with the line of the said land, and by and with Deep Creek, to a bridge over the said Creek, then south 76° west 12 perches, then south 84½° west 41 perches, then north 4 1/2° west 16 perches, then north 13° east 10 perches, then north 37½° west 25 perches, then south 53½° west 100 perches, then north 53½° west 100 perches, by a straight line to the place beginning, containing 41½ acres of land, more or less; and for the second tract or part of a tract or parcel of land, beginning south 53½° east 12 perches, from a stone marked "No. 1," on the property heretofore sold by the said Bowie Johnson, to one Catharine G. Sell, by Deed dated the 23d day of August, 1877 and running thence north 53½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 28 perches, then south 53½° east 100 perches, then south 37½° east 217 perches then with the eighth line of the whole Johnson tract of land south 53° west 200 perches, then north 37½° west 245 perches, by a straight line to the place of beginning, containing 246½ acres of land, more or less.

These two tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land herein portions of the tract of land which was devised to the said Bowie Johnson by the late Reverdy Johnson, by his last Will and Testament duly recorded in Wills, Liber J. P. M. No. 5, to ——, among the records of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore county, Md.

These said tracts or parts of tracts of land are situated about eight or nine miles northwest of the Town of Oakland, in Garrett county and lie to the Deep Creek and Meadow Mountain roads, passing near or through them.

They are well suited to farming purposes, are well timbered in them, and are accessible to the said road and market towns by good roads.

The above sale is made by virtue of the aforesaid writs of fieri facias. I will,

On Saturday, April 29th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House, in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale the said tracts or parts of tracts or parcels of land, together with the improvements thereon, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy the said executions and costs.

EDMUND JAMISON,
4 8 4 Sheriff of Garrett Co., Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. Mack.

Brown's Iron Bitters does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your Pain Killer frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. In Constipation, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it.

PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly embodies with the Vis MEDICATRIX NATURÆ in every disease, and a cure necessarily follows. There is not an organ it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Filial Life," Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors. For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00

MANALIN

For Sale by E. E. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

SAMMONS AND HIS SONS.

In speaking of the horrors of war, few people realize the individual suffering and fearful peril to which thousands of lives are exposed; history only treats of great events in which the prominent actors of the time are engaged, while the fireside and domestic tragedies, which were far more deeply and intensely dramatic are left unrecorded and only live as traditions in the minds of a few descendants of the performers.

Among the various spots abounding with stories of terrible interest none have witnessed scenes more frightful than the valley of the Mohawk during the Revolutionary war; and it is one of the most extraordinary and exciting of these incidents that we propose to relate [illegible]

It was in the year 1780, that an old farmer named Sammons lived in the neighborhood of the village of Johnstown, and near the Johnson estate, which had been sequestered in consequence of the former owner, Sir John Johnson, becoming a commander in the British forces. Mr. Sammons was of German extraction, whence he had immigrated to his present abode. His family consisted of three sons and one daughter, all handsome, sturdy, fearless, independent and staunch whigs, like their father, who was a member of the Committee of Safety, and held a lieutenant's commission in the American Army. The whole family were well known to Sir John, who had several times experienced protection from them in times of imminent danger; but this did not prevent a most dastardly and fiendish attack upon their home during one of his marauding excursions to the vicinity of his former residence. He was accompanied by a band of Indians, who, like a pack of wild beasts, sprang upon and tore to pieces whatever he marked as his prey. On this occasion, however, with a remnant of humanity, he detached them in various directions, and proceeded stealthily to surround the house with his own immediate troops, desiring to capture the family alive and carry them off as prisoners.

It was very early in the morning, and the first gray dawn had lordly began to streak the horizon, when the farmer's youngest son, Thomas, about nineteen, opened the back door of the firm house and commenced taking an observation. He was only partially dressed, and was ruminating on the chances of safety in venturing out before daylight as he desired, on urgent business; for in those times stray Indians were always prowling about, and wife and family could never count on the safe return of the beloved ones, even though they went abroad only for a short distance and in broad daylight. Concluding it would be safer to wait until the sun rose, he was about retreating, when a hand was placed on his shoulder, and the words "I arrest you in the king's name," informed him that he was a prisoner. The whole family were asleep up-stairs, or in the act of rising, and the old man and his two elder sons were soon secured; the females, consisting of the wife of the eldest son, Jacob, and a young girl, the only daughter of the old man, were left unmolested by the order of Sir John.

Thomas begged for an opportunity of getting his clothes, or at least his shoes and stocking, which was brutally refused him accompanied by a thrust of a bayonet, which would have killed him had not his fair young sister thrown herself between and warded off the blow. Her complaint brought a reprimand to the soldier, and permission to finish dressing, while the fierce troops ransacked and plundered the house and outbuildings of everything they contained which could be carried with them, including seven horses belonging to Mr. Sammons. The whole party was then marched off, the father and sons closely pinioned and placed between files of soldiers, their course being directed toward the river. Here they were joined by the Indians, and traversed several miles of the Mohawk Valley, suffering the keenest torture from the sight of the desolation and misery around them. Wherever there was a building, it was burnt and sacked; sheep and cattle were killed, horses appropriated, homes laid bare, husbands and fathers slaughtered, wives and daughters shamefully abused, and then left to return to their hearthstones which had been made desolate. Toward night they returned toward Coughnawaga, which they burnt to the ground, and took all the men prisoners, and then retracing their steps to Johnstown, took up their quarters at the old hall which was the homestead of Sir John.

Here the fine figure and handsome face of Thomas Sammons attracted the attention of Sir John's daughter, a young lady so gentle and amiable, that it was a matter of surprise how she could have been born of such a father. She immediately contrived a plan for his escape; interceding with all the eloquence and persuasion of which she was mistress, on behalf of two or three persons to whom she had been under obligations for safe conduct, and finally obtained an order for their release, she managed to smuggle Thomas Sammons in among them, and with kind words and a look which stirred new and strange emotions in his heart, he was permitted to return.

[illegible] morning the Mr. Sammons requested an interview with the commander, when he reproached him for his treacherous conduct, briefly reviewed the various act of kindness which had been bestowed in the past, and asked if this was the fitting return. His remonstrances produced such an effect that an order for his release was signed, but all efforts on behalf of his sons proved unavailing.

Jacob and Frederick were therefore taken to the fortress of Chamblee, just within Canada, between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence.

At the post there were about seventy prisoners, and not a very strong garrison; so that the first thing to which the young Sammons's made up their minds was an escape. Finding, however, their fellow captives indisposed to do anything for themselves, Jacob and Frederick determined to act without the rest, and accordingly, the first time they were taken out of the fort together, to assist in some common service, they sprung from the ranks, at a concerted signal, and "put," as the phrase is in the west. The guards started, but less fleet of foot could not catch them; and though Jacob fell and sprained his ankle, he managed under cover of the smoke produced by the gun shots made at them, to hide himself in a clump of bushes, which his pursurers did not think of searching. It had been agreed previously between the brothers, in case of separation, they were to meet at a known spot at 10 o'clock at night.

Jacob, the lame one, mistook the hour, and having gone to the spot and not finding his brother there, he left it with the intention of getting as far from the fort as possible before daylight, his accident making time especially important to him. He accordingly pushed up the western bank of the Sorel River toward Lake Champlain, intending to swim just below the lake and then find his way toward the eastern shore. Various events, however, occurred to prevent his doing this; but after running great risk by putting himself in the power of a tory, whose chief excellence seems to have been the possession of a kind and fearless wife, he was so lucky as to find a canoe, of which he took charge, and in which he made good headway toward home until, in one of the narrow passes of the Champlain, the British fortifications, on both sides, forced him to leave the vessel and take to the woods again.

At this time he was without shoes, food or gun, and had to find his way to Albany through an unknown wilderness along the Vermont shores. For four days he lived entirely on birch bark; he then managed to catch a few fish and a duck, which he ate raw; thus he labored on for ten days. His feet, meantime, had become terribly cut, and were bleeding every step, so that he could hardly crawl, and if he stopped to rest one moment, swarms of mosquitoes settled upon him and stung him into madness.

While thus reduced to the extremest misery, making his way the best he could on his hands and knees, nearly blind from swelling and inflammation, and surrounded by voracious insects, eager for their prey, he heard the sharp hissing sound which indicated the presence of a still more deadly enemy—a rattlesnake. There was no possibility of escape; closed in on every side, unable to move, he saw the glittering eye of his scaly pursuer fasten itself upon him without the power to save himself from its fangs. A moment and its sharp teeth were buried deep into the shuddering flesh, and it had coiled its venomous form round his leg. Another and his jack-knife has dispatched the reptile, laid open the veins in his limb and cut out the parts which its poison had penetrated; then, with the instinct of heroism, turning to account the most frightful accident of his position, he cut out the heart which he ate, and felt strengthened and somewhat reanimated.

For a day or two, then, he lay beside a log in the forest, in a condition which it would seem few men could survive; worn to a skeleton, his feet torn to pieces, suffering from a terrible wound, he still managed to collect a little dry fungus, and cooked and ate part of the rattlesnake, until his strength was entirely exhausted, and he was unable to get wood to cook the remainder. It seemed now as if death could not be postponed. He took his knife and tried to carve an epitaph on the log, and while thus engaged, he fell asleep and dreamed a sweet, delicious dream of his old home, his young wife and infant [illegible] mother, who appeared dressed in a robe of flowing white, and stretched her arms toward him with a sweet smile and an indescribable gesture full of grace and tenderness.

He knew not how long he slept, but when he arose it was with renewed strength, and making sandals of his hat and vest, he proceeded on his way once more, taking with him the unconsumed portion of the snake as provision.

That night his mother again appeared to him and pointed in a particular direction, smiling hopefully. Rising with a strong faith that he was nearly at the end of his perilous journey, he struggled on until the afternoon, when he saw for the first time a human habitation; it proved to be the house of a friend, from whence he proceeded to Albany, and thence to Schenectady. Here he found his wife and child living with some relatives, and the meeting between them may be imagined, but no pen could describe it. For a long time she had suffered all the horrors of fearful suspense, and it was not until the night upon which he had seen his mother that she obtained a glimpse of relief. On this occasion she dreamed that she saw him striving to make his way through a dense wood toward her, while a white hand appeared to be lifting aside the thick branches to aid his progress. When she awoke it was with the firm belief that they would eventfully be re-united, as the event proved.

Return we now to Frederick, who suffered even more than his brother.

He had mate many efforts, to no purpose, to find Jacob, who, when he fell, would not permit Frederick to stop and help him, and in seeking him had run many risks. At length he crossed the Sorel, killed an ox, made some jerked beef, and for seven days traveled along the eastern shore of Champlain without ill luck. But on the morning of the eight day he awoke sick; a pleurisy was upon him—a fever in his veins—pain in every limb. It began to rain, also, and there he lay, this other young hero, not far from his brother, who at that very moment in that very neighborhood, was nursing his rattlesnake bite; there he lay, knowing not that any one was near him, for three days on the earth, in the summer rain, and his blood all on fire. For three days, we say, he lay thus helpless. On the fourth day he was better, and tried to eat a little of his beef, but it was spoiled. He managed, however, to crawl to a frog-pond near by, put aside the green coating of the pool and drank. He caught frogs, too, and feasted, though not a Frenchman in any of his tastes, probably. There he lay for fourteen days and nights, and having resigned all hope of life, he put his hat upon a pole, so that it might be seen from the lake. It was seen by a ship passing at the time, and he was found by his enemies helpless and speechless, and carried back to his prison again, and not only to prison, but to its deepest, darkest dungeon, and there for fourteen months, in irons so heavy that they ate into the flesh upon his legs so that it came off to the bone. And what did that young heroic spirit do? Did it break down under the weight of captivity and suffering? Not so; it was of such stuff as the spirit of our fathers was made. He thought of his home, of his brave father and brothers, of his fair sister, and one not fairer, perhaps, but still dearer, and wondered if they had survived the cruel chances of the long and bloody war. Then he longed to be free, and determined to live and escape from his prosecutors.

At last a chance offered; he with others was transferred to an island above Montreal, in the rapids of the St. Lawrence. There he organized a plot to escape which failed, but finally jumped with a companion from the island into the rapids of the great river. Our hero and his comrade swam for four miles through those rapids, navigating among the sharp rocks and fearful shoals with their best skill. Landing on the north side of the St. Lawrence, they fought a club battle with a village full of Canadian Frenchmen; conquered—killed a calf—and stealing a canoe, tried to cross to the south side of the river. They were above the swift and dangerous rapids of the Cedars, where no canoe can live long unguided, when their paddle broke in the middle of the stream; and once more destruction seemed certain. A fallen tree, in the branches of which they caught, saved them, however; and crossing the next day below the falls, they struck into the forest to seek the Hudson.

For twelve more days they toiled on, almost in a state of insanity, dreadfully lacerated, and living entirely on wild roots. At last they reached Schenectady half naked, and looking like wild savages; here Frederick hoped to find a Miss Ellis to whom he had long been devoted, and also some members of his family. But on inquiry he found that his father had removed back to Marbletown, Ulster County, his youngest brother had become a major in the American Army, and Miss Ellis, his bright, sparkling, beautiful Mary, had gone no one knew whither.

Disappointed, and sick at heart, Frederick waited only to obtain clothes and means to pursue his journey, and then took his way to Marbletown, the residence of his father, feeling angry with himself at not experiencing the joy he should, at knowing that his family was alive and well. The young soldier who had shared with him so many dangers, and from whom he had now become inseparable, accompanied him, and together they approached the home of his early childhood. It was quite dark when they arrived at the village and they inquired their way to the house of old Mr. Sammons, which they found without any difficulty.

It was an old fashioned frame building, with low roof, and gable windows, inclosed in a sort of meadow, which stretched down in front of the cottage, and was shaded with magnificent elms; at the side was a large garden, then in its early bloom and beauty, and back, the stables, barns, and out-buildings, while behind these was a fine orchard, the trees of which were in full blossom.

The whole aspect of the place was one of pefect loveliness, and afforded such a contrast to their late contemplations and frightful experience, that they involuntarily paused to drink in the grateful influence of the scene. Poor Frederick was nearly overcome with the weight of his emotions; he leaned against a tree, while his companion stood at a little distance, unwilling to intrude upon his thoughts. At last he opened the gate, and they proceeded up the graveled walk to the door of the cottage. They saw then for the first time that some unusual circumstance must have occurred, lights were dancing to and fro, some of the windows were open, and ever and anon a gay laugh would break upon the stillness of the evening.

It was not grief at any rate which caused these demonstrations, and Frederick's heart beat quick as he tapped the low door.

It was answered by a domestic, of whom he inquired if Mr. Sammons was at home.

"Which one?" said the man. "Mr. Jacob was at home, and the old gentleman, but Mr. Frederick, Lord love him, had not been heard from for many a month."

Frederick said the old man would do, at which the man hesitated, and finally thought his master would not like to be interrupted, as his youngest son, the major, had arrived that day with his new wife, and they were having a jollification day.

His wife! What wife? Frederick could think of only one person in the world to marry, and that was his Mary, and his agitation became so great that his friend took it upon himself to inform the man that they wanted to see Mr. Sammons upon important business immediately. The man departed and Frederick unconsciously leaned against the side of the door, the rays of the moon falling upon his face, and giving its care-worn lines a pale, spiritual beauty. At this moment his father came into the hall, and instantly recognizing the features of his long-lost son, rallied to him by name, and father and son wept in each other's arms. Soon the news spread. Jacob reunited to

[*Concluded on 8th page.*]

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THORNLESS ROSES.

"No rose may bloom without a thorn?"
Come down the garden paths and see
How brightly in the scented air
They bloom for you and me!

See how, like rosy clouds, they lie!
Against the perfect, stainless blue!
See how they toss their airy heads,
And smile for me, for you!

No scanty largess, meanly doled—
No pallid blooms, by two, by three,
But a whole crowd of pink-white wings
Fluttering for you and me!

So fair they are I cannot choose;
I pluck the rich spoils here and there;
Heap them in your waiting arms;
I twine them in your hair.

There is no thorn among them all—
No sharp sting in the heart of bliss—
No bitter in the honeyed cup—
No burning in the kiss!

Nay, quote the proverb if you must,
And mock the truth you will not see,
Nathless, Love's thornless roses blow
Somewhere for you and me.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in Our Continent.*

JACOB'S INSURANCE.

It resulted in a law suit.

The culmination was on the 6th day of September, 1881—that strange yellow day that attracted so much attention in the Eastern and Middle States—and the place of the trial was Albany, N. Y.

Jacob's farm-house was near the Cove, about seven miles below Albany. From his door he could look down on the Hudson. The Cove, by the old landing, with its decayed houses, was also visible. The cars racing along the further shore of the river were a lively feature. A dozen miles lower down the valley the river hides behind the Catskills.

In the house thus picturesquely situated, Jacob and his ancestors had lived for ninety years. The family name was an inheritance.

Jacob was forty-two years old, tall, blonde, with a mobile face, and a dash of red in his cheeks.

On the 17th day of September, of the year previous to that of the yellow day, Jacob was awakened in the night. He heard his pigs squealing and "bucking" as he termed it, against his house. He went out, half dressed and found the pig-pen a heap of embers. Mary, his wife, and William, his boy, came out. They found all the pigs, but they were scorched and knocking about, and one died in a few minutes of his burns. The family went to bed again, but did not sleep much.

In the morning Jacob got out his insurance policy, and he and Mary and Willie looked it over. They did not see anything about a pig-pen in it, so he put it away again.

A week later Jacob's small barn, four rods south of his house, burned. It was in the daytime, in the afternoon. Jacob came back from Albany at five o'clock and saw only the vacancy. Willie said that at three o'clock it was on fire. Some of the neighbors had come, but nothing could be done. It was of pine boards, thirty years old and empty.

The insurance policy had "all about barns" in it. Jacob therefore went down to "Silas'" at the Cove and made an application for an award. They had a local insurance company in town. They had seen "enough" of large companies; the mutual affair at home was better. Jacob's policy was in the home company.

As soon as Jacob told his story, Silas said it was all right.

The committee came next day. They awarded Jacob a hundred dollars. It was satisfactory.

Five days later Jacob's large barn, further away from the house and on the other side, north (towards Albany,) where all his hay and wagons and implements and crops were, suddenly took fire and burned up.

It was "astonishing!" What could have caused it? It was a heavy loss this time. Jacob had hard work to get his horses out and save them; all else was consumed. It was a very mysterious fire; all three of the fires had been mysterious. This last fire occurred in the edge of the evening, just as it was growing dark. Jacob was at home in the house, and did not know of the conflagration until a woman came from the next house screaming.

"I didn't know you had any enemy, Jacob," said old William Kanfer, just after the fire.

"I didn't either," said Jacob, gloomily.

There was comfort in the fact that the property had been insured. The day after the burning Jacob went again to the Cove and made his application.

"Something seems to be after you, Jacob," said Silas, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes," said Jacob, sadly.

Silas wrote the required papers and said the committee would come up soon. The very next morning, at nine o'clock, the committee were on hand and examining the place where the barn had stood. They were "at it" more than two hours. There was a great deal of measuring and making inquiries; they said it was a heavy loss. Besides the long examination of the place where the large barn had been, they had the curiosity to go and look once more where the small barn had been, and took some measurements there, and they poked in the ashes of the hog-pen, and walked about the premises. One of them carried a book, and jotted down the measurements and other items.

The committee delayed making any award. They said it was an important matter, and they would take time.

After three days Jacob went down to the Cove and inquired of Silas. The answer was that the board would meet before the end of the week, and that then something would be done about it. Some of Jacob's own immediate friends and neighbors belonged to the board. He spoke to them about it; they seemed reticent.

There was delay, and another visit of the committee, with more measuring, and a first and then a second meeting of the board. After about fifteen days, however, Silas walked up from the Cove, a distance of two miles, and left a letter with Mary for Jacob.

When Jacob came in to dinner he got the letter. It had the insurance company heading, and said:

"MR. JACOB WILSON—Sir: In the case of the barn on your premises, which burned on the 29th of September, 1880, it is decided, in view of all the circumstances, that no award will be made."

This was signed by Silas, as Secretary of the Company.

A week later Jacob was in a lawyer's office in Albany, in private consultation.

"I don't want no lawing," said Jacob, "and my wife says so, too, although we can not stand it to lose eighteen hundred dollars."

"Are you going to let them say you burned the building?" said the lawyer.

"They dar'n't say it," replied Jacob fiercely.

"That is the meaning of it," said the lawyer.

Jacob was silent. The old family name, distinguished for honesty, was at stake, as well as the property.

The papers were served in November, and in January the cause was on the calendar at the Albany circuit of the Supreme Court of the State. The calendar is always crowded and there is delay in coming to trial. The cause was not reached until September 5, 1881, at an adjourned circuit, the day before the famous yellow day, already alluded to.

The City Hall, in which the courts were held, having been destroyed by fire a short time before, the circuit was held in the Assembly Chamber of the old Capitol. It seemed to Jacob an imposing scene, as he entered the famous room where so many laws were made, and in which the law was to be administered in his case. He had to wait, hanging around the court for three days before his case was reached. The time was not lost to him. He heard several trials, which were as interesting as story books.

At five o'clock, on the evening of the 5th of September, number ninety on the calendar, which was Jacob's case, was reached. Jacob's lawyer and the opposing counsel announced themselves ready. Jacob was invited to a seat beside his lawyer, and the drawing of a jury began immediately.

A few were rejected, but before six o'clock—the hour for adjournment—twelve men who were satisfactory to both sides had been secured, and Jacob's lawyer had opened the case, and the trial was fairly begun.

The court accompanied its announcement of the recess until morning with a warning to the jury not to allow any one to talk with them about the case.

Jacob did not sleep that night. He was at the American Hotel, a quarter of a mile down State Street, in front of the Capitol. He and his wife were on the third floor, at the end of the hall, in room No. 241. As Jacob was going to his room, a large man, with dark piercing eyes, standing in the door of room No. 239, said: "Your case is on, hey?"

"Yes," said Jacob, as he was passing.

"You had better look sharp," said the large man.

"Why?" inquired Jacob, wonderingly as he paused.

"Rough business, burning down buildings," said the large man, harshly, and he closed the door of his room with a bang.

Jacob passed on to his own apartment. There he talked over the events of the day with his wife. When he tried to sleep that night, the Assembly Chamber and the face of the large man in room No. 239 haunted him.

In the morning, after breakfast, down in the front hall, Jacob met the large man again.

"Try a twist at it to-day, I s'pose," said the large man sharply to Jacob.

"Yes, the trial," answered Jacob, nervously.

"Somebody has been committing an awful crime," observed the large man. "Have you seen the sky?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Jacob, not perceiving the connection.

"They say it is the end of the world—Sodom and Gomorrah," said the large man; and he turned and walked away.

At ten o'clock the court convened. As Jacob approached the Capitol steps he saw a chubby person on the brick pavement at the foot of the steps, explaining to a group of the people his views of the weather. "I do not think myself," said the chubby person, glancing at the yellow canopy, "that it is anything supernatural, but I have seen fifty people this morning who think it is the end of the world."

Jacob found it impressive in court. The Judge said it was a gloomy room and a gloomy day, and directed the officers to light the gas. The artificial light did not relieve the atmospheric pallor very much, altho' it enabled the Judge and the lawyers to read their papers.

Jacob and Mary his wife, and Willie, and the woman who saw the fire first, and came to Jacob's house screaming testified to the facts. This with the documentary evidence, made the plaintiff's case. The short-hand writer of the court took down the evidence very rapidly and about twelve o'clock noon the plaintiff's side of the case was before the jury.

Then the opposing counsel proceeded to open the defense. After a few general statements he began to hint that there was a painful revelation to be made bearing upon the character of the plaintiff. The intimation was that Jacob had burned his own buildings to get the insurance.

"That is a mean and contemptable insinuation," exclaimed Jacob's lawyer, springing to his feet, "and you have no right to suggest such a thing, when you know you can't prove it!"

"*Sir*," rejoined the opposing lawyer, uttering the words with a pause after each, and a scathing hiss that made Jacob's flesh creep, "*we will prove it!*"

Jacob felt as if the very ground was opening beneath him, as the lawyer went on with diabolical coolness, to state that they had although with some difficulty, secured the only witness who saw "this miscreant," indicating Jacob, fire his own buildings. Happening to turn his head just then, Jacob saw the large man sitting within six feet of him and watching him closely. This completed his confusion. The subsequent proceedings upon the trial were not clearly apprehended by Jacob.

The court took a recess for dinner. As Jacob went to his room the large man stood in the door of room No. 239 again.

"Hard at it, hey?" he said, as Jacob passed.

"Yes, but they can't prove it," said Jacob, with a determined accent.

"Sir," said the large man, severely, "they can prove anything if they have the evidence," and the large man went into his room and banged the door again.

In the afternoon the evidence upon the part of the defense was given. The first witnesses called upon that side did not seem very important to the case. They were, however, some of Jacob's neighbors, and the evidence was very painful to him on that account. One testified that there could not have been as much hay in the barn when it burned as Jacob insisted there was. Another thought that Jacob had exaggerated the size of the hay where the hay was stored, and he thought, for that reason, there could not have been as much as represented. Still another had walked over Jacob's farm when the hay and grain were growing, and was confident that there was only a "middlin' crop," and by no means as much as the plaintiff claimed.

The opposing counsel explained, with a glance at the jury, that this evidence was presented not only as bearing upon the question of the amount of the loss, but as showing more clearly the nature of the attempt, "on the part of this wretched man," to defraud his neighbors.

There was a significant pause. The opposing counsel held a whispered conversation with his assistant attorney, and with some men whom Jacob recognized as members of the board; he then rose and said impressively, "We call Gotlieb Jausen."

A short, elderly man, rather thin than full faced, but evidently a German, was sent forward from the back seats. Jacob recognized him; he was a "hired man," who worked about the neighborhood at the Cove.

Jansen gave his testimony through an officer of the court, who acted as interpreter. His statement was that, standing "over beyond a hollow, a quarter of a mile away, in the field back of Jacob's large barn, he had seen Jacob come behind the barn, deliberately strike a match, and set the straw and hay and barn on fire.

The cross-examination of this witness by Jacob's counsel was the interesting feature of the trial.

"Ask him," said the counsel, "if he could see how Jacob was dressed."

"He says 'yes he could,'" responded the interpreter, after putting the question to the witness.

"Ask him what color his clothes were."

"He says he wore brown, or a kind of red, iron-cloth overalls."

"Ask him whether Jacob had on boots or shoes."

"Dey vos poots—dey vos poots," said the witness, making a cross lots answer in broken English to save time.

"You understand my question?" said the counsel.

"Yaas, yaas, I unders'han," said Gotlieb.

"Ask him in German," said the Court to the interpreter.

The interpreter complied and responded. "He says they were boots."

"Ask him what time of day it was," said the counsel.

"He says it was just getting dark."

"Ask him what Jacob had around his neck when he saw him strike the match and set the fire."

"He says it was a black handkerchief."

"Ask him if he could see him plain."

"He says 'yes.'"

"Ask him whether he had on stockings," said the counsel.

This question caused a slight ripple of merriment. Old Gotlieb glanced around, saw the fun, and laughing and shaking his head said, "Naw, naw, could not tell de shtockings."

There was a brief re-direct examination, in which Gotlieb stated that he did not mean that he actually saw the match, but only saw Jacob stoop over and strike, as if it was a match, and then saw it kindle, and saw it grow to a large fire. He also explained that the overalls were blue instead of red.

It was apparent that Gotlieb's left eye had been injured or lost. His examination was concluded by a single question, asked by Jacob's lawyer, which drew out from Gotlieb the answer: "Naw, naw, can only see from von eye."

As the concluding evidence in the case Jacob was now recalled formally to deny, as the rules of evidence require, the statements made by the witnesses against him. As he came upon the witness stand, it was apparent that a great change had come over him. Was there such a pallor upon his face, or was it the strange yellow light of that strange day? His voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and he seemed weak and uncertain in his steps. He quietly answered "no" to the long, formal questions involving the statements which had been made against him, and that closed the evidence in the case.

The counsel "summed up:" the opposing counsel assuming and urging to the jury that Jacob was the profoundest rascal and hypocrite in the county, and Jacob's lawyer asserting that Gotlieb was a perjurer. In a few words the court charged the jury, and they were sent out, in the keeping of three officers, to a committee-room, to deliberate and find a verdict.

It was nearly six o'clock; the court adjourned for the day. It had been a dreadful day to Jacob. He had not imagined that his old and dear neighbors could look upon him as a rascal, and he had not supposed any man living would have dared to assail his good name as the opposing lawyer had assailed it. The revelation of these facts, the strange story told by Gotlieb, and the gloom of the strange day seemed to mingle in a dreadful nightmare as he walked to the hotel. He went to his room, and lay down, and closed his eyes, hoping to rest. The scenes of the day were as vivid before him as a picture. And through them, he would remember from time to time, with a sudden quick throb, the dreadful suspense he was under. "Suppose the jury should find against him!" His father had been one of the consistory of the church when living, and Jacob himself had long been a church member. The hurt to his reputation and to the family name was the sharpest sting.

Jacob got up, and went to the "tner end" of the hall to ask Willie to come. Willie's room was empty. Jacob came back, and with his wife had family prayers in their room. It was ten o'clock. His anxiety was intense. He knew where the jury room was. He knew that when the jury agreed they would seal up their verdict and separate, because the Judge had told them to do so, and to bring in their verdict in the morning. He walked up to the Capitol, and, looking at the windows, saw the all was dark. On his return the large man was in the hall, up stairs, near his door.

"I think the jury must have agreed," suggested Jacob, falteringly. "I see it is all dark in their room."

"Sir," said the large man, glaring at him, and speaking with a withering severity in his tone and manner that made Jacob shrink as if he had received a cut of a whip-lash, "the jury has found against you; I heard it half an hour ago."

Jacob's eyes fell, and the great misery settled down upon his heart. He turned silently, and walked away to his room. What was the night that followed to Jacob Wilson? Those who have suddenly lost a good name may perhaps understand it.

Jacob did not stir out of his room until court-time, next morning. Then, as he descended the hotel stairs, every one seemed to him to be looking at him and shunning him. He was very pale and weak, and walked slowly, breathing short. He had a century of family pride behind him; and he felt that he was going to meet his doom—to pass under a cloud, that might never be lifted.

As he walked up the Capitol steps, a man near inquired of another: "Did that jury agree last night?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did they find?"

"Ain't supposed to know," said the other, indifferently.

Jacob passed on into the court room. The Judge was just taking his seat.

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, "you may take the verdict of that jury that was out last night. I see they are all here."

Jacob had not yet sat down. He stood by a seat, looking. He had steeled himself; he was white and firm.

"Gentlemen," said the clerk, "have you agree'd upon your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman, rising, and handing a buff envelope to an officer. The officer carried it to the clerk. The clerk offered it to the Judge.

"Open it," said the Judge, sententiously.

Jacob saw the clerk tear open the envelope, unfold the paper it contained, and give it a long, earnest look.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, "you will listen to your verdict as the court hath recorded it.

Jacob held his breath.

"You say you find," continued the clerk, "in favor of the plaintiff, in the sum of eighteen hundred and fifty dollars; and so you all say."

The jurymen nodded.

"You will please vacate the box, gentlemen," said the Judge. "Mr. Clerk, you may now draw a jury in ninety-seven."

Jacob stood, his eyes glassy for a moment, as if unconscious.

"Well, you are all right," said an officer, who stood near him; and the officer offered to shake hands with him. Jacob put out his hand mechanically, and got a shake.

A hot flush was seen starting up from Jacob's neck. His sensitive, noble face twisted and worked; his chin quivered; he turned and walked toward the door. He staggered; his step was almost that of an intoxicated person.

"What's the matter with that man that just went out," said a lawyer who came in a moment later, to an officer near the door.

"Got a verdict in that insurance case—full amount. Didn't expect it, I s'pose," said the officer, indifferently.

"Kind of upset him, hey?" said the lawyer, laughing.

"Ratherly," said the officer.

Jacob went down the sidewalk toward the hotel. People did in reality look at him now, as he passed, trying to hide his flushed face and the tears. He got to the room and told Mary, and they had what the landlord described as "a time." The landlord said that he happened up there, and there was more praying and crying than was allowable in that hotel. As the painful, nervous strain was taken off, Jacob became faint and lay down, and Mary went out and got him a lemon.

Soon there came a knock at Jacob's door. It was the large man. Jacob sat on the edge of the bed, eating the lemon.

"I really must beg, Mr. Wilson, the privilege of making an apology," said the large man, advancing to the middle of the room, resting his hand upon a table and speaking with a courtliness and respect that seemed to lift Jacob up into a position of importance.

He continued: "I must have been misinformed by the officer about that verdict last night. Of course we know there has been too much tampering with juries, and a habit of finding out verdicts before they are rendered. It is all wrong, certainly, though it is often done. We accept the deception which the jury employed to mislead the officer as a very proper rebuke. I don't want you to lay up anything against *me* about it."

"O, no," said Jacob.

"It's dreadful, ain't it?—burning people's buildings in this way," suggested the large man, confidentially.

"Yes; seems to be a sort of crime," ventured Jacob, hesitatingly.

"Seems to be a sort of crime!" echoed the large man explosively; "why, man alive, it's arson, State-prison, long term! And I *will* find him out. He may fool the people down your way, with his blind Dutchman, who can see the pegs in a man's boots a mile off in the dark, but he can't fool me. There is a villain behind this, and we are after him. I know him now; I am sure of him. I am watching, and I'll jug him within twenty-four hours;" and in saying this, by the way of emphasis the large man brought his fist down upon the table in a way that made the whole room jar.

"And that was what you were watching *me* for?" asked Jacob timidly, shuddering as he saw the gulf.

"Why, my dear good fellow," said the large man, softening, "what else on earth did you *suppose* I was watching you for?"

Jacob pondered, and was silent. The large man turned and walked out of the room.

Within half an hour the President of the Insurance Company came in. He said he desired to congratulate an honest man, and explained, mysteriously, that they were on the right track at last. He remarked, speaking in a confidential manner, that he had always told the folks that Jacob was "not that kind of a man."

"Thank you," said Jacob, huskily.

"You and your father before you have lived in our town too long to be treated in this way," said the President, wiping a tear from his eye.

The President went away.

One by one Jacob's old neighbors and various members of the company dropped in and went through with about the same formula the President had indulged in. Each explained so fully and satisfactorily that *he* had all the while told the folks that it "*could not be* Mr. Wilson" that did it that Jacob really began to wonder how it had come about that there had ever been any difficulty. Jacob also gathered from the remarks which were made that some clew had been gained in connection with the trial, and that soon all would be made plain.

After a good dinner Jacob began to be himself again. With an old friend and neighbor he went up to the Capitol once more, as a matter of curiosity. He saw another case on trial—that of a suitor who was struggling to get his rights from a railroad corporation. He heard the lawyer for the railroad company allude to the suitor as the most bare-faced, unscrupulous and designing villain who had ever perjured himself in that court room. Looking at the party thus described, Jacob saw only a thin, pale face, on which anxiety was painfully written. Jacob perceived that his own case was only one of many, and that in the court room it had already been forgotten.

There was no reason why Jacob should remain longer in town. At four o'clock in the afternoon he and Mary were in the wagon, in front of the hotel, about to leave. Just then Willie came running down the sidewalk in great excitement. He came to the side of the wagon, his warm brown eyes dancing, and said, with what breath he had left, "O, father, father, they have found it all out! It's Andrew Venner, and they have got him in jail."

"Andrew Venner?" said Jacob, surprised; and he added, turning inquiringly to Mary: "I never had any trouble with Andrew."

Just then the large man came down the sidewalk, walking very rapidly. He said pleasantly to Jacob: "Got him sure. I told you so. By the way," he added, turning back after he had passed, "did you ever have any difficulty with Andrew Venner?"

"No," answered Jacob, "only he worked for me one time, and my woman here didn't seem to——"

"O—*oh!* that unspeakable wretch!" said Mary, coloring painfully. "I never told anybody, and I never will, only if Jacob——"

"Very proper—very proper indeed, Mrs. Wilson," said the large man politely. "If we should need you on the trial I will——" and he nodded to complete the sentence.

A boy stopped on the sidewalk, evidently listening curiously.

"Drive on, Jacob," urged his wife, in a flurry.

William climbed in at the back end of the wagon, and Jacob started. He had gone but a few steps when he pulled up his horses, and calling back, said—

"O, *say!*"

The large man heard it, and came down the walk to where the wagon was.

"Would you mind telling me, now that it is all over," said Jacob pleasantly, "whether you really heard anything about that verdict last night, or whether you told me just to see how I would——"

"My *dear* sir," said the large man deprecatingly, "I beg that you will not think that I would willingly distress you by——. Hullo, there is a man I *must* see before he goes," and the large man dashed off across the street.

Jacob looked after him a few moments, then gave his horses a cut with the whip, and started for home.—*Atlantic*

Overdid the Thing.

Yesterday afternoon a man from Park City came into the Clift House considerably excited, and inquired if a certain person was stopping there. He explained that the man had "done him dirt," and he was anxious to lick him. Finding that the man had just left the house, he rushed out after him, and finding him on Tribune Avenue, walked up and announced that he had come all the way from Park City to lick him, and accordingly he started in. In a few minutes he had blackened both the man's eyes, walked all over him, and reduced him to a general wreck. When he had finished the job, he stood the man up against the wall of Walker's bank, and remarked:

"Now, you contemptible, lop-eared scoundrel, I want you to understand that I consider you the most infamous whelp I ever saw. You dirty little cur, I——"

"Hold on!" said the man who had just been licked, taking off his coat. "I think that after thrashing a man you've got no right to abuse him. I can stand a licking, but I won't stand abuse from any living man, no matter how much he weighs. Now I'm going to lick you."

He was as good as his word, and started in with the most business-like air imaginable and knocked his late victor into the gutter. Every time he got up he knocked him down with: "Blast me, I can't stand abuse." When he got through with the Park City man the crowd thought he was a pile of rags and mud.

"Now, look here, my friend," said the last victor; "next time you lick a man, let well enough alone. Don't abuse him. You handled yourself well enough while you were licking me, but you overdid the abuse."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Mrs. Bale's Presentment.

John Bale, the postmaster at Stapleton, Staten Island, was found dead in a vacant lot close to Brownell Street, not far from his residence, at an early hour yesterday morning. He had been engaged in the post-office until after midnight, balancing his month's accounts, and when he left he carried with him a large quantity of stamps and other valuables belonging to the Government. He stopped half an hour at Tynan's reading-room, and then left, remarking that he was going to bed. At this time he was in his accustomed health and spirits. Mr. Cassiday, a brother-in-law of the deceased, on his way home at 12:45 o'clock, saw a man stretched out near the sidewalk. Not recognizing him, and supposing him to be intoxicated, he took no further notice.

At two o'clock Louis Taylor, of Harrison Street, was on his way home, when his attention was attracted to the body lying face downward on the ground. At first he supposed it was a trick of some person who meant to rob him, and he passed on, but on second thought he returned and made an examination. He did not recognize him, but perceiving that it was a well-dressed man, he went to Tynan's hall and procured the aid of several men, who recognized the body as that of Mr. Bales. Dr. John L. Feeny judged that he had been dead several hours. A superficial examination revealed a wound on the forehead and bruises on the face. On the ground where his face had lain were found several drops of blood. An open penknife was subsequently found near the spot, there is no indication that it had been used. Neither the money nor the valuables had been disturbed. When Dr. Feeny called at the residence of the family at four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Bale was on her knees praying for her husband's safety. She said she had been awakened about 12:30 o'clock by a dream that her husband was in danger. She could not sleep afterward, having a presentiment that he was dead. Her first words to the doctor were: "Is my husband dead or living?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A wagon load of misery excited pity at Ottawa, Kan. It was a handcuffed thief on his way to prison; his insane wife, who was being taken to the asylum; two children going to the poor-house, and a dead baby bound for a graveyard. The object in taking them all in one vehicle was to manage the woman easily, as she refused to part from the rest.—*Chicago Herald.*

Longfellow and the Children.

Longfellow was largely a children's poet. Probably no other poet has written whose verse comes so naturally to a child's ear and tongue as his; for with the most genial music the purest and simpliest expression is united. Many a child has known this poet as a dear friend who never saw him, and to scores of children he was personally what his poems tell these others he was. "The Children's Hour" was a reality, when:

"From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

"They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

"They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-tower on the Rhine!

"To you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart."

These were the poet's girls, whose portrait in a group as photographed, has given rise to the assertion that one of them had but one arm—a rumor which greatly annoyed Mr. Longfellow, so that he often requested its contradiction. The painter was certainly to blame for the rumor, for the copy does give that impression, yet it is wrong. Of these three lovely daughters, Miss Alice has made ventures in literature, and Edith is the wife of R. H. Dana, son of the noted lawyer and author, and grandson of the poet of the Buccaneer. Mr. Longfellow has two sons, and the eldest, Ernest, has made a beginning of much promise as an artist; and of his brother Alexander's sons, William P. P. and Wordsworth Longfellow, of Portland, the first has also earned reputation as an artist. Mr. Longfellow's fondness for children was remarkable, and nothing else in the various tributes paid him on the recent occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday touched him so nearly as the school children's recitations and letters from all over the land. The spontaneous love of the little folk for him was shown in the pretty gift which the children of Cambridge made him in 1877—an arm chair made from the old horse-chestnut tree in Brattle Street in that town, which he had celebrated in "The Village Blacksmith." The chair is not of the natural color, but ebonized, the upholstering of arms and cushion is green leather, and the casters are glass balls in sockets. In the back is an exquisite carving, representing horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in various combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children coming home from school look
In at the open door,
And catch the buring sparks that fly like chaff
From the threshing floor."

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The London Clergyman.

London contains a greater variety of peoples, classes and conditions of life than any other place in the world. The church can not claim more than a fraction of the people. At least ten thousand householders only come to town for the season, and have their real homes, their neighbors, rich or poor, and their social obligations far away. Many times that number of persons never sleep in the metropolis at all, and only enter it for a few hours of hard work. Practically there is no such thing as parochial organization. A man may be in a parish for years without knowing who is his minister, or the minister knowing that there is such a man. A clergyman enters a house two or three doors from his church. The master of the house informs him that he has never been in his church or slept at his shop, and that all he has to give or do in the matter of religion or of alms is due to a place ten miles off; nor has he the slightest idea of the religion—if any—of his shop people and work people, or even where they live—if they have any fixed abode. The laity are not insensible to spiritual wants. They would generally be only too happy to see the church coming forward as a pattern of good works and proving itself the salt of the earth. They see a vast harvest and very few reapers in the field. Indeed, they sometimes strain their eyes in vain, for they see none at all. They want to see the church and its ministry taking a lead and an active part in the many works of enlightened benevolence now too often found to want so much material support as wiser heads and abler hands, but their hope is ever deferred.—*London Times.*

A Kindly Act.

Mr. Maurice W. Clark, the popular conductor of the Chicago & Alton train that arrived here last night, relates an incident that occurred on his down trip, wherein an old gentleman, ninety-nine years of age, from away up in Wisconsin, and a traveling man, Mr. Ehrman, of Chicago figured. It seems that the old gentleman, who was very feeble and utterly unused to the ways of the world outside of his own little circle, had purchased a ticket for Holden, Mo. He had been placed aboard the train entirely destitute of funds, or the commonest necessaries of life. Happily he fell in with the train porter, who attended to him, doing all in his power, and making known his wants to the passengers. Mr. Ehrman, after investigation, promptly handed the old man ten dollars, saying as he did so: "This is the best investment I could make with this money." He also attended to his safe transfer to the Missouri Pacific train, secured him a berth, and did not leave till he saw that the old gentleman was made easy for the rest of his journey. This little episode endeared the giver, and was noticed by all aboard the train.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—At the Palmer House in Chicago the other day, a drummer smiled at a bride. Then he sent her a note asking if she didn't want to meet the smiler. She handed the missive to her husband, and he took an introduction and pounded the drummer to the edge of the grave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, forcibly says that parsimony toward education is liberality toward crime.

—The veteran African missionary, Dr. Moffat, who has passed his eighty-fifth year, is now living in a secluded retreat in Kent, England.

—They tell of a church pew in Rochester that was recently advertised as "commanding a beautiful view of the entire congregation."

—The religious revival in Kentucky has been so thorough and general that the fashionable young women use note paper bearing the legend, "Praise the Lord."—*Courier-Journal.*

—The Ladies' Society of the Immanuel Baptist Church at Chicago, has established two industrial schools to prepare clothing for poor children. One is at the church and the other at the Tabernacle Mission.—*Chicago Herald.*

—It is stated that the revision of the old Testament is finished, with the exception of Ecclesiastes and the Songs of Solomon. The second revision will take the whole of 1882, and the finished work will be published in 1883.

—The Rev. Dr. James S. Chadwick, pastor of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, for the last three years, was presented with a horn of plenty, containing $800, by the members of his church a few evenings ago. He has accepted the pastorate of the Central Methodist Church in New York, and his successor in Brooklyn is the Rev. Henry Baker, of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Newark.

—The Baptist Home Mission Society expects to get $500,000 this year on account of its being the jubilee, or the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. In the fall of 1883 will occur the same anniversary of the First Church of Chicago, which was organized by a missionary of that society. The First Presbyterian Church is the oldest in Chicago, having been established by the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, then army chaplain at Fort Dearborn.

—A century ago it was customary for men to sit at the pew doors in church armed with guns in order to keep out intruding Indians. The extent to which this old custom has gone out of fashion is indicated by the fact that ten little Indian boys have been received by baptism into the Presbyterian Church at Carlisle, Pa. They are from Captain Pratt's training school for Indians at that place. Thirty-five Indians in all have thus made profession of Christian faith at Carlisle.

—One of the most astounding things in the religious world is the extraordinary growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church, since the opening of the present year. The Methodist has been keeping a careful account of the conversions reported by all the churches which consent to send their reports. Thus far 1,294 of the churches have reported that 39,652 persons have been converted since the 1st of January. This is the more wonderful in view of the fact that there are 17,656 Methodist churches and that the total number of additions to them during 1881 was only 25,892.—*Chicago News.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bliffers says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—round after the right keys.

—Michigan, to beat the boy preacher, trots out a "boy Mayor." Next we shall have a boy oldest inhabitant.—*Boston Post.*

—Aunt—"Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation—"Pa never 'lows me talk at dinner."

—J—y G—ld. Your poem on the "Shorn Lamb" received. Please call at this office and bring your tin box. Not for publication, but to create confidence. —*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—The new fashionable shade for ladies costumes is a golden brown. There is only one difficulty with this color, a woman must be a blonde in order to wear it. We presume this can be overcome.—*New Haven Register.*

—A gentleman who, in a public meeting was telling that he was eighty-one years old and had not been an abstainer from liquors, was interrupted by the remark: "You would have been a hundred by this time if you had!"

—A teacher writes us, "what will you charge to publish an advertisement of a high school four inches long?" A high school four inches long must be such a curiosity that people will go to see it without any advertising.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Florida rattlesnake was recently killed by throwing a glass of whisky in its face. There is a moral connected with this touching incident, but we can't exactly point it out.—*New Haven Register.* You know you are thinking "what a shameful waste of whisky!" but are afraid to say it.—*Boston Globe.*

—A lady in town painted a plaque in the most exquisite manner, and expressed it to a friend. Soon after a note of acknowledgment came, in which the lady stated that, "It is altogether too nice to use every day, so I only use it for a bread plate when we have company.—*Rochester Express.*

—The stage of a Western theater took fire the other evening, but a panic and rush for the door was averted by the manager who, with great presence of mind, slipped to the front and said: "Ladies and gentlemen—we have prepared a little surprise for you. An immense kettle of whisky punch is now being heated and in a few moments waiters will pass through the audience and distribute it." After that the audience had to be pulled out, one by one.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A Romance in Two Chapters: Chapter I.—The first time George and Mary met was at Mrs. Dixon's garden party at Putney. An old gentleman was fishish. All she said was: "He doesn't seem to be catching any fish." George only answered: "True happiness lies in anticipation." She thought he must have an original mind, and secretly loved him. Chapter II.—Their next meeting was at the same place, under the same circumstances. The same old gentleman was fishing: "He doesn't seem to be catching any fish," said George. "True happiness lies in anticipation," said Mary. "What an original mind!" thought George, and he fell in love with her. They are now married.—*Punch.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AN AMERICAN'S IDEAL.

A common-place young girl;
A decidedly rare young girl;
Stay at home night,
Do what is right,
Help-her-old-mother young girl.

A hard-to-find young girl;
A reader-of-fact young girl;
An extra-poetical,
Anti-esthetical,
Care-nothing-for-novels young girl.

A minus-her-bangs young girl;
A show-all-her-brains young girl;
With an unpowdered face,
One that don't lace,
A dress-for-her-health young girl.

An up-in-the-morning young girl;
A help-with-the-wash young girl;
One that can rub,
Not afraid of the tub,
A roll-up-her-sleeves young girl.

A quiet-and-modest young girl;
A sweet-and-pure young girl;
An upright, ambitious,
Lovely, delicious,
A pride-of-the-home young girl.

A remarkably-scarce young girl;
A very-much-wanted young girl;
A truly-American,
Too-utter-paragon,
The kind-that-I-like young girl.

—*Will M. Clemens, in N. Y. Independent.*

A QUEER FELLOW TRAVELER.

A True Story.

Some years ago I had occasion to take a long journey to the north—a journey which would involve my traveling all night. A few days before I had received an invitation from a friend of mine, who lived at a town which I had to pass, to dine and stay the night at his house; an invitation which I gladly accepted, as it would prove a pleasant break in the monotony of the journey. I resolved therefore to so arrange matters as to arrive at his house in time for dinner, and proceed to my destination next morning. When the day arrived I was very busy; so, after a hurried lunch, I packed up a few necessaries and rushed off to Euston, where I arrived with just two minutes to spare. I asked for my train, which the guard pointed out, adding: "If you don't hurry up, sir, you'll lose it." I took his advice, and jumped into the nearest first-class compartment, the door of which stood open, and in which there was but one other occupant. I settled myself for my journey, and for the first time had leisure to observe my fellow-traveler. Now, I rather pride myself on being a judge of physiognomy, and my first impressions of him were the reverse of pleasant. He was evidently a tidgety, nervous sort of man; he had restless gray eyes, without much expression in them, while his hair and beard were of a reddish hue. He was dressed in a long ulster, which I thought quite unnecessary; for though it was late in the year the weather was by no means cold. There was on the seat beside him a small oaken box, strongly bound with brass; and his eyes were constantly glancing from this box to me in a way that I did not at all like. I began to have visions of Fenian plots, infernal machines, and I do not know what. After regarding me steadily for a few minutes, he said:

"Is it possible, sir, that you are not aware of this carriage being reserved for State officials?"

I looked around, and seeing no indication of the fact, replied that:

"I was not aware of such being the case."

"Then, sir," he replied, "I must beg of you instantly to vacate it, and leave me here in solitary silence."

Considering that the train was then going at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and would not stop until it reached a small station half-way to my destination in about an hour's time, I could not quite see how I was to comply with his request, or rather command; and I frankly told him so, adding that "I had as much right there as he had, and did not intend moving."

He replied with a most solemn air:

"Then your fate be on your own head."

This began to frighten me, for the man's manner convicted me that he must be insane; and the prospect of an hour's journey shut up in a first-class railway carriage with a madman was not calculated to raise my spirits. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and affected to be engrossed with my newspaper, though in reality I was watching his every movement. He suddenly seized hold of the wooden box and held it on his knees, mumbling some inarticulate words, then suddenly replaced it beside him. In doing so I caught a glimpse of the butt of a pistol sticking out of his pocket. Here was a pretty dilemma; shut up in a railway carriage with a man who was decidedly insane, and armed with a revolver or pistol; while I had nothing more defensive than an umbrella and a roll of papers, which, in consequence of their length, I was compelled to carry in my hand. Presently he began again:

"Have you studied the marvelous powers of electricity, may I ask?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have," said he; "and have arrived at such a pitch of perfection that, aided by the contents of this box, I could blow this train, and everybody in it, into infinitesimal atoms."

"But," I hazarded, "how about yourself?"

"I should calmly mount into the air and survey the scene without injury."

"How?" said I.

"That," he replied, "is my business; look to yourself."

Pleasant this, for me! However, I made some remark which seemed to satisfy him, and he lapsed again into silence. I felt more than ever convinced of his madness, thinking he had probably escaped from some private asylum, for he was evidently a gentleman; yet I could not understand what the box could be which he guarded so jealously. I felt sorry for him, in spite of my dangerous situation. I then tried another tack, and made several commonplace remarks to him; to all of which he answered in monosyllables, suddenly bursting out with:

"Do you dare to address me, sir, without having first disclosed to me who you are? Your temerity surprises me!"

I thought it best to humor him, and handed him my card, on which was inscribed: "J. B. Smith, Quality Court."

"Ha, I guessed you were a Smith; you look like one; a blacksmith, if I may judge by the smuts on your face." Here he broke into a maniacal laugh. When he had finished laughing he said: "Do you want to know who I am?"

I said I thought I might as well know his name, if he did not mind.

"Well," said he, leaning forward, and peeping into my eyes, keeping one hand on the box, "when you first jumped into the carriage I was the Khan of Tartary, but the wonders of electricity are such that I am even now changing; I may be anybody in a few hours, or even minutes." I suppose I looked surprised, for he went on: "Ah, you look surprised, but perhaps you will hardly believe that my temper depends on who I may happen to be. Not long ago I was conversing with some friends, and I suddenly changed into the King of Siam, and before they could get out of my way I bit three of their fingers off. You should have seen them scatter. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it!"

"O, yes I do; but do not be alarmed, I never am so dangerous unless I happen to assume that character."

Then he sat quiet, and I was thankful for a little peace. On looking at my watch I found that we had yet another quarter of an hour before the train would stop. How I wished the time away! for I fully intended to change my carriage at the next stopping station. All at once, to my alarm, he said, quite unconcernedly:

"I feel it my solemn duty to inform you that I am changing, and that in a few minutes I shall be the King of Siam."

Instinctively I looked around for some means of escape, at the same time grasping my umbrella firm, resolved at least to sell *my* fingers dearly. Never shall I forget the feeling of thankfulness with which I heard the whistle of the train announcing our approach to the next station. I collected my things together near me, so as to be prepared for a hasty exit, the more so as I noticed the feelings of his Majesty of Siam were being worked up to a pitch of excitement, and the way he showed his teeth would have terrified a far less nervous man than myself. As we neared the station the train slackened speed, and at last stopped. Just as I jumped out the maniac made a spring at me; but I fortunately avoided him, and slammed the door in his face. I got into the next compartment, which was empty; and, as the guard closed the door, I called out: "Here, I say, guard, there is a madman in——." But the whistle drowned the rest of my sentence, and the train moved off before I had time to complete it. I sat still in a horrible state of nervousness, expecting I hardly know what.

At last the train stopped at the station for which I was bound, and I jumped out. As I passed the carriage I could see him sitting there quietly; and I went into the station master's room and told him shortly what had happened, advising him to take some means of securing him. He promised to telegraph, but said it was no business of his; and with this assurance I had to be content.

I then went off to my friend's house, where I arrived just in time for dinner. I suppose the traces of my fright still remained, for no sooner did I enter the dining-room than my host exclaimed:

"Why, what is the matter, old man? You've not met a ghost on the road, have you?"

I told him I had seen somebody a good deal worse than a ghost; and, during dinner, I related my adventure, upon which they all congratulated me on my lucky escape. After dinner I went off early to bed, pleading fatigue and the next day's business as my excuse.

When I awoke in the morning, I found my host ready for breakfast; and I joined him at once, as my train left in an hour's time. As I shook hands with him at the station, he remarked he should like to hear of the man being caught.

I transacted my business; and, as I had time to spare, I turned into the first hotel I came to, and walked up into the billiard-room, where I met Fred Charlton, an old schoolfellow of mine, who was playing billiards with three other fellows. He seemed surprised to see me, and asked me how I got there. I told him I had come down there early that morning; and I then proceeded to give him a sketch of my adventurous journey of the night before. Fred smiled, and said:

"Ah, yes, old man; I heard something about it."

"*You* heard something?" I said. "From whom?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it, for the benefit of the company. Old Harris, the diamond merchant, told me last night that he had just come down from London. When he had taken his seat in the carriage at Euston all alone, just as the train started, some fellow rushed at the carriage and jumped in. Harris said he did not much like the look of the fellow, and as he had about eight thousand pounds' worth of diamonds with him in a small box, he began to feel uncomfortable. He said the stranger was a strong active man, and that if it had come to a struggle for the diamonds Harris would have had no chance—for he evidently felt sure the fellow meant robbery, so he determined to try and frighten him out of the carriage by pretending madness, which he says he did so effectually that the fellow, in sheer fright, bolted at the first stoppage and left him to finish his journey here alone. But we did not know that you were the hero, old man, said Fred, as the whole four burst into such a shout of laughter as I never heard before. "You must stay and be introduced to him afresh, and he will be here to-night."

I did not stop to hear anything more. I rushed downstairs, thoroughly realizing that I had been made a fool, caught the first train home, and have not shown myself in that neighborhood since.

—The Boston *Gazette* bears heavily upon the latest fashion of men's headgear. "While merciless abuse," it says, "has been heaped upon woman's spreading Gainesborough with no talk back, why does not some champion of that unpopular hat arise and attack those ridiculous little curved saucers adorning masculine pates? Never was there a sillier-looking head-covering than this same postage stamp of a felt hat, which is neither one thing nor t'other. The man who says it is becoming should remember Ananias, and canvas his family circle for an honest opinion."

Ancient Englishmen.

The earliest race of men who peopled England, says Grant Allen in *Knowledge*, were the black fellows of the paleolithic or older stone age. They were low-browed, fierce-jawed, couching creatitres, inferior even to the existing Australians, and were all swept away in the last glacial epoch. Long after the glaciers of the ice age had cleared off the face of the country, a second race occupied Britain, some of whose descendants almost undoubtedly exist there at the present day. These were the neolithic, or stone age men, who have been identified with great probability, as a branch of the same isolated Basque or Eustrarian race which now lives among the valleys of the western Pyreaees and the Asturias mountains. Our knowledge of them is mainly derived from their tombs or barrows—great heaps of earth which they piled above the bodies of their dead chieftains. From these have been taken their skeletons, their weapons, their domestic utensils and their ornaments.

In stature, the neolithic men were short and thick-set, not often exceeding five feet four inches. In complexion they were probably white, but swarthy, like the darkest Italians and Spaniards, or even the Moors. Their skulls were very long and narrow; and they form the best distinguishing mark of the race as well as the best test of its survival at the present day. The neoliths were unacquainted with the use of metal, but they employed weapons and implements of stone, not rudely chipped like those of the older stone age, but carefully ground and polished. They made pottery, too, and wove cloth; they domesticated pigs and cattle, and they cultivated coarse cereals in the little plots which they cleared out of the forest with their stone hatchets or tomahawks. In general culture they were about at the same level as the more advanced Polynesian tribes, when they first came into contact with European civilization. The barrows which they raised over their dead chieftains were long and rather narrow, not round, like those of the latter Celtic conquerers. They appear to have lived for the most part in little stockade villages, each occupying a small clearing in the river valleys, and ruled over by a single chief, and the barrows usually cap the summit of the boundary hills which overlook the little dales. Inside them are long-chambered galleries of large, rough-hewn stones, and when these primitive erections are laid bare by the decay or removal of the barrow, they form the so-called "Druidical monuments" of old-fashioned antiquaries, a few of which are Celtic, but the greater part Eustrarian.

"Zoological Necropolis Company (Limited.)"

"The Zoological Necropolis Company (Limited)" is the title of an association the object of which is to provide a "burial-place for pet animals, dogs, pussy-cats and little birds. From the office of the new company, No. 27 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, there came to us the other day a circular from which the following is an extract:

"We are anxious to meet and provide for a want which, in this great metropolis of 4,000,000 souls, has been pressed upon us by many people. We propose to establish a burial-ground within a few miles of London, where pet animals, faithful dogs, cats and birds can be placed after death; and, if wished for, a tribute to their memory erected by those who love them. Having heard of your kindly feelings to the animal world, we ask you to permit us to place your name among our patrons. There is no liability, but any assistance will be gratefully received."

The circular also proposes to establish a home for aged and infirm animals, which would also serve as a depository for pets when their owners are abroad. The honorable Secretaries of the Zoological Necropolis Company (limited) are Dr. J. Harvey and Mr. R. Howard Hutton.

The idea seems grotesque at first, but after all, in spite of its somewhat high-sounding title, the new Necropolis Company undoubtedly seeks to supply an existing want. Those who live in the country have no idea of the difficulty of disposing of the bodies of dead pets in this great stony wilderness of London. There is no receptacle for them but the dust-bin, and a person need not be excessively sensitive to shrink from summarily consigning the remains of an animal that may have been almost a lifelong companion to the clutch of the scavenger. Every one has read Byron's inscription to the memory of his dog; but, if Byron had lived as the majority of Londoners live, he would have had to see the remains of his friend carried off in the dung-cart along with all the garbage of the streets. On the whole, therefore, a pussy-cats' cemetery is not quite so superfluous an adjunct of London life as some may be disposed to imagine.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Death of the First American Humorist.

William Tappan Thompson, whose death was reported recently, can no doubt be claimed as the first of the distinctive "American Humorists." He was born in Ohio in 1812. He left the West in his eleventh year and obtained employment in the office of a Philadelphia newspaper. In 1836 he established the first literary weekly newspaper the *Mirror* published in Georgia. Soon afterwards he married the daughter of a prominent Augustus merchant, to whose sympathy and interest was due much of the work that made the success of his humorous book: "Major Jones' Courtship." Afterwards he was editor of the *Miscellany*, of Madison, Ga., and later still of the *Western Continent*, of Baltimore, and founded the *News*, in Savannah. Among his other books, written at intervals between his active newspaper work, were "The Chronicles of Pineville" and "Major Jones' Travels," and he also wrote a farce which John E. Owens produced with success, entitled "The Vicar of Wakefield.

—"I am one of the superintendents here, and my brothers are the others," remarked ex-Postmaster General Jewell to a visitor to his great leather belting manufactory at Hartford, Conn., the other day. "We are all practically in this business; we are tanners by trade. I can put on an upon and do any work in our factory, from the currying of leather to the finishing of a belt."

Sayings Imputed to Tallyrand.

"Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity: the two humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence. The reputation of a man is like his shadow, gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows. More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind. The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all. The imagination of men is often the refuge of their prejudices. That sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public buildings. It is to confide to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history. The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man. The errors of great men and the good deeds of reprobates should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters. Theologians resemble dogs, which gnaw large bones for the sake of a very little meat. Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves. Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime. What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know, I have guessed. Certain acts can be rendered legal, but can never be made legitimate. Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, of whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years. In love we grow acquainted because we are already attached; in friendship we must know each other before we love. A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart. A narrow-minded man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence. If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any. I remember having been told in my youth that the love of glory was a virtue. Strange must be that virtue which requires the aid of every vice. There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow-men. We must learn to submit with grace to commit the follies which depend upon character. To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.—*London Society.*

Novel Photography.

On Tuesday night at the Royal Academy, London, in the presence of Sir Frederick Leighton and most of the academicians and associates, many students and guests, Mr. Muybridge, of Palo Alto, California, exhibited a series of illuminated photographs illustrating the attitudes of men and animals in motion. The photographs show that the movements which we call the gallop, the trot, etc., consist of a large number of movements, no one of which is precisely the gallop or the trot as it is represented by painters or to ourselves. Mr. Muybridge thinks the "conventional gallop" of art is wrong, and that it does not even represent rightly the impression made upon the retina of the eye. However that may be, the photographs reveal entirely new movements, some of a most surprising character, and which could not have been imagined by a person who had previously seen nothing of the kind, for, of course, these photographs are not the first of the kind, although they are the most perfect. In particular they clear up a question which has been debated ever since the time of Xenophon with regard to the position a horse assumes in trotting. The photographs of birds show the wings sometimes quite below the body which it propels—a position not depicted at all in European art, although it may be seen in the pictorial representation of the Japanese and of ancient Egypt. After the lecturer had, so to speak, dissected the movements of the horse, the stag, the hound and the human athlete, by showing a series of photographs taken instantaneously at very short intervals, he reclothed these figures with life by a rapid revolution of an instrument like the zoetrope, and so threw on the screen the photographs of the animals actually in motion—leaping, running, etc.; but by making the speed somewhat less than in real life, enabled the spectators to study the movements more accurately than they can without such assistance. At the conclusion Mr. Muybridge thanked the Academy for the honor which it was about to confer on him.—*The Parisian.*

A Western Mine.

A Committee of stockholders who waited upon the Superintendent of a California mine to ask why in blazes the said mine hadn't panned out anything but assessments were graciously received, invited to be seated, and the official explained:

"Gentleman, you are all aware of the fact that we had scarcely begun work when the month of our mine was blocked by a land slide. That put us back a month."

They nodded their remembrance.

"Then we had just got in shape to take out 4,000 tons of ore, worth $2,000 per ton, when the mine caved in. You recall it?"

They did.

"Once more we bent ourselves to the burden of reaping $500 for every $10 invested, when the mine was flooded by a subterranean river."

That was true also.

"Then we had just got the water out when we discovered that our mine was located on another man's claim. We had him shot to prevent trouble, and once more we were about to declare a dividend of 200 per cent. when the dead man's heirs put in an appearance. There were three of them. We chased one over the range, had another one hung by the Vigilance Committee, and I am happy to inform you that I have four men out after the other and am every hour expecting to hear that he has tumbled off a cliff. Gentleman, there is hope ahead—golden hope. Please come up and drink with me; after which there will be another assessment of ten per cent!"—*Wall Street News.*

—London has twenty thousand cheap cabs, and it is proposed to introduce the same in New York.

For Young Readers.

FOOLING GRANDPA.

Little Charlie, blue-eyed boy,
In the morning wakes with joy,
Thinking: "Now I'll dress me quick,
And on my Grandpa play a trick."
Down the stairs he goes, at last,
To his Grandpa runs so fast.
"Hurry, Grandpa, do!" he cries,
With a scared look in his eyes;
"There's a fire! Oh! dear me!
Our house will burn! Come quick!" cries he.

Poor old Grandpa, scared to death,
Follows Charlie, out of breath;
Toward the kitchen fast they run.
Charlie, brimful of his fun
(Means no disrespect, you see,
Such a little boy is he),
Laughs and gayly cries: "Hallo!
It's only in—the stove—you know!"
"Why, bless my stars!" thinks Grandpa. Then:
"April 1st has come again!"

The April day is bright and fair,
The sunbeams frolic everywhere;
And by-and-by says Grandpa: "Who
Would like to take a drive? Would you,
My Charlie boy?" Ah! Charlie's eyes
Grow brighter than the sunny skies.
Off, off he runs, a happy boy,
A ride with Grandpa to enjoy.
Comes back all nicely dressed, at last,
His heart with pleasure beating fast.

But Grandpa is not going to ride.
Poor Charlie's blue eyes open wide
With disappointment. "Grandpa, you
Said you would go?" "That's hardly true,
My boy," says Grandpa; "for, you know,
I asked if you would like to go.
You mustn't mind if April jokes
Are sometimes played by older folks,
As well as little boys, and we
Must April-Fools together be."

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

A BEAR HUNT.

It wasn't a regular bear hunt; that is, I didn't do nearly as much hunting as the bear did. I did not start out intending to hunt. He did. I went to get the butter, when— But I am getting ahead of my story. It was when I was about thirteen years old that my father took my brother and myself camping with him in the Adirondacks. We pitched our tent at the head of Little Tupper Lake. There was a spring of fine cold water not far back in the woods. So, after making our beds out of pine boughs, building a fire and setting up the table, we went down to the spring and put our butter—which was in a tin pail fitted with a water-tight cover—in it to keep cool.

All went well for the first few days. Father and brother Will (who was fifteen) shot a deer so that we had plenty of venison. The guide caught a quantity of trout, and we were enjoying ourselves so thoroughly that we began to dread the time when we should have to return home.

"Can't we stay longer than two weeks?" I asked father one morning.

"We'll stay until the butter gives out," he replied, laughing.

The nearest place to get butter was twenty miles away, and as it was disappearing rapidly, owing to the appetites of growing boys, father had already warned us of the necessity of economy in that direction. We were, after that, very sparing in our use of butter, and it seemed to bid fair to last longer than the promised two weeks. As the guide was preparing supper one evening, father said: "Will, I wish you would go down to the spring and get some water; and, Charlie, you go, too, and bring up some butter." It was a simple request, but thereby hangs the tale of my first and only bear hunt.

We started off, and soon came to the spring. The path led around it into a thicket of huckleberry bushes. Will proposed that we should pick some for supper. We plunged into the thicket, and were soon busy picking the delicious fruit. We had not been occupied in this manner very long when we heard a crashing in the bushes near the spring, and as we looked back we saw a great black bear. He was not fifty feet away from us, and was gazing into the spring with a complacent air.

"He's looking at himself," said Will.

"See him grin," I replied, divided between fear and curiosity.

"Thinks he's handsome," whispered Will.

Bruin looked over in our direction with an annoyed expression, and we decided to suspend our remarks as to his personal appearance until some more convenient time—when he was further away, in fact. He continued to peer intently into the spring, and we were beginning to get impatient, when, to our horror, he slowly extended his paw, and without much trouble fished up our butter pail. He calmly seated himself on the ground, and taking the pail between his hind-paws, regarded it reflectively for a few moments. He seemed lost in thought. Then he smiled blandly, and slowly passed one of his strong fore-claws around the rim of the pail. He repeated the operation, while Will and I looked on in despair.

"May be he can't get the top off," whispered Will.

He had hardly spoken when, with a slight rattle, the cover fell to the ground. Will groaned. The bear paused, looked puzzled, smelled the butter suspiciously, and sat looking at it with the air of a scientific investigator.

"He thinks that it is oleomargarine," whispered Will.

But no. If Bruin did for a moment doubt the integrity of our butter, his doubts had vanished; for with one sweep of his great tongue he transferred about two pounds of it into his mouth. Will groaned. Bruin paused, and to our excited imaginations looked in our direction, as if he would have liked some boy to eat with his butter.

We remained perfectly quiet while he finished the contents of the pail. He licked out the last particle, and then carefully turned the pail over and licked off the bottom and sides. After he had satisfied himself that there was no more, he rose and looked into the spring. He seemed discontented for a moment, but the recollection of his supper brightened him up, and casting a loving glance at the empty pail, he trotted off, "the best greased b'ar in the north woods," as our guide afterward remarked.

When he had gone a safe distance, Will and I sadly picked up the pail and walked back to camp. Father was getting uneasy, and had started to meet us. When we told him our adventure he ran back to camp, and getting the guide, dogs and his rifle, started in pursuit of the thief.

A little later we heard a shot, and before long father returned, bringing the bear's skin and some choice pieces of his flesh for supper. Lack of butter compelled us to break up camp next day, and notwithstanding the beautiful bear-skin rug Will and I have in our room, we never quite forgave the thief who stole our butter.—*Harper's Young People.*

Charley and the Bull.

A TRUE STORY.

Once there was a little boy named Charley, who was not afraid of anything. He would pick up frogs or bugs, or walk up to a dog or goat and pat him just as if he was an old friend. But he was a good boy, and never hurt any creature. He drove the cows home every evening. Charley loved the cows that gave him such good milk, and he used to talk to them as he drove them along.

One day Charley thought he would cut across a lot that was fenced in. He had only walked a little way when he saw a big bull trotting towards him. Do you think Charley was frightened? Not a bit. He knew it was of no use to run. As quick as he could, he pulled up a handful of grass and held it out to the bull.

The bull was feeling very ugly, for the men who put him in the field had beaten him, and choked him with the rope around his neck. But when he saw Charley standing there so bravely, he knew the little boy did not want to hurt him. He stopped, looked at Charley a moment, and then quietly ate the grass from his hand.

Charley pulled some more grass and gave him, and then some more, and more, until the bull had enough. Charley walked away, with the bull following him to the fence.

The next evening he pulled some turnips and carried them to the bull. He liked them very much. Every day after that Charley carried something good to his big friend.

But one day Charley's father passed by the field. He was terribly frightened to see his little boy on the bull's back, riding around the lot. He shouted to him, but turned pale when he saw Charley take hold of the horns and let himself down over the bull's head. He expected to see the animal toss the little fellow in the air; but he only rubbed his black nose against Charley and let him run to his papa.

The next day the bull was taken away, for Charley's papa did not want him to have such a dangerous friend.—*Our Little Ones.*

American Nerves.

Men prematurely bald, old, "unable to carry their liquor," and anxious beyond their face years, are getting conspicuously common in America. The slow sententious Yankee of the stage is becoming rare in the cities, and the cool individual who offers the suspicious stranger a cigar-light stuck in the muzzle of a revolver is happily confined to Deadwood Creek or Gouge Eye Gulch. The women are more lovely than ever; their faces are the faces of angels chiseled in marble; but the pallor is unhealthy, and the loveliness of the American girl is, to a great extent, incipient disease. It is, like their beauty, part of that nervousness which is afflicting their race. Their minds are untroubled by the cares of housekeeping, for most of them live in hotels or in boarding-houses. In Europe they contract dazzling marriages. But they soon fade; and while the English matron, and even her sister of Canada, who leads much the same kind of life, is still in her prime, the once beautiful *Americaine* is often a lean hysterical haunter of health resorts. The future is not a pleasant prospect. As men of leisure depart from the busy multitude, it is difficult to see what they are to do with their money. There is a limit to the number of greenbacks which people can spend on a house, and even a modest fortune is cumbersome to carry about in diamonds and watch-chains. They can, of course, always go to Paris; but a Tuileries American, as this hybrid Gaul used to be called in Napoleonic days, ceases to be an American, while, if he stays at home, it is hard to see how the rich average republican is to spend his money in any other way than that which has produced, and is increasing, the nervousness of his race. Competitive examinations, which will, in time, add their worry to the endless voting and electing of the present time, are calculated to intensify the trouble. But for long the evil will not be much noticed. The country will be fertilized by a continuous stream of fresh-faced, simple-lived emigrants from "used up Europe." These will mingle with the humbler natives, and, since the true-born Yankee of New England and the "fust family" Americans of the South are notorious for the fewness of their children, will keep up the population of the United States. Meantime, the learned folks, without the fear of patriotic papers before their eyes, will affirm that the European is not naturalized in the New World. At best he is a nervous edition of the gallant from whence he sprang, and were it not for the new blood that is ever recruiting his jaded life, would dwindle away and become extinct.—*London World.*

Queen Victoria's Holiday.

No woman of the wealthier class earns a holiday more deservedly than Queen Victoria. Ministers rise and fall, and pass from active life into ease and comparative seclusion, but the Queen has been continuously in official harness since 1837, and forty-five years is a long stretch of uninterrupted work. When her septuagenarian Prime Minister was occupying his first official post she was already a politician of some experience, and had discussed great questions with the leading minds of the day. A woman, she began active life when men are reckoned mere school-boys. "I suppose," said a gentleman to a former Judge-Advocate-General, "it is a mere form, your submitting to the Queen the proceedings of courts martial?" "Do you, indeed? Well, I can tell you, then, that she understands the whole business as well as I do myself."

—The religious revival in Kentucky has been so thorough and general that the fashionable young women use note paper bearing the legend: "Praise the Lord."—*Chicago Times.*

—Mr. Longfellow was four times tendered a foreign mission, and as many times declined the honor. The last offer came from President Hayes.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

The Rockville *Montgomerian* says Senator Gorman has aspirations to the presidency of the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal.

The action of the House Thursday of last week, in declaring that neither Cannon nor Campbell were entitled to the seat of delegate from Utah, of course sends the matter back to the people of that Territory for another election. There was no question of Cannon's majority, but he was not admitted because of his polygamous belief and practices. The election to fill the vacancy thus created will be held under the anti-polygamy law, recently passed by Congress.

Compton's Letter.

George Colton is going back on his old tried friends of the Democratic ring to a dreadful extent, and the first installment of the "confessions of a politician," as it may be called, appeared in the *American* of the 16th instant. In the "confession" Colton was very hard on Treasurer Compton, and in reply he published the following letter:

LAUREL, April 17, 1882.

Editors American:—I observe in your issue of yesterday a lengthy communication purporting to be an interview with George Colton. That he should delight thus to vent his malice, air his conceit, and expose his want of honorable manhood, is a matter of no interest to me; that he should be so blinded by a pitiable self esteem as not to know that he but exposes himself to the ridicule, not to say contempt, of all thoughtful and fair-minded men, in his misfortune, is not my concern. And but for the following question and answer in this characteristic talk, I should pass it by unnoticed: Reporter—"Did he (Compton) not try to have compact carried out after having received its benefits?" Colton—"On the contrary, I have heard it stated that when the matter was referred to, he stated that it was absolutely necessary to deceive, and that it had to be done. He did not tell me so however." Now, Mr. Editor, the man who could deliberately and with malice aforethough couch such an accusation in such phraseology, I can only pity and despise, I simply wish to pronounce the accusation contained in the sentence quoted, like that in every paragraph in which he alludes to me, cunningly and wickedly false.

BARNES COMPTON.

Some Reforms.

Under the above caption the Rockville (Md.) *Montgomerian*, an independent paper says:

"The Bourbon press of the State have come to the rescue of the "defunct Legislature" with the cheeky announcement that "if we did not accomplish all the reforms promised, the people have the satisfaction of knowing that at least a couple were punshed through." Yes, we acknowledge that a *couple* of the many needed, and oft promised reforms were *pushed through*, but even that meagre supply was not brought out by the agency of "Tweedism," but by the force of public sentiment and demands for justice on the part of the people of the State. Who is responsible for the suppression of the truth in regard to the unconstitutional use of the monies set aside as a "sinking fund," which, according to a report of the Committee of Ways and Means of the late Legislature, amounts to the modest sum of $478,919.76?

"According to the investigation that was had before this committee, a systematical expenditure of these funds was for the purpose of covering the necessity of levying an additional per centage on the taxable basis of the State. In the very near future the taxpayer will find how this system of reduction in State taxes works.

"The Legislature has appropriated more money than the present taxes will realize, and yet the rate of taxes has not been raised. Why is this? Has the "stinking fund" a few more "repair bonds" to throw upon the market, at from 40 to 60 cents in the dollar?

"Again, in the proceedings of the early part of the session may be found an order fixing the per diem of the clerical force at $5 and $7, instead of $8 and $10 as heretofore. At the close of the session an order was passed advancing these figures to $7 and $10 per day, with $50 extra compensation to the individual members of the engrossing committee. Also, the $200 subsidy to each reporter for their laborious duties in stifling the public cry for right and justice. These same reporters *all* have their salary paid them by the publishers, respectively, of every paper represented, which, we learn, numbered ten or twelve. This is a clear case of "hush money" to the amount of about $2,000 or $2,500 of the tax-gathers' returns, if we count aright. How is this for a "ring reform" dodge?"

The State Temperance Alliance.

The ninth annual convention of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, which closed its sessions on Friday evening, was the most important in the history of temperance in this State. It has grown considerably, and with its growth it increases in its power of doing good. The success of the alliance is in a large degree due to the good judgment that has always tempered the enthusiasm of the members. It has always striven to accomplish the immediate end in view. While keeping the highest talents before their eyes, the workers have at times been content to struggle for small advantages and small victories. But year by year the aggregates of such victories mount up, and show larger results than a single great success might have done. Since their convention last year four new counties were added to the column—so far, at least, as to give the people of such counties the opportunity to vote upon it—and the fact that the legislature passed the bills as to these four counties marks a growth of the moral power of the alliance, for the previous session, local option bills were in some cases defeated in the legislature, although the county delegation unanimously asked their passage. During the session just ended the liquor traffic was less bold, and the bills passed. The fact that in two cases the bills were stolen after their passage shows the desperate means their opponents will resort to. It is fair to expect that the counties which are now authorized to vote on local option will decide in favor of prohibition, for the practical results in those counties where it has been tested speak more eloquently than words. The testimony of the law officers, and jails and almshouses and reformatories is uniform on this point. Men who have no interest in the temperance cause unite in bearing witness to the decrease of crime, dissipation and destitution since prohibition went into effect. These blessings are so great that it is probable that the counties now offered a participation in them will by their votes avail themselves of the privilege.

How vast is the blessing that this band of workers, the State Temperance Alliance, is bringing to the people of this State; how noble and unselfish are their labors. No toil could be more purely in the interest of humanity, and yet the work has often been accomplished in the face of opposition, obloquy, and, in some cases, even contempt and insult. Yet success crowns their labors, for they fairly earn success, and their crowning victory is that the people who have opposed local option, and accepted it reluctantly, have been loud in its praise after its practical working had shown its beneficial effects. The counties that have longest enjoyed its blessings are now most firmly attached to it. The ground once won is held, and the time seems not far distant when every county in this State will enjoy the protection of prohibition under the local option law. That this will entirely eradicate the vice of intemperance is too much to hope for; but experience has shown that there is an immense gain in the moral, religious, industrial and social life, and in domestic happiness, wherever the prohibitory law has been supported by local majorities.—*Balto. American.*

Curiosities of the Craze for River Improvements.

The engineers have been examining some of the streams for the improvement of which Congress has been asked to make appropriations, and their report presents some curiosities for the public to study. They show how the public money is wasted in different Congressional Districts, without the slightest possibility of securing the object claimed, viz: the improvement of Rivers and Harbors. In securing such appropriations the Congressman, who has done virtually nothing during his term, claims the good will of his constituents and their support of his pretensions for another term.

We learn that low water navigation in Old Town Creek, a tributary of the Tombigbee is reported as impracticable. The engineer says, "I suppose a box drain 12 inches square would readily pass all the water that was flowing in the creek when I saw it. The creek has been neglected, and money is needed to be used in clearing out fallen trees, and cutting overhanging branches." In a survey of Crooked River, Florida, they report the cost of removing a bar at $72,000, with the probable result of benefiting two saw mills; and in that of Crystal River in the same State, the cost is estimated at $115,000, most of which must be expended in excavating 20,000 cubic yards of rock so as to make a channal six feet deep. In the latter case the commerce of the region is said to consist of 100 bales of cotton, 50 barrels of sugar, 50 barrels of syrup, and a small quantity of fruit.

In such use of public money for purely local objects, the ordinary Congressman claims the admiration of his constituents, but should secure the contempt of the country at large. Appropriations from the National treasury should only be made for Harbor and River Improvements, where something much greater than local advantages are to be secured, but where they are made for objects that are purely local, the Congressman has been successful, only as any other fraudulent operator, by the use of gross deception.

The New Cable Laid.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—In view of the opening of direct communication by telegraph between Germany and the United States by means of the cable which has just been laid from Emden to Valentia, thence to this county by one of the trans-Atlantic cables of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company under the management of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the manager of the latter, Mr. Eckert, sent a dispatch to the President Friday afternoon, in which he said the cable would be completed on Saturday, April 22, and that the Emperor of Germany had signified his intention of sending the first dispatch as a message of congratulation to the President of the United States upon the occasion. In accordance with the above intention the message, of which the following is a translation, was received this morning:

From the German Emperor to the President of the United States at Washington: I take pleasure, Mr. President, in expressing to you, via the first direct telegraph line between Germany and America (which has this day gone into operation), the satisfaction which I feel at the completion of this work, which will serve to promote the development of the friendly relations between the two nations.

WILLIAM.

The President's message in reply was as follows:

Washington, April 22, 1882,—To His Majesty William, Emperor of Germany; I have received with much satisfaction, as the first dispatch over the new line of telegraph between Germany and the United States, your Majesty's kind message. In common with all the people of the United States, so many of whom still speak the German tongue in their homes, I share in the pleasure which your Majesty expresses at the opening of this new line of communication, and in the fact that it will serve to promote the friendly relations which we desire and which it will be my aim to preserve and increase.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
President of the United States.

A GREAT CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—An English chemist, Prof. Barff, has discovered a tasteless, colorless, odorless compound shown by extensive experiment to be an invaluable antiseptic. The antiseptic properties of boracic acid have long been known but its imperfect solubility restricted its use. Prof. Barff, however, by replacing the molecule of water in glycerine with anhydrous boracic acid produces a new substance, borogly-ceride, which is freely soluble in hot water. The professor uses solutions containing one part of horogly-ceride to from twenty to sixty parts of water in which to soak article to be preserved from decay. The London *Times* declares editorialy that "pigeons, turtle, fruits, sardines, fowls, oysters, beef, &c., exhibited by Prof. Barff had been kept for periods ranging from a few weeks to several months, and in none of them was their either to the taste or smell the slightest evidence of decomposition," The cost of the new antiseptic solution is expected to be less than twenty-five cents a gallon. Its use, if indications hold, can hardly fail to become extensive. Happily the material for manufacturing borogly-ceride in widely distributed and easily available.

Precious Hope--Peruna.

One morning while he (her husband) was holding her up in order that she could breathe more easily, after having struggled with a bad spell of coughing, he made the remark that he did not believe she would ever get well, when she, in her weakness, said: "Yes, I will, if you will bring DR. HARTMAN." The doctor was brought. He prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She began to improve from the first dose she took. She told me to-day she has never felt better in her life than she does now, and that she cannot say too much for *Peruna*.

A. J. MILLER.

Her husband writes: "South Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1881: I have a living witness of the virtue of *Peruna* in my wife, who was saved from death by it. I certify that every word on page 30 in DR. HARTMAN'S book on the "Ills of Life" is true in every particular.

T. S. EBERLINE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Itegular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24, 1882.

The Interior Department, which, from its intimate relations with them, is of greater interest to the people at large than all the other Government Departments combined, again has a new head. The Secretaryship of the Interior is a position requiring not only great executive ability, but wide experience and sound judgment; for a Department which holds under its wing the Pension Bureau, the Patent Office, the General Land Office and the Indian Bureau, cannot be successfully run without all these qualifications. Mr. Kirkwood, the retiring Secretary, possessed them all in an eminent degree, together with an undoubted honesty of purpose which won for him, during the one short year of his administration, the confidence and respect he has enjoyed in all other public trusts. Of his successor less is generally known, but he brings to the position a clean record, a valuable experience in Indian and land matters and a thorough knowledge of the pension subject, gained from several years service as a member and chairman of the Senate Pension Committee. What may be his administrative ability there is little opportunity to judge, but it is generally believed that Mr. Teller will be found in every way equal to his predecessor, with an advantage of fewer years and hence additional vigor.

There is considerable speculation as to the changes likely to be made in the subordinate positions of the Department, and some of the present occupants are nervous and uneasy. There are some minor officials who ought to go, along with the Chinese—men who have been in their positions so long that they have come to regard their hold equivalent to a first mortgage, already foreclosed, and who constitute the little railroad rings, land rings and wheels within wheels which bring discredit upon the civil service. There is an almost universal desire to see the scalps of some of these dangling from the walls of the Department, and it remains to be seen whether the new Secretary will find them out. With a single exception there is not likely to be any present changes in the heads of the different bureaus. Mr. Price, the Indian Commissioner, has declared his intention to retire, but no safe guess can be made touching his successor beyond the general prediction that he will be a man of positive convictions on the Indian question. Mr. Teller comes from Colorado, where they know a thing or two about Indians, and it may be confidently expected that his administration of that branch of his Department will be stalwart. At the same time it is not likely to be unjust. If during his term we shall get rid of all the namby pambyism that has afflicted our Indian policy and get down to something like hard common sense it will be cause for congratulation.

Neither the Patent Office nor the Land Office are likely to be disturbed. Both are in excellent hands. The Patent Office was never better conducted than it is now. Commissioner Marble is a man of remarkable business capacity and executive ability, who having been persuaded to return to the office he once left, will doubtless remain and bring it fully up to his own standard. The attacks made upon him, or his course while law officer of the Department, by a certain New York journal, are utterly groundless and are sufficiently answered by reference to the fact that they emanate from a sheet owned by Jay Gould and published in the interest of his robbery schemes. One work begun under Marble's direction last year will, when completed, be of inestimable value to the office for all time. It is the abridgement of all the patents on file, the whole to be bound in volumes, thus preserving in convenient form for reference a condensed record of all that is contained in the mass of drawings and specifications which constitute the archives of the office. No matter what this work costs it will pay for itself many times over in the saving of time to employers of the office and the people who have business before it.

Mr. McFarland, the present Commissioner of the Land Office, has shown conscientious industry and intelligent understanding of the matters committed to his charge. He is also an honest man, which is more than everybody would say concerning his immediate predecessor. If he succeeds in finding out and breaking up some of the little rings which have fastened themselves upon the office, he will do the country a service. Certainly he must be aware by this time that he could make a number of changes in his department with very great credit to it and to himself. The tenure of Mr. Dudley, as Commissioner of Pensions, is also considered secure. He has gone at his work with great energy and abolished some of the follies of Mr. Beutley. There is little fault found with his policy or the results attained, but his Bombastes Furioso style of going at things has elicited a good deal of comment and unfavorable criticism. His proposition to hurry up the adjustment of claims by the appointment of several hundred additional clerks, to be apportioned out *pro rata* among the States, stands some chance of indorsement by Congress. He is credited with an itching for the Commissionership of Patents, but there seems to be no good reason why he should have it, especially as long as the place is filled so well as at present.

JUNIUS.

The Co-operative Swindle.

The Chicago *Times* is on a fraud-hunt, and has discovered that one of the latest and most successful questionable schemes for obtaining the money of speculative countrymen is the so-called "co-operative investment" dodge, called by some of the sharpers the "Mutual Investment Fund," and by others the "Mutual Co-operative Fund." The general system in these schemes is for one or two smart chaps to open an office, put up a sign, with a sort of commercial-looking firm name thereon. Ostensibly, in the neighborhood, they are simply commission brokers in stocks, grain and provisions, They have no membership in the board of trade, but advertise by circulars, sent out to remote localities, that they are raising a fund of $10,000 or $20,000 in shares of $10 each or $20 each, for the purpose of speculation. By a great glaring circular the unsophisticated countryman is shown how easily, if he will buy a share or more, he can run the chances of making a fortune, Mr. Countryman sends his $10 or perhaps $50, for a share or shares, and in return receives a certificate of stock or membership, and this is about the extent of his returns from the investment, and generally the end of his commercial transaction with Chicago sharpers. The number of these swindlers that hang around Chicago, New York and other large cities is enormous.

Jesse James Murderers.

The Yew York *Tribune* publishes an interesting interview with City Marshal Enos Craig, of St. Joseph, Mo., concerning the James murder. Craig says that the dead man had more friends than enemies in that section, and that if the Ford boys don't want to bite the dust, they had better get out of that country as soon as they are pardoned. He states that Bob Ford, who is a heardless youth of 21, was a sort of protege of Jesse James', who took pride in him and tutored him in the art of robbing because they grew up together as schoolmates. He was pleased with young Ford's nerve. Bob told Craig that at the Winston train robbery James made them shoot Conductor Westfall in cold blood. Westfall had been with the party of Pinkerton's men who had surrounded the outlaw's house at Kearney some years before and threw a hand grenade through the window and killed Jesse's half-brother and blew off half of his mother's arm. Since they had lived in the house in St, Joe together. Jesse was always on the alert. One day they saw a policeman walking up the hill toward the house. Jesse cried out, "They have 'spotted' me," and taking down his Winchester rifle he drew a sight on the policeman and said: "If he comes ten steps further I shall drop him." But, luckily for the poor fellow, who was only out for a walk; he turned and went in another direction, and thereby saved his life. The plunder which was found in the house has all been returned to the rightful owners, except a gold watch with a monogram on the back, which was taken from a governor of Arizona at the Hot Springs robbery some years ago. The two horses, which were splendid animals, have both been claimed by their owners in central Missouri. A gold watch he took from a man at the Mammoth Cave robbery has been returned to its owner also.

The French cabinet has approved of a plan drawn by M. de Lesseps for digging a canal from a point on the Mediterranean near the Gulf of Gabes to the Desert of Sahara. The advantages to be derived are partly political, partly commercial and hygienic. The canal would separate Tunis and Algiers from Tripoli, and, in fact, serve the purpose of a frontier defense. If it be true that the level of the Sahara is considerably below the surface of the Mediterranean, the flooding of the country in the rear of the French possessions in Africa would be possible, and would render the incursions of the barbarians of the desert impossible, seeing that there would be no desert left. The other advantages spoken of—the commercial and hygienic—are obvious. Trade with Central Africa would be much facilitated. The climate of the coast would be rendered cooler, and the marshes south of Tunis and Algeria, which at present breed malignant fevers, would cease to be dangerous when once they were made part of the Mediterranean. The effect on the French tenure of their new acquisitions could hardly fail to be happy.

MARYLAND NEWS.

The farmers of Allegany county report the condition of the wheat crop as favorable and well advanced, considering all things.

Many of the boatmen along the canal, discouraged at the prospects ahead, have sold out and moved away, many of them going to the different iron works in Pennsylvania.

A conference was held at Frostburg on Thursday evening of last week, by Messrs. Price, Park and other prominent members of the Knights of Labor with Grand Secretary Layton, of the same order. Nothing is known as to the result of the meeting.

The Rockville *Montgomerian* has been informed that the canal hands are clamoring for their wages in that section, which is now seven months overdue, and many have offered to sell their claims at seventy-five cents on the dollar, but could find no purchasers even at this shameful usury."

A letter was received at the Cumberland Postoffice a few days ago directed to a gentleman who had been in his grave for fourteen years. The brother of the deceased opened it and found it was from a former resident of Cumberland and asking for news concerning mutual friends, and evidently expecting an answer.

The peaches and other fruits in the lower parts of Harford county have escaped damage from the frost. Reports from all parts of the county indicate a large acreage of wheat, a good stand and full growth, much better in every way than a year ago. This would seem to reverse the popular theory that much snow makes the best wheat.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Crystal Palace is to be erected on the ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud, in Paris. It is to be managed by a company, and used to exhibit a collection of curiosities, and after a term of years to become the property of the government.

Destructive forest fires are burning on the Blue Mountain and in the heavy timber land along the base of the mountain. Above Danielsville, Pa., many acres of timber are being swept away, and heavy losses will ensue. The fire was started by careless hunters.

One-fourth of the horses in Chicago are said to be suffering from an epidemic somewhat resembling the pink eye, but much more fatal, as it now assumes such an insidious guise at the outset that the symptoms are not noticed until the fatal stages commence.

Sharp's Island, formerly known as Choptank Island, in Chesapeake Bay, which has recently been purchased by General F. A. Starring, was 1,200 acres in extent in August, 1859. Two years ago it was surveyed, and found to measure only 300 acres, and is still washing away rapidly.

The Vienna theatre fire of December 8, by which seven hundred persons lost their lives, was described the following morning by all the newspapers of England and America, yet the *Volks Zeitung*, of Berlin, barely printed in its second edition a despatch only ten lines long, announcing that the fire had broken, but that it could not be learned whether any lives had been lost. The *Allegemeine Zeitung*, published at Augsburg, only 150 miles from Vienna, did not contain a line about the disaster.

Twenty-four young girls of Nevada City, California, in mockery of the military boys of the place, recently organized a broom brigade. They adopted a uniform dress trimmed with red, jaunty jackets and blue caps. Each carried an ordinary broom, made fantastic with bits of red ribbons, and the drill was highly entertaining. At last one of their number was married and the broom brigade escorted the bride from her father's house to the railroad station, the bride's broom, trimmed in mourning goods, being carried reversed at the head of the procession.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parkers' Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

They say to his credit that the late lamented Jesse James, Esq., was a truly generous-hearted person. If a fellow-creature did him a kindness he was accustomed to ask him, in gentle but earnest tones, if there was any other fellow-creature that he would like to have murdered. The query goes to show that, whatever his faults, Mr. James was one of the most obliging of men.—*New York Tribune.*

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to Sturgiss' for spectacles and eye glasses.

—Snow fell here Sunday to the depth of about four inches.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug store for your fishing tackle.

—Spectacles and eye glasses at Sturgiss' from 25 cents to $2.

—The price of subscription of the Cumberland *Daily News* has been reduced from seven to six dollars per annum. It is well worth the price.

—Mr. S. Dorsey White, formerly of Chisholm's Mill, this county, has located at Cranberry, W. Va., and now has charge of the Mountain Mill at that place.

—Call and see Sturgiss' full line of spectacles and eye glasses.

—The law permits you to fish for trout now, but it does not guarantee that you will catch any. However, it does not prevent you from lying.—*Somerville Journal.*

—M. L. Scott is now opening spring and summer Millinary and Fancy Goods. Mrs. Scott has engaged a milliner from Baltimore to assist her in trimming, &c.

—Go to Chisholm's for your garden seed.

—Cheese, Cakes, Bologna, Lemons, Oranges, French and common Candies, Canned Goods, &c., at C. C. Michaels', next door to Coddington & Jamison's Hotel.

—Sturgiss has the only complete line of frameless eye glasses in town, and spectacles with invisible steel frames.

—Persons attending Court next week should call at the saddlery and harness manufactory of Bell & Bro., near Coddington & Jamison's Hotel, and examine their work and material. They use none but the best material and employ none but first class workmen.

—A large stock of fishing tackle just received at Chisholm's Drug store.

—The new registration law, which will require a new registration of voters the coming summer, necessitates the presentation of naturalization papers of all foreigners when they apply to be registered, notwithstanding their names are upon the registration list.

—About 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon of last week a boy named Geo. Nesmith, aged 16, from Lonaconing, who was working in Mr. Brady's gang on the extension of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railroad, was killed by a falling tree. His father was slightly injured by the same accident.

—On Tuesday of last week while workmen were engaged on Dr. Logan's cottage, at Mountain Lake Park, a hatchet was accidentally dropped by one of the men, striking Mr. McDonald on the head and back, inflicting two ugly gashes. Dr. McComas dressed the wounds, and the patient is now able to work.

—J. C. Minter, a carpenter employed at Deer Park, was killed at Piedmont Thursday morning of last week. He had ridden on the cars from Deer Park, and fell under the wheels just as the train was leaving Piedmont. His body and legs were terribly cut, and death was almost instantaneous. He was single and thirty-eight years of age, and came from Eastern Virginia.

—Garden seed by the ounce, pint, quart or peck at Chisholm's Drug store.

—Mrs. M. E. Davis has received her stock of spring goods, selected personally, consisting of newest styles in Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments, &c., all the late novelties. A full line of nice Lace Goods. Prices low for cash.

—The Rev. J. J. Dolliver, of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, who sustains a superannuated relation to the West Virginia M. E. Conference, and who was for many years in the active ministry in this State, had a surgical operation performed upon him lately at the home of his son, at Ft. Dodge, whereby one of his legs was amputated above the kee. He is now sixty-seven years old, and since the operation is slowly recovering his accustomed health. The amputation was made necessary owing to an accident whereby the limb had been deadened.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

—On Saturday night April 15th, a man named Wm. Lawson met with a sad accident near Oakland. He is a carpenter by trade and had been working on the Deer Park Hotel improvement. He had been drinking during the week and on the day above named visited Oakland, leaving here after dark to return to Deer Park, walking on the railroad track. About two miles east of Oakland he fell from an iron bridge into the stream, a distance of about fifteen feet. In answer to his calls for help he was found and taken to the boarding house of Mr. Geo. P. White, opposite Mountain Lake Park, and cared for until Sunday morning, when he was taken to Deer Park, when an examination was made and it was found that his collar bone was broken in two places, his shoulder dislocated and his skull fractured. We understand that he was sent to Washington, D. C., his former residence.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 7½ o'clock p. m., by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

Rev. Stoudenmire will preach at Deer Park at 10½ a. m.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Just Received at J. A. Grant's,

A beautiful lot of Dry Goods, also a nice stock of other goods. The finest Tobacco in the place. Clothing very nice and cheap.

Always Refreshing.

A delicious odor is imparted by Floreston Cologne which is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.

The Maryland Directory.

We have received a copy of the Maryland Directory for 1882, published by J. Frank Lewis & Co., No. 15 P. O. Avenue, Baltimore, Md. The price has been reduced to $1.50 per copy by mail or otherwise. The work is well worth the money. Orders left at this office will be forwarded.

A Corporation Ticket Nominated.

At a meeting of Democratic voters of the corporation of Oakland, held at the depot Saturday night, the following corporation ticket was nominated to be voted for next Monday:

For Burgess--Owen Hart.

For Commissioners—William A. Daily, George M. Mason, William Smouse, A. J. Harne.

Mr. G. W. Delawder presided at the meeting and C. C. Willison acted as Secretary.

The Republicans will probably make nominations Saturday evening.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 26:

J. W. Boyer and wife to Solomon Boyer, 80 acres of land in county; $300.

Mary Boyer and others to Solomon Boyer, the "Michael Boyer Farm;" $1800.

David T. Michaels and wife to Alexander Reid, 100 acres of land in county; $900.

Wm. C. Cordley, Jr., and wife to Mary F. Nash, military lots Nos. 1764, 859, 2022, 3126 1720, 3191, 4141, 4142, 3279, 4119, 885, 950, 945, 1950, 1130, 130, 1001 and 200; $425.

John M. Thayer and wife to O. W. Heiskell, part of lot No. 842, containing 1 acre and 103 perches; $50.

Champion Mowers.

The works at Springfield, Ohio, are of enormous extent. In the new buildings, just completed, they are able to work from 12 to 1500 men all the year round, and yet they are so far behind hand with their orders that they have now a relief-gang of workman, who, aided by the electric light, labor all night. It is rather doubtful whether, even with this effort, they can fill all the orders for the next season, and it is therefore important that farmers should get their names in for the first distribution possible. Not long since they sent out eastward to Harrisburg 72 car-loads of machines in one train, worth over $400,000. It is of course to be expected that with the enormous resources of this firm, and with their enterprise, they will be able to do the very best and most durable work, and every machine is made as good as mechanical skill can make it.

We would not, of course, have written the above did we not believe we were favoring our numerous readers in the farming sections, where our paper goes, and, we are informed, that personal references can be had in almost every part of the United States. Some information we have received is of a much more decided character than the above.

These machines are for sale by Davis & Townshend, Agents, Oakland, Md.

We are also agents for the roland chilled plow with slip point, Brown Wagon, Thomas Hay Rake, Champion Grain Drill, besides Buggies, Fanning Mills, Feed Cutters, &c. We will be pleased to show these articles to any one wishing to purchase, and while not the lowest in price yet we promise to sell the same article as low as it can be bought anywhere, and further, the article shall do what we represent or no sale.

DAVIS & TOWNSHEND.

Fruit Growing in Garrett County, Md.

From the American Farmer.

About all variety of fruit and vegetables appear to do well in Garrett county. In the way of apples, we haven great many varieties, probably two or three hundred. We know of one orchard alone of over fifty varieties. Some of our notable orchards deserve mention. That of the Hon. Austin Speicher, near Accident, being one of the finest in richness of varieties in the county. Mr. James Rush, Joab Friend, Lewis Lininger and others have fine orchards. Mr. Joseph DeWitt, for a long time one of our county officials, has a fine peach orchard which has proven very profitable. Pears do well with intelligent treatment. We have seen the Seckel, Duchess d'Angouleme, d'Anjout, Bartlett, Buffum, Flemish Beauty and Sheldon in bearing with others, and we have no doubt that about all varieties would do well. The writer has over thirty varieties of the pear growing successfully. Grapes do fairly well. We have a vineyard near Accident owned by a German who has in cultivation and bearing about seven hundred to one thousand vines, principally Concords.

Of the small fruits, whilst there are many native varieties which flourish in the fields, the status of small fruit culture is far from high. Where a proper amount of interest has been manifested in the culture, small fruits do well. We are trying many new kinds, and so far, with such abundant success that we are encouraged to still further invest. We have many who cannot turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the fruit tree agent and his highly colored plates; and here please allow me to say a few words to the credit of that much abused individual. I am always glad to see them and feel like encouraging them to the extent of my purse. I venture to assert that nine-tenths of all the orchards in the State are due to the efforts of persistent tree agents. Their influence, as far as I have been able to observe it, has invariably been for the good of the community in every respect.

Strawberries do well here under cultivation. We get the crop late but they are certainly the most satisfactory of all the crops the writer has attempted to grow. We have never missed having them in abundance. Wilson, Green Prolific, Col. Cheney, the best; Sharpless, Glendale, Kentucky, etc., all do well. Your readers will please excuse me for these rambling details. My justification is an earnest desire to correct the prevalent idea that we can raise neither grain, fruit nor vegetables. We have a number of large summer hotels along the line of the B. & O. R. R. who look anywhere but to Garrett county for their supplies. The managers have no faith in the ability of our farmers to supply them with such articles as fruit and vegetables. Even the respectable *American Agriculturist* a few years ago mentioned the fact that an effort was being made to raise vegetables in our climate by the gardeners of the B. & O. R. R., whilst at the same time and for years back the large, well stocked kitchen garden was deemed one of the essentials on every place, large and small.

E. H. GLOTFELTY, M. D.

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim if he were to add *Peruvia* to his prescriptions as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life" (and furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he could cure all his patients.

"OSWEGO, Potter County, Pa.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your *Peruna* and *Manalin* are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before.

MRS. ELLEN MAYNARD."

The Hamilton Dinner.

The admirers of Gov. Hamilton, claiming to be Democrats, have arranged to give him a dinner in Baltimore on the first Wednesday in May. The general management seems to be in the hands of Mr. Jas. T. Hodges and Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. What are called representative Democrats in the counties, whose sympathies are with the Governor, will be invited to subscribe $10 a piece for the banquet. It is hoped that a Hamilton boom will thus be raised, which will be seductively attractive to the Democrats who are hankering after spoils. The famous Syndicate will hardly be invited, although we do not doubt its members would accept, if they could be assured that the Hamilton faction was likely to be "the upper dog" in the coming fight.—*Frederick Examiner.*

The Mobile (Ala.) *Register* (Dem.) remarks: "We gain Democrat victories in the West, but the trouble is that we don't gain them when we most need them."

Court Docket--May Term.

ORIGINALS.

1. Hood, Bonbright & Co. vs. E. G. Blackburn. Hamill for plaintiffs.
2. C. Aultman & Co. vs. E. R. Browning and others. Hamill for plaintiffs.
3. Silas Jenkings and Rhoda Jenkins vs. John Barnes. Price & Willison for plaintiffs.
4. Louisa S. Keim vs. Rebecca J. Biddinger and husband. Hamill for plaintiff.
5. Harriett A. Miller vs. John H. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff.
6. James Z. Browning vs. John H. Miller. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
7. John Barnes vs. Claudius C. Wheeler. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
8. Adam Saubower vs. Ernest W. Cecil.
9. Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs. Henry Engel. Hamill for plaintiff.
10. Jacob S. Jameson vs. Andrew J. Warnick. Hamill for plaintiff.
11. Shires & Jordan vs. Lloyd Lowdermilk and others. Hamill for plaintiffs.
12. Elias Heavener vs. W. H. Hagans. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
13. Theodore F. Livingood vs. John Durst. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
14. Redemus Spiker vs. Jacob Pysell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
15. Archibald Chisholm, Jr., vs. Beckwith A. Strout. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
16. Michael J. Hofen and John Ryan vs. Catharine McGraw. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff.
17. Chas. F. Frazee vs. Geo. F. Lowdermilk, Schley and Thomas for plaintiff.
18. John Warnick vs W. C. Broadwater and Stephen Broadwater. Brown for plaintiff.
19. E. C. Tillson vs The B. & O. R. R. Co. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.
20. Ella Merrill vs George W. Merrill and Adella M. Merrill. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.
21. R. F. Browning vs Elijah Friend of E, and others. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.
22. Abraham J. Spiker vs Henry Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
23. Anthony Shaffer vs. Joseph Claymire and wife. Hamill for plaintiff.
24. Mary L. Hoopes vs The Burgess and Commissioners of Oakland. Willison and Hamill for plaintiff.
25. Robert Simpson and Edward Reid vs John H. Ratter and George E. Kitzmiller. Hamill for plaintiffs.
26. Jacob S. Jameson vs E. G. Blackburn and Samuel W. Friend. Hamill for plaintiff.
27. Peddicord & Combs vs Wm. M. Miller and Melchoir Miller. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

APPEALS.

1. O. W. Heiskell & Co. vs. James B. Gnuer. Hamill for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant.
2. Wm. A. Coddington vs. Alphens Welch. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.
3. John H. Gregg & Son vs. Daniel F. Santemyer & son. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
4. The Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county vs. Edward B. Fuller, use of Peter Nathan. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Fuller for defendants.
5. Lloyd C. Stalnaker vs. Eva F. Reiggs. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
6. Jas. A. Enlow vs. John J. Whirl. Gonder for plaintiff, and Willison and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
7. Thomas Philpot vs. William Browning. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff and Hamill for defendant.
8. A. B. Woodcock vs. William Browning. Veitch & and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.
9. John Barnes vs. H. C. Coddington use D. E. Offutt. Price for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
10. John Barnes vs. H. C. Coddington, use D. E. Offutt. Price for plaintiff and Gordon and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
11. Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, exutors of Lewis Swalp, deceased, vs. Mary Snyder.
12. Albert F. Denning vs. William J. Piper.
13. Elizabeth Myers vs. Charles Durst.
14. Galusha H. Pritchard vs. Adella M. Merrill and husband.
15. William A. Daily vs Norman H. Barnard. Daily for plaintiff.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs Jacob P Gauer. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
2. Levi Comp vs Bernard Stidlag. Peddicord for plaintiff and Hamill and Semmes for defendant.
3. John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, executors, &c. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant.
4. Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend and Semmes for defendant.
5. Horace Resley, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F. Deaklns and Lou M. Deaklns. Price & Willison and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant.
6. H C Watts & Co. vs John S Combs and H W Combs, executors of Wm Combs, deceased. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants.
7. Elias P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.
8. J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
9. J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defts.
10. J McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defts.
11. Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Grove and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant.
12. Levi Teats vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
13. Jonathan Fichtner vs Charles Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
14. A J Merrill vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Boyd & McCleve for defendant.
15. Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and John Miller, Jr., her husband. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
16. Dismissed.
17. Henry Weber and Wm. D. Hoye, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiffs, Boyd for defendant.
18. Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Mellinger. Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
19. A. H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
20. Gray & Purdy, vs. James W. Newman. Hamill for plaintiff, Brown for defendant.
21. State of Maryland, use of Samuel W. Friend vs. George Hill, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendants.
22. Solomon Armstrong vs. Christian J. Brenemnn. Veitch & Townshend and Gander for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
23. Harriett Miller by John Miller, her husband, vs. Melchoir J. Miller. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
24. Abraham Spiker vs Henry Russell and Susanah Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townsbend for defendants.
25. Frederick Cutter vs. James Barnes and Henry Spiker, Sr. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff. Fuller for defendant.
26. Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler Combs vs William Klipstein and Berkely W Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants.
27. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord and Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant.
28. Ella Shrout, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Philip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.
29. David P Welfley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defts.
30. Eva C Tasker vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill and Peddicord & Combs for defendants.
31. George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixon. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.
32. James Grimes vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
33. Jacob M. Teats vs. Geo. W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
34. Calvin Teats vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
35. Elizabeth Horan vs. David Evans. Blackiston & Ellegood and Fuller for plaintiff. Brace & Richmond and McDonald for defendant.
36. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs. Thomas Donaldson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff
37. Same vs. Wm. Morton's Heirs. Same Counsel.
38. John M. Miller vs. Elias J. Miller, Williams & Thomas for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant.
39. Gilmore S. Hamill vs. A. L. Gsbourn and Emanuel Smith.
40. Jacob F. Thomas vs. Abraham W. Lee and wife. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendants.
41. Robinson Savage and Mary Kent, administrators of David Kent, deceased, vs. Stephen Merrill. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs.
42. C. Aultman & Co. vs. E. R. Browning et. al. Hamill for plaintiffs. Peddicord & Combs for defendants.
43. Mary Miller, by her next friend and husband, Chas. Miller vs. Benjamin Ash. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.
44. State of Maryland, use of Mary Miller, by her next friend and husband, Charles Miller, vs. Benjamin Ash et. al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff.
45. Gabriel Friend vs. Andrew G. Friend. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
46. State of Maryland, use of John Barnes vs. John Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs. Veitch & Townshend and Hamill for defendants.
47. Wm. Sharpless vs. Daniel Mosser and Christian Mosser. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
48. Singleton Townshend, and Mary V. Townshend, vs. Daniel Yommer and John G. Breninger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs.
49. James Z. Browning vs. Elizabeth Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
50. Frederick Pollman vs. Jacob Bleubaugh. Price & Willison for plaintiff.
51. Mary E. F. Good, by her next friend and husband Alex C. Good, use Charles M. Miller vs. Thomas A. Nethkin and Mary M. Nethkin, his wife. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.
52. Bayard T. Keller vs. August Boing. Hamill for plaintiff.
53. Gilmore S. Hamill vs. Mary E. Smith, garnishee of Emanuel Smith.
54. John Barnes vs. Saml. C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.
55. John H. Blackburn, by his next friend Madison Blackburn, use of Peddicord & Combs, vs. Christian F. Gemsenyeager. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill and Semmes for defendant.
56. Edward V. Shorb vs. The Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Blackiston & Ellegood for plaintiff. Gordon & Son for defendant.
57. Thomas J. McKaig vs. A. Beall McKaig. McHenry & Son for plaintiff. R. H. Gordon and Semmes for defendant.
58. Henry Edwards vs. David Sloan. Price & Willison for plaintiff. Sloan, McDonald and Brace for defendant.
59. Jasper Guard, Collector vs. Mary Vanscikle. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.
60. Wm. T. Briscoe vs. James A. Gary. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.
61. John H. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.
62. Elizabeth C. Billingsley, by her next friend J. H. Billingsley, vs. James A. Gary. Same Counsel.
63. Edward T. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

1 State of Maryland vs Dr. James McQuare; assault with intent to kill. Veitch for State.
2 State vs J. A. Marshall; larceny. Veitch for State.
3 State vs E. W. Cecil; cutting timber contrary to Act of Assembly. Veitch for State.
4 State vs Jas. H. Wiseman; selling liquor without license. Veitch for State.
5 State vs same; same charge. Same Counsel.
6 State vs same; same charge. Same Counsel.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

1 State vs Henry O. Hamill; obstructing and closing up public road. Veitch for State. Hamill for defendant.
2 State vs Albert Porter; assault and battery. Veitch for State. Peddicord and Combs for defendant.
3 State vs J. Z. Browning; defaulting. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

A Wise President.

When General Arthur was told that his veto of the Chinese bill would be injurious to the Republican party in the Pacific States he gave a reply which ought to be preserved in letters of gold for the instruction of all future statesman. He said he had not considered the subject as a partisan, and had not thought whether one party or the other would be advanced through the Executive approval or disapproval of the bill. But he saw that American principles were involved which had been in vogue for a century; and if either party should gain any permanent advantage it would be the party that stood on true American ground. This is a wise answer. It shows a high and noble appreciation of the philosophy of political controversies. There can be no mistake in steadily maintaining American principles which have been in vogue for a hundred years against the passions or the interest of any unenlightened and prejudiced locality.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Elegance and Purity.

Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, beauty and lustre.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to brenk. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case, But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Brenneman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, May 30th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
CHRISTIAN BEITZELL,
JOHN HARNED
4 29 5 Examiners.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

NOTICE.

CLERK'S OFFICE, April 19th, 1882.

The Commissions of Justices of the Peace, Registration Officers, Commissioner of Fisheries and Member of State Board of Education, have been received this date.

It is necessary for the parties thus commissioned to qualify within 30 days from above date, as their places will otherwise be vacated.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Ephriam G. Blackburn, of Garrett county, has filed his petition under Article 48, title "Insolvency," Code Public General Laws of Maryland, as amended by Act of Assembly passed at January session 1880, and such petition being now pending, a meeting of the creditors of said petitioner will be held at Oakland at the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county on Tuesday, April 25th, 1882, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a permanent trustee.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Preliminary Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 20, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, May 1st, 1882,

for the transaction of any business that may come before the Board.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
4 22 2 Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
4 15 5 A. FAIRALL.

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Oakland Wagon Shops,
4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscripisons and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
d 1810 Baltimore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Had Jay Gould exhibited that $53,000,000 before he engaged in the newspaper business, it might have been the source of some surprise.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Christine Nilsson authorizes the statement that her husband's madness was produced by no monetary loss whatever, but was something hereditary in his family.

—The King of Siam wants a new treaty with this country. He will admit our plug tobacco free of duty if manufacturers will use less tarred rope in making it. —*Free Press.*

—Connecticut has raked up a law 100 years old to stop Sunday excursions, and when the excursionists swear about it a law ninety-seven years old fines them five dollars each.

—Old Tom Rausom, of Virginia, has been in jail or prison for thirty-three years out of his fifty-two of life, and the other day a Judge sent him back to help make it toward an even half century.

—Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington.*

—Ah Sam, of St. Louis, having accumulated $2,000 in the washee-washee line, is about to return to China to marry his old sweetheart, who has been writing him letters in tea-chest characters, but who refused to marry him until he had made a fortune.

—William Thompson, of Glen Cove, N. Y., has been fined twenty-five dollars for attempting to kiss Mrs. Susie A. Morefoot. She slapped his face in addition, and a ring on her finger cut him under the eye, the scar from which will be lasting. That speculation panned out well for William.

—The Sheriff of Portsmouth authorizes the statement that the alleged missing man—George W. Davis, of Lynn—who has been supposed to be in some way connected with the Bell tragedy in Boston, was killed about a year ago by being run over by a train at Point of Pines. This would seem to relieve him of any reasonable suspicion of being the murderer.—*Boston Post.*

—William H. Deibert, of Leadingville, Pa., is wonderfully deliberate and imperturbable. After eating a dinner in usual slow manner, he pushed his chair back from the table and remarked: "Uncle Abe is hanging in the barn." The family rushed out and found that Abraham Deibert had indeed committed suicide. William said that he had not thought it best to spoil the meal for them, considering that the man was already past help when discovered.

—Among some autographs sold recently in London were these, at the prices named: Queen Elizabeth's, $16; Charles Dickens', $12; Franklin's, $24; Garrick's (relating to his power to mimic King George III.,) $27; Dr. Johnson's, $12; Lord Nelson's (a letter to Lady Hamilton,) $43; Pope's, $35, and Prior's (a letter,) $68. The gem of the collection was the autograph manuscript of Thackeray's "Chronicles of the Drum," which fetched $100.

—In a neighboring town the other day two boys left the school-yard during the recess to inform a man that his barn was on fire. The timely warning saved the building and perhaps the town, but the boys got five discredit marks all the same. That teacher is probably related to the one out West who took a dynamite torpedo from a boy and broke it with a hammer to see if it contained chewing gum.—*Philadelphia News.*

—The body of Frank Small, who was executed at Pittsburgh, Pa., recently, was put on exhibition by the aunt of the deceased. Twenty-five cents admission was charged to view the remains, and for seven hours a continuous stream of people gratified a horrible curiosity. The Mayor at last heard of the affair and ordered the police to take charge of the corpse. When they reached the scene nearly 10,000 people had gathered in the vicinity. About 5,000 of the assemblage followed Small's body to the grave.—*Chicago News.*

—Seventeen years ago William Trimble, a farmer living near Mansfield, O., shouldered his gun and started out for a hunt, and was never seen again. But he was rather eccentric, and did not go to California and take sick of a slow fever, finally recover, grow rich and come back to his old home with a "pocket full of rocks." That's the regulation way. But William did neither of these. And on Sunday last a wicked boy who was hunting rabbits found a man's skeleton in a swamp there, with the rusty remains of a gun beside it, and it is thought that the long-lost Trimble was their owner. But whether his death was by accident, suicide or murder will probably never be known.—*Chicago News.*

—Eugene V. Chad, an expert young jeweler, of Philadelphia, when arrested last week, was turning down a $5 piece on a lathe. His plan was ingenious. He sawed the top plate off a coin, and then fastening the remaining piece to the lathe chuck proceeded to drill out the interior, leaving the back and edge intact, but only a mere shell. He filled this shell with fine steel wire, copper, silver and platinum, and then soldered the top on by the aid of the blowpipe, leaving the debased, plundered coin at about its original weight. Another plan was to bore holes diagonally through the coin from the sides and extract the gold and replace with silver or platinum. The nefarious trick yielded Chad, so he admitted, $2.40 on a $5 piece, $4.80 on $10 and so on proportionately.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Paris letter says: A complicated trial in connection with the serious railway accident which occurred at Charenton last September was begun recently before the Ninth Correctional Court. It will be remembered that the disaster, which resulted in nineteen deaths and injury to nearly a hundred passengers, was due to a collision in Charenton station between the express from Marseilles and a local train about to start from Charenton. The trial concluded with a severe verdict against the officials whose negligence caused the catastrophe. M. Gras, the station-master at Maisons Alfort, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, the signalman at the same station to six months, and a young lad who worked the signals at Charenton to one year's incarceration. Each of the defendants was also find 300 francs.

Fifteen Months on a Desolate Island.

John Esmond, second officer of the whaling bark Trinity, lost in the South Seas, has arrived in Boston, and gives a thrilling story of his experiences by wreck and his fifteen months' life on a desolate island. The Trinity arrived off Heard's Island, October 2, 1880, and landed two white men and two negroes, with provisions enough for three months, and left them there to kill sea-elephants and lay in a stock of oil. The bark then proceeded round toward the southeast end of the island, where it was proposed to land another party with the same object. The sea, however, rose too high, and no boats could be landed. She lay at anchor here until October 16, waiting for a chance to reach the shore, but the weather got worse till at midnight, on this day a heavy storm burst on her The Trinity lay about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, having two anchors out, with a ridge of reefs on the southwest and a heavy gale blowing from the northeast. She was gradually being driven on the rocks, and on the 17th was driven on shore to save the crew. All got off safely, although seven negroes were frostbitten. From that time until rescue, on January 13, 1882, the unfortunates lived on this uninhabitable island without any communication with the outer world. About midnight on the first night of their sojourn on the island Esmond, happening to walk down to the shore with two negroes, saw the ship give a weather roll, and, with a violent lurch, she got clear of the beach and floated away, taking with her six months' provisions. This was the finishing blow to them, who now had nothing but the resources of the island and the few provisions they had saved to depend on. There grew a kind of wild cabbage on the island in plenty, and this, together with the flesh of the sea-elephants and leopards, formed their chief sustenance. There were no quadrupeds on the island itself, but there was fortunately plenty of fresh water. The party lived in four shanties which had been previously built by some whaling crew, made of wood, stones and sod. The weather was always cold. It was below the freezing point when they landed, and summer brought no change of any consequence, being situated in the antipodes. The months of June, July and August were the coldest, the darkest and the dreariest, and at this period of the year they only had about three hours daylight in the twenty-four, though occasionally the moon shone very brightly. During the whole fifteen months strong gales blew all the time. The only occupation of the men besides sleep each day was patrolling the beach in search of food. When they had sufficient for immediate wants they stored up for a rainy day. They didn't organize in any way either for recreation or prayer-service. They had no cards and no games. Their experience was one vacant dreariness, relieved occasionally by sitting round the blubber fire spinning "sailor like," long yarns. With few exceptions they did not suffer hunger once they became accustomed to the only food they could get. This consisted of the flesh of the sea elephants they caught, but for a long time many of the crew could not get used to it. There was no fuel on the island. They used the fat oily blubber of the sea-elephant in its place. When they had sufficient blubber for fuel they extracted the oil from what they had on hand and stored it in casks. In this way they had accumulated about 500 barrels in measure of oil when rescued, and they left it all on the island to be at some future day taken away as a valuable prize by somebody. They had blankets with them, and beds were made from the feathers of the sea hens, which they caught. Their own clothes had to last them all the time they were there, but they made boots, gloves, mittens, etc., out of the skins of the sea animals they caught. For the last seven months they were entirely without tobacco, and this the seamen seemed to regard as the worst of all. There were no clocks or watches among the crew, but Esmond says he made a sun-dial on the roof of a shanty which sufficed. Nearly a correct reckoning of the days and months was kept in the simplest possible manner. A calendar was marked out on a large board and affixed where it could be easily seen. As each evening came round another day was scored off by a man whose duty it was to tick it off with a piece of chalk. It was a melancholy consolation to watch the weeks as they passed, and to see how long they had been on their island. Sunday was the same as any other day, and the routine of patrolling the beach for food belonged to the seventh as well as to the other six days of the week. No attempt was made to celebrate Christmas day, the Fourth of July, or other festivals, either religiously or by jollification, if such a thing were possible under such circumstances. Fortunately they had no sickness excepting in the case of those who became frostbitten. There were a few copies of a magazine in the settlement which belonged to the Captain, but beyond this they had no literature save some books on navigation; and yet, with all their apathy, Esmond describes them as on the whole cheerful and always animated by hope. He adds: "Such a loyal-hearted crew under such circumstances I have not been among before. We all stuck it out very well, and never looked on the dark side." Several events in the shape of disasters and otherwise occurred to vary the monotony of their existence. In January, 1881, a terrible misfortune happened to them. Five men were sent to a spot called Fairchild's Beach in search of elephant meat. Three only returned at night, having missed their comrades. A search was instituted and the bodies of both men were found about a mile and a half apart near an iceberg. They had both been frozen to death. One was the ship carpenter, named George Watson, a native of Scotland. The other was named Kelley, and he came from New York. They were both buried in one box amid much grief. About November 1, 1881, the penguins began to lay, and the eggs, which were in plenty, gave them new life. The volcanic mountain on the island once or twice emitted flames and smoke, and caused great alarm, but this soon subsided. All this time the party hadn't heard from the four men left by the Trinity on the other side of the island, from whom they were separated by an impassable field of ice; but in December, 1881, these four men, having built a boat from the boards of their shanty, paid their comrades a visit by sea, and remained some time. They subsequently returned to their old quarters. Nearly fifteen months had now elapsed since the wreck of the Trinity. It was a welcome sight when, on the 12th of January, 1882, the United States man-of-war steamer Marion hove in sight. The seamen stood on rocks and waved their blankets till at last they were seen and signaled to. On the 13th the men were taken on board in two cutters, and the Marion steamed for Clinton Bay, eighteen miles distant, where the four men previously spoken of were encamped. These, too, were taken on board, and the whole party were clothed in navy costumes to replace their own tattered garments. The Marion steamed for the Cape of Good Hope, and, after a passage of thirty-three days, reached Cape Town, where the American Consul took charge of the shipwrecked mariners.—*Boston Special to Chicago Tribune.*

Clever Crows.

I have not said any thing about the crows, which are a feature of Yezo, and one which the colonists would willingly dispense with. There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost put them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapingawa. In the inn-garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a good deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely.

A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeal, on which the other villians seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall. In many places they are so aggressive as to destroy crops, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses, and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways. They are very late on going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often came "with many a stately flirt and flutter" into the verandah where I was sitting. I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements. Along the sea-shore they are very amusing, for they "take the air" in the evening, seated on sand-banks facing the wind with their mouths open. They are threatening to devour the settlers, and a crusade is just now being waged against them, but their name is Legion. —*Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.*

A Turk as a Bachelor.

If he be a bachelor, Church and State combine to make life miserable for him. He must live with his parents, and, while they still exist, the authorities content themselves with a general reprehension of his celibacy. But when they die, if they leave him homeless, his troubles begin. It is forbidden any householder to take a young man into his dwelling without permission of the civil and religious magistrate of the quarter. Before this is granted the lodger must undergo a severe inquiry, which takes into account not his personal reputation only, but that of all his kindred. The landlord, moreover, must display his ability to have this young stranger waited on without offense to morals—that is, without employing his female servants or the female members of his family. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house or to rent "unfurnished chambers," he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he show that a woman of good repute lives with him therein. Those who can produce a blameless mother or a sister have no difficulty, when the identification has been thoroughly established, even an elderly aunt is admissible. But if a young man have no kindred, he may go homeless for an indefinite time. The abolition of the slave trade is a grievance he warmly feels. In days when this edict was passed, one could go into the market and buy a female creature, white or black, ugly or beautiful, according to one's means, and thus fulfill the law. Times have changed. It may probably be the fact that slaves are still to be purchased by those who have cash enough. Many Turks have assured me it is so, though I have met with none who spoke, or admitted that he spoke from experience. But the cost is very high; the merchant would not deal with a young bachelor likely to be thus circumstanced, and the transaction would surely be discovered.—*All the Year Round.*

—Mr. Robert Ferguson, M. P., has been investigating the origin of some of our common female Christian names, with the result that he is prepared to dispute some of the most usual commonplaces respecting them. He asserts that Janet is not from Jane, or from any female form of John; that Maud is properly a man's name, and that its interchange with Matilda is an ancient mistake. Alice, he also affirms, is a man's name, and Eliza its proper feminine.

—Seth Barnis, a fifteen-year-old boy of North Sterling, Cayuga County, N. Y., died a few days ago of verdigris poisoning caused by swallowing a short piece of a brass watch-chain.

Cranks in Society.

Where are there not cranks? There are surely plenty of them in New York society—and in its highest circle. There are men and women who go everywhere, who are known to everybody, and whose names appear in all social records, that are far more unsound in mind that many a man and woman who has been sent to the insane asylum, or the Home for the Feeble-Minded. There is a mystery as to how many of these queer people obtained a good social footing; but they have it, and hold it undisputed. I might detail columns of their sayings and doings, but have only space for two or three of the most conspicuous cases. There is one man who prides himself upon being the handsomest man in New York—and he is indeed a fine specimen of the *genus homo.* He not only is handsome, and knows that he is handsome, but he says he is handsome. "I saw you on Fifth Avenue, yesterday," said a friend. "Yes, yes," was the drawling response, "I was there; but I seldom walk—it is so disagreeable having people turn about to stare at me." "There was a great crowd at Mrs. Vandyke Brown's ball last night," remarked an acquaintance to this elegant Turveydrop. "Yes; it kept me moving through the room all the time, to avoid making a group. I stopped for a moment in the back drawing-room, and the place became suffocating; people were packed like sardines. I have been so long in New York that I should think people would be done staring at me." This is only self-conceit, but it is colossal self-conceit.

Rather a more pronounced case of imbecility was told me the other day by a distinguished English woman, who with her family had been spending the winter in New York, and has gone everywhere. One evening, at one of the best houses here, she was approached by a tall and elegant gentleman, who, bowing very low, said: "Madam, I have danced with the Princes of Wales, taken the Duchess of Edinboro' in to dinner, have visited the Countess of Dudley, have chatted with Lady Lonsdale, and am personally acquainted with Mrs. Langtry." Having delivered himself of this speech he turned on his heel and walked away. When the lady returned home she was met by her daughter who had been at another party. "Mamma," she said, "I've met the most extraordinary man; Mr. ——, a very elegant person. He simply walked up to me, and said: 'Miss ——, I have danced with the Princess of Wales, taken the Duchess of Edinboro' in to dinner, have visited the Countess of Dudley, have chatted with Lady Lonsdale, and am personally acquainted with Mrs. Langtry.'" It seems that this man has but one speech for English acquaintances, and he rehearses that to every Englishman and Englishwoman he meets. He dare not trust himself to talk, and so when he has finished his list of aristocratic acquaintances, he has nothing to do but to turn away. I am not sure that I have the list quite correct; but if it is correct, one can't but pity the Princess of Wales for having had to endure such a partner, the Duchess of Edinboro' for having had such a dinner companion, and the Countess of Dudley for having had such a guest. This man has a very old name, a very elegant presence, goes everywhere, and yet people tap their foreheads when he stops speaking, or murmur, with charitable consideration, "too much champagne."

Then there are "cranks" among the women. There is one lady whose name appears in every list of fashionable people. It is a fine old name—but the woman who bears it is so eccentric that she would not be tolerated for an instant in places where she is not known. She dresses like a guy, and behaves worse than she dresses. It is said that she often goes to parties uninvited—and coolly walking up to the distressed hostess, says: "I knew it was an oversight—and here I am." Once, when living abroad, she invited a pair of young Americans to be married at her handsome apartments, instead of in the hotel, where they had expected the ceremony to take place. The wedding was to be at ten in the morning. The party assembled, but the hostess had gone to market. There was an awkward delay. Presently the lady appeared with her purchase in her hands, bade the minister proceed, and while he was going on, she, still shawled and honneted, reached from the chair where she was kneeling, to inspect the lace with which the other kneeling guests had adorned themselves. A distinguished American calling on this same lady in a foreign city, received a message by the servant who had taken up his card, saying that if he would step out on the sidewalk she would be able to converse with him from her chamber window; that she couldn't come down because she was *en dishabile.* So the conversation occurred, the lady's head appearing in curl papers, at a third-story window, and the gentleman standing on the sidewalk below. The same woman thinks it quite proper to put her feet up into a chair while making a call. And this woman, as I have said, goes everywhere, and is as well-known in the drawing-room as Jay Gould is on Wall Street. She is eccentric to the last degree, but she has a kind heart, is herself a delightful hostess, and nobody seems to mind her peculiar behavior or extraordinary speeches.

Ignorant people, too, are to be found in New York society—found and sought after and liked, in spite of their ignorance, Mrs. Malaprop and Mr. Malaprop have been abroad on Murray Hill this season, I know of a millionaire who speaks of "Creshus," and worse yet, and talks about "pukenary obligations." He told me that he had only taken a certain cottage at the seaside "temporary," and bade me drop in "easual" sometime when passing. This is the veritable man upon whom his friends perpetuate many "outwards," and as he laughs the loudest at jokes at his own expense, he is reckoned a first-rate fellow. He has had no time to cultivate his mind, and he has a heart that don't need cultivating, so people only laugh and like him when he says "Dickson's" novels suit him better than any "bound novels" that he knows of, and agree with him when he says that all the trouble that we have in our railroad management is due to the "mackinicons of these 'ere screwed politicians." So far will I go with gossip and no farther. I have more important things to write about. But how we all like these little tire-points of social talk! The easy flow of the club-house window—the after-dinner tender abuse of our neighbors!—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Traveller.*

The Ponca Agency.

The location of Ponca Agency is truly beautiful. It is situated in a bend of the Salt Fork, a briny stream whose tortuous windings end in the Arkansas east of us, protected by the fringe of trees that spring up by its snake-like path. To east and south are the hills. Viewing the expanse of blue sky, unobstructed by our neighbors' chimneys, having the full benefit of the beauties of sunrise and sunset and surrounded by the children of Nature, our lives might make a Selkirk envious of their solitude. There are occasional storms, rumors of the coming and going of Indian Inspectors, with sarcastic speeches and searching questions. Happy we if they pass and our sky remains unclouded. Saturday morning, bright and early, the road is lined with wagons filled with many a Mephistoles on his way to rations. Four times a year a census is taken of the tribe, and each family presented with a ticket on which can be drawn weekly about ten pounds of beef for each individual, flour, coffee, hard-tack, soda, beans, bacon and tobacco. The squaws receive in various dirty little bags or the corners of their shawls these provisions, and, having slung them across their backs, they are driven homeward to one grand feast and, perhaps, dance the whole night through. The Indians are not provident. Their rations are sufficient for them, yet Friday often finds them dinnerless.

The scene on Saturday around the Commissary building is quite picturesque. The porch in front is lined with squaws in bright-colored calico skirts, without gores and untrimmed save by an occasional band of red or yellow, with a shirt-like upper garment and a blanket of bright-colored shawl, with the inevitable baby upon the back, sometimes sleeping peacefully, sometimes yelling vociferously for hard-tack or something more palatable to his infant fancy. The maternal instinct is developed early. It is highly amusing to see some girl of five or six tottering along under the weight of a child almost her size. The dress for a boy up to his fourth year is a little shirt only, the slits up the side sometimes of alarming length. It therefore seems imperatively necessary that during the cold weather he should be wrapped in some one's blanket. The Indian police in dark blue suits trimmed with lighter stripes are ever at hand assisting in the issue. Leaning against a building or fence may be seen some young men in full Indian toggery—perfectly fitting and bright-beaded moccasins, red leggings, "gee-strings" (an end of the breech-clout which is allowed to float behind) and so completely enveloped in their dark blankets that only the eyes are visible. The blankets are generally ornamented with belts of beautiful bead work a foot or so wide and extending the width of the blanket. So much variety do they show in design that I have never seen the same pattern repeated. Beside us stalks White Eagle, the head chief of the Poncas, who is the handsomest red man I have seen.

He is the ideal Indian—of immense stature, straight as an arrow, and, above all, as dignified as Lucifer was proud. The dark, forbidding-looking face, the keen, black, watchful, almost distrustful eye, the glossy black hair floating in the wind, the magnificent form, enveloped in leggings and a dark blanket brightly ornamented with knots of colored ribbon, impress you wonderfully. Amid his undignified surroundings, which would detract from the grandeur of most men, he is always dignified and self-possessed. I have seen him in council, attired in a full suit of black broadcloth, his face lighted with intense purpose, his great form seeming to swell with the power of his own eloquence, his magnetic voice holding his hearers in that spell which even the added powers of education and culture cannot heighten. Seated on the ground in groups of three or four are many of the old men of the tribe, with one pipe, which is passed from mouth to mouth. Thus will they sit for hours and leave each other without seeming to have interchanged an idea.

As this is a gala day, all the prettiest costumes appear and we see a great many dresses of a popular style, red woolen, ornamented around the bottom with bell shaped buttons and having a panel on the front breadth made of bright-colored ribbons, overlapping each other and cut to form many and intricate patterns. I saw one of red, green and blue ribbon so sewed as to form small squares of different colors, which together formed larger squares, the whole beautifully symmetrical. One may see any style of head-dress, a cap trimmed with beads, the old battered hat, a relic of last year's annuity goods; a bright-colored handkerchief, perched turban-wise, or a cap made of otter skin, the tail forming a streamer behind. If a dirty, it is a picturesque group, and sometimes a complaining one. The voices of the women may be heard talking in a harsh, discordant tone and, with an unmistakable whine. Their peevish utterances are continued until they are driven away. Poor creatures! Civilization in its slow growth has done but little for them as yet. They are still hard toilers to their masters. The Indian women receive no instruction in fashioning their garments, yet while their dresses are new they are very neat, being nicely made. The effort to make figured goods suitable for the Indian trade must tax the brain of many a poor designer. A favorite pattern in calico is a deep blue ground, with yellow butterflies of such size that two make the width of the calico. Another pet style is turkey red, with unnatural brown dogs and impossible black foliage hopelessly entangled.

The last bottle of coal oil has been tied by a piece of buckskin under the wagon-bed, the last piece of quivering beef flung in, the last baby slung to its mother's back, and the Agency is left once again in its annals to its Saturday afternoon quiet.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

—Says the Baltimore *American:* "A. H. Thomas, Jr., son of a prominent minister of Memphis, was found dead in the street from a pistol ball wound in the northeastern suburbs. He is supposed to have been murdered." Does a wound in the northeastern suburbs generally prove fatal.—*Boston Post.*

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TONY PASTOR IN TROUBLE.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his inimitable variety combination making a tour of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing before the public. During our conversation inquired as to his physical health, and he replied that it was excellent. He has occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but any complaints of that character never trouble him long as he has at hand found a remedy for all such annoying affections. I asked what the remedy was and he replied, "ST. JACOBS OIL." Mr. Pastor said that he considered the Great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the cure or relief of rheumatism, and that it was the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. The foregoing, from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle*, recalls to our mind an item wherein the editor of the Cairo (Ill.) *Evening Sun*, in paying a tribute to the enterprise of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and expressing his sorrow at the loss by fire which the latter paper sustained, says: "The whole office was knocked into ten thousand pieces—all except the ST. JACOBS OIL advertisement, which was mercifully preserved." The closing remarks in the above and the following incident are a true index of the unexampled popularity the Great German Remedy enjoys everywhere: At a St. Louis theatre recently whilst the play was in progress, one of the lady performers met with a painful mishap, which quite disabled her. The hero of the piece, equal to the emergency, called out to one of the ushers to "bring a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL quickly." The thundering applause throughout the entire house which promptly followed this happy suggestion was an unmistakable proof of the fact that the audience "had been there themselves," as the expression goes, and experienced the benefits of this wonderful article.

Mr. Charles A. Whitney, advertising agent of Park Garden, Providence, R. I., writes: "For three years I had inflammatory rheumatism in my right hip and knee. I employed many noted physicians, and tried numerous remedies for the ailment, but found nothing to help me until I used the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL, which cured me at once. I am now entirely well."

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The demand for farm productions should be carefully studied, like the demand for the product of looms and machine shops.—*Chicago Journal.*

—About 250,000 bushels of leached ashes were imported direct from Canada last year by Connecticut parties for fertilizers, at a cost of seventeen cents per bushel.

—The Golden Wax Bean is nearly or quite as tender and delicious, and more productive than the Black Wax or Butter Bean. Both kinds are almost stringless, ripen early and are very tender.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Light, brown biscuit for tea are made of one pint of Graham flour, one pint of sour cream, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda; roll them out as for any biscuit, and bake in a moderate oven. —*N. Y. Post.*

—It is immaterial at what time vegetables are transplanted, provided they are not too large and the ground is warm and mellow; but they should never be transplanted in a rain-storm, when the ground is puddly. If transplanted when it is warm and mellow root action begins at once.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Mutton Pie.—Take the mutton chops from the forequarter, season highly with pepper and salt, and put into a baking dish with alternate layers of apples, pared and sliced, and a little sprinkling of chopped onion. Put a crust of not very rich pastry over the top, and bake for twenty or thirty minutes in a hot oven.—*Country Gentleman.*

—A correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer and Dairyman* says: I procured a half-hogshead, filled it with rain water, and put into it one-quarter pound of ammonia and one-quarter pound of nitre. When the strawberry plants were blossoming I gave them a sprinkle of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly full size. The result was double the amount of fruit.

—Nervousness in a horse is the effect of bad training as well as of the natural disposition; a restless, apprehensive and nervous animal may be permanently spoiled by a very little improper treatment when young and may never be cured. Patience and perfect gentleness in every way may in time remove the trouble. Such horses are usually thin, when they become quieted will soon improve in condition. Give half an ounce of bromide of potassium in the feed daily for a time. This will allay the nervousness, but must be helped by quiet and gentle treatment.—*N. Y. Times.*

Early Feeding of Steers.

Gradually the plan of feeding off young will grow upon us, the fact is rapidly being impressed upon feeders and consumers that the old-time custom of keeping feeding stock till fully grown, has had its day. Consumers are learning that high-bred stock attains good growth, and that the sides and top are so well made up of good, thick muscles, that the cuts are of good thickness; that the meat is well filled with rich juices, and even at the age of a year and a half it has lost all indications of greenness—want of maturity—is of the very best quality and beefy. A salmon that weighs a pound is as good for the table as one that weighs two pounds. A fat chicken at twelve weeks is as good eating as the hen of two years, and better. The fat lamb of six months is better mutton than the old sheep. And, old usage and prejudice to the contrary, the steer of two years, or the long yearling, if of deep breeding and well fatted, will make beef of the very best quality and flavor.

The idea of greenness or immaturity in veal or roast pig, is apt enough; because in these cases the transformation from calf meat to beef, or in the other case, from the meat of the sucking pig to that of the corn-fed hog, has not taken place. The milk on which these young animals live, while it contains the required constituents for making bone, muscle and fat, still is light food, and is used for building upon a juvenile foundation of tissues. The exact period when the calf ceases to be a calf, so far as its meat product is concerned, has not been fixed. The transition is gradual, depending upon growth and approximation toward maturity, as in the case of the tomato or peach. Yet, in the calf it depends in quite a degree upon the food given. In proportion as the calf is early accustomed to food like that given to the fattening steer, will its flesh change from veal to beef. That the change is fully ready to occur, and does take place before the beast has arrived at that age which makes him a long yearling, is quite certain.

That the flesh of the well-fattened, long yearling is mature—containing all of the constituents belonging to the three-year-old—is quite certain, having the same muscles (lean meat,) with a similar proportion of fibrin and rich meat juices, is equally certain. That its flesh is more tender, hence, by fair inference, easier of digestion, is quite reasonable to assume. That the flesh of the young steer is less liable to be lessened in healthfulness through local disease in any organ, is well assured, as the aged steer, through long continued exposure to miasmatic influences, is quite liable to contract liver derangement, resulting, if long continued, in organic disease. Healthy organs insure healthy digestion and healthy meat product. The internal functions, disturbed by local ailment, or even by indigestion, furnish unhealthy additions to the blood directly through the faulty digestion, or indirectly through absorption of pus, in local ulcers; and these may be of considerable extent if confined to the liver, and quite apparent if in other and more sensitive parts, and yet not cause the animal to appear especially sickly. Now, these contaminations are avoided in the flesh of the young steer, because, like a new carriage or harvester, all the parts are sound and strong. No rot has entered any of the joints, nor are any of the bearings going wrong from disturbing influences.

Feeding off young will result in stimulating to greater improvement, as unimproved cattle cannot be finished up at two years, or as long yearlings. Nothing less than a high grade can go forward to the slaughter in good shape so young, neither can it raise the beam at a figure that will insure thick, salable cuts. When steers are more generally marketed while young, more breeding cows will be required to furnish the supply needed.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Negro Superstition.

The most prominent and developed trait in the negro character is superstition. It may be said that superstition is the religion of the negro race. In the older States of the South, especially Virginia and North Carolina, this is eminently and conspiciously true. Some of these superstitions are exceedingly fanciful and poetic and it is a matter of surprise to me that some observant native Southerner of education has not long ago given to the literature of the country a volume on this subject.

A few examples may serve to exhibit a plainer view of his character than any learned treatise on physiology and evolution by Darwin and his disciples.

If a person passes through a funeral procession he will die before the oldest person in that procession, but if he waits until it has passed by before attempting to cross the road, he will outlive the youngest child in it.

If a dog lies on his back and howls it is a sure sign of an early death in the family.

If he wants to steal a dog (and this propensity is an inherent weakness in the negro blood generally) he exercises a charm or spell which is as amusing as it is effectual. He first entices the animal by the temptation of a bone to his cabin where, after being assured of its pacific disposition he extracts three hairs from the end of its tail and burns them; then he measures the tail with a stick which he buries under his cabin door; and finally he takes a piece of bacon skin or rind, cuts it into the shape of the prevailing moon (crescent or otherwise) toasts it slightly, rubs the dog's nose with it and then puts it into the heel of his shoe. That dog will afterward follow that negro wherever he may go, ignoring his former master completely should they ever chance to meet.

It is well known among negroes that forest snakes of all species when the first autumnal frost comes crawl under old dead logs, where they rest in a comatose state during the winter. When the first thunder comes in the spring they turn over once in their beds, and the next time it thunders they turn over again, slough their old skin and issue forth with renewed hide and vigor, in pursuit of young rabbits and other small-fry game.

In the long drouths which often prevail in the middle latitudes the negroes go snake-hunting, and if they kill one or more they hang the longest one up by the head to the lower limb of a tree nearest the field needing rain, and within twenty-four hours a copious and reviving shower is sure to fall.

If a snake bites a negro, he (the negro) immediately drinks a pint of whisky (if he can get it) diluted with a tablespoonful of ammonia, after which (if he is sober enough) he kills the first black chicken, with white tail feathers, he can catch, picks the white feathers out and burns them (a negro can perform no effective spell without the aid of fire,) then takes out the gizzard of the fowl, opens it, swallows the sand found within, and applies the raw meat to the wound. If this remedy fails, and the snake happens to be of a poisonous kind, the patient either sends for a doctor or gives up all hope, and—dies.

If a screech-owl utters its doleful cry at night near his cabin-door it is a certain sign that an enemy with a bloody knife, a great bottle of alcohol and a small bag of live lizards is lurking near to cast his spell of witchcraft over him, and cause him to stumble and fall at the critical moment when he is about to take the young pig from his neighbor's pen or the sleeping hen from its nightly roost.

If a young negro has warts on his hands (as many of them have by reason of their fondness for paddling in muddy ponds in quest of bull-frogs,) he picks up as many small pebbles as he has warts, rubs each wart with a separate pebble, ties the pebbles up in a leather bag, with a strip of dried eelskin, and goes at sunrise to the nearest cross roads and drops it in the middle of the path. The warts by these means will be transferred from his hands to those of the unlucky person who happens to pick up the bag of pebbles. This is a simple charm and worth remembering.

If a negro starts on an errand, and having forgotten his hat, or jacket, or hunting knife, turns back for it, he first makes a cross mark in his path with his left forefinger, and spits in the cross or center—otherwise he is sure to be haunted the following night by a ghost in knee-breeches and cocked hat, with his throat cut from ear to ear. This is also worth remembering and immitating.

If a person has the "stutters" the surest remedy for that unpleasant affliction is to creep up behind him unawares and knock him down with a raw beef tongue just taken from the animal by an unmarried butcher not over twenty-one years of age.

If he has the hiccoughs he looks at the new moon without winking or taking breath while he counts one hundred. This is known to be an effectual remedy at certain lunar stages, but of doubtful efficacy at other times.

A total eclipse of the moon is a sure forerunner of war, and a meteoric display the harbinger of famine and pestilence.

These and a hundred others are the harmless fantasms which the negro clings to and believes in, and which go to form the most prominent features of his character.

Negroes all believe strongly in ghosts, of course, and you could no more induce one of them to visit alone a grave yard at night than you could induce him to cremate himself in his own log fire. I have known many a negro who has had the most awful experiences in this line, and to hear one tell of his ghastly encounters and escapes in all the eloquence of his untutored speech and childish faith is a rare treat, affecting as well as amusing, one with which very few people are familiar. I may in a future number give the readers of the North the benefit of some of these wild and mystic but homely legends of their dusky brethren of the South.—*C. M. Farmer, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Those unreasonable persons who complain of having families, might with profit call to mind the fact that Mrs. Mary Austin, of France, who is only thirty-three years of age, has already presented her husband with forty-four children.

Curiosity Satisfied.

Perfect ignorance is sometimes more curious than cautious. Other men besides the untutored savage have illustrated this at some expense to themselves. The latest example is reported in the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) *News:*

A dealer in hardware on Jefferson Street has had a straw-cutter standing in front of his store for some days past. Yesterday afternoon two boys discovered it and had considerable sport feeding papers under the knife.

They were still at work, one at the wheel, the other feeding all the old papers he could find, when along came three Canada Indians with something less than a thousand baskets hitched to them. They were evidently father, mother and son, and when they saw the straw-cutter at work they came to a halt and exhibited great curiosity to know how the thing chewed up paper in that manner.

After some conversation between them the Indian put down his baskets and made a closer inspection. The boys fell back to let him satisfy his curiosity, and as he picked up a long strip of paper the squaw began turning the wheel.

The machinery worked beautifully and a grin of delight had just commenced to spread over the red man's face when the end of the paper was reached and the knife slipped off the end of his forefinger.

There was just one howl, accompanied by a jump three feet high. When the Indian lauded on the ground again he was silent as the grave and as straight as a bean-pole. He looked from his finger to the straw-cutter and back, took in the laugh from the loafers on the sidewalk, and then with the dignity of a Sultan he walked to his baskets, resumed his load, and marched off with his wounded hand in his pocket and his nose set on a bee-line for home.

A Ship in a Whirlwind.

The ship Tacoma, of Bath, Me., is undergoing considerable repairs occasioned by a singular accident at sea. Coming from New York to this port with a general cargo, she was struck in latitude eleven degrees north, longitude 120 degrees, with a whirlwind, which instantaneously and completely carried away her forenmast and main and mizen topgallant masts. It was nine o'clock at night, and unusually calm for the latitude. The Captain was in his cabin and all the officers and men were below except those whose immediate and regular duty obliged them to be on deck on ordinary watch. The weather gave no warning, the sky no pronouitions of unusual danger; nothing indicated a war of atmospheric elements, when, as if struck with a thunder-bolt, the spars, masts, rigging and sails went crashing by the side. The spars were not snapped in two, as is usual in sudden accidents of this nature, but were twisted like willows into shreds. The ship is new, this being her first voyage.—*San Francisco Call.*

—The dense fog in London recently has caused the deaths of a number of persons. A coroner's inquest in the case of a wheelwright named James Smith showed that the fog had hastened his death very materially, developing bronchitis to an alarming extent. The fog brought on effusion of the brain in the case of Alice Wright, which caused her death, while the bronchial pneumonia which carried off a little boy named Pepper was ascribed by the attending physician to the poison of the fog.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A statistician tells us that the English language is composed of "about 60,000 distinct words." There are a few more words in use by railroad brakemen, mostly names of places, but they are not "distinct words"—generally they are very indistinct.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE Toledo (O.) *Bee* says: Colonel J. Dorse Alexander, editor Barnesville (Ga.) *News*, has been cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

A CORNER in peanuts has advanced the price of that gallery esculent from $1 to $2 a bushel. Small boys will please weep in chorus. *New Haven Register.*

MR. W. A. FORNES, Greenfield, Mass., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

A DRINKING man was told by his physician to hold his breath while he counted his pulse, but he couldn't do it. His breath was too strong for him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

AN exchange reminds us that Fort Sumter was surrendered by Mary Anderson in 1861.—*Elmira Free Press.*

A BROKEN teacup may be said to have retired from the service.

THEY now make bedsteads with looking-glasses so you can see yourself sleep.

YOU are right in objecting to the claim that the bull-dog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it, you'd better let him have it.—*Boston Post.*

A LITTLE boy who wouldn't run to the store for his mother until he had had a drink of water pleaded in extenuation of his disobedience that "even a river couldn't run when it was dry."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A TEXAS boy shot at a rabbit with a rifle. The ball passed through the animal, killed a sheep, struck a stone and glanced 200 yards and buried itself in a negro's leg. What's the use of Dr. Carver trying to shoot!

AT St. Cloud a traveler asked at what times the little steamers left. "Every ten minutes," was the answer; "Monsieur will not have to wait more than a quarter of an hour." —*Le Figaro.*

A TRAVELER who had just read on the guide-post: "Dublin two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking: "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "an' if yer heels is as slow as yer wits ye'll get there about the judgment day, bedad!"

FOR some time Texas has been rejoicing in the possession of what was declared to be the oldest biscuit in the country, a biscuit which a soldier carried home from the war in his pocket. Twenty years did seem a tolerable age for any article of food, but it is never safe to boast of an antiquity until Boston has been heard from. True to her fame Boston now steps smilingly forward with two biscuits which were brought to this country in 1630 by Robert Pierce and Anna his wife in the good ship Mary and John, Captain Squeb. The bread spoken of appears to be made from coarse oat-meal, and is as dry and hard as wood, so that there is no reason why a fellow who got hold of one of the biscuits in the dark, while looking for lunch, wouldn't think he'd hit upon railway restaurant provender.—*Boston Post.*

*** "They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her."

THE army worm got as far as Boston, when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately laid down and died.—*Boston Post.*

JOHN MCGINNESS says: Dr. Benson, I will pray for you as long as I live, because you took pity on me when I was sick and in the hospital, and sent me two boxes of your Celery and Chamomile Pills, and they cured me of Sciatica, Neuralgia and Nervous weakness. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is fast securing a monopoly in its special line as being the only safe and sure remedy for all diseases of the Scalp and Skin.

NEVER address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.

THOUSANDS of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

THE contribution plate passed about in a fashionable church is apt to come back nickel-plated.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, broachitis, coughs, inflitenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

WRITE plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A BOSTON doctor says high-heeled shoes ruin the eyesight, and yet he can not be persuaded to look the other way.—*Denver Tribune.*

☞ With the Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Only 10 cents. Every dye is warranted true to name and to sample.

"WHY does a donkey eat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

Every Book Agent

should carefully note the advertisement of Douglass Bros., elsewhere in this paper. The work they advertise deserves, and will doubtless have, a large sale. Write them for full particulars without delay.

CHEAPER than blacksmithing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

PRESENTIMENTS.

An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark Forebodings which Make Powerful Men Weak.

Golden Rule.

Much apprehension has been occasioned throughout America from the announcement made by Professor Proctor that the return in nineteen years of the great comet of last summer will cause the destruction of the earth. But while people are becoming so strangely exercised over this announcement, an event of far more serious importance, which is taking place to-day, seems to be almost wholly overlooked. The nature of this most vital subject can be best explained by relating the following experience:

Bishop E. O. Haven, known to the entire land, was unaccountably awakened one night out of a sound sleep, and lay awake until morning. His mind seemed unusually active, and he not only reviewed his past life, which had been an eventful one, but laid extensive plans for the future. He did not feel especially ill, but could not account for the unusual activity of his brain, nor for the restlessness which seemed to possess him. In the morning he had but little appetite, but was apparently well in other respects. In a few days, however, he began to feel restless and morbid, although he tried earnestly to overcome this feeling which had taken possession of him. But try as he would the shadow of some evil seemed to follow him, and he was conscious of a gradual sinking and wasting away of all his physical faculties. He had been an earnest and diligent worker, and in his zeal frequently over-taxed his strength, and being absorbed in his duties failed to observe the common symptoms with which he was afflicted, thus permitting the work of destruction to go on unheeded. But the end finally came in a most peremptory manner. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter—the last one he ever indited—in which he speaks as follows: "A belief that death is near affects different minds differently, but probably all who are in a fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an indefinable dread and horror. A dying man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny or the destiny of those he leaves than he was before he began to die."

The recent sad and sudden death of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter is one of the most serious warnings ever given in the long list of fanumerable cases of fatal neglect. It is not sufficient to say that many other brilliant men, including Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wood, Wilson and Carpenter, were swept away by the same fatal trouble. The question is, were these men sufficiently careful of their health, and could they have been saved? The Albany *Argus*, in speaking of Mr. Potter's sudden illness and death, says:

"One of the physicians who attended Mr. Potter here was interviewed last evening. He stated that Mr. Potter's inability to converse had for some time served to baffle the physicians in their efforts to determine the root of his illness. It seems, however, that Mr. Potter, some two years ago, suffered a slight attack of kidney disease. Unwise dependence upon a robust constitution and naturally perfect health, and neglect of proper clothing, doubtless sowed the seeds of a disease that needed but some such personal neglect as that of Tuesday morning to develop. From the symptoms at first shown, it was thought that his only trouble was nervous prostration; but his long continuance in a semi-unconscious state led to the belief that his illness was seated in a chronic difficulty more mysterious and dangerous."

Up to the latter part of last year Mr. Edward F. Rook, a member of the New York stock exchange, was a doing business in Wall street, New York. He had everything to encourage him, and make life happy, but was the victim of unaccountable uneasiness. His experience as described by one who knew, was as follows: "At unexpected times, and on occasions when he had the greatest reason to feel joyous he was irritable and haunted with strange feelings of discontent. He endeavored to ebeck these feelings and appear pleasant, but it required a great effort to do so; after which he would again relapse into his former morbid mood. This feeling continued for a number of months, when he became conscious of an added sense of lassitude. He was tired even when resting, and although experiencing no acute pain, had dull, aching sensations in his limbs and various parts of his body. Shortly afterward his head began to ache most frequently and his stomach failed to digest properly. Being told that he was suffering from malaria he consulted an eminent physician, who informed him that his kidneys were slightly effected, and gave him medicine to restore them. But he grew worse instead of better. He then consulted other eminent doctors of another school and was informed that he had a brain difficulty somewhat in the nature of a tumor, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary he continued to grow worse. At this time his condition was terrible. What were at first simple symptoms had developed to terrible troubles. He was flushed and feverish, constantly uneasy, and yet always weary. He had an intense appetite one day and very little the next. His pulse was irregular, his breathing labored, and every moment of existence was a burden. These disastrous symptoms continued, his face and body became discolored, his heart was irregular in its action, and his breath came in short, convulsive gasps. He grew constantly worse, notwithstanding the utmost precautions of his friends and finally died in the greatest agony. After his death an examination as to its actual cause was made, when his brain was found to be in a perfect condition, and the reason of his decease was of an entirely different nature."

The experiences which have been cited above all had a common cause and were each the result of one disease. That disease, which so deceitfully, yet surely removed the people above mentioned was Bright's disease of the kidneys. In the case of Mr. Rook the examination after death, while showing the brain to be in perfect condition, revealed the terrible fact that he was the victim of a slight kidney trouble, which had gone on unchecked, until it resulted in acute Bright's disease. The leading physicians and scientists of the world are fast learning that more than one-half the deaths which occur are caused by this monstrous scourge. It is one of the most deceitful maladies ever known to the human race. It manifests itself by symptoms so slight and common, as to seem unworthy of attention; and yet these very insignificant symptoms are the first stages of the worst complaint known in the history of the world. Thousands of people have died from troubles that are called heart disease, apoplexy, pneumonia, brain fever, and similar diseases, when it was, in fact, Bright's disease of the kidneys. The ravages of this disease have been greatly increased from the fact that until recent years no way was known to prevent its beginning nor check its increase when it had become once fixed upon the system. Within the past two years, however, we have learned of more than four hundred pronounced cases of Bright's disease, many of them much worse than those above described, and most of whom had been given up by prominent physicians, who have been completely cured. The means used to accomplish this end has been Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., a remedy that has won its way into the confidence of the public solely upon the remarkable merits it possesses. As a result, it is more widely used and thoroughly praised than any medicine which has ever been before the American public. Indeed there is not a drug store in the entire land where it cannot be found.

Although Bright's disease is so common in cities, it is still more prevalent in the country. When eminent physicians in the largest cities are not able to recognize Bright's disease, it is only natural that in the country, where there are few physicians of any kind, and those few so unacquainted with the disease as to call it by some other name, it should rage terribly and yet unknown to the ones who are suffering with it. Thousands of people can look back and recall the death of friends from what was supposed to be some common complaint, when it was really Bright's disease, AND NO ONE KNEW IT. The terrible pleuro-pneumonia, which has been so dreaded, is usually the result of uremic or kidney poison. Lung fever can be traced to a similar source. Most cases of paralysis arise from the same difficulty, as well as innumerable fevers, lung, throat, head and bowel troubles. A vast number of ladies have suffered and died from complaints common to their sex called, perhaps, general debility, when, could the real cause have been known, it would have been found to be Bright's disease, masquerading under another name. In marked contrast to the sad cases which have been above described are the experiences of many prominent people who were as low as any of the persons mentioned, but who were remarkably restored to former health and vigor by this same remedy. Among this number are the following prominent names: Col. John C. Whitner, Atlanta, Ga.; B. F. Larrabee, Boston, Mass.; Gen. C. A. Heckman, Philipsburg, N. J.; Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. F. A. McManus, Baltimore, Md.; Edwin Fay, Davenport, Iowa; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, LL. D., Rochester, N. Y.; J. S. Matthews, Portland, Mich.; C. W. Eastwood, New York; Dr. A. A. Ramsay, Albia, Iowa; Chancellor C. N. Sims, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. S. P. Jones, Marinette, Wis.; T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland, O.; Henry T. Champney, Boston, Mass.; Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, O., who is a prominent member of the Shaker community, and many others.

To all candid minds the force of the above facts must come with special power. They show the importance of promptness and attention to the first symptoms of disordered health before disease becomes fixed and hope departs. They show how this can successfully be done, and that the dangers which await neglect can only with difficulty be removed.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Two of the most fashionable ladies in Austin were conversing about bonnets and other topics a few days ago, when one of them said there was a very dangerous dog in her neighborhood. "Has he bitten anybody?" asked one of the ladies. "Yes, he caught a little pig by the ear, and bit it up terribly." "Is that so? If he is that kind of a dog, I'm not going to let my children play in that neighborhood." "Nor I mine either."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—*Traveller.*

TOMMY asked his mother if the school-teacher's ferule was a piece of the Board of Education.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

$1000 REWARD

For any machine bullings as much clover seed in 1 day as the

VICTOR

Double Huller Clover Machine

It beats all other Hullers, having hulled

511 VICTORS sold last year, and the demand could not be supplied.

Circular confirming this mailed free. Send for it.

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$10 of Genuine CONFEDERATE Money, and a 24 page Journal (ILLUSTRATED) sent free to any address for 10c. Dr. C. J. Lane, Jackson, Mich.

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A Good Family Remedy!

STRICTLY PURE,

HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

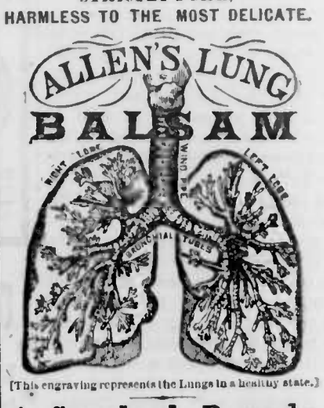

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

A Standard Remedy

IN MANY HOMES.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all other affections of the Throat and LUNGS, it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond competition.

—IN—

Consumptive Cases

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

CROUP!

MOTHERS, READ.

MOTHERS will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL! IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM!

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring is to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM

FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrans of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "*Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime*," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling low priced books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 33 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, P.

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Essay Free. Also, just published, *The Morphine User*; 200pp.; $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., DWIGHT, ILL., U. S. A.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

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WARRANTED FIVE YEARS.

Every Jones Five Ton Wagon Scale is made of the best of iron and steel. Double Brass Tare Beam. Jones he pays the freight. Sold on trial. For free book on Scales address

Price $60

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

[*Continued from 1st page.*]

his pretty wife, and with two babies instead of one, and settled down at the old homestead, and now pressed his brother over and over again to his heart. Our old friend Thomas, now Major Thomas, and a splendid fellow, in dashing regimentals, cleared a way for himself and lovely young wife, whom he as well as Frederick rarely remembered having seen before. Frederick almost starts from her blushing, sisterly embrace, as he recognizes the daughter of Sir John Johnson.

But where is Lizzie, the darling sister, who was always the first to meet him on his return, and whom he longed to introduced to his friend and comrade? Every one says she was here a moment since, and went into the garden to find a friend who was spending some weeks with her and in whom, says Major Thomas, with a mischievous look Frederick will find a friend also. Search was volunteered for the fugitives, but Frederick declared he would find them himself, and started off with a beating heart, half hoping, half fearing, on his self-imposed mission. He entered the garden, and walked down a winding path until he came to a natural arbor formed by the inlacing branches of some old trees, and where he shrewdly suspected the missing girls would be found. A low murmur of voices as he neared the spot proved that the conjecture was right, and he stopped, urged by an irresistible impulse to hear what they were saying.

"Do not urge me, Lizzie," said a voice, which his heart told him could only belong to Mary Ellis, "I cannot join the merry-making when it recalls all my fears only with greater bitterness for the fate of Frederick; if he were only here, how we would rejoice in his brother's happiness.

"In his own also," said Frederick, darting forward and catching Mary, who fellhalf fainting into his arms.

Poor Lizzie was quite cut out, and, feeling herself rather *de trop*, thought as she said, that it would be best to save her "hugging" until another time, and go and get his supper, and find out what it all means. A good many jokes came off at Frederick's expense when he came back at the end of half an hour without Lizzie, but with the happy Mary Ellis hanging on his arm. What long explanations had then to be gone through, with tales of frightful adventure and hair-breadth escapes, until the dawn of morning made the lights grow dim and pale. Sir John Johnson, the brutal father of the young wife, who looked upon Major Thomas with such proud admiration, was dead, and the old hall, the scene of their imprisonment, which the reader will remember was destroyed, had been bestowed upon her husband as some reward for his services to his country.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the happiness of the re-united family, Frederick and Mary were married of course, and the narrative of his terrible experience served to while away many a long winter's evening in after years. In 1836 he was still living, well and hearty, and was chosen one of the electors of President and Vice-President for his native state; the same year Major Thomas Sammons was re-elected as a member of Congress, and stopped on his way to Washington at the splendid residence of the surveyor general—the former friend and companion of Frederick in his hair-breadth escapes from the Canadian fortress, and then the husband of the bright-eyed Lizzie Sammons, and jointly the proprietor of brave sons and daughters. These were the fortunes of the Sammons family during the most exciting period of our country's history, but of those who suffered, not all resulted thus fortunately,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Over 5000

Druggists

AND

Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier **And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.**

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

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ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 291, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
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PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

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H. B. WOLFE,

Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices pinced at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

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Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Munday, May 15th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. HOSLEY,
Examiners.
4 15 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00 Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the CASH.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Machine by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,

JAS. A. HAYDEN.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42 tf DAVID LITTLE.

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A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Neilkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodes, heaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal early payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, and to me, the undersigned, late the sheriff of said county, directed, at the suit of Fink, Bro. & Co., vs. Ephraim G. Blackburn, the same being No. 2 Judgments to September Term, 1881, of said court; I did seize and levy upon all that real estate situated in the village of Altamont, in said county, called

"POULTRY,"

on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1881, the same being the property of the defendant. And now I, George D. White, late Sheriff of Garrett county, do hereby give notice, that I will sell at public auction said lot of ground called "Poultry," so levied upon as aforesaid, it being described as follows to-wit: Beginning for the same at the beginning of Military Lot No. 1169, it being also the end of the 3d line of lot No. 1168, and running thence with part of the given line of lot No. 1168 south 68 degrees west 41 perches, to the given line of lot 1809 and with it north 35 degrees east 81 perches, then south 61½ degrees, east 21 perches, to the 1st line of lot 1169, and with it reversed south 35 degrees, west 40 perches to the beginning containing 8 acres of land, to the highest bidder for cash,

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1882,

in front of Coddington & Jamison's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, to satisfy said sum and costs.

Terms of sale—Cash.

GEORGE D. WHITE.
4 1 4t Late Sheriff of Garrett county, Md.

Sheriff's License Notice.

Notice to Merchants, Traders and Others.

All persons and bodies corporate and politic in Garrett county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a License is made necessary by the Laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same, on or before the

First day of May Next Ensuing.

under the penalties prescribed by said Laws for the infraction thereof.

EDMUND T. JAMISON.
4 1 5 Sheriff.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one in three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882. NUMBER .10

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Oakland Wagon Shops,
4 81f. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Brenneman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, May 30th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

NIMROD SLOTTELTY,
CHRISTIAN HEITZELL,
JOHN HARNED
4 29 5 Examiners.

NOTICE.

CLERK'S OFFICE, April 19th, 1882.

The Commissions of Justices of the Peace, Registration Officers, Commissioner of Fisheries and Member of State Board of Education, have been received this date.

It is necessary for the parties thus commissioned to qualify within 30 days from above date, as their places will otherwise be vacated.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,
15 P. O. Avenue.
d 1810 Baltimore.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.
Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

MacLean, who fired at Queen Victoria a few weeks ago, is not to share Gulteau's fate. It was proved conclusively on his trial, which began and ended in one day, that he was incapable of appreciating the nature and quality of his acts at the time he did the shooting. The Queen, who has been overwhelmed with kindly expressions of joy and gratitude at her escape, is now to be newly congratulated on the demonstration which this verdict affords that it was no sane subject of hers that had designs upon her life.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters: I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.

JOHN R. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From E. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before*. Every family should have a bottle *ready for use*. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines*, it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives to his private patients.

PERUNA pleasantly agrees with every one—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the babe and the mother.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the toils and cares of life it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed wholly of vegetable ingredients, each one a great remedy in itself.

PERUNA is pleasant in taste and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life."

For Piles, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by E. E. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

DOROTHY'S MATCHMAKING.

"I declare to goodness, Robert," Miss Dorothy said, rubbing her nose in a way peculiar to her, "I don't know what you will do, unless you get married yourself."

Robert Ackerman looked at his sister in mild remonstrance as he said gently:

"Marry! I! You forget, Dorothy!"

Dorothy's face softened. Under the daises, in the village cemetery, slept a little blue-eyed girl, who had been betrothed to her brother eighteen long years before, and died one week before the wedding-day.

"It is so long ago," she said.

"Yes," her brother said, sighing; "and I am too old to begin a new life now. Forty-three in December, Dorothy."

"Well," said Miss Dorothy, tartly, "I am five years older, and I intend to marry John Sanderson in three months. Now, Robert," this very coaxingly, "there is Martha Gaines."

He left the breakfast table abruptly as he spoke, and went to his study. Miss Dorothy rubbed her nose vigorously.

"Men are so unreasonable," she thought. "Robert must have some one to keep house for him when I go. And Martha Gaines is the best housekeeper in Meadowville."

The idea of Martha Gaines presiding over the china closet and linen chests that had been her life's delight, until Cupid came to win away the old maid's attention and affection, become more and more agreeable to Miss Dorothy as the morning hours wore away.

"I'll just give Martha a hint," she finally concluded: "Anybody can twist Robert round a finger if they only half try."

It was a speech founded upon long experience, for Miss Dorothy had ruled with undisputed sway over her brother and his belongings for many long years. They were people of position in Meadowville. Their house was large and well furnished in old-fashioned style. With good servants, well trained under her own severe discipline, ample means, and a brother who never found fault, Miss Dorothy's housekeeping had certainly few thorns.

But when she consented to become the wife of the curate of Meadowville, the transfer of the power and privileges became a weighty burden. But one solution seemed possible. Her brother must marry some steady, middle-aged spinster, who would keep up the prim neatness and the hundred fussy details of Miss Dorothy's domain.

Miss Martha Gaines, a vinegar faced, sharp-voiced woman, of limited means, and unlimited energy and temper, proved to be smilingly willing to take Miss Dorothy's hints in good part. Indeed, one word leading to another, they arranged trousseau, wedding and bridal tour before they separated.

It had been a very satisfactory afternoon to Miss Dorothy, and she came home to tea in a placid frame of mind.

Her brother, after lunch, had found himself unequal to his usual afternoon's reading, and strolled down a shady lane in the direction of the church. Was it his sister's suggestion that so brought back to his memory the sweet baby face of the young betrothed that he sought her grave?—for of late years he had not been very often to the secluded corner where Susan Desmond slept, in the shade of a great oak tree.

He walked slowly, musingly, his eyes fixed on the ground, till he was close to the grave. Then he looked up, and reeled back as if he would fall. Close to the grave, one little hand resting on the marble headstone, was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed in white, with a wide straw hat that shaded Susie's long, fair curls.

Robert Ackerman felt as if he had lost his reason. His voice sounded hoarse and strained as he asked tremblingly,—

"Who are you, child?"

"I am Susan Desmond," said a low, sweet voice. "It is the name on the stone here. That Susan Desmond was my aunt, who died when I was a baby. Papa thinks I look like her."

The explanation was given with child-like frankness and simplicity, and gradually the suffocating throbs of Robert's heart became quiet, and his voice was natural and had its usual gentleness as he said to her,—

"I knew your father well before he left Meadowville, and I knew your aunt. You may have heard of Robert Ackerman?"

"Who was to have married Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, dear child. You are like her—very much like her. Are you staying at Meadowville?"

"Yes. I have been ill. Not very, very ill; but—" and she gave a little graceful laugh—"the doctor says I must go to the country for a while, and not study so hard. So I am living with papa's cousin, Miss Martha Gaines."

"Ah, yes. Well, you must let me come to see you sometimes."

"I shall be very glad to see you," replied Susan, frankly, thinking this was the dearest old gentleman she ever had seen.

He chatted with her a little longer, and then walked with her to the gate of cousin's cottage, but would not go in.

"I will come to see you," he promised as he left her.

But he said nothing to Dorothy of this encounter, feeling that a sacred chord of memory had been touched, and shrinking from commonplace remarks upon it. The next day Miss Dorothy went up to the city to make her wedding purchases, and to visit a relative. She left most minute directions with her servants of Robert's comfort, and his heart was moved with a guilty disloyalty.

He was a man of sensitive refinement, a gentleman in the truest sense of the word; while his sister, although not vulgar, was what the Meadowvillians called a "stirring woman," full of life and bustle, of overflowing energy, and withal a most incessant talker.

Miss Dorothy had been in the city but a few days, when a letter from Meadowville filled her heart with elation. It was signed "Martha Gaines," and that maiden wrote,—

"Your brother comes over nearly every day. I suppose he's a little lonesome while you are away, and he usually stays to tea. I've got a boarder this summer, a daughter of a cousin of mine in the city. She's only a little girl, but she plays and sings, and your brother likes to hear her. He's very attentive, sends flowers and fruit, and brings books although, between you and me, Dorothy, I am no hand for books, nor never was. Still, Philip's little girl seems to like to read, and it keeps her out of mischief; and girls are always in mischief."

Every week there came a long, exulting letter from Miss Gaines to her dear friend, Dorothy, until the time was drawing near for the elderly spinster's wedding. All her wedding garments were made, marked and neatly packed, when she received a letter from her brother:—

"Wait until Wednesday, and I will be your escort to Meadowville."

The curt epistle had been written after a day of great moment to Robert Ackerman. He had gone quite early in the morning to the postoffice, and returning, passed the cottage of Miss Gaines. He had sometimes loitered a little with the ladies, as they trimmed the garden flowers, but on that day he paused and caught his breath, as an excited voice rang out upon the air—the voice of Martha Gaines—saying,—

"You are an impudent little brat, and I'll send you home. How dare you set up to teach me how to treat my husband?"

A low, sweet voice answered,—

"You need not be so angry, Cousin Martha. I only said I thought Robert Ackerman deserved a wife who loved him."

"Fiddle-faddle—love! You sentimental school-girls do talk such arrant nonsense. Robert Ackerman is a mooning old bachelor who wants a wife to manage him and keep his home."

The sweet voice rang out more clearly.

"Robert Ackerman is a noble, true gentleman, a man to honor—a man to love! And if he marries he wants a wife who will love him, and make his life glad and bright."

"My good gracious!" gasped the astonished old maid.

"You think more this minute," continued Susan, "of his house, his money, his carriage, and his table-linen than you do of him."

"Well, suppose I do. Perhaps you would marry him for love."

Here the sweet voice broke in a sob, and Susan fled from the battle-field.

Robert Ackerman walked home very slowly. For many weeks, ever since that meeting in the cemetery, he had felt as if his lost love, the hope of his young manhood, had been restored to him. Every hours intercourse with Susan brought back the long-buried dream of happiness more vividly. But he had crushed down all hope. Never could he link that bright, dawning life with his sad, memory-freighted one. But this mornings experience gave him a new hope—a hope that made his breath come quickly, his heart throb suffocatingly. He could not bear such suspense long, and in the afternoon he had wandered to a spot in the woods where Susan had brought her needlework often, and where Miss Martha's keen eyes had never fallen upon the two as they chatted by the hour of books, travel and so forth. As he expected, he found Susan there, but she was pale and shy, had evidently been weeping, and shrank from him as she had never done before.

Very gently, very tenderly, he wooed the sweet, blue-eyed child, till her golden head rested on his breast, and she whispered,—

"I cannot imagine greater happiness than to be your wife."

Miss Dorothy Ackerman was all ready to return to Meadowville when her brother presented himself in the drawing-room of the house where she was visiting. He surveyed the ancient garments in which she had arrayed herself for travel with such manifest disgust that it awakened in her mind indignant surprise.

"What are you looking at me in that way for?" she asked sharply. This dress is good enough to spoil with dust. Come to look, you are wonderfully spruced up yourself. Why, your suit is now—new gloves, too?"

"I wish you to dress yourself handsomely, Dorothy, to attend my wedding."

"You can't be married till we get to Meadowville," said Miss Dorothy. "Martha surely never came here with you!"

"I told you some time ago that I had no intention of marrying Miss Gaines?"

Then who are you going to marry?"

"Susan Desmond."

Miss Dorothy simply stared, with a creeping horror that her brother was going mad.

"She is Philip Desmond's daughter, my Susie's niece."

"What are you talking about. Philip Desmond hasn't been married but—"

"Twenty years. Susan is eighteen, just the age of my dear, dead darling?"

Miss Dorothy had a soft place in her heart, hard as she seemed, and she had loved her brother's betrothed in that long ago when they were all young. Her voice was very gentle as she asked:

"Are you sure she loves you, Robert? She is very young!"

"But she loves me, Dorothy! Do not fear for my happiness, sister."

And Miss Dorothy meekly selected the richest costume from her trousseau to attend the wedding, stopping on her way to church to buy a gift for her little sister-in-law, that proved both her good will and her generosity.

It was not until the party returned to Meadowville that Miss Martha Gaines realized how vain a castle in the air she had build upon Miss Dorothy's match making.

The Brown Divorce Case.

"Max Adeler" in "Our Continent."

"I see," said Mrs. Smyth, looking over the evening paper, "that the Brown divorce case has gotten into the courts."

"It has, eh?" said Mr. Smyth. "And now I suppose the papers will be filled with the disgusting details of the trial. These divorce cases ought to be heard by the courts with closed doors. It is disgraceful that the public journals should be permitted to cater to the depraved appetites of the people. What does the report say, Ellen?"

"Mrs. Brown, it says, brought the suit, and Mr. Brown is the defendant."

"I know; but what does it say about the proceedings? Go on and read it."

"'Mrs Brown came into the court-room, heavily veiled, with her counsel, and sat right in front of the jury-box.' It is a very short report."

"That's queer. The *Evening Sunbeam* usually has such things in full. Well, go on."

"'Mr. Brown sat with his counsel, and after the jury was selected the counsel for Mrs. Brown rose to present his case. He spoke for half an hour, going over all the charges, which were of a revolting character, and'"—

"Dosen't it give what the man said?"

"Apparently not. Too bad, isn't it?"

"That's the poorest newspaper I ever saw. I'll buy the *Argus* after this. However, the *Gimlet* will have a *verbatim* report in the morning. Read what *is* there anyway."

"'After the case had been thus opened, the counsel said that he had twenty-three witnesses present, each of whom would unfold under oath a portion of this most painful story."

"Ah! Now we are coming to it!"

"Here seems to be the testimony of the first witness in full. Perhaps, Henry, I'd better not read it. It is probably shocking."

"Oh, well, of course such things ought not to be printed, but if the newspapers will insert them and thrust them into decent families, we might as well look over them. What did he swear to?"

"The paragraph is full of asterisks, as if some of the most unpleasant revelations have been omitted."

"Mutilated, hey? Pshaw! How annoying! When I want a thing I want it. I don't want a few scraps of it. Read it anyhow."

"'The witness said'—but no, I was mistaken. 'Just as the witness began to testify the counsel for the defense arose to interrupt him.'"

"What on earth was he meddling with it for?"

"'The counsel urged upon the court the desirability of preventing so much scandal, and he offered to consent that Mrs. Brown should have a simple decree of divorce upon the ground of desertion.'"

"Not accepted, of course? These lawyers are a nuisance."

"'This was agreed to by the counsel for the plaintiff, and the decree being promptly granted by the court, the witnesses and the jury were dismissed.'"

"And the whole thing dropped?"

"So the report says."

"Not a line of testimony?"

"No."

"It's outrageous! And a case that excited so much public interest, too."

"Shameful!" said Mrs. Smyth.

"But I'll get it in spite of the court," said Mr. Smyth. "I know Simpson, one of the witnesses, and I'll call to-morrow and ask him to give me all the facts. Then we can pass them around."

Then Mrs. Smyth threaded her needle and Mr. Smyth stretched himself on the lounge for a nap.

What she Saw in Church.

He stayed at home and she went to church; after dinner he asked her:

"What was the text, May?"

"Oh, something, something in Generation; I have forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hight sat right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a looking thing to church if I had to have gone bareheaded."

"How do you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's splendid, and Kate Dartin was there in a spanish lace cape that never cost less than $50; and they can't pay their butcher bill, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No, and the Jones girls were there all rigged out in their silks made over; you would have died laughing to have seen them. Such tastes as these girls have, and the minister gave out that the Dorcas Society will meet at sister Jones' residence—the poky old place."

"It seems you didn't hear much of the sermon."

"Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church if you don't hear the sermon than to stay at home reading the papers; and oh, Harry, the new minister has a lovely voice; it nearly puts me to sleep, and I do tell you that the Rich's are home from Europe, and Mrs. Rich had a real camel's hair shawl on, and it didn't look anything on her."

A long silence, during which Harry thought of several things, and his wife was busy contemplating the sky, then she suddenly exclaimed:

"There! I knew I had forgotten to tell you something. Would you believe it Harry, the fringe on Mrs. Jones' parasol was an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy! Oh, dear, what a world of trouble this is!"

The Legislature of Nebraska has been called to meet in extra session May 10, to redistrict the state. The State has had hetetofore only one member of Congress, and the new apportionment gives it two additional members. If a redistricting scheme is not agreed upon, the full Congressional delegation will have to be elected at large.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

DUST.

Here is a problem, a wonder for all to see,
Look at this marvelous thing I hold in my hand!
This is a magic suprising, a mystery
Strange as a miracle, harder to understand.

What is it? only a handful of earth: to your touch
A dry rough powder you trample beneath your feet,
Dark and lifeless; but think for a moment, how much
It hides and holds that is beautiful, bitter, or sweet.

Think of the glory of color! The red of the rose,
Green of the myriad leaves and the fields of grass,
Yellow as bright as the sun where the daffodil blows,
Purple where violets nod as the breezes pass.

Think of the manifold form of the oak and the vine,
Nut, and fruit, and cluster, and ears of corn;
Of the anchored water-lily, a thing divine,
Unfolding its dazzling snow to the kiss of morn.

Think of the delicate perfumes borne on the gale,
Of the golden willow curkin's odor of spring,
Of the breath of the rich narcissus waxen-pale,
Of the sweet pea's flight of flowers, of the nettle's sting.

Strange that this lifeless thing gives vine, flower, tree,
Color and shape and character, fragrance, too,
That the timber that builds the house, the ship for the sea,
Out of this powder its strength and its toughness drew!

That the cocn ainong the palms should suck its milk
From this dry dust, while dates from the self-same soil
Summon their sweet rich fruit, that our shining silk
The mulberry leaves should yield to the worm's slow toil.

How should the poppy steal sleep from the very source
That grants to the grape-vine juice that can madden or cheer?
How does the weed find food for its fabric coarse
Where the lilies proud their blossoms pure upreur?

Who shall compass or fathom God's thought profound?
We can but praise, for we may not understand;
But there's no more beautiful riddle the whole world round
Than is hid in this heap of dust I hold in my hand.

—*Celia Thaxter, in Youth's Companion.*

BROWN OF NEVADA.

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?"

The general salesman jumped and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies upon a pair of tweed coat tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite.

"By gracious!" he said, "I'm afraid it *is* Brown of Nevada."

"That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just look up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search of Mr. Pillikin with a peculiar "misery-loves-company" expression, and found him looking piteously in the face of a Texas man who wanted his goods at ninety days, twelve per cent. lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial. The Texas man baited poor Pillikin to the verge of desperation, and walked out of the store with the passing remark that he'd look in again.

Even the soul of the general salesman—and as a general thing this kind of a soul is not made of wax—melted at the haggard visage of Pillikin when he told him that Mr. Hardscrabble wanted to see him in the office. Yet to save his life he couldn't help adding, as Pillikin went dejectedly to obey the summons, that Hardscrabble had just seen Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. The general salesman had so often felt this sort of an iron enter into his own soul, he couldn't help assisting to probe others.

Pillikin grew deadly pale. "Brown of Nevada," he said, in a hoarse whisper—"into Scrimmage's!"

"It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so hard. "My gracious, man, you've got to be prepared for these things."

"I've had too many of them lately," said Pillikin. "I never had such luck in my life as I've had this season. Brown of Nevada is one of the men I thought I could rely upon. I've been looking for him all day."

"So you've slipped up with Brown, have you?" snarled the senior member, as poor Pillikin walked into the office. "It appears to me, Pillikin, you're losing the little vim that you had last season. How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing? If you can't do better than this, you'd better not come to the store at all—just draw your salary and stay at home. Are you aware that this is the busy season, the short period when we are *supposed* to sell goods? If you'll take a memorandum of this fact it may help you a little when you see such men as Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. But the fact is we can't blame Brown. He wants a live man to deal with, not a wooden one."

A hot flame leaped into the haggard face of Pillikin. "See here, Mr. Hardscrabble," he said; "if you're not satisfied, tell me so, but keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't allow any man to speak in that way to me."

"You don't, eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office, more dead than alive. The flame had died out of his cheeks and left them paler than before. His legs trembled beneath him as he walked on out of the store. The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard: he seemed all broke up."

Poor Pillikin walked on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly loose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have held on to Brown of Nevada, all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada, what would he be worth elsewhere? How could he support his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy, making nine of them in all, upon any salary that he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the bills must be settled at once; his account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. The cabin of the ferry boat was stifling. In spite of the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as he saw the black waves of the East River surging against the slimy sides of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin.

While the temptation assailed him, the chains rattled, the newsboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the boat bumped against the dock, the crowd pushed him along, and he found himself plodding his homeward way. He couldn't bear the depressing influence of the horse-cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't need a high hat in the menial employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrabble & Co.'s, and had lost the trade of Brown of Nevada. When he at last reached home his fingers were so numb with cold he could hardly get the key in the door, but this didn't matter in the least. Several young and energetic parties ran to let him in; his plump pretty little wife took his coat, and kissed him; his still plumper and prettier sister-in-law took his hat and cane, and kissed him; a half-dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cosy; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire; an inviting meal was wasting its unctuous odor in the halls below.

"My love," said his wife, "how late you are!"

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we were so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada——"

"Jo, dear Jo—my husband, my love, my darling—what *is* the matter?"

For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, put his head upon the table and burst into tears.

It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, had been badgered and worried, and on his feet all day; the March wind had pierced to the marrow of his bones. To find all this love and cheer and comfort awaiting him, to remember how he had periled them all in his talk with Hardscrabble, how he had been tempted to drown them all in his cowardice while upon the ferry-boat, and, above all, for his sweet sister-in-law to pelt him with the crushing name of Brown of Nevada, the author of all his misery—it was too much for poor Jo Pillikin. He wept, not as a woman, whose tears console and comfort as they flow, but as a strong man weeps when the first keenness is added to the agony of despair.

Pretty Mrs. Pillikin got down on her knees and wept on his shoulder, his sister cried upon his other shoulder, and all the little Pillikins set up a howl, none of them knowing in the least what they were crying about save poor Jo, whose tears ceased to flow when he found how contagious they were.

In the midst of all this uproar a man mounted the stoop and rang the bell, but it was Bridget's day out, and in all this noisy distress none of the Pillikins heard the bell. Pillikin had in his agitation left the door ajar, and nobody had thought to shut it. So the stranger walked into the little reception-room, hoping that he would soon have an opportunity of making himself known. When all this sobbing fell upon his ear he was annoyed and shocked, and scarcely knew what to do. Through a crevice in the door that separated the reception from the dining room, he saw Jo Pillikin sitting by the table, his head bowed upon his hands, one pretty young woman dressed in some soft, warm, gay material sobbing on one of his shoulders, and a still younger and prettier woman dressed in black sobbing on the other shoulder, and around the room, all about the floor and the chairs, were innumerable children, all howling at the top of their lungs. Pillikin hastily dried his tears and composed his features, and began to soothe his family. He took one of the pretty women on one knee, the other on the other knee, and gave each of his ten fingers to the young brood, hushing and coaxing them into calm.

"There, there," said Jo, "don't cry any more. I'm a heartless brute to have worried you so. But I couldn't help it. I feel better now; but I never was so completely broken up in my life. I don't mind telling you that I've done a very imprudent thing. It has weighed like a mountain of lead upon my heart and conscience; but I feel more courageous now that I know you love me well enough to share the burden. But I ought to have kept my temper. A man ought to think of his family when his situation is at stake, and it was enough to make Hardscrabble lose whatever decency he ever had to see Brown of Nevada go into Scrimmage & Co.'s."

Both the women started and turned pale.

"O, Sue!" faltered the wife, to her sister—"Brown of Nevada!"

"O, Kate!" gasped the young widow, to the wife—"into Scrimmage & Co.'s!"

"Brown of Nevada!" they repeated together, shaking their heads mournfully.

"Yes, Brown of Nevada!" repeated Jo, also shaking his head mournfully, but feeling consoled, in spite of himself, with his family's full appreciation of the disaster that had befallen him. "This was the drop that overflowed the bitterness of my cup. Brown has always been my best card. It was a pleasure to sell to Brown. Most of these men would skin a flea for its hide. But there's nothing mean about Brown."

"There's something very mean in his going to Scrimmage's," said Mrs. Pillikin.

"I call it a very dishonorable action," said the widow."

"No," said Pillikin, "not dishonorable, exactly; but I must say if he wasn't satisfied with me, he might have bought of some other concern, and not gone over to Scrimmage's right before Hardscrabble's eyes."

Here something like a distant cough was heard. They all looked around, but thought it must be one of the children.

"It was like flinging a red rag in the face of a mad bull," continued Jo. "Hardscrabble was white with rage, and didn't know what he said. I'm sorry now I allowed myself to reply as I did. But it was a bitter blow to *me* to know that Brown of Nevada, of all other men in the trade, should——. But I tell you there's somebody in the other room." Poor Jo turned pale again. "I'm afraid it's Brown with that bill; I told him to call around. I can't pay him now; it's impossible. But I'll have to see him, I suppose."

"No," said his sister-in-law, springing to her feet; "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see anybody."

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll call around next week. Heaven knows when I *can* pay him now; but say that I'll call around."

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception-room, and found there a young man of fine proportions and frank, pleasant countenance, who immediately began to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door ajar, I took the liberty of walking in. I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause of any trouble. If you'll first tell Mr. Pillkin that my name is Brown, he'll guess the nature of my errand."

"We all know your errand," said the widow. "My poor dear brother-in-law guessed it right away. Around the first of the month there are so many people coming here upon the same errand! And I've got a splendid idea what to do with them. My brother-in-law is such a dear good fellow, he's always robbing himself to help others; he's given me a home, and my little orphan boy a home, and no wonder he can't pay his bills. But I've got a piano and stool, and lots of music, and a cover that I've embroidered with my own hands, and these must be worth something considerable."

"Something *very* considerable," said the stranger, looking at the young widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill? what is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lips, smiled. "There is some mistake," he said.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?"

"I have not come to collect a bill. My name is Brown, but I don't think it's the same Brown. There are a great many Browns. If you will tell your brother-in-law that I am Brown of Nevada——"

"O!" gasped the widow; and for a moment Brown of Nevada thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself, and her breath and color came again. She clasped her hands, and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes. "Brown of Nevada!" she repeated—"Brown of Nevada! O my gracious!"

"Yes, I hurried over here to correct an error that had reached your brother-in-law's ears. I did not go into Scrimmage's to buy goods; it was only to meet a friend."

"Only to meet a friend," repeated the widow, still devouring with her large, soft, pathetic eyes; "and you did not buy your goods at Scrimmage's?"

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I always do."

"As you always do!" repeated the widow, tears springing to her eyes, her lovely face suffused with a sort of rapture that really embarrassed Brown. "Of course! As you always do! And you are really Brown of Nevada?" And here she began to walk to the door, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the young merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada."

"Dear me! Isn't it wonderful—strange—perfectly splendid? You'll stay here just a minute, won't you? while I go and tell Jo."

"I'll stay here any quantity of minutes;" and out glided the young widow, leaving Brown in as delicious a daze as she was herself.

"Jo, Jo," said the widow to her brother-in-law, raising his dejected head and shaking him energetically by the shoulder; "Kate, my sister, my dear ones, prepare yourselves. Don't let it come upon you too sudden."

"Good heavens!" cried poor Pillikin, leaping to his feet; "what has happened? What is it now?"

"It's—it's not the Mr. Brown with the bill, Jo."

"Who is it? what is it? Misfortunes never come alone. I'm prepared for anything!"

"It's—it's—oh, Jo, it's Brown of Nevada!"

"Great heavens!" said Jo, springing to the door.

"And he didn't buy his goods of Scrimmage; he went there to meet a friend, and he *will buy his goods of you* AS HE ALWAYS DOES," said the young widow, in a crescendo that at last reached a shrill treble; but Jo was already wringing the hand of Brown.

"Apart from the fact that you have not gone back on me, Brown," said poor Pillikin, "I don't mind telling you that your presence is a reprieve from all sorts of miseries; but how the deuce did you find me out?"

"Why, one of your general salesmen over there—I forget his name—told me you and Hardscrabble had some words about my going into Scrimmage's. He said you were so cut up about it and didn't appear to be well when you left the store; so I thought I'd take a cab and come over. It was a pleasant night—that is, not a very pleasant night; but I hadn't anything to do—that is, I had lots of things to do, but hang it, I wanted to come, and I am glad I did!"

"So am I, Brown—God bless you, so am I!" Then poor Pillikin, relieved of the burden of doubt and wretchedness that had oppressed him, and having there before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade—poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem, and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serious enthusiasm that bespoke the happiness of the occasion.

As for Brown of Nevada he couldn't keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the rustling of drapery outside.

The two little women were flying around down stairs in the kitchen, and up stairs in the dining room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye, their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter and hoisted to her sister in the dining-room above, who whisked them upon the table, and what with the haste and happiness and unexpectedness of it all, when they rang the bell and invited the gentlemen out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never saw or tasted.

From pitying Jo Pillikin, he began to envy him. How hollow and cold and altogether unsatisfactory was the life of a bachelor!—particularly out in Nevada.

The March wind still roared and howled, and the March sleet yet beat upon the Pillikin window-panes, and nothing would do but Brown of Nevada must stay all night.

He knew it must be the widow's room that he slept in (as indeed it was, that little woman and her orphan boy crowding in with the little Pillikins.) and Brown of Nevada went all around, admiring the pretty knicknacks, and worsted-work and embroidery, that was of course the work of the fair widow's hands. He went to sleep and dreamed that Pillikin was so steeped in pecuniary difficulties that the widow found the piano and stool and music, and even the embroidered cover, were only a drop in the bucket; so in her warm generosity she threw herself in, and stood upon the piano to be raffled off by the creditors and friends of Pillikin. Brown threw double sixes every time, and had just made arrangements to have the widow and piano and stool and music and cover shipped out to Nevada with the rest of his goods when the breakfast bell rang. He awoke, and blushed to find what absurdities a man will dream, and blushed still more when the soft innocent eyes of the widow met his own over the potatoes and the muffins, and scrambled eggs, and the multitude of good things which he found out afterward she had made with her own hands.

Her orphan boy was a fine little fellow, and would make a splendid man some day if he could be taken where there was room to grow.

But who can picture the pride of Pillikin when he walked into the store the next morning arm in arm with Brown of Nevada? Mr. Hardscrabble was just bullying one of the heads of stock, and catching a glimpse of this touching spectacle of amnity between Pillikin and Brown of Nevada, he rushed forward, placed an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of each, and thus lovingly linked together the three walked down the store.

And the saying is that whatever you dream in a strange bed is sure to come true; and I shouldn't wonder, if, when Brown went back to Nevada, he'd take all those things he won at that imaginary rattle—all except the piano and stool and embroidered cover. These the dear little widow declares she will leave to the young Pillikins.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Wrong Infirmity.

In a certain Michigan village there lived, a decade since, a man known as Judge Simpson. No one could remember of his having served in any capacity to gain the title, but he acquired it somehow, and had dignity enough for a whole Supreme Bench. The Judge was an eccentric citizen, well liked, but he had a terribly bad breath. No one would ride with him, few could talk with him, and everybody wondered why he didn't eat onions for a change. No one had the courage to mention the matter, and yet something must be done or the Judge would be ostracised. In this emergency along came one of the first tramps ever seen in the State. At the first house where he called for a bite the man called him in and said:

"My friend, are you a brave man?"

"Well I never took a back seat yet?"

"Do you want to earn two dollars?"

"Try me once."

"Very well. You see that white building beside the postoffice? Go up stairs, turn to the left, and you will find a red-faced, bald-headed man called Judge. What I want you to do is to ask him why he doesn't chew cloves for his infirmity."

"I'll do it."

"That's all. Simply ask the question and I'll hand you the cash."

The tramp went his way, and the citizen took his station on a street corner. He saw the brave man go up, and he saw him come down. He went up gracefully enough but when he came down he bumped every separate stair, and as he gathered himself up at the bottom a boot lifted him clear into the gutter. He started for the river on a dead run, and never stopped for half a mile. Then the citizen overtook him and asked:

"Well, was the Judge in?"

"He was!"

"And you put the question?"

"Don't I look as if I did? Say, what infirmity has he got?"

"A bad breath?"

"The dickens; What a fool I was! Why, I thought his infirmity was in his feet, and when he gave me that first lift I was so taken back that he got in two left-handers on my jaw before I began to fall! Two dollars! Why I'm damaged to the extent of two millions!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The will of Dr. Joseph M. Leon was probated at Philadelphia recently. He gives $1,500 a year to an adopted daughter, Josephine. Three years ago she was a chambermaid at the Continental Hotel, in that city. Dr. Leon was struck with her good manners, and adopted her November 1, 1880. At the same time he settled $30,000 on her. His will disinherits two nephews and two nieces, who failed to show her proper respect.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Georgia man trailed an old buggy for 60 acres of land some thirty years ago, and the other day he took a trip down to the locality and found a village of 400 inhabitants on his purchase.—*Courier-Journal.*

Cotton Seed Oil—Vast Increase of Wealth.

The remarkable increase in the manufacture of this article reads almost like a romance, as but recently, within the past ten years, has it received anything like a full development.

The cotton crop, as gathered by the hands in the field, forms, by weight, one-third lint and two-thirds seed. In former days for every 500-pound bale of cotton sent to market, about 1,000 pounds of seed was left lying around the gin house, exposed to the weather for cattle to pick over and get a lean lunch from the rotting pile. Even when cared for, it was hauled back to the cotton field to be spread the same as manure. Taken altogether, the result was nearly all loss.

Now, it is carefully preserved, and is in large demand for a number of valuable purposes, the principal of which is the making of oil. In the last three years fully a hundred new mills have sprung up in the South for working the seed, and the competing demand is quite brisk, the price having raised from $6 to $12 a ton, or double. This means, of course, that the planter now makes at least $6 a bale more from his cotton than when he wasted the seed, and got nothing for it.

The increase in wealth from this source is truly enormous for the cotton growing States. For 1,000 pounds of seed, costing six dollars, makes about seventeen and one-half gallons of oil, selling quickly at forty cents a gallon, while the resulting cake is considered even more valuable for cattle food and as a fertilizer than the seed from which it is made, and sells for quite as much as the seed costs, leaving the oil as nearly clear profit, less cost of making. This oil is in strong demand in the Mediterranean ports of France and Italy, where it is refined and mixed with table olive oils, so largely used in Europe instead of lard. The adulterated article is said to be quite as good as the perfectly pure, and not to be distinguished from it. By another process the oil is solidified and largely used as a substitute for butter, being a most acceptable substitute, selling at wholesale at one dollar a gallon, and retailing much higher. The butter made from the seed taken from a bale of cotton is said to be worth sixteen dollars, and almost net addition to the value of the cotton crop. This article is even said to be used to adulterate cheese, by the honest dairymen of the Northern States. When first received at the oil mills, the seed is carefully re-ginned, and about ten per cent. of short cotton lint is saved, which is used for making the finest quality of batting. It then passes to another machine, which takes off the hulls, passing them to the engine room to be used for fuel. The kernels are then crushed and pressed the same as flaxseed, the resulting oil being barreled, while the hard cake is bagged up in 100-pound packages, or ground up and sold for cattle feeding purposes, greatly adding both to the value of the beef and the manure.

The value of this new Southern bonanza may be best understood by saying that it adds fully twenty-five per cent. to the cotton industry of the States producing that staple. For the census year 1879-80 the crop was reported to be 5,737,257 bales, averaging 500 pounds each, and worth $286,862,850, to which this newly developed product will add a still further value of $71,713,210, or nearly as much as the entire annual product of all the gold and silver mines of the United States put together.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The Aryan Invasion of Europe.

In very recent times—probably not more than twenty centuries before Christ—Europe was invaded by a new race of men, coming from central Asia. These were the Aryans, a race tall and massive in stature (the men averaging at least five feet eight inches, and the women five feet three inches), with "brachycephalic" or round and broad skulls, with powerful jaws and prominent eyebrows, with faces rather square or angular than oval, with fair, ruddy complexions and blue eyes, and red or flaxen hair. Of these, the earliest that came may perhaps have been the Latin tribes, with the Dorians and Ionians; but the first that made their way through western Europe to the shores of the Atlantic were the Gael, or true Kelts. After these came the Kymry; then the Teutons; and finally—in very recent times, near the beginning of the Christian era—the Slavs. These Aryan invaders were further advanced in civilization than the Iberians, who had so long inhabited Europe. They understood the arts which the latter understood, and, besides all this, they had learned how to work metals; and their invasion of Europe marks the beginning of what archæologists call the Bronze Age, when tools and weapons were no longer made of polished stones but were wrought from an alloy of copper and tin. The great blonde Aryans everywhere overcame the small brunette Iberians, but instead of one race exterminating or expelling the other, the two races everywhere became commingled in various proportions. In Greece, southern Italy, Spain and southern France, where the Iberians were most numerous as compared with the Aryan invaders, the people are still mainly small in stature and dark in complexion. In Russia and Scandinavia, where there were very few Iberians, the people show the purity of their Aryan descent in their fair complexion and large stature. While in northern Italy and northern France, in Germany and the British Islands, the Iberian and Aryan statures and complexions are intermingled in endless variety. —*John Luske, in Atlantic Monthly.*

—After viewing Jay Gould's stocks the other day, Russell Sage says that they made thirteen bushels, with perhaps a few quarts to spare. At the current quotations these stocks were worth $4,000,000 per bushel, so that the committee invited by Mr. Gould to inspect his wealth were able to report that, without counting the change in his pockets, he had a visible fortune of $53,000,000. This is a comfortable competance for Mr. Gould.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The oldest inhabitant of Prince Edward Island is Mrs. Graham, of Alma, who was born at Cove Head, 105 years ago. This venerable woman was married twice and raised two families, most of whom are dead. She retains all her faculties almost unimpaired.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Bible is translated into thirty-two African languages, in eight of which the whole of the Scriptures are published.

—Atlanta men are working up a Southern Chautauqua, or central camp-meeting ground, for all the benevolent institutions of the South.

—Japan is thoroughly awake in the matter of education. She has established schools all through the country, and at the University of Tokio there are now 200 students.

—Good old Mrs. Barton, of New Haven, has been for nearly fifty years the teacher of a large and important Bible class. A few days ago her class met to celebrate her eightieth birthday. —*New Haven Register.*

—The National Societies of the Baptist denomination hold their anniversaries in New York, May 24-31. These societies are the Foreign Missionary Union, the Homo Mission Society and the Publication Society.

—Mrs. George Clinton Smith, of Springfield, Ill., has undertaken the compilation of a woman's hymn-book. She asks that all women who have written hymns that have been published confer with her.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Rev. Dr. Magoun, of Philadelphia, told his New York brethren the other day that he started in life as a bricklayer, and that when he laid down the trowel and took up the clerical pen, he secured the first brick he had ever laid, converted it into an inkstand, and had used it ever since.

—The students of the University of Missouri disliked Professor Lowry and asked for his removal. This request was refused, as they gave no good reason why it should be granted. Three hundred of them burned the Professor in effigy, and then marched round his residence singing "Hang Tom Lowry on a sour apple tree."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mr. Baring-Gould represents the religious condition of Germany as not very encouraging. He says that of the 150,000 inhabitants of Hamburg only 3,000 attend worship, and there are only five parish churches. In Berlin there are 900,000 Protestants, but only 11,900 attend church on Sundays. The church attendance in Darmstadt is only three per cent. Throughout Germany only fourteen out of one hundred persons attend any kind of religious service.

—English missionaries have begun to work in the peninsula of Corea—a land from which almost all Europeans have heretofore been jealously excluded. The area of Corea is 90,000 square miles, and the population about 10,000,000 souls. The language is quite unlike both Chinese and Japanese, and much difficulty has been experienced in learning it. Some progress has, however, been made in this direction, and a translation of the New Testament has been begun by a Presbyterian missionary named Ross.—*Chicago Times.*

—President Robinson, of Brown University, is this year delivering the course of Yale lectures on preaching. He states that the proportion of people who attend church is diminishing. For this he gives a number of reasons, some of which are very diverse in character. Among the reasons are skepticism, cheap literature, and the practice of preaching old sermons. He also mentions the willingness of too many churches to exist on supplies of strange clergymen from Sunday to Sunday, instead of securing the services of a regular pastor. To these he adds the uneasiness of the present generation and the lack of desire of hearing the steady preaching of an old-fashioned gospel.—*Chicago Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are people who will buy anything on sight if they can be allowed to pay for it on time.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"The man who steals my purse steals trash," but the man who steals paragraphs has no trash of his own on hand.—*Thos. S. Weaver.*

—"Yes," said a lady, complacently, "I expect we'll get rich now. My husband has just been appointed one of the receivers of an embarrassed savings bank."—*Somerville Journal.*

—The new idea is to have the hand photographed. We have held some hands that are as indelibly fixed on our memory as the photographer's art could fix them and others—without a trump. This is a double action joke.—*New Haven Register.*

—A western desperado twenty-seven years old has killed twenty-six men. That's nothing. We know a young physician who can double discount any desperado that ever stood up, and he isn't stuck up about it either. He is so modest that he never mentions it.—*Rochester Express.*

—"Just taste that tea," said old Hyson to his better half, at the supper table the other evening. "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with it. I can't taste anything." "Neither can I, and that's what I'm growling at."—*Hackensack Republican.*

—A new agony and one that is in every way admirable is for a young lady to entertain her gentleman caller with a few arias on that classical instrument, the banjo. The true and deep significance of this is: "Don't go to the minstrels any more. I will be your minstrel." Did you ever see love's dream set to music in more attractive shape?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to punch his head. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An erratic Judge, who stammered badly in speaking, was hearing a case in which a witness was asked his name. "M-m-my na-na-name e-e's Je-Je-Jones," was the answer. "Wh-ha-ha-d-d-do-u-n- me-ana-ma-mean?" roared the Judge. "See-se-se-se-irr?" said the witness. "Te-te-te-te-ake tha-ah-at ma-ah-an t-t-t-t-t je-je-je-a-ll fo-oh-oh-oh-r co-on-on-t-t-t-tempt!" shouted the Judge. It was amusing to see that Judge when he found that the witness was not poking fun, but really stammered like him.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher,

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

LONGFELLOW.

In Memoriam.

A shadow resting on familiar places;
A sense of loss in hands that clasp and part;
A tender sorrow touching all men's faces;
A dear possession missed in home and heart.

This word was flashed along the mystic wires
From coast to coast, and under mighty seas,
"Our poet's gone." 'Twas told by household fires,
And, requiem-like, was borne on every breeze.

The seer whose pure and consecrated vision
Shed golden halo o'er our common days
Has passed beyond our ken to realms of Elysian,
Has found the clew to life's entangled maze

Here, dwelling higher than the souls around him.
Time swept his harp and sweetened every string;
In that fair country now his peers have found him,
The tuneful few whose songs the ages sing.

The grand old bard, whose sightless eyes, uplifted,
Discerned the gods, and read their hate or love,
Who caught the splendor when the clouds were rifted,
And dared to wield the thunder-bolts of Jove.

Great Homer, matchless minstrel, and no other,
Is first on this new tomb a wreath to lay;
He in Valhalla claims this latest brother,
Fit wearer of the laurel and the bay.

And he whose numbers told Æneas' story
In stately rhythm, silvery and bold,
And he whose solemn gaze pierced Purgatory,
Then, rapt and dauntless, sealed the gates of gold—

These, too, and many a glorious master-singer,
Thronged close to meet him when, death-freed, he came
To enter life and youth. The true light bringer
The poet is, whatever planets flame.

All poets keep the child-heart, sweet as Heaven;
Child-led, they walk amid the worldly-wise;
And so their gentle talk, like angel-leaven,
Attracts us to the beauty of the skies.

And therefore when they leave us we have sorrow,
Though still their accents linger in the air,
And from their legends every day we borrow
Armor of proof against the earth's despair.

A shadowy host of great and good have blessed thee,
O man whose manhood was above thy art.
To-day, by thousands mourned, O poet, rest thee;
Thy In Memoriam is in every heart.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.*

EDELWEISS.

"I was born in my little shrouds,
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

"I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valley bright.

"I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand;
I live unto God, and I die
Unto Him and at His command."

Do you know the Edelweiss, the rare and beautiful flower of the Alps? Its home is on the steepest and most inaccessible cliffs, and the daring mountaineer who risks his life to procure it calls it rightly the "royal white" of the mountains.

In one part of the great chain of the Tyrolese Alps a single peak rises conspicuously above its neighbors—a giant among its brothers. A snowy hood envelops his mighty head, and a heavy growth of fir and spruce forms a shaggy beard below which a green robe of beautiful pasture land sweeps down to the valley at his feet, where a rushing mountain stream leaps and tumbles like a child at play.

Under the shelter of the groves of fir and spruce stand a few rudely-built chalets whose roofs are dotted with great stones overgrown with moss. Connected with the chalets are sheds and accommodations for cattle, for this is where the shepherds of the valley pasture their flocks and garner hay and feed for winter use.

A middle-aged man, in the picturesque costume of the Alpine peasant is busy before one of the sheds, and a young girl, also in peasant garb, stands before the door of the adjoining chalet, and shading her eyes with her hand gazes intently down the path leading to the valley.

"Well, Gretel," says the man, approaching her and speaking in the guttural but not unpleasant German of the Tyrol. "What dost thou seek?"

The girl started. "I cannot think why Hans is so late to-night, father."

"Never fear for Hans, my girl. He is as sure-footed as the chamois, and knows every pass of the mountain blindfold. But thou art pale, child. Thy mother must see rosier cheeks when we go down to the valley or she will never trust thee to my care again——"

He was interrupted by a loud, clear jodel re-echoing from cliff to cliff through the quiet mountain air. The girl sprang lightly down the path, the elder man following at a more leisurely gait. At the first turn she met the delinquent, a tall and sturdy young peasant, who bent to kiss her after their custom first on one cheek and then on the other.

He was a handsome fellow, this Hans, with his loose green jacket and his black leathern breeches, which were short enough to show the bare knee, tanned and ruddy from exposure. He carried an alpenstock in his hand, and a glossy cock's-plume nodding at the back of his pointed hat.

"Welcome Hans," said his sister, but she started back in surprise when she saw that he was not alone, but followed by a young man of foreign dress and air, who paused panting and flushed from the unusual exertion of the steep ascent.

"Explain it to them, comrade," he said, in the broken and hesitating accent of a foreigner.

Thus appealed to, Hans related simply how he had gone into the town of X. to sell his bunches of rare flowers, and had been stopped before the Gasthaus by a group of English tourists. The ladies had bought his flowers at a high price, and with the insatiable curiosity of travelers in foreign parts, as well as to his embarrassment, had besieged him with many eager queries as to his home and manner of life. Finally this young man had touched him on the shoulder and said: "Take me back with you to your mountain, friend. Let me stay through the summer in your chalet, and you shall not lose by it."

"I smiled at the good jest," went on the honest Hans, "and told him our fare was coarse and our shelter comfortless for one of his kind. But he would not take no. He loves our mountains he says, and hopes to get strength and inspiration from them for his pictures, for that is his art. His English name is hard and strange, so he shall be called *Herr Georg* by us."

This point having been settled by Hans with quiet decision, the artist stranger was received without more formality into the simple hospitalities of the chalet, and soon adapted himself to their primitive ways. What a wonderful life it was! He breathed the exhilarating mountain air and was shut in but not imprisoned by these ancient sentinels. How silent they often were through days of dazzling sunshine and nights of clear, cold frost, and again how many-voiced as they echoed the wind and storm and avalanche, or repeated the wild jodel of the peasants.

He watched Reinhold, the elder peasant, and Hans toiling early and late with simple, faithful hearts at their menial tasks. Perhaps even more, as was natural, he watched Gretel moving with a light step about her little kingdom, leading to each of her household duties an unconscious dignity. The clouds that often lay beneath them, hiding the valley from sight, seemed—and he felt it almost with alarm—to be blotting out his old life with its achievements and interests, till they grew faint as a half-remembered dream. He thought of this mountain life as of a picture done with simple, masterly strokes and rich, pure coloring, and of his own, in comparison, as a piece of delicate *genre* painting, executed with feverish and morbid attention to detail and finish. And he strove to attain to the strength and serenity of those who had lived habitually on the heights.

Yet Gretel was human and companionable, too. One day—a month must have passed since his arrival—she said to him with gentle solicitude: "I fear you will not have many sketches to show when you return to your country, my friend. This is a fine, clear day. Let me fetch your pencils and paper and you can get a rare outline of old Dreizacken opposite."

"But, Gretel, what a beautiful day to gather flowers, and you need the air. Let us climb to the point where the Edelweiss grows."

So her mild reproof was as usual unavailing.

"You see I am gathering inspiration, though my pencil and brush are idle," he explained to her as they swung themselves up to a bold promontory where red and pink rhododendrons blossomed in brilliant profusion. Gretel, always fleeter and surer than her companion climbed rapidly to a still higher ledge and brought back in triumph a beautiful specimen of the pure and staclike Edelweiss with its strange woolly covering. Her face was flushed with exertion. Ordinarily it was so pale and transparent that he had sometimes compared her to the Edelweiss, although he had never told her so. Sometimes also, though not habitually, he had seen a sunrise in the Alps, and his artist soul had thrilled, as even an inartistic soul must, at sight of that marvelous rose tint which touches and glorifies the cold snowy peaks until they seem to glow with life. Of such a sunrise he thought now as he looked at the flush on Gretel's cheek. He was right. His artistic sense was by no means lying as dormant as she had fancied.

"What a beautiful world this is up here!" she said.

"If only it might remain so! But soon the winter will come, and this happy summer be over, and there will be change and parting, Gretel."

"Yes," she said, quietly.

The air, the place, the girl and the flowers wrought a sudden mood in him, a mood both daring and unpractical. "Is she formed of the white ice of the glaciers?" he thought; "can nothing thaw her frigid heart?" Then aloud: "But need there be parting, Gretel? When the cruel winter reigns here with its ice and snow, there is another land where a happy home and a bright hearth and love and good cheer awaits our coming."

Ah, the sunrise glow was in her face again! He saw it and triumphed.

Then she turned her full gaze upon him without a trace of self-consciousness or dissimulation in it.

"Look at this Edelweiss, this child of the mountains, placed here by God to bloom for Him. Do you not know how, when the covetous tourist has torn it from its native soil and transplanted it to his own, in spite of all the care and tenderness bestowed upon it, it droops and dies in the uncongenial soil? Shall we be deaf to the lesson it teaches us, my friend? No, I must live and die here in my mountains. It would wrong us both to do otherwise. Let us go down, for I hear already the tingle of the cowbells."

"Neighbor Bachmann has moved today to the chalet on the Dreizacken," said Reinhold that evening. "It is most unwise. Why, Herr Georg? Because it lies in an unprotected spot, and an avalanche might at any moment sweep down upon it. It has not happened for many years, but the snow is treacherous under this warm sun, and I would not trust my life there."

The next morning the artist sat on the bench before the chalet sketching more busily than he had done since his arrival.

Gretel came out with a small basket on her arm. "I am going to carry some curds to Frau Bachmann and will return by noon," she said.

He followed her with his eyes until she disappeared over the meadow. An hour must have passed and still he sat musing. The morning was still calm and clear, and only the distant tingling of the cow bell fell upon his ear. Suddenly he was startled by a dull rumbling. It could not be thunder, for the sky above him was cloudless. It grew louder and clearer. "Great God!" he cried aloud "the avalanche! And," as old Reinhold's warning flashed upon him with horrible distinctness, "Gretel has gone to the dangerous spot."

With the swiftness of terror and despair he followed in the direction she had taken. Soon he came upon a group of awe-struck peasants, who had gathered at the first signal of the deathly messenger, but too late to warn the threatened family.

Bachmann's cabin with all its inmates had vanished from sight, and in its place spread a vast and pitiless field of ice and snow. Search was unavailing, as they knew by past experience and silently admitted to one another.

Gretel and her friends were laid to rest like the seer of Israel, and no man knew their sepulchre.

Repressing his own grief, the artist endeavored to comfort the unhappy father and brother in their overwhelming afflictions.

"Your Gretel was like the pure Edelweiss," he said to them. "It blooms in beauty for a time and when its mission is fulfilled God gathers it painlessly to Himself."

"She is an angel of Paradise," said Reinhold, weeping.

Thus her simple life was ended, and with the "royal white" of death on cheek and brow she rested in the shadow of the mountains she had loved.

* * * * * * *

At the winter exhibition in London there was one picture which attracted general attention. It was a crayon head of a pale, girlish face, with just a faint rose flush on the cheeks like the glow of sunrise on the snowy summit of the Alps. Beneath it was written the name—Edelweiss.—*Our Continent.*

The Great Hat Question.

The hat in the House of Commons is likely in time to come to be dated back from the week that has just passed. Mr. John Bright's hat has become famous in the House of Commons. You may possibly be aware that in that house it is customary for members to remain covered except on certain occasions. When they speak before the Speaker they must take their hats off; they retain them when the chairman of committee is presiding. They take them off whenever the speaker enters the house, and only reassume them when the door is passed. They must take them off for prayers. They must uncover whenever a royal message bearing the sign manual of the sovereign is brought up, but they may keep them on when any other royal message is delivered. Altogether it is a most intricate question when to wear and when to doff the hat. One ought to be drilled in it for a week or so before taking part in the business of the House. And even then he might blunder as Mr. Bright did last Monday night. The House had only just begun business when Mr. Gladstone was seen standing at the table before the Speaker with a paper in his hand. Directly he announced that he had a message from the Queen about Prince Leopold, all the members except Mr. Bright and another Birmingham man, Mr. Jesse Collins, M. P. for Ipswich, and about three Irish members took off their hats. Mr. Bright appeared to be in the land of dreams, and paid no attention to the cries of "Hats off!" which rose from all parts of the house. The message was read when up jumped a conservative member to demand what Mr. Bright meant by keeping his hat on. The speaker ruled that Bright was out of order. But more was to come. When next day the minutes of the House appeared, it was seen that the report ran: "The message was read, all being uncovered." This again was brought before the House, and again the Speaker ruled that Bright ought to have taken his hat off. But, strange to relate, when presently another royal message was brought in, though it bore the sign manual; not only did Bright but several other radicals, keep their hats on. So that now it would appear that the hat question was raised purposely, and that in future the radicals of Parliament don't intend to pay ancient reverence to royalty. Many strange things have come of hats. Can it be that the retention of Mr. Bright's broad brim is the signal of a change in the attitude of a large section of English politicians toward the throne?—*London Letter.*

The Doctor and the Lawyer.

A smart young sprig of a lawyer had a grave old doctor on the witness-stand in a case of assault and battery, and he questioned him unmercifully.

"Ah, doctor," inquired the lawyer, did I understand you to say the cut in the man's head was dangerous?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, doesn't it sometimes happen that even a less cut than this one is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, doctor, is it not true that even a scratch is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, and I have known of cases resulting fatally when not even a scratch was visible. Only recently a man died under such circumstances."

"Ah, indeed," quickly put in the attorney in a pleased and satisfied way, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the facts?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"You say there was not a scratch on him?"

"Not one that I could find."

"And he died?"

"Yes."

"Now, Doctor, just tell the jury how it was."

"Well, you see, he had the colic, and he was dead before I could get him untangled."

The young attorney called another witness.—*Steubenville (O.) Herald.*

"Give It to Him, Old Gimlet Eye."

This court-room scene occurred in the early days of the State of Vermont, when school houses were used for court houses, and log stables were used for jails.

The Circuit Court was held at Berkshire Center, when old Judge Hammond, who was remarkable by his having a crooked eye, presided. The case on hand was one of trespass, and had attracted a full house. Everything went on smoothly until the old Judge began to charge the jury, when he was rather severe on the defendant. An eccentric person in the crowd, who did not realize the dignity of a court-room, jumped up and said: "Give it to him, old gimlet eyes." The old Judge rose, and in a voice of thunder, said: "Who is that disturbing this court?" The eccentric person replied: "It's old hoss." Then says the Judge: "Here, constable, take that old hoss and put him in the stable." The consequence was the court had to adjourn till afternoon in order to straighten the faces of the officers and jury.

This story was told me when I was a boy by a venerable Judge who had in his younger days studied law with the "gimlet-eyed" Judge.—*Cor. Chicago Journal.*

—It is an uncommon thing in Lapland for a person to have two Christian names. One is all they can live under

A Poet Who Was a Hero.

In all the range of literary biography one comes across very few lives so full of quiet, unvaunted self-denial and heroism of that of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate of England from 1813 till his death in 1843. He was an humble Christian and self-sacrifice was the law of his life. He married his wife when he was so poor that he could hardly buy the wedding ring, because her circumstances were unhappy, and he, who loved her, wished to be allowed to send her all the money he could make during an approaching absence of six months. From that time he lived for her and their children, rather than himself.

But he did not live for them alone. Coleridge had married Mrs. Southey's sister, and Coleridge was the typical poet of the old satirists—too poetical for the prose duties of life. He went away and left his wife and children on Southey's hands, and Southey worked for them just as cheerfully as for his own. When he had but little, he lived upon that little; for he had a clear conscience in the matter of debt.

In the year 1821 he had become the possessor of six hundred and twenty-five pounds (about $3,000). He was then forty-seven years old. This sum of money was all that he had saved through his hard-working life—his sole dependence in case of illness, or when helpless old age should come.

But no sooner had he congratulated himself on its possession than he heard of the misfortunes of his friend, John May, to whom he had formerly been indebted for much kindness. May had suddenly lost his all.

Instantly Southey's mind was made up. He wrote to May thus:

"By this same post I am writing to Bedford, desiring him to transfer to you six hundred and twenty-five pounds in the Three-per-cents. I wish it was more, and that I had more at my command in my way. I shall have in the spring, when I am paid for the first volume of my history."

He goes on to urge May to visit him—to "come to Keswick, and lay in a pleasant store of recollections." One can hardly read this letter without tears in one's eyes.

What other man ever lived who, at forty-seven, would have transferred to an unfortunate friend all the accumulations of his life and neither asked or hoped for return, or considered the deed as one about which it was possible to hesitate?

Yet Southey made no parade of his affections or his friendships. He wrote once to Coleridge:

"Your feelings go naked. I cover mine with a bear skin; I will not say that you harden yours by your treatment of them, but I am sure that mine are warmer for their clothing."

He lived for others up to the very end of his life. In 1834 a terrible malady which had long been assailing his beloved wife reached its crisis, and he wrote to a friend who was as near to him as his own household:

"I have been parted from my wife by something worse than death. Forty years she has been the life of my life, and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum."

Thank God that after a year of treatment in the asylum he was able to bring her back again to wear out the rest of her sad days in her own home. This restored to Southey some measure of hope and cheerfulness, for "through the weary dream" which was now Mrs. Southey's life, she always knew him, and took pleasure in his presence. The strong arm on which she had leaned for forty-two years supported her down stairs each day, and bore her up again at evening.

In 1835 she died; and though, when she had been dead nearly four years, Southey married Caroline Bowles, then a woman of fifty-two, it was rather as a refuge for the cold solitude of old age than with hope of anything like happiness. Happiness had been buried with her whom he had called the life of his life, and whom, in 1843, eight years after her death, he went gladly to rejoin.

There were far greater poets among Southey's contemporaries than he, but where, among all the poets who have ever lived, shall we look for a truer or a nobler man?

He could truly say,

"My thoughts are with the dead. Anon
My place with them shall be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all eternity.
Yet leaving a name, I trust,
That will not moulder in the dust."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Reilley's Expectations.

Sometimes amusing things happen in police courts. A New York city paper reports the following unexpected termination to Mrs. Reilley's expectations:

"Mrs. Reilley," said Justice Otterbourg, after half an hour's hard work in endeavoring to settle the antagonistic feelings between Mrs. Reilley and her neighbor, Mrs. Murray, "I will hold Mrs. Murray to keep the peace."

"God bless your honor," said Mrs. Reilley, "sur's its just before comin' to coort that I says to me old man phat a foine gintlemin you were."

"I hold her," said the court, not heeding her remarks, "in $300 bail, or stand committed for one month."

"Serves her right," said Mrs. Reilley approvingly, "and I hope your honor won't let her go on bail. Good-bye again, your honor, and may God bless you for this day's work."

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Reilley, you needn't be in such a hurry. Mrs. Murray's complaint against you will be through in a few moments."

"Mrs. Murray's complaint against me!" said Mrs. Reilley, in astonishment.

"Yes, she also declares that you were drunk and committed an assault upon her."

"I'm sure your honor is too much of a gintlemin to believe a word that woman says."

"Certainly I do not," said his honor. "How could I for a moment question the veracity between a lady like you and a woman like Mrs. Murray?"

"God bless your honor, for you know what's what!"

"I will, therefore, send you also on the island for one month."

The language which she used a moment before was very contradictory to what she used then, and, heaping curses on no one in general, she was led from the court room.

The Woman Who Eats.

Some of us who are middle-aged have a vivid recollection of a time in American social history when it was fashionable and "genteel" to eschew eating as a vulgar and sensuous matter. Those were the times when it was the custom for high-bred and refined people to discuss only the most ethereal diet. The dear creatures who (nominally, at least,) dined on a canary-bird's wing, or suffered a surfeit when they had absorbed a spoonful of clover honey, are no more. How well we remember them! They wore white muslin and blue ribbons. They seldom danced. They adored Byron (Byron who hated to see a woman eat,) and talked of Kant, and wished that there could be a new moon all the year round. The younger portion of that generation ate slate-pencils to improve their complexions, and smelled at vinegar cruets to make them look pale and interesting. To look at one of these girls one would say that they had never seen any food more substantial than tea and toast. To follow them into the privacy of home would be to find them secretly addicted to bacon and greens. The public scorn for all solid food was an affectation. It was fashionable to eat next to nothing. It was needful to eat a great deal. And fashion carried the day.

Fashion moves in cycles. In the time of the great Samuel Johnson it was thought fit and proper for young women in high life to boast of their gastronomic achievements and to announce their preferences for certain dishes. A charming young friend of Mme. d'Arblay, clasping her hands rapturously, and looking Dr. Johnson in the face, said: "O, I do love mashed turnips!" The aged cynic, slowly pulling himself together, said: "My dear young lady, as the experiences of life accumulate, and the attractions of this mortal existence sink to their true valuation, I hope you will find something more worthy of your affections than mashed turnips." It was after Johnson's time that young ladies at boarding-schools adored Byron and were content with a diet of slate-pencils and water. When the muscular cricket-playing and brawny school began to be popular with men, the women very naturally took to advertising their liking for what our plain-speaking California friends call a "square meal." The dear creatures no longer pretended that they lived on air, and that eating and drinking were vulgar. The languishing, die-away creatures whom we meet in the old-fashioned novels exist no longer. The young lady of the present time is not afraid of sunshine, rain, fog and freckles. She is robust, athletic and hearty. She can tell Burgundy from Bordeaux, knows the difference between *fromage* Roquefort and Gorgonzola, and is critical as to the exact time required for the cooking of a canvas-back, and the number of minutes safe for the proper broiling of a lobster. Something good to eat is more to her than art or even fashion. Such a one, describing an evening entertainment, said: "It was unusually swell. The gentlemen were witty and clever, and the crab salad was simply heavenly."

This is not an exaggeration. It is merely a reaction from the lackadaisical and sentimental age of our grandmothers. The days are gone when it was fashionable to wear thin slippers, lace tightly, assume a languishing air, and pretend to live on next to nothing. If the matter-of-fact, eating and drinking generation of young women that has come in does sometimes trench nearly on the bounds of genuine refinement, we can forgive the apparent trespass. Even a coarse and boisterous affectation of hearty liking for good eating and drinking is better than a deceitful pretense of abstemiousness that deceived nobody. Men and women must eat to live. It is a high state of society in which the pleasures of the table are made to minister to the stern necessities of existence. It is a low state in which men and women fill themselves mechanically, never considering anything but the volume of food absorbed. And there is no reason why women who are not convivial, at least, should not be competent judges of what is best in food and drink. Of course, we admit that all women are angels, but so long as angels dwell among men they must partake of the nature of mortals. The woman who cannot appreciate a good dinner is a libel on her sex.

Let no man say that the change of woman from the sentimental, insipid and angelic creature of the last century to the vigorous and hearty person of today is a change that begins and ends with eating and drinking habits. Let the pessimists say what they will, the present is an age of genuineness and candor. There is less modesty, less of the humbug of seeming, than in any generation that has gone before us, if we may accept as true the pictures of life given us by Smollet, Fielding, Fanny Burney, Thackeray and the writers of the time of Queen Anne. The civilized world admires the delicate and fragile beauty of American women. But it is the pride of the country that feeds the world with beef, grain and game, that the rare flower of American loveliness is no hothouse plant, reared in a nicely adjusted atmosphere. The womanliness and the manliness of our country spring from a rich and nutritive soil. We have the best provision for the table in the world.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Six years ago a young man named John Trimm, known as somewhat eccentric, left Lewistown, Me., for a business trip to Portland. He did not return at the time appointed, and subsequently a body found in Portland harbor was identified as his, taken to Lewistown, and with due solemnity buried. Trimm entered an old friend's store in Lewistown a few days ago in the best of health. On inquiry being made he said that he had been in Minnesota during the last five years, and that he had read in the newspapers accounts of his drowning and his funeral, but did not take the pains to inform his friends of the mistake, as he did not think it worth the while to make any fuss about the matter. He has had his ups and downs, but has prospered in the main.—*Chicago Times.*

—A murder of a convict in a Tennessee prison by a fellow convict has raised a curious question. The Governor has been induced to set aside the conviction and sentence, because the only witnesses testifying were convicts, and therefore incompetent. A change in the law is recommended.—*Chicago Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—"Whether are we drifting?" asked a crank who has been tied to a single idea and stuck in the mud for a quarter of a century.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Over 2,000 more brass bands in this country this year than last, and yet the base drum pounders go at their work without the quiver of a lip.—*New Haven Register.*

—Jamaica ginger has been declared contraband by a Maine Sheriff. In the coming summer time when that Sheriff gets too much cucumber aboard, the inhabitants of that district will dance in glee about him while he suffers, and no Jamaica ginger will assuage his grief.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Mr. Partridge, the newly-appointed Minister to Peru, has been for many years a widower, and is now childless, his two daughters having died not long ago. He is fifty-four years old, and was graduated at Harvard. He has traveled much abroad, and has some literary tastes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Dan Rice tells with great gusto a story how he once played draw poker on Long Island with Count Louis, who was afterwards known to the world as Napoleon III. "I beat him," says the famous circus man. "He died in my debt. Peace to his remains! Like him, I too, have found my Sedan.—*N. Y. Post.*

—P. T. Barnum says: "Some people think it a fine social thing to say when they meet their friends: 'How are you, my boy? Let's take a driuk.' It would be a more sensible thing for a man to go out with his pocket full of baked potatoes and say, when he meets a friend: 'How are you, my boy? Let's eat a potato,'"

—Near Blacksbury, Va., there was lately born a wonderful lamb, which has its heart on the outside of its body, where it may be seen throbbing and palpitating as normally as if it were in its proper place. The lamb apparently swooned away upon a man's laying his hand upon its heart, and when the hand was removed the lamb recovered again.

—In tearing down the old Postoffice building in Cleveland a copper box was taken from the corner-stone, but the contents, with the exception of a few coins of 1850 and 1855, were so decayed from mold and dampness as to be entirely illegible. The box had, however, not been properly sealed, and the place where it was deposited was nearer the roof than the ground.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—"Joaquin Miller's wife, 'Minnie Myrtle,' is dying over in New Jersey," says the New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*. "She wrote poetry after he left her, then lectured, then married (I have forgotten his name) but life has been too severe for her and she has succumbed. Miller still lives with his new wife (*nee* Leland) but he never speaks of her to his friends, never acknowledges that he is married, always goes into society without her, and has never been seen with her even on the street."

—In the winter of 1854, twenty-eight years ago, Dr. W. C. Avery, of Greensboro, Ala., while hunting, lost a gold watch, a hunting-case English lever. This watch was returned to him one day last week by a colored man, who found it on that day, about one mile from the house, in the woods. The watch is in good condition and, considering the length of time it has been exposed to the weather, is comparatively bright. It was identified by the initials of the owner, engraved on the outside of the case.

—One of the most singular of the many pistol accidents was that by which a woman was killed at Georgetown, Cal. Her brother was explaining how a friend had been shot with a weapon supposed to be unloaded. He illustrated the account by taking a revolver from his pocket. "But," he said, "I won't be foolish enough to point it at anybody." Then he turned round, and as he did so it went off, the bullet striking his sister. He declares that he had not cocked it, and did not touch the trigger.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A few days ago the ferryman at Neal's Ferry, on the Chattahoochie River, while putting some passengers over in his flat, discovered a box floating down the river. After the flat had landed its passengers, the ferryman seized a batteau and made his way to the box, which he soon overhauled, and was astonished to find that it contained a sweet little babe. It was a white child, well dressed, with plenty of good clothes besides. Some old people who live in the neighborhood have taken and will raise the little Moses.—*Chicago Times.*

—Miss Maggie Kingsley, of Bombay, Franklin County, New York, niece of William Kingsley, a prominent Brooklyn politician, apparently died a few days ago, and lay as if dead for nine days. While the body was being prepared finally for interment she came to life, having been in a trance, and is still living. She would have been buried, but that she had once before been in a similar trance, though for a less length of time. The original cause of her sickness is said to have been grief because of the departure of a brother from home.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Prickly Pear, Montana, farmer has a pointer dog with dissipated habits, contracted from too intimate association with his former owner. With an otherwise correct character, this dog is given to pipe-smoking, tobacco chewing and whisky drinking, in all of which habits he is known to indulge when he comes to the capital. In the Helena saloons he is recognized on sight, and passes under the name of "the Butte dog," from the circumstance of having been raised and educated in the Summit Valley canon.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Mme. Carla Serena, the intrepid traveler, has again returned to Paris from another voyage of discovery in the remote provinces of the Caucasus, one of her favorite fields of exploration. The perils to which she exposed herself may be appreciated from the fact that no photographer in the surrounding country would risk his life by accompanying the traveler. Mme. Serena was therefore obliged to accomplish the task by herself. On her return journey Mme. Serena met with a hearty reception at Rome, where the king presented her with a gold medal, specially struck in her honor.

THE REPUBLICAN.

AKLAND, MARYLAND·

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

ne copy, one year..... $1 50
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

The conference in Philadelphia of regular and independent Republicans was protracted from Saturday until Monday. The result was an agreement on a platform which it is thought will bring peace and victory to the Keystone Republicans.

The *Independent* says, "The Democrats are making large calculations as to their prospective gains, founded on the hatred of the 'Heathen Chinee.' They once reasoned in the same way in regard to the Negro, and for the last twenty years have been dlviding the profits in continuous defeats. A political party that seeks gain through race hatred ought never to meet anything but defeat It is too despicable and mean to have any standing among decent people."

An Annapolis dispatch to the Baltimore papers says:

Registers ot voters will do well to take heed to the sixth section of the new registration law that enacts "That each and every person appointed as aforesaid to act as an officer of registration, whether as principal or assistant officer, shall qualify as such officer of registration forthwith, and shall perform the duties of the office for which he was appointed, unless removed from office for incompetency or misconduct, or because disqualified by sickness; any officer of registration who, being duly appointed, shall fail, or refuse to qualify forthwith, or who having qualified, shall fail, or refuse to perform any duties of his said office, shall be liable to a penalty of five hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment in a court having jurisdiction of the subject matter.

Section 10 of the registration law specifies the days on which the officers of registration shall sit for the purpose of registering the qualified voters in the different counties of the State, . This is the language of the law: The officer shall sit "on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday in the month of July, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday in the month of August, 1882, inclusive of said last mentioned day, and shall sit for the purpose of revising and completing his said registry or registries of voters, or pollbooks, of said election district, or of the election precincts of said election district, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the two successive weeks next after the first Monday in September, in the year 1882, * * * and shall sit in like manner and for the same purposes for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, in the year 1882." It will be seen that the work of registration in the county will not begin until the Tuesday after the second Monday in July, and also that there are twenty-three days in which to register, and not twenty-two as erroneously reported. The law includes the second Monday in August with the five days following, which with the five in July, ten in September and two in October makes twenty-three days.

In accordance with the constitutional requirement Governor Hamilton has issued his proclamation declaring the adoption of the amendment to the State constitution proposed at the session of the General Assembly in 1880, and ratified by popular vote at the election of 1881. The amendment takes the place of section 5 of article 4 of the constitution, and is designed to correct a curious blunder in the constitution of 1867 in reference to the election of judges. According to the original constitutional provision, all the judges elected in 1867 would have been required to be re-elected in October 1882, at the "general election for members of the General Assembly," but as there is no such general election in 1882, one of two things must have happened—either the Governor, upon the expiration of the terms of the several judges in 1882, would have been entitled to appoint their successors to hold until the general election of 1883, or the present judges would have been entitled to hold over until their successors were elected and had qualified. To clear up this question of construction and to prevent the possibility of awkward complications, the amendment was proposed by the Legislature and ratified by the people at the election of 1881.

The Contending Factions.

The O. L. D.'s (Office-Loving Democrats) are beginning to be an important factor in the Democratic party. Their numbers would be welcomed in the ranks of either faction. At present they seem to be gravitating fully towards Mr. Gorman, carrying Gov. Hamilton along with them. Mayor Whyte and Senator Gorman are antagonizing each other with great vigor; Barnes Compton and George Colton are calling each other hard names in the newspapers; other party leaders are burnishing their arms for the coming fight; and the office-seekers are ready to cast their convictions wherever the prospects are greatest for public plunder. Hard names are bandied about with great facility, and the Democratic party, for the present, is without one recognized leader and head.

If there should be found no way of cementing these antagonizing elements, the divided party will find a Waterloo defeat in the fall campaign. The extremity of that party should be the opportunity of ours. We trust that this fact will be so clearly recognized, that there will be a cessation of all petty difficulties in our own ranks. This is the way to victory, and we may walk in it, if we only will. Prudence and care in our nominations, energy and good faith in the campaign itself, and devotion to Republican principles should give our party an undoubted triumph.—*Frederick Examiner.*

It is announced that the "Board of Control" of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has appointed a Finance Committee with R. P. Flower, of this city, as chairman. The propriety of Mr. Flower's selection for this position at once appears when it is remembered that it was, of course, thought desirable, not to say essential, by the Board of Control that the chairman on Finance—Finance is a genteel word—should live in the city in which the party's main Bar'l is to be found. It is understood that the Bar'l will begin to flow forthwith, and that the golden, or at least auriferous, stream will not cease until after the Presidential election in 1884. And, by the way, if it be true that the Democratic party has really provided itself with a "Board of Control," it is heartily to be congratulated. It has badly needed the ministrations of a capable Board of that nature for the last quarter of a century. Intelligent control would have kept it from the long line of blunders, reaching from 1860, when it gave aid and comfort to secession, to 1880, when it allowed the uncontrolled Hancock to characterize the tariff as a local issue.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The N, Y. *Tribune* says: "These two acts (the Edmund's Bill and the unseating of Cannon), both passed by a Republican Congress and both opposed by an almost solid Democratic vote, will stand out in political history as the crowning works of this session. They mark the beginning of the end of the foul institution of Mormonism in the United States, and they present the Republican party as its consistent defender and ally. When the Edmund's bill was before the Senate, the Democratic Senators spoke against it and exhausted their ingenuity in attempting its defeat. When the final vote was taken they were too shrewd to go on the record and allowed it to be passed by a *viva voce* vote. The Democratic members of the House were more reckless. They opposed the bill, and on its final passage ninety-five of them voted against it. Nearly all the votes in its favor were Republican, and in neither the Senate nor the House was there a Republican vote against it, When the vote to unseat Mr. Cannon was taken in the House, all but eight of the Democrats present voted to retain him, while all the Republicans present voted for removal."

The Democrats in Congress (says the Baltimore *Herald*) were "called" and "showed their hands" in the vote taken in the House on the admission of Cannon, the Mormon delegate. All but eight voted in the affirmative. There were some doubt before this as to how the party stood on this question. Now it is known to be the avowed supporter of polygamy.

The curious enterprise is being conducted in New Jersey of grinding up worn-out India rubber overshoes to make what is called "stock." This material is brought in barrels and is pressed by the manufacturers into new India rubber goods. A thin coating of fresh rubber varnish makes them look quite equal to articles of the best quality, but they are said to have an outrageous lack of durability.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1882.

The Peruvian claim investigation which was dry enough during the examination of Shipherd, assumed a very interesting phase when Mr. Blaine was called upon to testify. It was very refreshing to notice with what ease and completeness he at once disposed of the charges which Shipherd had brought against him. His testimony has been plain, straightforward and to the point. No declining to answer in his case, no convenient "neuralgia"—his only wish, apparently, has been to have the facts of the matter brought before the public. His passage at arms with Belmont was very dramatic. He refused to sit down, and standing at the end of the long Committee table, his tall figure imposing and even grand each sarcastic retort and satirical remark fell with great weight upon the head of the "chief lawyer," as he called him, who undertook to "badger" him with his long list of small questions. Blaine stood pre-eminent in the House for eloquence, and he has displayed his power to a remarkable degree even in replying to the simple questions of the Committee. His diction is easy and elegant; his manner graceful and he carries all before him. He is, in all probability, the most eloquent witness that ever appeared before a Congressional Committee. The words that passed between him and Belmont would have been followed by a duel in the days of Webster and Randolph. But in this practical, unromantic period, no results are probable other than a vigorous animosity between the two.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. McDill, of Iowa, for the creation of a board of railway commissioners, to consist of a civil engineer with practical experience, a shipper thoroughly conversant with shipping matters, and either a specialist who has studied the railroad problem or a good lawyer, is worthy of much attention. In his speech on the subject Mr. McDill expatiated on the possible evil results from the present unlimited power of railroad corporations in the regulation of rates, and he argued that since the prosperity of every locality depended upon its free commerce there could be no question of the power and duty of Congress to legislate in the matter. There is no doubt that the large railroad companies possess under the present laws a tremendous power. If they choose to discriminate against any city by raising the import and lowering the export rates, it must suffer a serious loss of commerce and there is no possibility of redress. I think the time is coming when transportation of persons and goods will pass into the hands of the Government. There is surely as much reason for a National monopoly in this business as in the transportation of mails. But whether this is done or not it is highly important the Government should take some steps toward regulating the system by law, if only to protect itself from the possible arbitrary use by railroad corporations of the power they possess. The present combination of the Trunk lines between the East and West by which the passenger and freight rates have been put up twenty-five or thirty per cent. is an illustration of the grasping methods of these corporations. It is to be hoped that Mr. McDill's bill will be adopted and the commission appointed, and that some healthy legislation will result.

The new Chinese immigration bill differs from the other only in regard to the limit of the restriction. Whether the new form will be acceptable to the President or not is entirely a matter of opinion based upon the veto message; for the President keeps his own counsel to a remarkable degree. The prevailing idea, however, is that he will sign the bill. The Democratic endeavor to cause the defeat of the message by means of a fifteen year amendment is a plain piece of demagogism. A second veto will, the Democrats hope, add a blow to the Republican prospects on the Pacific coast, already damaged by the veto of the first bill, and thus insure the victory of their party in the next elections. Whether or not such would be the result remains to be tested, but it ought to have a directly contrary effect for the failure of the measure will be directly chargable upon the Democratic party. It would certainly be better for the anti-Chinese States to be represented by a party that regards their welfare as second to National integrity and honor than by one that places it below party interests. A Democratic Senator at the time of the veto of the first bill, said: "We are perfectly satisfied with the position of affairs; the ten years' limit will be opposed; we shall insist on fifteen—that will not meet the view of the President—and there will, according to the present outlook, be another veto. Of course we cannot be held accountable and the general view will be that the Republican lot on Pacific coast cannot be a happy one." This "satisfaction" with the defeat of the bill because the Democratic party would thereby be benefitted ought to show the anti-Chinese States what very trustworthy agents they would have were they represented by Democrats.

JUNIUS.

A Sensation in New York.

NEW YORK, April 29.—An attempt was made to-day by some persons on the lives of William H. Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field by sending them explosives through the mails. Fortunately the dangerous character of the packages was discovered en route to the postoffice station, whence they were to be delivered at the residences of these gentlemen, and so a probable loss of life was prevented. The circumstances of the case as related by Postmaster Pearson this evening are as follows: Two missives came into the postoffice about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. One was posted in the office and the other was brought in by a collector a few minutes afterwards. The last one was addressed to Wm, H. Vanderbilt, 459 Fifth avenue. The first one was adressed to Cyrus W. Field, Lexington avenue and Thirty-third street. The packets were placed in a mail bag along with other mail matter for the up-town district, put in a mail wagon and taken to the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad Station at the head of Chatham street, and then deposited on the front platform of one of the cars. The train started uptown, and before reaching the station at Ninth street and Third avenue an explosion was heard from the mail bag, and fire and smoke was observed to issue from it. When the train stopped at the station the burning bag was hastily transferred to the platform, as the railroad people were afraid to transport it any further on the train. It was taken down stairs, placed on a wagon and taken to the postoffice station at Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue, Superintendent Mosher, who is in charge there, despatched a messenger in hasto for Postmaster Pearson, and when that official arrived, the half burned mail bag and its contents were examined. The package addressed to Cyrus W. Field was plunged into a bucket of water for fear that it might also explode, and when thoroughly soaked was examined carefully. It was found to consist of a pasteboard box covered with gaudy flowers and pictures, and had a small drawer in it, from which depended a string, as is supposed for the purpose of drawing it open and causing the explosion. Inside of the box was found a tin canister containing a white powder and a liquid, believed to be some kind of explosive, but what it was none of the Postoffice officials could say. It will be sent the chemist for analysis. On the packages were ten five-cent stamps. It was Mr. Vanderbilt's package that exploded, probably caused by the jolt of the cars when rounding the curve out of the Bowery into Third avenue, and but for which occurrence the packages might have reached their destinations and exploded in the hands of the parties to whom they were sent. The contents of the mail bag were pretty well scorched by the explosion. The postoffice officials are making a vigorous effort to trace the packages to the parties who sent them, and no stone will be left unturned, Postmaster Pearson says, to hunt them down.

At the last election for Comptroller (says *Common Sense*), the Republicans carried Allegany county by 658 majority, Calvert by 224, Caroline by 164 Charles by 443, Frederick by 421, Garrett by 74, Queen Anne's by 6, Sommerset by 73, Montgomery by 165. St. Mary's by 295. Talbot by 188, and Washington by 738. It has thus carried twelve counties. It lost Howard by 69 votes, Prince George's by 10, Carroll by 151, Dorchester by 149, Harford by 290, and Kent by 277. Outside the city of Baltimore the strong Democratic counties were carried—Cecil by 437, Anne Arundel by 824, Baltimore county 1,795, Worcester by 604, and Wicomico by 548. There were thus five strong Democratic counties, six weak Democratic and twelve Depublican counties. Is there not some probability that the Gorman faction may control the Democratic nominations and the general election be carried by the Republicans? If that should result, then neither Mr. Gorman, Mr Whyte nor Mr. Hamilton may be U. S. Senator; though Mr. Williams, or Mr. Hamilton, or Mr. Whyte, may be elected Governor. These general views can't be much falsified by frauds in Anne Arundel or other counties, nor by bargaining with Republicans.—*Towsontown Union.*

A sample of spring wheat from Georgia has been exhibited at the Boston Board of Trade, being the first sample of this year's crop.

The Anti-Chinese Bill.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The anti-Chinese bill, which passed the Senate to-day, suspends the immigration of Chinese laborers for ten years, and if any person prohibited by the act should come into the United States during that period he must leave in ninety days. The master of any vessel who knowingly brings a Chinese laborer into the United States during that period is liable to a fine not exceeding $500 for each immigrant and imprisonment not exceeding one year. Chinese laborers who were in this country prior to the ratification of the treaty of November 17, 1880, are not subject to this provision of the act. The collectors of customs are required to keep a descriptive list of the laborers belong to this excepted class, should any of them take passage for his own country, so that they can be identified on their return and the shipmasters protected from the penalties of the act. The departing Chinaman of the excepted class is also to be furnished with a certificate, which he must produce on his return. If he wants to go by land to the British possessions or Mexico, he is entitled to a certificate which will assist in his identification if he returns. Chinamen who do not belong to the prohibited class when they come to this country must have credentials from their own government showing that they are not immigrant "laborers." The altering or forging of a descriptive certificate is made a misdemeanor to be punished by a fine not exceeding $1,000 and imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding five years. A Chinaman of the prohibited class who refuses to leave is to be brought before a judge or commissioner of a United States court, and if he is found to be here in violation of the provisions of the act, he is to be sent to his own country at the expense of the United States government. All courts of the United States and State courts are prohibited from admitting Chinese immigrants to citizenship. The word "laborers" used in the act is to be construed to mean both both skilled and unskilled laborers and miners.

Blaine and Belmont.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* reviews at length Thursday's remarkable scene at the examination of Mr. Blaino. The following is an extract:

Mr. Perry Belmont has reached the goal of his ambition. He has achieved a reputation, at least for a day. As to the kind of reputation—that is quite another matter. There is probably no type of a man so little worthy of respect as the young man who is insolent to his elders. There is an Old Testament principle which rules to this day, even in Congressional committee rooms. Mr. Blaine is by no means old enough yet to be called venerable, and no one who has heard his testimony during the past two days would expect to hear him or his friends plead old age against his enemies. But Mr. Blaines head has grown grey in a public service lasting a quarter of a century, and he enjoys the honor and respect, and even the affection of a large number of the American people. He appeared before the Foreign Affairs Committee as an ex-Secretary of State. Here were reasons enough apparently why he should receive respectful treatment from a man more than twenty years younger. But Mr. Belmont apparently from the lack both of native courtesy and public experience, did not see this. If he had been a gentleman, either by instinct or cultivation, he would have observed all the forms of politeness towards such a man, whatever his personal opinion or personal feelings towards him may have been. If he had experience in public life, he would have known that parliamentary battles, no matter how sharp are always conducted by men of discretion within the bonds of parliamentary decorum, and without violations of the ordinary rules of good breeding.

Snatched from the Grave.

My wife was at the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Alleghany City's best physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her fingernails and lips were blue; was pulseless at the wrist; we were all called in to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in Dr. Hartman, who prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She improved from the first dose, and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page 30 in the "Ills of Life," a book you can get gratis from your Druggist. If not, address DR. HARTMAN, Osborn, Ohio.

T. S. EBERLEIN,
South Chicago, Ill.

The Kentucky Senate has passed an act making it finable for a citizen to hail anybody by the title of "Colonel" on any street in a loud tone of voice. It was explained that in Kentucky this habit was extremely dangerous, since so many turned their heads at the sound of the word that there was danger of some of them stumbling and injuring limbs.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The arrears of rent due the Irish landlords are estimated at $30,000,000.

The bride at a wedding in Bay City, Michigan, sold her kisses at one dollar each, and contributed $132 to a charity from the proceeds.

The coroner's inquest upon the three sisters, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Winsmore, who died in Philadelphia within twenty minutes of each other, concluded the investigation by a verdict that their deaths were caused by apoplexy of the lungs.

A Louisville merchant took a traveler off the road and tried advertising. While the traveler cost him $4,000 a year, $1,000 worth of advertising brought him one-fourth more trade. But it didn't help the pretty girls in the country towns to kill time nearly so pleasantly.

Parties from Ohio have lately leased large tracts of land from farmers, between Erie and Edinboro', Pa. It has now transpired that the object of the speculation is to work rich veins of anthracite coal, which the parties claim to have discovered, the presence of which had never been suspected.

The cotton crop of the South yields two pounds of seed for every single pound of lint cotton, so that last year there were three million tons of seed, every ton of which would yield thirty-five gallons of oil. The product of oil, therefore, amounted to one hundred millions of gallons.

Missionaries are wanted in the Italian quarter of New York, where several thousand immigrants from sunny Italy have packed themselves in the houses that were over crowded before their arrival. These people are not only in the depths of squalid poverty, but they are as irreligious as they are poor.

A mob attacked a Chinese house at Martinez, Cal., Wednesday evening, throwing the inmates from the second story window. Three Chinese are badly hurt, and two will probably die. Several others are severely injured. The mob are unidentified at present, but the citizens denounce the attack as a shameful outrage.

A party of Italians are negotiating for the purchase of the old wooden house at Clifton, Staten Island, formerly occupied by General Garibaldi. The building is at present occupied by Mr. Muccie, who was General Garibaldi's partner in the candle manufacturing business at Clifton. It has been standing over 100 years.

Captain Bloomer, a veteran of the war of 1812, died at Harrisburg, Pa., Thursday of last week. There is an insurance of $60,000 on his life by graveyard insurance speculators who have paid over $3,000 in assessments, and who will receive no return on account of the companies having recently been closed by Attorney General Palmer.

The death of Henry Coy, an eccentric man, who resided for several years at Palmyra, N. J., has allowed the interment of three bodies of his children, which he would not allow to be buried while he was living. One of the children died twenty years ago, and the other two a year later. He had their remains sealed up in bronze caskets and stored away in a room of his house. He carried the caskets with him in his changes of residence and would set for hours in the room with his dead, and seem to take pleasure in being near them.

A new kind of bomb has been invented at the Krupp cannon foundry. The explosion of these new missiles, it is said, owing to their mechanical arrangements and the materials which they contain, will be equal to torpedoes. At the same works a new connon has been tested. It is mounted upon a pivot provided with machinery which absolutely does away with the rebound or "kicking." The cannon, moreover, is so fashioned that, notwithstanding its heavy calibre, it can be mounted upon the smallest gunboats.

The engineer of a train approaching a trestle bridge near Norwich, Ct., on Tuesday evening, whistled for down brakes on discovering a man with a bag on his back on the track. A cloud of dust enveloped the locomotive as it rushed over the bridge, sparing the engineer the pain of seeing a fellow-mortal cut in pieces. As soon as the train stopped several brakemen and a number of horror-loving passengers went back to pick up the remains. To their utter astonishment, they found beside the track a jolly fat negro, covered with about fifty pounds of meal, and laughing heartily at his plight. When asked if he was hurt, he replied: "Golly, you bet dar is a whole coon under dis yer meal."

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas was called to Baltimore Tuesday.

—Three car loads of cherry lumber were shipped from Oakland this week.

—Mr. F. M. Paxton has retired from the sewing machine business, and is now employed at Lake View.

—Hons. W. R. Getty, Geo. W. Wilson, Geo. T. Michaels and R. T. Browning were in Oakland this week.

—All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle immediately.

5 6-3 S. LAWTON.

—Mr. John A. Steele, of Friendsville, will commence a select school at Selbsport May 15th. Mr Steele should receive a hearty support from the people of Selbysport.

—The machinery for the Lake View Planing Mill is now being put in place. The mill will be in operation in a few days. The company has a large force of hands at work.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss' new store building on Alder street, is rapidly approaching completion, under the superintendence of Capt. J. M. Jarboe. Mr. S. expects to occupy it before the season opens.

—Mr. Francis Schreen, of Frostburg, has purchased the Coddington Hotel property in Oakland. The price paid was $2,000. We understand that Mr. S. will occupy the house in a short time.

—Married, April 27th, 1882, at Sang Run, this country, at the residence, of Rev. D. H. Friend, by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, Mr. Albert R. Fearer, of Preston county, W. Va., and Miss Letitia A. Friend, of Garrett county, Md. The happy couple started for West Virginia Friday morning. Our best wishes go with them, and may life's journey be a pleasant one.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 10½ o'clock a. m, by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 3 p. m. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Grateful to Invalids.

Floreston Cologne is grateful to invalids, as it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

Hol Ye that Hunger,

Go to J. E. Gnagey at Accident and buy Flour, Bacon and Fish, where you will find a large stock which will be sold at very close figures for cash.

Oakland Meat Market.

Messrs. Boyer & Co. have removed their meat Market to Main street, opposite the Stone Church, where they will have on hand at all times Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pudding, Sausage, and everything usually found in a first class meat market. The Messrs. Boyer are No. 1 butchers, and very accommodating to their customers.

New Goods

In the millinery line now open at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. Mrs. Scott has a lady from Baltimore engaged in trimming.

Office of Armstrong Cator & Co., Baltimore, April 14th, 1882.

MR. M. L. SCOTT:

Miss McCreary is competent and familiar with every brauch of the milliner business.

B. W. CATOR.

Corporation Election.

The annual election for corporation officers for the town of Oakland was held Tuesday, with the following result:

DEMOCRATS.		REPUBLICANS.	
O. Hart	85	O. W. Hiskell	71
Wm. Smouse	85	G. L. Bosley	60
W. A. Daily	90	D. Chisholm	60
J. A. Harne	90	G. W. Legge	58
G. M. Mason	101	E. D. Kepner	63

The Republicans took very little interest in the election, and a large number did not vote, which accounts for the small Republican vote.

Death of a Prominent Citizen of Frostburg.

Mr. Robert C. McCulloh, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Frostburg, died at his residence in that place about one o'clock Sunday afternoon. Mr. McCulloh was a native of Allegany county, and was in his seventy-third year. In his youth he learned the business of a tanner and courier, in Philadelphia, and followed the business in Frostburg for nearly fifty years. About two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and the cause of his death was another visitation of the same dreadful disease. The deceased was highly esteemed and his death, though not unexpected, was learned with general sorrow,

The Highest Rank.

Made from harmless materials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, May 6th, 1882.

Barnhart, J. Rev. 2, Beckman, Thomas, Copp, Addie, Goldsborough, R. T., Kerr, George, Kidd, B. F., Simpson Rowley.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Military Drill.

An entertainment was given Wednesday evening by the Garrett Guards at their armory, in the way of bayonet exercise and manuel of arms, by sixteen of the Guards, under Capt. Wardwell. A large number of citizens of Oakland, a large proportion of whom were ladies, were present, as well as many from Cumberland and from the county. The drill was pronounced about as near perfection as men can attain.

Elk Plaines Sunday School.

The above named Sunday School was reorganized on the 16th of April, with the following officers and teachers:

Superintendant.—Isaac W. Abernathy.

Assistants.—Nicholas Rinker and John D. Everts.

Secretary and Librarian.—Geo. W. Wilson.

Assistant.—Daniel W. Wilson.

Treasurer.—John W. Harvey.

Teachers.—Charles J. Nine, Daniel W. Wilson, Mrs. Sophia K. Abernathy, Miss Tabitha Fike.

Sale of Lots at Mountain Lake Park.

An auction sale for choice of lots at Mountain Lake Park, will take place on the grounds May 18th, instant. All sales will be made on condition that a cottage of the value of at least three hundred dollars be erected by July 1st, 1883. Ministers of the Gospel will be furnished lots at one half the above prices. Excursion tickets good from the 15th to the 20th, at two cents per mile will be issued for the excursion.

The work on the grounds is progressing rapidly. The Hotel wing is now under roof, and several boarding houses and cottages are under contract. The depot building will be completed by the 15th of June, and a number of boarding houses and cottages by the 1st of July.

Garrett County Appointments.

The Governor made the following Garrett county appointments on Thursday of last week: Sylvester Ryland, register of the Fifth district, vice Hy. Zanker, rejected; Peter A. Chisholm, register of the Seventh district, vice Wm. H. Hull, rejected; James W. Mason, register Eighth district, vice Wm. F. Deakins, rejected; Charles A. Murphy, register of the Ninth district, vice Wm. B. Murphy, rejected; Levi C. Fike, justice of the peace for the Second district, vice Jonas Wass, rejected; Walter W. Griffith, justice of the peace for the Second district, vice Isaac Umble, rejected; P. M. Stemple, register of the Tenth district, and John C. Chaney, register of the Eleventh district, under acts of 1882, creating new districts.

Influence of the Soil on Health.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already accepted; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating the marvelous effect *Peruna* has on those diseases, and in their convalescent state. John E. Courtney, of Corry, Pa., says: "I am still getting better thanks to your *Peruna* and *Manalin*." See page 24 in "Ills of life."

An Important Decision.

ANNAPOLIS, April 28.—Judge Robinson to-day delivered the opinion of the Court of Appeals in the case of Daniel R. Brant vs. John M. Dennison and others. The Virginia Coal and Iron Company of West Virginia, was incorporated on the 16th of August, 1865, for mining purposes. At a meeting held August 30th, Ehlen, in behalf of himself and other incorporators offered to sell the company a tract of coal land for $500,000, $25,000 to be paid in cash, and $475,000 in stock of the company, the whole stock of the company being $625,000. This was accepted. The company took possession and suit was brought by the appellant in the United States Circuit Court for West Virginia, claiming title to an undivided seven-eighths interest in the tract of land. The decision in the Circuit Court was in favor of the company, but on an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States this decision was reversed, and the appellants title to the land established. Subsequently a decree was obtained by him against the company for the sum of $320,049 with interest from June 1st, 1877, on account of coal taken by it from the land of the appellant. This suit is instituted to enforce the payment of the decree against the appellees as stockholders in said company. The bill alleges that the company is insolvent, and that at least ninety per cent. of the stock is unpaid, and the unpaid installments constitute part of the assets of the company, and so such is applicable to the payment of creditors. The first question the court considers is, were the shares paid up, and if they were proved to have been issued as full paid shares, were the defendants liable in an action by a creditor of the company for unpaid installments? Secondly, had the company the right to buy coal lands for mining purposes and to pay for the same in stocks of the company? The court decides that the stockholders were not responsible for the debts of the company even if the shares were not fully paid up, as they, not suspecting any fraud, bought them as fully paid up shares. As to the second question, the company had the right to purchase this coal land and pay for it in stock if the owner was willing, and, in the absence of fraud, the stockholders cannot be held liable and the stock must be treated as paid up stock. The decree of the court dismissing the bill is affirmed.

Circuit Court.

The May Term of the Circuit Court for this county began Monday, with Judges Pearre and Motter on the Bench.

Rev. H. E. Friend was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury.

We append the proceedings up to Wednesday evening, except a few unimportant cases on the Trial Docket:

APPEALS.

1. O. W. Heiskell & Co. vs. James B. Gauer. Hamill for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant. Settled on terms filed.

2. Wm. A. Coddington vs. Alphens Welch. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Settled on terms to be filed.

3. John H. Gregg & Son vs. Daniel F. Santemyer & son. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Judgment reversed without prejudice.

4. The Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county vs. Edward H. Fuller, use of Peter Nathan. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Fuller for defendants. Judgment affirmed.

5. Lloyd C. Stalnaker vs. Eva F. Reigns. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Dismissed.

6. Jas. A. Enlow vs. John J. Whirl. Gonder for plaintiff, and Willison and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Judgment for defendant for $21.90.

7. Thomas Philpot vs. William Browning. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff and Hamill for defendant. Judgment affirmed.

8. A. B. Woodcock vs. William Browning. Veitch & and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Judgment affirmed.

9. John Barnes vs. H. C. Coddington use D. E. Offutt. Price for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Off.

10. John Barnes vs. H. C. Coddington, use D. E. Offutt. Price for plaintiff and Gordon and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Off.

11. Rebecca Swalp and William Hinebaugh, exutors of Lewis Swalp, deceased, vs. Mary Snyder. Judgment reversed.

12 Albert F. Denning vs. William J. Piper. Continued.

13. Elizabeth Myers vs. Charles Durst. Dismissed.

14. Galusha H. Pritchard vs. Adella M. Merrill and husband. Non prossed.

15 William A. Daily vs Norman H. Barnard. Judgment affirmed.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

4 State vs Jas. H. Wiseman; selling liquor without license. Veitch for State. Plea of guilty and fined $100 and costs.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

1 State vs Henry O. Hamill; obstructing and closing up public road. Veitch for State. Hamill for defendant. Continued.

2 State vs Albert Porter; assault and battery. Veitch for State, Peddicord and Combs for defendant. Fined $10 and costs and thirty days in jail.

3 State vs J. Z. Browning; defaulting. Veitch for State. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

The Grand Jury adjourned on Thursday.

The Court will likely continue until Saturday.

County Commissioners.

The Board of County Commissioners met Monday, May 1st, present a full board.

Deed of P. Hamill and wife for road running through said Hamill's lands to Glendale Church, as located by Brant, Harned and McMillen, was filed, accepted by the board, and ordered to be recorded.

A special levy of two hundred was ordered on road from Deer Park to Altamont, to be placed in the hands of E. C. Tillson. Also ten dollars on the county road running through the farm of T. B. Wiley, for the purpose of straightening said road, to be placed in the hands of T. B. Wiley.

There appearing to be a balance of road money unexpended in district No. 6, amounting to $92.89, said amount is placed in the hands of the following: Samuel Specht, $25.00; Joseph F. Friend, $35.00; Mahlon Glotfelty, $10.00; Geo. W. Griffith, $22.89.

On Wednesday April 26th 1882, at a called meeting of the Board, the bond of E. Margroff, Collector for county taxes for the year 1882, was filed and approved in the sum of eighty thousand dollars, with the following sureties: Edward Margroff, Jas. A. Hayden, Wm. Englehart, A. G. Sturgiss, T. J. Peddicord, F. A. Thayer, D. E. Offutt, Mahlon Glotfelty, Christian Klotz, William Hinebaugh, Joseph A. Spiker, Lewis Linninger, Melchoir Weller, Austin Speicher, Jacob Mosser, J. Henry Kolb, Daniel Hinebaugh, Joel Orndarf, Fred. Kolb, Joseph Hostedler, Adrian Glotfelty, John Shatzer.

A Fight for Life.

[From the Troy Times.]

E. R. Derby, of Saranac Lake, was the hero of a very exciting exploit Friday afternoon. While driving from the Prospect House to Bloomingdale, in passing through the woods he heard cries for help proceeding from a ravine a few rods distant from the road. Springing from his carriage and running hastily to the edge of the ravine, Mr. Derby saw an infuriated bear ranging around the trunk of a small maple, eagerly trying to dislodge Gardner Maloney, a well-known Saranac guide, who had taken refuge in the branches of the tree. With genuine heroism Mr. Derby drew his revolver, a Smith & Wesson seven-shooter, forty-four calibre, and rushed to the rescue. Skilled in woodcraft, he was enabled to creep unobserved by the bear to within a short range, when he opened fire upon the brute. The first fire took effect in the shoulder, and was quickly followed by a second that lodged in the bear's head.

The only effect of these was to distract the attention and increase the fury of the bear, who abandoned the siege of Maloney and directed his attention to Mr. Derby. He charged furiously upon that gentleman, who coolly discharged two more shots with wonderful precision at the head of the approaching brute, and, turning, beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the road. The speed told rapidly upon Mr. Derby, who turns the scales at 230 pounds. Not a moment was to be lost. The quick eye of Mr. Derby discovered a tree near by. Springing into its lower branches, he reached a point of safety half dead from exhaustion. The bear, bleeding profusely from many wounds, was undaunted and aggressive, and did not leave his enemy long to arrange a new campaign, but began the ascent of the tree. Mr. Derby drew a sheath-knife, and with that in his teeth prepared for a desperate encounter. Discharging the three remaining shots of his revolver at the head of the bear he seized the knife, and, holding by a limb with his left hand, struck desperately at the fore feet of the climber, nearly severing one claw and cutting enormous gashes in the animal's shoulders and head.

While struggling for his life, the limb by which Mr. Derby was holding broke, and he was precipitated to the ground ten feet, sustaining severe bruises and a badly sprained shoulder. In his eagerness to reach his foe the bear tumbled from the tree also, and rushed at Mr. Derby, who had recovered his feet, and unable to retreat, was awaiting the attack, his sheath-knife in hand. The bear arose on his haunches, and by a dexterous thrust Mr. Derby's knife was driven straight through his heart, and the animal succumed. Mr. Derby suffered severe scratches and loss of considerable blood. His clothing was literally converted into strings by the claws of the bear.

The Robbers Cave.

The Gallatin *Tennessean* gives currency to a story about the discovery of a cave on the farm of Col. James Alexander, on the Tennessee boundary line, which had for years past been the haunt of the James brothers. The farm upon which the cave was situated was rented by a man giving his name as F. J. Howard, who was scarcely ever at home, and the only person to be seen about the house was an old colored woman and her husband, who appeared to manage the farm and the few head of cattle that grazed in the pasture field.

The cave is located in an isolated spot upon the farm and is surrounded by a dense undergrowth and the entrance to it is a mere sink hole, into which the water from the earth's surface flows, forming in the cave a a beautiful stream of water, as clear as crystal. The entrance, however, is large enough to admit the passage of a man on horseback, and the bandits' horses were frequently corraled there for days and nights together, while their masters rolled themselves up in their blankets and enjoyed such sweet and refreshing sleep as only a sense of perfect security could give them.

The farm was occupied by Howard until the day the killing of Jesse James was reported, when the occupants disappeared, carrying away the household goods. The owner of the farm soon after received a letter signed Frank James, alias F. J. Howard, stating that he had vacated the premises forever, adding "visit the cave on your farm and you will find something to interest you. I shall avenge the death of my brother or die in the attempt."

The receipt of this letter greatly astonished Col. Alexander, who called about him a select number of his friends to whom he read the document, and who were as equally astonished. Keeping the matter a secret, they left the same evening for a visit to the cave, and entering the same with torches, a strange, weird-sight met their view. First, the skeletons of four horses, evidently left there by the robbers on their last raid, as they still emit an unpleasant odor. Blankets and mattresses were strewn about promiscuously, together with cooking utensils and a few pieces of furniture. This portion of the cave is perfectly dry and afforded a comfortable abode for the bandits. In a niche in one of the chambers was found a half-bushel measure, such as is used by farmers, and in it was found a miscellaneous assortment of valuables, evidently placed there and forgotten by the robbers.

Among the assortment were four diamond rings, two diamond necklaces, nine diamond pins (supposed to be diamonds), thirty gold watches sixteen plain gold rings, twelve silver watches, and many other articles too numerous to mention; all of which are now locked up in the vault of the Sumner Deposit Bank, in Gallatin, for identification. A photograph of a young lady, which was taken at Bardstown, Ky., was among the effects. Several of the watches have initials which may lead to their identification; one of them is engraved as follows: "From Hughes to Toney."

A Shocking Sight.

A sight shocking enough to make a lifelong impress of horror was that beheld by Stanislaus Metas, a boy of nine, who saw the Apaches crush with stones the heads of his mother and two brothers and torture his father to death. He himself was saved by a friendly squaw. The Indian outbreak in Arizona has already resulted in the death of forty persons, although it cannot be said to have been unexpected. Last September a number of Indian scouts fired on Gen. Willcox's command at Fort Apache. They were surrendered by the Indians on the promise of a fair trial. Three were tried and sentenced to be hanged, and meanwhile nothing was done in the cases of the others, who were chafing under confinement. The Indians could not understand the delay. It looked to them like treachery, and they got the idea into their heads that it was the intention to kill all the prisoners a few at a time. Indian Agent Tiffany telegraphed to Washington begging that the execution of the three should be postponed until the others should either have been tried or released, and predicting trouble should this not be done; but the sentence was carried out on March 3. The Indians now declare that they intend to kill all the people they can in revenge for the hanging of the three Indians.

An intense temperance excitement has arisen in the town of Emporium, Pa., out of the triple tragedy that occurred there last week. John Preston Grewers, crazed by drink, killed Clarence Lindsley, then murdered his wife, and wound up his career by putting a bullet in his own brain. The murderer and his slaughtered wife were buried in Potter's Field. The Rev. P. H. Craver made a heated harangue to an excited crowd, and called upon them to put down the accursed trade of strong drink in the town, and drive the hell broth from its borders. The next day a license court was opened in the town, but strong protests were entered, and an impressive scene in the court-room occurred. Some thirty or forty ladies appeared, and among them was the widow of Mr. Lindsley, in deep mourning, to protest against the granting of licenses. The judge decided that not a single license should be granted, and there is not a legally authorized saloon in the town.

The fortifications of Strasburg will be complete during the present spring. An idea of their enormous extent may be formed from the following figures: They enclose on the left bank of the Rhine, besides the town and suburbs, twelve Alsatian villages, and on the right bank four other villages, with a total superficial area of over 37,000 acres. The distance of the advanced forts from the town is from three to five miles, and the average diameter of the entire works nine miles. The total cost is put down at $5,400,000,

Leonard Henkle, who proposes to use the power of the Niagara river at the falls to generate electricity for lighting all the cities far and near, has secured the offer of a contract for land on which his works are to be located. The prospect Park Association offer to transfer in fee simple by deed the property comprised in the twelve acres of the park and three acres outside of it for the consideration of $1,000,000. Henkle's plan is to erect enormous hydraulic machinery on the American side of the river, just below the falls, which will be used to do work of generating the electricity. He is now looking for his million dollars.

PAYING THE DOCTOR.—A stranger journeying in France fell sick unto death; a friend called in a physician who demurred about giving his professional services, fearing the wherewithal might not be forth-coming to settle his bill.

The friend, producing a hundred franc bill; "Kill or cure him, this is yours."

The sick man died and was buried, and the doctor, finding the money slow to appear, reminded the survivor of the debt.

"Did you cure him?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Did you kill him?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you have no claim on me, sir; I wish you good day."

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars luquire on the premises.

561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

568 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homesteud cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

Meeting of School Board.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 2, 1882.

The board of School Commissioners will meet on

On Saturday, May 27th,

for the purpose of appointing Trustees for the ensuing year. The citizens residing within the limits of the various School districts will confer a favor on the Board by electing their Trustees for each School, and notifying the Secretary of the Board of their choice, on or before the 25th day of May.

E. H. BARTLETT, Secretary.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:

6 5 40ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED, ELIAS MERRILL, JOSEPH INSKEEP, Examiners

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Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Belt and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S., WM. ROSS, of H., JOHN HARNED, Examiners.

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"Railway Jack."

About three years ago, a rather large dog of the fox-terrier variety entered the guard's carriage of a train that was just starting from Brighton, England, for Hursham Station. He had no ticket, and did not explain his business; but the guard seeing that he was a respectable dog decided to let him ride free.

From that day to this the dog, who is now well known all over England by the name of "Railway Jack," has constantly traveled on railway trains. For the first year or two he confined himself strictly to the trains of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway.

This road has a great many branches, and a great many trains run over it every day, but Jack knew the time-table perfectly, and never troubled the ticket agents by asking them: "How can I go to such and such a place?" or "When does the next train start?" He took lodgings in a waste-paper basket in the station house at Lewes Station, and wherever he went he never failed to catch the last train from Brighton to Lewes.

It was at first believed that Jack traveled in connection with some private business of his own; that he was, for example, engaged in organizing a "United Terriers' Society for the Destruction of Rats," or was an agent for some "Co-operative Bone Store," that proposed to supply dogs with the best quality of bones at less than ordinary prices. It was soon found, however, that he was engaged in inspecting the railway.

While on the train he sat close to the window, and carefully watched to see if there were any signs that the embankments at the side of the track were out of order, or that the bridges needed repairs. He would stop at a station, and inspect the switches and the signals, and would then take the next train for some other station, where he would inspect the eating room and test the quality of the food. It was thus very evident that he had appointed himself Inspector of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway, and every one connected with the company recognized him as a faithful and efficient officer.

One day a lady presented him with a collar with the inscription, "I am Jack, the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway dog. Please give me a drink of water. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." Jack seemed to feel that in gratitude for this present he ought to increase his labors. He therefore made a practice of taking frequent trips all over England to see if he could discover anything in the management of other railways which he could recommend his own railway company to copy. Sometimes he went as far as Scotland, and on one occasion when he visited London, and went to the Isle of Dogs to see if there was any good reason for its name, he lost his way, and was absent for some weeks.

A few days after he had been found and brought back to the railway, one of the men employed by the company died, and was buried at Hastings. On the day of the funeral, Jack arrived by the noon train, and went to the church, where he reverently listened to the funeral service, and then followed the coffin to the grave. He also attended the funeral of another railway servant at Lewes, and showed that he felt that the company had sustained a powerful loss.

A short time ago Jack met with a serious accident, which very nearly proved fatal. He was crossing the track late one evening at one of the stations of his own railway, when he slipped and fell just as a train rushed by, crushing one of his fore-legs. He was carried home to Lewes, where chloroform was given to him, and his leg was cut off close to the shoulder. There is no doubt that he was a little careless in crossing the track when the train was approaching; but although he had just returned from a wedding at Berwick, Scotland, it is admitted by every one that he was perfectly sober.

Jack bore the loss of his leg very well but a day or two afterward he took off the bandages, while his nurse was absent from the room, and very nearly bled to death before he could receive proper attention. Since then he has steadily improved, although his anxiety to return to duty has made him a little feverish at times. The fact that no accident had occurred on the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway since he was injured has been a great consolation to him, and he feels that it is due to the thorough way in which his work of inspection has been done.

Hereafter poor Jack will have to limp on three legs, for nobody has yet invented artificial legs for dogs. He will, however, be able to do his work, and will undoubtedly be more careful in avoiding danger than he was before the accident.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Nightingale.

Very unpretending in color and insignificant in size is this bird, known as the "king of songsters." The whole of the upper part of the bird is a brown, the breast a dull white shading into brown, and the throat and belly pale gray, the tail reddish brown, long and rounded. The full length of the bird is about six and one-half inches. He is imported from England and Germany, the larger part coming from the latter country, but he is met with over the whole Continent of Europe from Sweden to the Mediterranean, and over a large portion of Central Asia, as far north as the middle of Siberia. He also visits northwestern Africa in the course of his migrations. Woods, groves and leafy forests, in the immediate vicinity of water, afford the favorite retreats of these most musical, most melancholy songsters. In such localities they live, each pair within its own especial domain, which, although small, is jealously guarded and boldly defended from all intrusion. Some parts of southern Europe are especially frequented by these delightful birds. Spain in particular is extremely fortunate in this respect, and in certain districts their enchanting voices are heard from every bush and hedge. The declivities of Sierra Morena may be literally described as an extensive nightingale garden:

The flight of the bird is undulatory, but, though light and rapid, it is rarely sustained beyond a short distance. That these birds, however, are capable of great exertion while on the wing must be evident to any one who has witnessed the endeavors of two contending rivals in love matters to drive each other from the field.

No sooner have the nightingales arrived at their nesting places in Europe, about the middle of April, than their songs are to be heard almost incessantly. Some pour forth their thrilling notes through the long, bright night, just as the American mocking birds whistle during the moonlight nights of spring time and early summer, but generally they sing only in the daytime, except during the breeding season, when the desire to please and attract their mates renders the male birds excited and restless. The nest is built of leaves, dried grass, bits of bark and roots, lined with finer grass and horsehair loosely put together, and placed in some hollow in the ground, in the roots or stump of a tree. There are five eggs in a nest and only one nest in a season, unless the eggs or the young get destroyed, in which case there is a second laying. The moulting season commences in July, after which, when the birds are in new, full plumage, the autumn migrations begin. These journeyings are accomplished in families or small parties, the birds flying with great rapidity to very distant countries. In April they reappear in Europe, the males about two weeks in advance of the females, and at once seek their former haunts and greet the old homes in joyous strains.

The nightingale is fond of an abundance of hearty food, and likes a variety, making no objection to four or five courses. As he is a soft-bill bird, his regular diet should be the prepared food—using first a bottle of the moist food then a box of the dry. Both of these should have fresh grated raw carrot mixed with them, and also one half-teaspoonful of ants' eggs that have been soaked. Meal worms, beetles and spiders, three to five of each, may be given daily, and a little lean raw beef, scraped fine, may be added. Meal worms may be bred as follows: Into a half-gallon jar put some wheat, bran, barley, or oatmeal, and a few strips of thick brown paper or old shoe leather; throw in half a pint of meal worms, and allow them to remain for three months, occasionally moistening the cloth, which is tied over the jar, with a little beer. The worms will by this time have become beetles, laying eggs and producing other worms with great rapidity. This will be your reservoir, out of which you shall feed the bird. When insects cannot be obtained, soak a half teaspoonful of the best currents and mix with the food. There should be an abundance of gravel furnished the bird. In countries where the bird's care is best understood he is confined in a cage about eighteen inches long, eight inches deep and thirteen inches high. The back may be of wood, and whether the top is of wood or wire, it should be lined with cloth, so the bird, in flying up, should not injure his head. In the moulting season watch this bird and give him stronger food, and carefully exclude all draughts from his corner. A spider or two should be given daily, and a little saffron put in the drinking water if the digestive organs are not in good order.

The prevailing opinion is that the bird is delicate and seldom lives long in a cage. This opinion is just contrary to the facts in the case. Not only does the nightingale live in a cage for many years but he grows stronger and sings better constantly; and there are many authentic cases of the bird's breeding and rearing its young while so confined. When properly cared for the bird will live fifteen years; and one case is stated where a bird lived for twenty-five years. Within the past three or four years the sale of these birds has greatly increased, because lovers of the grandest and sweetest bird music have learned how to so care for the performer as to elicit from him most charming harmonies. He has a natural song, and like the American mocking-bird, is also a mimic. His cage may hang by itself in a less frequented part of the bird room, but the more singers there are in the same room for him to contend with and surpass, the wider will be his range of voice. Each country has its nightingale. America has the red bird, called the Cardinal Grosbeak or Virginia nightingale. The "hedge singers," or "tree nightingales," of Africa, and the beautiful and very lively nightingales of China are all fine songsters and whistlers; but the bird known as the English or German nightingale is the true nightingale. The prices vary from $15 to $20 and $25. —*Holden's Bird Magazine.*

Curiosities of Trade.

The demand for eye-stones has fallen off very largely, but they are kept still, and sold in considerable quantities. The eye-stone will clear the eye. There is no doubt about that, but its movements are regulated by its shape and by a formation on the flat side or base of the stone, similar to a blade in a turbine water wheel. The whole resembles a shell just begun—before the cavity was formed, if shells were so formed, but are not. The stone is composed of lime, and vinegar or any acid by its action upon it causes motion. The stones are found on the seashore on the Pacific coast. Sailors gather them by the quart, and vend in trade centers. The price is ten cents.

Bloodstones are also called for, not the kind known to seal rings and sleeve buttons, but glass stones or beads of the color of blood, dark red. These are worn to prevent the nose bleed, although the old plan to prevent, namely, to keep the nose out of other persons' business, is in use still and works well. With a string through the glass bead and the string around the owner's neck the liability to nose bleed is removed. The bloodstones, some of them, come from Germany.

Rattlesnake oil will unlimber joints afflicted with certain lameuesses, as all other oils or preparations will. It is called for often, and the buyers may get rattlesnake oil and they may not. It is said to be a business of considerable importance in North Carolina to capture rattlesnakes and from the fat to produce the oil. At all events, rattlesnake oil is sold, and it is supposed to cure marvelously. Skunk oil is another cure-all for certain maladies.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—A large number of well-executed counterfeit silver dollars have recently been circulated in the towns of Rockingham County, N. H., and its neighbor, York County, Me.

Ensilage.

This word, which is only a few years old, grows out of the discovery made by a Frenchman, Auguste Goffart, that green crops, when stored in water-tight pits called silos, under a heavy pressure, do not rot, but are preserved fresh and sweet, and retain all their nutritive juices for a year or more; and that, when offered to cattle in this condition, in the winter, are preferred to any dry food. It is not surprising that the discovery made a sensation among farmers and cattle feeders in this country, and that there is exhibited a keen desire to know all about it; for, not only can a great deal more in weight, of green food than dry, be raised on an acre, but ensilage possesses the advantage of supplying cattle with succulent summer feed in the winter—an advantage of great value to milch cattle. Any green crop that stock are fond of when in a growing state is good material for ensilage—grass, clover, rye, young corn, sorghum and vegetables; but corn, clover and the grasses are most generally used, because when growing they are full of juice, which is lost in curing into hay or fodder, but preserved in the silo. Several kinds of green crops may be packed in the same silo, and the ensilage is said to be improved by the variety. Corn, either drilled or cultivated or sown broadcast, and cut in its most juicy condition, is the basis of most ensilage experiments in this country; it may be packed in the same silo with clover or grass of any kind cut green, and successive crops of corn may be planted for mixture with different kinds of grasses in their season. As it is estimated that ten to twenty tons weight of green crops may be cut from an acre of good soil—five to ten times as much as the weight of a dry crop of grain or hay—it is easy to see how much more profitable it is to to save green crops in the form of ensilage than to allow them to mature and dry. Col. J. W. Wolcott of Boston, who owns a farm near that city, raised 460 tons of ensilage on thirty-four acres—being fourteen tons to the acre—last year. By raising two crops on the same soil he has gathered as much as twenty-one tons per acre. On one piece of ground he gathered thirty-one tons per acre, but "that corn was fourteen feet high," he says. He adds: "I am satisfied that an acre of ground will keep a cow twenty-four months."

When the silo is opened in winter the contents are found in a sort of cheesy condition, and require to be sliced off with a sharp axe. They have undergone a slow and slight fermentation which does not impair their merits as feed and is not offensive to cattle. Indeed, the first smell of ensilage is said to "set cattle wild for it," and they prefer it to any other kind of feed.

Silos are variously constructed. The usual plan is to dig pits ten feet wide, fifteen feet deep and as long as may be desired, on sloping ground, and make them water-tight with cement. Mr. C. W. Mills of Pompton, New Jersey, prefers to build a strong frame, boarded up tight and close with thick lumber, entirely above the ground, something in the fashion of an ice house. The green crops may be packed into them, either whole or cut up with a cutter; each plan has its advocates, though the weight of opinion is in favor of cutting, as it allows of closer packing. As the crops are thrown in they are tread down as closely near the edges as possible, and when the silo is full it is covered and weighted with heavy rocks or earth, and then shedded over to protect it from the weather. In a few weeks the ensilage is "ripe" and ready for use. One end of the silo, if built along the ground, may be opened and the ensilage cut out and fed as it is wanted. Its quality will depend on the crops of which it is made and the care with which they are packed away. Nearly all animals will eat it; cattle like it and thrive on it, and for milch cows it is particularly valuable, as it increases their flow of milk and keeps them in cheerful, healthy condition.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Cuttlefish.

The "arms" or "feet" of the cuttlefish demand a somewhat detailed mention, on account of their armature. In all cuttlefishes, save the exceptional pearly nautilus, the arms are either eight or ten in number, and are provided with *acetabula*, or "suckers." Those cuttles in which ten arms are present—and of these the squids and sepias form good examples—have two of these appendages produced beyond the remaining eight in length. Aristotle noted in his day this peculiarity of the ten-armed cuttles. Speaking on this point he remarks that all of these animals "have eight feet provided with a double series of suckers, except in one genus of Polypi"—the genus *Eledone*, in which there is but a single row of suckers. "The sepia, tenthides and teuthi (that is to say, the sepias and squids) have besides two long *proboscides*, the extremities of which are beset with a double series of suckers." The two "proboscides" of Aristotle are the "tentacles" of the modern naturalist; and Pliny, speaking of the uses of these tentacles, remarks that, they may be used for the capture of prey at a distance, or may be employed to anchor their possessors safely amid the boisterous waters. The "suckers," which constitute a most noteworthy armament of the arms, are borne on short stalks in the ten-armed cuttlefishes, but are unstalked in the eight-armed species. Each sucker exhibits all the structures incidental to an apparatus adapted to secure effective and instantaneous adhesion to any surface. It consists of a horny or cartillaginous cup, within which are muscular fibers converging toward its center, where they form a well-defined plug or piston. By the withdrawal of this plug a partial vacuum is produced, and the suckers adhere by atmospheric pressure to the surface on which they are placed. The sucker is released by the projection of the plug and by the consequent destruction of the vacuum. The number of the suckers varies, but it is always considerable; and when we reflect that the array of suckers can be instantaneously applied, and that their hold is automatically perfect, the grasp of the cephalopods is seen to be of the most efficient kind. In some cuttlefishes, and most notably in the so-called "hooked squids" (*Onychoteuthis*,) the pistons of the suckers are developed to form powerful hooks, by means of which the prey may be secured with additional facility; and in the common squids the margin of the sucker is provided with a series of minute horny hooks. The "arms" themselves, it need hardly be remarked, are extremely mobile; they are highly muscular, and can be adapted with ease to the varied functions of prehension and movement they are destined to subserve. As regards their arrangement they are arranged in four pairs—a dorsal and a ventral pair, and two lateral pairs; the two elongated tentacles, when developed, being situated between the third and fourth pairs of arms on the ventral or lower surface.—*Belgravia.*

Curious Patents.

Some investigating person has furnished the New York *Times* with a brief list of patents on small things—such as any man or boy have thought of, but didn't, and which in many instances have proved mines of wealth to the lucky discover. For, inasmuch as so many minds might have hit upon these things, they ought properly to be called discoveries rather than inventions, and are the outcome of luck or chance, or whatever one may choose to call that arrangement of circumstances which is not the result of much forethought or logical process. The steam engine, the steamship, the locomotive, the telegraph, the reaping-machine, the power-loom, the sewing-machine, the telephone, the cotton gin, the telescope and scores of similar machines or instruments are truly inventions. They require a logical and philosophical combination of laws and principles. But there are hundreds of smaller things, chiefly pretty conveniences and contrivances for domestic use, or amusing and entertaining toys, which are more in the nature of discoveries. These last have been only found—the others were found out.

Among those trifles is the favorite toy—the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic string attached, selling for the sum of ten cents each, but yielding to its patentee an income equal to fair returns on a capital of $500,000. The rubber tip on the end of lead pencils affords the owner of the royalty an independent fortune. The inventor of the gummed newspaper wrapper is also a rich man. The gimlet-pointed screw has evolved more wealth than most silver mines, and the man who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him $2,000,000 in United States bonds. Although roller-skates are not so much used in countries where ice is abundant, in South America, especially in Brazil, they are very highly esteemed and have yielded over $1,000,000 to their inventor. But he had to spend $125,000 in England alone fighting infringements. The "dancing Jim Crow," a top, provides an annual income of $30,000 to its inventor, and the common needle threader is worth $10,000 a year to the man who thought of it. The "drive well" was an idea of Mr. Colonel Green, whose troops, during the war, were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented after the war, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it, have been obliged to pay him a royalty, a moderate estimate of which is placed at $2,000,000. The spring window shade yields an income equal to an investment of $1,000,000; the stylographic pen, with which this article is written, also $1,000,000; the marking pen for shading in different colors, $100,000; rubber stamps, the same. A large fortune has been reaped by a Western miner who, ten years since, invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of breeches and coat pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. Fortunes have been made out of the dead as well of the living. The torpedo grave, which will explode when body-snatchers meddle with it, is one bonanza; another odd, but probably not lucrative one, is an open tube, running from the top of the ground to the coffin-lid, just over the face of the corpse. If the person is in a trance and has been buried alive, he draws himself up through the whole and returns to the surface by means of a rope ladder in the tube. If he prefers, however, to send for assistance, he pulls a cord which rings a bell near the top of the tube. After lying there long enough to assure his friends that he has no intention of coming back the tube is pulled up, drawing as it comes a glass-plate over the face of the inmate of the coffin.

Every time a woman pricks the shell of an egg preparatory to boiling it she violates a patent right, this having been secured by some genius who discovered that it would prevent their breaking during the process of boiling. It having been said that chickens hatched by artificial heat do not thrive as well as others because they miss the maternal affection expressed in the "cluck, cluck" of the natural hen, an inventor has taken out a patent which imitates that sound, soothing and charming the tender-hearted but bereaved offspring with its artificial croon and consoling the young orphan with its mechanical solicitude. This is based evidently upon another patent for babies of a machine operated by clock-work and producing a low and melancholy murmur which no child, however wakeful, can successfully resist, but to which it succumbs in profound slumber. There is also the false bottomed nest which deludes the hen into the belief that she has not laid an egg, and combined with her conscientious devotion to duty, persuades her to a continuance of her work until she is exhausted or undeceived. A patent hen roost, by the action of the hens, closes the doors of a bee-hive at night and opens them in the morning, protecting the hive against the ravages of the bee-moth. A wire frame strung above a horse's head is also patented. It is meant to persuade the animal that it is the top of a fence too high for him to overleap. This, of course, presumes that the horse is an ass.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—China dogs are the latest craze, and now in milady's bric-a-brac room will be found a large and curious assortment, from the smallest. The chian dog has advantages over the live article not to be disregarded. It does not have to be fed and instead of being fastened to a string, where it is running in every direction but the right one, may be suspended from the belt by a chain and so relieve the torturings of its being lost. Then they need no muzzles, and they will probably not be taxed.—*Courier-Journal.*

For Young Readers.

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky,
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye,
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not kite, or ball
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and Sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As merry as boy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.
—*M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

DISOBEDIENCE.

"I will go there! and I should like to see any one stop me," said Edith H., rushing into her aunt's room, and banging the door after her. Stamping her foot, she gave her bracelet a twist and flounced into a chair, shoving it against the table, upsetting a goblet of water, causing a general clatter. Her naturally sweet face was red and distorted with anger, and as she lay back in the rich velvet chair, she looked like one of the Furies.

"Aunt Edith," she snapped out, "will you tease mother to let me go to the Unity party Friday night?"

The lady thus addressed answered: "I will think about it; but Edith, you told me New Year's day that you were going to restrain that temper of yours."

"My temper is no worse than other people's. I heard cousin Fred say the other day that you used to get pretty high, and do as you pleased before ——"

She did not finish the sentence, for there was something in the patient, sweet face of her aunt that always checked her anger.

"Edith, dear, come and sit by me, I wish to tell you a story."

Then she evened the needles of her knitting and pushed them into the ball of bright silk, and placed her work carefully in a basket by her side. Edith sat down on the hassock at her aunt's feet in no enviable frame of mind. The lady put her hand gently on the angry head before her, and twining her fingers in the soft curls, she told her niece why she was a cripple:

"When I was a child, I was, like you, headstrong and disobedient. Mother was a good, weak, easy woman, and had rather let me have my own way than take the trouble to make me obey her. Father was a cold, stern man, who made us all afraid of him. I think my poor, quiet mother lived in mortal dread of his hasty temper and harsh words. She would always say: 'Don't tell your father,' or 'Don't let father know,' and so I thought that as long as he didn't know I disobeyed him it was all right; but I found to my sorrow it was all wrong, and I want you to remember, my dear, that disobedience will surely bring misery and disgrace.

"When I was sixteen, Ben Fuller invited me to attend a ball at Concord. His uncle kept the hotel where the party was to be given, and as I was well acquainted with his aunt and cousins, I never dreamed I couldn't go. Ben was to have his father's horse and sleigh, and such fun as we should have!

"I ran all the way home from school to tell mother of it. She was willing I should go, but said I must ask my father, as he was terribly angry because I went to a skating party the other night without his permission. So I waited in a perfect fever for father to come home. I put his slippers before the fire and rolled the little table close to his chair, with the evening paper and his glasses on it. I seldom took the trouble to do this, but now I wanted a favor, so of course I must cater to his wants. How I hoped he would come home pleasant! When I heard him coming I began to tremble for fear he would say no, but I said to myself just what I heard you say a few minutes ago; 'I will go, and no one shall hinder me.'

"Father came in with lots of cold air that sent a chill through all of us. Mother said: 'Don't ask him until he has had his supper.' It seemed as if he never ate so slowly or dallied so long over his tea. At last he finished and dropped into an easy chair, with a tired, weary look, that after all these long, long years I can see distinctly, but then I did not see it; I thought he was only cross.

"I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder, for I thought he was going to sleep, and then I should have to wait till morning. He opened his eyes with a start that took him almost out of the chair.

"'Oh!' he said, 'is it you, Edith? I believe I am getting nervous. Did you want anything?'

"'Yes, father. I have had an invitation to go to the military ball at Concord, next week. Can I go? Say yes, for I do want to go.'

"'Who invited you!' he said, looking very stern.

"'Ben Fuller asked me. He is to have his father's horse and sleigh, and see, here is a letter from his cousin Kate. Oh! we shall have such a nice time! Can I go?'

"'Let me think,' said he. 'Ten miles in a sleigh this cold weather, and you with a bad cold and cough, now.'

"'My cold will be well by Tuesday,' said I, 'and I have nothing to get ready, for you know I had a new white dress and satin slippers, gloves, ribbons and everything I wanted for the Christmas party.'

"'Now stop,' he said, shutting his eyes. 'I do not think it prudent. So go to bed and say no more about it.'

"I left the room feeling the same as you did when you came in here banging the door so furiously. The next day I told Ben I would go, but father was not to know. So we arranged for him to take my bandbox containing my ball suit the night before and hide it in his room.

"Father had said in the morning that I could go over to my aunt's for a few days. I did not care much about going then, but now I wanted to go, for aunt would keep my secret. She thought father was very strict with me, and believed children should have a good time, 'kill or cure.' So Monday at the breakfast table I told father I was going over to see my baby cousin, and asked him if I could stay all night.

"'Yes, three or four days if you like,' he replied.

"Aunt Sue said it was all right, that it was the grandest ball of the season, and she wished she could go, too.

"At two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Ben drove up to the door. I was all ready, so in five minutes we were off. It had been growing colder since morning, and now it was four or five degrees below zero, but we were young and did not mind the cold. We chatted and laughed, and all went well until we were half way there and a rabbit jumped across the road. The horse shied, over went the sleigh and out we tumbled. The bandbox rolled down the hill, Ben's valise and a bundle or two were lodged in the brush fence and the buffalo robes and I went on the crust after the bandbox. Ben stuck to the reins and soon stopped his horse, but when the things were gathered and we were seated in the sleigh we were nearly frozen. Ben said we would soon get warm, and I remember he told me his hands and feet were beginning to burn, and as if in a dream I heard him say:

"'Wake up! wake up! you must not go to sleep; you will freeze if you do.' Then he said: 'What shall I do? she is freezing.'

"He shook me and told me to stamp my feet and rub my hands, and I thought I did, and it seems to me that I was getting warm and I tried to ask *him* why he whipped the horse so, but he laughed so loud he couldn't hear me, and then I feared we should be tipped over again, and when the horse stopped at the hotel it seemed as though we were all smashed to pieces! For hours I had no sense of feeling and the next day when the doctor came he said I had rheumatic fever, so they sent for my father. Oh! I was so afraid he would not come. He did, however, and forgave me, although I did not deserve it. He remained with me all the time for weeks. I was very sick and suffered excruciating pains, that is why my hands and feet are so crippled. I learned to love and appreciate my dear father. I then knew for the first time, that he was worried and harassed with business troubles, and that he could be kind and gentle as a woman, and had I obeyed him I should not be an old cripple to-day."

"Auntie," said Edith. "I have no desire to go to the party, and hereafter I will try and be more gentle, and more obedient.—*Golden Rule.*

Diogenes.

Many hundreds of years ago lived a very strange man whose name was Diogenes. His home was in the city of Athens, in Greece. The people of Athens are very polite, but this strange man took pride in being very impolite. He made himself very disagreeable. People stared at him and laughed at him. This was just what pleased Diogenes. Many people called him a great man. This pleased him more yet. He was so odd, and behaved so strangely, that after a while a good many tried to imitate him and to act as strangely as he did. This pleased him, perhaps, most of all. Sometimes Diogenes slept in the sand and sometimes on the verandas of houses or in doorways. Sometimes he used to take a tub around with him. When night came he would curl himself up like a kitten and go to sleep in the tub. One bright, sunny day, when the city was full of people, he took a lighted lantern and walked down the street. He looked as if he were hunting for something. "What are you looking for with your lantern in this bright daylight?" the peopled asked. "I am looking for an honest man," growled Diogenes.

At this time there lived a great warrior and Emperor who had made himself more famous than any one else in the world. Great crowds followed him, and threw up their hats, and cheered. His name was Alexander. Perhaps he was really the greatest man in the world. So he was called Alexander the Great. One day Alexander marched by where Diogenes sat sunning himself in the sand. The people were cheering as usual, and making a great noise. But Diogenes sat quite still, caring nothing about the Emperor. When Alexander passed by Diogenes he noticed this. He wondered why this poorly clothed man paid him no attention. Then he turned to Diogenes with a frown, and said in a very haughty manner: "Do you know that I am Alexander?" Everybody thought that Diogenes would turn pale and be very much confused. But he only looked up and answered with as much pride as if he were an Emperor himself: "Do you know that I am Diogenes?" Perhaps we may all admire his independence as much as Alexander is said to have done. Diogenes always lived this queer sort of a life. He was an old, old man when he died —*Our Little Ones.*

A Parsee's Oath.

A singular incident lately occurred in a London witness-box during the hearing of a case in which a Parsee gentleman was called upon to give evidence. He objected to being sworn either on the Old or New Testament, and not being a Mohammedan, he could not be sworn on the Koran; but he produced from his breast a "sacred relic," and said that by making a declaration and holding the "charm" in his hand, and not concealing it, the act would be binding on his conscience. The Commissioner thought that under the peculiar circumstances he would be justified in taking the witness' declaration, if at the same time he held the "charm" unconcealed in his hand, and declared that he would consider the act sufficiently binding upon him to bear true testimony in the matter at issue. It is said to be usual to swear Parsees holding the tail of a cow, which in India is regarded as a sacred animal.

—Chang Chi Lang, a giant from China, eight feet six inches high, arrived in New York recently from Europe. The giant was accompanied by his wife, a little person less than five feet in height, with a pretty face, and feet scarcely four inches long.—*N. Y. Star.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Hogs are being trained to work in harness in some parts of Pennsylvania. Armstrong County having several such teams in service.

—For earache dissolve asafoetida in water, warm a few drops and drop in the ear putting a small piece of soft wool in. Have the wool warmed well. —*Country Gentleman.*

—It is reported that the sales of hay and straw in New York City amount to $10,000,000 each year. The dealers in these articles propose to form an association for regulating prices and doing business.

—To remove freckles: Lemon juice, one ounce; quarter of a dram of powdered borax and one dram of sugar. Mix them, and let them stand till ready for use, then rub it on the face occasionally.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—Sorrel has running roots, and can only be killed by plowing it under deeply and growing some other crop that will smother it. If the ground is too wet to grow grass and clover it should be drained. As the ground is probably well seeded with the sorrel it will be necessary to persevere for some time before it can be wholly cleared of it. When the ground is well drained a good application of lime would be useful.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Muslin pillow shams may be handsomely decorated for festive occasions. Take a square of lace—Valenciennes or Languedoc—or of lace and muslin combined, line it with blue or pink to harmonize with the other appointments of the room; but a band of ribbon around it and trim the edge with lace; fasten this with a few stitches to the center of the sham; it can be easily removed when the sham is laundered, or when you wish to have the room look less "dressed up."

—Mr. Thomas Meehan says that most failures with seed arise from not sowing in partial shade. If the hot sun shines upon the seed beds when the seeds are swelling, and cold follows, many may rot before the plants reach the surface. A very slight shade will answer, such as brushwood or cornstalks will afford. With seeds which do not grow till the second season, the ground should be kept clean and shaded the summer through.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Twenty-three years ago Colonel D. M. Clough, of Canterbury, N. H., bought a worn-out farm of 400 acres. It would not keep more than eight or ten head of cattle, one or two horses and a few sheep. In thirteen years he had so improved it that he wintered 100 head of cattle, 150 sheep and six horses. To accomplish this no manure was used, except a little super-phosphate of lime to give the corn an early start. Under his care the farm rose in value from $4,600 to $17,000. The secret of his success is that all his hay and grain has been consumed upon the farm, and large quantities of muck used both as an absorbent and couposted with lime.

Eating too Fast.

The Philadelphia *Times* is of the opinion that Americans eat too rapidly—particularly "American business men." The proper way is to eat with as little haste as possible. A great many "business men" are not permitted to put on the style of elegant leisure when taking their meals. We refer to that class of business men whose dinner hour is regulated by bell taps—who have sixty minutes for dinner. If the "business man" takes his dinner in a bucket to his place of business he can devote at least fifty minutes to mastication, deghtition, etc., but if he prefers to walk a few squares and enjoy his meals with his family there must be fast walking and rapid eating—bolting, if you please—else when the bell taps the "business man" will be behind time, and a reduction of wages will be the penalty. If to eat slowly is essential to health, the demand is that our great industrial institutions, where most of our "business men" are employed, should arrange far more time for meals; say an hour and a half for dinner. "The brightest hope for the eater," says the *Times*, "is when the sunlight makes the room brilliant, when cheery chat makes those who surround the table to sparkle with good humor and when the hearty laugh shows that good-fellowship is at its height. For long life and prosperity, let us banish from our tables all that is disagreeable, sour, vixenish and gloomy. Let us eat our meals in as deliberate leisure as possible and with a view to getting the greatest enjoyment and benefit from it." All of which is very pretty, but the bell, the bell, it will not keep silent. It interferes with "cheery chat," hushes the "hearty laugh," and compels the "business man" to abandon "good-fellowship" and hie away to his task. He must bolt his bacon or he docked, and it is no use to complain.—*Indiana Sentinel.*

A Musical Tournament.

At Milan, Italy, they have recently had a Musical Industrial Exhibition and Competition, under royal patronage, at which were collected and compared, during a period of several months, the largest number and greatest variety of musical instruments, old and new, ever brought together. America was honored in the award to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company of the highest medal, and the only one in this department. Considering that 250 awards were given, altogether, this distinction was very marked. It is a continuation of the triumphs of these famous organ makers at every one of the World's Fairs for fourteen years; to which there has been no exception.—*The Manhattan.*

—"Seen the spring robins yet, Mr. Spicer?" asked a friend. "Well, yes," said the interrogated, thoughtfully; "have got Mrs. Spicer's millinery account, it is the biggest 'spring robbin' bill for a small amount of feathers I have seen; fairly made me quail. I tell you when those people get fowl of a customer they don't sparrer." The questioner had just time to gasp "What a queer covey" —when the street car came along and swallowed them up.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, was recently laid up with rheumatism. Probably he had exposed himself to some of his "pleasant" weather.

—Longfellow used to say of this life that it was only a suburb to the life elysian.

A Horrible Story.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or his sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day. And often after it has been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up this stock pencil was a draymau whose breath smelt of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best pencils, but he was too late.

And thus that lead pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanliness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a pencil.—*Louisville Commercial.*

—A St. Louis man offers a reward of twenty dollars to any woman who will peel an orange with her fingers and eat it without getting any juice on her chin. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE *Enquirer* of Cincinnati says: Hon. P. T. Barnum strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for pain. His combination and artists all use it.

HOW CAN man and wife be one, when the woman is won herself!—*Salem Sunbeam.*

JUDGE W. T. FILLEY, of Pittsfield, this State, was cured of severe rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overthrow the hill; but a hill is reality, nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man, and the most successful men often have the most failures.

Booth's Panacea.

The audience at the Opera House last Friday night when Edwin Booth played "Hamlet," undoubtedly noticed the pungent odor that pervaded the house, after the great scene between Hamlet and his mother, during which the old Chamberlain Polonius is killed. It was peculiar yet not unpleasant, and only those familiar with the substance producing it, could account for the odor. The eminent tragedian himself and the company supporting him, have been suffering for several days past from colds and physical aches produced by the changeful weather and the usual exposure on the stage, and one of the company, Mr. D. C. Anderson, who played Polonius, was taken violently and suddenly ill during the play; by directions of Mr. Booth, who is always solicitous for the welfare of his people, a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was brought from his dressing case and the suffering actor thoroughly rubbed with the famous German Remedy, which soon brought relief and full recovery. Mr. Booth always carries this reliable emollient with him, and the contents of his dressing case without it, would be as incomplete as the play of Hamlet without the ghost.—*Burlington (Ia.) Gazette.*

"DOES poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply; "even the little chickens shell out."

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

SEND name and address to Craglu & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

WOULD not he without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

HOW TO TO get a head—Buy a postage stamp.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

AN Indian chief, while in Washington, was taken to see a burlesque show. After the performance he remarked, through an interpreter, that the Great Father was very kind to send the poor Indian blankets when they were so much needed at home.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A CHICAGO woman has discovered a way to keep eggs fresh for six months, and the hens which have been lording it over the land will now take a back seat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE is more vitality consumed to the square inch in getting out a newspaper than in any other kind of work, if we except the preparations of a girl for a ball or the making up of a young swell to fit a cigarette.—*Somerville Journal.*

SO SAD: A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.—*San Francisco Post.*

"I'LL make you dance," cried an irate mother, pursuing her erring son, slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a hawl."

"WHAT would this world be without old maids!" Clarissa, dear, did you ask. It would be a paradise free from corkscrew curls, strong tea, and the usual concomitants that seem to cluster about the femininity that fails to unite itself to some masculinity.—*New Haven Register.*

THE waves at Long Branch this summer will not be allowed to come to the shore on Sundays. They will all be arrested as Sabbath breakers.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GUS DE BROWN, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10:45 p. m.: "So you don't admire men of conservative views like myself, Miss Angel?" Miss A., with vivacity: "No, indeed, I prefer people who have some go in them." De B. reaches for his hat.—*Tiger.*

"DO YOU play croquet?" "No, I don't play croquet, but my Sister May, who is very gay, plays croquet, every fine day, in a most charming way, and is quite *au fait*."

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is $3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.—*Post.*

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S new yacht cost $900,000. It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Bennett is an editor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly.
THOMAS J. METHVIN, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

AN advertisement in a Western paper says: "Lost—Two cows; one of them is a bull." So is the advertisement.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and today I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

IN PROOF of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

THERE are political outbreaks so popular with the whole people that the state dare not interfere. The breaking out of pustules, pimples, tetter and the like on the face, can be pleasantly cured by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Also good for the hair and scalp. Dr. Benson is also the proprietor of Celery and Chamomile Pills, which now have a wide reputation as the best remedy known for all diseases of the nerves and all kinds of headaches.

OF COURSE, smoking is worse than chewing, for the old adage says: "Of two evils *chews* the least."

Hard Lumps in Breast.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone. Yours gratefully,
MRS. R. R. CLARK, Irvington, Mich.

A DRAPERY-HOUSE advertises lawn-dresses that will wash. Isn't it the business of a laundress to wash.

"FIGURES are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

WHAT jeweler was it that made the welkin ring?

No Trouble to Swallow

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

THE wheel of fortune runs slow, because its fellows are tied.—*Whitehall Times.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

PEARLY teeth and diamond eyes are delightful, but a topaz nose is dreadful.

☞ The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any of these fashionable colors only ten cents.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupalba." $1.

A REGULAR CIRCUS.

If there is one thing in all the world that allures the average boy and delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully diverted into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and scrap-metal, old paper, etc., do substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—or rather its proprietors and employes—experimentally believe in St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Pain Reliever of the age. Hon. P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and Coup's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that St Jacobs Oil is in use by many ring artists now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, united with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its happy effect upon those who have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain.

(Signed) BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON."

The Press Agent of Coup's Monster Show says: "In cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind our artists know how to cure themselves very speedily. St. Jacobs Oil is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they can get it they won't suffer much."

Mr. Frank I. Frayne says: "I have suffered terribly from rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, and at the same time I had severe pains in my chest. Sometime since I read something in a newspaper about the remarkable cures of St. Jacobs Oil, and I thought I would try that remedy. I tell you I am mighty glad I did, for after using one or two bottles of that preparation I felt no pain whatever, and have had none since. I am firm believer in St. Jacobs Oil, and I want everybody in my company to keep it near them."

D^r BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle

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IS THE
PARLOR ORGAN INSTRUCTION BOOK

For Learning both Secular and Sacred Music on the Reed or Parlor Organ.

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The great West is full of reed organs, but few know how to play them. Why?

"You see," said the teachers, "when a farmer buys a reed organ, as they all do, he naturally wishes his little daughter or son to learn to play *such music as he likes*; jigs, marches, dances, popular songs, school and Sunday school songs, gospel songs and hymn tunes, and he thinks all this can be done in six months. We have many such scholars, and no book that fits the case."

At the special request of many such teachers this Book was prepared, and proves to be just the thing. The author has a magical talent for making hard things easy, and any child can understand his explanations.

A practical teacher recently invited him to hear the lessons of a number of pupils, taught from this Book. They were excellent lessons. "I could not produce such results by any other book," said the teacher.

Price $2.50, for which copies will be mailed, postpaid, to any address by return mail. Better send a $1 bill and 50 cts. in stamps by registered letter, and order

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Parlor Organ Instruction Book
—OF—
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
☞ Mention this paper.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Is a Standard Family Remedy for Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic.

TRY IT

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

100 Page Book sent free.

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SOLDIERS 160 Acres to All, write to J. ROGERS, Land Agent, Plankinton, Dak.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

NOTICE—Lists of Names of Fruit Growers wanted to send my Fruit Package Circular to. Good prices paid. N. D. BATTERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

SPRING FEVER

At this season everybody feels weak and out of sorts, because the system is run down, and the blood weakened. This condition is dangerous, because of the liability to contract serious disease at a time when nature is less liable to throw it off; and an effective remedy, such as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, should be promptly used. This non-alcoholic, true tonic is unequaled as a preventive as well as curative medicine.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS imparts tone and strength to the muscles, makes the blood rich, clears the complexion, and by revitalizing the whole system, gives it a good foundation to withstand the strain of a change of season.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is beyond question the best medicine made for all diseases requiring a tonic, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Malaria, &c. For sale by all druggists.

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Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the INVALID'S DIET."

RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 135 cents, 65 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

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Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

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AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES and ADVENTURES of the NOTED OUTLAWS.

Frank and Jesse James

Containing the only complete and authentic account of these **Bold Highwaymen.** *The latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most thrilling interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully Illustrated. Send 50 cents for complete outfit, and write quick** for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. **Now is the time. COLUMBIA & NEWMAN PUB. CO., 50 Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.**

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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Never known to fail. It equalizes the circulation, repairs its waste, and gives tone and vigor to the system.

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The greatest tonic known. It aids digestion, insures good appetite, gives tone and vigor to the system, guarantees sweet and refreshing sleep and restores enfeebled and nervous constitutions to robust health.

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Safe, Certain, Sure and Speedy. It is invaluable to Ladies who are experiencing the change incident to advanced years, by assisting nature at its important period, retaining the vigor and tranquility of early life and carrying them with ease and safety through.

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is the only honestly guaranteed remedy placed before the public. We guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction or return the money. Leading physicians testify to its being harmless and good. eminent divines declare it excellent and unequaled and people everywhere bear cheerful and voluntary testimony to its great virtue.

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NERVINE
is unfailing and infallible in curing Alcoholism and Opium Eating. To come before the public with an absolute cure or a specific to remove the desire for alcoholic stimulants or the habit of opium eating, seems to many, we have no doubt, an absurdity; such is the case nevertheless, and before offering our medicine to the public we thoroughly convinced ourselves by actual experience that it would do all we claim for it.

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ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

We will send on 30 Days' Trial
DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED
Electro Voltaic Belts
AND SUSPENSORIES,
And other
ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
TO MEN

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Vigor and Manhood, resulting from Abuses and other causes, or to any person afflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Spinal Difficulties, Lame Back, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Ruptures, and other diseases of the Vital Organs. Speedy relief and complete restoration to health guaranteed. These are the only Electric Appliances that have ever been constructed upon Scientific principles. Their thorough efficacy has been practically proven with the most wonderful success. We have the testimony of thousands who have been quickly and radically cured by their use. All we ask of any person is to give them a trial for 30 days and be convinced.

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IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.

☞ For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

☞ But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

☞ And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

☞ BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

☞ If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (46)

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Lesson in Natural History.

Bill Nye in the Boomerang.

In answer to a correspondent who writes us for information on the above subject we have compiled the following information:

Eng and Chang were born simultaneously on the 15th day of April, 1811, and died at the age of 63 years. They were connected together by a patent coupler, which entered the body of each in the region of the vest pocket. This connecting arrangement necessarily threw them a great deal in each others' society. When they were boys their lives were rendered more or less unhappy by their widely different tastes.

Eng was very fond of sour apples in his youth, and when at night he rolled upon his bed with a large amount of colic on hand Chang had to lie awake and get the benefit. Later in life Chang developed a strange longing for the flowing bowl. While Eng was a Good Templar. When Eng went to the lodge the worthy outside guard would refuse to let Chang in because he couldn't give the pass word, and as Eng couldn't go in and leave Chang in the ante-room, he had to go home and wait till another meeting.

Eng was a Mason and Chang was a Knight of Pythias and they used to give each other away sometimes and have lots of fun. Eng was a half-breed and Chang was Stalwart, and that made it bad about attending caucuses.

Chang joined the Episcopal church and believed in sprinkling, while Eng was a Baptist, and not only got immersed himself but fixed it so that Chang got his sins washed away at the same time. Once in a while Chang would get an invitation to a private party in a set to which Eng did not belong, and then they had to settle the question by putting Etruscan noses on each other as to whether they should go or remain at home. Chang died first, and Eng died a few hours later as a matter of courtesy. Eng was not prepared to die, and regretted that he was not consulted by Chang before this important step was taken, but he said it would save the expenses of two funerals, and he wanted to do what was right. The lives of these two men were somewhat peculiar in many respects. There were many little nameless annoyances to which each were compelled to submit, and which would not at first occur to the student. For instance, Chang had to get up and go for the doctor in company with Eng whenever Eng's children had the croup; and whenever Chang's wife thought there was a burglar in the woodshed Eng had to get up in his nightshirt and go with his brother in search of the villain. They couldn't ride the festive velocipede, and when Chang got billing drunk Eng had to go to the jug with him, and stay there till the fine was paid. Among the many blessings which cluster about us, and are showered down upon us through life, we are prone to lose sight of the fact that, with all of our sorrows and disappointments, we were not born Siamese twins.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.
Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.
Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.
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Fourth.
Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.
Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

Sixth.
Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.
A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tl

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE,

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 790 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1014-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81' 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,
Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner,
FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.
☞ Shop near the Post Office.
Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		12.16 A. M.
No. 5		7.38 A. M.
No. 7		2.31 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.40 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.00 A. M.
No. 10		5.50 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,
Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for Instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Monday, May 16th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in this premises.

JOHN HARNED,
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. BOSLEY,
4 15 5 Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00 Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the CASH.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Machine by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,

JAS. A. HAYDEN.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
42tf DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES, *Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.*

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
4 15 5 A. FAIRALL.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

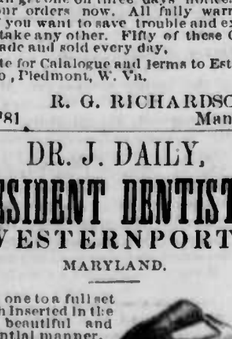

Is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and Terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
123 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth Inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-v1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882. NUMBER 11.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building will be for rent April 1st next. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Brenneman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, May 30th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

NIMROD SLOTFELTY,
CHRISTIAN BEITZELL,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

4 29 5

NOTICE.

CLERK'S OFFICE, April 19th, 1882.

The Commissions of Justices of the Peace, Registration Officers, Commissioner of Fisheries and Member of State Board of Education, have been received this date.

It is necessary for the parties thus commissioned to qualify within 30 days from above date, as their places will otherwise be vacated.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisements. Call or address,

J. FRANK LEWIS & Co.,

15 P. O. Avenue.

d 8810 Baltimore.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, copied by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

5 6 3 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

$1,000

will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equaled by all other medicines combined. Strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lung and Heart diseases.

As a Cough Remedy, it has no equal; it positively cures all Coughs. You cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine.

For Intermittent Fever, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis.

For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by E. E. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Exit Chalmers.

It is eminently fitting that the first Southern Democrat to be ousted from his stolen seat in Congress should be ex-Confederate Brigadier General Chalmers, for his case is the most offensive of all. There has never been any disguise about the theft. It was deliberately planned and deliberately executed three times, and three times has General Chalmers taken possession of a seat in Congress to which he had no more moral right than he had to a seat on the Supreme Bench. For two terms a Democratic majority in Congress made his retention of the stolen seat not only possible, but in a limited sense respectable, for he became an active and vociferous member of the Democratic majority which defended and sustained him. But with the advent of a Republican majority his career ends, and he will return to Mississippi a thoroughly disgraced and despised man, not only in the North, but also among all right-thinking people of his own section. A brief summary of the career of this typical Southern seat-snatcher will not be uninstructive at this time.

He was one of the moving spirits in the "redemption" of Mississippi by means of the well-known "Mississippi Plan." This method of suppressing the majority in a State was invented after the Ku Klux and other systems of reform by murder had become unpopular. The main feature of the "Plan" was bulldozing by means of rifle clubs and red shirt brigades. The negroes were terrified into staying away from the polls by what was known afterward all through the South as a "show of force." Armed Democrats pervaded the State, riding furiously through the negro settlements and discharging their rifles into the air. If the terrorizing was not complete enough to keep all the negroes from the polls the "Plan" had a second reliance, which was to have all the polling places in charge of Democratic officials who could be depended upon to report a Democratic majority no matter what the vote might be. When this "Plan" had worked so well that the Democrats gained possession of the State Government, they proceeded to redistrict the State in order to capture the Congressional delegation also. All the heavy negro counties along the river were put into one district, which from its extreme length and narrowness was at once dubbed the "Shoe-string" District. It reaches from one end of the State to the other, and its length in a straight line is 280 miles, while to traverse it from end to end, following the course of the river, one would have to go no less than 500 miles. The negro majority in this district was fully 15,000. General Chalmers was selected as the man to try the effect of the "Plan" upon this formidable opposition.

He accepted the task and entered upon it with great zeal. He mounted a cannon in a wagon and started on a tour of the district. Whenever he reached a place for holding a meeting he would have the gun discharged several times as a preliminary flourish, causing such terror among the negroes that they fled to the swamps and remained till his departure. By persistent use of the gun and its accompaniments of rifle clubs and other bulldozing accessories, he was able to wipe out the 15,000 Republican majority and go to Washington with a certificate of election and 3,000 Democratic majority. This was in 1876. In 1878 he repeated the performance, and increased his majority to 5,000. There was less cannon that year, because the less noisy system of counting out was in full play, and it really made no difference in the majority whether the "niggers" voted or not. At no time, however, has it been denied that in both elections he gained his seat by gross and palpable frauds. In 1880 he tried the experiment for the third time, but new obstacles had then arisen. The "niggers" had been acquiring wisdom from experience. They could no longer be terrified by a big gun, and they had learned to keep a tally at the polls which was very awkward when the vote came to be counted and the figures revised. In addition to this the Democratic conscience had begun to arouse itself in some of the newspaper offices, and a belief was growing in the State that Chalmers was overdoing the business. The vote against him was not only cast as usual, but it was cast so plainly that it could not be got rid of in the usual way. A quibble was therefore invented for the occasion, and a few thousand Republican votes were thrown out because they had an insignificant printer's dash on them, which Chalmers says was a violation of the State law which declared that ballots should bear no "distinguishing mark." He found election officers and even courts in Mississippi partisan enough to sustain this absurd plea, but the ablest Democratic newspaper in the State denounced it as infamous and has not ceased to protest against it to this day. The Republican Congress sustains this view, and Chalmers departs from public life probably forever.

His seat has been taken by the man who occupied it for two terms before the invention of the "Mississippi Plan," and occupied it with credit to himself and honor to his race. He was a slave when the rebellion broke out, but at its close he sought and obtained an education, and his speech in the House on Thursday is the best evidence of his fitness for his place. He has a black face, but there is nothing black in his record. He does not belong to the "first families" of Mississippi, but in the light of Chalmers's career that can scarcely be considered a misfortune.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Thrilling Experience.

United States Senator George G. Vest was entertaining a little group in Washington one evening last winter with reminiscences of his law practice in Missouri, when the conversation drifted around to the James boys. Some one asked the Senator if he had ever met the bandits, and he replied that he had once, and under circumstances calculated to impress themselves upon his memory. Charging his hearers not to repeat the story, which injunction one of the group, a popular young Missouri Congressman, failed to bear in mind, the Senator related his experience somewhat as follows:

Old Joe Shelby, the Confederate general, who, at the close of the war, did not surrender, but marched his men to Mexico and offered his services to Maximilian, is an old friend of mine, and he had been urging me for a long time to come down to his splendid place in Lafayette county and spend a few days hunting and fishing. It was shortly, a few days, perhaps, after the Gad's Hill robbery, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, that, completely worn out by close attention to business in the Sedalia courts, I determined to run down to the farm and rest for a few days. I took the night train on the Lexington branch of the Missouri Pacific, and got off at the little station near the Shelby place, called Page City. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the house was but a little over a mile distant, I shouldered my double-barreled shotgun, which I had taken along for some sport, and trudged over the white lane leading to the homestead. The old home was surrounded by some tall forest trees, and I had just emerged from their shadow into the moonlight, twenty steps from the home, when a clear, ringing voice cried out "Halt!" and at the same instant I saw shining in the moonlight a polished rifle barrel protruding from a partially raised window. I intuitively felt that the man at the other end of the rifle had a bead drawn on me, and halted. I became a statue. My blood seemed to chill. In a moment, it seemed hours to me, I heard old Joe's voice ring out, "Who are you?"

"G-g-george Vest, come down to see you." I replied, my lips trembling in spite of me.

"Wait a minute," was the reply.

I waited five minutes, and then there was a rattling of bars and chains and the front door opened cautiously, and I was bidden to lay down my gun and approach. I did so until I came close to the door, when Shelby's voice said: "It is all right, boys, I will vouch for him." I then entered, and looked about me. The cozy little sitting room had been converted into a fortress. The windows were barricaded securely, and furniture was moved up against the door, while on a table in the centre of the room lay a collection of revolvers and repeating rifles that would have excited the admiration of a pirate. There were five men in the room whom I did not know. They sat around and did not talk. The gentlemen also wore their small arms. "These are some friends of mine," said Shelby, and I was not introduced further. I immediately knew that the visitors were the two James boys and the three younger brothers. Shelby and I indulged in a conversation for some time, which the others showed no disposition to enter, and at last I was shown to bed, where I tossed until daylight in a troubled sleep. When I came down to breakfast the curtains were drawn, and old Joe sat in an easy chair calmly smoking his pipe and playing with a couple of youngsters. The traveling arsenals of the night before had departed—so quietly as not to break my light sleep—hours before. Shelby did not refer to the visitors of the night before, nor did I. I did not know, however, whether they would return that night, so I pleaded pressure of business and limited my stay to one day. And that is the only time I met the Missouri bandits. That was nearly nine years ago, when the gang quartered themselves on their friends in Missouri on the strength of the memories of the war, still fresh in the minds of those who lived on the border.—*Troy Times.*

Promises of the Crops.

[From the New York Times.]

Floods, frosts and a backward spring have all worked to the injury of the crops this year, but the comprehensive statement of their present condition, which the *Times* now lays before its readers, will show that, despite these influences, the general condition, with few exceptions, promises an abundant harvest throughout the country. From 37 states and 4 Territories—nearly all except those whose agricultural products are of no importance—the most trustworthy information has been obtained. From 120 different places, covering over 1,500 centres of agricultural work, persons whose business and interest it has been to secure accurate knowledge of the crops have sent the result of their investigation to the *Times.*

The small grains, despite bad spring weather promise well. Winter wheat will give an increased yield in nearly every State except Indiana, Ohio and New York. The last-named only will produce much less than the average. Spring wheat is much more flattering in its promise. In the great grain States west of the Mississippi the increase is especially marked, in some cases as much as 50 per cent. In some of the old grain States other grains are replacing wheat—barley, oats and rye especially. In all these a large increase in acreage is reported, and promises a large crop. Insects and rust are reported in some places, but only in Tennessee is much alarm felt. Corn shows a very large increase in nearly every State where it is cultivated at all. In the north it shares to some extent in the displacement of winter wheat, and in the South it is replacing cotton to some extent. Emigration and the pushing of railroad construction are prominent factors in the increase of the grain fields.

Cotton is expected to give at least an average crop. The area devoted to it is much smaller, floods, a partial abandonment of the "all-cotton" system, and the inability of planters to obtain sufficient supplies work together to this result. The free use of fertilizers, however, is expected to keep the yield up to the average. The planters throughout the South have been much hampered, also, by the difficulty in obtaining laborers. The sugar-cane crop is looking splendidly, except in a few cases, in some of the flooded districts, where it has been killed. The cultivation of rice is receiving more attention, and probably the average crop will be secured. Tobacco does not show much change; an increased acreage will be planted in some of the Middle and Northern States. Hay and grass crops have been much injured throughout the country, and generally a light yeild is expected. The high price of potatoes has led farmers to devote an increased acreage to that vegetable this year. The fruit crops have been the chief sufferers. Frosts have somewhat damaged peaches and small fruit in Virginia, Maryland and Delaware and the Hudson valley. Other fruits will give an average yield, except perhaps cherries. The dairy interests in the North and East are receiving more attention, and, with fruit-raising replacing the cultivation of grain. The great cattle-growing interests of the West are most flourishing, the mild winter on the plains having been favorable.

The condition of the crops in each State is shown by the following recapitulation:

Alabama.—Cotton, although the decrease in land cultivated is marked, is expected to yield an average crop. The acreage of corn and oats has been increased.

Arkansas.—Winter wheat, with a very large increase in acreage, will soon be harvested. Corn and oats also show large increase. Cotton planting is going on, with perhaps a slightly decreased area.

California.—The largest increase is in the acreage devoted to vines and barley, which are thriving. Wheat and oats will be about as last year.

Colorado.—The wheat acreage has been increased one-third, with promise of a corresponding yield. Crops in Southern Colorado give way to the cattle interest, which is in fine condition.

Connecticut.—The kitchen-garden, the dairy, and the orchard are gradually leading to smaller grain crops. These interests are in a good condition. Much land will be devoted to potatoes.

Dakota.—This great grain-growing State promises an increase in its yield of wheat and oats of 25 per cent. Barley is also being planted.

Delaware.—The farmers' work is very backward. The crops of corn and wheat will be about the average. The peach and small fruit crop has been somewhat damaged, but an abundant yield is promised.

Florida.—The cotton crop, through the use of fertilizers, is expected to yield 10 or 15 per cent. increase. A good crop of oats and a large yield of corn are expected.

Georgia.—Various causes have led to a slight decrease in cotton acreage, with a large increase in food crops, principally corn and oats. Rice and sugar-cane are about the average.

Illinois.—Winter wheat has not been damaged as much as was feared, and the average yield is promised. A large corn crop is promised. An increased acreage in rye and oats is under cultivation.

Indiana.—The winter wheat generally was badly injured by frost, and a short crop is expected. Barley is also injured. Corn and oats show an increase. Fruit, except apples, will give a small yield.

Iowa.—The wheat yield will be about the average, but this crop is giving way to corn, oats, barley, flax and hay, which promise large returns. Cattle and hog-raising are attracting much attention.

Kansas.—The outlook for all grain has never been better. The acreage of winter and spring wheat, corn and rye has increased from 30 to 100 per cent. Sheep-raising is a growing interest.

Kentucky.—Winter wheat shows a larger acreage; crop in good condition. Corn and oats will be planted more than last year. Tobacco remains as last year. There will be a fair crop of peaches.

Louisiana.—Cotton-planting has been retarded; the acreage will probably not change much. The sugar-cane, except in overflowed places, is generally in very good condition, with the usual acreage. Corn will show some increase.

Maine.—Snow and ice have not permitted farmers to do much yet. Hay and potatoes are expected to yield largely. Oats and wheat will be sown to some extent.

Maryland.—More than the average crop of wheat and corn is promised. Tobacco will remain about the same. The fruit crop has been somewhat damaged, as in Delaware, but an abundant yield is still anticipated.

Massachusetts.—Grains generally are promised about the average. Hay, potatoes and tobacco show a slight increase. The dairy interests are being extended.

Michigan.—Wheat, oats, corn, rye and barly, with about the same acreage, are looking well. The forest fires cleared much land, making farming somewhat easier, and the sufferers were plentifully supplied with seed.

Minnesota.—Large crops are expected, with an increased acreage of 15 per cent. in wheat and 5 per cent. each in corn and amber cane.

Mississippi.—The yield of cotton is expected to be as large as the big crop of 1881. Seven-eighths nearly of the flooded districts will be planted. The prospects for corn and oats are unusually flattering, with an increased acreage.

Missouri.—Winter wheat is unusually advanced, with largely increased acreage, and in good condition. Oats, corn, and potatoes were never more promising.

Nebraska.—Corn promises the largest increase, estimated by some at 50 per cent. Small grains show an increase and good condition. Hogs and cattle have wintered well.

New Hampshire.—The season is backward and very little plowing has been done. Large crops of hay and potatoes are expected. Some disposition is shown to increase the acreage of wheat.

New Jersey.—Hay and clover have generally been much injured. A light increase in wheat, rye, oats

[Continued on 8th page.]

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE PRAISE OF GOOD DOCTORS.

The best of all the pill-box crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue.
"I know you well," says he:
"Your stomach is poor and your liver is spring.
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist
And he gravely shakes his head,
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee:
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;
For thus have the doctors said!

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can:
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman!

—*S. W. Suffield, in N. Y. Independent.*

AN ARK OF SAFETY.

The Bell of St. John's—A Story of the Recent Floods.

For many days the rain had fallen in ceaseless, heavy torrents, and from every direction came now the brooks and streams rushing with unwonted swiftness, and sending up a deep, hoarse murmur, which was but as a musical echo to the voice of the mighty, swollen rivers.

In the little town of Chesterbrook there was every cause for the anxiety and alarm increasing hourly: already was the giant Mississippi, near which the village lay, at its greatest height known at that point, and stealthily encroaching nearer and nearer upon the main street, while the inhabitants dwelling farther back were thankful for the natural rise in the land placing them in a safer position.

"Is not the river very high, grandfather, asked Ruth Boynton, a timid accent faltering in her tone.

She was a young girl of fifteen years, busied at the time with preparations for the evening meal, but pausing now as she spoke to look toward her grandfather as he sat beside the window in his large chair, looking anxiously without.

Ruth came nearer to him, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Does it not look very, very high?" she repeated, "and there seem to be so many timbers floating on the waves."

"It is, indeed, higher than I have ever seen it in my eighty years, Ruth," answered the old man in the voice grown feeble with age.

"Do you think the town is in danger, grandfather?" asked the young girl, a slight pallor creeping over her face as she spoke.

"Not to-night, child, not to-night," he answered, "and to-morrow may bring brighter skies; aye, to-morrow, who knows," he murmured softly to himself, as Ruth turned away to her work again, and the old man folded his hands and closed his eyes in silent prayer to the God who rules the storm and clouds.

Midnight had already passed in the thick darkness enshrouding the silent town, and even the most watchful and anxious were at last sleeping heavily, when suddenly—with a confused thunder of sound rising in crashing din above the voice of storm or river, and seeming to rend heaven and earth asunder, the village nestling so peacefully under the shadow of the hills was roused to death and destruction.

Restrained no longer by any former bounds, the relentless stream had broken every barrier, and now amid the despairing cries of fated human beings was wildly sweeping away every tenement or building in its widening pathway.

With the first wild alarm, Ruth Boynton had started terrified and bewildered from her bed and rushed into the adjoining room to find her grandfather also up, groping with the nervous tremor of age, blindly for a light. In that moment it seemed as though the old man, who had been strong for his eighty years, was transformed into a weak and timid child.

"What is it, Ruthie?" he cried, with an imploring, piteous glance at the girl entering with a candle in her hand. "What can it be, and what, O what shall we do!"

"It is the river, grandfather," she answered, hurrying to the door; "the town is flooded, and everything is being swept away!"

"My God, My God!" cried the old man, trembling in every limb, "who will save us, and what can *I* do!"

Whether it was the sense of appalling danger at their very door, or tender pity even in this terrible moment for her helpless companion, the young girl seemed suddenly imbued with a new heroic strength, tingling in every nerve; and with a voice almost steady, she said, calmly:

"God is still with us grandfather, and will surely make some way of escape; try to be strong and trust to his help."

But even as she spoke another fearful crash, accompanied by piteous shrieks, told of a nearer catastrophe, and Ruth impulsively laid a trembling hand on the old man's arm.

"Come, grandfather," said she, "let us hasten to the nearest house; they may be there making some plan for safety and will help us; and waiting to exchange the flickering candle for a lantern, the two helpless ones hurried out into the darkness of the night.

But little were they prepared for the scene of desolation around them; only in the distance glimmered moving lights and with the slow progress alone possible in the feeble condition of her companion Ruth felt that they could never reach the far-off help. Only a small strip of land seemed left to them, the river behind and to the right of them, while on the left rose the high steep bank, up which her active feet might have climbed, but never the old man by her side; and not once did the thought of escape apart from him enter the brave girl's mind.

With a heart beating wildly with fear, Ruth raised her eyes to the cloud-covered sky, half breathing a prayer for aid, while the trembling one beside her uttered a helpless groan. Suddenly a ray of hope quickened her senses. A little higher up on the left, somewhat elevated above the path before them, stood the old church untouched as yet by the water, looking in silent pity upon the scene of destruction surrounding it. It was possible that safety might be found there; even though the waves should reach it, might not the strong foundation on which it had stood so long prove invincible?

"The church, grandfather, the church!" cried Ruth, in tones of hope and encouragement. "Surely we will be safe there;" and the next moment they were hurrying over the short space intervening, and finding but a feeble resistance in the old lock, they soon stood within the silent church.

Was it that the soothing spirit of prayer still hovered like incense about the place, or was it the thought of the ever-abiding presence of God in this his house, that seemed to impart a sudden calm to the weary old man? Silently he sank within one of the old-fashioned pews; and here, ah, yes, here, he could die peacefully if such were God's will.

The lantern gave but a feeble light in the great room; but thankful for even this mitigation of the darkness, Ruth placed it near, and with loving, tender care knelt beside her grandfather, still bent on cheering and encouraging him.

"I think we are surely safe here, grandpapa," said she, nestling close to him in her old childlike way, feeling now, having done all that she could, a sudden longing for comfort and support.

"I trust so, my child," answered the old man, in a tone so strong and calm that it surprised as much as it comforted the young girl. "God has surely guided and sustained you in this hour of danger, and we are now in His hands; he will save or take us to himself as he sees best."

A deep silence fell upon them, then, a trembling, prayerful silence on Ruth's part, for nearer and nearer came the sound of the rushing water, while a great sense of desolation crept over her.

Suddenly a cold dampness seemed to pervade the room, and the next moment a perceptible tremor passed over the building, causing the young girl to spring to her feet and clasp her arms about her grandfather, trembling violently.

Quickly and firmly he drew her closer to him, pressing her tenderly to his breast.

"Be brave, my child," he said in a voice subdued, but calm; "the hour of danger has come, but God is with us still."

Again and again came that quiver through the old building, while around it could be distinctly heard the splash of waves; then came one convulsive throe, that seemed violently wrenching timber from timber, and with a rocking, reeling motion the old church, with its living inmates, was washed from its foundations, and floated away on the bosom of the angry stream.

Almost unconscious from fright, Ruth lay on her grandfather's breast; but as the movement became more regular and steady, she raised her pale face and whispered:

"Grandpapa, are we really floating?"

"Yes, my child, like the ark of old," answered her grandfather. "We are adrift, and God only knows how long we may float, or what the end will be. Let us not murmur at his will; we will perhaps find many friends who have gone to-night into the other world."

The girl hid her face again for a moment, but suddenly a faint, as it were, far off sound broke the stillness—the sound of a bell feebly, slowly tolling.

Ruth started up. "O, listen, grandfather!" she cried, "it is the bell, the church bell, tolling with the motion of the waves!"

The old man started, listening intently also, and a tear moistened his eye, trickling slowly down his furrowed cheek. "Aye, child, it is the old bell of St. John's, that has rung out many a chime. It is tolling now its long last message—tolling its own knell, and the knell of the many that to-night have passed away."

But to Ruth the familiar sound, solemn and sad as it was, seemed to bear a message of life and hope; and, with her young face all aglow, she started once again to her feet, exclaiming:

"Grandfather, I know what I will do! I will climb the belfry stair, and hang the lantern from its high window, and I will send out such a peal from the good old bell that help, I am sure, must come."

Timid for her safety, where he was brave for his own, the old man anxiously tried to dissuade her from an effort so perilous at this hour of darkness; but, scarce waiting for permission, Ruth had already darted away with the lantern, leaving her grandfather in the solemn darkness, where he could only wait and pray, while she was cautiously but swiftly climbing the belfry stair.

On through the gloom and silence the old church floated, when suddenly through the darkness a bright light sparkled like a beacon star from a light-house tower, and above the din of the rushing waters, a ringing peal came forth, awakening the startled echoes slumbering on the river bank.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" the sound seemed almost to dance along the waves, while the brave girl aloft clung to her frail support, and the old man prayed below.

The river had now found a deeper, narrower channel, with high dry cliffs once more on either side, and as that strange sound rang out amid the storm and gloom, a group of men with skiffs moored high peered up the rushing stream with wondering, awe-struck faces.

"Egad!" cried one, "it sounds like the old bell of St. John's! Can it be the timbers of little Chesterbrook that have been floating by to-night?" On came the pealing sound, and now the starlike light shone out upon them. "As I live!" cried the same speaker, "it is the old church afloat, and that bell could never ring like that from the motion of the waves; there are living souls within calling for help! To the rescue, men; out with the ropes and skiffs!"

Five minutes more and strong, brave hands were out in the stream, all unknown to the two anxious ones within; heavy ropes were being securely fastened to the old building, and, with the bell still tolling, the old church was rapidly towed toward a haven-like break in the cliffs. And suddenly, with a startling shock, it stood still, and with a frightened, beating heart, Ruth gazed anxiously from the little window. Could it be possible! Was that really the bank on which they were safely moored? And the lights and moving figures—had God really sent help so soon?

Hastily, swiftly, she descended the rickety stairs, crying joyfully, "We are saved, grandfather! thank God, we are saved!"

A sudden light in the doorway, and the next moment kindly voices were breaking the silence. Lanterns held high soon revealed the two lonely figures, and guided by kindly, helpful hands, Ruth and the old man soon found themselves by the hospitable firesides of a little hamlet a short distance back from the dangerous river. And here they made new friends and a new home, as did also more than one of the few who were picked up and rescued from the ruins of Chesterbrook.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Wealth in the Senate.

The present Senate contains at least a score of Senators not one of whom is worth less than $200,000. The richest man is, of course, Fair of Nevada, who probably possesses as much as all the other Senators together. Next to him is David Davis, of Illinois, a widower, who is reputed to be the possessor of millions. It is somewhat difficult to name the Senator whose fortune ranks third in size; but if Eugene Hale of Maine has received the mantle of his father-in-law, Zach Chandler, with its well-lined pockets, his fortune is nearly as large as that of David Davis. The wife of Senator Hale is the only daughter of the late Senator Zach Chandler. Other very wealthy Senators are Miller of California, Mahone of Virginia, and Sawyer of Wisconsin, known to be worth more than a million each. Sewell of New Jersey is a railroad man, and is very wealthy. Senator John Sherman of Ohio, it is said is worth more than $2,000,000, his property consisting largely of real estate in Washington. Among other Senators who write their fortunes with seven figures are Cameron of Pennsylvania, Camden and Davis of West Virginia, Brown of Georgia, and Plumb of Kansas. Senators Hill of Colorado, Gorman of Maryland, McPherson of New Jersey, and Pendleton of Ohio are all worth more than $500,000. Many other Senators are comfortably fixed, possessing little hoards of from $50,000 to $400,000. Among those who have but little comparatively here below—that is not more than $100,000 apiece—are Morrill of Vermont, Anthony of Rhode Island, Rollins of New Hampshire, Jones of Nevada, Saunders of Nebraska, and Allison of Iowa.—*Portland (Me.) Argus.*

The Blind Bridle.

We know not who invented this instrument of horse torture, but we know he did not understand the anatomy and physiology of the eye of a horse. Human vision is binocular—that is we see the same object with both eyes—and so adjust the axis of vision that the object appears single, though seen with both eyes. But the eyes of the horse are placed on the side of the head and the axis of each eye is nearly at right angles with the longitudinal line of the body, so that it is impossible that the same object can be distinctly seen with two eyes. Now, by blinding the eye in the direction in which it was intended in its construction that it should see, it is forced to use an oblique vision, as if we should cover the front of our optics and be compelled to see only by the corners of our eyes. This unnatural and constrained use of the eye must, to a greater or less extent, impair vision, if not entirely destroy it. The object for which the blind bridle is used is not accomplished by it. A horse is more readily frightened when he cannot see the object of his dread than if he can have a fair view of it. But it is surprising to observe with what tenacity men hold on to an absurd and cruel practice when a moment's reflection would teach them better. Nineteen out of every twenty horses you see in harness have blind bridles on, and if you ask the owner to explain its benefits, or why he uses it, he will be utterly unable to give a rational answer. We are not surprised that draft horses are subject to diseased eyes—we wonder that they are not all blind.—*American Farmer.*

A Few Inquiries.

Yesterday afternoon a stranger who was coming up from the Union depot stepped aside to ask of a man in the door of a clothing store: "My friend, can you tell me how far——?"

"Do you want to buy some clothing?" interrupted the other.

"I guess not. I simply wanted to inquire how——?"

"I sells you a spring oafercoat for tree dollar."

"I never wear more than one spring overcoat at the same time. I wanted to ask——"

"I have some wests for a dollar."

"That's cheap enough, but I don't care to invest. Will you let ask you how far——?"

"Doan' you vhant some bantloons for twelve shillings?"

"No."

"Some stockings for ten cents?"

"No."

"Some suspenders for two shillings?"

"No. I wanted to ask——"

"I sell you a hat for sixty cents."

The stanger picked up his satchel and walked across the street. Then, facing about, he shouted out:

"I wanted to ask you how far it was from Dan to Ber——!"

But the clothier drowned him out right there with:

"Und call and oxamine my undershirts for forty cents!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Johnson firmly believes that he had a supernatural impression. He had a contract for building a church at Northampton, Mass., and the work was nearly finished. One evening as he was about to go to bed he suddenly felt that something was wrong in the new edifice. Unable to rid himself of the idea he dressed himself, went to the building, unlocked it, and saw that a flame was just rising from a pile of oily cotton-waste.

—The oyster does not belong to the human race. There are seasons when he keeps his mouth shut.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cassava or Mandioc.

There is a shrub indigenous to Brazil, but now cultivated in other parts of South America, Florida, the West Indies and other tropical countries, classed by botanists in genus *Manihot*, family *Euphorbaceæ*, of which there are three species, *M. utilissima*, *M. aipi*, and *M. janipha*, the first of which is usually cultivated. It grows from six to ten feet high, and occasionally higher, in bushy form, with crooked branches. The stems are white, brittle, and have a very large pith. The leaves, which are near the extremity of the branches, are very large and parted. The roots are tuberous, from one to two feet long, growing from three to eight in a cluster, and weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds. The Brazilians call it Mandiocca or Mandioc; the West Indians, Cassava; the Peruvians and some other South Americans, Juca or Yucca. The roots abound in hydrocyanic acid, which, found in a milky juice, is very poisonous, so much so that a little of this juice will cause death in a few minutes; but when it is heated the poisonous qualities are driven off, and it becomes the base of a sauce or condiment known as Cassareep or Casiripe, noted for its antiseptic qualities, and which is also the principal ingredient in a West Indian dish known as *pepper pot*. Fermented with molasses it makes an intoxicating drink, used by the natives, and known as quycon. The root, however, is of the most importance. This is by the natives coarsely ground or grated, and dried in cakes on hot stones or metal plates, by which the poison is expelled. These cakes are highly esteemed as food, and are generally known in South America as *farrinah*, the Portuguese name for meal. No water is needed to make these roots into cakes, as the heat softens the starch and makes a pasty dough that soon dries. An article prepared in the same general way, but with more care, is made in the West Indies, called there cassava bread, and is highly esteemed. These cakes have somewhat the appearance of pilot bread, but are very much thinner and more tender, and when thinly spread with butter, and held for a moment over a brisk fire, are very nice and delicate, a proper dish for invalids, and not an unwelcome one for people in health.

From the starch is made the Brazilian arrow-root. Tapioca is also a product of the starch. When it is heated on hot plates and stirred with an iron rod the starch grains burst; some of it is converted into dextrine, and the whole takes the form of small irregular masses.

The chemical properties of Brazilian arrow root made from cassava are almost identical with those of the arrowroot and of sago, and as food they are practically equal, the nutritive value in any of them not being very high, as they consist mostly of carbon. The starch of the cassava is readily converted into grape sugar, and from this to glucose; and it might to a great extent take the place of corn in the manufacture of the latter article, although there are said to be some obstacles in the way of its treatment yet to be overcome. Cassava root can be produced at less expense than corn, and it is to be hoped it may finally be preferred, leaving corn to be used for better purposes. It is said that the average yield of a thousand acres of corn would give about 500 tons of glucose, while that of a thousand acres of cassava would give 10,000 tons of glucose.

The culture of cassava is easy, as it grows readily from cuttings on a light or sandy soil, in rows three feet apart, and the cuttings, each containing an eye or bud, are set about two feet from each other. When well started, say twelve or fourteen inches high, the soil is drawn around the plant similarly to the hilling of corn. The leaves soon start, which, being large, shade the ground, serving to retain moisture and prevent the growth of weeds. The plant arrives at maturity about six months after planting, but will continue to grow two or three years. The tubers grow from the base of the plant, lying mostly in a nearly horizontal position, something like sweet potatoes. The size of some of these tubers is simply enormous.

When it is desired to use any portion of the crop, it is gathered by merely raising the plant from the soil and detaching the tubers; it can then be replanted, and new tubers will form. There is no season for harvesting; of all the days in the year one is as good as another. When you want to use tubers, you gather what you need, and the rest keep on growing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Brooklyn Bridge.

Some slight doubts are cast upon the safety of the bridge between Brooklyn and New York. The difficulty is said to be in the superstructure, the suspenders, the added weight caused by the necessity of making up for supplying rotten steel by a supplementary amount of solid steel. Colonel Roebling, in a letter written last July, stated that the margins of safety are very low in the towers and cables of our bridge. The anchorages it has been possible to re-enforce, so that a recalculation made last week gives a margin of safety of over three times, which is enough where mere dead weight is concerned. For the other two vital points nothing can be added." General Newton, in his letter to the chief engineer of the United States army, speaks of the insufficiency of the original plan and estimates, coupled with the attempt to build for $6,000,000 a work which will cost $14,000,000. Another point made by General Newton is of the purport that, to satisfy the locomotive interest "the structure has been strengthened, the trusses raised five feet, and the weight increased so that one whole point in the margin of safety has been wiped out, and the pressure on the tower masonry raised to thirty-two tons per square foot. While I anticipate not even a sign of weakness, relief can be had at any time by lightening the superstructure. The margin is as great as at Niagara, and greater than at Cincinnati. The commission on the Blackwell's island bridge recommended a margin of safety of only three. During the recent reconstruction of the Niagara bridge the permanent load was reduced 200 tons. The cables rose four inches, showing that in twenty-seven years the the elasticity of the cables had not been impaired."

—Gold to the amount of $500,000 is used annually in filling the teeth of American citizens.

The "Previous Question" in the House of Commons.

It is not surprising that the introduction into the House of Commons of the "cloture," or what is known by parliamentarians in this country as the "previous question," should be so stoutly resisted, when the importance of the innovation is historically and practically considered. Looking at the subject in the light of the present and its necessities, the wonder is that some method of closing a debate within a reasonable period should not have been resorted to before this late day; but, when we look back and remember how few debaters there were in the days when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox led in the discussion of important questions, how conservative the English people are, and how opposed they are to a new departure from the old methods of procedure, we easily realize that the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's new rule is not altogether unnatural.

Prior to the adoption of the Reform bill in 1832, the House of Commons was a large body only in theory, for while the number on the clerk's list was large, the number of absentees was also always very large, the speaking was restricted to a limited number of orators, and the debates on the most important questions usually terminated by the natural process of exhaustion in a few hours, so that the main question came without forcing.

But the Reform bill in 1832 not only added many more members to the Commons, but it threw into it many conspicuous citizens who belonged to the middle classes, like Mr. John Bright, men fitted by education, ability and training, to properly represent the ideas and defend the principles which had brought them prominently to the notice of the public. Instead of the leading parts being all taken by a dozen of bright and distinguished leaders, as was the case in the days of Fox and Pitt, there was a crowd of new speakers, representing uneasy constituencies, who insisted on being heard. As a natural consequence the debates became more and more protracted and wearisome, the party contests became more bitter and prolonged as the House membership resolved itself into cliques and factions, which resisted obnoxious measures by what is now called "filibustering" in this country—a word that has come into general use since Jefferson's Manual was written.

Of late years these obstructionists have become so numerous and so persistent, and so determined to delay certain Government measures that were obnoxious to them, that it became manifest some decisive measures must be adopted, or all legislation would be defeated by the chronic dead-lock. No matter whether the "filibustering" was resorted to by the Tories, Radicals or Irish members, or all of them in league against the Ministry, the effect was the same, and there was no way of putting an end to talking against time. The instance of the Irish members keeping the House in session forty-two continuous hours, as was the case on one occasion recently, is an example of the power of a factious minority, under the existing rules of practice, and also serves to show the necessity of curbing it.

Under these circumstances one would naturally suppose that the necessity of adopting a new rule of procedure in the House of Commons would be so apparent that there would be but little opposition to it, especially with the majority party in Parliament, which is charged with the responsibility of keeping the wheels of government in motion. But the proposed new departure is seriously objected to (1) by the old conservative element in Parliament and out of it, which dislikes changes of all kinds, and which is tenaciously wedded to the idea that it is "better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of." (2) The application of the previous question to cut off debate looks to many people, even in this country, as a device to stifle the freedom of speech, with which mankind seems to be becoming more and more enamored. Even the majority has a deep interest in the change, because it may be in the minority next year, or next month, and then the bit placed in its own mouth by an overbearing majority may be as aggravating to them as it now is to the minority. (3) The innovation is resisted on the ground that it may lead to still more serious and far-reaching results. An ambitious and reckless Ministry, backed by a resolute and courageous majority in full sympathy with them, might not only pass the most tyrannical measures, but suppress the voice of honest opposition to them on the floor of the House. (4) The Tories unanimously object to the new rule, because they are now in the minority, and expect to remain so indefinitely. Altogether, the position of Mr. Gladstone on this subject is not a pleasant one.

The use of the previous question in all legislative bodies in this country, except in the United States Senate, where it has never been in vogue, has not been prolific of any of the bad results anticipated from its enforcement by the English statesmen. On the other hand, it has been found so useful in suppressing windy speech-makers and unscrupulous filibusters that it will not be long before it must be adopted by the Senate of the United States.—*Chicago Journal.*

Mesquite Gum.

It has been found (says the *Northwestern Lumberman*) that the mesquite tree of Texas is identical with, or at least vastly similar to the acyacia tree of the East, from which is obtained the gum arabic of commerce, and an industry in the direction of collecting and utilizing this gum is being developed. It is held to be equal or superior to the imported gum, and quite large quantities were gathered last year and sold readily at fifteen cents per pound. A mesquite grove is a novel and interesting sight, the encasings of the tree branches being likened to transparent crystal armor, reflecting the sun's rays, and glittering and glowing like unto some golden harvest. The gum is capable of being handled with great expedition and facility, the trees always growing in groves and to medium height. Cattle are also fond of the gum, and eat it from the trees where it is in reach. It is believed that were the mesquite cared for like the maple, and proper operations followed, the project of gum-raising would be a feasible and profitable one.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Cincinnati claims to have taken 1,300 converts into her churches this winter.

—There is in New Orleans a colored sisterhood of the Catholic Church who are devoting themselves to the education of young girls of their own race.

—A young lady recently received into the First Baptist Church at Burlington, Iowa, dated her first religious convictions to the reading of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Brooklyn Board of Education charges its teachers with using slang, dressing loudly, and showing a lack of refinement and cleanliness. In short, "they are totally unfit" to teach Brooklyn's children.

—A sect called the "New Israel" has risen among the Jews of Russia. It abandons circumcision, abstinence from certain viands, changes the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day and abolishes usury.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A railroad conductor was recently chosen deacon of a church. When it became his duty to take up a collection, he surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation: "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was large.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Sands Street Methodist Church is the oldest of its denomination in Brooklyn. The rules which were in force in 1815 required that the sexton should have the church opened and the candles lighted at least a quarter of an hour before the time of evening meeting. He was also to see that the candles were snuffed before the meeting began.

—The steady progress of missionary work in India may be judged of by what is said by the Rev. James Smith, an English Baptist missionary of long experience in Delhi. He says that thirty years ago it was considered encouraging if a new convert could be reported every two or three years. Now, at every mission station, they are counted by scores in each year.

—At the meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston the other night President Eliot, of Harvard University, told a good story of Professors Day and Dwight, of Yale. The former, he said, is long of speech, and the other is concise and pithy. The two were out taking a walk, spiced with conversation, when they were met by a friend, who greeted them with the paraphrase of a Bible text: "Day unto Dwight uttereth speech; Dwight unto Day showeth knowledge."—*N. Y. Post.*

—The suggestive and inspiring teacher is the man who is born to his work and who alone should perform it. A patron of a school was once heard to say: "I wish we could get such a teacher as we had last year; he taught the children hundreds of things they never thought of before, and my boy has pestered me with questions ever since; he will scarcely give me any rest; he tells me everything he has heard there and relates to me all the stories in his reading book and comments upon everything. Such a teacher has a value beyond expression; he remains an inspiring influence in his pupils' lives to the end of them. These teachers may be found and they are always appreciated—abstractly; it has not been discovered that they are paid more liberally than are the dullards of their profession.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

—To-morrow never greets us; to-day never bids us farewell; yesterday never recalls us.—*Whitehall Times.*

—The hardest rocks are made of the softest mud, just as the biggest swells are made from the smallest men.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Lemmy, you're a pig!" said a father to his son, who was five years old. "Now, Lemmy, do you know what a pig is?" "Yes, sir—a pig is a hog's little boy."—*Meriden Recorder.*

—Sympathetic lady to beggar, who is standing with hat off: "O, sir, won't you take a cold?" Beggar: "No, thank you, ma'am; I only takes pennies or five-cent pieces."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

—A chap who sent us a poem beginning "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rosy lea," has since married Rosa Lee, and now the weekly dues are falling faster upon him.—*Free Press.*

—The presence of *spongilla fluviatilis* in most of the city water in the land is regarded as a sufficient excuse by many for the insertion of four tablespoonfuls of *spiritus frumenti* in a small tumbler of *aqua pura*.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Now that the fact has been demonstrated that the earth will continue to revolve on its axis for at least ten million years more, we would request our subscribers to hesitate no longer about paying up for one year in advance. We may be sanguine, but we think this opportunity for displaying faith should not be neglected.—*Hackensack Republican.*

—A New York athlete named Donaldson wants to bet that he will jump from the centre of the Brooklyn bridge into the East River. He is safe enough in that bet. We'll bet that neither he nor any other man can jump from the centre of the Brooklyn bridge and come down anywhere but in the East River.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It was an independent looking fellow who was standing on the railroad track, apparently paying no attention to the fact that a train was rapidly approaching. "I say," said the station-master, "you had better get off the track or you will get run over." "I fancy that is my own affair if I get run over," was the reply. "Yes, I reckon so, but who is going to attend to taking up the mess afterwards? It's not me." And, reaching out his right foot, he kicked the indifferent man fifteen feet and nine inches by actual measurement.—*Texas Siftings.*

—We have studied with great care an essay "On the Application of Electro-Puncture to the Treatment of Pulsatile Exophthalmos of the Orbit," and on the whole conclude that it is indispensable for family use. Night after night have we been kept awake by the "pulsatile exophthalmos" getting on a racket and knocking its own orbit askew. If we had only had an "electro puncture" or or even a bell punch in the house we should have been happy. But now science has stepped in and filled this long felt want we are comparatively happy.—*New Haven Register.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO LONGFELLOW.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and dear stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

—*John G. Whittier, in Wide Awake.*

WIDOW APPLEDORE'S ROMANCE.

"A man that thinks of nothing but pep'mint oil an' the price of wheat! No! Emma Jane; my life has been humdrum enough without my ending it with Deacon Bliss. I shan't have him!"

"Well, well, Rosetta, if you won't I don't know's anybody's goin' ter try an' make you," chirped phlump, rosy Mrs. Phlox, looklag up from the stout blue woolen sock she was knitting. "I s'pose the Deacon thought he'd a right to nsk you, seein' it's a free country. Caleb Appledore was a awful nice man, but so's the Deacon. Lone wimmen are put on. Job Whittamore neglects your gardiug, an' just see what work you have with your fires winters an' keepin' roads broke out."

"I'm not going to marry just to have some one to tend the garden and do the chores," said Mrs. Appledore. "I've never found fault with them that's dead nnd gone, but I know what it is to live with a person who does not care two pins for the things I do, and if I ever do marry agaia it will be some one who cnn sympathize with me. I can't say I swallow all 'Lias Bradshaw says about the marryin' of souls and affinities, but there's some truth in it you may depend. Besides I'd like a little romance in my life before I die."

"Ro-mance is nll well-'nuff," said Mrs. Phlox, "but you're thirty-nine next Mareh, Rosetta, an' seeh a man as Deacon Bliss don't grow on every bush. Bein' n good provider, an' a splendid farmer, an' a deacon, an' a piller in the church may not be romantic, but they're good recommends in a man you're thinkin' of marryin'. I hope you'll think twice."

"I have thought, and I shan't marry the Deacon," said Mrs. Appledore decisively; "an' if that's being romantic I'm not ashamed of it."

The little widow did not look romantic. Her complexion was a dull white and her hair was a dull brown. Dull, too, were her large gray eyes that blinked behind short-sighted glasses, but her form, though meagre and devoid of curve, was not without grace, and she had a clear, sweet soprano voice which, though it was natrained, she could use with taste nnd feeling. The Harmonicum, the Dixville musical associntion, made her the head of all their committees, and relied upon her to sing all the solos. Indeed without her it could not have existed. The wheezy melodeon which was a dozen years old before it became the property of the society had at last collapsed under the energetic fingers of Professor Jackson Jones, who did the accompnnying, and they were tryiag to buy a piano. They had given concerts and had had oyster suppers till Dixville was tired, when Dr. Ollapod suggested a lecture. It was whispered that the doctor had expected the committee to invite him to read one of his papers on the Semitic tongues; but if he did he was disappointed. They corresponded with many popular lecturers, who all declined to visit Dixville on the plea of engagements, and the committee at last invited a certain Professor St. Clair Smith, about whom they knew nothing save that he had lectured in the neighboring villages with acceptnnce, to address them. The Professor had snddenly appeared in Dixville mounted on a line gray horse. The next day he was seen to enter the postoffice with a green bag on his arm, and the gossips immediately reported that he was wealthy and had come from Boston. He at once accepted the invitation of the Harmonicum Committee, and nnaounced that his lecture would be on the "Philosophy of Art." The meeting-house was hired, and Mrs. Appledore with a select few began practicing some music for the occasion.

It was the afternoon before the lecture, and Mrs. Appledore had invited her sister to spend the day with her. Domestic duties seemed to be just what Mrs. Phlox was made for. Her husband and sister usually did all of her thinking. In return she served them with her baads but the few notions that did creep into her round head she clung to pertinaciously.

"The worst kind of a fool is a beetle-headed old one," she said after a long pause, "an' puttin' this an' that together Rosetta, I think you're preparin' with your romancin' to be just that kind of a one."

"I don't see how sisters can be so unlike," and Mrs. Appledore drummed a harsh accompaniment to her words on the middle C. of her piano; "to be sure you are the oldest, but age need not make one's soul a clod."

"It would be well for you to remember that all the advantages are not on your side," cried Mrs. Phlox, rising with dignity. "There are bodies, yes, and dispositions, that are clods," and Mrs. Phlox jerked on her calash and went home.

The meeting-house was full, nnd the next day the Dixville *Times* declared the lecture to have been a most soulful and eloquent dissertation, but Mrs. Appledore's nttention wandered, and she only knew that the entertainment was about to be concluded by Dr. Ollapod's sonorous call for "moosic."

"I am delighted," said Professor St. Clair Smith, bowing low before her as soon as possible after the "moosic," I never heard such a delicious voice."

Mrs. Appledore coughed behind her hand to conceal her flattered embarrassment and turned a questioning look on Professor Jackson Jones who stood near.

"You always sing splendid," said that gentleman, drnwing himself up. "I dare say I put you out. That flute obligato is a deuced hard thing to do. I didn't do myself justice tonight."

"You've always dragged," said Karl Leopold, who took every opportunity to criticise the Harmonicum doings.

Professor Jackson Jones pulled at his cravat, and Mrs. Alledore's face was full of resentment.

"I never heard anything finer in Boston," said Professor St. Clair Smith coming to the rescue, "and I suppose you know what that implies."

The night after the lecture was a very stormy one, and Mrs. Appledore was slowly twisting her hair in crimping-pins when the door bell rang. "I could not endure the lonliness of the hotel, dear Mrs. Appledore," said Professor St. Clair Smith, making a courtly bow, "and have come to beg for just one song."

The Professor was, so far as outline and coloring go, a handsome man. His head was what is commonly called dome-shaped. His wavy bair and silky beard were a bright yellow red, and his rather large eyes were blue. He sat down in a big rocking chair, and taking a twin on each knee, "I renew my youth in children," he cried, giving them a squeeze. "Do you know the song, 'The old times were the best times when you and I were young?'"

"O yes," said the widow, nervously turning over her music, "but I can't say that I feel so very old."

"Dear me, what a blunderer I am," cried the Professor, "I was thinking of my boyhood. I've always hated being grown up. A man has so much to fetter his imagination. You must have lost your husband in the first flush of your youth."

"I did, murmured the widow, forgetting that she was thirty-five when the event occurred. "The twins were babes."

Song succeeded song till the Professor proposed duets, and Mrs. Appledore enjoyed the music so much that it was midnight before she knew it.

Two months passed away. The Professor came almost every evening. He had hired a small house a little out of town that he might be undisturbed he explained, and a relative had come to keep house for him. He did not know how long he should remain in Dixville. He was preparing a book for publication and writing several new lectures. When his literary lnbors were over he was going to take a trip somewhere and rest, though friends of his, influential at Washington, were anxious for bim to neccpt a consulship at an important point.

The widow's neat white cottage stood by itself on the confines of the village. Deacon Bliss' fields of dark green peppermint and nodding wheat stretching along the country road for nearly a mile joined the garden. Before her abrupt refusal of him the Deacon had been accustomed to drop in for a little visit or to bring a neighborly offering of apples or fresh vegetables. But these calls had ceased, and cut off from all her sources of news and pleasure Mrs. Appledore stayed closely at home, practiced her music and entertained the Professor.

But one sunshiny afternoon Mrs. Phlox came bustling up the prim graveled walk.

"Rosetta Appledore," she chirped, like an angry blue-jay, as she opened the door, "though a cloud, which there are folks that think different, I've come to ask you if you know you're the town talk?"

"The town talk!" echoed her astonished sister.

"Yes, the town talk," repeated Mrs. Phlox with wonderful emphasis. "Anybody would be who hnd spent two blessed months philanderin' with a married man."

"Who is married?"

"Your Professor Smith."

"I don't believe it."

"I s'posed you wouldn't, but I've seen his wife," said Mrs. Phlox with evident satisfaction. "Miss Merrills, she 'twas Pearly Ann Truesdale, wouldn't miss a tindin' out anything if she had to walk ten miles, an' she called on *her* an' told me. That night I sez to John, 'John,' sez I, 'a sister's a sister, 'specially if she's younger an' a widder, an' if I be a clod I'm goin' to the bottom of this;' an', sez he, 'Emma Jane, I think you'd better,' an' the first thing he did the next mornin' was to hitch up an' take me over on the mile-strip where that fellow lives, in Tony Allerton's cottage. *He* wn'n't in but *she* was, an' she was washin'.

"'I'm Miss Phlox,' sez I, 'an' I come to call.' 'Thnnk you,' sez she. 'I'm Miss Smith,' an' she set out the only chair there was in the room for me nn' set down herself on the wash bench.

"'Air you Miss St. Clair Smith, the wife of the Professor?' sez I.

"A sort of smile twinkled over her mouth an' she sez, 'Yes, Miss St. Clair Smith, though I didn't know Mr. Smith had adopted the St. Clair name. That's my family name.' An' then she went on an' spoke of her husband, an' of how ambitious he is, an' how he feels his spear in public life, an' how she is willin' to do anything to help him. An' then she inquired if I thought she could git sewin' in Dixville when she feels a little better an' is nble to do it."

Tears of shame and anger gathered in Mrs. Appledore's eyes as her sister spoke. "Is Mrs. Smith good looking? Is she an interesting woman?" she asked.

"I can't say how interesting she is. She seemed kind of trod on, so to speak. As for looks, she ain't any prettier'n you'd be if you worked hard an' didn't have half enough to eat," said Mrs. Phlox calmly.

Mrs. Appledore sobbed aloud. "What do people say about me? What shall I do?" she cried.

"They don't say nothin' yet o'ny that you're dreadful loolish," chirped her sister, rising and putting on her calash, for it was nlmost supper time. "I can't say as I know of anything for you to do except to tell Mr. Smith to stny t'home. 'Taint likely Deacon Bliss will give you a chance to say yes a second time."

There had been a good deal of pleasurable excitement in receiving the visits of the Professor. To dress herself in her best mourning and to sing her favorite songs to an appreciative listener had been something to look forward to during the humdrum work of the day. The thought, however, of what her acquaintances were saying about her embittered her life, and when the Professor again called one glance at her face told him that she knew all.

"Dear Mrs. Appledore," he began, but she checked him.

"You had better go home to your wife, Mr. Smith," she said coldly.

Tears, real tears, came into the Professor's big blue eyes. "But I love you," he cried, "and she has always been an incubus upon my soul."

"But she's your wife," persisted Mrs. Appledore.

"I know it," moaned the Professor, rubbing his brow distractedly. "It eats out my vitnals when I think of it. She don't feel as I feel. There's no wings for me as long as I am tied to her. We've no affinity."

Mrs. Appledore gazed at him in dull wonder. These were almost the words she had used to her sister, but they did not sound pleasantly now.

"I love you, Rosetta," went on the little man approaching her, "but I want to ask one question: Were I a single man would you marry me?"

"I might," admitted the widow, smoothing down a fold in her overskirt with a trembling hand.

"Enough!" and the Professor flung his arms about her and pressed a rapturous kiss upon her forehead. "Bless you, my darling!" and before she could answer him he was gone.

The next evening when Mrs. Appledore was taking down her washing from the line she was suddenly clasped from behind by a pair of strong arms. "You will soon be mine," said the voice of the Professor. "I've offered my wife fifty dollars to leave me, and she has accepted."

"Accepted!" the widow cried, wrenching herself free.

"Yes, and as soon as I can sell my book she shall go. I've lived in soul isolation long enough. My heart has found its mate."

All the men that Mrs. Appledore knew were quaint of speech and somewhat rustic in manner, but what they considered duty controlled their lives. "You wretch!" she cried, dashing the clothes-pin basket at him. "Fifty dollars! You ain't worth lifty cents. Go home and never dare to speak to me again!"

"Hear me," he pleaded, catching hold of her gown.

"I can't stay out here and listen to philanderin' talk," she answered resolutely, and twitching her dress from his grasp she entered the house. But the Professor's hand was upon the latch. Like most little women, the widow was a curious mixture of timidity and courage. She flung the door open. "Don't you dare to come in!" she cried. "I'll throw hot water on you! I'll—I'll kill you!" Then slamming the door in his face she bolted it securely.

All the evening the Professor paced up and down Mrs. Appledore's back veranda. The next evening he again appeared, and the next, and the widow thoroughly alarmed sent the bravest twin out the front way with a note to her brother-in-law.

Mr. Phlox delighted in anything that could be called proceedings, and in a few minutes he had the deputy sheriff and two constables and went marching down the principal street with them to the great delight of all the small boys of the village. It was impossible for the Professor to escape. The officers crept around the house noiselessly. The sheriff collared him, the constables pinioned his arms. Mr. Phlox grabbed him by the coat tails and away he was walked to the village lock-up.

Mrs. Appledore passed a sleepless night. She imagined the whole town was wide awake and discussing her, and long before daybreak she had resolved to sell her home and Dixville bank stock and move West. "I've got my comeupance," she groaned. "I've always been romantic and wanted a romance such as I've read about, an' I've had one. O; dear! O, dear!"

About eight o'clock in the morning there came a lively rap at the kitchen door, and unstnng by excitement and lack of sleep, she shrieked aloud.

"O'ny mo. O'ny Deacon Bliss," cried a pleasant voice through the keyhole.

Mrs. Appledore slid back the bolt with trembling fingers. "How thankful I am," she said, holding out her hand, "I feel so in need of somebody."

"'Twas fortinet I come along jes' as I did then," said the Deacon, taking off his straw hat and slowly rubbing his face with his ample bandana. It was a shrewd though benevolent face, framed in waves of iron-gray hair. "I see ye look kinder peaked. The weather has been tryin'. I've felt it myself an', ached in my jints the wust way."

"It's my soul, Deacon," wailed the widow, dropping into a chair and covering her face with her apron. "I've always hankered after a romance an' I've had one, and I wish I was dead and laid beside Caleb."

"O, no ye don't, Miss Appledore," said the Deacon in the caressing tone in which he would address a sobbing child. "This world's a pooty good place, an' with a few exceptions folks nre pretty good. I come over to fetch a few of my sweetins' and to tell ye that there offer I made ye a spell ago holds good yet. I rally wish ye'd coasider it agin."

Mrs. Appledore remained silent behind her apron.

"Ef ye'd hev me," repeated the Deacon in a low voice. "I know I ain't hall good 'nuff and thet I'm kind uv an old fellow, but I've got a comf'able place an' comf'nble things in it, an' I've been sot on ye this long spell, as ye know. I dare say I was 'tached to Lucy more'n I shall ever be to anybody agin. We sort uv growed together like, but so did you an' Caleb, an' I'm sure I'll try ter make ye happy, an' yer two little gals, as sweet as two pinks, 'll be to me jes' like the little gals I lost."

Mrs. Appledore did not remove her apron, and after a pause the Deacon falteringly continued: "I s'pose 'taint no use to argy. Folks hez their own idees of sech things, but anyways I'll stand yer friend."

The widow rubbed her eyes and slowly let fall her apron. "I've always had the greatest esteem for you," she said with a little shake in her voice, "but I never knew how good—how much I think of you. I will—I——"

The Deacon started up. "Will ye?"

Mrs. Appledore had taken refuge in her apron.

"Will ye really, Rosetta?" he repeated.

The bowed head covered in the blue gingham nodded.

"Ye shan't regret it," said the Deacon, solemnly and awkwardly laying his big hand, coarsened by labor, on the shoulder. "Lord bless the little woman—an' our home. Our home," he spoke softly, as if to himself.

"Praps now," he continued after a minute, "I'd better drop in an' see *him*, an' in tellin' the news I might mention casual like *we're* goin' ter be married *soon*. An' thet nobody'll trouble *anybody* that stays t' hum, an' thet I'm able to help an eddicated man to a good place, real neighborly, 'cause my brother Eben out in Kansas wants a clerk."

Mrs. Appledore said nothing, but the Deacon seemed satisfied with her silence, for he did just as he had proposed. Professor St. Clair Smith was discharged from jail, and in three days he and his pale little wife had left Tony Allerton's cottage on the mile strip to return no more.

In about a fortnight Dr. Ollapod attended a quiet wedding. "You've had a ro-mance at last, Rosetta. I might better say two of 'em," whispered Mrs. Phlox as she gave the bride a sisterly kiss. "The adoration of the Professor was like things in a novel book, but marryin' a man whose goodness an' farm can't be paralleled in the county is a romance that has sense in it, an' I wish you joy."—*Elizabeth Cummings, in Our Continent.*

How Shad are Caught.

The working of the great net was decidedly interesting, and was witnessed by some three hundred people. The first drift was made on the flood tide, soon after twelve o'clock. Forty stalwart, big-armed fellows, nearly all of them darkies, wearing rubber boots reaching to their hips, began, with merry song and banter, to get the 460-fathom net on board a twenty-two-oared barge about eleven o'clock. The boat, built especially for the purpose, is broad of beam, and in the stern is a wide platform, on which the net was neatly coiled, with the floats and sinkers on either side. A land line, leading from the extreme upper part of the net, was then made fast to a capstan, and the dusky crew were ready to make the first venture. Captain Stewart, a veteran fisherman, who has entire charge of the Howell fishery, took his place at the tiller and gave the order to go, and, as the rowers bent to their work, they reminded one, with their long oars and shining faces, of Cleopatra's barge, with a good-natured, weather bentea Marc Anthony seated in the place of honor.

A stiff nor'-northwest breeze was blowing, and the water was "choppy," but the strong arms sent the boat steadily forward to the northwest. As she moved the net was paid out over a roller in the stern, the sinkers went to the bottom of the river, and the floats bobbed on the waves. Three hundred yards out and the experienced tillerman began gradually changing the barge's course. Her head was turned down stream and then shoreward, describing an irregular half circle. As she neared the beach the man jumped into the water and carried a line, attached to the other end of the net, ashore. A stout draft horse was hitched to this, the land line was unfastened from the capstan and hitched to another horse, and the hauling in began. As the floats approached the shore sixteen men stood ready nt each end of the net to seize it, and as they did so the horses were taken off, and the men wading out, nearly wnist-deep, slowly dragged the great multitude of meshes toward the land.

Eight men pulled in the bottom of the net, and the same number attended to the top. This part of the task probably required the greatest exertion for the fishermen, each with a loop of rope over his left shoulder, with the bottom of it pinned to the upper rope of the net, bent back and pulled with might and main. As the "belly" of the net grew smaller and came nearer the interest of the spectators increased. They crowded close to the water, all anxious to catch the first glimpse of the struggling captives. Then the market boat, a deep-hulled affair, used to receive the catch, was rowed in close to shore, and the fishermen gradually brought the net nearer and nearer to the shallow water. A sort of semicircle was formed, and as the floundering mass came into sight the darkies began crying: "Shad! shad! shad! O! shad! O! O-o-o-o, shad, O! Whether this peculiar cry, chanted in a solemn, lugubrious tone, awed the fish or not, is uncertain, but they certninly stopped floundering, apparently in utter astouishment. After the ubiquitous small boy had secured all the small fish he could crowd into his collective pockets the crowd slowly dispersed, apparently well satisfied that the inauguration of the season had been a fishy success. A second drift was made on the "young ebb," the result being nearly two hundred shad. The hauls will now go on regularly five times during every twenty-four hours.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Beneath most of the villages in the coal regions of Pennsylvania are enverns made by the process of mining. "Sooner or later," the Philadelphia *Times* predicts, "some of these towns will suffer from caving in. The mines depend upon artificial and in some cases exceedingly flimsy contrivance to keep them open and the surface in place. As the timbers decay or become displaced it is only reasonable to expect that a collapse will follow."

—No less than fifty-eight sailing vessels with cargoes of refined petroleum have been lost within the past four months.

Consolation.

Dear friend, do you ever stand in the doorway of memory, when the golden sun lights up the road over which you have traveled through the dust and heat of former years, and while you look out over the field of your great struggles, and victories, and defeats, do you ever wish yourself back again beyond the hour when first ambition filled your heart and made your present seem distasteful, and poor and mean in your eyes? Do you ever figure your gains and losses, and look with weariness and unrest upon your achievements? Does it not sometimes occur to you that you have dearly bought your position and wealth.

Ah, who can buy the joyous hope and bounding health of sore-toed boyhood? What wealth can procure the free and unalloyed satisfaction of those days when you could eat your lish bait and stay in the water up to your eyebrows all day? Would not President Arthur to-day madly fling nway bis scepter of power and resign his lofty position if he could once more be placed back at the threshold of life; with his pantaloons hanging by one home-made suspender?

How empty and how vain are the glories that crown the hero of a thousand battles. How worthless are the faded laurels that crown the bilious, pimply brow of greatness. We combat with all humanity for a proud position, and just as we get our name in print we find that our digestion has gone back on us and the overtaxed gastric department must be sent to the shop for repairs.

Then come those retrospective longings for the dreamy nights long since, when the Katydid sung in the August grass and the watermelon went to its long home. Then come golden memories of the bright days of midsummer, when beneath the bending willow we bnthed in the sunny depths of the silent pool and speared the warty toad with an old pitchfork.

It is a proud day to the ambitious statesman, when in the flush of victory he stands before the applauding host of those who have carried him upward to this glorious moment, when he feels his own strength and calmly surveys the gory field, over which he has fought. But when every man who voted for him has asked and petitioned him for the nine dollar postoffice at his old home and threatens to bolt all nominations and disrupt the party if he cannot have it, there steals over the senses of the great statesman the fruitless wish that he may be taken back to the old home where he snared gophers with an old fish-line or pasted blue mud all over his freckled skin and ran along the beach in the warm July air and scared the frisky horses of the young lovers who drove along the pebbly shore.

Greatness is to be sought for and desired because it stirs the stagnant ambition of man aad helps him to kill time, but fresh laurels and bronze medals cannot minister to a pair of torpid kidneys. The praise of men and the smiles of beautiful women cannot bring joy to the heart of a hollow-eyed statesman who cannot digest anything but oat-meal mush and distilled Graham juice.

The world is full of great men, men who, when they write their names on a hotel register, are sure that they will be interviewed by newspaper men and their words printed before breakfast; men who wear Prince Albert coats every day nad talk grammatically even when they are mad; but the collection of happy men—men who laugh nnd have fun and never miss a meal—is comparatively small. Wealth does not always do the business, either. Money can buy off the opinions of the public sometimes and take the edge from popular censure, but it cannot choke off the nightmare or still the vague unrest of a congested liver.

It is ever thus through life. He who has a big bank account may also have the bilious colic, and he whose name is found on every page of a nation's history may have an ingrowing toe-nail that makes his life a burden to him. If we could look at this life philosophically and live on soda crackers and calm, the consuming ambitions which torture the great would not come nigh us, and when we died, the human hell-hounds who survived us would not dig up our crumbling bones and spread our errors out before a gaping, grinning world, while our widow and orphans would suffer a thousand agonies, helpless under the iron heel of the relentless slanderer of the dead. Blessed is the dead whose worthless dust belongs alone to his sorrowing relatives and his God. The public did not feed him during life, and in death it cannot blacken his name.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

The Resemblances Between Men and Monkeys.

If the skeletons of an orang-outang and a chimpanzee be compared with that of a man, there will be found to be the most wonderful resemblance, together with a very marked diversity. Bone for bone, throughout the whole structure, will be found to agree in general form, position and function, the only absolute differences being that the orang has nine wrist bones, whereas man and the chimpanzee have but eight; and the chimpanzee has thirteen pairs of ribs, whereas the orang, like man, has but twelve. With these two exceptions, the differences are those of shape, proportion and direction only, though the resulting differences in the external form and motions are very considerable. The greatest of these are that the feet of the anthropoid or man-like apes, as well as those of all monkeys, are formed like hands, with large opposable thumbs fitted to grasp the branches of trees, but unsuitable for erect walking, while the hands have weak, small thumbs but very long and powerful fingers, forming a hook rather than a hand, adapted for climbing up trees and suspending the whole weight from horizontal branches. The almost complete identity of the skeleton, however, and the close similarity of the muscles and of all the internal organs, have produced that striking and ludicrous resemblance to man which everyone recognizes in these higher apes and, in a less degree, in the whole monkey tribe; the face and features, the motions, attitudes and gestures being often a strange caricature of humanity.—*Prof. A. R. Wallace, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Ladies of the highest rank in England are again wearing their hair cut short and curled. The same style prevails in Timbuctoo.—*Chicago Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A young lady of Dutchess County, New York, has been made insane by the knowledge that her betrothed, a bank book keeper, is a defaulter.

—The Greek language is very easy to understand when you once get the cue. The cue is a band of brigands who want $5,000 for your ransom.

—The Philadelphia *News* says: "Dr. Mary Walker thinks of marrying and settling down, but the name of the prospective bride is not given."

—There are 7,000 telegraph poles in the Quaker City, and the *Bulletin* wants to know why they can't be grafted with peach sprouts, so as to make them useful as well as ornamental.

—Judge Hilton, in giving to a reporter his reasons for discontinuing the business of the A. T. Stewart dry-goods house, states that the business was in a prosperous condition, but is too exacting upon a man of his years.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Sara Bernhardt was coldly received during her late performance at Milan, and coolly walked off the stage and went to her hotel in the middle of the play. The Italian papers have indignantly resented the insult.

—The highest price ever paid for a horse in England is believed to have been paid by the Duke of Westminster, the richest man in that country, who paid the extraordinary sum of $360,000 for an animal he desired to possess.

—Henry James, Jr., the English novelist, says that Poe's verses are "very valueless." Mr. James is evidently prejudiced. For holding up a window or lengthening a table leg there is nothing superior to a strongly bound volume of Poe's works.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A noted physician says many persons, simply by deep and rapid inhalations of pure air can become as intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. Here is a point for the man who has been walking rapidly home from the club in the night air.

—The three well-known, venerable citizens of New York, Thurlow Weed, General James Watson Webb and Peter Cooper, have been interviewed by the New York *Times* as to the habits of life by which they have been enabled to retain their mental and bodily vigor. Oatmeal, milk and regular living is the prescription.

—In a conversation about grave robberies by medical students, a leading physician of Syracuse, N. Y., said that a student in the medical college of that city a few days ago graduated in a neat suit of broadcloth taken from the body of a well-to-do citizen which was removed from the grave immediately after burial. It fitted him very well, except that the coat was a little too long. All the medical students knew whose clothes they were, but as the graduate was poor nothing was said about it.—*Chicago Times.*

—The Canadian Government with a little force of 500 mounted men successfully controls Indian tribes numbering 100,000 souls—half as many as are in the United States—and the cost of maintaining this service is only three-quarters of a million. Indian outbreaks are unknown there. A large part of our army of 18,000, which costs us $22,000,000, is used in attempting to control the Indians.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

—The English are growing because they find sand in American cotton. They are as unreasonable as the man who raised a row because he found a suspender button in his hash. The waiter to whom he complained was very indignant. He said to the customer: "Did you expect to find a silk umbrella, a linen duster and a palm-leaf fan in a two bit dish of hash?" Do the English expect to find layers of gold dust in American cotton?—*Texas Siftings.*

—In the mountains of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, there is a curious industry quite extensively carried on, namely: The collection of ivy roots. The roots are shipped to Philadelphia and Boston, where they are used for making door knobs and pipe bowls. They are found principally along the line of the Cranberry Branch Railroad and in the vicinity of Rome Mountain, where they grow in great abundance and attain an enormous size. A root weighing eight hundred pounds was dug from the ground and shipped to market. This is supposed to be the largest ivy root ever found, but roots weighing from 75 to 150 pounds are frequently found.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Cannibalism in Fiji.

It was only people who had been killed that were considered good for food. Those who died a natural death were never eaten—invariably buried. But it certainly is a wonder that the Isles were not altogether depopulated, owing to the number who were killed. Thus, in Namena, in the year 1851, fifty bodies were cooked for one feast. And when the men of Bau were at war with Verata they carried off 260 bodies, seventeen of which were piled on a canoe and sent to Rewa, where they were received with wild joy, dragged about the town, and subjected to every species of indignity ere they finally reached the ovens. Then, too, just think of the number of lives sacrificed in a country where infanticide was a recognized institution, and where widows were strangled as a matter of course! Why, on one occasion, when there had been a horrible massacre of Namena people at Viwa, and upward of one hundred fishermen had been murdered and their bodies carried as *bokola* to the ovens at Bau, no less than eighty women were strangled to do honor to the dead, and corpses lay in every direction of the mission station! It is just thirty years since the Rev. John Watslord, writing from here, described how twenty-eight victims had been seized in one day while fishing. They were brought here alive, and only stunned when put into the ovens. Some of the miserable creatures attempted to escape from the scorching bed of red-hot stones, but only to be driven back and buried in that living tomb, whence they were taken a few hours later to feast their barbarous captors. He adds that more human beings were eaten on this little Isle of Bau than anywhere else in Fiji. It is very hard, indeed, to realize that the peaceful village on which I am now looking has really been the scene of such horrors as these, and that many of the gentle, kindly people around me have actually taken part in them.—*Cumming.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

The President has relieved Gen. Fitz John Porter of so much of the sentence of the court martial in his case as debarred him from holding any office of honor or trust under the United States.

The amount of lying and falsification by the Democratic press and its guerilla allies in connection with the Shipherd investigation has no counterpart since the publication of the Morey letter.

The sad news of the finding of Lieut. De Long's body was communicated to his wife at Burlington, Iowa, by Gen. Glasgow Friday evening. The poor lady was much prostrated by the tidings, as she fondly hoped that her husband and his companions would be found alive by Melville, She is anxious to hear details, and that his remains should be brought home.

The arrangement for the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which is to be held in Baltimore city in June next, are fast being completed. The executive committee are working like beavers, and it is safe to say that since they left the intrenchments in front of Petersburg these old veterans have not met as warm a reception as will be accorded to them by the citizens of Baltimore. Gen. Merrill, the commander-in-chief, who was in Baltimore a few days ago, said that the coming encampment would doubtless be the largest organization, and as its ranks would in the future rather diminish than increase, that it would probably be the best attended of any that ever would be held.

Signing of Legislative Acts.

On Wednesday of last week Gov. Hamilton met President Williams and Secretary Miller, of the Senate, and Chief Clerk Seth, of the House, in the parlor of Speaker Keilholtz's residence, Baltimore, for the purpose of affixing his signature to such of the remaining Acts of the late Legislature as he approved. For fear that the Speaker's strength would not be adequate to signing his own name to all the Acts, the Governor selected ten that he considered the most important. These were, the Appropriation Bill to meet the expenses of the State for the two years following the first of next September, the Bill legalizing Primary Elections in Baltimore, that to reduce the cost of publishing the Laws, to change the mode of contracting for the Legislative printing, the Baltimore Five Million Sewage Bill, the abolition of the Superintendent of the Telegraph to the House of Correction, the repeal of the law giving the Secretary of the Senate $1,200,00 for recording vital statistics, and the Congressional reapportionment.

A power of attorney being executed by the speaker, authorizing Chief Clerk Seth to sign his name for him, the Governor proceeded to sign two hundred and fifty other bills. He also vetoed the bills providing for an additional oyster sloop, appropriating $6,000 to be expended in procuring copies of the Revised Code for the magistrates, and for the payment of a private claim.

A Warning to Beer Drinkers.

The New York Produce Exchange *Reporter* shows that glucose from corn and grape sugar, which are cheaper than malt, are mixed with it in the production of lagar beer. A saving of from 10 to 15 per cent. is thus effected. The mixture is more stimulating to the brain and less healthful to the stomach than the genuine article would be. In taking saccharine and starch material from glucose for use in the beer, a powerful chemical is used, a small residuum of which is left in each barrel. No process of entirely freeing it of this poison has yet been devised. "The constant use of the glucose beer," adds the *Reporter*, "with this element and its tendency to stimulate and create a desire for stronger alchoholic drinks, imposes a grave responsibility upon the brewer."

One of the Democratic lawyers whom the Government sent to South Carolina to assist in the election cases was Mr. William W. Ker, of Philadelphia. After a brief sojourn among the chivalry he has returned to Philadelphia a good deal wiser than he was before, and a good deal less of a Democrat. Because he did his duty in Charleston, and dared to argue that a Democrat who was caught stuffing a ballot-box should be punished like any other rascal, the hotel where he was staying was visted in the night by a mob of bulldozers who showed their warm regard for him by smashing all the windows in the lower stories, where his room was. He says there are nearly one hundred cases of fraud at the polls still to be tried, and "from the evidence there should be convictions in all of them." He makes this public profession of his change of faith: "When I was first summoned to South Carolina I did not believe in the stories told about ballot-box stuffing, but after carefully examining the evidence I was satisfied that the public did not know half the truth. I am a Democrat, and a firm believer in Democratic principles, but I cannot see how we are to be benefited or be successful if we are to countenance perjury and crime carried on under the pretence of aiding the Democratic party." There have been remarks of this tenor published from time to time during the past few years, but the Democratic press has denounced them a "sectionalism" and as an infamous waving of the "bloody shirt." We should like to be favored by the Oakland *Democrat* with some views of the remarks as they emanate now from the mouth of a Democrat. It would be a fitting sequel to its article of last week under the caption "Republican Saints."

Commander De Long's Fate.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Secretary Chandler received a telegram from Engineer Melville to-day, dated at Irkutsk May 5, and at Lena Delta March 24, as follows;

"Found DeLong and party dead, Found all papers and books. Continue search for Chip,"

"MELVILLE."

Commander De Long and thirteen of his party left the Artic exploring steamer *Jeannette* June, 12, 1881, in one of the boats, and landed on the Siberian coast at the Lena Delta September 17, 1881. The party then consisted of Commander De Long, Surgeon Ambler, Mr. Collins, W. F. C. Nindermant A. Gartz, H. Erickson, H. H. Kock, C. W. Boyd, W. Lee, N. Iversod, L. P. Norros, A. Dressler, Alexy and Ah Sam. After wandering about the Lena Delta till October 9 in the hope of reaching a native settlement, Commander De Long depatched the two strongest men of his party Noros and Ninderman, to search for help. They reached Belun October 27, soon afterwards fell in with Engineer Melville's party, who had landed on another point on the Lena, and were on their way to the Russian settlement. As soon as Engineer Melville learned of the whereabouts of Commander De Long and the remainder of his party, he made preparations for going to their relief and on November 5 he started on the search, having with him two natives and two dog trains carrying ten days provisions. He found memorials left by De Long at various points and memorandum left by the unfortunate men to guide those who came to search for them. Melville was obliged to give up the search and returned November 27, completely exhausted,

From this point Melville went to Zakutsk, Siberia, to put himself in communication with this country and to obtain authority and assistance to organize another search, In January he started on the search expedition, which had resulted as stated in the foregoing dispatch.

One of the unfortunate men of De Long's party was Dr. James M. Ambler, who was well known in Baltimore. He was about 35 years of age, and was a passed assistant-surgeon in the United States navy and son of Dr. Richard Carey Ambler, of Fanquier county, Va. In 1870 he graduated at the Maryland University School of Medicine, and for three or four years practiced in Baltimore. He was also for a short time engaged at the Marine Hospital during the administration of Dr. J. S. Conrad. He has a number of relatives in Baltimore, among who are Mrs. W. H. Brune, Col. Charles Marshall, Messrs Randolph Burton, James Mason Ambler and John Ambler.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The New York *Herald* has received the following:

"*Forty Miles Beyond Kenarach*, April 12.—A Cossack estafette (special express) has just arrived here with dispatches, bringing the news that the bodies of Capt. De Dong and ten men have been found all in one spot. He takes sealed dispatches which you will receive with this.

JACKSON."

Under the head of "Representative Public Men" the Washington *Sunday Herald* is printing a series of sketches. The following is of our representative:

HON. MILTON G. URNER

The present member of Congress from the Sixth District of Maryland, is a resident of the city of Frederick, where he has been engaged in the practice of the law for eighteen years past, Mr. Urner was born at his father's homestead, one mile northeast of Libertytown, in Frederick county, on the 29th of July, 1839, and is just now in the prime of life. His boyhood days were spent upon his father's farm, but he was of a studious nature, fond of books and devoted a great deal of time to reading. He attended the common schools of his neighborhood, and afterwards went to Freeland Seminary, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, and to the Dickinson Seminary, in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where he finished his education. Shortly after his return home from school, and just before the breaking out of the war, he entered upon the study of law in the office of Hon. Grayson Eichellberger, one of the leading members of the Frederick bar. At the age of twenty-four, after passing a highly creditable examination, Mr. Urner was admitted to the practice of law in the Frederick Court. Upon the death of Mr. Eichellberger Mr. Urner succeeded to most of his practice, and soon became prominent in his profession. He was always an ardent Republican but never an extremist, which in fact, he could never be, by reason of the judicial cast of his mind, which invariably led him to give due weight to both sides of a question. In 1871 he was nominated by the Republicans of Frederick county for the office of State's Attorney, and elected by a handsome majority. He served in this capacity for four years and in 1876 was a Presidential elector at large for the State of Maryland on the Republican ticket. During the campaign of that year he did effective service on the stump.

In 1878 Mr, Urner was nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket. The Republicans had been defeated in that district in the contests for the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses, but they felt confident that could they get rid of the evil influences exerted by the contending Baltimore factions, and which ramified the entire State, they would be able to achive success. With this idea in view, a conference of Republicans was held, and a call made, independent of the State committee, for a Congressional convention to be held at Rockville. The Republicans throughout the district responded, and when the convention met it had in view just one object, viz: to name as a candidate a man who was able and honest and who could win. The convention declared that man to be Milton G. Urner, and his nomination was accepted with approval everywhere, and he was elected by a splendid majority. His services in the House were recognized, and he was renominated for the Forty-seventh Congress and elected by a majority of 799, after a most exciting contest. Before taking his seat in the present Congress a vacancy occurred on the bench in the judicial circuit composed of Frederick and Montgomery counties, the chief judge having died. The friends of Mr. Urner were anxious to nominate him for that position, and it was one to which his tastes and his inclinations led, but he felt that he could not consistently resign his seat in Congress when the political complexion of the House was so uncertain, and when his vote might be necessary to secure a majority for his party. Therefore he declined the prospective judicial honor.

Mr. Urner is a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and in 1881 was a delegate to the General Conference held at Cincinnati. In the present Congress he is chairman of the Committee on Accounts, one of the most important committees of the House.

Signing the Bills.

So far as the business of the last session of the legislature may be rescued from lapsing by the signature of the Governor affixed to the engrossed bills at this late date, just so far was that business rescued yesterday. Speaker Keilholtz has sufficiently recovered to have yesterday affixed his name to ten of the most important of the bills and delegated to the clerk of the House of Delegates, J. B. Seth, the authority to sign his name to the remainder. There are some doubts as to whether these bills have now become laws. The first doubt is, Can Governor sign any bill after the adjournment of the legislature? The second doubt is, Can the Speaker of the House delegate to the clerk the right to sign his name to the bills? The constitutional requirement is as follows: "Every bill when passed by the General Assembly and sealed with the Great Seal shall be presented to the Governor, who if he approves it, shall sign the same in the presence of the presiding officers, and chief clerks of the Senate and House of Delegates." The session of the legislature having ceased by constitutional limitation, is there now any such person as Speaker of the House? The Governor might, indeed, call an extra session and give to the legislature a new life, and revive the official functions of its Speaker; but there is now no legislature and it would seem—no Speaker. It is true that a custom has grown up that gives the Governor a few days after the close of the session to sign bills; but it is hard to find any constitutional authority for this usage. But it will be still harder to find any constitutional authority in the ex-Speaker to delegate to another person the duty which the Constitution imposes upon him, and out of the two hundred and sixty bills which the Governor signed yesterday, there are two hundred and fifty that are in this condition. It is quite possible that the doubts as to whether such bills have become laws may be tested in the courts.—*Balto. American, Tuesday.*

A Monstrous Crime.

DUBLIN, May 6.—Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Under Secretary Thomas Henry Burke were killed this evening in Phœnix Park. Lord Cavendish and Earl Spencer had remained at Dublin Castle engaged in the transaction of official business until 6 o'clock this evening, when each drove to their respective residence. After dinner Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke went for a walk in Phœnix Park, They were both strolling in the Park about half a mile from the city gate and a quarter of a mile from the Chief Secretary's lodge, when a car drove up containing four men, two of whom jumped down from the car and attacked Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, stabbing them both several times in the throat and breast. The victims struggled hard for life, and in the struggle became separated, their bodies being found some ten paces apart. The tragedy occurred about ten minutes after 7 o'clock in the evening, and in broad daylight. The bodies were first discovered by two young gentleman who were riding bicycles through the Park, and who immediately gave the alarm to the police. Surgeons soon reached the spot, but the police were already conveying Mr. Burke's body away to the town, where an examination showed life to be extinct. The upper part of the body was perforated in a shocking manner and presented a ghastly sight. Proceeding farther, the medical men reached the body of Lord Frederick Cavendish, which was being conveyed away from the Park on a stretcher. The body of the Chief Secretary displayed the same dreadful wounds, in addition to which his left arm was also broken and torn, as if he had put it up to protect his breast. Lord Frederick Cavendish was quite dead. The bodies were taken to Stevens Hospital, where they will remain until an inquest is held. The locality of the outrage is terribly marked with blood. The spot where the body of Lord Frederick Cavendish was found was absolutely deluged, while Mr. Burke's body lay in a pool of blood.

It is said that after the act the murderers immediately drove off. There seems to be no clue to the assassination at present, but the police are taking most extraordinary measures to discover the perpetrators. A large quantity of notes and gold coin, besides their gold watches, were found in the pockets of the victims, which showed that the object of the crime was not robbery. Great excitement prevails throughout Dublin, and widespread indignation is expressed over the event.

Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, the newly-appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, who has fallen a victim to the Irish hate of the landlord class before he entered upon the duties of his office, belonged to the historical house of Cavendish, being the second son of the seventh duke of Devonshire. He was about 44 years of age, and by marriage a nephew of the premier, his wife being a daughter of the sister of Mrs. Gladstone. He entered upon his political career in 1859 as private secretary of Earl Granville, who was president of the Council under Lord Palmerston. Subsequently he was private secretary of Mr, Gladstone during his first term as premier, and on his coming into power the second time, Lord Frederick was made financial secretary of the treasury. He has always sat in Parliament for the Northwest Riding of Yorkshire, having been re-elected in 1880. The landed interest of the Cavendish family are enormous, extending into fourteen different counties of England and Ireland, footing up an aggregate of 193,332 acres, with an annual rental of £170,699, or about $853,500. A large portion of the family estates lies in Ireland, including 32,776 acres in County Cork and 27,540 acres in Tipperary. The deceased was a Liberal in politics, and, like all the family, had the reputation of being a good landlord, acting on the principle that property-owners have duties as well as rights. His father, the Duke of Devonshire, has been in the House of Lords since 1834, and all his sons are members of the British Parliament. His heir, the Marquis of Hartington, has been in the House of Commons most of the time since 1857, and a few years ago he was the leader of the Liberals during the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Edward Cavendish, third son of the Duke, has been in the Commons most of the time since 1865. The Duke of Devonshire is a man of influence in the private councils of his party; but his studious habits have kept him from coming much before the public.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1882.

The second postponement of the Star route trials to await the appearance of John W. Dorsey, is another evidence of the desire of the defendants to delay the prosecution as much as possible. When they were first charged with fraud, it will be remembered they clamored loudly for trial, urging that it was working them a great injustice for the Government to allow them to be tried in the newspapers and take no steps towards substantiating the charges it had made. But since they have been indicted, and the prosecution has been begun, their tactics have changed completely, and their only anxiety seems to be to throw as many obstacles as possible in the way of a speedy trial. This is a strong indication that they are afraid to meet the evidence against them. The Government is moving vigorously, however, and they will soon be unable to practice any further evasions. To one who is familiar with the details of the charge this dilatoriness is a strong proof that the prosecution has a good case. It was at first believed by many here who were acquainted with Gen. Brady that, while he had the opportunity to practice the frauds charged upon him, and might not lack the willingness to engage in them, it was extremely unlikely that a man of his ability should not have covered up his tracks so carefully that conviction would be impossible even were the charges entirely correct. But this systematic course of delay and evasion by every means available has considerably shaken this belief and brought a tendency toward the opinion that he will not be able to escape the justice of the law. His conviction, of course, carries with it, in all likelihood, the conviction of all the rest connected with him.

The bill for the removal of political disabilities has opened afresh the unhealed wounds of the war. The statement made by Wade Hampton that God alone knew who was right in the civil strife was insulting to the Government of which he is an officer. It is now seventeen years since the termination of the war, and it does seem as though the conquered party might resign itself to the situation. There certainly should be no removal of the disabilities so long as such a spirit is alive as that shown by Senator Wade Hampton.

The Peruvian investigating committee seems to be more interested in Blaine's policy toward Peru than in his connection with the claims of the Peruvian company. Nothing seems likely to be elicited other than that Blaine simply instructed our minister to see that the treaty of peace did not work an injustice to the claimants—acting upon the policy that the Government should protect as far as possible the interests of its citizens in other lands.

Barnum has visited us with Jumbo and the baby elephant. He is certainly the prince of advertisers whether he is the "prince of humbugs" or not. The whole land rings with Jumbo—not such a wonderful animal after all, but a good advertising card—and our whole city turned out to see him. The tremendous tent with a seating capacity of twenty thousand, was full at every performance, and hundreds were turned away. The President was present at one of the performances. It is surprising what attraction the circus has for the average American. It sets the small boy crazy, and the older people are not much less affected.

The citizens of Washington are to be congratulated on the favorable aspect of affairs in regard to the removal of the celebrated Potomac Flats. All the scientific testimony delivered before the committee tends toward the same idea—that these flats are very greatly detrimental to the health of the city. With this great pestilence-breeder removed, Washington will rank among the first cities of the country as to sanitary condition; and there will be no pleasanter place of residence in the United States. We are somewhat unfortunate in being directly under the charge of Congress, for that able body is so much engrossed with affairs of national importance that our little wants and needs are often overlooked.

JUNIUS.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

More About the Morey Letter.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—It is rumored in this city to-night that important developments had just taken place in relation to the celebrated Morey letter forgery. It was asserted that President Arthur had written a letter granting immunity to a lawyer of New York city, alleged to be Henry H. Hadley. It was also stated that John I. Davenport's recent visit to Cumberland, Maryland, has been fruitful of important results, and that an entirely new light would be shed on the investigation. It will be remembered that during the first excitement over the publication of the Morey letter Hadley's name was brought into the controversy, and that for several weeks, it was alleged, he was absent from the city, and was supposed to be ferreting out certain clews in connection with the origin of the letter. Col. Hadley is now in New York, and it is said that a statement has been prepared by him for publication which will go far toward unraveling this mystery, which has hitherto baffled the keenest detectives. Beyond these facts nothing can be learned concerning Colonel Hadley's alleged connection with the letter.

The Coal Miners' Strike.

A well-known operator, speaking of the Panhandle strike yesterday, remarked that it wasn't the mine owners alone who were suffering from the pits being idle, but the merchants of Pittsburg and dealers of all kinds, who supply the miners with goods. Said he, "The pay rolls of the pits that are now idle amount to $400,000 per year on a moderate estimate, and fully half of that finds its way into the pockets of Pittsburg business men. It amounts to nearly $35,000 for every month of idleness, and as long as this strike continues they are losing money at that rate. The miners, of course, suffer too. But if all the rest can stand it I guess we can too." On the other hand the miners say that the burden of the blame rests upon the operators, whom they censure severely, for attempting to "reduce wages in a rising market." Yesterday witnessed no startling developments in the situation. Reports of small concessions on either side are current, but there is no general change. The introduction of cheap Italian labor in the mines of the Churchill Coal company at Youngstown, which was referred to in the telegraphic columns of this paper last week, has not yet had any effect in the Panhandle region as far as could be ascertained, though there is still talk of bringing in negroes from Virginia, and white miners from other points, to take the place of the strikers.—*Pittsburg Dispatch 9th inst.*

The Democratic organs are just now offering the party much advice on the best method of improving its supposed bright prospects. They say if it makes no blunders, stops trying to tinker with the currency, proposes a fair revision of the tariff and behaves itself generally, it can carry the next House of Representatives and ride into power on a tidal wave in 1884. But the Democratic paper that proposes the most reasonable plan for bringing about a decisive party victory this fall is *The Michigan City* (Ind.) *Dispatch*. Its plan is this: "Let every Democratic Congressman and Senator, together with every platform-maker and 'leader,' take one of the July steamers to Europe, and stay there until the last week of November. On their return they will find the Democrats in power by a large majority. And until something of this kind is done, unless by some miraculous agency 'silence falls like a poultice to heal' the idiocy of 'sound,' it is be to feared that the Republicans will enjoy an everlasting picnic. It is needless to say that these words are written more in sorrow than in anger."

Snatched from the Grave.

My wife was at the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Alleghany City's best physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her fingernails and lips were blue; was pulseless at the wrist; we were all called in to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in Dr. Hartman, who prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour, She improved from the first dose, and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page 30 in the "Ills of Life," a book you can get gratis from your Druggist. If not, address DR. HARTMAN, Osborn, Ohio.

T. S. EBERLEIN,
South Chicago, Ill.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—The Memphis *Avalanche* quotes a capitalist who owns about fifty plantations on the Mississippi "bottoms" as saying that a great many of his fences have been washed away by recent big water, but that is a small matter in comparison with the enormous value of the great fertilizer that has been spread broadcast over his thousands of acres free of cost. The owner of these acres, it is claimed, is a far richer man by the great flood of 1882.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder is in Baltimore.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug Store for your paints, oils and varnishes.

—Senator Getty left Oakland Wednesday afternoon.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas returned from Baltimore Monday night.

—The largest stock of Drugs in the county, at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Mr. Samuel Lawton is slowly recovering from his late severe illness.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard has erected a photograph gallery on the corner of Oak and Third streets, which he will occupy this summer.

—A large stock of prepared paints ready for use, at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Two artesian wells have been sunk on the Delawder lot in Oakland to supply the Oakland Hotel. A good flow of the best water has been obtained.

—All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle immediately.

5 6 3 S. LAWTON.

—Married, at Kitzmillersville, on the evening of May 4th, by Rev. W. E. George, Mr. Patrick H. Rodeheaver and Miss Lilly W. White, both of Garrett county.

—Prof. Nimmo, the photographer, arrived in Oakland Wednesday evening, and will take charge of the gallery on the corner of Alder and Third streets. He expects to be ready for business early next week.

—The largest stock of paints, oils and varnishes in town, just received at Chisholm's Drug Store.

—Mr. Schreen, whom we announced last week as having purchased the Coddington Hotel, failed to comply with the terms, and the property was purchased by Ex-Sheriff Coddington, at the figure named, $2,000.

—Married, at the M. E. Church, Oakland, Md. May 10th 1882, by Rev. B. Ison, Mr. Frank P. Arnold and Miss Laura M. Lang, all of Oakland, Md. The Church was well filled with the relatives and friends of the happy couple. Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, W. Va., presided at the organ. We wish them a prosperous and happy journey through life.

Grateful to Invalids.

Floreston Cologne is grateful to invalids, as it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

Ho! Ye that Hunger,

Go to J. E. Gnagey at Accident and buy Flour, Bacon and Fish, where you will find a large stock which will be sold at very close figures for cash.

Get the Best.

Mr. I. W. Slonaker, of Oakland, is agent for the Victor Washing Machine, which is pronounced by those who have given them a thorough trial, to be the best washer ever offered in this county.

The following certificate is from the wife of the postmaster at Oakland:

OAKLAND, MD., May 10, 1882.

I have thoroughly tested the Victor Washing Machine and find it as represented. It is the best Machine, for light and heavy work, I have ever used.

MRS. R. THAYER.

Expenses of May Court.

The following is the expense account of the May Term of the Circuit Court of this county, as furnished by W. H. Tower, Esq., Clerk:

Witnesses to Grand Jury	$145.00
" In State cases	11.00
Tales Jurors	7.50
Petit Jury	385.00
Grand "	308.00
Total	959.50

About one hundred dollars of the above amount is chargable to Allegany county on account of removed case, which will leave the expense account of the last term several hundred dollars less than usual.

Fruits of the Cumberland Revival.

The series of revival meetings which was begun in Cumberland April 6th, by Miss Jennie Smith and her co-workers, which were designed more especially for the benefit of railroad men, will close to-day, so far as there revivalists are concerned. It is proposed, however, to continue the revival by local workers.

The Cumberland *News* sums up the results of this work as follows:

The total number of conversions is something over two hundred and these are considered good, clear cases, and the majority of them at least may reasonable be expected to remain steadfast. Only about 25 per cent. are children and a good proportion are men in the prime of life. About fifty of the male converts were Baltimore and Ohio railroad employees. By glancing at the secretary's record, we find these classified, so far as it is possible to do so, as follows: Yard, road and offices, 25; rolling-mill, 10; round-house, 6. A number of the persons converted at the meeting have been received into the different churches.

Centre street Methodist Episcopal has received 36; Kingsley chapel, 16, and Bedford street Methodist Protestant over a dozen. There have been several at the English Lutheran church, and there will probably be others. Other Protestant churches of the city will receive a share of the converts.

The Highest Rank.

Made from harmless meterials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

Military Notes.

Company B, of Oakland will parade with companies A and C in Cumberland on Decoration Day, May 30th.

Capt. Wardwell commanding Co. B has issued a general order for inspection and parade Saturday afternoon at 3 P. M. The men are to equip themselves in "heavy" marching order. As this will be the last turn out before joining the Battalion at Cumberland May 30th, every member is required to be present.

Adjutant-Genl. Watkins says there will be no law parade of the State Malitia this year owing to the insufficiency of funds on hand to defray the necessary expenses of a parade. Had the Legislature passed the bill providing for the payment of the expenses of the State forces at the Yorktown centennial, or a portion of the expenses, the funds on hand for the use of the military could have been utilized for the annual law parade of the malitia, in which event it would have taken place in June, instead of October as heretofore, as a special compliment to the Grand Army of the Republic. Genl. Watkins says the Fifth Regiment will take part in the Grand Army parade, however, and he would be glad to have the county companies of the State malitia take part also, but the military fund of the State cannot be used for transportation or other expenses.

The board of officers of the Second Battalion, M. N. G., Major H. J. Johnson commanding, is making arrangements for a military encampment of two days in Cumberland next month. The First Battalion, Colonel H. Kyd Douglass commanding, is expected to join in the engagement. The features of the encampment will be a street parade, a sham battle and company competitive drill for a $100 prize. There will also probably be a theatrical performance at the Academy of Music, and a ball and reception at the Queen City Hotel.

Circuit Court.

The May Term of the Circuit Court adjourned Saturday afternoon, after giving the case of Engleby vs. Brady to the Jury, with instructions to the Clerk to receive their verdict. The Jury did not agree until about half past eleven Saturday night, when then delivered their verdict to Mr. Tower and were discharged.

The Grand Jury did not close its labors until Friday, instead of Thursday, as noted last week.

The only cases on the Original docket that were finally disposed of by the Court were:

No. 19. Peter H. Shires and John H. Jordan vs. Lloyd Lowdermilk and others. Non prossed.

No. 21. Richard Browning vs. Elijah Friend et E, and others. Non prossed.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs Jacob P Gauer. Peddicord for plaintiff and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Award of arbitration set aside.

2. Levi Comp vs Bernard Stiding. Peddicord for plaintiff and Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Non prossed.

3 John S. Combs vs Rebecca Swalp and William Hinelaugh, executors, &c. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veitch for defendant. Continued.

4 Daniel Yommer vs Henry Myers. Ejectment. Peddicord and Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend and Semmes for defendant. Settled.

5 Horace Resley, use of John H. Young, vs Wm. F. Deaking and Lou M. Deaking. Price & Willison and Willison for plaintiff, Veitch for defendant. Continued.

6 H C Watts & Co. vs John S Combs and H W Combs, executors of Wm Combs, deceased. Hamill and Semmes for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Continued.

7 Elias P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Continued.

8 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

9 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for deft. Continued.

10 J McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veitch & Townshend for deft. Continued.

11 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Grove and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

12. Levi Teats vs Geo W Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

13. Jonathan Fichtner vs Charles Whetzell. Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshead for defendant. Damages assessed at $206.

14. A J Merrill vs Lochiel Lumber Company. Brace & Richmond for plaintiff, Boyd & McCleve for defendent. Continued.

15. Melchoir J Miller vs Harriet A Miller and John Miller, Jr., her husband. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Settled.

16. Henry Weber and Wm. D. Hoye, vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Hamill for plaintiffs, Lord for defendant. Continued.

17. Henry Weber & Co., vs. John Metzger. Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

18. Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Metzger. Gordon for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

19. A. H. Strickler vs. John Metzger. Gordon for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

20. Gray & Purdy, vs. James W. Newman. Hamill for plaintiff, Brown for defendant. Verdict for defendent.

21. State of Maryland, use of Samuel W. Friend vs. George Hill, et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill and Semmes for defendants. Judgment on rule for $59.80.

22. Solomon Armstrong vs. Christian J. Breneman. Veitch & Townshend and Gonder for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

23. Harriett Miller by John Miller, her husband, vs. Melchoir J. Miller. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Settled.

24. Abraham Spiker vs Henry Russell and Susanah Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defendants. Settled on terms filed.

25. Frederick Cutter vs. James Barnes and Henry Spiker, Sr. Bruce & Richmond for plaintiff. Fuller for defendant. Off.

26. Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler Combs vs William Kilpstein and Berkely W Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants. Continued.

27. Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord and Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant. Continued.

28. Ella Shront, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Philip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Continued.

29 David P Weifley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defts. Continued at cost of defendant.

30 Eva C Tasker vs Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., and Hiram P Tasker. Veitch and Townshend for plaintiff, and Hamill and Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Settled.

31. George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixon. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

32. James Grimes vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

33. Jacob M. Teats vs. Geo. W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

34. Calvin Teats vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff

35. Elizabeth Horan vs. David Evans. Blackiston & Ellegood and Fuller for plaintiff. Bruce & Richmond and McDonald for defendant. Continued.

36. Jasper Guard, Collector, vs. Thomas Donaldson. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Sale vacated.

37. Same vs. Wm. Morton's Heirs. Same Counsel. Sale vacated.

38. John M. Miller vs. Elias J. Miller. Williams & Thomas for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Warrant of re-survey.

39. Gilmore S. Hamill vs. A. L. Osbourn and Emanuel Smith. Continued.

40. Jacob F. Thomas vs. Abraham W. Lee and wife. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Judgment on rule for $149.65.

41. Robinson Savage and Mary Kent, administrators of David Kent, deceased, vs. Stephen Merrill. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Judgment on rule for $65.28.

42. C. Aullman & Co. vs. E. B. Browning et. al. Hamill for plaintiffs. Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Continued.

43. Mary Miller, by her next friend and husband, Chas Miller vs. Benjamin Ash. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Judgment on rule for $908.35.

44. State of Maryland, use of Mary Miller, by her next friend and husband, Charles Miller, vs. Benjamin Ash et. al. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $50.

45. Gabriel Friend vs. Andrew G. Friend. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment on rule for $114.50.

46. State of Maryland, use of John Barnes vs. John Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs. Veitch & Townshend and Hamill for defendants. Continued.

47. Wm. Sharpless vs. Daniel Mosser and Christian Mosser. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Dismissed.

48. Singleton Townshend, and Mary V. Townshend, vs. Daniel Yommer and John G. Breninger. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiffs. Judgment on rule for $114.50.

49. James Z. Browning vs. Elizabeth Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Continued.

50. Frederick Pollman vs. Jacob Bleubaugh. Price & Willison for plaintiff. Continued at cost of defendant.

51. Mary E. F. Good, by her next friend and husband Alex C. Good, use Charles M. Miller vs. Thomas A. Nethkin and Mary M. Nethkin, his wife. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Continued.

52. Bayard T. Keller vs. August Boing. Hamill for plaintiff. Non prossed.

53. Gilmore S. Hamill vs. Mary E. Smith, garnishee of Emanuel Smith. Continued.

54. John Barnes vs. Saml. C. Hoye and Mary E. Hoye. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment on rule for $120.92.

55. John H. Blackburn, by his next friend Madison Blackburn, use of Peddicord & Combs, vs. Christian F. Gensenyeager. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

57. Edward V. Shorb vs. The Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Blackiston & Ellegood for plaintiff. Gordon & Son for defendant. Settled.

58. Thomas J. McKaig vs. A. Beall McKaig. McHenry & Son for plaintiff. R. H. Gordon and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

59. Henry Edwards vs. David Stoan. Price & Willison for plaintiff. Sloan, McDonald and Bruce for defendant. Removed to Montgomery county.

60. Jasper Guard, Collector vs. Mary Vanskicle. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Sale vacated.

61. Wm. T. Briscoe sv. James A. Gary. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

62. John H. Briscoe vs. James A. Gary. Same Counsel. Continued.

63. Elizabeth C. Billingsley, by her next friend J. H. Billingsley, vs. James A. Gary. Same Counsel. Continued.

64 Edward T. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel. Continued.

65. Joseph Engleby vs. James T. Brady. Bruce & Richmond, McDonald, and Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. McHenry & Son and price for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for $900 and costs.

66. Gilson R. Hollingsworth vs Benjamin T. Valentine, McKaig for plaintiff. A. A. Willison and Semmes for defendant.

67. Jas. Z. Browning, Collector, vs John Eland & Co. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Sale vacated.

Influence of the Soil on Health.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already accepted; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating the marvelous effect *Peruna* has on those diseases, and in their convalescent state. John E. Courtney, of Corry, Pa., says: "I am still getting better thanks to your *Peruna* and *Manalin*." See page 24 in "Ills of life."

The Newspaper in a Farm-House.

People who live in the great thoroughfare, where they have access to two or three dailies and a half-dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one must be far off in the country, remote from the "maddening crowd," to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one newspaper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a news item or an advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by each member of the family, looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a love story. The son who is just about to engage in farming, with the enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports, and has a keen eye for improved modes of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that shall bring the paper with the liveliest anticipations, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come, it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied, can carry into a family. They have, week by week, spread before their mental vision a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its vast concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper can fail to join in invoking a blessing on this means of intellectual enjoyment.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

First Monday in June, 1882,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

5 13 3

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

Meeting of School Board.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 2, 1882.

The board of School Commissioners will meet on

On Saturday, May 27th,

for the purpose of appointing Trustees for the ensuing year. The citizens residing within the limits of the various School districts will confer a favor on the Board by electing their Trustees for each School, and notifying the Secretary of the Board of their choice, on or before the 25th day of May.

E. H. BARTLETT, Secretary.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Bell and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S.,
WM. ROSS, of H.,
JOHN HARNED,
5 6 5 Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through, which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
ELIAS MERRILL,
JOSEPH INSKEEP,
5 6 5 Examiners.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 40ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

AN ACT

To compel any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in, or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county.

Section 1. And be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, and the amount of said license to be twenty dollars and by him the said Clerk of the Circuit Court to be paid over to the County Commissioners of the above named county, and by them applied to the public roads of Garrett county. The said Clerk to receive one dollar for each license issued under this Act.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That any person or persons, firm or firms, who shall violate any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon indictment and conviction in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4 And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from and after the first day of May next.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 101.

AN ACT

To repeal section twenty-two of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the crier of the Circuit Court.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section twenty-two of chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Sec. 22. That the commissioners of said county shall levy, annually, for the crier of the Circuit Court for said county, three dollars per day for his services as such crier; and the collector shall pay said crier at the close of each session of the court for his services during said session.

Approved March 21, 1882.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk, and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES, Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

CHAPTER 73.

AN ACT

To add additional sections to the Code of Public Local Laws, article——, entitled Garrett county, enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said section to be sub-titled "Thistles," to come after sub-sections seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy-five *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be and are hereby added to the Code of Public Local Laws, article ——, entitled Garrett county, as enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said sections to be sub-titled "Thistles," and to come after sub-section seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy-five *C*.

Seventy-five *A*. No land owner or tenant of any land owner in Garrett county shall permit any Canada thistles to grow upon the land owned or rented by him as the case may be.

Seventy-five *B*. If any such land owner or tenant shall permit any Canada thistles to grow on the land so owned or rented by him, he shall be fined a sum not less than one nor more than ten dollars for every day he shall permit the same to grow or remain standing on his land after they shall have developed sufficiently to show that they are Canada thistles, such fine to be recovered before any justice of the peace, as other small fines are now recovered, and the proceeds of such fines to be paid to the County Commissioners of said county.

Seventy-five *C*. No road supervisor in said county shall permit any such Canada thistle to grow upon any land belonging to any public road in said county, adjoining or being part of any road under his charge; and if any such supervisor shall permit the same, he shall be liable to the fine provided in sub-section seventy-five *B* hereof, to be recovered for the use of said county as provided in said last preceding section.

Approved March 21, 1882.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk, and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES, Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

AN ACT

To repeal and re-enact with amendments, section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Act of January session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of the Sheriff.

Section 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section sixty-three of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of January session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, amended, and re enacted so as to read as follows:

Section sixty-three, The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be entitled to receive the following fees for performing the duties of his office viz: For boarding each prisoner committed to the county jail, fifty cents per day; serving writ and return, sixty cents; for taking bail bond, one dollar; for empaneling jury, three dollars; for serving scire facias including the person summoned, sixty cents; for serving attachment, sixty cents; for serving subpoena and return, sixty cents; for summoning appraisers to value goods and chattels taken by attachment, fi-fa. or replevin, each person summoned sixty cents; for each person summoned as a witness in any case or inquisition, sixty cents; for laying attachments in hands of garnishee, each person Garnisheed, sixty cents; for serving an execution, twenty-five cents; for each person committed to jail, fifty cents; for each prisoners brought out before the court and returned to jail, fifty cents; and for taking prisoners to the penitentiary the following sums of money, namely: When a single convict is taken forty dollars; when two together, thirty dollars each; when more than two, twenty dollars each, to be levied as other county charges

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegate.
J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.

AN ACT

To lay out and establish two new election districts in Garrett county, out of the first, seventh and eighth election districts, and by changing the dividing line between districts Numbers three and four thereof, and to be called districts Number Ten and Eleven.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That two new election districts be laid out and established out of the first, seventh, eighth, third, and fourth election districts of Garrett county, the said new districts to be known and called by numbers ten and eleven, of Garrett county.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That the boundary lines of said new districts, shall be as follows: Beginning at the burnt school house, on Hooppole Ridge, in district number seven, and running with Broad Ford run as it now does to its mouth, intersecting with the Ryans Glade road, thence with said Ryans Glade road, to the M. E. Church, in Ryans Glade in district number eight, from thence along the Altamont road, to John Davis' saw mill, on a stream known as Laurel Run, and with said run to the North Branch of the Potomac River, thence with said North Branch to Kitzmillersville, and from thence with what is known as Hamill's line, to the beginning. And all that portion of Garrett county described within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and designated as district number ten.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That the present dividing line between the third, (3d,) and fourth, election districts of Garrett county be changed so as to run, as follows: Beginning at the foot of Savage Mountain where the two county roads intersect, and running down said mountain to the head waters of Mill Run, then with said run, to the dividing line between Allegany and Garrett counties, thence with said dividing line to district numoer nine, thence with said line to or near John Wilhelm's, at Little Savage, thence changing the dividing lines number three and four to run as follows: Beginning at the bridge across Little Savage, near John Wilhelm's, and running with Barton and Lonaconing road, and running with said road to Mrs. Hanson Brown's on Pea-ridge, thence with said road, down and across Pea-ridge to Henry Broadwaters, Jr., at the head of Harton Hollow, from thence across William W. Broodwater's, thence across to the head waters of Bear Pen Run, thence with said run to Savage River, thence with said river to the old ford, from thence across said river running with the Public road to the place of beginning. And all that portion of Garrett county as described in this section, within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and described as district number eleven.

Sec. 4. And be it enacted, That the place of holding elections in said districts, numbers ten an eleven, shall be for district number ten at Deer Park, and for number eleven at "The Elbow," at the House of Joseph Warnick.

And be it enacted, That the voting place of district number eight, shall be moved from its present location at Fort Pendleton, to Mrs. Thomas Grimes', on North Western Grade.

And be it further enacted, That the voting place of District number one, shall be moved from its present location, Altamont, to Swanton on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Sec. 5. And be it enacted, That the Governor, shall appoint one Justice of the Peace, and one Register of Voters, for each of said districts, and the County Commissioners of Garrett county shall appoint one Constable, in and for said districts, number ten and eleven.

Sec. 6. And be it enacted, that the said district or districts numbered ten and eleven, shall be entitled in all respects to all the rights and privileges, held or to be held or enjoyed by the other election districts in said county.

Sec. 7. And be it enacted, That the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall furnish a proper book for registration such as may be required by law, to be delivered to the register of voters for said district, or districts, numbers ten and eleven. And the said Clerk shall also at the same time, deliver to said register of voters, a full list under seal of his office of all registered persons, or voters, appearing on the registration book for the old districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and from districts numbers three and four of Garrett county. And the said register of voters of said district, or districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and numbers three and four, shall transcribe from said list and enter in alphabetical order in said Book of registration for said new district, or districts, numbers ten and eleven, the names of all persons living within the limits thereof, entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven, and likewise to register therein the names of all persons who shall become entitled to vote in said district or districts, number ten and eleven, according to the Laws of this State.

Sec. 8. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the officers of registration of districts numbers one seven and eight, and numbers three and four, to strike from the list of qualified voters, on the registration books thereof the names of all persons residing within the limits of, and entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven.

Sec. 9. And be it enacted, That all acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 10. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.

5 13 4

Spring Dresses.

Silk and wool costumes with embroidery and velvet garniture are the staple suits displayed at the openings at the large furnishing houses. The new blue shade which is best known as porcelain blue is the color that probably finds most favor, as it is produced in all the stylish fabrics. It is shown among the imported dresses in gros grain for the box plaited puffs of a skirt with dove gray cashmere for the Trianon polonaise, and gray open-worked embroidery for the trimming. It is also shown in cloth dresses of every quality, beginning with those made in Paris, and elaborately ornamented with black brandebourgs and braid on the skirt as well as on the basque, to the simpler dresses of nice camel's hair, or of the cloth finished flannels that are neatly made and sold for $25. The suits at medium prices are the most satisfactory of all ready made dresses, because they are of simple styles, with most of the outlay for the pure wool material. The round skirt is partly laid in deep plaits, and is plain like a kilt in front, with a row of buttons and mock button holes down one side, and a draped apron overskirt permanently attached at the belt. The basque has a single-breasted or else diagonal front, with Byron collar, square cuffs and box plaited backs. Blacks, brown, deep green and cadet gray flannels and cashmere suits are similarly made.

More expensive than these are the cashmere and French buntings with self-embroidery, or else wrought in white or in a contrasting color. Only enough embroidery is used about the neck, sleeves and across the tablier or paniers to give character to these dresses, and the edges of the basque, as also of the gathered flounces of the wool goods, are cut in the narrow scallops or leaf points that are so often seen on Werth's handsomest dresses. These points may be lined with a gay color to brighten dark dresses, as one of the prettiest black wool dresses shown had geranium red Surah facings, and another of leaf brown had cern Surah.

It is the caprice of merchants this season to call all soft wool stuffs nuns' veiling; but that is a very expensive fabric—known by its inch-wide selvedges—and ladies who have little money to spend will content themselves with their all-wool bunting that are now sold with embroidered edges for twenty-two to twenty-five dollars. There are also domestic thin woolens for fifteen to seventeen dollars, sold in dress patterns of nine yards of double width, with nine yards of embroidery. The rival trimmings for this low-priced embroidery on plain dresses are many rows of soutache or of the wider tubular braids, and the lined scallops described above.

White wool dresses are imported with open embroidery of white silk, and are trimmed with bronze green, blue, or copper red velvet about the neck and waist. The skirt is laid in deep plaits that are pressed—not sewed—and the wide embroidered selvedge trims these plaits. Small balls of white wool fall from other plaitings; the basque opens over a vest fastened by gilt buttons, and there are straps of the velvet instead of a cravat bow, with wider sash and bow of velvet. Chuddah cloth and twilled wools are used for sea-side dresses of this kind.

The revival of colored faille as well as black is an accomplished fact, as this finely repped silk is even more used than satin Surah in the combination dresses brought over from Paris. There are, however, few dresses made entirely of faille, for this fabric does not drape softly, and cashmere of the same shade with an embroidered selvedge is preferred for the drapery, while the basque and lower skirt are of faille. A pretty design for such a combination has Greek drapery of the cashmere; the faille skirt is without flounces in front, but is laid in a fan cluster of lengthwise plaits on the left side, where it is disclosed by the draped cashmere. Two plaited flounces cross the back, and the tunic falls behind in great double box plaits. The faille basque is laced in front, pointed behind, and has two side-plaited frills sewed to this point, each containing two breadths of silk, and one of these is three-eighths of a yard, while that resting upon it is only half as deep. For such a dress, seal-brown faille and cashmere are used, and the whole may be enlivened by a little pale blue satin or moire introduced in the middle of the Greek plaits on the lower skirt, lining the plaitings at back of basque, and as a facing for the open embroidery that trims the surplice neck and square cuffs. Black faille and cashmere is very simple and elegant made in this way, and brightened by geranium red moire or satin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

House Cleaning.

As the time is approaching for the general spring cleaning, a few suggestions may be acceptable, especially to those who have not had the benefit of long experience. There is no hurry about beginning. It is far better to wait till the weather is warm, and the chilly winds have disappeared. More women are made sick by house cleaning than by any other work that they are obliged to do. They expose themselves to cold, stand in a draught of air when heated by violent exercise, and then comes on pneumonia, lame sides, and divers other complaints—the result of house cleaning. Now, if one must need begin operations before it is warm weather, just commence with the bureau drawers; arrange them at leisure, after dusting and wiping them dry; then sprinkle a few drops of spirits of turpentine on the bottom of each drawer to keep moths and flies out; then spread a clean newspaper over the bottom, and it is ready for use. Then, cupboards and closets can be cleaned and rearranged for the summer, and it is a great assistance to have them set to rights in advance. A free sprinkling of spirits of turpentine on the floors and shelves, will keep all insects from annoying or injuring the contents, and it is most desirable to prevent them from taking refuge in the house.

It is much better to clean one apartment at a time, rather than to have the whole house stirred up in confusion all at once. Then in case of casualties, or unexpected company, there is a chance to be comfortable. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a house all in commotion, carpets up, and curtains down, and everything in disorder, and there is no need of it. Housekeepers can manage differently if they choose. It is bad enough to have one room disarranged at a time, but that is far preferable to having it stirred up from garret to cellar, and things brought into contact that were never neighbors before.

After years of experimenting with various prescriptions to keep bedsteads free from bugs, I have found nothing more effectual than spirits of turpentine; it neither injures the bedstead or ticking, and it is perfectly safe. In a new house there is no need of allowing all these disagreeable guests to get a foothold, but if you live in an old house, there are plenty of cracks and crevices that have harbored them for years, and it is only by a long and persistent warfare against them that they can be conquered. Fresh paint on the floors and casings of an infested chamber is a good application and keeps them in abeyance for a good while. I think if old Job had to contend with bed bugs and cockroaches, he would have found his patience sorely tried, to say the least. But perseverance will conquer all difficulties, and spirits of turpentine will give a victory if faithfully administered.

When the mud is well dried up, and the warm May air and bright sun warms the atmosphere, you can finish your house cleaning with ease. Get your whitewashing all done up, stoves cleaned, but not set away—never do that. There are plenty of damp, cold days all through the summer months, when fires are indispensable for comfort and health, and it is very unpleasant to have the whole family huddled around the kitchen cook stove in order to get warm. It is a most preposterous fashion, this custom of taking down the stoves as soon as warm weather comes on, and common sense would dictate the folly of such a thing if one would only stop to think how many rainy, damp days come during all the summer months. A little fire would change the atmosphere of a room, and prevent mildew gathering on the walls, and be conducive of health and comfort generally. In house cleaning never lay out more work than you can accomplish with ease before dinner—it is as long as a person ever ought to devote to such hard work, and by judiciously following this rule, you can get through with as much work as if you scrubbed one whole day, and was sick the two following days to pay for it. Another thing, a woman should never do the whitewashing, or nail down carpets, or re-paper the walls—it is not their work, and it is far cheaper for a man to either hire it done, or to do it himself than it is to pay doctors' bills, not to take into account the suffering and pain that is almost sure to follow such labor for a woman.—*Farmer's Wife, in New England Farmer.*

A Story About Ears.

A strange and wonderful phenomenon has just been brought to our office in the person of little Willie Lester, whose father is a well-to-do farmer on the Wea Plains. Willie is only about ten years old, unusually bright and intelligent for his age, and has always been remarkable in his neighborhood for his wonderful ears. His right one is perfectly immense, being, we should judge, as large as a palm-leaf fan, whilst the other is no bigger than the ear of an ordinary-sized wax doll. Until quite recently nothing unusual had ever been noticed in his hearing, but lately he has developed wonderful powers in that direction. With his small ear he can hear the faintest buzzing of the smallest bugs and insects, and can even detect sounds uttered by the minutest animalcula—so small that they are not even visible to the naked eye. A fly running along a window-pane, a caterpillar crawling across a sheet of paper, make sufficient noise to attract his attention, even when his back is turned. The sense of hearing is so acute in this ear that it is absolutely painful to him, and he is compelled to wear a cork in it at all times. The right and large ear is quite the reverse of its little companion in both its powers and properties. To it those minute and near sounds so plainly discernable to the other are lost, but distant noises are readily heard. Although residing fifteen and a quarter miles from any railroad—Lafayette being the nearest point—yet Willie can distinctly hear the trains and mills blowing their whistles, and can easily distinguish between the engine bells and the city bells. When the Wabash roundhouse blew up some weeks since Willie felt the shock as severely as though he had been in the building itself. He had been unwell for some days and was sleeping later than usual that morning, and when the explosion occurred he sprang from the bed with a frightened scream, and, holding his ear with both hands, stood for some time trembling in the middle of the room. On clear days he has often heard Sheriff Taylor summoning witnesses from the court house window. He distinctly heard the noise of the mob at Kokomo Monday night, which was a very clear night. Although unable to make out what they were doing, yet he heard the shouts "Rope's down!" "Time's up!" and he heard poor Long sing "See That My Grave Is Kept Green," the tune of which Willie at once recognized, and in a low, sweet voice sang the accompaniment, it being quite familiar to him. He can hear the coming of a storm long before there are any signs of it in the air, and even long before the weather bureau gives notice of its approach. At a suggestion of a neighbor, Mr. Lester had a wire gauze lid with a tin rim made to fit over Willie's ear. It consists of two thicknesses of gauze, the outer one being of larger mesh than the inner one; between the two there is an intervening thickness of loose flannel to soften sounds. Willie wears it continually, and this with the cork in the small ear has the effect of reducing his hearing to a normal condition. Willie is a handsome, fair-faced, golden-haired little man, exceedingly shy and timid, and any notice taken of him seems to be quite painful to the little fellow.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.*

—The summer hotel, with its broad verandah and back bar room full of ginger pop bottles, is being painted up ready for the business of the season. The only way to keep a summer hotel down is to burn it up in the winter. This is sometimes done in order that insurance men shall have their share of temptation to profanity.—*New Haven Register.*

Effect of Intellectual Culture Upon Marriage.

Professor Felix Adler, speaking before the Society of Ethical Culture yesterday morning, said: "The conjugal union differs from every other kind of union in the fact that it is designed to be a complete union. The union between husband and wife ought to be a union in all things, not only in any particular thing; it should be a complete fusion of two lives. The sentence that "two are to become one" is to be taken literally. Hitherto the two have had separate abodes; now they are to have a single abode. Hitherto they have had separate reputations. The good repute or the evil repute of the one did not affect the other; now they share honor and disgrace. They also have wealth and poverty together. Even the richness of the one implies pains and burdens for the other. This union in respect to external things makes the strong superstructure of marital happiness. Secondly, they are united through their feelings, and here it is, especially the presence of children in the household that seems to make firm the bond between husband and wife. In the realm of the affections we find a remarkable parallel to an axiom in mathematics, for as in mathematics we are told that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; so in the realm of the affections it is true that those affections that turn to the same object are thereby turned to each other. The parents both feel the same love for the children, and each finds the other in their common off-spring. It must be a strange father who loves his child and is not made thereby to love more dearly the mother of his child, and a strange mother who feels the yearnings of tenderness for her babe without thinking with tenderness of the father of her babe. I do not say, then, that intellectual culture is necessary as a basis of protection for the conjugal union. There are, on the contrary, many marriages in which the intellectual culture of the partners is of a very meager kind, and yet these are not, therefore, unhappy marriages. But what I do say is that intellectual culture will infinitely elevate the married life and raise it to a much higher plane than it would otherwise move upon. I call to mind the fact that marriage is designed to be a complete union of those who enter into it. Therefore it is not enough that there should be a union only in external things or a union in the feelings; but the perfect marriage is there only when the intellect, too, of the man is married to the intellect of the woman; when there is intellectual companionship and intellectual friendship between them; when their minds grow together, each with and through the other, and each the intellectual complement of the other, even as a husband and wife are designed to be complementary of each other in all other respects.

It is especially on the broad field of general culture that spouses may intellectually meet. But here we come upon a deficiency that will explain why there is so little of that intellectual comradeship which is so essential to the perfect marriage. The fact is that the majority of men as well as of women are lacking in general culture. We call this a scientific age, but, as has been truly remarked, the majority cover themselves with the glory of the few. There are a few scientific men in this age, and the rest say that they live in a scientific age. Even specialists of eminence in one department find it difficult to keep up with progress in other departments, but the main results of new investigations and discoveries at least should be known by all, and some fair general knowledge of the processes by which those results were reached should be acquired by each one. Of the simplest phenomena that happen around us the scientific explanation is known only to the few, while a deeper knowledge of history and its meanings, and of the subject of ethics and its leading principles, is still more rare. What we need is a movement for the intellectual advancement of men as well as women. Adult classes, if possible in the evenings, in which a consecutive course of study, with voluntary examinations for those who desire them, can be prosecuted. But what is desired more than all this, as the indispensable condition for all right reform in this direction, is the recognition that the mind must constantly grow and expand so long as we exist on earth; that no one can lead a truly human life who does not also lead an intellectual life.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Town Meetin' Day" in New England.

Town meeting day in the country has a peculiar and indescribable flavor entirely distinct from that of the day for electing officers in the city:

For a few weeks before the great event the merits and demerits of the men who have held office within the memory of the oldest inhabitant and those of the would-be candidates are duly "cussed" and discussed in the corner grocery, amidst a cloud of tobacco smoke and the ever present odor of salt fish and kerosene. Previous to the day of election a caucus is held by each political party for the nomination of candidates, or, if party feeling happens to be low, all unite in one general caucus.

At last the important Monday dawns, usually raw and damp, with quantities of mud and "slosh" in the roads. All are out of bed betimes, for the "chores" must be done and the wash water brought in good season in order that the male portion of the family may get an early start to town meeting. By nine o'clock the children begin running to the windows proclaiming the names of the passers-by, if they happen to know them, and wondering for whom they will vote.

First go the boys, who, always eager to earn a cent, have been provided by mother with gingerbread, cookies, turnovers, etc., which they hope to sell to those who do not go home to dinner, and to that class of individuals who must ever be munching something.

After the young merchants pass, come those who live the greatest distance from the "town house," the place where the meeting is generally held, and who are obliged to walk. Ere long the teams appear in profusion, with three on a seat, and the boys sitting in the back part of the wagon with feet hanging down, or if sleighing has not yet disappeared, standing upon the runners of the sleigh, holding on to its sides with both hands. They wouldn't miss the fun for anything, and, in fact, one would imagine by their airs of importance that they are absolutely necessary to the successful result of the meeting. They come home jubilant or depressed, as the case may be, with their fathers, with pockets stuffed full of votes, and many a story to tell of what they have seen, heard and done.

Occasionally a woman may be seen to pass with husband or brother. Is she going to town meeting? No, (though I could name a town in this State where the woman did attend one year, attracted by the promise of considerable excitement,) she is going to spend the day with cousin Susan, sister Jane, or son John, who lives near the town-house. But the genuine, smart Yankee woman doesn't leave her washing to go a-visiting. Not she! She has been looking forward to this day as one when the "men-folks" will be out of the way and she can get her washing out, floors washed, and numberless "odd jobs" done without the interruption of getting dinner, (for no woman who does not habitually live alone goes through the ceremony of getting dinner for herself) and of wiping up wet and muddy tracks upon the floor.

But another class of women have anticipated this day with dread, for, poor things, they are not "smart" and so they depend upon the strong arms of husband and son to lift the pails of water, hang out the clothes and empty the tubs. They might put by their washing until another time, but every day brings its work, and they are behind hand all through the week if the washing is not done Monday. But it is time to call the meeting to order. The first business in hand is to choose a moderator, which is sometimes done at once, with no controversy; at other times, however, every one seems to have got out of bed "wrong foot foremost," and a considerable portion of the forenoon is spent before the deed is accomplished. Then comes the electing of selectmen, town agent, clerks, treasurer, school committee, et al. If political feeling runs high, the vote may be a "tie" and several ballotings produce no effect. Now the men become excited. One of the most zealous will take his team and ride two or three miles to bring to the polls some old man who has been sick and feeble all winter. In vain his wife protests "'Twill be the death of him," excitement gives the weak limbs strength and he dons overcoat and muffler with trembling hands, saying: "I guess I better go, wife, for it may be the last time I shall vote."

To offset his vote the other side brings up a young man who has his vote all ready to cast when some one, remembering that he was born about the time his daughter Eliza made her appearance upon this sublunary sphere, challenges his vote, saying that he is not of age. More than likely he belongs to a family so numerous that even his parents have forgotten the date of his birth, anyway his father has, and there seems no way to decide it until the old doctor, who has been home after his book while they have been disputing, reads the record of his birth whereby he is proved to be about a month too young. Upon that the defeated side shamefacedly back down.

Finally about the last part in the afternoon, the officers having been chosen and the business transacted, the tide homeward turns. The people at home never need to inquire how the election has gone. The signs of victory or defeat are plainly evident, although a word be not spoken. Yet not always is the required business performed in one day. If there is a "tie" which repeated ballotings fail to untie, the meeting may be adjourned to another day. In the interrening time each one becomes more set in his determination not to allow his party to be beaten, and the next meeting has the same result. Adjournment is again in order. By this time some one loses his interest, other affairs claim the attention of another, or duty calls him away from home, and thus "the third time seldom fails."—*Cor. Portland (Me.) Transcript.*

Division of Time, Sleep, Etc.

Probably no better division of time has ever been made, than that into three equal periods of eight hours each; eight hours being given to business, eight to eating and amusements, and the remaining eight to sleep. The celebrated Alfred divided his time in this way.

I have long thought that the native American requires more sleep than the average European. For myself, I find that nine or ten hours sleep in a single night will cure me of all the trifling maladies with which, from time to time, I may be afflicted. Some extraordinary advice has been given, by certain distinguished persons, with reference to the time devoted to sleep; but each writer falls into the common blunder of applying a rule to all, which he finds good in his own case. Bishop Taylor advises three hours. Wesley suggests six as the least time that will answer. He declares that during his life he never knew any one to retain vigorous health, even for a year, with a less quantity of sleep than six hours and he thought that women required more than men.

Willich advises students to go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise at three or four o'clock in the morning. Not bad on some accounts but liable to injure the eyes.

Excess of sleep is very bad in its influence, produces dullness of mind and body, corpulency, disposition to apoplexy; hence, Galen calls sleep the brother of death, and says nothing is more pernicious when carried to excess.

Thin Yankees should go to bed at nine o'clock, and rise between five and six. I do not mean to say that circumstances may never justify their sitting up till midnight, or later, but I am simply interpreting the voice of physiology. If the average American, with his narrow chest and small vitality would retire at nine o'clock he would live some years longer, and each year would afford him more happiness and ability to work.

But Yankee women most need a change to early hours. Their crazy nerves, neuralgia and other evidences of premature decay would be at once checked, and they would become younger and fairer.

What with tight corsets, pastry, candies, furnace-heat and midnight, Yankee girls begin to fall at twenty, and women are old at forty.—*Dr. Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

—New gold discoveries in Montana have started an immigration of thousands of fortune-seekers thither.

For Young Readers.

HOW BABY GETS OVER THE FLOOR.

How does our baby get over the floor?
Baby is twelve moons old, and more;
Plump and rosy, sturdily goes he,
Now upon two limbs, now upon four;
Now on his knees, and now on his nose, he
Tumbles along from door to door!
Bless the dear heart of him!
Yes, I can get him up,
I can help set him up,
I, with my five good years the start of him!
Shaking his curls, that are just like a girl's,
He says, "No, no; I can; I go!"
And away he starts with a merry crow.

"Never give up!" is the line that he goes to.
"Try again, Baby!" he thinks, when it may be,
Over he rolls from the standing he rose to,
Plump on the floor; but just as happy—
A brave little chap, he
Clings to the carpet with fingers and toes, too,
Bound for the place that he first set his nose to!
Jumping, and stumping, and dumping, and bumping,
Falling, and sprawling, and crawling—not bawling,
Waddling, and toddling, and staying, and swaying,
Starting, and darting, and slacking, and backing,
Contriving, and diving, and driving,
And tripping, and slipping, and tipping,
Heeling, and wheeling, and reeling,
Spreading, and treading, and working, and jerking,
And hopping, and stopping, and dropping,
And tumbling, and fumbling,
And yet never grumbling,
Along more and more, on two, three, or four,
Till he reaches the place that he went to explore—
And this way the baby gets over the floor!
—*George S. Burleigh, in Our Little Ones.*

How Coal was Formed.

The coal fire in the grate sparkled and crackled and sent its sharp-pointed flames up through the dark mass, giving even the smoke a lurid hue.

We all sat gazing into the fire, making fancies and thinking our own thoughts, when Uncle John interrupted the silence by saying:

"And so, at last, this coal fulfills its mission. Perhaps you do not know how coal is formed?"

We all drew our chairs nearer as Julia exclaimed: "Do tell us."

"Well," began Uncle John, stroking his long white beard, "many thousand years ago, in fact, more years than any of you can count even in a whole lifetime, there grew a vast forest. There were no North and South American Continents, nor even an Eastern and Western World. An exceedingly small portion of the globe was land, the rest was a wide sea. In many places the ocean was shallow, and as years went by the sand and drift matter filled up the shallow places, until they became great swamps. In these swamps grew great forests.

"The great amount of carbonic acid gas that mingled with the air, and the high degree of warmth, along with the constant moisture, caused these forests to grow very rapidly. The pine trees grew to immense size; ferns grew as high as trees; and a sort of club moss, that in our forests never grows over three feet high, in those forests grew eighty and ninety feet high.

"Along the damp, warm valley of the Amazon, in South America, and in the tropics, grow our richest and most profuse vegetation, but even that is nothing compared to the ancient forests that grew from the swamps. In these forests the trees and vegetation grew so rapidly that they crowded upon each other. Being too much crowded, much of the vegetation died down as rapidly as it had grown. Thus, year after year, the old forest died down, and above it grew the new, until one forest was piled upon another.

"After thousands of years, gradually, the whole surface of the land began to sink, until the sea once more flowed over the place where forests had grown. And, again, after more thousands of years, the drift matter and sand again filled up the shallow places, and other forests grew in new swamps. As years went by, they, too, were submerged in the sea. This continued for numberless years. Between each layer of decayed forests there was a layer of sand and mud and shells and drift matter that finally hardened into rock, forming the limestone or sandstone that is found in our coal mines. Miners can tell just how many times the coal beds have been submerged by the number of layers of sandstone or limestone.

"Most of the trees of that ancient forest were pine trees. Pine contains tar and pitch and a great deal of resinous matter. Coal also contains tar and pitch and rosin, which it received from the decayed pine. Coal is pure carbon, and is black because carbon is black. All plants contain a great deal of carbonic acid. When plants breathe or decay they give off large quantities of carbonic acid gas, hence, this carbon becomes a part of the coal.

"The constant pressure above, and the water, caused this decaying vegetation to take first the form of peat. Peat is a soft, spongy sort of coal, and it is much used by the poor yeomanry of England and Ireland for their fires. After the peat has lain many thousands of years under great pressure and deeply buried in the dark bosom of the earth, it gradually and slowly hardens into the coal we use in our grate.

"Sometimes, in splitting open a block of coal, you can plainly see the impress of beautiful and perfectly formed leaves, branches and twigs and vines. Our coal is really, then, nothing but a decayed forest. It has only been within the last few years that coal has come into extensive use in Europe and the United States. Not until the timber of the forests was fast disappearing did coal come into demand, and yet it has been stored away in measureless abundance generations before we were born."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

My Rag-Babies.

When I was a little girl, about seven years old, I used to spend a great many happy hours under the table, playing with my rag-babies.

There were not many dolls in those days in the town where I lived, but children did not feel the want of them who had plenty of rag-babies. Every now and then mother made me a new one.

They were very simple. Mother rolled up a piece of white cloth to the right size, sewed the top together to round the head off, tied a thread about the neck to make it slender, and then sewed another roll of cloth, long and thin, tight to the back for arms. There were no feet, but as the dresses were always made to touch the floor, that was no matter.

At one time I was the happy possessor of twelve rag-babies, more or less beautiful. Many of the little girls I played with had rag-babies, too, but mine were thought the prettiest, because, whenever mother made me one, she always took her water-colors and painted a face on it. So mine always had brown hair curling about their foreheads, little eyebrows, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips, and were always smiling.

They all had names, but I can only remember now Susanna and Alice. Susanna was rather large, and had a pink artificial rose sewed on the top of her head, which made her look always dressed for a party.

But Alice was my darling. She was the smallest rag-baby of all, and had the sweetest little face, and a little blue dress. I do believe she would look pretty to me now if I had her back again.

Susie Bradley used to come sometimes with her rag-babies, and we played house on different figures on the carpet. Julia Davitt came, too, but she had a doll, and liked to play queen.

One day they were both at my house, and the Cohen girls came in a little while after because it was wet, and their mother would not let them play out of doors.

"We haven't brought any rag-babies," said Fanny Cohen. "But you'll let us play with yours, won't you, Maidie?"

So I let them each take two of mine to play with, and we had a beautiful time.

Julia took the easy-chair for her house. I had mine under the table, Sadie and Fanny chose figures on the carpet, and Lotty Cohen took the hearth-rug, because her mother had said she must stay where it was warm, for she had a sore throat. I remember she looked pale.

She seemed very fond of the two rag-babies I lent her, and said:

"I never had any so pretty as yours, Maidie."

We went visiting each other, and mother let us have cookies and sliced apples to pass around. My rag-babies appeared to great advantage, and Susanna looked really brilliant with her pink roses on her head.

"I have a rag-baby bigger'n she is, at home," said Fanny, "but I'll change with you if you'll give me Susanna."

But I had seen Fanny's, and I wouldn't change, would you? For a rag-baby with no eyes and mouth, and with finger-marks where her cheeks *was* made out of an old silk apron.

At last the little girls had to go. Julia carried her doll in her arms, and Sadie huddled all her rag-babies into her apron.

"Come along, Lottie," said Fanny Cohen.

Lotty laid down my two rag-babies regretfully, and said:

"I love 'em dearly, and I most hate to leave 'em!"

However she did leave them, and I set up the whole twelve in a row, with Susanna at one end and Alice at the other. And you don't know how cunning and pretty Alice looked.

She had a more timid smile than the others, and her arms kept down, while the rest held theirs straight *out. If I had* known what was going to happen, I should have bid her!

The next morning I was sitting, innocent and unsuspecting, at the window, sewing some patch-work, when Lotty Cohen came in and stood around. She did not want to take her bonnet off, and she seemed to have something on her mind.

"I wasn't very well last night," she said, slowly, after a while, coming nearer to me.

I felt sorry for her, and she looked at me with a hesitating smile.

"I had to take castor-oil," she went on, "and I didn't want to take it, but mother hired me."

"What did she give you?" I asked, with interest.

"Oh, nothing, but she said if I would take it she guessed Maidie Bolles would give me one of her rag-babies, so I took it, and she told me this morning I could come over for the rag-baby."

There was a minute of awkward silence. I did not see then, and I don't see now, what business Mrs. Cohen had to hire her little girl to take bad medicine by promising her one of my rag-babies.

I felt a sort of shyness about objecting, and had a queer feeling that if I did not give Lotty a rag-baby, then her mother would have deceived her, and it would be my fault.

My own mother had gone over to Aunt Ann's on an errand, so there was no one to consult with, and when Lotty said, hopefully:

"May I pick out the one I want now?" it seemed to me that there was no help for it, and I crossed the room with her to where my twelve rag-babies sat in a row. I had so many, surely I could spare her one.

But I thought of course she would pick out one of the two she had loved so dearly the day before. I almost knew which one it would be, the one with the reddest cheeks.

She hesitated, she looked up and down the row. I began to be afraid she would choose Susanna; I never thought of anything worse than that! But she looked up and down, and—she—took—*Alice!*

I remember how badly I felt, and how I never thought of resisting. I suppose I thought I must not. Perhaps I felt it would not be polite.

At all events, she took Alice and went home radiant.

And to this day I am sorry she did it. I don't remember ever caring so much for a rag-baby again.

But I hope she loved it, and played nicely with it. I was afraid she would get finger-marks on it, but perhaps she didn't.

May be you will think this is a ridiculous little story to tell, there are so many things in life to think about besides rag-babies, but my own little girl likes to hear about pink-cheeked Alice, and I have rolled up a piece of cloth—oh, the pretty, simple old fashion!—and painted a little face on it, and made it as near like Alice as I can, for her.—*Mary I. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.*

—An Indianapolis editor says that four glasses of Cincinnati beer will give a man the delirium tremens. Those Indianapolis editors have a way of finding out these things.—*Boston Post.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—In Europe 1,600,000 acres are devoted to beet cultivation.

—To prevent choking, break an egg into a cup and give it to the person choking. The white of the egg seems to lubricate the obstacle and remove it. If one egg is not sufficient try another.

—Never hem a braize or tissue veil with sewing silk; take some of the ravelings of the material, thread a coarse needle with it and hem the veil. The stitches will not show at all if small ones are taken.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Ingrowing Toenails.—Put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heat it very hot. Pour it on the corner of the toe, and the inflammation and granulation will subside, and the parts will become dry and destitute of all feeling. The nail can then be pared away without the least pain.—*Country Gentleman.*

—In speaking of calla lillies many ladies wonder why the leaves persist in dying even when the greatest care is taken with them. The real truth of the matter is that the older leaves of a calla lily always shrivel up as the new ones grow, four leaves being all that are found on the stem at one time.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A good cough mixture.—Take two ounces of balm of gilead buds, the freshest you can procure, and boil them very slowly in a quart of water. Let it simmer down to one pint, then strain it, and add one pound of honey in the comb and the juice of three lemons. Let them all boil together until the wax in the honey is dissolved. This has been known to cure a cough of long standing. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Crooked or broken breast-bones in chickens are caused by perches being placed too high from the ground when the roosting place is of small size. Objections are made to letting chickens roost early, but little harm will come of it if the perches are at a proper height. It is the perpendicular, sudden flight to the ground in a confined space which injures and breaks or bends the tender breast-bone. In limited space, and with chickens brought up in confinement, shelves, sanded and then littered with chopped straw are guards against this evil.—*Chicago Journal.*

—To cure a cow of kicking fasten her up by the head in some manner, then tie a large cord or rope around the body, just back of the fore-legs, and with a stick twist the cord tightly. According to a New York farmer the cow cannot kick when treated in that method. Milk as quickly as possible and remove the cord, as it evidently gives pain. After a few times, according to the same authority, it will be only necessary to slightly tighten the cord, and in a short time the kicking propensity in that animal will disappear.—*Lansing Republican.*

Planting a Forest.

The first, the fundamental point in tree-planting on a large scale, that is, in planting what may be called a forest, is to consider the trees as a crop, like any other crop, only this requires a much longer time than ordinary crops to come to maturity. This will at once put the subject to many if not to most persons in a new aspect. Accepting the idea that trees are to be planted like corn or wheat, as a crop, there follows at once the necessity of care and cultivation and the consideration that these are the conditions of success. We do not expect to harvest an ordinary crop, and one that will yield a satisfactory pecuniary return, without having bestowed upon it care and labor. No more should we look for success in the larger growths of the forest without a corresponding culture. And when we come to look upon the growth of a forest in this light we shall easily, almost inevitably, regard our ordinary native forests, where the trees are simply suffered to grow up in complete neglect, exposed to injury from the intrusions of cattle and from other causes, as at best only a partial utilization of the fields which Nature has provided for our comfort and profit. It is true that trees will grow and come to maturity in rough places and on poor soils, where nothing else will grow or where the cultivation of other crops is impracticable and unprofitable. It is true also that the growth of these great forest-crops, instead of impoverishing, enriches the soil. Hence there is no use of our poor and what we call waste lands; which abound more or less everywhere, at once so economical and profitable as to devote them to the growth of trees. Left to themselves, as our forests and woodlands generally are, they are remunerative. But they might be made much more remunerative. They would be, if, instead of regarding them as one of the accidental products of Nature, we were to regard them as one of our staple crops, something to be managed and cared for by us.—*N. H. Egleston, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Pet Animals and Contagious Diseases.

The fact that pet animals can carry contagion, and thus be the means of spreading fatal diseases, is not widely known nor duly appreciated. We have heard of authentic cases in which scarlet fever was communicated from one person to another by means of a cat. Dr. Hewitt, of Lake Superior, relates a somewhat similar instance in which diphtheria was communicated by the same animal. He had noticed for several days that his pet cat was suffering from an enlargement of the glands of the neck; he also remarked the same in other cats. His cat found a resting-place in the wall behind the stove, and there died. The day the animal was removed diphtheria, in its most violent form, broke out in his family, resulting in the death of two or three of his children, the doctor himself barely escaping with his life. Up to this time the community was remarkably free from sickness of any kind. It was the start of a severe epidemic. We refer to this subject in hopes that more facts bearing upon it may be communicated by our readers. Such facts are at present few, but a little attention paid to the matter would, no doubt, secure much that would be of importance to comparative and to preventive medicine.—*Journal of Comparative Medicine and Medical Record.*

—The late Deacon Thomas Smith of Hartford, left over $400,000 for his family after giving $20,000 to the missionary boards and $10,000 to local charities.—*Detroit Post.*

Mastodontic Remains.

In 1866, while excavating in Cohoes, N. Y., workmen broke into what seemed to be a big pot-hole or well, such as is seen sometimes in the rock bed of rivers. It was full of muck and peaty soil, and at the bottom were found the chief bones of an immense elephant. It was determined that the animal had been washed into the hole when New York State was covered with glaciers hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet thick. That condition of the country can explain the number of pot-holes from ten to sixty feet in depth near the Mohawk River. They were formed by water from the surface of a glacier falling into crevasses and forming cascades, often a thousand feet in height. The Cohoes elephant was half a million years ago, perhaps, entombed in a great mass of moving ice, and when thawed out was washed into the hole in which it was preserved so many years.

In the collection of Rutgers College is a fragment of a tusk that is worn down and polished on one side, showing plainly the peculiar glacial striæ. A tusk in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences shows similar markings. The American elephant was probably exterminated by the glacial drift. A famous place for these elephant remains is the Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky. In Warren County, New Jersey, some farmers, in cutting peat in a bog, found the remains of six animals less than ten feet below the surface. The most perfect specimen was discovered at Newburgh, N. Y. The skeleton is now in the British museum. It is twelve feet in height, and the tusks are ten feet in length. The animal roamed the western parts of the United States and Canada, and along the entire line of the Andes from five degrees north latitude to forty degrees south, and remains have been dug up at Quito, nearly two miles above the level of the sea. Their tusks are often plowed up by farmers in St. Catherines, Canada West, western Ohio, Alabama, Mississippi and Vermont. In Nebraska there was a smaller species. Compared to those animals the elephants of to-day are pigmies. The Newburgh elephant was twenty-five feet in length and more that twelve feet in height, and its feet were two feet across. So perfectly was it preserved that the remains of spruce and hemlock branches that it had eaten were found in the position of the stomach.

Those elephants rarely ranged further north than the latitude of St. Catherines, but beyond this ranged a hairy elephant a third larger and nearly three times as heavy as an elephant of to-day. From the end of the trunk to that of the tail it was thirty-five feet in length. The enormous tusks that reached out in great curves were from ten to sixteen feet in length and thirty inches in circumference at the base.

All along the borders of the Arctic sea the remains of these monsters are found, and within a few months an interesting discovery has been made. A company of men started from Sitka, intending to search for the remains of ancient elephants on account of the ivory. They followed the shores of the Polar sea for two hundred miles without finding a bone or a tusk. When almost discouraged, disheartened and determined to abandon the search, one of the party in crossing a glacier broke through the ice and disappeared. As the mass of ice was more than 1,000 feet thick, he was given up as lost, the nature of the crevasse being well known to the rest. One of the party, however, volunteered to attempt to learn the fate of the man. All the rope and cord in the party was bound together, and the searcher was lowered into the hole. When about one hundred feet down the line slackened and a hail was heard. The searcher was hauled to the surface, and he explained that the crevasse was an enormous room in the glacier, and that the incline was so gradual that with but little work steps could be cut and the bottom reached. The line was made fast, and, armed with axes, five of the party were lowered into the chasm. They found a foothold, and soon reached the bottom, where the body of their comrade lay. He was only stunned, and was soon restored. It was then, their eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, that the nature of their surroundings became apparent. The room was about five hundred feet in circumference. Against the walls of the ice dark, irregular-shaped masses appeared. Each minute they became more distinct, until the men saw high above them the indistinct form of a gigantic animal standing erect in the icy mass. Below it, but further in, and fully inclosed, was another, and in a short time they traced the forms of thirty-five entombed monsters. Some were standing erect on their massive legs, others were lying on their backs as if they had fallen into a crevice and become wedged in, while one huge monster had his head down, with the body thrown over, as if it had fallen headlong into the icy pit. One of the animals was partly thawed out, and the massive head and tusks hung down. From the ponderous trunk depended large icicles, reaching the floor and forming a column for his support. The bodies were entirely covered with a thick, hairy coat resembling jute, but frozen so firmly that it could not be cut. An entire herd had been entrapped in some manner, and was gradually moving in the body of the glacier toward the sea, to be some day cast up on the shore. Not one of the creatures, not even a tusk could be obtained without months of work, and the men reluctantly abandoned them.

Early in the century a fisherman living near the mouth of the Lena river, in Siberia, discovered one of these monsters protuding from an ice cliff on the shores of the sea. The trunk, tusks and head were in full view twenty feet above him. For five consecutive years he visited the spot, and was finally repaid one spring by finding the huge body on the sands below. It had been partly devoured by bears and wolves, and the flesh was so fresh and well preserved that the meat was cut away and given to the dogs. Even the brain and the eyes were well preserved, although, according to geologists, these animals have been dead hundreds of thousands of years. The skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg. About the same time a gigantic hairy rhinoceros was found in the ice, but it was destroyed by bears before it could be saved.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—But very few ever transmit a pedigree in as good order as they receive it.

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

The more that fun is poked at the poke bonnet the more the poke bonnet seems to be poked into public assemblages.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performance." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney-Wort which invariably performs even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver complaint."

Restaurants are using fine shavings for cold slaw, because cabbage is too high.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire a year ago, is rebuilt and full of patients. For "Invalid's Guide Book," giving particulars and terms of treatment, address, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Associat'n, Buffalo, N.Y

Entirely unintentional: Fair umpire at lawn tennis—"Only keep your head, Mr. Jones, and you are sure to have a soft thing." —*Columbia Spectator.*

Eight Hundred Thousand People.

There are already booked for passage to this country in 1882, nearly a half million people, and it is estimated that 800,000 will emigrate from Europe and Canada to the West and Northwest.

In consequence of this vast throng, the "Albert Lea Route," (Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y) has been compelled to put upon its line an additional Fast Express Train, composed of most elegant day and night cars, leaving Chicago at 11 a. m., and reaching Minneapolis early the next morning, in ample time to allow those going to Northern Minnesota, Dakota or Manitoba, to obtain their breakfast and make the connection for all points North or Northwest.

This train is run especially to connect with the new express trains which the Northern Pacific, and St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroads (the latter connecting with the Canadian Pacific at St. Vincent) have just put upon their lines.

The regular evening express train from Chicago, will be run as heretofore, and make the evening connections from Minneapolis for all points in the territory named above.

It is important, and travelers should bear it in mind, that there are no carriage transfers by the "Albert Lea Route," passengers being landed in Union Depots at Minneapolis and St. Paul.

This is the route to travel over *for sure connections, and is the pleasantest and most comfortable line to the Northwest.*

The trains of the "Albert Lea Route" leave Chicago from the depot of the Great Rock Island, the old favorite with travelers destined for Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the Pacific Coast.

Send your address to E. St. John, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, and obtain our new illustrated Western Trail.

"Take back the heart thou gavest." He was a butcher, and she wanted liver. They don't speak now.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir* —I *must* tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly,

Mrs. Cornelia Allison, Peosta, Ia.

Thirty years is said to be the life of a locomotive. Possibly they would live longer if they did not smoke so much.

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly, L. B. McMillan, M. D., Bressport, N.Y.

The palmy days of a boy's life are those in which he gets properly spanked by his mother.

I have the utmost confidence in the mails. Enclose $1 for two boxes, or $2.50 post-office order for six boxes of Celery and Chamomile pills and I will take all risk for money and goods. Dr. C. W. Benson, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Also proprietor of his new remedy and favorite prescription, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, recognized everywhere as the only safe and sure remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

Why is smoke like straws? Because it shows which way the wind blows.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

Oleomargarine, despite its high-sounding name, is butter fraud after all.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Give them one trial and you will always use them.

What kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pasturage.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

"It's no use to feel of me wrist, docther," said Pat, when the physician began tuking his pulse; "the pain is not there, surr; it's in me hid entoirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Boston *Globe* is authority for the statement that a Chicago belle recently found it impossible to disguise herself in male attire because she could not get her feet through the trousers.

A man may under certain circumstances be taken for another and yet not look in the very least like him. "I know I don't resemble him," said a very wise and sad man, "still in an unguarded moment I inclosed the fellow's note, and I was taken for him—by the Sheriff."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mrs. Smith (emphatically)—"Poor Mrs. Siren. They say that she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?" Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."—*Grip.*

Bertha Miller, of New York, aged only sixteen years, has succeeded in swallowing a ten dollar gold piece. Here's your savings-bank, young gentlemen.—*Elmira Free Press.*

An exchange announces a new story, "Written in Blood." If any one sends to this office a story written in blood, it will go into the waste basket instanter. A story written in purple ink is bad enough.—*Detroit Post.*

It does aggravate a man to think that, while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

A printer who has been paying a visit to Constantinople said he knew all about hair-spaces, but that there they had hair-ems. A map of this joke will be furnished on application to our composing room.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Texas paper alleges that Dallas uses 50,000 gallons of water a day. We had no idea there was such an influx of strangers at Dallas. We thought it was only when press conventions were in town that there was such a demand for water.—*Texas Siftings.*

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

The American kiss, it is announced, is to be the subject of a book to be published soon. As Dr. Holmes would say, the shape of the volume should be e-lip-tickle.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

We'd like to be introduced to the man who knew enough to keep happiness when he once got hold of it.—*Boston Star.*

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell bound.

The man with the broadest smile is he who uses Frazer Axle Grease. This is honest.

Sono of the cheese—"Will you love me when I mould?"—*Et. Ry. Journal.*

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

A Good Family Remedy!

STRICTLY PURE,
HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

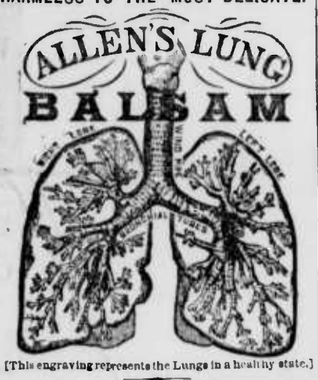

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

A Standard Remedy
IN MANY HOMES.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all other affections of the Throat and LUNGS, it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond competition.

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Consumptive Cases

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

CROUP!

MOTHERS, READ.

MOTHERS will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL! IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM!

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IOWA Rail Road LAND — OVER Half Million ACRES

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To the Consumptive.—Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of it efficacy can be shown. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

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For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

ENGINES (Traction & Portable) for Farm, Saw Mill & Planing Mill use. For prices, etc. write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. ☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

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Now wind up the musical season with the performance of one of our popular Cantatas. Specimen copies promptly mailed for the price here mentioned.

SACRED. Joseph's Bondage ($1.00), Ruth and Naomi ($1.00), Belshazzer ($1), Prodigal Son (25 cents), or the easy Daniel (50 cents), or Esther (30 cents).

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OPERETTAS. Barber of Bath (50 cents), Palomita ($1.25), Robinson-ade (30 cts.), Sleeping Queen (80 cts.), Cups and Saucers (25 cts.), Diamond Cut Diamond ($1.00).

FOR THE YOUNG. Cinderella (60c.) Culprit Fay ($1.00), Dress Rehearsal (50 cts.), Guardian Angel (30 cents), Home in Fairy Land (50 cents), Lesson in Charity (30 cents), Little Bo Beep (60 cents), Quarrel Among Flowers (35 cents), Spring Holiday (60 cents), Three Little Kittens (30 cents), Twin Sisters (30 c).

LIGHT OPERAS. Patience ($1), Mascot (5 c.), Trial By Jury (30 cents), Billee Taylor (50 cents), Little Duke ($1.00), Pinafore (50 cents), Pirates ($1.00).

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

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A NEW DISCOVERY.

☞ For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

☞ But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

☞ And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

☞ BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

☞ If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (46)

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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

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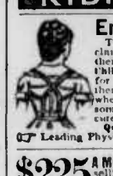

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The Queen City Suspender Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Stocking Supporters for Ladies and Children, and their unequaled Skirt Suspenders for Ladies, and want reliable lady agents to sell them in every household. Our agents everywhere meet with ready success and make handsome salaries. Write at once for terms and secure exclusive territory. Address
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is unfailing and infallible in curing Alcoholism and Opium Eating. To come before the public with an absolute cure or a specific to remove the desire for alcoholic stimulants or the habit of opium eating, seems to many, we have no doubt, an absurdity; such is the case nevertheless, and before offering our medicine to the public we thoroughly convinced ourselves by actual experience that it would do all we claim for it.

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Suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Vigor and Manhood, resulting from Abuses and other causes; or to any person afflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Spinal Difficulties, Lame Back, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Ruptures, and other diseases of the Vital Organs. Speedy relief and complete restoration to health guaranteed. These are the only Electric Appliances that have ever been constructed upon Scientific principles. Their thorough efficacy has been practically proven with the most wonderful success. We have the testimony of thousands who have been quickly and radically cured by their use. All we ask of any person is to give them a trial for 60 days and be convinced.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED! Essay Free. Also, just published, *The Morphine User*; 200 pp.; $1.00. Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., Dwight, Ill., U. S. A.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or send by mail for 25c. C. E. Hires, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Phila.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. B. C. Stanni, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

[Continued from 1st page.]

and corn, and a decrease in tobacco are reported. A good crop of fruit is expected.

New York.—Winter wheat will show a short crop. More oats and about the same barley have been planted. Dairy industry is extending. Hops have been injured 10 per cent. The Hudson valley peach crop is a failure; other fruits, except cherries, promise well.

North Carolina.—The cotton, with the use of fertilizers, will probably be an average crop. There is a large increase in the area devoted to corn. The rice acreage has been doubled. Fruit prospects are good.

Ohio.—Injury to winter wheat, despite increased acreage, will prevent more than an average crop. Oats and potatoes show some increase. Meadows have been injured. Dairy and fruit interests look well.

Oregon.—Fall wheat averages better than 1881. Spring wheat and oats will be about the same. The sheep increase is large. Railroad construction is increasing the general acreage.

Pennsylvania. — Notwithstanding an increase in general acreage it is believed that grain and hay will not give average returns. Corn, oats, potatoes and tobacco are more extensively planted.

Rhode Island.—Corn and potatoes show an increase in acreage. Grass is looking well. Farm labor is scarce.

South Carolina.—Cotton looks well, with a slightly diminished acreage. Winter wheat and oats show a very large increase. Rice promises not more than half the usual crop.

Tennessee.—The planting of cotton is increasing. The prospects of winter wheat are endangered by fire and rust. Fruit prospects are flattering. Grass is above the average.

Texas.—Wheat promises a yield over that of last year. Corn and oats look well, and the acreage has been extended. Cotton is in good condition. Stock-raising interests are prosperous.

Utah.—Spring wheat, oats and barley are in prime condition, with 10 per cent. more acreage. Corn and potatoes will be largely planted. Fruit was never more promising.

Vermont.—Grass, potatoes, oats and corn will probably show an increased acreage. The dairy industry is growing. The maple sugar crop has fallen off one-third.

Virginia.—Tobacco is promising; there may be a slight decrease from the average. Winter wheat and oats will be about as last year. The corn acreage is smaller. Fruits have been damaged in some sections. Labor is scarce.

Washington.—The acreage of wheat is increasing and a large yield is expected. Oat production promises well. Hop growing is increasing.

West Virginia. — Winter wheat, with the same acreage, will show double the yield of 1881. Corn and oats are more generally planted. Fruits have been much damaged.

Wisconsin.—This State is losing ground as a wheat producer. Barley is the main crop this year, and a very large crop is expected. Spring wheat shows some increase, with good prospects. Stock raising is attracting attention.

Wyoming. — Emigration has increased the area devoted to spring wheat, rye and barley. The mild winter favored cattle, and a large increase in the herds is reported.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
&
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Fade.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

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"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

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AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

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A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

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A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutts store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
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☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner,

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for Instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Monday, May 15th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. BOSLEY,
Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00 Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the Cash.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Machine by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,

JAS. A. HAYDEN.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

42tf DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebarver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Harizel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES, *Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.*

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cortoney and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
A. FAIRALL.
4 15 5

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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[*Continued from 1st page.*]

and corn, and a decrease in tobacco are reported. A good crop of fruit is expected.

New York.—Winter wheat will show a short crop. More oats and about the same barley have been planted. Dairy industry is extending. Hops have been injured 10 per cent. The Hudson valley peach crop is a failure; other fruits, except cheirries, promise well.

North Carolina.—The cotton, with the use of fertilizers, will probably be an average crop. There is a large increase in the area devoted to corn. The rice acreage has been doubled. Fruit prospects are good.

Ohio.—Injury to winter wheat, despite increased acreage, will prevent more than an average crop. Oats and potatoes show some increase. Meadows have been injured. Dairy and fruit interests look well.

Oregon.—Fall wheat averages better than 1881. Spring wheat and oats will be about the same. The sheep increase is large. Railroad construction is increasing the general acreage.

Pennsylvania. — Notwithstanding an increase in general acreage it is believed that grain and hay will not give average returns. Corn, oats, potatoes and tobacco are more extensively planted.

Rhode Island.—Corn and potatoes show an increase in acreage. Grass is looking well. Farm labor is scarce.

South Carolina.—Cotton looks well, with a slightly diminished acreage. Winter wheat and oats show a very large increase. Rice promises not more than half the usual crop.

Tennessee.—The planting of cotton is increasing. The prospects of winter wheat are endangered by fire and rust. Fruit prospects are flattering. Grass is above the average.

Texas.—Wheat promises a yield over that of last year. Corn and oats look well, and the acreage has been extended. Cotton is in good condition. Stock-raising interests are prosperous.

Utah.—Spring wheat, oats and barley are in prime condition, with 10 per cent. more acreage. Corn and potatoes will be largely planted. Fruit was never more promising.

Vermont.—Grass, potatoes, oats and corn will probably show an increased acreage. The dairy industry is growing. The maple sugar crop has fallen off one-third.

Virginia.—Tobacco is promising; there may be a slight decrease from the average. Winter wheat and oats will be about as last year. The corn acreage is smaller. Fruits have been damaged in some sections. Labor is scarce.

Washington.—The acreage of wheat is increasing and a large yield is expected. Oat production promises well. Hop growing is increasing.

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$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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July 8-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investi- apr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

MEAT MARKET.

H. B. WOLFE,
Formerly of Cumberland, Md.,

Takes this mode of announcing to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity that he has permanently located in Oakland for the purpose of carrying on the

BUTCHERING BUSINESS

in a first-class manner.

FRESH BEEF, (stall-fed,) MUTTON, PORK, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PORK SAUSAGE, &c., at all times.

☞ Shop near the Post Office.

Customers can get what they want without delay and at any hour of the day.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

n2 H. B. WOLFE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1865.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by P. Hamill and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Monday, May 15th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED.
P. HAMILL,
GEO. L. BOSLEY.
Examiners.
4 15 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$60

FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK!

There are a number of families in this county who are taking no county paper, and in order to give them an opportunity to secure one of the best county papers in the State, we will make the following offer:

For ONE HUNDRED CASH Subscribers we will give a NEW

$60.00
Singer Sewing Machine,

under the following conditions:

1. There must be ONE HUNDRED NEW Subscribers, each subscription to be accompanied with the CASH.

2. The person sending us the greatest number of the one hundred will receive the machine, to be delivered at Mr. Slonaker's rooms in Oakland.

3. This offer is good until the 15th day of May, 1882.

This Machine is so well known throughout the country, that it is needless for us to say anything as to its merits.

YOUNG LADIES!

Now is the time to get a first class Sewing Machine by a few hours' canvassing. Don't think that it is no use for you to try, but start out with a determination to win, and the prize will be yours.

Send in the names as you receive them, and if the hundred names are not secured, we will refund, AS A COMMISSION, to the one sending the largest number of names

25 PER CENT.

of the amount sent us; to the second largest number, 15 per cent., and to the third, 10 per cent.

Address,
JAS. A. HAYDEN.
EDITOR REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
4 2 tf DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,
Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES, *Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.*

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. CORMANY,
A. FAIRALL.
4 15 5

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

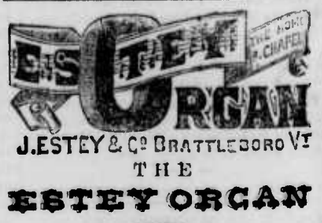

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882. NUMBER 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 12 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by John Brenneman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, May 30th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

NIMROD SLOFFERTY,
CHRISTIAN BEITZELL,
JOHN HARNED
Examiners.

4 29 5

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Basic Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the finest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through, which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
ELIAS MERRILL,
JOSEPH INSKEEP,
Examiners.

5 6 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER Is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before.* Every family should have a bottle *ready for use.* Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines,* it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

"For Sick Stomach, bad taste, sinking spells and habitation, rely wholly on PERUNA." [illegible]

"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PERUNA. It never fails."

"For Cramp of the Stomach or Colic, PERUNA in large doses is unfailing."

"Those in literary, professional or commercial pursuits, need PERUNA."

"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."

Read and study our book on the "Ills of Life;" tell us its teachings and be happy.

"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, take PERUNA before each meal."

"For Chronic Catarrh, Nervous Debility, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA."

Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Diseases of Life." S. B. Dartman & Co., Osborn, Ohio, proprietors.

For Constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by E. E. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"Father, can you spare me a little money?"

Hetty Merton spoke in a deprecating, pleading tone, as if asking a wonderful boon. It was at least an unusual request, for farmer Merton laid down his paper, and looked at her in amazement over the rim of his spectacles."

"Money!" he replied; "what for?"

"Yes," her lips quivering in spite of all her assumed bravery, "to buy a new dress, I have nothing really decent, and I wanted it for cousin Jennie's party. I will get something serviceable, please, father."

"Hum! I need all my money to buy bread and meat and necessaries; new frocks for parties are not down in the list," and he took up his hat and strode away.

"Oh dear! Mother it is just too bad. My old dress is so shabby, and, —and am I never to have anything new like other girls?" and again she buried her face in her gingham apron and sobbed bitterly.

"Couldn't you alter my grey silk so it would answer?"

"Your grey silk! with a look of disgust; "and besides it's the only respectable dress you possess!"

"Mother," with red cheeks and bright, indignant eyes, "are we so poverty-stricken as father pretends?"

"Well—I don't know," said loyal, tender-hearted Mrs. Merton. "There's that bill of Roger's due this summer, and the crops last year, father says, weren't over good."

"Nonsense! The crops were fine, and the bill of Roger's is by no means any reason why we should be shabbily dressed the remainder of our natural lives. "It's what you call father's "thrift," but what our neighbor's name stinginess. However, I suppose I'll have to give up the party. Oh, dear! If I only had some way of earning the money myself."

"Hetty" said her mother, in a serious voice, "there are the strawberries, that father says don't pay to gather, and refuses to do anything with them this year. We cannot possibly use them all; if you can sell them you are welcome to them, dear and Tom can help you gather and dispose of them."

"Oh, mother! the very thing! How fortunate you thought of them."

And pretty little Hetty hastily put on a light print dress, tied on a neat white sun-bonnet and called to her fourteen-year old brother, who was weeding in the garden, and revealed her plan to him and asked his assistance.

"Good for you, sis!" he explained, tossing a stone after a refractory chicken. "Yes, I'll help, and I say why not sell them to the squire?"

Hetty started, the sweet rose color deepening in her cheeks. The squire was a rich new landlord of Cloverdeen, the finest place in all that country round, and said to be very handsome and immensely wealthy, and foolish little Hetty had cherished some romantic notions in regard to him although they had never met but Tom's advice put them all to flight.

"Yes," she thought, closing her red lips firmly, "why need I care. His money will be as good as any ones."

It was a very beautiful mansion that she paused before and regarded with doubtful trembling heart, yet passed on up the graveled carriage way, wise enough to go to the back door.

A portly-looking lady, in black silk and gold earrings, looking up from an account book she was glancing over, the maid ushered her into the housekeeper's room.

"Well," said that lady interrogatively.

"I—we have some fine strawberries to sell. Do you care to buy any?"

And the upshot of the matter was, Hetty went home with a light heart, for the housekeeper at Cloverdeen had promised to take all her fruit at an excellent price.

It was hard work picking them in the hot dewy mornings, and not altogether pleasant carrying them over the field every day to Cloverdeen, but Tom proved a valuable assistant, and the work progressed smothly until one day as Hetty was passing out of the squire's grounds, she was met by a handsome dark-eyed young gentlemen, riding a superb and highly mettled black horse, that shield aside at the flutter of her bonnet so violently and suddenly as to fling his rider to the ground.

"Oh!" cried Hetty, wild with fright running toward him. "Are you hurt? Oh, I hope you are not harmed!"

"No," said he slowly, "I believe not, only my shoulder has received a bad wrench."

Down from the house hastened anxious friends, while Hetty took up her basket and went on her homeward way, her mind still seeing that handsome, intellectual face, and the dark, gentle, penetrating eyes.

"Hetty," said her father one day, "Sister Mary met me at Fairfield last night, and seemed anxious about your coming to Jennie's party. So if you want that dress, I suppose you had better get it. Here's the money."

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, greatly amazed. "Why, I—oh, thank you, father, if you really mean it," she slipped up behind him and dropped a light kiss on the top of his bald head.

"My Hetty's the handsomest of the two," thought the old farmer. Yes, she the handsomest lass in all Loamshire, for that matter. Supposing I give her a chance to show the folks what she can do, just as a little surprise."

"Get something handsome," he said. "I don't know much about women's fal-lals and such like; but have it made in town all right, and if that ain't enough you shall have still more."

"Oh, father, how good you are; I think this will be sufficient," said modest Hetty.

That morning, entering the shaded grounds of Cloverdeen with her last basketful of fruit, she came directly upon the young gentleman she had seen so ignominiously thrown.

"Ah," said he with a smile of delighted recognition, lifting his hat gallantly, and extending his white hand for her basket. "It's our good little fairy, who has been bringing us such delicious strawberries. Permit me, please."

And notwithstanding her embarrassing protest, he took the basket of fruit and, walking beside her, talked so pleasantly on various subjects, that she almost forgot that to him she was only the little strawberry girl.

"Mr. Carleton! Mr. Carleton!" called out a young voice from the veranda, as they passed.

"Yes, I'll return immediately," he answered, and Hetty was conscious of a beautiful lady in trailing silk, who was regarding them curiously; also that her new acquaintance was the owner of Cloverdeen.

He was in no haste to leave her and her blushes grew deeper and deeper as she thought of her cheap dress and berry-stained hands, and she was glad when he left her at the gate with a graceful bow, and smile, and *au revoir.*

"We shall not meet again in this way," she thought. "Oh, I am so thankful he don't even know my name."

The night of the party—which was to celebrate cousin Jennie's nineteenth birthday—arrived, and the large, fine farmhouse was a scene of gaiety and happy faces. Jennie attired in her new silk looked exceedingly pretty, but the sensation of the evening was beautiful little Hetty Merton, clad in a dress of fleecy white, exquisitely made, looped and adorned with pink moss rosebuds.

Her father was her escort, and enjoyed the admiration she was receiving to the utmost.

"Prettiest lass here, and best dressed. Well, I'd like to know who can better afford it, anyway?" and he chuckled to himself, thinking of his bank account and his two fine farms. "There's that young Carleton the girls have been setting their caps for. Ah, and it's Hetty he's looking at so surprised like."

Yes, it was true; the young squire was regarding beautiful Hetty in surprise and amazement.

"Why upon my word, it's none other than my charming little berry girl! But what means this transformation? To-night she would grace a queen's drawing room! I'll be introduced and fathom the mystery."

And he was, and found pretty, modest Hetty a rare and lovely woman, but it was a long time before he could discover why she sold strawberries. When she had promised to be Mrs. Carleton, she acknowledged her sore need of money at that time, even in her old father's presence, who, being altogether satisfied with his future son-in-law, now gave her no cause to plead for a little money.

"I was most too close," he said, "but after all, that five pounds was a good investment."

And the young squire laughed and said: "Yes, indeed—to me?"

The Love of Christ.

"The love of Christ constraineth us." Here is a declaration of power, and of the principles that underlie his power. Here is the setting forth of the mighty motive that impelled, and the reason why that motive was so powerful. Here is a "fact" and a "because." "The love of Christ constraineth us"—that is the fact; and the because is here—"We thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." Here is a power, then, and a principle. The power is the love of Christ. "The love of God constraineth us" is the power, and that word "constraineth" may mean, and does mean, three things. In the original it means to hold—to hold together, and it means also to impel. The power of the love of Christ is the grappling force, first of all. You notice that there is a mighty difference between getting hold of a thought or of a thing, and having the thought or the thing get hold of you. Every preacher understands the difference. Paul gives us a cue to the real meaning of the text when he says that in his personal experience and in his ministry he strove to apprehend and lay hold of that for which the Lord laid hold of him. The Lord, in his love, lays hold upon us; and very beautifully was this put by an old contraband, for so they called them during the war, whom I met with when doing service in the Christian Commission in Virginia. The white-headed black man came to me, and I asked him of his State. He said he was a Christian, and had been for fifty years, and I said to him, "Having held to it so long, I should think you would feel quite confident of holding out to the end." "But, master," he answered, "it is not my holding out, but the Lord's holding out, that I trust in. I am getting old and trembling, and if it had been simply my holding on to him, some time I might have let go, and be lost. It was not my hand holding on to his, but his hand holding on to mine, that saved me; for he said, 'They shall never pluck them out of my hand.'"

It is the Lord in his love that gets hold of us. There is nothing that has such a grip as the love of Christ to rescue a man from the depths of ruin, from the jaws of death, from the gates of hell. A man whose body is debauched, whose reason is dethroned, in a sense, whose conscience is seared, upon whom even the voice of earthly love proves unavailing; a man who has gone down even the third time; a man who seems lost to honor, shame —the love of Christ can get hold even of such a man, and surely, and set him on his feet and make a man of him again. You have seen it; you have realized it in your own experience, some of you. The love of Christ not only has power thus to lay hold of a man, but to hold him together; first of all to hold together the faculties of one's own soul,—*Dr. P. S. Henson.*

Tyndall on Consumption.

Professor John Tyndall, the noted scientist, has written a letter to the London *Times* which is of serious public import. It is on a series of investigations which he and a brother scientist, Dr. Koch, have been making on the cause of consumption of the lungs and cognate diseases of the liver and spleen. He finds that this deadliest of all diseases is caused by the presence in the blood of a living parasite analagous to that which is developed in intermittent and other fevers. In the centre of the tubercle cell is the microscopic organism which has created it. The tubercle is, in fact, infested with rod-shaped parasites which do not depend upon any virus imbedded in the diseased organ. Dr. Koch, having discovered these organisms, cultivated them artificially, and after developing several generations of them without the intervention of disease, introduced them into the blood of healthy guinea-pigs, cats, rabbits and other animals. The result in every case was the reproduction of the parasite and the rapid development of tubercular disease. This was a practical demonstration of his theory that tubercular disease is due to the presence and reproduction of the bacillus, and that the parasite does not depend on a diseased condition of the organ. It is the possibility of converting the occupant of a tubercle cell into a prophylactic or preventive agent that lends importance to these interesting experiments. This possibility is not outlined in Professor Tyndall's letter, but this possibility is set forth as the hoped-for result of the investigations.

English Liquor Legislation.

In an article recently published by Prof. T. W. Dwight of the Columbia College Law School, on this subject, the author furnished the results of his studies of the English statistics from 1266 down to the present. He deduces the following conclusions from these:

1. There is an inherent infirmity in the license system. It admits the propriety of sale; but confines it to a few, who have the means to pay for the privilege. Those who are not licensed regard their own sales as a mere breach of a positive rule, without any element of immortality. They will pay the fine, if detected; but they know very well that this is a trifling risk, easily made up by the dilution or adulteration of their stock in trade.

2. Those who are not licensed do not confine their sales to moderate amounts. Their self-interests or greed stimulates them to adopt the ordinary rule prevailing between buyer and seller—that is, to sell *all* that the purchaser desires to buy, without reference to any inquiry as to the use he will make of his purchase.

3. The gaming-house has a historical alliance with the retail liquor-house.

4. All the evils of the license system apply with the same force to the sale of fermented as of distilled liquor.

5. The law of hereditary so far prevails as to develop a class in the community that will take either kind of liquor to excess, if they have an opportunity. These persons are really the wards of the more sober and self-contained people. They will not, perhaps cannot, restrain themselves. They need to be fortified by the restraints of legislation, in the same way as spendthrifts or seamen. They cannot be easily identified and separated as the classes named; but still they exist.

6. The only restrictions upon the use of liquor, practically available as a protection to such persons, *are in the nature of prohibition*, an example of which is in heavy exercise or import duties; so enhancing the price of liquors as to withdraw them as much as possible from the reach of the classes needing to be cared for.

7. Such laws are not be branded as sumptuary laws, since their object is not to prescribe arbitrary rules, of personal expenditure; but to protect and save society, or, in the language of the old English Statute, "to promote the health, sobriety, and industry of society."

Cutting the Key Log.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key log," that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experienced "steam driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up stream that there is a "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" increasing in strength. The "key log" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crush, you will see that unless the axeman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men ready to volunteer, for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery. The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some 20 years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades, and quietly walked out on the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber. There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log, one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axeman; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall to all appearances on the axeman. Like many others I helped haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe.—*The Field.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

Outside it was dreary and cold and wet,
Inside on the hearth was the bright wood fire,
And Larry lounged happily in its glow
And talked of his farm and the men to hire;
Of the seed and soil and the planting days,
Of his boys and girls and their pleasant ways;

While low in her rocking chair by his side
Their mother sat sewing with busy skill:
There were stockings and coats and frocks to mend,
But her needle worked with a right good will
Till some one knocked at the door and then
Her parlor was crowded with eager men.

"They wanted Larry—he must not refuse—
'The Party' on every good man had a claim,
And the club had got most important news,
Which they must discuss or be much to blame."
And, indeed, a stranger might well have thought
That the country had been both sold and bought.

Then Larry stood up with an anxious look,
But Lizzie said: "What is it all about?
For you see, good friends, 'tis a bitter night,
And husbands are far better in than out."
"Well Mistress, you can't understand the case,
But we want the right man in the right place."

Then Lizzie looked up with a gracious smile—
"I agree with you, friends, and I'll tell you why;
'Tis a principle full of rare good sense,
And exactly suits both Larry and I,
Only this is the way I state the case:
The right man, Misters, *in the right place*
Is a husband at home in the evening!"

They bowed to the wife with a candid smile,
And one of them answered: "Men never would roam
If all of us had such a pleasant wife,
If all of us had such a cheerful home,
And Larry would be neither happy nor right,
If he left his wife and his home to-night."

And then when the house was quiet again
Larry stooped low to his wife's pretty face:
"Dear little woman, so wise and so true,
You have made out a most excellent case;
There's daytime for duty of every kind,
And you may be sure you will always find
Your husband at home in the evening!"
—*Lillie E. Barr, in Our Continent.*

THE TRANSFERRED GHOST.

The country residence of Mr. John Hinckman was a delightful place to me for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality. It had broad, smooth-shaven lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on; there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks and fishing. These were great attractions, but none of them, nor all of them together would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long. I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry and the sun was not too hot, and there was but little wind, there strolled beneath the lofty elms, or passed lightly through the bosky shades, the form of my Madeline.

This lady was not, in very truth, my Madeline. She had never given herself to me, nor had I, in any way, acquired possession of her. But as I considered her possession the only sufficient reason for the continuance of my existence, I called her, in my reveries, mine. It may have been that I would not have been obliged to confine the use of this possessive pronoun to my reveries had I confessed the state of my feelings to the lady.

But this was an unusually difficult thing to do. Not only did I dread, as almost all lovers dread, taking the step which would in an instant put an end to that delightful season which may be termed the ante-interrogatory period of love, and which might at the same time terminate all intercourse or connection with the object of my passion; but I was, also, dreadfully afraid of John Hinckman. This gentleman was a good friend of mine, but it would have required a bolder man than I was at that time to ask him for the gift of his niece, who was the head of his household, and, according to his own frequent statement, the main prop of his declining years. Had Madeline acquiesced in my general views on the subject, I might have felt encouraged to open the matter to Mr. Hinckman, but, as I said before, I had never asked her whether or not she would be mine. I thought of these things at all hours of the day and night, particularly the latter.

I was lying awake one night, in the great bed in my spacious chamber, when, by the dim light of the new moon, which partially filled the room, I saw John Hinckman standing by a large chair near the door. I was very much surprised at this for two reasons. In the first place, my host had never before come in to my room, and, in the second place, he had gone from home that morning, and had not expected to return for several days. It was for this reason that I had been able that evening to sit much later than usual with Madeline on the moonlit porch. The figure was exactly that of John Hinckman in his ordinary dress, but there was a vagueness and indistinctness about it which presently assured me that it was a ghost. Had the good old man been murdered, and had his spirit come to tell me of the deed, and to confide to me the protection of his dear ——? My heart fluttered at what I was about to think, but at this instant the figure spoke.

"I do you know," he said, with a countenance that indicated anxiety, "if Mr. Hinckman will return to-night?"

I thought it well to maintain a calm exterior, and I answered:

"We do not expect him."

"I am glad of that," said he, sinking into the chair by which he stood. "During the two years and a half that I have inhabited this house, that man has never before been away for a single night. You can't imagine the relief it gives me."

And as he spoke he stretched out his legs and leaned back in the chair. His form became less vague, and the colors of his garments more distinct and evident, while an expression of gratified relief succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance.

"Two years and a half!" I exclaimed. "I don't understand you."

"It is fully that length of time, said the ghost, "since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case. But before I say anything more about it, let me ask you again if you are sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night?"

"I am as sure of it as I can be of anything," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman should come in and catch me here, I should be frightened out of my wits."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?"

This was a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear.

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him. It is a strange story, and, I truly believe, without precedent. Two years and a half ago, John Hinckman was dangerously ill in this very room. At one time he was so far gone that he was really believed to be dead. It was in consequence of too precipitate a report in regard to this matter that I was at that time appointed to be his ghost. Imagine my surprise and horror, sir, when, after I had accepted the position and assumed its responsibilities, that old man revived, became convalescent, and eventually regained his usual health. My situation was now one of extreme delicacy and embarrassment. I had no power to return to my original disembodiment, and I had no right to be the ghost of a man who was not dead. I was advised by my friends to quietly maintain my position, and was assured that, as John Hinckman was an elderly man, it could not be long before I could rightfully assume the position for which I had been selected. But I tell you sir," he continued, with animation, "the old fellow seems as vigorous as ever, and I have no idea how much longer this annoying state of things will continue. I spend my time trying to get out of that old man's way. I must not leave this house, and he seems to follow me everywhere. I tell you, sir, he haunts me."

"That is truly a queer state of things," I remarked. "But why are you afraid of him? He couldn't hurt you."

"Of course he couldn't," said the ghost. "But his very presence is a shock and terror to me. Imagine, sir, how you would feel if my case were yours."

I could not imagine such a thing at all. I simply shuddered.

"And if one must be a wrongful ghost at all," the apparition continued, "it would be much pleasanter to be the ghost of some man other than John Hinckman. There is in him an irascibility of temper, accompanied by a facility of invective, which is seldom met with. And what would happen if he were to see me, and find out, as I am sure he would, how long and why I had inhabited his house, I can scarcely conceive. I have seen him in his bursts of passion, and although he did not hurt the people he stormed at any more than he would hurt me, they seemed to shrink before him."

All this I knew to be very true. Had it not been for this peculiarity of Mr. Hinckman, I might have been more willing to talk to him about his niece.

"I feel sorry for you," I said, for I really began to have a sympathetic feeling toward this unfortunate apparition. "Your case is, indeed, a hard one. It reminds me of those persons who have had doubles, and I suppose a man would often be very angry, indeed, when he found that there was another being who was personating himself."

"O, the cases are not similar at all," said the ghost. A double or doppelganger lives on the earth like a man, and, being exactly like him, he makes him all sorts of trouble, of course. It is very different with me. I am not here to live with Mr. Hinckman. I am here to take his place. Now, it would make John Hinckman very angry if he knew that. Don't you know it would?"

I assented promptly.

"Now that he is away I can be easy for a little while," continued the ghost, "and I am so glad to have an opportunity of talking to you. I have frequently come into your room, and watched you while you slept, but did not dare to speak to you for fear that if you talked with me Mr. Hinckman would hear you, and come into the room to know why you were talking to yourself."

"But would he not hear you?" I asked.

"O, no," said the other, "there are times when any one may see me, but no one hears me except the person to whom I address myself."

"But why did you wish to speak to me?" I asked.

"Because," replied the ghost," I like occasionally to talk to people, and especially to some one like yourself, whose mind is so troubled and perturbed that you are not likely to be frightened by a visit from one of us. But I particularly wanted to ask you to do me a favor. There is every probability, so far as I can see, that John Hinckman will live a long time, and my situation is becoming insupportable. My great object at present is to get myself transferred, and I think that you may, perhaps, be of use to me."

"Transferred!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I mean," said the other, "is this: Now that I have started on my career I have got to be the ghost of somebody; and I want to be the ghost of a man who is really dead."

"I should think that would be easy enough," I said. "Opportunities must continually occur."

"Not at all! not at all!" said my companion, quickly. "You have no idea what a rush and pressure there is for situations of this kind. Whenever a vacancy occurs, if I may express myself in that way, there are crowds of applications for the ghost-ship."

"I had no idea that such a state of things existed," I said, becoming quite interested in the matter. "There ought to be some regular system, or order of precedence, by which you could all take your turns like customers in a barber's shop."

"O dear, that would never do at all!" said the other. "Some of us would have to wait forever. There is always a great rush whenever a good ghostship offers itself—while, as you know, there are some positions that no one would care for. And it was in consequence of my being in too great a hurry on an occasion of the kind that I got myself into my present disagreeable predicament, and I have thought that it might be possible that you would help me out of it. You might know of a case where an opportunity for a ghostship was not generally expected, but which might present itself at any moment. If you would give me a short notice I know I could arrange for a transfer."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "Do you want me to commit suicide? Or to undertake a murder for your benefit?"

"O, no, no, no!" said the other, with a vapory smile. "I mean nothing of that kind. To be sure, there are lovers who are watched with considerable interest, such persons having been known, in moments of depression, to offer very desirable ghostships, but I did not think of anything of that kind in connection with you. You were the only person I cared to speak to, and I hoped that you might give me some information that would be of use; and, in return, I shall be very glad to help you in your love affair."

"You seem to know that I have such an affair," I said.

"O, yes," replied the other, with a little yawn. "I could not be here so much as I have been without knowing all about that."

There was something horrible in the idea of Madeline and myself having been watched by a ghost, even, perhaps, when we wandered together in the most delightful and lonely places. But then, this was quite an exceptional ghost, and I could no have the objections to him which would ordinarily arise in regard to beings of his class.

"I must go now," said the ghost, rising, "but I will see you somewhere to-morrow night. And remember—you help me and I'll help you."

I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline any thing about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr. Hinckman would absent himself, for a day at least, from the premises. In such case I thought I might more easily nerve myself up to the point of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future collateral existence, and, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel ready to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me!

I had an idea, however, that the lady thought that, if I were going to speak at all, this was the time. She must have known that certain sentiments were afloat within me, and she was not unreasonable in her wish to see the matter settled one way or the other. But I did not feel like taking a bold step in the dark. If she wished me to ask her to give herself to me, she ought to offer me some reason to suppose that she would make the gift. If I saw no probability of such generosity, I would prefer that things should remain as they were.

That evening I was sitting with Madeline in the moonlit porch. It was nearly ten o'clock, and ever since supper-time I had been working myself up to the point of making an avowal of my sentiments. I had not positively determined to do this, but wished gradually to reach the proper point, when, if the prospect looked bright, I might speak. My companion appeared to understand the situation—at least, I imagined that the nearer I came to a proposal the more she seemed to expect it. It was certainly a very critical and important epoch in my life. If I spoke, I should make myself happy or miserable forever, and if I did not speak I had every reason to believe that the lady would not give me another chance to do so.

Sitting thus with Madeline, talking a little, and thinking very hard over these momentous matters, I looked up and saw the ghost, not a dozen feet away from us. He was sitting on the railing of the porch, one leg thrown up before him, the other dangling down as he leaned against a post. He was behind Madeline, but almost in front of me, as I sat facing the lady. It was fortunate that Madeline was looking out over the landscape, for I must have appeared very much startled. The ghost had told me that he would see me some time this night, but I did not think he would make his appearance when I was in the company of Madeline. If she should see the spirit of her uncle, I could not answer for the consequences. I made no exclamation, but the ghost evidently saw that I was troubled.

"Don't be afraid," he said—"I shall not let her see me; and she cannot hear me speak unless I address myself to her, which I do not intend to do."

I supposed I looked grateful.

"So you need not trouble yourself about that," the ghost continued; but it seems to me that you are not getting along very well with your affair. If I were you I should speak out without waiting any longer. You will never have a better chance. You are not likely to be interrupted; and, so far as I can judge, the lady seems disposed to listen to you favorably; that is, if she ever intends to do so. There is no knowing when John Hinckman will go away again; certainly not this summer. If I were in your place, I should never dare to make love to Hinckman's niece if he were anywhere about the place. If he should catch any one offering himself to Miss Madeline, he would then be a terrible man to encounter."

I agreed perfectly to all this.

"I cannot bear to think of him!" I ejaculated aloud.

"Think of whom?" asked Madeline, turning quickly toward me.

Here was an awkward situation. The long speech of the ghost, to which Madeline paid no attention, but which I heard with perfect distinctness, had made me forget myself.

It was necessary to explain quickly. Of course, it would not do to admit that it was of her dear uncle that I was speaking; and so I mentioned hastily the first name I thought of.

"Mr. Vilars," I said.

This statement was entirely correct, for I never could bear to think of Mr. Vilars, who was a gentleman who had, at various times, paid much attention to Madeline.

"It is wrong for you to speak in that way of Mr. Vilars," she said. "He is a remarkably well educated and sensible young man, and has very pleasant manners. He expects to be elected to the legislature this fall, and I should not be surprised if he made his mark. He will do well in a legislative body, for whenever Mr. Vilars has anything to say he knows just how and when to say it."

This was spoken very quietly, and without any show of resentment, which was all very natural, for if Madeline thought at all favorably of me she could not feel displeased that I should have disagreeable emotions in regard to a possible rival. The concluding words contained a hint which I was not slow to understand. I felt very sure that if Mr. Vilars were in my present position he would speak quickly enough.

"I know it is wrong to have such ideas about a person," I said, "but I cannot help it."

The lady did not chide me, and after this she seemed even in a softer mood. As for me, I felt considerably annoyed, for I had not wished to admit that any thought of Mr. Vilars had ever occupied my mind.

"You should not speak aloud that way," said the ghost, "or you may get yourself into trouble. I want to see everything go well with you, because then you may be disposed to help me, especially if I should chance to be of any assistance to you, which I hope I shall be."

I longed to tell him that there was no way in which he could help me so much as by taking his instant departure. To make love to a young lady with a ghost sitting on the railing near by, and that ghost the apparition of a much-dreaded uncle, the very idea of whom in such a position and at such a time made me tremble, was a difficult, if not an impossible, thing to do; but I forbore to speak, although I may have looked my mind.

"I suppose," continued the ghost, "that you have not heard anything that might be of advantage to me. Of course, I am very anxious to hear, but if you have anything to tell me, I can wait until you are alone. I will come to you to-night in your room, or I will stay here until the lady goes away."

"You need not wait here," I said; "I have nothing at all to say to you."

Madeline sprang to her feet, her face flushed and her eyes ablaze.

"Wait here!" she cried. "What do you suppose I am waiting for? Nothing to say to me, indeed!—I should think so! What should you have to say to me?"

"Madeline," I exclaimed, stepping toward her, "let me explain."

But she had gone.

Here was the end of the world for me! I turned fiercely to the ghost.

"Wretched existence!" I cried. "You have ruined everything. You have blackened my whole life. Had it not been for you ——"

But here my voice faltered. I could say no more.

"You wrong me," said the ghost. "I have not injured you. I have tried only to encourage and assist you, and it is your own folly that has done this mischief. But do not despair. Such mistakes as these can be explained. Keep up a brave heart. Good-by."

And he vanished from the railing like a bursting soap bubble.

I went gloomily to bed, but I saw no apparitions that night except those of despair and misery which my wretched thoughts called up. The words I had uttered had sounded to Madeline like the basest insult. Of course, there was only one interpretation she could put upon them.

As to explaining my ejaculations, that was impossible. I thought the matter over and over again as I lay awake that night, and I determined that I would never tell Madeline the facts of the case. It would be better for me to suffer all my life than for her to know that the ghost of her uncle haunted the house. Mr. Hinckman was away, and if she knew of his ghost she could not be made to believe that he was not dead. She might not survive the shock! No, my heart could bleed, but I would never tell her.

The next day was fine, neither too cool nor too warm; the breezes were gentle, and nature smiled. But there were no walks or rides with Madeline. She seemed to be much engaged during the day, and I saw but little of her. When we met at meals she was polite, but very quiet and reserved. She had evidently determined on a course of conduct, and had resolved to assume that, although I had been very rude to her, she did not understand the import of my words. It would be quite proper, of course, for her not to know what I meant by my expressions of the night before.

I was downcast and wretched, and said but little, and the only bright streak across the black horizon of my woe was the fact that she did not appear to be happy, although she affected an air of unconcern. The moonlit porch was deserted that evening, but wandering about the house I found Madeline in the library alone. She was reading, but I went in and sat down near her. I felt that, although I could not do so fully, I must in a measure explain my conduct of the night before. She listened quietly to a somewhat labored apology I made for the words I had used.

"I have not the slightest idea what you meant," she said, "but you were very rude."

I earnestly disclaimed any intention of rudeness, and assured her, with a warmth of speech that must have made some impression upon her, that rudeness to her would be an action impossible to me. I said a great deal upon the subject, and implored her to believe that if it were not for a certain obstacle I could speak to her so plainly that she would understand everything.

She was silent for a time, and then she said, rather more kindly, I thought, than she had spoken before:

"Is that obstacle in any way connected with my uncle?"

"Yes," I answered, after a little hesitation, "it is, in a measure connected with him."

She made no answer to this, and sat looking at her book, but not reading. From the expression of her face I thought she was somewhat softened toward me. She knew her uncle as well as I did, and she may have been thinking that. If he were the obstacle that prevented my speaking (and there were many ways in which he might be that obstacle), my position would be such a hard one that I would excuse some wildness of speech and eccentricity of manner. I saw, too, that the warmth of my partial explanations had had some effect on her, and I began to believe that it might be a good thing for me to speak my mind without delay. No matter how she should receive my proposition, my relations with her could not be worse than they had been the previous night and day, and there was something in her face which encouraged me to hope that she might forget my foolish exclamations of the evening before if I began to tell her my tale of love.

I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and as I did so the ghost burst into the room from the door-way behind her. I say burst, although no door flew open and he made no noise. He was wildly excited, and waved his arms above his head. The moment I saw him, my heart fell within me. With the entrance of that impertinent apparition, every hope fled from me. I could not speak while he was in the room.

I must have turned pale, and I gazed steadfastly at the ghost, almost without seeing Madeline, who sat between us.

"Do you know," he cried, "that John Hinckman is coming up the hill? He will be here in fifteen minutes, and if you are doing anything in the way of love-making, you had better hurry it up. But this is not what I came to tell you. I have glorious news! At last I am transferred! No forty minutes ago a Russian nobleman was murdered by the Nihilists. Nobody ever thought of him in connection with an immediate ghostship. My friends instantly applied for the situation for me, and obtained my transfer. I am off now before that horrid Hinckman comes up the hill. The moment I reach my new position, I shall put off this hated semblance. Good-by. You can't imagine how glad I am to be, at last, the real ghost of somebody."

"O!" I cried, rising to my feet and stretching out my arms in utter wretchedness, "I would to Heaven you were mine!"

"I *am* yours," said Madeline, raising to me her tearful eyes.—*Frank R. Stockton, in Century Magazine.*

A New Wind Instrument.

An interesting trial of a new musical instrument took place Thursday afternoon in the speech-room of Harrow school, before a numerous audience, comprising many old pupils of Harrow and other distinguished persons. The name of Mr. Baillie Hamilton, the inventor of the instrument in question, has long been known in connection with practical acoustics. As long ago as January, 1875, he read before the Musical association a thoughtful paper on the application of wind to string instruments, in which he explained and developed the idea, originally invented by Mr. John Farmer, the organist of Harrow school, of effecting the harmonious vibration of strings by means of a current of air instead of striking them with bow, or pleetrum, or fingers. Mr. Hamilton's plan of applying this inventiou to instruments of the organ type has for the present been abandoned, although we believe that Mr. Farmer still hopes to turn his idea to practical account. The principle of the instrument shown yesterday is entirely different from that of the systematized Æolian harp above referred to. It resembles in shape the harmonium, and the means of producing sound are substantially those used in instruments of that class—with a very important modification, however. Mr. Hamilton employes what is technically known as "free reeds," but instead of acting upon them singly, he divides them into groups of three connected by a bridge, which so modifies their individual sounds as to emit a single note of great sonorous beauty and power. To each group of reeds belongs a sounding-box or cavity through which the air passes very much as our breath in singing passes through the throat, the intention being to produce a quality of tone resembling the human voice. In this attempt Mr. Hamilton has been remarkably successful, by means, it will be seen, entirely different from those employed in the "vox humana" stops of ordinary organs. The timbre of the new invention varies somewhat between the voice and the softer wind instruments, such as French horn, clarinet, etc., partaking of the qualities of both, the beauty of the sustained notes being, indeed, very remarkable. The chief defect of the instrument—and, like most new inventions, it has defects—is its slowness of speech, which makes the execution of rapid passages a matter of extreme difficulty, if not impossibility. This drawback, however, does not appear to be structural, and may, no doubt, be remedied in subsequent specimens. Comparing the new instrument, which, by the way, is still in want of a name, with its congeners, the organ and the harmonium—and in discussing the usefulness of a new invention comparison becomes a duty—we find that, as a matter of course, it is inferior as regards power and nuance of tone and variety of resource to the former, which is altogether on a different level. On the other hand, it is decidedly superior in all these respects to the ordinary run of harmoniums and will, no doubt, be a dangerous rival to them, both for the accompaniment of voices and for solo performances, provided always that its mechanism can be improved in the direction pointed out by us. We should add that the instrument was not in perfect tune, and owing to the defective action of the "swells," an unintentional and by no means pleasant vibrato was now and then observed. In spite of these accidental drawbacks, the general impression was decidedly favorable, a circumstance partly due to the judicious treatment of the new instrument by Mr. Farmer, who played such specimens of solemn and slow music as are best adapted to its character. We have endeavored to give a general idea of Mr. Hamilton's invention, without entering into technical details, which would be out of place for the present purpose. London amateurs will, moreover, soon be able to judge for themselves, as we understand that it is intended to employ the new instrument temporarily at Westminster abbey.—*London Times.*

The Race Between Vests and Scarfs.

The gradual disappearance of men's neckwear is one of the most singular circumstances of modern times. Not many years ago some philosopher discovered that the practice prevailing among men of putting from three to seven shirts a week into the wash was reducing multitudes to beggary and keeping others in comparative indigence, and started a much-needed movement toward economy in this respect by inventing the "flat scarf." This article was at first about ten inches in length by six in width, and comfortably filled up the space left open by even the lowest cut vests. Appreciating the fact that the purchase of such prodigious structures inflicted quite as onerous a burden upon necessitous young men as the rapacity of washerwomen had aforetime done, the humane inventor began to reduce the size of them, the result being that the human vest, following a familiar law of nature, began to add more buttons to itself and to leave, year by year, less space about the neck of the wearer. At present the flat scarf is of most diminutive proportions, and vests are practically hermetically closed at the top. What will be the next step in this scheme of development remains to be seen, but at all events the original purpose of the inventor of the flat scarf is shown by statistics at the laundries to have been triumphantly gained. This subject presents opportunities for still further learned discussion.—*Boston Journal.*

So Docile.

"Mrs. Caroon, you are charged with disturbing the peace," said his Honor to a woman weighing 180 pounds and who had a head as round as a cannon ball!

"Me disturb the peace! Now, then, who could have told such a lie about me!" she exclaimed in virtuous indignation.

"It is here recorded that you climbed a line-fence seven feet high, dropped into a neighbor's yard, and did then and there beat, wound, bruise and assault one Mrs. O'Rorke."

"Me! Me climb a seven-foot fence! Me beat Mrs. O'Rorke! O! grave, where is thy sting! Judge, you don't know me."

"Well, I think this is our first meeting."

"You don't begin to know me! Why, I'm the most peaceful, docile and sweet-tempered woman in Detroit. I'll give anybody $50 to prove that I ever hurt a fly. It must have been some other Caroon—indeed it must.

"I'll call the witness. Mrs. O'Rorke, please step forward."

Mrs. O'Rorke was a small woman, with a peaked nose and a look of silent sorrow on her face. She had her head tied up with a red-bordered towel, and there were two long strips of court-plaster on her face.

"Witness, do you recognize the prisoner?"

"Y-yes, I think I do."

"Does she live next door to you?"

"Yes."

"State what occurred yesterday."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. O'Rorke," added the prisoner, "state what occurred yesterday. Tell the court what loving friends we have always been, and how gently I nursed you the time you had the bilious fever."

"Well, she'd been slandering my husband," said the witness, as she turned to the desk.

"Slandering your husband—your kind, faithful husband! Mrs O'Rorke, how can you—how can you!"

"She had also talked about me, and yesterday morning, when I saw her out in her yard. I told her she must quit it. At that she climbed the fence."

"Climbed the fence! O, my dear Mrs. O'Rorke, think of a woman like me climbing a fence. Please take it back!"

"She climbed the fence and said she would make mince-meat of me, and if our dog hadn't bitten her in the leg I guess she'd have killed me."

"Those hurts were received at her hands, were they?"

"Yes, sir; besides several pinches on my arms."

"O, Mrs. O'Honor—oh, Judge O'Rorke, it's all a mistake!" cried the prisoner. "This woman eats opium, and it was all a hal—halln—hallucination or whatever you call it! Look at me, your Honor! See how calm and peaceful and docile I am! I wouldn't take the life of a bed-bug, to say nothing almost murdering the nearest friend I have on earth. Mrs. O'Rorke come over till I hug you."

"There is no hugging in this case," remarked the court. "Mrs. Caroon, you are fined ten dollars or sent up for sixty days."

"O, sir, and I'm so docile!"

"Can't help that. Please retire to the corridor."

"I can't—I can't. It's all a mistake and I must go home! Judge, I'm a docile woman."

"That's what you're sent up for. Fall back."

Bijah escorted her into the corridor, and they had scarcely disappeared when he cried for help. Two officers rushed in and found the docile woman holding him against the wall and kicking his shins until his heart ached. She was pulled off, but it took the three to get her into a cell, and when the key had been turned she cried out:

"Cowards of the law, you dare not give a docile woman a fair show at you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hunting Up a Pedigree.

I live in a small country parish of 194 inhabitants, and our parish register dates from 1630. A young American gentleman came to my friend the Rector, and said that it had only come to his knowledge two days previous that it was from this village that his father's grandfather emigrated to America about the year 1750, and there laid the foundation for the present wealth of his descendants. The gentleman, with a party of fourteen, had been fifteen months away from New York, visiting the chief places of the Continent, the Holy Land, Egypt, etc., and ending up with the principal sights in England and Scotland; and they were to embark from Liverpool on the following morning. He had traveled especially to this little village. Would the Rector be good enough to refer to the parish registers and see if his ancestors were therein mentioned? The Rector did so—the ancestors were there found in regular descent, from the very beginning of the register—and the gentleman, in less than two hours' time, was set up with a pedigree dating back two and a half centuries, which he said he should have drawn up in heraldic fashion, and which doubtless now adorns some room in his American home. It was evident that the ancestors were of the bumblest class, as in another book mention of "Goody" —— was frequently made as being the recipient of a tenpenny charity. But the surname happens to correspond with one in the English Baronetage, and while the Rector was transcribing the numerous registers the American gentleman was busy copying from Debrett the coat of arms of the Baronet in question, bloody hand and all. I regret to add that the Rector never received a sixpence for his trouble, though he might have charged a heavy sum in fees; but he was restoring his church, and he left it to the American gentleman to give some donation for that purpose, either in money or in the form of a stained-glass window or other memorial to his ancestors.—*Notes and Queries.*

—Roman railroads are now to be under State control. They are to be administered by a council, whose decisions on all matters of importance will be subject to review by the Minister of Public Works.

—A sale of 2,200 tons of ice has been made at Bangor to parties in Liverpool. This is a very unusual thing, as England imports its ice from Norway.—*Boston Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*Beecher.*

—It is proposed in Portland, Me., to give the children in the public schools a longer summer vacation than they have hitherto enjoyed. Three months is the period fixed upon.

—An association has been formed at Dusseldorf, in Rhenish Prussia, which has for its objects the dimunition of the number of school hours and the introduction of English outdoor games.

—The average income of the clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church is $1,045. Besides this, the parsonages are considered to be worth $100 a year. The average salary of the bishops is $3,280. The total membership of the Church is 67,483, an average of 334 to each congregation.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The Methodist missionaries in North India say that there are signs of a breaking loose of the Chumars (a low caste of whom there are 500,000 in the district) from their heathenism to become Christians. Many of their chief men have accepted the gospel, "and multitudes in the caste are talking of the religion, and many do not hesitate to say that they are soon to become Christians."

—Professor Wells, of the Rochester (N. Y.) Free Academy, has a practical way of teaching civil government. Regular caucuses are held among the students, at which delegates are chosen to State and National conventions. Nominations are made and elections *are held.* In short, the details of government are practically exhibited.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Dr. E. L. Magoon, the distinguished Baptist preacher of Philadelphia, is giving valuable literature and art collections to various institutions of learning. To the Universary of Rochester he has given a series of eighty-five large historical pictures, representing the most famous mediæval buildings in England, France, Belgium and Germany. They are proof engravings, published in 1854, and elaborately colored by hand by able water-color artists.—*Chicago Journal.*

—At a late meeting of the Board of Education of Minneapolis, Minn., Inspector Oppenheim made a report on the free text-book system, in which he heartily indorsed it, citing New York, Newark and Philadelphia as favorable examples of the working of the system. In New York the annual cost per pupil for free text books is $1.07; in Philadelphia eighty-five cents, and in Newark sixty-two cents. He believes that the introduction of the system in Minneapolis and St. Paul would mark a step forward in education.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A missionary village has been started as an experiment near Zaffermal, India. The converts have built for themselves comfortable little houses. They cultivate small farms or patches of ground in the neighborhood, in various ways earn their livelihood, and are living in tolerable comfort. They have their own schools, and in these are children and old men and women—fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers—all acquiring together the simplest elements of education.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Like a good fireman the stove-*pipe* elbows its way where smoke *and* fire prevail.

—People who marry are not necessarily insane; but people who fail to marry have insane ideas on the subject, that's certain.

—The real name of Blanche Douglas, indicted with the Malley boys for the murder of Jennie Cramer, at New Haven, is Bridget Annie Kearns.—*Detroit Post.*

—An advertiser offers to send an article "free by mail on receipt of one dollar." Such a generous individual would probably give a brick house away for nothing on the payment of four thousand dollars.—*Detroit Post.*

—"Im no sectarian," said Job Shuttle, as he grew warm in religious argument. "I believe every man ought to be a strict Presbyterian," and then he looked around in wonder as an audible smile wafted into the evening air.—*New Haven Register.*

—Remarks on dress:—"Papa, is it nice to make remarks about people's dress?" "Why certainly not, darling; what did you ask that for?" "Nothing, papa, only mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and wondering why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

—When Secretary Edger "calls" for thirty million dollars, he must hold a pretty "flush hand." (The foregoing reached this office on a postal card, and it is all Greek to us. It is probably a quotation from a work on Finance.)—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A newly arrived immigrant, who was before a New York magistrate for drunkenness, said he has been in the country only forty-eight hours. "What," said the magistrate, "only forty-eight hours in the country and found drunk in the streets. Six months for getting Americanized so quickly!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Magistrate: "You assert that you each have an occupation. State them." First vagrant: "I am a renovator of second-hand toothpicks, your Honor." Second vagrant: "And I am engaged in the business of smoking glass for the observation of eclipses, which in some measure accounts for my frequent period of prolonged leisure."

—The *Deseret Home* selects its mirth from London *Punch*, and is therefore well supplied with a class of kiln-dried humor which stands our rigid mountain climate and never season cracks or checks or scales off in handling. You take a joke from the London *Punch* and stand it up against a house for years without loss. It is just as good and fresh when you open the can in fifty years from now as when it was first put up. Then the simplicity of the *Punch* joke endears it to every household. With the directions that go with each one a child can manage it. It is perfectly docile and never does any harm.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ACROSS THE GARDEN WALL.

I looked across the garden wall,
And saw her there—I see her yett
A little thing that played at ball.

What mattered fright? what mattered fall?
I climbed—I broke the peach-tree's net—
I looked across the garden wall.

And, curls and pinafore and all,
Behold her—never to forget—
A little thing that played at ball.

Grave has she grown, discreet and tall,
Since, when the morning dews were wet,
I looked across the garden wall—

Since she was five-years old, and small,
With slipping sash all crooked set,
A little thing that played at ball.

But still, sweet wife, when I recall
How first we loved, how first we met,
I watch across a garden wall
A little thing that plays at ball.

—*May Probyn.*

AN UNLUCKY RAID.

In the good old days of the Bow Street runners, when highway assaults were rife, and solitary post-chaise travelers never journeyed without pistols in their pockets, and tremor at their hearts; when strange feats in the shape of star-light robberies were boasted of, and a "Knight of the Road" aspired to be called a gentleman, the following incident occurred:

One afternoon in early autumn, close upon sunset, a couple of well-dressed men, driving a light gig in which was a poor jaded-looking horse, stopped at a wayside posting-inn, not a hundred miles from Bath, and requested accommodation for the night. They were fashionably attired, and spoke in condescending tones to the landlord and servants, using a few words now and again of town slang, as young bucks of the first water were proud to do in that day.

Giving the horse and gig over to the care of the ostler, they adjourned to the public room and called for some light refreshments in the shape of drink, ordering a supper to be served later. The landlord himself brought in the brandy-and-water.

"What's this story about a great highway robbery near here last night, landlord?" questioned one. We heard of it on the road coming along. Is it true?"

"Quite true, sir. Ah, gentlemen! it is a dreadful thing—though clever, I must say. My Lady Cantifere with her two daughters was driving home across the heath an hour or two after midnight, having been to a ball, when their carriage was stopped by four mounted horsemen with cocked pistols. The old lady screamed and fainted; the young ones screamed and kicked; and the gentlemen, those audacious robbers, proceeded politely to ride the ladies of every ornament they wore."

"Scoundrels!" interjected one of the guests.

"More than that, your worships. What should those bold blades do but invite the damsels to tread a measure with them! It was a fine night, as you may perhaps remember, sirs; the moonbeams shining bright on the bare heath. Out of the coach they handed them, and footed it in a minuet; dancing, it is said, to perfection, as though they were used to lead out the King's own daughters every night of their lives. The young ladies' screams ended in laughter; the Baroness woke up from her faint and abused them all, robbers and daughters together. O, they are bold, those gentlemen of the highway!"

The two gentlemen, listening to this, had gone into bursts of laughter. "But what of the men-servants?—what were they doing?" spluttered one.

"Only two were in attendance, sirs, it seems; my lady's footman in the dickey, and the postilion on the horses; and while two of the robbers were thus doing their dancing, the other two stood guard over the men, each with his pistol cocked and his hand on the trigger, ready to fire at the least movement."

"And the upshot?"

The young ladies were bowed into their coach again, all with stately ceremony, and the robbers, after wishing them a very courteous good night, rode off at a canter, with every jewel they had possessed, small or large, costly or simple, and my lady's purse into the bargain. They may well boast that they lead merry lives, those men! Fine commotion the news has caused round about us to-day, as you may imagine, gentlemen. Everybody's talking of it."

The landlord, being called for elsewhere, retired; the travelers sipped at their glasses, laughing away, and conversing with one another in an undertone. Dusk came on, and the elder and taller of the two addressed his friend in a different tone.

"About time to see after the horse, isn't it, Jim? It's dark enough."

"I was just going to," answered Jim. And draining his glass, he went away to the stable-yard.

Looking about him, with the air of a connoisseur, after watching his horse eat up his oats, he made himself acquainted with the arrangements of the stables. Some five or six horses were in them. In the box next to his own stood a splendid animal; evidently valuable.

"A better steed nor your'n, sir!" cried the ostler from behind, in a quiet voice; and the gentleman gave a start, not thinking anybody was near.

"Ay; mine has seen good service, and he has been worked hard lately," answered the stranger, good-humoredly. "A very fine animal this, as you observe. And yet," stepping back to look critically at it, "were my horse in good condition it might not be much inferior to this. They are not altogether unlike: about the same height, and much the same in color—brown."

With the last words, the stranger went back to the house, whistling. The ostler peered after him through the dusk while he made his comments.

"You have got a cheek, master, whoever you may be; and a impudent cheek it is. Going and comparing of the two hosses like that!—this fifty guinea beautiful animal, and that there wretched old hack o' theirn! What next? I wonder who they be, when they be at home?" And, with that, he locked the stable door.

"Well, cried the elder traveler when the other one returned. "Any chance?"

"Never had a better chance in all our lives," was the answer, "In the next box to ours stands one of the grandest animals you ever saw—same color, same size, or about it; worth a little fortune. And a set of silver-mounted harness hanging up by him!"

"*Silver*-mounted?"

"Think so. Looks like it. We have got a rich chance, I tell you, Wade."

Supper was announced in due time, and the two hungry men did justice to it. Afterwards they sat over the fire, with pipes and grog, and retired to their room about eleven o'clock.

The room, a double-bedded one, was not exactly on the ground floor, but it was not much higher. A few steps leading off from the staircase conducted to it. The travelers had chosen it in preference to one at first assigned them on the second floor; one of them observing that he liked to sleep near the ground in case a fire broke out in the night, of which he had a peculiar dread.

The first thing they did on entering the chamber was to double-lock the door and put the candle out; the second was to softly open the window, to stretch their necks out of it as far as they conveniently could, and to wish the moonlight was "hanged."

"Nothing of a drop, that," observed Wade, measuring with his eye the space to the ground. "A child might jump it. Shut down the window, Jim, and let's have a pipe. Hang that moon again! I thought you were wrong in foretelling it would be a dark night."

Shutting the window as softly as he opened it, Jim and his friend, each taking a short, well-worn pipe from his pocket, sat down to smoke. From another pocket came forth a flask of some kind of liquor. Thus they made themselves comfortable, and seemed to forget all about bed.

At any rate, neither of them attempted to go to it. They sat on, and smoked, and drank at the flask occasionally, and whispered together in hushed tones. At last the clock struck two. One of them rose, drew aside the window curtain and looked out.

A suppressed shout of exultation broke from him. "Wade, Wade! the night has changed. It's raining, and the moon is gone. I knew rain was coming."

"Man alive, don't make that row," retorted the other. "We don't want the house woke up!"

Putting away their pipes and flasks, they opened the window with crafty gentleness, and dropped down on the ground outside it, one after the other. The night was very dark, no light, or glimmer of it, was to be seen anywhere.

Making their way round cautiously to the coach-house and stables, Jim produced a master key which undid the locks. The stable door he undid was the one that had the valuable horse in it; and he was surprised to find what an easy lock it was. Then, while the other man kept watch he hastily and noiselessly attached the horse to their own gig, using the harness he had admired so greatly. The rain was dashing down smartly, which tended to deaden other sounds. When all was ready they cautiously led the horse and gig out of the yard, and to a distance beyond it, got in and drove away at a spanking pace.

So far they were well-satisfied with their night's work, and congratulated themselves on the valuable prize they had captured in the horse and harness. It's true the horse appeared to require the whip pretty frequently, and Jim, who was driving, did not fail to administer it.

"Lazy beggar! he has stuffed himself out with corn," cried he. "You shall fast all this day, my gentleman, and that will bring you into working order. What a pelt it is!" looking up at the pouring rain. "Should say this was the clearing shower."

"What'll the job bring us in, Jim?"

"Twenty pounds, clear, I reckon. And an old hack thrown in to complete the bargain."

On the heath now, they began laughing over the past night's adventure there, as related to them by the landlord. They had no fear of the highwaymen themselves, not they, such gentry do not prey upon one another.

"Hang it, Jim! can't you drive faster?" cried Wade, suddenly.

Jim made no answer. He was beginning to feel somewhat puzzled, for, unless he was greatly mistaken, the beautiful horse betrayed unmistakable signs of giving in. Their own wretched animal could do as well as this. Presently it stopped; stopped dead from exhaustion.

"What the deuce is the matter with him?" demanded Wade.

"Be shot if I know. He seems dead beat. It's so dark one can see nothing. Wish that moon would come out!—the rain has ceased."

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed the other, as the horse, in spite of whip and word, refused to move. "Brought up before one's half beyond danger, with a stolen horse! You must have been mistaken in the worth of the animal, Jim, never knew you mistake one before."

"It beats me hollow," returned Jim, his crestfallen tone betraying some alarm. "As to being mistaken in him I know I never was; there. Something extraordinary must ail the horse."

He jumped out of the gig and began feeling the animal with his hands. At the same moment the coy moon burst out from behind the clouds and shone down in all her splendor. Jim felt the horse, stared at it and stared again. The other one in the gig was also gazing curiously. Simultaneously a shout of dismay, followed by an imprecation, burst from both of them. *They had stolen their own horse.*

Some mutual recrimination ensued. Wade accusing Jim of having made a mistake and opened the wrong stable; Jim vowing by all that's blue that he had opened the right one.

"Anyway, we've got the harness," pleaded Jim.

The remark caused Wade to turn his eyes on it; its silver points were glittering in the moonlight. A closer glance, and then another angry shout broke from him.

"Look here, you fool—here's a *crest*."

"Hey—what?" cried Jim, turning round.

Sure enough; the silver-mounted harness bore a family crest with its Latin motto, and could no doubt be identified anywhere. Certainly this night's anticipated spoil was not lucky in any way.

Next morning the landlord of the inn was intensely surprised at the disappearance of the travelers, and at the spiriting away of some harness that belonged to the young Viscount Dare. He stood in the stable yard talking with his ostler.

"But for me his lordship's hoss would h' gone, too," cried the ostler stolidly. "When I see one o' they two gents a poking and peering about here last night under the cover o' the dusk, and see him gazing at the fine animal with hungry eyes, and next watched him a fingering the stable lock, it struck me what he might be after—the wanting to have a try at changing their own sorry hack for this one. So the last thing at night, before turning in, I changed the hosses; putting theirn in the best stable, and t'other here, and made him safe with my bar and padlock which can't be picked. And they've just been and gone away with their own."

"Why didn't you change the harness as well?"

"Well, I never thought o' the harness."

But in the course of the day a messenger brought the harness back—and did not wait to ask for that of the travelers.

So the landlord, by the bargain, got a set of plain harness, which really was not bad, and he let the unlucky thieves alone.—*The Argosy.*

A Five-Foot Headstone and a Ready-Made Angel.

"Some queer characters? Well, I should say so. We meet more oddities in this business than you would believe, and see a side of human nature that is not shown up in any trade that I know of."

The remark came from an old marble-cutter, who was busily engaged recently in chipping out a ferocious looking animal, presumably a lamb, on a flat slab of snowy marble. The lamb stood out in relief, and in its unfinished condition bore a strong resemblance to a hump-backed buffalo in pantaloons.

"That stone," said the man, as he carefully dug out the lamb's eye with the point of a delicate tool, "was ordered by a woman who is character in herself. Her husband died nearly three years ago. She came to me last Monday week, and spent just five hours in giving her order. I had just finished chiseling out a beautiful figure of an angel when she came into the yard. She has a thin, vinegarish face, a squeaky voice, and a pair of eyes looking two ways for Sunday."

"'What'll it cost?' says she, 'to have a headstone made for my ole man? He's been dead goin' on three years now, and his folks are complainin' because I hain't had it done before. To tell the truth he didn't deserve it. He was the all-firedest meanest man you ever see. Still, it's got to be done, and I wish it as cheap as possible. Now what'll it be with his name and some words on it?'

"'Well, madame,' said I, it all depends on what kind of a headstone you want—the size, the lettering, and the amount of labor required. I can get up a very nice stone with a ready-made angel or an All-Seeing Eye, for about $35. But if you want a first-class angel, long wings, full robe, and carved out in the highest style of art, it will cost a good deal more. Or if you want a nice lamb lying down or standing up, or a——'

"'Now look here,' said the woman, getting angry all of a sudden, 'who said anything about lambs or angels or any such trash? I just want what I told you, something good and cheap.'

"So we argued for an hour, until she finally made up her mind to have a foot stone, with a lamb at the top.

"'That's only to please his old maid sisters,' said she, as sour-like as you could imagine, 'for he wasn't any more like a lamb than I'm like a lion.'

"But, pshaw!" continued the maker of tombstones and epitaphs, "there's lots more like her, only worse. Some of them want one thing and some another. It's a little curious, too, how long people wait before they think of marking the resting-place of their dead. A year is probably the shortest time at the outside. Two years, ordinarily, and sometimes half a dozen, before it is thought of. Then they go to the marble cutter and haggle about the price. The first idea is to have a monument, but usually they end with a five-foot headstone and a ready-made angel."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Dog's Funeral.

Nearly a year ago a gentleman died in affluent circumstances at Kirkwood, and left a childless widow. The husband, who never enjoyed the proud distinction of being called a father, lavished his surplus affections on a fine shepherd dog by the name of Dash. This canine was provided for in his master's will by the setting aside of a certain house and lot, the monthly rent from which was to be appropriated to "Dash's sole benefit during his natural life." In this way the dog's days were comfortably provided for, and the gentleman's wife was named as Dash's guardian. Shortly after her husband's death the lady went to New York to assuage her grief, but she didn't take the dog along. In her absence Dash was taken very sick, and a telegram informed her of the animal's affliction. True to the last will and testament of her late husband, she telegraphed to employ the most eminent physicians for Dash's treatment, which was done by a faithful servant. In a few days the wires informed her Dash was dead. She admitted of no delay, but immediately started for St. Louis to conduct the obsequies and again act as chief mourner. Arriving here, a costly coffin was provided and a hearse conveyed Dash's remains to Oak Ridge Cemetery. At that place they were interred with due solemnity at the feet of his dead master in the presence of the widow, now in mourning for him. A $300 monument suitably inscribed, stands at the head of the husband's grave, while a less pretentious one, costing $150, rests at his feet to mark the place where Dash lies. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A Cincinnati body-embalming firm offers Mrs. Samuels $10,000 for the body of her son, the outlaw Jesse James, with a share in the proceeds of the exhibition, which they estimated at $100,000.—*Boston Post.*

—P. T. Barnum has purchased about 500 volumes of new and valuable books at a cost of about $1,000 as a present for the Bridgeport, Conn., library.

Dancing the Csardas.

It was a pretty scene, the rapid movements of the dancers in the gay costumes, the picturesque background of low sheds covered with the large round leaves of the melon, its tendrils hanging in graceful festoons, and its golden fruit resting on the thatch. We might have been witnessing a Spanish sarabaud. The Hungarians dance for their very lives. To them the practice of the terpsichorean art is no mere languid and graceful undulation of the figure, but a perfect wild abandon of mirth, and they whirl, and spin and gyrate with the velocity of dervishes until their long black locks stand out straight, and their faces are ablaze with heat and excitement. Watch them as they perform the csardas—their national dance—to the strange wild harmony of cziganok! Watch them as they balance themselves backward and forward while adapting their subtle movements to the measure of the animating strains! The csardas is essentially pantomimic and describes by mute action the unquiet "course of true love." The music is at first slow, and the couples walk up and down the room together in a stately manner, then, affecting to have made each other's acquaintance and fallen victims to the tender passion, the music grows more lively, and "the courtship" begins in earnest. The lover advances toward his inamorata, she coyly responds, and they spin round together for a few seconds, when, as if thinking she had given him too much encouragement, the maiden retires pouting, whereupon he again approaches but this time she turns her back on him and dances off in a contrary direction. Following her, however, he overtakes and seizes her around the waist, and away they go again whirling deliciously, until she manages to extricate herself from his grasp. Shy and friendly by turns, now encouraging her partner and now retreating with offended dignity, the lover at length becomes chagrined at her caprices, turns his back upon her, and they dance *dos a dos* for a while, with indignant gestures, till the maid, with signs of repentance, seeks reconciliation. The music grows faster and faster, the lovers, in the ecstasy of reunion, whirl and twirl madly, nor do they stop until both are quite giddy and out of breath, when, retiring from the scene, another couple take their place and the performance begins again. The csardas, of course, varies slightly in each instance, according to the locality and spirit of the dancers, but the subject remains the same—love, courtship, jealousy, disappointment, reunion and happiness "ever after." Sometimes, in the closing scene, it winds up by the lover throwing himself on his knees before his mistress while she dances around him in token of her complete triumph. Several couples are always occupied at the same time in this dance in one phase or another of the would-be courtship, while the men's hats, decorated with fresh flowers, the women got up in the most coquettish and picturesque costumes imaginable, the stamping of feet, clashing of spurs, and wildly exciting strains of the gypsies as they saw away madly at their violins, all combine in rendering the csardas a most interesting and animating spectacle. Nor is it danced only by the peasants. It is seen in the ball-room of the nobles, even at the capital, where a gypsy band is always summoned to accompany it.—*Magyar Land.*

Not Appreciated.

As little Mrs. Blifkins was getting supper the other night she was startled by the abrupt and unexpected entrance of her neighbor over the way, Miss Parrot, who was evidently charged with ill news.

"How long since you seen Mr. Blifkins?" she asked, breathlessly.

Little Mrs Blifkins dropped the tea-pot she was just about to fill, and screamed convulsively and loudly.

"Be composed," ejaculated Miss Parrot, taking off her hat and fanning her heated face with it. "Try and bear up; it's dreadful, but other women have suffered and lived. I may as well tell it and not keep you in suspense. Mr. Blifkins is dead——" "Oh-oh-oh-oh gracious mercy!" shrieked Mrs. Blifkins throwing herself into Miss Parrot's arms. "What have I done to deserve this, and it was his birthday too, poor, dear David; you can't mean it, and we are so happy."

"Yes, I do mean it," said Miss Parrot firmly, "It is a cruel truth. I said, I'll go and tell his poor wife, for she must know it sooner or later, he was found lying dead——"

"Oh-oh-oh-oh," sobbed the little wife, "and I had such a nice supper all ready for him, too! O, its dreadful and I can't believe it, I won't believe it. Who saw him, poor, dear David?"

"I saw him," said Miss Parrot, with a grimance of disgust. "We all saw him! He wasn't the only one, either; there were a dozen of 'em and they were all hopelessly dead drunk."

Then little Mrs. Blifkins turned on Miss Parrot like a small fury. "You're a nasty, prying old maid," she said vindictively, "and I'd thank you to go home and attend to your own affairs. My David, indeed! It's a pity a man can't keep his own birthday to suit himself, but prying folks must make such a fuss about it, coming here to frighten me out of my senses and spoil my supper!" And Miss Parrot heard the door slam as she skimmed through it on her way out to inform the neighborhood. —*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

The Smallest Baby Alive.

A gentleman from Candelaria informs us that the smallest baby in the world was born in that camp at noon on the 3d inst. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle Mine and weighs 190 pounds. The mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps 160 pounds. The child is a male, as perfectly formed as any human being can be, but upon its birth it only weighed eight ounce. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut, and the size of its limbs can be imagined when we say that a ring worn on the little finger of its mother was easily slipped over its foot nearly up to the knee. Our informant states that it was the opinion of the attending physician that the child would live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions. The midget is so small that three of its size could play hide-and-seek in a cigar-box. This is believed to be the smallest baby ever born.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Beavers and Their Dwellings.

During the last days of September, 1866, the writer was making a solitary excursion eastward of Fraser's Lake, British Columbia, he pitched a small cotton tent near a shallow lake, at the end of the first day's journey, in order to protect himself from mosquitoes, and not to shield himself from the weather. Early in the frosty morning he was awakened by a strange series of sharp, slapping reports, somewhat like the cracking of an ox-whip, which arose in the air from the immediate vicinity. Crawling, rifle in hand, cautiously out, he quickly located the origin of the noises and then suspected the cause; the rifle was laid aside, the note book substituted and the expectant writer carefully and silently approached the little arm of the lake over which the odd noises sprang from; peering through the thick tall fringe of flag-rushes which lined the water's edge, he saw in the misty, hoary morning light a colony of beavers in full and animated bustle over the erection of a winter house, while their fat, scaly tails cheerfully smote the earth and water's surface ever and anon.

Four beavers were engaged; they had selected a tiny peninsula of the lake; eight feet back from the water's nearest edge the foundations of their circular hut were solidly laid, they were piling up their sticks, tree trunks, mud and stones, and treading all together when they fell under the writer's eye, and they worked thus for more than half an hour longer until the rising sun shimmered upon them full and fair; then they suddenly plunged into the water to reappear no more that day. They had, with true beaverly sagacity, sought the privacy and safety of their "hank washes" elsewhere until night should again welcome them out to safe feeding and to finish their happy house-building.

The beaver selects a point, according to the character of the ground, between five and fifteen feet from water which never freezes to the bottom during severe winters, or else it raises a dome from the submerged flats which it inundates by damming small streams at judicious intervals, so as to have a free water-way all through the coldest weather. The beavers have, during the summer and early fall, cut a large number of poplar and birch tree-trunks and branches into sections of some two or three feet in length each; their sharp teeth work very much like the girdling strokes made by the unpracticed hand of a boy or a woman when they essay chopping. These pieces of timber are towed and carried by the giant rodents to the selected site of their proposed residence.

The beavers begin work by a common impulse, and lay this timber of their own cutting in a circular, "criss-cross" and horizontal fashion, piling mud, smaller sticks, drift-wood and stones over, under and between these larger sections of wood, until they have reared a conical dome some five to seven feet in height from the building level, and the walls varying in thickness from two to four feet, according to the instinctive understanding which these animals always have as to the ensuing winter being warmer or colder. When they labor, these building parties are usually made up of four old beavers (two male and two females), and the inclosed dome is just large enough to accommodate them together with their six or eight young ones.

As they work they place most of their timber horizontally, save the outside slabs and pieces; they preserve no other order than that of leaving the cavity in the middle; the branches which happen, to project perceptibly inward and beyond the walls are gnawed smoothly off, and the clipped ends, chips, etc., are thrown up and out upon the rising structure. All the materials, sticks, mud, *et cetera*, are mixed up together in the composition of the dome from the foundation to the summit.

The constant pattering of the beavers' feet settle and cement the work as it rises; there is no troweling of the mass by their queer paddle-shaped tails, so suggestive of the action and use; but occasionally, the castor seems to be so hilarious or self-delighted that it pauses for a moment in its busy labor to hump its back and bring the tail down with a sharp ringing slap upon the mud, or sticks, or water, as the case may be. The amusing stories told of the use made of the beaver's candle extremity as a sort of stone and mud drag or cart are not founded on fact. Castor carries all the ooze, pebbles, etc., which he uses in building his walls by holding, these materials between his throat and fore-paws.

When the hut has been reared to the desired altitude and arched over, the exterior roughness is somewhat smoothed down by the addition of numerous and repeated thin coatings of mud, which serve as a dampener, keeping the entire mass wet and moist until the cold weather sets in and congeals the dome into a structure almost invulnerable even to a pickaxe or blasting powder.

The door, and it is the only opening or means of entrance or exit, is a submarine passage or tunnel from the lake bottom to the center of the floor of the hut; near the mouth of this watery hall these Venetian architects usually have a large pile of green timber cut, as before specified, during the summer and fall, which they sink by stones and mud, so as to rest upon the bottom, and be accessible at any and all times during the winter as a source of food supply. The floor of the domicile is sometimes covered with a carpet of pine stipules, leaves, etc., and then again is not softened in its earthy hardness whatever.

This cottage of the beaver, if not disturbed by enemies, will be kept in repair and used by many generations of the *castoridæ*, and thus the simple details of its construction, as we set them forth, undoubtedly raise in the furry architects' mind the same pleasurable anticipations which we ourselves indulge when we plan and build a home with abundant means for so doing.—*Prof. Elliott, in Our Continent.*

—A telephone company met and conquered unforseen difficulties in laying an underground cable on a recent Sunday between Attleboro and Mansfield, Mass. The wires were to be buried along the line of a railroad; but the farmers of the region refused to loan their horses or oxen for Sunday toil, and the plow was accordingly attached by a beam to a locomotive which did the work with a rush.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Ice lying in the interstices of rocks will explode them as effectually as dynamite.

—By a new process very handsome meerschaum pipes are now made from potatoes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A western circus man offers the mother of the late Jesse James a large salary to travel and exhibit herself.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Jarius Fisher, aged twenty-six, a theological student at Leesport, Pa., has become violently insane from a six years' effort to memorize the entire Bible.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—The New York Court of Appeals has required a husband to assume the expense of the maintenance of his insane wife by the pauper authorities, although she had long ago abandoned him.

—Oscar Wilde felt ill upon his arrival in Leadville, the change from a low to a high altitude being too much for him. Mr. Wilde says that he doesn't like Denver, because the young men in the streets called out to him as he was riding by: "Oscar! Oscar, deah! put out your head and let us see you."—*Denver Tribune.*

—Captain Bertram, of Salem, Mass., lately deceased left $100 to each person in his employ for every year that they had served him. James Riley, his ship and boat keeper, would receive $3,700; Michael McCue, his gardener, $2,700, and Daniel Foley, his coachman and man-of-all-work $1,800.

—When General McGee was riding along near Corning, N. Y., in his special palace car, recently, he was surprised at the sudden entrance of a man who came crashing through the plate glass door, the intruder having been cast in by a special train which had struck him, and thrown him from the track into the presence of General McGee, dead.—*Detroit Post.*

—An example of stern military discipline is reported from Dresden. At a late final examination of the Saxon corps of Cadets it was discovered that several candidates for commissions had availed themselves of prohibited assistance in doing their natural philosophy papers. The delinquents were instantly sent back and ordered to enter the army as privates.

—Recently a woman called at a savings bank in Boston and deposited $400 in gold, saying she had kept it in her house for ten years, fearing to deposit it in any savings bank. Had she sold the gold in 1872, and deposited its proceeds in currency in a savings bank, and let it accumulate, her $400 would by this time have increased to about $700.—*Boston Journal.*

—An association has been organized in New York, one object of which is to provide houses of reception for female immigrants, where they will not be exposed to temptation or subjected to injustice, to help them to employment and by correspondence between societies here and in Europe, to regulate their coming by the conditions of supply and demand.—*N. Y. Star.*

—Garibaldi showed, on his recent visit to Sicily to attend the celebration of the Vespers, how weak and infirm he has become. He was placed in a carriage to be taken to the villa prepared for his reception, and rode doubled up, with his head on the knees of his wife who sat opposite. There were 60,000 people in the crowd gathered to welcome him, but in sympathy with his sufferings they stood in silence with uncovered heads, as their illustrious guest passed among them.

—When Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, was in America, he seems to have had some curious advice given to him about traveling on the Mississippi steamboats. "Never pay your fare until you are compelled to," was the first piece of wisdom thrown at him. "And, pray, why not?" he asked. "Because your chances are better in case of trouble," "Will you kindly explain yourself, sir?" said Lyell. "Well," answered the American, "when I was traveling up the river last March, somebody cried out, 'Passenger overboard!' The captain hurried to the office and asked, 'Has the man overboard paid his fare?' On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the pilot and said, indifferently, 'Go ahead, it's all right.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

—Three Trinity College seniors, acting as a committee of the students who recently branded and "paddled" three sophomores, have sent a letter to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* defending their conduct. They say that the sophomores issued "a low, profane and obscene publication," and that thirteen seniors, "considering that their position entitled them to protect the dignity of the college, undertook to inflict upon the sophomores a punishment which their offense merited. "All this was done," they add, "by the grand tribunal, an organization which has existed for a number of years among the upper-class men of Trinity College for the purpose of checking any reprehensible conduct on the part of the members of the lower classes."

Bribery in English Elections.

Bribery in English elections is very common, and by many is regarded as a legitimate way to make votes. There is much less sensitiveness upon this point there than in this country. The Government has found the evil growing on its hands so rapidly that it has made up its mind that nothing but the most stringent remedies will answer. The Attorney General's bill, so the calbe has informed us, contemplates disfranchising wholly from the end of the present Parliament, Gloucester, Macdesfield and Sandwich. At present the first and the last each have one Liberal member. An investigating committee has reported that at the Sandwich election in May, 1880, there was not only a great deal of indirect and partly concealed corruption, but much direct bribery—open, extensive and systematic. The other places would have about as unsavory records. In some cases individuals are to be permanently disfranchised. These measures are harsh, but unless they are adopted there seems to be no remedy, for public opinion is yet to be created on the side of purity. It sheds a little light on English electoral methods to learn that in the recent special Parliamentary election in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where both parties put forth their best efforts, only 15,864 votes were cast, and the known cost of the election to the two candidates was £15,046, or almost five dollars per vote.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

There is to be an entire new registration this year, and unless you have your name placed upon the books you can't vote. Every voter must be newly registered.

James Gordon Bennett has given Mrs. De Long $50,000 in United States government bonds. Liberal, to be sure, but none too much for the loss of a good husband.

A lawyer in Bangor, Me., has brought suit for $5,000 damages against the publishers of a history of Penobscot county which reported him as dead and gave him a complimentary obituary sketch.

Prominent Republican congressmen express the opinion that Mr. Blaine's election to the House would be a great gain to the Republican party and to Congress. They all concurred in the belief also that if he was elected and the House was Republican, there would be no opposition to his elevation to the Speaker's chair.

The Pennsylvania Republican State convention met at Harrisburg Wednesday of last week and nominated Gen. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, for Governor by acclamation. Wm. Henry Rawle, of Philadelphia, was nominated for judge of the Supreme Court, Charles M. Greer for Secretary of internal affairs, Thomas M. Marshall for Congressman at large, and W. T. Davies for lieutenant-governor. Resolutions were adopted advocating protection to American industry, favoring moral political methods, lamenting the death of Gen. Garfield, and fixing certain rules for the regulation of State conventions, Gen. Beaver made an adress, in which he claimed that he had made no pledges and should carry out the promises of reform made in the platform.

The program for the G. A. R. demonstration next month in Baltimore, has been determined. The first day will be the parade, business meeting, and the campfire. The second will be the "Baltimore Day." All of the guests are to be taken on an excursion down the Bay, five steamboat being engaged for that purpose. There will be a lunch at one of the bay resorts, and then in the evening when the exeursion returns there will be a grand display of fireworks on Federal Hill, which the guests will view from the steamboats. The third day will bo Washington Day, and will include an excursion down to Mount Vernon. About 30,000 visitors are expected, and it is thought 10,000 to 12,000 men will be in the line of parade.

Senator Edmunds on Office-Seekers.

The question having been asked Senator Edmunds, "if a young man ought to plan for himself a political career," that wise and excellent publicist answered as follows;

"I think a young man ought not to plan for himself such a career, in the sense of making it the object of his life to hold office in the government of a republic. The true theory is, that no one has a *right* to be elected or appointed to office, but that the whole body of the community has a right to select and choose those citizens for office whom they think to be the best attainable. And the same principle holds good in cases in which the appointing power is lodged in the hands of a Governor, head of a department, or President. Every man, young or old, ought to be always a politician in the best sense of the term; that is, one who is familiar with that branch of ethics which relates to the practical creation and execution of laws to the greatest advantage of the whole mass of people, with due regard always to the rights of minorities and individuals. But he who makes it his mission in life to be the one to be chosen to make or execute the laws is necessarily either a constant office-seeker or office-holder, or both; and he becomes, in most instances, justly liable to the suspicion that he is inspired by selfishness and not by patriotism. In such a case, even if it be that in this country first and himself last that he wishes to save, his usefulness is greatly impaired; for confidence in our rulers is no small element in good and successful government."

A Bad Outlook.

PITTSBURG, May 13.—The outlook in labor circles in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and Western Virginia is not flattering. For the first time in two years, the iron manufacturers of the states are stocking goods. Though employment is offered to all who seek it, yet there is an uncertain feeling prevalent regarding the future that bodes no good. Yesterday your correspondent interviewed one of the most prominent iron men in the United States with the following result:

"The labor interests of the United States were never organized as they are to-day. Two years ago the Knights of Labor were comparatively unknown in this section, while to-day they number 50 000. It is the same with the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. Where a year and a-half ago they aggregated 12,000 men, they now number between 50,000 and 60,000. A strike to-day means a lockout involving thousands of men. In the iron and steel interests one feature looms up prominently—Pittsburg has been made the battle ground for the whole United States. At the last general meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, held at Cleveland, it was decided to base the wages of all iron and steel workers of the United States upon the rates prevailing in Pittsburg. By the same rule the basis should have been settled in this city on May 1, but the national executive officers of the association, approaching the gravity of the situation, would not decide the question, and it has been referred back to the lodges of this district, and the time continued until May 22. What the outcome will be no man can determine. Yet if the Pittsburg mill men institute a strike, it will involve every mill in the country controlled by the Amalgamated Association."

Jos. D. Weeks, secretary of the Western Iron and Nail Association, was spoken to on the situation. He said: "I consider the labor situation exceedingly critical. I have been watching strikes for years, and making a record of them, but never before in the history of labor have there been strikes of so much importance as at the present time. The iron workers of this district virtually control the iron interests of the country, and if the demands already made are followed by like demands from skilled employes it will increase the cost of production fully 5 per cent. At Wheeling, W. Va., the increased cost of manufacturing nails is estimated at fifteen cents per keg."

Interviews with half a score of leading iron and steel men reveal the fact that a great danger is threatening. The scale for Pittsburg district—which means virtually the scale for the whole country—will have to be settled in a few days. If the employes insist on their present demands a strike will inevitably follow, for the capitalists and mill owners, to a man, will resist the demand. This statement is made after a careful canvass of the whole field.

Outside of the iron and steel interests the same trouble prevails. The coal miners of Pan-Handle county to the number of 5,000 are out on a strike, and the employers are importing Virginia negroes to fill their mines. In the window-glass trade there is more harmony existing, but, nevertheless, a noticeable uneasiness is manifest. A report is prevalent to-night that the miners' strike is broken, and that the iron-workers of this district have resolved not to involve their craftsmen throughout the country in unnecessary complications.

A delegate convention, representing 5,000 mill men, was held to-day in this city, but nothing outside the above could be obtained. Should the present demands of iron-workers be persisted in, it will increase the cost of production five per cent. per ton all over the United States.

Guiteau's Fate Sealed.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—It is to-day learned authoritively that a decision upon the Guiteau exceptions will be rendered by the District Supreme Court next Monday, and that it will be a unanimous one. There is no longer any doubt that it will overrule all the exceptions, and consequently affirm the sentence of the court below. It is understood that one of the judges was inclined to attach much importance to the question raised against the competency of Mrs. Dunmire's testimony, and that another member of the court found considerable difficulty in coming to an agreement with his colleagues on the question of jurisdiction; but although these two judges may, perhaps, take occasion to express opinion in some degree dissenting from their colleagues' processes of reasoning on these points, the decision itself will, as above stated, be unanimous.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

Preferred Bannon to Bond.

ANNAPOLIS, May 13.—Mr. George M. Murray gives, in an afternoon paper published here, to-day the following naive account of the origin of the suit of General Bond to recover $50 from Murray, which the General alleged was given Murray to use for the General's political faction, but which, he charged, Murray used against it:

"I have been repeatedly asked to explain the object of a meeting I had with General Frank A. Bond in Baltimore city. In doing so I wish to make it as brief as possible, and at the same time do not intend to deal harshly with any one, but give the facts as they are. On the 6th of December, 1880, I received a letter from General F. A. Bond requesting me to meet him in Baltimore at Barnum's Hotel, or at any place I should name, as he wished to see me on a matter of business. I did not reply to his letter at once, and in three days (on the 9th of December) I received another letter making the same request. I did meet him at Barnum's Hotel, and I found that he wanted me to support him in the coming contest for the legislature. Dr. C. B. White, he said, would be his opponent. He said he would give me $500 and an appointment in the legislature, and also guarantee me $500 a year in the future. I positively refused to oppose Mr. Bannon, as I well knew that he would be a candidate for the House of Delegates, and not Dr. White. Then he wanted me to remain quiet and vote as I pleased. I did not consent to do so, I told the General that I liked him very well, but, as he well knew, Mr. Bannon had been my warm friend; that I could not, I would not, desert him. He then took from his pocket-book $50 and handed it to me, and said that I could take it and use it as I chose; that as I had been a good Democrat he thought I was entitled to it. I did not use the money against him in any way whatever. On the contrary, Mr. Bannon has always satisfied his friends in his primary contest in our district."

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *World* claims to have ascertained literally "to a dollar" the capital of the celebrated Peruvian Company, which has become the basis of the present notable investigation. The correspondent called on Dr. Franklin Stewart, son-in-law of Dr. Swayne, and the present proprietor of the panacea bearing Dr. Swayne's name, who with some reluctance consented to tell him the whole story. Briefly stated it is that the original Cochet claim was divided into twenty parts by one Peter Havner, a contemporary and competitor of the celebrated Henry Meigs, in Peru. Twelve of these parts were sold to James Montgomery, now vice president of a cattle car company in New York; one part to a Philadelphian named Carey, while Dr. Stewart took what was equivalent to one-fifteenth of the whole, Havner retaining the remainder. Dr. Stewart subsequently transferred his interest to Shipherd, on the understanding that the gentlemen had already contracted for the purchase of all the other interest with a view of organizing the Peruvian Company. The other parties refused to sell to Shipherd, who, nevertheless, went ahead, and organized his company with a nominal capital of $250,000,000, his only interest being the fifteenth part of the whole transferred to him by Dr. Stewart on payment of one dollar. That dollar is all that Shipherd ever paid, though Stewart claims to have paid him $1,600 for legal services in working up the matter, the one-fifteenth part transferred to him being really still Stewart's property. That, he declares, is the whole basis of the wonderful company of which Shipherd elected himself president, making a friend of his secretary. Dr. Stewart still believes that the Cochet claim is valuable, and is very much afraid that he cannot get his fifteenth part back from Shipherd; hence it was with great reluctance that he talked about the matter, after he was through he confessed himself scared at what he had done, adding that he wished he dared talk more; "But I am afraid of Jacob; he is a terror"

The Baltimore *American* of Tuesday contained the following special dispatch from New York:

NEW YORK, May 16.—The *Tribune* will say editorially this morning: "The man Brady, who falsely represented Lindsey in the attempt to bolster up the Morey letter forgery, is now in this city and has made a full confession of his connection with the matter, and the action of William M. Price, of Maryland, and his confederates. The day of reckoning is probably near at hand for some of the conspirators."

A remarkable case of apparent suspended animation is the subject of intense interest at Newport, Kentucky. Roselia Rolencher, a girl of 18, who was noted for her blooming health and exuberent spirits, was pronounced dead on Sunday, after being seized with convulsions. On Tuesday warmth still remained in the body, and the funeral was postponed. Subsequently some of the attendants say they saw the eye-lids of the girl move, and efforts are making to resuscitate the apparent corpse.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1882.

Unless the sentiment of the Senate is very different from that of the House we shall soon have a new Cabinet officer, to be known as the Secretary of Agriculture. The work so energetically pursued by Mr. Le Duc while he was Commissioner is likely to be crowned with success long after that worthy but visionary person has followed into obscurity his non-producing tea-plants and experimental toad-stools. But Le Duc is not the first Commissioner who aimed to exalt the honors of his office. Ever since the creation of the Department of Agriculture the Commissioner of that bureau for the time being has been ambitious to be made a Cabinet officer, and through himself and his friends has constantly agitated the subject before Congress. The first Commissioner, Mr. Newton, took the view that he was entitled to rank as a Cabinet officer under the bill creating the Department of Agriculture, and demanded that he should be admitted to the Cabinet council as a full member. The President who appointed him did not recognize his pretensions and he had to go to Congress. Bills have been frequently introduced in the two Houses to make the head of the department a Cabinet officer. They have been discussed from time to time, but have generally been looked upon more with ridicule than with seriousness. When Dr. Loring, the present Commissioner, was appointed, his friends said he would never rest until he had succeeded where all his predecessors had failed. He is a man of wealth and of fine address, and since his incumbency has entertained as handsomely as almost any one in Washington. It is an adage as old as the hills that arguments addressed to the stomach are most forcible. It may be that the truth of the old adage is again made manifest in the fact that the House, with only seven dissenting votes, passed a bill to make the Commissioner of Agriculture a Cabinet officer, or it may be that the motive and the cause of such remarkable unanimity was an interest in the welfare of the agriculturists of the country. Just how they will be benefitted by making a Cabinet officer of the Commissioner of Agriculture will remain for the future to demonstrate.

The new executive department is to be under the management of a Secretary, who must be "an experienced and practical agriculturist," according to the terms of the bill. Originally it was intended that there should be four bureaus in the new department, and that one or two subdivisions should be taken from other executive departments of the Government to increase the importance of these. As passed, however, the bill provides for only three bureaus, the sub-divisions of which already exist, in form more or less definite, in the Department of Agriculture, today. The Bureau of Agricultural Products is to include botany, chemistry, and etomology. These divisions already form the better part of the present Department of Agriculture, the first two being important practical branches, while the third, although of real value, is the subject of great mirth to the non-agricultural members of Congress, who consider it great fun to ridicule the division of "bugology" of the Department of Agriculture. The Bureau of Animal Industry is to be in charge of a vetinary surgeon, and embraces in its duties the investigation and reports concerning the number, condition, and value of the domestic animals in the country, and shall provide for their protection from diseases and collect and disseminate information relative to breeding, importation, and improvement of stock. The Bureau of Lands and Statistics is to report on the resources and capabilities of lands suitable for stock-raising. A second division of this bureau is to be devoted to the collection of labor and agricultural statistics and crop reports; while a third division is to be employed in the collection and circulation of information and statistics relating to forestry, the demand and supply of timber and the preservation of forests being made its especial care. This synopsis will not impress any one familiar with the operations and conduct of the present Department of Agriculture with the idea that a new and original work is to be undertaken, or that the labors of the department, as now carried on, are to be materially expanded and dignified.

The Democrats have had rather a hard time over the Tariff Commission bill and some of them are disposed to be severe on those of their party who voted for the bill. The majority believed that by insisting upon an immediate revision of the tariff system the party would gain an advantage, or at least be consistent; but they have come to grief in this as in the anti-Chinese measure. It was a great disappointment to them when the President signed the latter bill, for all their visions of political capital have thereby vanished. Congress is getting along fairly with the other work before it, and will doubtless be ready to adjourn a month hence. Such wet, gloomy, cold and dismal spring weather as we are having this month has not been known here before within the memory of your humble servant, nor of the oldest inhabitant.

JUNIUS

The Grand Army Reunion.

[From the Baltimore Telegram, May 13.]

The work of preparation for the encampment in this city of the Grand Army of the Republic the coming month goes bravely on, and Baltimore will surely witness not only an imposing presence, but one of the most significant and emphatic expressions of the return of fraternal relations displayed since the war. In selecting our city for this special demonstration the chief authorities of the Grand Army will find that they have acted wisely—much more so indeed than they could have anticipated. They may have readily thought that the representatives of the Grand Army would be kindly received and have a good time. But they could have no idea of that spontaneous, universal, overwhelmingly hospitable greeting that is now in preparation to be extended, for in the forthcoming event all of our citizens are united to a man in arranging for such a welcome and such entertainment as will be without precedent in our history—an occasion indeed for permanent and pleasant possession in the minds and hearts of the present generation at least.

It is now a fixed fact that we shall have at least a fourth of the membership of the Grand Army, which now numbers fully one hundred thousand throughout the Union. In the spirit of restored brotherhood, unmeasured love of country, and the grand principle of national perpetuity, several military organizations in cities south of us, composed very largely of the bravest hearts that marched under the Confederate flag, have been invited to participate. Already responses have been received from several of them accepting, and in such patriotic, generous words as to leave no room for doubt as to the noble purposes actuating them. Here then will meet from the North and South soldiers of a restored Union, with animosities and resentments buried beyond resurrection, pervaded by one common principle, and united forever in the defence of one common flag. For such a united presence our citizens have the strongest and most ennobling incentive to open their arms and hearts in joyous greeting. They will have as guests men who while the bitterest enemies in a conflict unprecedented in courage and devotion to opinion, are now citizens of a united country; of men who for four long years were divided in the sanguinary struggles of war, are now inseparably united in the great mission of fraternity, peace and civilization. We feel assured that every citizen is proud in the knowledge that Baltimore has been chosen for this commemoration, and will zealously and anxiously contribute his or her part toward the magnificent success which it is aimed to secure by those having the arrangements in charge.

Another American Polar Expedition Proposed.

In the House of Representatives on Monday last Mr. Calkins introduced a bill to appropriate one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in aid of another Arctic exploring expedition, the vessel for that purpose to be purchased by the Secretary of the Navy, and the command of it to be given to Master Lucien Young. It is difficult to believe, in the face of the terrible series of disasters that so recently befell the Jeannette expedition, and of the still more recent loss of the United States search steamer Rodgers, that Congress will appropriate more money to be thrown away on Aretic adventure. Our list of white seamen is not so large that the sacrifice of the best and boldest of them can be risked for no other object—apart from the possible solution of some scientific problems—than another desperate attempt to reach the pole. The passion for overcoming difficulties is a noble one, and especially is it so when it inspires a devotion to noble ends. But the unveiling of the mystery of the pole, which science longs to penetrate, and men of ambitious natures, at the call of duty or in a spirit of adventure, have always been ready to attempt at the risk of their lives, would only satisfy a longing for that which, by old methods, appears to be unattainable, and which, if attained, would not add one dollar to the world's wealth nor one iota to the happiness of mankind. For three hundred years bold and hardy seamen of various nationalities have endured almost incredible hardships either in the attempt to find, by way of the Arctic seas, a northwest passage to China, or in almost superhuman efforts to reach the pole. During all these three hundred years, from the days of Barentz downward to the fastest explorations of Nordenskjold and Payen and our dead De Long, the record of Arctic exploration has been that of a series of bitter disappointments, of misadventures, of suffering almost invariably, and frequently of loss of ships and of life. Whoever leads an Arctic exploration leads a forlorn hope. Our own explorers, Kane and Hayes and Hall, added something to our knowledge of those icy solitudes; but Kane lost his ship, and only after many weary days was able to bring his party back to Greenland. Hayes was baffled and returned, and Hall, after living for a long time with the Esquimaux as the Esquimaux did, died among them or near them, with all his hopes of fame extinguished. And now, when the news has freshly come to us of the finding of De Long and ten of his men dead of starvation on the inhospitable shore of Eastern Siberia; of the total disappearance of Chipp, and of all who were in his boat; of the burning of the search steamer Rodgers, and of the sending of another steamer to the rescue of her officers and crew, Congress is asked to appropriate money to fit out another expedition for Arctic exploration. What hope have we that a new expedition will fare any better than those that have preceeded it? Is it any more likely that it would penetrate to the pole than those expeditions led by Parry and Ross, and Beechey and Franklin, and Markham and Nares, and numbers of others, or than that so gallantly conducted by our own Kane, who got nearer to it than any of his predecessors? Since then only Nares, with his sledge-parties and his men broken down with scurvy, has gone beyond him. It seems a little thing to say that Nares, when from the obstructions interposed, and the condition of his men, he was compelled to abandon his quest, was within three hundred miles of the pole. On land, even though mountains blocked the way, success, with patient endeavor, would be certain. But in the Artic regions, where the ice is piled up into hard crystal barriers in every conceivable direction, and a passage for the sleds carrying provisions has to be made with infinite labor at almost every few feet of the way, and when every step in advance carries the working parties further from their base of supplies, even at the favorable average rate of three miles a day it *would* take a hundred days of sledge journey to reach the pole from the point where Nares had to turn back. When it was reached there must be provision enough left to last the party on its tedious return journey to the ship. Howgate's plan to build a shore station at the point nearest the pole that could be approached by a ship, provision it, for two or three years, and send out from thence working parties to establish and provision new stations in advance, within practicable distance of each other, is the only plan that has yet been devised whereby the pole might possibly be reached, leaving it, however, still doubtful whether the supplyship, when sent home to return with fresh supplies the next year, would be able to penetrate as far north as it did the year previous. We know that from Cape Constitution, Washington Land, in latitude 82.27, where Morton reported to Kane he had discovered an open polar sea, Capt. Nares found only icefields stretching away as far as the eye could reach. All these facts go to show the difficulties and dangers of Arctic exploration; how futile every attempt has been to reach the pole by ships and sledge journeys, and how slender the chance would be of attaining it even by Howgate's plan. Why, then, with our sorrow still fresh for the loss of De Long and his companions, should Congress sanction a repetition of the risks that with him, as with many others, have ended so fatally?—*Baltimore Sun.*

Baby Elephant.

Barnum is overjoyed with his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declares $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52.000 for an insurance of the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely, if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin*, he would do no such foolish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No one can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal, and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin*. Ask your Druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has been forty-eight years writing the "History of the United States, and yet it is only brought down to the election of the first President, so careful and painstaking is his work. Though now eighty-two years of age, the venerable historian is still at work, and hopes to bring his history down to the time of the Mexican war.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. E. H. Bartlett is in attendance at the Supreme Lodge, K. of H., at Baltimore.

—Notice the advertisement of D. J. Slabach in another column. The farm he offers for sale is a very desirable one.

—Mr. M. W. Lambert has leased the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland, to take possession on the first of next April.

—All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle immediately.

5 6 3 S. LAWTON.

—We are glad to announce that Mr. Charles Brown, of this county, has been appointed to his old position in the Baltimore Custom House.

—Miss E. F. DeWitt opened a select school at Glendale May 15th. Miss DeWitt is a competent teacher, and her school should be well patronized.

—The sale of lots at Mountain Lake Park Thursday was a success. We were not able to learn the actual number sold, but the directors are satisfied with the day's work.

—The corner stone of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be built at New Germany was laid with appropriate religious ceremonies on Monday, May 15th, Rev. B. Ison and D. Flanigan officiating

—Died, near the Red House, Friday last, of diphtheria, Lucretia Browning, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Ann Browning, in the 14th year of her age. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery, at Oakland, after services at the church conducted by Rev. Father Schmidt.

—A journal devoted to the temperance cause has been started at Uniontown, Pa. It is issued semi-montly by Lucast Beaty, and called *The Beacon Light*. Subscription price 50 cents per year in advance. We heartily recommend this publication to the friends of temperance in this county.

—Col. J. E. Wood proposes to build a residence on the large tract of land recently purchased by him near Oakland, called "Forbes Glade." He also proposes to inclose the entire tract with a wire fence. Ten miles of fence, or fifty miles of wire will be required to inclose the property. The Colonel recently purchased a large herd of cattle which he now has grazing upon the land. We would like to have a few more such men settle in our county.

—A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked if there was anything she could do for him. He said no he didn't want anything. She went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went and asked him if he wanted to be showed anything. "No," said the nervous man; "I just wanted to sit around. My physician recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things, I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspaper I thought this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of complete isolation."

Grateful to Invalids.

Floreston Cologne is grateful to invalids, as it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

Hoi Ye that Hunger,

Go to J. E. Gnagey at Accident and buy Flour, Bacon and Fish, where you will find a large stock which will be sold at very close figures for cash.

Get the Best.

Mr. I. W. Slonaker, of Oakland, is agent for the Victor Washing Machine, which is pronounced by those who have given them a thorough trial, to be the best washer ever offered in this county.

The following certificate is from the wife of the postmaster at Oakland:

OAKLAND, MD., May 10, 1882.

I have thoroughly tested the Victor Washing Machine and find it as represented. It is the best Machine, for light and heavy work, I have ever used.

MRS. R. THAYER.

Joint Conference.

The Joint Conference of the Maryland and Virginia Synods of the Evangelical Lutheran Church will meet at Grantsville, Md., Tuesday evening May 30th, 1882. The following is the programme:

Opening services by Rev. J. Q. McAtee. Essay, "The Personality of the Devil," by Rev. W. A. Shipman. Discussions, "What are the mutal obligations and duties of pastor and congregation?" Rev. W. Y. Cline. "What constitutes the essence of Christian burial?" Rev. J. Q. McAtee. "Whence should we obtain our Sunday School teachers?" Rev. T. L. Harrison.

The community and neighboring pastors are cordially invited to attend. Conference will close on Thursday evening, June 1st.

The Highest Rank.

Made from harmless meterials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

Wanted.

The highest price will be paid for DRY BONES, from now until June 1882, by

O. W. HEISKELL & Co.

The Cumberland Election.

The municipal election in Cumberland Monday resulted in the election of Alex. McFerran, Democrat, for mayor, over G. W. Cromwell, Republican, by a vote of 1,027 to 679, or a Democratic majority of 348. Horace Resley, Democrat, was re-elected city clerk by 987 to 735 for J. P. Willard, Rep. Five councilmen at large were elected, John T. Dixon, Thos. Connell, F. Y. Milloan, G. W. Rawlings, Democrats, and Alexander Adams, Republican. The average Democratic majority is 87. One councilman from each of the six wards holds over till next year. A light vote was polled.

Military Jottings.

The President has written a letter to Capt. Wardwell (Garrett Guards) in which he states that he has directed the General Ticket Agent of the B. & O. R. R. to comply with Capt. Wardwell's request in furnishing transportation to Cumberland on Decoration Day. The detachment of the company, that will participate in the parade and escort to the G. A. R., will leave here on No. 5, at 7:30 A. M., Tuesday morning, May 30th. Both officers and men will be the guests of the Cumberland military. There will be no doubt a very large gathering at Cumberland on the day in question. Company B expect to wear their new dress caps, on that occasion.

The Garrett Guards will also parade here in Oakland on Saturday afternoon, May 20th, for the benefit of the home friends who take an interest in their welfare.

On the recommendation of Lieut. Combs, commissary of subsistence, Major Johnson, has appointed Doddridge T. Graham, of Deer Park, commissary sergeant of the Second Battalion, and on the recomendation of Lieut. Ladew, ordinance officer, has appointed Robert McDonald, of Cumberland, ordinance sergeant.

Of Interest to Tax Payers.

By act of the recent Legislature all collectors of taxes are required to settle up the account with the County Commissioners on or before the first of May in each year. All taxes, both State and county, will hereafter be due on August first, of the year of their levy; on those paid on or before September 1st, a discount of 4 per cent.; on those paid before October 1st, 3 per cent.; on those paid before November 1st, 2 per cent.; on those paid before December 1st, 1 per cent.; and on all unpaid upon January 1st, interest will be changed. Each collector is required to sit for five days in each month at some central place (selected by the Commissioners) in his district, for the reception of taxes, due notice of each sitting having been given, and at the end of each sitting to pay over to the Commissioners all money received by him. After April 1st, all unpaid taxes are to be collected by regular process of law.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending April 26:

Edmund Jamison, Sheriff, to G. S. Hamill and D. E. Offutt, two parts of a tract of land called "Addition to Eden's Paradise Regained;" $1550.

Melchoir J. Miller and wife to Jos. Buchel, military lot No. 3206; $650.

St. Felix Clardeau and wife to Charles B. Cromp, 12 1-16 acres of land situated near the town of Oakland; $1200.

Elijah Kemp and others to Sommerville, lot No. 6 in the town of Bloomington; $650

W. T. Liston, to Hirson Burges, part of a tract called "Clerland," containing 139 acres of land; $450.

Lloyd Chambers and wife to Keziah Rinehart, a lot of ground in the town of Oakland; $408.50.

R. T. Browning and wife to Jos. H. Friend, military lot No. 1470; $60.

Stopped His Paper.

Nowadays, when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trival question that he discontinues his subscription and "stops his paper," we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greeley, the well-known editor of the New York *Tribune*. Passing down Newspaper Row, in New York city, one morning, he met one of his readers, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Greeley, "don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I shall stop the paper."

But the angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon the two met again, when Mr. Greely remarked:

"Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you were going to stop my paper."

"And so I did; I went to the office and had my paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there, and the press was running and business was booming."

"Sir," said Thompson, very pompously, "I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"Oh! thunder!" rejoined Greeley; "I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper, and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something: One man is just one drop of water in the ocean. You didn't set the machinery of this world in motion, and you can't stop it; and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on the same as ever."

Erie's Expertence.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 10th, 1881.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had laid me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days' use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was pertectly well.

N. J. WRIGHT,
Business Agt., Erie *Evening Herald*.

Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's Book on the "Ills of Life." He will give it gratis. If not, address Dr. H at Osborn, O.

Justice in Anne Arundel.

ANNAPOLIS, May 15.—The grand jury found true bills and indictments to-day against the late Board of County Commissioners for knowingly appointing three judges of election of the same party as a majority of themselves in the First precinct of the First district; also against the judges of election in the Second district for moving the polls; against the judges of the Third district for holding a fraudulent election; against those in the Fourth district for letting no one in the polling room to see the count of tickets, and against Elijah S. Bond for stuffing the ballot-box in the same district. The grand jury then adjourned sine die.

Chief Judge Oliver Miller produced a genuine sensation in the Circuit Court this morning when then court reassembled after a week's recess. He told the grand jury that he feared that some of their body had violated the oath that he had administered to them not to divulge the secrets of the grand jury room. He saw by the press that matters had been told that should not have been. The grand jury should inquire into this subject and present the offenders. Judge Miller referred to the statements made in the press in regard to the presentment by the grand jury of the County Commissioners and various judges of election. One of the statements published in the Baltimore *Sun* actually gave the alleged vote on the presentments, twelve being favorable and nine against. To-day Thomas J. Taylor, the Annapolis correspondent of the *Sun*, was summoned before the grand jury in connection with the published statements. Mr. Taylor testified he did not know who told him.

Knights of Honor.

The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Honor of the United States, held its annual session last week in Baltimore. The supreme officers were all present, and about one hundred representatives from all parts of the country. Supreme Dictator Hoke, of Louisville, Ky., presided. The reports of the Supreme Dictator, Supreme Reporter and Supreme Treasurer were read, showing the order to be in a flourishing condition. In the year ending May, 1882, there were 1,121 deaths, the amount paid in benefits reaching $2.153,000. The total number of deaths since the institution of the order in 1875 was 3,065, and the total amount paid in benefits $5,967,003. For the year ending April 29, 1882, the amount paid was $2,211,135.65, far beyond, it is claimed, any sum paid by any other beneficial organization, and to pay which eighteen assessments were required. The actual cost per member was $13 per $2,000 of insurance. Grand Lodges were formed in Louisiana, Colorado and Florida during the year, and over 25,000 members were initiated. The order now numbers 2,800 lodges, with a membership of over 140,000. The financial statement is as follows: General fund, balance cash May 1, 1881, $26,988.63; receipts, $58,347.28; total $85,335.96. Orders drawn, $55,603.49; balance, $20,732.47 widows and orphans' fund, cash May 1, 1881, $2,871.84; receipts, $2,212,123.65; orders drawn, $2,233,000.

Chris and Katy's Wedding.

Among the strangers in New York last week was a German named Chris, who emigrated hither twelve years ago and had accumulated a handsome little fortune in Colorado. His visit to the city was to meet his Katy, the girl of his choice, who had agreed to wait until he sent for her. She was among the steerage passengers of the steamer Hohenstaufer, and Chris, with a friend, was present when the passengers trooped out of the steamer. Chris looked anxiously among the throng, and his heart sank, for nowhere could be seen any one who in the faintest degree resembled his betrothed. But his friend, who had been on a visit to Germany only three or four years ago, had seen her there, and had a better remembrance of what she really looked like, recognized Katy at once in a woman who eventually discovered him in the crowd and darted up to him with a cry of recognition. He turned to the lover beside him, exclaiming in German: "Aha! Chris, here is Katy at last," and brought them face to face. They both uttered cries of doubt and disappointment, and stared in mingled doubt and pain. Katy could see nothing in the sturdy, bronzed man of the rosy-cheeked young fellow who had won her affection and gone from her so long ago. And he as little could see of the pretty maiden of 18 years, who in his remembrance had always been the same, in the tall, thin and brown woman, with flat, battered little brown straw hat, small brown and red plaid shawl, short skirts, coarse blue woollen stockings, and heavy cowhide shoes, who now stood before him. Both sprang to one conclusion, that the other was a fraud. The friend interfered and made reference to events in their early life, which brought them closer together, and after a little while Katy was induced to accompany Chris to the friend's house. Now impatience and affection again took possession of Chris more rapidly than Katy gave way to the re-awakening, and he urged an immediate marriage, to which she, with some show of reluctance and evidently lingering doubt, consented. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace, and the rapiditty with which he rattled off the few words in a language she did not understand, by no means statisfied Katy that she was a lawfully married woman, and the more she thought about it the more she became dissatisfied. In a shrill, excited voice she declared her belief that it was a put-up job to ruin her good name and get the little money that her father had sent over for her matrimonial send off; that she didn't believe this Chris was her Chris anyhow, and that she was going right back to Germany on the same steamer that brought her. In that frame of mind she rushed out of the house and started for the steamer.

The newly-made husband and his friend pursusd her and induced her to go into a hotel in order to settle their difficulties, and a lawyer was brought in to act as a mediator. First they had supper and beer; then they had cheese and Rhine wine; finally the bridegroom, in a moment of hopo and recklessness, ordered champange. And all the while the arguments went on. The lawyer, working through an interpreter, that Katy might understand, led Chris on to talk of his old home in the Fatherland, and occurrences there in his youthful days, and thus gradually convinced her that this was really Chris. To satisfy her scruples they offered to get a Lutheran minister and have the ceremony re-performed, but the needless expense involved was a consideration which her economic mind readily grasped, and at last, overwhelmed by argument, she gave up her design of returning to Germany. Then a new trouble arose. Chris, under the influence of the champagne, became excited at the remembrance of her bitter words of doubt and suspicion, and he grew hotly indignant. He said she might go back to Germany. She retorted angrily, and a row worthy of long-married folks broke forth. After long pouring of much argumentative oil upon the troubled waters, friends soothed the anger of the couple, and both apologized. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the matter was settled, and she started out with Chris to go the friend's house.

Georgia is doubtful; Mississippi is doubtful; Tennessee is doubtful; Virginia was doubtful, and if the Independent campaign South goes on as it has begun, Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana will be doubtful before the summer is over. There was a solid South. It is split pretty wide open just now, and the cracks widen daily.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is a painful sight to see a young man lounging about month after month, neither working nor desiring to work, while others, perhaps poor parents, are toiling from morning till night to support and save them from disgrace, which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many sights of this kind are to be seen in every community? How many are to be found who have not the sense of shame which is necessary to force them off the lounger's seat but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment, if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable? Alas! the fate of such, without speedy reform, is sealed; they will go down to the grave unloved but by their mothers, unmourned but by their companions in idleness, and soon to be forgotten by all!

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Estate of William Sibert, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Allegany county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

WILLIAM SIBERT,

late of Preston Co. W. Va., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10 th day of May, 1882.

20 5 3 JACOB BROWN, Administrator.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

First Monday in June, 1882,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order

5 13 3 J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

Meeting of School Board.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 2, 1882.

The board of School Commissioners will meet on

On Saturday, May 27th,

for the purpose of appointing Trustees for the ensuing year. The citizens residing within the limits of the various School districts will confer a favor on the Board by electing their Trustees for each School, and notifying the Secretary of the Board of their choice, on or before the 25th day of May.

E. H. BARTLETT, Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 4 0ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND, Permanent Trustees.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NOTICE.

CLERK'S OFFICE, April 19th, 1882.

The Commissions of Justices of the Peace, Registration Officers, Commissioner of Fisheries and Member of State Board of Education, have been received this date.

It is necessary for the parties thus commissioned to qualify within 30 days from above date, as their places will otherwise be vacated.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Belt and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S.,
WM. ROSS, of H.,
JOHN HARNED,
5 6 5 Examiners.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennody. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

5 6 3 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

CHAPTER 328.

AN ACT

To repeal section one hundred and tirty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county, as enacted by the Act of the General Assembly passed at its January session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws euttled Garrett county, of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding thereto certain sections under the subtitle "Intoxicating Liquors."

Section 1. Be it enacted by General Assembly of Maryland, That section one hundred and thirty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county," as enacted by the Act of General Assembly passed at its January Session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding certain sections under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors" be and said section is hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session 1882. Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH R. SETH, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 332.

AN ACT

To add certain sections to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled an Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county, said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, sub-title "Sales by Action," and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, sixty-one *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be, and are hereby added to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county," said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, "sub-title "Sales by Auction" and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, and sixty-one *C*, and to read as follows:

Sixty-one *A*. It shall be unlawful for any person to pursue, or carry on the business or avocation of an auctioneer or crier of sales in Garrett county, without first taking out a license therefor as provided in the following section:

Sixty-one *B* Any person desiring to pursue or carry on said business or avocation, of auction or crier of sales, may obtain a license so to do upon application to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, and said Clerk is hereby authorized to issue such license upon the payment by such person of the sum of ten dollars to be immediately paid over by said Clerk to the Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county, for the use of the Public School of said county, after deducting therefrom the sum of fifty cents as a fee to be retained by said Clerk for issuing said license.

Sixty-one *C*. Any person who shall act or attempt to act as auctioneer or crier of sales without first obtaining a license as provided in the last preceeding section, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not less than five nor more than ten dollars, to be received by indictment in the Circuit Court of said county, or by an action at the suit of the State before any Justice of the Peace in said county, and such fine shall be paid over to the School Board of said county, for the use of the Public schools thereof.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1882. Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH R. SETH, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

Daughters at Home.

Once upon a time, about five-and-twenty years ago or so, a wise couple, who rejoiced in the possession of five fair daughters, built themselves a charming house in which to cherish those fair daughters, and presently grow old and die. Other wise couples innumerable doubtless builded other charming houses in the same year of grace, and the distinction of the two here praised lay in this: that they planned an inner home and separate domicile, as it were, for every girl. Each had her pretty sitting-room, her bedroom, her own guest-chamber, to which she was free to invite any friend whom she desired. To each was intrusted the money to furnish and decorate her own little apartment in her own way. Neither father nor mother ever made a domiciliary visit to the daughters' domains, but came only as eagerly invited and warmly welcomed guests.

A like consideration inspired all the dealings of these parents with their children. Each girl had a fixed allowance, which she spent as she thought wisest. Each was encouraged to express her own tastes, develop her own talents, live her own life as far as possible, while the strong family affection acted as the centripetal force to correct any excess of centrifugal tendency.

The result was such a bright, cultivated, independent-minded, close-clinging, original, entertaining, self-respecting, much-loving, frictionless household as no story-book has ever described, and only a happy few have ever beheld. They were all too busy to be petty, too free to chafe at limitations, too happy not to be good. Having scope and outlook at home, they were in no haste to marry. Each waited for her True Prince, whom having found, five other households were established, as liberal and as wise as that in which these maidens had learned that the highest womanhood must go to the highest wifehood and motherhood.

But the astonishment which our friends' treatment of their daughters caused, and the comment it excited, testified to the rarity of giving unmarried girls any distinct and individual place at home. When one of her young visitors, a clever and brilliant girl, was advised by this successful mother to carry on her studies, and obtain a complete education, she replied: "What on earth should I do with a complete education? We are too rich to work, and in my world that is the only motive for thorough culture."

That was twenty-five years ago, and how is it with unmarried girls in wealthy homes to-day? A kindly Englishman wrote, not very long ago: "To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do is the setting the steam-hammer to knock pins into a board. The skillful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them, by a kind of reaction, frivolous, wicked and exaggerated caricatures of what God intended them to be. Some outlet is wanted. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes something very much like paralysis. The steam-hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, can not help feeling that if, some day when the steam is on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it." And what is our gentle and sympathetic author's advice to the young girls who are saying to themselves:

"Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd?"

When fancy work, and visiting the poor, and making calls, and going to parties night after night to talk about the same routine things with the same routine people, and dusting the parlors, and reading books more or less worth reading, and waiting for Prince Charming (who has taken the wrong turn,) and painting cups and screens—when all these thrilling and momentous interests pall, why, then—piano practice! "To women," says Mr. Haweis—"and how many thousand are there in our placid modern drawing rooms!—music comes with a power of relief," etc., etc., etc.

"In the name of the Prophet—figs!" The musical girls will have found out their gift of deliverance for themselves. To the unmusical the piano is the abomination of desolations. In old days, and under the old faith, a religious life would have called to these unemployed, ardent, aspiring, capable young women. They would have taught themselves to believe that ascetic ministration was the ideal of life and the climax of blessedness. The new order asks the consecration of all the powers, not the obliteration of any.

America stands for opportunity. In all other lands, institutions have been completed, fixed in a certain order and permanence. Here all things are plastic, waiting the shaping hand of Time. Here we say to ourselves that we have laid the foundations broad and deep. But the superstructure of our social system, the strong and stately walls, the ornament and finish, the beauty and refinement of life, are yet to rise and be made permanent, and that work has waited for the fresh energies of women.

Every daughter at home in a household which does not need her labor, sighing for something to do which shall demand her real powers, may feel that there, in her own place, she can teach and preach and help by declining to pass her days in frivolity and busy idleness. If she makes the young men and maidens whom she knows see that life means something definite and purposeful to her, and that there are room and use and need for her under the sun, she will have done much.

And might not daughters at home help to solve the homely and hundred-headed "servant question?" They have the leisure, the youth, the enthusiasm, to find the soul under Bridget's rude outer husk, and make something of it. They have the capacity to learn the fine chemistry of cooking, and to impart the science to stupid pupil Gretchen in the laboratory of the kitchen. It is quite as difficult and quite as useful to understand that department of physics which keeps a family in perfect health by good food and fresh air as that other department whose province it is to restore the family to health when they have ignorantly lost it. In true service to the race we place the cook above the doctor, inasmuch as constant benefit is greater than occasional relief.

The daughter at home, studying because her mind was given her to use, exercising her talents for their own sake, may be her weary father's brightest companion, her busy mother's intimate and and restful friend, the confidential and adored comrade of her hobbledehoy brothers, the loving counselor of her little sisters, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. She need not go outside the four walls of her home for her career, nor let those four walls limit her sympathies or confine her usefulness. In a word, the daughter at home whose parents have reared her to fill a place of her own will not dream in her palace till the Fairy Prince knocks, nor, like poor Miss Tox, seek to solace the weary interval with the Copenhagen waltzes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The British Farm Laborer.

On the lowest round of England's social ladder—if indeed on it at all—is the Farm Laborer. Politically, as socially, he has no status whatever; neither any in an economic sense, his pay being the least in the land, and barely enough to keep body and soul together. Yet he is often a manly, noble fellow, morally and intellectually the equal of those who employ him; aye, often their superior. Between him and them there is little or no difference in breed or blood; only the accident of some money on one side with none at all on the other. But the education, refinement and manners which the possession of means might be supposed to bestow are not marked characteristics of those who in the social scale stand immediately above the farm laborer; while in practical and useful knowledge he is more than on a par with them. Money he has none, nor is he ever likely to have it. Out of twelve shillings a week, or scant three dollars—his wages in most parts of the country—laying by as much as a single sixpence would be a problem to puzzle a miser. For be it understood that they are "board wages," out of which he must maintain himself and family, feed, clothe and keep roof over their heads, besides paying rates and taxes. The poorest proletarian and humblest householder in England is not beneath the notice of the tax-gatherer, nor exempt from his periodical visitations. In giving twelve shillings as the weekly wage of a farm laborer, I put it at its maximum in most parts of the country; for in most places is he only too glad to get this, and thinks himself among the favored ones if he can secure a contract for it throughout the whole year. Unless a first-rate hand, that he is not always able to do; and in many districts ten shillings or even nine is a common scale of payment where it is permanent; less still if he be aged, or otherwise not up to his work. Considering that beef is rarely under twenty cents a pound, mutton about the same, and other sorts of fresh meat still dearer; that bacon of good quality is eighteen cents, and flour usually over two dollars the bushel; that his cottage of two or three rooms stands him in rent twenty to twenty-five dollars per annum, it needs little arithmetic to figure up the amount of life's luxury possible to his position. Enough of life's misery is there in it, however, and more than enough, for the worst is not yet told. There may be days of rain, and are—not unfrequently a week of it—when his wages cease, and want enters his cottage. Or he may be laid up with sickness a lengthened spell; then the want comes nearer to what might be called famine—a diet of bare bread and water, even in stinted allowance at that! Such cases are by no means rare. In my own neighborhood, comparatively a prosperous one, I hear of them almost every day, and too well know them to exist. Yet this is the merry, happy England of Chauvinistic newspaper writers and bragging orators—men who know as much about the reality of her rural life as they do of that in the moon, or knowing, falsely represent. To them the condition of farm or other laborer is of slight concern, and little care they whether he be merry or sad.

The labor he gives in return for the above petty wage is great out of all proportion. His regular hours of work are from six a. m. till six p. m., a half hour being allowed him for breakfast and a whole one for dinner. Unless his cottage chance to be close at hand he does not go home for either meal, the time not permitting it. They are brought with him in his little bag or "pail," and eaten by the ditch side, even in winter; or if working about the farmstead, the repast will be made in the cart-shed, barn or other outbuilding. As to his sitting down to a spread table inside the farmer's house, even the kitchen of it, that is an occasion of the rarest, and eating at the farmer's own table a thing altogether unknown to him. Poor is the fare he subsists on, the very commonest and cheapest to be procured; at best only bread and boiled bacon, cold of course. He deems himself well off with this, and cannot always get it; often having to fall back upon a "bloater" (salt herring), eaten cold too. But of all the food commodities purchasable by him, cheese is his chief staple and stand-by. It goes further for the amount of money expended, and many a farm laborer both for breakfast and dinner has naught but this to "kitchen" his bread with. Tea he can only get on his return home after his task is done; and of this he is fond; for notwithstanding the tax on it, it is possibly the most economical and certainly the most luxurious of his meals. —*Captain Mayne Reid, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Very Much Exercised.

Walker McKee is a fashionable young man who is very much in debt and who is also in poor health. He went to consult with a doctor on the subject. The doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and said:

"You need exercise. If you were to walk down Austin Avenue from the Capitol to the bridge over the Colorado just before dinner every day you would feel better."

"If I tried that I would get too much exercise, and I wouldn't feel any better for it, either. All my creditors do business on that street, and some of them are laying for me with clubs, right now." —*Texas Siftings.*

—In New York, in a population of 5,000,000, there are 13,000 lunatics, or one to every 384 of the population. Insanity is said to be increasing more rapidly than the population, and becoming more incurable.

The Greatest Scheme of the Age.

This evening your correspondent inspected articles of agreement, which had just arrived by mail, and were drawn up between the Prospect Park Association, of Niagara Falls, Niagara County, N. Y., of the first part, and Leonard Henkle, inventor, of Rochester, N. Y., of the second part, stipulating that for a consideration of $1,000,000, the party of the first part agreed to execute to the party of the second part, a deed to Prospect Park, its nine acres of land and three acres outside, in the village of Niagara Falls. That this important contract might be thoroughly understood, your correspondent interviewed Colonel Henkle, the local inventor, this evening.

"I have about consummated," said he, "the biggest electric-light project ever dreamed of. When a New York paper a few days since quoted a gentleman as saying he believed all New York would yet be lighted and heated by electricity brought through cables from the power that generated it, at the greatest cataract in the world, it only hinted at half what I, through a large company of capitalists, propose to accomplish in that very direction. This million-dollar contract I hold in my hand is only the beginning of the great things that this prospect will yet develop. I have canvassed among leading capitalists of New York, Boston, and other large cities, and found them ready to agree, after taking mere hints of the nature of my new electric-light inventions, that just as soon as I could secure right and title to the water-power of Niagara or any thing co-equal, they stood ready to combine and push the inventions to a practical test if it took $30,000,000 to do it.

"I would be foolish to describe to you in any way the exact nature of these inventions until my project is more practically perfected, as I hope to see it in a very few weeks, certainly before autumn. But I will say this, that this land contract contemplates the execution of a deed in fee simple controlling the water power of the entire American falls at Niagara, some 2,000,000 horse water power altogether. When I first approached one of the prominent officials connecting with an existing Electric Light Company and broached the subject to him, he pooh-poohed and said: 'O, you poor fool, you never can get possession of Niagara or the right to its gigantic water power. Why, the Government itself has been trying to buy the American side for a public park, but couldn't do it. We admit your scheme might work if you could only get sufficient power to work it, but Niagara isn't to be so easily had.'

"That electrician," continued Henkle, "has already turned out to be a false prophet. You see, here I hold a title incontrovertible. The purchase of Prospect Park for $1,000,000 would almost pay even if Niagara could not be utilized with it. In 1871 the receipts of the Park Association were over $12,000. Last year they amounted to upward of $33,000. You see we want that park, and I start for New York just before midnight to see the promising capitalists there to-morrow and next day.

"The capital stock of the company when organized will be about $20,000,000. Enormous buildings and ponderance machinery will be constructed on the brink of the American falls, and to these buildings there will be an immense raceway coming from the rapids, a short distance above the falls. We can have water sufficient for 2,000,000 horse-power there upon the money conditions named, and the further condition that the water be returned to the river within a given distance.

"I decline to describe one process of generating electricity by this unlimited hydraulic force, but can simply say we will conduct that electricity through properly insulated cases underground to sixty-five prominent American cities and towns between Boston and Chicago. Just as good and forcible an electric current can be conducted 500 miles by my process as can be utilized within an area of one mile. We also contemplate domestic light attachments to the main cables, and will just as surely be able to transmit limited electric power for operating machinery and for heating purposes ultimately.

"There will be about 10,000 miles of cables altogether, with corresponding machinery for industrial purposes. This contract, looking toward the perfection of my project, was, as you see, executed recently at the falls. Do you wonder I said it was a big scheme? Do you see the agreement as to how the $1,000,000 consideration is to be paid? The United States Government three per cents have been pledged to forward this undertaking. That's why they are named in the consideration."

Colonel Henkle at this point left to get ready for the New York train, and bade the correspondent a hasty "Good night." He is a highly-skilled mechanic, has patented several very valuable inventions, and has been working with the electric light almost as long as Edison.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Gopher and Prairie Squirrel.

The fact is, the gophers and ground squirrels belong to different and widely separated genera, and there is nothing in common between them. The gopher is an underground worker, like the mole, and is seldom seen abroad in the daylight. It is moreover a vegetarian, living for the most part upon the roots which it finds in its underground travels—though it no doubt takes in such grubs, worms other like "small deer" as may come in its way. In unsettled prairie regions its principal diet, no doubt, consists of the roots of the native grasses and weeds, being especially fond of the tubers of the wild artichoke. Where it burrows in cultivated fields it makes sad havoc with the tame grasses and clover, not only by devouring the roots, but by throwing up large heaps of dirt which cover large spaces and smother out the vegetation. Then they dig their passageway so near the top of the ground that a horse or cow, and often a man, will break through. The result of this is that they are capable of doing great damage to our meadows. They are also very destructive in an orchard, as they frequently devour all the roots of an apple tree, and one never knows what they are doing until the tree begins to lean to one side, and is about ready to fall. In the spring of 1880 we lost a dozen choice trees, just ready to come into bearing, from the wicked work of these destructive pests. One corner of the orchard seemed to be their particular abiding place, and it was almost impossible to keep an apple tree a-growing on about an acre of ground.

They sometimes destroy potatoes in the hills, but this to no very serious extent. Again they burrow up under a shock of wheat, oats or corn, and if it is left standing for some time will completely ruin it. Their favorite means of locomotion seems to be to dig their way through the ground, which they do with great rapidity. If they come to a hard road-bed they dig right through it, often filling up their heaps of dirt in the wagon tracks. If a gopher is caught fast by one of his fore feet in a steel trap, and is left to himself, he will dig a hole in the ground with the other foot and disappear, trap and all, in a very few minutes. The strength in their powerful fore-paws, jaws and shoulders is marvelous. Captured, they are always ready for a fight, and they are capable of biting very savagely.

This animal is called the pouched rat, or pocket gopher, from the fact that he has on each side of his face a very curious pouch or pocket, extending backward or downward, nearly or quite to the shoulder. In these little haversacks they sometimes carry their food—though many people believe they convey the dirt in them which they remove from their holes. On two occasions we have found green grass in these pockets, so we do not accept the other idea. They doubtless go out and gather green food in the night, though in rare instances we have seen one abroad in daylight, but this is very unusual. Less is probably known to the naturalists concerning the life-history of the pouched gopher than any other of our mammals—for the reasons that they live so exclusively under ground and are so difficult to capture and keep in captivity. Few naturalists—in fact we know of none—have ever seen a baby gopher. Little if anything is known of their habits in winter. They are said to have, down in the numerous winding and most intricate labyrinths of their burrows, lying-in hospitals, granaries, or storehouses, sleeping apartments, and water-closets. We are prepared to believe all this—for they are neat, sleek, handsome, well-fed, sharp, alert, knowing animals, and in building their homes would not be apt to omit any of the modern improvements, or forget any inherited experiences of their ancestors. In fact, one our of near neighbors in plowing through a gopher mound turned up to the light one day a half a bushel or more of the tubers of the wild artichoke—and we have heard of other instances—so that the granary question may be regarded as settled. Some day the other matters may be successfully investigated.

The true pouched gopher *(Geomys bursarius)* we would destroy outright if possible, for no good can be credited up to them, and they do a vast deal of damage. We have tried shooting and trapping them with varying success, but some of the old chaps seem to "be too sharp for anything" in these directions. There is one means, however, which seems to be perfectly sure, and that is poison. These animals are very fond of sweet potatoes. Our plan is to cut a sweet potato into small pieces, and into these make small holes in which we put a little strychnine. By digging down between the little heaps of dirt which they throw up, one can readily find their galleries and underground roads. The poisoned roots are placed in these ways and the holes filled up. When this is well done you will seldom be troubled any more by these mischievous rodents, and a gopher town will become a "silent city."—*Mr. Aldrich, in Iowa Homestead.*

A Monument to Longfellow.

An Eastern paper says: "The friends of Mr. Longfellow are not slow in devising an adequate and suitable memorial. The poet had great fondness for the clear sky and the clear blue waters of the Charles River, and to keep his view of the Charles unbroken purchased many years ago the strip of land which gave him an unobstructed range from behind the lilacs in front of the Craigie House down to the bank of the river on the Cambridge side. It pleased his poetical instinct and was a notable feature of his home. It is now proposed that this open field shall be purchased at the expense of donors to a Longfellow memorial fund, and converted into a garden property, in the center of which a statue of the poet shall be placed as the local tribute of affection for his name and of gratitude for his work. This will retain the association of Mr. Longfellow's presence with the fine old historical mansion in which he lived, and the plan is understood to meet with the sympathy and approval of the poet's friends and family. It is proposed to raise $100,000 for this object, and to give young and old who have profited by Longfellow's poems, or to have been drawn to him in any way, an opportunity of sharing in the contributions necessary to the execution of the plan. The officers and committees are not yet announced, but the movement has been so generally approved by those who knew Longfellow best, and touches so tender a sentiment in the young life of the country, that the arrangements for subscriptions will soon be completed, and those most interested in it are quite sure of a hearty response from all English-speaking people. The plan was first suggested by Mr. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, a few days after Mr. Longfellow's death, and met with instant recognition and approval.

The Use of Morphia.

"A recent painful case of death caused by hypodermic injection of morphia," says the London *Lancet*, directs attention afresh to the dangers of resorting to this most perilous mode of administering drugs designed to relieve pain. The public should be warned against the practice of employing remedies hypodermically. So formidable a 'remedy' should on no account be used except under medical advice, and, when deemed necessary, it ought to be given by practitioners. We have repeatedly urged the profession to discountenance the recourse to injections under the skin, which is becoming general. It is a practice of extreme hazard, and we are of opinion that surgical instrument makers should refuse to sell the requisite apparatus to lay persons, and that medical men should forbid their use."

For Young Readers.

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

I'm a boy 'bout as high as a table;
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakespeare, or Milton,
Or Byron, or Shelley, or Saxe.
By-and-by it will be "Mr. Daniel,"
They all call me now "Little Dan;"
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and everything nice;
With the cutest of uxings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.
A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man.

No poisonous drinks will I swallow,
From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,
My nose wasn't made for a chimney,
No snuffing or chewing for me.
Now my soul I'll possess with great patience,
And as well as a little boy can
I will set them a better example;
Won't I lecture them when I'm a man?

I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing,
Look out for me when I'm a man.
—*John S. Adams, in Youth's Companion.*

KITTY AND JOHNNY'S TROUBLE.

BY KITTY WHITE.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk.

We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:

One day last week our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he hadn't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing). The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he wouldn't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he didn't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it wasn't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny. And father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he wasn't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause father said she couldn't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he didn't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I didn't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we've made five dollars for father, perhaps he'll give us our penny, 'cause it'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We couldn't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said: "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said: "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let's look at 'em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said: "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he didn't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said: "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And didn't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he didn't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Haven't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he didn't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we'd better wait till after dinner to give father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we'd waited, for the roast beef was too brown, and father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor father that we thought we'd give him his surprise then, so he'd feel better. Johny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What's this, sir?"

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he didn't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And mother said: "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And father said that "what we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We've been in our rooms ever since, and both father and mother said they were under the necessity of——

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he doesn't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it's over for this time.—*Ada Neyl, in St. Nicholas*

Why the Clock Stopped.

Two newly-married swallows, with the important business of building a nest on their minds, stopped to rest one morning on the hands of a great church clock in the town of Newark, New Jersey. Presently they noticed a little hole on its face just large enough for a swallow to enter. They looked in, and saw a lovely place for a nest among a collection of wheels that seemed perfectly quiet.

There is a great difference, you must know, in the movement of the wheels of the great clocks. Some turn swiftly, while the larger ones move so slowly that, unless they are watched for a long time, they seem to be standing still.

The swallows thought it would be delicious to live in the clock. No boys could disturb them, and unless some one should invent a new kind of flying cat they would never have any unwelcome and dangerous visitors. So they began to build. They carried hay and grass and cotton into the clock, and by night their nest was half finished. They slept in a neighboring tree, and in the morning flew back with fresh building materials. Something very strange had happened. The nest that they had partly built had nearly disappeared. They had to begin again. All that day they worked hard. The next morning they found that the same cruel trick had been played on them. They now became very indignant, and that night they perched on the hands of the clock, so as to be near in case any one should try to destroy their nest. In the course of the night the hands of the clock turned around and tumbled them off, but in the morning they saw that their nest had only been slightly disturbed. They repaired the damage, finished their work, and moved in that night.

For two days they were very happy, but on the third day a man climbed into the tower to see why the clock had stopped. He found nearly a peck of straw and grass and cotton that had been drawn by the wheels into the inmost recesses of the clock, and had finally so clogged the wheels that they could move no more. Then he found the nest that the swallows had made, and threw it away, and stopped up the hole in the clock face.

And so it happened that the swallows had to go and build a nest under the eaves after all.—*Harper's Young People.*

Good Advice.

Other people may find the advice of Daniel Webster to his grandson of value for themselves. He wrote it about four years before his death:

"Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First, you cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good character and good behavior—a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be always to act right and fear nothing—but wrong doing. Finally: 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you and given you a mind and faculties, and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents, love your sister and brother, be gentle and kind to all, avoid peevishness and fretfulness, be patient under restraint. Look forward constantly to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish."

The "Father of the Orphans."

A remarkable character, who deserves public recognition for the good work he has accomplished during his life, has recently died in Vienna. His name was Ferdinand Reidt, but he was better known as the "Father of the Orphans." He was a man of means and happily married, but he and his wife were childless, and so they agreed to make the fatherless and motherless their special care in life. He began nearly fifty years ago by taking fatherly charge of two or three orphans, but his good work assumed such proportions that at the time of his death he was the legal guardian of more than a thousand children. He kept conscientious watch and ward over these adopted ones during their early education and their youth, until their marriage, or their start in adult life. He was unassuming and modest, and never claimed credit for his noble work.—*Christian Union.*

—Dick Powell, living in Falls County, Tex., sold his wife the other day to Harry Adams, living in McFerran County, for $5.—*Courier-Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—One pound of green copperas dissolved in one quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells. Powdered borax scattered in their haunts will disperse cockroaches.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Pigs farrowed in May will do better than those that come in earlier, unless the early pigs are carefully sheltered and kept warm. When once a pig is stunted by cold and neglect it is apt to remain backward. Young pigs should never be weaned until moderate weather has well set in.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The following recipe furnishes a cheap sealing wax, useful for many purposes: Mix together 2 pounds of common beeswax, six ounces of turpentine and 2 ounces of olive oil; add six ounces of red led, boil a little and stir until it is almost cold, then cast it into cold water and make it into rolls or cakes.

—The value of pure short-horn cattle is still far beyond that of any other breed. At a recent sale in Chicago, the fourth Duchess of Airdrie brought $7,100; the second Marchioness of Kirklivington, $3,525; the ninth Duchess of Hillhurst, $8,500; the tenth Duchess of Hillhurst, $7,100; the eleventh Duchess of Hillhurst, $4,700; the eighth Duke of Hillhurst, $3,025.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A believer in counter-irritants, and possibly one who does not "believe," will find relief from toothache and its accompanying neuralgia by using the liniment made from the following formula: Take half an ounce each of the oil of sassafras and oil of origanum, one ounce and a half of tincture of capsicum, and half a pint of alcohol. Wet a flannel cloth with it and apply to the face.—*N. Y. Post*

—Peanut Soup with Oysters.—Prepare three pounds of nuts as directed in the preceding receipt; mix with them two tablespoonfuls of flour; smoothly blended with half a pint of cold water; place this mixture in a saucepan over the fire, gradually stir into a pint and a half of boiling water, or milk and water, add a small red pepper and a palatable seasoning of salt, and boil for fifteen minutes, taking care that the soup does not burn; then put in one pint of oysters, from which all bits of shell have been carefully removed; let the soup boil once, and serve immediately.—*N. Y. Times.*

—There is considerable room for the expansion of the poultry business in this country. We have imported within the past three months nearly half a million dollars worth of eggs alone. The official figures are: 3,396,246 dozen of eggs, valued at $465,554. But then we exported all of 19,986 dozen, valued at $4,321, which still places $461,214 to the credit of foreign hens. At that rate, the year round, we shell out nearly two millions per annum for a commodity that almost produces itself.—*American Poultry Yard.*

Destroying the Cabbage-Worm.

My method of meeting this enemy has been to begin in time, capturing the white-winged butterfly that lays the eggs. If the cabbage-grower is remote from other plantations of cabbage, considerable may be done in this way. But as a rule the butterfly will lay its eggs, and the enemy must be met in its next stage. Water heated to about 135 or 145 degrees will destroy the worm without injuring the plants; but this requires more care and labor than will generally be given. With a little more heat the plants may be injured, with less the enemy may escape. I have found white hellebore, such as is used for the currant-worm, equally destructive to the cabbage-depredator. My method is to boil a gallon of water and dissolve in it one heaping tablespoonful of the powdered hellebore. A very little sprinkled on the plants will speedily finish the worms. The use of Paris Green or the equally poisonous London Purple for this purpose cannot be too severely discountenanced. The white hellebore is, it is true, slightly poisonous; but not all as Paris Green is. I only use the hellebore in early stages of growth. After the plants begin to head, I use no more hellebore, but content myself with promoting vigorous growth by frequent hoeing, and if need be, watering the plants. A pinch of common salt thrown on a cabbage plant in August will destroy the worm almost as well as the hellebore, and will besides promote the tendency to form a solid, heavy head. Salt is in fact one of the best special manures for cabbage. My reason for not using it from the first is because, while very young, the leaves of the cabbage are tender and might be injured. Besides, if I used salt from the first, the ground might be oversalted and the crop injured rather than benefited. Bran, lime and other substances have been recommended to destroy or drive away the worm after the head is forming, but I am satisfied that salt is the best at that season.—*W. T. Fowler, in N. Y. Examiner.*

Soaking Seed Against Smut.

Most good farmers have reported their experience in favor of soaking seed corn in weak brine before planting, as a preventive of smut, though not always with the sanction of what are known a sad-vanced agriculturists. They have not been able to understand how anything that can be done to a seed will have any effect on what is to happen to the grain that is produced months afterwards. However, those farmers who have tried it have adhered to the practice, and we suppose there is nothing more certain than that these brine steeps do prevent the smut. Latterly, however, Professor Brewer, of Yale college, not only admits that it is good practice, but shows us the process by which the smut progresses from its first establishment on the grain to its final maturity in the head or ear. It appears that the seeds or spores of the fungus adhere by a sticky coat to the grain. As soon as the grain sprouts, the fungus spore sprouts also, and sends its filaments into the plant, growing as the plant grows, and continuing to grow until the grain is about to reproduce itself, when the fungus plant is also ready to reproduce itself, which it does in the form of smut as we see it; the smut being a nest of spores ready for reproduction. The process is made very clear. We see how brine is useful. It destroys the fungus spores, but not the grain. As corn planting is now upon us it is the easiest thing for farmers to give this a trial. At times the damage done by smut is very serious.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Meanest Man in Chicago.

A reporter of the Chicago *Herald* was recently shown "the meanest man in Chicago." He is a grain operator, but he ought to be in a museum or in a side tent at the circus. His wife was sick a long time and wanted another doctor called. "No," said he, gently, "it's no use changing doctors. I don't believe any doctor could cure you." About eleven o'clock one morning, while he was in his office, he turned to his clerk and said: "My wife died this morning at five o'clock. I felt so bad I couldn't stay at home, and so came down to the office. I'll have to buy a coffin, I suppose." "Yes," said the clerk sarcastically, "I should imagine a coffin would be necessary." "S'pose you go over to the undertaker's," said he, "and see what a coffin will cost; you'd better bring a price list." The price list was brought, and the old gentleman, looking over it, said, pointing to the cheapest: "I guess this'll do. Here's her length," handing the clerk a piece of twine. "How wide?" asked the clerk. "I didn't think of that," said he, "but I guess about so wide," and he held his hands apart. When the undertaker got the order he said he never had one in that shape before, and thought it must be a murder or a suicide. When he learned there was nobody in the house but the hired girl the undertaker said he would send a man along to lay out the corpse and put it in the coffin. Then he told his man to take the bill right around, as he wouldn't trust a man a minute who would order his coffin in that way. A hearse and carriage was also ordered, and the old man proposed that he and the clerk should act as bearers. The clerk objected, and after a long delay another carriage was ordered and the clerk went out and hunted up some pall-bearers. This took up so much time that they almost missed the train. The clerk said he was never so ashamed of anything in his life, except what happened afterward, when one day the old man, stepping up to his desk, said: "I wish you'd would run out and see how much you can get for these," laying a set of false teeth upon the desk. "They belonged to my wife, but she doesn't need them now." The clerk took the teeth and going to a jeweler's asked him: "How much are you paying for second-hand teeth?" He spoke savagely, for he didn't like the business. The jeweler said the teeth were of no use to him, knocked them off and paid for the gold plate. The story got abroad, and now it's the regular thing to ask the old man for quotations on second-hand teeth.

—Bill More, of the Augusta *News*, has devoted his life to breaking down the superstition that hangs about the number thirteen. He has Room thirteen at the hotel, wears number thirteen shoes, is engaged to thirteen girls, and smokes thirteen cigars a day.—*Chicago News.*

—The *Country Gentleman* says: "Hens seldom pay their expenses after they are three years old." The failure cannot be ascribed to lack of effort on their part, for they scratch as hard to get along then as they ever did.—*Detroit Post.*

—Cincinnati has a man who compels his wife to use glue for hair pins. He does not mean to have his eyes put out. —*Cincinnati Star.*

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

A FOOLISH old woman, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. "I beg pardon," exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; don't you "understand me. I wish to inquire whether your grandmother had any children."

"Dragging Pains."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc.,
A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

RYAN, the pugilist, is fond of "Pinafore," it is said. We cannot believe this, as he has shown no desire recently to face Sullivan's music.—*The Score.*

☞ In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cents than in any 15 or 25-cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE: She (encouragingly): "Your step suits mine exactly." He (nervously): "So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waltzer."—*Judy.*

OLD Slobson was raking in the front yard yesterday when he noticed a boy gazing through the picket fence in a most earnest manner. "What are you doing," asked the old man. "Watching the Rake's Progress," replied the boy, as he dodged just in time.—*Rochester Express.*

A TENNESSEE negro ate two raw mackerel, two dozen hard boiled eggs, and drank two buckets of water. Make him sick? Oh, no! He wanted more. You see he was a week doing it.—*Boston Post.*

"DO YOU admire the principles of Jefferson?" asked an enthusiastic politician of a society friend. "I really don't know much about his principles," was the reply, "but he plays 'Rip Van Winkle' superbly."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

AN eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red, it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

IF you would retain the love of your affianced, young man, do not permit her to invegle you into an ice-cream saloon. If you do a coolness will soon exist between you.

AT the annual session of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, Theodore Gill read a paper on "The Development of Chiropterygium from the Iethopterigium." There was not a dry eye in the house.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I THINK the goose has the advantage of you," said a lady to an inexpert boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

TYNDALL'S theory that heat is simply motion in another form must be true. Strike a piece of iron and it becomes hot. Strike a man and he immediately boils over. There is, however, one exception to the rule. Strike a warm friend for a short loan and he at once becomes as cold as an iceberg.—*Philadelphia News.*

WRITE to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

A GENTLEMAN who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot. The evidence was conclusive.

***"A doubtful friend is worse than a certain enemy." And *vice versa* a certain friend is infinitely better than a doubtful enemy. Thus Kidney-Wort is an incomparably better friend to the human race than whole catalogues full of doubtful nostrums. It is an unfailing remedy for that tormenting disease, piles. It moves the bowels gently and freely, and thus removes the cause. Do not fail to try it faithfully either in dry or liquid form.

WHEN a murderer is reprieved twenty minutes before the performance is to take place, a playful way to put it is, that he "skipped the rope."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE fairest faces are sometimes marred by myriads of pimples, and markings of tetter or freckles, which are readily removed by a popular toilet dressing, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Even scrofulous ulcers yield to it. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have a wide reputation as the best, safest and cheapest remedy extant, for all nervous diseases and headaches.

"Oh, for a better half!" said the sorrowing widower when he found a counterfeit fifty-cent piece among his change.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

IT is a sad astronomical fact that during the terrible thunder storm the other night the milky way became sour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and DON'T take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

CUSTOMER—"Give me some fish!" Waiter—"What will you take, sir, bluefish!" Customer—"It makes no difference; I am color blind."—*Puck.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

"CAN you flirt a fan!" asked a coquette of her partner. "No," he replied, "I can not; but I can fan a flirt."

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RENNING'S Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

WHY would coal dealers make good lawyers? Because they know all about coke and little ton.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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Ruined by Rum! How many of your acquaintances? Aye, many. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is the practical temperance medicine of the day. Not composed of liquor, not sold in bar-rooms, but a true tonic in every particular.

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It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 918

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

What Do the Children Read.

The question what do our children read is an important one to parents, if indeed it is not so to the whole community. The early impressions of childhood are the ones most deeply imbedded in the mind and heart. If these impressions are good, it is likely, no we might say it is sure, to bring a good result in after life, while if bad, a consequent yield of bad fruit. This is emphatically a reading age, and for this reason it is important that the reading matter furnished be of such a character as to leave its impress for good and not for evil. The dime novel, the blood and murder story, and kindred light literature have done more to corrupt the morals and lower the standard of character among the rising generation than any other one cause, and the remarkable growth of this kind of reading and its rapid sale show the degeneracy of the times. Since our people, even from the quite young to the more mature will read, it is of the highest importance that the kind and quality of their reading be looked into. A bad book or paper will set on fire a whole neighborhood with its pernicious influence, and the seeds of demoralization thus sown, take deep root and can only be plucked up or destroyed with the greatest difficulty. Let parents then look well to the kind of literature their children read. As you would not like to see them choose for their associates and companions the profane and vile, neither should you let them have the vile and profane trash so much circulated now-a days from which to fill their minds with evil thoughts, deceptive and delusive doctrines, and bad principles, that will just as surely bring them to ruin and disgrace as the evil every day association with bad men or women. While we are caring for the outward dress and the becoming appearance of our children, let us not forget that cultivation of the mind and heart, which will be of more value to them than mere outward show in the after years of life. Let us give them the best books and magazines and papers to read, from which they may fill the storehouse of their minds with beautiful thoughts, true and enabling principles, and qualify them to rank in life among the noble and good. It is a mistake we make, which will in time give us days and years of sorrow perhaps, that we do not know, or even care to know, what our children read. It is important us to know what they eat and drink and wear.

M. Menuiseur, a Frenchman, has just proffered a novel plan for enabling vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate with the main land. He proposes to lay a cable from Europe to America with a central station, a ship moored in mid ocean, and a series of buoys, at intervals of sixty leagues, each numbered and connected by wires with the cable on the bottom, so that when a passing ship desires to establish communication with land, an apparatus on board is connected with the wire of the buoy and also with the buoy itself, by means of its two wires, and the desired communication is at once available.

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HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

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Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

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A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

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CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

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NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov't

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

AN ACT

To compel any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in, or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business, to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county.

Section 1. And be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, and the amount of said license to be twenty dollars and by him the said Clerk of the Circuit Court to be paid over to the County Commissioners of the above named county, and by them applied to the public roads of Garrett county. The said Clerk to receive one dollar for each license issued under this Act.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That any person or persons, firm or firms, who shall violate any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon indictment and conviction in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4 And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from and after the first day of May next.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 101.

AN ACT

To repeal section twenty-two of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the crier of the Circuit Court.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section twenty-two of chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Sec. 22. That the commissioners of said county shall levy, annually, for the crier of the Circuit Court for said county, three dollars per day for his services as such crier; and the collector shall pay said crier at the close of each session of the court for his services during said session.

Approved March 21, 1882.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk, and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES,
Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Shurgin' drug store.

25 3m.

AN ACT

To repeal and re-enact with amendments, section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Act of January session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of the Sheriff.

Section 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section sixty-three of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of January session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, amended, and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Section sixty-three, The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be entitled to receive the following fees for performing the duties of his office, viz: For boarding each prisoner committed to the county jail, fifty cents per day; serving writ and return, sixty cents; for taking bail bond, one dollar; for empanneling jury, three dollars; for serving scire facias including the person summoned, sixty cents; for serving citation, sixty cents; for serving subpoena and return, sixty cents; for summoning appraisers to value goods and chattels taken by attachment, fi-fa. or replevin, each person summoned sixty cents; for each person summoned as a witness in any case or inquisition, sixty cents; for laying attachments in hands of Garnishee, each person Garnisheed, sixty cents; for serving no execution, twenty-five cents; for each person committed to jail, fifty cents; for each prisoners brought out before the court and returned to jail, fifty cents; and for taking prisoners to the penitentiary the following sums of money, namely: When a single convict is taken forty dollars; when two together, thirty dollars each; when more than two, twenty dollars each, to be levied as other county charges

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

AN ACT

To lay out and establish two new election districts in Garrett county, out of the first, seventh and eighth election districts, and by changing the dividing line between districts Numbers three and four thereof, and to be called districts Number Ten and Eleven.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That two new election districts be laid out and established out of the first, seventh, eighth, third, and fourth election districts of Garrett county, the said new districts to be known and called by numbers ten and eleven, of Garrett county.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That the boundary lines of said new districts, shall be as follows: Beginning at the burnt school house, on Hooppole Ridge, in district number seven, and running with Broad Ford run as it now goes to its mouth, intersecting with the Ryans Glade road, thence with said Ryans Glade road, to the M. E. Church, in Ryans Glade in district number eight, from thence along the Altamont road, to John Davis' saw mill, on a stream known as Laurel Run, and with said run to the North Branch of the Potomac River, thence with said North Branch to Kitzmillers Mill, and from thence with what is known as Hamill's line, to the beginning And, all that portion of Garrett county described within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and designated as district number ten.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That the present dividing line between the third, (3) and fourth, (4) election districts of Garrett county be changed so as to run, as follows: Beginning at the foot of Savage Mountain where the two county roads intersect, and running down said mountain to the head waters of Mill Run, then with said run, to the dividing line between Allegany and Garrett counties, thence with said dividing line to district number nine, thence with said line to or near John Wilhelm's, at Little Savage, thence changing the dividing lines number three and four to run as follows: Beginning at the bridge across Little Savage, near John Wilhelm's, and running with Barton and Lonaconing road, and running with said road to Mrs. Hanson Brown's on Pea-ridge, thence with said road, down and across Pea ridge to Henry Broadwaters, Jr., at the head of Barton Hollow, from thence across William W. Broadwater's, thence across to the head waters of Bear Pen Run, thence with said run to Savage River, thence with said river to the old ford, from thence across said river running with the Public road to the place of beginning. And all that portion of Garrett county as described in this section, within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and described as district number eleven.

Sec. 4. And be it enacted, That the place of holding elections in said districts, numbers ten and eleven, shall be for district number ten at Deer Park, and for number eleven at "The Elbow," at the House of Joseph Warnick.

And be it enacted, That the voting place of district number eight, shall be moved from its present location at Fort Pendleton, to Mrs. Thomas Grimes', on North Western Grade.

And be it further enacted, That the voting place of District number nine, shall be moved from its present location, Altamont, to Swanton on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Sec. 5. And be it enacted, That the Governor, shall appoint one Justice of the Peace, and one Register of Voters, for each of said districts, and the County Commissioners of Garrett county shall appoint one Constable, in and for said districts, number ten and eleven.

Sec. 6. And be it enacted, that the said district or districts numbered ten and eleven, shall be entitled in all respects to all the rights and privileges, held or to be held or enjoyed by the other election districts in said county.

Sec. 7. And be it enacted, That the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall furnish a proper book for registration such as may be required by law, to be delivered to the register of voters for said district, or districts, numbers ten and eleven And the said Clerk shall also at the same time, deliver to said register of voters, a full list under seal of his office of all registered persons, or voters, appearing on the registration book for the old districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and from districts numbers three and four of Garrett county. And the said register of voters of said district, or districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and numbers three and four, shall transcribe from said list and enter in alphabetical order in said book of registration for said new district, or districts, numbers ten and eleven, the names of all persons living within the limits thereof, entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven, and likewise to register therein the names of all persons who shall become entitled to vote in said district or districts, number ten and eleven, according to the Laws of this State.

Sec. 8. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the officers of registration of districts numbers one seven and eight, and numbers three and four, to strike from the list of qualified voters, on the registration books thereof the names of all persons residing within the limits of, and entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven.

Sec. 9. And be it enacted, That all acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 10. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Colef Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
5 13 4 Secretary of the Senate.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

CHAPTER 73.

AN ACT

To add additional sections to the Code of Public Local Laws, article ——, entitled Garrett county, enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said section to be sub-titled "Thistles," to come after sub-sections seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy-five *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be and are hereby added to the Code of Public Local Laws, article ——, entitled Garrett county, as enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said sections to be sub-titled "Thistles," and to come after sub section seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy three *C*.

Seventy-five *A*. No land owner or tenant of any land owner in Garrett county shall permit any Canada thistles to grow upon the land owned or rented by him as the case may be.

Seventy-five *B*. If any such land owner or tenant shall permit any Canada thistles to grow on the land so owned or rented by him, he shall be fined a sum not less than one nor more than ten dollars for every day he shall permit the same to grow or remain standing on his land after they shall have developed sufficiently to show that they are Canada thistles, such fine to be recovered before any justice of the peace, as other small fines are now recovered, and the proceeds of such fines to be paid to the County Commissioners of said county.

Seventy-five *C*. No road supervisor in said county shall permit any such Canada thistle to grow upon any land belonging to any public road in said county, including or being part of any road under his charge; and if any such supervisor shall permit the same, he shall be liable to the fine provided in sub-section seventy-five *B* hereof, to be recovered for the use of said county as provided in said last preceding section

Approved March 21, 18 2.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES,
Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a public road near the little Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Formeny and J. R. Anderson, and intersecting the county road near Ingman place.

J. Z. BROWNING,
W. S. GORMANY,
A. FAIRALL.

4 15 5

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO Vt

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882. NUMBER 13.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 1P tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Belt and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S.,
WM. ROSS, of H.,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

5 6 5

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
ELIAS MERRILL,
JOSEPH INSKEEP,
Examiners.

5 6 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all."
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:
In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, etc., it is the *most effectual* remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour.

From the Cincinnati Dispatch:
We have *seen* its magic effects, and *know* it to be a good article.

From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia:
After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains.

W. W. Sharper, Valdosta, Ga., says:
It is a panacea for all bruises and burns.

From R. W. Adams, Saco, Me.:
It gave me immediate relief.

R. Lewis says:
In forty years' use it never has failed me.

W. W. Lum, Nicholville, N. Y., says:
I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It *relieves* pain and soreness, and *heals* wounds like magic.

J. W. Dee says:
For scalds and burns it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest *are its best friends.*

Its success is *entirely* because of its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, *hundreds* of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued *than ever before*. Every family should have a bottle *ready for use*. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills *may often be saved* by prompt application of the Pain Killer. *Unlike most medicines*, it is *perfectly safe* even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle, $1.00; six Bottles, $5.00.

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA."

"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys."

If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O. For Constipation and Piles, take

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by E. E. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

PROVING A FRAUD.

"Bernice Melrose—yes, that's a very pretty name. But what's in a name?" And Mr. Welton, senior, shook his head reflectively. "The idea of a sensible young man, with plenty of money, marrying a girl without a cent! If ever I marry again, it will be a woman with plenty of money, and one thing is certain—you are not going to marry that girl with my consent. That's all, sir."

"We shall get on without it. I tell you that it is I who will have to live with my wife, if I have one; so I intend to have a voice in the matter of choosing."

This was Guy Welton who spoke, and he was just like his father in one respect—as to having his own way.

"You'll make a pretty figure taking care of a wife without any help from me."

"I think I can take care of the little girl who loves me."

"Of course you think so."

And then Mr. Welton began to argue. Then he got angry, and words between father and son were hot and lively, and neither gave way.

"You are very foolish, Guy, and you'll regret it some day; see if you don't. But, see here. Taking it for granted that she is lovely and all that. I'll wager the deed to my new house that she dosen't care for you in the least. It is your money she is after. If some other chap would come along with more money than you have, your chances would be nowhere."

Guy smiled. This last argument of his father's he thought too absurd to give a serious thought.

"She loves me—not the wealth I may possess. I would trust her heart against all the money that can be amassed."

"And would you be willing to test her?"

"I have not doubted her yet."

"Do be sensible, Guy. I've lived in the world a great deal longer than you have, and I know a great deal more about women. I never knew of many true, loving women, and one of them was your mother. But few women are to be depended on. I have a mind to try and see if I can't get ahead of you. Come, now, what do you say? It's all for your good. I don't want your happiness ruined, my boy; and, if she proves as true as you think her, I will withdraw my objection and give you a deed to the new house."

"I shall hate to have my little girl think I doubted her. And you will give us your blessing, father, when you are convinced that she loves me for myself alone?"

"Yes; when I am convinced of that, you may marry her with my consent."

Mr. Welton was a fine-looking man of polished manners and great wealth, and altogether was regarded as a very desirable admirer by many of the fair sex. He considered himself a very clever diplomatist, and when he started to prove Bernice Melrose a fortune-hunter, he had no doubt of his ultimate success.

Elm Grove was a cosy country town, and it was here that Mr. Welton came to see and to conquer, believing that in such a small place he could easily, by chance or design, make the young lady's acquaintance.

As he was driving through the country one day, he overtook a lady walking leisurely along the road, and asked her to take a seat in his phaeton, and as fate was propitious, she did.

"I wonder who she is; she is deuced pretty, any way," thought Mr. Welton, as they drove along.

He soon found out that she lived in Elm Grove, and she being of a communicative turn of mind, he asked her if she knew any one there by the name of Melrose.

"Melrose? Why, that's my name," said the fair stranger.

"Bernice Melrose," he asked, inquisitively.

"Yes, sir, my name is Bernice Melrose. How came you to know my name?" asked Bernice Melrose, as she coldly regarded Mr. Welton.

"Why, you see, my friend Guy Welton has spoken it so often that I feel acquainted with the name, at least," explained Mr. Welton.

"And so you are a friend of Guy's? He is a friend of mine, also."

"Then we are both friends of Guy's. "Well, there is my card;" and he handed her one on which was written the name of one of Guy's most intimate acquainances.

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Estey; I have heard Guy mention you often. The boy seemed to regard you very kindly."

"The boy! humph! The idea of calling her promised husband a boy! Wonder what Guy would say if he heard her?"

It was a pretty cottage at which the lady alighted, but it was neither luxurious nor splendid.

"Do you live alone, Miss Melrose?" asked Mr. Welton, politely.

"Oh, no! I live with my mother."

Of course that settled all doubts of her identity in Welton's mind.

"And so that is Guy's girl!" muttered Mr. Welton, as he drove along. "I supposed she was a chit of about seventeen by the way he spoke of her; but she is twenty-five if she is a day; and she called my dignified son a boy. She dosen't care very deeply for him, that's plain. I dont see how it is that some men will lose all the sense they ever did have on account of some woman. Now I flatter myself that I understand the fair sex pretty well, and all this Bernice Melrose's deceit is perfectly plain to me; but Guy is clean bewitched about her. She must be the same person, for the description tallies exactly. Let's see: graceful form, milk and roses complexion, blue eyes and lovely golden curls—only she wears golden braids, now that Guy isn't here. I expect the curls made her look younger; but in spite of beauty I can always see beneath the surface, and this very charming Bernice hasen't lost her heart; and yet my misguided son thinks she loves him."

The next day Mr. Welton renewed this chance acquaintance by calling on some pretext at the cottage.

"She is kind to her invalid mother if she is an accomplished coquette," he mused, as he wended his way homeward. "She is the Bernice Melrose, sure enough, for her mother called her that; and I wonder who Burnie is, whom the old lady was wishing for?"

Now that Mr. Welton had begun the siege he kept it up in real earnest; and by-and-by he was an almost daily visitor at the cotlage.

"I'm half tempted to fall in love with her myself," he thought; "but it is too bad for Guy, he seemed so much in earnest; yet it is better for him to have his eyes opened before it is too late."

"What an agreeable person Mr. Estey is! And he reminds me so much of Guy," said Bernice, in contemplating her admirer.

Nearly a month had elapsed before Mr. Welton had matured the plans he had laid to prove the unworthiness of Guy's affianced.

"I'll write her a proposal of marriage, and her answer shall be the convincing proof I will take to Guy. Ah, women are fickle creatures!" he sighed, as he sealed a note to Bernice.

It was with some impatience that he awaited her answer; but he had not very long to wait, for soon it came in a dainty pale-blue envelope, which he hastily opened and read:

DEAR MR. ESTEY: The avowal contained in your note surprises while it pleases me, and if you love the undersigned as truly as you profess, she will be only to happy to accept the honor you have offered her. Yours wholly,

"BERNICE MELROSE."

"P. S. I have an explanation to make which I sincerely trust will not change your regard for B. M."

"Well, well! what shall I do now? If Guy were not my only child I would just drop the matter where it is, for knowing as I do the treachery of Bernice, I would give as much as Guy to feel that she is honest. But I am certain she is older than Guy, and I should make a more suitable husband for her. But I won't marry any one who would deceive my boy; so Bernice, you have lost both of us."

Mr. Welton wrote to Guy, saying he would leave for home next day, and that he was sorry for him; he would explain when he got home. He must call and tell Bernice who he was, and then she would understand why he went away.

Very beautiful was Bernice Melrose when she received Mr. Welton that evening, and she didn't look like a deceitful person in her white dress and violet ribbons. And who was the lovely girl with her, who was the exact counterpart of herself, only so much younger—a child almost in years?

While Mr. Welton was conjecturing as to the identity of the beautiful creature with golden curls, Bernice said sweetly,—

"Mr. Estey, allow me to present to you my daughter. Burnie, this is Mr. Estey, about whom I have spoken to you."

"Your daughter? Really, I didn't know you had a child; but allow me to congratulate you." And Mr. Welton gazed in admiration at the dainty girl before him.

"I am Mrs. Bernice Melrose, and this is Miss Bernice Melrose. When you called me Miss Melrose, I thought it would be amusing to have you think I was a young lady instead of a widow; but had I dreamed of what I know now I should have undeceived you before."

"Nothing you would do would displease me; and as I have deceived you, we are quits. I am Guy Welton's father, and when I gave you the wrong card that day I thought I would enjoy a little masquerade while getting acquainted with Guy's friends."

"It must have been a diamond cut diamond affair, then," said Burnie, who until now had been a mute listener.

"And you are the very dear friend of my son? If you are willing to have me for a father, Burnie, I am more than pleased to have such a lovely girl for my daughter."

"And now I must explain my letter to Guy," soliloquized Mr. Welton on his way to his boarding house that evening. "What a simpleton I was to doubt my Bernice; but love and suspicion go hand in hand."

There was a sort of worried air about Guy next day when his father greeted him.

"Well, I suppose it is settled to your satisfaction. Is she what you expected?" asked Guy, impatiently.

"Ahem! No, not precisely. You see, Guy, you see—or rather the plain facts of the case are, she is a great deal more than I expected, and I am engaged to her mother, and it all came about in this way. I struck a chance acquaintance with Bernice Melrose—your Bernice, I thought her—and kept up a lively flirtation until we got engaged; then she presented to me the sweetest girl in Christendom as her daughter, Bernice Melrose. And now, Guy the house is yours—that is, if you will take me for a father-in-law."

"I'm astonished! But to fall in love with persons named Bernice Melrose seems to be a family failing, so we had better shake hands on the subject."

"Say family blessing, rather," interposed Mr. Welton.

"Farther gone than I am!" commented Guy, sagely, while a hearty hand-shake ended the vexing subject—namely, Bernice Melrose.—*Waverly Magazine.*

A correspondent of the Lonaconing *Review* has been doing some figuring on the liquor traffic in that place. There are 26 places for the sale of liquor in the town, and rumor has it six more are to be started. The correspondent figures that the combined liquor business of the town amounts at a low estimate to $40,000, per year, and says:

This amont divided among the twenty-six saloons and whiskey stores will make the sales of each, say, $1,538. Of course all do not sell an equal amount. We will take the population of this town at 5,000 persons, men, women and children. The women and children will number 4,000. This leaves 1,000 men to do the drinking, and all of them do not drink but a few women do, though they are few. We will say that one fifth of the men do not drink; that will leave 800 persons to pay yearly this forty thousand dollars. Divide this and we find exactly fifty dollars for each. We count the sales of drink at $40,000 yearly. A low estimate of the profits on whiskey and beer is 300 per cent.; this will leave a net profit of thirty thousand dollars in round numbers, eleven hundred and fifty dollars for each seller.

THE RAINY SPELL.—The long-continued rains have caused a rise in the rivers in all parts of the country, and in some sections serious damage has been done. There is a great flood in the White river, and the region in the vicinity of Jacksonport, Ark., has been visited by the most destructive overflow that has been known in that section for years. The whole country is under water and the town is almost wholly overflowed. Great damage has been done to crops and property. An even worse condition of things prevails at Batesville, Ark., where the rivers and creeks have been swelled to a height never known before, the floods sweeping everything before them. Hot Springs, Ark., is also flooded, and that place and Crukin City have been cut off from the rest of the world by the overflow. Great damage has been done to the Hot Springs Railroad and to all descriptions of property. The loss to crops in the vicinity of Conway county alone is estimated at $100,000. Wareham, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., have been visited during the last few days by storms of exceptional severity, accompanied by hail and snow.

The Luxuries of Florida.

Our Northern visitors are only too easily induced to visit Florida for the sake of its genial and salubrious climate in the winter season, but many luxuries may be indulged in here. The hotels generally are first class in most of their appointments. Many of them are immense in size and still larger ones are now being constructed. And such, too, will likely be the case for many years to come. The increase of visitors in the winter just passed has been two-fifths greater than ever before, hence the hotels have been overcrowded and the charges have advanced. But luxuries indeed are the delicious fruits that are or may be produced to any extent. Of course the orange is pre-eminent, while the lemon, banana, pineapple, guava, fig, Japanese plum, sugar-apple, melons, bread-fruit, cocoanut, pecan nut and even the almond, grow as if the climate and soil were especially adapted to them. As to the pineapple, a single planter, who last year produced 40,000, says that he expects this seasons that his yield will be at least 1,000,000.

When the people here and those that shall come shall have learned that this soil may be made to produce many fold its present production by the use of fertilizers so cheap and abundant, it is difficult to forecast even the probable future of this State.

It should not be understood that Florida is a mere plain, with slight undulations on its surface. On the contrary, a considerable of it is rolling and hilly land, and it is in such territory that the fresh water lakes of which I speak are chiefly found. The lakes are filled with pure crystal spring water, having no inlet other than the springs below and with comparatively small outlets.—*Phila. Cor.*

Interesting Discoveries.

Important discoveries of the largest ancient ruins yet found on this continent, which extend for a distance of 15 miles up and down the banks of the Las Animas river, about 40 miles from Durango, in Rio Grande county, New Mexico, have recently been made. P. O. Inspector Cameron, who visited these ruins lately, believes the ancient villages were occupied by the Moqui Indians, and not by the Aztecs, as is generally supposed. He speaks of discovering a stone ruin 400x450 feet, which at one time, evidently, was three stories high. The walls are five feet thick. There were about 150 rooms in the building of ten feet square each. An enterprising Yankee, who has pre-empted as government land the ground on which the ruins stand, has been doing a fine business selling relics to visitors. A discovery thought important by the gentleman of the Bureau of Ethnology was lately made there of thirteen human skeletons in a subterranean chamber of the building mentioned. This had evidently been used as a burial vault. They were wrapped up carefully in a kind of coarse cloth, and bore a close resemblance to Egyptian mummies. This cloth was of cotton, and woven with so much skill as if done at the present day, which is considered not the least interesting part of the discovery. The skeletons were perfectly preserved and clean. They were unmistakably those of Indians. A quantity of pottery of best make was also found in this tomb.

SALT ON WHEAT.—While on some soils salt produced no apparent results, on others it is of marked benefit. Its utility can only be learned by experiment. It often has an indirect action, in enabling the plant to take up silica and strengthen the straw. Its effect in preventing the growth of those minute fungi which cause rust and smut is sometimes beneficial. After cold weather has put a stop to the growth of the plants, salt sown at the rate of five or six bushels to the acre often increases the health of the plant and improves the appearance of the grain.

Live out of doors as much as you can. It is the place for a man or woman to be. It is good for the health. A distinguished physician was in the habit of saying: "However bad the air may be out of doors, it is always worse in the house. It is not good for the temper. People who are always shut up in a house are apt to grow fretful and peevish. They are prone to acquire narrow views of things, and to worry over trials not worth considering. It is good for the whole character—for strength, hope, patience and fortitude. It expands and softens one's nature and makes us more charitable."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

The Widow Brown lived at the end of the street,
In a house of her own, snug and clean;
While in a grim lodging just over the way
There resided the Bachelor Green.

Now, Widow B. looked upon Bachelor G.
With a heartily covetous eye,
And she said to herself: "To win Mr. G.
I must really most earnestly try."

The bachelor he met the widow full oft,
And quite frequently thought, when alone:
"That widow would make the most sensible wife
Of all women I ever have known."

But Green was so bashful, he still held aloof
From the prize he was anxious to take;
Whilst wondered she still what course to pursue
When a raid on his heart she should make.

Till the widow one day, in crossing a field,
Met with poor Mr. Green at the stile.
They stood as they met, one each side of the fence,
And pleasantly talked for a while.

Now the bachelor felt the occasion was fine
To disclose to the widow his mind;
Whilst she mentally vowed the capture of Green
Ere the evening sun had declined.

Still they spoke of the neighbors, the crops and the heat,
But the subject so close to each heart
Neither one could approach; so sunset came on
And 'twas time that the couple should part.

She mounted the steps and began to descend
Ere he could enough courage command
To step bashfully up, and bashfully say:
"Mistress B., won't you give me your hand?"

Now here was a chance, and if it should be lost
No one knew if 'twould happen again;
The widow thus reasoned the moment she stood
On the steps, at the end of the lane.

So she modestly blushed; then said: "Mr. G.,
You're so sudden—I never would guess
That you'd ask it of me—my hand!—goodness me!
Have my hand? O! most certainly—yes!"

Mr. G. was astonished on hearing this speech;
Still he felt the mistake not amiss,
And gladly surrendered—aye, growing so bold
At his conquest to seal with a kiss.

Thus 'twas quickly arranged, and Mr. G. spared
The pain of proposing out square.
'Tis years since the wedding—and yet they are shown
As the model matrimonial pair.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE WAS CURED.

It was not any medial prescription that did the work; his difficulty was beyond that. It had shown itself in troublesome acute attacks from his boyhood up, and since marriage had settled down into a slow chronic annoyance; but, as I said, he was cured at last. The beginning of the end happened in this wise.

Delia Gray and Mrs. Russell were having just the coziest time possible one summer afternoon, one on the sofa reading aloud from Pickwick Papers, the other in an easy chair with her feet on a divan, knitting and chatting between the lines; for they were old schoolmates, and perfectly at home with each other. Mr. Benjamin Russell came in from the office and found them so, insisted that he must put a cushion under each head to make them the very picture of comfort, then seated himself between them and treated them to a basket of cherries and an amusing account of his day's adventures. He did his very prettiest, and that was no small thing. He might have written three volumes "On the Art of Pleasing," added an appendix equal to the original, and still had a few facts too choice to waste on the public left over for his own private use.

And just now there was a particular reason. Miss Delia had said "No" to him once. Mrs. Benjamin more than half suspected the fact, Mr. Benjamin was still very much aware of it; and now that she and Jennie proved to be old friends, and she was at his home for the first time, prettier and saucier than ever, it was policy in him to show that scornful young damsel how much she had missed.

After the cherries were gone, and he had duly apologized for interrupting them (although he knew they would fifty times rather have his chat than their reading) he betook himself to the back porch with a cigar and a newspaper. But just as he was going he caught sight of the blue yarn.

"Great Jupiter! why you will tire your fingers over that coarse stuff? I'd rather wear ragged stockings to the day of my death than to have you! I protest I had, dear," and with that he was gone.

The smile that tried to come into the wife's face died away in the corners of her lip to a scornful curve. She did not intend it should, but she had heard a great deal of such trash—when other people were listening. He never wasted tenderness on her at any other time.

"He's just an angel!" Delia said, when he was almost out of hearing.

"On tin wheels," her friend added jestingly; and they went on with the reading. But one at least was not thinking of Pickwick.

Mrs. Russell had a great deal of genuine wholesome common sense, not a particle of story book nonsense. She would not have wanted him to be an angel, but no more did she want him to be a sham one, and that was the very heart of her trouble. He was devotion itself to her in public. People said, pityingly, that she didn't seem to appreciate his attention, "and he was so affectionate!" They were afraid his marriage was not so happy as—ending with a sigh and a "poor fellow!" In private, he was not exactly a tyrant; he was simply forgetful of everybody's comfort except his own.

I would not have you think that Mrs. Russell complained. She accepted things as they were and made the best of them, merely wondering to herself a little sometimes if he really was a contemptible hypocrite, or if the springs of courtesy in him had their source so high up that private life could not affect them, nothing save the high pressure of the public eyesight. She could have borne the private indifference better if the public devotion had not been overdone. She never railed at matrimony. She did say once, half bitterly—she had been digging in the garden at the time of year when those great white worms turn into beetles, and was crawling a little at the loathsome half-developed things—"Just like marriage, for all the world. They don't live any kind of a life down in the ground, not a quarter of a life, but once out of it they run the risk of thumping their brains out against a wall, of being eaten by the fowls, or of getting a needle through their hearts." That was the worst she was ever known to say.

She was not blind. She knew just as well as if she had been told that all those evenings when her husband said he had "pressing business with Mr. Darwin—had to wait four hours to see him and then attend to the business afterwards," he had been quietly playing chess with pretty Miss Darwin all the time, while the unconscious papa dreamed of bonds and per cent. When the same thing took him away half the evenings in the month, she despised him that he could look her in the face and say, "business." She did not care about the chess. She had never imagined that when he promised "leaving all others to cleave to her alone" it meant a vow to forego all social privileges; but "it was sneaking make-believe" she said to herself. And then to come home and, if his mother was there, says he was "so sorry that pesky tormenting business kept him away and left her at home to prose over the mending and never have a good time!" The soft lying was what she did wish he could be broken of. It exasperated her so!

But, as I said, she never blasphemed marriage because her own had found as many thorns as roses. She knew it was not the State but the people.

If Mr. and Mrs. Grey, over at the corner, believed, as they seemed to, that wedlock on earth was inferno enough to preclude the need of any hereafter, that was only one side of it. There was sweet Mrs. Marshall who made her home a paradise, and whose husband grew deeper in love with her every day of his life with an intense unspeakable loyalty; there were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who had been married fifteen years and whose honeymoon was still in the first quarter. Mrs. Russell was too sensible to blame the condition, if it did prove uncomfortable for her. And the discomfort went on.

He came home one noon and found her roasting on every gridiron in her kitchen, in a stifling atmosphere, tired and flushed, with an odor of soups and desserts about her. Miss Delia was gracefully swinging in a hammock in a conveniently near bay window, and it was too good an occasion to be lost. So, with his habitual company-gallantry and a few extra grains thrown in for spice, he said:

"My darling, it's a shame to have you sweltering in this Nebuchadnezar's furnace on such a fiendish day, getting dinner for us brutes. By Jove! I'd rather come home every day and find you sitting in the big rocking chair with a palm-leaf fan, and eat a cold crust of bread, on my soul I had." And he lifted a kettle for her by way of emphasis, and left a huge black mark on his clean white vest. After which mishap he betook himself to Delia, still protesting about the cold crust.

And Mrs. Benjamin said a pleasant word, flushed a little redder, and kept up a prodigious thinking. Their guest went away on the evening train. She came down radiant in ultramarine ash ribbons and cheeks that glowed as natural a pink as if it all came from fresh emotions, and not from ten minutes' application of fresh mullein leaves. Mr. Russell went with her, of course, to see that she had a seat, and to get her some oranges and magazines with which to shorten the ride. Mrs. Russell stayed at home to wash the dishes, as any dutiful wife would, but still kept up the prodigious thinking.

The next noon he came home to dinner hungry as a bear, opened the dining room door, saw the chairs set up, the dishes as usual, and two crusts of cold bread the only edible thing in sight. He stared in the greatest astonishment; not a hint of anything else. He opened the kitchen door; perfect order reigned there, not a kettle in sight, no odor of fresh meat, no sign of dinner! He was getting angry. "What is all this blasted business about? Jennie! Jen-n-i-e!" he called, but no answer came. J-e-n-n-i-e!" in prolonged indignation as he neared the parlor. "J-a-n-e!" He was very angry, or he would never have used that name.

There in the coolness of the bay-window she sat in the easiest chair, wasting her time. No knitting or mending in her hands, not even a novel, only an enormous fan that she was using as if all the leisure of eternity was at her disposal. He was indignant in every nerve.

"Confound it, Jane, what does all this mean?" he said, sternly.

"I thought you'd like to see me following your advice, she answered, looking lazily up.

"You idiot!" he muttered. "I'm hungry, and in a hurry, too."

"O, yes," she answered sweetly, "the crusts are on the table waiting for you."

He answered her with swear words. I do not need to go on. You have the picture before you. She sat there unmoved, swaying her fan, until the speech of yesterday came freshly to his mind, and she somehow made him feel as small and mean as a man of 170 pounds avoirdupois can comfortably feel. She let the new sensation do its work awhile, then rose and brought from some unknown hiding place in the kitchen the warm dinner that was waiting. But Mr. Russell had so much grace left in him as to prefer to do penance. He refused everything save the cold crust.

Mrs. Benjamin never repeated the lesson; her husband profited by the one. Of course, once in a great while his old habit returns, but he soon recollects himself. He never said to her in so many words that he should like to pull up stakes and begin over again, but he acted it. She is not the woman ever to hint cold crusts to him, but all the more his conscience seems to do it. Her respect for him grows. People say: "Poor man! she did not encourage or appreciate his devotion. She was so cold he has given up in despair."

She smiles softly to herself, and likes the present sincerer way a great deal better.—*Woman's Journal.*

—A young lady was married in New York recently, at Grace church, to a man with a long line of ancestors and a member of one of the proudest aristocracies of Europe. Her twin sister will soon marry a man who is a representative of hard working, successful American enterprise.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Senator Ben Hill has lost a brother, sister and two aunts from the same disease—cancer—which has taken such a hold upon his own system.

A Flood Sufferer.

"Do you attend to out of town matters," asked a tall, carelessly dressed individual, walking into the city editor's room and assuming a "stained glass" attitude against one of the tapestry hung walls. "Now and then," said the city editor, "what is your trouble?"

"Well, you see, I just arrived from the South," said the visitor, helping himself to an Eastlake chair, and stretching his feet out comfortably on one of the Turkish rugs. "I own—that is, I used to own—a plantation not far from New Orleans. Now, I own a lake——"

"Then you come from the flooded districts?" said the editor, growing interested.

"Right from the very middle of 'em," said the visitor, curling one long, thin limb over the other; and proceeding to shave off a chew of tobacco from a very black looking piece of plug. "I tell you, sir, it's dreadful down there, and the thing came on us so sudden like. Why, I woke up one morning and found ducks sailing around my bed and our pet hog perched on the mantelpiece puffing like a steamboat on a mud bank. How that hog ever got up there lays 'em out. Well, the water was a rising and a rising, and before long we had to take to the roof and there we stayed for fifteen days."

"Fifteen days!" said the editor, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; fifteen days, and we couldn't get anything to eat for the rest live, except the moss that sprouted up atween the shingles. Well, my wife got awful thin like and so did the children, and I kinder fell away myself."

"Well, I should remark," said the editor, grimly.

"Yes, you see a moss diet ain't no way fillin'," said the visitor.

"Why didn't you swim out?" asked the editor.

"There was the trouble," said the visitor. "You see there ain't no plantation nigh onto ten mile from ours, and I calculated that would be too much of a pull for me. I reckon I'm a good swimmer, but I didn't care to tackle that ten mile. Well, we'd got down to our last shingle, and there wasn't a smitch o' moss on that roof big 'nough to wad a shotgun with. Our youngest had been given the last bit, and he set there on the chimney chewing it up and lookin' like a hand-organ monkey down in his luck, when I see a little cloud way across the the water. I didn't say nothin' for a moment, but knew pretty well what that could meant, and I watched it like a nigger would a coon. Well, she grew larger, and I made sure it were a steamboat. Then I kinder whispered it quiet like to the old woman. Well, she took one look and then flopped over in a dead faint, and afore I could grab her she rolled down the roof into the water. Well, that was the last of her."

"You don't mean to say you let her drown?" said the editor.

"Well, you see, boss," said the visitor, "I was so weak I knew it was death for both on us for me to go after her, and to make matters worse she pulled in our youngster with her. I tell you we we're having tough times down our way. At last somebody on the steamboat saw us and they took as aboard, but I lost everything, not to say nothin' about part of my family. Well, they took us up to New Orleans and I scraped up cash enough to come North, and here I am."

"But what did you come North for?" asked the editor.

"Well, you see they put me on a Relief Committee, and I'm on here to raise funds for the sufferers."

"O, you are," said the editor, edging his chair back and looking sharp at the visitor.

"Yes, I see you newspaper fellows was throwin' out lots of sympathy for us, and I just thought I'd tackle the press first, and then work down through the other professions."

"Very thoughtful in you," said the editor.

"Yes, after I've got your contributions I'll just see whether the churches are good for anything," said the visitor.

"Wait a moment," said the editor, walking over to the telephone, and then he called the instrument "Connect *Eagle* with police headquarters," but the relief committee didn't wait for the reply.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Tree of Iron.

The Iron Palmetto is the greatest work of art in the State House yard. This is a casting wholly of iron, commemorating the death of many of Carolina's slain, whose names are found in raised letters on two brass tablets at the base. The success of this casting consists in its perfect imitation of the living palmetto—the favorite tree of South Carolina. We had heard of this statue in other places, but had never been able to believe the stories of the flexible leaves bending in the breeze, supposing this phenomenon an optical delusion, but such is really the case. The long, thin leaves of iron, life-like even to the hair-like fibers of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr, and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of five rods.

These sad mementoes of a sadder past cause all the glory of war and the petty triumphs of victorious arms to sink into pitiable insignificance; and only this pathetic tribute to the memory of fallen believers in the lost cause, whose faith was sealed in their own blood, remains to tell of the woe and heart-breaking sorrow which has fallen like a pall of midnight darkness over all the South.—*Columbia (S. C.) Cor. Syracuse Standard.*

—At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, the change which seems to have occurred in the French climate during the last few years formed one of the chief topics of discussion. It was remarked that the sardine fishery, which regularly brought into the Breton population $3,000,000 per annum, had now become a thing of the past, the sardine having completely disappeared from the coast. M. Blavier attributed the mildness of the winter and the precocity of the spring to the altered direction of the Gulf stream, but no definite opinion on this subject was pronounced.

—The sun, shining through a yellow show-bottle in the window of a drug store at Fulton, N. Y., the other day, made a focus on the window-curtain and set it on fire.

The District School.

Twenty-six years ago a young girl was employed by the directors of a country district school to teach the school for the winter. The girl was so young, and withal so frail in appearance, that there were many misgivings as to her success in teaching. But it was soon found that her slight frame was but the support of a mind so pure and earnest, coupled with a will so strong, that what had been a disorderly school was at once reduced to obedience—an obedience born of love and respect, and therefore far more complete than the most stringent rule of an iron hand could have compelled, and which, under the clear-headed guidance of the teacher, resulted in such an advancement in the path of knowledge as that school had never known.

With a prayerful conscientiousness the young girl returned to her task each day, and there bent every energy to the faithful performance of her duties, totally forgetting herself in her work, and doing it with only one thought—that of earning a deserved "well done" from a higher than any human court; and daily the children met her to gather from her lips fresh lessons of love and truth—lessons taught as only the pure and true can teach them.

For once the childrens' parents proved to be not wholly indifferent; the enthusiasm of the school room was carried home; a meeting of the Board of Directors was called, the condition of the school thoroughly examined, and the teacher—In her inexperience, trembling for fear she had left some duty unperformed—was notified that her salary was increased by a half! Well, did her energy slacken, now that her probation was past? Not in the least. On the contrary, while she worked no harder than before, for that was impossible, yet her work was better done on account both of the experience gained and of the steady and united support of her patrons; and when the term closed, the tears of teacher and pupils were mingled in that sorrow at separation which only youth and childhood know.

But this term was not to be the last. As the young girl grew into womanhood she was repeatedly recalled to this country school, and the children which had gathered round her as boys and girls of ten and twelve, grew under her care to the age and qualifications necessary for their admittance to college, and to-day those of that little band who are left—for many, very many, have passed from earth forever—look back upon those school-days of childhood with the feeling that the whole of life—aye, the whole of eternity—has been sweetened and purified by the unselfish labors of that noble woman. Ah, what would we not give if we could assure to the little ones who are now gathering around our hearthstones such loving care in the school-room as we then received!

Teacher, parent, employer, will it not be richly worth your while to so live and act that the embryo men and women now under your charge shall, in the future, look back upon your labors of to-day with similar feelings? But will they thus look back if you treat this business of school-teaching as simply so much work to be done in the easiest manner for so much money to be grudgingly paid.—*Louisville Farm and Fireside.*

The Little Shoes Did It.

A young man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was: "The little shoes they did it?" With a thick voice; as if his heart was in his throat he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment heard the sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and the choking went from his throat, "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way as clear as a deep-toned bell, whatever you may think of it I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and children—for the women get the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keepers child holding out her feet to look at her fine, new shoes. It was a simple thing, but my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue chilled child, on a bitter cold Christmas eve. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me? I put them cold as ice, to my breast, and they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the next day; and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I have got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."—*Hartford Times.*

—A servant girl of New York was arrested on a charge of stealing $3,000 from Willie Edouin, the actor. She was kept in a cell all night, and appeared to be hysterical. When brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court, she was placed in the prisoner's pen and almost immediately died. She had denied the crime all along, calling upon God to witness her innocence, and seemed much impressed with the thought of the disgrace her arrest would inflict upon her relations.—*N. Y. Star.*

—The State of Illinois is named from its principal river, the Illinois. The river is named from the confederacy of Indian tribes called the Illinois confederacy, which has its seat in the central part of the State. Gallatin gives the definition of the word Illinois, "real men," "superior men," from the Delaware word Leno, Leni. Illin, Illini, as it is variously written. The termination "ois" is that by which the French softened the local inflection when they adopted an Indian word.—*Chicago News.*

Step-Mothers.

If the pedigree of a prejudice could make it respectable, the popular sentiment against step-mothers might claim respect. Homer had his fling at the women who marry a widower with children; Virgil went out of his way to cast particularly hard and jagged stones at their defenselessness; Ovid accused them of such things that it were better their mothers had not borne them. Where these great ones denounced, lesser voices rallied; and the scandalizing of step-mothers gradually became as classic as many other stupidities and falsities.

Mediæval literature accepted this conventionality of antiquity, precisely as it accepted other representations of women handed down from those mighty ages, without question as to their probability or naturalness. It was enough for reviving intelligence to learn what had been thought, without thinking on its own account. But it is a little hard that the books of modern times, and especially the novels of our own day, which go everywhere, and present to many people the only mental impressions they receive, should echo the jests of Ovid without their wit, or the slanders of Virgil without their brilliancy.

The matrons of antiquity who pointed the moral for detraction were never heard in their own behalf, and may have been neither so fierce nor so frisky as the poets delighted to draw them. Besides, the offending dames of Homer, the half-savage princesses of Thessaly, the slow-witted farmers' wives of Epirus, were hardly of the same humanity with the fine-fibred womanhood of to-day. Shall, therefore, some sensitive soul, doing her best for the happiness of her husband's children, be dismayed by cheap jests, stale two thousand years ago, or by detraction, which but repeats the comments of scandal-mongers dead before the Ionian immigration.

What is there in the contact with tender orphans to harden a woman's heart against them? If she have babies of her own, her love for them, her longing to live for their sakes, teach her what bitterness of parting, what pangs of apprehension, the dead mother must have known, and touch her spirit to unspeakable compassion for the motherless children given to her to rear. If she be childless, then that instinct of maternity which lives in nearly every woman's heart, and must be satisfied, reaches out naturally, almost inevitably, toward her husband's children, for his sake hardly more than for theirs. In families where the children of the first wife are too young to remember her with regret, when the step-mother comes to them it is the rule, and not the exception, that they love their new protector with a love that makes no abatement, and are perhaps happier than they would have been had their own mother lived.

For we maintain that the popular image of the step-mother is so far a phantom, a mere figment of the imagination, that a man's second wife is likely to be a much higher type of woman than his first. Beauty, grace of manner, an idiotic fondness for himself, the most perishable and accidental charms, enchant the boy-lover, and make him the husband. When his girl-wife becomes the mother of his children, folly is not thereby translated into wisdom; and if she be compact of follies, however pretty and well-behaved, her offspring will suffer for that combination. Does anybody doubt that Agnes would have made a far better mother for Dora's baby, had it lived, than that poor, sweet-faced, loving, silly, altogether charming simpleton? And Agnes is the woman whom the Davids, in their thoughtful prime, would choose.

Step-mothers are impatient, unjust, unable to see its conduct from the child's point of view, we are told. Are mothers, then, so uniformly patient, just, full of loving imagination? Their children fret them, bore them, offend against them innocently, and are sharply and unfairly punished constantly. But their love is taken for granted by a censorious world, and very likely a perverse generation praises their "discipline." Against the laws of the step-mother the young offender may trespass seventy times seven times, and if her voice be harsh at the seventy-first infraction, all the child's surviving relatives on the maternal side openly pity him, or with ostentatious forbearance, "with arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake, or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase," aid and comfort the rebel vastly more than by espousal of his cause.

We mean merely to assert that the world is peopled by human beings. Maternity comes by nature, but motherhood is the fruit of grace. It is as likely to be the possession of some maiden aunt, of some childless matron, of some misunderstood step-mother, as of her who has suffered in travail. Children are wearing, and those who have them in keeping are worn. The temper of the race is not flawless, and the list is short of our own acquaintances who are too patient, too tolerant, and too just. But it is unfair, it is monstrous, to condemn a whole class of women to reprobation, and assume their guilt as well, for a kind of offenses which we do not even comment upon when another class of women commits them. The tale runs that the Queen of Theseus compassed the death of her step-son by extremely unpleasant and underhand means. But Medea, on the other hand, killed her own innocent children because their father had offended her, got on comfortably in very high society afterward, and finally received divine honors. Which illustrates, perhaps, the average verdict on the conduct of mothers and step-mothers.

It is said that second wives are jealous of the pale ghost of their predecessors, and visit this jealousy on their children. Women ought eagerly to confute this libel upon their sex. It is often true that older children are jealous of the new mother; but this is usually because they are taught this doubt by those whom they love. Selfish and jealous women will be bad step-mothers, as they will be bad mothers. But the proportion of selfish and jealous women is not inordinate, and the great host of self-denying, helpful and loving step-mothers ought not to suffer vicarious contumely. Their place is not an enviable one. But in that future when the voice of commonsense shall silence the voice of tradition, it is certain that men and women will be ashamed to jeer at one of the most difficult attempts, at one of the most defenceless classes, of women.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A recent revival in the William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo., a Baptist institution, resulted in the conversion of twenty-five students.

—The Rev. Dr. Cobb, the new secretary of the American Congregational Union, says that $100,000 must be raised for the work of the Union this year, and calls on all Congregational churches to help him.

—The net profit of the New York Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church was $69,064, and of the Western Concern $25,466, a total of $94,530 during the last year. This large property trust is wisely administered.

—Miss Campbell, an English lady, called the "Queen of Corsica," has built a church at Ajaccio, and rules her chaplain with almost feudal tyranny. If the sermon is too long a large watch is drawn out of her pocket and held over her head until a conclusion is put to the irksome discourse; to the amusement of the congregation and the discomfort of the divine.

—Teachers all over the country who have used the Longfellow Leaflets and Holmes Leaflets, compiled by Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, will be glad to learn that a series of Whittier Leaflets is now ready. The numerous calls for them which have already been received by the publishers indicate that they will be no less popular than their predecessors.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Professor Blaikie, the eminent Scotch theologian, wrote after the completion of Moody and Sankey's two months in Edinburgh: "The very infidel has had to own that Moody travels in the footsteps of his Master, and that no other force in the world, least of all the force of scepticism, ever shows such a spirit or engages in such labors of love."

—The following shows the number of pupils enrolled last year in ten of our leading cities, and the cost per capita for their education: New York, 267,944 pupils, $10.35 cost per capita; Chicago, 59,562, $18.57; Boston, 50,543, $28.16; St. Louis, 47,030, $11.66; Cincinnati, 35,750, $21.07; San Francisco, 40,187, $18.45; Pittsburgh, 24,235, $13.76; Buffalo, 18,606, $16.90; Washington, 26,419, $18.17; Newark, N. J., 19,806, $10.49; Detroit, 15,719, $12.36.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—That was a pleasant way in which a newly-settled Methodist minister disarmed the criticism of the people in the congregation to which he had been sent. Instead of getting angry about it or complaining that they had hurt his feelings, he remarked from the pulpit, "I hear that you say I am not much of a preacher; well, I know it; and I know that if I could preach first rate I wouldn't have been sent here to preach to such a lot of ignoramuses as you."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Touching the decline of infant baptism, the *Journal and Messenger* states of New York Presbyterian churches: "In Dr. John Hall's church, with a membership of 1,730, there were but twenty-one babies baptised last year. In Dr. Howard Crosby's, with 1,384 members, there were only seventeen. Dr. Bevan's Brick Church has 1,000 members, but only twenty-three infants were dedicated in baptism. In Dr. Robinson's Memorial Church, 570 members could show only eight. In Mr. Tatmage's church, numbering 2,471, only forty-nine infants were baptised. Dr. Cuyler baptised thirty-one infants in a membership of 1,761. Dr. Ludlow, with 378 members, reports six, Dr. Van Dyke, with 571, report none.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "I should think that if I was made of dust I would get muddy inside when I drink."

—"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass" "O no!" "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be," "And why not, pray?" "Because, sir, Glass is a non-conductor." [Deafening applause from the scientific passengers.]

—Rose McWhortleberry heard her master remark that "Kismet" meant "fate," and this is the reason why she so astonished her mistress by remarking the next day to Belinda, the chamber-maid: "O, Blindy, I can scarcely walk wid the chilblains all over my two kismets."

—A fashion writer of the female sex says: "In dress we are nothing but monkeys." The writer may be an exception; but who ever saw a monkey attired in a corset, a twenty-dollar hat, seventeen-button gloves, a lot of false hair, and several hundred dollars' worth of dry goods.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Strive, endeavor, it profits more
To fight and fall, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth—never.

—An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong," he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class does quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question. "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast," yelled the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A man entered a street-car with a half-consumed cigar in his hand and sat down beside a grim-visaged virgin considerably past the period of her youthful bloom. After a time the cigar went out, and the incense arising from the cooling stump made the ancient spinster's nose heave like a Sandy Hook buoy. She called the conductor to her and said sharply: "I thought smoking was prohibited here." "So it is, madame." "It is, eh? Look at this loafer." "I can't help it, madame; his cigar isn't lighted." "Well, then," she shouted, "for heaven's sake make him light it." Women are not always perfectly logical.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A negro was standing in a street of Porto Rico, where, as is well-known, slavery still flourishes, when a storm burst over the town, the rain descending in torrents. Sambo hastily pulled off his hat, and did his best to protect it from the downpour. The more terrific it became, the greater efforts did he make to preserve his hat, while his curly locks were saturated like a sponge. "Why don't you put on your hat, Sambo? You would keep your head dry," observed a passer-by. "Not such a fool, sah," replied the nigger, grinning. "Head belong to massa, hat belong to Sambo!"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

The Widow Brown lived at the end of the street,
In a house of her own, snug and clean;
While in a grim lodging just over the way
There resided the Bachelor Green.

Now, Widow B. looked upon Bachelor G.
With a heartily covetous eye,
And she said to herself: "To win Mr. G.
I must really most earnestly try."

The bachelor he met the widow full oft,
And quite frequently thought, when alone:
"That widow would make the most sensible wife
Of all women I ever have known."

But Green was so bashful, he still held aloof
From the prize he was anxious to take;
Whilst wondered she still what course to pursue
When a raid on his heart she should make.

Till the widow one day, in crossing a field,
Met with poor Mr. Green all the while.
They stood as they met, one each side of the fence,
And pleasantly talked for a while.

Now the bachelor felt the occasion was fine
To disclose to the widow his mind;
Whilst she mentally vowed the capture of Green
Ere the evening sun had declined.

Still they spoke of the neighbors, the crops and the heat,
But the subject so close to each heart
Neither one could approach; so sunset came on
And 'twas time that the couple should part.

She mounted the steps and began to descend
Ere he could enough courage command
To step bashfully up, and bashfully say:
"Mistress B., won't you give me your hand?"

Now here was a chance, and if it should be lost
No one knew if 'twould happen again;
The widow thus reasoned the moment she stood
On the steps, at the end of the lane.

So she modestly blushed; then said: "Mr. G.,
You're so sudden—I never would guess
That you'd ask it of me—my hand!—goodness me!
Have my hand? O! most certainly—yes!"

Mr. G. was astonished on hearing this speech;
Still he felt the mistake not amiss,
And gladly surrendered—aye, growing so bold
At his conquest to seal with a kiss.

Thus 'twas quickly arranged, and Mr. G. spared
The pain of proposing out square.
'Tis years since the wedding—and yet they are shown
As the model matrimonial pair.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE WAS CURED.

It was not any medial prescription that did the work; his difficulty was beyond that. It had shown itself in troublesome acute attacks from his boyhood up, and since marriage had settled down into a slow chronic annoyance; but, as I said, he was cured at last. The beginning of the end happened in this wise.

Delia Gray and Mrs. Russell were having just the coziest time possible one summer afternoon, one on the sofa reading aloud from Pickwick Papers, the other in an easy chair with her feet on a divan, knitting and chatting between the lines; for they were old shoolmates, and perfectly at home with each other. Mr. Benjamin Russell came in from the office and found them so, insisted that he must put a cushion under each head to make them the very picture of comfort, then seated himself between them and treated them to a basket of cherries and an amusing account of his day's adventures. He did his very prettiest, and that was no small thing. He might have written three volumes "On the Art of Pleasing," added an appendix equal to the original, and still had a few facts too choice to waste on the public left over for his own private use.

And just now there was a particular reason. Miss Delia had said "No" to him once. Mrs. Benjamin more than half suspected the fact, Mr. Benjamin was still very much aware of it; and now that she and Jennie proved to be old friends, and she was at his home for the first time, prettier and saucier than ever, it was policy in him to show that scornful young damsel how much she had missed.

After the cherries were gone, and he had duly apologized for interrupting them (although he knew they would fifty times rather have his chat than their reading) he betook himself to the back porch with a cigar and a newspaper. But just as he was going he caught sight of the blue yarn.

"Great Jupiter! why you will tire your fingers over that coarse stuff? I'd rather wear ragged stockings to the day of my death than to have you! I protest I had, dear," and with that he was gone.

The smile that tried to come into the wife's face died away in the corners of her lip to a scornful curve. She did not intend it should, but she had heard a great deal of such trash—when other people were listening. He never wasted tenderness on her at any other time.

"He's just an angel!" Delia said, when he was almost out of hearing.

"On tin wheels," her friend added jestingly; and they went on with the reading. But one at least was not thinking of Pickwick.

Mrs. Russell had a great deal of genuine wholesome common sense, not a particle of story book nonsense. She would not have wanted him to be an angel, but no more did she want him to be a sham one, and that was the very heart of her trouble. He was devotion itself to her in public. People said, pityingly, that she didn't seem to appreciate his attention, "and he was so affectionate!" They were afraid his marriage was not so happy as—ending with a sigh and a "poor fellow!" In private, he was not exactly a tyrant; he was simply forgetful of everybody's comfort except his own.

I would not have you think that Mrs. Russell complained. She accepted things as they were and made the best of them, merely wondering to herself a little sometimes if he really was a contemptible hypocrite, or if the springs of courtesy in him had their source so high up that private life could not affect them, nothing save the high pressure of the public eyesight. She could have borne the private indifference better if the public devotion had not been overdone. She never railed at matrimony. She did say once, half bitterly—she had been digging in the garden at the time of year when those great white worms turn into beetles, and was crawling a little at the loathsome half-developed things—"Just like marriage, for all the world. They don't live any kind of a life down in the ground, not a quarter of a life, but once out of it they run the risk of thumping their brains out against a wall, of being eaten by the fowls, or of getting a needle through their hearts." That was the worst she was ever known to say.

She was not blind. She knew just as well as if she had been told that all those evenings when her husband said he had "pressing business with Mr. Darwin—had to wait four hours to see him and then attend to the business afterwards," he had been quietly playing chess with pretty Miss Darwin all the time, while the unconscious papa dreamed of bonds and per cent. When the same thing took him away half the evenings in the month, she despised him that he could look her in the face and say, "business." She did not care about the chess. She had never imagined that when he promised "leaving all others to cleave to her alone" it meant a vow to forego all social privileges; but "it was sneaking make-believe" she said to herself. And then to come home and, if his mother was there, says he was "so sorry that pesky tormenting business kept him away and left her at home to prose over the mending and never have a good time!" The soft lying was what she did wish he could be broken of. It exasperated her so!

But, as I said, she never blasphemed marriage because her own had found as many thorns as roses. She knew it was not the State but the people.

If Mr. and Mrs. Grey, over at the corner, believed, as they seemed to, that wedlock on earth was inferno enough to preclude the need of any hereafter, that was only one side of it. There was sweet Mrs. Marshall who made her home a paradise, and whose husband grew deeper in love with her every day of his life with an intense unspeakable loyalty; there were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who had been married fifteen years and whose honeymoon was still in the first quarter. Mrs. Russell was too sensible to blame the condition, if it did prove uncomfortable for her. And the discomfort went on.

He came home one noon and found her roasting on every gridiron in her kitchen, in a stifling atmosphere, tired and flushed, with an odor of soups and desserts about her. Miss Delia was gracefully swinging in a hammock in a conveniently near bay window, and it was too good an occasion to be lost. So, with his habitual company-gallantry and a few extra grains thrown in for spice, he said:

"My darling, it's a shame to have you sweltering in this Nebuchadnezar's furnace on such a fiendish day, getting dinner for us brutes. By Jove! I'd rather come home every day and find you sitting in the big rocking chair with a palm-leaf fan, and eat a cold crust of bread, on my soul I had." And he lifted a kettle for her by way of emphasis, and left a huge black mark on his clean white vest. After which mishap he betook himself to Delia, still protesting about the cold crust.

And Mrs. Benjamin said a pleasant word, flushed a little redder, and kept up a prodigious thinking. Their guest went away on the evening train. She came down radiant in ultramarine ash ribbons and cheeks that glowed as natural a pink as if it all came from fresh emotions, and not from ten minutes' application of fresh mullein leaves. Mr. Russell went with her, of course, to see that she had a seat, and to get her some oranges and magazines with which to shorten the ride. Mrs. Russell stayed at home to wash the dishes, as any dutiful wife would, but still kept up the prodigious thinking.

The next noon he came home to dinner hungry as a bear, opened the dining room door, saw the chairs set up, the dishes as usual, and two crusts of cold bread the only edible thing in sight. He stared in the greatest astonishment; not a hint of anything else. He opened the kitchen door; perfect order reigned there, not a kettle in sight, no odor of fresh meat, no sign of dinner! He was getting angry. "What is all this blasted business about? Jennie! Jen-n-i-e!" he called, but no answer came. J-e-n-n-i-e!" in prolonged indignation as he neared the parlor. "J-n-n-e!" He was very angry, or he would never have used that name.

There in the coolness of the bay-window she sat in the easiest chair, wasting her time. No knitting or mending in her hands, not even a novel, only an enormous fan that she was using as if all the leisure of eternity was at her disposal. He was indignant in every nerve.

"Confound it, Jane, what does all this mean?" he said, sternly.

"I thought you'd like to see me following your advice, she answered, looking lazily up.

"You idiot!" he muttered. "I'm hungry, and in a hurry, too."

"O, yes," she answered sweetly, "the crusts are on the table waiting for you."

He answered her with swear words. I do not need to go on. You have the picture before you. She sat there unmoved, swaying her fan, until the speech of yesterday came freshly to his mind, and she somehow made him feel as small and mean as a man of 170 pounds avoirdupois can comfortably feel. She let the new sensation do its work awhile, then rose and brought from some unknown hiding place in the kitchen the warm dinner that was waiting. But Mr. Russell had so much grace left in him as to prefer to do penance. He refused everything save the cold crust.

Mrs. Benjamin never repeated the lesson; her husband profited by the one. Of course, once in a great while his old habit returns, but he soon recollects himself. He never said to her in so many words that he should like to pull up stakes and begin over again, but he acted it. She is not the woman ever to hint cold crusts to him, but all the more his conscience seems to do it. Her respect for him grows. People say: "Poor man! she did not encourage or appreciate his devotion. She was so cold he has given up in despair."

She smiles softly to herself, and likes the present sincerer way a great deal better.—*Woman's Journal.*

—A young lady was married in New York recently, at Grace church, to a man with a long line of ancestors and a member of one of the proudest aristocracies of Europe. Her twin sister will soon marry a man who is a representative of hard working, successful American enterprise.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Senator Ben Hill has lost a brother, sister and two aunts from the same disease—cancer—which has taken such a hold upon his own system.

A Flood Sufferer.

"Do you attend to out of town matters," asked a tall, carelessly dressed individual, walking into the city editor's room and assuming a "stained glass" attitude against one of the tapestry hung walls. "Now and then," said the city editor, "what is your trouble?"

"Well, you see, I just arrived from the South," said the visitor, helping himself to an Eastlake chair, and stretching his feet out comfortably on one of the Turkish rugs. "I own—that is, I used to own—a plantation not far from New Orleans. Now, I own a lake——"

"Then you come from the flooded districts?" said the editor, growing interested.

"Right from the very middle of 'em," said the visitor, curling one long, thin limb over the other; and proceeding to shave off a chew of tobacco from a very black looking piece of plug. "I tell you, sir, it's dreadful down there, and the thing came on us so sudden like. Why, I woke up one morning and found ducks sailing around my bed and our pet hog perched on the mantelpiece puffing like a steamboat on a mud bank. How that hog ever got up there lays 'em out. Well, the water was a rising and a rising, and before long we had to take to the roof and there we stayed for fifteen days."

"Fifteen days!" said the editor, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; fifteen days, and we couldn't get anything to eat for the last five, except the moss that sprouted up atween the shingles. Well, my wife got awful thin like and so did the children, and I kinder fell away myself."

"Well, I should remark," said the editor, grimly.

"Yes, you see a moss diet ain't no way fillin'," said the visitor.

"Why didn't you swim out?" asked the editor.

"There was the trouble," said the visitor. "You see there ain't no plantation nigh onto ten mile from ours, and I calculated that would be too much of a pull for me. I reckon I'm a good swimmer, but I didn't care to tackle that ten mile. Well, we'd got down to our last shingle, and there wasn't a smitch o' moss on that roof big 'nough to wad a shotgun with. Our youngest had been given the last bit, and he set there on the chimney chewing it up and lookin' like a hand-organ monkey down in his luck, when I see a little cloud way across the the water. I didn't say nothin' for a moment, but knew pretty well what that could meant, and I watched it like a nigger would a coon. Well, she grew larger, and I made sure it were a steamboat. Then I kinder whispered it quiet like to the old woman. Well, she took one look and then flopped over in a dead faint, and afore I could grab her she rolled down the roof into the water. Well, that was the last of her."

"You don't mean to say you let her drown?" said the editor.

"Well, you see, boss," said the visitor, "I was so weak I knew it was death for both on us for me to go after her, and to make matters worse she pulled in our youngster with her. I tell you we're having tough times down our way. At last somebody on the steamboat saw us and they took us aboard, but I lost everything, not to say nothin' about part of my family. Well, they took us up to New Orleans and I scraped up cash enough to come North, and here I am."

"But what did you come North for?" asked the editor.

"Well, you see they put me on a Relief Committee, and I'm on here to raise funds for the sufferers."

"O, you are," said the editor, edging his chair back and looking sharp at the visitor.

"Yes, I see you newspaper fellows was throwin' out lots of sympathy for us, and I just thought I'd tackle the press first, and then work down through the other professions."

"Very thoughtful in you," said the editor.

"Yes, after I've got your contributions I'll just see whether the churches are good for anything," said the visitor.

"Wait a moment," said the editor, walking over to the telephone, and then he called the instrument "Connect *Eagle* with police headquarters," but the relief committee didn't wait for the reply.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Tree of Iron.

The Iron Palmetto is the greatest work of art in the State House yard. This is a casting wholly of iron, commemorating the death of many of Carolina's slain, whose names are found in raised letters on two brass tablets at the base. The success of this casting consists in its perfect imitation of the living palmetto—the favorite tree of South Carolina. We had heard of this statue in other places, but had never been able to believe the stories of the flexible leaves bending in the breeze, supposing this phenomenon an optical delusion, but such is really the case. The long, thin leaves of iron, life-like even to the hair-like fibers of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr, and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of five rods.

These sad mementoes of a sadder past cause all the glory of war and the petty triumphs of victorious arms to sink into pitiable insignificance; and only this pathetic tribute to the memory of fallen believers in the lost cause, whose faith was sealed in their own blood, remains to tell of the woe and heart-breaking sorrow which has fallen like a pall of midnight darkness over all the South.—*Columbia (S. C.) Cor. Syracuse Standard.*

—At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, the change which seems to have occurred in the French climate during the last few years formed one of the chief topics of discussion. It was remarked that the sardine fishery, which regularly brought into the Breton population $3,000,000 per annum, had now become a thing of the past, the sardine having completely disappeared from the coast. M. Blavier attributed the mildness of the winter and the precocity of the spring to the altered direction of the Gulf stream, but no definite opinion on this subject was pronounced.

—The sun, shining through a yellow show-bottle in the window of a drug store at Fulton, N. Y., the other day, made a focus on the window-curtain and set it on fire.

The District School.

Twenty-six years ago a young girl was employed by the directors of a country district school to teach the school for the winter. The girl was so young, and withal so frail in appearance, that there were many misgivings as to her success in teaching. But it was soon found that her slight frame was but the support of a mind so pure and earnest, coupled with a will so strong, that what had been a disorderly school was at once reduced to obedience—an obedience born of love and respect, and therefore far more complete than the most stringent rule of an iron hand could have compelled, and which, under the clear-headed guidance of the teacher, resulted in such an advancement in the path of knowledge as that school had never known.

With a prayerful conscientiousness the young girl returned to her task each day, and there bent every energy to the faithful performance of her duties, totally forgetting herself in her work, and doing it with only one thought—that of earning a deserved "well done" from a higher than any human court; and daily the children met her to gather from her lips fresh lessons of love and truth—lessons taught as only the pure and true can teach them.

For once the childrens' parents proved to be not wholly indifferent; the enthusiasm of the school room was carried home; a meeting of the Board of Directors was called, the condition of the school thoroughly examined, and the teacher—in her inexperience, trembling for fear she had left some duty unperformed—was notified that her salary was increased by a half! Well, did her energy slacken, now that her probation was past? Not in the least. On the contrary, while she worked no harder than before, for that was impossible, yet her work was better done on account both of the experience gained and of the steady and united support of her patrons; and when the term closed, the tears of teacher and pupils were mingled in that sorrow at separation which only youth and childhood know.

But this term was not to be the last. As the young girl grew into womanhood she was repeatedly recalled to this country school, and the children which had gathered round her as boys and girls of ten and twelve, grew under her care to the age and qualifications necessary for their admittance to college, and to-day those of that little band who are left—for many, very many, have passed from earth forever—look back upon those school-days of childhood with the feeling that the whole of life—aye, the whole of eternity—has been sweetened and purified by the unselfish labors of that noble woman. Ah, what would we not give if we could assure to the little ones who are now gathering around our hearth-stones such loving care in the school-room as we then received!

Teacher, parent, employer, will it not be richly worth your while to so live and act that the embryo men and women now under your charge shall, in the future, look back upon your labors of to-day with similar feelings? But will they thus look back if you treat this business of school-teaching as simply so much work to be done in the easiest manner for so much money to be grudgingly paid.—*Louisville Farm and Fireside.*

The Little Shoes Did It.

A young man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was: "The little shoes they did it!" With a thick voice; as if his heart was in his throat he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment heard the sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up, and the choking went from his throat, "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way as clear as a deep-toned bell, whatever you may think of it I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and children—for the women get the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keepers child holding out her feet to look at her fine, new shoes. It was a simple thing, but my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue chilled child, on a bitter cold Christmas eve. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me? I put them cold as ice, to my breast, and they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the next day; and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I have got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."—*Hartford Times.*

—A servant girl of New York was arrested on a charge of stealing $3,000 from Willie Edouin, the actor. She was kept in a cell all night, and appeared to be hysterical. When brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court, she was placed in the prisoner's pen and almost immediately died. She had denied the crime all along, calling upon God to witness her innocence, and seemed much impressed with the thought of the disgrace her arrest would inflict upon her relations.—*N. Y. Star.*

—The State of Illinois is named from its principal river, the Illinois. The river is named from the confederacy of Indian tribes called the Illinois confederacy, which has its seat in the central part of the State. Gallatin gives the definition of the word Illinois, "real men," "superior men," from the Delaware word Leno, Lenl. Illin, Illini, as it is variously written. The termination "ois" is that by which the French softened the local inflection when they adopted an Indian word.—*Chicago News.*

Step-Mothers.

If the pedigree of a prejudice could make it respectable, the popular sentiment against step-mothers might claim respect. Homer had his fling at the women who marry a widower with children; Virgil went out of his way to cast particularly hard and jagged stones at their defenselessness; Ovid accused them of such things that it were better their mothers had not borne them. Where these great ones denounced, lesser voices rallied; and the scandalizing of step-mothers gradually became as classic as many other stupidities and falsities.

Mediæval literature accepted this conventionality of antiquity, precisely as it accepted other representations of women handed down from those mighty ages, without question as to their probability or naturalness. It was enough for reviving intelligence to learn what had been thought, without thinking on its own account. But it is a little hard that the books of modern times, and especially the novels of our own day, which go everywhere, and present to many people the only mental impressions they receive, should echo the jests of Ovid without their wit, or the slanders of Virgil without their brilliancy.

The matrons of antiquity who pointed the moral for detraction were never heard in their own behalf, and may have been neither so fierce nor so frisky as the poets delighted to draw them. Besides, the offending dames of Homer, the half-savage princesses of Thessaly, the slow-witted farmers' wives of Epirus, were hardly of the same humanity with the fine-fibred womanhood of to-day. Shall, therefore, some sensitive soul, doing her best for the happiness of her husband's children, be dismayed by cheap jests, stale two thousand years ago, or by detraction, which but repeats the comments of scandal-mongers dead before the Ionian immigration.

What is there in the contact with tender orphans to harden a woman's heart against them? If she have babies of her own, her love for them, her longing to live for their sakes, teach her what bitterness of parting, what pangs of apprehension, the dead mother must have known, and touch her spirit to unspeakable compassion for the motherless children given to her to rear. If she be childless, then that instinct of maternity which lives in nearly every woman's heart, and must be satisfied, reaches out naturally, almost inevitably, toward her husband's children, for his sake hardly more than for theirs. In families where the children of the first wife are too young to remember her with regret, when the step-mother comes to them it is the rule, and not the exception, that they love their new protector with a love that makes no abatement, and are perhaps happier than they would have been had their own mother lived.

For we maintain that the popular image of the step-mother is so far a phantom, a mere figment of the imagination, that a man's second wife is likely to be a much higher type of woman than his first. Beauty, grace of manner, an idiotic fondness for himself, the most perishable and accidental charms, enchant the boy-lover, and make him the husband. When his girl-wife becomes the mother of his children, folly is not thereby translated into wisdom; and if she be compact of follies, however pretty and well-behaved, her offspring will suffer for that combination. Does anybody doubt that Agnes would have made a far better mother for Dora's baby, had it lived, than that poor, sweet-faced, loving, silly, altogether charming simpleton? And Agnes is the woman whom the Davids, in their thoughtful prime, would choose.

Step-mothers are impatient, unjust, unable to see its conduct from the child's point of view, we are told. Are mothers, then, so uniformly patient, just, full of loving imagination? Their children fret them, bore them, offend against them innocently, and are sharply and unfairly punished constantly. But their love is taken for granted by a censorious world, and very likely a perverse generation praises their "discipline." Against the laws of the step-mother the young offender may trespass seventy times seven times, and if her voice be harsh at the seventy-first infraction, all the child's surviving relatives on the maternal side openly pity him, or with ostentatious forbearance, "with arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake, or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase," aid and comfort the rebel vastly more than by espousal of his cause.

We mean merely to assert that the world is peopled by human beings. Maternity comes by nature, but motherhood is the fruit of grace. It is as likely to be the possession of some maiden aunt, of some childless matron, of some misunderstood step-mother, as of her who has suffered in travail. Children are wearing, and those who have them in keeping are worn. The temper of the race is not flawless, and the list is short of our own acquaintances who are too patient, too tolerant, and too just. But it is unfair, it is monstrous, to condemn a whole class of women to reprobation, and assume their guilt as well, for a kind of offenses which we do not even comment upon when another class of women commits them. The tale runs that the Queen of Theseus compassed the death of her step-son by extremely unpleasant and underhand means. But Medea, on the other hand, killed her own innocent children because their father had offended her, got on comfortably in very high society afterward, and finally received divine honors. Which illustrates, perhaps, the average verdict on the conduct of mothers and step-mothers.

It is said that second wives are jealous of the pale ghost of their predecessors, and visit this jealousy on their children. Women ought eagerly to confute this libel upon their sex. It is often true that older children are jealous of the new mother; but this is usually because they are taught this doubt by those whom they love. Selfish and jealous women will be bad step-mothers, as they will be bad mothers. But the proportion of selfish and jealous women is not inordinate, and the great host of self-denying, helpful and loving step-mothers ought not to suffer vicarious contumely. Their place is not an enviable one. But in that future when the voice of commonsense shall silence the voice of tradition, it is certain that men and women will be ashamed to jeer at one of the most difficult attempts, at one of the most defenceless classes, of women.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A recent revival in the William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo., a Baptist institution, resulted in the conversion of twenty-five students.

—The Rev. Dr. Cobb, the new secretary of the American Congregational Union, says that $100,000 must be raised for the work of the Union this year, and calls on all Congregational churches to help him.

—The net profit of the New York Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church was $69,064, and of the Western Concern $25,466, a total of $94,530 during the last year. This large property trust is wisely administered.

—Miss Campbell, an English lady, called the "Queen of Corsica," has built a church at Ajaccio, and rules her chaplain with almost feudal tyranny. If the sermon is too long a large watch is drawn out of her pocket and held over her head until a conclusion is put to the irksome discourse; to the amusement of the congregation and the discomfort of the divine.

—Teachers all over the country who have used the Longfellow Leaflets and Holmes Leaflets, compiled by Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, will be glad to learn that a series of Whittier Leaflets is now ready. The numerous calls for them which have already been received by the publishers indicate that they will be no less popular than their predecessors.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Professor Blaikie, the emi[nent] Scotch theologian, wrote after the completion of Moody and Sankey's two months in Edinburgh: "The very infidel has had to owu that Moody travels in the footsteps of his Master, and that no other force in the world, least of all the force of scepticism, ever slows such a spirit or engages in such labors of love."

—The following shows the number of pupils enrolled last year in ten of our leading cities, and the cost per capita for their education: New York, 267,944 pupils, $10.35 cost per capita; Chicago, 59,562, $18.57; Boston, 50,543, $28.16; St. Louis, 47,030, $11.66; Cincinnati, 35,750, $21.07; San Francisco, 40,187, $18.45; Pittsburgh, 24,235, $13.76; Buffalo, 18,606, $16.90; Washington, 26,419, $18.17; Newark, N. J., 19,806, $10.49; Detroit, 15,719, $12.36.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—That was a pleasant way in which a newly-settled Methodist minister disarmed the criticism of the people in the congregation to which he had been sent. Instead of getting angry about it or complaining that they had hurt his feelings, he remarked from the pulpit, "I hear that you say I am not much of a preacher; well, I know it; and I know that if I could preach first rate I wouldn't have been sent here to preach to such a lot of ignoramuses as you."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Touching the decline of infant baptism, the *Journal and Messenger* states of New York Presbyterian churches: "In Dr. John Hall's church, with a membership of 1,730, there were but twenty-one babies baptised last year. In Dr. Howard Crosby's, with 1,384 members, there were only seventeen. Dr. Bevan's Brick Church has 1,000 members, but only twenty-three infants were dedicated in baptism. In Dr. Robinson's Memorial Church, 570 members could show only eight. In Mr. Talmage's church, numbering 2,471, only forty-nine infants were baptised. Dr. Cuyler baptised thirty-one infants in a membership of 1,761. Dr. Lindlow, with 378 members, reports six, Dr. Van Dyke, with 571, report none.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "I should think that if I was made of dust I would get muddy inside when I drink."

—"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass" "O no!" "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be," "And why not, pray?" "Because, sir, Glass is a non-conductor." [Deafening applause from the scientific passengers.]

—Rose McWhortleberry heard her master remark that "Kismet" meant "fate," and this is the reason why she so astonished her mistress by remarking the next day to Belinda, the chamber-maid: "O, Blindy, I can scarcely walk wid the chilblains all over my two kismets."

—A fashion writer of the female sex says: "In dress we are nothing but monkeys." The writer may be an exception; but who ever saw a monkey attired in a corset, a twenty-dollar hat, seventeen-button gloves, a lot of false hair, and several hundred dollars' worth of dry goods.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Strive, endeavor, it profits more
To fight and fall, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth—never.

—An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong," he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class does quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question. "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast," yelled the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A man entered a street-car with a half-consumed cigar in his hand and sat down beside a grim-visaged virgin considerably past the period of her youthful bloom. After a time the cigar went out, and the incense arising from the cooling stump made the ancient spinster's nose heave like a Sandy Hook buoy. She called the conductor to her and said sharply: "I thought smoking was prohibited here." "So it is, madame." "It is, eh? Look at this loafer." "I can't help it, madame; his cigar isn't lighted." "Well, then," she shouted, "for heaven's sake make him light it." Women are not always perfectly logical.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A negro was standing in a street of Porto Rico, where, as is well-known, slavery still flourishes, when a storm burst over the town, the rain descending in torrents. Sambo hastily pulled off his hat, and did his best to protect it from the downpour. The more terrific it became, the greater efforts did he make to preserve his hat, while his curly locks were saturated like a sponge. "Why don't you put on your hat, Sambo? You would keep your head dry," observed a passer-by. "Not such a fool, sah," replied the nigger, grinning. "Head belong to massa, hat belong to Sambo!"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

As illustrating the style of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, we give below two of his poems—the first, a clever little fable; the other, the celebrated patriotic poem which has been so widely quoted:

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter Little Prig;
Bun replied:
You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back;
Neither can you crack a nut.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

By the wide bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept—
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That Memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made these heroes there
To die and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee!

'LIZ'BETH'S QUEER SHOES.

Possibly some one will think 'Liz'beth not the person at all for a heroine, from the fact that everything connected with her was so simple; no romance of any sort. Why, it quite obliges one to laugh in the jolliest sort of way, thinking of little 'Liz'beth in connection with anything wonderful or at all astonishing. Still, this same little girl came up before the selfish vision of an individual one bright day as the embodiment of everything wonderful and astouishing, as you will perceive when we reach that point, teaching a tenderly sweet lesson in the most unconscious manner possible.

She lived just across the lake, with a superannuated aunt, in a tumble-down cottage, that had not the appearance of ever having seen better days, or they were so remote that every trace had vanished.

The house had still one habitable room and bed-room adjoining. There were other rooms; but they were left to the bats and owls, the ceiling being all broken up, the windows out, and everything else in such a generally dilapidated condition they were good for nothing else.

Very unromantic and cheerless, therefore, was 'Liz'beth's surroundings to every one save 'Liz'beth herself, who thought it a fine thing, a grand thing even, to be able to give house-room to the stray bats and birds; and at one time a bold, very large-eyed owl ventured into one of these rooms at night, and screeched after the manner of owls in general, frightening 'Liz'beth half out of her wits. But, when she recovered she seemed likely to explode with glee.

There was so little in her life to catch hold of or worth remembering in the way of brightness that this was quite an event.

What did she do to pass time away?

Why, she swept and scoured the kitchen-floor; washed the two blue-flowered cups and plates; put the bread away in the cracked bread-jar; and the butter in the cool ground-cellar, just outside the door, that looked for all the world like a miserably old dilapidated vault; hung the dish-cloth and tin pan outside, under the pippin-apple tree; and various other small domestic duties.

Other days and many of them dawned for 'Liz'beth, bringing other work, such as wood-carrying for auntie, and wood-carrying for other people also; for you must know (as it is quite indispensable to this story) that 'Lizbeth sold wood for her bread and the superannuated aunt's bread also. These were days when she collected this wood ("fat-wood, she called it; you might call it pitch pine,) and, with the half-blind aunt's assistance, it was made up into small bundles and a large basket was filled—a basket too large for little 'Liz'beth to carry, you would have thought; and then she went her rounds in the happiest sort of way, laughing to the birds and wild flowers in a peculiar way, all her own.

She did an amount of laughing, this small 'Liz'beth. It bubbled and gurgled from the rosy lips like the gayest bird-song. And this is the oddest part of it. Why did she do it? The poor little life, being so devoid of all that real brightness and beauty that so belongs to all merry, blessed childhood, there was no one to mention this fact to her. Had there been, she would have shamed the questioner with her bright look of sweet surprise.

She loved the sunshine, did this oddly happy little 'Liz'beth. The great, golden, mighty sun, moving slowly up in the blue sky, was just as much her own as the most favored child in the world. She knew this and took an immense sight of comfort from the fact.

She could not have told you why she was so happy the day through, even when the meals were scant and the aunt querulous, and "fat wood" hard to find. The drops of sunshine, forever lying snug and warm in the little heart, would bubble up and overflow, in spite of the hard days that came all too often; and this brings us almost to 'Liz'beth's queer shoes, only it will be necessary to cross the lake, first of all, to the beautiful "Villa" upon the bank, and catch a hurried view of matters there. It is absolutely necessary to do this, in order to reach the shoes properly.

'Liz'beth had wondered many times who lived in the fine house just across the lake, and as many times calculated the distance around and the possibility of another customer.

An eye to business had this wise little woman.

To all urging, however, the old aunt gave a decided negative. It was too far; so at length, 'Liz'beth left off asking or wishing, and then, to her glad surprise, one day the aunt announced her willingness. And the very next day, quite bending with the weight of the great, heavy basket, 'Liz'beth trudged along the dusty road leading around the Lake, in the direction of the beautiful home upon the opposite bank.

A soft breeze swept up from the Lake, over the fragrant bloom of flowers upon the lawn, and, quite entering the breakfast room of this house (a room overlooking the Lake and the flowers) filled it with a dewy, odorous freshness. The sunlight, drifting in, also shot quivering shafts of light over silver and cut-glass. A bright, beautiful room it was; perfect in arrangement and adornment. But all this, alas! was miserably marred and disfigured by two scowling faces beside the breakfast table—the owner of this richly appointed home and the only little daughter of the house.

If the truth must be spoken, in all the world there could not have been found a more dissatisfied, fault-finding little miss than this same Nettie Storm.

This dissatisfied, fault-finding spirit was not the result of a deprivation of comforts and luxuries; nor through ill-health; nor lack of attraction, for the little face, framed in the soft brown curls, was strikingly pretty, when not disfigured by an ugly frown or discontented pout of the red lips.

The disagreeable fact was that Nettie had in part inherited this peculiar trait from the paternal side, and, not having received proper check from either, seemed in a fair way of marring her whole future.

"My dear!" Mr. Storm was critically examining a wing of broiled chicken, done to a charm. "I do think that here in the country, at least, our food could be palatable. Chloe has overdone this chicken and it smells of burn."

"I was thinking it very nice," expostulated mild, rather tired-out Mrs. Storm, who seldom reproved either husband or child; but bore every fresh outbreak with a martyred resignation, that invariably caused Aunt Janet (who usually spent two months of the year at the Lake) to shoot out innumerable fireworks from her indignant eyes and wish to thrash these three persons in succession, as she declared privately.

"It is delicious, Howard, and I think Chloe perfect in the way of broiling and baking," supplemented Aunt Janet, decidedly.

A disagreeable silence followed; that was broken, at length, by Nettie, who, having arisen too early (not through compulsion) had been chasing from house to garden and Lake, and, in consequence, was tired and very warm, which small matter was sufficient at any time to bring the ill-nature to the surface.

"There's nothing fit to eat, Mamma! I don't like chicken! Why can't Chloe give us steak?"

Although Nettie walked in her father's footsteps faithfully and copied him in more ways than one, she rarely spoke in this manner in his presence. These ebullitions of ill-temper, which were frequent, we are bound to confess, were usually reserved for the weak, patient mother's regaling; and, therefore, not only Mrs. Storm's face expressed surprise, but the gentleman's also, and the ugly frown deepened.

"Don't let me hear you speak in this manner again, particularly of your food, Miss Nettie," commanded Mr. Storm, in the reverse of gentle tones and seemingly oblivious of the fact that his daughter was simply an echo of himself.

If he was oblivious of the fact, Nettie was not of another, however; and, after staring in a bewildered way at her father, a moment or two, which was extremely irritating to the gentleman, she burst forth, triumphantly:

"But, Papa, you said yourself the chicken was bad. Why can't I say it?"

This being exasperating in the extreme, together with something Aunt Janet muttered, of which he caught only "precept and example," set them floating out further still upon the troubled waters and further from reason than they were accustomed to going.

"I am shocked that this child should be allowed to speak in this manner to me!"

Mr. Storm was rather majestic in his indignation, and, being a tall man, looked down from his towering height (he had arisen) upon little Mrs. Storm in a manner that should have awed her, only it failed to at this time, to Aunt Janet's blissful amazement.

"Howard!" (there was a faint sparkle in the mild blue eyes) "Nettie copies you faithfully. You allow yourself to speak in that same ill-natured manner frequently, regarding not only our food, but other matters; while Nettie listens and copies you carefully. Wouldn't it be a trifle more reasonable to correct yourself first and your child later?"

Notwithstanding Aunt Janet applauded mentally and nodded her wise old head, when no one saw it, it was a very unwise speech, as every one knows, to make in Nettie's presence, however wholesome the lesson might prove to the father. But, considering how full each life is of mistakes, if not made in that same direction, in others, who shall dare censure Mrs. Storm, even in the face of the fact that it was not this plainly-spoken truth that in a measure entirely cured Mr. Storm of unnecessary fault-finding, and Nettie later; but was owing almost, if not entirely, to poor, little 'Liz'beth's queer shoes.

It was immediately after this most uncomfortable breakfast, that had been finished in a silence profound, that Mr. Storm, in a mind unenviable, snatched up the newspaper (we say snatched, which is an odious word; but it only suits the action of Mr. Storm) and stalked out to the shaded front porch, one ugly frown chasing the other from his face, while just before him lay the quiet valley, the lofty hills beyond, crowned with crimson-topped trees, quivering in the sunlight, and the smooth, unruffled lake; but seeing nothing of it all, neither the calm that rested upon mountain and valley, nothing of the rich, mellow beauty of the perfect Autumn day.

At this moment a small head bobbed up and down; now in sight, then entirely lost behind the tall shrubbery and urns dotting the broad sweep of lawn.

Mr. Storm left off frowning a moment, to wonder; and, wondering, his face cleared slowly, neglecting to cloud again as a small hand plainly revealed itself, at length, just back of a low bush, and the owner stood quite still, looking directly in the gentleman's face, with the sunniest smile resting upon the sweet, upturned face Mr. Storm ever remembered seeing in all his life.

'Liz'beth's queer shoes were behind the bush, with 'Liz'beth herself in them, and the heavy, heavy basket upon her arm; so it was only the winsome face, framed in the fluffy golden hair, and the smile that Mr. Storm saw, and forgotten alike was the ill-nature and the cause of it, as he called, in low tones, too low for 'Liz'beth to hear, for Mrs. Storm, Aunt Janet, and Nettie to come out at once.

"Who is it, Papa?" Nettie reached the porch first.

"What a pretty picture!" exclaimed Mrs. Storm, who had an artistic eye. "The pale blue and white 'Browallias' close beside her and that flaming 'Tritoma' just back of her."

"There! That's a face, Nettie. I'll wager, is unacquainted with frowns! I can see it," said Aunt Janet, decidedly. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Storm, watching the silent figure curiously. "Come here, little girl. Is there anything you wish?"

That was just what 'Liz'beth wished—an invitation to approach. O! a wise and proper little woman was 'Liz'beth, you must know, if she did live in a dreadfully poor old house, and sell "fat-wood," and wear queer shoes. Therefore, she came up, when invited, in a quiet, pretty way—that is, as pretty as the dreadful shoes would allow; and then, when she stood directly before them all, unabashed, yet so humble, in her clean-patched calico dress, much too long, what could either poor 'Liz'beth or the superannuated aunt know of fashions, pray? Nettie immediately, but really without intention to wound, broke into a merry peal of laughter, exclaiming:

"O! what queer shoes!"

So they were, poor 'Liz'beth and even Mrs. Storm smiled; but Mr. Storm and Aunt Janet were very grave—very grave, indeed.

It was not because 'Liz'beth's shoes were so dreadfully old; yet goodness knows they were old enough. There was this about them, they had never been made for 'Liz'beth's tiny feet or even bought for her. They belonged to the old aunt and were low calf-skin buskins, as she called them; and, as they in no way fitted 'Liz'beth's feet, the ingenious little brain had devised a novel method of keeping them on. An old, faded black ribbon she had passed directly under the instep, tying it very securely upon the top, in what 'Liz'beth considered a very extraordinary bow.

You will see at once the space there must necessarily have been between 'Liz'beth's heel and the heel of the buskin, and no one save this odd little lassie would have considered it possible or necessary to utilize that space; but 'Liz'beth, having an eye to business and considering her dress had no pocket (her dresses never did have pockets, in some way), she filled these spaces with the twine taken from the "fat wood" at the sales.

You must know she was obliged to carry a quantity with her when she started out; for frequently the tied-up bundles fell apart or broke, and how nice and easy it was to whisk a bit of this twine from the heel of her shoes and tie up the bundles again in a wink.

When a bunch was sold, she invariably asked for the twine about it, and it was immediately stored away in the heel of those handy shoes.

They were very handy shoes, 'Liz'beth thought, and wondered now and then what she should do without them.

She might put the twine in the basket after it was empty; but before it was empty—that was the question; and so the shoes served a double purpose, she reasoned, when a wish for better fitting shoes came upon her, as it did occasionally, and then, when Nettie laughed the quick blood dyed the white face a flaming scarlet, and for an instant the face sobered and the wish was uppermost. The smiles, however, so accustomed to resting there, quickly chased away the sober look, and she spoke, very energetically.

"You see, Miss, they are so handy, dreadfully handy shoes for holding twine."

"So they are, my dear! So they are!" exclaimed Aunt Janet, frowning severely upon Nettie and drawing 'Liz'beth beside her. "Tell me, please, your name, where you live and what you are intending to do with this great basket of wood, altogether too heavy for you to carry."

Then 'Liz'beth, with the quick, sunshiny smiles dimpling and chasing each other around the rosy lips and the golden head turning and twisting like a happy, unconscious bird, told her story, even to the bats and owls, ending with:

"I don't live far away, either. Just across yonder. See? And the walk around the Lake ain't as long as Auntie thought it was, and I am so glad I came."

"Tired? O, no'm, not very. I don't mind the basket, 'cause it's so nice out-of-doors. The sunshine, you know, and the flowers and the birds and the Lake are so lovely. I'm glad I came. Do you think, now, you would care to buy a bunch of 'fat wood'?"

"Every bundle in your basket!" said Aunt Janet, who was thinking fast and furiously, and mentally vowing that, if this living lesson of content and humility being thrust, so to speak, in her brother's very face, should fail to open his eyes to his own state, then there was no hope for him.

Mr. Storm was thinking to a better purpose than Aunt Janet was giving him credit for or was willing to.

That very content, one of 'Lizbeth's chief virtues, so manifest in every word she spoke, in every smile that hovered about the tender lips, in the bright, even tones of her voice. Content with toil and privation, that needed no word of hers to confirm, and grateful even for the sunshine, the birds, and the flowers, touched the man's real heart, that, after all, lay snug and warm, (a little warped, true, by too much prosperity) under the rubbish that selfishness had piled high—touched him, we say, as no loudly-spoken reproof could have done.

"Have you always lived over yonder?" questioned Nettie, who had sobered while listening to 'Liz'beth's story, and quite forgetting her queer shoes.

"O! no, Miss. We used to live two miles further down; but Auntie thought, if we moved up here, I could sell more wood, because of there being so many big houses up this way, you know."

'Liz'beth looked around her audience so smilingly, it should have induced some one to believe that selling "fat-wood" was one of the most delightful occupations in the world.

"There is another thing I am glad we moved over yonder for," she added, quickly, in a naive and extremely business-like manner, which became her as well as the smiles. "It won't take me so long to get Auntie in the "Old Ladies' Home," over in the town yonder, 'cause I earn more money here. I've got fifty cents put away already. Auntie don't know how much it will take; I either."

Very inquiringly the sweet eyes rested upon each face a moment, while the smiles again died out, showing how heavy this idea lay at the little heart.

"And when the old auntie is well-housed and kindly looked after at the 'Home,' then what is to become of 'Liz'beth?" questioned Aunt Janet, gravely, in whose voice was a suspicion of huskiness.

"Me! O! goodness! It don't matter about me, you know. Why, I can sell 'fat-wood' and live over yonder, and visit Auntie; and she'll have good dresses—they give 'em good dresses, I wouldn't wonder? O! no. It don't matter about me at all."

'Liz'beth, having disposed of herself in this summary manner, smiled contentedly all around.

"If I should give you the money that would place Auntie in that 'Home' at once, and spare you all that long toil, what would you do then?" asked Mr. Storm, gravely.

For a moment the soft eyes rested upon his face, then the sweet lips quivered painfully, as she answered, between a smile and tears:

"I don't think you would do that, sir; but, if you did, I would go right home, up to the big room where the chimney is out and the roof knocked in, and I'd get right down on my knees and I'd pray very loud. I'd ask God to bless you forever and ever and ever, and to give it back to you again some day."

Not even Nettie laughed at 'Liz'beth's earnestness. Mrs. Storm thought her a very peculiar child, quite unselfish. Mr. Storm was hastily comparing her short life with his own, to his shame and discomfort; while Aunt Janet was deciding, if her brother failed to carry out the idea he had advanced, she should do it.

Mr. Storm was quite in earnest, however; and, after a whispered consultation with his wife, while Aunt Janet emptied the basket directly before the porch steps, he drew 'Liz'beth close beside him, and, with the wistful eyes fixed steadily upon him, he gave the promise that sent thrill after thrill through the grateful little heart, while the smiles chased each other so radiantly and swiftly around the tender lips. Mr. Storm drew the golden head to his bosom in sudden tenderness and pity.

While Aunt Janet was filling 'Liz'beth's basket, without ceremony, from the store-room, Nettie and Mrs. Storm were searching through Nettie's rooms and closets for superfluous clothing; and as Nettie was found to possess an abundance of the latter, their arms were filled when they returned, later, and exhibited before astonished 'Liz'beth every article that henceforth was to be her own.

To say that 'Liz'beth beamed would not express it. She bubbled and quite run over with glee. The mad, wild snatches of low laughter running from her lips at sight of each article was so highly contagious that it soon set them all afloat, and no one save 'Liz'beth could have told what the laughter was about.

"She must take off these queer shoes, papa, and put on this pair of mine. She will walk so much better," said Nettie, heart and soul alive to 'Liz'beth's comfort in some extraordinary way and laughing every time that little woman did.

"They're very handy shoes, Miss," said 'Liz'beth, wishing to do justice to the poor shoes that had served her double purpose so long.

Nettie remained silent, although unconvinced, while 'Liz'beth, very soberly and almost reluctantly, put them aside, substituting a pair of Nettie's, that fitted perfectly, much to the latter's delight.

'Liz'beth took a step or two in the new shoes, looked up shyly and sweetly, and with it all so gratefully it seemed impossible to leave off granting favors; therefore, Mr. Storm decided on the spot both basket and bundle were too heavy for 'Liz'beth to carry, and he should go with her; and then Nettie clamored to go, also, and, as the morning was so fine, Aunt Janet proposed to Mrs. Storm that they, also, should walk around to the old house, which they did, to the superannuated aunt's surprise, who, being in her dotage, believed the Judgment Day had surely come.

Shall we go on and tell of the peaceful ending of the old Aunt's days in the "Home" she had coveted so many weary years, until hope died and age had bent almost double the poor form and bleached silver white her hair?

Enough that, at last, the poor, feeble prayers were answered, and the great, unselfish hope of 'Liz'beth's life was gratified.

"Did 'Liz'beth live alone after that in the old house and sell 'fat-wood?'"

O, no! and we can do no better now than leave the past, skipping over to the present, gathering up a link or two of the intervening years from no less a personage than Aunt Janet herself.

"That is my 'Liz'beth over yonder," she said to us; but we cannot convey through pen and paper the pride accompanying the words.

We looked curiously, for the facts regarding 'Liz'beth had interested us strangely; and lower down the beach we saw a slender, white-robed figure, to whose hand a lad of six was clinging, fearful of the waves dashing and foaming at their feet.

For a moment the face was turned toward us, and we saw a crown of golden hair, a gentle, placid face, where a tender smile seemed forever hovering, and then we lost sight of both mother and child in the surging crowd.

"That is 'Liz'beth, God bless her!" continued Aunt Janet. "I adopted her and I bless the day I did it. A power of good she did us all; but, as patient, and content, and unselfish as her childhood was, her womanhood has exceeded it all.—*Independent.*

—It appears that a noisy person by the name of Pat Desmond is just at present running the town of Pueblo to suit himself. The other night he entered the *Republican* office and calmly cleaned out the establishment because that paper had criticised him in his official capacity. Somebody would be amply justified in hitting Mr. Desmond with a sand-bag.—*Denver Tribune.*

War Telegraphing.

Gabriel N. P. Gale, a gentleman widely known through his hotel connections, and brother of the present proprietor of the Hotel Lafayette, narrated to a *Press* reporter Saturday three interesting stories of war telegraphing. Mr. Gale served during the rebellion as First Lieutenant of the Eleventh New York Battery, and, like every other old soldier, loves to fight over again the battles of the past. The experiences he told yesterday are striking examples of how Confederate cunning was outflanked by Yankee wit.

The Union army in 1862 lay encamped on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite what was to be the disastrous field of Fredericksburg. On the bank of the river, in the extreme front of the Union line, stood the house of Mrs. Gray, a long, rambling stone building, whose front of three stories faced the river. The roof sloped steeply toward the rear, where the stone side was but one story high. Mrs. Gray herself, an elderly widow, had received the Union advance with every demonstration of welcome, and her house soon became a favorite rendezvous for young officers. A prime cause of this, besides Mrs. Gray's cheerful hearth and good fare, was the beauty of her daughter Sallie, a brunette of perhaps twenty years, with glossy black hair and deep blue eyes. A young Lieutenant was badly wounded by these batteries, and spent all his spare time at the feet of this fair Southerner, who professed such sympathy with the Union cause.

Late one rainy night a sentinel pacing back and forth before the stone front of the Gray house heard a faint but sharp noise cutting the still air. It sounded like the click of a telegraph instrument, and it seemed to come from beneath his feet. Greatly perplexed, he called the Sergeant of the guard. They listened carefully, and were presently joined by the gallant lover of Sallie Gray. Convictions of treachery smote his heart, and with the Sergeant he unceremoniously entered the Gray dwelling. Sallie and her mother, despite the late hour, were busily sewing by a table in the sitting-room. The ladies rose in apparent surprise and indignation at the intrusion.

"Step aside, if you please," said the Sergeant.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Gray, sharply.

"Frank, I appeal to you for protection," cried the young lady to the Lieutenant. That officer could only shake his head and sternly wave her aside.

"You are false. You have deceived me," he said, hoarsely, as the girl who had promised to be his bride, sank sobbing upon a sofa.

The soldiers could hear the ticking more plainly now. They moved the table, lifted the carpet, and discovered a trap-door leading to a cellar of whose existence they had no suspicion. A light below was instantly quenched, but they fearlessly descended and discovered a telegraph instrument, with an insulated wire running through the cellar wall and evidently passing beneath the river to the enemy on the other side. Crouching in a corner was the operator, a young and handsome man, who had never before been seen about the house, having lived for days in the cellar. "You are my prisoner" from the Sergeant brought the distressed wail from poor Sallie of "My husband, oh, my husband!" The heart of the Union Lieutenant went back once more to the girl he left behind him.

But, notwithstanding the detection of this line of communication the enemy seemed to know of every movement of the Union troops. It was a mystery to the officers how they gained their knowledge. There were no more telegraph wires, and there was no passing across the river. At last the mystery was solved. Within the Union lines, but in sight of the enemy, there stood a low frame house, occupied by a negro, who did washing for the soldiers. He hung his clothing to dry in the front yard; but it was noticed that in the porch there always hung three flannel shirts, one red, one white and one blue. The negro said that they were his Union colors. But the shirts were not always in the same position, and a suspicious Sergeant finally became convinced that the negro used them to signal across the Rappahannock. The arrest of the negro and the effectual use of the shirts to deceive, instead of to inform, the enemy followed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Peculiar Calendar.

If the length of the shadow on the 21st of June is divided into four equal parts, and the length on the 21st of December into two equal parts, we shall have six equal measures of length corresponding with six unequal intervals of time; these intervals may then be distinguished according to the length of the shadow. The Japanese avail themselves of this peculiarity of shadows in their country to adjust the division of their solar year, the first day of which corresponds with the 21st of June of the Gregorian reckoning. They divide the year into twelve equal months (mangsa,) which are respectively 41, 23, 24, 25, 27, 43, 43, 26, 25, 24, 23 and 24 days long. Independently of this division, the farmer plants his rice and other crops according to the height of Orion and the Pleiades above the horizon. This height is taken either at nightfall, half an hour after sunset, or in the morning, half an hour before the sunrise. The following are the names of the calendar months, and the most important observations and farmers' rules that are connected with them.

First month (Kasn), forty-one days, from the 21st of June to the 31st of July inclusive. Orion and the Pleiades are visible in the east, respectively 21 and 45 degrees above the horizon. The sun turns back toward the south; a man's shadow at noon reaches four feet south. The fresh water fish Iwak bettik has one spot on its head. It is time to plant the second crop of rice.

Second month (Kara), twenty-three days long, from the 1st to the 23d of August. The Pleiades are in the zenith, 70 degrees above the eastern horizon. The Iwak bettik has two spots. The sun goes farther toward the south. A man's shadow at noon measures two feet south.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—Garner Wilson, of Cowley Run, Potter County, Pa., was startled a few days since by seeing a doe running past him, with a wild-cat clinging to her back. She ran but a short distance and fell dead. Mr. Wilson shot and killed the wild-cat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is stated that two hundred crooks and desperadoes passed through Denver in five days recently on their way from Arizona and New Mexico, from which they had been driven to some new destination.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A British barkentine, lately arrived at St. Johns, reports having passed a large number of floating cattle. Must have been the bulls of the stock market; they are said to have been "all at sea" lately.—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

—Longfellow's ear was so keen and his memory of sounds so true that on his visit to France in 1869 he observed how not only the French language, but the manner of pronouncing it, had undergone a marked change since his former visit in 1829.—*Boston Post.*

—The Oxford (I. T.) *Enterprise* laments the scarcity of marriageable women in Idaho territory, and has decided to vote a column to aid the bachelors in getting wives. It solicits advertisements from women everywhere who wish to marry, and promises to use its efforts to find them suitable husbands.

—Hortense Kittrell was appointed a clerk in the Nevada Legislature. Henry H. Welch, the chief clerk, at first objected to the presence of a woman in the office. But his objection has been overcome during the present season. Miss Kittrell is now Mrs. Welch.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Of a party of forty which left Canisteo, N. Y., four years ago, to work on a railroad in Brazil, the last one to return is Charles Forbes, son of a doctor living in Alfred. He describes every discouragement as being encountered, and his experience is like that of most northern workmen who have gone to Brazil. He believes there is only one man of the party left alive in Brazil.

—The fashion of wearing jeweled garters, the New York *Sun* says, is spreading rapidly. All jewelers keep them and say the custom is 100 per cent. greater this year than last. The cheapest pair at one jeweler's cost forty-six dollars, and the dearest $1,200, which were made to order. Curiously enough the cheap ones do not sell well.

—An Ohio suitor, unable to make the young woman say yes, threatened to shoot himself in her presence. Thereupon she relented. But next day, having considered the matter carefully, she wrote to him that she would not keep the promise made under coercion, and that, while she strongly advised him against suicide, she should feel no responsibility about him. He blew his brains out.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Bostonians who are bragging that the city possesses the deepest artesian well in the world (2,200 feet) labor under a great delusion. The well on the grounds of the St. Louis Insane Asylum reached a depth of 3,750 feet, the only trouble about it being that the water which flowed from it was salt. Such a disappointment did the latter fact prove that St. Louisians took to beer for consolation, and now they are not sorry that the well was a failure.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Tim Poffenbarger was not suspected of any tendency to insanity. He was in successful business at Gallipolis, Ohio, and a social favorite. Yet he committed suicide because he discovered, as he believed, that he was losing his mental faculties. He wrote: "My mind has become so confused that I am not capable of transacting my business, and my life seems to be a burden to me, and my memory so affected that I scarcely know what I have been doing for several months."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—That mystic organization, the Rosicrucians, under whose auspices last December's charity ball was given, have just contributed another noteworthy charity to the people of St. Louis. The gift this time takes the form of drinking fountains, ten of which are soon to be placed in different localities in the more thickly settled parts of the city. The fountains are simply inscribed: "Gift to the thirsty, from the Rosicrucians."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Last week, as a meat merchant from Wilmington was coming up the channel, a baby seal about two feet long followed the boat and set up a piteous cry for help. The little fellow got lost from its mother, and was lonesome and hungry. The boat was stopped, and the little fellow climbed in and nestled down under the legs of the gentleman, who brought him to Wilmington and fed him with milk, of which he is very fond. He is perfectly tame, and is the pet of the town.—*Los Angelos (Cal.) Commercial.*

—More than forty skeletons of Indians have been disturbed by workmen digging up a hill in Oneida Village. Eighteen of the skeletons were in sitting posture, in a row, resting on bricks, the feet of one to the back of the next. Daniel Schoondad, present chief of the Oneidas, says these are warriors killed in battle or the chase. He says he knew there was a burying-place there and that there are others at Wampsville and Oneida Castle. Under an old apple tree four women and two children were found wrapped in blankets.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Carries Her Certificate.

We have heard of that sort of heartlessness towards the poor that can stand by their dying beds and in their presence coolly plan their funeral arrangements, but the following is the first instance we remember of a poor patient resenting such treatment by getting well. Says an English paper:

A poor woman lay very ill in her scantily furnished home in Sheffield. The doctor was sent for and came. He at once said that hers was a very grave case, and that she had, as he thought, little chance of recovery, even if she could get the nourishment her illness required.

As he was about to leave, the question was put, "When shall we send for you again, doctor?"

"Well," was the reply, as he looked at the poor woman, and then at her wretched surroundings, "I don't think you need send for me again. She cannot possibly get better, and to save you further trouble, I'll just write you out a certificate for her burial." And he did.

After the doctor departed, the woman—women always were willful—got better rapidly. She has now completely recovered, and goes about carrying her burial certificate with her.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

The Democratic Judiciary nominating convention for this district will be held in Cumberland, October 5th, and the Democratic Congressional nominating convention will be held in the same city, October 12th.

General Ross, of Baltimore, reports that three hundred and forty-one posts of the Grand Army Republic will attend the Grand Army reunion in that city. Forty-five Pennsylvania posts are expected and there will be representatives from all parts of the West and Pacific Coast. Among the invited guests who have notified General Ross of their intention to be present are the Richmond Blues, one of the best known of the ex-Confederate organizations.

The long talked of complimentary banquet to Governor Hamilton took place at the Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, on Wednesday of last week. Speeches were made by Jas. Hodges, Governor Hamilton, J. V. L. Findlay, ex-Mayor Latrobe, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson and others. Letters of regret at not being able to attend were received from Senators Bayard, Morgan and Vance, Gen. Hancock, Hon. A. S. Hewett and other prominent Democrats. State Fish Commissioner Delawder and Dr. E. H. Bartlett, of Oakland, were present.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* does not haul down the free trade flag. Nor does it mince words in defining the position the Democratic party should, in its opinion take: "No true Democrat can be a protectionist. The fiddle-faddle about the growing popularity of protection in the South should mislead no one. The Democratic party will make a free trade fight in 1884. If it loses, it will make another in 1888. Democrats who can't go it had better pack up and get out. The conflict between free trade and protection is irrepressible and must be fought to the bitter end. We spit upon compromises, and propose neither to ask or to give quarter. We have but one political life, and had just as soon lay it down on this issue as any other." This, after the bitter experiences of the party that suffered for "a tariff for revenue only," is simply horrible.

The national Democracy will not thank Mr. Richard T. Merrick for his sarcastic allusions to the position of the Democratic party on the tariff question. A Democrat of the old school, he condemns and despises the policy that has of late prompted his party to adopt all sorts of heresies as a means to success, and he warns his fellow Democrats that all expectations of triumph are vain so long as the party is divided on the main questions of the day. "The party," he says, "cannot hope to achieve a victory if it marches under a banner which, when unfurled by an Eastern wind, discloses as its motto 'Tariff for protection,' and when floated by a breeze from the West, discloses the other motto, 'Tariff for revenue only.' The people will not tolerate shams, they despise hypocrisy, and contemn those who patter with them in a double sense." Mr. Merrick in this brief letter draws a faithful picture of the position of the Democratic party before the country. It is a house divided against itself, with no common principles to bind it together, and its only object being spoils and plunder. It is not only in national, but also in state and city politics that sham and hypocrisy are its ruling passions. An apt illustration of this is furnished in the changed attitude of the Democratic State Central Committee, which now poses as a body of reformers, and claims the credit of the passage of reform laws extorted from an unwilling legislature by the Independent and Republican sentiment of the State.—*Balto. American.*

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The opinion of the court in banc in the Gulteau case was delivered this morning by Judge James. The question of jurisdiction was disposed of, Judge Cox sustained and a new trial denied.

The gist of the decision just rendered by the court is to the effect that the murder is committed in the place where the blow is struck.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK.

The Great Religious Summer Resort.

It ought not to be a matter of surprise that Christian people have sought to establish summer resorts of a distinctively religious character. Whoever has witnessed the folly and dissipation, the temptations and sins of our fashionable watering places, must have felt that however conducive to health and pleasure the atmosphere and waters of Saratoga, the surf and breeze of Cape May, Long Branch, Newport, the moral environment is anything but favorable to the cultivation of a pure and elevated character. A "season" can scarcely be spent amid such surroundings without either a moral letting-down or a moral weariness. Christian people do not wish to refresh the body at the expense of the soul. It is more in accord with their feelings to build up body and soul at the same time in that healthfulness peculiar to each. Hence, Ocean Grove, Atlantic Highlands, Ocean City, Chautauqua and the like.

It has come to be perceived that summer resorts conducted upon religious principles offer many advantages. Neither healthfulness nor pleasure are interfered with by whatever religious services are held. On the contrary, these break up the tedium of days that might otherwise hang heavily and rescue rest from listlessness. Not a few have found in them priceless blessings, and have learned to regard the day that introduced them amid these Christian influences as the day of days in their lives.

SEASIDE VERSUS MOUNTAIN.

Heretofore all such resorts have been established on the sea-shore. A few enterprises might be excepted, that with a Camp Meeting as their nucleus, have expanded into something more. The seaside has a peculiar fascination and to very many people offers unsurpassed facilities for rest and refreshment. On the other hand, there are many others who derive no benefit from a visit to the seaside. Some are positively injured by it. It is beginning to be understood that the conditions of permanent invigoration are best secured by a brief visit to the seaside followed by a longer sojourn in upland regions. Mountain air possesses superior tonic properties, and its effects are as a rule more enduring than those of sea air.

There are other advantages offered by the mountains, not unimportant to comfort and pleasure, if on the whole subordinate. The nights are always cool. Mornings and evenings are characterized by a delightful temperature. There is something in the atmosphere of the mountains that renders the heat more bearable at ninety-five degrees than it is elsewhere at eighty. Then there are delightful walks and drives in endless variety; new tangles to explore, new dells to discover, wooded recesses inviting repose where light and heat are tempered and quiet is enshrined.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK.

This new religious summer resort is situated on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, 244 miles west of Baltimore and 149 miles east of Wheeling. It is near the summit of the Alleghenies, twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the west of it the waters flow to the Mississippi, on the east to the Atlantic. It contains eight hundred acres of ground, nearly all of it available for building sites and heavily timbered with white oak. The grounds front on the railroad for a distance of a mile and a half, and stretch back nearly a mile. In front is a broad, grassy meadow threaded by the Youghiogheny River. From this meadow rise successive terraces, broken into low, softly-outlined knolls, in among which wind little glades admitting the breezes to the very heart of the woodland. Shade is perfect; water is sweet, soft, cool, abundant. A system of roads and walks has been perfected which will render every part of the extensive tract easily accessible. The county roads are excellent, inviting excursions into the surrounding country. The scenery is superb; a wide expanse of glade country bounded by the "backbone of the Alleghenies" at the distance of a few miles. A lake will be constructed at an early day which will cover about twenty-four acres and afford facilities for boating. This property is owned in fee by the Mountain Lake Park Association. It is paid for. Not one dollar of incumbrance rests upon it. It has been laid out by Mr. Faul, engineer of the parks of Baltimore City, who has indicated a system of improvements by which its recources for pleasure, beauty and material advantage will be carefully developed. It is expected that nearly one hundred cottages will be erected during the present season, some of them large, ornamental and expensive.

SURROUNDINGS.

West of Mountain Lake Park at the distance of two miles is Oakland, the county seat of Garrett county, Md. The Railroad Company own and conduct a fine hotel at this point. Several other hotels and a number of private boarding houses are in the town. East of the Park at the distance of four miles is Deer Park. Here is another fine, large hotel, run by the B. & O. R. R. Company.

The three places will form an almost continuous summer resort for six miles along this railroad, with frequent trains both ways, stopping at all three stations. Whatever of interest may be going on at one point will be available at the other two.

HEALTHFULNESS.

This whole region of country has become so famous for healthfulness that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject here. Thousands repair to these mountains every year in search of rest and health, and no one in whom is left susceptibility to physical and mental repairs come in vain. Every hotel and boarding house was overflowing during the summer of 1881. Scarcely a house in Oakland and the country round was without boarders. Even then hundreds were turned away. This year the B. & O. R. R. Company have found it necessary to enlarge their hotels, nearly doubling their accommodations.

Persons suffering from dyspepsia, nervous prostration, loss of appetite, mental weariness, low spirits, are especially benefitted by a sojourn here. Within a very few hours the exhilirating effects of the atmosphere are experienced. Appetite begins to return, elasticity is restored, the spirits recover their buoyancy, normal sleep revisits the sufferer from sleeplessnes.

HAY FEVER.

This is one of the regions where hay fever is unknown. Sufferers from this scourge escape it entirely by a visit to these mountains, and an attack is quickly relieved by coming here.

DESIGN.

The design of this resort is stated as follows, in Article 2 of its charter:

"The object of this Association shall be to establish a Summer Resort, founded upon Christian principles, and designed to afford opportunities for Religious Literary Instruction and healthful recreation."

In furtherance of this aim, it is proposed to hold a Camp-meeting upon the grounds, beginning Aug. 10th and ending Aug. 20th.

It is also proposed to hold a Sunday School Assembly.

As soon as the development of the enterprise will justify it, eminent lecturers will be engaged to deliver lectures during the season. To these lectures a small admission fee will be charged to assist in defraying expenses.

Other provision will be made for accomplishing the purposes of the Association as rapidly as circumstances will permit. It is thus hoped to promote the religious and intellectual welfare of visitors as well as to afford every facility for rest and recreation.

CAMP MEETING GROUNDS.

One of the finest tracts of land upon the property has been appropriated to the uses of Camp-meeting. It is elevated, well drained, having a gentle incline, thoroughly shaded by vigorous white oaks, and accessible by the county roads and from all portions of the park. It contains about fifty acres. Wells will be sunk at different points upon this tract and pumps erected. Everything possible will be done to promote the comfort and convenience of attendants upon the Camp-meeting.

No charges will be made for admission to the grounds on Sunday. All desiring to come and worship will be welcome. All who enter the gates will be required to attend the services and to conduct themselves with such decorum as they would expect to maintain in church. Sunday picnicing upon the grounds will not be tolerated. To the extent that the Association can control the matter, trains will not stop at its station on Sunday.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

A "Tabernacle" will be erected before the Camp-meeting season, capable of accommodating 1500 persons. Under its shelter will be held the religious services and literary and musical entertainments.

Several boarding houses are to be opened in July, and by the middle of that month it is expected to have completed one wing of the Association's hotel. The hotel has been leased to Mr. Harry Van Meter, of Philadelphia, an experienced caterer, who will also have charge of the camp restaurant. Ample provision will be made for table board for those who may desire it. Stores, Post Office and Telegraph Office will all be in operation by the beginning of the season.

BUILDING LOTS.

Lots for building purposes will be sold in fee, subject only to such restrictions as will not violate the principles which should govern a religious summer resort. These lots are 50x120 feet. They front on streets fifty feet wide and run back to alleys twelve feet wide. These dimensions are security against any such crowding of buildings in the future as might interfere with comfort, beauty or healthfulness.

PRICES.

Lots will be sold for $100 each on condition that a cottage worth not less than three hundred dollars be erected upon each lot by July 1, 1882. If two lots adjoining are taken the cottage erected must be of the value of at least six hundred dollars.

Lots will be sold at $150 each, corner lots $200, on condition that a cottage of same value as above be erected by July 1st, 1883.

Ministers of the gospel will be furnished with lots at one-half the above prices.

COTTAGE TENTS.

In the immediate vicinity of the tract set apart for camp-meeting purposes, lots 30x50 have been laid off and will be leased for ten years at an annual rental of five dollars for the erection of cottage-tents of a prescribed size and pattern, to be worth not less than one hundred dollars each. At the expiration of the lease, the lessee to have the option to renew it at such a rental as may then be determined or to relinquish the lot and its improvements to the association. No alterations are to be made in these tents without the consent of the Board of Directors.

A few tents will be erected by the association and rented for the season at reasonable prices.

SALE OF LOTS LAST WEEK.

The sale of choice of lots Thursday of last week was a success so far as premiums are concerned. The attendance was not so large as the managers anticipated. More people would probably have been present had it not been for the continued inclement weather of the past two weeks. The sale took place at noon. The first choice of lots was knocked down to Major Alderson, of Wheeling, for $100. and he also secured second choice for $90. Dr. Logan, of Wheeling, secured third choice for $70, and Maj. Alderson and Rev. J. F. Goucher, of Baltimore, the fourth and fifth of the choice at $40 each. The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth choice brought $25 each, the purchasers being Dr. Logan, L. W. C. Allen, of Baltimore, John Thompson, of Philadelphia, and Rev. J. P. Masden. From the tenth to the twenty-eighth choice the price ranged from $5 to $20. The amount of premiums, all told, was $636, which, with $150 each for the lots, represents $4,836 secured to the association by the sale. The terms of the sale include a provision that the purchasers must erect a cottage on the lots bid in by them before July 1st, 1883. The provision is deemed a wise one, as at other resorts speculators have bid in the lots and then failed to build on them. With the thirty-eight cottages previously contracted for to be erected the present season, the sale of to-day secures at least sixty-six cottages for next season. A number of the bids were for those unable to be present. The purchasers had also the option of taking one or more lots on paying the same premium, and as several of the bidders took two and three lots, the total amount of the sale will probably aggregate about $6,000.

THE BUILDING OF COTTAGES.

Contracts are already out for about forty cottages, which is doing remarkably well for a start, considering that Ocean Grove in its third year had but eight cottages. The class of people interested in the Mountain Lake Park project is also a sure guarantee of its success, as will be readily seen by a glance at the names of those now building and about to build. These are: H. K. List, Esq., of Wheeling, one of its most wealthy citizens, who is erecting a $3,000 cottage; Major J. C. Alderson, of Wheeling, one for $2,500; Dr. T. H. Logan, of Wheeling, one for $2,000; Hon. Wm. H. Farr and Colonel C. H. Bell, of Brooke county, W. Va., one each for $1,500; Mrs. Harriet Beacham of Baltimore, one for $5,000; Rev. C. P. Marsden, of Wheeling, one for $1,800; Mrs. Rev. A. S. Hank, of Baltimore, one for $2,200; Weaver & Bardell, Moundsville, W. Va., one for $1,500; Dr. M. S. Hall, Richie county, W. Va., one for $1,000, etc. Other lot-holders who have contracts out to build this season are: Rev. J. B. Van Meter, Rev L. T. Elderman. Rev. J. F. Goucher, Mr. S. L. Allen and Mrs. S. B. Blake, of Baltimore; E. P. Rhodes and W. F. Graham, of Bridgeport, Ohio; Dr. Vanco, of Clarksburg, W. Va.; Rev. J. B. Mulford and Rev. E. W. Ryan and C. W. Conner, of Wheeling; Rev. Mr. Alexander, Rev. Mr. Buchanan and Rev. J. A. Fullerton, of Moundsville, W. Va.; Hon. G. W. Atkinson, United States Marshal of West Virginia; Rev James Flanagan, of Grafton, W. Va.; Mr. H. W. Smith, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio; Hon. Geo. C. Sturgis and Rev. T. B. Hughes, of Morgantown, W. Va.; Mrs. Carr, Fairmount, W. Va.; Rev. W. C. Wilding, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Martha Mills, Germantown, Pa.; J. M. Dayls, Oakland; Rev. Mr. Baumgardner, Deer Park; W. A. Wilson, Wheeling; S. P. McCormick and B. C. Wise, Grafton; Judge Patrick Hamill, Oakland; Hon. C. M, Babb, Grant county, W. Va.; W. M. Frysinger, of Harrisburg, and others.

LOTS AT PRIVATE SALE.

Lots are being sold at private sale almost every day, under the conditions stated above, and new contrasts are being made for the erection of cottages this season. Persons from a distance desiring to purchase should correspond with Rev. John M. Davis, Oakland, Md., a member of the Board of Directors.

Lake View Land and Banking Association.

On the South side of Mountain Lake Park, and separated from it by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is the land owned by the Lake View Land and Banking Association. This tract of land fronts on the railroad one mile or more, and a considerable portion of it is covered by beautiful shade trees. The Association has laid off a large number of building lots near the railroad which are being sold for the erection of dwellings and business houses. A number of lots have been sold and a number of business enterprises are already in operation. On the land of the Association and situated about one fourth of a mile from the railroad is a beautiful plateau overlooking Mountain Lake Park and commanding a view of the surrounding country, with its magficent scenery. Upon this delightful spot the Association proposes to erect a large hotel for the accommodation of summer visitors. Mountain Lake Park is a religious summer resort and no lot holder there can engage in secular business without a permit from the board of directors, while the Lake View Association places no restrictions upon legitimate business enterprises. It is, perhaps, owing to this fact that many persons desiring to engage in business at this point are locating upon the lands of the Association. The progress already made and the amount of business being done is simply marvelous, when we consider the short time which has elapsed since this enterprise was started. Persons desiring to purchase lots or wanting information upon the subject should communicate with Thomas J. Peddicord, President of the Association, Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW PLAINING MILL AND LUMBER COMPANY.

Opposite Mountain Lake Park are located the works of the "Lake View Plaining Mill and Lumber Company," on grounds purchased from the Lake View Land and Banking Association. This company was organized last January with the following officers: President H. Wheeler Combs, Oakland, Md.; Vice President, J. C. Alderson, Wheeling, W. Va; Secretary and Treasurer, Jos. F. Paull, Wheeling; General Manager, George W. L. Mayers, Fairmont, W. Va. The mill, a large three story iron clad building has a substantial and permanent look. The first lumber was planed on the 18th inst., the day of the excursion to Mountain Lake Park, and the mill is now being run to its full capacity, giving employment to twenty-five or thirty workmen. The company have a large lumber yard well stocked with lumber and building material of every kind, and are putting up several buildings in Mountain Lake Park by contract. In connection with the plaining mill and lumber yard the company have also constructed an extensive brick yard, and will soon commence the burning of brick, which will supply a need long felt in this community. A large boarding house is also being built by the company which, we understand, will be used by them for the accomodation of their workmen. The works of the Lake View Plaining Mill and Lumber Company add very much to the substantial and business appearance of Mountain Lake Park, and are well worth a visit from any of our readers.

Baby Elephant.

Barnum is overjoyed with his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declares $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52,000 for an insurance of the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely, if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin*, he would do no such foolish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No one can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal, and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin*. Ask your Druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

It was at the "fag end of the war.", Richmond had fallen. A South Carolina soldier trudging along with the remnant of Lee's army said to his comrades: "Well, boys, blamed if I don't begin to believe South Carolina was a little hasty."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1882.

It is almost appalling to note the number of applicants for places on the newly created tariff commission, considering that only prominent and experienced men are eligible. It would hardly seem possible that there were so many great men ready to serve the country at $10 per day; yet it is a fact that about two hundred and fifty of them are urging their claims upon the President through friends or otherwise. Naturally enough the majority of these are of the class who know nothing about the tariff and lack the ability to learn. A number of them are seedy ex-members of Congress, who have had no visibly means of support since they were left out of Congress, but are hanging around Washington waiting to pick up crumbs. The President is giving much consideration to the composition of the commission, and a number of names which have been presented were discussed at the last Cabinet session. The President has expressed an earnest desire to appoint able and competent persons as members of this commission. In all probability ex-Secretary Kirkwood will be its chairman if he will accept the appointment.

The new Secretary of the Navy is not an enthusiast on the subject of Arctic expeditions. He throws cold water on the sufficiently-icy project of still another trip toward the North Pole. Sensibly the new head of the Navy suggests that before entering upon any more Jeannette and Rodgers enterprises we had better await the reports of the English polar voyagers now cruising in the inhospitable Northern seas. He also refers to the fact that the English Government is fitting out a party to go in search of their lost countrymen. Mr. Chandler's polar conservatism is not likely to prove popular with ambitious young naval officers panting for fame and preferment. All of them would dare the rigors of the Arctic region to have their names become as famous as are those of De Long and Melville. These aspiring young gentlemen should be made to wait for other and less frigid opportunities whereby to achieve greatness. The nation has enough of frozen glory to last it until the close of the present century. One would think that the fate of the unfortunate Jeannette party would be enough to cool the ardor of would-be explorers without the necessity of actual contact with Icebergs. Referring to the fate of De Long and his brave men it adds an additional tinge of sadness to know that they died after reaching land. After their perilous voyage in boats, through Arctic ice fields, they probably felt that the greatest danger was over when they got safely on dry land. Yet it would have been a merciful dispensation that would have buried them beneath those icebergs. There is a growing sentiment to the effect that Arctic explorations have cost enough in the way of valuable lives, great suffering, to say nothing of the money expended; that what may be gained, even should that success which has been dreamed of be attained, would not, either in a commercial or scientific sense, compensate for the terrible sacrifices involved.

The recent census gives some valuable information concerning the extent and size of the farm lands of the country and the great increase of such property within the last two decades. Illinois leads the list of States and Territories in respect to the number of farms, and then come in order New York, Missouri, and Pennsylvania. The largest increase in the past decade is shown in the case of Kansas, and a gratifying increase is also recorded in the cases of Iowa, Missouri, and North Carolina. The majority of the farms vary in size from 20 to 500 acres, the great portion in this number ranging from 100 to 500 acres. California contains some farms which reach 1,000 acres in extent. Farming is conducted on a similar large scale in Dakota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and some other Northern States. Large farms of 1,000 acres and over are found in many places in Louisia, Mississippi, and North Carolina. It is cited as an illustration of the prosperity of these vast farming interests that about 75 per cent. of all the farms in most of the States and Territories are occupied by the owners, while the remaining 25 per cent. are let at fixed rental or cultivated on shares. Illinois has 255,731 farms against 202,803 ten years ago; New York 241,058 against 216,253 in 1870; Michigan has 154,008, Missouri 215,575, Pennsylvania 213,542, against 174,041 in 1870; Ohio 247,189, Iowa 175,351.

JUNIUS.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

LOCAL NEWS.

—Prof. Nimmo's Photograph Gallery now open.

—Captain E. H. Wardwell has been detailed as officer of the day, next Tuesday at Cumberland.

—Died, near Blooming Rose, this county, May 16th, 1882, Rebecca Johnson, aged 75 years.

—Archbishop Gibbons confirmed thirty-five persons at St. Peter's church, this town, Friday of last week.

—Take your children to Prof. Nimmo before the visitors arrive.

—Persons contemplating the purchase of a Beatty Organ, can save money by ordering through this office.

—A new and substantial side-walk has been laid on the Liberty street and Second Street fronts of the Memorial Church lot.

—Mr. Jacob Shartzer, of Accident, offers his two valuable farms for sale on very easy terms. See advertisement.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder will have fish ways erected in the Potomac river as soon as the state of the water will permit.

—Prof. Nimmo will enlarge pictures and frame them handsomely. Try him.

—Died, near Petersburg, Pa., last week, Joseph Hileman, aged 64 years, 3 months and 9 days. Deceased was a member of the M. E. Church South.

—Mr. William Wagner, Cashier of the Morgantown (Wa. Va.) Bank, spent a few days in Oakland this week with his daughter, Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss.

—Dr. J. Lee McConas has put down a substantial side-walk in front of his property on Second street, occupied by Mr. D. H Lear. Who will be the next?

—Prof. Nimmo will be found at his gallery with everything in order. Call soon. All his photographs are finely retouched.

—In Uniontown Pa., April 22d, 1882, by Rev. F. B. LaBarrer, Mr. Wm. H. Frazee, of Garrett county, Maryland, and Miss Julia Maust of Uniontown.

—The Garrett County Sunday School Convention will be held in Accident August 25th, 26th, and 27th next. We will give the programme in due time.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of the New York Branch Store, Oakland, Md., to be found on *this page. It is* strange how they do it, but they do sell goods very low. Call and be convinced.

—Mr. R. P. Spiker, of the Spiker Wagon Company, Piqua, Ohio, was again in our county last week. Since his former visit he has been honored by the citizens of Piqua by being elected a member of the City Council.

—Kingwood district, Preston county, West Virginia, has voted on the proposition of a narrow guage railway from Tunnelton to Kingwood. The subscription was carried by a vote of 272 in favor of the proposition, to 126 in the negative.

—A local newspaper man is generally expected to be everywhere, see everything, and catch every item afloat, simply because it is his profession. But he can't do it. His friends can help him though by sending or bringing such items as are of interest. All manner of legitimate local news go to make up an interesting paper.

—There will be a gospel service at Memorial Church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. This meeting is intended for young men especially, but all are invited who feel an interest in the dissemination of the gospel of Christ among our young people. Bring Gospel Hymns No. 1 with you.

—Little is stirring among the miners, so far as the general public can learn. A prominent builder took a car load of lumber to Eckhart Monday to construct booths for the new miners, as the present occupants of the company's cottages cannot be dispossessed before April next. The introduction of the first new labor will determine the position of the miners. Nothing is expected before that.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M., by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

Confirmation, preaching and communion at Deer Park, at 10½ A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

The Highest Rank.

Made from harmless meterials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

Some of the Needs of Our Town.

Our new Mayor and Commissioners are starting out in the right direction. They propose to have the streets and side-walks put in a better condition than they have been for the past two or three years, and it is the duty of our citizens to give them every aid and encouragement in the good work. Our streets and foot-ways are in a deplorable condition, and it is high time that something was done, for, instead of encouraging permanent residents and summer visitors, the condition of our town, unless much improved, would go far toward driving them to some more enterprising town. Let each property owner thoroughly repair his side-walks, or put down new, which is better, and he will add to his property ten times the cost of the improvement. And then, two, they might give attention to the condition of the streets in front of their residences and stores, and very much improve their appearance by the removal of loose stones and obstructions of all kinds. We believe our corporation officers will do all they can to beautify our town, but they will not have the means at hand to do all that should he done between now and the middle of July; so it will be necessary for the citizens, as individuals, to do something to aid them, and they can do this as indicated above, by each devoting a few hours in their own immediate neighborhood. It will be time well spent; but this work should be engaged in by all, as all will he benefitted. We have a beautiful town, naturally, but we are allowing it to get very "ragged." Let us all go to "patching" and smoothing down the wrinkles, and, our word for it, we will all be pleased with the results.

Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Mr. John Shartzer has now on hand a large stock of furniture, carpets, matting, &c., which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. Special attention is called to his walnut and flowered bed room sets. They are very neat and are within the reach of all. Just received 600 bolts of wall paper. Call in.

Prof. Nimmo's Picture Gallery.

Prof. Nimmo is now ready for work. Persons in town and vicinity should call before the visitors arrive, especially if they have any pictures to enlarge. 2 Gems, suitable for Albums, of the same person, 25 cts. 1 Gem ½ Bon Ton size, 25 cts. 2 Persons on same plate, 35 cts. Card Photographs, 1 dozen, $2.50. Card Photographs, ½ dozen, $1.50. Pictures enlarged and put in an 8x10 frame, finely colored in Water Colors, $3.00.

Get the Best.

Mr. I. W. Stonaker, of Oakland, is agent for the Victor Washing Machine, which is pronounced by those who have given them a thorough trial, to be the best washer ever offered in this county.

The following certificate is from the wife of the postmaster at Oakland;

OAKLAND, MD., May 10, 1882.

I have thoroughly tested the Victor Washing Machine and find it as represented. It is the best Machine, for light and heavy work, I have ever used.

MRS. R. THAYER.

Potato Culture.

Mr. Ewing, of Dayton, O., in an essay read before the Montgomery County Horticulture Society, said: "My way of cultivating the potato is to plow the ground deep, and then thoroughly pulverize it, making it as mellow as possible; then mark it both ways three feet wide, and three or four inches deep; take good sized potatoes and cut the seed end off, for we do not want all the eyes that are on this end of the potato; cut them in pieces so as not to have more than two eyes to each piece. Often one stalk or vine will produce more marketable potatoes than three or six. After cutting them properly, drop two pieces in a hill. As soon as the potatoes come through the ground cultivate them, cover them all up. This strengthens the plants and leaves keeps the ground fresh in the hill, so that any grass or weeds that may have started will be covered up. The ground should be stirred once each week until the new potatoes are formed and set. There is no danger of cultivating too deep until the tubers begin to form; the drier the season the deeper the cultivation and the oftener. After the tubers are formed I prefer not to cultivate too deep nor too close to the hill, thereby destroying the little rootlets that run out from the vines to collect the nourishment the plant needs."

Another Wonderful Clock.

Mr. H. W. Wegman, of this town, who made the wonderful clock which received such flattering notices from the press about a year ago, has just finished a much finer one in every particular, of a different design from the first, and unlike the previous one it is divided into three sections, making it easier to handle for packing and shipping from point to point.

The new clock stands ten feet high and is five feet wide. Perched upon the top is a life-size American eagle carved from hard wood, with wings that flap every hour and with a screech that would put a steam-calliope to shame, announces the time of day. In its right claw is a large shield; from its left hangs the mysterious rod that holds the pendulum. Below the bird is a pedestal, on the face of which is a carved bust of Washington. To the near right is the skeleton figure of Death which strikes a gong every fifteen minutes; on his right is a figure of Liberty and on the left one of Justice. Immediately below these figures are the faces of Garfield and Lincoln carved in the wood. Upon opening the upper door on the right miniature English soldiers are seen marching American seamen off a vessel, while immediately in front is the portly figure of Johnny Bull persuading an Indian to take up arms against the United States. Below this scene is another one of more recent date—the eleven seceding States in the late war are represented by as many Confederate soldiers who march past a negro and turn their backs on him, when suddenly Lincoln appears, and, holding up the emancipation proclamation, frees the slave from bondage. On the left of the clock is a scene from early American history—the Bostonians disguised as Indians throwing the tea into the harbor from the deck of a merchant-man. Below a little door opens disclosing a Mexican war scene, tents, cannons, &c., and Generals Scott and Taylor march to the front, doff their hats and retire.

The pendulum is a wonderful thing. On its face is the clock; Father Time stands in the centre and points to the hours with his hands. Above this is a little apartment containing four figures and representing the march of life from infancy to old age. On each side of this is a fortress surmounted by a soldier and sailor who turn slowly during the hour. Standing on each side of the pendulum are ten figures, representing as many different nationalities; in front of each one is a small gong which they play at intervals.

The movable figures are a great attraction; every few minutes one of them appears and either walks or glides across the stage. Among them we notice an Indian, Brigham Young and one of his many wives, Gen. Lee on horseback, a Georges Creek miner, Guiteau shooting our late President, and the vessel "Mayflower." The last one to appear is a hideous-looking fellow representing a crank and called "Guiteau's Deity." When he enters the little musicians start a lively tune and the "Deity" crawls across the stage.

Below the stage is the astronomical dial and reprentation of the zodiac. The dial is six feet in circumference and a very complete arrangement. On either side are carved flags, drums, cannons, and other paraphernalia of war. The inventor of this wonderful clock has been at work on it nearly a year, and naturally feels proud of its successful completion. — *Frostburg Journal.*

Grateful to Invalids.

Floreston Cologne is grateful to invalids, as it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

Improvements.

Among the many improvements being made in our town, not heretofore mentioned, are the following:

Large additions and improvements to the residences of Mr. John O. Micheal and Mr. Geo. L. Bosley, on Oak street.

The remodeling of the Chisholm Building, and the addition of a confectionery and stationery department.

In the way of fencing and improving grounds by Geo. D. White, John Helbig, G. L. Bosley, John Shatzer, O. W. Heiskell, W. P. Totten, A. C. Brook, John E. Wolf, John Screven, and others.

Many other improvements will be made during the early summer which will add much to the appearance of our town.

Erie's Experience.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 10th, 1881.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had laid me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days' use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was perfectly well.

N. J. WRIGHT,
Business Agt., Erie *Evening Herald.*

Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's Book on the "Ills of Life," He will give it gratis. If not, address Dr. H at Osborn, O.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily will be in Oakland June 5th, and remain one week. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

Meeting of Officers of Registration.

A meeting of Officers of Registration will be held at the office of the States Attorney, in the Court House, Monday next, at 9 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organization, instruction, &c. The registrars are requested to attend promptly.

Important to Voters.

The registration law passed by the General Assembly at its late session is now in force, and requires an entire new registration of all the voters in the State. Any person who neglects to be registered on one of the days set apart by the act losses his vote at the election this fall. The first sitting of the registers is on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July. The second is on August 15th and the four following days. The third is on the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of Septemper, and the last sitting is on the 2d and 3d days of October,

New Time Table--B. & O. R. R.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. W. MASON,

HOUSE PAINTER,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed.

5 27 3m

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Flat Woods, Garrett county, Md." by crossing over said farm throwing down fences, or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.

May 22, 1882 3t.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Thomas Coddington and Richard S. Jamison, of Oakland, Md., under the style and firm name of Coddington & Jamison, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of May, 1882.

The books of said firm will be placed in the hands of C. C. Willison, Esq., for collection.

THOMAS CODDINGTON.
R. S. JAMISON.

The Hotel business in all its branches will be carried on at the old stand by

5 27 3 THOS. CODDINGTON,

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 380 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Estate of William Sibert, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Allegany county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

WILLIAM SIBERT.

late of Preston Co. W. Va., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of November next: they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of May, 1882.

JACOB BROWN,
2053 Administrator.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms

OF

New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a few days from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and fringed pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of lining silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

First Monday in June, 1882,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
5 13 3 Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

Meeting of School Board.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., May 2, 1882.

The board of School Commissioners will meet on

On Saturday, May 27th,

for the purpose of appointing Trustees for the ensuing year. The citizens residing within the limits of the various School districts will confer a favor on the Board by electing their Trustees for each School, and notifying the Secretary of the Board of their choice, on or before the 25th day of May.

E. H. BARTLETT,
Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, apple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frame house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

CHAPTER 170.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Garrett county to levy a certain sum of money for Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, late teacher in public school in Garrett county.

WHEREAS Miss V. A. Schaff, now Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, was, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy six, duly appointed teacher in public school in election district number nine of Garrett county, known as the Layman school, by George L. Layman, at that time one of the school trustees for school district number —, in said Garrett county, and in which district said Layman school is located; and whereas said Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, taught in said school house an average of tweaty-three scholars for a term of three and a half months, or from the twenty-seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, to the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, and for which service she has received no compensation whatever, and for which she claims that there is still due her unpaid the sum of one hundred and five dollars, with interest thereon from the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven,

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next annual levy, be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to levy for Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, late teacher in Garrett county, the sum of one hundred and five dollars, with interest thereon from the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, provided the said County Commissioners shall be satisfied that the said V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff is entitled to receive the same for services rendered by her while teacher in said county, and that the County Commissioners shall deduct the amount so levied from the annual levy to the Board of County School Commissioners.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 8 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephraim G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 4 0ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

5 6 3 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

CHAPTER 332.

AN ACT

To add certain sections to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled an Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county, said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, sub-title "Sales by Auction," and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, sixty-one *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be, and are hereby added to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county," said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, "sub-title "Sales by Auction" and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, and sixty-one *C*, and to read as follows:

Sixty-one *A*. It shall be unlawful for any person to pursue, or carry on the business or avocation of an auctioneer or crier of sales in Garrett county, without first taking out a license therefor as provided in the following section:

Sixty-one *B* Any person desiring to pursue or carry on said business or avocation, of auction or crier of sales, may obtain a license so to do upon application to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, and said Clerk is hereby authorized to issue such license upon the payment by such person of the sum of ten dollars to be immediately paid over by said Clerk to the Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county, for the use of the Public School of said county, after deducing therefrom the sum of fifty cents as a fee to be retained by said Clerk for issuing said license.

Sixty-one *C*. Any person who shall act or attempt to act as auctioneer or crier of sales without first obtaining a license as provided in the last preceeding section, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not less than five nor more than ten dollars, to be received by indictment in the Circuit Court of said county, or by an action at the suit of the State before any Justice of the Peace in said county, and such fine shall be paid over to the School Board of said county, for the use of the Public schools thereof.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1882.

Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

The Silk-Worm---Its Habits.

The silk-worm proper, or that which supplies the ordinary silk of commerce, is the larva of a small moth known to scientific men as *Sericaria mora*. It is often popularly characterized as the mulberry silk-worm. During the long centuries of cultivation it has undergone it has acquired many useful peculiarities. It has, in fact, become a truly domesticated animal. The white color of the species, its seeming want of all desire to escape as long as it is kept supplied with leaves and the loss of the power of flight on the part of the moth are all undoubtedly the result of domestication. Other peculiarities have incidentally appeared, and the great number of varieties or races of the silk-worm almost equal those of the domestic dog. The silk-worm exists in four states—egg, larva, chrysalis and adult, or imago. The egg of the silk-worm moth is called by silk-raisers "seed." It is nearly round, slightly flattened, and in size resembles a turnip-seed. The time from hatching to the spinning of the cocoon may and does vary all the way from thirty to forty days, depending upon the race of the worm, the quality of the food, mode of feeding, temperature. The color of the newly-hatched worm is black or dark gray. Different shades of dark gray will however, be found among worms hatching from the same batch of eggs.

It has been estimated that the worm in its growth consumes its own weight of leaves every day it feeds, but this is only an approximation; yet it is certain that during the last few days before commencing to spin it consumes more than during the whole of its previous worm existence, and it is a curious fact that the color of the worm at this time corresponds with the color of the silk. Having attained full full growth, the worm is ready to spin. It shrinks in size, acquires a clear, translucent, often pinkish or amber-colored hue, becomes restless, ceases to eat, and throws out silken thread. The worm usually consumes from three to five days in the construction of the cocoon, and in three days more passes into the chrysalis state. The cocoon consists of an outer lining of loose silk, known as "floss," which is used for carding, and is spun by the worm in first getting its bearings. The inner cocoon is tough, strong and compact, composed of a continuous thread often over 1,000 feet in length. In form the cocoon is usually oval, and in color yellowish, but in both these features it varies greatly, being either pure silvery-white, cream or carneous green, and even roseate, and is very often constricted in the middle. The chrysalis is a brown oval body, considerably less in size than the full-grown worm.

The chrysalis state continues for from two to three weeks, when the skin bursts and the moth or butterfly emerges. With no jaws, and confined within the narrow space of the cocoon, the moth finds some difficulty in escaping. For this purpose it is provided in the two glands near the obsolete mouth with a strongly alkaline liquid secretion, with which it moistens the end of the cocoon and dissolves the hard, gummy lining. Then, by a forward and backward motion, the prisoner, with cramped and damp wings, gradually forces its way out, and when once out the wings soon expand and dry. The silken threads are simply pushed aside, but enough are broken in the process to render the cocoon from which the moth escape useless for reeling, and until recent years was thrown away, but it is now used for carding, and its value varies from seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound. To make the cocoon valuable for reeling, and worth from two to three dollars per pound, the moth should not be allowed to cut out, but should be smothered or stifled. In most silk-producing countries the parties who raise the cocoons sell them to the reeling establishments before suffocation is necessary, as these establishments have better facilities for doing this work than are to be found in private families. Domestication has had the effect of producing numerous varieties of silk-worm, every different climate into which it has been carried having produced either some change in the quality of the silk or the shape or color of the cocoons, or else altered the habits of the worm.

Some varieties produce but one brood in a year, no matter how the eggs are manipulated; such are known as annuals. Others, known as bivoltins, hatch twice in the course of a year. The trevoltins produce three annual generations. There are also quadrivoltins, and in Bengal, a variety known as dacev, which produce eight generations in the course of a year. Experience, taking into consideration the quality of the silk, size of the cocoon, time occupied, etc., has proved the annuals to be more profitable than any of the polyvoltins, although bivoltins are successfully reared in California.—*S. A. Lanier, in Industrial Review.*

Bass Fishing.

Bass-fishing, after the best approved methods of angling, is about the only available piscatorial sport left for the Western disciple of Walton, unless he have unlimited leisure and means. Bass-fishing ought to mean fly-fishing. The time is past when impaling a live minnow on a hook can be called a legitimate means of enlightened sport. It would seem to any ordinary mind not precisely humane to capture a little shiner or spot-tail and deliberately thrust a barbed hook through its body in such a manner as to make it suffer the longest possible agony, for the sake of attracting and killing a good, heavy bass.

Of course angling means killing fish for sport primarily, and for the table secondarily; but torturing a minnow and killing a fish are not necessarily one and the same thing. Nor can the argument that live bait is better and more killing than the fly quite satisfy the healthy conscience. However, a sermon on fishing morals might well be postponed till after the bass season is over. No doubt if the fly fail us we shall try the minnow, even if the latter do not chance to be our first lure. Let us examine our rods and reels that have been stowed away all winter in a dark corner. Let us be determined to experiment with flies this season in order to reduce bass-angling to a pretty and absorbing recreation like trout-angling. New flies were tried last season with some good results. In a clear brook or rivulet a red-winged, gray-bodied, rather large fly killed a number of very fine bass. Late in July a yellow and scarlet fly with black body proved quite attractive in very clear pools, where the stream-banks would admit of casting from a concealed place. In times when the water was murky a white tuft of feathers with brown and yellow body would sometimes get ready attention from a lurking bass. One cannot altogether trust manufacturers advertisements on killing flies. Fly-fishing for bass is yet in its experimental stage, and each angler ought to try his own hand at tying a fly. At all times, and under every kind of circumstances angling is more a pursuit of nature and her charms than it is a race after fish. Hearing a brook sing in the shady places of the woods is charming enough, quite apart from any considerations of sport, and when the zest of now and then a vigorous rise is added one gets the very essence of that recreation for which we all long. Then there are the woody odors and the keen perfumes, the wind-sounds and the bird-voices. If one's eyes are kept open it is like reading some wonderfully fresh and original book with charming illustrations and illuminated initials and tail-pieces. Nothing in nature is conventionalized—all is a constant stream of fitting but clearly drawn sketches of ever-fresh ideas, flowing on like a wind or a river. The angler, happily, is not intent on studying nature. He sees all her beauties and kaleidoscopic changes with that precious indirect vision which falls just short of philosophic reverie, while his direct vision is focused on the point where his cast has landed his fly. Your true angler does not envy the fellow who, sweating and dirty, fighting mosquitoes and mopping his face on his sleeve, goes in for a catch at all hazards and wades along in the broiling sun-light with a minnow-bucket in one hand and a sixteen foot rod in the other. There is no such thing as recreation and rational enjoyment in that sort of thing. It may be a good way to kill fish, but it is also a good way to kill a man. Suffering for sport is at best a ludicrous paradox.

Our smaller streams, such as may properly be called brooks, are the best for really fine bass-angling, no matter what sort of lure is used, and they are especially suited to fly-fishing. Where these brooks are bordered with willows, or overshadowed by trees of greater growth, such as maples and planer trees, fly-fishing is much more certain than where the streams flow through fields or prairies. The falling of natural beetles, moths, and other insects into the water from the foliage tends, no doubt, to keeping the fish watchful for such prey, wherefore the gay-winged fly of the angler is taken with greedy haste if properly delivered.

A bass is a wise fish and warily avoids any mysterious lure. The thing offered him must be artistic, if not natural—no bungling counterfeit will deceive him. In tying your flies you need follow no man's model, but you must make a fair impression of some natural insect. I have found that a large grasshopper with his gay wings spread is at times quite killing in shallow streams either skittered or used as a sunken bait. A successful imitation of this lure would not be hard to tie. Some of our smaller buttorflies, too, are greedily taken by bass in midsummer.

After all we may catch no bass, for of all uncertain things fly-fishing is the extreme. Promising pools and inviting rapids often seem to twinkle with malicious delight as they observe the unfaltering faith of the angler. The little eddies and whirlpools make wry faces and comic grimaces at one as cast after cast results in failure. The stream has a hundred, nay, a countless multitude of jeering and chuckling and taunting voices. But the patient angler gives no heed to all this. The next cast, or the next, or next, is to be the lucky one. He lives on hope—immediate and urgent hope, hope on tip-toe, preposterously accentuated and inconsistent hope. But he falters with the faltering day, and goes home through the twilight full of ozone and fresh ideas. Here, at last, is the value of bass angling. It is near to our doors. It requires no great preparation, no long journey, no extended absence from home and affairs, no extravagant expenditure of money, and yet it fulfills the best purposes of out-door sport, and brings one at once into the presence and under the influence of nature in her charmingest moods. To pluck a moccasin flower in the wild woods of Indiana is quite as enjoyable as to pick a cyclamen in Europe. To catch a two-pound bass in a brook of Illinois is just as rare sport as to kill a lingerling trout in a mountain brook of Pennsylvania, or to blister one's hands hauling in a blue-fish off the Jersey coast.

Bass-anglers usually carry rods much too heavy. A good strong bamboo or cheaper fly-rod will be found quite suited to our smaller streams, where bass of more than two pounds are rarely killed. A hundred feet of line will usually be more than is needed. Indeed, I have rarely found fifty feet necessary.—*Maurice Thompson, in Chicago Times.*

The Summit of the Earth.

Adolphus Schlagintwelt, the immortal though unpronounceable explorer of central Asia, calls the highlands of Pamir "die Welt Zinne"—the roof of the world. On the road from Punjaub to Yarkand four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,500 feet, and for a distance of 280 miles the halting ground is not below Pike's Peak. On the eastern plateau of the Belour-Dagh there is a shelter house near a cliff from whose summit the main chain of the Himalayas with all its view from the highlands of Lassa to the sources of the Indus, while in the west the head-waters of the Oxus and Jaxartes can be traced to the borders of Cabool, where the peaks of the Hindoo-Koosh lift their crests of everlasting snow. In spring the echo of the avalanches resembles the boom of continuous thunder, and in mid-winter, when the storm winds sweeps the table land, whirling pillars of snow scud along the ridges, and often seem to dance together like specters in their fluttering winding sheets. Our "Land of the Sky" in the southern Alleghenies must be a mere piazza compared with that top roof of the earth.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The municipal government of Paris has signed the rat contract for this year. They give a sou a head for every rat killed. If Chicago were to do that she would "go broke."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Pyramids of Egypt.

The Pyramid of Cheops is the largest and tallest of the buildings on the earth. It was raised upon a broad platform of stone, and towered four hundred and fifty or sixty feet above the plain. It is a mass of stone, inclosing several sepulchral chambers, and entered by a long, narrow passage.

Each of the Kings of Egypt built his own Pyramid; every year that he lived he added to its height and grandeur. A small one marks a short reign, that of Cheops a long and prosperous period. It is said that the mere building of the causeway for the conveyance of the stone occupied the labor of 100,000 men for three months; they were then relieved, and a fresh body of 100,000 brought in. The work went on for ten years, until 4,000,000 laborers had been employed upon the preparation of the site and the gathering of the materials. Twenty years were then given to the building of the monstrous tomb; 7,000,000 men aided in its completion. The Nile swarmed with boats bearing food and subsistence to the motley company; 360,000 persons were employed annually upon the Pyramid.

Cheops must have had the satisfaction of seeing his tomb overshadow the temples of Memphis and grow in greatness as the period approached when it would be used. But like many another famous projector, he fell at last into difficulties. His tomb may well be called "Cheops' folly." His treasures were exhausted; he became a bankrupt. After his death the size of the Pyramids was reduced by his more prudent but less renowned successors. If placed in the City Hall Park, the Pyramid of Cheops would have covered nearly all its surface; its top would have risen two hundred feet above the spire of Trinity Church; the first object seen by the voyager entering the Narrows would have been this immense and useless structure. The folly of man was never better shown than in the building of the Pyramids. The Egyptians were homeless, naked, starved, that the Pharaohs might rest in their indestructible tombs.

The Egyptians lived, in general, at ease. They were shut out from the world, and few strangers were suffered to pass up the Nile. The people were dark-colored, wore long white linen dresses, and were adorned with bracelets and ear-rings, gold and jewels. The priests of Isis drank no wine, took no animal food; lived upon dates, nuts, and barley cakes. The families of the early Egyptians were brought up in obedience and good order. But they fell into slavery, and little is left of them but their tombs.

There was an immense temple on a lake devoted to the worship of the crocodile. But it would be quite impossible to enumerate all the dreamy wonders of Egypt. It had its libraries, pictures, astronomers, magicians. Four thousand years ago the Nile was lined with beautiful gardens and villas; the great cities like New York and Philadelphia were filled with busy artisans and merchants; the Broadway of Thebes or Memphis ran down, no doubt, to the river, lined with shops and public buildings. The Egyptian women were clad in gold and fine linen, the gardens glowed with the rarest flowers, and the furniture of a Memphian home showed finer glass-work and more delicate tissues than can be found in modern Paris.

The festivals on the Nile were celebrated in the night with wonderful magnificence. The placid stream, lit by an unclouded moon, was covered with countless boats with painted sails and silvery oars; ten thousand lights glittered over the sparkling waters, and the shores were lined with dusky and innumerable throngs. On one occasion the procession of boats followed the body of a sacred cat to its last resting place on one of the islands. All was superstition and solemn awe. The multitude watched from the shore the imposing scene. Another procession on the Nile was a military one of triumph and victory. No river in the world has witnessed so many splendid spectacles.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Credit System.

How is it that the business of the country is done so much upon the credit system? The custom of buying and selling on time involves, when applied to the aggregate business of this or any other country, vast expenditures of money, both in the way of keeping and stating accounts and in the matter of lost debts, both of which are matters of absolute expense, and must be made good by the remnant or good business which may be done. Take, for instance, the retail store, where goods are sold to A, B and C for cash, there being in every community a noble few who pay as they go, whose names are upon no one's books, who live within their income and are content to seem just what they are. The store also sells to all the rest of the alphabet on time, for that is about the proportion which the cash customers sustain to the credit customers in numbers. These accounts, through a complicated but thorough system of salesmen, memoranda, cash boys cashier and bookkeeper, are daily recorded for the information of the proprietor, and by means of persistent collectors are to a limited extent eventually wrung out of the tardy debtors. A large number of them are never collected at all. Those who do pay, together with A, B and C, who paid when they bought, are obliged, in the very nature of business, to make good every loss that has occurred on account of credit being given to irresponsible and designing persons; and not only this, but they are obliged to make good to the proprietors the interest on the money loaned in the form of open accounts for thirty, sixty or ninety days, or even a year, as his customers may be prompt or dilatory in their payments.

The business man, if he is able, in spite of the sharp competition into which he is brought, to maintain prices at such figures as will cover all his losses, balances his books at the end of the year, writes off his bad debts into profit and loss, and smiles complacently at the balance in his favor. If, however, by unexpected changes in the markets, by extraordinary competition in trade, he is obliged to push his business by reducing prices to something near the cost of his goods and the cost of handling, a very little more than which would suffice under a strictly cash system, he finds, at the end of the year, that, while he has sold nothing for less than it cost him, plus the expense of freight and handling, the bad debts which he has lost during the year reduces his profits to less than a living, if they do not, indeed, change the balance from the credit side of the ledger to the debit side, and one or two repetitions of the bitter experience forces him to the wall, and he in turn becomes a bad debtor upon the books of the wholesale dealer, who is compelled to figure upon such losses and to make himself good by a proportionate increase of the price of his merchandise to the retail dealers all over the land.

The burdens which this system impose upon business are manifold; but there seems to be no remedy found for them. The system has grown up under the idea that it is enterprising to engage in business without capital; that it is respectable to live in advance of one's means and to put on an appearance of being what in reality one is not. There may be—and they often are—occasions and circumstance which render the incurring of a temporary liability not only proper but highly judicious; but to say that those circumstances recur constantly with every business man, and daily with every family and private individual, is certainly absurd; and the system without any doubt covers a multitude of respectable dead-beats, who systematically take advantage of its opportunities to secure that for which they never expect to pay, and for which they know, in all reason, they will never be able to pay.

If it were possible to bring the entire business of the country to a basis that should sell strictly for cash, industry and self-respect should be promoted, and the means of the entire community enhanced. It is not impossible, even under existing circumstances, for individuals and for business men to conduct their affairs upon this basis, and there are notable examples here and there in private and business life, where all transactions are concluded at the time they are made by payment in full. Such an individual and such a business man, when faced with difficulties and with losses by reason of a decline in the volume of business or a general decline in values, is able to withstand the pressure.

A prominent business man, during a period of continued financial depression, was heard to soliloquise to the effect that he was growing poorer, he was losing money every day; as he watched the course of business and the state of the markets he could write off the reduction in the value of his stock to profit and loss, and could see his assets measured by dollars and cents gradually dwindling away; "but," says he, "I will never become a bankrupt; because all I have is mine and it is paid for, and while it is worth less to-day than it was yesterday, it is all there. There is as much of it in quality as ever, and it is mine." While other merchants around him, on the right hand and on the left, succumbed to the hard times, compromised with their creditors and disappeared from business circles, he composedly bided his time, and with the revival of business found ample opportunities to regain all that he seemed for a time to lose.

It can not be claimed, however, universal the credit system has become, and, however, deeply the community may become imbued with its fascinations and its false assumptions of advantage, that the idea of doing business under all ordinary circumstances upon a strictly cash basis is utopian and impractical. But to accomplish its adoption to any considerable extent, probably requires more moral courage and devotion to principle than is ordinarily possessed.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

The Prosperity of France.

The extraordinary charges imposed on the French National Treasury by the German war amounted, including the indemnity of five milliards of francs, to the sum of 11,471,661,666f., or nearly £460,000,000. This amount is exclusive, not only of private losses, but of war expenses borne by the communes. It includes, however, the allocation of 260,000,000f. to towns and departments to repair a portion of the damage caused by the war; of 26,000,000f. to repair the damage caused by the corps of engineers in destruction for defensive purposes; of 160,000,000f. for the reprovisioning of Paris; of 25,000,000f. for subterranean telegraph lines, and of 2,696,000,000f., called the *compte de liquidation*, devoted to the reconstruction of fortifications, of armaments, and of military provisionment. In addition to bearing this enormous load, the Treasury had to repay to the Bank of France the loan of 1,500,000,000f. contracted in 1870 and 1871. The extraordinary resources created since 1876 to meet this unprecedented demand have been as follows: (1.) An increase of the consolidated debt, amounting, as the balance of four separate loans, conversions, and sinking fund, to 6,527,000,000f.; an increase of terminable debt, under twenty separate heads, to the amount of 3,200,000,000f., and (3) alienations of the national capital to the amount of 171,000,000f. The total amount of extraordinary resources thus created amount to 9,898,620,537f., being 1,573,041,129f. less than the charges of the war as before stated. And yet not only is the Bank of France repaid and the *compte de liquidation* closed, but the *decouverts du tresor*, a floating debt, which on January 1, 1870, stood at 725,995,055f., were reduced, on January 1, 1880, to 636,565,704f., or by 89,429,351f.; showing a gross reduction of debt, after defraying the whole expenditure, of more than £66,000,000. Nor has the growing wealth of France been shown only by restoration of her military defense and by reduction of consolidated and floating debt. In 1879 and 1880 successive reductions of taxation were effected, amounting in all to nearly 222,000,000f. The ordinary expenses of the budget, which in 1879 stood at 2,700,000,000f., have risen in 1882 to 2,854,000,000f. Thus between the budget of 1880 and that of 1882 is a difference in diminution of receipts of 222,000,000f., and the increase of expense of 154,000,000f., making together the large sum of 376,000,000f.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

—The subscription for the benefit of Mrs. Jesse James will probably be a pleasant thing. The people of Missouri will carry this affair through unaided, strangers who formerly passed through the State having subscribed long enough for the support of the family.—*Courier-Journal.*

For Young Readers.

THE KING'S FATAL TOUCH.

Heard you, O little children,
This wonderful story told
Of the Phrygian King whose fatal touch
Turned everything to gold?

In a great, dim, dreary chamber,
Beneath the palace floor,
He counted his treasures of glittering coin,
And he always longed for more.

When the clouds in the blaze of sunset
Burned flaming fold on fold,
He thought how fine a thing 'twould be
Were they but real gold!

And when his dear little daughter,
The child he loved so well,
Came bringing in from the pleasant fields
The yellow asphodel,

Or buttercups from the meadow,
Or dandelions gay,
King Midas would look at the blossoms sweet,
And she would hear him say:

"If only the flowers were really
Golden as they appear,
'Twere worth your while to gather them,
My little daughter dear!"

One day in the dim, drear chamber,
As he counted his treasure o'er,
A sunbeam slipped through a chink in the wall
And quivered down to the floor.

"Would it were gold," he muttered,
"That broad, bright, yellow bar!"
Suddenly stood in its mellow light,
A Figure bright as a star.

Young and ruddy and glorious,
With face as fresh as the day,
With a winged cap and winged heels,
And eyes both wise and gay.

"O have your wish, King Midas,"
A heavenly voice began,
Like a sweet notes of the morning,
Braided and blended in one.

"And when to-morrow's sunriso
Wakes you with rosy fire,
All things you touch shall turn to gold,
Even as you desire."

King Midas slept. The morning
At last stole up the sky,
And woke him, full of eagerness,
The wondrous spell to try.

And lo! the bed's fine draperies
Of linen fair and cool,
Of quilted satin and cobweb lace,
And blankets of snowy wool,

All had been changed with the sun's first ray
To marvelous cloth of gold,
That rippled and shimmered as soft as silk
In many a gorgeous fold.

But all this splendor weighed so much
'Twas irksome to the King,
And up he sprang to try at once
The touch on every thing.

The heavy tassel that he grasped
Magnificent became,
And hung by the purple curtain rich
Like a glowing mass of flame.

At every step, on every side,
Such splendor followed him,
The very sunbeams seemed to pale,
And morn itself grew dim.

But when he came to the water
For his delicious bath,
And dipped his hand in the surface smooth,
He started in sudden wrath;

For the liquid, light and leaping,
So crystal-bright and clear,
Grew a solid lake of heavy gold,
And the King began to fear!

But out he went to the garden,
So fresh in the morning hour,
And a thousand buds in the balmy night
Had burst into perfect flower.

'Twas a world of perfume and color,
Of tender and delicate bloom,
But only the hideous thirst for wealth
In the King's heart found room.

He passed like a spirit of autumn
Through that fair space of bloom,
And the leaves and the flowers grew yellow
In a dull and scentless gloom.

Back to the lofty palace
Went the glad monarch then,
And sat at his sumptuous breakfast,
Most fortunate of men!

He broke the fine, white wheaten roll,
The light and wholesome bread,
And it turned to a lump of metal rich—
It had as well been lead!

Again did fear assail the King,
When—what was this he heard?
The voice of his little daughter dear,
As sweet as a grieving bird.

Sobbing she stood before him,
And a golden rose held she,
And the tears that brimmed her blue, blue eyes
Were pitiful to see.

"Father! O Father dearest!
This dreadful thing—oh, see!
Oh, what has happened to all the flowers?
Tell me, what can it be?"

"Why should you cry, my daughter?
Are not these blossoms of gold,
Beautiful, precious and wonderful,
With splendor not to be told?"

"I hate them, O my father!
They're stiff and hard and dead,
That were so sweet and soft and fair,
And blushed so warm and red."

"Come here," he cried, "my darling,"
And bent, her cheek to kiss,
To comfort her—when—Heavenly Powers!
What fearful thing was this?

He sank back shuddering and aghast,
But she stood still as death—
A statue of horrible gleaming gold,
With neither motion nor breath.

The gold tears hardened on her cheek,
The gold rose in her hand,
Even her little sandals changed
To gold, where she did stand.

Then such a tumult of despair
The wretched King possessed,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And sobbed, and beat his breast.

Weighed with one look from her sweet eyes
What was the whole world worth?
Against one touch of her loving lips,
The treasure of all the earth?

Then came that voice, like music,
As fresh as the morning air,
"How is it with you, King Midas,
Rich in your answered prayer?"

And there in the sunshine smiling,
Majestic as before,
Ruddy and young and glorious,
The Stranger stood once more.

"Take back your gift so terrible!
No blessing, but a curse!
One loving heart more precious is
Than the gold of the universe."

The Stranger listened—a sweeter smile
Kindled his brave, bright eyes,
"Glad am I, O King Midas,
That you have grown so wise!

"Again your wish is granted;
More swiftly than before,
All you have harmed with the fatal touch
You shall again restore."

He clasped his little daughter—
Oh, joy—within his arms,
She trembled back to her human self,
With all her human charms.

Across her face he saw the life
Beneath his kiss begin,
And steal to the charming dimple deep
Upon her lovely chin.

Again her eyes grew blue and clear,
Again her cheek flushed red,
She locked her arms about his neck.
"My father dear!" she said.

Oh, happy was King Midas,
Against his heart to hold
His treasure of love more precious
Than a thousand worlds of gold!

—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.*

Fish-Hooks.

Boys, how long do you suppose it would take you to make a respectable fish-hook? What do you suppose it would cost you to have a skilled workman make you one as good as you can buy for a penny?

But I saw a magical little machine, not long ago, bite off a little piece of steel wire, chew it a moment, and then spit it out formed into a perfect hook. It would toss out these little hooks every half second, the different machines making the different sizes.

There are eight steps in the making of a fish-hook by the machines I saw. The boy who tended one of them snatched specimens from the machine as they were passing through, and showed me how each stroke of the little chisels and hammers added to the bit of wire that went in, until it came out a finished hook and ready to fish with, though probably the most fastidious fish wouldn't touch it because it had'nt yet been polished.

The curious little machines would first nip off bits of wire; another stroke of the machine, and the bit of wire had a little loop in one end. The next half second the wire had a hack in it near the other end. Then came a little hammer-stroke which flattened out the hacked end. Then a little chisel shaved this flattened end into a point. And last of all, it receives one crook, and drops, a perfectly formed hook, into the little bucket, having been, only four seconds before, nothing but an inch or more of steel wire on a reel.

There are two ways of finishing these hooks. Either they are "japanned," which gives them the black finish which is the most common one, or they are finished with that fine blue that *is* frequently put upon swords and cutlery. It is done by heating them in a furnace till they come to a "cherry-red" as the workmen call it, and then they are poured into a bucket of oil and left to cool.

After finishing, they are taken up to the deft-fingered girls, who rapidly count them by hooking them over a piece of coarse wire, and throwing out at the same time the imperfect ones. Then they pack them in neat boxes, and they are stacked up ready for market.

But I suppose this is only the tamest part of the history of these murderous little objects. How many of them do you suppose will ever hook a fish? May be one in a hundred. Perhaps not one in five hundred. How many of them will slumber, the sport of the fishes, imbedded in some old log at the bottom of some pool or river where they have stuck and stuck, though tugged at and twitched at by the luckless little boy who hasn't caught anything yet, and who hasn't another to fasten on in their place! How many weary miles they must go, some of them, with hungry, wet, tired little fellows (and perhaps big fellows, too), innocent of my fish, and in having no bites save from mosquitoes. But here and there one shall thrust point and barb into some fish who with more appetite than discretion has failed to see the trap set for him, and out and up into the air has rushed, "his silver armor flashing useless in the sun," to make a supper for the lucky fisherman.—*Wide Awake.*

An In-Door Game.

This being a game of mystery, it is, of course, necessary that it should be unknown to, at any rate, a few of the company—the more the better. One of the gentlemen well acquainted with the game undertakes to represent Æsop. In order to do so more effectually, he may put a cushion or pillow under his coat to imitate a hump, provide himself with a stick for a crutch, make a false nose and put a patch over one eye.

The rest of the company must then each assume the name of some subject of the animal kingdom—a bird, beast, or fish—and having done this, must prepare themselves to listen to the words of their great master.

Limping into their midst, Æsop then tells them that the wrath of the great god Jupiter has been aroused, and as the cause of a calamity so terrible must be that one or more of them have been committing some crime or other, he is anxious to discover without further delay who are the guilty subjects. "I shall, therefore," continues he, "question you closely all round, and I shall expect you every one to give me truthful answers." He then fixes his mind upon a certain letter—for instance, O—and begins: Mr. Lion, as you are the king of beasts, I sincerely hope you have done nothing derogatory to your high position; still, as it is absolutely necessary that you should be examined with the rest of your friends, will you please tell me what food you have eaten lately?" Should the lion have eaten a lamb, a sheep, a tiger, a bear, or any other dainty that is spelled without the letter O, he is acquitted as innocent; but should he have eaten a leopard, a goose, a fox, or any other creature in the name of which the letter O occurs, he is pronounced by Æsop to be deserving of punishment, and is therefore sentenced to pay a forfeit.

The other animals, in turn, then undergo a similar examination, during which each one must remember that in naming his prey he must confine himself to such food as is suited to the species he has adopted. The game may be carried on for any length of time, or until all have discovered the secret in it.

There is no fear of the interest flagging so long as even only one of the company is still unable to solve the mystery.—*Harper's Young People.*

—A morbid citizen of St. Louis, afflicted with an ardent desire to possess the two horses which lately belonged to Jesse James, was the victim of a rather mean but amusing joke recently. Somebody who knew his wish shipped to him a couple of worn-out street-car horses, for which he cheerfully paid a fancy price. The poor beasts, in the course of their arduous lives, had encountered more than their fair share of the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune, and were in a sorry condition when they reached St. Louis. But they were beautiful in the eyes of their new owner, and he exulted exceedingly over his purchase until some sympathetic friend informed him that he had made a fool of himself.—*Chicago Times.*

—In introducing Miss Ella Dietz, an actress who read an article on "The Work of an Actor" in New York the other evening, Rev. Robert Collyer said that there was an unreasonable antipathy between the church and the stage, which he hoped to see done away with. So far as he was concerned, he went to the theater whenever he could find time to do so.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Encourage the little wrens by building suitable boxes for them. They are invaluable as insect destroyers.

—Peanuts for Desert.—Shell roasted nuts, remove the skins, heat them until they are crisp in a hot oven, sprinkle them with salt and serve them hot with the dessert. Sherry or madeira wine is usually taken with them.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A correspondent of the *N. E. Farmer* suggests that employers who have the best welfare of their children at heart will see that no hired man is engaged who uses profane or vulgar language.

—House Plants.—These sometimes, it is said, cause malaria, the damp earth in the pots being the cause of unwholesomeness, but in a well ventilated room one need apprehend no trouble from the presence of house plants.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—President Henry Villard intends, it is said, to build "a warehouse elevator" at each station along the Northern Pacific Railway into which farmers can dump and hold their grain "instead of being compelled to place themselves at the mercy of the local merchants who buy wheat at prices fixed by themselves, simply because they control the storage capacity of the road."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Chamois skins may be thus cleansed: Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and put it to soak for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water, rub it well till it is clean and rinse it in warm water in which a little soda and soap have been dissolved. Wring it well in a towel and dry quickly, then pull it and brush it till it is perfectly soft.

—For Whitewash.—Slake one peck of lime, and while hot and at the thickness of cream, add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound of dissolved glue. Let it stand half a day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first-rate for out-door work, though expensive. For buildings, fences, etc., slake clean, white, fresh lime under water; add a pound of sulphate of zinc to every peck of lime, and half a pound of salt. The addition of yellow ochre will make it a cream color; umber gives it a fawn color, and lampblack a gray shade. These coloring ingredients are not expensive. The lampblack should be dissolved in vinegar before mixing in.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Prairie Hay.

During the pioneer days of this county many of the early settlers who still survive had ample opportunity of testing the superior qualities of prairie hay, as compared with timothy, millet, Hungarian, etc. Indeed, for several years wild grasses were the main dependence for that universal and indispensable article, hay. In those days every man possessed of the slightest thrift or enterprise was sure to have an abundant supply of upland or bottom grass, or perhaps both, stacked about his premises, preparatory to passing through one of those terrific winters, which of late years are of very rare occurrence.

The horses, cattle and sheep which fed on prairie hay were generally healthier and less liable to diseases, considering the many disadvantages existing in that day, than to stock that enjoy the devices and facilities of to-day for pampering and deceiving, even though they luxuriate on the best of timothy, millet, Hungarian, or clover hay. Having seen the various good results produced by the exclusive use of prairie hay, particularly upland or blue-stem, I do not hesitate in pronouncing it far superior to any other kind of prepared grasses. But especially do I recommend and favor the use of prairie hay for horses, inasmuch as it is, in one very important consideration, not the only one, but prominent among the many, namely: almost entirely free from several species of fines, dust and mold. I have seen as good timothy hay, millet hay, Hungarian hay, clover hay, and clover mixed with timothy, which is a very common thing here as elsewhere, perhaps as good as is generally grown, and I have never yet seen a hundred pounds of these named varieties but what were more or less dusty, and not unfrequently musty or moldy. All who have the care and management of horses know how exceedingly obnoxious and injurious such hay is, and how its natural tendencies to promote various peculiar diseases or ailments; and how the horse with the orthodox sustenance and treatment of to-day, is absolutely subject to the thousand and one diseases that were comparatively unknown in the days of prairie hay and pioneer accommodations.

The unnatural, yet at the same time very essential, condition of the surface of the soil, which is required to produce the tame grasses, renders it wholly impossible to have hay that will compare favorably with wild hay. Prairie hay, if properly harvested, will retain its original purity and sweetness for a very great length of time, and contains sufficient nutritive and life-sustaining qualities as to render it *the* hay for horses.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

A Hint to Housekeepers.

A retail butcher in New York says: "The New York public haven't much discrimination. I often laugh at the foolish way in which people will rush for the most expensive cuts. Everybody wants to buy prime rib roasts and porterhouse and sirloin steaks, with plenty of tenderloin. You can't persuade them that the chuck roast of good beef, which is from five to eight cents a pound cheaper than the prime cut, is just as good eating. And you couldn't make them believe if you took your affidavit to it, that while the tenderloin may be tender, it is neither as nutritious nor as juicy as the round. You have no idea how nearly unanimous is the demand for these particular pieces. We often have difficulty in selling the other portions of the beef, which is just as good, at half the price. Even when we put it down to less than it costs us on the hoof, when we have a large stock to carry, we can scarcely sell it. Beef is going to be still higher, and if you'll take a hint from me you can save money by buying chuck roasts of good beef which has been kept ten days in the ice-house, and steaks from the tender side of the round or from the end of the loin. It's just the same with mutton. Everybody wants the rack for broiling. Now, there's only about ten or twelve pounds of rack in the whole sheep, and of course it's dear We can't give away the neck and end pieces of the ribs sometimes."

Cheap Lands in the Future.

The report of the Commissioner of Public Lands, just issued, contains the statement that the total amount of arable lands still remaining subject to occupancy under the Homestead and Pre-emption acts is barely sufficient to meet the demands of settlers for a year or two to come. Of course there will be a considerable amount of public land left, but the quality will be very poor. Most of it will be hilly, rocky and broken, and covered with trees of little value. A large proportion of it will be in the Southern States. There will also be considerable swamp land that will be useless for general agricultural purposes until it is drained, and to drain it will require the expenditure of large capital. All this land has been passed over by persons seeking homes. Much of it has been in the market upward of forty years, and where this is the case the price is nominal. Whatever there was of value on it in the form of trees has been removed by settlers in the vicinity. It will be necessary to clear it before it can be planted to crops. Owing to the number of stumps and stones it will contain, it will be necessary to work the land with hand implements. There will also be a large amount of land open to settlement in the great arid plains, but it will not be available for general agricultural purposes. That which is so situated that it can be irrigated with comparatively little expense has already been taken up. The remainder will only be valuable for grazing purposes, and a quarter section of it will not furnish a sufficiently large range to enable the possessor of it to get a living by keeping stock. There will also be some moderately good land in Oregon and Washington Territory.

Several years will pass before all the land owned by the various railroad companies will be disposed of, but with the recent rapid advance of farming land it is fair to presume that its price will increase from year to year. There is also considerable land owned by agricultural colleges and included in school sections. It is also likely that several Indian reservations will be offered for sale, but as these lands are ordinarily disposed of for cash to the highest bidder it is probable that they will fall into the hands of speculators, who will hold them for a rise. There will then be no good land to be obtained by moving onto it, by paying $1.25 per acre for it, or by setting out a few timber trees. The proposition to render arid land productive by means of irrigating with water procured from artesian wells is visionary, and will prove to be very costly, if not entirely impracticable. It is evident that an end will soon come to obtaining farming land for a nominal or even a low price. The scarcity of any article acts to increase its value. As soon as land can no longer be obtained under the provisions of the homestead and pre-emption acts the era of land speculation will begin. Our people are largely educated in agricultural pursuits and will not soon abandon them for other industries. If all the sons of farmers do not become farmers themselves, there will be other sons of persons who are engaged in other pursuits who will desire to take their places. A very large proportion of the foreigners who come to this country are farmers or persons who expect to become such. They are attracted to the country by the inducement of land that they can buy and own. They are coming in unprecedented numbers. A large number of capitalists are now turning their attention to farmings as a business, and they desire to conduct their operations on an extensive scale.

It is obvious that persons seeking homes will soon go in new directions to find them. The tide of settlers will no longer flow steadily toward the West. Some will take up with the poorer lands in the prairie regions of the West that were rejected by the earlier settlers; some will locate in Texas, where the public lands belong to the State, and where the area is very large; many will follow the example of their ancestors in the East, and clear the forests in Michigan and Indiana, and still others will occupy the scantily-wooded country in the Southern States. It is likely that the vast forests in Northern Maine and New York will be in demand for making agricultural settlements before ten years. We have a vast amount of land that would be occupied and highly improved if it were in any European country, where the population is dense, and great difficulties exist in finding homes the people can own. It is by no means unlikely that there will soon be an Eastern movement on the part of western farmers. Lately there has been a tendency toward large farming in most of the Northern States. Especially has this been the case in the great prairie region. Farmers have coveted broad acres and bought many machines, because with them they could raise much grain with comparatively little labor. It is obvious, however, that many of the farms of the future must be small and be devoted to the production of the minor crops. The land cultivated, in many instances, will be rocky and broken, and not adapted to the use of labor-saving machines. Hand work will be required, and this is most profitably devoted to the production of root crops, small fruit, and specialties. If the public land available for general farming is all disposed of within two years a great change must soon occur in the management of farms.—*Chicago Times.*

A Good Class of Immigrants.

Inquiries at the Bureau of Immigration for Oregon and Washington elicit the fact that about eighty per cent. of the white steerage passengers who arrived within the last month are actual settlers. Each family brings from $500 to $1,000 in cash, and more than half of them bring their household effects. From one-fourth to one-third of the number go to the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, being induced thither by the immediate prospect of a railroad, while the remainder are about equally divided between eastern Oregon, the Walla Walla valley, the Palouse region and the district lying between the Northern Pacific Railroad and the Columbia River. A considerable number have also gone to the Yakima and neighboring valleys, and a few into the Clearwater country. The immigrants are principally from California, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and Texas—proportions in the order named.—*Portland Oregonian.*

An Indian Dowry.

One of the daughters of Meer Goolam Baba, nawab of Surat, is about to be married at Surat. A correspondent of the Bombay *Samachar*, writes from Surat that the procession which carried the bride's dowry to the bridegroom's house is worthy of special mention. A number of elephants, horses, carriages and palkees led the procession. After them came a number of female servants all in snow-white clothes, each bearing in her hands a covered tray. About fifty youths followed with rose-water decanters of silvers on silver salvers. Then came five-hundred coolies, some with magnificent bedsteads, with curtains, pillows, etc., others with swings, benches, boxes, cupboards of various designs, sofas, chairs, tables, and in short all the paraphernalia of a modern house. These were followed by seventy-five women, each carrying a plate of sweetmeats. One hundred men with cooking utensils brought up the rear. Some of these men carried on their heads basket-loads of lamps, wall-shades, chandeliers, etc. In fact it was a regular exhibition of domestic goods. A large number of spectators lined the streets to witness the procession.

—Sportsmen along the Hudson River are trying to revive the use of the hawk in hunting, and have offered fabulous prices for eggs. Men along the Susquehanna Valley are said to have secured $40 apiece for some which they obtained, by letting themselves over the side of a cliff.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord N. H. Patriot.*

A MAGAZINE article is entitled "The Arrival of Man in Europe," referring to the first arrival in that country. He must have felt sort of lost, and was prodigiously puzzled to know which hotel to put up at; but the probabilities are that he was not surrounded by a howling mob of hack drivers upon his arrival, and saluted with "Havacab! Rightupnowl Thiswaytorlifthavenool" etc.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Enterprise Extraordinary.

Most of our readers, if not all, will remember that a little over a year ago the magnificent structure at Buffalo, N. Y., known as Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, was entirely destroyed by fire. We doubt, however, if many of those who saw notice of the conflagration at the time are prepared for the announcement, just made by the proprietors, that since that occurrence another structure, six stories high and one hundred feet square, has been completed, and that it is now open for the reception of patients. Yet such is the fact.

In the erection and furnishing of this massive and elegant building, nothing has been omitted that would in any manner tend to benefit the afflicted, or to add to their comfort. Ten physicians and surgeons, eminent in their respective specialties, constitute the professional staff of the institution, and persons suffering from chronic and other ailments will doubtless find here a veritable Invalid's Home. All inquiries as to terms, etc., receive prompt attention, and should be addressed to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SCIENTIST says "a big comet is now dashing toward a spotted sun." Its aim, no doubt, is to "knock the spots off it."

"Middle measures are often but middling measures." There are no "middlings" about Kidney-Wort. It is the most thoroughly refined "flower" of medicine. It knows no half-way measures, but radically uproots all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It overthrows piles, abolishes constipation and treats the system so gently and soothingly as to prove its true kinship to nature in all its praises. It is prepared in both liquid and dry form.

EMBROIDERED mustard plasters are now recognized as a necessary feature of esthetic medication.

A Few Plain Facts From

The *American Christian Review*, Cincinnati, O.: In our house ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM has been a standard curative for colds during the past ten years, and with uniform success. The thousands rescued from untimely graves all over the country; the almost universal recommendation of physicians in their practice everywhere; the enormous distribution all over the United States, Canada and part of Europe are unmistakable evidences of its intrinsic value, and especially adapted for restoring consumptive invalids to their normal relations of health and the inspiring hope of reaching a good old age. The safety of every family would be consulted by keeping a bottle of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in the house and have it ready for application when coughs, colds, or croup make their unwelcome intrusion into the household. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

WHAT is the difference between a new policeman and an old hat? One is sworn in and the other's worn out.—*Toronto Grip.*

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

BABIES seem to be very weak this year. We have read at least 4,000 times that "the bride entered leaning on" on somebody's arm. The bridegroom, who flatters himself that this is going to last, however, will find himself sold.—*Boston Post.*

ROOFERS are at work on the top of a house. The man in charge hails from below: "How many of you are there up there?" "Three." "Well, half of you come down!"

THE intelligent compositor left out the letter d in a paragraph about a beautiful actress, and informed the public that crows flocked to see her wherever she went. How she did carrion when she read it.—*Springfield Union.*

AND now they say Damala was a commercial drummer. Might have known it! Nobody but a drummer would have had the cheek to marry Bernhardt.—*Boston Post.*

"ISN'T this shirred bonnet just too sweet for anything?" asked little Mrs. Smith of her husband. "I shirred think it was," answered Mr. S., as he inspected the bill.—*Hearth and Hall.*

IT is said that the course of a cannon ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. The shingle likewise has an effect upon the bowl of early childhood.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WAG, speaking of a friend whom he suspected of living altogether beyond his means, observed that he believed he "would owe several thousand dollars after all his debts were paid."

PATTI says it is her ambition to "live quietly and sing for the poor." Well, those she sings to generally feel pretty poor—after the opera is over.—*Syracuse Herald.*

THEY say large ears denote a generous disposition. This idea arose from the fact that Chicago editors are so generous they are constantly giving themselves away.—*Boston Post.*

A SHELTON boy having swallowed a silver quarter, his parents put a dose of castor oil in immediate pursuit. Not being quick silver, it was caught.—*Danbury News.*

THE best female circus rider in Russia is Donnedretisky. She turns a double somersault through a hoop and carries her name along.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE:—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before. JAMES MILLER, 4246 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S favorite food is boiled mutton; but, as she is a staid old lady, she objects to capers.—*Somerville Journal.*

HEALTH, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

THE editors have struck. So we are informed by a gentleman with a spring poem and a black eye.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

IN the matter of disordered nerves, Boston girls suffer no more than those of other cities. There are painful sensibilities that nothing can cure so thoroughly as Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, and every nervous girl should use them. Dr. Benson is also discoverer and proprietor of a new remedy and his favorite prescription, for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It is known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure.

A CHIROPODIST advertises that his place of business is open in the evening. Convenient for gentlemen who are corned at night.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

WHAT word in the English language possesses the greatest number of one particular letter? "Possesses."

IF your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

GLASS eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A DISAPPOINTED young man says he wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he has never been able to do.

☞ No family dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. Any one can use them. The Black is far superior to logwood.

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"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

A MANUFACTURER advertises: "The strongest and cheapest bed in the market." He must mean an onion bed.—*Norristown Herald.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

WHAT religion is most prevalent in spring? Buddhism.

SOLD everywhere—Frazer's Axle Grease. Superior to all others. Try it and be happy.

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A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents*, and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

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Complete Life of these Bold Highwaymen. Also of the Younger Brothers, and other bold outlaws of the border. Fully Illustrated. Over 500 pages. Send Forty Cents for Outfit. Terms liberal. AGENTS WANTED. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Elkhart Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Co., Elkhart, Ind., ship anywhere to anybody at wholesale prices, with privilege to examine before paying. All work warranted. 80-page Catalogue free.

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SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its healthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion; and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

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Ditson & Co. make a special feature of Sunday School Song Books, and can safely commend the three now ones which they publish this season. Their compilers are practical workers in the Sunday School, and with previous publications have been extremely successful. The new books are:

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☞ But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color *as the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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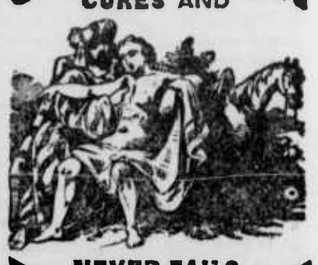

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Is for sale by druggists everywhere, or may be had direct from us. Those who wish to obtain further evidence of the curative properties of Samaritan Nervine will please enclose a 3-cent postage stamp for a copy of our Illustrated Journal of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cures from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed after their restoration to perfect health. Address

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Perfect Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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KIDNEY-WORT IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys and —LIVER— It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

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In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To the Consumptive.—Wilbor's Compound of COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the all doubly efficacious. Remarkable results in cases of Consumption can be shown. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. ☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 34, Phila'a, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 874

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Queen Victora's Father in America.

Prince Edward, afterward Duke of Kent, and the father of Queen Victora, passed through Burlington in February, 1793. He came from Quebec, where he had had command of a regiment. His trip through the country was accomplished in carryalls and sleighs; a courier had been sent on to Burlington to prepare for his accommodation. There were then only seven framed houses in the whole village, and but one, that of Phineas Loomis, large enough to receive so numerous a party. The prince arrived in the afternoon with thirteen carryalls and sleighs, and left the third day before noon. He had with him two aids and two body-guards, a lady, and a cook. The lady was to go to New York, and the prince provided the sleigh which was to convey her with abundance of fur robes, and placed a large dog at her feet. A little incident occurred on the passing of the Prince and the lady from the house to the sleigh which illustrates somewhat the character and personnel of the Prince. An awkward but stout young man was standing in the path, not making room readily for the party to advance. Prince Edward advanced, and taking him up bodily, set him on one side in the snow. At this place (Burlington) he dismissed the teamsters who had brought him from Canada and engaged five farmers to take him on to Boston. It was said by these men that he was a jolly companion, enjoying the pork and beans, nut cakes, and cheese. Among the early settlers of the town was Col. Stephen Keyes, a gentleman of the old school, who wore a cocked hat and kept a hotel in Water street. He proposed to pay his respects to Prince Edward, and with several young men of the village made a call in the evening. Col. Keyes introduced himself to the Prince, and then stated that he had brought with him some young gentlemen of legal and mercantile pursuits, who wished to pay their respects to him. They were severally presented, and the Prince respectfully bowed to each. This was apparently the commencement of a pleasant evening's entertainment. But what was their dismay when the Prince and his aids very informally and abruptly retired to their own apartments! The Col. could not brook this, and in unmeasured terms vented his indignation, and declared the Prince "no gentleman."—*Vermont Watchman.*

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Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

CHAPTER 328.

AN ACT

To repeal section one hundred and thirty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county, as enacted by the Act of the General Assembly passed at its January session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county, of the acts of eighteen hundred and seveoty-eight, by adding thereto certain sections under the subtitle "Intoxieating Liquors."

Section 1. Be it enacted by General Assembly of Maryland, That section one hundred and thirty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county," as enacted by the Act of General Assembly passed at its January Session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding certain sections under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors" be and said section is hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session 1882.

Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
SOEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier **And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.**

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomeo River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt ferm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underleid with limestone,) two lerge orchards of good fruit, a good sargar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
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PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

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PEDDICORD & COMBS,
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1el4-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 20th of Nov:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	12.16 A. M.
No. 5	7.38 A. M.
No. 7	2.31 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.40 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.00 A. M.
No. 10	5.50 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport:
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

AN ACT

To compel any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in, or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county.

Section 1. And be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person or persons, firm or firms, in Garrett county, who are now or may hereafter be engaged in or wish to carry on the livery sale and hiring business to take out a license from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county, and the amount of said license to be twenty dollers end hy him the said Clerk of the Circuit Court to be paid over to the County Commissioners of the above named county, and by them applied to the public roads of Garrett county. The said Clerk to receive one dollar for each license issued under this Act.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That any person or persons, firm or firms, who shall violate any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor end upon indictment and conviction in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act ere hereby repealed.

Sec. 4 And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from end efter the first day of May next.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved Mey 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 101.

AN ACT

To repeal section twenty-two of the Acts of Assembly, pessed at January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," end to re-enact the seme with amendments providing for additional pay to the crier of the Circuit Court.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section twenty-two of chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws," to be entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

Sec. 22. That the commissioners of said county shall levy, annually, for the crier of the Circuit Court for said county, three dollers per dey for his services as such crier; and the collector shall pay said crier at the close of each session of the court for his services during said session.

Approved March 21, 1882.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk, and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES,
Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
25 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN ACT

To repeal and re-enact with amendments, section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Act of January session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of the Sheriff.

Section 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section sixty-three of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of January session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, (1878) entitled an Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, amended, and re enacted so as to read as follows:

Section sixty-three. The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be entitled to receive the following fees for performing the duties of his office, viz: For boarding each prisoner committed to the county jail, fifty cents per day; serving writ and return, sixty cents; for taking bail bond, one dollar; for empanelling jury, three dollars; for serving scire facias including the person summoned, sixty cents; for serving citation, sixty cents; for serving subpoena and return, sixty cents; for summoning appraisers to value goods and chattels taken by attachment, fi-fa. or replevin, each person summoned sixty cents; for each person summoned as a witness in any case or inquisition, sixty cents; for laying attachments in hands of Garnishee, each person Garnisheed, sixty cents; for serving an execution, twenty-five cents; for each person committed to jail, fifty cents; for each prisoners brought out before the court and returned to jail, fifty cents; and for taking prisoners to the penitentiary the following sums of money, namely: When a single convict is taken forty dollars; when two together, thirty dollars each; when more than two, twenty dollars each, to be levied as other county charges

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegate.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary, of the Senate.

AN ACT

To ley out and establish two new election districts in Garrett county, out of the first, seventh and eighth election districts, and by changing the dividing line between districts Numbers three and four thereof, and to be called districts Number Ten and Eleven.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That two new election districts be laid out and established out of the first, seventh, eighth, third, and fourth election districts of Garrett county, the said new districts to be known and called by numbers ten and eleven, of Garrett county.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That the boundary lines of said new districts, shall be as follows: Beginning at the burnt school house, on Hooppole Ridge, in district number seven, and running with Broad Ford run as it now goes to its mouth, intersecting with the Ryans Glade road, thence with said Ryans Glade road, to the M. E. Church, in Ryans Glade in district number eight, from thence along the Altamont road, to John Davis' saw mill, on a stream known as Laurel Run, and with said run to the North Branch of the Potomac River, thence with said North Branch to Kitzmillersville, and from thence with what is known as Hamill's line, to the beginning And, all that portion of Garrett county described within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and designated as district number ten.

Sec. 3. And be it enacted, That the present dividing line between the third, (3) and fourth, election districts of Garrett county be changed so as to run, as follows: Beginning at the foot of Savage Mountain where the two county roads intersect, and running down said mountain to the head waters of Mill Run, then with said run, to the dividing line between Allegany and Garrett counties, thence with said dividing line to district number nine, thence with said line to or near John Wilhelm's, at Little Savage, thence changing the dividing lines number three and four to run as follows: Beginning at the bridge across Little Savage, near John Wilhelm's, and running with Barton and Lonaconing road, and running with said road to Mrs. Hanson Brown's on Pea-ridge, thence with said road, down and across Pea-ridge to Henry Broadwaters, Jr., at the head of Barton Hallow, from thence across William W. Broadwater's, thence across to the head waters of Bear Pen Run, thence with said run to Savage River, thence with said river to the old ford, from thence across said river running with the Public road to the place of beginning. And all that portion of Garrett county as described in this section, within the aforegoing metes and bounds shall be known and described as district number eleven.

Sec. 4. And be it enacted, That the place of holding elections in said districts, numbers ten an eleven, shall be for district number ten at Deer Park, and for number eleven at "The Elbaw," at the House of Joseph Warnick.

And be it enacted, That the voting place of district number eight, shall be moved from its present location at Fort Pendleton, to Mrs. Thomas Grimes', on North Western Grade.

And be it further enacted, That the voting place of District number one, shall be moved from its present location, Altamont, to Swanton on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Sec. 5. And be it enacted, That the Governor, shall appoint one Justice of the Peace, and one Register of Voters, for each of said districts, and the County Commissioners of Garrett county shall appoint one Constable, in and for said districts, number ten and eleven.

Sec. 6. And be it enacted, that the said district or districts numbered ten and eleven, shall be entitled in all respects to all the rights and privileges, held or to be held or enjoyed by the other election districts in said county.

Sec. 7. And be it enacted, That the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall furnish a proper book for registration such as may be required by law, to be delivered to the register of voters for said district, or districts, numbers ten and eleven. And the said Clerk shall also at the same time, deliver to said register of voters, a full list under seal of his office of all registered persons, or voters, appearing on the registration book for the old districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and from districts numbers three and four of Garrett county. And the said register of voters of said district, or districts, numbers one, seven and eight, and numbers three and four, shall transcribe from said list and enter in alphabetical order in said Book of registration for said new district, or districts, numbers ten and, eleven, the names of all persons living within the limits thereof, entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven, and likewise to register therein the names of all persons who shall become entitled to vote in said district or districts, number ten and eleven, according to the Laws of this State.

Sec. 8. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the officers of registration of districts numbers one seven and eight, and numbers three and four, to strike from the list of qualified voters, on the registration books thereof the names of all persons residing within the limits of, and entitled to vote in said district or districts, numbers ten and eleven.

Sec. 9. And be it enacted, That all acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act be and the same are hereby replealed.

Sec. 10. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a corret copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1882.

Approved Mey 3, 1882.

JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

5 13 4

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

CHAPTER 78.

AN ACT

To add additional sections to the Code of Public Local Laws, article——, entitled Garrett county, enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said section to be sub-titled "Thistles," to come after sub-sections seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy-five *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be and are hereby added to the Code of Public Local Laws, artice ——, entitled Garrett county, as enacted by the act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, said sections to be sub-titled "Thistles," and to come after sub-section seventy-five in said act, and to be numbered seventy-five *A*, seventy-five *B*, seventy-five *C*.

Seventy-five *A*. No land owner or tenant of any land owner in Garrett county shall permit any Canada thistles to grow upon the land owned or rented by him as the case may be.

Seventy-five *B*. If any such land owner or tenant shall permit any Canada thistles to grow on the land so owned or rented by him, he shall be fined n sum not less than one nor more than ten dollars for every day he shall permit the same to grow or remain standing on his land after they shall have developed sufficiently to show that they are Canada thistles, such fine to be recovered before any justice of the peace, as other small fines are now recovered, and the proceeds of such fines to be paid to the County Commissioners of said county.

Seventy-five *C*. No road supervisor in said county shall permit any such Canada thistle to grow upon any land belonging to any public road in said county, adjoining or being part of any road under his charge; and if any such supervisor shall permit the same, he shall be liable to the fine provided in subsection seventy-five *B* hereof, to be recovered for the use of said county as provided in said last preceding section.

Approved March 21, 18 2.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1882.

SPENCER C. JONES,
Clerk Court of Appeals of Maryland.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

jan1-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882. NUMBER 14.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 1y 15

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge it to suit desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Belt and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S.,
WM. ROSS, of H.,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

5 6 5

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Rush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42tf OAKLAND, MD.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
ELIAS MERRILL,
JOSEPH INSKEEP,
Examiners.

5 6 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MOINOONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it never failed instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1880.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1880.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.
Also all diseases of the Bladder.
For Incontinence of Urine, (Wetting the Bed,) PERUNA is a positive cure.
In Errors of Youth PERUNA is a specific.
For Brick Dust or other deposits in the Urine, PERUNA.
For Nervous Debility take PERUNA.
PERUNA will positively cure Sexual Debility, and Restore the Functions to their normal Vigor.
For Nervous Prostration, caused by excessive use of or unnatural indulgences, PERUNA is a sure cure.
Aged and Young Persons who are afflicted too frequently at night, to make water, can rely implicitly on PERUNA.
For Urinary Diseases of both sexes, for Female Complaints of all kinds, and for Gravel, PERUNA is a specific.
For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, PERUNA is the only cure.
For our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life" ask your druggist or address the proprietors, Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O.
For Constipation take nothing except

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

A STORY OF COUNTERPARTS.

A quiet, uneventful life was mine until I left the shelter of my father's roof in Gorhum, and accepted the desk of a book-keeper in the wholesale clothing establishment of Shears & Prescott, in the busy little city of Weston.

But there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian summer, I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk in the park with me.

Her little hand in its delicate primrose colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the georgeousness of the distant hills, clothed, as they were, in their panties of crimson foliage, when I was brought to a stop by hearing my name pronounced in a tone neither sweet nor agreeable.

"Mr. Smith, I'll jest trouble you to stop a minute!"

I looked up. A woman of fifty, or thereabout, effectually blocked up the sidewalk before us; indeed her proportions were colossal. If ever I have seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her expressive countenance.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing gray eyes, which she brought to bear upon me.

"You needn't madam me!" cried she, waxing redder. "I'll jest trouble you to setde this little bill!" And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read, substantially:—

Richard Smith to Juliann Diggins, Dr.

For six months' board	$196 00
For " " washing	12 00
Total	$208 00

I returned the bill to her.

"I owe you nothing, madam. I never saw you before in my life."

"You needn't lie to me!" cried she, setting her arms akimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding house fifteen year for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot, or I'll take the law!"

"Take it," remarked I; "you're welcome to it."

"You think to sarse me, young man! Remember what you promised! I'll have you took up for it as shure as my name's Diggins!" I'll larn you better than to deceive a trusting widder woman in that way! You desateful hypocrite!"

"Madam, you insult me! I—"

"Oh, it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all to once! You've forgot the cream flanjacks I used to make you, and the kisses you used to give me every evening after the rest of them was gone to bed! You've forgot the half dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent! You've forgot that you solemnly promised that you'd marry me last Tuesday morning! You've forgot that, have you?"

"Yes—yes—I never! no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm in consternation.

"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she, in a rage.

"Yes; forever and a day afterward!" I roared out. "Do you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd sooner wed my grandmother!"

I saw the fire flash up in her eyes. The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head, and fell over backward as she charged upon me with her half mourning parasol. Miss Lillie turned and fled. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by a large watch dog that sprung out of a kennel near by. I seized a dahlia pole, and hurling it at the belligerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best pace I could command.

I was resolved that I would not remain in Weston a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith, for whose notorious self I was mistaken.

I penned a hasty note to my employers—giving my reasons for leaving them—packed my trunks, paid my board, and, marking my baggage "Richard Smith, New Hampton," I entered the cars for the locality specified on my trunks.

In selecting New Hampton as my destination, I had no very definite purpose in view; but in a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation, and the office of "Boots" was better, if I could be left unmolested, than the station of president, if I must lose my identity, and be attacked by viragos in the streets.

It was near noon of the next day when the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady in a brown silk walking dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eye, she threw up her veil and sprang toward me. As the veil swept back it revealed the loveliest face I had ever looked upon. I had never even dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms—her arms fell around my neck—her velvet cheek touched mine, and such a kiss as she planted full on my lips! My face was in a blaze. I felt as if I had been stewed in honey, with lavender for flavoring.

She repeated the kiss—the munificent little angel!—exclaiming.—

"Dear, dear Richard! How delighted I am that you have come at last!"

I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I dared not speak lest I should dissolve the spell.

"We have been expecting you for four whole days! Only think what a period of suspense!" went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in waiting. "There; make yourself easy. I'm going to drive. Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"

The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur-lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly away.

"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard; but his rheumatism is worse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand for the bride. But I would come! I wanted to be the first one to greet you, dear Richard! Allee is so beautiful! and so deeply, beautifully happy! Richard, you ought to be the most grateful man alive!"

"I—I—believe I am!" exclaimed I, as, reaching up her sweet face, the little enchantress favored me with another kiss, which, this time, I repaid with compound interest, and then blushed boiling hot to think of it.

At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine old mansion on an aristocratic street, and mechanically I alighted and lifted out my companion. The hall door was flung open. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me gently within the vestibule—her musical voice called softly, at the door of a boudoir,—

"Alice, Richard has come!"

Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with unutterable tenderness, and then embraced me, with a mingling of fervor and shyness absolutely bewildering.

Verily, I was a favored individual!

An elderly gentleman, supporting himself by a cane, now came forward and saluted me, calling me his "dear son," and cutting short everything I attempted to say by his joyful volubility.

The folding doors separating the sitting-room and parlor were thrown apart. I heard the subdued hum of voices, the rustling of heavy silk; and waiting in the alcoved arch of an east window, I saw a clergymen in gown and bands.

The elderly gentleman took the hand of the dark-haired Alice and placed it in mine.

"Take her," he said, with emotion; "and may God prosper you! We will have the most important thing first, and dinner afterward. The guests are already getting impatient."

I glanced at Alice's dress. It was a bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crown with a wreath of orange blossoms.

The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice, for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed into my face with painful anxiety.

"What is it, Richard? Are you ill? Merciful heaven! Helen, look at him! He is ill!"

"It is nothing—nothing!" I gasped "Only, I cannot—cannot marry you! I—"

"Oh, heaven!" cried Alice, in horrified dismay; and seeing she was about to fall, I flung my arm around her for support.

At this moment the hall door opened and, turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the room. My exact counterpart! Richard Smith, No. 2.

His fierce eyes took in the scene at one glance. He rushed toward me with a wild ejaculation, and tearing the half fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. I put my hand on the same locality of his body.

"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear.

"What are you doing?" I thundered in response.

"Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed, with mad violence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Hereford's love shall die!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called Helen, "be patient; there is some mistake. Which of you is named Richard Smith?"

"I am!" replied I.

"I am!" replied my counterpart.

"But which of you is Richard Smith—the son of Archibald Smith?"

"I am," said my second self.

"And I am not," said I; "my father was named Robert."

Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, how to treat me after what had occurred. Finally she held out her hand.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all a careless mistake of my own. Can you forgive me?"

I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise enough not to make known my wish.

"Let me explain," she said, frankly. "We were just expecting my brother Richard home from the South, where he has been some four or five months past, and were quite sure he would arrive on the train which brought you; he has for some years engaged to Miss Hereford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately after his arrival. I went down to the depot to welcome him, and because of the striking similitude in your respective personal appearances, I mistook a stranger for my brother. That is all, Brother Richard, Mr. Smith is entirely blameless of any wrong. Let me present you to each other as friends."

My counterpart shook hands with me, and begged my pardon for dislocating my neck-tie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depredation on his neck-tie.

And then, at a sign from the elderly gentleman, we all walked into the drawing-room, where, in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of his blushing Alice.

The acquaintance so singularly begun with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me.

Helen Smith had kissed me, and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him—it hardly matters in what way—he has a claim on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the memory which stole over her.

Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again and called me "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her brother.

Is it a fortunate or an unfortunate thing to have a counterpart? When I think of the boarding-house keeper, I say, "No;" but when I look at Helen and recall the circumstance of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer, "Yes."

Consolation.

Dear friend, do you ever stand in the doorway of memory, when the golden sun lights up the road over which you have traveled through the dust and heat of former years, and while you look out over the field of your great struggles, and victories, and defeats, do you ever wish yourself back again beyond the hour when first ambition filled your heart and made your present seem distasteful, and poor and mean in your eyes? Do you ever figure your gains and losses, and look with weariness and unrest upon your achievements? Does it not sometimes occur to you that you have dearly bought your position and wealth.

Ah, who can buy the joyous hope and bounding health of sore-toed boyhood? What wealth can procure the free and unalloid satisfaction of those days when you could eat your fish-ball and stay in the water up to your eyebrows all day? Would not President Arthur to-day madly fling away his scepter of power and resign his lofty position if he could once more be placed back at the threshold of life; with his pantaloons hanging by one home-made suspender?

How empty and how vain are the glories that crown the hero of a thousand battles. How worthless are the faded laurels that crown the bilious, pimply brow of greatness. We combat with all humanity for a proud position, and just as we get our name in print we find that our digestion has gone back on us, and the overtaxed gastric department must be sent to the shop for repairs.

Then come those retrospective longings for the dreamy nights long since, when the Katydid sung in the August grass and the watermelon went to its long home. Then come golden memories of the bright days of midsummer, when beneath the bending willow we bathed in the sunny depths of the silent pool and speared the warty toad with an old pitchfork.

It is a proud day to the ambitious statesman, when in the flush of victory he stands before the applauding host of those who have carried him upward to this glorious moment, when he feels his own strength and calmly surveys the gory field over which he has fought. But when every man who voted for him has asked and petitioned him for the nine dollar postoffice at his old home, and threatens to bolt all nominations and disrupt the party if he cannot have it, there steals over the senses of the great statesman the fruitless wish that he may be taken back to the old home where he snared gophers with an old fish-line, or pasted blue mud all over his freckled skin, and ran along the beach in the warm July air and scared the frisky horses of the young lovers who drove along the pebbly shore.

Greatness is to be sought for and desired because it stirs the stagnant ambition of man and helps him to kill time, but fresh laurels and bronze medals cannot minister to a pair of torpid kidneys. The praise of men and the smiles of beautiful women cannot bring joy to the heart of a hollow-eyed statesman who cannot digest anything but oat-meal mush and distilled Graham juice.

The world is full of great men, men who, when they write their names on a hotel register, are sure that they will be interviewed by newspaper men and their words printed before breakfast; men who wear Prince Albert coats every day and talk grammatically even when they are mad; but the collecton of happy men—men who laugh and have fun and never miss a meal—is comparatively small. Wealth does not always do the business, either. Money can buy off the opinions of the public sometimes, and take the edge from popular censure, but it cannot choke off the nightmare or still the vague unrest of a congested liver.

It is ever thus through life. He who has a big bank account may also have the bilious colic, and he whose name is found on every page of a nation's history may have an ingrowing toe-nail that makes his life a burden to him. If we could look at this life philosophically and live on soda crackers, and calm the consuming ambitions which torture, the great would not come nigh us, and when we died, the human hound who survived us would not dig up our crumbling bones and spread our errors out before a gaping, grinning world, while our widow and orphans would suffer a thousand agonies, helpless under the iron heel of the relentless slanderer of the dead. Blessed is the dead whose worthless dust belongs alone to his sorrowing relatives and his God. The public did not feed him during life, and in death it cannot blacken his name.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

It is local enterprises that builds up a town or city. It is for the people themselves to say whether their town shall be alive, wide awake and progressive or not. The way to wake up any old, sleepy town is to go to work and do something. Don't be afraid of being odd or disturbing old fogies. If you would renovate an old hostelry you must drive out the owls and bats and never mind the screeching. If you think of anything that can be done to beautify or build up your town go and do it. Keep your capital at home; patronize home industries; help your merchants to sell more so they can sell cheaper; always get your work done in your own town if possible; subscribe and pay for the home paper, don't steal or borrow the reading of it. If you follow these suggestions and your town does not improve and build up, it will not be your fault.—*Ex.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE CROWNED.

A maiden, with a garland on her head,
Sat in her bower between two lovers; one
Wore such a wreath as hers; the other none.
But him, in merry wise, she garlanded
With that she wore; then, gayly, took instead
The other's wreath and wore it as her own;
Whereat both smiled, each deeming she had shown
Himself the favorite. Though she nothing said
Concerning this by any spoken word,
Yet by her act, methinks, the maid preferred
The lover she deserowned. A friendly thing
Or whimsical—no more—the gift she gave
(A Queen might do as much by any slave),
But he whose crown she wore was her heart's king.

—*J. G. Saxe, in Century Magazine.*

THE YELLOW ROSE.

Adele Haskell formed one of a group of girls who were spending their summer at the seaside, in a romantic little port, made thoroughly delightful by the combination of woodland and wild coast. Inland drives and shaded rambles were as accessible at choice as surf-bathing or the long strolls on the fine white beach, forever washed by the exhilarating waves.

Adele was at this place under the care of her aunt, and with her, under her own care, a younger sister just nearing the fourteenth birthday, and ceasing to be the torment and delight of immediate relatives as *l'enfante terrible*, only to occupy the same distinctions of concern as "a bright little piece." Georgie Haskell was an irrepressible, mischievous, wonderfully observant, and wide-awake creature; and her calm and beautiful elder, Adele, whom she devoutly admired and loved, had nevertheless no light task in taking care of her.

Georgie was often in disgrace, and sometimes in punishment, and her only relief at such moments was to write long letters of complaint to her absent mother. In one of these letters, whose exaggerated tales of woe could only interest the maternal heart, there happened to be, one day in late July, a bit of description incidentally given that throws upon the sea-side life at the romantic port a significant glance of comprehension, and shows how the perfect happiness of the place was utterly marred by one slight want, not taken into consideration by the mammas and aunts in their choice of a summer sea-side.

"And really," wrote Georgie, "I never knew that men and boys could be of so much *importance*. Even *bad* boys would be welcome here; and as for Sam and Henry, they would be petted to death by the girls. The night of the ball they had to send twelve miles for just a few; and *such* a set! But Miss Riley said, 'O, anybody for partners.' Olivia H—— has perfectly beautiful dresses—all from Paris—and not *a soul* to dress for; for she says she *won't* dress for girls. The older girls, of course, are too proud to say a word; but anybody can see they are just *dying* for a few beaux; and we younger girls don't mind saying that boys are good for picnics and moonlight tea-parties on the rocks (we want to get up some moonlight tea-parties, but can't till the boys come), and for huckleberry excursions, where there are dogs and fences, and for fishing, and such things.

"Last night there was *great* excitement. Miss Riley said she *heard* that *five young men* had engaged rooms for August in this hotel, and that rooms (on the second floor) were being fixed for them. You ought to have seen Olivia. 'They won't come *to-night*, will they?' she said; for she had nothing on but her plain black silk and a turned-down collar. But to-day she's dressed splendidly—plum-color and salmon. I wish you could see her gown; it's *lovely*. They are coming in the stage to-night, and I do hope we will have some fun, and I want you, dear mamma, to write *especially* to Adele—because she is awfully stupid about *some* things—that if there are picnics, I am to go, and to tea-parties, for I'm fourteen," etc.

The five young men came, others were soon added to the number, and there was no more dullness that season. Drives, picnics, sails, rambles, everything that could be devised for lending wings to the summer hours, found plentiful energy to prevent dreams from losing the "name of action. All went merrily to mid-August.

In mid-August a keen observer might have noticed in the little community—outwardly all gayety and suave amity—certain ominous signs threatening the general peace in the formation of cliques. In these cliques there were whisperings and mystery, as if in disaffection or in disapproval of each other. Adele Haskell with her natural reserve holding herself apart from personal confidences, and having in the sea-side circle no intimate friend, was not quick to perceive this change in the daily life of her companions. All the more when the change suddenly became palpable did she feel herself alone and harshly shut out from the sympathies of those who at first had seemed anxious to establish with her the most confiding friendship. Fortunately the rapid succession of diversions gave her little time to brood over the cause of this coldness, which was confined to the girls, the young men having with admirable tact equalized their attentions, so that no one could feel the weight of masculine neglect, least of all the beautiful Adele.

One of these considerate youths was, however, unconsciously the source of disaffection, and that no other than Harvey Ellsworth, the favorite of the whole house, the manly beau-ideal of the younger girls, and the distinguished master of ceremonies in every plan devised by the elders, both of whom submitted to his judgment and direction.

"Is it not really ridiculous, said Olivia H—— to her half-dozen bosom-friends, in that confidential hour when the gentlemen were not present, "the manner of Adele to Mr. Ellsworth? She is so conscious, so affectedly shy—for there is not any real shyness about her. I believe she is actually in love with him. And it is so absurd, for any one can see that he never gives her a thought. I have watched him quite closely; and although he is polite, as he has to be, of course, he never cares to talk to her or to dance with her. He never gives her an admiring glance. And the other night, about the music, he was almost rude to her; that is, rude for *him*. Well, I never liked Adele particularly. I never could see the beauty people talk about. And now I like her less than ever, and I should think that Harvey Ellsworth would be positively disgusted."

"I have no doubt that he is disgusted," said Matilda Owens. "Of course he wouldn't like to show it. And Adele acts as much as to say, in her quiet way, 'He is secretly in love with me.' O, I should just like to see her vanity dampened a little. Girls, let us have some fun; let us bring Adele Haskell out."

"How do you mean 'bring her out?'"

"Why, let us make some plan to set her face to face with her folly, and give her remarkable serene dignity a good lesson."

"What plan can we make?"

They were not long in finding one; for, given the mischievous intent, and there is always a scheme ready at hand to give the mischief expression.

The plan was a bold one, and several days elapsed before it was thoroughly completed and ready for execution. It might have perished carelessly as it began but for one or two aggravating circumstances which in the meantime made Adele appear to be more than ever appropriating the desirable Mr. Ellsworth.

During these few days the susceptible little Georgie found herself very kindly noticed by Olivia and Olivia's particular friends. At last one morning Matilda Owens said to her:

"Georgia, do you want to have some fun, and help us with a plan of ours that will be an excellent joke?"

Georgie declared she was ready for anything; she loved fun, and she loved jokes.

"Whom is the letter to?" asked Georgia.

"That," said Matilda, "you are not to know. Then if any questions are asked when the joke comes off you can say truly that you are ignorant."

Georgie looked thoughtful at this, and hesitated. "I think I ought to know whom I am writing to," she said.

The girls overruled her objection. "You will know as soon as it is best," they said. "And you can trust us that it is written to the right person."

So Matilda dictated:

"Forgive me if I address you too hastily and too boldly. You are in all my thoughts every moment, and I feel that I can not resist the opportunity that may never occur again. May I see you for a few moments alone? If you will grant me this request—and I beg you as you value the true devotion of my heart not to refuse—please wear to-night in your hair *a yellow rose.*"

This letter had been carefully composed, and it was dictated by Matilda from a manuscript approved by all the girls concerned in this practical joke.

"Now sign it," said Olivia.

"How shall I sign it?" asked the child, who had succeeded by sharp scrutiny of the model in making the writing quite characteristic.

"Why, 'Harvey Ellsworth,' of course. 'Tis a pity we could not get his signature for you to copy exactly, but you must make it from the letters you have. There is a capital H to begin with."

"O, Matilda," said Georgie, "I could not sign a man's name. That would be wrong, I am sure. No one has a right to sign another man's name. Why, that would be forgery." She was quite decided.

"Well, it must be signed," said Olivia, "or it will not be of any use. Of course no one would wear a rose for an anonymous lover. Come, don't be obstinate, Georgie; we shall lose our whole joke."

"I will tell you what she can do," said Matilda, who had some faint misgiving of conscience herself on this point: "she can sign it in initials—'H. E.' That might be anybody; at least it might be any He. Come, child, don't haggle; the whole affair is nothing but a bit of fun. He! he! always comes after a good joke, you know, Georgie."

So Georgie having found in the scraps of "Consequences" the proper capitals, signed "H. E." with a modest flourish, and the note, after due inspection and admiration, was signed and sealed.

"Now *please* let me direct it," said Georgie, "I'll promise not to tell."

"O, we have a plan about the direction," Olivia said. "Now you have done your part nobly, and if there is ever anything we can do for your pleasure, be sure to let us know."

"I should like to see the fun," said Georgie. "And you need not tell me who it is, for I *know* it is Miss Riley. And it's almost too bad, only I suppose a real old maid—a real *flirting* old maid. I mean—doesn't mind whom she wears yellow roses for. She will just be wondering why he doesn't come up and ask her to take a drive, or walk around the piazza by moonlight. I can just imagine how she'll pucker her funny crooked mouth, and dart her poor little yellow eyes around the corners, watching and waiting till he don't come;" and Georgie laughed at the picture her imagination presented of the excitement of the antiquated coquette, who had been a warning post to the girls all summer to point out what they might come to if they kept on dancing and flirting till their hair turned gray, and their dimples ran into wrinkles, and their voices cracked, and so on.

Success smiled upon the completion of the practical joke. When the eleven a. m. mail had arrived, and the customary application for letters was made at the hotel office, Mr. Ellsworth appeared there, looking over his own budget, as fortune would have it, quite alone. Then Olivia came sauntering gracefully along the corridor, and coming near him, paused.

"O Mr. Ellsworth," said she, "*can* you reach that pen on the desk, and *will* you just direct this little note? It is only a line to Adele; I must send it to her room. Just 'Miss Adele Haskell,' please." And she turned to order a bell-boy for the errand.

The ink of its address was hardly dry when Adele received the note. There was a picnic that day at Seven-mile Falls, a drive home by early moonlight, and high tea at nine. Immediately before tea the toilets were made for the evening, and a by-plot was contrived by which Georgie Haskell was detained from being present at the critical moment of the joke's denouement. When tea was nearly over, she took her place at table, and glanced at Miss Riley; there was the yellow rose in her hair! Mr. Ellsworth, perfectly unconscious, was seated nearly opposite her. Then Georgie looked cautiously at Olivia; there was a yellow rose in her hair. All the girls, even Adele, had yellow roses in their hair. Mr. Ellsworth had a yellow rose in his button-hole. Other gentlemen had similar *boutonnieres*.

Georgie was slightly bewildered; but her keen appetite for supper after all her open-air exercise assuaged her curiosity, and she contented herself to await the explanation of this complication of yellow roses until after she should have devoured her oysters and salad.

The affair had taken place simply, but satisfactorily. The girls specially interested had hastened to their tea. Adele came rather late. She wore an ivory-colored gown, with gold ornaments; she looked very beautiful. In her dark hair, half hidden by the heavy braid, was a yellow rose-bud. She took her place not far from Olivia. On the table opposite Olivia was a basin of yellow roses. The young lady drew it toward her, after Adele entered, and said, in a nonchalant but distinctly audible voice, "Yellow roses seem to be the fashion to-night." With these words she took one from the vase, and stuck it jauntily in the braid of her hair. The girls near her did the same. Then Olivia ordered the basin to be passed around the table, so that all present might select a flower.

At the instant that the sentence had passed Olivia's lips Adele flushed quickly. She did not raise her eyes immediately; but when she did, she looked fully into Olivia's face and then at Matilda, whose half-suppressed laugh had reached her. Then she dropped her eyes again without allowing them to transmit any expression of surprise, or anger, or suspicion. But the quick flush faded into a painful pallor. She looked for a few moments as if she were fainting; but no, her spirit rallied. She went on with her tea. She even, as the waiter, not noticing the bud in her hair, held the basin to her, took from it a rose, and placed it in her bodice. She left the table when several others left it, so as not to attract observation, and went to her own room.

The plot had succeeded. She had been set face to face with her own folly.

When Georgie rushed to Matilda to hear "how the joke went off," all Matilda said was, "Hush, don't you see her?" and glanced toward Miss Riley.

But when Georgie a few minutes later went to find her sister, whom she missed from the parlor, she had difficulty in bringing any answer to the locked door of the room which the sisters shared together. When Adele, after delay, opened it, there was no concealing the fact that her eyes were red with weeping. She had evidently been shaken with some tempest of emotion.

"O, Addie!" cried the child, what is the matter? What has happened?" She caught sight of two yellow roses—a bud and a flower—tossed on the floor. "O, my darling Addie! my beautiful, splendid, noble sister! what *have* they done to you? O, I'll kill them every one; indeed I will," cried Georgie, for the whole truth flashed on her instantly: Adele was the victim of the plot. "And I'll kill myself, too," cried Georgie.

It was now Adele's turn for exclamation. "Be still, be still, my child; don't talk so wildly. Nothing has happened; no one has done anything to me. I was tired, and I cried. I felt tired, that's all. O, I feel so tired of all the world to-night!" And here Adele, seeing that Georgie was quite hushed, flung herself into an arm-chair, and burying her face in her hands, went on weeping.

Georgie stood perfectly still, as if petrified—petrified as to motion, but not petrified as to expression. Across her mobile child-face passed a conflict of feeling—sorrow, indignation, pity and at last resolve. From this last sentiment, *resolve*, her manner changed entirely: something of a womanly air took possession of her childishness. She came to Adele like a little mother.

"Come, my dearest, you are tired out, and I must see you lying down to rest before I go down stairs. We *children*," —here the small head gave its habitual scornful toss—"are to dance first; but you must be down stairs at ten. I know you will be rested by that time, and I want you *particularly*, for my sake, to come down."

All the while she talked she was caressing Adele, and between the caresses she unfastened her ornaments and unlaced her gown. She brought the *robe de chambre*. "For you are to be down at ten, so you cannot undress entirely, darling. But just lie down on the silk coverlet," which coverlet she proceeded to unfold and to spread on the bed.

Adele ceased crying; she was passive to Georgie's will. And Georgie, having seen her sister quite in a restful attitude, and having made her *solemnly promise* not to shed another tear, and not to *think* of anything that troubled her, turned the lamp-light low, and went down stairs. She danced "the Lanciers" for which she was engaged, and then went out alone into the cool, sweet night air of the moon-lit piazza. This piazza was one of the pleasure haunts of the midsummer nights: it made, with some detours under pavilions of an ornamented court-yard, the complete circuit of the hotel.

Georgie walked slowly along the piazza past two or three groups of girls, until she came to the angle that turned upon that portion of the portico which the gentlemen used after dinner and after tea for smoking. There were a few young men there with their cigars. Among them was Mr. Ellsworth. To him the child went boldly.

"Mr. Ellsworth, please could you come with me a minute to the Blue Pavilion?"

He could not refuse; indeed, he flung away his cigar with all politeness, and put the little hand gallantly upon his arm.

She said not a word till they reached the pavilion. Then she withdrew her arm from his suddenly, and turning toward him with a face glowing intensely with the absorbing thought her heart held, took both his hands in hers.

"*Dear* Mr. Ellsworth, a terrible trouble has happened."

"Not to Adele?"

"Yes, to Adele. And I have been in it. O, I'm a dreadful, dreadful, *dreadful* girl! Will you help me, *dear* Mr. Ellsworth?"

"To my utmost," said Harvey Ellsworth, with every appearance of sincerity, and even anxiety.

"I must tell you everything first," said the child; "and I don't know how to, but I must. Well, the girls wanted to play a joke on Adele—on *Adele*, just to think of it! And so they wrote her a note, and pretended that *you* wrote it, but in reality *I* did, for I copy handwriting. But, oh! I never, *never* will copy anything again, for I believe it is breaking the Second Commandment—it is making a graven likeness. O, isn't it, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Go on, my child," said that gentleman, with impatience undisguised.

"And we sent the note, saying that you adored her, and wanted to see her all alone; and if she would let you, she must come down to tea to-night wearing a yellow rose."

"And *did* she wear it?"

And here Georgie, petrified again—petrified this time in motion, speech, expression. There was something so intense in the way in which Harvey Ellsworth asked this question, something so like an electrical shock thrilling Georgie in every nerve upon which his voice fell. Soft as that voice was, it rang like a violin string that gives the note and breaks in giving it; and his eyes shone like points of fire—at least she thought they did.

"Did she *wear* it?"

O, Georgie, you will never be a child again after to-night. The terror, the responsibility, the mingled insight and apprehension of this concentration of experience, forbid you ever to return to the reckless innocence of fate.

She paused one moment longer. She dropped his hands, and covering her eyes, stood helplessly before him. Was it, then, to be either betrayal or desertion of Adele? One of these two miseries.

"It is a secret," half sobbed the child. "A good man like you would never tell it. Yes, Mr. Ellsworth, she wore it. And now"—she changed the attitude to one confiding and imploring—"and now you must help me. She must not be disgraced, my darling, noble sister, and laughed at by all the house; and I—my own hand did it."

She felt something like an electrical shock, for she had looked up to his face; and the face of Harvey Ellsworth at that moment was in a rapture—a rapture of happiness.

Her heart lightened as she went on. "You must pretend to Adele that you did write it; she must never know that the girls made such a plan; she must think that she was mistaken; for, oh! she has been crying dreadfully. You must send her another note and say you are so glad she wore the rose."

"And I *am* so glad," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"And then—for she did consent," this Georgie said regretfully—"since she did consent, you must walk around the piazza with her, and make up something to comfort her."

"I shall not have to make it up," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Then come, quick, and write the message," cried the impetuous Georgie.

By ten o'clock Adele, re-arrayed in her lovely costume, with the rose-bud in her hair, and the message, "Meet me in the Blue Pavilion," written by his own hand, brought to her by her own Georgie—his message, with one trembling kiss upon it, safely stowed in the pocket of her ivory-colored gown—went downstairs just as the waltz music in the parlor struck up jubilantly.

And in the Blue Pavilion, safe with Mr. Ellsworth, Georgie, blessed Georgie—for so she felt herself that moment—left her.

"Adele," said the manly voice, with that manliest tone in it that springs from true devotion. "I shall thank you all my life for granting me this happiness. May I spend my life—are you going to let me, dear Adele, spend my life in thanking you for it?"

"These questions followed each other closely; so closely because the proud, sensitive girl, to whom all expression of that which was really sacred to her was by her very constitution most difficult, had been this night so tossed and wearied by pain and pain's misgivings that she melted at love's first touch. There was no need to ask, "Do you love me?" between the dedicatory questions. The sweet face, agitated and tender, the hands that he clasped in his, trembling, told without the asking that she loved him.

He drew her near to him there in the solitude, in the shaded moonlight, in the midsummer sea-air, and went on with a lover's resistless fervor: "My darling, I hardly dared—hardly dared to hope for this after our cruel separation. When we parted last year in Florence, Adele, and you said 'forever,' I knew as deeply as you could care to have me know that I never could love another—not really love another. Do you know, my darling, did you hear, that I was very ill at Paris? They called it Roman fever, but it was the fever of fate, Adele. Many weeks it consumed me. Then when I aroused myself, or when something beyond myself aroused me to the fact of living again, I took up life simply as a burden. 'If I can give a ray of happiness to those unhappy as myself, let me live,' I thought; 'but for me there is no joy in living.' And now we have met again. It was a strange accident that brought me to this place. I must tell you of it some time, darling. But we have met again, and this time it is forever. Adele—my love."

As little Georgie in her motherly treatment of her sister had mingled with her words and service her tender caresses, so Adele's lover now between his words lavished his mute endearment.

"We have met again, and this time *forever*."

"Well, I declare," said Olivia, when on the morrow of the unkind plot's denouement the engagement was announced of Harvey Ellsworth and Adele Haskell—"I do declare that men are the most deceitful creatures. Who could ever have dreamed that those two people had ever been anything to each other, had actually been engaged, they say, and the engagement broken off by Adele's guardian? Why, no one could have seemed more indifferent than that Harvey Ellsworth has seemed; how she can trust him or have any faith in him I can not imagine. He certainly *acted* coldly enough, and as if he did not care for her."

"Perhaps he does not care for her now," said Matilda Owens.

And at the very moment that she said it Harvey Ellsworth—on the ocean shore, far up at the White Cove, where the breakers came in magnificently, and where the blue sea, far as eye could look, was spangled as if strewn with golden roses—Harvey Ellsworth was lying in the white sand at Adele's feet, with his lips seeking her hand again and again, and his eyes looking long and deep into hers, and his heart saying to his heart of hearts, "At last Heaven has given me the woman of my life, the woman of my soul."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Her Dear Richard.

Mrs. Resolve had evidently read that first impressions help a law suit, and as she came out she puckered her mouth into a bouquet of roses, bowed sweetly and remarked:

"Judge, I beg your pardon for this trouble."

"O, dont, Mrs. Resolve. It is no trouble at all, I assure you."

"It was a vexatious little mistake, you know, and I wouldn't have had it happen for ever so much."

"No, I presume not. I see you are charged with disturbing the peace."

"All a mistake, Judge. My dear Richard is a great hand to frolic. He had been chasing me through the house, and as he went out I chased him to the walk and threw a splinter after him. He'll be here directly and tell you that we live in the greatest harmony, and have never had one hard word in our fifteen years of wedded life."

"Is Richard Resolve in court?" called Bijah.

"He are!" answered a solemn voice, and a man weighing about half as much as the woman, and having about half the surface of square feet, came to the front. He had his head tied up, one of his eyes was going into mourning, and his nose had been peeled half its length.

"Ah! this is my dear Richard!" exclaimed Mrs. Resolve, as she rushed to meet him.

He waved her off. Then he cleared his throat. Then he removed the bandage from his head. Then he said:

"Judge, give her ninety-nine years in the Work House!"

"O! Richard, how can you?" she pleaded.

"Judge, she's a bad 'un. This is the way she serves me about six times a year, and if it can't be stopped it'll break down my constitution."

"Richard, am I not your devoted wife?"

"No, sir!"

"Don't I love you to distraction?"

"Not any!"

"Won't you tell His Honor that you fell down and hurt yourself while we were playing?"

"Never! You played on me with a stick of stove-wood, and I hope you'll go up!"

"Darling, your mind wanders."

"And my body is going to wander, too! Judge, she's worse than an Injun."

The witness fell back, and the woman leaned over the desk and whispered:

"Really, I must send Richard to the insane asylum. He's getting very flighty."

"And I'll see what the Work House will do for you," softly answered the Court. "I make it sixty days."

"Please, sir!"

"Sixty days, Mrs. Resolve."

"Well, I'm sorry, and I'm certain you'll regret it," she said, as she smiled and withdrew; but the moment she entered the corridor she rushed at Bijah, bit him in the wrist, kicked his shins, scratched his chin and tore off his collar, and she might have crippled him for life had not two officers rushed in to his assistance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Woman's Romance in a Nutshell.

He was introduced to her at a ball; she danced with him and forgot him.

She met him again at a reception, was reintroduced, and remembered she had seen him before. Where? She knew not. Yet for some moments his arm had been around her slender waist.

At the reception she talked with him, and found him dull. She looked at him. He might be called handsome, but was awkward. When he sat down he was prone to sprawl. He stood with his head forward and stumbled ungracefully in his walk. She flushed with annoyance, left him, and went into the conservatory with a man more to her taste.

She found him one evening at the house of a friend. She conversed easily on topics of general interest. He sat in chair too low for him, and his feet were painfully apparent. She disdainfully turned her shoulder toward him. Presently she rose to go, and dropped her handkerchief. He bent lightly forward and caught it up, almost before it touched the carpet. As an intimate friend at the house he prepared to see her home. He arranged her cloak with eager deference, and she smiled. He trampled on her skirt as she passed out of the door, and she frowned.

They arrived at her gate; he pushed it open, took off his hat, and almost ran away.

One day she was coming home from a shopping expedition with a small parcel in her hand. He came up with her, bowed awkwardly, blushed and asked if he might take her parcel. He did not say much, but listened in adoring silence. When he left her she laughed and said he was intolerably stupid, yet not a bore.

Pretty soon he began to call often, and attended her to the opera and theater when she would permit him. He was always near her, and anxious to be of service. He was manly, and among men a favorite. He rode well, but danced indifferently. The other girls laughed at him, but he did not heed it. She danced perfectly, was talkative, daring, impulsive.

She snubbed him, and shook him off for more accomplished men.

He finally said he loved her. She laughed, said "Impossible," tormented him, neglected him, refused more eligible suitors, and finally married him and adored him for all time.

Of such is the nature of women.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An official report upon the number of wild beasts killed in Algeria during 1880 has recently been published by the Government of that colony. There has been a constant diminution in the number of these animals, who have mostly retreated southward since the country has been colonized by the French. However, in the year mentioned there were killed in the province of Constantine fifteen lions, seventy-two panthers and twelve hyenas; in Alger, one lion, twenty-two panthers and sixty-three hyenas; in Oran, eighteen panthers and sixty-six hyenas. There were besides 2,900 jackals killed in the three provinces.

—The conceited Britishers claim we have no literature of our own. They don't know anything about our circus posters, evidently.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—We ought not to judge of man's merits by his qualifications, but by the use he makes of them.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Moody and Sankey have declined the invitation to spend a year in London.

—There is a school population of 744,331 in Missouri, and shool funds to the amount of $549,671.83 have just been distributed.

—The Episcopal Clergymen's Insurance League had paid $316,000 to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen during the last thirteen years.

—As the result of a vote taken by sixty-one Presbyteries, instrumental music will be introduced into the United Presbyterian Church of North America. The ballot stood 616 to 606.

—There are ten groups of churches all subject to a general council. These are: Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Russia, Cyprus, Austria, Mount Sinai, Montenegro and the Hellenic Church. The number of members in all of the branches is nearly 75,000,000.

—The general minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, give these statistics for 1881: Traveling preachers, 3,704; superannuated preachers, 307; local preachers, 5,865; white members, 844,367; colored members, 993; Indian members, 5,451; total ministers and members, 830,687, being an increase last year of 12,984; Sunday schools, 9,310; teachers, 62,442; scholars, 462,321—increase last year, 21,707.

—It may surprise some persons to be told that the seat of learning in the United States having the largest income is the University of Michigan, which has $300,000 a year at its disposal. Harvard comes next, while Yale and Columbia are close together. In property bequeathed by private individuals Harvard leads all the rest, of course, its entire endowment practically coming from that source.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Connecticut Legislature has provided that School Boards, on the petition of twelve adult residents, may order instruction in the public schools concerning the effects of intoxicating beverages. The liquor dealers in some of the cities are preparing to oppose the use of text books made for the purpose by total abstinence societies and to insist on scientifically accurate works. The brewers will take a part in the controversy by demanding that the children be taught that beer in moderation is not hurtful.

—Elder David W. Patman, rather the leading light of the so-called Hardshell Baptists of Georgia, is dead. He was an eccentric man, of no education, a blacksmith as well as a preacher, but a man of great zeal and virtuous life. In his small church at Cobbham, he preached for years, but his flock never grew very much. It was made up of white and colored people. They were separated by a railing, and the women sat apart from the men. They washed each others feet on communion Sundays with great solemnity.

—Chaplain McCabe, who is the head and front of the Methodist Church Extension Society, found at least one appreciative hearer at the recent Northern New York Conference at Malone, as this welcome and characteristic note from ex-Vice President Wheeler, a Presbyterian, shows: "Please get out of this region while I have something left. To reconcile you in some measure to going I enclose my check to your order for $1,000. Put the money into your frontier work in multiplying the foundations of Christian citizenship, and may God's blessing go with you, as mine does. When you get the country well 'underbrushed' we will send out some Presbyterians and put on the finishing touches. —*Chicago Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The difference between a "bad cent and a demolished apple" is that one's good for naught and the other's gnawed for good.

—If people would follow Emerson's resolution, "I cannot afford to be irritable," there would be more happy families in the country.

—The Germans call a spinster "Ein sitzen-gebliebenes Mædchen," "a maid left sitting." Much more euphonious than our epithet of "old maid."

—A wise and learned doctor gives forth the information that gulf weed is an antidote for obesity. He does not say, however, whether it is to be worn about the hat or applied as a plaster.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It is said that the proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet, but there must be a mistake about it. We have never heard of any St. Louis woman nine feet high.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

—"A Lady Subscriber" asks why Paris papers are so wicked. We do not know, but an exchange informs us that there are 100 women journalists in Paris. Does that help you any?—*Rochester Express.*

—Post obit: Mrs. Malloy—"Shure, Mrs. McGinnis, an' it's rather poorly yer looking this morning." Mrs. McGinnis—"Indade, thin, Mrs. Malloy, an' it's good raison I'm havin' to look poorly. There's the postman just been to the doore to tell me there's a dead letter waitin' fur me at the postoffice; and I can't for the life of me think who it is that's dead."—*The Judge.*

—The twain were in the palace car—
Said he: "I do believe me
This vehicle hath lungs;" said she:
"How Thomas? Undeceive me!"
"I will," he added, pointing at
A ventilator panneled,
"It must be so, for don't you see
That Pullman-ary channel?"
—*Rome Sentinel.*

—What shall we do with our wives," is the serious question which heads an article of importance going the rounds of the press. "Why not Utahlize them?" said the paragrapher. Then there was a report as if a cannon had exploded and a we-shall-meet-and-we-shall-miss-thee expression on the faces of the surviving members of the force.

—"You are looking bad," remarked Snowberger to Colonel Percy Yerger. "What's the matter?" "The doctor says my lungs are affected and that I must not take more than three drinks a day." "I would try some other doctor." "I did, and he said the same thing." "Well, then, if each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks." "I never thought of that before. I'll see the rest of the doctors in Austin, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, that will make about sixty drinks a day, and that is as much as is good for an invalid.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

Not quite the same the springtime seems to me
Since that sad season when in separate ways
Our paths diverged. There are no more such days
As dawned for us in that last time when we
Dwelt in the realm of dreams, illusive dreams,
Spring may be just as fair now, but it seems
Not quite the same

Not quite the same is life since we two parted,
Knowing it best to go our ways alone,
Fair measures of success we both have known,
And pleasant hours; and yet something departed
Which gold, nor fame, nor anything we win,
Can all replace. And either life has been
Not quite the same.

Love is not quite the same, although each heart
Has formed new ties that are both sweet and true;
But that wild rapture which of old we knew
Seems to have been a something set apart
With that last dream. There is no passion, now,
Mixed with this later love, which seems, somehow,
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same am I. My inner being
Reasons and knows that all is for the best
But oh! the unstilled yearning in my breast,
As my soul's eyes turn ever backward, seeing
The vanished self, that ever more must be,
This side of what we call eternity,
Not quite the same.

—*Ella Wheeler, in Boston Transcript.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE INEVITABLE.

With the exception of here and there a constitutional grambler, the different phases of external nature are not accepted with resignation and pleasure.

As far as possible we prepare for the cold and the heat, the rain and the wind, and when taken unawares by an elemental disturbance—if not too seriously damaged—we bear our discomfiture bravely, and usually look back upon such an experience as something quite out of the common, as well as a good joke. The reason for such calmness and patience are obvious. As soon as we know anything, we are made acquainted with the fact that the storm that interferes with our pleasure or spoils our finery is unavoidable. A child does not cry very often for the moon to play with, or long expect that the north wind which stiffens his face and congeals his blood will stop blowing on account of his dislike of it.

Submission to the disagreeable in external nature means a knowledge of its inevitableness. We have no power to modify or prevent any of its moods, so we adapt ourselves as far as possible to all of them, taking some comfort in the thought that we are not responsible for results. It may seem somewhat farfetched to endeavor to institute an analogy between external nature and human nature, since upon human nature devolves more or less responsibility. Still there is an inevitableness about human relations which it would be well to sometimes consider. On the assumption that a knowledge or realization of the inevitable helps us to bear what inevitably must be borne, let us look at the marriage relation. We all know that the institution of marriage is still in a very crude and unsatisfactory condition. The *desire for position, the love of money*, the fear of being left to a single life, are some of the reasons that obtain with people who ought to know better. For one motive and another, men and women come together in marriage too often without the mutual love which should be the foundation of such a life.

Sometimes there appears to be this basis, but a short experience of "traveling in harness" proves that there was a mistake. Then again, love—such as it is—does here and there seem to exist, but in many instances it fails to give the comfort which was expected. Of course there are great and glorious exceptions to all this; but it will hardly be disputed that marriage in general is not as prolific of happiness as it ought to be, or as it certainly will be in the good day coming when education shall have lifted the world into a knowledge of good and evil.

Now, the law which brings a conscientious man and woman together in the marriage relation is as inevitable as the law of gravitation. Troubles and disagreements may come, but an inherent and mutual decency will keep this couple together and their disaffections a matter of profound secrecy. The question now arises, if a realization of the inevitable can accomplish as much as this, may it not be of more service by enabling those who suffer from the effects of certain traits of character, for instance, to realize that these traits are also inevitable?

To many persons who have, or think they have, greater causes for misery, the complaint of a wife that her husband does not understand her seems absurd; and yet there is no more frequent, and, perhaps, no more acute unhappiness than proceeds from this cause. Women, as a rule, live much more in the imagination than men, and have more time for the work of introspection. Their ideals are higher, but not infrequently quite out of reach even by those disposed to attain to them.

"If I could only find some *real* fault with my husband," said a lady to an intimate friend; "but I have no complaint to make save the very common one of his not understanding me. He is the soul of honor, kind-hearted, generous and an untiring friend. He has never, thus far, spoken an unkind or a hasty word to me, and I know he never will; and yet he has no more appreciation or understanding of my states of feeling, my intellectual and spiritual life, than my next-door neighbor."

Those persons who are alive to this great problem of human life understand perfectly that the remarks of this wife could be made by thousands of wives with equal sincerity. Whether or not they ought ever to be made is a question which admits of some doubt. It is a help to many temperaments to talk over troubles and perplexities with a sympathizing friend, and if the friend be discreet as well as sympathetic there may be no harm done. But it must be also true that, when a woman reaches a mental condition where it is possible for her to speak disparagingly of her husband she is within an easy distance of marital shipwreck. This article is intended mostly for this class of wives; those who admit they have nothing to complain of and yet suffer intensely, and complain or not according as they are wise or foolish.

"My husband does not understand me," says another woman. "He is honest in all the relations of life. He is not unkind, but he never reads a poem with me, or knows whether I am dressed in red flannel or cardinal velvet."

Here is another:

"My husband is thoroughly good. He hasn't a single bad habit, and I know he loves me dearly, but, notwithstanding, he hurts me in the tenderest places. He often forgets to put in an appearance when I have invited guests, and never takes me to the opera, or seems to care whether I have any amusement or not."

Still another:

"My husband is the best man in the world, but he never seems to think I can get tired taking care of children or cooking his dinner. He eats and sleeps as if he thought it my business to drudge from morning till night."

The following remark I heard made not long ago by one of the loveliest women whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Those who do not comprehend the lineness of feminine sensibilities may be at a loss to discover where the lovelinss comes in; but it is there all the same. There had been some lively and good-natured comparisons of husbands of our acquaintance, when the lady spoken of remarked, with heightened color and flashing eyes:

"I don't think it is very good taste for a wife to talk about her husband, but what will you think when I tell you that my husband never asked me to take a plate of ice-cream in his life? He knows there is nothing I like so well. We often have it for dessert, of course; but many times when we have been out walking I have so wished, when passing ice-cream saloons, that he would ask me to go in, and because he hasn't has spoiled many a walk."

"Well!" remarked a plain-spoken old maid, "I can conceive of your husband's not thinking of such a thing, but I cannot conceive of a wife who is on any decent terms with her husband who would refuse to ask for what she wanted. Why didn't you tell him you would like some ice-cream?"

"My husband knows my liking for ice-cream, and it is his business to ask me," was the sensitive rather than the sensible reply. Now this wife credits her husband with a kind heart, and perfect honesty of purpose. She even admits that if the invitation had come from her he would gladly have accompanied her to any number of ice-cream saloons. This complaint seems silly as well as unwomanly, but it doubtless had its birth in other neglects which she did not speak of. The failure of a husband to invite his wife to partake of ice-cream could hardly furnish grounds for divorce, but seems in this instance to have been "the feather that broke the camel's back." Taken by itself it is certainly too absurd for a moment's notice, but it can not be isolated. Such a state of affairs can only come from the extremest and most morbid sensitiveness, and how much a woman can do to overcome such a condition is the present question. Certainly not by brooding over apparent neglect, much less by talking about it. In these degenerate days the woman who has an honest man for her husband is to be congratulated. If he is also kind, generous and provident, she has certainly drawn a prize in the great lottery. It must be true that these wives who have nothing to complain of, and yet who suffer so much from lack of husbandly appreciation and sympathy, do not place a proper value on manly qualities. Is it not possible for a wife, in consideration of the cardinal virtues, to get on comfortably and lovingly with failure in the minor points? Such failure is inevitable. If the bread-winner's head is full of business, to the exclusion of the new poem or favorite opera, ought a wife to feel aggrieved? If in the worry and press of commercial affairs a man forgets that his wife has invited guests to dinner, is it the part of common sense to be made miserable by it, since the husband will come home sober when he does come, and solicitous only for the comfort of his family? It is impossible for most men to understand how vital these things are to women. Even the best and tenderest will not infrequently fall short of the mark in such matters. Women as a rule enjoy details. Men as a rule abhor them. Why weep and pity one's self because of this fact? Shall we be wretched because our oak tree is not an asparagus bed as well?

I am not writing now of husbands who willfully hurt their wives' feelings, but of men who are great and good in the large, and who fail in the small simply because the small does not appeal to them. This determination to find qualities that do not exist, to force responses from lips which may be warm and loving, but which are dumb to your wish, is a fruitful source of misery in married life. Its effects are broad and far-reaching. Education will ultimately develop more thoughtfulness in men and more philosophy in women, and for future generations, as well as for present comfort, wives would do well to consider the inevitableness of the situation, and as far as possible adapt themselves to it. Most of the class who suffer from not being understood could extract much more comfort from life if they would only think so, besides insuring pleasant firesides and more harmonious children.—*Christian Union.*

Too-too Esthetic.

"Yes, that's the spot. You can see what a beautiful esthetic splash it is," and she knelt softly.

"O how tranquilly delicious so-so-purplish-pluming in color with such a languid tendency to spread," answered her friend.

"Yes, that just delineates it; and what a breath of expression—what power of concentration—it is positive genius."

"I think mum," said the scrub lady, "you moight get it out with gall. I've heerd——"

"Heard, not heerd, Bridgetina, and as to that splash on the carpet, no money would tempt me to have it erased. Why that is where dear Mr. Oscar Wilde upset his inkstand when he kindly permitted us to entertain him on his recent tour. He is the apostle of beauty, Bridgetina."

"Faith, thin, if he was the apostle Peter, he shouldn't spoile me foine carpet like that!" retorted the lady from Galway.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—In some things habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in the formation of character it is an estimable advantage.

Instincts of Elephants.

If nature has not given intellect to these animals, it has given them an instinct very much akin to it. A man has only to hunt them in their wilds to learn how wonderfully Providence has taught them to choose the most favorable ground, whether for feeding or encamping, and to resort to jungles where their ponderous bodies so resemble rocks or the dark foliage, that it is very difficult for the sportsman to distinguish them from surrounding objects; while their feet are so constructed that not only can they tramp over any kind of ground, whether hard or soft, thorny or smooth, but without emitting a sound. Some of their encamping grounds are models of ingenuity—some of them perfect fortresses. I once followed up a herd and found them in a small forest surrounded on three sides by a tortuous river, impassable for ordinary mortals by reason either of the depth of water, its precipitous banks, quicksands or entangling weeds in its bed, while the fourth side was protected by a tangled thicket, further protected by a quagmire in front. To get at them without disturbing them was impossible; at last, when I did get within shot of the forest, the elephants retreated by the opposite side to that by which I had approached, and after following them for several hours I did not get a shot. The damage done to rice crops, Mr. Sanderson thinks, is exaggerated. It may be so in Mysore; but in Burmah, in many places, it is excessive. While employed on survey work in the Tharawaddie district, I have been followed about by villagers pointing out the damage done and asking for a remission of tax, mistaking me for a revenue officer. No one supposes elephants have the reasoning powers possessed by man; if they had, we should be their slaves, and not they ours; but their instinct is wonderful. I will give a couple of instances: When war broke out with Burmah, a lot of elephants were sent across from Bengal to Prome by land, under the charge of Captain Baugh, of the Bengal Twenty-sixth. Among them was a magnificent tusker. He took a dislike to this officer, why was not exactly known. Some said it was because he had knocked off the elephant's neck his mahout; but be the reason what it may, this brute tried to kill Baugh, and him only, several times. I have seen him thrashed for this several times by other elephants armed with chains, who wielded them much as a drummer does the lash at the halberds; but it was of no use, his dislike was inveterate, he would take no food except from a pet female, (he had two lashed alongside of him,) and eventually died at Shoaydoung. As a rule, elephants are timid, quiet, inoffensive; but when wounded and closely followed up, or females with young, their fury knows no bounds. They dread fire more than anything else; but one elephant belonging to the battery in Assam was an exception, and would assist in putting out a fire. This same elephant would do what I never knew any other to do, viz., when a beast's neck was cut through, all but the vertebræ, (it did not matter whether the beast was a buffalo, a deer, tiger, or anything else,) it would, when ordered, put a foot on the neck, twine the trunk around the head, and, with a wrench, separate it from the body and hand it up to the mahout. I have seen one or two elephants that would hand a dead bird up; but most of them will not touch anything of the sort. Nor would they intentionally tread upon a fallen man or beast—those used for executions in the Guicor's territories—Baroda—have been taught to do so. Some foolish men teach their elephants to trample upon a dead body, and by so doing ruin them for sport. An elephant, unless vicious by nature, will only do so at first with the greatest reluctance, but after a time, if anything falls before it, it is apt to charge, and if it does not kneel down suddenly and throw the occupant out of the howdah, it gets the animal between its legs, and plays a sort of football with it, throwing it backward and forward between the front and hind legs until it is of the consistency of a jelly. Men are occasionally thrown off the back of an elephant; what would their fate be mounted on a beast who had been taught such tricks? An elephant I bought of Mr. Tye had once been cut by a rhinoceros. Nothing would induce her to enter a jungle where one of these animals was; the very slightest scent of one would send her flying. A splendid female mucknа belonging to my department cared nothing for a tiger; would kick one out of her path without showing the slightest signs of uneasiness, but if she met a pony nothing could hold her.—*London Field.*

DeLong and Franklin.

The points of resemblance between Franklin and DeLong are too striking to escape attention now and in the records of historians hereafter. Their mission to the polar seas was substantially the same; both failed to accomplish the work for which they set forth; both exhibited the most heroic qualities of daring, endurance and fortitude, and both died of starvation. There is another point of resemblance which has pathetic interest, as the world remembers the woman whose faith in her husband's return has remained steadfast through long month's of suspense, but is to-day broken by the intelligence sent by Melville from the Lena delta. Like Franklin, DeLong leaves behind him a noble wife to mourn his fate, and her sorrow challenges the sympathy which the world bestowed so freely upon Lady Franklin. It remains for the American people to see that the memory of DeLong is honored like that of Franklin by his countrymen. The first duty of the Nation is to see that the body of the explorer, with the bodies of his comrades, is brought to America for honorable interment. It will then be a duty to see that a monument such as England erected to Franklin, is reared to the memory of a hero whose name will henceforth be a synonym for bravery and and manly fortitude.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—The London *World* tells this story of Balzac: Balzac was the neighbor of Prince Z., and often used to pay him a visit in the morning, clad in the completest *negligé*. One day Balzac met at his neighbor's a niece of the Prince, and felt bound to excuse himself on the nature of his attire. "Monsieur," replied the young lady, "when I read your books I did not trouble myself about the binding."

—Cetewayo, the ex-Zulu King, has abjured polygamy.

Living by Pious Deceit.

For several weeks the attention of many persons in public places has been attracted to two singular-looking women, who, among other peculiarities, have been spending large sums of money in a way and for articles altogether incongruous with their appearance and manner, which are those belonging to the humblest condition of life. The mysterious pair—one a tall, thin, angular woman, about thirty-eight years of age, and the other a rather robust young woman, bearing the appearance of a maid of all work—have been ordering sumptuous ten-dollar dinners daily at Finelli's and the Continental, driving in the Park, visiting the most fashionable stores, buying the most elegant articles at random, apparently regardless of cost or season, and occupying the most conspicuous seats at performances in the different theaters in the evening. In various ways they have managed to get a number of romantic stories afloat as to how the tall and angular young woman who controls the purse-strings secured her money. One story is that it was a legacy from a lover who discovered a gold mine near Leadville, but the true story, which came out yesterday, while anything but romantic, discloses one of the most curious cases of deception and imposition upon credulous and charitably-disposed people that has been known in a long time.

A few weeks ago two women, answering the description given, the elder one very poorly dressed, went into a furnishing establishment at Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets and asked the price of a set of blue rep-covered parlor furniture in the window. It was a show set, exceedingly handsome, and intended for a rich modern apartment where the surroundings would be in harmony. One of the young salesmen, chuckling at the thought of the astonishment the would-be customers would receive, replied that the price was $650. To his own astonishment he was told that they would take the set. Inquiry showed that the furniture had been promised to other parties and could not be disposed of, whereupon the mysterious customers, more than ever determined to have their way, ordered a set made exactly like it, offering to pay an additional sum, if necessary. They gave the address to which the furniture should be sent, No. 1,918 South Street. Upon going there it was found that Margaret Bethell, as the tall, angular young woman had given her name, occupied a room on the second floor above a small notion store, kept by Mrs. A. Cregg. Although unable to find how the money had been obtained, the salesman was satisfied that the young woman was able to pay, and the furniture was made, and as soon as finished paid for cash down. Several other visits were made by the two young women to the same establishment and large purchases made, including silk and velvet curtains and hangings, which are scarcely ever asked for at this time of year, the latter alone costing upwards of $300. The salesman having remarked the incongruity of putting such furniture in a room without a carpet, he went with the two women; at their request, and aided them in the selection of one, and also directed them to a real estate agent, as they talked of buying a house in some fashionable quarter. Out of this and similar examples of the extravagance of Miss Bethell and her companion the very singular story of how she got her money has come to light.

For upwards of twelve years an elderly woman named Margaret Bethel has been a pensioner on the charity of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, where she attended and showed all the outward semblance of great piety and extreme poverty. She attended nearly all the services and was the constant recipient of money and numerous articles of wearing apparel from wealthy people in the congregation. A man named John Bethel, who lived with her, she said was her infirm cousin, unable to work, and she represented her daughter as an imbecile. Living in various places, the last being the room on South Street, the old woman, up to the time of her death in February last, appeared to be but little removed from starvation. She had scarcely been dead an hour when Mrs. Cregg, who assisted in preparing her body for burial, discovered that she had left behind her a very large sum of money in cash and books of deposits for many thousands of dollars in various banks and trust institutions. All of this was taken in charge by her daughter. It now transpires that for many years, probably twenty, the old woman and the man who lived with her, who turns out to have been her husband, and the daughter have been practicing the most systematic deception upon charitable people of almost every religious denomination. Each worked in a different way and everything went to the common fund.

They have represented themselves respectively as Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and it is hard to tell what else, and drawn, money, and food and clothing constantly from people and churches of every faith. They have lived niggardly, sold nearly everything given them of any value and put the money in bank. The father, who died a year ago, was buried under Catholic influences, while begging alms, built a marble vault costing $500 in Woodlands Cemetery, in which she placed her husband's body, and the daughter, in turn gave the mother a $200 casket and a splendid funeral. The number of families and churches, and clergymen and institutions who have been victimized during these years by "good old Margaret," as she was called by many, are said to extend into the hundreds, and it is asserted further that she extended her operations to other cities. Since her mother's death Louisa, the daughter, who is really very sharp-witted and full of resources, although eccentric, has picked up a girl named Mary O'Neill as her attendant, and never goes out except in a carriage. She thinks herself "an heiress," has added an "l" to her name, and refuses to speak to the neighbors, with whom up to the time of her mother's death she had occasional intercourse.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A number of Indians living on King's River, California, were afflicted with measles, and a few days ago, when well broken out, concluded to take a bath in the river as a remedy. Fourteen of them were, in consequence, gathered to their fathers in the happy hunting-grounds.—*Chicago Times.*

The Rose-Growing Craze.

In consequence of the extraordinary prices obtained for rosebuds during the past two or three years, not only have the regular florists used their large profits in extending the green-house structures for that purpose, but the fabulous reports of the profits of rose-growing have excited the cupidity of many capitalists in the vicinity of New York, Boston and Chicago, and in all probability in the other large cities of the Union. These men have an abundance of means, and begin on a scale usually at which the ordinary florist, who had to climb his way up, ends; so that we have already in the vicinity of New York at least a dozen establishments for the forcing of rosebuds in winter, owned by men who count their capital by millions. These gentlemen, of course, know nothing practically about the business, relying altogether upon their gardeners for success—for who ever heard of a millionaire florist? Whether they do succeed or not in making a profit of a few thousand dollars a year is not vital to men who count their income by the hundred thousand; yet it is curious with what interest the rise or fall of a few cents in the rose market is regarded even by them. New Jersey has more than her quota of these millionaire florists. Already we have four in Madison, one in Summit, and two in Orange, New Jersey, and it is said that there is as much interest manifested by them in the prices at which, in the technical slang of the flower-shops, "Cooks," "Jacks," "Mermets" and "Perles" are quoted in Broadway as is evinced in Wall Street in "Wabash," "Lake Shore," "Erie" or "Central." It is true that one, at least, of these gentlemen gives all the profits that accrue from his roses to charitable purposes; but it is feared that he has few imitators among his compeers in this particular; for the motive is the same as in all other investments—to get the largest profit possible from the smallest amount of money involved. Within the past twelve months I have been consulted by at least a score of gentlemen about to embark in the business of rose-growing, and I have no doubt others of the trade have had the same experience. It is true that many of these amateur florists will get their fingers burnt, and will not only never realize a dollar, on their investments, but will work at a loss; yet enough of them will succeed to give zest to the risk, for at present prices, when success is attained, the profits are so great as to produce the present "craze" on the subject—a "craze" that probably will result exactly as the Morus Multicaulis did in 1840, or the grapevine fever in 1865. All experience shows that in the perishable commodities of fruits, flowers, or vegetables, whenever an oversupply floods the market and brings down the prices below a paying level, less is sold than when they bring a fair price. Two years ago, in June, strawberries and cabbage in the New York markets got so low as not to pay even the cost of marketing. The result was that hundreds of loads had to be taken back and dumped in the manure yards, as they could not be disposed of at any price. Some thirty years ago peaches one day fell down to twelve cents a basket in Washington Market, New York, and would not sell at that. In those days the crop was perhaps held by a score of dealers only. They got their heads together and decided to destroy every peach in the market. It was done. A scarcity was produced and in twenty-four hours peaches went up to one dollar a basket. The leader in the movement had no doubt been a disciple of Adam Smith, and had wisely studied the laws of supply and demand.

The present excitement in rose-growing is no doubt largely due to the unprecedented prices realized this winter, which have been caused in a great measure by the unusual heat and drouth of last autumn, which weakened in many cases, and in others entirely destroyed, the plants that would have been used to produce the crop of flowers. This, together with a brisk demand, has resulted in profits which it is unreasonable to expect can ever be long continued in any legitimate business.—*Peter Henderson, in Gardeners' Monthly.*

Matrimonially Mixed.

By a combination of circumstances Mrs. Rachel Foster and Mrs. Rachel Clark—who is one and the same person finds herself legally bound matrimonially to two husbands, and has applied to the courts to relieve her from the bonds of the double connubial knot. According to the papers in divorce filed by Mrs. Foster-Clark with the Prothonotary of the court of Common Pleas the lady in 1860, at the age of fifteen years, was married to Thomas Foster. Their honeymoon was brief, for in two month's they quarreled, and he left her to struggle along as best she could. With the breaking out of the rebellion the truant husband went forth to the defence of his country's flag and the girl-wife became a grass-widow only to don the widows weeds after the first battle of Bull Run, when word came home that Foster had fallen on the field of battle.

In the spring of 1866 she succumbed to the wooing of Elisha Clark, who was connected with the United States marine corps, stationed in this city. They lived very happily together till 1881, when Mrs. Clarke made the discovery that instead of occupying a hero's grave her first husband was in the flesh and a resident of Bridesburg. They met on friendly terms, the peculiar situation in which the woman had placed herself by her second marriage with Clark was discussed, and a separation from the latter followed. It was at this juncture that she sought the advice of counsel for assistance in extricating herself from the peculiar position in which she had been placed. She then filed in Common Pleas Court Room No 3 two libels in divorce, one from Foster on the grounds of a twenty years' separation, and the other from Clarke on the grounds that her marriage with him was voidable, owing to the libelant already having a husband living at the time the marriage ceremony was solemnized. Since the proceedings in divorce were commenced the fact has been developed that Foster, her first love in whose interest she instituted the suits, had also taken unto himself a second wife, thus complicating matters considerably. When the case comes up for adjudication spicy revelations are promised.—*Philadelphia Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The cotton worm eats $15,000,000 of the cotton crop every year.

—A mortgage on personal property, which was recorded in Boston the other day, provided for a rate of interest at fifty per cent. per annum.

—An English journal says: "Among American patents in a list before us are five for obliterating small-pox marks, etc. The ingredients are pumice stone, elderflower, glycerine, soap and fatty matter."

—"Amicus Cato, amicus Plato, amicus Cicero, sed major veritas." The next morning the lawyer found himself reported in the newspapers as follows: "I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Cicero, said Major Veritas."—*N. Y. Post.*

—A three-year-old baby on exhibition in Petersburg, Va., weighs 140 pounds, and the *Index-Appeal*, which is an authority in such matters, says that he is, moreover, a very pretty little mountain of flesh, as clean as a whistle and as fat as a pig.

—In a large Cincinnati billiard hall two men had a fight with pool balls. The missiles were thrown with reckless force, not only injuring the combatants, but smashing about all the glass in the place, denting the line woodwork, and bruising several spectators. The repairs would cost $1,200.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—General "Abe" Buford, the converted turfman, of Kentucky, in a speech in church the other night, lamented the morals of the turf, and said pool-selling had degraded a sport which, properly conducted, was entirely compatible with earnest Christianity.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Naturalists tell us that the sting-ray, starfish, prawn, boring winkle and gryphen are the deadliest enemies of the oyster. That's all the naturalists know about it. The worst enemy the oyster has is the spirituelle woman of 187 pounds when she declares, after the theater, that she cannot eat a single morsel—oh, indeed, no.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Constable Davis, of Summerfield, Ill., deserted his wife for no other reason than that she had lost the beauty which had distinguished her as a girl. The young men of the town concluded to tar and feather him and ride him on a rail. Tar was lacking at the last moment, and molasses was used instead; but the mobbing proved highly satisfactory to all concerned, except the constable.—*Chicago News.*

—A young medical student at Bowdoin College once asked Professor Cleveland, of that institution, if there were not some more recent works on anatomy than those in the college library. "Young man," said the Professor, measuring the entire mental caliber of the youthful scholar at one glance, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A report has been published showing the number of accidents to riders and pedestrians in the streets of Paris last year. The number of persons killed during the twelve months was 103, and of wounded 1,084. These figures include only those persons who were so seriously injured as to need the assistance of the police. The frequency of accidents of this kind is attributed to the excessive number of vehicles. It is calculated that there are 22,830 cabs and omnibuses plying daily in the streets of Paris.

—Joseph K. Emmet, the actor, recently purchased a huge St. Bernard dog named Bayard, for which he paid to Mr. Pope, of Boston, the fancy price of $2,500. The dog measures seven feet from nose to tail-tip, and weighs 200 pounds. Emmet introduced him in the first scene of "Fritz in Ireland" one night last week, but Bayard made such a confounded objection to the villain stealing the little girl that the performance came to a stand still until the dog could be coaxed off.—*Boston Post.*

—Princess Victoria, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Crown Princess of Germany, was confirmed recently with her cousin Leopold, the son of Prince Frederick Charles. The service was celebrated in a magnificent state apartment arranged as a chapel, and the Crown Princess herself brought in her young daughter, dressed in a plain gown of white silk, with her fair hair drawn back from her round babyish face. One enrions part of the ceremony was the reading aloud by the Prince and Princess of their confession of faith, a document which, according to an old tradition of the House of Hohenzollern, had been drawn up by the candidates for confirmation themselves.

—It was on Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga, a New-Yorker stood on Pilot Knob and looked down in the valley, and exclaimed: "How grand!" "That's ten cents extra," replied the guide, as he extended his hand. "What a charming prospect!" continued the visitor. "That's a fifteen-cent expression—pay at the gate as you go out!" "Here has Nature mingled the grand with the beautiful—the sublime with the lovely—the majesty of the mountain with the loveliness of the valley." "Colonel, that's one of our regular fifty-cent ovations. It will be charged in with your hotel-bill." "Villain, how dare you," said the Yorker, as he seized him and hacked him to the edge of the cliff. "Don't you do it, Colonel!" calmly observed the man. "Throwing a guide off the Knob always costs two dollars more—pay at the toll-gate as you go down!"—*Wall Street Daily News.*

In the Cradle of the Race.

Railroad building has begun in the far East. The next quarter of a century will see Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus, and the cities familiar to us through the most ancient of ancient history, within easy communication of the rest of the modern world by a complete system of railways. A road, 500 miles long, is now under way from the Black to the Caspian sea. It runs along the valley of the river of Cyrus, south of the Caucasus, and from a portion of it Mount Ararat is in sight. It seems incredible that there should be business to justify railroads in these graves of old nations, but wherever human beings live they must travel, and food and clothing must be transported from one point to another. The steel rails will soon girdle Mesopotamia, Central Asia and Arabia, and will help to bring about the poet's dream of the parliament of men, the federation of all the nations.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

Danenhower and three others of the Jeannette survivors reached New York Sunday, nearly three years after the sailing of the ship from San Francisco, and almost a year after she went down in the Artic Ocean.

The Vicksburg *Herald* warns the Mississippi Democracy that "the intolerance and bitterness now displayed toward Chalmers is just as great a mistake as was committed in countenancing his infamous 'case,'" and declares that "if it is possible to elect him, Bourbon persecution will do it."

The Farrow-Negley Libel Suit.

The trial of this case in the Circuit Court of Washington county was concluded on Monday evening last by the jury rendering a verdict of $3,000 for the plaintiff. The suit was brought by State Senator Farrow against Peter Negley, Esq., assistant United States Treasurer, and proprietor of the *Herald and Torch* of Hagerstown, for the publication of an alleged libel in charging him (Farrow) with voting for a Democratic State Treasurer with a view to the accomplishment or subserving of certain personal ends and thereby doing him a great personal and political injury.

Disturbed Labor.

The Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*, published in one of the great iron manufacturing centres, has a thoughtful editorial article on "A Great Contest Impending," from which the following extracts are taken:

"Present indications point to a contest of no ordinary proportions between the iron manufacturers and the amalgamated association of iron and steel workers. The issue of this struggle it would be useless to attempt to predict. The minds of both sides seem to be made up. They have exchanged ultimatums, and as in cases of nations have resorted to 'the last argument of kings,' which is the gage of battle. The two sides are wide apart in their views. To say that this issue, just joined, is a matter greatly to be regretted is to express the situation quite moderately indeed. It may be a necessity, but it is one that promises to be of great moment to the community directly and deeply interested, one of which we are. It means the drying up of a great flow of money in our channels of trade—money that will be lost to this community not for a week or a month, but forever. It means the consuming of the accumulations and savings of the past, as well as the loss of current earnings to both sides in the shape of profits and wages. It does not mean a local contest, but one of wide spread extent, embracing all the principal iron industries west of the mountains. Of course the cloud that lowers upon us just at this time has, like almost all clouds, its tinge of silver lining. The business of the country may possibly require this sort of an electrical disturbance to clear up the atmosphere and impart a healthier and more decided tone to trade. There are those who contend that we are upon the limits of overproduction, and that an adjustment is needed between labor and capital with a view to a new and more stable condition of affairs. For weeks past the volume of trade has been shrinking and the list of failures lengthening, which is attributed to the disappointments of the spring trade on the part of those who overbought themselves in the winter in expectation of increased activity. Large stocks of goods have either remained on hand or been sold at a loss. The summer will clean out these stocks and perhaps prevent a disastrous break in prices. The market, in other words, will have a chance to rectify itself. We shall then see what we shall see. At all events both sides will then understand the situation more clearly, and possibly be better prepared for negotiations on a satisfactory basis. The men have had a long season of work, have made a good deal of money, and rather relish the idea of a holiday. The manufacturers have repairs to make, an account of stock to take, and a cleaning up of odds and ends to look after, and, in addition, are confronted with a dull and declining market. Therefore both sides are quite willing to suspend operations until they know more of the future. Let us hope that they will continue, and eventually come together, in the amicable frame of mind in which they part."

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"The trades union people have to confront a delicate, if not difficult, problem in the immense and uninterrmittent additions to the supply of skilled labor which Europe is now sending to us through Castle Garden. As has been shown from day to day in this correspondence for the month or two past, nearly every imaginable trade and handicraft now has its representatives among these new-comers, and, what is more, they are men who as a rule, are thorough masters of their trade, whatever it may be, having served long apprenticeships to it at home, the periods thereof extending from five to seven years. At a time when a series of strikes for higher wages is in progress at nearly all our great manufacturing and business centres, this extraordinary accretion of Germans, Scandinavians, Italians and British skilled workmen cannot but exercise ere long, if it does not already, a commanding influence upon the industrial situation. The comparatively insignificant wages for which this vast army of mechanics and artisans have been accustomed to toil in their own country make even the lowest wages here, against which our workpeople are striking, very attractive, and it will be no easy matter, therefore, to persuade them to resist that attraction in order simply to promote a strike. Thus far the Labor Bureau has managed to distribute them pretty well all over the country, so that the pressure at particular points is not felt, but it is believed that the time is coming when they will be concentrated in the cities and become as it were a more compact power than at present.

Another writer from New York says:

"The effect of foreign immigration upon the learning of trades by Americans has not been altogether happy. Trades demanding skilled labor are filled by the new-comers, who compete with the adult native American on equal terms, and, by preventing or rendering unnecessary the training of apprentices recruited from the bone and sinew of the native population, tend to put the learning of trades in this country at a great disadvantage. The result is that our youths are compelled to betake themselves to unremunerative clerkships or unskilled labor, abandoning the occupations of their parents by reason of the rules of the various unions, which limit the number of apprentices to be received in each establishment. Foreigners, landing on our shores, being already possessed of skill in their trades, are readily admitted to the unions, and, indeed, take readily to them when necessary to their interests, since these societies originated in the Old World. Doubtless the unions would prefer that the skilled foreigner would stay at home, since he is a dangerous competitor, but as they cannot limit immigration, they say they are compelled to limit the admission of persons desiring to learn their trades. Their own sons are thus discriminated against."

The Cumberland *Mail*, which is friendly to the miners, says that to any one acquainted with the means and methods of mining coal in the Cumberland region, who will give the situation a little reflection, the movement to introduce new labor will appear to be fraught with a hundred difficulties. It then rehearses those difficulties, heretofore published, including the difficulties experienced by miners used to operating in small mines attempting to mine in large mines safely and successfully propping the roofs, &c. The *Mail* further contends that the employers will have to rely for the most part almost entirely on "green" and inexperienced immigrants, peasants and farmers from Germany, Austria, Ireland and Prussia, and that it will require years for them to acquire the requisite skill. The *Mail* concludes: "If the companies are to get along without the aid of our present miners they must make up their minds to undergo the annoyance and expense of literally educating their new men up to the standard of a first-class miner. We do not say it cannot be done; on the contrary, we believe it can. Time and money will do most anything. But to accomplish this revolution in the working of our mines time and money it will certainly take."

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women every where use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

A Befogged Inquirer.

The upheavel of politics throughout the country is tolerably equally shared in by both the great parties. With the Republicans it is a revolution against bossism—an effort to restore the dominant influences of the party to the hands that controlled them before the bullet of Guiteau wrought its immeasurable evil—and a determination if possible to save the party from being sacrificed in the close states, in Congress, and perhaps losing the next Presidential election. The contest is being made with a force and earnestness that testify to the amount of vigor and honesty of purpose still left in the Republican body of voters, in spite of the corrupting influences of the machine and the tragic circumstances that reversed the decision of the Chicago convention and the majority of the people in 1880. Now, of course, these Republican dissensions—to employ a collective description—are exceedingly pleasing to our Democratic friends. In their exultation they are persuaded that they perceive an irreconcilable split in the Republican party that ensures them a straight and smooth road to future victory. They are too sanguine. Republican weakness is entirely contingent upon the failure of the anti-boss movement. If the bosses are brought into subjection and the rule of the majority is made a principle of the Republican organization, it must become at least as strong as it ever has been. And, even as things stand, the Democracy have plenty of business to attend to in reconciling the quarrels within their own lines. A party that is for free trade in one section and for protection in another, hard money men here and soft money men there, and whose leaders have been engaged for years in cutting one another's political throats, is not in any condition to rely for success upon the blunderings and bickerings of the opposition.

In some respects Maryland, for instance, is a sample Democratic state. The lot of a Maryland Democrat is not a happy one. He is a most serious and particular sufferer from the complications and confusions of bossism. He has so many masters and teachers that divination even will not indicate to him which one he ought to follow—that is to say, conceding that he is a good citizen, and not an officeseeker; or if he is a "worker," and anxious to tie himself to the winning faction, he is in a still worse muddle. It is such a close fight, and power has changed hands so often, that he might as well go in blindfold and trust to luck to guide him. Each faction is quick enough to admit that the party has been guilty of dreadful corruption in the past, but the head of each wants to lay the blame on "the other fellows," and proclaim himself as the Moses who is to lead the children out of the wilderness into the promised land of reform. And the guileless children may be pardoned for being just a little bewildered. If all the party chiefs say of each other were true, not one of them is fit to occupy any public position. They have painted each other in much darker colors than the Republicans ever painted them. At this moment the state faction and the city faction are in the midst of a hot and bitter dispute over the manner of holding the primary elections in Baltimore. The State Central Committee has issued an edict that the City Convention has contemptuously disregarded, and the former set up the cry, "Ah, you see how that wicked city ring is trying to keep itself in power through fraud. This is the shop where the simon-pure, honest Democratic milk is always on tap." The city Democracy chuckles to itself in the knowledge that the other crowd can't do anything more than issue paper manifestoes, and goes on with its flagrant misdemeanors. Just as in the legislative contentions of the last session and in the continuing war between Governor Hamilton and his antagonists, here are examples of that Democratic harmony which is so persistently commended to Republican imitation.

We hardly think that the ingenuous Democrat who is seeking for knowledge on this momentous subject of reform within the party obtains much information from the addresses and public papers of the able rivals for leadership. They run so even a race in professions and promises that he hardly understands where to fix his choice. To him the puzzling question is, why, if they all have one common aim for the purification of politics and government, they cannot clasp hands and work together? Why should they not have a combination banquet, and do the brotherly love act under the mellowing influences of generous meats and midnight champagne? That, indeed, would be a spectacle upon which the angels might smile. But we fear it is not to be realized. There would inevitably arise questions concerning governorships and judgeships, the presidency of the canal, nominations for mayor, places in Congress, and the general distribution of patronage, that the True Reformer is well known to look upon with scorn: and perhaps the festivities might terminate somewhat as did the meeting of the Society upon the Stanislaus. As the bargeman in Captain Marryatt's story says, "it's all along o' the weakness of poor human nater." And there is about as much human nature in the Maryland Democracy as anywhere else in the world. Surveying the whole field, the inquiring Democrat may come to the conclusion that at the bottom of reform within the party is the question of who shall have the offices.—*Balto. American.*

Life Among the Strikers.

[Special to the American.]

FROSTBURG, May 27.—There are many features of life among the strikers, which are developed day by day to the stranger in the region, not the least interesting of which are the numerous incidents tending to illustrate the vast power and influence which the Knights of Labor wield over the community at large. This subject furnishes an almost inexhaustible fund of variety; and, after weeks of careful study in all its phases, one only arrives at the conclusion that the knowledge of the true inwardness of the order possessed by those outside of the mystic circle is decidedly meagre, and far from satisfactory. Each town in this valley has its "assembly" of Knights, who, it is no exaggeration to say, represent the law and order, as well as the reverse, features of the mining life. This body regards the morally feeble and numerically weak constables, in whose persons are concentrated the "majesty of the law," popularly supposed to be spread all over the valley, with an indifference that is simply sublimely beautiful. Here in Frostburg, for instance, the assembly, to all intents and purposes, wields an authority derived no one seems to know or care where, beside which that of the City Council is dimly insignificant. The latter are nearly all members of the Knights of Labor, and consequently controlled by that body; and even should they pass an obnoxious ordinance, it could never be enforced without the sanction of the all powerful organization.

It is but just to say that this ascendancy of the knightly rulers has not been gained by deeds of violence, but simply by a species of threats, which, if enforced, would strike a crushing blow at the most vulnerable spot in human nature, viz; the victim's pocket. An occurrence here a few days ago will serve to illustrate. The various clerks in the stores of the town inaugurated an "early closing" movement for the summer, and endeavored to obtain the consent of the proprietors of the stores to close up every evening at 7:30 o'clock. Now, many will agree with the clerks in their belief that this is as late as they should be expected to remain on duty, but that question does not enter into the point under consideration. The proprietors refused to comply with the request, and everybody thought the agitation was at an end. The clerks, however, were wise in their generation, and nearly all of them being Knights of Labor, the matter was brought before the local assembly. The result was seen in the appearance shortly afterwards of mysterious hand-bills posted all over the town *ordering* the proprietors to close their stores at 7:30 P. M., and release the clerks from duty, or the undersigned would never deal with them again. The circular was signed "Knights of Labor." On the very night that circular appeared every store in the town, with three exceptions, was closed at 7:30 o'clock; and since then one of the trio has succumed, leaving only two store-keepers who have the nerve to control their own business. Sitting on the front porch of the hotel to night my attention was called to a remarkable spectacle.

Far up the street the sound of a bell was heard gradually growing nearer, and I discovered a boy about fourteen years old coming down the street ringing the bell loudly, and occasionally stopping to cry in a shrill voice, "Half pas' seven; close up." Instantly old men and young were to be seen hurrying from the stores and commenced putting up shutters and screens, and it was evident that everybody was shutting up in response to the mandate of the Knights of Labor. As the ragged, barefooted, little emissary of the Knights passed down the streets light after light disappeared, and in ten minutes there was not a store open in Frostburg, save the two honorable exceptions before mentioned. Yet, the store-keepers of this town, as a class, are well-educated, courageous and good business men. Imagine a boy passing down Baltimore street and ordering the stores to close at an hour desired by the clerks; and, even more improbable, imagine the proprietors yielding obedience to an authority which asserts itself only in anonymous, printed orders.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1882.

The Democrats have been giving us another taste of filibustering tactics, and so far as can be learned it is not likely to prove a very profitable experiment. The proceeding called filibustering often serves a useful purpose, but it is also often abused. By it a minority may resist the passage of a bill without debate and secure from the majority the right to speak on it and time to expose to the country what they believe to be its bad features. On more than one occasion in past Congresses when the minority was numerically weak such resistance has been effectively made, and by attracting the attention of Congress and the country to a bad measure has insured its defeat. Near the close of a Congress filibustering has been used to resist the passage of a measure by the majority, as happened when the Democrats filibustered against an appropriation bill during the Hayes administration and made an extra session necessary, which was disastrous to them. Another instance was the prolonged filibustering in the House against the Force bill, when the House sat forty four hours continuously, and the bill was delayed there until it was too late in the session to make its passage by the Senate possible.

There is no justification or excuse for the course pursued by the minority in this case. Contested election cases are and ought to be privileged questions. In the present Congress as in the last also, the contested cases have been greatly and shamefully delayed. They should have been brought up and settled long ago, and they ought to be decided now without unnecessary delay. Each case ought to be sufficiently debated to enable both sides to show their claims both to the House and the country. Thereupon, if the majority choose to do injustice, the minority have their appeal to the country at the following election, and that is all they can rightfully ask. To resist dissension and the taking of the vote wastes time and does no good, and if the Democrats persist in it they will injure themselves with the country, for they will engage in a disorderly proceeding. The claim that injustice would be done by seating Mackey is utterly groundless. Injustice has already been done in keeping him out till this time of a seat to which he was unquestionably elected, and the Democrats dare not accept his challenge to let the case come before the House for debate. This is just what they fought hardest to prevent.

The Postmaster General has lately given his views on the proposition to abolish the postage on newspapers and magazines. He says that about $1,500,000 annual revenue is derived from this source, and to make newspapers and magazines free will of course increase the deficiency to that extent. The deficiency for the year ended June 30. 1881, was $2,481,129. Mr. Howe believes that the saving effected under the new contracts in the star-route sevices will nearly cover this deficiency. The increase in business, however, will increase the cost of handling the mails and transporting them by rail. For this reason it can scarcely be expected that the service will be entirely self-supporting for some time to come. Last year the net profit in twelve States and one Territory was $4,892,219; in the remaining States and Territories the net loss was $7,501,127. Letters are carried at a profit, merchandise is carried at a heavy loss. Mr. Howe thinks that if the people are to be taxed for mail service, it is better that they should pay for the free distribution of newspapers and magazines than for transporting packages of merchandise from the Eastern cities to Arizona and other remote places. He regards the diffusion of intelligence as of more importance than the carrying of four pound parcels to places where the express companies cease to compete, and for this reason he recommends the abolition of postage on second class matter.

Somebody has just been giving a touching account of Mr. Attorney General Brewster's ruffles. It says that the dainty ruffles at his wrists have often been noticed, because unusual in man's attire; but no one seems to understand the beautiful sentiment which for forty years has prompted him to wear them, in spite of unpleasant remarks. When he was first assuming the *toga virilis*, his mother, whose name he cannot even now mention without emotion, called him to her and asked him to grant a request of hers. She then explained that her father, whom she had always venerated, and who was a very distinguished divine, had always worn ruffled shirts, and she would like her son, for whom she anticipated an equally brilliant future as a lawyer, to wear ruffles in memory of his grandsire. She said she would not require him to wear them on the bosom of his shirt, as that would be very conspicuous, since ruffles have been so long out of fashion for men's apparel, but she thought that at the wrists they were becoming to a man's hand; so she wished to make some herself and put them on her son's shirts. He acceded to her request, and for seme years she always made his ruffles for him. He has worn them always since, and thus his ruffled shirts became an exponent not only of his love for his mother, but of hers for her father. The Attorney General's odd yellow-wheel carriage created so much talk that he abandoned its use and lately drives a fine new one.

JUNIUS.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDITOR.—Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quantity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meagre and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is shown by his selections more than anything else, and that, we know, is half the battle. But, we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this he added the general supervision of the details of publication which most editor's have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.—*Henry Watterson.*

Very encouraging reports come from all parts of the country as to the growing crops. The New York *World* has obtained from the South, the West and Northwest information from sources seemingly trustworthy as to the cereals, cotton, tobacco and pasture lands. The abundant rains of the spring have pushed forward vegetation, that enables a good judge to form a pretty accurate estimate as to the probable harvest. The drouth of last year gave the land a good rest—for this is one of the blessings that come along with the evils of drouth. Weeds suffer as well as crops, and the crops planted in next year have fewer enemies. The tobacco crop is less in acreage in some parts of the country, but considerably increased in others. The cotton belt is slowly extending northward. The pastures are said to be magnificent and to give a promise of cheaper beef.

Harvard College.

At a recent meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a discussion was held upon a resolution which had been before the board for several weeks, that in the opinion of this board, the statutes making attendance on morning prayers and other religious exercises compulsory should be repealed. The board, by a strong vote, refused to adopt the resolution. But Mr. George Shiffer, lately from Martinsburgh, Blair Co., Pa., who had a Cancerous growth on his nose, and who was advised the use of *Peruna* before a visit to a Cancer Hospital, was allowed to take that par-excellent remedy, and by its use for a very short time, was cured completely—page 24 in the "Ills of Life"—get one from your Druggist.

The Grant bronze medals have been completed, and are in course of distribution to the 306 members of the Chicago Convention, in commemoration of the ballots cast for him for President. On one side is a profile of Gen. Grant, and around it on a raised circle appears the thirty-six ballots, the record beginning at the bottom and extending around till the circle meets again. On the obverse side appears the following inscription: "Commemorative of the thirty-six ballots of the Old Guard for Ulysses S. Grant for President. Republican National Convention, Chicago, June, 1880." Underneath is a blank on which is engraved the name of the delegate receiving it.

PITTSBURG, May 27.—The stockholders of the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny Railroad, Vanderbilt's new line to the coke country, connecting here with the Lake Erie Road, held a meeting in this city yesterday, and voted in favor of authorizing the Board of Directors to issue $2,250,000 in 6 per cent. bonds. There were only 120 shares of stock not voted. The road is under process of construction, and will be completed early next winter. Railroad men say it will be a formidable rival of the Baltimore and Ohio, and one of the best-paying freight roads in Western Pennsylvania.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Prof. Nimmo's Photograph Gallery now open.

—Summer visitors are arriving at Oakland.

—Capt. E. M. Friend was in Oakland this week.

—Thos. Coddington, Esq., is improving his hotel property.

—Prof. Nimmo will enlarge pictures and frame them handsomely. Try him.

—Died, at Accident, Md., May 23d, 1882, Jennie, only child of Henry and Martha Kamp, aged 6 months and 7 days.

—Died, at his late residence near Oakland, Wednesday morning, after a brief illness, Hugh Moore, aged about 45 years.

—Prof. Nimmo will be found at his gallery with everything in order. Call soon. All his photographs are finely retouched.

—A postoffice has been established at Mountain Lake Park, with Mr. A. R. Sperry as postmaster. Mr. Sperry will also have charge of the depot and express office at the Park.

—Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Henry Weber, florist and gardener, of Cumberland. Mr. Weber gives special attention to decorating grounds. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

—Monday a meeting of the Registrars of voters was held in the State's Attorneys office, in the Court House for the purpose of being instructed by the State's Attorneys in their duties under the new law. All were present except Mr. Foller, of No. 3, and Mr. Ryland, of No. 5.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Confirmation, preaching and communion at 10½ Preaching and Preparatory services at 7:45 P. M. Saturday.

Preaching at Pleasant Valley School House at 3 P. M., by Rev. S. E Jones.

Preaching at the Head School house at 3 P. M. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7:45 P M. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily will be in Oakland June 5th, and remain one week. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

Permit no Substitution.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.

Prof. Nimmo's Picture Gallery.

Prof. Nimmo is now ready for work. Persons in town and vicinity should call before the visitors arrive, especially if they have any pictures to enlarge. 2 Gems, suitable for Albums, of the same person, 25 cts. 1 Gem ½ Bon Ton size, 25 cts. 2 Persons on same plate, 35 cts. Card Photographs, 1 dozen, $2.50. Card Photographs, ½ dozen, $1.50. Pictures enlarged and put in an 8x10 frame, finely colored in Water Colors, $3.00.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of May:

Louis Holchler and Mary Wiley.
Patrick H. Rodeheaver and Lilly M. White.
F. P. Arnold and Laura M. Lang.
A. M. T. Warnick and Margaret C. Barnard.
John P. Neville and Elizabeth Kisner.
James Resh and A. Belle Stanton.
James Deavers and Susannah Deavers,
And one with request not to publish.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending May 31:

Truman W. Casteel and wife to Dr. J. Lee McComas, lot in the Town of Oakland, part of lot No. 22 in "Pennington's Addition;" $135.

Joseph R. Anderson, to John A. Wilt, 60½ acres of tract called "Chevlot Dale; $362.50.

Laura and Elizabeth Harne, to A. J. Harne, lot No. 44 in "Pennington's Addition," to the Town of Oakland; $650

Martha Creutzburg to E. G. Miller, military lot No. 1647, 1124; $1400.

Adelia M. and G. W. Merrill, to G. S. Hamill, lot with improvements in the Town of Oakland; $800.

Mary and H. F. Lininger, to Elijah Sweltzer, military lot 2483; $250.

Jonathan Glass and wife to Geo. D. Frantz, lots Nos. 2946 and 2947; $1000.

Joseph R. Anderson, to George Ruckle, Joel J. Brenneman and John J. Brennam, 25 acres of land in county; $162.50.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or Gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parkers' Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

Memorial Day at Cumberland.

Company B, (Garrett Guards) took a prominent part in the decoration ceremonies at Cumberland Tuesday. The company with 31 muskets, under command of Capt. E. H. Wardwell and Lieut. Chisholm, left Oakland on the 7:38 express, arriving at Cumberland about 9:45, where they were met by a committee from the Cumberland companies and escorted to the armory of Company A, to await the formation of the main procession at 2 P. M. The members of Company B were the guests of the Cumberland companies, and were entertained at the St. Nicholas Hotel. At 6 o'clock in the evening the Guards gave an exhibition drill in front of the Queen City Hotel, which was witnessed by a vast crowd of people. They are said to have acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. The company arrived home Wednesday morning delighted with their trip, and highly pleased with their treatment at Cumberland.

Notice the Figures.

I would respectfully call the attention of my customers and the public generally to the following prices of furniture, carpets, &c., &c.

Chamber suites, poplar, consisting of bedstead, bureau, wash stand mandle stand, towell rack, 2 cane chairs, and 1 cane rocker, $23.

Large poplar dressing case suite 10 pieces, $32.

Fancy colored suite, $27.

Walnut chamber suite, $35.

Walnut chamber suite, 10 pieces, dressing case, marble tops, from $45 to $125.

Tall leaf table $3.

Good size wardrobe, $9.

Wood chairs, per set, from $3 to $6.

Cane chairs from $5 to $14.

Brussels carpet, 90 cts.

Extra all wool carpet, $1.

Ingrain, all wool, 80 to 90 cts.

Ingrain, mixed, 35 to 50 cts.

Cottage, 25 to 35 cts,

Hemp, 22 to 30 cts.

Matting from 15 to 45 cts.

I have on hand a large lot of walnut furniture, bought in the west on favorable terms, which I will sell at a small advance.

Call and examine my goods before purchasing. Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Explosion of a Fly Wheel.

About 4 o'clock yesterday morning the large fly wheel of the big engine at the Lochiel Lumber company's works near Bloomington, Garrett county, flew to pieces while the wheel was making 106 revolutions a minute. Luckily the rim did not break, and the spokes fell down without flying off, and the damage is slight. The worst loss will be from the stoppage of a portion of the works for a few days. Mr. Arnold of the firm of Clark & Arnold, who ran the mill by contract for the Lochiel Lumber company, was in the city yesterday, procuring a new fly-wheel.

Mr. Arnold states that the works are now booming. Since February 9 eight million feet of lumber has been turned out of the saw-mill and most of it has already been made into boxes, which are used for cases for oil cans, and the balance is being worked up daily. The present capacity of the works is 21,000 boxes per week, and this will shortly be increased to 28,000. The firm are now making a number of improvements at the works. They are putting in an additional boiler, two additional planers, and four new ripping machines. The works now employ 120 men, but shortly, when the establishment is in full blast, 160 will be employed.

The Lochiel company have recently gotten out an immense quantity of longs, which are now on the way to the mill, the rear end of the "drive" being within two miles of the works. It is estimated that the total amount of timber in the drive is 15,000,000 feet.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

How to Cook Rice.

Rice is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes at the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more readily digested. At its present cost, it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal or grain-grits of any kind. In preparing it only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

The Garrell Guards Drill.

The military parading yesterday presented a fine appearance, and were much admired, and none more than the Garrett Guards, of Oakland, who turned out a goodly number of muskets, and were officered by Capt. E. H. Wardwell and Lieut. Chisholm. At 6:30 P. M. Capt. Wardwell assembled part of his command in front of the Queen City Hotel, and put them through the manual of arms. Their movements were characterized by grace and precision and were heartily applauded by the large number of spectators present. At the close of the drill Adjutant Sloan presented each soldier with a small bouquet, amid applause.—*Cumb. News, Wednesday.*

A Miracle in Oil City.

DOCTORS DUMFOUNDED, DRUGGISTS AND THE PEOPLE WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

[From the Oil City Derrick, July 21st, 1881.]

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physicians failed to give her relief. She took *Peruna* and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the Druggist, sold 181 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Cowell, too, sells it. Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's book—"Ills of Life" (gratis), or address Dr. H., at Osborn, O., for one.

The Cumberland Encampment.

A meeting of the board of officers of the Second battalion, M. N. G., was held at the St. Nicholas hotel last night to make arrangements for the proposed encampment in this city, at which there was a full attendance.

In order to allow certain companies of the First battalion to be present the date was made later than originally contemplated, and fixed for Thursday and Friday, July 27 and 28th. It is expected that the visiting companies will arrive here on Thursday morning and a drill parade will be given in the afternoon of that day, and a dramatic entertainment in the Academy of Music at night. On Friday morning a competitive company drill for a prize of $100 will be held at the fair grounds, and in the afternoon at the same place will be the sham battle. As both the First and Second Battalions will be present the occasion will doubtless be especially interesting. Friday night a grand ball will be given at the Queen City hotel and in the morning of Saturday the visiting militia will return home.

The following committees were on motion provided for, with the chairman of each, and will be filled and announced at a future meeting:

Committee on Railroad Rates.—Capt. E. H. Wardwell, chairman.

Committee on Transportation and Quarters.—Lt. Peddicord, Q. M.

Committee on Subsistence.—Lt. Combs, C. S.

Committee on Dramatic Entertainments.—Captain Gordon, chairman.

Committee on Balls.—Lt. Ladew, chairman.

Subscriptions.—Captain Hoffman, chairman.

Executive Committee (to embrace all matters not provided for by special committee) Maj. Johnson, chairman.

It was determined to hold weekly meeting in this city on each Monday, begining on June 12, except the meeting of July 3d which will be held at Oakland.—*Cumb. News, 31st.*

OAKLAND, MD., May 29, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—Much annoyance was caused to the traveling public lately by the closing of Oak street by a wire fence, at the limits of the corporation. This was done by the owners of the property, which they had surveyed by a competent surveyor, in order to avoid trouble and keep within their limits, and the fence was placed on the line as indicated by the surveyor. The fence was forcibly torn down by the road supervisor and the Burgess of Oakland, and as the Grand Jury was in session at the time, it is rumored that the party representing the property owners, was presented to that body as being guilty of a trespass in closing the public highway. It seems evident, however, that the Grand Jury found no cause for holding the party to answer.

As next Monday is the time fixed for the meeting of the County Commissioners, it would appear to be a favorable time to bring the matter up for consideration by the Board. The present location of the road is unfortunate, and should be continued from Oak streets on a straight line to intersect the old road near the residence of John A. Delawder, as this is destined in the near future to be the Broadway of Oakland, and the main avenue to Mountain Lake Park. If the change indicated be made, in a short time the whole will be built upon and improved, thus adding many thousands of dollars to the taxable basis of the county, besides a great improvement in the appearance of that portion of our town.

A TAX PAYER.

Ammonia in Baking Powders.

The recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvelous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relations to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, have discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat, and beat time itself, by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of human kind, are naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

Among the recent discoveries in this direction none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar when used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter, and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace or residuum whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuit, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined of course with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purpose of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit, and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.—*Scientific American.*

GOV. ST. JOHN ON THE "FAILURE" OF PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.—They say we are losing in population and railroads. In 1880 Mr. Wheeler, general manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe Railroad, writes me their total receipts were over $8,000,000. In 1881 he says they were over $12,000,000. (We give only round figures.) This looks like a failure. Last year over 800 miles of new railroad was built, and our population is decreasing steadily right along. Yes—I admit; there is one spot where there is a decided loss in population. That spot is our penitentiaries and jails. In the State prison in 1880 there were 286. Last year it was 175. Yes, the population is decreasing. Again, for every saloon man that emigrates into Kansas City we secure a school and a church. What is the return from Maine? In 1851 350 convicts were taken from 450,000 population. In 1881, thirty years after, 196 from 650,000.

Illinois is the banner whisky State—it pays $6.50 per capita revenue tax. Yet the leaven of temperance is at work, as 648 towns out of 842 prohibit the sale of liquor. Ohio is next at $4.50, then Kentucky at $4.50, then New York at $1.45. Others pay—Pennsylvania, 75 cents; Connecticut, 40 cents; Iowa, 30; Kansas, 12; Maine, 3 cents per capita. Prohibition a failure—*never!*

WASHINGTON, May 29.—It is whispered about in Democratic circles to-night that a surprise is in store for the coming Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania. The Democrats are satisfied that they must put forward their strongest men to win the fight, and among the names most prominently mentioned is that of General Winfield S. Hancock, who is a resident of Pennsylvania but who is at present located in New York. It is intimated that General Hancock will accept the nomination if tendered him, on the ground that if successful he will be a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Democratic party in 1884.

Mr. Edward Stabler, postmaster at Sandy Spring, Montgomery county, Md., is now in the 88th year of his age, and is the oldest postmaster in the United States, having been in the postal service fifty-two years.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. W. MASON,

HOUSE PAINTER,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed.

5 27 3m

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

Of valuable Real Estate, in Garrett County

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Symons to John Bradburn, said mortgage being dated on the 25th day of July, in the year A. D. 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 281, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned Mortgee will sell at public auction for cash, in front of Offutt's store in the Town of Oakland,

ON TUESDAY JUNE THE 27th, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

all that real estate situate lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lots Numbers 1648, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763,

containing 250 acres of land more or less.

Terms—cash on day of sale.
Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN BRADBURN,
Mortgagee.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
Solicitors. 634

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

TIMBER LAND

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of equity passed in a cause depending therein between Daniel J. Meese and others complainants, and Aaron Wilhelm and wife defendants, being No. 228 equity in said county, the undersigned trustee appointed by said decree will offer at public sale at the house of Johnson Bro's., on the National Turnpike about three miles above the town of Frostburg, on

Saturday, June 24th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., all that real estate in said Garrett county, known as

Military Lot No. 640,

said lot is unimproved; is situate in District No. 9 said county near the Pennsylvania line, and about 3½ miles from said Johnson Bro's. house on the pike. It is heavily timbered with spruce and hemlock.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half cash on the day of sale and the balance in six months, with interest to be secured to satisfaction of trustee.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,
6 3 4 Trustee.

Constable's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued to me by A. B. Gonder, a Justice of the Peace in and for Garrett county, Md., at the suit of John Shartzer, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Isaac King, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, interest and estate both at law and in equity, of the said Isaac King in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

MILITARY LOT No. 1698,

situate in Garrett county, Md., near Round Glade

And I hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, June 27th, 1882,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Md., I will offer at public sale the property so seized and taked in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said Judgment and cost thereon.

JAS. S. JOHNSON,
6 3 3 Constable,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured plique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBBER,
91 Baltimore Street,
P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.
June 3 3m.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on the

First Monday in June, 1882,

for the purpose of making the Annual Levy. Persons having accounts against the county should present them properly authenticated, on or before that time.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
5 13 3 Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

5 6 3 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions, Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1869.

Late Fashion Notes.

All Italian bonnet braids are of a deep yellow tint.

The fleur-de-lis is a favorite design upon cream-colored sateens.

Some of the new spring walking-coats of black velvet or satin have high flaring collars, closely covered with large jet beads.

Some of the new bonnets of lace straw are wonderfully delicate and airy, and are studded on the brims with mock ruby, pearl, opal or large jet beads.

The new ficelle lace, which has suddenly become so popular is made of cream white or pale yellow linen threads, and is used to garnish dresses and wraps as well as bonnets and round hats.

That damasse silks have lost their former glory is proved by the fact that merchants have placed quantities of very handsome patterns upon the "bargain counter," marked at a uniform price of one dollar a yard.

Handsome Biarritz gloves of very fine undressed kid, to be worn with full dress, have wide satin bands at the tops delicately embroidered in tiny clusters of rosebuds, or painted with a monogram or crest in gold or silver.

Long monsquetaire gloves of white Danish kid, embroidered in silver and jet beads, look exceedingly well with "evening" dress worn in second mourning, the toilet usually being of a combination of black and white, or silver-gray and black, with lace garniture of white or black.

A new hat, styled "Over the Garden Wall," is essentially the young ladies' hat of the period. It has an enormous brim, to be tilted over the eyes and bent up at the back. It is dented in on the crown, and trimmed round with cascades of ficelle lace, a huge cluster of pomounted crimson roses and two small sunflowers.

Very large handkerchiefs for the shoulders, made of soft twilled silk, bordered with edelweis lace and pointed on the broad hems with trails of delicate flowers in water colors, will be worn this summer over the pretty dresses of flower-brocaded muslins and satins made with pointed waists and full panier overdresses.

Little princesse bonnets made entirely of flowers are again in fashion. Among the prettiest are those made of white lilacs mingled with pale pink hedge-roses, or those of white wood violets with trailing arbutus blossoms intermingled. These dainty little capotes are particularly appropriate at weddings, either for the bridemaid or lady guest.

One of the principal features in dress trimmings this spring is the garnitures made of cut-out edges, dents of various shapes and sizes, or round, square or oblong scallops. "Dents de loup" are lined and turned back to show the bright color underneath. Some of these are made quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt, but are set in full double rows around the edge of the long-pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.

Some very attractive tiffin cloths have been added to the ever-increasing store of fine drapery in which all housekeepers delight. They bid fair to rival the five o'clock tea cloths, many of which look far too beautiful to set lunch upon. Very pretty and comparatively inexpensive table covers are made of ordinary brown linen, the corners embroidered in crewels, with a handsome bordering made of sage-green satin, finished with an edge of ficelle lace.

Leaders of fashion—ladies of taste and refinement—have in no instance adopted the crinoline of other days, which is said to be in fashion at the present time; still, there is no doubt of a greatly increasing fulness of skirt, which, if kept within moderate limits, is far preferable to the drawbacks and ungainly lank lines of the other extreme. The modern crinolette is universally worn, and is both useful and graceful. The old-fashioned wire monstrosity known as the hoop was neither.

Sloping shoulders are enduringly unfashionable. In days gone by their possession was considered indispensable to establish any claim to having a good figure. Nowadays fashionable women dress the shoulders as much as possible to produce the desired height and squareness—shirred scarfs, high puffed sleeves, and even beaded epaulets and floral garnitures, being set upon the shoulders to produce extra height. So it seems that even the standard of the beautiful is regulated by the dictates of fashion.

A novel dress cap has appeared resembling in shape the pictures of caps worn by the Italian peasantry. The crown is somewhat high and peaked, and the brim or band rather wide. One of these shapes exhibited is covered with black sprigged net on a foundation of the same color. A pale primrose crepe scarf is carelessly twisted around the edge of the brim and fastened down here and there by small venomous-looking green insects of various sizes, and of a kind which it would puzzle an entomologist to classify.

New Parisian corsages show the fronts continued in long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the underskirt, after the manner of the fronts of the old French surtout, though fitting the form much more closely. A handsome dress of prune-colored satin, covered with tiny shirred ruffles, has a corsage of darker prune-colored velvet, the long panel fronts embroidered with shaded silks of still deeper hues than the velvet. In the back the corsage is cut into deep vandykes, underneath which is set a Louis Quinze scarf of the satin fabric.

The embroidery on kid gloves is very artistic and pretty this season; for example, on brown gloves the small leaves and buds shade gradually from coffee color to palest yellow; on dark green gloves the silk graduates from invisible or bottle-green to the soft hues of the tender leaves of spring; black gloves are embroidered in contrasting silks of various shades, all alike being shaded from the darkest to the lightest tints of the same dye; and now that shaded and contrasting colors are so much in vogue, the new gloves will doubtless be an harmonious addition to the fashionable toilet.

A good way to freshen a round hat of straw which has become somewhat faded or yellowed by wear is to sponge the hat with diluted ammonia water and a bit of white soap to cleanse it thoroughly. When quite dry cover the brim with figured net, black or white as preferred. Languedoc netting is pretty, and can be bought at a greatly reduced price, being a little out of fashion; while the net close to the band around the crown, and leave the outer edge nearly plain, simply veiling, but not hiding, the straw beneath. An Alsatian bow of white ribbon and a cluster of bright flowers will cover the crown.—*N. Y. Post.*

How to Foretell the Weather.

Those who have longest and most carefully studied and recorded the weather know best that beyond two or three days no predictions can be made possessing the slightest reliability, or that should be taken into account in making our plans. There may be lucky guesses, as there may be woeful failures in guessing.

Everybody has full liberty to guess what the weather will be at any time in the future. But when anybody undertakes to label his guesses for weeks or months ahead "predictions," and to issue them as guides for the farmer, or the traveler, or the clothing dealer, he, in the language of Shakespeare, "writes himself down an ass." When he undertakes to get money for doing this he shows himself a swindler on a level with other quacks.

But for one or two, or even three days ahead the weather may be foretold two-thirds of the time with great certainty, the other third with more or less doubt. And not only can this be done by the trained observer at the signal station, but it may be attempted with good success by any intelligent person who has access to the daily weather maps or even to the full daily report. It would be a great gain to the community if our daily papers would give us these reports in full as they are sent out, instead of cutting them down to mere "indications" for their own vicinity, even if they had to lessen the space given to horse-races, base-ball matches, dog-fights and police courts.

The whole theory of foretelling changes in the weather with the aid of the telegraph is based upon the fact that our weather changes come, as a general rule, from the west and not from the east; that the great waves of barometric pressure, which we name high and low, and whose alterations produce our storms, move across our country from west to east, and almost never in the opposite direction, so that for our weather to-morrow we look to see what it is to-day to the west of us, with very little interest as to what is going on to the eastward. Thus in New England a northeast snow-storm is often telegraphed as coming from the southwest, from New York, or even from Virginia or the Carolinas, or even from farther south.

The pressure of the atmosphere in the temperate zone varies about one pound per square inch, and is indicated by the barometer, varying from twenty-nine inches (low) to thirty-one inches (high) as the extremes, the ordinary variations being only about half as great. Now the storm-center is at or near the place of low barometer, where the pressure is least, the air from all sides rushing toward this with a rotary motion, which in very severe storms is named a cyclone. Sometimes, however, the areas of high and low barometer extend in long lines across the country from north to south, but moving from west to east, as in many of our "cold waves," extending sometimes from the lakes to the Gulf. The greatest fall of rain or snow is usually a little in advance of the storm-center, while the barometer is falling. When the center has passed the barometer begins to rise, and clearing weather may be expected, generally with northwest winds.

These storm-centers, or "areas of low barometer," or "low pressure" oftenest make their appearance a little east of the Rocky Mountains, very often in Dakota, and then move with greater or less rapidity towards the Atlantic, generally due east. Occasionally a storm-centre develops in Texas and moves northeast. More rarely cyclones make their appearance in the West Indies and follow along the course of the Gulf Stream, the outer edge sometimes reaching the Atlantic coast, very rarely extending inland.

Out of 100 storm-centers noted during 1879, one moved north, three southeast, twenty-four northeast, and seventy-two nearly due east. Their velocity varies from twenty to forty miles per hour, so that either storm-centers or cold waves travel from the mountains to the sea in from two to five days, then passing off upon the ocean, frequently taking a northeasterly direction after reaching the coast. Sometimes a storm may be deflected from its course, or spend its force midway, or increase in severity as it moves eastward. It is these possibilities, together with the varying velocity of the wave, which render us dependent on the telegraph for its record of daily or even hourly progress, and which sometimes contradict the best-founded predictions. But with all these possibilities of error, eighty to ninety per cent. of the predictions are verified, and upon perhaps seventy-five per cent. our reliance may be almost perfect. At times, either on land or sea, a warning may save property to an amount greater than the whole annual expense of the bureau, to say nothing of life and comfort. Our weather, then, in general terms, comes from the west, and when we read in the papers that "an area of low pressure with heavy rain and severe gales is developing in the Upper Mississippi or Upper Lake region," the farmer had better not begin his haying or his harvesting, and the traveler had better not set out by way of the lakes or the ocean until it has passed by. While if in the fall or winter you read that "an area of high pressure with violent winds and rapidly falling temperature is prevailing" in the same regions," the farmer had better look to his young stock and make all snug about cellar and barn, and the traveler will do well to take his heaviest overcoat.

Bearing in mind these few simple facts, every farmer or farmer's boy who has access to the daily "indications and reports," or, better still, to the daily weather maps, may become to a great extent his own weather prophet for two or three days ahead, and thus neither be taken in by the guesses of those who make predictions to sell, nor fail of the advantage which may often be gained by a tolerably definite and reliable knowledge of what sort of weather is coming. —*Prof. Chickering, in American Agriculturalist.*

—A physician says that nine-tenths of our American wives are totally ignorant of everything that pertains to their own health or that of the healthful rearing of an infant.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Giants' Home.

Captain and Mrs. Bates, the giant-couple, are, in a certain sense, the most prominent people in Ohio. They are pretty sure to be prominent wherever they are. The Captain once went in bathing off the Jersey coast, and he says the fishermen put out in boats to harpoon him, because they thought he was a whale. But this may be a fish story. They certainly form the highest geographical points in the neighborhood of their home at Seville, Ohio. Mrs. Bates is a trifle the higher, but, as height is a touchy point with giants, she, out of delicate feeling for the Captain, rarely refers to this fact, or else attributes it to her coiffure. Their home at Seville is the place for which they long when they are on their travels. It is not surprising that persons nearly eight feet tall, and broad in proportion, do not find a berth in a sleeping car conveniently roomy or feel quite safe at table d'hote on cane-bottom chairs. Therefore it is that their spirits rise when homeward bound. As they pass through the door of the railroad car at their home station they stoop for the last time before they again go traveling. A coach drawn by eight stout Norman horses is in waiting. It is about as broad as the roadway, and the wheels are about as large as those on the ponderous wagons used to haul granite or marble shafts. When they are comfortably seated the coachman cracks his whip, and the vehicle goes lumbering along toward the giants' house, a little way out of the town. Other drivers on the road, seeing the giants' equipage coming, take down the fence rails and drive into the adjoining fields until the enormous vehicle has passed.

An immense stone building looms up, and soon the carriage is pulled up in front of the entrance. If an ordinary-sized person is with the giants they kindly give him a boost or two up the steps. Then they pass stately and erect through a hall ten feet high. The head of a person of medium height would about reach to the door knob. They enter a spacious hall, and go from there to a parlor with doors also ten feet high, and windows in proportion. The chairs are so large that ordinary mortals have to climb into them as babies have to climb into their high chairs. In the sitting room the piano is the only piece of furniture of ordinary size; but it is mounted on blocks about three feet high, so that the key board is up in the air. Thus the giant couple manage to escape annoyance from visitors with musical proclivities. In this room are two huge rocking chairs, In one of them the Captain deposits his 478 pounds, and placidly contemplates his wife sewing the seams of many yards of silk for a new dress with regulation train. On the table is a large album containing photographs of hundreds of fellow curiosities—bearded women, two-headed and four-legged women, giants, dwarfs, living skeletons and the like, all of whom the couple know intimately. Next to this room, in which they take their meals, is their bedroom. The bedroom, which is the smallest of the rooms, contains a bed ten feet long, and broad in proportion. There is also a bureau with a glass as large as the wall of an ordinary room. All the furniture is of mahogany and highly finished, the giants having spared no expense. Visitors' quarters are up stairs, where the rooms and furniture are of ordinary size, as is also the dinner service, for the giants are not large eaters.

The farm comprises 160 acres of cultivated land, and the Captain takes great pleasure in busying himself around the place. He is respected in the neighborhood, and noted for his courtesy and hospitality.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Oscar's New Clothes.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has come back, like young Lochinvar, "out of the West," like a giant refreshed. He has been so enthusiastically welcomed from Chicago to Leadville, as the apostle of a new era, that he intends to grapple with the great clothes question in deadly earnest. He has planned and furnished the drawings to a New York artist in toggery for two costumes not only "utterly utter," but lovely and exhilarating beyond all modern comparison, in which, within a few days, New York may expect to see him illuminate our public places. The fortunate artist who has been intrusted with this commission, was kind enough yesterday to give a reporter of the *World* the following lucid and instructive sketch of the coming garb:

"Well, I am making two suits for Mr. Wilde according to his order and drawings, one to be of black velvet and the other to be the shade of a lake glistening in the moonlight. The shade is called couleur du lac au clair de la lune." This explanation seemed perfectly satisfactory, but rather general, and the artist was asked for details. These the artist gave. He said that there were two suits, one black and the other mouse color. The black suit has a plain black velvet doublet litting tight to the body, without any visible buttons, after the style of Francis I., the lower part of the sleeves being of embossed velvet, with embroidered field flower designs, and fitting tight to the arm. The upper part of the arm is to be in large puffs of the same material, only of a larger pattern, and the body of plain velvet. The sleeves are of two designs of brocaded velvet edged with a delicate ruffle of mousseline de sole. Around the neck is also a narrow frill in three rows of the same material as that which edges the sleeves. The breeches are to come to the knee and to be tight fitting, with two small buttons at the bottom. The stockings are to be of black silk and the shoes cut low and secured with a silver buckle. It may be interesting to know that the following are the dimensions of the costumes in inches: Trousers, 30 inches; bottom of doublet, 45½; waist, 38½, and breast, 36½. The puffs at the upper part of the sleeves 81 inches, at the bottom 11 inches, the collar being 17 inches in size.—*N. Y. World.*

—A Trojan, while dining at a city restaurant, in lighting a cigar set fire to the cord attached to his eye-glasses. The flame darted up, and in a moment the frame of the glasses was all ablaze. He dashed them to the floor quickly and saved his eyesight from injury. The secret of the mystery is that the frame of the glasses was made of celluloid, a preparation of gun-cotton, and very inflammable.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

A Moving Tale.

When Whatshisname said
A woman moved is like a river troubled,
he faintly expressed the condition of a man, woman, or child who is obliged to pack up, bag and baggage, on the 1st of the merry month of May and remove to a new place of abode. From the middle of April to the last of May, the average man of family wishes that, by some sort of metamorphosis, he could be changed to a chipmunk or a gopher so that he would live in a hole in the ground, and let the world with its rents and taxes jog unheeding by. Along toward the latter part of April he lays in a bountiful supply of court-plaster, and begins trying a little family swearing, just to get his wife accustomed to it. In the meantime, both he and his good lady have been scraping high and low for a new house. They have invaded a hundred houses and sought bubble French flats even at the mouth of the deadly sewer-gas. They have spent their substance in riotous advertising, sought for happiness in house-renting agencies, and night after night have they returned from their shoe and bootless search and gone to bed supperless—she, with her cold feet in the small of his back, to dream of a ten-room flat with all the modern improvements, and he to swear at May-day, high rents and the coldness of the aforesaid feet. Thus it goes on until at last a house is found. He generally chooses it in sheer desperation, and it is accepted by her with some tears and a great deal of pout.

Then the moving begins. About a week before the moving-day arrives they begin to pull up the carpet. She takes a screw-driver, gets down in a corner, and jabs aimlessly at a forlorn and leather-headed tack on the third base. She hits it three or four times, but it dodges out of the way, and she succeeds in taking all the skin off the knuckles of her right hand. With a howl of pain she throws the screw-driver through a mirror, and says something which sounds like "Sam," but isn't. Then her better two-thirds laughs like a fiend, and says taking up a carpet is one of the things for which man was especially ordained by a kind and far-seeing Providence. She seats herself on the piano-stool and sucks her crimson knuckles, while he, with the smile of conscious superiority on his dust-begrimmed face, takes off his coat and vest, picks up the offending screw-driver, and says: "My dear, you should not attempt what you know you cannot do. You should be prepared for accidents, and when they come, take them philosophically." So saying, he kneels upon the carpet, and, holding the tack and adjoining carpet in one hand, inserts the point of the screw-driver under the head of the tack and attempts to pry it out. After a few lunges he makes a more vigorous one, because he hears a titter from the piano-stool. The point slips and he gouges about a quarter of a pound of flesh out of his left hand, while the fiend on the pinno-stool forgets her own troubles and fairly crows with delight as he executes an impromptu war-dance, which would have made the heart of a Zuni Indian green with envy. He has recourse to arnica and plaster, after which he flies savagely at the carpet, and with one pull rips up an entire side, the tacks still remaining to the floor and making the edge of the carpet look like a cribbage-board. For the next six days the house looks as if a monkey and a parrot had been enjoying themselves there while the family were at the seaside. When he comes in late at night he walks through a plate-glass mirror which she has placed opposite the door, and when crossing the front room he engages in deadly combat with a hat-rack, mistaking it for a burglar. Then she screams, and a neighbor turns in an alarm for the police-patrol. When quiet is restored he has the satisfaction of knowing that his neighbors think the landlord caught him trying to "jump" his April rent. When the moving really commences he has an economic streak and gets along with only one truckman, who gets an advance, on account, out of the twenty dollars he is going to get for his four-block job, and in the space of fifteen minutes he is hopelessly and aimlessly saturated with the drink which cheers and also inebriates. Husband and wife work like tigers all the morning, she undoing nearly everything he does. She picks up in her arms a length of stove-pipe, a lifter, two pillow-cases and three of his linen collars, and makes for the front door. They live up-stairs, and on the way down she manages to drop one of the pillows and the pipe, and reaches the track with a fifteen-and-a-half-inch linen collar, which she tosses into the empty wagon. He, following behind her with a step-ladder and a wash-tub, trips up on one of the pillows and takes a "header down below," bringing up at the bottom with his face jammed into one end of the stove pipe. About this time his language would not be admitted into any known version of the Bible. The little woman places a mirror in the bottom of the packing-box, and then gently drops a flat-iron in the coal-scuttle in on top of it, and wonders what it was that cracked. After unscrewing the legs of the piano he places the instrument at the head of the stairs, and gets in front of it to "ease her down," as he says. The piano-forte, however, starts of its own accord, and comes down with him on top of it. It goes out of the front door with a rush, and breaks in pieces against the hind wheel of the truck, leaving the unfortunate man in a mass of cords, wires, pedals and strings, with his right heel in the middle of the "Moonlight Sonata," and his nose firmly imbedded in the march from "Fatinitza." At length he is extricated, and the wagon is slowly loaded with torn curtains, broken furniture, and smashed crockery. Arrived at the new abode, the wife of his bosom helps him to carry the things in, handful at a time. As he is striving to carry an Eastlake bookcase up the steep steps, she aids him by standing at the top and repeating:

My only books
Were women's looks
And folly's all they taught me.

The climax is capped, however, when he and the obejoyful truckman are endeavoring to carry the kitchen stove up the back stairs. The lining of the stove comes out and covers him from head to foot with brick-dust and rust. He wants to sign his new lease for twenty-five years if he can.—*Chicago Times.*

—An Athens, Ga., man asserts that he has not slept for six years. Whew!

For Young Readers.

FINE AND SAD.

A fine game is Grab-bag, a fine game to see!
For Christmas, and New Year, and birthdays, and all.
Happy children, all laughing and screaming with glee!
If they draw nothing more than a pop-corn ball,
'Tis a prize they welcome with eyes of delight,
And hold it aloft with a loud, ringing cheer;
Their arms waving high, all so graceful and white;
Their heads almost bumping, so close and so near.
The laughter grows louder; the eyes grow more bright.
Oh, sweet is the laughter, and gay is the sight—
A fine game is Grab-bag! a fine game to see!

A strange game of Grab-bag I saw yesterday;
I'll never forget it as long as I live.
Some street-beggars played it—poor things, not to play!
A man with a sack on his back, and a sleeve—
A poker to stir in the barrels of dirt—
A basket to hold bits of food he might find—
'Twas a pitiful sight, and a sight that hurt,
But a sight it is well to keep in one's mind.

His children were with him, two girls and three boys;
Their heads held down close, and their eyes all intent;
No sound from their lips of glad laughter's gay noise:
No choice of bright playthings to them the game meant!
A chance of a bit of waste cinder to burn;
A chance of a crust of stale bread they could eat;
A chance—in a thousand, as chances return—
Of ragged old shoes they could wear on their feet!

The baby that yet could not totter alone
Was held up to see, and, as grave as the rest,
Watched wistful each crust, each cinder, each bone,
And snatched at the morsels he thought look the best.
The sister that held him, oppressed by his weight—
Herself but an over-yeared baby, poor child!—
Had the face of a woman, mature, sedate,
And looked but the older whenever she smiled.

Oh, a sad game is Grab-bag—a sad game to see;
As beggars must play it, and their chances fall;
When Hunger finds crusts an occasion for glee,
And Cold finds no rags too worthless or small.
O children, whose faces have shone with delight,
As you played at your Grab-bag with shouting and cheer,
And stretched out your arms, all so graceful and white,
And gayly bumped heads, crowding near and more near,
With laughter and laughter, and eyes growing bright—
Remember this picture, this pitiful sight,
Of a sad game of Grab-bag—a sad game to see!
—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW DORRY WENT MAYING.

The little Pattens had their May-baskets all ready. A row of them adorned the parlor mantel, decked in all the colors of the rainbow. Cousin Isa had sewed the pasteboard frames and taught the childen how to cover and ornament them.

And now they were going Maying.

"Dorry can't go, can she, mother? Dorry's too little; but we'll bring her some flowers to put in her basket," said Alice, coaxingly, seeing her little sister getting her hat.

"Dorry must go! Dorry aint too little!" said the child.

"Let's you and I go into the parlor and look at the baskets," said the mother.

She made a motion to the children as she left the room which meant: "Be off quickly, now!"

So they hurried away, and Dorry got so interested in deciding which basket was the prettiest that she forgot all else. Her mother gave her an old collar-box and some bright bits of tissue paper and left her happy in trying to cover a May-basket, while she went up stairs to do some sweeping. But Dorry had not quite forgotten. After a while she started up, saying:

"Course I'm going! I must want some f'owers for my bastick."

She put on her hat, tied a strip of calico round her neck, and went out through the back-door into the orchard. The old guinea hen was there, and when she saw Dorry she called out loudly:

"Go back! Go back! Go back!"

"I s'nnt do back for oo!" said Dorry, stoutly, and trudged on.

Back of the orchard was the railroad. Dorry came to the gravelly edge, and stood still and look up towards the track.

"Mover snid not never go vere!" said she, shaking her head at herself. So she walked along beside it. After awhile she saw an opening that ran under the track. A brooklet ran through it, but there was a narrow strip of ground beside it where she could walk.

"Guess I'll go fro' dis door," said Dorry.

When she came out on the other side she walked on till she came to a house with a large yard in which some bright yellow flowers were growing.

"Oh, here's some buful f'owers!" said she, and hurried in and began to pull off the heads of Miss Caroline Bullard's fine daffodils and crocuses. She heaped her little basket with them, and was full of glee, when the door of the house opened and Miss Caroline came out.

"You naughty child! You've picked every flower I had!" said the lady, grasping Dorry tightly by the wrist, and looking very stern.

"Dorry aint naughty! Dorry pick May-f'owers!" said the little maid.

"She didn't know any better," said a plump old lady, trotting down the walk after her daughter. "You'll have to forgive her, Car'line. It's the youngest Patten, isn't it?"

"Dorfy Patten—vat's my name—free years old las' Zhune wary."

"Well, Dorothy Patten, you've been stealing. These are my flowers. Do you know what is done to folks that steal?" said Caroline, sternly.

"I didn't! I picked May-f'owers!" said Dorry.

"There! There!" said the old lady. "You see she don't know. She's too little. Come in, deary, and I'll give you a seed-cake. I suppose you ran awny. You must go right home, or your mar will think you're lost."

Dorry went in, looking very amiable at the mention of the seed-cake. But seeing that Caroline still looked displeased, she took one of the flowers out of her basket, and offered it.

"I dive loo one!" said she.

"Umph!" said Caroline. "You must think you're very kind to give me one of my own flowers, after you've picked 'em all."

"Can't you sing us a song?" asked the old lady. "I hear your folks singing most every night."

Dorry was beginning to feel to blame, and was willing to make what compensation she could. So when she had cleared her mouth of seed-cake she began to sing:

"I am so glad 'at ve Faver in Heaven
Tells of His love in ve book He has given,"

and brought up suddenly on the chorus, with—

"Jesus loves even me."

"He won't love you if you go into other folks' yards and pick their flowers," said Miss Caroline.

Dorry hung her head a little. After a minute's thought she very slowly picked out one more of the flowers from her basket.

"I'll div 'oo vat," said she, holding it out to Caroline, with a radiant smile.

"You are kind o' sweet, after all!" said Caroline, relenting. "If you'll give me a kiss, I'll forgive you this time, though you mustn't ever do such a thing again."

Dorry always had plenty of kisses to give away. So she paid up her debt willingly.

Then Caroline took her in her arms and carried her all the way home. The older Pattens were just coming in at the gate.

"I dot ve most May-f'owers of all of you," said Dorry; "on'y I mustn't do it no more."

"I should think not!" said Kenneth. "Look, Cousin Isa, see what Dorry has got!"

Dorry gave each of her brothers and sisters one of her flowers to eke out the rather small supply they had found to put in their May-baskets.

Then they went in and told their mother about Dorry's adventures.

"To think that I never missed the child!" said their mother, much surprised.—*Youth's Companion.*

A New York Boy at the West.

We make the following extract from Mr. Charles L. Brace's article, entitled "Wolf-reared Children," in *St. Nicholas.* "Pickety" is a New York street arab who has been induced to leave the Boys' Lodging House and "Go West":

Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there: everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"——, KANSAS.

"MR. MACY—*Dear Sir:* I write you a few lines hoping you are in good health, present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plow and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals—'cept prairie-wolves, and you can scare them with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pegging stones at rag-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

"Tell 'Hanty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly, ——."

He learned his farm work fast and soon made himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too: when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the lodging house, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him—a thriving farmer on his own land.

—Quite an unusual occurrence took place near Belleview, Ga., one day recently. A mare with her colt by some means gained admittance to a lot in which were several gums of working bees. The motherly animal, in her investigation of the surroundings, unfortunately upset a bee gum, when the little busy stingers fastened punctuation points on the young colt, in a little time inflicting injuries from which the animal died.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Agernon Brannugsford left England in 1850 after quarreling with his brother, and engaged as book-keeper in San Francisco, defaulted, and was disgraced; gradually sunk in the social scale till he became known as "Old Ag," a vagabond. A few days ago a messenger from the old country appraised him of the death of his father, Lord Brannugsford, and his succession to a fortune estimated at $2,000,000.—*Chicago News.*

—A small girl at Rochester, N. Y., has become affected with St. Vitus' dance, a result, it is thought, of excessive rope-jumping.

—A king fish weighing eight hundred pounds was recently caught near Newbern, N. C.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—There are 70,000 pounds of peppermint produced annually in the United States, and of this amount two-thirds is produced in Wayne County, N. Y.

—Deeply-rooted crops, as wheat, red clover and mangel, are those best fitted to resist drouth, while shallow-rooted crops, as grass and turnips, are those that suffer most from it.

—A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder*, who has "tried a great many remedies for cabbage worms," finds nothing equal to cold water dashed on liberally. "Faithfully followed it will save the cabbage."

—The Chinese have introduced a new variety of radish into California that obtains a remarkable size and still remains tender. Specimens are in the San Francisco market that are twelve inches in circumference and weigh two pounds.

—Cocoa-nut jumbles are very delicate for tea. Grate one pound of cocoanut, mix with it three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat all well together, then drop on buttered tins and bake.

—This is a good time to destroy the eggs of the tent caterpillar, as the clusters of them are more easily seen now that the leaves are absent. As they are usually glued closely to the small twigs, the best way is to remove them with a knife.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Corncobs are very valuable, especially after they are reduced to ashes. They contain a great proportion of potash—about twenty-five per cent.—and the ashes can be either used for making soap by leaching them or spread on the soil. Cobs furnish a quick, hot fire.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Pie-Plant Pudding.—Wash and cut the pie-plant in small pieces, cover the bottom of a pudding dish with it, then put in a layer of bread crumbs and plenty of sugar, and so on until the dish is full; add a little water, and only a little, as the pie-plant is very juicy. Make a sauce to eat with this of melted sugar, flavored with cinnamon.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The parsnip stew of our mothers is still, to many, the only true way to serve this vegetable. To make it, take thin slices of pork (fat streaked with lean,) let it boil for an hour, then add five large parsnips washed, scraped and cut in quarters lengthwise; let these boil for half an hour, then add some potatoes, also cut in pieces. When the potatoes are done all will be. Remove the vegetables, and thicken the gravy in the kettle with a little flour; add pepper and salt, and a small lump of butter. Put the pork and vegetables on a large, deep platter, and pour the gravy over them.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Pea-Nut Candy.—The thick pea-nut candy sold by the confectioners is made by removing the shells and skins from roasted nuts, putting them an inch thick in a buttered tin pan, and pouring over them sufficient sugar boiled to a caramel point to hold the nuts together, but not to cover them; directly after sugar has reached the degree of boiling indicated in the preceding receipt, it begins to burn; at this moment the sugar-boiler must be taken from the fire, set at once into a pan of cold water to check the boiling, and the caramel, as the boiled sugar is now called, is poured over the nuts; white sugar is to be used in making this candy.—*N. Y. Times.*

Is the Pig a Filthy Animal?

The little animal that leads all our exports of animal products, and is likely to hold this lead for years to come, should not be charged with faults that belong primarily to his keepers. The pig is called the filthiest of our domestic animals, but this is made inseparable from his surroundings in most cases. The pig is a wonderful machine for the production of pork, bacon and hams. He is the greatest utilizer of food on the farm. He lays up in his body twenty per cent. of the dry substance of his food—a feat not performed by any other of our domestic animals—and proper provision should be made for the disposal of his excretion. The tidy dairyman cleans his cow stable every day, and some twice per day; but his pig pen is not cleaned till his pigs are likely to be submerged. Are the pigs or the owner chargeable with the filth?

Some years ago we tested the pig's disposition to keep clean where the opportunity was given, by placing in his pasture a shallow bath of clean water. This privilege was eagerly used, in preference to wallowing in a mud hole some few rods off. This shallow bath was filled with fresh water three times per week, and it was noticed that the pigs seemed always to enjoy the renewal of the water. This certainly indicated a nice discrimination in cleanly habits.

The writer has also placed pigs upon a slatted floor, which would allow the liquid and much of the solid to go through, and the balance was mostly trodden through. On one side of the pen was a strip of tight floor, four feet wide, with the trough placed upon it against the side of the pen, and upon these plank was placed bedding for the pigs. They soon learned the use of the slatted part of the pen, and would go there and drop. The slatted floor is elevated fifteen inches above the bottom, so that the excretion works through the slats, and the pen and pigs are kept clean. A door is hung on a hinge, so as to be turned up and allow the manure to be cleaned from under the slatted parts of the floor. The pigs, in this case, keep quite clean, without any labor being bestowed upon it, except to remove the manure, once a month, from under the slatted floor.

The writer has found pigs just as ready to keep clean as any other animal when the opportunity is afforded them to do so. Let the farmer take the same pains to keep him clean as he does in the case of other domestic animals, and he will find the pig as cleanly as any of them. The pig is a very profitable animal, and when we consider that it returns us, from exportations about $110,000,000 per year, a sum greater than all other animal exports, it would seem that it deserves to be treated with as much consideration as we give to our cows and horses.—*Live Stock Journal.*

—The Empress Elizabeth of Austria gives immense sums from her private fortune in charity, but the recipients of her bounty just the same begrudge her the pleasure of her hunting jaunts, on which she wastes so much money that they would like themselves.

The World's Timber Supply.

The substitution of iron for wood in many branches of manufacture, more especially in the case of iron vessels and sleepers for railroads, has by no means curtailed the world's demand for timber. The multifarious uses of wood, the vast amount of building that is going on in all civilized countries, to say nothing of the rapid multiplication of all kinds of factories, bring us to face with the question: Is the wood supply sufficient for prospective requirements? The United States and Canada, as is well known, have been the greatest shippers of American lumber of late years, but time was when as many as nine hundred cargoes of timber were annually loaded at Memel for Great Britain alone. Not only is the demand increasing, but, what is the most serious features of the situation, forests are rapidly disappearing, and thus far no efficacious steps have been taken in any country to renew them. Sweden and Norway were one time regarded as inexhaustible sources of supply. All the great forests there were bought up by English merchants and contractors, and now these countries have partly to draw their supplies from further north, and import their oak from Poland. Northern Russia, which was at one time an immense forest all the way from the Baltic to the Ural Mountains, has increased its cuttings so rapidly that St. Petersburg even has to bring its heavy lumber now from the center of the empire. The once great forests of Finland also are almost cleared away. The forests along the Vistula and the Nieman, which may be considered as the sources of supply for the great Memel trade, have receded, we are told, to such an extent that it is difficult to fill orders at Koenigsberg, Tilsit and Dantzig. Germany has upward of 30,000,000 acres of forests, Prussia possessing the larger portion, but their value is greatly diminished by the inferior quality of the pine in the northern provinces. Austria had magnificent forests formerly, and there still remains to her 18,343,810 hectares, or half as much more as possessed by Germany. These are mostly in Bohemia, Galicia and Transylvania, and the fact that they are so far removed from navigation renders them practically unavailable for the European markets. The forests that once covered the eastern shores of the Adriatic are entirely gone. Italy has a considerable extent of forests—in round numbers, 13,000,000 acres; but the difficult nature of the passes in the Alps and Appenines render it impossible to work them to commercial advantage. Spain has some 8,500,000 acres of forests, but the woodman is hampered here also by the nature of the ground. Portugal, with a good seaboard, has no difficulty in getting rid of the small extent of forest land that now remains—that is to say, not more than 1,000,000 acres. Turkey has extensive forests in Roumelia, near Constantinople, and also in various parts of the Asiatic possessions; but the population has been—what Turks proverbially are—destructive, and no provision has been made for systematic replanting. France figures for about 22,000,000 acres of forests. In Great Britain the supply of home wood is simply nil; trees are there chiefly for ornament; while in Ireland impoverished landlords have ruthlessly cut down woods that has served very important meteorological purposes.

Let us now see the export capacity and consumptive needs of the various countries:

	Exports.	Imports.
Norway and Sweden	$16,000,000	.....
Finland	11,000,000	.....
Russia	20,000,000	.....
Austria	.....	Fancy and dye-woods only.
Germany	.....	
Holland	.....	$10,000,000
Belgium	580,000	8,000,800
Great Britain	.....	94,000,000
France	6,880,000	55,800,000

The smaller countries import, but generally through England or France. The supply and demand being thus roughly estimated, it may be observed that the cost of tapping the immense forests of central Africa and America would at once cause a revolution in the present condition of the timber trade.

While the supply of lumber in the United States is fully equal to present demands, it is difficult to foresee what may be the increased requirements, domestic and foreign, in the early future. It is very certain that due provision is not made for planting, and while some States have shown commendable care and energy in that respect, others have been singularly negligent. What, in the course of a few years will become of the lumber trade of Pensacola, Mobile and other Southern ports, with the present rate of clearing?

In Canada, we observe, the subject is beginning to attract the attention it deserves, and in face of the increasing shipments from St. John, Miramichi, Quebec and other ports there is no doubt that even there the supply in the course of brief time may have to be brought from longer distances. The cargoes in 1881 from St. John, N. B., were 303, and the superficial feet of deals, 210,281,730, besides 5,152 tons of birch and 1,549 of pine. In 1872 only 138,791,000 feet were shipped. From Miramichi 279 vessels were sent out last year with 128,311,000 feet of deals, 1,031 tons of birch, 1,009 tons of pine, and 3,228,000 pieces of paling. The total shipments of deals from Canadian ports in 1881 were 400,195,905 superficial feet—a decrease, however, from 1880, when 431,055,574 feet were shipped. Our most important source of supply, the great northwest, it is well known, is exposed to improvident methods and reckless waste; and these must ere long lead to a serious depletion of the forests (as they have already led to important climatic changes not always favorable in a sanitary respect,) unless some intelligent system is generally adopted, not only for arresting further waste, but encouraging replanting. Nature is ever responsive to man's wants, but there is a point at which nature will resist man's wastefulness and neglect.—*N. Y. Commercial Bulletin.*

—Republican simplicity was never more graphically illustrated than in a pleasant old-fashioned house near Iowa City the other day. A newspaper representative visited the house in search of its owner, ex-Secretary of the Interior Kirkwood. "A tall, elderly lady, with a benevolent and motherly face, quit her ironing-board, and, placing her flat-iron upon the stove, came forward to greet the reporter." It was Mrs. Kirkwood.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Undeveloped Resources in Louisiana.

Under acts of 1849-50, the United States Government donated to the State of Louisiana 500,000 acres of good lands for internal improvements, and all the the swamp lands within the limits of the State. The State selected 11,431,509 acres as being swamp lands. Of these, 8,530,665 acres have been approved and allowed, and 1,399,333 acres rejected, leaving 1,501,511 acres undecided on—neither approved nor rejected. Of the amount approved, 3,289,417 acres have been sold, leaving the State domain of public lands, 5,241,248 acres. The sales for 1881 to date amount to 25,150 acres. Of the internal improvements land 495,393 acres have been selected and approved. Nearly all this land has been sold. The price of State lands is 12½ cents per acre for overflowed land, mostly sea marsh; 25 cents for ordinary swamp lands; 75 cents (formerly $1.25) for swamp lands capable of being drained and redeemed, and $1.25 for internal improvement lands. The cost of entering a homestead (160 acres) amounts to about $14 down, and the the payment of $9 at the expiration of five years. The United States Government owns 2,450,000 acres of land in this State. The largest amount of this lies in the pine woods regions, particularly Catahoula, Calcasieu, Washington and St. Tammany parishes. This land can be entered, under the Homestead act, on the usual terms, or purchased at $1.25 per acre for ordinary land and $2.50 for land lying along the route of a railroad or a projected railroad. Notwithstanding the fact that Louisiana is mainly an alluvial State, it contains several valuable mineral deposits. Crystalline sulphur has been found in Calcasieu Parish at the depth of four hundred feet. A company was organized some time ago to work this mine, but the project was abandoned, as the cost of working it promised to be too great. Petroleum has been found at the same spot. Rock salt was unexpectedly discovered on Petite Anse Island, in Iberia Parish, in 1862. The mine is now worked by a company which turns out 312,000 bushels of salt, worth $56,000 annually. A brine well also exists in De Soto, and there are several salt licks at various points in the State. Iron is scattered at various depths north of Red River, from the Ouachita to Lake Bodeau. Coal of a light and inferior character is to be found in De Soto, from six to eight feet deep. Peat is dug at a number of points on the Gulf coast. Kaolin, suitable for the manufacture of porcelain, can be found in Catahoula and St. Tammany parishes.—*Chicago Times.*

—Chicago has had a box-nailing contest. The feat was to make thirty boxes, each two feet long, a foot wide, and a foot high, and fastened by twenty-seven nails, the boards being previously sawed. The winner's time was exactly half an hour.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Chief Justice Appleton, of Maine, has decided that a Masonic Lodge is not a charitable or benevolent institution in the meaning of the statutes, and that its property is therefore subject to taxation.

—The inventor of the Hoe power press lives in Augusta. His name is John Mast.

There is a complaint from England that leather is found in American sausage. This shows carelessness on the part of our sausage-makers in the Eastern States, but out West here, where brass collars are worn entirely, no such trouble is found with sausage. See that the words "Wisconsin sausage" are blown on the sausage ulster, and you will never be troubled with leather.—*Peck's Sun.*

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A oar in the carving-knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.—*Boomerang.*

Two-Thirds of a Bottle Cures.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured. Gratefully, Mrs. H. C. Lovett, Watseka, Ill.

Experience teaches that it does rile an artist to ask him: "What will you take for that frame with the picture thrown in?"

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Car-wheels, pails, wash-bowls, and even bricks are made from paper. Now why don't some one go to work and make leather out of boarding-house pie crust. It wouldn't require a particle of tanning.

If you wish to know the climate of any high mountain, why go to it and climb it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* We ascent.—*Free Press.*

First lady—"Dear me, I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale." Second lady—"Nor I; she's probably been out in the wet without an umbrella."

A method has been discovered recently by which good walking shoes can be made from leather. This will have a tendency to relieve the great strain on the pasteboard market.—*Chicago Times.*

A New York writer says the humorists have had their day. Yes, it is undeniable that there is a marked wane among them.—*N. Y. Independent.*

It was a clever girl who, when her lover, who was too bashful to "speak out," asked her what he should do, replied: "Do write, and fear not."

Men of intellect stand by their ideas; dissipated men fall by their rye deals; and men with extravagant wives are ruined by their high deals.

The Boston *Advertiser* has discovered that if a man applies himself diligently to getting juice out of an orange he generally suckeseeds.

Arabella—"Oh! I do so love a big dog!" George (with a tinge of sarcasm)—"Oh! don't I wish I was a big dog!" Arabella—"Don't worry—you'll grow."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A shoemaker advertises a foot-pad that will relieve pains in the foot. The old style foot-pad used to relieve you of everything you had about you.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"What is the national fishery question?" pompously exclaimed an orator; and a squeaking voice in the audience responded: "It's, 'Have you got a bite.'"

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," but it's the proof of the pie that maddens the printer.—*Springfield News.*

The young man or woman who must forsake society because of mortifying freckles, tan, tetter, pimples and itching excoriations of the face, should use some of Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cleanses the scalp and is good for the toilet. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, so widely and favorably known as a sure remedy for all kinds of nervousness and headaches, are also for sale at all druggists.

A Brooklyn man advertises a powder to "cure cats and dogs of somnambulism." It is put in a gun.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

Inquirer: What is the most scarce American coin? Don't know, sir; dollars are quite scarce enough.—*Boston Post.*

"It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors thus being "just the thing."

When Mr. Fish had his children's portraits painted they were spoken of as sardines—little Fishes done up in oil.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

☞ Hoods, scarfs, ribbons and any fancy articles can be made any color wanted with the Diamond Dyes, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, and all popular colors.

"I am afraid of the lightning," said a pretty girl to her lover. "Quite natural," he replied, "when you have a heart of steel."

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect specific in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

What's in a name? That which we cauliflower by any other name would taste as good.—*Courier-Journal.*

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases

a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Why is the early grass like a pen-knife? Because the spring brings out the blades?

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

Whenever a lot of girls strike it is safe to ask: "Who is he?"—*Boston Post.*

Don't Die in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

Who invented the steam-engine? Watts his name.

Redding's Russia Salve is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25c.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? Because she will lay wherever you put her.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

Tonics

At this season of the year when the greatest and most rapid changes are going on in the physical condition of our body, it is absolutely necessary to take a reliable strengthening tonic.

The trouble heretofore has been to get as a tonic a medicine that was not composed mostly of cheap whiskey doctored with nauseous, disagreeable, and incompatible drugs.

Brown's Iron Bitters Is a strictly scientific medicinal preparation, recommended by the medical profession as a complete tonic, composed of Iron—the great strengthener, cinchona bark, and other valuable medicines so combined as to be pleasant to take, thorough in effect, and free from all the objectionable features of other Iron medicines. Brown's Iron Bitters will not cause headache, constipation, and blacken the teeth as other Iron preparations will.

Sufferers from weakness, lassitude, thin blood, sallow complexion, malaria, nervousness, loss of tone in the muscles or digestive organs, stiff joints, pain in the back, or kidney diseases, torpid or inactive liver, will find Brown's Iron Bitters a reliable and effectual cure for same. Sold at $1.00 a bottle by all dealers in medicine.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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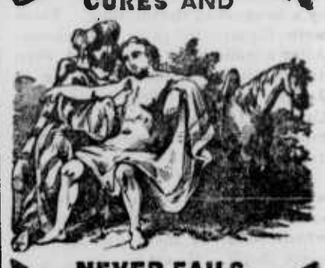

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Stinging Speech.

An addition was recently made to the county jail in Patterson, New Jersey, at the cost of $30.000. When it was completed the county officers and contractor celebrated the event by a banquet in the building. There were liquors in great abundance. After a number of toasts had been drunk, the gentleman presiding (a Judge) proposed "The Temperance Cause." It was probably done because they were getting pretty drunk.

Mr. Bartram, a temperance man, was called on to respond, and he did so in the following stinging speech, which some of them perhaps will never forget. He said:

"I thank you for this invitation, and I recognize its fitness. You have assembled to celebrate the enlargement of this jail, rendered necessary by the use of strong drink, in which you are so freely indulging in this day. Down stairs the cells and corridors are crowded with criminals who have but changed places. A few years ago they were respected citizens, some of them occupying as responsible positions as those filled by yourselves; but they commenced as you have commenced, and they continued as many of you are continuing, and to-day they are reaping the harvest in a carreer of crime, and paying the penalty with a period of punishment. [At this moment another bottle was opened, and Mr. Bartram said:] I hear the popping of a cork. I listen to the merry voices and praises you are singing to the infernal spirit of wine; but there comes to me the refrain from the prisoner's cell, who is shedding penitential tears over his folly, and accompanied by the still sadder wail of anguish uttered by the broken-hearted wife, worse than widowed through the traffic in strong drink, which as a judge in your court said, 'is the great promotive in crime,' a traffic licensed by your votes, and sustained by the patronage you are this day giving it. It is with inexpressible sadness that I discover that there can be found in Passaic County so many men with hearts so hardened, feelings so calloused, sensibilities so blunted, that in a place like this, under circumstances like these, they dare raise to their lips that which deprayes the citizen and endangers the State."

"Thanking you, gentleman, for this unexpected privilege, I take my seat, fully conscious that you will never again call on me under similar circumstances."

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Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

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First.
Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.
Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

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Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.
Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.
Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

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Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

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SEABURY & JOHNSON,
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A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.
A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

CHAPTER 328.

AN ACT

To repeal section one hundred and forty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county, as enacted by the Act of the General Assembly passed at its January session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county, of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding thereto certain sections under the subtitle "Intoxicating Liquors."

Section 1. Be it enacted by General Assembly of Maryland, That section one hundred and thirty-five of the Code of Public Local Laws, article entitled "Garrett county," as enacted by the Act of General Assembly passed at its January Session eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to amend chapter one hundred and eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," of the acts of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by adding certain sections under the sub-title "Intoxicating Liquors" be and said section is hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session 1882.

Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.
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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is an valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon requets.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 291, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS,

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. FAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will Lather nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 57 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to [illegible] store.

J. Bn.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAPTER 170.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Garrett county to levy a certain sum of money for Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, late teacher in public school in Garrett county.

WHEREAS Miss V. A. Schaff, now Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, was, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy six, duly appointed teacher in public school in election district number nine of Garrett county, known as the Layman school, by George L. Layman, at that time one of the school trustees for school district number ——, in said Garrett county, and in which district said Layman school is located; and whereas said Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, taught in said school house an average of twenty-three scholars for a term of three and a half months, or from the twenty-seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, to the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, and for which service she has received no compensation whatever, and for which she claims that there is still due her unpaid the sum of one hundred and five dollars, with interest thereon from the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven,

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county, at their next annual levy, be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to levy for Mrs. V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff, late teacher in Garrett county, the sum of one hundred and five dollars, with interest thereon from the ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, provided the said County Commissioners shall be satisfied that the said V. A. Cunningham, nee V. A. Schaff is entitled to receive the same for services rendered by her while teacher in said county, and that the County Commissioners shall deduct the amount so levied from the annual levy to the Board of County School Commissioners.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1882.

Approved May 3, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 322.

AN ACT

To add certain sections to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled an Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county, said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, sub-title "Sales by Action," and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, sixty-one *C*.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following sections be, and are hereby added to the Act of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, chapter one hundred and eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws entitled Garrett county," said additional sections to follow sub-section sixty-one of said Act, "sub-title "Sales by Auction" and to be numbered sixty-one *A*, sixty-one *B*, and sixty-one *C*, and to read as follows:

Sixty one *A*. It shall be unlawful for any person to pursue, or carry on the business or avocation of an auctioneer or crier of sales in Garrett county, without first taking out a license therefor as provided in the following section:

Sixty-one *B* Any person desiring to pursue or carry on said business or avocation, of auction or crier of sales, may obtain a license so to do upon application to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, and said Clerk is hereby authorized to issue such license upon the payment by such person of the sum of ten dollars to be immediately paid over by said Clerk to the treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county, for the use of the Public School of said county, after deducting therefrom the sum of fifty cents as a fee to be retained by said Clerk for issuing said license.

Sixty one *C* Any person who shall act or attempt to act as auctioneer or crier of sales without first obtaining a license as provided in the last preceeding section, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not less than five nor more than ten dollars, to be received by indictment in the Circuit Court of said county, or by an action at the suit of the State before any Justice of the Peace in said county, and such fine shall be paid over to the School Board of said county, for the use of the Public schools thereof.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1882.

Approved 3d of May, 1882.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
JOSEPH B. SETH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephraim G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 26th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
12 5 4ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

Estate of William Sibert, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Allegany county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

WILLIAM SIBERT,

late of Preston Co. W. Va., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of May, 1882.

JACOB BROWN,
20 5 3 Administrator.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Thomas Coddington and Richard S. Jamison, of Oakland, Md., under the style and firm name of Coddington & Jamison, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of May, 1882.

The books of said firm will be placed in the hands of C. C. Willison, Esq., for collection.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
R. S. JAMISON.

The Hotel business in all its branches will be carried on at the old stand by

5 27 3 THOS. CODDINGTON.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m8

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, apple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frame house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Flat Woods, Garrett county, Md., by crossing over said farm throwing down fences, or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.

May 22, 1882 3t.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, Sr., Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emptions, homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 3d 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 8 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882. NUMBER 15.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 1y tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 tf. Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by B. C. Belt and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Thursday, June 8th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN WARNICK, of S.,
WM. ROSS, of H.,
JOHN HARNED,
Examiners.

545

FULL ARRIVAL

-OF-

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

-AT-

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through, which the change in location of the road petitioned for by Ashford Warnick and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, June 6th, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change in said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
ELIAS MERRILL,
JOSEPH INSKEEP,
Examiners.

545

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.

Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1881.
The very best medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure every time.*
JULIUS W. IDE.

MONROE, IOWA, March 19, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. ITTS.

SACO, ME., Jan. 25, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. STERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 23, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable* necessity.
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, Eng.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOODE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
C. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. In Constipation, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it.

PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, several of its constituents a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in separating and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly coincides with the Vis Medicatrix Nature in every disease, and cures necessarily follows. There is not an organ it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Blest Life." Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors.

For Pelvic and Private Diseases, take

MANALIN

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Size Peruna $1.00. Size Manalin $1.00.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Col. Ingersoll's Address in New York, on Decoration Day.

The ceremonies of Decoration Day in New York were concluded in the evening by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, at the Academy of Music, where over ten thousand people were assembled. Col. Ingersoll said:

"This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart. To-day we tell the history of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years—the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our nation great and free. Separated from the Old World—away from the heartless destruction of caste—the founders of our states governed themselves. They defended their homes, they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became almost republics. Slowly the savage was driven foot by foot back in the dim forest. Amid common dangers and common hopes the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest, first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence—the chart and compass of all human rights. All men are equal, and have the right to life, to liberty and joy. This declaration gave the peasant a career, it knighted all the sons of toil, it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe. To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the weary marches, the sufferings, and, above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all, from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless sky. We remember the soldiers and thinkers, the heroes of the sword and pen. Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years not one remains. But the nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

Let us be truthful, let us be kind. When peace came, when the independence of a new nation was acknowledged, the great truth for which our fathers fought was half denied, and the Constitution was inconsistent with the declaration. The war was waged for liberty, and yet the victors forged new fetters for their fellow-men. Freedom for all was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night through seven years of want and war. In peace the cloud was forgotten and the pillar blazed unseen. Let us be truthful. All of our fathers were not great enough to appreciate the grandeur of the principles for which they fought. They ceased to regard the great truths as having universal application. 'Liberty for all' included only themselves. They qualified the declaration. They interpolated the word 'white.' They obliterated the word 'all.' Let us be ever kind. We will remember the age in which they lived. They made merchandise of men; they eulogized a crime, and they sowed the seeds of war. But they founded this nation. Let us gratefully remember; let us gratefully forget. To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England, in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American sailor. We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savage of the frontier."

"To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec. Leaving out of question the justice of our cause, the necessity of the war, we are yet compelled to applaud the marvellous courage of our troops. Our history has no record of more glowing deeds. Again peace came, and the nation hoped and thought that strife was at an end. In the great North, from labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chant of rythmic stroke. But in the South the negro toiled unpaid. The great statesmen, the successful politicians, announced that law had compromised with crime, that justice had been bribed and that time had barred appeal. A race was left without a right, without a hope.

"We had been successful in three wars. We were rich and free, and the world appeared to be most prosperous of nations. But it was only appearance. The statesmen and politicians were deceived. Real victories can be won only for the right. The triumph of justice is the only peace. The mistake our fathers made had not been corrected. The foundations of the republic were insecure. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Party cries had been mistaken for principles, partisanship for patriotism, success for justice. But while pointed to the scared and bleeding backs of slaves, mercy heard the sobs of mothers bereft of babes and justice held aloft the scales in which one drop of blood shed by a master's lash outweighed a nation's gold. There were a few men, a few women who had the courage to attack the monstrous crime. They found it entrenched in constitutions, statutes and decisions, barricaded and fortified by every department and by every party. Politicians were its servants, statesmen its attorneys, judges its menials, presidents its puppets, and upon its cruel altar had been sacrificed our country's honor. It was the crime of the nation, of the whole country—North and South responsible alike.

"To-day we reverently thank the Abolitionists. Earth has produced no grander men, no grander women; they were the real philanthropists, the true patriots. When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism. The south relied upon the bond—upon a barbarous clause that stained, disfigured and defiled the federal pact and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the nation's ward. The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed and blighted soil and soil enough, and that the territories must be free. The radicals of the South cried, 'No Union without slavery.' The radicals of the North replied, 'No Union without liberty.' The Northern radicals were right. Upon the great issue of free homes for free men a president was elected by the states. The South appealed to the sword, and raised the standard of revolt. For the first time in history the oppressors rebelled. But let us to-day be great enough to forget individuals; great enough to know that slavery was rebellion; that slavery fired upon our flag, and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that bears the hope and future of this world. The first shot liberated the North. Constitutions, statutes and decisions, compromises, platforms and resolutions made, passed and ratified, in the interest of slavery, became mere legal lies, mean and meaningless, base and baseless.

"Parchment and paper could no longer stop nor stay the onward march of man. The North was free. Millions instantly resolved that the nation should not die, that freedom should not perish and that slavery should not live. Millions of our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our husbands answered to the nation's call. The great armies have desolated the earth; the greatest soldiers have been ambitious dupes. They waged war for the sake of place and pillage, pomp and power, for the ignorant applause of vulgar millions, for the flattery of parasites and the adulation of sycophants and slaves. Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the grandest, the noblest army of the world fought not to enslave, but to free; not to destroy, but to save, not simply for themselves, but for others, not for conquest but for conscience, not only for us but for every land and every race. With courage, with enthusiasm, with a devotion never excelled, with an exaltation and purity of purpose never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the public. For the preservation of this nation, for the destruction of slavery, these soldiers, these sailors, on land and sea, disheartened by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved until a stainless flag, without a rival, floated over all our wide domain, and until every human being beneath its folds was absolutely free."

Among those present were President Arthur, ex-President Grant, Messrs. Conkling, Brewster, Hancock, Grace, Newman, Folger and Danenhower. One of the features of the meeting was the production of the original flag upon which was inscribed General Dix's famous order, "If any man attempt to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." This relic brought every man in the house to his feet, and the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Vennor's Forecast for the Summer.

1. A season that will well merit the designation of cool to cold and wet, generally. Not that there will not be terms of summer warmth and even intense heat for periods, but, rather, that these last will appear in the retrospect as of but comparative significance, or as the exceptions to the general rule.

2. The season will be marked by not only great precipitation, but by a mugginess of atmosphere generally caused by the reeking condition of the earth and the long continuance of clouded sky. This will result in periods of extreme sultriness and heavy weather, during which the thunder and hail-storms will occur. In other words, the summer will be the reverse of clear and dry.

3. There is a likelihood of June and August frost in Northern, Western and Southern sections, and a general cold wave may occur toward midsummer.

4. The autumn months will continue moist. September will probably give rains and floods in Western Canada and in western sections of the United States. October will be much the same, with the early cold and snow falls. November will begin the winter of 1882-83—a winter likely to be memorably on account of its exceptionally heavy snow-falls and very cold weather over the whole Northern Hemisphere. That "a cold and wet summer is invarably followby a cold and stormy winter," is a truth now so well proven and borne out by the testimony of past records that we cannot lightly put it aside; and if we have good and sufficient grounds for predicting the former—as we most assuredly have at this time—it is but right that we should warn the people of the latter in good season.

Fifth and last—The approaching season will probably be the first of a couple of wet summers, and, as 1882 is, so is 1883 likely to be.

Historic Cannon.

A Troy paper says that the eight artillery pieces at the Watervliet Arsenal, which are to be given by the Government by act of Congress to the Saratoga Monument Association, have been at the arsenal more than fifty years. They were surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga. The larger pieces are beautifully carved and inscribed with the British coat-of-arms. There is much dissatisfaction in military circles and among those interested in historical relics because the collections of ordinance trophies at the various arsenals are being steadily diminished. Many of the cannon given away by the Government as relics have been melted and sold. Four Spanish cannon, at least 400 years old, which were known as "the four apostles," were taken recently from the Watervliet arsenal and sent to different places. They had kept company hundreds of years and should have been kept together where their preservation was assured. The guns which are to be transferred to Saratoga are grouped about the flagstaff on the arsenal grounds in a motley collection of historic cannon. This collection was once large, but its numbers are being steadily reduced, and probably the arsenal will soon cease to be a place of interest to the lover of historical relics. An inscription at the butt of some of the Burgoyne cannon reads: "D. W. Bowen fecit 1759." One marked "A Schalch fecit 1748." Three of the pieces were made in 1760 by D. W. Bowen. The place of manufacture is not given.

Abraham S. Hewitt, of New York, one of the leading and richest Democrats in Congress, was born in the Hayerstraw Mountains, on the Hudson, and started in industry by helping his father make baskets. He went to New York and began there by sweeping out Peter Cooper's store. He attended to his business, gained his employer's confidence, married Mr. Cooper's daughter, and is now one of the rich and influential men of the metropolis. It is a remarkable fact that most of our successful men have started in life at the bottom of the ladder.

Wolves In Sheep's Clothing.

Every now and then we hear of an embezzlement by a bank Clerk or cashier—who is a member of some Christian church—or superintendent or teacher in a Sunday School, and not unfrequently even a clergyman is reported as going astray—and this is heralded all over the world—as "Another Clergyman Gone Wrong," "A Sunday School Teacher a Defaulter," and words of similiar import, just as if it was the fact of their being connected with the church that made them become scoundrels.

These things are used to the injury of the cause of religion, when every man who for a moment reflects must know that it is the want of religion that causes these shipwrecks of life. We have a case in point in Richard K. Cornnell, of New York, who lately embezzled to the amount of $80,000, and was a prominent Sunday School and church man. A New York paper has the audacity to declare that men with church and Sunday School associations should be required to give additional security when assuming places of trust. This is not fair nor honorable reasoning. There are good and bad people in all churches. The great Teacher himself in the parable of the enemy sowing tares among the wheat, shows that evil and good must be expected to grow together, until the great weeding out day shall come when the tares shall be separated from the wheat. He who is in the church and lives up to his profession and the teachings of its Great Head, will be a good and trusty man. The wolves in sheep's clothing—the counterfeits are the ones who bring discredit upon religion—and *they*, alone not the cause of Christianity, should suffer for it. A Judas betrayed his Lord, but there were of the twelve, eleven who were true and faithful servants. The enemies of religion are unfair in their treatment of it—for never was it known where true religion existed to produce other than good fruits. They reject it because there are false professors and counterfeits, but they do not reject all coins or bank notes and denounce money because some of it is bad and worthless. They do not parade a man as an Odd Fellow or Mason or some associations, and condemn the order because a Mason or an Odd Fellow is a rascal, and yet perhaps as many out of these orders might be found bad, as there are bad church members. This will not do and it is time that the press and and the public generally frown down these attempts to bring reproach and disgrace upon Christianity for the fault of bold and bad men, who have crept into the churches in order to deceive more readily. Let us condemn the guilty criminal for both his crime and his hypocrisy, but not slander and slur the church that has done more to elevate, dignify and improve humanity than all other causes in the world.

Are Lunches Bad?

Alternate activity and rest is a law of nature, for every part of the body except the heart and blood vessels, and for the mind also. This law can be violated without more or less harmful results, whether they are noticed or not. The human stomach must have periods of rest, or it will weaken and finally fail. It is in one sense the gristmill that supplies the whole body with nutriment. The mill keeps to work as long as there is anything in it to grind. An ordinary heavy meal requires 4 to 5 hours for being dissolved and sent out to the system; in weak stomachs more time is needed. Then the stomach wants quiet and rest of at least an hour or two to recuperate itself, during which the other parts of the body and the mind may be active. As a rule, not less than six hours should intervene between meals. A lunch of any kind, even milk, if put into the stomach before it has disposed of the previous meal, and rested, is harmful. Lunches between meal, nibbling at cake, candy, fruit, at anything that must be digested, keeps the stomach at work, and robs it of rest absolutely needed. Even beer and sugared drinks have to be digested. The feeling of faintness, of "gone-ness" experienced in the harvest field, usually comes from the disturbance of a hearty breakfast or dinner that, by reason of hard work and depressing heat, is still undigested. The luch quiets it, but partially unfits the stomach for attacking the next meal; the best way is to do without the luch; stop work when too weary to go further, and rest at least 15 or 20 minutes before taking food; then rest a little more, and gradually push on to one's full measure of strength. Attention to these matters will wonderfully increase the amount of work, mental and physical, which one can accomplish during a year, or series of years.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA.

Whether it be this gladsome day,
Whose perfect beauty lies
In a golden sheen on the ocean's breast
'Neath the laughing summer skies,
Whose sunbeams glisten and gloam and glance
'Mid the sleepy forest trees,
While the meadow grasses are hard at play
With the fragrant, frolicsome breeze;

Or whether it be the happy news
This day has given to me,
This treasure my hand and heart hold fast,
This letter from over the sea—
O, I've asked my heart a score of times
Why it has grown so gay,
Whether because of our precious gift,
Or because of the gladsome day;

And my heart has questioned of me as well
Wherefore my lips should sing,
And why to my eyes persistently
The happy tears should cling;
And hero by the casement as I stand
In the breath of the flowers fair,
And the subtle fragrance of clover bloom
Filling the summer air,

With the sunbeams kissing my brow and hair,
And turning to shining gold
The words which come from over the sea,
The letter my hand doth hold—
We answer each other, my heart and I:
"Though the day be fair and bright,
Yet neither to breeze, nor flower, nor sun,
Do we owe our sweet delight;

But only to this, the precious gift
Which claims both heart and hand,
And wooes as only love can woo,
Love only understand."
And thus it is that the gladsome day,
With its joyous azure skies,
Its golden shadows, and merry breeze,
Seems perfect to my eyes.

We had not dreamed, my heart and I,
That there could such gladness be
As has come to us on this summer day
In our letter from over the sea.
So shine, ye sunbeams, glisten and gleam,
And turn my letter to gold;
For hiding safe in its own white folds
A dear old story is told.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Weekly.*

"A LITTLE GOOSE."

There are many charming sentiments connected with elanship and it cannot be denied that union in families is delightful to witness; but of even such good things as these one may possibly have a little too much. So, at least, thought young Hugh Lestrange when his grandfather affectionately intimated to him that the family of which he had the honor to be the eldest bachelor representative, unanimously considered it his plain and obvious duty to marry his cousin Pauline. Hugh's father had been dead some five years, and his great-uncle's grandson, Pauline's father, had fallen in the Franco-Prussian war; for the branch of the Lestrange family to which she belonged was of French nationality, and had but recently migrated across the water. There had been a family conclave, whereat it had been resolved and carried *nem. con.* that the common interests, pecuniary and otherwise of the house of Lestrauge would be materially advanced by the matrimonial union of the two young people. The result of this important conference being duly communicated to Hugh by his grandfather, and to Paulilee by her mother, it was confidently expected that both cousins would regard the alliance in the same light as their seniors, and enact their respective parts with willing concurrence. Indeed, so far as Pauline was concerned, there could be nothing unusual or despotic to her in this parental arrangement of her future; for her French education and surroundings had accustomed her to the idea of family arbitration in matrimonial affairs, and she was not, as are English girls, familiar with the notion of maidenly independence. She received the news of the proposed union with calm acquiescence; her cousin Hugues, as she called him, was not likely to prove an unkind husband, and she was content to let matters drift quietly to the desired consummation. Not so, however, the bridegroom-elect. Hugh Lestrange felt a distinct and deliberate injury had been done to him, and he resolved to resent it. But being a young fellow of amiable nature, hating argument and dreading open rupture, he confined the expression of his dissatisfaction to a few words of mild remonstrance, secretly determining the while so to conduct his part of the affair as to demons rate unmistakably alike to Pauline's mother and to the young girl herself his utter inability to enter in to the spirit of the new character allotted to him.

It was arranged that the necessary proposal should be made, and the courtship inaugurated at a certain country house to which, during the hunting season, both parties had been invited. Pauline had but lately quitted her school in Paris, Hugh had not long left Oxford, and some years had elapsed since their last meeting. Under such circumstances this renewal of old ties with a new intent was regarded by the family confederation as an event of critical interest.

On the evening of the day which witnessed the arrival at Shireton Manor of Madame Lestrange and her daughter, Hugh was deputed to conduct Pauline to dinner; and as the two cousins placed themselves side by side at the table, many inquiring and speculative glances were turned toward them by those of the guests who had been admitted to the secret. Indeed they were a couple any family might have been proud to escort to the altar. The young man, now in his twenty-fifth year, was tall, bearded, stalwart and fair-faced; Pauline, thoroughly French in feature and complexion, was not yet mean of stature; and though the national petulant and impulsive temperament showed itself in the curves of her lips, the truthful steadfastness of her brown eyes stood sponsor for a heart that was not empty of English blood. What a pity it was that, being so handsome a couple, and carrying with them the good wishes of all their mutual relatives, and a fine inheritance to boot, they could not find each other charming! But Fate will have her way. Throughout the whole of that critical dinner, young Lestrange, meditating on his wrongs, was unsociable, monosyllabic and unpleasant. Pauline, disposed at first to accept with affability such affectionate advances as her cousin might make, when she perceived that none were vouchsafed, assumed a frosty reserve, and stood aloof on her dignity. During two hours—five courses and dessert—the pair sat side by side, prim, morose and mutually uncivil; and when the hostess rose, a thorough misliking had been established. The incidents of the remainder of the evening confirmed the opinion each had formed of the other. The ice froze harder and harder over the hearts of both; and before Pauline retired for the night, she disburdened her mind to her mother in voluble French, very much after the following fashion:

"Mamma, it is perfectly useless to tell me to marry Hugues; he is altogether odious and insupportable. As for him, he hates me; that you must all have seen plainly enough. He hardly spoke two words to me all dinner-time; and directly he saw me go to the piano, he went off to the smoking-room with Captain Lovell. He thinks himself to good for me, no doubt; you can see how abominably conceited he is by the contemptuous way in which he looked at everybody, and by his air of ill-bred reserve."

"But, Pauline, dearest," pleaded Madame Lestrange, deeply chagrined, "suppose all this arises from shyness on his part! Remember, his position is rather a difficult one; and a young man brought up in English ways, as he has been, may feel more embarrassed than would a Frenchman under similar circumstances."

"Awkwardness is not charming," returned Pauline; "and a shy man is hardly better than a rude one. However, I will give him another chance to-morrow; but if he is not nicer at breakfast and luncheon than he has shown himself at dinner, I will have nothing more to do with him. He is not the only husband to be had in the world, I suppose; and I am but eighteen, after all, and just as good-looking as other girls. Good night, dear mamma." And with a parting kiss and a satisfied glance in the mirror, Pauline passed light-hearted to her chamber.

But next day things were no better an aspect, and mademoiselle's second denunciation of her intended spouse was unequivocal and decisive. Hugh, on his part, saw reason to congratulate himself on the course he had adopted, and he quitted the smoking-room at midnight he had accepted a friend's invitation to leave Shireton Manor on the morrow for congenial joys elsewhere.

"Certainly," said this recalcitrant young man, as he extinguished his candle, "I have acted wisely in getting out of this business. I should have been miserable for life if I had given in. What a monstrous thing it is in this century for a man's relatives to take on themselves the disposal of his liberty in such an outrageous way as this! Pauline is the last girl in the world to suit me, with her prim affectation of coyness and her ridiculous air of *petite reine*. I believe she has not an idea in her mind—these French-bred young women never have—and she doesn't know how to be natural and sociable and sympathetic. Whenever my time does come to turn Benedick, my wife shall be just as unlike mademoiselle *ma cousine* as possible."

So there was an end of this most excellent match, to the infinite disgust, vexation and dismay of the intriguing parties. Hugh communicated to his grandfather in respectful terms, but with firm expressions, his absolute repugnance to the proposed alliance, and his unalterable resolution to undergo the worst that might happen rather than submit to it. And Pauline declared with immense fervor that rather than perform her share in the contract she would be cut to pieces or buried alive. In the face of such obstacles no more could be done, and after sundry futile reproaches and laments the family scheme was abandoned. Hugh was admitted to be a free man, and Madame Lestrange began to turn her thoughts to the pursuit of some other eligible *parti*.

But the cousins, however widely separated from a matrimonial point of view, were cousins still, and the unavoidable failure of mutually cherished hopes could not be permitted to effect an estrangement between the two branches of the family. Early in the spring Pauline and her mother reappeared in London, and thither also came her only brother Jacques, but recently emancipated from the bonds of Alma Mater. Now Jacques was the chosen particular friend of his cousin Hugh, and although, being the younger man, he had entered the University later, they had during more than a year been fellow-students at the same Hall, and inseparable allies in all the pursuits and interests of college life. Therefore, immediately on his arrival in town, Jacques sought out his cousin, and within half an hour of their meeting, the younger Lestrange was in possession of the details of the family machinations and the fiasco consequent thereupon.

"I heard something about the affair from home," said Jacques, but in such a vague way that I could make nothing of it. However, we need not trouble ourselves about the thing now, and I suppose you won't let it make any difference to you. Are you going to Lady Leigh's on Thursday?"

"Upon my word," answered Hugh, meditatively, "I don't know. I was going, but I hear Pauline and your mother will be there, and that seems awkward, doesn't it?"

"My good fellow, you don't mean to say you are going to cut us on account of this untoward affair! You will have everybody gossiping about the thing if you behave so ridiculously, and you may injure Pauline's chances in a way you don't think of. Why should people know there has been anything contemplated between you! All sorts of tales will be told, a hundred times worse, every one of them, than the truth; and nobody need guess anything at all if only you conduct yourself rationally and in a natural manner. And really I cannot see why you should dislike meeting Pauline. There has been no regular quarrel between you, no jilting or jealousy or anything of that kind; it was a simple mutual dissent from certain views entertained for you by older people who ought to have been wiser. Besides, it all happened four months ago, and the entire scheme has been dropped. Were I you, I would not only go to Lady Leigh's ball, but I would dance with Pauline, just to show friendliness and a disposition to put things back on the old footing."

This discussion ended as Jacques wished. Hugh promised not to absent himself from the ball in question, and he kept to his word. It was one of the first balls of the season, and was well attended. Pauline seemed to be a great success, and danced unwearied ly. But shortly after supper, as Hugh, having handed his last partner to her seat, stood idle a moment by a doorway, his surprise was great at being lightly tapped on the arm by Pauline's fan, and bearing her say, as though echoing her brother's advice:

"When are you going to ask me to dance, cousin Hugues! I have just this waltz free if you like." Then in lower tones: "Do not seem to avoid me; there is no need for us to be strangers to each other on account of what has occurred. People will notice it, mamma says."

What could Hugh do! Impossible to refuse, and besides, whether he danced with her now or not mattered nothing; their engagement had been formally nullified, and no attentions he might pay her could be misinterpreted. After all, too, she was a handsome girl, and suppor able enough as a mere cousin. A cousin may be tolerated and even danced with very agreeably, provided one is not expected to make her one's companion for life. So Hugh resolved to be pleasant. Perhaps, indeed, poor girl, he owed her some amends for his part in the recent failure of the family plot; at any rate, they stood now in no false light together, and there was therefore no reason for observing constraint or reserve in his manner toward her. And so the next minute the young man's arm was round Pauline's waist, and the pair were whirling together amicably down the room.

They paused at length by a conservatory, and Hugh found his partner a seat beneath a tall tree fern.

"What a splendid waltzer you are!" he said graciously. "Did they teach you that in Paris!"

She answered pleasantly, with a manner so unaffected, and a smile so bright, that Hugh recalled with wonderment the stiff primness which had characterized her every gesture and word when they last met. How, he asked himself, could four short months have brought about so striking a difference!

Their talk flowed gaily on, for Hugh melted and warmed under the influence of his companion's gracious manner; until Pauline, being in request for another dance, dismissed her cousin with a parting intimation that she hoped to meet him the following evening at the house of a mutual friend.

"We shall be there early," said she, with an ingenious air. "If you like to come by ten o'clock I can give you the first quadrille."

Hugh went home bewildered; and, entering his room in the gray morning twilight, threw himself into an easy chair and meditated there till sunrise.

What! This girl, so mindless, so wordless, so prudish, so unsympathetic, whom a mistaken devotion to the interests of kinship would have forced upon him as a wife, had suddenly changed her whole nature, and became genial, frank, intelligent, charming! Hugh could make nothing of the mystery. It did not occur to him that he, too, must have appeared to Pauline that night under a new and very different aspect from that presented by the gruff and unamiable young man who had been offered her for a husband. Let that have been as it may, however, it is not on record that Mademoiselle Lestrange made any observation of this latter kind to her mother.

Lady Leigh's ball was but the first of a goodly number of dances and "at homes" at which the cousins were destined to meet. Hugh told himself that to attempt avoiding such meetings would be childish and affected; and that, moreover, as Pauline showed no evidence of embarrassment or annoyance in his presence, but, on the contrary, a most natural and perfect gaiety of speech and manner, he ought not to consider himself an obstacle to her enjoyment.

One circumstance only began, little by little, to disturb the peaceful equanimity of Hugh's existence. There was a certain Colonel Spiers Gordon, a tall handsome officer of the Hussars, with whom Pauline danced much, who rode often beside her in the park, and whose presence at Madame Lestrange's afternoon tea was not unfrequent. It was, Hugh admitted to himself, supremely ridiculous to feel annoyed by such paltry incidents as these; for the Colonel was a man of the best reputation personally, and his pedigree and fortune were all that Mayfair could desire. Hugh examined his mind deeply on the subject, and found there nothing to account for the incipient mistrust and discomfort which this acquaintance caused him. Pauline was his cousin, certainly, but in the third degree only, and his interest in her welfare was comparatively remote and of a merely friendly character. Doubtless his uneasiness arose from the incongruity presented to his mind by the idea of a marriage possibly taking place between so young a girl and the Colonel; for the latter must certainly have attained his fortieth year, while she was not yet nineteen. Hugh had sufficient regard for his cousin to feel some solicitude for her happiness as a wife, and to wish for her a husband at least more suitable in age than this gallant Hussar. Young Lestrange was not a little comforted at having thus satisfactorily solved the secret of his disquietude. It had looked at the outset so suspiciously like a latent flame of jealousy, that to feel assured of the harmlessness of its true nature was most gratifying. To have been jealous, even in the smallest degree, would have implied the existence of a feeling in regard to Pauline which it was absolutely and eternally impossible he should ever entertain; and he was well acquainted with the fact that she, on her part, held similar immutable views in respect of himself.

One brilliant May noontide Mademoiselle Lestrange entering the breakfast room on her return from her morning ride, found her mother apparently absorbed in meditation over a letter which lay open on a table at her elbow beside a cup of untasted chocolate. When she saw Pauline, she started slightly, and refolded her letter, but, observing her daughter's eye upon it as she did so, said lightly:

"From Colonel Gordon, dearest."

"No bad news, I hope!" asked Pauline in the same tone, gathering up the folds of her habit, and contemplating the splashes upon it.

With a smile Madame Lestrange put the letter into her daughter's hand.

Pauline read it hastily, the rosy color gathering brightly over her face and throat; then, turning again to her mother, she said in a low, tremulous tone:

"So he wants me to be Madame Spiers Gordon."

"They call it 'Mrs.' in this country," replied her mother correctively, and with an expression of playfulness.

"Well, mamma, will you please say 'No!'"

"No!" echoed Madame Lestrange, astonished. "Surely, my dearest, you don't mean to refuse such an offer as this?"

"Why should I accept it?" returned Pauline. "I do not care for him as I ought to care for a husband, and it would not be right to say 'Yes.'"

"You plunge me in despair, Pauline; this is the second most excellent chance you have had within four months, and you decline both unconditionally. Tell me, my child; is there any motive for this behavior on your part? Do you—can you be thinking of anybody else!"

As she spoke, Madame Lestrange rose and took her daughter's hand caressingly in her own. But there was no motion in Pauline's gay rejoinder.

"Dear mamma, of course not. I don't wan't to marry Colonel Gordon, that's all. Is it so very inexplicable!"

"And you would not marry Hugh either; such a charming intelligent young man, too, and exactly suited to you in every way. *Est-elle difficile, cette chere* Pauline!"

Pauline turned abruptly away, and seated herself by the window.

"I wish Hugues had always been what he is now," she exclaimed almost fiercely.

"*Quedis-tu la!*" cried her mother, doubting her ears.

"Why, that it was his own fault I said I hated him," continued the girl, still looking away from her mother; "he chose to make himself rude and disagreeable, and of course I thought him odious—then! But ever since we have been here he has been quite different, and nobody would suppose he was the same man. There! I have said too much, but I couldn't help it. You must keep my secret, mamma, and tell Colonel Gordon that Pauline is a spoilt child and won't marry."

Madame Lestrange caught her daughter impulsively in her arms.

"My poor darling child, never did I dream of such a romance as this! Tell me, tell thy good mother, thou wouldst not say "No" to Hugues would he but ask thee of us now."

Pauline burst into a shower of passionate tears.

"*Malheureuse enfant!*" cried Madame Lestrange, "what can we do for thee? It is too late!"

Precisely at this critical moment the door of the room was opened and brother Jacques walked in.

"Why," cried he, standing aghast, "mother—Pauline! *Qu'y a-t-il donc?*"

"Pauline is a little goose," answered Madame, with a tearful effort at playfulness. "Colonel Gordon has written the most charming letter, asking my permission to make her an offer of marriage, and she will have nothing to say to him."

"Well, that's unlucky for him, certainly," rejoined Jacques; "but what has my little sister got to cry about? Has she, perchance been scolded for wanting to say unkind things to the Colonel!"

"Of course not," replied his mother, uneasily. "I told you she was a little goose, that's all. Now run up stairs, Pauline, and change your dress, dear; and you, Jacques, ring for the luncheon tray."

"Girls are certainly odd creatures," said Jacques to himself as he lighted a cigar on the door-step that afternoon. "Fancy crying like Niobe because somebody whom one doesn't care about wants to marry one! What an excess of heart!"

He strolled into the park and presently at an accustomed rendezvous met his friend, Hugh, and forthwith related the episode.

"So you think she has refused him definitively!" asked the elder cousin when the story was finished.

"I understand so, certainly. And it is easy to see that by doing so she has greatly vexed my mother. It was an excellent proposal, you see."

"I see nothing of the kind," replied Hugh, with some heat. "Confound Colonel Gordon! I never liked the fellow from the beginning."

"*Sapristi!*" ejaculated Jacques; "what can he have done to you! He's a capital fellow, and never had a bad word for any man."

Hugh threw away the cigar he was smoking.

"I don't mean to say he ever offended or injured me personally," said he; "but I mean that I never liked his being so much with your sister. She ought to marry a younger man, Jacques."

"Well, I daresay she will," returned Jacques, carelessly. "Pauline is a great favorite. But then, you know, the Colonel's position is really first-rate."

Hugh turned on his cousin almost wrathfully.

"Can't you leave the Colonel alone?" he cried. "She said 'No,' and I suppose there's an end of the thing."

"My good Hughes, don't be in such a deuce of a rage about it. Upon my word, if I didn't know how matters stood be ween you and Pauline, I would swear you were jealous."

"I—jealous! what—of Pauline! Confound it all, I've dropped my cigar somewhere! Give me a light, old man."

"Yes," repeated Jacques steadily, looking his friend full in the face, as they paused a moment while Hugh kindled a fresh cigar, "to tell you the truth, I should certainly have thought you jealous. Come; is it so! Have you betrayed yourself!"

"Look here, Jacques, old fellow," said Hugh, after a pause of brief duration occupied by several violent puffs at the cigar, "I don't exactly know what it is I feel on this subject; and, upon my honor, if I am jealous, you have found it out first. The fact is, Jacques, can you keep a secret!"

"I can when it is necessary," returned his cousin laconically.

"Well, when they all wanted me to marry Pauline, you know, she took considerable pains to make it evident to me that I didn't please her, and, as you know, also, she expressed that opinion to your mother. In fact, she was so extremely distant and cold and—unaffectionate, and put on such an air "don't touch me" toward me, that I thought her a very unpleasant young person, and I was much relieved to find my sympathy reciprocated. But the first time I met her in town—at Lady Leigh's you remember—she was totally changed—charming, vivacious, full of smiles, and so she has been ever since. I have seen her during the last six weeks under a perfectly new aspect, and perhaps, old man, if she hadn't been Pauline, I might have been jealous of the Colonel."

"What a drama in two acts!" cried Jacques. "But is the fact of this delightful young woman's identity really an insuperable obstacle! Why not speak to her, or to my mother, now!"

"Speak about what!" retorted Hugh. "Why should I go and make a fool of myself! Don't you know that Pauline made up her mind long ago to look on me as a cousin only!"

"I know she did—long ago," cried Jacques, as a sudden light broke in on him; "but why may not she also have come to look on you in a new light! Do you know, it seems possible to me that just such a change on her part may be the explanation of those otherwise enigmatical tears, and of a certain tragic utterance of my mother's which caught my ear as I opened the door so opportunely. 'It is too late!' she said. What could be too late if not a tardy repentance on Pauline's part, and a futile willingness to accept something she had once rejected! Hugh, old man, are you really in earnest this time? Do you really think you would be happy with my sister!"

"Upon my word, Jacques," answered Hugh, somewhat agitated, "I begin to believe that I cannot be happy without her; but if it hadn't been for this confounded Colonel, I declare I don't think I should ever have found out the true state of the case!"

"Then follow my advice, man, and let me take you home to dinner this evening. Now is your time; for judging from my own observations of Miss Pauline and the present general aspect of affairs, I would not mind venturing a considerable sum on the successful issue of an appeal suit. Only be sure you know your own mind this time, for Pauline may not be inclined to let you off again, and you might find your last state worse than your first if another repentance were to set in on your part."

"Don't congratulate me too soon, old fellow. Of myself I am sure enough, but of Pauline—Ah, Jacques, perhaps if your people and mine had not been at so much trouble to bring us together, we might have found one another out and fallen in love naturally! As it is, you see—"

"My good Hugh, I see nothing but a very logical and comprehensive state of things. Four months ago, when you were strangers, you chose to exhibit yourself—forgive me—in a very unpleasant light; now Pauline knows you better, and she has seen through the fraud you put on her. Our people made a mess of the thing, as folks always do when they try to manage the matrimonial concerns of others. If it should be led, not driven; and when my turn comes, let's hope they will show that they've learnt wisdom and not get manœuvring on my behalf with any desirable young person. Well, its half past six, and if we are to be home in time for dinner we ought to be making tracks."

Later on that same eventful day, in a remote corner of Madame Lestrange's drawing room over two cups of postprandial coffee, Hugh and Mademoiselle Pauline privately arranged their own love affairs very much to their individual satisfaction and to the subsequent joy and gratulation of the parties secondarily concerned.

And I only hope that the gallant and rejected Colonel found balm for his disappointment in the reflection that but for his timely intervention two foolish young persons, whom nature had designed for each other, would probably have never told their love, and might have gone on until the end of this dispensation mistaking the ardor of Cupid's flame for the mild effulgence of cousinly affection. —*London Society.*

One of Our Dialects.

To show who is North, who is South,
Two words like a finger-post beckon—
For as soon as he opens his mouth,
One will "guess" and the other will "reckon."

This old rhyme furnishes shibboleths by which we may recognize two great divisions of the "American language." They may be called the New England and Virginia dialects, though each is spoken with more or less purity, in other localities. Both of them are too well known to need any description. But there are other provincial forms of American speech (not subdivisions of either of those just mentioned) whose very existence is not widely known outside of their respective districts. One of these is spoken by a certain class of the population in a large part of Maryland, and especially in the city of Baltimore. No works of the Sam Slick, Hosea Bigelow, Artemus Ward, or Mosis Addums order illustrate this lingual offshoot of our common tongue, and yet it displays peculiarities which are quite as striking as those heard farther north, south or west.

The following short dinlogue between a Baltimore husband and wife, relative to the carrying of a small parcel by the former, will give some idea of its chief features:

"Say, looggayurr, wurrbowlz d's she live at?"

"O, not fur. Jist up yurr'n Faitstrit" (Fayette Street), "next to the church."

"Ye don't call that fur, don't ye? W'y, Bowltmer-strit's" (Baltimore Street) "a graidle" (great deal) "fu'ther'n I want to lug all that air truck. Say, wurrbowtz's my overcoat got to? Some persons went an' hid it.

"No, some person ain't went an' hid yer overcoat, nuther. Ef ye'd 'a' went an' looked wurr ye ought to look, out'n the passidge" (hall), "behind the steps" (stairs), "ye'd 'a' found it a-hangin' up on the nail" (peg). "Ye jis' takes an' chucks it down anywurz w'en ye comes in."

"Well, looggayurr, now, w'y can't Billee take these yurr blame' things the secr'nin" (this afternoon) "w'en he comes home f'm school?"

"Billee don't never git home till pooty nigh on to five, an' that'll be too late fer Missiz Jinkins to git c'm. W'y don't ye jis' take the bunn'l an' go? 'Tain't s'orful heavy."

"I ain't never said it was heavy yit, am I?"

"Well, ye talks like as ef it was."

"I never. Not wunst. Yurr, gimme the things, can't ye? Women is sich a norful bother. They al'ays has so much to say 'bout nothin'."

Here the slamming of the "frun-door" behind the man's departing form cuts off a somewhat vehement retort by that half of him which he well knows to be the better one as far as a ready flow of language is concerned.

Just how this Maryland dialect arose it would be hard to say. It is not of recent growth, but seems to have come into existence at the time when the upper part of the State was settled. It resembles in many respects the one spoken by the lower classes in the English counties south of the Thames, and is not unlike what the Cockney mode of speech would be if the letter h were allowed to keep its proper place. A majority of the natives of Baltimore are the children of people who came to that city from other parts of the country or from Europe. But this appears to have made no perceptible difference in the general form of the dialect, although it is, like all similar relics of by-gone days in the United States, fast dying out. In fact, dialects are anomalies in our country, and public schools, serials, libraries, railroads, and the various forms of business enterprise are swiftly and surely making them things of the past. In a few more decades the public-school graduate, the printing-office employe, or the young commercial traveler who has "worked his way up" will not be likely to say to himself: "I wish father and mother didn't have such a common way of speaking.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—There is a kind of fraternity formed at first sight between those who have been smitten by misfortune. When you have long been in mourning you feel yourself attracted toward every black dress that you meet.

Men Who Run Newspapers.

A newspaper is, ostensibly, a periodical published by a man called a proprietor for the dissemination of a certain amount of intelligence among a certain number of readers; but it is, actually, a sinecure maintained in the interest and for the benefit of an advertising agent and a number of debonair compositors.

The chief of these is called the foreman, while his pal and accomplice is known, technically, as the proof reader. These two men, in conjunction with the advertising agent, constitute the acting triumvirate of every newspaper office. Around them revolve, as do lesser bodies about the sun, the proprietor, the editor, the editorial staff, the readers and the general public.

If you go into a newspaper office you will see, seated in a luxuriously furnished and tapestried private office on the first floor a prosperous-looking individual. He is probably puffing a twenty-five-cent cigar, and is watching the smoke as it curls softly toward the ceiling. He has an overcoat of fur and sealskin, wears rubies and diamonds and has a glistening black silk hat. Near what is called a "type-measure" his gloves are negligently thrown. He is figuring out for himself ninety-five per cent of a $2,000 order. This is the advertising agent.

Ascending to the next floor you see the foreman. He enjoys luxurious ease, and it appears to agree with him. Around the room are stationed compositors who are toying with small pieces of metal called "type." With them and with the foreman rests the entire policy and conduct of the newspaper. They revise, rewrite, add to, and expunge from, the scraps of manuscript before them. They strengthen certain articles and modify others. They smooth out awkward and objectionable sentences. They polish certain periods. When in doubt they confer with each other. Of such sessions the foreman is always a member ex-officio. These bandits hold, as it were, the newspaper in the hollow of their hands.

Proceeding to the third floor you encounter that terrible personage, the proof-reader, who is the Bashi-Bazouk of American literature. He sits at a low desk and has a pencil in each hand. He waits for his "proofs" as a carnivorous animal might for his prey. The proof-reader receives twenty-seven dollars per week for being on the look-out for any gleam of sense or coherence the compositors may have escaped in the author's manuscript and for extinguishing it forthwith. He is responsible only to the advertising agent; but as a matter of courtesy he sometimes confers with the foreman to learn the intentions of the compositors. This, however, is exceptional. Cases have been known where a writer would have seen his article printed as he wrote it but for the vigilance of the proof-reader. As a rule, however, the compositors, by their insane watchfulness, avert any such catastrophe.

On the top floor of a newspaper office, in a dismal-looking cell, sits the editor. The apartment is sextangular. The floor and two of the sides are of wood; the ceiling and the remaining two sides are of plaster. The editor sits at a desk. It is his business to write certain notes and suggestions, from which the compositors and proof-reader will make articles. Beyond that he is an entirely ornamental character. Being on the top floor, he can go no higher. To penetrate below into the precincts of the proof-reader or foreman would be instant death; so he must needs linger in his cell until the shades of night have fallen on the office and then make good his escape. In some establishments the errand-boy, full of young hope, spirits and hartiness, sympathizing with the poor editor, speaks an occasional kind word to him. At times, too, the collector, when in his cups (and therefore irresponsible) speaks gently—even genially—to the editor; but when sober next day he immediately regrets. The compositors, being men of full habit, make merry at the mention of the editor's name; but the proof-reader, more delicate and spiritueile in his way of life, and always struggling under the reponsibilities of his position, gives publicly no utterance to his views. In the seclusion of his home, however, as he places the disheveled proofs under his pillow—a place of safety for the night—he not infrequently alludes to the editor as "the poor lunatic who has never been a practical printer."

The proprietor of a newspaper is, from the nature of his calling, a philanthropist. His brain, his time and the contents of his pocket go to support and maintain the advertising agent, the foreman, the proof-reader and their satellites. He has no fixed office, and is rarely seen. In the early stages of his career he may attempt to argue with his employes; but the futility of such a course becomes soon apparent, and he retires to the country. The foreman and the proof-reader run the paper. If there is any profit the advertising agent takes it; if there is any loss the latter becomes morose and despondent, and spends the week's receipts in convivalities with fellow advertising agents, of whom there are many. It is the editor's business to be blamed for everything—to be a professional target—and to pawn his clothes and to turn over the money to the advertising agent as an incentive to that person "to work."—*Puck.*

The Storm That Mr. Quillhopper Saw.

Mr. Quillhopper on wind and dust: "Yes, gentlemen, that was rather a severe storm, here a few days ago, but wouldn't compare with some I've seen. Why, a wind came along here a few years ago that lifted a street-car clear from the track and held it against the side of a house for four days. Another time I saw a barrel of ashes picked up at the Union Depot, just as I was leaving for Denver, and I'll be hanged if that barrel wasn't carried every foot of the way out there, and then dropped in a back-yard owned by a brother of the man who had it in St. Louis. And dust! Why, one day while I was shingling my house, I nailed the shingles all over the roof, and thought it took a great many shingles to do it. Well, I came to investigate, I found I had been nailing them on to the dust! Another time——".

But a bystander considerately killed him, and the Recording Angel had time to sharpen her pencil.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

—Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.—*Detroit Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are no Jews in Bethlehem or Nazareth. In Bethlehem, two English women have a girls' school with more than thirty pupils.

—In Nebraska, out of 138 churches only fifty have buildings. In Minnesota, out 120 Missionary churches, seventy-nine have no church home.

—Messrs. Thomas and Henry Sloan, of New York, are about to erect a laboratory for Yale College as a memorial to their father, Henry Sloan, to cost about $50,000.

—The Kansas Methodist Conference reports 17,551 members, a gain of 396, and 3,469 probationers, an increase of 634. It has 211 local preachers, 169 churches, and 319 Sunday schools.

—Brooklyn Tabernacle was decorated with flowers Sunday, the occasion being the reception of 164 new members, fifty-four of whom were baptized by Dr. Talmage. This addition makes the total membership of the Tabernacle 2,751.

—Mrs. B. H. Hill and Mrs. F. H. Hicks were elected trustees of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Rochester. The statute says "any discreet person may be so chosen, but choosing a woman is believed to be unprecedented.

—At a Methodist Conference held at Malone, N. Y., recently, Chaplain McCabe made so strong an appeal in behalf of the church extension enterprise that ex-Vice President Wheeler—a Presbyterian—gave $1,000 to it. Mr. McCabe says they have built 410 new churches the past year, and expect to increase the number during the year. He thinks a critical campaign on the temperance question is going on in Kansas, and he proposes to garrison the State with as many Methodist churches as possible. —*Chicago Herald.*

—An ingenious method of arriving at an estimate of the number of children who succeed in evading the compulsory by-laws of the School Board has been adopted by the Ragged School Union of Liverpool. A band of music was hired to play for two hours a day during school hours in different parts of the city, and a record kept of all the juveniles who were attracted by the music. In four days they counted no fewer than 3,020 children of school age, for the most part squalid and ill-fed, standing round the band at a time when they ought to have been at school.

—A lady who had tickets to sell for a church concert met a bright little boy on the street a day or two ago and inquired if his mother was at home, as she wanted to sell her some tickets for a concert and readings at one of the churches. With beaming face the lad said: "I'll buy one myself." "Where will you get your money, Freddie?" He lifted up his large brown eyes to her face, and standing on tip-toe, replied: "I've plenty of money in the bank for the church; come home with me and I'll get the money." The young banker not only bought the ticket, but loaned his mother money to buy a second.—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Describe a suit of old clothes in two letters?—C D (seedy.)

—Which is heavier, a half or a full moon?—The half; because the full moon is as light again.

—Mistress—"Forgot it! Why I told you to impress it upon your mind." Bridget—"It was on my moind I put it, mum, an' me moind wint asthray with it"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"What becomes of all the pianos?" asks a writer: When they get too old and frail to be of any further service we believe they are cut down and made into accordions.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—An old salt, when asked how far north he had ever been, replied that he had been so far north that "the cows when milked beside a red hot stove gave ice cream."

—When round the ship the tempest rages,
A little oil its wrath assuages,
And helps effectually to sooth it;
The ship's path, too, it serves to smooth it,
How curious, is it not, that sperm oil
Should be the antidote to turn oil?

—They had a terrible time at a Kenton horse race recently. The horse that was set down to be distanced took the bit in his teeth and in spite of pulling went to the front and won, cleaning out everybody but a green old countryman who had bet on that horse.—*Exchange.*

—A gentleman made a rockery in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars, beware! Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here."

—A clergyman named Way, of a rather jocular nature and very cadaverous build, was recently accosted by a man with the inquiry, "Are you pastor Way?" "Passed away!" was the response; "bless you, no! I'm a good deal of a skeleton, I'll own, but I haven't quite passed away yet.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—Hamilton, Ont., has a police force of forty-five men. The average hight is almost precisely six feet. The Chief, A. D. Stewart, is six feet four and half inches in hight. There are fourteen other officers over six feet high, and only four are under five feet nine inches. The men are big enough to be good.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Fargo *Argus* says a St. Paul youth attempted to shoot his anomoriata. Will the *Argus* please tell us what that is?—*Exchange.* With infinite pity for your ignorance we will tell you. "Ano Morista" is the eldest sister of "Are-You-There Moriarity," and is now residing in New York with her brother, who is a member of the police force.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Foreign journals tell of a young German couple who tried to kiss each other ten thousand times in ten hours. Three thousand kisses were given in two hours, but at the expiration of the third hour the girl fainted and the young man's lips were paralyzed. It appears that it is possible to get too much of a good thing. Three thousand kisses in two hours should have sufficed until the next night, anyhow. Very few Norristown young men exact more in one evening—save Sunday night, when they work a few hours overtime.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE POLE FIEND.

By the always frozen sea,
In the land of endless snow,
Is the Pole Fiend glad and free,
With his victims lying low.

He has lured them on and on,
By the mystic polar spell,
Till at last their cruise is done,
And he has them coffined well.

From a tall and icy crag
In the furthest frozen zone,
He can float his steel-blue flag
From his unpolluted throne.

And he laughs in horrid glee,
As he sees the dead below,
By the always frozen sea,
In the land of endless snow.

Is the North Pole nearer yet,
For the dead men lying there?
Is the pathway less beset,
Or the sky or sea more fair?

We have paid a fearful price
For an almost worthless gain
In the land of ancient ice
And the Pole Fiend's dark domain.

We may let him keep his throne;
It was never worth the cost
Of the precious ones, our own,
Who are last among the lost.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A STORY OF CAMP LIFE.

"Bill," said Jack Harding, "who's the chap that's taken Slingsby's old claim?"

"Dunno," laconically responded the bar-keeper, as he struck a match to light a stump of a cigar; "s'pose (puff) he's some one's (puff) got more money (puff) than sense, or he'd 'a' let that thing alone." (Puff, puff).

"Thet's what I kealkilate," went on Jack. "Slingsby got busted thar, an' Jones afore him, an' I dunno as enny man'll ever make grub in such a hole."

The two men having apparently exhausted the subject, Jack gazed out of the open door, while the bar-keeper spent his time catching flies and throwing them at old Pete Farley, who, although it was only twelve o'clock in the day, was apparently in his usual drunken sleep in the corner. In every mining town there is generally one or more men who have gone "te the dogs" from the use of drink. How they live is a mystery, for they no sooner get a few cents than they spend them for liquor. Sleeping in bar-rooms, getting their meals as chance dictates, and often not getting them at all, they gradually sink lower and lower, until suddenly one hears that so-and-so is dead; dead in the gutter or in some tumble-down shed in which he has crept to die. Possibly some man may say, in a half pitying and wholly contemptuous tone: "Se that old drunken beast has gone. Good riddance to such rubbish;" and this serves as the drunkard's requiem. Old Pete Farley was known in the camp as a sot. He lived by the chance contributions of men who would give him a meal or a drink out of charity; and quite an item in his income were the small sums he was able to borrow from strangers. Miners are exceedingly generous men, and Pete's requests for the loan of two bits (twenty-five cents) were rarely refused at first. The news that a stranger had arrived was, therefore, to him something of the nature of information of an unexpected legacy. Whild old Pete was apparently asleep he had carefully noticed what was said, and he soon afterwards got up, left the saloon and made his way to Slingsby's old claim up the gulch.

Arriving there he feund a young fellow of about twenty-two, working as only geld miners do work. Pete sat down on the edge of the bank and watched him. As he did se he was conscious of a curious feeling of admiration, and an equally curious reluctance to broach the object of his visit, a reluctance he did not remember having felt for many years. The worker in the claim at length paused, and neticing the old man, hailed him with:

"Hello, stranger! It's a nice day."

"You're 'bout right. I see you're working on Slingsby's old ground."

"Yes. I bought it the other day. Gin ten ounces." ($160.)

"Waal, you gin all 'twas wuth. What meught your name be, stranger?"

"Peter Phillips."

"Phillips! Phillips! 'Pears to me I've hearn that ar name afore."

"Quite possible. There's a good sight of Phillipses going round. It's about dinner time, stranger, an' my cabin's just up there. Won't you step in an' take a bite?"

"Don't care if I do," was the answer from the old man; and the two walked together to the cabin.

Phillips made old Pete thereughly welcome, fed him well, and talked to him for over an hour. When they got up to go out of the door he gave him a most cerdial invitation to come again, and old Pete actually feund himself walking off without the two bits necessary if he would drink that afternoon, and, more than that, with a strange feeling of satisfaction that he had not asked for it. The acquaintance so begun increased rapidly. Not a day passed that the old man did not make his way to Slingsby's, or Phillip's claim, as it now began to be called, where he would sit on the bank, and talk to its owner while he worked. Although old Pete was too much broken down by a long course of drinking to do much labor, he was in fact a most experienced miner, and his advice to the younger man was of so much valne that before very leng the despised claim began to be known as a paying property. Young Phillips, recognizing the aid given him, insisted that old Pete sheuld consider himself one of the owners, and at the first clean-up afterwards handed him his share of the dust.

The gift was unfortunate. The old man went down to the camp and before night was horribly drunk. Some one suggested to him, while he was in this state, that he should go and see his new "pard." Old Pete accordingly staggered up to the claim, where he feund the yeung fellew just leaving work. Phillips took him to the cabin and put him to bed. The next morning he told the old man, in a way that could not be misunderstood, that the thing must never happen again. He had taken from him what dust he had left, and this he refused to return, saying that he intended to keep it safe. Old Pete was ludicrously penitent, but he was also unquestionably very much ashamed of himself, and anxieus to avoid repeating his disgraceful act. He suggested that with his known habits, sobriety, as long as he lived in the camp, was difficult. To this Phillips agreed, and proposed that the two occupy the cabin for the future, the old man to act as cook and to do what werk around the claim he could.

And se it was settled, much to the mingled astonishment and amusement of the men in the camp, who had so long looked on old Pete Farley as a common drunken set. Old Pete and his "pard" were a standing subject for joke, and for a long time any allusion to them resulted always in setting the crewd in a roar. It must not be supposed that the old man gave up liquor at ence, but he certainly did try to refrain. He kept away from the saloon and rarely went to the camp at all, preferring to stay in the cabin, which was about a mile away. Ono thing he did do, however. When he took too much, he kept away from Phillips. Nothing that could be said to him would induce him to repeat his experiment of visiting "his pard" on such occasions.

One afternoon the old man went into the camp to buy some groceries. With the best intentions in the world, he allowed Jack Hartop to delude him into taking one drink, and after that he was lost. About six o'clock Phillips stalked into the saloon, and there he feund old Pete, drunk, standing en the table, trying to make a speech with a grinning crowd around him. To make his way into the crowd, and pull the old man off the table, was for young Phillips the work of a minute.

Then putting his arm around him he turned to the door to go out. Jako, inspired by bad whisky, took it into his head to bar the way, and with the remark: "Hold en, young feller, you can't take your baby off afore we're done with him," caught hold of old Pete's arm. The next second Jake was lying in ono corner, and Phillips said: "Is there any one else wants to try it?" There was a dead silence and the two passed out.

The next day old Pete was as penitent as ever. In the evening, while they were smoking after supper, Phillips said:

"Pete, I'll tell you a bit of a stery that'll kinder explain why I hate liquor se. My mother is as good a woman as ever the Lord let live. She married a man who was said te be—for I don't recollect him—as handseme and as good a man as could be. They were very happy together, and I was born 'bout two years after the wedding. My father drank some at first, but not enough to hurt. But as times went on things get kinder hard fer 'em and he drank more an' more. He used to come hemo drunk, an' my mother was scared half to death. He get werse an' worse. My mother never told me this; I heard it from people who recollected it. At last, when I was 'bout four years old, father came home drunk one night and there wasn't nothing to eat in the house. He made an awful row, and at last he struck my mother, knocking her down and cutting her cheek open. She's got the sear still. Then he disappeared and we never heard of him again. Now I hate liquor worse than I do anything on earth, and I won't have you or any man around me drinking. If yeu can't stop you've got to leave, that's all."

While Phillips was taking old Pete had gradually drawn himself into one corner of the cabin where it was dark. When Phillips stopped speaking, there was a silence for a few minutes, and then the old man said in a rather unsteady voice:

"Was your mother's name Polly?"

"Yes; how did yeu know it?"

"Was your father's name Phillips?"

"No, mother took her own name after he left her. His name was Parkes."

Old Pete got up, left the cabin and did net return all that night. While marvelling much at his strange manner the yeung man went to bed. The next day he spoke about it, but old Pete turned it off with a casual remark. But from that day out eld Pete stopped drinking. Nothing that could be said to him could induce him to enter the saloon or to touch anything at all. The men in the camp wondered, deubted that it would last, and finally, as the weeks slipped away, accepted the miracle of Pete's reformation as being a fact. They ceased to call him Pete and began to address him as Farley, or Mr. Farley. The passion for conferring brevet titles being strong in the West, in time he began to be called Squire, and ten months after his visit to Phillips to borrow some money, there was actually talk of electing him a Justice of the Peace. The old man's devetion to the younger one was apparent to every one, and the affection was warmly returned. One day he said to him:

"Pete, seem to me that our names bein' similar kinder mixes things up."

"That's true," answered young Pete, with a laugh. "They're all callin' yeu Squire now; s'pese I do the same."

"Jess as you likes 'bout that, only I dunne as I cares very much fer the name. I wish I had a son, 'cause I'd kinder like some one to call me daddy. I ain't 'shamed now of bein' a daddy—that is, of course," he added, hastily, "of I wore one."

"Well," said yeung Pete, good-naturedly, "I'll call you daddy if you like."

"Will you new," said the old man, eagerly. "Will you really?"

"Certainly. I ain't got no daddy, as I knows."

And from that time out it was "Daddy." The name seemed to give the old man the strangest delight, and sometimes he would, rather timidly at first, call young Pete "Son." He never did this, though, unless they were alone.

About two years after Pete Phillips had come into camp he told his "daddy," as he always called the Squire—for the election was a fact by this time—that his mother had written to say she was coming out to see him. The intelligence moved the old man strongly. He seemed to have alternate fits of the greatest joy and the most intense melancholy. Young Pete would detect the Squire looking at him as though he would say something, but on being questioned the old man would generally get up and leave the cabin. Mrs. Phillips was to arrive on Tuesday, and Monday morning, after an unusually prolonged fit of musing, the Squire announced his intention of going over to a neighboring camp for a few days. He probably would have done so had net the stage stopped that afternoon at the cabin, and after twe years and a half young Phillips was once mere clasped in his mother's arms. After the two had talked as mether and son would talk under the circumstances, Mrs. Phillips suddenly said:

"Where's Mr. Farley, dear?"

"I don't know, mother. I suppose he'll be here before long."

As he spoke the door opened and the Squire stepped in. Pete began—"Squire, this is my——" when Mrs. Phillips gasped out:

"Peter!"

"Polly!"

* * * * *

"Who'd 'a' thought as that ar' fellew Phillips were a liftin' his own father outen the mud?" said Jack Harding to the bar-keeper.

"No one reckened on any such thing," responded the bar-keeper, striking a match to light the stump of a cigar. "I s'pose (puff) thet the (puff) 'ception to 'em (puff) 'll come off to-night (puff.) Air you goin'?"

"In course I am. I voted fur the Squire, and I aint goin' to stay away in no such time as this. Ain't you goin'?"

"Yeu bet," answered the bar-keeper, as he caught a fly and threw it at the sleeping dog in the corner.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Caroline Archipelago.

The Caroline Islands have recently been visited by the British war steamer Emerald. Her commander, Captain Maxwell, reports his arrival at Strong Island on June 25, 1881. He describes it as mountainous with lofty peaks, some 2,000 feet above sea level, clothed with verdure to the summits; bread-fruit, bananas, etc., grow in abundance, but cocoa-nuts are far less plentiful than in the low ceral islands, and, owing to the bountiful supply of water, they are not much needed. The ancient walls and fertifieations on the small island of Lele, where the King lives, are very extraordinary. The walls are some twenty feet high, having been in former times probably as high everywhere, and twelve feet thick, and are built of enormeus basaltic rocks which must have been brought from a distance, and have cost much labor and ingenuity to raise them to their present position. The natives of Strong Island are described as n mest gentle, amiable, and intelligent race; they are lighter in complexion than the Marshall isianders. Captain Maxwell afterwards visited Ponafi, or Ascensien Island, in the Simavina greup, the population of which is stated to be 5,000. This island is divided into several districts, each of which has its own chief. The natives are particularly pleasant and good looking; Captain Maxwell thinks they have mere refined features than any he has seen, but they are net so well dressed or advanced as the inhabitants of Strong Island—the grass petticeat, indeed, seemed to be the principal article of clething. Tho island is about fourteen miles square and very beautiful, with lofty peaks from 2,000 to nearly 3,000 feet high, which are wooded to their summits, and is surrounded by coral reefs with pretty detached islets; all sorts of fruits and vegetables grow there in abundance. The ruins of residences of former chiefs are numerous and consist of inclosures within inclosures, with walls in some places thirty feet high and upwards of twelve feet thick, built of great basaltic prisms (many of them twelve feet by two feet six inches,) laid regularly tier upon tier; each tier being at right angles to the one below, and the interstices filled in with coral and rubble.—*Royal Geegraphical Proceedings.*

Indian Juggling.

A man is new in Calcutta, hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wenderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a few days ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington Square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, who consist of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. Peeple sat closo round the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes, the cover was removed and the weman was feund to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the verandah above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutts, and the verandah is in the lefty second story, forming a part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did net and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the verandah from within the cover surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat.—*Foreign Paper.*

—A very unpleasant account is given by a Brazillian paper of the proceedings of a huge water snake called the "sucuruyu" which is to be found in some of the rivers of Brazil. An accident occurred the other day on the banks of the Rio Arassuahy, owing to the veracity of one of these reptiles. A slave with some companions was fishing with a net in the river when he was suddenly seized by a sucuruyu, and, in spite of his resistance was dragged under the water in the presence of the horrified spectators. He never appeared again, and no doubt is entertained that he was swallowed by the sucuruyu, who made an effort with his hinder coils to carry off at the same time another of the fishing party. It is the exceptien for the sucuruyu to attack human beings; but it loses no opportunity of seizing deer, calves, and other quadrupeds when they come to drink.—*Boston Journal.*

—A Philadelphia young woman who is in deep meurning complains bitterly of the brilliant hue of the stamps which she is obliged to put upon her heavily-bordered envelopes. This sad inconsistency ought certainly to be looked into by the Post-office Department.—*Chicago Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In one day recently Mr. Humble and Mr. Greatbath were appointed postmasters and this country begins to sound a little like "Pilgrims' Progress.—*Hawk-Eye.*

—Honey made entirely by machinery is on sale in New Yerk markets, and an exchange says it looks ten per cent. better than any bit of work ever yet attempted by bees.—*Chicage Herald.*

—Eleven Chinamen were arrested in San Francisco the other day for violation of the "basket ordinance." This is an old ordinance which forbids Chinamen walking en the sidewalk with baskets and spring pole.—*Chicage Times.*

—A Texas paper chronicles a case of mumps in a poodle. As long as poodles are treated like one of the family, it is no more than right that they should have their share of the family diseases.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An Ohio saloon keeper hanged himself the other day just "because he had nothing to live for." Still, it would be just as well for a man net to hang himself until he is pretty certain he has something to die for.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—That Platteville (Wis.) man who coughed up a piece of iron weighing an ounce and a half, the which was shot into his eye during the German revolution of 1848, reminds us of the Chicago police lieutenant, who was so frequently perforated by the enemy during the late unpleasantness that, even to this day, the buckshot roll from his boots when he retires at night. Fact!—*Chicago News.*

—The Sacramento *Bee* says that Deputy Assessor Harvey was recently at the depot watching the Chinamen who were departing in erder te catch those who had not paid their poll-tax. He saw twe coolies, apparently about thirty-twe years eld, who were slinking out of sight. He approached them and asked them if they had paid their poll-tax. One cried out: "Me no pay; me over slixty-two, to muchee old." The other said: "Me ne twenty-one too muchee young, no pay." Then observing the incredulous look of the officer, they both threw up their hands, one solemnly saying: "Me swear allee same in clourt," the other adding: "Me Clistian Chinaman; ne tellee lie." They had to pay, however, before they went aboard the train.

—A Paris paper publishes these alleged statements of a Parisian river spirlsman concerning human bodies floating in the river: "I always know beforehand if it is a man or woman. If the body has the face upward it is a weman; if it floats with its nose in the water, it is that of a man. I have remarked that a man who has been thrown into the water after being assassinated reappears on the surface much earlier than one who has fallen in by accident or has drowned himself. The time the body remains beneath the water shows whether it is a case of accident or murder." This curious information is valuable in preportion to its truth. As navigation is open the watchers aleng the rivers may verify it.—*N. Y. World.*

—Here is a romance. The names of the parties are omitted, not so much on account of the family as because they are Hungarian, and we have not the space to give them; but in the Hungarian villago of Belenyes, a very beautiful young widow who kept a wine shop was courted by two, one a handsome man of forty-five, the other a youth of twenty-one. Jealeus of his rival, the youth laid in wait to kill him, made the attack, and was killed himself. Investigation followed, and brought out the remarkable fact that the rivals were father and son, and that the girl was daughter of the eldest suitor and sister of the youth. During the infancy of the children the family had been separated, and had remained separated until the facts brought the survivors thus strangely together.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A great multitude gathered at Atlanta to see an incendiary fire. Mr. Joiner had announed that at a certain hour he would burn Mr. Shehan's house. The police stretched a rope to keep back the crowd, and the fire department was on hand. When the appointed time came Joiner poured kerosene oil ever the floors of the building and piled some bundles of paper in the basement. Shehan forbade him to do it, and threatened him with legal punishment, but he would not stop, and his match soon set the structure ablaze. The police did nothing, and the firemen simply prevented the flames from igniting the adjoining buildings. It may be well to add that there had been a case of smallpox in the house and the destruction was by order of the Health Board.—*Philadelphia Press.*

He Fooled with Bolivar's Trunk.

Surfeited with spangles, flip-flaps, ambling horses, deuble-jointed riders, and the hair curling repartee of the clowns, William Malloy, of Delaware County hied him to the elephant tent at the circus, for the purpose of solving a conundrum that has troubled his somewhat inquisitive mind a long time. "Is an elephant's trunk hollow or is it solid meat?" is the question the Delaware County representative has asked himself many times. Excepting a few philanthrohic individuals who were feeding peanuts to the elephants yesterday the tent was empty when Mr. Malloy entered and made a bee-line for the biggest beast in the place. He got to work at ence and tapped and handled Bolivar's probosis critically, but in less than five seconds after he poked his cane up one of the monsters nostrils he was making mere revolutions per minute than a circular saw running with 1,000 pounds of steam on. Lula when shot from the cannon may fly through the air more gracefully than Mr. Malloy, but certainly not half so speedily. He fell promiscuous-like about thirty feet from the spot he soared from, and as he struck the ground Bolivar, who had watched his victim's progress through the air, raised his trunk and trumped triumphantly. When they picked Mr. Malloy out of the indentation his bruised person had made in the earth, and carried him out, Bolivar evinced his satisfaction by numerous grunts, which his elephantine companions joined in. Malloy was struck in the side and back by Bolivar's trunk, and, although no bones are broken, a hucketfull of liniment will be required to put him in as good condition as he was before he began his investigations.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Parisian Suicides.

I had just passed the Column Vendome on my way to the Hotel Continental when I heard a cry of horror from every corner of the place, and a woman fell insensible at my very feet. I saw the upturned face, and before I could turn half way around I heard an awful, sickening sound, the meaning of which was easily guessed. Then I learned that some poor fellew had thrown himself from the topmost point of the grand and stately coluun to the paved roadway, more than a hundred feet below. Stange to say, he was not dashed to pieces. He had struck upon the jointed iron railings, and there he hung, pierced through the neck by the sharp and gilded picket. There was very little signs of blood, but the features which once upon a time a mother's lips had pressed were terribly disfigured.

"That is the third one within a fortnight," said the manager of the hetel, when he was told of the suicide.

"Why do you let visitors go to the top of the column alone?" I asked. "It is shameful for the authorities to be so indifferent to such a state of affairs. Liberty is all very well, but one has no right to throw one's self from the Vendome column simply because one has not drawn a prize in the lettery or for some other equally foolish reason." The manager said, with a shrug of his shoulders, that it always had been and always would be, so there was no use of worrying over the matter. My business at the hotel finished, I started for my apartments. When I had reached the corner of the Hotel Bristol I saw before me a crowd of perhaps a thousand persons, and in a few moments I was in their midst. It was a crowd of bareheaded men, women and boys, who had rushed from all the neighboring shops and houses, of idlers, glad to find some excitement to refresh their laziness; of strangers, with red books under their arms, the British one's of the number soberly jotting down in their memorandum book the sad fact that "a suicide occurs every day, in the Place Vendome, at about four o'clock in the afternoon;" of soldiers in red trousers, dirty, ill fitting blouses, shoes turned over at the heels, hardly tall enough to pass muster in the "pony squad" of a company of western militia; of stately, dignified, aristocratic gentlemen from the *Cercle de L'Union Artistique* (vulgarly called the Moilitons) over the way, where a fine reception was being given to the ladies, and where some of the best paintings in Paris are now on exhibition; of officers from the headquarters of the pest commandant, Major General, "Three Stars," who occupies the building at the side of the one occupied by the Minister of Justice, and of policeman.

In my time I have seen many miserable, sad and disagreeable sights, but never before was I so shocked as on yesterday afternoon, when I found myself in that crowd at the base of the mighty pillar, from the top of which a colossal statue of the great Napoleon overlooks all Paris. It was a crowd utterly lost, so it seemed to me, to the horror of the situation. "It is droll," said a young woman to a man who works in a jewelry shep at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, and both of them strained their eyes to examine in every detail the hideous blot of blood on the gilded iron palings.

"Yes, my little one, it is quite a distance to fall," said an ugly, brutish-looking coachman, addressing himself to the *cocotte* in his voiture. "It would have been better for monsieur if he had fallen upward," and a roar of laughter greeted this humerous remark. The people pushed each other rudely in their efforts to catch a glimpse of the poor, dead man, whem a policeman had covered with his cloak. There was no hurry about taking away the corpse, and for two or three hours the crowd kept on joking and telling each other of similar tragedies which they had either seen or heard about.

The percentage of suicides in France is greater than that of any ether country. One of the most eminent French authorities, who examined 4,595 cases of suicides, said: "There were among them 697 persons of ample and independent fortune, 2,000 persons who earned a handsome livelihood in trades or professions, 256 persons in pecuniary difficulties, 159 who were comparatively ruined, considering their circumstances with regard to their previous position, and 760 poor persons. Of the total number, 1,376 were women. French physicians have discovered that suicide belongs to the class of epidemics, while others tell us that suicide is hereditary. As to manner of these innumerable cases of self-murder, I am not in a position to speak authoritatively. I am assured, however, by the police authorities that the number who precipitate themselves from this same Column Vendome is ten per cent. of the whole. I was also informed that of the 457 of such deaths in the Place Vendome, 145 had their heads fractured and no visible wound of limb or body; while in thirty-eight cases there was no apparent injury at all, and death took place merely from the shock of falling. When one remembers that the column is 132 feet high, it seems impossible that such a statement should be a true one; and when I asked for an explanation I was assured that the victims had been caught on the iron pickets by their clothing.—*Paris Cor. Chicago News.*

—Six robbers, armed to the teeth, made their appearance recently at the castle of a nobleman near Barcs, in Hungary, and by threats obtained a carriage and horses, with which they at once drove to the barracks of the Pandours, or Croat Regiment. Here they overpowered the Quartermaster, bound him, and placing him in the carriage, hurried him off to a neighboring wood. Arrived here they suspended him to a tree, and, pulling out their long knives, proceed to cut the skin from his body. They then sent back the carriage to its owner, telling the driver to make known that they had flayed the Pandour officer because, some time before, he had caused a member of their band to be shot.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Quite a romantic marriage took place at Keeseville, Essex County, N. Y., one day recently. Luther Langdon, of Solon, Iowa, and Miss Maria Mosher, of Keeseville, were the interested parties. They are each seventy years old. It is reported that they are old lovers. Mr. Langdon went west many years ago and amassed a fortune, and lately returned to claim his early love. They will reside in the West.

THE DAIRY.

—The Chicago *Times* states that of late, cheese has been put upon the market and sold in large quantities, which consisted mainly of lard and potatoes, artificially colored with annato.

—Among the features which especially favor cheese exportation just now is the fact that foreign exchange is bringing $4.85½, against $4.81½ last year; also that freight is down to 7s. 6d(@10s., against 22s. 6d. at the corresponding date last season. These two items alone would make quite a difference in the seller's favor.

—The average of German observations shew that the annual yield of milk rises gradually from the birth of the first calf till the fifth, reaches its maximum after the sixth, sinks then gradually till the tenth calf, when it is about the same as at the first calving, and, after the thirteenth or fourteenth calf, is only one-fourth or one-fifth of the maximum yield.

—The Utica *Herald* notes another patent right royalty claim fraud, this time for heating milk in cheese vats. If this royalty scheme works every factoryman in the United States will have a little bill to settle. The Utica board of trade has very promptly resolved to fight the claim and will request other boards to join them in resisting the attempt to collect any royalty on this device.

—A circular has been issued by the New York Dairymen's Protective Association, stating that they have concluded to settle with Hubbell & Co. in their claims for royalty on cheese hoops and handagers. If this should prove true, western factorymen may find that they will not get off so easily as they had heped, yet if we mistake not the Wisconsin Dairymen's Protective Association will give them a tussel for the royalty.

—Quite a number of leading agricultural journals are giving ensilage hard knocks. They have our permission to do so. Here in the West, where the system has been tried, our dairy farmers are satisfied with the results. Three or four silos, some of them very imperfect, in Wisconsin, two or three in Illinois, and probably the largest in the world, at Lincoln, Neb., have given excellent results, and the probabilities are that in this matter, as in the production of superior butter, tho West will lead the East by a large majority.

English Rules for Butter-Making.

1. The cream should be removed from the milk before the latter has become sour. The reason for this is easily explained. As soon as the milk begins to turn, curd is produced, and it is then impossible to remove the cream without taking off some of the curd also. Curd means cheese, and if curd is made up with cream into butter, the latter must necessarily have a cheesy flavor, and will in a short time become "strong," and very inferior in quality.

2. As soon as the butter makes its appearance, and while still in a granular state, the buttermilk should be run off. Plenty of cold water should then be thrown into the churn and the butter washed by turning the churn a few turns; two or more lots of water should be used until the butter is thoroughly cleansed. Butter is frequently damaged by overchurning. It is quite an error to suppose that after butter once forms more can be obtained by further churning. Every revolution after the granules are about the size of Indian corn or small nuts deteriorates the quality.

3. Butter should not be touched by hand. The water should be applied by means of a butter worker.

No animal on the farm pays better for good keeping than the cow.

Cows purchased from rich lands seldom do well on poor soils.

One cow well fed, will produce as much milk as two carelessly treated; the former will be kept at a profit, the latter at a loss.

The best economy is to keep cows in such a manner as to make them give the greatest quantity of milk with the greatest profit.

Carrots and other roots cause cows to give milk in abundance and of good quality.

One kind of forage, even tho best, may not furnish in suitable proportions all the elements necessary to produce the best milk; therefore, give a large variety of food, but guard well against anything that will taint the milk or butter.

Pure water at regular intervals is essential to the best results.

Cows which are near calving should be fed with substantial food and lodged in some clean, warm apartments by themselves; let their drink be lukewarm for a day or two after calving.

Great milkers pay as they go, but seldom carry much flesh on their bones. It is not good policy to allow a cow to lose a single pound of flesh; it costs money, and will cost more to replace it.

Cows seldom yield their milk kindly to a person who is not gentle with them.

Cleanliness in the dairy is sometimes classed among the cardinal virtues.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Progress of the Dairy.

There is no parallel to the increase between 1870 and 1880 in dairy stock and dairy productions. In 1880 the whole number of cows in the United States was 12,442,137, while in 1870 it was only 8,953,332, being over thirty per cent. But the greatest increase was in the Northwest. In ten years the increase in Michigan was from 250,859 to 384,573; in Ohio, from 634,390 to 767,044; in Illinois, from 640,321 to 865,915; in Wisconsin, from 308,377 to 478,376; in Iowa, from 369,811 to 854,097; in Kansas, from 113,440 to 418,333; in Nebraska, from 28,940 to 161,609. The increase in these seven Northwest States being from 3,289,856 to 5,371,881, or over two millions of an increase, being a greater increase than in the other thirty-one States. And it will be seen the increase was greater in Iowa than any other State. And this is evidently to be exceeded by the increase in the decade from 1880 to 1890. With what care and wisdom should this immense business be managed. Without good breeding and good feeding it will never be the success it should be. We have not exactly the milk cow we ought to have for this and its cognate business, beef production.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

The New York *Herald* raps the Democrats over the knuckles for obstructing the business of Congress by filibustering on the South Carolina election case, and tells them the country will not justify their action.

There was a stormy time at the annual meeting of the Canal Company, in which Genl. Johnson, Gov. Hamilton and Senator Gorman took an active part. The Directors elected are Patrick Hamill, Jno. Humhird, James G. Berrett, Thos. B. Morgan, Jas. A. J. McClure and Lewis Cass Smith. Mr. Garman's resignation was accepted, and Henry D. Farnandis, of Harford county, elected in his place; the President's salary was reduced from $6,000 to $4,000. Clearly the storm has but commenced, and no one can tell in what it may eventuate.

At the late session of the Legislature the Governor and Attorney General were appointed to designate such laws as in their judgment should be published in the newspapers, in place of having all the general laws published as has heretofore been done; and the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House were authorized to select the papers in which the laws are to be published. Up to the present time no laws have been selected for publication, and it is not known whether the Governor will select any, as the time for the laws to take effect (June 1st) has already passed.

The Oregon Election.

PORTLAND, June 6.—The State election occurred to-day. The Democrats generally concede the election of Melvin C. George, (Rep.) to Congress. The Republican majority in Multnomah county, in which Portland is situated, was 1,157 two years ago. The Republicans estimate it this year at 1,800; and an impartial estimate this evening gives the Republicans a majority in the State of from 500 to 1200. There is a bare possibility that Shattuck (Dem.) has been elected judge of the supreme court. The Chinese restriction bill was not made an issue in this election.

The meeting of the stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company yesterday was a somewhat remarkable affair, and brought forth events which were not altogether expected. The resignation of Mr. Gorman was accepted, under the pressure of a public opinion that could no longer be withstood, and the oft-repeated farce of his re-election is at last worn out. The scene was, however, remarkable for the half-concealed schemes that were half blurted out. The latent faction spites of state politics were all represented at the meeting, and it seemed, from time to time, as if they were struggling for expression. The board of directors of the canal had, however, seen the storm, and had shrewdly determined to shorten sail. Not only was the resignaiton of Mr. Gorman accepted, and a successor elected, but there had been on the morning of the general meeting a cutting down of salaries by the board, so that when the attack came the board were able to say, "The salaries have already been reduced," and could show the entry on the minutes. The election of Mr. Farnandis may, for all that now appears to the contrary, be a mere device to gain time. It is not known that he will accept the position, and, should he decline it, there may be another chance for Mr. Gorman's election. It is probable that Senator Gorman will do violence to his own whishes by serving until his successor qualifies. Something, however, is gained in the fact that canal management no longer ventures to defy public opinion so far as to play the re-election farce, and its sensitiveness goes so far as to cut down salaries on the morning of the stockholders' meeting—perhaps to raise them again as soon as things get quiet.—*Balto. American, Tuesday.*

Within the past few days the United States Fish Commission have turned loose 30,000 Potomac shad in the Chattahoochee river at West Point, Ga.

The registration law passed by the late session of the Legislation, provides for an entire new registration of all legal voters of the State, in order to qualify them to vote at the coming election. Personal application must be made to the register by each voter, and no one can be registered without such personal application. All persons should keep this fact in mind; no one can be registered any other way than by going in person to the register and making application for himself. Foreign born citizens must present their naturalization papers. In case their papers have been lost or mislaid they should make immediate application to the court by which the papers were issued for a certificate that they have been duly naturalized. Such application can be made by mail. The law provides in substance that—

In the counties there are four sittings of the registers for 1882. The first occurs on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the second Monday in the month of July—the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d; the second occurs on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the second Monday in the month of August—the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th; the third occurs, for the purpose of revising and completing the registry, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, of the two successive weeks next after the first Monday of September—the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th,; and for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October—the 2d and 3d.

At the three sittings in 1882, and at the September sitting in each year thereafter, the register may sit in one or more places in his district, not exceeding three, convenient to the people. The October sitting must be at the place most convenient to the greatest number of people. The register must record of each applicant for registration the name, color, whether sworn or affirmed, age, place of birth, place of residence, by street and number in town, and on what road or in what village if in the country, or such other description of his place of residence as shall be sufficient to identify it, the time of residence in the country and election district, if naturalized, date of papers and name of court issuing them.

The State's attorney's for the counties shall be the legal adviser of the Registers, and the county commissioners shall pay them $50 each for their services.

Heavy penalties are provided for the punishment of fraudulent registration.

Section 13 provides "That the several officers of registration appointed in each county shall give in each year a collective notice, signed by them, of their said respective sittings to be held in said year under the provisions of this act, and of the places of sitting in each election district, and of the times at which each of said respective sittings shall take place, said notice shall be given by said officers of registration at least ten days before the first day of their summer sitting, and one week before the first day of their September and October sittings, by publication in two newspapers in said county, and by handbills set up in such public places in each election district," &c.

This is an important matter to every voter, and should not be forgotten. Measures ought to be taken and a plan organized as soon as possible by the members of the Republican county central committee in each district to have a careful and full registration of the voters, present and absent. Unless this is done, we shall lose many votes next fall.

Have you Insured your Boys?

The innocent child, stricken by the lightning of the heavens in his cradle, a parent could bury with something to mitigate his grief. But what of the boy, the man, the fetid form, the helpless wretch stricken by "lightning whisky" his very soul corrupted and destroyed! "Lightning whisky" not only destroys the body, but it shrivels up and blasts the soul itself—all its sweet affections, its friendship, its taste and love for the beautiful, and pure, and good.

But men are very ready to insure against the lightning of heaven. They pay for "rods" to protect their houses, their stables, their horses and cattle.

They pay liberally for "policies of insurance," and when the red bolts flash through the thick darkness of storm and night, there is a comfortable assurance that all possible losses can in one sense be made good.

But how about the boys? Have you done all you can to insure them against "lightning whisky"—that bolt that does not mercifully kill at once, but striking successively through the long, weary years, makes a sickening wreck and ruin, to which the sudden and swift bolt from above would be a merciful deliverer. Have you insured, or striven to insure, your boys?—*Chicago Signal.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1882.

Since the majority in the House of Representatives have succeeded in taking the control of that body into their own hands, as majorities always should do, business has progressed fairly, and a few Democrats who were not entitled to seats have been politely escorted out by a side door The Democratic outcry against the Speaker and the rage manifested by Democratic Congressmen over their defeat goes for naught. There is no gainsay the proposition that, in a deliberative body, as everywhere else under a Republican form of government, the majority should rule. It is hardly probable that the protest filed by the Democratic members of the House in the matter of the changing of the rules will be regarded hereafter, even by Democrats, as a document of significance and weight. True, it is crowded with words of learned length and thundering sound; but the average citizen of the Republic will not find in the circumstance of the case anything to justify all this horn-blowing and beating of gongs. The precedent is now established that, in considering the rights of members to their seats, obstructive tactics will not obtain, but that these questions will be determined, as they should be, without delay until the end of the term. From conversation with members and a careful feeling of the Congressional pulse I conclude that the Democrats not only comprehend the completeness of their defeat, but they realize the extent of the blunder into which they have been led by Mr. Randall's wrong-headedness. It is quite possible that the dead-lock, designed to solidify the Democratic minority, will result in a change of leadership and an open rupture in the ranks. The way is open for some large Republican gains in Southern districts this fall.

When the election cases are settled we may look for a rapid dispatch of business up to the close of the session, which in all probability will end about the 1st of July. It is not likely that much more will be done than to pass the remaining appropriation bills. There are several of these unacted upon, but they have all been carefully perfected in committee so that when the decks are cleared for reporting them no longer delays are likely to occur. Congress can dispose of a large amount of business in a week when it really settles down to hard work, which it doubtless will be inclined to do now. It is only political questions that lead to controversy and waste of time. The Democrats are a little out of humor, it is true, but members of both parties are anxious to get away, and all hope to do so about the time that Guiteau takes his aerial trip by the aid of a rope. None of the Congressmen, however, expect to require the assistance of hempen locomotion.

The Star-route trials are now actually in progress and it is altogether likely that by midsummer we shall reach the end of that disgraceful subject which has occupied so much attention for more than a year past. If the whole crowd of speculators could go up in a cloud with Guiteau on the 30th instant it would be a great relief. I do not predict, exactly, that the accused will be convicted, though convinced that they ought to be, but there is an even chance, perhaps, that justice will be done. The crooked and devious ways of the law's proceedings, the expedients of counsel, and the uncertainty of juries always render a case of this character of doubtful issue. When the first exposures were made of the frauds of this ring they scouted the idea of ever being punished. With ramifications reaching into every branch of social, official, and political life they undoubtedly constituted the most formidable band of organized robbers that ever existed. They openly boasted that no Republican administration would dare to prosecute them, and that any proceedings against them would be a mere sham, not intended to convict. They had no doubt, apparently, that by their money and influence they could stifle any inquiry into their villainies; and to this end they entered into wholesale purchases of Washington newspapers, expecting in this way to mould public opinion in the community from which the jurors were to be drawn to try their cases—should they ever be brought to trial. In the same line they engaged a formidable army of leading lawyers of the country for their defence. In short, they fully expected that by a free use of the money they had stolen from the Government they could bribe the press, corrupt public opinion, purchase judges and juries, and baffle all attempts to bring them to justice. But they made a mistake in their low estimate of public morality. To their great surprise and discomfiture a Republican administration has gone right along with the preparation of evidence and indictments against them, and the loudest demand for their punishment has come from the Republican newspapers of the country. So political favor is not going to save them, and the blackguardism of their purchased prints does not help them, and they just began to realize, apparently, that the penitentiary is staring them in the face.

How Coal was Formed.

The coal fire in the grate sparkled and crackled and sent its sharp-pointed flames up through the dark mass, giving even the smoke a lurid hue.

We all sat gazing into the fire, making fancies and thinking our own thoughts, when Uncle John interrupted the silence by saying:

"And so, at last, this coal fulfils its mission. Perhaps you do not know how coal is formed?"

"Well," began Uncle John, stroking his long, white beard, "many thousand years ago, in fact, more years than any of you can count even in a whole lifetime, there grew a vast forest. There were no North and South American Continents, no even an Eastern and Western World. An exceedingly small portion of the globe was land, the rest was a wide sea. In many places the ocean was shallow, and as years went by the sand and drift matter filled up the shallow places, until they became great swamps. In these grew great forests.

The great amount of carbonic acid gas that mingled with the air, and the high degree of warmth, along with the constant moisture, caused these forests to grow very rapidly. The pine tree grew to an immense size; ferns grew as high as trees; and a sort of club moss, that in our forests never grows over three feet high, in those forests grew eighty and ninety feet high.

Along the damp, warm valley of the Amazon, in South America, and in the tropics, grow our richest and most profuse vegetation, but even that is nothing compared to the ancient forests that grew from the swamps. In these forests the trees and vegetation grew so rapidly that they crowded upon each other. Being too much crowded, much of the vegetation died down as rapidly as it had grown. Thus year after year, the old forest died down, and above it grew the new, until one forest was piled upon another.

After thousands of years, gradually, the whole surface of the land began to sink, until the sea once more flowed over the place where forests had grown. And again, after thousand of years, the drift matter and sand again filled up the shallow places, and other forests grew in new swamps. As years went by, they, too, were submerged in the sea. This continued for numberless years. Between each layer of decayed forests there was a layer of sand and mud and shells and drift matter that finally hardened into rock, forming the limestone or sandstone that is found in our coal mines. Miners can tell just how many times the coal beds have been submerged by the number of layers of sandstone or limestone.

Most of the trees of that ancient forest were pine trees. Pine contains tar and pitch and a great deal of resinous matter. Coal also contains tar and pitch and rosin, which it received from the decayed pine. Coal is pure carbon, and is black because carbon is black. All plants contain a great deal of carbonic acid. When plants breath or decay they give off large quantities of carbonic acid gas, hence, this carbon becomes a part of the coal.

The constant pressure above, and the water, caused this decaying vegetation to take first the form of peat. Peat is a soft, spongy sort of coal, and it is much used by the poor yeomanry of England and Ireland for their fires. After the peat has lain many thousands of years under great pressure and deeply buried in the dark bosom of the earth, it gradually and slowly hardens into the coal we use in our grate.

Sometimes, in splitting open a block of coal, you can plainly see the impress of beautiful and perfectly formed leaves, branches and twigs and vines. Our coal is really, then, nothing but a decayed forest. It has only been within the last few years that coal has come into extensive use in Europe and United States. Not until the timber of the forests was fast disappearing did coal come into demand, and yet it has been stored away in measureless abundance generations before we were born."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Poor Encouragement for Office Seekers.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

I met on the street to-day Mr. Wm. J. Florence, the actor. Said I: "Have you had an appointment yet?"

"No; and I am afraid I won't get one now. It is my first experience in office hunting," said Florence, "and many things about it hurt my sensibilities. Everybody has received me personally with much kindness, but I don't like the idea of dispossessing a man of a place where he is getting his bread. Everywhere I turn there is some poor fellow to be discharged if I should be appointed. Yet they say that is the only way to get an office. If it is, I am afraid I don't like the business I would not think of giving up my profession permanently. I merely thought I would like to hold a position under the Government in some foreign country for about a year, that I might inform myself in public affairs, get a little of the tone of a diplomatist, and do myself a little additional credit as an American citizen rather than as an actor. But it is pretty hard to gratify a desire like that at the expense of some poor fellow who wants the place much more than you did."

"Did you see the President?" I said.

"Yes, and found him perfectly affable. He talked about my appointment generally with interest; but the trouble seems to be to get anybody out so as to let me in. I do not understand that there is any objection to me, but somebody's man is everywhere that I inquire about. The President said to me that he had not asked a single appointment from his own Administration on the ground of personal friendship, and that the Secretary of State has made only one or two appointments from the list of his friends. This Senator and that Senator, this State and that State, this section of the party and that faction, all claim a certain share of the President's patronage; and he remarked that there were 60,000 politicians expecting office and only 6,000 offices to bestow among them all. While I was talking to the President he said: 'Now look at this man coming. It is John W. Francis, backed by the whole State of New York for the mission to Austria. Every politician of political influence supports him, and he only gets the place of Charge d'Affaires in Portugal, a sort of temporary thing, and is glad to get that.'"

The Old Rail Fence.

I am told by foreign tourists that while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankeeland.

It is known as the snake or Virginia fence, and as the relic of a lavish era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventor, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this unknown individual. It is hard for me to imagine in the person of this primitive rail-splitter the picture of an untutored backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of these fences without feeling a certain consciousness that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually defied by the capricious convolution of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mould—and their gray satiny sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichens and the ever-changing play of lights and shadows from their waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.—*Harper's.*

A Happy Thought.

An intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakeley tells an amusing anecdote of him, as follows:

The doctor was a most inimitable delineator, and fond of a good story. He related to me, with great glee, how he extricated himself once from a most awkard dilemma. Preaching in a Hudson river town on a warm summer afternoon to a congregation of farmers mainly, from the text, "If any man draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him," he inadvertently observed, "My brethren, sheep never fight." Those who were awake looked up at him, and showed by their interest that the minister had never seen two old rams trying to butt each other's brains out. The doctor discovered his mistake as soon as they did, but not seeing his way out of it, he repeated the statement with greater emphasis. Those of his audience who were awake nudged their sleeping brethren, who, on opening their eyes, looked about to see what had happened. This greatly embarrassed the doctor, and he was now sadly puzzled. He ventured, with still greater emphasis, to repeat the statement, "My brethren, sheep never fight," when luckily he saw his way out, and doubling his fist, struck it into the palm of his hand, adding, with genuine unction, except they first draw back."

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

Selling Girls in Sheets.

From the Des Moines Register.

Up at Clear Lake, that center of summer pleasure parties and Sabbath school associations in Iowa, the churches became tired of the old stereotyped plans of raising money, and a new scheme was envolved from the inner consciousness of some bright genius. The treasury of the Congregationalist church became rather bare, and so the young folks got together and determined to fill it even to overflow. After a long discussion it was decided to bring about the desired end by putting all the girls of the church up at auction to be disposed of to the highest bidder. The time came around, and every young man in that part of Iowa in or near Clear Lake who had any money or could possibly borrow any was promptly on hand, eager to bid to the fullest. But there were some of the girls on whom it would have been impossible to obtain the bid of an old fashioned copper cent, while there were others for whom the lovesick swains would willingly have bid their last dollar, and in the spirit of Artemus Ward, the last dollar of any of their relatives. So, to give all the boys an equal chance, the girls were wrapped up in sheets, so as to be completely unrecognizable. Each young man was positive that beneath the snowy folds of the sheet he could discern the outline of the girl on whom he doted, and when from fifteen to twenty of the young fellows singled out one particular sheeted object on which to stake their fortunes, excitement ran high, and money ran out of pocket books like water down a slanting roof.

After all the fair ones were disposed of, the order was given to "haul up the sheets;" and then ensued an indescribable scene of mingled happiness and disappointment. Maidens who had been purchased for a mere song, owing to a lack of bidders, turned out to be the best looking girls in town, while beings whose sylph-like appearance under a sheet excited the greatest admiration, and drew hard earned money from unwilling pocketbooks, were found to be most common place creatures indeed. But all made the best of it, and the disappointed ones bore themselves bravely. Altogether the plan was a great success, and as long as churches will raise money by lottery schemes, why not adopt this method? It is harmless, and yet as productive of as much good to the participants, as any game of chance we know of. It gives the homely girls and bashful boys an equal chance with their respective opposites, besides resulting in a grand financial success, and we look for its general adoption. To be sure, it is asking a good deal of modest, womanly refined girls. But then church sociables are always doing that.

DO YOU KNOW?—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying?

That a little saltpeter worked into butter that has become sour or rancid will render it sweet and palatable?

That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away?

That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house?

That lime sprinkled in fireplaces during summer months, is healthful?

That Spanish brown, mixed with a little water, will make the hearths look pretty? A pound costs ten cents and will last three months; use a little at a time.

That leaves of parsley eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions?

That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber?

That oil paintings, hung over the mantlepiece are liable to wrinkle with heat?

Harvard College.

At a recent meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a discussion was held upon a resolution which had been before the board for several weeks, that in the opinion of this board, the statutes making attendance on morning prayers and other religious exercises compulsory should be repealed. The board, by a strong vote, refused to adopt the resolution. But Mr. George Shiffer, lately from Martinsburgh, Blair Co., Pa., who had a Cancerous growth on his nose, and who was advised the use of *Peruna* before a visit to a Cancer Hospital, was allowed to take that par excellent remedy, and by its use for a very short time, was cured completely—page 24 in the "Ills of Life"—get one from your Druggist.

ROME, June 2.—Gen. Garibaldi died at Caprera at 6:30 o'clock this evening of bronchitis. His condition had been precarious for several days, and all the members of his family in Rome and Genoa had been summoned to his bedside.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Go to the New York Branch for your Window Blinds.

—Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., is erecting a large addition to his residence opposite the Court House.

—Died, in Oakland, Tuesday last, James Garfield, son of M. B. and Mary J. Ross, aged 9 months and 4 days.

—Children's Day will be observed in the M. E. Church next Sunday morning, occupying the Sunday School hour. A general invitation is extended.

—Cumberland, Md., has another case of small-pox, the victim being Mrs. Joseph Wagner, who contracted the disease from her husband, who died recently in Cincinnati.

—Mr. Henry Weber, of Cumberland, has purchased the John Richardson lot in Oakland, and is now erecting a green house thereon, adjoining Daily's store building.

—Mr. James Bell is building an addition to his residence on Alder street. The addition is 12 by 30 feet, two stories; the first floor to be used as a harness manufactory and the second as sleeping rooms.

—The corner stone of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Deer Park will be laid on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, June 10th, 1882. The public are invited to witness the services and ceremonies of the occasion.

—Among the new advertisements in this issue will be found the report of A. B. Gonder, Esq., late Mayor of Oakland. We make no charge for this, but make the publication for the benefit of the tax payers of Oakland, who, no doubt, will be pleased to know as they should know, what has been done with their money.

—The County Commissioners have been in session all week, engaged on the annual levy which was not completed at the time of going to press. The tax rate will be higher than last year, but the increase will be put upon the roads and bridges. The tax payers generally have asked for more money on the roads, and it was found necessary to increase the tax rate in order to accede to their demand.

—The contract for building the extension of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway to Elkins, formerly Fairfax Stone, fifty miles from Piedmont, was awarded Saturday to Humbird & Sons; Cavan, Codwise & Co., and Adams & Kennedy. Humbird & Sons, of Cumberland, get thirteen miles of the road and all the masonry.

—Monday about forty feet of the brick roofing of the Doe Gulley tunnel gave way when a blast was fired, choking up the tunnel for a considerable distance. The accident occurred about noon. Mail, baggage and passengers had to be transferred and the express from Baltimore due here at 5:55 p. m., did not arrive until 11:15. No one was injured by the fall.

—The second Gospel meeting was held in the M. E. Church Sunday afternoon, the first one being held in the Memorial Church the previous Sunday. The purpose is to form a society for the dissemination of the gospel of Christ among our young people. A committee on organization was appointed as follows: W. Ch Davis, G.S. Hamill, John Shatzer, J. A. Grant, Christian Felty, the committee to report at the next meeting which will be held in the Lutheran church next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all who feel an interest in this good work to be present.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church.—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church.—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Mr. Baggs.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or Gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parkers' Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, June 10th, 1882.

Bell, Minnie Mrs.,	Jones, Matilda Mrs.,
Bennett, A. F.,	Lanck, Mollie Miss,
Boeley, James Mrs.,	McDolald, R.,
Elcherson, C.,	Offner, John E.,
Garrette, Alice,	Ries, A. B. Mrs.,
Gonze, Robert,	Shrener, C. H.,
Harvey, C. C.,	Smith, Robert E.,
Hayson, Amos A.,	Smith, Frank,
Johnson, Louis Mrs.,	Smith, J. A. & Son.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Permit no Substitution.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 7:

Joseph M. A. Kelly and others to Sylvester Rinard, tract of land called "Browning's Manor," and a tract called "Border Life;" $2,580.

Jos. R. Anderson, to Samuel Wiland, part of a tract called "Cheviot Dale;" $175

Geo. P. White and wife to Jos. C. Alderson and others, 67 acres of land; $10 and other considerations.

Henry Beckman and wife to John Close and wife, tract called "Mississippi Farm," 100 acres; $100.

Wm. DeWitt and wife to Meshack Mattingly, 2 pieces of land, 16½ acres; $28.50.

Wm. DeWitt and wife to Meshack Mattingly their undivided interest in the estate of W. H., Elizabeth E. and Dominick J. Mattingly; $148.50.

Francis Seibold and wife to Meshack Mattingly, their undivided interest in the estate of W. H., Elizabeth E. and Dominick J. Mattingly; $1 and other consideration.

Wm. R. Getty and wife to Conrad Bucs, part of 2 tracts of land called "Sugar Point," and "Chestnut Grove," 50 acres; $1050

Samuel F. McKinzie and wife to Charles L. McKinzie, part of lot No. 13 of a tract of land called "Walnut Hills," 57 acres, also part of a tract of land called "Connection," 53 acres, 3 roods and 8 ps., also part of a tract called "Walnut Hills," 5 acres, 3 roods and 36 ps., and another piece of 2½ acres in all 118 acres of land; $1600.

A Miracle in Oil City.

DOCTORS DUMBFOUNDED, DRUGGISTS AND THE PEOPLE WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

[From the Oil City Derrick, July 21st, 1881.]

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physicians failed to give her relief. She took *Peruna* and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the Druggist, sold 184 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Cowell, too, sells it. Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's book—"Ills of Life" (gratis), or address Dr. H., at Osborn, O., for one.

The Lutheran Conference at Grantsville.

The Joint Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Synods of Maryland and Virginia, met at Grantsville, Md., May 30th, 1882, at 8 o'clock P. M. The opening sermon, in the absence of Rev. J. Q. McAtee, was preached by Rev. W. Y. Cline, of Aurora W. Va. The devotional and religious services for the following days of the conference was commenced by Rev. J. J. Young, the pastor, *loci*.

The first session was held on Wednesday morning, opening at 9 o'clock with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. P. L. Harrison, of Frostburg, Md. After spending half an hour in a hearty service of song, prayer and reading of scripture with appropriate comments, the business session of the conference was called to order by Rev. W. Y. Cline, of Aurora, and an election of officers ensued, resulting as follows: Rev. W. Y. Cline, of Aurora, President; Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, of Oakland, Md., Secretary, and Rev. J. J. Young, of Accident, Treasurer. The roll was then called, the clerical brethren all present except Revs. J. Q. McAtee, of Cumberland, Stouffer, of Piedmont, J. P. Conrad of Cumberland, W. A. Shipman, of Gratton, W. Va., and J. Summers, of Brandonville, W. Va. Lay delegates present were Messrs. Robert Scott, of Frostburg, W. D. Hoye, of Oakland, and Chas. Bill, of Grantsville, Md. Rev. J. W. Tressler and W. G. Getile, of Petersburg, Pa., were, on motion of conference, accepted as advisory members of the conference. Minutes of the previous meeting of conference was then read, excuses of absentees were received, and, on motion of conference, Revs. J. Q. McAtee, Saml. Stouffer, W. A. Shipman and Jacob Summers, were excused for non-attendance. Discussion of topics being passed over the report on state of religion was taken up. The reports as given by the pastors and their delegates from the different pastorates evinced much of zeal and spirituality in this part of the moral vineyard. The entire forenoon was spent in this most interesting exercise. After announcements for afternoon services the conference adjorned to meet at 2 P. M.

Second session—Conference met at 2 P. M. and was opened with prayer by the Secretary. The minutes of the morning session being read and approved, the first question was then taken up and discussed, viz: What are the mutual obligations and duties of a pastor and his congregation. This question was opened with a beautiful and most pungent and interesting prayer by Rev. W. Y. Cline. The brethren discussed this question with great earnestness and pathos. The question was closed by Rev. Tressler, who made some very happy remarks and criticisms upon the entire discussion, and most vividly illustrated the salient arguments produced. Conference adjourned with prayer by Rev. G. Gettle.

Religious services were opened at 8 o'clock P. M. by the President, and a sermon preached by Rev. Tressler. The audience was large and seemed thoroughly interested in, and appreciative of the eloquent, logical and powerful sermon delivered by our esteemed father and veteran. The order of service being announced for the last day of conference the audience was dismissed, and dispersed to enjoy the moon-light strolls and drives to their respective homes and the necessary repose and refreshment for the coming day.

Third Session.—Conference met at 9 o'clock A. M. Religious services were conducted by Rev. A. Heurighaus of Frostburg. The president called for the reading and approval of the minutes. Reports of committees were called for, and Rev. W. Y. Cline reported progress in regard to the German community, Alpena. The report was received and committee remained with the addition of Rev. J. J Young. The committe on Barton lot reported favorable. The report was received, the committee retained and instructed to have the deed recorded and placed in the archieves of conference. Rev. A. Heurighaus preached a German sermon at 11 o'clock A. M., which was largely attended and highly appreciated.

Fourth Session.—Conference met at 2 P. M., opened with prayer by Rev. Tressler. Third question for discussion was then opened by Rev. P. L. Harrison of Frostburg, Md. Whence should we obtain our Sunday School teachers. It was thoroughly ventilated. The closing speeches were made by Messrs. Scott, Hoye and Bill, who unanimously differed from the clergy in the use of teachers who were unconverted to teach in Sunday School. Grafton, W. Va., was chosen as the place of our next conference, and Tuesday evening before the first full-moon in November, the time.

The subjects to be discussed are the following: 1. What constitutes the essence of a christian burrial? Opened by Rev. J. Q. McAtee. 2. The personality of the devil, what is his character and power? Opened by Rev. W. A. Shipman. 3. The importance of regularly observing the Lord's Supper? Opened by Rev. J. J. Young. 4. Evangelists of the present day, and the duty of ministers towards them? Opened by Rev. W. Stoudenmire.

The Lutheran visitor was recommended most favorably as an organ of the Lutheran General Synod. Conference voted the funds in its treasury and the collections of conference to the Deer Park church building, thus commending it as a worthy enterprise. The conference resolved that we hail with pleasure and delight the favorable expressions of union of the general synods north and south.

At 8 o'clock P M. the final services were held in the presence of a large, appreciative audience. Rev. Henrighaus opened the services, Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire preached the closing sermon. The thanks of the conference were then rendered to the good people of Grantsville, in behalf of the conference by Rev. Cline, who is most felicitous in this office. We all left Grantsville feeling that both the conference and good people of Grantsville were pleased and blessed by the occasion.

REV. WM. STOUDENMIRE.
Sec'y of Conference.

For Sick Headache.

All ships sailing in hot climates carry a supply of limes, whose acid juice is a remedy for biliousness. Dr. Haire says he has cured many victims of sick headache with the following simple prescription: When the first symptoms of a headache appear take a teaspoonful of lemon juice, clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptons are past, taking no other medicines, and you will soon be freed from your periodical nuisance.

Sick headache is the signal for distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids—that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal natural working condition. Lemonade without sugar—plain lemon juice and water—is a grateful and medical beverage for a person of bilious habit, allaying feverishness and promoting sleep and appetite. Some who cannot afford to be sick may be willing to make a conscientious trial of the above remedy, which is neither patented nor costly. To make it a sovereign remedy it will, in most cases, need the help of a reform in diet, or a letup from work and care—one or both. In other words, the same causes will be apt to reproduce the effect—as the pincing boot will re-create corns where they have been removed.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by A. G. Sturgiss.

The Boys Who Never Got Home.

At a recent camp-fire, given hy W. H. Sargent Post, No. 20, G. A. R., of Janesville, Wis., Comrade Thomas T. Croft read a letter of regret from one of the invited guests, George M. Peck, who was unable to attend. It is an amusing production. Says the writer: "I don't know what it is, but there is something in beans that makes men sociable and reckless. Beware of beans, Tom, as you value your future happiness. Look not upon the bean when it is baked and giveth its color in the pan, for at last it swelleth like an accordian and biteth like a cucumber. But I would like to be there, Thomas, and take the old soldiers by the hands and look into the eyes that are becoming dim, and notice the effect of Father Time's pencilling on the face of the boys who twenty years ago were full of vitality and as kitteny as any man that ever kept step to the rattling of a canteen against a cartridge-box. Boys, do you realize that you are growing old? It is hard to realize it, but if another war were to break out your little baby that you left in mother's arms twenty years ago, crowing at the "hand me down" blue uniform in which you are disguised, would be the chap the government would want. Boys, you are rapidly becoming "old back numbers;" though you feel young enough to stub round home, you are "exempt" now. Do you realize that the little baby girl that clung to you as you said good-bye twenty years ago, with tears in your eyes as big as a glass paner weight, or an editor's diamond pin, is now a woman married, and that another baby is trying to utter the word "grandpa," when you come in putting on your youthful airs? It is pleasant now to chase the festive bean around the home campfire and talk of the nights when you slept on the ground in a pup tent, or on some battle-field, with your wet and muddy pantaloon legs frozen stiff as a dried codfish, while you dream that every star that was looking down from above was the eye of a dear one at home beckoning you to "Hold the Fort," and hurry up and get through with the foolishness and come home. You can laugh now as you think how you got up in the morning after such a night's rest, looking as though you had been drawn through a brush fence. You who are left have a right to be happy, but in the midst of your bean banquet let me ask you to stand up with your tin cup of black coffee, and drink to "The boys who never got home," the brave fellows who returned not to meet the loved ones they parted with twenty years ago. Let us hope that the great congress above "removed the disabilities" of the boys who left vacancies in their regiments, and that the few chickens they took in the way of business from the enemy will not he entered up against them on the Big Book, but that the provost-guard on duty at the gates of the New Jerusalem will "present arms" to them and tell the boys that they are welcome to the best there is, and that when we all get in our work here, and are ready to join our regiment in Heaven, that the fellows that we hurled years ago may stand on the parapet as we come straggling in, and give us the old soldiers' welcome with a "three times three" with a tiger. And we shall say to them, "all right, comrades we should have been here before, only we were detained by business."

PETERSBURG, June 6.—Most distressing accounts are still received of the tornado in Northampton county, N. C., on Sunday afternoon, which extended over a much larger area than was at first supposed. The storm in Southampton county, this state, was particularly severe. A number of houses were blown down and the crops completely ruined. Hail fell to a depth of several inches. Many stones are reported a foot in length and weighing a pound and a-half. Mrs. Caroline Williams, an aged lady, was so frightened by the storm that her life is despaired of. The damage is estimated at several thousand dollars.

King John, the monarch who rules Abyssinia with a rod iron, is severely opposed to missionaries. He has banished a party of them who recently arrived at Massowah. These missionaries had distributed some Bibles to the natives, but, under the influence of the native priests, King John caused search to be made for these in the houses and huts. In cases where copies of the Bible were found the owners were chained and otherwise treated with great cruelty.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Jersey City is to present two Garfield memorial volumes—one to Queen Victoria and the other to Mrs. Garfield.

The Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board has spent $592,000 in the past year. It has now accepted thirty new missionaries, mostly young men. Expecting a great increase of work this year, it asks for an additional $100,000 above customary receipts.

It is a comment on so-called "Liberalism" that in the town of Liberal, on the borders of Missouri, lots are sold to only such persons as renounce the doctrines of Christianity. This does not seem to provide for the exercise of the very largest liberty of thought.

The National Conference of Dunkards, which has been in session at Arnolds, Ind., since Tuesday last, was very largely attended, about 20,000 Dunkards being present from all parts of this country. The next annual meeting will be held at Topeka, Kas.

Edison, prolific in patents, has just taken out one for an electric brake. It consists of a large horseshoe field magnet, with a disk on the axle revolving partly between the magnet poles. When a circuit is made this disk is subjected to a magnetic resistance, which tends to bring the axle to rest.

Beneath the Garfield memorial tablet in the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad depot at Washington was placed on Tuesday a rich token of evergreens and flowers representing "the gates ajar," and the silver star that marks the spot where the martyr fell was covered with a large star of snow white flowers.

A California Baptist brother presented for the use of the presiding officer at the recent Baptist anniversaries in New York a magnificent gavel made of oak from Florida, holly from Mississippi, granite from Maine, mahogany from Nevada, cedar from Alaska, laurel, maple and redwood from California. It was ornamented with silver from California and Nevada. It was accepted as a timely and tasteful symbol of state brotherhood and national unity.

The case of Donaldson, the dancing Presbyterian, which was expected to be finally adjudicated by the General Assembly, has failed of settlement, and is sent back for trial to the church in which it originated. It was such a delicate and difficult matter for the Assembly to handle that there seemed to be a great aversion to having anything to do with it. The ground on which it is sent down for retail is that the church tried Mr. Donaldson on a charge which was not made out with sufficient definiteness.

Mr. Blaine's great red brick house, with the square, imposing front, is a landmark in the northwestern part of Washington, and will be one of the finest mansions. Since he began to build him this home for his old age, fortune has taken a turn in the affairs of Mr. Blaine, and he has been making money so fast that he has put a great deal of it into his house, and gratified each fresh fancy as it came up. Wise gossips estimate his possessions now at $10,000,000, with the figures advancing by arithmetical progression, and on that sum a reasonable independence is assured.

Two thousand and thirty nine actual shipwrecks occurred throughout the world last year, and the estimated value of property lost was $1,400,000,000. As compared with the previous year, there was an increase of 359 in the number of wrecks, and an increase of about $500,000,000 in the value of property lost. One hundred vessels sank through collision, and 4,134 persons perished. This includes officers, crews, and passengers in all parts of the world, and is considerably in excess of the number reported during the previous year.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel, and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Calciminers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

R. W. MASON,

HOUSE PAINTER,

OAKLAND, MD.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

5 27 3m

REPORT OF A. B. GONDER, BURGESS OF OAKLAND, 1881-82.

MONEY RECEIVED.

1881.		
May 1. Fine		$ 1 00
Amount received from Jas. A. Enlow, Weighmaster, at various times		34 50
Aug. 22. Am't rec'd from J. S. Johnson, Bailiff, on sale of hogs		18 90
Aug. 22. Am't rec'd from J. S. Johnson, collector, at various times		180 60
Am't rec'd from D. M. Mason, collector, at various times		197 76
Dec. 8. G. S. Hamill, check		48 47
Am't of taxes rec'd from shows		12 50
Am't rec'd from A. L. Osborne, late Burgess, per King Delawder		120 06
Am't of fines imposed and collected while J. S. Johnson was Bailiff		11 60
Am't of fines imposed and collected while D. M. Mason was bailiff		8 50
Total		$623 60

DISBURSEMENTS.

1881.		
June 16. Cash paid John white for covering well on Fallon property	$	25
Postage		9
July 5. Cash paid John Fulton for blank book		75
July 21. Cash paid Rowan White, Assessor		15 00
Aug. 2. Cash paid W. W. Fairall		2 50
" 19. " Mureus Rosendach,		11 00
" " " J. C. Dunham		3 00
" " " H. A. Ison, Clerk		8 32
Oct. " " J. W. Stemple		70
Nov. 5th. Cash paid Mrs. Smith, Administratrix of John J. Smith, dec'd,		4 00
Dec. 17. Cash paid Isaac Haun		5 00
1882.		
Jan. 10. Cash paid Thomas Little		2 50
" J. S. Johnson to be credited on due bill		13 37
Jan. 17. Peddicord & Combs		65 48
Order M. B. Ross to Davis & Townshend		4 37
Amounts paid on Davis Bridge—		
Sept. 28, 1881. Cash to P. A. Chisholm	$ 15 00	
Oct. 14. Cash to same	80 00	
Order of P. A. Chisholm to—		
Peter Martin	186 00	
A. C. Mason	76 25	
Lloyd Chambers	5 62	
John W. Smith	60 12	
Wm. W. Fairall	5 00	
Kildow & Yeiloly	16 40	
Davis & Townshend	8 56	
Davis & Townshend	20 34	
Davis & Townshend (order to John Browning	50 00	
		473 29
A. B. Gonder's accounts		10 70
One-half fines to Jas. S. Johnson		5 75
" " D. M. Mason		4 25
Total		$630 27
Amount Cash paid out	$630 27	
" " received	628 69	
" due Burgess	1 58	
Settled by due bill		1 58

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

TIMBER LAND

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of equity passed in a cause depending therein between Daniel G. Meese and others complainants, and Aaron Witheim and wife defendants, being No. 228 equity in said county, the undersigned trustee appointed by said decree will offer at public sale at the house of Johnson Bro's., on the National Turnpike about three miles above the town of Frostburg, on

Saturday, June 24th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., all that real estate in said Garrett county, known as

Military Lot No. 640,

said lot is unimproved; is situate in District No. 9 said county near the Pennsylvania line, and about 8¼ miles from said Johnson Bro's. house on the pike. It is heavily timbered with spruce and hemlock.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half cash on the day of sale and the balance in six months, with interest to be secured to satisfaction of trustee.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Trustee.

6 3 4

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

in their season, wholesale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,
91 Baltimore Street.
P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.
June 3 3m.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Trespassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

5 6 3. WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1856.

The Etiquette of Dining Out.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy" is not a bad rule for the diner-out. A man of course wears the enstomary suit of solomn hlack, unless he be an esthete and disports himself in knee-breeches and lace ruffles. A lady can scarcely wear too handsome a dress, though it should be different in style from a ball-dress. Her most beautiful jewels and her richest laces find in a ceremonious dinner a suitahle occasion for their display. Places at the table should be found as quietly as possible, and a man is wise to inquire before going to the dining-room on which side of the tahle he is to sit. Guests remain standing until the hostess has taken her seat, and then seat themselves. They lay their table napkin across their laps, take off their gloves, and if there is a roll of bread in their plates they remove it to the left side. If raw oysters have been served they will be eaten at once. It is no longer good form to wait for the rest of the company to be served before beginning to eat, and for this there is a sensible reason, as will be found upon examination to be the case with most of the little changes in fashion which take place from time to time. A grand dinner would be indefinitely prolonged if all the guests waited to eat the same thing at the same time. The waiters begin their service with the lady who sits at the host's right hand, and she should be ready to be helped to the second course by the time the first course has made the round of the table.

A neophyte might perhaps be puzzled among the multiplicity of forks beside her plate, but she will see that the small spoon-shaped fork is used for oysters, and the next smallest fork for the fish. It is now customary to supply also a silver knife for fish, and this is a great convenience. Should the fish-knife be absent the fork is to be held in the right hand and assisted by a piece of bread in the left; but the silver knife is preferable and will be found in most houses.

Soup should be eaten with a large spoon. Dessert-spoons for soup are no longer *en regle*, on the theory that soup is nothing unless hot, and that it can be eaten more quickly, and therefore when hotter, by using a large spoon. If you are fastidious about trifling forms you will dip up your soup with the side of the spoon farthest from you and move it toward the farther side of your plate as you lift it toward your mouth. The really important thing is to eat it from the side of the spoon and noiselessly. Nothing is a much surer test of the number of rembves we are from our great-grandfather the ape than our manner of taking soup. To eat noisily is loudly to proclaim ourselves unfit for the society of ladies and gentlemen.

In eating any course where both a knife and fork are required the fork should be held in the left hand and the knife in the right. It is not a social crime to transfer the fork to the right hand and back again, but it is now considered better form to keep the fork in the left hand and carry all food to the mouth with that hand, unless in the courses where no knife is required. In eating soft dishes, sueh as croquettes or sweetbreads, where a fork only is necessary, it is of course held in the right hand. A fork is used whenever it is possible for puddings and jellies, and in many houses for ice cream. In England, both a fork and a spoon will be given you with the sweets, and hoth are sometimes used together.

Cheese is the one thing for which a fork is not used, and you will find yourself supplied only with a knife for that course which consists of cheese, lettuce or celery and biscuits, or, as we say, crackers. Vegetables should always be eaten with a fork, except the few which, like artiehokes, you hold in your fingers. One is quite at liberty to take asparagus in the fingers and bite it off, though some people prefer to eat off the soft ends and eat them with a fork. Olives are taken in the fingers.

Peaches, pears and apples are prepared for eating with a fruit knife and fork, but large strawberries are eaten by taking the stem in the fingers and dipping them into the sugar on your plate.

Very young ladies at a dinner seldom eat anything so strongly flavored as cheese, cheese *fondus*, cheese souffles and that order of edibles. Wasn't it in "Good-by, Sweetheart" that the plain elder sister consoled herself for the want of a lover by the thought that at least she had full liberty to enjoy her dinner?—and the fully blown rose, a bud no longer, may build a monument to her lost youth with raw oysters, a little of the fat from the roast beef, and all sorts of savories from which she would have abstained in her girlhood.

When the dessert service is put on the table, the finger-glass with the bit of prettiness under it which plays at being a doily, should be removed to the left side and the glass plate left free for the dessert. All use of the napkin should be as inconspicuous as possible, and toothpicks are horrors, the use of which, like evil deeds, should shun human observation.

At a very small dinner only, the conversation will he general. When the number at table exceeds six or eight the conversation is chiefly carried on in a low tone between those who sit next each other. It is perfectly proper to speak to your next neighbor on either side, whether you have been introduced or not.

It is an important part of good manners to accept accidents philosophically. If your neighbor spills a glass of wine and it trickles down over the front breadth of your satin gown the severity of the blow will not be mitigated by any outcry. To make the unlucky person to whom the accident has happened as much at his ease as possible is the test of a true lady; he will suffer enough at best and in despite of your utmost kindness. I quoted Sydney Smith's account of a country dinner last week; but as he was the prince of diners-out, you will surely forgive another extract from one of his letters. Writing to Jeffrey, he said:

"Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham, the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the countenance to swear that not a drop had reached her! In such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

It is not necessary to swear that black is white, but it is a triumph not only of cultivation but of kind-heartedness to set a person who has met with a social misfortune as speedily as possible at his ease. Kindness of heart is the soul of all good-breeding, and without it the daughter of a hundred Earls is still not one to be desired.

The novice in society who has never assisted at a dinner-party in her life need not fear to go to one, if she will heed the simple and ohvious suggestions on which I have ventured, and above all, if she will keep her eyes open to see what is going on around her. That silken-clad flock which we call society all jump over the samo hedges in very nearly the same manner.—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Our Continent.*

As Others See Us.

There is a charming passage in M. d'Haussonville's latest article upon American people and habits, a passage suggested by his trip to Richmond. A ball was given at Richmond in honor of himself and his associates during the days of the Yorktown celebration, and he relates that the ball was arranged in a hired building by the ladies, and chiefly by the young girls of the best Virginia society. There were not twenty mothers or chaperons in the ball-room, he declares; hnt there were at least thirty unmarried girls. Among these there were perhaps three or four who spoke French; and among the French visitors there was an equally scant knowledge of English. Under such conditions M. d'Haussonville is amiable enough to remind his compatriots, conversation would be rather cold in France, but at Richmond, among the American girls, conversation went on joyously and in the most spirited way, and the evening was prolonged deep into the night. Tho Frenchmen left the ball-room with the conviction that they had learned something distinct and fresh about our society. They were, in fact, unanimously enthusiastic in favor of the American girl. "The young girl," writes M. d'Haussonville, "is an institution in America—like the fire engine; even more interesting, and upon this subject I should like to say a few words." Whereupon he goes on to state that in France there is a legend about the young American girl, just as there is a legend about the French girl in America. The former girl, he says, is supposed to be hardy, coquettish, with a mind always pre-occupied with getting a husband and ready to risk everything to gain ono. Here by way of contrast, tho French girl is thought to be silent, prudish, inert and ready to receive from her father and mother a husband whom she does not know. M. d'Haussonville believes that neither legend is founded on fact; and our American women should be grateful that so delicate, chivalrous and discriminating an observer has sought to set them and their customs right in the eyes of his prejudiced countrymen. He acknowledges that the difference between the girls of the two countries is striking—almost inconsistent at first sight. But the difference, he sees clearly enough, is due entirely to opposite conceptions of the social situation. He writes, for instance: "In America, when you start off for any city, you are invariable told, 'You will find some very pretty girls there.' In France one would say very pretty women. All the difference which I speak of is made clear in the use of the two terms. In America the social movement is organized for the young girls—balls, germans, kettledrums, country parties—everything turns upon them. And young married women, without being excluded from them, take but small part in them, most often under pretext to matronize one or more sisters, cousins or friends. Young girls go frequently also to the theater, dine alone in town, and stay at tho houses of their married friends. In a word, during the few years which separate their entrance into society from marriage—that is to say, from eighteen to twenty or twenty-three—they lead that life of pleasnre which is, on the contrary, the privilege of young wives in France. They know that this is the good time of their life, throughout which they may carelessly amuse themselves; and some of them, in order to prolong this time, force the men of their heart to wait for them a year or two." After marriage among our own girls, as M. d'Haussonville observes, come the serious duties of life.

Consumptions.

Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then, on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath and quickening pulse. In fatal cases its average course is about two years, hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose, the greater the chances of success.

The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending to the lungs, so that their action is interfered with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The first thing to he done, is to remove the obstruction which is the irritation or congestion of the lungs. Four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water and one grain of morphine make an excellent mixture for relieving the cough. It should be taken in doses of two teaspoonfuls every two hours until the cough is relieved. The chest, just below the neck, should be rubbed with tartar-emetic ointment every morning over a space as large as the hand, until a thick crop of sores is brought out; then rub the ointment between the sores to bring out a new crop. Meantime the patient should take regular and vigorous exercise in the open air. There is nothing that equals horseback riding as a remedy for this disease.

If a consumptive were "to live in the saddle" and sleep out of doors, taking care to keep the feet dry and warm, and to live upon good, nourishing food, in short, to "rough it," he would recover his health in a few months, even if the disease had made considerable progress. The trouble is that it requires a strong will to carry out so severe a course, in spite of the langnor and debility which disposes an invalid to quiet despondency. The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation, and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—A boys' and girls' cigar manufacturing company has been organized in San Francisco. The object is to give immediate employment to deserving boys and girls.

Itinerant Photography.

"The apparatus that these itinerants carry is a cheap lens, and a box, and a wheelbarrow in which a dark room of cloth can bo hastily constructed, and in which the negatives are developed. Then the negatives are stowed in a box, and impressions taken on returning home. Of course the business is a pure speculation. It pays, though. I know a man who makes forty dollars a day wandering around the city in this way. He employs an assistant who prints and mounts the pictures, and a third man delivers them and collects the money. The purchaser pays about twenty-five cents apiece for his photographs. Some of the pictures are not worth a cent. That occurs when the photographer faces the sun when he takes the impression, for then the shadows fall toward the observer. But the itinerant does not care for that; his object is gained, when it's a dwelling, if he gets the whole family on the piazza, or, when its a store, if he gets an impression of the sign and of shopkeeper standing in the doorway. Queer things happen to these itinerants. In London once one of the craft took a picture of a hotel. The windows were open, and a clock on the wall was distinctly seen in the picture. Not long afterward a gentleman who was sitting on the piazza at the time the picture was taken was arrested for passing a forged check at a bank. At the trial the bank clerks united in testifying positively that the prisoner was at the bank at two p. m. The photographer, who had got word of the case through the newspapers, entered the court room, climbed to the witness stand and exhibited the photograph. The face of the prisoner was distinctly recognized, and the clock's hands pointed at two o'clock. The hotel was seven miles from the bank. The jury acquitted the prisoner after the photographer had testifed that he was at the hotel on the day when the forged check was cashed.

"Another incident I know of which had not so pleasant an ending. An itinerant, in an English village, and he was a spiritualist in belief, had set his camera in front of a house and focussed it. While he had his head hidden in his darkened tent preparing his negative a practical joker came along and stuck a piece of paper on the lens, so that it was entirely covered. The photographer put his plate in the camera, and was about to expose it to the building, when the wag offered to bet him any amount of money that there would be no picture on the plate. The photographer bet every cent he had, and then took his picture, as he supposed. When he developed the plate it showed nothing. In his chagrin he shot himself dead. The story was reported in the London newspapers some time since.

"Most of these itinerants are prosperous, but some of the tin-typers who take your picture on the street for ten cents are Bohemians. One of them occasionally drops in here and asks me to sell him ten cents' worth of collodion, or ten cents' worth of nitrate of silver. Of course I give him twenty-five cents' worth for nothing, as ten cents' worth is almost nothing. They are the tramps of the profession."

"Do amateur photographers do any creditable out-of-door work?"

"By the invention of the dry plate process a field has been opened to amateurs never before dreamed of. Formerly it was necessary to cart around a bulky apparatus, with bottles of chemicals in sointion, bath holders, etc.; but now the lens is carried on the back in a compact little knapsack, while the tripod shuts up like an umbrella, and can be used as a cane. Twenty-five pictures can be made in a day by a tyro. He returns to his hotel at night, wraps up his negatives, and sends them homo by express. In three months he has four hundred plates, and amuses himself all winter in developing them. Both before and after the picture is taken the dry plate looks like a piece of glass with a piece of bladder pasted on it. You cannot conceive the pleasure the amateur has in seeing scenes and events he has long forgotten reproduced liko magic. Artists in oil or in water color take tramps of this kind and obtain valuable hints for ambitious paintings. It's an easy way of sketching. Captain Abney, of England, is an amateur, and he stands at the head of the photographing business, as far as the theory of it is concerned. He is wealthy, and has a high position socially, but he has given to photography the best part of his life out of love for it. He has delivered lectures on the art and has printed books on the subject, so that those who have disputes on a point in photography appeal to Abney as the highest authority. Speaking of photographers and their disputes and jealousies, there is to be a convention in Indianapolis, Ind., in August next—a convention of photographers from all parts of the world for the purpose of starting an International Society of Photographers."

"Do you ever photograph dead persons?"

"Parents whose children die before their pictures are taken often ask a photographer to come to the house, and they want the picture to look as natural as life. Skill is required, of course. Once when I was called in I saved a man's life. When I pulled up the eyelid to drop in a little collodion to keep the eyelids firm there was a tremor and a resistance. The man was in a trance, and he soon came out of it."

"Do you know of any peculiar uses to which out-of-door photographing may be put?"

"Well, suppose a picture is obtained of a church or other public building, and it is burned down. By consulting the photograph a second building precisely like the first can be built. Photographers are also called to photograph ruins where lives have been lost. I know a widow, whose husband was a conductor on a railroad and was killed by his train falling through a bridge. The photograph showed that the break in the bridge was caused by inherent weakness, and the jury gave the widow heavy damages. A peculiar lens, called a rectilinear lens, is used for good out-of-door work. If a building is pictured by a common lens used for portrait purposes the building looks as though it was falling down, the lines are so pulled out of the perpendicular. There are lenses for taking pictures at a small distance, say ten feet from the object. They have even more of an angle than the human eye. Prices for this work are governed by the quantity of work done."

Forgeries are easily detected by the photographer, and almost every day cases are decided in court on pictorial evidence. There against the wall are pictures of two good checks and two forgeries. The difference is detected when the writing is magnified and photographed. In the Bank of France, in Paris, when a man presents a check suspected of being a forgery the cashier signals a photograper and detains the man in conversation while, unknown to him, his full face picture is taken. If the check is bad and the rogue denies that he passed it at that time, there is the photograph of his face and of a clock and a calendar hung on the inside of the railing to prove that he was there at such a time on such a day."

"Is photographing animals much of a business?"

"O, yes; every horse of any celebrity is photographed, partly to identify him if he is stolen and partly to gratify the owner's vanity. Animals of all kinds are sold by photographs and sent to all parts of the country. Interest just now centers in instantaneons photography. I can take a picture in a thirty-second part of a second of time. It is especially interesting to rogues whose pictures are wanted for the Rogues' Gallery. While one is vowing that a picture shall never be taken a concealed camera already has it."—*Interview in N. Y. Sun.*

A Great Georgia Industry.

Great interest is now manifested in the production of turpentino and naval stores in this section of the State, and upon an investigation it will be seen that no ono industry in this section promises so much. It is destined to make the pine regions prosperous and to add rich treasures to this grand old commonwealth. In conversation with a well-known gentleman on the subject, we gathered a few facts that may prove of interest to our readers and we give them for what they are worth: Take a lot of land well timbered and there can be cut on it 10,000 turpentine boxes at a cost of a cent and a half a box, making $150. These boxes will yield the crude turpentine for years when properly managed, that is for eight months during each year. The average yield per month is twenty-five barrels of the crude turpentine which sells readily for five dollars per barrel. It will cost about $1.50 per barrel to hack the trees so that the boxes will catch the best turpentine, and to dip the best boxes will cost about twenty-five cents a barrel. In favorably located farms, the distillers will furnish the barrels and haul them to and from the distillery without any cost to the man owning the farms. So we have following results showing the net profit, viz: 10,000 boxes yielding twenty-five barrels per month would make two hundred barrels per year of eight months, so that we should have one barrel each year to every fifty boxes. These fifty boxes cost seventy-five cents to cut, so we have as the cost per barrel of production: Hacking per barrel, one dollar; dipping, twenty-five cents; cutting boxes, seventy-five cents. Total cost, two dollars. Prices per barrel, showing a net of three dollars per barrel. Two hundred barrels we find a profit above expense of $600. This is the first year's profit on a wild lot of pine land that could be bought for one or two hundred dollars. But this farm will yield in the same proportion for three or four years, after which the trees can again be boxed, with a slightly decreasing yield. When the trees have been thoroughly drained of the turpentine, they are ready for the sawyer, and when his work is done we have the land left for the farmer. This new source of wealth is destined to attract capital and labor, and soon we shall see our pine forests rivaling our white field of cotton, and in giving to labor remunerative employment. Georgia is indeed an empire, with her unrivalled pine forests in the south, her rice fields in the east, her mountains of metals and minerals in the north, and her fertile cotton plantations in middle and southwest Georgia, with her thriving and beautiful cities and towns. We have reason to be proud of our State, and to feel that she is justly termed the empire State of the South.—*Americus (Ga.) Republican.*

Astronomical Panics.

Wherever science has not been cultivated, all new and startling appearances in the sky are regarded as supernatural. But a few years since a shower of meteoric stones fell in India, the fall being attended by terrific explosions. The alarmed inhabitants of the district believed these masses of rock to have been thrown by their deities from the Himalaya Mountains, and with great veneration gathered up the fragments to be kept as objects of religious worship. Nor need we smile at this example of recent superstition. In the most civilized countries of the ancient world such phenomena as the aurora borealis, total eclipses, comets and meteoric showers were viewed as miraculous displays of divine power, and generally as forerunners of impending disasters. A brief account of some of the panics thus produced may not be without interest.

No one who has seen the more brilliant displays of the northern lights—the splendid coronal arch, the columns tinged with various colors, and moving in silent grandner upon the midnight sky—can wonder that in a superstitious age their appearance should have excited the utmost consternation. Before the eighteenth century no physical explanation of stich displays had been suggested or even thought of. The phenomena appeared suddenly and unexpectedly, and could not be referred to natural causes then known. The excited imagination saw armies mustering in the sky brandishing their spears and raising aloft in quick succession their bloody lances. A very brilliant aurora seen in England, in 1575, is described hy a writer of that period as a chasm formed in the northern sky, in which "were seen a great many bright arches, out of which gradually issued spears, cities with towers, and men in battle array; after that there were excursions of rays in every direction, waves of clouds, and battles in which some were fleeing, some pursuing, and others wheeling around in a surprising manner." If panics of this nature have ceased, the fact is due to the ever-advancing light of physical science.—*Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, in Popular Science Monthly.*

For Young Readers.

HIS OWN BARBER.

"You ought to go to the barber,"
Said Edith, "that is plain;
For you look like a Shetland pony, Ted,
With all that bristling mane,

"Or more like a shaggy terrier
Whose eyes are hid in hair."
Ted only laughed at being teased,
And said he didn't care.

But to himself he wondered
If, indeed, he looked like that;
And down in front of a looking-glass
Reflectively he sat.

A pair of his mother's scissors
Lay on the mantel-shelf,
And he thought: "I hate a barber's chair,
I can cut it off myself."

So, snipping, snipping, snipping,
The cold keen scissors sped,
Till one whole side of his little pate
Was bald as the baby's head.

Just then the tea bell, ringing
Its cheery call, he heard;
And he glanced at the uncut side, and said:
"I can do that afterward."

Think what a funny top-knot
For company to see—
Brown elf-locks covering half, and half
As bare as bare could be!

As he seated himself at table,
Merrily laughed each one;
And mamma cried, in droll dismay:
"My boy, what have you done?"

—*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates in Our Little Ones.*

MR. THOMPSON'S EXPERIENCE AS A SWALLOW.

Mr. Thompson was sitting in the barn belonging to the farm where he had been spending the summer. He looked very disconsolate, and from time to time heaved such deep sighs as to greatly disturb the family of swallows who had their nest against the beam just above his head.

Poor Mr. Thompson had had a hard time all summer. First of all, he had met Miss Angelina; who had captured his heart; and everybody knows that the most miserable object on earth is an old bachelor in love.

"Oh, had I wings of a bird, I would fly—" murmured Mr. Thompson to himself.

"Course you would," interrupted a saucy voice.

Mr. Thompson looked up. On the edge of the mud nest just above his head sat a bright-looking barn-swallow, eyeing him curiously.

"Where would you fly to?" inquired the swallow.

"Away from this world of care," murmured Mr. Thompson.

The swallow laughed heartily.

"Well, I guess not; but you can try, if you want to."

Mr. Thompson felt himself begin to shrink, and saw his clothes slowly disappear and become changed into feathers. But he was getting so used to these metamorphoses that he didn't mind it, and really gazed upon himself with satisfaction as finally he felt that he was a perfect swallow.

"Come up here," said the swallow.

Mr. Thompson stretched his wings, and fluttered up to the nest beside his friend.

"How do yon like it?" inquired the swallow.

"It is glorious," replied Mr. Thompson. "Oh, that I could always be a bird!"

"Humph!" replied the bird. "How would you like to have to build your house every spring, going and coming a hundred times a day with your mouth full of mud?"

"But the glorious feeling of freedom!" said Mr. Thompson.

"Oh yes," answered the swallow, sarcastically. "Come with me; I'll show you."

The two flew out of the barn, and after wheeling around for a few minutes, flew up to a large vane on top of the carriage-house. Mr. Thompson had often seen the swallows perched on this vane, twittering and fighting among themselves. This morning he had a feeling of elation at being there himself, and shook his wings proudly. Bang! whiz! the shot flew around him, and two of his compaions fell fluttering to the ground. Just then he heard two boyish voices exclaim;

"It's awful hard to hit a swaller on the wing, bnt you can shoot 'em sittin' like pie."

Mr. Thompson and his friend were uninjured; and as they flew away in alarm, the bird said, in an ironical tone: "Such a feeling of freedom!"

Mr. Thompson said nothing, but flew back to the barn. After resting for a moment, the swallow said: "Let's go up to the Sound and visit my cousins, the bank-swallows."

Mr. Thompson followed the bird, and skimmed over the fields, snapping up a fly or two by the way, until they reached the high sand-cliffs which border Long Island Sound. Here, high up on the cliffs, were a number of small round holes; flying about them, and darting out and in were a number of small gray birds; sitting on a fence rail not far off were nearly a hundred more solemnly sunning themselves.

"I'll introduce you to one of them, and he will show you around," said Mr. Thompson's friend.

After the introduction had been effected, the bank-swallow said, in an inquiring tone: "You are interested in birds?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson; "theirs is so glorious and free a life."

The swallow smiled pityingly; then, as if to change the subject, invited Mr. Thompson to visit his house. It was high up under the overhanging edge of the cliff.

The swallow led the way, and Mr. Thompson followed through a corridor about a foot long, and slanting slightly upward in order that the rain would not drive into the nest. At the end of the corridor was a circular apartment, lined with feathers and sea-weed, and here sat Mrs. Bank-swallow upon four speckled eggs. Mr. Thompson did not wish to disturb her, so he retreated soon after having been introduced. His companion led the way back to the rail upon which the barn-swallow was seated, waiting. After a slight pause, Mr. Thompson inquired: "May I ask what you find to eat up here?"

"Certainly," replied the bank-swallow, good-naturedly. "During the summer we eat grubs, flies, mosquitoes, and the like; in the fall, when the bayberries are ripe, we eat them. You know each berry is covered with a coating of vegetable wax, and we get very fat; then people shoot us, for they say the berries give us a delicious flavor," added he bitterly.

Mr. Thompson sighed, and was lost for a moment in reverie, when he was suddenly aroused by his companions suddenly screaming: "A hawk!"

Mr. Thompson followed the barn-swallow, too frightened to know where, for as he turned back he saw the hawk pounce upon an unfortunate bird, and bear it off in his claws.

When they reached the house again, the swallow said: "Well, do you think that the life of a bird is unalloyed pleasure?" Mr. Thompson paused for a moment, and the swallow continued: "First, there are the boys who steal the eggs, then they shoot at you; then there are the hawks, and the snakes, and the cats."

"Cats?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Yes, cats!" screamed the swallow in alarm, fluttering away. Mr. Thompson was too late. He felt the sharp claws in his leg, and with a jump and a scream he awoke, to find himself sitting in the barn, with the big house cat standing beside him, and looking somewhat surprised at his sudden movement. Slowly Tabby lifted her paw, and putting it on Mr. Thompson's knee, stretched herself lazily. 'Lisha, who was feeding the horses, remarked: "Reckon it's goin' to rain; the swallers fly low, and it's a great sign of rain when a cat stretches like that."

Mr. Thompson walked slowly to the house, thinking that, after all, the bird's life was not all happiness.—*Harpers' Young People.*

True Friends.

Who are the friends of the boys? We mean the *true* devoted friends. This is a question every boy, as soon as he arrives at an age to determine what is right and what is wrong, should be urged to settle for himself, and settle it for all his life. Boys, think! Is it he who pats you on the back and tells you "that is right," when you have whipped some other boy for some trifling cause? Is he your true friend? Supposing the other boy had whipped *you!* Would not this pretended friend have been just as earnest in cheering him and shaming you? You have noticed that where there is a crowd of rough men and boys together they flatter the boy that does the most daring act, no matter how wrong that act may be. Are they the friends of that boy? Another boy soon does a bolder deed, and they forget the one they cheered a moment ago, and "hurrah" for the last boy. They change in a moment. Is he your *true* friend, boys, who gives you five cents to bribe you to swear an oath? Is he your true friend who gives you a chew or plug of tobacco, and tells you to chew it, or gives you a cigar and tells you to smoke it? Do your *true* friends entice you to loaf on the street or in houses where men and boys are swearing, cursing and using vile language? Do your *true* friends ask you to go into saloons and drink? Do they tell you: "O, never mind; one glass of beer will not hurt you; don't be a baby?" *No*, boys; *no*. Your true friends show you that it is wrong to be fool-hardy, simply because men cheer you. They tell you that it is sinful to swear; that chewing and smoking and loafing are bad habits, and persuade you not to form those habits. And they warn you that drinking is a dangerous habit, that will ruin both your bodies and souls. Your true friends, boys, beg of you not to go near the saloons. They beg of you not to loaf, because idleness is a crime that often leads boys into gambling halls, and from gambling halls into other dens of vice, and into saloons to wreck their lives.

Then, boys, think! Remember that your *true* friends will lead you away from bad habits, keep you out of saloons, and help you to become honest and useful men.—*Exchange.*

A Snake-Story.

Do you want to hear a real snake-story? I saw this myself, and did not read it in the newspapers.

A large water-snake was coiled up, half in, half out of the water, watching the fish darting about and around it. It was a large striped snake, called a water moccasin. This kind of snake sometimes strikes its fangs into dogs that attack it.

I once had a little terrier, which used to fly at snakes of every kind with fury, and shake them to pieces. But one day she came home with her head swollen as large as two heads. She drooped and died after a few days of sickness.

But I am forgetting my story. While the fish were playing around their dangerous foe, all at once the poisonous fangs were darted out, and a large catfish was stopped in its sport. The snake had him fast, and stetched itself out to swallow its prey. He was, however, too greedy, for he began to swallow the head of the fish whilst it was still fluttering, and not quite dead. One of the strong, sharp fins piereed like a needle through the neck of the reptile, and he could not get the fish an inch further down his throat. There they lay when I found them, stretched out on the sand among the rushes by the swamp, both quite dead. The greater part of the fish was out of the snake's mouth, but the head was inside, and one fin sticking through the scaly neck of the water-snake.—*Our Little Ones.*

—The British Railway Accidents Commission, of which the Earl of Aberdeen is Chairman, reports as fellows on Sunday trains: "Undoubtedly many railway servants feel bitterly the curse of Sunday toil. 'Sir,' said one employe, 'Sunday is the saddest day of the week to me.' Another, with tears in his eyes, said: 'Those cursed Sunday trains!' Another: 'I assure you, sir, I never drank till I took up this Sunday work, but now I get so depressed with endless toil that I think I should kill myself if I did not drink.'"—*Evangelical Press Association.*

—The new fortifications of Strasburg will be completed during the present spring. An idea of their enormous extent may be formed from the following figures: They enclose on the left bank of the Rhine, besides the town and suburbs, twelve Alsatian villages, and on the right bank four other villages, with a total superficial area of over 37,000 acres. The distance of the advanced forts from the town is from three to five miles, and the average diameter of the entire work nine miles. The total cost is put down at $5,400,000.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The army worm is doing some damage to the splendid-looking wheat-fields of Northern Alabama.

—Around Selma, Alabama, fruit trees are loaded with young fruit, and an immense yield is predicted.

—During the sheep-shearing season there were two men in Utah that sheared sixteen sheep each in an hour, and one man sheared thirty-two sheep in two hours.

—Sugar cane cultivation has been developed largely in Northern Utah recently, because the sirups which have been brought from the East are often inferior to the home product.

—Beeswax and salt will make flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot rub them with a rag, and then scour with a paper or rag, sprinkled with salt.—*Exchange.*

—Baked eggs a la siennoise: Boil hard a dozen eggs, take off the shells and cut in thick slices; have a buttered deep baking dish, place a layer of eggs in the center, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, add another layer of eggs, then more cheese, and so on until the whole is used, finishing with cheese; mask with a cream saute thickened with egg yelks, besprinkled with fine bread crumbs, put small bits of butter on top, bake slightly brown in a brisk oven for ten minutes and serve in the baking dish.—*The Gastronomer.*

—William Simms, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, has issued the following circular to farmers, and the suggestions contained therein are applicable to the farmers all over the country: "From information received I am satisfied that hogs will feed upon the young and tender plants from cockleburrs, and that such plants are very injurious to stock, resulting in death to hogs in numerous instances. I call the attention of farmers all over the country to this subject for the purpose of prompting investigation, and earnestly request those who have suffered loss from this cause, or discovered any unhealthy condition among their stock, to observe closely and report to this office the result of such observation, together with such remedies, if any, as have been productive of satisfactory results.

—It is highly important to keep the foliage of the plants clean, not aloue for their beauty but their health's sake. Wash the leaves inside as well as outside as often as they are dusty. A soft sponge and tepid water are the best for this purpose. To polish ivy leaves or those of palms and rubber trees, use soft tissue paper. It will make them like satin. Every day pick off any dead leaves or twigs, as those interfere with the strength of those alive. Blossoms should not be left on too long, they prevent others from forming in perfection. Never permit bloom to wither on the stem. Newspapers may be pinned about plants when rooms are swept to protect them from the dust.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Battle with the Bugs and Worms.

The careful farmer has already commenced the fight with insect life, with the full knowledge that it must be kept up until harvest time, if he would reap a full crop of either fruit or vegetables. Almost every year brings to light some new enemy; but man tires not; he exerts himself to find some remedy for each successive new destructive enemy; and just as he begins to congratulate himself on being able to fully protect some favorite fruit or choice vegetable from all of its enemies, some new enemy more difficult to destroy appears. Thus far the race between the appearance of new destructive insects and man's advancing intelligence is kept about equal. By constant efforts and eternal vigilance man is thus far able to protect the fruits and vegetables of the earth to a degree necessary to furnish him with an abundance of food. But should he for a few seasons cease his efforts to check the ravages of the multitude of insects, he would soon come short of many luxuries, if indeed he did not have to submit to short rations of the substantial things of life.

One of the latest new comers on the Atlantic coast of destructive insects, that lives on human food is a large white or grayish worm, that eats its way into the ears of corn just before it hardens. This promises to be not only a very destructive enemy, but one very difficult to destroy. Should it spread over the vast cornfields of the West it would destroy hundreds of millions of bushels of corn; already it has made a beginning that looks serious indeed; it spreads rapidly, and is now found scattered from the prairies of the West to the Atlantic coast. Every farmer should be careful to plant corn grown in sections where this enemy is not found, so if the eggs are in any way attached to the corn, they may avoid introducing so undesirable an enemy; but we are inclined to the opinion that the eggs are not laid until summer, and the danger is in transporting the grub. Until we know more of the habits of this enemy every precaution should be taken to avoid it; its habits should be carefully studied the coming season, that we may be better able to find a remedy.

Among the creeping enemies of the garden there are few more destructive or more difficult to manage than the gray cut-worm, who seems to take pride in cutting down a whole row of beans or a dozen hills of cucumbers. This enemy must be dug out very early in the morning and destroyed; as he works only in the night he is very near the surface at sunrise.

Among the bugs that fill the air the rose bug tries our patience about as much as any; while he is not particular what he eats, he is sure to get our most beautiful roses, and also our choicest bunches of grapes as soon, or even before, the bloom is off; if we have some new choice variety of apples he is sure to try the flavor of them as soon as they are as large as bullets, and though they may be as hard as lead and as bitter as a button pear, he eats away upon them with the same apparent relish he does on a choice rose. Hand picking early in the morning is the surest remedy for this enemy.

The farmer who is determined to succeed must steel his heart against insect life, and fight them with every weapon his ingenuity can devise; but after doing his best he will have to lose a portion of his profits by the creeping things of the earth.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Washington Cranks.

Cranks are not of recent origin. They are as old as the pyramids of Egypt. The original crank was probably a useful and harmless instrument, but at the worst very unlike the modern article, as unlike, indeed, as the figure on a hearth rug and a real live Bengal tiger; as unlike as the widow's mite and dynamite; as unlike as the coat of arms on an old china plate and a double-barreled shotgun.

The most popular form of the original crank was that which operated the grindstone. The old crank was used in grinding axes. In its modern application, however, the word crank generally signifies one who has an ax to grind, and if he doesn't get what he wants is ready to turn some one inside out. There are cranks by nature and professional cranks. The former is generally harmless, but annoying. Of the professionals, however, there are many who are crauky for a purpose, and are no more to be trusted than is the south end of a mule or the weather prophecies of the Signal Office.

The tribes of cranks begin with the harmless and end with the devilish. Between these two extremes are the funny, the eccentric, the egotistic, the moral, the religious and the business crank. Hundreds of unclassified cranks are met with in every-day life, but just as soon as a person becomes a confirmed crank he can be properly classed under either one or the other of the above heads.

In Washington, cranks of every class and grade are to be met with, from the harmless, sponging crank, who hangs around the bar-room, drinking at others' expense and talks of his claims against the Government, to the devilish crank who thinks the Government owes him a living on general principles, and wants to "remove" the Executive if he doesn't hand it over to him.

To the capital of the Nation a peculiar class of cranks make periodical pilgrimages for the purpose of reconstructing the Government. The career of many of these, however, is cut short by "ninety days in jail or leave town instanter." The latter alternative is generally accepted. If the crank has ever had a temporary berth in a Government Department given him that he might obtain the necessary funds for a railroad ticket home, the taste of office is too much for him to withstand, and he is as sure to turn up again as the traditional bad penny.

Then there are unfortunates throughout the country whose minds, naturally not of the strongest, became so deranged that they imagine the fate of the country demands of them a trip to the capital. Possibly these weak mortals, in loafing about the country store, have obtained a copy of the *Congressional Record.* They read some Congressman's speech on finance and that exercise generally completes the job already undertaken by nature, for it is unsafe for even those of well-balanced minds to attempt to glean sense from the average Congressman's speech on finance. The highly informed crank comes to Washington, goes immediately to the Treasury Department and seeks an interview with the Secretary. Having obtained an audience, he whispers confidentially that for a small consideration—say a Collectorship—he will disclose a great secret, whereby the public debt may be liquidated within thirty days, and that, too, without the slightest inconvenience to the Government.

Then, there is the fellow who comes on to take possession of the Executive mansion, proclaiming himself "President of the United States and King of Heaven. The mere fact of his claiming Bob Ingersoll and a white-robed angel as his devoted and liege subjects in the same breath, gives him away, and he is speedily run in by a sacreligious "cop."

Again there visits us a chap who claims to be "Commander-in-Chief of the United States Armies," duly commissioned by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson or Ethan Allen. He is the benighted individual, who, in his younger days, had come to Washington from the country with the fond hope of receiving a Second Lieutenancy in Uncle Sam's squad of soldiers, facetiously dubbed "the army." Failing to secure his appointment he hung about the hotel lobbies until his cash was gone and his tronsers the worse for wear; was arrested as a vagrant and ordered to leave the city. Returning to his rural home he had gone sorrowfully back to feeding the steers and weeding the onion bed. His old dreams of epaulettes, germans and a good, fat salary, however, have continued to haunt his ambitious mind until, alas, the strain became too great. He becomes a maniac on the subject of military gold lace and wanders back to Washington, to take command of the armies.

How much better for this poor youth had he cast ambition to the winds, remained on the farm at Cloverdale, married a buxom country lass and continued the happy life of the farmer.

A harmless type of crank is the "utter" youth, who may be seen on the avenue any fine afternoon. What he lacks in mental capacity he makes up in style. This is the crank of whom the lamented Shakespeare spoke when he said, "not Hercules could have knocked out his brains."

One of Washington's cranks "though lost to sight to memory dear," was the lamented Tachymintis. Born in Greece, as paradoxical as it may seem he remained in grease throughout his brief but memorable residence in America. Tachymintis was as slippery as the name of his native land would imply, and the memory of his stay in Washington is a sad one to many a landlady. He can hardly be said to have larded so much as he scented the lean earth as he walked along.—*Washington Post.*

—The city of St. Louis was visited by a violent hail storm a few afternoons ago. "About 4:30 o'clock," says the *Globe-Democrat,* "when the storm had somewhat abated in fury, the gloom was lighted by the descent of a globe of fire from the zenith that winged its flight toward the earth with frightful speed. Two forked projections were attached to either side of the flaming ball, which for a moment seemed to threaten the center of the city with destruction. The electric missile shot down toward the river, and at a point that appeared directly in the center of the streau an explosion occurred which filled the air with a collection of illuminated shafts that diverged in a thousand directions and spent their forces aimlessly in mid-air."

Changing Popularity of Games.

Games have districts, like other things, where these are used or where those are not introduced. A concern in this State formerly made twenty-five or thirty thousand sets of croquet in a year. None are made by this firm to-day. The shutting down of some croquet manufactories is not due wholly to the lack of demand. Competition has helped. The better sets of croquet are not in so good demand as the cheaper ones. Those who bought the high-priced ones buy now lawn tennis, so that the better manufactories have little encouragement to continue. On the cheaper kinds they cannot compete.

In Maine and other places very cheap croquet sets are turned out in the winter at very light cost. Some come from green wood, and when the croquet implements become seasoned mallets will have crooked handles, balls will be flat, because they will shrink only across the grain, and will check and split. The best balls were made of the wood that surrounded and held knots. Therefore the cheap croquet sets spoilt the trade for better ones, and those who made the latter turned to something else.

The game that leads this year and the one that is making friends every day is lawn tennis. Manufacturers are making fifty per cent. more lawn tennis implements than they were last year. The demand for them has increased everywhere, and Pawtucket factories of which there are three, find quick sales for all they can make. Probably one hundred workmen in Pawtucket and Central Falls are engaged in the manufacture of lawn tennis and other games. The price is reduced so that all persons are accommodated. Making the game general may help its advance for a time, but when "everybody" plays lawn tennis, then some new game must be discovered for those who took tennis at its height of price.—*Providence Journal.*

Executioners' Fees in the Fourteenth Century.

Among other curious papers recently culled from the State archives of Hesse-Darmstadt is the official tariff of fees allowed by the municipalities of Darmstadt and Bessungen to the public executioners of those towns for the performance of their penal functions. The tariff in question dates from the latter part of the fourteenth century, and records with appalling simplicity the various modes of punishment enforced at that period, as well as the price of each several infliction. That, on the whole, the executioner's charges were moderate will be gathered from the following items. In all probability he framed his tariff upon the principle of small profits and quick returns, for the German Scharfrichter of the "good old times" was, as a rule, a busy and prosperous man. His fee for boiling a criminal in oil was twenty-four florins; for decapitating with the sword, fifteen florins and a half; for quartering, the same, for breaking on the wheel, five florins thirty kreuzers; for "tearing a man to pieces," eighteen florins. Ten florins per head was his charge for hanging, and he burnt delinquents alive at the rate of fourteen florins apiece. For applying the "Spanish Boot" his fee was only two florins. Five florins were paid him every time he subjected a refractory witness to the torture of the rack. The same amount was his due for "branding the sign of the gallows with a red-hot iron upon the back, forehead or cheek of a thief," as well as for "cutting off the nose and ears of a slanderer or blasphemer." Flogging with rods, although it involved considerable physical exertion to the Scharfrichter, was a cheap punishment, its remuneration being fixed at three florins thirty kreuzers.—*London Telegraph.*

—Speaking of the use of pennies, the Galveston (Texas) *News* says: "Here in Galveston the despised penny is not given even in change. A sum less than five cents is not regarded, and the odd cents always go to the seller, never by any chance to the buyer. The establishment of a one cent or two cent store would be an experiment worth trying, and would bring patronage to the merchant, many comforts to the poor, and a lesson of frugality to all."

—Sam Boyles, father of the present Springfield *Republican* man, was so troubled in his efforts to abolish the unnecessary use of capital letters that he finally issued an order than no words except "Sam Bowles" and "Deity" should be capitalized in his paper.—*Courier-Journal.*

—So far the United States Government has given away to railroads nearly 200,000,000 acres of land.

THE New York papers call the murderers of Lord Cavendish "diabolical miscreants." We wonder what language those New York editors would use in describing the fiend, who lives near our residence, and keeps a green parrot, and plays on the flute on moonlight nights!—*Texas Siftings.*

"I SAY, pa," said young hopeful at breakfast this morning. "What do they mean when they talk about a 'political flirt!'" "A political flirt, my son, is a despicable kind of a man who goes from one party to aanther for the sake of office. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nawthin' much. Only up to the store last night thay said you was the meanest political flirt in these parts, and I thought at the time it wasn't much of a compliment. Another cup of coffee, ma?" "Don't you give it to the impudent scamp," screamed the old gentleman. "Go away from the table, sir. I'll teach you—you—yon."—*New Haven Register.*

AN exchange says Jesse James died poor. That is his own fault. He ran through a great deal of property, mostly land, during his life. He ran through some of it very rapidly, too.—*Siftings.*

THE other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Simpson, purchased a Gainsborough, and visited Mrs. Fennell. It was avident that Mrs. Simpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennell. "My husband," said Mrs. Simpson, "wanted me ter git a finer hat den dis, but reflecting dat de $20 hills in de bottom of de drawer was gotten santer sea'ce like, I concluded to contant myself wid a $5 hat." "Well, yer was savin'," remarked Mrs. Fennell, and stepping to the door, exclaimed: "Tildy, taka dat $1,000 bill away from that chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillun ter 'stroy money in dat way." Mrs. Simpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A CELEBRATED KASE—Limburger.—*Puck.*

COOK: "Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress: "What do you expect me to write, yon worthless creature? Surely, I cannot say that I am satisfied with you." Cook: "Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—In the Harvard College Library a dozen or fifteen charming young ladies are employed as attendants. The Harvard students spend a great deal of time in the library, ostensibly looking over books.—*New Haven Register.*

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

"THEN you are paying attention to old Grindar's daughter, are you, my son?" "Yes, mother; I have waited upon Miss Grindar somewhat. She's a nice sort of girl. Father's got money." "Precious little good that'll do you, my son. He's the closest man in these parts." "But you know, mother, he can't live forever, and——" "Don't you be too sure. I've known old Grinder for forty years, and he hasn't died yet." This set the young man to thinking.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

WHEN little Minnie was three years old she asked for some water one night. When it was brought she said: "Papa, can't you get me some fresh water? This is a little withered."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound gives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural luster to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek oftimes the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

"IN Arkansaw unfaithful lovers are boycotted," says an exchange. Perhaps they are left alone to give them a chance to make up.—*Texas Siftings.*

WE kill our rulers when we remove from the human system whatever disorganizes the nerves. Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills relieve from subjection to the power of headache, sleeplessness and dyspepsia. They contain no opium or hurtful drug. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure is a sure and perfect remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Scalp.

MR. MIDDLERIB calls his straw hat "Saratoga" because it's a "summery sort."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse? Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

***"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

IN what respect did Absalom differ from a hound? The hound catches the hare, but Absalom, confound it, was caught by the hair.

NOW THAT the season for Summer Complaints is upon us, every family should have a bottle of WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM in the house to use promptly when required. It is the best known remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, &c. For Sale by all Druggists.

WHAT is a candle? One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

Cancer and Other Tumors

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

WHY is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

Fits, Fits, Fits,

successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN a man has the small-pox a second time, he finds himself the subject of remark.—*Texas Siftings.*

☞ Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Black, &c. Only 10c.

A "LEATHER MAN" remarked that the big mastiffs on exhibition at the dog show had bark enough in them to run a tan yard.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

GENTLEMAN (who has stepped on a lady's foot)—"Pardon, madam, pray take it for hand squeeze.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

ALL the other rowers except Hanlan appear to be numb-sculls.—*Boston Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHY is a fish-hook like the letter F? Because it will make an eel feel.

IF you use Fraser Axle Grease, continue; if you don't, commence now. You'll not regret it.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally,* without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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OR CONVENTIONS, CANNOT DO BETTER THAN TO EXAMINE, APPROVE AND ADOPT DITSON & CO'S CHOICE GEMS OF MUSIC BOOKS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS cannot help being taken with our truly golden trio of Sunday School singers.

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Safe, Certain, Sure and Speedy. It is invaluable to Ladies who are experiencing the change incident to advanced years, by assisting nature at its important period, retaining the vigor and tranquility of early life and carrying them with ease and safety through.

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TAKE RICHMOND'S CATHARTIC AND NERVINE PILLS

for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, &c. These pills are made to work in harmony with our Samaritan Nervine.

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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$30 For Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. C. W. INGHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

United States Coins.

Gold coins of all denominations are legal tender for any amount. So are silver dollars, except the trade dollar, which, though seven and a half grains heavier than the standard dollar, is not legal tender for any amount. Halves, quarters and dimes, are legal tender to the amount of ten dollars. Twenty-cent pieces, half-dimes and silver three-cent pieces, are legal tender for amounts not exceeding five dollars. Nickel and copper coin from one cent up to five are legal tender only to the amount of twenty-five cents. A gold dollar weighs twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, and it will take about 223 gold dollars to weigh a pound. When a gold coin is reduced in weight by use or otherwise more than one and one-half per cent., or is in any way mutilated, it is no longer legal tender and will only be received at the mint for its value in bullion. When gold coin is presented for payment at the sub-treasury it is carefully inspected, and if found below the required weight it is stamped with the word "light," and returned to the depositor. If he has been careful to note of whom he received it he may recoved the amount for which he accepted it, or he may send it to the mint, which will return him whatever it is worth for recoinage.

The standard dollars weigh each 412 5-10 grains, which is about seventy-one and a half pounds for the weight of a thousand dollars. The The weight of a thousand dollars in gold is only about four and a half pounds. One hundred dollars in gold weighs the same as one hundred and fifty new greenbacks. Greenbacks of a larger denomination are a little heavier.

Silver is about fifteen and a half times as heavy as gold, and about twenty-eight and a third times as bulky in proportion to its value; or in other words, a dollar's worth of silver is a little more than a dollar's worth of gold.

Our gold coins contain 900 parts of pure gold and 100 parts alloy; the silver coin 900 parts silver and 100 parts alloy. The five and three cent nickel coins are one-fourth nickel and three-fourths copper and five parts tin and zinc.

It is estimated that the gold dollar is used by eighty millions of people, the British sovereign by thirty-five millions, the French franc by seventy-seven millions, the silver dollar of all countries by about five hundred and fifty-two millions.—*Boston Traveler.*

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Porous
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They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

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Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Symons to John Bradburn, said mortgage being dated on the 25th day of July, in the year A. D. 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 281, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned Mortgagee will sell at public auction for cash, in front of Offutt's store in the Town of Oakland

ON TUESDAY JUNE THE 27th, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

all that real estate situate lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

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Terms—cash on day of sale.
Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

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HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Before all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c., $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.
LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.
No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon requets.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 204, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office next door to Gittinger's, v3n47.

W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

LUMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. te14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
Office on Alder Street. 9 16 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M
No. 3		11.41 P. M
No. 5		7.43 A. M
No. 7		5.11 P. M
Way		10.52 A. M

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M
No. 6		9.11 A. M
No. 8		9.03 A. M
No. 10		5.55 P. M
Way		10.10 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS
in need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
should call at the store of
P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his
PARK & SPRING WAGONS
Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.
He also keeps on hand the
OLIVER CHILLED PLOW
and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.
His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
such as
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.
In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a new line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Castel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will buy or sell nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Plowing work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,
Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Staples' drug store.
2½ 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6½, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashmeres at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 50 prs ladies' pereal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 10 cents, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c. per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.
Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
5 5 80ds

G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

Estate of William Sibert, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Allegany county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

WILLIAM SIBERT,

late of Preston Co. W. Va., dec'd. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of May, 1882.

JACOB BROWN,
20 5 s Administrator.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Thomas Coddington and Richard S. Jamison, of Oakland, Md., under the style and firm name of Coddington & Jamison, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of May, 1882.

The books of said firm will be placed in the hands of [illegible] for collection.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
R. S. JAMISON.

The Hotel business in all its branches will be carried on at the old stand by

5 27 3 THOS. CODDINGTON.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m8

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spoker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For farther information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, apple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frame house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings, a never failing spring of water now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1y. HENRY FILLIS.

Farm for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 85, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Flat Woods, Garrett county, Md., by crossing over said farm throwing down fences, or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.

May 22, 1882 3t.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 8t, Cloud building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emptions and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 3 1y.

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. jan1-yr

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882. NUMBER 16.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 9 1f

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CULTED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow to [illegible] and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

TIMBER LAND

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of equity passed in a cause depending therein between Daniel J. Meese and others complainants, and Aaron Wilhelm and wife defendants, being No. 223 equity in said county, the undersigned trustee appointed by said decree will offer at public sale at the house of Johnson Bro's., on the National Turnpike about three miles above the town of Frostburg, on

Saturday, June 24th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., all that real estate in said Garrett county, known as

Military Lot No. 640,

said lot is unimproved; is situate in District No. 3 said county near the Pennsylvania line, and about 3½ miles from said Johnson Bro's. house on the pike. It is heavily timbered with spruce and hemlock.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half cash on the day of sale and the balance in six months, with interest to be secured to satisfaction of trustee.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,

6 3 4 Trustee.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and all prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor."

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Draccenas and Fairy Cab Plants recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

in their season, wholesale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEET POTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

91 Baltimore Street,

P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.

June 3 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Nov. 28, 1881.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

JOS. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.

JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1881.

The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure* every time.

JULIUS W. DYE.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.

I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.

L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 26, 1881.

For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.

J. B. IVIS.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.

Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.

H. I. NATES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1881.

We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.

W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.

Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.

DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,

CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 5, 1881.

I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*

I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.

I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.

H. J. NOONE.

31 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.

During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.

R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives to his private patients.

PERUNA pleasantly agrees with everyone—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the babe and the mother.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the toils and cares of the day it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed wholly of vegetable ingredients, each one a great remedy in itself.

PERUNA is pleasant in taste, and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life."

For Piles, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take

MAN-A-LIN

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

WHAT THE EXPRESS BROUGHT.

With a roar and a rattle, the 6 o'clock express train rushed across the bridge that spanned the narrow river on the Derwent Farm, near Concord, and Alice Derwent, the farmer's pretty, dark eyed daughter, stood on the vine-shaded porch, looking after it with an unconscious sigh.

"So many come by you, so many go by you, out into the great, wide, beautiful world," she thought, as she gazed over the fertile valley farm and out through the break in the circling blue mountains, from whence a trail of white smoke came floating back. "I wonder if you will ever bring me anything? or carry me away? or must I live my life out, which is the end, shut in by the [illegible] hills?"

"Supper ready, mother?" called out the hearty-looking farmer, halting in the glow of the bright firelight on the oven hearth, as he came in from foddering the stock, followed by his son Thomas, who was the living, breathing "image of his sire."

"To be sure it is," replied his bustling little wife, who had just such eyes and hair as bonny Alice, and just the same sweet smile. "Isn't it always ready, father, when the train goes by? Come, Alice!"

"Alice is out there looking for her fortune, mother," said Tom. "It is coming by that train. I know all about it."

Alice smiled and shook her head at her saucy brother, as she took her seat at her father's side.

Little did any of them think how many a true word is spoken in jest, or that the fortune which the evening express was to bring the daughter of the house was even then nearing their hospitable door.

"I've worked like a beaver all day long, Martha, and Tom has kept pace with me, and we both said, as we came home, that we were too tired to eat. But this is comfort! It would be hard to see anything much pleasanter than this nice, tidy kitchen, and just as hard to find any of their French cooks that can beat you and Alice, my dear," said Elihu Derwent, glancing thankfully at the blazing fire, the table laid so neatly, the tempting meal of batter cakes and maple syrup, wheaten and golden butter, and a large platter of cold corned beef and vegetables, that was placed before the two hungry men.

Mrs. Derwent poured out the tea—strong, hot and fragrant.

"Squire Seaton, up in the big house yonder, don't often get such tea as this, with all his staff of servants," said Tom, looking across the valley to the brick-and-freestone palace of the one millionaire of the village.

"Poor man!" sighed Mrs. Derwent. "I do pity him! His wife and daughter dead, and his only son so wild and willful, and a wanderer all over the world. Only last week he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had heard of his boy, and that he had been seen lately in Leadville, intoxicated and poorly-dressed, in a gambling saloon. Yet when he wrote there to him—and wrote kindly—he had disappeared. If it was our Tom, Elihu, I should just break my heart. Tom, if you ever do grow unsteady, and run away like Philip Seaton you will give your mother her death-blow. Remember that!"

"Thank God, it isn't Tom, Martha, I'm sorry, sorry, too, for the man and for the boy. Mr. Seaton owns that he turned him out of his house, in New York, in a fit of anger, and that the boy swore he would never enter his doors again. But temper on both sides, you see; and so—why, Martha, what on earth is that?"

Farmer Derwent might well ask the question, and rush from the tea table to the door, followed by his wondering wife and children.

A procession of four of his neighbors was coming up from his garden gate. At the gate stood a horse and a light express wagon, and from the wagon the four men had lifted an inanimate body, and were bearing it toward the house.

"The 6 o'clock express has run off the track, a mile or two up the valley," said Deacon Jones, as he and his two sons and his brother-in-law reached the porch with their senseless burden. "Ever so many people hurt, but able to go on as soon as they got righted. But this poor fellow is so nearly dead that we thought we had better bring him here, being as it was the nearest house, and send for the doctor. We know that your wife could nurse him back into health again if any one could, Mr. Derwent."

"You're right there, neighbors. Bring him right in," said the farmer.

His wife led the way to her best bed-room, next the parlor. Tom sprang on the back of his swift sorrel colt, and set off for the doctor.

Half an hour later the supper-table was cleared, the supper dishes were washed and put away and Alice Derwent sat pensively by the kitchen-fire, while her mother and father were busy with the doctor in the spare room; and Tom, hurrying to and fro on their errands, stopped once or twice to inform her that the stranger was young and handsome, but dressed like a laborer, and that the doctor said it was a near chance whether he lived or died."

Two weeks passed on. The doctor came and went each day; the neighbors—all except 'Squire Seaton, who lived his usual secluded life in his great mansion, buried in his books, and knew nothing of the stranger who lay at death's door.

"Poor boy! Alice, I wish you would go in and sit beside him a while," said Mrs. Derwent, on the evening of the third week of illness. "He is asleep now. If he wakes you can call me. If we only knew his people, I would send for them. I fear he will not last long."

Alice crept in, and took her place in the nurse's chair. Tears of pity dimmed her eyes as she looked at the wasted figure in the bed—the pale, thin face, the fast-closed eyes, the hollow temples under the waving brown hair.

"I wish his mother or father could come!" she said, aloud.

The heavy lids opened. Two deep-blue eyes looked at her imploringly.

"My father!" whispered the sick man. Bring him—tell him—I was coming—Seaton—Seaton—"

The faint voice died away—the eyes again were closed.

Alice stood an instant like one struck dumb. She had never noticed the resemblance before; but now she could trace the firm lines of the old 'Squire's countenance in that pale, pinched face.

"Sleeping still? That is a good sign," said her mother, coming in, ready to resume her place for the night.

Alice hesitated a moment. Never before had she acted for herself in any matter of moment.

But the sound of her voice might arouse the slumberer. Her father and Tom had gone on a household errand to the village; there was no one else to consult.

Finally she threw on her waterproof, drew its hood over her head, and sped across the valley to 'Squire Seaton's house.

Even the well-trained servant wore an astonished face as he ushered this mysterious visitor into his master's study.

'Squire Seaton looked up from his book, and his usual pallor increased to a ghastly hue as he listened to the breathless girl.

"My son—my boy—my Philip at your father's house? And dying, you fear? Asking for me? Coming to me? Wait, child! I'll go to you, of course—I'll go to my poor boy! But—the room is turning round—I think I must be going blind!"

Alice sprang to his side. The gray head fell on her shoulder. Tenderly she smoothed the silvery hair away from the high forehead, and bathed the pale face with the cold water and fragrant essences, which the frightened servant brought.

The man revived, to find her ministering to him thus. And it was almost like father and daughter that they took their way across the valley together, he leaning on her arm, and listening greedily to all that she could tell him of his long-absent, long-mourned son.

"It is my father's voice! I hear his step! I shall get well, if he will only forgive me!" said the invalid, greatly, to Mrs. Dermont's surprise, as the house-door softly opened to a stranger's touch.

He struggled up from his pillows, resisting her attempt to soothe him.

"Father, I am sorry—forgive me!" he said in a firmer voice, as Alice entered, followed by the aged man.

And then 'Squire Seaton came, feebly but swiftly, into the room, and held his son to his heart, sobbing aloud with gratitude and joy, while Alice drew her bewildered mother into the kitchen and told her expedition to the house of the lonely millionaire.

Joy seldom kills; and there is a revivifying power in love and happiness combined, far beyond the skill of all earthly physicians, or the virtue of all earthly drugs.

So it happened that, as the spring months deepened into summer, Philip Seaton, strong and well once more, stood beside bonny Alice, in the porch, one evening, to see the 6 o'clock express flash by.

"At Leadville, when I was utterly reckless, and utterly penniless, too, a letter from my father reached me," he said in a low tone. "It was so kind, so sad, that it seemed to turn me from my evil course on the moment. Just as I was—in the rough garments of a miner—I set off to return to my father, like the prodigal son. And God led me here!"

There was a long silence; the sun sunk out of sight behind the circling mountains; the first chill of evening was in the air.

"In my anger I swore that I would never enter the door of my father's home," the young man went on. "But it was not this home! Here I may enter, purified, repentant, forgive, if only the good angel of my new life will go with me. Will she, Alice?"

He took her hand.

"But your father!" stammered Alice, "I am only a farmer's daughter! And you—"

"I am not worthy of your love in any way. But my father begs you to be his daughter, Alice. Say yes!"

She did say it. And so the greatest fortune of her life—the brightest happiness of both their lives—came on that evening train.

A Strange Occurrence.

A strange story comes from Union county, Arkansas, but it is as true as it is strange. Three young men were sitting on their horses in the road discussing the probabilities of rain from a cloud which was just then raising in the west. The youngest of the group, named John Freeman, referred to the drought, and remarked that a God who would allow his people to suffer thus couldn't amount to much. As he was speaking this the boys were encircled with lightening, and the speaker stunned severely, though his companions were unscathed. Recovering, he renewed the subject reviling the Supreme Power. Instantly a bolt of lightning issued out of the cloud overhead and the young man fell dead in his tracks. Nearly every bone in his body was mashed to a jelly, while his boots were torn from his feet and the clothing away from his lower extremities. The body presented a horrible appearance, being a blackened and mangled mass of humanity. His companions were dazed and thrown to the ground, but not seriously injured.

The funeral of the unfortunate young man occurred the next day, attracting a large crowd, the larger portion of whom were drawn thither by the rumor of the strange events preceeding the demise of the young man. When the body was deposited in the grave and the loose earth had been thrown in until the aperature was filled, and the friends of the dead man yet lingered in the cemetery, a bolt of lightning decended from a cloud directly over the burial place and struck the grave, throwing the dirt as if a plow had passed lengthwise through it. No one was injured, but those present scattered paralyzed with terror. The incident excited a great deal of attention, ministers and people generally holding that the young man was the victim of the wrath of an offended God, while others assert that the case was simply a wonderful coincidence, having no connection with causes either physical or supernatural.

Twenty Years a Great Sufferer,

From Constipation. Had swallowed a half-bushel of Pills, and drank over a barrel of Cathartic and Laxative slops. Had tried every Patent Medicine recommended in such cases, and had been treated by all the very best physicians in Philadelphia, and was finally told by her consulting physicians that she was now too weak for Cathartic Medicine, or injections, and that she must die. She then took *Manalin* and was cured. See 31st page of the "Ills of Life." Get the book from your Druggist, or address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, O., for one.

An American traveling in Europe makes the following sensible remarks in a letter to the Buffalo *Express:* "The country and the people that today have the least to complain of, the most to be grateful for, and the least to fear for many a year to come, are the United States of America. Standing on this side, our controversies at home contrasted with those which harass and menace every great nation in Europe, seem to me but the natural effervesence of a prosperous democratic people."

"You do not doubt me, Myrtle?"

"Never!" exclaimed the girl, putting on her invisible net as she spoke and placing her bandoline bottle where she would be sure to see it in the morning.

The sun had glared down fiercely all day upon the parched earth, and now that night had come the heat was even more oppressive than ever, because the cool wind that had been wafted from the lake during the day had died away. It was a dreamy, sensuous, one-gauze-undershirt-and-no vest evening, such as one often notices while traveling in Palestine.

"You have great faith in me, have you not, little one?" Vivian McCarthy said, taking the girl's off hand in his.

"Yes," replied Myrtle; "I believe in you with a childlike faith akin to that which enables a boy to bite a pie in the dark, and I love you with a deep tenderness and fair loyalty that can never die."

"And would you believe anything I told you?" Vivian murmured, kissing the dimpled hand that lay in his.

Looking at him with her starry eyes, in which there gleamed a holy love-light, the girl replied, slowly, and with infinite pathos, "I would believe your every word, no matter what you told me."

"Then," said Vivian, while a baleful light shot from his near eye, "there is no ice cream in Chicago."

For an instant, dazed by the shock, Myrtle did not speak. But presently the voice of her heart found echo in words.

"I can never leave you now," she whispered. "There cannot be another such liar in all the wide, wide world."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The immense flour mills at Minneapolis are now grinding California wheat, and it is stated that it can be placed in the elevators of the mills at a lower price than the Minnesota wheat. The grain is larger than the home wheat, and makes most excellent flour.

The Penn. National Bank has purchased for $80,000 the old brick building at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, in which it has so long been held that Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The old building will be torn down and a bank structure erected on its site.

Mr. E. S. Maumene, a distinguished French chemist, has announced that he has succeeded in making quinine artificially, without having recourse to the natural bark. He has not disclosed the process, but he has deposited a sealed packet, containing an account of his discovery with the secretary of the French Academy of Science.

The proposition to remove the remains of Thomas Jefferson from Monticello to Washington has elicited a letter from L. M. Kean, Esq., of Petersburg, a grandson of Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, in which it is stated that the attempt at removal will be resisted by all legal means by the heirs-at-law of Col. Randolph, of whom Kean is one. The writer intimates that he should not object to the removal of the remains to the University of Virginia, of which Jefferson was the founder.

The new town of Garfield, which, though almost born yesterday, is now styled the future metropolis of the great Warren county oil field, is ten miles from Warren, Pa., but there are already two pipe lines laid through which the oil is rushing to market from the gushing wells. The wells are called by the section on which they are located, and 646 which yields 1,000 barrels every twenty-four hours, gushes every eighteen minutes, and lasts from five to seven minutes each time, while 635 is producing 1,700 barrels every twenty-four hours.

The following incident occurred at the recent session of the Circuit Court for Talbot county: "How old are you?" asked Judge Wickes of a youthful, smooth faced and prepossessing witness in one of the local option cases, who said he had bought and drank a pint of whisky "on the day of the show," "Nineteen in August, sir," was the reply. The Judge looked horrified. "Only nineteen and drinking whisky?" he said, "a bad practice, young man—a bad practice at any age; but in a youth of nineteen it is indeed deplorable." The youth evidently felt the reproach keenly; and looked as if he had determined not to fall again before temptation.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Ah, Rover, by those lustrous eyes
That follow me with longing gaze,
Which sometimes seem so human-wise,
I look for human speech bid ways.
By your quick instinct, matchless love,
Your eager welcome, mute caress,
That all my heart's emotions move,
And loneliest moods and hours bless,
I do believe, my dog, that you
Have some beyond, some future new.

Why not? In Heaven's inheritance
Space must be cheap where worlds light
In boundless, limitless expanse
Rolls grandly far from human sight.
He who has given such patient care,
Such constancy, such tender trust,
Such ardent zeal, such instincts rare,
And made you something more than dust,
May yet retense the speechless thrall
At death—there's room enough for all.

Yes, room enough—the fading flowers
On altars paint their petals rare,
And in God's fair, celestial bowers
Rebloom with richer beauty there:
The tree cut down in foliage fine
May still survive the cruel shock,
And ancient wisdom could divine
A spirit in the solid rock.
Why should such things our sense appall?
God liveth *in* as over all.

And so my dog, when you and I,
Our trials past, our labors done,
Lie down both man and brute, to die,
We each may find some triumph won;
I that my faith in man and God
Has woven me robes of fadeless hue
And softest texture—some green sod
...inkled with ...flowers
...basked in Mercy's call,
Where there is room enough for all.
—*Our Continent.*

AN EDELWEISS OF THE SIERRAS.

I.

Lucy Boynton lived a solitary life in a gray old minster town in England. She was an orphan, in charge of a venerable maiden aunt, who, like the celebrated "Mrs. F." of Hood's ballad, was

"So very deaf
She might have worn a percussion cap,
And be hit on the head without hearing it
snap."

From spring to autumn, from autumn to spring, Lucy sat and sewed, dusted the tea-cups on the mantel-shelf, read a few dull books, and accompanied her aunt to service, whence the morning and evening chants floated in at the window of their sitting-room close to the cathedral walls. Not so much as the Vicar of Wakefield's excitement "to migrate from the blue bed to the brown" was allotted her; for, ever since she could remember, Lucy had occupied the same still white-curtained nest, opening from Miss Boynton's bedroom, where at night she could peep out to supervise the removal of a certain glossy, ink-black frontispiece of hair, and the assumption of a frilled coif, converting the old lady's strong aquiline profile into a grim silhouette of some warrior of ancient Greece or Rome.

Into this colorless existence, when Lucy was about eighteen, there came an influence potent and mysterious, as if a waft of jasmine scent were blown across some meadow nook where homely buttercups are springing in the grass.

Miss Boynton's nephew, Tom Boynton, of whom his few scattered kinspeople had heard nothing for several years, arrived from the other side of the Atlantic to look up those of his blood remaining to him in England. He was a handsome active young fellow, with a jaunty grace of carriage, and a *timbre* in his hearty voice, irresistibly compelling a return of cordiality, be the recipient ever so guarded in his dignity.

Innocent Lucy, herself perhaps not quite up to the standard of dignity at St. Margaret's in general fell in love with him frankly at the outset, while Tom, who began by finding no end of pleasure in telling his traveler's tales to this dear little wide-eyed creature, going white and red alternately with his perils and escapes, ended by picking her up in his arms one day, vowing he must have her for his wife—her or no woman, present or to come. That rough woolings speed cheerily sometimes, witness King Harry the Fifth, or the son of "those fierce Vikings out of the dark Northeast," Hereward the Wake.

The dewy atmosphere of St. Margaret's not having proved favorable to the growth of small feminine coquetries, Lucy, trembling a little and blushing a great deal, but strong in trust, plighted him her troth.

Unlike the members of his adopted brotherhood in the New World, Tom Boynton never "calculated." He was quite unprepared for the effect of this news upon poor old Miss Boynton, who received his triumphant announcement with a sort of tearless grief peculiar to age, and most appealing to the stalwart mountaineer. He realized that to take Lucy away from her would be like tearing the ivy from a tottering wall. To remain in England, as his aunt pleading y suggested, partly dependent upon her slender means, until an opening in business could be found for him, was a thought impossible to ensertain. Tom's heart went out with a mighty yearning toward the wonderful hill country left behind, and the prospect of speedy wealth it held out to a strong, capable fellow like himself.

For some time he was in a pitiful state of irresolution. One day in spring, when golden laburnums and sweet lillies-of-the-valley were coming out in the sunshine of the prim little garden behind the house, Tom strode up and down the walk consumed with restlessness. Catching sight of Lucy's brown head at the window of the parlor, where she sat sewing in a frame of ivy leaves, he asked her to put down her seam and come for a walk with him.

They reached a point beyond the town, where Lucy seated herself upon a bank of rich grass "with daisies pied," such as only England can produce. Looking down the vista of a downy lane, they saw the minster tower rise ivy-wreathed against a tranquil sky, gray chimneys and moss-grown roofs clustering about it, half hidden from sight by venerable trees. A shining river ran through meadows of greenest turf. Everywhere the eye plunged into a mass of unequalled verdure. All was calm, hushed, locked in a deep repose. Here was old England garnering in her centuries of well earned peace. Here, nearer still, was Lucy, her candid eyes fixed trustfully on his.

Just then the sun at setting painted the heavens with a glory unspeakable. It was as if his own Golden Gate had opened suddenly before him, and Tom sprang to his feet, the fire of "Westward Ho!" thrilling in his veins.

"Lucy," he cried, crushing her hands in his vigorous grasp—"dear, darling Lucy, it is an awful thing, but I must go. It is only for a while, never fear; for while grass grows and water runs I'll be true to you, my lass. I am going to work for fortune now as I never did before. God bless your dear little soul, if there's gold to be had, I'll have it. Will you wait for me, Lucy?"

"I'll wait, Tom," she answered, simply.

"There is one thing you have never looked at, my dear," Tom said, after a long talk over their plans. "It is just possible that you may be left alone in the world at a time when I can't get away to come for you. I am haunted by the fear. It drives me to proposing what I might not have dared to ask for otherwise. As my sweetheart, Lucy, you could not sail around the globe to come to me; but if you love me well enough to marry me now, before I go, and let me leave you the protection of my name, you can take ship at any time for New York, and from there take another to an Francisco, where I will meet my wife, and carry her off to my den in the mountains, like a great ogre as I am. Think twice, Lucy, before you say yes. It will be a long voyage for you, poor little waif and a wild life after you get there; only—God forget me, Lucy, if I ever cease to love and cherish you as the apple of my eye!"

"I will do what you say, Tom," Lucy said, like the creature of a dream.

Two years passed, and all that Lucy had to remind her of the strange vows she had taken were the little gold wedding ring he had squeezed upon her finger in the shadow of the old minster altar, another circlet hammered out of virgin California gold, and impris ning a great sparkling diamond, sent after Tom's arrival in San Francisco, and the letters glowing with love and pride that came to her h every mail. Tom was now engineer in charge of a famous new mine up under the snow-peaks of the Sierras, working hard and cheerfully. Miss Boynton's little house overflowed with Indian, Mexican and Chinese curiosities, quaint souvenirs of the far Pacific coast, and Lucy might have walked in silk attire had she chosen to assume the "marrowy shawls of China crape, like wrinkled skins on scalded milk," and their companion rolls of stuff, that Tom showered upon the two ladies from time to time.

Thus Lucy's even life ebbed on under the ivy-covered walls that bounded it.

When the day came that poor old Miss Boynton entered into everlasting rest, Lucy was bewildered by her sudden freedom, and the stirring change it entailed. She was an English woman, however, which means one capable of arising to any emergency; and when the answer to the letter announcing her aunt's death to Tom arrived, it found her quite ready to obey its loving behest, and to set forth alone upon two long voyages. Tom, who was chained to his post just then, awaited her with open arms.

Westward she journeyed bravely through Atlantic storms; then southward to the languid torpor of the tropic seas, and across the Isthmus to the calm Pacific. When at length the steamer passed through the Golden Gate into the broad land-locked harbor of San Francisco, Lucy's heart beat high with expectation. Enough of her story had become known to her fellow-voyagers to create in them a feeling of active sympathy in the expected reunion with her husband. Something very like a groan at his expense arose from Lucy's adherents when among the motley groups of Californians, native and imported, assembled to greet the arrival of the ship, no trace appeared of the recreant Tom. Under the inspiration of California air, it is barely possible that Mrs. Boynton's zealous friends might at that point have been led to visit with prompt public rebuke the appearance of the missing man. If the quiver of Lucy's lip and her blanching cheek thus affected them, what would have been the result of witnessing the bitter, inconsolable burst of tears with which she shut herself in [illegible] was spent!

By the Captain's advice, and under charge of respectable people, Lucy betook herself to a hotel, pending the arrival of tidings from her husband. It was evident that the letter announcing her coming, a date rendered previously uncertain by the settlement of her small business affairs in England, had miscarried. Her good friend, the Captain, found for her a special opportunity to send a letter on to Tom without delay, and Lucy's courage rising with renewed hope, she determined, after a day of rest, to take stage for the station nearest the mining camp, and there await his coming. The Captain, who saw to all her arrangements, and put her in the stage, watched her departure with glistening eyes. Lucy leaned out to wave her hand to him "with a smile like an angel's," the old man afterward declared.

During the first part of the long journey by stage, Lucy knew not fatigue, so astonished and excited was she by the New World glories. The early spring had broken up the gentle undulations of field and plain with countless flowering plants, whose fragrant breath perfumed the air. Far as the eye could reach in this wonderfully clarified atmosphere were vineyard-clad slopes, prosperous ranches, meadows dotted with patriarchal flocks and herds, and watered by crystal rivers. Above hung cliffs crowned with a dark continuous zone of pines, cutting off the flower-enamelled paradise below from the snow-shrouded crests of the Sierras—"Tom's mountains," the foolish child called those grand untrodden summits. Lucy's insular reserve, her fears, her scruples, melted into the gladness of a child butterfly hunting under a summer sun; her "heart clothed itself with love."

Something of her early exhilaration, but none of her patient courage had worn away, when the unwonted fatigue of two days and a night of stage-riding took possession of Lucy's exhausted frame. A rough woman, her comrade during the greater part of the journey, had, to Lucy's unqualified despair, been left at the station before the terminus. She was alone now with a half-dozen men, who surveyed her with curious but not irreverent eyes.

Jerry, the soft-voiced stage-driver, reined in his six magnificent horses with the same professional calm exhibited frequently during the journey in driving them at full gallop along the edge of a precipice.

The stage halted before the rude veranda of a desolate two-story building, with a little colony of out-houses to correspond, over which was proudly inscribed the word "Hotel." Lucy, almost unable to walk, was half carried across the threshold. The other passengers, travel-soiled as they were, rushed by her like so many cannon-balls into the open doorway of a supper-room, before which a stolid Chinaman promenaded back and forth ringing a resonant bell.

Making his obeisance to Lucy in the smoky, oil-reeking atmosphere of this sit ing-room, bar and office combined, stood the proprietor, a hopelessly seedy Don Quixote, with a smack of former gentility in his drawling tones.

"I am the wife of Mr. Boynton, of the Humbold Mine," Lucy managed to say, with quiet dignity. "I have every reason to hope that my husband will meet me here very shortly, and I must beg you to give me a room at once where I may rest until he comes."

Although profuse in civilities upon the discovery that she was the "Col nel's lady," as he chose, to Lucy's amusement, to style her, Don Quixote looked a trifle blank at the mention of a room. Going off for a moment into the supper room, he quickly reappeared with the beaming announcement, made in the style of a provincial theatre manager, that "in order to accommodate Mrs. Colonel Boynton, Judge Tomkins had kindly consented to double up with General Snyder for the night."

Lucy's strength only sufficed her to ascend to the rude room prepared for that distinguished citizen, Judge Tompkins, and there to request a cup of tea. This awful beverage was served to her presently by the stolid Chinaman, who took that opportunity to remove a box of paper collars and a package of toothpicks belonging to the Judge, substituting for them Mrs. Boynton's rugs and dressing case. Lucy walked to see him depart, bolted the door, spread one rug over the straw bed, and drew another upon herself as she literally dropped into the deep sleep of utter physical fatigue.

Toward morning Lucy was aroused by a confused sound from the room below. She sprang up in bed, trying to realize her position. Through the thin boards dividing them she distinctly heard the rattle of dice boxes, voices in dispute, oaths, a scuffle, a pistol shot, then another—a riot making hideous the night. Overcome with terror she tottered to her feet. The candle she had left burning flickered in its socket and went out, leaving her in darkness. Lucy groped her way to the window, with an absurd impulse to cry aloud for help. At the very moment, when fancying that she could detect the noise of a horse's hoofs, a wild prayer for Tom to come to her rose to her lips, more shots were heard below, and something whizzed up past her ear, leaving a trail like fire upon her cheek.

Tom Boynton, riding hard through the night over rough mountain-roads to seek his wife, reached the tavern just in time to find its inmates launched into a fierce but no unusual affray at cards. The landlord, apt at this stage of the game to be overcome by strong libations, and on the present occasion somewhat unnerved by what he called "the boys be'n' rayther onexpectedly lively," directed him to Lucy's room. Tom's knock and call receiving no response, he burst open the door, to find his wife lying senseless on the floor.

Out of her trance of terror Lucy slowly came. She felt the warm clasp of loving arms, a strong heart beating close to hers. A man's tears were rained upon her face, and the slight wound upon her cheek was staunched with tenderest kisses.

II.

We may look in upon Lucy's new home, after the lapse of a peaceful year or two. It was a veritable mountain eyrie, somewhat apart from the mining settlement, a roughly built but comfortable cottage, clinging for dear life to the edge of a battlement of cliffs, nestling under the locked arms of giant pine-trees, where they lay down to rest at night lulled by the music of falling waters, in early spring swelling to the roar of a mighty cataract, as the swollen torrent plunged downward through the canon at their feet. As for the interior, every stick of furniture had been brought up on pack-mules from the station below, and it was not elaborate; but a few months of Lucy's reign sufficed to make of it a very bower of bliss, Tom thought. There were warm red curtains to hang before their casements, old Aunt Boynton's blue tea-cups and brass candlesticks for the dresser shelves, fair English linen and bright English silver adjusted by deftest English fingers upon their modest board. For drapery to the little lounge they had the brilliant coloring and fine web of blankets made by the Navajo Indians. How Lucy had cried for joy when she found blossoming bravely upon her window sill a pot of old-fashioned red and white balsam, which Tom had raised for her from the seed, in memory of the little garden at St. Margaret's.

As months went on, Lucy, well trained to the solitude of her New World life, found a thousand charms surrounding it. In early summer, leaving their mossy fern-hung cliffs, Tom and she would make long expeditions on horseback down into the enchanting region, where, kneeling upon hillocks of emerald turf, waist-deep in scented grass, she might fill her lap with a mass of gaudy wild tulips, of lilies, and syringa lusciously sweet in smell of tiny unknown flowers in every shade of blue and white and rose.

The glorious oaks of the foot-hill summits, spreading afar their layers of lustrous shade, appealed most strongly to her English heart; but she learned to look with enthusiam upon the pines clothing with their girdle of everlasting green the granite ribs of the mountain monarchs couched in eternal sleep.

At last there came a late October day when Tom's baby-girl opened her blue eyes like gentian flowers beneath a fall of snow. Lucy did well, and during two or three weeks purest love and joy reigned under the roof of the little dwelling. Tom walked about on tiptoes and conversed in awe-stricken whispers even at the distance of a mile from his new treasure. An old Dutchwoman, who had been induced to come from a distant settlement to attend upon Lucy, abandoned them when the baby was about three weeks old, Lucy declaring herself quite strong enough to resume her usual duties about the cottage, aided by her quaint factotum, the Chinaman, with a blue cotton blouse and a pigtail, who was their cook, lamderer and butler combined. A few days after, Tom bounded up the little path leadlug to his home, and hurst in like a [illegible] turn blast of wind, to find Lucy [illegible] by the fireside, sitting pale and weary, holding her hand upon her side.

I think I have taken a little cold, Tom," she said, trying to smile up at him in her usual fashion. "Perhaps I had better go back to bed."

And oh, the pity of it!—all too soon, poor little English Lucy lay still and cold upon her couch, the baby wailing at her side. Just before she died, Lucy asked Tom to listen—they were singing the "Jubilate" in St. Margaret's; so listening she passed away. They made her a grave at the foot of her favorite tree—a grand heaven-reaching pine, clothed with a mist of perfumed plumy green.

Tom Boynton recrossed his desolate threshold to cast himself down upon Lucy's vacant couch and pray God to take him too. He heard a feeble cry, and felt beneath the clothes a stirring like the flutter of a bird. Lucy's baby lay there, forgotten in the blight of his despair. He picked up the tiny thing, awkwardly adjusting its garments, and soothing it against his cheek. The child cried on, and would not suffer him to lay it down; by-and-by it fell asleep in his bosom, and to his heart, that had been like a stone, there crept again a semblance of human warmth.

Next day storm-clouds hung low upon the peaks of the Sierras, and the wild went moaning through the pines. A miner, who was Tom's especial friend among his employes, came up early from the cam to find him making preparations for departure from the cottage.

Without proper food or attendance for the child, and with no prospect of securing for it a woman's care, short of the kind old nurse whose services at home were claimed by her own newly arrived grandchild, he had made up his mind, in view of the menacing snow blockade, to set out on horseback with the baby in his arms, and striking down the mountain side by a precipitous trail not often used, make all speed to gain the far-away ranch house where the old nurse might be found. Tom's mare, the noble creature that had borne him so fleetly and so faithfully to meet his bride, was equipped with such provision for the ride as she could carry, and the infant warmly wrapped, was laid in her father's breast. Boynton rode forth from his home into the forest gloom, like a spirit driven from paradise, daring not to look behind.

With steady riding, under ordinary conditions of the weather, he might hopeby evening to secure a shelter for the child. A sullen canopy of sky and a peculiar threatening of snow in the atmosphere caused him many an anxious pang of doubt and self-reproach as from time to time he paused to [illegible] the sleeping baby, nestled under the folds of the great plaid with which she was bound to his body, then loosening rein, let the mare out into a long even stride, carrying them swiftly through the pine carpeted forest reaches, and across the granite ledges, where her hoofs rang cheerily.

A snow-flake, then another, fell like lead upon his heart. They came thick and fast as the short day closed in, bringing the expedition to a sudden halt. The dreaded snow was upon them in good earnest, and he dared not risk the loss of trail. Turning aside under the impervious roofing of a group of firs, Boynton prepared to bivouac.

No hardship this for an old campaigner, and in a short time a brisk flame from a pile of storm-driven logs and branches shot up into the blue shadows overhead. Tom would have taken oath that his brave little comrade smiled back at him when after feeding, he stowed her warmly away under the peak of an India rubber blanket, upon a royally fragrant couch of moss and fir boughs. She lay there, uttering a few inarticulate murmurs of sweet content, while he brewed himself a pot of tea, and looked after the comfort of his mare, tethered sociably at his elbow.

Through the long watches of the night, while Tom kept vigil by his baby's side, taking anxious heed to the progress of the storm his faithful animal turned on him eyes so full of human sympathy he almost felt that she must speak.

With the return of daylight, Boynton determined, at all cost, to take up the abandoned trail. Cheering him as could no other sound arose the baby's lusty demand for breakfast. Making nervous haste to prepare for her a meal consisting of bise uit-crumbs and sugar, with snow-water warmed over the embers, he broke camp, and set forth anew upon his cyrle pilgrimage.

Amid the spectral tree-forms shivering beneath their weight of snow (his knowledge of the conformation of the hills, the grouping of the rocks, aiding him in this extremity) he labored on, progress at every moment becoming more difficult in the teeth of a growing storm. The mare's feet gathered snow, until, sliding forward with a dangerous rush down the incline, then pulling herself up, with panting sides, she would turn her head away from the furious onslaught of wind and snow bearing upon them through the forest aisles like a wall of breakers on the shore.

Tom Boynton drew rein beneath an overhanging shelf of rock, not knowing whether he had there found his grave and his child's. Hour after hour, while the sleet drove and the wind raged, he stood with his back against the granite wall, hugging the baby close, wetting her lips with wine, and breathing his warm breath on her face. With all his might he resisted an overmastering sense of drowsiness. The recklessness of life before possessing him was merged into an intense desire to struggle for existence for the sake of Lucy's little one. Once when the baby cried long and piteously, Tom sang her to rest with the fragment of a nursery song, the big tears running down his cheeks.

The storm lulled, and the sleet-fall changed into rain as the afternoon wore on. Bad as the outlook was, the situation left him no alternative but to press forward with all the strength remaining to man and beast. Down in the valley below this ridge was a familiar ford, beyond which he knew the locality to have been a recent camping ground for Indians. Again they set out under clouds closing down in a dense gray curtain, to break ere long into a violent pelting shower of rain. In a moment Boynton was soaking wet as if he had fallen in a stream. The baby, roused to a new sense of discomfort, uttered a faint moan. Looking in upon her he saw a strange pallor on the little face, a blue shade settling on her lips.

Now, indeed, Tom Boynton's stout heart quailed within him. They had reached the summit of the mountain spur. Below, chafing within its rocky bed, ran the turbulent river. Over upon the further bank, curling merrily up among a thicket of firs, arose the unmistakable column of a camp fire smoke.

With a shout to his mare, Tom dashed madly down the hill. For Lucy's dear sake he would gain that camp with her child alive!

With her fine instinct of never-flagging sympathy, the mare plunged unhesitatingly into the icy stream. Then ensued a rare struggle, every nerve of horse and rider strained to keep afloat under the fierce resistance of the swollen torrent. About mid-stream the mare was caught in the waves and whirled about like a cork. Tom threw himself into the boiling foam, and supporting his precious freight upon the saddle with one hand managed to keep up with the other, until, by a splendid effort, the mare recovered her balance and struck out for the shore, planting her hoofs in triumph upon firm ground at last.

Tom Boynton rode into the Indian encampment, where a half-dozen of them were busy around a generous fire of logs. A young woman, tall, impassive, stately, like a Diana done in bronze, looked up from her pappoose at the apparition of this spent and dripping traveler, who could only muster strength to drop from his saddle, walk into the red glare of the heavenly ring of warmth, and without words hold out to her the burden from his breast.

A few years ago some Americans newly arrived in Paris were lounging in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, listening to the idle talk of their compatriots, who dispensed with liberal hand the gossip of their colony.

While they were thus chatting, a carriage drove under the *porte-cochere*, from which an elaborate footman proceeded to extract severally a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance, a lady bountifully handsome, cordial in manner, frankly magnificent in attire, and a young girl dressed in gray velvet with bands of silvery gray fur, the type of whose aristocratic beauty would have stamped her as worthy of adorning any court in Europe.

As this party passed in, all of the young men doffed their hats. One of them stood as if moon-struck by the vision.

"Damersly, you are palpably slain on the spot; or is it the re-opening of some old wound? You have met our American charmer, 'the rare pale Margaret,' before?"

"I not know [illegible] a fanatic," groaned Damersly, coming out of his maze, "but I honestly declare to you that I never in all my life till now saw a girl before whom I felt so madly inclined to throw myself down and be trampled on."

"You may be saved the sacrifice, my dear fellow," his friend said, with the pleased air of one who has a sensation to communicate. "Can it be that the joy is reserved for me of finding one man in Paris who doesn't know that the young lady you have just seen is in a few days to become by her marriage with the Duc de B—— a member of one of the most illustrious families in France—that he is as romantically in love with her as if he were the poorest and proudest of *jeunes premiers*, which, indeed, he might be from his looks!—that the handsome old fellow younger, with the sort of cavalier dash about him, and those ferocious long mustaches and melancholy eyes, is her father, who worships the ground she treads upon—a father-in-law many a man besides the Duc has cove ed, let me tell you—Tom Boynton, the California millionaire, be well beloved hero of the Pacific coast!"

"And the florid lady is her mother, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort. You are arguing yourself unknown not to recognize the famous Queen of Diamonds of our colony, who has a very substantial husband of her own hereabouts. Miss Boynton has had the benefit of her chaperonage off and on since leaving her *pensionnat* a year ago. Old Tom Boynton married, Indeed! Half the women of your acquaintance would tell you how unlikely that event is ever to come to pass."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Cruikshank's Bank Note.

In the year 1811 when Gillray began to incapacitate himself for work by drinking, it was already apparent that there was a young man in the field capable, if he chose, of taking his place. George Cruikshank was proving himself to be a caricaturist of marvelous fertility, energy, keen wit and—a thing of more consequence than all—a man who put his heart and faith into his work. No more striking evidence of these qualities as developed in the earlier part of his life is to be found than that afforded by his famous "Bank Note not to be Imitated," of which the [illegible] contains an admirable fac simile. His own account of it gives a key for explaining some of the most mysterious episodes in his later life:

He says: "At that time (1817 or 1818) I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury-Square, Fleet Street and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England; and, in returning home, between eight and nine o'clock, down Ludgate Hill, and, seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate Prison, and to my horror, two of these were women; and upon inquiring what these women had been hanged for, was informed that it was for passing forged £1 notes. * * After witnessing this scene I went home, and in ten minutes designed and made a sketch of this 'bank note not to be imitated.'" The border of the note is of gyves and fetters, the £ is made of twisted rope. The design is twelve criminals hanging dead on one gallows, and the legend is: "I promise to perform *Ad Lib.* During the issue of Bank Notes Easily Imitated, and Until the Resumption of Cash Payments or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death. For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England —J. Ketch." When this was displayed in Hone's window, says Cruikshank, it created a great sensation, and the people gathered round his house in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the city police (of that day) to disperse the crowd. The Bank directors held a meeting immediately on the subject, and after that they issued no more £1 notes, and so there was no more hanging for passing forged £1 notes; not only that, but ultimately no hanging even for forgery. After this Sir Robert Peel got a bill passed in Parliment for the resumption of Cash Payments. After this he revised the Penal Code, and after that there was not any more hanging or punishments of death for minor offenses. Later on we find him saying So the final effect of my note was to stop hanging for all minor offenses. Here we have the revelation of the man who then and afterwards claimed to have written or suggested the most popular works of Dickens or Ainsworth that he had illustrated, and who seldom, as Mr. Jerold observes, suggested a peg that he did not afterwards claim everything that was hung upon it. He was so thoroughly heart and soul in whatever he did, that he, so to speak, fought every battle as if he were the only combatant on his side. It is but one step from that to ignoring every one else's share in the victory.—*London Standard.*

—The editor of a Boston newspaper wrote a letter to an out-of-town correspondent, telling him that unless he improved his handwriting he might cease his connection with the paper. He had to pay his compositors by the hour, he said, for setting up the correspondent's letters. In a day or two the editor's letter came back directed to the office, with the following indorsement from the correspondent: "I received this from some one in your office. Will somebody that can write a legible hand please inform me whom it is from and what it is all about?"

Something About Spiders.

The instinct of animals is always an interesting study. And it is no uncommon thing to meet with instances of animal sagacity which go to show that animals, even the lowest species, are possessed of a sort of reasoning capacity which is greater than mere instinct. In *Chambers' Journal* there is cited an instance of this kind. A small spider had been placed in the centre of a large spider's web some four feet above the ground. The large spider soon rushed from its hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured to the foliage.

The big insect gained rapidly upon the little one; but the fugitive was equal to the emergency, for when barely an inch ahead of the other it cut with one of its hinder legs the line behind itself, thus securing its own escape, the ferocious pursuer falling to the ground.

The writer says: "It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending to avoid some threatened danger. As a rule, spiders do not *run* from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied." From which it would seem that this little creature's action was the result of some sort of reasoning! Instinct led it to run away, but it must have been something more than instinct that led it to sever the line, and so cut off the pursuit.

The same writer says that spiders are cannibals, and that they are naturally very pugnacious. But they do not fight for the satisfaction, of eating one another. "When two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack and the vigorous defence that follows.

"It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is not inexhaustible, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new suares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web-constructing material has become exhausted and its last web has been destroyed, it sets out in search of another home; and unless it should chance to find one that is tenantless, a battle usually ensues which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender."—*Youths' Companion.*

An Encounter With a Bear in a Cave.

Henry A. Hall, one of our most popular letter carriers, is in New Brunswick, enjoying a short vacation. Mr. Hall is quite a Nimrod, and with rifle and fishing tackle is making havoc among the denizens of the forests and lakes of New Brunswick. From a private letter we are permitted to make the following extracts: "I cannot close this letter without telling of a little rub I have had since here, though you may think I am exercising a Yankee privilege of bragging. Last Monday, when out in the forest about twenty miles from town, I came across a camp of Frenchmen, where I hired a young boy to guide me into the woods. About two hours after we started we came to a cave, and I sent the boy in out of curiosity. He called out there were some bear cubs inside. Just as he did so I heard a crashing and growling beside me, and had just time to bring my trusty rifle to my shoulder and fire at a black mass that tumbled past me, and as it plunged into the mouth of the cave I realized bruin had come back. I don't know how I ever did it, but I have an indistinct recollection of dropping my gun, drawing my bowie-knife, and jumping into the dense darkness of the cave. It is as a dream—horrible—and like a nightmare in which everything is mixed. I remember plunging my knife again and again into the body, the warm jet of blood, the tearing of claws across my body, the hot breath in my face, a close embrace—then darkness! When I revived I was lying outside the cave and the Frenchmen were cutting up the monster, which weighed, when dressed, 450 pounds. Petit Pierre, my boy guide, had been in the cave during my combat, and when the bear fell on me in his death struggle, he crawled out of the cave, and ran back to camp. I am all right, or shall be when the marks of the brute's claws are healed. I shall bring his skin back with me, and I wish I could give you a piece of the beef."—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

Life's Spring Blessings.

He came out of the side gate with a kangaroo motion to his legs, and an expression of countenance that would have frozen a tramp into a solid block of ice in six seconds. Then he turned, and while he held to the fence with one hand he shook the other at the house in a wild, strange manner. Then he stood on one foot and felt of the other as tenderly as if he was caressing a new-blown rose. "Was it all there?" He seemed to doubt, and that same wild expression floated over his countenance again, and again he waved his arm around his head and shook his fist at an unseen enemy.

A white, scared face appeared at a window, and the man danced up and down on his leg and cried out:

"Never! never again on earth?"

A white hand behind the glass beckoned to him, but he waves his arm and replied:

"I won't! I'll send up six men with blocks and tackle!"

The white face was pressed against the pane and the blue eyes had a beseeching look, but the man hobbled along on the grass, and growled out:

"I'll smash the infernal thing with an ax!"

Then a lady appeared in the door and seemed to want to explain something, but he threw down his hat with an awful whack and interrupted her with:

"I tell ye I'm going down and have this foot amputated, and when you see me clumping around with an old wooden pedestal you'll remember that I told you we ought to turn the house around instead of trying to move that old cook-stove into the back kitchen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The sunflower season is not far off. When it arrives we shall be as limp as the most pronounced aesthete of them all.—*Boston Courier.*

—There is a large movement of emigrants of a high class from Scotland to Manitoba.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Women's Baptist Missionary Society of the West, report over 1,200 auxiliaries, being an addition of more than 100 during the past year.

—It is said that during the eleven years of his Chancellorship, Dr. Howard Crosby was never late at the chapel services of the University of New York.

—Miss Marie C. Ladreyt, a teacher in the State Normal School at Farmingham, Mass., has won the Pereire prize in Paris of $1,000 for an essay on education.

—The *Christian Advocate*, mentioning the case of an Irish girl who said she joined the Methodist church "on suspicion" for six months, says: "We don't know about the propriety of taking people into the church on suspicion, but we think a considerable number might be let out on that ground."

—At the session of the M. E. General Conference South, Bishop Paine, now eighty-five years of age, almost sixty-five of which he has been in constant service of a preacher or Bishop, asked to be retired from further labors. While he was reading his farewell address nearly all the members of the conference burst into tears, and at the conclusion the congregation caught up the hymn, "Through many dangers, toils and snares."

—St. Louis has 850 female teachers in the schools, of whom 250 have been in the service less than five and 300 more than ten years. The average age when appointed is twenty-one years, and the pay at first is $200, which rises in five years to $600 and in ten to $800. There are forty married teachers, of whom ten have husbands dependent upon them. Three-quarters of those who resign have immediate matrimony in view, but they rarely stop work for that purpose until after at least five years' service, and, upon the other hand, there is no case on record of a succumbing to the tender passion after working ten years.—*Detroit Post.*

—Dr. Schaff has contributed an article toward the solution of the agreements and disagreements of the first three Gospels. He finds that, comparing the Gospels two by two, Matthew and Mark are most in common, and Matthew and Luke are most divergent. One-half of Mark is found in Matthew; one-quarter of Luke is found in Matthew; one-third of Mark is found in Luke. The general conclusion from these figures is that all these Gospels widely diverge from the common matter or triple tradition, Mark the least so and Luke the most (almost twice as much as Mark.) On the other hand, both Matthew and Luke are nearer Mark than Luke and Matthew are to each other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, says that the experience of more than thirty-five years in temperance work convinces him that not more than one per cent. of those who become utterly sottish drunkards can be reformed and saved. He says that even though many of these unfortunate persons may desire to do better, and may even go so far as to take the pledge, the power of their drinking habits is so strong that they generally become backsliders. Of twelve reformed drunkards whom he knew, who had become church members, all but one backslided. Dr. Cuyler's doctrine is that it is easier and wiser to keep men from becoming drunkards than to restore them after they have fallen into habitual intoxication.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Philadelphia man has figured that he will save $500 on ice cream, carriage hire and theater tickets this year. He has married the girl.

—"I want a little change," said Mrs. B. to her husband. "Well," was the heartless response, "just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

—There was a young lady in Worcester
So scared by a cergw of a rorcester,
That her mother cried, Hannah—
I'm surprised at your manners!
Why don't you behave as you ucester?

—The Boston *Post* says that Buffalo (N. Y.) has got the base-ball fever so bad that a man can't catch a baby falling from a second story window, without yelling "Judgment!"

—Oscar Wilde says that he learned while he was West why Nature is clothed in green. No doubt Nature is green for the same reason that Oscar is silly—it's Nature's nature to be green.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Courtesies at an introduction: First gentleman—"Madame, permit me to introduce my friend, M. P. He is not nearly so much of a fool as he looks." Second gentleman—"That is where my friend differs from me, Madame."

—A western young man aged eighteen has eloped with a married woman of three score years. This æsthetic craze for antiquities is becoming altogether too general and threatens to cause trouble.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A little daughter of a Methodist minister was invited by a friend to spend a few days with her. The mother said as she left: "Don't you think mamma will be lonely while you are away?" "O, no, the Lord will be with you, and I'll be home soon," was the reply.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Little Wavy Hair had just finished her first effort at English composition. "It don't look very nice, coz I wrote in a hurry," said she with all the charming falsification of those of older years. "It's about Ned, the black cat. You look it over and put all the little mistakes in, won't you?" and she tripped away as proudly conscious as if she hadn't got her request a little in the shape of a left-handed compliment. O, children, children. We wouldn't live in a world without children, and we couldn't live in the family with some children—mostly "other folkses'" children.—*New Haven Register.*

—Constable Jones held an execution against a farmer, and when called for a settlement the agriculturist took him out into a big pasture and pointed out a wild steer as the particular piece of property to be levied upon. Jones chased the steer around for a while, and then sat down, and taking out his book, began to write. "What are you doing there?" asked the granger. "Charging mileage," replied the Constable, without looking up. "Do I have it all to pay?" gasped the rancher. "You bet." "Then take this tame heifer here. I can't stand any such game as that."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TABLEAUX.

The sun of Austerlitz had set
Behind the pantry door;
Napoleon sheathed his gleaming blade
And laid it on the floor;
The Iron Mask took off his wig—
It hurt his ear, he said;
And Queen Elizabeth removed
Three-quarters of her head.

The next thing was Iniquitous,
Which seemed to please them all;
And then we played The Prodigal,
And then Inbleau'd The Fall;
But Snipes, who took The Serpent's part,
Got hungry, probably;
At least he ate The Apple up
And quarreled with the Tree.

A larky spirit was abroad,
Which spoiled the serious things,
And led the girls to giggle at
Apollyon's awful wings;
And when the final scene was set
Of Mary Stuart's death;
Poor Mary was in such a gale
She couldn't catch her breath.

A gloomy court, a headsman's block
All hung with weeds of woe,
An Executioner in black,
And tapers burning low;
A weird, funeral, solemn scene,
Impressive, gloomy, dark;
With all the tragic retinue
Just bursting for a lark.

Too bad! but Mary looked so sweet,
And had such pretty hair,
The headsman leaned upon his ax
And kissed her plump and square;
Then Perky Jones, the cowled monk,
So grim, and stern, and slow,
Turned somersaults across the block
And spoiled the whole tableau.

Then buzz of talk, and change of seats,
And laughter's merry peal,
Broke up the show, and all the boys
Took partners for a reel.
And we at Jones' Corners think
That trying to be jolly
Is better, thirteen months a year,
Than limp, aesthetic folly.

—*David L. Proudfit, in the Century Magazine.*

WARREN HAWTHORNE.

A True Story.

In a quiet little village, surrounded by a succession of green hills, whose usual stillness was disturbed only by the ambitious little river that danced and sparkled onward over sharp and barren rocks in its eager haste, there, where all nature seemed in harmony, lived Warren Hawthorne.

Wherever a mossy knoll lay warm and green beneath the clear sky, within the river's beauteous arbor of vines and flowers, beneath each gnarled tree whose branches swept the stream, where the birds sang sweetest and with the most joyous freedom, one might have looked for him nor failed to find him in one of these—his favorite haunts.

Perhaps he might have been seen with hands idle, his book near, and his face intent upon the clouds; or bending (as if he sought its soul) over some delicate wild blossom with a strange rapture in his eyes at its mysterious and wonderful beauty. But of all beautiful places the "river's arbor" was one he most frequented. There he studied and read alone. In turning suddenly the stream was separated by a small islet in the centre, which being overrun with vines and dotted with small trees formed quite a retreat. By training the vines into an arbor, and extending them across the narrow channel between the islet and river bank, Warren had constructed the "river's arbor." The birds sought the place at once and built their nests overhead, and sang their sweetest songs to the happy listener.

Most of the village lads, on being questioned, gave his name with a slightly perceptible sneer as "Ren Hawthorne."

"Ren Hawthorne" was to the village folks, "a lazy fellow," as the boys tauntingly called him.

He had few friends except the old pastor and the schoolmistress, who understood the lad's dreamy nature, his exquisite sensibilities, his tender heart, and delicate health. "He will never live," many said, but the old pastor always replied: "Nay, you are wrong, I believe he will. This is just the life he needs now. Let him grow strong in this beautiful country land and he will one day astonish us all."

The villagers smiled among themselves at the idea of "Ren's ever being anybody."

It was noticed that he rarely smiled. He was "queer" not at all companionable with those of his own age; so that ere long he wholly avoided them.

Left to himself he became studious and thoughtful, finding a beauty in the most common things, something that spoke of God in the very atmosphere about him. Often he told his mother, when she asked him why he remained so long alone in the woods, that he was happier there, watching the fluttering leaves and singing birds than elsewhere.

Well did the mother understand his reserve, his longings to be away from his friends, though she seldom spoke of the great sorrow of her life which had left its traces with her son.

All through his babyhood and until he was nearly ten years of age, Warren had known little of the joyous freedom of childhood. His young heart weighed with the atmosphere of that sorrow he could not understand; suppressed in all his childish enthusiasm by a fear of the grave, saddened face of his mother; held aloof from her by that unseen veil between them even when he lay clasped in her arms, he became gradually silent and learned to seek for himself the happiness of which home and friends deprived him.

Strange stories were whispered of a terrible night when mad with wine the boy's father had attempted a fearful crime, and how, when he became conscious of his mania, the unhappy man wandered through the place, day after day, as if in search of something, but was never thereafter seen to raise his eyes from the ground.

One day the rude but kindly villagers bore him in silence to the old churchyard—dead—dead from his terrible habit, its slave even to the last.

What wonder then that this sorrow became a stern and terrible reality and made the boy a timid, reticent child! A sorrow which each year more thoroughly imbued his delicate, sensitive nature with a weirdness he was unable to dispel.

In early life he displayed a great love for flowers, and they were so sacred to him that he could not quietly endure to see rude hands grasp them. On summer evenings he wandered through the grounds with his mother, occasionally telling her his thoughts or questioning her strangely. Once he stopped her with his hands upraised, and asked her with great earnestness:

"Mother, do you think God is in the sky—as they tell me at the chapel?"

"I suppose so, child, why do you ask?"

"Because I know He isn't always. God is on the earth more than up there; then raising his eyes to the stars he said softly, as if to himself, 'It is so beautiful and so solemn.'"

"There was nothing petulant in his speech. However trivial the subject there was always a grave wisdom in his words, which his mother humored with a smile. He sometimes held up a leaf all green and fresh, saying:

"Mother, can you hear it? It is all alive," and when she replied: "Nay, nay, Warren, it is all your fancy," he would invariably drop her hand and hasten away as one deeply grieved. Sometimes he evinced a quaint appreciation for fun, and laughed merrily, exhibiting such a fine sense of humor that his friends rejoiced, thinking that he would become in time like other lads.

There were many valuable books in the old home, and these he studied diligently with his mother's assistance; showing a remarkable mind in his manner of grasping their hidden meaning, or comprehending the author's finest points. Despite his peculiar nature he was never really unhappy, so full of appreciation was his heart which led him to find something uplifting wherever he turned.

Thus the years passed on, and Warren Hawthorne was eighteen. He had outgrown much of his childish quaintness and was less fanciful. His step was firm, his head erect, and the same power that had held and guided him through childhood bade him now be joyous in his noble manliness, and endeavor to retrieve the honor of his home.

Being fortunately free from any inherited tendency to evil habits his own judgment told him the world was as open to him as to those who had been his village schoolmates. With this thought he went forth, not with tears or sadness, but with glad hopefulness for the future.

At first there came vague rumors that Warren was to become a minister; later that he was conducting missionary schools; then months passed away, when he wrote to his mother that he was superintending a large charity school and found both pleasure and compensation in the happy little faces upturned to him daily, and the gratefulness expressed by a tiny flower laid upon his desk in his absence, or the smiles of welcome he received everywhere. Once, after a year or so, he came home for a few weeks, but his heart was in his work and he longed to return. He was rapidly rising in the esteem of learned men who comprehended at once the opportunities he needed to become one of their number. Through their assistance he continued his favorite study—that of flowers. A world of mystery was ever open to him within their dainty petals. He formed his own opinions promptly, marked out his desired course and advanced his conclusive ideas with a confidence and good judgment that carried conviction with them. Working on steadily and surely he entered one of the first colleges in the country. Day after day, night after night he was engaged in the work of his choice, delicate mosses, the tiniest flowers, almost infinitely small, seen only at certain hours, in certain lights, with peculiar glasses, were examined with an earnestness that seldom failed of success.

He became known as Professor Hawthorne, and was frequently invited to give illustrated talks upon his favorite science in literary and scientific circles. People of distinction deemed it an honor to meet him, and noting their kind appreciation, as his sensitive heart perceived these attentions his courage and his hopes strengthened.

Honest and reliable, a sincere friend to all who needed friendship, in his busiest moments he yet found time to encourage the young to aspire for high attainments. His grateful heart ever remembered the quiet village and the favored haunts of his youth. Often in the noise and bustle of the city he seemed to feel with fresh impulse, the old, soft breeze, and knew that the blue above him there was the same clear sky he had watched from the "river arbor" years ago.

There was yet one hope unfulfilled. He desired to go abroad but lost no time in idle wishes. Each year a small sum was saved, this he put aside for his project. Exercise, sleep, a proper regimen, all were necessary to preserve his never strong physical powers. The good fortune came at last.

He had been found so worthy of every trust that funds were placed at his disposal. He visited once more the old home of rest, and enjoyed again the dear familiar scenes. In due time he sailed, entering, after his landing, the celebrated institution at G——. Degree followed degree, until he was honored above all others. He early advanced his belief in insectivorous plants, gaining much favor among scientists. Then a new work was commenced which promised fame and position. Noted magazines opened their valuable pages to his pen, offering their columns for explanations of his thought. Grand ladies welcomed him to their elegant mansions, fair daughters smiled upon him, popularity claimed him, friends arose on every side, and Warren Hawthorne's success was no longer doubtful. He had succeeded through the never failing courage and nobility of his heart, the careful wisdom of his course, and his confidence in that ever present power—the God who had led him so tenderly and surely to honest fame and high position.

To-day beside the old homestead rises a mansion. By its books, paintings, music, but mostly on account of the fine variety of flowers and plants, it is evident the owner is Walter Hawthorne.

The sun rises slowly above the hills, his warm light enters, unbidden, the open windows. Listen! in unison you may hear the lark above, and the sweet young voices within. In her easy chair, where the breezes lift her gray locks gently and lovingly, sits a calm, sweet-faced lady, Warren's mother; and do you not see the fair, manly face at her side with its watchful tenderness?

There, too, is Warren Hawthorne: grave, gentle and wise the villagers call him now. And there still remains in his heart his boyish love for those old haunts by the river and his never-failing trust in God.—*Golden Rule.*

The Zuni Pueblo.

High up on the western slope of the Sierra Madre, in New Mexico, nearly a mile and a half above the sea level, and but a few miles beyond the divide, where scanty waters begin their timid and uncertain way down toward the Pacific, stands ancient Zuni, the father of the pueblos. When Coronado made his famous march into the unknown north, the Zunis, or Shi-wi-nes, as they call themselves, were the first, and also the most numerous and powerful, of the pueblo people encountered by him. Their towns covered a great territory, almost deserving the name of "kingdom"—term so lavishly and loosely used by Coronado and his contemporary explorers. Oppression and pestilence have so diminished their numbers, and their strict exclusiveness has so impoverished their physical condition, that the once mighty nation has now been reduced to a handful of people. These inhabit a single pueblo. But the country around is dotted with ruined towns upon whose walls is graven the symbol of the shi-wi-na, the sacred water-spider, whose figure forms the Zuni coat of arms. Here, surrounded by the forsaken homes of their kindred and ancestry—crumbling heaps which in antiquity rival the storied stones of the Old World—the Zunis live as their fathers lived, and jealously treasure their proud history.

Zuni is still the largest of the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and is looked up to by the others, which are entirely in language, with the veneration and homage belonging to the elder member of their family, the source whence come their religion and institutions. By the census of 1880, under an accurate count, the population of Zuni numbered 1,602, nearly 500 more than that of Isleta, the next pueblo in size. Therefore it is still a considerable town. It is only a few years since the Zunis numbered several thousand, but an epidemic of the small-pox decimated them terribly.

With the exception of the Moquis and the Java Supais, or Ku'h-nis, in Arizona—the latter an almost unknown pueblo in Cataract Creek Canon, one of the "box canons" of the Colorado—the Zunis are the most isolated of all the pueblo tribes. They have therefore been little influenced by contact either with Spanish or Anglo-American civilization, and to-day live substantially the life they led when Coronado first started out in search of the seven cities of Cibola. The river pueblos, as they are called—those ranging along the Rio Grande from Taos to Isleta—have monopolized the attention of travelers and writers, being the most convenient of access. But these, surrounded by the towns of the Mexicans on every hand, and latterly having come in contact with the more pushing American, who leaves his own indelible impress upon all whom he meets, they have naturally been materially influenced by the alien life around them, and their manners have been considerably changed thereby.

However good a copy may be, however faithful as a reproduction, the most of us have a strong preference for originals. So Zuni, as the oldest of the pueblo families, as the father of their Kultur, as the Germans would say, and possessing the most distinctive characteristics, is decidedly the representative pueblo of New Mexico.—*Sylvester Baxter, in Harper's Magazine.*

Habits of Siberians.

Many of the habits and customs of these people are very singular. Along with much rudeness and simplicity, they have a high degree of ingenuity. At night, for instance, an Ostaik can tell the time very accurately by judging the position of the Great Bear; and as this constellation is constantly varying with the season, the operation involves on the part of the Ostika a calculation of some magnitude. In common with all barbarous and semi-barbaric races, they manifest great dexterity in the use of weapons. In shooting small animals such as squirrels, hares, etc., for the sake of their furs, care is taken that the animal shall be struck on the head only; and in this the natives seldom fail, even though their rifles are very clumsy in construction. With the bow and arrow, which is the weapon most in use, they are equally dextrous. Their method of catching salmon, as described by a Cossack officer who witnessed it, is peculiar. In marching through the country at the head of a detachment, he encamped one evening on the banks of a river; and on the following morning he observed one of the natives walk to a pool near at hand, into which he waded, and then stood motionless as a statue, his spear poised aloft, and his keen eye fixed on the water before him. Not a movement indicated that life inhabited the figure, until, with lightning rapidity, the spear was launched forward and as quickly withdrawn, a fine salmon quivering on its barbed point. Three times in twenty minutes was the operation performed, and each time a fish rewarded the native's skill. And yet their cleverness is but slightly applied to the arts of life. The Tungooses, for instance, use bear and reindeer skins to form their beds, but as they have never discovered the art of tanning, these articles when not in use are buried beneath the snow, by which means the hair is prevented from falling off. This same tribe, too, are remarkably improvident; they will consume nearly a week's provisions in one night, and go hungry the remaining six days. Over against this, however, must be placed their detestation of robbery, which is regarded by them as an unpardonable sin.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Georgia Snake Story.

In our boyhood we often heard of a hoop snake—one that, bringing its head and tail together, rolled over and over like a wagon wheel. It was said that this snake did its execution with its tail, that being pointed like a needle. We never had the terror of seeing one of them, but did, when about eight years old see a jointed snake. The joints were about six inches long. When alarmed the snake fell to pieces, the head joint darting off like an arrow to a place of concealment. That was the last snake of the kind we ever saw until quite recently we saw a hoop-jointed snake. We were walking leisurely one day through our field. All of sudden we were startled out of ourselves by something rolling by us which looked like the rim of a buggy wheel without the spokes. When it passed about ten steps beyond us, in making an effort to turn, it accidentally struck the end of a projecting rail. This must have alarmed it, for all at once it fell to pieces, and the head joint darted through a crack of the fence and into the swamp as quickly as possible. Remembering the jointed snake of our boyhood, and that our grandfather had told us if we would watch we would see the head return for the joints left, as badly as we were scared we determined to watch and wait the head's return. Not unmindful that we had been told by them of old time that the only protector from a hoop snake was to get behind a tree or stump on the opposite side from the one it was coming, we took a position behind an old stump and awaited developments. It was not long before the head came slowly and cautiously through the crack of the fence, raised itself to an angle of forty-five degrees, looked in every direction, and then commenced the work of rejoining its body and tail to its head. This was soon done. Its next movement was to rear itself up perpendicularly, or in other words to stand on its tail. As the head went up we distinctly saw that each joint possessed india-rubber qualities, for as it went up each joint became extended until, when the perpendicular position was attained, the head was entirely out of sight. By a mathematical calculation we ascertained its head to be a little less than five miles high, when it passed out of sight. Having taken its bearings it practically contracted to nine feet. It then made a circular dart for its tail, and without more ado rolled off rapidly in the direction of Atlanta.—*Cumming (Ga.), Clarion.*

The Monotonous Sea.

Alike from end to end, from horizon to horizon, with no break it its absolute horizontal flatness, no mountain or valley or depression to mar its homogeneous level, it blights one by its solemn sameness, and by the ease with which we can follow the one long boundary curve where its edge stands off sharply and distinctly from the limiting sky. It cannot be denied that if you stand quite close to it, in the shore, you may get variety in its phases of billow or calm, and that is the aspect oftenest given us by marine painters, who may be supposed to know best about the proper feelings on the subject. But then these marine painters do not really paint the sea, they paint a bit of shore, with huge rocks or Cornish lions in the foreground, and the big waves dashing themselves furiously to pieces in their ruthless attack upon the hostile coast. That is a fine sight, no doubt, one of the finest sights that man can look upon; but is not specially distinctive of the sea in itself. It is an accident of the point where sea and land meet as enemies, not the essential and central fact of the sea's own personal existence. The grand value of the ocean as an element of scenery lies rather in this very monotony and infinity of sameness. By contrast with the land it is delightful to look upon that vast sheet of unvaried water, ever the same throughout its limitless expanse, and without a single salient point in any direction which will enable one to divide it mentally into parts and frictions. It is a picturable, conceivable realizable whole beside the infinitely diversified mass of land that our bewildered brains fail entirely to grasp or imagine. Can any man pretend that he has a fairly consistent picture in his mind—not of all England, but of the country for a single square mile around him, and at the same time, can any man deny that he has a fairly consistent picture in his mind of the entire ocean?

This view of the question, paradoxical though it sounds, is also, we flatter ourselves, that of the greatest and truest poets. Do not the Greeks dwell ever on the contrast between the varied aspect of the land and the level monotony of the barren water? Was not that the notion in the mind of Homer when he made his Achilles sit down tearfully beside the shore of the boundless unvintaged sea? Is it not the central idea of all episodes in the Odessy? Does it not inspire the Atys of Catullus as he looks across the solitary, lonely deep from the Phrygian precinct of Cybele? Nay, even in the Miltonic picture, the sea of liquid fire seems to stand out in like manner from the crags and precipices of the solid hell. There is hardly a poet who does not use the interminable unvaried sea as a foil to the perpetual variety and diversity of the infinitely detailed land. Indeed, the difficulty is rather to account for the common saying that the sea is so changeful, when one thinks for a moment how obvious and grand monotony must really be to everyone. The true sublimity of the ocean is derived, not from its puny waves, mere surface agitations after all, but from its vast unbroken and unchangable expanse. Yet somebody once ventured upon the bold paradox that the sea was always changing, never the same; and everybody went on repeating it after him till the paradox had become a platitude, and the simple statement of the real fact now seems paradoxical in its turn.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Extraordinary Irruption.

Quite a sensation was created in the household of Dr. Kidwell, on Prospect Avenue, a few evenings since by an immense flock of swallows taking possession of the kitchen. Although the flock had been seen flying in a circle over the building for several hours, no one imagined they contemplated entering the house until an unusual noise was heard in the kitchen chimney, and before any reason could be assigned for it the stovepipe was forced from its place (and a very warm stovepipe it was, too, there being at the time a fire in the stove,) and the birds began their unceremonious entry into the room. Naturally the servants were frightened and ran in all directions. The little fellows continued to chase each other in until the room appeared literally full, numbering, so it was estimated by those who viewed the strange scene through a window, upward of a thousand. Why they selected this spot for their raid is unknown. After opening the doors and windows, by persistent efforts and the free use of brooms, sticks, etc., the feathery tribe were persuaded to "homeward fly." Will some ornithologist rise and explain wherefore this curious freak?—*Washington Republican.*

Garnish.

That life till within the last decade has been for the most of us rather bare and unadorned and that we owe more to decorative art than some are disposed to admit is beyond a question; but it is also a question if the present mania for decorative art is not passing legitimate bounds and laying new burdens on already overburdened shoulders. Its motive and tendency have been toward real growth in perception, and the subtle harmonies of form and color mean more to-day than ever before. One can forgive even the epidemic of sunflowers and daisies or even the impossible sage-green storks reposing on one leg in the midst of a pink puddle, surrounded by cat-tails of any and every color save that of nature; for out of incongruities has come a better sense of what place color holds, and the influence is found even in the cheapest wall paper or the more subdued patterns of carpets and other household furnishings.

Decoration is an accepted part of the creed of to-day, and yet in such acceptance lies a new evil to be grappled with by every one who desires simpler forms of life, and thus more time for better work in better fields.

Granted that many women have no engrossing occupation of any sort and no capacity for doing good work even were the way clear before them. They are, after all, but a small proportion in the mass of quick and eager minds reaching out constantly for more and more light and longing for any method that will give them a little more of the coveted time. Many of these women "do their own work." Many, with a trifle more income, keep but one servant and that more than probably an incompetent one, who must constantly be supplemented by the mistresses' hands. Nine-tenths of them, through the education possible for the poorest, and through the constant stimulus afforded by the flood of periodical literature in both papers and magazines, bringing the latest thought or discovery into even the log cabin of the frontier, are educated day by day into more and more delicate tastes and desires, and as the result more and more discomfort and irritation in learning to go without.

For many with the ambition and executive power latent or active in the majority of American women, life becomes a long struggle to attain as near as duplication of methods described as means will admit. The woman who must prepare every article of food and wash every dish soiled in preparation sighs for dinner in courses. The woman with one servant not only sighs for but attempts it, and we laugh at her. Yet such effort has been stimulated and encouraged by every household column in every paper she has taken up.

Not that they do not also abound in wise and practical suggestions, but most women turn at once to the menu, and by its length or its brevity judge of the status of that column. It is preferred in French, whether the names of dishes are understood or not, and it must be long, whether in French or English. Above all it must have an elaborate dessert, and the woman who longs for time for reading or recreation, the walk or ride that unceasing work prevents, will give an entire morning to the preparation of some elaborate sweet, far better unmade and utterly unnecessary as the ending of a heavy dinner. Whatever maybe the personal tastes or needs of the framer of such menu its composition in a certain form seems obligatory, and more and more there is added to each rule the form, "Garnish with ——, etc."

Now garnish, where one has a *chef* whose end and aim in life is garnish, may be and is legitimate enough; and garnish with the flowers in season, as nasturtium flowers with the pale green of tender lettuce in salad, is attractive and appetizing. So with parsley, that unfailing friend of the cook. But the garnish requiring an hour for a single dish that must in any case consume other hours is most certainly a false and miserable use of time, to be discouraged by every reasonable woman in the land.

All this apropos of a recent article descriptive of "a simple dinner for a plain family." This "simple dinner" contained nine dishes, five of them very elaborate in preparation and most of them with garnish. The stewed turnips could not be simply cut into quarters or sliced, but were cut to simulate the divisions of an orange. The broiled fish was garnished with potato balls—a quart of potatoes cut into balls with a French vegetable-cutter, parboiled and then fried brown; and the braised beef had its decoration in colors by means of deep yellow carrots and pale yellow turnips contrasted with white. These smaller balls, no larger than peas, half a cupful of each, must be scooped from the raw vegetables and each variety boiled separately and dropped into its cup of cold water to preserve the color till wanted.

This sounds exceedingly simple and innocent, inexpensive and ornamental, and the masculine reader would very likely say, as he noted the glowing description of the enthusiastic recipe writer, "I don't see, Sarah Jane, why we can't have things done this way too. They don't cost anything."

No! The time and the blister on the finger against which the vicious little iron cup rested as it was urged through the slippery evasive potato cost nothing. And the spoonful of "peas" worried out from the unyielding and inflexible carrot also cost nothing but the half hour of time might have been added to the other half hour spent upon modeling the turnips and given the benediction of free air and sunshine in a walk with the children, or any of the pleasant things for which half hours are always wanting.

Garnish in its place is legitimate, but dear sister woman do not be beguiled by woman or man into a labor that satisfieth not. Let the table appointments be perfect and beautiful as means allow, and all food carefully and daintily prepared, but whether in food or service, or your own dress, or life in general, beware of "garnish."—*Helen Campbell, in Our Continent.*

—A woman who does all her own housework, attends to seven children, and turns her dresses half a dozen times to make both ends meet, may be a good Christian, but when a lady in a $1,000 carriage and a $500 dress halts at the door and asks her to subscribe to some charitable object, she can hardly be expected to act and talk like one.—*Philadelphia News.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Roscoe Conkling was the other evening admitted to membership in the New York Bar Association.

—They begin to regard bicycles and tricycles as a pest in England, and want to put a tax on them.

—A London telegram says the people of an entire township on the Isle of Skye, numbering one hundred souls, have decided to emigrate to Canada.

—The longest drouth that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.—*Chicago Journal.*

—In his early days, when a slave, Frederick Douglass was employed as a ship-calker. He has recently received from the Chesapeake and Marine Railway and Dry Dock Company, of Baltimore, a finely wrought set of calker's tools as a memento of the days when Mr. Douglass was an employe of the company, forty-six years ago.—*Courier-Journal.*

—A Vermont paper relates that a farmer living near St. Johnsbury hired a Frenchman to work for him. The first morning the Frenchman was called at four o'clock for breakfast. After eating a hearty meal, he arose from the table and remarked: "This best place I ever get into. Two suppers in one night. Hurrah for bed again," and retired, not appearing again until eight o'clock.

—The Baptist ministers of St. Louis have come to the conclusion that a reform is needed in the manner of conducting funerals. They think that they are unnecessarily expensive; that the practice of preaching dead people into heaven is becoming too general, and that if ministers conducted the services at the house or church they were not in duty bound to visit the grave.—*Detroit Post.*

—A gentleman who had been giving a description of a friend's wife, but omitted all mention of her hair, was asked the color of it. His delicacy of feeling overcame him to such an extent that it was several moments before he ventured to give any answer, and then said, in a very reluctant way: "It was that—that indiscribable shade that suggests the thought that it would explode powder."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The town pump was the principal issue upon which the election in Morristown, N. J., was decided. The Council ordered the town pump to be removed. A physician having stated that the water was not as pure as it might be. The majority of the people thought differently. They rallied to the defense of the pump, and the hands that would have stricken it down are now paralyzed. The pump had quite a handle to work on.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—With a climate which might produce an endless variety for every month in the year, the Brazilian raises only a little corn, a few tomatoes, squashes and watermelons. Common groceries are sold at enormous prices. Fruit is abundant and very cheap. Bananas and the plantain or pacova can always be had, while oranges are sold at eight cents a bushel at the trees. Many other fruits, such as attn or custard apples, alligator pears, pineapples, mangoes, pajurd, guavas and cocoassu, are given away or cost almost nothing.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Mme. Rhea talked to a Boston *Herald* reporter in a matter uncommon to actresses. She did not say that the city she was then in was the finest she had seen in America, but expressed a preference for Washington; and she had found nothing here at all equal to Paris. She likes American audiences, now that she has become accustomed to them. "They seemed strange to me at first," she explained, "and I missed the outbursts I had become accustomed to. But I soon learned to know your audiences better. They are just as appreciative, but not so demonstrative, that is all. I think, however, the actors would enjoy a little more noise. Applause always inspires me, and I believe it is so with every one on the stage." She admires our women greatly, and their style of dressing; but she condemns their free use of paint and powder, of which she never uses any off the stage.

The Mild Professor.

A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor who at one time had very considerable influence over the minds of many of the young men of the University, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant powers of the young men. The Professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the salons of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising undergraduate of the great and intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Iffley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher and friend. At last as they turned back from Iffley Lock, the undergraduate ventured to observe: "A fine day, Professor." The Professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the Professor fixed his keen philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said: "I did not think much of that remark of yours."—*London Society.*

The Flying Monkey.

There is a species of monkey that can fly even better than the flying squirrel. This monkey is the colugo, or lemur, and is found in the islands of the Indian Archipelago. The limbs are connected by a wide membrane that looks like a great hairy cloak. When the monkey is crawling along the limb of a tree, it doesn't look as though it could fly, but everything changes if the animal is disturbed. Then it darts to the top of the tree, out on the end of a branch, and dashes off into the air. The four legs are stretched out at full length, and the membrane between them serves as a parachute. These monkeys can fly about as fast as a man can run, even with two or three little monkeys on their backs. In Van Dieman's Land, there is a flying mouse, and in New Holland, a frog of a peculiar kind can fly several hundred feet.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

The Annual Levy.

As we intimated last week the tax rate is considerably higher this year than last. The great bulk of this addition has been levied for roads and bridges, at the request of the tax payers of the county. The amounts levied for these items are as follows: Road levy, $5,270; bridges, $433.01; road [illegible] $2,150.00; road expenses, $232.50; special road and bridge levy, $1,480; making a total of $8,449.46, against $5,243.22 for the same purpose last year. A contingent fund is provided this year amounting to $5,314.53, against $1,818.19 last year. The Board was also called upon to pay for the Kitzmiller bridge over the North Branch the sum of $1,494.35; and to J. Z. Browning, amount over paid contingent fund for the years 1878 and 1879, the sum of $1,446.10, besides several smaller sums, not provided heretofore.

The Oregon election somehow shows that the Democratic party, which was so sanguine on the subject of sweeping the Pacific coast, must have lost its broom.

Most of the Southern Democratic papers that have come to hand approve the make-up of the Tariff Commission, while the Democratic papers in the North disapprove of it almost unanimously. This is another illustration of the growing divergence between the Northern and Southern Democrats on the tariff question.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, referring to the recent spasmodic boom for making General Hancock the Democratic candidate for governor in Pennsylvania, suggests that he should run at the same time in New York and Massachusetts also. Democratic soldiers are in great demand in all three of the states, and the General is as much a citizen of one as the other.

The Oakland *Democrat*, a large and influential weekly, published somewhere up in the Allegheny mountains of Maryland, says that "if *The American* will not speak the truth let her be *anathema*." After this papal denunciation *The American*, in order that "she" may not be considered disobliging, suspends publication and presents "her" presses and editorial ability to the *Democrat*.—*Baltimore American.*

Henry W. Grady, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, refuses to become a candidate for Congressman-at-large from Georgia. He says that "journalism is a jealous profession, and demands the fullest allegiance of those who seek its honors or its emoluments. Least of all things can it be made the aid of the demagogue or the handmaid of the politician. The man who uses his journal to subserve his political ambition, or writes with a sinister and personal purpose, soon loses his power and had best abandon the profession he has betrayed. Within my memory there are frequent and striking examples of men who have sacrificed the one profession, only to be sacrificed in the other."

The Legislature of Oregon is pronounced certainly Republican, which will make a clean gain to the Republicans of a United States Senator. This result was unexpected all around and will have an important bearing in the complexion of the Senate after the 4th of next March. Leaving other Republican chances out of the calculation, the Philadelphia *Times* (Ind.) mildly sums up as follows:

Judging the result from the present aspect of political affairs, the net Republican gain in the Senate, including Riddleberger, must be two, which would make the Senate stand on the 4th of March next, 40 Republicans to 36 Democrats. Of course, there are the largest possibilities of party revolutions, North and South by next November, which may unsettle things generally both inside the Senate and in States which are to elect new Senators, but as things look to-day, Democratic supremacy in the next Senate is altogether improbable,

Although it may seem rather early to be estimating the political complexion of the next Congress, there are certain elements in the calculation that admit of reasonable certainty. The reapportionment will give to the next Congress 325 instead of the 293 members of the House of Representatives. New England suffers a loss of two in the new apportionment, and will send twenty-six instead of twenty-eight members. The New York *Times* estimates that the lost districts are Democratic, and will leave the New England delegation twenty-four Republican to two Democrats, instead of twenty-four to four, as at present. A loss of one Republican and a gain of two Democrats is allowed by the same authority to Pennsylvania. The states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska gain in all fourteen new members, and it is believed all these will be Republicans. The gerrymandering of Missouri by the Democrats will probably involve a loss to the Republicans of four members. It is believed that the California delegation will be divided as at present. In the South the new apportionment will yield several gains. Texas gains five new members, all of whom will probably be Democrats. The situation in Virginia is very uncertain. The Republicans hope to gain one member in North Carolina and one in Kentucky. Upon such data as this—which, it is admitted, must yield very uncertain results—it is estimated that the Republicans will have a majority of twenty-one in the Forty Eighth Congress—that is to say, in the new House numbering 325, one hundred and seventy-three will be Republicans and one hundred and thirty-two Democrats. These figures may be considerably changed by the results in New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Registration of Republican Voters.

The Baltimore *American* of Friday contained a timely article on the advisability of action, in reference to this subject, on the part of the State Central Committee. We transfer it to our columns, and think the considerations therein presented are quite as weighty when applied to the County Commmittees. Let there be an organized determination, all along the line, that, in this new registration, every Republican entitled to vote, shall have his title freely secured by the appearance of his name upon the Registration list:

"We cannot too strongly urge upon the Republican State Central Committee the importance of taking some organized action for the registration of the Republican vote. The Democratic committees are displaying great activity in the registration of their vote, and have selected committees to secure copies of naturalization papers to foreignborn citizens, without cost to the latter, when such papers cannot be found, and also to make personal solicitations to voters to register. So far it does not appear that any steps have been taken by the Republican committees for similar action, and yet there can be no doubt that, unless they bestir themselves, the Republican vote will at the next election fall far short of what it should be. There are many citizens who are either too indolent or indifferent about exercising their rights, and nothing but persistent appeals will induce them to go out of their way to have their names placed on the registration book. It is deplorable that there should be persons who will thus trifle away the highest privileges of American citizenship, yet that such is the case does not admit of a doubt. It is, therefore, essential that, bodies charged by their respective parties with the work of party organization should see to it that the name of no voter is omitted from these lists. It would be unfortunate if the result of the next election should show a falling off in the Republican vote. With the bright prospect of a pure registration and the promise of fair elections, it would be an inexcusable blunder for the Republican committees to neglect their plain duty."

The Republican Clean Sweep in Oregon.

PORTLAND, June 10.—The average Republican majority on the State ticket is 1,800. M. C. George for Congress will have nearly 3,600 in the State, which is the largest majority ever given any candidate. Moody, for governor will have about 100 less than George. The Republicans have the Legislature by a certain majority of 10, which may be increased to 13.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company is reported to intend making a general change in the bridges on the main stem and on the Pittsburg division, so as to accommodate four tracks instead of two. This will require the manufacture of a large amount of bridge iron, and give work to the rolling mill of the company at Cumberland.

The Periodical Scare.

Apropos of the labor troubles and the prevailing complaint of hard times, is a little work which I have lately seen, published in 1875 by a man named Benner, calling himself "An Ohio Farmer," and consisting of a series of prophecies and data in regard to the ups and downs of prices what years money can be made, and what years money is sure to be lost in speculations in iron, hogs, corn and provisions. His book is dedicated to agricultural, manufacturing, mining, mercantile, industrial, financial and commercial interests of the United States, and is not only curious, but worth recalling at the present juncture, because of the singular accuracy of his predictions thus far.

According to Mr, Benner, the condition of the iron trade tells the story of the prosperity, or otherwise, of the country. When iron is in demand and its prices are high, it shows great internal activity, new enterprises on foot, and the necessity for large quantities of tools, machinery and the like, into nearly all of which iron enters. When iron is low the opposite conditions prevail, works are at a standstill, labor is depressed and the whole country suffers. Mr. Benner's prophecies are based on certain cyclical calculations, and are truly wonderful. They extend over a wide range, rising from 77 to 81—this last being indicated as the culminating point of our prosperity—and to be succeeded from 81 to 88 by dull and depressed times, which will culminate in the greatest panic of the century in 91. His statements would seem the wildest guesswork, had not his previous prognostications been so curiously, and even in detail with a single exception, substantiated by facts. This failure was in putting the culminating of the price of pig iron in 1881 instead of 88, when it really did reach the highest figure, from which it has declined. Of course, it may be nothing but Western guessing, but if it is the Western may be congratulated on having beaten the Yankee at his own game.

But Mr. Benner does not profess to rely upon guessing at all; on the contrary, he lays down what he calls his "cast-iron" law on the subject, and which may be defined as the law of periodicity of prices. The great panics, he shows, comes at intervals of eighteen to twenty years—1819, 1837, 1857 and 1873-5, naturally increasing in volume with the increase in population, in the volume of business and in the tides of speculation. Three good years are usually followed by five or more bad years, which may even, as was seen recently, be seasons of agricultural success, so far as crops are concerned. It is usually thought that crops have all to do with "good" times and "bad" times, but this is not always the case; low prices, good crops and commercial depression, have been part of our experience within a few years, and some of the causes of business troubles must therefore be looked for elsewhere.

A theory which a speculative friend assigns is this: That the natural increase of wealth in this country is 2½ per cent., while the average interest paid upon capital all over the country is 7 per cent. This compels a perpetual extension of credits, a perpetual trading upon borrowed capital, and a panic is merely the necessity which arises at certain intervals of wiping out these debts, and beginning all over again. The best provision for dull times or good times is, evidently, to be out of debt, and not speculate with other people's money. Moreover, whatever may be thought of crops ordinarily, they promise to be an important factor in the general prosperity for the present years; and indications, surmises and reports are watched with the most intense and eager interest.—*Extract from Jennie June's letter in Baltimore American.*

A bill is before the Senate and House Committee on Post Offices, providing a private message card, to take the place of the open postal card now in use. This card is very simple, has about the same writing surface and of the same rate of postage as the open card. In addition it has the advantage of a flexible flap that conceals the message from view, and thus secures the privacy desired. It is supposed that it can be furnished by the Government as cheaply as the open card, and if adopted will give much greater satisfaction to the general public, than the one now in use.

Six hundred Chinese arrived at Victoria, B. C., on Monday on the steamer Euphrates, from Hong Kong, and were subsequently despatched to Yale. They were penned on board the vessel like hogs.

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women every where use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1882.

After a protracted discussion, running through several weeks and furnishing some rather peculiar incidents, the Army bill got through the Senate with a compulsory retirement clause attached requiring all officers to be retired at the age of 64 years. No exception is made in behalf of the General or Lieutenant General, though there was an amusing contest between those who wished to except the former and those who desired the latter omited from the operation of the bill. The friends of General Sherman, or those most active in the endeavor to except him from retirement, were not willing to take General Sheridan into partnership in the matter, and so the two interests manœuvered at cross purposes all through the pendency of the measure. It was easy enough to pas an amendment excepting Gen. Sherman and then on top of it one in favor of Lieutenant General Sheridan, but when the clause came up as whole those who voted for the amendment would come forward and kill both rather than allow it to pass in that shape.

Senator Williams, who is not a young man, but who said he felt as though he had "20 years of solid fighting in him yet," thought if there was to be any lopping off it had better be done at the other end of the line by cutting off the young men. This appeared to be distasteful to the gallery, which was filled with a part of that idle horde of army officers who lounge around Washington and dance the german. So, also, was his ridicule of the army, which had almost as many officers as men—so many officers, in fact, that nothing could be found for them to do. "Let them go to plowing," suggested Senator Farley, glancing up at the gallery. Quite a dramatic scene occurred just before the bill passed, while Senator Logan was on the floor. Quartermaster General Ingalls, who, during General Grants term was vehement for compulsory retirement, and who is now equally vehement against it, occupied a seat in the gallery. The piercing eye of the Illinois Senator detected General Ingalls, and looking full at him, he elevated his voice and said 'that two years ago an officer had come to him and insisted that a compulsory retirement bill should be passed. Since then, he said, that officer's superior officer has been retired, and he has been promoted to his place, and "if there are half a dozen Senators in this Chamber who have not had somebody come to them from him to insist that this bill should not pass I fail to know who they are." The man who had worked so hard to succeed General Meigs slid out in a hurry. General Logan is a cordial hater of shams, and is always found on the common sense side of every question—the people's side.

Few people realize what an immease institution the U. S. Patent Office is getting to be and how enormously its business is increasing. Probably half the people in the country are interested, one way or another, in patents. There were issued for the week ending June 6, 450 patents—the largest number ever issued in a single week. The number of application filed from January 1 to June 1, 1882, is 15,224, and increase of 2,307 over last year. The receipts of the office for the same period were $428,805.63, an increase over same months last year of $64,622.55. At the same rate for the remaining seven months of the year the total receipts for 1882 will be very close to a million of dollars, and largely in access of the expenses of the office. In view of these facts and figures it would seem proper for Congress to take some step towards a reduction of the Government fees, thus reducing the cost to an inventor of procuring a patent. It certainly could not have been the intention of the framers of our patent laws that the Government should make a profit off of the inventive genius of the country. If such an idea was ever entertained, it is wrong and should be corrected. That the proper management of an office doing such a business as this requires a Commissioner of clear head and executive ability will be readily seen, and it is universally agreed that the present Commissioner, Mr. Marble, is such a man.

The general convention of the National Arbitration League of America held in this city last week was one of the most successful ever held by that organization, which is growing in strength and popular esteem. Delegates were in attendance from all sections of this country and the principal nations in Europe. Some able addresses were delivered. The time may come, perhaps, when the objects of this organization will be realized—when wars and rumors of wars shall cease and the differences of nations be settled as the differences of respectable individuals are, by peaceable adjudication.

Sentiment here is quite unanimous that it is time for Mr. Reed, the counsel for Guiteau, to cease his useless efforts to arrest the execution of the mandate of justice on that horrible criminal. Not only here but throughout the whole country there will be a general feeling of relief when the day has come and gone on which Guiteau is to expiate his crime. It may be that Mr. Reed's course it not prompted by any desire for notority, but that is the only result that can accrue from it. Efforts have been on foot here for several days to secure signatures to petitions for the consignment of Guiteau to the Insane Asylum, but not one person in a hundred who has been approached has affixed his name. The morbid-minded people who are interesting themselves in this direction contemplate sending their potitions to the principal cities for signatures, but it is scarcely possible any more signatures can be obtained in other cities than in Washington. The reports that Guiteau is growing crazy and likely to become raving mad before the day of execution, are untrue. Undoubtedly his rank cowardice will develop itself as the time approaches, but he had such unbounded conceit and such large hope that he will not believe until the last moment that something will turn up to save his neck.

JUNIUS.

An Ex-Confederate Plea.

Rev. Dallas Tucker, of Virginia, a nephew of the Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, was one of the orators at Wooster, Ohio, Federal Decoration Day. Mr. Tucker, who served in the Confederate army, said:

"Thank God, we may and do believe that the brave men who fought them, on both sides, are now, so far as they are together, living in peace and brotherly love. Patriots of all sections, let us think of them thus forever all perfectly reconciled, and as we stand beside these mute and quiet sepulchres, with their immortally sacred remains, let us forswear whatever, if any, of bitterness and wrath and resentment may still linger in one direction for the other. The war, made memorable by the brave men who fought it is over. The results are accepted. The fruits are gathered. Once more the land is united under one unresisted and acknowledged government, stronger than ever before. Oh, brothers of the North and South, let us regard that as mistaken, if not guilty zeal, that would fight, in words even, this war over again, or kindle aught of the flames of bitterness natural to such an internecine struggle; and let us seek, brothers of a common country, to cement these American States and Territories, already bound together by government, constitution and interests, into a still closer, more indissoluble, and irresistible Union by the silken cords of mutual esteem, confidence, forbearance and love."

Perhaps more than one-half the farmers in this country, or for that matter more than one-half the men in any kind of business, are to some extent in debt—some wisely and some foolishly, some through extravagance, others through safe investment, and still others through pure shiftlessness. Debt is not an unmitigated evil. It may be a blessing or a curse, according to the manner in which and the purpose for which, it is incurred. As far as the farmer is concerned, no debt is wisely contracted in securing funds for speculation pure and simple, nor should debts of any kind be made which are not positively and certainly within the control of the debtor. A debt which is unmanageably large, no matter how made, and which is liable at any time to crush the man who carries it, is a millstone which any one should hesitate in putting about his neck, no matter what possible good fortune it might throw in his way. But debt may be incurred wisely and to great personal advantage. A few hundred dollars, judiciously invested in good breeding stocks or in such improvement as will cheapen the cost of farming, or increase the production of the farm, may often be borrowed with profit. Having a debt to pay is to a prudent man a stimulus to economy and often a promoter of thrift and industry. As to when and how it is advisable to go into debt, no rule can be laid down to cover all cases, as too much depends on circumstances and the man. But to say that a man is never justifiable in making an investment which his cash will not cover, is to contravene the business policy of some of the most successful farmers, tradesmen and manufacturers.

The late Salmon Whitney, of Boston, bequeathed $12,200 to be divided among the various Baptist institutions in different parts of the country. The residue of his estate is to be divided equally between the American Baptist Missionary Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, but the amount is not stated.

The condition of the peach crop on the Maryland and Delaware peninsula is now exceedingly encouraging. Though some profitable varieties have suffered and many orchards show but a sparse sprinkling of young fruit, there are fair indications of a much larger crop than the "land between the bays" has produced for several years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

Trespass Notice.

I hereby give notice that any party caught chopping or carrying away timber or trespassing in any way upon my lands will be dealt with to the full extent of the law, by my tenant, A. J. Frazee.

6 17 3 C. F. FRAZEE.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner interfering with our fences.

6 17 3. JAMES W. SKILES, JOHN T. WILBURN.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business, Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenas and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

In their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,
P. O. Box, 404. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Sturgiss' new store room is almost ready for occupancy.

—Dr. J. D. Newman, formerly of West Va., is now a resident of Oakland.

—It is a fine boy, and ex-Sheriff White is the proudest man in Oakland.

—Farmers in need of turnip seed would do well to get them of Mr. Henry Weber, at Oakland. Warranted fresh.

—Died, on Bowser's Ridge, June 6th, 1882, of diphtheria, William Bowser, aged 39 years, 4 months and 19 days.

—The corner stone of the new Lutheran Church at Deer Park will be laid Saturday, June 24th, by the Masonic Order.

—Died, on Bowser's Ridge June 1st, 1882, of diphtheria, Lizzie, only daughter of William Bowser, aged 10 years, 6 months and 21 days.

—Married, near Oakland Monday, June 12th, 1882, by Rev. William Stoudenmire, Mr. George D. Lee and Miss Lydia S. Gauer, both of Garrett county.

—Mr Ed. H. Sincell, of St. John's College, Annapolis, and Mr. Delphey T. E. Casteel, of the West Virginia University, Morgantown, are spending the summer vacation at home.

—The Ladies' Mite Society of the Cranberry M. E. Church, will hold a strawberry festival on Thursday evening, June 22d, inst., for the benefit of the M. E. Church of that town.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Sell & Specht, of McHenry. They propose to sell goods as low as they can be had anywhere in the county. Patronize home enterprise. Try them.

—Hon. H. W. Combs has improved the appearance of his handsome property, at the head of Second street, by the erection of a handsome fence, grading and laying a substantial new platform. Let others on that street follow suit.

—Mr. Henry Weber is now prepared to furnish the citizens of Oakland and vicinity with vegetables of all kinds fresh every morning from his gardens. He has also on hand a large collection of choice flowers, hanging baskets, &c.

—Mr. T. W. Casteel has purchased a lot of fine beef cattle, one of which he will slaughter on Saturday morning. Shop next door to Dr. McComas' office, on Second street. None but the best cattle put upon the market and prices as low as the lowest.

—S. T. Little, a leading jeweler and watchmaker of Cumberland, died Sunday evening at Wernersville, Pa., where he went some months ago for his health, which was impaired. He was fifty-four years old, was a native of Berkeley county, W. Va., and went to Cumberland when a young man, and has been in business there ever since. He was first lieutenant of Company H, Second Maryland Regiment, during the war, was a member of Tyler Post, G. A. R., and was a Mason. He was a prominent member of Centre St. M. E. Church. He leaves a wife and nine children, three of them grown.

—The Young Men's Christian Association met in the Lutheran Church last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The committee on permanent organization reported the following officers for the Association; President, Rev. C. B Ludwig; First Vice President, G. S. Hamill; Second Vice President, W. C. Davis; Recording Secretary, John A. Grant; Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Pritchard; Treasurer, John Shartzer. The report of committee was adopted. The organization was further perfected by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. The next meeting will be held in Memorial Church next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Speakers will be present from Cumberland.

—We find the following in an exchange, and being so applicable to our town, we publish it: "There is nothing which discredits a town, in the estimation of strangers who visit it, more than to see crowds of boys and young men congregated upon the street corners; we mean loafers—professional loafers. Such boys, generally have no aim in life, except to dead-beat the world out of a living. We are sorry to say that our little village has some on the road to professional loafing, they collect in crowds, and hoop and hollow, and in some instances are given to the use of improper language, regardless of the passerby. Such conduct is calculated to fit them for a profligate and shiftless career, and not unfrequently is the ranks of criminals filled from this class of boys. Parents, you should look to this matter, for society holds you responsible for the conduct of your children, and a little wholesale restraint at the proper time may save you in old age the blush of shame for the conduct of your son."

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church.—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Preaching at Deer Park at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or Gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parkers' Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

Notice.

I hereby notify all persons not to trespass on my lot in the town of McHenry in any way, or they will be dealt with according to law.

CHRISTIE FOX.

Children's Day at the M. E. Church.

Sunday last was set apart in the M. E. Church throughout the world as "Children's Day." On the occasion collections are taken up among the sunday schools toward a fund, the interest of which is applied to aiding children of the poor to obtain an education. It was observed in the Oakland M. E. Church, by services occupying a part of the sunday school hour in the morning. The order of exercises was singing, prayer, reading, recitations, &c. The exercises were interesting and instructive, and the attendance was very large.

Reorganization and Election.

The Good Templars Lodge in Oakland was reorganized Wednesday night of last week, with twenty-nine charter members. The officers elected were as follows:

W. C. T.—W. G. Carson.
W. V. T.—Katie Townshend.
W. R. S.—Arthur Townshend.
W. F. S.—Charles Boyer.
W. T.—David Little.
W. C.—William Davis.
W. M.—George Little.
W. I. G.—Nellie Boyer.
W. O. G.—Thomas Bell.
W. A. S.—H. S. White.
W. R. S.—Mattie Kepner.
W. L. S.—Laure Stalnaker.
W. D. M.—Bettie Boyer.
P. W. V. T.—W. G. Gardner.
Trustees.—J. W Boyer, Fred A. Thayer, W. P. Townshend.

Mowers and Repairs.

Davis & Townshend have just received a number of new Champion Machines and a variety of repairs. Those intending to purchase the Champion or needing repairs, should send in their orders at once, as we may not be able to fill late orders, as was the case last year. We have also a good stock of Thomas Rakes, Brown Wagons, Champion Drills, a first class Buggy and the Rolland Chilled Plow with Slip point, all of which we will sell as low as the same articles can be purchased anywhere.

Get the Best.

Farmers intending to purchase Mowing Machines for the coming season, should not fail to get Wilbert's direct draft Eureka Mower. Width of cut 5 and 6 feet, draft 172 lbs. The largest, cheapest, lightest draft and the best mower in the world. All machines guaranteed to give satisfaction.

For sale by

I. O. THOMPSON,
6 17 3 Ryans Glade, Md.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 14:

Jonas Hostetler and wife to Jeremiah Beeghley, part of a tract called "Woodland," 80 acres; $2300.

Annie E. Hendrickson and husband to Benj. F. Harvey 32½ acres of land in county; $325.

Mary E. and Samuel C. Hoye to Elizabeth Philips, 5 acres and 9 ps. of land; $240.

Edward Lloyd and wife to Micheal O'Donnell, part of tract called "Small Meadows," 56 acres, excepting mineral rights; $250.

Abel Boyer, to Mary E. Spindler, part of a tract called "Emancipation" and known as lot No. 3155, 50 acres; $440.

Nelson Beall and wife to P. Dorsey and A. J. Willison, lot No. 17 part of a tract called "Walnut Hills," 196 acres; $4000.

Wm. Gauer and wife to Geo. H. Gauer, their undivided interest in tract called "Covert Garden" and tract called "Mount Pleasant;" $350.

Mary F. and Francis Sebold to John T. Wilburn, military lots Nos. 4147, 4148, 1677, and 3099; $1600.

Samuel Fleegle and wife to Joseph M. A. Kelley, their undivided eleventh interest in tract called "Browning Manor;" $35.

Wm. Devecmon, Trustee, to Helen S. Hessen lot in Oakland; $40.

Isaac Kooken and wife to Philip T. Micheal, land in county, 39 acres more or less; $101.50.

Permit no Substitution.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.

Mountain Lake Park S. S. Assembly.

A great gathering of Sunday School workers like that at far famed Chautauqua, but much more accessible, is something in which our local readers are interested, and we therefore give them some particulars concerning the Assembly to be held at the new religious summer resort, Mountain Lake Park, said to be one of the finest grounds for the purpose on the Continent. It is near the summit of the Alleghanies, 2700 feet above sea level, fronting on the B. & O. R. R. a mile and a half in the form of a broad grassy meadow threaded by the Youghiougheny River, from which the ground rises by successive terraces broken into gentle knolls with beautiful glades between, an abundance of noble oaks supplying shade, and generous springs affording soft and cool water. Roads and walks are being constructed, many handsome cottages and other buildings are being erected, and the whole forms one of the most attractive places imaginable. The scenery is superb; a wide expanse of glade country bounded by "the backbone of the Alleghanies" at the distrance of a few miles. The Assembly will be held from July 26 to Aug. 2, the exercises to consist of a Course of Lectures by some of the most popular platform speakers of the country, a Course of Normal Instruction by able and practical teachers, a series of evening entertainments, etc., particulars regarding which we will give hereafter. For information as to the programme address Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D. D., Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa. For information as to accommodation, address Dr. T. H. Logan, Wheeling W. Va.

The Revival.

The religious meeting that has been in progress in the court house in this city, for the past three weeks, still constitues with interest. The conversons up to Wednesday night numbered at least two hundred souls. On Sunday afternoon Miss Jennie Smith related her strange experience, of sixteen years of hopeless suffering and helplessness, of the various but fruitless treatments she endured, and last, of her sodden and miraculous care through the power of faith and prayer. She spoke for about two hours in a strain that touched the hearts of all, and called forth tears from many. The court house was crowded almost to suffocation and a great many were unable to obtain an entrance at all. A special train was run from Newburg to bring persons to the meeting. An all-day meeting was held Tuesday as Miss Smith and two of her co-laborers, Miss Sherman and Mr. Geo. Perin were to leave next day. On Wednesday an impressive meeting was held at the depot until the train arrived on which the ladies were to leave, when after mutual "good byes," were exchanged they departed for their homes in New Jersey, the crowd on the platform raising voices in song as the train moved slowly away. These ladies have wonderfully endeared themselves to many hearts in this city, and many homes that have been brightened and blessed through their influence and prayer, will not soon forget them. Mr. Little will remain a while longer to assist in the meeting.—*Grafton Sentinel, June 10th.*

A Blessing.

The pain in all his joints became intense; fever, with its deteriorating effects, was now added, and he became rapidly reduced to the semblance of a skeleton, while vitality reached its lowest possible condition, and his sufferings were of such indescribable character that those who most loved him sometimes thought it would be better if he were called away. At this time, physicians, well-known in this city (Pittsburg), informed his parents that he was in imminent danger of total Paralysis, and directly afterward they announced to his sorrowful mother that they could give no hopes of his recovery. At this juncture the use of *Peruna* was commenced, and in six week's Wm. Lincoln Curts was well and at work. Read page 23 of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life;" get it from your Druggist.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1882.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1882, *levied by the County Commissioners at June Session*, 1882.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1	$ 600 00
" 2	600 00
" 3	650 00
" 4	400 00
" 5	650 00
" 6	550 00
" 7	800 00
" 8	600 00
" 9	120 00
" 11	300 00
Total	$5,270 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge,	4 days, 7 ms,		$ 8 56
Dan'l Wilson, associate,	2	days	4 00
Chas T West,	2	"	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
L B Schoolfield, Clerk,	2	" t	4 00
M T Brady, house rent,			5 00

District No. 2.

John Swaip, return judge,	4 days, 25 ms,		10 00
John T Gary, associate,	2	"	4 00
Geo D Frantz,	" 2	"	4 00
John Steele, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Samuel Hoff, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
J Stuck, use Wm Ryland, house rent			5 00

District No. 3.

Roy Compton, return judge,	4 ds, 27 ms,		10 16
Chas O Warnick, associate,	2	"	4 00
W I Chapman,	" 2	"	4 00
C A Snyder, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Archibald Warnick, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Mrs. Wm Engle, house rent,			5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merry, return judge,	4 days, 17 ms,		10 72
Sami Harshbarger, associate,	2 days,		4 00
Chas Michaels,	" 2	"	4 00
C Harshbarger, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Wm A Mullen, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
A Mullen, house rent,			5 00

District No. 5.

F Kamp, return Judge,	4 days, 17 miles,		9 36
Henry E Friend, associate,	2 days,		4 00
Lewis Lininger,	" 2	"	4 00
John P Spiker, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Horace DeWitt, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,			5 00

District No. 6.

S Ferguson, return judge,	4 days, 13 ms,		9 01
R T Browning, associate,	2 days,		4 00
J M Frankhouser,	" 2	"	4 00
Francis Sebold, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Joseph T Frantz, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Eligah Friend, house rent,			5 00

District No. 7.

John M Jarboe, return judge,	4 days,		8 00
Samuel Lawton, associate,	2 day,		4 00
W W Fairall, Clerk,	2 days, use G. S. Hamill,		4 00
James W White, Clerk,	2 days,		4 00

District No. 8.

S J Yutzy, return judge,	4 days, 11 ms,		8 88
Dan'l Conaway, associate,	2 day,		4 00
A W Abernathy,	" 2	"	4 00
Jas W White, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
George W Ward, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent,			5 00

District No. 9.

A Wilhelm, return judge,	4 day, 46 ms,		11 68
Basil Anderson, associate,	2 days,		4 00
Jacob A Silfuls,	" 2	"	4 00
Norman Wilhelm, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Thomas J Johnson, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Johnson Bro's, house rent,			5 00
Total			$266 40

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use Wm Casteel,	$105 65
E F Droege,	2 60
Wm Hinebaugh,	5 05
R B Jamison, use W H Tower,	3 05
L C Fike,	7 00
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
R B Jamison, use Sarah Mason,	2 40
Total	$137 00

CONSTABTES' FEES.

P A Chisholm, Dept. Constable, No. 7 use O W Heiskell,	$ 13 25
John Miller, Jr., late Const, Dist. No. 1,	1 55
F Kolb,	46 25
James S Jamison,	54 45
D M Mc—,	23 00
Wm R Bantlouse, Deply. Const.,	2 00
John W Savage,	12 70
Wm S Lantz,	5 90
Joseph Blocher,	24 50
Total	$186 20

REGISTRARS.

H O Hamill, use G S Hamill,	$ 49 24
Benjamin H Green,	45 00
Isaiah Fuller,	44 00
Wm F Deakins,	52 00
Dudley Carey,	52 00
Wm H Bernard,	53 00
Thos Browning, use G S Hamill,	52 00
Wm H Hall, use Davis & Townshend,	48 00
Daniel Hinebaugh,	52 75
Total	$447 99

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

S K Frazee,	$ 3 90
D E Offutt,	25 90
J H Anderson,	53 50
Wm C Broadwater,	11 00
J S Broadwater,	23 32
Ed Hoye,	15 10
Wm Casteel,	4 48
Total	$137 20

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

Wm H Barnard,	4 foxes,			$ 4 00
Isaac Kooken,	2	"		2 00
Jas H Wilson,			1 cat,	2 00
Elisha Arenbult,	1	"		1 00
Chidester & Rodeh'r	1	"	5 "	11 00
C T West,	3	"	1 "	5 00
P C Boucher,	1	"		1 00
Otho Paugh,	1	"		1 00
Joshua Tichnal,	3	"		3 00
Wm L Rawlings,	11	"	1 "	13 00
O M Hatfield,	5	"		5 00
J H Rader,	1	"		1 00
D. Harrison Friend,	0	"		6 00
O W Heiskell,	14	"	5 "	24 00
Josiah Beeghley,	1	"		1 00
Jacob Becket,	4	"		4 00
Paul Beachey,			1 "	2 00
Alfred Friend,	1	"		1 00
S P C Friend,	1	"		1 00
John E Onagey,	23	"	2 "	29 00
George Sloyer,	5	"	1 "	7 00
Wm P Totten,	18	"	3 "	24 00
Geo W Legge,	5	"	4 "	13 00
D E Offutt,	8	"	4 "	16 00
J H Beckman,	1	"		1 00
Davis & Townshend,	4	"		4 00
E Margroff,			2 "	4 00
Wm Ryland,	4	"		4 00
Alfred Jeffries,			1 "	2 00
Isaac Preece,	1	"		1 00
Walter Warnick,			1 "	2 00
Salem Lee,	4	"		4 00
J H Davis,	1	"	1 "	3 00
Noah Garlitz,	1	"		1 00
S P Specht,	2	"	1 "	4 00
Israel Garlitz,	1	"	3 "	7 00
A J Rhodes,	6	"		6 00
Jasper Frazee,	21	"		21 00
H Cshaw,	4	"	1 "	0 00
P T Garthright,	10	"	5 "	16 00
Cleaver Michaels,	1	"		1 00
Andrew Mullen,	8	"		8 00
H R De Witt,	3	"		3 00
Jeremiah Guard,	1	"	1 "	3 00
J S Broadwater,	4	"	4 "	12 00
J W Boyer,	2	"	2 "	6 00
J Z Browning,	6	"		6 00
John Warnick,	1	"		1 00
M E Scott,	1	"	2 "	5 00
Total,				$308 00

BRIDGES.

I M Umbel, building bridge in No 2,	$ 7 81
J M Darst, bridge over Creek at Swaugers Mill,	25 00
Adam Garringer and others repairing bridge over Bear Creek,	20 05
P Staubaugh, repr. briges, Dist. No. 3.	25 00
H G Davis & Bro., lumber Dist. No. 1	30 16
R G Burke, over work in Dist. No. 1	3 71
Abraham Turney, work and lumber,	3 31
H D Davis & Bro., lumber, Deep Creek,	37 26
W M Coddington, at White's Crossing,	60 43
James Skiles,	20 00
Wm P Groves, repairing	50 00
J A Dunham, repairing at Selbysport	35 34
S W Friend, over work,	5 91
J F Browning, repairs at Narrows,	20 00
Jeff Frazee, balance on Buffalo bridge,	30 00
Total,	$433 01

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

John Liston, over work in No. 2,	$ 3 63
Isaac Kooken, on Town Hill road,	25 00
R G Burke, repairing Deer Park road,	40 00
Geo W Wilson, to finish road from Shook Shop to county road,	25 00
Joseph Irons, on road from N W Pike to county road near Jno M White's,	100 00
Wm Sharpless, on Backbone and Deep run road,	50 00
Henry Schlossnagle, on Bear Creek rd	5 00
Geo S. Lee, on Swanton and Frankville road,	100 00
Michael Wolf, on Bloomington and Savage river road,	200 00
Josiah Moon, on W A Loraw road,	50 00
Abraham Beachey, over work,	12 86
C H Frazee, use Jasper Frazee, order,	57 25
J H Rush, work on roads in No. 2,	15 21
T B Wiley, changing road in No. 3,	10 00
Wm White, on White, Russell and Spiker road,	325 00
Jno H Friend, road from Keeler Glade to White Rock,	15 00
Total,	$1,038 95

ROAD EXPENSES.

George W. Wilson, money expended on roads,			$ 3 50
John Harned, examiner and surveyor			37 50
Jos Irons, examiner,			10 00
Theo Beckman, chain carrier,			8 00
George Lee,	"		8 00
Elijah Howell, axman,			2 00
Edward Lee,	"		8 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Frankville and North Branch road,			15 00
George L Michael, examiner,			2 00
Henry Warnick,	"		2 00
Wm H Bernard, chain carrier			2 00
Joshua Tichnal,	"		2 00
A J Warnick, axman,			2 00
J T Mitchell surv. on Beckman road,			15 00
Isaac I Thompson, examiner,			4 00
Wm Casteel,	"		4 00
Wm White,	"		4 00
Thonson King, chain carrier,			2 00
John Moon,	"		2 00
H Beekman, axman,			2 00
John Harned, examiner and surv. on John Brenneman road,			10 00
Nimrod Glotfelty, examiner,			2 00
B Beltzell,	"		2 00
Josephus Glotfelty, chain carrer,			2 00
Wm Glotfelty,	"		2 00
John Harned, surv. and ex'r. on road from Oakland and Deer Park road to Mountain Lake Park,			7 50
Patrick Hamill, examiner,			4 00
Geo L Bosley,	"		4 00
Bruce Whirrel, chain carrier, use J M Davis,			2 00
Lee Phillips,	"		2 00
A Mason, surv. on Russell and White rond,			15 00
Henry Beekman, examiner,			4 00
Nathan Casteel,	"		4 00
Stephen Browning,	"		4 00
George Russell, axman,			4 00
Reily White,			3 00
Henry Russell, chain carrier,			4 00
Wm White,	"		4 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Hamill-O'Brien road,			10 00
Eli McMillen, examinor,			2 00
E P Brant,			2 00
Wright Thayer, chain carrier,			2 00
George Walter,	"		2 00
Total			$232 50

PENSIONS.

P T Garthright, support	Ruth King,		$ 25 00
J C Rhodabeaver,	"	George Wood,	25 00
Ira E Friend,	"	Mary Thomas,	20 00
Ira E Friend,	"	Cripple boy,	20 00
Solomon Frey,	"	I Rodabeaver,	10 00
John E Gnagey, use	Mrs M Stofter,		25 00
Josiah Moon,	"	Sarah Loraw,	20 00
Peter Colmer,	"	Henry Hoffman	20 00
Peter Colmer,	"	C Hoffman,	20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order October 7th, 1881,			20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order February 13,			16 00
Jeremiah Guard	"	J Savage, pr. ord	10 00
Wm Ryland	"	Jacob Savage,	15 00
E F Droege,	"	Mrs Klog,	10 00
Daniel Brenneman,	"	Mary Durst,	20 00
H G Davis & Bro.,	"	August King,	25 00
J W Broadwaters,	"	James Layton,	20 00
Mrs Harriet Brady,	"	Thomas Brady,	20 00
J W Lee,	"	Nancy Lee,	20 00
Mary Waltz,	"	Hannah Waltz,	35 00
Total			$396 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Geo D White, use George Spiker	$ 50 00
Geo D White, " John Blambel,	450 00
Same, balance,	376 22
E Jamison, use Wm Blambel	100 00
Same, balance,	326 32
Total	$1,302 54

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk,	$1,109 11
Estimate to pay jurors, witnesses, bailiff's messenger and crier at September Term, 1882, and May Term 1883,	2,250 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1881, with interest to Dec. 2d, 1882, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	517 50
Wm Smouse, crier, to June 1, 1882,	58 00
Total	$3,934 61

ORPHANS' COURT.

W H Hagans, use E Margroff, (order),	$ 10 00
W H Hagans, " D E Offutt,	53 55
Estimate to pay judges,	285 00
Total	$348 55

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	600 00
Total	$1,600 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hostital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882,	$ 800 00
Montevue Hostital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882,	279 41
Total	$1,079 41

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J W Veltch, State's Atty. 8 felonies,	$ 80 00
Same, 23 misde'r and 24 recognizances,	153 33
Same, fees in in state cases before Justices of Peace,	100 00
Same trial fees,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, 4 felonies and 3 misdemeanors,	50 00
Peddicord & Combs and Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
C C Willison, use J A Grant, 1 felony,	10 00
G S Hamill, 3 misde'rs, and 2 civil case	20 00
Boyd and Syster, 4 misdemeanors	13 33
Veltch & Townshend, 2 civil cases	10 00
H Wheeler Combs, 1 civil case,	5 00
Bannon and Hamill, 1 civil case,	5 00
Peddicord & Combs, professional service to Court Appeals,	50 00
Total	$809 99

CORONERS' INQUEST.

J W Laughlin, on body Robt Green cold,	$ 5 00
Same, " Henry Recroad,	5 00
Henry Winterberg cor. on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Same, swearing witness, jurors and summon in same case,	1 65
Dr O G Getty, on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Dr H L Bevans " Jos T "	5 00
C Warnick, Juror on body Jos T Wiley,	50
Geo P Thistle " " Jos T Wiley,	50
E F Droege, on body Henry Recroad,	5 00
Same, on body Robt Rreen colored,	5 00
Total	$37 65

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D Harrison Friend, bal. for yenr 1881,	$ 9 00
John Wilhelm, balance for year 1881,	34 61
W W Broadwater, bal. for year 1881,	36 88
F A Thayer, Clerk to board balance,	7 07
S L Townshend, per diem and milage to 1881,	76 88
Eli McMillan, per diem and milage to 1881,	92 54
Meshach Mullingly, per diem and milage to 1881,	80 16
J C Dunham, Clerk, use Nihcolas Roth,	200 00
Same, use Wm L Rawlings,	50 00
Same balance,	150 00
Total	$737 14

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr B T Keller, medical attendance upon pauper,	$ 16 00
Wm Loraw, use Josiah Moon, support Sarah Loraw, order 1881,	20 00
Jno Shartzer, 3 coffins for pauper, and burial expenses,	19 00
Jno Shartzer, work done and material furnished court house and jail,	21 80
Edward Margroff, costs in Cunningham case in Garrett Co. and Court of Appeals,	90 36
E B Fuller, use Peter Nathan, costs in case E B Fuller, vs Co. Coms,	71 70
J A Hayden, County Printing from June 1882, to June 1883,	700 00
Mrs M B Ross, keeping and caring for Mrs King,	84 72
S Brant, 5 months board and washing, Mrs King,	25 00
D Brenneman, support Mary Durst, order Oct. 4th, 1882,	20 00
J F Frantz, for 7 faxes by order dated July 6th, 1881,	7 40
A G Sturgiss, medicine furnished paupers and jail,	24 80
J Guard overpaid road supervs. No. 2	55 72
J Z Browning costs in case Browning vs State,	3 88
J Z Browning, 1 coffin for pauper,	5 00
Dr J L McComas, professional services to paupers,	75 00
D E Offutt, fee bill, state case,	83
Edward Margroff, 80 assessments,	40 00
W M Coddington, use J S Jamesson, order Sept. 12th, 1882,	132 71
W M Coddington, repairing bridges, &c., order 3d Oct. 1881,	100 00
William Casteel, boarding jurors May Term 1881,	8 48
G S Hamill, Atty. for M E Smith Exr. of Jno J Smith, use Wm T Jamison, printing,	156 50
G A Shirer Misc. fur. court house,	13 10
J Z Browning, use Jacob S Jamesson, amt. overpaid contgt. fund for years 1878 and 1879,	1,446 10
Wm P Totten, coal for court house,	4 00
Spencer C Jones, copy laws 1882,	5 75
W Y Waltz, use Davis & Townshend,	58 10
J H Medairy, stationery, &c., 6 h,	193 17
Theo Lnman, Clk. fees, Sturgiss case,	16 00
Dailey News, job work,	12 85
Elias Miller, coffin for pauper,	5 00
Veltch & Townshend, negotiating laws	25 00
David Chambers, janitor, use Davis & Townshend,	150 00
J J Smith, pub. Levy List 1881, use Peddicord & Combs,	73 85
W Y Waltz, use Peddicord & combs, coal court house,	45 00
C H Sincell, repairs in jail,	2 75
C B Ludwig, printing,	61 00
Davis & Townshedd, supplies for jail and court house,	49 04
Veltch & Townshend, use Chas M Miller, bal. on Iron Bridge at Kitzmillersville, including int. to Nov. 8,	1,494 85
Corporation of Oakland,	125 00
G W Legge, 4 fee bills,	1 33
Total	$5,409,63
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$5,314 58

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes,			$1,990 47
Same,	State,	"	317,31
Total			$2,307 78

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

F C Tillson, road from Deer Park to Altimont,	$ 200 00
J M Davis, road leading to and from Mountain Lake Park and bridges,	150 00
Michael Durst, national road in district No. 9,	200 00
Joshua Turner from Zion Church to Stone House,	120 00
J Gnagey, Stone House to A Beecheys,	180 00
John Opel, from Aaron Beacheys to Morgantown road,	90 00
A Miller, from Morgantown road to Penna. line,	40 00
National road for year 1883,	550 00
Total	$1,480 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5,270 00
Elections	266 40
Magistrates' fees	137 00
Constables' fees	186 20
Registrars	447 99
Taxes paid in error	137 20
Foxes and cats	308 00
Bridges	433 01
Road appropriations	1,033 95
Road expenses	232 50
Pensions	396 00
Sheriff's fees	1,302 54
Clerk's office	3,934 61
Orphans' Court	348 55
Court House Fund	1,600 00
Hospitals	1,079 41
Attorneys' fees	809 99
Coroner's Inquest	37 65
County Commissioners	737 14
Miscellaneous	5,409 63
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent Fund	5,314 58
Collector's Commissions	2,307 77
Special Road and Bridge Levy	1,480 00
Total	$41,800 08

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,765,773, which at $1.11 on each $100, the rate of county taxation, will make the above amount $11,800 08. Deducting from $3,765,773 property paying directly to the State; the State tax, amounting to $381,129.60 leaves basis of State tax $3,384,643.50, which the State having fixed at 1834 cents on each $100, making the State tax $6,346.20, which added to the county tax makes for County and State $18,146.28.

J. C. DUNHAM.
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

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June 17, tf.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Calciminers.

OAKLAND, MD

Turkey's Grand Vizier.

The Ottoman Empire has been compared to an enormous ellipse, having for its two centers the Sultan's palace and the Sublime Porte. In the days of Abdul Aziz, the Grand Vizier—that is to say, the Sublime Porte—wielded not only a power sometimes greater than that of the Sultan, but also possessed all the channels by which the Padishah's will could be executed. It was the last Vizier of Abdul Aziz who went so far as to betray the marital honor of the Khalif, and, to save his own head, was forced to depose and finally to "suicide" his sovereign. It was the Sublime Porte that dethroned and imprisoned the Sultan Murad and paved the way for the accession of Abdul Hamid. But Abdul Hamid as soon as he became Sultan realized his precarious situation and endeavored to profit by the sad examples of his two immediate predecessors. By constant vigilance and energy he has succeeded in becoming the master of his own house. All the public men in Constantinople who had over taken power at the Sublime Porte were gradually removed. Since Midhat's disgrace the imperial Ministers have been mere puppets and recording clerks. The Porte is still "Sublime," but it wields less real power than do the Sultan's cook and scullions. With the exception of the most commonplace matters all that is done emanates directly from the Sultan himself, and instead of being an ellipse the Ottoman Empire has become a circle, the center of which is the imperial residence of Yeldiz Kiosque—a large white house on the heights overlooking the Bosphorus, and from which the Sultan never stirs, except once a week when he goes to make his public Friday prayers in one of the great mosques of Stamboul. During the past six months Said Pasha, who was until lately Grand Vizier, had been completely overridden by the Sultan's private secretaries, masters of ceremonies and subordinate hangers-on at Yeldiz Kiosque. Said constantly begged his Imperial master to relieve him of his functions, The Sultan always replied: "You have no will of your own. You must remain where I place you, and I never shall accept your resignation." Last Sunday week Said was busy at the Sublime Porte dictating letters and countersigning orders and decrees of the Sultan. In the afternoon an attendant appeared and suddenly, and without saying a word, removed the ink-stand from the Grand Vizierial table. It must here be explained that the removal of a Minister's inkstand is one of the ceremonial institutions of the Osmanli, and is a polite way of making known to a public functionary the fact of his summary dismissal and disgrace. Said Pasha at once took the hint. Leaving papers and decrees and documents in the most complete statu quo, he merely called for his carriage and drove rapidly home to his palace, where he found one of the Sultan's masters of ceremonies, who told him to deliver up at once the seals of State that had been intrusted to him just eighteen months ago. Whether Said's sun has set forever or whether it is merely under an eclipse remains to be seen, but Grand Viziers are no longer allowed even to resign; they must wait until they be disuissed.

The next day the Sultan ordered Abd-er-Rahman Noor-ed-Deen Pasha—to whom his Majesty had a few days ago given a beautiful furnished palace on the Bosphorus and $40,000 to commence housekeeping—to appear before him at Yeldiz Kiosque. Abd-er-Rahman advanced toward his sovereign in a crouching attitude of reverence and humility. The Sultan placed in Abd-er-Rahman's hands the red silk bag containing the seals of State that Said had given to the Master of Ceremonies the day before. The new Grand Vizier then bowed his forehead until it touched the red silk bag. His Highness then pressed the precious bag to his heart, and ventured to express the fervent hope that with the help of God and the Khalif he might be the humble instrument of satisfactorily executing the wishes of his imperial master. The Grand Vizier was then conducted by the Master of Ceremonies to the courtyard of the palace, where a splendidly caparisoned thoroughbred Arab stallion awaited him. Mounting the steed, and preceded by the Sheik-ul-Islam, his Highness rode to the quay on the European shore of the Bosphorus, and embarking in a steam yacht crossed the Golden Horn and landed at the Seraglio Point. Here the Grand Vizier found another Arab steed of the purest pedigree, a batalion of the imperial guard, and more masters of ceremonies and attendants awaiting his arrival. Mounting this second horse—which, like the first, was a present from the Sultan—he paraded through the streets of Stamboul to the Sublime Porte. Entering the Grand Vizierial chamber, where the portentous instand had been put in its place again, the Beylikdji read aloud the firman of the Sultan which was thus worded:

"My illustrious Vizier, Abd-er-Rahman Pacha Noor-ed-Deen: Said Pacha having been dismissed, I intrust to you—on account of your ability and fidelity already known to me—the important post of Prime Minister.

"ABDUL HAMID KHAN."

The Sheik-ul-Islam and the Ulema then offered prayers for the Khalif, Abdul Hamid Khan, and a crowd of functionaries and employes pressed about the new Grand Vizier, and many of them, taking the skirts of his Highness' coat in their hands, pressed the Grand Vizierial coat-tails reverently to their lips. One satellite had set and a new one had arisen—voila tout.

The Grand Vizier Abd-er-Rahman Noor-ed-Deen—which being translated into English is "The Footstool of God and Light of the True Religion"—is about fifty-seven years old, and is descended from the celebrated family of the Gherai, who once were Khans of the Crimea. Abd-er-Rahman has been hitherto employed almost exclusively in the provinces. He has been Governor-General of the vilayets of the Danube, of Diarbekir, Angora and Bagdad. He speaks Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and a very little French. He has a long white beard and is rather corpulent. Abdul Hamid, like Cæsar, prefers that those about him should be fat, rather than lean and hungry.

Such is the change of Ministry in its dramatic aspect, but I defy any Western mind to be able to follow all the insinuosities of the Oriental, and at the present moment a patriotic Turk and ex-Secretary of Midhat Pacha informs me that the whole affair is a "put-up-job" between the Sultan and Said in order to gain time to prolong the pending negotiations for the Russian war indemnity. M. de Novikoff, the Russian Ambassador, becoming tired of being put off from day to day, and of having every concession on his part answered by a new demand on behalf of Turkey, fixed a day for his departure. When he renewed his demand for an official of the Russian Bank to be attached to the Ottoman Bank to insure the payment of the indemnity his Excellency was informed that nothing could be done until a new Foreign Secretary was appointed. The new Foreign Secretary, when he is installed, will, of course, require time to study the matter, and so in one way and another time is gained and the dreaded day of payment is deferred.—*Constantinople Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

How Popples Grow.

The opium poppy requires a sandy loam, which should be prepared for it a year beforehand. The ground must be abundantly manured, plowed, and cross-plowed, the second time not so deeply as the first, for it is in the furrows that the seed is sown. About four pounds of seed is enough for an acre, and in order to facilitate the even distribution of the seed it is mixed before sowing with four times its bulk of sand or fine earth. The seed is covered lightly by brush-harrowing with a small tree drawn over the field by oxen. The end of October and the beginning of November are especially favorable for sowing, when fine weather coming after the first rains, has made the ground more manageable. The sprouts appear in fifteen days; but if slight frosts should happen, the seed is often killed, and the land has to be replowed and resown at the end of November. During winter the roots grow fast and strong, holding out against frost even when the leaves are bitten. As soon as spring declares itself the plants shoot up quickly, and are then thinned and weeded, sometimes twice. Each plant makes from three to four stalks, three or four feet high, which bear their flowers at the beginning of May. A fortnight after the flowers fall, the poppy heads are fully developed, and their fitness is tested by the eye and by light pressure with the fingers.

It is very important to decide the exact time of maturity. The too ripe poppy head "gives" to pressure; but when fully grown and still green, it resists. Then is the time to extract the opium, and the cultivators at once go to work rapidly, about ten persons being employed on every acre; for if the heads were allowed to become dry, the juice would disappear. The seed pod being seized with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, a slight incision is dexterously made all round the middle of the pod with a small scythe-like knife held in the other. The cut must not enter the seed cavity; if it did, the juice would flow inside, and be lost. The moment the incision is made, the white juice begins to escape all round, and is left to dry and thicken in the heat of the day for six or eight hours, when it becomes a yellow, resinous-looking substance, which later turns to a darker hue. It is then scraped off with the knife, and squeezed into lumps as the gatherer proceeds. These lumps, which are each generally less than two pounds in weight, are rolled up in poppy leaves, and left for some days further to dry in the sun. While still soft, they are packed into small baskets lined with cotton cloth, the balls being powdered with sorrel seed to prevent them from sticking together.

The poppies which produce the best opium are the white and the yellow. These grow luxuriantly, give an abundant juice, and can be insured by employing white or yellow seed, while the gray or black seeds give a blue or dark red bloom, with smaller seed pods and a darker opium. But there are many varieties of these handsome flowers, and, entirely apart from the "opium question," the flaunting colors of a few poppy beds add much to the brief gayety of an Eastern garden.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Modern Delilah.

A resident of Pawtucket has two daughters, who are very lively young women and wide-awake to all that is passing in the world. One of the daughters is a school-teacher, and as is proverbial among that class of people, is fond of seeing things "about right." A few days ago she discovered that the gray locks of her father required the good offices of the hair-cutter. Like a dutiful daughter, she called his attention to the fact, but he was not so particular as to his personal appearance as she, and so neglected to visit the barber. For several days she continued to urge him to get his hair cut, but her entreaties produced no effect. But she was not to be foiled. Those locks must be shorn. A few days ago the old gentleman lay down on the sofa to take an after-dinner nap, his Samsonian locks flowing over the pillow. Delilah and her scissors were ready, and she proceeded in the most artistic manner to decorate his hair with bangs, scallops, water-waves and all the modern arrangments of the scalp. When the old gentleman awoke some remarks were offered, and then he took his hat and went to the barber's.—*Providence Journal.*

Had to be Paid For It.

One of the most eloquent and popular clergymen of Austin, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church a few Sundays ago, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach.

"Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name.

"O mercy!" exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in."

At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse, but, on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again, remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

—The suicide of D. E. Ardis, in Louisville, was preceded by a solitary religious service. He sang a hymn, read a passage of Scripture, and made a few remarks in extenuation of what he was about to do. These were found fully written out.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Broom Corn---Its Culture.

Broom corn belongs to the sorghum family instead of among the cereals, as might be inferred from its name. It is an entirely different genus from Indian corn, with which it will not mix. It is a native of India, and was first grown in this country, it is said, by Benjamin Franklin, who, while examining the whisk in the possession of a lady in Philadelphia, that had been imported as a curiosity, found seed upon it that he planted, and from the result of this experiment came the culture of broom corn in America, which has reached large proportions.

Broom corn demands a first-rate soil, such as would give forty or fifty bushels of maize on an acre with ordinary culture, and this needs to be thoroughly plowed and disintegrated. It is planted in spring, about the same time as maize, in hills, or as is more generally practiced, in drills. To prepare the seed for planting, take an old milk pan, in the bottom of which punch holes a little larger than the largest seeds. Rub the seeds on the bottom of the pan and through these holes. This will clean them so that they will work better in a drill, and can be more easily spread and separated if planted by hand. The rows should be three or three and a half feet apart, and the stalks thinned to six inches. Its cultivation should be much like maize; the weeds about the stalks require to be taken out by hand, while those between the rows can be disposed of by the cultivator, which should be frequently used.

When the seeds approach maturity—that is, when the heads are well filled, but not ripe—the tops are bent down or lopped, and remain so until the time of cutting. This is done that the brush may be straight. If allowed to remain erect, the weight of the seed bends down the brush and spreads it so that it is not in good form for broom when cut. This lopping is quickly done by a man who walks beneath the rows and bends all the tops inward. They are allowed to remain in this condition until ripe, but not dry, when the brush is cut, with about six or eight inches of the stalk attached, and taken immediately under shelter, as it should not be permitted to dry in the sun, and rain or dew is likely to discolor it. The brush is sometimes cured with the seed adhering, but it is usually thought best to clean it off as soon as convenient after cutting, as not only is the brush worth more, but the seed can be better taken care of. It requires close attention to prevent heating. Sometimes it is cured in the sun. Some prefer spreading it on a floor, but when cured in this way it must be frequently stirred. For some purposes the brush is cut when the seed is quite green, so green that it will not cure at all, but can only be kept from spoiling while it is being fed out as hay; but the ripened seed can be kept in the same way as oats, and by some are considered equal to oats for feeding to horses, sheep or poultry; but this we think an exaggerated notion. Its production for an acre will be about the same as that of maize, under the same circumstances. Clearing the seed from the brush is attended with a good deal of labor, but the machines now in use have reduced it much in comparison with what it formerly was when only done by hand. Our first experience in that work was done on a contrivance that brought two bits of iron together, one over and one under the brush, and between which it was repeatedly drawn until the seed was stripped off—a dusty, disagreeable way, but still better than that which preceded it when the seed was scraped off with a knife. It will be apparent that the brush should be cured in such position as will tend to keep it straight, that being one of the features that determines its market value.

The stalks of broom corn are of little value. After cutting the brush, if cattle are turned into the field they will forage a little on the few leaves, but the stems themselves will be left untouched. Sometimes they are gathered and made to serve a purpose about the barnyard as coverings for the manure heap, littering or mulching for certain places, but it is doubtful if they are worth the trouble. For manure they are almost worthless, and probably the best way is to let them stand until they are thoroughly dry, and then cut, pile and burn them in the field. In former years central New York was known as the great broom corn growing region, but as the great West was opened it was found that the rich soil of the prairies produced crops at a cost with which New York could scarcely compete.

The amount of brush to be obtained from an acre varies greatly, depending on the various conditions of soil, season, cultivation, etc., but may be put at about 500 pounds as an average, although twice that amount is not an uncommon yield. There are different varieties, the difference appearing in the size, length and color of the brush, one seeming best adapted to certain localities, while in others another flourishes. With this, as with any other crop, it is best to be governed somewhat by the experience of neighbors, while at the same time it is not unwise to experiment a little for one's self, as the best results may not have been realized.

Following the raising of broom corn in this country came the manufacture of brooms, an industry that has now attained large proportions. The first American broom manufactory of which we have record was that of Benjamin Atkinson, Byberry, New Jersey, in 1790. After a few years he enlarged the business, and took as partner Bezaleel Crossdale. They seem to have had control of the trade for twenty years or so, supplying the markets of the principal cities. The brooms they made were round, the flat ones not coming into use until many years later. The handles were of oak, roughly shaved. The brush was fastened to the handle by a strip of horn, instead of with twine or wire, and this was kept in its place by a wooden peg. One of the brooms of those days would now be valuable as a curiosity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The city of Texarkana is a phenomenal city. It lies in the two States of Texas and Arkansas; hence its name. The State line runs through the center of its chief street, and on each side is a population of three thousand. It is considered the gateway of the southwest. It is only eight years old, but has all the airs of a city of twenty-five years. Four railroad lines center there. It has an Italian-like climate, tramps are not tolerated, the Sunday law is enforced, money is plenty, and the people are prosperous.

Baron Munchausen on Michigan Oysters.

Half way from the great Saginaw salt wells and Mackinaw City we passed through the upper half of Roscommon County. The county is too wild and unsettled to have a county seat, and the two stations in it are simply two great lumber camps. The population of the the county is made up of hard-working lumbermen and three or four rich sawmill owners. Six miles from the station, after riding through a pine wilderness, I came to Seth Powell's house—perhaps the only nice house within ten miles.

"I came over," I said to Mr. Powell, "to see if it is true that you are raising oysters here in Michigan."

"Then you've heard about it, have you? Well, I guess you've struck the truth this time. I have got an oyster-bed in No-Mouth lake, and they seem to be doing well. I'll take one of the boys, if you say so, and we'll drag out some oysters and show you."

No-Mouth lake, I should say, was 100 rods long and sixty rods wide. It is very deep at one end—I suppose sixty feet—while at the other it is shallow, with a gravel and sand bottom. One peculiarity about the lake is that it has no outlet. Two brooks run into it; but the water either soaks into the sand or evaporates. Its depth never changes. The whole county of Roscommon is situated on a divide. From the west side the waters run west into Lake Michigan; from the south side they run southerly toward Saginaw Bay; and from the north side they run toward Grand Traverse. The county is on the summit. Mr. Powell and the men rowed out about twenty feet from the shore, at the mouth of one of the brooks, in water about five feet deep, and dragged up some oysters. They were as good-looking oysters as I had ever seen in Oyster Bay or along the Shrewsbury River. They were fat and healthful. Noticing the water was salt, I was filled with wonder.

"How came the water salt?" I asked. "It is just about as salt as it is at the mouth of the Shrewsbury River."

"Well, oysters won't live in fresh water, will they?" asked Mr. Powell, smiling. "They say the ocean gets its salt from the codfish; but this lake did not get its salt from the oysters."

"Where did it come from?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you the history of my oyster raising in the centre of Michigan. I used to live at South Oyster Bay, on Long Island. We always used to plant the oysters at the mouths of the fresh water streams, where they ran into the bay. An oyster wants half fresh and half salt water. Now, I found I had a lake here with no outlet. That is, if there is an outlet, it is through the sandy bottom. Now, salt won't run through sand. I knew this, because we had a well at South Oyster Bay in the sand twelve feet from the salt water, but it was always fresh. So, I said, if I put salt into this lake it will stay there. I can make it just like Oyster Bay, and keep it so. My cars, taking lumber to Saginaw, had to come back empty. Salt costs nothing but the pumping in Saginaw; so I shipped back fifty car-loads of salt, and put it in No-Mouth lake. Then I sent to Smith Robinson, at South Oyster Bay, and had him ship me ten barrels of small oysters—little fellows no larger than marbles, and some of them the size of peas. I put them in the lake, at the mouth of the two freshwater brooks. They have grown right along. Now I'm putting in some other salt-water fish, like clams and bluefish, and they'll grow, too. If I keep my lake just as salty as Oyster Bay I know that any fish living in Oyster Bay will live here."

"Then you propose to set up opposition to the Atlantic Ocean;" I suggested.

"No; but I'm off here in the woods, and I want a little fun, and I want to show the blamed fools in the world who talk about fish-culture that they can go to thunder with their theories. They may talk and write, but I will raise and eat oysters, clams and soft-shell crabs in Michigan."

"But why can't they raise oysters in Salt Lake, Utah," I asked, "and in other salt lakes?"

"They can, but they don't know how to do it. Salt Lake has been evaporating for thousands of years. All the salt in Utah valley has run into Salt Lake. As it has no outlet it keeps growing salter. It is too salt now—salter than the ocean. Now they can raise oysters in Salt Lake if they will plant them at the mouth of the Wasatch River, the fresh river that runs into Salt Lake. They want to find a place where the lake is diluted by fresh water; and when they find a place just as salt as Oyster Bay, oysters will thrive there, and I know it."

On arriving at the house Mr. Powell gave us an oyster breakfast—raw oysters as good as Blue Points, broiled oysters on skewers, and fried oysters—all from his lake in the center of Michigan.—*No Mouth Lake (Mich.) Cor. Denver Tribune.*

A Little French Romance.

A romantic incident occurred recently in Bongival, a few miles distant from Paris. One of the youngest, and most fascinating of Parisian actresses, Mlle. L——, who lives in that neighborhood, was at two o'clock in the afternoon wending her way to a friend's house, when, as she neared the bridge, she was most politely addressed by a gentleman, who, faultlessly gloved, and with hat in hand, said: "Mademoiselle, I find myself most awkwardly placed. I have forgotten my purse, and for want of a halfpenny I shall be unable to cross the bridge unless you kindly come to my aid." Mlle. L—— immediately felt for her purse and at once handed to the "exquisite" the coin solicited, when, before she had time to close it again he dropped into the purse a tiny little packet and rushed off with all speed. On recovering from her surprise, the young artist opened the said packet, which she found to contain a magnificent turquoise ring, and a note which, translated, runs thus: "Mademoiselle—For a long time I have been burning with a desire to possess something that has belonged to you. Will you forgive the device and accept in exchange this trifling pledge of the affection of yours. X." The most amusing part of the story, however, is yet to be told. The gentleman in question, who is well known in the financial world, was seen on Wednesday last at his club to have exchanged the handsome locket previously appended to his chain for a halfpenny mounted with a simple but exquisitly chased gold rim.

For Young Readers.

OUR BABY.

Two little shoes,
Out at the toes,
Trotting about
Where'er mother goes;
Soiled gingham dress,
Put on just now—
They do get so dirty,
No one knows how;
Little black face,
Black each wee hand—
Been making mud pies,
And playing in sand.
Dear, precious head,
Tousled and rough;
Bright, laughing eyes,
Can't see enough;
This is our baby
All day.

Two little feet,
Rosy and bare;
Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Dark-ringed with hair;
Soft baby-face,
Dimpled and fair;
Pansy-blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Silv'ry sweet voice,
Lisping: "Father us keep;"
This is our baby
At night.

—*Woman's Journal.*

A Queer Village.

All the boys and girls who have studied geography know what a singular country Holland is; that it is as flat as a dinner-plate, and away down below the level of the sea, with dykes or embankments built up all around, to keep the water from coming in—a green, level land, cut up by canals, so that you can travel about in that way as naturally as we do on roads.

The Hollanders are the neatest people in the world; and that brings me to what I set out to tell you about. There is a little town, or village, in that country, a few miles from Amsterdam, called Broek, pronounced *brook*, "Broek in Water-land."

It has been famous, nobody can tell how long, for its cleanliness; and not only that, but for the fanciful style of the houses and yards and gardens and streets. The people, though only peasants, are all rich, and all feel a pride in their town; it seems to be the great business of their lives to keep their houses freshly painted, their gardens in perfect order, and their yards and streets as clean as a parlor.

No carts are allowed in the streets and no cattle. Though, the raising of stock and making butter and cheese is their occupation, a stranger would never imagine that there were any cattle in the region, unless he went to the beautiful green meadows back of the houses, or the stables out there where the cows are kept in stalls scrubbed and washed like a kitchen.

The streets are too fine and nice for the feet of animals to step on; all paved with polished stones, intermingled with bricks of different colors, and kept so scrupulously clean that a lady could walk anywhere in white satin slippers.

Every house has a little yard in front, but no shrubs, or vines, or flowers in it, or even a tuft of grass. They are all carefully paved with colored stones in the figures of animals, or birds, or trees, or tulips, or something in designs which make one think of some of the monstrosities one sometimes sees in hearth rugs, such as scarlet bears, green horses, blue trees and the like.

The houses are painted in the brightest colors, just as the owner fancies; in vermilion, pea-green, pink, purple, orange, or anything else that is gay and gorgeous and queer; and the roofs are covered with tiles varnished till they shine like new silver.

Every day the stones in the yard are washed and polished, and slippers are placed at the door so that any one going in, stranger or dweller there, must take off his boots or shoes before setting foot in the house. Inside, everything is as clean as constant scrubbing and rinsing and painting and varnishing and rubbing and polishing can make it. The floors, of black and yellow marble inlaid, are kept slippery as glass from so much friction; all the wood-work glistens, and everything that is made of metal is dazzling as burnished brass. There is nothing in all the world like it.

There are large gardens between the houses, where there are trimly laid-out beds of such choice flowers as tulips and hyacinths and the rarest of bulbs; and all about are set up images as grotesque as heathen idols; and these are in keeping with the strangeness of everything else.

The people have but little to do with the rest of the world, but to stay at home and paint and varnish and scrub and keep clean. But they treat everybody well who goes there, and certainly if there is one queer village that is better worth visiting than any other, it must be Broek.—*Youth's Companion.*

Only One Stick at a Time.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood near our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does, hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says; and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time for play. No, Will, I would not do that, I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk, as we stood before the wood pile; and the more he said, the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly used boy, indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"

"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but saying nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months; and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low.

"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.

"So much the better for us, Willie," said mother, cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from the adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful woodpile." I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant table-talk.

"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said, coldly. "The boys are going nutting."

I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"

"Ah!" said my mother sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"

Tears came into her eyes. She stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.

Still, Ned Blake's words rankled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the wood-block with my hands in my pockets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile," I said to myself a dozen times.

Presently out came mother. I jumped up.

"Willie," she said, cheerfully, "I would go to work in earnest. You will soon get it in."

"It is so monstrous, mother," I said in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever, and half kill me in the bargain."

"Forever is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take a stick at a time. That will not hurt you, Willie, I am sure—*only one stick at a time;* yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it, now."

There was a kindness and yet a decision in my mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.

"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really, the pile seemed already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time! What need of a man to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blade could not do that, he was a poor tool."

Ah! and a poor tool he proved to be. My mother had got my metal up, and I boldly went to work.

"Father," said I, bolting into the house at a later hour in the afternoon, all in a glow, "please tell me what time it is?"

"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch.

"Whew!" I shouted, "and the pile is mastered!"

Never did I feel such a strong and joyous sense of the power of doing. Finding my mother, I put my arm around her neck and said: "Mother, I *was* a naughty boy, but 'one stick at a time' has cured me."

I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and amply proved its value. When your work looks insurmountable and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it, as work many a time will, remember, *it is only one stick at a time,* and go at it.—*Boston Home Journal.*

A Thoughtful Habit.

Rufus was but fifteen, yet he had been a year and more at work in Mr. Johnson's store. He came home very tired every evening—running up stairs and down so much, and handling over groceries of all sorts.

"I wish I had studied harder when I was in school, Uncle Edward," he said one night; "but I don't feel much like taking up a book after my day's work is done. I don't know how those wonderful boys managed we read about who learned so much in their spare minutes."

"You may learn a good deal, Rufus, every day, and that, too, without any painful application. It will not wear you out in the least, but, on the contrary, it will be rather inspiring and cheering. The way it is done is this: Get into the habit of reflecting over everything that goes on about you. Events and people pass before the view of the majority, leaving as little impression as the rolling clouds. The only thing that seems to awaken this listless attention is the prospect of 'having some fun.' That is well enough in its place; but it cannot be made the business of life, nor of the spare moments of life, if we would ever amount to much here.

"A thoughtful boy is, by all odds, the one to make the most of himself and to stand in the highest esteem. It will take you a little while to form the habit, but every fresh effort will make your powers of mind more wide awake, and stronger for the next opportunity. You can learn even from things that are pleasing in themselves. If a man comes into the store with a rough, coarse way of speaking and acting, you can take a mental note of that man, and determine that you will cultivate quite a different style. When a tipsy youth steps in, and talks in his mandlin, silly manner, there is a temperance lecture for you. If some one else manages a piece of work more skillfully than yourself, take a sharp look at his method, and learn his 'sleight of hand.' It will be a great deal more profitable all your life than to learn a dozen funny tricks. If you hear people conversing upon subjects on which it is well to be informed, give attention to their remarks, and store away the points in your memory. It is surprising how much one may gain from conversation if he will but learn to sift out the wheat from the chaff. You can learn much from thoughtful reading of good papers, also, and it will rest instead of tiring you. So, don't give up the ship, Rufus, and concede your education must stop because you work hard all day. You are acquiring an excellent practical education in your store work, and it will be easy to double its value, if you but adopt the attentive, thoughtful habit."

—The Rochester *Democrat* thinks that one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he was his dearest friend.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Powdered borax is an excellent medicine for catarrhal troubles or cold in the head. It is to be inhaled.

—A field near Nashville, Tenn., was plowed up recently, and potatoes as large as a man's fist, which had grown during the mild winter, from the small potatoes left in the ground last fall, were turned up.

—The British cattle raiser does not feed corn, only grass and roots, some ground feed and oil-cake. The advantage of this is that the beef is of a juicy quality, free from a hard, strong, disagreeable fat.

—When a particle of dust or a small speck of any kind is lodged in the eye, to remove it, take a grain of flaxseed and insert it under the lid. It becomes glutinous almost instantly, and draws all dust or cause of annoyance to the corner of the eye, where it may easily be removed.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A very easy way to poach eggs is to get boiling water in your muffin tins and set them on the hottest part of the stove; break the eggs into a saucer, then drop one in each tin; in two or three minutes they will be done, and can be taken up one at a time in good shape with the help of a small strainer; season with butter, pepper and salt.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Every package of poison kept in the house should be plainly labelled, and put where children cannot get at it. It has been suggested that a package of the proper antidote should be attached to the poison, and that a few pins thrust through the corks of bottles containing poison, with points projecting, would prevent their being mistaken for other bottles in the night.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Professor Law says that "the great majority of ringbones in young horses come from the failure to shorten the toes." To this may be added that ringbone is apt to be formed if colts are allowed to stand on a plank floor, or anywhere else where the footing is hard during the first eighteen months of their age. Whether in stable or yard during this period, let them have earth for standing or walking free from stone or gravel.

—The one secret of handling bees without trouble is this: A bee filled with honey will not sting unless you crowd her to it. There are two or three ways to cause them to fill themselves with honey—by blowing smoke in at the entrance, or down among the combs at the top; by confining them to the hive and rapping gently on the hive with a stick or light hammer, or by sprinkling the bees and combs with warm diluted honey or sugar sirup. A bee filled with honey is much like a man who has just eaten a good hearty meal—don't feel very much inclined to quarrel or fight.—*Chicago Journal.*

Unshod Farm Horses.

Several years ago articles favoring this practice appeared in your paper, and the writer was induced thereby, with some doubts and many fears, it must be confessed, to try the experiment. It has been so satisfactory that he will never have his horses shod again except for special purposes, on ice or snow. The following taken from an eastern journal confirms the view. Shoeing farm horses is not only an injury to them and the farmer might just as well have iron shoes nailed to his own feet for all the good they are to a horse. A correspondent states that he was induced to pull the shoes off a working horse some years ago, and adds:

"I turned him out to grass for about a month and then put him to work, lightly at first, and I must confess, with fear and trembling; but after a trial I was so pleased with the result that I took the shoes off my other two horses and have worked them without shoes ever since, now about three years. I find them to work better, more sure-footed and far less liable to lameness than when shod, and I am well satisfied that horses' feet as nature made them are all sufficient for ordinary work, and, I believe, for extraordinary work. After my long experience I should now as soon think of going to a farrier myself to be shod as to send my horses for that purpose!

"What surprised me most was that one of my horses was continually falling lame and we never could discover the cause, but since she has been worked without shoes she has never shown the least symptom of lameness and never stumbled, which she did very much when shod, from which I infer that the paring the soles when shoeing made her feet very tender and was the cause of all the trouble. Our roads are rough, hilly and stony, much more so than the average roads, so that my success cannot be attributed to superiority in this respect.

Equestrians would find it far safer to use horses without shoes, as the sole becomes so hard as to be non-sensitive to small stones and the animals are thus far less liable to stumble. To prevent the hoofs from chipping the toes should be kept slightly rounded by a coarse file, such as is used by farriers, and as the feet should always be looked to when the horse is groomed, the time required to do this is very trifling.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

The "Trailing" Rat.

An animal whose instinct teaches it to give *quid pro quo* should be capable of a business education. The last candidate we should select for such schooling is the thievish rat; but now we learn that there are rudiments of honesty and fair-dealing in one species of even that animal.

A curious statement is made about the trading rat, which is one of the unique and interesting animals met with in the Rocky Mountains. The miners of the region declare that although these rats enter houses, camps and mines and take things that do not belong to them, they never take an article without leaving something in its place. They conduct a trade, and hence their name.

They enter dwellings at night and steal anything they can find, carrying away spoons, knives and forks, but invariably leaving a chip, stick of stone in place of each article taken away.

The miners look upon the uncanny dealings of these precocious animals with superstition almost amounting to awe, and tell many wonderful stories of their *finesse*, and the length to which they carry their depredations, but the predominent quality with which they invest them is the faculty of trading or exchanging alluded to.

Systematic Farming.

The most successful business man is he who best informs himself in regard to all the details of his business and therefrom arranges a practical system for conducting it. He learns the best methods of doing business and does not depart from them except for good reasons, yet is ever on the watch for improvement. In conducting farm work it is more difficult to work by rule, to have exact methods, than it is in the trades and professions; but it is at the same time true that the nearer farm operations can be brought to a system, and conducted with a definite end in view, the more complete, and as a rule the more successful will be the result.

There are many things to be met in raisings of crops which are entirely above the control of the farmer and which many times bring disorder to the best system. Drought will sometimes destroy the grass seeding and thus interfere with the uniformity of crop rotation, but does not argue against the system. Wheat will winterkill even under skillful cultivation and so reduce the profits of the farm materially; while he is absolutely helpless before the frost which destroys the fruit crop.

Men have been acquiring a knowledge of the soil and its products for ages and yet their modes of practice in details are nearly as far from a uniform system as ever. Science is doing much for agriculture, but the average farmer is slow to adopt and apply the principles, even when their correctness is fully established. Where we find one who recognizes and conforms to the fundamental principles of agricultural science we find many who still scout the idea of any other authority than the usages and traditions of their ancestors; that still hold to the influence of the signs in the heavens, and believe the different phases of the moon have more influence on the growth of crops than the combined effect of sunshine, air and rain. The latter may often raise good crops but the neglect to receive and apply well digested and advanced principles, still holding to the old notions and traditions, is not in the line of true systematic improvement.

The farmer must study his soil and adopt a rotation or system of cropping that will bring the best returns and at the same time keep up the fertility of the soil, and the crops must follow each other in such order that the cultivation and growth of each crop is the best possible preparation for the succeeding crop. It will not do to blindly follow and apply the same method to every farm nor to each field in the farm. Some fields from uncongeniality of soil or want of drainage may not be suited to all crops, and to try to raise those not suited to the condition of the soil will result in failure and loss of labor. It is better to raise such crops as will grow well until the land can be put in condition to enter into the system of rotation. There are many farmers who from some cause have adopted a system which meets with abundant success, yet they can give no reason for it except that it does well with them. Such are unconsciously following, in a measure, systematic farming. Were they able to give scientific reasons for the system they follow their example would be worth much more.

The use of improved implements tends to improve practice in culture, and consequently to increase the product by more thorough and systematic cultivation. Nature rewards the cultivator of the soil precisely in proportion to the efforts he puts forth in conformity to her laws. If he puts the soil in a condition of thorough cultivation the elements of plant food are dissolved and are easily taken up by the growing crop, the ordinary disastrous effects of drought are less felt, and he receives the full measure of reward for his labor. If the soil is wet or adhesive, then thorough drainage must precede good cultivation to make success sure; but with these two the farmer may almost defy the weather, be it wet or dry.

A simple yet complete system of records and accounts of all farm operations is one means of giving a farmer full knowledge of his business. If he keeps no account of the expenses of production he does not know whether any crop is produced at a profit or loss. It may bring in considerable receipts and still be produced at a loss. If there is no account kept the conclusions are mere guess work. There is no way in which so large an amount of practical farm knowledge can be obtained at the same expense and trouble as in keeping a complete record of farm operations and accounts with crops and fields. The ability to transact business will be increased in proportion to the increased knowledge of the business, and to the same extent the profits.

Systematic farming, therefore, does not mean a rigid adherence to well-defined, iron-clad general rules, but the judicious application of well-settled principles to the conditions of the farm, and if these are not perfect, using the soil to the best advantage until it can be put in the best possible shape to produce the best results. The manufacturer can adjust his machines to turn out the finished articles that the market demands; and they may run day after day for months and years to the same adjustment, but the farmer must take the soil as nature has left it and cannot always adjust it to a uniform class of productions; he consequently needs more judgment, more patience in investigation and more extensive knowledge than his manufacturing neighbor to attain the same relative success.

The best farmer does not always produce the largest crops. Rich soils will many times respond in favorable seasons to careless and shovenly farming; yet the general average will be the best under intelligent, systematic methods and the cultivator will leave the soil as good as he finds it—not robbing the future for a portion of his success.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—One of the most brilliant women in America, long a leader in society, was asked once what fate she would choose for her daughter, if she could control her life. "To be the obscure, loving wife of a man who loved her," was her reply. Dorothy Patterson, who was known and loved throughout Great Britain as "Sister Dora," the faithful, self-sacrificing nurse, and head of great hospitals, said, shortly before her death, "I should have been a better woman if I had been married to a man fit to control me, whom I could have loved and obeyed."—*Iowa State Register.*

Mining in Brazil.

Brazil was discovered by Pinzon in 1500, and rediscovered and more completely explored by Cabral in 1501 and Americus Vespucius in 1503. In 1549 it was found that the natives possessed some trinkets of gold. This led to its colonization. In 1555 Villegagnon, a roving knight of Malta, applied to Admiral Coligny for leave to invite the Huguenots of France to emigrate to Brazil. Permission having been obtained from Henry II., about ten thousand colonists were shipped to the coast and there founded the city of Rio. Four years later they left the place in disgust and about the year 1560 the Portuguese occupied it and hoisted their flag, which remained there with little interruption until the declaration of independence in 1822. In 1577 some gold placers were discovered, but systematic mining did not commence until 1670. This is, therefore, the substantial beginning of Brazilian history. The system of mining was to hunt down and capture the natives, who were forced into the placers and compelled, on pain of death, to produce so much gold a day. Each Portuguese adventurer had a royal privilege to capture, hold and work so many Indians. This privilege was called an *encommenda* (Spanish, *encomienda*) or trust. It was a trust most shamefully abused, for it ended with the extermination of all those natives who did not succeed in avoiding the Portuguese by flight to their remote interior.

This system of slave mining imparted certain characteristics to the colonists and their works. Everything in Brazil bespeaks it, and without a knowledge of its history nothing that one sees in that country is intelligible. It is the key to its material sound and intellectual progress.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The city of Boston will give twenty-four free open-air concerts during the summer, divided among ten military bands. Sunday afternoon concerts will be given on the Common, beginning at five o'clock.

NEW YORK has an association called the "Ichthyophagous Club," which meets once a year and partakes of a fish banquet. Fish has the reputation of creating brain, and perhaps the parties composing this club, after two or three dozen banquets, will have brain enough to change the title of their organization to a name that can be pronounced by a member after looking upon a codfish that biteth like a bladder—or somehow that way.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—*Courant.*

YOUNG ladies with artificially clear complexions should not permit the young men to kiss them on the cheek if they would become married. To go off quickly, they should keep their powder dry.—*Boston Transcript.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

AN observant negro says: "De man who takes up de moas' sidewalk am not allus the pussan of de moas' consequence. A fifteen-cent drunkard wants mo' room in dis world dan a Judge of de Supreme Court."

"Fair Girl Graduates,"

whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

"I WISH I could settle this coffee," said an impatient traveler at a railway restaurant. "Try a broom-stick," said a bloody man with a scratched nose; "that is what everything is settled with at our house."

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvelous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on Skin Diseases. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A WITTY lady, who is, however, somewhat given to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said: "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

"With Grateful Feelings."

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of Scrofulous Swellings and Open Sores also at the Neck; and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bed-fast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am with grateful feelings, Yours truly,

T. H. LONG, Galveston, Texas.

"JOHN," said Amiuadab, "I didn't see you at the Methodist weight sociable Wednesday night." "No; I tended a wait sociable up at my girl's." "Up at your girl's?" "Yes. I waited up in an apple tree about two hours for her daddy's dog to go to the house."

THE telephone has developed an entirely new school of hello-cution.

AN English surgeon says the time is coming when a man's stomach can be repaired and replaced without serious difficulty. It will simply keep him home part of the time.

MARRIED men, according to statistics, live longer than single ones. Fogg, the villain, wonders why in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence the married man's suffering should be so unnecessarily lengthened.—*Boston Transcript.*

"A BABE," says a writer, "is a mother's anchor." We have often heard that the first thing she does is to weigh it.

A VIRGINIA negro found a loaded Parrott-shell and wanted to see how it looked inside. His wife found the ax, but her husband is mysteriously missing.

KING THEBAW can kill his wife, two of her sisters, and a score of their relatives with a sword and impunity, but in this country a man can't shoot a dog without raising a howl—provided the first shot is not fatal.—*Norristown Herald.*

A CAT when pursued by a ferocious dog may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.

IF a Chicago man can guzzle $30 worth of liquor in three days and remain sober, St. Louis might as well abandon the contest at once. It must be in the climate.—*Courier-Journal.*

ST. CRISPIN was a martyr. He probably had corns. That must have been the martyr with him.

AN Ohio man was choked to death recently while trying to drink from a two-gallon jug. They can't swallow everything in that State.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure, a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists. Also Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, the standard remedy for all headaches and nervousness.

IT isn't the beefsteak which people look at when they pound it. The idea is to inform the neighbors that they have made a raise for breakfast.—*Detroit Free Press.*

*** "Do boldly what you do at all." Boldly do we affirm that Kidney-Wort is *the* great remedy for liver, bowels and kidney diseases; rheumatism and piles vanish before it. The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.

"WELL," says the canvasser, "I must keep walking and talking. That's the way I get my living, and that's the way I got my wife. But she has done all the talking ever since. Good day!"—*Toledo American.*

*Ladies, if you would be forever redeemed from the physical disabilities that, in thousands of cases, depress the spirits and absolutely fetter all the energies of womanhood, you have only to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A FALSE prophet is stirring the Egyptians into a rebellion. In America false prophets merely guess at the weather and sell their almanacs at twenty-five cents each.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

☞ No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

BONE fertilizers for grass are said by cheese manufacturers to produce the milk which will make the most curd. Strange that this whey to "cheese it" hadn't occurred to them before.—*Lowell Courier.*

WISE'S Axle Grease is now the very best known.

A MAIDEN wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, daughter.

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1 at Druggists.

A LITTLE boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.—*Hartford Times.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

AN American President's pay—$50,000 a year and bored.

RENDING'S Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of Skin disease. Try it.

CURIOSITY is always represented as on tiptoe, which would seem to indicate that Curiosity is a mighty small creature.

Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam, for diarrhea.

IF the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

TRUE Temperance

Is not signing a pledge or taking a solemn oath that cannot be kept, because of the non-removal of the cause—liquor. The way to make a man temperate is to kill the desire for those dreadful artificial stimulants that carry so many bright intellects to premature graves, and desolation, strife and unhappiness into so many families.

It is a fact! BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, a true non-alcoholic tonic, made in Baltimore, Md., by the Brown Chemical Company, who are old druggists and in every particular reliable, will, by removing the craving appetite of the drinkard, and by curing the nervousness, weakness, and general ill-health resulting from intemperance, do more to promote temperance, in the strictest sense than any other means now known.

It is a well authenticated fact that many medicines, especially 'bitters,' are nothing but cheap whiskey vilely concocted for use in local option countries. Such is not the case with BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is a medicine, a cure for weakness and decay in the nervous, muscular, and digestive organs of the body, producing good, rich blood, health and strength. Try one bottle. Price $1.00.

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It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

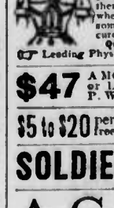

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Is it worth while to endure penal torture every night from wakefulness, inability to sleep, nervous prostration, &c., when you can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by so agreeable a remedy as

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Does it pay to be compelled, by debility and languor, to abandon active business when brain, nerve and muscle can be braced up and the whole system can be restored to a healthy condition by a course of

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is it wise to live in this bright world as though it were a dungeon, constantly miserable and discontented, when the worst cases of epilepsy, nervousness or hypochondria are cured in a very short time by such a pleasant and wholesome an exhilerant as

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Can it be possible that any person of a nervous temperament will run the risk of apoplexy or paralysis when he can tone and regulate the nervous centers with

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is it not a species of moral insanity for any merchant, mechanic, farmer or traveler to be without the best known antidote against disease,

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Considering the harrassing and depressing nature of the functional derangement to which woman is subject, is it not astonishing that any invalid of the feebler sex should hesitate to seek the certain relief afforded in such cases by the general operation of

SAMARITAN NERVINE

TAKE RICHMOND'S

CATHARTIC AND NERVINE PILLS

for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, &c. These pills are made to work in harmony with our Samaritan Nervine.

For Sale by All Druggists

RIDGE'S FOOD

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the" INVALID'S DIET. RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cases of 36 cakes, 66 cents, $1.25 and $2.15, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 5 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RANK AND JESSE JAMES

Complete Life of these Bold Highwaymen. Also of the Younger Brothers, and other bold outlaws of the Border. Fully illustrated. Over 500 pages. Send Forty Cents for Outfit. Terms liberal. AGENTS WANTED. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DRUNKENNESS EASILY CURED.

3,000 Cures with the Double Chloride of Gold Remedy. Books Free. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. U.S.A.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING

A Treatise on their CURE sent FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P. O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER

25c. packet makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or send by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Phila.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Filer to file all kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

ENGINES (Traction & Portable) for Farm, Saw Mill & Plantation. For prices, etc., address THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Dr. Dodge, Regular Surgeon, St. Louis, treats Piles, Fistula and Fistula with success. 3d3 Dickson St.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Liberal Tenets. Mistakes of Moses and Apostles. Send stamp for prices to Dr. Dodge, Leghorn, Kan.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co. Cleve'd 877

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Ancient People of America.

At the New York academy of sciences, Professor John S. Newberry lectured recently on "The Ancient Civilization of America," and said in substance:

When the savages were pressed back by advancing civilization until they had passed what was once the great natural water-gap between the lakes and the Mexican gulf, it was discovered that they were not autochthonous, for mounds, caves, palaces and remains of cities showed the existance of a race that lived in the highest state of civilization. Investigation and research by historians, geologists and archæologists have brought to light much concerning these wonderful people. They can be divided into two classes, which, with local differences, are generally the same. One is the mound builders, who dwelt in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, following a sedentary and peaceful life. Mounds built by them, and instruments and pottery and copper ornaments made by them, have been discovered all through the Mississippi Valley. They were miners and farmers, raised tobacco, and remains of their oil wells still exist at Titusville, Pennsylvania. In numbers they probably equaled the inhabitants of the region at present, and enough is known of their osteology to say that they were of medium size, fair proportions, with a cranial development not unlike our red Indian. Their teeth were large and strong. They buried their dead with great ceremony. When, and why, and how the mound-builders disappeared we do not know. Their ultimate fate was probably entire extinction.

The second class of these early Americans was the palace-builders of the table lands, a class that was spread from Chili, on the south, to Utah, on the north, reaching their greatest degree of power and civilization in Central America, Mexico and Peru. The Incas and Montezumas were types of this race, and though, when swept from the earth by the brutality of Pizarro and Cortez, their glory was already in its decadence, we can scarcely conceive of the extent of their magnificence. This Mexican and Peruvian era far surpassed anything in our day in the construction of public works, roads aqueducts, palaces and cities. The macadamized road that led from Callao to Lima exceeded in cost the Union Pacific railroad, and if all the forts within our borders were put into one it would not equal the fortified structure that is yet to be seen on the Peruvian coast. Louise Hoffman, an engineer who was with Maximilian, has described the ruins of a large seaport town on the Pacific coast of Mexico. The Central American country abounds in evidences of the Aztec race, and this winter many archæologists have gone thither, and from their labors we shall soon learn more of this wondrous people. Their origin is lost in antiquity. They may have come from the seed borne across the sea by Phœnician traders—perhaps they sprung from the fabled race of Atlantis. They were either indigenous or imported in an embryotic state from the oriental archipelago—the latter the most likely.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant like GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF *Fraud*

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands or to interefere in any manner with the fences of Mrs. Margaret Kennedy. Treapassers will be visited by the penalties of the law.

563 WM. BRODERICK, Agt.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutts store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyaneing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. (e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Strict attention paid to Conveyaneing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81' ly.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.41 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES. *Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.*

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW HAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms OF New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 40ds
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

Of valuable Real Estate, in Garrett County

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Symons to John Bradburn, said mortgage being dated on the 25th day of July, in the year A. D. 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 281, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned Mortgagee will sell at public auction for cash, in front of Offutt's store in the Town of Oakland

ON TUESDAY JUNE THE 27th, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

all that real estate situate lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lots Numbers 1648, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763,

containing 250 acres of land more or less.

Terms—cash on day of sale.
Conveyaneing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN BRADBURN,
Mortgagee.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
Solicitors. 6l 4

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Neikirk, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehamer and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, apple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frame house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY HILLIUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Fort Woods, Garrett county, Md.," by crossing over said farm throwing down fences or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.

May 22, 1882 3t

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emptions and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

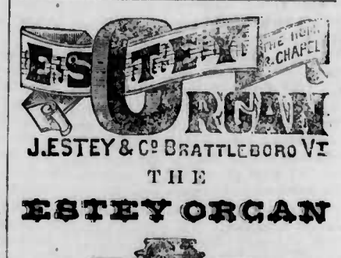

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

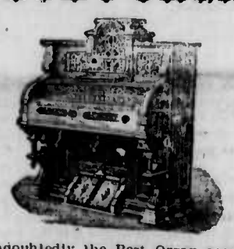

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882. NUMBER 17.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

21 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

TIMBER LAND

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, as a Court of equity passed in a cause depending therein between Daniel S. Meese and others complainants, and Aaron Wilhelm and wife defendants, being No. 221 equity in said county, the undersigned trustee appointed by said decree will offer at public sale at the house of Johnson Bro's., on the National Turnpike about three miles above the town of Frostburg, on

Saturday, June 24th, 1882,

at 10 o'clock A. M., all that real estate in said Garrett county, known as

Military Lot No. 640,

said lot is unimproved; is situate in District No. 9 said county near the Pennsylvania line, and about 3½ miles from said Johnson Bro's. house on the pike. It is heavily timbered with spruce and hemlock.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half cash on the day of sale and the balance in six months, with interest to be secured to satisfaction of trustee.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,

6 3 4 Trustee.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all sizes and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

> *Gentlemen:* I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and *insist* on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as *"just as good."* The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDIT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MOINGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 23, 1881.
HAVE used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE.
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

$1,000

will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by all other medicines combined, strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lung and Heart diseases.

As a Cough remedy, it has no equal; it positively cures all Coughs. You cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine.

For Intermittent Fever, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis.

For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

HOW I LOST $5,000.

Written for the Republican.

In the beautiful month of September 18—, I left the quite little country town of ——, on the Pan Handle R. R. on a glorious morning, for a trip to the great city of New York. Though a country merchant, I had often been in the large cities of the east and knew every corner and street as well as many who spend their lives in them. I had just sold a large property, and received in payment five thousand dollars in cash, and two thousand six hundred dollars in notes and checks. I placed my five thousand dollars in a large flat pocket or bill-book and deposited it in the right breast pocket of my coat, while the notes and checks were in another book in my left breast pocket. With two or three hundred dollars in my other pockets for change, I left well prepared for a trip to New York.

After a pleasant trip I found myself safe in one of the grand hotels of the city. Not being pressed for time I determined to spend some two days in looking about and posting myself on certain lines of goods. Unfortunately I am a man who think I know a good deal and imagine I won't run much chance of being taken in. So I still carried my two large and valuable pocket-books in their respective pockets, and never for a moment thought of placing them in some place of safe-keeping. Little did I think I should never have the pleasure of spending one cent of the five thousand dollars in crisp green backs which I had just gained possession of. On the evening of the second day I had finished my supper and lighting a cigar, was wending my way through and along with the crowds which nightly swell like a living sea through the grand thoroughfare of Broadway. How many people were on the streets I could not guess, but any one who has walked on Broadway after seven P. M. knows how vast and unending a crowd is there. Here I was surging away, making my way as best I could through groupes of working men, elegantly dressed gentlemen, brisk business clerks, theatre goers, and all the varieties of humanity which makes up a Broadway jam. Floods of lights gleamed from thousands of elegant windows, and Tony Pastor's, Wallach's and Niblo's gorgeous colored letter glass signs flared in the evening breeze. Here and there a stalwart policeman stood watching the crowd and looking for suspicious characters. Suddenly I came upon an immense crowd blocking up the pavement in front of a large auction room. Here the police were hard at work making way for passers by. I got among the crowd and gazed for a short time at the auction sale taking place. The sale of goods from some poor broken merchant. How I chuckeled to myself, conscious of having money and to spare, in no danger of either bankruptcy or failure. But no man can stand long in a New York crowd without feeling rather like a herring in a well packed barrel. So I soon became uncomfortable in the press and having received several digs from elbows in my side and back, I made my way out as soon as possible. I then continued my walk for some time, till tiring with this rush and turmoil of real life, I turned and walked back to the beautiful theatre on ——, where a fine and noted combination company were playing "French Flats." How I enjoyed the well laid plot, laughed at the good, jolly father, at the terrific Austrian soldier, the snobby and ridiculous young English nobleman, and the scenes in the law office, I cannot tell you, but I certainly had a sweet and merry two dollar a-half's worth. After the play was over I returned to my hotel to go to bed, sleep sound and rest well, before entering on business early the next day. I walked up to the desk in the office for my key, and standing talking a few moments to the clerk, I happened to put my hand in my left breast pocket—when, to my horror, my pocket-book was gone. I felt my other pocket and thanked my lucky stars my book of greenbacks was there safe as when I first placed it there. I immediately told the clerk of my loss and as the paper notes, &c., were valuable to me, but to no one else, I asked him if I could recover them in any way. He inquired how I had lost them. I told him I could not tell, but after giving him an account of my whereabouts during the evening he said in all probability I had been robbed while in the crowd at the auction. He told me if I offered a reward and the thief could not use the papers I might get the book back again. I immediately accompanied by him went to the office of a morning paper and had an advertisement inserted in the coming morning issue, offering a reward of $50 for its return, and promising to ask no questions. I had also a number of bills struck which were distributed along Broadway early in the morning. I advertised in the name of "Zero," room number 127 —— hotel.

I forgot all about business on the following day and patiently waited. About four P. M. that afternoon when the mail for the hotel was delivered, the clerk handed me a letter addressed "Zero," room No. 127. Eagerly I tore it open and found the following note enclosed: "Zero" can have his pocket-book and notes, &c., by being at lamp post opposite 26th Street, on left side of Broadway going towards Central Park, at 8 P. M. He must be there at 8, and stand under it till 8.15 when I will deliver the pocket-book, provided he pay me $50 and ask no questions. If he tries to have an arrest made it will be useless, as our gang will blow his brains out. Well, I was highly gratified at the prospect of obtaining my property, even under the above requirements and threat. Promptly at 8 P. M. I stood under the named lamp post, and I thought that 15 minutes would never pass. At exactly 14½ minutes past eight a well dressed man with a heavy beard stepped across the street and stood before me. He simply said in a low voice, "Zero." I answered yes. Have you the $50, I said yes again. He then drew from his pocket the identical book. He then said no question, but you will find all just as you had it. I handed him the money and he gave me the book. Being very anxious to know how he had obtained it, I had a $5 bill ready and showing it to him I said I want to to ask you a question. No question was the bargain, he said in a threatening manner. I said yes, but I only ask for curiosity. He said be quick then.

I handed him the $5 and told him to please inform me how he obtained the pocket-book without my knowing it. Well, he replied while you were walking down Broadway I was beside you and concluded you were a good subject, and while you were in the jam at the auction I got near while two confederates pushed you behind. I made a grab for your breast pocket, just as you were shoved nearly off your feet from behind and snatched the book. Strange I had no recolection of feeling his hand under my coat, or the extraction of the book. As I said before I like to let people know how smart I am, and opening my coat I showed him the other book and told him if he had reached on that side his prize would have been $5,000. Just at that moment, he requested me to walk along as he feared some policeman would notice us talking so long, and he would give me a little advice. I handed him a cigar and lighting one myself we walked some two or three squares. Never, said he, carry money in your coat pocket, and do not let a crowd push you, and above all, never again show money as you did just now, for I could have knocked you down, secured the pocket-book and made my escape before any arrest could have been made, as I have a number of partners in this crowd, some of whom have watched you for fear you might try to grip me, and let me assure you if I had taken the other book no reward would ever have secured it for you. He then said he must drop behind. But during our short walk he had been shoved very hard against me and used some stray language to the crowd. As I left him I walked on, well pleased at the recovery of my property and thinking he was rather a gentleman after all. I turned and walked back to my hotel, as I thought, a wiser and richer man than an hour ago. But here I soon found out my mistake. I happened to feel if the book and notes was all right and naturally thought of my greenback book at the same time. Reader, can you believe it my greenback pocket-book was gone! How could I have been so guiled? He had during our short walk stolen it! And all my own folly! Had I taken my notes, given the reward and asked no questions and above all not shown my other one, I would have had all. Here was a far greater loss than the other. This book had all clean cash to the amount of $5,000 in it, and I well knew a reward now would never secure it. I sorrily remembered his words. Had it been the other book no reward would have secured it. Nearly wild I rushed back to the hotel, and informed the clerk of all. He sympathized with me for my loss but said I would never be able to get it. I then went to the police department, employed a large force of detectives and for days searched in vain. Detectives were on the look out every where, all trains were watched, telegrams sent to all parts of the country, and every step taken to discover the thief, but all in vain. How I wished I had not told him of the greenbacks, but here was one of many lessons to my credulity and freeness of speech. I returned to my home, a sad and poorer man. The lesson was too much. I gave up business and retired. I however kept my secret and in time people thought and began to wisper "he invested his money it stocks" while in New York which pay him better than store goods. Being a bachelor, I had no wife to tell my rueful tale to, and if I had I would have been the laughing stock of the country, for she would never have been able to keep it in her own heart.

Thus I live on under the false title of a rich stock holder who bought stocks instead of goods while in New York.

Truly I invested in stock, stock of my own making, and stock for the sole benefit of a gentleman thief.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company was held at Camden Station yesterday. The president in some appropriate remarks announced the death of Mr. Samuel Kirby, who had been a director for nearly twenty years consecutively. Resolutions offered by Col. Nicholas and seconded by Col. Walsh were adopted, recommended by the chief officers of the company and committees of the board for an annual inspection of the property of the company and the award of money premiums to specified officers of the road, transportation and machinery departments on the Main Stem, branches and divisions of the most effective and judicious management, as shown by the improved condition of the tracks, stations, machinery, &c. The various guarantees of the act of the last session of the General Assembly of Maryland incorporating the Employes Relief Association were authorized. Under this act powers have been conferred on the society for a system of deposits from employees underguarantee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, thus creating a savings fund, and for the purpose of making from this fund loans to employees to assist them in the purchase and improvement of homesteads.

President Garrett made a statement of his recent trip to the West, in effect that he found all lines of the company much improved and practically prepared for increased business. He said there is an intense desire in the West for competing points on the seaboard. In referring to the general policy of the company in abolishing the system of middlemen and doing all its own business, Mr. Garrett mentioned its express and independent telegraph. He said the Western Union claiming to represent a capital $80,000,000 and attempting to grasp the whole business of the country, was a most undesirable monopoly. A new cable company will be formed, probably with the title, "Baltimore and Ohio and European Cable Company," to combine with the land system of the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph lines. Mr. Garrett also said the investigations connected with the subject of differential rates have demonstrated and made generally known the enormous geographical advantages of Baltimore and the great fact has been proven that through its cheap coal which literally crops out at so many points upon its lines, the Baltimore and Ohio road had for many years transported and could continue to transport merchandise at a less cost per ton per mile than the New York roads.—*Sun, 15th.*

The Atlanta *Constitution* gives the following figures: "It has been ascertained that the South has this season paid to the North $55,000,000 for wheat, $50,000,000 for corn $72,000,000 for meats, and about $35,000,000 for hay, butter, cheese, oats, apples, potatoes, &c. The North, in other words, draw on us for about $300,000,000 a year to liquidate bills that should not have been made."

United States Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has just been elected to a fifth term. But one man, Benton, in Missouri, ever attained so high an honor in the Senatorial line.

A Reform Convention.

One day a lobster who had been beaten at old sledge went over to see the Shark about it, and the two poor souls talked it over, and finally decided to call a reform convention. A call was written out, signed "many citizens," and duly posted, so that all might read. When the day arrived it brought the Shark, the Lobster, the Devil-fish, the Wolf, the Tiger, the Eagle, the Serpent and the Alligator, and it was really affecting to see their tears as they shook hands and spoke of the painful necessity that had brought them together.

The Shark took the chair and announced that he was a strong advocate of reform. He had heard of the Wolf eating sheep, and he felt that such things must be stopped or the country would be lost.

"If it's any worse to eat sheep than sailors, then I want to know it!" retorted the Wolf. "Besides that, it is the tiger who raises all this outcry by his misdeeds. I move you, sir, that he be reformed.

"Gentleman," slowly remarked the Tiger, as he rose up, "I've been maliciously slandered. I'm a peaceful, lawabiding citizen, and I think it too bad that every murder committed by the Devil-fish should be laid at my door. I hope he will reform."

"Mr. Chairman, I'm astonished," remarked the Devil-fish, as he took the floor. "I supposed you all knew me to be one of the humblest, feebiest creatures in the world. I wouldn't hurt anybody for a cent, but it is the Alligator and his doings that has made this convention necessary."

"That's another!" exclaimed the Alligator, as he left his chair. "For years past I have borne the odium of crimes committed by the Eagle, and I'll be banged if I stand it any longer. Reform must begin with the Eagle."

"I rise to say," explained the Eagle, "that I look so much like the Serpent that he shoulders his misdeeds off on my back. I hope the convention will hurt his feelings as he has hurt mine."

"Well, now, but I am surprised," observed the Serpent. "The wicked Lobster has so managed that I must suffer for his crimes. He comes on shore, kills an ox or horse, directs the finger of suspicion at me, and then hustles back to his water home and is safe. Gentlemen, I ask to be set right in the eyes of the world."

The Lobster arose, heaved a deep sigh as he looked around, and then said: "If the Fish-worm had been invited to this convention I should have had a chance to clear myself by charging him with having committed crime in my name. Under the circumstances I move that we adopt a resolution to the effect that the Hare must be hung for highway robbery, and adjourn."

Moral: Never begin reform at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Blaine's Business Associate.

I inquired what Mr. Blaines' errand in Ohio was to day, where he has gone with Mr. Elkins. The general idea is that he is seeking to get railroad connections for his Piedmont and Fairfax Stone railroad. The small beginnings of fortune are traced in this anecdote. About twelve years ago a young man named Stephen B. Elkins was sent to Congress as delegate from New Mexico. He was blushing and ambitious. Blaine, the Speaker, paid so much more courtesy to his wishes than he expected that the young man fell in love with him. Soon afterward Elkins, being a young widower, began to court a daughter of Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. He heard Davis talk about coal lands near by. Elkins looked into the matter and began to buy also. He drew Blaine into the purchase. This turned Blaine's attention to Virginia railroads, and he became a purchaser of the old James River Canal and organizer of a railroad on its bed. This yielded him a handsome fortune itself.

Meantime mining in Colorado leaped up and Elkins went into it with Mr. Chaffee, his old associate in the sale of the Maxwell Mexican grant, which was the common basis of their wealth. They both liked Blaine—he planked up his money, and came out ahead there, too. He was backed up for the Presidency by these two both times. Now Elkins and Blaine are looking for large extensions of the railroad they have developed from Senator Davis' coal-fields. Both Blaine and Conkling are therefore, hard in pursuit of fortune—both well advertised, both glutted with success and starved with disappointment; and of such is not the kingdom of Heaven. But Elkins has several fine children by that girl he went courting among the coal-lands.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HE'LL TAKE HER AS SHE IS.

In bangs I never can delight,
My gentle Phyllis dear;
Why will you hide from mortal sight
That forehead white and clear?

I do detest that halo hat,
Whose, wide umbrageous brim
Encircles like a pancake flat,
And hides your face from him.

Who fain would gaze upon your face,
Where beauty sits enshrined;
I do not like the easy grace
With which you free your mind

Of jargon, prattle, small talk, slang;
These things do sadly mar—
But spite of these, big hat and bang,
I'll take you as you are,

—*Boston Transcript.*

A SCHOOLMASTER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Two years ago I was traveling on horseback through a part of the country which was unknown to me. I had arrived rather late at the house of a well-to-do Africander farmer, who gave me a hearty welcome, told me to tie up my horse under the trees of the garden, and ordered his boys to give him as much forage as he wanted. "I am sorry I can't put him in the stable," he said, but you're the second arrival this evening. There's a little French fellow in the dining-room now, who has got four horses to his "spider," and precious fine horses, too, and they have filled the stable."

After seeing my horse blanketed and fed, I joined the party in the dining-room. It was a cheerful-looking room, the faces in it were pleasant, and there was a good supper of meat and hot scones on the table, whilst a tea tray with all its paraphernalia lay before the kindly hostess. When I said that the faces were pleasant, I ought to have excepted one of them, that of the Frenchman. He was a short thick-set man, with short cropped black hair, very black eyebrows, bead-like black eyes, and a black mustache. His jaw was heavy and square, and the expression communicated to his face by this conformation somewhat contrasted with the vivacity of his manner. My host's wife and three daughters, ranging from about ten to sixteen, completed our party.

It is very refreshing to come across an English Africander in one's journeyings. Not only the language, but all the surroundings in the house remind one of home, and there is an air of refinement amongst them unknown to the Boers.

On this occasion, however, the conversation was conducted in Boer patois, for the Frenchman could speak no English and the Africander no French. As I listened to the little man I wondered where he had learned his patois. He spoke it fluently, but with a most curious accent, and used very coarse expressions, more so than an ordinary Boer would generally indulge in.

He told us that he had lost his way, that he was an hotel keeper in Port Elizabeth, and that he was driving through the Transvaal in order to see whether it would be likely to be a good field for speculation. His account of whence he had come, and whither he was going, when he lost his way, struck me as curious, and I thought he shuffled when I remarked upon its singularity. He told us that he had been one of the defenders of Paris during the Franco-German war, and said that he had been six years in Port Elizabeth. I remarked that it was curious that he had never learnt English, but he assured me that it did not come in his way to hear it much spoken, as he traded mostly with the Boers.

We then adjourned to the sitting room, in which there was a piano. I asked whether the eldest girl could play, and after a little hesitation she opened the instrument and performed a simple piece of music with considerable taste, after which she and her sister played a duet. The piano was not at all bad.

Mine host now asked me if I could play, upon which I sat down and played the Marseillaise. I thought it would be a treat to the Frenchman. I took a side-long glance at him before I finished; he was listening as phlegmatically as if it had been an ordinary song. Then I doubted his veracity, for what Frenchman who had fought on the ramparts of Paris but would have felt his heart swell at hearing the fine old tune in a far and a foreign land.

"You know that well," said I, turning to him as I ended.

He replied in the affirmative, but as if puzzled by my remark.

After a time the conversation flagged, and soon there came a short silence, then my host and hostess began talking to each other in English.

I now spoke to the Frenchman in French. He started slightly, and looked at me without speaking.

"Is that French that you are talking?" asked the youngest girl, a bright-eyed mischievous-looking child.

"Yes."

"Why don't you speak French to the gentleman?" she asked, turning to the Frenchman. "We all want so much to hear how it sounds."

A gleam of intelligence passed over the man's face.

"I have made a vow not to speak a word of French for six months, so as to perfect myself in Dutch," he explained.

But I saw clearly that he did not understand what I had said to him. His host and hostess pressed him in vain to speak his own language, if only to say one word, but he persistently refused, and got quite excited in the maintenance of his absurd story of the vow he had taken. Shortly after he retired to his bedroom, and was so confused that he forgot to wish any of us good-night.

"That is a queer fellow," said the farmer, when we heard him close the door of his room. "I wonder what and who he is—his story is an odd one."

"He is not a Frenchman, whatever else he is," I remarked; "I know that for certain;" and I explained the reasons I had for making the assertion.

"I can tell you another thing," said the farmer; "he has not come from where he says he has. I spotted a great many mistakes he made. It's not an easy matter to take in so old a bird as I am. Why, man! I know every inch of every road in the country for miles and miles, right down to the old colony, or anywhere you like."

"And look at that box," broke in the youngest child; "who ever saw such a box as that for a man to travel with. He has no other baggage but that little bit of a box, and just feel how heavy it is."

"You're just about right, young 'un," assented her father; "it ain't got clothes in it. It might be chock full of sovereigns by the weight, and he's precious sharp in looking after it, too;" and he glanced at a small but strong wooden trunk that stood by the piano.

"And did you remark," said mine hostess, "that he talked as if he had learnt Dutch amongst the lowest Kaffres rather than amongst the Boers?"

"Yes," said her husband; "but he has a queer foreign or affected way of talking as well."

"I believe he is a Colony Boer, and has been working at the diamond fields, and has been in very low company, mixing a great deal with the Kaffres there. You can see he is a nasty sort of fellow," said the wife; "and that he is shamming. He did not expect to meet any one here who could speak French, and so he thought he could safely say he was a Frenchman. You may depend on it that he has got something he wants to conceal."

With this we all retired to rest. My bed was made up on a sofa in the sitting-room.

Early the next morning the so-called Frenchman spanned his horses in, and, placing his box under his seat, departed. He had a small Hottentot boy with him as his only attendant. He was very careful to ask his way, and very much obliged for all the kindness he had received. I bade my kind entertainers good-bye shortly after, and resumed my journey.

Not very long after this occurrence, I happened to be paying a flying visit to a Boer family, whose farm was at no great distance from one of the numerous roads that lead to and from the diamond-fields. I had arranged to pass the night at this house, and we were rather a large party, as all the different members of the family gathered in the common sitting-room. Pipes and coffee were in full swing, and so was the ponderous conversation about oxen and rates of transport, diversified with the puzzle-headed politics which are common in Boer houses.

A diversion, however, was suddenly caused by one of the youngsters saying, apropos of nothing:

"Father, the spook is still in the poort" —the "spook" meaning the ghost.

"What?" I exclaimed; upon which the youngster repeated his remark, and I learned that for some time past a ghost had haunted a certain poort through the neighboring hills. He did not seem to be a visible ghost, but several of the assembled company averred that they had, on various nights, heard unearthly noises in the pass, and that no horse could be induced to go through it.

My curiosity was aroused, and I declared my determination to go and interview the spook if possible.

A Boer is not generally truly brave at heart, but no man can enjoy seeing what he considers bravery exhibited by another more than a Boer does, hence great were the encomiums showered on me by those assembled.

My horse was forthwith saddled, and my host himself offered to show me the way to the haunted poort.

The night was pitch dark; there was not even a star to be seen through the heavy canopy of clouds that overhung us, and we could not attempt any pace faster than a walk; but my guide knew the veldt well, and our nags were sure-footed and alive to the necessity of being on the lookout for holes, so we got on better than might have been expected, until the hills, which at first seemed like a black wall in front of us, began to take shape, and I heard the gurgling of the river which made its way through the poort. There was no road, only a bridle-path but little used, and the horses slipped and scrambled as they dipped to the sharp descent which was to lead us to the only ford, at the other side of which a narrow and stony path wound along through thick brushwood and under overhanging rocks and trees.

At that moment a most unearthly cry, something between a moan and a yell, rang through the silence of the night.

"You hear it!" gasped my companion, with difficulty mastering his horse, who had swerved and tried to turn sharp round. "I can go no farther!"

At the same instant his horse wheeled and in doing so struck mine. The animal, already startled, reared, and when I had mastered him I found myself alone.

I now bethought me of what I was to do. My horse was thoroughly frightened, and I did not like the idea of forcing him down the steep bank into the stony bed of the river, only to have him possibly still further terrified when his footing would be insecure at the opposite side. There was evidently something mysterious about the cry, for it was not the cry of any wild beast, and I thought I should be likely to find my poor horse rather in my way if I wished to fathom the mystery. I therefore determined to take him a little way back, and if I could not find the Boer who had accompanied me to leave him to his own devices whilst I engaged in my adventure. I hallooed aloud, and presently heard a response. My friend had got a long way off, but after some very loud conversation, he was induced to approach the dreaded spot and take charge of my horse. He told me that if I was determined to go on, he would fetch some of the men from the house, and that they would make a fire at a little distance and wait for me.

Taking my rifle, a small revolver, and a little lamp with me, I started once more. The water reached nearly to my knees as I waded through the river; but I had strong riding-boots on and I cared but little. Just as I reached the bank there arose once more that weird cry. It seemed to come from above, from around me, and there was something so unearthly, so mournful, so despairing in the sound, that even whilst I told myself that my senses were deceived by the echoes of the surrounding hills, I felt my blood curdle.

I stopped when I reached the top of the bank. Thick darkness was around me and solemn stillness. I waited thus for about a quarter of an hour, until my heart beat painfully with suspense and a vague awe. Then again came that mournful wail.

This time I thought that I could localize it. It seemed to proceed from the hillside above me. Pushing the brushwood aside I crept stealthily upward, sometimes slipping, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, often pausing to listen, but all was still save for the rippling of the water below. At last the cry rang out again, I was on the right track! My breath came quickly from suppressed agitation, but I still crept forward and upward. I was near to the rocky summit of the hill now. Suddenly I heard a low moaning. I paused, then stealthily approached the spot whence it proceeded. It was so dark under the brushwood that I could see nothing, and pistol and rifle would alike have been useless in case of danger, but I had unsheathed my hunting-knife and held it in my hand. There was a rustle, a rush and the next moment I was rolling in mortal struggle with some fierce creature down the hillside. I gave it one desperate thrust with my knife, and wrenching myself loose I heard my enemy crash through the bushes until a yell of pain and rage mingled with the thud of a heavy body falling on some projection that had arrested its downward course. This time I knew that the cry was from some animal in distress. Scrambling to my feet I lit my lamp, and by its feeble ray I groped my way along the track of the creature's fall, until I saw, caught on a tangled mass of roots and trees that had been torn away in some long past storm from whence they grew, the shape of a large gaunt dog, the picture of famine and despair. Blood was trickling from a deep wound in his side, and blood was dripping from his jaws where he had been lacerated by the thorns and stones as he had rolled through and over. As the gleam of my lantern caught his haggard eye he raised his head and fixed on me a look of defiant woe and desolation which I shall never forget.

Then I spoke to him and the defiance melted away, he even let me touch him and staunch the blood issuing from the wound I had inflicted. At that moment I realized the agony animals must often feel at not being able to speak to us. That dog had a story to tell, and could only look at me with his pathetic eyes, and I felt sure that he was dying.

Pulling off my coat and shirt, I tore the latter into strips, and bandaged his wound as well as I could. I placed the lantern beside him so as to convey the idea to him that I meant to come back, and as I caressed him before leaving him he licked my hand.

Then, taking the sound of the water for my guide, I made for the ford as quickly as I could.

When I reached the impromptu encampment of the Boers, I found them in great excitement. My story served only to bewilder them, but they acquiesced in my proposition that we must try to save the dog, if only to endeavor through him to fathom the mystery which still clung to my adventure.

It was near dawn now, and I suggested that two of them should accompany me when I returned to the dog, whilst the others should return to the farm and arrange some sort of litter on which the poor beast could be removed from where he lay to quarters more likely to conduce to his recovery.

By the time my two companions and I reached the scene of my night's work the day had broken, and the heavy mist was beginning to rise.

The dog was still alive and wagged his tail feebly in acknowledgment of my presence. He seemed better after he had lapped some water which I brought for him in a pannikin I had borrowed from one of the Boers, and out of which they had been drinking coffee which they had brewed to keep up their spirits during their midnight watch.

I then proposed to my companions that we should search the spot where I had first encountered him, for it appeared to me that he must have been a self-constituted guard of something, which I suspected would prove to be a corpse. Acting on this suggestion we toiled through the brushwood until, close to the foot of the rocks which crowned the summit of the hill, we at last discovered a spot where, half buried in the earth, lay the mouldering form of a Kaffre. The body had evidently been buried carefully, but the ground had been scratched away, doubtless by the poor dog. The skull of the corpse was beaten in, apparently by some heavy instrument, and there were old stains of blood on the shirt. My companion told me that the path through the wood was a little used short-cut on the road to the diamond-fields, and our supposition was that the poor fellow had been murdered and robbed on his return from working, and perhaps from pilfering diamonds there. If so, his love for riches had cost him dear. There was nothing on him to identify him by.

As soon as the men came with the litter we got the dog on to it, and took him to the Boer's house, where I undertook his cure, my host having hospitably given me an indefinite invitation. After finding that it was only a Kaffre's corpse that was in question, their interest as to tracing the murderer ceased entirely, and I went by myself with a spade to cover up the remains of the poor fellow. My interest in the dog amused my host greatly, but I must say that they tolerated the inconvenience that I gave them in a most amiable manner.

The poor animal recovered much more quickly than I expected, and became greatly attached to me. As soon as he could run about I tied him up whenever he was not in my sight, for once I caught him in the act of making off to the poort, and as soon as he could travel I took him away with me.

Some time after I was traveling in the Rustenberg district, and halted at the house of a well-to-do Boer. I had my wagon with me, but was riding in front of it; the dog accompanied me. The Boer told me where I could outspann, and asked me to come and have a cup of coffee and a chat after I had seen the oxen unyoked. As I had ridden up to the door I had noticed a man walk quickly into the house, and I also remarked that "Watch," as I had named the dog, seemed very uneasy.

After seeing to the outspanning of the wagon I returned to the house with Watch, and sat down with the Boer and his wife. Two little boys were poring over their well-thumbed lesson-books in a corner. Watch disturbed their equanimity by sniffing at them.

"He won't bite," I said; "he is a very good-natured dog, although a very good guard;" and, indeed, after smelling all round them in a provokingly personal way, such as I had never seen him indulge in before, Watch left them, and walking to where I sat elevated his head in the air, and gave vent to a prolonged howl.

"What the deuce is the matter with your dog?" asked mine host, laughing.

I felt uncomfortable, for his preceding seemed unaccountable, when, turning from me he approached a door leading to an inner room, sniffed at all the chinks, and then began scratching up the mud floor under it, giving short impatient whines and yelps.

"He wants the schoolmaster," laughed mine host, whilst I collared Watch and dragged him off struggling to the wagon, where I chained him up and left him, despite his mournful howls.

My suspicions, however, were aroused, for I was always expecting the dog to recognize some one, and on my return to the house I asked whether there was any one in the inner room.

"Yes," said the Boer; "my boy's schoolmaster has that room; he got me to put up the door to it expressly for him. I believe your dog has frightened him, for he won't come out to see you. Here, schoolmaster, come out. The dog's tied up, man." But a voice from within said that its owner felt ill and was lying down. "Zounds!" said the Boer, "you've got ill in a great hurry! What's the matter with you? Let me in." But the unseen schoolmaster answered that his head had been aching fearfully all the day, and that now he thought a little rest would set him all right.

"Fever, I suppose," quoth mine host. Well, we'll leave him alone, and enjoy ourselves without him."

"That is spoken rightly," acquiesced mine host. "I tell you what, man, we must have the schoolmaster out and see him with the dog. He's a clever chap, but somehow I distrust him." With this he knocked at the closed door. "He sleeps well," he cried, redoubling his knock, but still there was no answer. "Farmee," said the Boer then to one of the boys, "run round and try if you can see what he's up to through the little window."

A moment after the boy opened the closed door. "Pa," he exclaimed, "the schoolmaster is not there, and the frame of the window is broken. I entered through it."

It was true enough. The night was dark, and trusting to its cover the man had escaped.

We made all search the next morning, but beyond a few foot marks in the wet ground we could find nothing. He had taken a small bundle of clothes with him and whatever money he had.

And now to end my story, for it is not possible for me to complete it, as I can only draw my own surmises as to the real state of the case.

A few months ago my dog was lying by my side at my camp fire when a man who had spanned out close to me sauntered over, and entered into conversation. After a time he spoke to Watch, and flinging himself beside him rolled him over in play and caressed him, then looking up at me, he asked me where I got him. I told him the story.

"Then I am right," he said; "I thought I knew that queer black mark on his belly and the white tip to his ear. You'd seldom see two such marks on two dogs alike in other respects. This dog belonged to a Kaffre who did the most daring stroke of robbery ever done on the diamond-fields. He was a noted sharp fellow, and he was noted too for being very fond of his dog, which is a good one, as you know. The animal was stolen from him, I don't know how, just before he jumped four splendid diamonds from the claim he was working in, and which belonged to a friend of mine, and bolted. I never knew what became of the man or the dog, but I can see daylight now. That dog broke loose from whoever had stolen him, and followed his master's track till he found his grave and dug him up."

I think the explanation a good one. The way in which I fill up the story is this.

The man whom I call the Frenchman frequented some low canteen at the diamond-fields which was a house of call for the Kaffres working there. He came to know Watch's master, and, finding him to be a sharp fellow, concerted some scheme of robbery with him, or entrapped him into some admission that he meant to rob his employer and bolt. He then resolved to follow him and rob him of his gains, but being fearful of the dog, determined to get the animal out of the way. He therefore stole him, and afterwards sold him to some person who was leaving the diamond-fields, his greed for money inducing him to adopt this course rather than that of killing the creature. Having perpetrated the murder and taken possession of the diamonds he disposed of them for money in some dodgy manner, and, always fearful of detection, trumped up the story he told to me, when, having bought a trap and horses, and having put his money in a box, he determined to clear out of the country. On finding himself detected at the Africander's house, however, he got frightened and altered his plan. Burying his treasure in some safe place, he sold his horses and trap, and tried to cause all trace of himself to be lost by tramping to the Ultima Thule of the Transvaal and engaging himself as a tutor to a Boer there. I cannot account for what he did with the Hottentot boy he had with him, and who would have been almost certainly a witness of the burial of the box, or, if not a witness, would have known of its sudden disappearance. It was very heavy; still a strong-set man might have carried it on his back for a short way and have buried it during the night without assistance. The dog in the meanwhile broke away from whoever had him, ran back to where he had been stolen from, and thence tracked his master to his grave. During the day the animal slept and hunted for small game, returning at night to mourn over and guard all that remained of the man that he had loved better than he deserved, and in some way reasoned out to himself that the murderer of his master and the man who had sold him into bondage were one and the same. I have never been to the diamond-fields; if ever I go there, I shall endeavour to verify my suppositions.—*All the Year Round.*

—Two white men have visited the mountain of burning coal on the Navajo Reservation, A. T. They are the first white men who have ever seen it. They say it seems to have been burning for several hundred years.

Late Fashion Notes.

Velvet is to constitute one of the most fashionable of summer trimmings.

Next to dark green and royal blue, the favorite color for street wear is the new shade of golden brown.

A lace pin with the wearer's monogram in tiny diamonds and emeralds is among the elegant novelties in jewelry.

Feathers and flowers are used in profusion by French modistes, and painted ribbon and painted lace add greatly to the elegance of dress bonnets and hats.

Black velvet dog collars, fastened under the chin with tiny gold or silver clasps set with mock gems, are worn with both day and evening costumes.

The daisy family in natural and unnatural colors—blue or silver gray, for instance—large, medium and small, are very popular garnitures this season.

Long redingotes of thin cloth, with a number of small capes on the shoulders, and several pockets with flaps covering them, will be much used for travelling and country wear.

Plain, close fitting sleeves for home or promenade dress, buttoned up the back of the arm to the elbow, are more favored by fashionable ladies than sleeves cut in any other style.

The skirts that are worn under tunics, panniers, or polonaises, must either be perfectly plain, or literally covered with trimming; there is now no "mezzo-termine." It is also a necessity that the skirt, when plain, shall be rich and handsome in texture

To have the hands loaded down with a great number of heavy seal or even jewelled rings, is considered to savor too much of the swell mob and the doubtfuls. The most elegant, refined, and also wealthy people now display but few finger rings, and those only of the most valuable description.

Resada or mignonette, lime blossoms, silver-green, silver-gray and violet, are colors to be very fashionably worn this summer. A new shade, called "Chinese Pheasant," has made its appearance, it being the hue of this bird's neck feathers. It combines admirably with black, and is very popular in feathers and ribbons for bonnets. The shade is lighter than old gold, having a touch of pale amber in it.

A novel decoration for a sunshade is a tropical bird, neither too large nor yet too insignificant in size; the plumage must be gay. This tiny effigy may be placed with outstretched wings, as on the point of flight, or may appear as if poised for a momentary rest on the top or side of the shade. A large, brilliant beetle is sometimes fixed in a similar fashion, but the bird is the most effective. A very life-like little orange-and-black Indian bird, perched on a satin sunshade flounced all over with black lace, is one of the prettiest specimens of ornithological garnitures among a variety exhibited.

Rows of jet are now wrought in dress materials, the most effective of these being open-work silk grenadines, with floral designs worked in jet. These handsome fabrics make up very richly in combination with black satin or moire. A model made of this beaded grenadine has a black satin-striped moire underskirt, with a very wide fringed ruche around the bottom through the feathery centre of which glitter floral ornaments and pendants of jet. The tunic and bodice are fully draped with flowing jet fringes; and about the open square neck and upon the elbow sleeves is set a smaller fringed ruching, also brightened with special ornaments of jet.

For the country and the seaside, for church, as well as for evening dress, white is this summer to be uncommonly favored. For church the choice is, of course, light woollen fabrics—nuns' veiling, vigogne, and summer cashmere and the like. Toilets for this purpose are invariably made with trimmings of the dress material alone. For other occasions are Indian and French mull, batiste, French barege and Algerian silk ganzes, to be worn over underskirts of satin or surah; ganze de Chambery also remaining among the most fashionable of transparent tissues. Ivory and cream white are the tints preferred, and lace to correspond is profusely used in the trimmings. In evening dresses of white veiling, or cashmere, much Oriental lace and floral garniture is employed, but when the Grecian style is adopted, it is done so to the exclusion of fancy trimmings of any description, and with its simple but artistic drapings caught up with gold or silver cords; the effect of this fashion of dress is very chaste and beautiful.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Insect Life in Brazil.

Mr. Ernest Morris, the young traveler and naturalist, who has just returned from Brazil, repeats the general observation of explorers that the exuberance of insect life is the principal obstacle in the enjoyment of a sojourn in that part of the world. Cock-roaches swarm in every house, despite the inroads of an army of spiders which rally forth from every chink to prey upon them; scorpions are intrusive and dangerous; a small red insect called the "meculm" is an intolerable annoyance; at certain hours of the day the air is black with flies, and mosquitoes and ants are anniversal plague. To battle these last named foes of peace Mr. Morris was obliged to keep his entire collections on hanging shelves, the cords of which were soaked in the oil of coconiba. "The most destructive ant in Brazil," says Mr. Morris, "is the sauba. It will strip trees of their foliage in a single night, and in many places the orange trees cannot be grown for this reason. Some species travel in large bodies, marching in a straight line, and never turning to the right or left. If a house lies in the track of one of these marching bodies, unless they are exterminated, they pass through. Nothing will be injured, but every crack and cranny will be explored, and not a cock-roach or or spider will survive the visitation. They are, therefore, regarded as friends, and their advent is welcomed. Go where you will in Brazil you will meet this. You will meet ants. You live, sleep and eat with them—and eat them, too."—*Baptist Weekly.*

—A farmer who was plowing in the Yellowstone valley recently turned up a nice silk dress pattern. Is there anything more needed to induce emigration of the surplus women westward? We predict that if the crop of silk dresses "pan out" in the West like this, New England will be deserted by women in less than a year.—*New Haven Register.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Of English speaking people, 18,500,000 are Roman Catholics and 59,000,000 Protestants.

—The American Tract Society has dispensed 86,314,468 pages of literature the past year.

—The Yale Association in Colorado have raised a generous fund for the purpose of aiding poor boys in that State to go to Yale.

—The Rev. C. Lewis, LL.D., a Baptist minister of Kentucky, died suddenly the other day of heart-disease. He had prepared a sermon on "Death" for delivery the morning he died.

—Infidelity in India is a threatening danger, but with small results thus far. The census of Calcutta gives 11,095 Roman Catholics, 12,953 Protestants, 20 Unitarians and Theists, and 49 Agnosties.

—The Minnesota normal schools have been instructed to prepare their students to teach the elements of social and moral science, including temperance, health, purity, cleanliness, politeness, patriotism, self-respect, conscience, etc.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—At the recent session of the conference of the Methodist Church South, at Nashville, Tenn., the Committee on Revival recommended a new chapter in the discipline, which would forbid members dancing promiscuously, or visits to theater, opera, or circus.

—There are in the Fiji Islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000 over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned except by a single tribe.

—There is a Mormon society in Jonesport, Me., which owns a church edifice in partnership with the Congregationalists. They are of the Joseph Smith sect and discard polygamy, acknowledging the Bible, but as inferior in authority to the Book of Mormon. They are the survivors of the famous colony that went to Palestine and were brought back by the aid of our Government. The town has a population of 1,300, nearly one-half being Mormons. —*Boston Transcript.*

—France is probably foremost in practically imparting to her youth technical education. Nearly ten years ago a school was established in Paris where children not under twelve years of age were taught cabinet making, iron work, wood and metal turning, modelling and engraving on wood and stone. In England, as well as in France, although technical instruction does not form a part of public school education, there are establishments founded for that purpose, and considerable rivalry exists between cities and towns to locally secure these institutions.

—The fifty-eighth anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union was held in Pittsburgh, recently, Rev. Charles L. Thompson presiding. The reports declare that 2,864,037 children have been gathered into the Sunday-schools of the society, and religious literature valued at $7,500,000 has been put into circulation. The entire expense of its missionary work for the period of fifty-eight years have been only $2,729,941. The last year has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the society; 1,929 new schools have been established; 2,543 old schools aided. The union reached last year 438,687 children.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Local paper: "Lost, a blue sapphire gentleman's scarf pin," etc. Schoolma'am, meditatively: "What a jewel of a man he must be!"

—Mr. Wall, of Nebraska, has eaten 102 eggs at a sitting, and the hens of the far west feel much encouraged. They are taking hold with double yoked energy.

—"Confound it, you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun." Pat—"Sure and so I can, your honor. It's the shot, sorr, I couldn't howld!"

—They have now got the sun's distance from the earth at 93,100,000 miles. It is really half a mile more, but astronomers are not swinish in their calculations. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—A shirt has two arms, the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair and the other is only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy and paid more attention to the everyday trifles that vex the clearest minds?

—"You was never hitched into harness with a balky mule, was ye?" said the farmer to a young man who had come to ask his daughter's hand. "No, responded the candidate, doubtfully. "Well, then, don't set jest as if ye was spilin' for a chance," was all the satisfaction he got.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—At the hotel: She had ordered nothing but vegetables and was eating of them vigorously, when a little old lady seated next to her—one of those busybodies ever anxious to be pleasant—smiled and interrogatively said "Vegetarian?" "No," said the other in quick response, "Unitarian; I'm from Boston—are you?" One of those grand old Beethooven laughs without words went round the table.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A wicked boy got into a fight with his uncle, and biting off his nose swallowed it. He was brought before the police court, his uncle appearing against him. "This is your nephew, is he?" asked the magistrate. "I am sorry to say he is." "I think I detect some resemblance," said the judge. "Yes," replied the uncle, mournfully, "he has my nose."—*Courier-Journal.*

—"D'yer want to buy any greens this mornin'?" inquired a tatterdemalon at the back door of a New Haven mansion. "No, you little scamp; you picked those greens right in my own yard, and now you have the impudence to ask me to buy them." "Yes'm; I save yer the trouble o' pickin' on 'em, an' I naturally comes to you to sell 'em." "The idea—" "Is a good one, ma'am. Would yer want the neighbors to brag o' eatin greens what's been picked outen your yard?" It was a knock down argument and sold the greens.—*New Haven Register.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

Ice-bound! And thus they lie—
Cold in the awful majesty of death—
Calm in the sleep that knows not to awake—
Poor pallid faces, rugged forms,
Touching the tender heart with pathos
There portrayed. And *thus* to die!
With the slow monster creeping on,
Numbing the life-blood inch by inch—
Tingling the heart and brain
With that sweet music-touch that thrills
With subtle power, and warms
But to destroy!

The weary march,
And days of toil, wherein the icy reach
Seemed ever to retreat, or near advance
With dazzling promises of hope and rest;
And weary eyes, outpeering through
The ice-Queen's veil of snow,
Would e'en renew their brightness
At some distant shade by iceberg cast,
Which to their dazzled vision formed
A shape of snow-clad hut, and hope
Thrilled through the chilled veins
Of life, blest life, renewed anon,
And strength returned, by food and warmth.

O majesty sublime of Death!
How shall we know the day or hour
That claimed our wand'rers for thine own?
Come, Vision, in the still, sad night,
And whisper to our comfort, thus:

"The thought that last
Sped from that frozen brain
Was prayer to God! The pulse
That last throbbed through
That noble heart was love for Thee!
No coward cry at Death's approach
E'er trembled on the bearded lip!"

No sister there, or brother, brave,
And strong, and true; nor yet
A mother's last fond kiss, to thrill;
Nor father's trembling hand outstretched
To bless; no wife to 'sturb the calm—
The awful calm—of death, by loud
And anguished cries of hopeless grief;
No sweet-faced girl to smooth a pallid brow—
Or, holding fast with Love's last hold
The hand which all too soon would bear
The rigid hue of death, anoint
The pain with burning tears
Which shamed not Virino's womanhood—
Or, bending low, to claim
That last long kiss on Earth,
And whisper soft a trust in God
To turn the dying vision hence.
—Alone they died!

God's angels know
The thoughts which are denied
To us of earth. Methinks I hear
As still they lie, some words like these
(And voice, though low in death,
Yet deep, to touch each heart,
And waken the "Amen," which lips
Now stiff were powerless to form):

"By pastures green, He causeth me to lie;
By waters still, my weary steps are led;
And we will fear no ill, for Thou
Art near. Yea! through the Vale
Of Death we trust Thee still,
For thou art God, and Thine the glory be!"

And then, mayhap, one other voice,
Renewed to life by these first thrilling tones,
Turned from that last death-sleep
To breathe in murmuring utterance
A prayer learned at his mother's knee.
—And so Death found them there,
And claimed his own. And life
Fast fled. But on the noble brows
No terror staid! Proud they to dare,
And prouder still to bravely die.
A smile shows forth the steadfast heart,
And, frozen there, for aye proclaims
The victory over Death!

And now we mourn,
With hearts athrob and warm
In Nature's sympathy, for each
And all who lose their loved
In lands afar! Death 'mong the dear
Is bitter still—but death from home
And home's dear ties more pitiful.
And *this* the picture in our hearts for aye:

The lowering sky; the icy plain
Outreaching wide on every side, to meet
The leaden gray of sky, and, mingling, lose
Its very whiteness in the distant gloom;
The berg of ice, oft towering high,
Resplendent on its diamond throne,
And dazzling in its wondrous purity—
Its base hid by the ermine drifts,
Its height lost in the clouds
Low drifting down. And 'tween
The plains of frozen white,
And upper plains of leaden gray,
Pierced here and there drazuzzling peaks,
Wait slowly down the never-ending flakes
Of snow; and forms once struggling through
Are by the noiseless snowflakes clad.
And now the sky is hid, and earth,
And forms; and only to the gaze
Remain that wierd waste of snow
And LENA RIVER'S frozen plain.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE REVENGERS.

"Pop!"

"Yes 'm."

"Take that big basket with the broken bale, an' dig me 'bout a peck o' potatoes. Look lively now. Don't stand there staring at me like a dumb thing. Fly around."

"Yes 'm."

Pop, a thick-set little fellow black as the ace of spades, seized the basket Miss Faithful Sharpe designated with her lean forefinger, and started out.

In the garden, Andy, Miss Faithful's nephew, and the cause of much of her tribulation, was engaged in weeding. He averaged one weed a minute. At that rate it would take about three months of constant work to clear the beds. But Andy didn't care. He hated work, and it wouldn't have distressed him if the garden had remained unweeded from the beginning to the end of the year. His aunt's example, and her many maxims, and long lectures on the nobility of honest toil, never had any perceptible effect upon him.

"What are you going to do, Pop?" he asked as his co-sufferer, who viewed things pretty much as "Mars Andy" did, emerged from the house.

"Goin' to dig taters."

Digging potatoes had always been hateful work in Andy's eyes before. But now it did not strike him so. Anything was better than weeding.

"Say, Pop, I'll dig the potatoes, if you'll weed some."

Pop shook his head.

"Can't, Mars Andy," he answered. "Ole Missus, she tole me I'd got to go and get dese yere taters my own self, an' not stop foolin' roun' wid nobody. She say she spec Mars Andy gwine to ax me to weed, an' so she tole me not to stop nohow."

This was delivered very glibly, for Pop hated weeding as much as Andy did, and never found any difficulty in framing an excuse.

"O, pshaw," said Andy, who did not think of doubting Pop's veracity, knowing as he did his aunt's opinion of his industry. "That's the way she always talks. She don't mean nothin'. Gim me the basket."

"I dasn't, Mars Andy," and Pop clung with a well-simulated shiver of fear to the broken bale. "Ole missus, she'd take an' tar de head squar off 'n me. 'Deed she would"

"She! Now you know you're gassin', Pop. There a'n't as much fight in her as she makes out. But go 'long. I believe I'd druther weed anyhow," said Andy, making the best of the inevitable. "I only know one thing: you're that mean a Jew wouldn't buy you."

Pop proceeded to the potato patch with a heavy heart. Andy's last words cut deep. He wondered how he could make peace, and turned out the contents of his pockets, thinking he might find something to propitiate the friend whose friendship was so dear to him. But nothing appeared of sufficient value to serve as a peace offering—an alligator's tooth, a rattlesnake's rattle, a big cone, a piece of string, the core of a turnip, a glass button and a piece of rusty iron. For none of these things would Andy care. He had plenty like them; only better.

Two boys, in close conversation, came to the rail fence, taking the road which led to the river, half a mile off. Pop pricked up his ears on hearing something one of them said, and ran to repeat it to Andy, forgetting, in his excitement, all about their recent difference.

"I say, Mars Andy, now's our chance. We can get eben wid dat Bob Harris and Tim Waters for stealin' our elo'es when we was in a swimmin' las' Sat'day. Dey's gone down now to go in dair selves."

"Good luck!" cried Andy. "I didn't believe we'd get a chance for revenge so soon. You get through your potatoes, Pop, and let 's be off. We'll show 'em that stealin' clothes is a trick we can play at, too."

Pop wasn't ten minutes digging the potatoes. Then he walked softly around to the kitchen window, which was open, for the weather was very warm, and succeeded in setting the basket on the deal without attracting the attention of argus-eyed Miss Faithful. A little later, when she went to the door to see how the weeding progressed, neither of the boys were to be seen, and she screamed their names until she was hoarse, without eliciting any reply save from the echoing pine-woods.

The boys proceeded with great caution as they neared the river. In the middle of it lay a small island, almost overgrown with bushes, which afforded a capital screen. On the other side of this island from where the boys were, the water was very deep, but nearest to them it was so shallow that they could wade across with ease and perfect safety. Very careful to make no noise, they hunted around among the bushes until they found two piles of clothes. Hastily picking them up, they ran off with them, just as a shout was raised by some one in the deep water.

"You'll know how it feels to have your clothes carried off, now," sung out Andy, as he and Pop waded back to the shore in great haste. "You'll let ours alone the next time we go in, I reckon."

They did not stop to hear the answer that was shouted after them, but, hurrying home, hid the clothes in an empty bin in Miss Faithful's corn-shed.

"Let 'em get home as best they can," chuckled Andy. "We had a good right to take our revenge."

"Lessen us call ourselves de revengers," suggested Pop.

"That's the name for us," cried Andy. "You've hit it this time, Pop. 'Revenge is sweet,' you know, and I reckon we never felt better than we do now. Tim and Bob 'll never hear the last of this."

This was Thursday. Every Thursday night there was a prayer meeting held in Crosstown Methodist Church, situated a mile from Miss Faithful's house.

Andy and Pop always went; not because they liked it, but because Miss Faithful, who was a devout member of the congregation, was afraid to leave them at home, for fear they would burn the house down or commit some other desperate deed of a like nature.

"Please let us stay home to-night, aunt?" pleaded Andy, as he sat with her at supper, while Pop slowly polished tins at the sink, averaging a rub every two or three minutes.

"No, don't ask it," was the decided reply. "I can't trust you. Like as not you'd burn the whole place down before I'd got half way to Crosstown. Come, Pop, sit down and eat, while I clear away the dishes, and then we 'll start. You both deserve a thrashing for going off this afternoon without leave, and attending meeting is small enough punishment, goodness knows."

The church was full. It had been previously announced that Deacon Ellis and Deacon Snow, of Glenville, who were visiting Deacon Marley for a few days, would give in their experience, and the attendance was consequently very large, for these gentlemen were looked upon as "shining lights," and great respect was paid them. Miss Faithful had invited them both to a late supper when meeting should be over, and had, on the way to church, given Andy and Pop many and earnest directions as to their conduct on the forthcoming great occasion.

But neither of the eminent gentlemen had arrived when Miss Faithful, a little late, entered the church with her two charges. Already inquiries were being made about them, and anxiety, mingled with disappointment, was visible on every countenance.

Half an hour passed, and still the Deacons did not come. And then Deacon Marley rose slowly from his seat.

"My friends" he said, "I am unable to account for the extraordinary absence of our respected brothers. They left my house at five o'clock with the intention of taking a walk by the river, and, since they did not return to tea, I anticipated meeting them here. I greatly fear some accident has befallen them."

Andy looked at Pop. Pop returned the look. The same idea presented itself to the minds of both. It was an idea that struck a chill to the very marrow in their bones.

"Aunt," whispered Andy to Miss Faithful, "I'm awful sick to my stomach. I guess it was that piece of cocoanut pie I ate. I've got to go out. Can't Pop go with me?"

He looked so pale that Miss Faithful credited his assertion of sudden illness, and nodded assent.

The boys went out together, careful not to glance at each other, for fear of being suspected of their complicity in the absence of the Deacons.

"We've done gone an' done it now, shore 'nuff," whispered Pop, with a shiver, when they were once out of the church.

They set off for the river with the speed of young deer. When within a few yards of it they heard shouts for help.

"Dat's dem," said Pop. "Dey mus' he pow'ful mad by dis time."

The Deacons were indeed considerably out of temper, as well they might be, for they had been wading around in the shallow water near the island for nearly three hours, shouting at the top of their lungs for assistance.

"Hollo!" answered Andy, "what d' ye want?"

He asked the question by way of taking every precaution against suspicion, for, of course, he knew very well what they wanted.

"Some wicked boys stole our clothes," answered Deacon Snow; "and we've been here ever since half-past five. Whoever you are, I'll give you a dollar if you'll go to Deacon Marley's, and tell him to send us something to put on."

"And I'll give you another dollar if you'll hurry up," said Deacon Ellis.

The boys were off like a flash, and returned in a short time with all necessary garments, and Deacon Marley following in their wake.

It was too late now for the Deacons to attend meeting; the congregation had dispersed. So they went at once to Miss Faithful's, where, over a goodly supper, they recounted the story of their wrongs.

Andy and Pop were sent to bed, after receiving high praise for their timely aid.

"What made you think of coming to the river?" asked Deacon Ellis, as he patted Andy on the head in a benign manner.

"Deacon Marley said you'd gone there to walk," answered Andy, in a very low tone, "and we thought you might have fallen in."

"Good boys," said the Deacon. "You deserve a holiday to-morrow for this."

The boys did not appear very appreciative of the praise lavished so freely upon them. Miss Faithful, made suspicious by sad experience, detected embarrassment in their manners, and guilt in their faces. A horrible thought seized her as she recollected their unexplained absence of the afternoon. She waited until the Deacons had lighted their pipes, and then excused herself for a few minutes.

Going up stairs, she opened the door of the back attic. Pop's bed was empty. In the front attic the condition of affairs was the same; Andy's bed had not been disturbed. Suspicion ripened into certainty at once. Miss Faithful leaned from the window of the back attic, and looked down into the yard below. Nothing was to be seen or heard. Going softly down the back stairs she opened the kitchen door and went out. All was still. Exercising great caution in her movements she made her way toward the barn-yard turned a corner of the barn suddenly, and almost fell over two small boys, who, by the light of a lantern, were digging with an energy she had never seen equaled. The hole was already nearly two feet deep. On the edge of it, awaiting burial, lay a heap of clothes.

"Andy! Pop!"

Perhaps it is as well to draw a veil over the scene that followed. Sufficient be it, that both the Deacons were given a chance to exercise their muscles on two small boys, and that the boys in question "took their meals standing" for a week to come.

More than all, the story got out, and was the source of unmitigated delight to Tim Waters and Bob Harris, who, after all, had not gone in swimming on that fatal day, and who were never weary of taunting the unhappy revengers with their unfortunate mistake.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

Brother Gardner on Intemperance.

A letter from Harlem, N. Y., signed by three reputable citizens, inquired how Brother Gardner stood on the subject of intemperance, and asked if he did not know that thousands of young men were drifting down to the pools of degradation through the influence of drink.

"Yes, I know it," replied the old man, as he passed the letter along; "I know it, and I wonder over it, an I am amazed at it. A young man finds hisself in good health, has a clar eye an' an honest face, an' his prospects fur de fucher am full o' promise. He am de hope of his fader—comfort of his mudder—de pride of his friends. Everybody wishes him well, an' ebery hand am stretched out to gin him a start in life. I have seen dat young man when he started on his race of life, an' I felt proud ober him. I have seen him when dat race was finished—cut short by thirty y'ars. De eye had become bleared an' dim; de face had de look of a beast; de strong limbs trembled; all de sunshine of de past had been drowned out by tears—all de hopes of a thousand friends blasted by disappointment. Drink was de cause—wine, beer, whisky an' de gutter. De young man who puts a glass of liquor to his lips am unloosin' a snake which am sartin to bite him—unchainin' a tiger which will devour him. Drink am a fiend which laughs an' smiles an' sings until its teeth am fastened into its victim. It am a dry-rot dat eats to de heart. It am a debil which won't be content wid one victim, but it drags families an' friends down to destruction.

Show me a man who am always putting liquor to his lips an' I'll show you a man who will sooner or later become a wreck. Show me a youth who drinks an' I'll write de word: 'Destroyed!' arter his name. I am only a poo' ole black man, ignorant an' uneducated, but poor an' lowly as I am, I would not trade places with de rich white man who has a fondness fur drink. I did not mean to deliber a lecktur; nor do I wish to be counted 'mong de fanatics who have worked injury whar' dey hoped to do good. I simply want to be put on record as one who's seventy years of life have taught him dat of all de cold an' clammy snakes which man kin take to his arms to paralyze his mind, benumb his brain, break the hearts of friends an' at last make him de victim of a grave neber cried for an' neber visited except wid wails of sorrow, dat sarpint called Drink am de wurst. It am now time to go home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—One of the pleasantest incidents of a walk down town on a rainy morning is the inevitable disposition of your umbrella to caress and toy and linger with the umbrella of the best looking girl you meet. In some respects umbrellas are almost human in their manifestation of intelligence.

—Seventy out of every one hundred railroad passengers growl about twenty minutes for dinner because the time is so short. The other thirty, who have their lunches in baskets growl because it is too long to delay. Man is a considerate creature. —*Boston Post.*

—Dr. Euston Buckner, of Greenville, Miss., was a slave to opium. While under the influence of the drug he wandered into a neighbor's house and was killed in the dark as a burglar.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Fatal Amusement.

Four years ago a young girl belonging to an influential family in Cincinnati was sent to a fashionable boarding-school in an Eastern city "to finish." She was excitable, fond of admiration, and intoxicated with glimpses of the gay world around her and her freedom from home-restraint.

In an evil hour it was suggested to her by a class-mate as "good fun," to answer an advertisement in a New York paper for "the acquaintance of an intellectual young lady friend." An immediate reply came to her letter; a correspondence followed with the rascal who inserted the advertisement—and men who advertise for young lady correspondents are always evil-minded men—and at last photographs where exchanged. The whole affair seemed to this inexperienced, innocent girl, a harmless little drama in which she played the role of heroine.

After a few weeks her "friend and correspondent" came to the city where she was. An hour was set in which he was to pass the window of her boarding house, and they were to see each other for the first time. He was a middle-aged man, handsome and well-dressed, with a melancholy, romantic air which thrilled her heart. A meeting was arranged in a restaurant. To keep the tryst she escaped in the evening by a back window.

So, far, a love of excitement, of so-called romance, outside of the humdrum round of history and geography and the school-room, had spurred her on. But now she fancies herself in love. It would be cruelty in teachers or parents to keep her from this prince among men. What fun it would be to outwit them all, and to surprise them by a secret marriage as he urged!

One night, therefore, she disappeared, and when she returned after a few weeks she showed her wedding-ring, declaring that she had been married. Investigation showed that the ceremony had been performed by some worthless friend of the villian who had deceived her. Both were gone, and no trace of them could be found. The wretched girl, when she learned the truth, escaped before her parents reached the school, and took refuge in the city almshouse, where she died from shame, and from the result of her relations with the man who had deceived her. God, it may be sent death as His most merciful messenger to her.

The story needs no words to point its meaning. Innocent young girls are too apt to carry on so-called flirtations, and even correspondence, for the sake of the temporary excitement or "fun" with men to whom they are strangers. It is well for them to remember that although the foolish drama may not end in a tragedy like this, they are endangering their good name for life, and placing themselves in the power of men whose characters may be vile beyond description.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Cherokee Home.

At the close of my last letter, I said that we were about to try the hospitality and comforts of a Cherokee home at the conclusion of a long ride. Both were abundant, and a sketch may show what plenty and independence are to be found in far-away regions of the Cherokee country. The house is situated in a natural locust grove, such as sprinkle the beautiful prairie to which their presence gives a name. It stands on a slight elevation in the midst of yard, garden, farm-steading and field. It is not of logs, as is most common, but what in the West is called a "frame-house," and is built of sawed lumber from a neighboring mill. Like all houses in a mild climate that invite to spend so much of life out of doors, it has an ample piazza, furnished with split or hide-bottomed chairs, and containing a fixture for a handy basin and towel. The yard is decorated with native and cultivated flowers, rose trees in large growth and of luxuriant bloom, and a honeysuckle wearing an odoriferous mantle of blossoms. Within, the house is comfortably furnished with antique bedsteads and cases of drawers that are evidently heirlooms, and perhaps came to the country with the emigration of the Cherokee people. Two ancient oil paintings ornament the walls, the father and mother of our hostess, taken in old age by some artist who visited the country, and representing in both instances striking countenances, the father having been the captain of a Cherokee company that fought the hostile Creeks at the battle of the Horseshoe under Andrew Jackson. Tin-type portraits of our host and hostess, and the heir of the family, a bright boy now at school at the male seminary at Tahlequah, complete the picture gallery. A few books and a number of newspapers furnish the reading matter. Everything is neat and clean, showing the presence of a notable housewife.

In front of the house, in a natural dell overshadowed by trees of magnificent growth, is a large spring of the clearest water and a spring-house of logs, from which emerges butter as hard and milk as cool as if it had been kept on ice.

A well filled smoke-house, hung with hams and flitches of bacon, stands close to the rear door, and broods of young chickens, turkeys, and guinea fowls give token of an unfailing supply of poultry and eggs. The farm buildings, chiefly log structures, for the storage of tools, stand in the farm-yards, and a large enclosure containing a hundred or more calves is beyond them, and through it passes a brook fed by another spring. On one side of and beyond this stretches a garden field of an acre or more, already, in the middle of May, furnishing green peas and new potatoes, and containing vegetables of every kind and variety. Then come great fields waving with wheat, or showing the green rows of corn, forming a cultivated farm of upward of a hundred acres. A pasture for the mares and colts completes the enclosed land, but not the privileges of the farm, which includes an unlimited range of the prairie and woodland pasture for the cattle and ponies.—*Indian Territory Cor. Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—It has been suggested by a cynical paragrapher that only about one out of fifteen of the American girls who go abroad to become great singers or painters are ever heard of after returning home. The other fourteen marry Italian Counts, and when night comes are too busy taking care of the monkeys and mending tambourines to hunt up their old acquaintances.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Glance at Progress.

From the printer's block has grown the rough wood cut, the copper plate, followed by the steel engraving, the lithographic, photo-lithographic and photo-engraving processes that enable us to produce in a few hours fac-similes to any scale of the most elaborately lined drawing. By the aid of the camera we can reduce the proportions of the elephant to those of a mouse without distorting a line, and enlarge those of microscopic animalculæ to the scale of a mammoth without disturbing the apparent relations of the most minute parts.

* * * * *

Equally astonishing is the increase in the facilities for communicating with distant places. The mail rider was succeeded by the coach, the railroad train and steamboat. But people had been dreaming of a realization of the old Jesuit's prophecy, uttered in the fifteenth century, that in time people could communicate their thoughts to great distances by means of cords or wires stretched from place to place. A wire was laid to Washington and needles, whose movements were arranged to indicate the letters of the alphabet, were operated by the electrical impulse, so that men communicated their thoughts and expressed their desires over two hundred and forty miles. Invention followed invention until we find many messages going over one wire at the same time. Can anything excel this? Is it possible that distance is to be wholly conquered? The bottom of the Atlantic has been made the bed on which are stretched mighty cables. Wires network continents. Calcutta and San Francisco are brought within an hour's communication. Pshaw! this is nothing. We talk now with as much ease through five hundred miles of wire as across a parlor. The next discovery may be one that will enable us to see things hundreds of miles away, by some curious teleoptic apparatus operated by the electric wire that will at once bring men visibly face to face while they converse through the telephone. Distance is no more. It is Time that remains unconquered.

But surely Time, the destroyer, will remain supreme. Nothing of human fashioning will survive his assaults. Even the mountains bow their crumbling heads before him and the great rivers hide themselves in his presence. There is nothing so enduring as time. The fleeting sounds of the song of merry music, of sighs and laughter—these are the contrasts in endurance to time. They are heard and are dead forever. That might be said before Edison discovered the phonograph. Now sounds are fixed for all time in enduring metal.

They are heard and sleep to awake again in a succession of utterances whose sameness proves that the chords or words held chained in that metallic prison have become immortal in their alliance with the imperishable. Darkness, first assailed with the pine torch, was followed up by the rudge grease lamp, the candle of tallow, sperm oil and wax. Finally coal gas was discovered by the indefatigable searchers, and light shone on many parts of the realm of darkness. Gas was regarded as the light of the future. It has come in a year or two to be regarded as an old-fashioned light of the past. What will replace it? We cannot preserve sunlight as we do sound for future use. We do not want it. The earth, the air, all matter is the reservoir of our light, and we will draw on it as we desire. The mysterious essence of force and action, electricity is our prisoner.

In ancient days disturbances and clashings of terrestrial forces were regarded as the struggles of contending gods, and helpless man stood awe-struck by the warfare which threatened him momentarily with destruction. How bravely we have got over all that now! Our stately steamers plow the domain of Neptune with a contemptuous disregard for his powers. We can tell when, how and whence the storms are coming, and by our control of electricity we send the news away in advance of the tempest, bidding all prepare for its coming. Astronomy is revealing new spheres in the immensity of space, satellites of planets and new stars revolving within the burning radius of the sun's immediate influence. The spectroscope is telling us what these distant worlds are made of, and speculative science is penetrating where the ordinary calculations of distance cannot follow. Chemistry reaches the elemental base of matter and solidifies gases. Physiology anatomises *in fusorio* from the awful depths of the ocean. Perhaps the day is not distant when the surface of the earth will be as familiar in all its details as that of Union Square, because geographers are indefatigable in their researches. Over the wide, wide world of civilization there is an active warfare being pushed against the unknown, and many and glorious are the trophies won in the contest. Right, left and center the legionaries of science are marching onward, cutting down with the swords of keen intelligence the obstructing forests and undergrowth of ignorance, fording the swamps and rivers of doubt and battering the citadels of prejudice. The newspaper, the great educator of the masses, is leading the van, and the music of the marching hosts is given by the concert of printing press, locomotive, telegraph sounder, loom and sewing-machine, sawmill and steam-drill, ringing anvils and clinking hammers.—*American Register.*

The Pope as An Eel-Farmer.

How many people are there who know that the Pope is a farmer? Such is the fact, however, and there is reason to believe that his holiness makes a very good thing of it. Leo XIII. "goes in," however, neither for the growing of cereals nor the raising of stock, but for the breeding of fish. The lagoons of Commachio are thus turned to profitable use. Eels are the staple food, and several tons of cooked eels are sent from the lagoons every Lent. The fish come up in immense shoals from the Adriatic, and are fed in the lagoons on other fish provided for them, until they are nicely fattened, when they are killed and cooked in a vast kitchen. The laborers on these water-farms dwell in barracks built on an island. This is yet another instance of the strange use to which land may be put.—*Land.*

—A cow at Vicksburg, Miss., put her tongue through a lattice work, and a mule bit off four inches of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A New Hampshire man has borrowed water from a neighbor's well 100 rods away for twenty-two long years.

—"A very nice imported fan," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "plenty good enough for a woman whose husband earns $12 per week, can now be purchased for $500."

—Judge Crosby, of Lowell, Mass., has done a good deal of work during his service of thirty-seven years on the bench. He has had 65,000 criminal and 10,000 civil cases on the docket of his court.

—Don Carlos, the would-be King of Spain, and his wife have parted. The cause of the disagreement is not given, but the neighbors say she used the royal sceptre to stir soup with, and set a hen on fourteen duck eggs in his Kingly crown.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Near Mount Airy, Ga., is a Swiss colony of twenty families, each one of which brought with it from across the water a fund of from $2,000 to $5,000, and general prosperity prevails. Sixty thousand dollars has already been expended in improvements.—*Chicago Herald.*

—An owl was killed near Yankee Hill, Butte County, Cal., recently, attached to one leg of which, with a piece of annealed wire, was a gold dollar of the coinage of 1856. The bird was an aged one, apparently, and the coin looked as if it had been carried for many years.

—Keeley, of motor fame, has admitted in court in Philadelphia that, although by reason of the nature and qualities of his mysterious force, he has thus far failed in his efforts to bring his inventions and discoveries into any practical use or to arrive at the utility of his findings, he believes that he will ultimately succeed.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A Chelsea (Mass.) bank teller, crossing the ferry to Boston, placed a package containing $800 in mutilated currency on the seat beside him and fell to reading his morning paper. When the boat reached its slip he rushed out with the rest, forgetting his parcel. When he bethought him of it he hurried back, but the parcel was gone.

—A peripatetic peanut vender of Pittsburgh, Pa., Italian of course, accumulated $1,900 by dint of the most rigid economy and unhealthy frugality and then permitting two St. Louis sharpers, also Italians, to swindle him by representing that an unknown uncle had died and left him an enormous fortune. The guileless vender of the double-jointed, camel-backed California ground-nuts is nearly crazy over his loss.—*Chicago News.*

—A curious wind passed over Evansville, Vt., recently. There was a roaring sound high in the air, while near the surface of the earth everything was quiet. At one place, near the river, the eddy descended, picked some planks off a long bridge, and carried them several rods away. The next day, near Barton Mountain, there was a continuous shower of dry leaves, which fell out of a clear sky from a great height. It is supposed that they had been caught up by the whirlwind.

—Two years ago Oscar Parker, of Granville, Vt., while drinking from a spring after dark, was disagreeably conscious of having imbibed something a little livelier than a hemlock twig and less pugnacious than a beetle-bug. Since then he has never enjoyed an entirely peaceful gastronomic conscience. A short time ago he gave himself into a physician's charge, and, after enduring medicinal torture for ten days, presented Esculapins with a striped snake twenty inches in length.

—A Trenton (N. J.) dentist stopped at the house of Mrs. Duffy, at Lambertsville, a few days ago, to extract some teeth for her. When her children saw the blood issuing from their mother's mouth they attacked the dentist, supposing that he was doing her severe bodily injury. The boy seized a poker, and threw it at the doctor. The doctor dodged just in time, and the poker struck the window, breaking the sash and demolishing the panes of glass. The little girl grabbed the dentist by the coat-tail, and nearly tore it off. So hot was the fight that the dentist had to get out and leave the job unfinished.

English Game Laws.

In England the ownership of game, whatever its kind is vested in the proprietor of the land, and not the occupier, unless by special understanding and agreement between the two. This is the universal theory and practice, supposed to have origin in ancient right of forestry and domain. But why go so far back for an argument to support the privilege? For if it be not a right of property, I know not what is. Would space permit, I could easily prove this right of ownership in game, but taking it for granted, I proceed to speak of the statutes enacted for its preservation, generally known as the "Game Laws." In England these are not intended merely to save the game from destruction, but to maintain its value as a food commodity, an actual money's worth, with an eye also to the "sport" in its capture. That the former motive had precedence in the making of the protectory statutes is evinced by the fact of all the birds and animals protected by them being those most esteemed as food delicacies, and so desirable property. Therefore "sport" alone cannot be looked upon as the object of game-preserving; only a conjoint and lesser factor, with a keen sense of the more substantial money one underlying it. Whatever the *raison d'etre*, the Game Laws of Great Britain prohibit all landless people from killing or capturing game, unless with the leave of the landed. But neither can these give permission, nor kill it themselves, without first obtaining a "game license" or "game certificate," as the statutes term it, for which the annual payment is £3. If not taken out till November 1, after there have been two months of shooting, and the "gilt gone off the gingerbread," then the price is £2. In either case the license terminates with the commencement of the close season, April 5, and has to be renewed for the next year. This "game certificate" has nothing to do with what is called a "gun license"—another of those petty machinations by which England's protective government exacts revenue while posing in the front rank of free trade; the amount of the mulct being ten shillings per annum, which gives no right to kill game but only to own and carry a gun!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

The circuit court for Washington county has refused the motion for a new trial in the Farrow-Negley case.

A tornado swept through Central Iowa late Saturday night from northwest to southeast, from twenty miles north of Des Moines. The town of Grinnell was struck by it, and half of the town was left in ruins. Thirty-two people are dead, and about 150 or more was wounded.

Col. Charles Cole, editor and proprietor of the *Maryland Union*, of Frederick city, and a member of the Maryland Association of editors, died Saturday morning from the effects of a stroke of paralysis received on the 8th instant. He was 60 years of age.

Justice Bradley has severed the last slender thread that binds Guiteau, the assassin, to the world. In his opinion, delivered Monday, he denies the petition for a habeas corpus. There is nothing now that can be done to stay the fatal drop on the 30th.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing that the live stock of the U. S. on farms on June 1, 1880, was as follows: Horses, 10,357,981: mules and asses, 1,812,932; working oxen, 993,979; milch cows 12,443,593; other cattle, 22,488,500; sheep, 35,191,656; swine, 47,683,951. The rate of increase from 1870 to 1880 was in horses, 45 per cent.; mules and asses 61 per cent.; working oxen, a decrease of 25 per cent.; milch cows, increase of 39 per cent.; other cattle, 66 per cent.; sheep, 24 per cent.; and swine, 90 per cent.

The most remarkable phenomena of this century is the vast amount of oil being discovered in the bosom of Mother Earth. Some wells recently struck in Warren county, Pa., are showing wonderful productiveness. The greasy fluid flows out by the hundred barrels daily. The heavy production from these new wells has already affected the oil market. Owners of large tracts of land in the locality of the new wells are cutting up their estates into pieces of five acres and disposing of them at from five to seven hundred dollars an acre. It gives a new boom to well drilling.

An Ex-Confederate's Tribute to Garfield.

General G. W. Gordon, ex-Confederate, in his address in memory of Garfield at the Circuit Court at Memphis, said: "While his steps were in the dust, his eyes were on the stars. By courage, toil, talent, integrity and sobriety, he fought his way, single-handed and alone, from the hovel to the White House. By these instrumentalities he passed from the humblest to the highest station, not only in his own country, but, I submit, to the most noble, exalted and enviable position held by any citizen of the world. And, although he ascended from a level so low to an eminence so high, it did not dazzle him nor lessen his humility. He was one of the few men of the world's great history whom prosperity humbles and adversity strengthens. I had rather possess the emotion, the culture, the oratory and the genius of Garfield than all the blood-stained laurels that ever Cæsar tore from the livid brows of fallen kings, or all the jewels that ever Hannibal stripped from the frozen fingers of his slaughtered knights. The wisdom, moderation and reform foreshadowed in his brief administration were daily widening his influence and popularity, especially with the people of the South, and we hoped that he was hastening the day when we could all feel and say we had but one sky, one flag, one union, one country and one President."

President Arthur caught a trout that weighed 33 ounces at Long Island recently. He is an expert at fly throwing.—*Repub.*

That beats Capt. Frank Hurry's achievements at uncle Tom Brawning's, and lays in the shade "Jim Smith's" exploits at the same piscatorial paradise.—*Morgantown Post.*

Democratic Extravagance.

June 21st, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Since the smoke of last fall's local conflict has cleared away, since the Legislative session has ended, and the people stand face to face with its results, they are now in a position to judge of the wisdom of their choice.

If their representatives looked carefully after the best interests of the county, with a view to the enactment of salutary laws, such as would add to the convenience of the people, and, if possible, result in a reduction of county expenses, they will have earned the gratitude and confidence of the public; but if, on the other hand, they went to Annapolis to play the puppet, and dance to those who stand behind the scenes and pull the wires, with a view to securing mere party advantage, they will most assuredly be estimated at their true value. It was not until the recent publication of the local laws in the county papers that the people knew what had been done for us at the late session, and my purpose is to discuss briefly and fairly the more important of the late enactments, with a a view to showing up their designed and intended effect.

I notice, first, the repeal of that section of the county license law, requiring liquor dealers to pay to the county for the use of the public schools, an amount equal to the State license. This license yielded last year $405, which, by the repeal of this law is taken away from the meager school fund, and applied as a premium for the encouragement of the liquor trade. There was clearly no necessity for this. There is a crying need of more and better schools, but the liquor dealers we had were certainly able to attend to all the business.

Again, there is a law increasing the Sheriff's allowances in Garrett county. I would simply say in this connection that if a Republican sheriff had been elected there would have been no increase of pay. The place was eagerly enough south after before, and the fact that a Democrat happened to slip into it, ought not to have been a sufficient reason for increasing the allowances.

There is no good to the people, either in taking money from the school fund to benefit the liquor trade, or in taking it out of the people's pockets to add to the second best paying office in the county.

Mr. Beachey's law to prevent the spread of Canada thistle is not in any sense a bad law, as it does not effect the people's pockets, unless they fail to comply with its provisions; and if he succeeds in preventing the spread of the pest he will have rendered a valuable service.

But the *business* of the session, the crowning act, the great master-stroke was the creation of certain new election districts. On this great work the mighty Democratic intellect was brought to bear, and the result is the most natural thing that could be imagined.

It was an open secret that Democratic victories in Garrett had become a mighty "on sartain crap," and though Paul might plant, and Apollos water, the plant Democracy did not seem to thrive well in this rarified atmosphere. Something must be done or the Democracy would lose its grip on the county entirely; and last fall's election gave them the coveted opportunity to cut up the election districts, and gerrymander the county so as to have the Republicans at a disadvantage.

There was No. 1, a large district, and in it, along the line of the railroad, was Swanton, solidly Democratic, and Deer Park, with scarcely a Republican vote. Now if they could cut the district so as to make these the voting places, the bulk of the Democratic vote would, in each instance live near the polls, while the Republicans, living mostly across the Backbone Mountain, would have to do the traveling. There was the law however, authorizing the County Commissioners to appoint the voting places, but that could be got over by Legislative enactment.

In district No. 8 also, there is a large Republican neighborhood Southeast of the mountain, with a corresponding Democratic neighborhood on the Northwest of it, and if by usurping the functions of the County Commissioners, they could in each instance fix the voting place in the centre of a Democratic neighborhood, and as far away from the mass of the Republican voters as possible, it would be an advantage to the party, and entirely in keeping with the Democratic conception of public duty.

Having determined on this piece of political villainy, the next question was, to divide No. 1 so that both voting places would not be on the same side of the line; and this must have been a poser.

But the statesman, (?) however, who was bossing the job, was not to be baffled by geographical difficulties. So he drove down his peg at the Burnt School-house—he does not say whether it was burnt in the interest of the liquor trade or not—but he strikes out boldly from the Burnt School-house, sou-by-sou west, until he strikes the Methodist Church at Ryans Glades. There he finds he is getting into a dangerous latitude, and veers off at a very peaked angle, to John Davis' saw mill, where he takes water, which finally lands him high and *dry* at Kitzmillersville; and here he seems, like Saul of Tarsus to have been stricken with blindness; for being unable to extricate himself in any other way, he invents a thing, and christens it the "Hamill line," which he calculates will some how or other, take him back to the beginning."

(Having made dilligent inquiry I find that the oldest inhabitant has ever heard of such a thing as the "Hamill line," neither in the Heavens, or on the earth, nor in the geological strata.) And this great carver of districts does not even deign to tell on which side of the line Kitzmillersville is to be. He does not say from which point at Kitzmillersville it takes its rise, nor what points it touches in its onward progress; he simply names his line after Hamill, (a burlesque no douht) and says it goes back "to the beginning."

The division of No. 4 is said to be distinguished by the same high order of intelligence and business capacity.

To recapitulate; here we have $405 taken from the public school fund for the encouragement of the liquor trade in the county, which amount will have to be raised by taxation.

2d. An indefinite sum to be raised by taxation to increase the compensation of Sheriffs.

3d. Two districts cut in two and gerrymandered so as to discriminate against our best citizens and tax payers in favor of non-tax paying railroad hands, &c., who vote the Democratic ticket; incurring the additional expense of two registration officers and two sets of election officers, and no corresponding convenience to the voters. And this is the sum total of the benefits of last winter's legislation.

And now, in conclusion, let me say a word to the Republican voters in Garrett county.

Each one of you has a solemn duty to perform, a duty from which you may not shrink.

It is a truism as pertinent to-day as when first uttered, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Some of you helped to place this county in the hands of the Democrats. You did not anticipate the use they would make of their power. They increase your taxes, they make unnecessary Democratic offices, they take the power out of the hands of immediate representatives, the County Commissioners, and fix voting places by law in one corner of districts where Republican voters will be at great disadvantage. It will be much harder hereafter to get out a full Republican vote, but you did not foresee the use to be made of the power thus unwisely delegated. And now, I say it is the duty of every one of you, to take part in the affairs of your county, your State and your country. But for the solid Republican vote where would our Nation and our National honor be to-day. Remember this fall we have a congressional election. A single vote may elect a Republican from this district, and his vote again may give us the next House of Representatives, so do not fail to register. The late law requiring every voter to be registered again was entirely useless and unnecessary in the counties, but it is law, and you can't vote until you register. Do not put it off till the last days, but go promptly, and be resolved that no amount of Democratic devilry shall deprive you of citizenship.

Very truly yours,

W.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1882.

The Democratic politicians have been felicitating themselves upon certain difficulties of the Republicans in Pennsylvania and elsewhere to such an extent that they appeared almost to forget their own troubles in New York and the dangers with which they are beset through widespread discontent in various Southern States. But there seems to be somewhat of a reaction among them, and they are just now not half so tickled as they thought they were. The old bickerings and the general condition of dismay caused by the utter lack of a concordant policy and the want of brains or leadership, return to plague them now as in the past. The Oregon election rather opened their eyes. Ever since the veto of the first Chinese bill by the President the Democrats had chuckled over their smartness and good luck in capturing the Pacific slope, as they supposed, but since the first gun from that quarter has been heard from their high spirits and great expectations have "sloped." This is merely a fresh illustration of their bad management and miscalculation.

And now Democratic Congressmen and the organs of the party here are making a fuss about their Congressional campaign committee. Each party maintains a committee here, independent of the National organization, the purpose of which is to keep a general lookout over the Congressional districts, to supply documents and aid the local committees. Early in the season the Democratic committee was appointed with Gen. Rosecrans at its head and Senator Davis, of West Virginian, at the tail, and the wealthy Mr. Flower, of New York, in the middle. There was quite a flourish of trumpets and announcements that the Democratic Congressional campaign was going to be put through with a whoop. But it seems this was about the last of it. Senator Slater says that no documents or aid of any kind was sent to Oregon, and the committee does not even appear to have been aware that an election was to occur in that State. Consequently the Republicans had a walk-over, and Mr. Grover will retire from the Senate next March. There is grumbling all around, and the *Post* calls upon the committee to get up on its hind legs and howl, or resign and let somebody else do it. Gen. Rosecrans disgusted some of his fellow Democrats by proposing to raise a campaign fund by a sort of "Betty and the baby" ten cent subscription.

Speculation on the alleged probability of Mr. Conkling entering the Cabinet of President Arthur after the elections this fall continues to break out every few days. Since the nomination of Judge Folger for Governor of New York has ceased to be considered probable, it has been again said that Mr. Frelinghuysen would shortly succeed Mr. Lowell as Minister to England, and Mr. Conkling thus be provided for in the Cabinet. Undoubtedly nothing would give the President more pleasure than to have Mr. Conkling re-enter public life as one of his advisers, but I have it from the most unquestioned authority that the ex-Senator will not consent to come back to public service through the means of an executive appointment. When the President was in New York Mr. Conkling expressed to him his sincere gratification at his kindly offers, but he said that he felt more happy and contented as he was now; that he fully recogoized the unjust hostility exhibited toward him, and that even if his individual inclination should tempt him to accept the President's offers he would decline because of his resolve to do nothing to embarrass the Administration.

That interesting and amusing difference of opinion as to salaries, which has existed between the House and Senate for several years, has lately broken out again, though not in a new spot. The question of Senatorial dignity also enters into the matter. The House every now and then undertakes to equalize the salaries of employes of the two branches of Congress, but the Senate regularly sets down on the effort. Formerly the pay allowed by the two houses was the same, but in the days of Democratic economy, six years ago—the time when Sam Randall and Holman undertook to save forty millions by reducing the salaries of clerks and scrub-women—the pay of all employes of the House was reduced about twenty per cent., thus leaving that of Senate employes one-fifth higher. The House employes ask for an equalization that will increase their salaries to the same figure that is paid by the Senate. The House, however, after talking the matter over, thought that an equalization could be effected as well by reducing the salaries of the Senate employes as by increasing those of the House, which action was accordingly taken. It is felt certain that before the bill leaves the Senate all the portions reducing the salaries of employes of that body will be stricken out, as the Senate has always contended for the right to fix its own salaries, regardless of what the House thought or did. And the Senate is not as economically inclined as the House. A proposition to allow each Senator a clerk at $1,200 a year, payable out of the contingent fund, recently received the votes of nearly half the Senators. It was not such an unreasonable proposition as might be supposed by those who do not understand what an enormous correspondence is entailed upon a Senator with people from every quarter of his State and even outside of it.

JUNIUS.

Twenty Years a Great Sufferer,

From Constipation. Had swallowed a half-bushel of Pills, and drank over a barrel of Cathartic and Laxative slops. Had tried every Patent Medicine recommended in such cases, and had been treated by all the very best physicians in Philadelphia, and was finally told by her consulting physicians that she was now too weak for Cathartic Medicine, or injections, and that she must die. She then took *Manalin* and was cured. See 31st page of the "Ills of Life." Get the book from your Druggist, or address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, O., for one.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 21:

Joseph R. Anderson, to Peter J. Stephens, part of a tract of land called "Cheviot Dale," 29 acres and 62 ps.; $206.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Patterson Engle, 25 acres of land; $200.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Jas. Kerns, part of a tract called "Lateutworth," 10¾ acres; $100.

Martha and Wm. H. Swauger, to David Livengood, a tract of land called "Mars Hill;" $80.

J. H. Ridgeley and others to Ralph Engle, a tract of land called "Now or Never," 600 acres.

Rebecca Swalp and Wm. Hinebaugh, executors, to Samuel Engle, 100 acres; $2831.

Jacob Brown, administrator, to Samuel Engle, lots No. 2143 and 2145; $480.

Mahlon Glotfelty and wife to Dougald McLane and Onesime Guay, lots No. 1 and 9 in McHenry; $50.

Jacob Mosser and wife to Dougald McLane and Onesime Guary, lot No. 24 in McHenry; $50.

J. H. Rafter and Wife and George W. Kitzmiller, to Jno. H. Beckman, ¼ acre of land, part of a tract called 'Swanton;" $30

"Excelsior."

Summer is here, and with its advent we announce our readiness to meet and satisfactorily fill all orders and requirements on the part of the public. In the width and length of Maryland there is no stock of Clothing for Men, Boys' and Children to equal the unrivalled assortment we now have to offer, whether in the matter of style, durability, finish or general excellence. Furthermore, every transaction is executed under the fair and square conditions originated by us: "Goods exchanged or money refunded." In other words, it is "satisfactory, or no sale! To those living at a distance we say: if unable to personally visit us, write for our self measurement blanks, and trust to us to send you, C. D., as good a suit, and as perfect fitting one, as you could personally select.

As a special offer, we agree with customers living within one hundred miles of Baltimore city, and purchases over fifteen dollars, to pay one half the traveling expenses incurred, on exhibition of the ticket or tickets vouching for the same. Make your purchase before exhibiting your ticket, and thus convince yourself that we share with you the expenses of the trip. "Excelsior" is the only Clothing House in the United States that makes this 'great offer! Bear in mind that our Furnishing Goods Department is one of the finest in the land, and the lowness of our prices is a matter of surprise to all.

Do not forget the cardinal principles of our house, the rounds of our ladder of success, Fair Dealing, One Price, Permanent Popularity, satisfaction or no sale. With unrivalled stock and facilities, and selling at the lowest Living rates we ask you to call upon the "Excelsior." S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Street. Largest Clothing and Furnishing Establishment in Maryland.

The Mining Situation.

The output of coal at Eckhart yesterday was 430 tons, and the amount shipped 371 tons. It is expected by the mine bosses that by the close of this week the output will reach 500 tons, which will be the full capacity of the mine when the little engine is not used, and when the coal is brought out exclusively by horses, as at present. The little locomotive is standing in the shops, ready for use, but it is not deemed advisable to use it at present.

The work of preparing Hoffman mine for work will be finished by Thursday and it is stated that the next batch of men, who are expected to arrive next week will take the places of some of the men now engaged in the Eckhart mine, who will go to Hoffman. They will be quartered with the rest at Eckhart, and will go in at the Eckhart opening to their work, but the coal will of course, be taken out at the Hoffman opening.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. M. Sinclair, general manager of the New Central company, Mr. Robert Boyd, mine boss of the company and Mr. C. F. Mayer, president of the Consolidation coal company, left here in a special car over the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad for Midlothian Mine. The object of their visit was understood to be to take some observations preparatory to bringing some of the imported labor to work in the Midlothian mine. The sites for the barracks for the miners and police were examined and the appointments of the mine looked into with a view to determining the feasibility of putting new men to work there. What conclusions were rendered could not last evening be ascertained, as the gentlemen who returned from the trip were quite reticent. It is known however that the New Central has about completed arrangements for introducing the new labor at Midlothian. This mine was selected because it will be easier to work than Koontz. The grades in it are very steep, however, which will make it more difficult to work than Eckhart mine. Formerly the first long slope of 1,700 feet from the mouth of the mine was worked with horses. The stationary engine, formerly in use at Johnson mine, has been placed at Midlothian mine and the cars will now be run up and down the slope by steam power. This will shorten the distance to be traversed by the drivers and will, it is thought, render the working of the mine easier than formerly. The force required to work Midlothian mine is about 75 men.—*Cumb. News, Wednesday.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice, that we have this day formed a co partnership under the name and style of Spedden & Son, in carpentering in all its branches. Prompt attention given to all orders.

G. A. SPEDDEN,
E. M. SPEDDEN.

June 19th, 1882. 6 24 3m

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., June 21, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Wednseday July 5th, 1882,

For the purpose of appointing Judges of election, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill, Thomas Miller and George Hill, Jr., I have seized and taken in execution all the right title and interest of the said George Hill, Thomas Miller and George Hill, Jr., in and to all that tract of land known and described as

Military lot number eleven hundred and twenty-seven,

and I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the Town of Oakland, I will sell the above described land to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said writ.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff.

6 24 4

Trespass Notice.

I hereby give notice that any party caught chopping or carrying away timber or trespassing in any way upon my lands will be dealt with to the full extent of the law, by my tenant, A. J. Frazee.

6 17 3 C. F. FRAZEE.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner interfering with our fences.

JAMES W. SKILES,
JOHN T. WILBURN.

6 17 3.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
OAKLAND, MD.

4 26 tf

INVENTORS address EDSON BROS., Attorneys-at-Law and Patent Solicitors, 617 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C., for instructions. Reasonable terms. References and advice sent FREE. We attend exclusively to Patent business. Reissues, Interferences, and cases rejected in other hands a specialty. Caveats solicited. Upon receipt of model or sketch and description we give our opinion as to patentability, FREE OF CHARGE. We refer to the Commissioner of Patents, also to Ex-Commissioners. Established 1866.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

In their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,
91 Baltimore Street,
P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.

June 8 3m.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. W. Weedy, of Barton, paid us a visit Thursday.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss will move into his new store room next week.

—Mr. E. J. Stuck, of Selbysport, was in town Tuesday.

—Rev. Henry P. Hamill is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

—W. P. Townshend, Esq., returned Tuesday from a short Western trip.

—Mrs. General Sherman has taken the Perry house, near Oakland, for the summer.

—A large shade tree standing near the "old Totten house" in Oakland, was struck by lightning Friday of last week.

—The party who took Walter S. Wolf's photograph from my gallery, will please return the same.

PROF. NIMMO.

—Mr. I. W. Slonaker last week received a car load of Singer Sewing Machines and Victor Washing Machines.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder last week superintended the hatching of 2,500,000 bass at Havre De Grace. This is said to be largest number ever hatched in one week.

—The Frederick Riflemen and Hagerstown Infantry will go into camp with the second battalion, Maryland National Guard, at Cumberland, July 27 and 28.

—Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Selbysport met with a heavy loss Friday of last week, in the burning of a dry kill, containing the lumber for a large dwelling and store building, which he is erecting in that town.

—The addition and improvements to Mr. Fred. A. Thayer's boarding house are about completed. The work was done under the superintendence of Capt. J. M. Jarboe, and, it naturally follows, that everything is done in a workmanlike manner.

—G. S. Hamill, Esq., acting as agent for Mr. Daniel Willink, of England, sold the "Mountain Stock Farm," Wednesday last, to Mr. Geo. McCarmick, of Iowa, for $9,000. Mr. McCarmick was raised in this county, near Bloomington.

—The Local Board of Health for this county, will meet for organization at Dr. Bartlett's office Monday night. Col. J. W. Veitch, ex-officio member of the Board, requests us to announce to the citizens of the county that they are cordially invited to be present and take part in this meeting.

—The Young and the old may find equal pleasure in perusing the library purchased this week by the Lutheran Sunday School of Oakland. It is a rare selection of new and standard books, 96 in number. Given out free by simply complying with the rules of the Librarian of the School.

—The corner stone of the Deer Park Church will be laid Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A large number of Masons are expected to be present and assist in the ceremonies. All may witness it, as the trains all stop at Deer Park, and excursion tickets are available. Only 15 cents from Oakland.

—In answer to an inquirer by the *Democrat* as to the whereabouts of its late special correspondent, the Frostburg *Journal* says he blessed Frostburi Monday with a call, looking hale and handsome as any French gentleman from Edinboro' town who had been shot head foremost through a barrel of axle grease.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Oakland, Wednesday evening, June 21st, 1882, by Rev. Henry P. Hamill, Mr. J. T. Mitchell, late Principal of the County Normal School, and a law student in the office of Veitch & Townshend, and Miss Kansas Hamill, third daughter of Hon. P. Hamill, of Oakland. The happy couple have our best wishes.

—Comptroller Keating has distributed the school tax for the current quarter. Allegany gets $4,373.08, for white schools and $167.97 for colored schools and Garrett gets $1,525.67 for white schools and $16.12 for colored schools. The apportionment was based on the census of 1880, and the figures for both counties show an increase over the previous apportionments, which were made under the census of 1870.

—Colonel Thomas Johns, one of the oldest residents of Cumberland, died on Sunday evening, at the age of 70. He was a native of Georgetown, and graduated at West Point, but was compelled on account of ill-health to resign his commission. At the breaking out of the war he became colonel of the Second Maryland Regiment, but a distressing chronic disease again forced him to retire before the close of the struggle.

—Three meetings were held Sunday under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland—in the M. E. Church at 10½, in the grove in front of the Oakland Hotel at 2, and in Memorial Church at 4 o'clock. Messrs. J. C Orrick, John Wilson and Henry Weber, of Cumberland, addressed each meeting. Short addresses were also made by some of our local workers. The next meeting will be held in the Oakland Hotel grounds Sunday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock. All are invited to be present.

—The pastor of the Ev. Lutheran Church of Oakland, a few days ago received a letter from his old home, Orangeburg, South Carolina, which states that the wheat and oats crops are gathered, the oats being very fine. The corn crop has been "laid by." The fruits are plentiful and delicious, especially the *figs*, of which kind he is promised a treat soon. He exhibited a specimen of a cotton leaf sent enclosed as a curiosity. Cotton has been kept back by cool nights in May, but is fine and promising. The South is making up for last year's drought.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church.—Preaching at 5 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Head School House at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev. William Staudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Permit no Substitution.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.

Get the Best.

Farmers intending to purchase Mowing Machines for the coming season, should not fail to get Wilbert's direct draft Eureka Mower. Width of cut 5 and 6 feet, draft 172 lbs. The largest, cheapest, lightest draft and the best mower in the world. All machines guaranteed to give satisfaction.

For sale by

I. O. THOMPSON,
6 17 3 Ryans Glade, Md.

The Life of Meshach Browning.

There are a few copies of the Life and Reminiscences of the great hunter, Meshach Browning, for sale at Sturgiss' Drug Store. This is a very interesting book, and, being of a local character, should form a part of every library in this county. Hon. R. T. Browning, of Oakland, will give terms to agents on application.

Grand Pic-Nic.

There will be another pic nic on the old pic-nic grounds at McHenry, Md., July 4th. All wishing to enjoy themselves in general are cordially invited to attend. Plenty of refreshments will be on the ground. Come one and all and have a good time. Committee—D. McLean, Jerome DeWitt, Able DeWitt.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store.

Accidentally Killed.

Saturday evening last David Wilson and Joseph Davis, residing near Swanton, this county, took a station in a tree armed with shot guns, for the purpose of watching a deer lick. They waited for some time and no deer making their appearance, they concluded to go home, Wilson coming down from the tree in advance of Davis, who was carrying his gun muzzle down. About the time Wilson reached the ground Davis' gun was accidently discharged, the entire charge striking Wilson in the neck and killing him instantly. Wilson was about 30 years of age, had been married, but his wife was drowned several years ago, leaving one child. He was a fine young man, and will be missed in the community.

Band of Hope Meeting.

The Band of Hope held its regular montly meeting in the M. E. Church, Thursday evening of last week, Rev. S. E. Jones presiding. After music by the choir and devotional exercises conducted by the President, the programme was rendered as follows: Miss Stella Jarboe read, with good effect, a selection; Mr. Harry Loar declaimed "Spartacus to the Gladiators," in good style; Miss Sadie Gardner rendered a recitation which caused an outburst of applause, although contrary to custom. Even the officers of the society could not restrain themselves, and joined heartily in this expression of the feelings of the audience. Mr. G. H. Pritchard read an essay on the subject of temperance. The manner in which the gentleman handled the question showed what deep thought and study he places upon this all-important subject. Mr. Dan. O'Brien, of the Morgantown University, kindly favored the audience with a declamation entitled "Roger and I." This met with the same reception as the recitation of Miss Gardner. This comuleted the literary exercises for the evening, and during the singing of a hymn by the choir an invitation was extended to those who wished to unite with the society. Several came forward and enrolled their names as members. The interest evinced by those present was highly gratifying to the officers, and now, more than ever before can the society glory in the name of "Band of Hope."

The Sabbath School Association at Mountain Lake Park.

The Mountain Lake Park Sabbath School Assembly will commence July 26th, and close August 2d. Rev. C. N. Sims, D. D., Chancellor of Syracuse University, will be the conductor and director. The lecture course embraces some of the best known names in the land, viz., Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*; Thomas Guard, pastor of the Mt. Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore; P. S. Henson, of the First Baptist Church, Chicago; L. S. Baldwin, China, S. S. Wright, Lynn, Massachusetts, and many others of like nbility. The admission to the grounds and for the entire lecture and normal courses, will be $1. Single tickets, good for one day, 25c.

The Mountain Lake Park Hotel and the Allegany House will be open for boarders. Restaurant on the camp ground $1 per day.

Cottages and tents may be had for rent by application to Dr. T. H. Logan of Wheeling.

Parties can build their own tents on the camp ground for the small ground rental of $1.

Cottages for one month during assembly and camp meeting, from July 26th to August 23d, will be rented at the following prices: Lower floor, $12; upper floor, $10; tents, 14x20, $20. These cottages and tents must be ordered at an early day. All neccessary information can be had by addressing Dr. Logan, of Wheeling.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or Gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parkers' Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

A Blessing.

The pain in all his joints became intense; fever, with its detericiating effects, was now added, and he became rapidly reduced to the semblance of a skeleton, while vitality reached its lowest possible condition, and his sufferings were of such indescribable character that those who most loved him sometimes thought it would be better if he were called away. At this time, physicians, well known in this city (Pittsburg), informed his parents that he was in imminent danger of total Paralysis, and directly afterward they announced to his sorrowful mother that they could give no hopes of his recovery. At this juncture the use of *Peruna* was commenced, and in six week's Wm. Lincoln Curts was well and at work. Read page 23 of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life;" get it from your Druggist.

An engineer while riding on his engine in front of a train down the mountain steeps of the Clearfield Branch the other day, after testing the quantity of water in his boiler by using the two upper gauges, which indicated that all was right, heard a voice, "Try the lower gauge." The voice was loud and distinct, and he says was the voice of his father, who has been dead for some years. After looking around to see him he opened the lower gauge, and found no water. The boiler was foaming, and the engineer says but for his timely warning all would have been blown up in ten minutes.—*Williamsport Pa., Sun.*

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1882.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1882, *levied by the County Commissioners at June Session*, 1882.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1	$ 600 00
" 2	600 00
" 3	650 00
" 4	400 00
" 5	650 00
" 6	550 00
" 7	800 00
" 8	600 00
" 9	120 00
" 11	300 00
Total	$5,270 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 4 days, 7 ms,			$ 8 56
Dan'l Wilson, associate,	2	days	4 00
Chas T West,	" 2	"	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
L H Schonfield, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
M T Brady, house rent,			5 00

District No. 2.

John Swalp, return judge, 4 days, 25 ms,			10 00
John T Gary, associate,	2	"	4 00
Geo D Frantz,	" 2	"	4 00
John Steele, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Samuel Hoff, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
J Stuck, use Wm Ryland, house rent			5 00

District No. 3.

Ross Compton, return judge, 4 ds, 27 ms,			10 16
Chas O Warnick, associate,	2	"	4 00
W H Chapman,	" 2	"	4 00
C A Snyder, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Archibald Warnick, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Mrs. Wm Frigge, house rent,			5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merril, return judge, 4 days, 17 ms,			10 79
Saml Harshbarger, associate,	2	days,	4 00
Chas Michaels,	" 2	"	4 00
C Harshbarger, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Wm A Mullen, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
A Mullen, house rent,			5 00

District No. 5.

F Kamp, return Judge, 4 days, 17 miles,			9 36
Henry E Friend, associate,	2	days,	4 00
Lewis Lantzer,	" 2	"	4 00
John P Spiker, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Horace DeWitt, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,			5 00

District No. 6.

S Ferguson, return judge, 4 days, 13 ms,			9 01
R T Browning, associate,	2	days,	4 00
J M Frankhouser,	" 2	"	4 00
Francis Sehold, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Joseph T Frantz, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Eligah Friend, house rent,			5 00

District No. 7.

John M Jarboe, return judge, 4 days,			8 00
Samuel Lawton, associate,	2	day,	4 00
W W Fairall, Clerk,	2	days, use G. S. Hamill,	4 00
James W White, Clerk,	2	days,	4 00

District No. 8.

S J Yutzy, return judge, 4 days, 11 ms,			8 88
Dan'l Conaway, associate,	2	day,	4 00
A W Abernathy,	" 2	"	4 00
Jas W White, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
George W Ward, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Wm F Deakins, house rent,			5 00

District No. 9.

A Wilhelm, return judge, 4 day, 46 ms,			11 68
Basil Anderson, associate,	2	days,	4 00
Jacob A Sihle,	" 2	"	4 00
Norman Wilhelm, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Thomas J Johnson, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Johnson Bro's, house rent,			5 00
Total			$266 40

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use Wm Casteel,	$105 65
E F Droege,	2 60
Wm Hinebaugh,	5 05
R H Jamison, use W H Tower,	3 05
L C Fike,	7 00
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
R B Jamison, use Sarah Mason,	2 40
Total	$137 00

CONSTABLES' FEES.

P A Chisholm, Dept. Constable, No. 7 use O W Heiskell	$ 13 25
John Miller, Jr., late Const. Dist. No. 1,	1 55
F Kolb,	46 25
James S Johnson,	54 45
D M Mason,	23 00
Wm B Bauthouse, Deply. Const.,	2 00
John W Savage,	12 70
Wm S Lantz,	5 90
Joseph Bloeher,	24 50
Total	$180 20

REGISTRARS.

H O Hamill, use G S Hamill,	$ 49 21
Benjamin H Green,	45 00
Isaiah Futler,	44 00
Wm F Deakins,	52 00
Daniel Carey,	52 00
Wm H Bernard,	52 00
Thos Browning, use G S Hamill,	52 00
Wm H Hall, use Davis & Townshend,	48 00
Daniel Hinebaugh,	52 75
Total	$447 90

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

S K Frazee,	$ 3 90
D E Offutt,	25 30
J R Anderson,	53 50
Wm C Broadwater,	11 60
J S Broadwater,	23 32
Ed Hoye,	15 10
Wm Casteel,	4 48
Total	$137 20

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

Wm H Barnard,	4	foxes,		$ 4 00
Isaac Kooken,	2	"		2 00
Jas H Wilson,			1 cat,	2 00
Elisha Arenhalt,	1	"		1 00
Childester & Rodeh'r	1	"	5 "	11 00
T T West,	3	"	1 "	5 00
P C Boucher,	1	"		1 00
Otho Paugh,	1	"		1 00
Joshua Tichnal,	3	"		3 00
Wm L Rawlings,	11	"	1 "	13 00
O M Hatfield,	5	"		5 00
J H Ratler,	1	"		1 00
D. Harrison Friend,	6	"		6 00
O W Heiskell,	14	"	5 "	24 00
Josiah Beeghley,	1	"		1 00
Jacob Becket,	4	"		4 00
Paul Beachey,			1 "	2 00
Alfred Friend,	1	"		1 00
S P C Friend,	1	"		1 00
John Edingsey,	23	"	3 "	29 00
George Stoyer,	5	"	1 "	7 00
Wm P Totten,	18	"	3 "	24 00
Geo W Legge,	5	"	4 "	13 00
D E Offutt,	8	"	4 "	16 00
J H Beckman,	1	"		1 00
Davis & Townshend,	4	"		4 00
F Margroff,			2 "	4 00
Wm Ryland,	4	"		4 00
Alfred Jeffries,			1 "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee,	1	"		1 00
Walter Warnick,			1 "	2 00
Salem Lee,	4	"		4 00
J H Davis,	1	"	1 "	3 00
Noah Garlitz,	1	"		1 00
S P Specht,	2	"	1 "	4 00
Israel Garlitz,	1	"	3 "	7 00
A J Rhodes,	6	"		6 00
Jasper Frazee,	21	"		21 00
H C Shaw,	4	"	1 "	6 00
P T Garthright,	10	"	3 "	16 00
Cleaver Michaels,	1	"		1 00
Andrew Mullen,	8	"		8 00
H R De Witt,	3	"		3 00
Jeremiah Gnard,	1	"	1 "	3 00
J S Broadwater,	4	"	4 "	12 00
J W Boyer,	2	"	2 "	6 00
J Z Browning,	6	"		6 00
John Warnick,	1	"		1 00
M L Scott,	1	"	2 "	5 00
Total				$108 00

BRIDGES.

I M Umhel, building bridge in No 2,	$ 7 81
J M Durst, bridge over Creek at Swaugers Mill,	25 00
Adam Garringer and others repairing bridge over Bear Creek,	20 05
P Staubaugh, repr. bridges, Dist. No. 3	25 00
H G Davis & Bro., lumber Dist. No. 1	30 16
R G Burke, over work in Dist. No. 1	3 71
Abraham Turney, work and lumber,	3 34
H D Davis & Bro., lumber, Deep Creek,	37 26
W M Coddington, at White's Crossing,	90 48
James Skiles,	20 00
Wm P Groves, repairing,	50 00
J A Dunham, repairing at Selbysport	34 34
S W Friend, over wurk,	5 91
J F Browning, repairs at Narrows,	20 00
Jeff Frazee, balance on Buffalo bridge,	30 00
Total	$433 01

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

John Liston, over work in No. 2	$ 8 63
Isaac Kooken, on Town Hill road,	25 00
R G Burke, repairing Deer Park road,	40 00
Geo W Wilson, to finish road from Shook Shop to county road,	25 00
Joseph Irons, on road from N W Pike to county road near Jno M White's	100 00
Wm Sharpless, on Backbone and Deep run road	50 00
Henry Schlossnagle, on Bear Creek rd	5 00
Geo S. Lee, on Swanton and Eruk-ville road	100 00
Michael Wolf, on Bloomington and Savage river road,	200 00
Josiah Moon, on W A Loraw road,	50 00
Abraham Benchey, over work,	12 86
C H Frazee, use Jasper Frazee, order,	57 25
J H Rush, work on roads in No. 2,	15 21
T B Wiley, changing road in No. 3,	10 00
Wm White, on White, Russell and Spiker road,	325 00
Jno H Friend, road from Keefer Glade to White Rock,	15 00
Total	$1,033 95

ROAD EXPENSES.

George W. Wilson, money expended on roads	$ 8 50
John Harned, examiner and surveyor	37 50
Jos Irons, examiner,	10 00
Theo Beckman, chain carrier,	8 00
George Lee, " "	8 00
Elijah Howell, axman,	2 00
Edward Lee, "	8 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Frankville and North Branch road,	15 00
George L Michael, examiner,	2 00
Henry Warnick, "	2 00
Wm H Bernard, chain carrier	2 00
Joshua Tichnal, "	2 00
A J Warnick, axman	2 00
J T Mitchell surv. on Beckman road,	15 00
Isaac I Thompson, examiner,	4 00
Wm Casteel, "	4 00
Wm White, "	4 00
Jhonsoo King, chain carrier,	2 00
John Moon, "	2 00
H Beekman, axman,	2 00
John Harned, examiner and surv. on John Brenneman road,	10 00
Nimrod Glotfelty, examiner,	2 00
B Beilzell, "	2 00
Josephus Glotfelty, chain carrer,	2 00
Wm Glotfelty, "	2 00
John Harned, surv. and ex'r. on road from Oakland and Deer Park road to Mountain Lake Park,	7 50
Patrick Hamill, examiner,	4 00
Geo L Bosley, "	4 00
Bruce Whirrel, chain carrier, use J M Davis,	2 00
Lee Philips, "	2 00
A Mason, surv'r. on Rossell and White road,	15 00
Henry Beekman, examiner,	4 00
Nathan Casteel, "	4 00
Stephen Browning, "	4 00
George Russell, axman,	4 00
Kelly White, "	3 00
Henry Russell, chain carrier,	4 00
Wm White, "	4 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Hamill-O'Brien road,	10 00
Eli McMillen, examiner,	2 00
E P Brant "	2 00
Wright Thayer, chain carrer,	2 00
George Walter, "	2 00
Total	$232 50

PENSIONS.

P T Garthright, support	Ruth King,	$ 25 00
J C Rhodaheaver, "	George Wood,	25 00
Ira E Friend, "	Mary Thomas,	20 00
Ira E Friend, "	Cripple boy,	20 00
Solomon Frey, "	I Rodadenver,	10 00
John E Gnagey, use Mrs M Stofler,		25 00
Josiah Moon, "	Sarah Loraw,	20 00
Peter Colmer, "	Henry Hoffman	20 00
Peter Colmer, "	C Hoffman	20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order October 7th, 1881,		20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order February 8,		16 00
Jeremiah Guard "	J Savage, pr. ord	10 00
Wm Ryland "	Jacob Savage,	15 00
E F Droege, "	Mrs King,	10 00
Daniel Brenneman, "	Mary Durst,	20 00
H G Davis & Bro., "	August King,	25 00
J W Broadwaters, "	James Layton,	20 00
Mrs Harriet Brady, "	Thomas Brady,	20 00
J W Lee, "	Nancy Lee,	20 00
Mary Waltz, "	Hannah Waltz,	36 00
Total		$306 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Geo D White, use George Spiker	$ 54 00
Geo D White, " John Blumbel,	450 00
Same, balance,	376 22
E Jamison, use Wm Blumbel	100 00
Same, balance,	326 32
Total	$1,302 54

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk,	$1,109 11
Estimate to pay jurors, witnesses, bailiff's messenger and crier at September Term, 1882, and May Term 1883,	2,250 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1881, with interest to Dec. 20, 1882, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	517 50
Wm Sinouse, crier, to June 1, 1882	58 00
Total	$3,934 61

ORPHANS' COURT.

W H Hagans, use E Margroff, (order)	$ 10 00
W H Hagans, " D S Offutt,	53 55
Estimate to pay Judges,	285 00
Total	$348 55

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For interest on bonds	600 00
Total	$1,600 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hospital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882	$ 800 00
Montevue Hospital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882	279 41
Total	$1,079 41

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J W Veitch, State's Atty. 8 felonies,	$ 80 00
Same, 73 inside'r and 21 recognizances,	153 33
Same, fees in in state cases before Justices of Peace,	100 00
Same trial fees,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, 4 felonies and 3 misdemeanors,	50 00
Peddicord & Combs and Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
C C Willison, use J A Grant, 1 felony	10 00
G S Hamill, 3 misde'rs, and 2 civil case	20 00
Boyd and Syster, 4 misdemeanors	13 33
Veitch & Townshend, 2 civil cases	10 00
H Wheeler Combs, 1 civil case,	5 00
Bannon and Hamill, 1 civil case,	5 00
Peddicord & Combs, professional service to Court Appeals,	50 00
Total	$899 99

CORONERS' INQUEST.

J W Laughlin, on body Robt Green cold,	$ 5 00
Same, " Henry Recroad,	5 00
Henry Winterberg cor. on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Same, swearing witness, jurors and summan in same case,	1 65
Dr O G Getty, on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Dr H L Bevans " Jos T "	5 00
C Warnick, Juror on body Jos T Wiley	50
Geo P Tibtsie " " Jos T Wiley	5 00
E F Droege, on body Henry Recroad,	5 00
Same, on body Robt Rreen colored,	5 00
Total	$37 65

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D Harrison Friend, bal. for year 1881,	$ 9 00
John Wilhelm, balance for year 1881,	34 61
W W Broadwater, bal. for year 1881,	36 88
F A Thayer, Clerk to board balance,	7 07
S L Townshend, per diem and milage to 1881,	70 88
Eli McMillan, per diem and milage to 1881,	92 54
Meshach Mattingly, per diem and milage to 1881,	30 16
J C Dunham, Clerk, use Nicolas Roth,	200 00
Same, use Wm L Rawlings,	50 00
Same balance,	150 00
Total	$737 14

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr B T Keller, medical attendance upon pauper,	$ 16 00
Wm Loraw, use Josiah Moon, support Sarah Loraw, order 1881,	20 00
Jno Sharizer, 3 coffins for pauper, and burial expenses,	19 00
Jno Sharizer, work done and material furnished court house and jail,	21 80
Edward Margroff, costs in Cunningham case in Garrett Co. and Court of Appeals,	90 36
E B Fuller, use Peter Nathan, costs in case E B Fuller, vs Co. Coms,	71 70
J A. Hayden, County Printing from June 1882, to June 1883,	700 00
Mrs M B Ross, keeping and caring for Mrs King,	84 72
8 Brant 5 months board and washing, Mrs King,	25 00
D Brenneman, support Mary Durst, order Oct. 4th, 1882,	20 00
J F Frantz, for 7 foxes by order dated July 6th, 1881,	7 40
A G Sturgiss, medicine furnished paupers and jail	24 80
J Guard overpaid road superv's. No. 2	55 72
J Z Browning costs in case Browning vs State	3 88
J Z Browning, Lectin for pauper	5 00
Dr J L McComas, professional services to paupers	75 00
H E Offutt, fee bill, state case	3
Edward Margroff, 80 assessments	40 00
W M Coddington, use J S Jamesson, order Sept. 12th, 1882	132 71
W M Comlington, repairing bridges, &c., order 3d Oct. 1881	100 00
William Casteel, boarding Jurors May Term 1881	8 48
G S Hamill, Atty. for M E Smith Exr. of Jno J Smith, use Wm T Jamison, printing	156 50
G A Shirer Mdse. for court house,	13 10
J Z Browning, use Jacob S Jamesson, amt. overpaid contgt. fund for years 1878 and 1879	1,448 10
Wm P Totten, coal for court house	4 00
Spencer C Jones, copy laws 1882	5 75
W Y Waltz, use Davis & Townshend	58 00
J H Medairy, stationery, &c., e h	103 7
Theo Lanoan, Clk. fees, Sturgiss case	18 00
Dailey News, Job work,	12 85
Elias Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
Veitch & Townshend, negotiat'g loans	25 00
David Chambers, janitor, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
J J Smith, pub. Levy List 1881, use Peddicord & Combs	73 85
W Y Waltz, use Peddicord & combs, coal court house	45 00
C H Sincell, repairs in jail	2 75
C B Ludwig, printing	61 00
Davis & Townshedd, supplies for jail and court house	40 04
Veitch & Townshend, use Chas M Miller, bal. on Iron Bridge at Klizmillersville, including Int. to Nov. 8	1,491 35
Corporation of Oakland,	125 00
G W Legge, 4 fee bills	1 33
Total	$5,409,63
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fund,	$5,314 53

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes,		$1,990 47
Same,	State, "	317,31
Total		$2,307 78

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

E C Tillson, road from Deer Park to Altamont,	$ 200 00
J M Davis, road leading to and from Mountain Lake Park and bridges	150 00
Michael Durst, national road in district No. 9,	200 00
Joshua Turner from Zion Church to Stone House	120 00
J Gnagey, Stone House to A Beachey's,	180 00
John Opel, from Aaron Beachey's to Morgantown road	90 00
A Miller, from Morgantown road to Penna. line,	40 00
National road for year 1883,	550 00
Total	$1,480 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5,270 00
Elections	266 40
Magistrates' fees	137 00
Constables' fees	186 20
Registrars	447 09
Taxes paid in error	137 20
Foxes and cats	308 00
Bridges	433 01
Road appropriations	1,033 95
Road expenses	232 51
Pensions	306 00
Sheriff's fees	1,302 54
Clerk's office	3,934 61
Orphans' Court	348 55
Court House Fund	1,600 00
Hospitals	1,079 41
Attorneys' fees	899 99
Coroner's Inquest	37 65
County Commissioners	737 14
Miscellaneous	5,409 63
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent Fund	5,314 53
Collector's Commissions	2,307 77
Special Road and Bridge Levy	1,480 00
Total	$41,800 08

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,765,773, which at, $1.11 on each $100, the rate of county taxation, will make the above amount $41,800 08. Deducting from $3,765,773 property paying directly to the State; the State tax, amounting to $381,129.69 leaves basis of State tax $3,384,623.50, which the State having fixed at 18¾ cents on each $100, making the State tax $6,346.20, which added to the county tax makes for County and State $48,146.28.

J. C. DUNHAM.
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

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June 17, tf.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

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Plasterers & Calciminers.

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R. W. MASON,

HOUSE PAINTER,

OAKLAND, MD.

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Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a change in the location of the road leading from McHenry to Oakland as follows: Beginning at or near Gravely Run, on said road and running thence through lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, H. G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the

Migration of Seals.

Of the different sorts of North-Atlantic seals, all but two are migratory—that is to say, the whole body of them move from north to south each autumn, and back from south to north each spring. Upon this important fact the great fleets of fishermen depend for their success. The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the "making" of ice, or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of winter they leave Greenland and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labrador, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. They appear first in small detachments of half a dozen to a score or more of individuals; these are soon followed by larger companies, until in a few days they form one continuous procession, filling the sea as far as the eye can reach. Floating with the Arctic current, their progress is extremely rapid, and in but one short week the whole multitude has passed. Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggling against the strong current that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice.

During the first half of March, on these great floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family, to be sure, but with plenty of playfellows close by—all in soft wooly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden luster. The Newfoundlanders call them "white-coats." In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of "ragged-jackets"; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back which give them the name of "harps."

The squealing and barking at one of these immense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own. If ice happens to pack around them, so that they cannot open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, "either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose." The destruction caused by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim.

Does it surprise you that seals, which are constantly in the water, have to *learn* to swim? Well, it might stagger the seals to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired; the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal,) and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how to begin with like any other mammal.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.*

Superstition in English Society.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the death of the Princess of Wurtemburg last Sunday, except the occurrence of that sad event four or five days earlier, which would have brought wreck and every other disaster upon the royal wedding. As it was, the main excitement was over when the news reached Windsor. The wedding had been celebrated, the royal banquet held, all the royalties and "Serene Transparencies" had dined with the Queen, and most of the men among them at the banquet of the Royal Academy before the terrible news arrived and broke up the fair meeting in most admired disorder. No sooner did I hear the news than the words uttered by my neighbor in St. George's Chapel on the wedding day flashed across my mind. This lady, who is a very *grand dame de par le monde*, no sooner saw the bridesmaids than she turned pale to a visible extent despite the artistic skill expended upon her charming countenance. "What could they have been thinking of?" she asked me. "Just think of their putting violets on the bridesmaids' frocks. They must be mad." I had seen that the gowns were draped up with primroses and violets and thought that, saying that the effect was rather "bunchy," the flowers looked well on the white skirts. It seemed quite otherwise to my neighbor, who went on to say: "Violets at a wedding! Absurd! That is, unless it were a Bonapartist wedding. The violet, by virtue of its hue and associations, is a flower of mourning. It is put on funeral wreaths. It is used to deck not a bride but a corpse. No good will come of it, I am sure. I wonder they did not put on a parure of opals while they were about it. But there is sure to be some misfortune."

On Monday I dined with my neighbor, who at once uttered that portentous phrase, "I told you so." I was not quite so astonished as I might have been, for I know how superstitious the British matron, even of the highest rank, very frequently is. The younger "damozels," who read Herbert Spencer, and Mallock, and Darwin, are in many cases free from superstition, or indeed, belief of any kind, but their mothers incline strongly to the fancies and prejudices which are still articles of absolute faith among the bourgeoisie. Women of the lower class always have a "dream-book" hidden away, and not spoken of before their husbands, and scores of them actually write every year to the Astronomer Royal to have their "stars put right." It is hoped that compulsory education in board schools will put an end to this miserable rubbish in time, but my personal experience is decidedly against the speedy eradication of superstition. I have seen a man of fair intelligence and great fortune turn back on his way to a horse-race because the first woman he met on going into the street had a squint-eye. This, in his opinion, was fatal. To meet a "squinty-eyed" woman the first thing in the morning signified bad luck all the day, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to continue with the party. Concerning weddings and wedding engagements, ladies have superstitions concerning other things than violets. Opals are so fearfully unlucky to give to bridegroom or bride that the price of those beautiful gems is kept down in consequence. It is of no use to argue with the British dowager that the opal superstition has broken down in a noteworthy case in our own time. When the Prince of Wales was married nineteen years ago the city of London gave the bride a superb parure of opals and diamonds, and the marriage cannot be said to have turned out badly. But the Dowager shakes her head or shrugs the over-plump shoulders she is over fond of displaying, and retorts with a question whether you would, if you became engaged, give your affianced a turquoise engagement ring either with or without diamonds and other gems. Now this is a searching and terrible query, for jewelers warn buyers of engagement rings against the turquoise in a clumsy kind of way by saying: "Don't 'ave a turquoise, sir; it's awful unlucky, as the sayin' is." The meaning of this awkward indication is that the turquoise is a curious instance of the "survival" of the ancient delusion that certain gems had certain properties, medicinal and magical. One stone would tell of poison in the cup, another of impending misfortune, and so forth. Now the opinion still held by the superstitious concerning the turquoise is that it represents the heart of the giver. So long as the lover remains true the stone retains its brilliant color, but when his heart turns from the wearer of the gift towards a rival it becomes pale and dull. This is the reputation of the turquoise, and it will be easily understood that it is quite sufficient to make that gem unpopular. It is an awful weapon to place on the hand of an affianced bride, much more on that of a wife. In the case of Shylock the conditions are reversed. When the Jew hears from Tubal that Jessica has sold one of her rings for a monkey, he exclaims: "Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." Probably Leah's gift to Shylock had never changed color.

On Monday afternoon I was at Claremont when the Queen arrived with the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Princess Beatrice and the beautiful Princess Victoria of Hesse. All were in deep mourning, of course; and the Queen's postillions and outriders in black. The Queen who was greatly shocked and grieved at the untoward occurrence, did not make a very long stay at Claremont, but drove down through Esher back to Windsor.

There are weeping and wailing in the city of London also over the Princess of Wurtemburg, whom the City Fathers have never seen. But their grief is deep and sincere, nevertheless, and goes nigh to be inconsolable. For the King of the Netherlands was to have been received and dined and wined in the city on Tuesday, and had this been done the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs would have been respectively baroneted and knighted, as is the custom when a crowned head goes into the city of London. In no place will the poor dead princess be more sincerely mourned than in the Mansion House and Guildhall.—*London (Cor.) N. Y. Tribune.*

Egypt's Crisis in a New Light.

While the statesmen of the Old World are regarding the crisis in Egypt as a source of political entanglement among the European powers, and while in the Western Hemisphere the masses of the people look upon Egyptian affairs with apathy or with idle curiosity, a considerable class of religionists treat the news from Egypt as of the utmost importance, and devour with avidity the cable dispatches about the contention between the Khedive and his ministers, and about the ultimatum dictated by France and England from their joined fleet ready for hostile intervention. These religionists read in the eleventh chapter of Daniel that, "at the time of the end shall the King of the South push at him; and the King of the North shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over. He shall enter, also, into the glorious land, and many countries shall be overthrown; but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edoin, and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon. He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries, and the land of Egypt shall not escape." In the view of these students of the prophetic scriptures, the world is upon the eve of momentous and startling events, to which the Egyptian imbroglio is the prelude, ushering in a conflagration of war throughout Europe and part of Asia, and precipitating God's foretold controversy with the nations. Those who thus interpret the signs of the times feel corroborated by the vast armaments and the military attitude constantly maintained by the great powers of Europe, which exhibit readiness for a mighty conflict by the very excess of their enormous preparations.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door. Not only that, but fortune seems to climb into the windows of some folks and stay with them.

A Bird Idyl.

As they stood together, looking out into the garden, she raised her eyes softly to his, and, while an expression of sweet suspense crept softly over her pretty face, murmured:

"Don't the little birds have a nice time?"

"O, yes," he answered, "they do that. They have political sinecures without voting or having to get congressmen to back them. And they are in for life, and they can't write letters that will expose them ten years later, and they haven't got war records to be sprung on them at the wrong moment, and they know nothing about finance to get them into trouble. O, yes, darling, the birds have a pretty nice time of it."

"But their lives seem to be made up of love," she whispered faintly.

"Yes; but you mustn't bet too heavily on love. I have seen human beings whose lives seemed to be made up of love; but, when there was no one around, their home assumed the character of a political caucus, with a good-sized tornado emptied into the free light. You mustn't judge the feelings of a married couple for each other by the way they act at a kettle-drum. But then, the birds have the advantage over men in making love——"

"No jokes on 'bills' and 'notes?'" she broke in.

"No," he replied, "but because they have a sure thing. They don't have to go down town and write poetry and put in coal all day for four dollars per week, and they never have to save up money to pay for ice-cream and theater parties. They never have to buy clothes, and when they do fall in love they are not talked about all over creation, and they don't have to meander up to the girl's father and tell him a lot of lies, and prime their references to do likewise. O, yes, the bird in love has a pretty soft thing."

"Do you think they understand each other when they twitter."

"I don't think there can be any doubt about that, because the male seems to wax mad when the female gets in all the talk. Now that female over there seems to be in the act of nailing her lord for a new dress, or commanding him not to be looking at that other bird over there in the polonaise. Of course they understand each other, or else they would keep still."

"Would you like to be a bird?"

"Not much," he replied, with great emphasis, "I wouldn't like the idea of getting up at five in the morning, and washing in dew on a soggy flower-bed, and squawking off a lot of rapture over a breakfast of raw worms. O, no, I don't want any bird in mine. I would rather sell suspenders on commission!"

"But, suppose we were both birds?" she said, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Then we should have to dodge the cat, and boys with guns, and we'd have to live in trees and have a dull time, and no lemonade through straws. And I shouldn't have to call on you in tight shoes and swallow-tail coat. And we'd sit on a currant bush, and kiss with our bills—hard, cold, solidified bone kisses—just think of it! And I shouldn't have any shirt front for you to lay your head on. And, if I reached out for a handful of waist I wouldn't run the risk of having a yard of my palm torn off on a pin which——"

"What becomes of the birds?" she broke in, while an early-dawn tint suffused her features.

"Go south for their health, generally; but if we were birds we might be knocked down with sticks and stuffed to ornament a mantel-piece or a lady's hat. How would you like to be filled with a lot of sawdust and chemicals?"

"Not much. I'd rather be stuffed with ice-cream and caramels. But I mean, what becomes of the bird at last? We never find them. Now the flowers fade and blow away, and we know what becomes of everything else, but we never find dead birds lying in the garden walk. Do their companions bear them away and lay them lovingly beneath the leaves? I always had an idea that a dainty poetic legend could be made of it."

"It could be done, my dear, and it would make a nice ten dollar poem. But don't take any stock in musical valleys and happy spheres millions of miles away when you figure on birds. They don't go to any such place, my dear. They generally go to the dime restaurant, where they are worked into pies, or cast to play the difficult role of the quail on toast."

She sank on the sofa in a flutter, and he said he would be around on the morrow to take her to the mat.—*Puck.*

European Baboon.

As the chamois is the only antelope found in Europe, the baboon is the only quadrumma on that continent. It is found on the rocks of Gibraltar. The commandants of the forts have orders to protect these apes, and record all curious facts regarding them. It appears from this register that at present the tribe of baboons consists of twenty-five individuals, which always occupy that side of the rock which is sheltered from the wind. It is supposed that the wind, from whatever direction is hurtful to them. They avoid it with the greatest care; and they can detect a change twenty-four hours in advance, so that, when the officers see the apes shifting from one side of the rock to the other, they look out for a change of weather. The apes eat grass with avidity; roots, bulbs, (especially those of oxalis) wild olives and the fruit of a small date which grows naturally on the rock. They will not touch any fruits the soldiers put in their way, except grapes, of which they are very fond. They sometimes descend to the gardens of the town in search of figs. The apes drink at a spring in the cavern, near the level of the Mediterranean, at the steepest part of the rock. They make light of the difficulties of a rock which is four hundred metres in height, and the sides of which are perpendicular. In their gambols, their favorite amusement is to disappear behind the borders of the precipice, and let themselves down from one projection to another until they are a few feet from the line of the breakers, then climb to the giddy height again with an equal agility.—*Scientific American.*

—A colored woman at Amesville, Va., the other day piled kindling wood on her nine-year-old boy, who was tied to the floor, and burned him to death. She escaped.

Berlin Milk-Venders.

A frequent sight in Berlin is the great iron, white-painted tanks, which go trundling about the streets drawn by one or more horses, and bearing in their capacious interiors the daily milk, so to speak, of the great city. In America, it is a matter of considerable doubt as to whether one will get his cream out of the same can from which the obliging milkman, in a mysterious way peculiar to himself, has just furnished some other citizen with ordinary milk—or, rather, there isn't much doubt that such will be the case. The friendly hydrant, it is also darkly hinted, aids the gentle American milkman to add to his necessary small profits; but in Berlin the thing is different. The town pump, by force of a law which is observed, is entirely eliminated from the milkman's equation of profit and loss, and the purchaser of his ware may rest perfectly satisfied in the certainty of getting just the article he wishes and pays for, because these iron tanks are divided into several large compartments, each labeled in plain characters with the quality and price of the article within; so that he who stops and wishes to purchase may see at a glance from which spigot he wishes his measure filled, and may watch and superintend the drawing, so that the milkman may not practice any sleight-of-hand upon him.

And one may be perfectly sure that the compartment contains exactly what its label says it does. For there is another law which provides that each cargo of milk shall be examined and tested by certain gentlemen in the employ of the Government before it goes its rounds. And laws over here are obeyed in spirit and in letter. When one hails one of these carts, it draws up to the sidewalk and the driver dismounts from his high seat in front and presents himself clad in blue jeans, politely asking your desire. You run your eye over the row of labels on the side of the tank, make your selection, and your pitcher is promptly filled by the boy who rides on a little seat behind, and who turns the triangular faucet by means of a key hung about his neck. If you are a little luxurious you get a quart of cream—real cream, mind you—six and a quarter cents; if cream disagrees with your dyspeptic stomach, there is milk to be had for about five cents the quart; if milk be also too strong, there is a faucet which yields skimmed milk for three cents; and finally, if you want a little honest German buttermilk, it is at your disposal for about two cents per quart. So that one has much the same feeling when getting his milk in this way as if he were milking a sort of magical cow, from whose udder the desired quality of milk flows simply by wishing for it. One is certain that he is getting what he orders, and is, therefore happy and contented, not being afraid of being kicked, milk and all, clear across the yard.

Of course there are other less pretentious, but equally honest, milk carts supplying the Berliners with their coffee dilutant; and these are much like our San Francisco institutions, except that the rear end of the wagon is not occupied by cans, but is reserved for waste, bread crusts, cabbage leaves, potato parings and the like—swill, in short, which the thrifty owner (generally a woman) of the outfit carefully collects and feeds, let us hope only to the cows, pigs and poultry. These wagons vary greatly in size, from that of the pretentious and wealthy peasant, who carries a dozen cans and employs a horse to do it, down to the more modest and poorer one who sends his little wagon out equipped with a couple or three cans, and drawn by an old woman assisted by a dog. All these methods, of course, have only to do with the retail trade in the lacteal. The wholesale trade is supplied by kegs—that is, the milk is delivered in kegs, which are supplied with a little hinged trap in the head, out of which the milk is ladled. Now, it seems to me that it would be rather a difficult matter to wash out and keep clean these iron tanks and wooden barrels so that one may not get the taste of last week's soured milk in his portion of this week's sweet milk. Be that as it may, however, one never does get such a taste, and therefore it is hardly the thing for me to express any doubts as to possibilities, nor to endeavor to throw cold water upon the enthusiasm of the trusting and happy Berlin milk purchaser, nor to place any obstacle in the way of the milk seller's making an honest living.—*Berlin Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Fifteen Million Dollars an Acre.

A New York correspondent states that in the more common streets of New York land is worth from $250,000 to $350,000 per acre. "In the best part of Broadway its value is increased to $2,000,000 per acre; but in the vicinity of Wall Street its value is immensely increased, because this locality is the money heart of America. The land on which the Drexel Building stands cost its present owners at the rate of $14,000,000 per acre. It occupies the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, which may be considered the most valuable corner on this continent—and yet, when I was a Broad Street clerk in 1840, this very place was occupied by a hat store. The corresponding value of property in this neighborhood has been illustrated by the recent sale of the corner of Broad Street and Exchange place, which was at the rate of $15,500,000 per acre. Hence the Drexel lot was none too dear. In fact, these dazzling figures are justified by the immensity of the transactions which occur here daily. Almost all the railroads on the continent (except New England) are managed within 300 feet of this spot, and the general pressure of our immense financial system gives it a value which a few years ago could not have been dreamed of."

—The dandelions: Nestled down close to the ground in its rich bed of green this golden flower is now the brightest gem of nature. Its petals are delicate, its perfume "a little off," and the leaf of its plant resembles the frayed fragments of the small boy's trousers; but for all that, if it had been born an exotic instead of being so deucedly indigenous, it would have been more highly valued for its beauty than it is now for "greens." The common things which are beautiful attract little or no attention, while the uncommon things that are the distilled essence of homeliness receive more abundant honor. And it is just so with folks.—*New Haven Register.*

For Young Readers.

WHICH LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?

Polly, napping,
Hears a rapping
On her chamber door;
Polly, fretting,
Slowly getting
Out upon the floor,
Shivers, crying:
"Snow's a-flying!
Can't go out to-day!
Wonder whether
Winter weather
Ever'll go away.
Hate this washing,
Splishing, splashing,
Water cold as ice!"
Nurse says: "Hurry!
How you worry;
Polly, 'tisn't nice!"
Polly grumbles,
Trips and stumbles,
Then her finger pricks;
Frowns and spatters,
Sobs and mutters,
Cross as seven sticks
Naughty Polly
Seizes dolly
By her flaxen wig,
Pokes her in a
Basket with a
Long-tailed rat and pig.
Melancholy
Little Polly
Down to breakfast goes,
Thinks the weather
Altogether
Dreadful—'cause it snows!

Polly, waking,
Hears a shaking
Of her chamber-door;
Never fretting,
Polly, getting
Out upon the floor,
Kneels to say her
Little prayer,
Reverently and low.
Pictures saintly,
Robed so quaintly,
Gown as white as snow.
Says our Polly:
"This is jolly,
Rising with the sun."
When the washing
And the splashing
Nurse has neatly done,
Round and rosy
As a posy
Pretty Polly stands,
While so briskly
Nurse dries quickly
Dimpled cheek and hands,
Red her dress is,
Flaxen tresses
(Banged above her brow),
Big white collar
(Cost a dollar!)
Nothing's lacking now.
Happy Polly
Kisses dolly
On her scanty wig,
Then flies, prancing,
Hopping, dancing,
Like a whirligig:
Such a jolly
Little Polly
Down to breakfast goes,
Scattering kisses—
None she misses—
Sweet as any rose!

—*Harriet Trowbridge, in N. Y. Independent.*

MARY JANE'S COW STORY.

They had lots of cows, the Spicers had—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they didn't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

Well, one day Grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt June—you might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch *them*. But I didn't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it isn't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house.

"How d' ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d' ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she. "It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Doesn't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set?"

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her!

Well, that afternoon, Dot and I were in the barn playing with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer——"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What'll Grandpa say? I won't go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me." Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It wasn't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that wouldn't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

We came quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and right out in the Spicers' pasture. Dot and I noticed that there was only one cow left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he isn't, for there he is now," Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you'll find *yours*," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he," giggled Sam.

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane. "But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were *our* cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa's got to pay a line to get his own cows out of the pound! Oh, dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer won't find out about it."

And so Dot and I had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer doesn't know anything about it.—*A. G. Plympton, in St. Nicholas.*

Giving Baby Away.

"Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away."

"Give away your little sister Elsie!"

"Yes, I'm just tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much."

"Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying, either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture-book she had torn. In half an hour she came back to the sitting-room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked.

"Come and see," her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her little sister's place.

"Oh, mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and"—

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" and Susie cried *harder than* she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries, or pull my playthings away from her, or—anything."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddy home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said, over and over again, "because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder;" and perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did.—*Zion's Herald.*

Too Quick for Him.

A boy I knew very well was sure he understood all about Gunpowder. Firing at a mark was splendid sport, he had heard. He would try that by way of variety. So he took a piece of board for a target, with mud rubbed on for a centre.

Now, for the gun! There was a piece of bamboo, part of an old fishing-pole, in the shed. This was George's bright idea—pour powder into this hollow bit of wood, drop a match upon the powder, then aim and fire.

Where would he get the powder? His older brother had some in a flask upstairs. He would "borrow" a little. Taking a handful, he poured it into what he called the barrel of the gun. There was the target, ten feet away, on the fence! That sharp-shooter can see this minute just how it looked. A card of matches from the kitchen made everything ready for the grand target-shooting.

Now this wise boy, who knew just what powder could do, said to himself: "I shall have time to get my gun to my shoulder before the powder burns, and then won't I hit the mark!"

Lighting three matches, so as to be sure there was fire enough, he dropped them down the opening in the bamboo. He looked in to see that they reached the powder. Then he was going to take aim. But he never took it. The powder was too quick for him; and he saw only a blinding flash, and felt a great heat in his face.

He forgot all about the target, the gun, and the glory he was to win by hitting the bull's-eye. Up-stairs, with burning eyebrows, scorched skin, and smoking jacket, rushed the boy who knew so much about powder. During the weeks while his flesh was healing and his eyes were recovering their strength George learned that, though he was wonderfully "knowing," there were a few things he did not fully understand. He has never seen a bamboo rod since, without thinking of the day when he missed the mark.—*Our Little Ones.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fat is of no value as manure.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Never buy "cheap" seed. The best seed is the cheapest—cheaper at any price than poor seed that can be had for the asking.

—Those who object to the odors of many of the disinfectants used at the present day will find charcoal unobjectionable on this account, and it is said to absorb gases in a surprising way; pieces can be laid on plates and put out of sight in a sick room.

—Waffles: Take three pints of flour, three eggs, well beaten (separately,) salt to the taste, one tablespoonful of lard, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one tablespoonful of soda. Mix up with sweet milk; or leave out the cream of tartar and use buttermilk and soda.

—Professor Brewer, of the Sheffield Scientific School, New Haven, says: "On account of the value of our straw and of the stalks of our corn for feeding, it is found that an acre of corn, wheat or other grain pays as large a profit here as at the West, and that the labor of each man is as well or better paid."

—A Fort Plain (N. M.,) correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* strongly recommends the use of coal ashes as a mulch, especially around trees and shrubs. Mixed with the surface soil, and occasionally stirred, he says, they will promote an uninterrupted growth during a drought, if the application is liberal and well worked in.

—According to the Yazoo (Miss.) *Sentinel*, many planters say they would not part with the advantage the overflow will be to their lands for a nice little sum of money. The sediment deposited by the flood will do the soil more good than any fertilizer that could be applied. One planter says the cotton lands will now be worth from four to five dollars more per acre than formerly.

—One of the best of spring vegetables is rhubarb or pie-plant, whether in the form of "sauce," or in pies and puddings. A good receipt for the last named is as follows: Wash and put the pie-plant in small pieces, cover the bottom of a pudding dish with it, then put in a layer of bread crumbs and plenty of sugar, and so on until the dish is full; add a little water, and only a little, as the pie-plant is very juicy. Make a sauce to eat with this of melted sugar, flavored with cinnamon.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Agricultural Economics

The profit of the future is to come in avoidance of wastes of the farm. As the country grows older, land dearer and immigration heavier, competition waxes fiercer in all agricultural production. A ruinous share of the hay is lost first in cutting when ripened to woodiness or dried to hardened stems; then in giving it out to sustain life and animal heat rather than for fat and flesh. Corn is also thrown away by insufficient or injudicious feeding. There is enormous loss in keeping a poor cow that yields 300 gallons of milk per annum instead of one that produces 600 at about the same cost. One may bring the owner in debt while the other affords a handsome profit on expense of keep. A cow that gives milk only from April to November and runs dry when forage is costly, and milk is dear, should have a few months extra feeding, and go to the butcher as soon as possible. That a cow is dry for more than six weeks is the fault of the owner in not procuring "the survival of the fittest," and again perhaps in not supplying ample and succulent food at all seasons, while the milk habit of the young cow is forming. The loss in milk and meat by irregular feeding and a change from fresh pastures to a straw-stack and coarse hay during an inclement season, is an irreparable waste which is projected into the succeeding summer without regard to the abundance of its pasturage.

The losses from negligence or want of skill, in the preparation for market, the manipulation or manufacture from raw material is enormous. Milk of the same quality, of the same cost, makes butter at fifteen cents and at half a dollar per pound. Mixed fruits sell in market at half the value of assorted samples neatly put up. The pig products of a famous Massachusetts farm are disposed of in New York city at twenty-three cents per pound, while similiar goods from the average farm command but fifteen cents. Skill, taste, neatness and a well-earned reputation for reliable excellence get the highest rewards—give better dividends than the capital and labor represented in the product on which they are expended. There is solid money in these untangable valuables. But the wastes that may be avoided are numerous in every department of agricultural practice, and cannot be hinted at in a paragraph. They are illustrated in the differing costs and selling prices of adjoining farms in every neighborhood of the land.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Advantages of Small Farms.

It must be conceded that high cultivation can ordinarily best be done upon small farms, especially where one's capital is limited. The tendency to improve small farms, as compared more thoroughly with large ones, is apparent in every thriving community.

Small farms induce thrift and peacefullness. The owners are stipulated to frugality to obtain means for the purchase of improved implements and commercial manures.

Many a man drags out a debt-burdened existence because he has "land on the brain," and tills more land that it is possible for him to till in order to render it profitable. If the same degree of industry, with more precision of application, were expended on a smaller space, it would result, almost invariably, in increased comfort, happiness and general prosperity, if not in wealth.

The mania for posessing large plantations and farms, and as many as possible of them, is evidently on the increase in this country. Heavy taxation of unsettled lands, owned by non-residents for speculative purposes, proves to be but a partial remedy in suppressing the evil. To every thinking person who is interested in the general prosperity of the country, it is evident that *intensive* farming is better every way than for individuals to undertake the extensive culture of large aries, resulting, as it generally does, in dinished production per acre.—*Louisville Farm and Fireside.*

Stock Prospects.

It will not often happen in this country that the supply of good meats will be as scarce as they are at the present time. The scarcity of grain and its resulting high price, has precluded the idea of feeding with profit, and, therefore, stock of all kinds has been either sold off closely, or is in no condition for the market. The most of the cattle that are now coming to market make about as poor beef as anybody is willing to eat, and yet the price which consumers are compelled to pay for it, is very high. The supply of good beef has been growing less and less, and the consumer is having his appetite for that kind of beef nicely whetted. As usually happens after an instance of abstinence of any character, the abstainer when he does return to the indulgence of his crucified appetite, appears to make the attempt to make up for lost time and opportunities, and consumes more than he did formerly. At the present writing the high price for beef products makes abstinence from a beef diet compulsory in many homes, and desirable in many more. If the price falls in our retail shops our beef eaters will quickly return to their favorite dish of roast beef, sirloins, and porterhouse, the consumption will be increased, the demand become greater, and the producer will actually receive more for his cattle than he does now. We anticipate such a result, and shall be greatly mistaken if for a considerable time the price of cattle shall not be good. It is true that corn will probably be high, comparatively at least, the coming season, but if there are no unfortunate circumstances to prevent a good crop, it will not probably be high enough to prevent profitable feeding. In fact we expect that the present season will be one of signal prosperity among our producers, and to no class of them more so than to the live stock men.

Under ordinary circumstances, as the vast majority of the most progressive farmers have learned, the best way of marketing our corn crop is to convert it into beef or pork. It, therefore, will be unnecessary to advise at this time a special care to provide the means of accomplishing this work. Grass is here, and there is certainly no need for the further sacrilice of cattle. If debts are pressing it will be better to let them press, if that can be done, without final detriment, rather than to thin out our stock while it is in poor condition, in order to pay them. With reference to the pigs it will always pay to take good care of them, for the hog crop is an important one. But under present circumstances, we have the right to look for an excellent future for pork. Never for a moment think that the pig will do well enough whether it has any attention or not. It should be kept growing, and the sooner we all strive to effect a more fully developed muscular system in our pigs the less disease we will have and the better pork we will have. We cannot expect that either a starved pig or an overly fattened one will produce the best results. Like all young creatures it first needs a frame—something on which can be laid the pork which it is intended to produce. If it does not get enough food and of the proper kind to build up the muscular system, that cannot be built up, and if it is kept fat enough for pork all the time it will be unevenly developed and liable to succumb to disease. As mentioned in a recent issue, disease in animals, it is pretty well established, is the result of preying animalculæ, and these animalculæ fill the air and swarm in the food that is eaten. They cannot be kept out of the animal system, but are taken into the stomach with what is eaten, and into the lungs with every inspiration. Now if the system is as strong as it ought to be these animalculæ will be appropriated by it as actual nourishment; the healthy processes of nature will not only make them harmless, but will actually convert them to some use. If on the other hand the system is weak, the indigestion poor, the muscles soft and flabby, the bones weakly constructed, and the lungs delicate, the animal will fall victim to these hungry devouring hordes. A hog is naturally healthy. If the animal has become subject to disease, there must be some mistake about our treatment of it, notwithstanding that we think that treatment represents perfection. We are apt to think that, but it is a mistake. Many of our hogs, and especially those that are used for breeding purposes, have been injured by "high living." They have been forced from their very pighood, because such a course of treatment gives them beauty, and so many are foolish enough not to seek other merit than the exceedingly doubtful one of good looks. Animal systems will not bear the stimulation which many a pen of hogs have always had to bear, with impunity. The fires are kept too furiously hot and something will be very apt to give way.

By all means, therefore, simply keep the pig growing, all the time growing. The pasture will afford much of the nourishment that it needs. In addition feed soaked corn, ground oats, and mill stuffs in sufficient quantities to keep a steady growth.—*Western Rural.*

A Choice of Terms.

"I see the Armstrongs have gone to light housekeeping," said Mr. Jones, laying down the paper he was reading, "it will be quite a change for them."

"I wonder if they will use gas or kerosene?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps they will have the electric light," mused Mr. J., "it ought to be just the thing for that purpose."

"Why, you can't cook by the electric light," retorted Mrs. J.

"I don't see what cooking has to do with it," growled Mr. Jones in a disgusted tone. "They can cook as other people do I suppose."

"But you said that they had gone to light housekeeping.

"Yes, I know I did," answered Mr. J., sarcastically; but I should have explained it more fully and said explicitly that Mr. Armstrong was light-house keeper on Shad Island, and that the American Government had sent him and his family there. Understand Maria?"

But Maria was sulking, and wouldn't answer.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—A Western writer affirms that the secret of raising winter squashes is to plant late, and when the borer gets in, to cover the vine six inches deep with earth. This, he says, will kill the worms and save the crop.

An Embarrassing Mistake.

A popular M. P. invited a distinguished company to dinner in London. Three of the guests elected to drive to their host's house together. The carriage duly deposited them at their destination, and the eldest gentleman, on alighting, said to his two companions, who were M. P.s, "I'll pioneer you; I know the way up stairs." But here the butler intervened and said, "Down stairs, please, gentlemen." Down accordingly went the trio, and were ushered into a small room where sat a lady and gentleman, divided by a table, on which was a dish of oranges. Conversation flowed pleasantly, all sorts of topics being discussed, till at last the host said, "I am sorry my lady is indisposed, as she would like to have seen you." Then spake the eldest, who is a distinguished official of the House; "I think we have made a mistake." "So say all of us," was the mixed rejoinder; and with many regrets and apologies the company separated. Then it was discovered that the banquet was next door. Meanwhile the noble lord who entertained the three angels unawares tells the story with unrivaled unction.

—A woman with her own money bought government bonds and had them registered in her own name. Shortly afterward she became insane and her husband claimed the right to collect the interest cheques on his own indorsement and have the bonds transferred to his name. In deciding the case, Judge Lawrence, First Comptroller of the Treasury, held that the woman is sole owner of the bonds; that the common law rule prohibiting a married woman from indorsing or collecting notes payable to her does not apply to bonds or interest cheques registered in her name; that she may without the consent of her husband buy, transfer or collect such bonds or cheques; that a guardian or commission may be appointed to make collections and that the husband has no other right in the matter than those which belong to a stranger.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—N. McGregor Steele, a Brooklyn lawyer, is possessed of a hallucination which inspires him in the belief that his stomach should be taken out and examined. He describes his pains as "just like those of a cat when a dog is biting her through the back." In the interest of science it is to be hoped that Mr. Steele will not die until he has given the world the source of his information relative to the pains of the cat.

"Golden Medical Discovery"

has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

A young man in this city who practiced in the gymnasium one afternoon only was enabled to jump his board bill the very next day.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

Wife—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in." Husband—"Oh no, my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

An orator saying that he had a very mixed audience was asked how it happened. "O," said he, "I stirred it up so with my eloquence."

*** Many silly people despise the precious, not understanding it. But no one despises Kidney-Wort after having given it a trial. Those that have used it agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.

"Nellie, my dear," said Mrs. Slobson to her daughter, "did you read Oscar Wilde's lecture and note his observation regarding the desirability of having beautiful surroundings?" "Yes, mamma." "Then tell me what you think are the most beautiful surroundings?" "But I won't." "Yes, you will." "Well, then, if you must know, I think Gus Singsally's arms the most beautiful surroundings in the wide world.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.—*Eagle.*

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady. —*Our Continent.*

We ran across a man the other day who said that he was traveling for pleasure. "But," said we, "you do not seem to be having such a very hilarious time." "No, certainly not. I am not traveling for my own pleasure. I am traveling for the pleasure of my wife." "Oh, so your wife is with you, is she?" "No, sir, she is in New York."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Free of charge—an empty gun.

A man advertises for an "amiable wife," and after having had the supposed treasure for one week, expresses himself thus obscurely: "She hadn't been in the house twenty-four hours before the milk soured."

A very new word is "xylatcachnigraphy." Without pretending to be an expert in such words we throw out the information that it signifies the art of staining woods in several colors, and trust our readers will endeavor to live up to it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Thirteen cargoes of red bananas unloaded in New York recently. The American citizen who does not enjoy the privilege of slipping down on one of these banana skins may be said to have lived in vain.—*New Haven Register.*

It was somewhere in New Jersey that a man got a little mixed on Scripture, and said at a prayer-meeting: "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

A whistle that can be heard for fifty miles has been invented and is creating quite a sensation. 'Tis a mere nothing. We know a boy whose whistle is heard forever.—*New Haven Register.*

If a man works hard, and knows how, he can build a railway locomotive in five years. If a woman works hard, and knows how, she can build a silk dress and wear it once before it gets out of style, but she's got to be mighty smart to do it.

In good old days long gone: Old lady (apropos of wiry and ancient leg of mutton)—"D'yo mean to say that this is lamb?" Butcher: "Cert'nly, mum." Old lady: "May, be it was, once; you and I was lambs about the same time."

Justice Rendered in a "Trade-Mark" Case at Bombay, India, April 14, 1882.

Nathoo Mooljee, a resident druggist at Bombay, India, offered "Pain Killer" for sale, an infringement of the genuine Davis' Pain Killer. M. H. Ballentine, agent of Perry Davis & Son, entered suit against him. The case was called on the 14th of April. The Court found him guilty of pirating the *Trade-Mark*, "Pain Killer," and fined him 500 rupees.

Everywhere, at home and abroad, have Perry Davis & Son sustained their rights to the name Pain Killer.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher; "but I'd rader hab de rbumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."

Guiteau could never sleep at proper hours, cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were always on the *qui vive*. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, his wretched brains would not have raged with improper fancies. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is already becoming as famous as his Pills. It is a sure cure for all diseases of Skin and Scalp.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry-hossity."

"Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottle for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

Trichinae continues to give us a good deal of trouble in Germany, but it is a little thing to make a fuss about.—*Lowell Courier.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

Some of the manuscript offered to printers is so bad that it ought first to be sent to the house of correction with its author.—*Chicago Tribune.*

If contemplating Building or Painting send for the new Architectural Catalogue published by Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. Any one can use them. 10 cents for any color.

As he waited for a prescription, the druggist said to him: "That is my son, sir, sitting by you; don't you think he looks like me?" "Well, yes," replied the customer, "I think I can see some of your liniments in his face."

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"Judges," said a lawyer, "always have a great advantage over us poor fellows, for they guess last."

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

Stock-breeders and bar-keepers agree that there is profit in short horns.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

In charity it may be better to give than to receive, but in kissing it is about equal.

Cheaper than blacksmithing—Is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

Nothing makes the possessor smile so much as a good set of teeth.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

PERRY DAVIS'

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A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, Biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood.

EVERY ONE STUDYING MUSIC

Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

HAIR Wigs & Hairs sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. Stiebel, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

THRESHERS The Best is the Cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's

SAMARITAN

CURES AND

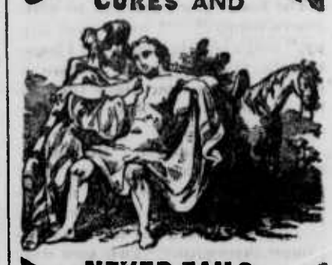

NEVER FAILS.

NERVINE

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Hysterics, Insanity, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases. This infallible remedy will positively eradicate every species of Nervous Derangement, and drive them away from whence they came, never to return again. It utterly destroys the germs of disease by neutralizing the hereditary taint or poison in the system, and thoroughly eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Female Weakness, General Debility, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Ulceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Irritability of the Bladder. For Wakefulness at Night, there is no better remedy. During the change of Life no Female should be without it. It quiets the Nervous System and gives rest, comfort and nature's sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Alcoholism, Drunkenness and the habit of Opium Eating. These degrading habits are by far the worst evils that have ever befallen suffering humanity. Thousands die annually from these noxious drugs. The habits of Opium Eating and Liquor Drinking are precisely what eating is to alimentiveness, as over-eating first inflames the stomach which redoubles its cravings until it paralyzes both the stomach and appetite. So every drink of liquor or dose of opium, instead of satisfying, only adds to its fierce fires, until it consumes the vital force and then itself. Like the gluttonous lape-worm, it cries "Give, give, give!" but never enough until its own rapacity devours itself. Samaritan Nervine gives instant relief in all such cases. It produces sleep, quiets the nerves, builds up the nervous system, and restores body and mind to a healthy condition.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Nervous Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the urinary organs. Nervous debility permanently cured by the use of this invaluable remedy. To you, young, middle-aged and old men, who are covering your sufferings as with a mantle by silence, look up, you can be saved by timely efforts, and make ornaments to society, and jewels in the crown of your Maker, if you will. Do not keep this a secret longer, until it saps your vitals, and destroys both body and soul. If you are thus afflicted, take Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, impart tone and energy to the whole System.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by druggists everywhere or may be had direct from us. Those who wish to obtain further evidence of the curative properties of Samaritan Nervine will please enclose a 3-cent postage stamp for a copy of our Illustrated Journal of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cure from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed after their restoration to perfect health. Address

DR. S. A. RICHMOND & CO.,
World's Epileptic Institute,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

IN A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tk't & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM

For DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, FLUX, AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

The world has never produced its equal.

Prepared by C. Wakefield & Co., Bloomington, Ill.

TRY IT! For Sale by All Druggists.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER

Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or send by mail for 25c. C. E. Hires. 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila.

BOOKS ON BUILDING, PAINTING, Decorating, etc. For 1882. Eighty page Illustrated Catalogue. Address, enclosing three 3-cent stamps. Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—$20 best selling articles in the world. Samples free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 20 to 30 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saws filed to fine kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. Zeigler & Co., Box 84, Philad'a, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clov'd 878

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completly happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven,

The first, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people, but ever since then, in the darkest days, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, and "better is little with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was the one who coveted was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third is, "Look on the sunny-side of things."

"Look with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lambs, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happines is not confined to one place: God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air and in the waters.

About Advertising.

You can't eat enough in a week to last a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex do not hold all the curiosity in the world.

A simple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printers to do it.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

To make a man realize an idea as you realize it is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that is pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

The North Carolina Republicans and Liberals have united in opposition to the Bourbons, and the ticket is one which the special dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* pronounces "Strong."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
&
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Gray or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

F. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of Information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 204, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands of controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutts store, v3n47.

J. W. YEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

YEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 8-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.43 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.55 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings. Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. — near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

jn 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss drug store.

5 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS NND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool haulings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c. per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephrium G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 29th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 40ds W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

Of valuable Real Estate, in Garrett County

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Symons to John Bradburn, said mortgage being dated on the 25th day of July, in the year A. D. 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 281, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned Mortgagee will sell at public auction for cash, in front of Offutt's store in the Town of Oakland

ON TUESDAY JUNE THE 27th, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

all that real estate situate lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lots Numbers 1648, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763,

containing 250 acres of land more or less.

Terms—cash on day of sale.
Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN BRADBURN,
Mortgagee.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
Solicitors. 634

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, upple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frume house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Flat Woods, Garrett county, Md., by crossing over said farm throwing down fences, or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.

May 27, 1882 3t.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

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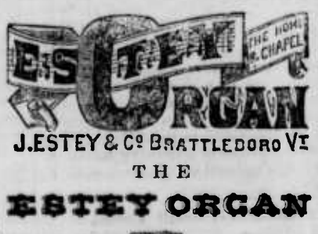

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is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882. NUMBER 18.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

91 Baltimore Street,

P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.

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"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originality of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 25, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
U. S. CONSULATE.

CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 5, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
U. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

37 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

"For Sick Stomach, bad taste, sinking spells and palpitation, rely wholly on PERUNA."
"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PERUNA; it never fails."
"For Cramp of the Stomach or Colic, PERUNA in large doses is infallible."
"Those in literary, professional or commercial pursuits, need PERUNA."
"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."
Read and study our book on the "Ills of Life;" follow its teachings and be happy.
"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, take PERUNA before each meal."
"For Chronic Catarrh, Nervous Debility, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA."
Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life." S. E. Hartman & Co., Osborn, Ohio, proprietors.
For Constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

The Mission of Judaism.

Hebrew Leader.

It is impossible to interpret the profound historic interest which attaches to the Jewish name, except on the ground of a special and grand destiny in the purposes of Almighty Providence. Four thousand years ago the Jews were a nation, and they constitute a distictly recognized nation at this day, though without a political organization. For two thousand years they have been dispersed over all quarters of the globe, and have many times been pursued with merciless hostility. But they have not yet perished, have not been swallowed up by surrounding populations not been slowly fused down and rendered indistinguishable from the massed on every side. After four thousand years of existence and two thousand of persecution, they remain a distinct, recognized people, having preserved their language, laws, and worship to this day. The fact is perfectly alone in all history. Not another such example can he pointed out in the entire annals of the world.

The key to the interpretation of all the peculiarities of ancient Judaism lies here, as we venture to judge. An ignorant and barbarous people were to be disciplined for a lofty and God-like mission, of the real nature of which, its mystery and grandeur, they were unaware. By means of a stringent form of worship, which affected every hour of the day and every aspect of their life, they were brought in peculiar relation with the true God, and taught to believe that they were His people. By a succession of never-ending sacred rites, every one of which they had to observe scrupulously, they were not only habituated to the thought of God, but inspired with profound awe of Him, and educated in the conviction of His constant presence, His unceasing observation, and the perpetual reverence which He demanded. From age to age heroic souls were born among them to govern; deliver, rebuke or punish them, and to reform their institutions and manners. Gifted sages were raised up to inspire them with exalted and pure conceptions of Jehovah. Holy men of God, historians, and psalmists and prophets and seers uttered the divine messages through the length and breadth of the land. To the Jews as to no other people under Heaven, were committed the oracles of God. Without philosophy, without science, without literature, except of a sacred kind, the writings of their inspired men contain for the world the largest amount anywhere to be found of what the world acknowledges to be the best and truest in divine religion.

During the present century, and increasingly as the century has advanced enlightened research has been laboriously directed to the Vedas and Pusans and Shasters of India, and to the Aresta and Zend-Aresta of Persia. There are Divine passages in these ancient writings! There are beautiful and pure and true sayings. But impartial scholars will not dispute that these are few and short, and are found in the midst of a mass of what can be called by no fitter name than Pagan rubbish. Scarcely have we been touched by some sentence of elevated and holy thought, than we are dragged down to stupid, childish, legendary tales, or to what is as corrupt as it is puerile, and they form the staple and substance of the sacred books. The Jewish scriptures on the other hand, are not only more simple and more clear, but their teachings persistent and uniform. With a constant voice they proclaim, sometimes in simple terms, but often in language of surpassing magnificence and sublimity, the eternity, the omnipresence, the spirituality, the holiness and the wisdom of the true Jehovah. And above all, in passages without number, and in forms the most tender and the most touching, they consistently proclaim the forgiving mercy of the holy God.

Rhode Island has a good deal of solid sense for such a small State. She has just passed a law excluding school-book agents and publishers from association with school committees. The frequent introduction of new and varied text books is demoralizing the school system in many cities and distracting the minds of the children.

It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste!"

Education for Farmers.

To the average mind the word education is limited in its definition to what one learns at school, but that is altogether too narrow. Education means growth, culture, development, as well as the acquisition of knowledge, and knowledge again is not monopolized by the schools; indeed, one who knows only what he learns at school is much more justly entitled to the epithet of ignoramus than he who, having no opportunity to attend school, has been a diligent student of nature and of men. There were wise men before letters were invented, or schools established. Schools, good schools, are excellent auxiliaries to education, but they are nothing more. It is admitted by all that no amount of book-learning will suffice to fit a young man for the duties of a physician, a lawyer, or a clergyman, and the idea that it would fit him for the profession of agriculture is absurd. Yet each profession has its literature, which can be reached only through the portal of the school or the aid of private instructors, and the literature of each profession is of prime importance to those who would pursue successfully a profession.

The literature of a profession, farming, for example, conserves the wisdom of the past and records the experiments of the present. But the wisdom of the past preserved in books is like wheat before it is winnowed, mixed with the chaff of ignorance and the cheat of prejudice. So, also, is much of the scientific knowledge of the present. They are both misleading and injurious to him who accepts them without question. But they are great helps to him whose mind has been trained to criticise all things, and who accepts only that which stands this crucial test.

Colleges confer degrees, yet these are often misleading; the young man with A. M. or M. D. after his name is not necessarily a master of arts or of medicine. He is only prepared to enter upon a career of practical experiment, which, if he possesses the talent, the industry, and the perseverance necessary to the completion of his education, may ultimately make him worthy of the title conferred upon him prematurely by the school.

No amount of theoretical training will fit a man for the successful pursuit of agriculture; yet, without theoretical training, a man rarely rises to the dignity of an intelligent farmer.

Farming is a profession in the same sense that the practice of law or of medicine is a profession; hence the young who is destined to become a farmer should be educated with reference to that profession. The public schools of this country furnish the facilities for all the literary training absolutely needed, and, in the larger cities, the scientific branches are taught as well as they are in our colleges, and these are important. While it were a waste of time to study the dead languages, the prospective farmer should become familiar with the elements of natural history, botany, chemistry, geology, and natural philosophy. These branches of science have a direct relationship to his future business, and the young farmer who enters the profession versed in them will find that he is not only prepared for a larger measure of success, but that his mind is fitted for communion with nature, whose secrets, hid from others are constantly revealed to him, affording an inexhaustible source of pleasure as well as profit. To him every expanding leaf or opening flower has a beautiful significance, and every phenomenon involved in the growth of plants has for him a meaning unknown to the ignorant plodder. All nature is to him one grand illustrated encyclopedia filled with lessons of wisdom, from the pen and pencil of the original author and artist of the universe.

To the educated farmer the rocks present their own history, written in unmistakable characters by the finger of God. The soil whispers to him of its fertility or complains of its poverty in language perfectly intelligible and the treasures of Flora, Pamona and Ceres, are shown, in rich abundance at the feet of him who wields the magic wand of intelligent labor.

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

A Financial Panic Not Imminent.

Commenting on a letter of a correspondent predicting a financial panic in the near future, the New York *Sun* says:

* * Former panics were preceded by causes which are wanting at present. The collapse of 1837 was precipitated by the great fire of 1836, which destroyed an amount of property greater, in proportion to the wealth of the country, than ten times the same amount would be now. Excessive overtrading led to the panic of 1857, which by the way, was short-lived; while that of 1873 followed upon excessive railroad building, stimulated by the abnormal demand for transportation during the civil war, and following the exhaustion of the war itself. In every one of these three cases, credit and borrowing had been expanded to their utmost stretch. Values were universally measured by false standards, and the money of the country was a huge mass of paper resting on a slender basis of the precious metals.

Granting, now, for the sake of argument, that there is at present likewise a great speculation in stocks and merchandise such as preceded the disasters of 1837, 1857 and 1873, it would not of itself be enough in our opinion to produce the results witnessed in those years. Unless general mutual credit and borrowing accompanies speculation, a collapse will cause injury to none but those immediately concerned. Nor does the excess of imports over exports in itself seem to us to be an indication of danger. It may be with this country, as it is with Great Britian, a proof that the world owes it more than it owes the world, and that it is only getting back what belongs to it. Bad crops are indeed to be feared as likely to diminish the means of consumers, and check trade; but there is no reason as yet to fear this calamity, and it is unwise to treat it as inevitable.

To our view, the situation should not cause alarm to anybody who is not excessively in debt and not embarked in enterprises barren of profitable results. We have a sound currency convertible into gold. The country is rich, not only in natural resources into useful commodities exchangeable for other useful commodites. The railroads and manufactories and farm improvements for which, up to 1873, we were indebted to foreign creditors, are now either paid for altogether or encumbered only with obligations to our own home capitalists. The interest of money has fallen to a point which proves that production exceeds not only consumption, but the facilities for profitable investment. Any man who has good security to offer can borrow readily at six per cent. per annum or less in any of the older States, while corporations and municipalities in good credit do not find it necessary to offer lenders more than four. All this is in direct opposition to the state of things which prevailed in 1837, 1857 and 1873, and forbids us to expect that the panics of those years are going to be immediately repeated. A diseased imagination, dwelling exclusively upon the topic, may indeed discover grounds for prophesying such a disaster; but they will not bear the examination of unprejudiced reason.

Mohammedan Sensualism.

No one of the Mohammedan races has carried out the license given to sensual passion by the Koran and the adhering tradition to such an extent as have the Ottoman Turks, and no race has suffered so much from that license. The evil consequences are far-reaching and baleful in the extreme. It is to feed Turkish sensuality that the slave trade throughout the empire and in the interior of Africa is maintained. The beautiful, fair daughters who are purchased from the Georgians and Circassians also find their way at last to the cities of Constantinople, Brusa, Smyrna, Adrianople, Aleppo, Bagdad, and other towns and cities of Asia Minor. One of the direct results of this sensuality is that the Turks have degenerated physically during the past two hundred years. That the conquerors of Constantinople were a hardy race of great physical strength there can be no doubt; that the great majority of modern Turks are of an effeminate type is equally certain; very many of them are persons of fine appearance, but they are physically weak, without elasticity, giving the impression of men who have lost their vitality. The same may be said even more emphatically of Turkish woman; they are small in stature, of a sickly complexion, easily fatigued by slight exertion, and become prematurely old. After the age of forty all feminine beauty is gone; the eyes have become sunken, the cheeks hollow, and the face wrinkled; and there remains no trace of the activity and physical strength often seen in English women of sixty-five or even of seventy years of age. Another immediate result of the prevailing sensuality is the mental imbecility of multitudes of the Ottonian Turks; great numbers among them are intellectually stupid. Many even of the young men have the vacant look which borders close on the idiotic state. Severe mental application is for them almost a physical impossibility. It is well known that in all branches of business where considerable mental activity is required the Turks employ Christians to work for them. This is owing, not so much to a lack of education, or to a general lack of energy, as in many cases to a mental incapacity which often amounts to imbecility. Obvious illustrations of the special topic now discussed is furnished by the royal family itself. Sultan Abdul Mejid, Sultan Abdul Aziz and the deceased Sultan Murad were all men of depraved minds, vicious habits, intemperate and sensual in the extreme, and were alike devoid of moral character and mental capacity. Mental incapacity, however, from the causes alleged is not confined by any means to the wealthy and aristocratic classes; it is found in all grades of society.—*The British Quarterly Review.*

He got the Desired Information.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir!" said the big man, as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public horse-whipping—then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah! I thought so; thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you. What would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my hook this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you and give it a three quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red, then pale, and then looked the little man over, and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Most Wonderful.

Very seldom do we read of an actual case of recovery, where hope had altogether been lost, to equal that which was on Monday investigated by a *Dispatch* reporter who had heard, in various quarters, persons talking to their friends of a cure, seemingly little short of miraculous, that had been performed. William Lincoln Curts is the name of the young man in question. He is now employed at H. K. Porter & Co.'s Locomotive Works, Pittsburg. His disease was Chronic Rheumatism. The enormous swelling and pain in the joints of his arm soon produced paralysis of his left arm. He gradually grew worse, his ankles and knees were soon even worse than his arms, his cheek bones began to enlarge, spreading his face out of all resemblance to his former self. Two physicians pronounced him hopeless. *Peruna* cured him. Page 26 Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life."

The Readjusters of Virginia claim to have made great gains in the town and city elections held during the month of May, and the figures seems to bear them out. The chief strength of the Bourbons has been in the cities, and the failure to hold their own there is a significant proof of growing weakness. The campaign of mud which the Bourbons have carried on against Senator Mahone, has not apparently added to their voting strength.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

Beautiful world wherein we live,
Beautiful all that God doth giver;
Beautiful birds, and trees, and flowers,
Beautiful shades and leafy bowers.

Beautiful fields, all clad in green,
Beautiful streams that glide between;
Beautiful banks, with primrose sweet,
Gnarled old trees, and moss-grown seat.

Beautiful ferns in their mossy bed,
Beautiful blue-bells overhead;
Dear little birds, all wild with glee,
Thrilling their song on the hawthorn tree.

Beautiful trees in their budding green,
Beautiful sunshine streaming between;
Beautiful light from Heaven above,
Beautiful emblem of God's own love.

Beautiful sunset, crimson and gold,
Soft, dim twilight, gray and cold;
Night puts on her mantle of gray.
Beautiful daylight passes away.

Beautiful moonlight overhead,
Beautiful stars their soft light shed;
Breathe from their spangled home above,
Beautiful thoughts of God's changeless love.

Beautiful rest from a day of care,
Beautiful hour of sacred prayer;
Beautiful thoughts will our last ones be,
Sleeping or waking, safe in Thee.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.

I had fallen into a doze as the stage-coach slowly progressed along a smooth and sandy country road. Being the only passenger so far, I had rejoiced in the luxury of undisputed possession, and was not overpleased when being aroused by the stopping of the vehicle, I ascertained that we were to take in two other passengers.

One of these was a burly, florid, good-humored-looking man, and as I soon learned from himself, was a well-to-do grazier of the name of Catlin. The other was of my own sex—a little, middle-aged lady, brisk and bright, who appeared accompanied by a silky poodle and a mocking-bird in a cage—besides the usual basket, umbrella and parcels. She entered the coach smilingly, apologizing for disturbing me, as I removed my own parcels from the opposite seat, then proceeded to arrange her effects with the air of one who had just taken possession of lodgings and was putting them in order. The grazier, though evidently as much a stranger to her as to me, kindly assisted by pointing out how the umbrella and parcels might be more conveniently disposed of, while I won her heart by noticing the little dog and suggesting that the bird-cage might be suspended from the ceiling of the coach.

When these arrangements were effected the little lady settled herself in a corner, looked smilingly about her, and seemed inclined to be sociable. Thus falling in with the grazier's humor, the two speedily became chatty and communicative, and it was not very long before I had learned the whole of Miss Allison's history. Indeed it did not take many moments to relate, being a remarkably ordinary and uneventful one. She had been born and always lived on the "little farm," which was now her own, having been left to her by her parents. She was not rich, she said, modestly, but had more than was sufficient for her own wants, and she meant to leave it all to her niece, Alethia, who was considered the prettiest girl in the county of Gates, and had taken the highest prizes for drawing and French at the Mount Prospect Academy. She was only a farmer's daughter, it was true, but she had very dainty and delicate ways, and had never been forced to do coarse work. Like herself, Alethia was an only child, and her father, Miss Allison's brother, was "very well off," and with what she would get from him and from herself, Alethia would be rich, and a match for any young man in the county. And Miss Allison tossed her head and looked brightly around, apparently very proud of her niece, Alethia.

"The young lady's got a fine name in addition to her other attractions," remarked the grazier, good-humoredly.

"You think so?" replied she, looking pleased. "They wanted to call her after me; and I should have liked it if I had had a pretty name. But Priscillia isn't a pretty name," she added, with a light laugh; "and, to make it worse, they call me Prissy. It used to worry me when I was young, for I liked pretty names as well as other pretty things, so I resolved that my niece should be more fortunate than myself in that respect. Well, when she was a week old, I looked over all the books I could find about the house, and at last came across Alethia, which seemed just the right thing. And I think it suits her, only she prefers to have it Alethe. That's French you know."

"I take it, you know French, ma'am?" suggested Mr. Catlin, in a complimentary manner.

"O, no; I had no advantages of education, which I've often lamented over; and that was why I insisted upon Alethia being sent to Mount Prospect Academy, and offered to pay for it myself if her father wouldn't. I think I should have made a good scholar," she added, with a half-sigh, "for I had a natural liking for books and pictures. I used to write poetry, too, when I was a girl."

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am. And bein' so smart, you nat'rally looked down upon the men, and wouldn't bemean yourself to have one of 'em for a lord and master," said the grazier, with a good-natured chuckle.

The little old maid laughed, too.

"It wasn't because I had an over opinion of myself, but, somehow the men I knew never suited me."

"Meble the right one hasn't come yet," he suggested in a consolatory manner.

"No, nor I don't expect him to come at this time of day. He's staid away too long if he meant to come at all. After thirty-five a woman's got no business to be thinking of getting married—and I'm past thirty-five," she added, with a little defiant "don't care" air.

"Possible? Well, now I should'n take you for nigh that; and I've always maintained that no woman can live to thirty without some time bein' in love. If she don't meet the right one, why, she'll fall in love with the wrong one, and that's the way unfort'nate matches come about."

"Well, sir, I'm past thirty-five, as I've said, and very certain am I that I've never been in love, and never shall be."

She said this very positively, while smiling and blushing a little. But at that moment a sharp exclamation from the driver, and a sudden stop of the stage-coach, caused us all to look from the windows.

"What is the matter?"

We had no need to ask, for there, right before our eyes, in the hot and dusty road, lay the figure of a man, apparently dead, with a small bundle and stick beside him.

We were all out in a moment, and the driver, assisted by Mr. Catlin, lifted the inanimate form and bore it to the shade of the pine-trees by the roadside. He was quite unconscious, though not dead, as we had at first thought; and while I ran for water from a neighboring brook, Miss Allison produced a bottle of smelling-salts, and the driver a flask of spirits. Mr. Catlin, meanwhile, stooped down and carefully examined him.

"He's not hurt anywhere," he said, gravely, "but he's ill, very ill, poor fellow!"

"What ails him?" we inquired, anxiously.

The grazier looked up and solemnly uttered one word:

"*Starvation!*"

An exclamation of horror and compassion broke from Miss Allison. She hurried to the coach and returned with a little basket of luncheon. Her hands trembled and her eyes were blinded with tears as she stooped down and placed a few crumbs of bread moistened with currant-wine between the white lips.

The sight was enough to draw tears from any one, let alone the warm-hearted little old maid. There he lay, a young man of not more than three or four-and-twenty, with regular, clear-cut features, clustering brown hair thrown back in a damp and tangled mass from his white forehead, and clothes which, though shabby, worn and travel-soiled, bespoke him not of the common or laboring class. And he was starved—worn out and nearly dying for want of food, and from the heat and fatigue of traveling on foot through the burning summer noontide.

As we gazed his eyes slowly opened—beautiful eyes they were—large and dark and pathetic in their wistful half consciousness. The sight drew a fresh burst of tears from Miss Priscilla's eyes, which were assuming an unbecoming redness.

"What are we to do with him?" I inquired, anxiously.

"I'll carry him on to Altees," replied the driver. "We can't leave him alone on the road to die. But I don't know as anybody there'll take him in. He's only a tramp, though a genteel-lookin' one."

"I will take him in," spoke up Miss Priscilla, promptly. "We're only six miles from my house, and there he shall stay until he's able to take care of himself. If his mother could see him now!" she added, in a faltering aside to me; "and if she's dead, I'll take her place and be a mother to him as well as I can, poor young man!"

In the coach she continued to tend him most carefully, every now and then insisting upon his taking a few crumbs of roll and a sip of her currant-wine. He was conscious now, but too weak even to speak, and we all forbore to force him to that exertion.

In little over half an hour we stopped at a white gate opening on the road, and leading by a short carriage-way to a pleasant, comfortable-looking farm-house, with a broad piazza in front covered with vines. Here we all alighted, and while Miss Allison hastened forward to prepare things, the men assisted our invalid to the house, I taking charge of the old maid's umbrella, which in her haste she had overlooked and left in the coach.

They laid the new guest on a snow-white bed in the coolest and neatest of chambers, and a motherly old colored woman went to prepare chicken-broth. I observed Mr. Catlin speak to Miss Allison aside, and saw him take out a plethoric pocket-book, but she peremptorily put it away. Then he carefully pinned a bill in the young man's breast-pocket, and he and the driver departed, promising to send the doctor from Altees.

I remained at the urgent request of Miss Allison. She had learned that I was going to a quiet little farmhouse only a few miles distant, where I proposed to spend the hot summer months, and she would not let me continue my journey through the blazing noontide sun. In the evening, when it became cool, she drove me over in her old-fashioned gig, by a shaded woodland road leading directly from her house to the farm, and she expressed the hope that I would come often to see her while I remained in the neighborhood.

I was glad to avail myself of this invitation. I had from the first liked the bright, lively, kind-hearted little lady, and I liked her the better the more I knew of her.

My first visit to her was made ostensibly to inquire after her patient. He had been very ill, she told me, with a touch of brain fever, and she was still anxious about him. Her whole heart seemed stirred with compassionate tenderness as she related to me what she had gathered concerning him. He was a poor artist who had failed in his business, and without home, friends, or means, was making his way on foot to the north, in the hope of finding some kind of an opening there. What little money he had possessed was exhausted, and, having been refused food or a night's lodging by one and another on the way who never took in "tramps," he had finally succumbed to hunger and fatigue, and would probably have died, Miss Priscilla said, with a choking sob, if we had not fortunately found him in time.

When I again called, I found Mr. Arthur Field so far improved as to be sitting up, and even moving about his room a little. Miss Allison took me in to see him, charging me not to talk too much. And how assiduous she was in her attentions—how carefully she watched even his looks and words in her anxiety to do all that could be done for him. And how quietly, intensely grateful he was.

"She is an angel!" he said to me in a low voice, in reply to some remark of mine on her goodness of heart. "I had no idea that such were to be found on earth."

Miss Priscilla blushed a little when I told her of this.

"He's a little weak-minded still, poor fellow," she said, lightly touching her forehead with her knitting-needle (she was knitting him a pair of socks, having already furnished the rest of his wardrobe.) "By-and-by he will find out that angels don't go about in calico dresses and muslin aprons."

She was afraid that he felt it a little lonesome, she said as he grew well. She had written to Alethia to pay her a visit. They both drew, and they both liked the same books, she had discovered. Alethia would make it pleasanter for him.

After a while I noticed that she left off calling herself his mother; and that she took pains with her dress, and arranged her hair in a new and becoming style which gave her a much more youthful appearance. I even discovered the disappearance from her temples of a few gray hairs which I had before observed there. As for Mr. Field, he was all tender and respectful devotion, and evidently did really consider her as in goodness at least something very near an angel.

"Priscilla," said I one day (I was somewhat older than she, and we had become friendly and intimate), "do you know that I think Arthur Field more than half in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" she answered. But she blushed painfully, notwithstanding.

"Hasn't he told you so?" I ventured.

On this she burst into tears. And then, in her usual frank and impulsive way, it all came out.

"I know it is perfectly ridiculous," she said; "an old woman like me, nearly forty years old, and a boy such as he, not yet five-and-twenty. But he insists that years make little difference where—where true esteem and—attachment exists."

A sudden thought flashed upon me, and I spoke it out at once in my fear for her.

"He is poor, and you have money enough. Perhaps he is influenced by that consideration."

"No," she answered, quite calmly. "I told him some days since, when he was talking about leaving and looking for work, that he must stay here and take care of my little place. (It needs looking after, you know; and he'll soon learn), and I promised to provide for him. Alethia will have enough of her own, even if she don't marry. In fact, I told him that I would look upon him as an adopted son and make him my heir, and so he need not feel anxious about the future. And then he—well" —blushing a good deal and her hands trembling a little—"he proposed that I should take him as a husband instead of a son. And he said I was still young, that people didn't grow old at five-and-thirty, and that for himself, after all the terrible trials he had gone through, and all my goodness to him, he should never love any woman as—well as he does me. It's boyish talk, you see."

Despite her attempt to speak lightly, there was a light in the old maid's eyes, a softness and tenderness in her voice which betrayed that to her this offer of youthful love—the first ever laid at her feet, probably—was the dearest to her heart of anything on earth.

"If I were young," she continued—and there was a positive sharp pain in her voice and expression—"if I were young and pretty as I once was, I might think of it. And if I had met him then, so exactly like what I used to think of and dream of as the sort of man I could love, so refined, and noble, and handsome, so different from the coarse men I was accustomed to—why, we might have suited each other and been happy together. But an old maid like me—why, it's ridiculous, isn't it? People would make no end of fun over it."

Notwithstanding all this, things began to assume a definite shape, such as it was impossible to mistake, and I was not at all surprised when Miss Priscilla at length admitted to me in confidence that she and Arthur Field were to be quietly married in October. And meantime, she added, Alethia was coming to stay with her until the marriage should take place.

Owing to circumstances, it was two weeks before I again saw my friend Miss Allison. Then riding out to spend an afternoon and take tea with her, I came suddenly upon her in the fields, walking very fast and nervously, and as if with no special aim. She warmly welcomed me, but not in her old bright, happy way, and I noticed that she was looking badly.

"Where is Mr. Field?" I inquired.

"In the house."

"What, by himself?"

"O, no; Alethia is with him. Did you not know that she had come? Been here nearly two weeks."

I had, in fact, forgotten Alethia's expected visit, but presently approaching the house, saw Mr. Field bending over the shoulder of an extremely pretty and delicate-looking girl, apparently directing her in a sketch she was making. Glancing from them to Priscilla I saw her lips unconsciously contract into an expression of repressed pain, which at once revealed the whole story.

It was wonderful what self-command she exercised during the evening. I am quite sure that neither Arthur Field or Alethia suspected what she was suffering. But, indeed, they appeared too much absorbed in themselves and each other to bestow much notice on other people.

I repeated my visit on the following week. It was now the young people who were looking miserable. Arthur was seated beside Miss Priscilla, dutifully reading to her from a newspaper, scarcely glancing at the young girl who stood with her back to him, looking from the window. By-and-by she went out.

"Take this shawl to her, Arthur," said Miss Allison; "she has gone to walk in the garden, and I fear it is cool."

"I don't think it is cool," he answered, dully, "and I would prefer staying here, if I am not in your way."

But I saw, and so did Priscilla, that his glances involuntarily wandered from the window towards the slender figure loitering amid the rose bushes in the garden. Perhaps she expected him to follow, but he conscientiously resisted the temptation.

On the Sunday following I met all three at the country church. Miss Allison was looking very badly, pale, nervous and hollow-eyed; but both the young people were radiant. They were a remarkably handsome couple as they sat one on each side of their older companion, who looked older than ever from the contrast. Yet both were most tenderly solicitous for her comfort, and Arthur conducted her on his arm to her old-fashioned carriage with an almost chivalric devotion. I rode home with them at her earnest request, and after our early tea we walked in the rose-garden together, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"What day have you fixed upon for your marriage?" I inquired.

She drew a quick, sharp breath, but answered calmly:

"That is broken off. I shall never marry."

I was almost prepared for this.

"It was an absurd notion from the first," she continued, "and I am ashamed of myself for having ever dreamed of it."

"Has *he* said anything ——?"

She interrupted me quickly.

"No, no; not a word. On the contrary, he insisted upon it until—until I succeeded in making him believe that I had never really cared about it. You see, he held himself bound in honor. But they were so unhappy, he and Alethia—poor child; and how could I be so hard-hearted as to separate them? So I talked to them both, and ——" here she broke down into a little gasping sob —"they are to be married at Christmas."

"Does Alethia's father consent?"

"He did not at first. He came down for a day or two, and I had to talk him over to it. I mean to leave everything of mine to Arthur; and shall, meantime, make over to him sufficient to prevent its being said that Alethia married a beggar. And in every other respect he is her equal, if not her superior."

The generous, unselfish little old maid! I could have kissed her in my admiration and sympathy, and I quite agreed with Arthur Field when he said to me again, with great fervor and a certain moisture in his fine eyes:

"*She is an angel!*"

I was not at the wedding, but Priscilla herself sent me a piece of the wedding cake. She wrote a few lines cheerfully, telling of their plans, and of how she had purchased a few acres more of land to make the farm larger for Arthur. But I do not believe that the little old maid, though she makes a first-rate aunt, ever got entirely over the first love that had come to her—too late, alas, to be to her a joy and a blessing. O, youth, what an inestimable treasure thou art; so often lightly disregarded to be afterwards lamented in vain regret and yearning.

The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Gerarchia Cattolica* is a sort of directory of the Catholic Church. It is due from the publishers early in the year, but the appearance of the present issue has been delayed in order to include the important nominations and appointments that have been made recently. The *Gerarchia* contains a complete list of the dignitaries, both high and small, of the Church throughout the world.

This book was published first at the beginning of the last century under the pontificate of Clement XI. The publication is commonly known and spoken of in Rome, not by its proper title, but as *Il Cracas*, a name derived from the fact that it had its origin in a newspaper printed as early as 1716 by one Giovanni Francesco Gbracas.

The present number gives a list of the 263 Popes, ending as follows:

Joachim Pecci, born in Carpineto, March 2, 1810, elected February 20, 1878, and crowned March 3, is now in his 73d year and in the fifth year of his pontificate.

The Sacred College is now composed of sixty-five Cardinals. There are consequently five vacancies, of which only four remain to be filled, since the name of one new Cardinal is reserved *in pectore*—that is to say, has been determined upon but not yet published.

The oldest member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeau; he is eighty-seven. The youngest is Cardinal Zigliari, only forty-nine, a learned Dominican, supposed to be the greatest Thomist living. The nationalities of the Sacred College are as follows:

Italians	34	Portuguese	2
French	9	Irish	1
German	5	Polish	1
Spanish	4	Belgian	1
English	3	Turkish	1
Hungarian	3	American	1

The tallest Cardinal is Howard, the shortest Jacobini, Secretary of State. The fattest is Bartolini, the thinnest McCloskey. All agree that the most learned is Bilio, possibly the future Pope. The greatest orator is Alimonda, the greatest student Pitra, the greatest linguist Haynald. Ten Cardinals have been selected out of religious communities, fifty-five from the secular clergy. The aggregate age of the members of the Sacred College is 3,390 years, which gives an average of a little over fifty-two years.

Of the sixty-five Cardinals six are of the order of Bishops, forty-six of the order of Priests, and thirteen of the order of Deacons. Only one Cardinal is now living who was created as far back as Gregory XVI., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague. He is fourteen years younger than Donnet, but has been a Cardinal ten years longer. There are forty-three Cardinals of Pio Nono's creation, and twenty-one created by the present Pope. Since Leo XIII. was crowned twenty Cardinals have died, averaging five yearly.

It seems only yesterday since Archbishop McCloskey was made a Cardinal; yet he stands already in the first quarter of the college in regard to age of creation.

Of the nine patriarchial sees of the Catholic Church, that of Constantinople is vacant, while the others are filled. The Latin rite has all over the world 149 archiepiscopal sees, and the Oriental rite has twenty-seven. There are 568 Bishops of the Latin rite forty-seven of the Oriental.

Figures corrected to April 1 of the present year show that throughout the world the Catholic Church has a hierarchy composed of 1,289 prelates having jurisdiction. In this number are not included the Vicar-Generals of the dioceses nor the honorary Monsignori. During his pontificate, Leo XIII. has erected five archiepiscopal sees, fifteen episcopal sees, seven apostolic vicarates and then prefectures. The ordinary denomination of some sees (*in partibus infidelium* has been dropped this year. For example, Archbishop Corrigan, Coadjutor of New York, who last year was known as Archbishop of Petra, *in partibus*, is mentioned this year as Archbishop of the titular see of Petra, the *in partibus* being dropped altogether. The Pope has taken this step because many of those ancient sees are no longer inhabited by infidels, but by Christians.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The word "gamin" for a saucy street boy was introduced to the public by Victor Hugo in 1834.

The Man Who Boxed.

There are scores of respectable and reputable head of families in this city who take regular lessons in the manly art of self-defense, and who spend an hour every evening in swinging clubs and otherwise developing and hardening the muscle. One of the most enthusiastic of the lot had finished his boxing lesson the other night, when the trainer said:

"I am sorry to loose your money and your company, but I feel it my duty to say that I can learn you nothing further. You have got the science and the muscle to clean out a crowd, and Heaven help the man who stands before you!"

The citizen went home with a consciousness that only cowards carry revolvers, and he wondered how a man would look after he had given him a sock-dologer straight from the shoulder. The next morning as he was leaving his house along came a strawberry man who was yelling his wares at the top of his voice.

"Do you sell any more berries for yelling in that manner?" asked the citizen as the peddler drew rein.

"O, take in your nose!" was the reply.

"Some one will take your whole body in some day!"

"But it won't be a man with a wart on his chin!"

"No impudence, sir!"

"And none from you, either!"

"You deserve a good thrashing!"

"And perhaps you can give it to me!"

There was the golden opportunity. The one had science—the other impudence. The one had received thirty-eight lessons in boxing—the other fairly ached to be pounded.

"Don't talk that way to me or I'll knock you down!" said the finished pupil as he gently threw himself into position to mash a brick wall.

"O, you will, eh? Then let's see you do it!"

Even the graduate couldn't tell exactly what took place. He remembered of being kicked in the shins, struck on the chin and twisted over a horse-block after he fell, but when consciousness returned his wife and children were crying over him and the peddler was two blocks down the street shouting:

"Straw-ber-ries—great big ones—red as blood—perfect daisies—only two shillings for a heaping big quart without any thumb in it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Japanese Top-Spinning.

There are very many side shows to attract the pleasure-seeker, all of them being within the compass of the humblest, the charge being from one-half cent to one and one-half cents. In these places are witnessed juggling tricks of real merit, and top-spinning that is a bewilderment to the looker-on. Tops of all sizes are spun with the aid of a string, and made to revolve by the action of the hands only. An expert will throw his top from him, and by the action of the string as it unwinds draw it back so that it is caught in his hand—of course, without having touched the ground. An unopened fan is then taken in the other hand, and the top is placed upon one of its sides, and spun along it. Then the fan is opened, and the top continues to spin along its edge to its farther side, and along it until the hand is reached, when up it runs on the arm to the shoulder, and across the back and down the other arm, on to the fan again. Then it will be tossed into the air and caught upon one of the corners of the open fan, from which it is tossed again and again into the air and caught as it descends.

It is wonderful the way they can manipulate a top. I have seen them take a large-sized one, having a spindle by which it was made to rotate, and by simply placing the spindle between the palms of the hands, and drawing one hand back while advancing the other a number of times it attained sufficient velocity, when it was taken from the table on which it was spinning and a turn taken around the spindle with a string that was pendent from a paper lantern hanging high up against the ceiling of the building. Up went the top into the lantern, which opened in the shape of an umbrella, and a wealth of festoons of bright-colored tissue paper descended from it all about the stage. Those who witnessed Little All Right and the troupe of Japanese acrobats that exhibited their tricks years ago in the United States will remember the many surprising feats done by them. What they paid a dollar for seeing can be witnessed here in the open air for just what one is pleased to contribute, or under cover for from one to three cents.—*Yokohama Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Breaches of Etiquette at Court.

There is a story going round in civic circles to the effect that a lady distinguished in that social world of which the Mansion House is the center, committed a strange and most inexcusable breach of etiquette, on the occasion of the recent visit of the Queen to Epping forest. The lady had to make a small presentation to her Majesty, and instead of kissing the royal hand, she shook it vigorously! I never heard of but one other person who made a similar mistake, and that was a young student of Trinity College, Dublin—now the staid vicar of a parish in Cheshire—whom nervousness overcame when he was first introduced to the presence of royalty. Hudson, we know, once offered his arm to the Queen, but her Majesty, thinking, doubtless, that the "railway king" had matters on his mind more important than court etiquette, accepted it with smiling grace. —*London World.*

Pearl-Fishing on the Pacific Slope.

Pearl-fishing on the coast of Lower California is an important industry, no less than one thousand divers being employed in bringing up the costly black pearl, which is found in a great state of perfection in the deep waters of the La Paz. The pearl oysters are found from one to six miles off shore in water from one to twenty-one fathoms deep. Merchants provide hats, diving apparatus, etc., for the prosecution of the business, on condition that they can purchase all the pearls found, at prices to be agreed upon. These boats, which are usually about five tons burden, sail up and down the coast from May to November, searching for treasures. The product of a year's work is about $500,000, estimating the pearls at their first value. —*San Francisco Call.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are four flourishing Sunday schools connected with the Second Presbyterian church of St. Louis, and on a recent Sunday a plate collection in the church for its Sunday schools, brought in $1,350.

—Wisconsin expended upon public education last year $2,670,748.54, each pupil in the public schools costing the State $7.67. The receipts of the private schools of the State were $70,488, and the expenditures $75,052.

—Yale freshmen may have no more class suppers, and President Porter is reported as saying: "Young gentlemen, the sober of you would have to take care of the drunk, and that would cause the minority to take care of the majority."

—A member of the Sacramento (Cal.) board of education has succeeded in effecting the passage of a resolution to pay twenty dollars to the young lady graduate who appears at the high school commencement exercises in the least expensive dress.

—"General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, says it has now 265 stations and 385 paid officers. Its income amounts to $285,000 per annum. Nine million copies of its literature were distributed last year and $55,000 raised for the purchase of Congress Hall in London.

—The Western Missouri town of Liberal is zealously anti-Christian. Believers in Christianity cannot buy land there, and are excluded from residence as far as possible. The founder is an atheistic lawyer named Walser, and he has gathered a population of about 300 infidels, who, however, differ widely in their own theories.

—The census report of the dominion of Canada shows that of the various religious denominations there are 1,791,982 Roman Catholics, 742,981 Methodists, 676,165 Presbyterians, 574,818 Episcopalians, and 296,525 Baptists, while other denominations range in numbers from 2,000 to 46,000. The percentage of increase is as follows: Roman Catholic, 21; Methodist, 35; Presbyterian, 24; Church of England, 16½; Baptist, 24. Of the Roman Catholics but 320,839 are in the Province of Ontario.—*Chicago Herald.*

—There have been sold from the nursery of the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., this spring, 12,000 peach trees, 2,000 apple, 500 pear, and 2,000 of other fruits and ornamental shrubs. Provision has been made for a largely increased stock. The careful raising of all these plants is necessary as a part of the instruction which the college gives, and by raising them in such quantities they become a source of profit and give the students who pack and handle them a practical knowledge of the nursery business.

—Rev. W. W. Browne, principal of the Genic school, Rochester, N. H., was arrested a few days ago, charged with an aggravated assault upon a schoolboy, one Louis Label, twelve years of age. The boy testified that he was beaten about the shoulders several times and once on the head, the last blow inflicting a gash from which the blood flowed freely. At the request of C. B. Gainey, counsel for the prosecution, the lad bared his back, which showed plainly the black and blue marks left by the ruler with which the punishment was inflicted. The prisoner was ordered by Judge Ela to pay the enormous fine of $1 and costs. The horrible and revolting crime for which the boy was thus unmercifully thrashed was that of whispering in school.—*Chicago Times.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The only office which the average American will decline is that of hangman. He declines it on account of his relatives.

—Rhode Island clams are coaxed ashore by the sound of music, while the same notes will make an elephant break for the woods. Nature's ways are wonderfully queer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Newark *Journal* publishes a poem addressed "To an Assassin." That's right! Assassins deserve punishment. Address your poetry to them.—*Boston Post.*

—It is said that poet Robert Browning does not own a complete set of his works. But this is nothing against him. Perhaps he doesn't admire that obscure style of poetry.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—When a man says he is a miserable sinner, if you take him at his word and tell him you agree with him, he will—well, on the whole it's better not to do it until you get on the other side of the fence.—*Boston Star.*

—After the circus is over, after the wild beast show is done: First son of toil (ecstatically)—"That was a bully show. Did you see the lion-tamer, hey?" Second son of toil—"Didn't I? I tell you, it takes him to boss a lion. Why, he just knocked that old lioness about as if she had been his wife."

—Thousands of immigrants arriving daily in New York immediately leave for the West, and many persons wonder where they all find employment. The fact is, they merely take the places of those Western people who are blown away by frightful tornadoes.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Much attention is being paid to arbor culture in Colorado. This having to take a miscreant twenty miles to find a tree to hang him on consumes too much of the valuable time of the citizens of Colorado. The people of Colorado seem determined to surround themselves with all the luxuries and conveniences of an advanced civilization. When will the people of Missouri take to planting trees and highwaymen?—*Texas Siftings.*

—They were strolling together in the moonlight by the water's edge at the foot of the garden. Taking advantage of their fancied seclusion, the young man gently encircled the maiden's waist with his arm, and, drawing her to him, for the first time in the course of their love partook of that refreshment which is fabled to surpass in sweetness the most exquisite cranberry jam. The next morning after breakfast her father took her to one side and coolly remarked: "Mary, you were walking with Walter last evening." "Yes, papa." "What was he doing while you stood so close together at the foot of the walk?" The maiden blushed deeply, but quickly recovering her presence of mind, answered: "Papa, you have a right to know. He was only heightening the effect of the landscape."—*Chicago Tribune*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LEARNING THE NEWS.

"What's the news, good neighbor? What's the news?"
"There's no news, my neighbor. Truly, none!
All is well with me, with work begun,
With wife and children, crops, and lambs, and ewes."

"Thanks to God, then, there's no better word
If the home be safe and plenty there. * *
Look you! beyond the maple comes a pair
Of gay young lovers, where the corn is stirred.

"Aye! aye! Love has its place, like falling seed,
Like grain that ripens, and like tides that roll.
It seems but yesterday, when we, too, stole
From gaze of older folk, through field and mead.

"Ah! we're still young enough their dream to share;
We'll turn aside our eyes the while they pass;
The bashful couple, foolish lad and lass!
But, faith, I know that gown, that braided hair."

"And I the cap, the jacket. See! they choose
The other path. Perhaps they fear to tell.
Your girl, my boy, and lovers! Well! well! well!
At least, my neighbor, we have learned some news."

—*Mary Aimee De Vere, in N. Y. Independent.*

SYMPATHETIC IMITATION.

Singular Effect of Mind Upon Mind—Spiritualism, Epidemics of Suicide, Murder and Other Crimes—The Influence of Words.

At a reception recently given at the Long Island College Hospital, Dr. Samuel G. Armor, Dean of the college faculty, delivered an address on "The Interaction of Mind and Body," which sparkled with gems of thought.

The singular quality of the human mind, said the lecturer, of being "affected by the affections of another," is one of the great facts of human history which at different periods of the world's history has had a strange and powerful influence in shaping human destiny; and yet as a scientific fact, historically considered, it has received but little investigation. Men are bound together not more by the mutual dependencies discovered by reason than by the intuitive sense of the emotions that move and the unreasoning impulses that direct and guide each other in action. And all these emotional impulses are born of sympathy, and involve an impulse to imitate in feelings and in action those whom we love and admire. This principle of sympathetic imitation, like other elements of human character, exists in different degrees in different persons. Some are born leaders of men; others are born for the rank and file. The principle of imitation differs also at different periods of life, and in the different races of men. Children learn insensibly to model their habits on the appearance and manners of those with whom they are familiarly conversant. As we advance to maturity the propensity to imitation grows weaker. Our improving faculties gradually divert our attention from the models around us to *ideal standards*, more conformable to our tastes. The inferior races of men are in this respect much like children. They learn largely by imitation—their ideal standard being feeble in comparison with their imitative faculties.

That the mesmerized subject often passes into the state of anesthesia, as well as other peculiar mental states, I have had abundant testimony. And that the so called Spiratualists—some of them at least—believe they have communications with the dead. I can readily believe. Nay more, that to their minds they actually see and converse and walk with the dead is not improbable. It is in harmony with what is known of certain psychological phenomena—the concentration theory of trance. Strong concentrated mental impressions, acting upon what psychologists call the emotion of expectation, not unfrequently become converted into sensational realities. The eye, for instance, sees what the mind strongly conceives; the ear hears a voice that still lingers as a memory in the brain; the intensely superstitious see in the dim twilight the ghost wrapped in its winding sheets. Learned school men call this perversion of mind and sense objective subjectivity. Common people call it a delusion. The most extravagant performances of the subjects of hypnotism, as it is now called, is no external, supernatural spiritual manifestation; it is merely an exaggeration of what we witness in everyday life, an extreme manifestation of the control of one person over another, which we so constantly witness. During the Middle Ages, when the superstitious and fanatical element largely predominated, numerous nervous affections spread as epidemics in waves of sympathy, sometimes spreading over whole communities like the fury of a storm. In Germany at one time it took the form of the dancing mania, which was probably nothing more than an exaggerated form of St. Vitus' dance. It was characterized by comical and ludicrious grimaces, and sometimes by violent contortions, leapings and fantastic gestulations. Hundreds flocked to see the strange delusion, and soon, we are told, all Germany was dancing and gesticulating with the unhappy sufferers. About the middle of the Tenth Century a strange panic seized upon men's minds that the end of the world was close at hand. This strange, religious impulse has run through the centuries, and powerfully affects many minds to-day. In later times, murders, robberies, suicides and other crimes have often prevailed as local epidemic. The epidemic character of suicide has long been recognized. A singular instance is given in French history. At the Hotel for Invalids in Paris, among the old soldiers who had been long accustomed to act in concert with their commanders, one of the inmates was found dead one day by hanging, and within a short time twelve others hanged themselves on the same post. The post was removed and the hanging ceased. Similar instances might be multiplied to an indefinite extent.

Earnestness of purpose is a powerful element of magnetic sympathy. This is one of the secrets of the world's great orators. Men move in masses under a common impulse. This is what makes man "mighty in battle." In its absence they will run away from the enemy, when, with it they will run after them.

Music is another powerful element of sympathy. We feel the power, we are softened by the influence, we are subdued and refined by the pathos, and yet the harmony comes into our soul like a delicious dream, not through the workings of the reasoning faculties, but through the mellowing influence of a radient sympathy.

Human reason has often less to do with events than prevailing sympathetic and imitative movements, which, becoming general, like the atmosphere around us, exert an unconscious but inevitable pressure upon us. Even education and culture cannot at all times resist its influence. And it is a principle that asserts itself in all grades and condition, of life. The paragon sets the fashions the pupil unconsciously imitates the teacher, the child catches the intonation of the mother, the inferior learns by imitating the superior, and the sad and gloomy spirit imparts its leaden hue to all within its blighting shadow. On the other hand the hopeful and cheerful and strong infuse their hope and cheerfulness and strength into others. And so of kindness, forbearance, gentleness and love; they everywhere send their genial and benignant influence into the daily life. We cannot say too much of the wonderful potency of kind words. But words both kill and cure. The poet Keats, it is said, was killed by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the newspapers say that a sensitive young lady died the other day from having received an insulting valentine. If people were always very kind to each other there would be less sickness. The pure atmosphere of love and charity is to the mind what the invigorating mountain air is to the body. The age of peace and justice and good will, when it arrives, will be one of health. Envy, hatred, covetousness, disappointed love, scolding wives, debt and hard times are all unwholesome things. Hope and joy and mirth and music are often more potent remedies than "drowsy sirups" and blister plasters. And how benevolence and good will conduce to health! Let nothing else enter the sick chamber but kind, hopeful, assuring words. Especially should the physician be a man of courage and hope and sympathy. A long and solemn face, sad looks and sadder words are enough to make a well man sick. Normal, healthy, enlightened sympathy is one of the most charming elements of human character. It is broad, unselfish loving, liberal and kind. It links us in all the finer elements of human character to the universal brotherhood of man as magnetism binds together the metals, and in "weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice," it becomes one of the most charming of the Christian graces. Morbid sympathy, in its superstitions, impulsive and contagious character is a destructive and dangerous element of the human mind.

In the operation of the human mind we should distrust all purely emotional conclusions. They may chance to be right—they may, indeed, add glow and warmth and activity to a sluggish intellect—but they are unsafe guides. There is, after all, no safety but in human reason, human reason softened, refined and guided by enlightened conscience. This is the rock to which we must anchor if we would not be drifted off into the uncertain seas of fanaticism, speculation, idealism, insanity.

I have nothing to say against the sky and earth, and wooded mountain slopes, and green meadows, and still waters, but they are devoid of sense and affection and sympathy. The brave old oak is but a giant idiot. Could the dumb, irrational universe sympathize with us, how it would rise in our estimation! Suppose that the brook hummed its lullaby just to please us. Suppose that the planets knew our names, and smiled on us with affection, as the poets feign the moon smiled on Endymion at Caria, and for his sake caused her chariot wheels to be stayed at Latmos. Suppose that the rose looked pretty, and blushed to inspire us with delight, and not merely because it could not help itself. Suppose the birds warbled as much for our sake as their own (by the by, maybe they do.) Suppose all this and more, and yet the intellectual and moral world of human thought and affection and sympathy would still be foremost in sublimity and beauty.

Arizona Farming.

"No, sir. I wouldn't advise any man to try farming in Arizona," he continued, as he rubbed his back against the depot wall. "I've been thar, and I know all about it."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, I had the purtiest farm you ever sot eyes on. Just as I got my wheat in along came a parcel o' fellars an' diskivered a silver mine right in the middle o' my wheat field, and I believe they spilt at least thirty acres."

"But you sold the mine?"

"O yes, they came down purdy handsome for that, but I never felt quite right about it. Then there was my medder. I had a hundred acres o' the purtiest medder in the United States when 'long came a galoot an' diskivered a mineral spring on the back end, an' nuthin would do but I must sell him fifty acres for $500 an acre. I had to do it. But it spiled that medder completely. Then I had a hill, all graded off nicely fur the boys to slide down in the winter, an' they was anticipatin' heaps o' fun, when a gang rode up one day an' began to hamuer an' dig, an' afore night they coaxed me into selling thirty acres for $5[illegible],000. Then another crowd diskivered asbestos in my calf pasture an' stuck an' hung for ten acres at $2,000 an acre, an' to cut it short I was driven out o' that in my old age with only $200,000 in my wallet. I tell ye farmin' don't pay out thar; the minit ye get a start an' begin to feel at hum they diskiver a silver mine in the door-yard an' shoot ye out."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—A Jersey City girl who paid six dollars for a pair of high-heeled shoes and wore them a week, has paid a surgeon eighty dollars to get her in shape to stand on her feet once more.

—A finely-set gold ring in an excellent state of preservation has been unearthed on Antietam battle-field.

—The Nashville *World* says: "The Legislature is gone, but thank Heaven a few cases of the small-pox still remain."

—A serious movement on foot—The coming corn or bunnian.

American Silk.

The latest monograph issued by the Census Bureau is the report of William C. Wyckoff on the silk manufacturing industry of the United States. Half a dozen special reports on different subjects have already been printed by the Census Department, but none of them show more careful research or more extensive and painstaking investigation than the volume of thirty-two pages relative to the origin and development of the Industry prepared by Mr. Wyckoff.

South Carolina followed Virginia in the attempt to successfully cultivate silk. Between 1731 and 1755, however, only 251 pounds of raw silk were exported from North and South Carolina to England. In the last-named year Mrs. Pinkney took to England some silk that she had raised and spun near Charleston, from which three dresses were made, one of which was presented to the Princess Dowager of Wales, one to Lord Chesterfield, and the other remained as an heirloom in the Pinkney family over half a century.

The silk industry was introduced into Louisiana next after South Carolina, and John Law, of the historical Mississippi Company, fathered the cultivation of the mulberry there. When Georgia was made a separate province, silk culture was one of the first industries established, and it gained much congratulation in 1734–35, when Gov. Oglethorpe took with him to England eight pounds of colonial silk and presented it to Queen Caroline. It was woven into a dress, which the Queen wore on the King's birthday in 1735. The silk industry in the colonies was at its hight from 1750 to 1772.

The history of silk culture in Pennsylvania is given at considerable length. In 1725 John Logan recommended it to the Penn family as "extremely beneficial and promising." The British Parliament, a few years later, desired to restrain the increase of woolen and other manufactures in the colonies, and it appears to have been ultimately regarded as an expedient to encourage silk culture as a means for preventing manufacture. In 1734 the British Board of Commissioners on trade and plantations addressed a letter to Patrick Gordon, Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania, asking him what encouragement should be given the colonists to engage in industry that would not interfere with the trade or produce of Great Britain, and Mr. Gordon replied, among other things, that the culture of silk should be encouraged.

Benjamin Franklin and John Hughes were the first to take an active interest in silk culture in Pennsylvania. The American Philosophical society of Philadelphia, gave much attention to the subject in 1768–69, and in 1770 Dr. Franklin, then in London, wrote letters to Cadwalader Evans in relation to the growth of the mulberry tree, etc. A public filature was opened on Seventh Street, between Arch and High, in 1770, and about 2,300 pounds of cocoons, two-thirds of which had been raised in New Jersey, were brought to the filature in 1771.

The report says: A considerable number of successful attempts at silk culture were made at this time in Pennsylvania, several of which have passed into history. Susannah Wright, of Columbia, Lancaster County, a Quaker lady of some literary celebrity, reeled and wove from home-grown cocoons a piece of mantua sixty yards in length. A dress was made from this fabric for Queen Charlotte, and for the second time the wife of a British sovereign honored the colonies by appearing at court in American silk. It is further recorded that Susannah Wright had 1,500 worms in 1772, "and could have raised large quantities if encouraged;" she also made sewing silk. Another Quaker lady, Grace Fisher, who was a noted preacher, made some silk fabrics which were presented by Governor Dickinson to Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, the historian. There are several instances about this time of Pennsylvania ladies raising the material for their own clothing, and at least one of a bride thus providing her own wedding garment; but, it is significantly added, "the best dresses worn with us were woven in England."

The Revolutionary war, preceded by British legislation hostile to the development of manufactures in the colonies, put an end to the silk business in Pennsylvania for many years. In 1793 the making of fringes, coach laces, and tassels began in Philadelphia, and in 1815 it was expanded to include silk trimmings of various kinds by Wm. H. Horstmann. The great difficulty during the period was in properly reeling domestic silk. The attention of Congress was directed to the subject as early as 1825. The House committee on agriculture in 1830, made a report proposing a grant of $40,000 to John D'Homergue for the establishment of a normal school of filature at Philadelphia. The bill was not passed, but while it was under consideration, Peter S. Du Ponceau, who accompanied Baron Steuben to this country, started a small filature of ten reels and twenty operatives in Philadelphia, under the direction of M. D'Homegue. Among the first fruits of his industry were the American flags that were presented respectively to the legislature of Pennsylvania and the United States House of Representatives.

As the result of the experiments in Philadelphia, the subject of silk culture attracted general attention, and the legislatures of several States passed bills for the encouragement of the new industry. Six stock companies were organized in Pennsylvania to carry on the silk business, but after a short existence all failed. Speculation began in the growth of mulberry trees and the production of silk, but the bubble burst in 1839, and in 1844 a blight of a general character, to which the hardy white mulberry yielded, gave the finishing blow, and silk culture in America ceased to exist.

The foundation of the present silk manufacture in the United States was laid in the making of sewing silk. In 1843 the first establishment in Philadelphia for making sewing silk was started, and in 1852 a ribbon factory was built. Since the year last named the sewing silk and twist manufacture has wholly freed itself from foreign rivalry, but is subject to the keenest home competition. The total value of the silk manufactures for the census year 1850 was $1,809,746; for 1860, $6,607,771; for 1870, $12,210,662, and for 1880, $44,519,723.

The percentage of silk goods made in the United States, as compared with the whole consumption of such goods in the country, has risen from thirteen per cent. in 1860 to thirty-eight per cent. in 1880. In the last named year there were forty-nine silk-making establishments in Pennsylvania, with and aggregate capital of $1,379,900, owning machinery worth $287,000 and buildings worth $122,000, employing 3,360 workmen and women, and paying $678,120 in annual wages. New Jersey had in the same year 106 establishments, with an aggregate capital of $6,952,325, owning machinery worth $2,290,000 and buildings valued at $981,100, employing 13,911 workmen and women, and paying annually $4,177,745 in wages.

There are only seven counties in the United States which produce goods to the value of $1,000,000 each. Those counties are as follows: Hartford and Tolland, Connecticut; Hampshire, Massachusetts; Hudson and Passaic, New Jersey; New York, New York, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The last named county produces $2,627,965 worth of finished goods, net value; Hudson, New Jersey, $2,028,400, and Passaic $10,003,905.

Mr. Wyckoff reports that the amount of raw silk raised in the United States is now so insignificant that the expense of making an investigation on the subject was regarded by the census authorities as more than the result would be worth.

White Muslin Dresses.

Mull muslin, French nainsook, and other sheer lawns that have no starch and are of dull ivory white, yet are clearer than cream color, are the fabrics used in imported dresses. Embroidery is invariably employed for the trimming, and to this sometimes added some inexpensive lace, or perhaps a little real Mechlin, or Valenciennes in the new designs that have small figures with feathery edges, and show a great deal of the foundation mesh work. The embroidery is most effectively used as scant flounces for the skirt, trimming it sometimes in many rows up the front, with three rows extending all around it, and a triple back drapery to cover the plain part of the back; while other dresses have three or four embroidered flounces, so wide that they cover all the skirt but a short space for hip drapery. The open designs for such work have been most in favor, but there are also many flounces of the thicker work that can scarcely be detected from needle-work. For simple dresses this work is done in patterns of dots scattered about, or else in scalloped rows near the edge, and is very effective. For more elaborate dresses there are larger flower, leaf and vine patterns, and some blocks, Greek squares and involved geometrical designs. The over-dress of white muslin is made without lining, but is worn over a high corset cover, the sleeves being the only transparent part of the corsage. The neck is cut in a low point in front, or it may be finished high at the throat with a standing ruffle of embroidery, and inside this two standing frills of lace. A pretty finish for a pointed throat is given also by a fichu the mull that is shirred down its only seam—that in the middle behind; its bias ends draw closely down on the shoulders are lapped, or knotted, or held by a ribbon bow on the bust just above the waist line in front. This fichu may also be added to a high corsage to give the effect of a full bust and sloping shoulders; the high corsage has its standing frills of embroidery and lace, and the embroidery may also be in lengthwise rows to form a vest, and extend thence along the edge of the paniers that curve down on each hip from the middle of the front. Another trimming that is quite inexpensive is a puff of the sheer mull around the neck and wrists with ribbon run in it. There may be frills of embroidery or lace below the puff, but for a simple dress a pretty frill may be added of the mull doubled and bias, and this should be pulled apart in pouf-like roundness, instead of being pressed flat. Very narrow ribbon, only half an inch wide, may be knotted or looped with many ends in the front or on the left side of the neck. The seams in the waist and sleeves of these thin lawns should not be left "raw;" that is, with rough edges. They are neatest when made with the English bag seam that first sews the edges together, making the seam on the outside of the dress. The garment is then turned and sewed on the wrong side, covering the seam just made as if with a bag—hence the name. The draped polonaise is much used for white mull over-dresses. The bodice is first fitted like a basque, and trimmed along its lower edges with the embroidery in two rows, one turned up and the other down, or with a puff over a ribbon, and the drapery is added in lengthwise tucks on the hips and in front. Below these tucks the drapery will be quite full, and is made still fuller by the frills of embroidery. This fullness is curved upward behind, and disappears under the straighter breadths that are draped at the back. Another fashion omits the tucks, and finishes the top of the drapery with embroidery, which is then gathered on the edge of the basque. For very dressy occasions a large sash bow with long ends of doubled white watered silk is placed on the back of the basque, but ordinarily a bow of the muslin is used there. Another fashion for such dresses repeats the shirred basques of last summer, having a round yoke of many rows of shirring, with also shirring at the waist line front and back. A satin ribbon at the waist is passed under the shirring of the back and outside of the vest of the basque, serving as a belt. The deep apron over-skirt is used with such a basque, and is furnished with a deep flounce of embroidery in front, while the back has a drawing-string of ribbon across it, making a panier puff at the top, while below it the muslin is slit up the middle, and falls in two square ends that are trimmed all around. The ribbon of the drawing-string forms a great bow with many loops below the puff. The surplice belted waist is also used for such dresses, but preference is given to corsages that slope over the hips, defining their outline, and being enlarged below by panier drapery.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Niagra Falls fishermen have a novel way of catching bass. A boat is rowed along close to the shore, and the water between the shore and the boat being struck with an oar, the fish leap into the boat. Large quantities are caught in this way.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Faith builds the bridge of prayer that spans the chasms of human need.

Russian Reforms.

If we may trust the telegrams from St. Petersburg—and they have the appearance of being semi-official—Alexander III. has at last decided to make a virtue of grim necessity by "granting reforms." What these are to be is not stated, or even remotely intimated; nor, if we understand it, will they be definitely known until the coronation, which, "because of the impossibility of completing preparations earlier," has been postponed for a year. This excuse for delay will deceive no one except the ignorant masses for whom it is mainly intended. The coronation, which must occur at Moscow, had been fixed for next September or October, but rumors of action on the part of the Nihilists which might convert the festivities into an extensive funeral, caused the abandonment of the original plan, and announcement of indefinite postponement was made two or three weeks ago. Since then it would seem as if the Czar had been studying how he could make this necessary ceremonial any safer in 1883 than it would be in 1882, and has finally reached the conclusion that the promise of reforms may enable him to go to his ancient capital and return without a salute of death-dealing dynamite. In other words, he has decided to change his policy toward those who killed his father and have threatened his own life, and as they cannot be crushed, to see if they cannot be conciliated. For his own sake, and still more for the sake of his subjects, we hope he may be successful, but of course the prospects of success cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy until the character and extent of the reforms are published to the world. Meanwhile a brief glance at one or two of the elements of a difficult and dangerous problem may be interesting.

The peasants constitute the great bulk of the Russian population, and upon their blind and submissive loyalty, the result of combined ignorance and superstition, Russian autocracy has heretofore rested secure. But of late years certain causes have tended to weaken the foundations of the mighty superstructure. The first of these, curiously enough, is the act of emancipation, which, by transforming the serfs into freemen, gave them opportunities for picking up a few grains of knowledge through change of residence and communication with strangers. Moreover, the act not only confirmed the old communal system, which is the basis of rural society in Russia, but gave to the peasants as an inalienable possession a portion of the lands belonging to their former masters. The nobles were paid for their lost property by the State, and the latter reimbursed itself by a special tax upon the new proprietors. The meaning of this tax the peasant did not understand, supposing it to be merely for the support of the State and not—as it really was—his own indirect payment for what he thought a free gift. The general impression among the emancipated class was that they had been for centuries deprived of what rightfully belonged to them, and that the Czar had finally recognized this fact by restoring part of the land to them. Indeed, many of them believed, and still believe, that the Czar gave them *all* the land, and that they have been and are kept out of it by the tricks of the nobles. Here, then, we have a sense of wrong which, however unfounded, is potent for mischief and is being utilized accordingly by the secret revolutionary agents who are now penetrating the country in every direction. The Turkish war, too, contributed to the disaffection. The soldiers in that war, drawn from the peasantry, learned from the gossip of the camp and by the necessary movements of the campaign that neighboring nations were better off in many respects than they were, having larger freedom and more solid prosperity; and these crude though pregnant ideas had the natural effect of unsettling the hereditary faith in their own political and social institutions—which scepticism the soldier, when the war was over, communicated to his friends and acquaintances at home. In this way seeds of discontent have been planted which are liable at any moment to produce a troublesome harvest. Last, but far from least, is that matchless missionary of popular progress and enlightenment, the railway. At the time of the Crimean war there was but one railway in all Russia, and that only fifteen or twenty miles long. The official report of January 1, 1878, showed 13,114 miles already constructed and in operation in European Russia, and 1,110 in process of construction. Since then new lines have been opened, and the total cannot now be much less than 20,000 miles, supplemented by at least 40,000 miles of telegraph lines, where twenty-five years ago there was not a single mile.

It is needless to say, in view of these facts, that the Russia of Alexander III. is much harder to govern on the principles of autocrat absolutism than was the Russia of Nicholas; and the difficulties of government are increasing every year—every day. If the present Czar grants reforms it is because he cannot safely do otherwise; yet nothing he is likely to do will satisfy the party from which he has most to fear. No constitutional government he can consent to will meet the demands of the Nihilists, and from all that can be learned of their programme it is impracticable under the existing order of things. Monarchy must give way to a republic of the most radical type before that programme can be carried out; and therefore the probabilities are that Alexander will, by the promised reforms, only strengthen the power and prestige of his enemies and correspondingly weaken his own.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—While two children, one a daughter of Walter Armstrong, of Fair Hill, Cecil County, Md., the other an attendant, the former three and the latter six years of age, were playing in the lane near the house, a few mornings since, they both by some means or other got beneath a passing hay wagon, and were run over by one of the wheels of the vehicle. The wagon carried a heavy load and the accident would have caused the death of both the children had it not been that at the point where the wheel passed over them there was a deep but narrow depression running across the road, and falling into this their bodies were saved from receiving the full weight of the wheel. As it was, the attendant received a broken arm, and both were badly bruised about the body.—*Chicago Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—During a terrific storm near Westfield, Texas, recently, James Norseworthy was beaten to death by hailstones—some as large as hen's eggs.

—Over forty thousand more emigrants have landed in this country since new year than came altogether in '81. This will be a foreign country first thing you know.—*New Haven Register.*

—The family of Morgan Strickland, living near Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., consisting of his wife, an eighteen-year-old son, and a daughter aged sixteen, have died within a month from malignant diphtheria.

—Mrs. Emmett was killed near Poughkeepsie, the other day, by being thrown from a wagon. She had a basket of turkey eggs on her lap, and although her head was crushed on a pile of stones not an egg was broken.

—A sensation has been caused in a provincial town on the Pacific coast. The facts of the case are these: A family by the name of Harris rented a dwelling house in Wheatland, and then mysteriously proceeded to—mind their own business.

—Three hundred pies a day are sold to the newly-arrived immigrants at Castle Garden, New York. This is as it should be. If we have to assimilate the newcomers into our national life, they should assimilate our national dish as soon as they can.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—J. W. C. Badger, of Greene, Chenango County, N. Y., in feeble health and depressed spirits, hung himself a few days ago, and the dead body was cut down by his son. Fifteen years ago the son found his mother hanging dead in the house and cut the rope which suspended her.

—The Dublin police still insist that the Cavendish assassins have escaped to the United States. This delightful theory enables them to sleep better than they otherwise would.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* There is no danger of the St. Louis police waking up if the assassins enter that sleepy old town.—*Chicago News.*

—The New York *Observer*, a religious paper, says there is no more sense in having a bell on a church than one on a theater. And the editor might have added that there is no more sense in a young man going out of a theater between the acts than there is in going out of a church between the singing, preaching, and praying.—*Norristown Herald.*

—George Augustus Sala writes: "There is one perfectly comfortable, clean and elegant hackney carriage to be found in Europe. Its tariff of fares is very moderate. The driver is always polite, and the carriage will convey any quantity of luggage. This perfect vehicle is called a gondola."

—The *Tobacco Journal* reports the Rev. Robert Collyer to have recently admitted that he smoked cigars because "tobacco is soothing," and that he smoked his first to celebrate the fall of Richmond, when "we all felt in duty bound to do something tremendous on receipt of the news from the seat of war."

—The custom of decorating the graves of the dead on a certain day with flowers, comes down to us from the Catholic ages. As long ago as in the tenth century, on All Souls' day, the burial vaults used to be lighted up and decked with flowers in Italy, and to this day the same anniversary is kept in Paris and other continental cities in a somewhat similar manner.

—A lady writer in a Boston paper has noticed: That the man who marries late in life does well. That the man who marries young does better. That men love women because they can't help it. That the husband loves his wife so well that he loves all women for her sake. That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts of other men. That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

—A Salzburg wine merchant was recently fined $125 and imprisoned for two months for adulteration. He had purchased 3,000 small casks of wine, which by additions of water, alcohol, potato sugar, wine dregs and salt in enormous quantities, he had increased to 52,000 casks. This mixture, which was sold at five times its value, recalls the dying vintner's advice to his son: "Always remember that you can make wine out of anything—even wine."

—Among the recent tramps who have passed through Norwich, Conn., was an artist who had with him studies of Longfellow, the elder Darwin, and other eminent personages. He visited several professional men, appeared to thoroughly understand medicine, mieroscopy and surgery, and exhibited superior talents as a portrait-maker. He was also a linguist, and could read French as readily as English. He had traveled abroad, but is now traveling on foot, boring men for pennies enough to buy a drink of grog and offering to make portraits for two dollars each.—*Chicago Times.*

—Late one afternoon Mr. Wash. Allen was standing in the door of a store in Edgefield, S. C. One Mr. Julian Mobley passed him, and with a keen knife slashed the inner side of his right arm from the elbow to the wrist. Not a word had passed between the parties, says the Edgefield *Advertiser*. And that paper adds: "Julian Mobley has become an absolute terror to the human race, and ought to be at once and forever restrained. The day of magnanimity toward him—even for the sake of his wife and children—is past. In future let justice take its course."

Intelligent Birds.

A correspondent of the Selma (Ala.) *Times* has come to the conclusion that one pair of birds at least observed the Sabbath day and kept it holy. He says: "A pair of mocking birds were very busy Saturday building a nest on the swinging bough of an oak tree that grows very near my room window. At dusk, Saturday, the nest was about half finished. Yesterday (Sunday) I sat by the window, reading most of the day, and could plainly see the nest and its builders. During the whole day not one stroke of work did they do on it. They hopped and flew about, chirped and sang, but no work for them. They were keeping the Sabbath. Yesterday morning, bright and early, I looked out, and then they were flying to and fro, carrying straws, sticks and bits of cotton, as busy as bees. Strange, wasn't it?"

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882.

No reader of the Oakland *Democrat* will accuse the editor of that journal with having made use of "editorial ability," either "appropriated" or otherwise.

Mr. G. W. Delawder, of Oakland, the new appointed member of the fish commission, is a thoroughly practical gentleman, and has already shown his fitness for the position to which he was appointed.—*Balto. Day.*

The Republican State convention of Pennsylvania reassembled at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week and nominated Marriott Brosius, a member of the bar of Lancaster, for Congressman-at-large, in place of Col. Tom Marshall, declined.

The Trade Dollar seems to be doomed, the House of Representatives having Monday of last week passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to receive, until the 1st of July, 1884, trade dollars under presentation, and to give in exchange for them standard silver dollars. The bill repeals all laws authorizing the coinage of the trade dollar.

We received a communication from Deer Park referring to the special appropriation on the Deer Park and Altamont road, which we decline to publish for several reasons. It contains no request for publication, and no name is given as a guarantee of good faith. It is true that several names are appended, but they are all in one hand writing, and we have no knowledge as to the author. We turned the paper over to the County Commissioners.

In the new registretion of voters, which commences on Tuesday, July 11th, there is one thing we wish particularly to direct attention to, and that is the fact that *if any voter neglects to appear in person* before the register of his district, at the time and place appointed in the notice now published, or at such times and place as may hereafter be appointed, *and neglects* to have his name duly *registered then*, HE WILL ABSOLUTELY LOSE HIS VOTE! He cannot vote at all until after the next registration a year hence, and then only in case he should then be registered. The old registration is no longer in operation and gives no one a right to vote. Let this be noted by all.

A Pathetic Record.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The secretary of the Navy has received a communication from Engineer Melville giving an account of the finding of the bodies of Commander De Long and his party in the Lena Delta. It is the same narrative that was published in the press dispatches of June 19, with the entries in Commander De Long's note book added. The first of these entries was made October 1, 1881, and is as follows: "One hundred and eleventh day, and a new month. Called all hands as soon as the cook announced boiling water, and at 6:45 had our breakfast—half pound of deer meat and tea. The doctor resumed the cutting away of poor Erickson's toes this morning. No doubt it will have to continue till half his feet are gone or death ensues or we get to a settlement. Only one too left now."

On October 4 a touching instance of the devotion of Alexy to his commander is noted. The previous night was terribly cold, and Alexy wrapped his sealskin around De Long and kept him warm with the heat of his own body. De Long gratefully puts the incident on record. In the morning Erickson was unconscious. He was lashed to a sled and the journey resumed. A large hut was found and for the first time in many days they were able to make themselves comfortable. In the evening each one had a-half pound of dog meat and a cup of tea. Erickson died Thursday, October 5. The ground was frozen so hard that his surviving companions could not dig a grave for him, so they sowed the body in the flaps of a tent, dropped it in the river and fired three volleys from their rifles. On this day De Long wrote in his notebook; "What in God's name is to become of us? Fourteen pounds of dog meat left and twenty-five miles to a possible settlement."

On the next day he made the following entry:

"Friday, October 6—117th day—breakfast consisting of the last half-pound of dog meat and tea. The last grain of tea was put in the kettle, and we are now about to undertake a journey of twenty-five miles with some old tea leaves and two quarts of alcohol. However, I trust in God, and I believe that He who has fed us thus far will not suffer us to die of want now."

An entry made October 8 shows that alcohol is of great value in the absence of food. Commander De Long writes:

"Saturday, October 8.—Called all hands at 5:30; breakfast, half-ounce of alcohol and a pint of hot water. Alcohol proves of great advantage; keeps off craving for food, preventing gnawing at stomach, and has kept up the strength of the men as given three ounces per day, in accordance with Dr. Ambler's experiments."

On Sunday, October 9, Noros and Nindermand were sent ahead to look for help, and, as has been stated before, they fell in with Danenhower's party and were rescued. The brief entries made by De Long after this simply record the suggestive stages of slow starvation.

"Thursday, 13.—Willow tea. No news from Ninderman. We are in the hand of God, and unless He relents we are lost. We cannot move against the wind, and staying here means starvation. Afternoon went ahead for a mile. After crossing another river, or a bend of the big one, missed Lee. Went down in a hole in bank and camped. Sent back for Lee. He had lain down and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's prayer and creed. After supper strong gale of wind. Horrible night."

The bill of fare for Friday, October 15, was, "breakfast, willow tea; dinner, one-half spoonful sweet oil and willow tea. Alexy shot a ptarmigan and there was soup in the evening. The breakfast on Saturday morning was "willow tea and twe old boots."

Now and then Alexy, who was the hunter for the party, shot a ptarmigan, from which soup was made, but on October 16 he broke down. On the following day Dr. Ambler baptized him, and he died about sunset. His body was laid on the ice on the river and covered with slabs of ice, Kock and Lee next succumbed to starvation and were laid up. Prayers were read for the sick. Kock was found dead at midnight October 21, as he lay between Dr. Ambler and De Long. Lee died about noon of the same day. De Long makes this pathetic entry: "Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kock out on the ice. The Doctor, Collins and myself carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eyes closed up."

Iverson died on Friday, October 28. Dressler died on Saturday night, October 29. The following is the last entry in the book:

"Sunday, Oct. 30, 140th day.—Boyd and Gartz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying."

Do Long, Surgeon Ambler, Ah Sam, the cook, were still alive when this record was made, but they must have died soon afterwards.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26, 1882.

A most vigorous pounding of gongs is going on all over the country by the Democratic and so-called Independent press over the "assessment" of office holders for campaign purposes. As a matter of fact there is, to begin with, no such thing as an assessment made. The campaign committee has simply addressed a circular to those who hold office in the party calling their attention to the necessities of the canvass and inviting those who feel an interest in the success of the cause to make a small contribution in aid thereof. Yet some who have held office under Republican administrations for years, drawing liberal salaries, hold back all financial aid to the party; and it is amusing to the last degree to witness their efforts to justify themselves in so doing. It seems to be the custom among them to transmit the circulars received from the committee to some opposition newspaper, with a request not to make known the donor's name, and then the aforesaid newspaper at once proceeds to publish the circular, following it up with long disquisitions on the evils of assessing office holders, the corrupt use of money for political purposes, and all that sort of nonsense.

Without advocating the concrete spoils theory it may, after all, be stated as a tolerably reasonable proposition that men who receive their bread and butter through the instrumentality of a political party should be willing to contribute something towards its success. As a general thing those who make the most objection to this have been so long in office that they imagine their positions to be a birth-right and that the department could not move on without them. Yet what a howl they would raise were the party managers to throw up the sponge and permit the Democrats to carry everything before them. The circular of Mr. George Willie Curtis, civil service reformer, warning employees of the Government that political assessments are unlawful is a boon to this class of office holders, but Mr. Curtis is getting some pretty sharp talk, and some prompt challenges for a test of the matter, from Chairman Hubbell and others. The committee is fortified with an opinion that its members, who are Senators and Representatives, are not civil officers of the Government in the sense contemplated by the law. In 1798 the House of Representatives exhibited articles of impeachment against William Blount, who had been a senator from Tennessee. Mr. Blount presented by demurrer the point that a Senator was not a civil officer of the United States, and the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, negatived the resolution. This has ever since been considered a decision that a Senator was not a civil officer, and neither is a Representative.

JUNIUS.

WICHITA, Ks., June 26.—Two-thirds of the one hundred thousand acres of wheat in this county have been cut and are now in shock. The average yield will be unprecedently large and of the finest quality. Farmers declare they never saw such fine grain. Many fields will yield thirty to forty bushels to the acre. The acreage of corn is nearly one hundred and thirty thousand acres, is growing rapidly and very promisingly. Such other crops as potatoes, oats and barley, all promise more than an ordinary yield.

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to billious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Prees*

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

An Accident at Mountain Lake Park.

The first accident in all the building operations at Mountain Lake Park, occured Tuesday last, in the falling of a scaffold at the "Auditorium." There were three persons on the scaffold at the time, and all were more or less injured. Mr. Joseph Painter was slightly injured internally, Mr. Jas. A. Enlow received a cut on the face and severe bruises on the hip and arm, and Bud. Wolf, aged about 13 years, son of Mr. Samuel Wolf, had his left leg broken below the knee. All are residents of Oakland.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending June 28:

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to Julia A. King, part of tract "Emancipation," military lot 1698; $250.

Marion S. Hauser, to Wm. H. Barnes, military lot 4150 and another piece of 50 acres; $1500.

Meshack Mattingly, to Willian DeWitt, part of military lot No. 4146, 9 acres; $54.

John and Rebecca Chisholm, to Sylvester Rinard, all their right, title and interest in and to a part of a tract called "Browning's Manor," and part of a tract called "Border Life;" $30.

Alfred Nethkin and wife to Sylvester Rinard, all their right, title and interest in the last above named tracts; $30.

Moses Sehrock and wife to John B. Harmon, tract of land containing 210½ acres; $4,700.

Chas. C. Broadwaters and wife to Geo. O. Broadwaters, tract. of land, 50 acres; $500.

DEER PARK, June 26, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I see by the last *Mountain Democrat* that a certain Wm. D. Hoye has been attempting to ventilate his Democratic spleen at my expense, and I hardly think it worth the time and trouble to take any notice of it, but for the benefit of the above named individual and also for those to whose depraved tastes he is catering, I will merely say that I did get a levy of $200 to expend in connection with the B. & O. R. R. Co., on the road between Deer Park and Altamont, and commenced work on the same. The weather being unfavorable I concluded to suspend operations, and have an understanding with the B. & O. R. R. Co. to finish the work in connection with their men. It is a true saying that the thief is always the first one to cry "stop thief," and as the above mentioned party seems to think me capable of charging an exorbitant price for my services, it is fair to suppose that he would do the same under similar circumstances; and in this connection I will say that although I am not, according to his idea, "to the manor born," yet I have lived in the county about as many years as he has lived in the world and am supposed to have some interest in the county's welfare. As a slight proof of it, I will say that I have received and disbursed from the different Boards of Commissioners in this county, in special levys on roads and bridges the sum of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, and have two hundred dollars more in my hands, for all of which trouble and risk I have never asked or received one solitary cent, as compensation, but have freely given that service for the good of the county. Can the above named patriotic individual who has the "tax payers" interest so much at heart, say that he has done as much for the public good. If so I shall think more of him than I now do.

The writer wishes me to realize, to use his own expression that "*he* is the *servant* and *we* are the *masters*." Now I do not realize anything of the kind. I am not the servant either of the man who dictated the communication, or of the party who suffered himself to be made a tool of, by allowing his name to appear at the bottom of the production, and I hold them both in equal contempt.

I have no idea of being drawn into a newspaper controversy, and should not have thought of replying to this, only at the earnest solicitations of personal friends, so you may be sure, if you publish this article, you will never hear from me again on this subject.

E. C. TILLSON.

Organization of Local Board of Health.

Under and by virtue of an appointment from the State Board of Health, J. W. Veitch, States Attorney, Dr. J. Lee McComas and Dr. E. H. Bartlett, met at Dr. Bartlett's office, Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a Local Board of Health for Garrett Co. Dr. J. Lee McComas was elected Chairman, and Dr. E. H. Bartlett Secretary of said Local Board. The Act of Assembly authorizing the appointment, and prescribing the duties of Local Boards of Health, together with the instructions and rules made by the State Board for the government of Local Boards, were read and considered, after which the Board adjourned to meet on Wednesday July 5th, at eight o'clock P. M. All persons having causes of complaint or information to give regarding the sanitary condition of their neighborhood are invited to be present at the meeting of the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
Secretary.

Save the Coal Ashes.

A writer in the Country Gentleman gives the following useful account of what can be done to make the nuisance of coal ashes a benefit:

It is the common opinion that coal ashes or of little or no value. This is an error, I have witnessed some of the benefits derived from their use. They have likewise been employed by my neighbors for years, who hold them in high estimation. Their benefit is of a two-fold nature—they favor moisture, and improve the texture of the soil. They serve admirably as a mulch, either on the surface or mixed with the surface soil, the latter being the best. As the supply is not sufficient for general farm purposes, they are used in gardens around shrubs and trees, and particularly for potatoes, which largely require moisture. Mixed with the surface soil, and occasionally stirred, they have an excellent effect upon trees and shrubs, keeping up an uninterrupted growth during a drought if the application is liberal and well worked in.

Where used in a garden, the earlier they are applied the better. The ground having been previously worked, spread evenly about an inch thick, and mix thoroughly with a few inches of soil. Where the soil is quite heavy more ashes should be used and worked in proportionally deeper, answering both as mulch and as soil to grow the plant; in the other case, where the soil is good, principally as a mulch. In both cases manure is an advantage, either liquid or reduced to a fine state, as coal ashes possess little fertilizing material. The effect will not be visible before the season is somewhat advanced. After that it will show, its best work being done in hot, dry weather. The effect will last several years, depending upon how much used. Yearly applications may be made with benefit; and the experience here is that if liberal applications are made annually, and thoroughly mixed with the soil, no manure is required. This I know has a doubtful look, but observation for years has constrained me to accept it, and I accordingly procure all the coal ashes I conveniently can, with the same gratifying result.

Orphans' Court.

The Orphans' Court for Garret County was convened on Tuesday, 21th inst. Present, Hon. Isaac H. Kooken, Chief Judge, and Hon. Joseph DeWitt and Wm. Harvey, Associate Judges, and Wm. H. Hagans, Register.

Among others were the following proceedings:

Thos. B. Frantz and Henry Frazee, executors of John Frantz, of Jos., settled their fourth account.

In the case of Schley & Thomas *et. al.*, vs. Wm. Ross, of H., July 23d was set for a hearing of the case.

An order was passed allowing the executors of John Frantz, of Jos., the amount of their expenses incurred in the trial in Allegany county.

The report of the sale of the real estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, by W. P. Totten, executor, was ratified and confirmed.

The court adjourned to meet July 11th.

Get the Best.

Farmers intending to purchase Mowing Machines for the coming season, should not fail to get Wilbert's direct draft Eureka Mower. Width of cut 5 and 6 feet, draft 172 lbs. The largest, cheapest, lightest draft and the best mower in the world. All machines guaranteed to give satisfaction.

For sale by

I. O. THOMPSON,
6 17 3 Ryans Glade, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill, Thomas Miller and George Hill, Jr., I have seized and taken in execution all the right title and interest of the said George Hill, Thomas Miller and George Hill, Jr., in and to all that tract of land known and described as

Military lot number eleven hundred and twenty-seven,

and I hereby give notice that on

Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the Town of Oakland, I will sell the above described land to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said writ.

EDMUND JAMISON,
6 24 4 Sheriff.

Trespass Notice.

I hereby give notice that any party caught chopping or carrying away timber or trespassing in any way upon my lands will be dealt with to the full extent of the law, by my tenant, A. J. Frazee.

6 17 3 C. F. FRAZEE.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice, that we have this day formed a co-partnership under the name and style of Spedden & Son, in carpentering in all its branches. Prompt attention given to all orders.

G. A. SPEDDEN,
E. M. SPEDDEN.
June 19th, 1882. 6 24 3m

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 21, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Wednseday July 5th, 1882,

For the purpose of appointing judges of election, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM,
Clerk.

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting, or in any manner interfering with our fences.

6 17 3. JAMES W. SKILES,
JOHN T. WILBURN.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respectice Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday in July, that is to say on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, in the year 1882; and also on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned day, that is to say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Swantou.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry O. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of James H. Rush, Officer of Registration for said district, near Friendsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of July, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July, at the house of Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at the house of Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Thomas Browning, the Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Oakland, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at Hutton's Switch.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Oakland and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July at the house of Johnson Brothers, on the National Pike, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of William B. Murphy, in said district.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July at the house of Jehu Gregg, at Gregg's Mills.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

ORDER NISI.

John Bradburn vs. Joseph Symons. } No. 245 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1882, that the sale made and reported by John Bradburn, Mortagee, in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of July next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $760.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7 1 3 W. H. TOWER.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mrs. Ison and daughter left for Ocean Grove, Tuesday.

—Mr. W. H. Hagans, proprietor of the "Oaks," received a car load of lee from Sandusky, Ohio, Wednesday.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, formerly an employee in this office, is now in one of the government departments, in Washington city.

—Married, at the residence of Mr. P. P. Lohr, June 25th, 1882, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. John J. Lohr and Miss Ellen Swartzendruber, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, in Oakland, June 21st, by Rev. B. Ison, Mr. John C. Jackson and Miss Elizabeth S. Harvey, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents at Accident, June 26th, 1882, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. James L. Custer and Miss Kate Kahl, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, at Oakland Saturday last, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Geo. S. Braxton, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Lizzie A. Lee, of Allegany county, Md.

—Married, at the residence of Rev. C. B. Ludwig, by same, on Sunday June 25th, Mr. John H. Sanders and Miss Mary I. Slabaugh, both of this county.

—Bell & Brother have removed their saddle and harness manufactory to their new building on Alder street, near Stugiss' drug store.

—A line of telegraph is being erected from the plaining mill, at Lake View, by way of Mountain Lake Park, to Oakland. The work is being done at the expense of the Lake View Plaining Mill Co.

—The oat crop is being destroyed in many sections of this county by a small bug or fly. Large fields near Oakland have been entirely stripped, and the farmers are preparing to put buckwheat on the ground thus taken.

—Married, on the 22d day of June, 1882, at the residence of Mr. David Arnold, in district No. 8, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. Frederick Stahl and Miss Mary Belle Arnold, both of this county.

—The streets of Oakland need to be cleaned up. The Corporation officers have the means at hand. The people demand that something be done at once. "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

—A correspondent informs us that Mr. A. C. Crowning caught in Deep Creek, Monday, a trout measuring 16 inches in length and 5½ inches broad, which weighed 3 pounds. This is one of the largest trout ever caught in the county.

—The corner stone of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Deer Park was laid last Saturday. The ceremonies were conducted by the Pastor, Wm. Stoudenmire, assisted by the Church Council.

—There will be a pic-nic on the Fourth at Foglepole's sugar camp, near Bethlehem Church. Lemonade, Candy, cakes and plenty of amusements are promised. An invitation is extended to all to come with full baskets.

—The following summer visitors are registered at the "Oak:" Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Levering, nurse and 2 children, Madison Levering, Esq., Miss Laura Levering, Miss Emily Levering, Miss Emily Sweet, Miss Hellen Sweet, all of Baltimore.

—Senator H. G. Davis, arrived at Deer Park Saturday night, with a party of capitalists interested in the Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad, where they spent Sunday. They left Monday on a tour of inspection of the road and the mines in the Elk Garden region.

—Mrs. Slonaker has opened her ice cream parlor for the summer season, next door to Sturgiss' drug store. Families will be served by leaving orders. Mrs. S. deserves the patronage of the good people of Oakland, and we have no doubt but she will receive it.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels were opened on Sunday but there have been but few arrivals to this time, owing, perhaps, to the almost continuous rains. After the 4th they will likely be filled to their utmost capacity. The boarding houses in Oakland and Deer Park are filling up rapidly.

—A probably fatal accident occurred yesterday at David Evan's sawmill, in this county, five miles north of Barton. George Warnick, aged 30, unmarried, was caught in the saw while engaged in making some repairs underneath the machinery and had one arm cut off and the other badly mangled. It is thought he cannot recover.—*Cumb. News, 28th.*

—A few of the young people of the neighborhood concluded to serenade Mr. George Lee, who resides near the Red House, this county, last Monday night, when a shot was fired into the serenading party, by some party unknown, the shot taking effect in the left hand of Johnson Lower, son of Mr. Thompson Lower, which rendered necessary the amputation of his thumb at the first joint.

—The greenstriped caterpillar or worm known as the currant worm and which strips currants and gooseberries of their leaves, can be destroyed by sprinkling the bushes with powdered hellebore, to be procured at the drug stores. If the bushes are well sprinkled with red pepper that will drive off or make it too hot for the worms. They may also be sprinkled with soap suds, to which one teaspoonful of kerosense oil to the quart of water is mixed and well stirred. This should be splashed upon the under sides of the leaves with a small broom corn whisk. A strong solution of whale-oil soap, or of common soap with some train oil or palm oil added, is also effective. These remedies will serve to drive away all the leaf eating insects, except the potato beetle, and that only gives way to Paris green.

—Every farmer who has poultry, and who has not, should not neglect to grow a patch of sunflowers. There is no better feed for the poultry in the fall of the year. It makes them healthy and gives their plumage a bright, beautiful color. If your fowls are not supplied with shade, as some are not, on the plains, a patch of sunflowers growing close to your fowl houses, will afford them ample shade during the hot summer weather and no piece of ground of the same space will afford more wholesome feed than the sunflower patch. The seeds are also most excellent food for horses, giving their coat a fine, glossy appearance also. In some of the Western prairie States where wood is scarce the sunflower stalks, for wood, are considered a good crop, saying nothing about the seed. By all means plant more or less sunflowers.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church.—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Preaching at Pleasant Valley school house at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Garrett Guards' Day.

The following programme has been adopted by the Garrett Guards for Tuesday, July 4th:

Assemble at armory at	9.00	A.M.
Roll Call	9.30	"
Inspection	10.00	"
March to Kennedy's Plains	10.30	"
Skirmish Target Drill with ball cartridges	11.00	"
Dinner	12.30	P.M.
Assemble at Armory	2.00	"
To Deer Park	3.00	"
Parade	5.00	"

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

Clennest Gun	$ 1 00
Neatest Soldier in person and equipments	2 50
Best score made by Companions in Arms in Skirmish Drill	10 00
Second	6 00
Third	4 00
Fourth	2 00

Parents should be cautious in allowing children unaccompanied by themselves, or other grown persons, to attend the skirmish drill, as there is danger of accidents.

Reorganization of the Oakland Literary Society.

The Oakland Literary Society was reorganized Saturday evening last, when the following officers were elected: President, E. H. Sincell; Vice President, Miss Laura Stalnaker; Recording Secretary, L. L. Loar; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kate Townshend; Financial Secretary, G. T. Porter; Treasurer, Titus Delawder; Editor, Daniel O'Brien; Critic, Col. J. W. Veitch; Librarian, G. H. Pritchard. The following programme will be given Saturday evening: Essay, Miss Lillie Brown; Selection, Miss Laura Stalnaker; debate, "Which has exerted more influence, wealth or knowledge?" to affirm, Harry Loar and Gen. Porter; to deny, E. H. Sincell, Lawson Loar. The meetings of the society will be held in the public school building.

Leg Amputated.

Patrick Cline, only son of Mr. Lawrence Cline, of Altamont, this county, had his right leg crushed so badly in a stone quarry near Connelsville Pa., on the 14th instant, that it had to be amputated above the knee. The aged father has the sympathy of the entire community. He just returned from Pittsburg, where he left Patrick in the hospital doing as well as could be expected.

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mountain Lake Park is now ready for visitors. The hotel is completed and furnished. Mrs. Bullard's large boarding house will be ready for the season next week, and a large number of the cottages are now completed and ready for occupancy. Rev. John Thompson, manager of Pierce's Union Business cottage, Philadelphia, and Mr. Allen, of Grafton are now in their cottages, and Rev. Masden, of Wheeling will occupy his on the 7th inst. The first religious services will be held Sunday, 9th, inst., under the direction of Rev. Thompson. The hour of meeting will be given in our next issue. Rev. John M. Davis deserves great praise for the manner in which he has pushed forward the work at the Park. Few thought last fall that near forty cottages would be ready for occupancy this summer, besides the hotel and boarding houses, but such is the fact. Messrs. Davis & Townshend have opened a store for the benefit of summer residents at the Park. It is under the management of Mr. Charles S. Davis, of the above firm.

An Error.

The Oakland correspondent to the Wheeling *Register* is in error when he states that our town is without ice. The ice house of the Oakland Hotel is full, the Glades Hotel has sufficient for all purposes for the season, John O. Michael filled his house last winter, Mr. Bosley secured a sufficient quantity for his own use, the houses of Mrs. Coyle, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Kepner, Miss Edwards and Mr. Cullen were partly filled last winter, and Messrs. Screven and Hagans received by rail from Sandusky, Ohio, recently enough for their own consumption during the season. Such statements are likely to deter visitors from coming here this season, and entail a great loss on our hotels and boarding house keepers.

The Military Encampment at Cumberland.

The encampment of the Second Battalion, M. N. G., and visiting companies, to be held in Cumberland July 27th and 28th, promises to be a grand success. Positively tour and probably five visiting military companies will be present. There will be a theatrical entertainment at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 27th and a grand ball at the Queen City Hotel on the evening of the 28th.

A Most Remarkable Case.

Dying—yet living. Dr. Miller, of 129 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I am personally acquainted with a middle-aged lady in Philadelphia, who had been given up to die by a consultation of many physicians. She was confined to her bed for months, and was momentarily expected to die. In this condition she took *Manalin* and, to the surprise and disappointment of all, she recovered her health perfectly. Her case is reported in Dr. Hartman's Book on the "Ills of Life," 21st page. Ask your Druggist for one, or address Dr. Hartman, Oshorn, O.

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Florestoin Cologne.

Pic-Nic on the Fourth.

There will be a pic-nic at the old ground, near Sand Flat, on the Fourth. Plenty of amusement. Committee, A. C. Browning, Samuel W. Friend, Jr., E. R. Browning.

Gultean has sent the following message to his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. Hicks: "Go and see Arthur and shake your fist in his face. Tell him I made him President in my inspiration, and he must give me an unconditional pardon; and if he does not; God Almighty blast him forever! I tell you, brother Hicks, I am God's man, and God takes care of his own."

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES ROSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1882.

Annual Levy List for Garrett County, Md., for the year 1882, levied by the County Commissioners at June Session, 1882.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1	$ 600 00
" 2	600 00
" 3	650 00
" 4	400 00
" 5	650 00
" 6	550 00
" 7	800 00
" 8	800 00
" 9	120 00
" 11	300 00
Total	$5,270 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

J Z Browning, return judge, 4 days, 7 ms,			$ 8 56
Dan'l Wilson, associate,	2	days	4 00
Chas T West,	"	2 "	4 00
Ephraim Lee, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
L H Schoolfield, Clerk,	2	" t	4 00
M T Brady, house rent,			5 00

District No. 2.

John Swalp, return judge, 4 days, 25 ms,			16 00
John T Gary, associate,	2	"	4 00
Geo D Frantz,	"	2 "	4 00
John Steele, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Samuel Hoff, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
J Stuck, use Wm Ryland, house rent			5 00

District No. 3.

Ross Compton, return judge, 4 ds, 27 ms,			10 16
Chas O Wurnick, associate,	2	"	4 00
W H Chapman,	"	2 "	4 00
C A Snyder, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Archibald Warnick, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Mrs. Wm Frigge, house rent,			5 00

District No. 4.

Elias Merril, return judge, 4 days, 17 ms,			10 72
Saml Harshbarger, associate, 2 days,			4 00
Chas Michaels,	"	2 "	4 00
C Harshbarger, Clerk,		2 "	4 00
Wm A Mullen, Clerk,		2 "	4 00
A Mullen, house rent,			5 00

District No. 5.

F Kamp, return Judge, 4 days, 17 miles,			9 36
Henry E Friend, associate, 2 days,			4 00
Lewis Lininger,	"	2 "	4 00
John P Spiker, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Horace DeWit, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Geo F Englehart, house rent,			5 00

District No. 6.

S Ferguson, return Judge, 4 days, 13 ms,			9 04
R T Browning, associate 2 days,			4 00
J M Frankhouser,	"	2 "	4 00
Francis Sebold, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Joseph T Frantz Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Elijah Friend, house rent,			5 00

District No. 7.

John M Jarboe, return judge, 4 days,			8 00
Samuel Lawton, associate, 2 day,			4 00
W W Fairall, Clerk, 2 days, use G. S. Hamill,			4 00
James W White, Clerk, 2 days,			4 00

District No. 8.

S J Yutzy, return judge, 4 days, 11 ms,			8 88
Dan'l Conaway, associate, 2 day,			4 00
J W Abernathy	"	2 "	4 00
Jas W White, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
George W Ward, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Wm F Deaklns, house rent			5 00

District No. 9.

A Wilhelm, return judge, 4 day, 46 ms,			11 68
Buell Anderson, associate, 2 days,			4 00
Jacob A Stinis,	"	2 "	4 00
Normun Wilhelm, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Thomas J Johnson, Clerk,	2	"	4 00
Johnson Bro's, house rent,			5 00
Total			$266 40

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

A B Gonder, use Wm Casteel,	$105 65
E F Droege,	2 80
Wm Hinebaugh,	5 05
R B Jamison, use W H Tower,	3 05
L C Fike,	7 00
Henry Winterberg,	11 25
R B Jamison, use Sarah Mason,	2 40
Total	$137 00

CONSTABTES' FEES.

P A Chisholm, Dept. Constable, No. 7 use O W Heiskell,	$ 13 25
John Miller, Jr., late Const. Dist. No. 1,	1 55
F Kolb,	46 25
James S Johnson,	54 15
D M Mason,	25 60
Wm R Barnthouse, Depty. Const.,	2 00
John W Savage,	12 70
Wm S Lantz,	5 90
Joseph Blocher,	24 50
Total	$186 20

REGISTRARS.

H O Hamill, use G S Hamill,	$ 49 21
Benjamin H Green,	45 00
Isaiah Fuller,	44 00
Wm F Deakins,	52 00
Dadiel Carey,	52 00
Wm H Bernard,	53 00
Thos Browning, use G S Hamill,	52 00
Wm H Hall, use Davis & Townshend,	48 00
Daniel Hinebaugh,	52 75
Total	$447 99

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

S K Frazee,	$ 3 90
D E Offutt,	25 30
J R Anderson,	53 50
Wm C Broadwater,	11 60
J S Broadwater,	23 32
Ed Hoye,	15 10
Wm Casteel,	4 48
Total	$137 20

FOX AND CAT SCALPS.

Wm H Barnurd,	4	foxes,		$ 4 00
Isaac Kooken,	2	"		2 00
Jas H Wilson,			1 cat,	2 00
Elisha Arenhalt,	1	"		1 00
Childester & Rodeh'r	1	"	5 "	11 00
C T West,	3	"	1 "	5 00
P C Boucher,	1	"		1 00
Otho Pangh,	1	"		1 00
Joshua Tichannt,	8	"		8 00
Wm L Rawlings,	11	"	1 "	13 00
O M Hatfield,	5	"		5 00
J H Ratter,	1	"		1 00
D. Harrison Friend,	6	"		6 00
O W Heiskell,	14	"	5 "	24 00
Josiah Beeghley,	1	"		1 00
Jacob Becket,	4	"		4 00
Paul Beachoy,			1 "	2 00
Alfred Friend,	1	"		1 00
S P C Friend,	1	"		1 00
John E Gnagey,	23	"	3 "	29 00
George Stoyer,	6	"	1 "	7 00
Wm P Totten,	18	"	3 "	24 00
Geo W Legge,	5	"	4 "	13 00
D E Offutt,	8	"	4 "	16 00
J H Beekman,	1	"		1 00
Davis & Townsbend,	4	"		4 00
E Margroff,			2 "	4 00
Wm Ryland,	4	"		4 00
Alfred Jeffries,			1 "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee,	1	"		1 00
Walter Wurnick,			1 "	2 00
Salem Lee,	4	"		4 00
J H Davis,	1	"	1 "	3 00
Noah Garlitz,	1	"		1 00
S P Specht,	2	"	1 "	4 00
Israel Garlitz,	1	"	3 "	7 00
A J Rhodes,	6	"		6 00
Jasper Frazee,	21	"		21 00
H Shaw,	4	"	1 "	6 00
P T Garthright,	10	"	3 "	16 00
Cleaver Michaels,	1	"		1 00
Andrew Mullen,	8	"		8 00
H R De Witt,	3	"		3 00
Jeremiah Guard,	1	"	1 "	3 00
J S Broadwater,	4	"	4 "	12 00
J W Boyer,	2	"	2 "	6 00
J Z Browning,	6	"		6 00
John Warnick,	1	"		1 00
M L Scott,	1	"	2 "	5 00
Total,				$108 00

BRIDGES.

J M Umbel, building bridge in No 2,	$ 7 81
J M Durst, bridge over Creek at Swaugers Mill,	25 00
Adam Garringer and others repairing bridge over Bear Creek,	20 05
P Staubaugh, repr. briges, Dist. No. 3.	25 00
H G Davis & Bro., lumber Dist. No. 1	30 16
R G Burke, over work in Dist. No. 1	35 71
Abraham Turney, work and lumber,	3 34
H D Davis & Bro., lumber, Deep Creek,	37 28
W M Coddington, at White's Crossing,	90 43
James Skiles,	20 00
Wm P Groves, repairing	50 00
J A Dunham, repairing at Selbysport	35 34
S W Friend, over work	5 91
J F Browning, repairs at Narrows,	20 00
Jeff Frazee, balance on Buffalo bridge,	30 00
Total,	$433 01

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

John Liston, over work in No. 2,	$ 8 68
Isaac Kooken, on Town Hill road,	25 00
R G Burke, repairing Deer Park road,	40 00
Geo W Wilson, to finish road from Shook Shop to county road,	25 00
Joseph Irons, on road from N W Pike to county road near Jno M White's,	100 00
Wm Sharpless, on Buckbone and Deep run road,	50 00
Henry Schlosnagle, on Bear Creek rd	5 00
Geo S. Lee, on Swanton und Eranksville road,	100 00
Michael Wolf, on Bloomington and Savage river road,	200 00
Josiah Moon, on W A Loraw road,	50 00
Abrahain Beachey, over work,	12 86
C H Frazee, use Jasper Frazee, order,	57 25
J H Rush, work on roads in No. 2,	15 21
T H Wiley, changing road in No. 8,	10 00
Wm White, on White, Russell and Spiker road,	325 00
Jno H Friend, road from Keeler Glade to White Rock,	15 00
Total,	$1,033 95

ROAD EXPENSES.

George W. Wilson, money expended on rouds,	$ 3 50
John Harned, examiner and surveyor	37 50
Jos Irons, examiner,	10 00
Theo Beekman, chain carrier,	8 00
George Lee, " "	8 00
Elijah Howell, axman,	2 00
Edward Lee, "	8 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Frankville and North Branch road,	15 00
George L Michael, examiner,	2 00
Henry Warnick, "	2 00
Wm H Bernard, chain carrier	2 00
Joshua Tichnal, "	2 00
A J Warnick, axman,	2 00
J T Mitchell surv. on Beekman road,	15 00
Isaac I Thompson, examiner,	4 00
Wm Casteel, "	4 00
Wm White, "	4 00
Jhonson King, chain carrier,	2 00
John Moon, "	2 00
H Beekman, axman,	2 00
John Harned, examiner and survr. on John Brenneman road,	10 00
Nimrod Glotfelty, examiner,	2 00
B Beltzell, "	2 00
Josephus Glotfelty, chain carrer,	2 00
Wm Glotfelty, "	2 00
John Harned, surv. and ex'r. on road from Oakland and Deer Park road to Mountain Lake Park,	7 50
Patrick Hamill, examiner,	4 00
Geo L Dosley, "	4 00
Bruce Whirrel, chain carrier, use J M Davis,	2 00
Lee Philips, "	2 00
A Mason, survr. on Russell and White road,	15 00
Henry Beekman, examiner,	4 00
Nathan Casteel, "	4 00
Stephen Browning, "	4 00
George Russell, axman,	4 00
Rolly White, "	3 00
Henry Russell, chain carrier,	4 00
Wm White, "	4 00
John Harned, surveyor and examiner on Hamill-O'Brien road,	10 00
Eli McMillen, examiner,	2 00
E F Brant, "	2 00
Wright Thayer, chain carrier,	2 00
George Walter, "	2 00
Total	$232 50

PENSIONS.

P T Garthright, support Ruth King,		$ 25 00
J C Rhodaheaver,	" George Wood	25 00
Irn E Friend,	" Mary Thomas	20 00
Ira E Friend,	" Cripple boy	20 00
Solomon Frey,	" 1 Rodadeaver	10 00
John F. Gnagey, use Mrs M Stoffer,		25 00
Josiah Moon,	" Sarah Loraw	20 00
Peter Colmer,	" Henry Hoffman	20 00
Peter Colmer,	" C Hoffman	20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order October 7th, 1881,		20 00
C T West, support W H Uphold, order February 5,		16 00
Jeremiah Guard	" J Savage, pr. ord	10 00
Wm Ryland	" Jacob Savage	15 00
E F Droege,	" Mrs Kling	10 00
Daniel Brenneman,	" Mary Durst	20 00
H G Davis & Bro.,	" August Kling	25 00
J W Broadwaters,	" James Layton	20 00
Mrs Harriet Brady,	" Thomas Brady	20 00
J W Lee,	" Nancy Lee	20 00
Mary Waltz,	" Hannah Waltz	35 00
Total		$396 00

SHERIFF'S FEES.

Geo D White, use George Spiker	$ 50 00
Geo D White, " John Blambel,	450 00
Same, balance,	376 22
E Jamison, use Wm Hlambel	100 00
Same, balance,	326 32
Total	$1,302 54

CLERK'S OFFICE.

W H Tower, Clerk,	$1,109 11
Estimate to pay jurors, witnesses, bailiff's messenger and crier at September Term, 1882, and May Term 1883,	2,250 00
Deficiency for jurors and state witness fund for 1881, with interest to Dec. 2d, 1882, use 2d Nat. Bank, Cumberland,	517 50
Wm Smouse, crier, to June 1, 1882	58 00
Total	$3,934 61

ORPHANS' COURT.

W H Hagans, use E Margroff, (order)	$ 10 00
W H Hagans, " D E Offutt,	53 55
Estimate to pay judges,	285 00
Total	$348 55

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
For luterest on bonds	600 00
Total	$1,600 00

HOSPITALS.

Maryland Hostital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882	$ 800 00
Montevue Hostital from July 1, 1881, to July 1, 1882	279 41
Total	$1,079 41

ATTORNEY'S FEES.

J W Veitch, State's Atty. 8 felonies,	$ 80 00
Same, 23 misde'r and 21 recognizances,	153 33
Same, fees in 1n state cases before Justices of Peace,	100 00
Same trial fees,	400 00
Peddicord & Combs, 4 felonies and 3 misdemeanors,	50 00
Peddicord & Combs and Hamill, 1 misdemeanor,	3 33
C C Willison, use J A Grant, 1 felony	10 00
G S Hamill, 3 misde'rs, and 2 civil case	20 00
Lloyd and Syster, 4 misdemeanors	13 33
Veitch & Townshend, 2 civil cases	10 00
H Wheeler Combs, 1 civil case,	5 00
Hannon and Hamill, 1 civil cnse,	5 00
Peddicord & Combs, professional service to Court Appeals,	50 00
Total	$800 99

CORONERS' INQUEST.

J W Laughlin, on body Robt Green cold	$ 5 00
Same, " Henry Recroad	5 00
Henry Winterberg cor. on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Same, swearing witness, jurors and summon in same case,	1 65
Dr O G Getty, on body Jos T Wiley,	5 00
Dr H L Bevans " Jos T "	5 00
C Warnick, Juror on body Jos T Wiley	50
Geo P Thistle " " Jos T Wiley	50
E F Droege, on body Henry Recroad,	5 00
Same, on body Robt Rreen colored,	5 00
Total	$37 65

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

D Harrison Friend, bal. for year 1881,	$ 9 00
John Wilhelm, balance for yenr 1881,	34 61
W W Broadwater, bal. for year 1881,	36 88
F A Thayer, Clerk to board balance,	7 07
S L Townshend, per diem and milage to 1881,	76 86
Eli McMillan, per diem and milage to 1881,	92 54
Meshach Mattingly, per diem and milage to 1881,	80 16
J C Dunham, Clerk, use Nihcolas Roth,	200 00
Same, use Wm L Rawlings,	50 00
Same balance,	150 00
Total	$737 14

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr B T Keller, medical attendance upon pauper,	$ 16 00
Wm Loraw, use Josiah Moon, support Serah Loraw, order 1881,	20 00
Jno Sharizer, 3 coffins for pauper, and burial expenses,	19 00
Jno Sharizer, work done and material furnished court house and jail,	21 80
Edward Margroff, costs in Cunningham case in Garrett Co. and Court of Appeals,	90 38
E B Fuller, use Peter Nathan, costs in case E H Fuller, vs Co. Coms,	71 70
J A Hayden, County Printing from June 1882, to June 1883,	700 00
Mrs M H Ross, keeping and caring for Mrs King,	34 72
S Brant 5 months board and washing, Mrs King,	25 00
D Brenneman, support Mary Durst, order Oct. 4th, 1882,	20 00
J F Franiz, for 7 foxes by order dated July 6th, 1881,	7 40
A G Sinrgins, medicine furnished paupers and jail,	24 80
J Guard overpaid road supervs. No. 3	55 72
J Z Browning costs in case Browning vs State,	3 88
J Z Browning, I collin for pauper	5 00
Dr J L McComas, professional services to paupers	75 00
D E Offutt, fee bill, state case	35
Edward Margroff, 80 assessments	40 00
W M Coddington, use J S Jamerson, order Sept. 12th, 1882	132 71
W M Connington, repairing bridges, &c., order 3d Oct. 1881	100 00
William Casteel, boarding jurors May Term 1881	8 48
G S Hamill, Atty. for M E Smith Ex'r. of Jno J Smith, use Wm T Jamison, printing	156 60
G A Shirer Mdse. for court house	13 10
J Z Browning, use Jacob S Jamesson, amt. overpaid contgt. fund for years 1878 and 1879	1,446 10
Wm P Totten, coal for court house	4 00
Spencer C Jones, copy laws 1882	5 75
W Y Waltz, use Duvis & Townshend	58 00
J H Medairy, stationery, &c., ch	193 7
Theo Luman, Clk. fees, Sturgiss case	16 00
Dailey News, job work,	12 85
Elias Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
Veitch & Townshend, negotiat'g loans	25 00
David Chambers, janitor, use Davis & Townshend	150 00
J J Smith, pub. Levy List 1881, use Peddicord & Combs	73 85
W Y Waltz, use Peddicord & combs, coal court house	45 00
C H Sincell, repairs in jail	2 75
C B Ludwig, printing	61 00
Davis & Townshedd, supplies for jail and court house	49 04
Veitch & Townshend, use Chas M Miller, bal. on Iron Bridge at Kitzmillersville, including int. to Nov. 8	1,491 35
Corporation of Oakland,	125 00
G W Legge, 4 fee bills	1 35
Total	$5,409,63
Public Schools,	$8,500 00
Contingent Fnnd,	$5,314 58

COLLECTOR'S COMMISSIONS.

E Margroff, com on county taxes,			$1,990 47
Same,	State,	"	317,31
Total			$2,307 78

SPECIAL ROAD AND BRIDGE LEVY.

E C Tillson, road from Deer Park to Altamont,	$ 200 00
J M Duvis, road leading to and from Mountain Lake Park and bridges,	150 00
Michael Durst, national road in district No. 9,	200 00
Joshua Turner from Zion Church to Stone House	120 00
J Gnagey, Stone House to A Beacheys,	130 00
John Opel, from Aaron Beacheys to Morgantown road	90 00
A Miller, from Morguntown road to Penna. line	40 00
National road for year 1883,	550 00
Total	$1,480 00

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 5,270 00
Elections	266 40
Magistrates' fees	137 00
Constables' fees	186 20
Registrars	447 99
Taxes paid in error	137 20
Foxes and cats	308 00
Bridges	433 01
Road appropriations	1,033 95
Road expenses	232 51
Pensions	396 00
Sheriff's fees	1,302 54
Clerk's office	3,934 61
Orphans' Court	348 55
Court House Fund	1,600 00
Hospitals	1,079 41
Attorneys' fees	899 99
Coroner's Inquest	37 65
County Commissioners	737 14
Miscellaneous	5,409 63
Public Schools	8,500 00
Contingent Fund	5,314 58
Collector's Commissions	2,307 77
Special Road and Bridge Levy	1,480 00
Total	$41,800 08

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,765,773, which at $1.11 on each $100, the rate of county taxation, will make the above amount $41,800 08. Deducting from $3,765,773 property paying directly to the State; the State tax, amounting to $381,129,69 leaves basis of State tax $3,384,643.50, which the State having fixed at 18¾ cents on each $100, making the State tax $6,346.20, which added to the county tax makes for County and State $48,146.28.

J. C. DUNHAM.
Clerk County Commissioners Garrett Co.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

Samples on exhibition at the "Old Totten Building," Oakland, Md.
June 17, tf.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Calciminers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting or fishing. All persons disregarding this notice will be visited with the penalties of the law.

PERER GORTNER,
FRED

Epping Forest.

Epping forest is a strip of picturesque and varied country, ranging from a quarter of a mile to two miles in width and extending ten miles in length, fron Wanstead on the east side of London to Epping. Its area is 5,600 neres. Originally it was much larger. The forest of Essex, or royal forest of Waltham, in the time of Henry III. included almost the whole country, and had the advantage over the new forest of being altogether natural growth, its oaks having come down from Druidical days. The ownership of the actual soil remained vested in the lords of the manor, subject on the one hand to the King's right of free hunting, and, on the other, to the commonable rights claimed by the freeholders and copyholders. In the time of Charles I., when the boundaries of the forest were definitely settled, its extent was sixty thousand acres, of which area four-fifths had been inclosed by private land-owners, though without prejudice to the royal right of sporting over it. During the last century the average annual yield of the royal hunting was sixteen deer, while other folks entitled to the same privilege killed about forty-two head more. The land-grabbers and commoners had ravished the timber sadly, yet in 1793 there were 3,000 oaks standing which girthed more than thirty feet. An annual fair had been established in 1767 for the first Sunday in July, the annual stag-hunt on Easter Monday has always been one of the cockney holidays, and the "lopping" in the fall was another occasion of jollity, the warden and ten verderers, meanwhile utterly neglected their duty, so that land was stolen, trees were killed, and deer were driven away. Lord Mornington, the hereditary warden, behaved like the dog intrusted with the care of his master's dinner, not only did he not defend the public rights, but he enclosed 440 acres at Wanstead at one grab. The Verdere's followed his example, and as the only officer of the court was Lord Mornington's lawyer, the efforts of the sole honest guardian, Colonel Palmer, were in vain. Mr. Copeland began an agitation in Parliament in 1842, but without success, for the commissioners of woods and forests aided the spoilers by selling the crown rights for the mere pittance of $90,000. This was in 1851, when the open forest included nearly 6,000 acres. Between that time and 1871 it dwindled to 3,000. The lord of the manor would move out his fences, build on the ground thus stolen, and threaten "trespassers" with legal penalties. At last it became the practice to inclose whole tracts in the open—to "squat" as we would say, and the whole forest would have vanished if the Lord of Loughton had not been too greedy. In 1864 he scooped in 1,300 acres at once, buying the crown right for a trifle, and granting about 350 acres to the commoners of his own manor, so that they made no objection to his putting a fence aronnd the remainder. Unluckily for him, the inhabitants of Loughton claimed the right since the time of King Harold of cutting the boughs of the trees in the waste land for fuel from the 11th of November to the 23d of March of each winter, the conditions being that they were not to kill the trees or spoil the looks of the forest, and when he built a fence to keep them out the old laborers, whose winter's firewood was at stake (and who, besides, have an inbred repugnance for all inclosures), pulled down the fence and cut their fagots, to assert their right. An old man named Thomas Willingale was the village hampden who led this revolt. The lord of the manor prosecuted the trespassers, and one of them, a consumptive boy, died just as he was released from jail, of course intensifying local feeling. A number of public-spirited men formed the Commons Preservation Society, headed by the present Lord Mount-Temple and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, which started a crusade to save all the metropolitan commons, took Willingale's case into chancery and won it. This victory saved the parish of Loughton, but grabbing went on elsewhere, and at Chingford the lord of the manor actually inclosed 400 acres without bothering to buy the Crown's rights. A hard fight ensued, only the buxtons of the seventeen land-holding families opposing the system of inclosure, but Mr. Fawcett took the case into the Commons and fought his own liberal Government. Even when the Government had to move it proposed to give the lords of the manor the 3,000 acres they had stolen and 2,000 more, and out of the remaining 1,600 to apply 400 to satisfy the commoners, giving the public one-tenth of the land for six parks of 100 acres each. This impudent proposition was promptly slaughtered, and a royal commission was ordered to report a plan for preserving and managing the forest in the interest of the public.

Just at this moment the London commissioners of sewers bought the old manor of Aldersbrook for a cemetery. In Charles I.'s time the lord of this manor claimed for himself and tenants rights of common of pasture throughout the length and breadth of the forest waste, and the corporation sued in chancery to establish its rights. In 1874 the city of London won its case, all inclosures since 1851 being declared illegal. The fight lasted four years more, as the Government tried to save not only the lots that the grabbers had sold to innocent third parties, on which these latter had built, but the fields the grabbers had not built upon. At a critical moment one of the "preservationists," Mr. George Burney, loaded several 'buses with laborers and went and tore down every fence, daring the land-thieves to rebuild them. The final result was the appointment of Sir Arthur Hobhouse as sole arbitrator and the granting to innocent buyers and builders of just so much land as would make their dwellings habitable. Altogether, instead of the 600 acres offered in 1870, the Londoners have recovered 5,600 acres to be free to them forever as a park and recreation ground. The cost to the city has been about $1,250,000, of which $900,000 was raised by the London corn trade, the dealers having in 1872 arranged to pay three-sixteenths of a penny on every hundred-weight of grain brought into port of London during a period of thirty years. The people of Loughton got $35,000 for surrendering their claim to the "lop-wood." The forest is being improved and planted, roads have been opened, the waters have been stocked with fish, the "forest blacks," formidable tribes of tramps, have been expelled, the deer and all birds and beasts have been taken under protection. By an act of poetic vengeance Wanstead Park has been acquired. The land-grabbing Earl of Mornington stripped it of its timber, and sold the mansion, the finest in Essex, piecemeal, to satisfy his creditors, but the thirty-acre lake remains a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Lord Mornington, the Duke of Wellington's nephew, died a blackguard and a scoundrel, ruined by his creditors, having broken the heart of his beautiful wife, and having been declared by the law unfit to live with his children.

Such is the decidedly curious story of Epping forest, which, if it shows that the English courts will still do justice, and that a sturdy public spirit still exists in rich and poor alike, also casts a strange light on the land system under which such wholesale thefts can be committed at the very gates of London and in the middle of the nineteenth century.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

A Pest of Rabbits.

New Zealand has suffered grievously from the ravages of these gentlest of furry foes. About twenty years ago a colonist brought seven rabbits from the old country to his new home at Invercargill in the southern isle. It was thought that to turn these adrift on the bleak sand-hills along the coast could not fail to prove a benefit to the colony. For some years this answered capitally, and the colonists enjoyed excellent shooting on the links (as such a seaboard is called in Scotland.) But ere long the rabbits increased to such an extent that they cropped every blade of grass and even devoured the roots, which alone bound the light sand-hills and prevented them from blowing over the better soil inland. Very soon this evil occurred, and the land was greatly injured. Then the farmers on the seacoast began shooting and trapping in earnest; but by this time some more rabbits had been imported to Otago, and from these two centers the mischief rapidly spread. Considering that each rabbit breeds eight times a year, and produces an average of six young at each litter, it is easy to perceive how rapid must be their increase. On the other hand their foes are few, the settlers in the interior living eight or ten miles apart—a lonely life, in truth, where perhaps half a dozen men herd the flocks which range over fifty thousand acres. It became evident that these shepherds could never check the progress of the evil without assistance, so men were hired to ferret, trap, shoot or worry the invaders. These men traveled with large packs of dogs, numbering from one to two dozen. They were paid at the rate of 2d. a skin. It was, however, soon found that the sale of skins fetched less than they cost, while the presence of strange dogs disturbed the sheep and often resulted in their being worried. The sheep-runs being in general tracts of crown land, merely rented by the farmer for a limited term of years for the purpose of rearing stock, it was found in many cases not to be worth the expense of attempting to cope with the mischief. One cure after another was tried, such as stopping the burrows with cotton-waste saturated in bisulphide of carbon, but all were successively given up as useless efforts to meet so wide-spread an evil. In many cases it was found that the land could no longer support one-fourth of its former number of sheep, so the holders were absolutely compelled to throw up their leases and abandon their runs. The extent of the ravages could hardly be credited were it not for the cut-and-dry statistics of the rabbit nuisance committee. I may quote a few extracts from the evidence of many gentlemen owning large sheep-runs in the provinces of Otago and SouthCanterbury. Many begin by stating how incredulous they were at first that rabbits would even take to the new country sufficiently to afford them sport. All too quickly their eyes were opened. For instance, in South Canterbury, Messrs. Cargill and Anderson killed fifty thousand rabbits by poison a year ago, but in the following spring their sheep-run was just as densely peopled by them as though not one had perished. Mr. Kitchen states that he kept nearly a hundred men working as rabbit-killers for four months, and succeeded in clearing his land. Now they are worse than ever. Mr. Rees says that he killed 180,000 last year, and his employer, Mr. R. Campbell, expended £3,000 in one year in attempting to keep down the pest on his runs of 168,000 acres. Still the plague spreads; and the whole land from Waitaki to Foveax Strait is more or less infested with rabbits. Many districts are just a vast warren, on which it is impossible to keep sheep at all. Mr. R. Campbell alone has been compelled to abandon 250,000 acres. Chiefly in Southland and Wallace Counties, and on the North Maira Lake and Greenstone Valley several other sheep farmers have also been forced to abandon runs of from 15,000 to 16,000 neres. Many estates, though less seriously injured than these, have still suffered so greatly that their value is immensely deteriorated. Eight runs, which formerly brought in a rental of £1,000 per annum, now let for £170. The Burwood run is instanced as one which used to carry 80,000 sheep, but now barely provides food for 24,000. In 1878 the total number of the sheep in colony was upward of 13,000,000; in 1879 it was reduced to about 11,500,000, and this decrease, though now considerably checked, has continued. The loss on the exports of wool and tallow is estimated at £500,000 per annum. On the other hand, in 1879, there were exported from New Zealand upward of 5,000,000 rabbit skins—value £46,750—and in the following year upward of 7,000,000 rabbit skins sold for £66,976.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

—The Silesian *Gazette* reports a hail storm in villages of that province that was of amazing destructiveness. Stones of the size of hen's eggs were showered throughout a whole night upon the unfortunate hamlets, and they fell with such force that they crushed through roofs, killed horses and cattle, destroying barns and dwellings, and broke down trees. At the same time a brook that ran near by rose until it became a rushing torrent and burst over the adjoining lands. In the morning it was found that eleven persons had lost their lives, their bodies being found bruised and disfigured beyond recognition; horses and cattle were killed, and many buildings destroyed, or so badly injured that they had to be torn down.

How Beeswax Is Made.

In every apiary should be a box or barrel in which to throw all waste comb, and the cappings that are shaved off the combs when extracting. When much transferring or extracting is done, considerable wax can in this manner be saved, and it is as easy to save it as it is to throw it away. During the hot weather these refuse combs and cappings should be melted up into wax quite often; otherwise they will become infested with the bee moth's larvæ, and thereby destroyed. There are several methods of melting up combs and cappings into wax, but I have tried none that is more simple, or better, than to make a bag out of some coarse sacking, fill it with pieces of comb, tie it up, and put it into a wash boiler. Set the boiler on the stove and fill it nearly full of water. When the water is almost hot enough to boil, take a stick and punch, poke, and press the bag until the wax is all melted and risen to the top. Now lay a narrow strip of board across the top of the boiler, and tie it fast to the handles; then take two or three sticks that are nearly as long as the boiler is deep, press the bag down to the bottom of the boiler with these sticks, and keep it in this position by putting the upper ends of the sticks under the strip of board that is fastened across the top of the boiler. Now set the boiler off the stove, and when its contents are cold, the wax can be taken off in one solid cake. In passing through the bag the wax is cleansed from all coarse impurities, while the fine particles of dirt that do escape will be found either upon the top or bottom of the cake of wax from whence they can easily be removed.

When the combs and cappings have all been worked up, and the cakes of wax have been scraped free from all dirt or sediment, the cakes should all be put into the boiler, melted up together, and the wax run into neat cakes.

I made twenty-five pounds of wax, last spring, in the above manner, and the nicest wax I ever saw. To clean utensils from beeswax, they should first be scraped with a knife as clean as possible, and then rubbed with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil. Beeswax is sometimes adulterated with paraffine, ceresin, or tallow. To detect these frauds, a piece of wax should be chewed; if adulterated, even slightly, with either, it will chew like gum, while, if pure, it will crumble and break to pieces in the mouth, and will not make gum at all.—*W. Z. Hutchinson, in Country Gentleman.*

Old Time Sermons.

According to the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" the sermons of the old Dutch dominie in New York were fearfully and wonderfully made. "As there was no hour glass in the pulpit," he says, "or warning clock in the bleak, square edifice, the dominie, merely for form's sake, consulted his ponderous gold 'bull's-eye,' and placed it out of arm's reach before beginning his discourse, but was only restrained in his zealous labor of love by utter physical exhaustion. Men were strong then, ministers' sermons were long, loud, ponderous, nay, even muscular—they clinched each telling point with a heavy right-hand blow on the sacred volume before them, as if resolved to fix it there for all coming generations. After the pewter plate had gone round for pennies, another eight-stanza hymn, closing with the doxology, was shouted, when followed the benediction, which to-day would be considered a prayer of reasonable duration, but was always a blessing to youngsters; for during its delivery they were permitted to stand. On the walk home grandmother said the sermon was full of refreshing consolations; father spoke of its vital power; mother thought the Doctor had never been happier, while the children were delighted when the massive Bible was shut with a slam, denoting a speedy termination of the sermon. The prominent points of the morning lesson were again set before them in the lengthened grace, ere they were permitted to eat the cold apple pie, merely as a sustainer of nature, that they might be fortified in the inner man to endure the afternoon and evening services, which were nearly equal in extent and power to the grand trial of the morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Queer Surgical Case.

The celebrated Vienna surgeon, Prof. Billroth, has at present in his hospital a case which will shortly create some sensation in the medical world. One of his patients has been in the habit for the last six years of "rinsing" his stomach daily. This manipulation, one of the wonders of modern therapeutics, consists of inserting a tube into the stomach through the gullet, and pouring lukewarm, or medicated water through the tube by means of a funnel, till the stomach is full. Then, by simply lowering the end of the tube to the waist, a siphon is formed, and the stomach is emptied. The patients who undergo this operation suffer mostly from chronic catarrah of the digestive organs. The process is so simple that they soon learn to perform it unaided, and this was the case with the above mentioned patient. Unfortunately for him, he had not thought it necessary, or did not possess the means of purchasing a new tube, but contented himself with mending and patching, and tying defective parts with thread. The inevitable took place. A portion of the tube, measuring eight inches at least, remained in his stomach, and he is now awaiting Prof. Billroth's decision as to the best means of treatment. The skillful surgeon is still hesitating between the two courses open to him; he must either attempt to extract the intruder throught the œsophagus, with the help of gastroscopy, or he must resort to gastronomy. Meanwhile the patient enjoys a good appetite.—*London Life.*

—The artificial foods used for young horses should be rich in flesh-formers, like clover, hay, beans, peas, oats and linseed cake. A few cut swedes daily aid digestion, and tend to maintain the general health. Regularity in feeding is an important point. Compared with the bulk of the animal itself the stomach of the horse is small, hence it should be frequently replenished. Long fasts produce flatulency and indigestion.

—Agricultural journals published in London, according to one of the leading ones, have a very small circulation.

The Dyspeptic's Struggle.

Dyspeptics, with morbid appetite, if intelligent, conscientious, and determined not to abuse themselves, are constantly engaged in a hard struggle, in a hand to hand fight. The dyspeptic sits at the table at each meal with a determined will, and gives his whole mind to it.

He says, now I will eat one dish of soup, a small piece of the beef, one spoonful of the potato, one of squash, a small piece of pie, and just a spoonful of ice cream. But his appetite is ravenous; the conversation pleasant; he forgets a little, his good resolution lets up; he takes just one more mouthful of pie, which turns out, of course, to be another piece, just the least bit of pudding, which they all declare to be delicious, then another spoonful of ice cream; well, in short, he repeats for the thousandth time an excess, suffers, and so goes on for months and years.

This struggle of the dyspeptic always seems to me most pitiful. Eating was designed by the Good Creator to afford a real, unmixed pleasure. It is sad to see it changed into a bitter fight between appetite and conscience. Besides, this earnest effort of the will breaks in upon the pleasant flow and harmony of nature, and disturbs digestion. The whole trouble grows out of a lack of common sense in the management of our meals.

What sense, I should like to ask, is there in this: Suppose a drunkard finds himself too weak to resist temptation, and he persists in keeping right before him the most delicious liquors, in placing right under his nose, several times a day, just that brandy which he never found himself strong enough to resist. What an idiot! we all should exclaim. Not only Miss Ophelia, but every one with five grains of common sense would cry out, "Why don't the fool keep away from it?"

For one man who is spoiled with drink, a hundred are spoiled with pie, cake and other similar trash. I join this common-sense party, and ask why they don't keep away? Take, for example, the ordinary American family, consisting, say, of half a dozen persons. Nine-tenths of the dyspeptics of this country live in such families. Of these persons, constituting a large part of the population, not one in ten has a perfect stomach. Now, I ask, can't these people shun this sweetmeat and pastry temptation? Nothing is simpler and easier; and I will add that few duties are more sacred and imperative.

The time will soon come when intelligent mothers will no more think of providing such stuff for their children, than they would prepare whisky slings for them.

Just now, we feel about these things as people used to feel about whisky. Nothing mortified a good deacon more than to be caught with no whisky in the house. What, no whisky? If, when the minister called, our good deacon could not set out a decanter before him he was poor indeed!

And now, when entertaining friends at your table, if you can't close the dinner with pudding and pie, or if you can't present them at the supper-table with preserves, cake, strong tea and half a dozen other indigestible things, you feel it is "real mean." What! nothing but roast beef, potatoes and bread for dinner; and nothing but a plain sandwich for supper,"—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

Coal Mining With Lime.

At last there appears a possibility that the terrible loss of life which annually occurs in these isles through mining accidents will soon be sensibly reduced. At the present meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Mosley read a long and instructive paper on a new method of winning coal. The principal feature is that cartridges containing lime in a highly caustic condition are employed instead of explosives. After one of these has been rammed down tightly to the bottom of the shot-hole and "tamped," water is injected into the cartridges by means of a small force-pump and hose, and a rapid generation of steam then takes place, gradually rending asunder the coal in all directions, and, in short performing all the duties of gunpowder or dynamite. It is too early as yet to say whether this process will prove applicable in all cases. When lately tried at the Shipley collieries it more than answered expectations, having worked 140 tons more coal in 100 hours less time than the wedge method did in the next "stall." Commercially, therefore, its success seems to be demonstrated under the conditions which exist at the Shipley pits. It is further claimed for this invention, apparently on good grounds, that it gives absolute immunity from gas explosion, as no fire or flame is generated; that it does not create any smoke or noxious odor; that unskilled labor can work it, and that the men engaged always have plenty of time to get away before the coal begins to fall. Should only a portion of these pretensions be established, coal winning by lime will assuredly replace all other methods.—*London Globe.*

Ancient Paper Currency.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money" or "convenient money," first issued in China 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under Government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentially similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words and in the pictorial representation of coins or heaps of coin equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties for counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift—"Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One issued in 1399 is preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.

—Several planters living in the overflowed district of Terrebonne, La., have sold their mules and will not attempt to cultivate their lands until there is a certainty of the levees being rebuilt and their plantations protected from overflow. They are utterly discouraged by the experience of this year.—*Chicago Times.*

For Young Readers.

LITTLE HANS.

Little Hans was helping mother
Carry home the lady's basket;
Chubby hands of course were lifting
One great handle—can you ask it?
As he lugged away beside her,
Feeling oh! so brave and strong,
Little Hans was softly singing
To himself a little song:

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
Though I think it's very funny,
And I'll work and build big houses,
And give mother all the money.
For," and little Hans stopped singing,
Feeling oh! so strong and grand,
"I have got the sweetest mother
You can find in all the land."

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

LITTLE TROT'S ADVENTURE.

One fine spring morning a fine little girl came toddling in to be admired by her admiring grandma and aunties before going down town.

"See my tockings!" she said, holding out one plump leg, and nearly toppling over as she tried to balance herself on the other.

"Booful, darling!" said grandma, obligingly; for in her heart of hearts she thought the gay-colored stripes an abomination, and considered white to be the "only proper thing for little girls," or anybody else.

"Ozer one's booful, too!" said Trot, holding it out for inspection.

Just then Trot's mother, Mrs. Dainty, came to the door and said: "Come, precious, run; here's the car," which startled the girl so that she toppled over entirely, and had to be picked up and straightened out by grandma, and kissed and comforted by her mamma and all her aunties, which took so long that two or three cars had a chance to trundle by before they were ready to go.

Mr. Dainty's store, so Trot thought, was a very dull and uninteresting place, full of big boxes, hammers, saws, files and nails; so, after she had shown her new stockings to her papa, she went out to the door in search of amusement, and, not seeing anything but a yellow spotted dog which interested her, she slipped out and walked composedly down the street.

She looked back once or twice, expecting to see mother or father after her, but they were busy talking, and if they thought of her at all they supposed that she was just outside the door.

Not being at all in favor of straight lines, she turned up this street and down that, gazing about her with great delight and trying to "make believe" that she was a "big, grown up lady."

She did think of her mamma once, and seeing a pleasant-looking man driving along in a buggy she stood on the edge of the sidewalk and called out as loud as she could: "Mister! Mister Man!"

He looked at the little red-cheeked mite and drew up his horse, saying, pleasantly enough:

"Well?"

"If you see my mamma, tell her not to be worried."

"But I'm afraid she *will* be worried," said he—"I think he must have had a little red-cheeked girl at home—"and you had better get right into my buggy and let me take you back to her."

"No, fank you!" replied Trot, with a gracious bow; "I've dot to doe dis way;" with which she walked serenely off and left her new acquaintance gazing after her in surprise and amusement.

"Whose girl is that?" he said to himself as he went on. "I've seen her somewhere before."

It was not until hours after, when he met his friend Dainty coming from the police office; that he was able to place the midget.

Trot made very slow progress, for she had to stop and gaze at everything; but she had crossed and recrossed so many streets that the father and mother, who were frantically searching for her by this time, were completely off the track.

At length even she began to think of being tired and going home; she was not by any means the same Trot who had slipped out of the store-door and started on and exploring expedition, for her hair was in her eyes and her face was sticky and dirty; also her hands, in one of which was grasped the remains of a stick of candy.

The young man with hair parted in the middle was slightly surprised when this little tassie walked in and said.

"I'll take a tick of candy."

"Where's your money?" he inquired.

"I ain't dot no money, but my papa dot a whole pottet full," replied the small customer.

"Where is your papa?"

"I don't know," replied Trot, indifferently!

"I'll give you a stick of candy for a kiss," said he.

"All right," she said, and, standing on tiptoe, she kissed him over the counter and trotted off, evidently quite satisfied.

She had worse luck in a bakery, kept by a sour-faced woman, where she applied for a cake.

"How many do you want?" said the woman.

"Just one," replied Trot, patronizingly.

"What for?" was the next question.

"To *eat*, of tourse!" exclaimed the midget, astonished.

"Where's your money?"

"Ain't dot none."

"Then go right out of my store, you little beggar!" said Sourface, crossly.

Trot retreated to the door, from which place of safety she faced the woman and said, indignantly:

"I ain't a beddar! You tink beddars wear dis kind of tockings?" and stamping her little foot she stalked solemnly away.

She still tried to make believe that she was a grown-up lady, but with very poor success; she wanted her mamma more and more with each moment, though she was quite above admitting it, even to herself.

She did not dare ask anybody to show her the way home, for her confidence in the general amiability of human-kind was shaken sadly since her experience in the bakery; her little legs, despite the much-prized stockings, began to be fearfully tired, and when the candy was all gone she realized that she was exceedingly hungry.

Kearney street, where she now wandered, was crowded with people, and as Trot walked along she looked wistfully in every one's face, feeling sure that among so many people she must find her mamma; nobody spoke to her, probably because of that calm self-sustained air of hers, which made her seem as if she knew just where she was going.

So tired that she could hardly move, she at length sat down upon the step of a small store, feeling more forlorn than she had ever felt in her life before, and wishing to see her mamma with almost agonizing fervor.

But her rest was not long; a boy who had been left in charge of the store, feeling the immense importance of his position, came out and shook the little waif rudely by the shoulder, saying:

"Come, get out of this! We don't want you blocking up the doorway!"

"You let me 'lone!" cried the midget, jerking herself out of his hand; then, as the full wretchedness of her situation came upon her, she cried out in a flood of tears:

"Mamma! I want my mamma!"

"See here, sir! I've a great mind to dust your jacket for you!" said a young man who had seen the boy, and heard poor little Trot's despairing cry. "What do you mean by catching hold of a little girl that way?" The boy muttered something about blocking up the doorway, and judiciously retreated.

"What's the matter, dear?" he then said, turning to Trot. "Are you lost?"

"No," sobbed Trot, "I'm here; my mamma's lost! And my house, too!

He lifted her up in his arms, and wiped the tears away gently from her poor little dirty face; he was a young fellow, not more than twenty, plain and even rough in his dress, but Trot knew that she had found a friend, and putting both her plump arms around his neck, she said:

"Take me to my mamma!"

"Yes, darling," he said; it seemed a long time to Trot since she had been called darling; and that morning visit to grandma seemed so long ago that she could hardly remember it.

He asked her name, but could not understand her answer, though he tried his best; then he asked her where she lived. "On Busk street" said Trot; but she could tell him no more, only she could tell the house when she saw it.

"All right!" said the kindly young fellow, "then we'll walk until we find it."

He carried her, for she was too tired and footsore to walk, block after block, in the gathering twilight; perhaps he never realized before how long Bush street was, or how heavy a little girl could be, but at last he found it.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Tourse I ture!" responded Trot, joyfully.

He put her down on the doorstep, and kissing her good-bye, walked rapidly away, not even waiting to be thanked by that grateful father and mother whose gratitude words could not have expressed; but in their thanks that night they prayed that a shining mark might be placed that day against his name.—*Clara G. Dolliver, in Christian Union.*

Grandfather and His Spectacles.

One day Grandfather Shriff lost his spectacles. "Where can they be? May be they are on the mantel." So he hunted, but could not find them on the mantel.

"Where can they be? Perhaps they are among the books." So he hunted and hunted, but could not find them among the books.

"Perhaps they are in the other room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the other room.

"Perhaps they are up-stairs." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them up-stairs.

"Perhaps I dropped them somewhere in the front yard. So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them anywhere in the front yard.

"Perhaps they are out in the dining-room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the dining-room.

At last he asked old Aunt Harriet, the cook. "Why marster, there they is, right on the top of your head." And, sure enough, there they were. Didn't we all laugh at grandfather!—*Our Little Ones.*

A Narrow Escape.

A narrow escape from a most painful scene is reported from a local newspaper office. The publication in question has a new reporter, who is enterprising and willing, as most young men are when they first begin in "journalism," but who doesn't yet know as much as he probably will at a later period of his career. He came in with the report of a public meeting the other day, in the course of which he had stated that "the Hon. Mr. So-and-so followed the previous speaker with a few feeble remarks upon the case under discussion." The city editor remonstrated with the young man, and was not appeased when the reporter told him that the honorable gentleman in question had himself said when he first got upon his legs that all he could contribute to the debate would be a few feeble remarks. So the editor took up his own pen and changed the reporter's manuscript so that it read that "the Hon. Mr. So-and-so then made a few trenchant remarks upon the case in point, which he delivered in that eloquent and scholarly way which is characteristic of all his public utterances," and having achieved this feat with proficient ease, he sent the reporter back to his desk. And early the next morning the Hon. Mr. So-and-so sent his office boy around and bought fifty papers, whereas if the reporter's original "copy" had got to the composing room unchallenged he would probably have come up to the office in person with a club.—*Boston Journal.*

—George I., of Greece, is perhaps the most unpopular monarch in Europe. He seldom visits any public assembly or institution, or manifests any interest in public affairs. His subjects think that he regards Greece merely as a rented estate, out of which he is striving to make as much money as possible while his tenure lasts.

—When rich females steal it is called kleptomania and they are let off; but a starving working woman who has the audacity to do likewise is promptly prosecuted.—*Courier-Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Japanese persimmons can be grown in tubs, like oranges, and transferred to the cellar late in the fall for protection against frost.

—A steam plow has been sent from England to Dakota, where contracts are made for plowing large tracts of land at the rate of three dollars per acre.

—The best peach-growing belt of the United States extends from the middle of North Carolina through South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and a part of Mississippi.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It requires about 5,000 young fish to stock a pond of one acre in extent. Of fish weighing from one to two pounds 1,000 to the acre is a liberal estimate, and these will require artificial feeding unless the pond is very rich with food-producing vegetation.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Successful poultry raisers are those who always have pure water and grass runs for their fowls. Chickens should never be permitted access to the horse-stable, and it is bad policy to allow them to make themselves at home in the haymow. Their coops should be entirely separate from the stable.

—As a rule it is better to sow grass-seed early than late, for when the sun has great power, young plants are readily killed, and a long dry season results in the cracking of heavier soils, which is very destructive to grasses. Early summer sowing is a frequent source of disappointment, as if often happens that seed which has come up perfectly is *killed* by intense and long-continued heat.

—Browned potatoes are very much liked now when new potatoes in the market render the old ones tasteless. Peel them and steam them until they are tender; then about half or three-quarters of an hour before dinner—supposing there is a roast of beef or lamb or fowl in the dripping-pan in the oven—lay the potatoes under the meat. When they are browned take them out with a skimmer, let them drain, and send them to the table on the platter with the roast.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Fruit Jumbles.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups and a half of flour, half a cup of milk, three eggs, half a nutmeg grated, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of English currants. Wash the fruit in at least three waters before adding them to the dough. Bake the jumbles in a broad, shallow tin, cut them in squares while warm, using a thin, sharp knife. If the dough is stiff you can mark the squares with a fork before baking.—*Christian Union.*

Going Into Sheep.

A new beginner, who has had no experience with sheep, asks us whether it would be safe for him to buy 200 or more sheep after shearing, with a view of feeding them for market. He has pasture for them, and thinks of feeding them in winter, for spring sale. If our correspondent wishes to take a lesson in dear-bought experience, which will make a most lasting impression, then his project would probably be entirely successful. We generally advise taking lessons at a lower figure. Sheep feeding requires a good deal of judgment, founded on experience, to manage profitably. We have known one instance where "New Beginner's" project was tried successfully, and a fair margin left on the transaction; but the circumstances were exceptionally favorable—he had an experienced Mentor at his elbow in the purchase, and at frequent periods in the feeding, as well as in the sale at the time of marketing. These three things are important landmarks in the sheep business—to know how to buy, how to feed, and, lastly, how to sell. A slight mistake in each part is sure to result in a loss. It is generally thought to be more risky for a new beginner to attempt the feeding of 200 sheep, than a proportionate number of cattle, but he is not likely to be successful in either. If our correspondent has a liking for sheep, or thinks he would have, it would be safer for him to try a small number—say ten to twenty—and then feel his way up to greater numbers. Let him visit the nearest sheep market, and leisurely inspect the different grades, and see how each stands when brought to sale; keep his eyes open to all the points, and remember them in his selections. This will be cheaper than his large experiment, for a new beginner. Again, if he should spend a little time in visiting some successful feeders, and get an insight into their way of doing it, he will be taking practical lessons at what they are well worth to him. It may be considered somewhat strange that farmers do not visit each other more in search of the practical experience of those who have succeeded in any specialty. This is in the natural line of those who do not believe in book-farming, but even this sensible way of gaining information is not much pursued.

We would suggest that "New Beginner" might find a flock which he might pasture through the summer, at so much per head, and thus gain some information in handling them. A flock of 200 sheep, well bought, the latter part of June, to be pastured through the remainder of the season, with a view of feeding for sale at the most favorable period, should be judiciously fed from the start. If the pasture is good the sheep will do well on that alone, but a little extra feed will be liberally repaid in fattening. As fattening is the object sought, let this be done in the most economical way. A little grain on pasture will pay much better than the same amount of grain in winter. As we have often advised, economy requires that animals intended for meat should be pushed in the warm season. A quarter of a pound of corn and oats, or corn and wheat bran, or corn and linseed meal, mixed, for each sheep, will produce a greater result than twice that amount of feed in winter with good hay. The time to give a start to fattening sheep is in summer. If these sheep become fat in the fall, so much the better are they for feeding in winter. Such sheep will stand the cold, and gain on a much smaller ration than if they were thin in the fall. The best western feeders of cattle wisely give corn on pasture. Sheep feeding should be done in the same way, except that it is better to give some more nitrogenous feed with corn. The rule should be to push the sheep in warm weather, and then feeding in winter will be comparatively easy.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

The Use of Ammonia in Baking.

The recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvelous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relation to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, having discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat and beat time itself, by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of human kind, are naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

Among the recent discoveries in this direction none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar when used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of the ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter, and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace or residuum whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuits, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined of course with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.—*Scientific American.*

—There is residing near Schraalenburg, N. J., a man named Peter Durie, who was born without hands or arms, and yet can write remarkably well, chiefly by using his lips. His ambition, backed by a persevering industry, has enabled him to overcome difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and he therefore qualified himself for an active business man. He is now nearly thirty years of age, and is a subject of absorbing interest to all who come in contact with him.

—A Judge in Mendicino County, Cal., has decided that it is not wrong to sell liquor to Indians, as they are citizens of the United States, who have the right, equal with other citizens, to buy whisky. The Supreme Court of the United States, on hearing all their decisions on this point reversed, will now adjourn.—*Chicago Herald.*

Greatest Discovery Since 1492.

For coughs, cold, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

An Indiana man killed the currant worms on his bushes with soft soap. Also, the bushes. He will have no more trouble.

What's Saved Is Gained.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

A Dutch Judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash hunishment plenty; I lifs mit one!"

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Samson wasn't the only man who could take up a residence. Almost anybody can do that; but as a real test of strength ask a man to lift a mortgage.

Mrs. Smithers had accidentally injured her ear. Dr. D—— was called and examined the injury, and applied a lotion to it. "There," said he, "your ear will do well now if you only take care of it carefully, and don't take cold; but if you don't keep your eye on it you are liable to lose your hearing entirely."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Patti is said to guard herself carefully against cold. She evidently does not believe in free sing.

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

An old gentleman, having been invited by an acquaintance to go out and see his country seat, went, and found it to be a stump in a large meadow.

That Iowa man who believes there will be another flood in 1885 and who sold his farm for lumber to build an ark, has been caged as a lunatic. Free thought is only for the rich.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Oscar Wilde so impressed a young man at Waco, Texas, that he constantly wears knee breeches, black stockings, a velvet coat, and a sunflower.

Phelan, who is recently over from the ould country, says that Jay Gould is a rale king. He didn't mean to play upon words, but he got on the right track that time.—*Boston Courier.*

The Treasurer of a county in New Mexico couldn't pay an order for $8 because he had no funds, and yet he had ordered two fire-proof safes at $600 each to hold the nothingness on hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are as full of airs as a muste-box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Where the Tax Falls.

The *Farmers' Journal* directs attention to a significant fact, that seems to have quite escaped public attention, in connection with the tax on distilled spirits, viz.: that whisky which is used as a beverage, and is at best but a luxury, pays but about one half the tax per gallon that is paid by alcohol, which enters into the arts and manufactures and is a chemical agent of inestimable value. The explanation is that whisky is only about one-half the strength or proof of alcohol.

Many seem to think that a high tax tends to lessen the use of spirits as a beverage. This view, however, does not seem to be sustained by the facts or the statistics of the Revenue Department. Before the tax was put upon spirits fully 33 per cent. of all that was made was used in the arts and in manufacturing. Now nearly all that is made appears to be consumed as a beverage. Before the days of the tax alcohol was extensively used in preparing dyes for calico, carpets, etc. It was also largely used by furniture manufacturers, varnish makers, hatters, druggists and in many other industries. Now wherever it is possible substitutes are employed, such as wood spirits and fusel oil, which have an objectionable odor and are rank poisons.

It is estimated by those most competent to judge that if the tax should be reduced to 50 cents per gallon that at least 16,000,000 gallons of alcohol would be used in the above industries. This would create a market for over 4,000,000 bushels of grain, while it is further claimed that the Government would suffer no loss of revenue.

—A bunch of bananas, over three feet long, showing 250 specimens of that delicious fruit, has been raised in Key West.

"Don't you love birds, Mr. Froseman, and all their sweet little ways?" "I do, Miss Gusbington, dearly—on toast."

Is your scalp full of dry husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within 6 days; try it, for it is the best head dressing ever used. Sold by all druggists at $1 per package. Also his celebrated Celery and Chamomile Pills, at 50c per box. The recognized standard remedy for all headaches and nervousness.

A little Georgia baby fell down a well and was already out of sight when a neighbor, attracted by its mother's cries, came to rescue it. In taking off the timbers through whose crevices the child had fallen, some of them fell into the water. The disturbance in the water caused the child to rise to the surface when she was picked up and resuscitated. That is certainly a new way of raising children.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."—*Salem Post.*

It's a veteran jest to say that, "while a hen lays an egg, a ship lays to;" but on board the vessel you can actually see a helay.—*N. Y. News.*

"Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of Kidney-Wort began with wise, cautious and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hardworking man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

The Israelites didn't have such a bad time in the wilderness, after all. They certainly had enough to eat—all manna of food, in fact.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

"The parting gives me pain," as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

☞ The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

A collector of antique furniture was hunting through the auction shops the other day for a "signal service bureau."

Don't Die in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, comes an old shoe."

Bloating headaches, nervous prostration and spinal weakness cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A woman's heart is a small affair, but it can upset the biggest man that ever adorned this world.

Redding's Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25 cts.

An Idaho man followed a bear into a cave and forgot to come out.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

A corn-dodger—A man who avoids wearing tight boots.

Wise's Axle Grease does not gum, or run off.

Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam, for diarrhea.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

15,000 CARPENTERS now use Cor Saw Filer to file all kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 34, Phila'a, Pa.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

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HEALTH

At this season the health needs careful attention. The blood being weakened and the system run down, dangerous disease is liable to secure a hold that cannot be easily removed. What at first appears to be but slight indisposition, often develops into troubles that may be incurable.

At this season the liver becomes inactive, the complexion sallow, pimples appear on the skin, dyspepsia and indigestion affect the digestive organs, &c.

What is needed is a complete, reliable and strengthening tonic. Such a medicine is

Brown's Iron Bitters,

which, by its great strengthening powers, diffuses new life in the blood, revitalizes the whole system, giving tone to the stomach, muscles and nerves, effectually relieving all weakness and tendency to lassitude.

Brown's Iron Bitters is a true tonic which has been thoroughly tried, is made by a reliable firm, and has the hearty endorsement of the medical profession. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, and malaria, and relieve all wasting diseases, such as consumption and kidney affections.

As a medicine for those diseases peculiar to women it is without a rival.

For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

One Dollar a Bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter stamps. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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MILITARY.—Knots and Epaulettes; Laces and Fringes (Bullion); Feathers and Plumes; Saddles and Bridles; Military, Band and Police Helmets; Military, Band and Police Hats; Military, Band and Police Caps; Metal and Bullion Ornaments; Belts and Music Boxes; Cartridge Boxes; Bayonet Scabbards; Knapsacks; Monograms; Band, Military, Navy and Society Chapeaux; Fur Gloves; Buttons (all States); Cords; Sashes; Spurs; Sword Knots; Gauntlets.

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We have constantly on hand a class of Uniform which we call "second-hand," but little worn, and almost as good as new. Single Uniform consists of Coat, Pants, Epaulette, Hat and Pompon. They cost new from $40 to $45. We offer them at $15 Grey and $18 Blue a suit; and agree to send sample suit to any organization on receipt of $5 as a guarantee of faith.

1000 Pairs White Duck Pantaloons always in stock. We can equip a thousand men at a day's notice. Estimates on new Uniforms promptly furnished. Samples of goods and military plate sent to any address on application.

We have furnished complete outfits to 200 Bands and Military Organizations during the past year.

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Height, 75 ins., Length, 46 ins., Depth, 24 ins.

New Style No. 9000, Handsome Solid Black Walnut Case with Organ Bench and Music Book.

27 STOPS, 10 FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.

THE FAMOUS 27 STOP BEETHOVEN ORGANS.

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

PRICE Boxed with Organ Bench, Book and Music, ONLY $90.00

CASE.—Handsome Solid Black Walnut, manufactured so as not to take the dirt or dust. Thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, so that it will stand the test of any climate, handsome rubbed Varnish finish and polish; carved and ornamented with arabesque designs in gold, fret music desk, pocket, handles and lamp stands. It is built to last, not for show.

ACTION.—Containing 27 Stops, with a great variety of Stop Combinations, enabling the performer to imitate (by following the simple instructions sent) a French Horn, Violin, Piccolo, Saxaphone, Full Orchestra, Cello, Church Pipe Organ, and many other beautiful effects. In addition you have the regular ordinary Organ at your command.

27 STOPS as follows:

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3—Clarabella.
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7—Viol di Gamba, 8 foot tone
8—Diapason, 8 foot tone.
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10—Grand Expressione, 8 foot tone.
11—French Horn, 1 foot tone.
12—Harp Aeolian.
13—Vox Humana, Tremulant.
14—Echo, 8 foot tone.
15—Dulciana, 9 foot tone.
16—Clarionet, 8 foot tone.
17—Vox Celeste, 8 foot tone.
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19—Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 foot tone.
20—Piccolo, 2 foot tone.
21—Cumpler Harmonique.
22—Orchestral Forte.
23—Grand Organ Knee Stop.
24—Right Knee Stop.
25—Automatic Valve Stop.
26—Right Duplex Damper.
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With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

BELLOWS.—Finest Treble Rubber, Upright pattern, three bellows combined, with four Steel Springs, with Automatic Valve Stop, an ingenious arrangement for preventing an over-supply of air.

REEDS.—10 full Sets Reeds. Are of the Celebrated Golden Tongue (patented,) the tongue of which are secured to the block by dovetailing instead of ordinary rivet, which soon breaks or rattles. The Golden Tongue never breaks or wears out, holds its tone perfectly. No tuning is ever required after leaving factory.

TONE.—Superb, Thrillingly Sweet and Pure. I challenge comparison with any instrument ever manufactured at four times the price. An Organ like the above containing the same variety of music would cost through high-priced organ manufacturers at least $480. This combination of Reed-Board and Stop Work, bear in mind, in the BEETHOVEN is patented. No other organ maker can build it.

PRICE.—The price of this Organ, which includes a music book, organ bench, choice music, &c., securely packed and delivered on board the cars at Washington, New Jersey, is *ONLY $90.00.*

TERMS.—The terms are Net Cash. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Express prepaid.

WARRANTED.—The BEETHOVEN is warranted for six years. Shipped on one year's trial.

FACTORY.—Corner Railroad Ave. and Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey. Largest in the world. Running *day and night* to fill all orders promptly

To Whom it May Concern:

If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's constant use, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, and is in any way not as represented in this advertisement, I hereby bind myself to take it back and refund you your money paid in correct funds, with legal interest of New Jersey, (six per cent.) I further agree to pay freight charges on the instrument both ways, the money to be refunded immediately upon receipt of the instrument at Washington, New Jersey. I further agree, if requested, to exchange it for any other organ or piano as shown in my catalogue.

Very truly yours,

Daniel F. Beatty

HOW TO ORDER—Enclosed find money for Beethoven Organ. I have read your statement in regard to it in this advertisement, and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in every particular, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forward it, at six per cent., according to your offer. *Be very particular to give your Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad.* ☞ *Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter or Express prepaid*

SPECIAL TEN DAY OFFER TO THE READERS OF THIS NEWSPAPER.

I desire the Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of this newspaper within the next ten days, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will remit me seventy-five ($75.00.) dollars, I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for ninety dollars ($90), which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to $125.00, on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

☞ I desire this instrument introduced without delay, and make this special offer so you may order one now. I look to future sales for my profit, as the Beethoven makes me thousands of friends. I regard this manner of introducing it better than spending hundreds of dollars in newspaper advertising. The Organ speaks for itself. Often 20 sales have been traced from the first sold in a new neighborhood.

☞ This offer is positively good for only ten days from date of this newspaper. PLEASE BEAR THIS IN MIND. This newspaper must be returned to secure this special price. If mailed from your postoffice within ten days from date, it will be received, not otherwise, or you may accept by telegraph on the last day, and remit by mail on that day. I shall POSITIVELY refuse all orders under $90, unless accompanied with this newspaper, and payment must be mailed within ten days as specified.

N. B.—As this special offer is limited and will not be repeated, if you have not all the money in hand, it will pay you to borrow a part from your friends, and thus secure the best organ that can be offered, at a less price than an ordinary organ by other makers is usually sold at.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the" INVALID'S DIET.

RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 25 cents, 50 cents, $1.25 and $3.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. ☞ Thousands of references from persons cured.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

at your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell KIDNEY-WORT

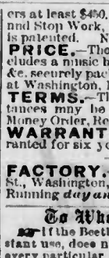

Employment for Ladies.

The Queen City Suspender Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Stocking Supporters for Ladies and Children, and their unequaled Skirt Suspenders for Ladies, and want reliable lady agents to sell them in every household. Our agents every where meet with ready success and make handsome salaries. Write at once for terms and secure exclusive territory. Address

Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ Leading Physicians recommend these Supporters. ☜

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood.

TEAS In abundance.—85 Million pounds Imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.

10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.

Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Please everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

ROBT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

DRUNKENNESS EASILY CURED. $40 Cures with the Double Chloride of Gold Remedy. Books Free. Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., Dwight, Ill., U. S. A.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, healthful, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or send by mail for 25c. C. E. Hires, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila.

AGENTS LOOK HERE! We furnish free with each United States Map a large splendid book showing the new census of every village in the United States. It makes the most lively Agents wanted in every county. O. C. MASKELL & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 879

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisements in this paper.

A City Under Ground.

For the past six months the work of digging the canal to connect Lakes Eustis and Dora, in order to open up the more southern lakes of the "Great Lake Region of Florida" has been prosecuted. The second cutting of the canal was finished last week, under the supervision of Mr. T. H. Sprott, who has been from the commencement one of the foremen on the work. At the outlet of Lake Dora the sand bar had already been cut to the depth of nearly or quite three feet on the previous digging, and was dug about two feet deeper last week. At a distance of over four feet below the old level of Lake Dora a mound was discovered. The first excavations revealed the existence of a clearly defined wall lying in a line tending toward the southwest from where it was first struck. This wall was composed of a dark brown standstone, very much crumbled in places, but more distinct, more clearly defined, and the stone more solid as the digging increased in depth. The wall was evidently the eastern side of an ancient home or fortification, as the slope of the outer wall was to the west. About eight feet from the slope of the eastern wall a mound of sand was struck, imbedded in the muck foundation above and around it. This sand mound was dug into only a few inches, as the depth of the water demanded but a slight increased depth of the channel at that point; but enough was discovered to warrant the belief that here on the northwestern shore of Lake Dora is submerged a city or town or fortification older by centuries than anything yet discovered in this portion of Florida. Small, curiously shaped blocks of standstone, some of them showing traces of fire, pieces of pottery and utensils made of a mottled flint, were thrown out by the men while working waist deep in water. A spear-head of mottled flint, five and a-half inches long by one and a quarter inches wide, nicely finished, was taken from the top of the sand mound and about four feet below the water-level of the Lake.

DRUNKENNESS NO EXCUSE FOR CRIME.—The New York Court of Appeals has recently passed upon the question whether drunkenness can be pleaded as a defense to a charge of murder. It was claimed by the counsel for a condemned murderer that his client was the victim of an appetite for drink which amounted to a disease that destroyed his will-power and rendered him legally irresponsible, as in the case of insanity. A new trial was therefore asked, because the court below had refused to charge the jury that the accused was not responsible if the crime had been committed when he was the victim of such disease or if committed while he was drunk. The Court of Appeals refuse to recognize drunkenness as any excuse for crime. It holds that not even frenzy or mental alienation caused by drink can exempt a person accused of murder from criminal responsibility. If a man voluntarily gets drunk and commits a crime while in that condition, he must answer for the consequences of his acts.

How those Baltimore Democrats must have felt when they looked around the walls of the hall they had hired for a caucus meeting and found such mottoes as "Never tell a lie," "To swear is vulgar," "Truth is noble," "An honest man is his country's pride," "We love one another," staring them in the face!—*New York Graphic.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word CAPCINE is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take to toxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

F. MARTIN,
Oakland Md.

P ENTS FOR INVENTION
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrous. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 284, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED
—FOR—
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 8-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.
Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time tablo of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6 cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers, and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

Insolvent's Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ephriam G. Blackburn vs. His Creditors. } No. 66 Insolvents.

ORDERED, This 20th day of April, 1882, that the third day of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is hereby fixed as the time at which Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett Co. to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that G. S. Hamill and Wm. P. Townshend, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of said petitioner, shall prior to the said third day of July next, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order, by publication in some newspaper printed in the town of Oakland.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test:
13 5 10ds
W. H. TOWER, Clerk.
G. S. HAMILL,
W. P. TOWNSHEND,
Permanent Trustees.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

Of valuable Real Estate, in Garrett County

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph Symons to John Bradburn, said mortgage being dated on the 25th day of July, in the year A. D. 877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 281, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned Mortagee will sell at public auction for cash, in front of Offutt's store in the Town of Oakland

ON TUESDAY JUNE THE 27th, AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

all that real estate situate lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lots Numbers 1648, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763,

containing 250 acres of land more or less.

Terms—cash on day of sale.
Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN BRADBURN,
Mortgagee.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
Solicitors. 6 24

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Two Farms for Sale.

The undersigned residing near Accident, offers for sale his two fine farms about three-fourths mile from Accident, on the Oakland road. The lower farm contains one hundred and twenty-five acres, all of which may be cultivated. It is improved by two new frame houses, one containing seven rooms, a new frame barn 85 feet long, apple orchard and other improvements.

The upper farm contains seventy-two acres, and is improved by a good frame house, stable and other out buildings.

These farms will be sold separately or as a whole.

Will be sold on easy terms, as I do not wish the money, but desire to have the interest paid promptly.

5 27 3 JACOB SHARTZER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland. Improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLICS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my premises generally known as the Michael Boyer farm, situate in the Flat Woods, Garrett county, Md.," by crossing over said farm throwing down fences, or otherwise, as I am determined to enforce the law in such case made and provided.

SOLOMON BOYER.
May 22, 1882 3t.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

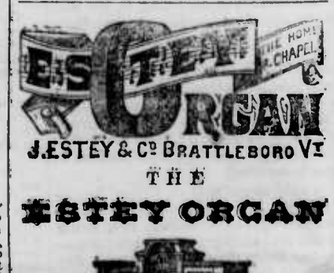

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 8 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY.

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 36x-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882. NUMBER 19.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEET POTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 404. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.

or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.

Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BUDDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure* every time.
JULIUS W. DER.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in several cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. OALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
SACO, ME., Jan. 23, 1881.

Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
L. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, Eng.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

PE-RU-NA

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."
"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."
"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."
"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."
"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."
"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."
"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA."
"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys."
If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O.
For Constipation and Piles, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

The Garfields.

The new home of the bereaved family—chosen by Mrs. Garfield, one may well suppose, because of a desire to be near the tomb of the President—is a modest little house, which looks all the more unpretentious because of the proximity of many big mansions which the rich Clevelander delights in. It stands on Euclid Avenue, well out toward the suburbs, and about midway between the business end of this famous street and its country terminus at Lake View Cemetery. With its broad lawn and its cosy rooms, it is a cheerful, home-like place. Probably the Garfields will live there for many years, until the education of the younger children is well advanced. The Mentor farm will be kept, however, as the homestead, and much of the summer season will be spent there. So many sacred memories cluster around it that they will never let it go into the hands of strangers. The Washington house where they lived for ten years during the sessions of Congress, will be sold in accordance with the purpose General Garfield formed when he was elected. Mrs. Garfield has no desire ever to live in Washington again. The house ought to find a purchaser who will value it above its cost as so much real estate. Most of the best work of Garfield's life was done in the study on the second floor that looks out on I street. His Ohio home was a place of rest; but in the Washington house he worked incessantly. The years he spent there were the most fruitful of his career in intellectual growth and political success.

The two older Garfield boys are in their first year at Williams College. Harry means to be a lawyer, and before the father died had with his instructions gone a long way in Blackstone. James has a liking for an active business career. Their avocations will not be determined, however, until they are graduated. In whatever occupations they may engage their mother desires that they shall live in Ohio and become identified with their father's State. The two younger boys and the daughter Mollie attend school in Cleveland, and with their mother and grandmother form the family circle.

Mrs. Garfield is taking an active part in the preparation of a work containing a selection from the speeches, lectures and other public addresses of the late President. The plan is to print in one or two volumes such of his oratorical efforts as have a permanent interest and show best his power and range as a statesman and scholar. The labor of compilation is being performed by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, with Mrs. Garfield's counsel and assistance. A good deal of original matter will go into the book in the form of notes and of introductory articles explaining the circumstances under which the speeches were delivered, and the history and attitude of the public questions to which they relate. Nothing has yet been decided about the authorized biography. Mrs. Garfield wisely thinks there should be no haste to publish this book, and that it can well wait until the hurriedly-written lives manufactured for campaign purposes and re-published after his death have had their run and the public is ready to view his career in a true historical light. No selection of a biograper has been made. No doubt the task will be confided to some one whose place in literature is already won, and who will not seek for the reputation it will bring.—*N. Y. Tribune, Cleveland Letter.*

How Garfield Looks.

Governor Sherman, of Iowa, who is visiting at Elmira, New York, said to a reporter there the other day: "I saw President Garfield a day or two ago in Cleveland. You need not look astonished; I really saw him—not his spirit, but his own form and features. I had visited his tomb to do homage to the spot where the martyr President was sleeping. The watchman in charge, on learning whence I came and who I was, asked me if I would like to see the President. I was as greatly surprised as you can be. He simply showed me he was in earnest, invited me into the tomb, unscrewed and removed the lid from that sacred casket, and there lay Gen. Garfield before me, just as he looked the day of his funeral—as if in a weary, unfreshing sleep. I was surprised, for despite the emaciation of those noble features, I was at once struck with their likeness to the General as I had seen him alive. I presume that years will pass ere the preserving traces of the embalmer's work will have been removed from all that is left on earth of Garfield."

A reporter of the *Herald*, with the above extract in hand, visited Lake View cemetery to make an inquiry in regard to the matter and learn if it is was true that the remains of the dead President had been exposed to view, even to satisfy the curiosity of the Governor of Iowa. The sexton being interrogated about the matter, said it was true that Governor Sherman had been allowed to review the remains of the dead, but that he had nothing to say or do in the case. The keys of the vault were in possession of Lieut. Van Vilet, of the Tenth United States Infantry, the officer in charge of the detail of soldiers guarding the tomb, and the lieutenant unlocked the gate of the vault, unscrewed the lid that covers the glass plate set into the top of the coffin, and allowed Governor Sherman and party to view the remains.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Every Employer's Experience.

The attention of the public is being once more called to the question of apprentices, and some of our contemporaries are waxing quite eloquent upon the subject. Only a week or two ago, too, one of our judges, from his place in the criminal court, deplored the fact that the "native born American youth" were almost if not entirely excluded from learning a trade. It is asserted by some that the labor market, as far as our factories and work shops are concerned, is controlled by foreigners, and that a native American cannot find a chance to earn an honest living by manual labor.

Were this true, it would indeed be a serious condition of things; but it is always as well, before we accept all we hear of any subject, to look at it well from all sides. While we do not believe that these assertions are absolutely true, still there are many reasons why such a state of the labor market should exist, and prominent among them is the disinclination of American and also of a majority of the foreign boys to learn a trade. Average boys, who have passed through our public schools, do not take kindly to the idea of manual labor. They infinitely prefer to clerk in a store, at a few dollars a week, where they can wear good clothes, and make a respectable appearance on the street. Or they will peddle anything, become book agents, telegraph operators, even braking or firing on the railroads, or, in fact, doing anything rather than to be carpenters, machinists, or any other trade where their hands and clothes are soiled. Thousands of our youths attend commercial colleges, and expect, after a few months' attendance at one of these institutions, that the business men will be bidding against each other for their services. It is needless to say that they are almost invariably doomed to disappointment. If any of our readers should doubt this assertion, let them but advertise once for some one to keep books, clerk in a store or office, manipulate a telegraphic apparatus, or any such "genteel" employment, and they will be surprised at the great multitude of applicants they will have for the position. On the other hand, an advertisement for a reliable boy to learn a good trade with some reputable manufacture is sure to bring but few and indifferent applications.

But there are some, of course, who essay to learn a trade, and they proceed somewhat after this fashion: A boy is taken by some manufacturer or mechanic to learn the trade, commencing with a remuneration of say two or three dollars a week. After a few months, when the boy thinks he knows a little about it, he "kicks" for more money; and if his employer does not immediately comply with his demand, he hunts a place where he can get 50 cents a week extra, and then quits. This operation is repeated, until he has perhaps off and on for from two to four years, when he considers himself a full fledged journeyman, and demands pay accordingly. As his whole thought has been how much money he could get, not how proficient he could become at his trade, he has never mastered it, and he never becomes really proficient. Almost any employer will tell you that for every really good workman that he has ever had in his employ, there have been twenty at least who amounted to very little as mechanics or artisans.

Had we some good, sensible system of apprenticeship, that would hold the youth for a certain term, at a gradually ascending rate of wages, fixed at the commencement of the apprenticeship, it would be to the interest of the employer to see that the boy was taught all that he could acquire, because the more proficient he became the more value he would be to the "boss." But, with the knowledge that the employer has to raise his wages ever time the boy is taught something new, it is scarcely reasonable to expect a man to waste his time in the teaching, and pay his pupil.—*Chicago Electrotype Journal.*

Senator Hale on the President.

At the Maine Republican convention last week Senator Hale presided and during his address he was interrupted by the question, "What about Arthur?" to which Mr. Hale replied:

"My friend inquires what about Arthur? Well, let me say this: Any man who saw President Arthur during those long, weary days when General Garfield hovered on that thin margin which lies next to both life and death, and saw the tender solicitude that yet did not break his calm spirit, will appreciate in some degree the nature that is his. He has been all his life an active, earnest Republican. He has seen the active, earnest strenuous side of politics. He has believed in his beliefs, and has always been fighting for those beliefs, and has upheld the integrity of the Republican party, when some men who now distrust him have not been so engaged. He has belonged to that portion of the Republican party which has been in a minority, which is now in more of a minority than ever, and which I believe it will be healthful for American politics if it remain in that minority. I do not believe that President Arthur is now bent on breaking down that great majority and setting up that minority. If he is so bent he is bound to make a more deplorable failure than any man who was ever President; but I believe that in these long years of his experience he ought to have learned and has learned wisdom. He is now by virtue of his high office, without having sought it, the head, of the Republican party; and my belief is, as the question has been asked me, that President Arthur is trying to bring all the shades of opinion, which are essentially Republican, into accord, so that they may work together for the good of the country through the Republican party. I have no warrant to speak for him and have sought none; but I know that he has a hard task to perform. The tyranny and the arrogance of men long used to power is hard to bear. The recklessness and unreasonableness of men who are seeking to gain power is just as hard to bear, and between these two the President must keep an even balance if he can."

Some Census Reports.

Some of the census statistics which have just been completed and tabulated are of much interest. Those as to illiteracy are actually startling, and indicate the positive necessity on the part of the States of providing more facilities for the general education of the people, to the extent at least originally contemplated in the establishment of the public school systems. There are in the States and Territories of the United States no less than 4,504,362 persons above the age of 21 years who cannot read. Of these 2,056,463 are whites and 2,147,900 colored. Included in the latter are 300,000 Indians and 100,000 Asiatics. The Indians and Asiatics are not citizens and not likely to become such. Deducting these, it is shown that there are many more illiterate white people than black in the country. Of the total number of illiterate persons over 21 years of age, assuming half to be females, which is a quite proper estimate, it leaves about 2,000,000 adult males, or about 20 per cent. of the entire voting population, who know nothing about the ballots which they cast except from hearsay. In the last fifteen years much has been said, and said with truth, of the dense ignorance of the colored voters of the South. But in the meantime not enough attention has been drawn to the illiteracy of white voters in the North. Even in New England, where popular education is supposed to be more widely diffused than in any other section, the illiterate voters hold the balance of power. In New York, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in short it may be said in almost every State, the illiterate voters, if combined, can decide any political issue. In the State of Maryland 50,000 voters, of whom 33 per cent. are white, do not of their own knowledge know for whom they are voting. The assessed value of real estate has decreased in some of the states, and increased in some. In Maryland it has increased 67 per cent. The total assessed valuation of real and personal property in Maryland in 1880, was $497,307,675. There are only ten States having a larger valuation than Maryland—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri and New Jersey.

Another Distinguished Convert.

A special despatch from Louisville says: "About six weeks since Barnes the evangelist, declared his intention of making a grand assault upon the State capital of Kentucky and capturing for the Army of the Lord the members of the state government. He has only been in Frankfort about two weeks, and his success is wonderful. Fully 1,000 converts have been made by his powerful and eloquent appeals. While the Governor of Kentucky is known as a big-hearted and kindly man, yet he has always been considered a worldly person; so when it was announced yesterday that he had surrendered to Brother Barnes, there was much surprise among his club friends in this city and throughout the Bourbon districts. It appears that after an eloquent sermon, preached from the twenty-second chapter of the First Chronicles, concerning the building of Solomon's temple, Mr. Barnes invited all who wished to confess Christ to come to the front. A few minutes after among the throng could be seen the grey-haired head of the Governor of Kentucky moving towards the evangelist, who stood with outstretched hands to receive the penitents. Grasping the hand of Brother Barnes, Governor Blackburn, with his whole frame quivering with emotion, took his seat on the front row of chairs set apart for the penitents, and there made his first public confession of his Saviour. It is well known that the Governor has always been a believer in Christianity, but until last night, though he has listened to some of the ablest ministers in the United States, he never united with any church, or even cared to make a public declaration of his faith. Mrs. Green Clay Smith, wife of the Rev. Green Clay Smith, a Baptist minister of considerable repute, also made a confession. Governor Blackburn will be confirmed in Christ Church in this city Sunday week. Assistant State Auditor Green and Assistant Secretary of State Harris have also been converted and the work goes on."

Licking an Elder.

One summer in the years agone while a camp meeting was in progress in Eaton County, says the *Detroit Free Press*, there arrived on the grounds a bully named Miller, who had made a vow to lick Elder Johnson and break up the whole business. The Elder heard the news with calm composure, and as soon as at liberty, he hunted up a worldly friend of his own and asked:

"Friend Smith, didn't you used to fight in your younger day?"

"Ah! Elder, I have had many a turn with the boys."

"And what is the effect of a sudden blow between the eyes?"

"It astonishes and humbles."

"Is there any danger of killing a man by such a blow?"

"Never knew a case of it."

The Elder went his way with a serene smile on his face. Miller had his coat off and was hunting for him, and they met face to face as they turned a wagon. Miller started to crack his heel and crow, but he never finished. The Elder took him one square between the lookers without stopping his pace, and it took twelve rowdies; three dippers of water and two quarts of whisky to revive the patient and get him off the grounds. One day, a year afterwards, he met the Elder and seriously asked:

"Elder, some of the boys say I was kicked by a horse, and others stick to it that I was struck by lightning, but I've always had a suspicion that you hit me with a provision stand. How was it, anyhow?"

Henry Ward Beecher, in his Sunday sermon justifying the strike of the freight handlers, was very severe upon the rich men of New York city. He said the poor men paid their taxes a great deal better than rich men do. There is notorious dishonesty among rich men, and a man that does not pay his full share of the public burden cheats his neighbor who does pay. There are hundreds of rich men in this community that are pickpockets; hundreds that are members of churches, who, if they were searched, would be found picking the pockets of the poor.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How many times, as through the room I hasten,
Without a thought of other days at all,
I lift my eyes, and straightway I am standing
Before her picture, hanging on the wall,

Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling.
And I am fain to answer, "Yes, I hear."
All earthly sounds shall be to me as silence
If you will speak, O, Mother, Mother dear.

No answer comes! I hush my breath to listen;
But still the eyes, with patient, steadfast gaze,
Look into mine; they pierce through flesh and spirit;
I bow my head, and blush beneath their rays

For she is wise with wisdom that appalls me;
The solemn secrets of the grave she knows;
And high o'er me, by God's own hand uplifted,
Through wondrous ways of His own Heaven she goes.

Beyond all change, and safe from Time's mutation,
And grieved no more by earth's forlorn complaints
Thou pictured face! dim semblance of my mother!
How dost thou look among the crowned saints?

So far! so far! Once if I faintly called you,
Or laughed or wept, you were so quick to know;
All else might fail, my mother's love was certain.
Now dying, e'en your touch I must forego,

Thou there, I here, and I know not what spaces
Beyond the grave's green width divide us two;
Nor of the times uncounted and unmeasured
That must go o'er me ere I look on you.

But I shall find you! I am coming, mother!
Sometime, somewhere, when His great will is done,
And I am fit to stand once more beside you,
To your high place I shall have leave to come.

JANEY.

"The springs is mine! I bought 'em an' paid for 'em! Curse their titles! They're mine! Ye ain't bright, but ye know that, Janey! Why don't ye answer me, girl? Hev ye gone dumb?"

The dull face grew a little duller with fright and shrank away from the light of the candle that flared upon the table between them.

"I always s'posed they was your'n, father—everybody said so. If they take 'em——"

"Ye s'posed it, did ye? Ef ye had yer wits ye'd know'd it."

The man's voice grew thick and hoarse with passion.

"Take 'em—they're mine! Who said they'd take 'em! I heard their lingo in town to-day; It's a lie! D'ye think I'll let 'em walk over me! D'ye think one foot in the family ain't enough?"

She cowered further back into the shadow, and looked at him with her dull, affrighted gaze.

The man leaned forward until the light of the candle fell upon his flushed, passionate face.

"I've seen 'im in town to-day, and I'll see 'im ag'in—d'ye hear? Curse his white hands an' his lies; he's comin' out here to-morrow. O, ye needn't turn white about the gills! I'm a goin' to burn gresse-wood brush on the clearin'. I want ye to slam the door in his face—d'ye hear me?"

"Yes, father."

"Ef ye speak a civil word to him—d'ye see that?" he pointed to the low, open doorway; "them as stays about me don't parley with thieves—ye can take yer bundle an' go."

The girl looked out into the night with a slow, terrified shudder.

"Why don't ye speak? Where's yer spunk? Hain't ye sperit enough to hate a man that wants to steal yer bread and butter?"

"I dunno 'im, father; how'll I know 'im——"

"Know 'im! You don't know a thief when ye see 'im? Bring 'im over to me an' I'll p'int 'im out to ye!"

The man got up with a low, brutal laugh, and took a gun from the corner.

"Did ye fill the ca'tridges."

"Most of 'em; the caps stuck in a few; they're in the can with the shot."

"Bring 'em here!"

She brought them and then crossed the room with a heavy listless step, and sat down in the doorway. "Not bright," her father said. Perhaps not. Dull enough to want a cseress now and then, like a faithful dog; but not quite brute enough to cry out under a blow. The lights in the village below were the same to her as the stars above them. The wild immortelles on the mesa waved in the night air like ghosts of spring blosoms, and sent their dry, honeyed fragrance all about her. The mountain breeze lifted her colorless hair and blew soft against her coarse red hands. Poor Janey! Did she sit there because the summer night was sweet to her? I do not know. The hound at her feet might have been indoors if he had chosen. A bat darted obliquely past her, and then back again like a shadow. She got up shivering, and went into the house. The man looked up from his work with a gruff oath.

"There was a bat, an' I was afeared, so I came in. D'ye want me?"

"Want ye? what d'ud I want yer fer! G'long to bed."

Of course it is only an untamed brute that snaps at those nearest him, when he is hurt. You and I, my good neighbor, from the sublime heights of our philosophy, have doubtless learned to trace our ills back through endless complexities to their origin, and hoard our vengeance for the real offender. But this man, Luke Delmar, toiling the next day on the warm, odorous upland, soiling his hard hands with half-burnt brush, and pausing now and then to wipe his brow, and add a sooty strain to his frown—this man was not of our kind.

"Curse 'im!" he muttered; "it's easy talking; where was he when I grubbed an' brung the water out on the other clearin'! Ef the land's his'n, why ain't he out here burnin' brush! Curse his deeds, an' his flaws, an' his big words: a lie's a lie!"

The sun rose higher, and drew pungent, spicy odors from the growth of the mesa. Yellow butterflies floated in the still air, like stray flower petals, and the serene southern moon came on with its warm luxury of rest and languor. Still the man on the mountainside toiled on, muttering his sullen curses, bearing his brand from one fragrant heap of brush to another, and watching the swift devouring flame with a fierce, half-envious ire. At last he paused, wiping his forehead, and turning his dogged gaze toward the valley.

Somebody was walking up the wash into the little canon. Somebody, who walked as you walk my neighbor, erect, swinging his cane lightly, stopping now and then under the straggling sycamores, to lift his hat and look about him. Choosing his way among the bowlders, as the canon narrowed, and noting the rich, sickening smell of the laurel, which he grasped to aid his ascent. A hard man! O, no; a man who wore a mountain blossom in his coat, and drank in the fresh highland air with keen enjoyment. One who glanced at the poor man's cabin, with a shrug of pity for the unlucky fool who placed it there, and then smiled down at the frightened minnows darting wildly in the shallow pool at his feet. What did it matter to him if his coming disturbed the quail in their noonday covert? or startled the rabbits and squirrels, and sent them scampering into the chapparel. Would you have him stay away because these wild creatures were there before him? Certainly not. A man has a right to take his own provided he gives it away afterward as you and I direct, my good neighbor; and this man gave large sums, every year, to make beggars more beggarly. A hard man? By no means.

Over on the hillside a pair of angry eyes was watching him furtively.

"Curse his fine clothes!" hissed Luke, through his set teeth; "who gives him leave to come on my land? Ef he wants to see me, why don't he go to the house an' ask! What business has he got prowlin' around the springs? They ain't his'n!"

A wounded animal looking up to confront one of his kind, and finding himself face to face with a polished weapon, feels perhaps as Luke Delmar felt before the law. But the man up the canon, admiring the painted wood of the manzanita, and thrusting his cane into the lush, green moss beside the spring, felt no such bitterness. The little cavern was cool and shadowy, even in noonday. High above the blue of verdure, on either side the mountain rose bare and sunburned in the white, transparent air. He stood still, and listened to the drip of the water into the brown pool.

"A man must have a stratum of granite in him to talk of a submerged dam here," he said to himself, "and yet this must be the place; I'll send Pemberton up next week. I'll like to have him spared this."

The day wore drowsily on. Great, sear spots thickened on the mesta, and the afternoon breeze blew the ashes in little clouds toward the canon.

"He hain't come out yit," said Luke, nursing a brand behind his hard, blackened hand. "I reckon he's fell asleep, up by the falls; it's thieves as sleep while honest men's at work."

He laughed sneeringly, and knelt down, guarding the pale, mounting flame. The greasewood crackled, and gave out its sweet, oily smell. A burning leaf, wavered to the ground, and a tongue of yellow flame shot through the dry grass, leaving its ashen trail. Luke stamped it out with his feet.

"It 'u'd be a bad job if the fire 'u'd git into the canon, in this breeze; the underbrush's drier 'n timber; it wouldn't stop short o' the falls, an——"

He startled suddenly, and looked over his shoulder. The flames mirrored itself in his eyes, and gave them a dull red glare. All the sullen rage that was in him surged to his face and hardened there. The brute grappled with the human, and prevailed.

The fire crept steadily along the bridge of withered leaves, and caught the grasses that whispered on the canon's edge. Pale autumn flowers nodded and beckoned to their new lover, and withered under his fervent kiss. The tuft clematis wreathed its graceful arms about him, and died in his embrace. A thousand mad spirits danced under the stunted elders, and shot over the tangled blackberry vines. Wild creatures looked about with started eyes and then fled in dismay before the hot oncoming blast. The crackling deepened to a roar. High volumes of smoke arose and drifted away, to lie in dun-colored bars against the mountain-side, and still the fire rushed on, licking up the dry leaves among the bowlders, shriveling the tall ferns in its hot, exultant breath, leaping in delirious frenzy to the topmost boughs of the sycamores, and holding out its hot, clamorous hands to the mountain-top.

Janey Delmar stood in the door and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"The fire's got into the canon, an' the timber's burnin' up; father'll be mad."

A great cloud of smoke rolled up and shut out the sun. The girl's irresolute face quickened with a sudden terrifying thought.

"He hain't come out! I been a watchin'. I hain't seen him! Ef he's up at the falls he can't git out; father pulled the ladder up after 'im, Sunday."

She ran across the clearing and looked down into the black, smoking ravine. Even at that height she could feel the scorching heat. The soft, gray ashes settled in her hair and clung to her coarse dress.

"The fire's goin' fast! Father said—but he didn't know it—I can't do it—I can't have him stay up there!"

The fire in the canon below panted and raged and ran its mad race with her. The narrow path along which she flew was strewn with smoking cinders. Half burt twigs fell hissing into the flame beside her, and flocks of linnets darted hither and thither in the smoky air. Rabbits sprang from the sage, half dazed with fright, and stared at her with their soft, expressionless eyes. On she went, swifter than the flame itself. Leaving the path, at last, and clinging to the rough mountain side, swinging from gnarled roots that loosened under her weight, bruising her arms against the sharp bayonets of the yucca; down, down, through banks of dead leaves, and tall dry stalks of sage, breathless with haste and terror, until her feet touched the ferns growing in the little stream above the falls. She could look below her now and see him standing there, walled in by the pitiless rocks; a man with a white, hopeless, baffled face—a face that she remembered always.

She lifted one end of the ladder, and dragged it through the ledges. Was it strange that even then the sight of it brought sickening memories of her father's threat? She had helped him make it, one day, and he had cursed her for being slow.

The prisoner turned his smitten face toward her. Poor Janey! No man before or ever since thought her an angel. She thrust the ladder through the gap in the rocks and steadied it against the slippery ledge. Neither of them spoke. She only knew that he stood beside her, with a strangely transfigured face; that a strong hand had put away the brambles and helped her up the steep ascent. She could hear his firm step behind her as she hurried along the narrow path beside the ditch. Out on the clearing the numb agony of fear settled down on her again.

"I reckon you kin find the way now; down there's the road."

She turned away awkwardly conscious, all at once, of something new and strange. He seized both her hands eagerly. How white and shapely his own were! Janey remembered that too—even to the pattern of the ring on his finger.

"Won't you let me thank you, my good girl! Won't you tell me your name? Do you know what you have done?"

She shivered and drew herself away nervously.

"I'm Janey Delmar. Ye won't tell father? He said I mustn't speak to you. He didn't know how it 'u'd be. Ef you go down by the path, ye won't see 'im."

The man walked away a little, glancing toward the rude house on the clearing. Then he came back to where she stood.

"Do you know who I am?"

She raised her dull, patient eyes.

"I dunno yer name. Father said you was comin' He thinks the spring is his'n. Maybe they ain't—I dunno."

The man looked down at the black desolation below them; on up the canon he could hear the roar of the fire and the crash of falling timber.

"Your father is right," he said, "the springs are his. I am going away now; good-bye."

She put out her hand, glancing anxiously toward the house. Then she stood still, watching him as he went down the path. Once he turned, and looked curiously at the strange, listless figure standing motionless where he had left her. There was some thing uncanny in the brown, smoky light. Down in the valley the sun was shining. He lifted his hat to her, and went rapidly down the walk, and out of sight.

* * * * * * * *

The canon was full of gaunt, blackened stems. Luke Delmar glanced at them sometimes with a look of sudden, restless terror; but he had not crossed the ravine since the day of the fire. Janey waited in mute agony of dread for him to question her about her visitor, but she had almost ceased to expect it now. Perhaps he had forgotten it.

She wondered a little that he did not go down into the village. He was out of tobacco, she knew. It might be that that made him start and tremble, and then turn upon her with terrible oaths.

An early rain came on and a faint whitish green sprang up under the seared stalks in the canon. The soft, loose soil on the mess broke into tiny hillocks with the struggling growth; Janey pushed them aside with her foot, and let the little bowed prisoners out into the sunlight. The California spring was in the air. The girl wondered if the canon would ever be green again. She went down there one day, and gathered a handful of microphylla, gleaming in spots of vivid red among the scorched underbrush. They were lying on the table when her father came in. She saw him start back, and then stride across the room to where she stood.

"Where ye been? Where did ye git them?" he said, hoarsely, with a low, fearful oath. She shrank back in her old stupefied terror.

"Down in the canon—they're thick down there, along the rocks, like—like drops of blood."

He sprang towards her, with a fierce questioning stare.

"What d'ye mean! Answer me! Curse ye, I'll——"

She could feel his hot breath on her face. She shut her eyes, and waited for him to strike her. When she opened them he staggered back to the door, white and trembling, and was holding on by the casement.

"Did I scare ye, simpleton! Throw 'em out o' the winner; I hate the smell o' them."

He turned with a coarse, unmeaning laugh, and sat down on the doorstep, wiping the heavy drops from his forehead.

The girl was vaguely conscious that some new misery had settled down upon her life. Perhaps it was the trouble about the springs; she struggled with the problem a little while, hopelessly, and then let it lapse into the inevitable. Very likely, with her dim intelligence, she could have comprehended even if she had known the nameless horror that dogged her father's footsteps, that sat with him at meat, and stared at him from every clump of sage on the mountain side—the dread, overshadowing terror that invested the canon with a loathesome fascination, and made him leave the sunlight, and grew weak and terror-stricken as night came on. Janey knew that he was changed; that he did not work and wandered aimlessly in the mountains with his dog and gun. She heard him start and mutter in his sleep, and learned to dread the eager restlessness of his eyes even more than his curses. He had never been kind, but he used to jest with her roughly sometimes and smoke his pipe at the kitchen door in a sort of rugged comfort while she went about her evening work. There was little to do now. The store of provisions in the rude cupboard was growing very small. She met him at the door one night, with a blank, helpless face.

"I can't make any bread; there ain't no more flour."

Her voice had borrowed a more helpless monotone from uncertainty. She never knew now whether he would turn upon her in a sudden outburst of rage, or listen in sullen, angry silence. She watched him anxiously as he walked across the floor to a box in the corner.

"If you want anything at the store why don't you go an' git it?" he said, sullenly, keeping his back toward her; "there ain't nothing to hender; ye kin go to-morror."

He laid some money on the table and went out. Janey gazed after him in a half stupor of amazement.

Could he mean for her to go down and face the people in the valley alone? She had been there sometimes, sitting in the wagon while the horses were shod, or her father made his purchases and talked with the men about the blacksmith's shop. But no one had ever spoken to her. She lay in her bed that night, with wide, sleepless eyes, and watched the stars through the holes in the cabin roof. Was it some awful, waking dream, that would vanish when morning came? She slipped her hand under her pillow, and felt the cold pieces of silver. They, at least, were real. Their chill certainly seemed to penetrate to her poor fluttering heart.

She looked from the window at daybreak, and saw that the wagon had been drawn out of the shed. Luke was sitting on the doorstep, mending the harness. To the very last she thought he would relent and go with her; but he let her climb up to the seat alone, and stood still, with one foot on the hub. He had kept his face averted in grim silence all through the morning, but he looked up now, and met her weak, terrified gaze.

"I'm agoin' to prune the vineyard," he said, petulantly. "What ye scared about, girl!—nobody's goin' to hurt ye. I want ye to git me some tobacker, an'—an'—he lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper, he leaned forward until his haggard, threatening face was close to hers—"don't ye let 'em git nothing out o' you—don't ye answer no questions."

Perhaps it was the touch of appeal in his eyes, and in the hoarse, quivering voice, that kept her from crying out in the bitterness of her misery and desolation. At least he had not cursed her. She took up the lines and drove slowly down the road, no daring to look back lest her courage fail her even then.

If you had been driven down the mesa that autumn morning, my friend, leaving the brown, shadowy mountain behind you and looking out on the ocean of mist that lay over the valley, you might have amused yourself by imagining that the end of all things had come, and having turned your back on the known, you were venturing out into chaos.

Janey was not born to prettyfancies, and yet her thought was not unlike what yours might have been, except that it developed her—a chill and nameless certainty—just as the mist settled down upon the valley and shut out the sun. The beauty of a fog is so much a matter of one's elevation.

Meadow larks slid through the stubble as if ashamed of their tuneless throats. Drowsy grasshoppers began to stir and chirp in the dusty weeds by the roadside. The sun rose higher and the mist floated away in white, shining clouds. She could see the houses in the valley now; a pyramid of blue smoke was curling up from the forge in the blacksmith's shop. Janey kept her eyes on it, and shuddered as she drew nearer.

At the store a group of men were standing, talking idly. They separated as she came up, and one of them helped her out of the wagon with a smile and good-natured word. The four merchant talked to her kindly as he hustled himself among his brown paper bags. A woman came in and set her baby on the counter. The tiny creature crept along and laid its pink, velvety hand on Janey's wrist. Some of the warm, coalding little life thrilled through her arm, and got into her sluggish blood. It might be that people were not cruel. Two of the men sauntered in from the platform, and seated themselves behind her.

"They're wantin' girls over to the cannery, bad," said one of them leisurely; "Swiggart's packin' raisins this week; he's offerin' a dollar a day."

The merchant warmed up and grew garrulous with the sudden metropolitan rush of trade.

"There's a letter for your pa. Pemberton was up Saturday; he says them rascals have hauled off about the springs. I'm glad of it; it'll ease your pa up a good deal. It was a nasty job, anyway."

The girl looked up at him, wistful and dumb. He counted out the change to her carefully.

"I guess that's all right; there was three cents due on the letter; it's a good big one; you'll be careful not to lose it."

The man followed her out to put the packages in the wagon.

"It's Luke Delmar's half-witted girl," he said, when he came back. "I'd a good deal sooner be his dog—poor thing!"

Safe in the wagon again, Janey drew a long, gasping breath of relief. Possibly she was nearer happiness than she had been before in all her short, stagnant life. If she had known what she would probably never know, that her father had missed her, and longed for her return with a blind, unreasoning sense of protection in her presence, a sense of which vanished the instant she came in sight, the day might have passed into Janey's calendar as even more noteworthy than it was.

Luke had watched the wagon crawling homeward like a leisurely insect across the plain below, and the time dragged interminably, until the limp, faded sun-bonnet, with its encircling cloud of dust, appeared above the blue of grease-wood near the home.

"I thought you an' the mare had fell asleep; it's been more'n an hour sence ye got to the brush," he said gruffly, as the creaking vehicle stopped before the door. Involuntarily Janey looked toward the vineyard. It lay there just as she had left it, a brown, irregular network on the hillside; the straggling summer's growth still untouched. Luke followed her glance with his restless, blood-shot eyes.

"What ye lookin' at the vineyard for!" he said, angrily. "The knife was dull an' I couldn't find the whetstone. Gi' me the tobacker."

She gave him the package and got down from the seat wearily. Beyond a vague wonder that he should think of accounting to her for his actions at all, the girl was conscious of nothing but the old deadening tyranny. The letter slipped from her shawl and fell to the ground. It lay at Luke's feet, an imposing, official-looking document, covered with mysterious stamps and lettering.

There was no need for Janey to be afra'd of him now. He clutched the wagon wheel, and turned toward her piteously.

"What is it? Where did you get it? I hain't done nothin'? Who told 'em. What do they want?"

He seemed to her suddenly a querulous, trembling old man.

Janey picked the letter up and wiped the dust from it with her shawl.

"The man at the store gave it to me. He said it was for you. I didn't ask nothing about it—I thought you'd know."

He shrank further away from her, cowering and terror-stricken. The lines on his ashen face seemed to deepen and grow plainer.

"It's nobody's business—the land and everything is mine. Ef you told 'em anything——"

He had staggered against the horse, and was holding himself up by the shaft; his breath came in slow, labored gasps. Janey stared at him stupidly.

"I didn't tell 'em nothin'. I didn't know nothin' to tell. The man said the springs was your'n, and he gave me the letter—that's all."

It was the weak uncertainty of her voice more than her words that reassured Luke. He turned away, fumbling nervously with the harness.

"He reckoned you had been to boardin' school, an' could read writin', he said, with a low, sneering laugh. "I hain't no use for their letter. Ye kin kindle a fire with it. Burn it up—d'ye hear me!"

Yesterday, Janey would have obeyed him blindly. To-day, a very little friction with her own kind had stirred her blood. She slipped the letter under her shawl, and went into the house. When she heard the shafts fall, she came back to the door. Luke had stopped to fill his pipe, and the mare was dragging her halter, and nosing the tender alfileria on her way to the shed.

"Here's the whetstone," said the girl, listlessly; 'I was in the tool-box, where you left it."

It was the first time she had ever spoken to him in that way. Luke started and looked at her with a muttered oath.

"D'ye want me to come out an' trim the cuttin's?" she asked, in her slow, meaningless monotone. "Ef you're goin' to set out the other clearin' I s'pose you'll want to heel 'em in over there."

The man's face took on a sullen, dogged resolution. He came close to her side.

"D'ye think I'm a fool?" he said, in a cold, cruel undertone; "d'ye think I'm goin' to improve another man's for'y? They kin plant their own vineyards. I'm a-goin' to Arizony—I'd gone long ago if ye hadn't been a-hangin' on to me like a bur!"

He had nerved himself to meet her gaze. It was not much to do after all. She parted her lips, and looked at him, in white, speechless misery. His voice had a far away sound to her, like an echo. She repeated the words after him, stupidly.

The mare had strayed into the young barley now, and Luke had gone after her. Janey was standing there alone. There must have been something chilling in her dull, colorless face. The hound came up and looked at her an instant, and then slunk away and rubbed himself against his master's legs. Inside the house she could hear the clock ticking noiselessly. She wondered if she would ever be able to wind it when he was gone. Arizona was a long way off. She had heard of it, though. Great stretches of desert, and hot, barren mountains, where men dug silver. Women and children never went there. The hound might go, and possibly the horses; but she would have to stay here. Who would mow the barley, and get it in when it was ripe, and plow the vineyard!

Something darted into her dulled consciousness with a sharp sudden pain. She put out her hands blindly in the warm sunlight.

"I ain't his'n," she said, looking about her with a low piteous moan; "the land ain't his'n; they've took it away from him, an' there's no place for me to stay."

Perhaps the first shock of grief or fear is worst to those whose perceptions are keenest. Everything came to Janey slowly. It is hard to imagine a murderous blow lengthening itself out through weary hours; and yet the girl went about until nigh fall; with the same white, tortured face she had worn as she stood there in the warm, breathless noon, when the full meaning of her father's word dawned upon her. Luke was pruning the vineyard. He was glad of any pretext that kept him out of sight of the homely awkward figure moving silently about the house. It did not occur to him to ask her what she was doing. That any resolution was shaping itself in her dimly lighted brain did not enter his thoughts.

He left his work at sunset, and smoked his pipe by the kitchen door in silence. Janey was moving about inside with slow, listless steps. There was a new moon—a wet moon—Luke said to himself, noting its curve. The blackened branches of the sycamore rose out of the canon in gaunt silhouettes against the sky. A fog drifted in presently, wrapping them about like a winding-sheet. The man got up, shuddering, and went into the house. Janey was standing by the bed, tying the corners of a rude bundle. She looked at him with her dull, expressionless eyes.

"I'm goin' away," she said, slowly. "Ef you want to go to Arizony I won't hang on to you like—like a bur, no longer. They're wantin' girls over to the cannery hall;" the words came mechanically, just as they had laid dormant in her brain since morning. "Mebbe they'll take me, an' you'll be shut o' me."

Luke stood with his back against the door, looking at her wildly. Perhaps, after all, he had not meant to desert her. It is only dumb, faithful creatures that men dare to torture.

"There's something I want to tell you afore I go," she went on, shrinking farther away from him, and grasping her bundle nervously; "you said I had to go ef I spoke to him, an' he didn't come here, but he went up the falls, an' the fire got into the canon, an' I knowed he was there, an' I went along by the flames an' helped him out, an' when we got to the house he talked to me, an' I answered him, and I shook hands with him when he went away——"

She stopped with a frightened gasp, and waited for him to speak.

He held out his hands, groping his way toward her, like a blind man.

"Janey! Janey!"

He had clutched her dress and was drawing her toward him. She felt his rough hands on her hair tenderly.

"Ye won't leave yer old father, Janey? No, no, ye won't leave him; he'll take care o' you, always, poor Janey! poor little girl!"

The fog drifted out of the canon, and lay in a great shining sea at the foot of the mountain. Above it stretched the mesa, still and fragrant in the twilight. And all through the brooding night the young girl asked herself why this sudden, unspeakable blessedness had come into her life.—*Margaret Collyer Graham, in Californian.*

Tricycling versus Smoking.

A correspondent writes to the London *Spectator:* "I was led to give up smoking by reading an article in *Knowledge*, by Dr. Muir Brown, on the "Effect of Smoking." One of the observations particularly struck me. Replying to the argument that smoking is good, because it checks waste of tissue, he observed that this is precisely the reason why smoking is bad, and that the only possession which it is a man's duty to waste is his body, new tissue being in every respect better than old. The tricycle made in this direction. It wasted tissue. You can get more exercise by an hour's tricycling, and with less fatigue, than by three hours' walking. There is an exhilaration about it, too, that a pedestrian never knows, and which can only be compared to that enjoyed by riding a good horse. As for perspiring, you perspire enough, especially if the day be warm, to satisfy Dr. Jaeger's most rigid requirements, and make your flesh as hard as the hide of a German soldier after two years' gymnastics.

"When I gave up my cigars and took to tricycling, I had no idea of curing my headaches. But they are cured. I have hardly had a headache since, and I eat almost twice as much as I used to eat. I sleep well, and my general health could not easily be better. In conclusion, let me recommend all my literary brethren who are conscious of not taking sufficient exercise, all of whose muscles are flabby, livers torpid and nights restless, to try tricycling, and drop smoking, and any other habit which may tend to check waste of tissue, and retard that rapid renewal of the body which is the condition of physical soundness."

—A lunatic at the asylum in Utica, is a United States pensioner, and the largest one in the United States. Since 1866 he has been paid $8,280, while his arrearages amount to almost as much more. By various acts of Congress he is entitled to receive the same pay as if he had lost both eyes, both arms or both legs, insanity leaving him as helpless as if he were entirely crippled. It does not do him much good, as he is unaware of his wealth or distinction.—*N. Y. Sun*

Black and White.

The combination of black with white so popular a few years ago is again in favor, and is seen in some of the most elaborate dresses of the season, as well as in simpler toilettes. But this combination is very striking, and to make it effective only the nicest materials should be employed, and these should be used with the greatest care. One of the most elegant costumes just prepared for Newport is made of black velvet-figured grenadine over white watered silk. The velvet figures are large and pear-shaped, and are strewn at wide intervals upon very sheer meshed armure grenadine that serves for a beautiful transparent. Another reception dress has a white embossed skirt and vest of satin with black arabesques like applique embroidery all over it. The great ruche at the foot is of silk Spanish lace, and the basque and back breadths are of black Spanish lace over white satin. For simpler dresses the satins or moires with alternate black and white stripes arranged in plaitings have been so much used as to become common, and in their stead checked Louisine silk in black and white is used for plaitings that are edged with narrow Spanish lace. This makes a refined and stylish dress when combined with black satin Surah, and is also used with fine French cashmere for the over-dress. The prettiest design has a foundation skirt of black silk with a checked frill three inches wide of knife-plaiting around the foot; above this is another very deep plaiting of the same edged with silk Spanish lace, and this plaiting, though so deep that its heading is concealed under the very short apron, is laid in narrow plaits that are tucked by machine from their upper edge half their length, and are left to flow loosely below. The short round much-wrinkled apron of black satin Surah is edged with checked fine plaiting, a fourth of a yard deep, stitched in tucks half its depth, and finished with lace. This may be a simple curved apron with a front breadth and single side gores, or it may differ on the sides having the left side stitched in lengthwise plaits a short distance below the belt, while the right side has a jabot of loops of satin ribbon or else lace. The back drapery of the black Surah is not trimmed but merely faced on the edges, and is very bouffant. The black Surah basque is in the short polka shape, with a shirred, puffed, or pleated guimpe of the checked Louisine, a turned over collar of the same covered with lace, and a scarf of the checks draping the sleeves above the lace frill at the wrists; ruffs of the Surah covered by a lace frill edge the basque and the small flat buttons are wooden molds covered with the black Surah. Another very effective material for making the petticoat front breadths of black dresses is the checked black and white silk that has a slight moire figure all through it. There are also pretty summer silk dresses made entirely of the checked Louisine silks, with collar and cuffs of black velvet, or else with many fine plaitings edged with Spanish or with French imitation lace, made in the manner just described for the dresses that have black Surah combined with them. Tailor-made suits of shepherd's plaid—black and white twilled wool—are very popular for spring and summer traveling dresses.

Black and white together is also very fashionable in millinery; thus there are small white straw capotes trimmed with black velvet in Alsacian style, and buttons of the white straw dot the velvet very prettily; black satin straw bonnets have a half-wreath of white daisies along the front; black lace bonnets have white roses across the front, over which the lace falls; black jet capotes have a cluster of white lilacs or a panache of white feathers on the left side; black jet crowns have poke fronts of shirred white muslin, or their brims are covered with white lace plaitings; and large round hats of white straw, with white plumes and white moire outside, have the becoming black velvet inside the brim.

Ficelle or flax gray lace is also successfully used as a trimming for black dresses and bonnets. It forms the corsage drapery, vest and cuffs of black satin costumes, and appears in lengthwise rows down the front, or as side panels, or a straight border on tabliers. The patterns are so large in this lace that it is most effective when used without fullness. A bonnet crown of ficelle with a velvet Alsacian front is very effective. The Oriental lace has been colored the flax gray tint, and combined with white lace for jabots, but it is not liked for frills around the neck, as it has too much the appearance of having been soiled by contact with the skin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sensations of a Blind Man.

An interesting account has been lately furnished by M. Plateau, the eminent Belgian physicist (who has been blind nearly forty years), of the sensations he experiences in his eyes. He has no sense of objective light even when directing his eyes toward the sun. But his visual field is always divided into spaces, some of which are pretty bright, and others sombre or nearly dark, and which merge into each other. Their general tint alternates, in time, between gray and reddish. The relative arrangement of those different spaces is always the same, but the intensity of their tints varies. The central space seems now rather bright, now very dark; above and below, and on the left to the limits of the field, there is sometimes brightness, sometimes darkness, but on the right there is generally a vertical band, nearly black, and beyond this a space which is nearly always bright and reddish. These appearances follow all the movements of the eyes, which probably do not participate in the same way in the tints, but M. Plateau cannot distinguish what belongs to one from what belongs to the other. No connection of the general tint with the work of digestion is observed. The author states that he became blind through looking fixedly at the sun for some time, with a view to observing his after-sensations; it was not till about fourteen years after this that inflammation of the choroid set in, destroying vision, but during the interval he often saw colored and persistent halos round flames, etc., and he advises those who have such vision to consult an experienced oculist.—*London Nature.*

—A new seaside resort, a few miles below Long Branch, is called Neptune City.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Since its organization the National Academy of Sciences has had but three Presidents—Professors Bache, Henry, and William B. Rogers. The office is for life.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A schoolmaster of Wayne County, Pennsylvania, in attempting to chastise a girl, one of his pupils, was set upon by the boys of the school, who literally stripped him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. William H. Vanderbilt recently gave his check for $1,000 to pay off the debt of Grace Church, Lexington, Va., which was erected in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Harvard College proper has been living beyond its income for four years to the average amount of $12,500 a year. The deficit for 1880-81, amounting to $34,469.19, is the largest the College has ever incurred.—*New Haven Register.*

—A Methodist minister the other day said he prayed to be saved from the preacher who never fails in the pulpit. He had a colleague of that kind once; he never had a bad time and the congregation never had a good one.

—In the far-away Synod of Otago, in New Zealand, the lowest salary among the Presbyterian ministers is over $1,000 —the Sustentation Fund giving that dividend, and the churches often raising the salary much above that sum.

—Friends of Robert College, says the *Boston Advertiser*, will be glad to learn that the New York Court of Appeals has sustained the will of Mr. C. R. Robert, the founder of the college, under which the institution will receive $100,000 for the general endowment fund.

—Bishop Halsey said to the Conference of the African Methodist Church: "We have little respect for grammar, but great respect for the gospel. To succeed with us, one must have a loud voice, almost enough to raise the dead. We sing loud and shout, but get true religion."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Congregational "Year-Book" for 1882 was recently issued. The number of churches reported is 3,804; pastors, 2,858 (only 877 installed); total Congregational ministers, 3,713; church members, 381,697 (males, 128,065; females, 251,822); additions by confession, 11,311; by letter, 11,235; total, 22,546; lost by death, 5,664; by dismission, 9,454; by discipline, 2,060; total, 17,178; net loss in membership, 2,635. Total benevolent contributions, $1,227,108, an increase of $194,835.

—The esteem in which Dr. John Brown was held by his countrymen may be conjectured from the fact that seven years ago, when his health began to fail, a sum of more than $30,000 was collected for him without publicity. The author of "Rab and His Friends" knew nothing of it until the amount, partly in a check and partly in the shape of an annuity, was put into his hands, the list of the contributors first having gone into the fire.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The American Bible Society is undertaking the fourth general supply of the Holy Scripture throughout this country. The first was in 1829-30, the second in 1856, and the third in 1866. The work now proposed is the largest that has ever been attempted for the distribution of the Bible in any land, and the Society appeals for liberal contributions of money to pay for books, transportation and distribution, so that this home supply may not in the least cripple its growing foreign service.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Sand and dirt may accidentally get mixed with cotton to increase its weight, but beans and peas don't hop into coffee-sacks without help.

—Queen Victoria celebrated another birthday, recently. We are too gallant to keep count of them, but we believe the last one was her twenty-seventh.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"What shall we do when all hope is gone?" asks a Cleveland paper. Don't they generally order a new supply through the telephone? That's what the telephone is for.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A little boy, whose parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher: "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent," was the reply.

—Bronson Alcott, eighty-three years of age, has just published a book of poems, all of which were written within the last six months. Eighty-three, we would say to our young friends, is the proper age to begin writing poetry.—*New Haven Register.*

—The United States Fish Commissioner has recently placed in the rivers of Arkansas and Texas 1,500,000 shad. This statement may be believed. It's not the number of fish they put into a river, but the number they take out that men lie about.—*Boston Post.*

—Ella Wheeler wants to know if we are going "where the summer shadows dance." No, love, we are not. We are going to sit in the skylight of the *Commercial* building and howl for paste, and claw the exchange fiend, and pray for the man who stole the scissors, and swear that the deaf editor wrote that obnoxious paragraph. That's our vocation. Perhaps some other people will change their shirts and go, but if the "summer shadows" have any business with us—with us personally—they want to come right around to the office, Ella, and sit beside us for awhile when the foreman announces that the column is short.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The date burned in the bottom of the Cincinnati indestructible railway sandwich has led eminent archeologists to infer they were originally cast for the Mayflower supplies. They are four inches thick each side, and lined with apparent traces of ham. The assay also shows up some indications of butter of the Queen Anne period, but not in paying quantities. They can be reduced by strong acids or intense heat, but cannot be crushed by friction. As food they are not nutritious, but are perfectly harmless. Prof. Doremus, who has subjected them to a careful analysis, says there is not enough ham in 2,000,000,000 of them to endanger a two-year-old baby from trichinæ. Prof. Proctor says if a comet ever threatens the world with a collision that one blow with a railway sandwich will knock the everlasting nucleus out of the biggest comet that ever swung a tail. This sandwich is often bought, but never eaten.—*Burdette.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MATIE AND THE DUST-PAN.

I've sung my love in many a rhyme;
I've wound her life in many a story—
What better worth hath poet's time,
Than adding to his mistress' glory?—
I've sung her dainty morning dress;
I've sung the needle in her hand;
I've written verses to her curls,
And strewn them broadcast o'er the land.
But there's one weapon she can wield,
One before which I ever yield;
To her it is both sword and shield—
Her dainty little dust-pan.

Ah! dust's a thing you might suppose
That never could be made romantic,
And, placed before the poet's nose,
Would have effect to drive him frantic.
But poets still must eat and drink,
However far they like to roam;—
Ah! Dante's self had smiled, I think,
To find his Beatrice at home—
A cottage in Italian land,
A jolly dinner neatly planned,
And in his lovely lady's hand
A dainty little dust-pan.

Ah! Matie knows the poet-soul
Is not sustained by fairy dishes—
At breakfast-time it wants a roll,
And has some fixed ideas on fishes;
That ecstasies are very well,
But cleanliness must have a place;
That heavenly raptures as they swell
Will not support our fallen race.
And so at morn she comes in sight,
Armed with the symbol of her might
To put my troubled room to right—
Her dainty little dust-pan.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

POLLY'S BURGLAR.

Gray and ice-cold the twilight had darkened over the Stone Tower, until the ruddy glow of the fire became insufficient to dispel the creeping shadows, and Nannie brought in the lamp.

It was a great, low-ceiled room, with an antique-carved cornice and a wainscot of oak which reached above Nannie's shoulder—a room where the faded crimson hangings shut out the dying daylight, and the pattern of the carpet had long become indistinguishable.

And the three blooming, bright-eyed young girls in this ancient room seemed as much out of their element as a cluster of rosebuds would have been lying on an Egyptian sarcophagus.

But Colonel Copely liked seclusion and antiquity. Moreover, he liked economy. And when he brought his three motherless daughters down to the Stone Tower, he grimly gave them to understand that they too must teach themselves to like these three aspects of life.

"There's one thing," Colonel Copely, who was a man-hater, added to himself, "they'll get no beaux here! No girl ought to dream of a beau until she is twenty-five years old, at the very least."

Which was rather hard on Amy and Nannie, who were nineteen and seventeen, and had their pretty heads full of vague visions of love and lovers. And even little Polly, the youngest, who had barely turned fifteen, had an imaginary ideal in her brain, with dark, melancholy eyes and a brow like ivory, which she hoped one day might be realized in a suitor.

And upon this windy March night, when Colonel Copely was in the city, and Miss Baird, the governess, was confined to her room with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, Amy and Nannie were going to a surreptitious party.

"Of course papa wouldn't let us go if he were at home," said Amy.

"And we couldn't manage it if Miss Baird wasn't laid up, either," sagely added Nannie.

"But everything happens for the best," said Amy. "Do look at this lovely, gold-colored silk, Nan. Wasn't it good of Mary Sinclair to lend us the three dresses to choose from? I think I'll wear the gold-colored silk, with this black lace mantle."

"And I," said Nannie, who was pink and plump, with china-blue eyes and radiant, bronze-brown hair, "shall wear the white, all brocaded over with pink rose-buds, and the rose-colored satin slippers. O, Amy, darling"—pouncing upon her sister with a little, ecstatic kiss—"we shan't know ourselves!"

"Couldn't *I* go, too?" pleaded Polly, whose gipsy beauty gleamed in between the apple-bloom faces of her sisters like a Jacqueminot rose among white moss-pink. "Couldn't I wear the pretty garnet silk that you've neither of you chosen?"

"Nonsense!" cried Amy. "You are only a child!"

"I shall be sixteen in nine months," urged Polly. "And I'm almost as tall as you and Nannie. And I never, *never* was at a grown-up party in my life!"

"Polly," said Nannie, with autocratic severity, "hold your tongue! It's quite out of the question. You are to stay here, with Miss Baird."

"But Miss Baird is always asleep in the evenings!" whimpered Polly.

"So much the better for you," pronounced Nannie. "And to look after the house."

"The house won't run away," pouted Polly, still rebellious.

"That isn't the question under discussion," said Amy. "Get the work-basket now, like a darling, and help us tuck up these dresses a little, for Mary Sinclair is at least half a head taller than we are. And there is no time to lose!"

Polly drew a deep sigh and obeyed.

"Why was it," she argued within herself, "that she must always be put down and snubbed, and kept in the background, because she was the youngest, and wore short frocks and her hair braided in two Chinese tails down her back. If ever she was a grown-up young lady, *she'd* show them!"

But Polly got a little better natured when she was allowed to make waffles her ownself for tea, in the absence of Mary Eliza, their sole domestic, whose brother had hethought himself to fall ill of fever, half a mile or so up the mountain, at this auspicious time, of all others, and to select a jar of raspberry jam, by way of accompaniment.

For Polly, tall though she was, had not quite outgrown the age of teasets and delight in playing at housekeeping. And she arranged the tea-rose buds in her sisters' hair, and gave the last dainty touch to their dresses—Polly was a born lady's-maid, the girls declared, laughing—and looked regretfully after them, as, with their splendor all shrouded in black serge cloaks, they hurried down the frozen road, two merry, fleeting shadows.

"O, dear, oh, dear, said Polly, aloud, "how I wish I was going, too!"

And she winked the tears down, and ran back into the oak-wainscoted room, where the lamp still glowed, and the logs blazed and snapped on the hearth, so hurriedly that she never once remembered Amy's farewell caution as to the locking and double-locking of the outer door.

Miss Baird was asleep, after her supper and her medicine. There was no use going to her for companionship; for she snored and slept with her mouth open, and was not in the least an ideal slumberer. And the kitchen was very lonesome without Mary Eliza, and even the cat was too drowsy to purr or frolic with a ball of knitting-yarn.

"What shall I do?" said Polly. "O, I know! I'll try on the garnet silk dress, and fancy I'm a grown-up young lady going to a ball!"

She was walking up and down the floor, trying to see herself in the odd Venetian mirror that hung above the tall, wooden mantle, when the creaking of a board in the hall startled her. Flying to the door, garnet silk, train and all, she came face to face with a man.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, apologetically; "but you did not hear the knock, and——"

"What do you want?" cried Polly, all in a panic. "Go away, at once!"

"I called to see if the young ladies ——"

Polly waited to hear no more. Vague ideas of peddlers, tramps, burglars, midnight assassins, floated through her brain.

"Yes," said she with assumed calmness, "they are at home. Please to walk in."

And opening the nearest door, she motioned him to enter. As it was dark therein, how was he to know that it was the coal-cellar or that the next minute the door would be shut and bolted upon him?"

"There!" cried Polly, exultingly, her dark eyes staring like balls of fire, her cheeks turned from deadly pale to glowing red.

"But stop a minute!" pleaded a stifled voice, from the other side of the door. "There's a mistake. I——"

"Yes," said Polly, "there is a mistake! You are mistaken in supposing that I am to be imposed upon. Now, stay there until I call the coachman and the two stable-hands, and unloose the dog!"

(Which four last be it understood, were entirely a fiction of Miss Polly's imagination!)

She stood a second or so to consider. Miss Baird must not be excited or disturbed—at least, so the doctor said. Besides of what use could Miss Baird possibly be?

"I'll go for the girls," said Polly. "I'll be at the ball, after all!"

And, folding a shawl around her pretty, taper shoulders, away she shot, like an arrow, quite heedless of the lace-lined train of the garnet silk dress.

Hazel Hill, where the ball was being held, was not more than a quarter of a mile from Stone Tower, and, lighted from garret to cellar, it presented a very pretty sight to Polly's wondering eyes.

She posted herself on the verandah, just where a casement had been opened to cool the perfumed atmosphere of the dancing-room, and there, with big, sparkling eyes, and cherry cheeks, half hidden by the shawl drawn over her head and ears, she watched to catch a glimpse of Amy or Nannie.

There they were, dancing. Polly would scarcely have known them, so radiant they seemed—their exquisite borrowed dresses set off by lights, their faces flushed by happy excitement—and at last Amy sat down by this very open casement, smiling and fanning herself, while her partner hurried to bring her a glass of iced champagne.

All of a sudden a cold little hand fell on her round, dimpled shoulder. She started and looked around.

"Polly! Goodness me! it can't be possible!" she exclaimed. "What on earth has brought you here? Is Miss Baird dead? Has papa come home?"

"No," answered Polly, sepulchrally. "But I've caught a burglar! Call Nannie and come home at once, because, maybe, he'll break loose."

And so Amy never got the iced champagne, and Nannie didn't finish her waltz with a whiskered young gentleman from Montreal. And Harry Sinclair, the brother of the hostess, accompanied them back to the Tower, with the tallest of the waiters, two revolvers and a blackthorn stick which would have done credit to Rory O'More himself.

Thus backed up, Polly drew the bolt, unlocked the door, and called in stern accents, to the sequestered victim:

"Come out, you villain—come at once!"

And a tall, rather pleasant-looking young fellow emerged, shivering with the cold, and having the traces of coal-dust on his white shirt collar and light kid gloves.

"Who are you?" savagely demanded Sinclair.

The gentleman presented his card.

"My name is Safford," said he. "Colonel Copely requested me to call here and bring his daughters back to New York with me. Here is a letter from him. He has taken a furnished house in Forty-seventh Street, and——"

"Goodness me!" gasped Polly, clasping her hands over her eyes. "And I shut him in the coal-cellar!"

For one dread second there was silence and then they all burst into a peal of contagious laughter, which broke up all ceremony at once, and rendered them all excellent friends.

Mr. Sinclair, with the tall waiter and the blackthorn stick, departed; and Polly with a little of Nannie's amateur assistance, served up an impromptu supper of bread and toasted cheese, which was pronounced a success. Mary Eliza returned in a little while and all was well.

The next day commenced the packing for removal. Mary Eliza was to remain in the Stone Tower until Mrs. Baird's convalescence, and the three girls returned to New York with Mr. Stafford.

And Mr. Stafford, strange to say, appeared to have no malice toward his fair little jailer.

"On the contrary," said the shrewd Amy, as the season advanced. "I do believe he likes Polly the best of us all, or he would do if she wasn't such a child."

"But she's growing older every day," said Nannie.

"And prettier," added Amy, with a laugh.

So that, as the two sisters agreed, there was no telling what might happen one of these days. But if they venture to question Polly herself, she only laughs and blushes, and hides her face.

"Because, you know, I'm not a grown woman *yet*," says Polly.—*Saturday Night.*

Business Was Bad.

"And how are things in the Far West, now?" asked a Brooklyn man of a stranger he had picked up, and who had been living out in the territories.

"Bad," replied the frontiersman. "Things are not what they used to be. Why, sir, they try a man by jury now! Yes, sir! Catch a horse-thief and lock him up in a jail and give him just as fair a trial as they do a man who murders a woman! O, the whole country is broke up!"

"You surprise me!" replied the Brooklyn man, who was more surprised by the manner than the matter of the intelligence.

"Fact! Where I live they've lynched only one man in four years, and that was for wearing a stand-up collar! And they don't shoot any more! No, sir, if two men have a row, they fight with their lists, and the Sheriff sees fair play! I tell you this beastly civilization has ruined the frontier. They arrest even road agents now! Think of that! Road agents! They used to elect them School Trustees, and a stage driver is no more account than a Mayor is in Brooklyn! I tell you the frontier is dead!"

"But how is business?"

"Nothing doing at all. You see they've got blue-ribbon lodges, and that knocked business galley west. Absolutely nothing doing. Merchants are starving ever since the temperance movement commenced. I don't know what the country is coming to!"

"Don't the temperance people do anything for a living?"

"Nothing to speak of. O, they have little shops and kind of trade among themselves to keep each other going, but legitimate business is busted, I tell you! Why, sir, there hasn't over forty barrels of whisky come into our town in two months! That shows you how business is. What do you think they had there just before I left?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"A church festival! You won't believe it; a church festival! Right in the heart of the town! The merchants got together and swore they would not go, and they stayed away. But that didn't break it up! As sure as I sit here, those people went right along and had their festival! That shows how things are going. Then a friend of mine licked a deacon one day. Fined him cash for it, and he had to pay!"

"Any gambling there now?"

"Gambling! gambling!! Well, I should say not! There isn't over eighty or a hundred gambling houses in the town, where it used to be the staple enterprise! Gambling! I tell you everything is dead. Why, they've even got ten-cent pieces for change! Think of ten-cent pieces!"

"How do you account for all this?"

"The newspapers did it! They would blow about the country and tell what a town they had, and now they've got it! We were doing well enough, but outsiders found out that it was a good place, and in they came with their puritanical notions, and knocked honest industry higher'n a stack of chips! I was opposed to the papers, and said they'd make trouble, but they let 'em go on, and where are we now?"

"Do you think of going back?"

"What's the use? There's no trade at all. Everybody's honest, and all making money farming. I've got a farm myself, a hundred and eighty acres, but that's no work for me. Legitimate enterprise is busted!"

"Want to sell your farm?" asked the Brooklyn man, cautiously.

"Sell it! I'd give it away! It's worth $50,000, and I'd take $10,000 for it."

The Brooklyn man reflected a moment, and then the trade was consummated. Later on the deed was transferred, and the Brooklyn man went home to tell his wife.

The frontiersman sent the following dispatch:

"Buck Dudley, Hole in the Wall, Montana: Jump the Norwegian's claim to-night. Have sold it to a sucker, and potted the clean-up. Buy Calamity Frazer's saloon for me on thirty days. Leave on the train to-night.

KICKER BAILEY."

Sometimes Montana business is better in Brooklyn than in Montana, and an able-bodied liar who doesn't lie too hard can do a country as much good as a whole territorial press that overdoes the matter.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Dinner Innovations.

An alteration in the arrangement of the dinner table has been already adopted by the more refined and delicate dinner givers of London. The tablecloths are no longer of the snowdrop white which their grandmothers were so proud to display on the polished mahogany board, but are of the color best suited to the furniture and the walls of the room. Some are now being exhibited in the show rooms in Waterloo Place of a neutral tint of brown "made to go with every color." The table is adorned with flower pots all down the centre. These are enclosed in covers of bright colored plush, embroidered in gay colors, and are really more effective than the most expensive Sevres china could possibly be. But the greatest innovation of all is to be seen in the new Japanese dinner napkins. They are of cut paper, and can be used but once, of course, but are curious, and considered much prettier than the shining white square of damask.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Children Bury a Playmate Alive.

A horrible rumor comes to us of an incredible act of foolishness on the part of some colored children living near Etonian Creek, Putnam County, Florida, by the name of Williams. It seems the children had been to a funeral shortly before, and while playing at home the other day the idea of burial came into their heads. A large hole was dug, and one of their number, a young child hardly more than a baby, was put in and covered up entirely. The other children played around awhile longer, but soon forgot their companion buried alive, and wandered off. At night, when inquiry was made after the missing child, the horrible story was told. The affrighted parents hastened to the spot pointed out and dug up the child, but, of course, too late.—*Palatka (Fla.) Journal.*

Natural Localities for Plants.

The idea that nature is an excellent guide in the selection of soil or climate for different kinds of plants is one of those fallacies which has caused the human race many and bitter disappointments. The discoverers of Martha's Vineyard no doubt thought that they had found a land especially adapted to the growth of the grape because wild vines abounded everywhere on that island; but time and experience have shown that wild grapes thrive where the improved and cultivated sorts fail. No sane man would think of planting a vineyard in a swamp, and still it is in just such situation that we find wild vines most abundant.

What is true with the grape is also true with hundreds of other fruits and plants. The experienced horticulturists have learned that nature is no guide in the selection of soil or location for cultivated plants, but the sentimental traveler and enthusiastic pioneer, penetrating the newer regions of our country, seldom fail to note that certain wild fruits abound in the locality whence he writes; accordingly he asserts that the cultivated sorts of the same genus must certainly succeed when afforded a trial. The wild crab apple, plum, cherry, currant and raspberry abound in every valley and wood in Wisconsin, and all the way up to northern Minnesota and westward into and across the Rocky Mountains, and these seem to the pioneers unmistakable indications of the success of cultivated sorts; but a practical test has shown that there are only a very few favored spots in all these regions where any of the choice improved fruits will thrive.

We have only to look into our gardens and fields to find testimony in abundance proving how fallacious is the idea that nature always places either plants or animals in situations best adapted to their development or perfection. Not one weed in a dozen that grows so rankly in the field is indigenous to this continent; in fact the indigenous plants of a country seldom become pests in cultivated fields. The old "cursed thistle" of Europe seems to have run wild and become a great pest in America, where the original name has become corrupted into Canada thistle.

Not only do the plants which we designate as weeds thrive better in this than in their native country, but also the useful kinds, such as the various cereals, fruits and roots. Our own country, however, is so extensive, and possesses so wide a range of climate and soil, that to move plants from one part to another may subject them to as great a change as crossing the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean; in fact, there is a greater difference between the soil and climate of the plains of the West and the Eastern States than between those of the latter and any part of northern Europe. Hence it would not be strange if some of the wild plants of the Rocky Mountain regions should eventually become noxious weeds in the Eastern States, or if others should become greatly improved under cultivation.

The effect of soil and climate upon plants is probably as well if not better illustrated in the growth and quality of the common potato than by any other plant in general cultivation. As is now well known, the so-called Irish potato is a native of nearly all the deep valleys and canons of the eastern Rocky Mountains from Colorado southward into Mexico, and probably along the higher parts of the Andes in South America. In its native state the tubers are seldom larger than good-sized acorns, but of various shapes and colors. As far as we have seen, the flowers are always white and the leaves very small, but enough like the cultivated plant to be readily recognized as potato leaves. The valleys or native habitant of the potato are elevated 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, the climate is always cool, in some localities extremely cold, and often very dry—so dry, in fact, that the wild plants frequently remain dormant for two or three years, and when the rains come at last they push forth with renewed vigor. Strange as it may seem, the cultivated or improved sorts very frequently will not thrive in the same soil where the wild ones are most abundant, while two or three miles up the canons or valleys, or at an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the wild plantations, the improved sorts grow to a large size, and are of an exceedingly fine quality. It would seem from this that the wild tubers had in time been washed down from a higher and more congenial soil and climate to one where they thrive but imperfectly. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is well known to the ranchmen in the Rockies that it will not always answer to select soil filled with the plants of wild potatoes for a plantation of the cultivated sorts.

We might, if necessary, note hundreds of similar instances of nature's being a poor or unsafe guide in selecting soil or climate for any particular kind of plant; but our readers can probably call to mind a sufficient number to convince them that both plants and animals often wander into uncongenial localities, or are transported into those more congenial than where nature originally placed them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pigs Not in Peus.

I don't desire to appear disrespectful or discourteous to my fellow men, but I must be permitted to remark that the number of two-legged hogs now living and traveling in this free and glorious country is greater than ever—nay, is on the increase. It has been my fortune to spend part of this week in an inland city, where, among other monstrosities, was a musical festival. I "put up" in a first class hotel where cots were retailed at eight dollars a night and hack drivers considered it a privilege when they charged six dollars an hour for the use of their unkempt vehicles. At my table sat a specimen of the hog family. The first thing he always did was to tuck a huge napkin to his neck and smooth it carefully over his shirt, as if to say. "Now I'm going to slobber." He cut a steak into pieces three inches long and wide in proportion, ate fried eggs whole, and put away bread and butter by the half slice at a time. Coarse-grained and insensitive, he had the hide of a rhinoceros, picked his teeth with a flourish, and smacked his lips with gusto. I don't exaggerate him a particle. I left the table repeatedly rather than gag. I ordered my meals in my room several times, and I avoided looking at the man as I avoid looking at a sore. He is, however, a fair type of a class of men we often see. They go blundering through the world, careless of every one, reckless of everyone. They know what they want is to be got by pushing, as they push, and the rest of us get out of their way.

Another member of the hog family is the constant smoker. It matters nothing to him if sick men, delicate women or little children are upset by his smoke. "Shall I be inconvenienced by you?" He thinks it a hardship if he can't smoke on car platforms, and ridiculous if he is not allowed to smoke all over a boat. I made a trip from New York to Boston last week. In the forward end of the parlor car, in which, for the sake of comfort, I paid an extra dollar, was a little apartment filled with men. My seat was near the door. The men, the conductor, the car conductor, the newsboys, the peanut, candy and book venders and the passengers in general opened that door not less than 175 times in eight hours. I counted eighty times, and didn't begin to count for a long time, and stopped hours before we reached Beantown. Each time the door opened a whiff of smoke blew in my face, in the face of an invalid girl in the next chair, in the face of a dear old lady, who was made very ill by it, and in the faces of all the twenty-six passengers, each of whom had paid an extra dollar for "comfort." I came home by the Fall River line. My seat in the parlor car was No. 18, and I had a sick headache. At least ten men smoked from Boston to Fall River, and to cap the climax a parlor car conductor did the same. Mr. Vanderbilt owns the Fourth Avenue horse-car line, and charges six cents for the shortest ride, the slowest horses and the most crowded cars in the city. Conspicuously posted is a regulation against smoking. Every day in the year I ride four times on those cars, and I don't remember a trip when Mr. Hog was not smoking either a bloated cigar or a stinking cigarette. I have seen women turn pale with deathly sickness because some squirt on the front platform continued to smoke after he had been requested not to. If a man takes the matter in his own hands, nine-tenths of the passengers look upon him as a loafer. If he asks the conductor to speak to the offender, an offensive conspicuosity is given him which is far from pleasant. Last night I attended a minstrel show, and expecting a Pittsburgh friend to join me purchased two seats. My friend didn't come. I sat in the end seat and placed my hat on the next. Mr. Hog occupied the seat beyond, threw his arm so that it touched my shoulder over the back of my second seat and arranged his knees, legs and feet so that they literally took up all his own space and that belonging to my vacant chair. I was nettled and annoyed, but Brother Hog was as happy as any porker living, and beat time with hand and foot in a way that was at once vigorous and versatile. Why do foreigners and public characters talk loud in hotels and cars? Much of the week I have spent in a hotel where a number of lyric artists boarded. One of them is known throughout the land, and is a great favorite. Every morning she took her breakfast at 10:30, laughed boisterously and talked incessantly in such a loud tone as to be embarrassing to people who didn't care to know her "secrets," and annoying to others who felt like talking to each other. This feature of hogishness is peculiar to foreigners, who seem to have an idea that no one understands what they are saying. I saw a Cuban ejected from a Twenty-third Street stage last week by the vigorous toe of an indignant man whose alert ear caught a number of insulting comments on his daughter, who was sitting on the seat with three Cubans. Assuming that no one understood them, they felt at liberty to talk as they pleased, and a more astonished party you never saw than they.—*Joe Howard, in Philadelphia Times.*

Barrels of Human Ashes.

The students at the University of Pennsylvania have nearly all completed their year's work in the dissecting room, and that department will be closed in a few days; in consequence of which the interesting experiments in cremating the dead bodies brought to the University will be discontinued for the present. It is not generally known that a crematory has been erected in the new college building, and that the bodies, after they have been used by the students, are sent down to the furnace and burned to white ashes. This disposition of the dead bodies is considered by the University people much better than the old way of throwing them into a pit and allowing them to decompose. The crematory furnace is a large one, built after the pattern of the one at Washington, in this State, and burn as many as eight bodies at a time. As a result of its frequent and successful use recently the Superintendent of the crematory has on hand several barrels of ashes, the mortal remains of more than a hundred "subjects." The great problem now is, what disposition shall be made of the accumulation? It would not be exactly proper to dump it in the common ash heap and send it to the fertilizer's, although such a proceeding has been proposed. "The subject" seems to have a pretty hard time of it altogether. After being in pickle for months, he or she, as the case may be, is carved up, burned with a batch of fellow-victims, and the ashes barreled up to await an inquest of professors as to what shall next become of them. About eight hours are required to reduce a half-dozen bodies to ashes, and twenty-four hours are consumed in the cooling-off process. A 150-pound body comes out of the furnace reduced to less than half a dozen pounds on the average. Several experiments are to be made soon to determine into how small a quantity of ashes a human being can be reduced. Propositions have been made by some of the custodians of the small-pox hospital to cremate the patients who die there. The matter has suggested to the Board of Health and the experiments proposed at the University cremator may lead to more important results than were at first intended.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Robert Buchanan, the author, has returned to England from a matrimonial expedition to Switzerland, where he was married to his sister-in-law, Miss Joy, author of the "Queen of Connaught." Marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which is unlawful in England, is lawful in Switzerland.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Workmen employed in nail manufactories are liable to contract a disease known as nailers' consumption, caused by the deposit of iron particles in the cells of the lungs.

—Robert Bonner has paid $352,000 for thirty-eight trotting horses in the last thirty-four years. Fourteen of them are by sires of Hambletonian blood, and nearly one-quarter of the entire lot are descendants of Mambrino Chief.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Papers of the City of Mexico have recently reached New York, only twelve days after publication. This is the shortest time ever known, and the increased speed of transmission is due to the completion of the railroad from Mexico to Toluca.—*Boston Post.*

—Although Sarah Bernhardt, or Madame Damale, has made a large sum since she left the Paris Francais, her managers have had the lion's share. In the future her husband will be her business man himself. It is said that there is not a sharper man in Paris.—*Chicago Journal.*

—An English writer, in describing the performances of Asiatics on the opium pipe, says: "There can scarcely be a more ethereal enjoyment than sucking chaudu smoke into the throat and blowing it out again through the nose, and sometimes, by finished performers, through the inner corners of their eyes."

—A Brooklyn alderman is almost as dignified as a Detroit alderman; so when a Brooklyn woman the other day spit in an Alderman's face for interfering with her while she was spanking her child, was fined five dollars. In Detroit it would have cost her fifty cents more at least.—*Free Press.*

—A young lady, while passing up Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., the other afternoon, was startled by the outcry: "Your hat is all on fire." The young lady quickly removed the hat and found a hole had been burned in it about twice the size of a silver dollar. It is supposed that a match dropped from an upper window caused the mischief.

—There are over five hundred summer hotels and boarding-houses in Greene County, New York, by actual count, accommodating from ten to one thousand guests each, at from five to twenty-five dollars a week. The aggregate capacity of these hotels and boarding-houses is between 20,000 and 25,000 persons—and at the height of the season they are pretty much all filled.

—A little child was cut in two by a locomotive on a North Carolina railroad, recently, in spite of the efforts of the engineer, who, in trying to rescue her, was thrown from the engine down an embankment and himself seriously injured. When the two parts of the child were picked up its head continued to utter piercing cries for two minutes, and until death ensued.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Lucius Hubbard, of Cottage, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., some time ago was married for a second time. His daughter, who is fifty years of age, was opposed to the marriage, and finally told her father that either his wife must leave the house or she would. The gentleman concluded he could live better without his wife than daughter, and so parted from her. Both were wealthy and respected.

—One danger with boilers is the tearing away of seams, but a method of which we are inclined to think, favorably, suggested by an English engineer, would dispense with riveting. In making this boiler, a ring of steel is cast and heated; then it is placed upon a large roller, and by the aid of smaller rollers it is enlarged to the requisite dimensions. The ring is run from one end of the roller to the other, and is returned by reversing the machinery. The heads necessary for the completion of the boiler are subsequently put on with bolts. A boiler of this description has been exhibited.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—A remnant of the once powerful Pequot race still maintains a tribal organization in Connecticut. Schaghticoke, the ancient seat of this people, is situated in the town of Kent, under the Schaghticoke Mountain, in the middle of the valley of Housatonic. Schaghticoke now consists of six, little brown, clapboarded, one-story houses, tenanted by some seventeen persons, and the whole tribe number about fifty. The reservation of three hundred acres comprises Schaghticoke Mountain, valuable only for timber. Vinnie, the aged queen of the tribe, is nearly white, earns her living by basket-making, and is a member of the nearest Congregational church.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An Illinois girl lately called at a Coroner's office, and addressing the solitary occupant of the apartment, said: "Be you the Coroner?" "I guess you'd think so if you ever see an undertaker shake hands with me," blandly answered the official. "You ain't going anywhere in a day or two, be you?" "Not that I know." "Well, I'm glad to hear it," continued the maiden with an air of much encouragement. "Johnnie Bowles has been keepin' company with me since Christmas, but I hear that he's going to take another girl to the circus to-night, and if he does I'll swaller p'ison."—*Chicago Journal.*

Female Ferocity.

Female ferocity gave a thrilling exhibition of itself at the contest between Jane McKellar and Frances McNair, Lumberton, N. C. Both had fallen madly in love with the same man and to see which should possess him, they agreed to fight. Jane was the larger and more muscular but while Frances was spare she was lithe and quick of motion. They fought each other like tigers, and finally Jane succeeded in throwing her small but plucky opponent, and with her heavy knee pressed in the stomach of the prostrate woman, grasped her by the throat with the fury of a tigress and well nigh choked the life from her. Finally, by a last terrible effort, Frances, who had been wriggling upon the ground like a serpent in agony, gave a sudden twist of the body, forcing her antagonist to lose her seat, and fall sideways to the ground. Before she could recover herself, Frances got on her feet, drew a bowie-knife and plunged it into the heart of Jane McKellar who died with one gasp. Then, on sight of the gaping wound, the victor in the fight fell in a swoon across the dead body, where she was found. A party had followed them but too late to prevent the terrible tragedy.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

Hon. F. M. Darby, of Hagerstown has been appointed United States assistant treasurer at Baltimore, vice Gen. Negley.

Over 75,000 Texas steers are now leisurely being driven through the Indian Territory to the West and Northwest. Before the season is over 100,000 will be on the trail. In the droves are 10,000 horses.

The safe in the post office at Grafton was blown open Sunday morning by burglars, and between $300 and $400 taken therefrom. A part of the money, it is said, belonged to the Masonic fraternity of the city. The safe door was drilled into, the hole filled with powder and then blown off.

On the 5th instant we were visited by Dr. E. H. Parsons, William Moody and Michael Wolf a committee for District No. 4, who had quite a lengthy petition from the citizens of Bloomington to the County Commissioners asking an appropriation towards erecting a bridge across the Potomac at that place. Their only access to West Virginia is by the B. & O. R. R. bridge, which has two tracks on it, and is extremly dangerous for pedestrians, especially when two trains happen to meet on it, which frequently occurs; the river is not fordable for horses or vehicles one half the year, and since the building of the West Virginia Central Railroad up the Potomac, the erection of a bridge has become an absolute necessity. The committee feel satisfied that if our county will grant a liberal appropriation towards this object, they will be met with a corresponding spirit of liberality on the part of Mineral county, W. Va., and we hope that our County Commissioners will most generously respond to their request.

—Since writing the above we are informed that the Board of County Commissioners decided to appropriate $1,000 toward the erection of the bridge, provided the authorities of Mineral county, W. Va., give a like amount.

Execution of Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—At half-past 11 preparations began to be made for the execution. At 11:50 o'clock the detachment of artillery was formed on the east side of the rotunda, and brought their muskets to parade rest. Dr. Hicks and the prisoner engaged in prayer. Guiteau became nervous and appeared greatly startled when he heard the rattle of muskets on the stone floor of the rotunda. From that time Guiteau appeared to be thoroughly overcome with emotion. He wept and seemed to be in great anguish.

About 12 o'clock Guiteau seemed to break completly down, and burst into tears and sobbed hysterically. Dr. Hicks vainly trying to calm him.

Upon reaching the platform Guiteau was placed behind the drop, facing the front of the scaffold. Capt. Coleman stood upon his right Mr. Robert Strong upon his left, and Mr. Woodward behind him. Mr. Jones took position on the north side. Gen. Crocker took his position at the southern corner of the structure. Guiteau gazed upon the crowd, looking at the beam over his head and made a survery of all the dread paraphernalia. As soon as the crowd had gained access Gen. Crocker waved to them to uncover, and all heads were bared. Dr. Hicks made an invocation in these words; "Father, out of the depths we cry to Thee. Hear Thou our supplication for the sake of Jesus Christ the Saviour, who has made full propitiation for us. Behold this, Thy, servant. We humbly pray that Thou wilt deliver him at this supreme moment of his life. Let Thy light descend upon him. Liberate his soul from prison. May he appear before You, absolved by Thy great mercy. From blood guiltiness deliver him and us. God have mercy on us! Christ, have mercy on us! Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Amen.

During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At its conclusion Dr. Hicks opened the Bible and Guiteau, in firm tones said, "I will read a selection from the tenth chapter of Matthew, from the 26th to the 1st verses inclusive." He then read in a clear, strong voice, and with good intonation showing little if any nervousness.

Dr. Hicks then produced the manuscript which was prepared by the prisoner this morning, and held it before him while Guiteau exhibited a slight nervousness, and moved several times from one foot to another. He soon recovered and said, "I am going to read you my dying prayer." He then read it in a loud tone, and with distinct and deliberate emphasis. After which he read some verses which indicated his feelings at the moment of leaving this world.

Guiteau at 12.35 read his farewell address as follows: My dying prayer on the gallows: Father, now I go to Thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and I am only too happy to go to Thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but Thou knowest it. Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from Theo, and I have set it forth in my book that all men may read and know that Thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This government and nation, by this act, I know will incur the eternal enmity as did the Jews by killing Thy man, my Saviour. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know Thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers toward me will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that Thy divine law of retribution is inexorable. I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers, from the Execution to the hangman, will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable. Oh, Thou Supreme Judge! Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws! Only weeping and gnashing of the teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with the Righteous Father for their vindictiveness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow has no parallel in history, but Thou, Righteous Father, will judge him. Father Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me, and now I go to Thee, and the Saviour, without the slightest illwill toward a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth.

His legs were pinioned and the noose placed over his head, and he carefully adjusted it about his neck, and as he did so Guiteau called out in loud tones. "Glory, glory, glory." Instantly the spring was touched, the drop fell, and Guiteau swung in the air. The body turned partly around, but there was not the slighest perceptible movement of the limbs or any evidence of a conscious effort to move them.

The body of Guiteau was cut down at 12.57, and put in a coffin, where it was viewed by the spectators, and afterwards removed to the jail chapel, where an autopsy was held on it by physicians.

Dr. Lamb made the following statement as to the result of the autopsy held on the body of Guiteau, with the explanation that a fuller report would be made later. "The brain weighed 49½ ounces. There were adhesions of the outer membrane to the skull, and opaque thickenings of the arachnoid membrane over the fissures of the convexity. To the naked eye the brain itself showed no evidence of disease. There was a slight depression of the skull in the right side. Microscopic views of the brain were taken and photographs of the brain and membranes and general appearance of the surface."

On Saturday afternoon Guiteau's body was buried in the northeast corridor of the jail. The brick flooring was taken up, and a grave seven feet deep was dug, into which the remains of the wretched assassin were deposited, far beyond the reach of the body-snatchers. Six of the jail prisoners acted as pall-bearers. There was no ceremony of any kind, and the task was gone through with in the most expeditous and practical manner, under the direction of Warden Crocker. Rev. Dr. Hicks and John W. Guiteau witnessed the interment, and when it was concluded the latter laid a crown of white immortelles on the grave. Not a word was spoken, and there was no one to shed a tear. Mrs. Scoville came to the jail, accompanied by Miss Chevalliere, and begged to be permitted to see the burial of her brother, but she was not admitted. She went away, leaving some flower pieces, with the request that they be put on the grave.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3, 1882.

It is consoling to believe that the curtain is now drawn upon Guiteau. His earthly remains are buried in the damp basement of one of the wings of the gloomy structure within which he passed the last year of his life, where no adventurous body-snatcher is likely to break through and steal. The funeral was a fit ending to the final scene. It was attended by three relatives: John Guiteau, Mrs. Scoville and her little daughter, the Rev. Mr. Hicks, Miss Chevalliler, of Boston, and two reporters. In the centre of the prison room, on a plain wooden settee, was the imitation rosewood coffin which contained the body, the lid having been down to conceal the features from view. All around the room were evidence of the autopsy held the day before. A large tin bucket filled with bloody water was a conspicuous object; in one corner was a pile of old ropes, ladders, pulleys, and blocks, indicating that the room was devoted to storage purposes, and on the walls were inscribed the names and regiment of a number of the soldiers who have been occupants of this room since the second of July. It was amid such surroundings that the funeral of the dead assassin was conducted, and the desolate appearance seemed in every sense appropriate to the occasion.

A short invocation by Dr. Hicks, closing in an impressive manner with the Lord's Prayer and the familiar words—

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not written of the soul,"

constituted all the ceremony. Then five stalwart colored prisoners were called in to act as pall-bearers, and picking up the plain coffin as though little mindful of the contents, bore it quickly down the chapel steps and placed it on the elevator to be taken to the basement below where a grave had been prepared. Here there was no ceremony, and but three witnesses besides the warden and his deputies and two prisoners who had been detailed to fill up the grave. The coffin was covered with heavy boards before the earth was put in and, as the soil was of a gravely nature where the interment was made, the sound of stone falling upon the coffin rang out with startling distinctness. Owing to the small size of the elevator leading down stairs, when the coffin was taken down it was found necessary to stand it on end and the body was moved out of position a trifle. The gloomy surroundings adjacent to the grave of the dead murderer will not likely be forgotten by those who witnessed the burial. It was four o'clock when the first spadeful of earth rattled upon the coffin, and Mr. Irving Crocker, a son of the General, called attention to the fact that it was the same time that the assassin's victim was buried at Cleveland, Ohio,

The effort to secure an adjournment of Congress on the 10th has failed and it is probable from present appearances that the 20th will be about the date. There is some force in the argument of Senator Beck that it is a one-sided arrangement to allow the House to keep the appropriation bills seven months and then expect to make the Senate dispose of them in a few days; but there is probably more in the general disinclination of Senators to be excluded from their full share in the personal profit or local influence to be derived from a manipulation of the items of National expenditure. Anyhow, the Senators are taking their time, meeting no earlier and sitting no later now than they did in December. After a seven months' session the record of this Congress is not a very proud one—no great measure of legislation having been matured—though there is consolation in the thought that it might have been worse. It is probably better to do nothing than to do wrong.

DOM PEDRO.

Whirlwinds and Floods.

PITTSBURG, July 1.—The village of Coalville, Butler county, suffered from a terrible cyclone a few minutes after 7 o'clock last evening. The track of the storm was only about one-quarter of a mile wide and ten miles long, but in that territory great damage was done. In the country adjoining the village many houses were blown down, but as far as can be ascertained no one was hurt. The principal portion of the ruin wrought was in Coalville. A new frame store building and dwelling, owned by Frank Bard, was completely wrecked in an instant. Mr. Bard, his sister-in-law and his clerk, Mr. Canon, were badly injured. Mrs. Bard was blown a considerable distance, but miraculously escaped any injury beyond a few bruises. About 500 feet south of this store a dwelling-house, occupied by Thomas Johnson and family, was blown down, but all the inmates escaped injury. The residence of Mr. Wm. Barnes was completely swept away, not a board remaining. Mrs. Barnes was blown fully 300 feet and lodged in a fence corner. She was so badly hurt that she died within half an hour. A child of Mr. Barnes was carried 500 feet, and received injuries from which it died this evening. The residence of Mr. Jonathan Kelly, which contained nine persons at the time the cyclone struck it, was completely demolished, and all the people in the building were more or less injured. One of the inmates, William Henly, has since died. In a barber shop next door Mr. and Mrs. McQuiston were so severely hurt that they are expected to die. The only hotel in the place, the Kelso House, was so badly damaged that it will be necessary to rebuild it, and the village drug store is in about the same condition. Altogether about fifteen houses were wrecked and from twenty-five to thirty persons killed and injured. In the track of the storm scarcely a tree is left standing, giant trunks being twisted off like pipe-stems, and in some instances carried hundreds of yards. The loss will probably exceed $75,000.

OREGON, ILL., July 1.—A storm of unequaled severity prevailed yesterday. The water rose on the flats, driving dozens of families from their homes. Fifteen buildings were struck by lightning and a Mr. Spooner was killed. Many barns and outbuildings were carried away by the wind and flood. A score of bridges floated off. Hundreds of acres of grain were entirely ruined; horses and cattle were killed by lightning in nearly every pasture. Damage to the amount of $50,000 was done in this city and its vicinity. Miles of the tract of the Chicago and Iowa road are impassable.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, July 1.—There was a furious storm in Central Iowa, Thursday night, but though a regular tornado, it was for the greater part of its course in the air, not striking the ground except in a few places, where it demolished everything.

LAFAYETTE, IND., July 1.—Such rain as fell here yesterday was never equalled in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. The streets were flooded at 9 o'clock last night, filling the cellars level with the sidewalks and washing away street crossings and fences and doing damage to the extent of many thousand dollars. The upper part of the city for over a mile resembles Venice on a small scale. The culvert under the South-street railroad yard, containing seven tracks, was washed out. Two men narrowly escaped being buried. Only one track can be used for a quarter of a mile. The damage is not yet fully known, but it will prove to be very heavy.

There seems to be a sort of scientific consultation going on among Democratic leaders to find out if possible what is the matter with the Democratic party. In this State investigators and explorers have been sent out recently by a Tilden organ of Utica, and they have all returned with the information that the party is merely suffering from a lack of Tilden. Given the Sage to run for Governor this fall, and all will be well. The party will bloom suddenly into such health and loveliness that everybody will be glad to join it and put it into power. This is the New York view. The Western view is not like unto it. Western explorers declare that the party has had all the Tildenism it can stand; but that what it wants is a new man and a clearly defined policy. Congressman Morrison, of Illinois, thinks that an issue of tariff and tax reform would carry the party to glory. He says the trouble now is that the party simply asks the people to turn out the Republicans and put in the Democrats. He very properly calls that "office-seeking on a large scale," and evidently has small hope that the request will ever be granted. With free trade and tax reform, he is sure success would certainly come in the end. We most warmly second the motion. It would give every Republican in the land inexpressible pleasure to see the Democracy take the field this fall under a gonfalon inscribed "Free Trade and Free Whiskey." They would thereby give themselves and the Republicans a good start for 1884. In fact, this plan strikes us as even preferable to that of the New York Tilden Democrats, who wish the inscription on the banner to be "Tilden and More Cipher Reform." Still, no good Republican would oppose the adoption of either issue. With such a pair to choose from the Democracy is indeed rich. Let us hear no more talk about the lack of a Democratic policy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to billious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Press.*

Mr. Garrett's Great Scheme.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The election of the Gowen-Garrett ticket as directors of the Jersey Central Railway is an advanced step toward a new railway line between New York and Baltimore, and promises the prompt prosecution of that important work. The Reading now has its line from this city to New York, and the Baltimore and Ohio has long been seeking to extend its line northward to the two great commercial and manufacturing cities of the Union, Messrs. Gowen, Garrett and Vanderbilt have now joined hands and possessed the Jersey Central, and their purpose is unconcealed to make a railway combination extending from New York to the South by Baltimore and Washington. They will find many obstacles in their path, but probably none so great as those which have now been overcome.

The Gowen-Garrett Vanderbilt Railway scheme is one of great proportions. It means a northern outlet for the Baltimore and Ohio, and a southern outlet for the Reading, by a new line from Philadelphia to Baltimore; an outlet for the Reading from Williamsport to the lakes by the Pine Creek route, and an outlet for the Reading to the West from the Cumberland Valley through the southern border counties. The scheme, if its consummation can be attained, will mark a new era in Pennsylvania progress and add vastly to the prosperity of the state. The narrow idea that new railway lines must seriously impair the prosperity of old and successful lines belongs to the past. If the Reading and Baltimore and Ohio shall perfect their present projected system, there will be enough for the new lines to do without diminishing the business of the great Pennsylvania line. So far from reducing the business of the great trunk line of the state, whose tributaries reach into the hives of industry on every side, the new lines will create new industries and new traffic, while the Pennsylvania line will multiply its trade as rapidly as at any time in the past. The world is a generation older than it was when the Pennsylvania Railroad was built, and railways are now as much a necessity as schools in every section of our mighty commonwealth.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—"Lodge Life" has many charms for a man given to serious thought. The question is sometimes asked, "Are Lodges beneficial to a community, when considered from a moral standpoint?" The answer is invariably in the affirmative; a young man can do nothing better for his own advancement in life than to join the Lodge of some secret society. There he can learn parliamentary law, and many other things of practical advantage. He sees laws and rules made, revised and enforced. He gradually takes part in debate, until he is full master of himself when speaking before an assembly, and in time develops the whole of his ability as an orator. He occasionally has committee work to perform which gives him practical experience in business; in time he receives an office, and by promptly fulfilling his duties may become presiding officer, and can conduct the business of the meeting with firmness and impartiality. He learns to love his Lodge as a second home, for there he meets the pleasant faces of the other members, all extending a brotherly greeting. The fact that it takes a man's evenings should not be an obstacle, for there is no better way to spend time than by being in the company of men who are aiding in relieving distress. From a financial point, the amount of dues paid into a Lodge is so small that it never becomes a hardship, if promptly paid.

Most Wonderful.

Very seldom do we read of an actual case of recovery, where hope had altogether been lost, to equal that which was on Monday investigated by a *Dispatch* reporter who had heard, in various quarters, persons talking to their friends of a cure, seemingly little short of miraculous, that had been performed. William Lincoln Curts is the name of the young man in question. He is now employed at H. K. Porter & Co.'s Locomotive Works, Pittsburg. His disease was Chronic Rheumatism. The enormous swelling and pain in the joints of his arm soon produced paralysis of his left arm. He gradually grew worse, his ankles and knees were soon even worse than his arms, his cheek bones began to enlarge, spreading his face out of all resemblance to his former self. Two physicians pronounced him hopeless. *Peruna* cured him. Page 26 Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life."

NEW HAVEN, July 1.—After the argument by States' Attorney Doolittle, in the Malley trial yesterday, the case was given to the jury, who remained out less than an hour, returning a verdict of not guilty and the accused were discharged.

The steamer Nevada landed 927 Mormon immigrants in New York on Sunday. The Swedes and Norwegians numbered 627, while 191 were English, Scotch and Welsh. They were all despatched for Mormondom yesterday. There were no paupers among them.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland. Improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 8 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Calcimniners.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting or fishing. All persons disregarding this notice will be visited with the penalties of the law.

PERER GORTNER,
FREDERICK GORTNER,
7 1 4 CHRISTIAN SLAHACH.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Genl. W. T. Sherman spent Sunday with his family in Oakland.

—C. C. Willison has been appointed notary public for this county.

—The Orchestras tor the Oakland and Deer Park Hotels arrived Tuesday.

—Mrs. H. P. Tasker who had been very ill for some days, is now much better.

—Mr. D. M. Mason, of the Maryland Fish Commission, arrived at home last week.

—Mr. Allen Ison, of the Treasury Department, Washingtou, D. C., spent the 4th in Oakland.

—Rev, Mrs. David Tasker, of St. George, Tucker county, W. Va., is visiting relatives in Oakland,

—Mrs. Welton, of Morgantown, who has been stopping at Villa Casteel for somo weeks, was quite ill last week. She is now doing well.

—Messrs. J. P. Kampffer and D. A. Welling Sunday last killed a rattlesnake on the Totten Farm, near Oakland, which measured 3 feet 10 inches.

—The skirmish rifle match of the *Garrett Guards*, which was to have taken place on the 4th, was postponed, on account of the unfavorable weather, until Saturday the 8th.

—Mr. A. Werner, of Eglon, has completed his new boarding house and is now ready for summer boarders. Eglon is about 9 miles South of Oakland, and pleasantly situated.

—Among the prominent strangers in Oakland on the 4th, we noticed Col. H. J. Johnson, of the Cumberland *News*, Hon. William Brace, of Cumberland and Mr. Parker Walter, of the Pittsburgh *Post*.

—A number of new platforms have been laid within the past two weeks, the most noticable being in front of the properties of George W. Legge, Capt. E. H. Wardwell, H. A. Rathe, Peter Shirer and Peter Conner.

—Died, at Pine Run, near Cranberry, W. Va., of diphtheria, David, Ella and Ruth, children of John and Elizabeth Elsey. They were aged between 17 and 27 years, and died between June 21st and July 2d. Deceased were all members of the M. E. Church.

—Prof. A. R. Whitehill, Principal of the Lindsey Institute, Wheeling, W. Va., arrived at Oakland Saturday, remained here over Sunday, visited Mountain Lake Park Monday and Deer Park Tuesday, returning home Tuesday night. He expressed himself as being delighted with these *resorts*.

—The miners in the Meyersdale and Elk Lick region struck at noon Saturday of last week for an advance from 50 to 65 cents per ton. They say they will not resume work until the advance asked in the Cumberland region is granted. This is undoubtedly the result of the combination formed at Bedford, Pa.

—Our citizens, no doubt, will be pleased to learn that the ice problem has been solved, by the receipt of a car load of ice hy Mr. O. W. Heiskell. Doubtless people at a distance will imagine that we are very extravagant to use a whole car load of ice in Oakland in one season, but then, when we hayo the authority of the Oakland correspondent of the Wheeling *Register* that it can bo procured "by subscribers" at "40 cents per ton," we can afford to be liberal in its use.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P.M.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., hy Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at the Union Chapel, Deer Park, at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church.–Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Services at the Head School House at 3½ P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

Services at Mountain Lake.

The first regular religious services will bo held at Mountain Lake Park next Sunday at 2½ o'clock P. M., conducted by Rov. John Thompson, of Philadelphia.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaim, ed in the Post Office at Oakland, July 8th, 1882.

Bragg, Josphine,	Randall, John R.,
Grow, A.,	Booker, J. O.,
Jacobs, Sallie Miss 2.	Santmyer, George A.,
Murphy, Alice R.,	Sahr, Christoph, Forn.,
Munday, F. H. Genl.,	Starn, J. C.,
Nine, George,	Talcott, F. L.
Potts, Helena,	Vincent, Caroline.
Rice, Rebecca,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Mountain Lake Park S. S. Assembly.

THE LECTURE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26th.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture hy Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Editor of the *Christian Union*. Subject: "How to Study the Bible."

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. J. B. VanMeter, D. D., Pastor of Huntington Avenue M. E. Church, Baltimore. Subject: "The Relation of Biblical Authory to Biblical Interpretation."

8:00 P. M.—Lectnre hy Rev. J. B. Young, A. M., Pastor of Elghth Avenue M. E. Church, Altoona, Pa. Subject: "A Ramble Through the British Isles." Illustrated by large Lime-light Lanter Views.

THURSDAY, JULY 27th.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. Thos. Guard, Pastor of Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, Baltimore. Subject: "Waste."

3:30 P. M.—Lecture hy Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. Subject: "The Laws of Moses."

8:00 P. M.—Lecturo by Rev. J. B. Young, A. M. Subject: "Around the World in Ninety Minutes." Illustrated by Lime-light Views.

FRIDAY, JULY 28th.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture hy Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. Subject: "Modern Skepticism and How to Meet It."

3:30 P. M.—Lecture hy Rev. Thomas Guard. Subject: "The Grandeur of the Sunday School Teacher's Work."

8:00 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. Alfred A. Wright, A. M. Pastor of South St. M. E. Church, Lynn, Mass. Subject: "What Shall We do with That Boy?"

SATURDAY, JULY 29th.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject: "The Scope of Revision." The first of a Course of Four Lectures on the Revised New Testament.

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Wilmington, Del. Subject: "Method in Preparation and Teaching."

8:00 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Newark, N. J. Subject: "The Land, Language, and People of China."

MONDAY, JULY 31st.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject: "Blemishes of the New Version."

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject. "Beauties of the New Version."

8:00 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D. Subject. "The Religious and Superstitions of China."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1st.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright. Subject. "The Old Bible or the New Bible, Which?"

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. C. N. Sins, D. D. Subject. "The Philosophy of Failures."

The Fourth in Oakland.

Owing to heavy rains during most of the day we had a very quiet and dull Fourth in Oakland. The pic-nic of the Lutheran and Presbyterian Sunday Schools, which was to have been held at the Washington Spring, was abandoned, and the day was celebrated in the Memorial Church. Lemonade, cakes, candles and nuts were distributed to the children. The annual pic-nic was held hy the Catholic society at the Carrigan Summer Garden, where, notwithstanding the inclement weather, quite a crowd was collected. A number of our young people visited Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park in the afternoon.

Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia held services at Mountain Lake Park last Sunday, in the dining room of the Hotel. Rev. Hubbard H. Smith, of Baltimore, arrived at Mountain Lake Park Monday, bringing with him several large tents which he will erect upon the grounds and occupy during the season. Mrs. Mills of Philadelphia, Monday purchased a lot upon which she will erect a cottage in the near future. Dr. Logan of Wheeling arrived Tuesday. Mr. Rowe, of Grafton, W. Va., is erecting a bankery, which he will have in operation in a very short time. He will also supply ice cream during the season.

Jumbo in Oakland

Train No. 6, Tuesday morning brought to this place of "tranquil delights," a most nondescript creature, whose nationality and political complexion the most astute of lookers-on were unable to determine. Some said it was a "Kelpie," others that it was the "British Lion." Hon. Coleman Dandridge, who has often been "half-seas-over," declared that it was a "whale." This was indignantly denied by young Dr. Veitch, a recent graduate of "Chisholm's School of Pharmacy," who stated that he had once seen a picture of a whale in "Webster's Unabridged Speller," and there was no curl in the whale's tail. This settled the matter, as there were others present who had seen the same illustration, and corroborated the doctor's statement. Prof. Robert Boyer, of Boyer & Co., "Life Erasing Service Corps," was sent for, and, after a close inspection pronounced it to be of the genus "Swihline," and that, judging from its peculiar colors, it was of the Stalwart breed—a well known strain of "national hogs" which grow very fat, as they were never known to tire of eating out of the public crib. Upon an examination of the case in which this specimen was received, the Prof. was found to be right, as a placard and letter were found nailed thereon. The placard read: "To Capt. E. H. Wardwell, B. Co., Garrett Guards, 'Little Jumbo,' sent from Somerset, Pa., to be contested for by your command on July 4th 1882, in the skirmish rifle match." Tho letter gave the pedigree of "Jumbo the Less," as also a beautiful poem dedicated to him by admiring friends. "Jumbo" seemed in excellent spirits, and was placed in charge of Co. Qr. Mr Fairall, who had him conveyed to the armory, followed by an immense throng. There he was fed and watered, and remained on exhibition during the afternoon. The Garrett Guards were delighted at the reception of "Little Jum," and tendered a vote of thanks to their Keystone friends for their thoughtful and imaginative design in embelishing nature. The little stranger, in all his finery and war paint, will remain at the amory until Saturday, July 8th, and where he may be seen by those who have never seen Jumbo the Great.

Meeting of County Commissioners.

The County Commissioners held a session Wednesday, all the members being present.

The only business of general interest transacted was the appointment of Judges of Election, a list of which follows, the first named in each district being the Return Judge:

No. 1—James Z. Browning, John A. Junkins, Charles M. Miller.

No. 2—John Augustine, D. A. Friend, Elijah M. Friend.

No. 3—Charles Durst, J. H. Wegman, Eli M. Stanton.

No. 4—Dr. H. M. Kemp, Samuel Harshberger, Geo. T. Michael.

No. 5—Geo. M. Menhorn, Josiah Beeghley, John Reichter.

No. 6—Peter H. Echard, John E. Otto, Wm. H. Hoye.

No. 7—John Shatzer, J. T. Bowers, Wm. H. Hall.

No. 8—J. Wesley Lee, Louis Nydegger, Daniel Conaway.

No. 9—Aaron Wilhelm, Andrew Blocher, Samuel Johnson.

No. 10—E. E. Tillson, Daniel Wilson, Benjamin Moon.

No. 11.—Elias Merrill, J. Wesley Broadwater, Jehu Gregg.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of June:

Geo. D. Lee and Lydia S. Gauer.

Frederick Stahl and Mary B. Arnold.

John C. Jackson and Elizabeth S. Harvey.

James L. Custer and Katie Kahl.

John T. Mitchell and Kansas Hamill.

George M. Wilson and Mary A. Biggs.

John J. Lohr and Ellen Swartzendruber.

George L. Braxton and Lizzie A. Lee.

John H. Sanders and Mary J. Slabach.

Wm. S. Broadwater and Josephine Crow.

Georgo H. Treutie and Ida M. Brown.

And one with request not to publish.

Leg Amputated.

A tramp named Henry Bickner, about 16 years of age, and claiming to hail from Emmettsburg, Maryland, jumped from a freight train while in motion at Deer Park, Wednesday evening, and falling under the wheels had his right leg crushed between the knee and ankle, and was severely cut and bruised about the head. He was brought to Oakland about nine o'clock, when Dr. McComas, assisted by Dr. Keller, of Oakland, and Dr. Laughlin, of Deer Park, amputated his leg and dressed his wounds. He is now at the county jail doing well, and will be properly cared for by Sheriff Jamison. He says he has been away from home for two years, and was on his way home when the accident happened.

A Most Remarkable Case.

Dying—yet living. Dr. Miller, of 129 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I am personally acquainted with a middle-aged lady in Philadelphia, who had been given up to die hy a consultation of many physicians. She was confined to her hed for months, and was momentarily expected to die. In this condition she took *Manalin* and, to the surprise and disappointment of all, she recovered her health perfectly. Her case s reported in Dr. Hartman's Book on the "Ills of Life," 21st page. Ask your Druggist for one, or address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, O.

Deer Park News.

DEER PARK, July 5th, 1882.

The "glorious Fourth" has come and gone, under very unfavorable aspects for those who hoped to spend the day in the leafy woods, beneath warm sunny skies. The children of our place were especially disappointed, as thero was to have been a large Sunday School pic-nic, about three miles from the village, near the Head School-house. But as no one could conscientiously complain at tho decrees of the Ruler of winds and clouds, all had to make the best of the weather, and enjoy their independence within doors, as heartily as circumstances would permit.

Our summer visitors are here in force, and we particularly regret such gloomy weather, on their account, and for the credit of our mountains. The Hotel opened last week, and has already a comparatively large number of visitors, with additions at the arrival of every train. President Garrett's charming new cottage is nearly completed, and those belonging to Senator Davis are all rented, and occupied by private families. Mr. John W. Williams of Philadelphia still retains the pretty cottage he has had for the last five or six years. Judge, Cowen of Baltimore, Vice President Spencer, of B. & O. R. R. Co. and Mr. Saml. W. Kilbert, of Chillicothe, Ohio, occupy the others.

Hon. S. B. Elkins has had his summer residence enlarged and improved this season, and last Saturday arrived with his family to take possession. Mr. Elkins, last night, with his usual social spirit, gave his neighbors much pleasure, by a display of fireworks, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of the weather, were very brilliant and beautiful.

Senator Davis and family have been settled here since May, and Mrs. W. R. Davis and her family have been established in their country home about the same length of time, Mr. Weber has displayed his usual taste and skill in adorning the grounds attached to both residences, and they present a most lovely appearance.

The widow of Albion K. Parris, who was many years ago Governor of the state of Maine, is spending her second summer at Rev. J. S. Laughlin's of this place. Mrs. Parris is a remarkable instance of a happy, healthy old age. She is about ninety five years old, and is as bright, cheerful and active as most persons at fifty or sixty, and more so than many at that age. She retains all her faculties, and enjoys walking about in pleasant weather exceedingly. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Julia Parris, who is a lady of great intelligence, fine conversational powers, and the same cheerful happy disposition that has enabled her mother to grow old so gracefully. She proves a most faithful daughter and neice in the care of her mother and an aged aunt who is with them, and who is enfeebled by age, and quite helpless, although some years younger than her sister Mrs. Parris.

Wing and Wing has been engaged for the season since early summer, and nearly all the rooms are full, The arrivals up to this date are as follows:

Annapolis, Md.—Mrs. E. G. Claude.

Washington, D. C.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Norwood and child, Miss Annie Major.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mrs. F. A. Hoge and two children.

Piedmont, W. Va.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Miss Bella Wilson, Miss Cassie Wilson, Master John Wilson, Miss Mary Grover, Mr. Robert Wilson.

Boston, Mass.—Mrs. E. A. Sawyer.

***

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Florestom Cologne.

How to Run a Town.

Under this caption an exchange very aptly remarks: "Either run your town with a vim or just get up and leave it. Men who are all the time wanting to get out of a town will never try to build it up. Push things; find a way to put 'go' into the business; run the town for all there is in it; get up steam and keep it up, or else quit the whole thing, vamoose the ranch, and let nature have her own way. Do you want a prosperous town, where people can come to, disposed to make their home? Then do away and burn from sight all local differences. Work no longer for a few individuals, but all work together for a common purpose—for a mutal benefit. Wake up, rub your eyes, roll up their sleeves and go to work. Don't go to work with fear and trembling, hut take it for granted that work will tell. Leave results to themselves, but unite and make the biggest kind of an effort.

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may he safely regained hy using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

DEER PARK, MD., July 3d, 1881.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN;—I notice in your columns as well as in the columns of the *Democrat*, that a certain E. C. Tillson has condescended to come down from the lofty heights, in which self esteem has wafted him with the assistance of Wing & Wing, to stoop so low as to notice a little communication written principally in behalf of a cause he pretends so heartily to espouse. And I do assure your readers, the portion of the communication that relates to the road as refered to by this venerable specimen of pomposity, and called forth all his vindictivo venom, and political prejudices, peculier to his native instinct, had nothing political in it. Such a thing as political prejudice on my part against him or his party, was not dreamed of. But suppose he judges others by himself. And before we proceed to reply to this masterly production, we would adviso this venerable gentleman, with his hair frosted by the storms of many winters, to drop all political prejudices, and not be so unkind to those that differ on matters of this kind, and not be too hasty at jumping at conclusions. Try to center your thoughts on higher and nobler things, prepare and put on your Wing & Wing, to take that flight from which no traveler ever returns.

This would-be dignitary opens out that a "certain Wm. D. Hoye has been attempting to ventilate his Democratic spleen at my expense." This spleen I will leave to all thinking readers, of both articles. And as to "catering to tho depraved tasts" of certain individuals," will say I am catering to no taste save my own, and that seems to crave, (as the 4th draws nigh) some strawberries and cream, or delicacies of that kind. This important individual goes to a great amount of trouble to let your readers know he did receive $200, for the road refered to, this all the citizens of the county known, by the levy list, as published from week to week; but they don't know how it was spent. And this all important question is unanswered in this venimous effort at sarcasm, in his egotism to let the people known what an important personage he is in the confidence of the people, (or I should say the County Commissioners,) having had from the different Boards of County Commissioners, the enormous sum of $875, for roads, bridges, &c. Well, all we have to say in reply to this, is that it would have been better for the roads, &c., where it was wasted, and spent on certain individuals for political influences, had he put this as well as the $200 now in his hands, (and about all spent, as future reference will show,) as far as the observation of all the people regardless of party goes, into his own pocket, or pay it to this particular friend, at whose earnest solicitation he condescended, with the assistance of said friend, in the person of one Samuel W. Friend, at whose beck this political aspirant for petty county offices has been for years. This well matched pair, that have done so much for the county, are indeed to be pitied, when a people (regardless of party outside those special friends) of one whole district, and as far in the county as their fame as philanthropists has spread, (and that is not very far,) should be so ungrateful, is a mystery easily solved.

This man of influence, asserts he has an understanding with the officials of the B. & O. R. R. to resume work when it suits them; and has it come to this, that the Commissioners levy money to be controlled at the dictation of one individual, and he, subject to this grand monopoly, the B. & O. R. R. Co. But such is not the case, the work was not suspended on account of bad weather, or an understanding with said great officials, but on account of two-thirds of the money having been expended on this half mile of road, as by reference to the books of H. G Davis & Co. as kept hy the efficient head clerk Mr. Graham, we find this firm alone to have paid out on this appropriation one hundred and ten dollars, and we naturally suppose the gentleman to have paid some himself, or extended his county patronage to some other firms of the place. At all events it corresponds with the statement made by his superintendent of the work, that about $30, remained to dress up what had been done. In comparing the accounts of Mr. Tillson and Mr. Burke, we find the above named firm to have paid out on this one-half mile of road $110, and to Mr. Burke for nearly four miles of road $268, and his road compares favorably with the road made by the B. & O. R. R. Co., and it is entirely a new road made over a very rough location, and at a cost of less than $75 per mile.

Now as to being made a "tool of," by allowing my name to appear to tho letter which called forth the "contempt" of this self-important person, I will say it was written at the instance of no man, not even my brother, dwelling under the same roof. If he has reference to him, with his low vindictive epithets, but I think he has reference to another party, who cares about as little for his contempt as I do. I will confess, after this ungentlemanly language against one who has always treated this man with the greatest respect, that I now have the most utter contempt for him, or any man who will allow his political prejudices to lead him estray.

In conclusion, will say I feel quite youthful, have called back many years of my life, and will if permitted to see the dawn of to-morrow the 4th day of July, feel that I am no longer an old-bachelor but a youth almost in my teens, as this venerable man of influence has said he has lived in the "county as long as I have lived in the world," if such was the case we think it is time he was getting rid of this low political prejudice, he inherited from his native land.

"And now if you will publish this you will never hear from *me* again on this subject."

Respectfully,

WM. D. HOYE.

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Kin Marringes.

The Italians, says Lord Bacon in one of his essays, regard first cousins almost in the light of brothers and sisters, especially if they are brought up togother. This sentiment they probably derive in a large measure from their Roman ancestors. The ties of blood and of affinity were held very sacred among them. The right of adoption also, which was quite frequent and very solemn among them, conferred rights and duties which it was held Impious to disregard. Indeed the word impiety among the Romans meant not only irreverence towards the gods, but any gross wrongs to those whose relation should have kept them sacredly secure from injury. The Greeks also had a vivid sense of the claims of kinship, but their manner of displaying it was in some respects strikingly different. The Romans had a great aversion to marriages between those closely related by blood, and when the Emperor Claudius married his niece, Agrippina the younger, his example was followed by but one Roman at the time, and by none subsequently. The Greeks, on the other hand, in some circumstances encourage such marriages. One finds in the Phormio of Terence, which is a picture of Greek and not Roman manners, that, when an ingenua Attica civis was left a destitute orphan it was the duty of the nearest male relative to provide for her if able to do so, or to espouse her. This humane requirement of the law, or at least intended as such, included even the paternal half brother, but with the maternal, marriages were prohibited.

At Sparta it appears it was the reverse. Those regulations probably sought by different means to effect the same purpose to prevent the accumulation of inheritances upon the same person, so contrary was it thought to the true interests of a republic. At Athens it was feared that the inheritance falling to the wife from one father might be added to that which the husband already possessed as heir to the other. The reason for the Spartan law is not so obvious, but it was probably intended to enable a Spartan mother to equalize fortune between two sets of children not equally well provided for At Alexandria such alliances were indifferently allowed in either case.

Indeed if one calculates the descent, one will find that first cousins are really as closely allied by blood as half brothers and sisters; each having the same ancestry on one side, and therefore, any physiological or psychological objections to marriages between them are equally valid in either case. As to how far they are contrary to good morals and decorum, depends much on the mode of life among the respective peoples. We find in the earliest ages, and among the most primitive nations, a common aversion to alliances among those closely connected by blood or affinity. The early Romans and the Arabs of the desert had no communication with each other, and were, perhaps unaware of each other's existence. Yet each held marriages between those related within the fourth degree as unlawful. A like simple and primitive mode of life contributed much to establishing this regulation in each case. In early time, and among people uncorrupted by luxury, not only persons, but families closely related, lived for the most part together. An innate sense of what is becoming and right soon impressed them with the idea that all gallantry, courtship or love-making, toward those brought up under the same roof was contrary to decorum and morality.

These sentiments appear to have been held long before any sanitary or scientific observation, theories or controversies on the subject. In this respect, at least, it does not appear that, as the evolutionists contend, the æsthetic and moral sentiments of man have continually advanced and improved. Rather through the teachings of false religions, the examples of kings and other prominent men, the vagaries of fancy, the capricious power of love, and the more constant sway of avarice, the sentiment, or as some might consider it, the prejudice upon this subject seem to have been weakened and in some cases to have entirely disappeared.

Cambyses, King of Persia, for an instance of the power of example, was enamored of a sister, and wished to espouse her. Desiring the sanction of the law for his action, he called together the royal judges and inquired if there was any law of Persia which authorized a brother to marry his sister. With a proper regard for law and a prudent regard for safety, they answered that they found no such law, but they had found another which declared it lawful for the King of Persia to do what he wished. From that time such marriages, though hitherto unknown among the Persians, became lawful, and even frequent. The custom extended to the Egyptians, and was adopted even by their Macedonian Kings. But wherever the Roman power extended, such alliances ceased, or at least were no longer sanctioned by law.

The extirpation of this blemish upon ancient civilization, which the widely extended power of Rome in a great degree accomplished, was completed and rendered permanent by the still wider way and deeper influence of Christianity. Cousins germaine are, in all Christian countries, the nearest relatives not within the prohibited degrees. Even reasons of State policy have not been sufficiently potent to render alliances between those more nearly related, and Richard III. is probably the only sovereign who, in order to strengthen his unstable throne, even wished to marry his niece.

Marriages between cousins are valid in most Protestant countries, but a gross abuse of the privilege has sometimes led to its withdrawal or suspension in some States. Among other instances, the State of Maryland passed a statute prohibiting them, at the recommendation of the archbishop, who saw the practice was beginning to prevail, somewhat as Byron said it did at one time in old Spain.

In some churches special dispensation is requisite, but many old denominations, and not a few who are of none, highly disapprove of the marriage of cousins. The poet Cowper addressed some very beautiful farewell verses to his cousin whom *"invitus invitam dimisit,"* because the father was inexorable in declaring the relationship too close.

Lord Bacon declared that "cousins may be really more related than brothers and sisters sometimes are. This may be the case when both inherit the traits of the same branch of the family." When this is the case, as, for instance, when both are light-haired and blue-eyed, sanguine or nervous, he thinks marriage between them very reprehensible, but not so much so if one should be dark and the other fair, or they should manifest in other striking ways that their temperament and organization are, for the most, derived from a different line of ancestors.

A clergyman of New England, some years ago, married his double cousin. As their ancestry on each side was the same, leaving out of view considerations of decorum and morals, it was the same as if a brother had married a sister. We hardly think the Pope would, under any circumstances, have granted a dispensation for such an alliance.—*Mobile Register.*

An Alligator Farm.

"If you want to see the alligntor as he is," observed the Colonel, "if you want to talk with a man who has been brought up with 'em, if you want a square view of the reptile in his native swamps, ride over to Judge Speed's plantation. The Judge is the only man in South Carolina who can talk alligntor all day long and not tell a lie."

I did want to see the alligator in his native jungle, and I rode across the country and got down in front of an old-time, old-fashioned Southern residence, with its long verandas and beautiful shade. Half a mile away were the first signs of the big bayou, and it was in that bayou that the alligator passed his years in basking and eating and keeping one eye out for the flash of a shot-gun.

"Yes, I own that bayou," said the Judge, as we got seated, "own alligators and all! I was figuring up the other day and I calculated that I was the owner of at least 1,000 alligators. Of course, they come and go, but I calculate on 1,000 reptiles which are steady tenants."

"Any very big ones in there?"

"A few. There are seven or eight old sockers which have been there for thirty years. If I was pinched to it I think I could exhibit two or three reptiles at least fourteen feet long, and there is one there which measures twenty to an inch?"

"How long do they live?"

"Well, that's a hard question. The big one I speak of has been personally known to us for over forty years, and he doesn't show any signs of second childhood yet. I reckon the average alligator puts in from fifty to seventy years in this world of trouble."

"What do they eat?"

Most everything. An alligator is always hungry. When he can't get food he will chew away at a pine log, just as a hungry man will chew a tooth-pick. That big one devoured a steer for me this spring, and was nosing around after more meat in half an hour. I had a calf tied up to that tree down there one day last fall, and a reptile came out of the bayou and took him off, chain and all, and if he didn't swallow the chain we have never been able to find it. I have seen a nigger throw 'em and old plow-point, and it would be swallowed at a gulp.

"Are they dangerous to human beings?"

"Not if you sit here; but if there is a man in this country who dares cross that bayou in a skiff at sundown he can have my plantation. As near as I can figure up those reptiles have got away with fifty niggers, eight or ten white men, thirty cattle, five or six mules and no end to pigs and geese in the last twenty-five years."

"When are they the liveliest?"

"Early in the morning and after sundown. Let's see. It's after ten now, and the sun is pretty hot, but I guess we can stir up a few."

We walked down to the edge of the bayou, and the noise we made in the grass and reeds brought a score of snouts to the muddy surface. The Judge had a billet of wood in his hand, and presently gave it a toss far out on the water. In an instant there was a grand rush from all directions, followed by a ferocious fight over the billet, and his Honor quietly observed:

"There weren't over thirty in that crowd. Let me call the dog."

He whistled to one of the dogs left behind on the veranda, and when the animal reached us it was encouraged to bark. That fetched 'em. I believe that at least 300 alligators put in an appearance inside of a minute, some content to remain stationary—others plunging about and blowing and fighting.

"Louder, King—louder!" commanded the Judge, and the dog barked as if he had treed a coon. The number of reptiles increased by at least a hundred, and the waters were thrashed and paddled until the odor from them was quite stiff.

"Can't fool the old veterans that way," observed the Judge as he turned away. "They are down on the muddy bottom or lying in the weeds, and they know that this is only a false pretense. Let a nigger come down with a fish-pole, and that would mean business. They'd swim the bayou and not leave a ripple, and crawl through the grass as softly as a snake."

"Is the alligator possessed of intelligence?"

"You bet!" I regard him as keener than the serpent and sharper than the fox. Let one start to crawl to the house and he will take advantage of the ground and bushes and grass just as a wolf or tiger would."

"And can't you get rid of them?"

"Good lands! but I don't want to! I want to foster them. I want 'em to thrive and increase and multiply until the bayou won't hold 'em. Ten, fifteen or twenty years hence the price of alligator hides will be four times what it is now, and then I'll turn in on 'em and make some money. That bayou is my alligator farm. The seeds are there and the plants are growing, and when I can figure that I own 3,000 good sized alligators I shall let cotton go for one season and send alligntor hides to market. Bless you, my boy, but I wouldn't let a man crack away here with a rifle for a twenty dollar gold-piece. He'd get 'em nervous and skeery, and like enough my whole alligator farm would sail off down the river in search of a new owner. I want to keep 'em right here. There's going to be big money in that sort of live-stock before we are ten years older."—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

—Prices at all the prominent summer resorts will be from twenty-five to fifty per cent. higher than they were last year.

The President of the Lime Kiln Club on Only Sons and Daughters.

"If I had an only son," began the old man as the lights were turned up and Biblical disputes suddenly ceased—"if I had an only son, and he growed up as only sons am pretty sartin to do, an' he went off on a Sunday skule picnic an' got drowned, I should feel a leetle sorry an' a heap thankful. If I had an only darter, an' she growed up as only darters allus grow, an' she run away wid a lightnin'-rod man an' was left in de po'-house, I should be a leetle sorry, but not a bit surprised. De family wid an only son or an only darter needs no odder trouble. When you meet a man who carries his cigars in his hind pocket an' goes off behind de ba'n to take a chew of terbacker, sot him down fur an only son. When you meet a man who flusters an' brags an' seeks to lord it ober odder people, you have foun' an only son. When you meet a man who thinks de world was made fur him alone, you have met an only son. De only son am de man who takes up two seats in de kyars—who crowds de ebill'en at a festival—who eats hisself sick when he pays two shillins fur all he kin eat. I doan' say dat he am to blame, but I do say dat de world feels relieved when he goes to his grave. Once in a life-time you may h'ar of an only son who hasn't turned de family out of doahs nor had all de nayburs fur a mile aroun' shoot at him an' offer to buy him a tombstone, but he keerful how you believe it.

"When you meet a woman who puts you in mind of sellishness out fur an airin' sot her down as an only darter. When you fin' a woman who expects de kyar to stop in the middle of a block—when you meet a woman whose husband am allus ready to dodge, sot her down fur an only darter. De only darter grows up to whine an' complain an' tyrannize an' make de world mo' wretched fur people wretched 'nuff befo'. De odder day I was called upon to go over to a naybur's an' box de ears of an' only darter whose poo' ole mudder lay upon a bed of sickness, an' I mus' say that I kinder enjoyed it. Dat same evenin' I was called upon to visit anoder naybur whose only son wanted to sell de family cook stove to buy him a yaller dog an' a single-barreled shot-gun. I had a short struggle wid de young man, an' he won't be out of bed fur a week to come.

"My exper'ence is dat a family which de Lawd has forsaken arter sendin' one chile has woe an' sorrow in der household. Sellishness takes root dar' an' grows amazin' fast. Wickedness creeps in dar' an' nebber lets go. De small-pox kin be stamped out—de yaller fever mus' give way to frost—de cholra only settles down heah an' dar', but de only chile am allus wid us. He or she meets us ebery day—walks wid us frew life—brings upon us de larger sheer of our miseries. Pity de fadder wid an only son—thrice pity de mudder wid an only darter. Wid dese few configgerashuns, frown out in a speerit of astonishment an' intensity meant to accomplish no desirability in pertickler, we will now close de winders, put a leettle mo' wood in de stove an' pureeed to asphyxiate de transcendent order of de invidnous programme.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Manufacture of Naval Guns.

But the manufacture of the great guns for naval warfare forms the really impressive feature of Woolwich Arsenal. Insular England, dependent on her Navy, has for the last twenty years almost concentrated the mechanical talent of her Woolwich factories on this branch of her armament. How to make guns which shall perforate the iron-clads of other nations, how to make iron walls which the guns of other nations cannot perforate, is the two-fold problem which constantly spurs her forward. A single sight inside the Woolwich Arsenal grounds shows how steadily the flight goes on between the iron-clad and the projectile. One sees hundreds of great guns in line side by side, made a few years ago, which have never been fired since they were tested, and are as new and fresh as when first turned out from the factory. Yet all these guns are to be broken up and recast into improved ordnance. Within a few years—almost months—they have become obsolete, and all the vast labor and expense they represent goes for nothing save the experience gained. To the cost as well as the progress of wars these long lines of cannon, condemned without trial, bear mute but impressive testimony. For the most part they are recast into the heavier guns, weighing from forty to one hundred tons, which equip the modern Devastations and Inflexibles of England's Navy.

Two-thirds of all the structures of the Woolwich Arsenal appear to be given up to the manufacture of these colossal cannon. At the first stage of their construction there is made a long core of cast steel. Then strips of wrought steel as long and large as the beams of a house are wrapped around the breech end. The strips are laid on hot, one after another, in coils, and, contracting as they cool, form a breech of prodigious strength. Next the gun is placed on a lathe, turned smooth, the centre bored out and the inside polished until one can see the face reflected from its curves. The rifling is an operation needing peculiar delicacy and skill. It is done with a long stiff rod, upon the end of which is fixed a cutting tool of the hardest steel, grooving, as it must, the steel core of the gun. So slowly does the massive cylinder revolve that, even at the breech where it has largest diameter, it scarcely seems to move at all. The rifling rod as well as the rate of revolution is regulated by a beautiful piece of mechanicism, covered with numbered arcs and figures, and described as a marvel of mathematical skill applied to a mechanical process. When the huge hundred-ton creature is done, it is a wonder indeed. Its weight is twice that of a large railroad locomotive; it is forty feet long from breech to muzzle, and laid across Broadway it would reach just about from curb to curb; it is seven feet in diameter at the breech and two feet eight inches from inner bore to outer surface. With an efficient range of several miles, it carries a conical shot, twenty inches through, weighing almost a ton, and needing several hundred pounds of powder to project it. A shot of this size now penetrates the thickest naval armor plating, and cuts through twenty inches of solid iron backed with oak as cleanly as a bullet through cheese. It has, after much experiment, been found that the most effective rifling for these cannon is a groove starting as a straight line at the breech. Half way to the muzzle the groove begins to turn, and at the muzzle the curve is greatest, sending the ball out with a kind of circular "snap," which, so say the engineers, gives the greatest range and precision to the projectile.

The massive machinery which handles these big pieces of ordnance as readily as a child's toy excites scarcely more wonder by its strength than by its unerring accuracy. It includes a horizontal revolving bed, used for cutting the bedplates for the guns, and probably not less than forty feet square; a crane which lifts easily 200 tons and can readily swing in the air four American locomotives; and the famous trip-hammer, weighing forty tons, and said to be the largest in the world, yet which can be so gently managed as to force a watch-crystal into its place without breaking it. How excellent are both the material and workmanship turned out by these splendid machines at Woolwich, is proved by accident as well as by design. In a small building is shown an eighty-ton gun which was tested intentionally until it burst. By its side lies the big gun of the Thunderer iron-clad, which was burst by accidental double loading a few years ago, with the deadly result which many will recall. In both these great pieces the fractures are almost perfectly symmetrical, forming cubes forward of the breech, and proving alike how flawless was the material and how evenly distributed was the strength of the gun.—*London Cor. N. Y. Post.*

Thieves' Slang.

Slang, which for the past two decades has become so prevalent among all classes of American society, as to be regarded by foreigners as a national trait, probably originated among thieves and the lower strata of the community, being handed from one class to another, until one will frequently hear ladies of undoubted respectability expressing themselves in the language of a class with whom they would not deign to associate. Although slang found its origin among thieves, professionals over thirty years of age, except under certain circumstances, rarely express themselves through that medium, although perfectly familiar with all the "technical" terms. Its use is chiefly confined to pickpockets, sneak-thieves and younger criminals, who seem to take great delight in mastering the language of their elders, and familiarizing themselves with its use. The current slang is fully understood by all thieves, and a professional would have no difficulty in conversing with one of his craft, before a third and uninitiated person in a manner totally unintelligible to the listener.

A "night-worker" is a house-breaker; a "gopher man" is a safe robber or burglar; a "wire," "tool" or "dip" is a pickpocket; a "moll-wire" is a person who robs women, only; and a "bloke buzzer" is a thief who robs persons while engaging them in conversation. The term "bloke" means a male thief, "moll" a female thief, and "kid" a small child who is an adept in "the tricks of the trade."

One of the most significant of all thieves' slang terms, is the "stall" as the persons designated by that term are the most dangerous of all who obtain a livelihood by preying upon the credulous and unsophisticated. The "stall" is either a well dressed man or woman, seemingly above suspicion, who works most clever robberies alone, or diverts attention while other "professional" ladies or gentlemen are at work. The lady faints in a crowd, or the gentleman loudly declares that he has been robbed, under the same circumstances, and during the excitement, occasioned by these demonstrations the regular thieves' "work" or pick the pockets of their victims.

A "plant" is hidden plunder; "springing the plant" is to dispose of stolen property after officers have abandoned the case, by selling it to a "fence" or receiver of stolen goods. "The main guy has tumbled" means that the recognized leader of a party of country visitors has become aware that thieves are following them. "Stag his nibs" means "look at him;" "cady" is the term for hat, and to "tip or dash his cady" means to jam the hat down over the victim's head, and while he is adjusting his *holt*, to pick his pockets. "Nixy weeden cull" means to stop talking thieves' slang, as detectives are about and will overhear.

The "head worker" of a gang of thieves is often an apparently respectable citizen, of good standing in social and commercial circles, who ascertains where large sums of money are kept, plans a robbery, informs the "second man" who instructs the thieves, and at the successful termination of the job receives his share of the proceeds. Cases of this nature have been brought to light during the past few years by detectives, many discoveries proving remarkable in themselves, because of the high standing of the detected persons. It would require a book as large as a school dictionary, and as carefully compiled, to convey an adequate idea of the wonderful progress which this "language" has attained, and the ease with which one of the "light-fingered gentry" can convey his ideas and instructions to a confederate, without fear of being betrayed by being overheard is simply wonderful. If these people would study as faithfully to attain an education, whereby they might live honestly, as they do to understand "the tricks of the trade," their lives would be much happier, and certainly more useful to themselves and their fellow-men. But this, it would appear, is almost too much to expect, as from time unknown, classes that live by "ways that are dark have preyed upon the law-abiding element of society, securing by strategy or force, the sustenance for which they are too lazy or indifferent to work.—*Boston Star.*

—A majority of the persons arraigned for crime, according to one of the best known New York Judges, are boys from twelve to twenty years of age, who have got into trouble while intoxicated. The same is true of Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A New Jersey girl, who bought a husband for $250, grew disgusted with him at the end of two weeks. The next time she should pay a little more and get a better article.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

For Young Readers.

WINGS.

As Molly sat by her mother,
She heard of some curious things;
For one lady said to another:
"Yes, money has certainly wings."

'Oh, has it?' thought little Molly,
"I never knew that before!"
And, questioning, looked at her dolly,
Who calmly sat on the floor.

Then entered a breathless caller,
With shawl hanging quite unpinned;
Lest a thunder-storm should befall her,
She had come "on the *wings of the wind.*"

'I wonder where she would leave them,"
Thought Molly, and looked about;
From the window she couldn't perceive them—
They had flown right along, no doubt.

Two facts quite reconciled Molly
To this confusion of things;
She was safely tied to her dolly,
And her mamma had no wings.
—*St. Nicholas.*

LILL'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

Lill ran down the garden walk and through the gate. She generally went across the lawn and climbed the fence. That was the pleasantest way, she thought. She left the gravel walk for the hop-toads, who paraded up and down it, hopping in a stately manner, at all hours of the day and perhaps the night. Lill did not know about that. She did come out once in the middle of the night and ran over the lawn in her night-dress, just to see what things were like out of doors at that time of night, but everything was so still and the moon stared at her so that she ran back frightened, and cuddled into bed again. She did not remember about the hop-toads. But to-day she went down the walk because it happened to be the shortest and she was in a hurry. She was going to look for Fairyland. She did not see why the fairies stayed at home now, and did not come around managing people' affairs as they used to do. She knew all about that, for she had read a great many histories of their doings, and she thought it was a great pity that they had stopped attending to things. She thought it was particularly nice to have all the wicked people turned into owls or bears or something horrid, and all the good people made very beautiful, if they were not so in the first place, as they generally were. To be sure, sometimes the good ones were turned into ugly things by wicked fairies, but Lill did not care so much about that, because it never lasted. They were always turned back again before long. But how nice it would be if, when that horrid Tom Wilson snatched her lunch at recess and ate it all up, as now and then happened, a fairy should appear and point a tiny wand at him and say: "Go wallow in the mud!" and he should turn into a pig and run away and never come back again! And there was Maida Lawrence, the nicest girl in the world, Lill thought, who was made unhappy twenty times a day, though she tried hard not to mind it, by allusions to her red hair and freckled face.

"Such big freckles!" said Lill to herself, as she ran. "I don't see why the sun and wind should hit people's faces in spots! If Maida's face was freckle-color all over she wouldn't care half as much. If I find one single fairy I'll ask her to make Maida pretty the very first thing. The way to Fairyland is always behind an old stump or through a hollow tree, and I just believe I can find it. I mean to try, any way."

It was astonishing how many stumps and hollow trees there were in that old piece of woods when Lill came to examine them all carefully. She gave it up at last and threw herself down on a patch of fern-moss to rest and think whether there was any place she had forgotten. A squirrel ran down on a bough close above her head and chattered and scolded at her, and a robin hopped almost on her arm, but Lill did not stir; she did not mind squirrels and robins. They did not mind her much, either, they were so used to seeing her. But presently she discovered that the chattering squirrel was saying:

"What are you doing here in Fairyland I should like to know? No mortals allowed here!"

Lill started up and looked around. It was the same old wood, or if it was not she could not tell the difference, and there sat Maida Lawrence right in front of her surrounded by a swarm of—what? White moths? No, they must be fairies. Lill could see their lovely little faces, all turned toward Maida. They patted and stroked and touched her softly, as if they loved her, and their wee fingers seemed to have a remarkable effect on Maida. In fact, now that Lill looked more closely she was not sure that it was Maida. It looked like her, certainly, but there were no freckles and no red hair and Lill thought the face the most beautiful she had ever seen. Could it be an angel, she wondered? One of the fairies fluttered close by her and Lill asked the question aloud.

"Very near it," said the fairy; "it is Maida's soul, her real self. That is what she looks like inside. Her face won't always stay as it is now, but her soul will stay beautiful and grow more so, because we make it more and more lovely all the time."

"And who are you?" asked Lill.

"I am Unselfishness and my sisters there are Truth, Self-Control, Helpfulness, Gentleness, and a great many more whose names you would not recognize if I should tell you. Maida would not mind her freckles and red hair if she knew they were making her soul more beautiful. They bring her my sisters Patience and Modesty, and you see how lovely they have made her already."

Lill walked all around Maida, who did not seem to see her, and wished she had a mirror to show her how she looked. Lill herself had always been called pretty, but now she thought scornfully of the face she had seen in the glass, comparing it with this one.

"Why, she makes me feel as if I wanted to love her to death!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if you can hug a soul? I mean to try!"

"And she was about to rush at Maida when something came poking in between and stopped her. Lill looked down to see what it was.

"O! O!" she screamed, "is that you, Tom Wilson? and what is the matter with you?"

But Tom Wilson, if it were he, paid no attention to her. He was about half Tom Wilson and the other half pig. He had a long snout, and rushed hither and thither, nosing for something to eat, and wherever he went a swarm of little black imps followed him, poking and punching and tweaking him, and never leaving him for an instant.

"O, what are they doing to him?" Lill shrieked, horrified.

"Making him into a pig," responded one of Maida's fairies "Those imps are Greediness, Seltishness, Rudeness, and their brothers."

Lill forgot her wish, and said hastily: "But I think that's dreadful, to be turned into a pig."

"Of course it's dreadful," said the fairy, "but it's his own fault. What does he keep the imps about for if he does not want to be turned into something ugly? Every one must be turned into something, and they have their choice of fairies or of imps for company. If they choose the fairies, they will grow into something lovely, and if they don't, the imps will make some horrid thing of them. There's a boy turning into a peacock over there because he is so conceited."

Lill turned and looked at him. Near by was a girl half made into a cat, and another one beginning to be a fox. One or two were growing to look just like the imps themselves, and a very few had a slight resemblance to the fairies. Lill noticed that with some the fairies stayed for awhile, and then were driven away by the imps, who by and by gave place to the fairies again; and these grew more beautiful under the fairies' hands, and ugly again under the imps', but with each of them the visits of the fairies, or else of the imps, grew longer every time and accomplished more work, so that they grew steadily, though slowly, either toward beauty or else toward ugliness.

"Dear me!" thought Lill, uneasily, "I wonder what I am growing into myself?"

As she spoke a grinning little imp flew straight at her; she jumped aside and awoke, and all the creatures vanished, and she was alone in the woods, with a squirrel running away overhead.
—*Ida M. Lane, in Alliance.*

Two Thousand Weddings.

A letter from West Alexander, Pa., to the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says: Justice Mayes, the famous marrying 'Squire, whose readiness with the words which bind is known to every pair of youngsters yearning to be one within a radius of several States, ten days ago celebrated his two thousandth marriage. His official signature now stands at the bottom of 2,003 marriage certificates, and 4,006 people have stood up before him and thought his plain words the most eloquent and musical in the language. If the domestic hearth-stones which he had created were piled together they would make a very respectable quarry; if all the happiness he had occasioned could but rebound to his own heart, he would be blest above mortals; could the divorce fees he has laid the foundations for return to his own pocket, his children's children might still have a comfortable patrimony.

Marital affections seems to be indigenous to the soil hereabouts. The town itself was christened by its founder, Robert Humphrey, as far back as 1796, after the maiden name of his wife, Margaret Alexander. The marrying Justice himself has not escaped the infection, or perhaps has been a physician not afraid to take his own medicine. The lady who now presides over his household is his third wife. The town itself is an unpretentious little place, a quiet old pike town, wearing but few architectural adornments in the way of wedding finery. It is situated on the line of the old National pike. Its neighboring town, Claysville, helps in a modest way to perpetuate the memory of the Kentuckian statesman to whose broad, public spirit the great thoroughfare of former days owes its existence.

Joseph Finley Mayes is now close to sixty-five years old, and carries his winters lightly. The frosty rime is on his brows and chin, but his voice is cheery and his tongue as crippled as ever. He has been so much a public feature recently that his story as a descendent of a line of knot-tiers is pretty well known. He has now been holding the office of Justice of the Peace exactly twenty years. He has compiled the record of his matrimonial work in periods of five years. During the first five years he married 293 couples; the second, 369; the third, 507; the fourth, 834. The record shows the names of the contracting parties, the date, and the fee given for each marriage. Up to the present time Squire Mayes has received for performing marriage ceremonies the sum of $6,262.14½, or an average of $3.12½ per couple during the term of twenty years. The fee allowed by law was $2 up to 1865, when it was increased to $3. About half-a-dozen couples paid nothing, some paid the regular fee and others paid as high as $5, $10, and one party was so liberal as to fork over $20. The lowest amount received, as shown by the ledger, was 90 cents. Most of the couples married here are from West Virginia and Ohio, of course, where the license fee is a tax upon matrimony. The justice shrewdly puts out the enticing advertisement: "No marriage license required in Pennsylvania," and incloses his card. The young couple show it to their friends, of course, and so the trade is fostered. Thirty couples of the two thousand were colored. Fifty of the men made happy were named Smith, and thirty-two of these were baptized John. Fourteen of the ladies did not change their names. Business has ranged in briskness from six couples in one day to several days without any.

—Michigan has a very stringent law for the protection of small birds, which forbids the killing of a robin, nighthawk, whippoorwill, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, cherry bird, brown thrasher, wren, martin, oriole, woodpecker, bobolink, or any other song bird, under a penalty of $5 for each bird killed, and for each nest robbed, ten days in the county jail.

—A professor of mathematics in London has propounded a puzzle as follows: To draw a square within a circle, with an X inside the square, and all without removing the pencil or pen from the paper.

—Emery is so called from Cape Emeri, in the island of Naxos, where the best variety is obtained.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—French rolls: One quart of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, raise over night and bake in a quick oven.—*The Household.*

—It is lamentable that so few farms have a supply of small fruits. Many farmers never have a berry of their own raising, while that most hardy fruit, the common red cherry, is not at all plenty.

—Judge Miller, of Missouri, says he has learned how a full week may be gained in getting sweet corn for boiling. As soon as the ear is formed, break the top down or cut it off, but leave the stalk erect in order that the pollen of the tassel may be sure to dust the silk of the ears, as they may not be fully impregnated should the stock be topped.

—Velvet cake: One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pint of ice water, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder sifted well with the flour. Bake in jelly-cake pans, and spread icing and grated cocoanut between the layers. Pastry cream may be used with the cocoanut instead of the icing. Or it may be flavored delicately with orange, and put together with orange marmalade. It may also be baked in a loaf.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—There is no better way to serve a large white fish than to bake it; after cleaning it put it in the refrigerator, while you prepare a plain stuffing of bread crumbs, a little butter, and some herbs. Keep a ball of cotton yarn and several large needles in the kitchen to use when stuffing fish and fowls. After stuffing the fish lay it on a deep plate or platter in the dripping-pan, so that the grease will drip from it and not be absorbed in it; garnish with water-cress.—*N. Y. Times.*

When to Cut Timothy.

It is still an unsettled question among farmers whether it is better to cut grass before, during, or after blooming; and some even advocate, in practice, if not in theory, the ripening of the grass before mowing. Upon this question it seems to us that some light may be thrown by comparing the grasses proper with other closely allied plants.

Take wheat, for instance. We all agree that it attains its full value only when ripe; but why? because this plant is so constituted that it expends all its energy in laying up within its seeds a great quantity of starch, gluten, etc., which are drawn directly from the stem, leaves and roots, where they have been elaborated from juices derived from the soil, and where they are succeeded by hard, woody, almost indigestible tissues. Were we to use wheat as a hay-plant—as is done on the Pacific coast—we certainly would not allow this transformation to take place, thus causing the substitution of woody fibre for the nourishing tissue of the young plant, and involving the large loss of the remaining nutriment through the shattering of the grain; yet such a course would be quite as rational as that of permitting our heavily seeded grasses, such as timothy, to ripen before cutting; for, although it is true that the seeds of timothy bear a *much smaller proportion to the weight* of the whole crop than do those of wheat, and do not abstract the nutrient constituents so completely from the stem and leaves, yet they do abstract a very considerable proportion, and this portion is even more completely withdrawn from the value of the hay than it would be in the case of ripe wheat-hay, as the seeds of timothy are so small and their coats so hard, that, if they are not shattered from the hay before it reaches the manger, they will escape being crushed by mastication, and therefore will resist the action of the digestive fluids,

We suppose that no practical farmer will deny that the smaller grass-seeds, when mature, generally resist the digestive processes; but, if there should be such a doubter, let him examine with a microscope the droppings of a horse that has been fed on ripe hay; or let him use such droppings as a top-dressing on bare land where it is desired that grass should grow. We have found this the speediest way to re-seed sterile places.

A series of experiments quoted by Prof. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, in an article published in the *American Agriculturist*, show that there is a constant increase in the dry matter of the hay-crop from the period of blooming until that of ripening; the average weight per acre of eight crops cut when headed out being 2,586 pounds; of eleven crops cut in bloom, 2,996 pounds; of eleven crops cut when considerably past bloom, 3,132 pounds; and of five crops cut when ripe, 3,478 pounds. In each case a series of plots of apparent uniformity was selected, and the cutting and harvesting done in a uniform manner. The unavoidable errors connected with such an experiment as this necessitate a much larger number of repetitions before we can accept the results obtained as fully reliable; yet they may be accepted as showing that there is a constant increase in the dry matter of the plant nearly or quite up to the time of ripening; but it is nevertheless evident that a large part of this increase is rendered unavailable for cattle food, through the deposition of woody matter in the stems, through the breaking off of the leaves in handling, and through the losses attendant upon the ripening of the seeds.

Many of our best farmers advocate the cutting of grass while in bloom; some even insist that a still earlier harvest would give an improved quality of forage, reasoning from the fact that animals never thrive better than when feeding on the young grasses of the pasture; but we doubt whether the hay secured by this extremely early cutting would be found enough more valuable to compensate the loss in quantity, or to pay for the additional labor of a second harvest. For ourselves we should prefer cutting between the fall of the blossom and the first hardening of the seed; but this period is so short and so near the wheat harvest, that for a large harvest it is necessary to begin while the grass is yet in full bloom. To delay the haying until after wheat harvest is to allow the grass to become not only ripe, but dead-ripe, and thus to insure the loss of the greater part of its value; such hay is, if anything, inferior in nutrient qualities to good wheat straw, as any well educated cow or horse will affirm.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Fashions in Lies.

"What is the style of spring lie, this season?" asked a one-eyed man, as he dropped down by the exchange editor's side. "Have they retrimmed the interconvertible snake, that breaks up into precincts and comes together at the call of the presiding link?"

"Haven't seen anything of it," replied the exchange editor, plunging his shears into the account of a tornado that shifted a State line a hundred feet and landed a river in a cottonwood grove without disturbing a ripple.

"I'm glad of that," said the one-eyed man, rubbing his hands slowly. "I never liked that lie. It always seemed far-fetched and unwholesome; beside, you couldn't help thinking that a frog might swallow a quorum of the snake and not leave enough to transact business. Do you see anything of that lie about the dragon out in Illinois, with wings like a corn-patch and a smell of brimstone? Is the dragon current this year?"

"Haven't struck him yet," answered the editor, eliminating the profanity from a far western account of a mine explosion, in which forty men were blown through the side of a mountain seven miles thick. "If he's around he's flying very low."

"That pleases me, too," smiled the one-eyed man, stroking his chin. "The only objection I ever had to that dragon was the smell. It never sounded reasonable. If they had said he smelled of brimstone and molasses it might have worked in a girl's boarding-house as a fair spring lie, but they couldn't fix it to do for men unless they perfumed him with blue pills. It was a great mistake. Have you struck any fresh particulars about the sea-serpent since the thaw?"

"To early for him," returned the editor, writing a new head-line to an account of a baby who fell out of a window sixty feet, and bounced back without split, bruise or chip-off. "He'll be around by the 14th of July."

"The 14th of July," murmured the one-eyed man. "I reckon you're right. Yes, you're right; 'with a head like a barrel and eyes like coffee cups; estimated by Mr. William Jennings, of Tobago township, to be at least two-thirds of a mile long.' Yes, that's his date, July 14. I like to read about him. There's always something breezy and fresh about that serpent, though he must be getting on in years now. What become of the two old people that were born at the same moment, and died within ten minutes of each other, at the advanced age of 104? Ain't they dying this season?"

"Not that I've heard of," rejoined the exchange editor, pruning down a long article on a boy who was cut in half lengthwise by a steam grindstone, and whose recovery was confidently anticipated by the eminent local physicians.

"I hope they haven't quit the business?" observed the one-eyed man, with anxiety. "I've kind o' warmed up to those old chumps. There was something unanimous about 'em that caught me, and I count on getting up to 'em regularly if I am going to keep my health. Maybe the backward season has been against 'em. What's the news about the skeleton found in the tree with a bag of money tied to his spine? Let's see, he's a spring product, isn't he?"

"No, fall," replied the editor, glancing over a report of a man who had just been relieved of a live lizard that had fed on his kidneys for forty years. "He'll come around about the 3d of October."

"Just so, just so. I was misled on him. He's an old friend of mine, seems like one of the family; and if they should go over his season without finding him, appears as though I should commence to pine. Is there anything new this spring; any servant girls making Greek poetry in their sleep, any live frogs found concealed in a Philadelphia brick, and springing eight feet in the air after an imprisonment of 18,000 years? Anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," sighed the exchange editor, putting sub-heads into an account of a whale climbing to the top of Absecom lighthouse to borrow a match. "Nothing fresh, except this one about the payment of a church mortgage out in Wisconsin, but that won't be popular."

"I suppose not; I suppose not," murmured the one-eyed man. "Well, I'm much obliged So long! It warms me up to see the old ones come around. A man of my age would miss 'em if they let up, and I began to be a little ticklish about the serpent and the skeleton, until you explained the dates."

And as he went out, the exchange editor turned over an article on an old woman of ninety, who was cutting her eighth set of false teeth and fourth head of hair.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Learning to Swim.

The bathing—I might say the drowning—season is about to begin, and many lives will unhappily be lost. As the human frame, bulk for bulk, is lighter than water, all that is needful to save life is to permit the body to sink until it shall displace as much water as equals the body's weight. Then paddle gently as the lower animals do, with hands and feet, the head being held erect, wherever it is desired to go. This direction being carried out is absolutely all that is needful under ordinary conditions to preserve life. These few directions ought to be stuck up in every bathing place—every bathing and skating place—in the three kingdoms.

Children in every instance ought to be made to tread water, from their earliest age, say in shallow slate baths with blood warm water, or when convenient and suitable, in some river, pond, or in the open sea. A leather belt with ring, and a stout rod with line and hook are employed by Portuguese mothers to instruct their children. The mother, rod in hand, stands on the brink. The child learns in the water. In Paris swimming schools the same procedure is resorted to. The business cannot be begun too soon. I saw mere infants sustaining themselves perfectly in the tepid waters of Africa. Treading water is far safer than swimming in a broken sea. Every adult, man or woman, who has not practiced it, should begin. Once the conviction instilled that the body is lighter than water, the risk of drowning is reduced to zero. The process involves no uncertainty, no delay. Very different from swimming, it can be acquired at once.—*Nature.*

Roasting a Prisoner on a Spit.

Philios Alexin, who died in Lamia the other day at the great age of ninety-four, had in his youth contributed—but only under compulsion—to one of the most terrible deeds perpetrated by the Turkish forces employed to crush the Greek rebellion of 1821. He was plying his trade as a master carpenter in his native town when Omer Brionis Pasha entered Lamia in triumph, after his victory over the insurgents at Thermopylæ, where he had taken several insurrectionary leaders prisoners, among them the celebrated champion of Hellenic liberties, Athanasios Diakos. The fierce Moslem commander doomed that heroic youth to be spitted on a wooden stake and roasted alive; and Alexin was required, on pain of death, to supply the executioners of this barbarous sentence with all the implements needed for its fulfillment—that is to say, a spit of timber fitted at either end with a handle by which it might be made to revolve, and two stout wooden trestles provided with circular grooves, wherein both extremities of the stake might have free play during the luckless patriot's martyrdom. On the 26th of April, 1821, as soon as Alexin had completed the task imposed upon him, the Pasha's inhuman decree was carried out to the letter. Diakos displayed unflinching fortitude throughout his horrible torment, and his death scene, to which Alexin was a witness, made an impression upon the latter's mind that time could not efface. He retained it, indeed, with undiminished vividness until within a few hours of his demise.—*London Telegraph.*

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod Liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A MAN recently returned from Cheyenne says it is dangerous to keep the mouth open there. The high winds are liable to blow the roof off.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

YOUNG and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Paris the other day. A couple had come to be married, and the Mayor, having completed the ceremony, was proceeding to read the regulations from the Code on Civil Marriage, when the bridegroom, interrupting, said: "Pardon, M. le Maire, but I think, now that we are really wedded, it is needless to read us about the law of marriage. Pray let us hear the details of the new divorce bill; that will be much more practical."—*Figaro.*

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

THE hair of a Providence girl is so full of electricity that when she combs it the crackling is as loud as the snap of a whip. Shocking, isn't it?—*Lowell Citizen.*

***"Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of Kidney-Wort began with wise, cautious and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

WHEN a dead fly works his cold and rigid remains on a nearsighted man as a dried currant in a rice pudding, he calls it current humor.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A BOTTLE of WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM, costing thirty-five cents, will effectually cure the worst case of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Flux. It has become so popular that it is almost a legal tender in the Mississippi Valley where it has been in use for the past thirty-seven years. It can be had at the Drug Stores.

"SAN FRANCISCO is clamoring for brass-bands in church." Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently.—*Chicago Times.*

OH MY HEAD!—Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, two boxes for $1, six boxes for $2.50, by mail by Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

IT was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste!"

IT is a cold month when something doesn't happen to make Victor Hugo declare that the planets shudder with joy or throb with agony.—*Louisville Post.*

IN refusing to purchase his wife a $4 bamboo easel, the wretch of a husband accused the partner of his bosom of trying to bamboozle him.—*Lowell Courier.*

ON the question of the next potato crop the eyes have it.—*Lowell Courier.* On the question of the onion crop the nose will have it.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A CHICAGO woman couldn't tell another woman walking on the street ahead of her that she was in danger of falling bricks because they hadn't been introduced, you see.—*Norristown Herald.*

TIME: midnight. She—"George, are you going to exhibit in the dog-show?" He—"No; why?" She—"You are such a remarkably fine setter." Exit young man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

POOR BALL now estimates the age of the world at 4,000,000 years, but it is only within the last five years that a man dared write "Hon." before his name after presiding at a ward caucus.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CONNECTICUT man aged seventy-four, and once worth $15,000, has been arrested for stealing eight cents' worth of spruce lumber. Poor old man! Not enough left to pay for his board.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"AN honest man's the noblest work of God. Nothing is said about an honest woman, because she isn't such an astounding variety.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Iowa man in Chicago was in great luck the other day. He procured a license to get married, but was arrested and taken to Iowa before he could use it.—*Chicago News.*

MUSICAL MAIDEN: "I hope I am not boring you, playing so much?" Enamored Youth: "Oh, no! Pray go on! I—I'd so much sooner hear you play than talk."—*Punch.*

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierre's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

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* The term *hydra* may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always at hand.—*Dr. Banning.*

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FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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THE green turtles are those that allow themselves to be picked up on the beach.

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IF a hotel is built in four flats, what key is necessary to open it?—*Musical Herald.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE ball comes through the crack of the rifle.—*Boston Transcript.*

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A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

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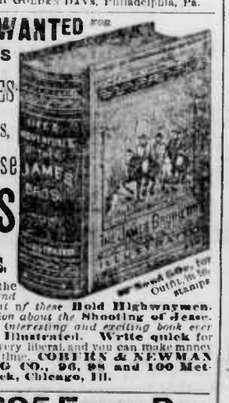

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Boston Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
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The SUREST CURE for
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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Killing the Buffalo.

The Indian's method of killing buffalo is much more exciting and spectacular, but much less destructive than the white man's, says a correspondent in Montana. A civil engineer engaged in the railroad construction work, at whose camp I stopped a few nights ago, gave me an account of an Indian hunt he witnessed from the door of his own log cabin one day last winter. It was the great annual hunt of the Crows. The Indians had their scouts out for weeks in the region north of the Yellowstone, massing the small scattered herds into one large body by a method similar to that used in rounding up cattle. Having got together a herd of perhaps five thousand, they began to push them forward slowly toward the Yellowstone Valley, not stampeding the animals but forming a semi-circle of horsemen around nearly twenty miles of country, and showing themselves here and there to keep the animals from straying off and move them forward in the desired direction. Couriers were sent to the Crow village, and soon the whole tribe was in motion for a small piece of bottom land on the river, half surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Beyond the hill tops the squaws, children, and old men were stationed, with some of the ponies and with red blankets. The most skilful hunters posted themselves, mounted, by the river side. About noon the great herd, urged on by the scouts, came thundering down the hills into the bottom. Then the people on the hills closed up their line behind them, and the hunters dashed into the herd and began the slaughter. Whenever the animals would stampede toward the hills they would be driven back by the squaws waving the red blankets. The hunters rode to and fro, with wonderful skill evading the charges of wounded bulls, and carrying on the slaughter with little more trouble than they would have had in a drove of cattle. When their ponies were exhausted they rode up the hills and got fresh ones from the squaws. After two or three hours of this kind of work the chief gave a signal, the line on the hills opened a gap, and the surveyors of the herd were allowed to escape. About five hundred animals were killed in all. The tepees were set up and the village feasted for a month, while the squaws skinned the dead beasts, tanned hides, and dried the meat.

I feel no sympathy with the sentimentalism that laments the rapid extermination of the buffalo. A good fat ox is a much more valuable animal any day than the largest buffalo bull. The pastures which now support two or three million head of buffalo will support an equal number of cattle, which, as better friends of man, have a better right to them than the ugly wild beast that has little to us worth having beside his skin. His meat, I can attest, is vastly inferior to an ordinary roast or steak. Let the buffalo go—the faster the better—and let the grassy hills and plains of Montana and Wyoming be covered with herds of good, honest, civilized cattle. When the buffalo disappears Indian savagery will disappear, too. The Indian will have to lay down the rifle and take up the plough. He will never work as long as he can hunt and draw Government rations.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug; and medicines.

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If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

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Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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FOR SALE,

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

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Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

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W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

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A GOOD SAW-MILL,

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A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

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A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTORAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday in July, that is to say on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, in the year 1882; and also on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned day, that is to say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Swanton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry O. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of James H. Rush, Officer of Registration for said district, near Friendsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July, at the home of Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at the house of Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Thomas Browning, the Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Oakland, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at Hutton's Switch.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Oakland and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July at the house of Johnson Brothers, on the National Pike, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of William B. Murphy, in said district.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July at the house of Jehu Gregg, at Gregg's Mills.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for a change in the location of the road leading from McHenry to Oakland as follows; Beginning at or near Gravely Run, on said road and running thence through lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, H. G. Davis and John L. Browaing, to intersect the said road at or near John L. Browning's residence.

ABRAHAM STEELE,
IRA E. FRIEND,
T. H. CUPPETT,
And 30 others.

6 17 4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

ORDER NISI.

John Bradburn vs. Joseph Symons. } No. 745 Equity, In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1882, that the sale made and reported by John Bradburn, Mortgagee, in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of July next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $760.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7 1 3 W. H. TOWER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 369 acres in good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises

5 27 tf D. J. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

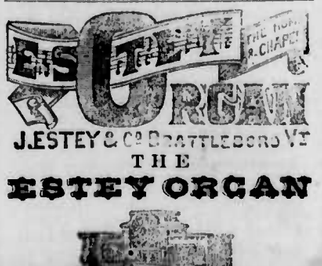

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice, send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je2-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882. NUMBER 20.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city. Including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF VEGETABLES,

In their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

91 Baltimore Street,

P. O. Box, 401. Cumberland, Md.

or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor."

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

3 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR, 173 Prestman st.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

PE-RU-NA

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.
Also all diseases of the Bladder.
For Incontinence of Urine, (Wetting the Bed,) PERUNA is a positive cure.
In Errors of Youth PERUNA is a specific.
For Brick Dust or other deposits take PERUNA.
For Nervous Debility take PERUNA.
PERUNA will positively cure Sexual Debility, and restore the functions to their normal vigor.
For Nervous Prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural indulgences, PERUNA is a sure cure.
Aged and Young Persons who are disturbed too frequently at night, by make water, can rely implicitly on PERUNA.
For Urinary Diseases of both sexes, for Female Complaints of all kinds, and for Gravel, PERUNA is a specific.
For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, PERUNA is the only cure.
For our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life" ask your druggist or address the proprietors, DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Colum., O.
For Constipation take nothing except

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

THE FALSE GUARDIAN.

Just after the close of the American Revolution, James Tudor, a young ship carpenter of Boston, sailed on board the Orient, a new and staunch-built ship, bound for Smyrna, at that time the largest and wealthiest city of the Levant.

After the usual tedium and want of variety incidentat to so long a voyage, the Orient arrived safely at that point and unshipped her anchor.

The next morning, just as the captain's gig was being lowered for the accommodation of that officer and the supercargo, who were then preparing to go on shore to report to the British Consul, and pay their respects to Mr. Tracy, the American Merchant, to whom they bore letters of introduction and credit from Gray, Tolfree & Co., the great importing house at home, they perceived a small row boat rapidly approaching the ship, and containing two persons—a man—who was vigorously rowing, and one solitary female figure.

When the boat came alongside, the boatmen promptly assisted the lady on board. Somewhat wildly, but hesitatingly she inquired for the captain, who in company with the supercargo, was pointed out to her.

She was young and pretty, in fact, almost childlike, and seemed, from her wild, scared look, to be laboring under some deep anxiety or fear. She was dressed in garments of the richest material, though seemingly thrown on in haste and with the greatest negligence.

She approached the captain, and, in a flurried nervous way, inquired if she might be allowed to speak with him a moment alone.

He answered in the affirmative, and, drawing her aside, out of the hearing of his companion, patiently prepared to listen; for the sudden appearance of the strange young woman on board his ship at so early an hour in the morning had greatly excited his curiosity.

"Will you excuse me," she began, timidly, "but are you a single or a married man?"

"Captain Ward glanced at the questioner curiously. Indeed it was a peculiar question for a young lady to ask of him, a perfect stranger. But he answered her with good breeding and politeness. Yes, he was a married man.

The young lady looked disappointed, but presently recovered.

"Is there any gentleman on board your ship who is not married, and—and whom you think would be willing to marry a rich young girl within an hour, and ask no questions? I will say that she has been deeply wronged and persecuted, but is nevertheless highly respectable and virtuous, though she can only claim her property by clearly establishing the fact of a legal marriage."

"Both of my mates are married," said the captain, "and the supercargo is engaged to a young lady in Boston, to whom I understand, he will be married on our return. But hold," he said reflectively, "there is our carpenter, James Tudor, a fine-looking, gentlemanly young fellow as one might wish to see, and unmarrid. In fact, he is much more of a gentleman in his ways than any of us, if we except Mr. Owley, yonder, supercargo."

"Can I see him?" inquired the strange young lady eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, Miss, I will summon him directly."

And James Tudor, the sprightly and handsome young carpenter, was sent for, and came promptly aft, where Captain Ward and his mysterious visitors were standing.

It was evident at a glance that Tudor had made, at first sight, a favorable impression on the young lady.

Captain Ward therefore excused himself to the young lady, and leaving her alone with Tudor, rejoined Owley, when the two shortly took their seats in the gig, and were pulled ashore by the four seamen in waiting.

At the awkward introduction of the captain, the carpenter touched his tarpaulin politely, and made a low and graceful bow, which went far toward captivating the heart of the young lady.

"Dear sir," she said, blushing and trembling visibly, "I have what may appear a very unmaidenly proposal to make. There is a wealthy young lady, in whose service and interest I am now employed, who cannot obtain possession of her rights except by marriage, as a proviso to that effect was unfortunately embodied in her father's will.

"Her uncle was appointed her guardian, and, taking advantage of the situation, has since attempted to make a traffic of her hand, by marrying her to a wretch whom she loathes, in consideration of his yielding to him one-half of the property which amounts, I am told, to over fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is now the good wish of this young lady to marry some one else, and thus defeat the unprincipled guardian, who has cast to her since her father's death, a most unmerciful tyrant. She is pretty and amiable, and, I have every reason to believe, would devoutly love her husband. And now I come to the most difficult part of my mission. Will you, a stranger from a foreign shore, take pity on her helpless condition and marry her? The moment you are married she will deliver over to you her entire fortune."

"I will marry her," said James Tudor, "if for nothing more than to spite her tyrant, but I will not be so mercenary as to exact her fortune for so slight a service."

"Come, then, my boat awaits you; let there be no delay," said the young lady, gretly overjoyed by his ready answer. "You need make no alteration in your toilet, as I am supplied with ample means, and have been authorized to procure for you the most costly garments to be found in the market."

Hardly knowing how the adventure was likely to end, Tudor followed the strange young lady into her boat, and they were speadily landed at the market wharf.

She hailed a cab and the two entered it.

They were driven to the locality mentioned by the young lady, where your young American enjoyed the delightful luxury of a Turkish bath, which left his naturally clear skin as pure and white as an infant's.

Their next step was to visit one of the fashionable English clothiers of the city, where Tudor at the earnest solicitation of the young lady, secured the richest and most expensive outfit in the establishment.

The proprietor himself assisted young Tudor in the arrangement of his toilet, and when once attired in those elegant and costly habiliments, a finer looking young gentleman could not have been met in the city of Smyrna.

He was toberably well educated, too, well read, with a great flow of language at his command, picked up from the works of Steele, Addison, and others, with whom in his leisure hours, he had made himself thoroughly conversant, added to which he was naturally possessed of easy, graceful, and winning manners.

When his toilet was complete he glanced admiringly into the full-length mirror before him, and was then ushered triumphantly into the presence of the young lady by the graceful proprietor.

She looked at him in half-bewildered way, as though she was in some doubt of his identity, and then her eager face was suddenly overspread with a genuine blush of pleasure; and taking his arm, they re-entered the cab, which was still in waiting, and were driven directly to the residence of an Episcopal minister, the address of whom had been previously given by the young lady.

On alighting from the close cab, they were ushered into the parlor by an officious servant girl, where they were presently joined by the clergyman.

"You must speak to him," whispered the young lady, blushing crimson, "for, as you may have already guessed. I am to be the bride, if you do not object to me."

"Nay, on the contrary," whispered Tudor, his cheeks gloving with a manly pleasure, "I am overjoyed to hear that it is you. But please tell me by what name I am to introduce you?"

"Sarah Faber," whispered his fiancee, smiling through her tears.

The young American promptly accepted his cue, and proceed with a graceful introduction of the young lady, as well as the purpose for which he had called.

The clergyman bowed and withdrew, but presently reappeared with his wife and two daughters as witnesses.

When the interesting ceremony was over, they again entered the cab, and were driven to the residence of the British Consul, before whom the new made bride made a clear statement of all the facts.

As good fortune would have it, Captain Ward and supercargo Owley arrived just as she had concluded, and both readily vouched for the responsible and gentlemanly character of James Tudor, the bridegroom, and a messenger was immediately dispatched for the false guardian.

When he arrived and saw how matters stood he ground his teeth in suppressed rage, but wisely declined to test the validity of the marriage.

He relinquished on the spot all further claims as the guardian of his niece, and at the request of the Consul, made out a hurried skedule of all the property under his control belonging to the aforesaid niece, Mrs. Tudor.

A fortnight later, and the happy bride came into lawful possession of the fifty thousand pounds left her by her father, and on the subsequent return of her husband to Boston, where with the money thus received, was purchased the wharf which bears their family name to this day.

The Intensity of Arctic Cold.

The chronicles of Lieut. Schwatka's expedition in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin, records some interesting facts regarding the great cold of the Arctic regions. The lowest temperature met with by the company was one hundred and three degrees below the freezing point, or seventy-one degrees below zero, Fahrendeit, a degree of cold almost impossible to imagine by the people of more temperate climes. The effects of such intense cold upon the human system were not so marked in the Lieutenant and his companions as might be supposed, and even during the month in which the average temperature was sixty-five degrees below zero, the health of the party remained unimpaired. The men adapted themselves as much as possible to the habits of the natives, feeding largely upon blubber and fat meat, by which the vital heat was sustained. Plenty of game was found by the adventurers, who were able to secure with their repeating rifles enough reindeer at one time to last them for several days. The difficulty of approaching these animals was very great, for in the still cold air the step of a man upon the snow could be heard two miles away, and the grating of sledge runners resounded like the clanking of tempered steel. It was not an easy matter to keep guns in working order in this climate, for at sixty and seventy degrees below zero, strong oak and hickory would break like icicles, and all lubricants harden and interfere with the working of the locks. When the guns were brought into the warm atmosphere of the huts to be cleaned, they would at once become coated with moisture, and every part had to be carefully wiped and dried, lest the hunter on stepping into the cold air again would find a useless block of ice in his hands. A bottle of whiskey which was in the stores was congealed to the consistency of thick syrup by the intense cold, and the cup from which one of the travelers essayed to drink actually froze to his lips. The low temperature of this latitude permitted some of the Esquimaux to practice a terrible revenge upon some wolves which had attacked them. They set upright in the ice several keen knife blades, and covered them with blood. These the wolves licked, slicing their tongues, but being prevented by the cold from feeling the wounds at the time; and their own warm blood tempted them to continue until their tongues were so sacrificed that death was inevitable.

Theories of the Earth's Surface.

Professor Charles S. Hastings, in a recent lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, gave an outline of the leading theories in regard to the physical character of the earth. Although there are a great many theories, they may be reduced to two distinctive ones. According to the first, the interior of the earth is a fluid covered with a thin crust, about thirty miles or thereabouts in thickness. The advocates of the second theory hold that the earth is practically a solid sphere. Among the reasons given for sustaining the first theory, the following are, perhaps, the principal, namely: As we go down in mines, wells and other underground caverns, it has been ascertained that the heat increases in a ratio of one degree for every one hundred feet of decent below the sun's influence. This theory is also supported by the occurrence of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, and the existance of hot springs. Those who put forth the second theory also support it by two arguments. They hold that if the centre of the earth were a liquid and the outer surface a solid, the heavier portion would go to the centre. Again, the weight of the crust of the earth is about two and one-half times that of water; the weight of the whole earth is known. From this, it may be deduced that, in order to make up the entire weight, it must be seven times as heavy as water at the centre. The lecturer briefly discussed the two theories, and said that if the two theories were modified, they could be reconciled, and that this mean would probably be the true theory. The interior of the earth is most probably a fluid of the consistency of tar.

San Francisco exchanges teem with accounts of the prevalence of the opium-smoking habit in that city, which is by no means confined to the Chinese population. One account says that at least two hundred and fifty women of good position are known to frequent the opium dens of that city. The Chicago *Herald* declares that the insidious and dangerous practice of opium-smoking has gained a firm hold in that city. Nor is the infamous custom in that city confined to the male sex. The *Herald* says that women have been found in the hidden rooms behind the Chinese laundries, where, forgetting their womanhood, they have abandoned themselves to the drowsy intoxication of the Poppy. Nearly every block in the busy portion of Chicago has its Chinese laundry, and nearly every one of these laundries has its little back-room where, streiched in a dirty bunk, the opium-smoker can find his little lamp, wire, pipe and ball of opium. A few pipes, if he be a tyro, makes him forget himself in happy dreams. But as the habit grows upon him he needs more, until he inhales so much of the deadly vapor to secure oblivion that his last sober moments are a torture, and he becomes a physical and mental wreck. It is a more alluring habit than any form of spirituous intoxication. Its spell is more potent and its final result is more disastrous. This is the insidious evil which is spreading in Chicago with alarming rapidity.

Iowa for the Prohibition.

The friends of Temperance have won a signal victory in Iowa. That State has committed itself by probably 40,000 majority in favor of absolute prohibition of both the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The vote was taken on a proposition to amend the Constitution of the State as follows:

No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall hereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions thereof.

The proposal to submit such an amendment to the people was made first by the Republicans of the State at their convention in 1879. It at once met with general favor, as both parties were eager to have the troublesome question removed from politics. There has been no partisanship in its advocacy during the past few months in which it has been before the people, leaders and newspapers of both political parties cordially advocating its adoption. The size of the vote in its favor surprises even its friends. As might have been expected, the majority comes almost entirely from the rural portions of the State. The cities, with the exception of Des Moines, voted strong against it.

The following is given as a remedy for lockjaw: Let any one who has an attack of the lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it, and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is almost a sovereign remedy for croup. Suturate a piece of flannel on the throat and chest, and in a very severe case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle on hand.

A new invention promises to preserve beef or mutton while the animals are still alive. Boric acid is injected into the animals veins, the natural circulation of the blood carries the anticeptic through every part of the body, and when the unfortunate animal that thus innocently preserves its own flesh for future consumption comes under the care of the butcher, it will be found that the mutton will keep perfectly wholesome for a considerable period.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

There was a Sultan of the East
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;
A marvel of the donkey-kind,
That much perplexed his owner's mind.
By turns he moved a rod ahead,
Then backed a rod or so instead.
And thus the day would pass around,
The Sultan gaining little ground.
The servants on before would stray
And pitch their tents beside the way,
And pass the time as best they might
Until their master hove in sight.
The Sultan many methods tried:
He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied,
And stripped a dozen trees, at least,
Of branches, to persuade the beast.
But all his efforts went for naught;
No reformation could be wrought.
At length, before the palace gate
He called the wise men of the State,
And bade them bow their skill display
By finding where the trouble lay
With solemn looks and thoughts profound,
The men of learning gathered 'round.
The beast was measured o'er with care;
They proved him by the plumb and square,
The compass to his ribs applied,
And every joint by rule was tried;
But nothing could the doctors find
To prove he differed from his kind.
Said they: "Your Highness! It appears
The beast is sound from hoof to ears;
No outward blemishes we see
To limit action fair and free.
In view of this, the fact is plain
The mischief lies within the brain.
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,
A sail upon his back you fix,
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze
And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised.
Two masts upon the beast were raised,
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,
With bailiards, spanker-boom and sail,
In proper shape equipped was he,
As though designed to sail the sea!

And when the Sultan next bestrode
That beast upon a lengthy road,
With favoring winds that whistled strong
And swiftly urged the craft along,
The people cleared the track with speed;
And old and young alike agreed
A stranger sight could not be found,
From side to side the province round.

—*Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas.*

"A MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION."

It was almost dusk, on a wintry afternoon, when I was sitting in my studio wondering if, after all, I had not been a fool in believing I was ever destined to make a living as an artist. My dear old father—a small manufacturer of silks at Lyons—had spared all that was possible from his savings to give me an art education in Paris. I had entered myself as a pupil at the Academie and had been a most diligent student at the life classes. There the rapidity with which I worked, and the general correctness of drawing, and truth of color in my sketches, earned for me much praise. When my funds were almost exhausted—and I knew that except under the most urgent necessity I must not ask for more from home—I sought to fill my pockets by selling pictures to the minor dealers. They gave me but little encouragement; all that the most favorable was willing to do was to put a picture in his window and try to dispose of it—in which case I was to receive three-fourths of the purchase money. Day after day I called to inquire if a keen discerner of unrecognized genius had found out the merit of my work. The same statement was always made to me—"a gentleman had looked at it and promised to call again." But the mysterious promisers never did return.

While I was meditating on my gloomy prospects I heard a low knock at the door. I rose and opened it. The gentleman who stood outside was tall and thin and dressed in black or very dark clothes—in the dim light I could not tell which.

"M. Paul Godin?" he inquired.

"Yes, monsieur. Will you not do me the favor to enter?"

He bowed and passed in.

"I must apologize for asking you into a dark room," I said, as I moved toward the table on which stood a lamp. "I had almost fallen asleep in the twilight."

"Pray do not light the lamp; my eyes are weak, and what I have to say to you I can say better as we are."

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. My visitor was evidently a gentleman; his manner and accent proclaimed that. In his voice there was a sadness which at once evoked sympathy.

"As you will, monsieur. To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I do not wish to give my name; I am here on business that can be transacted without disclosing it. I must ask you to excuse the customary formality."

I bowed and pointed to a chair. My visitor took it, paused a moment as if thinking how he should begin, then spoke quickly, almost abruptly, as if he was anxious to lose as little time as possible:

"M. Godin, I have been told by some one who knows you well—no matter who—that you can paint from life with great quickness and accuracy. I want a figure painted to-night."

"To-night!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, by candlelight, and it must be done before daylight to-morrow morning; that is, in the rough; you can finish it here afterward. The subject is a strange one, and the conditions on which I shall give the commissions are: that you submit to be taken to and brought from my house blindfolded; that you shall not ask any questions; that you shall never tell any one what you may see there; that you shall never show any one the picture you paint or reveal its subject; and that if you should ever meet me after to-night you shall make no sign of recognition. I know that these are startling conditions, but I am willing to pay liberally. I will pay you one thousand francs now and another thousand when I send for the finished picture. Do you accept?"

For the moment I was stunned. Here was what seemed to be a fortune placed suddenly within my grasp. The conditions were certainly "startling," but I was young, I had no fear and the mystery piqued me. It seemed as if I had suddenly been transported back to the days of the Tour de Nesle, in which Marguerite de Valois summoned her lovers, who arrived blindfolded and were borne away dead by the silent waters. If some such tragedy was in store for me I was poor enough and desperate enough to take all the chances.

"Well," said he somewhat impatiently, "do you accept?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good! Here are one thousand francs."

"I will give you a receipt."

"It is not necessary. Now gather your materials and select the largest canvas you have here."

I got together what was needed.

"I am ready, monsieur."

"Then you must allow me to blindfold you. Give me your handkerchief. There! Does that hurt you?"

"No."

My hat was fortunately a soft one. He turned the brim down so as to conceal the fact that my eyes were covered.

"Now follow me to the carriage, and remember, M. Godin, I trust to your honor as a gentleman to fulfill all the conditions I imposed."

It was with no little difficulty that I managed to descend the stairs with my load. At the landings the stranger took hold of an elbow and gently guided me. As we passed into the street my companion spoke in a whisper to some one who was evidently waiting for him.

I was then put into a carriage and driven rapidly away, but so many turns were made that I could not determine in what direction we were going. Some one was sitting by my side. I presumed it was my visitor, but he did not seem inclined to speak, and I had plenty to occupy my thoughts. Where was I being taken, and for what purpose? The more I pondered the more uneasy I became. My only comfort lay in the certainty that I had a thousand francs in my pocket.

After a while the carriage stopped and I was told to get out. Some one took my arm and led me up a flight of steps, then along a hall, then up a staircase and finally along a corridor. I judged from the height and width of the staircase, which was of stone or marble, and the rich carpeting or the passage or corridor, that I was in a grand mansion.

"Sit down, M. Godin. There is a chair immediately behind you. When you hear me close the door of this room you may uncover your eyes and begin. You are to paint precisely as it is the—what is lying on that bed. You must finish before five o'clock to-morrow morning. When you are ready to go away you must rebandage your eyes, then sound a bell you will find on the table. A person will come and conduct you to your studio. In ten or twelve days I will send for the picture; it must be packed so that no one can see it, and you must pack it yourself. The person who will come for it will pay you the second thousand francs. You will find refreshments on the table. Now I leave you. Do not forget the conditions you have promised to keep."

I heard him close the door. Then I eagerly tore the bandage from my face. The glare of a brilliantly-lighted room oppressed my eyes for a few seconds, and I could only distinguish that the apartment was large and magnificently furnished. As my vision grew clearer I saw that almost immediately in front of me was a very handsome coffin standing on a platform or dais covered with black velvet. I had been prepared for something strange, but the sudden sight of the coffin made me shudder. In a moment or two, however, I gathered courage enough to walk toward it. It was empty. The lid stood by the side, and some of the silver screws had fallen on the floor. I picked one up and looked at it. The head was badly mauled. Evidently the coffin had been opened by some unpracticed hand. Where was its former occupant? Instinctively I turned toward the bed. On it was lying the body of a woman. I looked at the face. I think it was the most beautiful I ever saw. The expression was so calm and happy it was difficult to believe she was not merely sleeping. I had only noticed the face. As my eyes passed from that to the figure a sight met them which drew from me a cry of horror and rage.

Her breast was bared, and through her heart a jeweled-handled dagger was buried to the hilt!

I felt ill and faint. I went to the table and took a long draught of brandy. Then I came back to the bedside. It was not, as I had tried to persuade myself, a horrid dream, a phantasy. There was the dagger, driven with unerring aim and deadly force. I noticed that so skillfully had the blow been given that only two clots of blood had escaped from the wound. The bleeding must have been wholly internal. Again I glanced at the sweet, peaceful face. There was nothing in it to indicate the agony which I had been taught to look for in painful and sudden death.

Where was I? Upon what frightful tragedy had I lighted? Had this murdered woman been a faithless wife, or was she some innocent girl who had been enticed here to meet ruin and death? What should I do? What could I do?

My first impulse was to raise an alarm, but a moment's reflection convinced me of the uselessness and danger of such a proceeding. It was evident that the person or persons who had committed this crime would not hesitate at another to secure safety. I had no idea in what quarter of Paris I was, nor of how to gain egress from the house. Beside, I had heard the door locked behind me.

But why should any one desire to perpetuate that terrible sight? This was a question I could not answer, though I racked my brain for a response. Then I looked again at the body and the frightful fascination of the subject began to enthrall me. Its grim awfulness appealed to something in my artistic nature and urged me with irresistible force to begin work. I had always had a touch of morbidness in my inspirations, yet I had never conceived such a combination of the beautiful and the horrible. Yes, whatever I might feel it my duty to do on the morrow, I would work my best that night.

An absorbing desire to express not only what I saw but what I felt took possession of me. Never before had I painted so quickly or so well. I obtained with a few touches effects that I had before vainly labored to produce. It almost seemed as if I were controlled by some overwhelming force. The soul and power of a great artist had temporarily passed into me, and my poor hands and eyes were but the means through which another was working.

The hours flew rapidly by, but I labored unintermittingly. The figure grew upon the canvas and began to look lifelike in its deathlike fidelity. At last my aching hands and arms compelled me to rest. I looked everywhere for some mark or sign by which I could discover in whose house I was. Not the faintest clue rewarded my search—nothing bearing a name, initial or monogram was to be found. Everything was of the most costly and luxurious description. Money had been lavishly spent in every direction. The coffin was almost a work of art; its chased handles and bars were of silver and gold, but the name-plate had not been attached. I noticed every detail with great minuteness, because determined that the maker of so unusually splendid a coffin could easily be found, and that through him was the closest and easiest way of bringing to justice the perpetrators of this foul crime.

Then I went back to my painting and again the fever of inspired work seized me. I was scarcely sensible of the lapse of time till the clock upon the mantelpiece warned me that it was already two. After considerable trouble I managed to pack my sketch in a way that would cover it without injuring the moist colors. I collected my brushes and tubes, tied the handkerchief over my eyes and rang the bell. Almost immediately I heard the door unlocked and the sad voice whose tones had become so thoroughly impressed on my memory asked:

"How have you succeeded?"

"Well."

"I am very glad. I will now take you to your studio. Come with me."

He led me through the passage, down the staircase and to the carriage. When I had seated myself he took his place by my side. The horses were urged to a very rapid pace, so fast, indeed, that I wondered the police did not interfere. My companion did not utter a word. When the carriage stopped he helped me to descend, took me as far as the first staircase and said:

"When you reach the next landing you can uncover your eyes. I shall send for the picture in twelve days. Remember your promises; keep faith with me and you may secure a more powerful friend than you imagine. Good day."

I heard him pass away. The temptation to follow and instantly denounce him was almost irresistible, but sober second thought came to my aid. I reflected that he had at least one and probably two confederates in the carriage, and that at so early an hour it was unlikely I should find any one to render me efficient assistance. I passed up stairs and took off the handkerchief.

When I was once safe in my own room I was torn by distracting doubts as to what I ought to do. If I held my tongue I should make two thousand francs certain, and possibly more in the future. Could I afford to throw away this wonderful opportunity? Moreover this was the course which had the great recommendation of safety. If I should inform the police I might very possibly be regarded as a madman, or if my story was believed and the murderer or murderers traced I should undoubtedly incur the vengeance of rich and powerful villains. My solemn promise, too, bound me to secrecy. But then I told myself I was not compelled to keep that when the doing so would involve the escape of a murderer. At last exhausted nature, which had been subjected to the most severe tension for twelve hours, claimed her rights. I slept, but my dreams were hideous. The figure of the dead woman rose ever before my fancy. She pointed to the dagger in her breast and seemed to entreat me to speak, although I heard no words and could not distinguish any sound.

It was again nearly dusk when I awoke, troubled and unrefreshed, but with my mind fully made up to tell the police all I knew. I understood the necessity for acting with all possible dispatch, but I was hungry and felt that I needed something to give me strength and confidence before I undertook to make my extraordinary revelation. After I had once decided on a plan of action I felt easier. The dread of the ever-haunting presence of the dead woman began to disappear. I went to a restaurant I had been in the habit of frequenting when richer. Some of that villain's thousand francs should help to give me the strength to denounce him. This idea pleased me, for it seemed to savor of retribution. I took up *Le Soir*, turned over the pages carelessly, almost unconsciously, and was just about to lay it down when on the last page my eye caught this heading:

"Funeral of the Beautiful Marquise de Bienville."

The words startled me, for I had heard of the beauty of the lady about whom all male Paris had been raving for some months. I had never had an opportunity of seeing her, though I had much wished to do so. I did not know she had been ill, and to learn suddenly that she was dead and buried shocked me not a little. I read the article with considerable interest. It stated that the Marquise had died four days before of diphtheria after only a short illness. The last part of the article gave a brief description of the lady's appearance. As I read on I became more and more engrossed, for I could not but believe that the murdered woman and the Marquise were one. The recognition of this fact frightened me. I could not help seeing that such a charge made against a man occupying the rank and station of the Marquis de Bienville would need more substantial proof than was to be found in my extraordinary story.

It was with great difficulty that I could manage to eat a part of my dinner. That done I went back to my studio, took my sketch and set off for the office of the Minister of Police. I inquired for him, and after having stated to one or two minor officials that my business was of the utmost secrecy and importance I was informed that he had gone home.

"Could I not communicate my wishes to his representative?"

On my replying negatively I was told that if I particularly desired it I could be taken to the Minister's house, or I could see him at his office the next morning. I dreaded a night with that fearful secret still undisclosed, so I chose the former alternative.

I trembled a little when I was ushered into the presence of the famous Minister, but his calm, quiet manner, soon reassured me.

"What is it that you have to disclose, Monsieur?" he asked.

"The secret of a murder, Monsieur."

"Well?"

"I wish to confide it to you alone," I said as I glanced at the gentleman who had accompanied me from the office.

"That is impossible. M. Bonteaux is in possession of all the secrets of my department. Even if I were to hear you alone now, I should be compelled to confide in others before I could act upon your story. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because, Monsieur, my accusation will appear almost incredible. I charge the Marquis de Bienville with being the murderer of his wife."

The Minister, who prided himself on his imperturbability, could not resist showing his surprise. He glanced at M. Bonteaux with an air of pity and contempt. I am sure he thought that I was mad.

"Madame la Marquise died of diphtheria. My wife knew her well and was greatly grieved at her illness and death. On what grounds do you base such a charge?"

I told my story as briefly as I could. Both my hearers listened attentively, but, I felt, incredulously. When I had finished, the Minister asked:

"What proof have you of the truth of this extraordinary tale?"

"None," I answered, "except the sketch I made. I had never seen the Marquise in life, if it be indeed her likeness, no other proof of my truth is needed."

"I knew her well," said the Minister. "Show me the sketch."

I unpacked it and placed it before him. He started as if he had been violently struck.

"It is indeed the Marquise," he murmured. Then turning to me he said: "Describe the man who came to your studio."

"I could not see him well. I think he had a moustache; he was tall and thin, and spoke in a low, sad voice."

"That would be a rough description of the Marquise, eh, M. Bonteaux?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I have heard that the Marquis was overwhelmed with grief, and that some of his friends feared for his reason."

"A needless fear," said I; "his grief is only remorse or perhaps dread of discovery."

The instincts of the detective, who distrusts everybody and everything, were beginning to be aroused in me.

"M. Godin, Justice is indebted to you. All that can be done to-night shall be done. In the morning I shall again claim your aid. Go to your rooms at once, and do not leave them or speak to any one till I send for you; and lest you should be in any personal danger, I will have the entrance to your apartment watched."

I thanked him for this courtesy, though I could not help knowing that he was actuated quite as much by a desire not to have me escape as by his wish to protect me.

* * * *

M. Bonteaux called for me in the morning. He told me I should have to accompany him to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, as the Minister had decided to have the coffin of the Marquise taken from the family vault and opened. It had been brought into a room of the mortuary chapel, when we arrived. The Minister and two or three assistants were examining the body. The wound had been found exactly as I described.

I was cordially received by the Minister and told that the Marquis had been sent for under the pretext that there had been some informality about the register of the interment. Orders had also been given to bring the doctor who had signed the certificate of death, and also one of the surgeons attached to the department of justice.

I felt elated at my success and importance, and had no longer any qualms about my broken promises. All Paris, I was sure, would soon be ringing with praises of my shrewdness and courage.

Presently a gentleman entered, whispered to the Minister and handed him something wrapped in paper. It proved to be the dagger I had described.

"Let the Marquis be brought in," said the Minister.

All eyes were on the door. The Marquis entered, looking pale and thoughtful. When he saw me his look changed to one that I tried hard to think showed fear, but still it seemed to me only like contempt.

"Ah, M. Godin! I thought you were a gentleman. I see I made a mistake. You have betrayed me."

"It is not betrayal to give a criminal to justice."

He looked at me and smiled ever so faintly, yet still perceptibly.

"M. le Marquis," said the Minister, "I regret to be compelled to inform you that you are charged with having murdering your wife."

"Who makes this charge?"

"M. Godin, who states that he saw her lying with a dagger buried in her heart."

"That is true."

"He confesses! Officers, arrest that man.

"One moment, M. le Minister. When that dagger was driven into my wife's heart it had ceased to beat for more than two days."

"Explain yourself, monsieur."

"My words can easily be verified by any surgeon. Madame la Marquise had a morbid dread of being buried alive. She made me swear to her that if she died before me I would not allow her to be buried until her heart had been punctured. I could not bear to tell this to any one else or to allow any other hand than mine to strike the blow. After I had done so the strangeness of the sight began to overpower me. Sometimes I think my great grief has made me half mad. I felt that I must have a record that I had been faithful to her last wish. In this state I sought out M. Godin. He has doubtless told you all else that you wish to know. The reason I desired to keep the matter secret can be easily understood."

The two doctors had arrived in time to hear the Marquis' explanation. They needed only to glance at the body to confirm his words.

"O, how poor and mean and miserable I felt! I crossed over to where the Marquis stood, and I knelt at his feet.

"Monsieur," I cried, "take back your money and the sketch and try to forgive me."

"Rise, Monsieur; I have forgiven you. I asked and expected more trust than I had had a right to believe a stranger could have given to a stranger. Keep the money; finish the picture, and I hope it will not be the last you shall paint for me."—*Our Continent.*

—An insane man in Butte Country, California, has spent his time for the last thirty years in building a boat in which to go to a big mine which he thinks he owns in Nicaragua. He has built one or two very good models, which shows a great amount of natural skill. He says if his crew go back on him when he is ready to sail he will have a crew composed of women, as there is more dependence to be placed in the female sex than the men.

Late Fashion Notes.

White muslin dresses are embroidered all over both bodice and skirt.

Black velvet is much used for trimming dresses of shepherd's plaid.

Loops and ends of satin ribbon are added to skirt and corsage bouquets.

Laces, dyed in all the fashionable shades of color, are seen upon costly imported bonnets and round hats.

For evening, feather tips arranged in the hair and upon the corsage, fastened in place by diamond pins or brooches, are worn with full-dress toilets.

Monastic costumes, really beautiful in style, are still worn by many ladies of elegant tastes. These dresses are just at present made of black or gray nuns'-cloth or vigogne.

Panniers and pointed bodices dispute the majority with trimmed skirts and habit basques, the latter either of the same material as the dress skirt or otherwise distinct, though frequently showing some link of connection in color.

For tall and slender young ladies is the new French mantelet out in exceedingly graceful curves, and trimmed around with a feathery ruche bordering of fringed silk. These wraps are made of black brocaded gauze, the figures being of raised flowers of velvet or chenille.

The turban-shaped toque is essentially the traveling hat of the season. It is very often made of the material matching the dress, or of fine straw, trimmed simply with a twisted scarf of figured surah, or bright-colored pheasant's feathers laid smoothly over the crown.

Ripe red or pale yellow tomatoes and also natural sized green gages appeared last season among the very eccentric garnitures upon French bonnets. A novelty this season from the vegetable world is a bunch of artichokes set among green leaves, over which is apparently crawling a most unpleasantly natural looking red and yellow caterpillar, made to be sure, of chenille and wool, but too realistic in appearance to be very pleasing to the taste of most people.

Deep-red satin mantles are imported which look exceedingly like a matador's cloak. They are loaded with black Spanish lace and jet trimmings, which help to tone down their too brilliant hue. Red satin sunshades trimmed with black lace are to be carried by the wearer of these wraps. A great many extremely conspicuous garments and dress accessories are exhibited designed for watering-place use, which would be deemed altogether "loud" and inappropriate in town.

Among the novelties in small wares are a varied collection of rich colored beads styled Venetian, which, though very pretty in themselves, probably never hailed from the romantic shores of the Adriatic. These little barrel-like beads have curious figures traced upon them, the mixed colors combined in each necklace being very well adapted to the vari-colored costumes now so popularly worn by young people. A single row of beads is sufficient for a necklace. These beads are held together by tiny chains of antique silver. Necklaces to correspond with the toilet are very much worn, and as assorted real gems are not always available nor desirable even for general wear, the Venetian beads enable people to follow the fashion without much expense or fear of robbery.

One of the most beautiful garden party costumes exhibited thus far this season is a short princesse dress of cream-white silk, scattered over with half-open pink roses. The skirt parts just below the pointed waist in front, displaying beneath a pink satin petticoat, covered with white lace flounces, headed by artificial pink rosebuds—the exact color of the blossoms upon the silken fabric—with sprays of tender green foliage forming a floral fringe drooping over the lace flounces. The corsage is similarly adorned with lace and flowers. The hat is of cream-colored Italian braid, with a low, round crown covered with lace and rosebuds, and the inside of the brim is faced with pale pink satin. The white silk parasol is trimmed with a deep ruffle of lace around the edge, and a branch of blush roses is tied to the top of the stick with pink ribbon matching the shade of the satin lining.

Pink is a color that promises to rage this season in every grade of dress goods. There are so many shades of this popular hue that every taste can be suited, although there are many tints cool and exquisite, that are far more to be desired by any one making a selection than the very deep colors that are becoming to neither pale blonde nor rosy brunette. A stylish laurel-pink toilet made simply of fine French organdie has the short skirt covered with ruffles, the lower edges of each being cut in scallops and bound, and underneath these scallops is set a tiny frill of Valenciennes lace about an inch and a half deep. A long-pointed bodice of the shirred muslin terminates in front in a bow and ends of pink ribbon, and from each side of this point falls a pannier, like drapery, edged with Valenciennes, and drawn away in loose upright folds, ending in puffs beneath the point in the back.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Involuntary Exercise.

A convict can be killed by a week's labor which, if he were free and well paid, he would accomplish without injury. A "constitutional"—that is, a walk of definite length undertaken without an object—is so abhorrent to some men that they cannot get through it without unendurable fatigue. Strong men who, from want of subjects of reflection, happen not to like "deck-pacing,"—the aimless walking up and down in which some feeble men, and a very few women delight—feel, when forced to do it, a fatigue which speedily becomes insupportable, and would produce, if the exercise was protracted, exhaustion or even fainting. That peculiar form of the relation between mind and body has never, we believe, been quite satisfactorily explained, any more than the extreme exhaustion which sometimes follows walking in sleep; but nobody doubts its existence, and that is at least one argument against excessive exercise for the sedentary. They hate it in spite of all arguments; and exercise which you hate undoubtedly produces extra fatigue.—*London Spectator.*

—Epitaph for the spring lamb—Peas to his hashes.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Baptists are making many converts in Russia.

—There are upwards of six and three-quarter millions of children who attend Sunday Schools in the United States.

—The Methodist Hospital to be erected on Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, is to cost about half a million dollars—a costly monument to its founder, Mr. George L. Seney.

—The heathen priests are starting parochial schools in Ceylon to compete with the schools of the Christians; and in them the children are taught to call Jesus a deceiver and sing immoral songs.

—A Hindoo woman lately said to a missionary: "What a beautiful religion yours is! Ours gives no such teaching. Ours is an outside religion telling us to do things; but this is a religion of the heart."

—At the annual commencement exercises of Hiram College recently, Mrs. James A. Garfield was elected to fill the vacancy in the college board created by the death of her husband. General and Mrs. Garfield at one time taught classes side by side in this institute.

—The new Presbyterian synods which are to meet in the coming autumn will have large constituencies. That of Pennsylvania heads the list with 131,054 communicants; that of New York has 103,374; Ohio has 68,326; New Jersey, 45,957; Illinois, 42,286; Indiana, 27,678; Iowa, 20,812.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Paul Tulane, who owns, besides his possessions in other places, about $2,000,000 worth of property in New Orleans, has executed a deed of trust bestowing all his property in New Orleans, the income to be devoted to the erection and endowment of a college for the education of the white young men of New Orleans in language, literature, science and art.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Iowa, it is stated, has so many colleges—almost thirty—that they have all been kept more or less weak, not one of them advancing to the rank of a thorough university. This ridiculous multiplication of colleges is a crying evil in other States as well as in Iowa. If three-quarters of all the colleges in America were utterly abolished and their value and endowments devoted to the enlargement of the remaining colleges and the improvement of the public schools, it would be of incalculable benefit to the people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Gen. Buford's attempt to harmonize pulpit and the race-course leads the *Christian Union* to comment as follows: "The attempt to bring the church and the theater into harmony is a bold and optimistic effort, but what shall be said of the faith of Gen. Buford, who wants to bring the church and the turf into friendly relations? He lately made a speech in Louisville in which he set forth the great services which the race-course has rendered to mankind, cited the case of the Bishop of Canterbury as that of an ecclesiastic who attends races, and urged all good people to accept the virtues of racing without its vices. Great, indeed, must be the faith of one who hopes to redeem the business of horse-racing."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—By all means follow the fashion, but a generous man will always give the fashion a good start and not crowd it too closely.

—During 1881 the United States consumed a total of 918,000 tons of sugar. It is estimated by a young man who was courting all last winter that fully half the amount was made into caramels.

—Nothing makes a woman crazier than to plant mignonette, and when it comes up, to ascertain that the seedman put cabbage seed into the wrong envelope.—*Puck.*

—"A good-looking girl never dies of a broken heart," says a French proverb. Nobody expects her to any more than they expect a homely man to die of a broken suspender.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Member of the church, out of breath—"What are you ringing that bell for? What are you ringing that bell for?" Sexton—"Why, Mr. Blower is dead." M. C.—"O, no! it isn't true! Stop the bell!" Sexton—"Well, then, I s'pose I've tolled a lie."

—The small boy who was sent by his mother to invite some neighbors to tea was asked by the invited if his maternal parent would expect them if it rained, to which he naively replied: "O, yes; I heard her say she wanted to have it over with."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A certain clerk in a western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he: "Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a kind-hearted man." "Hold on!" cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a woman." "She was, eh?" said he. "Well, that's just my luck. How am I expected to know? I never read the Bible."—*Chicago Times.*

—Theater managers intend to be just, but they do wrong in selling seats in the center of a row to gentlemen who have so much business outside to attend to between acts. It is not only an inconvenience to others but a stupendous bore to these gentlemen themselves to be continually obliged to crowd past the ladies occupying the outer seats.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"No, my daughter," said a New Haven matron, "I cannot consent to your longer keeping company with young Jaykins. He had the insurance to call me a doweress, right in my face, the other evening." "Why, ma, that isn't bad at all." "It is lucky for the young man that it is not. Had he assumed to insulate me I would have pitched him over the banningsters." "O, dear ma, I wish you wouldn't mix metaphors so," and both women rushed off for the dictionary to substantiate the correctness of their language.—*New Haven Register.*

—Keely has agreed to make known his secret. A mean Philadelphia man says Keely's disclosure will probably be about as follows: "Take half a pint of water; pour it into some queer looking machine—any odd shape will do—and then tell the capitalists and prospective stockholders present that should you move the lever it would blow them all into the next country, as the material in the machine is not quite strong enough to stand the pressure. They will hurriedly subscribe and leave.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY OWN BRIGHT ROSE.

There are gardens and gardens of roses,
All beautiful, bright and sweet;
But, oh! not one do I covet
Of all that I chance to meet;
For the brightest rose
Is the one that grows
In my own little home for me;
And wherever I go,
Full well do I know
No rose is so dear as she.

My Rose has eyes that are browner
Than ever were eyes of gazelle,
And a heart that belongs to a woman
Whom we should trust long and well.
Not far do I roam
From the garden of home
Where my Rose is blooming for me;
For the charm of my life
Lies there—in the wife
Who is fair and sweet to see.

So bud and blossom, ye roses,
Wherever the gardens grow,
Not sweeter your fragrant blooming
Than the beautiful Rose I know.
Nor amongst you there
Is there *bud* so fair
As the bud, so dainty and wee,
Which my Rose, so sweet,
To make joy complete
Has brought to my garden for me.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

I was dining one evening with my friend Pascal, and, as we sat over our wine, he mentioned that he had just returned from Strasbourg, where his attention had been directed to the extensive fortifications the Germans had erected since the city had come into their hands. From this subject the conversation diverged to the Franco-Prussian war, and Pascal said:

"By-the-bye, I was in Paris during the Commune, and on one occasion met with rather a curious adventure."

"What was it?" I inquired.

"I will tell you," he replied. "You are aware that the firm of which I am a member has extensive dealing with various French commercial houses. Shortly after the siege of Paris was over, I went there, and had not been in the city more than a week or ten days before the insurrection which resulted in the establishment of the Commune broke out. After the Versailles troops had made themselves masters of Paris, hundreds of unfortunate wretches were ruthlessly shot, but little trouble being taken to discriminate between the guilty and the innocent. For several days it was not safe to venture into the streets; but at last I made my way to the local *prefecture* and obtained a pass to leave the city. On the following evening, at the railway station, I found that each passenger's passport was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. Mine, however, being perfectly *en regle*, I was allowed, after only a brief interrogation, to pass on to the platform. I took a seat in a *coupe*, the only other occupant of which was a lady dressed in deep mourning. She was a tall and rather good-looking woman. I bowed slightly on entering the carriage, as is the custom in France, but no word was spoken by either of us for some little time. Presently my traveling companion took out her watch. A slight exclamation of vexation escaped her, and, turning to me, she said:

"Pardon, Monsieur—can you inform me what o'clock it is? I find that my watch has stopped."

"Just twenty minutes past nine, madame."

"After a brief pause, she said:

"Monsieur is English: is it not so?"

"Now I rather pique myself upon the correctness of my accent, so I was slightly annoyed at the speaker's ready conclusion that I was a foreigner. I therefore simply bowed. With a Frenchwoman's intuitive tact, my companion, perceiving that my *amour propre* was hurt, hastened to add:

"Monsieur speaks our language admirably, and his accent is, if I may be permitted to say so, thoroughly Parisian. But there is a slight intonation which led me to believe that he was a foreigner."

I could not resist the compliment, and replied, smiling:

"Madame flatters me!"

There was silence between us for a few moments; and then my companion said, rather abruptly, as I thought:

"Monsieur, may I venture to solicit a favor at your hands?"

"If madame will indicate the nature of the service she requires of me," I replied, guardedly, "I will inform her whether or not it be in my power to render it."

"It is simply, Monsieur, that, if when the train stops at any station, we are interrogated, you will have the goodness to declare that I am a lady well known to you and traveling under your escort."

"But, madame," I began with surprise, when she interrupted me by saying:

"Monsieur, you need be under no apprehensions that you will compromise yourself by acceding to my request. It must appear to you an extraordinary one, I admit, but reasons I am not at liberty to explain render it desirable for me not to be supposed to be traveling alone."

"But you would have traveled so had I not by pure chance entered this compartment," I said.

"That is true; and it is a most fortunate accident which has given me monsieur for a fellow traveler," was the quick response.

I reflected a moment before I again spoke, and I made a shrewd guess at the motives which had actuated my fair companion in making the proposition she had just addressed to me. She appeared a resolute, determined woman, and it was, I thought, more than possible that she had played a part during the Commune which rendered it absolutely essential to her safety that she should escape from France. Chance having thrown us together, the idea had evidently struck her that, by representing herself as a lady under the escort of an Englishman, suspicion would be less likely to attach to her than if she were found traveling alone. In any case I could not see that I ran any very serious risk by acceding to her request, so I replied:

"I will do what you require of me, madame, relying upon your promise that no ill consequences will arise from my compliance."

"I thank you most sincerely for your very great kindness, Monsieur," was the response; and then no more was said until we reached the station.

When the train stopped I perceived several men in the uniform of the French police upon the platform, and observed that they went up to one carriage after another and interrogated the occupants. As they were approaching the one in which we were, my fair companion suddenly changed her seat for the one next to mine, threw her arm round my neck, and rested her head lovingly upon my shoulder. I was dumb with astonishment and mortification at this, as I considered it a most outrageous proceeding, and was endeavoring to free myself from the unwelcome embrace, when one of the officials came up to the door of the compartment, and, perceiving, as he supposed, the affectionate relations existing between the lady and myself, said politely, but with an ironical smile:

"Pardon, Monsieur! Do not disturb yourself." Then, turning to his comrades; he added: "He whom we seek is clearly not there."

Here was a nice situation for a husband and the father of a family? No sooner had we resumed our journey than I said, with considerable indignation:

"I am surprised at your conduct, madame. I accepted in good faith your assurance that you would not compromise me; but you have done so, and most seriously. If the knowledge of what has occurred were to reach my wife I should never hear the last of it."

"Monsieur is married then?" was the quiet reply, the speaker appearing amused rather than ashamed.

"I am," I rejoined, briefly.

"Monsieur," said my companion, after a brief pause, in a graver tone: "I am under too serious an obligation to you to permit that you should remain under a misapprehension which causes you uneasiness. I can afford you a very simple explanation of what, at present, appears an inexcusable indiscretion."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Convinced that I am speaking to a man of honor and a gentleman incapable of betraying me, I will frankly confide to you that I am not, as you suppose, a woman."

"Not a woman!" I exclaimed, with astonishment not unmixed with incredulity.

"No! I have assumed this dress to facilitate my escape from Paris. Briefly, monsieur, the circumstances are these. I held a commission as Colonel of an Infantry regiment during the Commune, and, although I had no share in the excesses by which it was disgraced, the mere fact that I had been in its service would be sufficient to seal my fate were I to fall into the hands of the existing Government. For some days past I had been concealed in the house of my sister. This morning she applied for and obtained a pass authorizing her to leave the city. This, as arranged, she handed to me; and, armed with it and clad in female attire, I succeeded this evening in evading the vigilance of the authorities. The attitude I assumed toward you, and for which I apologize, was the inspiration of the moment, when I perceived that the passengers were being examined, as I judged that it would disarm suspicion. Hitherto my disguise has served me well; and, if you will only permit me at Calais to represent myself as a lady under your escort, I have every hope of being able to reach England in safety."

I did not like this proposition at all. It might prove a very serious matter for me were my companion arrested, since I should find myself most probably charged with being accessory to the escape from justice of a notorious Communist. Yet, on the other hand, to refuse might cause the sacrifice of the poor fellows' life. After a few minutes deliberation therefore, I said:

"If you will give me your word of honor that, in the event of your falling into the hands of the authorities, you will under no circumstances reveal the fact that I am aware of your real character, I will render you all the assistance in my power."

"That is fair," was the reply; and I pledge you my word as a Frenchman and a soldier that I will exactly observe the condition you have imposed."

"Nothing more was said on the subject, and we arrived at Calais without aught having occurred to cause us uneasiness. After a brief detention at the pier while our passports were being examined, we walked on board the mail-boat together, my companion leaning affectionately upon my arm. It was a relief to my mind, and must have been still more so to his, when, at last, the packet cast loose from the shore and fairly started on her voyage across the Channel. When we arrived at Dover, the ex-Colonel, after warmly thanking me for the service I had rendered him, bade me adieu; and and I have never seen him since."—*Family Herald.*

A Midnight Sidewalk Marriage.

Mr. Lee Hale and Miss Katie Morgan had long loved each other, but the parents of Miss Katie objected to the union. An elopement had been determined on, and Sunday night was the time set. The father and brothers of the young lady by some means had got an inkling of what was going on, and determined to watch and wait developments. About twelve o'clock Sunday night, by the gas-jets, the form of Mr. Lee Hale was seen approaching. A minister had been procured and, in company with a few friends of the bridegroom, were standing at a reasonable distance on the pavement. The unusual crowd on the street attracted a few policemen to the scene, but as soon as it became known what was in the wind no interference was made. Miss Morgan, on the approach of her lover, attempted to leave the house to join him. Her cruel father and brothers caught hold of and attempted to intercept her, but she broke away from them and ran to the head of the steps. By some unaccountable accident the young lady stumbled and fell headlong down the steps. Fortunately she was not injured further than a few unimportant bruises on her body. Mr. Hale stood at the foot of the stairway and raising the girl in his arms, assisted her to where the minister and friends were standing. Everything being in readiness, they were united in marriage in less than three minutes. All the high contracting parties stand well socially.—*Chattanooga Dispatch.*

—New York makes fun of Detroit for painting her lamp posts green. We like to distinguish lamp posts from citizens. —*Free Press.*

Customs Inspections.

The customs officers being on board, they—there were three of them—promptly established themselves behind a table at the head of the main staircase into the saloon. Here they produced a bundle of blanks and the revenue agony began. The passengers marched up one by one to the table and were furnished with a number written on a piece of cardboard and a blank. The blank is called a "baggage entry," and consists of two parts. One is devoted to the non-dutiable articles, the other to those on which duty is to be paid by the passenger, and both halves, if filled up, have to be sworn to. Upon the back of this entry-blank is a synopsis of the Treasury regulations. By this synopsis it appears that the senior member of a family may be allowed to include all the baggage of the party in one entry, to be made by him, but a reference to the Treasury regulations, Art. 103, reveals the fact that the entry so made will not relieve the members of the party from the penalties for attempts to defraud. If, then, "the senior member of a family" be a little hasty in his generalizations as to what is dutiable in the trunk of his daughter's maid, for example, he may find himself in an exceedingly awkward predicament. The language employed in the statutes as quoted is such that a person unlearned in the law becomes lost in a maze of punctuation marks. Wearing apparel in actual use and other personal effects, professional books, implements, instruments and tools of trade are declared to be free from impost by Sec. 2,505. Sec. 2,799, which follows it, defines the things which are exempt. This section to be appreciated must be read, but to be understood must be studied with the aid of some legal tutor. As no passenger even understands it, appeal is made to the inspector on board, who proceeds to translate it from the foreign language in which it is couched into English.

Having given up Sec. 2,799 in despair, the unfortunate passenger runs foul of Sec. 2,802, in which dire penalties are threatened against the person who shall infringe the law. Forfeiture of the articles and a penalty of treble their value would be calculated to give any one pause. The sections are followed by two articles, Nos. 399 and 400, which, strange to say, are quite easily understood. The first declares that jewelry, not for sale, is free; and the second, that by professional books, implements, and tools of trade is meant such books or tools as a lawyer, surgeon or mechanic would use in his occupation. An extract from an official circular dated February 23, 1875, urges tourists to separate the articles which have been worn from those which are new, and this is good advice, even if it is given by the Treasury.

But while the passengers have been describing their personal effects in honeyed tones before the awful Council of Three behind the table, Governor's Island and the Battery have been passed and the Suevia is nearing her dock. Arriving there, she was tied up with as little fuss as though she had been a fishing-punt instead of a great ocean steamer, and the gang-plank having been hoisted up, the passengers went ashore, Inspector Mehrer, who was in charge, said that there being an Inspector, a Collector and an Appraiser present, on the wharf, a custom-house, in the eyes of the law, was in existence there. This having then been organized, the passengers proceeded to get their luggage passed. The dock men brought the trunks and their owners collected them in piles. The trunks unlocked, the officers of the custom-house proceeded to examine them. Lifting up piles of clothing and asking questions in many languages, feeling the texture of various garments between the finger and the thumb in order to ascertain their fineness, removing trays and driving into shoe wells, opening boxes and baskets—the work went rapidly on. Suddenly there was a call for Captain Mehrer to examine some curtains which were "declared" as dutiable. He gravely lifted them and then pronouncing the words "cotton lace" in a mystic aside, wrote on the "baggage entry" their value at fourteen dollars and their duty as being thirty-five per cent. As this was less than five dollars the curtains were passed free, it being a custom of the custom-house to admit articles if the duty does not reach that sum. Another call, and Captain Mehrer began to look at a lot of linen, evidently spun and woven by some old grandmother in the "Fatherland," and sent out with many hopes that it would prove useful in the new home. The owner was a settler coming to this country, and by the Treasury regulations the revenue officers always make things very easy for the emigrant.

The examination of the luggage did not take long. There were few articles on which duty was collectable, the owners were honest and declared them, and there were no disputes. The stock of good humor which every one acquired when they saw the land was not taxed by the custom house officials. The luggage of the emigrants was not examined on the dock, but was taken with the owners on board of the Castle Garden barge. Here it is looked over by the officers appointed to that work, but it is rarely if ever taxed. The custom-house is very apt to allow emigrants to bring almost anything, providing it is clearly their own property and for personal use. This fact has sometimes been taken advantage of by smugglers and attempts have been made to bring in articles for sale this way. It has rarely succeeded, however, for although the officers are willing to pass almost any kind of property belonging to emigrants, their search through the great chests is none the less thorough.

To tourists who are about to come to this country, either on a visit or on their return from a trip, a few hints may not be out of the way. If they will make full and exact lists of everything they have in duplicate, separating the things to correspond with the trunks in which they are packed, noting the price of everything they have purchased in Europe and the date of the purchases, they will find the work of passing the custom house greatly facilitated. They should also be able to easily identify their trunks. They should remember, if they deem the appraisement unjust, that they may pay the duties under protest or appeal to the Appraiser from his Deputy. While it is well to facilitate the work of the officers as much as possible, the traveler should not permit himself to believe that the officers he meets upon the dock are the final judges of the value of his property, and he should recollect that if the impost threatens to become an imposition, he can carry the case up where he can be represented by men who thoroughly understand the law.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Death by Drowning.

An autopsy of a drowning case just made by members of the medical staff connected with Coroner Janney's office exodes the theory of the Malley prosecution in reference to Jennie Cramer's death, and is likely to lead to a revolution in that branch of medico-legal testimony which bears upon death from drowning. The theory advanced by the medical experts on behalf of the Commonwealth, that the dead girl was not drowned because there was no evidence of water in the lungs, is one that has never been disputed, although frequently members of the medical fraternity have been found doubting the soundness of the proposition. Since the Malley prosecution promulgated the old theory, Prof. John Reese, the Coroner's analytical chemist, professor of toxicology in the University of Pennsylvania, has given the subject considerable thought and attention. Prof. Reese was sought for by one of the attorneys for the Malley boys as an expert in arsenical poisoning, but preferred to remain at home. It is this, perhaps, that augmented the Professor's interest in the medical testimony. However that may be, he has been watching drowning cases very closely of late, and at last found what he expected to.

On the evening of June 12, while patroling his beat at Delaware Avenue and Queen Street, about half-past nine o'clock, a Second District policeman observed an old and decrepit woman in rags wandering aimlessly along Delaware Avenue. She was clad in a dilapidated calico dress and scarcely anything more. Her feet were bare, her gray hairs were unprotected, and to the surprise of the officer, he found when he approached the woman that she was sober. She told the policeman that she wanted to go to South Street, and he took her to that thoroughfare, turned her head in the right direction, and she started off westward. The next morning very early her body was found floating in the Queen Street dock. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was an unknown woman found drowned. It was impossible to ascertain the old woman's identity, but the evidence of drowning was undisputed. It being an opinion entertained by the Coroner's physicians that the length of time a body will remain under the surface depends upon the quantity of water taken internally, it was apparent that this case was an excellent one to establish or shatter that belief. On Friday last Prof. Reese, accompanied by Dr. D. Willis Cadwallader, who is also an attache of the Coroner's office, and who is also deeply interested in the subject, went to the morgue and made a thorough examination of the drowned woman. Upon opening the body there was no water whatever found in the lungs, nor the slightest evidence of having been there. Neither was there in the stomach. There was a very slight congestion found in the lungs, but from natural causes, and the liver was considerably cirrhosed, presumably caused by drinking. The other organs of the body were comparatively healthy. There were no marks of abuse upon the body in any way, and evidence whatever of drowning. There was not even anything in the gullet to indicate that water had passed the woman's lips.

The physicians think that they have discovered a demonstration of the falsity of the theory set up by the Malley prosecution, and, what is more important to them, they feel that they are in a position to render some valuable aid to science. This one case convinces Dr. Reese, beyond any doubt, that persons in jumping overboard, especially from an eminence, can come to death from suffocation or shock, and without taking a drop of water inwardly. The work begun by the Coroner's physicians with such remarkable developments will be continued so that repeated autopsies of drowning cases may confirm or deny the medical point raised by them. Dr. Reese said that if his conclusion as to the cause of death in the case of the woman found in Queen Street Wharf had been drawn from the autopsy alone, without any other source of information, he would have pronounced it death from cirrhosis of the liver, there being no evidence of drowning about the internal organs.—*Philadelphia Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Spanish Grandee.

The Duke of Osuna, whose death is announced, was a curious specimen of an old-fashioned Spanish grandee. He had about fifty titles, many of them being historical. He was a singularly stupid and a singularly liberal man, being possessed of vast estates. He married a German lady, but was with difficulty prevented from running away on the day of the ceremony. He always insisted that the Empress Eugenie owed her throne to him, as the Emperor Napoleon would never have married her had he not feared that if he delayed she might become Duchess of Osuna. For some years he was Spanish Ambassador at St. Petersburg but he always refused to draw his salary, as to do so was beneath the dignity of an Osuna. His notions of hospitality were of the grandest. In Madrid open house was kept in one of his palaces, whether he was there or not. One day a lady told him that she was going to some town in Spain, and, presuming that he had a palace there, he begged her to use it; but, finding that he was mistaken, he at once ordered one to be bought and furnished, in order that the invitation should stand good. It was difficult to praise anything in his presence, for he at once insisted upon the person who praised it accepting it. One of his estates in Spain was so large that it supported a band of robbers, who respectfully called themselves "the robbers of the Duke of Osuna." Of this he was extremely proud.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Governor of New York has signed the bill appropriating $15,000 for the Saratoga Battle Monument at Schuylerville, and has appointed Charles S. Lester and John M. Davison, of Saratoga, and James H. Dillingham, of Schuylerville, a commission to superintend the erection of the monument.

Circus Machines.

When the flying trapeze act of the circuses began to grow familiar to the public eye, great endeavors of skill and daring were made to enhance its seeming difficulty and danger. But human power and agility could go just so far, unaided, in defying the laws of gravitation, and no further. Then opened a new era, that of the utilization of mechanical appliances for the achievement of startling gymnastic novelties. Singularly enough nearly all the most famous and astonishing of these mechanical devices have been the invention of one man, an American, named W. L. Hunt, himself in former years a famous trapeze performer.

In 1864 Mr. Hunt, then, as yet, known professionally as Signor G. A. Farini, was giving a season of gymnastic entertainments in the London Alhambra, in which he was aided by a slender and pretty boy named Samuel Wasgatt, billed under the name of "El Nino Farini." In one of their performances Farini was accustomed to lay his feet upon one trapeze and his neck upon another, holding his body perfectly rigid between them, with the boy standing upon his belly, until, at a given signal, the boy made an upward leap, and, aided by a spring of Farini's body, darted to a third trapeze twelve feet above. One day the happy thought occurred to Farini. "Why not employ a springboard instead of my body?" He tried it. It was an improvement. Then his inventive faculties were directed to the discovery of ways and means for the propulsion of performers to heights and distances wholly impossible for flesh and blood alone.

In Liverpool he made the model of his first machine for "jumping up" a performer to the height of forty feet, and at Marseilles built the machine itself and practiced "El Nino Farini" in its use. In Marseilles, too, he did something else. He transformed Samuel Wasgatt into a charming young girl, who was advertised in Paris, where the thing was first brought out, as "Lulu." The fact created a popular sensation, although its advent was in a time of intense public excitement over far more serious matters, the German army being just about to invest the city. In performing it, "Lulu" stood rigidly upon a footplate let into the stage, upon the same slope as the stage, and not distinguishable from the rest of the floor. Suddenly she was seen darting upward toward a spring-board, forty feet above the stage, where she touched only, and made a second surprising leap to a trapeze still further up, where she made a performance.

At the moment of the beginning of her flight there was a great crash, but no human eye was quick enough to see what made it; there were, indeed, two crashes, but so close together that the ear recognized them only as one. Yet, in the imperceptible interval between those crashes, an iron spindle supporting the foot-plate, shot up five feet above the stage, giving the impulse for that frightful leap, and retreated again to its place. India-rubber springs were the motive power for both movements. One set of them, when liberated, fired the spindle upward, and at its extreme elevation it automatically freed another set, which jerked it back into place. On that first machine, when it was set ready for the feat, there were 120 rubber springs, each with a tension of forty-five pounds, a total of 5,400 pounds. No wonder Lulu went up like a bullet from a gun. No wonder either that "he" to use the masculine pronoun Lulu now claims—complained that "it had a tendency to telescope a person." Indeed, it did telescope him after awhile, when he began to get heavier, to such an extent that he was very seriously injured, and had to diminish the strength of the machine and shorten the leap by ten feet. An ingenious arrangement was introduced, in connection with this feat in Paris, by which, at the moment of Lulu's flight, a net—previously held back by counter-weights—was instantaneously spread by rubber springs, and in place beneath her before she reached the springboard.

In 1876 Signor Farini invented the cannon for firing a performer from its muzzle to a considerable distance, with much noise and smoke, but without any danger to the projectile. The first cannon was operated by India-rubber springs, but Farini's patents have covered two other modes of propulsion, one by spiral springs and the other actually by the force of gun-powder, which in the spring cannons is simply used to keep up appearances. When the performer is to be literally "fired out," a heavy barrel in the breech of the sham cannon is loaded with about twice as much powder as would constitute a charge for a shot-gun, and the gases produced by its combustion are set loose in the air chamber at the base of a series of telescoped shells surrounding the person in the cannon. As the shells extend towards the muzzle like the lengthening of a telescope, and give a rapid impetus to the performer. Near the muzzle two openings are developed, through which pours the black smoke from the explosion, without any danger of burning or blackening the fired-out one, who is at the moment gyrating through space. The cannon is so arranged that springs can be used if desired, and in that case the explosion of a smaller quantity of powder is required, merely to free the spring. Attempts have been made to get up the cannon trick in this country, but it is fully protected by patents, and the modes by which evasion has been sought have not been encouraging. In one case the performer was already darted out into the net when the explosion took place—an entire "give away," as showmen say; and in the other a rash performer had his legs driven up into him.

Farini's young woman, whom he called Zazel, did the cannon act successfully two and a half years in the Royal Aquarium in London. The trick is not in the superior cannon, however. The performer must have nerve enough to remain perfectly rigid in the flying second after giving the word "Go." And that perfect nerve is exceedingly difficult to find, so much so that Signor Farini has never discovered anybody but Lulu who could do successfully the jump-up act. Others became limp somewhere at the prospect of the awful chuck before them just as they said "Go," and when they went up it was in all sorts of ways, like a rabbit thrown up by its hind legs. Few of them ever tried it twice.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Boston *Post* wants to know if some benefactor of the human race can't invent some other excuse besides seabathing for appearing without impropriety in scant costume.

—A German barber who never spoke except for some dish he wanted at the table, has committed suicide in Philadelphia. It is a pity that such a jewel of the profession should have felt compelled to take himself off.—*Chicago Herald*

—This is indeed an unfortunate summer for picnics. A huddle of men, women and children in summer clothes out in a grove this season, shivering around a picnic table and calling for "more mustard on that ham" is not an inspiring sight.—*New Haven Register.*

—The New York Senate passed a bill compelling the burial of the telegraph wires. The San Francisco *Wasp* asks: How would this do for an epitaph to be given on the headstone of a telegraph wire?

Once, overhead my lightnings flying,
I made an art of lofty lying.
Now here behold beneath your toe
The lofty liar lying low.
The art of lying men have found
So sweet they've run it in the ground.

—How many young ladies we daily meet who are pretty—some beautiful—who dress richly and with taste, and whose manners are apparently above reproach, until the wabbling of her mouth reveals the fact that she is chewing gum. Then all the charms she possessed vanish, and we observe only the rudeness of her habit.—*Criterion.* The *Criterion*, it should be said, is published in St. Louis. —*N. O. Picayune.*

—The Albany (N. Y.) *Times* says that the son of wealthy parents in New Hampshire, who is attending school in Albany, was lately visited by two men, who produced a deed purporting to be signed by the boy's parents, and conveying valuable farming lands in Pennsylvania, and asked him to certify to the signatures and thus save them the time and expense of a journey to New Hampshire to remedy the defect. The boy did as requested and has since learned that the signatures were forgeries.

—General William Raymond Lee, of Boston, carries in his pocket-book a little slip of paper bearing the single word "Death." It is the ballot he drew when a prisoner of war in a rebel jail at Richmond, when he and two others were chosen by lot to be hanged in retaliation for the sentencing to death of certain Confederate officers convicted of piracy. The sentence of the pirates was, happily, commuted, and General Lee and his comrades were subsequently exchanged.—*Boston Post.*

—The City Collector of Baltimore had a call, the other day, from a prominent Presbyterian minister, who paid him $3,899.71. The minister stated that one of his congregation had handed him a stout envelope marked, "$3,899.71," with the request that he would take it to the City Collector, and pay it over to him for the city treasury. The giver stated that he had received it from an unknown party, who had intimated that it was to pay what he thought he owed the city for back State and city taxes. Collector Taylor opened it and found it contained the amount named, mostly in $100 and $50 bills. The clergyman said he was entirely ignorant as to who the party was whose conscience had stricken him.

—A rumor was circulated in Meebanicsville, N. Y., the other evening, that a human hand, apparently that of a full-grown man, had been found in the ruins of Justice Talmage's office, which was burned recently and caused considerable excitement. The man who found it took it to a shop, locked it up, and informed the officers. The next morning it was examined, and was found to be a man's glove with the fingers burned off, and the remainder closely filled with ashes. While parties were looking in the ruins for other portions of the body to which the supposed hand belonged, a jimmy was found, thus giving an assurance that the building had been entered by burglars and set on fire.

—When the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was preparing his famous "Lectures to Young Men," he held a long interview with one of the most notorious gamblers in the country, and then used the information about gambling and gamblingdens obtained from him in his wonderfully realistic discourse on that subject. After the delivery of the lecture a "too previous" young man tried to turn the laugh on Mr. Beecher by asking him how he could describe a gambling-hell so accurately if he had never been in one. "If you never have been in one yourself," retorted Mr. Beecher, "how do you know my description is accurate?"—*Chicago Journal.*

Vagaries of the Alaskan Thlinkits.

In morals the Alaskans are much inferior to most Indian tribes of the plains. Avarice is their ruling passion. They are the most knavish and cunning of traders. Theft, if successful, brings no disgrace. The detected thief is laughed at and ridiculed. I saw old Cocheen look with fond admiration on Kastase-Kuch, his son, when the latter drew from under his robe some articles he had purloined from the village where he had lodged for the night. Their gratitude seemed small and they have no expression for "I thank you." Flaws in gifts are carefully examined and critically pointed out to the giver. An Alaskan who shot at some decoy ducks near Sitka, went to the owner of the decoys and demanded the return of his wasted ammunition. Two Alaskans were driven to sea in a canoe. A schooner picked them up, but would not or could not take their canoe as it was still blowing a gale. The rescued demanded payment for the lost craft. Another fellow came to the doctor of the post of Sitka and begged for medicine for his brother and then asked the doctor to pay him for carrying it to the brother. I lent Tah-ah-hah-klekh a goat-skin robe of mine and at the end of our voyage asked him to clean it. He did so and demanded full payment. We did not lose much by theft, because our crew knew very well the value would be deducted from their wages. Thlinkit virtues are hospitality, good nature, peaceableness, filial obedience, and, after their own code, a respect for solemn contracts or engagements. Even when very angry they only sulk. They are demonstrative only in the expression of surprise.—*Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, in the Century.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

Hon. Milton G. Urner will please accept our thanks for copies of the *Congressional Record*.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* will be served to subscribers at Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park every morning, Sunday excepted, at 8 o'clock. Subscription price 15 cents per week. The *Intelligencer* will have all late telegraphic news, and will he regularly supplied with interesting letters from the above named places. Leave orders at Chisholm's Drug Store.

The Prohibitory wave has swept over into Minnesota, and promises to exert an important influence in the choice of the next legislature. The temperance advocates want the privilege of voting on an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, and they threaten to vote against any candidate for the legislature who does not pledge himself to favor such an amendment.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio in the campaign of 1859 60 issued a circular containing the following striking paragraph: "The central committee, under the direction of the meeting which appointed it, have had the duty imposed upon it of reminding you that all who are occupying official positions are expected to contribute to the expenses of the campaign. It is hoped, therefore, that you will respond promptly to this notice, and that you will not regard the sum of fifty dollars too much for you to advance."

The bombardment of Alexandria, Egypt, by the British fleet commenced Tuesday morning. A perfect panic prevails in the city. Admiral Seymore served the usual twenty-four hours' notice upon the governor of Alexandria previous to the firing. The latter sought to compromise matters, but the Admiral declined to yield, and on the expiration of the time allowed by the ultimatum, the bombardment begun. The Egyptian military declare that they will defend the forts to the last, and then retire to the interior, to continue their resistance.

The Hagerstown *Odd Fellow* wishes us to name our candidates for Congress. Here they are:

LLOYD LOWNDES,
H. WHEELER COMBS,
JOHN C. MOTTER.
FRANCIS MILLER,
FRANCIS M. DARBY.

Now, Mr. *Odd Fellow*, please copy the above, groom them down, charge the above named gentlemen and send the bill to this office for collection.

Either one of the above gentleman will suit us.—*Frederick Examiner.*

And *any* of the above gentlemen will suit us, if nominated by a Republican convention. The most of them are our personal friends, and would make first-class candidates and able Congressmen, but Mr. Darby is now out of the race.

Are these the *only* candidates the *Examiner* has to name? Are there no others who would suit you? Where is the candidate whose "fitness should not he determined solely from his *geographical* relations? Where is your "dark hoss," Brother? We are inclined to doubt whether you have told the "whole truth" in this matter, and shall not do any "grooming" until the list is complete. Four candidates are too many for one man to groom. The "dark hoss" is the one we want to see. Can it be possible that he is a Frederick County man.—*Odd Fellow.*

War in Egypt.

LONDON, July 11.—The correspondent of the *Standard*, on board the *Invincible*, telegraphs as follows:

"ALEXANDRIA, July 11,—7:40 A. M. The *Alexandria Sultan* and *Superb* opened the fire upon the fortifications. The batteries at once replied, but their shots at first fell short of the ships. The rest of the fleet then joined in and the action became general. After twenty minutes' cannonade two of the forts ceased fighting. The ships as far as can be perceived have not suffered any damage."

PARIS, July 11.—The Turkish minister officially informed M. De Freycinet that Turkey will not send troops to Egypt.

LONDON, July 11.—The *Standard's* correspondent on the *Invincible* telegraphs the following:

"ALEXANDRIA, July 14, 8:10 A. M.—The attack on the forts has now been kept up two hours. Smoke hangs over the city along the line of the shore batteries and among the ships, and is it difficult to see what damage has been done. It is certain, however, that the enemy has suffered very heavily. Fort Marsa El Kanat has been blown up. The fire from the other batteries and forts is slackening. The top of the tower of Fort Pharos has been carried away, and many guns have been dismounted on that and other forts. The flag of the Geneva red cross is flying over the hospital in the city. The Dutch and Greek flags are hoisted over their respectiye consulates. At the beginning of the bombardment immense excitement was visible. Crowds of people were seen wending their way towards the palace. The streets are now deserted, the people having fled or taken refuge in cellars. There is no signs of a surrender so far.

A telegram from the Eastern Telegraph company's steamer *Chiltern*, sent 11:15 this A. M., says the bombardment still continues. The forts are gradually being silenced. The Ras-El-Tin forts are suffering severely from the heavy and disastrous fire of the ships *Alexandria*, *Superb* and *Temeraire*.

Admiral Seymour telegraphs as follows: "The ships opened fire at 7 o'clock this morning. The return fire from the forts was weak and ineffective. An explosion in Fort Marsa El Kanat had occurred by 8 o'clock. The ships engaged are the *Inflexible*, *Temeraire*, *Penelope*, *Superb*, *Sultan*, *Invincible*, *Alexandra*. and *Monarch*."

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 11.—Lord Dufferin, the British embassador, notified the porte on Monday of Admiral Seymour's intention to bombard the Alexandrian forts if Arabi Pacha remained obdurate. The porte on the same evening telegraphed Musurus Pacha, its ambassador at London, that such an act would constitute a grave infraction of the sovereign rights of the sultan and that it expected the British government to order Admiral Seymour to abstain.

LONDON, July 11, 1 P. M.—A dispatch just received from Alexandria says that the magazine at Fort Ada has be been blown up.

LONDON, July 11.—The *Times* in its third edition, publishes a dispatch from Alexandria as follows: The armored ships are in the following positions: The *Alexandria*, *Sultan* and *Superb*, are under way on a line northeast by east, and from fifteen to nineteen hundred yards northwest of the Ennostus Point lighthouse. The *Inflexible* is in the Corvette pass, the narrowest channel leading into the harbor, and 3,700 yards north by west from the Masse fort. The *Temeraire* is in the central channel, 3,500 yards north to northwest of the Masse fort, and the *Peneloye*, *Invincible* and *Monarch* are 1,000 to 1,300 yards to the northwest of the Masso fort. The unarmored ships are under way, working their guns to the best advantage. The Torpedo depot ship *Hecla* has arrived. Fort Ada, the magazine in which has been blown up is located close to the vice regal palace outside of the harbor.

LONDON, July 11—3:30 P. M,—An Alexandria dispatch to the *Central News* says the fire of the fleet commands the railway to Cairo. Up to noon four forts in all were blown up. No casualties to the fleet are discernible.

ALEXANDRIA, July 11—650 P. M. The action is finished for the day. The casualties on the English side amount to forty wounded, and noue killed.

OFF ALEXANDRIA, July 12, 1:30 P. M.—A flag of truce has been displayed from the town.

LONDON, July 12.—A dispatch from Admiral Seymour, sent at 2 o'clock this afternoon, says:

"There was no response to to-day's firing. A flag of truce was hoisted at noon at the arsenal where the Minister of War and the official Divan are. A gun boat under a flag of truce proceeded at once to open communications.

LONDON, July 12.—A dispatch from on board the Chiltern, dated 5:15 this afternoon says: "The flag of truce is still flying. Several large fires have broken out in various parts of the town."

The Burlington *Hawkeye* succinctly observes that "Sam Tilden is getting so lively and strong that it might be a good plan to put him at the head of the next Arctic expedition. The great advantage would be that under his leadership there would be no difficulty about the 'returns.'"

Crop Conditions.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The *Times* this morning publishes seven colums of crop reports. It says in a general summary that corn is a very poor crop this year, wheat is better than last year, but not up to the crop of 1880, and rye, oats, potatoes and hay are exceptionally good. This is the briefest summary of the crop reports published this morning from a large number of points scattered all over the Northwestern States. Six weeks ago, when the *Times* published its last general crop report, fair weather was just beginning to set in after a most discouraging wet and cold spring, and farmers were tempted to make the most of their improved prospects, and it was estimated that the corn crop, if the weather changed for the better and remained so, would be from one-fifth to one fourth better than it was last year, when it was none too good, being only four fifths as large as it was in each of the two preceding years. But the promises of fine weather were not kept, and the dispatches now presented show that corn will not be an average crop anywhere, and in considerable districts the farmers do not now expect to get more than half of an average crop, though warm weather ever at this late day would materially reduce the loss. In the southern part of the corn and wheat belt the loss is less severe than in the northern pat, and in the latter the corn is doing tolerably well on uplands, or where the ground happens to be well drained. In a few localities the reprts are quite favorable, but these are the rare exceptions. The corn crop of the United States in 1880 was 1,537,535,940 bushels, which was a slight reduction from the crop of the previous year. In 1881 the crop fell to 1,194,916,000 bushels. A reduction of one-fouth—and the dispatches indicate that it may be as serious as that—would cut it down to about 900,000,000 bushels, But it may not be so bad as that. In all localities the corn is very backward, but in many of the them it is promising fairly after all, and with fine weather will not show a great reduction from last year. Still the fact remains that last years crop was a large reduction from those of the two previous years, and it is certain that this year's crop will not come up to that of last year. The wheat prospects are much more encouraging, though they are not all that was hoped from early in the season. There has been a considerable reduction in the acreage of wheat in Iowa, Wisconsin, and in some parts of Minnesota, but in other parts of the last State and in Dakota and Nebraska there have been large additions to the area, and the same is true of some other localities. In Iowa and Wisconsin what wheat there is is promising well. In Wisconsin the crop will be larger than it was last year, but in Iowa it will not be so large—the gain in one State being an offset to the loss in the other. Last year the wheat crop of Iowa over 18,000,000 bushels, or about half what it was in 1880; this year it will probably be somewhat less than last year. In Wisconsin the wheat crop was nearly 18,000,000 last year, a small gain over 1880, and this year it may go up above 29,000,000 bushels. In Illinois the wheat crop last year was 26,822,000 bushels, or barely one-half what it was the year before; this year the indications are that the crop will exceed that of last year, and may amount to 30,000,000, but a good deal depends on the luck the farmers have in harvesting, for the wetness of the ground delays the work and compels the cradle to he used instead of the machine in many cases. Nebraska last year produced a little less than 14,000,000 bushels of wheat, and this year promises to go two or three millions above that; the acreage has increased and the grain is looking well. The finest reports of wheat come from Michigan. The crop in that State two years ago was 30,000,000 bushels, and last year it was only a little over 21,000,000 bushels; this year the crop promises to be nearly or quite equal to that of 1880. In Indiana the crop two years ago was over 38,000,000 and last year about 31,500,000 bushels. This year it will exceed the crop of last year, and may reach the figures of two years ago. In Missouri corn is in a fair condition and will probably yield about what it did last year; it may yield more. The wheat is very promising. The crop last year, 20,000,000 bushels, was about two-thrids of the crop of two years ago, and the crop this year may attain the diminsions of that of 1880. In Minnesota the crop last year was larger than for that of two years ago; this year the crop will probably not vary greatly from the 35,000,000 bushels produced in 1881. Corn in Illinois last year was not much more than half the crop of 1879, and this year it is almost certain to be much below what it was last year. This is true of corn in Iowa. Even in Indiana, where the bad weather has had the least effect, that crop will not be quite so large as it was last year. In all these States the rye, oats, potatoes and and hay are, with very rare exceptions in various localities, uncommonly promising. In most places these crops will be larger than ever before. In Kansas the wheat harvest is nearly over, and the crop is estimated at 30,000,000 bushels, or more than 50 per cent in excess of the last two years.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1882.

The business of Congress, or that part of it which will receive any further attention this session, is being slowly whittled down to a fine point. A very few days will suffice to bring legislation to an end for the present. Several measures which have passed the House will linger in the Senate and go over to next winter. The bankruptcy bill is already postponed. The new two per-cent bond bill is likely to be, and even the Kelley revenue bill is not sure of passage. The Naval appropriation bill which some of the Democrats fonght so bitterly in the House is very likely to go through the Senate in about the shape that Mr. Robeson desires.

It transpires beyond doubt that the burial of Guiteau's body in the cellar of the jail was only temporary, and I learn from sources which appear creditable that the skeleton is finally to go to a museum in New York, while somebody is to get the benefit of the large sum to be paid for it. Whether John Gulteau has any hand in it I am unable to state but, it looks a good deal that way. By the assassins' will parson Hicks is made the custodian of the body, "to be used for no mercenary purpose whatever," but in some mysterious way his scruples have been overcome if my information is correct, It is positively asserted that the body has already been removed from the grave and taken to the Medical Museum here where the flesh is to be disposed of and the skeleton then sent away. One of our city papers says that if anybody is willing to give $10,000 for the body, it should be sold and the money paid to Mr. Scoville who has been the greatest sufferer created by the tragedy. But if there is to be a sale there is no change of the money going for any such just purpose. Mr. Sceville's lot in the Guiteau affair certainly does seem to be a hard one. When nobody else would either speak or appear for the wretch he for his wife's sake came farward at great sacrifices to himself, and his only reward is ingratitude and abuse by the whole Guiteau crowd. John Guiteau, whom Scoville kept out of the penitentiary some years ago—he was a defaulter and Scoville paid the deficiency—now turns upon him and even endeavors to estrange his wife. Such a man might be expected to walk about his brothers' gallows talking and laughing with bystanders. There is no sympathy here with any of the lot.

The old controversy over Garfield's doctors has had an airing in the Senate this week. In the debate on an amendment to the deficiency bill, reducing the sum to be paid these physicians, Senator Vest said that the doctors had treated their patient for a pus cavity, while the wound which hurried him to his death had entirely escaped their notice. Surgeons who could make such a mistake as this were quacks. He strongly intimated that the President had been killed by malpractice. He further said that Dr. Bliss entered the case as a volunteer, crowded others out, and took control against the wishes of the dying President and his family. Mr. Garland said that, in his judgment, the children of the late President could pursue these surgeons and bring an action for damages against them on account of the bungling manner in which they had treated the case. Mr. Sherman thought the amount allowed for physicians' fees in the bill was entirely too large, and he was willing to vote for an amendment reducing it. The amendment was adopted, fixing the total at $35,500, which is about half of the amount originally voted for by the House. Before this Dr. Bliss alone expected to get $25,000, and had made his arrangements for an extensive European tour. This difficulty about the doctors appears to be only equaled by the disagreement over the Guiteau autopsy.

Speaking of Garfield; at the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Church last Sunday, quite a number of prominent men who would naturally be expected to be present were conspicuous by their absence, and the fact was generally noticed and commented upon. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet was present, and not an Ohio member of Congress. Senator Sherman and Senator Pendleton both live within five minutes' walk, but neither of them took the trouble to come. Speaker Kelfer drove by when the ceremonies were about half over, and gave only a passing glance. The Memorial Church is to be quite a handsome edifice, costing $40,000, of which $18,000 is still to be raised. The corner-stone was laid by Rev. F. D. Power, the late Presidents' friend and pastor, and some important records were placed therein, including newspapers containing full accounts of the shooting, death and funeral of Garfield and the hanging of Guiteau.

JUNIUS.

Evangelist Barnes wants to Convert Maryland Politicians.

There was a stir among politicians of high degree during the latter part of the week, when it was annouced that one of the prominent managers who is also a devout churchman, had received a letter from Barnes, the evangelist, inquiring as to the advisability of spending a few weeks in this city before going to New York and Pennsylvania, and intimating that he had received reliable information that there were many politicians in Maryland who needed to be "born again," and who, under the eloquence of an earnest evangelist, might he made to forsake their wicked ways and become members of the church. Barnes it will be remembered, has been at work in Kentucky with unprecedented success among the politicians and snorting men, and his latest acquisitions among a large number of eminent converts were Governor Blackburn and other members of the Kentucky state government. When this letter was shown to the politicians about town there was alarm and considerable excitement among the leaders, who feared that some of the weak-kneed brethern in politics might, under the influence of religious excitement, divulge secrets which it was desirable to keep from the public ear. The discussion on the canal presidency, the next gubernatorial and mayoralty contest were discarded when it became apparent that this new danger stared the leaders in the face. Every man to whom the letter was shown, and who was admitted into the deliberations on this alarming subject, was pledged to secrecy, and the necessity to keep the matter private was fully explained. The prominent politicians have been changing leaders and friends so often within the last four years that they may well tremble at the prospects of an exposure by some of their confederates. The senatorial election of two years ago, the agreement with Governor Hamilton on the canal presidency, the "tricks" which it was intended to play on ex-Senator Whyte had he consented to go as a delegate to the Cincinnati national convention, the meetings "behind the scenes" before the last mayoralty primaries, the dark Police bill transactions, the inside workings of the last three sessions of the legislature and of the City Council—all these things and many more loomed up before the eyes of the horrified managers as dreary spectres which it were well not to conjure up. One frank confession of these things would throw discomfiture into their ranks and compromise many of the chiefs. It was deemed best to advise the evangelist that there was no field for him in this State, and the noble Roman to whom Barnes addressed his letter was requested to make a reply that the politicians in this State are all members of church whose piety keeps them from wrongdoing, and that any effort in this direction would be rewarded with little success.—*Balto. Sunday American.*

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for *Peruna's* superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture reported in his book on the "Ills of Life, and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to 10, though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par-excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all durg stores gratis.

Peruna is the best Immediate Expectorant (Cough Medicine), that has yet been compounded by physician or druggist. There is nothing in medical print that can at all compare with it. And no less so is it the very best Tonic, Stimulant, Nervine Diuretic, Alterative, Anti-Dyspeptic, Appetizer, Hæmatic, (Blood Medicine,) &c., &c., that has ever been compounded by doctor or layman. It should, therefore, always be kept on hand for immediate use.

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to billious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Press.*

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at Sturgis Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

Proposed Encampment for Frederick.

It is proposed to hold in Frederick the latter part of August a grand military encampment, with other attractive festivities to last three days, and to include horse, bicycle and other races, united firemen's parade, etc. The Frederick county, Hagerstown, Cumberland and Oakland infantry companies, and the Williamsport artillery company will be invited to participate, and an effort will he made to get a detachment of regulars, now stationed at Gaithersburg to attend. It is proposed to entertain the visitors on camp fare, free of charge. The affair has been started on a big scale. This is the "return encampment" spoken of in connection with the one to be held in our city this month, and our "boys" should stir themselves up to have a good time at both.—*Cumb. News.*

How a Woman's Life Was Saved.

After she had tested the skill of all the best doctors in Western Pennsylvania and New York, and had paid over $1,000 without receiving any permanent good, the limbs became affected with even tenfold greater virulence, not only eating away the flesh, but attacking the bones beneath. It also affected her head and face, making her almost blind and deaf, reduced to a mere skeleton, weighing but 80 pounds, the doctors pronounced her at death's door. *Peruna* was then given her, as stated, and with the result given on page 24 in Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life." She took no other medicine and is perfectly well.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 26 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal calls at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coratine corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Fred. A. Thayer is day clerk at the Oakland Hotel.

—Go to the New York Branch for your white Bed Spreads.

—Mr. Joseph Martin and family are in Oakland for a few weeks.

—Prof. Nimmo is now prepared to take outside views.

—Mr. C. H. Beall, of Uniontown, was at the Glades Hotel Thursday.

—Go to the New York Branch and get one of those pure Habanna tips, 2 for 5 cents.

—A handsome paling fence has been erected in front of the M. E. parsonage.

—The fair grounds at Cumberland, Md., have been sold to John Humbird for $5,000.

—Mr. J. T. Mitchell and wife returned to Oakland Saturday last, after a wedding trip of three weeks.

—Go to the New York Branch and see that fine Table Oil Cloth one yard and a quarter wide, for only 25 cents.

—The Oakland and Glades Hotels and the numerous boarding houses in town are rapidly filling up with summer visitors.

—Prof. Nimmo, at his photograph gallery, near J. A. Grants store, is fully prepared for business in his line.

—Go to the New York Branch, ladies, and get one of those Coraline Corsets if you want to feel comfortable these warm days.

—Mr. J. W. Boyer, of Accident, this county, is visiting relatives in Oakland. He was quite ill Tuesday night, but is now much better.

—Late arrivals at the "Oaks:" Col. W. E. Merrill and family, N. S. A.; Mrs. W. H. Farwood and daughter, Cincinnati; H. N. Bankard and wife, Baltimore.

—Messrs. Frank Springer and Calvin Miller, of Uniontown are stopping at the Glades Hotel. They are here on an extended fishing and hunting expedition.

—During the summer season persons can be supplied with ice cream at the residence of Mrs. Jno. S. Combs, on Water street. Families supplied with any quantity desired.

—Postal cars are now run on train No. 8, due at this station at 9:03 A. M., instead of No. 2, due at 4:51 A. M., and on No. 5, due here at 7:43 A. M., instead of No. 1, due at 2:55 P. M.

—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* will be serve to subscribers at Oakland Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park, every morning. Leave orders with Daniel Chisholm who is general agent for the above named places.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss moved into his new store room last week. He can now boast one of the finest drug stores in Western Maryland. The building was erected under the supervision of Capt. J. M. Jarboe.

—Mr. I. W. Slonaker now occupies the room formerly used by Mr. A. G. Sturgiss as a drug store. Mr. Slonaker is agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and does repairing of all kinds. He also keeps on hand attachments, needles, oils, &c. &c.

—The Columbus, Ohio, corps of cadets, with an excellent band of music, will pitch their tents for a ten day's encampment on the grounds of the hotel property at Deer Park on Saturday afternoon, July 15th. This is considered the crack company of the Ohio National Guards.

—The first regular religious services were held at Mountain Lake Park last Sunday, conducted by Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia. A large number of people were present from Oakland, Deer Park and the surrounding country. The services were held in the dining room of the hotel.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, brother of Major W. O. Ison, of Starr's Institute, and who for the past ten months was an employee of Pond, West & Simons, left for his home in Oakland Md., last Monday morning accompanied to New York by Mr. George Beck. Mr. Ison has made many friends while here, and we regret his departure. And may success ever attend him.—*Port Chester Journal, June 22.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Reception of members on probation into full connection, at 10½ A. M., followed by communion service. Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Preaching at Deer Park at 8 P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Florestom Cologne.

Pic-Nic.

There will be a basket pic-nic at Pine Grove, near Sand Flat, on July 22d, 1882. The usual amusements will be the order of the day. Plenty of refreshments to be had on the grounds. Committee—A. C. Browning, S. W. Friend, Jr., and E. B. Henry.

Garrett County Strawberries.

Mr. Eli M. Miller, residing near Grantsville, this county, has just gathered the finest crop of strawberries ever raised in this part of the county. He gathered from an acre from 350 to 400 gallons, and realized from 16 to 18 cents per quart. These were very large berries some weighing 1½ ounces, and measuring 7 inches in circumference. Mr. Miller is evidently a wide awake man and knows how to cultivate strawberries.

Fatal Accident.

Tuesday afternood John Stahl, traveling agent for J. H. Miller, a patent medicine dealer of Somerset, Pa., was driving along the road near Addison, Pa., and did not notice a party of men felling trees and they did not see him. He passed an immense tree just as it fell and was caught by it, the spreading branches completely covering the horse and buggy. The choppers hastened to the spot to find Stahl dead, the horse dying and the buggy demolished. Stahl was between 65 and 70 years of age.

Sudden Death.

Mr. Solomon Turney, residing in Selbysport district, this county, near the Pennsylvania line, was in Oakland Friday of last week, accompanied by his son for the purpose of transacting some important business, and started for home the same evening. Near the residence of Mr. John L. Browning Mr. Turney was taken suddenly ill, and was assisted into the house where he died within five minutes after being taken from his horse. Mr. Turney was near seventy years old and had been unwell for about two years.

Literary Society Meeting.

The Garrett Literary Society met in the public school building Saturday evening last, with a large attendance. The order of exercises was a selection by Miss Kate Townshend, a debate on the question "which has had more influence, men of thought or men of action." The affirmative was taken by Messrs. E. Z. Tower and C. C. Willison, and the negative by Messrs. John Shatzer and Ed. H. Sincell. The question was well discussed. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The order of exercises for this evening will be: Selections by Misses Maggie Peddicord and Maggie Tower. Essay. D. T. E. Casteel. Debate, "Is the policy of the U. S. Government towards the Indians just." To affirm Messrs. D. T. E. Casteel and Charles Boyer; to deny, Messrs. C. H. Loar and Dan'l Obrien. All are invited.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 12:

James L. Harvey, to Josephus Harvey, 70 acres of land more or less in county; $700.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Chas. T. West, 1¼ acres of land; $20.

John Bradley, to Martha Delawder, lot No. 2 in Wilson's addition to Oakland; $5 and other considerations.

Solomon Armstrong, to John Brenneman, Military lots Nos. 236 and 2368; $350.

Gilmore S. Hamill, Trustee, to D. E. Offutt, tract of land called "Cranberry Glade, 468¾ acres; $4000.

Samuel Johnson and others to Jacob Baker and others, military lot No. 604; $350.

G. S. Hamill, Trustee, to Anthony Shaffer, lots No. 65, 66, 67 and 68 in Brants addition to Oakland.; $305

A. Bonig and wife to Noah Broadwater, lot in Grantsville; $200.

Dougald McLane and others to Adam Seil, lots Nos. 4 and 14 in square No. 2 in McHenry; $50.

Dougald McLane and others to Susan Specht, lots Nos. 2 and 12 in square No. 2 in McHenry; $50.

Wilson Proctor and others to C. Adolphus Hoye, lots Nos. 49 and 50 in Wilsons addition to Oakland; $218.

Wilson Proctor and wife to E. J. Fringer, lot No. 101 in Wilson's 1st addition to Oakland; $150.

Albert Welch and wife to Byson Welch, 129 acres and 145 perches of land; $600.

J. H. Gordon wife and others, to Anna E. Veitch and others, 1 acre of land in Oakland; $800.

Helen S. and H. W. Hesen, to Teresa Smithman, lot in the town of Oakland; $300.

H. P. Tasker and wife to Mary Waltz, their interest in lot No. 13 in Brants addition to Oakland; $5.

Hannah Crow, to Francis T. Crow, part of a tract of land called "John's Prospect," 71 1-10 acres; $1 and other considerations.

Battle of Totten Heights.

The long talked of skirmish, with real "ball cartridges" came off on Saturday evening, and, contrary to the prediction of the *quid nuncs*, no one was hurt, and no accident happened. The view from the town was very fine, the long arrayed line of targets and flags which skirted the brow of the hill extended for nearly a quarter of mile, and looked like so many ghosts in their white and black paintings. The targets were six feet high, by eighteen inches in width, and placed upon the crest of the hill, at intervals of five yards, each man was allotted ten rounds of ball cartridges, which made twenty shots to be fired at each target. Promptly at 6:30 P. M., the Company issued from the Armory, and took up the march for the pine bottom below Totten Heights. Surg. E. H. Bartlett accompanying them as judge. Arriving at the grounds, the picked men of the company, were at once deployed to intervals of five paces, as skirmishers, in the lines. Capt. Wardwell commanding the first line, opened fire at the long range, three hundred yards, which was quickly succeeded by Lieut. Mason's 2nd. line, planting their colors on the ridge, having passed through the intervals some twenty yards to the front, from this on the firing became general, the lines advancing rapidly, and delivering a galling fire, with great accuracy upon the targets, any advantage afforded, kneeling, resting upon stumps, trees, &c., was quickly accepted, until the advance line had reached a distance of seventy-five yards from the targets, when Capt. Wardwell gave the order to retreat. Here it was that the Garrett Guards showed their pretty tactics. The retreat was most systematic, rapid and orderly, while at the same time the firing was as active and effective as on the advance. After a retreat of one hundred yards, the rally was sounded, and the order given to cease firing. Surgeon Bartlett then examined the targets, and found them struck as follows: No. 1, 18 times; No. 2, 16 times; No. 3, 16 times; No. 4, 14 times; No. 5, 15 times; No. 6, 13 times; No. 7, 15 times; No. 8, 19 times; No. 9, 16 times; No. 10, 16 times; No. 11, 15 times. Targets Nos. 8 and 1 having been the highest the marksmen upon those were declared eligible to compete with Capt. Wardwell for "Jumbo." Capt. Wardwell led off with a shot in the inner circle, 7 inches from centre, followed by Messrs. Jamison, Chisholm, Brown, Mason, Painter and Boyer. Mr. Mason sent a ball squarely through the centre, and amid much applause, was declared the owner of the little porker from our sister town of Somerset. Mr. Mason will be remembered as the winner of the challenge cup of 1881.

Lutheran Sunday School Pic-Nic.

The children of the above Sunday School assembled at the church, with the officers and many friends of the school, at 6½ o'clock, Monday evening, where all were in a merry glee, wreathed in pic-nic smiles and joyful feeling. The artist, Prof. Nimmo, was permitted to take a photograph of the front view of the church and Sunday School. He fired his noiseless shot with telling effect, for I believe he hit every one of the sunday school, the church and parsonage besides. The sunday school was invited to seats in the church, where, after appropriate music the services were opened by prayer by the pastor Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. The Superintendent, Mr. John Shatzer, announced the Pastor as the first speaker. After singing Rev. C. B. Ludwig was introduced and made the children a very happy talk. The sunday school was then dismissed to the grove where there was a bountiful supply of cakes, lemonade, ice cream, &c. &c. The moon did not shine, but the lamps along the table and stand and the lanterns suspended along the grove gave a beautiful mellow light that seemed to add a charm to the beauty of the children and ladies. After this festal board was enjoyed by all, the fire works were exhibited with much success, amid the ecstatic shouts and shrieks of the children. The whole occasion was one of delight, one to be treasured among the pleasant memories of the Lutheran sunday school pic-nic.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

ALTAMONT, July 10th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—My attention has been called to a communication in your paper of the 8th instant, in which the writer unnecessarily drags my name before the public, in a quarrel that he has forced upon one of our oldest and most respected citizens. It is true that I have held several important trusts during my life, and I am not ashamed of the record. In the year 1866 I served as one of the assessors of the territory now embraced in the limits of Garrett county, and after the assessment was made I was selected to hear the appeals and make out the books to go before the Legislature for approval. Since that time another assessment has been made of the same territory, and the records of the two assessment are known. If the tax payers will carefully examine these records they can easily ascertain whether I made an unjust claim or received an exhobitant amount for my services. I was also road supervisor for district No. 1 for the years 1880 and 1881, and had but $400 a year to expend on 86½ miles of road, and all the bridges in the district except one washed away. This year over $700 is allowed for the same roads, with no bridges to rebuild. Now I will leave it to any unprejudiced man in the district whether there has been that improvement in the roads that there should have been with this large amount of money, over their condition under my charge with less than half that amount to expend on the roads proper. I have done a great deal of service in the interest of the county, for which I never asked nor received a cent.

In the future I desire Mr. W. D. Hoye to refrain from using my name in his quarrels with his neighbors, and if he has any thing to say to me to come me face to face, in public, where we may discuss the matter as to which one of us has been the most useful, *loyal* and lawabiding citizen, to our county, State and nation.

I shall not endeavor to defend Mr. Tillson, for he is well known in this community, and quite able to defend himself, without getting names to a petition by misrepresenting the object of the petition.

Respectfully, &c.

SAMUEL W. FRIEND.

Democratic Misrule.

July 5th, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—When I penned the communication for the REPUBLICAN of June 21st, I did so with the hope of eliciting a respose from the agglomeration of wisdom by which we were represented at the State capitol last winter, which would shed the much needed light on the whereabouts of the boundaries of the new districts.

The law creating those districts imposes certain duties on the officers of registration which they cannot perform unless they know the district boundaries; and these, it seems, are among the things which are past finding out.

But probably we expected too much of our representatives, considering the circumstances.

They were probably too much elated by their accession to office, and too intent on legislating, purely and solely, for the Democrats of the county to devote sufficient attention to even their partisan intentions to make them intelligible.

There was not a bill introduced by a Democrat from this county during the whole of the late session that can be regarded as, in any sense, intended to benefit the people in common of the county. It was simply a protracted and agonized effort to legislate for a political party, to create unnecessary offices to be filled by the members of that party; to increase the salaries of those particular offices which are held by the adherents of that party; and to gerrymander the county in the interests of that immaculate Democratic party.

In my former letter I omitted to notice the law increasing the pay of the crier of the Circuit Court, he being, of course, a Democrat.

Instead of the several separate bills passed at the late session, our representatives might have made their purpose more clear, and thereby gained greater honor from their party, if they had included the whole winter's work in a single chapter, to read something like this:

WHEREAS, The Democrats of Garrett county have a hard time holding out against the Republican majority in said county, and

WHEREAS, The erection of new election districts will necessitate additional Democratic offices, and

WHEREAS, The Sheriff of said county and the Crier of the Circuit Court for said county are happily Democrats, and

WHEREAS, A large majority of the grog-shops in said county are owned and conducted by Democrats, and

WHEREAS, The license law of said county imposes a tax of $30, or upwards on every such keeper of a grog-shop, to be applied to the cause of education, and

WHEREAS, Democrats like grog-shops better than school-houses, and

WHEREAS, The more grog-shops there are, the more Democratic voters there will be, therefore

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That election districts numbers one, four, seven and eight be, and the same are divided so as to form two new election districts for the purpose of giving offices to two additional Democrats in said county.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That the voting places in districts Nos. one, ten and eight, shall be established in the midst of the largest Democratic neighborhood; the voters in the borders of districts Nos. one, ten, four, and seven are required to ascertain by their wits to what districts they belong, as members of this Legislature are not expected to be capable of laying down district boundaries.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the compensation of the Crier of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, shall be increased 50 per cent. and the pay and allowances of the Sheriff of said county shall also be increased, so as to conform to the real Democratic idea of economy and reform.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That the law imposing a tax on the whiskey venders of said county for the use of the public schools, be and the same is hereby repealed.

And then for the sake of consistency the final section should have read thus:

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the pay of the Democratic member of the Board of County Commissioners in said county shall be four dollars per day.

To increase the salary of every other Democratic official in the county, and the one member of the Board of County Commissioners with the mere pittance allowed the Republican members, is not only inexplicable it is intolerable. But they were probably too completely absorbed in the work of dividing the districts, or they probably concluded to wait till they should elect the entire board, when instead of legislating by piecemeal they could jump it, and go the whole hog. Sufficient has been developed however to exhibit fairly the Democratic conception of public duty; the Democratic idea of the faithful performance of a public trust.

It is everywhere so, in local, State and National politics, the public good is ignored invariably, and the single idea of Democratic supremacy, of how to get control of the offices, is all they are concerned about.

Let every Republican voter register, and see to it that hereafter Garrett county shall not again be cursed by Democratic misrule.

Truly yours,

W.

Look Out for Fly Poison.

Whatever the annoyance of flies in the house, do not use fly poison. This is sold under the deceptive name of "Cobait," to be mixed with sweetened water and set about the rooms to attract the flies. It kills the flies—but it kills children also. We have known of two distressing deaths from this cause, and it should be generally known, that the powder sold under that name is not cobait at all, but is really metallic arsenic, and a most deadly poison. There should be a severe penalty for selling this most destructive agent under the false name of "cobait." Do not use it, either as a "cobait," or in the shape of "fly-paper." A dark paper is sold labeled, "fly-paper," with directions to put a piece in a plate and keep it moist. This paper is impregnated with the same deadly arsenic. In Europe a still more dangerous fly-paper is sold, which has been soaked in the deadly cyanide of potasium. Avuid them all. The sticky fly-paper, which the makers call "Catch 'em Alive Oh!" is any common paper upon which is spread a thick varnish made by melting together rosin and linseed oil; it is not dangerous, and acts only mechanically, by cruelly holding the insects fast until they die. Quassia is stated to be poisonous to flies; we have not had occasion to try it, but have no doubt of its efficacy. A strong tea made of this, sweetened with molasses, may be exposed in plates without fear of danger. It is said that strong tea, well sweetened, acts as a poison to flies. With regurd to the destruction of the mosquitos that may enter the house, we should be disposed to make a trial of the Persian insect powder, pyrethrum. A small quantity of this burned in the closed bedroom, has been found to destroy every mosquito. In France, pastilles made of this powder are used for this purpose. The same end may be accomplished by sprinkling some of the powder upon the live coals, on a shovel or in any safe vessel. The powder is perfectly harmless to all but insect life.—*Eastern Agriculturist.*

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

The coal oil interest in this country is only about twenty years old, and yet it is one of the most important vocations that are presented in our statistical returns. There is not, probably, any other interest that has brought as large a profit in proportion to the amount of expenditure. The yield of oil wells, chiefly in Pennsylvania, last year was 28,950,000 barrels, and the exports were valued at $40,315,000. The importance of these figures may be estimated when it is remembered that twenty years ago we exported no coal oil at all. It is a new and clear addition to the list of our products. It is said that the oil wells have added $1,500,000,000, to the stock of the country's wealth.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 11, 1882.

The Garrett county Normal School will open in Grantsville, on Monday July 31st, and continue ten weeks. Tuition, for 1st grade certificates $6 00, for 2nd. grade $5.00.

With Miss Lillie Brown, (a graduate of the State Normal) assisted by Mr. C. H. Snyder, of Grantsville, it is earnestly desired that those who contemplate teaching in Garrett county, will avail themselves of the advantages offered by this school.

The above terms are for the session of ten weeks, but no reduction will be made to those who enter after the 31st of July. For other particulars address Miss Lillie Brown, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 15 3 Sec'y Board School Commissioners.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

SAMARITAN
NERVINE

Is unfailing and infallible in curing Alcoholism and Opium Eating. To come before the public with an absolute cure or a specific to remove the desire for alcoholic stimulants or the habit of opium eating, seems to many, we have no doubt, an absurdity; such is the case nevertheless, and before offering our medicine to the public we thoroughly convinced ourselves by actual experience that it would do all we claim for it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

...E RICHMOND'S

FEES OF CONSTABLES.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., July 5th, 1882.

At the meeting of the County Commissioners held July 5th, 1882, the following order was passed in relation to Fees of Constables:

WHEREAS, It has come to the notice of this Board that it is the practice of Justices of the Peace in the town of Oakland, and other incorporated towns in Garrett county, to issue processing criminal cases, to persons other than the regular appointed Constables of this county, to be executed by such persons in the capacity of acting Constables, thus depriving the Constables appointed by this Board of business that rightfully belongs to them, and putting it into the hands of persons not contemplated by law. It is thereupon this 5th day of July, 1882, by the Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, ordered, that after the proper notice of this order has been served, that this Board will not levy or pay any bills to any person except the Sheriff, or regularly appointed Constables, for serving criminal process from any Justice of the Peace, whatsoever, (the town of Bloomington Garrett county, Maryland, excepted,) and the Clerk to this Board is hereby directed to send a copy of this order to each of the Justices of the Peace residing within the limits of the several corporated towns in Garrett county, as contemplated by this order, and to cause the same to be published in each of the county papers.

J. C. DUNHAM,
7 15 3t Clerk.

Home for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable home situated at the south end of Friend's valley in District No. 2, Garrett county, containing over 100 acres about one third of which is cleared and under good cultivation. The improvements consist of a

New frame Dwelling-House,

with six rooms and a splendid cellar, good stabling, granaries and other outbuildings; also splendid palled garden, and a two acre lot enclosed with a good lumber fence.

FINE YOUNG ORCHARD,

consisting of apples, pears, peaches and grapes, all nursery fruit. This place is situated within sight of a Mill School House, Church and two Stores, and has many other advantages and will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars call on, or address

D. A. FRIEND,
7 8 4 Friendsville, Md.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

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Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting or fishing. All persons disregarding this notice will be visited with the penalties of the law.

PERER GORTNER,
FREDERICK GORTNER,
7 14 CHRISTIAN SLABAUGH.

A Bird's Boarding-House.

Within a stone's throw of the Gilsey House, in Broadway, is a small-sized building with a large show window. Bird cages and other fixtures for the use of the feathered songsters depend from long wires. A neat little card occupies a prominent position. It attracts much attention from passers-by. It bears the simple inscription:

BIRDS TAKEN TO BOARD.

A *Mail and Express* reporter saw the card and stepped inside. A hundred canary-birds were singing in different keys. Gorgeous parrots were chattering and swearing. A small-sized monkey with flaring eyes was gyrating on the bar of a big iron cage. He was trying his best to make mince-meat out of a glass marble.

"Have you a bird you desire to board here, sir?" said a thick-set German, with a big red mustache and red hair, to the reporter. "O, you're a reporter, and want to find out about my business." Just then one of the parrots swore a blue streak, the monkey fell off his perch and cried piteously, while a mocking-bird trilled "Dem Golden Slippers."

"It's a peculiar business, this," said the reporter, shouting to make himself heard above the din. "Very," said the German. The poll parrots held a consultation and profaned in one key. "During the summer," continued the man, "I have generally seventy-five or a hundred birds to take care of and feed." Then the bird and monkey man began to explain the exciting occupation of innboring birds. In the warm weather, when the owners of valuable birds go to the country and Europe, they find it unsafe to leave their pets to the care of servants. It would not do to leave them shut up in a house alone. For these reasons, the man went on, the birds were brought to him, and he saw that they had all the comforts and luxuries that the most exacting canary could desire. The charges are moderate, only twenty cents a week for canaries. This allows for a small profit of seventy-five per cent. Owners furnish their own cages. They must be of nice, bright brass. No, the man would not have his store disfigured with wooden coops. The monkey muached his marble. The parrots swore in trebles. The din was almost deafening. A man who is stone deaf might enjoy life in a bird-store. To a man with a well-preserved ear-drum the confusion of sounds there is heart-rending. When the noise had subsided the speaker resumed his talk. He has customers from the fashionable halls of Murray Hill, and expects to retire rich. The reporter thought he might on the seventy-five per cent. plan.

"... directed, under the direction of the meeting which appointed it, have had the duty imposed upon it of reminding you that all who are occupying official positions are expected to contribute to the expenses of the campaign. It is hoped, therefore, that you will respond promptly to this notice, and that you will not regard the sum of fifty dollars too much for you to advance."

The bombardment of Alexandria, ... not regard her. He chewed his marble and was happy. This parrot, the bird-fancier explained, belonged to a rich old maid who had gone to France. She remitted her forty cents regularly, and sometimes inclosed a piece of poetry, which she requested the man to teach the bird. The old maid would have taken Polly to Paris, but she was afraid the Parisians would teach it to swear. Very often the bird-fancier received parrots that did swear, and beautiful swearers at that. He had one once that belonged to a politician. The bird used such profane language that it had to be sent back. Every man that came into the store was sworn at in the roundest terms by the politician's parrot. Such a bird was dangerous. It had taught a few oaths to the old maid's parrot, and the speaker was fearful of consequences when the lady returned. With regard to the other birds on board the speaker said that he received many mocking-birds. These were very hard to take care of. He charged sixty cents a week for boarding them. They were soft-billed birds, and their food had to be especially prepared. At this stage of the narrative the monkey had cracked two or three teeth on the marble, but he crunched away. Still the parrots swore.

"Who bears the loss if the birds die?" "Why, the owners, of course. I take the best of care of them; but if they don't live it isn't my fault." He said that it was a common thing for the boarding birds to die, especially parots. He related a sad case. A beautiful girl left her parrot for the summer, and when she returned in the fall the bird had died, having chocked himself with a piece of hard-tack. The young girl would not be comforted, and went into a convent. There were tears in the dealer's eyes as he told this story. Even the monkey looked gloomy. But still the parrots profaned. The dealer went on to say that on another occasion a lady left her canary with him. She had received it from her lover, who was drowned at sea shortly after presenting it. The canary was sickly and died. The lady had it stuffed and wears it now on her best hat. The Babel of canaries and parrots was very severe at this point. The monkey could be heard crunching his marble. He had broken several other teeth.

"Is that monkey a boarder?" asked the reporter. "Yes," was the answer, "he belongs to an actress, who insists that her pet shall have marbles to play with. I get two dollars a week for boarding him, which includes the price of his toys."

"Now, look here," continued the dealer. "This is a magnificent canary. It was sent to me last week. It is the property of Mrs. —, of Fifth Avenue. She has gone to Europe, and I am to feed it well and take good care of it while she is away. Do I have birds from other than fashionable people? My, yes. It costs very little. This bird is a magnificent singer. It is the property of a Wall Street broker—a bachelor. He can't attend to it himself, so he leaves it with me. He looks in at it every afternoon and on Sunday I decorate the cage with flowers and send it to his room to keep him company."

"It's a strange business," mused the reporter. "Yes," was the reply, "but I must be off now. There are several rich families who keep from two to ten birds, and I have to go to take care of of them. Look in again."

The monkey was still playing with the marble, the canaries singing, and the parrots swearing as the reporter took his leave.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Cruelty of the Ancient Romans.

That in an advanced period of material civilization spectacles whereof the one grand interest consisted in the elaborate and wholesale torture and carnage of men and animals should not only have been tolerated with scarcely a protest for centuries, but should have formed the chief and indispensable amusement of both sexes and all classes of the population including the highest—this appears at first sight to modern thinkers a moral fact almost incredible in its atrocity. And so firm moreover was their hold on popular sympathy that they lasted long after the conversion of the empire to Christianity. Constantine, to be sure, issued an edict suppressing the gladiatorial shows, but it was suffered to remain a dead letter, and it was not till nearly a century later, when the Asiatic monk Telemachus leaped into the arena and separated the combatants at the cost of his own life—he was stoned to death by the indignant spectators—that these games were finally abolished. Something may be due to the religious origin of the custom, which is commonly alleged to have sprung out of a rite of human sacrifice offered at the tombs of great men, though some scholars, like Mommsen, deny the existence of human sacrifice at Rome. Later on motives of policy conspired to sustain the practice, both as a means of keeping up the military spirit of the people and as offering the sole opportunity under a despotic Emperor for the thousands of citizens then assembled in presence of their sovereign and his ministers to present petitions and make known their grievances.

Still these explanations do not carry us very far. Theatrical entertainments such as the Greeks delighted in would have answered the latter purpose at least quite as well, but for appreciating such refined amusements these ghastly orgies of blood quite unfitted the Roman populace. And it is a curious fact, noted by a distinguished modern writer, that, as different kinds of vice which might appear to have no mutual connection do yet act and react on one another, so here the intense craving after excitement engendered and gratified by gladiatorial combats served to stimulate the taste for such orgies of sensuality as are described by historians like Tacitus and Suetonius. And hence not only was Hercules burnt ... tified the stage, not in effigy but in the person of a condemned criminal, but the ... ral Se... ods of gods and heroes were repre... the A... ted, as Juvenal says, to the life. Nor remai... it be questioned—and it is chiefly in the s... der to illustrate that terrible lesson rus P... t we have referred to the subject here that s... that the gladiatorial shows betrayed merely indifference to human sufferrights... sure in the contemplation of suffer... pected as such, which many are loth for der A... credit of human nature to admit. ... tonius, for instance, tells us that it LON... the special delight of Claudius to ... ch the faces of the expiring gladiators, as he had come to take a kind of artistic pleasure in observing the variations in their agony. Heliogabalus and Galerius used to regale themselves while at table with the spectacle of animals devoured by wild beasts; and Lactantius says of Galerius that "he never supped without human blood." And what is more horrible still, "beautiful eyes, trembling with passion, looked down upon the fight, and the noblest ladies in Rome had been known to crave the victor's love." A story told by St. Augustine exhibits the ghastly fascination of the spectacle. A Christian friend of his had somehow been drawn into the amphitheatre, which Christians were strictly forbidden to enter, and resolved to guard against the temptation to sinful enjoyment by keeping his eyes closed; a sudden cry led him to look up, and he was unable to withdraw his gaze again.

If it shocks us to find among a highly civilized people this national consecration of cruelty, it is perhaps more startling still to learn that with a few exceptions the novelists and philosophers of the day had not a word to say against it. The refined and gentle-hearted Cicero calmly observes that some men think these spectacles cruel and inhuman, but that to make this use of criminals is really to present to the eye an excellent discipline against suffering and death. Juvenal's aristocratic feelings were outraged at the Roman nobility condescending to act as gladiators; but there is nothing to show that the spectacle in itself offended him. Seneca and Plutarch, as we pointed out before, adopt a very different tone, and Marcus Aurelius ordered the gladiators to fight with blunted swords, as he also ordered that no rope-dancers should perform without a net or a mattress being spread beneath them. But such rare and honorable exceptions only help to prove the rule. During the Reign of Terror in France a spirit very like that of the worst period of the Roman Empire was evoked, and it has been observed that in both cases the grossest inhumanity was sometimes found united with affection for animals—that is, for pet animals. Fournier was devoted to a squirrel, Couthon to his spaniel, and Murat kept doves. But it may well be questioned whether these particular affections indicated any general temper of mercy toward animals more than toward mankind. Even the most bloodthirsty monsters may have a slueers' partiality for their own belongings.—*Saturday Review.*

—A New York Judge the other day sentenced a young man to five years imprisonment for counterfeiting, whom he had before him, together with the young man's father several years ago, when they were convicted of this same crime. He sentenced the father to six years imprisonment, but the boy he only fined one dollar. The lesson had no effect and the son followed his father both in his crime and its punishment.

—The latest novelty in minerals, says the Reno (Nev.) *Gazette*, is found in the mountains south of the Humboldt House. It is a pocket of crystallized quartz, bearing silver, gold, lead, and antimony. The crystallization seems to be complete, and the mineral is very strong in it.

Balloons and Comets.

At a meeting of the Balloon Society, M. Wilfred de Fonvielle delivered an interesting lecture on "the Component Parts of Comets." The lecturer was announced as editor of the French scientific periodical *L'Electricite*, and author of several works on comets, including a description of his midnight observation, from a balloon, of the last comet of 1881. In the course of the evening the first suggestion of a Balloon Society for London was attributed to him. He began by citing Mr. Spottiswoode, the President of the Royal Society, for the statement that the only accurate method of studying the stars was by means of balloons, which opinion the same high authority backed by strongly recommending their use for astronomical purposes. The lecturer suggested that the sudden discovery of a great comet else to the sun during the recent eclipse was a further reason for supplementing the telescope. That was not the first instance, he added, of the kind, for 1,00 years ago Seneca (Nat Quest. VII. 9) stated that Posidonius observed the transit of a large comet across the solar disc during an eclipse. Pingre identified the eclipse with that observed by Anaxagoras in B. C. 462. Reflection showed that in spite of the growing number of our observatories, a vast number of like objects must escape notice, owing especially to clouds often of quite inconsiderable density. In these cases balloons were of the greatest use, as he had himself experienced in a free ascent during last winter. He was astonished at finding that a cloud, which had been hovering over Paris for more than three weeks and turning day into night, was but a few hundred feet thick. The method of observation from balloons was applicable not only to the discovery of comets but also to the inferior planets the zodiacal light and the Aurora Borealis. As to comets, the most likely ancient theory of their nature was that of the Pythagoreans, who imagined a comet to be a diaphanous body, which had often been compared to the glass globe filled with water, used by horologists to concentrate the light of a lamp on their work. These ancient astronomers regarded this transparent sphere as traveling in its orbit through the celestial expanse and concentrating behind it the solar rays. It had been objected that no such ball of gas as M. de Fonvielle deemed almost every comet's nucleus to be could exist in space without being absorbed, and that the comet's tail must be part of its substance, growing as the head dwindled at perihelion, and conversely. These objections the lecturer dealt with in detail, arguing that there was no more necessity for the dissipation of the comet's gaseous nucleus than for that of our own planet's atmosphere. In discussing the second objection he spoke of the beards of comets as well as their tails; these beards, projecting in a direction opposite to that of the tails, and darting toward the sun instead of away from it, were a puzzle, he said, to most of the partisans of the materiality of the tail. But on the optical theory all was consistent. No diaphanous body would allow of the whole of the light being transmitted directly through it. There must be a short refraction as well as reflection, so that a comet having a tail by reflection must also have generated a beard by refraction, and these two opposites must be complimentary to each other. One of the principal objects of balloon explorations would be to investigate this correlation which generally escaped the notice of land astronomers, because he beards, projecting in the direction of the sun, must be more difficult to detect than the tails, which receded from it, and could not be examined except under the most favorable circumstances. The most reasonable explanation was that the comet lighted up the heavens just as our seacoasts were lighted up by an electric lamp whose rays were projected by a revolving mirror.—*London Times.*

What Shall We Drink in Hot Weather!

The thirsty season of the year has arrived and the summer drink is in demand. The refreshing gurgle of the soda fountain is as invigorating to the thirsty soul as the bee of the desert telling of water near. What will you have, ginger ale, root beer, birch beer, a new and most delicious compound, nectar, mead, plain soda, ice cream soda, a drink that combines one ice cream and one soda in a moonlight sonata of perfect harmony, spruce beer, plain lemonade, lemonade with berries and sliced pineapple, lime juice, and all the different sodas, coffee, soda, raspberry, strawberry, lemon, pineapple, ginger and other flavorings? Then there are iced mineral waters, cordials and tonics without number, and an old-fashioned drink which is getting scarce, buttermilk. Iced tea and coffee, iced milk and koumiss or milk champagne are all summer's cooling beverages, and that cheap but popular lizz known as pop, 150 cases of which were consumed on the fair grounds in this city last week. There are a number of cooling harvest drinks which are made in the farmhouse home; brewed hop beer, ginger beer, dandelion coffee and a boiled compound of water, molasses and ginger, when cold, is a very grateful drink. No intoxicating liquors should be indulged in during the hot months. They are made in the most seductive manner under such fascinating names that they invite investigation and with so much fruit sugar and mint that the modicum of liquor seems lost, but to many a one they are dangerous attractions. "There is death in the pot." The already heated blood receives more fuel, the appetite craves more refreshing and a weariness and lassitude of spirit succeeds to the slight intoxication of sherry cobbler or mint julep.

It is estimated that of all artificial drinks the numerous root beers and ginger ale beverages are the least hurtful and the most refreshing. Ice water taken copiously produces headaches and congestion which are laid to other causes. Iced milk is very indigestible. Blackberry cordial, ginger cordial and raspberry vinegar are pleasant and safe summer drinks.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—The first lager beer saloon was opened in New York forty-two years ago. It is currently reported that the business has increased, for taxes to the amount of $14,000,000 are now paid upon the lager beer consumed in that city.—*Courier-Journal.*

Notes on the Tiger.

The Burmese declare there are two varieties of tiger, those of the plains being much larger than those found in the hills. The latter have a shorter tail, and are said to be more active and vicious. But as no two tigers, whether shot on the plains or in the hills, are identically alike, varieties might be multiplied *ad libitum*. Tigers which live in the hills have far harder work to keep their larder supplied than a pampered tiger of the plains, who takes up his abode near a large village and slaughters as many bullocks or cows as he pleases, and increases in size until he becomes a monster, while the former remains small and lean. The largest tiger I was ever at the death of measured as he lay ten feet one inch, when pegged out thirteen feet four inches. I noted the measurements at the time, and it was laughable how, after the lapse of time, the dimensions of this animal varied according to the memory of the individual relating the circumstances. With some he was twelve and a half feet long, with others thirteen and a half feet, with others ten and a half feet, as he lay dead. It shows how necessary it is to record in black and white at the time exact measurements, otherwise one's memory is apt to prove treacherous. We thus hear of tigers of fabulous sizes. I myself believe ten feet eight inches—perhaps ten feet six inches—to be the utmost length of a tiger, living or dead. Mr. Campbell, Deputy Commissioner of Dubri, who has killed and seen killed a great many tigers, never saw one of more than ten feet four inches. It is a disputed point how a tiger strikes down its prey, and, although I have lived in and roamed in jungles for the greater part of my life, and have had two ponies killed, I never saw an animal struck down, though I have come upon the quivering carcase not yet cold. Opinions differ. Williamson says: "The tiger's fore-paw is the invariable engine of destruction. Most persons imagine that if a tiger were deprived of its claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless, but this is a great error. The weight of the limb is the real cause of mischief, for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raises his paw, and brings it down with such force as not only to stun a common-sized bullock or buffalo, but even crushing the bones of the skull. I have seen many men and deer that had been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen; and when scratches did appear they were obviously the effect of chance, from the claw sliding downward, and not from design." Johnson is of a contrary opinion, for he says: "During a residence of nine years in Chittra I never saw a man or animal killed by a tiger that had not the mark of talons, yet I admit that the force with which a tiger generally strikes is sufficient in itself, without the aid of his claws, to kill men or large animals, and I believe that it occasionally takes place in the manner I have described, but never from its weight, like the fall of a hammer." Of my two ponies, the first was seized in the stable by the throat and the wind-pipe, and I also saw a bullock thus treated at Papicondah, on the Godavery. My second pony was killed by a grip of the upper part of the neck by which the jugular was severed, and, though the tiger was driven off, the pony bled to death.—*London Field.*

A Scene in Cairo.

I remember one day being attracted by a rather large crowd in a Cairo square, and on getting nearer saw a policeman, whip in hand, seated on the box of an empty carriage and slashing very vigorously at the head of a groom, who was standing at the horses' heads endeavoring to quiet them under the active exercise in which the representative of Egyptian majesty was indulging. On inquiry of the bystanders, I found that the coachman had got off the box to hold the horses while his master was engaged in some neighboring shop. The policeman had at once jumped up in order to drive the carriage to a spot considered more convenient. An English crowd would no doubt have insisted on teaching that policeman the proper use of a whip on his own bully's body, but the Cairenes enjoyed the scene immensely, regarding it as a sort of "fantasiyen," which might be translated by our indigenous species of street-idler as a "lark." While the fun was at its height a superior officer appeared on the scene, and shortly afterward the owner of the carriage, a Pasha. This latter gentleman insisted on immediate reparation, which the officer at once offered by administering a sound drubbing to his zealous and playful subordinate, who howled the while most piteously. This was not enough, however, for the Pasha, for on a subsequent visit to the prison I found my policeman incarcerated for an indefinite period in order to learn better manners in dealing with a Pasha's carriage; and penned up in the same hole was the unfortunate groom, whom his lordship had imprisoned for being whipped!—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—Speaking of the dramatic accompaniment of the "music of the future," the London *World* says it is just like the man on the Place Royal, who shows for a penny the passing over the Balkan by the Russians. A workman pays and looks in and says, "I see absolntely nothing." "Nothing?" asked the man "not in the right-hand corner?" "Nothing?" replies the workman, "except there seems to be a boot." "That's it," says the man; "that is the foot of the last Russian who has just passed the Balkan."

—An Austin colored preacher being called upon upon to make a few remarks at the grave of a boy, said: "Deahly beloobied bredderin and sisterin, de day an' de hour when each an' ebery one of us mus' yield up our sperets am done sot, but if a kind Providence had not made de cowcumbers late dis heah season, dis heah promisin' boy would hab clomb de golden stair several weeks ago. Praise de Lord for His goodness and mussy."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A French officer said to a Swiss Colonel, "How is it that your countrymen always fight for money while we French always fight for honor?" The Swiss shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I suppose it is because people are apt to fight for that which they need most."—*Exchange.*

For Young Readers.

THE DISOBEDIENT MICE.

Three young mice in a farm-house brown
Lived, sighing for the great, big town.
The mother warned of traps and snares,
And pussy cats with bland, false airs,
And said: "My dears, seek not to roam;
The safest, sweetest place is home."

They thought: "These are but foolish fears,
Our mother childish grows with years;"
And, stealing from the farm-house brown,
One night they scampered off to town.

Ah, what a rare sight met their eyes,
A shop all stored with cakes and pies!
"Here we will live," they cried; "how fine
On such nice things to sup and dine!"

They slept all day, but woke at night
To feasting, frolic and delight.
Next night a trap was set. "Ah, see!"
Cried the young mice, in giddy glee,
"That dear, good baker loves us so,
These tables are for us, we know."

With ne'er a voice to say "Beware!"
They rushed into the baker's snare;
To call for help was all in vain,
Their poor, wee necks were rent in twain.

At home the old mouse sits forlorn,
Weeping and wailing night and morn;
"Come back, my truants three!" she cries,
With salt tears streaming from her eyes;
"From the world's danger and unrest
Flee to the sheltered, safe home-nest!"

Ah, little ones, who tease and fret,
Think of their fate, and ne'er forget
To yield without a frown or tear,
When mamma says: "No, no, my dear!"
—*Chicago Advance.*

FUN WITH A HORNETS' NEST.

Boys never have such splendid times anywhere as they do at their grandfathers'. How some fellows get along the way they have to without any grandfathers or grandmothers I never could make out. Just fancy having no grandfather to go and see Christmas and Thanksgiving and summer vacations! The fact is, a boy without any grandfather can't begin to have half a good time.

Fathers and mothers are all very well, but, you see, as mother explained the last time father had to whip us, they feel a responsibility. Now, grandfathers and grandmothers haven't any such responsibility. They can just give themselves up to being good-natured, and let a fellow have a good time. If he turns out bad, you see, it ain't their fault, and they don't have to worry about not having done their duty by him.

My grandfather lived just out of Blackridge, on a large farm. There was an academy at Blackridge, and so mother sent me to live there for a while and go to school; and Uncle Jerry's two boys, Ham and Mow (right names Hamilton and Mowbray), lived there all the time, and Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna, too, and we had just the best fun that ever any boys did have; I don't mean Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna; they didn't go in for fun, you know. Uncle Jerry kept a store in the village, and Aunt Anna staid in the kitchen with grandma.

We always had to behave ourselves, and never thought of doing things without leave, for grandpa was not one of the kind to be disobeyed; besides, we loved him too well for that. But he was always ready to let us have a good time, and said that he liked to see boys enjoy themselves when they did it in the right way.

Besides Ham and Mow, there were the Davis boys, about five miles off, who went to the academy, too; and once a week or so we spent the day with them, or they came to spend it with us. Real good fellows, both of them; and I think we liked the visit to them best, there were such lots of things to do there. Mr. Davis, you see, was what grandpa called "a progressive man"—I used to wonder what that meant, and say it over to myself whenever I saw him—and he wanted Frank and George to understand everything that was going on; and he used to get them all the improving boys' books that came out, and they had a tool-chest, and a printing-press, and all kinds of drawing things, and the greatest lot of scrap-books; and they collected stamps and coins, and taught us how; and we used to make things when we went there, and Mr. Davis always gave a prize for the best.

Mr. Davis' right name was "Hon. Charles M. Davis." I saw it on his letters when the boys brought them from the post-office, and they were very proud of their father's name. He had been to Congress, people said, and I used to wonder if this was as far off as the Cape of Good Hope.

Mrs. Davis used to train round (I don't mean that she acted bad) in a real handsome dress mornings, and she smiled at us pleasantly, and said that she liked boys, and hoped we wouldn't make her head *quite* split (Ham guessed there must be a big crack in it somewhere(; and then she went off, and we didn't see her again until dinner-time.

I used to get 'most sick then, because Mrs. Davis said she thought boys could never have too much to eat; and she kept piling things on our plates, and it wouldn't be polite to leave them; and I was the littlest, and it really seemed as if I couldn't hold them all. Aunt Anna always said that "visiting didn't agree with Phil;" but I went all the same.

This was the way we got there: grandpa would let us have a horse when it wasn't too busy a day on the farm, and we all took turns in riding him. It was prime fun, and gave each of us just about enough walking. There was the one-mile hill, and Heckles' pasture, and the brook, and old Mrs. Junkett's little red house, and lots of places, where the boy that was on got off, and the next one took his turn; and we never quarreled about it, and always came back feeling just about as good as when we started.

One morning in July we set off, expecting to have just the grandest kind of a time. Mr. Davis had got the boys something new from the city, and they wouldn't tell us what it was until we came. It was Saturday, of course, and most amazingly hot. Kitty (that was the horse) did not care about going very fast, and she crawled along with us, turn and turn, till we got about a mile from Mr. Davis'.

"A hornets' nest!" shouted Mow, who had walked on ahead of Kitty. "Come on, boys!"

"Stop," said Ham; "let's tie Kitty safely first."

So we led her to the shade of some trees on the edge of a piece of woods, where she would be safe from the hornets, and tied her fast; then off we went, full tilt, after Mow. He was staring up into a hollow tree, where we could just see the hornets' nest, looking like a brown-paper parcel full of holes, and a big fat one it was.

"There's millions in it," said he, as we came up; but he didn't mean money, only hornets.

This pleased us very much; not that we were exactly fond of hornets, but it made it more exciting. No matter what a boy is doing, he always has to go for a hornets' nest when he sees it; and we never thought about being warm or anything else, but just to send those hornets flying. We could see a few of them crawling in and out, and hanging round their paper house, and we meant to give them a hint that they'd been living in that hollow tree about long enough.

The tree was quite low, and we got long sticks and went at them. We had a lively time of it. The hornets came swarming out at us like ten thousand red-hot locomotives, burning us everywhere at once, for they stung us like fun; and we ran for dear life, and then came back and hacked away at them, our faces blazing with heat, and perspiration oozing from every pore. We took off our jackets at the beginning of the fray, or there would not have been much of them left, for the hornets were as mad as they could be, and so were we.

We kept it up for hours, never thinking how hot we were, or that it was time to be hungry, and we got that nest pretty well demolished. When the hornets were nearly gone, and there wasn't much of the nest to be seen, three tired boys limped off rather lamely to Kitty's cool bower, and throwing themselves down on the ground, fell fast asleep.

When they awoke, each looked at the other in great amazement. Ham's upper lip was puffed 'way out, and one eye closed; Mow's nose looked like a large pink potato; while as for me, the hornets seemed to have attacked every feature I had. The lengthening shadows warned us that it was supper-time, and with a puzzled feeling about our visit at the Davises, we turned our highly ornamented faces homeward.

"What has happened?" cried grandma, as we came within sight of the family gathered on the porch. "Do look at those boys!"

Of course every one looked at us; and as soon as they had settled the matter, they made us look ten times worse than ever by daubing our faces with mud.

We were rather afraid of punishment, at least by being sent supperless to bed; and I think we never loved grandma so much as when, calling us into the kitchen, she gave us one of the best suppers we ever had in our lives.

All that was ever said to us was said by grandpa the next morning, with a comical twist of his eye. "Boys, when you want another hornets' nest, you needn't go quite so far after it. There's a splendid one over the northeast end of the barn."

The Davises had a man with a wonderful magic lantern that day.—*Harper's Young People.*

Egyptian and Hindoo Musicians.

The Egyptian sings at his work, be it at the water-wheel, maize-hoeing, rowing or donkey-driving. He is always droning out some chant; not without the grace of melody, though it is better generally not to be aware of the exact meaning of his lay. Like the Persian, the Syrian and the Arab, he thinks highly of the art of song. The Shoara of the Nile are popular and well-paid musicians; and even the Almeh or Awalim—the girls who dance and sing—are so called as being "learned women." But the Hindoo is not of himself a singer. He likes to squat on the ground and hear the nautch women go through their prolonged performance to the gourd drum and the sitar. Indian regiments do not sing choruses like our own, nor do Indian crowds take up the refrain of a song and repeat it vociferously as an English crowd will do at the theater or in a public place. They shout a few words sometimes like "Jey! Jey!" and a Mohammedan mob at such a festival as the Moharrum will raise a vast clamor with religious outcries. The airs which Hindoos know and appreciate are soft wailing winding minors, full of intervals, ornament and half notes, very different in style from the sort of Gregorian chant which is our national anthem. Many of these, like the Egyptian songs, have no tune at all, but only a rhythm, dependent on the text, which itself varies with the temper or the circumstances of the "Goonee" or "Kunchenee."

The orthodox Indinn music is one of the strangest systems extant, with six "master movements," each having five "wives" or raginees, every one of these producing eight melodious offspring, thus making 240 legitimate songs. These are all personified as deities in such works as the "Ratna-mala," and belong to religious days and rites; and a Sanskrit version of "God Save the Queen" would be as strange among them as a Dervish in a cathedral. The Hindoos, however, have, no doubt, other and popular songs; and many beautiful airs might indeed be gleaned by a Western musician from the dhoorpeeds of the Rajpoots, the ghuzuls and rektahs of the Moguls, the dadras and nuktas, the tuppas and teranns and palnas of the Bengalis. The major part of these, also, are heard from the lips of some singer or dancer, who drones out the long weird melody to the rising and falling accompaniment of the drumskin and the brass wires, and who would be wonderfully puzzled to keep to the regular and severe measure of an Occidental anthem. It is characteristic of this Eastern habit of getting dancing and singing done for hire, instead of joining in as Westerns do, that harmony is almost unknown among Indinn musicians. The monotone of their songs is supported by simple instrumentation, which furnishes a kind of accompaniment, and by its excellent time produces good effect; but "part-singing" is not understood.—*London Telegraph.*

—A barrel floating down the Kiskiminetas River, at Apollo, Westmoreland County, Pa., the other day attracted the attention of some persons on shore. It was fished out and the head knocked in, disclosing the mutilated body of a negro. It was believed the victim was killed at Salina, where 300 colored miners have been imported recently, the body packed in a barrel, and thrown into the river.—*Chicago Herald.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The most important study of a cultivator of the soil is to plan for such crops as will always be in demand and always pay; crops that will be in demand year after year.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Gather no seed from a forest tree that is not clean and straight and a rapid grower. Scrub trees beget their like. The law of heredity holds good in trees as well as in the lower animals and men.

—Hundreds of farmers in Pennsylvania have turned their attention to fish culture. Many have stocked ponds and streams, and in most cases they have been successful, especially with carp, and in a few years they will depend upon fish for a subsistence as much as upon any other farm product.

—A satisfactory piece of economy is to take the pretty striped or dotted socks of the father and cut them over in little stockings for the baby. It often happens that the sock is worn past mending at the heel only, leaving the rest of it available, and if care is taken to make the seams small and smooth, the little stockings will be a success, and will last twice as long as any children's socks that can be bought.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Orange Basket: Remove the inside pulp of the orange carefully by making a small incision on one side. Then cut the skin into shape of a basket, leaving about one-half an inch of the stalk end for a handle. Fill the basket with ices, ice-creams, frozen punches, or whipped creams, jellies, etc. They look very pretty on a table. The pulp of the orange can be utilized for the children by removing the pith and seeds and sweetening with sugar; or it can be used to make orange ice-cream or water ices.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A farmer tried the experiment of placing boards here and there in his potato patch, with raw potatoes sliced and distributed thereon, as a trap for the Colorado beetle. It was a success. At noon on the first day he and his men found every slice covered with bugs. This crop was killed, and at night another crop, not so large, was disposed of. In a week not a bug could be seen, and after that the trouble was small. If the slices of potato were dipped in Paris-green it would probably save the work of killing the bugs.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Cream Pie: Take two eggs, one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; beat the eggs, sugar and starch together; boil one pint of milk, season with vanilla, and just as it boils stir in the mixture; stir all the time until it thickens. Before cooking, stir in one tablespoonful of butter. This is for the pie. Take three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda in half a cupful of sour cream, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed in one and a half cupfuls of flour; bake quickly in jelly-cake pans. When cold, slice the cake and put in layers of the above cream.—*The Household.*

Take Care of the Tomato Vines.

If there is any one subject that would seem to be exhausted, it is the Tomato Trellises. During the past twenty years we have described probably twenty different trellises, and the story of the whole is: Keep your tomato vines from resting upon the ground. One of the simplest methods is, to drive in stakes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and nail, or lash to these, light poles of any kind; in the absence of poles use wire. The whole object is to so place the vines that they can be reached on all sides, not only that we may free them from "the worm," but also save the fruit from decay. If the fruit is left in direct contact with the soil, decay sets in soon after ripening begins, supporting the clusters of fruit, where all can be seen, will allow of the removal of the poorly shapen, and when they are too much crowded, they may be thinned. The French advise training the tomato to a single stake. We have tried this and do not like it. The clusters of fruit, as they approach maturity, become very heavy, and just as they are the most promising will break away from the main stem. Such clusters can not be readily supported when the plants are trained to a single stake, but on a trellis of almost any kind they may be kept up. The tomato may be cultivated in two methods: as a field crop in which it is allowed to have its own way; or in the garden, where those who appreciate excellence in vegetables will find the tomato to amply repay whatever care may be given to it. Were it only for the facilities it affords for catching "the worm," we should always provide some kind of a trellis for the tomato. Besides this, the handsome appearance of the ripening fruit is greatly in its favor.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Paris Fashions in Canes and Stationery.

The *habitues* of the Saturdays of the Cirque d'Ete could write some curious pages on fashions in canes and walking-sticks and in the way of holding them. Just now, for instance, fashion prescribes the carrying of a silver or gold-headed cane, held in the middle stiffly, with the elbows at an angle. In the *'foyer de la danse'* at the Opera, it is considered *chic* to hold the cane by the wrong end and to sweep the floor with the knob. Last year it was the fashion to ornament one's note-paper with an immense monogram; this year the monogram is very small. The choice of note-paper is really, it appears, a grave question for a woman who aspires to correct elegance. She must vary her paper as she does her toilettes. In writing to crowned heads, prelates and high-born ladies with whom she is not intimate, she will employ paper with her arms worked in as a water-mark, and she will seal her letters with wax. Letter paper with a crest is supremely elegant, and of universal usage. Emblems, flowers, monkeys, insects and other fantastic designs that you see in the stationers' windows are not considered *chic* except by actresses, etc. The *parvenus* and *rastaquoueres* carry fancifulness to the extreme in *menus* and invitation cards. Some of them even go so far as to pay Guerard or Somm a thousand francs to etch and emblematic heading.—*London World.*

—It might be well for Seth Green to inform the country where the trout leaves off and the fish begins. This catching trout weighing sixteen pounds smells of sturgeon.

Bald Heads.

A prematurely bald physician in Thirty-fifth Street was asked a number of questions about the growth and habits of hair.

"In the first place," he said, "do you know what hair is, anyway?"

"Only in a general way, perhaps."

"Then let me tell you in a word. It is an elongated epidermic appendage. Its essential structure consists of an assemblage of epidermic cells, at the bottom of a flask-shaped follicle in the substance of the skin, supplied with blood by vessels distributed to its walls."

"Can hair be made to grow on a bald head?"

"Not as a rule. In debiliated persons the hair sometimes fall out spontaneously or with slight assistance, and if the bulb alone comes away, and the sheath and germ remain behind, they are capable of reproducing the hair, under proper treatment or favorable circumstances. The short and pointed hairs on the scalp of old people show that new shafts are constantly forming. The nutrition of hair is effected through vessels which are in contact with their tissue, without entering into their structure, so that causes affecting the general health, or effecting the health of the skin affect also the nutrition of the hair."

"What causes premature baldness?"

"In a great measure the violation of hygenic rules, and the excess of mental and physical labor in a climate foreign to the race."

"Is there a greater disposition to greyness in this country than in others?"

"Well, some well-informed people think that it is about the same in all civilized countries; but if their is any difference it is because of the hurried and unhealthful habits of life and mental exercise among Americans."

"What is the chemical action which produces gray hair?"

"Accurately speaking, that's one of those things that no fellow can find out. The color of the hair depends partly on the presence of pigment granules, and partly on the existence of minute hair spaces, which cause it to appear dark by transmitted light. In Albinos and grey-haired persons this coloring matter is simply absent."

"Is it the case that hair may, from extreme fright or other strong emotions, turn white as is said, in a single night?"

"It is an undoubted fact. Just how the change takes place is a matter of conjecture, but it may perhaps be explained by some chemical action upon the oily coloring matter. This oily matter would be withdrawn from the hair under conditions of cold, debility or insufficient food."

"Does gray hair then become dead?" Not by any means. The loss of vitality does not necessarily follow the loss of color, for gray hair often grows vigorously. For that matter hair will grow after the body's death. One of the causes of premature baldness and greyness is tightly-fitting and unyielding hats."

"Are any of the thousand and one preparations for restoring the hair of any value?"

"Tonics and stimulating applications are sometimes beneficial. When the hair is thin and falls out easily, shaving the scalp will often produce a thicker, firmer and darker growth."—*N. Y. Sun.*

American Horses.

Mr. Lorillard doesn't seem to have very good luck this year in England. The reason is that Mr. Lorillard is too smart. He thinks he is going to teach these chaps racing tricks on this side of the water. The truth is that they knew all about his style of work when he was in swaddling clothes. I have just learned the inside of the Derby case. If a man enters two horses for a race in England he is expected to declare his winner long enough beforehand so that those who are in the ring may shape their bets. Now, Mr. Lorillard had Gerald and Sachem in the Derby, and he let everybody suppose he had marked Gerald to win, when, in reality that horse was merely to cut out the running while Sachem was to be saved for the final dash. Lorillard's agents here let it remain with Gerald as winner up to the last moment, and then declared Sachem. My! weren't the others mad? They swore a high and mighty oath that Sachem should not win—and he didn't, though it was perfectly evident to those who saw the finish that he was by all odds the best horse in the field. In addition to his being badly ridden and not let go until too late, there were two jockeys in the race who had orders to cross him if he came up, even if their own horses got ruled out for fouling. This was the way the English horse-owners took of teaching the American not to be so fresh. I reckon he will be more careful another time, and not want to do *all* the betting that is back of his horses when they win. Gerald and Sachem were entered for the Sandown Derby yesterday, but Sachem was scratched, and Gerald ran. He did nobly at first, running a dead heat with the two others in the race; but in the second heat he weakened, and lost the race by a couple of lengths. This seems to be a good year to back Lorillard for a place, but not for winner. Only the horses he has discarded and sold to Englishmen are doing great things. Tassaic, thrown out of the Lorillard stable because he was thought to be no good, caught one race a while back, and bids fair to do better yet as the season goes on. Old Wallenstein, the sturdy racer, who won many good contests in America, was sold out of the Lorillard collection last season because he was judged to have outgrown his period of usefulness. Well, he has won everything he has tackled up to the present time, including the Manchester cup. His present owner paid Lorillard $2,250 for him, and has won thus far nearly $80,000 on his performances alone. This shows what Lorillard's judgment amounts to—or the judgment of his agents, which is just the same thing. Luck has pulled him along a good while on the turf, in spite of his smartness, but it begins to look as though he was about done on this side of the water. No turfman in the world is so thoroughly detested as Pierre Lorillard in England. Folks refuse to believe that he is a square man.—*London Cor. Chicago News.*

—We are all of us liable to commit blunders; but it is only the wise who profit by them.

THE DAIRY.

—There is a growing disposition in the Western Reserve of Ohio to concentrate cheese interests, firms who buy milk and conduct several factories extending their conquests year by year, until it now looks as if they would evenually absorb all the factories in that part of the country.

—The dairymen in the southern part of Wyoming County, N. Y., are agitated over a new weed called Long John, believed to be brought in western grass seed. It grows three feet high and it has the appearance of a species of mustard. The cattle are extremely fond of it, but the milk from cows feeding upon it is worthless.

—A place where bogus butter is manufactured has been discovered in Albany. It is said the very best dairymen can not tell the difference between it and the genuine article. One suspicious circumstance connected with its manufacture is that each tub is marked with the name of a person at "Canton, N. Y., where a superior article of butter is made.

—Whoever places much dependence on the strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt-edged butter. Allowing dirt to get into the milk and then depending on the strainer to get it out is a poor apology for cleanliness. More or less of the dirt, especially everything of a soluble nature, and some that is not, will find its way through the meshes of the strainer.

—The United States census reports that there are $12,611,148 cows in this country, and they are worth $323,746,646, or on average of $27 per head. In New England they are worth from $30 to $32 per head, in the Middle and Northwestern States, $25 to $30, while in the South they rate at $12 in Florida and $26 in Kentucky. New York has the largest number, Iowa next, Pennsylvania next, Illinois next, having 716,400.

Facts on Cheese Making.

There is a wide difference in opinion among cheese makers as to which is the best process for making Cheddar cheese. The one side contends that it is preferable to draw off the whey from the curd while perfectly sweet, and make the cheese after what is called the "non acid-process;" and the other side is equally confident that it is right to leave the whey on the curd until acid develops; that is, the acid process.

Much has been said on this question, and I beg the indulgence of the readers of the *Journal* while I call attention to what I consider the right system.

The old proverb, "Truth lies between two extremes," was never more applicable than in this matter.

The peculiar sweet, nutty flavor of the finest cheese is caused by the presence of the light flavoring oils that are to be found in the herbs or grasses that cows feed on, and these oils are more easily destroyed by the action of acids than the heavier facts, such as oleine, margarine, etc.

Consequently, when the curd is left in the whey until sour, it is impossible to produce a full-flavored cheese, because the flavoring is destroyed; but still the cheese might show rich and solid when tried. On the other hand, if the whey be drawn off before the curd is sufficient hard to enable the maker to keep it stirred loose and apart, it will mat together and the proper aeration is impossible; especially if there be any bad odors in the milk; and the danger to the cheese is greater than when left in the whey for the acid to develop, because the cheese made after the acid process is only very good, while the other is positively very bad, owing to a lack of proper aeration while making.

If the curd is kept carefully in motion in the whey until it is hard enough that when a handful of it is pressed firmly together in the hand, upon opening the hand it will all easily fall apart, the whey may then be drawn off, and the curd be kept agitated sufficiently to prevent its packing together (taking care at the same time that the temperature of the curd does not get below eighty degrees), until it will draw fine on the hot iron about half an inch long. Then it may be salted and put to press, and thus far, the flavor is neither destroyed by too much acid, nor has the still more important process of aeration been neglected.

Again I say keep the curing room cool; for heat will destroy the flavor of cheese just as surely and, quickly as it will of butter.—*J. N. Jocelyn, in Journal of Agriculture.*

Butter in Creameries and Dairies.

A reliance upon uniform quality in butter enhances its value, and the ability to purchase a large quantity in one transaction is of so much importance to the jobber that he can afford to pay several cents a pound more than he could if obliged to pick up the same quantity a little in a place, and to make a separate bargain for each lot. These advantages which creameries afford over private dairies, are becoming more and more appreciated, and are steadily causing the latter to be replaced by associated manufacture. On these accounts, ten cents a pound may be fairly set down as the difference in the commercial value of creamery and dairy butter, the average quality of each being equal. The advantages of the creameries lie almost wholly in these considerations: The high degree of perfection which has been reached in the construction of creamers for private dairies is such, that the cost of making butter in dairies is reduced to a very small figure. With an apparatus which will set the whole of one milking in a single vessel, and separate its cream in twelve to twenty-four hours, the work is so rapidly and easily done, that it is a query whether the cost of transporting to the factory, and the advantages of having the skim-milk to use on the farm, do not make a full offset for all the saving of labor in manufacturing large masses together. Experts have become so numerous that we may fairly anticipate finding one in every creamery, but we cannot expect to find a skillful maker in every dairy. In this respect the advantage is on the side of the creameries, in the certainty of results. But with a skillful dairyman and a well-appointed dairy, there is a possibility of a higher quality of butter than the creamery can turn out.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

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—Sorrows that can be told have more of pride than pathos in them.

Diseases of Women.

Large treatise for three stamps, giving means of successful self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOC'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

DOCTORS now pronounce encumbers a fake. Doctors, it will be observed, have an eye to business.—*Chicago Herald.*

Epilepsy (Fits)

Successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

OF course, it is true, but isn't it rather heartless to speak of a blind man as an unsightly person.

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII. of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association Buffalo, N. Y.

AT the Hub—"I am tired," sighed the wheel. "Poor fellow," spoke the axle, "wagon his tongue."

"Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performances." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney-Wort which invariably performs even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver complaint."

A WESTERN paper heads an account of the drowning of four young men: "A Fatal Pleasure."—*Boston Post.*

MRS. SMITH SAYS:—Makes the skin soft, white and smooth. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Elegantly put up.

Periodical Headaches fly before Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. Druggists.

Hair and Scalp diseases thoroughly cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure.

Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cure headaches of every nature promptly.

"WHAT'S that you're playing?" said a New Haven man to his daughter, who was pounding at the piano key-board with more noise than skill. "It is Wagnerian, pa; that's the music of the future." "Oh! it is, is it?" said the old gentleman. "Well, let it be a long time in the future before I hear any more of it. Play me 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.'" "Oh! ain't you horrid—always thinking about something to drink."—*New Haven Register.*

$200.00 Reward

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person dealing in bogus or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters with the word HOP or HOPS in their name, that is intended to cheat the public, or for anything pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine has a cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and is the best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS M'F'G. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MUMMIES are the only well-behaved persons who are now left in Egypt.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A SALOON-KEEPER has invented a drink which he calls the bell punch, because it makes holes in the pockets of his patrons.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Thousands of ladies cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

WITH some men the penny's mightier than the sword, sure enough.—*Boston Transcript.*

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. You can get any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

NEVER strike a feather duster when it is down.

ASK your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents. Price 25c.

A MATTER-OF-FACT boy defined salt as "that stuff which makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

Now the festive ice-man shortens up his weight, and says: "It's a cold day when I get left."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

USE Wise's Axle Grease on your fine carriage, and keep it clean.

SOLOMON was the first man who proposed to part the heir in the middle.

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

Wakefield's Backberry Balsam, for diarrhea.

EVERYBODY has standing invitations to attend open air mass meetings.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

DISRAELI said: "Ignorance never settles a question." There is were Dizzy was wrong. If it is a question of a man's fitness to serve on a jury, ignorance always settles the question, and it the ignorant man's favor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"THERE," said the dealer, "is a carpet that can't be beat;" and the man bought it. He hates carpet-beating, and he wanted one that it was no use trying to wrestle with.

ONE has to drive a pen, but a pencil is led.

THE numerous suits for breach of promise recently instituted against old men by young women is having its effect. "Miss," said an old man in a crowded street-car yesterday, "Miss, I'll get up and give you my seat if you'll swear before all these witnesses that you don't consider it an offer of marriage."

"You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," said a legislator to a fellow-member. "Oh, yes, I have. I yawned through the whole of your speech," was the complimentary reply.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"TWO TRAINS with but a single track, two boilers burst as one," shouts an exchange over a railroad collision.

THERE ought to be a great many red ears in the corn crop this season, it has been talked about so much.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE tail of a fashionable youth's coat is very, very short. But it is not as "short," in a majority of cases, as the fashionable youth himself—by a handsome majority.—*Norristown Herald.*

EVERY girl who expects to keep up with the times should wear clocks on her stockings.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.* Then the boys will watch her.—*Boston Star.*

HE was so mad to find his wife not at home that he took the soap and wrote across the looking-glass: "Betsey Jane is a big fool." She amended it with "'s wife."

"WE never fight under cover," says Farmer Lamar. Evidently this able agriculturist has never stayed all night at a summer-resort hotel.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates—It is Cathartic and Tonic.

TRY IT.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

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ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are raised every year by its use. It is "the" INVALID'S DELIGHT. RIDGE'S FOOD received the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 35 cents, 66 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I.S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

TEAS in abundance.—85 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.

10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.

Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

ROBT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victime of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

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FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark, and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I.S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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3,000 Cures with the Double Chloride of Gold Remedy. Books Free. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., DWIGHT, ILL., U.S.A.

OPIUM & MORPHINE A Treatise on their EATING and cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P. O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS

(LADIES OR GENTS)

MAKE MONEY FAST

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Invaluable to All Housekeepers.

Useful, Practical and Popular.

Address F. E. OWENS, 530 Dalton Street, Chicago.

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THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR,

The only known specific remedy for Epilepsy.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Insanity, Paralysis, Nervous Prostration and General Debility.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Never known to fail. It equalizes the circulation, repairs its waste, and gives tone and vigor to the system.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Scrofula and all Nervous and Blood diseases.

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The greatest tonic known. It aids digestion, insures good appetite, gives tone and vigor to the system, guarantees sweet and refreshing sleep and restores enfeebled and nervous constitutions to robust health.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Safe, Certain, Sure and Speedy. It is invaluable to Ladies who are experiencing the change incident to advanced years, by assisting nature at its important period, retaining the vigor and tranquility of early life and carrying them with ease and safety through.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

is the only honestly guaranteed remedy placed before the public. We guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction or return the money. Leading physicians testify to its being harmless and good, eminent divines declare it excellent and unequaled and people everywhere bear cheerful and voluntary testimony to its great virtue.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

is unfailing and infallible in curing Alcoholism and Opium Eating. To come before the public with an absolute cure or a specific to remove the desire for alcoholic stimulants or the habit of opium eating, seems to many, we have no doubt, an absurdity; such is the case nevertheless, and before offering our medicine to the public we thoroughly convinced ourselves by actual experience that it would do all we claim for it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Found at last! THE RICHMOND'S CATHARTIC AND NERVINE PILLS

for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, &c. These pills are made to work in harmony with our Samaritan Nervine.

For Sale by All Druggists.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Filer to file all kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest. For Descriptive Circular and Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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BOOKS ON BUILDING, PAINTING, Decorating, etc. For 1883, eighty-page Illustrated Catalogue. Address, enclosing three 3-cent stamps, WM. T. COMSTOCK, 6 Astor Place, New York.

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 84, Philad'a, Pa.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 881

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Ages of Men before the Flood.

Charles S. Bryant, in a communication in the *Popular Science Monthly*, offers some considerations to show that there was no disparity between the ages of the patriarchs and those men of later time. He says that a very slight error in the translation of the Hebrew numbers has led to all the apparent disparity, and insists on the authority of Genesis vi. 3, that the age of the antediluvian was not to exceed 120 years. The passage reads: "And the Lord said my spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years."

Mr. Bryant ascribes the errors, the ages given in the Bible, the improper rendering of concrete numerals by the translators. He says that Genesis v. 3 is properly rendered, "Adam lived a hundred and thirty years and begat a son," etc.; but if this verse had been translated as the fifth is, in the authorized version, reads thus: "Adam lived thirty hundred years and begat a son!" This "shocked the consciousness of the Christian translator, and he was driven to the true rule the Hebrew uses in cases of concrete numerals." In the fifth verse the authorized version reads: "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died." The true reading by the rule, Mr. Bryant says, would be, "And all the days which Adam lived, were a hundred years, and nine years, and he died," making the entire age of Adam 139 years, instead of 930 years. Mr. Bryant further says that at the date of the writing of Genesis the Hebrew had no means of writing nine hundred, or any number of hundreds above one, without repetion or circumlocution. He gives the following as the ages of the patriarchs before the Noahcian deluge;

	Correct Age.	Ages Given in Bible.
Adam	139	930
Seth	121	912
Enos	114	905
Cainlan	119	910
Mahalalle	122	895
Jared	117	962
Enoch	118	365
Methuselah	124	969
Lamech	117	777
Noah	159	950
Average	120½	858

No doubt the question of the true ages of the patriarchs will receive earnest attention at the hands of the revisors of the Old Testament. If the translations of the ages have been made by an incorrect rule, the revisors may be depended upon to correct them in accordance with the light which the ripest scholarship affords. Mr. Bryant, in his communication, calls attention to the fact that the late Dean Stanley, for years before his death, insisted that the numbers in the Old Testament were, in many instances, entirely too high, and that he believed that the correction of these apparent errors would relieve the bible of many objections now urged against the chronological record.

The late census gives the population of Japan as 36,358,994, an increase of 3,000,000 since 1873. This apparent increase is in part attributed to growing accuracy in collecting returns. The population of the three principal cities is: Tokio, 979,094; Kioto, 840,829; Osaka, 587,998.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

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Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION.—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 75 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 760 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and girls and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 284, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

PEDDICORD & COMBS' COLUMN.

THIS COLUMN IS RESERVED —FOR— PEDDICORD & COMBS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

We have for Sale

A fine farm near Oakland, containing 400 acres, 200 acres improved. Good buildings, Price reasonable and terms easy.

—ALSO—

Two Military Lots Nos. —— near Mountain Lake Park.

—ALSO—

27,000 acres timber and coal lands on the line of the new railroad from Bloomington to Elk Garden.

—ALSO—

A house and lot in the town of McHenry.

—ALSO—

A fine farm near Accident.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutts store, v3n47.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
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A. B. GONDER,
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AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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C. C. WILLISON,
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OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartrel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Saurgias' drug store.

2 3 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday in July, that is to say on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, in the year 1882; and also on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned day, that is to say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Swanton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry O. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of James H. Rush, Officer of Registration for said district, near Friendsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July, at the hoae of Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at the house of Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Thomas Browning, the Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Oakland, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at Hutton's Switch.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Oakland, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 12th and 13th days of July, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th days of July at the house of Johnson Brothers, on the National Pike, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at the house of William B. Murphy, in said district.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, at Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of July at the house of Jehu Gregg, at Gregg's Mills.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND.
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

ORDER NISI.

John Bradburn vs. Joseph Symoas. } No. 345 Equity, In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1882, that the sale made and reported by John Bradbura, Mortgagee, in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of July next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $760.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7 13 W. H. TOWER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 301 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

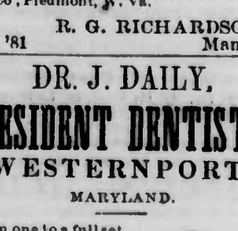

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882. NUMBER 21.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 104. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"

"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*."

"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. In Constipation, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it.

PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly embodies with the VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ in every disease, and a cure necessarily follows. There is not an organ it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors. For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Large Bottle, $1.00. Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

On a blowy, rather raw day early in March, in the year 187—, a young man of a well-bred bearing and stylish presence strides with quick steps along the narrow sea-wall that protects the inhabitants of St. Augustine from the overflow of the ocean through Mantanzat river. The breeze from the sea is so very stiff and brisk that it requires some delicate balancing and acrobatic feats and contortions for him to retain his foothold upon the wall. Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop—as his visiting cards label him—is piqued and annoyed, and he takes a malicious pleasure in butting against the wind, and conquering its ugly gusts. After a valiant struggle, he reaches the fort in safety. The walk has sent a rich tinge of crimson to his cheeks, and having changed the circulation, has somewhat cooled his ire.

After rambling about the fort, and listening, with an incredulous smile, to the blood-curdling tales of the cicerone, in regard to the skeletons, instruments of torture, and rusty iron cages found in a certain dungeon, Mr. Lathrop comfortably settles himself on the rampart in a retired nook, and sheltered from the gale. He has a fine view of the river, and the distant white-crested breakers. He is really uncommonly comfortable, and the surroundings are so bright and smiling and conducive to pleasant thoughts, that after a slight introspection he comes to the conclusion that he is the one at fault, that he has been unreasonable and disagreeable, and thinks that if the men at home could know how he has acted in a certain affair, they would vote him a cad. The fact is, Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop is somewhat in love, or rather, very much in love, and men when laboring under such an influence are apt to be exacting and suspicious.

Mr. Lathrop, about a fortnight ago, traveled all the way from Philadelphia to St. Augustine for the express purpose of being near a very charming young woman with whom he is enamored; but lately the powers that have been most provokingly against him. Miss Estey, upon his advent at St. Augustine, was most gushingly delighted to see him, and for five or six days he lived in elysium; but then a change came, and it dawned upon Sedley Lathrop's mental vision that Ethel Estey was a sad coquette. To be sure, there was some excuse for it, as she was an uncommonly pretty and attractive young woman, and wore her gowns and hats with such a bewitching grace that a dozen or so men at the hotel were as enthralled as Sedley Lathrop. When Mr. Lathrop arrived, and Miss Estey appeared so to approve his admiration and devotion to the exclusion of all others, there was gnashing of teeth, and bitter anathemas pronounced upon his devoted head by the young men in question.

But now she seems to tire of the attention of only one man, so she throws out her lines again, and the twelve young men are soon wriggling on the hooks; then comes Mr. Lathrop's turn to gnash his teeth, but what is one against so many? He sulks and he mopes, and complains, but all to no purpose; she still continues dancing three times in succession every evening with that miserable snob, Tom Wilton. On all sailing and driving parties she takes particular pains to snub him most unmercifully, and his life, to Sedley Lathrop, grows, to be a burden and a misery; he loses faith in human nature generally, and the milk of human kindness within him is rapidly evaporating.

On this particular windy March day he has told Miss Estey, at the conclusion of another gentle remonstrance, that he sees now clearly that they are not suited to each other, and he intends returning to Philadelphia the following day. She looks a little startled when she hears his last words, and her under lip and eyelids quiver, but she replies that she has long been of his opinion, too, that he has done nothing but scold and annoy her, that he is horribly suspicious and jealous, and it is probably just as well that it should end now. So, as a preliminary to the long journey home, he takes the walk on the sea-wall.

As Sedley Lathrop sits on the rampart, idly digging little stones out of the wall, and tossing them into the yawning mouth of a cannon near him, he suddenly hears a low laugh, and coming round the projection—behind which he lounges at full length—is Ethel Estey with Mr. Wilton. Mr. Lathrop is on his feet in an instant, and uncovering his head, returns Miss Estey's haughty recognition with a low, grave bow. They pass without comment, and Sedley, picking up his stick, starts toward his hotel with, if possible, even more bitter feelings in his heart than when he left it, all his good resolutions to apologize for his quick temper, and in the future to overlook Ethel's caprices, being completely knocked in the head by the late encounter. As he again steps upon the sea-wall, he fully realizes the force of the wind; it is now pounding against his back, and it rushes him along. He has not as much time to be angry as he would like to have, for it requires all his mental and physical powers to watch his steps and keep his hat on his head. He is seriously thinking of inking to the safer width of the road, and leaving the narrow ledge of the wall; the thought causes him to look at the former, and he falls about ten feet; fortunately the tide is rapidly falling, and the muddy water is only about two feet in depth. Sedley Lathrop is on his knees, with his hands buried to the wrist in the mud. There is a sharp pain—a cross between a red-hot knife slowly cutting and an electric shock—somewhere in his right side, but he is too dazed and bewildered to locate it. Drawing his hands out of the ooze, he attempts to stand; but his right foot will not support him, and he sinks back with a sharp exclamation and a very white face. His hat and stick are floating off together in pleasant companionship. What is he to do? In front of him rises ten feet of green, slimy, barnacle covered wall; behind him lies the river, sparkling in the sunlight; there is not a boat in sight, and he is sitting in the water, chilled through and through, and unable to move.

"Will nobody come?" he thinks with despair. He knows the exact location of the tremendous pain now; it is in his ankle, and is growing so intense that he feels ill and dizzy. "What if I should faint?" he says, looking at the water about him, and measuring the depth with his hand. "It is deep enough to suffocate me."

Just at this juncture there are steps on the wall, coming toward him, and he hears a sweet, musical voice, the accents of which send a rush of crimson to his face. He is mortified to think that she will see him in this humiliating predicament. He decides not to call; he will wait for some one else to help him; but it is growing toward dusk, and he cannot endure the pain much longer. Involuntarily he groans. The footsteps stop.

"I heard a groan, Mr. Wilton; what can it mean? It seemed to be right here."

Then there is a horrified cry as Miss Estey discovers Mr. Lathrop sitting close to the wall, submerged in the water, all splashed with mud, looking frightfully demoralized, and with an agonized, expression in his eyes as he meets hers.

"Why, Mr. Latheop—Sedley—what has happened? Oh, are you hurt?" getting down upon her knees and leaning over the wall to look at him.

He smiles rather faintly at her, and without a word falls over, and the water quite covers his head.

Without an instant's hesitation Mr. Wilton lowers himself over the wall and then drops into the water. Resting on one knee, regardless of the wetting, he holds Lathrop's head, and brushes the water from his face with his handkerchief. Poor Miss Estey is quite beside herself with horror and terror, and calls out,—

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Just stop the first person you see, please, and ask for a boat. I will stay here."

In about half an hour a boat is rowed as near to the wall as possible, and two men wading to Sedley Lathrop carry him to the boat. There is quite an excited crowd of spectators on the wall, and a great many conjectures and opinions as to how it happened are volunteered.

**** **** **** ****

Toward the end of the month of April, St. Augustine begins to look deserted. The great rush of the Northern travel is over, and the few remaining tourists are generally people who, for various reasons, cannot get away. On the road that leads to the fort, on a deliciously prefect day of that month, stroll two of the above mentioned tourists—a young woman and man; the latter leans rather heavily upon a stout walking-stick and has an almost decided limp. They reach the fort; and seat themselves.

"Well, this is the first time I have been here since that day," from the young man, looking archly at his companion.

"Oh, please do not speak of that, Sedley; the memory of my horror when I saw you in the water is too unutterably terrible;" and Ethel Estey shuddered at the recollection.

"Well, I do not know that it was such a bad thing after all, Ethel," taking her hand and looking deep into her eyes. "I am truly grateful to that wind; it blew me from the wall, but it also blew me back to you. —*Waverly Magazine.*

Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Relief Association.

Dr. W. T. Barnard, formerly of Washington, and now in charge of the hospital service of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, has just issued the prospectus of two additional features to be added to the Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Relief Association, which he inaugurated two years ago under the auspices of President Garrett, and of which he is the manager. The association has already become the foremost of all benevolent railway organizations in America, and several large railways have already adopted it for their employees. To the original program which provides life insurance, annuities, pecuniary relief and medical treatment for sick and disabled employees, all at actual cost, schooling for employees' children and other minor provisions, have now been added a savings bank and a building feature. The association as reorganized has been incorporated by special act of the Maryland Legislature, and the Baltimore and Ohio company, which originally donated to it the sum of $100,000, and which also pays annually about $30,000 to the fund for its expenses, has guaranteed all the provisions of the old and new features, thereby giving it the support and stability of its own standing and solvency. The plan of the association is unique and entirely new, at least in this country, and under Dr. Barnard's management it has become exceedingly popular among the employees of the company, many of whom have joined it since May 1880. Reports just issued show it has expended $297,758.48 in payments of benefits to members and for professional attendance upon them.

The Baltimore and Ohio company makes the announcement that the object sought to be attained by the savings bank and building feature are the encouragement of prudence, economy and thrift, by placing within reach of every employee of the railroad company, upon the simplest and most advantageous terms compatible with proper security, all the benefits derivable from the safest and most liberal savings institutions of the country, eliminating from the latter all that makes them objectionable. It guarantees a fixed rate of interest of four per cent. on all deposits, which are to be loaned for building purposes at a uniform rate of six per cent. everywhere on its lines. The company also gives the service of its agents and officers, free of expense, in collecting and disbursing, and of its treasury in holding funds of association, and large concessions in freight and transportation to its members desiring to build. The management of the saving bank, as of all other features of the association, is under the direction and control of a board of directors chosen jointly by the company and by the members of the association, and all its provisions are entirely mutal and for the benefit of those belonging to it.

Wanted to be Equal.

Many persons complain of their fate when they compare their lot with that of the more fortunate. They forget that men usually carry out their own fate, be it good or evil.

An Irishman looking abroad and seeing such a difference in the circumstances of men, became disgusted with his bright hoe and shovel, and left them to grow rusty. On being asked the reason for his idleness, he replied that he thought money ought to be more "equally divided, so that hapes o't wudn't be given to one man, and not a ha'peth to others.

"I've heard a dale about folks bein' fraa and equal in this country, he continued." "I want to saa it now. I'm fraa enough here, for nobody interfares wid me; but I want to be 'equal,' as well as fraa. Then I'd feel like a fraa-horn 'merican citizen."

The gentleman to whom Pat's complaints were uttered, answered, "Well now, Pat, suppose that all the wealth of the world was equally divided and that you had received your share, what do you think you would do with it?"

Faith, thin, replied Pat, I'd just live high, and have a rale foine time with it as lon's there war a cint o't left—Would I!

And what would you do when it was all gone? asked the gentleman.

Pat had not thought of that, and scratched his head in some confusion. But mother-wit came to his aid, and, with a glowing face, he replied—

What would I do thin, is it? Why, faith, and I'd just have it all divided over again!.

That is, he would have others work and manage that he might live a life of easy frivolity. It would be dividing all the time, and it would not be long before the community would be divided into two distinct classes—those who provide support, either by their wealth or enterprise, and those who cravenly accepted such support, and lived in idleness.

What Causes Rain Storms.

It is a principal of physics that action and reaction are equal. If the increased solar energy temperature of the earth during the past summer and winter, literally burning up the great Island of Australia, it is not strange that the reaction chills the mouth of May and deeply affects humanity with the unaccustomed dampness. The unusual cold and rain follow per force. The sun has licked up from the sea an unusual quantity of vapor. Condensing, the air is robbed of heat and there is a settled chill. On the Atlantic coast there is a special cause for chill winds and fierce storms. The warm and open winter caused an early breaking up of Arctic ice in Baffin's bay and along the coast of Labrador, so the Northern Atlantic was at a very early date filled with vast islands of floating ice, lowering the temperature of both the water and the air. This lowering of temperature occurs before the sun has assumed full sway not enabling the earth and ocean to accumulate any considerable amount of warmth. The wind from the east has an icy breath, as though blown from the ice crags floating in the Atlantic. It will be remembered that last summer England was cold and damp, being fairly deluged with rain. In the autumn the Atlantic was the scene of the most terrific storms on record. Now it seems to be the lot of our continent to suffer from the great reaction. How long it will continue is a question of interest. It has certainly continued long enough to bring unnumbered ills to suffering humanity. Our spring was not a spring at all, but as Ritcher, says, only a winter painted green.

A Startling Idea.

In the fifteenth annual report of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, by T. S. Gold, its Secretary, the following wonderful idea is presented, the correctness of which may be doubted. Mr. Gold quotes Prof. W. W. Brewer as saying, in speaking of the rapid accumulation of wealth and capital in modern times, that the material wealth and working capital of the civilized world more than equals all that has been saved in all of the thousands of years that had gone before, and that too, while there has been a general enjoyment of the comforts of life, and a much greater indulgence in its luxuries. The causes usually assigned for this rapid growth, are the inventions of modern machinery, the use of steam as a moter, the modern means of transportation, the application of the natural science to the arts and industries, the spread of popular education, the diminution of wars, and the production of the precious metals. All these have had their influences, but the greatest of all causes is to be found in the better average health of civilized countries, and the longer average term of life which is now secured to working men. The motto "health is wealth" applies to none more than to farmers, and it is a good omen that they are beginning to learn that many of our pestilential diseases may be prevented. How to do this is a question which should be carefully considered, both in our schools and homes. The more prominent causes of disease among farmers are sanitary defects, pertaining to barnyards, hogpens, privies, cesspools in close proximity to wells, and hence impure drinking water, filthy cellars, lack of ventilation, ignorance to hygienic laws, overwork and want of recreation. There should be more fresh and less salt meat, more good yeast bread, boiling, broiling and less frying in fat.

Advantages of Small Farms.

It must be conceded that high cultivation can ordinarily best be done upon small farms, especially where one's capital is limited. The tendency to improve small farms, as compared more thoroughly with large ones, is apparently in every thriving community.

Small farms induce thrift and peacefulness. The owners are stipulated to frugility to obtain means for the purchase of improved implements and commercial manures.

Many a man drags out a debt-burdened existence because he has "land on the brain," and tills more land than it is possible for him to till in order to render it profitable. If the same degree of industry, with more precision of application, were expended on a smaller space, it would result, almost invariably, in increased comfort, happines and general prosperity, if not wealth.

The mania for possessing large plantations and farms, and as many as possible of them, is evidently on the increase in this country. Heavy taxation of unsettled lands, owned by non-residents for speculative purposes, proves to be but a partial remedy in suppressing the evil. To every thinking person who is interested in the general prosperity of the country, it is evident that *intensive* farming is better every way than for individuals to undertake the extensive culture of lare areas, resulting, as it generally does, in diminished production per acre.—*Louisville Farm and Fire side.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HOME.

When the fires are burning bright,
And the lamps are all alight,
Then the weary man to wife and child and home
Comes with eager, longing feet,
To his haven, his retreat,
His sure anchorage and little harbor home!

Then the table's neatly laid,
There the tea and toast are made,
And the slippers placed before the easy-chair;
Mother, busy all the while,
Stops to look and softly smile
At her treasures there within the easy-chair!

Now the tasseled curtains fall
O'er the windows, hiding all,
All the comfort, beauty, blossom of the earth;
The best happiness and bliss,
Hidden deep in homes like this,
For us make a little heaven upon the earth!

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE UNDERSTUDIER.

A Theatrical Sketch.

I.

The lot of Signor Dibini was cast among the great ones of the earth. His daily acquaintances were emperors, kings, brave men and fair women. He knew several illustrious captains, and at least five famous cardinals. They were clad in purple and fine linen and lived sumptuously every day—or rather, every night. They sat down to banquets that pleased the eye, if they were somewhat fibrous to the taste. They drank cold tea out of beakers, called their servants varlets and performed most daring actions, sometimes of personal bravery, occasionally of infinite rascaldom. Murder was a matter that happened among them six days a week. They drank poison to slow music, they stabbed each other to the heart with a loud "Ha! ha!" They smothered their wives with the cushion of pillow and went off with the wives of other men. A roystering, boisterous, crafty, wealthy, impecunious, murderous, iniquitous, virtuous crew, whose life was a short, and not always a merry one. A community with whom the great moral, legal or physical influences which control the ordinary human race, worked with surprising rapidity and unerring certainty.

Jonadab Dibbins lived at the blighted end of Waterloo Bridge road, a lean and careworn man, carrying a prodigious height of forehead, with frontal development like a bay-window, generally understood in the Dibbins household to portend enormous but restrained ability. The Dibbins household was numerous and select to the extent that the great majority of its members were in tender years. Any one straying into the little apartment which served as breakfast-room, dining-room and drawing-room, might reasonably have thought that he had happened upon a *creche*, and if he had remained throughout the day must have wondered when the children were to be called for. But nobody ever called for them of late, not even Death, who is more attentive on households where there is more to eat and a more liberal distribution of clothing. All told, there were nine. If all had lived there would have been eleven. Two had died, one consequent upon tee hing, another in the public streets, sacrificed to the Moloch of a brewer's dray.

This happened when the Dibbinses lived in Drury Lane, and it had led to their moving to the Waterloo Bride road. It was necessary for professional reasons that Mr. Dibbins should have his domicile somewhere near the Strand. A court he held to be unhealthy. Mrs. Dibbins, with the fate of her second-born before her eyes, would not live in a thoroughfare; so they arrived at the compromise of residing in Waterloo Bridge road, one of the main arteries of London, which has not yet recovered from the blighting influence of the toll-bridge.

At first Mrs. Dibbins suffered unnumbered anxieties in consequence of the Waterloo 'bus. This public convenience was, in fact, directly responsible for the appearance of a seventh Dibbins at least ten days before he was due. In the earlier weeks of the tenancy the neighbors were constantly diverted by seeing a pale, anxious little woman, with her sleeves turned up and an apron on, diving into the middle of the road and rescuing from imminent peril (from a 'bus n t yet in sight) whole handfuls of children who seemed so near the same age that it was impossible to suppose they were all her own. But they were, and though housroom was circumscribed, there seemed no limit to the possibilities of her affection for morsels of humanity that to the cold eye of the stranger were not attractive.

Jonadab was in his thirty-fifth year, and might have been anything at all over that age. He was the sort of a man that never grows old-looking after the fashion of ordinary mortals. He had neither whiskers or mustache to turn gray; and as for his hair, his forehead was so stupendously high and so aggressively prominent that hair was quite a secondary consideration. Now I turn my mind upon the subject, I remember he had some, but what color it was or how worn I have no recollection.

There does not appear at first sight much in common between Signor Dibini, the associate of kings, the friend of emperors, the witness of many secret crimes, and poor Jonadab Dibbins with his noble forehead and nine children. And yet there was the closest possible relation, for they were one and the same person. Signor Dibini was Jonadab's professional name. He was a member of the company of the Theater Royal, Wellington Street, though you might look in vain through the list of performers for his name. Signor Dibini, in fact, occupied a position in the company the existence of which is, perhaps, even unknown to the light hearted habitue of the theater who takes his place in the stalls and expects everything to go on right on the stage before him. Signor Dibini's professional existence was a striking proof of the provision necessary for the carrying on of a great theater. He was an understander; that is to say, it was his business to understudy some of the principal parts, so that if, in case of sudden illness or accident, the actor to whom a part was assigned was not able to put in an appearance, Jonadab took his place. Often he had learned two or three parts in the same piece, learning every work, making himself familiar with cues, and ready to step on the stage at an hour's notice. Every night he was down at the theater, and saw safely on the stage the men whose parts he had understudied.

Jonadab was an ambitious man. He felt that within him which told him that, give him the chance, there should step forth on the stage such a Hamlet as the world had not yet seen. The same remark applies, with only less degree of emphasis, to Louis XI., Richelieu and a score of the principal characters on the stage. But for Hamlet Jonadab thought that in addition to many graces of mind, nature had peculiarly gifted him in the matter of presence.

It will easily be understood, when his manner of life is made known, that, quite apart from the nine ever-open mouths at home, Jonadab had a good deal to make him look careworn. When a man has the certainty that, given him a chance, he will blaze before the world in the meteoric flight of genius, when that chance ever seems within his grasp, and as constantly eludes it, we have the conditions of life that write wrinkles on the brow, lend a stoop to the shoulder, and dull the brightness of the eye.

Jonadab was of an immensely sanguine temperament, or he never would have lived for the great occasion to which, at the time this chronicle opens, he was swiftly tending. He had at his tongue's end all of what may be called the stock parts. A glance over the prompter's books brought back to his mind all the dark sayings of Hamlet and the round utterances of the rest. When the sanguine disposition came especially into play was when he had a new part to learn. This did no happen very often, as the Theater Royal in Wellington Street was prosperous, and when a new piece was placed on the stage it remained there for one or two hundred nights. But new pieces came, and Jonadab threw himself into the understudy with unabated vigor. He felt his time would come at last, and it behooved him to be ready for it. A false step in the street, a sudden cold, a carriage accident, and great people might be laid low, and modest merit might step forth on the stage to retire amid the plaudits of an amazed audience.

Fortune, it is written, comes to those who know how to wait. Jonadab had waited he knew not how long. Certainly for thirteen long years had been ready and even yearning. But fortune has passed him by, touching with capricious hand others whom Jonadab thought had not waited so long, and whom he was sure had not hoped so passionately. He knew men who had been supers in country theaters, who were now stars and even managers of prosperous theaters. For him alas! came no sunshine, and had it not been for the constant twenty-five shillings a week which his post brought him in, he would have given up the long stern chase. But yearly there came an additional reason why he could not afford to dispense with twenty-five shillings a week. So he waited on, learned his parts, and struggled with murderous thoughts as he saw Hamlet come tripping down the dark staircase to his dressing-room, and thought how changed might be the world supposing he were some time to leave by chance a bucket midway on the stairs, over which Hamlet tripping might sprain his ankle, and the anxious manager would rush about the recesses of the stage calling on the name of Dibbins.

II.

One night in January Jonadab crossed Waterloo bridge at an unusually rapid pace. His head was erect, his shoulders were squared, and he whistled cheerfully as the wind, dodging round the stone recesses, caught him as he emerged beyond their shelter. It was nine o'clock, and he was going home. As he reached the lower end of the road and came among his own people, the neighbors stopped to look at him—firstly, because this was an unusual time for him to be seen in the neighborhood of home; and, secondly, because he was a changed man.

"Dibbs has had a fortin' left him," said Mrs. Perks to Mrs. Perkins, as Jonadab passed the little shop where all kinds of edibles were sold, from salt herrings to very large potatoes.

Mrs. Perkins was glad of this, as the Dibbins debt was deep. Not that they did not pay ready money, but somehow or other, the account was always slipping backward, and what they paid last Saturday was really on account of provisions obtained nine weeks earlier.

"He's more like had a drop to drink," said Mrs. Perkins, not deeming it wise to rest too strongly on the cheerful view so suddenly adopted by her neighbor.

"Well, father, what brings you home so early, said Mrs. Dibbins, as Jonadab strode into the room and eyed her with the searching look with which Hamlet watched the king and the queen his mother during the players' scene.

Mrs. Dibbins was always ready to be alarmed, and when Jonadab, instead of replying, continued to gaze at her in an abstracted manner, she concluded that the worst had happened, and immediately began to count the children.

"Mother," said Jonadab, "we have waited long and are now to be rewarded. Fortune has condescended to look at me with half an eye, and half an eye is better than no turn of the optic. I have a part, my dear. No longer do I understudy others, though perhaps it would be too much to say that I am to have my part understudied. Still, I'm cast for an essential part, go on at the crisis, and what's more, the part has never been treated artistically. I shall develop it."

"Is it Hamlick?" Mrs. Dibbins asked, beginning to cry—an unfailing resource in whatever mental disturbance befell her.

"No, my dear, it's not Shakespeare, it's the 'Corsican Brothers.'"

"Are you the brothers?" said Jonadab junior, called Johnny by his mother and Sprouts by the youth of the neighborhood, who were aware of his business engagement at a greengrocer's at the Butts.

"No, it's not the brothers; I'm not sorry for it, as the part is hackneyed. I am cast for the doctor, and I mean to make something of it. You know, mother, it often happens that what are called minor parts, when properly played, turn out the chief thing in the piece. There was Lord Dundreary That was a mere accessory that no manager would have had understudied. When the piece first came out, if Sothern hadn't turned up to time it would have been cut out and the play would have been just as good. But Sothern worked it up until it became the piece itself, and that's what I mean to do with the doctor. The piece will run for a hundred nights; if I can't do something in a hundred nights I will retire from the profession. My dear, this is an occasion that should have its libation. We will carouse. John, fetch hi her from the neighboring establishment three pigs' feet and also a pot of 'alf-and-'alf, which is fourpence in your own jugs."

Jonadab was light of heart and inclined to be merry; Mrs. Dibbin's joy was tempered by the certainty that something would go wrong at the last moment. To the children the gaiety of the evening was eclipsed only by the exceedingly moderate satisfaction to be got out of the ninth part of a pig's foot divided with whatever strict impartiality by Johnny. On the other hand, it had come to them quite unexpectedly. They were just going to bed, and were lingering over a crust of dry bread, with intent to put off the evil hour as far as possible, when home comes father in highest spirits, gives reckless orders for refreshment, and has not yet made the discovery that they are all up. That will come by and by, and they will have to troop miserably to bed. In the meantime, they sucked their bones, they had rich remainders from their parents' plates, and before they retired to rest had the satisfaction of hearing their father sing "My Johnny was a shoe may-ker," which Mrs. Dibbins thought he did much better than Toole. But he said diffidently, from the depths of the now nearly empty pot of half-and-half, "No, he thought not."

The fact was, Toole was not in his line. If he had been no one could say what might have happened in the way of rivalry. But Jonadab thought his style a little low. There was a style now, which, if pressed, Jonadab might have admitted he could trifle with. But he never mentioned it, and it was only these coming upon him unexpectedly when he was learning a part who heard him bring his voice from somewhere near the top of his head, biting his words in two and swallowing one-half with a gulp—only those who heard this or saw his awkward walk, dragging his left leg after him as if he were partially paralyzed—only these could guess who his model and rival was.

III.

Sprouls, the first-born of the illimitable Dibbins family, was unquestionably the most notable of the brood. None of the rest rose above mediocrity, except it were the baby, who had developed an astonishing talent for swallowing small articles of hardware without apparent inconvenience.

"Everything goes to its mouth," the mother said, lovingly, and not without a certain measure of pride, seeing that there was a strong reason to believe that the child had swallowed a threepenny-bit, incautiously left within its reach on the table. Threepenny-bits were not thus lightly disposed of in the Dibbins household, and it was only after looking high and low that this conclusion was arrived at.

If Sprouts had been at home, it would not have happened. Nothing did happen wrong within his ken. At the moment of the suspected catastrophe Sprouts was "cleanin' his boots." They were not really his own, being the possession of a middle-aged gentleman who lodged in Kennington lane. But Sprouts always called them "my boots," having in them that measure of possession involved in daily presenting them with a new polish.

This was only one of numerous engagements he held, concurrently with the necessity, rigorously imposed upon him by law, of going to school twice a day. The first thing in the morning Sprouts "fit his tires"—that is to say, he went to the house where the middle-aged gentleman lodged, and lit the fires. After this he came home, had his breakfast, and went off to school, where he was due at nine o'clock. When he came out at noon he went to clean his boots, then home to dinner, school again in the afternoon, and in the evening was open to engagements on odd jobs by the neighbors.

But his great day was Saturday, and it was in connection with the labors of this day that he earned the sobriquet by which he was popularly known. Being free from school on Saturday, Sprouts was able to devote his colossal energies to the furtherance of a green grocery business at the Butts. This necessitated his rising at four o'clock in the morning and accompanying the van to Convent Garden. At first, Sprouts' duties were limited to remaining on the van while a more mature green-grocer went in search of purchases. He had to be on the lookout, first, to prevent incursions of thieves, and, secondly, to answer the hail of porters bringing to the van purchases made in different parts of the market.

It was this that brought home to Sprouts the urgent necessity of having a "back in."

"If you don't get a back in," Sprouts explained to his marveling mother and the assembled family, "they can't find you, and then they have to carry the sacks all round the other carts."

Sprouts never went to bed Friday night without this grave necessity weighing upon his mind. If they were last at market, the other carts would get a back in, and Smithson would be at a disadvantage. A start at four would secure the desired position, and often Sprouts, waking at three and dressing by the light of the little lamp he had placed by his bed over night, went off to rouse his master and help to get the horse in.

It will be well understood that with these engagements Sprouts was a youth of substance. His income, indeed, was stupendous. He had a shilling a week for lighting the fire; eighteen pence a week was his fee for cleaning the boots of the middle-aged gentleman, brushing his cloths and going occasional errands, while his Saturday's work brought him in eightpence. This last does not seem much. But then, as Sprouts remarks with glistening eyes, he has four meals in the day and endeavors to do his duty in respect of them, as indeed he does in all else that comes in his way.

Sprouts was eleven years of age and small for his years. He had a singularly bright pair of eyes, and one of the most knowing smiles ever carried by human being. Sometimes, if you chanced to walk on a Saturday in the neighborhood of Newington Butts, you might have your attention attracted by a large basket coming down the street. Then you would become conscious of a smile, following which one you would come upon a mouth, and afterward would quite clearly make out behind the basket a very small boy, hitched on one side for the more convenient carrying on his hip of the loaded basket. This would be Sprouts going out "on an errand," life glowing to him with the recollection of a successful "back in" achieved in the morning.

Sprouts got home late on a Saturday night, and if much pressed would admit to being a little tired. But he was up and off at seven in the morning to do his fires and clean his boots, which he was accustomed to accomplish in time to come home, dress himself all in his best, and either take charge of the household or go to church, as it might happen to be his turn with his mother.

On a particular Sunday morning, early in this current year, Sprouts could hardly clean the middle-aged gentleman's boots by reason of the strong excitement that swayed him. The next day was Monday, and on this momentous night the wrongs of long years were to be atoned. His father was to appear on the stage, not by the chance of evil having befallen some one else, but in his own proper character properly assigned to him. On going to market the previous morning, Sprouts had beheld, with swelling breast, a bill attached to the door of the Theater Royal, Wellington Street. In the long list of names appeared this line:

SURGEON.....Signor Dibini

Sprouts' smile on this occasion was really dangerous to look at.

"You'll split up some day, Sprouts, my lad," old Smithson said, himself not displeased to be, however remotely, connected with a gentleman whose professional name appeared in type so big that even he could read it.

On this same day Sprouts had done what had never happened to him before. Being sent out to Mrs. Chelsea's with two pounds of potatoes, and having in the same basket three cauliflowers for Mrs. Nelsou, he left the cauliflowers at the Chelsea's and the potatoes at the Nelson's. Also, Sunday he had put blacking on the kid tops of the middle-aged gentleman's boots, though well knowing that such an irregularity, if detected, would drive the middle-aged gentleman mad.

IV.

He wanted to get done early now, so that he might go home and form one of a jury of taste to decide a knotty point. It was not without some feeling of disappointment that Mrs. Dibbins and Sprouts had ascertained the precise character that father was to fill in the "Corsican Brothers." The artist himself had been reticent on the subject. But, knowing that they would sooner or later behold him in the act of performing, he felt the necessity of making a clean breast of it. The fact is, as everyone who has seen the "Corsican Brothers" will know, the doctor, though a highly important personage, comes on only in one scene, and utters but a single sentence. This happens after the duel, when, kneeling down by the side of the wounded man, he pulls out his watch, looks at it, and raising his eyes to Heaven, observes:

"He has but five minutes to live."

This was not much, but, as Jonadab said, these minor parts, as projected by the author, are frequently transformed by the genius of the performer into the part of the piece. What Jonadab had long discussed was the proper place on which emphasis should fall in the enunciation of this declaration. It was no use further deferring decision on this important matter. The rehearsals had taken place, the piece was to open on the following night, and it had been agreed that this Sunday morning should be devoted to hearing Jonadab submit the various readings possible, and taking a decision thereupon.

Sprouts was at home at eleven o'clock and helped his mother to prepare the room for the private rehearsal. It was Sprouts' notion that it was eminently desirable to reproduce the real theater as nearly as possible. So, setting together all the chairs in the house, supplemented by boxes and the bucket turned upside down, he hauled his brothers and sisters in the remoter end of the room. This, he announced, was the gallery, the *vraisemblance* being considerably promoted by a strong perfume of oranges. This arose from a jorum of peel water, a drink which has not yet been largely advertised, but which was highly popular in the Dibbins household, and, indeed, generally throughout the neighborhood. It was produced by the process of boiling orange peel in water, adding a little treacle or brown sugar, and there you were. The street provided a never-ending supply of orange peel; the only difficulty was to obtain sugar. On a day like this it was forthcoming bountifully, and though the general notion of what was going to happen was but vaguely shaped in the mind of the young Dibbinses, they were quite certain of the peel-water, and, moreover, enjoyed this excitement of being set forth in rows as if they were personages of importance.

Sprouts had brought in with him a bottle of ginger-beer, which he proposed to open presently when the curtain was rung up, knowing that its pop would sound pleasant and familiar in his father's ears. Sprouts himself was the pit. Mrs. Dibbins and the baby, seated a little to the right, were the boxes. As it was eminently desirable that profound peace should reign during the rehearsal, the baby was provided with the kitchen poker, the smooth knob of which it made violent attempts to swallow. It was an indomitable child, not to be repulsed by early defeat, and it is a well-known axiom of the household management that "if you give baby the poker it would be quiet for the hour together."

When all was ready, Jonadab entered. It was a full dress rehearsal, and by the skillful application of burnt cork Jonadab assumed a most professional appearance, which was added to by the skirt of Mrs. Dibbins' black dress, loosely thrown across his throat and over his shoulder, after the manner so familiar to doctors in every-day life. As I have mentioned, the difficulty with Jonadab was as to choice of the precise word on which the emphasis should fall. As there were not many, he meant to try them all. Entering now and coming to a halt right in front of the stage, Jonadab, purporting to take a watch out of his pocket, which he held in his right hand, fixed his eyes gloomily upon the occupants of the gallery, and said in solemn tones:

"*He* has but five minutes to live."

This was admirably done, though perfect success was marred by an untoward accident. It was Teddy, the youngest boy but three, upon whom Jonadab's eye gloomily fell. Teddy, not primarily at ease in view of the transmogrification of his father, and fascinated by his regard, took the remark personally, and since it appeared he had only five minutes to live, he decided that he would occupy them in howling. He was immediately joined by his younger sisters, then by a brother a little higher up, till finally the whole gallery was howling, the chorus being complete when the baby, after a brief struggle with its natural preference, temporarily abandoned its attempt to swallow the poker, and lent its tuneful voice to the uproar.

"Take them children out," said Jonadab, throwing off his cloak. "I have no peace with them night or day. Out with you, every one of you!" And they went forth shrieking, grateful for their own escape, but fearful that they should never more see Sprouts or their mother or the baby.

After this the rehearsal went on quietly and profitably. It was objected to the first reading that it singled out the dying man with unnecessary distinctness, and seemed to imply that others of the bystanders might have seven, or eight, or more minutes to live, whereas he had only five. A kindred objection was raised when Jonadab proposed to read it: "He has but *five* minutes to live." To lay the emphasis on either "has," "but," or "to" was but to waste a point. Mrs. Dibbins rather liked the reading: "He has but five *minutes* to live." But Sprouts (from whom all these criticisms have come, though, of course, not stated in precisely the words set down here,) ruled that out of the question.

It was finally arranged that Jonadab was to begin in a low, solemn voice, to slightly hesitate when he came to "five minutes," as if he were precisely calculating the time, and to lay what emphasis might be left on the word "live." This settled, the burnt cork was washed off, the children were readmitted and Sprouts finally, though not without difficulty, convinced Teddy that "father was only playfug," and had no designs on his young life.

V.

You may be sure that Mrs. Dibbins and Sprouts were early at the theater the next night. The opening part of the play was all a dream to Sprouts. He knew that it was not until the last act his father came on, but before the first act was over he had forgotten him in the excitement of the play. He heard sometimes a hum of voices near him. He was conscious of a faint smell of oranges. He fancied his mother spoke to him now and then. But it was all as in a dream. With elbows leaning on the edge of the gallery, and his head supported between his hands, Sprouts looked down on the real men and women moving about on the stage below, his mouth wide open for the better taking in of all that passed.

Sprouts' heart had ceased to beat when he watched the gay well-dressed man who had been so nasty and had killed the other man, now himself fall back, whilst the red blood gushed from the wound on his left breast and stained his white shirt. But his heart leaped up with a great throb when he saw a familiar figure enter and walk slowly across the stage. His father was splendidly dressed; a fine black hat, a real black cloak, and such stately tread, with just a little drawing of the left leg, as if it were paralyzed. Sprouts fancied he had seen the same gesture somewhere before in the play, but he could not at the moment identify the recollection.

He knew it was a play now, for here was his father on the stage, and all this great crowd to look at him. Were they excited? Could they believe that gentleman in the black cloak and the fine hat was his father? Mrs. Dibbins was dissolved in tears She began to cry the moment Jonadab appeared. But Sprouts was too much accustomed to this phenomenon to notice it. He saw the great crowd behind him ranged tier after tier, and every man and woman with eyes fixed steadfastly on the stage—upon the stately figure in the black cloak, Sprouts was certain.

Jonadab suffered himself to be led up to the place where the wounded man lay. He knelt on one knee, took his wrist between his fingers, and producing a watch—a real watch provided by the property man—he looked straight up at the gallery, fixing his eyes upon Sprouts precisely as on the previous day he had paralyzed the unfortunate Teddy. But now it seemed it was his own turn to be paralyzed. A fearful silence fell upon the stage and pervaded the house. There knelt Jonadab with the dying man's wrist between his fingers. The rest of the players stood grouped round, the next man waiting for the cue which Jonadab's exclamation was to provide him with. Here was the long-looked for opportunity, and Jonadab was dumb! Sprouts noticed with growing terror that the muscles of his father's face were working convulsively. His eyes were fixed and glazed. His lips moved as if trying to form words, but no syllable did he utter. Then the truth flashed upon Sprouts. His father, in the deadly excitement of the moment, had forgotten his speech. The memory that had served him through the longest speeches in "Hamlet" now played him false.

Tags of innumerable speeches crowded upon the unhappy man's memory. He felt he must say something, and the words that seemed to form themselves upon his lips and to free his articulation were Hamlet's soliloquy on death. In another second he would have commenced, "To be, or not to be," when a shrill voice coming from the gallery filled the house:

"He has but five minutes to live."

It was Sprouts! How he came to utter the words he knows no more than his father can explain how they froze in his recollection. However this may be, Sprouts saved his father. The spell was broken, Jonadab's tongue was loosed, and in solemn accents that filled the house and rolled through the dim recesses of the roof, calling forth a distinct round of applause, he said, as he let the dying man's hand fall:

"He has but five—minutes—to live."

The play was an immense success, and when the newspapers came out the next morning it was found that the critics had felt constrained to spare a few words of recognition of the strikingly original manner in which Sig. Dibini had played the comparatively small part of the doctor.

"Signor Dibini," a morning journal wrote, "is, if we mistake not, new to the stage. But we venture to predict for him a distinguished future. We have frequently witnessed the performance of this legendary drama. But we confess that till last night we had never noticed the relatively insignificant part of the doctor. The stately manner of Signor Dibini's approach, the solemn pause that preceded his utterance, and the thrilling tones with which he announced the approaching end of Chateau-Renaud were evidences slight but conclusive of supreme genius. A child in the gallery paid a simple but striking tribute to the masterfulness of the representation by echoing with shrill voice the brief sentence of death."

The echo, as we know, went before the speech! but that is a mere detail.—*Henry W. Lucy, in Belgravia.*

Romance of a Dead Convict.

A convict recently died in the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia who was known as T. W. King, though that was not his name. It is understood that his father is one of the chief officers of the Peabody Bank of London. The youth came to this country in 1876 to see the Centennial show and "do" the country. He was well provided with funds, and, having no one to restrain him, he ran the full course of a wild and riotous career. Fast horses, fast men and women, made his dollars fly until he found himself toward the close of the exhibition reduced in finances. Two or three times he wrote to his father, who promptly remitted funds, who also wrote a letter full of tenderness and regard in which the son was kindly warned to take care of his money and beware of bad company. He heeded not the admonitions of the parents, and fell in with a gang of thieves. Correspondence with home ceased. The young man destroyed all traces of his family and started on the downward grade. He was at last detected in a big scheme of forgery and sentenced to five years imprisonment. He was too proud to confess what had happened, and wrote a letter to his parent, saying that he would not be heard from for at least five years. I am tired of the United States, and want to see the world. I am going to see Australia, so do not worry about me," is what the poor fellow said in his letter. His trip "around the world," consisted in pacing the bare floor of a 7x9 cell at the penitentiary, and the deluded father is in ignorance of the fate of his son. In his last moments he commenced a letter for his father, but it was never finished, and he expired with the paper clutched in his hand.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A St. Louis "scientist" has ciphered it all out, and has found that the world is precisely 20,000,000 years old.

He Knew It All.

He always did. No one could ever teach him anything. The first words he lisped when a baby were, "O yes, I know." The first words he will speak when death ushers him into the Presence where the eternal glories are revealed will be: "Yes! yes! I understand." He never opened his eyes with wonder. He never asked troublesome questions. When a boy, neither father nor mother could teach him anything. He would rather any day pound his fingers than suffer his father to tell him how to drive a nail. He could milk a cow better than the hired man; and was not in the least disconcerted that the udders gave not a drop of milk; it was obstinate Polly's fault; "never saw such a cow." His mother in vain endeavored to teach him something about dress. He wore the loudest of neckties, and, as soon as he had liberty of purchase, the most extraordinarily patterned pantaloons, and laughed at the "old woman's" notions. His mother was always the "old woman," his father always an "old fogy."

At last they sent him to a boarding-school. The father said, hopefully: "School will knock some of the conceit out of him." But the father either had not read or had not heeded Solomon's wise saying: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Poor Solomon evidently had sorrowful experience with men that knew it all. The school was a mortar; and the teacher and all the boys were pestles; but not even continued pounding did any good. The boy knew how to hold his pen better than the writing-master, and how to manage his voice better than the singing-master, and how to translate better than the Latin teacher, and how to bat and catch better than the ball-captain, and how to handle his knife and fork better than the motherly matron who made table habits her special care. The boys called him ironically "the boss." He took it as a compliment, and it added an inch to his height. At the end of a year he came back from school with a bigger stock of assurance than he had when he went there. His genius for conceit was amazing; admirable.

He went to college. He was at first a little taken aback that he had a dozen conditions to work out in the summer vacation; and for once in his life he really did work hard, for he was ashamed to fail of entrance. But he attributed his conditions wholly to the stupidity of the professors; and after he got in he faithfully fulfilled one-half of one of Paul's exhortations; he diligently forgot those things that were behind. No secret society would have him; he assured himself and friends that he would have no secret society. The prayer-meeting could not shut him out, and he attended regularly and spoke always. He flunked with greater grace and ease than any fellow in the class and said "not prepared" with as smiling self-assurance as if he had made the best recitation of the day. He did not get on the base-ball nine, owing to the prejudice of the captain, nor take an oratorical prize, though no one could deny that he was self-possessed on the stage. He ought to have been valedictorian; but he did not even get a part. He saved his diploma by the skin of his teeth, and carried himself so loftily on graduating day that some sub-freshmen, who had come up to see how the college looked, thought he must be President of the Faculty.

He went into business. His father had some influence and got him a place as clerk in a wholesale dry-goods house. He did not know cotton, woolen and linen apart, nor a ledger from a journal; but he was a graduate of ——— University, and from his pinnacle of lofty eminence he looked down with a serene and lofty self-complacency upon the members of the entire establishment, from the principal to the errand boy. He came late and went away early; and always wore irreproachable kid gloves, and carried a delicate little cane. He talked of "our house" so largely in evening gatherings that the girls supposed him to be a partner, and even practical men, after they had made large discounts, still estimated him at one hundred per cent. more than his real valuation. He married, of course, and his wife thinks that loyalty to her husband requires that she should think of him as highly as he thinks of himself. She tries faithfully to be loyal, but she is a sensible woman, and it is very hard work. He is now a man in middle life. He has shifted from place to place a dozen times, and has gone down a step or two at every shift. He now stands at the door of a retail store in Broadway and bows the customers in. He performs this service with such a lovely air that country shoppers suppose him to be the proprietor, and always address him by the name upon the sign. He acknowledges the compliment with a gracious smile, but in truth counts it no compliment at all. He assures his wife that if he and the head of the house could only change places he would make things buzz, for he knows a thing or two and the head of the house is a fool. But he still wears the unreproachable kids, and he walks to church on Sunday morning with his wife, who has earned her own dress by furtive services for a compassionate uncle, with such a lordly air that the sexton pays him as much deference as though he were a millionaire, and every Sunday afternoon puzzles his head anew over the insoluble problem why so rich a gentleman should take a pew in the gallery instead of the center aisle.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of an idiot than of him."—*Christian Union.*

—The London *Standard* says that the dominant influences of the day are uniformly hostile to copious, and not too friendly to moderate drinking. There are few English refreshment rooms in places of public resort where milk is not largely in demand. The amount of wine drunk at dinner parties is much smaller than of yore. Many drink none and others largely dilute it. This arises from the action of the lectotal societies, whose sobering influences have spread upward.

—In memory of his only daughter, who died in Paris last winter, Mr. Charles G. Francklyn intends to open a Memorial Home for Friendless Children at Long Branch. For this purpose he has purchased the Kilpatrick residence, a short distance west of the station of Alberon. The institution will be opened shortly.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The graduation of a Japanese young woman at Vassar is an event of unusual significance.

—Two billion ninety-nine million two hundred and ten thousand five hundred and twenty tracts have been given out by the London Religious Tract Society during the eighty-three years of its corporate existence.

—According to the reports presented to the Old Catholic Synod of Switzerland the Church is supported by the State in nine cantons, and has an official existence in forty-two parishes. It has fifty-seven ecclesiastics. Last year there were 1,428 confirmations and 895 baptisms.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The largest university is Oxford, in England, in the city of the same name, fifty-five miles from London. It consists of twenty-one colleges and eight halls. Oxford was a seat of learning as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. University College claims to have been founded by Alfred.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Khedive of Egypt says he is opposed to polygamy, and is working to make his people content with one wife for each husband. He wants to inspire them with a liberal feeling toward all religious bishops, and to make them respectful to Christians and Jews as well as to people of their own faith. He has given land at Cairo for a Protestant mission and in upper Egypt for another.

—The Rev. Dr. George *Washburn*, President of Robert College, Constantinople, writes to the *Independent* that "there is less interest in foreign missions in America than there has been at any time during the last thirty years. There has been no increase of contributions commensurate with the increase of wealth and population in the country. The societies depend more and more upon legacies, which represent the feeling of a past rather than a present generation." He calls for more zeal, more men, and more money.

—The *Baptist Weekly*, under the caption "Take Your Religion with You," says: The summer exodus from our cities has commenced; many families are already in their country homes, and many more are looking for places where they may spend the approaching "heated term" or enjoy a few weeks of change and rest. This growing custom is having a disastrous influence on religious experience. Throwing off the restraints and obligations of church life, not a few are found neglectful of church privileges and disposed to indulge themselves in practices which, under other circumstances, they would judge unbecoming their profession and position.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Has it ever occurred to base-ball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

—"Ma, will my little brother always be younger than I am?" "Yes, darling." "That'll be nice." "Why, lovey?" "Because, then I can always lick him!"

—Josh Billings remarks in his philosophizings: "A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the krack wuss."

—And what shall I say more?' asked the clergyman after an hour's holding forth. And it was noticed that every mouth in the congregation instinctively formed itself into the word "Amen."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Letter from well-beloved young French lady to her lover: "Finally, my ownest own, understand that I love you more for your defects than your moral qualities, and thus judge of the boundlessness of my love for you."

—A German shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out."—*N. Y. Post.*

—Whenever the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* feels like investing in mining stock he walks himself down into the press-room and lets one of the boys feed him through and fold him up and deliver the remains to his sorrowing family in a coffee-sack.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"A Mobile man is afflicted with 641 boils." It is now in order for the punning fiend to remark that there is no room on him for any M'biles. If we didn't detest puns, we might make the remark ourself. Besides, it is not pronounced that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The Lowell *Courier* states that "it turns out that the singer engaged to take Conly's place in the opera company has a voice like a bell, not like a hull," as nearly all the papers have printed it." We should have liked to see the menagerie in the *Courier* office when the gentleman called to request a correction. We always enjoy athletic exhibitions.—*Boston Post.*

—A medical man in New Orleans, who is fond of his little joke, called on a colored minister and began to catechise him. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it you are not protected now in the same way?" The colored preacher responded promptly: "Don't know about that, Doctor. I 'spect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, Doctor, and I is alive yet." The man of medicine had no more questions to ask.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

—'Twas Sunday evening—Sunday evening in June, when the sky was soft and the breeze balmy. They two—the same two that have sat in each other's presence for these ages—sat in the parlor by the open window in that dreamy, listless state that precurses something important. "Jane," said he, dropping the diminutive "Jennie" in order to be more impressive, "Jane, it is about time that a young man like myself was thinking about—about—settling down for life." "Yes, George, yes," and she leaned a little toward his shoulder. "Could I depend on you? That is, will you be mine?" "I—can't—tell you to-night, George. Some time in the future——" "But I'm not speculating in futures now, Jane." This little modernism thrown in carelessly, as it were, had the desired effect, and they will go to Saratoga about the last of the season.—*Chicago Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

One night little Annie kept watching the clock,
Watching and waiting for some one to knock;
But when Willy stood on the kitchen floor,
She was far more busy than ever before.

She had not a moment in which to talk,
And she did not care for a moonlight walk;
The milk was to strain, little Annie said,
And the yeast to set for to-morrow's bread.

But Love is so blind, and Will wouldn't see
That Annie was cold as a girl could be;
He had come to woo, and he wished to stay,
Though Annie was wishing him far away.

So he lingered on till young Robin came;
Little Annie blushed when she heard his name.
She bid him come in, with a smile and a sigh;
She glanced at him oft with a kindly eye.

As she cheerfully hurried with hands and feet,
She asked him after his sheep and his wheat;
And many and sweet were the words she said,
As she strained the milk and leavened the bread.

Then Willie saw things in a clearer light;
He watched them awhile, and said: "Good-night";
For well he knew that a feather will show
A sensible man how the wind doth blow.

He said to himself: "O, a girl will tell
By a glance or a step, if she loves you well;
A glance or a step, if a man isn't blind,
Is the straw in the wind of a woman's mind."

And in life, as in love, 'tis the same, I say—
Trifles hold the key, and they point the way;
For a feather will show what wind doth blow,
Or a straw, if the tide doth ebb or flow.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

"MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty, indeed, as she came down the narrow wooden staircase of the little brown farm house, that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high, French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting-work, over which she was half-asleep; "goin' to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me!"

"It reminds me," said grandma, shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't nowise suit."

Rachel said no more, but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits at the house'"

And Rachel smiled to herself, as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage-way, a door opened into the kitchen, and there, to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an æsthetic dress of pale sage-green, and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowl which lay on the table.

"Miss Alicia!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel?" exclaimed the city young lady, pouncing on her, as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "O, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee, this morning, and we have company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here, everything will be right!"

And she took off the big bib-apron, and stepped back, with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is no soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and delicate piece of halibut, and with the fowls roasted, and a pie or pudding, or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back of her ears, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting-pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did, beforehand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep, monotonous under-current of gentlemen's voices, and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing-room when first Alicia came up stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-haired, cream-complexioned damsel, with pale-blue eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsey," nodded Alice. "Come up here, in her best bib and tucker, to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bold, pushing thing!" said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing-room for Haroldson and Armine Dallis to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for those lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste, now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing-room, with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach-tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment, but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the creams with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And, to her infinite amazement, Harold Haroldson stood before her, in his hunting-costume, with a fishing-rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she said, with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cupsuptic, up in Maine."

"But you're not engaged," said Rachel, half-pleased, half-frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing, *a la mayonnaise*, I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful, unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school-children.

And at last, when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some water-cresses to deck the newly-roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"*What!*" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their picnicking sort of repast, and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, *en masse*, to the kitchen, and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart?" sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter, and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way!"

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

* * * * * * *

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"O, charming!" said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is!" said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you," asked granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden-gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny. "Where's all your pride?" Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson, of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer, at picnics and archery parties, and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily.

And Rachel answered:

"Yes!"

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies at the Tower.—*Saturday Night.*

What Yachting Costs.

"That nice little show on Decoration Day," said an experienced yachtman of New York, to a reporter for the *Mail* "costs the yacht owners of the city not less than $20,000. It takes money, I tell you, to put a yacht in condition for such a sail even when she is in commission and everything seems to be ready. It was something nice to see the sails of my sloop flapping in the wind as we rounded the Southwest Spit. Well, every flap costs me about fifty dollars, that's all." This gentleman who has, perhaps, built, bought and sailed more sloop and schooner yachts than any other one man in America, was in excellent position to tell something about the expenses of yachting. He had been opening his pockets very liberally for a dozen years or so, paying sailors and sailmakers, cooks, stewards, captains and painters, and he seemed inclined to tell his experience. He said that his first yacht, a sloop, cost him $15,000. "When she was all ready," he continued, "the furniture in the crew on board, and the pantry and wine closets stocked, I anchored her off Tompkinsville and invited a party of friends to go out and take a sail. Before the mainmast was hoisted for the first trip, that sloop cost me $16,500. The season's sport, as I thought it then, or work, as I am inclined now to think it was, stood me in $8,000 more, or so close to $25,000 all told, it would make your head swim." "What are some of the expenses of keeping up a good sized yacht?" Exactly the same as keeping up a good-sized house that is to say, just what the owner will stand. If he has $20,000 to spare, and is easy in money matters and fond of company, a season of yachting will cost him $20,000. If he is close, does things on a small scale and has little company, he may squeeze through on $3,000. You can get a sailing master like a watch, for most any price. I pay mine $2,500 a year, and consider him cheap. I have had one steward for four years at $100 a month for the season. Champagne is pre-eminently the yachtman's weakness, and champagne costs money—good champagne. A man can drink twice as much without feeling any bad effects when he is on the salt water as when he is ashore. Then, besides these bills, you have your regular salary list, payable monthly. This varies in price with the size and character of the yacht. My list averages over $600 a month. Some are more and some are less. I need not mention the trifling matter of cigars. They must be the best always, and cost nearly as much as the food.

A Cheap Oration.

There is yet living in Central Michigan a lawyer who, some fifteen or sixteen years ago was waited upon by a committee from a small village for the purpose of engaging him to deliver a Fourth of July oration. When they asked his price he said that he considered twenty-five dollars cheap enough.

"Mercy on me!" explained the Chairman, "but we can't pay no such price as that! That must be a regular Henry Clay ornation."

"Well, yes. I think it will compare favorably with anything Henry got off."

O, but we can't stand it—we mus have a cheaper one."

"How cheap?"

"Not over five dollars. We'll give you five dollars, your dinner, and all the lemonade you can drink for the cheapest oration in your head."

"I'll do it!" replied the lawyer, and the money was paid him on the spot.

He was on hand on the glorious day, and by and by the procession moved to the grove, the orator took the stand and was introduced, and without any fooling around he walked to the front and said:

"Fellow-countrymen: We whipped England twice and Mexico once. We are a free people. This is the glorious Fourth. Give 'em 'Hail Columbia' and go in for a good time—the end."

He had given them a five-dollar oration and every soul in the crowd except one old woman was perfectly satisfied. She followed the orator around until she had cornered him, and then expressed her disgust by saying:

"Seems to me that if you had really desired to please the crowd you wouldn't have chopped that off without a single word about Noah's ark or the battle of Bunker Hill?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Shad on the Northern Pacific Coast.

On Monday last R. Look, whom we have noticed heretofore as engaged in fishing, caught in his weirs on the east side of the bay two shad, one two-thirds grown and the other full grown. They were examined by Captain Hale and other Down-easters, Mr. Look being an old fisherman himself, and there was no question as to their being shad. These are the first of these fish caught north of the Columbia River, and the first full-grown one we have ever heard of on the coast. Five years ago the eggs were sent from the Atlantic by the United States fish commission, and put in the Sacramento River, and young ones have occasionally been caught in Monterey, San Francisco and Humboldt bays since that time. Two years ago one or two were caught in the Columbia, and quite a number last year. Now they have reached Puget Sound, but probably in small numbers. We do not doubt that in a few years they will be plenty. They are a delicious fish, scarcely, if any, inferior to the salmon for the table. On the Atlantic coast the arrival of shad is noted as much as any event of the season. Unlike salmon, they migrate from the South in the spring and go North, first being heard from on the Florida coast, and their presence is reckoned to a day when they will reach the various points north until the provinces. It would seem that they are traversing this coast in the same manner, and in a few years, when we hear of them being caught at Monterey bay, our fishermen will tell us what day afterward we will have shad for dinner.—*Olympia (Washington Territory) Transcript.*

—The lynching of James Mitchell at Mount Sterling, Ky., was done by only five men, to whom the officers of the law offered no opposition, and whose identity no great pains were taken to conceal.

Blind Leaders of the Blind.

About this season of the revolving year people are wont to smile because the school boy, who hasn't as yet accomplished a year of hard work in all his life, rises up in his place, and with a proud heart and tremulous knees, reads an essay on "The Dignity of Labor." Or because another boy, seventeen years old, who hasn't read a newspaper in ten weeks and has little more idea of what is going on in America than he has of what is going on in Heaven, delivers an oration on the "Perils of the Republic." Or because the "loudest" dressed girl in the class, with a voice like a man and a face of brass, reads an essay on "Modesty the True Sign of Merit." Or because some other girl, sixteen years old, who eats four meals a day and has never known a care or sorrow all her days, reads an affecting and mournful essay about "The Discipline of Affliction," all about people who are born to blush unseen and wander heart-broken and lonely down the neglected paths of Life with a big L. We are apt to laugh at all these things, because we think the young people are considerably beyond their depth, and we know that some day they will laugh over their essays as we do now.

But more laughable than all this is the spectacle of a man of some forty-eight years, a clergyman in the great city of New York, who has recently been standing up in his pulpit, preaching a series of sermons on "Courtship and Marriage," directing his discourses especially to the young people, and telling them how to conduct their courtship and how to conduct themselves toward each other. The poor, misguided man. Why, do you know, this man of forty-eight years actually assumed to know more about these things than the young people of his congregation. He says: "There is too much sickly, silly sentimentality among the young people." O, is there, gray-haired teacher of courtship? And how did you find it out? We wot the young folks of your fold sit not upon your lap to do their soft but rather pleasant spooning. Of a truth, there must come back to him some echoes of the mushy sweetness of his own callow days of unfledged mashfulness. "Lovers talk too much," the good man says; "this palaver of lovers is worse than the purring of cats." Ah man, we can stand the soft purring of the contented cat; it is the yowl of the ambitious champion of the woodshed that we account distasteful. And "this palaver of lovers," why *certes*, it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to the ears of a married man forty-eight years old, who has to buy shoes for eight, but bless you, the young people who make the palaver like it, and it is intended for no other ears than theirs alone. If you don't like it, don't listen to it.

He "denounces this senseless twaddle that is now always called courting." And what did they used to do, wist ye, when this severe teacher went "courting?" Come, we hold the caviler to the record and conjure him to answer, straight and to the point, under oath and in the dead of the wheel and rack. Put his wife on the stand and make her testify, while he stands up and listens to the story of his "mash" in open court. Ay, bring out his old love letters and read them aloud, and let him carry out his own sentence upon himself, while he slowly burns to miserable death in the consuming fire of his own blushes. "Twaddle" is it? Ah, brethren, beware of that man who tells you that the young people of this day talk twaddle, while the young folk of his own younger days talked sense while they "courted." Away with him! "This gabble," says the good man, "is an evidence of emptiness of the head." Well, what if it is? When the heart is so full it runs over in soft nothings and kisses, what if the head be empty? Let her stay empty. What, does a man go love-making with his head? Now, marry, Heaven forbid. The immortal gods forbid that any man should go logically battering his way into the affections of the 'dearest girl in the world,' with his head, like a goat. Good parson, people don't fall in love in a precise, logical, scholarly way in these days. Nor did they in yours.

"A man," continues the dominie, "ought to straighten himself up, and sit like a gentleman, when conversing with the lady he hopes to make his wife, treating her with as much studied and formal respect as he does other ladies of his acquaintance." This closes the discussion. A young fellow, "clear gone," as the original hath it, on the sweetest girl the stars ever shone on, is to sit up straight and say "yes, mom," and "no, mom," and "thank ye, mom," when he is alone with that angel, sitting far across the room on a straight back chair, while she sits in the opposite corner on a dainty bit of tete-a-tete barely big enough for one and a half. Why, we don't believe now this man is married. We don't believe he was ever in love with anybody. We don't believe he ever went "a courtin'." Why, if he had his way he'd ruin the business entirely. We believe he is fifty-three years old and never went to church, picnic or festival with a girl in all his life. We believe he is opposed to carpets, stoves and organs in the house of worship.

There is an old Spanish proverb: "Never talk Arabic in the house of the Moor." That is, don't talk what little you know before experts. The good dominie has forgotten this. He cannot, at his age, teach young folk of twenty how to go "a courtin'." Ah, no, they can go without a teacher, and they can give him "points" in the business, poor man. He is doubtless an able preacher, a good man, and a wise scholar. But when he tries to tell his children how to fall in love, and how to act after they have fallen in, he is away off his base. With great safety, parents, can we entrust that branch of the trade into the hands of the younger people.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Anna Jenkins, of Cincinnati, wished to be an actress. Her aspiration was not lofty, as her fondest hope was only to sing in a variety show. Having prepared herself by taking lessons in vocalism and buying a handsome costume, she went to the manager of the Vine Street Theater and announced that she was ready for a debut. He would not give her a chance. She fought her way to the stage, determined to overcome all obstacles in her choice profession, but the police took her out, and she spent the night in a cell.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Nature's Pyrotechnics.

Sergeant L. M. Dey, signal officer at the summit, Pike's Peak, writes: At 8:45 o'clock this evening, on opening the door, a most curious and beautiful phenomenon met my astonished eyes. The line on the summit was distinctly outlined in brilliant light, which was thrown out from the wire in beautiful scintillations. On near approach to the wire these little jets of flame could be plainly observed. They presented the appearance of little electrified brushes or inverted cones of light—or more properly little funnels of light with their points to the line, from which they issued in little streams about the size of a pencil lead and of the brightest violet color, while the cone of rays was of a brilliant rose-white color.

These little funnels of light pointed from the line in all directions and were constantly jumping from point to point. There was no heat to the light, though it was impossible to touch one of these little flames, for as soon as they were approached by the finger they would instantly vanish or jump to another point on the line. Passing along the line with linger extended these little jets of flame were successively "puffed out," so to speak, to be instantly relighted in the rear. It was a curious and wonderful sight. No sensation was experienced on applying the tongue to the line. Not only was the wire outlined in this manner, but every exposed metallic point or surface was similarly tipped or covered. The cups of the anemometer, which were revolving rapidly, appeared as one solid ring of fire, from which issued a loud rushing and hissing noise. The wind-vane represented a flaming arrow; and a small, round wooden stake—stuck up in the snow to show the position of the gage—was similarly tipped, as well as an angle of our stone chimney.

In placing my hands close over the revolving cups of the anemometer—where the electrical excitement was abundant—not the slightest sensation of heat was discovered, but my hands instantly became aflame. On raising them and spreading my fingers, each of them became tipped with one or more beautiful cones of light, nearly three inches in length. The flames issued from my lingers with a rushing noise, similar to that produced by blowing briskly against the end of the finger when placed lightly against the lips, accompanied by a crackling sound. There was a feeling as of a current of vapor escaping, with a slight tingling sensation. The wristband of my woolen shirt, as soon as it became dampened, formed a fiery ring around my arm, while my mustache was lighted up so as to make a veritable lantern of my face. The phenomen was preceded by lightning and thunder, and was accompanied by a dense driving snow, and disappeared suddenly at 8:55, simultaneously with the cessation of the snow. I much regret that there was no one on the Peak to witness the phenomenon with me—it was a wondrously beautiful sight.—*Colorado Springs Republican.*

Superstitions about Fish.

In Vedic times, or, all events, in the times which produced a famous legend of the Satapatha Brahmana, a fish was regarded as the protector and savior of the human race. It was a fish that put Manu on the plan of making a boat and so preserving his life in the Deluge. The Celts of Wales had their big "salmon of wisdom," on whose shoulders the two knights rode in the oldest and strangest legend of the Mabinogion. One of Grimm's *marchen* preserves a Teutonic belief in a fish which created the world, and which is on a level with the Indian creative boar, the Babylonian creative fish, the Australian creative cockatoo, the Gold Coast creative spider, the Northwest red Indian creative coyote, the creative Thlinkeet raven, and probably is not unconnected with the Romaic magical formula: "By the first word of God and the second word of the Fish." In most savage accounts of the creation and first peopling of the world we find animals—birds, fishes and beasts—playing the parts assigned to gods in more polished cosmogonies. Fishes are worshipped by the Mongaians, as they were by the Egyptians, and men make a scruple of eating the fish (or other creature) which is sacred in their tribe or clan. All this is very well known, and it is equally well known that fishing people everywhere have many superstitions about fish. Some of these may survive from the older times when fish, with all sorts of other animals, were almost all the gods that rude nations respected. Other superstitions among fishing populations probably spring from the common root of all such belief. Men are always superstitious when their interests are involved in circumstances which they cannot control and which they do not clearly understand. The gambler (unless he is a "Greek") cannot control the run of luck, nor does he understand the laws which now produce a run of twenty on the red, now a succession of alternate blacks and reds. Thus the confirmed gambler is a devout believer in fetishes of every kind, from an inch of the rope that hanged a suicide to a cane laid across his knees at play, or to turning his chair to turn his luck. The fisher is equally dependent on the presence of shoals of fish which he cannot bring into his waters, and whose arrival in his waters is governed by laws beyond his knowledge or control. Thus the fisherman, like the gambler, tries to control the unknown and the uncontrollable by inventing magical processes, and by abstaining from ill-omened words. The savage hunter does precisely the same thing, for the same purpose. In Scotland one never hears a keeper or gilly speak of a salmon; it is always a "fusch." The name of the fish is not pronounced; perhaps the custom arose from a childish belief that the fish would hear its own name and make tracks. In Shetland Mr. Blind says, no fisher utters the name of the turbot, the halibut or "holy-but." The North seas also contain a "holy flounder," and it seems clear enough that the old savage superstitions about certain fish linger in a population naturally superstitious.—*Saturday Review.*

—Boston complains of the "earthy taste" of the city water, and the New Haven *Register* wants to know if the Boston people must have a heavenly flavor added to their water before they will drink it contentedly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Moses Taylor was the richest man ever laid in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. The next richest man buried there was Stephen Whitney.

—It is said the sunrise and sunset guns fired periodically at the United States military posts costs the Government $18,250 a year.

—A Cincinnati doctor can take the end of a finger which has been cut off and grow it on again. Don't be afraid of buzz-saws any longer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Courtney, the oarsman, has accepted the challenge of William Elliott, of England, for a race with any oarsman in the State of New York for $1,000.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A circus, a Sunday-school convention, and a sparring match occurred on the same day in Springfield, Mass. If you can't guess which entertainment had the smallest attendance you don't know much of human nature.—*Boston Post.*

—We are forcibly reminded, says an exchange, of an answer we once received from an old Indian who was narrating some of the daring deeds done during the mutiny. "Aye, General, he was a brave man," we remarked. "Brave! not at all," was the unexpected rejoinder. "Brave! why he didn't understand what fear meant! I'll tell you who was brave—there was Col. ——, who saved us at such a point, and was found dead of fear at his post."

—The "year without a summer" was 1816. Cattle were killed by freezing weather in June that year in the New England and Middle States. In Maine and Vermont the snow was ten inches deep. July was wintry and icy. August was the same, but in September it was a little warmer, and then came bitter cold weather until the end of the year. The next year was a fine, productive season.

—The statement that Mme. Nilsson intends to take up her residence in Paris is incorrect, according to the London *Truth*, as, after her American tour, she proposes to live permanently in England, somewhere near London. Mme. Nilsson's fortune has been considerably diminished by unfortunate purchases of houses and lands in America and by the disastrous Bourse speculations of her husband, but she is still in possession of a comfortable competence.

—Dr. Schliemann lives in princely style in Athens, in an imposing marble palace. It is said that his servants have classic names, and at the family table classic Greek alone is spoken. And this language is also used by the classical named servants when they get into a row. One day one of them was heard to threaten another with, "Dhry up, ye dhirty spalpeen, or I'll knock yer two eyes into wan!" Classical Greek is a very picturesque language.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Waking the dead" has for centuries been and still is practised in one of the northern Scotch counties. A house with a corpse in it, becomes, for the two or three days between death and burial, the rendezvous of the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—particularly ghost stories—ostensibly to dissipate the grief of the bereaved. Such gatherings, which are largely attended by young lovers, differ from Irish wakes in that the Scotch bring their own tobacco and pipes. The people of this district are all free drinkers. Whisky abounds. Great offence was given by a teetotaller substituting milk, and it is opined that there will be few mourners at the next funeral in that house.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In regard to Mr. Weed, of poker renown, it is now said that the wicked Scott resorted to terrorism in order to make him pay his heavy loss, and that it was in fear of a threatened exposure that he gave his notes for the balance due. The unhappy Newburgh man, it appears, dreaded exposure so much that he did not mention the matter to his wife until three weeks after the proceedings for the recovery of the money had been begun. The curtain lecture which the occasion called for would have required Mrs. Caudle herself to exert her best energies. Poor man! no wonder he tried to stave it off.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Rum the Master.

The terrible power which the appetite for intoxicants has over its slaves is vividly illustrated in the following incident:

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar he said:

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk marks and said:

"John, you see the old score—not another drop till that is paid."

The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for the ten cents?

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out in the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death; give me the gin, you may have the boots."

He sat down and began to draw them off.

The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin.

They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop, and he went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came and took the poor man in his arms.

The next morning he was found in the barn frozen to death.—*Somerville (Miss.) Journal.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

One night little Annie kept watching the clock,
Watching and waiting for some one to knock;
But when Willy stood on the kitchen floor,
She was far more busy than ever before.

She had not a moment in which to talk,
And she did not care for a moonlight walk;
The milk was to strain, little Annie said,
And the yeast to set for to-morrow's bread.

But Love is so blind, and Will wouldn't see
That Annie was cold as a girl could be;
He had come to woo, and he wished to stay,
Though Annie was wishing him far away.

So he lingered on till young Robin came;
Little Annie blushed when she heard his name.
She bid him come in, with a smile and a sigh;
She glanced at him oft with a kindly eye.

As she cheerfully hurried with hands and feet,
She asked him after his sheep and his wheat;
And many and sweet were the words she said,
As she strained the milk and leavened the bread.

Then Willie saw things on a clearer light;
He watched them awhile, and said: "Good-night";
For well he knew that a feather will show
A sensible man how the wind doth blow.

He said to himself: "O, a girl will tell
By a glance or a step, if she loves you well;
A glance or a step, if a man isn't blind,
Is the straw in the wind of a woman's mind."

And in life, as in love, 'tis the same, I say—
Trifles hold the key, and they point the way;
For a feather will show what wind doth blow,
Or a straw, if the tide doth ebb or flow.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

"MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty, indeed, as she came down the narrow wooden staircase of the little brown farm house, that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high, French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh?" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting-work, over which she was half-asleep; "goin' to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me!"

"It reminds me," said grandma, shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't nowise suit."

Rachel said no more, but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits at the house"

And Rachel smiled to herself, as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage-way, a door opened into the kitchen, and there, to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an æsthetic dress of pale sage-green, and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowl which lay on the table.

"Miss Alicein!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel?" exclaimed the city young lady, pouncing on her, as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "O, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee, this morning, and we have company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here, everything will be right!"

And she took off the big bib-apron, and stepped back, with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is no soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and delicate piece of halibut, and with the fowls roasted, and a pie or pudding, or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back of her ears, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting-pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did, beforehand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep, monotonous under-current of gentlemen's voices, and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their dressing-room when first Alicia came up stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-haired, cream-complexioned damsel, with pale-blue eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsey," nodded Alice. "Come up here, in her best bib and tucker, to spend the day. Of course I confiscated her at once."

"The bold, pushing thing!" said Bell, with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing-room for Haroldson and Armine Dallis to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for those lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste, now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing-room, with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach-tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment, but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the creams with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And, to her infinite amazement, Harold Haroldson stood before her, in his hunting-costume, with a fishing-rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she said, with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cupsuptic, up in Maine."

"But you're not engaged," said Rachel, half-pleased, half-frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing, *a la mayonnaise*, I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful, unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school-children.

And at last, when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some water-cresses to deck the newly-roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"*What!*" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their picnicking sort of repast, and washed the dishes—although the matter somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, *en masse*, to the kitchen, and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart?" sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter, and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way!"

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

* * * * * * *

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day did you have?"

"O, charming!" said Rachel. "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is!" said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you," asked granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden-gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny. "Where's all your pride?" Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson, of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer, at picnics and archery parties, and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily.

And Rachel answered:

"Yes!"

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies at the Tower.—*Saturday Night.*

What Yachting Costs.

"That nice little show on Decoration Day," said an experienced yachtman of New York, to a reporter for the *Mail* "costs the yacht owners of the city not less than $20,000. It takes money, I tell you, to put a yacht in condition for such a sail even when she is in commission and everything seems to be ready. It was something nice to see the sails of my sloop flapping in the wind as we rounded the Southwest Spit. Well, every flap costs me about fifty dollars, that's all." This gentleman who has, perhaps, built, bought and sailed more sloop and schooner yachts than any other one man in America, was in excellent position to tell something about the expenses of yachting. He had been opening his pockets very liberally for a dozen years or so, paying sailors and sailmakers, cooks, stewarts, captains and painters, and he seemed inclined to tell his experience. He said that his first yacht, a sloop, cost him $15,000. "When she was all ready," he continued, "the furniture in, the crew on board, and the pantry and wine closets stocked, I anchored her off Tompkinsville and invited a party of friends to go out and take a sail. Before the mainmast was hoisted for the first trip, that sloop cost me $16,500. The season's sport, as I thought it then, or work, as I am inclined now to think it was, stood me in $8,000 more, or so close to $25,000 all told, it would make your head swim." "What are some of the expenses of keeping up a good sized yacht?" Exactly the same as keeping up a good-sized house that is to say, just what the owner will stand. If he has $20,000 to spare, and is easy in money matters and fond of company, a season of yachting will cost him $20,000. If he is close, does things on a small scale and has little company, he may squeeze through on $3,000. You can get a sailing master like a watch, for most any price. I pay mine $2,500 a year, and consider him cheap. I have had one steward for four years at $100 a month for the season. Champagne is pre-eminently the yachtman's weakness, and champagne costs money—good champagne. A man can drink twice as much without feeling any bad effects when he is on the salt water as when he is ashore. Then, besides these bills, you have your regular salary list, payable monthly. This varies in price with the size and character of the yacht. My list averages over $600 a month. Some are more and some are less. I need not mention the trifling matter of cigars. They must be the best always, and cost nearly as much as the food.

A Cheap Oration.

There is yet living in Central Michigan a lawyer who, some fifteen or sixteen years ago was waited upon by a committee from a small village for the purpose of engaging him to deliver a Fourth of July oration. When they asked his price he said that he considered twenty-five dollars cheap enough.

"Mercy on me!" explained the Chairman, "but we can't pay no such price as that! That must be a regular Henry Clay oration."

"Well, yes. I think it will compare favorably with anything Henry got off."

O, but we can't stand it—we mus have a cheaper one."

"How cheap?"

"Not over five dollars. We'll give you five dollars, your dinner, and all the lemonade you can drink for the cheapest oration in your head."

"I'll do it!" replied the lawyer, and the money was paid him on the spot.

He was on hand on the glorious day, and by and by the procession moved to the grove, the orator took the stand and was introduced, and without any fooling around he walked to the front and said:

"Fellow-countryman: We whipped England twice and Mexico once. We are a free people. This is the glorious Fourth. Give 'em 'Hail Columbia' and go in for a good time—the end."

He had given them a five-dollar oration and every soul in the crowd except one old woman was perfectly satisfied. She followed the orator around until she had cornered him, and then expressed her disgust by saying:

"Seems to me that if you had really desired to please the crowd you wouldn't have chopped that off without a single word about Noah's ark or the battle of Bunker Hill?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Shad on the Northern Pacific Coast.

On Monday last R. Look, whom we have noticed heretofore as engaged in fishing, caught in his weirs on the east side of the bay two shad, one two-thirds grown and the other full grown. They were examined by Captain Hale and other Down-casters, Mr. Look being an old fisherman himself, and there was no question as to their being shad. These are the first of these fish caught north of the Columbia River, and the first full-grown one we have ever heard of on the coast. Five years ago the eggs were sent from the Atlantic by the United States fish commission, and put in the Sacramento River, and young ones have occasionally been caught in Monterey, San Francisco and Humboldt bays since that time. Two years ago one or two were caught in the Columbia, and quite a number last year. Now they have reached Puget Sound, but probably in small numbers. We do not doubt that in a few years they will be plenty. They are a delicious fish, scarcely, if any, inferior to the salmon for the table. On the Atlantic coast the arrival of shad is noted as much as any event of the season. Unlike salmon, they migrate from the South in the spring and go North, first being heard from on the Florida coast, and their presence is reckoned to a day when they will reach the various points north until the provinces. It would seem that they are traversing this coast in the same manner, and in a few years, when we hear of them being caught at Monterey bay, our fishermen will tell us what day afterward we will have shad for dinner.—*Olympia (Washington Territory) Transcript.*

—The lynching of James Mitchell at Mount Sterling, Ky., was done by only five men, to whom the officers of the law offered no opposition, and whose identity no great pains were taken to conceal.

Blind Leaders of the Blind.

About this season of the revolving year people are wont to smile because the school boy, who hasn't as yet accomplished a year of hard work in all his life, rises up in his place, and with a proud heart and tremulous knees, reads an essay on "The Dignity of Labor." Or because another boy, seventeen years old, who hasn't read a newspaper in ten weeks and has little more idea of what is going on in America than he has of what is going on in Heaven, delivers an oration on the "Perils of the Republic." Or because the "loudest" dressed girl in the class, with a voice like a man and a face of brass, reads an essay on "Modesty the True Sign of Merit." Or because some other girl, sixteen years old, who eats four meals a day and has never known a care or sorrow all her days, reads an affecting and mournful essay about "The Discipline of Affliction," all about people who are born to blush unseen and wander heart-broken and lonely down the neglected paths of Life with a big L. We are apt to laugh at all these things, because we think the young people are considerably beyond their depth, and we know that some day they will laugh over their essays as we do now.

But more laughable than all this is the spectacle of a man of some forty-eight years, a clergyman in the great city of New York, who has recently been standing up in his pulpit, preaching a series of sermons on "Courtship and Marriage," directing his discourses especially to the young people, and telling them how to conduct their courtship and how to conduct themselves toward each other. The poor, misguided man. Why, do you know, this man of forty-eight years actually assumed to know more about these things than the young people of his congregation. He says: "There is too much sickly, silly sentimentality among the young people." O, is there, gray-haired teacher of courtship? And how did you find it out? We wot the young folks of your fold sit not upon your lap to do their soft but rather pleasant spooning. Of a truth, there must come back to him some echoes of the mushy sweetness of his own callow days of unfledged mashfulness. "Lovers talk too much," the good man says; "this palaver of lovers is worse than the purring of cats." Ah man, we can stand the soft purring of the contented cat; it is the yowl of the ambitious champion of the woodshed that we account distasteful. And "this palaver of lovers," why *certes*, it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to the ears of a married man forty-eight years old, who has to buy shoes for eight, but bless you, the young people who make the palaver like it, and it is intended for no other ears than theirs alone. If you don't like it, don't listen to it.

He "denounces this senseless twaddle that is now always called courting." And what did they used to do, wist ye, when this severe teacher went "courting?" Come, we hold the caviler to the record and conjure him to answer, straight and to the point, under oath and in the dead of the wheel and rack. Put his wife on the stand and make her testify, while he stands up and listens to the story of his "mash" in open court. Ay, bring out his old love letters and read them aloud, and let him carry out his own sentence upon himself, while he slowly burns to miserable death in the consuming fire of his own blushes. "Twaddle" is it? Ah, brethren, beware of that man who tells you that the young people of this day talk twaddle, while the young folk of his own younger days talked sense while they "courted." Away with him! "This gabble," says the good man, "is an evidence of emptiness of the head." Well, what if it is? When the heart is so full it runs over in soft nothings and kisses, what if the head be empty? Let her stay empty. What, does a man go love-making with his head? Now, marry, Heaven forbid. The immortal gods forbid that any man should go logically battering his way into the affections of the 'dearest girl in the world,' with his head, like a goat. Good parson, people don't fall in love in a precise, logical, scholarly way in these days. Nor did they in yours.

"A man," continues the dominie, "ought to straighten himself up, and sit like a gentleman, when conversing with the lady he hopes to make his wife, treating her with as much studied and formal respect as he does other ladies of his acquaintance." This closes the discussion. A young fellow, "clear gone," as the original hath it, on the sweetest girl the stars ever shone on, is to sit up straight and say "yes, mom," and "no, mom," and "thank ye, mom," when he is alone with that angel, sitting far across the room on a straight back chair, while she sits in the opposite corner on a dainty bit of tete-a-tete barely big enough for one and a half. Why, we don't believe now this man is married. We don't believe he was ever in love with anybody. We don't believe he ever went "a courtin'." Why, if he had his way he'd ruin the business entirely. We believe he is fifty-three years old and never went to church, picnic or festival with a girl in all his life. We believe he is opposed to carpets, stoves and organs in the house of worship.

There is an old Spanish proverb: "Never talk Arabic in the house of the Moor." That is, don't talk what little you know before experts. The good dominie has forgotten this. He cannot, at his age, teach young folk of twenty how to go "a courtin'." Ah, no, they can go without a teacher, and they can give him "points" in the business, poor man. He is doubtless an able preacher, a good man, and a wise scholar. But when he tries to tell his children how to fall in love, and how to act after they have fallen in, he is away off his base. With great safety, parents, can we entrust that branch of the trade into the hands of the younger people.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Anna Jenkins, of Cincinnati, wished to be an actress. Her aspiration was not lofty, as her fondest hope was only to sing in a variety show. Having prepared herself by taking lessons in vocalism and buying a handsome costume, she went to the manager of the Vine Street Theater and announced that she was ready for a debut. He would not give her a chance. She fought her way to the stage, determined to overcome all obstacles in her choice profession, but the police took her out, and she spent the night in a cell.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Nature's Pyrotechnics.

Sergeant L. M. Dey, signal officer at the summit, Pike's Peak, writes: At 8:45 o'clock this evening, on opening the door, a most curious and beautiful phenomenon met my astonished eyes. The line on the summit was distinctly outlined in brilliant light, which was thrown out from the wire in beautiful scintillations. On near approach to the wire these little jets of flame could be plainly observed. They presented the appearance of little electrified brushes or inverted cones of light—or more properly little funnels of light with their points to the line, from which they issued in little streams about the size of a pencil lead and of the brightest violet color, while the cone of rays was of a brilliant rose-white color.

These little funnels of light pointed from the line in all directions and were constantly jumping from point to point. There was no heat to the light, though it was impossible to touch one of these little flames, for as soon as they were approached by the finger they would instantly vanish or jump to another point on the line. Passing along the line with finger extended these little jets of flame were successively "puffed out," so to speak, to be instantly relighted in the rear. It was a curious and wonderful sight. No sensation was experienced on applying the tongue to the line. Not only was the wire outlined in this manner, but every exposed metallic point or surface was similarly tipped or covered. The cups of the anemometer, which were revolving rapidly, appeared as one solid ring of fire, from which issued a loud rushing and hissing noise. The wind-vane represented a flaming arrow; and a small, round wooden stake—stuck up in the snow to show the position of the gage—was similarly tipped, as well as an angle of our stone chimney.

In placing my hands close over the revolving cups of the anemometer—where the electrical excitement was abundant—not the slightest sensation of heat was discovered, but my hands instantly became aflame. On raising them and spreading my fingers, each of them became tipped with one or more beautiful cones of light, nearly three inches in length. The flames issued from my fingers with a rushing noise, similar to that produced by blowing briskly against the end of the finger when placed lightly against the lips, accompanied by a crackling sound. There was a feeling as of a current of vapor escaping, with a slight tingling sensation. The wrist-band of my woolen shirt, as soon as it became dampened, formed a fiery ring around my arm, while my mustache was lighted up so as to make a veritable lantern of my face. The phenomen was preceded by lightning and thunder, and was accompanied by a dense driving snow, and disappeared suddenly at 8:55, simultaneously with the cessation of the snow. I much regret that there was no one on the Peak to witness the phenomenon with me—it was a wondrously beautiful sight.—*Colorado Springs Republican.*

Superstitions about Fish.

In Vedic times, or, all events, in the times which produced a famous legend of the Satapatha Brahmana, a fish was regarded as the protector and savior of the human race. It was a fish that put Manu on the plan of making a boat and so preserving his life in the Deluge. The Celts of Wales had their big "salmon of wisdom," on whose shoulders the two knights rode in the oldest and strangest legend of the Mabinogion. One of Grimm's *marchen* preserves a Teutonic belief in a fish which created the world, and which is on a level with the Indian creative boar, the Babylonian creative fish, the Australian creative cockatoo, the Gold Coast creative spider, the Northwest red Indian creative coyote, the creative Thlinkeet raven, and probably is not unconnected with the Romaic magical formula: "By the first word of God and the second word of the Fish." In most savage accounts of the creation and first peopling of the world we find animals—birds, fishes and beasts—playing the parts assigned to gods in more polished cosmogonies. Fishes are worshipped by the Mongalians, as they were by the Egyptians, and men make a scruple of eating the fish (or other creature) which is sacred in their tribe or clan. All this is very well known, and it is equally well known that fishing people everywhere have many superstitions about fish. Some of these may survive from the older times when fish, with all sorts of other animals, were almost all the gods that rude nations respected. Other superstitions among fishing populations probably spring from the common root of all such belief. Men are always superstitious when their interests are involved in circumstances which they cannot control and which they do not clearly understand. The gambler (unless he is a "Greek") cannot control the run of luck, nor does he understand the laws which now produce a run of twenty on the red, now a succession of alternate blacks and reds. Thus the confirmed gambler is a devout believer in fetishes of every kind, from an inch of the rope that hanged a suicide to a cane laid across his knees at play, or to turning his chair to turn his luck. The fisher is equally dependent on the presence of shoals of fish which he cannot bring into his waters, and whose arrival in his waters is governed by laws beyond his knowledge or control. Thus the fisherman, like the gambler, tries to control the unknown and the uncontrollable by inventing magical processes, and by abstaining from ill-omened words. The savage hunter does precisely the same thing, for the same purpose. In Scotland one never hears a keeper or gilly speak of a salmon; it is always a "fasch." The name of the fish is not pronounced; perhaps the custom arose from a childish belief that the fish would hear its own name and make tracks. In Shetland Mr. Blind says, no fisher utters the name of the turbot, the halibut or "holy-but." The North seas also contain a "holy flounder," and it seems clear enough that the old savage superstitions about certain fish linger in a population naturally superstitious.—*Saturday Review.*

—Boston complains of the "earthy taste" of the city water, and the New Haven *Register* wants to know if the Boston people must have a heavenly flavor added to their water before they will drink it contentedly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Moses Taylor was the richest man ever laid in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. The next richest man buried there was Stephen Whitney.

—It is said the sunrise and sunset guns fired periodically at the United States military posts costs the Government $18,250 a year.

—A Cincinnati doctor can take the end of a finger which has been cut off and grow it on again. Don't be afraid of buzz-saws any longer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Courtney, the oarsman, has accepted the challenge of William Elliott, of England, for a race with any oarsman in the State of New York for $1,000.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A circus, a Sunday-school convention, and a sparring match occurred on the same day in Springfield, Mass. If you can't guess which entertainment had the smallest attendance you don't know much of human nature.—*Boston Post.*

—We are forcibly reminded, says an exchange, of an answer we once received from an old Indian who was narrating some of the daring deeds done during the mutiny. "Aye, General, he was a brave man," we remarked. "Brave! not at all," was the unexpected rejoinder. "Brave! why he didn't understand what fear meant! I'll tell you who was brave—there was Col. ——, who saved us at such a point, and was found dead of fear at his post."

—The "year without a summer" was 1816. Cattle were killed by freezing weather in June that year in the New England and Middle States. In Maine and Vermont the snow was ten inches deep. July was wintry and icy. August was the same, but in September it was a little warmer, and then came bitter cold weather until the end of the year. The next year was a fine, productive season.

—The statement that Mme. Nilsson intends to take up her residence in Paris is incorrect, according to the London *Truth*, as, after her American tour, she proposes to live permanently in England, somewhere near London. Mme. Nilsson's fortune has been considerably diminished by unfortunate purchases of houses and lands in America and by the disastrous Bourse speculations of her husband, but she is still in possession of a comfortable competence.

—Dr. Schliemann lives in princely style in Athens, in an imposing marble palace. It is said that his servants have classic names, and at the family table classic Greek alone is spoken. And this language is also used by the classical named servants when they get into a row. One day one of them was heard to threaten another with, "Dhry up, ye dhirty spalpeen, or I'll knock yer two eyes into wan!" Classical Greek is a very picturesque language.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Waking the dead" has for centuries been and still is practised in one of the northern Scotch counties. A house with a corpse in it, becomes, for the two or three days between death and burial, the rendezvous of the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—particularly ghost stories—ostensibly to dissipate the grief of the bereaved. Such gatherings, which are largely attended by young lovers, differ from Irish wakes in that the Scotch bring their own tobacco and pipes. The people of this district are all free drinkers. Whisky abounds. Great offence was given by a teetotaller substituting milk, and it is opined that there will be few mourners at the next funeral in that house.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In regard to Mr. Weed, of poker renown, it is now said that the wicked Scott resorted to terrorism in order to make him pay his heavy loss, and that it was in fear of a threatened exposure that he gave his notes for the balance due. The unhappy Newburgh man, it appears, dreaded exposure so much that he did not mention the matter to his wife until three weeks after the proceedings for the recovery of the money had been begun. The certain lecture which the occasion called for would have required Mrs. Caudle herself to exert her best energies. Poor man! no wonder he tried to shave it off.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Rum the Master.

The terrible power which the appetite for intoxicants has over its slaves is vividly illustrated in the following incident:

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar he said:

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk marks and said:

"John, you see the old score—not another drop till that is paid."

The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for the ten cents?

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out in the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death; give me the gin, you may have the boots."

He sat down and began to draw them off.

The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin.

They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop, and he went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came and took the poor man in his arms.

The next morning he was found in the barn frozen to death.—*Somerville (Miss.) Journal.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

one copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

The editor of the *Democrat*, in his issue of last week says:

"Why did they (the Commissioners) give the contract for the county printing to the REPUBLICAN for $700, when the same printing would have been done by the *Mountain Democrat* for $500.

Did you offer to do the printing for $500? You did not. Yet you would have your readers infer that you had made such a proposition and that it had been rejected by the Commissioners, and the contract awarded to us at $700. How kind and charitable of you! This is on a par with your other mean insinuations and falsehoods about the County Commissioners.

The only offer ever made to the county commissioners, except ours, was made three years ago by the then editor of the *Democrat*, who understood something about the printing business, and that offer was $800, and under the circumstances he was likely to put his bid to the lowest point.

The Canal Company.

The stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company made another futile effort Thursday of last week to elect a President. Mr. Farnandis having refused to serve after being elected, the meeting was convened by Senator Gorman, who still holds the office of President. The Attorney-General of the State, however, threw doubt upon the power of a meeting assembled by call of the President, and not in pursuance of adjournment to "a day certain" to elect a President, and to avoid complications that might arise it was determined to postpone the business of the meeting for one month. Meanwhile Mr. Gorman remains in office until his successor shall have been elected and qualified. The business of the canal, owing to the strike in the Cumberland region, is next to nothing. The boats are tied up, and the employees are idle. The company is also mouths in arrears in the payment of its employes; but they are probably just as useful in a political campaign as through they are paid regularly.

The editor of the *Democrat* boiled over with wrath last week, and struck right and left, first at the editor of the REPUBLICAN, for want of charity toward the saintly editor of that immaculate sheet, and then at the Board of County Commissioners, for not levying his bill, without asking any questions, and for requesting the registrars to take their printing to the REPUBLICAN, where it was already paid for, instead of taking it to the *Democrat* and thereby adding a large amount to the burdens of our tax-payers.

He wants us to understand that the editor of the *Democrat* and the correspondent of the Wheeling *Register* is one and the same person. We never doubted that. Any one acquainted with him and who has read the so-called correspondence, would never suppose for one moment that such productions could come from any other source. He also threatens to take us in hand in the future and administer spankings when he thinks we merit such treatment. We are exceedingly grateful for his forbearance in the past, and hope he will deal gently with us in the future.

In his abuse and vilification of the county commissioners he so far forgets decency and honor as to make statements that are untrue, and which he must have known to be false when he penned them. He deliberately says that the present Board of County Commissioners has not given him one iota of work out side of such matter as the law required to be published in two papers. We find in the same issue of the *Democrat* in which this infamous statement is made, an advertisement headed "Fees of Constables," which the commissioners were not required to publish in two papers. And beside that he has regularly been publishing the notices of the meetings of the Board, which are not required to be published except in the discretion of the Board.

He says in another article, in reference to registration printing, that Col. Veitch said the commissioners had exceeded their authority, in their *request* that the printing be sent where it was already paid for. We will stake our reputation for veracity that Col. Veitch never said anything of the kind. He is too good a lawyer, and too clever a gentleman to make such a statement, when the Commissioners did not assume any *authority* in the matter at all. He also asserts in the same article that the *Democrat* has as large if not larger circulation than the REPUBLICAN. This he knew too be untrue when he wrote it. He knows that his circulation is far below ours, and, indeed, this is a fact generally known and conceded throughout the county. It is a disagreeable duty for us to say what we have in this article. We take no delight in it; but when such false and malicious statements are made we will not hesitate to call them by their proper names, believing that in doing so we are but doing our duty. It may be cruel, but we do it in the greatest kindness.

The origin of the trouble in Egypt, leading to the bombardment of Alexandria, is about as follows: Its origin may be traced back as far as February, 1881, when the troops at Cairo forced the Khedive to release some of their officers who were on trial for various offences. In conceding to their demand the Khedive really surrendered his power to the army, and it has remained with it ever since. Last September Arabi Bey, who was a colonel and leader of the outbreak in Februrary, seized the command of the army and demanded of the Khedive that he should dismiss the Ministry, increas the pay of the army, and grant a constitution. The Khedive conceded all that was asked except the constitution, and for this he substituted a Chamber of Notables. This chamber met and prepared an organic law by which the control of the budget was placed in the hands of the Notables and of the Ministry, but excluded entirely the English and French control, which means the representatives of England and France, who had control of the finances and the management of the debt owed by Egypt to the English and French bondholders. The Control protested, and England and France joined in a note of warning to the revolutionists. The army protested against the note and Arabi Bey explained that he did not intend to disturb the financial arrangements. The Control was instructed not to countenance any concession by the Egyptian Government to the claim of the Chamber of Notables, to vote the budget. The latter waited upon the Khedive and requested him to sign the organic law, but he declined, taking shelter behind the English and French Consuls. Thereupon Cherif Pasha, the President of the Council, resigned, and Arabi Bey formed a new Cabinet, with himself in it as Minister of War, and forced the Khedive to recognize it. He also forced him to recognize the Cabinet and to approve the organic law, which conferred the right of voting the budget upon the Notables. Thereupon the Control declared that its power was nullified. Neanwhile the Ministry repudiated the authority of the Khedive altogether, and also severed their relations with the French and English Control, whereupon the ironclads were sent to Egypt, and the Ministry were notified that Arabi Bey must be removed. He refused to submit, the Ministry resigned, and the Khedive removed Arabi Bey from the head of the Army, but under compulsion, reinstated him. Meanwhile under the advice of the European Pnwers Turkey sent Dervisch Pasha as its representative to Egypt to settle the complication, and England and France asked for a conference of the powers at Constantinople, which is still sitting, though Turkey refussed to participate. Dervisch Pasha's mission appears to be a failuro, as the Khedive is still without authority, and Arabi Bey, having formed another Cabinet, with himself as the Minister of War again, is really the ruler of Egypt, and has gone on fortifying Alexandria and declaring his intention of forcibly resisting English intervention. The long waiting of the various parties, the fleet, the Egyptians, Arabi Bey, the Khedive, the Sultan, to see what step the other would take has been broken, and the result of the appeal to arms will be awaited with interest.

Death of Mrs. Lincoln.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 16.—Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late President, died in this city at 8:15 to-night. She had been ill for a long time. A few days ago she grew worse. On Saturday evening she suffered a shock of paralysis, and from that time lay in a comatose state till she died. Robert Lincoln left Washington to-night and will be here Tuesday morning.

Alexandria Abandoned by the Army to Fire and Rapine.

ALEXANDRIA, July 13.—Alexandria has been evacuated and is in flames. The entire garrison withdrew under a flag of truce, leaving the Bedouins to fire and pillage the city. The use made of the flag of true is considered disgraceful. It is evident that the flag was only hoisted by the Egyptians to enable the troops to withdraw from the town. A large number of released convicts joined with the thousands of Bedouins in looting the town, and committed horrible atrocities upon those Europeans and Christians who from various causes were unable to leave the city before the beginning of the first day's bombardment.

One hundred Europeans and other Christians, who had sought refuge in the Ottoman Bank and other buildings, were massacred. Hundreds of others in the European settlement also lost their lives, and horrible atrocities were committed by the demoralized soldiers, Bedouins and convicts. A party of a hundred Europeans fought their way desperately to the beach, whence they were rescued by the boats of the fleet. The telegraph ship Chiltern is crowded with survivors of the massacre, whn report having passed a dreadful night defending themselves. They report having seen hundreds of their countrymen killed, and that all the others were massacred.

After daybreak this morning a number of persons were seen on the edge of the water of the harbor. Glasses showed them to be Europeans. Boats were at once lowered, and crews armed to the teeth started for the shore. They found about one hundred Europeans, many of them wounded, who had gathered in the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, and resisted desperately. They had maintained themselves there throughout the night. Toward daylight their assailants drew off, and the party made their way to the shore.

The refugees are chiefly Greeks and Italians, only one being an Englishman. Twenty-seven of those came from the Egyptian Bank whence they made several attacks on the mob during the night until driven from the bank by fire. The manager gave shelter to friends from the Banque Generale of the Credit Lyonnais. These, with the manager, marched in a body to the Marina at 4 o'clock in the morning, after the mob, satiated with butchery, had retired. The soldiers and the mob, joined by hundreds of women, sacked every shop, entered the houses of Europeans and murdered the inmates.

The whole civil population have withdrawn from the city. A large part of the people have fled toward the canal. The *Helicon*, which went to discover the meaning of the last flag of truce last evening, could discover nobody on board the Egyptian vessel Mahroussa or in the arsenal. Several correspondents accompanied an officer to the shore in a steam pinnace. The purveyor of the fleet, who was one of the party and was well acquainted with the town, landed and proceeded a considerable distance. All was quiet, except the roar of the flames.

They reported that Arabi Pacha, before he left with his troops, had the prisons opened, and that the convicts, joined by the lower classes and some Bedouins, proceeded to sack the city and kill every Christian they could find, and set the European quarter on fire. From the part they were defending, the Europeans could hear shrieks and cries and the reports of pistols and guns. Scores of fugitives were cut down or beaten to death in their sight. Nothing European seems to have escaped the rage of the fanatics. Several shells have been fired within the last two hours into that portion of the city where the conflagration broke out, in hopes that they may scare pillagers. That many pillagers remained was evident by the fact that several fresh fires had broken out after 1 P. M.

OFF ALEXANDRIA, July 14.—The firing heard in Alexandria yesterday was by the marines and sailors, who were dispersing plunderers with gatling guns. The small detachment first landed had to wait for reinforcements before they were able to push to the centre of the town. There was some short, sharp fighting. No water could be obtained, owing to the stoppage of the works. Among those who accompanied the party was Col. Charles Chaille Long, the African explorer, now acting American consul at Alexandria. When Col. Long entered the city, the Perfect of Police was very much frightened, and sought his protection. Long saved him from the fury of the English soldiers, who were maddened at the recollection of the massacre of the 11th of June.

The number of Europeans massacred by the mob is estimated at 2,000. It is reported that six persons were massacred at the French consulate. There are some French ladies among the fugitives rescued yesterday; also the Egyptian perfect of police, who succeeded the instigator of the massacre in Alexandria on the 11th of June. Twenty armed Europeans who escaped the general massacre were told by a pacha, whom they met on their way through the town, that the Egyptian killed numbered only 600. There were twenty-eight Frenchmen among those who escaped the massacre. The Governor tells the people not to leave, but, being panic-stricken, they pay no heed to him.

A party of bluejackets landed this morning at Fort Gabarri and spiked nineteen guns in position. The Monarch fired at and soon destroyed another battery. A strong detachment of marines, with some field pieces, landed at the Ras-el-Tin Fort, and spiked the guns in six batteries opposite the palace. The marines found fifteen Armstrong guns of the newest pattern, some of them disabled. Beneath one were seven dead bodies. The marine artillery have occupied Fort Napoleon, commanding the town. Fort Marabout to-day hoisted the Egyptian colors, but lowered them again, on the British squadron assembling round it. The fleet has been ordered to do no further damage unless it is provoked. The American squadron has returned to the inner harbor.

All evidences prove the truth of the report that the Egyptian gunners were directed by French and Italian artillerists.

The Arabs are still looting the town. A crowd with a green flag this morning passed down the principal street in the Arab quarter, shouting and rioting. A number of the rioters were shot down by the marines and bluejackets. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon a detachment of marines marched through the town, under orders to fire at all persons rioting. Some of the plunderers caught in *flagrante delicto* were summarily shot. The houses from the great square to the Custom-house have been plundered.

There are not enough sailors and marines to occupy all of the streets in the city. A body of 150 marines hold the arsenal gate. At the Custom-house gate there are 190 marines, with a gatling gun, who will remain all night. Admiral Seymour had determined to land a force, but refugees informed him that 9,000 Egyptians occupied a position outside the city ready to attack, while Admiral Seymour could only land 300 men. He, therefore, instead of landing men, ordered the city to be fired over in order to frighten the rioters. The marines who have been patrolling the town embarked in the Bittern this evening. A large party of sailors and marines from the British fleet, assisted by men from neutral men-of-war, were sent ashore at 9 P. M. to keep order in the town and stop the looting and incendiarism during to-night.

The Americans landed sixty marines, under command of Captain Cochrane. The people cannot understand why the Americans, who can only muster a handful of marines, are invited to land men. There are still some Egyptian police on duty, helping to maintain order. Two Arab soldiers have been seized with plunder and will be tried for pillaging. Several Arabs have also been arrested with a large quantity of loot in their possession.

All the ships have sent ashore every man that can be spared. The marines were landed at the request of the Khedive.

At 10:35 the sailors occupied all the gates of the city. They have been ordered to disarm all soldiers and to shoot looters.

The fire is still raging and spreading in every direction. There are at least two miles of houses burning. More than a third of the city appears to be on fire. Men are seen running about with torches, completing the work of destruction. Explosions occasionally occur in the city. The town is totally ruined. In the great Square and other wealthy European quarters there is hardly a building not ruined or still burning. The court-house of the International Tribunal has so far escaped. The Anglo-Egyptian Bank is also preserved. The streets are strewn with empty clock and jewel cases and similar debris, but very few dead bodies have been found. The English, French and American consulates, and all the public buildings, have been burned to the ground.

ALEXANDRIA, July 17.—In an informal council of Seymour and his officers they discussed the situation, and all admitted the situation was more serious than ever, owing to the uncertainty of the whereabouts of Arabi and continual discovery of his troops in localities unexpected, indicating a force of large numbers, and in good order. Damietta with 30,000 people, commands the northeast branch of the Nile. He is situated on the west bank of Lake Menzaiah, which giving good land and water access to Port Said. The Suez canal passing through the eastern part of the lake, as Arabi has a force at Keselta commanding the mouth of the west bank of the Nile; it indicates that he is planting troops all through the north of Egypt for offensive and defensive purposes.

Port Said is crowded with refugees, women, children and old men, the defenceless from the entire region about Alexandria, flocking to Port Said. The people of Egypt appear to be preparing for a great war. All the strong men leaving their families. The old, the children and the women are moving towards the borders. Arabs are flocking in to join the ranks of the fighters. Great numbers have joined Arabi's forces at Damietta, between Alexandria and Port Said. The forces of Arabi seem to be well disciplined and provided for fighting. The troops, regularly marshalled, may be seen drilling frequently. Strong earthworks are being erected and great preparations are being made for a military movement of some kind, believed to be offensive.

Ragheb Pasha, President of the Ministry, to-day, wrote a letter to Admiral Seymour, stating the preparations which Arabi Pasha is making are against the will of the Khedive and of the government; that Arabi Pasha has been ordered to suspend them; that the Khedive has decided to dismiss him, but that the danger of a repetition at Cairo and elsewhere of the fatal disorder in Alexandria have induced the Khedive temporarily to defer the publication of his decision.

The International tribunal and postoffice has been reinstated. One hotel has been reopened, and victuals are arriving from the country. The streets from the custom house to the grand square have been cleared of ruins and made passable for carriages. Dangerous houses are being demolished by dynamite. It is reported that two British sentries were shot last night by Arabs armed with Remington rifles. During a reconnoissance, yesterday, Arabi's troops were found entrenching, but they seemed to lack proper implements.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17, 1882.

To judge from the expressions of disgust coming from members of Congress, anent the slow motions of the Senate in preparing for adjournment, one would naturally suppose that very few of the honorable gentlemen had come here from choice. They all seem to have a bad case of homesickness, and nearly every one I have met for several days past has insisted that unless Congress adjourned in a week he would go home anyhow, and stay there. The chief reason for this haste to leave is the anxiety in the Congressional mind about a renomination. In nine cases out of ten the Representative comes here to represent his own interests a great deal more than he does those of his district, and when his hold on the place is in jeopardy his heart is "over the sea" and there is a far away look in his eyes. There ought to be a rearrangement of the sessions, or the time for holding elections, so that the Congressional campaign would come in the year of the short session, ending the 4th of March. Then the encumbents could go home to look after their "fences" without interfering with their duties. If the Senate adhered to its programme of amendments to Mr. Kelley's tax bill, opening the door of discussion as wide as that question must, there would be a sick lot of Representatives fanning themselves in the south wing of the Capitol.

It is not true that Congressmen become tired of Washington life *per se* because, when personal interests do not draw them away, the great majority are loth to leave the Capitol, a fact which is attested by the large number who remain here as lobbyists and claim agents after their terms expire. There is spice and variety enough here to suit the most fastidious or the most depraved—for the quiet man who delights in his books, his letters, or his Congressional work, or the wild, roystering follows who would rather view nature through the bottom of a glass than listen to the most logical argument on National affairs, who take especial delight in an occasional game of draw poker, or find solace in the company of the fair queens of society. To be sure, it is a trifle dull during the summer, and the weather is perhaps a few degrees warmer than in some places, but there is life here all the same, and it costs just as much to "see the elephant" as it does in Gotham. During the session of Congress the appearance and character of the people are constantly changing. To-day we have the solid business men of the Quaker City, looking after their harbor appropriation bill; to-morrow the financiers of New York; the following day the rushing, pushing men of the West, and then, as an offset, are the sturdy men of the rural districts, who have a few hours for gazing in awful surprise at the Capitol, the Treasury building, the White House, and the Washington Monument. You can come to Washington, spend a very pleasant time and return with the most agreeable recollections of the visit, or you can so deport yourself as to go home a wiser but shadder man than you came. During the summer, when unconfined by the routine of legislation, I shall give you something about the attractions of Washington—the public buildings and institutions here in which people everywhere are interested.

DOM PEDRO.

Twenty-six years ago, when a young man asked why he should join the Republican party, he was answered: "Because it means Free Soil, Free Speech and Free men." Twenty years ago, when a young man asked the same question, he was answered: "Because it means loyalty to the Union and defeat to a slave-holders' rebellion." Fifteen years ago, when a young man asked the same question, he was answered: "Because it means loyal government in every State, based upon impartial suffrage." Eight years ago began the struggle of repudiators and paper-money inflationists to seize the Government, and the battle for public honor and honest money continued until the Republican party triumphed in specie resumption, in the grand prosperity which followed, in the election of President Garfield, and in the funding of $700,000,000 of public debt at 3½ per cent within a few weeks. Now what is to be answered when a sincere young man asks: "Why should I become a Republican?" The history of the country suggests one sufficient reason: "Because it is worth while to guard and keep the fruits of grand deeds in the past." Freedom in the Territories was worth much, but the Democratic party armed border-ruffians against it. The Union was well worth the life-blood of our bravest and best, but every man of those who shot them down, and fired upon the flag, and resisted the authory of the United States, was a Democrat. There could be no freedom for all without equal suffrage, but the Democratic party contended then and still contends for a white man's government. Repudiation would have dishonored, wrecked and cursed the land, but every repudiator was a Democrat or gravitated to the Democratic party as his natural home. To this day that party denounces resumption as a wrong, and would undo the work if it could, as it has shown in hundreds of votes. It is not true that every grand achievement of the Republican party can still be undone. Some of them have so changed the National life, and so imbedded themselves in the very foundation walls of the Government, that no return to Democratic theories or practices is possible. Slavery cannot be in form re-established, though Democratic laws might easily make colored labor free only in name. The Union can never be broken by secession into warring fragments, but the *Solid* South keeps alive, controls and owns the Democratic party, and gives it the only chance of success it has, and Democratic victory would merely mean the gray above the blue—a capture of the Union by those who tried to break it and failed. Repudiation, inflation, return to dishonored promises having forced circulation as money,—all these are possible and probable results of Democratic success.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for *Peruna's* superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture reported in his book on the "Ills of Life, and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to 10, though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par-excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all durg stores gratis.

Peruna is the best immediate Expectorant (Cough Medicine), that has yet been compounded by physician or druggist. There is nothing in medical print that can at all compare with it. And no less so is it the very best Tonic, Stimulant, Nervine Diuretic, Alterative, Anti-Dyspeptic, Appetizer, Hæmatic, (Blood Medicine,) &c., &c., that has ever been compounded by doctor or layman. It should, therefore, always be kept on hand for immediate use.

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to bilious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Press.*

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 17:

Franklin and Marshall College to Lewis Horchier, one undivided half interest in a tract of land containing 157 acres and 17 perches, reserving mineral rights; $2,236.08.

O. W. Heskell and wife to Hattie A. Bosley, int in the town of Oakland, ¼ acre; $150.

Geo. D. Frantz and wife to Jonathan Glass, part of lots Nos. 2947 and 2046; $500.

Wilson Procter and wife to F. P. Arnold, lot No. 51 in "Wilson First Addition to Oakland," as extended; $130.

Mary and William Waltz to Mary Heatch, lot No. 13 in "Brant's Addition to Oakland;" $200.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Goggles, green, blue and smoked, at Sturgiss' drug store.

—Ladies' black silk lace mitts at the New York Branch, for only 20 cents.

—Mr. I. W. Sionaker is erecting an ice cream booth at Mountain Lake Park.

—New stock of Eye Glasses at A. G. Sturgiss' drug store.

—Go to the New York Branch, mothers, and get one of those Saratoga folding baby carriages.

—Fresh turnip seed for sale at Weber's vegetable and seed store, Oakland, Md.

—Double glasses and millers' glasses, at Sturgiss' Drug Store.

—Lieut. Chisholm, the registration officer for district No. 7, registered 129 voters last week.

—Eye glasses, shooting glasses and near sighted glasses at Sturgiss' drug Store.

—Mrs. Charles Blake, daughter and son, of Baltimore are visiting at Mr. A. B. Woodcock's.

—Glasses for the rich and glasses for the poor, at Sturgiss' drug store.

—When you want dress buttons be sure and go to the New York Branch and see that large job lot for 5 cents a a dozen, before you buy elsewhere.

—The telegraph line from Lake View planing mill *via* Mountain Lake Park to Peddicord & Combs' office in Oakland, is now in operation.

—Mr. Pritchard's Photograph Gallery is now open. Special attention is given to children's pictures. Gallery near the Postoffice, Oakland, Md.

—Go to the New York Branch and get one of those large portraits of James A. Garfield, mounted in a black walnut frame 36x24, for only 80 cents.

—The first salmon trout ever taken from the waters of the "Yough," was captured by Lieut. D. M. Mason, last week, near Oakland. It was about 10 inches in length, and was a beauty.

—H. Thane Miller, Jr., died Saturday last at his home in Cincinnati, of erysipelas, after eight weeks of suffering. Deceased will be remembered by many of our citizens, he having spent several seasons here with his father.

—Mr. George A. Pearre, Jr., has been admitted to practice law at the Cumberland bar. Mr. Pearre recently graduated at the Maryland Law School, in Baltimore, and subsequently passed a successful examination before a committee of the Baltimore bar.

—A huge deed of trust was filed in the Clerk's office this week, from the Mutual Union Telegraph Company, representing $5.000,000. The deed will cover about sixteen pages of the land record. It is neccessary to record this deed in every county through which the line passes, and will be attended with a cost of several thousand dollars.

—Mr. H. W. Wegman, of Frostburg, who made the wonderful clock which we noticed at length about a year ago, has completed another much finer one, of a different design and much more complicated, which he has on exhibition at Offutt's Hall. This afternoon and evening will be the last chance our people will have to see this wonderful piece of mechanism, and they should all avail themselves of the opportunity.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Florestom Cologne.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, July 22nd, 1882.

Bryan, Henry C.,	Jones, Henry,
Colby, Frank P. 3,	Jhonson, E. Sullivan,
Chapman, M. H. Mrs.,	Lee, Carrie Miss,
Chapman, Maria, Mrs.,	Mosser, W. C. 2,
Courtney, William,	Ricker Brady & McGinty,
Coles, William,	
Cooper, David F.,	Price, George,
Dorsey, F. G.,	Sites, Strite,
Erly, J. H.,	St. Clair, John,
Groves, Emma Mrs.,	Taylor, Charles F.,
Grapson, Vernon M.,	Waters, Elijah 2,
Hawk, H. E. S.,	Wurts, Orvilla Mrs.,
Jones, Charles,	Will, John C.,
Jones, Wm. H. Rev. 2,	Hale, Charles R., Rev.
Jones, Philip cold.,	letters and papers.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Mountain Lake Park.

A number of families have arrived at Mountain Lake Park within the past week. On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock the Park will be dedicated. The servtces will be held at the Auditerium. Sermon by Rev. Masden. Among tho late arrivals at the Park we notice Dr. Logan D. List Revs. Masden, Ryan and Conner, of Wheeling, and J. A. Fullerton, D. D., of Moundsville, and J. L. Fullerton, M. D., of Volcano, W. Va. The first session of the Sunday School Assembly will be held Tuesday evening. Addresses will be delivered by H. R. Mosser. Esq., President of the Association, and Rev. W. M. Frysinger, Secretary. In addition to tho programme published a few weeks ago, a Normal Class will bo held every morning at 9 o'clock, and afternoon at 3 o'clock, a Service of Song every afternoon at 5:30, and Teachers Conference every evening at 7 o'clock.

The sole object of the Assembly being to benefit Sunday School Workers, only a nominal fee for the Lecture and Normal Courses will be charged, and it is expected that the increased attendance on this account will be sufficient to meet all expenses. The following exceedingly low rates have been adopted for this year: Season tickets, good for the entire Lecture and Normal Courses, and entitling the holder to ingress and egrees to and from the enclosure at any time, $1.00. Single tickets, good for the day on which they are issued, only 25 cents.

As far as possible, all the exercises will be made to tend toward one object, the elevation of the standard of Sunday School Teaching. They will embrace a Course of Lectures by distinguished divines and scholars, and a Course of Normal Instruction conducted by competent and practical teachers, the whole being under the direction of Rev. Charles N. Sims, D. D., Chancellor of Syracuse University. Dr. Sims is widely known both as a prominent educator and pulpit orator, and has been specially successful in conducting Sunday School Assemblies in various parts of the country.

Three Days in the Mountains.

The Lutheran Pastor of Oakland left town last Saturday afternoon for a brief trip to Accident. His intention was to reach Accident on Saturday evening and thus be ready for preaching and soliciting on Sunday. Passing the beautiful, the grand, the sublime in such rapid succession, it would have been little surprise if his head had become dizzy and he so turned about as to lose his way among the wild mountains of Garrett County, but the farmers on the way, mowing their grass and harvesting their wheat, kept him in the way, and in the evening he was safely housed at the hospitable home of Mr. Eli McMillen, of Accident. Sunday morning he preached to a large audience of Lutherans, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. J. Young, who was absent to serve a German settlement at Alpena. In the afternoon he preached to a crowded house at the Cove church, and at night preached again to a large and attentive audience at Accident. Rev. Stoudenmire reports the people of Rev. Young's charge a people who not only receive the Gospel gladly, but willing obey it. He gave them an opportunity to contribute to his Deer Park Church, and they responded liberally. He left Accident, strange to say, glad that he had met with it, not only because he was so well cared for and treated to $55.45, but because it was a pleasant, encouraging, impressive visit. The roads and country in the lower part of the county are charming this season of the year. Passing through Glen Dale, he says he found Mr. Rudolph Beckman laying the foundation of a fine dwelling on the farm he recently purchased. Mr. P. M. Stemple is doing a good business with his saw mill recently purchased there.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, July 18th, 1882.

There have been no very important changes in Deer Park since my last letter. Our little village is gradually filling up for the summer. Warm and pleasant weather seems to have actually arrived, at last, and a retreat to the mountains presents its usual charms, to the denizens of our hot, crowded cities.

General Benjamin Harrison, grandson of President Harrisou, and present Senator from Indiana, Mrs. Harrison and their daughter, Miss Mamie Harrison, are guests of Senator Davis.

Mrs. Gorman, mother of Senator A. P. Gorman, and her two grandsons Masters Arthur Marriot and George Gambrill, are visiting Mrs. W. R. Davis.

The Governor's Guards, Capt. Hardy, from Columbus, Ohio, arrived here on Sunday morning. They were received by Col. Johnson of the 2nd. Battalion, Capt. Wardwell and other officers of the Garrett Guards. The company consists of three commissioned officers, and forty-five privates, accompanied by an excellent brass band. They are encamped near the Hotel, and expect to remain about ten days, and propose, through the courtesy of Col. Wood, to give hops at the Hotel during their visit. They have a brass piece of ordnance, and the sunrise and sunset guns reseund through the village every day. The members of the company express themselves very much pleased with Deer Park and its surroundings, and anticipate a very pleasant sojourn here.

Hon. S. B. Elkins received, last week, from St. Louis, a pair of fine blooded bay carriage horses. Mr. J. W. Benjamin, who had them in charge, while stepping from the cars at Parkershurg, sprained his foot very painfully, though not seriously. He returned to St. Louis Sunday.

Capt. Harrison's son George received to-day a very severe bite from a dog belonging to Mr. King. There is not the slightest reason for supposing the dog mad, so no anxiety is felt on account of the accident.

A few days ago, Mrs. W. R. Davis' daughters gave their mother an impromptu surprise party in honor of her birthday. Her pleasure on the occasion, as well as tho tastefully prepared collation, was shared hy the quests at Wing and Wing, who united in wishing her many happy returns of the day.

The visitors at Wing and Wing since last report are as follow:

Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. H. M. Jungnickle, Mrs. Abram Colmary, Mr. and Mrs. A. Colmary, Jr., Miss Mary Clark, Master Lee Jones.

New York—Mrs. W. G. Kilburn, Master Dana Kilburn.

Johnstown, Pa.—Mr. J. Earle Ogle, Mr. Charles Ogle.

Richmond, Va—Miss Annie L. Jones.

Middleburg, Va.—Miss Genevieve Haynes.

Morgantown, W. Va.—Judge and Mrs. Berkshire, Mr. Charles Berkshire.

Keyser, W. Va.—Mrs. U. M. Buxton.

Elk Garden—Capt. John Sheridan, Miss Katie Downey.

Piedmont, W. Va.—Mrs. U. B. McCandlish and two children, Mr. Wm. E. Porter.

Westernport; Md.—Mr. Owen Riordan.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mr. W. F. B. Dilion.

Loudensville, W. Va.—Mr. R. McAdoo.

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How a Woman's Life Was Saved.

After she had tested the skill of all the best doctors in Western Pennsylvania and New York, and had paid over $1,000 without receiving any permanent good, the limbs became affected with even tenfold greater virulence, not only eating away the flesh, but attacking tho bones beneath. It also affected her head and face, making her almost blind and deaf, reduced to a mere skeleton, weighing but 80 pounds, the doctors pronounced her at death's door. *Peruna* was then given her, as stated, and with the result given on page 24 in Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life." She took no other medicine and is perfectly well.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by A. G. Sturgiss.

Literary Society Meeting.

The Garrett Literary Society met in the public school building Saturday evening last with a large attendance. The exercise for the evening were varied and well rendered. The question debated: "Is the policy of U. S. Government toward the Indian just," was decided in favor of the negative. The order of exercises for this evening is as follows: Essays, G. H. Pritchard and Frank Turley; declamations, H. P. Jamison; selections, Miss Kate Townshend, Miss Laura Stainaker and Miss Bettie Boyer; question for debate: "Which is the better form of government, a constitutional monarchy or a republic," to affirm Joseph Devine and C. C. Williison; to deny, E. H. Sincell and W. F. Obrien. The office of Editor and Financial Secretary being vacant, Miss Maggie Peddicord was elected editress and H. P. Jamison Financial Secretary. A good meeting is anticipated. All are invited to attend.

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

July 12th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Last week's *Democrat* contains a wonderful production from the pen of one Wm. D. Heye.

Evidently he is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, or he would not be found administering these columns of abuse to the "law-firm" by the "Great Mogul." I desire to say in their defense that they are so entirely innocent that, as they both informed me, they had not read my letter at all until his legthy epistle directed attention to it, besides it is not my custom to seek the counsel and assistance of any one when I have anything to say through the newspapers.

I am termed a "self-appointed critic." Correct. I have no commission. I am not regular, like the other gentleman.

It did not occur to me to ask his permission, an informality for which I most humbly entreat his pardon. But I saw the outrage on decency perpetrated by the legislature, and as no one else refered to it, I said what truth and justice demanded, without considering how repugnant it might be to the *ex-would-be* hoourable.

I see it all quite clearly now. I was mistaken. It was simply a series of coincidences. They just *happened* to increase the salaries of all the *Democratic* officers without intending it.

It was accident and not design that usurped the authority of the County Commissioners to promote local government, and the "convenience" of the people.

It was because the people would have "business" at Deer Park and Swanton that the voting places were fixed, away in one corner of the districts. If those people properly appreciate the manner in which their rights have been trampled upon, I should surmise that they would have "business" there, and at Grimes' also, in the early part of November.

It was for the sake of "brevity," he informs us, that a secret conclave agreed on the dividing lines between two districts, and called it the "Hamill line," so the people could not know anything about it. But then we are solemnly informed that it is "immaterial, so the people living in the district knew."

How are they to know? By reading the Bill? No, they can't find out that way; they must read a three column article from Wm. D. Hoye, and *take his word for it.*

He mixes his sheep skins and buckwheat cakes with so much backbone "sile," that I can't make much out of it. I would say, however, that if his record can be interpreted as an index to his opinions, almost anything would be worse, in his opinion, than a "slave oligarchy." The good sense of Republican, as well as Democratic railroad hands, can be relied on to interpret my meaning fairly, what I spoke of was the indecency of locating the voting places in the three districts named, in the midst of the most populous Democratic neighborhood, simply because they were Democratic. If *they* were required to go to Kitzmillersville or Bethlehem to register and vote, because these are *Republican* neighborhoods, they would very readily see the force of the argument.

But, worst of all, I am called a "stalwart;" and am accused in a sort of round-about way of being, in a degree, responsible for the assassination of Garfield. To this I say, I regard with unutterable scorn all of Garfield's traducers.

We are too near the campaign which preceeded his election to forget its character, or for Democrats with their accustomed impudence, to assume the role of Garfield's defenders. To quote the words of another, "it was as though the slops of hell had been emptied into a cess-pool for a hundred years, and the whole Democratic party had got down and wallowed in it."

Not one of them had the manhood to tell the truth about Garfield. Their press and speakers befouled his reputation with every imaginable calumny, and sought to elect their man by a campaign of slander, and the Democratic National committee sought to accomplish the same end, as a last resort, by forgery and purgery.

I have no sympathy or affiliation with the Democrats that slandered him, or with any Republicans base enough to imitate their example.

Truly yours,

W.

July 17th, 1882.

P. S.—The above was written for last week's *Republican*, but the writer had no opportunity to send it to the office.

In last week's *Democrat* I see Mr. Hoye has so far relented as to salve the wounds, especially of Peddicord & Combs, which he inflicted the week previous, and also of the "Hon. Geo. W. Wilson," if he like they, be guiltless. In consideration of this proffered kindness I would say, as I have not time to rewrite the above, that wherever his name is mentioned it is not intended to apply to him personally but as the author of the misleading article in the *Democrat*. I don't think though, that the other party mentioned in connection with Peddicord & Combs, deserves any salve.

W.

JOHNSTOWN, July 17th 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—In last weeks *Democrat* I notice an artice entitled "Insolence of Office," in which the editor of that paper seems to have grown highly indignant at some of the official acts of our Hon. Board of County Commissioners. One of which was, as he says, to take $35 or $40 out of the editor's pocket.

Now this is certainly a most distressing state of affairs. The idea of a Board of County Commissioners taking so much money out of an editor's pocket is sufficient to shock the nerves of every tax-payer in the county, and I should not be surprised to hear that when Collector Margroff calls on you to plank down the cash, that your nerves will be so completely paralized that you will fail to respond, for fear the County Commissioners will steal the balance of the county's funds, knowing as you do that they are the custodians of your hard earned cash, and that you look to and expect of them a wise and economical distribution of the funds.

But, gentleman, there are two sides to the question at issue, and you, the tax-payers, are to judge as between the two.

This editor, the great "Jumbo" of the *Mountain Democrat*, who is the possessor of more wind than brains, appeared before your Hon. Board and filed a bill for the sum of $166 for printing the levy list of 1882, and after the Board had thoroughly examined the bill, the President informed the editor that they were of the unanimous opinion that his charge was an exorbitant one, and that they did not feel justified in allowing him that amount, when the same work had been done for two years past at a sum not exceeding $70; but after considerable ado he consented to take an order for $118.75, and when he had received the order he quietly left the office without making as much as a how muttering as he went; "I don't like this shaving business." What is his next step? Why, he singles out the Democratic member of the Board, who stands head and sheulders above him in point of intellectual and business capacity, and charges him with "voting blindly," and that he "should have looked more carefully into the matter, &c. Well, now, as to that, it may be a good thing for the tax-payers of Garrett county to have their public officials "vote blindly" upon all such subjects as these, especially when they show to you by said "voting," that they are fully capable of taking care of your county's interests as against all sharks, the pecuniary wants of the editor of the *Democrat* to the contrary notwithstanding. And as to "looking more carefully into the matter," we certainly think Mr. Mattingly has discharged his duty in that respect, although he is not altogether satisfied but what the amount allowed is still much larger than it sheuld have been, netwithstanding the reflection that he is "surrounded by political enemies," &c.

It has been said that "experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," and it does seem to us Mr. editor, that from the experience you have had, you ought to know by this time that your policy of defaming public officials, simply because they do not cater to your own private wants, must in the end redound to your own discredit; and I have not the least doubt but what honest Gev. Hamilton read some of your comments upon his efforts at reform in this State, and, as the result, we have not been able to detect any state printing in the *Mountain Democrat*, and must conclude that you have been "weighed and found wanting," to the amount of about $600.

TAX-PAYER.

[From the Cumberland News.]

A Democratic Union Soldier has some Plain Talk for his Party Associates.

ED. NEWS.—*Dear Sir:* A late issue of your paper contained a letter anent the talked of candidacy of the Hon. Montgomery Blair. Now with that matter in the abstract, I have nothing to do, but one expression of the writer of that letter commands far more serious attention, to the effect that the honorable gentleman is not one a Democrat could vote for, because he was guilty of that heinous offence of having been a member of Lincoln's first Cabinet. Now, if this be not an avowal of the right of secession, and that all who aided in suppressing the rebellion were wrong, then I fail to understand the meaning of the writer. A rather extended sphere of observation, favored by certain personal and political relations, has taught me the bitter truth that this doctrine dominates the Democratic party of the South to-day, as freely as it ever did, and whenever and wherever they can make a Union Democrat feel its sting, be sure they will do so, with the same venom that actuated them in 1861. When in 1860 the party split on that issue, we who had been taught in other than Calhoun schools, spoke our sentiments in no uncertain tones, and offered our lives as the pledge of our faith and love for the Union. That faith triumphed, and we fondly hoped that damned heresy was forever eliminated from American politicts, and believing the South repentant deluded ourselves with the idea that its Upas growth had found the same grave as the Confederacy. In sober truth it has proved but a delusion. While fear dictated the policy and conduct of the South it was silent; while the iron hand of reconstruction hold them in check it did not appear upon the surface; but secret altars kept the blaze aflame, until to-day its spirit is as manifest, though not so aggressively out-spoken, as in *ante bellum* times, and now the issue is so sharply defined that the question comes home to all original Union Democrats whether they can longer keep up their present party affiliations and preserve their own self-respect. In short, whether they can vote for men whoso title to candidacy is founded upon opinions against which we fought. You know me, Mr. Editor, well enough to vouch that I am neither chronic grumbler nor chronic office-seeker, but as a Union soldier, glorying in my past record, I say to all believing as I do, it is high time to call a halt. The cause you and I fought for in 1861 was right, eternally right, the rebellion was wrong, totally and eternally wrong; and ho who avows its sentiments to-day is just as guilty in intention now as he was then in act; and when the head and front of the offendings of an otherwise worthy man, is that he belonged to the Cahinet of one who takes rank as a patriot second to none; who gave even mere to his country than did Washington, his life; it stands forth as a bold, naked endorsement of the doctrine that made the rebellion a possibility.

I care not whether it comes by bullets or ballots; by bold assertion or covert inuendo—it is equally treason to the Union, and he who avows it, or he who supports it, is equally guilty. Still cherishing the principles that Jefferson avowed, that Jackson fought to maintain, and the immortal Lincoln died to preserve if the doctrine your correspondent avows is to govern the Democratic party in the future, I for one shall be found where I hope every Union soldier will be, opposed to it.

A UNION SOLDIER.

July 12, 1882.

How to Tret Your Wtch.

Wind it up at the same time every day Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any lands owned by the undersigned, either by choping hunting or fishing, or in any manner what soever, as all trespassers will be delt with to the full extent of the law.

GEO. MATTHEWS,
ULYSSES FRAZEE,
OTHO SPEELMAN,
A. J. FIKE,
KIM FRAZEE,
H. W. FRAZEE,
GEO. W. FRAZEE.

7 22 3

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is herchy given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gnagey, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and Jere. Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER
Examiners.

7 22 2

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A Queer Profession.

My ordinary profession is surgical dentistry; but I have made a special study of facial defects and the best means of obviating or hiding such blemishes. My late father was my instructor. It was by accident he turned his attention to such things. He was also a dentist, and in the years immediately following the war he often attended to the teeth of persons who were severely disfigured by sabre or bullet wounds. They were honorable scars, no doubt, but extremely ugly, and several heroes asked my father if there were no means of hiding them except by cloth coverings. He thought the matter over in his mind and made several experiments, but with poor success for some time. Finally a man came in who had lost an ear at Cedar Mountain. Now it is exceedingly difficult to model an ear so that it pairs with its fellow. However, my father took a plaster cast of the real ear and matched it beautifully with an india-rubber ear, which he affixed with a spring to the head. The patient was delighted, you may be sure.

"After that we had a good many applicants for artificial features. Some we managed to patch up pretty well and others by no means so well. Celluloid was not known then, and suction springs were still uninvented, so that unless there was something left in the shape of flesh or earthage of a patient's lost feature to which the artificial nose or ear could be attached, the arrangement was liable to have a clumsy appearance, and would be detected immediately. During the last few years, since I have succeeded to my father's business, the appliances at command have vastly increased. I can now imitate a nose, or a cheek, or an ear, just as perfectly as an optician can fix a glass eye or a dentist a set of false teeth. While I think of it, I must tell you of an interesting piece of work carried out by my father.

"A man came in one day to the office looking a frightful object. The centre of his face was hidden by black patches, and it was evident his nose was gone. He could not speak intelligibly, but by means of writing he informed my father he was a Frenchman who had been disfigured in the Franco-Prussian war. A bullet had entered his mouth, taken an upward direction, and passed out through the palate and through the nose. The wound had eaten away the roof of the mouth and the whole of the nose, so you can imagine his condition. Well, a nose was made for him with a back piece which fitted into the cavity and completely filled up the place of the lost bones and tissues. A little gold catch was affixed to the portion which covered the aperture in the roof of the mouth, which closed with a second piece —a false palate—and bolted securely together. Thus the nose was firmly fastened on one side and the mouth on the other. The man recovered his power of speech, for the tongue had the necessary resistance to beat against, and we then discovered that he could speak no less than six languages. He is still living, and resides in this city. Strange to say, he has since married a handsome woman.

An accident occurred to him some time ago which might have had serious consequences, and which considerably startled some companions who were with him. He was on the spree, I believe, and had forgotten to bolt his nose firmly to the roof of his mouth. While taking a drink the false palate became detached and went down his throat and his nose tumbled out in the glass from which he was drinking. You can imagine the astonishment of the persons who witnessed the sight, for it seems not one of them was aware of the artificial condition of the Frenchman's face. To find him suddenly become speechless and noseless, and at the same time hideously offensive to the eye, was a little startling I should say. By his wife's directions he was brought here, and the palate piece was eventually recovered and the nose refixed. He has been more careful since.

"You were saying, Doctor," remarked the visitor, "you had far superior appliances of recent years; will you not explain them to me?"

"Certainly. Firstly, I have celluloid which can be made to more closely resemble human flesh than any other substance. Secondly, I have myself devised suction springs and other adhering appliances of India rubber, which obviate the necessity for metal springs, thus relieving the patient from much irritation. From time to time I am requested to make a cheek. I used to fashion them of aluminum, a very light-weighted metal; now I use celluloid. A bullet wound, a burn or a cancerous affection frequently causes a large hole in the side of the face, and false cheeks become necessary. I can affix inner and outer pieces in a way which will almost defy detection. If you noticed anything you would probably suppose it to be a scratch on the side of the face, nothing more. The two pieces are made to adhere by rubber suction."

"Are you only asked to improve faces which have been damaged by disease or accident, Doctor?" I asked.

"As a rule, yes. Though some persons are born without noses or with shriveled ears, and they come to me occasionally. I have more orders for noses than any other feature. I always take a mask of the face of the patient and make a perfect model first. There are many people walking about now who would gladly avail themselves of my services if they knew how completely I can hide their unfortunate disfigurement. I know of instances where men have exiled themselves from their friends and country, or even committed suicide, so disgusted have they become with their own appearance. I am now treating a man whose nose and a portion of his cheek were eaten away by a burn from a red-hot bar of lead. He has not seen his family for three years, and only goes out at night. In a week or two he will be able to present himself without any shame. The cheek I am renewing by plastic surgery. I cut a piece of flesh from the arm and grafted it on the sore. It is getting on elegantly."

"How do you cure red noses and protruding chins, Doctor?"

"Very simply. I place a gum tip on the chin and fasten strong springs on either side to a skull-cap worn on the back of the head. Constant wear for nine or twelve months, say for three hours a day, nearly always has the required effect. Red noses I cure by scarification with sharp needles. A good many ladies become my patients for that operation.

"Talking of noses, I was reminded of a curious freak of nature this morning. A boy of nine years of age was sent here by his mother to have a tooth pulled. That child has the largest nose I ever seen on a human countenance. It is almost as big as my fist. His mother and father were both patients of my father. One day the old gentleman came down to the office and found a man and woman waiting his professional attendance. Each had a three-cornered black patch of sticking-plaster in the middle of the face denoting the absence of a nose. They were complete strangers to each other. My father took the necessary plaster casts and told them to call on the following day. They did so, and again came together; but this time it was very evident they were acquainted. Subsequent visits clearly proved them to have become intimate, and on the day my father fitted the pair with noses they walked off arm in arm on the sunny side of the way, proudly conscious of restored beauty. Three weeks afterward they were married. The boy who came this morning is their only child. He is perfectly healthy, and his enormous proboscis is regarded with intense admiration by his artificially beaked progenitors."
—*Interview in Philadelphia Press.*

The Ocean Pilot.

A pilot is a man who has made himself thoroughly acquainted with certain waters where navigation is dangerous, and who directs vessels in safety through those bad places. A Ship Captain may understand perfectly the proper course from one continent to another and how to handle his vessel in the open sea, but he is not expected to know every rock and sand-bar crouching under the treacherous waves, and all the twistings and obstructions of the narrow entrance into a foreign harbor. Indeed, the naval regulations will not permit captains to act, though they may *think* they know the channel, since if an accident happens when there is no pilot on board, the insurance money will not be paid.

Pilots, then, are important men, and they know it so well that they charge very high prices for their services (generally rated according to the draft of the vessel), and admit few young men to their ranks to be trained.

Their method of work is very exciting. A dozen or so together will form the crew of a trim, stanuch schooner, provisioned for a fortnight or more, which can outsail anything but a racing yacht, and is built to ride safely through the highest seas.

But these fine schooners and the brave men they carry are rarely in port. Their time is spent far in the offing of the harbor, cruising back and forth in wait for incoming ships, and the New York pilots often go two and three hundred miles out to sea. There are other pilot-boats waiting, also, and the look-out at the reeling mast-head must keep the very keenest watch upon the horizon. Suddenly he catches sight of a white speck which his practised eye tells him is a ship's top-gallants, or a blur upon the sky that advertises a steamer's approach. The schooner's head is instantly turned toward it, and all the canvas is crowded on that she will bear, for away off at the right a second pilot-boat, hull down, is also seen to be aiming at the same prize, and trying hard to win. The man whose turn it is to go on duty, hurries below and packs the little valise which holds the few things he wants to take home, and the crew's letters; if it is a steamer which is lying there with slowly turning wheels and signals flying, he shaves himself and puts on a clean white shirt; but a common sailing-vessel is not so honored.

The storm may be howling in the full force of winter's fury, and the waves "running mountains high," as we say, but the pilot must get aboard by some means. It takes rough weather to make it impossible for his mates to launch their yawl and row him to where he can clamber up the stranger's side with the aid of a friendly rope's-end. But often this is out of the question. Then a "whip" is rigged beyond the end of a lee-yard arm, carrying a rope drove through a snatch-block, and having a bowline at its end. The steamer slows her engines, or the ship heaves to, and the pilot-schooner, under perfect control, runs up under the lee of the big ship, as near as she dares in the gale. Then, just at the right instant, a man on the ship's yard hurls the rope, it is caught by the schooner, the pilot slips one leg through the bowline-noose, and a second afterward the schooner has swept on and he is being hoisted up to the yard-arm, but generally not in time to save himself a good ducking in the combing of some big roller.

Now the pilot is master—stands ahead of the Captain even—and his orders are absolute law. He inspects the vessel to form his opinion of how she will behave, and then goes to the wheel or stands where best he can give his orders to the steersman and to the men in the fore-chains who are heaving the lead. He must never abandon his post, he must never lose his control of the ship, or make a mistake as to its position in respect to the lee-shore, or fail to be equal to every emergency. If it is too dark and foggy and stormy to see, he must feel, and if he cannot do this he must have the faculty of going right by intuition. To fail is to lose his reputation if not his life. This is what is expected of a pilot, and this is what they actually do in a hundred cases, the full details of any one of which would make a long and thrilling tale of adventurous fighting for life.
—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Wide Awake,*

—Vanadium, discovered in 1801 by Del Rio, existed up to 1867 as one of the rarest of chemical curiosities. At that time a Rouen calico printer made some experiments with it, and found it so superior to the sulphide of copper that it grew into demand. But vanadium was so difficult to obtain that even in 1867 its compounds, containing but fifty per cent. of the metal, were equal to the price of gold. Within the past year, however, large quantities were found in France, in alkaline earths, and the supply is supposed to be adequate to all demands. This is a striking instance of the unexpected practical value often found in products originally supposed to be of interest only to theoretical chemists.

—When they want to be a little utter in Key West they have turtle egg socials and cook 'em in five styles.

Bermuda.

The approach to the islands is exceedingly lovely. To those who know the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, the Bermudas will seem quite familiar, so strong is the resemblance. The first beauty that attracts the eye is the wonderful color and clearness of the sea, like beryl, emerald and sapphire sparkling on a silvery ocd. Next, you are struck by the peculiar and beautiful appearance given to the landscape by the snowy whiteness of the square-roofed buildings —forts, barracks, churches and houses, gleaming like snow among the dusky sage-green foliage of the cedar. About 300 isles and islets lay before us, only 180 of which are recognized by Government survey, and but four of any importance whatever. Three of these, Ireland Island, the Main Land and St. George's, are connected by bridges and a magnificent causeway, about half a mile long, which cost £32,000. These connected islands are in the form of a horseshoe—St. George's being at one end, the dock-yard at the other and Hamilton not far from the middle of the circumference of the shoe. The town of St. George's looks pretty from the sea; but ashore it is found to be small and crowded, and the streets mere lanes.

The climate of Bermuda is trying, but upon the whole good. It is sufficiently bracing in winter to make warm clothing necessary, but seldom cold enough for a fire. Few of the houses have grates or stoves in the parlors, and on chilly days, if kept indoors, one misses the cheery glow of the fire. The winter season is more like the Indian Summer of America than anything else. When the south wind blows, men and beast are depressed. Horses trip, and their riders scarcely care to keep them on their legs. You go to bed in good spirits and awake feeling like a washed-out rag. What is the matter? During the night the wind has gone from north to south. You care for nothing and nobody. If enough energy be left to complain you say with the æsthetes: "Hollow! hollow! hollow! I despair droopingly. I am limp." The dampness is another disagreeable feature. Boots and shoes and kid gloves, and everything that will mould, are ruined if not constantly worn or watched. Mould and cockroaches are great enemies to books, destroying their bindings very quickly. Ants and other insects are also trying to Europeans at certain seasons.

People in this mild and equable climate live to a great age. I saw several old men between eighty and ninety years old daily parading the streets quite as a matter of course. I also knew of numbers of very old people who were unable to walk out, but were in good health and in perfect possession of all their mental and most of their physical faculties. The people in general are healthy. It is a great mistake to suppose that yellow fever has a home in Bermuda. It has been there several times but on each occasion it originated from infection from outside.

It is probable that the good health of the Bermudans is largely due to their use of rainwater for all purposes, no other being available. In all the islands there is neither lake nor rivulet. The rain is collected in large, cemented tanks, built under the houses. Every roof has to do duty in collecting water for man and beast; and on the hill-sides you will see large spaces laid with stone, cemented and edged, from which the rain water runs into large tanks below. These are generally built for some special purpose, as for barrack supplies or washing establishments.

One is surprised to see so little land under cultivation, cedar clothing the hills, with an occasional tiddle-wood and calabash tree, and oleander, tamarisk, and mangrove skirting the marsh lands everywhere. Of the twelve thousand acres of land in the largest islands, less than a third are in tillage and grass, the rest remaining in wood, marsh and natural pasture. The fact, however, that most of the land is rocky, or very thinly covered with earth, accounts to a very large extent for this apparently neglected state of cultivation.

The comparative absence of smaller forms of animal life in Bermuda renders solitary walking an insupportable loneliness. In the sombre cedar woods, no bright-eyed squirrel sits aloft and relieves the dreariness by his chattering and scampering; no song-birds, such as there are in England, fill the air with melody, Innumerable ants noiselessly pursue their endless labors; and no sound breaks the silence but an occasional chirp from a cricket or grasshopper, the hum of the cicada, and the occasional whirring wings of some silent bird. But when tired of quiet woods and gardens, the visitor in Bermuda will find much that is interesting on the sea-shores. The beaches are lovely, white as snow, and abounding in shells, no less than two hundred and sixty-nine varieties being found in this little isle. The sea-weeds are wonderfully delicate and beautiful, and fish in endless variety swarm in the waters.

The Government of Bermuda consists of a Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. The questions in debate are seldom of great importance, and the law-making is singularly cautious and tentative. New laws are put on trial for a certain time before being finally approved. It is quite a gay place in winter, chiefly from the presence of vessels of war. The flag-ship gives dances on board; and the military officers stationed on the island get up paper chases and other amusements. Still, life at Bermuda is rather dull, and not unlike that which is spent on board ship. You meet the same people every day and every hour. News comes but once a fortnight. No wonder that much gossip is talked, and monstrous inventions—called "shaves" are retailed which could have no possible foundation. Bermuda, though having certain advantages, is, on the whole, too far removed from the world's business and bustle—from telephones and telegraphs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—A fight broke out in the audience at the San Antonio (Texas) theatre. Manager Jack Harris appeared on the stage with a cocked revolver in each hand, and announced that he would begin firing in two minutes unless quiet was restored. The row ceased, and the entertainment went on. The account mentions that an anteroom of this theatre is devoted to gambling, the games being brisk between acts, and that the actresses serve drinks in the auditorium when not on the stage.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Superstitious About Cats.

In Ireland it is considered highly unlucky for a family to take with them a cat when they are moving, more especially, too, when they have to cross a river. Mr. Gregor also tells us that in the northeast of Scotland, if a cow or other domestic animal was seized with disease, one mode of cure was to twist a rope of straw the contrary way, join the two ends, and put the diseased animal through the loop along with a cat. By this means the disease was supposed to be transferred to the cat, and the animal's life was so saved by the cat dying. This, of course was only one of the extensive charms of which the leading idea was that of substitution. A remedy for erysipelas, lately practised in the parish of Locharron, in the Northwest Highlands, consisted in cutting off one-half of the ear of a cat, and letting the blood drop on the part affected. Alluding, moreover, to the numerous other items of folk-lore in connection with the cat, there is a popular notion that a May cat —a cat born in the month of May—is of no use for catching rats and mice, but exerts an injurious influence on the house through bringing into it disagreeable reptiles of various kinds. Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex Superstitions," is supposed "to be inclined to melancholy, and to be much addicted to catching snakes and bringing them into the house. I had heard that this west country belief existed in our village; and, very lately, observing a most dejected looking cat by the fire in a cottage, said, in jest, 'I should think that cat was born in May.' 'O, yes,' said the owner of it, 'that she was, and so was her mother; and she was just as sad looking, and was always bringing snakes and vipers within doors.'" In Huntingdonshire there is a common saying that "a May kitten makes a dirty cat." This supposed ill-luck attaching to a cat born in the month of May is no doubt founded on the old notion that May was an unfortunate season for births of any kind, in allusion to which there is an old proverb which says:

"May chats
Bad luck begets."

According to a curious notion, still extensively credited by our north-country peasantry, black cats are supposed to bring not only good luck, but also lovers —in illustration of which we may quote a well-known rhyme on the subject:

"Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack."

Mr. Henderson, in speaking of this superstition, tells us that an old north-country women on one occasion said to a lady, "It's na wonder Jock——'s lasses marry off so fast, ye ken what a braw black cat they've got." It is considered unlucky to dream of a cat, a piece of folk-lore prevalent in Germany, where if one dreams of a black cat at Christmas, it is an omen of some alarming illness during the following year. Equally unfortunate, too, is it for a cat to sneeze, this act being supposed to indicate that the family will have colds. Thus, we are informed by Mrs. Latham that in Sussex, "even the most favored cat, if heard to sneeze, is instantly shut out of doors; for should she stay to repeat the sneeze three times indoors, the whole family will have colds and coughs."

Lastly, there are many quaint traditions in which the cat holds a prominent place; and an amusing one, current in the north of England, we may quote in conclusion: A gentleman was one evening sitting cosily in his parlor, reading or meditating, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a cat, which came down the chimney and cried out, "Tell Dildrum Doldrum's dead!" He was not unnaturally startled by this strange occurrence; and when shortly after his wife entered, and he related to her what had happened, her own cat, which accompanied her, exclaimed, "Is Doldrum dead?" and immediately rushed up the chimney, and was heard of no more. Of the numberless conjectures stated to account for this extraordinay event, the most reasonable one appears to be that Doldrum had been king of Catland, and that Dildrum was the next heir.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Three Vicious Boys.

Three little boys yesterday broke into a car of the Reading Railroad, which was standing outside the depot at Broad and Callowhill Streets, and committed sad havoc among its contents. With a couplin-pin they smashed in the head of a barrel of crackers, and, after eating several quarts, strewed the floor of the car with some more and executed a war-dance in honor of their achievements. They next attacked a keg of apple-butter, which they absolutely wallowed in. After that they opened a barrel of eggs and filled baskets with them to take home. The rest they churned with an iron bar. Harrold McLaughlin, aged seven, was captured by Detective R. H. Gray and taken to the Superintendent's office, where numerous confessions were extorted. He admitted that the other two marauders were his brother Lewis, aged nine, and a boy named Aiken. Being asked what he would do if let go, he replied: "Come back and get some more eggs and things." Detective Gray says that these depredations by small children are of frequent occurrence; that when he prosecutes he is laughed out of court on account of their tender age, and they know this and become reckless.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The *Nineteenth Century* speaks of Christian missions as standing in the foremost rank of powers destined to change the face of the world. Although the beginnings were so small as to excite contemptuous indifference, the success already attained now excites wonder and admiration. "There are few things in human history that wear an aspect of higher moral grandeur than the opening of what are now our great missions. One or two men sent by this church and by that, are seen going forth in obedience to a command spoken eighteen hundred years ago, to begin the enormous work of undermining heathenism and reclaiming the world to God. Among the glories of the century none is greater than this. All other enterprises of beneficence must yield to this magnificent attempt to expel debasing superstitions and convey into every heart the ennobling influence of the Christian religion."

—By a slip of the pen an editor the other day wrote, "the Satan of Turkey," meaning the Sultan. As John Chinaman would say, its "allee samee."

For Young Readers.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOLL-MAKER

Correggio Carothers was a man of much renown;
The dolls he made and painted were the talk of all the town;
In a room half shop, half study, he would gaily work away,
Completing, by his diligence, one dozen dolls a day.

If it chanced to be fine weather, every Monday he would go
With a number to the toyman's, where he'd lay them in a row;
And some would be so beautiful that one could scarce refrain
From kissing them; while others would be very, very plain!

"Correggio, Correggio," the toyman oft would cry,
"Oh, why do you persist in making dolls no one will buy?
In my second-story wareroom I have hundreds at your away;
And, if each had a pretty face, they'd not be there to-day!"

"My work is conscientious, sir," he proudly would ex laim;
"As dolls are infinite people, some of them must needs be plain.
I cannot, I assure you, give good looks to every doll,
Since beauty is a priceless gift that does not come to all!"
—*Malcolm Douglass, in St. Nicholas.*

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Last spring us boys were having a splendid time with our rubber shooters; every boy in the neighborhood had one or more. None of our mothers liked it; some windows got broken, and when one or two little birds got killed, it made them very angry.

There was a bluebird that built its nest year after year in an elm-tree close to one of our windows. One day my mother saw a boy shooting at it; he didn't hit, but she made up her mind it was time for the shooting to stop, and when, not long after, little Willie Brand had his eye most put out, they *all* thought so. There was a fuss about it. There were pieces in the paper about how rubber shooters were dangerous things, and then the police came about and said that every boy that shot would have to pay five dollars for it. They all thought that more than they could stand, so they stopped. Mother had given me ten cents for mine, long ago, and burnt it, so I was glad when the other fellows had to stop.

This year we thought we'd have a little fun, and kept quiet about it. Jim Barlow made mine, and it was a first-rate shooter, I tell *you;* I gave him my top and a skate-strap and thirty marbles for it; he said 'twould shoot equal to a revolver. I was very careful how I used it, for I didn't want mother to know that I had it. I used to shoot at stray dogs and cats, though it *did* make me feel bad sometimes, to hear 'em howl if I hit 'em. I used to shoot at the knot-hole in the barn-door, too, to see how many times in twenty I could shoot in. It wasn't much fun when we had to keep out of the way all the time.

One day I was wandering about the lower end of the garden with my shooter. There were plenty of birds all around, but I did not want to shoot at them, if I could find anything else to shoot at. I got over the fence into another lot, but still there were birds everywhere. I shot a few times, just to frighten them a little. Then I heard one singing beautifully right over my head. I couldn't see it very plainly, and I don't believe I meant to hit it at all, and I tell you I was frightened when it came falling right down at my feet, with a sad kind of a little scream.

I picked it up and tried to make it fly, or walk, but it would not—its pretty eyes were half shut, and it kept panting with its bill. It was a bluebird. I knew I could never keep it from mother, for when I have been doing anything dreadful, I always feel as if I was lost till I've been and told her. As I carried the poor bird through the garden, a drop of blood fell from its mouth, right on to a great white lily that seemed looking up to ask me what I had been doing. Mother was standing near the back piazza; as I laid the bird in her hand, it stopped panting and was still.

Mother said: "What's the matter?" But there was such a lump in my throat, I couldn't speak a word. Then she saw the shooter in my hand, and she said:

"*Did you kill that little bird?*"

I tell *you* it scared me, the way she spoke. I never heard her speak in such an awful voice before.

Then she said: "You have stolen away its little life—it was all the life it had. The Lord loves His helpless little creatures; He gave them to us to make us happy, and He will never bless those who are cruel to them."

Then she put the little bird up to her cheek, and I saw the tears come. She took the shooter and laid it on the kitchen fire. I didn't get any ten cents this time, you may be sure, and then she said:

"You may go to your room."

I'd a great deal rather she'd whipped me than to have to go there and just have to keep thinking. I thought of all the beautiful days of sunshine I had taken away from that poor little bird, and how it would never fly through the air, or sing in the trees, or see the flowers and the grass any more. And I wondered if it had a nest and little birds, and what would become of them if it had.

And all of a sudden I jumped up, as I thought of the bluebird that had come to build its nest near us for so many summers. As soon as mother let me out (it wasn't very soon, for she gave me plenty of time to think), I ran to her nest. The little birds all held their heads straight up, and opened their big little mouths, so I almost knew their mother hadn't fed them for some time. I fed them the best I could, and I watched that evening to see if their mother'd come, but she didn't.

Before I went to bed I got a piece of soft cotton, and covered 'em up. I thought, you see, if I took good care of 'em they might live without their mother. But in the morning only two of them held up their heads to be fed, and before night they were all dead. So you see I had taken away all the sunshine from them, too. My sisters cried when they knew their little birds and their mother were all dead.

I don't think I want another shooter. I don't believe I'll ever see another white lily but what it'll say to me: "You killed that bluebird!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Always Be Honest.

"Always be honest, boys," said Uncle Nathan to the youngsters. "Don't ever try to cheat at play, at work, or at lessons.

"I remember well how I tried to cheat my teacher once, and how I came to grief in consequence.

"We had a new teacher that term, a Miss Mason; and we were all delighted with the way she heard us recite in geography the first day. No passing the questions around the class by turn, but all answered in concert. You know it is such fun to school-boys and girls to be allowed to make some kind of a noise, and we made the old school-house ring.

"It was just the same the next day and the next. There was a large class of us, and we considered that recitation prime fun.

"The fourth day of school came; and, as I drew out the geography from my desk to prepare my lesson something seemed to whisper to me: 'What's the use of your taking so much pains to learn your lessons when the class all answer together? Who is going to notice if your voice isn't among the rest? You can pick up enough from what you know of geography, and what the rest answer, to put in an occasional word; and it will do just as well.'

"I suspect that imp of mischief went about and whispered the same in the ears of the rest of the class; and you may conclude so, too, before my story is done. I am ashamed to tell you, boys, that I listened to the evil suggestion, and spent the time drawing pictures on my slate, and arranging a jack-knife trade with Ned White, that should have been given to my geography lesson. And withal the geography was a new one that term, and not one of the class had ever studied it before.

"'First class in geography!' called Miss Mason that afternoon, and just then there was a knock at the door. She answered it as we were taking our seats, and ushered in the minister and his wife, a committee-man and his wife, my two grown-up sisters, and last, but most important of all to me, my cousin Nathan, for whom I was named, and for whose good opinion I cared more than for almost any other person's. He always had such a pleasant way of rewarding me when I did well, and such a way, too, of making me feel his displeasure when I was in the wrong. At that moment I would have give everything I possessed in the world for the knowledge of my lesson, but it was too late to wish for what I might have had so easily. It seemed to me I felt small and mean enough to crawl into a knot-hole!

"'You may recite in concert,' said Miss Mason. 'What peninsulas on the Arctic coast?'

"'Boothia and Melville,' piped up a small girl, the very least and most diffident of the whole class, while the rest of us sat dumb as statues, but redder in the face.

"'In concert!' said Miss Mason. 'What ones on the Atlantic coast?'

"Again the small girl answered alone.

"'Once more; and this decidedly in concert,' said Miss Mason, emphatically. 'What ones on the Pacific coast.'

"For the third time Susie answered alone.

"'You will now answer by turns, since you cannot seem to answer in concert,' said Miss Mason; and three more questions went round the class, each to be linally answered by Susie.

"Miss Mason laid the geography down on the desk, with a peculiar smile on her face. 'Those of the class who have learned their lesson for to-day will please raise their right hands.'

"Up went one little hand. Susie's, of course.

"Miss Mason looked amused enough to see how the rest of us had walked into her trap.

"'Perhaps you thought,' she said, 'that, because I had heard you answer in concert heretofore, I should always do the same; but that is quite uncertain. I shall never tell you beforehand how you will answer, so the only safe way is to prepare your lesson. Now, I will tell you a little story; and then I will hear Susie recite the rest of her lesson, while the others take their seats and prepare to recite after school.

"Once upon a time, the whole world agreed to meet together and shout all at once, to see what a great noise it would make. But, when they met, it seemed each one thought his voice could make no difference in such a crowd, so he would not listen to the rest. All thought so except one old lady, who went to do her duty and had no thought of shirking it. So, when the signal was given for them to shout, all that was heard was one lady squealing "Boo!" at the top of her voice. Moral: each do your duty, and the shout will come."

"A shamefaced crew, we went to our seats, and into our geographies. Oh, dear! how humiliating it was, before visitors, to see the rest of the school dismissed, while we remained; but you may be sure we did not need the punishment again.

"So I charge you once more, my boys,

Always and everywhere
Be honest and fair."
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Horses Better Than Steam.

The Paris Tramway Company, after five years' experience of steam and every system it could find—the number was no less than twenty-one—has reverted to the old system of employing horses. The result of the prolonged trials has been to show that steam is dearer than horse-power. The engine requires a driver and stoker, whose pay is greater than two of the old drivers or coachmen. Then the fuel and maintenance of the engines in order were costly, while the original outlay in capital is about the same as that required to keep up the requisite stud of horses. Moreover, hardly a week, often not a day in the week, passed without some accident on the steam line, which proved very costly to the company and led to complaints being addressed from various quarters to the authorities. Hence the authorities at last issued a prohibition against the further employment of steam, and in this the company acquiesced with perfect readiness.

—A Boston man who found a $5 bill in the street and then denied it, paid $17 for the lie and the larceny in the Police Court.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Early-cut grass makes better hay than that which is cut late.

—If you cut pineapple in thin slices and scatter sugar over it the day before you serve it, you need not add any water to make the liquor. Keep it in a cold place.

—Veal steaks in order to be palatable must be cooked thoroughly, no matter how much haste the cook is in; this should never be sent to the table till it is nicely browned, the edges and all. Salt and butter and a decided sprinkling of black pepper are also necessary.—*Detroit Post.*

—Water left to stand idle soon becomes stagnant and dead, and so does the soil. To make it alive and productive move it. stir it, hoe it, "keep it kicking" all through the season. Weeds are only a blessing in disguise, for we wouldn't till half enough without them.—*St. Louis Post.*

—A very appetizing salad is made by chopping coarsely some cold boiled potatoes; then season well with salt, pepper and mustard; line a salad dish with fresh lettuce, then put in a layer of potatoes; on the top put a layer of cold boiled beets, also chopped and seasoned; garnish the dish liberally with lettuce, and just before sending it to the table add vinegar, plain, or with ordinary salad dressing.—*Detroit Post.*

—Plain Indian Pudding: One pint of well cooked Indian meal mash; when cold add two beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one and one-half pints of sweet milk, stir well and bake half an hour. A few stoned and chopped raisins is an addition.—*The Household.*

—It is not economy to have too few brooms; one for the sleeping-room up stairs, one for parlor and sitting-room, and one for the kitchen are not too many. As they are worn they may be passed down a grade at a time, the new one always going to the parlor. If the new broom is allowed to stand in cold water for twelve hours after thoroughly drying it will last much longer. A broom should never be allowed to stand on its brush as it makes it permanently one-sided and ill-shapen. Hang it up by a loop in the handle.

—Apple Omelet: Apple Omelet to be served with boiled spare rib or roast pork is very delicate. Take nine large tart apples, four eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter; add cinnamon or other spices to suit your taste; stew the apples till they are very soft; mash them so there will be no lumps; add the butter and sugar while they are still warm, but let them cool before putting in the beaten eggs; bake this till it is brown; you may put it all in a shallow pudding dish or in two tin plates to bake.

—Delicious little cakes, that also have the charm of novelty, can be made by making a rich jumble paste, rolling out in any desired shape; cut some paste in thin, narrow strips and lay around your cakes so as to form a deep, cup-like edge; place on a well-buttered tin and bake. When done fill with iced fruit prepared as follows: Take rich ripe peaches (canned ones will do if fine and well-drained from all juice,) cut in halves, plums, strawberries, pincapples cut in squares or small triangles, or any other available fruit, and dip in the white of an egg that has been very slightly beated and then in pulverized sugar, and lay in the center of your cakes.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Grasses for Decoration.

Fine grasses are seldom found upon dry soil, but in meadows and unwooded swales the seeker will find them in infinite variety.

Other desirable water-loving plants, much prettier for drying than the fashionable cat-tail, also abound in such localities. Some of the daintiest ornaments of ladies' bonnets are culled from these neglected wastes. As taste will be the guide in selection, it is not necessary to particularize varieties.

For the time of gathering it is impossible to give dates, but grasses and their kindred should be cut while in the bud, a short time before the blossom opens—if later, they are apt to "fuzz" or rattle off.

For treatment, cut the stalks of the desired length, and clean of blades or leaves. Place the heads together and tie in bunches of a size that will dry readily. Hang in the shade till dry.

Wheat, oats, barley and rye are also beautiful. I believe they should be cut while in the white stage of development, which comes between the green and yellow. Experience has shown me that they work well at this age, at least. Treatment the same as in grasses.

The one defect of all dried grasses is their loss of color. In a measure, grains also have this fault. Some water plants, like cat-tail, dry to a rich golden brown, but dried grasses have a dingy, washed-out appearance, which can only be remedied by dyeing or bleaching. They are dyed by florists in all brilliant colors, but refined taste seems to dictate that the original bronze, gold or green be restored. The process is simple, and performed with aniline dyes, which are for sale in various forms. For those who do not possess the skill of florists in shaping by steaming and manipulation, it is well to place the grasses or oats in an upright or leaning position while drying after dyeing to avoid the stiff look of a perfectly erect stalk. Indeed if the grasses are not to be dyed, it is well to dry them in some such position at first.

For arrangement there are few prettier things than the little grass or grain trimmed baskets; called baskets, though they are in the form of anything else as well. Designs for everything of this kind, both trimmed and untrimmed, may be readily found. If the baskets cannot be obtained, delicate willow baskets, willow ware, toys, such as chairs, cradles, etc., may be utilized for the purpose.—"*Outing.*"

—The *British Medical Journal* says that a castor-oil plant was placed accidentally in a room swarming with flies, but almost immediately the flies disappeared, and they were found under the plant, or clinging to its leaves, dead. The leaves are said to give out a property deadly to insects. Who knows but that the mosquito, too, may succumb to castor oil, and that New Jersey and Staten Island may yet enjoy life, even in the dog days?

Trimmings for Dress Skirts.

The correspondents who ask for new suggestions about trimming the foot of dress skirts are advised that the simplest borders are considered most stylish. A pretty way of arranging silk or satin has two narrow knife-plaited frills at the foot, which cover about five or six inches of the foundation skirt. and on these as a heading fally tiny plaited fans made of the dress skirt cut into tabs. These tabs are five inches broad and six inches long; they are lined with silk, and interlined with crinoline lawn, and are caught upward in the center in four or five tiny plaits from the bottom to the top of the tab, and after being spread out in fan shape, are tacked together at the bottom. Another effective and substantial trimming for the foot is made of gathered bias satin that looks like ruffles, but is really puffs lapping half over the puff next below. Three of these puffs are used; the two lower ones are only three inches deep when finished, while the upper one is six inches, and has an erect ruffle for the heading made of the upper edge of the puff, doubled and held by two parallel rows of shirring. The measurement given here is for the completed trimming, and does not allow for the doubled edges or for the seams. This trimming is very effective when two or three shades appear in a dress, as each is represented by a puff or frill; thus an olive dress with embroidered salmon figures upon it has the lowest puff of dark olive, a light olive for that above it, while the wide puff at the top is of salmon satin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

At It Again.

"Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones, reflectively, as she noticed askance that her husband was counting out his money in a plethoric roll of greenbacks, "*I should* like a new satin dress; it would be cool for summer, and satin is really the most economical material now in use."

"I don't see what you want of another satin," answered Jones, with a sardonic smile.

"Another! I'm sure I haven't a satin dress to my name."

"Why, what's the matter with the dress you have on?" asked her husband; it has been sat in for the last five years!"

Words failed to relieve Mrs Js' mind and she bided her time; it came; she had given Jones a pretty dressing gown a few days previous on the anniversity of his birthday, it had fitted him nicely with but one exception—it was a trifle short, a defect she had prepared for and knew just how to remedy. Last evening one of the neighbors had dropped in to talk over affairs and smoke a social cigar, when Jones brought out his new garment and put it on.

"Why, my dear," he said pleasantly, "you have forgotten to lengthen it. You know it was several inches too short!"

"O, never mind love," said his wife, with malice in her eye, "it will be long enough before you get another!"

There was an ominous silence, and the neighbor remarked that he had forgotten to take the shrubbery in, and there might be a frost, and he excused himself and went home.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—At a conference of those interested in assisting unemployed workmen, recently held in London, Mr. R. May secretary, stated that 5,000 workingmen had signed papers expressing a wish to emigrate; and Mr. Rankin, M. P., pointed out that at the present time there were nearly 1,000,000 paupers in the United Kingdom, who cost a sum of £10,000,000. Resolutions were passed approving of the emigration of the unemployed—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Rochester (N. Y.) possesses a man who can extend his chest full thirteen inches beyond its normal size, and without inspiration. He can sustain this expansion for hours.

"ANGELINA"—No, we donot think it would be practicable to feed the live stock on an ocean steamer in the trough of the sea.—*Boston Post.*

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

YOU never hear of a strike among the astronomers. Their business is always looking up.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

YOUNG men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE pig has sometimes been compared to a musical instrument. The comet seems to hit his ease.—*Lowell Courier.*

WHAT is the difference between Jumbo and gumbo? None whatever. One is an elephant and the other is stew. Go deep for this. It's there.—*Baltimore American.*

OLD lady (to druggist)—"Are you quite sure this is carbonate of soda—not arsenic?" Druggist—"Quite, ma'am; try it, and judge for yourself."—*The Judge.*

GEORGE ELIOTT said that no man can be wise on an empty stomach. Nonsense. If that were so, how would the average editor be able to indite such sagacious editorials as we are continually reading in our exchanges.—*Texas Siftings.*

"ISN'T this cheese a little old?" asked the customer of the grocery clerk. "I don't know," answered the boy, "I'm only a passenger here. You must ask the skipper."—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE lady who writes under the name of "Sarah Tytler," is really Mrs. Henrietta Keddie. It seems as if Keddie might have secured a Tytler friends would have liked better.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A CHICAGO wife objects to her husband dragging her around to saloons and pulling her shoe from her foot to be used for a dice box. What enormous dice they must shake in Chicago.—*New Haven Register.*

A DESPERATE character, who had committed a robbery in Illinois, in fleeing from the officers, had a part of his heel shot off. It is not often that justice follows so closely on the heels of crime.

"WHAT are your views of Europe, my dear sir?" patronizingly queried the ubiquitous note-book mauler, as he poised his ready pencil. "Mostly stereoscopic," was the curt reply of the travel-stained Senator.—*N. Y. News.*

CHARLES CALL, from Maine, was swindled out of thirty-five dollars before he had been two hours in Boston. He is now a mourning Call.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

ONE of the most recent inventions is a process by which every man can be his own photographer. All you have to do is to pull the slide, stand in front of the camera with your best $5.75 expression, and then close the slide by pulling a string. "Seven of this give for a quarter."—*New Haven Register.*

A Total Eclipse

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

"HOW D' YE do, Fogg?" we asked, as we saw our old friend trudging along with a big carpet bag. "Where are you bound?" "Down to Hackmetack Beach," he replied. "Thought you were sick there all last summer," we remarked. "That's just it," said Fogg, as he moved along. "Doctor advised me to be looking after my health, so I thought I'd go to Hackmetack. Left it there last summer, you know; haven't seen anything of it since. So long."—*N. Y. Herald.*

$200.00 Reward

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person dealing in bogus or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters with the word HOP or HOPS in their name, that is intended to cheat the public, or for anything pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine has a cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and is the best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS MF'G. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

A MAN advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will be highly lucrative to the undertaker."

PRIZE fights are becoming very frequent. This may be called a revival of the old style of pound parties.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

***"Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance." Kidney-Wort is able to convert you from a shadow of your former self into the substance of established health. Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy: "I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kidneys don't fail to try it.

IN the bright lexicon of youth the schoolhouse is sometimes affectionately spoken of as "the tannery."

*Why is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the Mississippi River in a spring freshet? Because the immense volume of this healing river moves with such momentum that it sweeps away all obstacles and is literally flooding the country.

ISN'T it a base insinuation for an editor, on noticing a new paper, to say: Before us lies, etc.—*Frankford Herald.*

☞ Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10 cents for any color.

WHY is the letter B like a man sitting at the extremity of a branch of a tree? Because it makes the end "bend."

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A CORNER in ginger is reported. Useful in relieving cucumber qualms in the abdomen.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

IT is not safe to whisper anything on a postal card.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SAVE your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

THE IMPENDING FATE.

An Interesting Chapter from the Life of a Prominent Bostonian.

(*Boston Globe.*)

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee, of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrahee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you can see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious and I allowed the illness to run along until on the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and did not go out of the house until the middle of December. I then went down town and attempted to attend to my business until the 13th of last January, when I was taken with a very severe relapse. My symptoms were terrible. I was fearfully bloated; I suffered severe pains in all parts of my body and it was almost impossible to get my breath. For six days I never laid down and never slept. I was constantly attended by my regular physician, Doctor Johnson, and Doctor Bowditch also came to see me nearly every day. There was no doubt that I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form and last stages, accompanied by other troubles in my liver and heart. In spite, however, of the skill of the physicians, I kept growing worse and finally they told my wife in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctor gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than twenty-four hours and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was on the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading the paper to me, began an article which described my disease and sufferings exactly. It told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it described. So I sent my man to the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine, unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at ten o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. There are a number of very remarkable cases in Lynn and Salem, as well as in this city, that it has cured. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians as well as others have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he were seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Chicago for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see the physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I went to see Dr. D. A. Johnson, at 20 Worcester street. He was absent when I called, and so I stepped into the Commonwealth Hotel, where Mr. Larabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugh & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said, 'why for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said: That means the death of Mr. Larrabee. No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle.'"

I then called on Dr. Johnson who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks and never called to see him during that time, but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with Albumen or any kidney troubles, he should certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think, and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are specially subject to albuminous troubles which require prompt attention.

Well, I then came down and called on Dr. B. Ingersoll Bowditch on Boviston street. The old doctor was inclined to be reticent, but fully confirmed all I had previously learned. He had attended Mr. Larrabee, and supposed him beyond all hope, and he was afterward restored, as he said, by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman, and he said:

"I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a Life-Insurance Company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. He had albumen and casts in the urine, and a terribly diseased liver and spleen. Indeed, he was so bad that he threw himself upon the floor, and with his head upon a hassock, struggled for breath. It was on the night when he was so bad and when all his medical advisers had long given him up that he began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The next morning at 10 o'clock he was able to breathe freely, and has been ever since. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, after his recovery, and 'I can't find out about him.' His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy."

The conclusions from the statements above made which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First, that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden compliant. Its beginnings are slight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. This fact was manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character and so out spoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have been flooded. "The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought down to death's door, must unquestionably be certain in all minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

TO IMPROVE the appearance of the skin grest risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itchiug and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum), Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough, Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or tender itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, which can be obtained at druggists.

IF one should send water pitchers as a present to a friend how should he sign the note accompanying them? "Ewers truly."

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

RICE was introduced into Europe by the Saracens. It is introduced into the Chinese with chop sticks.—*Texas Siftings.*

Riding to Save a Life.

A Georgia newspaper gives an interesting account of the heroism of John Potter, a ten year old boy who rode a horse twelve miles to Macon for the purpose of calling a physician to attend his mother, who was believed to be dying with colic. The doctor could not be found, but a kind druggist gave the lad a bottle of medicine and ordered him to hurry home. The brave lad rode home, delivered the medicine, and then fainted from nervous exhaustion. The medicine cured the sick woman, and the boy is well. It is only necessary to say that the precious medicine was PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, which never fails to cure disorders of the stomach, Cholera Morbus and Bowel Complaints. Sold by all Druggists.

HAVE a cigar named for you, if you would be puffed.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

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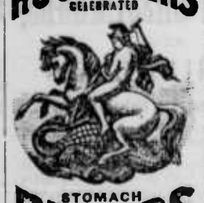

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It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

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Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER Is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1. per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Inclose 3c. Stamp. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Never Gums.

IT KEEPS MOIST, OILY AND CLEAN.

Those who use it once always use it. Ask for "WISE'S" where you trade.

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German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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The Queen City Suspender Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Sterling Supporters for Ladies and Children, and their unequaled Rigid Suspenders for Ladies, and want reliable lady agents to sell them in every household. Our agents everywhere meet with ready success and make handsome salaries. Write at once for terms and secure exclusive territory. Address

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
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Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

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ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION,

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Steam Engine and Saw Mill

Exhibited at Atlanta in 1881.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Lath Machines, Hub and Spoke Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, Couplings, Gearing, Grist and Flour Mills. Send for Special Circular of our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill, which we sell for

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For DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, FLUX, AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

The world has never produced its equal.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

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And the BEST MACHINERY in the WORLD for BORING and DRILLING WELLS by Horse or Steam Power! Book FREE. Address LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Agricultural Economies.

The profit of the future is to come in avoidance of wastes of the farm. As the country grows older, land dearer and immigration heavier, competition waxes fiercer in all agricultural production. A ruinous share of the hay is lost first in cutting when ripened to woodiness or dried to hardened stems; then in giving it out to sustain life and animal heat rather than for fat and flesh. Corn is also thrown away by insufficient or injudicious feeding. There is enormous loss in keeping a poor cow that yields 300 gallons of milk per annum instead of one that produces 600 at about the same cost. One may bring the owner in debt while the other affords a handsome profit on expense of keep. A cow that gives milk only from April to November and runs dry when forage is costly, and milk is dear, should have a few months extra feeding and go to the butcher as soon as possible. That a cow is dry for more than six weeks is the fault of the owner in not procuring "the survival of the fittest," and again perhaps in not supplying ample and succulent food at all seasons, while the milk habit of the young cow is forming. The loss in milk and meat by irregular feeding and a change from fresh pastures to a straw stack and coarse hay during an inclement season, is an irreparable waste which is projected into the succeeding summer without regard to the abundance of its pasturage.

The losses from negligence or want of skill, in the preparation for market, the malpulation or manufacture from raw material is enormous. Milk of the same quality, of the same cost, makes butter at fifteen cents and at half a dollar per pound. Mixed fruit sells in market at half the value of assorted samples neatly put up. The pig products of a famous Massachusetts farm are disposed of in New York city at twenty-three cents per pound, while similar goods from the average farm command but fifteen cents. Skill, taste, neatness and a well earned reputation for reliable excellence get the highest rewards—give better dividends than the capital and labor represented in the product on which they are expended. There is solid money in these untangable valuables. But the wastes that may be avoided are numerous in every department of agricultural practice, and cannot be hinted at in a paragraph. They are illustrated in the differing costs and selling prices of adjoining farms in every neighborhood of the land.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

His Bones Bleaching.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The *Star* says: The process of boiling Guiteau's body in the vats of the Medical Museum, and the removal of the flesh therefrom, was completed last Saturday. After the bones had been scraped they were removed to the roof of the museum to be bleached in the sun. The bleaching process will continue for a couple of weeks, when the skeleton will be articulated and placed in a case which has been prepared for it. It is said that the Museum authorities during the culinary operation took the quadriceps, extensor, deltoid and sterno-cleido mastoid muscles out of the boiler, and after dividing them into small pieces placed the pieces in jars of alcohol and distributed them among many medical men in this city.

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—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
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Cramps or Sprains.
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Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
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Are Superior to all other Plasters.
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Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c.
MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to HISCOX & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Howie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Atocelin Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
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We have just received from the

Auction Rooms OF New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

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that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

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at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 200 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
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Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

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MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutts store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 8-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. tel4-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new ment market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgis' drug store.
2 3 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FEES OF CONSTABLES.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 5th, 1882.

At the meeting of the County Commissioners held July 5th, 1882, the following order was passed in relation to Fees of Constables:

WHEREAS, It has come to the notice of this Board that it is the practice of Justices of the Peace in the town of Oakland, and other incorporated towns in Garrett county, to issue processing criminal cases, to persons other than the regular appointed Constables of this county, to be executed by such persons in the capacity of acting Constables, thus depriving the Constables appointed by this Board of business that rightfully belongs to them, and putting it into the hands of persons not contemplated by law. It is thereupon this 5th day of July, 1882, by the Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, ordered, that after the proper notice of this order has been served, that this Board will not levy or pay any bills to any person except the Sheriff, or regularly appointed Constables, for serving criminal process from any Justice of the Peace, whatsoever, [this town of Bloomington Garrett county, Maryland, excepted,] and the Clerk to this Board is hereby directed to send a copy of this order to each of the Justices of the Peace residing within the limits of the several corporated towns in Garrett county, as contemplated by this order, and to cause the same to be published in each of the county papers.

J. C. DUNHAM,
7 15 3t Clerk.

Home for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable home situated at the south end of Friend's valley in District No. 2, Garrett county, containing over 100 acres about one third of which is cleared and under good cultivation. The improvements consist of a

New frame Dwelling-House,

with six rooms and a splendid cellar, good stabling, granaries and other outbuildings; also splendid pulled garden, and a two acre lot enclosed with a good lumber fence.

FINE YOUNG ORCHARD,

consisting of apples, pears, peaches and grapes, all nursery fruit. This place is situated within sight of a Mill School House, Church and two Stores, and has many other advantages and will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars call on, or address

D. A. FRIEND,
7 8 4 Friendsville, Md.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 11, 1882.

The Garrett county Normal School will open in Grantsville, on Monday July 31st, and continue ten weeks. Tuition, for 1st grade certificates $6 00, for 2nd. grade $5.00.

With Miss Lillie Brown, (a graduate of the State Normal) assisted by Mr. C. H. Snyder, of Grantsville, it is earnestly desired that those who contemplate teaching in Garrett county, will avail themselves of the advantages offered by this school.

The above terms are for the session of ten weeks, but no reduction will be made to those who enter after the 31st of July. For other particulars address Miss Lillie Brown, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 15 3 Sect'y Board School Commissioners.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Estate of William Bouser, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM BOUSER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of July, 1882.

JOHN W. DANIELS,
7 15 3 Administrator.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Calciminers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, for the purpose of hunting or fishing." All persons disregarding this notice will be visited with the penalties of the law.

PERER GORTNER,
FREDERICK GORTNER,
7 14 CHRISTIAN SLABACH.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,
Carpenters & Contractors,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhudebenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

ORDER NISI.

John Bradburn vs. Joseph Symons. } No. 245 Equity, In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1882, that the sale made and reported by John Bradburn, Mortagee, in the above cause be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of July next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $760.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
7 1 3 W. H. TOWER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire this office or on the *premises.*

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 8 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid in cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882. NUMBER 22.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 19 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenaes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 404. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. or Oakland, Md.

June 8 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

77 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives his private patients.

PERUNA pleasantly agrees with every one—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the delicate and the robust.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the ills of life, leaves of lively, restful and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed wholly of vegetable ingredients, each one a great remedy in itself.

PERUNA assists nature and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet "The Ills of Life," or send for Pe-ru-na Pills, Diarrhœa, or Kidney, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Business Prosperity.

According to the circular issued last Saturday by Dun, Winan & Co.'s Mercantile Agency, containing reports from their correspondents in the several States and Territories, a rather cheering report is given of the prospects for business this fall. By this circular it appears that the Northwestern States, almost without exception, anticipate a large and prosperous trade. The exceptions noted are chiefly confined to parts of Michigan and Indiana where the late spring had a depressing effect on business, and in New York State there has been some tendency to restrict manufactures. In the South it is found that South Carolina, Georgia Tennessee and Alabama are less favorably situated than might be desired, owing to the losses sustained in the agricultural districts one year ago, making it necessary for many traders to ask extensions, as a result of tardy collections. But even with these allowances, so far as concerns the Northwest, the outlook is well expressed in the two words, "generally favorable." Considered more in detail, accounts carefully collected from Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota are exceptionally bright, and as regards the great grain growing States, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, while it is true that some sections suffered from excessive rains, affecting corn more than any other crop, merchants report an increased volume of business compared with last year, and are expecting with confidence a large and satisfactory business in the coming fall. The basis for this calculation is a more than average crop of cereals, sold at remunerative prices. In St. Paul sales of merchandise during the six months have doubled in the leading lines, compared with corresponding dates in any previous year and collections have been satisfactory.

From Ohio the reports at hand comprise localities of which Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Dayton and Toledo are the business centres. In Cincinnati merchants in every branch are hopeful of a fair, if not a good fall trade, and manufacturers, as a class, are prosperous. In Columbus business for the last six months was larger than for the first half of 1881, but manufacturers are conservative and jobbers buy sparingly. In Dayton, while the spring business has been disappointing, a large gain is looked for in the fall. In St. Louis trade has been very quiet, but the feeling of despondency lately apparent has given place to confidence that the fall trade of 1882 will be healthy and remunerative. In Wisconsin, as well as in Michigan, while merchants were compelled to carry over large quantities of last winter's goods, on account of the open season the lumber interest has been prosperous, and dealers are gathering in a rich harvest. The small return for salt has been compensated by the enhanced value of lumber of every description. Farmers in some sections are engaging profitably in stock raising and the dairy business. Altogether, merchants are very hopeful. Wheat in Michigan, taking the whole State through, is one-third better than last year, while in the southern counties the yield has doubled. In Kansas the harvest of winter and spring wheat will be the largest in the history of the State, while merchants will draw heavily upon wholesale dealers in merchandise within the next two months.

In the vicinity of Omahn an excellent harvest is assured. Colorado has had a backward season, and the jobbing trade has not fulfilled the expectations of dealers, but there is no feeling of depression. The mammoth mining exposition at Denver for which preparations are making, is expected to attract large amounts of capital for investment in manufacturing and other interests. Indiana suffered from a backward spring, and wind storms have caused much havoc, but with more favorable weather the outlook is considered full of encouragement. Manufactures in Evansville are rapidly extending.

In Pennsylvania, of course prolonged strikes, involving 120,000 workmen, will have a bad effect, but very little of this is apparent thus far. Jobbers in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia find their trade has fallen but little short of the same period of 1881. Should the strike continue, however, the business will become worse and the year's business, though by no means promising poorly, will be considerably affected.

Accounts from New York State are somewhat qualified, but in Albany and Troy the stove manufacturers are doing a business equal to, if not larger, than last year's, and the fruit crop, apples particularly, will be very abundant. Buffalo suffers from the low price of oil, but this drawback has already been corrected to an extent by the recent advance. Gloversville is overstocked with gloves and mittens, the sales this year having fallen off about one-half. At Utica, the hop center, the vines are in a poor condition. But with all these drawbacks, the Empire State has promise of a prosperous year.

Taking the South as a whole, the ambition of the mercantile classes is to recover from the losses of one year ago. Texas, however, has gathered a bountiful harvest of small grains, supplemented by a prolific corn crop in the lower part of the State, and is now rejoicing in the prospect of realizing a cotton crop equal to that of two years ago, viz., 1,250,000 bales. Louisiana, it is predicted, will surpass all expectations in the yield of the sugar plantations, the estimates in some instances being as high as 230,000 hogsheads, against 125,000 the previous season. Merchants in New Orleans would consider business promising and healthful were it not for the extensions of credit asked and granted in the overflowed districts.

The accounts from Eastern States are more or less clouded. In Boston the distribution of manufactured goods is below expectation, and the same of Hartford and Springfield. In Rhode Island, while the woolen manufactures, as a whole, are thought to be ahead of last year, the cotton mills have large stocks on hand, on which they will hardly realize the cost of production.

Prospects of a Holy War.

England alone, or acting in concert with other European powers, can easily grind to powder the insurrection in Egypt, but back of it stalks the holy war—of a union of all Moslem peoples against the Christian enemy—and this subject is attracting a very large degree of attention abroad. The London newspapers of recent dates contain numerous communications from writers who have had large experience in oriental countries, and although the weight of opinion is that no such union of Mahommedans is possible under existing circumstances, there still seems to exist an uneasy feeling in regard to the influences of religious fanaticism upon the races that acknowledge Mahomedan allegiance to Islam. A correspondent of the London *Observer* makes so radical a declaration as that "a holy war is as impossible as a renewal of the crusades," but it is pertinently asked how he can account for the agitation that is undoubtedly in progress in all Mahommedan lands. Considering that Great Britian has in India a hundred million subjects of that faith and that they constitute a very important fraction of her military strength, she cannot afford to be indifferent to any symptoms of Moslem insurrection. Heretofore she has had little trouble in employing her Indian troops against their co religionists, but if the jehad, the war of extermination against infidels, is preached, her power over them would be very questionable. It is, however, argued that in India the influence of Islam has never been much more than superficial, and that at the present time an Indian Moslem in his tenets and observance, is but a Hindoo in a foreign dress. Ever since the conclusion of the Sepoy rebellion England has very carefully cultivated the loyalty of her Indian subjects, taking every precaution that the yoke of government should rest lightly upon them and that their social and religious custom should as far as possible, be preserved to them. It is doubtful, therefore, whether seditious efforts among them would be crowned with success.

The case is far different with regard to the Arabs. They hold themselves to be the special custodians of the faith, and there are traditions among them that in November of this year—the year 1300 of Moslem chronology—there is to come from the South a deliverer, who shall lead them to successful battle with the infidels. They have been a description of his personal appearance, which is said to coincide with that of El Medji, the false prophet, so called by the Europeans, who is now advancing from the Soudan northward into Egypt. There have been rumors that Arabi is in communication with him, and it seems certain that he is rapidly gathering recruits around his banner. Of course, his forces are only a mob—as Herodotus wrote of Xerxes' armies, "they comprise many persons, but few men." The statement published to-day that the Ulemas—the teachers and holy men—are preaching Arabi's cause in Egypt and Syria, lends strength to the theory that he is strenuous endeavoring to convert this into a religious war. In this supposition we may find an explanation of the reluctance of the Sublime Porte to attempt the conquest of the Egyptian insurgents. Although the Sultan of Turkey has been recognized as the spiritual head of Islam ever since the last of the Caliphs of Bagdad was carried by Sultan Selim to Constantinople in the sixteenth century and compelled to surrender to the conqueror the title and authority of the Caliphate, yet the Arabs have always preserved the idea that in a great Moslem uprising the glories of Bagdad would again become the seat of Moslem power, as in the days of Haroun Al-Raschild. And it is even possible that ei jehad may be proclaimed without the authority of the Sultan. It could be done by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who resides at Mecca and is not unsuspectible to Arab influence. True, the sacred flag is at Constantinople, but the sophistical ingenuity of the Ulemas would, doubtless, be equal to discovering reasons why a holy war could be prosecuted without its presence at the head of the armies. No two authorities agree upon the subject of the banner. One story is that it is the black curtain which hung before the door of Mahomet's wife Ayesha; another is that it is a green flag brought down from Heaven to the prophet by the angel Gabriel. It is now, at any rate, a bit of rotten silk in a green satin cover, packed away in a gilded box. When it is in the field every Moslem is in duty bound to follow in its train. The Sultan threatened to unfurl it in the war against Russia in 1877, but it has actually never been brought into service since 1768.

As soon as England lands forces enough in Egypt to proceed with a land campaign we shall see what are really the chances of a holy war. Except in Persia, the Moslems are all of one sect, the Sunnites; but there are serious race differences between the Arabs and the Turks. The Persian schismatic, the Shiahs, reject the purely Arab elements of the Islamic creed, adding to their declaration of faith, "and Ali is the vicar of God." Sunnites and Shiahs have about as much liking for each other as Catholics and Protestants, and Persia will hardly be drawn into the present complications. According to the outlook now, the Arabs must fight the battle alone against the Christians.—*Baltimore American*.

The Test of the Ironclads.

The operations at Alexandria gave the first opportunity naval men have had to test the merits of the improved modern ironclad and prove its superiority when pitted against guns mounted ashore in forts of approved construction. The bombardment was a practical trial. The Egyptians had, it is true, no vessel to maneuver in opposition, no rams, no torpedoes. Nor were their works armed with guns of equal weight with the 81-ton guns of the English ironclad *Inflexible*. The work to do was simple. It was in the main a standstill fight, and the ironclads got the best of it. The forts and earthworks of Arabi Pasha were speedily knocked about his ears, but the ships came off unhurt. The fact that he used solid shot, and not shells, probably shows that his main hope was to sink the English vessels. That they resisted this fire so well bears witness to the comparative impregnability of the modern man-of-war. Most of the ironclads were struck. The *Invincible*, a broadside ship, having but six-inch armor, was anchored during the action off the formidable work, Fort Meks, offering a fixed and broad target to the Egyptian rifled cannon. The *Invincible* was hit often and penetrated six times, but she is one of a class only partly protected. The enemy's shot riddled her unprotected parts, scattering splinters here and there, but her battery and water line were well armored, and effectually resisted serious hurt. She had but six men wounded. The *Penelope*, similarly constructed, was penetrated five times—but in no vital part, owing to the disposition of her armor—having but one gun disabled and eight men wounded. The *Inflexible*, by far the most powerful and best armored vessel of the fleet, was hit five times, and one shot went through her unarmored parts, killing one man and wounding two others.

The *Inflexible*, when she was launched in 1876, was regarded as the most formidable engine of naval warfare in the world, and still compares favorably with the *Dandolo* and *Duillo*, the two great Italian ironclads, armed with 100-ton guns. She is a turn-screw turret ship, 320 feet long between perpendiculars at 75 feet in breadth at the widest part, being literally a rectangular armored castle. All the vulnerable parts of the ship are inclosed in the central citadel; the remaining sections are simply designed to float it. This "box," 110 feet by 75, is armored 8 feet 5 inches above the water line and 9-feet and 7 inches below it. The plating varies in thickness, but at the most vital point consists of 24 inches of solid iron, in two coats, each strengthened by girders, backed by teak packing 17 inches thick, making a wall 41 inches through. The turrets are placed on either side of the ship *en echelon* within the citadel walls, the fore-turret on the port side, so that all four guns can be discharged simultaneously in the same direction. The guns can also be depressed so as to fire down on the deck of an enemy alongside. The turrets, of 28 feet internal diameter, are formed of a single thickness of armor, 18 inches thick, backed with as much wood and an inner iron skin. The *Inflexible* has a crew of about 350 men, but two men can work each of the guns. She has a speed of 14-knots, but is not a very handy vessel in a sea way. Her first cost was about $3,000,000. The *Invincible's* 81-ton guns are designed to throw a projectile weighing 1,700 pounds with a 350-pound charge of powder, and the vessel carries 120 rounds per gun. The caliber is 16 inches. In the trials at Shoeburyness, with a full charge of 445 pounds and a 1,760-pound protectile, one of these guns gave a velocity at the muzzle of 1,657 feet per second, showing that the gun is equal to the destruction of a ship with 32 inches of armor. Its range is about ten miles.

A surprising report comes that the effect produced by the *Inflexible's* 81-ton guns was not commensurate with their size. The 25-ton and 12-ton guns are said to have done the best execution.

A Wise Essay on Liars.

Detroit Free Press.

"Who am a liar?" asked the old man, as he rose up in his usual place and glared around him.

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale and there was a deathlike silence as Brother Gardner continued:

"An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar, an' de lias? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawin', an' he lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De lee man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies, but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, and de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show.

"An' yet my frens, whar will we bring up in de end? When Waydown Bebee axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out de last shillin' fur a wash bo'd, an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I axe Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me, he lies when he says he promised his dyn' gran'muder nebber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we kin afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orter be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become a red-hot, go-ahead, dust-around, nashun, but we has also become a nashun of liars, cheats, and false pretenders. We adulterate our goods, cheat in weight, swindle in measure, and put on broadcloth coats to hide de absence of dollar shirts. Our society am full of false pretenders, our religion furnishes a cloak for hypocrites, an' our charity am but a high soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. We lie, an' we know we lie. We play de hypocrite, we cheat an' deceive, an' yit we want de world to pick us out as shinin' examples of virtue, an' we expect our tombstones to bear eulogies georgious 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into doin' better! Let de kickin' begin just whar' it happens, fur we can't hit anybody who doan' need it!"

Russia has plenty of cause to regret her hasty and ill-advised persecution of the Jews. Through the manipulations of the great Hebrew bankers in the different continental cities Russian credit has fallen lower than ever before. The Russian rouble, worth a few years ago over seventy cents, can now be bought for fifty cents. At Odessa, which is the Chicago of Russia, the grain trade is greatly depressed, owing to the skillful operations of the Jews. The government has been quick to realize the danger which confronts it. A union between the Jews and Nihilists could not fail to be disastrous, and the new ministry is doing all in its power to stop persecutions and reassure the Jews; but the mischief has been done, and years of toleration will be needed to repair it.

A circular has been issued inviting the members of the Sharpless family to assemble at a reunion at Ridley Creek, near Chester, Pa., on the 24th of August, the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of John Sharpless, the pioneer of the race at Upland, in what is now Delaware county. The decendants are now estimated at numbering 25,000. It is intended to be a social family gathering to promote friendship among kindred and strengthen the bonds of relationship on the spot where their common ancestor erected his cabin in the new world. The old family Bible and the relics will be exhibited. The descendants are invited to bring with them anything they may have to throw light on the family history.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SORROW.

I would not weep because the roses die,
I do not murmur when the red leaves fall;
But when blue beef goes mounting to the sky,
I weep above my soup, and that is all.

I have not wept, when wintry blasts have roared,
Because the summer flowers were in the snow;
But when wood sells nine dollars for a cord,
I wept for that; I would not have it so.

I would not weep, because the birds of spring,
With autumn's leaves and summer's flower's are fled;
I only sob because I played a king,
After the other man an ace had led.

For birds, and leaves, and buds, I do not weep,
Foolish the heart that for such trifles "boilers;"
I do not mourn for things supremely cheap,
My human grief mounts upward into dollars.
—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

BITTER-SWEET.

I.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom. Into the woodland from far below came a murmur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk and laughter of the fishermen mellowed by distance. Right down through the sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tinkling and gurgling to the sea.

The dim fragrance and dappled lights and pleasant sounds of the day made a three-fold joy to a young girl who stood beneath the trees in the April noon. She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow. Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft green mosses full of the sweet rain that had fallen all the previous night. With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about her face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading band.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body, when alone with nature in spring, after a long illness. To this full content of hers, all the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background.

And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, carelessly whistling, treading gayly over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and paused on the further side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face. Just one moment, and he turned off a little higher up and sprang across the stream. Only one look, and there might have been no second; their lives might have glided apart forever, but for an accident—or what we call an accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life. As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall. He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly toward him. "I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful look for a moment, went quickly along the path that led toward Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying. At a turning she met a tall scholarly looking man.

"I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my child?" he said, anxiously.

"My hat fell into the brook, and it is so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gentleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk." And she waved her hand toward the woods below. They found him faint and white; but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and pear trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.

II.

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlatives, it is when love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations, but not of friends. None of the bloom had been worn off her soul by that playing at love called flirtation. She had read, with a certain solemnity, some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and shifting as dreams generally are.

Her father had taught her Greek, and so "she chanced upon the poets," and their thoughts had given flavor to her own. Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as if she must cross the narrow bound of time into the wide spaces of eternity; but slowly death had let go his hold, and she was well enough now to enjoy the change to the quaint Devonshire fishing village, perched in the rift of a headland among ancestral trees and bowers of ash and apple and pear.

It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and the shingly shore. The houses rise one above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers. Its only inn is a temple of bric-a-brac, and, in summer, is crowded with pilgrims visiting one of the shrines of nature. In this sequestered solitude the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doctor, after two or three days, limped into Margaret's sunlit sitting-room, into which the light filtered through a network of budding apple boughs. Here he would sit and watch Margaret at work, or listen to her as she read some Old World book to her father, her fresh young voice contrasting with the oft-times crabbed style, and as he thus watched her she grew inexpressibly pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was all.

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning affection of her life. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," then fades away. But once more it lies about the man and woman in the mellow time of youth with a beauty that baby eyes never yet beheld and earth borrows of this heavenly light. Did ever such sunlight pass through the rosy film of the apple blossoms that nestled against the wall and made a bower before Margaret's window? And as for the blue bay gleaming below—was it really so cruel after all? Did so many husbands and fathers and sons lie tossing in its depths. It looked so caressing, washing the feet of the red cliffs where the greenery crept down to meet it.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-screened room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, now fully leafed, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones. On fine evenings the three would sit on the little semi-circular pier that inclosed the "quay pule" and watch the sunset fading and the darkness nestling down among the wooded headlands, and the great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose that touched the water. After that the sky would swiftly fill with stars, and the moon would spring into the airy silence, and her light would penetrate sky and sea and cliff-hung village, the lights would appear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward.

All this fed the warm friendliness he felt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife. But of that delicious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life that must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman—what did he know? Nothing.

His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. She was one of those women, passionate, yet sweet and pure, with sensitive bodies that quiver with pain at any strong emotion. If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another; perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of his.

They lingered on till the honeysuckle wood the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when, the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, just before sunset, when the day has lost its weariness and the sky is calm, and the sunshine is dimmed by a soft haze.

Mr. Townsend had left them in order to write a letter which he had forgotten, and the others had sauntered toward the village in dreamy silence. Then she became aware that he was asking her to be his wife, telling her that she was the sweetest woman he had ever seen. Whence then her sudden shrinking from him, as in fear?

"I am not good enough," she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a timid woman, but in the midst of his wooing he was vexed at her humility, not understanding it, for he was only offering her a scanty armful of first-fruits, and she was returning him the full harvest of her soul, though she did not know its value. He drew her to him and kissed the brown head and laid it on his breast. She began to cry—she had been so greedy of joy lately, and here was its perfection!

And he?—well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature. And yet she was not the ideal of his past, which ideal had been compounded of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juliet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice, and dear Desdemona—in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into one.

She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined toward sadness; for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, half jestingly.

"Sorry!" she said, and, with a frank yet coy gesture, she nestled close to his heart.

III.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction. It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture. It is built in the form of a cross—indeed, its main street is called Crossgate. In one of the arms of the cross—the one toward Woodleigh, with its famous old castle—are the best houses, in which the smaller gentry and the professional men live.

At the end of the Woodleigh road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meeting in the Cloverleigh woods. It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends, and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gayety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness. The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, filled with comfortable furniture, softly cushioned chairs, and low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingy-looking dados, no sad-looking discolored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As Margaret was not esthetic, she preferred cheerful chintz and soft velvet.

Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green. There were oak shelves filled with her favorite books, a writing-table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantelpiece a jar of Venetian glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons. In spring there were primroses and violets—even a few tulips; in summer roses and mignonette; in autumn and winter ferns and mosses, with perhaps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden, was a great elm overhanging the lawn, and the flower-beds were as old-fashioned as the house.

In this room of Margaret's, John Enderby loved to rest in his intervals of leisure, watching his wife with an interest and a strange timidity that grew deeper day by day. Poor Margaret felt him further from her, and a shadow fell across her life that the birth of her little son could not wholly chase away. When the child was about nine months old it happened that she was often alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, not only among the rich, but also among the poor—for he was gentle as well as skillful. Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child! What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings!

One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on her knee—a bright, fair-haired, brown-eyed boy, very like his father. The baby stretched out his dimpled arms to his father, then with a child's mischief withdrew them, and hid his face on his mother's bosom with a cooing laugh. She bent her head down on the fluffy curls, and caught his little bare feet in her hand (he had pulled off his shoes and socks, the tiny rogue!) and she kissed the rosy toes with lovely mother worship.

"Look, John," she said; "isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this precious baby? What should we do without him?"

She was flushed and laughing, arms and heart full too; but a sharp pang flashed through him.

He answered, quietly, "Yes, he is a fine boy for his age," and, bending down, kissed him; but he went away after that without further speech. It often happened so now, and Margaret could not divine the cause; so she was hurt, and turned more and more to the baby for comfort.

On this occasion the doctor went to his study, locked the door and sat down to wrestle with himself, also to take stock of his forces for that wrestling.

Terrible and sweet revelation to the man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallen in love—fortunately with his wife. This, then, was the meaning of his silence, his jealousy, of the tearing away of his old pleasant friendliness toward her. This love of his was no flame that would flash and die out, but the strong white heat, the very soul of the heavenly fire.

He remembered now how she had said, "I am not worthy." Now he understood—she had loved him at that time—how far away it seemed—with the whole force of her being; and he—well, with self-depreciation and some well-deserved self-blame, he saw his blindness and the terrible risk he had run. He wanted only his wife; his Margaret; but what if he, Margaret's husband, had never felt this delight in her? Might he not have met some other woman for the sake of whom he would possibly have been tempted to repent his marriage?

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage, "ere life-time and love-time were one," and he was being pushed now, for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Was she, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of motherhood is stronger than all other? He worshiped her now with the full sacred passion of his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her? She would be always sweetly dutiful, he knew that—but duty, vilely duty! A man is nothing if he does not want more than that; and what was his life to be if she and the child dwelt apart in a little paradise of their own? He was jealous of his own child. At this point the man threw himself on his knees and finished his conflict there, and it was well for him that he did so.

IV.

The very names of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, carry us back in thought to the world's dawn; but their modern antitypes are to be found everywhere; in the fullest perfection among women, sad to say, and more perceptible in a country town than in a city.

And when poor Job—feminine Job especially—is sitting in the ashes of desolation, then do they, softly seated on the cushion of self-righteousness, proceed to comment disparagingly on the sufferer's past behavior.

Now, Eliphaz & Co. were not wanting in Windborough society, and in the case of John and Margaret soon perceived "the rift in the lute;" and being low, mean souls, they set to work to find a low, mean cause for it, having no idea of the higher love between man and woman.

They were three middle-aged spinsters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony in spite of an earnest desire to do so. When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, alas! even those sad and scentless flowers were denied them. So these three had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness of nature which the masculine portion of mankind had sagacity enough to perceive and to avoid. Miss Moss, Miss Brown and Miss Jones were friends, and much of the mischief in Windborough might be traced to them. For instance had they not discovered Mr. Blight the curate's shameful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old flirting ways again! If he had married a sensible, intellectual person, she might have cured him by carefully looking after him; but now his attending the meetings of the Book Club without his wife, and walking home with little Miss Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no good. So said they, shaking their heads. This was after morning service on Sunday, and they resolved that on Monday morning, while the Doctor was away on his rounds, they would call and enlighten his wife. "It will do her good, poor thing," they remarked.

So the three came on Monday morning, and after a few commonplaces, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can see that you are suffering, poor dear, and no wonder!"

Margaret looked at them bewildered. "I am quite well, she said.

"But about the Doctor, my dear; we have known him so long and understand his ways. If you had been a little more experienced you would have looked better after your husband."

"But he is not ill," answered the wife, still more bewildered.

"Not in body," remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; "but in mind, we mean; he pays great attention to the Frys next door, you know."

"And Miss Fry is very pretty," added Miss Jones.

If she had not been so angry Margaret would have laughed; John had walked home with their neighbors twice, and she was very fond of them. John might not love her; that she had found out, she thought; but she knew him to be the very soul of honor. She was generally so quiet that when her anger blazed out they were startled.

"Will you be so good as to leave my husband's affairs alone!" she said. "If you wish to be wicked there is no need to show such bad taste as to come here and endeavor to do harm."

And then they, feeling that for once they had been vanquished, quickly took their departure. But their words had left a sting behind them.

Was it so visible, then, even to these gossips, the fact she had found out some time ago, namely, that she was not to him all that he was to her? When she had discovered it she had determined to take thankfully what he could give; but, alas! beloved, who will be grateful for a few crumbs, seeing a full meal beyond? The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food. Well, she tried not to blame him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but there was her baby.

She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage: she only clung to the child—such a frail little reed to lean upon. And one day it broke.

It was a Sunday—one of those sweet days in the late autumn which nature saves out of the summer. The trees had lost their leaves, and the sunshine showed all their delicate irregularity—their beauty of mere form, which had been hidden by the foliage. The golden asters and red geraniums still brightened the sheltered garden. A ball was lying on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers that had played with it would never touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fast to a land in which, let us not say, there are no toys for the angel children. You remember Martin Luther's letter to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a lovely Paradise, with golden toys, whips, and drums and childish delights.

This little child was dying of croup. His mother could only hold the little form on her knee, while John knelt beside her trying useless remedies to comfort her. At last he stood still, looking down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing life.

Suddenly he knelt and touched the little clenched hand with his lips, and heavy tears plashed down upon it—his dear little boy; it was hard!

Margaret bent forward. "You do love him, John!" She was jealous for him that he should have his full share of love before he went. John understood, and his look answered her. What instinct had made her ask?

The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter; it was near the end now, and little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the first and last time, quite clearly: "Mamma." That was all she was to have—the one word, and the angels would have the rest. Terrible, awfully mysterious death had borne away the spirit of the babe, left only the little body cold and white as a snow-wreath; but a smile hovered on the tiny face.

At that moment the bells rang out for morning service, filling the clear air with their solemn merriment.

"And the bells of the city rang again," said John, softly. Margaret could weep then, and the nurse took the dead child from her arms and went softly out, shutting the door.

V.

So John comforted his wife, but her grief grew silent. She was gentle to him, but her thoughts were with the dead child. She told herself that it was better that he should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps play in the golden streets; but she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again. Mothers' hearts are hungry things, and she felt that she had nothing left. Her husband divined this mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his new love could not penetrate her silence.

After a while her strength failed; and, in great anxiety, he brought her back to Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had been bowered by the apple blossoms; but blossoms and birds were all gone now. Here Margaret grew restless; her thoughts turned from little Jack for the first time, and the afternoon after they came she wandered out by herself to the woods above the house. The sun was shining and there were one or two late daisies in the grass. She stooped and gathered them. Her baby had been fond of them, and she had made him so many chains of them in the past summer, and he had broken them, with his little coo just like a bird.

She went on, dry-eyed and desolate.

She started. Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife, and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy. Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flower. It had been unjust of John to take her without loving her. He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step and turned to hide from him, but the trees were bare now. Half curiously she looked at him. He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground. Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face. Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes. He looked up and saw her pale and slim in her black dress, but there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ear how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before. "I am not worthy, dear," he said, having also learned the divine humility.

So the bitter changed entirely to sweet; not suddenly, for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels. And that time was chronicled in her soul as "the winter our baby died, and I first knew how dear I was to John."—*The Argosy.*

—A woman at Columbus, O., ran to a fire with her baby in its carriage, and met not the slightest accident, while three drays were upset and two wagons demolished around her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Yakoot in New York.

A reporter for the *Sun* yesterday found a Yakoot, probably the first man of that race ever in the United States. The Yakoots are a Siberian tribe of Asiatic origin; they live on the shores of the Lena, where Captain De Long and his party found snowy graves. The name of this Yakoot is Mr. Brakhim. He is of middle stature, with hardly any hair on his chin and lip, though he is twenty-five years old. His prominent cheek bones and the square contour of his face show his Asiatic origin, yet his eyes are rather those of a white man. His legs are somewhat bowed, owing to an apparatus which the Yakoots use in training their babies. Mr. Brakhim speaks his own Yakoot language and also Russian, though with a peculiar accent.

"What induced you, Mr. Brakhim, to leave Yakootsk and come to this country?" asked the reporter in Russian.

"In 1876," he replied, "there was a Congress of Orientalists in St. Petersburg, and the Russian Government brought to that Congress a number of Ynhoots, Buriats, Ostiaks, Kirkhizes, and members of other Siberian tribes as samples of Russianization. I was one of the Yakoot samples. Once in St. Petersburg I decided to see more of the civilized world. I have been in France and in England, and now I want to see America. I would like to study this country, its people and its institutions."

"Are the Yakoots a numerous race?"

"There are about 250,000 of them. They lead a semi-nomadic life along the Lena and its tributaries. Twice a year they change their abode. In summer they settle on the numerous islands of Lena and on the shores of the other rivers, where they mow hay and cultivate a little barley and still less rye. In winter they move to their winter quarters, where they stay for seven long, cold months."

"What is the chief occupation of your race?"

"We keep cows and mares. We use the mare's milk to make kommiss. The rich men among us own from 100 to 500 cows and half that number of mares. The poor own about a dozen cows. A man who is worth a thousand roubles (about $700) is looked upon as very wealthy. We supply the gold miners with butter and meat. We keep a few deer, and with them make excursions to the Ice Ocean.

"Our villages consist of a number of tents, built regardless of any order, so that we have no streets. The tents are square at the base and pyramidal in shape; they are built generally of rough posts, put side by side. The rich men, however, use cut wood, or even make houses. There are small windows about a foot square, with ice panes during the winter, and with sheets of mica or small pieces of broken glass set in birch bark frames during the summer. Glass panes four inches square are the largest I ever saw in the houses of our rich people. The ice windows last through the winter, although fire is kept on the hearths night and day, and when they melt we know that the time has come for us to move to our summer quarters. We do not move our tents, which are left standing permanently in both the summer and winter quarters. The stables in winter adjoin the tents, so that our cattle have the benefit of the fires. Ample yards, with high fences, complete the picture of our village."

"What about your people?"

"The Yakoots are of middle stature, and have straight black hair, broad noses, prominent cheek bones, and eyes that resemble somewhat those of the Chinese. The men cut their hair short and leave a long loose lock on the back of the head something like a Chinese queue. The women have rich black hair, which they always cover with a handkerchief. The Yakoots are not prolific. A family usually has about three children. They are friendly and peaceable, and the women are regarded as equal to the men in every respect. Monogamy is strictly observed.

"In the morning we drink tea—brick tea. We scrape it with a knife, boil it in a clay pot, and drink it with milk. The rich families use also a little sugar, which they bite off in small pieces. We have no bread at all, for we cannot bake it on our hearths. Bread is a great luxury, and when one of us brings a loaf of it from the city of Yakootsk it is divided into small pieces and distributed around. We have, however, barley flour, of which we sometimes prepare a kind of bun or custard. About noon we eat *butuhas*—that is sour milk mixed with fresh milk and water and a powder made of soft pine bark. Sour milk we keep for months in large pits dug in the earth. Of course it is frozen hard, and we cut it with axes. About three o'clock we again eat *butuhas*. Before going to sleep the well-to-do people eat meat, while the poor eat more *butuhas*. Sometimes we have barley gruel and other preparations of milk. In winter we occasionally have fish."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Eclipse Story.

Apropos of the recent solar eclipse, a story worthy of Hacklaender has recently gone the round of the German papers. It appears that on the morning of the event alluded to Captain Von S——, of the ——Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his Sergeant-Major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade: This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard, Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill-shed. The Sergeant-Major, having set down his commanding officers instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack-yard, by order of the Captain and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps. The Captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person. Should it rain the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed."—*London Telegraph.*

—Josh Billings says that a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dartmouth's income paid its expenditures the past year—the first time in twenty-two years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—*American History.*

—A marble church to seat 600 people is to be built as a memorial to his son by Mr. B. F. Bennett, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore. He will present it free of debt to the Cross Street congregation of Methodists.

—A rare experience for a minister is that of Rev. W. F. Parker, of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis. In thirty years' active service in the pulpit he has been called on to bury but three members of the congregations for which he was laboring.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The *Independent* has kept up its examination of Methodist church statistics, and from a study of the spring conference figures finds that there are now 97,236 probationers and 695,136 members, an increase in probationers since last year of 9,816 and a loss in members of 1,214. The official tablets of the church contained unfortunate blunders which made out a loss of 10,675 members and 19,053 probationers.

—A curious petition has just been presented to the General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland. It seems that the Rev. John Campbell, Minister at Iona, uses his church for strange and unusual purposes. At one time pigs were kept in it, at another cattle were housed in the sacred precincts; while every winter, for some time past, it has been converted into a stock yard. On one occasion the church was so full of corn and straw that service had to be held outside. During the past six months the church has been closed altogether.

—One of the college jokers in Connecticut climbed a telegraph pole and tied a fine copper wire around thirteen of the telegraph wires, and ran it to the ground, and connection with Boston and New York was broken for two days. The college student had been studying chemistry or something, and the first thing he learned was that the connection could be thus broken on a telegraph wire, and he hastened to turn his knowledge to some practical use. The telegraph folks have learned that a heavy club applied to a head causes great pain, and they are anxious to test it on the aforesaid student.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, met about one hundred gentlemen in London recently, to confer as to future plans. There were present representatives from many towns in the kingdom, as well as from London. Mr. Moody said that he had in hand sufficient invitations to keep him hard at work in Great Britain for the remainder of his life, and he was urged to return to Chicago at once. He proposed, however, moving about Scotland for a short time, and then visiting Paris for a fortnight. After that he hoped to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England. Liverpool might probably be reached next spring, and London last of all, where a long stay was necessary. It was ultimately decided that all future arrangements should be left in the hands of the London committee.—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We are pained to learn from Paris that Bernhardt has "lost the irresistible grace of her smile;" but, then, why doesn't she advertise for it?—*Elmira Free Press.*

—Miss Daisy Faralee (of Boston)—O, Mr. Cheviot, I hear you have just returned from the West! Now do sit down and tell me all about Chicago and ranch life!

—"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Yes, judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."—*Boston Post.*

—A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her father in this city saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw. The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

—"How supremely beautiful Nature is, this morning," said the city guest as she looked out upon the sunrise. "Nature is trying to rival you, Miss," said Farmer Robinson, gallantly. "But she has to get up mighty early in the morning to do it." Perhaps the morning coffee didn't taste better after a compliment like that.—*New Haven Register.*

—A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the Court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, Judge, one of the 'it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session in Austin, Tex., and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother: "Am I to get a second piece of pie after me get through with this?" "Indeed you are not." "Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration the better for the material interests of the country."

—She kept a boarding-house, was the mother of five romping boys, and had a nervous old bachelor lodger who was too civil ever to complain of the annoyance their pranks caused him. One day, when they had been particularly frisky, and were galloping along the corridor on which his room was situated, she encountered him at the doorway and observed, with a feeling of maternal pride: "Splendid little fellows, aren't they, Mr. Martin? What would you do if you had them?" For a moment he looked like a man in whom the soul of a Herod was struggling for utterance, but resuming his natural reserve replied, with deadly calmness: "Turn them into an apple-orchard, madam, while the fruit was green."—*Chicago Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HEROES OF THE SHORE.

Alone the coast-guard moves upon his beat,
Where the mad ocean leaps against the land.
With steady, sleepless eye and weary feet,
Through the wild bitter night along the strand.
He pauses—ah! a light—a vessel's light
Is rising, falling with the angry waves;
O! must the awful tempest in its might
Hurl fellow creatures helpless to their graves?

Red gleams his reaching signal through the dark;
Beware! Beware the perils of the shore!
Too late! the helm is gone; the fated bark
Strikes on the shoals; the waters o'er her pour.
O sleepers, waken to the fearful cry
That now comes speeding landward through the gale!
Haste! noble coast guard, haste! For succor fly;
All, all are doomed to perish if you fail!

Swift come the men, roused by the breathless call;
Out o'er the wreck their saving line they send,
Ah! women, children! see, they rescue all!
Safe! safe on shore where kindly arms extend.
Honor the coast guard for true victories gained!
Raise the glad voice of joy, the song of praise!
Let gratitude and justice unrestrained
Give to these aging men some sunny days,

—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMICE'S WEDDING DAY.

I was always glad when my rounds happened to lead through Sandridge-by-the-Sea; there were many places where I met with kind friends enough, who were pleased to see the old peddler, who had served them for so many years, since they were children themselves some of them, but somehow I liked the tramp to Sandridge best of all my journeys.

One bright spring day I came to Sandridge in the afternoon, and as I neared the place I stopped to speak to an old comrade of mine, who was breaking stone by the roadside.

"Any news up you?" I asked, when we had passed the time of day to each other.

"News!" he grunted, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; "news, you say? Well, there's more news than I care for, anyhow;" and then resumed his work.

"Come, Sammy," I said, laying down my pack, "you're put out a bit. What's up?"

"What's up?" he repeated—he always had such a tiresome way of doing that, had Sam Penfold—"well, a billet's up."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, just this: they ain't got room for the soldiers that are quartered at Ley, so they've handed them on to us; and neither with your leave or by yer leave, in stalks a great six foot feller, right into yer house, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'That's his billet,' says he, and there stays as free as you please, whether you want him or not."

I laughed at Sammy's grievances, and reshouldered my pack, prepared to walk on.

"Going to Bea Ryder's" asked Sam, with a parting grunt.

"Aye."

"Then you won't get lodgings there," *he said, with a grim satisfaction;* "he's got a billet, too."

Somehow I did not like the idea of a rough soldier being quartered at Ryder's house, though it was no business of mine. It didn't seem just right of Ben toward his motherless girl, but p'r'aps it wasn't any fault of his. Anyhow, I would wait before I came to any hasty conclusion on the subject.

Up the cliff I toiled with my load, and as I neared the top, Amice came out to meet me as usual, but whether it was fancy or not I couldn't tell, her face seemed to look paler and graver than it used to be. She wore her usual fish-girl's dress of coarse home-spun; but stuck in front of it was a cream colored rose, a thing I never saw Amice wear before in my life. She wasn't given to frippery of any sort.

"Come in, Paul," she said, holding out her hand toward me. "You're as tired as you can be, I'm sure."

Just the same welcome as ever; but there was something in the ring of her voice that told me that I wasn't altogether wanted there that day, or at least I thought so. However, sitting down in the porch, I stopped on for some little time, making her tell me all the gossip of the village. Of course, the arrival of the soldiers came up among other things, and by the flush that overspread the girl's pale cheek, as she told me this bit of news, I felt sure that the mischief was done, and that Amice Ryder was heart-whole no longer.

"Did your soldier give you that rose, my lass?" I asked suddenly.

For the first time in my life I saw Amice angry. She did not vouchsafe any answer to my question, but, rising from her seat, she turned abruptly away and busied herself in the house, getting some refreshment for me, which I hardly deserved after my impertinence.

As I smoked my pipe peacefully in the porch, I thought it all over, and made up my mind that it was nothing to me if Amice had a lover. Her father could look after her interests better than I could; only soldiers were such queer chaps; they so often pretended what they never meant, and I was too fond of Amice to see her treated that way.

Suddenly, as I sat in the quiet spring sunshine, I saw a man toiling up the ascent that led to Ryder's cottage. His red coat hanging on his arm showed him to be a soldier. His hat was off, and I could see his face distinctly.

"Amice," I called out loudly, "Amice, come here." Then as she neared me, I continued: "Is yon the man that is quartered here, at your father's house?"

For a moment she looked out a little anxiously; then said, quickly:

"Yes, that's him, Paul."

Without another word I left her and walked down the steep road within a short distance of the approaching figure; then I stopped dead and waited for the man to come toward me. He was looking down on the ground as he swung himself up the steep way. Suddenly he raised his eyes and they met mine full. Ah me, how his face changed as he did so.

"What do you want now?" he gasped out.

"Only to let you know that I am here, and can guess the game you are playing," I returned. "As long as you remember that, you're safe from me. Forget it, and I shall keep silence no longer."

With a rough laugh he turned and left me standing alone; then I slowly remounted the rocky path with a heavy weight at my heart, and prepared myself for what I could say to the girl who was waiting for my return above. She stood watching me from the porch, where the roses were growing in their wild beauty, and I could see a wondering sort of look in her face as I came near her; but she never spoke a word or asked a single question. I was a bit out of breath after my tug up-hill, and as what I had to say wanted all the calmness and quietness I could muster, I waited silent for a time; then took her hand in my withered one.

"Amice, my lass," I said, "I've known you since you were a wee thing toddling about here, and seen you grow up into the woman you are with near as much pride as your own father could do, and on the strength of that old friendship I want you to make me a promise."

No answer, only she held her head a bit higher, and looked me straight in the face unflinchingly.

"Will you grant an old whim, Amice?" I said again.

"I must wait until I hear what it is first, Paul?" she replied.

"Well, it's this. I've a strange fancy to be one of the guests at your wedding. Amice, and the promise I want from you is this: five days before your marriage send me word to come to it."

She laughed merrily, her old unconscious laugh, that somewhat hurt me to hear.

"O, you silly old Paul," she said, blushing slightly, "is that all you've been making such a mystery about? Well—yes, I promise.

I looked at her earnestly.

"Amice," I said, "you have given me your promise, and I trust you. Whatever persuasion you may get to the contrary, you give me your honest word that old Paul, the peddler, shall come to your wedding?"

"Yes," she said, "I do, Paul, really and truly."

Only a few months passed away before the summons I had been fearing came. Amice was going to be married and wrote to bid me come to the wedding.

There were few railways in those days, remember, so I had to start on foot and walk day and night in order to reach Sandridge in time, and a heavy jaunt it was, for I was not so young as I used to be.

Many greetings met my ears, and many a laugh was raised at my sorry appearance, for I looked travel-stained and weary enough I warrant.

At last I reached the little lych-gate leading into the old churchyard, and there my spirit almost failed me, for on the ground lay the pretty flowers that the children had thrown before the bride as she walked up the path. But, nerving myself for what was before me, I entered the open door almost unnoticed. Then I saw Amice as she stood in her soft gray gown with her beautiful head drooping on to her breast. I only looked at her, I say, and the sight gave me courage; no man living should harm her while I lived to prevent it, but my task was a hard one for all that. Stepping forward through the little crowd of villagers that looked on, open-mouthed, to see me, I made my way toward the group in the chancel:

"Stop!" I called out aloud, holding up my hand; "this must not go on."

"For what reason am I to stop?" said old Parson Leigh, who was a-marrying them, startled by my voice, and not knowing how to act.

"Because," I said, covering my eyes with my hand to shut out Amice's face from my sight "because that man is my son, and he's married already."

"Is this true?" says Parson Leigh, his voice shaking a little with the sorrow he felt.

"It's just a downright lie, sir," he said, simply enough, "and I am ready to prove it. My father's here to speak for himself, and heaven knows why any one should want to come between Amice and me like this."

I looked up bewildered as the man spoke, and then in an instant the awful mistake I had made flashed across my mind; this was not the man I had seen coming up to Ben Ryder's house at all; this was not my son, but a younger man, and different in every way from that poor wandering fellow. For a minute something seemed to come into my throat and prevent me from speaking. But presently the words came: "I withdraw what I said entirely, sir, and I humbly ask your pardon for the mistake I made, which I will explain later on."

Outside the cottage I stopped, and beckoned the two out into the golden sunlight.

"Amice," I said humbly enough, "I have to ask your pardon for my behavior toward you and yours this day. The man who lodged at your father's house was my son, and it never entered into my stupid head that it might be another soldier who was courting you. I only thought of him, and, knowing his ways, made up my mind to have you from him, though he were a dozen times my son. He has never caused me anything but trouble since he was a lad, and such trouble should never cross your path through one of mine. It is on his account that I have to tramp the country from year's end to year's end, and it is on his account I dare not settle in one place, knowing that he would only bring disgrace on me if I did so. It is from this man I tried to save you, and you must forgive a half-blind old man's mistake, when you remember how hard it was for a father to denounce his own son. Now good-bye, and heaven bless you both."

Then I had to make my way off as quick as possible, for fear an old man's salt tears should bring ill-luck on Amice's Wedding-Day.

—A fashion item says skirts of satin duchesse are very handsome in the "Soldat Belge" tints. We should think they would be. Why the Soldat Belge tints were not brought out in dress goods years ago is a mystery to us. What are they "Soldat" anyhow?—*Norristown Herald.*

—The New York *Mail* says: "We pay Brazil $50,000,000 a year for coffee, $30,000,000 of it in cash." We didn't suppose that the *Mail* was such a profitable concern. We don't believe there is a paper in Norristown that could afford to pay $50,000,000 a year for coffee.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sanitary Condition of Summer Resorts.

Within the last few years the demands of the public in regard to health resorts and watering places of this country have increased, not only as to quantity, but as to quality. Quite a number of people now require not only bathing, boating, and amusements of various kinds at their summer resort, but also that they shall have some assurance that they shall have pure water to drink, and that the air which they are to breathe shall not be rendered offensive or dangerous by imperfect systems of house drainage. At the present time the dangers from fouled water supply, especially if this be derived from wells, are in most places much greater in boarding houses than in the hotels proper, and this is due to the fact that the hotel proprietor is usually not only sufficiently a man of business to understand the importance of keeping up the reputation of his house for healthfulness, but his attention has been called to the close connection which is now generally believed to exist between such diseases as typhoid fever, diarrhœa, diptheria, etc., and methods of sewage disposal, and he therefore pays more attention to sanitary engineering details about his premises than does the keeper of the average boarding-house. The tendency of all popular health resorts is to become unhealthy, because they depart more and more from their original type, which is that of a temporarily-occupied camp, and tend to become villages, with village methods of water supply and disposal of excreta. This appears in foreign health resorts as well as in this country, and the insanitary condition of some of the most famous watering places is a common topic of discussion in European medical and sanitary journals. It would certainly be wise on the part of those selecting a summer retreat to give as much attention to the water supply and drainage as they usually do to the table in making their selection, but it must be confessed that at present it is difficult to obtain satisfactory information as to the sanitary condition of such places without a personal visit to the locality. We advise our readers to look before they leap, for to leave one's comfortable city home in pursuit of health and pleasure, and contract typhoid as the result, is too much like going out to look for wool and coming back shorn.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

Revolutionary Peers.

The upper chamber of the Legislature has of late displayed a curious disposition for violating the sanctity of entails and setting at naught the inconvenient wisdom of its ancestors. The Peers were aghast at rabbits being pronounced vermin and at the right being granted to farmers to shoot them with as much freedom and impunity as if they were Irish process-servers. But to tie up an estate in order that it may go to a son who has been rioting in *post-obits*, or to a far-away cousin whose name is an abomination, is quite another matter. Lord Cairns' bill paves the way for all this, and when the owners of the Woodstock Library and the Hamilton Palace art treasures are permitted to put them up to auction the Peers must be verging on the revolutionary. "Vathek, England's wealthiest son," sold Foathill for much the same reason that his great-grandson sells for a second time so many of its choicest contents. Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill toy shop, the curiosities in which he strived vainly to keep out of Beckford's rival collection, went because his heirs like guineas better than gimcracks. Stowe—and many a vast bookstore since—shared the same fate. But this is really the first time that a great historic house has been dismantled simply and solely to raise money, and this, too, with the acquiescence of the three estates of the realm. And there are evidences around us that it will not be the last. We are coming on iron times. Scrimp rents, or none at all, will not admit of the luxury of huge mansions full of treasures costly to keep, and yielding to those, who rarely inhabit them, barely the interest of a pleased glance, but which hundreds of wealthy parvenus are eager to buy for a lordly price. Every acre of land which is in the market is eagerly snapped up—bargain or no bargain—so long as it confers some social prestige on the new men; and to-morrow, were all the old domains to be freed from the dead hands' grasp, they would find purchasers, despite the fact of their being the poorest of investments, and not the most perfect of securities.—*London World.*

"Tompin" and Chic.

A word used by some of the ultra-delicates of the end of the Second Empire, the word "tompin" is beginning to come into vogue again. One of the smart young men of a leading boulevard journal has written two columns on the subject. I heard the word used in the divan of the Cirque d'Ete on Saturday. It is being adopted in the clubs; in short, it is a word coming into fashion. What does "tompin" mean? In general terms "tompin" is an imperfect "chic," of a kind between "chic" and sham "chic." Sham "chic" is loud, parvenu; real "chic" is discreet, natural, distinguished, but unobtrusive; "tompin" is a "chic" that betrays effort, preoccupation, excess of accentuation; a "chic" where the task is not irreproachable and the initiative not discreet. The smart young man of the boulevard journal spoils the study of "tompin" by his instances. The word "tompin" applies to shades, to nuances of elegance, and elegance is never absolute; it is always relative to the person who displays it. The question is at bottom one of sentiment, of tact, of feeling. The truly "chic" person will give, in his manners and exterior, an interpretation of the sentiment of "chic" that he conceives within him with certitude, but which he could not, perhaps, explain. The man who is "tompin" will be so from the want of this sentiment, or from the uncertainty of it. Matthew Arnold is "tompin" in his eternal war against Philistinism. The Prince of Wales is never "tompin."—*London World.*

The Law of Resistance.

"What is that quick pounding over in that boiler shop?" asked a lady the other day of a man begrimed with perspiration and coal dust.

"That, ma'am, is the biggest sort of a relief to us boiler pounders," was the reply, as the man doffed his shining cap and removed his pipe from his mouth.

Under any circumstances a boiler shop is the fountain head of noise, yet at the same time it probably has as few visitors as any old-time manufacturing establishment. The only explanation of this scarcity of visitors is that they are frightened away by the noise.

However, the conversation above given resulted in a visit to the shop by the lady, who placed herself under the escort of the boiler-maker. Daintily stepping over the huge sheets of boiler iron she picked her way until she had a full view of a new "shell" in process of construction and stopped.

Lying inside the shell was a man who had just taken a white-heated rivet from a boy assistant at the forge outside. Quickly inserting the rivet the man held a huge hammer against it while men on the outside hammered away flattening and shaping the head of the rivet.

"That must be dreadfully unpleasant work!!!" shrieked the lady, as she placed her mouth close to her escort's ear.

"We get used to it with a little cotton in our ears!" was the answer and the boiler man related the history of his experience, the only portions of the tale she heard being as follows: "I became * * * maker's apprentice * * * I was fourteen years old. * * have worked * * * all branches * * * heater * * * helper * * * fitter and riveter * * * * stationary and marine * * * upwards of twenty years."

The lady asked: "Do you hear as well now as ever?"

The answer as heard was: "Nearly as well, * * * * spells of deafness, * * * * * wet, cold weather affects * * * * * ears full of cotton."

By this time the lady had nearly stuffed a lace mitten in each ear and the rapidly recurring sound waves made by the riveters' hammers had so shocked her system that with each blow her jaws came together with a spasmodic jerk.

"Step this way, said the boiler-maker, as he touched the lady's arm and led the way through a labyrinth of finished and unfinished "shells," portable forges, derricks and cranes. "Here's the 'quick noise' you asked about," he said, as he stopped before a huge "shell" which lay upon the ground.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's a portable steam trip-hammer for riveting boilers," was the reply, and the lady looked at it with both hands to her ears and with a great deal of interest, while fifteen or twenty rivets were being headed and shaped, after which she followed her escort to the comparative quiet of the stock yard outside.

"You saw that machine with two arms each, about six or eight feet long?" asked the boiler-maker. "Well, they operate something like the blades of a pair of shears. The upper blade is laid upon the outside of the 'shell' and the lower blade is laid under and against it. The lower blade has at its extremity an anvil weighing 100 or more pounds, and in the face of that anvil is a die the shape of the lower head of the rivet. At the extremity of the upper blade is the hammer and in the face of the hammer is the top head die. The hammer is operated by steam, the novelty of the machine being its portability and the faculty of shaping the rivet heads. The moving is done by the wheels of the 'universal traveler' from which you saw the machine suspended, and the shaping is done by the dies in the hammer and anvil."

The lady ejaculated "wonderful," with the additional observation that "she wouldn't have thought it."

The boiler-maker continued: "By the use of the steam hammer not much noise is avoided, but it is not necessary that a man be placed inside the 'shell,' as we can handle the anvil and the rivet from the outside."

"I should think that heavy anvil at the extreme end of that long arm, or 'lower blade' as you call it, would cause the blade to break frequently," said the lady with some show of pride, confident that she had at last made an intelligent remark relating to mechanism.

"That's good," laughed the mechanic, "but it reminds me of something which I think you have seen and which will illustrate to you the reason why a heavy anvil is needed. You will perhaps remember that circus you attended when a little girl, where the great big man in tights and spangles came into the ring, and lying on his back in the sawdust had a huge anvil of 150 pounds weight, perhaps, placed upon his breast. Then you will recall how you held your breath as another great big man lifted a sledge-hammer and swung it from the ground, around behind him and over his shoulder, and how you and many other ladies shuddered and screamed as the sledge came down with terrible force on the anvil."

The lady said she had a most vivid recollection of the scene, and suggested something about a breast-bone of cast iron.

"Not at all. If the man was able to hold the anvil on his breast and draw a long breath that was enough; because, before the blow of the sledge hammer would affect his breathing it must overcome the resistance of the anvil's weight. So it is with our portable steam hammer. The weight of the 100 pound anvil must be overcome before the blade can be affected.

"I understand something of the law of resistance," said the lady, "but I do not quite see your proposition."

"Well, when you go home, put a ten-pound flat-iron on the floor—try to kick it four inches along the floor with your foot, and then you'll see it," said the boiler-maker.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At a recent dance of the Anderson Society of Deaf Mutes, Cincinnati, it was observed that many groups not facing the orchestra did not appear to notice the beginning of the music. Others who were equally non-observant of the movements of the players started with the tunes and danced in excellent time and with evident relish. Such cases claimed that they felt the music through the vibrations of the air and had a sort of intuitive knowledge of its rhythm.

Japanese Industrial Methods.

In my rambles one day I was attracted to the place where a nail-maker was busily engaged at his work. He was squatted on the ground; his forge fire was before him; his anvil was only about six inches high, and his bellows power was confined in a box. As he squatted on the ground one of his limbs was extended, with his heel resting on a grooved block placed under it; between his big toe and the one adjoining it was the handle of his bellows, which he worked by the movement of his foot, bringing the toes back by a movement of the ankle joint. This man kept three irons in the fire, and never lost a minute; he never let up his hammering and fashioning of nails only to put one rod in the fire and take out another. I watched him for over an hour to see if he would change his position or rest his ankle or toes, or puff because of fatigue, but he tired me out. I left him still working his bellows with his toes and making nails with his hands. He appeared as if rooted in his position, which must have been anything but comfortable, and the action of his toes and foot afterwards intruded themselves into my dreams. Cotton-spinning and the weaving of cotton fabrics is to be seen everywhere in the country. It is no uncommon thing to see girls, certainly not over nine years of age, spinning with their little wheels and spindle, and making an elegant twist, while their mothers are weaving at the looms. While spinning the operative sits upon the floor, and the length of yarn spun is measured by the play of the arm, the wheel being turned with one hand while the cotton is being twisted from the other, the body being seldom moved. The loom is made to weave a cloth that is of regulation width, not exceeding fifteen inches, the lifting and lowering of the warp being effected by the foot, and the shuttle being passed by hand. They make slow progress at this tedious work, but they produce a cloth that has merit to it for substantial wear. This domestic factory occupies but a very small space, and the plant don't cost a fortune.

The farmers use the same old-fashioned hoe their fathers did, and they till the soil in the way handed down from century to century. The same methods of transportation, by the packing of cargoes on the backs of horses and bulls, and the shoulders of men and women, is adhered to with conservative strictness, outside the limits of the foreign settlements, and taking into consideration the character of the country and the facility for road making, it is a question for the future to solve whether it can be much improved. The carpenter and worker in wood holds to his old style of tools. He pulls his plane toward him instead of shoving it from him. His bench is the floor of his workshop, which is usually part of his dwelling. He uses a saw that cuts from the upward stroke, and of course it is pulled upwards instead of driven downward. He sits on his bench, *i. e.*, the floor, as he planes his material, and what is known as a sawhorse he does not admit into his premises. Fashioners of woodenware sit among their staves and do their work. Painters of pictures put their work on the floor—never upon an easel before them. The boatman uses a scull—never an oar, or at least, he never pulls an oar, but always sculls his boat, and is master of the best method. The cleaner of rice is one who stands to his toil, and toil it is. Fancy a beam six to eight feet long, and eight inches in diameter, upon one end of which is affixed a pestle eighteen inches long, with which to pound the rice that is placed in a large wooden mortar, nearly a bushel at a time. This beam of wood is fixed upon a pivot running between two uprights, at such a distance from the center of gravity that the weight of a man is required to lift the pestle, and you have rice-cleaning out-fit. At the butt of this beam stands the man, and to raise the pestle he places one foot upon it and throws his entire weight and force into the action. The pestle being elevated, he steps from his position to allow it to descend upon the rice, and this is kept up all day long. You may be sure these men develop the muscles of their limbs and sweat like Turks, while they do not hamper themselves with any extra clothing.—*Yokohama (Japan) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

French Marriages.

They are so unlike anything in the same *couche sociale* in England. All the wrangling about settlements is over, and happy couples and their relatives and friends lay themselves out to spend the day as merrily as they can. A wedding is in France a union of two families as well as two persons. There have been many hitches and difficulties in the way of fusion; but now that it has taken place it is thorough. The fathers of the bride and bridegroom are *comperes*, the mothers *commeres*, all the connections are "allies," and the relationship in which they stand to each other is really expressed in this word. It is an understood thing that they are bound to render friendly services to each other. The whole of the fortune with which the bride has been endowed may go, if her husband survives her, to his family; and all his money may eventually enrich hers if she outlives him. It is also well understood that, should commercial or other disasters overtake the newly-wedded couple, both families are to assist them. The principle of each family group maintaining its unfortunate members, and not throwing them on the State, is even more distinctly recognized in French custom than in the Code. This is why marriages celebrated in England between young Frenchmen and English girls are frowned upon by the relations of the former, and every advantage is taken which the law gives to set them aside. Zola's pictures of *bourgeois* life are, in the main, false. They are more applicable to the aristocratic than to the middle class.—*London Truth.*

—A son of the late President Tyler was lately arrested in Washington for drunkenness. "Although a poor, besotted creature," says a Syracuse *Journal* correspondent, "he is one of the most courtly and polished men, in demeanor and conversation, to be found in Washington. One who has not seen him accept an invitation to take a drink, and the air with which he will take it, has never seen a true Virginia gentleman of the real old style."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Uncle Charlie Gordon, of Shelby, Ala., proudly shows a certificate of his own birth, dated seventy-eight years ago, and a cradle full of twins, born to him within a few months.

—An English smoker predicts that hops will soon be mixed with tobacco for using in the pipe. He states that a smoker will soon learn to prefer a mixture of three-fourths hops and one-fourth tobacco.

—Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost over $3,000,000 of money. The water battery is considered to be one of the finest pieces of military construction in the world.—*Chicago News.*

—The new coal mines on Green River, Washington Territory, have been pronounced superior to, and more extensive than, any other mines on the coast. There are prospects that they will soon be developed and connected with Seattle by a railroad.

—Two children were found starving at Patrick, Va. They had been deserted by their parents in a lonely house, with only a small supply of food, and for a week lived on bark and roots. Their discoverers let them eat all they would, and they gorged themselves so much that death ensued.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Marysville (Cal.) *Appeal* tells of a mongrel cur in that city which was recently tied behind a wagon and taken to Brownsville, a distance of forty miles. Upon being released the dog immediately returned to Marysville, traveling the eighty miles in about twelve hours.

—John Gyumber, so long known as the sleeping Hungarian, is again an inmate of the poor house in Allentown, Pa., the victim of a probably mortal disease. He recently refused an offer to travel with a circus at twenty-five dollars per week, preferring to work hard for a few dollars to making an exhibition of himself.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A feather foundry has at last been established. It is in Texas. Its owner raises geese for their feathers only, and three crops a year are confidently looked for. If the enterprising farmer should discover why geese walk in single file he will have benefited the world even should his pillow factory prove an ignominious failure.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Kentuckian was sentenced in the court at Frankfort recently to one year in the penitentiary for stealing eighteen head of cattle. Then a negro who had stolen twenty dollars' worth of copper received a three-years sentence; and he told the Judge that he had nothing to say except that he was sorry he hadn't stolen a drove of oxen.

—When John Jacob Astor came to this country he brought with him six flutes, which his brother in London had made. He started his modest little business in furs with the proceeds of the sale of the instruments. One of the instruments is now in the possession of a gentleman in Hoboken, and by him was sent to a flute maker for repairs. Time had cracked the old flute and the keys were bent and worn. It has been made whole again and restored to its pristine vigor, though its value lies in its associations rather than in its musical qualities.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The mania for reviving old things in England has just led to the proposed resuscitation of the pillory. Its use is to be limited, according to the Parliamentary measure, to cases in which women are unlawfully beaten or wounded by men, and, accordingly, above the head of the occupant of the pillory is to be printed his name and the epithet woman beater or wife beater, as the case may be. The practical object is, of course, to shame men into refraining from cruelty toward women; but it is rather queer to find the revival also advocated on archæological grounds.

—A family of negroes living in the bend of the river, a short distance from Shubuta, Miss., placed their infant in care of some children, among them a girl of some size. It seems they went into the woods to play, and becoming tired of the baby, and wishing to rid themselves of its demands for attention, broke its neck with sticks, and threw the body into a slough near by. When they returned home, later, the child was inquired for, and several conflicting stories were told, which led to suspicion. The larger girl was taken out, and, by means of threats to shoot or beat to death, was forced to a confession.—*Chicago Times.*

—A San Francisco man who was working a soap-stone mine in the interior of the State was recently visited by his wife and child. They were all three returning to their cabin a short distance from the mine, when the wife, telling him to go on with the child, turned to go back to the tunnel for a shovel he wanted. As she started she turned around and said: "Kiss me first." He did so. Just before she reached the tunnel she again turned around and laughingly said: "Kiss me once more." Her husband complied. She reached the entrance of the tunnel when the rocks and dirt gave way, burying the unfortunate woman and causing her instant death.—*St. Louis Globe.*

What the Malley Trial Cost.

It is estimated that the expense to the State will not exceed $10,000, while the Hayden trial cost three times as much. The pay of the jurors in this case foots up $3,000, and their mileage one-quarter as much. They received $2.50 per day and six cents a mile each way once a week. The bill of the High Sheriff will be about $1,000 for deputies and incidentals. The witnesses drew nearly $2,500, and of this fully $1,000 goes to the three or four experts who appeared for the State. The expense under the head of expert testimony is unusually light as compared with that of previous great trials in the State. Mr. Bush, associate of the State Attorney, receives about $500. The lawyers designated by the court to defend Blanche Douglass receive from the State $325 each, or $650. The figures that have been given aggregate $7,650, and other small expenses—summoning witnesses, etc.,—will bring the State's total up to $10,000. It is estimated that the expenses of the trial to Edward Malley, father of Walter, will not exceed $15,000. The rumor that Dr. O'Malley paid Lawyer Cassidy $10,000 to defend his brother James is about $7,000 out of the way. Footing it all up, the trial has cost both sides about $30,000.—*Hartford Times.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the military encampment and sham battle at Cumberland.

The New York Commercial *Bulletin* estimates that the total losses caused by fires occuring in the United States and Canada, during the first six months of the current year was $46,700,000.

The editor of the *Democrat* still keeps whining about not receiving what he considers his full share of county printing. We cannot imagine what grounds he has for complaint, for he has received *every publication given out by the present Board.* In other words, not one iota of work in the shape of publications, has been given to the REPUBLICAN that has not also been given to the *Democrat.*

Mr. Garrett's Baltimore and Ohio telegraph company, announces a list of 535 points in the United States and 33 in the Dominion of Canada which are reached by its own and connecting lines. The company is preparing, also, to lay an independent cable between Europe and America, which will afford opposition to the present consolidated cable company, whose rates were recently advanced from 25 to 50 cents a word.

If the editor of the *Democrat* will go into his office, take off his coat and go to work, as does the editor of the REPUBLICAN, he will have less time and less cause for whining about not being supported. He may plead that he is not a practical printer, but if he is as persistent in his efforts to acquire a knowledge of the art of printing as he is in vilifying the County Commissioners, he can soon make a full hand.

The present political campaign in Indiana will be an intensly bitter one, the chief issue being prohibition. The liquor interest are adopting every means to prevent a temperance majority in the coming Legislature. The proposed amendment prohibiting the sale and manufacture of liquor was adopted by the last Legislature but must also be adopted by the next before it is laid before the people for their action.

The Anne Arundel Court decided on Friday, that the election of County Commissioners, last November, was vitiated by fraud, and that the incumbents were not entitled to their seats. The Governor will now be required to fill the places thus vacated, and will doubtless be careful to select anti-Ring men. This will place the county machinery out of the reach of the Ringites, and may so alter the political situation as not only to secure an expression for the Republican majority which really exists in Anne Arundel county, but also a Republican supremacy in the Judicial District at the next election.

Why does not the REPUBLICAN tell its readers something about the tattered and torn accounts of the last Collector. We have waited lo these many months to hear that *moral organ* call the attention of Republican citizens to this disgraceful state of affairs under a Republican administration; but not one word has been said by our contemporary. Strange, is'nt it? Is the proprietor fearless in serving the interests of the people, or is he simply his party's tool. Out with the truth, brother, and you will receive the more credit. If you put it off much longer your Democratic neighbor will assist you.—*Democrat.*

We will not be exceeded in courtesy, and will therefore allow our neighbor to ventilate this matter, only suggesting that the editor surprise his readers, for once, by giving a truthful statement.

The difference between a Republican and Democratic administration is so very apparent that he "who runs may" easily discern it. The Oakland Corporation all of whom are Democrats, have given half of their printing matter to the REPUBLICAN the newspaper of that party in this County, while the County Board of Commissioners, a majority of whom are Republicans give none of the County's printing to the *Mountain Democrat*, the organ of the Democratic party in Garrett county. The latter body is strictly partisan and stalwart while the former serve the interests of the people by impartially distributing the tax-payer's money. Reader, which is morally honest and right?—*Democrat.*

Of all the printing that has been done for the corporation of Oakland, under the present administration, the REPUBLICAN has received but one job, amounting to $3.25; and the only reason for bringing that to this office was because the editor of the *Democrat* refused to say what he would charge for the job, but demanded all the work as his right, ho to fix the price to suit himself. This did not suit the committee of one having the work in charge, and it was brought to this office. Instead of receiving one-half of the work, as stated above, we have not received one-third. It seems impossible for the editor of the *Democrat* to tell the truth about anything.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Mr. E. B. Whitman. The tendency of the manufacturing business for years has been towards making but one line of goods in a factory, as workmen become very skillful and can turn out better goods and more of them when kept at work upon one thing year in and year out. The success of this policy may be surmised from the immense factories and enormous sales of the various concerns engaged in the manufacture of reapers and mowers, grain drills, &c., &c. Mr. Whitman represents three separate factories: one manufacturing plows and plow castings, another, the Champion Grain Drills, and another, making the celebrated British Mixture. He is not in the general agricultural business, but for plows, grain drills, and fertilizers, claims to be able to compete with any other manufacturer in the land.

Judge Hayden has filed his opinion in the Anne Arundel contested election case of county commissioners. He says that a contested election case is not simply a suit for the adjudication of private rights, but whatever the form of the proceeding may be, is essential one in which the constituency are primarily interested, and the court, therefore, should so determined the case as public justice as well as private rights may require. Judge Hayden quotes from McCrary, on Elections (2d ed., sec. 316), Cooly's Constitutional Limitations (3d ed., sec. 621), and sections 8, 9, 10 and 13 of article 35 of the code. After specifying the charges against the conduct of the election in the first, second, third, fourth and eighth districts, Judge Hayden says that in the second it was admitted that the election had been held at the wrong place, in the third district the proof adduced establishes, in the opinion of the court, a clear case of fraud and misconduct of the election officers. A like conclusion is reached in the case of the fourth district. According to McCrary, "when the return is shown to be fraudulent or false it must fall to the ground" (McCrary, sec. 438 and 185). The returns are shown to be worthless as proof, and the only other proof being the lists and the testimony of several colored witnesses, who testified that they voted the Republican ticket, and the admission that 139 such votes could be proved. Neither of these districts should have been counted, and both must be rejected in toto. In the eighth district it is clearly proved that 123 illegal votes were polled, and according to all authorities the election must be declared void. The action of the return judges, who declared the contestees elected, may likewise be vitiated by these fraudulent returns. For these reasons the election is declared void and the offices of the county commissioners vacant. The clerk of the court is directed to notify the governor of these vacancies, so that they may be filled by appointment. The costs in the case are adjudged to be paid one-half by the contestants and the other half by the contestees. The opinion was a unanimous one.

Speaking of State politics the *Sun* says:

The fourth circuit, Allegany, Washington and Garrett counties, elects in the places of Judges Alvey and Motter, both of whom are candidates again. Judge Pearre holds over for some years yet. It is not known whether the Republicans will offer any opposition to Judge Alvey, if nominated by the Democrats, but Edward Stake, of Hagerstown, and Peddicord of Garrett, are mentioned as Republican candidates, and ex-Attorney-General Syester is in the field for the Democratic nomination. Washington county wants both judges, if Judge Alvey is nominated as the amount of court business at Hagerstown makes it necessary on account of Judge Alvey's attendance on the court of appeals.

If any one entertains an idea that there will not be a Republican candidate against Judge Alvey, it would be well enough to have it corrected. Either Mr. Read, of Allegany, or Mr. Stake, of Washington, probably the former, will be the man.—*Cumb. News.*

The Situation in Egypt.

There is much alarm at Alexandria on account of the deficient water supply, and it is expected that the cutting of the canal will hasten the advance of the British army. A meeting of notables has deposed the Khedive and declared war against England. Reports of Massacre of Europeans continue to come in from the interior. The Porte has informed the Conference that he intends to despatch troops to Egypt. Italy has been invited to co-operate with England and France. It is announced that 10,000 British troops will be sent to Egypt under command of General Sir Garnet Wolseley. M. de Lesseps declares that urgent action is necessary to protect the Suez Canal

The British engineers are working with all their energy in the old Roman cisterns. In another month the Nile's inundation will set at naught Arabi's plans for cutting off the water supply. The Khedive has issued a proclamation pronouncing Arabi Bey a rebel. The Sultan is still evasive on the subject of sending troops to Egypt. The Indian contingent military will be embarked in a fortnight for Egypt. The conference will be held at Stamboul. Said Pacha and Assym Pacha have both been appointed delegates. Occasional incendiarists are found in the streets of Alexandria with inflammable materials. A reign of terror is said to exist at Cairo. Even the natives are utterly destitute and starving. The outrages on Christians reported surpass anything of the Bulgarian war. It is thought that Arabi will destroy Cairo. He has sent a communication to the Sultan stating that he proposes to protect Islam from the infidels. The Porte is now attempting to stay England's aggressive action until the conference. Ragheb Pacha has been arrested, and confessed that he was in league with Arabi.

Arabi's troops evacuated Ramleh Sunday night, and the town was occupied by British troops early Monday morning. Two skirmishes were fought with Arabi's cavalry, who were soon defeated, with but slight loss on either side. A more decisive battle seems imminent, as the Egyptians are entrenching, and seem disposed to stubbornly resist. In England active preparations are making to embark the expeditionary force. A proclamation has been posted in Cork calling out the first army reserve.

There was very little change Tuesday in the situation in Egypt. Both sides are strengthening their positions near Ramleh. At attack on Arabi's position is delayed by difficulty in bringing up heavy guns. When these have been placed in position an attempt will be made to dislodge him. The Khedive has dismissed Arabi Pacha from the ministry. The former has been advised to offer terms to the rebels, to induce them to desert Arabi.

Arabi Pacha wrote the following letter to Mr. Gladstone a few days before the bombardment of Alexandria, but Mr. Gladstone did not receive it until after the bombardment: "The Koran commands us to resist if war is waged against us. Hence, England may rest assured that the first gun she fires in Egypt will absolve Egyptians from all treaties. The control will cease; the property of Europeans will be confiscated; the canal will be destroyed, and the jehad he preached in Syria, Arabia and India. The first blow with which England strikes Egypt will cause blood to flow through the breadth of Asia and Africa, the responsibility for which will be on the head of England. Egypt is still ready to be fast friends with England, and keep her road to India, but she must keep within the limits of her jurisdiction. Finally, England may rest assured that we are determined to die for our country."

Interested parties have been quite busy of late in circulating the rumor that Representative Urner has positively declined to allow his name to be used again in connection with renomination to Congress as a Representative from the sixth Congressional District of Maryland. The *Sun* correspondent has the authority of Mr. Urner for stating that he has not arrived at any such a conclusion. He says he was not thoroughly convinced in his own mind when he accepted his renomination to Congress that he should accept it, but did so, and has since about made up his mind that it would be much better for his personal interests that he should remain at home and follow his profession. He says he is not rich enough to surrender his professional practice and remain a Congressman, but that he has not authorized anyone to state that he has decided not to accept a renomination. "All such stories," said he, "are entirely too previous, and are started and circulated by those who have their own interests to subserve."—*Washington Correspondent Balto. Sun.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1882.

Such a scramble as there now is for Government appointments has never been equaled before, except upon a change of administration. It is almost as great as that which made life a burden to General Garfield the first few months after his inauguration, the difference being that the places now sought are mostly of a lower grade—mere department clerkships. The chief cause of rush just at this time is the provisions made in the Legislative and Executive appropriation bill, not yet a law, for increasing the force of the Pension Office. The increase in this office and in the Surgeon General's Office, which does some of the work on pension claims, is to be about 1,200 clerks, and it would seem that nearly the whole population of Washington, with large inforcements from the States were making a hard fight for the places. It is stated that over 5,000 applications have been filed with Secretary Teller, but the chances of most of these applicants are mighty slim. The positions were nearly all farmed out by Commissioner Dudley, in promises to members of Congress, before the bill passed.

Added to these anxious souls the 4,000 who have been seeking positions in the Government Printing Office since Mr. Rounds took charge of it, and the usual number always besieging the President, and you have some idea of the amount of shoe leather being worn out in chasing Congressman and haunting officials. The most pitiable of all objects to be met in Washington is the individual who comes here to seek a place. As a general thing he leaves home impressed with an idea that the head of some department has arranged for him a public reception; that there is a handsome desk adorned with the choicest exotics in the cosiest of corners awaiting his arrival; that the local papers have his biography all in type to give to the people the moment he steps from the train. He dreams this and terrible is the disappointment. He finds that the farthest he can go is to hand in his papers and wait. He does wait! Oh, how patiently! His little stock of cash vanishes with alarming rapidity, and then all of a sudden he finds he has been left. Of those who come here after place this is the experience of 90 per cent. Often the poor disappointed applicant finds his baggage held for board, and is obliged to borrow the means with which to return home. I have in mind now several who have been on the ragged edge for four or five months and who are no nearer the goal of their hopes than when they first came.

With a view to clearing up certain points in the investigation of the South American policy, Mr. Trescot, late special envoy to Chili, Peru and Bollvia, has addressed to ex-Secretary Blaine a letter in which he says that Mr. Blaine always expressed to him a desire that the Credit Industrie Imight, if possible, be made useful to Peru in her distress, but was entirely unwilling that the United States should make the programme of that company a part of the negotiations or should assume to guarantee the arrangement which it might make with the Peruvian government. Mr. Blaine's idea was to have Peru free to negotiate with the Credit Industriel. As a matter of fact neither Mr. Hurlbut nor Mr. Trescot were called on to take any action in regard to the Credit Industriel during their respective missions in South America. As to the assertion that Mr. Blaine designed war, Mr. Trescot regards it too absurd for serious consideration. He (Mr. Trescot) would have declined the mission to South America if he had been persuaded it was not in the interest of peace. He understood that the object of his mission was to prepare the way for the meeting of the proposed peace congress at Washington. In regard to the Cochet and the Landreau claims Mr. Trescot says that Mr. Blaine rejected the Cochet claim absolutely, and that the Landreau claim was never brought in anyway to the consideration of the Peruvian government.

DOM PEDRO.

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to billious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Press.*

The Excelsior Clothing House of Baltimore, which was reported in stringent circumstances and an injunction taken out before Judge Garey, has had the injunction dissolved, showing a surplus of $50,000 above all liabilities.

A Georgia woman applied at a furniture store for a tombstone bureau. Skilful inquiry finally elicited that what she wanted was a bureau with a marble top.

Peter Cooper.

W. A. Croffut, New York correspondent of a Western paper, in one of his letters says: The most remarkable and interesting personage in this city at the present time, and so best writing a paragraph about, is Mr. Peter Cooper—living a sort of posthumous life and enjoying a most enviable immortality at ninety-one. He is remarkable for having begun with nothing and making himself a millionaire; for having been born eight years before Washington died, and being still robust, and for giving away a large part of his fortune more wisely than any other philanthropist the city ever produced.

I dropped in there on Saturday to see how the old gentleman stood the spring changes. The colored Cerberus who answered the door, hastened to say, "Reely, now, sir, reely, Mister Cooper can't see nobody at all today he says, cos this is his busy day."

Would he take my card in? Oh, yes; he'd do that, but 'twant any use at all—not to-day. [Exit.]

Presently I heard a gentle patter of foolsteps, and Mr. Cooper appeared in the parlor. "Oh, yes," he said, "I'm very glad to see you, but I've got two directors' meeting to attend, and——"

"Oh certainly," I said; I only called to see how the spring affected him; how his rheumatism was.

I was a little embarrassed when he opened his eyes wider and exclaimed, Rheumatism! Why I haven't any rheumatism!" Then I thought I would change it to influenza, and if he repudiated that, try malaria, for it was safe to infer that a man of ninety-one must have something that he didn't want; but it opened unseen possibilities and so I merely said. "No," you look uncommonly well. What is your secret of health."

He stood before me in the hall as straight as a wild Indian—bent, perhaps—with a bright eye and a clear voice, strong and alert.

"Secret?" he repeated; "Work! that's it! Work! Work doesn't hurt. It is loafing and resting that kill people."

"Yes, right here in New York, and I never went to school more than three quarters in my life. I learned four trades—hatting, brewing, brick-making and coach-making. I didn't drink. I saved my money. I paid my father's debts. I always paid my hands every Saturday night for sixty years, though I sometimes employed 3,000; and always on the Saturday before Christmast I went around and paid all the debts I had in the world with my own hand."

"I'm busy to-day, but I just want to tell you"—he said, and then he genially went on talking. He told me all about his building the first locomotive in this country and running it out of Baltimore in 1829; about his numerous inventions; about the rolling-mills and blast furnaces he had operated; about being president of the original Atlantic cable company, for the years before they succeeded in getting a cable down and how he personally put $250,000 into it without knowing that he would ever get it back; and, finally about the growth of his institute to be a blessing of the land."

"I was always contriving," he said; "When I was an apprentice, I spent my time in ornamental carving in the garret. I made a pair of shoes, too, about that time. I took an old pair carefully to pieces, then I got leather, thread, needles and some other tools, mensured my foot, whittled out a last and made a pair of pretty good shoes. I wore them all winter."

He said that "When Edward was born (Mayor Cooper) he made a machine that rocked the cradle and played a music box accompaniment: He was for many years commissioner of charities, a member of the board of education and an alderman, but for all his office holding as well as for his services as president of the Atlantic cable company, he never received a cent.

The details of the story were wonderfully interesting, but there is no room for them here. Suffice it that Peter Cooper stood there in the hall, talking a full hour and a-half, never sitting, or even leaning against banisters, as I did, piling into my hands at least 20 tracts that he has written recently on finance and labor. The unpicturesque India rubber overshoes on his feet and the inscrutable cushion under his arm did not obscure the fact that I stood in the presence of one of the most remarkable men this country has produced.

War and American Grain.

At the present moment there is a prospect of more than an average crop of every kind of grain but corn, and that crop is making marvellous progress under the blazing July sun. An average wheat crop is 400,000,000 bushels, one-fourth of which is available for exportation. Unless some unexpected misfortune overtakes the spring wheat of the prairies, it is not improbable that the crop will be so much more than an average that we shall have $150,000,000 bushels to send abroad. The permanent closing of the Suez Canal would so much increase the expense of the shipment of grain from India to England that the demand for our wheat would be greatly increased. It would have been a vast expense for the 2,727 vessels which passed through the Suez Canal last year to go around the Cape of Good Hope. Were the war in Egypt to close the canal for six months the price of our wheat and many other products might increase ten per cent., and if all the great powers of Europe were drawn into the struggle, closing the canal for a whole year, everything we have to sell would be taken in Europe at prices which it would have been wild six months ago to predict. But, however entertaining it may be to speculate as to what advantage would accrue to us as the result of a long war in Egypt, it is fortunate for humanity that the struggle is likely to be a short one, and the interruption of the traffic of the Suez Canal will be very brief.

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for *Peruna's* superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture reported in his book on the "Ills of Life, and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to 10, though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par-excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all durg stores gratis.

Peruna is the best immediate Expectorant (Cough Medicine), that has yet been compounded by physician or druggist. There is nothing in medical print that can at all compare with it. And no less so is it the very best Tonic, Stimulant, Nervine Diuretic, Alterative, Anti-Dyspeptic, Appetizer, Hæmatic, (Blood Medicine,) &c., &c., that has ever been compounded by doctor or layman. It should, therefore, always be kept on hand for immediate use.

EFFICIENT STATESMANSHIP.—Maryland might, perhaps, begrudge to West Virginia her representative at Washington in the person of Senator Davis were it not that this gentleman performs for this State in the field of statesmanship as efficient service as could be expected of him if he were our own. The congressional function includes three distinct classes of duties—those which affect the interests of wide areas of territory, embracing perhaps several States, and those which relate to the general policy of the Union considered as a whole. It is in the discharge of the two latter classes of duties that the sphere of statesmanship is found, and it is in connection with such large measures that Senator Davis has gained public attention. While caring fully for the interests of his own State, he has found that her advancement is linked with that of Maryland, and with that of Baltimore as the metropolis of Maryland. He has, therefore, not hesitated in a large and liberal spirit to help both, supplementing at Washington the measure of influence this city and State could bring to bear in furtherance of early fast mails upon our parallel of latitude. What justice will be done by the Postoffice Department to the independent claims of Baltimore as a commercial centre will largely be attributable to the statesmanlike efforts of the distinguished Senator of our sister State. Now that the Baltimore and Ohio has inaugurated a fresh effort in behalf of improved mail facilities, we think that our own Senators and Representatives will again bring their energy and influence to bear in the same direction.—*Balto. Sun.*

The Republicans of North Carolina have formed a coalition with the Liberal Democrats. The Republican party in that State, as a rule, is said to be composed of much better men than is to be found in the party in most of the Southern States. For eight years past the Republican party there have made but little organized effort to fight their opponents. In 1878, Caldwell was elected by that party as governor, by a majority of about 1,800. Since that time the Democrats have had control of the State. Last year Governor Jarvis was elected by the Democrats by a majority of about 6,000. The leaders of the coalition or liberal movement declare that they can easily overcome that majority, and secure the control of the State this year.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Goggles, green, blue and smoked, at Sturgiss' drug store.

—Notice the advertisement of property for sale in Deer Park.

—Mr. H. P. Tasker has gone to New York city to engage in business.

—Now stock of Eye Glasses at A. G. Sturgiss' drug store.

—Maj. O. W. Ison is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

— Double glasses and millers' glasses, at Sturgiss' Drug Store.

—The Garrett Guards departed for Cumberland on the 7:48 A. M. train Thursday morning.

—Mrs. B. Ison and daughter returned from Ocean Grove Wednesday.

—Mr. D. E. Offutt is making preparations to light his store room, Hall and residence with gas.

—Eye glasses, shooting glasses and near sighted glasses at Sturgiss' drug Store.

—Gov. Hamilton has commissioned John F. Robeson as Justice of the Peace for the 11th district of this county.

—Dr. P. A. Healey, a prominent physicians of Cumberland, died at his residence in that city Tuesday morning.

—Glasses for the rich and glasses for the poor, at Sturgiss' drug store.

—Messrs. Whitehill, of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, and Willey, of the *Register*, are at Mountain Lake Park, reporting for their respective journals.

—The Weston Combination gave four exhibitions in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, this week. The large audiences were much pleased with the entertainment.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder has purchased the Adair lot on Second street, on which, we understand, he contemplates erecting a handsome dwelling house in the near future.

—Wednesday last Colonel J. W. Veitch received from his old home in Prince George's county, this State, a box of fine apricots, from a tree the seed of which was planted by him when he was about eight years old.

—Mr. Christian Yutzy, residing near Oakland, left at this office specimens of oats and timothy of this year's growth which are hard to beat. The oats is 5 feet in length and the timothy 5 feet 10 inches, the heads being 10 inches long.

—A meeting was held Monday evening at the M. E. Church, under the auspicies of the Woman's National Temperance Union, which was ably and forcibly addressed by Mrs. Martin, of Baltimore. The house was crowded and the audience was well pleased with the address.

—At the regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope, Thursday evening of last week, the programme was dispensed with, and the audience was addressed by Rev. Dr. Fullerton of Moundsville, W. Va., and Rev. E. W. Ryan, of Wheeling. The Band of Hope was organized by Dr. Fullerton nearly seven years ago, and he expressed his satisfaction at the progress made since that time in the society.

—About three weeks ago I was compelled to leave about 800 feet of lumber near King's Run, on the Hooppole road, owing to the breaking of a wagon. A few days since, when I came to haul it to Oakland, about 300 feet was missing. I will give a reward of five dollars for information which will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who committed the theft.

REDEMUS SPIKER.

—Saturday evening the Garrett Guards, by invitation of Capt. Hardy, took part under Capt. Wardwell and Lieuts. Chisholm and Mason, in dress parade with the Governor's Guards, at Deer Park, Maj. Johnson, of the Second Battalion, by invitation of Adjutant General Smith and Capt. Hardy, acting as commandant. The parade was on the Hotel lawn, and the two companies were at their best. Governor Foster, of Ohio, occupied a position on Major Johnson's right and critically observed the display, and subsequently expressed himself as much pleased, everything having passed off creditably.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Services at Mountain Lake Park at 10½ A. M., 3 and 8 P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

Mountain Lake Park.

The auditorium and camp ground at Mountain Lake Park were dedicated Sunday afternoon in the presence of a large audience, many of whom came from a distance to attend the services. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. P. Masden, of Fourth Street M. E. Church, Wheeling. It was a very able and eloquent effort. The following ministers participated in the dedicatory services: Revs. Thompson, Fullerton, Smith, Jones, Hamill, Davis and Ison. The weather was delightful. Following is a synopsis of Rev. Masden's sermon as reported for the Wheeling *Intelligencer*:

INFIDELITY ITS OWN REFUTATION.
Deu. 32 and 31.

Christ is frequently compared to a rock in the Scriptures, and in our hymnology we sing "Rock of Ages." This metaphor is founded on a historical fact viz: "the smitten rock at Horeb." The symbol was of a divine selection. Rock and water were not associated together in the human mind; neither is Christ and salvation. The rock had to be smitten, so Christ had to be crucified or no salvation. The supply at Horeb was ample and perpetual. So the atonement is for all the world and for all time.

The text gives us this proposition for discussion, viz: "The acknowledged superiority of the Christian religion, or infidelity its own refutation."

I.
OUR ROCK.

Christianity is the wisest, best and safest of all systems of religion or philosophy. We can't afford to cut loose from the Rock of Ages and drift upon a strange and uncertain sea. The Christian religion is the most rational. It is the philosophy of happiness, life and destiny. It is the science of manhood and art of right living. Other systems of religion are partial, educating only one factor of manhood, viz., the physical, making man sensual; the affections, making man sentimental; the intellect, making man only a philosopher, the religious beauty only making man a bigot or a hermit. Christianity educates the whole man in the pattern of Christ Jesus. In the testing day the character thus formed will stand amid the floods and find a home in God.

The Christian religion is the best. From mere utilitarian grounds we can't afford to dispense with it. Who would give up viands for poision, sunlight for eternal darkness. It is the religion of the greatest happiness. Christianity is also our tower of defense. Jehovah's immutability its base. Omnipotence its outer wall—the infinite resources of God its material. Heaven its dome. Eternity its spire. Here we are safe. The bulwark against evil, the refuge of souls.

II.
THEIR ROCK.

Infidelity is not so rational, useful and safe as Christianity. It is a poor substitute. Shall we blast to powder the "Rock of Ages," and try by human skill to build up some philosophy? Let us see your Scripture. What kind of manhood does Infidelity produce? Blount committed suicide. Tyndal was notoriously infamous. Hobbs changed his principles with his interest. Voltaire was low and sensual. Paine was a slave to debasing habits. Rosseau was an abandoned sensualist. Ingersoll is not by any means a saint. Are you willing to rear your family in this company? I prefer Paul and John and Christ.

Infidelity gives us no prospects for the hereafter; can it give us more happiness while we live? It is a law of being and nature that happiness is only possible while acting in harmony with conscience, the good of society in its highest interests and the almighty trend of natural and moral law. Infidelity is a violation of this law, a producer of misery. Where are its songs? Whose sad heart has it ever cheered and whose life has it ever made happier? What has it done for the world? Read its history. Where are its monuments? Who ever heard of its army of martyrs? Who cherishes its poetry? Whose homes do its pictures adorn? What sculptor has carved its images in marble? Who wants to preserve it? The civilized world would bury it as a barberous relic.

III.
OUR ENEMIES' VERDICT.

"Our enemies themselves being the judges."

The acknowledgement of the worth and superiority of Christianity in times of emergencies and on deathbeds, and on occasions of the display of God's glory, is no uncommon thing. In Old Testament history we have the case of the magicians of Egypt, the prophets of Baal, and the idolators of Babylon. In New Testament history Pilate, saying, "I find no fault in Him." The Centurion at the cross and Judas, who admitted he "betrayed innocent blood."

In modern times materialistic philosophy also confesses its inability to console and elevate human life. Listen to some of their sad confessions:

Thoreau, the pantheistic worshipper of nature, expressed the sadness of his inner life in these lines:

"Amid all the boundless wealth without
I only still am poor within;
The birds have sung their summer out,
But still my spring does not begin."

Humboldt made this sad confession, "I have lived a joyless life." Lord Byron wrote a dirge for his thirty-sixth birthday, "My days are in the yellow leaf," &c. The learned and polished Mathew Arnold confesses the world "hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain. We are here as on a dazling plain" Along side of Thoreau's wail place Hugh McMillan as he walks amid vines and flowers, making nature eloquent for God. By Byron's dirge place the grand epic of the blind poet, John Milton, who says;

Visitors come and go
Shades of resplendent beauty around me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song."

Alongside of Matthew Arnold's icy sentiment, place Victor Hugo's apostrophe to Immortality, "Eternal spring is in my heart, while winter is in my head."

The speaker then pictures two dormitories or bed chambers—one where Christians die and one where sinners die; and gave a record and recital of each, and by the contrast showed the acknowledged worth and comfort of the Christian religion.

Tuesday evening the preliminary exercises of the Sunday School Union took place, Dr. Sims presiding. Rev. C. P. Masden read a portion of the Scriptures, and after prayer, he made a short address depicting the wonderful progress the Association had made, and remarking upon the encouraging outlook. Addresses were also delivered by Drs. Harman VanMeter and Frysinger. The auditorium was illuminated, and presented a very fine appearance. A large number of ministers and people are present.

Wednesday lectures were delivered by Rev. Lyman Abbott, in the morning, in the afternoon by Rev. J. B. VanMeter, and in the evening by Rev. J. B. Young. A good attendance was present during the day and evening.

The lecturers on Thursday were Revs. Thomas Guard, Lyman Abbott and J. B. Young, and on Friday Revs. Guard, Abbott and Wright.

Following is the programme in full for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday:

SATURDAY, JULY 29th.

9:00 A. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Rev. J. T. Judd. Subject—Bible History—First Period. "Bible Outlines," Paragraph IX, X.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject—"The Scope of Revision." The first of a Course of Four Lectures on the Revised New Testament.

2:00 P. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Prof. J. A. Lippincott. Subject—Gaining and Retaining Knowledge. "Normal Outlines," Paragraphs XIII-XV.

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. G. W. Miller, A. M., Pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Wilmington, Del. Subject—"Method in Preparation and Teaching.

5:30 P. M.—Service of Song, conducted by Prof. L. F. Turner and G. R. Frysinger.

7:00 P. M.—Teachers' Conference conducted by Dr. Sims.

8:00 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Newark, N. J. Subject—"The Land, Language, and People of China."

Sunday will be observed as a day of rest and worship.

MONDAY, JULY 31st.

9:00 A. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Rev. J. T. Judd. Subject—Bible History, Second, Third and Fourth Periods. "Bible Outlines," Paragraphs XI-XIII.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject—"Blemishes of the New Version."

2:00 P. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Rev. T. H. Robinson, D. D. Subject—Preparation of the Lesson. "Normal Outlines," Paragraphs XVI-XVIII,

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright, A. M. Subject—"Beauties of the New Version,"

5:30 P. M.—Service of Song, conducted by Prof. L. F. Turner and G. R. Frysinger.

7:00 P. M.—Teachers' Conference, conducted by Dr. Sims.

8:00 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D. Subject—"The Religions and Superstitions of China."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1st.

9:00 A. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Rev. A. S. Hartman, Subject—Bible History, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Periods. "Bible Outlines," Paragraphs XIV-XVI.

10:30 A. M.—Lecture by Rev. A. A. Wright. Subject—"The Old Bible or the New Bible—Which?"

2:00 P. M.—Normal Class, conducted by Prof. J. A. Lippincott. Subject—Bible Interpretation. "Normal Outlines," Paragraph XIX.

3:30 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. C. N. Sims, D. D. Subject—"The Philosophy of Failures."

5:30 P. M.—Service of Song, conducted by Prof L. F. Turner and G. R. Frysinger.

7:00 P. M.—Teachers' Conference, conducted by Dr. Sims.

8:00 P. M.—Platform Meeting and Farewell Service.

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Florestom Cologne.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending July 24:

Gilmore S. Hamill, Trustee, to Edward Margroff, tract of land known as the Henry Engle farm, containing 297¾ acres, reserving 15¼ acres conveyed to other parties; $1700.

Daniel S. Jones and others to Patrick Hamill, part of a tract called "Pretty Prospect," 188 acres; $500.

John Adair and wife to Martha Delawder, lot No. 35 in Pennington's Addition to Oakland; $600.

How a Woman's Life Was Saved.

After she had tested the skill of all the best doctors in Western Pennsylvania and New York, and had paid over $1,000 without receiving any permanent good, the limbs became affected with even tenfold greater virulence, not only eating away the flesh, but attacking the bones beneath. It also affected her head and face, making her almost blind and deaf, reduced to a mere skeleton, weighing but 80 pounds, the doctors pronounced her at death's door. *Peruna* was then given her, as stated, and with the result given on page 24 in Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life." She took no other medicine and is perfectly well.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, July 25th, 1882.

The grand excitement of the past week has been the presence of the Ohio "Governor's Guards" in our midst. The enlivening music of the Dayton band has been heard, and the neat dark blue uniform of the soldiers has been seen, here and there, through the place, every day. The prize drill on last Friday evening was a very interesting spectacle for the many observers. It is customary for the company to have such a drill every two months, and the successful competitor has the honor of wearing a heavy black plume and an elegant jewelled badge belonging to the company and valued at $200 dollars. It seemed almost impossible to determine the best drilled man among so many who were apparently faultless in their tactics, but when the number was reduced to four, and three of them obeyed a false order purposely given, while the fourth remained motionless, he was unanimously proclaimed victor in the strife, and warmly congratulated by his comrades, the defeated trio being the very first to extend their hands. The successful competitor was Mr. C. S. M. Stark. Capt. E. H. Wardwell of the Garrett Guards Oakland, Goy. Foster and Adjutant Gen. Smith of Ohio were present, and during the dress parade that followed, reviewed the company, while the band welcomed Gov. Foster with the enthusiastic notes of "Hail to the Chief."

Quite a serious accident occurred at the camp on Saturday morning. One of the Guards thoughtlessly threw a cartridge containing about a quarter of a pound of powder into the fire around which some of the company were sitting, and in the explosion which followed six of the number were burned more or less severely.

The Governor's Guards were visited on Saturday evening by the Garrett Guards of Oakland, Capt. Wardwell, Lieuts. Mason and Chisholm, about thirty of the men, and the drum corps, forming the company, who joined them in drill and dress parade. The two companies presented a fine appearance, their different uniforms contrasting very pleasantly. We, inhabitants of Garrett county, may be pardoned for believing that our own soldiers lost nothing by comparison with our Ohio friends.

The ball on Saturday evening, given at the Hotel by the Governor's Guards, was a most successful affair. The large new ball-room was crowded, between three and four hundred people being present. Besides those belonging to the Hotel and cottages, there were quite a number in the room from Wing and Wing and other houses in the village, also guests from Cumberland, Piedmont, Oakland and Mountain Lake Park. It would take too much space in your paper to enumerate the distinguished persons present, the graceful dancers, the elegant costumes, and the bright and animated faces, in that large gathering of "fair women and brave men," but it can be truthfully said that it was a season of general enjoyment, particularly to the originators of the ball, if one could judge by their success in making their way into the good graces of the many charming ladies present. The company left yesterday morning for their home, bearing many pleasant memories of their sojourn on the summit of the Alleghanies.

Senator Miller of New York, Major Warfield of Howard Co., Md., and Mr. F. B. Davis of Keyser, W. Va., were guests of Senator Davis on Sunday.

Miss Kate Downey returned to Elk Garden yesterday, accompanied by Miss Mary Davis.

Mr. L. A. Schoolfield and Miss Maggie Schoolfield of Baltimore, are visiting relatives in Deer Park.

Miss Birdie Harrison returned home from Washington last week, after an absence of some months.

The names registered at Wing and Wing during the last week are as follows:

Galveston, Texas—Mrs. C. Moore, two children and nurse.
Martinsville, Ohio—J. C. Edwards.
Mansfield, Ohio—Franklin Swigart.
Wilmington, Ohio—Mrs. William Schofield.
Keyser, W. Va.—Mrs. N. O'Neal.
Martinsburg, W. Va.—C. H. Anders.
Baltimore, Md.—W. S. Townsend and wife.
Washington, D. C.—J. O'Connor, John A. Gleeson.
Cumberland, Md.—M. W. Headley.
Grant Co., W. Va.—M. D. Neville.
W. Va. C. & P. R. R.—W. E. Hutson.
Cincinnati, Ohio—James Rooney.
Wheeling, W. Va.—P. J. Sullivan.
Rowlesburg, W. Va.—M. E. Howe.
Norway, Maine—D. S. Andrews.

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Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

The English papers record the fact that Mrs. Anne Maley, the mother of three children at a birth, had been made happy by fifteen dollars sent to her by Queen Victoria.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day Keep it in as even a temperature as possible Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STUFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitous distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D.

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,
Mountain Lake Park, Md.,
OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Grantsville,	August 7th.
Johnson Bros.,	" 9th.
Selbysport,	" 11th.
Gregg's Mill,	" 15th.
Bloomington,	" 17th.
Johnstown,	" 19th.
Chisholm's Mill,	" 22d.
Red House,	" 24th.
Oakland,	" 25 & 26.
Swanton,	" 29th.
Deer Park,	" 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid before October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 29 4 Collector.

JOHN A. WOLF,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any lands owned by the undersigned, either by shooting hunting or fishing, or in any manner whatsoever, as all trespassers will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

A. J. FRAZEE,
GEO. MATTHEWS,
ULYSSES FRAZEE,
OTHO SPEELMAN,
A. J. FIKE,
KIM FRAZEE,
H. M. FRAZEE,
GEO. W. FRAZEE.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "Roland." The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned days, that is to say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books ALL persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry G. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Oakland, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William H. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

A Field that is Still Open.

Young men are disposed and with some justice nowadays to complain that all the vocations are overcrowded, and that for every vacant clerkship there are a score of applicants. It is also made a theme of lament that the professions are too full, and young men who have a moderate capital and some business capacity and experience, declare that in mercantile pursuits competition is ruinous and that a small sum of money is of little account in the settled communities.

Granting that these complaints are well-founded, there is a field yet open for energy, skill and ambition. The problem of how to make a living can be perhaps more satisfactorily solved by falling back on the soil than by any other experiment. There are still cheap lands in the West and South, and if a young man lacks money to farm on a big scale, he can begin in a smaller way, and by stock raising, small fruits, truck patching or some other limited essays in this wholesome and useful field of agriculture secure a living, and, with reasonable fortune, in time a competence. There are hundreds of young men in cities, who could, in a few years, save up enough money, if they were so inclined, to buy a little place and devote themselves to raising food for the ever-increasing millions of consumers in the country.

With all the hardships of farm life, and they have been greatly exaggerated, it is the happiest life known to men. It is freer from the bickerings and the worriments and the tortuous devices and the selfish rivalries and the antagonisms that mark the struggle of humanity for food, shelter and clothing than any other mode of existence. It is a life which is commonly attended with health, with good appetite and digestion, sound sleep, clear complexion, expanded lungs, firm muscles, an open mind and an untroubled conscience. The man who gets fairly under way in this pursuit with his house, his lands and his crops unembarrassed is certainly an independent man, if such a being exists. In the genial southern climate he escapes the severities of winter, and his lot is a still happier one. He is sure of food, and if he be decently prudent he never need know what debt is. There are localities in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, where an energetic young man, with little capital, could do better at farming than he could possibly hope to do in any city or at any other vocation, and out in those far regions of Oregon and Washington Territory there are splendid opportunities for young men to begin now a career useful, happy and prosperous in tilling the soil under the open sky, away from the contentions of cities.

The temptations in cities which invite a reckless waste of money are apt to keep those poor who do get good salaries, and then a salaried position is always one of more or less dependence and precarious in its tenure. To be one's own master is a thing to be coveted and sought after. The brave and energetic young fellow who has made a good selection of a little farm in a well-watered valley, and who means to be forehanded and avoid debt and slavery, can in time, unless he is signally unfortunate, be his own master, in every proper sense, and he will find this free and beautiful open-air life a thousand-fold happier than the artificial life of towns. Here there is a field that is ever open. There is no danger of its being overcrowded. There will always be a tendency to rush into the cities for the excitements which flourish there, and the wise and ardent young men who turn their backs on these false shows and go straightway to nature will come out best in the long run. They will have made a good and substantial living, whilst the spendthrifts of the towns are still wondering, with empty heads and purses, how it can be done. The South and Northwest still offer welcome, and the generous soil yet contains rewards for those who are deserving.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street.

Stock-watering has an evil sound in the public ear and justly so by reason of its associations. But stock-watering *per se* is not a fraud. It is nothing more, when legitimately done than realizing the enhanced value of a property. It is just as proper a proceeding as that of a merchant who marks up the price of the stock of goods he has on hand. Nevertheless, it has an evil odor clinging to it, for the operation presents such temptations to fraud on the part of those in control of the property, that it is rare for the thing to be done without fraud at some stage. Sometimes it is a series of frauds from first to last, enriching the few men who planned and executed it, inflicting severe losses on hundreds of innocent investors, while the property itself is irretrievably injured. All this will be called a Wall Street trick, or stock jobbery, but in fact it is simply corporate dishonesty. Let us take one glaring example. Suppose that there exists a large corporation having a heavy capital, and performing highly important functions in relation to the public. Its Board of Directors is composed of the leading men of the financial world and a large proportion of the stock of the corporation is held as a permanent investment. Another company is started as a rival to the former. It can pay no dividends, and is not likely to, for its promoters repaid themselves double their original outlay through the medium of a construction company, and they propose to make more by selling out. But this concern can and does injure the dividend paying company, though not much. In course of time the leading spirits in each corporation come together secretly, and arrrange what, in a term borrowed from the gaming-table is called a "deal." The dividend-paying company is to absorb the other, and to double its own stock. An elaborate programme is laid out, extending over many months. As the first step in it, holders of the dividend paying stock must be induced to sell out —"shaken out" the street calls it. The corporate dishonesty begins at this point. The Board of Directors meet, and in their official capacity they issue a quarterly statement of the companies affairs, which is a carefully concocted falsehood from beginning to end. In it they represent that business has fallen off to the most serious extent; that the revenues have so greatly shrunk that it would be highly impolitic to declare the usual quarterly dividend; that a reduced dividend must be declared which, it is true, will require most of the surplus in the company's treasury to pay, but by careful economy they hope it may be fully earned in the future. The issuance of this official falsehood has been prepared for by the industrious propagation of rumors that the affairs of the company are in a truly deplorable condition. The board votes the reduced dividend, the men who are in the secret have previously sold their stock, and they set to work to break down the market by short sales. The price begins to sink rapidly, innocent investors are frightened at what they see and hear, they make haste to sell, and the price goes on sinking with every lot offered. At last it reaches a level where the conspirators decide it is time to buy. They have covered their short contracts, and make their profits that way; and under their buying the price rises as rapidly as it went down, which catches the swarm of Wall Street stock operators who had been selling the stock short and were not in the secret. When the men conducting the deal get all the stock they want, official announcement is made that the rival companies have agreed to combine, and the stock of the consolidated concern will be doubled. This being done, the conspirators desire to sell their enormous holdings of the watered stock. They therefore meet again in their official capacity as directors, and issue another quarterly statement in which everything said in the last is unsaid. The revenues are declared to have increased in a most unexpected way, great economies have been effected, and the profits of the quarter are large enough to allow a dividend to be declared at the full rate on the whole doubled capital stock, while the outlook for the future is such as to give assurance that it will be continued and possibly increased. This official statement is just as much a falsehood as the last was.—*North-American Review.*

Homes.

Homes, as they are called, are of all kinds. Some are poor, bare and uncomfortable of necessity, of which we have nothing to say, only to pity those who are compelled to occupy them. Others are rude and uninviting, through neglect and thriftlessness, or because of intemperance and parsimony.

Our dwelling places are only homes, in a proper sense, when they are filled with whatever of comforts we can bring into them, and when they are made to minister, by all their influences, to the wants of our higher natures. They are little worlds of our own, where we rule and enjoy, unrestrained and untrammeled by lawful interference from abroad. Our vines and fig trees growing around and over us, we sit in their shadows, with none to molest or make us afraid; and there have every leaf, every clasping tendril, every growing and ripening berry of fruit assisting in the culture of our intellects and souls. A home that teaches us nothing by which we are made better, is not a home—it is only a place. The old words, "*peregrinari domi*," express a condition of physical residence and spiritual exile that must always be fraught with acute misery.

There are many reasons why the homes of citizens are not full of comfort. In some places there is a want of taste, which precludes the possibility of their taking an interest in any object aside from its grossest uses. They see no beauty in ornamentation, nor culture in order and neatness. An old, dilapidated house, with distorted gables and shattered panes, is good enough for them, only provided they can manage it to keep out the rain and cold. They will live as long if there is no flowers in the garden, no trees in the yard, no paint on doors and shutters, as if all was dainty with neatness.

They live to make money. Their homes are their offices, where they transact business for gain. Their sheep, cattle, horses and swine must be comfortably housed; but as for them and their children, they can live in anything. In nothing do they indicate that they have souls to culture, minds to refine, affections to sweeten and an image of God to bring to view and brighten up by the bountiful means He has placed at their disposal.

In the Cumberland Valley, of Pennsylvania, it used to be said the barns were invariably better than the houses, and that hence the aristocracy of the neighborhood was among the horses and cattle. The criticism was too severe, yet it contained some truth. To get a good barn was, with a certain class of the farmers, the main ambition. By this their thrift was determined. This gave them agricultural standing; whereas, a fine house, with its convenience and comforts, was regarded as a sign of effeminacy and profligate luxury.

Now it ought to be the effort of men and women to provide for themselves, when they have means, such dwelling-places as will help culture them and their children, and exert a good influence on the taste, manners, and morals of the neighborhood. God has made home a sacred place. He has erected altars in it, where the occupants are to worship, and where He will come and accept their sacrifice. He has invested it with the rarest felicities, and made it more or less typical of the place of everlasting rest. Upon the home of the saint descends His holiest benedictions, and around it stand the angels of His providence with their loads of benefits.—*Christian Instructor.*

A Horse at the Pump.

Our Dumb Animals, of Boston, the organ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is responsible for the following story: One day last month a lady whose home is at Portsmouth, N. H., was enjoying a ride through a village near that city, when her attention was drawn to a horse at the roadside, near a respectable looking house, trying to pump water into a trough to drink by seizing the handle of the pump with his teeth. Owing to lack of skill or some defect in the pump the horse was unable to get the water. The lady gave the reins to her sister, alighted, and drew a bountiful supply to quench his thirst. The horse evinced his sense of obligation to his benefactor as intelligibly and politely as a gentleman could express his thanks for a like courtesy, and the lady returned to her carriage and resumed her drive.

—The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* declares that a lovely young rosebud of a cadet at West Point is "the owner of 120 pair of white duck trousers."

Man's Relation to the Lower Animals.

Since many writers opposed to the practice of experiments on animals have based their objections entirely on moral grounds, and thus made the question of vivisection an ethical one, I have been anxious to know what laws they have discovered for our guidance on this vexed subject. They discourse on cruelty, on immorality, and on the rights of animals; but these expressions are so vague that they fail to afford any basis for legal or public action, or, if there be any attempt at definition, it is with the object of making these terms conform to a foregone conclusion on the very point under discussion. Thus it is constantly asserted that physiologists feel at liberty to torture animals at their pleasure, without regard to the "higher dictates of humanity" or to the "laws of morality." It is thus implied that there exists among the public some principle of conduct toward the lower animals which has no place among experimenters. They speak as if, standing on a higher platform and beholding all creatures from a superior position, they could frame a code of laws which should have due regard to the rights of animals, and govern our own conduct in all our relations to them. This position is altogether fallacious; man can not disconnect himself from the animal world, and can not define its rights. It must, therefore, be abandoned as altogether untenable, and the subject discussed from a totally different standpoint. Our relation to the animal world can only in a very qualified sense be regarded from an ethical point of view; much in the same way as eating and drinking may be spoken of as questions of morality when moral considerations exert their influence over the amount and kind of food which we consume; this, however, can not hide from us the fact that the subject of digestion is fundamentally a physiological one.

The duty of man toward animals as an abstract question is from its very nature insoluble; it can only be partially answered on the grounds of expediency, and these will vary according to age and nation. We should, rather, ask what is our relation to the lower animal world, and in what place is that relationship can moral considerations come into force? In endeavoring to form a judgment of this relationship we must take facts as we find them, for the attempt at an explanation is trying to solve the riddle of our existence, and leaves us still with "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Dog and the Cat.

A gentleman in this city owns a fine large dog named Major. Major's hatred of a cat appears to be deep seated, and he will kill all that comes in his way, and will often go out of his way to vent his spite on his enemies. His master's wife had a cat which she determined Major should not harm, and she took great pains to impress the big brute with this idea. She would take puss in her arms, carry her up to the dog, and while stroking and petting her, would talk to her enemy reprovingly. The intelligent dog seemed to understand every word she said, but for all that he would keep his eyes fastened upon puss with a longing and hungry look, as though anxious to bring the pressure of his ponderous jaws to bear upon her spinal column. But his mistress conquered, and made him understand that he must live on friendly terms with puss. More than once he had been seen watching the cat with a look of evil intent, but out of respect to his mistress he conquered his nature, and would throw himself upon the ground with a sigh expressive of deep disgust at the situation. The cat was disposed to be on friendly terms with her enemy, but Major would not tolerate the slightest familiarity. Whenever puss approached him he would get up and go away with a melancholy look, which seemed to say: "I am dying to kill you, and its dog-gone hard luck that I can't do it." Thus matters went on for some months, and puss began to incur the displeasure of her mistress by sneaking up-stairs at every opportunity and making trouble by curling herself up and taking naps on the snowy counterpanes, and doing such other untidy acts as would naturally arouse the ire of a neat housekeeper. One morning the lady told her husband that the cat was so troublesome that she guessed it would have to be killed. A few minutes later a rush and a struggling noise was heard, and as the lady of the house hastened to the door to see what had happened, Major walked up to his mistress and laid at her feet the dead body of puss, then looked up with an air of triumph, and wagged his tail with intense satisfaction. He had heard his mistress express the wish that puss might be killed, and this was so in consonance with his own feelings that he went right out and finished the cat. Major resides on Temple Street.—*Hartford Times.*

The Way One Soldier Earned Promotion.

It was during the seige of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the grim black tubes that ever and anon "embowled with outrngeous noise and nir—disgorging foul their horrid glut of iron globes."

A line of nbattis was to be built across a clear space in point blank range of the Confederate gunners and sharp shooters in front. "Sergeant" says the officer in charge, "go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible." Says the Sergeant: (for we will let him tell the rest of the story: "I started right off. When I got to the opening I put'er like a ship in a gale of wind. What with grape, canister, roundshot, shell, and a regular bees nest of rifle balls I just think there must have been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate army about that time. I don't know how it was, but I didn't get so much as a scratch, but I did get powerfully scared. When I got under cover I couldn't 'er told for the life 'er me whether it was a hundred or a thousand paces. I should sooner guess a hundred thousand. Says the Captain: "Well, Sergeant, what do you make of it?" Soon's I get my wind, says I: "Give a guess, Captain." He looks across the opening a second or two and then says: "A hundred and seventy-five paces, say." "Thunder Captain," says I, you've made a pretty close guess. It's just a hundred and seventy-one." "And," concluded the Sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, "that's how I got my shoulder straps."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Maids.

It is less than forty years since that courteous gallant and fopling of phrases, Mr. N. P. Willis, characterized the class of single women as "The Dried-ups." One can not imagine a writer of equal reputation, a gentleman of equal breeding committing such a discourtesy today. From his point of view it was as if a hunchback should be taunted with his bent spine, or a cross-eyed man with his obliquity of vision; for he assumed that unmarried women were celibate because they were so plain, so poor in charms, so unattractive, that no man would marry them.

If literature and society are better mannered now, regarding single women with courtesy and often with admiration, it is because our theories about them are made to square more nearly with our facts. It is matter of common observation that in every circle some of its most delightful members are maidens past their youth. They are cultivated, witty, gracious, hospitable, charmingly dressed, *dimpante*, from the ruff at their throats to the rosettes on their slippers. Are these the women whom men pass by? Or there are those others who do not choose society, but who are the *dea ex machina* in so many households, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; the incarnate judgment, wisdom, economy, liberality of the family. Are men so dull that they do not see how these bountiful ones hold happiness in their hands and scatter it broadcast?

Thackeray, that tenderest of cynics, that most serious of jesters, declared that any woman might marry any man, if she would. And it is certainly true that most old maids have declined to pay the price of marriage. The just cause and impediment which have withheld them from the holy estate of matrimony have been from within, not from without. They certainly do not hold themselves too good to marry. They concede that true marriage is the ideal state. But it has been their fortune not to find that other half and fulfillment of themselves, whose coming could alone justify the vowing of vows. They are too honest, too brave, and too pure to use marriage as a make-shift. And it is plain that there cannot be in existence more thoughtful, more large-hearted, more self-sacrificing, more modest, tender and truthful women than these.

As the world comes to see that a woman is as separate an entity, as distinct an individuality, as a man, it will pay less and less regard to her accidents and more to herself. It will not take it for granted that she has had a "disappointment" at a tender age, or buried her youthful lover, or been the victim of a "misunderstanding," if she write herself *Miss* at forty. Nor will it audibly wonder why a charming woman is unmarried after twenty-five. It will admire her for her admirableness, whether that has had the certificate of some man's expressed approbation or not. It will permit her to live her own life.

But though it was the old notion of feminine incompleteness and subjection which made the lot of single women a reproach to the unthinking, they themselves have not been blameless. Their patience has been too endless, their meekness too long-suffering, their submission too complete. Almost with one accord have they consented to efface themselves, as the French say, grieving the while in silence that married sisters and preoccupied brothers-in-law and gay young nieces—alas, that even disappointed parents—were so ready to efface them. For there is a certain sanction in acceptance. When they acquiesce in the general verdict that they are nobodies, they enter the final judgment.

Self-sacrifice is a virtue much misunderstood. To deny one's self for a great end, to help the weak, to relieve the burdened, that is heroic. But only to sew for the idle, to take steps for the inconsiderate, to pamper vanity and folly with endless services, to be an unpaid upper servant for inappreciative kindred, to make one's self of no account that selfishness may prosper, this is slavish, and perpetuates tyranny. This degrades and belittles her who ministers, as it inflates and misleads her who is ministered unto.

The single woman may maintain that precious dignity of bearing which commands respect. If her plate be below the salt, it is left her to prove that where MacGregor sits is the head of the table. Nor should she slight her dress, and put away from her the ornaments and graces of life. They are her armor and defense, her argument and appeal. For it is for her to show, in her own person, how much more is the woman than the wife, and how incontestable is her right to a place in the house, in society, and in the world.

All women love love. The hope of a home of her own, of a fond husband and the touch of baby hands stirs early in every maiden's heart. It is with a sense of loss and hardship that she sees that hope fade without fruition, when

> "the God of bounds,
> Who sets to seas a shore,
> Comes to her in His silent rounds
> And says: "No more."

But life is full of compensations. It is left her to enjoy, to labor, and to aspire. Perhaps it is left her to illustrate, as her more fettered married sister can not, the real capacity, the actual power of achievement, of her sex.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Sentimental Editor.

A few evenings ago we saw a lovely illustration of the adage, "Every cloud has a silver lining." The entire sky was a dull gray, almost leaden, save in the northwest, where there was an oblong bank of billowy clouds intensely black, each having an edge of bright silver that deepened into gold. Around the clouds the last rays of the sun rested in indescribable beauty. To our mind, ever ready to forget the practicalities of existence and grasp at its beautiful fancies, the scene was typical of life and death. The sky was life, the clouds were the enormous sorrows that sometimes darken it, the silver was the radiant peace that God alone can give, and the gold represented that happiness merged into the perfect bliss of heaven, while the sun but faintly pictured the glorious brightness of the "Sun of righteousness" that turneth the light into day and the shadows into light.—*Cumming (Ga.) Clarion.*

—Whoever heard anybody complain that griddle cakes tasted flat?

For Young Readers.

FARMER GREEN'S SCARECROW.

A crow that was black as ever was born
Flew out of his nest one beautiful morn,
And, calling his mates from far and from near,
Spoke words that they all were anxious to hear.

"You all, fellow crows, know old Farmer Green,
Who raises good corn as ever was seen;
Well, funny it is—you'll laugh, I dare say—
He's put up a scarecrow to keep us away!"

"Caw! caw!" laughed the crows, "a sorry old wight,
To think an old coat will give us a fright!
Caw! caw!" and "caw! caw!—now let us all go
To where Farmer Green has put his scarecrow."

Then quickly they flew, and, led by the one
Who'd called them together to tell of the fun,
They soon reached the field where stood, all forlorn,
A horrid old imago among the green corn.

The crow in advance, to show he'd no fear,
Went near to the scarecrow—alas! too near!
For "crack!" went a gun, and, shot through the head,
The crow that was careless tumbled down—dead.

"Caw! caw!" shrick the crows, now laughing no more,
"Caw! caw!" they all cry as upward they soar.
And never again was one of them seen
To go near the scarecrow of old Farmer Green.

—*Our Little Ones.*

THE STORY OF A SCAR.

"You promised to tell us some time how you got that scar on your forehead, uncle."

Yes, boys, but the story is so little to my credit that I have felt rather inclined to put it off. However, I'll tell it now; perhaps it may do you good—perhaps not.

They do say all boys quarrel. If that is so I don't see *why* it should be so. No good comes of it, but harm very often. I don't believe all boys do, but my brother George and I did, or I should not now be telling you how I got that scar.

We lived, you know, on the banks of the Susquehanna. Do you know the meaning of that Indian name is "Winding River?" It is well named, for, besides its greater winding as shown on the map, described by school-boys of my days as "a zig-zag line in the form of the letter N," its whole course is full of the loveliest little curves and bends, some gentle, some abrupt, all beautiful and leading on and on to new beauties. I have heard old travelers say that some of its scenery is unsurpassed by anything in the way of quiet river landscape.

Well, the boys who are so fortunate as to live along such rivers have good times. There is fishing in all its varieties, with line and with net and with outline—you don't know what outline fishing is? We used to take a half-inch rope which would reach, say, half across the river. Along this at intervals of about ten feet were tied pieces of fish-line perhaps two feet long. These were hooked and baited and then one end of the rope, or outline was fastened at the shore to some underground branch or root, the other being anchored as far out in the river as it would reach. There was nothing very sportsmanlike in this style of fishing, but it was by no means poor fun to go in the early morning in a boat along that line. (which was put out overnight) and pull up each short line with the chance of finding a perch, "chub," pickerel, or, possibly, but not probably, a bass on the end of it. How good those fish tasted for breakfast!

Another way was to spear the fish, at night, with a fire of pitch-pine knots made in an old dripping-pan mounted on a pole fixed firmly to the side of the boat; I don't know whether boys of today use what we did then, a kind of stuff which we bought, in the shape of small black shells, like cocoa shells, only larger. These we threw into the river when we first went out; the fish ate them eagerly and they had an intoxicating effect on them, for they would rush and splash about in the water, making it easy for us to find them. I have since thought it was a cruel advantage to take of the poor things who knew no better than to take that into their stomachs which would lead them to ruin—unlike beings blessed with sense—(or, *have* they sense?) who do the very same thing knowingly!

I did not, in those days, think much of the picturesque feature of this sport, but I well remember the glow on the trees and the gleam on the water. I think we might easily have been taken for some order of ferocious night goblin in the red glare with our formidable spears—

"Ah! was it one of those gave you the scar?"

No, I am coming to that. It came through a much tamer way of fishing. The long bridge which crossed the river near my home was a very old one, the piers being built in the old-fashioned way, not of stone or of heavy open timber work, as we see now-a-days, but more like wooden boxes, pointing, of course, an inclined plane up stream, but having the lower end open. They were partly filled in with loose, rough stone. These piers were favorite resorts for a quiet, unambitious fish when we had nothing more venturesome on hand. We would row out to one of them, get inside and fish as long as we could get good bites, and then move to another.

I must have been about eleven years old and my brother George two years older, when we went one morning out to one of the piers near the middle of the bridge. George had poor luck, and after a while proposed to try some other place. I, however, was having a good many nibbles, and refused. Then he wanted me to exchange poles, but I would not do that either.

"Well," he presently said, "you may stay here if you like, but I shall take the boat and go where I can catch something."

"You may do as you please," I said.

"Do go with me, Ben."

"No—look there." I jerked a sucker out of the water and laid him wriggling on the stones. "No trouble about catching fish here," I added, rather spitefully, as I took him from the hook.

George angrily got in the boat and rowed away, shouting back to me:

"You may get home as you best can."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, old crunky," I answered. I did not mind at all being left, for I knew he would come back for me when he cooled down. I fished for an hour or so when it occurred to me that it would be a good joke to give him a little fright. It would be quite a satisfaction if I could make him think for a little while that I had come to some harm through his leaving me.

I told you the piers were boarded up on the outside. Up near the top of this one a board was gone, decayed away, as I perceived when I got up to it. For I formed the plan of climbing up to this opening and out upon the inclined plane to hide from George, for he could not see me there when he came to look for me. Then I would climb down again when I had enjoyed his alarm and perplexity at not finding me.

No sooner said than done. I found it rather difficult, for the timbers which supported the planking were some distance apart, and very weak with age. I perceived now that the real supports of the bridge consisted of strong timber which had been set up inside, the outside being now a mere useless shell as I found to my cost. For as I climbed through the opening and reached the incline, hard work, for it shelved over a little, the whole thing began to crumble under me—crashing down fifteen feet below, where on one side lay those jagged stones, on the other the deep, swift running water. With a desperate effort I half leaped, half scrambled up close to the outside wall of the bridge, the decayed wood giving way under every step, till I gained a narrow ledge formed of the renewed timber. Here I was safe, but here I found I must stay until help came, *for there was no sound* supports within my reach.

As I sat on this narrow seat with scarcely any rest for my feet, I began to realize that I was in no pleasant position, and looked anxiously about to see what might be my chances of getting out of the trap I had got myself into. Things were not promising. Less than an eighth of a mile above me the great dam stretched itself from shore to shore. Its hollow roar was enough to prevent my voice being heard far in any direction, and to this was added the ceaseless din of the flouring mills, saw-mills and paper mills at either end of it. I could only wait for George to come, but hours passed, during which my cries for help were thrown back to me by the pitiless noise. As I grew cramped and exhausted and dizzy it seemed to wrap itself around me as if to bear me down to the angry waters.

I never have been able to understand how I clung there so long. The afternoon wore away, and as the shadows grew longer I could dimly hear shouting and perceive more movement on shore. Then rays of light shone from down the river—artificial light, I knew. There certainly was unusual excitement about the mills, and as twilight deepened I could just see a boat put out from one of them and come nearly towards me, when it turned down stream.

I called and shouted, but was still unheard. Then I took a quick resolution, born of the extremity of my position. Gathering all my strength in one scream and one leap, I sprang out over the water in the direction of the boat. My forehead struck on one of the zinc-bound oars and the blood streamed over my face as I felt myself seized by friendly arms. Then a halloo went up from my rescuers, which was carried from boat to boat and from bank to bank. I saw that the river was alive with those who were searching for me—it *was their* lights I had seen.

"Didn't George go back for you, uncle?"

"Yes, but had never thought of looking for me *above* the bridge. After hunting long for me in sore dismay, he had spread the alarm. Poor fellow! he had suffered more than I had."

"But he was the most to blame."

"I don't think so. I have always observed that when boys, or others either, for that matter, get to quarreling there is generally little to choose on either side."—*Chicago Standard.*

Monstrous Fungi.

Visitors to ancient wine-vaults or damp coal-pits are sometimes astonished by the curious fungi which drape the walls with gruesome tapestry; but every instance of this kind is thrown into the shade by the extraordinary growths which have recently been discovered in some of the deserted Mexican silver mines of Nevada. The dank, warm timber galleries and drifts of these old workings abandoned to themselves for years, have silently given birth to a monstrous brood of morbid vegetation, which, apparently, has no parallel in the regions of the sunlight and the upper air. In general they are all of a snowy whiteness, and some of the hooded masses rise up several feet from the ground like sheeted ghosts. Others, in the distance, take the form of bearded goats or sleeping owls. Here great bunches of long, white hair hang down from the roof; and their huge, pulpy masses encumber the floor like brainstone coral. The latter appear to have sprung miraculously from something spilled upon the rocks in past days, while the former seem to have crystallized like hoar-frost from the atmosphere itself. Some of the rounded masses have actually lifted up from *the* floor blocks of stone weighing ten, fifty, and even 100 pounds to a height of three feet. In the higher levels of the mines, where the air is drier, the fungi are far less bulky than below, and much firmer in texture. The shapes here are, however, more elaborate and beautiful. One kind grows in a twisted spiral like a ram's horn, to a length of five feet, and hangs from the rafters like a trophy of the chase, or rather, like a serpent suspended by the tail. Another sort sends out a stem the thickness of a pencil to a height of one or two feet, where it blossoms into a bulbous knob something like a flower. Nothing like the toadstool or the common mushroom is to be found, and the wondrous growths have all the aspect of being called into a special being by the peculiarities of their environment.—*Exchange.*

—The Salt Lake *Tribune* declares that polygamous marriages still occur in Utah, and gives the names of several Mormons who increased their number of wives in the Endowment House on one day.

—There is to be another cable across the ocean with Baltimore for a headquarters. The bottom of the sea will be an electric gridiron if this thing keeps up.—*New Haven Register.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

It is said that if the stems of cut flowers are cut again *in the water* they will remain much longer fresh.

—Cream sponge cake: One cup of sugar, two eggs, beat together, add three-fourths cup of thick sweet cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, flour enough for a thin batter, and bake in a steady oven with care.—*The Household.*

—Carbolic acid is very useful as a preventive of insect ravages. Radishes may be protected from maggots, and orchards from borers, by its use. A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystallized carbolic acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Ducks may be bred in a small pen, where there is merely a tank of water four feet by two, and two feet deep. Many of the eggs, however, will be unfertile. For success on a large scale, a good-sized pool of water is essential. The birds should have the run of a field. Care should be taken not to overfeed breeding ducks, and if early eggs be required, meat diet must be given and warm quarters at night.

—Mothers who have taste, time, and a little skill can make pretty and suggestive things for the baby. Damask spreads for the little bed are lovely if the pattern is outlined with crewel, either blue or pink; choose a pattern with reference to this work. The square patterns are pretty, outlined with little stars in the center. Plain white spreads may be ornamented with a border of buttercups or daisies, or with simply one little carefully careless bunch in one corner. Torchon is not only pretty but durable to trim the pillow-cases for the baby's bed. —*N. Y. Post.*

—Laying hens or pullets do not require such food as will induce them to acquire a superabundance of fat, for this at a certain stage prevents the production of eggs, rendering the birds sluggish, and disposed to fatal diseases. When the birds are to be fattened for immediate consumption, then strong, fat-producing food is needed, and in liberal quantities. Corn, in its different forms, is the best and cheapest, no doubt, for this purpose, while for laying hens, wheat, wheat-screenings, etc., are preferable, and generally used by successful poultry breeders.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Puff Paste: Use one pound of butter and one pound of flour. Sift the flour, and then sift into something else a little additional flour for sprinkling and rolling. Wash all the salt from the butter; then divide it into four parts; put one-fourth into the flour, and divide the remainder in six pieces; mix, with a knife, the flour and butter into a stiff dough, sprinkle a little flour over the paste-board, flour the rolling-pin, and roll into a thin sheet; then put, in little bits, at equal distances, one-sixth of the butter, fold the paste, flour it and roll again, and so on until the butter is consumed. Divide into as many pieces as you wish pies, roll each piece and put into pans previously buttered. Always roll from you.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Hogs.

It is a trifle early yet to think of predicting what the corn crop will be, for although the season has thus far been so unpropitious, in many large sections of the west it is not unusual to get a very satisfactory crop, even when the planting has been done after the middle of June. But appearances certainly indicate that the crop will be far below the average, and if that shall prove to be true, it means that pork will be high. It, therefore, behooves our swine breeders to do all within their power to reap whatever advantage there may be promised. During the summer it costs little to keep the hogs growing and improving, and a little extra care to that end, always profitable, is doubly so when prices for hog products promise to be above the average. One of the beauties of keeping hogs is that the animal consumes almost anything that is offered it. It is a mill that grinds the refuse of the farm into value, and very much that the hog eats, would be thrown away and wholly lost, if it was not thus fed. Therefore, although the corn may be short and the price correspondingly high, swine may be kept growing, of course, without it, and they may get considerable of their fat from food that is worthless for other purposes. Thus the refuse of the farm, under such peculiarly favorable circumstances, will be made worth a great deal, and may make the cost of pork production, even if corn shall be high, comparatively moderate.

When corn is high, of course it is desirable to get our hogs into market as soon as possible, and it will aid us to do this by leaving as little for the corn to do as possible; in other words, let the hog have every advantage which the season naturally gives, and see that nothing is wasted which nothing else but the hog will profitably consume. Hog raisers seem to be greatly favored just now. We hear very little of sickness among swine. There has seldom been so little complaint in that respect as for the last several months. This apparent freedom from disease, however, should not induce swine breeders to be careless of the health of their hogs. Human beings ward off disease by carefully protecting themselves, keeping themselves free from contaminating influences, regulating their diet and keeping cleanly. Animals must be treated similarly if we would keep them in health. If the advice that we have given, to help the hogs growing, were more generally obeyed we should have less "hog cholera." Instead of building up one part of the animal to the neglect of another part, we should then succeed in getting a symmetrical development. The animal would be strong enough to bear the fattening process without injury. The hog should have clean, healthy surrounding, or it will be a marvel if it keeps in health. It should, also, even in apparent health have an occasional dose of charcoal. That will not only do it good by imparting carbon to the blood but it will absorb the injurious gases of the system, which are often the specific poisons that breed disease. There is nothing in this world that is so good for the health of swine as charcoal.—*Western Rural.*

—Cashiers in China are not paid salaries. They depend for their remuneration on buying imperfect coins and passing them off on their customers.

Matching.

There is a new form of gambling—or, rather, it is an old form, new in its widespread application. A very small newsboy meets an equally diminitive bootblack on the street. They are strangers, but one of them holds up a penny. The other nods with a look of intelligence, fumbles a moment in his pocket, and then the pair retire to the nearest doorway. In a few seconds they emerge—one with a sight of victory upon his face, the other with a countenance expressing melancholy or philosophic resignation. A bank President meets a railroad Director or a great property-holder at the Union League Club. Conversation lags. The Bank President produces from his vest pocket a gold double eagle, and without a word lays it upon his knee, covering it with the palm of his hand. The railroad Director or corporation lawyer brings forth another double-eagle, and solemnly lays it upon his knee. Then the gold pieces are simultaneously uncovered, and one of the two solid citizens pocket both, while the other whistles.

This is matching. It is very simple. The transaction may be repeated as many times as desired. It may be carried on in coppers, or in nickels, or in eagles or double eagles. It may be carried on in coppers representing $100 each, or in times, with the understanding that every dime means a check for $1,000. Quarters and half-dollars are the popular stake with the great majority of matchers. Quite a considerable sum may be made or lost during the day by assiduous attention to quarters.

Matching is not only the simplest, but the most dangerous form of gambling. It is said that there are gamblers so cloyed and yet so eager that they finally settle down on the simple cut of the cards as a quicker and less roundabout way of winning and losing than any of the games. What is the use of observing all the ceremonies of faro or roulette, or of going through the complicated forms of draw poker and baccarat, when the same end can be obtained by a simple turn of the wrist deciding the even chance of higher or lower than the cut of an opponent? Precisely the same end can be attained by taking the even chance of matching or failing to match the head or tail presented by the opponent's coin. There is no commission to be paid in any form to any bank or game proprietor, and there is absolutely no chance for successful cheating. These considerations, together with the fascinating rapidity with which losses or gains may accumulate, have given the game a vogue which is as sudden as it is immense.

The triangular match is performed by three persons. As three coins are laid down, it is obvious that the result must be either three heads or three tails, in which case another trial is had, or two heads and one tail, or two tails and one head. Here the stakes go to the exhibitor of the odd coin. In the quadrilateral match, where four parties are concerned, the number of the possible combinations is increased. There may be four heads, four tails, two tails and two heads, three tails and one head, or three heads and one tail. Only in case of one of the two last named combinations is the affair consummated. Here, also, the odd coin takes the stakes.

Now, if a head-or-tails, gambler were to confine himself exclusively to bouts with a single opponent, it is evident that the more he gambled the nearer even he would come out. Theoretically, the nearer he approximates to infinity in the number of his trials, the nearer will the total of his heads equal the total of his tails. If he should match industriously ten hours a day every day except Sundays and holidays for forty years, he would find that he had neither won nor lost much. In a million trials he would probably turn up heads almost exactly five hundred thousand times. If he should always match with two opponents he would find after a million trials that he had won almost exactly three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three times, and lost almost exactly 666,666 times; but as every winning would be for double the amount of every losing his totals of loss and gain would just balance each other. If he confined his ventures to quadrilateral matching, he would win 250,000 times and lose 750,000 times, every winning being thrice every loss. An inveterate matcher, therefore, might match all his life without being either in or out of pocket, provided he matched always in coin of the same denomination and with the same number of opponents at every trial.

It is a curious fact that although by all theory, heads and tails should show about equally in the long run, the experience of almost everybody who keeps account is that heads turn up rather oftener. Here is the record of some actual experiments:

In 1,000 trials heads were shown	541
In 1,000 trials tails were shown	459
Total	1,000
In 10,000 trials heads were shown	5,203
In 10,000 trials tails were shown	4,797
Total	10,000
In 1,000 trials heads were shown	519
In 1,000 trials tails were shown	481
Total	1,000
In 10,000 trials heads were shown	5,077
In 10,000 trials tails were shown	4,923
Total	10,000
Excess of heads in 22,000 trials	336

This means, not that heads turned up 336 times oftener than tails, but 336 times oftener than they would be expected to turn up in 22,000 trials, the theoretical chances between heads and tails being even. It shows that, so far as this series of experiments is concerned, the chances in favor of heads at each trial amounted to about one and a half in the hundred.

Gambling of every sort is to be avoided, but if men must gamble, this is the simplest, easiest and fairest way for them to lose their money.—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

—A gentleman of Brenham, Texas, who was at the battle of Seven Pines, tells a very strange incident. He was an orderly sergeant, and had the book containing the roll of his company, and a Bible, in his left pocket. A ball struck the roll-book, passing through it, and buried itself in the Bible at a very significant verse; and, what was more singular still, was the fact that every man whose name was struck by the ball in passing through the roll-book was either killed or wounded in the battle.—*Chicago Journal.*

How the Judge Crossed the Stream.

"We were riding along the road one chilly day in November," said General James Craig, talking about court business and legal talent, "when we struck a small stream that appeared to be about thirty yards wide. 'Hello,' said Judge Norton, of Missouri, 'this is a new stream to me. How shall we cross it?' Taking advantage of his ignorance, I pretend to survey the situation, and after emerging from the thicket I solemnly inquired: 'Judge, can you swim?' 'Like a fish,' he replied, while his eyes twinkled in the expectation of displaying his ability in that direction. 'I can't,' said I, 'so I suppose you strip off and swim across, testing the depth as you go, and give me the advantage of your experience.' 'All right,' he said, dismounting from his horse. Then he removed all his clothes, tied them together, placed them safely between his teeth, and started cautiously into the creek. I choked my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing, while the judge gravely waded across through exactly four inches of water; but you would have died to see his look of unutterable disgust when he reached the opposite bank. His feet were blue with mud, but his ankles were scarcely touched by the water. It was three straight days before he spoke to me again.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Telephones Causing Deafness.

Several of our friends in this city have had their sense of hearing diminished in one year by constant use of the telephone. Persons who use this instrument are apt to apply the instrument to the same ear every time, and the consequence is the organ is overworked, and slowly approaching deafness in that ear is sure to follow. Several parties in this city who are affected by it have applied to an eminent aurist in Boston, who reports the cause to be as above described. He recommends that persons who use the telephone apply the instrument alternately to their right and left ears.—*Fall River News.*

—Jim Elliott is now prancing around and pawing the earth to get up a prize fight with Sullivan. Can't somebody solace Mr. Elliott with a blow on the knowledge-box?—*Detroit Free Press.*

BEING entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

IT is strange that a woman can ever be found to marry a King, for everybody knows that the King beats the Queen.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

WHEN the chap wrote: "Roll on, silver moon," was he expecting "change" in the weather?—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

A Fortune

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

THE small circuses that travel in the West cannot fill so many tents as the big concerns, but their advertisements are quite as wonderful. One of them, which does not even announce the name of its proprietor, is "a glorious and colossal consolidation of big railroad shows." It is "an enterprise surpassing in magnitude, outvieing in splendor, and overwhelming in attractions any amusement corporation ever thought of since the world began."

$200.00 Reward

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person dealing in bogus or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters with the word HOP or HOPS in their name, that is intended to cheat the public, or for anything pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine has a cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and is the best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS M'F'G. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE poet who sweetly referred to the "sighing of the winds," should go out West and experience a sighclone.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

***"Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself." The thanks of invalids the world over are being showered on the inventor of Kidney-Wort, for it is giving health to all. Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it.

OLD CRUSTY, who has two pretty daughters, says he has kept a bull-dog for years for the express purpose of distributing the Sunday males.

"IT is hardly fair in you to steel my thunder," as the cloud remarked to the lightning-rod. "Oh, I shall draw it mild," the rod replied.

THE Third Avenue Horse Railroad of New York has had to pay $200.00 for crippling a boy. The price of a full-grown New Yorker has heretofore averaged only about $50, but of course everything is going up in price.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GO and see "Aladdin," and envy the girls their cool costumes.—*Boston Post.* If you want to see Aladdin a cool costume, go to any river bank.—*Philadelphia News.*

AS to "what is rarer than a day in June?" the Boston *Advertiser* replies, "taking their number into consideration, a day in February." And so it is in other respects, for some of them are positively raw.

BE sure and have a little hole in each of your fly-screens; then the flys can get out of the room when they are tired of staying in.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SAID EDITH: "Mr. Squires told me last night when I was out walking with him that he would never marry." Said Alice: "He said the same to me when I was with him the night before, but he mentioned your name immediately afterward.

WHEN a boatman breasts the breakers, and the white foam breaks from the bow like cascades of cream, it is not wholly inappropriate to say that his scow gives milk.

A STATISTICIAN computes that 150 tons of human hair annually change hands in France. It is impossible to give the figures in this country, as the Indians keep no records.—*Detroit Post.*

A YOUNG lady being told by a friend that silk dresses were very much worn, said that she knew it, for hers had two or three holes in it.

ALWAYS look on the right side. A mighty ugly hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Some Outspoken Statements of Great Value from Parties of the Highest Standing.

When the people of America become so thoroughly aroused, and on a subject of such serious importance as the preservation of their lives and health, it is but natural that the ones who have been largely instrumental in the origin of its movement should speak frankly and directly to the people most interested. It is for this reason that we thus come before the public and make the following revelations:

Every careful observer who has sought to keep pace with the march of events has noted the alarming increase of certain peculiar physical troubles within the past few years. These troubles have come at unexpected moments and in most treacherous way. They have manifested themselves in innumerable forms. But they have always had the same cause. They have not afflicted the minor parts of the body, but have gone direct to the strongholds of the system and their work has usually been as prompt as it is fatal. Their treacherous and deceptive nature has often prevented a careful analysis of what causes them, and, as a result, intense suffering and final disaster have usually ensued. The real cause, however, has been a derangement of the kidneys, and all of these troubles are, in fact, the first symptoms of the terrible Bright's disease, which has cast its dark shadow over so many homes in the land, and is increasing wonderfully and continually. It is now conceded by the ablest physicians in every land and by eminent scientists the world over, that this disease is the result of blood poisoning. This poisoning is brought about by wasted and unhealthy kidneys that permit the poison to remain in the blood, instead of throwing it from the system. But it is equally evident to all who have studied into the effects and have become conversant with the facts, that a disordered state of the kidneys and liver produces most of the common complaints and pains which afflict the human race, and they can be traced to this source just as certainly as can Bright's disease. To purify a stream we must go to its source, and to cure a disease we must *remove the cause*. It being true, therefore, that nine-tenths of all human ailments are caused by diseased kidneys or liver, the only certain way to cure these troubles is by treating the organs which cause them. How intimately the kidneys are associated with the entire system may be understood from the fact that over 1,000 ounces of blood pass through them every hour, being more than 200 gallons, or nearly one ton in the course of twenty-four hours. This vast mass of living fluids is sent to every part of the body, and if the kidneys are diseased the impurities that are in the blood are not removed, and hence pass through the veins, carrying disease in some one of its many terrible forms. The horrors which accompany most of the diseases caused by disordered kidneys and liver cannot be described in print, while the dangers surrounding them are even greater than the agony. And yet a person may be troubled for months without knowing the cause of the disease that have attacked him. Some of the symptoms of the first stages, any one of which indicates disordered kidneys or liver, are these: Pains in the back and around the loins, severe headaches, dizziness, inflamed eyes, a coated tongue and a dry mouth, loss of appetite, chilly sensations, indigestion, (the stomach never is in order when the kidneys or liver are deranged), a dryness of the skin, nervousness, night sweats, muscular debility, despondency, a tired feeling especially at night, pulling or bloating under the eyes, etc. If any of the following things are noticed about the fluids passed from the system, it shows that the kidneys and liver are out of order: A red deposit, a scum upon the surface, an unusual thickness or thinness, a very dark or a very light color, a burning sensation in passing, an unusual odor, a retention, or a frequent desire to void and inability to do so.

The above are a few of the hundreds of symptoms which indicate the beginning of aggravated cases of kidney or liver difficulties, and they require instant attention. If these symptoms are not checked at once, they are almost certain to result in some one of the many terrible diseases of the kidneys. But unpleasant as all the symptoms and even these diseases may be, they are as nothing compared to the last stages of the complaints. The kidneys waste away by degrees, accompanied by intense pains; the heart becomes uncontrollable; the lungs are oppressed; the eye-balls grow glassy, and the entire system is reduced and debilitated. For weeks before death comes the sufferer looks forward to it as a blessed relief, and anything that can furnish even temporary help is gladly hailed. Then it is that bloating begins; the face becomes puffy and pallid; the breath can only be caught in gasps, speech is impossible and muscular action suspended. The patient finally sinks into a state of unconsciousness to everything except the pains which are racking him, and death comes by certain but slow degrees. There can be but one conclusion which all readers of care and judgment will draw from these facts, which is the necessity of treating the disease *in time*, and by that means which has been proven the best and most efficient.

It has been our privilege to treat more cases and effect more cures of this terrible complaint than has ever been known before in the history of the world. The wonderful sale which our remedies have attained is due wholly to the fact that they have cured the ones who have used them. The power and value of any remedy must rest wholly on a basis of worth, and here is just where our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has found its wonderful power and success. But in this connection comes one important fact: It has always been true that articles of merit are subject to imitations. No one seeks to counterfeit the bills of a worthless bank. The productions of a cracked inventor or witless writer are never copied. It is just so with a healing remedy. If it possess no merit it will not be subject to imitations. If, however, it has power and value, imitations will spring up on every side. While it is a tribute to the value of this medicine that it has imitations, still, in justice to those who are suffering, we feel that all should be warned against them.

There is but one known remedy that has ever been able to cure serious kidney troubles or control these great organs when once deranged, and that remedy is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. There are numerous nostrums on the market claiming to be just as efficient and sound, which even claim to be the same. The test of merit, however, is in what has been accomplished, and we therefore say unhesitatingly that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure stands alone, not only in point of excellence, but in the wonderful results it has achieved. In order to successfully avoid the purchase of spurious and injurious medicines, observe these facts:

Our remedy is put up in dark amber glass bottles, with the Safe (our trade mark) blown in the black. A private proprietary six cent internal revenue stamp is affixed to the neck and covers the top of the cork and is of a light brown color. In the middle thereof is a Safe in outline, and on it the picture of a negro gathering herbs. If this stamp is not found on every bottle of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, or if there is any evidence that it has been tampered with, and if a Safe is not blown on the back of the bottle, reject the bottle at once, and insist on having a genuine one.

We are led to publish the foregoing in order that the public may know and realize just where we stand. We have always sought to keep our personality from obtruding upon the public, knowing full well that the value of our remedy was the essential thing, but the unexampled use which has been made of this medicine, and the volumes of letters we are constantly receiving demand a personal statement from us. We are justly gratified at the confidence which has been shown us, and thankful for the myriads of cures our remedy has performed, and we pledge ourselves for the future as we have endeavored in the past, to furnish the best and only valuable remedy that can control and cure all the many and terrible troubles arising from disorders of these great organs.

Sincerely,
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

WHEN you see a man running with an open knife after a negro, it is fair to suppose that he contemplates a stab in the dark.

THE finest Livery Barns use Wise's Axle Grease on their light buggies.

The Wheat Harvest.

The Western and Northwestern Land Association will run a series of harvest excursions to Jamestown and Bismarck, Dakota, *via* the Baltimore & Ohio, the "Albert Lea Route" and the Northern Pacific Railroad, the first leaving Wheeling, W. Va., and points west on the B. & O., August 1.

The wheat harvest in Dakota, this year, promises to surpass all previous ones; and Eastern farmers can, at comparatively little cost, see the fields of golden grain harvested on a colossal scale, and not only obtain new ideas as to wheat culture but see for themselves the capacity of the New Northwest.

The harvest will commence about July 25, and end August 20th.

Fifty or more harvesters can be seen cutting the grain of a single field; and while the sickle is doing its work, steam threshers are separating the berry from the straw.

These are the only excursions that give patrons who purchase land free tickets one way.

Those who desire to visit the Yellowstone, or points west of Bismarck, will be furnished tickets at reduced rates from Bismarck.

Mr. C. R. Cook will accompany the excursions, looking after the personal comfort of patrons, and giving facilities for examination of lands.

Don't fail to ask ticket agents for C. R. Cook & Co's rebate receipts. For further particulars address C. R. Cook & Co., 18 and 20 Franklin Street, Chicago

HANGING is capital punishment, especially when you're hanging on some good-looking girl's arm.

A SENSATION has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, paralysis, and melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50, by mail, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by druggists.

THE Hungarian vineyards have been badly nipped and American tourists will do well to take a jug of cider along.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

MUSTARD yellow is the name of a new color. Worn as trimmings to a corn beef and greens polonaise it is too lovely.

☞ The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

THERE shouldn't be much danger to a foreigner in the streets of Alexandria. A man ought to be able to keep dark in Egypt.

*Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies cured of female weakness by taking her Vegetable Compound.

SOME traits run in families. Shakespeare's father, being illiterate, made his mark. So did Shakespeare.—*Texas Siftings.*

NO ONE ever believed beef could get up so high. It was quite poor when it commenced to go up.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

"WHEN sorrow has left its traces," what has become of the rest of the harness?

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

THE front door-mat is always ready to scrape a new acquaintance.

REDDING'S Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

"THAT'S what beats me," remarked a boy, as he passed a pile of shingles.—*Boston Post.*

Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam, for diarrhea.

A MAD dog is a pronounced instance of carriage.—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily, thoroughly and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

AGENTS Get the NEW BOOK,
Our Lost Explorers, the full, complete and authentic history, *told by the survivors*, of the ill-fated
JEANNETTE ARC TIC EXPEDITION
The adventures, discoveries, thrilling experiences and tragic ending, all combine to make a most fascinating book. 20 copies a day sold by five canvassers. Agents wanted in every town. Send for circulars, terms and agency to American Publishing Co., Hartford, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

AGENTS FOR WANTED OUR New Book.
"THE JEANNETTE,"
Giving the only full, complete and authentic HISTORY of the unfortunate HERALD EXPEDITION in search of the NORTH POLE. A record of unparalleled Adventure, Suffering and Death, containing also a full account of all previous Arctic Explorations, from the earliest period to the present day, including SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, DR. KANE, HAYES, HALL, and all other noted Arctic Explorers. The only Complete Encyclopedia of Arctic Explorations ever published—this combination making it the most thrilling, fascinating and interesting book ever written. One Agent sold 350 copies in one day, 1,500 copies in one week. Send 25 cts. in 3-cent stamps for Complete Agents' Outfit, worth $5. *Beware of all Imitations.* AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWNSHIP.
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Invaluable to All Housekeepers.
Useful, Practical and Popular.
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A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

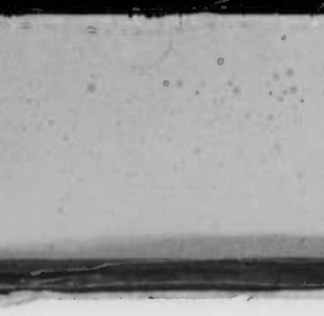

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest routes, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Perfect Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood.

TEAS in abundance.—8½ Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
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10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
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Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the INVALID'S DIET." RIDGE'S FOOD received the highest Award of Physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 35 cents, 50 cents, $1.25 and $4.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
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No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
☞ If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
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Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

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YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE Bros., Janesville, Wis.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Filer to file all kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

THRESHERS The Best is the cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 136, Chicago, Ill.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

FARMERS! FARMERS!! FARMERS!!!
OVARINE Prevents the loss of Feathers; Promotes the laying qualities of the hen, and improves the general health of all Fowls. Price by express, 50c.; by mail, 75c. THE ROYAL PRESERVATIVE CO., 249 S. 6th St., Phila., Pa.

Romance of a Dead Convict.

A convict recently died in the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, who was known as T. W. King, though that was not his name. It is understood that his father is one of the chief officers of the Peabody Bank of London The youth came to this country in 1876 to see the centennial show and "do" the country. He was well provided with funds, and, having no one to restrain him, he ran the full course of a wild and riotous career. Fast horses, fast men and still faster women made his dollars fly, until he found himself towards the close of the exhibition reduced in finances. Two or three times he wrote to his father, who promptly remitted funds, and also wrote a letter full of tenderness and regard, in which the son was kindly warned to take care of his money and beware of bad company. He heeded not the admonitions of the parent, and fell in with a gang of thieves. Correspondence with home ceased. The young man destroyed all traces of his family, and started upon the down grade. He was at last detected in a big scheme of forgery, and sentenced to five years imprisonment. He was too proud to confess what had happened, and wrote a letter to his parent, saying that he would not be heard from for at least five years. "I am tired of the United States, and want to see the world. I am going to see Australia, so do not worry about me," is what the poor fellow said in his letter. His trip "around the world" consisted in pacing the bare floor of a 7x9 cell at the penitentiary, and the deluded father is in ignorance of the fate of his son. In his last moments he commenced a letter for his father, but it was never finished, and he expired with the paper clutched in his hand.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.—Two swindlers are going about the country and their manner of operating is thus described: Two well dressed scamps visit farmers and others selling cloths, cassimeres and shawls, almost for nothing, in amounts from $20 to $50, taking negotiable notes in preference to cash. They say a firm has failed in Canada and that the goods were smuggled in here without paying any duty on them, hence they can afford to sell them cheap. Next sharper No. 2 comes along and demands the goods, saying they were stolen, and at other places presenting notes that had been raised from $20 to $200. Quite a number of farmers have been caught. We repeat to all our readers not to buy goods from strangers and under no circumstance to give notes to such. If you want goods buy from your merchants at home.

A young child died recently at Auburn, Maine, and after the little form had been laid in the casket a rosebud plucked from the house garden was placed in its hand. Before the funeral ceremony the rosebud in the hand of clay was seen to gradually unfold. When the service was held the bud had become a blossom. The phenomenon gave peculiar pleasure to the afflicted family, and was very prettily referred to by the clergyman, who compared the unfolding of the rosebud to the blossoming in Heaven of the child.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes, Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the Industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. And I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.
For terms, &c., address

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READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms OF New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

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at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine Imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

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Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

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MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
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FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland. Improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

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Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j n 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FEES OF CONSTABLES.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 5th, 1882.

At the meeting of the County Commissioners held July 5th, 1882, the following order was passed in relation to Fees of Constables:

WHEREAS, It has come to the notice of this Board that it is the practice of Justices of the Peace in the town of Oakland, and other incorporated towns in Garrett county, to issue processing criminal cases, to persons other than the regular appointed Constables of this county, to be executed by such persons in the capacity of acting Constables, thus depriving the Constables appointed by this Board of business that rightfully belongs to them, and putting it into the hands of persons not contemplated by law. It is thereupon this 5th day of July, 1882, by the Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, ordered, that after the proper notice of this order has been served, that this Board will not levy or pay any bills to any person except the Sheriff, or regularly appointed Constables, for serving criminal process from any Justice of the Peace, whatsoever, (the town of Bloomington Garrett county, Maryland, excepted,) and the Clerk to this Board is hereby directed to send a copy of this order to each of the Justices of the Peace residing within the limits of the several corporated towns in Garrett county, as contemplated by this order, and to cause the same to be published in each of the county papers.

J. C. DUNHAM,
7 15 3t Clerk.

Home for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable home situated at the south end of Friend's valley in District No. 2, Garrett county, containing over 100 acres about one third of which is cleared and under good cultivation. The improvements consist of a

New frame Dwelling-House,

with six rooms and a splendid cellar, good stabling, granaries and other outbuildings; also splendid pailed garden, and a two acre lot enclosed with a good lumber fence.

FINE YOUNG ORCHARD,

consisting of apples, pears, peaches and grapes, all nursery fruit. This place is situated within sight of a Mill School House, Church and two Stores, and has many other advantages and will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars call on, or address

D. A. FRIEND,
7 8 4 Friendsville, Md.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., July 11, 1882.

The Garrett county Normal School will open in Grantsville, on Monday July 31st, and continue ten weeks. Tuition, for 1st grade certificates $6 00, for 2nd. grade $5.00.

With Miss Lillie Brown, (a graduate of the State Normal) assisted by Mr. C. H. Snyder, of Grantsville, it is earnestly desired that those who contemplate teaching in Garrett county, will avail themselves of the advantages offered by this school.

The above terms are for the session of ten weeks, but no reduction will be made to those who enter after the 31st of July. For other particulars address Miss Lillie Brown, Oakland, Md.

E. H. BARTLETT,
7 15 3 Sec'y Board School Commissioners.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Estate of William Bouser, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM BOUSER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of July, 1882.

JOHN W. DANIELS,
7 15 3 Administrator.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Calciminers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 918 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.
SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gnagey, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and here Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and also to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER
7 22 2 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 80, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SHABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND!

A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emptions and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD

Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

ESTEY ORGAN

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

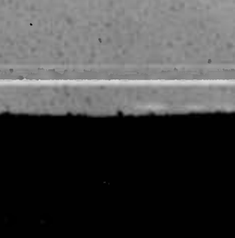

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je22-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882. NUMBER 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracennes and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 404. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.

or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

The Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines.*

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00. Six Bottles $5.00.

$1,000

will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely vegetable compound. It is not equalled by all other medicines combined. Strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lung and Heart diseases.

As a Cough remedy, it has no equal; it positively cures all Coughs. You cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine.

For Intermittent Fever, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis.

For Ovarian and Pelvic Diseases, take

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

The Novgorod Tragedy.

One need not be surprised at anything that happens in Russia. The other evening while smoking a cigar with one of my old friends, who has seen, read and traveled a great deal, I was told of an incident which occurred some forty years ago at Novgorod, quite as sinister as that which recently occurred at Smargon, when a population of raging madmen flung children into a blazing fire, and reveled at the sight of the poor little bodies writhing like vine stems upon the blazing coals. But in the narrative I am about to relate there was no race hatred or religious passion for a motive.

The Colonel of a certain Russian regiment, ferociously tyranical, and I may say, merciless toward his soldiers, was in the habit of treating this human flock like a pack of brutes, He disciplined with the knout; sentenceing men to whipping for having one button insufficiently polished: whipping a non-commissioned officer for one slain on his cloak; striking veterans of Borodino in the face for saluting too slowly; sending poor wretches to Siberia for giving too free an answer. In short, during the lapse of years, this Colonel had made himself so detested by his men that he reaped a frightful vengeance from the seeds of hatred he had sown.

One morning during parade he suddenly saw file off from the regiment a company of soldiers bearing, instead of muskets, those long rods which cut deeply into the flesh at every blow.

Nevertheless he had given no orders. There was no soldier to chastise.

"Who is that for?" he demanded.

A grenadier advanced from the ranks and replied, with terrible coolness:

"For thee!"

The entire regiment, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, were in the plot, which had been concocted in the barracks. The whole regiment was present at the terrible spectacle. The Colonel was seized, his uniform torn off, he was tied down in a wheelbarrow and wheeled up and down before the ranks of the grenadiers, armed with rods, all of whom struck and insulted him. The officers who attempted to aid their Colonel were immediately seized, and bayonets pointed at their throats. Some were taken away; others garroted. Only one soldier attempted to take part with them. Then a sergeant, still pailed from the effects of his last whipping with the knout, put his musket to the soldier's temple and, blew his brains out.

And all the regiment saw its Col. pass under the rods.

When it was all over they opened a kiln-oven. The Colonel was flung into it, all bleeding, together with the officers who had well obeyed him. And when the furnace was well fed the soldiers heated it slowly, very slowly, until at last that hideous, heavy and revolting smell of melting fat and burning flesh arose in the air, which the savages of the Russian frontier inhaled some days ago at a Jewish cemetery at Smargon.

But the tragedy of Novgorod was not yet over!

An Imperial courier hore to the Czar news of the mutiny. Nicholas listened, became white, but said nothing, except to order four batteries of artillery to Novgorod. Ten days after a white-haired and gray-moustached Major General, accompanied by a single aid-de camp, knocked at the door of the barracks, which the soldiers had never left since the murder of their chief.

The General gazed coldly upon those pale men, all neatly and faultlessly uniformed, who gave him the military salute.

Not a reproach—not one useless word. He only said to them:

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning the regiment will assemble in undress uniform and without arms at the Tartar camp, upon the Little Square. Order of the Czar."

Not one voice replied. But the next day upon the narrow square, all in ranks, without arms, in their long gray coats, their Sergeants at their usual posts, all the mutinous soldiers were there, in lines regular as if adjusted to a string, with a double line of lance-bearing Cossacks before and behind. Then all at once from every far spire all the great bells began to toll. The Cossack horsemen withdrew. Only the unarmed infantry remained upon the square, with folded arms, waiting! Then there came a long low roll of drums, and with it from all the avenues leading into the square came volleys of grape like iron hail.

Then nothing was heard awhile but the thunder of the cannon in that city, otherwise silent as a cemetery, when all men, women and children kneeling before their holy images were praying for the soldiers they were shooting down in the square. And during an interval in the cannonade a hymn rolled up from the square, for the soldiers were dying with the prayers of their childhood upon their lips. The cannon thundered for hours. Then all was silent. Powder and iron rested a while. The cannoneers entered the square and recoiled at the sight of those ranks of men mown down like wheat—the marsh of blood. From under the dead they pulled out a few still breathing victims, able to live awhile.

"What shall he done with them, General? Shall we put them in the hospital?"

"Put them under the knout."—*Paris Figaro.*

The Wild People of Borneo.

"Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," quoted Carl Bock, as he found himself sleeping one night in the same room with a dozen of the most ferocious savages on the Island of Borneo. He was a naturalist, and had entered the interior to learn all he could about men, birds and animals.

A Rajah of the Dyaks, a curious people whose propensity for other people's skulls had named them the "Head-Hunters of Borneo," had welcomed him to his own house. The large room assigned to him was occupied by a party of "Orange Poonans," or Wild Forest People, who were also the Rajah's guests.

The naturalist was surprised and delighted. He was face to face with the aborigines of Borneo, who live in utter wildness in the central forests of the island. Reports of their savageness and ferocity and of their isolation from the rest of the world had reached him. He lost no time in gaining their favor, and so far succeeded that in a few days he prevailed upon the chief to take him to his tribe. Each, however, was the timidity of this strange people, that the chief insisted on going to prepare them for a visit from a stranger. The few whom Bock saw had departed from their custom in holding occasional intercourse with the Dyaks, but they never communicated with a Malay, and no one could track them in the dense forest where they lived.

Inside of two days the chief returned to guide Bock to the Wild Men's Forest home. After paddling for several hours up the river, the canoe was turned into a creek and suddenly was run ashore

There was no landing-place and no sign of a habitation, not even the trace of a path to show that human foot had ever trodden there before. But, as Bock afterwards learned, there were certain marks on the trees which showed the chief where the resting-place of his people was. Struggling through a bamboo thicket, they found themselves in a dense forest. The chief uttered a curious cry, "Hio! hio!".

In the distance we heard an answering "hio!"

Directing their steps towards it, the traveler soon saw three young women sitting under a large tree, one of them holding a baby. Near by a fourth woman roasting a monkey suspended by sticks over a fire. The only cooking utensils the naturalists saw were bamboo cylinders for boiling rice. There was not even a clay pot or jar. The women were small, dirty and almost naked. Their yellow complexion interested Bock, as he saw it was due to their secluded life in the dark forest.

Day and night these wild people live in the open air, with no shelter save the leaves of the trees. When it rains they place over their naked bodies a mat, on which in fair weather they sleep. A fire is always kept burning at night, but they know not the use of even the lowest sort of hut, such as a bird would make out of boughs and leaves. Their weapons are blowing tubes and poisoning arrows, and so expert are they in the use of them, that they will hit a small bird at a distance of fifty yards. The men also carry a sword, with an edge as sharp as a razor's, which they have borrowed from the Dyaks. So quick is the effect of the poisoned arrow, that a bird or animal falls down into convulsions as soon as hit, and dies within a few seconds. The arrow is then removed by cutting out the piece of flesh into which it has penetrated an inch all around. The game thus killed is eaten without the slightest ill-effect.

The women, seeing Mr. Brock, with their chief, so far overcame their timidity as to make signs to him that they wanted beads and tobacco. His stay among these primitive people of the woods was limited to one afternoon. But he is probably the only European who has ever looked on the face of a woman of the Wild Forest People.

Fruits Compared.

"By their fruits shall ye know them." A Republican Congress, the first for several years, will soon adjourn. A fair idea of its probable record can be formed already. It has been criticised with vigor, and sometimes with indignation; it is the habit of Republicans to say what they think. They support the party not the less but the more zealously because of that freedom. Blamed as it has been, often with reason, the latest Republican Congress will leave a creditable record of work done, and will compare favorably with any of its Democratic predecessors.

Politically, this Congress has made a liberal apportionment, and has turned out some Democrats who never were elected. In both respects, it has the advantage of any Democratic Congress of this generation. It has not happened yet, that a body of Democrats has been willing to make an honest appointment of political power. The infamous contrivance in South Carolina, which no decent Democrat can discuss without getting red with shame, illustrates performances that have been habitual with that party. If this party has ever, in a single instance, made an honest distribution of political power, its supporters ought to astonish the world by mentioning the fact at once, No one pretends that the apportionment made by Congress was not fair or generous. Indeed, it has been strongly criticised by many Republicans as exceptionally and unreasonably favorable to the minority.

The decision in contested election cases has been conspicuously liberal. In a considerable proportion of the cases, Republican contestants have been thrown out by Republican votes. Not a single case has been decided adversely to the Democrats in which there was not on record the opinion of Democratic journals or leaders that the election had been carried by indefensible means. The best of these journals have repeatedly said, in reference to the methods by which Southern elections were carried: "This thing must stop; it can be excused only where the control of local government by the white people and property-owners could not have been otherwise secured." But the Republican party maintains that the white people are property-owners never have any excuse whatever for carrying an election by fraud. It maintains, too, that the pretext of anxiety as to local government, whether worth much or little, does not apply in the slightest degree to the choice of law-makers for the whole country, and that the people of every other State have an absolute right to be governed, by by tissue ballots, or rifle clubs, or forged returns, but by the free choice of the majority in South Carolina, or Mississippi, or Florida, as in Massachusetts or New York. Having driven the Democrats to vote and even to filibuster for the retention of Members of Congress who were never elected by the people, the Republicans are entirely ready to go to the country on the issue thus made.

As to the appropriations, the sharp dividing line between the two parties is this: the Republicans have made, and the Democrats never had the honesty or the courage to make, the appropriations required by existing laws. There is no other vital distinction between parties as to public expenditures. Members of both have voted for most wasteful jobs. By concurrent effort of the more honest members of both parties a great many such jobs have been defeated, in Democratic and Republican Congresses alike. But the Democratic members have sought a fraudulent and deceptive reputation for economy, by refusing to vote the money required for the execution of acts on the statute-books. They refused money for the pay of Marshals, on a political pretext. After voting for the Arrears-of-Pensions act, they refused to appropriate the money which good faith under that act required. So in many other cases, the Republicans found the Government in a position of actual repudiation of obligations created or reorganized by law—a repudiation which sprang, in most cases, from the desire of Democratic members to cut down the aggregate appropriations without voting against the jobs and frauds by which large appropriations were made necessary. It has been the duty of the Republicans to vote money, not only for the legitimate expenses of the current year, but for the payment of many millions which the Government was bound to pay under existing laws, but which a Democratic Congress had not been honest enough or manly enough to vote.

Legislation in respect to bank charters and taxation is not yet complete. The Republican party has made its record, however. It has supported a renewal of bank charters, and a reduction of about $40,000,000 in taxation, while the Democrats have opposed both measures with great unanimity. The plausible pretexts offered will go to the people with the votes of the two parties. When the record is complete, it will be seen that the Republicans, however they may have fallen short of a full performance of their duty, have no occasion to fear a comparison with their opponents. For the Democrats, when they were in the majority, refused to amend the tariff at all, refused to reduced taxation in any way, and refused legislation necessary to preserve the national banking system.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The youngest bride ever heard of in the United States is Miss Catoe, who, though only eleven years and seven months of age, was married to Thomas Payne by a regularly ordained minister in South Carolina. Her husband is bowed under the weight of only twenty years.

Why He Never Drank.

It is related by a Chester lady that when General William Henry Harrison was running for the Presidency he stopped at the old Washington House, in Chester, for dinner. After dinner, wine was served. It was noticed that the General pledged his toasts in water and one of the gentleman from New York in offering another said: "General will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The general declined in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join them in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine cup—that should have been sufficient though you press the cup to my lips not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—all through the pernicious habit of social wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

Old and New Egypt.

The old and new capitals of Egypt form a not inapt symbol of the change which has passed over the country. Cairo, the old metropolis, though its suburbs have been startlingly Parislanized by the taste of the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, still retains the high archway and tall, windowless houses the narrow, tortuous, filthy lanes, the squalid crowds, and open, stall-like shops of a genuine Eastern city. High above it on a steep, rocky bluff, only accessible by one winding path, tower the strong walls of the citadel, behind which grim old Mehemet Ali used to sit like a spider in its web, ready to loose the thunder of eighty heavy guns, upon the city below at the first whisper of disaffection. Ismailia, founded and named by Ismail Pasha, at the junction of the Suez and Sweetwater canals, is one of those dainty little toy towns which seem to have come bodily out of a French play. Wide streets, gaily painted houses, trim boulevards stud the shore of the Bitter Lake, and the palace of Ismailia is no frowning fortress, but an ornamental white mansion, very much like an Italian hotel. Two gun boats anchored in the lake could crush with ease any riot in Ismailia, but an outbreak in Cairo would be serious indeed.

The Growth of Character.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth, and strengthens with strength, until, good or bad it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I don't think!" will never be a reliable man, and boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

A Record to be Proud of

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Commissioner Raum reports the entire collection of Internal Revenue taxes for the past fiscal year, amounting to $16,520,273, has been accounted for and turned into the Treasury. During the past six fiscal years $748,831,071 has been collected from Internal revenue taxation and paid into the Treasury without any loss by defalcation.

The expenses for the collection of the last fiscal year (including expenses of the office) will not exceed $5,108,300, or less than 3½ per cent on the amount collected. The expenses of collection for the six years has been about $27,087,300 or 3.6-10 per cent on the amount collected. This sum has been disbursed without loss to the Government. Fraudulent combinations heretofore prevailing in certain districts for the illicit manufacture and sale of whisky and tobacco, have been broken up.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SUCCESSFUL STRIKER.

While the hosts of angry workmen throng.
And strike against the Factory Kings,
Behold a stalwart striker strong,
And list to the song he gaily sings:

"Ho, I'm a jolly striker bold,
No Factory Prince can me oppress;
I strike as the workmen struck of old;
Forn humble home in the wilderness.
Although my stake to-day is small,
A side of pork and a sack of meal,
Two willing arms, and that's not all:
I've four good pounds of bright sharp steel.

And an eighty-acre plot of loam,
Where thickly grows the forest tree,
And here each day from sun till sun,
My ax beats Freedom's reville.
'Tis a jolly strike, for a precious prize,
Though not for glory nor for fame,
I strike for a realm about the size
Of a happy home for Eliza Jane.

She told me one short year ago:
'John, get a home before we wed;
As the old-time lovers used to do,
Since then more sweat than tears I've shed.
And so I strike like an honest man,
Striking down the foe with ease:
Striking on the good old business plan—
Striking down the forest trees.

Strike, strike from morn till night,
The sharp, bright steel rings loud and clear:
Striking in my soul's delight,
Striking like the old pioneer."
And thus he strikes from day to day,
Though humble now, with highest aim,
Striking in the good old righteous way,
For love and home, and Eliza Jane.

—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

FARMER BROWN'S SUMMER BUTTER.

"Stan' steady, Bess. You're the boss cow, you know, and if you should tip this pail of yellow milk over, Miss Dolly wouldn't like it. Dolly's got to make the butter this summer, and you and I must do all we can to help her. Guess she thinks you know just about as much as I do. But I'd like to kiss her once, anyhow; wouldn't you, Bess?"

So spoke George Sterling, Farmer Brown's hired man, to his particular confidant, the handsome Alderney cow, whom he had named "Queen Bess." Ding! dong! went the breakfast-bell, swung by Dolly's plump, strong arm, and the young farmer turned his cows into the pasture, one by one, "Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess," and then carried the brimming pails into the large, cool milk-room.

"You're a good milker, George," and Dolly smiled up at him as she looked at the clean, rich milk. "I believe, with you to help me, I can make some nice butter this summer."

It made a pretty picture in the morning sunshine. The large, old-fashioned red farm-house, with windows and doors invitingly open, flowers and tall trees brightening and beautifying the yard and garden. There were lilac bushes and hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, marigolds and sunflowers, fine old New England varieties. Inside the house everything looked comfortable. The kitchen was large and airy, having two outside doors opposite each other and both opening on to wide, clean-swept piazzas. The floors were painted spruce yellow and were smooth and clean. An old-fashioned light-stand stood near a window and on the white spread which covered it was a basket of stockings, with balls of mending-yarn, and a brass candlestick, with an inch or two of candle in its socket. A low kitchen-chair with rockers stood near, and the last weekly newspaper hung over its back.

The breakfast-table would have appeared inviting to any one in health and good temper. A fairly clean, white cloth, spun and woven by the grandmother of the family; a small pitcher of cream for the coffee; sweet, yellow butter and fresh rolls; light doughnuts, fried brown; potatoes, eggs, some kind of stewed fruit, and a pitcher of fresh milk, for any who wished it.

Did they have napkins and silver forks? Not exactly. That is, they didn't have the forks. Aunt Sally made such a fuss that, with all Dolly's other burdens she did not think it best to "stand the storm" which would have broken over her head had she used every day the sacred company silver forks. Dolly was a brave girl, and did not yield when it was wrong to yield; but persisted in doing as she ought and endured whatever came. She had been away for two years, attending an excellent school, and the duty of clearly and in some sense beautiful living had been strongly impressed upon her bright young mind. Her mother had died, and now the main responsibility of the housekeeping rested upon the daughter's eighteen-year-old shoulders. Dolly did many things as Aunt Sally directed, but in the matter of napkins she was firm. She felt it both a duty and a pleasure to accustom her little brother and the young farmers whom her father hired to refined ways of living. She herself was pleasant to look at, as she sat at the head of the table (her father wished her to sit in her mother's place), pouring the clear coffee into pretty cups, a clean linen collar at her throat and her hair nicely brushed. A passing observer would have thought it a pleasant group gathered around the table that summer morning—farmer Brown opposite his daughter, Aunt Sally and Dolly's young brother at one side, and George Sterling, the hired man, at the other.

"Father, I'm going to put down my first tub of butter to-day," said Dolly. "So you see it's an important day in my life."

"Yes, my dear, and I hope you'll gain the day and put down a good tub; but I suspect after George has churned and washed the butter, the credit'll be a good deal due to him if it's good."

"Yes, indeed, father; but I'm going to work just as hard as George does, and Dolly Brown's butter will be the most famous butter in the country, you naughty father,"

"You'd better wait till fall before you brag about your butter," interposed Aunt Sally. "If the buyers won't pay nothin' for it, you won't feel so fine, I guess."

"Well, I shall try hard to have it good," returned Dolly; "and I'm not going to bother myself all summer by fearing that the buyers won't pay anything for it."

"No, don't fret yourself. I guess if I didn't skim the milk, you'd find your butter'd be a pretty mess. It makes a sight o' difference how milk's *skum*. The rest ain't nothin' in comparison. But, then, of course, nobody in this house never does anything but Dolly. But I can remember twenty years before she was born, and there was butter and cheese made in *them* benighted days, and in this house, too."

"O, well, Aunt Sally," said Mr. Brown. "Dolly's a young housekeeper and needs encouraging a bit, *Mebbe* she'll have a poor tub or two; but, if she does the best she can, we shan't find fault."

George Sterling said nothing; but he longed to box Aunt Sally's ears soundly, and, if his confidant, Queen Bess, had been near, he would have told her that he longed to kiss away the tears that he saw glistening in Dolly's sweet eyes, as she cleared away the breakfast things.

The summer days came and went. The birds that sang in the trees near Dolly's chamber window woke her each morning with their joyous carols, and at night the distance-softened song of the frogs away in the meadows lulled her to sleep. Aunt Sally rose early ten mornings during the entire summer, walked majestically into the milk-room and skimmed the milk. Those were happy days in the Brown family. The exercise and the fresh breakfast disposed the molecules of Aunt Sally's physical system a little more amicably toward each other, and the spiritual elevation that often results from a little bodily exercise made life considerably more enjoyable to the Brown family on those particular days than was generally the case. It has been said that every house has a skeleton in its closet, but happy that house whose skeleton occupies its own closet and stays where it is put. In Farmer Brown's dwelling it ate and drank, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and made the day troublesome and the night weary.

The young and strong can and will be happy, but for those long burdened by the cares and duties of life such skeletons are hard to have in the house.

George Sterling thought it was no man's duty, or woman's either, to endure such petty yet enormous trials as Dolly and her kind father daily submitted to, and he and Queen Bess had many an emphatic conversation on the subject. The Queen George found a very interesting companion, for she listened well and let him do all the talking. He could talk better to her than to most of the people about him. George had ideas enough, but, like "Richard Hathaway," he could not always express them. He was the direct opposite of Aunt Sally; he was more famous for *doing* than for *talking*, yet no one who ever heard her could doubt that out of the fullness of her heart Aunt Sally spoke. George Sterling's faithful heart was, so to speak, gone. Dolly, with her sweet ways, had carried it away, quite beyond recovery. At first he was appalled and troubled; later, he grew quiet, resolving to do his best, and *doing* it, and so gathering strength to bear his fortune, whatever it should be. He considered Dolly somewhat above him, especially in mental cultivation; and, besides, he was young and had as yet very little in the world except excellent, industrious habits and a kind heart—a handsome fortune, though, let me tell you, my dear young lady reader.

The milk-room in the Brown house was a pleasant place. I'm sure the daintiest city lady would have thought it nice. It was large, clean and cool, and happy the person whom Dolly gave a dish of strawberries and allowed to help himself to some of the sweet, rich cream. Every evening she looked herself to the straining of the milk, to be sure that no particles of dirt were left in it; but she soon found she could trust George Sterling.

"Do you wish more light, George?" she asked, one evening, as she left her chair on the south piazza and stepped to the milk-room door. "Yes, if you please," answered George. Dolly soon appeared with a candle, saying: "Here is just what you wish for, then," and she smiled brightly as she dipped out some of the warm milk for mixing her morning's bread. "That is true," said George; but his eyes rested on Dolly, instead of the candle she had brought him.

In the early mornings they churned and worked over the butter together. It was hard work, but with now and then an exquisite little passage of poetry in it, too. When George stopped for a moment to rest and take breath, Dolly would offer, with sweet feeling in her tones, to churn for a little while, and he would let her try for a turn or two of the crank.

"It takes hard turning to get the richness out of things, doesn't it?" said Dolly, one morning when the butter came with a little more difficulty than usual. "I used to think so last winter," returned George. "Winter cream is hard to manage, and then you were not here to help me," and he looked up at Dolly with an expression of such intense appreciation of the state of things when she *was* there to help him that, though she hardly knew it, an added tint glowed in her bright young cheeks.

"Yes," he went on. "I used to think some mornings that life to an earnest man was a good deal like churning winter cream. But then I, for one, shall keep turning the crank.

He spoke quietly and with a smile, but Dolly felt, with an instant thrill of pleasure, that strength and excellence were near and ready to serve her.

The summer passed. The door of the butter-cellar was nearly covered with well-filled tubs. A little before the time for selling Farmer Brown had been called to a distant western State, on account of the sickness of his only and widowed sister. He was detained several weeks, and finally wrote to George that they must do the best they could with the butter and no longer rely upon him to attend to it. On the evening after they had received the letter two neighbors called and reported that *they* had sold for thirty cents a pound. The evening papers had reported only twenty-seven cents as the latest price, and they advised the Browns not to sell for a few days, etc.

During the evening, as the two men were talking, there were occasional indications that a storm was about to break over the heedless members of the Brown family. There were low mutterings of thunder, a few short, sharp flashes of lightning, and now and then a barbed arrow flew through the air.

A great hero rises to the occasion and Aunt Sally rose. The family were left alone about nine o'clock. Dolly went to the kitchen to make some preparations for the morning's breakfast. Aunt Sally followed, with heavy, threatening step.

"Have you noticed how lovely the moonlight is, Aunt Sally," asked Dolly.

"Moonlight! What do you s'pose I care 'bout moonlight when the butter ain't sold? 'N' I know jest how 'tw'll be. 'T won't be sold 't all; 'tw'll stay in the *suller* all winter, 'n' we shan't git fifteen cents a pound for it. I should thought you and George'd known enough to 'tended to it 'fore this time. Never see such a tarnal easy set as this family all be."

"Why, Aunt Sally," answered Dolly, "it hasn't been a week since the Smiths sold. Buyers generally come along about this time. Father most always sells to some of them, you know. I don't think we need worry about it."

"No, you won't worry, I'll warrant. No danger of anybody's worryin' in this house, but me. I don't s'pose, if the house was burnin' down, one of ye'd stir, unless ye was pulled out by main strength. Talk about your father! Who ever knew *him* to do anything? 'Stid o' stayin' to home 'n' minding' his own business, he must go galavantin' off to Kansas, to see his sister, 'cause she happened to be sick. What if she *hain't* no husband? Folks have to die, I s'pose. What'd she ever do for *him*, I'd like to know. 'F she was wuth a million o' money, I don't s'pose she'd give 'im a cent."

"Well, I guess to-morrow morning George 'll know what to do, and he'd better go to bed now, Aunt Sally. I'm very tired."

"George! What'll *he* know about it, and what'll he *care*, 'f he *does* know?"

"Would you like this candle, Aunt?"

"What do you keep talking to me 'bout candles for? 'F I wanted a candle, couldn't I git it. Go to bed, 'f you want to. I don't expect *you'll* care whether the butter's *ever* sold or not."

Dolly knew that it was no use to reply, so she took her candle and went to her little chamber over the sitting-room. She tried hard to sleep, knowing that breakfast must be ready early and that no hands but hers would prepare it.

About two o'clock Aunt Sally burst into the room, her cap-strings flying and her teeth rattling. Evidently she had not been in bed at all.

"Dolly," she called, in loud reproving tones, "it's raining hard."

"What is it, Aunt Sally? Are you sick?"

"It's raining hard, I tell you. Don't you hear it?"

"Well, what if it is? I can't help it. What harm will it do?"

"What *harm* will it do? Do you s'pose folks will come to buy butter in a driving rain?"

"But it may not rain to-morrow, Aunt Sally. Why, it's only two o'clock. The shower must have come up very suddenly."

"What if it don't rain to-morrow. The roads'll be all mud knee-deep. Nobody'd come through such mean mud's we have to look at butter. They'd be fools 'f they did. It's jest as I said. The butter won't be sold 't all. You'd know yourself 'twouldn't be, 'f you want deaf's an adder and blind as a bat."

"Aunt Sally, I think this is a little too much. I'm very tired and I want you to go right out of my room and leave me to sleep."

"I shall go out o' this room jest 's quick 's I'm mind to, 'n' no quicker, 'n' the more you talk about it the more I shan't go. Anybody'd think, to hear you talk, that you did all the work in this house. Who's skimmed the milk all summer, I'd like to know? I s'pose you think the butter'd come all the same, skimmin' or no skimmin'; 'n' now we shan't sell a pound, 'n' we shan't have money enough to keep from starvin' to death 'n' buy clothes to cover our nakedness. But there's one thing about it: I won't pinch 'n' be economical a bit longer. I'll spend every dollar I'm mind to. What 'f one o' them city buyers *should* come in the pouring rain? We shouldn't know whether to trust 'im or not. I wouldn't let 'im touch the butter unless he paid the money down. 'T's jest the meanest thing that ever happened sense the world begun that we didn't go to S—— a week ago 'n' see 'bout sellin' it, 'n' not wait till this time; 'n' 'f we don't git thirty cents, jest's the rest o' the neighbors have, I shan't never want to show my face outside this house again, 'n' the' shan't one o' the family, 'f *I* can help it."

But Aunt Sally at length ran down, and Dolly knew that, unless she had a strong cup of tea or a little sleep, she wouldn't be in running order again for several hours, and she prepared to enjoy herself accordingly. By six o'clock she was busy preparing breakfast, running out "between times" to freshen her heart with a look at the pink and purple morning glories that grew up over the south piazza. She was as bright and pleasant to her little brother as though her night's rest had been untroubled and filled with sweetest dreams. The prospect for a cosy, quiet breakfast was brightening when half a dozen geese, smitten with total depravity, walked hurriedly toward the house and held one of their most spirited conversations directly under Aunt Sally's chamber window. They couldn't have been more excited if they had been discussing the family butter and its prospects.

Dolly had just served the coffee and taken a sip or two out of her own cup, when the sitting-room door opened, and out walked Aunt Sally, looking quiet but ominous. She drew a chair to the fire and sat black and silent for five minutes.

"Did the geese wake you up, Aunt Sally?" asked Willie, Dollie's little brother.

"Wake me up! Guess they'd awaked anybody up that wan't dead. If I was a boy big as you be, I'd keep geese in their places; but nobody in this family ever sees to anything or ever will."

"Won't you have some coffee, while it's fresh and hot, Aunt Sally, asked Dolly.

"No, I don't want nothin', hot nor cold. I feel perfectly sick this mornin', jest's I knew last night I *should* feel; and I've got to have the doctor right straight off and have something to take. Here's a whole month gone, 'n' I hain't had but two quart bottles of medicine. I had to lay awake all night and think about the *butter*. I knew if I didn't nobody else would. It'll take me down sick. I feel this morning jest's if I was going to have the typhoid fever, 'n' I *shall* have it, too. If *I* had anything to do about things, I should go right off this mornin' and see 'bout sellin' that butter; but, of course, what I think's nothin' in this house and *never* was."

The group at the table were silent; only now and then saying a word or two, as they served each other.

Dolly felt the essential vulgarity of all family contentions, and, in general, she answered nothing to Aunt Sally's foolish tirades, which were much more frequent in Mr. Brown's absence.

George Sterling left the room as quickly as he could, and Dolly followed him to the piazza, where they talked a minute over what had best be done.

"George will drive down to S—— and see what he can do with the butter," Dolly said, as she returned to the kitchen.

But Aunt Sally deigned no reply. She rose and walked into the more genteel part of the house and was not seen again for several hours. The occasional slamming of doors and windows testified to her existence.

In the afternoon George returned, and told Dolly that he could contract the butter for but twenty-five cents. The markets were full for a few days; but her father's friends had advised him to wait a little, as they thought it would be up to thirty cents again.

Several days passed and the question of butter was still unsettled. Dolly was busy with her work, hardly getting a minute to peep into the new *Harper* which George had brought from the post-office. One day she put two of her delicious custard pies into the oven to bake, and then went up-stairs for a few minutes to make beds. Aunt Sally, meanwhile, walked into the kitchen, which she found "cold as a barn," built up a hot fire, and sat down by the stove. When Dolly returned, she smelt a strong odor of burning pastry, and, opening the oven-door, found that her pies were completely ruined.

"Why, Aunt Sally," said she, "didn't you smell my pies burning?"

"Smell 'em!" returned Aunt Sally. "No, I didn't, 'n I *shan't* smell nothin' more till the *butter's* sold." And she marched off into the sitting-room as though her dignity had been offended.

"What a pity Dickens didn't know Aunt Sally," thought Dolly, as she went about making some more pies.

Mr. John Sterling, George's father, always sent away his butter to a certain city firm, whose chief member had, as a boy, been brought up in the family of John Sterling's father. The Sterling's knew the firm well and knew that it was trustworthy. George, therefore, suggested to Dolly that he write to his father's friend, Mr. Furness, and ask his advice about the butter they had to sell.

He wrote, and in a short time a letter came, advising the Browns to send their butter on. It would surely net them twenty-eight cents and perhaps thirty. Mr. Furness promised to do the best he could.

The matter was talked over with Aunt Sally, and, after much tribulation all the tubs, with their golden weight, were put into the cars and sent to the city. The day on which it was carried out of the yard Aunt Sally's final blast was as follows: "There! That *butter* 'll never come back, 'n' I shouldn't wonder a mite 'f the money never did; 'n' who's goin' to pay for the freight 'n' *tear* 'n' old Harry 'n' all on it. I'd like to know?"

Half of Aunt Sally's predictions proved true. The Browns never did see their butter again; but they saw twenty-nine cents for each pound.

Aunt Sally thought that the social degradation resulting from getting one cent a pound less than their nearest neighbors *ought* to make every one of the Browns utterly ashamed, and the number of things the family would actually suffer for because they had lost twelve dollars was astounding.

About the middle of November Mr. Brown returned, bringing with him his sister, a woman of kind heart and strong character.

Before a week had gone by, Dolly felt that the burden of her daily life was much lighter with Aunt Elizabeth to cheer and help her. She found more leisure to assist her young brother in his studies and to read her own dearly loved books and magazines.

The winter, with its long, cosy evenings and its merry sleigh-rides, was over before they had enjoyed it half enough, Dolly thought, and the birds were singing again among the trees that shaded the house. The old butternut tree behind the long row of barns had large, handsome leaves once more.

One Sunday afternoon Dolly took a book and went to sit in the shade of the old tree, just as she had often done ever since she was a little girl. The book was "John Halifax, Gentleman," and somehow, as she read and became more and more interested in the character of the hero, she was startled to find herself thinking of George Sterling. The tones of voice she read of; the kind, searching eyes; the erect, firm bearing—she knew them all. They were near her. They had often quietly cheered and strengthened her.

A slight noise from the stone wall opposite made her look up. There were the very eyes, looking straight into hers.

"Why, George! How came you here?"

"I've been home, and came back across the fields. Its only three miles, you know, coming across. You looked perfectly happy as I come up. What are you reading?"

"John Halifax," answered Dolly. "Do you know the book?"

"Yes, well; and I'm glad you're reading it."

"Why? Will it help me to make nicer butter?"

"That's just it. After a person reads it, he feels that he's got to do his best in whatever work he's called to, and help along people about him 's well's as he can."

"That's fine praise," said Dolly. "Have you been to the post-office? I see you have a letter."

"This came yesterday. I've been wanting to show it to you," and George took the letter from its envelope and handed it to her, at the same time sitting down on the rock by her side.

The letter was as follows:

MY DEAR GEORGE STERLING: "Our firm will probably buy more butter than usual next fall and we want to secure as many fine lots as possible. Can you send us another twelve hundred pounds as good as that was which you sent us last year? We'll promise to pay the highest price in the market for the next ten years, if you'll send us butter like that. Please let us hear from you soon.

"Very truly yours, F. H. FURNESS."

"Do you remember telling your father that you meant Dolly Brown's butter to be famous?" asked George, as she finished reading.

"But I'm afraid you won't stay with us ten years," said Dolly, smiling. "And, if we hadn't had you to take care of the cattle, milk, and churn so well, etc., I'm afraid the fame of our butter would never have gone abroad."

"It follows, then, that we ought to make butter together, doesn't it?" said George.

"I think it does," said Dolly, trying to look unconscious. "So you'll have to stay till the ten years are up," and she closed her book and half rose, as if to go.

"Don't go just yet, please," said George, as he took her hand and drew her back, with a gentle yet firm pressure. "There is something I wish to tell you. I have thought that my brother would stay at home, take care of father and mother, and always keep the old place; but lately his mind seems bent on studyin' medicine, and father thinks he'd better go where he can have the best teachers to work with. You can see what is left for me to do. I must go home. But that isn't all, Dolly. Dear old mother wants a daughter. She wants a certain sweet young girl, named Dolly Brown. I want her, too, *very* much. Dolly, *won't* you come?"

She looked up slowly, with tears in her eyes. "Will you be good to me? Good, like John Halifax?"

"I'll try," said George, solemnly. "And you? Will you be like Ursula?"

"I too, will try," she answered.

"And we'll make butter together," said George, as he kissed her, smiling through her tears.

Dolly would never have left her father and young brother to the care of strangers, and George used to say that Aunt Elizabeth had been sent as a special providence, so that Dolly might come to him.

Aunt Sally's value is still, on the whole, an unknown quantity. And yet who knows but the angels may some day solve the problem and obtain a larger answer than any of us think. She is said to be really gentle and loving to Dolly's little daughter.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Slang in the Family.

Where does all the slang come from? Why is it such a growing vice? Why should anybody use slang? What good can there be in it? Who is not belittled by using it?

Where does it all come from? We have been watching closely for twenty-five years, and we have found where it comes from, and are very sorry for the discovery. For it comes from the place of all others that it should not come—from the family. It is not a fungus growth of the season or the street. It is used there. But they are the academies and colleges of slang, the primary school of it is in the family. It is not born with children. God never sent a slangy child into the world; He thinks too much of the child and the world to do that. But the little fellow finds slang here when he comes, and finds his parents teaching it to him among his first words, and from the time he can first lisp on till he is grown, or till college drill has cured him of the vice; or till he has grown old enough to see himself what a slovenly, mean habit is, it is constantly taught him. Why? The Lord himself doesn't know. For why a father and mother should constantly teach their children so homely and disfiguring a vice is beyond the comprehension of men or angels. No parent lives who, if not educated and cultivated himself, does not desire and in some degree expect that his child will be some day. And yet how few are the parents who, by using slang themselves, do not constantly teach their children this most slovenly of all intellectual or verbal habits. Children learn nearly everything they know by imitation, and he has to be a most repulsive father who is not taken by his child for a model. How can a slangy father or a slangy mother expect any other result than slangy children—and how can they expect otherwise, when they are people of even moderate sense, than that this vice will have to be cured in school at great cost of time to the pupil and effort to the teacher, or else that the child will all his life be disfigured and belittled by it. Why, then, should any parents be so careless of their childrens' interest or their own pride as not to think of the harm they are doing them by using slang before them—or why, if they do think of it, are they so cruel as knowingly to teach them in the vice?

This is why it is such a growing vice, because it is so constantly and almost so universally taught in the family. If it were cut off in the family nearly its whole growth of vile and noxious weeds would be nipped in the sprouts and killed; indeed, the most of them would never even be germinated. Why do not parents think of this? They fight the big and little foxes of nearly every vice but this, and guard their bairns against anything which will either contaminate or weaken. But this they let in by all the doors and windows and popularize and encourage by using it themselves. If all the fathers and mothers of this country should stop using slang themselves the next crop would die—and the vice, which is purely an American vice, would soon cease to be, and thus soon relieve the American people of a disgraceful habit for which they are now so justly ridiculed by the whole world. It is said in the old country, "You can tell Americans, and especially American women, by their use of slang." We all know how true this is, disgraceful to us as it is. It is a national vice and a national disgrace.—*Iowa State Register.*

Paste This in Your Hat.

Sunstroke begins with a pain in the head, or dizziness, quickly followed by loss of consciousness and complete prostration. Sometimes, however, the attack is as sudden as a stroke of apoplexy. The head is often burning hot, the face dark and swollen, and breathing labored and snoring, and the extremities cold. With such cases proceed as follows: Take the patient at once to a cool and shady place, but don't carry him far to a house or hospital. Loosen the clothes thoroughly about the neck and waist. Lay him down with the head a little raised. Apply wet cloths to the head and mustard or turpentine to the calves of the legs and soles of the feet. Give a little weak whisky and water if he can swallow. Meantime let some one go for a physician.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

—The New York *Sun* thinks it a hollow mockery to swear the average witness to tell the truth.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Spain, with a school population of 2,606,265, has 28,117 elementary schools, instructing 1,410,476 pupils.

—Three students of a Canadian college rescued two school-ma'ams from watery graves. Canada can now, of course, expect a double wedding, and the suicide of the student who gets left.

—The Rev. W. McCann, Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, alluding to the question of Christian economies, recently remarked that England spent £127,000,000 in drink, and only £2,000,000 on missions.

—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, after a long and able debate on instrumental music, voted against liberty to adopt it as an accompaniment of public worship by a majority vote of 360 against 345. The majority of the ministers voted for, and the majority of the elders against, liberty to use organs and other instruments.

—The *Christian Register*, of Boston, says: "In one of the Episcopal churches of Providence on a certain Sunday the preacher, a stranger, defined the soul as 'the non-atomic center of psychic force,' and throughout his discourse, when alluding to the soul, used the phrase. Fancy the improvement on the old reading, 'What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose his own non-atomic center of psychic force?'"

—The Fourth Presbyterian church of Chicago, Rev. Herrick Johnson, pastor, as appeared from his sermon June 14, the second anniversary of his settlement over it, has gained 85 members within the year, 18 of them on confession of faith. The church, which now has 437 members, gave $36,542 during the year, $18,032 of which was used for salaries and other expenses, and $18,610 to benevolent causes. Besides this, $3,000 or $4,000 have been given by individual members of the church to colleges, and C. H. McCormick has given $75,000 to the Theological Seminary in that city. Last year the church contributed $29,885.

—The son of a Barrie, Ont., school inspector abstracted from an express package addressed to his father the list of questions to be asked at the public school examinations, and made a copy thereof. Then, in partnership with another lad bearing the suggestive name of Mainprize, he negotiated with the scholars who were to undergo school examination, and by selling copies of the list under a promise of secrecy, reaped a rich reward. The secret leaked out, the perpetrators of the deed fled for parts unknown, and the students who were to have been asked the aforesaid questions were admitted to examination only upon oath that they knew nothing about the fraud.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Telugu native preachers, says the Rev. S. F. Bardett, of the American Baptist Society, are born orators. Their sermons are modelled after those of the missionaries, with more of the Socratic method. The preacher often makes his point more effective by asking a question to which the people give a ringing response. Sometimes he will address some person in the congregation—generally a preacher—who will reply—and a dialogue will be carried on to which the congregation will listen with great attention. Illustration and parable are much used, and also pantomime, which sometimes becomes ludicrous.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If your husband smokes, gentle lady, treat him as you would a smoking lamp. Don't put him out, but let him down easy.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Cooked his own goose: "Mr. D., if you'll get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game it won't be done," said the tailor.

—A fashion journal says: "June brides are the sweetest." Maybe so; but it is the general impression that those who have the most "sugar" in their own right are not sour, by any means.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The cruise of the cyclone has been ascertained. Out in the tornado-tossed region there is a band composed of young ladies who are learning to play the cornet.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—Some of the seaside fans this year are large enough to cover one side of a girl's face in case she blushes. Arrangements have been made to report a blush by telegraph, if one occurs anywhere.

—For the primer: See the men. One of them is struggling. The others hold him fast. He is a bank robber. Why do the men hold him so fast? They are taking him to a detective.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

—Reports of the revival of the national game of base ball are very encouraging. Five deaths have already resulted from it in this State this season. The more life that is thrown into the game the more deaths result therefrom.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A minister was traveling along a country road in Scotland one day in winter, riding rather a long, lean horse, and he himself dressed in rather an odd-looking *cap and* large camlet cloak, when a gentleman came along, riding a fine horse, which scared at the preacher, and his horse. "Well, sir" said the gentleman, "ye wud scare the vera deel, sir." "That's my business, sir," said the preacher. —*Chicago Journal.*

—Fashionable lady: "Now, this is about the worst dnub of the whole collection!" Distinguished academician (of whose artistic profession his fair companion is ignorant); "I'm sorry you should think so, for it's mine!" Fashionable lady: "You don't mean to say that you bought that?" Distinguished academician: "No; but I painted it!" Fashionable lady: "O,—oh, I am so sorry! But you really mustn't mind what I say, for I'm no critic at all. I—I only repeat what everybody says, you know—a——" —*Punch.*

—The Softest Yet: A young gentleman of Austin, of the Inekadaisical Oscar Wilde type of idiot, hung to a sundown, went into an Austin Avenue restaurant one day recently to get some breakfast, and, by the way, he has the appetite of a Missouri journalist on an excursion, and is gifted with the digestive organs of a boa-constrictor. "How do you want your eggs biled?" asked the waiter. "I want them soft." "How soft?" "Very soft. I want them to match my voice."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

KISSING BABY.

O, loveller than the rosebud
  Is my precious baby'kin;
And the nicest place for kissing him—
  The sweetest place—is not his face,
    'Tis underneath his chin.

But, ah! it is not every one
  The pleasure that may win,
Of kissing my dear baby—
  My pretty one, my darling one—
    Just underneath his chin!

For it would never do, you know,
  That practice to begin,
Of letting everybody come
  And have the bliss my baho to kiss
    Right underneath his chin!

For who, I pray, would stay away
  If kinder I had been,
And given to all people leave
  To take a kiss so sweet as this—
    This underneath his chin?

What? so many little children
  Wanting to come in
And kiss my precious treasure—
  My beauty bright, my heart's delight—
    Here underneath his chin?

Well, if you are clean and wholesome,
  And dressed neat as a pin,
With no speck of dirt upon you,
  You may come near and kiss him here,
    Right underneath his chin?

Though, if unkind and selfish
  By ill-temper you have been,
O, then, I could not have you come
  So close as this, and then to kiss
    Dear baby under his chin!

Now comes papa with whistle and clap:
  He thinks with all that din
That he will get—yes, take just one—
  Two! three! O, fie! Why those cost high!
    Those underneath his chin!

Sure I must laugh! Papa declares
  He is so near akin,
That *he* owns half that kissing place—
  That sweetest place, that *cuddliest* place—
    Under my baby's chin!

—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Youth's Companion.*

THE MISSING JEWELS.

"It has a plan, but no plot. Life hath none" —*Festus.*

Anne Bardulph was not very youthful, nor was she particularly handsome; and she was housekeeper for the ailing Mrs. Dorman.

This invalid lady resided in a fine wooden house of many rooms through which ran a wide hall with walls of Pompeiian red, and a gilt-edged ceiling that was painted in some curious and uncertain tint of paly, pinkish brown. The floor was tessellated in brown and red, and the dark carved doors opened upon a columnar portico with broad brown steps leading down upon a great lawn flanked with thick trees of beech and pine.

Across the greening lawn in the sweet yellow April sunshine, walked Anne Bardulph—a slim, straight woman with regular and severe features, and wonderfully large eyes of darkest gray. She had an abundance of neatly arranged dark hair, and she was neatly attired in a serviceable suit of some clinging, dull blue fabric, with collar and cuffs of linen—white, prim and immaculate.

Two young men coming upon the portico saw her—an interesting and not unlovely figure moving under the grim, whispering pines.

"The new housekeeper of madame *pleases you—her you admire perhaps,*" one remarked, rather quizzingly.

"Would you suggest that Miss Bardulph may not merit admiration?" returned the other, evasively and with some perceptible irritation.

"I now do nothing suggest," was the protesting sharp foreign accents. "I here am come to see much, to much think; but I nothing say until the—how say you it?—till the one exposure grand."

Tony Dorman smoked thoughtfully for several silent minutes. Finally he tossed away his cigar and turned toward his company.

"D'Razelly," he began, pleasantly; "you are here ostensibly only as my guest and intimate friend——"

"On the what do you call the ostensible, I impose not," interrupted Louis D'Razelly, quickly and proudly. "I but the detective am—the servitor hired of madame to her diamonds of value find, and the thief to discover."

"Yes, I know," interposed the young gentleman; but I have become aware of your worth as a man, and I really regard you as a friend. No friend will ever be more warmly welcomed to my home than you. If I did not feel like this I should not be likely to confess to you that I have been refused by Miss Bardulph—for whom—" he supplemented gently and with hesitation—"I fancy you, too, have a tender preference, even though you would appear to disparage her"'

The young Frenchman winced, and in his bright black eyes was an expression of trouble and distrust, as he gazed steadily toward the stately pines that loomed in sharp spires against the sweet blue April sky.

"It is so," he acknowledged, presently, a hot color reddening his swarthy face. "For her I have the one liking that is very tender; but also have I the doubt that it is much and not good. What of this do you think?"

D'Razelly—who had become a detective only because he had an odd and inborn fondness for what he considered an exciting and most delectable vocation—opened what one would presume to be, from its exterior appearance, a quaintly-bound book, and nothing more. It was, however, a "detective camera," by which he had shortly before obtained, and without her knowledge, several striking photographs of the woman of whom he had been speaking so dubiously.

"What of this do you think?" he iterated, exhibiting a picture of Miss Bardulph, as she was standing in a curious attitude of eager and fearful interest beneath one of the great beech trees beyond the lawn. At her feet, beside a pile of moss and stones, opened a small cavity, over which she was bending, while holding low in a loosening grasp, what was quite surely a number of jeweled ornaments.

"I do not know what to think," enunciated Mr. Dorman, in tones of dismay "It would seem that my mother's jewels have been secreted in that place; and I should say that Anne has accidentally discovered the depository."

"If that is so, why to you or to the madame honored, she comes not—all so glad, so animate—and tell the one discovery so happy and so not to be understood?" D'Razelly demanded, with emphasis.

"But—good heavens, Louis! do you mean that you suspect Miss Bardulph of any wrong-doing?" was the pained exclamation. "I must absolutely refuse to believe that Anne—that ingenuous and serious girl, with her pure eyes and innocent brow—is a thief? Although there may be something indefinable and mysterious about her, I could never associate with the mystery of crime anything she might do."

She was but his mother's housekeeper; she had refused his love, and the name and station he would have given her; yet was he a right loyal friend, and would not listen unmoved or acquiescent to any accusations made against her.

While D'Razelly, who professed for her a tender liking, although he doubted her much, shrugged his spruce shoulders, sighed and looked vastly consequential and melancholy, albeit he was not a sentimentalist, and had determined to be austerely practical, as befits a professional of his kind.

"I nothing know of the mystery, not evil, that you do men," he said impatiently. "And to me it does seem that the diamonds of much value must now to the madame so disconsolate be restored, and the ways that so puzzling are, must to the custody go."

"But she never entered this house until days after the diamonds were missed," remonstrated Tony Dorman, shuddering; "I am decidedly mystified. What is your explanation of it all?"

"She the accomplice of one other is, I do think," announced the detective, with grandiloquence of manner. "She no longer here will stay. She will an illness feign, as it may be, and then to the other, she will so away, the diamonds with her taking, if her we not could prevent."

"That is all very plausible," returned her defender, unconvinced. "But we will at once secure my mother's precious ornaments, and then I really must have positive and irrefutable evidence against Miss Bardulph before I shall allow you to denounce her."

The early dusk had already suffused the lawn with a purple haze. The cool air was delicious with the fresh odors of violets and hyacinths and sweet young grasses. The new, rosy moon and a great golden star glittered in the blue western sky, and out among the gloomy, complaining pines the night birds were tunefully calling.

The two young men crossed the lawn and entered the dim grove, full of resinous scents, strange, dreamy noises, and uneasy and fantastic shadows. Mutely and with soundless steps, they followed the grassy, winding walk that led to the umbrageous beach of D'Razelly's singular photograph.

Suddenly both started, and simultaneously retreated around a curve of the path where they stood as silent and motionless as the shade in which they were hidden. Beyond, in the pearly effulgence of starlight and moonlight, they saw the suspected young woman bending over that odd repository from which she removed the moss and pebbles until her intent watchers beheld the cold, inextinguishable fire of the precious gems gleaming within the dark, black mold.

"What think you now?" whispered D'Razelly, excitedly. "The diamonds she will take. See! is it not so?"

And before the other could silence or restrain him, he leaped forward and confronted Anne, who stood quite still, and only lifted her comely head fearlessly, smiling with calm defiance and some unassumed amusement.

"Hush!" she murmured, imperiously, as he began to speak. "In another moment the mystery of what you have presumed to be a robbery will be elucidated and precisely as I believed it would be. Look!"

Down the path, with an unsteady and unnatural gait, came a surprising apparition—the figure of a lady. Bare were her feet, and her grey, drooping head was uncovered, and her thin white robes glistened with the damp night dews.

"Mother!" gasped Tony Dorman, amazed, and glad for the accused Anne, who was so curiously exonerated.

Straight on came the somnambulist. Pausing at length before the treasures she had secreted in her abnormal sleep, and gazing with unseeing eyes upon the priceless, sparkling things that she touched lovingly with her withered hands, and carefully again covered with the thick, silky moss. Then she smiled faintly, sighed with satisfaction, turned, and slowly moved away.

The countenance of Louis D'Razelly at that moment was not that of an individual conscious of superior discernment, and the glance he ventured to vouchsafe Anne was deprecatory.

"What I should say I know not," he stammered. "What I did think—what I did do—so very stupid was. Ah, if the kind madamoiselle would me but pardon," he continued, with gallant entreaty.

Very demurely she assured him that his suspicions were quite pardonable, and perhaps creditable to his zeal as a detector and denouncer of the unrighteous.

Some time later, coming through the handsome, brilliantly lighted hall, Anne met the young master of the house.

"The tempting reward offered for the recovery of Mrs. Dorman's diamonds induced me to come here as her housekeeper," she explained. "I had an inexplicable feeling that I might find the missing jewels. I consulted no one—no one advised me. I was really ashamed of my project, that I knew was quixotic, if not impracticable, and a failure would have made me ridiculous. Shortly after coming to Mrs. Dorman, I learned that she had latterly been haunted by an excessive and increasing fear of being robbed; I learned, too, that she had only recently manifested somnambulic symptoms. The truth came to me as an inspiration, but only by merest accident; and only this morning while I was exploring for gentian that I did not land, did I espy the tiny, suggestive mound of loose, dying moss, through which I saw a single spark of something shining like a glow-worm. So I waited and watched, hoping she would visit her buried treasure just as she did. The discovery was very simple, and is now clear to you all."

"And now you have won the reward, you will leave us, I suppose," he observed soberly.

"Yes," she gravely assented.

"O, Anne, if I could only persuade you to stay?" he responded quickly and imploringly. "Do you fear I cannot make you a happy wife?"

"It is not that," she said, with a frank serious manner that had always so pleased him. "It is that I could not make you a happy husband. Do be reasonable Mr. Dorman, for you must be well aware that I am not at all the sort of person whom you ought to marry. And beside," she added, with a quaint little laugh, "I have a profession now, and I must not wed one who knows nothing of the instincts and requirements of my calling."

The handsome young fellow was somewhat agitated by her speech which he considered daring and significant.

"Surely, my dear Anne," he faltered; "you would not wish to become a professional detective? nor would you intimate that you have an affection for Louis D'Razelly who so unjustly accused you, and who would willingly have placed you in custody?"

"My friend," she replied, sweetly, a tear sparkling in each large eye, and a lovely new color on each soft cheek—"we have just now had an understanding—Mr. D'Razelly and I. He regrets his mistake; and he certainly is not so blamable when he would only have acted conscientiously."

"Yours is the logic of love, Annie" the young man answered, dryly. "And who may understand the heart of a woman. You will be Louis' wife one of these days.

His prediction was verified. And so it happened that a very happy and satisfactory marriage was effected by the incident of Mrs. Dorman's missing jewels.

A Husband's Preparations.

The other morning when a Detroiter seated his wife in a car on the Michigan Central to make the journey to Chicago alone he took a look around him and said to her:

"Now, love, if you want the window raised, here are a dozen gentlemen who will break their necks to accommodate you."

"Yes, dear."

"If you feel lonesome and want somebody to talk with about affairs in Egypt, Noah's ark, or the ice period, don't hesitate to call upon any of these gentlemen."

"I understand."

"You won't know enough to leave the car at noon and get your dinner, and you had better ask some of them to accompany you. If they offer to pay for your meal don't be squemish about it."

"Of course not."

"You may want to read to pass away time. If so, any of these gentlemen will be only too happy to purchase you half a bushel of the latest books and magazines. Be careful to save 'em for me to read when you get home."

"I'll be certain, love".

"And you can say to them that we have been married four years; we do not live happily together; that I am a domestic tyrant; you have strong thoughts of procuring a divorce; you feel that you could love the right sort of a husband; you like oranges and peanuts; you are innocent and confiding; you have never traveled; you are afraid of getting lost in Chicago, and you will be ever so much obliged to any one who will get you a hack, see to your trunk, and pay all the expense. Good-bye, love."

"Good-bye darl."

And wasn't it strange that not one single man in that car even spoke to that lady in a ride of three hundred miles?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Clever Cheat.

Henry Keys, who left the Pioneer Park, Oakland, Cal., recently played a trick by which he realized $65 for forty gallons of water. Wishing to sell out, he "doctored" a barrel so as to dispose of it as full of pure whisky. He arranged in the barrel a piece of hose two feet long, with one end hermetically sealed. He then filled the hose with a quart of the finest whisky—old, oily and rich. He then fastened the unsealed end to the faucet on the inside, headed up the barrel, and filled it with water. Ready was he for a purchaser for "forty gallons of rare old whisky," and Max Marcuse proved a willing customer. Marcuse sampled the liquor drawn from the hose, pronounced it good, and bought the borrel for $65. After drawing a few drinks the supply in the hose gave out, and an examination showed the deception. In the meantime Keys had left the town, and he has not been heard from. Two warrants await him—one for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the other for disposing of fixtures in the Pioneer Park which are said to belong to the estate of Michael Reese. Max Marcuse is figuring how much to charge profit and loss in his ledger for the purchase of one barrel, two feet of hose, one quart of whisky, and forty gallons of water.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A Sad Case.

"What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable Austin lady to another in church, just before the services began.

"I've got good reasons to be mad," was the response.

"What is it?"

"I dressed myself up in this new suit I ordered from New York, and went to church to show it off."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other party.

"Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion. There was nobody to see them for a whole hour. It made me so mad that——"

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple let all the earth keep silence before Him," was the opening remark of the preacher, and the rest of the conversation was lost to the reporter.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"When Tennyson first went to live at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, it is said that the aristocracy of that small island would not call upon Mrs. Tennyson or upon him. He was only a poet, and a dingy, bearded, forbidding-looking animal; and probably did not take a sitting at church. When the Queen came to Osborne the first thing she did was to call at the Tennysons, and go in and sit half an hour. This flew over the island, and immediately "it snowed in his house" of visiting cards, which, rumor saith, he straightway and punctiliously returned to all the senders.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fruits of the Rose Family.

The ultimate origin of the pulpiness in plums and cherries was quite antecedent to any particular adoption of their stocks in the primitive orchards of early man. So far as we can now tell, the roses do not date back in time beyond the tertiary period of geology. The very earliest members of the family still extant are little creeping herbs, like cinquefoil and silver-weed, with yellow blossoms (all primitive blossoms, indeed, are yellow) and small, dry inedible seeds. The strawberry is the lowest type of rose above these very simple forms. It is still a creeping herb, and its seeds are still small, dry and inedible; but they are imbedded in a juicy pulp which entices birds to swallow them, and so aid in dispersing them under circumstances peculiarly favorable to their due germination and growth. Next in order after this earliest rude succulent type (nature's first rough sketch of a fruit, so to speak; and a very successful one, too, from the human point of view at least) come the blackberry and raspberry, where the individual fruitlets grow soft, sweet and pulpy, instead of remaining dry as in the strawberry. And this change clearly marks a step in advance; so that blackberries and raspberries are enabled to get along with fewer seeds, and yet to thrive much better in the struggle for life too—seeing that they have developed into stout woody trailers, often forming considerable thickets, and killing down all the lesser vegetation beneath and between them. Again, the dog-roses show still higher development, alike in their erect bushy form, in their large pink flowers, and in their big scarlet hips—which are uneatable by us, it is true, but are great favorites with birds in severe winters. The hews of the whitethorn are even more successful in attracting the robins and other non-migratory allies; and the whitethorn has been enabled, accordingly, to reduce its seeds to one or two, each enclosed in a hard, bony, indigestible nut. Finally at the very summit of the genealogical tree, we get the plum tribe, highest of all the roses; growing into considerable arborescent forms (though in this respect inferior to pears or apples), and producing large, luscious, pulpy fruits, with a single stony seed, admirably adapted to the best type of dispersion, and never wasting a solitary germ unnecessarily, as must be continually the case with its small dry-seeded congeners, the silver-weeds and cinquefoils. Not, of course, that this pedigree must be accepted in a lineal sense (indeed, the roses early in their history broke up into at least three distinct lines, which have evolved separately on their own account, and have culminated respectively in the plums, the true roses and the apples); but it illustrates the general method of their development, and it shows the strong tendency which they all alike possess toward the production of sweet pulpy fruits in one form or another.

If you look for a moment at a ripe cherry—by preference a red one, as being less artificial than the pale white-hearts—you will see how well it is fitted to perform the functions for which the tree has produced it. It has a bright outer coat, to attract the eyes of birds, and especially of southern birds, for England is near its northern limit, and it is a big fruit for our native species to eat; rowan-berries, haws and bird-cherries are rather their special food in our northern latitudes. Then, again, it has a sweet pulp to tempt their appetite; sweetness and bright color in plants being almost always directly traceable to animal selection. But inside, its actual seed is protected by a stony shell; while its kernel is stored with rich foodstuffs for the young seedling, laid by in its thick seed-leaves, which form the two lobes of the almond-like embryo. The flower, it is true, has a pair of separate ovules, which ought, under ordinary circumstances, to develop into two seeds; but as the fruit ripens one of them almost always atrophies. Such diminution in the number of seeds invariably accompanies every advance in specialization, or every fresh forward steps in appliances for more certain distribution. The little hard nuts on the outside of the strawberry number fifty or sixty; the nutlets of the raspberry number only some twenty or thirty, the pips of the apple, relatively ill protected by the leathery core, range from five to ten; the stones of the haw, with their bonier covering, are only two; but in the plum tribe, with their extreme adaptation to animal dispersion, the seeds have reached the *minimum irreducible* of one. It is this highest tribe of all, accordingly, that supplies us with what we call distinctively our stone-fruits. The sloes of the common blackthorn have grown, under cultivation, into our domestic plums; the two wild cherries have grown into our morellos and bigaroons; an Eastern bush has been gradually developed into our mere delicate apricots. The old-fashioned botanists have thrust the peach and nectarine into a separate genus, because of their wrinkled stones; but common sense will show any one that it would be much easier to get a peach out of an apricot than to get an apricot out of a plum; and, indeed, these artificial scientific distinctions are fast breaking down at the present day, as we learn more and more about the infinite plasticity of living forms under cultivation or altered circumstances. Even the almond, different as its nut appears from the plum type of fruit, is really a plum by origin; for in all other particulars of flower, leaf and habit, it closely resembles the nectarine, from which it has diverged only in the solitary specialty of a less juicy fruit. We know how little trouble it takes to turn a single white May blossom into the double pink variety, or to produce our distorted flowering almonds and our big, many-petalled roses from the normal form; it takes very little more trouble for nature to turn an apricot into a peach, or to produce a dry shell-covered almond from a juicy nectarine. Only, since nature acts more slowly, and since her conditions remain approximately the same throughout, her new species do not tend to relapse at once into the parent form, as our artificial varieties mostly do the moment we relax the stringent regimen under which they have been produced.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—Arkansas now has a weekly paper called the Horse Shoe. Such a name ought to kick its way into the world. —*Detroit Post.*

A Long-Lost Brother.

Types are not warm enough to paint the true, pathetic color of a picture seen Tuesday night on a north-side car about 10:30 o'clock. The car was of the open kind and was crowded with humanity struggling for foot room. As it neared Clark-street bridge a gentleman sitting pretty well forward noticed a lady standing on the east side of the car, and clinging desperately to one of the upright posts. He told the conductor to ask her to step forward and she might have his seat. She came clambering forward and took the proffered seat with a hearty "Thank ye." The gentleman casually glanced at her, and saw that she was a neatly-dressed Irish woman, about thirty-two years of age. She spoke with a rich Irish brogue, and was evidently a domestic. The car jogged along for several blocks, and, happening to glance at the lady again, the gentleman noticed that she was evidently laboring under some great excitement. Her bosom throbbed violently, and her face, even in the poor light of the car, was deadly pale. She was bending eagerly forward, and her eyes were strained to their greatest extent at some object immediately in front of her. Following the woman's gaze it was seen that she was staring straight into the face of a man who sat in the opposite seat. As the car passed on her excitement seemed to increase, so much so as to attract the attention of the other passengers. The man returned her gaze at intervals in a somewhat interested manner. He was about twenty-six years old and looked as if he might be a mechanic. At length the woman's breath came thick and fast and leaning still further forward, she asked him hoarsely in her brogue:

"Aren't you from Oireland?"

"I am," he answered, calmly. She quickly asked:

"From Ballansloe?"

"I was born there," he said, looking into her eye. She paused a long moment as if to steady her voice; it quivered like a child's, as she half rose from her seat and inquired, slowly:

"An' isn't yer name McCoskry?"

"Yis," he answered quickly.

"Dan McCoskry?"

(In a high key.)

"Dan McCoskry."

The woman rose to her feet, and crossing herself, piously exclaimed in a deep and earnest voice:

"Praise be to God, this blissed day. Thank God I've found ye, Dan, at last." And before she had finished she was on his breast, smothering him with kisses. The young man seemed astonished, and she proceeded:

"Don't ye know me, Dan? Yer sister Nora. Praise be to God. I've found ye at last. An' me searchin' for twilve year from Boston to New York; an' from New York to Baltimore and from Baltimore to Cincinnatty, where I gave ye up six year ago. O! God's good, an' so He is," and she showered him again with caresses. He held her at arm's length, and looked her all over, exclaiming at last as if hardly yet convinced:

"An' are you raly moi sisther Nora? Well, well, if I iver!" and it was evidently he never had from the sincerity of his manner. A few more questions, and there was no doubt of the relationship. Regardless of the hundred eyes fixed upon them, they gave themselves over to a regular Des Plaines camp-meeting scene. It appeared from the excited questions and answers which passed between the couple that Dan had run away from the town with the unpronounceable name eighteen years ago, and come to America, from whence no tidings had ever come from him. The family, all but the eldest daughter, Nora, had died or emigrated, and twelve years ago she had taken her earnings and crossed the ocean with but one purpose in view, that purpose being to ascertain if Dan was living, and to find him if she could. She told of her landing all alone at Castle Garden, her search through New York, her journey to Boston, ever asking for her "Brother Dan;" how every night she would leave the place where she was employed, to search streets, stores and offices; how she besieged police stations, scanned newspapers, visited hospitals, never giving up the hope of finding her "Brother Dan;" how one blessed morning in Boston she heard from a carpenter that a person of that name had worked for him, but was now in Baltimore; her trip to that town, only to find that he had gone west, probably to Cincinnati, her journey there, and despair at seeing in the death list: "Died, at Mercy hospital, of small-pox, Daniel McCorsky;" her joy at discovering the dead man to be a Scotchman, her further search, and final despair; her coming to Chicago five years ago, and the great pain at really having to think him dead. She is a domestic in a family on Lincoln Avenue, near Fullerton, so she said, and she had a beau on the back platform "smokin' a segyar, so he was."

Dan then told his story. He was a Boston carpenter, and had gone to Baltimore, but had come directly from there to Chicago. He had worked at Pullman, but had lately quit, and was looking about for a shop of his own. And so the pair chatted on, heedless of the watchers, and frequently interrupting their conversation for a fond hug. All the scenes of their childhood were lived over again, and many were the questions Dan asked about the "ould sod." So interested were the spectators, and especially the gentleman who had relinquished his seat, that he was carried nearly half a mile past his destination; but there was something in the scene he had witnessed which made the homeward walk one of the pleasantest he ever had.—*Chicago Times.*

—Governor Stone, of Mississippi, has pardoned one Thomas H. Cook, who was under a ten-years sentence for manslaughter, upon his written promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and from the carrying of concealed deadly weapons for the term of ten years from the 28th day of January, 1880. The pardon is to be void if Cook shall, within the time specified, use as a beverage intoxicating drinks, or carry upon his person concealed deadly weapons.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Tong Sing, the Chinese cook who accompanied the Jeannette expedition, has used the $1,000 given him by Mr. Bennett to establish a laundry in Washington, which he calls the "Jeannette."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Rev. Congressman A. Hyatt Smith is opposed to the delivery of letters by carriers on Sunday.

—Two Philadelphia wheelers arrived at Saratoga, N. Y., the other day, having traveled three hundred miles on bicycles.

—Dog meat and willow tea, poor De Long's bill of fare, should be the diet of the next Congressman who votes for an appropriation for another arctic expedition.—*Baltimore Herald.*

—Madison, Fla., has its sensation. A party of five children while out berrying heard a noise in the air above them, and looking up beheld a man sitting astride a huge fowl which flew slowly along. The wonder was also seen by two negroes.

—Dennie Fulcher is a Georgia young lady of refinement and excellent social connections. She has just married Willie Loo Chong, a Chinaman. But he has lived in Augusta ten years, is a prosperous merchant, wears American clothes, has cut off his cue, and belongs to a church.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mayor Wilson, of New Bedford, Mass., gave some homely advice to the graduating class of the high school, telling the boys that a trade was a desirable acquirement, and the girls that housework ought to be included in their accomplishments. Some of the boys and girls listened with manifest scorn.

—No sooner does the big hat craze retire from the stage than the hoopskirt madness made its appearance on the street. This sad fact proves that if a woman can't look like a mushroom she's bound to have more than her share of the sidewalk, captious criticism to the contrary notwithstanding.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The farmhouses where "summer board" can be had are so numerous in the vicinity of New York that a railroad has issued a directory containing the names, situation, height above tide water, etc., of those farmers who will take in "city folks." The prices range from five to ten dollars a week, and six dollars is the common figure.—*N. Y. Times.*

—People who wonder how ballet dancers can stand and whirl around on their toes will become less excited when they know that the shoes worn on such occasions are not flimsy satin, but blocks of solid wood, gouged out, so that the weight of the body comes upon the ankles instead of the toes.—*St. Louis Post.*

—Dr. William A. Hammond says he considers the new Medical Code "illogical, absurd, sophistical, fallacious, specious, evasive, irrelevant, heretical, unreasonable, unscientific, narrow-minded, visionary and futile." "But then," he adds, "I think the old code was worse, and that no code could be any better."

—An impecunious young man in Cleveland, Ohio, to escape an annoying interview on the subject of his bill for board, lowered his trunk at dead of night from his bedroom window, and then slid down the rope. When he reached the ground, however, he found his landlord and a policeman sitting on his trunk, waiting to receive him and disposed to make the interview a very lively one.

—An amateur of statistics has discovered that the smallest sovereign in the world is the Emperor of China, who measures only four feet six inches. The tallest men are in the Hohenzollern family. The Emperor William is five feet ten inches; the German prince imperial, five feet six inches; Prince Frederick Charles, brother of the Emperor, five feet nine inches, and Prince Albert, nephew of the Emperor, six feet four inches.

—A San Francisco paper, that has so long opposed Chinese immigration that it feels nothing but enmity for all foreigners, says savagely: "Twenty-five thousand greasy and unkempt immigrants are the daily average now landing at Castle Garden for distribution throughout our country. The land and government that can digest the ignorance, crime, squalor, disease and dirt that is embraced in an annual million of immigrants must have the stomach of an ostrich.

—A leading New England newspaper, many years ago, having accused Daniel Webster of looseness in his money affairs, he wrote the editor a private note admitting his carelessness, both in paying what he owed and collecting what was due him. "And, as an illustration of that," he added, "I inclose two notes on money which I loaned your father to aid him in giving you and your brother an education." That newspaper never troubled him any more on the money question.

Lawn Tennis Dresses.

The Jersey waist is liked for lawn tennis dresses, and the full box-plaited skirt is sewed to the edge of the waist, just below the hips, with an erect heading that gives sufficient finish, and dispenses with a scarf or sash drapery. The Jersey waist may be of woven wool, or it may be of the material of the skirt, made in Jersey shape, that is, fitted smoothly over the hips, without a wrinkle, and has a plain Byron collar and turned-over cuffs for its only trimming; this waist most often fastens in front, but very young ladies prefer it buttoned in the back. Sometimes a plain solid color is used for the waist, and the skirt is striped. The striped lawn tennis cottons are now prettily made up in plaited skirts to be worn with a satteen polonaise that fits like a cuirass or Jersey, and is lightly draped below the hips. Two contrasting colors, one of which is very light and the other very dark, are in the inch-wide stripes; when plaited, the dark stripe is on top of each plait. This is pretty in cern with maroon, or blue, or with cardinal red; the polonaise is like the dark color, and may be made of cotton satteen, or of serge, or flannel of light quality. Occasionally the entire suit is made of stripes, and sometimes the horizontal stripes are used. For these dresses a box-plaited blouse with a belt and a short wrinkled apron are worn with a plaited skirt. White twilled wool in which there is a great deal of cotton, but which looks like serge flannel, and is said to clean nicely, is imported under the name of lawn tennis cloth, and is sold for thirty-seven and a-half cents a yard in single width. Awning striped cottons such as were used last year for the skirts of mountain dresses are also sold for parts of lawn tennis costumes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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six months..... 75

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SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1882.

Will not the arguments of the *Democrat* concerning the county printing apply with equal force to the State printing? Its prodigy of an editor reasons that, inasmuch as one of the County Commissioners is a Democrat, and his paper, in its circulation, is read by nearly half of the tax-payers of the county, he ought to have and is entitled to receive at least one-third of the county work to do. Suppose we apply this course of reasoning to the State printing—the publication of the Public General Laws in Garrett county—which heretofore has cost $1200, and in the future will cost $600, for the doing of $100 worth of work. For several years past the Republicans have had a large representation, about one-third, in the Legislature; and last winter it was nearly one-half, and at all times the REPUBLICAN has had a larger circulation than the *Democrat* and has been and is read by more than one-half the tax-payers of the county. Under these circumstances, assuming the lines of argument of the *Democrat* to be correct, the REPUBLICAN was entitled to have one-third of the work and hereafter at least one-half, and the same proportion of the appropriation for it—that is, it should have received in the past about $400 of the $1200, and in the future at least $300 of the $600. The cases are simular and the argument should apply to both alike; but is the *Democrat* willing to concede this? Does he *honestly* and *truly* believe that for such reasons the REPUBLICAN is justly entitled to this or any proportion of this State work and money? It has never been asked for or expected, and should we ask for it, the verdict of all right thinking people, those acquainted with the *custom*, on which so much stress is laid by the *Democrat*, would be that we were a fool; and, indeed, no one but an ignoramus or a crank would advance such ideas or make such demands as have appeared in the columns of the *Democrat*.

What right had the Board of County Commissioners to make a contract with the REPUBLICAN to print the Registrar's bills, when those officers are outside the jurisdiction of the Board, and are permitted by law to have their printing done where they wish, thus creating double expense to the county tax-payers. This is a specimen of economy bearing on its face a contradiction.—*Democrat.*

No one doubts that the Registrars "are permitted by law to have their printing done where they wish," *provided* they act *jointly* in giving out that work. When the Registrars met in Oakland and organized as a Board of Registration for Garrett county—for that is what they constitute, they made no provision for their work, *jointly*, as they should have done, and as was generally done throughout the State, but left the matter open and unsettled. The County Commissioners, noticing this, and having the interests of the tax-payers at heart, *requested* them to send their work where it was already paid for, thereby saving a considerable amount.

The Commissioners did not make a contract with the REPUBLICAN to print the registration bills, neither did the editor of the REPUBLICAN include that work in his bid, and did not suppose that he would be called upon to do it; but his bid was to do all county printing and publishing that should be sent to his office by county officials, and we stand ready to carry out that contract to the letter, though it should include more than we expected to be called upon to do. We do not wish to do the work. We would be very foolish to desire to do fifty dollars worth of work not counted upon in our bid; but under our contract we are bound to do it if it is brought to this office, and we would be held responsible under our contract if we refused to do it. Two of the Registrars, in the interests of the tax-payers, and not having the fear of the great *editor* of the *Democrat* before their eyes, brought their work to this office, after having the matter fully explained to them by those in whom they repose confidence. We believe their action will be commended by all good citizens of both political parties.

A Disgruntled Editor.

August 1st, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—For the last several weeks past, the *Democrat* seems to have been in quite a bad way. While the people of the county are generally well satisfied with the conduct of the County Commissioners, its editor has poured out on them the vials of his wrath, week after week, because they demurred to the payment of his "little bill."

They had his rates of advertising, he says, and should have paid his account for publishing the levy list without question. But when they saw that it had been printed in large type, covering nearly an entire page of the paper, apparently on purpose to make a big bill, and when his bill was found to be twice the amount charged for the same service either of the two years preceeding, they, as custodians of the county finances, did what every honest man, irrespective of party, applauds them for doing, in asking him to reduce his bill to a more reasonable figure. Having abused the Board in general, to his heart's content, he singles out the Democratic member, and proceeds to read him a special moral lecture. He seems profoundly astonished that a Democrat should have the uprightness and the independence to do his duty as a public servant, fearlessly and faithfully, regardless of the crack of the party whip.

In his official capacity, Mr. Mattingly has been actuated by higher motives than mere petty partisanship. He has the proud distinction of being the only Democratic official having the moral courage to place duty above party By his manly course he has earned the gratitude and the confidence of the people, regardless of the adverse criticisms of the *Democrat*.

The reason assigned for making such a fuss about the reduction of the bill for publishing the levy list, was, he could not submit to it without a curtailment of dignity, or something to that effect.

Queer notions some people have about dignity! To a person of different temperament, and different habits of thought, it might have been mistaken for avarice, but on mature consideration, we must conclude, after all, that it was "dignity" that suggested the idea of spreading the levy list over a page of the paper, so there would be an excuse for making a bill of respectable dimensions.

The Commissioners were accustomed to seeing ordinary business notices in small type, even in the *Democrat*, and had no means of judging of the munificent style in which it would *spread* the levy list before its readers. It might have been printed in capitals and made to cover the four pages of the *Democrat* and a good sized supplement besides, and have justified a charge of a thousand dollars, if only there had been a sufficiency of dignity.

Besides the *Democrat's* boss trouble, about the levy list, it manifests a tone of general infelicity. It bemoans its meagre share of the loaves and fishes, and asserts in its characteristic way, with tears in its voice, that it has not had a mouthful out of the public crib, only what the law compels. This turns out to be a mistake, but after all, a very natural mistake. It evidently estimates what it has had, not by the facts and figures exactly, but by the condition of its stomach, without reference to mere external evidence. Its facts appear strange, and sometimes quite contrary to what we are accustomed to reguard as positive knowledge, but this may be accounted for by supposing that, instead of examining books and papers, the truths of the *Democrat* are evolved from a process called inner consciousness, which is said to be much simpler, and is therefore preferred by some to the old fashioned routine method of acquiring knowledge by observation. It is a great pity that the commissioners don't give the *Democrat* all it wants, but then, it has probably occurred to them that if they did, there would be nothing left in the county but the *Democrat*.

The *Democrat* will have to console itself with the reflection that few mortals get all they want. These appear to be troublous times. Its lines don't appear to have fallen in pleasant places. The time is short, indeed so short that a person young in years can remember it, when at each session of the Maryland Legislature, some $30,000 to $40,000 was donated to the Democratic press, ostensibly for publishing the General Laws, but really because it was Democratic. One fifth of the members of the Legislature were Republican, and almost, if not quite, half of the taxes were paid by Republicans, but the Democrats held the purse strings, and of the one hundred thousand dollars and upwards expended at each session on political deadheads and bummers, no Republican newspaper, or Republican anything else ever got so much as one farthing. We would have compromised very readily for one third, but it was never tendered us. In most of the counties the Democratic papers have had both State and County printing, but we never heard of a division, even on the *Democrat's* liberal one-third principle.

It has not been many years since the county printing in Garrett cost the people over $3,000, and, if I remember rightly, the Democratic papers secured the lion's share of it; and yet, strange to relate, they did not divide the additional twelve hundred dollars with the Republicans which they secured from the State.

I am not much in favor of subsidizing the newspapers. Such of these as deserve to live will be read and supported, and such as are not capable of an independent life ought to die, and the sooner the better for all concerned.

Yours truly.

W.

Arabi and the Caliph.

Currency is given from time to time in the cable dispatches to the rumor that Arabi is not unprepared for an act of high revolt against the House of Othman. It is whispered among the Constantinople Pachas that the Arabian adventurer has threatened to depose Abdul Hamid and to proclaim the Shereef of Mecca as Caliph. It seems almost incredible that this menace should have taken the form of an ultimatum to be enforced if the Sultan should venture to accept the invitation of the Powers and send troops to the Nile. It is probable, however, that a secret dread of an Arabian rival has been one of the motives which has shaped Abdul Hamid's diplomatic intrigues with Arabi. The Egyptian negotiations have given him a momentary prominence in Europe, and his vanity is touched. Naturally he would like to regain the power which his house once exercised on the Nile. If he could suppress the revolt, cut off the heads of Arabi and the Colonels, depose Tewfik as an English sovereign, and proclaim Halim as Khedive with the secret aid of France and the acquiescence of Europe, he would assert his authority in the Ottoman Empire, even if he should not succeed in pillaging the Egyptian treasury. Why then, has he persistently refused to intervene in Cairo with a strong hand? His hesitation and timorousness cannot be adequately explained unless the contingencies of a Holy War and a revolt against the Sovereign of the Ottomans are taken into account.

The Sultan, who is at once the sovereign of 30,000,000 subjects and in some senses of the word Pope of the Moslem world, knows that both the sovereignty and the sanctity of the House of Othman are lightly esteemed at Mecca. The Arab has never accepted the tradition of the armed caste which has dominated the Moslem Empire. It is only the Turk that believes that with Othman Islam must fall. The followers of Mahomet who within the generation following his death conquered Arabia, Syria, Egypt and Persia were of Arabian stock, and it was not until the Mussulman world comprised a large section of Asia, the whole northern coast of Africa and southern Spain that the Arabian Caliphs prepared the way for their own overthrow in hiring the Turks from the Tartar district to do their fighting for them. But the tradition that sovereighty should revert to the old line of Koreish has been cherished in Mecca. The Mehdi, or Messianic teacher, whose advent the pious Mussulmans of the deserts are confidently in the darkest hour of their religion, is an Arab, not a Turk. The date of his appearence is not prefigured in definite prophecies, although November of the present year has been named by certain schools; but there is a general agreement among believers in the outlying Mussulman world, which is not swayed by Ottoman influence, that Mecca is the quarter whence he will come, and that his mission may involve the overflow of the House of Othman.

Now it would be idle to assume from his proclamations to the Egyptians or from his letter to Mr. Gladstone that Arabi has either the disposition or the recources which so hazardous an appeal to fanaticism would require. It would be even more futile to follow the far reaching range of possibilities which a Mussulman revival under Arabian auspices would involve. The consequences would be momentous even if the Egyptian rebel should shrink from proclaiming an Arab Caliph as a rival to the sovereign of the Ottomans, and yet venture to summon all faithful Mussulmans to a Holy War against the infidel* foreigner. It cannot be questioned that the Sultan's influence over the Mahometan world would be seriously impaired, and that the position of England in Mussulman India as well as in Egypt, and that of France along the whole coast of Northern Africa, would be rendered far more hazardous than at present. Unintelligible as the evidences of the so-called Pan-Islamic movement have been, there is reason to believe that owing to the conquest of Tunis and the threatened invasion of Egypt the Mussulman population is in that state of suppressed excitement which tends to promote an infectious fanaticism. Arabi as the champion of Egyptian nationality is an insignificant figure, for Orientals have only the faintest conception of the meaning of nationality Arabi as a leader in the Holy War, bidding defiance to infidels and looking toward Mecca in expectation of a prophetic Mehdi, if not an Arabian Sovereign, may be a commanding presence in the imaginative Mussulman world. But these conjectures, alluring as they may be to the elastic fancy of newspaper correspondents in the Orient, cannot be seriously entertained as matters now stand. Our present purpose has been served if we have shown that the Sultan has reason for dreading the ascendancy which Arabi has acquired as an aggressive and defiant Mussulman and for watching with intentness and uneasiness the bulletins from Mecca.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Situation in Egypt.

July 26.—Egyptian troops made an attempt under a flag of truce to surprise the British outposts at Ramleh Tuesday evening, but were defeated. Arabi has offered terms of disarmament, which General Alison declines, and is investing him closely. The Khedive has refused pardon to rebel officers on condition of deserting Arabi. The garrison at Aboukir has declared loyalty to the Khedive, but has refused to abandon the garrison. The prefect of police at Alexandria has been arrested for refusing to send his force to the rebel camp, as ordered by the Khedive. The water in the Mahmoudieh Canal is falling, and strict economy is enjoined in the use of water. Trade in the city is reviving.

July 27.—Arabian incendiaries attempted to fire Alexandria yesterday, but the flames were confined to a block in the native quarter. Armaments continue on an extensive scale in the interior, and all classes seem to be aiding Arabi. The garrison at Aboukir having refused to surrender, British vessels have gone there to bombard the town to-day. The situation at Port Said is becoming alarming. Admiral Hoskins has had a dispute with M. de Lesseps, and refuses to land troops unless French troops also co-operate. The Egyptian governor has become alarmed at an order from Arabi, and has taken refuge on board one of the vessels in the harbor. The Turkish troops are ready to depart for Egypt, but the Sultan is undecided whether to send them. The credit for the English expedition has been voted by the House of Commons. The defeat of the French credit seems imminent, on account of the Porte's promised intervention.

July 28.—England positively refuses to withdraw the troops from Egypt, and it was reported in London late last night that Turkey had proposed the surrender of Egypt to England on the same terms as those upon which the cession of Cyprus was made. Turkey may send troops to Egypt, but the matter is still involved in doubt and the English preparations for an advance movement are vigorously continued. The bombardment of Aboukir has been postponed pending the negotiations, but unless some satisfactory issue is reached the fleet will open fire on Monday. The rumors that Arabi had made peace proposals have been disproved by the appearance yesterday of his emissaries at Alexandria with renewed defiance to the English. It is complained that De Lesseps is intriguing with Arabi and acting in opposition to the English interests.

July 29.—There is no change in the situation in Egypt. The deputation from Arabi's headquarters that approached Alexandria on Friday was most insolent in its behavior to the English officers, and declared that the war would be carried on to the bitter end. All is quiet along the Suez Canal, and the English made no forward movement Saturday. The Porte has declared its intention of sending twenty thousand troops to Egypt, but it still refuses to proclaim Arabi as a rebel, and on that account there is a lack of co-operation on the part of England. The French ministry was defeated on the vote for a credit for the protection of the canal and has resigned.

July 30.—The proceedings of the Conference at Constantinople have been checked by the refusal of Russia to further participate, on the ground that Turkey and England may come to an understanding unfavorable to her interests. The Sublime Porte still gives no satisfactory assurances regarding the dispatch of troops to Egypt, and there is much doubt as to when the expedition will start. A great meeting has been held at Arabi's headquarters, and a renewed defiance sent to the Sultan and to England. Italy has declined to join in any military intervention. Arabi continues to fortify his position at Abouklr, and it is not yet decided when he will be attacked there by the English, although a forward movement may very soon be made. Arabi has publicly assumed the turban and robes of a descendant of the Prophet.

July 31.—The proceedings of the conference at Constantinople are considered to have come to a summary end, because of the withdrawal of the representative of Russia. In Egypt the English troops are prepairing for a forward movement, and have made a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Aboukir. It is probable that hostilities will be begun again during this week. A new ministry in France has not yet been constituted.

August 1.—An English expedition that proceeded yesterday close to Arabi's lines found every thing quiet but discovered that the insurgents were in strong force, and that they were strengthening their defences in the vicinity of Abouklr Bay. The position of Russia is causing much comment, and it is supposed that she intends to have a great deal to say regarding future diplomatic and military movements. England will not allow Turkey to send any force to Egypt unless it is placed under British control, and unless an arrangement to that effect is made beforehand the Turkish fleet will be turned back by Admiral Seymour under the cover of the British guns.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31, 1882.

In the northern part of Washington stands a great, square, yellow building, looming up above its humble neighbors like a giant among pigmies. In this building, covering acres of ground, is located the Government Printing Office, and the immense, solid appearance it presents well conveys some idea of the extent of the work carried on by the establishment. It is probably the largest printing office in the world. Here are printed all Congressional bills, speeches and reports; all the reports of heads of departments and bureaus, and various other reports of officers connected with the Government. Here also is done all the binding for Congress and the departments, and many jobs at regular rates for private parties. The number of persons who find employment in this vast work is now about 2,300, and the amount of printed matter turned out by this enormous establishment is estimated at tons, the Agricultural and Patent Office reports alone making immense stacks.

On the first floor are the presses; part of the paper warehouse; the machine and carpenter shops, and a vault used as a store-house for stereotype plates. The presses are all large and of the latest improved patterns. In the vault, which is fire-proof, are stored away stereotype plates to the value of, the metal alone, $37,000. The *Congressional Record* is stereotyped and there are between 40,000 and 50,000 plates of it. In addition there are more than 100,000 other plates, about 50,000 of which are quartos. On the second floor are the offices of the establishment; the document room, where all public documents are set in type; the proof room, where an expert corps of proof-readers are constantly employed and the stereotyping and electrotyping departments. It may be of interest to those of your readers who have never seen the method of electrotyping to hear something of the process. Beeswax impressions of the matter in type are placed in a tank alternately between sheets of copper. In this tank are certain acids, and connected with it is an electric battery. Through the action of the electricity and the acids a thin coating of copper is formed upon the beeswax. This coating is then removed entirely and being backed by some harder metal the result is a copper plate of the matter to be printed.

On the third floor is the other part of the ware-house, and the binding department. In the latter occupation the employes are mostly females, and their deft fingers become very expert in guiding the thread and wire. It is refreshing to see the almost uniformly pretty faces bending over their work, and it is not surprising that your correspondent lingered in this department rather longer than was strictly necessary. The wire, while it secures much more expedition than the thread and is entirely serviceable for light work, does not give satisfaction when used in binding large books that are subject to much handling. The clamped ends of the wire are not firm enough to stand the strain upon them and become straightened out, thus allowing whole sections to fall out. Several of the departments have returned books, in which the wire has been used, to be rebound. But in binding pamphlets and small books, such as the *Congressional Record* and the *Postal Guide*, it has been used with much success.

The history of the Government Printing Office is a varied and interesting one. Previous to 1819 all Government printing was done by contract, being let to the lowest bidder. In that year Congress by joint resolution decided that each House should elect its own printer, and in accordance with this resolution Gales & Seaton, subsequently the publishers of the *National Intelligencer*, of this city, were elected printers. This plan worked smoothly until 1846, when Congress from some cause becoming dissatisfied with it returned to the original method, ordering that all printing should be performed by contract as before. The experiment proved an expensive failure, and in 1852 an Act was passed creating the office of Superintendent of Public Printing. This functionary was to receive a salary of $2,500 per annum, and was to exercise a supervision over the public printer for each House, who should be elected as formerly. The first superintendent appointed under this act was John T. Towers, who was afterwards mayor of Washington.

The work has become thoroughly systematized and there is no question that the establishment is a great means of economy to the Government. The expense of printing any work, excepting the Agricultural reports which are quite expensive owing to the great number of copies issued, now rarely exceeds $20,000. This compares very favorably with the showing of former times when some large sums were expended. For instances: Volumes 1 and 3 of the Report of Commodore Perry's Naval Expedition to Japan, cost $140,851.30; the Report of Mexican Boundary Surveys, 2 volumes with maps, $157,796.85; and the Report of Pacific Railroad Surveys, which consisted of 11 volumes, the enormous sum of $863,513. Some very rapid work has been done by the office, as a specimen of which, witness this remarkably quick time. The engrossed copy of the Revised Statutes, containing 1,038 pages was received at 5 o'clock on Wednesday evening, and a printed and bound copy was completed on the following Saturday at noon. The entire work had to be read by proof readers three separate times. I could give other instances of similar promptness, but space forbids. It would be impossible in this short letter to describe the various kinds of improved machinery—presses, folding machines, etc—used in the establishment, or to give an estimate of the amount of money the Government has invested in it. The original outlay was $135,000, but subsequent additions have more than quadrupled this amount.

DOM PEDRO.

A Case that Puzzled the Whole Faculty.

Mrs. Milo Ingram gave the names of some of the most reputable physicians in the two cities (Pittsburg and Alleghany), to whom she had paid large sums of money for treatment, but she rapidly grew worse. She was then taken to the most reputable physicians and surgeons in New York, but with no better success. They had all pronounced it cancer, and declared she must die. The flesh of her breast was eaten away down to the ribs; the breast bone was laid bare and the disease made its way upwards, causing the breast to become detached from the wall of the chest, hanging loose from above. See page 25, of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," how *Peruna* cured her. They are given away by druggists (gratis).

Our readers will remember that the chief struggle among the politicians in Virginia for a year or more past has been between the Funders and Readjusters, Mahone leading the latter class, and supported by Massey, while the old-line Democrats, as they style themselves, taking the "Funder" side and abusing Mahone and his allies as trying to ruin the credit of Old Virginia, &c. But lo and behold! Massey, who is a Democrat, and a candidate for Congressman-at-Large, was recently virutally accepted by the Bourbons as *their* candidate in deciding not to nominate a candidate against him. This action must lead people to believe that the "Readjusters" are not such a terrible set of fellows after all. Politicians do some strange things.

VENNOR'S AUGUST PREDICTIONS.—Mr. Henry G. Vennor, the weather prophet, writes: "I cannot but think that August will be another month of storms and unusual rainfall, with one or two remarkably low curves of temperature. I expect snowfalls will be recorded in extreme western and northwestern sections, and cold rain at more southerly stations shortly after the middle of the month. October will be very similar, but of course colder.

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.—A Newark Mother.

LOCAL NEWS.

—General Crook is at the Glades Hotel.

—Dr. E. H. Glotfeltry, of Accident, was in Oakland Wednesday.

—A Sunday School will be organized at Mountain Lake Park next Sunday at 2 P. M.

—Just received, at the New York Branch, 300 pieces of the most desirable patterns of lace.

—Mr. R. T. Browning has removed to Elkins, on the new North Branch railroad, where he is engaged in the mercantile business. Success attend him.

—Postal cars are now run on all through trains, east and west, on the B. & O. R. R. By this arrangement we are provided with three mails a day each way.

—"Pont," Richard Thayer's celebrated bird dog died Sunday night, aged about 13 years. "Pont" was believed to be the best bird dog in the county. Mr. Thayer has frequently refused one hundred dollars for him.

—The Garrett County Sunday School Convention will be held at Accident on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of August. Superintendents who have not received blank reports can get them by addressing the Secretary, W. P. Townshend, Esq., Oakland, Md.

—An entertainment will be given at Offutt's Hall Friday evening, Aug. 4th, by members of Camp Lee, at Mountain Lake Park. Songs, readings and recitations will be the order of the programme. The young gentlemen taking part in this entertainment are students at the West Virginia University, and are highly spoken of as elocutionists, readers and singers. Give them a full house, and you will not regret it.

—Rev. Mr. Hartman pastor of the English Lutheran Church at Chambersburg, preached in Oakland and Deer Park for the Lutheran pastor last Sunday. His sermons were fine and impressive, and greatly enjoyed by Oakland and Deer Park pastor and people. Mr. Hartman is a teacher of the Normal Class of the Sunday School Assembly which met at Mountain Lake Park, and is making an effort to have a colony of Lutheran preachers encamp at the Park and take a part in the Sunday School Assembly and summer resort. There is a strong inter-denominational feeling in the Sunday School Assembly, and it is not desired that it shall be denominational at all.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church — Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

P. E. Church—Services every Sunday in August at 11 A. M. conducted by Rev. John Lindsay, of Washington, D. C.

Mountain Lake Park—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. Frysinger, and at 3½ P. M. by Rev. J. B. Mulford, of the First Baptist Church of Wheeling, W. Va.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock A. M. by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at the Head school house at 3½ o'clock P. M. by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

—The Deer Park Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9 ½ A. M.

Ladies Prefer

Floreston Cologne because they find this lasting combination of exquisite perfumes a delightful novelty.

Wanted.

A steady young man. One that understands running a steam engine prefered. Apply at Oakland Woolen Mills.

Dentistry.

Dr. John Dally, dentist, will be in Oakland August 10th, and remain one week. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

Dedication of the M. E. Church at Deer Park.

On Wednesday, August 9th, the new Methodist Episcopal Church at Deer Park will be dedicated by Bishop Andrews, of Washington city. Service to commence at 10½ A. M. A selection of sacred music will be rendered by Prof. Richardson, of Piedmont, W. Va. All are respectfully invited to attend. Admission 50c. Tickets can be had at the store of Rodaheaver & Chidister, in Deer Park, at the residence of Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, at Mountain Lake Park, and at the church door on day of dedication.

Mountain Lake Park.

It would be impossible for us to give even a brief synopsis of the proceedings of the Sunday School Assembly which closed Tuesday evening, after a session of one week.

It was a rich intellectual treat to all who attended, and we are glad to be able to announce that this Assembly is to become a permanent institution at Mountain Lake Park. The Assembly has purchased lots here and have also secured some of the stock of the Association. The name of the Assembly has been changed to the "Mountain Lake Park Sunday School Assembly," and thus becomes an important adjunct to this new enterprise. It will bring the best literary talent, the most famous lecturers and ministers in the land here every year, and will add vastly to the entertainment of all who are located here during the summer or visit the Park.

The Staff Correspondent of the Wheeling *Register*, who was on the ground during the entire session of the Assembly, and sent to his paper daily the most interesting letters, has this to say as to the success of Mountain Lake Park.

Looking at the plans and purposes of the Park Association for the future, and judging from the interest those who have visited here this season have manifested, and the pleasure they have expressed, there is every indication that this enterprise will develope into a national mountain resort of famous proportions.

The projector have laid it out on a magnificent scale, they have spent money liberally, they have shown nerve and manifested faith themselves, by building expensive cottages, and making improvements of a costly and permanent character. There is nothing ephemeral in the style of any of the structures here, and the amount of money invested is already too large to admit of failure and large enough to insure success. It is the positive assurance to those who desire to build here that they will always have company and plenty of it.

Dr. Guard the distinguished preacher and orator, will build a cottage here, and other such men as he, are fast spying out the territory, so that within a few years the shade of this Park will doubtless envelope representative men from all parts of the Union.

Asbury Park and Ocean Grove Compared with Mountain Lake Park.

I had a long and pleasant chat with Dr. Lyman Abbott this afternoon. Dr. Abbott is well known as the editor of the *Christian Union*, and as the author of a popular commentary on the gospels as well as other Biblical works. Those who have already heard the reverend gentleman at Mountain Lake pronounce his lectures as scholarly in matter and of exceeding interest to a popular audience. He is pleasantly located at the Allegheny Hotel, is accompanied by his son Ernest, and is highly enjoying the fresh air and scenery of the summit plateau of the Allegheny Mountains.

"What is the main difference between Mountain Lake Park and the Eastern Sunday school resorts?" I inquired as the Dr. seated himself in an easy chair.

"Mountain Lake Park is situated in the mountains and Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are at the sea shore. A great many people visit the latter places to escape the high charges for board and lodging at Long Branch and other distinctively social resorts, and consequently the crowds are not of an exclusively religious character. There is really no comparison between the advantages of this place and those of the Cumberland valley, where the Assembly was before held. Here every advantage seems to be afforded for the building up of a great resort. Already the accommodations are excellent. One would scarcely expect to find here so early such good food and so many conveniences, and the fact that they are here augurs well for the future."

"Do you think the location is a suitable one," I inquired.

"It is an admirable one. The trouble with most resorts of this kind, as Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Chautauqua and elsewhere, is that the cottages and tents are so closely crowded together that hygienic conditions are not properly observed. The drainage is often defective, the water more or less impure, and health under such conditions cannot always be secured. There need be no defective drainage here, however. The managers of the association have acquired a large tract of land, it has been well surveyed, and there need be no complaint about the general healthfulness of the neighborhood."

"Hasn't there been a considerable change in these later years in the manner of holding camp-meetings?"

"Yes; the character of camp-meeting of former days is very much changed. The old camp-meetings grew out of the necessities of the Western people. In those days hog and hominy were the principle articles of diet. The people had no churches, no libraries, no class or assemblies of a social character, so they adopted the custom of meeting once a year, when the minister and people were mutually benefitted.

The modern camp-meeting is, however, of a different character. The people come out from their herding in the cities. They want pure air and freedom from fashionable restraint, and also some opportunity for reflection on spiritual themes. The change has been brought about by circumstances, and shows the capacity of the Christian Church and the American people to adopt their institutions to their respective needs."
—*Mountain Lake Park correspondence Wheeling Intelligencer, July 27.*

Death of Gen. Barstow.

Gen. Simon F. Barstow, of the U. S. army, died at the Oakland Hotel, Monday afternoon. General Barstow was a native of Massachusetts. He entered the army March 6th, 1862, as a volunteer, and was at once made assistant adjutant general of staff. On the 15th of the following July he was promoted to major and assistant adjutant of volunteers. For bravery he was raised to the rank of brevet brigadier general of volunteers March 13, 1865. He was transferred to the regular army as captain and assistant quartermaster May 11, 1866. In which capacity he served until June 7, 1869, when he was retired for disability in the line of duty.

Peruna.

This medicine was introduced to the medical profession and to the public at large by S. B. Hartman, M. D., in 1877, after he had prescribed it to over 40,000 patients in almost every disease to which flesh is heir.

It is wholly composed of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science.

But its great virtue is mainly attributable to the new and peculiar proportions in which the harmonious ingredients are combined, and to the extreme care exercised in its manufacture, using only the pure, active principles, and excluding all that is crude or irritating. No one should be without *Peruna*.

The Cumberland Encampment.

The military encampment and celebration at Cumberland Thursday and Friday of last week, was a grand success. Six companies took part, three of the First and three of the Second Battalion, M. N. G., in all over two hundred muskets. The two battalions were formed into a brigade with Major Johnson in command, Capt. E. D. Danner commanding the First Battalion and Capt. E. H. Wardwell commanding the Second. The sham battle took place without accident, and was witnessed by about two thousand people. The contest for the drill prize was postponed until the Frederick encampment, to be held this fall.

The drama "Kathleen Mavourneen" was given at the Academy of Music Thursday night, under the auspices of the Second Battalion, to a crowded house, Miss Emily Ritchie, of Frederick, took a leading part.

The grand ball at the Queen City Hotel Friday night passed off very pleasantly.

The Guards mostly returned to Oakland and Deer Park Saturday morning, and expressed themselves well pleased with their trip.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, August 5th, 1882.

Anderson, W. H.,	Jackson, William,
Biggs, Hamil,	Johnson, William,
Binckler Mrs. Dr.,	Jackson, Richard,
Burnett, John D.,	Jones, Charles,
Brant, G. G.,	Jacobs, Sallie,
Barkhart, A. E.	Jones, Ned.
Baylor, John H.,	Klotz, C.,
Burton, E. W.,	Lewis, Mr. R.,
Coles, Henry,	Lewis, John W.,
Craigwell, Jannet, Miss,	Lipscombs Josiah,
Colt, Henry,	Laing, James,
Cheston, D. Murray Dr.,	Lount, V. Mrs.,
Carry, James Henry,	Minor, Robert,
Cruickfield, A. F.,	Mankey, Jeremiah, 2,
Conner, J. B. Mrs.	Morton, Henry,
Cox, W. Y.,	McCay, Chas. F.,
Brawliddle, H. A. Lt.,	McCawden, Lucy 2,
Doly, John,	Patterson, S. J. Mrs.,
Derby, Noble,	Poland, C. F.,
Dungeon, Robt. cold.,	Sedgwick, H. H. Mrs.
Gordon, Edward,	Scott, Maggie,
Gentry, Miss,	Ringgold, Jas. T. Mrs.
Gendner, Wm. F. Rev.	Rice, Sallie,
Hobbs, Thomas,	Thomas, William,
Holmes, James H.,	Thomas, John, 2,
Hood, C. Mrs.,	Topp, Lewis,
Jackson, Henderson,	Vanderberk, Clarence
Jones, T. N.,	Webster, Ell,
Jefferson, Peter,	Williams, Nelson,
Jones, F.,	Weimer, Joanner,
Jones, Mr.,	Webb, Isaiah.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Register.

The Registrars will resume their duties on Monday, August 14th, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and from that time will continue them between the hours of 8 a. m. and 7 p. m., every day during the week. We again repeat our warning to all Republicans entitled to registration, that unless they avail themselves of the opportunity and get registered, they will be virtually disfranchised and have no one but themselves to blame for the consequences. Motives of patriotism, principle and policy as well as the imperative demand of duty should urge every citizen to comply with the requirements of the registration law. The right to vote—the most sacred right of the citizen—depends on the voter being duly registered. Nothing should be allowed to prevent this duty from being done. Do not fail to get registered and do not forget that registering voters will be resumed on Monday, August 14th, which will be next Monday week. Be sure to keep this date in your mind.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, August 1st, 1882.

Last Tuesday afternoon and evening our residents were gratified by the opportunity of hearing Miss Jennie Smith and her co-workers in the cause of temperance. Her meetings were largely attended, and the services very interesting. Addresses were given by Miss Smith, Miss Sherman and Mrs. McCloud, and Prof. Hudson made the occasion a still more pleasant one by his music. An anxiliary society of the Womens Christian Temperance Union was organized with about thirty members. The regular meeting of the Deer Park Temperance Society, previously organized, was held on Friday last. Rev. Mr. Webster had been announced as lecturer, but was unavoidably absent, and after the regular business of the meeting was transacted and a few appropriate remarks made by Mr. Crane, President Garrott's private secretary, a very interesting impromptu lecture was delivered by Mr. Joseph Foster, who chanced to be present and was requested to speak before the society. And in this connection I am pleased to announce that Mr. Foster will lecture in the Deer Park church, on next Monday evening (Aug. 17th) on the Ancient and Modern History of Egypt. At the present time, anything relating to Egypt will be particularly interesting to every one, and as Mr. Foster has made Ancient History an especial study, is thoroughly well versed in all appertaining to it, and has a happy faculty of expressing himself clearly and fluently, his lecture will assuredly be a very entertaining one.

Mrs. Senator Harrison, who is still a guest of Mrs. Senator Davis, has been quite ill for some days, but is now improving.

Rev. Mr. Baumgardner removed a few days ago to his new residence at Mountain Lake Park.

Last Saturday a round dozen of the Wing & Wingites formed a party for a pic-nic excursion to cross Backbone Mountain and visit the contractors and engineers camp on the new W. Va., Central & Pittsburg R. R., located about eight miles from Deer Park on the opposite side of the North Branch of the Potomac. The route was over a rough, hilly, uneven road, up the Hill of Difficulty, and through the "Slough of Despond," but nevertheless thoroughly delightful. The excursionists were received, warmly welcomed, and, after viewing various points of interest at and near the camp, were sumptuously entertained by Mr. Julias Waddle, Messrs. Earle and Chas. Ogle, and Mr. W. E. Hutson. The party reached home by nightfall, unanimously testifying to the unalloyed enjoyment of the whole trip and retaining many pleasant thoughts of their kind entertainers.

On Sunday evening last Rev. Mr. Hartman of Chambersburg, Pa., and member of the Sunday School Assembly now convened at Mountain Lake Park, accompanied Rev. Mr. Stoudenmire to his regular appointment in our church here, and officiated for him. He gave a very able, eloquent and stirring discourse, his subject being "Sin and its cure as typified by the leprosy and healing of Naaman."

Registered at Wing & Wing since last week's report:

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mr. Charles Miller.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Mr. Sigler.

Manington, W. Va.—Mr. L. L. Smith.

Baltimore, Md.—Miss Mary Sollers, Miss Lillie Scott and Mr. A. A. Rice.

Keyser, W. Va.—Miss Blanche Buxton.

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JOHNSTOWN, MD., July 31, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN;—My reason for writing under a *non de plume*, was that, judging from the late productions revealed through the columns of the *Mountain Democrat*, my mind was not clear as to whether I might not be addressing a crank or an escaped lunatic, and I therefore desired to spare myself the mortification of having the public know I took cognizance of such little things.

TAX-PAYER.

New Postal Routes for Garrett County.

Among new Maryland postal routes provided for in a bill which has just passed the House, and is awaiting action in the Senate are the following: Oakland, via Ryan's Glades, Chisholm's Mills, Fort Pendleton, Elk Garden, Red Oak Ridge, and Greenback, to Oakland; Grantsville to The Forks.

A Valuable Addition.

Because it is beneficial to the scalp and adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray hair is why Parker's Hair Balsam is a popular dressing.

Congressional and Judicial Conventions.

The State Republican Central Committee at Baltimore Tuesday, with the Chairman Hon. Henry Stockbridge, presiding. A quorum of members was present. The dates and places for several Congressional and Judicial Conventions to be held throughout the State this fall were fixed as follows:

CONGRESSIONAL.

First District.—At Easton, September 13.

Second.—At Havre de Grace, October 5.

Third and Fourth.—Left to the State Central Committee.

Fifth.—At Baltimore, October 6.

Sixth.—At Frederick, September 20.

JUDICIAL.

First.—No election this year.

Second.—At Centreville, October 17.

Third.—At Towsontown, October 6.

Fourth.—At Hagerstown, September 13.

Fifth.—At Ellicott City, date to be named by State central committee.

Sixth.—At Rockville, September 7.

Seventh.—At Leonardtown, October 10.

Eighth.—Left to State central committee.

The Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Special dispatches to *Bradstreet's* from the principal trade centres and the leading agricultural regions of the country tell of increased activity in the movement of merchandise and renewed promises of abundant crops. The trade outlook at Boston is reported very promising, and much the same may be said of all the seaboard cities. The Chicago correspondent telegraphs that the week has been the best midsummer or July business week in the history of the city. Minneapolis telegraphs that the weather for the week has been just such as was required to bring forward the growing crops. The farmers of the West are manifesting a reluctance in marketing grain on account of the tendency to lower prices. Advices from the south uniformly speak of good weather for the growing cotton crop.

In spite of the efforts of the grain syndicate of the West, there is such a downward tendency in prices in the Chicago and Cincinnati markets that they are almost panicky. The crops of wheat are magnificent, and those speculators who hold wheat in hopes of a raise are disappointed. The corn crop also promises well, and the prospect of lower prices is almost a certainty. All the farmers who have wheat to sell are hurrying it to market in order to sell while the prices are high, and it is believed that in a short time wheat will be pouring into the grain centres like a deluge. All efforts to keep up the prices have thus far been unavailing, and a general smash of corners and syndicates would not take anybody by surprise.

There are 1,413 employes in the New York postoffice, whose salaries and allowances aggregate $1,306,490. During the year 89 employes were removed, and 114 resigned. 137 clerks and 102 carriers were appointed. The changes were more extensive than in any previous year during the history of the postoffice. The number of money orders, domestic, foreign and international, issued, paid and forwarded, was 1,559,951, representing $20,473,842.08. The number of pieces of ordinary and registered mail handled was 705,911,302. The receipts from the sales of postage stamps, envelopes, wrappers and postal cards, and other sources, aggregate $4,280,066.07.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND

CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the **"Roland."** The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION

GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributer that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Meeting of Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of Mountain Lake Park Association at Mountain Lake Park Hotel, on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, &c.

J. C. ALDERSON,
8 5 3t Secretary.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.
SPEDDEN & SON,
Carpenters & Contractors,
OAKLAND, MD.
Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Calciminers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D.
Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,
Mountain Lake Park, Md.,
OFFICE ON G. ST.
One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

JOHN A. WOLF,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Will take orders from this time until March next for
RUSTIC WORK
Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.
7 22 6m.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any lands owned by the undersigned, either by chopping hunting or fishing, or in any manner whatsoever, as all trespassers will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

A. J. FRAZEE,
GEO. MATHEWS,
ULYSSES FRAZEE,
OTHO SPEELMAN,
A. J. FIKE,
KIM FRAZEE,
H. M. FRAZEE,
7 22 3 GEO. W. FRAZEE.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.
7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Grantsville,	August 7th.
Johnson Bros.,	" 9th.
Selbysport,	" 11th.
Accident,	" 12th.
Gregg's Mill,	" 15th.
Bloomington,	" 17th.
Johnstown,	" 19th.
Chisholm's Mill,	" 22d.
Red House,	" 24th.
Oakland,	" 25 & 26.
Swanton,	" 29th.
Deer Park,	" 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid before October 1st.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 29 4 Collector.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and McHenry road at or near Gravely Run, and passing through the lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, Henry, G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the said Oakland road at or near John L. Browning's dwelling house, a distance of about 2½ miles.

J. E. GNAGEY,
ADAM GARRINGER,
8 5 5 LEWIS SPOERLINE.

Richard Moore's Malady.

One of the most remarkable afflictions, or visitations, that have ever come before the medical profession in this city is to be found on Madison Street, four doors above Nineteenth, on the south side, the subject being Richard Moore, who for over thirty years has been a piano-mover in this city.

The affliction is a very strange one, and seems wholly confined to his mouth, over which he has not the slightest control, and his teeth keep up a constant chattering and clashing together, and, without any guiding on his part or without the slightest movement of his body, will commence and chatter together in perfect tune, as if playing a musical composition. The sounds which they produce vary continually, and bear the exact resemblance of a performer playing a medley on a pair of bones. A reporter heard of the strange case and went to investigate the matter. Several inquiries and directions finally landed him in front of a neat, two-story frame house, surrounded by a fruit yard, in which several flower beds were carefully arranged; the place, however, bearing a singularly still and deserted appearance. The window shades were tightly closed, the gate fastened with a double bolt, and the door, over which a beautiful vine crept and trailed, seemed secured against all intruders. In answer to a ring at the door, an old negress, very cleanly dressed, and with a face marked by deep furrows, as if from watching and working, opened the door, and, with a look of wonderment in her face, invited the visitor to enter. An inquiry as to the nature of the call, started her on the subject, and she talked very freely, but with a certain air of restraint, as if dealing with something she could not explain.

"It's goin' unto three years since he's been that way," she commenced, "and nobody knows what's come over him. His mouth keeps goin' all the time, and plays all sorts of tunes, and his head wags up and down as if he hadn't anything to do with it at all. We've had four or five doctors, and all of them seem to think something different about it, but I don't know, and sometimes think that Dick's belief of it is about the best. He always has been a religious man, and ever since he was a boy he's led a class in Sunday-school, and since this came on him he thinks that it's sent by the devil, who, he says is always tormenting him, and has got him. He always talks about dyin' and being possessed of the devil, and I don't know but he's right. But wait a minute and I'll bring him in," and she passed quickly out into the hall, and called her husband by name. In a few minutes a shuffling step was heard coming down the stairs, and in another instant a peculiar sound could be detected, as of some one clattering a pair of bones together, as the old man entered the room, slowly and feebly, leaning on his cane, and, with his head hanging down on his breast, he presented a striking appearance. His frame, naturally very large and powerful, was wasted away almost to a skeleton, and his clothes hung loosely from his shoulders. His cheeks were thin and hollow, and unusually pale for a negro. His eyes, which were very large, and possessing the intense blackness of his race, were deeply sunken in their sockets and overshadowed by bushy gray eyebrows. His hair was rather long and of a peculiar silver color, streaked here and there with a thread of black, and a thin beard of the same description shaded the lower part of his face. He was plainly dressed in a suit of jeans, which seemed two sizes too large for his shrunken form. He came into the room hesitatingly, and his large eyes glanced uneasily out from under his bushy eyebrows with a furtive quickness, as if of one expecting to undergo some trying ordeal. The thing most striking about his appearance was the look of intense suffering, which seemed settled and rooted into his face until it became a part of his natural appearance. He seated himself without saying a word, and placing his cane across his legs rubbed his hands nervously together and let his head drop back to its old position on his breast. His quietness was but momentary, however, and a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face announced the appearance of an attack. The nervous action gradually increased, until his whole face seemed to work under its influence, and his teeth commenced to chatter, softly at first, as if he was seized with a cold chill, and increasing it in loudness until it could be heard some distance off. The regularity in fact, perfect harmony—with which his teeth clashed together was remarkable, and would have done credit to any performer on the bones. While no particular tune was played, the sound produced appeared very familiar to the listener, and seemed a medley of all the old familiar hymns. The chattering, with only a few minutes' intermission, was kept up constantly, and while undergoing a particularly severe attack, the sufferer would roll his eyes wildly, rub his hands together and moan pitifully, occasionally passing his hands over his face as if to stop the throbbing visible in every vein. Even when asleep, it is exactly the same, and when seized in the middle of the night he will dash his head against the bed, and clench his hands in agony.

For nearly three years he has been thus afflicted, and his constant suffering is something terrible, his tongue being often severely bitten and his lips cut by coming in contact with his teeth.

The history of the case dates back nearly five years, when it is thought the disease first began. He was always a hard working man, and one day, in the middle of summer, he exerted himself more than usual in lifting a heavy piano. In the middle of his work he was suddenly seized with a dizziness and fell fainting on the floor. It was then that the strange affliction began to work on him, and he became affected with sudden spells of dizziness and swimming in the head. These attacks increased, until two years ago, in the middle of the night, he became affected as at present. His wife described, in her own homely way, how this first spell commenced, stating that she was waked up in the middle of the night by the bed shaking, and found her husband trembling all over as in a chill; that occasionally his teeth would gnash together and his hands clinch, and finally a constant chattering began, and with but little intermission has kept up ever since. While she was relating this occurrence her husband sat opposite her in his chair, with his hands clasped and his teeth rattling a musical accompaniment to her words. Occasionally he would speak a word or two, and then the sentence would die away in his throat and the same strange noise would sound out again, as of dead bones rattling in a sepulchre.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Suez Canal in 1882.

I was glad to see how much of the banks are now cased with stone. Trees grow with difficulty in the sand and their roots suffer from the salt water. A sandy bank is carried by the wash of the steamers into the deep-water channel. But this stone casing resists the wash, and when it is complete the company will be able to increase without danger their regulation speed. We met with no obstacle for two hours. In this great highway of nations we saw no life save the wild marsh birds and the waste of water stretching away to the yellow desert. There are *gares* or passing-places every few miles, where the deep waterway is widened from twenty-four to fifty yards and sometimes more, and a signalman system stops or allows to pass the ships according as the next run is free or occupied. We passed the first *gare* successfully, but at the second the ball was hoisted above the flag, which in canal language means "go into the siding." Nothing came by before sunset, when all traffic ceases, and we lay in the quiet moonlight with every intention to proceed at sunrise. But when I came up next morning to see the start I found a fleet of great ships, each with its noisy little tug and yellow flag at the masthead, slipping along in single file. It was a grand way of realizing the work of the canal. Nineteen vessels went by, averaging, our captain told me, 1,500 tons burthen. All save two carried the British flag. Three were crammed with pilgrims, forecastle, main-deck, and quarter-deck, one mass of life. Even the boats were full of them, and from under a canvas awning peeped the veiled faces of women. One lot were Russian pilgrims from Caucasus—savage looking fellows in fur caps and black cloaks; the others were Algerians and Moors in turban and burnous. The rest of the ships were cargo-laden, twenty-two and twenty-three feet in the water. All went by safely till the seventeenth, the Scotch Greys. She went a yard or two out of her course and at once was aground. She had passed us, but others had still to come, and there was nothing for it but to wait till the Scotch Greys got free. Hawsers were made fast to stern and bow on either bank, and after an hour's shouting and steaming and wincing, the big ship swung into place again. The rest came by without disaster, and we got by ourselves at eleven o'clock.

The canal is not big enough for the present traffic. Shipping to the extent of over 3,000,000 tons passes through every year, and it is steadily on the increase. Ships have to wait their turn, and much valuable time is wasted at either end and in the passage. The accommodation may be increased in two ways. The whole length of the canal may be widened so as to allow of ships passing each other everywhere. Such a work would not be difficult, but it would be very costly. The deep-water passage would have to be more than doubled in width, as the slow speed makes steering difficult, and ships in passing would require plenty of sea-room to avoid accidents. The present width of twenty-five yards would have to be raised to sixty, but it would not be necessary to increase the width of surface of the whole waterway, which is already 100 yards from bank to bank. The second mode of increasing the facilities of passage is more feasible, and has much to recommend it. It consists in a considerable increase of the number of *gares* or passing places, and in the lengthening of those already in existence. There are at present thirteen, and they might easily be increased to twenty. The same precautions now practiced would be still enforced in the passing of ships. The block system would be carried out from *gare* to *gare*. The buoying of the passage is already excellent, and there would be no increase in the danger of fouling and jamming. The consequences of such accidents in so narrow a water way as the canal are so serious that I think, on the whole, the increasing of the *gares* is most to be recommended. But one or other improvement is necessary.—*Cor. London Times.*

A California Cloud Burst.

A water-spout broke in the Tejon Canyon yesterday which occasioned great destruction, as far as the effect is known. This locality is the valley of Tejon Creek which discharges into the southeastern part of the Tulare Valley, on the lands of General Beale, at a point about thirty miles from this place. At the lower part of the canyon a settlement remains of the Indians of the tribe which once claimed the principal part of Kern and Los Angeles Counties, living there by sufferance and under the protection of General Beale. They had good huts, farms, vine-yards and gardens, and were living in plenty and comfort. Above them the canyon is occupied by white settlers who have good, well-improved farms. About four p. m. a wall of water, apparently twenty feet high, was seen sweeping down upon the Indian settlement with irresistable force. Immediately there was a scene of the wildest confusion. Mothers and fathers snatched up their little ones and endeavored to escape to the high grounds. Those not fortunate enough to do so were either swept away or saved themselves by clinging to the branches of trees. The rush of water soon subsided, and when it did so everything they had was either swept away or ruined. The news of the calamity was brought to-day by an Indian. He could not give a very intelligible account. When he left only two dead bodies had been found, which had been carried a long distance. If more perished it cannot be known until an investigation is held. Fourteen persons are known to be badly injured, having been struck by the drift brought down on the crest of the flood. He came to bring the news to a white man in whom they have great confidence and are accustomed to apply to for advice and assistance in emergencies. They returned together. Nothing is known of what occurred further up the canyon.—*Bakersport (Cal.) Dispatch.*

Good News About the Shirt.

In the course of a confidential conversation with a friend who had recently had two new shirts made, we learned incidentally that the style of building shirts had radically changed, and that they were being made to button in the front instead of at the back of the neck. The news was so good that we could not believe it until we had it directly from a shirtmaker, who showed us the ground plan and front elevation that had been prepared by architects for the erection of some fine shirts for our best citizens, and sure enough the style of folding doors in front instead of a storm door between the shoulder blades in the back was the fashion. We have never felt so much like passing a resolution of thanks to the shirtmakers and a resolution of condolence to parties who have got to wear the old ones, in our life. Those shirts that button in the back have been the cause of more profanity than any one thing. Shirts that button in the back have been the cause of crime. Religious societies can not prosper as they should when the male population has to reach over its head and away around to the back of the neck to button its shirt. Talk about spending thousands of dollars to find the north pole; if half the money spent in that way was offered as a reward for the detection of the man who invented shirts that buttoned in the back, and he could be turned loose among *men* who have suffered for years by his devilish contrivance, it would be well expended. For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd fashion, and more arms have been crumped, shoulders dislocated and backs bent than would be believed by those who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed. Statistics show that the buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in place of the thin, oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers button, four sizes larger than the button-hole, and if he gets the button in the hole the hole has to be "bushed" or a washer put on the button next time. Go through our prisons, and you will find that the criminals—the bad men—wear shirts that button in the back. They have been driven to a life of crime by letting their tempers get the best of them while searching blindly for a button with one hand and a button-hole with the other, when their back was turned. They go from home mad, and commit crime to get even. The bare idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired, back-aching humanity. To stand up to the glass and button a shirt and see what you are about will be bliss indeed. The thought of a generous slit in the bosom of a shirt, where one's hand may wander, is elysium. There are times—we say it advisedly—there are times when the best of us want to put a hand inside a shirt bosom, but with the old shirt that buttons in the back a man might as well be in a burglar-proof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. With the old shirt it would be necessary to hire a hand. A man's stomach has been a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron shirt-bosom, with no portholes. Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequitted affection that ailed him or rheumatism. With the new shirt an exploring expedition can be sent to the seat of the disease before it is everlastingly too late. Men have been wounded, and before they could be turned over and the entrance to their shirt found they have bled to death. The old back-action shirt is a fraud, and the new one is a daisy. It may be said by some that the new open-sesame shirt will show the world the color of the undershirt. It might, if one was going to use his shirt-bosom for a pillow; but few do that. And even if they did—that is the only way that the world can know that a man wears a silk undershirt with a monogram on the front. We hail the new open winter shirt with delight, and are sure the public will when they once get their hands in.—*Peck's Sun.*

Ravines and Knolls Upon the Farm.

In opening up a new farm, many of the conveniences so needed in the various movements on the premises can be secured by taking advantage of the irregularities in the surface. If however, all the ground around the buildings is a dead level, then no fact on the part of the owner will avail, because there are no natural advantages to be utilized. Where there is a ravine, or if the land is in places rocky, there is liable to be a miniature bluff. In or near this formation it is not unusual to find a spring. Whether there is a spring or not there will at least be good drainage, and while such surface as we refer to is pretty much valueless if enclosed within a tilled field, it is as yarding ground for swine or sheep far more valuable than the best level surface upon the farm. For poultry yards, also, it is available, and whatever character of small stock it is devoted to, will be benefited by the natural drainage, as well as by the fact that the various exposures afford places of retreat from the wind when this comes from cold quarters.

In so far as such land affords surface on which to grow grass, this can be turned to good account, for either class of stock referred to, provided the enclosure is large enough to insure the preservation of this from being trodden out by the stock. Such locations afford excellent sites for the small buildings or sheds required for shelter; and these can quite generally be given a southern exposure, in a degree secure from cold winds. The French farmers, as well as others where the vine receives great attention, know full well the high value of these broken places, as upon these the grapes and certain vegetables grow to perfection.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—A story of a miracle gains credence at Bristol, Pa. Miss Bewley, after having remained in bed sixteen years, was so affected by the prayers of a meeting called especially in her behalf that she got up and walked, and has since been pretty well.—*Detroit Post.*

Stupendous Figures.

From the forthcoming volume of "Poor's Railroad Manual of the United States," which has come to be acknowledged as an authority on such statistics, the following general facts of railroad progress in the United States during the year 1881 are derived:

The year 1881 has been one of extraordinary activity in railroad affairs. Within the year 9,358 miles of railroad have been built, the greatest number of any one year. The greatest mileage for any previous year was 7,379 miles, in 1871. The total miles in operation at the end of 1881 was 104,813, being an increase of 11,142 miles over the previous year.

The cost, at $25,000 per mile, of the lines constructed during the year was $233,750,000. In addition, at least $75,000,000 were expended on lines in progress, and $100,000,000, which is at the rate of only $1,000 per mile, on old routes, in addition to their equipments. The total amount expended in struction during the past year was, in round numbers, $400,000,000.

It now seems probable that the mileage to be opened in 1882 will equal that for 1881. Up to the 1st of June, 1882, 3,677 miles of line were opened, against 1,734 for the same period of 1881. The same rate of increase will not be maintained for the remainder of the year, but the aggregate for it of new mileage is not likely to be much short of 10,000 miles.

It is certain that for a long time to come a much greater extent of mileage will be constructed annually than was constructed in the past, or than will be constructed in the present year.

The tonnage transported on all the railroads in the country, in 1881, cannot have been less than 3,500 tons to the mile, or 350,000,000 tons. At an assumed value of $50 per ton, the value of the tonnage moved on all the railroads of the United States the past year, less one-third for duplication, was, say, $12,000,000,000 or more than $200 per head of the whole population.

The earnings of all the roads in operation in the country the past year equaled $725,325,119, being an increase over the previous year of $110,000,000, the rate of increase being nearly 16 per cent. The earnings equaled $13.60 per head of our population. Their net earnings were $276,654,119, an increase of $21,500,000 over those of 1880. Their current expenses were $446,565,071. The amount of interest paid during the year on their funded debts was $128,887,002; the amount paid in dividends was $93,344,200, against $77,115,411 for 1880.

The cost of operating our railroads for the year was $449,565,071, or 62 per cent. of their gross earnings. The total amount expended in their construction of new lines and in operating and improving the old ones was over $750,000,000—the greater part of the vast sum being paid in wages. The number of persons employed in operating them the past year averaged fully 12 to the mile of operated line, or 1,200,000 in all. The number employed in the construction of our railroads equaled 400,000, increasing the total number of employes to 1,600,000, or about one thirty-second part of our population, estimated at 53,200,000.

Horse Sense.

The three horses connected with engine company No. 12, Boston Highlands, are handsome animals and as noted for their remarkable intelligence as for their fine appearance. Under the care of the members the horses have become very tractable, and are obedient to the slightest word or gesture. A few mornings ago some evidences of their understanding were witnessed, and are well worth detailing. One horse, "Charlie," had received no food since the night previous, and, when he was given his morning's supply of oats, he began eating with great zest, but the words "Charley, come here," spoken in a low tone from the rear of the stable, caused him instantly to stop eating his tempting breakfast, and to back from his stall and walk to the person calling him. Each of the horses did the same thing without hesitancy, and at the command, "Go back," each trotted to his stall. The harnesses were removed from the horses, and each one was told in succession to go and put on his collar. The collars were placed on end, so that the heads could go through, and each horse walked deliberately across the floor and wriggled his head into the collar without the slightest aid. After this they poked their heads into their bridles, which were held for them, each horse opening his mouth and taking his bit voluntarily. The main part of the harnesses can be hung in any part of the room with the assurance that at the word of command the horses will walk to the exact spot and place themselves in such a position that the harnesses can be readily dropped into place. The endeavors of the animals to secure a position favorable to the easy adjustment of the collars almost compel one to believe that they are endowed with reason.—*Boston Herald.*

A Melancholy Sacrifice.

The fate of the French Expedition which was engaged in exploring the basin of the La Plata, under the leadership of Dr. Crevaux, is one of the most melancholy sacrifices to science. According to the latest news, which the Consul of the Argentine Republic in Tupiza received from Tavija, the whole company of nineteen men were butchered by Indians of the Tobas tribe. The expedition had not long before left Rio de Janeiro, where they were received with the warmest sympathy by the Emperor of Brazil. A dispatch from them, dated January 15, stated that they had come across the ruins of an old Incan town, a few kilometers from Salta. On January 24, they were arrested by an over-zealous Argentine official in the village of Humachuaca; but after making an inquiry he released them, and permitted them to go forward along their intended route. It is possible that the news of their arrest may have reached the native tribe, and aroused a suspicion as to their purposes. They had just ascended the Pilcomayo only a few days later, when the Tobas fell upon them and slaughtered every member of the expedition.

—The pistol with which lawyer Cole, of Cincinnati, killed himself and family a few nights ago, served its apprenticeship with Ned Stokes, who killed Jim Fisk with it.—*Detroit Post.*

For Young Readers.

THE SPIDER WEB.

Who but a fairy
Ever lived in a house so airy?
A bit of cloud tied fast, as it were,
And framed of the finest gossamer.
A wonderful, shining, silky house,
Swaying here in the sweet-brier boughs.
Sprite of some kind, queen of the air,
Must needs be the one for a home so fair.

Does she, I wonder,
Stand these pale-pink blossoms under,
Dressed in a skirt of vapory blue,
All sprangled over with drops of dew?
Does she wear a crown, and in her hand
Carry aloft a long gold wand?
Has she wings to fly with, gauzy, green?
And where are the folk she rules as queen?

I look and linger,
And touch the web with careful finger;
When—in an eager, crafty way—
Out leaps a little gnome in gray!
The thinnest ogre that ever sate
And watched for prey at his castle gate,
His eight long arms so strong and bold
With which to seize, and strangle, and hold!

Should he discover
Some truant creature passing over—
A bee or fly on tired wing,
Careless and fond of loitering,
I wonder if a mimic roar
Would reach its ears from out his door:
"Fe, fi, fo, fum! to, fi, fo, fum!
I will have some! I will have some!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERY-DAY DUTIES.

"I despise this horrid life. If I only had a chance of making something of myself—but it is work, work, work, no time for anything but work. Some people get on as if by magic. I believe life is a lottery, after all, and I am going to try my luck in the casting of stones. I have all faith in the number nine. If I can hit that maple more times out of nine than I miss it, I'll be somebody. If I fail, I'll go on like the nobodies around me."

The sleepy figure in the grass sat upright, and commenced pelting the innocent tree with pebbles. "Hit, miss, miss, miss, hit, hit, miss, miss—no use! I'll try no more. Five unlucky throws out of seven."

"For shame, boy, to call this noble, intense life a lottery, and try your destiny for time and eternity with bits of stones thrown from a lazy, indolent hand. Get up, and take hold of life in earnest. Turn something up, instead of lying there waiting for something to turn up."

The big straw hat in the grass turned slowly toward the gentleman in the sulky, who had stopped beneath the spreading boughs of the great oak to allow his thirsty steed the benefit of the cooling draught that trickled through the fissures of the rock into the rough trough.

"I am the new doctor, who has put out a sign in the neighboring town of Elton," said the voice which had aroused the boy. "Now, tell me who you are, and what you are doing here."

"My name is Joe Harkness."

"Joseph, you mean," said the doctor.

"Yes, but I am too lazy to say it, and I came out of that old farm-house you see on the hill there, to dig taters for the dinner."

"First potatoes I ever saw grow at the roots of timothy," laughed the doctor.

"Patch is across the run. I stopped here to rest."

"And carve out a grand fortune by dreaming. How long have you been here? Long enough, I dare say, to have dug and cooked them, too."

Joe's only answer was a grin.

"Let me tell you, boy, the very foundation of true greatness consists in doing your every-day work in the very best manner possible. Let it be digging potatoes, hoeing corn, blacking boots, studying a lesson, or even playing a game of ball, go to work determined to succeed. Get all the pleasure and good out of your every-day work. 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' ought to be printed in letters of gold and nailed over every door in the land. Make this your own motto, and you will never need to spell f-a-i-l."

"I do not want to spend my whole life digging and delving. I want to go to college and know something. I am tired of work."

"Then, my boy, you will have to be transplanted to a more heavenly soil, for I tell you there is no success anywhere on earth without incessant toil. You will have to dig, dig, dig for knowledge, if you are ever its possessor. Let me see. How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"And what do you know of books?"

"I've been twice through arithmetic, know something of geography, and despise grammar and spellin'."

"And they are at war with you, I observe. You will never be a scholar until you have a fair fight with these two chief corner-stones, and come off victor. You must be master at every step of the way. Nor must you cut across-lots in order to shorten your journey. Men often try this way, but they find so many ups and downs, so many streams and swamps, that if they do not lose themselves altogether, they will find their road, though shorter, by an air line, in reality much longer than the lawful route. There is a great deal of going across-lots to make a beggar of a man in this world. Do you go to school?"

"Only in winter. I have no time in summer."

"What do you do with your odd moments and rainy days?"

"Rest."

"Hum! I see you are not worth saving. Never will amount to anything. Why, boy, don't you know some of the greatest men who are alive to-day, or who have ever lived, received no education, except what they gained in their odd moments? Wake up and catch these minutes as they fly. Rest assured they will not wait for you. Study all spare time and go to school wet days."

"But our teacher is a woman," replied Joe.

"Well, ain't your mother a woman?"

"None of the fellows go to a woman."

"Why?"

"Who wants to be managed by a woman? You must take me for a coward."

"A most despicable coward, to speak of a woman in such a way. If you cannot help this teacher manage these young savages, and one in particular, the sooner you are transferred to the care of the angels the better. Has your teacher a certificate?"

"Of course, or she would not have been employed."

"Then she is capable of teaching you a few things?"

"The boys would laugh at me."

"Be a brave boy! But there is your mother calling for the potatoes. Go along. Begin by digging your potatoes; in earnest."

Joe sprang up, and, as the doctor drove away, went to work with a will. He followed the doctor's advice to the letter, and a year later when the doctor, as one of the Examining Committee, admitted him into the academy, Joe told him: "You were right; I am glad you waked me up and set me to work that day you found me asleep in the grass." The incident came back to the doctor's memory, and he patted the boy's head, saying: "Bravely done."—*Chicago Interior.*

Queer Uses of Birds.

Did you ever see a candle made out of a bird? I suppose not, unless you have been in the Faroe Islands, and very few people visit their lovely shores. The inhabitants of those islands live in a very simple and old-fashioned way, and nearly everything they use is a home-made article. Thousands of sea-birds build their nests on the rocks there, and the young birds are "as fat as butter." The islanders take these young birds, run wicks through their bodies until they are soaked with grease, light one end of the wick, and there's your home-made candle.

Another kind of bird is used in Australia as a substitute for confectionery. It is a species of parrot, called loray, which feeds on fruit and grain, and has a place in its throat where all the sweet parts of the things it eats collect and form a kind of honey. As soon as an Australian savage shoots one of these birds, he puts its bill into his mouth, squeezes its throat, and sucks away just as boys do with oranges. Then he pulls the feathers out and sticks them in his hair, and after that he takes the bird home to Mrs. Savage to be cooked. Perhaps, when Mr. S. is in a particularly good humor, he brings a loray or two home to his woolly-headed family without first extracting all the "nice part."

In a great many cities of tropical America black vultures (or turkey buzzards, as they are commonly called in this country) do the most important part of the street cleaning. They devour everything they find which would be liable to decay, and so they keep off pestilences, or at least prevent their coming from that cause. It is against the law to molest the buzzards in any way, and, as they march around the streets or sit at their ease in the sunshine, they seem to be well aware that they are city officials, and of quite as much importance as the Mayor himself.

In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to admit of their swallowing. Then they are taken to a fish-pond or stream, strings are fastened on their legs, and they are allowed to "go a-fishing." They dive and bring up the fish, and, while they are struggling violently to swallow what they have captured, they are drawn to the shore by the string, their prey is taken away from them, and they are sent in to try again. When the baskets are full, the rings are taken off, and the cormorants are allowed to do a little extra work on their own account. If human laborers were treated in this way, there would certainly be trouble, but, as far as known, these feathered employes have never organized a strike.

It is no longer the fashion to use hawks and falcons as bird-killers, but pigeons are made to do duty as letter-carriers, and at the siege of Paris they formed the best means of communication with the outside world. Thirty miles an hour is the usual rate of their speed, and they sometimes travel even faster. The bird's object in making the journey is to get back to its young squabs, from which it is taken away before being employed in this way; and, as it is kept in a dark place and without food for eight or ten hours before being let loose, it no doubt considers the point from which it is sent a good place to get away as soon as possible.

The use of birds are "too numerous to mention." The most important of the many good things that they do for us is to keep the worms and insects, that destroy vegetation, from becoming too numerous.

If all the birds should suddenly die, meal and flour would soon become very scarce and high, and thousands of people would starve. Boys would find that their fathers couldn't afford to give them much money to spend, and everything would be dearer then it is now.

Leaving out such robbers as the crows, birds are among our best friends; and children who kill them and rob their nests, "just for fun," do a great deal of harm to themselves and everybody else.

Some time ago, an association of "Bird Defenders" was formed among American boys and girls, and this honorable society is one of those which certainly ought to live long and prosper.—*Golden Days.*

A Very Cautious Man.

A singular incident occurred at the German Imperial Deposit Bank in Berlin. A well-known German writer, who for over thirty years had lived abroad, came there for the purpose of depositing the whole of his fortune (320,000 marks), together with his testamentary disposition of the same. After having duly signed the numerous blanks necessary on that occasion, and received the proper receipt at the hands of the Cashier, what must have been the latter's astonishment at seeing the depositor deliberately tear that important paper into shreds! "What in the name of goodness are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Don't you know that it will take fully three years before you can legally expect to obtain a duplicate receipt?" "Just because I do, I have torn the original," was the reply. The gentleman in question, be it known, has several times been the happy possessor of quite large fortunes, which he has as often lost by bad speculations and otherwise. In order to guard this time against similar mishaps, he hastened to put the profits of a lucrative literary enterprise into a place safe beyond peradventure for at least three years.

—An obituary notice in a Mormon paper in Salt Lake City closes touchingly: "He leaves nine widows and thirty-eight children to mourn his irreparable loss."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The best tomato for pickling is the size of a large walnut. It should be of a good healthy green, with one side just beginning to show a tinge of red.

—Silver Maple: This is one of the prettiest and most delicate leaved trees which go to make up a picturesque lawn. It is light in color, and appears well against a dark background.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following as his method of destroying sprouts from roots of trees: Bore a three-fourth inch hole in the center of the stump, ten inches deep; put in one ounce of the oil of vitrol, and plug it up tight.

—A pretty way to ornament a penholder which is made of wood is to bore a tiny hole in the end and insert a short peacock's feather. It should be secured with a little glue, and this must be done with neatness. This makes a pretty and inexpensive gift, and is better adapted for use than the painted feather holders.

—Stuffed peppers: The large bell peppers are best for this purpose. Cut around the stem, remove and take out seeds. For the stuffing use line chopped cabbage, adding grated horse-radish, white mustard seed, celery seed and salt to suit the taste. Fill the peppers with this mixture, putting in each a small onion and a little cucumber. Tie the stem on and put into cold vinegar.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Other crops may be more profitable than corn, but corn is cash to the farmer, and may be relied upon every year if properly managed. It can usually be grown at a less cost than it can be bought (especially when due allowance is made for the feeding value of the stover), and when you have it you can change it into milk, butter or beef, mutton or wool, eggs or chickens, pork or turkey, just as you please, and in either of these changes it will contribute to the future, as it goes to the manure heap upon which you will depend for the next year's crop.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A rich citron cake is made of the whites of twelve eggs, two cups of butter, four cups of sugar, four and a half cups of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one pound of citron cut in thin and small slices. This makes one very large cake or two medium-sized ones, and, unless you have an excellent oven in which you can regulate the heat perfectly, it is better to bake in two tins than one. If one tin is used, choose one with a funnel or spout in the center. This does away with the danger of burnt edges and a raw center to the cake.—*N. Y. Post.*

Business, Crops and Prices.

Out of 869,000 persons engaged in business in the country, 3,597 failed during the last six months, with aggregate liabilities of about fifty millions of dollars. The liabilities amounted to about ten millions more than in the first half of 1881, but the increase was not enough to indicate any unsound condition of business.

The proportion of failures, indeed, was very small, and the loss by bad debts was so slight in comparison with the volume of business transacted and the number of firms engaged in it, that the last six months were really remarkable for business health. In 1878 the number of failures was one to every 72 traders. In 1882 it was one to every 128.

These figures, which we take from the semi-annual circular of Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co., show that the gloomy apprehensions in regard to business which have been so widely entertained of late were not justified by the actual condition of trade during the year. Those statistics rather suggest mercantile soundness, and lead us to hope that after the comparative inaction of the summer, and with the coming of greatly reduced prices for food, business will be both vast in volume and satisfactory so far as concerns profits.

Already a very considerable share of the wheat crop has been harvested, and it is settled that it will be a very rich one, probably even greater than those of the two years preceding 1881. All the other grains are promising well. The weather has favored them, and as yet few reports of set backs to their prosperity have come in. A harvest which will be as a whole of extraordinary abundance begins to be confidently expected.

That promises well for business. It also indicates the speedy coming of prices for food as low as any to which we have been accustomed in the most plentiful years. Even butcher's meat has already declined somewhat from the prices of a short time ago, and when fall brings in the recently matured stock it must come down to still lower figures. Cattle have been and are still selling for more per pound, live weight, than the dressed meat could formerly be bought for at a family market.

But pasturage is unusually rich this year. The cattle of the West have not been decimated by a harsh winter, and the reported losses of them by flood have probably been exaggerated. Prices much lower than those now prevailing need not be expected for three months. But in the fall, when flour is cheap, potatoes are plenty, and articles of food generally are attainable at reduced prices, the cattle yards will contain exceptionally fine stock, numerous enough to bring their cost down to moderate figures.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Brain During Sleep.

Some curious experiments as to the action of the brain during sleep have lately been made upon himself by M. Delaunay. Working on the known fact that the action of the brain causes a rise of temperature in the cranium, the experimenter found that the converse of this was true, and that he was able, by covering his forehead with wadding, to stimulate the action of the brain. Dreams which are naturally illogical and absurd became under this treatment quite rational and intelligent. He also found that their character was much modified by the position assumed during sleep, whereby the blood might be made to flow toward particular parts of the body, and thus increase their nutrition and functional activity. These experiments have but slight value. Those whose lives are spent in hard work, either physical or mental, will prefer their dreams to be as illogical and vague as possible, so that the poor brain may not go on working while the body is at rest.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Bastile.

It was on the 14th of July, 1789, ninety-three years ago, that the Bastile was captured and destroyed by the people of Paris. Had the dull, leaden-minded King, then sitting uneasily on the French throne, been able to understand and conform to the signs of the times, or been able to separate himself from the courtiers who urged him to resist the rising tide of popular feeling, the awful events that followed the capture of the famous prison might have been averted, and France and the world spared a chapter of history the like of which was never known before and has never been known since. But Louis XVI. would not, perhaps could not understand. Even the taking of the Bastile was a warning he failed to interpret aright. He and the assembly were at Versailles engaged in the game of demands and petitions on one side and refusals or insincere concessions on the other, which had been protracted till the country was weary of it. It was a time of painful suspense and anxiety. The courtiers were endeavoring to persuade the irresolute King to let loose the army on the people. The assembly were in constant apprehension of being arrested and thrown behind the grim and pitiless walls of the frowning fortress prison which stood at the gate of St. Antoine where so many a gallant spirit had been immured before. There was no adjournment. The sessions were kept up day and night, lest, if the assembly left the hall, its doors would be closed and the body dispersed. All communication with Paris had been cut off, and the news of what was going on there could not be brought, though the booming of cannon heard through the day told plainly that work, and warm work too, was going on. It was not till night that the King and the Assembly learned that the people of Paris had seized the arms in the arsenal and stormed and captured the Bastile. The King was irritated. "It is a revolt!" said he, resentfully. "Nay, sire," replied one of his most frank attendants, "it is a revolution." And so it was—the beginning of that frightful reckoning with the execrable misrule, falsehood had rotten pretence which for a hundred years had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath till the angry and menacing structure was toppling over the head of the King and court. The impulse which brought the exasperated populace of Paris against the Bastile was an instinct. As a French historian remarks: "It was an act of faith." There was no reason in it. The walls which connected the eight lofty towers of the fortress were forty feet thick at the bottom and ten feet thick at the top, and nearly a hundred feet high. It was absolutely safe against the musket balls which flattened themselves against its black and ancient front and the shots from the two light pieces of cannon which merely dented the stones. The garrison of eighty-two French and forty Swiss soldiers, had they been disposed, might have held it easily against the assault of the mob of 100,000 men and women arrayed round it on that hot July day. But the infuriated populace were bent on making a beginning and they acted more wisely than they thought when with one consent they drew up before the embrasures of the hated prison four hundred years old, fit type of the dismal and detestible regime they were determined to overthrow. The spirit of revolution had been at work in the army and the French soldiers of the garrison sympathized with the people and refused to fire upon them. They even went further. After the attack had lasted for five hours without making an impression the French soldiers hung white flags in token of surrender along the top of the walls and opened the gates to the mob. "Properly speaking," says Michelet, "the Bastile was not taken, it surrendered. Troubled with a bad conscience, it went mad and lost all presence of mind." The populace were moderate in the hour of their triumph. They cut off the head of Le Launey, governor of the prison, and stuck it on a pike, did the same for Flesselles, the treacherous Mayor of the city, and hanged two Swiss soldiers, who had been active in firing on the people, to a lamp-post. But it was a warning which, unheeded, was to be followed by the cutting off of heads enough to make a mountain and the shedding of blood enough to form a river.

Attempt have been made to show that the Bastile was not the awful abode of torture, crime and despair the French people held it to be—that it was a very respectable and properly conducted prison. Be this as it may, the French people have never ceased to regard it as the symbol of the most unendurable misgovernment of modern times and to celebrate its downfall as marking their deliverance from a detested *regime.*—*St. Louis Republican.*

English Opinion of Russian Jews.

The efforts of the poor Jews in Russia to emigrate to America is impeded by an unexpected difficulty. It is the practice of the Emigration Committee at New York to find work for the immigrants, and distribute them through the country in the occupations with which they are acquainted. They distribute hundreds of thousands of persons every year in this way, but they say they fail with Jews. Either their employers send them back making charges of idleness or incompetence, or the Jews themselves return, declaring that "the work is too hard." The Committee have, therefore declined to receive any more Jews. The truth seems to be that the Jews are expected to do hard manual labor; and that in America, as in everywhere else, they refuse to do it except under the pressure of absolute necessity. Their business in the world as they think, is to distribute, taking a heavy toll upon the articles distributed. That is a useful function but a colony can no more be made up of distributors than a State can be composed of tax-gatherers. Mr. Oliphant hopes to settle all Jews in Palestine, but he has omitted to say who will plow the land, sow the seed and cart the muck. The Jews will not. —*London Spectator.*

—"Ha, ha!" shouted the young heir, when he read the telegram informing him of the death of a rich relation, "I am now like the north star." "How so?" queried his companion. "Pretty well fixed, you know," replied he, with a smile. And thereupon several "smiles" succeeded each other with marvelous rapidity.

Origin of Names.

The curious names of German Jews must always be of interest to any one with even a slight knowledge of German. I recall a party in a Jewish house in Frankfort, where nearly every person presented to me bore the name of bird, beast or fowl. It was an amusing collection of hens, wolves and foxes—indeed, it was difficult to find a bird of the air or a beast of the field not represented. How the German Jews came by these names is interesting, and possibly is not known to everybody. Under Maria Theresa when great numbers had gone to Austria because of her toleration, there was constant confusion arising from the fact that it was hardly possible to hold an individual for any crime or in my case of lawsuit—of which there were many against them—for the reason that a man could not be proven to be the "Isaac, the son of Israel," or the particular "Solomon, son of Jacob," who was sought for. So one day that Empress sent forth an edict that from that time henceforth every Jew should take a name for himself, and no name borne ever by any one else was he to select. This provoked much anger, but there was nothing to be done but obey. The command was that they should choose names from the animals, metals, minerals, the elements, rivers, lakes, towns, etc. Hence came the Baars, Wolfs, Fuchs (fox), Hahns (cock), Hecht (pickerel), and nearly all the names ending with *brum* (tree), and *stein* (stone), and *himmel* (heaven). Some of the combinations growing out of this command are very interesting. For instance, we find Eckstem (corner stone), Seligman (blessed man), Himmelreich (kingdom of heaven), Fleischman (meat man), Mandelbaum (almond tree), Grunbaum (green tree), Rosenbaum (rose tree), Veigelstock (Austrian dialect for gilly-flower bush), Braun (brown), Schwarz (black), Weiss (white). From cities and rivers are the Jewish names so common, Oppenheimer, Moldauer, Erlander, Wiener, Pariser, Ofner, Donau. We have also Rothschild (red sign), Honigfeld (honey field), etc. It will be seen that a German Jew is shown by his name. Of late there have been modifications and changes made by families who do not wish to be so readily distinguished, but it is always easy to trace them.—*Miss Pilman's "European Breezes."*

Danger to Christians.

Christians in Jerusalem, it is feared, will be in great danger if there should be an outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism in Egypt and the countries surrounding it. Edith Holman Hunt, doubtless a relative of the eminent English artist, Holman Hunt, writes to the London *Times* as follows: "Having lived in Jerusalem from the commencement to the end of the last Russian war, and having thus experienced something of the danger arising from a threatened outbreak which was seething around us, I can not refrain from asking a few words in the much-prized columns of the *Times* for the sake of pointing out how hopeless are the people in Jerusalem at the present juncture. Jerusalem is the center of fanaticism for all the people of the world, and should the long-threatened storm burst the Christian inhabitants there will be among the first to feel it. They are singularly helpless, shut off from the nearest coast by thirty-six miles of difficult road. The whole of Christendom is interested in the question. Since there are people of every nation living in Jerusalem, can not each Government send a frigate to Jaffa to give refuge to the fugitives while affairs are in the present hazardous condition? The only retreats are the convents, and these would ill hold out against such an outbreak as would take place if the banner of the prophet were at last unfurled in earnest."

—After a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific, a French man-of-war was recently found to have specimens of living corals growing upon her hull. The interesting discovery has thrown some light on the question of the rapidity of growth of corals. The evidence tends to show that the vessel on passing a reef of the Gambier Islands, against which she had rubbed, had picked up a young fungia, which adhered to the sheathing and grew to a diameter of nine inches and a weight of two and one-half pounds in nine weks.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A St. Louis reporter tried to knock a saloon-keeper and only grazed him. Then the saloon-keeper tried to shoot the reporter and only killed his wife. If you want to be safe in St. Louis get into a fight.—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is my solitude money," said Hardup to Simpson. "Why do you so designate it?" asked the Pawnee. "Because it's a loan," replied the graceless scamp.

A man in Georgia lost a gold collar button two years ago, and recently the missing jewelry was found in the fat of the digestive organs of a slaughtered cow. How the cow got under the bureau in the bed-room, where a detached collar-button always rolls, is an inexplicable mystery.—*Norristown Herald.*

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid of all work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

An exchange tells a story of a man who got out of bed in the night and threw up a window. He will know enough next time not to eat windows for supper.

She was a woman of property while her sweetheart was a man with a big head. "Do you love me?" said he. "Indeed, indeed, I do," she modestly murmured. "Well," he replied, "one 'dead' will be sufficient if you put it all in my name."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The present fashion of belt bouquets causes a great many flowers to be wasted.—*Ex.* And a good deal of (h)arm comes to 'em, too.—*Philadelphia Mirror.*

A Boston lecturer astonished his audience by bringing down his fist on the table and shouting: "Where is the religiosity of the anthropoid quadrumana?" If he thinks we have got it he can search us. We never saw it in the world.—*Peck's Sun.*

All bachelors would like to shake hands with the man named Morse, who recently got married, and four weeks later applied to Parliament to have his name changed to Re-Morse.

The best listener we know of is the telephone, and it certainly is popular.—*Philadelphia News.*

Sunflower seeds which have been boxed up and buried for 250 years will grow if taken out and planted. Try it once and be convinced. —*Norristown Herald.*

—Next to cigar makers, according to the London *Medical Times and Gazette*, printers are more numerous in New York lunatic asylums than men of any other trade.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Extravagance

is a crime; and ladies *can not afford* to do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which by preserving and restoring health, preserves and restores that beauty which depends on health.

Beef is so scarce and high that a gentleman of this city is having a sirloin steak set for a breast-pin.—*Boston Courier.*

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

S. J. P., Chattanooga, Tenn.: "I have a valuable hen that will insist on sitting on six eggs. How can I prevent her doing so?" We have referred your letter to our poultry critic. He says there are many ways to prevent your hen from engaging in sedentary pursuits on a capital of six eggs. He suggests that you add another egg—or that you use the eggs in a custard pie, but he says if you want a dead sure thing boil the hen.—*Texas Siftings.*

$200.00 Reward

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Hop Bitters M'f'g. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Boston *Transcript* recommends kerosene oil to take the smell of onions out of the breath, but doesn't state how many barrels are necessary.

The Lowell *Courier* is not surprised that car wheels are being made out of paper, as we have had "stationery engines" for a long time.

***"Every truth has two sides; look at both before committing yourself to either." Kidney-Wort challenges the closest scrutiny of its ingredients and its grand results. It has nothing to fear from truth. Doctors may disagree as to the best methods and remedies for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting.

A New York doctor says there is an unusual amount of ozone in the atmosphere this year, but that's no excuse for a man to steal a fellow's umbrella.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Smart Man

is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

Captain Murray calls his steamship Alaska "the greyhound of the Atlantic." She is probably bark rigged.—*Boston Transcript.*

We can assure our readers, should they require anything of the kind, that Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam will cure the worst cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Flux. It is pleasant to the taste and perfectly safe. For Sale by all Druggists.

No matter how ugly a nose may be, its imperfections are overlooked by its owner.—*Boston Transcript.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N.B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

He—"Why do you persist in moving away from me so far, dear cousin?" She—"Oh, for a distant relative it seems to me you are near enough already."

☞ No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

My boarders shall have "the fat of the land," she said, as she receipted for a tub of oleomargarine.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

Another dynamite mine in Russia. Go East, young man, and blow up with the country.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rat." 15c.

The lah-de-dah, cigarette-smoking young man, is now styled third-class male matter.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The boy who feasts upon dime literature is like cold molasses. He turns out bad.

Cheaper than blacksmithing—Is Fraser's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

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for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so, long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

Our testimonials date from 1833 to the present. Try Merchant's Gargling Oil Liniment for internal and external use, and tell your neighbor what good it has done.

Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

CURES Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scratches or Grease, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Flesh Wounds, Sitfast, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy, Cracked Teats, Callous, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Quitter, Abcess of the Udder, Sprains and Bruises, Stringhalt, Windgalls, Foot Rot in Sheep, Foundered Feet, Roup in Poultry, Sore Nipples, Urb, Cracked Heels, Old Sores, Epizootic, Lame Back, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Toothache, Rheumatism, Spavins, Sweeney, Corns, Whitlows, Weakness of the Joints, Contraction of Muscles, Cramps, Swelled Legs, Fistula, Mange, Thrush, Inked Breasts, Boils, &c.

$1,000 REWARD for proof of the existence of a better liniment than "Merchant's Gargling Oil," or a better worm medicine than "Merchant's Worm Tablets." Manufactured by M. G. O. Co. Lockport, N.Y., U.S.A.

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TEAS in abundance.—85 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
ROBT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N.Y., P.O. Box 1287.

Employment for Ladies.

The Queen City Suspender Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Stocking Supporters for Ladies and Children, and their unequaled Skirt Supporters for Ladies, and want reliable lady agents to sell them in every household. Our agents everywhere meet with ready success and make handsome salaries. Write at once for terms and secure exclusive territory. Address

Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ Leading Physicians recommend these Supporters. ☜

WISE'S AXLE GREASE Never Gums.
IT KEEPS MOIST, OILY AND CLEAN.
Those who use it once always use it. Ask for "WISE'S" where you trade.

THRESHERS The Best is the Cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

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AKEY WELL WIND THAT ANY WATER SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N.Y.

AND NOT WEAR OUT.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me

AGENTS WANTED. Samples 10 cents. W. W. ATKINSON, Baltimore, Md.

EDUCATIONAL.

Coleman Business College, Newark, N. J. Write for Catalogue. Coleman & Palmer, Props.

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Business College. Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. ☞ Write for College Journal—sent free.

LANE & BODLEY CO. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL BY THE ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION, ON THEIR Steam Engine and Saw Mill

Exhibited at Atlanta in 1881.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Lath Machines, Hub and Spoke Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, Couplings, Gearing, Grist and Flour Mills. Send for Special Circular of our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill, which we sell for

$200.

Special attention given to Plantation Machinery. *Illustrated Circulars Free.*

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A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Is connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tick. & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

AGENTS FOR OUR WANTED New Book.

"THE JEANNETTE,"

Giving the only full, complete and authentic HISTORY of the unfortunate HERALD EXPEDITION in search of the NORTH POLE. A record of unparalleled Adventure, Suffering and Death, containing also a full account of all previous Arctic Explorations, from the earliest period to the present day, including SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, DR. KANE, HAYES, HALL, and all other noted Arctic Explorers. The only Complete Encyclopedia of Arctic Explorations ever published—this combination making it the most thrilling, fascinating and interesting book ever written. One Agent sold 240 copies in one day, 150 copies in one week. Send 6 cts. in 1-cent stamps for Complete Agents' Outfit, worth $2. *Beware of all imitations.* AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWNSHIP.

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KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, but use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood.

AGENTS WANTED FOR The LIVES AND ADVENTURES OF THE NOTED OUTLAWS, Frank & Jesse JAMES AND Younger Bros.

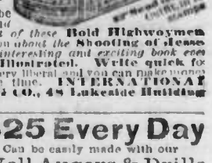

&c., containing the only complete and authentic account of these Bold Highwaymen. Latest information about the Shooting of Jesse. The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written. Fully Illustrated. Write quick for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. Now is the time. INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 48 Lakeside Building Chicago, Ill.

$25 Every Day Can be easily made with our Well Augers & Drills

One man and one horse required. We are the only makers of the Tiffin Well-Boring and Rock-Drilling Machine. Warranted the Best on Earth! Many of our customers make from $80 to $40 a day. Book and Circulars FREE. Address,

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me

BAND & Orchestra Music, Catalogues free. Thompson & Odell, 78 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A. N. K. N. Co. Clev'd 881

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.*

Famine in Egypt.

Egypt has about 5,000,000 acres of tillable land and 5,000,000 people to till it. It is well known that it is difficult under favorable circumstances to maintain a population upon an average of an acre of land per capita. Egyptian farmers have been compelled to pay a tax of $8 an acre on their land, and poverty has ground them down to a most pitiable condition. And now war has destroyed Alexandria, driven out of the country the Europeans who spent money so freely there, and turned aside the energies of a large part of the population from their usual employments. How can Egypt escape a famine under such circumstances? Already there is suffering at Alexandria, and the world's charity will be entreated in behalf of the survivors of that stricken city. It will be remarkable, even if the war is quickly brought to an end, if Egypt escapes a famine which will extend over its whole territory, and cause great distress among the people.

In discussing Methodism and camp meetings, the Baltimore *American* says: "Methodism in this section of the land, where it was so early founded and where it has been so firmly established, has always supported these camps with a degree of unanimity that has rarely admitted of any disagreement, and there are very few of the Methodist persuasion who do not reckon the camp meeting as a valuable adjunct of the church. Of late years these camping grounds have been made to partake of the nature of summer resorts, but from even the most orthodox Mefodist standpoint there surely can be no objection to having the modern conveniences of life upon the camping grounds. It is surely as conductive to religious fervor and far more comfortable to sleep on a spring bed in a neat cottage than to toss all night on a pile of straw under a small stretch of canvass. There is just as much religion and not half as much dyspepsia in well cooked viands as in food badly cooked. Methodists should, we think, welcome these improvements to camp life in the woods. If they find that the camp meetings of to-day are not productive of as many conversions as those of the former days of Methodism, let them rather account for it by the lack of enthusiasm, fire, sturdy eloquence and boldness among their preachers and exhorters than by laying it to the charge of effeminacy among the tenters."

The successful raising of chickens depends more on good management than on luck. There may be cases where neglected poultry will thrive and even pay, but it can only be where they have naturally all the conditions necessary to success, such as a healthful climate, running water, a large range with plenty of worms, insects and green food, to which they can help themselves. The poultry grower who shuts up his fowls in close and lousy quarters and, neglecting to give them a variety of food and fresh water, trusts to luck, will find himself without eggs and before long without chickens.

The best farmer is the one who thinks as well as works, who knows what he intends to do a day, or at least a night in advance, and who believes thought has as much to do with successful farming as plenty of muscle, if not more.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Over 5000 Druggists AND Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. **MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

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ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of Information sent free of charge. References furnished upon requets.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms OF New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' gennine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
d 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-ly

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W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

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A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
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OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.35 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.43 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.35 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

---

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned day, that is to say, on the 11th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry O. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Eli A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Oakland and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,800. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 ly.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gingery, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and Jere. Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER
7 22 2 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 80, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf H. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

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LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 81 Clerk Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homesteads and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. None who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

THE ESTEY ORGAN

THE HOME & CHAPEL

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882. NUMBER 24.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenas and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Hotbeds for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholesale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 404. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.

or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

EXCELSIOR.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

The Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

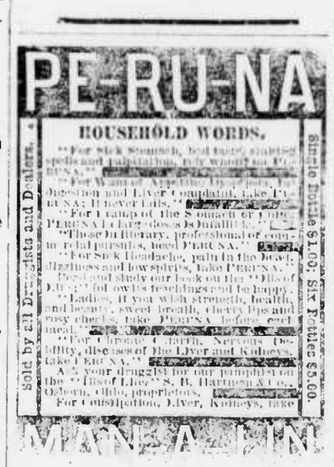

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

During a total eclipse of its surface the moon assumes a copper-red color, which gradually fades away as the eclipse progresses. Mr. W. Mattien Williams accounts for this curious phenomenon by supposing that the illuminated portion of the lunar surface, lacking the protection of an atmosphere, must be made red hot by the sun's rays. Only a thin layer of the moon's substance is so heated and when the sun's rays are withdrawn it rapidly cools, causing the fading away of the red color when in the shadow of the earth. If his hypothesis is correct, Mr. Williams believes that the surface temperature of the bright side of the moon must be about 600 degrees. Of course the dark side must be intensely cold, so quickly does the heat pass into space after the sun disappears. On the whole, the moon must be an uncomfortable world.

The situation in Tennessee is summed up by a correspondent of *The Louisville Commercial*. He thinks that "there is no prospect, no hope of a solution of the Democratic difficulties. The truth is now recognized that they are hopelessly divided. As a result all the old Whigs who have acted with that party since the war are joining the Republicans, and even Democrats all over the State, disgusted with Democracy, are boldly declaring their intention to vote for Hawkins. The attention of the National Republican Executive Committee has been invited to Tennessee, and influential speakers are promised for the canvass, but whether they come or not the party will win.

A Voice Fom the People.

The official announcement of the vote for and against prohibition in Iowa calls public attention to an extraordinary event. The majority in favor of the amendment was large, 29,753, although its opponents were confident of success even on the day of the election, and had made the utmost exertions. It cannot be said that the result was due to public indifference or inattention, as often happens when important questions are decided at special elections, more by the absence of opponents than by the zeal of friends. In this case the total vote was sufficiently large to prove that the whole State had been aroused in a remarkable degree. The aggregate was 281,113, of which 155,436 votes were for the prohibitory amendment, and 125,677 against it. At the regular State election of 1881, when a Governor and other State officers and a Legislature were chosen, the total vote was only 234,861. With no offices to fill, no patronage or plunder to call out the efforts of political workers, no organized parties to arouse public sentiment, and to bring out hosts of voters by the mere pride of party, at this election over 46,000 voters went to the polls and voted in the busiest part of the year for farmers, who had refused to take the trouble to vote for their respective parties and for personal friends and neighbors who were candidates at the regular fall election last year. In the exciting Presidential election of 1880, the total vote was 323,065, but that was much the largest vote ever cast in the State, and it is an amazing thing that seven-eights of the maximum number of voters then cast should have been called out in an election to decide upon the adoption of a constitutional amendment.

As it cannot be said that the result was due to negligence or indifference of the people, so it was clearly not due to any evasion or ambiguity in the measure submitted. The amendment is peculiarly sweeping in its provisions and emphatic in its terms. It prohibits not only selling, but drinking and even the manufacture of intoxicating beverages, and not only the drinking, selling or manufacture of strong liquors, but the drinking, selling and manufacture of ale and beer. In every respect, it is a particularly radical and stalwart measure. There can be no sort of doubt that the people who voted for it intended, as far as human legislation can, to make all use of intoxicating drinks impossible in the State of Iowa, except as individuals may be disposed and able to import from other States liquors for their own use.

This decision is the more remarkable because Iowa has a large number of foreign-born citizens, who usually cling with tenacity to the customs of their native lands. The ratio of foreign-born inhabitants never fully expresses the strength of that element, because the children of foreign-born parents are mainly enumerated as natives. In Iowa, however, there were 287,530 males of the voting age who were born in this country, and 126,103 who were born in foreign countries, so that over 30 per cent of the whole number were born abroad. More than one-third of the foreign born inhabitants came from Germany, and much more than a sixth from Ireland. The development of an overwhelming and uncompromising prohibitory sentiment in a State having such elements of population is an especially noteworthy circumstance. Doubtless it is in part due to the fact that Iowa is a State in which the urban population is unusually small, and where the rural and farming population largely predominates. The State has 185,351 farms, of which 141,177 are occupied by the owners, and 44,174 are rented, while the whole State has only 310,894 families and 301,507 dwellings. These facts regarding the social and industrial condition of the State help to explain a vote which, even with these to explain it, must still be regarded with deep interest by every publicist, and with surprise by every politician.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TO DRIVE AWAY FLIES.—Buy an ounce of oil of lavender, and pour half of it into a pint bottle of cold water, and shake it up; the mixture is a medicinal one only; it dissolved in alcohol it is a perfect solution, but this becomes more expensive. Scatter your water and oil of lavender on the table cloth and the flies will go away. Three or four doses suffice to drive away a pest of flies from a country boarding-house table. The time for flies is now upon us, and if our readers will have this simple remedy in readiness, it will save them a great deal of trouble.

What of the Future as Regards Grain.

[Baltimore Journal of Commerce.]

As the decline in wheat has attracted so much attention, and farmers are reported to be holding back for better prices, it may be well to examine a few statistics upon the matter. To us the decline seems only natural, though from its suddenness there may possibly be a temporary reaction. We have a yield of wheat of not less than 500,000,000 bushels, and the very superior quality of it will increase its bread-making properties to much above the average. For a population of 54,000,000 we need at the outside for bread 243,000,000 bushels, and for seed not over 57,000,000 bushels, or a total for all of our home wants of 300,000,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of 200,000,000 bushels, all of which is available for export, as the stock of old wheat and flour in the country is fully 40,000,000 bushels—and this is ample for reserves.

Now, with 200,000,000 bushels surplus, what are we to do with it? The highest amount of wheat ever exported was 136,000,000 bushels (flour included) for the year ended June 31, 1881, and the average export value for the whole year was $1.11 a bushel; while for the year ended June 30, 1879, the average value was $1.06 a bushel. During the year ended June 30, 1881, we had almost the world for our customers. Nearly every European country needed large imports, both France and England having smaller crops than they are promised this year. The requirements of Europe were greater than they will probably be for the next twelve months, and then we had but little competition. Russia had short crops and consequently a very small surplus, while India had not begun to ship wheat to any considerable extent. Thus, we have the propect for a smaller demand than in 1880-81, and more competition from other countries than in that year, while in the face of all this our surplus is 14,000,000 bushels greater than the amount we then exported. In view of these facts the part of wisdom would seem to be to ship our what out as freely as possible.

Hindoo Women.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk; indeed, they are often contracted in marriage at six years of age, and go to live with their husbands at twelve or thirteen. Before this, at the age of five, they are taught to propitiate the gods in order to secure a good husband, and their little minds are distracted by the idea of what a model husband ought to be. The orthodox conception is a husband like the god Siva, who was holy, austere, advanced in years, and faithful and devoted to one wife, the goddess Goorga. Good little girls revolt at the idea of a husband marrying a second wife while the first is alive, and will consequently confess their anxiety to marry a faithful spouse like Siva, and they learn from their elders to utter the most vindictive curses against a rival wife. But, for all that, Krishna is the idol of Hindoo women, and he was anything but faithful to one wife. He not only kicked over milk pails, and run away with the clothes of milkmaids when they went to bathe, but he danced and flirted with other men's wives, eloped with royal damsels and married an infinite number of beautiful women.

The trunk lines are doing a large business in moving wheat from the West to the seaboard. The freight activity on the Baltimore and Ohio is marked. Trains on the Main Stem are constantly passing up and down, and clouds of dense smoke emitted by the gas coal which the engines are burning, because of the semi-bituminous scarcity, are to be seen at all hours. For the next three months it is believed the carrying capacity of the trunk lines is to be fully tested in moving the crops. The amount of freight-room already engaged for ocean shipments is estimated at between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 bushels and at the present rate of engagements room will be taken for about 20,000,000 bushels more during the coming two months. This would put the totals up to about the large figures in the corresponding periods of 1879 and 1880. Large shipments of grain over the Virginia Midland Railroad are reported. One day last week thirty-two carloads passed through Alexandria for New York. The recent Louisville and Lexington (Ky.) connections of the road have opened up the section from which the wheat comes. Over 282,133 bushels of wheat were shipped from Baltimore to different foreign ports on Saturday.—*Balto. Sun.*

A Desperate Struggle.

A correspondent writes to an English journal: The following extraordinary and toughing scene was witnessed by a gentleman in his garden at Maldon: A fledging blackbird, evidently just escaped from its nest close by, had with some difficulty fluttered from a fence into the overhanging branches of a lime tree. A cat also had observed the young "flyer," and immediately gave chase, rushing up the stem of the tree with the intention of getting on to the branch to obtain her prey; but meanwhile the parent birds had come upon the scene, and seeing the situation of their nestling, attacked the cat with the utmost bravery, trying to prevent her crawling on to the branch. They kept alternately flying at her, using their beaks and wings incessantly with the utmost fury and getting fearlessly within range of the cat's claws, and while one was pouncing at her head the other would execute a "flank" attack, both of them keeping up all the time that continuous, noisy, angry, chatter which blackbirds know so well how to make on occasions. These bold strategic movements confused the cat very much, as her position in the tree was not advantageous, but she kept snarling and striking out with her talons whenever an opportunity occurred. The interested observer tried to help the birds, but, from the lower branches of the tree intervening missiles were not of much use. He was obliged to leave the exciting scene, but after a long absence returned, and found the combat still going on, and a person who had watched during the interval said the two birds had kept up the attack without ceasing, forcing the enemy to keep on the defensive only; and this desperate struggle kept on for two hours, till the birds were completely exhausted, and sat "all in a heap," looking as though they had lost half their feathers. But they had kept their destroyer from their little fledgling, and their friend at last managed with some trouble to dislodge the cat. In the afternoon the birds seemed quite to have recovered themselves, and were singing victoriously in the garden in celebration of what, perhaps, was one of the longest and pluckiest fights of the kind that has ever been known.

Sheep-Killing Dogs.

It is well known that dogs never bark when they pursue sheep to kill them. They are sneaks, and act like other thieves, as though they were well aware that they are doing a mean and unlawful act. Nor do they want the sheep to make any noise while the massacre proceeds. Like other midnight murderers, they want no alarmists near them—no geese or poodle dogs. When a dog goes to kill a sheep he has to have a race for it. He may pull out several mouthfuls of wool before he strikes mutton. In the meantime the whole flock is alarmed and in rapid motion—convulsive, continued motion—the bells charivari the dogs and alarm the neighborhood, and the frightened thieves become bewildered, like the people of a city at the sound of fire bells in the midst of a storm, or the people of the lowlands at the sound of water rushing through a new crevasse. Farmers and breeders give the sheep bells a fair trial, and let us see if sheep raising in these States can not be made profitable without the aid of our law makers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The road the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path beset with "wait a bit" thorns, and full of pit falls which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After each days journey over this rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace—and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for its poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that poetry and solace at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes and welcome shouts of children, and many little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that beguile us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think this, ye wives and daughters of business men.

The River and Harbor steal ought to insure the country a Democrat Congress next time and for all time to come.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Yes, it will be inorder for Democratic conventions to denounce the steal. The West Virginia Democratic convention, however, that meets at Parkersburg on the 23d, will not take a hand on that side, in consideration of the conspicuous agency of Mr. Kenna on the floor of the House in drumming for votes on behalf of the passage of the bill over the President's veto, and also in consideration of the further fact that Senator Davis and Camden and Representatives Hoge and Wilson all co-operated with him in passing the bill over said veto. It is therefore safe to say that the Parkersburg convention will be entirely oblivious on the "steal."

The facts in regard to the passage of the "steal" are easily told. In a nut shell they are as follows: The bill was passed over the veto in the House by the votes of 65 Republicans, 51 Democrats, 2 Independent Democrats, and 4 Greenbackers. Of those who stood by the President and sustained his veto, 30 were Republicans, 21 Democrats, and 1 Republican Greenbacker.

In the Senate there were 18 Republicans and 23 Democrats who co-operated in passing the bill over the veto, and 12 Republicans, 3 Democrats and 1 Independent who united in sustaining the veto.

Now let the music begin in all the Democratic organs about the "steal." These are the facts.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Since the beginning of the Egyptian troubles many writers have been predicting that should the war prove a serious one, it would redound to the benefit of the United States by increasing the demand for our foodstuffs, and that the benefit would be still greater should the present trouble lead to a general European war. Ignoring the desire to build up our trade through the misfortunes of others, the predictions themselves are false. It is true that a foreign war might for the time being stimulate our commerce and increase the price of our foodstuffs, but there would surely come a reaction in the future. The various nations of the world are so closely interwoven in their trade relations that one cannot suffer without the other feeling it. Under the stimulus of a war, England might pay more for our grain than she otherwise would; but she would simply be impoverishing herself and thus be less able to purchase in the future. We, as the seller, should desire from pecuniary motives, if from no other, to see our best customer, Great Britain, in the full enjoyment of prosperity, knowing that the greater the prosperity of her people the greater will be the consumptive wants and their ability to supply them.—*Baltimore Journal of Commerce.*

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A lady who lived near a church was sitting by the window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. "What a noise they are making tonight!" said he. "Yes," said the lady, "and it is said that they do it with their hind legs!"

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882. NUMBER 24.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best Collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracenas and Fancy Caladiums, recently introduced; Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholesale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEET POTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

91 Baltimore Street,

P. O. Box, 404; Cumberland, Md.

or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, copied by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.

For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.

Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

"For Sick Stomach, bad taste, sinking spells and palpitation, rely wholly on PERUNA."

"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PERUNA; it never fails."

"For Catarrh of the Stomach or Colic, PERUNA a Long-cherished is infallible."

"Those in literary, professional or commercial pursuits, need PERUNA."

"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."

Read and study our book of the "Hive of Life;" follow its teachings and be happy.

"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, sweet breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, use PERUNA; they are unequaled."

"For Chronic Catarrh, Nervous Debility, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA."

As your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Hive of Life." S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, proprietors.

For Constipation, Piles, Kidneys, take PERUNA.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Excelsior, Six Flasks $5.00.

MANZANITA

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

During a total eclipse of its surface the moon assumes a copper-red color, which gradually fades away as the eclipse progresses. Mr. W. Mattieu Williams accounts for this curious phenomenon by supposing that the illuminated portion of the lunar surface, lacking the protection of an atmosphere, must be made red hot by the sun's rays. Only a thin layer of the moon's substance is so heated and when the sun's rays are withdrawn it rapidly cools, causing the fading away of the red color when in the shadow of the earth. If his hypothesis is correct, Mr. Williams believes that the surface temperature of the bright side of the moon must be about 600 degrees. Of course the dark side must be intensely cold, so quickly does the heat pass into space after the sun disappears. On the whole, the moon must be an uncomfortable world.

The situation in Tennessee is summed up by a correspondent of *The Louisville Commercial*. He thinks that "there is no prospect, no hope of a solution of the Democratic difficulties. The truth is now recognized that they are hopelessly divided. As a result all the old Whigs who have acted with that party since the war are joining the Republicans, and even Democrats all over the State, disgusted with Democracy, are boldly declaring their intention to vote for Hawkins. The attention of the National Republican Executive Committee has been invited to Tennessee, and influential speakers are promised for the canvass, but whether they come or not the party will win.

A Voice Fom the People.

The official announcement of the vote for and against prohibition in Iowa calls public attention to an extraordinary event. The majority in favor of the amendment was large, 29,756, although its opponents were confident of success even on the day of the election, and had made the utmost exertions. It cannot be said that the result was due to public indifference or inattention, as often happens when important questions are decided at special elections, more by the absence of opponents than by the zeal of friends. In this case the total vote was sufficiently large to prove that the whole State had been aroused in a remarkable degree. The aggregrate was 281,113, of which 155,436 votes were for the prohibitory amendment, and 125,677 against it. At the regular State election of 1881, when a Governor and other State officers and a Legislature were chosen, the total vote was only 234,864. With no offices to fill, no patronage or plunder to call out the efforts of political workers, no organized parties to arouse public sentiment, and to bring out hosts of voters by the mere pride of party, at this election over 46,000 voters went to the polls and voted in the busiest part of the year for farmers, who had refused to take the trouble to vote for their respective parties and for personal friends and neighbors who were candidates at the regular fall election last year. In the exciting Presidential election of 1880, the total vote was 323,065, but that was much the largest vote ever cast in the State, and it is an amazing thing that seven-eights of the maximum number of voters then cast should have been called out in an election to decide upon the adoption of a constitutional amendment,

As it cannot be said that the result was due to negligence or indifference of the people, so it was clearly not due to any evasion or ambiguity in the measure submitted. The amendment is peculiarly sweeping in its provisions and emphatic in its terms. It prohibits not only selling, but drinking and even the manufacture of intoxicating beverages, and not only the drinking, selling or manufacture of strong liquors, but the drinking, selling and manufacture of ale and beer. In every respect, it is a particularly radical and stalwart measure. There can be no sort of doubt that the people who voted for it intended, as far as human legislation can, to make all use of intoxicating drinks impossible in the State of Iowa, except as individuals may be disposed and able to import from other States liquors for their own use.

This decision is the more remarkable because Iowa has a large number of foreign-born citizens, who usually cling with tenacity to the customs of their native lands. The ratio of foreign-born inhabitants never fully expresses the strength of that element, because the children of foreign-born parents are mainly enumerated as natives. In Iowa, however, there were 287,530 males of the voting age who were born in this country, and 126,103 who were born in foreign countries, so that over 30 per cent of the whole number were born abroad. More than one-third of the foreign born inhabitants came from Germany, and much more than a sixth from Ireland. The development of an overwhelming and uncompromising prohibitory sentiment in a State having such elements of population is an especially noteworthy circumstance. Doubtless it is in part due to the fact that Iowa is a State in which the urban population is unusually small, and where the rural and farming population largely predominates. The State has 185,351 farms, of which 141,177 are occupied by the owners, and 44,174 are rented, while the whole State has only 310,894 families and 301,507 dwellings. These facts regarding the social and industrial condition of the State help to explain a vote which, even with these to explain it, must still be regarded with deep interest by every publicist, and with surprise by every politician.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TO DRIVE AWAY FLIES.—Buy an ounce of oil of lavender, and pour half of it into a pint bottle of cold water, and shake it up; the mixture is a medicinal one only; it dissolved in alcohol it is a perfect solution, but this becomes more expensive. Scatter your water and oil of lavender on the table cloth and the flies will go away. Three or four doses suffice to drive away a pest of flies from a country boarding-house table. The time for flies is now upon us, and if our readers will have this simple remedy in readiness, it will save them a great deal of trouble.

What of the Future as Regards Grain.

[Baltimore Journal of Commerce.]

As the decline in wheat has attracted so much attention, and farmers are reported to be holding back for better prices, it may be well to examine a few statistics upon the matter. To us the decline seems only natural, though from its suddenness there may possibly be a temporary reaction. We have a yield of wheat of not less than 500,000,000 bushels, and the very superior quality of it will increase its bread-making properties to much above the average. For a population of 54,000,000 we need at the outside for bread 243,000,000 bushels, and for seed not over 57,000,000 bushels, or a ... for all of our home wants of 300,000,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of 200,000,000 bushels, all of which is available for export, as the stock of old wheat and flour in the country is fully 40,000,000 bushels—and this is ample for reserves.

Now, with 200,000,000 bushels surplus, what are we to do with it? The highest amount of wheat ever exported was 186,000,000 bushels (flour included) for the year ended June 31, 1881, and the average export value for the whole year was $1.11 a bushel; while for the year ended June 30, 1879, the average value was $1.06 a bushel. During the year ended June 30, 1881, we had almost the world for our customers. Nearly every European country needed large imports, both France and England having smaller crops than they are promised this year. The requirements of Europe were greater than they will probably be for the next twelve months, and then we had but little competition. Russia had short crops and consequently a very small surplus, while India had not begun to ship wheat to any considerable extent. Thus, we have the propect for a smaller demand than in 1880-81, and more competition from other countries than in that year, while in the face of all this our surplus is 14,000,000 bushels greater than the amount we then exported. In view of these facts the part of wisdom would seem to be to ship our what out as freely as possible.

Hindoo Women.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk; indeed, they are often contracted in marriage at six years of age, and go to live with their husbands at twelve or thirteen. Before this, at the age of five, they are taught to propitiate the gods in order to secure a good husband, and their little minds are distracted by the idea of what a model husband ought to be. The orthodox conception is a housband like the god Siva, who was holy, austere, advanced in years, and faithful and devoted to one wife, the goddess Goorga. Good little girls revolt at the idea of a husband marrying a second wife while the first is alive, and will consequently confess their anxiety to marry a faithful spouse like Siva, and they learn from their elders to utter the most vindictive curses against a rival wife. But, for all that, Krishna is the idol of Hindoo women, and he was anything but faithful to one wife. He not only kicked over milk palls, and ran away with the clothes of milkmaids when they went to bathe, but he danced and flirted with other men's wives, eloped with royal damsels and married an infinite number of beautiful women.

The trunk lines are doing a large business in moving wheat from the West to the seaboard. The freight activity on the Baltimore and Ohio is marked. Trains on the Main Stem are constantly passing up and down, and clouds of dense smoke emitted by the gas coal which the engines are burning, because of the semi-bituminous scarcity, are to be seen at all hours. For the next three months it is believed the carrying capacity of the trunk lines is to be fully tested in moving the crops. The amount of freight-room already engaged for ocean shipments is estimated at between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 bushels and at the present rate of engagements room will be taken for about 20,000,000 bushels more during the coming two months. This would put the totals up to about the large figures in the corresponding periods of 1879 and 1880. Large shipments of grain over the Virginia Midland Railroad are reported. One day last week thirty-two carloads passed through Alexandria for New York. The recent Louisville and Lexington (Ky.) connections of the road have opened up the section from which the wheat comes. Over 282,133 bushels of wheat were shipped from Baltimore to different foreign ports on Saturday.—*Balto. Sun.*

A Desperate Struggle.

A correspondent writes to an English journal: The following extraordinary and toughing scene was witnessed by a gentleman in his garden at Maldon: A fledging blackbird, evidently just escaped from its nest close by, had with some difficulty fluttered from a fence into the overhanging branches of a lime tree. A cat also had observed the young "flyer," and immediately gave chase, rushing up the stem of the tree with the intention of getting on to the branch to obtain her prey; but meanwhile the parent birds had come upon the scene, and seeing the situation of their nestling, attacked the cat with the utmost bravery, trying to prevent her crawling on to the branch. They kept alternately flying at her, using their beaks and wings incessantly with the utmost fury and getting fearlessly within range of the cat's claws, and while one was pouncing at her head the other would execute a "flank" attack, both of them keeping up all the time that continuous, noisy, angry, chatter which blackbirds know so well how to make on occasions. These bold strategic movements confused the cat very much, as her position in the tree was not advantageous, but she kept snarling and striking out with her talons whenever an opportunity occurred. The interested observer tried to help the birds, but, from the lower branches of the tree intervening missiles were not of much use. He was obliged to leave the exciting scene, but after a long absence returned, and found the combat still going on, and a person who had watched during the interval said the two birds had kept up the attack without ceasing, forcing the enemy to keep on the defensive only; and this desperate struggle kept on for two hours, till the birds were completely exhausted, and sat "all in a heap," looking as though they had lost half their feathers. But they had kept their destroyer from their little fledgling, and their friend at last managed with some trouble to dislodge the cat. In the afternoon the birds seemed quite to have recovered themselves, and were singing victoriously in the garden in celebration of what, perhaps, was one of the longest and pluckiest fights of the kind that has ever been known.

Sheep-Killing Dogs.

It is well known that dogs never bark when they pursue sheep to kill them. They are sneaks, and act like other thieves, as though they were well aware that they are doing a mean and unlawful act. Nor do they want the sheep to make any noise while the massacre proceeds. Like other midnight murderers, they want no alarmists near them—no geese or poodle dogs. When a dog goes to kill a sheep he has to have a race for it. He may pull out several mouthfuls of wool before he strikes mutton. In the meantime the whole flock is alarmed and in rapid motion—convulsive, continued motion—the bells charivari the dogs and alarm the neighborhood, and the frightened thieves become bewildered, like the people of a city at the sound of fire bells in the midst of a storm, or the people of the lowlands at the sound of water rushing through a new crevasse. Farmers and breeders give the sheep bells a fair trial, and let us see if sheep raising in these States can not be made profitable without the aid of our law makers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The road the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macademized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path beset with "wait a bit" thorns, and full of pit falls which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After each days journey over this rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace—and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for its poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that poetry and solace at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes and welcome shouts of children, and many little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that beguile us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think this, ye wives and daughters of business men.

The River and Harbor steal ought to insure the country a Democrat Congress next time and for all time to come.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Yes, it will be inorder for Democratic conventions to denounce the steal. The West Virginia Democratic convention, however, that meets at Parkersburg on the 23d, will not take a hand on that side, in consideration of the consistious agency of Mr. Kenna on the floor of the House in drumming for votes on behalf of the passage of the bill over the President's veto, and also in consideration of the further fact that Senator Davis and Camden and Representatives Hoge and Wilson all co-operated with him in passing the bill over said veto. It is therefore safe to say that the Parkersburg convention will be entirely oblivious on the "steal."

The facts in regard to the passage of the "steal" are easily told. In a nut shell they are as follows: The bill was passed over the veto in the House by the votes of 65 Republicans, 51 Democrats, 2 Independent Democrats, and 4 Greenbackers. Of those who stood by the President and sustained his veto, 30 were Republicans, 21 Democrats, and 1 Republican Greenbacker.

In the Senate there were 18 Republicans and 23 Democrats who co-operated in passing the bill over the veto, and 12 Republicans, 3 Democrats and 1 Independent who united in sustaining the veto.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"COLD!"

They say she is cold, but they say what they do not, cannot know,
The very flowers that hang from the girdle of Spring were growing under the snow.

Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze and the touch of the herd?
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not permitted to fondle the bird?

They often love fondest, love surest, who never betray the emotion;
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true that, in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;
Love chooses a daintier way for its choicest and sweetest revealing.

Never once has he touched her lips with his own, never once caressed her hand—
He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only understand!

"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart, as they flippantly say it,
He would leap with his might at the falsehood to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what to-day he would barter his life to be knowing—
Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above her are budding and blowing.

She may die with the weight of her delicate secret upon her:
Then may God charge His angels to crown her with Heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas! they are nothing but friends;
He dare not, she will not—behold, for the want of a word how it ends!

Well, the case is, at least, no marvel, the story is common and old:
Mourn over it, sneer at it, which you will, but you *shall not* say she is cold!

—*Anson G. Chester, in Our Continent.*

ROCK CREEK CHURCH.

"It is the last girl I shall send to Europe," said Mr. Brancepeth.

"Very likely," returned his wife, "as it is the only girl you have."

"She has become thoroughly denationalized," continued the father. "She thinks American soil only fit to make mud on overshoes, and American men nothing but clod-hoppers. Her head is full of foreign notions, and she'll marry nothing but a title. She'll have none of my money to carry to a title, let me tell her," said Mr. Brancepeth, putting salt in his coffee. "Where she came by such folly *I* don't know. There has never been anything like it on my side of the house. Your head, to be sure, was a little turned when you first came to Washington, and went to an Executive dinner——"

"Mr. Brancepeth!"

"Well, I must find fault with somebody. To have your only daughter come home a changeling, and not be able to upbraid your wife about it, would be hard. This is the most shocking coffee!"

"Salt doesn't improve coffee."

"Give me a fresh cup. What did you send Thomas out of the room for?"

"Because I had something to say."

"Not fit for his ears. They are long enough."

"You don't feel so very badly if you can be making jests."

"Sorry jesting," said Mr. Brancepeth. "And when Jessie was such a fresh, sweet, innocent beauty."

"She is a fresh, sweet, innocent beauty now," said her indignant mother. "And she will come out all right if you only give her time. To go to Europe and spend a year in a foreign Minister's family, as she has done, receiving the attention belonging to such a position, and known to be an heiress——"

"Known to be an heiress. By heavens! who knows her to be an heiress? I don't. If she carries sail this way I won't leave her a penny."

"It's no use to talk so, father. Everybody knows you are a rich man, and she's your only child. And there's no danger of any one marrying her for money merely, when there's everything to love in her."

"What do these foreigners hanging round here care for love? They think of nothing but money, and let her break her heart afterward, for all they will do to hinder. It makes my blood boil to look at them—musicale here, and cotillon there, and morning calls, and strolls, and sending the coach back empty to walk home from church. Now, Louisa, I tell you plainly she must stop all this, or I'll take the whole kit away from town, and move out on the Colorado ranch, and stay there, and you may tell her so."

"Tell her yourself, father."

"I can't—you know I can't."

"As for your Colorado ranch, there are as many foreigners in Colorado as there are in Washington. And now do be sensible, and listen to reason a moment. You know Jessie will marry somebody——"

"I know Jessie will marry somebody?" roared her father. "How do I know it? I don't know it. I won't listen to it. No other man shall ever lord it over my child the way—the way"

"The way you have lorded it over me."

Then Mr. Brancepeth laughed. "Well, I have abused you sometimes, Louisa," he said.

"O, don't flatter yourself," replied his wife; "I have been a match for you. And so will Jessie be for as good a man, if you don't marry her to a foreigner by forbidding it."

"Do you mean to say, Louisa—"

"Yes, I mean to say. And now if you will listen to reason, as I spoke of your doing——"

Mr. Brancepeth threw himself back in his chair with an air of desperation. "How can I help listening," said he, "if you will talk? Although as for the reason——"

"And I will talk. Do you remember young Paul Despard, who came here for you to get his appointment in the Treasury?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? People don't forget their friends' children in a day. And I should never have been Senator of the United States if Paul Despard's father had not stood my friend. Besides, hasn't he been here repeatedly?"

"Well, then, you remember that when he had been here six months, and seen what life in office was, and what it led to——"

"Busts a man's soul out!"

"—He went through the law shool, threw up his office without any ado, and went west to practice law?"

"Well, well, I don't know that I've the time or interest to follow that young man's career along this morning. What of it?"

"This of it. He came back a month or two since to try a case before the Supreme Court, and is likely to be here for some time still, I suppose."

"And you want to ask him here to stay? That is all right. Insist upon it. But to return to Jessie."

"Dear! dear! dear! was there ever anything so stupid as a man? Now, as I was going to say, Paul Despard is a rising man; he has become a leading lawyer, the soul of honor, noble, generous, tender and true. I've seen a good deal of him,"

"So I should judge," said her husband, dryly. "O, go on! Heap it up, and don't mind me. A Senator of the United States, with three committees and sub-committees waiting, has nothing else to do than to hear his wife paint the excellences of the first young man——"

"My dear, are you losing your mind?" said Mrs. Brancepeth, with dignity. "If you have no respect for yourself, have some for my gray hairs."

"To resume," said he. "This perfect young man——"

"Is here. And is as much in love with Jessie——"

"In love with Jessie!" cried Mr. Brancepeth, starting to his feet. "Paul Despard in love with Jessie! The impudent——"

"For Heaven's sake, Louisa, what is the end of all this?"

"I am urging you to oppose Paul Despard's suit for Jessie's hand, which he has half confided to me. As for me, I encourage Jessie in no such nonsense. I am bound that she shall marry Prince Vinca, of the Aretine Legation."

"Hang the Aretine Legation! What do we want of foreign legations at all? Commercial agents would do all the business America has with foreign countries, and rid us of this pest of lounging rascals preying on our daughters."

"Very absurd in you, Mr. Brancepeth. Prince Vinca is a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. You might know that by the way he followed Helen Manser home and into the very vestibule, the other twilight, when he had never seen her before, or by the way he lay down along the floor at Mrs. Boteler's ball, when he thought every one worth while had gone down to the supper-room. It is a noble pleasantry which adds spice to society. As for the affair with Miss Long, I don't know how he could be expected to marry Miss Long when she hadn't a penny and he hadn't either. Miss Long needn't have sat round the parks under the same umbrella with him if she hadn't chosen. Because his people at home live on black bread and garlic in the ruined arch of an old castle, it doesn't follow that Jessie will. She will bring the revenue and he will bring the rank. And just imagine, my dear, our Jessie a Princess of the old Roman Empire!"

"Is it possible," gasped Mr. Brancepeth—"is it possible that my wife is talking this way?"

"Why? Don't you think it a nice way to talk?"

Mr. Brancepeth looked at his wife with a gleam of intelligence at last. "A pretty daughter you have, if that is the way you have brought up your daughter?" And then he banged from the room like an angry hornet, leaving on the table Prince Vinca's note asking for an interview that evening, just as Miss Jessie came dancing in like a joyous butterfly, and of course found her mother wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"O, what is it, mamma?" she cried.

"Your father," said Mrs. Brancepeth, burying her face again in the cambric—"your father—he he is so indignant to think of Paul Despard's presumption, he threatens to bury us alive on the Colorado ranch. He—he says I have brought you up in a pretty way, and he is—as mad as a March hare!"

"Or a hatter," said Miss Jessie. "But that means midsummer madness, not papa's tempers. I declare I think papa might be satisfied with having arranged his own marriage and let mine alone."

"O, Jessie!"

"Well, this is a free country, mamma, and I am a grown woman, and I shall marry where I wish to, and shall not marry where I don't wish to, papa to the contrary notwithstanding." And the naughty-tempered Miss Jessie picked out her lace ruffles and smoothed out her pink bows, and looked at her mother and laughed. "Would you, mamma?" said she.

"I don't know, Jessie," said Mrs. Brancepeth, wiping her eyes so vigorously that they looked as if tears *had* been there. "You know I am old-fashioned. I have beliefs, superstitions—I don't know what. I shouldn't dare disobey a parent in such a serious matter, and expect anything but disaster to overtake me. And here—I can't say—perhaps your father is right. He knows Paul Despard is only making his way, and Prince Vinca——"

"Well, what of Prince Vinca?" said the impatient beauty.

"Well, he's a Prince, to begin with."

"Yes, I know that," said Jessie, more quietly. "And I don't pretend to say, mamma, that the thought of being a Princess hasn't attractions. But that man—that man, mamma—*he* hasn't any attractions."

"Prince Vinca!" said her mother. "Why, I am astonished, Jessie. He looks like a Roman Emperor."

"Yes, just like one of those old beasts that exhausted the empire for their pleasures. And I should be one of the things led captive in his triumph."

"Or he in yours."

"I really believe, mamma, you want me to sell myself for a title."

"I want you to be happy, Jessie," said Mrs. Brancepeth, with dignity.

"Well, I've no doubt I should be happy enough if I married him. I should lead a life that has its own charms. I've no reason to suppose that he will be other than he is to-day," she said, reflectively——"gentlemanly enough, and kind. And don't you suppose, after a year or two, it amounts to the same thing?"

"If Paul Despard was only a Prince in the Aretine Legation——"

"Dear me, Jessie, why will you mention Paul Despard's name, when you know your father would cut you off with a shilling——"

"Paul Despard would be glad of me without a penny to my name," said Jessie.

"Wouldn't Prince Vinca?"

"Really, mamma, I don't—believe—he would. With all his gasconade about adoration, I don't believe he would."

"Are you certain, Jessie?" said the diplomatic lady, who was gradually working things into the direction she wished. "You don't mean that you think he is trying to marry you for your money? I should hate to have people say you had bought him."

"People will say that anyway. It isn't in human nature not to say spiteful things. That is the claw of the original wild beast in us. Do you suppose if I saw Laura Joy——"

"O, haven't you heard about Laura Joy? The news came yesterday. I must say I gave her credit for more ambition; and yet I am glad she is happy. She has gone and married that clergyman, and when young Van Westenhausen, with his old patroon wealth, was at her feet! But girls are queer. Now I should have said that Laura Joy was one with whom the love of a lover and husband and his children, companionship, fireside and all that would not have weighed a feather beside. But there, it is true, her father could give her jewels finer than any royal lady's in Europe, if she wanted them. And if he can't, her mother can. So could yours, for the matter of that."

"By the way, Jessie," said her mother, "I have an appointment with Mrs. Lespinards at one, and I wish you would order your phaeton and drive down to the greenhouse. Durkee has gone to market, and Mrs. Bunce says we haven't half enough flowers for dinner." And her mother sat thinking of the lovely picture it would be when the child should come driving back in all her snowy laces and muslins, her hat wreathed with its apple blossoms, and the carriage heaped with the hot-house flowers.

But Miss Jessie did not come home that way. I might, indeed, say that Miss Jessie never came home at all, but that would hardly be the exact statement.

As she drove down the avenue, taking back the flowers, and making all the beautiful picture her mother's fancy had drawn, and more, Miss Jessie descried, some way before her, a tall figure with a book under the left arm. She was not ready for any definite parley, and shook her reins loose and took the detour of a square to come upon him face to face on the other and narrower street. "Are there two of you?" she cried, before she thought; and then she had unavoidably drawn up to the sidewalk. "Isn't this royal summer?" she said. "There is something delicious about this heat."

"When you are not on foot," said Paul Despard, with the full look of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes at the lovely object half buried in flowers.

"To be sure. And the place is so full I can not ask you to drive. Could you find a spot under all this bloom?"

"Could I find a spot in paradise?" And the bold young man had presently found it, and had taken the reins, and turned the horses' heads about.

"Why, what are you doing? where are you going?" she exclaimed.

"Back to the greenhouse to send all this fragrant truck up by messenger. And then into the air. I have won my case, and must get out upon the open country somewhere."

"You have won your case!"

"Yes, one of them. The other I shall know about before long."

"I didn't know you had two of them. In the Supreme Court?"

"One of them. And one in the Supremest Court of all."

"There is no understanding legal lore. Some States have Judges and Justices, and others have Chancellors and Surrogates. And there are Courts of Equity and Admiralty, and Superior Courts and Supreme Courts, but I never heard of this one——"

"Yet you are the Jury who will bring in the verdict, the Judge who may perhaps draw on the Black Cap——"

"Why don't you say executioner and all? I can't have you talking so absurdly."

"It makes a man talk absurdly——"

"To be driving down Fourteenth Street and out on the Rock Creek Road on a summer morning? Do you know, I think Washington is more delightful in summer than in the height of the gay season. I am always rather glad when papa is kept here by the long session. Hot, to be sure—New Orleans is a good deal cooler—but one feels alive in such heat. I like it, and fancy I might grow a soul in it, as a flower expands——"

"And you are not talking absurdly now?"

"No, indeed. Three months ago I hadn't any soul; three weeks ago I was just beginning to be conscious of one; to-day——"

"Well, to-day?"

"O, what magnificent woods!. To think of such forest glades so near a great city! Just look down that dell—it is dark and dewy still. See the rich green gloom of the depths. And do you hear the ripple of the creek? It is pure music. Listen! That can not be a mocking-bird; but what is it? Last night, at midnight, do you know, all the mocking-birds in all the cages hung outside all the windows in the city began their warbling, this flute answering the other, and all at once, and one alone, and the scent of the great grandiflora magnolias in the parks came floating through the still air, till one felt the song itself was white and sweet as that flower. O, see the checkered sunshine on the turf! Why are you stopping here? But is too lovely to go on."

"I am stopping here for you to get through talking against time," said her companion. "Do you suppose I came out here to exclaim over the beauties of nature? I know the place is beautiful; I feel it in the core of my being. No one can take the sense of it away from me. But"—as the flush mounted his dark cheek—"I have something infinitely more beautiful and precious beside me, and it is perhaps in the power of some one I despise to take that away from me irrevocably. No; it is my turn now, and you must listen to me. Just now I have the advantage of all the world; I am beside you, I hear your voice, I feel your presence, and I hesitate to break the spell. Yet I must; for to-morrow, perhaps, Prince Vinca may ask you to be his wife; to-day, I demand that you shall become mine."

Then there was silence. There was the sunshine checkering the turf, the stream warbling below, the leaves murmuring above, the birds replying to one another in broken phrases of song. And there was a whirl of broken thoughts sweeping through the young girl's brain and taking possession of her. The diadem of a Princess, the plain black silk of a lawyer's wife, the cheerless palace, the cottage with its wild-rose hedges, and love, love, love. Should Laura Joy, with her clergyman and love, have a life worth living, and she have only what the balance of the *jeunesse equivoque* of Prince Vinca might give her, with the contact, too, of the disdainful noble connections, and the implication of having sold herself for a price? Why should papa want her to leave him for that fortune-hunter attache? That, if she understood her mother—and of course she did—was all that his opposition to Paul Despard meant. And mamma trying to uphold him, thinking more of a title won by some old robber, centuries since, than of happiness to-day? She would let them know she was not to be driven like kittle cattle. She should think, at any rate, that one's mother would sympathize with youth, and hope, and—she turned and looked calmly and gravely at Despard, waiting and surveying her, and the color flashed all over her face, and the tears were ready to sparkle on the tips of her long lashes, as she finished the sentence in her mind—and love.

"Are you going to stay here all day?" she asked presently, without looking up.

"Till I have an answer to——"

"Your demand. Don't you think that is rather an autocratical beginning?"

"'Low suing
May bring wooing
Into its own undoing.'"

said Despard.

"Did I understand?" she said, demurely, then, "that you demand I should become your wife to-day? Won't to-morrow do?"

"I was not bold enough to dream of such a rapturous possibility," he said. "But I was unwise. To-morrow will not do. You remember the little brown chapel, Rock Creek Church, out here a mile or two? You shall give me your answer there."

"Do you really think it will be best?" she said. "Are you willing to take a wife who, if Prince Vinca had positively asked her first, might have been his wife instead of yours?"

As for the remainder of the drive that morning, from this delicious resting-spot to the little brown chapel, where the minister happened to be at the door, with a throng of pickaninnies at his heels, it may be best for us to remember that there are times and places where "two are company, and three are none."

So you see, after all, it was not Miss Jessie that returned to the Brancepeth mansion that evening, where guests were assembled, dinner waiting her arrival, and her mother as vainly endeavoring to conceal her anxiety as a bird that twitters on the stem when her nestlings are threatened. Mrs. Brancepeth felt, and by no means vaguely, that something was on hand, but what she knew not, although her keen woman's wit gave her suspicions and hopes; Jessie not yet returned, but gone all day; Paul Despard not yet arrived, but invited to dinner; Mr. Brancepeth still detained in his private room down-stairs by a caller, Prince Vinca, as Durkee whispered to her; dinner spoiling, and Mrs. Brancepeth hot with rage in the background; and possibly the Prince persuading her husband to his wishes, as expressed in that morning's note! It was while she was in the worst of her worrying, smiling now at the secretary's jests, and trying not to smile at a foreign Minister's English, that the daughter of the house was letting herself in, and with Paul Despard beside her, was tapping at her father's door. He opened it himself, looking flushed and angry.

"Papa," she said, "I can't waste any time, you know, because I'm afraid dinner's waiting, and you ought to be upstairs, too, you neglectful man! Now, papa, dear, I knew you never would give your consent, and so I have taken it without asking, and you must forgive me and welcome me back, and him too," said the breathless young woman, "for I don't see why you shouldn't love me just as much as ever, just because he loves me, too."

"Jessie! What in the world are you talking about? Why should I forgive you? What have you done?" cried her bewildered father.

"O, I have married Paul Despard this morning!"

"Well!" he said. Then suddenly, with a total change of expression: "You have saved me a great deal of trouble. Here are dinner and a dozen guests waiting, and I have been writhing my way like a bookworm through the history and genealogy of the Vinca family since the days of the Pelasgi, and afraid of an Aretine dagger if I refused their alliance. Prince," he said, turning on his guest behind the screen, "whatever my own wishes might have been in the matter of which we have been speaking, circumstances have given you your answer. Permit me to present Mr. Paul Despard, my son-in-law. I trust this turn of affairs may not deprive us of the pleasure of your friendship. Good evening—good evening."

"He has ordered the man to drive to G Street," cried Jessie, in a moment after the door slammed. "I knew he would. That Palmer girl's—— Well, she's welcome, and I dare say he will be when he arrives."

"Mrs. Despard," said her father, "you must go to dinner as you are. I don't know what your mother will say. As well as I could make out this morning she was so bent on your marrying this princeling that for my part I am glad to be let off with Despard. It's all highly improper, though, Jessie," he said, trying to subdue too broad a smile—"improper and unlitial and—and expensive; for if I only had another daughter I should——"

"Cut me off with a shilling? You know better, papa. You know I am your only darling, and 'all of mine is thine,'" she sang. "And besides, if you did, I shouldn't mind, provided you loved me just the same, for my husband is a rising lawyer, who has just won his second case. And now you must come up and hide me from the day of mamma's wrath. I guess you had better tell her before all the people, and then she *can't* scold."

But I fancy that when Mrs. Despard caught the glance of intelligence that flashed between her mother's eyes and her husband's, a little anger intruded on her joy, to think she had fulfilled, without intending it, the command, "Children, obey your parents."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.

Fashion Items.

Embroidered crepe is among the novelties for mourning dress.

Pink cambric dresses trimmed with lace are very fashionable.

New French cabote bonnets are covered with white elder blossoms.

A new and very handsome shade of cardinal is much used for children's dresses.

Clusters of large strawberries on a cream ground is one of the latest designs for painted muslin.

Almond-tinted cashmere, adorned with embroideries of red carnations and oxeyed daisies, forms one of a number of elegant French tea gowns just imported.

Bridal dresses are again being made of white gros-grain and repped silk. They are elaborately trimmed with elegant white silk embroidery and lace, and the regulation orange blossom is now mingled with white roses, geraniums and lilies.

Large square neckerchiefs of fine silk muslin, wrought in delicate sprays of apple and hawthorn blossoms, small blush roses, or trailing vines of honeysuckle blossoms, are worn over sprigged or white muslin dresses with charming effect.

The long, gracefully-draped redingote, buttoned to the throat with frogs and silk cords, and parting midway of the front breadths over a skirt of a contrasting material, is a favorite style in the formation of traveling dresses of the very latest importations.

The most becoming and elegant headcoverings for full-dress occasion or for church wear this sultry season are the airy little princesse bonnets covered completely with white or tinted flowers, and fastened under the chin with bride's lace or scarf strings. Many of these little cap bonnets have the small delicate blossoms partly veiled with beaded Spanish blonde.

For infants' dresses are embroidery patterns manufactured in imitation of Venetian point of every color. A dainty robe is made of cream-colored creponne, finished by a deep flounce of baby-blue satin, completely covered with a flounce of pale blue Venetian point lace. With unbleached fabries ficelle or pack-thread lace in Venetian designs is much used—a trimming which is now considered the height of elegance.

Slippers for full dress are cut exceedingly low and adorned with buckles of Rhine pebbles. They are made of fine French kid of every fashionable shade of color, but black is the most seen. They are also made of satin or silk to match the toilet. Charles IX. shoes, with straps across the instep, are shown for demi-toilet, and in black satin are new slippers *a la* Chinese, the pointed toes embroidered on the tips with silver threads and laced over the instep with silver cords.

The pretty Alsatian peasant hats are very much worn by young girls. Sometimes the flat, velvet-lined brim is caught up lightly at one side, but it is generally worn in genuine peasant style, and the wreaths of flowers on the outside are made to match the color of the linings. A sweet little hat in this style is of dark green straw, faced with pale pink surah and trimmed outside with a wreath of pink oleander blossoms caught together at the back with a bow and long ends of dark green satin ribbon.

Yellow is a color that seems to be growing in favor, especially in the domain of millinery, yellow Spanish blonde and pale yellow satin ribbon being much employed as a trimming, mingled with small yellow sunflowers, primroses and yellow water-lilies. Openwork lace-straw bonnets are much trimmed with ruches and plaque of yellow lace, and daffodils, wall-flowers and other blossoms of that tint are used in conjuction. Many of the bonnets are lined with black velvet, making them very becoming to the wearer, adding brilliancy to a clear and improvement to a dull complexion.

Every well-regulated parasol now displays its colors by a bow of ribbon tied near the handle, or a branch of roses or other flowers set near its top. Heavy silver handles beautifully carved are in high vogue, as are also those of mother-of-pearl and onyx, with the handles in the shape of a shepherd's crook or a Chinese cross. The most expensive of all, however, are those of pearl or silver set with gems, matching in hue the different toilets with which they are worn—for example, a white satin parasol lined with pale blue has the handle of silver with the owner's monogram set in pearls and turquoise stones. This is to be carried with a toilet of cream-white foulard with tunic and bodice of the same, brocaded with pale blue forget-me-nots. *N. Y. Evening Post.*

Washing Laces and Muslins.

Scrape fine a tablespoonful of white soda bar soap, and stir it into a pint of boiling water and add a piece of borax of the size of a walnut. Let it stand until soap and borax are dissolved. Then pour it into a quart glass fruit can and put into it soiled laces and muslins. If the laces are in narrow strips, sew them into quarter of a yard lengths by turning one piece back upon the other, until the lace is used up. Run the thread close to the upper edges of the lace, so as to define the points or scollops of the lower edges. By so doing when the lace is cleansed you can pull out the points better, and then iron it under a thin bit of linen cloth. Fill up the jar and place it in a sunny window, or out-of-doors in the sun, and two or three times a day shake it up and turn it round. In one sunny day fine laces can be thoroughly cleaned by this method, but it will take longer to wash embroideries. If the water looks much soiled, turn it out and add more until it is perfectly clear. Rinse the laces and muslins in two or three clear waters when taken out, and if you wish them to be yellow, dip them into a cup of clear coffee and let them become nearly dry before ironing them.—*Country Gentleman.*

—Consul Catlin was driving out a short time ago in the suburbs of Stuttgart, Germany, and as he passed a carriage containing one of the royal family he bowed with so much elegance and grace that he received in return a winning smile from the leading lady. Then, turning to his friend on the left, he remarked, with his characteristic pungency, "You see, the right bower always takes the queen." Being a worthy representative of this great country he spoke by the card."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The best boy in school should always be the best one out of it.

—During the last year Virginia has expended upon her public schools, of which she has 5,382, money to the amount of $1,100,238.95.

—The mortality among the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been great during the last few years. Kingsley, Thompson, Baker, Ames, Janes, Gilbert, Haven, E. O. Haven and Scott have all died within a very short time. Of the survivors, Fost, Foster and Bowman have recently been near death.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A lady and her little daughter passing out of church, the child bade goodby to poorly-dressed little girl. "How did you know her?" inquired the mother. "Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sabbath-school alone and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled and then we were acquainted."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Stamford, said at the Yale Alumni meeting that the Yale yell of twenty-five years ago was more manly than the weak "yah" of the present. He illustrated his remarks with a specimen howl of the past, and the New Haven people who heard it silently thanked Heaven that it had been modified.—*Boston Post.*

—Mr. Robert S. Coleman, a recent graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., is pleasantly remembered by the students of the college for his munificent gift of the Delta Psi chapter house, a beautiful granite building on the college grounds. Since leaving college he has actively entered the iron business at Lebanon, Pa., and is known as the "millionaire iron master" of that region.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The Church of England has of late been kindly disposed toward that rather irregular religious body, the Salvation Army, and the Bishop of Bedford lately conducted a meeting in which members of the Army did the singing. He spoke of the indifferent masses which the Church failed to save and which the Army was somehow awakening. "We will have," said he, "no jealousies. Go in God's name and drag them out of the pire, if you can." The Bishop of Oxford spoke more cautiously in a sermon devoted to the subject; but he said the Church dare not forbid these zealous men or oppose them, lest it should be found to be fighting against God.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Few men in Maine have crowded more genuine hard work into their lives than Elder John Spinner, of Starks, a Free-Will Baptist clergyman, sixty-four years old. The old gentleman is a blacksmith by trade, having worked twenty years at that business. When nine years old he commenced preaching, frequently walking ten miles to church on a Sunday, preaching two sermons, and returning on foot at night. In his life he has moved thirty-eight times and has erected twenty-three buildings. Among other things he has delivered 8,000 sermons, attending over 200 funerals in Starks, married over 200 couples, baptized over 200 people, and raise a family of ten children.—*Augusta Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The latest fashion is often *the latest* folly.

—Senator Hill's cancer was caused by nicotine, which got into a blister on his tongue, while he was smoking. This is a direct and unmistakable warning to men not to have blisters on their tongues.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Boston lecturer astonished his audience by bringing down his fist on the table and shouting, "Where is the religiosity of the anthropiod quadrumana?" If he thinks we have got it he can search us. We never saw it in the world.—*Peck's Sun.*

—A Chicago man dodged the census takers for a week under the impression that they were tax collectors, and the mob thought he was doing it because he was friendly to St. Louis, and he came near getting lynched. Life in Chicago is full of surprises.—*Boston Post.*

—A little girl of seven years exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When she was asked why she should care about it, she said: "If they discover any countries, that will add to the geography I have to study; there are countries enough in it now."—*Courier-Journal.*

—A poem written by a blue-jacket on a British war-ship ran in this fashion: "There was a bloody sparrow lived in a bloody spout. Down came the bloody rain, and washed the bloody sparrow out. Then came the bloody sunshine, and dried up the bloody rain; and then the bloody sparrow got into the bloody spout again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It is supposed that a furniture dealer is a very char-i-table person.—*Chicago World.* Sofa very good. But don't you know he is kind of a lounge-r too?—*Bohemian.* Table this now. Bedder not keep it up.—*Philadelphia Mirror.* Ottaman give up when a thing's half finished.—*Chicago World.* Stand away, give us a chance.—*Cory Enterprise.*

—I heard an anecdote at Oxford of a porter encountering on his rounds two undergraduates who were without their gowns, or out of bounds, or out of hours. He challenged one: "Your name and college?" They were given. Turning to the other: "And pray, sir, what might your name be?" "Julius Cæsar," was the reply. "What, sir, do you mean to say your name is Julius Cæsar?" "Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it might be."—*W. H. Harrison, Reminiscences.*

—The London *Spectator* says that "The humor of the United States, if closely examined, will be found to depend in a great measure on the ascendency which the principle of utility has gained over the imagination of a rather imaginative people." The humor of England, if closely examined, will be found just about ready to drop over the picket-fence into the arena, but never quite making connections. If we scan the English literary horizon we will find the humorist up a tall tree, depending from a sharp knot thereof by the slack of his overalls. He is just out of sight at the time you look in that direction. He always has a man working in his place, however. The man who works in his place is just paring down the half-sole and newly pegging a joke that has recently been sent in by the foreman for repairs.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BOY THAT I KNEW.

Among the people I've chanced to know,
In the course of my varied career,
Was a certain youngster who, years ago,
I held exceedingly dear;
A rollicking, blue-eyed, mischievous lad—
Not painfully good nor shockingly bad,
Though a trifle precocious, I fear.

He was wise in the larger wisdom that come
While the fingers still number one's years;
He was staggered by none of life's hard sums,
Dismayed by none of its fears.
The future that stretched away at his feet
Was full of promise and tempting and sweet,
And free from the gall of tears.

And wonderful things he intended to do—
This boy whom I used to know;
For fame he would win, and fortune, too,
When to man's estate he should grow.
He would help the poor, lift up the oppressed,
And cause his name by the world to be blessed,
As he told me, with cheeks aglow.

And then, in good time he would woo and wed
A maiden bewitching fair,
With eyes like the night and lips ruby red,
And coils of raven black hair;
And she would be always and ever his queen,
The prettiest girl that the world has seen—
His joys and his triumphs to share.

Ah, well for that youngster of other days,
And well for his golden plans;
If he failed to tread in the dreamed of ways.
Call the fault not the boy's, but the man's;
If the world, as he found it, was not the same
As that which he dreamed would bring honor and fame,
'Twas the world which youth ever scans!

They tell me he still is alive—the boy
Whom I knew in the years long fled—
And I would not their simple faith destroy,
Though, in truth, I know he is dead:
He died when the freshness of faith went out
In disappointment and sorrow and doubt,
And the man was born instead!

Yes, he died forever, the laughing lad,
When the bitter lesson he learned
That the world grows bleak and the soul grows sad
Whatever the hopes that have burned.
He died, and the trustful, happy youth,
Who jumped at the stars and guessed at the truth,
To the doubting cynic was turned!

I know that the world declares to-day
That I am that youngster of old—
That the man is the boy grown bearded and gray—
But the world has been wrongfully told!
For Time has killed the gentle youth
With the sharp, keen blade of inked Truth—
And left him stark and cold!

—*Vandyke Brown, in N. Y. Clipper.*

A LITTLE MISTAKE I MADE.

I had an awful time the last week of school. You see the boys called me molly-coddle and girl-boy and things that no feller can stand without being riled; and I just gave out that I'd lick any one of them that wanted to try it, and I can tell you I had to pitch in right and fett pretty lively, for of course they took that the same as a stump, and all for standing up for my cousin Letty Mason, and I'd like to know what kind of a boy I'd be not to stand up for my own cousin—visiting at my house, too.

You see Ned Allen was mad because I said Letty was as smart and pretty as any six girls in town put together, and his big brother goes with a young lady that Ned thinks is just perfection, because she treats him as if he was grown up, and asks him questions about history and things, and I'd like to know what business she has to make him think he's the best scholar in school, when he gets the worst reports of most anybody; it's deceitful, I think.

Then, besides, she hasn't any eyebrows to speak of, and her teeth stick away out. Letty has little curly rings of black hair all over her head, and her great black eyes shine like Uncle's boots after a polish; and the pinkiest cheeks with the cunningest little dimples whenever she smiles. But all that wouldn't go for much if she wasn't so smart. She won all my allies, playing marbles, and I tell you she skips stones just bully, if she is a girl.

But I was going to tell you about Ned's brother Phil. He isn't here all the time, because he's a lawyer, and this town isn't half grand enough for Master Philip's talents. I haven't anything against Phil though; he's a nice feller, only he does wear such dreadfully clean shirts, and is forever twirling his mustache.

Well, so it was the last week of school, just after Ned said that Letty couldn't hold a candle to Phil's young lady, and we just had it hot and heavy, and were both of us pretty well bunged up, that Phil came home with a broken arm. A horse had run away with two ladies, and Phil grabbed the bridle and stopped it, but he was thrown down and trampled upon and got pretty will bruised up, beside his arm. But I guess it paid, for he was about as much of a hero as General Grant. The sewing society talked about him a whole afternoon. Ned felt as set up as if he had done some great thing himself, and was always telling what "my brother Phil" said. And Phil went round as grand as you please, with his arm in a sling, and said any man with the courage of a mouse would have done the same, but of course that was all bosh, he knew as well as anybody; and liked it, too.

And all this time Letty was shut up in the house with a sore throat; and she pretended to think it wasn't anything great and couldn't see what all the fuss was about. But the queerest was when Mrs. Allen gave a lawn party in honor of Phil's being at home, and let Ned invite some on his own account—we'd made up by that time; he promised to keep still about Phil's young lady, and I promised not to say anything about Letty! only I told him I should think just the same, and her teeth did stick out anyhow—so he asked me. And Mrs. Allen came over on purpose to ask Letty to come and get acquainted with the young people in the village; and Let looked as scared as anything and said something about her throat. I guess Mrs. Allen thought it wasn't polite, for she looked surprised, and said kinder stiff:

"I hope Miss Mason's throat difficulty is not serious and will disappear before then; and at any rate I shall expect Joe"—that's me—and she smiled and patted my head. I can't bear to have folks pat me on the head, generally; it makes you feel so small; but Ned's mother ain't that kind a bit. It's an awful thing to have your mother die when you're a baby. So after she was gone aunt says:

"Letitia, what possessed you to be so rude to Mrs. Allen?"

Letty's face was as red as fire, and she burst out crying, and ran out of the room. So then she turned to me and said:

"Josephus"—Aunt don't approve of nicknames—"Have you any idea what's the matter with your cousin?"

"Not the least, ma'am, says I, "without her throat's made her delirious."

"Throat!" says Aunt, "stuff and nonsense! She takes after the Pendletons; always were a queer lot. Old Abe Pendleton's more than half crazy."

And off she stalks up stairs, and 'twas lucky she did, for I wasn't going to sit there and hear my own second cousin called a loony. I'm fond of Letty. She'd have made an awful nice boy, and aunt don't think so either, only she was kind of riled just then, and I was glad I didn't get a chance to say anything.

The next morning at breakfast Letty says: "I believe I *was* rude yesterday, Aunty, and if Joe will carry it for me, I will write Mrs. Allen the nicest note I can and accept her invitation."

Aunty looked real pleased and so that was settled; but all the same Letty was scared and worried about going; I could see that, and when the day of the party came she just stayed up in her room most all the time. We started about half past seven and I tell you Letty looked just stunning. She had a lot of pink rosebuds out of the garden that just matched her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled like anything.

"Joe," she says, "we won't stay very long if you don't mind. If we go to bed early you know we can get up and go fishing before breakfast."

"All right," says I, "any time after the ice cream."

Mrs. Allen seemed awful glad to see Letty, but that was only because she was a stranger, and so she took her round and introduced her to everybody as if she had been the queen. The lawn looked festive with Chinese lanterns strung up between the trees, and croquet sets, and rustic seats. Phil's young lady was there and she called Ned "Mr. Ned" and he just thought she overtopped every one else. She had on a kind of a faded blue thing; Letty says it was baby blue; and anyhow she did look pretty nice, only her teeth. It seems to me I should know enough not to smile so much, if I was that kind.

Well and so I went off with the boys, and by and by we had ice cream and cake, and lemonade in the cutest little tumblers. And I hadn't seen anything of Lettie for a long time and I was beginning to think we shouldn't go fishing if we didn't go home pretty quick, when Mr. Phil comes up to me, and he says:

"Joe," says he, "will you escort one of the little girls that live up your way? I'm going home with your cousin."

"Well," thinks I, "that's pretty cool," but everybody was starting towards the gate and I was getting awful sleepy, so I says:

"All right. Fetch along the girl."

Phil laughed, and says: "There's little Miss Phunkett; go and ask her if you shall have the pleasure of walking home with her."

Well, I just thought I should like to hear myself getting off that rigmarole, but anyway I went up to her, and says I:

"All the fellows are going, Liza, and I guess Mrs. Allen wants to clean up and go to bed some time to-night, so we might as well go along."

And she says: "All right, Joe, wait till I get my hat."

I didn't see Letty again that night, and we didn't go fishing the next morning, for I never woke up till awful late, and I wouldn't then if aunt hadn't come and hollered in my ear. But if you'll believe it, the first thing I saw when I looked out was Letty in the garden with a great bunch of roses she'd been picking and Phil Allen with her. But that isn't all. The next thing I knew he just put his arm around Letty Mason's waist, and kissed her, and me looking out of the window, but of course they didn't know that. I let 'em know though pretty quick. I just opened the window and hollered out:

"It's lucky it's nobody but me, Phil Allen, for I shan't tell, but what would your young lady say to that—hey?"

They both jumped, and Letty blushed so I could see her way up there. Phil laughed and says:

"Come down here, you young rascal, and my young lady will tell you what she says."

But the most surprising part of all is this. Phil had been spoony on Letty a long time! He knew her in Boston and wanted her to marry him, and she was going to make up her mind while she was visiting aunt. And who do you suppose were in that carriage but Aunt Letitia and Letty! And she didn't know he lived here at all, and when she heard about the other young lady it made her mad; at least she says it didn't; but I'll bet she thought it was mighty queer. And it turned out that the other young lady was engaged to somebody else, only nobody knew it. And what do you suppose? Phil and Letty are going to be married this fall; and Letty is going to have me instead of a bridesmaid. She says pages are the fashion now; but she would nuyway.

Won't it be bully.—*Golden Rule.*

A Modest Lunch.

Patrick Diver, a New York saloon keeper, was awaiting the departure of the train for Tottenville, when he was accosted by a rough-looking man in tatters, who asked him for a dime. Diver had some knowledge of the man, having seen him about his saloon occasionally. The man told him he was starving. Diver said he would give him no money, but taking out his pencil and note-book he wrote the following note to Ed. Koppers, hotel-keeper at the landing: "Give this poor fellow a dinner—whatever he wants. Will settle the score when I come back. P. Diver." Armed with this note the tramp went to the hotel and ordered first a mutton stew, a plate of roast veal, and corned beef and cabbage. Having eaten most ravenously he ordered a plate of lamb and its accompaniments, a large dish of tomatoes, four dishes of peas, and two plates of salmon, and the man took a rest for a few minutes and then drank three bottles of Scotch ale in succession, after which he ate four hard-boiled eggs and an apple pie. The bill was $3.95.—*N. Y. Times.*

—So many of Port Jervis (N. Y.) school boys carry revolvers and toy pistols that the Board of Education has ordered the immediate expulsion of any of their number found in possession of the deadly weapon.

About Remembering Names.

"Good morning."

"Good morning. Now tell me who that man is. He always speaks to me, yet I cannot for the life of me tell you his name."

"Don't know that man? Why, that's Mr. ——, Pshaw! what's his name! I know him as well as I do you, but just because you have asked me I cannot think of his name."

"Is it Mr. ——, what's his name? You know the old chap who went to Europe two or three years ago."

"Old who?"

"Why, the old man whose son married last summer—married Miss —— I've forgotten her name—that pretty young lady who——"

"No, that isn't the man; he has not got any son."

The above conversation took place recently on Griswold Street in the presence of one of the male teachers in the public schools of Detroit, and he joined the conversation with "It's embarrassing, isn't it?"

"It's the most embarrassing thing of my life," was the answer to the teacher, and the speaker continued: "Now I know your name, have been introduced to you two or three times, yet I confess I cannot now recall it."

"Now, let me tell you something," said the teacher. "The average American underestimates the dignity and importance of an introduction. He is generally in too much of a hurry to listen the name of the stranger, and hastily answering: 'How are you? Glad to know you,' rushes off with his mind on business which has never left his mind during the introduction."

"Yes, that is true, but how are you going to remedy the evil?" asked one of the first speakers.

"I'll tell you how I did it. I never forget a name or a face," said the teacher, and he continued: "When I was a boy I clerked for two years in a hotel, and to be a good hotel clerk I was told that I must be able at any moment to tell the name of any guest. I tried various ways to learn to remember names, and at last succeeded by always carefully spelling the name of each guest after it had been written on the hotel register. The habit became a rule which I still follow, and now I unconsciously, upon an introduction to a stranger, formulate a method of spelling the name given me."

"Good idea," was the only comment as the three men separated.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I'll No Trust Ye."

Two centuries ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promising note was thought an insult. If parties had business matters to transact they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation without mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan from a gentleman of means named Stuart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stuart counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt and handed it to Mr. Stuart.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stuart, eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back the gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye? Weel, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, I'm sure I'll no trust ye. Ye canna have my gold." And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned the key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye; but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but you'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit a paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his fear o' God.—*Exchange.*

Playing Poker.

Certain persons in Newburg have come prominently before the public in a lawsuit regarding an extraordinary game of poker. It seems that there were three persons in the game, and the pot, as it is called, netted the winner 450,000. One of the persons who lost had four aces, but it seems that what is called a straight flush, that is cards in a sequence with a king on the top, is the better hand. The bets went up $5,000 at a time, and finally the hands were shown and the holder of the straight flush took the money. Poker is a peculiarly American game, and is the most popular and most demoralizing of any kind of gambling which takes place in clubs or in any social gathering of men. There is no skill in the game, for there is no playing as in whist, but a good brazen cheat and liar has an advantage over his competitors. An ability to deceive, by which the holder of a poor hand can "bluff" one who holds a better, is a help in the game. American women ought to set a face of flint against all gambling games and poker in particular. The man who plays it ought to be looked upon as on the road to being a rascal. Bowling and billiards are healthful if no money is bet; chess is a game of pure skill and whist requires memory and judgment; but poker, baccarat, faro, Boston are all pure gambling games which should not be tolerated by heads of families or any one who wishes well of their kind. Indeed, why games of chance at all, when there are so many good books to read and fine pictures to be seen? Why not cultivate conversation and a taste for the beautiful in art and nature? Let the ladies start antiquard associations, and make their relatives and friends join them.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

Fishermen's Superstitions.

A book about the Gloucester fishermen says that fishermen are famous for their superstitions. One of their newest ones works most beneficially to science. Many of the most important contributions to the fish department of the National Museum at Washington come from the the Gloucester fishermen, who have developed a great interest in the work, and save for the museum the rare specimens frequently taken during their voyages. They carry special tanks for preserving these collections, and believe that these tanks are the means of bringing good luck to a craft. The old belief in lucky and unlucky sailing days is said to be dying out among the Gloucester fishermen, a fact said to be due, in a degree at least, to the sharp competition that has sprung up. It is not an unusual sight, when a fine Friday comes after a spell of bad weather, to see a large fleet spread sail and depart for the fishing grounds. A belief in "Jonahs" prevails among fishermen. A Jonah may be something animate or inanimate, or even the result of the actions or accidents of persons; in fact, almost everything that is supposed to bring ill-luck is called a Jonah. A vessel regarded as unfortunate is thus said to be a Jonah; it is often difficult to obtain a crew of good men for her if men are scarce, although she may be well adapted for the business. Equal trouble is also sometimes experienced by expert fishermen in securing a berth aboard a vessel, because they have the reputation of being Jonahs. It occasionally happens that some vessels meet with ill-fortune for years in succession and under such circumstances, that evidence of their being Jonahs is as strong as proofs of holy writ. A singular circumstance of this kind is recalled. Several years ago a new vessel was brought to Gloucester from the port where she was built. She was of the largest class employed in the fisheries—a beauty in model and rig—and the skipper, who was a young man and part owner, felt a commendable pride in his fine schooner. One day, however, an acquaintance of the Captain said to him while the vessel was being fitted for her first trip: "I'm sorry you have had that vessel built." When asked for his reasons he continued: "I have known the man who built her to launch more than twenty schooners during the past few years, and none of them ever made a dollar for their owners, while few of them have lived more than two or three years, being either wrecked on the shore or foundered at sea." Strange to say, the first Captain who sailed in this schooner had no luck for nineteen months, although he had previously been fortunate and felt a pride in his business. Finally, becoming disgusted and somewhat disheartened, he sold out his share in the vessel and left her, almost convinced that what had been told him by his friend was not far from the truth. The schooner (not yet two years old) was lost at sea on her next voyage. The Captain and two of the crew were drowned, and the survivors, after enduring much suffering while lashed to the wreck, were finally taken off and returned come. This schooner was continually meeting with ill-fortune from the day she first sailed out of Gloucester harbor to the time of her wreck. The belief in Jonahs fortunately often meets with rebuff so severe as to hinder it from becoming anything like a general one. One skipper once inquired of another, nodding his head in the direction of a man who was at work on the vessel: "Are you going to carry that man?" Receiving an affirmative reply, he continued: "You won't get any fish, then. He's a regular Jonah." The reply was: "Jonah or no Jonah, he goes this trip anyway." The trip in question proved a successful one, and nothing more was heard of the man being a Jonah.

Wesley's Tact.

The following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man:

Although Wesley, like the Apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching, and a daughter of a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. The preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraint of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said: "*The hand* is very beautiful."

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.—*London Society.*

—A New York Jenkins rises to remark: "The Princess Brancaccio, the daughter of Mr. Hickson J. Field, of New York, and niece of Mrs. John Jay, is living in a fairy palace at Rome, with gardens so large that fountains, lakes and even the ruins of the baths of Titus and the golden house of Nero all have place within them. Her mother, Mrs. Field, lives with her."

—A Polish woman, a fresh importation, told a Milwaukee directory canvasser her name was "Sullwan." He asked her to spell it. She couldn't; but brought him an envelope directed to her. It was "Mrs. Czalawzevanez."

Table Ethics.

Castors have gone out of fashion everywhere except on hotel tables. The salt is in small individual dishes of a quaint shape, hand-painted or of majolica, a self-colored ware, or in silver and gold. Pepper is passed from hand to hand in elegant china bottles with silver tops, and the vinegar is in a small rose-colored green or amber craquelle-glass pitcher. Sugar is served in china buckets or baskets with a lovely lining of shell-pink. It will not be long before we will drink out of cut glass vases and eat from ornaments, instead of dishes. Three-cornered plates and saucers that are leaf-shaped are much more fashionable than the ordinary style. What appears like a setting hen on the breakfast table is really a dish for eggs, and the green oak-leaf is a pickle dish. These novelties will have their day, but there is no table service more beautiful than white china, and crystal clear cut glass. Colored finger bowls and etched doilies to deaden the sound of the glass are admirable and create a harmony.

Delicate courses are taking the lead now in dinners; light soup and baked fish; followed by a course of broiled birds, or frogs' legs, another of salads, sweet-breads and olives, one of game with jellies, then a fruit course and ices. Apropos of the last is this story: A physician of this city had a bill sent in from a caterer's for Sunday ice-creams. Among the items were "two harlequins." The doctor puzzled over it and decided that some customer had been mixed up in the bill, but learned that it was harlequin ice cream, a delicious striped mixture that had adopted the name.

A pleasant way to drink after-dinner coffee is to add several spoonfuls of ice cream to the coffee and let it slowly melt into it, sipping the coffee through it. The beverage should be served hot. Iced tea with lemon sliced into it is not only a grateful, pleasant draught to the palate but particularly healthful and beneficial during the hot months.

There has arisen a custom in many households of estimating at table the cost of each individual thing. It is a sordid habit, and people fall into it without knowing it. It is better to do without sugar or tea or any luxury if its use must be accompanied by such comments. It is a hard law for children to be served with food and arithmetic at the same time.

"Be careful of the butter, children, it costs twenty-five cents a pound."

"There's a dollar's worth of steak. I tell you it costs money to live these times."

It takes all the sweetness out of the food to hear such comments as these, and it gives boys an idea that if they can ever get anything for nothing they are doing a good thing and brings them up to the free-lunch counter. To sit back from a meal and make mental memoranda of its cost must act like an incubus on the digestion.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A Black Squatter's Dignity.

Fifteen miles out of Chattanooga on the Bridgeport road I came upon a negro squatter. The cabin was a structure of poles which a man could have pushed over, and the roof was simply a lot of straw and weeds and bushes thrown upon the rafters and held down by large limbs. The one room was not over twelve feet square, and in this, with no floor but the earth, lived a family of nine. There were two straw beds, one chair, one old table, three plates, one knife, one fork, two spoons and a bowl. It had been raining, and part of the earthy floor was a mud-puddle. The family had about five pounds of meal and three or four of bacon, and of all the patches one ever saw the greatest show was right there. The old man had thirteen patches on one leg of his trousers, eleven on the other, seven on his vest, and his cotton shirt was patched in a dozen places with red, yellow and white and blue woolen. The old woman's dress looked like a crazy-quilt, and two of the boys had only one trousers-leg apiece.

"Great Scots! but how do you live?" I asked while one of the boys was watering the horse.

"Lib, sah—how does we lib?" repented the old man. "Well, sah, we is gainin' on it right smart, I reckon its gwine to be a good y'ar fur poo' folks."

"What do you raise?"

"Chill'en an' dogs, sah!" he soberly replied.

"Do you work any?"

"Only when I feels like it."

"And this is all your furniture?"

"Well, p'raps dar' may be a cha'r out behind de cabin."

"And these are all the clothes you have?"

"Yes, sah, 'cept one of my ole hats on de roof."

"And you call this living, do you?"

"See heah, sir, he began as he rose up from his seat on a log near the door step, "'pears to me like you was inqarin' a leetle too much! We doan' advertise to keep no fust-class hotel heah, an' if you doan' like de way we fling ourselves aroun' you'd better be sailin' along down de road! Some white folks is so mighty nice an' peart an' perticklar dat nuffin' on airth am quite up to deir style. Boy! bring up dat hoss an' let dis perticklar white man git dun gone afore dem two naked chill'en cum home wid de sassafrass an' skurry his feelin's!"—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

—An expedition under the command of Rogozinski, an officer of the French navy, is about to explore the tract of country between the Gulf of Guinea, the Chary and the Congo. No European has ever visited this region, in the center of which, according to the natives, there is a large lake (the Liba), from which the Chary and other rivers which flow into the Bay of Biafra derive their source. Rogozinski takes seven or eight Europeans with him, and he intends to establish on Mount Cameron, at the extremity of the Bay of Biafra, a geographical and meteorological observatory.

—Albany, N. Y., has a citizen eighty-four years old who can jump and crack his heels together twice before alighting. Somewhere else in the East there is a man ninety-five years old, who served in the Mexican war, and who annually, on the fourth day of each July, repeats the Declaration of Independence from beginning to end. He has observed the custom for seventy-five years.

Life in the Pennsylvania Coal Breakers.

It is almost impossible for any one who has not been an eye witness to the operations of the mines to conceive at what tender years the child in the anthracite region is put to work, or to know, unless he has actually in his younger days been placed in the same condition as the thousands of boys in the mining districts, to what pernicious influences they are subjected and what evil consequences ensue. Though it may appear incredible, it is nevertheless a fact that children of all ages from six years upward find work in the coal-breakers, and toil in dirt in an atmosphere thick with carbon dust from dawn till dark of every day in the week, Sundays excepted. These little fellows earn from thirty to forty-five cents per day, their labor consisting in picking the slate, rock, etc., but of the coal previously crushed to small pieces in a breaker and screened through huge revolving screens that separate the various sizes of coal. From this occupation, as they advance in years, they are promoted to mule-driving, and afterward, when they arrive at man's estate, to laboring, and mining, which is the highest pinnacle that can be reached by the toiler, whose only companions through life are men made rough like himself by their rough surroundings, and whose only education is that which he gleans from the noisome breaker and gloomy mine. Here is a wrong crying for redress. Here is an evil that cannot be remedied too soon, and here is a chance for some Garrison to point out the fetters that enslave a portion of humanity, and for some Lincoln to strike from off their limbs those chains of servitude and make them free.

Out of this community in the northern portion of Luzerne County, which numbers about twenty-two thousand people, upward of three thousand boys, whose ages vary from six to fifteen years, are engaged about the mines. Having gone to work before they should have been sent to school in most instances, they grow up in utter ignorance, as it is well known that when they advance in years and their labor correspondingly increases in value, they get but little chance to become educated. Thus, in this enlightened age, when the tendency of humanity is upward and onward, and the benefits of education penetrating everywhere are extended to all, society is hampered and the progressive wheels of civilization are clogged by culpable ignorance. The citizen is rendered incapable of intelligently discharging his duty as a citizen, and the fact that there is a continuous supply of material for the demagogue to prey upon is a constant menace to our free institutions. I have alluded to the pernicious influences to which these little boys are subjected. There are no schools in the world where more evil is learned, or more innocence destroyed than in the coal breakers. It is absolutely shocking to watch the vile practices indulged in by those children. Hear the frightful oaths to which they give expression, and note their total disregard for religion or morality! Hardened by exposure to terrible influences it is hardly to be wondered at that the demon of Molly Maguireism and systematized, cold-blooded murder reared its monstrous head from out the sinks that surround the mines, and maintained its reign of terror for years.—*Pittston Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

The Power of a Prophet.

Many attempts have been made to explain this profound reverence for Mohammed by his countless followers. Other cases may have aided, but the main cause, doubtless, is to be found, not in his normal maxims, nor in the sensual paradise which he offered to his followers, nor yet in the vague belief that he spake as the oracle of God, but in the fact that is regarded as the revealer and defender of the doctrine of the Divine unity. In this character he became, in the eyes of his followers, a reformer as opposed (1) to idolatry, (2) to corrupt Christianity which accepted the worship of images, pictures and saints, and (3) to a pure Christianity which holds to a trinity in a unity. But whatever may be the cause of this supreme devotion there can be no question in regard to the fact. Nothing can excel the jealous care with which Moslems guard the reputation of their prophet; even an insinuation that he was not all that was claimed for him is resented to a personal insult. The name of Mohammed kindles a burning enthusiasm in the breasts of his followers, an enthusiasm which sometimes breaks forth in terrible massacres, but is generally quiet and powerful, like the flow of a deep and mighty river. Lethargic as most Turks are, the name of the Prophet at once arouses to action. The form of the Turk becomes more erect, his dull eye flashes, his blood flows quicker, and his step becomes elastic whenever a detested Christian, more bold than his followers, dares to insinuate a doubt of the divine mission of Mohammed. There is a sublimity in the enthusiasm of the Moslems for their Prophet of Arabia. It was this enthusiasm that conquered Constantinople, and that terrified Europe beneath the walls of Vienna. It is the same rapt and dominant passion that stands like a wall of adamant in the path of the modern missionary who attempts to teach the Moslem a pure Christianity; and it is the knowledge of this that makes the Christians of the East to-day tremble in the presence of their Moslem conquerors. The Christians know that they are surrounded by those whose fanatical hatred of Christianity is like the pent up fires of a volcano; they can never be sure that those fires will not, at some unexpected moment, break forth with destructive fury.—*British Quarterly Review.*

—William Ritter murdered a girl at Henderson, Ky., and buried the body. Nobody suspected him, and, indeed, it was not thought that she had been killed, her disappearance not causing much stir. Actuated by some singular motive, he produced her hat, saying that he had found it in a field near his house. Then a search revealed the deed and circumstantial evidence fixed it upon him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A female lawyer of Milwaukee would not cease repeating questions which the Judge had ruled out, and was threatened with imprisonment for contempt. Then she went out of the room in tears, and refused to reappear in the trial.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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six months..... 75
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Aug. 8.—A slight skirmish occured last evening near Ramleh, but the Egyptians fled as soon as the guns of the Superb opened fire upon them. Arabi is intrenching on the sandy ridge beyond Ramleh, nine miles from Alexandria, where the engagement of Saturday took place, and the number of tents indicates that he has a strong force there. He claims to have defeated the British in that fight, and the Italian journals support his assertion. He has some troops near Ismailia, the central point of the Suez Canal, from whence the governor has fled to Port Said. De Lesseps telegraphs that the country is rising en masse to support Arabi and oppose the invaders. The Khedive will to-day issue a proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel, and responsible for the massacre and the bombardment of Alexandria. When the Conference reassembles to-morrow arrangements may be made for a military convention between Turkey and England, and for international supervision of the Suez Canal. Turkey is to mobilize 20,000 troops, but its interference in Egypt is conditional upon an understanding with England. It is understood that the Sublime Porte will also proclaim Arabi to be in rebellion. Sir Charles Dilke stated in the House of Commons yesterday that no stipulations had as yet been entered into. Gen. Wolseley arrived at Gibraltar yesterday on his way to take command in Egypt.

Arabi's Plucky Fight.

LONDON, August 6.—The official report of Admiral Seymour concerning the encounter with the enemy of the reconnoissance party at Mahalla junction Saturday is as follows: Our force consisted of 200 men of the naval brigade, with one 40-pounder and two 9 pounder guns, under Captain Fisher; 1,000 marines under Colonel Tuson, half a battalion of the Thirty-eight and forty-sixth Regiments, and all of the Sixtieth Regiment. We had a skirmish with the enemy, who was 2,000 strong, with six guns and six rockets, from 5:30 until 7:30 o'clock in the evening. The total casualties to the naval brigade and marines are two killed and twenty-two wounded.

The following is Gen. Allison's report: Persistent native reports existing during the past few days that Arabi Pasha was retiring from Katr-el-Dwar upon Damanhour, I determined upon a reconnoissance to ascertain clearly whether Arabi still held his original position strongly. The left column commenced to advance at 4:45 P. M. from the advanced pickets of the Ramleh lines, moving by both banks of the Mahmoudieh canal and soon came into action with the enemy, who was strongly posted in a group of plam trees on the eastern side and in strong defensible houses and gardens on the other side. These positions were carried. At this time Lieut. Vyse, of the Sixtieth, and one soldier were killed. The enemy then took a second position half a mile in the rear upon the east bank of the canal among high crops and houses and behind the irregular banks of the canal. From this position also the enemy were driven with great loss. I accompanied the right column myself. As soon as the enemy observed us they opened fire with artillery. I pushed on as rapidly as possible till I reached a point where the railway approached nearest to the Mahmoudieh canal and then opened musketry fire upon the enemy leaving the banks of the canal. Two nine-pounders were dragged on to the embankment and came into action against the enemy's guns, the forty-pounders firing over our heads against a point where the enemy's forces were beginning to appear. I now threw forward two companies to carry a house near the canal, and followed up by throwing four companies still more to my left upon the banks of and across the canal, thus, attaining the position I wished, and forming a diagonal line across both the canal and the railway. The enemy retired slowly before us. The fire of their 7-pounders and nine centimeter guns was speedily got under by our artillery. The object of my reconnoissance was attained, and I determined to withdraw. The movement was carried out with the most perfect regularity and precision. The troops fell back by alternate companies with the regularity of a field day. Every attempt by the enemy to advance was crushed by the beautiful precision of the forty-pounder and the steady firing of the nine-pounders. The losses of the enemy appear to have been very great. They were so dispirited that, contrary to the usual practice of Asiatics, they made no attempt to follow up our withdrawal. As a reconnoissance the success of our move was all I could wish. I regret to state that our loss was somewhat heavy. Lieut. Vyse was one of the most promising officers I ever met. Our total loss was four killed and twenty-nine wounded.

The Dunkers Divided.

CHAMBERSBURG, Aug. 4.—There is now pending in the Equity Court of this county a controversy between different factions of the sect of Dunkers, the determination of which will be of interest to this branch of the Christian Church throughout the country. Of recent years many innovations upon the old-time customs have crept in among these people, the younger portion of the church insisting upon education and a paid ministry, the establishment of Sunday Schools and the like. They have also insisted that they should be allowed to dress according to the customs of the times and be allowed the musical instruments in their homes. At a meeting of the annual conference, held at Lanark, Illinois, in 1880, a resolution was offered condemning these practices, but so far had the progressivists advanced that the resolution failed to carry. Meanwhile in many of the congregations of the church there are serious dissensions. So bitter has the fight grown in this country that they refuse to worship together.

A bill in equity was filed by the progressive party, in which they ask the Court to determine that they are those who practice the faith of the church and that they shall be put into uninterrupted possession of the church property. They assert that their actions are in accordance with the rules laid down by the annual meeting, which they claim is the only court of jurdicature in the church. The defendants claim that the plaintiffs have departed from the faith of the fathers. They deny the authority of the annual conference and insist that the Bible is their only guide. Four days have been already consumed in taking testimony and the case is likely to occupy many weeks. The town is full of Dunkers, among them being many of the most prominent men of the church. The best legal talent in the county has been secured and the final settlement of the controvery will doubtless be by an appeal to the court of last resort.

A Case that Puzzled the Whole Faculty.

Mrs. Mila Ingram gave the names of some of the most reputable physicians in the two cities (Pittsburg and Alleghany), to whom she had paid large sums of money for treatment, but she rapidly grew worse. She was then taken to the most reputable physicians and surgeons in New York, but with no better success. They had all pronounced it cancer, and declared she must die. The flesh of her breast was eaten away down to the ribs; the breast bone was laid bare and the disease made its way upwards, causing the breast to become detached from the wall of the chest, hanging loose from above. See page 25, of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," how *Peruna* cured her. They are given away by druggists (gratis).

The Mennonites, away out in Manitoba, are divided into two parties upon the petty question whether they should fasten their garments with hooks and eyes or buttons. The progressists have adopted buttons instead of hooks and eyes, and this is denounced as a sinful conformity to the ways of a wicked world, and the wearers of buttons are denounced as the enemies of pure and undefiled religion. The hook-and-eye party contend that the Scriptures mention hooks and eyes, while buttons are not once spoken of.

The question of the existence of purgatory is now to be decided by the Australian courts. A man died in that country not long ago and bequeathed the magnificent sum of $100,000 to be paid for masses to deliver his soul from that transitory domain. And now the executors decline to pay the money over on the ground that there is no such place of detension, and that the soul of the deceased has already reached is final resting place.

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.—A Newark Mother.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, July 25, 1882.

It is a long journey from the Eastern Metropolis across the prairies and plains of the West to Colorado, but it is through such a diversified country, affording a glimpse of so much varied and interesting scenery, that time and space are alike annihilated, as it were, without fatigue or weariness. In these days of multiplied railroads and luxurious accommodations travel in every direction is reduced to the maximum of comfort and speed, but nowhere do these conditions exist in a greater degree than in the great West; and to the open-eyed observer there is a charm in gliding over this vast expanse of country, the panorama of which opens out before like the views of a kaleidoscope, to be found in nothing else. Yet in this fast age even lightning express trains are too slow for the impetuous American who now looks forward to the day when "balloon navigation" will be the thing.

Our route traversed in part the great agricultural States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. In all of these the crops are much better than were realized last year, and corn though somewhat backward in some sections, promises to turn out a fair crop, judging from our "birds-eye" view along the way. Of the States east of Kansas it is not necessary to take much note in this correspondence. The one thing that suggested itself forcibly to me was the inquiry why people ever leave these fertile and easily cultivated States to seek homes further west. It is not strange that men desert the old thickly settled Eastern States and the over crowded cities to follow the lamented Greeley's wholesome advice—though only a limited number of them are recommended to take a Hoe Cylinder Press—but those located in the broad States just mentioned should be sufficiently imbued with worldly wisdom to let well enough alone. Ills they may have, as drawbacks and discouragements are everywhere in this world, but it is better to bear them than to fly to others we know not of. In northern Missouri, for instance, there are, uncultivated, thousands of acres of as good farming lands as the sun ever shone upon, and it is a mystery why people pass them by to go to Kansas or anywhere else.

Our only stop of consequence was at Kansas City, which has now grown to an important commercial centre of over 60,000 inhabitants. It is a peculiar place, yet all who stop like it. In appearance it is odd because being built upon high and uneven bluffs the streets run up and down hill and the cellars of some houses are high above the roofs of many near neighbors. Yet the buildings are mostly of a substantial character and there is a solid, business like aspect to the whole town. A slow process of grading the streets down to a level is going on in some parts of the city and perhaps in the course of time much of this rough and rugged exterior will be removed. It has been a place of rapid growth, commercially and otherwise, and there is undoubtedly a promising future before it. Its trade comes from a vast territory to the west and southwest, some even from Texas and New Mexico. Of course a journey through on the cars is not sufficient to gain much accurate knowledge of the advantages of Kansas as a farming country. Much has been written pro and con about it by those whose opportunities of knowing the truth are better than mine, but I am satisfied that there are as good lands in the Cottonwood and Arkansas Valleys as can be found anywhere on top of God's green earth. Taken all in all there is ample room and opportunity in Kansas for those who are willing to work and endure the trials of a beginning. And it is difficult to understand how men will remain in large cities living in hovels and rearing their children in hot-beds of vice, when broad fields invite them to come and make themselves homes. Few fail of a good living who come West with willing hands and a determined spirit. Without these the experiment is useless, for there is no royal road to wealth even upon fertile Western prairies. But the same labor and energy which earns a scanty living in the crowded cities of the East will in a few years surround a family with peace and plenty and a secure future. Speaking of Kansas reminds me of a story lately told: "How is the soil of Kansas?" asked one of the group as the traveler passed. "Richest in the world, sir," was the reply. "I know a New York statesman who went to Kansas seven years ago with only $18 in cash, and he is now worth $20,000." "Whew! what did he raise principally?" "I believe it was a check, sir; but they couldn't exactly prove it on him! Think of a soil that will raise a bank check for $190 to $19,000, and in a backward season at that!"

The traveler who enters Colorado at the south will not at first be greatly prepossessed with the country, or at least with its surface indications. For nearly a hundred miles the route to Pueblo is through a barren, sandy plain, which has been denominated the "Great American Desert." Yet beneath this uninviting exterior lies a rich soil, which, by the application of water and the usual processes of cultivation, produces a transformation more wonderful than the magic influence of Fairy's wand. Aminas, in and about Pueblo, and in various spots near the river where ranchmen have by their efforts interspersed little oases grateful to the eye. The soil here, and for miles back along the road over which we have come is, on top, about like pulverized limestone, and the alkali dust which drifts in the car windows is enough to both blind and strangle you—especially if you happen to come through on a hot day. The water, too, is enough to turn your stomach if you are rash enough to put any of it in whiskey. Yet right here is a town which stands as the only rival of Denver, and which for more than a year past has been enjoying a boom of considerable proportions. The opening of the railroad lines into San Juan and other Southern Colorado mining sections contributed to this result. Many of the buildings are Mexican *adobes*, and the place is otherwise unattractive to me at a first glance. After a calm inspection it may appear to better advantage. One thing which has been the source of constant surprise to us on the way here is the excellent meals furnished at eating-houses along the route. After we crossed the Mississippi river we rather expected hard fare and made up our minds to eat anything, from a Prairie dog to a pickled Indian, but the reality was a very different thing. At the eating, all through Kansas, the regular spread excels even the famous Union Depot Dining rooms at Pittsburg and Cleveland, and at the same price.

DOM PEDRO.

He Took Him at His Word.

Demonsthenes Blowhard was a candidate for justice in Yonkers, and as the political parties are nearly evenly divided in that locality, he was engaged in a vigorous canvass. While returning from the postoffice one day he met Hans Van Hootlinger, and accosted him with.

"Hello, Hans! How are you, and how's the folks?"

"Vell I vos vell, and mine frau vas vell, and little Hans and Yaweob und Katrina und der little paby vas vell—*we vas all breddy vell, I thanks* you."

"Ah! glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said Demonsthenes, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ahem! I suppose you know that I shall be a candidate for the office of justice of the peace at the ensuing election?"

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes, they would insist upon my accepting the nomination; did all I could to induce them to nominate somebody else, but it was no use; seems as though I was the only man they wanted, and they were bound to have me."

"And so you did not vants der office and dey vill makes you took it." Dot vas too pad."

"Well you know a good citizen is always willing to sacrifice his own interest to some extent, where he feels that the public good requires him to do so. And now, since I am in for it, I suppose I may depend upon your support?"

"Vhen a feller does not want some dings, it vas not right to make him takes it. I does vot I can for you—I votes for de odder chap all der dimes, und I talks mit der poys und tells them vhat you saidt, und I dinks mebbe I gets you peat. Goot evening."

Demonsthenes now alludes to Hans as a poor, ignorant old Dutchman, and says it is a thousand pities that such people should ever be permitted to exercise the right of suffrage."

Miss Louis Mantague, who traveled with Adam Forepaugh's circus last year, and was known as the $10,000 beauty, has commenced a number of suits against the Forepaugh combination. One is for the $10,000, which was not paid; another for her share in the sale of her photographs, and for salary deducted while she was confined to her room by injuries from being thrown from the elephant she rode in Illinois.

Evangelist Harrison, who is still called the "boy preacher," made such extraordinary success in his revival work at the Jackson Street Church, in St. Paul, that he has been engaged for another term of service. During six weeks of special meetings about 350 converts were enrolled.

Brother Sankey has revisited his old home, at New Castle, Pa. In September he and Moody will resome their labors, having made appointments for a tour in England and Wales. Moody expects to make a trip to this country in April.

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August 6.—The fighting in front of Alexandria on Friday and Saturday was quite serious, but the result was in favor of the British. The Egyptians fought bravely, and it was shown that Arabi has under him an army of well-disciplined and well-armed men. They held their ground as long as was possible, and at last were only repulsed by the English artillery. The losses on each side were numerous. Fighting will probably begin again to-day.

August 7.—In parliament yesterday Sir Charles Dilke stated that the Turkish troops despatched from Constantinople will only go as far as Crete, and that the conference cannot control the action of England; it can only propose measures relative to the safety of the Suez Canal. The other side of the case is put forth in despatches from Constantinople, which report that Deryisch Pacha and Server Pacha left there last evening for Alexandria, and that Arabi will submit to the former immediately upon the arrival of the Turkish forces in Egypt. It is anticipated that a military convention between Turkey and England will soon be concluded. Said Pacha and Assym Pacha have been entrusted by their government with the formation of an international police for the protection of the canal. The Turkish delegates at the conference yesterday accepted the conditions proposed by the powers in their invitations to the Porte to intervene in Egypt, but Lord Dufferin has been intrusted that the arrangements is only a temporary one. Said Pacha has promised him that a proclamation will be issued declaring Arabi a rebel. There was some skirmishing yesterday near Mahalla Junction, and the British armored train drove back a similar train coming out from the insurgent position. Arabi is reported to be concentrating a strong force near Ismailia.

Aug. 8.—A slight skirmish occured last evening near Ramleh, but the Egyptians fled as soon as the guns of the Superb opened fire upon them. Arabi is intrenching on the sandy ridge beyond Ramleh, nine miles from Alexandria, where the engagement of Saturday took place, and the number of tents indicates that he has a strong force there. He claims to have defeated the British in that fight, and the Italian journals support his assertion. He has some troops near Ismailia, the central point of the Suez Canal, from whence the governor has fled to Port Said. De Lesseps telegraphs that the country is rising en masse to support Arabi and oppose the invaders. The Khedive will to-day issue a proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel, and responsible for the massacre and the bombardment of Alexandria. When the Conference reassembles to-morrow arrangements may be made for a military convention between Turkey and England, and for international supervision of the Suez Canal. Turkey is to moblize 20,000 troops, but its interference in Egypt is conditional upon an understanding with England. It is understood that the Sublime Porte will also proclaim Arabi to be in rebellion. Sir Charles Dilke stated in the House of Commons yesterday that no stipulations had as yet been entered into. Gen. Wolseley arrived at Gibraltar yesterday on his way to take command in Egypt.

Arabi's Plucky Fight.

LONDON, August 6.—The official report of Admiral Seymour concerning the encounter with the enemy of the reconnoissance party at Mahalla junction Saturday is as follows: Our force consisted of 200 men of the naval brigade, with one 40-pounder and two 9 pounder guns, under Captain Fisher; 1,000 marines under Colonel Tuson, half a battalion of the Thirty-eight and forty-sixth Regiments, and all of the Sixtieth Regiment. We had a skirmish with the enemy, who was 2,000 strong, with six guns and six rockets, from 5:30 until 7:30 o'clock in the evening. The total casualties to the naval brigade and marines are two killed and twenty-two wounded.

The following is Gen. Allison's report: Persistent native reports existing during the past few days that Arabi Pasha was retiring from Katr-el-Dwar upon Damanhour, I determined upon a reconnoissance to ascertain clearly whether Arabi still held his original position strongly. The left column commenced to advance at 4:45 P. M. from the advanced pickets of the Ramleh lines, moving by both banks of the Mahmoudieh canal and soon came into action with the enemy, who was strongly posted in a group of plam trees on the eastern side and in strong defensible houses and gardens on the other side. These positions were carried. At this time Lieut. Vyse, of the Sixtieth, and one soldier were killed. The enemy then took a second position half a mile in the rear upon the east bank of the canal among high crops and houses and behind the irregular banks of the canal. From this position also the enemy were driven with great loss. I accompanied the right column myself. As soon as the enemy observed us they opened fire with artillery. I pushed on as rapidly as possible till I reached a point where the railway approached nearest to the Mahmoudieh canal and then opened musketry fire upon the enemy leaving the banks of the canal. Two nine-pounders were dragged on to the embankment and came into action against the enemy's guns, the forty-pounders firing over our heads against a point where the enemy's forces were beginning to appear. I now threw forward two companies to carry a house near the canal, and followed up by throwing four companies still more to my left upon the banks of and across the canal, thus, attaining the position I wished, and forming a diagonal line across both the canal and the railway. The enemy retired slowly before us. The fire of their 7-pounders and nine centimeter guns was speedily got under by our artillery. The object of my reconnoissance was attained, and I determined to withdraw. The movement was carried out with the most perfect regularity and precision. The troops fell back by alternate companies with the regularity of a field day. Every attempt by the enemy to advance was crushed by the beautiful precision of the forty-pounder and the steady firing of the nine-pounders. The losses of the enemy appear to have been very great. They were so dispirited that, contray to the usual practice of Asiatics, they made no attempt to follow up our withdrawal. As a reconnoissance the success of our move was all I could wish. I regret to state that our loss was somewhat heavy. Lieut. Vyse was one of the most promising officers I ever met. Our total loss was four killed and twenty-nine wounded.

The Dunkers Divided.

CHAMBERSBURG, Aug. 4.—There is now pending in the Equity Court of this county a controversy between different factions of the sect of Dunkers, the determination of which will be of interest to this branch of the Christian Church throughout the country. Of recent years many innovations upon the old-time customs have crept in among these people, the younger portion of the church insisting upon education and a paid ministry, the establishment of Sunday Schools and the like. They have also insisted that they should be allowed to dress according to the customs of the times and be allowed the musical instruments in their homes. At a meeting of the annual conference, held at Lanark, Illinois, in 1880, a resolution was offered condemning these practices, but so far had the progressivists advanced that the resolution failed to carry. Meanwhile in many of the congregations of the church there are serious dissensions. So bitter has the fight grown in this country that they refuse to worship together.

A bill in equity was filed by the progressive party, in which they ask the Court to determine that they are those who practice the faith of the church and that they shall be put into uninterrupted possession of the church property. They assert that their actions are in accordance with the rules laid down by the annual meeting, which they claim is the only court of jurdicature in the church. The defendants claim that the plaintiffs have departed from the faith of the fathers. They deny the authority of the annual conference and insist that the Bible is their only guide. Four days have been already consumed in taking testimony and the case is likely to occupy many weeks. The town is full of Dunkers, among them being many of the most prominent men of the church. The best legal talent in the county has been secured and the final settlement of the controvery will doubtless be by an appeal to the court of last resort.

A Case that Puzzled the Whole Faculty.

Mrs. Milo Ingram gave the names of some of the most reputable physicians in the two cities (Pittsburg and Allegheny), to whom she had paid large sums of money for treatment, but she rapidly grew worse. She was then taken to the most reputable physicians and surgeons in New York, but with no better success. They had all pronounced it cancer, and declared she must die. The flesh of her breast was eaten away down to the ribs; the breast bone was laid bare and the disease made its way upwards, causing the breast to become detached from the wall of the chest, hanging loose from above. See page 25, of Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," how *Peruna* cured her. They are given away by druggists (gratis).

The Mennonites, away out in Manitoba, are divided into two parties upon the petty question whether they should fasten their garments with hooks and eyes or buttons. The progressists have adopted buttons instead of hooks and eyes, and this is denounced as a sinful conformity to the ways of a wicked world, and the wearers of buttons are denounced as the enemies of pure and undefiled religion. The hook-and-eye party contend that the Scriptures mention hooks and eyes, while buttons are not once spoken of.

The question of the existence of purgatory is now to be decided by the Australian courts. A man died in that country not long ago and bequeathed the magnificent sum of $100,000 to be paid for masses to deliver his soul from that transitory domain. And now the executors decline to pay the money over on the ground that there is no such place of detension, and that the soul of the deceased has already reached is final resting place.

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.—A Newark Mother.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, July 25, 1882.

It is a long journey from the Eastern Metropolis across the prairies and plains of the West to Colorado, but it is through such a diversified country, affording a glimpse of so much varied and interesting scenery, that time and space are alike annihilated, as it were, without fatigue or weariness. In these days of multiplied railroads and luxurious accommodations travel in every direction is reduced to the maximum of comfort and speed, but nowhere do these conditions exist in a greater degree than in the great West; and to the open-eyed observer there is a charm in gliding over this vast expanse of country, the panorama of which opens out before like the views of a kaleidoscope, to be found in nothing else. Yet in this fast age even lightning express trains are too slow for the impetuous American who now looks forward to the day when "balloon navigation" will be the thing.

Our route traversed in part the great agricultural States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. In all of these the crops are much better than were realized last year, and corn though somewhat backward in some sections, promises to turn out a fair crop, judging from our "birds-eye" view along the way. Of the States east of Kansas it is not necessary to take much note in this correspondence. The one thing that suggested itself forcibly to me was the inquiry why people ever leave these fertile and easily cultivated States to seek homes further west. It is not strange that men desert the old thickly settled Eastern States and the over crowded cities to follow the lamented Greeley's wholesome advice—though only a limited number of them are recommended to take a Hoe Cylinder Press—but those located in the broad States just mentioned should be sufficiently imbued with worldly wisdom to let well enough alone. Ills they may have, as drawbacks and discouragements are everywhere in this world, but it is better to bear them than to fly to others we know not of. In northern Missouri, for instance, there are, uncultivated, thousands of acres of as good farming lands as the sun ever shone upon, and it is a mystery why people pass them by to go to Kansas or anywhere else.

One only stop of consequence was at Kansas City, which has now grown to an important commercial centre of over 60,000 inhabitants. It is a peculiar place, yet all who stop like it. In appearance it is odd because being built upon high and uneven bluffs the streets run up and down hill and the cellars of some houses are high above the roofs of many near neighbors. Yet the buildings are mostly of a substantial character and there is a solid, business like aspect to the whole town. A slow process of grading the streets down to a level is going on in some parts of the city and perhaps in the course of time much of this rough and rugged exterior will be removed. It has been a place of rapid growth, commercially and otherwise, and there is undoubtedly a promising future before it. Its trade comes from a vast territory to the west and southwest, some even from Texas and New Mexico. Of course a journey through on the cars is not sufficient to gain much accurate knowledge of the advantages of Kansas as a farming country. Much has been written pro and con about it by those whose opportunities of knowing the truth are better than mine, but I am satisfied that there are as good lands in the Cottonwood and Arkansas Valleys as can be found anywhere on top of God's green earth. Taken all in all there is ample room and opportunity in Kansas for those who are willing to work and endure the trials of a beginning. And it is difficult to understand how men will remain in large cities living in hovels and rearing their children in hot-beds of vice, when broad fields invite them to come and make themselves homes. Few fail of a good living who come West with willing hands and a determined spirit. Without these the experiment is useless, for there is no royal road to wealth even upon fertile Western prairies. But the same labor and energy which earns a scanty living in the crowded cities of the East will in a few years surround a family with peace and plenty and a secure future. Speaking of Kansas reminds me of a story lately told: "How is the soil of Kansas?" asked one of the group as the traveler paused. "Richest in the world, sir," was the reply. "I know a New York statesman who went to Kansas seven years ago with only $18 in cash, and he is now worth $20,000." "Whew! what did he raise principally?" "I believe it was a check, sir; but they couldn't exactly prove it on him! Think of a soil that will raise a bank check for $190 to $19,000, and in a backward season at that!"

The traveler who enters Colorado at the south will not at first be greatly prepossessed with the country, or at least with its surface indications. For nearly a hundred miles the route to Pueblo is through a barren, sandy plain, which has been denominated the "Great American Desert." Yet beneath this uninviting exterior lies a rich soil, which, by the application of water and the usual processes of cultivation, produces a transformation more wonderful than the magic influence of Fairy's wand. Aminas, in and about Pueblo, and in various spots near the river where ranchmen have by their efforts interspersed little oases grateful to the eye. The soil here, and for miles back along the road over which we have come is, on top, about like pulverized limestone, and the alkali dust which drifts in the car windows is enough to both blind and strangle you—especially if you happen to come through on a hot day. The water, too, is enough to turn your stomach if you are rash enough to put any of it in whiskey. Yet right here is a town which stands as the only rival of Denver, and which for more than a year past has been enjoying a boom of considerable proportions. The opening of the railroad lines into San Juan and other Southern Colorado mining sections contributed to this result. Many of the buildings are Mexican *adobes*, and the place is otherwise unattractive to me at a first glance. After a calm inspection it may appear to better advantage. One thing which has been the source of constant surprise to us on the way here is the excellent meals furnished at eating-houses along the route. After we crossed the Mississippi river we rather expected hard fare and made up our minds to eat anything, from a Prairie dog to a pickled Indian, but the reality was a very different thing. At the eating, all through Kansas, the regular spread excels even the famous Union Depot Dining rooms at Pittsburg and Cleveland, and at the same price.

DOM PEDRO.

He Took Him at His Word.

Demonsthenes Blowhard was a candidate for justice in Yonkers, and as the political parties are nearly evenly divided in that locality, he was engaged in a vigorous canvass. While returning from the postoffice one day he met Hans Van Hoofinger, and accosted him with:

"Hello, Hans! How are you, and how's the folks?"

"Vell I vos vell, und mine frau vas vell, und little Hans und Yawcob und Katrina und der little baby vas vell—we vas all breddy well, *I tunks* you."

"Ah! glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said Demonsthenes, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ahem! I suppose you know that I shall be a candidate for the office of justice of the peace at the ensuing election?"

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes, they would insist upon my accepting the nomination; did all I could to induce them to nominate somebody else, but it was no use; seems as though I was the only man they wanted, and they were bound to have me."

"And so you did not vants der office and dey vill makes you took it." Dot vas too bad."

"Well you know a good citizen is always willing to sacrifice his own interest to some extent, where he feels that the public good requires him to do so. And now, since I am in for it, I suppose I may depend upon your support?"

"Vhen a feller does not want some dings, it vas not right to make him takes it. I does vot I can for you—I votes for de odder chap all der dimes, und I talks mit der boys und tells them vhat you saidt, und I dinks mebbe I gets you peat. Goot evening."

Demonsthenes now alludes to Hans as a poor, ignorant old Dutchman, and says it is a thousand pities that such people should ever be permitted to exercise the right of suffrage."

Miss Louis Mantague, who traveled with Adam Forepaugh's circus last year, and was known as the $10-000 beauty, has commenced a number of suits against the Forepaugh combination. One is for the $10 000, which was not paid; another for her share in the sale of her photographs, and for salary deducted while she was confined to her room by injuries from being thrown from the elephant she rode in Illinois.

Evangelist Harrison, who is still called the "boy preacher," made such extraordinary success in his revival work at the Jackson Street Church, in St. Paul, that he has been engaged for another term of service. During six weeks of special meetings about 350 converts were enrolled.

Brother Sankey has revisited his old home, at New Castle, Pa. In September he and Moody will resume their labors, having made appointments for a tour in England and Wales. Moody expects to make a trip to this country in April.

LOCAL NEWS.

—3 cigars for 5 cts. at Cheap John's.

—Notice the call for primaries and county convention in this issue.

—Jacob Brown, Esq., of Cumberland, visited our office Wednesday.

—Sardines 10 cents a box at Cheap John's.

—Judge Ritchey, of Frederick, Md., is at the Oakland Hotel.

—Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., was in Wheeling, W. Va., on professional business Wednesday.

—Cheap John has a full stock of toys and fancy goods, cakes and confectioneries.

—Collector Margroff has authorized Mr. J. C. Dunham to receive and receipt for taxes in districts 7 and 8.

—Hon. Oliver Miller, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and lady are at the Oakland Hotel.

—Bisop Andrews preached in the M. E. Church, Oakland Tuesday evening, and at the dedication of the new M. E. Church at Deer Park Wednesday morning.

—The B. & O. R. R. Co. has very much improved the condition and appearance of their siding lot in front of the REPUBLICAN office, by the application of gravel and coal cinder.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder received a most elegant and substantial boat this week, to be used in securing trout for the Druid Hill hatching house.

—Married, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Beachy, Grantsville, Md., Aug. 7th, 1882, by Rev. J. J. Young, Mr. Elijah J. Bitinger and Miss Eliza Hare, both of Garrett county Md.

—On Tuesday the miners of the Cumberland region requested the companies to name the place, date and time for a general meeting to arrange a basis for resumption.

—Mr. Reuben Browning and wife, of Bloomington, Ill., arrived at Oakland Thursday, on a visit of two or three weeks among relatives and friends in this county.

—The stock holders of the Mountain Lake Park Association will hold a meeting at the Mountain Lake Park Hotel on August 22, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

—The store room and residence of Mr. D. E. Offutt, of Oakland, was lighted by gas Saturday evening. The gas is furnished by one of the Climax gas machines, put in by Mr. C. H. Kemp, of Baltimore.

—A party of four ladies and two gentlemen from Baltimore, guests of the Deer Park Hotel, left Oakland Thursday morning for Black Water, under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Bosley. They expect to remain about a week.

—The literary and musical entertainment given at Offutt's Hall Friday evening of last week, by members of Camp Lee, and students of the West Virginia University, encamped at Mountain Lake Park, was slimly attended, owing to the unfavorable weather.

—A Sunday School was organized last Sunday at Mountain Lake Park, with the following officers: Superintendent, Rev. C. P. Masden; Assistant, H. H. Van Meter; Secretary, A. R. Sperry; Librarian, J. A. Eglow. Thirty-six scholars were in attendance. The hour of meeting will be at 1½ P. M.

—The Oakland Glee Club, composed of colored people of Oakland, gave a concert and character sketches in Offutt's Music Hall Tuesday evening to a crowded house. The entertainment gave such general satisfaction that it will probably be repeated soon.

—The large frame building at Eckhart, occupied by Mr. D. W. Bussard as a store and warehouse, was totally destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock Wednesday night of last week. The stock, which was a total loss, is reported to have been insured for $8,500, and the building at $1,000. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is thought by some to have been incendiary.

—Mrs. A. L. Steele, formerly of Deer Park, but now employed by the American Missionary Association of N. Y. City, to labor in Chattanooga, Tenn., among the freedmen, has been spending a couple of weeks with her many friends at Deer Park and Oakland. She will remain here until about the 1st of September, when she will visit her father in Revere, Mass., until Autumn, and then return to her work in Chattanooga. While she remains in Deer Park she will be engaged in teaching Senator Davis' children in a beautiful rustic school house which he has recently built on his private grounds for that especial purpose. Such an educator at the head of our schools in Oakland would be a great benefit to the rising generation.

Ladies Prefer

Floreston Cologne because they find this lasting combination of exquisite perfumes a delightful novelty.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church — Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

P. E. Church—Services every Sunday in August at 11 A. M. conducted by Rev. John Lindsay, of Washington, D. C.

Mountain Lake Park—Preaching at 10½ A. M., 3½ and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

—The Deer Park Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9½ A. M.

A Valuable Addition.

Because it is beneficial to the scalp and adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray hair is why Parker's Hair Balsam is a popular dressing.

Bakery and Confectionery.

Mr. I. W. Slonaker has opened a bakery and confectionary in the room formerly occupied by Mr. A. G. Sturgiss as a drug store. He will keep on hand at all times bread and cakes, candies, nuts, fruits, &c. This fills a long felt want in our town, and we hope Mr. S. may receive a liberal patronage.

The Camp Meeting.

The camp meeting which commenced at Mountain Lake Park Thursday evening, will be continued throughout next week. A number of eminent ministers will be present. The price of admission is as follows: Season tickets, 25 cents; day tickents, 10 cts; single admissions, 5 cts. There will be no charge for admission on Sunday.

The Perry Spring Tooth Harrow.

A car load of the above harrows was received by the agent, Mr. Hunt, at Oakland this week. A small number of these harrows have been used in this county and given general satisfaction, and are highly recommended wherever they have been used. Mr. Hunt's headquarters is at Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, where he will be glad to show our farmers the many advantages of this harrow.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Albert Porter and Ida Merrill.
Thomas Hays and Ella Cooper.
Geo. W. Grim and Lucy B. Matheny.
George A. Warner and Susan M. Keaney.
James W. Brown and Clara E. Moreland.
Elijah P. Bitinger and Eliza Hare.

Perma.

This medicine was introduced to the medical profession and to the public at large by S. B. Hartman, M. D., in 1877, after he had prescribed it to over 40,000 patients in almost every disease to which flesh is heir.

It is wholly composed of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science.

But its great virtue is mainly attributable to the new and peculiar proportions in which the harmonious ingredients are combined, and to the extreme care exercised in its manufacture, using only the pure, active principles, and excluding all that is crude or irritating. No one should be without *Peruna*.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Aug. 7:

E. D. Kepner and wife to Carolina E. Myers, part of a tract of land called "Small Meadows," 96 acres; $2500.

Francis T. Wilhelm, to John Wilhelm, 1 acre and 30¾ ps. of land, part of a tract called "Walnut Hills;" $25.

Same, to same, part of a tract of land called "Walnut Hills, 25½ acres; $600.

Joseph C. Alderson, et al, to Lake View Land and Banking Association, military lots No. 876, and tract containing 213 acres, excepting therefrom lots Nos. 880 and 881 and another piece containing 67 acres, in all 230; $10 and other considerations.

Martin Cogley, to Saml. W. Smith, lot No. 17 in Brants addition to Oakland; $300.

Henry Broadwater and wife to Perry Broadwater, part of a tract of land called "Cheviot Dale Connected," 96 acres; $500.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Hiram Duckworth, part of a tract of land called "Cheviot Dale," 40 acres; $228.

Gilmore S. Hamill, trustee, to Andrew Mullen, lot No. 1 in Bloomington; $500.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Joseph Knox part of a tract of land called "Republic" 91 acres; $581.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, August 8th, 1882.

Mr. Foster's lecture on Ancient Egypt, last night, was an unusual pleasure for Deer Park. He commenced with the very earliest known history of the Egyptians, as ascertained by means of the comparatively modern discovery of the art of deciphering their hieroglyphics; related many interesting facts concerning their manners, customs and religion; gave detailed descriptions of some of their most wonderful works of art, and coming down to the present time, touched on the now exist war, made a few apt remarks as to its possible and probable results, and by his clear and impressive language and manner, implanted many interesting facts in the minds of his hearers. The audience was very attentive and at the close of the lecture gave Mr. Foster a unanimous vote of thanks for his kindness in thus voluntarily instructing and entertaining them. He has been requested to continue the subject in another lecture soon, and will probably do so.

President Garrett and family left for Baltimore last week, for the purpose of being near Prof. Smith who has been attending him for a bone felon, from which he has been suffering.

Another band of excursionists consisting of Capt. Harrison and his family; his brothers Messrs. Forsythe and Samuel Harrison; and Mr. and Miss Graham of our place, visited the camp on the new railroad a few days since, and returned, corroborating the testimony of the party who took the same trip, over a week ago, as to the rough road, the delightful scenery, the hospitality of the gentlemen at the camp, and the general enjoyment of the whole excursion.

Mrs. E. A. Gorman who has been visiting Mrs. W. R. Davis returned last week to her home in Laurel, Md.

Miss Adams of Baltimore is visiting Senator Davis' family.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church just completed in our village, will be dedicated to-morrow morning with appropriate services by Bishop Andrews of Washington. There will probably be a large attendance.

The following persons are boarding at Rev. J. S. Loughlin's:

Washington, D. C.—Mrs. and Miss Parais, Miss Whiteman and nurse. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bartlett, and two daughters.

Mechaniesville, Md.—Mrs. Boyer and son.

At Mr. Joseph Lashorn's:

Baltimore, Md.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Crane and three children.

Bruceston, W. Va.—Mr. and Mrs. James Chidester and child.

Arrivals at Wing and Wlag since last letter:

Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. E. E. Montell, three children and nurse, Miss Helen France, Mr. C. S. Gillard, Mr. John F. Lumpkin.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Mr. Frank Robertson.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Mr. A. D. Casteel.

Garrett county, Md.—Mr. Joseph Foster. ***

wanted,

In a small family, a girl or middle-aged woman, of good character, for light housekeeping. Inquire at post office or address G, Box 105, Oakland.

Wanted.

A steady young man. One that understands running a steam engine prefered. Apply at Oakland Woolen Mills.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store.

Register.

The Registrars will resume their duties on Monday, August 14th, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and from that time will continue them between the hours of 8 a. m. and 7 p. m., every day during the week. We again repeat our warning to all Republicans entitled to registration, that unless they avail themselves of the opportunity and get registered, they will be virtually disfranchised and have no one but themselves to blame for the consequences. Motives of patriotism, principle and policy as well as the imperative demand of duty should urge every citizen to comply with the requirements of the registration law. The right to vote—the most sacred right of the citizen—depends on the voter being duly registered. Nothing should be allowed to prevent this duty from being done. Do not fail to get registered and do not forget that registering voters will be resumed on Monday, August 14th, which will be next Monday. Be sure to keep this date in your mind.

How to be Boys Again.

[From Peck's Milwaukee Sun.]

The legend that men are but boys of a larger growth, was illustrated at Syracuse, when Roscoe Conkling met a man who used to play marbles with him when he was a boy. They got into a conversation about how good a game they used to play, and each claimed that he was the boss player in the olden time, and to settle it they went out behind a store, with some marbles, made a big ring, and played for keeps until Mr. Conkling skinned his friend, when they shook hands over the battle and separated as smiling as they were forty years ago, but not so happy. If such men would meet often, and go through some of their boyish games, the world would be better for it, and there would be fewer bitter enemies among prominent citizens.

Suppose David Davis and Alexander H. Stephens should drop the cares of State some day and take a couple of jack knives and sit down on the grass and play a game of mumbletypeg. It would loosen up their joints, make them feel young, and do them more good than a dozen bottles of liver medicine or anti-fat. Of course Stephens would have the bulge on Davis when it came to pulling the peg out of the ground with his teeth, but that would be neither here nor there. Both would greet each other more kindly and friendly afterwards.

We believe it would do John A. Logan more good than a visit to the hot springs, if he would pull off his boots some day, put on a hickory shirt, a hat with no crown and the brim gone, a pair tow cloth pants held up with one gallus, and go off in the woods to drown out a gopher. By the time he had carried water a couple of hours from a spring forty rods away, in an old wooden pail, and poured it in the hole, he would be as healthy as an Indian, and when the gopher came to the top of the hole, soaking wet, and John grabbed him by the neck and got his thumb bit, he would be as proud of his victory as though he had passed a pension bill, and he would walk down Pennsylvania avenue as sassy as though he didn't care whether school kept or not, limping on one heel on account of a stone bruise.

If President Arthur would some day take a baking-powder can full of angle-worms, and take Sterl. Rounds, the public printer, and Tim Howe, and Frank Hatton, and the four should borrow some old clothes of some poor boys and go down to the Potomac and fish with tamrock poles and twine fish lines, for bull-heads, all the afternoon, they would have the best sport they have had in thirty years, and we presume old Tim Howe would laugh, if Arthur sat down on a bull-head, so you could hear him clear to Mount Vernon.

We have often thought we would like to see Don Cameron and old Christiancy, and Tilden, and Sunset Cox, and a whole crowd of those fellows go down to a creek and peel themselves and go in swiming old-fashioned. But we know how it would be. The other fellows would tie Tilden's clothes in knots, so he couldn't untie them without an eight to seven commission, and when they got their clothes on they would run off and leave Christiancy crying for them to wait for him.

Oh, there would be a heap of fun for those fellows if they only knew it, going out hickory nutting, cooning melons, and acting as they did when they were young, but they will lallygag around their houses, resting, go to the club and get their skins full of wine and devilled crabs, and terrapin, and by and by you will hear them at summer resorts drinking water for their kidneys, and after a while they will die of Bright's Disease, and congress will go to the funeral and get drunk at government expense.

People try to be too almighty great in this world, and they lose half the fun that is going on. If Conkling is the man we take him to be, he will, now that he is out of politics, organize a marble tournament, or an old fashioned town ball game, and make all the old fellows play or keep score by cutting notches in a shingle. If he will do it, blessed if we don't vote for him for president and no questions asked.

Waterproof Haystacks.

I find that farmers encounter the greatest difficulty in making waterproof haystacks. Unless one makes a careful study of this matter, with a determination to succeed, he will never stack hay so that it will keep. It will pay any farmer, who from lack of barns or sheds is compelled to stack his hay outside, and who is uncertain as to his ability to do a good job, to hire a thoroughly competent stacker to do it for him. A few practical lessons under such a person will enably any man of ordinary skill and judgment to build a symmetrical haystack.

The stack must be built from bottom to top. A foundation of rail is the best to begin on. I mark the corners of the stack by setting poles straight up about one foot outside of where I wish to build. These are my guides. I begin in the middle of the stack and build it up three or four feet, tramping down very solid. Next, I lay a course down on each side and across the ends, and then fill the middle again, always keeping it two or three feet higher than the sides, and tramped as solid as possible.

Never walk along the outer edge of the stack. Do all building from as near the middle as possible. The whole secret of building a waterproof haystack consists in keeping the middle solid and highest from bottom to top, and the outside as low and light as possible. Many farmers build a stack that until they begin to top out, but such a stack will take water nine times out of ten. Make the stack look as though you were topping it out from the beginning.

I always allow a stack of hay to settle a day or two before putting on the last load. When there are indications of rain, I spread over it a canvas stack cover made for the purpose. The last load I put on when only about two thirds cured. It soon cures on the top of the stack, and settles down as solid as a board, making a cover nearly impervious to water. The stack is raked down perfectly smooth, pieces of fence wire with blocks attacked to the ends thrown across it to hold the top on, and with the exception of a thin cover, I find my hay as good and bright tho following spring as when stacked.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILGED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitous distribution.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

I'VE BEEN THERE!

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtues of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 614 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "**Roland.**" The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Meeting of Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of Mountain Lake Park Association at Mountain Lake Park Hotel, on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, &c.

J. C. ALDERSON,
8 5 3t Secretary.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Calciminers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D.

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,

Mountain Lake Park, Md.,

OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon any lands owned by the undersigned, either by chopping hunting or fishing, or in any manner what soever, as all trespassers will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

A. J. FRAZEE,
GEO. MATTHEWS,
ULYSSES FRAZEE,
OTHO SPEELMAN,
A. J. FIKE,
KIM FRAZEE,
H. M. FRAZEE,
GEO. W. FRAZEE.

7 22 3

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Accident,	August	12th.
Gregg's Mill,	"	15th.
Bloomington,	"	17th.
Johnstown,	"	19th.
Chisholm's Mill,	"	22d.
Red House,	"	24th.
Oakland,	"	25 & 26.
Swanton,	"	29th.
Deer Park,	"	31st.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid before October 1st.

The books of districts 7 and 8 have been placed in the hands of Mr. J. C. Dunham, who is authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 29 4 Collector.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and McHenry road at or near Gravely Run, and passing through the lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, Henry, G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the said Oakland road at or near John L. Browning's dwelling house, a distance of about 2¼ miles.

J. E. GNAGEY,
ADAM GARRINGER,
8 5 5 LEWIS SPOERLINE.

The Slave Trade in Turkey.

The other day, as was telegraphed at the time, a girl about twelve years old was publicly sold in the court-yard of a mosque situated in the heart of Galata, and through which hundreds of persons hourly pass. It has since transpired that two female children—one already a slave, the other an incorrigible gadabout, whose description answers to that of the little maiden in question—are missing from their homes, having probably been kidnapped by dealers in human flesh. But though this case is particularly notable from the audacious openness with which the crime—for such it is even in Turkey—was committed, the law is frequently and flagrantly violated, as the columns of the local press bear witness. A short while back, a wretched girl escaped from the harem in which she was confined, and carried her scarified and bleeding shoulders to the nearest police station, where it was clearly proved that she had been stolen by a Circassian during the refugee panic and traded away for a few pounds to an exceptionally brutal mistress; and the authorities at Salonica quite recently rescued four young negresses from a caique, just on the point of landing them. These unhappy beings, who were lying in the bottom of the boat, declared they had belonged to a party of ten, that after a year's captivity at a port of the Nile had been brought by the dealers on board a coasting schooner, and crammed, half-naked, into a small stifling cabin, in which they had to be packed so close together that they were half piled on top of each other. After enduring the horrors of that passage they were smuggled at night into the bark as described, but they could give no information relative to their six companions in misery, who are doubtless, therefore, by now in hopeless bondage. It does not appear that their master was arrested. If these examples are accidentally dragged to light how many girls are disposed of without the cognizance of the lax officials?

When I was in Damascus, some three years back, I was led by a native into several of the slave dens, but always found them empty. On inquiry, it turned out that Midhat Pasha had sternly put down the bazar traffic. But what was the result? The slaves were distributed amongst private houses, chiefly of Christian Syrians. There they passed for servants, but were in reality as freely exposed to the genuine purchaser as those who in ancient days had to suffer the bitter shame of the public market. At Aleppo I could not completely satisfy myself on the subject, but have excellent reason for believing that a like system was pursued there.

In the capital itself the trade has of late encountered no further checks than such as the increasing scarcity of Circassians, Russia having to a great extent shut off the sources of supply, and general poverty of the Turks afford. The merchants, however, manage to find victims, and, provided your money is ready, you can easily gratify your tastes as to color, age, beauty, etc. An English lady of my acquaintance was taken by a black driver, who had learnt that she was curious in the matter, to a place at Stamboul, into which she walked without the slightest difficulty, cabby, with his smattering of French, acting as interpreter through a grating in the door. When she entered the sale-room—a large, barely furnished, and very light apartment—the mistress of the establishment conducted her to a divan, and slaves instantly fetched sweets and coffee. No astonishment was betrayed at the intrusion of a Giaour women on such a scene. A number of white girls, of ages varying from twelve to eighteen, were then led up to her one after the other, each in her turn standing motionless before the sofa till signed to yield her position to her next fellow. They are described as for the most part coarse, clumsy and heavy, with cowed, sullen faces, and muddy, yellow complexions. Their dress consisted of a gauze cap and a loose frock, short sleeves, and reaching to the ankles, which was fastened down the front with strings. Declaring that her husband desired to present an *odalisk* to a Pasha, the visitor asked to see some prettier maidens, but was told there were none on hand, though a selection would shortly arrive, when she certainly could be suited. Two Turkish women were during this time choosing slaves. No sort of consideration was paid to the feelings of the poor girls. Under examination they untied their single garment, according to the requirement of purchaser or threw it off entirely if so wished. Their teeth were looked at and hair let down, their persons punched and pulled about. The buyers, wanting sound, useful articles, tested their strength and searched for blemishes in the same unconcerned manner as is done at a horse fair. No doubt they did not intend to be cruel, but objected to getting worthless slaves, and probably did not waste a thought on the pain their unceremonious proceedings must have inflicted. As for the girls, their attitude was invariably that of absolute, uncomplaining submission. They stood with downcast eyes and drooping limbs, simply doing what they were ordered, and never loosing for a moment their look of stupid, hopeless indifference. It was their fate to be enslaved, weeping and struggling would have been in vain, and they had apparently grown so hardened to the chain that my friend did not detect a tear, a sigh or even a blush.

But enough of these details, and with the treatment of the damsels in the harems I shall not at present meddle. What I have said is sufficient to prove that the trade in slave girls still flourishes in Constantinople. But it will continue to flourish till England insists on a strict observance of the treaties which forbid it. Our squadrons and Consuls may render it difficult and costly shortly to obtain victims, but the real root of the evil lies in the big towns of the Ottoman empire, and there it should be attacked. Close the private markets, and you take a mighty stride toward the total abolition of slavery. If once it become dangerous to traffic in girls and eunuchs (the latter all come from Egypt) on account of the punishment which should strike both buyer and seller, people would soon discover that they can do without them, and we should be able to withdraw many of our gallant seamen from the deadly climates where they are risking their lives. We and Russian have failed to cut off the supply while the demand exists. Let us change our tactics and endeavor to stop the demand for negresses and Circassians; for, if we succeed, the supply must, as a natural and inevitable consequence, cease.—*Constantinople Cor. London News.*

The Deadly Toy Pistol.

There have been sixteen deaths in Cook County since the Fourth of July from lockjaw resulting from wounds inflicted by toy pistols. A large number of deaths from the same cause have occured in other parts of the country. It is probably within bounds to estimate the whole number for the United States since the Fourth at 200. This is a costly sacrifice to offer up to the tutelary deity of National independence. It is especially distressing because it is unnecessary. The toy pistol is by no means essential to the proper celebration of the Fourth. Many National anniversaries have been observed without it; and we fancy that if it had never been invented or come into the possession of the small boy the expression of National exultation and gratitude on the last holiday would have been not less, but more decorous than it was.

There are two kinds of toy pistols. One uses a small cartridge charged with pure rifle powder, and similar in all respects except size, to the ordinary pistol cartridge. The other explodes a detonating wafer charged with a fulminating compound. The latter is supposed to be the dangerous weapon. The fulminate of mercury with which the wafer is charged is known to be a nerve-poison when taken into the circulation. It can be administered internally without serious danger. But if it passes into the system from the outside through an abrasion or cut, it will almost surely produce lockjaw and ultimately cause death. The toy pistols are clumsy instruments. The wafers seldom explode promptly, and, even when they do, throw off sparks and fragments that may break the skin of the pistol hand. If through these wounds the fulminate of mercury gets into the blood, lockjaw is a natural result.

A Chicago physician speaking on this subject to a reporter says: "I should say that the wafers contain a mercurial salt. Such salts are poisonous, and a very small quantity will do the mischief. To induce tetanus two things are required. There must be a condition of nervous irritability, and a wound. Many have said that tetanus can be produced without a wound, but this is not so. We recognize two forms of the disease, toxic and traumatic tetanus. The first refers simply to poison. People who have taken strychnine in overdose die of tetanus traumatic. Tetanus means lockjaw resulting from a wound, and a I say it cannot occur unless there is a wound. It may be only a scratch or a cut which you would never notice, but it must be there. In cases of strychnine poisoning the hands are always involved, and are rigid. In traumatic tetanus the hands are flexible even up to the moment of death. Tell me whether the hands were flexible or not in these cases and I will tell you whether or not death resulted from toxic tetanus. That is, I will tell you whether or not it was a poison which caused lockjaw. A rusty nail (poisonous), a piece of glass, even a scratch from a brass pin, may induce tetanus where the condition of nervous irritability exists. That condition is aggravated in hot and damp weather. Tetanus is far more prevalent in the tropics than in this latitude."

There is the best explanation of the many deaths indirectly caused by the toy pistol that we have been able to find. Whether it is the correct one or not, parents will be wise to keep that dangerous toy, without reference to its construction or the manner in which it is charged, away from their children. The world will get on as prosperously and peaceably as ever if the toy pistol shall be wholly suppressed and its sale forbidden by law. The prohibition of the sale of all explosive compounds to miners on the Fourth or any other day would be a still more useful regulation. If the toy pistol should accomplish this it might be forgiven some of the price which the people of the United States have had to pay for their experience of it.

None of the medical books or magazines contains any record of any of these cases, which have been steadily increasing in number since the invention of the accursed toy, and it would seem that none of the physicians who had been called in to attend the cases have thought it worth while to give them a searching investigation. Even had they done so and were unable to arrive at any conclusion, yet a comparison of notes might make some of the points clearer and add just so much more to the world's knowledge of practical medicine. It is, however, not improbable that some steps will be taken in the near future to solve the problem by experimenting with the cartridges and wafers on the lower animals.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Removing His Integuments.

It is safe to say that few people have ever seen a toad take off his coat and pantaloons. A man who professes to have been an interested eye-witness of such a transaction describes the novel operation as follows: "I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst open along his back. 'Now,' said I, 'old fellow, you have done it;' but he appeared to be unconcerned and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then, grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off article forward between his forelegs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time.

—The Prince of Wales is said to be $3,000,000 in debt. He must have been trying to run a newspaper in some remote corner of his mamma's empire.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

The Butcher.

A butcher is a man who wears an apron like that of a barkeeper. When you ask him for a porter-house steak he produces a bone that looks as if it belonged to a mastodon, with a little meat hanging to it. He hooks this bone on to his badly adjusted scales, swings himself on it, and yells "five pounds!" You pay for five pounds of meat, but you only carry off three pounds of bone and six ounces of meat. And the worst of it is, you do not get all that, for he proceeds to chop off the bone, which he keeps, and afterwards sells it to a hotel to make soup out of. That's the kind of a philanthropist some butchers are.

There are others who are not quite so enthusiastic. They do not swing themselves clear off the floor when they weigh meat. They only keep a hand as big as a canvass-covered ham on the meat to prevent it from blowing off the scales. In law and equity, you are entitled to the butchers hand along with the meat, for you have bought it and paid for it, but he never delivers the goods. He needs that hand in his business. It is so handy in weighing. He sells that hand at eight or ten cents a pound forty times a day, but he always keeps it on hand, as it were, it being so useful in making change, and in removing a customer who wants to have the meat weighed over.

The butcher can be very sarcastic if he tries. Possibly his trade has something to do with his making cutting remarks. Besides, he is a man of brains, having more on hand than he has any use for, which may account for the fact that he is never sent to Congress or the Legislature.

We once suggested to a butcher that he put his scales where the customers could see the dial, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith. "O, yes" he replied, scornfully, "I suppose after a while, when you buy a five cent soup bone, you will expect me to put on my swallow-tail Sunday coat and my stove-pipe hat, hire the finest hack in town and a brass band, go in procession to your shanty and deliver the soup bone." We assured him him he was mistaken, that no such idea had ever entered our head, but we never afterwards enriched him with any more suggestions how to acquire the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. We may mention right here, incidentally, in closing these remarks, that they do not apply to all butchers, but principally to the one who did not seem to need any advice where to hang his scales.—*Texas Siftings.*

His Love.

It was evening in the country. The moonbeams peeped softly between the leaves of the pulseless elm, and kissed the song-birds lost in happy dreams. The rose and the lily were asleep, so were the parsnip and the string-bean, and all the amorous air was toned with languid scent to the sublime altitude of a swell drug store.

They were walking up the shady avenue from the village whither he had taken her to prove his boundless admiration and love at a five-cent soda-water fountain.

"No," he commenced, for he knew they were getting near her vine-clad cottage, and he hadn't much time to lose, "my love for you shall never wane, wilt, or grow less. With you I shall sail through life as tranquilly as over a placid moon-lit lake in a flat-bottomed boat, with a virtuoso at the stern playing the 'Old Folks at Home' on an accordion. You are my evening star this evening and every other evening, and you shall have a seal-skin sacque every Christmas."

She clutched his ready-made coat—or rather its sleeve in a wild ecstasy of ineffable delight, while he continued: "You are the sweet particular idol of my life, and I shall take you to the circus next week. My love for you is deep as the iceman's cunning and the plumber's pocket, which, like a spring, refills itself when drained. Mine is a wild enthusiastic passion that will withstand the rigors of the arctic butcher and milliner. The strawberry vender may lose the cunning of the hand that arranges the meanest specimens below the large ones in the three-quarter-pint measure which he guarantees to hold a quart but my love you will never lose, even if you bet it on a horse-race. Ah, yes, fair Imogen, while life lasts you shall have in me a defender against all the trials and tribulations of this vexed, uncertain life. My love for you burns like a dollar in a poet's pocket; it also burns like you snowy star, and not till that goes out——"

"It has just gone out," she broke in. "Alas, too true!" he sighed. "I have been swearing by a Fourth-of-July balloon."

And he didn't say another word until he good-nighted at the gate.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Coffee Trade.

Some idea of the rapid growth of the coffee trade of the world may be obtained from the fact that the total production, which was 675,000,000 pounds in 1859, has now risen to 1,300,000,000 pounds or nearly doubled. In Europe alone the consumption of coffee is said to have increased 240,000,000 pounds in the single year 1879. As for the producing countries, it seems that Brazil now holds the first place with a total of 560,000,000 pounds against 330,000,000 in 1870. The emancipation of the slaves is, however, expected to lead to a falling off in the crop, unless the Chinamen and coolies imported from Asia should prove unexpectedly well suited to the work of cultivation. Next on the list come the Dutch Indian possessions, which export about 150,000,000 pounds, the British East Indies, now exporting over 140,000,000, and Venezuela, producing about 100,000,000. On the other hand, the Antilles Islands have long been declining in the scale. Jamaica does not supply half as much coffee as in 1805. Martinique has fallen still more entirely out of the race, and the Reunion coffee, which was once highly esteemed, and is still declared to be of excellent quality, finds no longer any market in Europe, owing to the unfashionable bitterness of its taste.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Charles Dudley Warner says he likes neighbors and he likes chickens; but he thinks they ought not to be united near a garden

A Silent Merrymaking.

There were about forty couples dancing on the upper deck of an excursion barge as it moved slowly up the Hudson recently, in tow of the steam tug Vanderbilt. The feet of the dancers kept perfect time to the merry music of the orchestra, and they moved easily and gracefully through the figures of the lancers. Had a chance observer been told that not one of these eighty young ladies and gentlemen could hear a single note of the music he probably would have received the statement with incredulity as he took another look at the smooth gliding motions of the revelers. Yet such was the fact. The dancers were not only deaf but dumb, for it was a picnic party, made up of these poor, doubly afflicted ones. But there was nothing to suggest affliction in the manner of the excursionists. On the contrary, they were enjoying themselves hugely and seemed to feel all that indescribable exhilarations which thrills true lovers of the dance when the soft strains of a Strauss waltz come floating downward from the gallery of the Academy of Music on the night of the "charity."

It was the sixth annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, an organization of deaf mutes formed principally of lady and gentlemen graduates from the institution for instructing the deaf and dumb. Accompanied by their friends the party, about 500 in all, started from Eighth Street, East River, at half past eight in the morning, steamed around the Battery to the North River, and after calling at Eleventh Street to take a few more on board, proceeded up the Hudson to Mount Pleasant Grove at Hastings.

The excursion was a striking illustration of how much science has done to alleviate the condition of the deaf and dumb. It was strange, indeed, to see them dance with such precision merely from watching with quick, trained eyes the time beats of the orchestra leader and the steps of those who could hear. But still more marvelous was it to hear the deaf speak. There were at least a score of those present who had been educated in the new act of lip reading, and who could carry on a conversation in the usual way, having learned to read and speak from watching the lips of their teachers. A mustache on the part of the person they spoke with was a puzzle to them sometimes, as it partly conceals the movements of the mouth, and the *Herald* reporter, who has a heavy mustache, found it a severe test for some of the pupils. One charming young lady, however, conversed with great ease and fluency. She admitted—and here she blushed very deeply—that she was accustomed to a mustache, a young gentleman, a very intimate friend, possessing a very soft and silky one.

Two things were noticeable about the excursion party. When the music ceased there was almost a dead silence. Now and again a peal of hearty laughter would be heard, showing that in that sense the picnickers were not dumb, but there was none of the buzz and chatter of conversation which one usually hears on festive occasions of the sort. The few who conversed were, of course, a very small minority. But such a confusing and rapid gesticulation with the hands! With the quickness of lightning, and with bright, expressive eyes, the mutes conversed with each other in the sign language, and jokes and repartee went round very much as they always do. Another thing noticeable was when a group of ladies and gentlemen was composed of mutes and hearing persons—for there were several such on board. When this chanced and a conversation sprung up an amusing sight followed. The hearing persons not understanding the sign language, another means of communication was necessary. Quick as a flash out would come note books and pencils, and the whole party would take to dashing off hasty notes to each other. When the talk became animated all hands would be seen writing furiously in their note-books.

When the barge reached Mount Pleasant and lunch-baskets had been emptied, little parties strolled off under the trees, and it was very soon evident to one who watched the pretty girls and their escorts that flirtation and expressions of endearment are about the same in the sign language as in our spoken tongue. Whether any of the students pursued their studies in lip-reading was not ascertained.

The excursionists amused themselves very much as others do—with boating, fishing, swimming, and so on—and at half-past four started to return, reaching the city again at nine o'clock.

There are about one thousand deaf mutes in this city, and about half that number were at yesterday's excursion.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Too Sensitive.

When the girl with the pink powder on her face got into the street car the two passengers who had been talking about breadstuffs resumed their conversation, said one:

"Flour is plenty and cheap enough; have you noticed?"

"That's because it's so much kneaded," responded the other, with a feeble attempt at a pun.

The first speaker threw up his hands in affected horror. "To this complexion have we come at last," he quoted.

Then the girl rose up. "I think you're just horrid," she exclaimed "Stop the car! I won't sit here and have no such remarks passed on me!"

"We didn't mean——" he would have explained, but she was not to be appeased.

"You're mean enough for anything! Let me out! I'd rather walk. Flour indeed!" and she flounced off.—*Detroit Post.*

—A new horror has been added to the cigarette in California. "Leprosy," says a San Francisco physician, "is revealing itself about the lips and tongues of boys who smoke cigarettes made by the Chinese. The disease, though fatal, is slow in giving tokens of its first approaches." No less than 170 cases of infection by cigarette smoking had come under the physician's notice.

—It wasn't ignorance, but a desire to tease the young man from Chicago that made her say to him: "I should think you'd find it very gloomy living where there is no society, no theatres, no street cars, no anything!" And he foamed at the mouth, he was so mad.—*Boston Transcript.*

For Young Readers.

MAUD'S DECISION.

I don't want to think,
And I'm tired of play;
There's everything crooked
And wrong to-day.

And the cat's run off,
And Rose is forlorn;
And my very best dress
Is wrinkled and torn.

And I'm not a bit hungry,
Or I'd eat mel eat;
So what can I do
But swing my feet?

I wish I was big folks,
And naughty, too;
There's no one to whip them
Whatever they do.

But they must have been whipped
When little and bad,
If they stole jam and things,
And got nough.y and mad.

Well, then, who whipped them?
I can't, can't see.
Why, their fathers and mothers,
As mine do me.

Well, the fathers and mothers—
Who whipped them?
Why, Mrs. Noah did
Japhet and Shem.

Well, then, who whipped Eve?
Why, Adam, I guess,
For she stole apples
An' cried for a dress.

But Adam wasn't punished,
Not a single bit;
There wasn't anybody 'round
Who could do it.

Oh dear! my head aches
Thinking it out;
When is my turn coming
To keep a stick 'bout?

Oh, I know now,
The very thing, too!
I'll grow up—oh, awful fast,
As other folks do.

Then I'll buy little girls
An' lots, an' lots of boys,
An' I'll whip 'em for each bad, bad thing
An' every speck of noise!

—*Wide Awake.*

LOST PINS.

What becomes of all the pins? Can any of our young folks inform us? "Used up," are they? and how? We scarcely ever see a pin with the head worn off, so none are wasted in this way. Surely none are broken, nor worn to any perceivable lesser size, nor "shortened up," so as to be thrown away; and so where do these important little objects hide themselves? "Get bent," do they? Yes, come to think of it, some do get considerably "warped" in the using. But, girls, very few pins, according to the whole number used, get thrown aside as worthless on account of becoming "bent." Somehow, pins get out of sight—utterly lost in a mysterious manner. Occasionally, a pin is "picked up" from the house floor, or perhaps from the door yard, but very few, indeed, are thus gathered up for secondary use. We are not going to attempt to tell just where all the pins go, after filling their too brief mission. But we are certain that each minute, useful article finds a place in which to "rust out" its slim, wiry body. Surely a "paper of pins" ought to last, at least, twice as long in a household as it does. Lasting longer, they would not get shorter, nor lose their heads, nor become less in thickness of body, but only a little more bent with age; and so to what place do they go, after all? But methinks one bright-eyed, tiny maiden says: "I can tell you where lots of pins go, and so are lost: some are swept into the dust-pan and put in the fire; some are brushed out of the door into the dirt; and many are lost in the school-room and church that are never picked up, and roguish boys lose many in the dust while 'playing pins,' and some are lost while we are riding out and attending picnics; because every few minutes some one says: 'Give me a pin, for I've just lost one, and don't wish to take the trouble to find it.'" Upon reflection we willingly accept this solution of the problem.

But before we close, allow us to figure a little as to the probable number of pins used in the United States in one year, and we wish our young mathematicians to "reckon" after us to see if we have made any mistake. Now let us estimate the population of our country at 52,200,000 at the present time; and supposing six persons on an average to a family, would make 8,700,000 families, and three papers to a family on an average, yearly, would make 26,100,000 papers of pins used annually. Now, 14 rows to a paper would bring 365,400,000 rows! Again, 20 pins to the row gives us 7,308,000,000 pins "used up" in our country every year. Allowing an inch as the average length of pins, long and short, and they placed in a continuous line, would reach 609,000,000 feet, or 36,909,090.10-11 rods, or 115,340.10-11 miles, which would reach more than four and a half times around the earth. Surely pins are very useful little articles, and people could not well do without them.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

Strange Birds.

"Oh—oh!" squeaked Berry. "I've found a bird's-nest."

"*Nest*," said Terry. "Girls don't know anything. It's no nest at all—the eggs are laid right in the sand."

"And such long, thin, dirty-colored eggs," piped Berry.

"Such a bird as laid those eggs don't deserve to be a mother," observed Terry. "To put them right where one would be likely to step on 'em, and without any nest, at all. I'll tell you, Berry, we'll take 'em home and set 'em under the brown hen, and when they hatch we will have six little birds all to ourselves. And Biddy is a magnificent mother!"

Thereupon each gathered up three of their treasures, and scampering away to the wood-house, clambered up to the soap-box nailed upon the weather-boards, and placed them under Biddy, who was setting therein.

For a fortnight two very eager young people daily frequented that wood-shed.

Six bird-cages had been prepared, and six pounds of bird-seed laid in.

One day as they were playing in the yard, the children were startled by a series of most appalling screams and cackles proceeding from the precious shed. On rushing there they discovered that Biddy had forsaken her nest, and with distended eyes and crimson comb, had perched herself on a neighboring pile of wood, and was giving vent to a volume of wild and terrified "cut-a-cut-outs"

"Oh, *I* see," exclaimed Terry, "She's hatched the dear little birds, and she's scared of 'em; she's been used to chicks, you know."

"The blessed little birds," cried Berry, scrambling upon the trestle by which she was enabled to just reach the box. Terry rushed to the shelf, and now returned with the six cages.

"Now," instructed Berry, "as I hand 'em to you, put each dear little bird in a cage, and mind you, fasten the door well."

"Be careful," said Terry, standing with a cage with its door thrown wide. Berry had her hand in the nest.

"Don't squeeze 'em, or"——

"Oh-oh my—*my!* Get away—oh—*oh!*" squealed Berry, jumping down from the trestle and running to the far side of the wood-shed.

"There's something dreadful—something *crawly*—in Biddy's nest," gasped Berry, with a shudder.

Terry, with a loud "Shaw!" mounted the trestle, and inserted his hand in the nest, remarking, contemptuously:

"You girls are so—*Oh!*—good gracious! Keep off—for mercy's sake! What is it?" and Terry was just about one second joining Berry, his face every whit as scared as her own.

And now papa, brought hither by the racket, joined them, looked in the nest, started back, and then commenced to laugh, and laugh, and laugh, till the children thought he would have gone crazy.

Finally he took down the box, and what do you think they saw? *Four little, ugly, wriggling, snapping turtles.*

"The mother turtle," said papa, after the excitement had somewhat subsided, "lays her eggs close to the shore of the creek, in some sandy spot, and then returns to the water, leaving the sun and the hot sand to incubate them; and when the little turtles are out, they also scamper down to the water, which is just where we will take these fine fellows."

"What is 'incubate?'" queried Berry, an hour later, as with a very red face, she was tying up her bird-seed.

"To *hatch*, of course," said Terry, crossly, as he gathered up his bird-cages.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Tame Crow.

Amos Long lives on the farm next to ours. One day in spring he caught a young crow in the field. He took him home and tamed him. He taught him some funny tricks.

When the crow was full grown the cat had some kittens. Mink, as the bird was called, would take the tail of one of the kitties in his bill and drag her aroumd the room. Neither the kitty nor its mother liked this, and they cried with all their might.

Mink used to steal thimbles, spools of thread, gloves and other things, and hide them in out-of-the-way places. If he saw a handkerchief sticking out of any one's pocket, he would snap at it and drag it out. One time Mr. Long felt a tapping at his back, and found that Mink was filling his coat-pocket with red berries.

When the men are milking Mink will hop along and peck the cows' noses. Mink will not let any one take him up or pet him; but if any person holds out a stick, no matter how short it is, he will perch upon it. On this stick he will let himself be carried about the house.—*Our Little Ones.*

The Channel Tunnel.

M. de Lesseps and a party of French engineers and scientific men paid a visit on Saturday to the works of the Submarine Continental Railway Company at Dover and inspected the tunnel, which has been run out under the Channel for a distance of over a mile. The French visitors, who had landed at Dover on the previous day, reached the base of operations at the western side of Shakespeare's Cliff about ten in the morning, a special train, which had left Charing Cross at nine o'clock with visitors from town, arriving at a quarter to eleven. The visitors were lowered six at a time in an iron "skip" down the shaft into the tunnel. At the bottom of this shaft, 163 feet below the surface of the ground, the month of the tunnel was reached, and the visitors took their seats on small tram-cars which were drawn by workmen. So evenly has the boring machine done its work that one seemed to be looking along a great tube with a slightly downward set, and as the glowing electric lamps, placed alternately on either side of the way, showed fainter and fainter in the far distance, the tunnel, for anything one could tell from appearances, might have had its outlet in France. A journey of some seventeen minutes, however, not counting a stoppage for refreshments when 1,000 yards had been traversed, the workmen drawing the cars on the down grade at a fast walk, brought the party to the end of the boring—1,900 yards from the shaft and about 150 feet below the sea. The point now reached is about 800 yards further to the east, and nearer to the head of the Admiralty Pier at Dover than the end of the tunnel was in the last week of February, when the work were described in the *Times*. As has been anticipated, some small fissures or "faults" have been encountered, but though the moisture coming through them has made the surface of the tunnel damp and the roadway muddy at several places, a few troughs hollowed in the ground and occasionally emptied with a bucket served for the removal of all the water that gets into the lower workings. The dryness of the tunnel was the subject of remark among the foreign visitors, whose admiration was also expressed at the rapid and even working of the Beaumont boring machine. This is driven by compressed air, which serves a second purpose in supplying a fresh and cool atmosphere for the workmen to breathe.—*London Times.*

—All the barbers in St. Paul, Minn., are negroes. One of them was refused a drink at a fashionable bar on account of his color. The next time the rum-seller went to a barber shop he was informed that no negro in that city would shave him until he abolished the color line at his bar. He is growing a full beard in consequence.—*Chicago News.*

—A Chinaman was married to an American girl by a Christian minister the other day at Atlanta, Ga.—the second marriage of the kind in that city.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Colts are frequently taught the trick of nipping with their teeth by their owners injudiciously playing with or teasing them. Once learned the habit is cured with difficulty. Treat the horse very carefully, avoiding all playing with it, and whenever it attempts to bite, whip it across the nose with a switch.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Nice ginger wafers are made of one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, half a cup of cold coffee left from breakfast, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, and flour enough to make a stiff dough; knead it hard and roll very thin, and bake in a quick oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Horses in pasture are often extremely annoyed by flies. If they can stand when not in use in dark, sweet stables, by all means turn them into the pasture only at night. Gnats and mosquitoes are of little annoyance to horses, but the larger day-flies and the Bot-fly set them almost crazy.—*Germantown Telegrayh.*

—When washing lisle thread gloves for your husband or son do not use soap; instead of that put a teaspoonful of ammonia in one quart of water. If washed in this way there is no danger of there being spots and streaks in the gloves, as there would almost certainly be if washed in the usual way.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Peas and oats for fodder: When cut in blossom and well cured this mixed crop is worth more than clover hay. Cut with the reaper if they have not lodged. Otherwise the best plan is to cut them with a scythe, not as grass is mown, but by drawing them toward the mower in bunches with the blade of the scythe, when the loose bunches may be left to dry until ready to haul to the barn.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Pure and good milk is a necessity in almost every family. It may come into the house in a wholesome condition, yet there is ever the danger that it will become tainted with the sewer-gas from closets, or even with the dust carried by drafts through sleeping or living rooms. There can be no doubt that while milk is one of the best and most palatable of foods in summer, it must be carefully guarded from the farm to the table or it will prove a potent vehicle of disease.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Cakes which are particularly nice for picnics, as they can be carried in a basket without much danger of crumbling, are made of one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a half a tablespoonful of soda (or two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder.) Mix with flour enough to make the dough as stiff as for sugar cookies. Roll out, or cut in strips, twist these strips like old-fashioned doughnuts, bake till they are a light brown. They may be flavored with lemon, or with cinnamon, or they may be dipped in cocoanut and sugar while hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

Why Tillage Promotes Growth.

It is often claimed that to a very great extent tillage may be made to take the place of fertilizers. While this may be considered an extreme view of the case, there is no doubt that tillage is highly beneficial. It would not be well to use less manure; but if connection with the use of manures more thorough tillage were practised, the yield of the hoed crops would unquestionably be largely increased.

This subject is now of special interest. The character of the seed to be used was determined long ago, and the fertilizers have already been applied. All that remains to be done is to cultivate and harvest the crop. If now by tillage a considerable increase in the yield can be secured, it will add largely to the profit of the cultivator.

That tillage *does* increase the yield of crops there can be no question. The fact has been proved by a great number of practical tests. But for the benefit of our younger readers it may be well to point out *how* it is possible for cultivation to make plants more productive.

Plants are formed from substances obtained from the air and the soil. The materials which enter into the structure of plants are of two kinds, commonly called organic and inorganic. The organic matter is obtained largely from the air, though a portion of it is taken from the land. The inorganic materials are obtained from the soil. Either of these classes of material may be applied to the land and made useful to crops, in the form of manures or fertilizers. No excess in the supply of one class of materials can compensate for a deficiency in the quantity of the other class.

Not only must there be an abundant quantity of these materials within reach of the plants, but they must be in a condition to be readily utilized. They must be made very fine, so as to be readily soluble in water, in order that the moisture from dews and showers may dissolve them, and thus lit them for the immediate use of plants.

In average soils, plants are more likely to suffer from the want of the inorganic than from a deficiency of the organic materials. All soils of anything like ordinary fertility contain large quantities of the inorganic elements of plants—sufficient to supply the wants of crops for an indefinite period. But these elements are closely locked in the soil, and only a very small quantity becomes available at any one time. The forces of nature, by means of the frost and sunshine and storm are constantly at work setting these elements free; but on land which has long been cultivated, and from which the accumulations of the past have been removed, their action is far too slow to supply the growing crops. But tillage hastens the liberation of fertilizing elements which are locked in soil, and also enables the land to absorb large quantities of fertillzing gases from the air. Hence it hastens the growth of plants and renders them more productive than they otherwise would be.

During the next few weeks farmers will have abundant opportunity to test the efficiency of tillage in promoting the growth and increasing the yield of their crops. That an increased yield, if obtained by the inexpensive method of cultivation, will greatly increase the profits of the crop, is evident. Frequent and thorough culture is what the growing plants now require. Nothing else can atone for lack of this, and in no other way can the crop be so cheaply, quickly and certainly improved.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Anthrax or Black Leg in Cattle.

There are two varieties of the disease, both dependent on the presence in the system of minute vegetable organisms (bacteria) which have acquired the dangerous facility of living and increasing in the blood and tissues of the animal body. One form of the malady is the malignant anthrax proper—the malignant postule of man—caused by an organism which exists in the blood and vital fluids in the form of microscopic staff-shaped bodies, as well as spherical ones. This type is readily communicable to all species of warm blooded animals unless they have already been rendered insusceptible by an earlier attack. The second form is associated with a microscopic organism which is found in the spherical form only in the blood and animal fluids, and which has not been found to attack readily other animals than cattle.

Both are equally dangerous to cattle; the first is quite as dangerous to man and other warm blooded animals. Whether the germs in both diseases are but varieties of the same organism remains to be seen; what is more immediately to the point is that both appear to follow the same law of development and to depend on the same general conditions for the maintenance of their virulence. This is most inveterate if secluded from air, but is gradually lost in the presence of fresh air and moisture. Hence the germ once introduced or developed in a soil of a close, impervious and compact kind, in one overcharged with the remains of animal or vegetable life, or in one habitually water-logged, is preserved indefinitely, while in one which is naturally dry, open and porous, or which has been thoroughly underdrained, it sooner or later loses its virulence. In accumulations of litter or manure, in liquid manure tanks, in close cellars and the like, it is more likely to be preserved than elsewhere. To check the progress of the malady, therefore, and prevent new attacks, the exposed cattle should at once be moved to soil which is thoroughly drained and pervious to moistures.

The carcasses of the dead and all the products of the sick should be burned, or if buried at all it should be in a dry, porous soil with a covering of quicklime to favor speedy decomposition, and securely fenced in so that no other cattle can approach the place, nor eat the grass grown upon it for several years. If damp or impervious soil only is attainable for burial then burning the carcasses is far to be preferred. When a pasture has once had an outbreak of black leg it cannot be considered safe for several years to come. The purification of such pastures may be expedited by placing them under a rotation of crops and stirring the soil as frequently as possible, so as to expose the germs to the air and lessen or remove their virulence by changing the medium in which they grow. The grand principle is never to be lost sight of that it is the habit they acquire of using up little oxygen in their growth which fits these germs for growing in the blood, and it is the habit of using up much air that unfits them for survival in the animal fluids, where little air can be found.

The stock which has been exposed to the infection of black leg, whether from sick animals or infected pastures or places, may attain some measure of protection from taking daily in the food or water some disinfectant which will check the development of any germs that may be present on the mouth, throat, stomach or bowels. For this purpose one drachm carbolic acid and three drachms sulphate iron may be dissolved daily in the drinking water of each adult animal, or sprinkled on its food. Or one drachm of iodide of potassium and one-half ounce chlorate of potassa may be used in the same way. If there is any tendency to costiveness it should be counteracted by roots, apples, potatoes, soft mashes, or by daily doses of two or three ounces of Glauber salts. Constipation usually begets fever, and fever strongly predisposes to the reception of the anthrax germ. Young animals are always most liable to the disease, partly because their tissues are soft and impressible, but largely no doubt because they have not had an opportunity to become insusceptible through an earlier mild attack. Young growing animals should therefore be kept apart from pastures where black leg habitually occurs, and if they must at any time be exposed to even the slightest extent, care should be taken to keep them in the most vigorous health, and to prevent them from becoming suddenly plethoric.

To prevent the evil effect of a rapidly increasing plethora it is desirable to feed well at all times, and never allow the subject to get into too low condition. The use in this connection of linseed cake has the double effect of keeping the beast constantly thriving and counteracting all costiveness and fever. Some seek the same result by giving yearling cattle weekly or semi-weekly doses of half an ounce of saltpetre, or of two ounces of Glauber salts; while still others insert tapes or strips of leather or cord through the skin of the dewlap and smear them frequently with crude turpentine (pine gum) or other irritants, so as to keep up a running sore. These are kept in for weeks and even months, and though not an absolute protection against the disease, yet they serve to materially reduce the mortality. Cattle strange to the pasture should be subjected to the same precaution as young growing cattle. After is has once set in, black leg runs such a rapid course that treatment is rarely of auy avail. In mild cases the use of carbolic acid and sulphate of iron, alternately with chlorate of potassa and iodide of pottassium, as advised above, for prevention, and to the swelling oil of turpentine, or carbolic acid oil (one to ten) may give good results.—*Prof. Law, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—An eye witness of the lynching of McManns, in Minnesota, says that the mob was composed of the "most reputable and orderly citizens." McManus was accused of a cruel assault upon a child. The law would probably have been allowed to take its course in this case, had it not failed to do justice, a short time previously, to a brutal wife murderer, who ought to have been hanged, but got off with seven years in prison. This alarmed and exasperated the "orderly citizens," and they determined to make an example of McManus. The child assaulted being of a poor family, its father a laboring man with nothing to spare, the mob got up a subscription of $1,000 for it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Turks and Arabs.

As I have already telegraphed, the Arabs hate their Osmanli masters with a hate which is the fiercer on account of the dread that keeps them from showing it. Still, no stranger can travel in Syria and Aleppo without gathering some notion of the fire raging beneath that calm surface. Fuad Pasha thoroughly understood this when, having been sent to Damascus after the massacres to punish the culprits, he seized the opportunity to deal a heavy blow at the Mussulman Arabs. But, though so cowed and ruined by a severity which was calculated to beggar as much as to chastise them that they openly avow their impotency as against the Christians, the Mohammedans of the ancient Syrian stronghold are again beginning to lift up their heads, and the mutterings of a storm, during which, at least, all distinctions of creed would be laid aside, can be plainly heard. Nor is Stamboul ignorant of the disaffection of the Arabs. It is aware that a brave and resolute leader, who enjoyed the confidence of the people, might hoist the standard of rebellion with a fair chance of success. Indeed, two years ago, the palace grew seriously alarmed at the rapidly increasing attachment of the Syrians for Midhat Pasha, and on his consequently immediate recall took extraordinary precautions to prevent his disobeying and appealing to his province. Suppose, then, that Arabi set Dervisch at defiance, and summoned his followers to stand by him. A short while back they would not have dared, but who shall answer for their present behavior? And did the Egyptian insurgents gain a single success. Syria and Aleppo might be next day in flames, while, despite their jealousies and religious differences, the Bedouins would join their brethren of the cities against the common enemy. Even if the Porte have 30,000 troops, as stated, in Syria, what could they do, especially with the Arab element strong in their ranks? And the Ottoman army cannot be reinforced at pleasure, although in so accessible a spot; for the excellent reason that it has no soldiers to spare. This is not surprising. Of the splendid regiments we see at Stamboul and Pera, Sultan Abdul-Hamid, whose nerves are notoriously weak, would most likely decline to part with a battalion, in the same way as during the Russian war he refused to let the Messoudieh, his finest iron-clad, quit the Bosphorus. It would be extremely dangerous to weaken the scanty garrisons of Salonica, Macedonia, Adrianople and Asia Minor, and from Arabia proper (the Hedjaz) not a man could be dispatched. Besides, the army, as I have before remarked, includes a large number of Arab officers and privates, whose sympathies could hardly be doubtful, and the rest, half clothed and badly paid, would lack the enthusiasm and zeal demanded for victory. In short, an explosion in Egypt might mean a break-up of the Ottoman Empire. With an infatuation peculiarly Turkish, the palace has imprisoned Heiroullah, that popular and able ex-sheik ul-Islam, and Midhat Pasha in the Hedjaz, which is in a state of chronic disaffection, and where reside the family acknowledged of all Sunnites to be the nearest descendant of the prophet, and therefore the rightful heir to the caliphate. Imagine, also, a rising there and simultaneous proclamation of a new caliph, with Midhat and Heiroullah as his chief advisers. The Arab revolt would instantly acquire the importance of a struggle against a mere usurper of Islam's crown. True it is that the Sultan would still retain the insignia of Mohammed, his banner, his sword, his cloak, and one or two other relics which are never out of his possession, and concerning which there is great mystery. But the Arab might well despise such trifles, particularly when master of holy Mecca and Medina, and when fighting for liberty against a detested tyrant. In conclusion, I must repeat that I am talking not of probabilities, but of possibilities, and simply maintain that this is a possible contingency, and as such ought not to be ignored.—*Constantinople Cor. London News.*

—The United States Consul at Auckland is authority for the statement that twenty years ago there were only two rabbits in New Zealand, which were owned by an English gentleman, and that their progeny now number eighty millions. Eight and one-half million rabbit-skins were exported from the island last year.

—The peculiar aroma from the fields of growing wheat is particularly recommended by physicians as a cure for hay fever. To live in the vicinity of large corn fields will also bring about similar results.—*Chicago Journal.*

It is not true that the author of "The Poppy in China" is about to write a work on "The Mummy in Egypt."—*Jewish Messenger.*

If the hypothennse of a triangle is equal to the distance between the accession of King James I. and the Stamp act, and the small angles equal to the Angles who landed in Britain before the time of Alfred the Great, what is the third angle? Express the result in terms of the specific gravity of carbonic dioxide, or any one of the forms of Egyptian hieroglyphic writings.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Lecture upon the rhinoceros: Professor—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

When the young man stepped up to the soda fountain engineer with his country cousin, he said he would take the usual thing, giving the engineer a peculiar wink. You can bet the engineer was dazed when the country girl said: "Well, that's good 'nough for me; I'll take the same," and gave him the same kind of a wink.—*Syracuse Times.*

"What a fine protuberant forehead your baby has, Mrs. Jones! Did he get it from his father?" "No," replied Mrs. Jones, "he got it from a fall down stairs."

Little Johnny, who had been observing the difficulty with which gorged mosquitoes fly, remarks to his little brother at the breakfast table: "If you eat so much you will die, Billy, and be an angel, but you won't be able to fly much."—*Texas Siftings.*

Erwin Booth has been guilty of a pun. He says no matter how many quarrels over petty jealousies actors may have, they always "make up" before going on the stage.

A Tallahassee man has secured an almanac dated 1702. He has applied for the position of humorous paragrapher on a paper issued every 29th of February.—*American Queen.*

A shirt has two arms, the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair, and the other is only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy and paid more attention to the everyday trifles that vex the clearest minds?

—The Maine papers tell of two cases of youthful heroism and presence of mind by which children were saved from drowning. One of the brave youngsters was the five-year-old son of a Capt. Edward Small, of Machiasport, who waded out into water in which a girl of seven years was struggling, and pulled her ashore with a stick. The other was Richard Brown, of Winterport, aged ten years, who plunged into deep water and drew ashore the nine-year-old son of Captain J. F. Hutchings just as he was about sinking from exhaustion.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When his cousin Aunie got angry and told of the alleged mean way in which he had treated her, Fogg simply remarked that it was an Aunie mad verslon, and he had nothing to say.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

Call me an octagon! said Mrs. Partington; why the next thing you will call me a centurion a relic of antipathy, and send me to the next impositlon.

The Billous,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The difference between a cat and a comma is, that one has the claws at the end of paws, while the other has the pause at the end of clause.

☞ Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

***"Slow and steady wins the race." Steadily, but not slowly, Kidney-Wort is distancing all competition for universal popularity and usefulness. This celebrated remedy can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either form. Read advertisement.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no sleeper in the sleeper on the sleeper.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

"No you don't; you must pay as you go!" exclaimed the landlord, as he caught an impecunious boarder trying to skip away.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

What constitutes a revolution of the earth? First comes the spring, then the summer set and the fall. Needless to go winter further details.

Teachers wanted for fall and winter vacancies. Address, with stamp for application form, Teachers' Agency, Cincinnati, O.

The Indians of Brazil manufacture a kind of whisky—and a most awful mean kind, too, from the roots of a certain vine. Must be the original "bickerish root."

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

Rev. Dr. Boggs believes in church debts, because, he says, they increase the interest.

"Dos't put in no muskeeter nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Buchupaiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1 at Druggists.

In some respects the gentler sex far surpasses us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

Use Redding's Russia Salve in the house and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Try it.

"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

If a maiden says she is twenty, yet looks fifty, add the figures together, divide by two, and you will never age.

Wise's Axle Grease pleases everybody who uses it.

A careful man will never attempt to sit down at table when the chair is not there.

Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam, for diarrhea.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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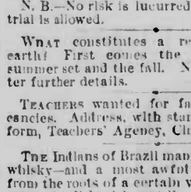

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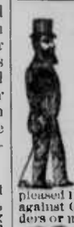

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased in stating that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

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One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, disfigure its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so, long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

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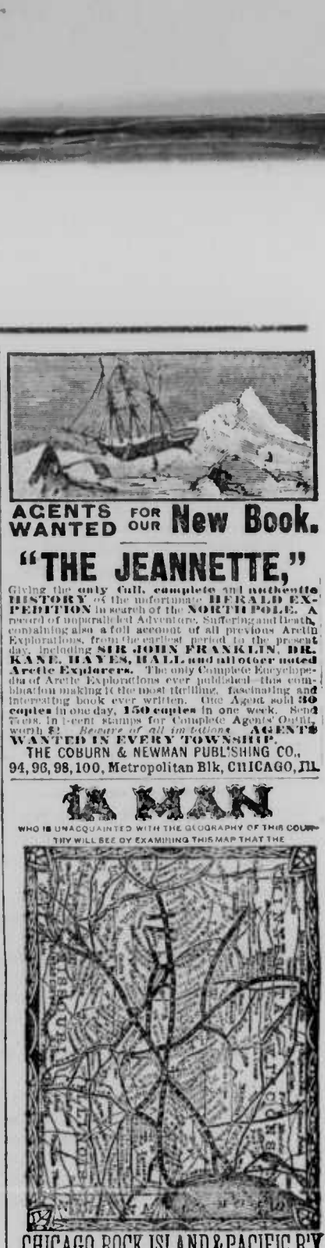

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That some men can get more fun out of a $5,000 income per annum than others can out of a $10,000 one.

That people should ask to be delivered from "sudden death" and never pray to be spared a lingering die-by-inches exit.

That a man will travel miles agonizing at every step from a bit of gravel or an obtrusive peg in his shoe before he'll stop and take it out.

That a man never knows what a weak, fickle and uncertain master he has in himself until he is at liberty to govern his own life and do as he pleases.

That when a poet or philosopher dies, a dozen men and women try to kitetail themselves to his name and write themselves into fame by telling all they know of him.

That so many people forgot the weather they experienced last year and declare they "never saw such a spring as this before." No, never.

That histories written fifty years ago assert how the people of that time were living "at the apex of knowledge and enlightenment," which remark is sometimes repeated to-day.

That when a philosopher or scientist puts forth some new idea, all the wool-gathering afterwards written by him of truth, or semi truth, as the case may be, are often by his admirers regarded as most important and sacred words.

The Sin of Fretting.

There is one sin which seems to me is everywhere and by every body underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or on the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they wast on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Helen Hunt.*

If onions which are to be boiled are put in salt water after they are peeled, and are allowed to remain in it for an hour before they are cooked they will lose so much of their distinctive flavor, that they will rarely remind one an hour after of what he had for dinner. Onions that are to be eaten raw may be treated in the same way.

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All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

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I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wilt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW AUVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms OF New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance o your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
817 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
561 tf. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.30 P. M.
No. 5	7.13 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport;
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

n 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the second Monday of August, in the year 1882, including said last mentioned day, that is to say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books ALL persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of Henry O. Hamill Officer of Registration for said district, near Glade Church, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at North Glade School House, in said district.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of said James H. Rush.

Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the store of Jeremiah Guard in said district.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Rawling's store, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at Accident, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Sylvester Ryland, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the house of the said Ed. A. Browning, near Sang Run in said district, and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for and in said district.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th days of August, at the land and Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Wright Thayer, near Deep Creek in said district.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at Chisholm's Mill in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of said Christian Martin, known as the Red House.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August, at the house of the said Johnson Brothers, in said district, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of the said William B. Murphy, in said district.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gnagey, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and Jere. Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and also to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER
7 22 2 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 80, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 25 tf D. J. SLAGENHAUPH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one in three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 8 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

(e21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882. NUMBER 25.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

21 Mar

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracaenas and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholsale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEETPOTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 401. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. or Oakland, Md.

June 3'3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

50r N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA."

"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys."

If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O. For Constipation and Piles, take

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

JONES & CO.

A SAN FRANCISCO IDYL.

I guess pa and ma were pretty rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their wedding-tour, and cost lots—came by the way of New York and Washington and Panama city in a steamboat, and ma brought a maid to wait on her and pa had a servant named Jim; and when we got to California—I say we: I'm only fourteen now; but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick house, and you ought to see my baby clothes. Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods them was, because Maud has draggled them all to pieces. Maud is the baby. Six years old, Maud is, and it won't be long before she will be a clerk for Jones & Co. First babies always have the nicest things. Ma says first babies are like second wives.

Well, I am of the opinion that after pa went into his house on Van Ness avenue, he went into stock, whatever that means. Going into stock must be a curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and laughed at ma for being so mean and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and go to the theatre. One day he came home with a brand new carriage and a span of long-tail horses, and a coachman and foot-man. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue, and talked about stocks, and I began to watch pa and noticed that sometimes when he laughed the loudest he looked as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses and then the house, and the furniture was sent to the auction and ma felt very bad, and pa wasn't like himself any more and never told me stories nor kissed me; and once, when Maud was asleep in his arms he kissed her and cried, and when I told ma she guessed pa did not feel very well, and then she cried. After this we went to a boarding-house—a nasty, musty boarding-house. Everything was well enough, only a boarding-house ain't like home.

Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died; and I heard pa say to the man that kept the boarding-house that he was pretty tight up, but it was all coming out right; and the next day, pa didn't have any watch nor any sleeve buttons. I didn't seem to notice it, because I saw that maybe he had sold them to pay board; and I heard pa and ma talk away in the night, and sometimes ma cried, and pa would look in the morning just as if he hadn't slept a wink, and I don't believe he had. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy; and I never saw ma feel so bad, never; and then they talked it over, and finally ma went home to grandpa's in New York, with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school. Then pa kept getting worse, and worse, and went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants; and pa stayed out late at nights, and I guess he drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had got to be done. So I said to pa one day:

"Pa, let's go into business and open a store."

And he laughed and said, "What kind of a store."

And I said, "Oh, a candy store, or a stationery store, or a thread and needle store, just such as women keep and little girls help in."

And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he had not, and I said he had better, and he said he would; and that morning he didn't go out, but stayed at home and wrote ma a long letter. So next day I went into a store on Polk street, kept by a nice old lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything, and she said in French they called it lingerie. I did not know what she meant, because it was French, and I asked her if she did not want to sell her store, and she said:—

'Do you want to buy a store, little girl?" And I said: "My pa does." And she smiled and said she guessed the sheriff would have a store to sell in a few days. I said I would tell pa because he knew Mr. Nunan, the sheriff. It was one of Mr. Nunan's men that sold pa's house and furniture for him.

And the next day I told pa about the store and what a nice one it was, and he had been a dry-goods man once, and had a large store, and sold silk dress goods, and velvets and furs, and laces worth more than $1,000 apiece.

I don't exactly know what pa did, but I think something "turned up" a few days afterward, for I heard him say he had made a "raise;" and he showed me more than $1,000 in gold and notes, and for a day or two he carried them in a side pocket, and mostly kept his hand over them, for fear they would jump out and fly away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away, and one day he said to me:—

"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my saleswoman and partner."

And sure enough, in a few days we went into the store, and over the door was a great big sign of "Jones & Co." and pa said I was the "Company." And when I said, "And so, pa, you are "Jones'?" he blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was selling needles and thread and tape and things. We had two snug little rooms in the back of the store to sleep in, and I made pa's bed and swept out the rooms and tidied things. At first pa shut up the store when he had to go down town on business, but after a little while I tended it, and when there were two customers in the store I waited on one, and it wasn't long before I could make change and sell things almost as good as pa could; and by and by, when he went down town, I tended store, and we had splendid times. We went out to a nice place across the street for our meals; I tended store when pa went, and pa tended store when I went.

One day pa came in and looked dreadfully troubled, and then I said; "Pa ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something about Jones & Company?"

And then I found out that pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for $1,000 had to be paid, and that's what made pa feel bad. And then I thought and wondered how I could get $1,000, and I kept on thinking over everybody that I guessed had $1,000, and everyone that I guessed had it, I guessed would not lend it to pa. And then I thought about the rich Mr. Flood, and said: "I will go down to his bank and get it, for he's got more than a thousand millions, and down to the bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold, and of course he don't use it all the time, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll take it back and pay the interest." And then I jumped up and hurrahed for Jones & Co., took my best bonnet and put on my gloves, took off my store apron and combed my hair, and got into a car, went to the Nevada bank, told the clerk I wanted to borrow $1,000, and he laughed and said he guessed I had better see Mr. McLane. I asked who Mr. McLane was, and the clerk said Mr. McLane was the president, and was in the back room, and I went into the back room, and Mr. McLane said:

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

And I said: "I want to borrow one thousand dollars."

Mr. McLane opened his eyes and turned his chair around and looked at me, and said: "A thousand dollars," with as much surprise as though $1,000 was all the money he had in the bank. Then I began to get scared and cried; and then I told Mr. McLane all about pa and "Jones & Co." and what we wanted to do with the money, and that I would pay it back to him; and he looked kinder puzzled, and asked me what pa's name was, and I told him and where the store was, and all about ma and Maud, and how the baby died. I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. McLane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have the money, when a gentleman at the other desk came up to where I was sitting on a chair, and Mr. McLane said:

"Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?"

And then I knew it was the rich Mr. Flood, and I looked into his eyes, and he said:

"Let her have the money; I will endorse her note."

Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me; and Mr. McLane made a note for ninety days, and I signed "Jones & Co.," and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it, I took the money away in a canvas bag that Mr. McLane said I must bring back, and I took the money to pa; and didn't he look surprised when I poured out the great big twenty-dollar gold pieces on the counter. Then I told him what happened at the bank, and when I asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt real ashamed.

After this I never saw anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies kept coming every day, and most all of them traded with me, and pa was just as happy as he could be. Jones & Co. was making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back, I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, into Mr. McLane's room, and I took very good care to let the clerk that laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. McLane laughed, and I heard Mr. Flood tell Mr. McLane they would have that lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again not to go to any other banks, but come to his; and I thanked him, and Mr. McLane brought my note canceled by a great blue "Paid" stamped across the face, right over where I wrote "Jones & Co." Then I told Mr. Flood that when we felt able to send for ma I should come over and borrow some more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so that they wouldn't have to go into any more nasty boarding-houses, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.

When we sent for ma and Maud, grandpa gave them the money to come and so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage, not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her. For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town, and I was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being home late. One day who should I see coming into the store but ma.

"Have you any pearl shirt buttons, little girl?" said ma.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the eye.

"Goodness, gracious!" said ma. "Is that you, Vevie?"

I said, "Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" And then ma looked at me again.

I had a store apron on and a small cap like a French girl; and because I wasn't very high pa bought me a pair of wooden brogans, with felt buttons, into which I slipped my feet, and they made me four or five inches taller; and ma stared at me, and then laughed and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl; you look so much like my daughter Genevieve that I thought you were her."

Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter. He had seen ma come in and he hid. Just as soon as ma went out pa jumped up and said: "Snatch off your apron and cap, Vieve, and run round the block and get home before your mother."

I did so, and when ma got home she was the most surprised person you ever saw. We knew this thing wouldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of "Jones & Co.," and ma kissed pa and said he was a noble fellow, and "just as good as gold," and that she "never was so proud of him in all her life," and fell to kissing him and crying and taking on. I never saw ma act so foolish in all her life, and pa said she was "making love to him over again."

Well, now the story is about over. Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder sheepish, especially when some lady came in she had known at the Lick house, but she soon got over all that and began to make bonnets and we had a millinery store, and then she insisted upon saving the expense of a separate house, and we moved into a larger store next door with nice rooms fixed to live in and a nice show window for bonnets; and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work, and we are just as happy as the days are long and have lots of money.

I have never seen Mr. Flood but once since, when I went down to the bank unbeknown to pa, and told Mr. Flood and Mr. McLane that anytime they wanted to borrow $1,000 "Jones & Co." would lend it to them; and they laughed and said, "Couldn't tell, stocks might go down." And then Mr. Flood said, "If all the people he had given and loaned money to would pay it back as I had, he didn't think he would get busted in a long time."

And then I saw the clerk that laughed at me and I smiled at him and bowed; and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is nobody in the store but me, he is sometimes half an hour picking out just the kind he wants.

Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem-winder; and we—Jones & Co.—have bought a nice large lot on Governor Stanford's new cable railroad and paid for it; and if the times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again.

His Ma got Home.

"When is your ma coming back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat-tail pockets.

"Oh, she got back at mid-night last night," said the boy, as he eat a few blue berries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back upstairs on one foot. Pa haint got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror, said the groceryman, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me that they don't send you to a reform school. What devilry were you up to last night to get kicked this morning?"

"No devilry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired and telegraphed that she would be home last night, and pa was down town and I forgot to give him the dispatch, and after he went to bed me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a sister about as big as ma, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in pa's room. Oh, you'd a laffed. We put a pair of number one slippers, with blue stockings down in front of the rocking chair, beside pa's boots, and a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best black silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather in on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay-out and heard pa snoring I thought I should die. You see, ma knows pa is a darn good feller, but she is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard a door bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and drove right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty hot, now you bet, at not being met at the depot."

"Where's your father?" said she, as she began to go upstairs.

"I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, but I heard a good deal of noise in the room about an hour ago, and maybe he was taking a bath. Then I slipped upstairs and looked over the banisters. Ma said something about heavens and earth, and where is the huzzy, and a lot of things I couldn't hear; pa said damfino, and it's no such thing, and the door slammed and they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he came out in the hall and his face was redder'n a beet, and he tried to stab me with his big toe-nail, and if it hadn't been for these pieces of brick he would have hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home, and then she will be down on me. I'll tell you what, I have a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun, and not get kicked all the time."

And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.

The Mockery of Mourning.

The custom of putting on mourning for the dead has been obsolete in England for some years among the higher classes and is gradually becoming so here. There is no reason why it should not be. It often entails expense upon a family that can ill afford it, is costly, unbecoming and unhealthy. Not one woman in a thousand looks well in it. I have seen a beautiful woman look piquant in a widow's cap, but the recollection that her attractiveness was born of the grave, that she was making capital from a corpse around whose neck her arms had often clung turned admiration into another feeling.

Its advocates insist that it is a "mark of respect." But would not respect be shown quite as well by withdrawing from the public gaze instead of inviting it at such time? The fact that the most intense care is taken that this mark of respect shall always be in the style of highest fashion somewhat staggers the conviction that sorrow alone fills our hearts, even in the first agony of bereavement. "We bury our dead out of sight," but not in the abomination of crape and bombazine. We lay them away in white robes and with the soft benison of flowers, for we would have the last look linger with us an ever-pleasant memory, and in "white robes" we hope to meet them again beyond the stars. It is time that this flaunted advertisement of sorrow, this compulsory demand for street sympathy, this senseless obtrusion of a goul-like caste should take its place with the fashion of drowning witches, and the belief that Gehenen is paved with the skulls of unbaptized infants.—*Junius, in New York Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

REACHING FOR THE BUBBLES.

Under the shade of the maples
The boys are playing to-day,
A basin of suds between them
And a long-stemmed pipe of clay.
See them blowing the great bright bubbles,
Hear them laugh as they float away;
While baby, close by, on his pallet
Seems as eager and happy as they.

See him stretch his tiny fingers,
And reach, as the bubbles fall,
His brown eyes bright and eager—
He thinks he can catch them all.
"Baby's reaching for the bubbles,"
Cries Charlie, his face aglow,
"He thinks that he could hold them—
He's only a *baby*—you know.

Ah, Charlie, life's full of bubbles
We long for, and reach for, in vain,
And like dear little Baby Brown-Eyes
We try it again and again.
We are sure at each grasp we have it,
And reach as we have in the past,
To find, like dear Baby Brown-Eyes,
A bubble, and nothing, at last.

—*Olive Stephens Brown, in Youth's Companion.*

MRS. LARRABEE'S MORNING CALL.

"Stop, driver, stop! O, that lovely view! Ellen, do look at those mountains yonder, with the shadows of the clouds lying upon them! This is truly a heavenly spot. I could sit here all day long and look at that view. I wonder who lives here; it must be some very rich family, for just see those stables over there, and the queer houses, and then the lawns and drives! It must take an army of servants and a mint of money to run a place like this. That is a boathouse down there at the water's edge. Of course the man who lives here has a yacht—probably a small fleet of them. Dear me! these Hudson River princes simply roll in wealth. Perhaps this is the country seat of some celebrated New York merchant. Driver, what is the name of the gentleman who owns this place?"

The colored man on the box of the carriage reflected a moment. "I ain't been long in these parts," he said at last, apologetically.

He beckoned to a gardener who was clipping a hedge near, and the man left his work and came up to the carriage, touching his hat respectfully to the two ladies seated therein. The elder of them, a stout, pompous dame with large diamonds in her ears, said patronizingly: "Good morning. Will you tell me the name of the gentleman who owns this country seat?"

"Mr. Partridge, ma'am."

"Partridge?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Partridge! George Reed Partridge!" cried the stout lady in great excitement.

"Yes, ma'am," said the gardner, touching his hat again respectfully and then resuming his hedge-clipping.

The stout lady laid a fat, tightly-gloved hand upon her companion's arm: "My dear, it is the very Mr. Partridge whom we knew so well in Rome. You remember his wife and only son died of the fever there that winter, and he was almost heart-broken. His wife was a sweet woman. Coachman, drive up to the house."

"But, Aunt Etta——" the young girl began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"My dear, I know him well. He would consider it a slight, an insult, if I should drive through his grounds without stopping to say: 'How do you do?' The idea of this being his place! I thought that he lived in New York; and I suppose he does in winter and comes here for the summer. He is a retired merchant, you know, and immensely wealthy—immensely.

The coachman had meanwhile driven his horses up to the entrance of the house, and, as he stopped them, a man-servant came down the broad stone steps and stood ready to open the carriage door. Mr. Partridge was at home, and the two ladies alighted and followed the servant into a square hall where a single sheet of plate-glass framed a picture of the river and the blue hills beyond. The pavement was marble, a fine carved staircase wound up to the floor above, and on every side were silent witnesses to the truth of Mrs. Larrabee's assertion that Mr. Partridge was a rich man.

"Whom shall I say, madam?" said the servant, as he ushered the two guests into a small reception-room.

"Two old friends," quoth the stout lady, superbly. Then she put her gold-rimmed eyeglasses on her nose and gazed about her critically, rising once to peep through the door-hangings into the adjoining room. Her companion, a tall, slim girl with soft brown hair and eyes, seated herself in a low chair by an opened window and crossed her hands in her lap, wearily. She looked pale and tired, and contrasted in every way with her stout, rubicund aunt. She wore no rustling silk, no sparkling diamonds, and a fashion observer would have instantly detected that her gloves were only three-buttoned while her aunt's were eight. Almost motionless, she sat looking down at the carpet until Mr. George Reed Partridge entered. He was a burly, white-haired old man, with a smooth-shaven, mahogany-colored face and a pair of twinkling little eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Larrabee," he said, in a big, out-door sort of voice, "this is a great surprise. I could not imagine who my two old friends were, and I should have concluded that you were a pair of dangerous book-agents if James had not said that you came in a carriage. But I don't know who the other old friend can be." He bestowed a shrewd glance upon the girl, who had risen and stood before him, a faint blush spreading slowly over her face. "And I should not call her so very old," he added, with a laugh.

"It is my niece, Ellen Hustead," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You remember, she was in Rome with us."

"Ah, yes, of course; I recollect now," Mr. Partridge exclaimed. He shook hands with the girl heartily. "It is no wonder that I didn't recognize you, Miss Ellen, for the last time I saw you you were a long-legged creature in short frocks."

Mrs. Larrabee looked rather shocked, but her niece smiled. "The frocks have been let down," she said, gayly.

"So I see. I suppose it was necessary. Why, you are quite a woman,—eighteen years old, I dare say."

"Nearly nineteen," said she.

"You must stop shooting up and take to spreading out. With your height, you ought to weigh a hundred and forty pounds."

"She has been studying very hard all winter," said Mrs. Larrabee. "That is why she looks so pale and thin."

"Studying, eh?" Mr. Partridge repeated. "Studied the flesh off your bones? I wish you had said danced it off. I don't like learned young ladies very much. In fact, I'm afraid of 'em."

A bright look flashed into the girl's face. "Ah, you need not be afraid of me," she said, in half-triumphant, half-mournful accents. "I am not learned in the least, and I can't be, although I have tried very hard."

Mr. Partridge twisted about in his chair and looked at her with new interest. His glance traveled deliberately from the crown of her head to the tip of the boot that showed itself beneath her simple gown.

"My niece refers to the trying ordeal that she has just passed through," said Mrs. Larrabee. "She came to Poughkeepsie to enter Vassar College, but she failed in her examinations. That is how we happen to be here; we are going back to Chicago to-morrow."

"I could enter the preparatory class," chimed in her niece, "but I feel too old for that. I thought I should surely enter Freshman; I studied hard all last winter for it, but I am dreadfully deficient in mathematics. I can't even manage fractions; and as for algebra"——" She broke off eloquently and looked up into Mr. Partridge's face with a smile of comical despair.

He burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear child," said he, "what earthly good would it do you if you could manage fractions? Keep out of Vassar College, and gather your roses while you may; that is my advice."

"I shall have to do something to earn my own living," said she, in a simple, straightforward way, "and I hoped to become a teacher."

The laughing look on Mr. Partridge's face was repulsed by a very grave one. He pursed up his lips. "Whew!" he whistled.

Mrs. Larrabee now came to the rescue, and guided the conversation in the direction of Europe. Ellen was rather left out of the desultory talk that followed, and sat by, silent and absorbed in her thoughts. Evidently they were not the vague, pleasant day-dreams of a young girl, for a little line showed itself between her brows, and she compressed her lips as though she were mentally making some great resolution. As he listened to Mrs. Larrabee's smoothly flowing stream of words, Mr. Partridge every now and then glanced at Ellen in his quick, shrewd way. Sometimes she caught his glances and returned them with a smile, but oftener she was quite unconscious of them and worked away at the problems that seemed to trouble her. Outside, the carriage stood in the shade of a great chestnut-tree, and the colored coachman slumbered peacefully on his perch, while the horses stamped impatiently and whisked their tails in futile efforts to dislodge the flies. In the distance a man drove a mowing-machine round and round a lawn, and, nearer, a gardener moved a rake lazily to and fro over a graveled path. The south wind stole in through the opened window, bringing with it the smell of roses. A vague drowsiness stole little by little over Ellen, and the muscles of her face relaxed. How sweet it would be to lean her head against the back of her well-cushioned chair and forget her troubles in sleep! She closed her eyes once, but opened them quickly lest her aunt should see her. That lady was talking in her customary fluent and impressive manner.

"It was such a lovely morning that I thought I would bring Ellen out for a drive. She has never seen anything of the Hudson River before, and the scenery here is so celebrated, and I am sure it deserves its fame, for anything more beautiful I cannot even imagine. You see, we meet by chance, the usual way, Mr. Partridge. I had no idea that the charming home that I was going into ecstasies over belonged to an old friend; and when your gardener—*one* of your gardeners, I suppose I should say—told me who lived here, I was very much astonished, I assure you, and, on the spur of the moment, we decided to pay you a morning call, Ellen and I."

"I am very glad you did so," said the old gentleman, politely, "and I hope you will pay me one every time you are in Poughkeepsie."

"We shall never be here again," spoke up Ellen. "I shall not try to pass Vassar examinations every year." And she shook her head resolutely.

"It is your turn now, Mr. Partridge," said Mrs. Larrabee. "You must pay us a morning call."

"But you live in Chicago!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "That is quite a distance to go to pay a morning call."

"Nothing at all for an old traveler like you," cried Mrs. Larrabee; "and I do hope that you will drop in and see us some day, just as we dropped in to see you."

"I certainly shall do so if I ever get as far as Chicago, which I very much doubt," said Mr. Partridge. "I am past seventy now; my traveling days are over. I have to go to New York every now and then to look after my estate and business affairs generally, but I hate it. I would rather stay here and raise cattle and sheep."

Mrs. Larrabee rose and drew her shawl about her shoulders. "I think we must go," she said, with a glance out of the window toward her sleeping coachman.

"O, stay and lunch with me," said Mr. Partridge, springing to his feet as quickly as though he were a young fellow still. "Let me send your carriage back to the hotel, and I will drive you into town myself this afternoon."

Mrs. Larrabee let her shawl slip off her shoulders again and murmured a consent, and thereupon Mr. Partridge went out himself to give the order to the coachman.

"He might have asked us before, said Mrs. Larrabee in an undertone to her niece. "Now I shall have to pay for all the time that the carriage has been waiting. But, dear me! a rich man never thinks of these trifles."

Having sent the carriage back to town, Mr. Partridge rejoined his guests, and, soon after, luncheon was announced. The meal was served in a small room with long French windows opening out upon a broad piazza. Beyond stretched an expanse of lawn down to the river, that to-day shone glassy in the sunshine, reflecting clearly the sloops and schooners that, with outspread sails, lay waiting for a breeze. Mr. Partridge was quite annoyed because Ellen looked out of the window too much and neglected her luncheon.

"You can't live on a view, he said. "Drink your wine, child, and eat your cutlet. Mind, if you don't do better by your meat, you will have to make it up on the strawberries and cream."

"Poor Ellen! She is quite unstrung," murmured Mrs Larrabee sympathetically.

"O, no, I am not," said Ellen, looking a trifle vexed. She did not like to be called unstrung; it made her feel like an old fiddle hung up in a Jew-shop.

As soon as the luncheon was over, Mr. Partridge led his guests out upon the piazza. "I hope you don't object to tobacco?" he said, taking a cigar from his pocket.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Larrabee replied. "My husband is a great smoker."

"And I suppose, Miss Ellen, that if you had a husband he would be a great smoker too, Dundreary would observe," said Mr. Partridge.

Ellen colored quickly and looked a little confused. She seemed ill at ease.

After a while Mr. Partridge said to her: "Don't you want to go down the alley yonder and pick me a big bunch of roses?"

"Yes, indeed," she cried, and ran down the steps with delight. Mr. Partridge's remark about a possible husband's habits had, like many a random arrow, flown at an unsuspected mark, and Ellen feared that her aunt might be inclined to make embarrassing disclosures upon the subject. Now, however, she was away from such an unpleasant possibility, and she wandered down the rose-alley, gathering the flowers and feeling quite like the lady of the manor. After a while she found that a little old spaniel was following her, and wagging his tail with as much energy as remained to him after many years of almost unremitting tail wagging. He seemed very grateful to Ellen for the kind word and pat that she bestowed upon him, and trotted after her, panting, and with his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth. Indeed, as the day was warm and he seemed unused to such exertions, Ellen stopped to give him a chance to rest. But rest he would not. When she stooped, he sat up on his haunches and offered her his paw, then rolled over, then played dead dog, and then began it all over again, by sitting up on his haunches and offering her his paw; and this he kept up until she strolled on again, when he trotted after her laboriously.

Meanwhile, Mr. Partridge sat in his arm-chair on the piazza, listening to his guest's monologue. Finally, with a quick jerk of his head in the direction of the rose-alley, he said, "so she hopes to be a teacher, does she?"

Mrs. Larrabee raised her hands in a snrt of despair, as she answered; "Yes, that has always been her expectation; but I am afraid it will have to be given up. I am sure I don't know what to do with her. She is my poor sister's child, and quite alone in the world, and she has no money—a paltry thousand or so. Mr. Larrabee and I intended to educate her so that she could be a teacher and make herself independent; but she is not an intellectual girl. She is good and sweet-tempered, but she certainly is not intellectual. She failed dreadfully in her examination. Of course Mr. Larrabee and I would treat her just as we do our own daughters, but we have five children of our own, and we cannot afford it."

"Why, I thought Larrabee was making a big fortune," said Mr. Partridge.

Mrs. Larrabee shook her head. "Reports are always dreadfully exaggerated. We are comfortable; but with a family like ours it takes a great deal of money to be merely comfortable. And then Ellen is very proud and high-spirited, and would not be willing to be a dependent upon her uncle's charity. But what can she do? what can she do, Mr. Partridge?"

"Get married," said that gentleman; "she would make some man a good wife, even if she is not particularly intellectual."

There was a touch of sarcasm in his voice; but Mrs. Larrabee did not notice it. She drew her chair a little nearer Mr. Partridge's, and said, confidentially: "The fact is, there has been a young man very attentive to her for more than a year. It is a desperate affair, I assure you; but he is poor—a lawyer without clients or influential friends, and his own way to make in the world. Of course Ellen and he fell in love; such people always do, and the poorer they are the worse the love. It would be folly for them to marry—perfect folly; and I am happy to say that they have sense enough to know it. Still, I am afraid they may forget prudence and run away; she would go fast enough if he asked her; but I will give him the credit of being a high-minded sort of fellow. He would think twice before he dragged a young girl into poverty. Of course I never could consent to such a thing; I should consider myself a wicked woman if I did, although I like Mr. Grantley—"

"Eh! what is the name?" said Mr. Partridge, suddenly.

"Grantley—John Grantley. I believe his parents were rich once, but he is poor enough now, in all conscience. He is a perfect gentleman, although rather blunt and short-spoken, and his habits are all that one could wish; but he does not succeed as a lawyer."

"Too honest," said Mr. Partridge, grimly—"too honest and too bluff. I know Jack well. In fact, he is my nephew, and he and my son were great friends when they were boys. He used to come here often then, and I liked him; but he grew up and went to college and studied law, although I did my best to persuade him to go into the tea and coffee trade with my old friends, Sone & Johnson. I hate lawyers; there is one in New York that is making a fortune out of me, and whetting his knife to cut me up when I am dead; but I have to employ him. When Jack said he was going to be a lawyer, I spoke my mind pretty freely, and Jack spoke his quite as freely, instead of holding his tongue. The result was, he marched out of my library with his nose in the air, and I have never seen him since. His father went all to pieces and died not long after. And so Jack is out in Chicago, trying to practice law? He will never succeed."

"He is your nephew?" cried Mrs. Larrabee.

"Certainly, my nephew. I have a dozen nephews and nieces in various parts of the world waiting for me to die. They are all civil, well-behaved young people, and show a deep interest in my health, which is very gratifying. Jack, however, has cut my acquaintance. I guess he wishes he had gone into the tea and coffee trade now."

"It was very stupid of him not to," said Mrs. Larrabee. "Young people should have sense enough to take the advice of their parents and relations."

"If I had taken the advice of mine I should be a Presbyterian parson," said Mr. Partridge, with a laugh. "I am glad I didn't; but I should be willing to bet a good deal that Jack wishes he had taken mine. He could have married his Ellen to-morrow, and given her a home to go shopping in."

"He has proved himself a very foolish young man," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What you tell me about him proves that my husband's opinion is perfectly correct. He says that Jack is one of those men bound never to succeed. But Ellen is very fond of him. He lives two doors below us, and she is always at the window to see him pass. He doesn't come to our house any more, for of course we had to put a stop to his visits, but I am afraid he and Ellen write to each other."

"I dare say they do," Mr Partridge rejoined. "Perhaps this unhappy love-affair has had something to do with Miss Ellen's pale face."

"O, she has moped sadly, Mr. Partridge. I hoped that she would go to Vassar, and there, among new associations, forget him, but now that has failed, and I am at my wits' end. I positively dread going back to Chicago and meeting Mr. Larrabee. We were confident that Ellen could enter the Freshman class at college, and then she would have been settled for four years, and her diploma would have been of great assistance in getting her a place afterward as a teacher. We think a great deal of a Vassar diploma out West, Mr. Partridge."

He smoked his cigar again in silence, and watched the slim figure wandering down the rose-alley. "Poor girl!" said he at last.

"She is, indeed, to be pitied, said Mrs. Larrabee, with a sigh that set all the bugles on her gown to jingling. "She is one of those helpless women. Now, I think that if I were thrown upon my own resources I could do something or other to win my bread and butter."

"I don't believe you could pass the Vassar examination," said Mr. Partridge bluntly.

"Ah, but I have not had Ellen's advantages," cried the lady, in expostulation. "She has been studying a year, just to be ready, and yet she has failed utterly."

"Love affairs are apt to interfere with studies," said Mr. Partridge, with a short laugh.

Ellen now came toward the piazza, a big bouquet of roses in her hand and the old spaniel pattering along at her side.

"Poor Beppo!" said Mr. Partridge, "So he has made friends with you, Miss Ellen? He is a faithful old dog, and misses the petting that his mistress used to give him. Someway, he never cared for me particularly, but he has taken a liking to you, evidently. Don't let him annoy you."

"O, Ellen is fond of animals," said Mrs. Larrabee. "What! these roses for me? You really are too generous, Mr. Partridge, and I must give this one back." She fastened the yellow rose on the lapel of the old gentleman's coat with a sprightly, coquettish smile, while he submitted and looked a trifle foolish.

Then he led them back into the house, guiding them first into a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books, save over the mantel-shelf, where there hung a portrait of an elderly, sweet-faced woman. "This is my library," he said, halting and glancing with a comical smile at Ellen. "A dreadful place for a young lady like you, who cannot be learned, isn't it? But don't be alarmed; I won't so much as show you an arithmetic. "This," he continued, opening a door, "is the music-room. My boy was very fond of music. Of course you play and sing, Miss Ellen?"

"Yes; but not well," she replied. "I have no talent for anything in particular. I begin to think I am very mediocre."

"What! can't you execute any of those wonderful finger-gymnastics? Can't you warble an Italian aria? Upon my word, I didn't suppose there was such an ignorant young lady left in the world. Well, sit down and sing something or other for me. I assure you I am almost as unlearned as you are, if not quite; so I shall not be critical."

Ellen was not in the least afraid of him, for if she was deficient in mathematics she was not in mother-wit, and she understood his feigned horror at her ignorance. So she seated herself at the piano, calm and confident, and sang one of those ballads that old gentlemen like George Reed Partridge always love to hear. As he sat and listened and looked at her, she reminded him of his dead wife. She, too, had once just such soft brown hair and eyes; she, too, had often sung this very ballad. Memories stole over him of sweet by-gone days, and the lines of his face softened, and the merry twinkle in his eyes was quenched. When the last notes of the ballad faded away, he came and laid his hand on Ellen's shoulder. "Thank you; you sang that very sweetly, my child," said he.

She glanced up in his face, and saw what was written there, and quick tears came to her eyes. She understood that she had touched some chord of his heart. She pitied the lonely old man.

"Ellen would have a very good voice if it were only cultivated," said Mrs. Larrabee.

"It suits me just as it is," said Mr. Partridge, almost roughly.

He did not ask her to sing again, and, after some desultory conversation, Mrs. Larrabee declared that it was time for them to return to the hotel. Mr. Partridge thereupon ordered the carriage, and it was soon driven up to the door. The three miles to Poughkeepsie were accomplished in a short time, and the two ladies found themselves once more alone in the hotel.

"He is a very nice old man, but self-made and quite unpolished. Rather coarse some of his speeches were," said Mrs. Larrabee, as she untied her bonnet-strings. "Still, I am glad we went there, and I will say that he treated us very well. It must be very lonely for him living there by himself in that great house. I suppose when he dies he will leave all his property to charity. Now, if Jack Grantley had ever had a particle of sense, he might have been the adopted son to-day of one of the richest men in the State; but of course he ran counter to his uncle's wishes——"

"His uncle?" cried Ellen.

"Yes, his uncle. Mr. Partridge is his uncle. He said so himself this very afternoon."

Ellen wheeled about with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks. "Aunt, you surely did not tell 'im about *us*?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Larrabee, crossly. "I am sure everybody in Chicago knows about you. It is no secret. How could it be when you have both acted so foolishly. But Mr. Partridge does not like Jack, so there is no need to suppose that he will help him. Jack offended him years ago, just as Jack offended everybody, by his blunt ways. I hope, Ellen, that you will give up moping over him and settle down to something—only, goodness knows what you can settle down to.

"I shall not be a burden to you long, I trust," said Ellen, proudly.

"Don't be foolish, child," her aunt rejoined. "Empty words won't help you any. Ring the bell for some iced water, and tell the waiter to bring the bill and have a carriage ready for us to-morrow morning at half-past eight. I wish the journey back to Chicago were over, though I don't know what your uncle will say when he sees us and hears of your examination."

Mr. Partridge, meanwhile, had driven back to his stately, lonely home. He passed through the music-room, where open on the piano lay the ballad that Ellen had sung. He put it away in the rack and closed the piano gently, then walked on into the library and seated himself by the empty fire-place. Mechanically he drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. The white smoke floated up over the portrait of his dead wife, and through the film her face seemed to look down at him with a new and tender entreaty. Beppo stole into the room and thrust his nose against his master's hand. This seemed to rouse Mr. Partridge, and he rose and went to the table whereon lay the visiting-card that Mrs. Larrabee had left. In the corner was written her address, "435 Worrall Avenue," he said to himself. And then he sat down and wrote a letter, which, although it was very short, caused him much reflection.

A week or ten days after Mrs. Larrabee had paid her morning call, Mr. Partridge was one afternoon strolling over the lawn toward the house, when his attention was attracted by a young man coming down the road. The day was hot and the dust thick, and the pedestrian walked slowly, carrying his straw hat in his hand. Arrived opposite the big iron entrance gates, the stranger paused and looked about him, then wiped the perspiration from his brow, made a vain attempt to brush the dust off his coat, and put his hat upon his head with a resolute gesture that made Mr. Partridge smile. That gentleman seated himself upon a rustic seat in the shade of a clump of cedars, and waited for the young man. When the latter came up the graveled path, Mr. Partridge, without stirring, called out, "Jack!"

The young man stopped, saw Mr. Partridge, and crossed over to where he sat. "Well, Uncle George, how are you?" he said, as he held out his hand. "You sent for me, and here I am."

"Yes, I see you are," said Mr. Partridge. "Did you walk all the way from Chicago?" he added.

"I could have done so, I suppose, if I had taken the time," Jack replied, "but I contented myself with doing the three miles from town on foot."

Mr. Partridge looked at his nephew's hot face and then at his dusty boots. "It isn't just the day that I should have chosen for a tramp," he observed. "Come up to the house; it is cooler there, and you need something to wash the dust out of your throat."

Half way across the lawn, Jack stopped. "You have cut down the big oak tree!" he exclaimed.

"Had to," his uncle replied, tersely. "It died. You and Ned used to be forever climbing it when you were boys, didn't you?"

Jack nodded, but made no reply. It saddened him to think of Ned, and he walked on in silence, noting the changes that time had wrought in the place that he had once known so well. Mr. Partridge, too, said nothing until they had entered the house, and then his voice sounded a little husky: "Let us go into the dining-room, Jack. A tumbler of iced claret is what you want. It is a hot, dusty day."

"The walk *was* tiresome," Jack admitted, as he sat down in an arm chair by the window.

"Why the deuce didn't you take a carriage from the station, or let me know when you were coming?" said uncle petulantly.

To this Jack condescended no reply; he merely smiled and sipped his claret with evident satisfaction.

"Jack, you are just as exasperating as ever!" cried Mr. Partridge, in tones of mingled admiration and despair.

"The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," quoth Jack, lightly.

The old gentleman burst into a great roar of laughter. "You're your father all over," he said; "but I liked your father in spite of his cranky ways." Then he poured himself out a little more claret, smiling as he did so. "Well, and how is your law-practice coming on?" he said.

"Very well," Jack replied.

"Getting rich, eh? Clients crowding into your office? Beginning to think of taking a partner?"

"No, not exactly; but still I am doing as well as most young lawyers."

"Then that is not doing at all," said Mr. Partridge. "Now, Jack," he continued, fixing his keen eyes on his nephew's face, "have you never regretted that you did not go into the tea-and-coffee trade?"

Jack stroked his moustache. "I have regretted that a lawyer could not make money so fast as your friends the tea-and-coffee merchants do," he answered.

"Now for another question. Answer me honestly. Are you succeeding?"

"Not so well as I could wish," was the reply; "but I did not expect to leap into fame and wealth by the time I was twenty-six."

"Why the deuce don't you speak out to me frankly, and say that you are having a hard struggle to get money enough to pay your board bill?" cried Mr. Partridge, excitedly, and rising to his feet as he spoke. "It is true; you can't deny it. Your coat is shabby, you could not afford a carriage out here this morning and so you came afoot, you have to deny yourself a thousand things to keep out of debt, your watch-chain has disappeared, you look thin——"

John Grantley had risen and taken his hat from the table. "Did you send for me to come from Chicago to tell me this?" he said.

"No! I sent for you because I want to help you. For the Lord's sake, sit down, Jack! Don't be afraid. I am not going to offer you a ten-dollar bill or a position in a tea-and-coffee store." And now the twinkle in Mr. Partridge's eyes showed itself again. Jack sat down, but he held his hat in his hand still. "I don't suppose your position in Chicago is so good but that you would take a better if it were offered to you?" said Mr. Partridge, putting his hands into his trousers-pockets and looking whimsically at his nephew.

"No man in any position ever disdains the opportunity of bettering it," said Jack.

"Very good. What I offer you is a position of trust. I believe you are an honest lawyer—the very rarest bird that flies—and I need an honest lawyer. The work won't be easy, but you ought to make a good thing out of it. That scoundrelly Doolittle has, I am sure. Come to New York, and I will give you the business of my estate and will speak a good word for you among my friends. You will find that it will repay you, Jack."

For a minute Jack looked steadily at the lump of fast-melting ice in the empty tumbler. Then he held out his hand to his uncle. "Thank you. I will do my very best for you," said he.

"Fill up your glass," cried Mr. Partridge. "We will drink to your Ellen. Ah! you stare. I know more than you think, you rogue! Go out to Chicago and marry her and bring her here. I hope to see her children tumbled over the grass yonder some day."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Ulema.

Ulema is a word that frequently occurs in the dispatches from Egypt. The New York *Mail and Express* says that it is the plural of the Arabic word "alim," a learned man. "Ulima" is the collective name of the body of learned men in Turkey. In a general sense, "ulema" are persons who are learned in both law and divinity. They constitute a distinct body in Constantinople, whose function is to watch over the correct interpretation of the Koran and the right application of its teachings to law and polity. The head of the ulema is the grand mufti or Sheikh-ul-Islam: next to him come the Kaziaskiers, of whom there is one for Egypt and one for Asia: the third class are the Mollahs, the Superior Judges of the province, and after them are the Cadif and the common Muftis. The Caziaskiers have a voice and vote in the Divan, and all Cadis are appointed by and subject to them.

The Beautiful Ruins of Tanis.

M. Edouard Naville has lately returned from a short tour of exploration in the Eastern Delta, where he visited the ruins of Tanis.

The ruins lie high above the marshy plain, upon a kind of plateau surrounded by an amphitheatre of low hills. These hills are the rubbish mounds of the old crude brick city, surrounding the great wall within which lay the temples and palaces of Tanis. M. Naville found himself standing in the midst of a vast waste strewn and piled with columns, architraves, obelisks, statues and enormous blocks of hewn stone, all shattered, overturned, and showing marks of willful destruction. Traces of the tools with which the ruin was done are visible on almost every stone. In one superb colossus, which has resisted the hand of the destroyer, M. Naville found wedge holes into which wood blocks had been inserted for the purpose of splitting the granite. He inclines to think that this was the result of war and not of iconoclasm. The temple was probably occupied as a fortress in Roman times or during the Middle Ages, and both besieged and besiegers may have used its materials for offensive and defensive purposes.

The principal temple was built entirely of red granite brought from the quarries of Assouan, on the Nubian frontier. The difficulty of transporting these enormous blocks is quite incalculable. Fourteen obelisks, described by M. Naville as the largest in Egypt, strew the mounds with their gigantic fragments. All these and nearly all the statues and sphynxes, which appear to have lined the avenues to the principal temple, were erected by Rameses II. Not only do their inscriptions celebrate the glory of this great Pharaoh, but even the bases of these overturned monuments which rested on the ground, and were intended never to be seen by human eyes, were engraved with his well-known cartouches. Many of the colossi still retain their traces of color.

M. Naville is of opinion that there is a great work to be done at Tanis in the way of excavation. The little, comparatively speaking, which has yet been accomplished there was by Mariette Pasha; but his discoveries were limited by want of time, health, and funds, and much that he uncovered is again buried.

"In severe grandeur and solemnity these ruins," says M. Naville, "surpass even those of Karnak. Herodotus, who had never seen Tanis, expatiated at much length on the beauty of Bubastis. To judge by what is left of the one end of the other, Tanis must have greatly surpassed its rival. Supposing that some part at least, was left standing—that all was not, as it now is, overthrown and shattered—I have no hesitation in saying that Tanis would have been the most beautiful ruin in Egypt."

Though exempt, by reason of its inaccessibility, from the depredations of tourists, Tanis is suffering from the fatal effects of an atmosphere laden with saline exherations. M. Naville reports that the surface of these granite monuments are rapidly decaying.—*Cor. London Athenæum.*

Life in Morocco.

No sooner does one land in Africa than he passes into a sphere of tranquility, and enjoys a state of rest and calm to which all parts of Europe are strangers. The haste and flurry of life fall off, like an irksome garment shed on a hot day; time is of no more account; and worry is impossible amidst a population which moves with dignified slowness, and defers all unnecessary exertion till to-morrow. Whatever may be the bustle of arrival, the clamor of boatmen, the indescribable noise and tumult and vociferation of the swarm that assails the stranger, seizes his property with a hundred hands, and threatens to scatter it all over Morocco; whatever may be the tumult of the market-place, with its camels, and donkeys, and dervishes, and conjurers, and beggars in clouds, sellers of lentils and greens, and bundles of stick for firewood, grain, sugar-candy, dates, oranges, pottery and "track" of all sorts powdered with dust; whatever may be the importunity of sellers, and the eagerness to act as guides of bright-eyed boys, who have a smattering of half a dozen languages, and often the courtly manner of young princes, there is, nevertheless, in all this noise and rout a sense of underlying calm, of absence of hurry, very grateful to Europeans, whose nerves, in the development of civilization, have all worked out upon the surface. There is even something soothing in the ceaseless and monotonous tomtom of the drums, and the skirmishing and plaintive attempts of the flutes to suggest the minor air they are too lazy to play, and in the spasmodic and die-away ejaculations of the musicians, who sit upon the ground, worrying away at the tunes that are a thousand years old, and will be played with the same industrious idleness a thousand years hence. It requires less energy for the performers to go on with this sort of music than to stop. —*Charles Dudley Warner, in Atlantic Monthly.*

—In Alida Valley, Lyon County, Nevada, the other day, a small band of Indians was camping near some willows where the mosquitoes were very numerous. A squaw left her papoose in the shade while she played Piute poker with her companions. The game was rather high, and became so interesting that she forgot her unfortunate offspring for several hours. When her attention was again directed to the child she discovered that it had been almost eaten up by mosquitoes. They had collected on the little thing in such numbers that its face and arms were completely raw from their attacks. So many had bitten the baby that it died next day from the effects of the poison.—*Chicago Times.*

—Dr. H. Kinnebrew, of Clarke County, Ga., has an ostrich egg-shell that has been in the Kinnebrew family for 125 years. It was originally brought to America from Holland. This shell is as thick as ordinary pasteboard. It is about the color of a goose egg and about twice as large.—*Danielsville Monitor.*

—Henry Wilms, who fell twenty feet from the trestlework at Mechanicsville, N. Y., the other day, would undoubtedly have been killed but for the fact that in falling he struck an Italian laborer shoveling gravel under the track. The Italian sustained three broken ribs.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are over 6,000,000 children in America outside of any direct Sunday school influence.

—D. D. is growing so common and so meaningless, says the *Christian Union*, that it has almost ceased to be an honorary degree.

—St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y., in accepting the resignation of Dr. Foote, after twenty-three years' service, voted him a house and $1,000 per annum for life."

—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland has decided against the use of instrumental music in religious worship by a majority vote of 360 to 345. The United Presbyterians follow suit.

—The Board of Education of Perry Academy, Wyoming County, New York, filling a vacancy for the principalship of the school, resolved that no applications will be considered save from married men.

—The old plan of the American Bible Society, to give a Bible to every family that is not supplied with one, worked so well a generation ago, that the managers of the Society are about to do their work over again and on a larger scale.

—The Case School of Applied Science, in Cleveland, expects soon to have an annual income of $75,000. It has now a full corps of instructors, and new buildings will probably be begun another season. The school will, when it gets fairly into working order, be a real addition to the educational facilities of the country.—*Chicago Standard.*

—Dr. Adler, known for many years as the the leader of a party of advanced free-thinkers among the Israelites of New York, is reported to have abandoned his former course and become a believer in conservative religion. He said recently: "Our religion must be a religion of life, not of death. What living thing for the good of mankind has emanated from the free-religious ranks?" —*Chicago Tribune.*

—According to the *Central Baptist*, there is a colony or settlement in Barton County, Missouri, to which Christians are not admitted. The name of the place is "Liberal." Theological tests are applied to all applicants for admission, and if he acknowledges he believes in Jesus Christ he is informed that he can purchase no lot there. The colony, however, professes to cultivate the moralities.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry J. Morgan, who for fifty-two years has been rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, is, with the exception of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, the only clergyman of that church in this country who has had so long a continuous service in one parish. He succeeded Bishop White upon the election of the latter to the episcopate, and the church has had only the two rectors in eighty-two years.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cornell University last year established a course of history and political science, which requires a considerable knowledge of Latin and the modern languages and something of English literature and mathematics, and to this general training it adds courses of lectures on history, political economy, international law and diplomacy, and theoretical and systematic politics. The course is especially designed for young men who intend to enter the profession of law or journalism, or who desire later in life to take part in public affairs.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The mills at Augusta, Ga., are shipping cotton cloth to Africa. The heathen now takes his "biled shirt" as regularly as a white man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Friend—"Hello, Jim, you ain't out of work again, are you?" Unfaithful employe—"Well, yes; fact is, I'm not able to work; been injured by a premature discharge."

—"Your meal is ready, sir," said the waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed contemptuously; "do yer think I'm a hoss? Get me some corned beef and cabbage, young man."

—An artful juryman, addressing the clerk of the court while the latter was administering the oath, said: "Speak up; I cannot hear what you say." "Stop," said Baron Alderson from the bench. "Are you deaf?" "Yes, my lord, of one ear." "Then you may leave the box; for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."—*London Society.*

—Argonaut Soup: "Take a pail of water and wash it clean. Then boil it until it is brown on both sides. Pour in one bean. When the bean begins to worry, prepare it to simmer. If the soup will not simmer, it is too rich, and you must pour in more water. Dry the water with a towel before you put it in. The dryer the water the sooner it will brown. Serve hot."—*Three in Norway.*

—"Ah! I saw you take a pull out of that bottle," said a Galveston gentleman to the little son of a Prohibitionist, which boy was staggering under the weight of a large bottle of whisky. "I don't care if you did," responded the boy." "The less there is in the bottle, the longer it takes dad to get tight. He licks me as soon as he gets tight, so I want to put my trial off as long as possible. I'm in no hurry for my licking." and he took another hearty pull at the bottle.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Music at home—with a vengeance: Lady Midas—"How charmingly you play, Hare Leebart! Dear Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns must really bring you down to play to us at Midas Towers, our place in Surrey, you know, and—I will show you my roses, the finest rose in all England! Will Thursday suit you?" Herr Liebhardt—"You are ferry frently, madame; pot I haf a vife and six jiltern, and zey do not lif upon roses!"—*Punch.*

—A servant girl in Allentown used the butt end of a loaded revolver to drive a nail in the wall. The weapon exploded and the ball passed through the sleeve of her dress and imbedded itself in a door. Inasmuch as it did not kill her, it is not likely the butt of a loaded revolver will be utilized as a hammer by the average servant girl, who kindles fire with coal oil. She wants something a little more fatal in its results, and a dynamite bomb should always be placed within her easy reach when she wants to drive a nail.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SYMPTOMS.

WITH HINTS ON TREATMENT.

First notice if he sits alone,
And meditates or writes a lot,
Or talks in an abstracted tone,
Or walks about at night a lot.
Observe if he delights to wade
Through multitudes of "spooney" verse;
And if he binds a certain maid
Is peerless in the universe.

And also note if he awaits
The postman's coming eagerly,
And if he often vows the fates
Are smiling on him meagerly.
Observe if he appears to pine,
As though affairs were grieving him,
And if he's disinclined to dine,
And appetite seems leaving him.

If ever and anon he groans
With sobs and sighs mysterious,
And mutters in abstracted tones,
Be sure his state is serious.
And if he raves of some "sweet dove,"
And gazes on a carte at times,
You'll know he's suffering from love,
Which much affects the heart ailments.

Your treatment onst at first be mild—
Don't rashly oar his "moonness,"
A man's as helpless as a child
When suffering from "spooniness."
Love's patients ne'er like being chaffed,
Although they show inanity;
Just give him wordock, that's the draught
To bring him back to sanity.

THE FALSE PROPHET OF THE SOUDAN.

Mohammed Achmet, the false prophet of the Soudan, is the product at once of an intense religious fanaticism and an oppressive system of government. His aim is thus religious and political, while his religious pretensions are probably assumed only as a means to gain a political end. He has posed as a savior of the people at a time when Moslem fanaticism has become greatly revived, and when the country was ripe for an insurrection. The worst element of a discontented and naturally turbulent population have gathered around him. Circumstances have favored him in the Soudan much as they have favored Arabi Pasha in Egypt. He is now at the head of a revolution which for the Egyptian Soudan is as great, if not greater, than that which is ruining Egypt itself. What connection he may have, if any, with the party of revolution in Egypt, it is difficult to say. After again and again defeating the troops sent against him, he is at last complete master of the situation. Egypt has, for the present at least, lost her hardly-won possessions in the Soudan, which, if they ever belong to her again, or if they are ever again opened to commerce, or to any civilizing and religious influence, must be reconquered with a large army and much expenditure of life and money. It may be interesting, therefore, briefly to note some of the causes which have led to this revolution, and to trace the career of its victorious leader.

The Soudan is a general term applied to that vast and vaguely defined region of Central Africa lying between the equator on the south and the Great Desert on the north, and stretching from east to west nearly across the continent. The Egyptian Soudan is generally supposed to begin at Assouan, on the first cataract of the Nile on the North, but perhaps might more properly be said to commence at the point where the Nile makes its great westward bend. It extends to the Great Lakes on the south, and from Abyssinia on the east, to and inclusive of Darfur and the provinces of the Bahr El Guazal on the west. This extensive region, many times larger than Egypt itself, was not conquered by the Egyptians all at once, but has been annexed piece by piece, and at no time can it be said to have been thoroughly subdued or fully occupied. The Egyptian Government at Cairo was continually short of funds, and the Soudan, in company with the remainder of Egypt, was the victim of many abuses. The Government assumed the monopoly of almost everything on the White Nile, even to the sale of seven poor parrots, one of which was blind and another lame. Contracts were sublet to the farmers of taxes. Each agent made a handsome profit for himself, so that when the taxes, which covered every conceivable means of industry down to the wheel which raised the water from the Nile, were paid by the laborer, they were many times larger than the original exhorbitant apportionment, and we even heard of cases on the White Nile where the same taxes were collected two and three times over by different officials. Such being the methods of the Government, made doubly obnoxious by the corrupt officials who carried them out, it is not to be wondered at that there was a very general spirit of discontent; but never had there appeared a leader who for any length of time could maintain a successful opposition to the Egyptian Government till Mohammed Achmet proclaimed himself the Mundi, or successor of the Great Prophet, the expected teacher and savior of the people. This claim was suggested by the general belief existing among the Moslems that toward the end of the world a successor and expounder of the Prophet, and a fuller revealer of the will of God, was to appear. This belief is founded on various passages and intimations in the Koran, like the following: "Say unto those of Mecca: This is my way: I invite you unto God by an evident demonstration; both I and he who followeth me." The popular superstition prescribes certain signs and evidences by which this prophet is to be identified, some of which Mohammed Achmet is said to have shown, while he has failed in others. Several such pretenders have already appeared, one in the vicinity of Tunis, another in Southern Arabia, but none of them have succeeded like Mohammed Achmet.

This man was born in the region of Dongola, on the western bank of the Nile, where it makes its great bend. He was a poor man, a carpenter and boat-builder by trade. He first came into notoriety on the large island of Abbas, situated about 200 miles south of Khartoum. Here, after the fashion of the fakirs and holy men, he withdrew from society and devoted himself to prayer and meditation. He soon had a large following, and proclaimed himself the expected prophet and deliverer of the people. He wrote letters all over the country announcing himself and his mission. He was recognized at once as a leader. While many of the more intelligent Moslems repudiated him, others, moved both by religious and political motives, and who, above all, hoped that he would show them some way to escape the payment of their taxes, flocked around his standard. He was secretly encouraged and abetted by enemies of the government residing at Khartoum. His presence in so commanding a position on the Nile soon became obnoxious to the authorities at Khartoum, and an expedition was organized to dislodge him. A detachment of 120 men of the regular army was sent against him on the island. These men were badly managed, and, although they were armed with the best make of Remington rifles, while Mohammed Achmet and his band had only their spears, they were killed, one after the other as fast as they landed, till not one of the 120 was left. Not a shot was fired. It was a slaughter like the sticking of so many pigs. The steamer with its crew and one or two officers escaped back to Khartoum with the sad news.

Of course, after this exploit Mohammed Achmet knew that it would not do for him with his present forces to remain where he was. He therefore gathered together all his following, men, women and children, cattle and provisions, crossed the Nile to the west bank, and fled to a wild mountain called Gebil Gedir, 200 miles southwest of the Island of Abbas, and about ninety miles northwest of the penal colony and military station at Fashoda. Here, in an easily-defended and almost inaccessible mountain, he took up his abode. The Baggara Arabs now began to flock to his standard in great numbers. This large tribe is noted for its restless, lawless, warlike spirit. The Baggaras were the former slave-hunters of the White Nile, and no doubt dreams of the return of the old times of murder and bloodshed were not wanting. The present, at least, was an opportunity that suited them, and they determined to take advantage of it.

We saw great numbers of them, with their spears gleaming in the sun, crowding along the banks with their horses and their cattle to join Mohammed Achmet in his mountain fastness. It was, however, the policy of the Government to let the rebels alone, now that they had left the river, thinking that they would soon lose their zeal and disperse for want of provisions. But a new Governor of Fashoda had been appointed, who considered it his duty to signalize his loyalty by organizing another expedition against the rebels. Contrary to orders from Khartoum, he gathered the military forces from Kaka, Fashoda, and the station at the mouth of the Sobat; in all, 600 soldiers of the regular army. With these he joined 200 men of the large native tribe of the Shillooks, under the King of the Shillooks—800 men all told. With these he marched six days across the desert by forced marches. On the seventh day, when the men were all tired out from the long march, and utterly unfit for action, they met the enemy. Mohammed Achmet was again victorious. The fight was turned into a slaughter. Sixty men were taken prisoners by the rebels; only seventy escaped by running for it; and all the rest were slain. The Governor of Fashoda and the King of the Shillooks were both killed.

Soon after these events we traveled through the country as far as the Sobat River. As we passed the Island of Abbas we saw the spot where the soldiers landed and where they were slain. We saw the deserted village, already occupied by a colony of chattering monkeys; the hut where Achmet commenced his career, and a boat which his people had left half finished. We found Kaka in a state of siege by the Shillooks, who had taken the killing of their King in the Egyptian service as a good pretext for throwing off the yoke of the Government that had never wholly subdued them. When we landed at Fashoda we found the town in constant fear of an attack. We saw the wounded and heard the loud lamentations of those who mourned their slain. At the Sobat we found the Shillooks hostile. Twice on our way back we were waylaid and partially surrounded by Mohammed Achmet's men, and owed our escape only to the merciful Providence of God and our own presence of mind and agility in "going away from there." On our return to the Khartoum we learned that Raouf Pasha had been recalled, a new method of governing the Soudan from Cairo instituted, and that Giegler Pasha had been authorized to proceed with more vigorous measures against the rebels. While we were there, an army of some 3,500 men were gathered and sent forward under Yousef Pasha. We saw them drilling, after a fashion, nearly every day. Some of them received their pay in our yard. We had a good opportunity to study their make-up. From the first they had but little hope of success. About 100 deserted just before the departure. None of them had the first idea of discipline, few of them had ever fired off their guns, and 1,500 of them were raw recruits, who did not know which was the dangerous end of their rifles. One man was asked how he would fire if he met the enemy, and he held his gun out behind his back and said: "So." Another was asked if he had bullets enough, and replied that he thought his gun would hold a few more. The Government throughout underestimated the earnestness and strength of the rebels. At this time they probably numbered near 10,000 men. The plan of attack, as explained to us by Giegler Pasha, was for a detachment of 500 men to march from Kardofan and join the troops sent from Khartoum at Kaka, and thence march in a solid column to Gebel Gedir. Mohammed Achmet was kept informed of all these movements by his spies. Before we left Khartoum a rumor reached us, which was afterward confirmed, that the detachment from Kordofan had been interrupted by the alert Achmet and killed. Private advices report that Senaar, on the Blue Nile, had been captured and all the Europeans put to death. And now the news is confirmed that the army, whose defeat was expected by all who knew much about it, has been totally cut to pieces, 2,000 out of 3,000 slain, 3,000 rifles and four cannon captured, with nothing to prevent the rebels from marching into Khartoum itself. The Europeans there have hopelessly determined to make the best resistance they can. Their plan is to barricade themselves within the stone walls of the Catholic mission and fight it out to the last. Mohammed Achmet is now complete master of the Egyptian Soudan. He is flushed with victory, having never known defeat. He is now at the head of an immense horde of fierce, fanatical and bloodthirsty Arabs. True, that their method of warfare is primitive. They even beat the rifles they have taken into lances; but the impetuous charge of Arab horsemen, armed with only these weapons is rather demoralizing to an ill-trained army. Egypt is in no condition just now to undertake work of reconquering the Soudan. Her troops have repeatedly been ordered there, and have as often refused to go. Unless it is reconquered, and the False Prophet subdued, that vast region must, for some time to come, remain closed to the outside world.—*Rev. Henry M. Ladd, D. D., in Christian Union.*

The Man who Circled.

A young man of twenty-three, built like an ox and full of ambition, came in on one of the popular excursions to Detroit, and while idling around the Central Market caught sight of a policeman about half as big as himself. He was instantly taken with an itching to try conclusions, but having a grain of prudence in his head he inquired of a stall-keeper:

"Suppose I should walk up to that officer and tell him I could lay him on his back—what would he do?"

"Tell you to move on."

"Then suppose I circled around and came down on him and offered to bet that I could stand him on his head?"

"He'd probably give you another chance to clear out."

"Well, I'm aching to try him on, and I'll begin now."

He didn't lose a minute in walking up to the officer and asserting his belief that he could dust the floor with his back.

"You move on!" placidly replied the officer.

The young man took a circle around and came back with the information that he could pick the blue coat and make his heels kick the air.

"I tell you to go away from me!" exclaimed the officer, as he walked on.

The young man sailed off again, and at the end of ten minutes a row was heard at the further end of the market. People rushed down to see the officer walloping the bluffer over the empty benches and rubbing his back on the floor, and the hand-cuffs had just been snapped on when the stall-keeper came up and asked:

"Well, have you got through circling around?"

"Say! what a fool I was!" replied the young man. "You told me how the first and second bluffs would work, and durn my buttons if I didn't forget to ask about the third! Why, I hadn't finished telling him that I didn't want over fifteen seconds to turn him wrong-side out and sell him for pulp when he knocked a barrel to pieces with my heels!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bear Panic in Vermont.

The village of Pownal was thrown into a state of excitement on Wednesday by the appearance of a hugh black bear on the street. At first it was sought to drive the animal away with dogs, but for a considerable time the bear was monarch of all he surveyed. Finally, after smelling about the village to his hearts content, he moved on up the railroad track in the direction of North Pownal. At this juncture one Brown appeared upon the scene, armed and equipped to do battle. The first intimation that the bear had of the appearance of this new enemy was a bullet whistling about his ears. The bear turned upon Brown but the latter sought cover. When the bear reached the railroad bridge half-way between Pownal and North Pownal he faced about and stood upon his haunches. But Brown had no inclination to tackle the bear at close quarters. Bracing himself alongside a telegraph pole he took aim and pulled the trigger. The ball took effect in a vital portion of the bear's anatomy. Brown had killed the bear, and the news of his victory soon spread to both villages. The body of the dead bear was carried in triumph through the streets of the village, but in the midst of the general rejoicing two Italians arrived upon the scene and, after discovering the cause of the commotion broke out in the most terrible tirade of blasphemy ever heard in the valley of the Hoosac. Explanations followed, when it was learned that the bear was their property, and that they were traveling about the country exhibiting him.—*Rutland Herald.*

Imitating the Magnet.

While modern inventors have been actively competing with each other in devising new and useful applications of the magnetic force, being stimulated thereto by the prospect of large pecuniary rewards, the modest physicist of the University of Christiana, Norway—Prof. Bjerkness—has been quietly delving into its mysteries, and endeavoring to reveal its hidden character. The results of his investigations are certainly very suggestive, and his curious experiments have elicited much favorable comment, besides giving a great deal of delight to those fortunate enough to witness them.

Professor Bjerkness has been able to closely imitate many of the well-known phenomena of magnets by simple mechanical means. His apparatus consists essentially of an air-pump, a few little metal drums provided with elastic membranes, some india-rubber tubing, and a small tank of water. The drums are immersed in the water and connected with the air-pump by means of the tubing. Pulsations of air are sent into the drums, causing the membranes to expand and contract rapidly, and a very curious result exhibits itself. Let us imagine one of the little drums supported in the water in such a way that it is free to swing in a circle, like a compass-needle, and another precisely similar drum held near to it. If synchronous (simultaneous) pulsations of air are now sent into the two drums, so that the outward and inward pulsations of the membranes of both coincide, the two drums will immediately attract each other. If the pulsations are so adjusted that the outward push of the membrane of one drum coincides with the inward pull of the other, the two drums will repel each other. By ingenious modifications of the arrangements, various effects are produced, intimately resembling those of magnetic action, and, indeed, strongly suggesting a similarity of cause as well as of effect. Even the lines of magnetic force, as revealed by the iron filings have been counterfeited by this mechanism.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Methods of and Reasons for the Practice of Vivisection.

"What kind of dogs are best for vivisecting purposes?"

"Most any kind is good, but short-haired animals are the easiest and cleanest to work on."

"Do you place them under the influence of anesthetics?"

"Generally we do, but occasionally we do not find it necessary. We strap them in this rack and we've got 'em and can do any work on them we want to."

The rack referred to is a trough-shaped box with its sides perforated with holes about half an inch in size, and through these holes are bits of rope. The dog is placed on its back in the trough and then by means of ropes its legs, body and head are pinioned to the sides of the trough. A rope loop around the mouth is fastened to the end of the trough and the dog is ready to be operated upon.

"Is it necessary in the interests of humanity?"

"Well, you know yourself that while the science of anatomy is a very correct science, the science of physiology is constantly growing."

"Yes——I know," said the reporter.

"And the progress of the science of physiology is almost wholly due to experiments in vivisection."

"And those experiments infallible in their results?"

"Almost invariably, and it has been demonstrated beyond question by vivisection that the secret of the cause and cure of consumption is found in the germ theory."

"Then a cure for consumption should be easily found."

"If it will be, I confidently believe, and moreover I believe you and I—we are neither of us old men—will live to see the time when consumption will be prevented by the process of inoculation, as is small-pox."

"Well, now about these dogs. What have you been doing with them?"

"Come here, Whistler!" and a black dog, very lean and lazy, wagged its tail and walked toward the student, exhibiting a very red, meaty-looking gash in its neck. "Now, this chap has had a section made in his tri-facial or fifth nerve and he is nearly well."

"What has been the effect of the work on that nerve?"

"He has lost all sensation in one side of his head. His vision is affected and he cannot suffer with the toothache."

"Well, now, what good has it done you to know this?"

"It was just such an experiment as this that prompted a doctor, in the southern part of Michigan to treat a very critical case of neuralgia, by making an incision in the patient's neck and stretching a certain nerve."

"Was that a new method of treating neuralgia?"

"It was, and a very successful one, which would probably never have been discovered had it not been for vivisection?"

"What other good things have been discovered by vivisection?"

"O, they are innumerable. Now, here's a dog—'Come Caspar, come'—upon which we have made a section of the pneumogastric nerve."

"What for?"

"To show the influence of the nervous system upon the lungs, heart and stomach."

"Has it shown it?"

"Yes. Now you notice how rapidly this dog's heart beats? That indicates that the absence of the nerve takes away the restraint upon the beating of the heart and the heart runs away."

Then a dog with a big gash in its back was brought forward and there was visible a new growth of bone from the spine. "This is a case of bone-grafting, the object being to graft new bone in the place of old and diseased bone with a view to discover a cure for diseases of the backbone for which no remedy is known."

"Is the experiment a success?"

"Well, you can see for yourself that there is a fine new growth of bone; that the dog is feeling well and that the wound is fast healing."

"If 'grafting' proved successful in this case would you feel warranted in making such an experiment on a human being?"

"Possibly not on the strength of one experiment, but I would after having made several successful demonstrations on inferior animals."

"Would it not be a bold and dangerous thing to do?"

"Possibly, but just such bold research disclose to us the theory of vaccination."

"Well, that's a different thing."

"Not at all, and it was just such study of the functions of a living human body that has given to the world all that is positively known of the nervous system, and all that is positively known about the obscurer functions of the human system."

"Perhaps so, but it's rather hard on the dogs."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hydraulic Mining.

While dinner is preparing we go down to see the process. The creek is drawn down from its higher beaches through flumes into long iron pipes, which extend to the base of the gold-bearing cliff. At the ends of these pipes are "little giants," through which the water is projected with great force against the cliff. These "little giants" are somewhat like a fireman's nozzle, only very much larger. They are swung on a universal joint, which enables the direction of the discharge to be easily determined by a slight movement of the hand. The force of the water is tremendous. I struck one with a piece of iron and the blow rebounded as though struck on rock. The force is like that of cannon-shot. Before half a dozen such battering rams the rocky rampart falls in scattering earth and stone. Busy men, clad in rubber, rake away with their peculiar, strong sluice-forks the larger fragment of rock; and the current of reflowing water, bearing with it the rich wet strata, is all caught in sluice-boxes. In the riffles on the bottom of these mercury is deposited, which seizes and holds the particles of gold which are carried down the current. Once each week the mercury is carefully removed from these riffles, and the precious metal extracted by the buckskin bag and the retort. Mining by this system, as distinguished from placer mining, is generally conducted by companies which are co-operative, or by laborers employed by some capitalist, or often by a syndicate. —*Montana Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Clergyman on the Bicycle.

The bicycle is not a toy or a boy's plaything. A large proportion of its riders are grown men, and many of them heads of families engaged in business and professional life. There is nothing "common or unclean" about it. Its cost, delicacy, grace and beauty must prevent it ever becoming vulgar. It is a gentleman's fancy, and when once mastered can be used with as much grace and ease as the ordinary saddle horse. And ministerial dignity stands in no greater peril of compromise than it does by horseback riding. It has become such a common vehicle on the roads about Boston as to no longer excite any more remark than would greet the appearance of any other handsome turnout. Beside affording the most exciting and pleasurable exercise, it is being used by many of my ministerial friends in this locality in much of their pastoral work. From its back the pastor can enter the sick-room of the most sensitive patient, without the smell of the stable upon his garments; and free from any of the anxieties which are apt to distract the mind when a restive horse stands for an hour in fly-time jerking at his reins and impatient at the delay of his lingering master. If an exchange is to be made with a brother at a distance, and a Sunday ride becomes a necessity, there is no violence to be done the conscience by taking a public conveyance, but quietly gliding into the saddle of a noiseless steed, you go spinning away in graceful style to the distant church, and when there no heated horse is to be groomed or blanketed, but pushing your slim steed into a wood-shed or unused room, all care is dismissed from the mind, for he needs neither grain nor water, and will await silently the movements and pleasure of his owner.

I know a gentleman who, as professor in one of our best universities, was rapidly breaking down through overwork and nervous prostration; he has not been able to sleep more than two hours consecutively in the twenty-four for the last three years. He has been using the bicycle about four months and is now able to sleep soundly all the night through, and eat as heartily as at any time in his life.

I have another friend who is the working editor of one of our largest church papers, who was almost broken down when he took to the bicycle a few years ago, who now does most heroic work all the year round, sleeps sound, eats heartily and has renewed his youth, as his active, lithe step and vigorous articles testify. He wheeled himself up the hill again to perfect health. We have a large number of clergymen in this vicinity who are realizing the great benefit of this modern centaur invigorator, and the number is rapidly increasing.—*Rev. S. L. Gracey, in the Christian at Work.*

The Next Pharaoh.

Whatever may be the temporary turn of the war between Arabi Bey and England, the inequality of the participants is too marked to leave any doubt of its ultimate though perhaps distant result. With the inevitable defeat of Arabi, however, the process of reorganization will just begin, and England's choice of an agent of administration is already a matter of conjecture. Three courses present themselves, and each has good English precedent in its support. The most natural way would be to retain in power the present Khedive as the nominal head of the Government with English support. It is, however, to be borne in mind that not only has Tewfik proved himself incapable in critical moments, vacillating and without any hold on popular respect, but has incurred the suspicion of treachery and double-dealing by his tardy and unwilling steps against Arabi. He was unequal to the revolt in its small beginnings; will England rely on him to keep under subjection a lately conquered and turbulent people that has already rejected him?

The desire of the Queen that the Duke of Connaught, her third son, an adventurous young man of thirty-three, with no present occupation, should accompany the expedition is regarded as strong circumstantial evidence that she would not be displeased to see him comfortably set up for life as Governor-General or Viceroy over the land of the Pharaohs. Queen as she is, Victoria is troubled, no doubt, with her full share of maternal anxiety; and would hardly expose her precious son to the sanguinary perils of a war with the *sans culottes* Arabi, unless some ulterior and not immediately perceptible advantage should accrue therefrom.

The third, and by no means impossible, course for England to pursue, should the remaining Powers of Europe intrust to her the restoration of Egypt from anarchy to order, is nothing more or less than the establishment by her of Arabi Bey on the throne of Egypt. Since its regeneration, Egypt has produced but a single man possessed of skill to command, force to act, and "magnetism" to secure popular support. That man is Arabi Bey himself, and England would probably be the first to acknowledge his ability. The experiment of putting in supreme command a brilliant and conquered rebel has been tried before with success by Great Britain. Afghanistan bears the same relation to the land approaches of India that Egypt does to its approaches by water, and strategically one country is quite as important to England as the other. Twice England has placed at the head of the Afghan State one whom she had first to subdue. In 1854 Dost Mohammed, after years of bloody war, assumed the government under the protection of the power that he had long defied, and made an efficient and acceptable Ameer. The present Ameer has had a very similar history. Most impartial sources of information concede to Arabi an honorable ambition, fair political ability, and an aversion to the barbarities into which his army has plunged. His letter to Gladstone, in to-day's dispatches, simply states that which was inevitable, and for which all but the British Government were prepared. Even in her attacks upon a weaker foe, England has been ready to pay respect to bravery and skill in an enemy, and it is far from the impossible that the turn of events may yet make Arabi Bey ruler of Egypt and the firm friend of England.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

—Inordinate demands should be met with bold denials.

Law for Farmers---Promissory Notes.

Every farmer doubtless, sooner or later, has occasion to give or take a promissory note. It is therefore desirable that he know something about his rights and liabilities connected with them. Particularly is it desirable that he understand somewhat the legal incidents of these peculiar contracts (for such they are), from the fact that they are often made the vehicle by which the villainous rogue—oftener the patent right rogue than any other—perpetrates his crime upon the unwary.

A promissory note is a written agreement to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time. It must be definite and unconditional. It is therefore in the nature of money; being negotiable, and where payable to bearer the property in it passes by mere delivery of the paper on which it is written. It is not subject to all the defenses that are good as against other contracts. For example: It is generally good in the hands of an innocent holder, no matter though the maker of it had lost it, or it had been stolen, or obtained from him by fraud. This may be the case, even though it has been altered or "raised," as where I give my note signed in blank to a person, authorizing him to fill in a certain amount, as $10, and he fills in a larger amount, as $100, and sells it to an innocent purchaser. I must pay the larger amount, for I it was who enabled the fraud to be committed; and an old maxim of the law holds that where one of two innocent persons must suffer from the wrongful acts of a third, the loss must be borne by the one who enabled such third person to occasion it. The justice of this is obvious, and every farmer will appreciate the necessity of protecting, in the largest degree, the rights of *bona fide* holders of negotiable instruments, which form part of the currency of the country, and if subject to all the defenses of other written contracts, would be deprived of their main value.

It will be seen, that these instruments become to the shrewd rascal a convenient means of swindling the unsuspecting; for, having once got them in his possession, no matter how fraudulently they become, in most instances, practically money, and their makers cannot help themselves. It behooves farmers therefore to be very careful in the matter of giving notes, and to always be certain of getting value received for them; for they may be certain of having to pay them, whether they get anything in return or not. A class of miscreants who have in years past successfully operated by this means, have tramped over the country with the apparent object of selling patent rights. Had they confined themselves to the legitimate sale of patent rights or of patented articles, they would have been less intolerable, though they have forced many useless things upon the public, and induced many a farmer, by their voluble persuasiveness, to pay dearly for things which he did not want. But their real object has often been far less innocent. A favorite dodge with them has been to get the farmer to accept an agency for the sale of the articles in his town or county, securing his signature to a printed contract for that purpose—underneath which is adroitly concealed a printed promissory note, which the farmer unwittingly signs, supposing it to be a duplicate of the contract. A few months afterwards he is confronted by a demand for the payment of his note by some shaver in a neighboring town, who bought the same in good faith. To avoid a law suit, the farmer probably ends the matter by compromising with the holder of the note, or by paying its full amount out of his hard-earned savings. This is but one of many similar methods employed by these villains, but it has been used to such an extent in some parts of the country, as to lead to special legislation. In Michigan, a statute enacted for the special "benefit" of these rogues, requires that every note given for the right to make, use, or sell any patented invention shall have written across its face, "*Given for Patent Right*," and such notes are made subject to all defenses good between original parties, no matter in whose hands they are; and the Supreme Court of that State had, prior to the passage of that law, held that a note, the signature to which had been obtained in the manner above indicated, was in the nature of a forgery, and absolutely void. But this is contrary to the doctrine in many other States, and farmers generally are not thus protected. As stated, therefore, it behooves them to be careful what they sign. A good rule would be—never give a promissory note unless absolutely necessary; never give one without value received; never sign any paper in the hands of a stranger.

Happily, this means of swindling seems to be decreasing. This indicates, I apprehend, that the farming communities, through the influence largely of the press, have become too enlightened for these swindlers to successfully practice their operations.—*Abstract Lawyer, in American Agriculturist.*

Good-Night.

How very commonplace is the expression "Good-night!" and yet what volumes it may speak for all the future time! We never listen to it in passing, that this thought does not force itself upon us, be the tones in which it is uttered ever so thoughtless. The lapse of a few hours may, so surround and hedge it in with horror that of all the millions of words which a lifetime has recorded these two little words alone shall be remembered: "Good-night!" The little child has lisped it as it passed smiling from this world; the lover with his gay dreams of the nuptial morrow; the wife and mother, with the tangled threads of household cares still in her fingers; the father, going out to death, leaving home and kin unprotected and uncared for. Good-night! The seal upon days past and days to come. What hand so rash to tear aside the veil that covers its to-morrow?—*Presbyterian.*

—A photograph of a unique character was taken recently, at the Marble Palace at Potsdam, near Berlin. The principal figures in it are the Emperor William, the Crown Prince, Prince William and the infant Prince unchristened, whom the imperial great-grandfather proudly bore in his arms. The photograph thus presents the first four generations of the new imperial house of Germany in a single living group.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1882.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings at the polling places [The voters in No. 8, will meet at the usual places and elect three delegates from the Eastern side and two from the western side of "Backbone"] in their respective districts on:

Saturday, September 2, 1882,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

to elect five (5) delegates from each district to attend a County Convention to be held at Oakland on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at 2 o'clock P. M., to elect three (3) delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held in Hagerstown, on Wednesday, September 13th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Chief Judge and one candidate for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

The County Convention will also elect three delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held at Frederick, on Wednesday, September 20th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress for the 6th Congressional District.

The members of the district committees will please make arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

The committee requests that the Republican voters of each district will select at their primaries, three persons to act as district committee for their respective districts for the ensuing year.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county,

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Chairman.

The following paragraph is published for the especial benefit of the editor of the Oakland *Democrat*:

A chicken trying to swim with some ducks, complained of the world. "The world is all right," replied the ducks, if you adjust yourself to it. Keep in your element (the land) and not ours, which is satisfactory to us."

The Keyser Democratic Congressional Convention last week was a lively affair, and the result was a split, and both Hoge and Lucas were nominated by their respective factions. If they both remain on the track the chances of the election of a Republican in that district are good.

A correspondent in the last week's *Democrat*, says:

"Having occasion, some days ago, to take the cars at Oakland for the east, accompanied by a lady, I entered the ladies' room at the railroad station, and I must say, that to the best of my recollection I never saw such a dirty room for either ladies or gentlemen anywhere."

We have been at the station almost daily for the past nine years, and in all that time we never noticed the ladies' waiting room in a more untidy condition than is usual at all stations of which we have any knowledge, and they are many. It is true that the station is not large enough for the increased business of the past few years, but the company propose to remedy this by the erection of a much larger building before another season. The ear marks of this article would lead a close observer to the conclusion that the real correspondent was the same party who interviewed the Clerk to the County Commissioners last week in relation to the "mutilated" records in that office.

The Morey Letter Forgery.

The Hartford *Post* says, that it is able to state, upon undoubted authority that the author of the Morey letter is known. He expressed a willingness to make a full confession, but Mr. Davenport said a confession without a corroborate proof would be of no account. Mr. D. claims now to have completed the case, and asserts his ability to convict leading members of the Democratic National Committee of a complicity in the shameful frauds.

Those "Mutilated" Records.

The editor of the *Democrat* visited the Commissioner's office last week and was shown the "mutilated" records, over which he has been making such ado for the past several weeks. He says he found four pages cut from Mr. Margrott's account and two pages cut from Mr. Guard's account. He evidently does not think it necessary to inform his readers whether these accounts had been settled or not, or whether the book was really a public record, in the true sense of the word, but leaves them more in the dark than they were before.

For the benefit of our readers we will state our attention was called to this matter at the time, and after making inquiry, we did not think it of sufficient importance for publication. For the reasons that the book in question is merely kept for the convenience of the Clerk of the Commissioners and the Collectors, and is not required to be kept at all, and would not be admitted in the courts as a public record. Beside this these accounts (1879) had been settled, and if they had not been it could not make the slightest difference to the collectors, the commissioners or the taxpayers. These facts the editor of the *Democrat* could have gained by asking any good lawyer, or any one conversant with county affairs, but the probability is that he would not have published them if he had known them, because it would not suit his purpose in trying to put the County Commissioners in a bad light in the eyes of the people of the county. It is no wonder that his subscribers are leaving him like rats deserting a sinking ship, because they can plainly see that he is not working for the good of the people of the county or for the good of his party, but that his whole object is to vent his spleen upon the heads of the County Commissioners because they did not see fit to levy his bill for publishing the levy list.

It is painfully evident that the late strikes have resulted in most disastrous failures to the participants. The railroad companies have succeeded in filling the places of the striking freight-handlers, and iron and steel manufacturers of the West have undoubtedly made money by the suspension, while the resources of the workmen have been nearly exhausted. The mills are mostly starting up with non-union men, and the striking associations are sure to be badly demoralized by the failure to secure their demands. The dullness of trade and the unprecedented immigration formed an adverse combination sufficient to break the back of any ordinary strike, and it was very unwise on the part of the laborers to undertake to obtain an advance in the face of those two discouraging conditions. The workmen will find it the part of wisdom to bear the ills they have rather than fly to those they know not of, unless they have a good deal surer thing than was promised them at the opening of the present strike.—*Phila. Times.*

The New York *Times* has been gathering some interesting statistics as to the churchly condition of that city, showing, what has been suspected, that skepticism is increasing there, while the strength of Protestantism is on the retrograde. Out of a population of 1,300,000, investigation shows that only 90,579 belong to Protestant churches. Since 1845 the population has increased 225 per cent., while the Protestant communions have only gained 76 per cent. The Episcopalians give the best showing. The Lutherans, we are surprised to learn, number but 7,500 communicants. The Jews are not so strong as one would naturally surmise, great numbers of them having become materialists and indifferent to their religion. Out of an estimated Jewish population of 60,000, the total number of members of the synagogues is but 2,937. The *Times* estimates the Catholic population of that city at half a million, but others think this is an exaggeration, as the States census of 1875 gives it but 162,808. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the Catholic population of New York greatly outnumbers the Protestant.

Publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the country who invest an equal amount of labor, capital, and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, stand more sponging and dead-heading, to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward than any other class.

They credit longer, get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss, and are oftener the victim of misplaced confidence. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a needless gewgaw.

Vennor predicts one more hot wave this summer.

The Situation in Egypt.

Aug. 9.—At a public banquet in London last night Mr. Gladstone explained the policy of the government with respect to Egyptians affairs, and declared that England was acting in the interest of civilization and the good of Egypt. The Secretary of War said that English troops would be landed rapidly at the scene of conflict, commencing with to-day. Prince Bismarck's newspaper organ expresses sentiments very friendly toward England. The Sultan had an amicable interview with Lord Dufferin yesterday, and it is anticipated that at the reassembling of the conference to-day an imperial order will be presented declaring Arabi a rebel against the Sublime Porte, and embracing propositions satisfactory to England for the despatch of a Turkish army to Egypt. On this account the departure of Dervisch Pacha from Constantinople is delayed, and the Turkish troops that have arrived at Crete are at present permitted to proceed no further, until the military convention is concluded. Queen Victoria, the Princess Beatrice, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge yesterday inspected troopships leaving for the seat of war.

Aug. 10.—There was no further military proceedings in Egypt yesterday. The Sultan of Turkey has proclaimed Arabi Pacha a rebel, and has announced that obedience is due solely to the Khedive, as the representative of Turkish sovereignity. The Duke of Connaught has conveyed to the Khedive a verbal message from Queen Victoria, expressing her sympathy and best wishes. Mr. Gladstone says that the ultimate condition of Egypt cannot be determined by any one power. In consequences of Turkey having outlawed Arabi, she will be permited to land troops in Egypt. The rebels have twenty-five battalions of infantry and eleven batteries of artillery arrayed against the British front outside of Alexandria.

Aug. 11.—The English draft of the military convention with Turkey shows that England, while accepting Turkish co-operation in Egypt, is prepared to do the work without assistance. It has been determined that General Allison will retain command until the arrival of General Wolseley. The insurgents are constructing a new line of batteries near Ramleh, but they were shelled out of them yesterday by the Superb. Four vessels of the British fleet are at Port Said for the protection of the Mediterranean terminus of the Suez Canal. The Duke of Connaught has arrived at Alexandria, and has had an interview with the Khedive. A favorable result of the Anglo-Turkish negotiations regarding the military convention is anticipated. The last sitting of the Constantinople conference will probably be held on Monday.

Aug. 12.—General Wolseley was at Malta Saturday, and will arrive at Alexandria on Tuesday. Lord Dufferin has insisted that no movement of the Turkish troops in Egypt shall be made without the consent of General Wolseley. The London *Times* insists upon an English protecorate of Egypt; and the Berlin *Grenzboten*, which is officially inspired, announces that Germany will not interfere to hinder the English operations on the Nile. The Porte, in declaring Arabi a rebel, brings the influence of the doctrines of the Koran to bear against them. A Spanish fleet is being placed at Port Said and along the Suez Canal. France has adopted the proposal for collective protection of the canal, and Dervisch Pacha is mentioned as the Turkish member of the commission. The Scot's Guards and the Grenadier Guards marched from Alexandria out to Ramleh Saturday, near where it is reported that Aradi is entrenched in a strong position.

Aug. 13.—The British yesterday repulsed the Arabs after a slight skirmish on the western side of Alexandria. The Duke of Connaught is in command of a brigade of the household troops at Ramley. After inspection yesterday General Adye warned them that they must be prepared to meet an enemy of great strength, courageous, determined and well armed. The rebels have appeared in strong force at Suez, the Red Sea terminus of the canal, and the British commander is preparing to resist any movement they may make. At the shirmish on Sunday Lord Charles Beresford and his men narrowly escaped being cut off by Bedouins. Arabi's lines of defence appear to be finished, and he is rumored to be dismissing the laborers who have been employed upon them. The proclamation of the Sublime Porte declaring Arabi a rebel was only obtained by the ministerial party, representing that if this was not done there would be war between Turkey and England. The terms of the Anglo-Turkish military convention have not been concluded.

Aug. 14.—Slight skirmishing was continued along the lines outside of Alexandria yesterday, and twenty Bedouins were killed. Arabi Pacha is busy erecting fortifications near Mallahn Junction, six miles south of the town, and his operations are facilitated by the drying up of Lake Mareotis. An outbreak of the Egyptians at Port Said, the Mediteranean enterance to the Suez Canal, is feared, and the fleet has been prepared for action. Turkey and England are not yet agreed upon the terms of the proclamation against Arabi, and the question is to be submitted to the conference. The difficulty grows out of advice given to the Sultan by the Moslem jurists, who declare that he cannot make common cause with Christians against Arabi, a good Mohammedan. Lord Dufferin holds firmly to the point that Turkish troops must be placed under English command. The Constantinople organ of the Porte declares that Arabi has already been semi-officially advised of the proclamation. The discussions of the conference yesterday were unimportant, and most of the ambassadors are in favor of adjourning the sittings. There are dangerous indications of a Moslem uprising against the Christians in Syria.

Aug. 15.—General Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Alexandria yesterday with the Household Cavalry and five additional regiments. Two reconnoissances were made on Tuesday morning, a naval lieutenant and a companion proceeding seventeen miles from Alexandria along Lake Mareotis before coming upon the enemy's outposts. In another expedition Colonel Gerard succeeded in obtaining a sketch of the Egyptian positions. The Khedive has issued degrees authorizing the British to occupy the Isthmus of Suez, and to stop the importations of munitions of war along the coast. There are unverified rumors that Arabi has deposed the Sultan and declared the Shereef of Mecca to be Caliph, and that the Sultan has summoned Arabi to surrender or be left to the mercies of the English. The Emperor of Germany has declared that England could not act otherwise than she has done. Turkish troops are held back from Egypt, and the London *Times* rejoices that England is spared the co-operation of an inconvenient ally.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgement. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay; the other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and siezed the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are the any cattle there which feed upon the herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah!" said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

Slavery in Hawaii.

Nothing in current history is more shocking than the story of female slavery in the Sandwich Islands. That the abominable practice of buying and selling white girls exists there seem to be clearly proved by the statements of Mr. H. Lange, the commissioner for Norwegian immigrants in Hawaii. A native of Finland bought a girl for seventy-five dollars. A negro and a Norwegian, long residents of the island, purchased each a girl on condition to work the three years agreed upon. Another man, whose name is given, sold his servant to a missionary. A plantation overseer fell in love with a girl, and proposed to her employer—really her owner to buy her. The sum of one hundred dollars was demanded. The alleged lover demurred and offered a smaller sum, and, after considerable wrangling, the bargain was closed for seventy-two dollars and fifty cents—the seller insuring the buyer that the girl was sound and a good worker. The traffic in human chattels is engaged in and encouraged by the large planters, who rule the Islands—the king, the ministers and the judges being under their sway. Mr. Lange very properly requests his government to forbid any more immigration to Hawaii. This beastly business is carried on in the country whose nominal sovereign was received with regal honors at Windsor Castle and in several capitals on the Continent.—*San Francisco American.*

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 2, 1882.

It is said that there is no prettier place in Colorado than this, and no doubt it is true. Unlike Pueblo both the town and its surroundings present features of attractiveness, and the air is exceedingly bracing and delightful. The town is situated upon a slightly elevated plateau, with plenty of room to spread itself out; the streets are regularly laid out with an abundance of growing shade trees, and there is everywhere a cosy appearance and an atmosphere of cleanliness and thrift. Without having reference to the last census the population would be estimated at about 6,000, and probably that is nearly correct. In this now rich and fertile valley skirting along the base of the mountains to Denver, and which was formerly but the continuation of the same sandy plain we have just left behind, we see the striking results produced by irrigation and labor. And among the curiously interesting features of a view of this valley are the unmistakable evidences that it was once a mountain plateau of several hundred feet higher elevation. The Denver & Rio Grande narrow guage road winds a crooked and picturesque path along the base of the mountains, making the 120 miles from Pueblo to Denver in about four hours, this point being a sort of half-way stopping place between the two cities, or only forty-five miles from the latter.

The tittle of "Saratoga of the West" is claimed for Colorado Springs and Manitou, which, though three miles apart, are considered in the same catagory. The mineral springs are the attraction at Manitou—the name given to a few hotels and cottages located around the springs and at the foot of Pike's Peak. Many spend several weeks here—alternately between the two—especially the fashionably inclined, as there is more of the ways and manners, of a fashionable resort than anywhere else in Colorado. At the Manitou Hotel the ladies "dress" for dinner as elaborately as at Cape May or Long branch. The Spring waters are strongly charged with carbonic acid and contain carbonates of soda, lime, and magnesia in various proportions. Broad claims are made for the medical properties of these waters, the opinions of professors of chemistry being quoted to the effect that they excel the "Ems" and the "Spa," two of the most famous groups in Europe. The elevation of this locality is higher than that of Denver, or a little over 6,700 feet. there are splendid drives in all directions, and within a radius of seven or eight miles are numerous attractions and points of special interest, including the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Ute Pass, and Monument Park. The formations from which the latter takes its name are among the greatest curiosities to be seen in Colorado. Pen cannot well describe them. They consist of a series of curiously shaped, natural monuments which have been formed from sand stone rock solely by the action of the weather, a thin strata of iron on the top having protected these particular pieces and preserved them. No accurate estimate can be made of the hundreds of years this work of the elements has been in progress. There are perhaps a hundred of the peculiar formations of different sizes and shapes, some of which are really fantastic. The Garden of the Gods is also a remarkable freak of nature, partaking somewhat more of the grand and imposing. It is a secluded spot, hemmed in by great rocks stood up on edge and on end. They are some of the more marked of the numerous evidences on every hand here of a grand upheaval some time in the past. Imagine tremendous flat rocks, large enough to cover a quarter of an acre of ground, standing up on edge, 330 feet high, and you will have some idea of what forms the chief wonder of this garden.

Upon the plains all about here may be seen vast herds of cattle and sheep. Next to mining, stock-raising is the largest interest in Colorado. All other branches of agricultural pursuits are conducted under difficulties, and but a comparatively small proportion of the vast area of the State is suited to cultivation. No fruits of any kind are raised, though wheat is a successful crop and I am told that something over 200,000 bushels in excess of the amount required for home consumption have been raised this year. But the country is better suited to grazing, and that avocation is found to be easier and more profitable. It is claimed that any man possessing knowledge of the business can reasonably calculate upon doubling once in four years whatever amount of capital he puts into it. Yet of course there are some risks as in every business and men without capital or acquaintance with the peculiarities of the country are not advised to go into it. Nearly all the stock-men who embarked a few years ago, however, are now immensely wealthy. The climate is so mild, especially in the southern part of the State and in New Mexico, that stock run out all winter without feeding and come out pretty well in the spring. It is astonishing how fat they will become roaming over these broad plains which look so barren. The short grass appears to be thin and worthless, but as a matter of fact, appearances are very deceiving in this case. This "buffalo grass" is about four times as nutritious as the best timothy. There are some very large cattle owners in Colorado. The late John Iliff, who died five years ago, had at the time of his death nearly 100,000 head, on his range extending along the Platte river to Juelsburg on the Union Pacific road. Mr. Farmer of Denver has about 35,000 on his range a few miles from that city. And there are others who have from 10,000 to 60,000 head. This is also a fine sheep country, the dry climate rendering them free from such ills as scab foot, rot, etc. Cattle and sheepmen do not get along well together, however, as cattle will not graze where sheep are, and sheep will soon destroy a grazing ground. On this account there has been a great deal of trouble between them in the past, whole herds of sheep having been poisoned in a night, resulting in quarrels by which several lives have been lost. Small sheep herds are to be seen in many portions of the State, but the ranges of the big herds commence about Colorado Springs, thence south into New Mexico. Colorado ships a vast amount of wool to the East every year. There are a great many Mexicans in South Colorado engaged in sheep-raising, some of whom have from 2,000 to 5,000 head. The Mexican sheep shear about four pounds of wool per annum.

The time when stock-raisers catch it is on the occasion of such a hard winter as they had two years ago. At that time hay sold at $300 per ton in the San Juan country, though this is nothing compared to the earlier days before irrigation when hay sold at twenty-five cents per pound, and green grass was as scarce as hen's teeth. It is related that in the summer of 1860 an old Frenchman made a snug little raise at packing grass up from what is called the Flowery District on an old horse. This grew in bunches, about a rod apart, was about the thickness of a riding-whip, and from six to eight feet long. Having no scales, the old man used to count his hay out, giving from three to five stocks for a pound. When this kind of hay was criticised by his customers, the good old man, who did his mowing with a hatchet, was wont to say, "Ah, sare, I agree wis you. Zee hay is a leetle coarse, but he is very succulent. Besides, I give zee good weight. I nevaire cut one hay in two—nevaire, sare; nevaire."

DOM PEDRO.

Doctors Disagree.

As a reporter for the Pitt-burg *Commercial Gazette* sat (yesterday afternoon) in a chamber at No. 321 Federal street, Alleghany, listening to a terrible tale of suffering as it fell from the lips of a gentle little lady, Mrs. Milo Ingram the daughter of Capt. Hugh McKelvey, of this city, it seemed almost too much to believe, if the evidence had not been close at hand to substantiate every word. It was but another evidence of the culpable ignorance of a large class of practitioners of medicine who claimed for six years that her terrible disease was cancer. She was covered with ulcers, given up to die. *Peruna* cured her perfectly. Continued on page 21, in "Ills of Life," by Dr. Hartman. Ask your druggist for one.

A Michigan Liar.

"Let's see, they raise some wheat in Michigan, don't they?" asked a Scholarie granger of a Michigander.

"Raise wheat? Who raise wheat? No, sir; decidedly no, sir. It raises itself. Why, if we undertook to cultivate wheat in that State it would run us out. There would not be any room to put our houses."

"But I've been told that grasshoppers take a good deal of it."

"Of course they do. If they didn't I don't know what we would do. The cussed stuff would run all over the State and drive us out—choke us up. Those grasshoppers are a godsend, only there ain't half enough of em."

"Is the wheat nice and plump?"

"Plump! Why, I don't know what you call plump wheat, but there are seventeen in our family, including ten servants, and when we want bread we just go out and fetch in a kernel of wheat and bake it."

"Do you ever soak it in water before using it?"

"Oh, no; that wouldn't do. It would swell a little and then he couldn't get it in our range oven."

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.—A Newark Mother.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Valuable Oakland real estate is offered for sale in this issue.

—Edward Stake, Esq., of Hagerstown, spent a few days in Oakland this week.

—Mr. H Allen Ison, of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., was in town this week.

—A six year old son of Mr. John Helbig was kicked in the face by a horse Monday last, and painfully injured.

—Messrs. P. A. Chisholm and Dick Thayer bagged on Saturday, August 12th, thirty-four woodcock. Dick said it wasn't a good day either.

—Mr. Tower requests us to state that he has received the laws for 1882, and all persons entitled to receive copies can have them by calling on him.

—A farmer in district No. 1, this county, asks for the best method for destroying Canada thistles. Will some of our farmers inform him through the columns of the REPUBLICAN?

—Thursday two of Mr. H. H. Van Meter's horses got to fighting in the stable at Mountain Lake Park, and one of them, a valuable bay horse, was so badly injured that he was killed in order to end his suffering.

—About four o'clock Saturday morning of last week, Rev. John Thompson fell down the stairway of his cottage, at Mountain Lake Park, sustaining painful injuries about the head. He left for his home in Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder left Oakland Monday for Washington and Baltimore, to attend to the duties of his office generally and especially to finally arrange for the putting in of fish ladders at the Great Falls of the Potomac.

—Henry Beighler who was run over by the cars at Deer Park, last April, which rendered the amputation of one of his legs necessary, and who has been so well cared for at the county jail by Sheriff Jamison and his excellent wife, was sent to his home in Mechanirstown, Frederick county, last week, through the efforts of lady guests at Oakland, who raised money enough to buy clothing, pay his fare home and leave quite a handsome balance, which was sent to his mother.

—James McDermott, one of the oldest public school teachers in the county, died yesterday at St. Thomas hospital, where he had gone for treatment for cancer. He was about 65 years old and had taught in the public schools in the lower districts of the county for a great many years. He taught last year in Orleans district. He is the second public school teacher who died in the country during the past seven years. He was a Scotchman by birth.—*Cumb. News, Tuesday.*

—Mrs. Fitch, the daughter of Genl. Sherman, who had been spending a few weeks with her mother in the Perry mansion at Oakland, started for Washington Thursday morning of last week with two of her children who had become sick with dysentery. Her infant died Thursday evening as the train entered the Washington depot. The other child is still sick at General Serman's residence at Washington. Mrs. Sherman and family, who were called to Washington on account of the death of the child, returned to Oakland this week.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o clock A. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Mountain Lake Park—Preaching at 10½ A. M., 3½ and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1½ P. M.

P. E. Church—Services every Sunday in August at 11 A. M. conducted by Rev. John Lindsay, of Washington, D. C.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 a.m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Head School House at 3½ p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

—The Deer Park Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9 ½ A. M.

Ladies Prefer

Floreston Cologne because they find this lasting combination of exquisite perfumes a delightful novelty.

wanted,

In a small family, a girl or middle-aged woman, of good character, for light housekeeping. Inquire at post office or address G, Box 105, Oakland

The Sunday School Convention.

ACCIDENT, MD., Aug. 14th, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—About the only topic discussed here at present is the coming Sunday School Convention. Our people are making due preparation and nothing will be left undone to make it a success as before.

The Executive Committee has divided its labors by appointing several sub-committees. The headquarters of the different committees are at Mr. Samuel E. Boyer's store. Mr. Boyer being assistant corresponding secretary of the Executive Committee has a general oversight of everything. Strangers and delegates generally will report at Mr. Boyer's store when they will be given over to the tender mercies of the Hospitality Committee at the head of which is Mr. Adam Fox. Owing to certain church questions which have arisen in the German Baptist Church that denomination will not take any part in the convention, nor will their church building be used on Sabbath as before.

This is for the benefit of all concerned.

Respectfully.

E. H. GLOTFELTY, M. D.,
Corresponding Sec'y.

The Sunday School Convention, which commences at Accident, Friday afternoon of next week, promises to be as great a success as any of those heretofore held in this county. The good people of Acrident and vicinity will make every effort to entertain visiting Sunday School workers, and those who attended the convention there three years ago, know how well they succeeded in this respect at that time. Following is the programme in full:

FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

Convention called to order by the President of last Convention.—Devotional Exercises.—Appointment of Committee to nominate Permanent Officers.—Report of Committe and Election of Officers. Address of Welcome by Rev. Jacob J. Young. Reply to Address of Welcome by Rev. Stoudenmire.—Appointment of Business Committee. Written Reports from Sunday Schools Received.—Question Box to Receive Questions.—Time of Opening and Closing Convention Designated.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Devational Exercises.—1st Topic—"How to Study for teaching in the Sunday School," opened by Rev. John M. Davis.—Verbal Reports from Sunday Schools of Garrett county by delegates, five minutes each.—Question Box Continued to Receive Questions.—Report of the Vice President of Garrett county. Committee Appointed on Constitution for a Permanent County Sunday School Organization, &c.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Devotional Exercises.—2d Topic—The Model Superintendent by Rev. Flanigan. 3d Topic.—Is the Sunday School School Producing the Largest Spiritual Results of which it is Capable, opened by Rev. Jos. Dewitt. Question box opened for discussion.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Devotional Exercises.—Essay—"Sunday School Follies," by Wm. A. Baker, State Superintendent Maryland Sunday School Union. 4th.—How to secure Teachers for the Sunday School, by Chas. M. Miller. Time and place for holding next Convention.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Song Service.—5th—At what age should children be employed as teachers in the Sabbath School, by Revs. Kitterman and Bowlin. Resolutions, &c.

SUNDAY MORNING.

9 A. M., Prayer and Experience Meeting. 10:30 Sunday School Sermon by Rev. ———,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Children's Mass Meeting with Singing by the children of the different schools. Addresses by prominent Sunday school workers.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Song Service, half hour. Sunday School Gospel Service. Subject—"The Beatitudes with Music," by Wm. A. Baker and F. L. Morling.

A Valuable Addition,

Because it is beneficial to the scalp and adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray hair is why Parker's Hair Balsam is a popular dressing.

The Camp Meeting.

The Camp Meeting at Mountain Lake Park, has not been well attended during the week days, owing partly to the favorable harvest weather, but on Sunday the crowd in attendance was very large, being estimated at between 1,000 and 1,200. The event of the day was the sermon in the morning by Rev. C. P. Masden, of Wheeling. The meeting will close next Sunday.

A Minister's Gratitude.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* I am thankful to God that I can acknowledge your treatment (*Peruna*) of my daughter's eye has been successful and satisfactory. I would be glad to have the public have confidence in you. N. B.—Please make your fees in reach of poor people. Remember the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. REV. E. H. BALDWIN,
Wattsburgh, Pa.

Reader ask your druggist for one of Dr. Hartman's invaluable books on the "Ills of Life," and how to cure them. You get one gratis.

ALTAMONT, MD., Aug. 15, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I have just heard from my son Patsy, who had his leg crushed on the 14th of June last, and had it amputated above the knee. He is doing well, and is going about on crutches. He was my only support, and being old and unable to work, I would ask the public to contribute something toward getting him an artificial leg. Contributions may be left at Oakland, with J. B. Brant, Thos. Coddington, James Weiseman, or sent to me at Altamont, Md.

LAWRENCE CLINE.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Aug. 18th, 1882.

The new M. E. Church was dedicated last Wednesday, and all were much interested in Bishop Andrews excellent discourse, on the occasion. The building is a very neat structure, quite prettily finished, and will accommodate about 300 people.

Some of our young people gave a very pleasant amateur dramatic entertainment on last Friday in the large stable now in process of erection and belonging to the cottage of Mrs. W. R. Davis. The whole affair was under the management of Miss May Davis, and reflected great credit to her for so perfectly arranging and directing everything. The performers were Misses Mattie, Katie and Grace Davis, Sallie and Lizzie Elkins, Leigh Jones, Blanche Buxton, Mary Kilvert, Annie Major and Mary Montell. The programme consisted of two plays. "The enchanted Princess" and "Starting in Life," with recitations and reading from some of the young ladies. There were about seventy-five persons present, all of whom were highly interested and were not backward in tendering boquets, applause and expressions of delight to the entire dramatic company.

The Calico Ball at the Hotel on Saturday evening was very largely attended and the costumes generally admired.

The Sacred Sunday Concert given by the Germania Maennerchoir society of Baltimore, cannot be described. It can however be said that the large number who were present were enchanted, and that the music of the club as well as that of Prof. Jungnickel's band, was very lovely.

One evening last week, the many friends of Mr. George Norwood of Washington, now a guest at the Wing and Wing, testified to their regard on his birthday in a manner that gave much enjoyment and will not soon be forgotten.

The Deer Park branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will hold their first meeting this evening.

People are flocking to Mountain Lake Park, every day, while the camp meeting is in progress.

Mrs. A. S. Steele leaves to-day for Revere, Mass., to spend some weeks at her father's before returning to her duties in Tennessee.

Mr. Geo. Downey, son of Major Geo. M. Downey, U. S. A. is now with Miss Kate Downey of Elk Garden, visiting Mrs. W. R. Davis' family.

Misses Ella and Lou Schoolfield of Baltimore are visiting relatives in our village.

A sad accident occurred here on Sunday evening. A man named Dawson, recklessly attempted to jump on a freight train, going at full speed, and fell on the track, narrowly escaping being crushed to death. He is attended by Dr. Laughlin.

Rev. Mr. Sharp and wife of Bruceton, W. Va., are at Mr. Joseph Lashorn's.

Prof. William Elliot of Baltimore city college, with his wife, is at Rev. J. S. Laughlin's.

Mr. Forsythe Harrison came from Cumberland to night, to spend a day or two with his brother before starting on his journey to Arizona, where he intends to remain permanently.

Arrivals at Wing and Wing since last letter:

Baltimore, Md.—L. W. Allen and wife, Raymond P. Allen and Morton P. Allen, Lee M. Evans.

Falls City, Pa.—W. W. Hartzell.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Andrew Stender.

Grafton, W. Va.—Mrs. S. M. Nuzum.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Mrs. A. D. Casteel, Dana D. Casteel.

Washington, D. C.—Frank T. Major.

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Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Big Guns and Big Ships.

The Senate has adopted a resolution which provides that a committee shall be appointed to sit during the recess and inquire as to the equipments needed for our navy and coast defenses. It would be possible to select a committee from the Senate whose opinion upon that subject would be valuable, but it would be well to have an inquiry made by a committee of experts. If the President would request Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman and Commander Borringe to draw up a plan for the proper defense of the nation from foreign attacks, their recommendations would have great weight.

The bombardment of Alexandria has deepened the conviction of the people that something should be done to increase the security of our seaboard cities. We do not expect war, but nevertheless it is wise to be prepared for it, especially as heavy guns cannot be constructed in less than one or two years. It is absurd to argue that we cannot afford to spend money enough to make a powerful navy and build strong coast defenses. We spend more money for a navy than any countries but England and France, and have expended about $200,000,000 within a dozen years, an amount adequate to make us one of the strongest naval powers in the world.

But no intelligent and unprejudiced person thinks we need a great fleet of war ships like that of England. It is the prevailing opinion that several swift cruisers, carrying two or three effective guns each, a few gunboats for harbors and inland waters, and torpedoes for the protection of seaboard cities are the chief requirements for the nation's defence. More recently the belief has developed that a few of the most powerful guns should be provided for the fortifications at the entrance of the most important harbors, and it is quite generally believed that one or two of the most powerful ships of war might wisely be provided. We are spending money enough to make our defences adequate, but the great need is to have competent men determine what policy is best in making our expenditures.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Jonathan Edwards's Frankness.

One of Jonathan Edwards's contemporaries, the Rev. Dr. B., in an adjoining town, discarded the severest of the Calvinistic dogmas. A notorious scamp in the town, much affected in a revival, went to the doctor and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time, "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it!" replied the dominie, "your neighbors have long realized it!" "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well," responded the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objection!"

One of Jonathan Edwards's daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said that stern individual, "you can't have my daughter." "But I love her and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her!" said the father. "I am well to do, and can support her," explained the applicant. "Can't have her!" persisted the old man. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No!" thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper and you wouldn't be happy with her!" The lover, amazed, said, "Why, Mr. Edwards! I thought Emily was a Christian. She is a Christian, isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientious parent, "but, young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't!" —*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

The Prospects in Maine.

Mr. Blaine says: "Our prospects are so promising, the surroundings of the party in Maine are so conspicuous, that we all have heart and courage for the work of the campaign. Divisions that distract Republicans elsewhere are unknown among us, and it may be our happy fortune by unity and victory to set an example to the Republican party of the whole country, and thus induce the harmony and co-operations which are indispensable to success."

Burdette's Advice to Young Men.

Remember that the world is older than you are by several thousand years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; and that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man out of ten million went to the funeral or heard of their death.

Be as smart as you can, of course; know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdow in the world, but don't dazzle people with it; and don't imagine a thing is so simply because you say it is. Don't you be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote.

"Make a few," tersely replied the old man. We never heard that the young man made any—not more than two or three anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than they have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish; your moustache is neater; your hat is better, and you are prettier—oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of the check will draw more money in five minutes than you could get out of a ream of paper and a copperplate signature in six months.

Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them. But they are not novelties—no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before.

Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh that you will have to put yourself away to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merits will not be discovered. A diamond is not so easily found as quartz, but people search for it more intently.

The Circuit Court of Howard county decided on Saturday the case of Amos D. Worthington, who had been refused registration on the ground that he was a non-resident, Mr. Worthington being an inspector of customs in Baltimore, where he has resided for four years. Mr. Worthington testified that he has always voted in Howard county, and that at the expiration of his official term he would return to Howard county to reside. The court decided he was entitled to be registered, and directed his name to be placed upon the books.

Some time ago the fact was made prominent that the people of this country spend for kid gloves ten times as much as is given for the conversion of the heathen. Now it comes to light that the bees of America raise more money than the total sum of contributions to foreign missions. These industrious insects turn out a honey crop which yields over $3,000,000. The amount given for foreign missions is about $2,500,000 a year.

A stone weighing 3½ pounds was found on the upper floor of a store in Richmond, Va., on Friday morning, and immediately above it was a hole in the tin roof and planking as big as a man's fist, through which it had evidently made its way. The supposition is that the stone is a fragment of a meteor.

There is hardly a person in any position of life so occupied that he does not daily lose two hours of his time, that counts up at the end of a long time. What an immense loss there is in the world of a thing so precious, and of which people complain they have not enough.

Jumbo is the first Englishman of note that ever landed in America with only one trunk and no umbrella. His large and increasing popularity is largely due to the fact that he cannot go back and write a book about us.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the mainspring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. See that the pocket is turned and clean often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the backs, bezel and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (center, backs, cap, &c.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED DR FILLED GOLD WATCH CASE is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and fit more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer ones being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessers.

All Jewelers keep them also illustrated catalogues for gratuitious distribution.

Order of Publication.

John Beckman, vs. Truman W. Pritts and Elizabeth his wife.

No. 251 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate described in a mortgage executed by the defendants to the complainant on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1876.

The Bill alleges that the mortgage above referred to was executed by the defendants to the complainant to secure the sum of three hundred and seventy dollars, with interest from the 20th day of November, A. D. 1875, and that the mortgage debt and interest thereon is still due the complainant, except about seventy-four dollars, which has been paid.

The Bill further alleges that the time limited for the payment of said debt has passed, and prays for a sale of the land described in said mortgage, and also contains the usual prayer for process.

It is ordered, this 16th day of August, A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper, published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendants warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third morning in December, A. D. 1882, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test—
8 19 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Public Sale

Of Valuable Real Estate In Oakland.

As agent for the owners, I will offer at public sale for cash, on

SATURDAY, THE 26th DAY OF AUGUST,

at 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, the cottage and grounds on Main or Second street, in said town, and described as follows: The lot fronts 82½ feet on Main street and extends back 201 feet, and is improved by a cottage of 8 rooms with all suitable out buildings, well, gardens, shrubbery, &c., containing one-half acre. It is the property now occupied by Dr. E. H. Bartlett. Possession given September 15th prox.

P. HAMILL,
Agent.

August 11th, 1882, 2w.

I'VE BEEN THERE!

Meeting of Stockholders.

There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of Mountain Lake Park Association at Mountain Lake Park Hotel, on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, &c.

J. C. ALDERSON,
8 5 3t Secretary.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,

Mountain Lake Park, Md.,

OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Johnstown, - - -	August 19th,
Chisholm's Mill, - - - -	" 22d.
Red House, - - - - -	" 24th.
Oakland, - - - - -	" 25 & 26.
Swanton, - - - - -	" 29th,
Deer Park, - - - - -	" 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid before October 1st.

The books of districts 7 and 8 have been placed in the hands of Mr. J. C. Dunham, who is authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

EDWARD MARGROFF,
7 29 4 Collector.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and McHenry road at or near Gravely Run, and passing through the lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, Henry, G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the said Oakland road at or near John L. Browning's dwelling house, a distance of about 2½ miles.

J. E. GNAGEY,
ADAM GARRINGER,
8 5 3 LEWIS SPOERLINE.

Hogus Eyes.

"I think nobody would be so deceitful as to steal a six-dollar eye."

The speaker was a well-dressed matron who had visited the office of a manufacturer of "artificial human eyes" in Bleecker street, to inquire what had become of an eye which had been ordered for her single-eyed daughter and paid for in advance. The eye was discovered securely packed away in a little box, and the lady took the treasure away. The office presented a neat, business-like appearance. Over the mantelpiece the sign was conspicuously displayed:

"A deposit required on all eyes ordered."

"I don't want an eye myself, to-day," observed the *Star* reporter to the dapper young man in charge, but I have a few friends who have just come in from Deadwood City and want eyes. Think you can straighten them out?"

"Did they bring any dust home?"

"Loaded down. Money no object."

A pleasant smile flitted across the young man's face at this cheering information.

"We can match your friend with eyes of any size or tint at prices ranging from six to fifteen dollars."

"Are your eyes ready-made?"

"We have a stock of 2,000 on hand, but the sound eye can be matched more perfectly when we take the order. They are made of the finest glass. Get the right fit and there is no more trouble in putting in or taking out an eye than in arranging your hat on your head."

"How long will an eye last?"

"With careful treatment it should last six months or longer, but the material is fragile, and unless handled very carefully it is liable to break. The secretions from the lids and lachrymal gland act upon the enamel and in time destroy the smoothness of its surface. The roughness thus created gives rise to irritation and inflammation of the lids, which, if allowed to run its course unchecked, will result in a condition in which it will be impossible to wear an artificial eye with comfort. It is advisable to remove the artificial eye before retiring for the night, and to wipe it carefully. Cleanliness does as much good to the artificial as to the natural eye."

"Are your patrons principally men or women?"

"Both patronize this house; but I should say there are fewer women than men."

"Any prominent people?"

"A great many; but it wouldn't do to mention any names. When a man wears one of our eyes, it is the perfect image of his own, and none but his most intimate friends know that it is artificial. You will understand, then, that professional honor requires that we should keep the names of our customers a secret."

The house referred to is engaged in the manufacture and sale of artificial eyes, and is one of the many in the same vicinity. The business of importing eyes is confined to three houses. A representative of one of the these said:

"We import the finest French and German eyes; the former are more perfect and more expensive. We sell on an average about six eyes a week. We do no business in the domestic article. The weekly sales of imported eyes in this city amount to about eighteen, the average cost being ten dollars. We can match every size, form and color. These eyes are lost chiefly by accidents which befall men, women and children alike, but it so happens that men are the principal victims."—*N. Y. Star.*

Sir John Lubbock on Ants and Bees.

Few scientific workers have spread their interests over so wide a field as Sir John Lubbock; and yet it is not difficult to trace a certain thread of continuity running through all the subjects to which he devotes his leisure with such excellent effect. For example, his researches into the origin of civilization and into the habits of ants and bees, diverse as they appear, have still this point in common, that both deal alike with the evolution of social communities from lower sporadic types of life. Indeed, he holds that, though the anthropoid apes approach nearest in all animals to man in bodily structure, the ants may fairly rank next to us in social organization and in general intelligence. They even show certain indications of progressive development within their own class. For some ruder species live mainly by the chase, like hunting savages; other more highly evolved types have domesticated the aphides, and so resemble the pastoral races of mankind; while still higher kinds, such as the harvesting ants, have reached the agricultural stage of civilization. Their marked division of labor, their institution of slavery, their elaborate architecture, and their regular roadways, all bring into strong relief the analogy of their nests to human societies.

When Sir John Lubbock began his experiments he intended to conduct them chiefly with bees and wasps. He soon found, however, that those stinging and dying insects were unpleasantly excitable in temper, and that ants were much easier creatures to observe from every point of view. To ants, accordingly, the larger part of his volume is devoted. The particulars about the different modes of fighting adopted by the various species, their manner of building, their athletic games, their cleanliness and their drunken actions, are often ludicrously quaint in their suggestiveness of human analogies. Even more so are the facts as to their domestic animals, which Sir John Lubbock has very specially investigated. Besides the aphides, which they milk as cows (to adopt the usual simile) and whose eggs they preserve through the winter, they keep several other domesticated insects, belonging to over 500 species. Most of them, including the two commonest, a beetle and a woodlouse, have lived so long in their underground homes that they have become quite blind by disuse of their eyes; many of them seem to produce secretions which the ants eat; while others appear to act as scavengers, or to emit agreeable odors. In some cases the insects are so helpless that they have to be fed by their masters. Equally curious are the relations subsisting between the different kinds of ants themselves. One small species lives in the walls which partition the nests of a larger neighbor; and these occasionally carry off the larvæ of their involuntary hosts as food. In another case, a smaller kind seems to be kept like cats by its bigger kinsmen. Such instances, together with the common theft of pupæ, help to explain the origin of ant-slavery; for stolen pupæ are often kept for awhile before being devoured—just as among cannibal savages slaves may have arisen from the habit of keeping and fattening any surplus captives taken in battle and not immediately required for food. The facts as to the eggs occasionally laid by workers, both among ants and bees, from which males are always hatched, seem full of significance for the solution of a famous problem in evolution—how worker bees can inherit their instincts from an unbroken ancestry of queens and drones, none of whom ever possessed them. If the workers' eggs hatched out workers, they would, of course, enter very little, or not at all, into the pedigree of the nest or hive. But through their male offspring they may really contribute regularly to keep up the standard of instinct in their race.

Sir John Lubbock has watched his ants, his bees and his wasps hour after hour with unceasing fidelity, and has chronicled their movements with the minutest patience. Moreover, he has employed direct experiment far more fully than any previous investigator in this field—devising most ingenious plans for getting insects unconsciously to display their intelligence or stupidity, their moral feeling or their unscrupulous selfishness. On the whole, both as regards bees and ants, the result of these admirable researches is rather derogatory to the intellect and the morals of the social insects. Their good qualities are all of the most communistic sort; there is little individual feeling, little spontaneity of effort among them in any way. They are very industrious; they will fight recklessly for the hive or the nest; they will accept death unhesitatingly for the common advantage; and they will even turn themselves into living honey-jars on behalf of the community to which they belong. But they exhibit few signs of personal affection; they are utterly careless of one another's lives; and they seldom perform any acts of individual beneficence. They are, in short, members of an insect phalanstery which knows no ethical principle except the collective good. As to intelligence, Sir John Lubbock rather inclines to the belief that ants possess some rude means of intercommunication; and certainly it is hard for any one who has watched them closely to resist the conviction that they talk to one another somehow with their antennæ. The experiments on the perception of color by bees conclusively prove that these insects can distinguish all the prismatic hues as well as we ourselves, and help to throw light upon the origin and development of colored flowers. Altogether the book is as interesting as it is valuable; and the lucid simplicity of its style, unencumbered by any unnecessary technicalities, is sure to make it a popular favorite.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Lonely Death.

He was dying and alone. Not one of his kin was near to render the last services of love to the man whose life had been a wreck. He was a self-ruined man. He thought of it bitterly even then, as he lay under the trees with the blue sky for a roof and the leaves bending over him with pitying shade; thought of his wasted opportunities, his blighted faculties, and the shame of this death, like an outcast or a wounded animal! Burning with fever, he could not crawl again to the cool running stream that seemed now to be purling through his brain. Listen! Was that his mother's voice? No! it was only one wild bird calling to another. His moans disturbed the winged creatures about him. O, God! was this what his years of manhood had led to—a lonely death in the woods, with no kindly hand to close his sightless eyes? Where were they all! He called feebly: "Mother!" for his mind wandered. The sound broke the stillness of the woods and a bright-eyed squirrel frolicked down the tree and looked curiously at the dying stranger who was powerless to harm it. He was dreaming now of home; he thought he was in his own room under the roof, where the scent of the laburnum trees reached him, and his mother held his hot hand in hers and smoothed the moist curls from his forehead; and he could hear the woodpecker on the roof tap-tap-tap, and thus dreaming he fell asleep, and slept till the shadows of night slanted through the trees, and—

> In the dim and distant other
> The first star came shining through,
> And another—and another—
> Trembled softly in the blue.

Then he awoke, clear headed, and with the calm of a great silence about him; his dim eyes wandered to the stars—to the cool blue skies—to the far off Heaven above, where he knew now his mother had gone; he was not thirsty, nor hungry nor suffering any more, and all the fetters of ice and sloth seemed to have fallen away, and soul and body alike bathed in the waters of ineffable peace; he did not even feel the chill of death on hand and heart, and the breath that fluttered on his lips was as serene and painless as the sweet, cool evening air. What he did feel at the last was a caress—warm and loving and gentle as a mother's kiss—the farewell of his last friend, who had deserted him for a few hours to find a mouthful of food. The faithful dog that through ill report and abuse had followed the fortunes of his master; whose half-human heart was rent now with a dumb sorrow, who all night long watched there by the silent form and kept every harmful thing away.

So they found them—the dead man and the dumb watcher; and a few lines announced to a careless world, "Another tramp found dead!" But He who careth for even a sparrow's fall, who sees the end from the beginning, will make His own record of that lonely death.

> "Leave him to God's watchful eye,
> Trust him to the hand that made him."
> —*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—An old Kentuckian says: "In all my life I have never seen two genuine negro women kiss, and I have often heard my father remark the same thing. He was over sixty years old, and frequently told us it was a tradition through all his family that the negro women never kissed. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveler, who has visited Africa and Hayti, has remarked to me the strange fact that negro women never kiss. Why is it?"

The Tarantula.

When the tarantula goes out into the world, closing the door and pocketing the key to his night latch, the sharpest eye could not detect the nest or its entrance, for the outside of the door is formed of sand and gravel that looks exactly like the surrounding soil. I had long been misled regarding the habits of the tarantula. I had labored under the impression that it was a vagabond, a tramp among insects, roaming about in quest of a loose trouser leg to crawl up, when the fact is that it has a fixed place of abode—fixed, so to speak, in the highest style of insect art. The tarantula is a spider of strict business habits, not speculative or rash by any means, but rather cautious and conservative. He never attacks an insect larger than himself, unless it happens to be dead. When the sun goes down he saunters out, and leisurely proceeds to prey on dissipated ants and belated tumble-bugs, that have heedlessly wandered from the paternal domicile. His nocturnal raids, and the fact that he sleeps all day, have prejudiced against him those hoary-headed people who take a wicked pleasure in cornering their sons and clerks and hurling busy-bee and early worm proverbs at them before breakfast. But the prejudices of these old fogies influence the tarantula but little; for those who know him best—the frontier Indian, the horse thief, and the Mexican raider—have learned to appreciate him, and show their appreciation of his wisdom by adopting his mode of life and considering it worthy of imitation. The most perfect have their faults, however, and the tarantula is no exception. When insulted or injured in any way—sat down upon, for instance—he will bite the first soft place he can find, exuding a vicious substance said to be as fatal as the poison of a rattlesnake, or the effects of frontier whiskey. I think this is slander, for I have never met a man who was fatally bitten by a tarantula. "Tarantula juice" is a favorite appellation in Texas for the worst kind of whisky, and, probably on the principle that "a hair of the dog," etc., whisky is the only antidote successfully used in cases of tarantula bite. I have heard it stated—I give the statement for what it is worth, probably about five cents on the dollar—that an old Indian, who lived on the Nueces, loved the antidote so much that he carried around a tame tarantula, made it convenient to get bitten close to a grocery, exhibited the tarantula as proof, and bowled around until he was gratuitously irrigated with whisky by the humane storekeeper.—*Texas Siftings.*

Keep Cheery.

One of the most delightful sights we know of is that of sunshine in human faces. How such a man draws us to himself. See his large, sunny nature. Nothing seems to cloud his face. While others are gloomy, or discouraged, he is full of hope and full of courage. He looks on the bright side; he laughs at adversity and snaps his fingers in the face of discouragements. He tones up all around him. Soldiers on the march feel the invigorating effect of such a man's presence. Tired workers everywhere are cheered and strengthened by the sight of such faces and the sound of such voices.

This is a priceless possession to a mother, wife, teacher, minister, or any leader of men. Think of the discouragement and weariness of working on, day by day, by the side of one, or under the authority of one, who is always gloomy and morose. It were as pleasant and as easy to labor in darkness and in shadows.

Cheery men and women are stronger men and women. They do more. They age less, carry no useless burdens, and avoid much friction. Their faces are known and read of all men, and what a joyous, health-giving tale they tell.

Do you say this is all beautiful and true, but these we speak of have no trials? No ill-health, or broken fortunes, or crushed hopes have ever come to shadow and embitter their lives? Stop, friend, this supposition of yours is all wrong. These men and women could tell you often of severe sickness or great reverses of fortune. These things have not prevented them, need not prevent any one, from living in the sunlight.

O, how we need such men and women now. We need them in every home and every church. Are you one of these? Then you are doing good continually; doing it as the sun shines in heaven, or the rain falls on the earth. God bless you in your helpful ministry.

Are you not one of these? Then you miss much of the sweetness and joyousness of life. Get out from under the clouds. You were never meant to live in tears continually. Rejoice! Cheer up! Whistle, sing, do something to brighten yourselves. Live honestly before God and man and do good. Cheer up others and thus fill your soul with sunlight. "God bless us every one," and fill our souls with the sunshine of His presence, and our daily life with sunny faces, kind words and unselfish acts.—*Golden Rule.*

Nip And Tuck.

A book agent called at a house on Congress Street the other day, and when the lady of the house came into the room, handed her a handsomely-bound book, and said:

"I would like to have you look through this book, if you please; it is something that ought to be in every family, and no well-educated lady like yourself can afford do to without it; it is called 'How to Talk, or the English Grammer Conversationally Condensed', and any-one who subscribes——"

"Yes, I know," said the lady of the house, with a sad sweet smile: "I saw it noticed in the papers but my husband's mother is coming here next week and after she leaves we are going to the White Mountains and if business is good my husband says I may go to Europe, and if we do my sister who lives in California wants me to come there for it's nearly three years since I've seen her and her oldest girl is going to be married to a real Eyetalian Count, though my husband says like enough he's no account that's his little joke you know and if we stop at Sacramento ——"

But the agent of "How to Talk" had fled.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—Seventy gold mines are being worked in Georgia.

Another Frontiersman on the Trail.

"I didn't think he'd go," said Mr. Sanderson, gloomily, "though he'd acted queerly for some time."

"What did he do?" asked one of the party.

"The first intimation we had of it was finding stores secreted about the house," continued Mr. Sanderson. "He plugged up all the rat-holes with lemons, and I'd find salt stuffed away in my clean socks. I didn't pay much attention to it at first, but when I found the piano full of cheese, and tried to play the 'Maiden's Prayer' through a bushel of limburger and hard-tack, I remonstrated with him."

"Did he say anything?"

"Yes, he did. He just hissed through his teeth: 'Beware the 15th of July!' But I didn't think anything of it. That afternoon we found him roasting himself at the stake down cellar, and yelling: 'Back, ye cowardly fiends of redskins; P. Sanderson never squeals!' We put him out with some water and I forgot all about it. You see, I thought it was only a boyish freak, like when he used to imagine himself a whaler ho harpooned the laundress once,"

"What was your first intimation, that he was going to fight Indians?"

"What originally excited my suspicions was seeing him eating baked dog in the back yard. I thought there might be something wrong and I watched, and saw him scalp the seat of a hair-cloth chair. 'What are you doing?' I asked him. 'Get thee gone, thou pale-faced father,' said he, 'I'm the Horned Avenger of the Monongahela! See me take to the bush with the scalp of my enemy,' and he crawled under the woodshed."

"Didn't you do anything?"

"Yes, I took the chair in the house. I thought there was no use in wasting it, because the frame was good. But what struck me as the strangest thing was when I caught him saving the servant girl. He had her tied to a door-knob, and was crawling all around the kitchen floor on his stomach with a carving-knife in his mouth, watching his opportunity to cut the bonds. The meat was burned to a crisp, the tea-kettle was boiling over, and the vegetables were hanging over the side of a pot to see why somebody didn't come and take 'em out."

"Did he give you any explanation?"

"O, no; nothing satisfactory. I untied the servant girl, who was nearly dead of fright, and he made a lunge at me with a knife that nearly hamstrung me. But I didn't take any notice until I heard him muttering: 'Beware of the basilisk eye.' Then I turned on him and demanded an explanation."

"Get it?"

"No. That was the strangest part of it. He seized the girl and ran out into the yard and up a stepladder to the top of the fence. Then he drew the ladder up and dropped it in the next yard. I had to go around and get it before I could take the girl down. I told him supper was ready, but he waved his knife in the air and howled: 'The Avenger is downed, but not beaten! I am on your track, and you will find, ere yonder sun shall crimson the death of the morrow's day that the pet wrestler of the pale face shall grace the wigwam of the Pride of the Prairie!' I suppose that was his other name. They generally have two or three. I didn't say much. What's the use? He ran along the fence and jumped into the alley. Then he pointed a gun through a knothole in the fence and snapped the lock at me until bedtime. That night I took a stick from under his pillow with over 200 notches on it. I guess they represented the number of times he killed me through the fence."

"When did he go?"

"Thursday morning. He told some boys that he was going all the way by water, because it saved walking, and I think he must have got a row-boat somewhere. He's got a notion that the Indians are somewhere in the vicinity of of Albany, and I reckon I'll find him there. O he's on the trail, because he went to the grocer and scared him out of a string of onions; told him to 'Pat 'm up, thou slave of law, or, by yon star, the Avenger of the Monongahela will mount his trusty steed, and following thee to thy mountain fastness, will slay thee while thy faithless wife crawls at thy knees and thy beggared brats beseech thee for bread!' The grocer gave him the onions, and I paid him yesterday. I'm going to police headquarters to see if anybody has seen a loose Avenger around, advertising for blood! So long!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Season's Small Catch of Seals.

The seal fishery of 1882, now that all returns are in, proves to be one of the most disastrous on record. The total number of seals landed at St. John has been only 139,322. About 10,000 or 12,000 have been landed elsewhere, so that the total catch will not much exceed 150,000 seals. Last year 447,902 seals were taken; in 1880 the catch was low, but it reached 223,795 seals; in 1877 it amounted to 451,678; in 1874, 397,366; in 1872, 278,372; in 1871, 537,094. Since the year 1815 the catch has not fallen below 213,000 seals till the present year. In 1843 it was 651,376 seals; in 1841, 685,530; in 1850, 598,860. In 1855 the catch fell to 293,083, but in 1858 rose to 507,624. In 1860 it was 444,202, and in 1862, 268,621. On the whole, it may be safely affirmed that, though very fluctuating, our seal fishery has not materially declined as yet. The failure of this year was caused by the heavy masses of ice which blockaded the coast. Such an ice blockade has not been seen for fifty years. When the immense force now brought to bear on the seal fishery, by means of powerful steamers as compared with former years, is taken into account, and when we consider that, notwithstanding this splendid apparatus, the catch has been the lowest for sixty-five years, some idea of the tremendous difficulties presented this spring by the ice may be formed. "There is a sort of goodness in things evil." The greater proportion of the young seals born this year have escaped, and will help to keep up the stock and increase the number of seals in after years. It has been a kind of "close season," enforced by the hand of Nature. The old seals, too, have escaped the raid usually made upon them, and the race has got a prolonged lease of life. Next year we may hope for a good seal fishery in consequence of the "close time" of this year.—*St. John, (N. F.) Cor. Montreal Gazette.*

For Young Readers.

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

Oh the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes, and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled the hungry hearts of all of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,
And of crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless, graceful stride of the elephant was eyed!
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side.
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon buttened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The scent of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air.

And, last of all, the clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward, and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled the hungry hearts of all of us with melody sublime!

—*J. W. Riley, in Wide Awake.*

HARRY'S PET STURGEON.

Thirty-four years ago boys who lived on the shores of Lake Champlain were very fond of catching the big sturgeons that abounded in its clear waters. Not more so, perhaps, than boys would be now if fine fish were as plenty and as easily captured; but then other sports were not so common in that day, and fishing had much less competition. Often six or seven would go out together with long seines, and some famous catches they used to make.

One spring day several lads about eighteen years old hauled in a splendid sturgeon, whose good nature and intelligence won him quite a local fame, and whose story ought to have been written long ago.

He was such a fine, handsome fellow, that Harry Miller, a kind-hearted boy who was fond of pets, determined to take him home and try to tame him.

The rest of the party were all willing to give up their share in the prize, so the big captive's fate was settled then and there. Harry took him to his home at Cedar Point, near Port Henry, and put him in a box which he had sunk in the water, and fastened to a landing at the edge of the lake.

The box was about eight feet wide and thirteen feet long, so that a sturgeon could have plenty of room, even if he was over three and a half feet long, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, as this one did. Harry was careful that there should be plenty of chance for the fresh lake water to flow all through this novel aquarium, so that it was always fresh and pure. He also made a door which could be securely locked, so that he could take his pet out when he wished, and yet be sure that no one would steal him.

The next thing was a name, and common place Tom was chosen, just as it might be for a horse or a dog. It did not take Tom long to learn his name, and as he had all the worms, meat and kitchen scraps he could eat, and was always treated kindly, he soon grew very tame and fat. He was ready whenever any one came to feed him, and when his master playfully patted his sides, he would roll over just as roguishly as a pet puss might.

A Frenchman who lived near Harry Miller's home was wonderfully skillful in training animals, and he persuaded Harry to let him see what he could do with Tom. He found a most docile pupil, and succeeded amazingly, to Harry's intense delight. After several weeks he considered his task accomplished, and returned his charge to his young owner.

Tom was now ready to do something practical in return for his master's kindness; in fact, he had become a real "sea-horse," well broken to harness, or rather to rope, for that is all he needed to pull a boat.

A heavy ring was fastened through the thick cartilage just behind the dorsal or back fin, and a stout rope was snapped into this ring when Tom was "hitched up," just as a rein often is into a bit.

The other end of the rope was held or made fast in the boat, so that all one had to do to have a fine ride was to attend to the steering. A long pole did duty for reins, and a slap on the water either side of Tom would turn him in the opposite direction.

If he grew lazy, as he sometimes did, a sharp splash just behind would quicken him up. There was never any trouble about getting home after a ride. Just as soon as Tom had a chance to turn around, he would start straight for his box, and swim with all his might until he was once more snugly housed.

While Tom was being trained, he was allowed only about six feet of rope, but after Harry felt sure that he could trust his pet, he let him go twenty or thirty feet from the boat, and instead of short rides he used to stay out as long as three or four hours.

Just think, boys, of going fishing with a fish to do the sculling! Naturally Tom was kept quite busy towing fishing parties, and he worked all the better when he had plenty to do. A vacation of two or three days would make him behave like a colt the next time he went out.

At first he would rush off at a great rate, drawing two men in a good-sized boat nearly as fast as one could row, but he would soon cool down until he hardly wanted to stir at all.

Work every day was what Tom needed to make him willing and steady, and if he had it he was a model of good behavior.

Of course a great many other boys thought it would be fine to have a trained fish, and many sturgeons were caught and petted, but all in vain. None of them could be induced to work, and Harry Miller's Tom remained without a rival, the pride of his master, and the envy of other boys.

Most of the sturgeons which boys tried to train killed themselves by staying too long under water when they were taken out into the lake, and others pined away and died before any progress could be made.

For three years Tom did his young master good and faithful service, but at last he changed owners, and nothing is known of his history from the time he was sold. Harry was forced to part with his pet because the Millers moved away from the lake, but the twenty-five dollars he received was a poor recompense to him for the loss of such an accomplished fish.

But though he never heard of him again, he has always cherished his memory

Mr. Harry Miller is now a middle-aged gentleman, living in the town of Warren, Pennsylvania, where he often entertains his young friends with the story of his wonderful sturgeon Tom, every word of which is strictly true.—*Harper's Young People.*

Charley and the Briers.

"Charley! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "*don't* go among those briers; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden?" answered master Charley, with great contempt. "I guess you think I'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and Cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls aren't good for any thing but to sit and sew. I mean to cl——"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself, and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"El-la, El-la!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—oh!"

Sure enough, Charley *was* getting all torn; some big thorns had caught his new trousers, and the harder he struggled the worse matters became.

"Hold still, dear," said Ella. "I can't help you while you kick so. There! now you're free. Oh! Charley!"

Charley, clapping his hand to his trousers, knew well enough what Ella's "Oh!" meant. It meant a great big tear in his new clothes, two cousins coming to spend the day, and a poor little boy sobbing in the nursery until the nurse would stop scolding and make him fit to go down and see the company. The very thought of all this misery made him cry.

"Oh! they 'll be here in a minute! boo-hoo!" he sobbed; "what *shall* I do?"

"Why, stand still, that 's all," said Ella, hastily threading her *needle with* a long black thread; "stand just so, dear, till I mend it."

"Mend it!" cried master Charles, delighted. "O Ella! *Will* you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered, very gently, at the same time beginning to draw the edges of the tear together; "you know girls are not good for any thing but to sit and sew."

"O Ella! I didn't say that."

"I think you *did*, Charley."

"Not *exactly* that, I guess. It was awful mean, if I did. Oh, hurry! I hear the carriage."

"*Do* be quiet, you little wriggler!" laughed his sister, hastily finishing the work as well as she could, so that Charley in a moment looked quite fine again. "There! we'll get to the gate before they turn into the lane, after all."

Charley held Ella's hand more tightly than usual as they ran toward the gate together. Ella noticed it, and stopped to kiss him.

"I'm sorry I spoke so," he panted, kissing her again right heartily. "Does it show?"

"Not a bit; you wouldn't know any thing had happened. Hurrah! here they are!"

"Hurrah! Howdy do, everybody!" shouted Charley.—*Joel Stacy, in St. Nicholas.*

How Children are Killed in Berlin.

The *Berliner Zeitung* prints a more detailed account than has yet appeared of the recent shooting of three children by a sentry in Berlin. Two of the children, eleven and thirteen years old, were, it appears, playing the other day on some of the grass plots round the Invalidensaule when they were warned off by the sentry stationed at the Columns. After being spoken to several times they seem to have left the forbidden ground; but when the *sentry* was relieved at five p. m. they came back again on to the grass. The new sentry in turn ordered them off; but this time instead of obeying they began to mock the sentry and throw stones at him. Thereupon the latter brought down his rifle to the loading position and loaded with ball cartridge. Seeing this the children fled in terror, and had nearly reached the Pauke Bridge when a report was heard, and the two children, together with a third child, twelve years old, who by chance came on to the square at the moment, all fell to the ground. Passers by hastened to the spot, when it was found that the third child, who had quite accidentally appeared on the scene, was dead, while the other two were badly wounded. The bullet fired by the sentry had in fact, struck one child below the right shoulder and passed out again at his back, had then passed through the fleshy part of the arm of the second child, and had finally struck the third child on the right side of the chest and passed through his lung. The sentry was at once relieved, and an inquiry has since been held; but it is reported that the court found that the soldier acted within his rights, and that consequently he could not be punished in any way.

—An exchange rather dryly observes that committing suicide on account of the oppressive weather doesn't improve the weather at all.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A small piece of salt pork cooked with string beans adds to the flavor and richness of the dish.

—Check-reins are entirely discarded this year at Newport. It is well for the horse if fashion even will lead the way for humanity.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Apple Cake: Two cups dried apples soaked over night; chop them and simmer two and one-half cups molasses half an hour; when cold add one-half cup shortening, two eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and four cups flour. Spice to the taste.

—A pretty and useful rug can be made of a piece of stair-carpet. Put fringe on each end. Often when the stair carpet is so much worn that a new one is necessary there will be a yard or more that is good enough to use for the rug. If you choose you can put the fringe all around it.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Chocolate Caramels: One cup molasses, two cups sugar, one cup rich milk or cream, and half a cake of baker's chocolate. Boil twenty minutes and turn into buttered tins. Cut into squares when partly cold. Flavor with vanilla as you remove it from the stove.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Antidote for Ivy Poisoning: Bathe the parts affected freely with spirits of nitre. If the blisters be broken, so as to allow the nitre to penetrate the cuticle, more than a single application is rarely necessary, and even where it is only applied to the surface of the skin three or four times a day, there is rarely a trace of the poison left next morning.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Apple Pie: Take sour apples and pare, core and slice them. Put the crust in the plate and then a layer of sliced apples, and sprinkle over them a thick layer of light brown sugar, then another layer of apples, and more sugar, and so on until the dish is full. Put on a top crust and bake. Powdered sugar sifted over the top when done, is liked by many.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—There is perhaps more hay injured by not being dried enough than by being dried too much. One extreme is equally as bad as the other. Clover, for instance, if allowed to become too dry in the sun, will loose all of its leaves and its blossoms, and the stalks that are left are of little value. On the other hand, if put in the mow too soon it will become mow burnt and equally worthless.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Corn Batter Cakes: Two cupfuls of white corn meal, one cupful of flour, two cupfuls of milk or water, one egg, one heaping spoonful of melted lard, a little salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder; make a hollow in the middle of the meal and flour, put all the other ingredients and stir up smooth. When there is no milk to mix up with add a spoonful of syrup to make the cakes brown easily on the griddle. It is practicable to bake batter cakes without greasing the griddle. It need only be rubbed with a cloth after each baking.—*Chicago Herald.*

Weed Seeds.

As the season advances the numerous weeds that escape destruction begin to ripen their seeds, and scatter them over a wide extent of territory. No time on the farm can be spent more profitably than that of gathering up the weeds before the seeds are ripe. On plowed land, where the system of clean culture is pursued, the weeds will be destroyed long before they are large enough to blossom, but on the edges of plowed land there is always a very inviting, as well as secure place for weeds to grow.

It is in such locations that weeds are able to grow unmolested, until they have matured their seeds; for it is only the most thorough and careful farmers that keep the weeds down in such places. The season passes off so rapidly that the weed seeds are ripened before the farmer is aware of it. Coming as it does in the haying season, when the farmer is so hurried with work, that he has but little time to examine any fields, except those where he is at work, it is not strange that many weeds on the borders of the fields sometimes get the start of even those who have well managed farms.

A single hour with a scythe will destroy a great number of weeds; but once hoeing is not sufficient for most of weeds; many of them if cut before well in blossom, will as soon as cut grow again, sending up numerous shoots which must be cut again before the seeds begin to ripen. Twice cutting at the right time will destroy most of weeds; but there are some that so persistently send up fresh sprouts that they need to be cut several times to prevent seeding. Sorrel belongs to this class, and may be considered one of the most troublesome weeds that infect our land. When once it gets well established on a farm, it is very difficult to get rid of it. Where the land is rich it may be killed out in plowed land, and on rich grass land the growth of the grass is so heavy that the sorrel stands but a small chance, but on poorer parts of the farm it requires constant vigilance to keep it from injuring the crops. He who intends to keep his farm well cultivated must see to it that no weed seeds ripen in any neglected corner of the farm.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Kind Horses.

There are some horses whose dispositions are naturally so kindly that they need no special training in that direction. But, as a rule, it is best to begin their education early, and the earlier the better. Petting and fondling have the same effect on a colt that they do on a child; they draw him to you, beget his confidence, and teach him to depend upon you for many things. When you first break him to the halter, if, indeed, he is not so gradually broken as to submit to the halter at the very first without objection, he should be made to feel that it was only a step in education, instead of into slavery. He should be made to hear your voice gladly, and to understand that your presence is always his gain. The degree of intelligence with which he holds his nose to be rubbed, or lays it on your shoulder to be patted, is in striking contrast with the fear other horses will manifest in your presence. A little attention to colts at the right time will be more than repaid by them in their riper years.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Dakota Wheat Region.

Nowhere else in the United States, unless it be in the distant and little known valleys of Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, are such large crops of wheat raised with such small expense and such certainty of success year after year. The grain is sown late in the spring, as soon as the hot suns of the northern latitude have dried the soaked lands, and grows with marvelous rapidity. By August it is fully mature and ready for reaping. All the farm-work is done by machinery. The plowman rides upon a sulky-plow; the grain is sown with a drill or a broad-caster; the reaping machines bind the sheaves as they move over the ground, and the threshers do their work in the fields driven by portable steam-engines that burn the straw for fuel. The grain is hauled at once to elevators at the nearest railway station, and then the whole farm equipment of apparatus is left standing in the fields until needed the next year. Except on the big "bonanza farms," owned and operated by capitalists, it is rare to find any sheds for implements, or, indeed, any farm-buildings save a little bare box of a dwelling, and a rude stable of boards, sod and straw, to shelter the horses from the winter blizzards. The red barns of the bonanza farms make a great show upon the wild, vacant prairie, but they are not much larger than thrifty Pennsylvania farmers, who till a hundred acres, build to house their crops and stock.

It is within bounds to say that, taking one year with another, a profit of ten dollars an acre is made on the Red River wheat-lands, after paying all expenses of seed, cultivation and marketing. The great merit of this magnificent grain-field does not lie wholly in its richness, however. Its structure is peculiarly favorable for the transportation of its product to the seaboard. Two hundred and fifty miles of rail transit brings the Red River wheat to Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, from whence there is water-carriage all the way to New York harbor. Dakota seems to have been fitted by nature for a vast, permanent wheat-field. The conditions of climate and soil exist for producing the best grade of wheat and the largest average crops harvested for a succession of years in the United States, except, perhaps, Washington Territory.—*From the "Northwest," in the Century.*

An Appropriation for Cats.

"O, pshaw! go buy the cats some meat yourself," said Colonel James Bingham, Deputy Postmaster, one day to the engineer, who stepped into the office with the request that some money be given him to keep the felines about the place in food. The matter appeared very trivial, and Colonel Bingham merely smiled when he thought of the request. One day when he was in Washington, however, the Deputy Postmaster busied himself by examining the accounts of the New York post-office, and to his astonishment ascertained that an appropriation was made annually of from eighty to one hundred dollars for the feed of the cats in the office at Gotham, and the item appeared in that shape on the books of the department. When he reached home he thought over the matter that appeared so trifling, and it was learned that the monsers were an essential part of the force of the office; that they kept rats and mice out of the mail matter, and otherwise made themselves useful. He also learned that it cost no inconsiderable sum to maintain the couple of dozen cats about the Philadelphia office so an item was made for the Philadelphia office, and about thirty or forty dollars is appropriated each year "to feeding the cats." Edwin A. Lewis, of the Eight Ward, is the contractor for keeping the feline employes in provisions, and he is familiarly known about the office as the "cat's-meat" man. Lewis has charge of the disbursement of the appropriation, and although the names of the animals do not appear upon the pay-rolls, yet he is obliged to account for them, and signs the warrant books on their account. If the cat family increases in numbers Lewis duly reports the fact, and provision is made for the new-comers.

There are about one-hundred cats in the employ of the Post-office Department of the Government, and they are paid for their services with food and shelter. As simple as this matter seems, yet the government expends about $1,000 per year in the maintenance of cats at all the principal post-offices and large public buildings in the country.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Jersey Mosquitoes.

Captain J. W. Anderson, of the British bark Emanuel Swedenborg, which arrived at Philadelphia last Sunday with a cargo of iron from Spain, is plainly entitled to whatever glory there may be in spinning the most audacious yarn on record about the Jersey mosquito. Off Cape May, the Captain swears, his bark sailed into a vast army of mosquitoes, ravenous from their long flight, which took complete control of the vessel and all on board. In five minutes they had drawn as much blood as ever an old time doctor drew from a fever patient, and in half an hour they had succeeded in boring through the Captain's thickest winter overcoat. "I was driven almost desperate," he declares, "and I climbed up to the maintop, thinking to escape the ferocious animals. You may know how glad I was when I found that they had not got up so far. The first mate called to me to know how it was up there. I told him to come up and bring up as many of the men as could be spared. This he did and there we stayed all night. When supper time came our Chinese cook went below and filled a basket with cold vituals, which we hoisted up to our perches on the shroud. The men took hour-turns in going down on deck and managing the vessel. We slept aloft, as we feared to ventnre on the deck. About four o'clock a stiff breeze sprung up, and the mosquitoes began leaving us. Many of them staid on the boat, however, until we reached Delaware. At the Breakwater I attempted to send a dispatch to the consignees in Philadelphia, but my hands were bitten so badly that I was unable to write and had to get the telegraph operator to pen the message."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—An educated catfish, which answers its master's call and does many tricks, amuses people in Paducah, Ky.—*N. Y. Post.*

Improvement of Wheat.

"By the successful carrying out of certain rules and observing the natural laws that govern vegetable growth, wheat can be made to double the length of the head, increase the grain 100 per cent., its powers as much, and its quality will be so greatly improved that one will hardly recognize it as being the same kind after three years' improvement." So said Mr. A. E. Blount, of Colorado, in a paper on the improvement of cereals, read before the convention of agriculturists at Washington.

In the improvement of wheat Mr. Blount adopts nearly the same rules and laws that govern stock men in breeding in-and-in. The pedigree system does not in his opinion create new varieties; it only improves. The system of cross-breeding is the better of the two, Mr. Blount thinks, but one must be acquainted with the character, habits, elements and strength of the two varieties to be crossed before breeding in order to know what properties to develop and what habits to discard. After the cross is effected, the same knowledge is necessary, but it must be exercised with greater force and discrimination and with severer tests, that the offspring containing the better qualities may be nourished and the worthless rejected. Improvement of wheat in this line taxes the sharpest eye and calls to the work chemical skill that one may know what properties are being dealt with; it is attended, in a word, with patience, care and skill.

All the offspring brought out by cross-breeding that have no fixed color or form are rejected and those possessing desirable qualities are again tested. Sometimes an experiment can be satisfied in three years by the wheat becoming "fixed;" again it takes four and even ten years to combine all the properties in their proper proportions. Mr. Blount's note-book shows that some varieties will easily cross one upon another, but will not cross another upon one. For instance, foreign wheats cross readily upon ours, but ours fail to effect a cross upon them.

In making new wheats by crossing, Mr. Blount advises that a strong female be selected as to stalk and blade, and as to the grain, a strong male. In other words, the female should have strong, stiff straw, well glazed, and good milling properties, and the male should be possessed of the same qualifications, with a grain that has at least twelve to fourteen per cent. glutten. In all this work, especially in that pertaining to the improvement of wheat by the pedigree system, there is one serious drawback not noticeable alone in the cereals, but in all improved vegetables and seeds. Every advance forward in the line of improvement opens the door to a ruinous deterioration—that is, when highly improved grain is put into the hands of the common farmer, who never cares from what source his seed comes, how it is saved, or of what kind it is, retrogression is certain. Neglect and bad management at that crib, as well as at the stock-pen, always stand prominent. The most highly improved and finest grain has a tendency to revert to the original.

In the system of cross-breeding the deterioration is not so rapid. Crosses when once fixed retain their good qualities many years, even when badly handled. In proof of what has been obtained by the experiments of scientists and others, Mr. Blount suggested an examination and test of the flour of to-day from the hard wheats like the Fife, Defiance, Russian, Mexican and Pringle's & Arnold's hybrids, and the flour of the old Mediterranean, Diehl, Genessee and others, of 1850.

The experiments of Europe and our own country have proven, it appears, that thirty pounds of wheat, the country over, is enough seed for an acre, if sown at the proper time and in the right way. So far as the cultivation of wheat is concerned, Mr. Blount's experience shows that, on an average, one cultivation will produce enough more grain to pay for the extra labor twice over.

Up to the present date there are in the United States over three hundred and fifty varieties of spring and winter wheats. Among all those that have become standards are found typical and genuine grain, true to the name. This genuine grain, Mr. Blount explains, is always found in the largest stools—those that come up evenly together and ripen uniformly. The farmer is advised to select these and sow on choice land, cultivate, harvest and kept to be again sown, cultivated and harvested by himself, so that no interference and no mixing can take place. In this manner may be brought about a wonderful improvement.—*N. Y. World.*

We see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle on his fingers and yell on the streets at night.—*N. Y. Post.*

Then you are fond of yachting! Very well. Then we expect your vocabulary to embrace all the terms in the nautical dictionary, none of them mis-applied. Who's got the top-sheet anchor halyards in his vest pocket? Answer quick.—*New Haven Register.*

The excursion steamboat accident season has opened. To make an excursion steamboat perfectly safe, first remove the boilers and then beach the boat.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

When it hails in Kansas it doesn't stop at pellets of ice the size of marbles and peaches, but works up to chunks as large as oranges, and cows are knocked down and horses break their necks in trying to dodge all ways at once.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An exchange asks: "Why stand ye without?" Well, stranger, it's because the dog is not tied, and we haven't yet made his acquaintance.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

When a young lady asked to look at a parasol, the clerk said: "Will you please give the shade you want?" "I expect the parasol to give the shade I want," said the young lady.

A new bonnet is trimmed with radishes. As everything in dress and the wearer must harmonize nowadays, it is presumed that this bonnet is to be worn with a radish, and not a turn-up nose.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Chicago people say that, talk as you may of culture, the prettiest of their pens amounts to more than the fineness of all the authoress of New England. Pig thing.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Pocket stoves are now provided for picnic parties. It is a fine invention, though nothing warm is used at picnics except the lemonade, and that is not carried in the pocket.—*N. O. Picayune.*

When you buy blackberry jam at the grocer's don't ask him if it is made of wormy figs, soft peaches and poor brandy. He was never in the foundry where such things are put up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Rev. Dr. McCook says that his idea of a Sunday journal is one which he would fill up with sermons and poetry. It is not a desire to spite Dr. McCook which keeps editors from printing that kind of a journal; it is the impossibility of running a paper with only one subscriber.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Russia has the model liquor law. Only one rum-shop is allowed in a village, and the dealer, who is appointed by the Government, is liable to dismissal, fine and imprisonment if he allows any one to become drunk.

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

The little toy murderer, commonly called pistol, is chiefly manufactured at Bridgeport, Conn.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Three members of a brass band in Illinois were practicing in a hotel struck by lightning, and never knew that anything unusual was going on.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

A black washerwoman will do in the city, but in the country the girls always want a white lawn-dress.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

Hanging a thermometer in the coolest place in the yard to ascertain how hot it is, is one of the paradoxes of civilization.—*New Haven Register.*

"Necessity is the mother of invention." Diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels brought forth that sovereign remedy Kidney-Wort, which is nature's normal curative for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths.

At a family party the company was so large that two boys had to wait at supper. When the meal had long been over and the elder folks still sat at the table, the elder of the boys—it was his seventh birthday—was seen crouching on the doorstep outside the supper room and was asked: "Where is Paul?" With a deep-drawn sigh, the lad responded: "I don't know; I s'pose he's somewhere prayin' the Lord for his supper!"—*Ellenville Journal.*

"I Don't Want That Stuff"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

"H'm!" ejaculated Fogg. "So they say this play is taken from life? I should say rather that the life is taken from the play."—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rags, better and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs.

If you must drink ice-water put a little oat-meal in it. The oat-meal doesn't help the water any, but gives you time to make a will.—*Detroit Post.*

Better than castor oil, Wise's Axle Grease, and we know it.

The young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hugging the shore.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

It was a Detroit girl who wanted to marry at fifteen, so as to have her golden wedding hurry up the faster.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Farmers, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Frazer Axle Grease. It is the best.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the youngster, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

That "the living skeleton is dead" seems strange enough; but the news was announced that way in New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

By using Wise's Axle Grease you save horseflesh.

Eternal fitness was never more appropriately dove-tailed in than in the euphonious name of the German pianist, Hammerlit.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

Oscar Wilde has been taken for an Indiana herb doctor 160 times in the last three months.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wise's Axle Grease makes wagons run easy.

Try the new brand, "Sprigg Tobacco."

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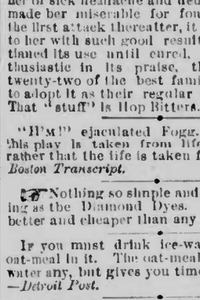

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters extirpates dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, as thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are backed up by irrefragable proofs. The Bitters also give a healthful stimulus to the urinary organs. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our Liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

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One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the U. S. and other countries.

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PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

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Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money. ROBT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287.

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Kisses.

A father talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought about by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through these years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face, She will leave you one of these days. These burdens if not lifted from her shoulders will break her down Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

Pastor Henselman, of the Christian Church, at Canton, Ohio, is about to be bounced, on charges made by three ladies of his having kissed them. One of the ladies has a husband, who demands $300 as an equivalent for the kiss, and he threatens to shoot unless the amount is paid. The parson justifies himself, and thinks there is no harm done in kissing the sisters, and that it would ruin him if he should by paying that sum fix the value of all the kisses he has given in the past.

Boston no longer boasts about its big organ, which is not now in condition to be used, and the managers of the Music Hall are averse to spending the necessary money for repairing it. They consider it a white elephant, as it costs $150 to remove the dust from the exterior alone.

Frank Hoppersberger's design for the monument to be erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, to the memory of President Garfield, has been approved by the committee having the matter in charge. There were twenty-one designs presented in competition for the prize offered.

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Benson's
—AWARDED—
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Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
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Cramps or Sprains.
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Are Superior to all other Plasters.
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Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
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They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c.
MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug. and medicines.

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A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

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If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

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FOR SALE.

2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

The above land is covered with valuable oak and spruce timber, and there is a new steam saw mill now in running order on the tract. There is a valuable vein of limestone on the land, with coal on adjoining lands. Excellent water power. The land is well adapted for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in whole or in lots to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. For terms apply on the premises, or address

P. MARTIN,
Oakland Md,

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard. 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Olmutts store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transports.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
should call at the store of
P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his
FARM & SPRING WAGONS
Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the
OLIVER CHILLED PLOW
and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
such as
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Stargiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "Roland." The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,
Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.
CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
Jny 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gregey, Thomas Shutler and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shutler's and there, Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and also to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. AHERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER
7 22 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 81, Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

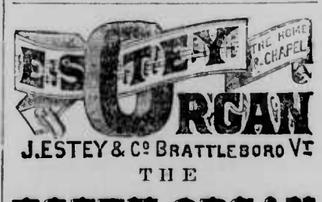

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.
THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

Je21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882. NUMBER 26.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 1y tf

The Place to Get Your Money Back!

I have taken the agency for the

ANSON WOOD MOWER,

THE OHIO CHILLED PLOW,

Warranted the best Plow in the State, and the

Coates Self-Dumping Rake,

All warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. Call and examine them.

JOHN RICHARDSON,

Oakland Wagon Shops,

4 8tf. Oakland, Md.

CUT FLOWERS

Can Always be Had in Any Quantities.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR ALL purposes, and in any designs desired, at shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLOWERING PLANTS

The largest and best collection in the State of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, including many valuable Palms, Dracænas and Fairy Caladiums, recently introduced.

Headquarters for

All Kinds of Vegetables,

in their season, wholesale and retail.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, PEPPER, EGG-PLANTS, SWEET POTATOES, CELERY PLANTS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Garden Seeds.

All my seed are fresh and reliable. New crop of TURNIP SEED ready by June 15, in large and small quantities.

All orders promptly filled by telephone, telegraph or mail.

HENRY WEBER,

P. O. Box, 101. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

"LA BELLE DAME."

LA BELLE DAME.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor,"

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all.
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Size of Bottle 50 cts.

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.
Also for Diabetes.
For Incontinence of Urine, (Wetting the Bed,) PERUNA is a positive cure.
In Errors of Youth PERUNA is specific.
For Brick Dust or other deposits take PERUNA.
For Nervous Timidity take PERUNA. PERUNA will positively cure Sexual Debility, and restore the functions to their normal vigor.
For Nervous Prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural indulgences, PERUNA is a sure cure. Depend upon it.
Aged and Young Persons who are disturbed too frequently at night, to make water, can rely implicitly on PERUNA.
For Urinary Diseases of both sexes, for Female Complaints of all kinds, and for Gravel, PERUNA is a specific.
For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, PERUNA is the only cure.
For our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life" ask your druggist or address the proprietors, The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, O.
For Constipation take nothing except

MANA-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

A LOST KEY.

Edgar Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him. He was a surgeon, and one given to examining hearts. For a full hour, in the gathering summer twilight of the Park avenue, he applied his sternest faculties to the testing, in another sense, of his own. The division to which, very unwillingly, he came was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well founded. He was in love. The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving her uncle's gate that very evening pointed in that direction. The expansion of soul and the exhilaration of mind which he continually experienced in her presence, the longing that often seized him in his moments of professional disgust and weariness to feast his eyes, if only for an instant, on Kate's bonny face, all drove home the unwelcome conviction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whispering poplars Edgar formed a resolution. Entering Brixby he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult.

Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical man's senior, and his only confidant in all the country side.

"If you are disengaged for ten minutes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk with you about Mr. Gerrow's niece."

"I am perfectly at your service. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it coming a long time,"

Edgar smiled a little sardonically in the dimness.

"It's a lawyer's business to be far-sighted," he said. "I have found it out now—the fact of which you speak—and I am afraid only just in time."

A harshness was in his tone which surprised the listener.

"I do not understand," said Mr. Trent.

"Why, I mean that, had the disease gone further, I might have been unable to overcome it, as I mean to do now."

"You astonish me more and more. Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth, and well educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and, if she cares for you, and her uncle consents, what possible obstacle can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar, moodily, "she is an heiress."

The lawyer bit his lips to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment.

"The very thing that whether she were pretty or plain, would make her quite an attraction to most suitors."

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority. I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting—marrying for money if it came to a marriage. She might learn to think so, too, and that I could not bear. I have seen plenty of this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, and the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"What shall you do then?" he asked.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be tempted to do; my living lies in Brixby. But you can help me considerably in the struggle, if you will."

"I! How?"

"When you see me running any risk of a tete-a tete with Miss Gerrow and you can possibly interfere, do so."

"And make you hate me for it. I will not promise."

"I shall not hate you—I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, at the houses of mutual friends. You will often be able to make me your debtor in the way I say."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the cordon of habitations again.

With a few more words of less special interest they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared among the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; "and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

CHAPTER II.

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company even more constantly and intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labor hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy, eccentric owner of Brixby Lodge and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighborhood. Cousins, Kate believed she had somewhere in the North; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

"Is it anything dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will he not?" Kate asked, as, after a careful examination of his patient, Edgar stood for a moment or two in the wide old-fashioned hall.

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; of course, I dare not disguise from you that there is risk—grave risk that is inseparable from such cases; but I see not the least reasons for despair. Pray do not worry yourself unnecessarily."

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole West of England," she said. "You will not conceal his real condition from me at any time, I beg, Mr. Arnton," she subjoined.

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank, although it is a medical privilege to be discreet, you know. But you will need a trained nurse; the work will be too delicate for ordinary servants, and too wearying by far for you. May I send you one from the Holstead Infirmary?"

"If you think that that will be the best course to take. But I shall certainly wait upon uncle principally myself."

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was firm as ever. He simply elected to "go with the tide."

The patient gradually recovered, and bare grateful testimony to Edgar's professional skill.

The mend was not for long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge, to find that another seizure had proved fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have appeared cold and distant in the dark days before her uncle's funeral, for he now felt himself compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his vow of personal silence would have been irretrievably broken.

But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions within his breast, Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned the truth.

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor; "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found beside this. I suppose he put the business off, as so many people do, until it was too late. The property all goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

How does Kate—Miss Gerrow—take it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she is not an heiress now. Indeed, she'll have barely sufficient to live upon, unless this cousin does something for her."

Edgar took the advice and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed, and then that old, old story burst forth which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written in detail. Edgar made a full confession, and not in vain.

"The saddest experiences of my youth," he said, "came through a marriage for money, and through misplaced confidence. Very early I vowed that that mistake should in no shape ever be mine, that nobody should ever throw fortune-hunting of that kind in my teeth. And yet"—with a smile of infinite content—I am not certain, Kate, after all, whether love would not have beaten me in the end."

"I hope so," the maiden answered, shyly.

CHAPTER III.

There was a sale at Brixby Lodge and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as etiquette prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and poor as, by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house he furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing with his wife at the widow, gazing out at the fast-falling snowflakes.

Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look round. A Persian kitten, gambolling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cupbearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into a dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to then," said Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Odd, certainly," answered Edgar; "let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small, inlaid cabinet of exquisite workmanship. The key fitted at once.

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the box open; that would inevitably have spoiled it. I don't suppose there is anything in the casket, though."

"Oh, but there is!" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the delicate lid and caught sight of a tight little roll of paper.

Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly undid the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him, and making his ordinary firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your uncle's real will, his last and legal will, I should say, rather," said Edgar, with a gasp, "found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searchers might equally have expected to miss it. Quite a wonder I bought the cabinet!"

And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realized by both brains, how land, and houses, and money snugly invested in consols, had been devised, without reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerrow's beloved niece, Kate, "the companion of his old age, and the faithful guardian of his interests."

Husband and wife gave each other a long, earnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress, then, Edgar," said Kate, merrily; the pity of it is it's quite too late in the day to disown her now."

"As if I could possibly wish to!"

Mr. Trent laughed likewise.

"All's well that ends well," he said.

He was speedily put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mudbury with the circumstances and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his cousin's claim. In a very brief space the Lancashire gentleman returned in disgust to his own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their children.

Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance two loving souls might have remained apart. To it Kate says she owes her husband; and by it Edgar thinks truly that he has both kept his vow (in the spirit), and won a wife with a fortune.

A Great Product.

Practically, petroleum has become the light of the world in the broadest sense, being found in the cabin of the pioneer, in the subterranean haunt of the miner and in the mansions of the refined and wealthy. Even the barbarians and half-civilized races have adopted it because of its excellent illuminating qualities and its marvelous cheapness. American petroleum lights the dwellings of Jerusalem, the rock temples of the Upper Nile, the Indian bungalow and the homes and temples of China and Japan.

Some idea of its relative cheapness when compared with the old illuminators may be obtained when it is stated that it can be bought at retail of the ordinary grocer at from ten to fifteen cents per gallon, whereas in the old days sperm oil and camphene sold at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty per gallon. This cheapness has driven out of the market every other form of illuminating fluid, and it is of great importance to the world that has become so accustomed to its use that the supply shall be maintained or something equally cheap and available be found as a substitute. Its annual production has risen from a few hundred barrels in 1859 to thirty millions in 1882. Yet in all that time the demand has so near kept pace with the supply that the immense surplus of upwards of thirty million barrels now above ground would not answer for two years' supply if the production were cut off. It ranks third in value as an article of export from the United States, breadstuffs and cotton alone exceeding it. When we reflect that wheat and cotton are the productions of a vast expanse of our territory and that petroleum is the product of half a dozen counties in one corner of our own State the forty millions annually which our petroleum exports represent simply seem astonishing.

How long can this immense supply be kept up? This question is being asked with a good deal of earnestness and anxiety by the thoughtful men who have embarked their all in the business. While it is quite possible that petroleum is being constantly generated, yet the process is so slow as to be of no practical value in keeping up the supply. The history of the petroleum developments teaches that the rich fields are practically exhausted in from one to five years after being opened. There are many of the richest oil farms along Oil Creek and its tributaries which at present are not producing a single barrel of oil, while many more furnish only the smallest modicum of their former production.

It is only a question of time when the Pennsylvania oil fields will be among the things of the past. How much time will be required to exhaust them at the present rate of production? This cannot, of course, be answered with any degree of certainty, but there are many of the veteran oil men who do not believe it will take near as many years to deplete the balance of the Pennsylvania oil deposits at the present rate of production as it has taken to bring that production up to its present status.

The drill has pretty effectually defined the extent of the field in which productive territory may be hoped for. The southern limit of the oleaginous belt may be said to be fixed by a line drawn from Kittanning, in Armstrong county, to Saxonburgh, in Butler county. The oil-bearing rock at this southern extremity of the field dips so far below sea level that the oil was either never generated here or else it has been forced to higher levels by the salt water contained in the rock. A cordon of wild-cat wells which failed to find anything but gas has been drilled at various times and places in Western Butler, Mercer, Central and Western Crawford and Erie counties. These experiments may be said to have practically defined the Western limits of the oil field. Coming East, a line drawn from Smethport, on the north, to Leechburg, Armstrong county, on the south, will nearly outline the general course of a cordon of dry holes and gas wells which have been drilled near Wilcox and Millstone in Elk county, Stump Creek in Jefferson and Leechburg in Armstrong and which clearly limits the extension of the field to the eastward. These experiments, then, confine the productive territory to the counties of Butler, Armstrong, Clarion, Venango, Eastern Crawford, Forest, Warren and McKean. The available territory in the first five named counties has already been practically exhausted, although it is quite probable that a number of small pools of the Pithole and Bullen order may yet be found in either of them. McKean is on the decline, its productive territory being clearly defined and much more than half exhausted, leaving only Warren and Forest to yet be tested for virgin territory.

The great deposit just being opened in Cherry Grove township, Warren county, are now supposed to comprise about 2,500 acres, leaving a good deal of lighter territory to be tested in Southeastern Warren and all of Eastern Forest practically undrilled. But at the rate at which drilling is now prosecuted it will take less than two years to drill over the whole field sufficiently to tell pretty near what is there. In Forest the Grandins, L. F. Watson, the Enterprise Transit Company and other wealthy land-owners hold large tracts, which they can keep from the drill for a long time if they see fit, which they will probably do if the price remains as low as at present. There are, therefore, not a few old operators who are confidently counting on the present Cherry Grove development as the last big field that will ever be opened up to the drilling public, they expecting of course, that the larger tracts in Forest county above described will be held and operated leisurely by the present proprietors. Civil engineers like Wrigley and Opperman have already undertaken to furnish approximate figures showing the remaining supply of Pennsylvania petroleum and indicating that much more than half of it has already been exhausted. This, of course, is very uncertain, but there are many things to indicate that they are right in their conjectures and that the end of these marvelous supplies of oleaginous wealth is not far off.

But they world must have petroleum or its equivalent. When the Pennsylvania fields are exhausted, can the supply be made good from other fields? This question is hard to answer. New York has some rich deposits, which are being rapidly exhausted. The belt, however may extend much further north, and new fields be opened in that quarter. The wild-cat drilling has not yet been thorough enough to finally determine the extent of the New York petroleum deposits. There is known to be oil in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and California; but the richness of the Pennsylvania fields has prevented anything like an exhaustive test of the extent and value of these deposits. Russia has some very rich territory, while several of the other European countries lay claim to large deposits of oleaginous wealth; but whether any or all of these prospective fields will be able to fill the demand when the Pennsylvania deposits are exhausted can only be determined when the energetic Pennsylvania oil operator is forced to leave his favorite fields, and begins to bounce the busy drill in the new districts. If the oil is there he will find it, for he is untiring in his search, being possessed with a sort of mania for the discovery of the greasy fluid, without regard to whether it pays or not. In the meantime, the consumption is constantly on the increase, stimulated by the fabulous cheapness of the article, and, as long as it can be profitably produced at the present prices, it is likely to be extended indefinitely.—*Phila. Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SUMMER NOON.

The dust unlifted lies as first it lay,
When dews of early morning dried away;
The spider's web stirs not with gentlest gale,
Nor thistle-down may from its mooring sail.

Only by spastic shutting of their wings
We know the butterflies are living things;
The grasshoppers, with grating armor prone,
Vault low and aimlessly from stone to stone.

If blooms of mead or orchard lure the bee,
He journeys thither, buzzing drowsily;
At last the humming-bird is pleased to rest—
All but the shifting brilliance on his breast.

The fern-leaves curl, the wild rose sweetness spends,
Rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends;
While scattered pines and clustered spruces deep
Within grave boughs their exhalations keep.

Absorbed in sole fruition of the cool,
The heron steadfast eyes the reeded pool;
While overhead the hawk, till lost from sight,
Pursues the falling circles of its flight.

The rabbit brown peeps panting from the hedge,
The fawn-hued field-mouse from the haycock's edge;
The creeping cattle feed far up the hill,
The birds have hid, and field and wood are still.

—*John Vance Cheney, in Century Magazine.*

A YANKEE ATALANTA.

A chime of tea bells rang out along the broad street of Charlton as Dr. Myrick, perched in his high-swung sulky, drove wearily homeward through the biting air. To a hungry man the cheerful tinkle pleasantly suggested the thought of creature comforts. But the thought of creature comforts unpleasantly suggested their natural entail of bills. He recalled the unpaid scores of these tormentors rustling in the hollow bronze globe, by whose weight a bronze Atlas standing on his office table seemed quite bent and overcome. No wonder, either, thought the care-worn doctor. His own world often seemed to contain nothing but bills, and that the stoop in his own shoulders had come of their unlifting load he knew.

It was Mrs. Myrick's last Christmas gift to him—that costly inutility. When he kissed her, with thanks, his prophetic soul misgave him that the bill would be sent in at the moment he could least afford to pay, if one hour of his wearing year were distinguishable from another in that respect. But he had long since discovered that his wife had a lineal genius unrivalled among her sex, save by that able financier, Mrs Micawber. She declared that the explanation of their embarrassments lay in the fact that the doctor constantly mislaid his bills, and so of course paid most of them twice over. When, therefore, she had appointed to office, so to speak, this pagan Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had made it a daily duty to put all new or stray evidences of debt into his grim keeping, she really felt that the Myrick family stood once more on a sound financial basis, or if they did not, that it was certainly no fault of hers.

Meantime she went on as she had always done, committing endless extravagances in the name of economy, and heaping up bills against the day of bills. Had she been one of the ten virgins for whom the bridegroom called, her lamp would have been found neither full nor empty; she would long since have exchanged it altogether, much under value, for a highly recommended self-lighting-and-feeding perpetual burner, certain under no circumstances to ignite. This system of barter and substitution animated the housekeeping, devastating as it went.

But however spent and troubled Dr. Myrick might be, he never suffered himself to be impatient with his wife. He was eminently a just man. He remembered that she was unaltered from the smiling beauty of seventeen whom he had passionately wooed, vowing, after the manner of lovers, that not for worlds would he have had her other than she was. No strong-minded, aggressive, unsexed creature for him, he had gone so far as to say, in the wisdom of his post-graduate experience, but a tender, clinging, sweet, adorable maiden, whose strength was her weakness, and who should clothe his roughness with her grace. In short, the oak and the vine, though hackneyed as to the metaphor, seemed to him quite the correct thing as to sentiment.

At thirty-five his Mary was just as pretty, just as useless, just as incapable of serious effort, just as inane, just as loving, just as sweet-tempered, as on their wedding day. It was the care-worn man of forty-two who had left the impulsive boy of twenty-four so far behind him that he could no longer comprehend the passion of that foolish young fellow for a beautiful doll. It seemed impossible that he, Arthur Myrick, knowing what a wise, careful, high-minded wife might have done for him in essence and estate during these eighteen years, could ever have quoted with approval, to the girl he loved, Coleridge's sentiment that the perfection of character in a woman is to be characterless.

Yet he remembered he had perpetrated that very idiocy, and be acknowledged that he had no right to whimper now that his pleasant vice of sentimentality had been made an instrument to plague him. All that he had reason to expect from his Mary—love for himself and his children—he had received in full measure. And he would have held himself caitiff indeed could he have visited upon her blameless head his own sins of blinded judgment, of dull perception, and of an ignoble worship which exacted no nobleness of its object.

Over the cradles of his five daughters he had suffered pangs of apprehension and self-reproach lest they had been born to make the lives of other men as hard and empty as his who had begotten them. Through each successive year his own domestic vine had clung and clambered closer about its supporting oak, precisely as he had invited it to do. He knew that the innocent bloomy growth had sapped his vitality and thriven on his decay. And he vowed a vow to Heaven that each of his little maids should grow up strong-bodied, strong-souled, strong-minded, if need were, to the verge of masculinity, if only thus could she become a distinct human being and no parasite.

But as the years slipped by in the common-place disguise of days, he accepted his girls as they were, with a matter-of-course paternal pride, and sometimes forgot, and oftener felt too weary, to shape into conduct his aspirations for them. They were all pretty—prettier than their mother even. They were all clever in their different ways, well-bred and intelligent, as a matter of course. Those effects belonged to the Myrick blood, the doctor thought, with some pardonable self-complacency. He felt sure that Rose, who was seventeen now, had great executive force. He thought that she might even inaugurate a new reign in the housekeeping, if her mother would only abdicate in her favor. He had suggested the change of dynasties, with a perfidious pretense of relieving his wife from care. But with perfect sweetness she had declined all aid. With her experience, she observed, housekeeping cares were nothing to her—the merest form of occupation; whereas dear Rose would grow old before her time with such a responsibility on her shoulders. No, no. Every girl learned that sort of thing by intuition as soon as she had a house of her own. She knew she did, and Rose had certainly inherited her capacity to manage well. Let the child have her brief holiday. Will Hayes wanted her to be married in the spring, and then she must settle down, of course. Besides, as Will was rich, Rose would never have to shave as she had done, thank Heaven!

This engagement was another of the doctor's worries. Rose was too young, he thought, and Will too imperious. But he was secretly pleased that the Hayes family, who were as critical as they were rich, should have given so warm a welcome to his bonny daughter. Nevertheless, he reflected with some shame, he did not feel well enough acquainted with Rose to be sure that there were not depths in her nature which gay conventional Will would never sound.

Revolving these things in his mind, Dr. Myrick turned in at his own gate. Mrs. Myrick, with her usual forethought, having dispatched Jem, the factotum, to the other end of the town, he groomed his tired beast himself, and then made a fresh toilette, not to bring the stable into the parlor. When at last he came down, Mrs. Myrick rose calmly from her rocker and her novel before the fire.

"Welcome home, dear," she said, with a placid kiss, leading the way into the dining-room, where the table stood strewn with the debris of supper. "Bridget wanted to go out to-night, so I told her that as one never knew when to look for you, I was sure you wouldn't expect anything hot. There's no more toast, I believe, but here are bread and butter and preserves, and I don't believe the tea is really cold yet. I put it down before the fire. Why, where's the teapot?"

"Comin', mum; d'reckly, mum," cried a sweet young voice from the kitchen! "Serve the gen'l'man at once, mum." And the doctor thought he had never seen so pretty a girl as stood framed in the doorway, her soft black eyes shining with fun and affection, her rippling raven hair pushed back from her fair forehead, her cheeks dimpling, and her white teeth gleaming. There was a splendor of youth and health and purpose about her that fairly dazzled him.

"Are you Hebe, cup-bearer to the immortals?" he asked her, noticing her uplifted arms and covered tray. "Surely I think you have the power to make the aged feel young again."

"O, no," she laughed, delightedly, "I am only a poor slave to Galen, purveyor of his Sagacity's broiled chicken and toast and tea. Never mind historical accuracy, papa. It's tea you have here, instead of Falernian wine, and I dare say it is a great deal better."

"Why, Rosalie," exclaimed her mother, "you are the precise color of Fox's martyrs in the picture-book. How could you do such a thing, when you pretend to recognize Will's claims upon you, and all the Hayeses so strict on the subject of complexion?"

Rose laughed, as she arranged the disorderly table. "You see, mamma," she said, "I recognize papa's claim, too, and he so strict upon the subject of involuntary starvation. At least he ought to be, though he isn't, poor dear. Don't compliment me too soon, papa. It may turn out as pink as poor Mr. Copperfield's mutton, and I should never dare to grill it for you as Micawber did that, with the Hayses and their views as to complexion only a mile away. Mamma dear, beauty is its own excuse for being. Go back and finish your 'Dead Sea Fruit' by the fire, and leave me to feed this grampus."

"But you never did it before, dear, and why, being engaged, and all—sighed Mrs. Myrick, and paused, as giving up a riddle too hard for her.

"No, dear, I never did, the more shame to me. But it's not kind to remind a penitent sinner of her transgression. 'Leave her to Heaven, and those thorns that in her bosom lodge to prick and sting her.'" And pretty Rose waltzed her mother back to rocking-chair and novel, stirred the fire, turned up the lamp, kissed her soft hair, and waltzed back again, laughing. But it was a very sober maiden who quietly closed the door behind her, and sat down beside her father.

"Now, papa," she said, "there is going to be an end of this thing, and we must come to an understanding."

"Certainly, my dear," he replied; "whatever pleasures you. Would your Royal Highness kindly specify the offending 'thing' which is to be thus suddenly cut off?"

"O, all this misery of debt and waste and discomfort for you, dear papa, whichever way you turn. O, I've lain awake nights to think and plan all this last year, and it never came to anything because I couldn't see my way clear. There's so little I can do at home to make things better that I must go away a while and learn how to earn money, if I can't save it—I first, and the other girls as they are old enough. You need't talk, papa. If we had been live boys you would have been ashamed of us if we were willing to be lazy at home while you worked so hard, and I hope we have as much sense and affection and self-respect as if we had been our own brothers. I want to take Aunt Laura's legacy, which was saved for my trousseau—it was $300 you know—and go over to Stafford and learn telegraphing. There will be enough to pay my board and expenses of learning, and give me a start somewhere. The wages are very good, papa, to a skillful operator, and I wouldn't condescend to be an ordinary one. Very likely I could get a place near home, and come back quite often. But go I must, papa, so please give your consent."

"But my dear little daughter, you don't know what it is to work for wages, to go outside the shelter of home, to fetch and carry at another's bidding."

"It can't be worse, papa, than to see what I see here every day, and can't set right."

"What would Will say, Rosalie?"

She flushed to her curling hair. "He will be very angry, papa. His notions of values and of right and wrong are entirely artificial. Probably he will break our engagement. But if he does, I ought to be glad that two people so hopelessly different in their estimate of things did not commit the awful blunder of trying to live together. I have thought of all that."

"And your mother?"

"She will be horrified, chiefly on account of 'the Hayeses.' If they count themselves out of the question, she will soon be reconciled. You must go a-wooing over again, dear papa, and persuade her that this 'yes' is as vital to your happiness as that long-ago one. Will you, Aged P.?"

The doctor thought and thought. He knew how Rosalie's imagination had overleaped the obstacles in her way—the homesickness, the weariness, the monotony, the longing for her lost lover, for he felt sure that Will Hayes would not marry a "working-girl." He showed her, carefully and tenderly, the seamy side of the web which her zeal and conscience had woven. But in his heart he knew she was right. Here, by his own hearth, sprung from his own loins, was the large-hearted, clear-headed, iron-willed woman he had dreamed of, ready to give up ease, comfort, love itself, when duty bade her. And when he gave his consent he said, softly, "I thank God for this dear daughter"

The news being carefully and gradually broken to Mrs. Myrick, she said at first that she never did! Then she declared, mournfully, that she could not have believed she could have a strong-minded daughter who wanted to go out of her sphere. Then she announced that she knew that the Hayeses would not bear it for a moment. And finally, her husband and daughter having explained with untiring gentleness and patience that Rose wished to live her own life, and count for one in the world's column of significant figures, she dived again into the abysm of her mental processes, and came to the surface with the reflection that telegraphy must be very scientific, and there was Mrs Somerville, or was it Mrs. Stowe? or it might have been George Sand; at any rate, some woman was very distinguished in science, and had a great deal of attention, and was in the best society, and she had no doubt Rose would be distinguished too, and invited everywhere, as soon as it was known. So that battle was more easily won than the victors had feared. But there still remained the encounter with the Hayeses in the person of the imperious Will.

Rose had said, calmly enough, that her lover would probably break the engagement. But in her secret heart she believed in his largeness, and glorified his loyalty as to what was best in herself. He heard her plea with a quietness that surprised her, and answered no word. "You know, Will, it is only for a few years, and we are so very young we can well wait. I want to send Helena to school, and to give Alice drawing lessons (her talent is really wonderful), and then they can both be earning, and I can afford to stop. Say that you think I am right, Will."

"Rose, as a joke, you must pardon me if I say that this performance is very silly. As a purpose, you must know it is simply impossible and preposterous."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I do not choose that you should do it. Because the Hayeses do not go to shops and factories for their husbands and wives. They are accustomed to mate with ladies and gentlemen. They care something for refined habits, and the protection of home. The men look *up* for their wives and the mothers of their children, not *down*, and the race shall not begin to deteriorate through me. Rose, if your father really needs money, I will lend him whatever sum he names, and without interest. Better still, we will be married at once, and his son can claim the same right to help him that his daughter demands. But it is not fit that my future wife should crowd elbows with some common girl from a tenement-house learning a vulgar trade. Give it all up, Rosie, and say that you will marry me, next week, to-morrow, when you will, and never talk nonsense again about earning your living."

"If I am capable," answered Rose, trembling with anger and wounded pride—"if I am capable of a suggestion which dishonors your house, I am proved unfit to mate with it. I would never have consented that you should marry my whole family, and they would repudiate such a scheme with indignation. But now I will not consent that you should marry *me*. We do not agree on so simple a thing as the definition of honesty and duty. What folly, what madness, to suppose we should not ruin one another's lives! I have adored my father ever since I knew his dear face, and he is nobleness all through. He could not think a mean thought, or set a shame above a reality. I have loved you for a year, and you have hurt me with your mean thoughts and your reverence for shams again and again. It is the last time. I choose my father. Go, Will Hayes, and never come again."

So they parted, with anger and injustice and bitter longing on both sides, and with pride which forbade either to make atonement. Rose went to the great office in Stafford, and studied with a fierce determination to succeed, born not more of her conscientiousness than of her wish to have no leisure for regret. She duly won her certificate, and obtained the excellent place of night operator at the great junction station at Fairfield, where twenty rushing trains, incoming from north, south, east, west, depended on her slender hands, her sleepless eyes, her sensitive ears, for safety. She was faithful, tireless, skillful. She was earning money which every month gladdened the girls at home. She was helping her father to bear his burdens with a new courage, inspired by her cheerful self-sacrifice. Was she happy? The nights were long. She was not always busy. There was so much time to think, even when her hands were occupied. She missed home and home tenderness more than she had thought possible. She missed Will's impetuous, ardent, constant devotion. She missed even his tyranny, and mourned it. But she never dreamed of giving up. And she knew by heart the significance of Adam Bede's saying: "There's nothing but what's bearable so long as a man can work. The square o' four is sixteen, and you must lengthen your lever in proportion to your weight, is as true when a man's miserable as when he's happy; and the best o' working is, it gives you a grip-hold o' things outside your own lot."

There came a rainless August. Day after day the sun shot fiercer javelins of heat. Night after night a stillness of slow suffocation seemed to encompass the earth. But as Rose went wearily to her work one darkening twilight, a nameless thrill and terror in the air warned her of coming tempest. In a moment an inky blackness blotted out the world, a whirlwind clutched at her flying figure, and as she struggled breathless up the platform of the station, the heavens seemed to open in a vast sheet of flame, the building trembled in the crash of thunder, sudden fire flashed from her little office, and the darkness as of midnight had settled once more over all things. She groped her way forward, stumbling against a man.

"Is it you, Miss Myrick?" he gasped. "For God's sake don't stay here! That bolt struck the instrument and burned out the magnet. The room's a death-trap. Come away."

"I can't, Mr. Rice. It is time to go on duty. Something may happen to the trains in this awful storm. Is no one else here?"

"Not a soul, Miss Myrick. It's the half-hour for supper, though it's so dark. There's no train for forty minutes. It's as much as your life is worth to meddle with that magnet. I beg you to come."

Another flash of blinding light, another crash as of a crumbling world.

"Don't stay, Mr. Rice," said Rose, quietly. "You have your wife and child to consider. But my place is here."

He made a feint to remain, but she closed the door of the office behind her, as if to make his dismissal absolute, and he was glad to go. She found the matches, lighted her lamp, and supplied the magnet, a fury of rain and wind dashing against her window, a flame of lightning seeming to scorch her eyeballs. She tried the instrument, and found the circuit secured. Her nerves were tense with excitement. She went to the open door to breathe. A ghastly brilliancy, brighter than any daylight, touched the earth for a swift moment, and by its torch she saw, far up the shining, narrowing rails, a large tree uptorn and lying prone across the track. She remembered the road just there—the river on one side, a rocky chasm on the other. Good God! and the Western Express was almost due! Was there time to stop it at Hardwick? She would try. She rushed to the instrument. The storm had deranged it; it would not respond. She wasted three precious minutes over the battery. Suddenly she remembered having seen the red lanterns ready for use. In the same instant she remembered also that long stretch of trestle-work which she must cross, that open bridge, the mere thought of which had always turned her dizzy and sick when she had noticed the trackmen shuffling heedlessly over.

For one second she hesitated. Then some words Will Hayes had once read to her, with flashing eyes and a deepening color, seemed spoken audibly in his voice:

> "Whether on the scaffold high,
> Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place for man to die
> Is where he dies for man."

She snatched up a red lantern, and ran—ran as if the issues of life and death lent her feet wings. She reached the horrible trestle-work, caught her breath, and darted on. She felt the firm ground under her feet once more, saw the bridge rise grim and awful before her, put all her heart and strength into a swifter flight, and crossed it, swinging her lantern high in the air. For she had heard, faint and far off, the swift rush of the incoming train, and knew she was racing neck and neck with death.

The storm beat on her uncovered head, half blinding her. Her light summer raiment, soaked through and through, clung about her, hindering. Her heart throbbed so that she seemed suffocating. She had ceased to feel her flying feet. This running, panting, aching, choking thing that toiled along so painfully, swinging its red light with its numbed arm, could this be Rose Myrick?

O, if her will should fail, she thought—her will which alone seemed to bear her stiffening body on! And at that instant she heard the sound for which her straining ears were set, the whistle for "down brakes." The engineer had seen her signal. Thank God, the train was saved!

But its fiery rush could not be stopped. It kept the track, indeed, but struck the tree with a force that sent the smaller branches flying like missles, that drove a splinter full against the breast of the slender girl, still mechanically struggling on with her beacon, and hurled her down the embankment. She felt no hurt. She was confused, utterly exhausted, willing to lie there forever, so she need never move again. She was almost sorry when she saw lanterns moving above her, and men climbing down to her. It was the kind conductor, whom she knew well, who took her gently in his arms, exclaiming: "Why, bless my soul! it is Miss Myrick! Gentlemen, take off your hats. This little girl has done what few men would have dared to do in the face of such a storm, and saved three hundred lives. Are you hurt, my dear?"

"I think not," said Rose, faintly; "but please lay me down again."

"Go, somebody—everybody—and see if there's a doctor on this train," ordered conductor Parker. But one passenger remained behind, and silently, but very tenderly, helped the bluff official to carry the half-conscious girl back to the baggage-car, where they laid her on a bed of coats and wraps eagerly proffered. Half a dozen doctors were there in a moment. When they agreed, after long consultation, that it was probably a case of simple exhaustion, and not of internal injuries, the passenger who had lingered beside her breathed so fervent a thanksgiving that the conductor beckoned him apart.

"You know Miss Myrick," he asserted.

The passenger bowed.

"I don't mean to be impertinent," said the fatherly conductor, "I am only thinking how to bring her back to life, for, mark my words, it's a near shave. Would she be glad to see you?"

"I don't know," groaned the young fellow. "If I had not been a fool, she would have been glad."

"I see," replied his confessor. "You treated her shabbily, and she loves you all the more, of course. You are the medicine I want; better than all the doctor's stuff. Go in there and sit by her till she rouses up. I'll keep everybody else out, sympathetic women especially. We shall run into the station as soon as the tackle comes to get this confounded tree off. Make the most of your time. I shall telegraph her father, and he may warn you off the premises."

When Rose lifted her heavy eyes they looked straight into the anxious face of Will Hayes. But he forestalled her questions. "Hush!" he said; "I'll tell you. I couldn't bear it any longer, Rose. I was coming to say so, when you—— I'm afraid to think what might have been, darling. But if you will take the life you have saved, and help me to make something out of it, please God you shall never again be ashamed of me."

There was a wedding at Dr. Myrick's the next summer. Helena was earning more than Rose had earned. Alice was the thrifty and energetic housekeeper to whom her mother had at last been persuaded to resign the dignity of office. The doctor himself grew daily younger, his children declared. As for Rose and Will, it was the opinion of the family that they agreed too entirely to be in the least interesting. Indeed, they differed, apparently, upon only one subject. Rose thought that Will went almost too far in advocating the right of women to work, and to be respected in and for that work; and Will said that Rose was too conservative in her notions of the proper submissiveness of wives to their husbands, and would spoil any man less high-minded than himself.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Last of Ira Fletcher.

Forty years ago, Ira Fletcher, a young man of twenty-one years, was disappointed in a love affair with a young girl residing between Skowhegan, Me., and Norridge Neck. He was of a proud sensitive nature, and took his rejection to heart with a greater degree of regret than the average masculine is apt to feel. He packed his few effects, and, bidding good bye to his family, departed out into the world, they knew not where. For a time he was remembered and expected, but, as the lapse of time brought no tidings, he was at length given up as among the dead. Finally, a few days ago, a time worn wanderer appeared at the old homestead in Skowhegan. He told his story, and was recognized as the long-lost Ira. A brother settled in New London N. H., was at once notified and preparation was made for the family reunion. Meanwhile Ira Fletcher revisited the once familiar scenes of his boyhood only to find them changed. His favorite hill top in the vicinity was obscured by a dense growth of timber and in the depressed state of his mind, excited by the other changes he witnessed, even this little circumstance gave him additional trouble. After the second day of his return he began to be uneasy, and his depression deepened. His friends endeavored in vain to cheer him. Suddenly, and without saying farewell, he departed as mysteriously as he came. When the brother arrived at New London, the object of his search was gone. It now transpires that in a fit of uncontrollable feeling he walked to Norridgewock and then took a train for Waterville. The following night he appeared at East Greenville, R. I., and finding that life no longer possessed charm his philosophy was no longer proof against the crushing weight of the events of the last few days, and he placed the pistol to his breast with the muttered farewell, "Here is the last of old Ira Fletcher," and entered that vague and misty unknown "something after death," men "ken not of."—*Providence Press.*

Destruction of Salmon.

The salmon fishery on the Pacific coast, which, at one time, was a source of large profit and a vocation which afforded employment to a large number of persons, is threatened with partial destruction. The salmon is one of the noblest of fishes, and a country whose waters abound in them is highly favored; but the insatiable American greed which has destroyed millions of acres of noble timber and almost annihilated the once mighty herds of game on the Western plains, has subjected the Pacific coast fisheries to the same ruinous process. Ten years ago the pack of canned salmon was 43,000 cases; last year it was 961,000 cases, worth $5,000,000. This year the catch is very short, not more than one-half that of last year, and the canners are growing serious at the sudden decline in a business which they have pursued with such destructive avidity. In spite of the State laws passed to preserve the fish during the spawning season, the Sacramento and Columbia Rivers are dragged so incessantly night and day that the fish have the greatest difficulty in reaching their spawning grounds. In places where once boat-loads were the fruit of a day's work, only a dozen fish now reward the labor of a fisherman, and the exhaustion of the California and Oregon fisheries is seen to be an inevitable event if thorough and vigorous measures be not taken to avert it. The salmon have been driven northward, and Frazer River in British America and the waters of Alaska now abound in the fish that once entered the Columbia and Sacramento. A few years of assiduous and judicious cultivation would suffice to restore the fisheries to their former condition; but it is difficult to enforce this cultivation against the rapacious demands of the canneries.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—There is a gray horse worked by the St. Louis Transfer Company in one of the large omnibus teams, which is a habitual tobacco-chewer. The animal is really passionately fond of the weed, and seems delighted when offered a piece of tobacco. The fact has become known at nearly all of the hotels, and the equine with such habits is the recipient of a great deal of attention by human beings addicted to the same habit. The driver of the 'bus says it costs him at least fifty cents a month to keep the horse supplied notwithstanding the fact that the friends of the beast treat him so often.—*St. Louis Globe*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A slab from Plymouth rock is to be set in the inside wall of Pilgrim Church, Harlem, New York.

—The Universalist Convention of Maine passed resolutions urging active effort to stop the alarming increase of divorce.

—The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest will send out seven young ladies as foreign missionaries this year.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Over 10,000,000 pupils are enrolled in the public schools of this country, and the expenditure is about $80,000,000 annually. Thirty States have a permanent school fund of $110,000,000.

—The Michigan Horticultural Society recently resolved that the grounds about a country school house ought to be at least one acre in extent and handsomely laid out, ornamented with trees, shrubbery and flowers.

—Miss Alice E. Freeman, the new President of Wellesley College, has received the degree of Ph. D. from Michigan University. This is said to be the first time a degree has been conferred upon a woman in this country.—*Detroit Post.*

—The Young Women's Christian Association, of New Haven, have purchased a large house for the purpose of establishing a home in which young women who are strangers and come to the city to obtain employment may have a good home on reasonable terms. *The building*, besides containing rooms for boarders, will have a library and class-room. —*N. Y. Independent.*

—One of the most generous and wise givers of Chicago, is Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick. He has given largely to the Chicago Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) and erected three houses for the Professors, and now guarantees the salaries of the Faculty till 1887. By that time the valuable real-estate of the Seminary will become productive, and relieve the institution from all financial embarrassment.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—One of the tiresome old men who belong to the Concord School of Philosophy lately delivered a lecture before the school, and in the course thereof asked a new member, who herself is an authoress of no mean reputation, what her idea of a philosopher was. He was much astounded and not a little taken back when she replied, almost instantly: "My idea of a philosopher is a man up in a balloon, his family and friends holding the ropes which hold him to earth and trying to haul him down."—*Chicago News.*

—The Western University of Pennsylvania, for sixty-three years in Pittsburgh, has sold its property there to the county for $80,000, and now removes, taking with it a money endowment of over $300,000, to Allegheny, temporarily leasing excellent quarters in the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary for the College, and in the Reformed Theological Seminary for the Preparatory School and School of Engineering and Chemistry. The observatory is already in Allegheny, crowning the hill overhanging the city. The University will face the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, across the park, and so will be in an eminently scholastic and pleasant neighborhood.—*Christian Union.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is better to be thought a fool than a knave, says the saw; but it is better still to be known to be neither.

—"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water ready the first thing in the morning." "Sure, sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night, so as to have it in time?"

—An exchange says: "A new fashion which has been set at Newport, and ought to become popular everywhere, is the abolition of the check rein." We always thought all the fashion at Newport was due to the check rein.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Now," they said to her, "you can go in and see him; but remember that he is very sick with heart disease, and don't say a word that will trouble him." Then she walked in, sat down on the edge of a chair, and remarked cheerfully, as she shook her head: "Ah—ah! m!—sad, ain't it? Thought I'd just run in, 'cause they said there wuz no knowin' how soon you might drop off."

—When Mr. Billony went home and saw a handsome bouquet reposing on one of the parlor chairs he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there to wither; so he took them up tenderly, procured a basin of water, and placed them carefully therein—and the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek, and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billony's new bonnet was utterly ruined.

—Themistocles was an old Greek fogy, and it's extremely fortunate that he died outside the city limits of New York. When two young men sued for his daughter's hand he gave his preference to the poor youth, saying that in his opinion a man without riches is better than riches without a man. Such conservatism has long since been outgrown, and it even seems queer that any person of common sense could have used his reasoning powers to so little purpose.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"O, Farmer Robinson, isn't it just delightful?" This new mown hay, how fragrant; the hum of the insects, how musical." "Yes, Miss," said the old farmer as he jabbed the snath of his scythe into the ground and went under the apple tree to interview the jug. "To those what ain't used to it, Miss, I suppose 'tis delightful. The hay does smell sort o' fragrant, but take a sniff from that jug if you want to get the real perfumery," and he gallantly passed it to his city guest, handle foremost.—*New Haven Register.*

Spontaneous Combustion.

W. H. Hurlbut had a lot of hay caps of heavy white cotton made, and to render them waterproof dipped them in linseed oil. After allowing them to hang a couple of days on a line he folded them and placed them in a pile under the back veranda of his house. About eight o'clock the same evening, while shutting up his house he thought of his hay caps, and started to take them inside, but upon putting his hand under them to lift them they were so hot that he could not hold them. Greatly surprised, he separated the pile, and was more surprised than ever when he saw that they smoked. Upon examination they were found to be as brown as if baked in an oven.—*Richford (Vt.) Gazette.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GO AWAY!

With a bumpy swish and a curdled roar,
Sweet Mary's churn goes drumming;
Young Reuben leans on the low half-door,
And hopes that the butter's coming;
Then sighs and sighs, and drops his eyes—
What words can his feelings utter?
"O, drop me down in the churn," he cries,
"And make me into butter."
She resis her hands, and gazing stands
At sound of his word's vagary;
Then plies the staff with a lightsome laugh—
"O, go away!" says Mary.

If a maiden's word means aught, they say,
The opposite sense is in it;
So Reuben finds in her "Go away!"
A "just come in a minute."
"I hope," says he, "I may make so free,"
With a grin and a nervous stutter.
"My answer should be to your ears," says she,
"If I could but leave the butter."
His arm on the shelf that holds the delf,
He looks across the dairy:
"Shall I go to her side? Shall I dare her pride?"
"O, go away!" says Mary.

He takes the hint and he takes a kiss,
With fears and inward quaking;
She does not take what he takes amiss,
Nor seem in an awful taking.
Sweet kisses he takes so loud and fast
That he takes h r breath completely.
He takes her tight in his arms at last,
And still she takes it sweetly!
The heart of the boy is wild with joy;
He has won her—his bird, his fairy;
"I'll go outright for the ring to-night!"
"O, go away!" says Mary.

—*London Society.*

"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS."

The following extracts are from a recent lecture delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., L. L. D., before the students of Coleman's Business College at Newark, N. J. The celebrated Brooklyn divine appeared in one of the regular course of college lectures, before one of the finest audiences ever assembled in Newark. Mr. Talmage, on his introduction by President Coleman, was greeted with great applause. Among many other good things, he said:

"Whether it rain or whether it shine, this is a very pleasant world to live in. If I had been consulted as to which of all the stars I would choose to have been born on, then I know of none that I would have preferred to this.

The human face is admirably adapted for its work; it is sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown. Two eyes, one more than is absolutely necessary, so when one is put out, we can still look abroad upon the beautiful works of nature; one nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many nuisances. It may be inclined to be Roman, or it may turn up toward the heavens with celestial admiration. Or perhaps it reaches out a long way and then suddenly shies off, illustrating the old proverb that it is a long lane that has no turning. One tongue and one mouth which are well able to express our wants and communicate our thoughts to each other. Yet no two of these features are alike nor are any two persons alike. It is not intended that they should be. On standing before any specimen of sculpture or painting, a dozen different men will have a dozen different sentiments. We can not all think alike, but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the winds across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on the window-pane? Why, my friends, where there is one discord in nature, there are a thousand harmonies.

* * * * *

It will be well for us to work a little harder when we are tempted to look at the dark side of things, and keep our thoughts occupied by paying closer attention to other things. By always looking at the dark side, we get discouraged and down-hearted, and by the natural reaction of one soul on another, we may get others into the same way of thinking. * * * My ideas of religion are a little different from those of some people. Mine is a sunshiny religion, a happy religion, full of love—love is everlasting sunshine—and I have noticed that the more religion people have of this sort, the happier they are. Now, a great many people seem to think that to be religious one must wear a long face; but when people come to me with a long face they don't impress me at all. The world has a great many delightful people in it—so many real clever people that have a faculty worth any sum of money. They never yet came away from a picture-gallery but what they saw one landscape, one face that they admired. They are very like the spring, for it seems so full of fragrance and youth and bloom. Like a priestess, she stands swinging her censer of perfume before the Lord. The summer, too, is the thing for them, for they like to hear the musical whirr of the machines as they plow through the shuddering grain, the whetting of the scythe, the lowing of the cattle and the glad caroling of the birds. And they like the autumn, they like the forests that, with their blood-red leaves flecked with fire, look like an army marching with banners dipped in the sunset's glow. And they praise God for winter, that brings the shout of children playing blind man's buff with handkerchiefs they can see through, getting up theatricals in the kitchen and turning the wood-shed into a royal dressing room. If you are a lawyer, they are the kind of people you will like for clients; if you are a merchant, they are the people you will like for customers; if a physician, the people you will like for patients, but they can generally cure themselves by a bottle of laughter—and the laughter, like medicine, is better if well shaken up. * * * I noticed that, when I was in the coal district of Pennsylvania, in the coal mines, every miner carried his own light in his hat. He takes his light with him; he is perfectly independent of his neighbor. That struck me as a first-rate plan, for it leaves every man free and teaches him to depend on himself. A blacksmith who was in comfortable circumstance had a son in college, and after awhile he got a letter from him. Now, neither the blacksmith or his wife could read, so they took the letter down to the village butcher to get him to read it. But the butcher was a very rough man, and being a very rough man he read it this way:

"DEAR FATHER—Send me some money; I am very sick. Your son, John."

"Hum! Write that way to his father! Shan't have a cent." But his wife said, "Now, let's take the letter down to the baker, he will know how to read it." So they took the letter down to the baker—he was a mild man, a very mild man—and he read it this way:

"DEAR FATHER—I am very sick; send me some money. Your son, John."

"Ah!" says the father, "if that's the case, send him all he wants." [Great laughter and applause.] It is all in the way you read it. You can take almost everything in life in the same way. It is the resolution to always look at the bright side of things that brings us happiness and cheerfulness and peace. O my friends, let us stand up and listen for the sweet sounds, instead of straining our eyes and ears to detect the discords of life. Let us cultivate thyme and anemones and roses, and have vines and flowering plants around the house; have the windows arranged so that we can hoist them to let in the sunshine. God has planted a paradise of bloom in a little child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of rock by hanging tapestries of morning mist around them. The lark says, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade says, "I will carry the bass; let us leave it to the owl and the croaking frog and the surly bear to do the grumbling and the fault-finding."

I have no respect for the theory that fine clothes will make a gentleman. I have no liking for Lord Chesterfield. All the fine clothes that a tailor's goose ever pressed cannot make a gentleman; I don't care how large a diamond flashes in his cravat or how elegant the cut of his garments or the materials from which they are made. A bootmaker, a hatter and a tailor got together one day and resolved to make a gentleman of a man if it could be done by fine clothes. The bootmaker said: "I will make a gentleman's boots," and the hatter said: "I will make him a fine hat," and the tailor: "I will make him a fashionable suit." They did it, and their gentleman went out. Before night he did something so perfectly contemptible that everybody said he was not a gentleman, and a neighbor said: "Sir; you cannot make a gentleman. God only can make that large-hearted, generous, magnanimous being that we call a gentleman." [Applause.] A very little thing will tell you that a man is a gentleman. You can tell that in five minutes. One day's visit to his home will reveal all his domestic history as well as if you had it in a half dozen volumes.

Neither can all the arts and skill of the dressmaker or perfumer make a lady. Here is the history of a woman's work during the late civil war of ours. Her dress was very much faded, and she came out from an humble home with a basketful of little delicacies on her arm. She had a boy in the army that was missing after one of the battles. She wanted to do something for others, because she couldn't do anything for him. She went into the hospital, straightened the bed-clothes, wrote letters, and when she found a poor fellow shot through the arm, brought ice for the shattered limb, turned the hot pillow, and offered up the silent prayer: "God do so to me and my soldier boy that is missing if I neglect to care for these poor fellows." A man hearing the whisper, after she had passed shoves up the bandage from his eyes and says: "God bless her! may she get back her soldier boy that is missing." The great tall captain wounded in the foot whispers over to a lieutenant wounded in the head and says: "Ah! no sham about that; she's a lady." That vision of kindness lingers in the Western soldier's dreams, and that very night he thinks he is home beyond the prairies and hears the cattle coming down the lane, and hears the leaves rustling in the wind and bidding him a welcome. His children appear at the door and his wife calls to him to look at his boy strutting the floor with his father's knapsack on. All the household work stops to hear of his adventures. Ah! they shall only meet again in Heaven!

Now, compare such a Christian lady in the hospital with a woman I saw in a street car in Philadelphia. A poor ragged soldier came in and sat near her. She got up with a show of indignation and took a seat opposite and said: "What a dirty fellow!" and I said to myself there was probably more nobility in the meanest patch of his clothes than in that woman. Two rough boys were riding down hill and they couldn't steer the sled as they wanted to, and ran against a lady and tore her dress. They expected a perfect volley of abuse, but the lady said: "Boys, boys, you have torn my dress very much; but I see you didn't mean to. Go on with your fun." One boy said to the other: "My eyes, Bill, isn't she a beauty?" She was a lady. * * * A man of good manners always has the faculty of making you feel good; while on the other hand, when you are in the company of one of the ill-natured kind, you feel uncomfortable and unhappy. * * * Great accomplishments and learning may often be dignified by gentleness. Luther's directness would have been mightily helped by Melanchton's suavity. Society will bear anything sooner than a bore. In a former pastoral charge there was a minister that had one or two offensive characters in his congregation. One of them was a man who was given to sneezing at some of the most awkward and embarrassing moments. When the church was particularly silent and solemn, he would give one of those awful sneezes, that sounded as if all the inside of the earth was being ripped away. Now, a man has certain inalienable rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution. Among them are that of life and liberty and the right to sneeze; but what I contend for is that a man has no right to select a time when his explosions will annoy his fellow-worshippers. No man is well educated, no man is well behaved, who has no regard for times and circumstances. While without any respect for one of those obsequies mortals that we call a fop, or for namby-pambyism in any form, I yet fully appreciate the value of good manners and courtesy. Let two young men go out into the world, the one with $20,000 to start him and bad manners, and the other with no capital and good manners, and the young man with no capital will beat the other in the race of life.

* * * * * * * * *

Sunday morning comes in a household; Sunday morning—and the father steps from his room to the room where the children are playing, and he says: "Hush, hush, children; close that piano, and stop that noise;" and altogether they have a very solemn and awful time of it.

Sunday morning comes in another household, and the father goes from his room to the room where the children are and he says: "Now this is the last day of all the week; let's be happy. Now, Jenny, you sit down to the piano and play Sunday-school tunes, and you, Johnnie and Robbie, get down the hymn-books and be prepared to sing as soon as I read this psalm of David—'O, praise the Lord, all ye angels of His: praise Him, all ye stars and light; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowls; let everything that hath breath praise the name of the Lord, for His name only is excellent and His praise above heaven and earth.' Go now, children, get ready to sing while I beat time for you." They sing, and let me tell you that a person that can sing, and *won't* sing deserves to be sent to Sing Sing. [Laughter.]

Despondency is the most unprofitable thing that I know of. The hyacinth is the only flower I know of that will start best in a dark cellar. Good cheer divides our burdens and carries three-fourths of them. To most of us, life's a struggle—an Austerlitz, a Waterloo. We all have care enough. God knows, we all cry enough. If we didn't laugh and play sometimes, I don't know what would become of us. Lack of acquaintance with the laws of life often results in depression of spirits. Did you ever know of a man among your acquaintance that preferred to work till ten or eleven o'clock at night, and then take a hearty supper, and do that regularly, to ever look on the bright side of things? Tell me what a man eats, when he eats, and how long it takes him to eat it, and I will tell you how he gets along in business. A man who will go to the store in the morning, find business matters all mixed up, cannot see how to raise the money to pay his notes, things all going wrong, has been up too late the night before or eaten something that didn't agree with him. We must live well if we want to take a cheerful view of life. We want to live out-doors as much as possible. If you own a horse, have him well groomed—let him be black or bay or gray or sorrel—no matter, have him brought out of the stable, get him some water, put the bucket to his mouth and hear the water rattle down his throat in great swallows, pat him on the shoulder, and then put your foot in the stirup and leap into the saddle; let him prance and gallop and paw and plunge till you feel the blood tingle in your veins. Let him trot and gallop and amble, keep a still rein and a firm seat, and after an hour of that, you will come back with an appetite that will amaze the good folks at home. * * * I have known people who spent fortunes at Saratoga and Baden Baden, and came home unbenefited, to join in a game or two of base ball, and in attempting to catch the ball have actually taken their lost health "on the fly," as it were. Whether it be boat, skate, rod, gun or gymnasium, get out of the city if you can, go into the country, get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and you will come back to the shop, counting-room and stool and pulpit better prepared to bargain, to instruct, to work, to pray and preach. Remember, there is no stock that pays a better dividend than a cheerful heart and a pleasant face and kind words.

The Original Bootblacks.

We believe New York claims to be the place where the street bootblack first appeared, but the professional bootblack is essentially a Boston institution. At first the business was associated with window-washing, chimney-sweeping, clothes cleaning, and waiting and tending, and the principal localities were Lindell Street, now Exchange Place, Franklin Avenue, and Brattle Street. In time, however, it became a distinct branch, and many of the bootblacks of that day acquired a handsome independence and became real estate holders. The custom then was to call at the homes of the gentry, take the boots and shoes, string them on long poles and carry them to their respective places of business, polish and return them at an early hour the next day. These poles would hold a dozen or more pairs, and it was a novel sight to see the bootblacks passing to and fro. The boots were almost invariably blacked on a tree last. Most of the blacking was done by the week or month, and the bills sent in were a curiosity in their way. But those were good old times. The boot-polisher of that day was an important factor in fashionable life, and the shine on a gentleman's boot marked his social standing as much as the cut and quality of his coat, the style of his beaver, or the perfection of his linen.—*Boston Traveller.*

—A French chemist is said to have invented a process by which fabrics can be permeated with a solution of tin, an exceedingly thin layer being spread over the cloth, rendering it waterproof and protecting it against rough usage. The utility of the invention is not quite apparent, for probably few people would care to don garments in which they would bear a very close resemblance to animated tin kettles and teapots, though in the preparation of theatrical dresses and even in the bright "trimmings" in which the female heart delights, the invention might find a limited application.

—The pastor of St. Chrysostom's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, until lately possessed a silver dollar which, for two years, had served as a shining witness and detective of imposture. During that time he offered the coin to 113 starving men who had tried in vain to obtain work, according to their own glib wail, if they would remove a heap of gravel from his back yard. One and all declined the job, though it would not have taken more than an hour. The 114th beggar accepted the offer and received the dollar, although he did little more than level the heap by kicking the sand around the yard.

—New York claims a citizen who has backed out of three different marriages just as the minister was ready for business. A shot-gun has often held a faint-hearted chap up to the rack.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"No pay, no paper," is the epigramatic way a York State paper has of reminding its backward subscribers of their obligations.

The Mosquito.

There is another little lady whom you have fed and regaled on your own expense, and very unwillingly withal. She is by no means modest, but steals unbidden into your room. She generally heralds her coming with song that is anything but soothing, and she is so persevering that even the strong "bars" with which you protect yourself are not proof against her persecutions. You have all, no doubt, at times exercised a little strategy with the mosquito, and when the little torment was fairly settled, made a dexterous movement of the hand, and, with a slap, exclaimed: "I've got him this time." No such thing, you never got him in your life, but probably have often succeeded in crushing her, for the male mosquito is a considerate gentleman. In lieu of the piercer of the female he is decorated with a beautiful plume, and has such a love of home that he seldom sallies forth from the swamp where he was born, but contents himself with vegetable rather than animal juices. (I do not wish to make any reflections, but in the insect world it is always the females which sting.)

But to its history. The mosquito was not born a winged fly, and if you will examine a tub of rain water that has stood uncovered and unmolested for a week or more during any of the summer months, you may see it in all its various forms. You may see the female supporting herself on the water with her four front legs and crossing the hinder pair like the letter X. In this support made by the legs she is depositing her eggs, which are just perceptible to the naked eye. By the aid of lens they are seen to be glued together so as to form a little boat, which knocks about on the water till the young hatch. And what hatches from them? Why, these very wriggles which jerk away every time you touch the water. They are destined to live a certain period in this watery element, and can not take wing and join their parent in her war song and house invasions, till after throwing off the skin a few times, they have become full grown, and then with another molt have changed to what are technically known as pupæ. In this state they are no longer able to do anything but patiently float with their humped backs on the surface of the water or to swim by jerks of the tail beneath after the fashion of a shrimp or lobster. At the end of three days they stretch out on the surface like a boat, the mosquito bursts the skin and gradually works out of the shell which supports her during the critical operation. She rests with her long legs on the surface for a few moments, till the wings have expanded and become dry, and then flies away to fulfill her mission, a totally different animal to what she was a few hours before, and no more able to live in the water as she did then than are any of us. Is it not wonderful that such profound changes should take place in so short a time? Even the bird has to learn to use its wings by practice and slow degree, but the mosquito uses her newly acquired organs of flight to perfection from the start.

In this transformation from an aquatic to an aerial life the mosquito has first breathed from a long tube near the tail, next, through two tubular horns near the head, and, finally, through a series of spiracles along the whole body.

From a calculation made by Baron Latour, the mosquito in flight vibrates its wings 3,000 times a minute—a rapidity of motion hardly conceivable.

Those who have traveled in summer on the lower Mississippi or the Northwest have experienced the torment which these frail flies can inflict. At times they drive every one from the boat, and trains can sometimes only be run with comfort on the Northern Pacific by keeping a smudge in the baggage car and the doors of all the coaches open to the fumes.

The bravest man on the fleetest horse dares not cross some of the more rank and dark prairies of northern Minnesota in June. It is well known that Father De Smith once very nearly died of mosquito bites, his flesh being so swollen around the arms and legs that it literally burst.

Mosquitoes have caused the rout of armies and the desertion of cities, and I would counsel all who desire to learn how the hum of an insignificant gnat may inspire more terror than the roar of a lion, to consult Kirby and Spencer's history of the former.

There are many species of the mosquito, all differing somewhat in habit and season of appearance, and doubtless also, in mode of development, which, in fact, has been studied in but few. They occur everywhere, whether in the torrid or the arctic zone, and are nowhere more numerous or tormenting than in Lapland.

Both the fly and mosquito are great scavengers in infancy, the one purifying the air we breath, the other the water we drink. They perform, in this way, an indirect service to man which few, perhaps, appreciate, and which somewhat atones for the bad habits in maturity.—*Prof. C. V. Riley.*

—A party of ladies and gentlemen who were recreating in the woods at Lake George recently sat down under a huge ledge of rocks for a rest. Presently they heard a rustling among the leaves and bushes over their heads, and looking up saw a huge black bear. Old bruin evidently did not know of their presence, for he rolled down the declivity into their midst. Upon learning that he had intruded, the bear suddenly picked himself up and ran off at a rapid speed. In the meantime the ladies had taken flight, and on taking an inventory it was found that Miss Payne, of Brooklyn, had lost a diamond earring; Miss Marden, of Boston, her hat feather, and Miss Matthias, of New York, her slipper. All bruin lost was his presence of mind.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A most wonderful surgical operation was performed in Southington, Conn., recently, which saved the life of the little son of Orlando Whitney, of Darien, whose neck was dislocated by the upsetting of a carriage. The operation required great skill and delicate manipulating. The little one was obliged to lie in a plaster of paris cast of his whole body from his neck to below the knee joints. It was the only thing that could have saved his life. A movement to the right or the left would have caused instant death.—*New Haven Register.*

—Dueling is actually becoming almost as dangerous as fooling with a toy-pistol.—*Baltimore Herald.*

"I Haint Gwine Ter Do Hit."

A pony, that looked very much as if it was far gone in consumption, was tied to a lamp-post, and standing on the sidewalk in front of Mose Schaumburg's emporium, on Austin Avenue. The colored porter came out, and seeing the pony tied to the lamp post, and old Uncle Mose leaning against it, said banteringly:

"Look heah, ole man, jess you onhitch dat ar crowbait from offen dat ar lamp pos'."

"I aint gwine ter do hit," said Uncle Mose, sullenly.

"Why don't yer hire a cart," continued the colored porter, and hab him moved out inter de mesquite bushes whar de buzzards kin hold a convention on de ole bag ob bones? Ontie your hoss, ole man, hit am agin de law ter tie hosses ter lamp posteses."

"I haint gwine ter do hit," replied old Mose.

"I'll see about dat ar," responded the colored porter, so he went in and told the clerk, who came out, and said:

"Look here, uncle, you will have to move that horse. He draws flies, and besides, he may fall down on somebody and break some customer in two. You will be fined if you tie your horse to a lamp post. Unhitch him right off."

"I haint gwine ter do hit."

"You ain't?—well, I'll show you," so the clerk went in and told Mose Schaumburg himself, that a sassy nigger had tied his horse to the lamp post, and cash customers were afraid of being kicked, and were doing their trading at other stores.

Schaumburg came out in his shirt-sleeves, with a yard-stick in his hand, and said coaxingly to old Mose, with a genial smile:

"Mine fren, vere you gets dot fine plooded animal? I vish you vould do me the favor to move him avay mine door pefore."

"I haint gwine ter do hit."

"I dells you vat," urged Schaumburg, "ven you dakes dot horse avay right off some of dese fine days don't you forget it, I makes you a splendid Christmas present of a pair of nish new shuspenders, by schimminy grashus."

"I done tole yer, I haint gwine ter do hit."

Then Schaumburg lost control of himself. Before anybody could prevent him, he ran his hand into his hip pocket. Old Uncle Mose's eyes began to stick out, and his legs to wabble about, when Schaumburg drew forth, not a pistol, but a police whistle, upon which he began to improvise a lively tune.

About forty men, supposing a fight was going on, poured out of a neighboring saloon, like bees out of a hive. The gentlemen who sit in front of the Brunswick hotel, and squirt tobacco juice on the sidewalk, went on the doublequick to where Schaumburg was still engaged on his solo. There were men in the crowd with towels about their necks and lather on one side of their faces. Upwards of two hundred excited men were gathered around Schaumburg and Uncle Mose, the former still playing on his wind instrument, while the sly old nigger was holding his hand to his ear, and his head on one side, as if Schaumburg intended the musical performance for the special amusement of the aged African. Everybody in town, except the police, seemed to be there, and everybody suspected Uncle Mose of some horrible crime.

Finally two policemen in uniform pushed their way through the crowd, and with drawn revolvers wanted to know what was the cause of the riot. Schaumburg brought his concert to a close, and pointing to Uncle Mose, said:

"He vont dake his old horse from dot lamp post avay."

"I haint gwine ter do hit," said Uncle Mose, solemnly.

"Uncle Mose, why don't you untie that horse and lead him off?" asked a friendly voice in the crowd.

"Because dat ar hoss don't belong ter me. I hain't gwine ter ontie and lead off a hoss I nebber seed before. I'se seed too many men in Texas tied up so dar feet didn't reach the ground for foolin' wid horses what didn't belong to 'em."

There was a roar from the crowd.

"Why didn't you say before that it wasn't your horse?" asked the indignant policeman.

"Bekase nobody asked me."

The crowd began to disperse good-humoredly, notwithstanding the voice of Schaumburg could be heard several blocks off, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Scheutlemens, don't tear yourselves avay. Choost valk right in and inspect my new stock of schentlemanly underwear, shoes, boots, hats, which vas being given avay to make room for new goots."—*Texas Siftings.*

Putting Up a Job.

Each new comer at a Paris art studio is put through "a course of sprouts" before he is admitted to full fellowship. The latest practical joke is as follows:

The new-comer on entering the studio and proceeding to select a seat is informed by the senior of the corps that he has been made the subject of an important wager.

"What wager?"

"A bet has been made that you will not open your box of colors. I have taken it because I am sure you will."

"But why did they bet I wouldn't?"

"That I can't say, but they say you daren't, but I know you will."

"I'll soon show you that I will." (Draws a key from his pocket and approaches the box. The others start back anxiously.)

"What have you fellows been putting in this box?"

(No answer. They slowly retreat.)

"I know you are only trying to fool me."

He thrusts the key into the key-hole. With wild shrieks of alarm half the students throw themselves on the floor, and the others dash to the door and fly down stairs.

The novice drops the box in a panic and flies after them. As soon as they have all reached the street he is informed that there was nothing in the box.—*N. Y. World.*

—Young lady, very much shocked: "O ma, did you know that insulting puppy that just passed us? I looked at the wretch until he got way out of sight, and he had the impudence to stare at me, the horrid thing; and just as he turned the corner he actually lifted his hat and bowed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fashion Items.

Inflated skirts are looming up.

Persian mauve is a color which keeps its favor in the world of fashion.

Pink silk stockings and low-cut patent leather shoes are considered to be in high style with archery costumes.

Young ladies in Paris dress almost entirely in white costumes. When color is worn it is seen upon the sash, or in the floral garniture.

French evening dresses of soft white Victoria silk are sometimes arranged with a graceful scarf drapery of the silk crossing the bodice diagonally, and then forming a panier at one side, while at the other side brighter material of striped gauze, spangled tulle, or lace is also draped a panier.

Of all the modes of bonnets introduced in the beginning of the season, the one which has proved the most popular is the trim little French bonnet of last year, in various modifications; the capote, the jaunty little princess, and a shape much resembling the Marie Stuart bonnet, but not so pronounced in its pointed dent upon the brim.

Cashmere pattern bands are quite in favor, and are likely to be more so as the autumn approaches. Most of these imported Indian trimmings, with dress fabric *en suite*, are of sufficiently high price to add considerable value to the possession of a toilet of this kind. These rich Oriental trimmings are employed only on dark dresses, or those of neutral tint.

Black failles, satins, poplins, watered silk, and also thinner materials; such as grenadines, silk gauzes and tulle, are all in high fashion. Black silk skirts covered with grenadine *plisses* and *bouillonnes*, and accompanied by silk or satin casaques or Jacquettes trimmed with black Spanish lace and jet, make thoroughly elegant toilets, enabling the wearer to vary them by colored trimmings and floral garniture if desired.

Painted lace is very much employed on light dresses of one or more colors, such as pale blue merveilleux and pale pink *Moire*; the painted lace, colored to correspond with these two shades, would, however, only be used to trim the principal portions of the dress—the sleeves, bodice and edgings to the drapery. The flounces, panels, or anything requiring a large amount of garniture, would be of the same lace with the designs left uncovered.

The short skirts for the summer are trimmed at the edge with voluminous ruches, chicorees, shell plaits, coquilles and the like, either of the same or a different material. Many skirts are trimmed nearly to the waist all around alike, or have different arrangements for the front and back, separated by panels. Those trimmed all around are invariably accompanied by the Spanish scarf tied at the back and draped at the extreme edge of the pointed bodice, or just under the basque which fall over the skirt.

Sleeves are excessively short, and gloves correspondingly long. Dress skirts are shrinking upward, being short enough all around to display the handsome tinted and embroidered stocking, as well as the shoe. Boots are seldom worn with evening dress, and satin is the favorite material for the very fashionable Beatrice sandals' many of which have floral designs painted on the front, and occasionally along the sides as well. A pretty foot looks far better with a flat decoration than to be heaped up with bows, rosettes, and huge buckles. But when there is little or no instep, and the foot has no arch, the addition of these loops and clasps is, of course, an improvement.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Work of Scribblers and Scrawlers.

"Scribblers," said a hotel clerk, "are among the many nuisances we have to encounter. They infest the reading room and waste our stationary; they write all over the blotters; they fill waste baskets with scratched envelopes; they write on the walls, the doors, the advertising books, the bills of fare, and even in the Bibles. The young married couples are fond of scrawling their names. The bride plays with her new name as with a toy. She likes to write it and to see it written; and the bridegroom, having little else to do, humors her. I could show you lifty window panes with names and initials scratched in this way with diamond rings. The idiots and vandals often leave their addresses in this way, and if we could prove that they wrote them we could sue them for damages. I have seen a costly plate glass mirror marred by some heedless scribbler's diamond ring. It takes at least one day each week for a servant to scrub off as much as can be removed of the pencilings which the idle travelers inscribe in various parts of the house.

"Of all the itches that afflict humanity," said Librarian W. T. Peoples, of the Mercantile Library, "I think the *cacoethes scribendi* is the worst. The scribblers are a decided nuisance in this library. Not even an act of the Legislature, or the standing reward of fifty dollars for the detection of a person in the act of thus mutilating a library book, has been sufficient to stop them. Circulating as we do many thousand volumes a day, it is a physical impossibility to examine every book upon its return. The consequence is that many books are issued after they have been scribbled, and should one be detected upon its return the person returning it could claim, with a show of plausibility, that the book was thus marred when issued.

"The worst offenders we have are the readers of our juvenile books. They are not content with the frequent comments, 'This is a bully story,' 'Good for him,' and similar harmless remarks, but frequently put in vile expressions, that make the book useless for further circulation. The value of books thus destroyed is no inconsiderable sum every year."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In Arizona, the other day, laborers excavating for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, six miles south of Crittenden Station, discovered three pottery ollas filled with human bones. The ollas were imbedded three feet in solid lava rock, and appearances indicate that the lava had flowed around them. In one of the ollas were found three Spanish coins bearing the date 1543. The pottery was painted inside like that found in all the old ruins of Arizona.—*Chicago Times.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1882.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings at the polling places [The voters in No. 8, will meet at the usual places and elect three delegates from the Eastern side and two from the western side of "Backbone"] in their respective districts on:

Saturday, September 2, 1882,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

to elect five (5) delegates from each district to attend a County Convention to be held at Oakland on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at 2 o'clock P. M., to elect three (3) delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held in Hagerstown, on Wednesday, September 13th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Chief Judge and one candidate for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

The County Convention will also elect three delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held at Frederick, on Wednesday, September 20th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress for the 6th Congressional District.

The members of the district committees will please make arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

The committee requests that the Republican voters of each district will select at their primaries, three persons to act as district committee for their respective districts for the ensuing year.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county,

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Chairman.

The Board of Public Works met at Annapolis on Thursday of last week and elected Lewis Cass Smith, Esq., President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, vice Mr. Gorman, resigned. Messrs. Keating and Compton voted for Mr. Smith, the Governor dissenting. Mr. Smith, who has been to Europe for some time, is now at home, and has accepted the position.

In some sections of this State the Democrats are beginning to get frightened at the new registration. For instance, the Easton *Star* says "the new registration is likely to prove a costly measure for the Democratic party." Which is about equivalent to saying that under a fair and honest registration the Democratic party of Maryland will be shelved.

An act of the last Maryland legislature forbidding public officers from accepting testimonials is constructed to include railroad passes, to prohibit the acceptance of such favors by public servants. Maryland is not the first State by a good many to enact such a law, but if it can be enforced she will be the first to make it effective. Means of evading such a statute can always be found. In a western State some years ago where a similar law prevailed, State officers and members of the legislature turned in their railroad passes and received thousand-mile tickets instead thereof. As the law specifically forbade the acceptance of passes the officials considered that they obeyed it, and at the same time saved railroad fare by using these tickets.

Ben Hill Dead.

Benjamin Harvey Hill, United States Senator from Georgia, died at his home in Atlanta about 6 o'clock Thursday morning of last week. He had long been a sufferer from a cancer in the mouth, but his death was calm and peaceful. Senator Hill was born in Jasper county, Ga., on September 14, 1823. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1841. Was elected to the State Legislature in 1851 and 1859. In 1875 he was elected to the National House of Representatives and in January, 1877, to the United States Senate. He was an able and successful lawyer.

The Situation in Egypt.

Aug. 16.—General Wolseley has declared in a proclamation to the people of Egypt that the sole object of the British is to restore the authority of the Khedive. England and Turkey have not yet concluded a military convention. The has been no attempt to depose the Sultan; but it is reported that Arabi Pacha has offered to submit, and turn his troops over to the Turkish commander, as soon as a Turkish force arrives in Egypt, and it is for this reason that the Porte refuses to comply with the English demands. There was another skirmish on the lines near Ramleh yesterday, and several Bedouins were killed. The Khedive is endeavoring to form a ministry for the government of Egypt.

August 17.—Negotiations between England and Turkey for a military convention have been broken off, and Gen. Wolseley has ordered an advance upon the Aboukir forts, which will be shelled by the fleet on Saturday or Sunday, after which they will be attacked by two divisions of the army. Embarkation of one division will begin at Alexandria this morning, and the other will march overland from Ramleh. A deserter from Arabi's camp reports that terrible distress is prevailing there. Arabi is said to be arranging for his escape in case of need to Tripoli. The Cologne *Gazette* believes that Russia is prepairing for a war with Turkey. Germany is incensed at the conduct of the Sublime Porte in its relations with England. The London *Standard* and the London *News* of this morning suspect that the movement upon Aboukir is only intended to conceal some deeper strategy contemplated by General Wolseley.

August 18.—One division of the army embarked on the transports at Alexandria, and five of the ships left the harbor last night. The destination of the expedition is doubtful, but the general report is that movements are intended both on the Aboukir forts and up the Suez Canal. The insurgents are making threatening demonstrations at Port Said, Ismailia and Suez, and fighting may occur in the vicinity of any one of those points. Reports from Arabi Pacha's headquarters make his forces consist of 121,000 men, and while the figures are exaggerated, the British authorities consider that the claim is an indication of the confident disposition of the Egyptians and Arabs. No progress has been made in healing the rupture between England and Turkey, and it is anticipated that the Sublime Porte will issue an energetic protest against the occupation of Egypt by British troops. An official denial comes from St. Petersburg of the statement that Russia is massing an army in the Caucasus for a descent into Asia Minor.

August 19.—Fighting began Saturday at Aboukir Bay and in the rear of Arabi's positions along the sand flats, but the results have not yet been announced. Gen. Wood's reconnoissance from Ramleh was met by a shower of bullets from the enemy, who were masked behind trees. There was a sharp fight between the ironclad train and the insurgents. Negotiations are in progress for an arrangement of conciliation between England and Turkey on the basis of co-operation in Egypt.

Aug. 20.—Fighting is in progress along the lines to the east of Alexandria, where Arabi Pacha is making a bold and determined stand against the English. Skirmishes occurred on Saturday and yesterday, and the accuracy of the artillery fire of the Egyptians was surprising. Arabi declares that he will make his stand at Kafr-el-Dwar, and that it shall be another Plevna. The British fleet and the second division of the army did not stop to attack the forts in Aboukir Bay, but continued eastward to Port Said, and have taken entire possession of the canal. A landing of the troops will probably be made at Ismailia, which would be a favorable point for a movement upon Cairo, and in the rear of Arabi's army. De Lesseps has protested against the British control of the canal. Lord Dufferin has again declared that England cannot accept the Turkish proposals for joint military action in Egypt.

August 21.—Gen. Wolseley has occupied the line of the Suez Canal, and all the fighting is in his favor. Severe engagements have occurred at Ramleh and at the mouth of the canal. The British troops have occupied Port Said, Ismailia and Kantarah—the important points along the canal—and are ready to make a movement from Ismailia eastward to take Arabi Pacha in the rear. The battle at Chaluf yesterday was a victory for the British troops.

Aug. 22.—The British occupation of points along the Suez canal continues. The Khedive has issued another decree directing the Egyptian authorities to obey Gen. Wolseley. M. de Lesseps telegraphs that arrangements have been made for a resumption of the regular traffic of the canal. Gen. Alison became the target of the enemy's shells during a reconnoissance from Alexandria. There has been more skirmishing in the neighborhood of Ramleh. There is a movement among the Arabs in Tripoli in favor of aiding Arabi. The Paris papers comment severely upon the British occupation of the canal.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 8, 1882.

The tourist in search of either health or pleasure may profitably spend many days, or even weeks, in the vicinity of Colorado Springs. To the health-seeker the air here is probably more exhilarating and bracing than that of the higher altitudes, or of any other place in the State, except, possibly, Idaho Springs, about one hundred miles further north. And then the various points of interest near here, some of which I mentioned in my last letter, furnish ample sources of amusement to the explorer. Then, too, from whatever point you view them it is impossible to avoid an ever recurring feeling of admiration for the grandeur of the two lofty mountains always before you—the majestic appearance of Pike's Peak, towering above the line of mountains around it, and the beautiful Cheyenne, whose massive contour is so striking as to make you overlook the fact that its height is several hundred feet less than Pike's. There is a unity of conception in it unsurpassed by any mountain I have ever seen, and you feel that it is full of living power. "Pike's Peak or bust" is as much the cry now as it was in the early days, and all who feel equal to the task invariably climb its rugged ascent and the lay by a few days for repairs.

In 1540 Coronado wassent into this region by those old fellow-Spaniards who were consumed with that fierce hunger for gold which induced them to scour the earth in search of it; and eighty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon Plymouth Rock he was perilously traversing the San Luis Park and, perhaps, seeing the Wet Mountain Valley lying, as it does to-day, green and fertile between the two ranges. But he went away disappointed after all. Then in 1806, when Mr. Jefferson was President, and Aaron Burr was engaged in his treasonable conspiracy to found a new empire west of the Alleghanies, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, an adventurous and persevering officer of the army, was ordered to proceed westward and explore the region between the Missouri River and the frontier of Mexico, which then included considerable territory now belonging to the United States. He left St. Louis on the 24th of June and camped in the foot-hills near this point on the 25th of November. To-day the same journey may be made in less than sixty hours, and the traveler need not go into camp upon arrival here either, but may be assigned a comfortable room by a hotel clerk with eye-glasses. Pike saw the great peak on the 15th of November—just as travelers by rail now see it when at least 150 miles distant. It appeared, he said, "like a small blue cloud," and on the 17th he "marched at the usual hour, pushed with the idea of arriving at the mountains that night; but found when night came no visible difference in their appearance from yesterday." And on the 25th he again "marched early with the expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to camp at its base." This recalls the old stories we have so often heard about the deceptive distances in this clear atmosphere. It is absolutely true that mountains twenty miles distant appear to be near enough for a morning walk before breakfast. Probably the reader has heard about the Englishman who wouldn't jump a three-foot irrigating ditch because he "couldn't tell, by Jove, you know, that the blasted thing wasn't three-quarters of a mile wide." But to return to Pike. He called his discovered peak Mexican Mountain, and left others to give it his name. Upon the very top of it, where cold winds blow and snow squalls occur at nearly all seasons of the year, a Government signal station is now maintained, the officers in charge living there a portion of the time.

It was the "old, old story" which turned the tide of emigration in this direction. People probably never wanted gold any more than after the panic of 1857, and the report of its finding here the following year caused such a stampede across the plains as has never been equaled, except in early California days. Events moved rapidly, and in the winter of 1860-'61 a Territorial Legislature, numbering some twenty-five devoted patriots, met at what was then Colorado City, located just about where Pike, followed by Fremont in 1848, had each pitched their tents. The remains of this old Capital are still to be seen less than two miles from the town of Colorado Springs, or about midway between here and Manitou. The "city" consists of four or five rough abode frame buildings, never much more than shanties, but now sadly dilapidated. The old State house is still standing like some seafaring hulk left high and dry upon a deserted beach. Tradition states that it contained three rooms: In one the members met, in another they slept, while in the third was that always necessary adjunct of a legislative body—the bar. In the course of the proceedings, at the first session, I believe, a motion was made to transfer the seat of government to Denver, then a sprig of a town. "And we carried our point," said an entertaining pioneer with whom it has been my good fortune to converse, "because we had the best wagon, and four mules, and the most whiskey." This old "State house" has until recently been a station for retailing "hay and feed" to the mule teams traveling the mountain roads, and in another of the buildings "chain lightning" and lager beer have been supplied to the drives. Alas, for departed greatness; the remains of it are found in this new frontier country, as in the historical lands of the old world.

DOM PEDRO

What Electricity can Do.

A scientific explanation of the process would be out of place here. The fact it is desired to impress upon the reader is, that not only can the force of electricity be carried far from the generating source, for immediate use, by being conducted along wires, but that it may be bottled up in movable vessels, which can be carried like any other goods to a distance, and at once made available for any purpose for which the electricity could have been used at the spot at which it was first produced. Electricity can be stored in square cases, which can be conveyed by hand or carriage to any spot where it is required. The doctor can take his bottled electricity to the sick room under his arm to perform an operation. The lecturer can bring it stored up to the lecture table. The aeronaut can carry it stored up in his balloon. The owner of a boat with a screw can convey electricity in a wheel-barrow to the water's edge, place the cases in which it is stored in the bottom of his boat as ballast, and turn his propeller with it. The lady can have it delivered at her door as the milk is, and work her sewing machine with it. The tricyclist can put a case under his seat and run by it. Lamps can be lighted, clocks can be worked and regulated, safes secured, spoons plated, copperplates made by electricity stored up in cases. Indeed, any operation within the power of electricity to accomplish otherwise, can now be done by stored electricity.

But if our giant is thus a prodigy both of strength and of application and concentration of strength, let it not be supposed that he resembles other giants in an unfitness for work that is confined and delicate. He is no lumbering, clumsy mass of power merely, too rough-handed for work that requires sensitive touch, and too gross in perception to be able to separate the coarse from the fine. Powerful as he is from a mechanical point of view, his powers in regard to minutiæ are quite as marked, and, if possible, more marvelous. The hand that it so weighty has a touch as fine as the most delicate woman. It can catch up and repeat along a long conductor the most minute vibrations caused by the human voice, producting them with most perfect accuracy. It can grasp and magnify the vibrations of the movements of the tiniest insects, so that they become audible to the human ear. It can detect the most infinitesimal speck of metal in any substance, and disclose its presence unerringly.

It can record permanently the rhythm of the feeblest pulse. It can measure, in degrees so close that it is difficult to put them down on a scale, the variations in the beat of a body. It can detect a trace of moisture to which a drop is as the Pacific ocean. It can act with such rapidity that by its aid a photograph can be taken in the five-thousandth part of a second, so that several distinct pictures of a horse can be taken in the successive stages of one bound. It can correct clocks long distances apart to the tenth part of a second. It can move in motions so minute and rapid as to resemble the vibrations of an insect's wing. It can take a cast of the most delicate moulding without losing a shade of its perfection. It can record the variations of the speed of a bullet from the time it moves from the breech till it leaves the muzzle of the gun. There is almost no limit to the minuteness of its action, or the refinement to which it can be brought.

If what has been already accomplished in this now rapidly expanding region of practical science is so wonderful, the future prospect is still more so. A few years may bring about a state of things in which men will be astonished that they ever could have thought the appliances of 1860 practical and convenient, and the wonders of the steam engine be to us as the loom of old days was to those in whose generation the Jacquard was introduced. That the development will be the more rapid and the more useful in proportion to the general interest taken in it by the public is sure; and it is hoped that what has been said may tend to promote such a feeling of interest in a subject which is daily proving itself to possess substantial benefits for all. *Blackwood.*

One of the greatest of the difficulties that beset the unfortunate Sultan in this Egyptian trouble is the popularity of Arabi throughout the Moslem world. Arabi is doing what all Islam delights to honor—fighting the Christian. Thus, even in Constantinople, as is seen in the latest news, the admiration of the people for Arabi is expressed, not merely on the streets, but in the mosques. The Sultan hardly dares to antagonize him. He is thus between two fires, and both fires are spreading. The English force him to take a decided stand against the insurrection, and yet refuse to permit him to use military force. The Arabian revolt, which looks to Arabi as its head, seeks to overthrow the spiritual power of the Turk, and to make Mecca, instead of Constantinople, the holy city. Thus the unhappy Sultan is menaced by two dangers, and is not permitted to fight either, and is between hawk and buzzard. To make his difficulties still worse, it is believed that Russia is about to take advantage of his present defenceless condition, and occupy Asia Minor up to the very shores of the Bosphorus. The poor Sultan only desires to hold on to what his ancestors took from the Christians by fire and sword, and now that the Christians want to take some of it back again, he considers his case peculiarly hard.—*Balto. American.*

Rear Admiral Nicholson, commanding the European station, has written a private letter to a prominent officer of the Navy Department, under date of Villa Franca, August 3, in which he takes occasion to deny the statement that when the bombardment of Alexandria began he notified the Egyptians that if they fired on any of his vessels he would return the fire. He also denied the statement that after the action he steamed around the English fleet and cheered the vessels upon their work. In reference to the statement that he had landed marines to assist the British troops, Admiral Nicholson states that his men were landed at the request of the Khedive to protect the American consulate and assist in extinguishing the fires that were raging in that vicinity, and that his men reembarked as soon as order was restored, leaving, however, just men enough to guard the consulate. Admiral Nicholson says he received the thanks of the Khedive and the British commander for the service rendered in extinguishing the fires.

Doctors Disagree.

As a reporter for the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* sat (yesterday afternoon) in a chamber at No. 321 Federal street, Allegheny, listening to a terrible tale of suffering as it fell from the lips of a gentle little lady, Mrs. Milo Ingram the daughter of Capt. Hugh McKelvey, of this city, it seemed almost too much to believe, if the evidence had not been close at hand to substantiate every word. It was but another evidence of the culpable ignorance of a large class of practitioners of medicine who claimed for six years that her terrible disease was cancer. She was covered with ulcers, given up to die. *Peruna* cured her perfectly. Continued on page 24, in "Ills of Life," by Dr. Hartman. Ask your druggist for one.

Burdett's Solomonisms.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets $200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets $200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because Francis Murphy gets $150 a week for temperance work seems to think it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice so much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worty of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the barkeeper? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whisky; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the ends, baggy as to the knees and utterly bursted as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the dancing lady who tries to wear the skirt of her dress under her arms and the waist around her knees and kicks her slipper clear over the orchestra chairs every night gets $600 a week, and the city missionary gets $600 a year; the horse race scoops in $2,000 the first day and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out $40 in debt—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does get is flung into its face like a bone to a dog, the doner is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not be grateful. It is insulted.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Fish Ladders.

State Fish Commissioner G. W. Delawder and U. S. Fish Commissioner Marshall McDonald, were in the city yesterday. Mr. Delawder has adopted the McDonald fish ladder for the Potomac dams, and four of them will be immediately put in, one at each of dams Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7, (Cumberland). This ladder is the one most approved of by experienced persons. Mr. Delawder has seen them in use, and is mush pleased with them. Those he will put in will vary from 50 to 100 feet in length.

Persons having dams in Maryland streams tributary to the Potomac are compelled to erect fish ladders over the same at their own expense, and failure to do so imposes a heavy penalty.

Mr. Delawder will at once turn his attention to this matter, and all who are interested will do well to take steps promptly to comply with the law.—*Cumb. News, Wednesday.*

One of the mysterous "brain-waves on which so much conjecture has lately been expened rolled through space from Egypt to England on July 18. On the evening of that day a young man living at Davenport called upon the edilor of *The Western Daily Mercury*, at Plymouth, and asked if any telegrams had been received giving the names of Englishmen killed that day in Alexandria. He said that during the afternoon the mother and wife of a petty officer named Revington, serving in Alexandria, had what they regarded as a "token of his death." They were sitting together in their house talking and working, when they heard the voice of an absent son and husband say "Mother!" three times. Nothing had been heard of Revington at the newspaper office, but on Wednesday the relatives received a telegram from the Admiralty stating that he was shot in the street of Alexandria on Tuesday while serving on duty.

The following interesting story is related about the venerable Peter Cooper: "Nearly every day he drives down to his office and stays there for a few hours. As he comes out of his coupe he is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to him with a 'Good day, Mr. Cooper,' and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regularly the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket and gives him a piece of money and a 'Good day to you.' 'Why do you let those people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?' asked an impertinent young man the other day. 'They don't annoy me at all,' said the philanthropist. 'They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough for a dinner or a lunch. When I am ready to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my pocket and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them.

Good for Babies.

With a baby at breast nothing is so useful for quieting my own and baby's nerves as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It prevents bowel complaints and is better than any stimulant to give strength and appetite.—A Newark Mother.

LOCAL NEWS.

—A valuable cow belonging to Jno. F. White died Tuesday night.

—It is said the Frederick military encampment has been postponed until next June.

—W. L. Boughner, Esq., and wife, of Fairmont, W. Va., are visiting at Mr. G. W. Delawder's.

—Miss Hattie Beachy, of the Forks, this county, is attending the Normal School at Grantsville.

—Hon. George C. Sturgiss and wife of Morgantown, were visiting at Mr. A. G. Sturgiss' this week.

—Gen. Crook, who has been here for about three weeks, left Monday for Arizona. Mrs. Crook remains here for the present.

—Judge Miller, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and Fish Commissioner Delawder, of Oakland, were bass fishing in the Potomac this week.

—A fishing party from Oakland, consisting of Col. J. W. Veitch, Dr. E. H. Bartlett and Messrs. George Bartlett and Leo Walker, started for "Black Water," Monday. They expect to return Saturday.

—The foundation for Dr. Keller's new residence on Second street is about completed, under the supervision of Mr. Jas. S. Johnson. The carpenter work will be done under the direction of Mr. Sebolt. When completed this will be one of the largest and handsomest residences in Oakland.

—Mr. George Loughridge, one of our first class boot and shoe makers, desires to call the attention of the citizens of Oakland and vicinity to his superior work. Mr. Loughridge has been so crowded with work this summer that it has been necessary for him to keep in his employ a first class journeyman. Call and examine his work and leave your orders for a pair of fine boots or shoes. He guarantees satisfaction.

—The following delegates have been elected, from the Oakland schools, to attend the Sunday School Convention at Accident: M. E. Sunday School, Jas. A. Hayden and Lawson L. Loar, delegates; Misses Laura Stalnaker and Katie Spedden, alternates. Presbyterian School, Wm. P. Totten and G. S. Hamill, delegates; Mrs. J. W. Veitch and Miss Addie Tower, alternates. Lutheran School, E. J. Fringer and E. H. Sincell, delegates; Misses Maggie Smouse and Florence Philips, alternates. Mountain Lake Park School, Thomas J. Pedelcord and Wm. O'Brien, delegates.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 8 o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Mountain Lake Park—Preaching at 10½ A. M., 3½ and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 1½ P. M.

P. E. Church—Services every Sunday in August at 11 A. M. conducted by Rev. John Lindsay, of Washington, D. C.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

—The Deer Park Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9½ A. M.

Jurors for September Court.

Tuesday Judge Pearre drew the following jurors for September Court:

No. 1.—Henry Shank, John A. Junkins.

No. 2.—L. D. Hoff, William Howard Frazee, Jasper Gnard, William Barnthouse, Wm. H. Steele, Christian Fike.

No. 3.—William Infield, Urinh Stanton.

No. 4.—John W. O'Heaver, Wm. W. Broadwater, David Beavers, Henry Warnick, Aden Duckworth, Joshua Faenbaker, Simeon Green.

No. 5.—Jas. Skites, Austin Speicher, Wm. Englehart, Henry Zinkan, John G. Geerick.

No. 6.—John T. Wilburn, Geo. W. Grillith, S. A. McCrubie.

No. 7.—Nathan Casteel, Johnson King, John T. Mitchell, James R. Bishop, Wm. M. Wagner, Thos. J. Browning, Alex Lower, A. B. Woodcock, Rolin G. White.

No. 8.—Thos. K. Harvey, Peter Martin, Louis Nydegger, John T. Dayls, (col'd), Henry W. Ridder Elisha Harvey, Joseph Moon, Henry Eggers.

No. 9.—Joshua Johnson, Thomas Broadstock, Daniel Carey, Perry Welmer.

No. 11.—John F. Robeson, Wm. Jacobs.

A Valuable Addition.

Because it is beneficial to the scalp and adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray hair is why Parker's Hair Balsam is a popular dressing.

A Minister's Gratitude.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* I am thankful to God that I can acknowledge your treatment (*Peruna*) of my daughter's eye has been successful and satisfactory. I would be glad to have the public have confidence in you. N. B.—Please make your fees in reach of poor people. Remember the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. REV. E. H. BALDWIN, Wattsburgh, Pa.

Reader ask your druggist for one of Dr. Hartman's invaluable books on the "Ills of Life," and how to cure them. You get one gratis.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Aug. 22, 1882.

Last Friday evening, at the regular meeting of the Deer Park Temperance Society, Prof. Wm. Elliot of Baltimore City College, delivered a very able discourse on the temperance question.

Mrs. John W. Williams of Philadelphia, who has for some years occupied one of the Cottages near the Hotel, with her daughter, Miss Annie, is doing a very noble work for our village. They have requested the little girls of the place to meet them at the school house every Saturday afternoon, have presented them with needles, thread, thimbles and suitable material for useful garments for themselves and disinterestedly give their time to instructing them in making them up.

Mr. Dawson, the man who was injured last week by attempting to jumps on a passing train, is recovering, and will escape any serious effects of his recklessness.

Mr. R. H. Head, of our vicinity, has been quite sick for the past two weeks, but is now much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Leigh Jones, of Richmond, Va., are at present visiting Senator Davis' family.

A party of twenty gentleman and ladies, principally visitors at the Wing and Wing yesterday made an excursion to Cheat Mountain and river. The day was very pleasant and the trip thoroughly delightful to the whole company, notwithstanding the steep descent and laborious ascent of the mountain. It was refreshing to see the pleasure with which, on the sandy beach, the *grown-ups*, some of them with 'silver threads among the gold', revived their childish amusements and built forts, made sand pies, skipped stones, pitched quoits, &c. The scenery all up and down the river is so perfectly lovely that the excursion is one of the most enjoyable that can be made by our summer visitors—the beautiful fountain and exquisite groups of choice flowers, at Buckhorn Wall, so far away from any dwelling, attracted particular attention. The joy of the party was very nearly turned into sorrow by the imminent danger of one of the number. Some of the gentlemen had found a bathing place and while Mr. Bruner Bantz was in the water, he was drawn into a current, and not being able to swim, could not save himself, but providentially Mr. Chas. Ogle, being not more than a hundred feet away, swam swiftly toward him and rescued him from his perilous situation.

Registered at Wing and Wing since last letter:

From Baltimore.—Mr, and Mrs. F. W. Ohem, Master Arthur Ohem, Mr. John Duvall, Mr. Chas. A. Kurtz.

Wheeling W. Va.—Mr. P. Sullivan.

Keyser.—Mr. John Alexandria, Miss H. Fox,

Charleston, W. Va.—Mr. Wm. Washington.

Canaan, W. Va.—Mr. J. S. W. Gosnell.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all Invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering from Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you,

Ladies Prefer

Floreston Cologne because they find this lasting combination of exquisite perfumes a delightful novelty.

A small rebellion (says the Baltimore *American*) rears its head in Anne Arundel county, the Commissioners, whose election the Circuit Court decided to be fraudulent, having refused to give way to the new Board, appointed by Gov. Hamilton in pursuance of law. The obstinate Board is hanging by its eyebrows to office, but we presume that the courts will quickly find a way to dispossess the members of the positions to which they were never elected by the people, even if they resist after Clerk Harwood, or his deputy, has sworn in the Governor's appointees.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Herald* writing from Deer Park says:

The wonderful enterprise of Hon. H. G. Davis is seen everywhere. This gentleman owns about a hundred thousand acres of mountain land. His brother has some interest in this vast property, but the controlling right is held by the gentleman named. Soon after the war Mr. Davis began to make improvements here. For some years he kept a number of deer in an enclosed park, and from this fact the village took its name of "Deer Park." He employed a number of hands in felling the timber that abounded here, which was hauled on a tramway by mules to his saw mill ten miles distant. By the same means the prepared timber is returned to this place for shipment. As the land became cleared he began to improve and put it in farms, until his farming interests became considerable, necessitating the employment of additional hands. From these beginnings Deer Park began to assume the position of a village, various industries began to gather until to-day it is quite a prosperous little town. The land is increasing every year in value, and the quantity of timber available is inexhaustible. Among the houses of the village Mr. Davis owns seventeen, besides a number on his various farms. Mr. Davis is a very rich man—how rich very few know. He is not the man to parade his affairs before the world. He is strictly a business man, and gives his multitudinous interests his personal inspection. His workmen say there is nothing that escapes his notice. A crooked post, a tool out of place, or the minutest defect in workmanship is seen and kindly pointed out to his astonished employes. It is said of him that he is never idle. He delights to help those who try to help themselves. He regularly contributes to the support of each of the churches in the place.

Mr. Davis is a member of the United States Senate, from West Virginia. During the sessions he resides in Washington, but claims his home in Piedmont where he has a magnificent residence. He also has a palatial summer home at Deer Park, where he now resides with his family.

The Baltimore *American* of Tuesday contained an editorial, in which it says "the Republicans have at least two Congressional districts certain of success, if they will make the proper effort, and another one in which the chances are in their favor. In the Sixth district Mr. Urner will be elected," etc.

The Washington correspondent of the *American*, under date of August 20, says:

In conversation this evening with several Republicans residing in the Sixth Congressional district, they stated that the opposition to Mr. Urner's renomination had about fizzled out, and they were satisfied that he will again be the candidate in that district. While there was no doubt that Mr. Urner had about made up his mind several weeks ago to retire from the contest he has been induced to change his mind and be the Administration candidate for another term.

Copying the above the Frederick *Times* says:

It is understood that Washington, Allegany and Garrett counties are solid for Urner, as also is Frederick. He will be the candidate of the Republican party of this district, and not the representative of any one part of the party as the above dispatch would imply.

The Middletown (Frederick county) *Banner of Liberty*, says:

The Frederick *Times* seems determined in its effort to try to make the people believe that they don't know what they want; or, to make it more plain, that they don't know whether they want Mr. Urner for Associate Judge or for Congress. This it will find an "uphill" business, for the Republicans of this county have long since decided.—and have been quietly resting under that decision,—to make him their candidate for Associate Judge this fall, and it looks too much like imposition and deception to try to persuade them that Mr. Urner is opposed to his nomination for Congress. We have known Mr. Urner for a long time, and think we have learned to know that he neither asks for nor seeks any office, but is willing to abide the decision of his friends,—and that decision in this case, it will be found in due time, will be his nomination for Associate Judge, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts being put forth by certain parties (having, no doubt, axes to grind,) to defeat the will of the people. His friends should look out for "shenaneging."

Canon Wilberforce, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has drawn attention to what he characterizes as a grievous scandal in connection with the management of the immense landed property of the Established Church in England. He says it is absurdity for archbishops and bishops to give temperance lectures when much of the income of the church is derived from property leased out as bar-rooms. The Bishop of London and Bishop of Canterbury each receive $50,000 a year from two noted taverns on the church lands.

A Horrible Plot Unearthed.

MOBILE, ALA., Aug. 21.—In Choctaw county, Ala., on the 15th inst., a bundle of papers disclosing a well organized plot among the negroes to kill the entire white population of that county, was found near one of their rendezvous by two gentlemen, who laid the matter before the Solicitor. On the 16th a quiet meeting of the citizens of Mt. Sterling and Butler was called at Butler to consider the best mode of suppressing the intended outbreak and massacre.

After a discussion it was agreed that the following ringleaders, Jack Turner, F. D. Barnley, Jessie Wilson, Peter Hill, Willis Lyman, Aaron Scott and Range, to whom had been assigned the duties of leading respective squads to Butler, Mount Sterling, Desotaville and other places, and killing all whites at each place, should be arrested and lodged in jail. Their arrest was effected on the 17th, without disturbance or bloodshed. The same day a mass meeting of citizens of all classes was called for Saturday to decide the fate of the prisoners.

The plot has been in existence since 1878 and the conspirators now number 400. They have powder, shot and guns and think themselves sufficiently strong to accomplish their fiendish design. Sunday night, the 17th of September, had been appointed as a date for its consummation. The papers further showed that this day was selected because then the white people would be at camp meeting unarmed and could offer no resistance.

The meeting called for Sunday brought together about 700 men, among whom were about 150 negroes, who, after hearing the papers read, by an almost unanimous vote decided that Jack Turner was a turbulent and dangerous character, a regular fire brand in the community, and that the public demanded his immediate death. He was accordingly hanged about 1:15 the same afternoon, in the presence of the assembled multitude. The crowd then dispersed and all signs of disturbance ceased. Everything was quiet Saturday night. The other prisoners are still in jail to await further developments.

BURNING OF A HISTORIC BARN.—The old historic barn of W. & J. K. Beeson, of Uniontown, Pa., situated on their Mount Braddock farm, six miles north of that place, was burned on Friday night with all its contents, in it were stored nearly four thousand bushels of wheat, one hundred bushels of rye, fifty tons of hay and many large agricultural implements. Nine large and valuable farm horses and one Durham bull also perished. Loss about twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, the insurance being $5,800. The barn was one of the famous ones of Western Pennsylvania, owing not less to its size than to its age and the fame of the builder. It was a solid structure 44 by 100 feet, and was built by Isaach Meason in 1802. It was situated on the large tract known as the Mount Braddock farm, so called because it was for a time the headquarters of General Braddock in his memorable Pittsburg campaign of 1755. The fire was probably the work of an incendiary.

THAT UMBRELLA.—During the shower yesterday a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella entered a hotel to pay a call to someone up-stairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned to it the sentence:

"N. B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 250 pound blow—back in fifteen minutes."

He went his way up-stairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned to find his umbrella gone and in its place a note reading:

"P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour—won't be back at all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., August 21th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, September 11, 1882,

For the transaction of any business that may properly come before the Board.

By order J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

8 26 3

[The Clerk to the Board will be in the office every Tuesday and Friday. Parties having business to transact will please call on those days.]

Notice to Tax Payers.

In order to afford all a chance to pay their taxes, and avail themselves of the discount, I will be at

Johnstown, - - -	August 19th.
Chisholm's Mill, - - - -	" 22d.
Red House, - - - - -	" 24th.
Oakland, - - - - -	" 25 & 26.
Swanton, - - - - -	" 29th.
Deer Park, - - - - -	" 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, and 3 per cent on all paid before October 1st.

The books of districts 7 and 8 have been placed in the hands of Mr. A. C. Dunham, who is authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

EDWARD MARGROFF, Collector.

7 29 4

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the First Monday of September, in the year 1882, that is to say, on the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, 1882, and on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registers of voters and poll books ALL persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th, at Wilson's Store, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Klinglersville, and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 12th, 13th and 14th, at Mt. Zion School House, and on Friday and Saturday, the 15th and 16th days of September, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the residence of James H. Rush, Officer of Registration for said District.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September In Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, at the house of Sylvester H. Ryland, Officer of Registration for said District and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Accident.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the 5th, 6th and 7th, at the house of Ed. A. Browning, and Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for said District.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th days of September at Chisholm's Mill, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th and 9th at the Red House, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of J. McClure Mason in said District.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at the house of Samuel Johnson in said District and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of William B. Murphy, in said District.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH, Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER, Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD, Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND, Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING, Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM, Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON, Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY, Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE, Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY, Officer of Registration 11th District.

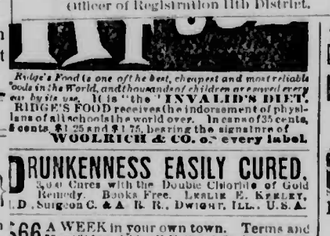

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable foods in the World, and thousands of children are reared every year by its use. It is "THE INVALID'S DIET." RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. In cans of 35 cents, 6 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

DRUNKENNESS EASILY CURED. 5,000 Cures with the Double Chloride of Gold Remedy. Books Free. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., DWIGHT, ILL., U.S.A.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me

EDUCATIONAL.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Write for Catalogue. Coleman & Palma, Props.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship is at the SPENCERIAN COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, O. Circulars free.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, Chicago, Ill. The twenty-fourth year begins Sept. 20th, 1882. Diploma admits to the Bar of Illinois. For circulars address HON. H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

(Ladies or Gentlemen)

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Mc Henry road at or near Gravely Run, and passing through the lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, Henry, G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the said Oakland road at or near John L. Browning's dwelling house, a distance of about 2½ miles.

J. E. GNAGEY,
ADAM GARRINGER,
LEWIS SPOERLINE.

8 5 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Willink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and
Farming Implements
—Also—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, tds.

since it enforces every article on its pages, is to teach children obedience, honesty, truthfulness and a reverence for the *Golden Rule* as the true guide of life.

Among its writers of Serial Stories are:

HARRY CASTLEMON,
FRANK B. STOCKTON,
FRANKLIN CALKINS,
FRANK H. CONVERSE,
ELSIE LEIGH WHITTLESEY,
MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS,
FANNIE WILLIAMS,
JAMES OTIS,
OLIVER OPTIC.

The leading scientists, clergymen and educators are engaged upon GOLDEN DAYS. Its illustrations are profuse and in the highest style of art.

Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., will give each week a lucid and scholarly exposition of the International Sunday school Lesson of the succeeding week. *Puzzledom* will perplex and delight the ingenious boys and girls, as it has in the past.

The *Letter Box* will continue to dispense useful information, and to answer the queries and publish the Notices of Exchange of our young friends.

In short, GOLDEN DAYS will stop at no expense to deserve, in a higher degree than ever before, the title that the discriminating public have bestowed upon it—that of the "Prince of Juveniles."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, EITHER FOR THE WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PART:

For 1 month	25c.
For 2 months	50c.
For 3 months	75c.
For 4 months	$1.00
For 6 months	1.50
For 1 year	3.00

Subscriptions can begin with any number. Back numbers supplied at the same rates. We pay all postage.

Money should be sent to us either by Post-office Order or Registered Letter, so as to provide as far as possible against its loss by mail.

All communications, business or otherwise, must be addressed to JAMES ELVERSON, Publisher of GOLDEN DAYS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Sale

Of Valuable Real Estate in Oakland.

As agent for the owners, I will offer at public sale for cash, on

SATURDAY, THE 26th DAY OF AUGUST,

at 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, the cottage and grounds on Main or Second street, in said town, and described as follows: The lot fronts 82¼ feet on Main street and extends back 261 feet, and is improved by a cottage of 8 rooms with all suitable out buildings, well, gardens, shrubbery, &c., containing one-half acre. It is the property now occupied by Dr. E. H. Bartlett. Possession given September 15th prox.

P. HAMILL, Agent.

August 14th, 1882, 2w.

I'VE BEEN THERE!

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,

Mountain Lake Park, Md.,

OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tilson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

A Father's Curses.

Only the other day, as a reporter of the *Commercial*, strolling out Sixth Street neared Broadway, a most singular scene presented itself to him. An elderly gentleman of respectable appearance, wearing a long gray beard with a careworn face was talking earnestly to a handsome, fashionably-dressed woman. She, however, seemed to be trying to avoid him. Without seeking to discover the subject of the conversation the reporter came near enough to hear the old gentleman using toward her the most abusive language, even pronouncing words which are never addressed to a lady in polite society, though to this circle both parties belonged, to judge from their appearance. The man's manner suddenly became more excited, and he seemed to be frenzied. Just then a passing carriage came near them, and the lady hailed the driver, got inside the vehicle, and asked to be driven up Broadway, seemingly much relieved at escaping from her tormentor. The old gentleman's appearance was not such as to indicate him as a good subject for an interview, and the reporter allowed him to go on for a time unmolested. Then she told the story. Ten or twelve years ago a young lady and young gentleman in Louisville society met and became mutually interested. They had both been the children of wealthy parents, had enjoyed the best educational advantages and opportunities, and their prospective marriage was looked for to be a happy event. The young gentleman was already looked upon as a successful man of the world, and the lady of his choice was regarded as a fit companion for so worthy a husband, should they be married. She was fond of society and its pleasures, while he was more of a retiring disposition, and it was only through his attachment to the young lady that he ever entered into any gayety.

A short time before the proposed marriage the young lady's parents gave an elegant entertainment in honor of her birthday, and her affianced lover was invited. He joined in the dance at her request, and was her escort to the supper room. Here were spread choice viands, and wines flowed in abundance. A toast was proposed to the health of the fair hostess. The glasses were filled to their brims. But the hostess' lover declined the one offered him, saying that he never took wine. "Just this one glass," she pleaded, and in such a fascinating manner that to refuse was beyond his power. Having broken his habit of temperance, it was not so difficult for him to be persuaded to drink the next toast offered, and so he went on until at the close of the entertainment, he had to be conveyed home helplessly intoxicated.

From that evening dated the downfall of the once moral and cultured young man. He drank whenever asked to, and with such bad effects that in less than a year he was a common drunkard. The marriage engagement came to an end, and his former betrothed became the bride of another suitor. The son that was once the pride of fond parents became a disgrace to their home, and the sorrowing mother went to her grave in consequence.

The bereaved father cursed the fair temptress, who, he claimed, had brought ruin and disgrace to his family. This was years ago; but the old man still lives, and with bowed head may often be seen upon the streets. And he never sees the lady in question that he does not approach her and recall the circumstances that have caused so much pain and sorrow. The life of the lady has been made more miserable than can be described. She has seldom ventured upon the street alone, and the scene the reporter had witnessed a few days before his informant said, was but a repetition of what had occurred now and then for years.

The ruined son still lives, but in a distant city, where he leads a degraded life. There are those who say that the broken-hearted father is insane, but there are not many who know his secret.—*Louisville Commercial.*

A Surgical Revelation.

About two weeks ago a daughter of Mr. William Hindhough, aged about twenty months, fell from a chair backwards, and in her struggles on the floor swallowed something which she had in her mouth, and which was supposed to be a hair-pin, from the information that could be obtained. The child has been in a precarious state ever since, suffering excruciating pain. The conditions became so serious that Dr. Eddy, the attending physician, decided that an operation was necessary if the child's life was to be saved at all, and this morning performed it, with the assistance of Dr. Clark. To the astonishment of the operating physicians and all concerned, the foreign substance was found to be, not a hair-pin, but a steel hat-pin a little over five inches long and having a large jet head, and which was found in the stomach and very successfully removed. A slight protuberance appeared on the left side just above the lower rib. This was cut into and the point of the pin was revealed. There are hopes for the recovery of the child.—*Oswego Palladium.*

Journalism and Women.

No work is more strangely and more curiously misunderstood than that required by journalism. It not only requires special talent of a high order, but the greatest amount of technical discipline, general information, adaptability, quickness of diction, and fertility of resources. With all this it requires, too, what is almost a sixth sense; the mental habit of keen analysis and swift combination. While these qualifications are, in their perfection, the result of experience, they must also be natural gifts. The journalist, even as the poet, is born, not made. The young woman who aspires to do "critical literary work" would, upon trial, probably be found incompetent to write a local paragraph satisfactorily. If she is earnest in her desire to enter journalism she must be content to begin at the beginning. She must realize the importance of that sympathetic perception, graphic delineation, and power of representation that characterizo the able reporter. It is a department whose discipline is invaluable and whose scope it may well be a young woman's aspiration to ably fill, and there is not the slightest danger of her work being too good for it—the anxiety should be to have it sufficiently good. If the aspiring young woman is ready to begin in the simplest manner, and bring her best abilities to whatever she is set to do, she may, in time, grow to other work. That depends wholly on innate ability and her power of perseverance.

Again, the professional journalist is often amazed at the amused over the attitude taken by the young woman whose contribution he rejects. Now, it is an unwritten law well understood in journalism that no editor is under the slightest obligation to give a reason for his acceptance or non-acceptance of a manuscript. He is not called upon to write a private critique on the article to the author of it. His acceptance or rejection is an absolute and unquestionable fact. That among amateur writers this does not appear to be understood. "The article is hardly available for the columns of the *Daily Designer*," writes the editor of that journal. Now that is sufficient. On that should end the matter. The article may be better in some respects than a dozen others he accepts, but if he be in any sense worthy of his place he has an intuition of subtle fitness and intellectual adjustments, which he could no more communicate than he could put his mental life on exhibition. Moreover, there is not the slightest necessity of his communicating them. But his contributor cannot let the matter rest. Perhaps she has written a book, and she is not gratified with his review of it. She must write him a letter deprecating his judgment. She wants to know if he has read her book carefully. She tells him the *Critical Connoisseur* gave two columns of extracts from it, and that she thinks it too bad, she does, that he referred to it so unkindly. She favors him with nine pages of her views on his conduct. She alludes touchingly to the fact that seven of her dearest lady friends each sent her a copy of the *Daily Designer* that contained his cruel allusion to her volume on "Transatlantic Hurricanes," and she begs him to devote one little half hour to her production and then write fairly of it. All sub-editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reason for publishing or not publishing any matter submitted to his judgment. Outside writers and aspiring amateurs rarely seem to comprehend this truth, and their transgressions are largely from ignorance rather than from intention. The nature of editorial work requires absolute power of decision in order to preserve the unities of the journal the editor conducts, and the amateur contributor should not permit his amour propre to incite him to open any discussion regarding the justice of the editorial judgment.—*Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Brother Gardner on Politicians.

"Bewar' of de pollytishun! If he am black, go outer yer way to shun him. If he am white, lock yer doahs an' load yer shotguns."

The old man paused here to look into his desk for a piece of slippery-elm, and Waydown Beebe took advantage of the opportunity to rise and inquire:

"Does the chair refer to a white man named Seeker Jackson?"

"Yes, de Cha'r refers to dat werry pusson," replied the President. "Fur de las' fo' weeks he has bin de plague of my life. I understan' dat he kalkerlates to run fur State Senator nex' fall, and he am now tryin' to make hisself solid wid de cull'd element; an' I furder understan' dat he has petishuned dis club for membership; an' dat he am buyin' rattleboxes, tin whis'les un' sacred perfumery in a systematic manner of de pass-word am heah-by authorized to pulverize him an' sell de pulverizashun to de rag-man at two cents a pound."—*From Proceedings of Limekiln Club in Detroit Free Press.*

—Egg parties are the latest country amusements. The girls write their names on an egg and deposit it in a basket. The gentlemen draw the eggs from the basket and claim the company of the girl whose egg they have taken.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The "Down-East" Dialect.

"But you and I have heard and conned and laughed over the provincialism of the 'Georgia Cracker,' and the 'Western Hoosier,' and I have for you some of the expressions of the 'Down-east Yankee.' I have recently been visiting the mountains of Maine and New Hampshire, and while enjoying the sights myself, collected some of the sounds for you; they are in this book," and she handed me a small memorandum.

"You can *lug* that off with you"—lug, mind you, and not *tote* as the Southerner would say, nor tack, a la the Western man.

"Why, how you talk!" I responded, as my eyes fell on that quotation in the little book.

"Yes," laughingly, she rejoined, "that is one expression of surprise, and *I want to know* is another, with *there! sure* and *du tell!* for mild exclamations of wonder."

And then we drew our chairs near together like two school children, one knowing the lesson and teaching it to the other.

"Where were you when you wrote this book?"

"Please study its orthography and speak by it," she interrupted. "I *writ* what you have before you in Oxford County, Me. I *see* people there on a holiday from all over the country, a *marster large* crowd. How the men did *swop hosses*, watches, boots and knives on that day. It was an enjoyable occasion. Two men *fit*, but neither was much hurt. Two boys *clim* a tall *far* (fir) tree that made me *kinder narvous; I* was *skeered* they would fall and get *scrutched*. An *Injean* encampment was one *jest* where we *et* dinner."

"That is very good, *Clary Augusty*," remarked her husband. "Go on and tell about *Miss* Hill's husband's *ghoss*."

"Wall, I wish you could have seen that *animil*—he was such a *purty cooter* (pretty creature). I couldn't help *begruttchin* Mr. Hill, for the *animil* was not *a skeered* of anything, nut even the *kers*. He was a horse of great *vally* (value). He was full of *sperret*, but *Miss* Hill's *Young-uns* havorid'm often. He was as sound as a *berril* and a fine *rouder*. Charles, *he you* really *gon-ter* to try to buy him?" she asked of her husband.

"*Ef* I could *git red* of two I now have the *fust* house I *sot* foot into would be Hill's.

"What did you fine to eat so far North?" I queried.

"Chickens, *aigs*, butter, *bris* (berries) and *cake* (biscuit). The last Sunday we *was* in Oxford we had *sled* fowl for dinner and it *war monstrus* nice. I think the water of *them folks* wells *be* the best I ever *drinked*. *Then* people *is* mighty clever, but awful *curis*. Now there is Bill Haskill *as* has been *keepin' company* with *Lizy Jane* Wiggins nigh onto twelve years and they *hain't* married *yit*. There is *Miss* Stellings, a *wilder woman* with a *sight 'o* money, but *they say* she *sot so much store by* her husband (loved him so much) that she won't let no man keep company with her. Although the sun was *marster* hot *skeersely* anybody had *umbrils* (umbrellas). I had a lace fringed parasol with me, but when I *riz* it I *see* two or three *steerin'* at me so hard I took it down. The dressing of some of the men was not stylish. Some of the *cots* (coats) fit *gauming* (uncouth). A few men always *sot kerled up* (crooked) as *ef* they had the *rumatiz*."

"Please pause here for a definition." I asked: "What is this and where did you catch it?"

"Let me look; oh yes; that is *skimigilious*. That word was *fust* heard in a church trial. The parson was arraigned, charged with having attended dances. Deacon Podger having been appointed to put the charges in writing, read them at the church meeting. He stated therein that the pastor had been guilty of an offense of immense magnitude and preponderosity, and that his punishment should be *skimiqilious*. It is said that upon the pronouncement of the last word the parson skipped through an open window, ran off as if for his life, and has never been heard of since. There are other words worth observing as *luther* for leather, *blowed* for blew, *kittle* for kettle, *div* for dived, *fer* for far, *hern* for hers, *yourn* for yours, *sasser* for saucer, *had'nt orter* for should not. A cat *yows* and a bird *yips*; this *keow* gives more milk *as* the other, instead of than the other."—*Boston Post.*

Highway Robbery in Maine.

The visitors at this aristocratic summer resort got a taste of the border ruffianism to-day, which is not at all to their liking. A buckboard party of three gentlemen and half a dozen ladies was this afternoon halted by a band of desperadoes on a steep and narrow road on Green Mountain, ten miles from here. The leader of the bandits stood in the middle of the road with a pistol in each hand, and commanded the driver to stop. The order was instantly obeyed, and the highwayman, covering the party with his shooters, advanced to the carriage, while two confederates made a flank movement in the bushes. The leader, in a pleasant voice, remarked: "Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your money," accompanying the request with a significant movement of his cocked weapons. Messrs. John and Isaac Howe, of Boston, the unfortunate victims, promptly handed over their purses, which contained between $1,100 and $1,200 in cash. The robber pocketed them coolly, and, looking the ladies over carefully, added: "Now I'll take those watches;" and two elegant gold time-pieces were quickly delivered. With a pleasant "Good day," the desperadoes disappeared in the bushes, and the party, on recovering from its astonishment, proceeded. The town of Bar Harbor was quickly alarmed, and a large band of citizens is to-night searching the island for the rascals. The Messrs. Howe are wealthy cottagers, and have offered a reward of $1,000 for the capture of the robbers, dead or alive.—*Bay Harbor Special to Chicago Times.*

—A tornado created quite a sensation in Summer Lake Valley, Lake County, Oregon, the other day, by destroying fences, gardens and thousands of acres of forest. Two clouds seemed to meet and join forces near the summit of a high peak in the mountains surrounding the lake. The hurricane was in width about three or four hundred yards and swooped down the steep mountain side with awful force.

Japanese Peonies.

At Kanasawa, a fishing village about fourteen miles from Yokohama, are to be seen in their glory the finest flowers grown in Japan. They are peonies, and their gorgeous beauty is exceeded by no other blossoms to be found in this land of the Rising Sun. The plants are of an average height of about six feet, and have been flourishing their wealth of beauty these three hundred years. The peony is in full flower during the month of April, the later buds not opening until the first days of May. It was in the last days of April that I was honored with an invitation from the Superintendent of Customs of the Port of Yokohama to join a party whom he had invited to proceed on his steam launch to Kanasawa to see the peonies. An hour and a half was enjoyed in steaming from Yokohama to Kanasawa, where we found quite a number of people of both sexes, children and adults, gathered to witness our arrival. There is no beach at Kanasawa, a wall of masonry being built along its irregular front, encroaching on its quiet bay. The houses of the village are many of them built close up to the edge of this wall, and are nearly all on made ground. Our party not having any other mission than to view the flowers, we were immediately taken to the grounds where they were to be seen. Like all Japanese gardens, they are carefully kept. The peonies occupied a space by themselves, there being a number of different varieties and colors—some white, streaked with delicate shades of pink, deepening into bright hues of scarlet, with stamens variegated with purple, scarlet, pink and shades of color almost indescribable. Others there were of delicate shades of purple, some almost a salmon color, and one hush bore flowers of a rich dark maroon shade. We were told by the owner of the premises that some of these shrubs had produced as many as one hundred and twenty flowers, the largest measuring about fifteen inches in diameter. The average size of those still in bloom was about eight inches in diameter. They have a large mass of stamen, and as the leaves radiate from the calyx horizontally, the flower has a saucer-like shape. The stamen of the peony is of many variegated hues, and is a beauty in itself. One tree of the yew species of grand proportions, that could tell of the history of Kanasawa for a period exceeding ten centuries, stands upon these grounds. It has given of its generous shade to more than thirty generations of the man who planted it.—*Yokohama Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Robbed of Her Hair.

About two weeks ago Miss Jennie Boggs, a young lady about sixteen years of age, who for several years past has resided in the family of Mrs. George Freaner, wife of the late Hon. George Freaner, of Hagerstown, Md., was awakened at a late hour at night by a noise in her bed room. Thinking it was one of the inmates of the house she asked who was there. Hearing no response, she arose from her bed, walked to the door of her room, and looked out in the passage, where she saw a man making a hasty exit down the stairs. She alarmed the household, but no clew to the intruder could be ascertained. About one week ago the young lady rose in the morning and discovered that during the night some one had entered her room while she was asleep and had cut all her hair from her head. Upon informing Mrs. Freaner of what had transpired, several friends of the family were summoned and an examination of the premises was made. The lower doors of the house were found open, as well as a window. It is supposed that some person, jealous of Miss Boggs' magnificent hair, which reached nearly to her feet, had entered the dwelling, chloroformed the poor girl, and robbed her of her tresses. The mysterious affair caused a sensation in the usually quiet town, and on Wednesday last this was greatly intensified when it became known that Miss Boggs was seriously ill. The best medical aid was summoned, but despite their efforts the girl died. The cause of her death is said to have been an acute attack of cholera morbus, but the general opinion is that she died from grief at the loss of her hair, as she would sit from morning until evening and complain of the nefarious act.—*Baltimore Sun.*

One of the Sea Serpents Killed.

It is but a few years since Mr. Robert Young, one of our most worthy and respected citizens, caught a glimpse of an aquatic monster in Chats Lake, near Arnprior, Canada, which he described as being of enormous size and proportions. Captain Brown, of the steamer Alliance, also got a view of these monsters in the same waters the summer before last, and various other people claim to have seen large specimens at different times and at divers places. But this week we are in a position to announce the capture of what is probably one of the progeny of the original old Chats Lake serpent, which has often struck terror to the hearts of the superstitious river men. While coming down from the Snow Rapids with a tow last Monday evening, and while off Blackwell's Island, the crew of the Levi Young noticed a huge serpent swimming ahead of the boat. Mr. John Durgan, chief engineer, and a deck hand, named Shaw jumped into a boat and started in pursuit of the reptile. They succeeded in getting within striking distance of the serpent when Mr. Durgan struck it a blow over the head with his oar. The beast then turned and made for the occupants of the boat, literally churning the water with his tail in his fury. Another powerful and well-directed blow with an oar on the neck of the serpent laid it out dead when it was taken in tow and brought aboard the steamer. The crew of the boat stretched it out on the rail and measured it with a rule. Its total length was eleven feet, while the body was thirteen inches in circumference. Its jaws were pried open and a pair of compasses inserted, which were opened out to a distance of six inches. The description given of this reptile is the same as that given by Mr. Young and Captain Brown, so that is possible that the one just killed is a lineal descendant of the old king snake who has sported himself in Chats Lake for years past.—*Arnprior Chronicle.*

For Young Readers.

TWO MAIDENS.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiliest
petted little elf;
For she never helps her mother, or her sister
or her brother,
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely
for herself;
So she stamps, and she sighs,
And she mopes, and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always: she's a prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her sister, and her brother,
And lives for all around her, quite regardless of herself;
So she laughs and she sings,
And she hums as happy wings
Shower gladness round her pathway as they flee.
Now need I tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be?
This is surely just the little maid for me.
—*Harper's Young People.*

KASPAR AND THE CLOCK.*

A German Boy's Adventure.

"Kaspar, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?"

"I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathern jacket, starting up with a mischievous look in his blue eyes

"And what hast *thou* to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the Town Council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was, indeed, kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old Church of St. Martin was a famous play-ground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the foot of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the altar-screen, trying to blow the organ bellows, playing hide-and-seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however, might have been forgiven, for the old custodian was really as fond of his "little rogue" as the boy, with all his wildness, was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell *me* of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his gray head. "Could *it* go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered; "and, in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right into the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest: his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off!

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole; but a piece of the wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market-place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with Death stealing upon him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer, nearer.

"What *can* that thing in the clock face be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a gray-haired watchmaker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stair they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here."

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against that lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute-hand actually touched his neck. And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home from a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.—*David Ker.*

*The great English Cathedral of St. Paul's is said to have witnessed a somewhat similar adventure.

Playing Stage.

The old town where the children were passing their vacation stood upon a breezy hill among the New England mountains. From its long and winding street they could see distant lakes shining deep down in the wooded valleys, and fleecy clouds creeping along the deep blue sides of far-off cliffs. The houses were clustered oddly about, and over their gray old roofs the birds sang all day long in the summer silence.

Of course, the children were always busy. Their pleasures never seemed to wear out. What they threw aside to-day they would take up again the next day with new interest, if it so happened; and, if not, they invented something better. They had peddled sand for sugar, selling it at the low price of five dollars a pound; they had broken a croquet-mallet and mended it three different ways; they had sent an arrow straight through the kitchen window-glass; they had played "wild Indian," in which game Master Johnny, fiercely decorated and personating "Old-chief-not-afraid-of-Wolf," had distinguished himself by scalping Bertha's doll with a table-knife. This act of the great sachem so demoralized the rest of the tribe that it was a long time before peace was restored to that people.

In fact, Johnny exhausted all his eloquence in proving that if a boy was going to play Indian, why, he must play Indian, and of course he couldn't scalp Bertha, herself, could he? and anyway he could fix the hair on again.

As for Bertha, she said she wished she could go to Barcelona, for she had heard that there, on the eve of the Befana, every kind of doll, in every possible phase of dollhood, from old man and women down to babies in cradles, could be bought, for the shop-windows, brilliantly lighted, were full of them.

They were in the midst of a heated discussion whether it was best to play *real* real or only make-believe, when the sound of stage-wheels clacking at the foot of the hill sounded upon the still noon air.

"I know what we'll do," shouted Johnny, as he turned a sudden somersault upon the grass, "we'll play stage, and go somewhere!"

In a short time a number of chairs were arranged upon the lawn, and the passengers comfortably seated therein. Johnny pointed out the sights as they drove off.

"See that big stone house over there?"

"Over where?" said Bertha. "I don't see any house."

"Why, that great very large house beside the sage-bushes."

"Oh, yes?"

"Well, that's where John Bunyan lives. There's Mister Bunyan out there now selling shoe-strings!"

"So it is, indeed. Why, I hardly knew him, he has changed so. Do drive over and buy some strings. They say they are very nice."

"Oh no," said Johnny, "we shall never have time. Be dark before we get there. Whoa! Where does your uncle live?"

"He's—he's—he's gone out West."

"What West?"

"Out to Pekin, China; don't you know?"

"All right; we'll just peek in and see him. Get up along."

In about a minute the stage rolled into the land of idols and tea with a fine flourish.

"Ever seen an idol?" said Johnny.

"Yes," replied Bertha, "I saw one down at the vestry made out of wood."

"You just come along with me and I'll show you a real one," said Johnny, "and it isn't any wooden image, either. Its name is 'Goo-go.'"

The idol Goo-go sat enthroned in a hammock. So intent was she in shaking a little rubber-rattle, that she gave very small attention to her foreign guests.

Indeed, she was so very indifferent that the travelers withdrew, and in an incredibly short time were back in America.

There they were welcomed by a speech from Bridget, and a banquet consisting of marmalade and cake.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Hubert Bartlett and Frank Green, two bold riders of Newburyport, one aged fifteen and the other a year older, were arrested recently for the highway robbery of Mr. Fowler, who was made to stand and deliver at the pistol's mouth. They confessed, and in their outfit were found masks, pistols, chloroform, and a well dirtied collection of dime novels.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—The infant son of Prince Frederick Wilhelm will have to wait until three generations have passed away before he can ascend the throne. Having so much waiting to do he does well to begin it thus early.—*Detroit Post-Tribune.*

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings at the polling places [The voters in No. 8, will meet at the usual places and elect three delegates from the Eastern side and two from the western side of "Backbone"] in their respective districts on:

Saturday, September 2, 1882,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

to elect five (5) delegates from each district to attend a County Convention to be held at Oakland on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at 2 o'clock P. M., to elect three (3) delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held in Hagerstown, on Wednesday, September 13th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating [illegible] candidate for Chief Judge and [illegible] annoyance."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A correspondent says he knows by two years' successful experience that a dash of soapsuds is death to currant worms.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap it in a wet cloth, and set over butter; it will keep it as hard as if on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or even a tin one, will keep sweet a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.—*Detroit Post.*

A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* claims that winding a string tightly around the body or a limb in June or July will cause barren fruit trees to yield the following season. Let our readers try it on single limbs and alternate trees this summer. The string should be cut the following winter or early spring.

—Red ants may be banished from a pantry or store-room by strewing the shelves with a small quantity of cloves, either whole or ground. Some use the former as not being so likely to get into food placed upon the shelves. The cloves should be renewed occasionally, as after a time they lose their strength and efficacy.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Before putting a roast of veal in the oven cover the upper side of it with thin slices of bacon. Unless you have tried this you will be surprised to find what a delicate flavor and rich brown color will be imparted to the otherwise almost tasteless meat. The gravy will be greatly improved, and the dressing also, if the knuckle is stuffed.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Discussing the German method of planting potatoes, with ample distance and with eyes under, so that the stems shall grow widely apart, a foreign correspondent asserts that it not only saves in seed, but produces more and better crops. Often in England, he says, a dozen tubers are used where one only would be enough, but it is difficult to make some new gardeners believe it.

—A recipe for making sugar-beet pudding: Grate or cut in half-inch pieces two cupfuls of boiled beets, add to them six eggs beaten smooth, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and one tablespoonful of butter. Bake these ingredients in an earthen dish for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve the pudding hot, as a vegetable.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A novel and wonderfully pretty brush-broom pocket is made in the shape of a large butterfly. The foundation of pasteboard is covered with brown velvet, and is ornamented and made to look fairly natural by the addition of chenille and gilt-cord put on in lines and spots. It is lined with brown or yellow silk, and to the back is fastened a curved piece of pasteboard, also covered with silk. In this the whisk-broom is to be kept. The size of the butterfly must depend on the size of the broom, as this must be concealed from sight.—*N. Y. Post.*

Pruning Pea Vines.

The following by a writer in the *American Garden* is worth remembering until next summer: "While hoeing last summer my Little Gem peas, growing on rich, mucky land, between strawberry rows four feet apart, I noticed that some of the plants had more than one bearing stalk. The question occurred to me why all could not have several stalks, and of course more pods, provided the land was rich enough and there was room enough between them for air and sunshine. Then came the thought of what I had heard and read about shortening in plants to make them more stocky and fruitful, and of the practicability of a similar treatment for peas. It was already late in the season, the first blossoms just showing themselves in most cases, yet the experiment was worth trying, and as I had an acre of these peas it could not amount to much if I did injure a few plants. So I counted off just 600 plants on one row, stuck a stake firmly in the ground and pinched remorselessly an inch or more, blossoms and all, from the top of every one of these plants. Then I counted 600 plants on the row next to this and drove a stake, without disturbing the plants. I watched the decapitated vines with much interest, and sure enough new branches came out abundantly near the ground and from the axils of the leaves. They finally budded, blossomed and fruited more abundantly than their neighbors, although about a week later. None of the peas are picked, the entire crop being saved for seed. They were thrashed, winnowed and carefully measured separately on the 22d of August with the following result: The 600 headed-off plants yielded five plump quarts, while the 600 unpruned ones, in the adjoining row, yielded four scant quarts. The practical value of this shortening-in of pea vines, as appears from this single experiment, consists therefore not only in an increased productiveness of twenty-five per cent., but also in the prolonging of the period of picking from a single planting. By pruning a part of the vines the harvest of these becomes delayed a week, and thus all the advantages may be secured that would otherwise require two plantings."

A Cure for Warts.

I read a request for a cure for warts in some paper, and think it was in this. They are very troublesome, as I know, and I often laugh to myself when I think of the time a piece of meat was stolen from the pork barrel, rubbed over the warts, then hidden, years ago, as I had been told to do, and they would go off. Perhaps faith was lacking; at all events, instead or going off they grew larger continually. Grandmother said to me after this, "Why don't you cure those warts?" After asking how, she said. "Why, just as I did mine once, with milkweed, if they are seed warts. When you get your dishes washed at night they will be soaked up just right; then go out and break off stalks of milkweed, and apply the milk to each wart, being careful not to wash or soak it off till morning. Do this a few times, and they will certainly disappear, though you may think not. Now you try it." I did try her remedy faithfully, and since then I have recommended it, knowing it a sure cure for seed warts, for mine disappeared after three or four applications only, and I never had any more. The only discomfort was an intolerable itching at the roots of the warts for a few moments after using the milk.—*Cor. Household.*

Disposing of Poor Stock.

Poor stock is quite likely to accumulate on farms. There is always a demand for superior animals of every kind. Some horse-trader is certain "to have his eye on" a promising colt from the time it is first foaled. The local butcher will be tolerably sure to notice the earliest and best lambs in the flock and to "speak for them" as soon as they are large enough to be slaughtered. He will also ask the owner "to name the price" for the best steers, fat wethers and pigs. In nearly every part of the country dairymen go about "picking up" young cows that are known to be deep milkers, and they are generally willing to give high prices for very promising heifers. Often the price offered for good dairy stock is such that the farmers are tempted to dispose of their best cows and heifers and are left with very poor milkers to supply the family with dairy products. Dairymen have learned the difference in value between a cow that will give twenty quarts of milk in a day and one that will furnish only half that amount. They know that there is no profit in keeping cows that can not produce and maintain a large milking record. They are generally ready to offer what seems to be a very large price for cows that will give an uncommonly large amount of milk. If a horse raised on a farm develops remarkable speed under ordinary management, some faucier is quite likely to think that he can make money in buying it and training it for the turf. There is now a great demand for very heavy horses in cities, and those that can draw heavy burdens are quite likely to be bought by local dealers for shipping to cities and large towns where a large amount of heavy teaming is carried on. As a consequence, the best animals are sold to persons who come to the farm to buy them, and the most inferior ones remain.

Many farmers are prone to keep cattle, sheep, and sometimes hogs till the period when they have little value in any market. They accordingly continue to feed them long after they have "outlived their usefulness." When they become aware of the fact that they are no longer profitable they seek to sell them, but can find no purchaser. They then think about fattening them, but the season is so far advanced that the grass nearly is all gone, and they must be prepared for the butcher by feeding them grain or other expensive sorts of food. It is often the case that an animal fattened on corn and other expensive kinds of food will not bring as much as the food costs. It is not fed to them till the weather becomes cold and most of the fattening material it contained is consumed in generating heat or repairing the waste in the system. In many cases the teeth of the animals are poor and they are not able to chew their food properly. In other cases their digestive apparatus is impaired, and the grain they eat produces little fat or muscle.

Farmers, or the members of their families, often become attached to certain animals and keep them, not for the good they now do, or for any they are expected to do in the future, but for the good they have done. This sort of sentimentality is commendable, as it gives evidence of kindly feelings, but it is very expensive, and an indulgence in it to a considerable extent will be very certain to render a stock-raiser poor. With rare exceptions only quite young animals are profitable to keep. Every farm animal reaches an age when its value begins to steadily decline, no matter how well it may be fed and cared for. What is true of animals is also true of all kinds of fowls. All kinds of farm stock should be disposed of before this period of decline is reached. Only animals and fowls in good vigor can be fattened easily, and made to bring a fair price in the market.

Farmers would do well at this season of the year to carefully look over the live stock they have and determine what animals and fowls are profitable to keep over another winter. Meat of all kinds is high, and that afforded by inferior animals will probably sell for as much the coming fall and winter as it will at any future time. Farmers often winter animals and find that they are worth less in the spring than they were in the previous fall. They have eaten a large amount of hay and grain, and required a great amount of care, and have been subjected to many dangers, but are not able to command the price they would several months before. There is nothing to show for the food they have eaten except a few loads of manure. The record of the cows kept for giving milk should be carefully examined, and if it is not good the inferior animals should be prepared for the butcher. Few persons engaged in general farming keep good dairy stock. They have ordinarily several "general purpose" cows—that is, cows that will breed calves of fair quality as beef-producers, and which will give some milk for quite a limited period. They are not cows, however, which an intelligent dairyman would keep for a term of years, even if he could obtain them as a gift. These inferior milkers should be converted into beef, and their places supplied by cows that will give double the amount of milk. Most flock-masters agree in the opinion that it is not desirable to keep sheep that can be converted into mutton after they are four years old. They will produce large fleeces and drop good lambs after that time, but their value as meat-producing animals will begin to decline. It will require more food, and that of a better quality, to fatten them as they become old, and their flesh will be of less value. As to fowls, no one wishes to buy those that are old, however fat they may be.—*Chicago Times.*

Egyptian Princes.

Ismail Pacha, the former Khedive of Egypt, brought up his sons, of whom he had five, in a peculiar manner. Tewfik, as the heir apparent, was educated in Egypt and is a bigoted Mussulman. The second son, Prince Houssan, was brought up in France and is a thorough Parisian in all his tastes. Prince Halem, the third son, graduated at the Berlin university and loves his lager beer and tobacco as well as any German; indeed, he is an officer of the German army. He is said to be the ablest of all the sons of the late Khedive. Prince Ibrahim is a thorough Englishman. He studies at Woolwich, eats roast beef, drinks Bass' ale and affects bull dogs. The fifth son is a boy of thirteen, and is at a college in Turin, Italy. Such is the polyglot family of the late Khedive.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Parisian Tailors, 1323.

Jean Jamlun who wrote the "Eloge de Paris," in 1323 gives a most graphic description of the display of goods in the shape of clothes, furs, silks and stuffs which were exposed for sale on the ground floor of the shops, while the story above was devoted to the lighter object *de luxe*, such as toilet details, ivory pens, head-gear, girdles, gloves, etc. That the trade was a lucrative one is evident from the fact that the heaviest assessment was made on this class of shops, varying from thirty to 150 livres. It is worth while noticing that though makers of woolen, silk and lace goods were somewhat numerous, those of linen were very few, only eight in number, which seems to imply that the linen trade was comparatively little known in those days, and that the material was not much used. There were many hatters; but we must not omit to mention the *mortetiers*, (from whom, perhaps, our slang University term of "mortar-boards" has been derived,) a rather powerful and important craft, who gave their name to the Rue de Mortellerie. There were also, no less than five makers of hats from peacock's feathers. The furriers, of which there were 350, formed one of the most powerful trade guilds of the time; and we also find that the old clothes men flourished at that period under the significant title of *rafreschisseurs*, or renovators of old garments. Tailors, who numbered 160, occupied an important position in the clothing trade, although the trade was very much divided in o specialties, there being, besides tailors proper, corporation of doublet makers, braces-makers, shoulder-knot-makers, etc. The tailors were under several peculiar rules and laws. The customer always found the cloth, and the tailors province was merely to cut the garment; and if he did not do this properly he was liable to a fine from his guild and the cost of the damage done to the cloth. A paper pattern was first of all taken of the intended suit, and this pattern was kept by the corporation as evidence in case of any complaint either of misfit or of not using up all the cloth, which was considered a point of great heinousness. This, however, was not limited to France for we find the same custom prevalent in England in the early days, as shown by the following: Memorandum—That John Rowter received iiii yerdes of broi cloth blew to make Master Robert Rydon a gowune upoun the weeche, the sayde Master Robert compleyned of the lacking of his cloth. And ther wasse duly proved iii quarteris of brod clothe conveyed in pieces, as hit apereth by patorons of blacke paper in our commen kofer of record, at any tyme redy to shew." In royal establishments, and in great houses generally the tailor was a regular servant, receiving wages and wearing a livery, and, indeed, in the King's palace was a complete tailor's shop, just as the ladies of the households kept their dressmakers and seamstresses. —*The Antiquary.*

—The world grows old, but renews its youth annually.

Dr. R.V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula. Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or tetter. One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

Next we shall have a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean: "I don't like her father."—*Boston Post.*

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The sport of lassooing the wicked and elusive pun is not particularly a summer sport. Very few of you have a real fat little pun corralled and are just about to slip your stylographic loop around it and serve it up to your readers, when lo and behold, it dodges you and a rawny boned, antiquated old pun that has been on exhibition for years turns up in its place. It is time to quit the hunt.—*New Haven Register.*

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Picayune.*

A woman has to settle a man's coffee with the white of an egg, but she can settle his hash with a look.

Wise's Axle Grease never spoils or gums.

There is a girl in Plymouth County who has had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.—*Boston Post.*

This is Vennor's "year without a summer." If we had had a summer along with the hot weather we could not have endured it.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Vermont woman sixty-six years of age tried to drown herself because a young man of twenty-two refused to marry her. Must be a hard-hearted class of young men in that State.

Arabi Bey has been confiscating all the horses he can lay his hands on. This is the first intimation we have had that Arabi was trying to establish a stable government.—*Texas Siftings.*

A trade journal gives directions for "preserving harness." Preserved harness may be considered very palatable by those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What a nice-looking young man!" simpered a lady to her friend, as a youth in the omnibus deposited her nickel in the safety-box. "Yes," was the reply, "I see he is passing fare."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Milton, besides writing a good deal of original poetry, used to make puns. When asked if he intended to have his daughters instructed in the languages, he said: "No; one tongue is enough for a woman."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In response to the postal card inquiry: "When is a boy not a boy?" we would state that it might be when he's sorrel have to surrender, but, in all probability, it's when he sees that his country cannot hold her roan.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

At a restaurant on a Virginia railroad a traveler threw a piece of pie out of the window and had to pay $300 for breaking three ribs of a boy. He didn't know it was loaded, but they wouldn't take that for an excuse.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly, James O. Bellis, Flemington, N.J.
"Discovery" sold by druggists.

There are those who think time is out of joint because it cannot turn and go backward. —*N. O. Picayune.*

The Summer Jaunt

Is a delight if all goes right, and you don't happen to wake in the middle of the night with frightful cramp and colic, the result of over-indulgence in something unwholesome. No summer jaunt should be undertaken without a bottle or two of Perry Davis's Pain Killer. Bad water, unripe fruit, malarious atmosphere and other untoward causes may produce sudden emergencies, which call for the instant use of this invaluable remedy. Especially, when you take the children to the country, don't be without it.

What relation is your father's only brother's sister-in-law to you? Your mother, of course.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

When the schoolmaster threatened to tan Johnny, the urchin reminded him that a "soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."—*Our Continent.*

***Acoward can be a hero at a distance; presence of danger tests presence of mind." Presence of disease tests the value of a curative. Kidney-Wort challenges this test always and everywhere, so far as all complaints of the bowels, liver and kidneys are concerned. It cures all, nor asks any odds.

The milking stool is the latest in the "decoration" line. It is affected only by the cream of society.

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Russia Salve is unrivaled for its speedy healing qualities. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cts.

It is the father of wins who knows what it is to be up all nigh with the boys.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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"Angelina"—Eating onions not only prevents the lips from chapping, but usually keeps the chaps from lipping.—*Detroit Post.*

Straighten old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

The Boston *Herald* says: "After Oscar Wilde, Tug Wilson." If that is so, Oscar had better run.—*Lowell Courier.*

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When a young lady refuses a marriage proposal, it is a case of sleight of hand.

The latest fashion—Wise's Axle Grease for Reapers.

The Receiving Teller: The last woman at the sewing society.

The very best is Wise's Axle Grease.

Likely to be a myrrh maid—the apothecary's daughter.

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Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, as thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are backed up by irrefragable proofs. The Bitters also give a healthful stimulus to the urinary organs. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

TEAS in abundance.—$5 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
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10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.
Send for pound sample, 17 cts, extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
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Merchant's GARGLING OIL LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our Liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

Our testimonials date from 1833 to the present. Try Merchant's Gargling Oil Liniment for internal and external use, and tell your neighbor what good it has done.

Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

CURES Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scratches or Grease, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Flesh Wounds, Stiffast, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy Cracked Teats, Fallons, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Quitter, Abscess of the Udder, Sprains and Bruises, Springhalt, Windgalls Foot Rot in Sheep, Foundered Feet, Roup in Poultry, Sore Nipples, Garb, Wrenched Heels, Old Sores, Epizootic, Lame Back, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Toothache, Rheumatism, Spavins, Sweeney, Corns, Whitlows, Weakness of the Joints, Contraction of Muscles, Cramps, Swelled Legs, Fistula, Mange, Thrush, Caked Breasts, Boils, &c.

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That which is easy of Digestion—never constipating. That which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and that which acts as a preventive of those Intestinal Disorders incidental to Childhood.

And, while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more Creamy and Delicious, or more Nourishing and Strengthening as an ailment in Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia and General Debility, its Rare Medicinal Excellence in all Intestinal Diseases, especially in Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa and Cholera Infantum,
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CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.—According to a telegram from Quebec, Mr. Chapleau, secretary of state, in his address to the electors of Terre Bonne, predicted that Canada would ultimately become independent of England. Mr. Chapleau is an able man, and, as the leading representative of the French sentiment in the Dominion of Canada, doubtless expresses the hopes than the expectations of his constituents. It is perfectly safe in him to predict that Canada will [illegible] her allegiance to Great Britian at some future day, for that is an event that is looked forward to ultimately by the English people themselves. But the independence of Canada is not now by any means so imminent as it was in 1837 and 1838, when upper and Lower Canada broke out with insurrection under William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada and Louis Joseph Papineau in Lower Canada, these being at that time two separate and distinct provinces. They were not united for purposes of government until ten years later. The insurrection was finally quelled, but only after a considerable number of lives were lost. Since then the confederation of the Dominion of Canada has been created, and the dependency thus formed enjoys now an enviable degree of legislative independence, while acknowledging allegiance to Great Britain and entitled to be protected by her arms.

Ex-Senator Charles Gayrre, of Louisiana, is reported in *The Post*, of Boston, as saying that "If Mr. Garfield had lived and had acted as liberally as he had promised to do there might have been a wonderful political change in Louisiana. The people are tired of politics and most of them feel as Senator George of Mississippi, said lately in the Senate to the astonishment of all those who heard him: "I am a Democrat, but I am more attached to my people than to any party, to support the party that will do my fellow-citizens more good than any other." There is a great disposition to support an honest party. The Democratic party that was has lost a good deal of character."

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Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

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Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

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Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

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A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

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And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Before all substitutes, Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

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Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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Valuable Coal and Woods Land

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For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool bantings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool reshimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

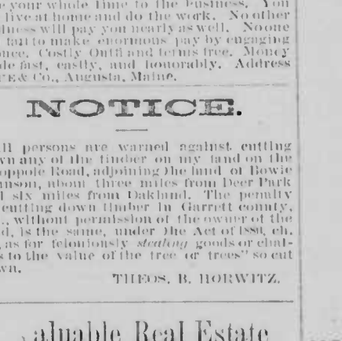

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
12 1f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to tuffutts store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-0.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.13 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.35 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN B. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 2t DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "Roland." The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to its price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 627 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber as Attorney named in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coolidgton's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 625 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 101 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 816 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schoolcy, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rholehoever and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gungey, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and Jere. Harvey's on Tuesday, August 22d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RUNKER
Examiners.
7 22 2

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 81 Cloud Building, Washington, D. C., Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emptioned or homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largecrrn in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

7 18 tf

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Willink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and
Farming Implements
—ALSO—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, 1ds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the Elegant and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. dff 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by Dr. S. B. Hartman, M. D. It has proved itself to be a most valuable and thoroughly reliable remedy for

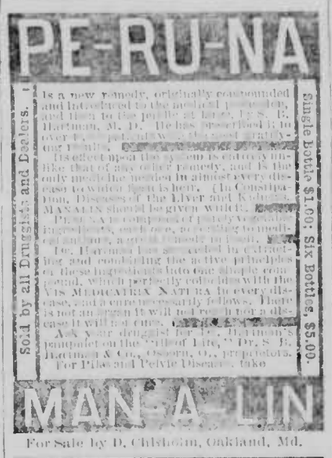

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

HOW THEY HELPED HER.

"I can't afford it, Celia. I wish I could; but the dress alone would cost fifteen dollars, to say nothing of the trimmings and the dressmaker's bill."

"Can't we manage make it ourselves, mother? The pattern that Miss Bowen cut for me fits beautifully, and I'm sure that we can make it as nicely as any one, if we try. Mr. Dunstan is coming to take possession of Dunstan Hall in two weeks. He is young, wealthy and unmarried; he will call here, of course, as father has superintended the repairs of the hall, and has had the care of things since his uncle's death. Don't you suppose that father can add a little more to the amount already in your possession? So much depends on my having something nice and becoming to wear, and on my making a fine appearance during the next few weeks."

"I know it," replied her mother, with a weary sigh; "but I've only the twenty-five dollars with which to get you and Pet each a dress. I know that your father can't spare another cent this month, and I wouldn't think of asking him for it. If you get the dress you have set your heart upon having, it will take, at the very least calculation, twenty dollars for dress material, lace and buttons, even if we make it ourselves. This would leave only five dollars for Pet's dress.

Little Mrs. Haywood emptied the contents of her purse in her lap as she spoke, and carefully counted the shining silver pieces once more, vainly hoping to find that she had been mistaken in the amount it contained. She turned the purse upside down, and shook it vigorously; she pinched and patted its empty sides, in order to make sure that no stray dimes had slipped between the outside and the lining. Her efforts were of no avail, however. Count the little pile as often as she might, it always summed up just twenty-five dollars and three cents.

"Pet's only a little girl, and it won't be so serious a matter if she isn't dressed handsomely," began Miss Celia, appealingly. Then drawing her chair closer to her mother's, lowering her voice and glancing apprehensively around, she added: "I have passed my twenty-sixth birthday, you know, and I must catch a husband this summer, if I ever intend to. Pet will look very nice in a pretty calico."

"You bet she will!" came like a small blast from behind the sofa.

Miss Celia gave a terrible cream, as a great, brown ball rolled out into the room, and unfolded itself like a mammoth jack-knife.

First, two bare, sunburned feet were thrust out, then a head and arms became visible, and finally a small terror of the household—viz. the little brother—assumed a sitting posture, and eyed his lady sister with twinkling, elfish eyes.

"I always thought thet you's a long time a gettin' pas twenty. Pet and I've had six birthdays since you've had a single one," he began, laughing immoderately; "an' you've always had a dreadfully old look for your age, too."

"Dick!" said Miss Celia, turning upon him so suddenly that in trying to dodge the expected blow he turned a double somersault and landed in a heap near the door,

The young lady's features assumed a meditative expression, and when she again addressed him her tones were soft and persuasive,

"I'm going to trust you, Dickie, with a great secret. In fact, I'm going to make a confidant of you, and I'll buy you a pint of peanuts the next time I go to town if you will find Pet and come with her to the maple tree in about half an hour."

"I'll do it?" he cried, springing up like a rubber ball, and darting out of the room with surprising agility.

"A whole pint o' peanuts for jest goin' out to the maple tree," he soliloquized. "Crackey! ain't she a gittin' generous in her old age? Said she's a goin' to make a confidant o' me. Now she needn't think I'm a goin' to jine the church, for I shan't do it. The ministered baptized six confidants last Sunday; but 'would take more'n one pint o' peanuts to get me into the water with my best breeches on. They'd never be fit to be seen after that, an' I don't get new duds so often that I can afford to spile 'em jest to please her."

"Mother," remarked Miss Celia, seriously, after Dick's exit, "I am going to engage both the children to assist me this time. They have been the means of spoiling my matrimonial prospects several times in the past. I think, if they understand matters at the start, they will be more careful this time. They will be only too glad to have me married and settled in a home of my own."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Haywood, faintly, as her daughter paused and seemed to expect a reply.

"You may make arrangements to get the dress for me," she added, as she rose to keep the appointment under the maple tree. "Pet will be glad enough to wear calico one more summer, when she understands the state of affairs."

Dick and Pet were under the maple as Celia approached, and that young lady could not help admiring the fresh, piquant face of her "little sister," as she had always called her; but somehow the little sister seemed uncommonly tall and womanly on this special afternoon.

She was seated in careless grace under the maple tree, weaving a chain of blossoms with which to ornament Dick's hat.

"What is it, Celia?" cried Pet, as her sister drew near. Are you really going to get married at last? And will you let me make the wedding cake?"

"Yes, if you'll both promise to help me," Celia began. "I might have been married long ago if it hadn't been for you two. You remember Doctor Langdon, who—"

"Yes, I know," faltered Pet, with a conscious blush; "but I was a little thing then, and didn't understand how to use deception."

"An' I remember Fred Jones how he took his hat an' shot out o' the parlor when I told him that you painted, an' powdered, an' squeezed your waist, an' wore false hair, an'—"

"Stop, Dick!" cried Celia, severely. "Now, I suppose you'd both be glad if I'd get married?"

"Crackey! wouldn't we, though? I'd be willin' to let you have my circus money if 'twould help any; but it might be another fizzle. Guess I won't."

"No, I don't want the money; but I want you both, when Mr. Dunstan comes, to speak of me as though I was the best of sisters. You understand what I mean, Pet, and you can instruct Dick better than I can. Don't allude to my hair, or if you do, why speak of it as though it was my own. If you can carry the impression that I am about twenty years old, do so."

"In fact," cried Pet, indignantly, after she had departed, "she wants us to—to—fibb! I wouldn't do it to get her married fifty times! Though to tell the truth, our home would be much happier if she was in one of her own."

"I'd lie like a white-headed to get her married," said Dick emphatically.

One day, a short time after the above conversation, Dick Haywood was sitting on the bank of the river that flowed past his home, at no great distance from the house.

He was occupied in a favorite pastime, that of fishing, and it seems almost wonderful what an amount of patience and perseverance the most restless of boys possess when engaged in watching and waiting for bites, which only attack the face and hands by innumerable mosquitoes, and never seem to interfere with the bait which floats idly in the water under the very noses of the fishes who pass and repass it in utter disdain.

Suddenly a loud splash a short distance down the river attracted his attention, and he glanced in that direction just in time to behold a young man draw in a large bass, which seemed to his excited imagination as though it might weigh a dozen pounds out of the water.

"Crackey!" he exclaimed, using his favorate expression, "he's got the boss place for fishing. I just wish he'd take me in the boat with him."

And as if dividing the boy's thoughts, the young man turned at that moment and caught the wistful expression on Dick's face.

"The fishing is better out here," he called, "Would you like to come in the boat?"

"I guess I would," answered Dick, drawing in his line and prepairing to join his new acquaintance.

The young man rowed to the shore, and when they were waiting for "bites," Dick, allowing his curiosity to get the better of him, asked:

"Do you live about here anywhere? I don't know's I've seen you afore."

"I'm stopping in the village a few days, and it's lonesome business when one isn't acquainted. I like boys, and I hope you'll have good luck fishing. Here, take my line; I'm tired, and I'll sit still so that I won't scare your fish away."

This generous offer won Dick's heart at once, and he was ready to meet any requirement his new friend might demand.

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted about here," began the young man, cautiously. "Are you acquainted with the new heir of Dunstan Hall?"

"The what?" asked Dick, with his attention directed toward a mammoth bass that was swimming tantalizingly over his baited hook.

"Mr. Earl Dunstan, the master of Dunstan Hall?"

"Him as is coming ter live at the hall?" asked Dick.

"The same. Do you know him?"

"No; but I spect he'll be a relation o' mine soon; an' I spect to have horses to ride, an' a boat, an' lots o' things, when he marries my sister."

"So he's going to marry your sister, is he?" asked the young man, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes. You see, she's twenty-six year old, I heard her tell mother so, the other day; an' she ain't married yet. She expects to catch Mr. Dunstan with her frizzes, an' gewgaws. She's hired me an' Pet to help her—only Pet says that she won't lie even to get her off'n our hands; an' Pet has it the hardest of anyone. She has to take her old dresses, an' I s'pose she's got to be a little girl till Celia's married, if 'taint for twenty years. You see Pet she's a sight prettier'n Celia ever was, an' she'd take the shine all off'n her, if she came in for her share o' the beaux. There—he's a nibblin' at the bait!"

"Well," said the young man, as Dick's attention became wholly absorbed in the fish, "so you are going to have a wedding soon? Does Mr. Dunstan come to see your sister often?"

"He ain't ever seen her as I know of," said Dick. "I hope it won't fizzle out as the other weddin' did, 'cause she's promised me lots o' nice things if he marries her. I'm to tell him what a nice sister she is. She boxes my ears an' Pet never did—There he is again! Oh, oh, help me pull him in!"

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"Be careful, or you'll lose him," said his new friend. "Let me show you how. You must draw the line slowly and carefully. There!" as he dropped the monstrous fish in the boat. "That fish will make a meal for a good-sized family. You're in luck, Dick."

Dick carried his trophy home and presented it to his mother with pride sufficient for a whole regiment of victorious soldiers.

Amid the expressions of delight and extravagant praises heaped upon this young hero, he described his new acquaintance in glowing terms.

"He's the jolliest fellow that ever was," he said; "an' we're goin' a-fishin' real often."

A few days later, Mr. Haywood informed his family that Mr. Dunstan had arrived, and would take tea with them that evening.

Dick was sent to a distant field for some blackberries, with which to honor the occasion, and Pet volunteered to accompany him. When their dish was about half-filled with great, delicious-looking blackberries, Dick suddenly exclaimed:

"There he is! Hello, Mr.—I forget your name, or else I never knew it!"

"My name is Leroy, Dick," said he smiling, as he advanced toward them.

"This is Pet," said Dick, by way of an introduction. "You know I told you about Pet."

"I am very happy to meet Miss Pet," said he setting himself to work at picking berries as though he had come for this express purpose.

By the time the task was completed, Miss Pet's bright eyes and sparkling face had been sadly entangled in the meshes of the young stranger's heart. She had always been regarded as a child, and although nearly seventeen years of age, was so childlike that she saw no impropriety in enjoying his society while the privilege lasted.

"I have an engagement to meet your father this afternoon, Miss Pet," said he, when the dish was filled with berries, "and with your consent I will walk home with you."

"Why, of course you'll walk with us," answered Dick. "You'd look nice a-sittin' by the road an' a-waitin' for us to get home, an' then come toggin' along behind—now wouldn't you!"

"Oh, Dick, you bad boy," remonstrated Pet, gently, while Mr. Leroy laughed, and said that Dick was a boy after his own heart.

Arriving at home, they found the whole family—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood and Miss Celia—assembled in the parlor, awaiting the arrival of their distinguished guest.

Pet and Dick had been instructed to carry the berries around to the kitchen, and not appear in the family circle until tea time. But Pet decided that it would be impolite to leave Mr. Leroy to enter the house alone; so she sent Dick around the back way with the berries, and she ushered her ner acquaintance into the parlor, where Celia, in her handsome dress proved a marked contrast to the little sister, with the berry stains on her fingers, and suspiciously near her rosy mouth.

"Why, Dunstan," exclaimed Mr. Haywood, before Pet had sufficient time to introduce him, "where did you come across the children?"

"In the berry-batch," said he, with the utmost nonchalance, while over Pet's face swept a look of consternation.

Could this pleasant, genial gentleman be the grand personage whom her sister was to marry?"

"If that's Mr. Dunstan, Celia's weddin' has fizzled again," Dick confided to Pet, on the back porch, after tea, while Celia was training every nerve to appear agreeable and fascinating in the parlor. "I let the cat out o' the bag the day we went a-fishin'. I let out the whole thing—false frizzes, paint, powder an' all. It seems 's if I can't hold my tongue, nohow; but I don't care—he's a sight too good for her, any how."

A year later, when Pet became Mrs. Dunstan, and went to live at the great house on the hill, Dick declared that he was glad he had a tongue, after all, and that he knew how to use it the day he went "a-fishin'."

He spends the greater part of his time at Dunstan Hall, with his favorite sister and her "jolly husband," as he calls Mr. Dunstan, while Celia, with another year added to her age, is still cultivating every means of fascination, in the hope of finally securing a husband.

ROSE HARTWICK THORNE.

The Wheat Yield.

Perhaps estimates as to the wheat crop have never been wider apart than they are now. Some excellent authorities, apparently supported by the Bureau of Agriculture, hold that the yield in 1882 will be 500,000,000 bushels or less, while others, claiming more or less support from official returns, maintain that the yield will be 600,000,000 bushels or more. The points of difference are, first, that the outside returns and estimates generally exceed those of the Agricultural Bureau, and second, that the statements of that Bureau have not been entirely consistent with themselves. Thus *The Daily Commercial Bulletin*, which still insists that the yield will not be less than 570,000,000, and probably more than 600,000,000 bushels, holds that the estimates of acreage by the Agricultural Department are entitled to some confidence, though its estimate of yield is not. Applying its estimates of increase of acreage in 1880, 1881 and 1882 to the Census report, it makes the acreage in 1882 not less than 40,800,000, and computes the yield as nearer fourteen bushels per acre than any other figure, thus making 571,000,000 bushels. But the official bulletin of the Produce Exchange takes a very different view, both of acreage and of average yield. It shows that the largest average yield in thirteen years has been 13.9 bushels, and that the acreage last year was much less, according to the Bureau report, than *The Commercial Bulletin* supposes.

It is very unfortunate that the Agricultural Bureau has not secured a high degree of confidence for its statistic. The wide difference between its estimates and the Census returns caused a general disposition to regard its later figures as untrustworthy. Yet the same statistician who prepared the Census report, as it happens, had prepared the previous reports and has prepared the later reports of the Bureau, and it is hardly to be supposed that he has left different parts of his own work to conflict with each other in a foolish and unreasonable manner. The Census returns disclosed a much larger acreage and yield of wheat than the Bureau had estimated for the year 1879. From the attempt to reconcile the Bureau with the Census reports, much of the subsequent confusion has arisen. But, unless it is supposed that the statistician of the Bureau can be convicted of a very palpable and shameless act of bad faith, it is unreasonable to aver that his estimates for 1881 or for this year have not been carefully corrected in the light of the Census report, made by himself.

The Bureau has not made a detailed statement for this year, but estimates that the crop of wheat will not be far from 500,000,000 bushels. *The Commercial Bulletin*, while talking of 600,000,000 bushels, only gives to warrant an expectation of 572,000,000 bushels, if the yield should prove the largest per acre on record, and if the acreage should prove much larger than the Bureau represents. All parties, however, base their calculations upon a state of facts which existed prior to the prolonged storm, by which it is officially reported that 11,000,000 bushels of wheat were injured in Michigan alone. In some localities, also, the threshing, not yet in progress when either of these accounts were made, has turned out much more favorable, and in others much less favorable than the farmers expected, and the latest dispatches from Kansas differ in estimates five bushels to the acre, which, for 40,000,000 acres, would imply a difference of 200,000,000 bushels for the whole country. Evidently it can hardly be profitable to put much confidence in favorable or in unfavorable estimates, under such circumstances. The country has an ample supply of wheat, but that is about all it is likely to know for some months to come. At the lowest estimate, the country has grain enough to meet all known or probable demands. At the highest, prices would probably prove so unsatisfactory to farmers that they would put large quantities in store.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away. 2 18 tf

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Wilhok Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and Farming Implements
—ALSO—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by A. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, 4ds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. 7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to accomplish suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"
"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*,"
"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. dly

SELL & SPECHT

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, ordinarily compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has spent most of his time for the past twenty years in perfecting this remedy. It is based upon the system in exactly the same manner that any other remedy, and is claimed by its proprietor to be infinitely superior to any disease to which man is heir. (In Constipation, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MALARIA should be given with it. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Price $1.00. Six bottles $5.00.

Ask your druggist for it. If he has not got it, get him to send for it. Or, send to the proprietor, Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O., for pamphlets.

For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

HOW THEY HELPED HER.

"I can't afford it, Celia. I wish I could; but the dress alone would cost fifteen dollars, to say nothing of the trimmings and the dressmaker's bill."

"Can't we manage make it ourselves, mother? The pattern that Miss Bowen cut for me fits beautifully, and I'm sure that we can make it as nicely as any one, if we try. Mr. Dunstan is coming to take possession of Dunstan Hall in two weeks. He is young, wealthy and unmarried; he will call here, of course, as father has superintended the repairs of the hall, and has had the care of things since his uncle's death. Don't you suppose that father can add a little more to the amount already in your possession? So much depends on my having something nice and becoming to wear, and on my making a fine appearance during the next few weeks."

"I know it," replied her mother, with a weary sigh; "but I've only the twenty-five dollars with which to get you and Pet each a dress. I know that your father can't spare another cent this month, and I wouldn't think of asking him for it. If you get the dress you have set your heart upon having, it will take, at the very least calculation, twenty dollars for dress material, lace and buttons, even if we make it ourselves. This would leave only five dollars for Pet's dress.

Little Mrs. Haywood emptied the contents of her purse in her lap as she spoke, and carefully counted the shining silver pieces once more, vainly hoping to find that she had been mistaken in the amount it contained. She turned the purse upside down, and shook it vigorously; she pinched and patted its empty sides, in order to make sure that no stray dimes had slipped between the outside and the lining. Her efforts were of no avail, however. Count the little pile as often as she might, it always summed up just twenty-five dollars and three cents.

"Pet's only a little girl, and it won't be so serious a matter if she isn't dressed handsomely," began Miss Celia, appealingly. Then drawing her chair closer to her mother's, lowering her voice and glancing apprehensively around, she added: "I have passed my twenty-sixth birthday, you know, and I must catch a husband this summer, if I ever intend to. Pet will look very nice in a pretty calico."

"You bet she will!" came like a small blast from behind the sofa.

Miss Celia gave a terrible cream, as a great, brown ball rolled out into the room, and unfolded itself like a mammoth jack-knife.

First, two bare, sunburned feet were thrust out, then a head and arms became visible, and finally a small terror of the household—viz. the little brother—assumed a sitting posture, and eyed his lady sister with twinkling, ellish eyes.

"I always thought thet yon's a long time a gettin' pas twenty. Pet and I've had six birthdays since you've had a single one," he began, laughing immoderately; "an' you've always had a dreadfully old look for your age, too."

"Dick!" said Miss Celia, turning upon him so suddenly that in trying to dodge the expected blow he turned a double somersault and landed in a heap near the door.

The young lady's features assumed a meditative expression, and when she again addressed him her tones were soft and persuasive,

"I'm going to trust you, Dickie, with a great secret. In fact, I'm going to make a confidant of you, and I'll buy you a pint of peanuts the next time I go to town if you will find Pet and come with her to the maple tree in about half an hour."

"I'll do it!" he cried, springing up like a rubber ball, and darting out of the room with surprising agility.

"A whole pint o' peanuts for jest goin' out to the maple tree," he soliloquized. "Crackey! ain't she a gittin' generous in her old age? Said she's a goin' to make a confidant o' me. Now she needn't think I'm a goin' to jine the church, for I shan't do it. The ministered baptized six confidants last Sunday; but 'would take more'n one pint o' peanuts to get me into the water with my best breeches on. They'd never be fit to be seen after that, an' I don't get new duds so often that I can afford to spile 'em jest to please her."

"Mother," remarked Miss Celia, seriously, after Dick's exit, "I am going to engage both the children to assist me this time. They have been the means of spoiling my matrimonial prospects several times in the past. I think, if they understand matters at the start, they will be more careful this time. They will be only too glad to have me married and settled in a home of my own."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Haywood, faintly, as her daughter paused and seemed to expect a reply.

"You may make arrangements to get the dress for me," she added, as she rose to keep the appointment under the maple tree. "Pet will be glad enough to wear calico one more summer, when she understands the state of affairs."

Dick and Pet were under the maple as Celia approached, and that young lady could not help admiring the fresh, piquant face of her "little sister," as she had always called her; but somehow the little sister seemed uncommonly tall and womanly on this special afternoon.

She was seated in careless grace under the maple tree, weaving a chain of blossoms with which to ornament Dick's hat.

"What is it, Celia?" cried Pet, as her sister drew near. Are you really going to get married at last? And will you let me make the wedding cake?"

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"Him as is coming ter live at the hall?" asked Dick.

"The same. Do you know him?"

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"Oh, Dick, you bad boy," remonstrated Pet, gently, while Mr. Leroy laughed, and said that Dick was a boy after his own heart.

Arriving at home, they found the whole family—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood and Miss Celia—assembled in the parlor, awaiting the arrival of their distinguished guest.

Pet and Dick had been instructed to carry the berries around to the kitchen, and not appear in the family circle until tea time. But Pet decided that it would be impolite to leave Mr. Leroy to enter the house alone; so she sent Dick around the back way with the berries, and she ushered her ner acquaintance into the parlor, where Celia, in her handsome dress proved a marked contrast to the little sister, with the berry stains on her fingers, and suspiciously near her rosy mouth.

"Why, Dunstan," exclaimed Mr. Haywood, before Pet had sufficient time to introduce him, "where did you come across the children?"

"In the berry-batch," said he, with the utmost nonchalance, while over Pet's face swept a look of consternation.

Could this pleasant, genial gentleman be the grand personage whom her sister was to marry?"

"If that's Mr. Dunstan, Celia's weddin' has fizzled again," Dick confided to Pet, on the back porch, after tea, while Celia was training every nerve to appear agreeable and fascinating in the parlor. "I let the cat out o' the bag the day we went a-fishin'. I let out the whole thing—false frizzes, paint, powder an' all. It seems 's if I can't hold my tongue, nohow; but I don't care—he's a sight too good for her, any how."

A year later, when Pet became Mrs. Dunstan, and went to live at the great house on the hill, Dick declared that he was glad he had a tongue, after all, and that he knew how to use it the day he went "a-fishin'."

He spends the greater part of his time at Dunstan Hall, with his favorite sister and her "jolly husband," as he calls Mr. Dunstan, while Celia, with another year added to her age, is still cultivating every means of fascination, in the hope of finally securing a husband.

ROSE HARTWICK THORNE,

The Wheat Yield.

Perhaps estimates as to the wheat crop have never been wider apart than they they are now. Some excellent authorities, apparently supported by the Bureau of Agriculture, hold that the yield in 1882 will be 500,000,000 bushels or less, while others, claiming more or less support from official returns, maintain that the yield will be 600,000,000 bushels or more. The points of difference are, first, that the outside returns and estimates generally exceed those of the Agricultural Bureau, and second, that the statements of that Bureau have not been entirely consistent with themselves. Thus *The Daily Commercial Bulletin*, which still insists that the yield will not be less than 570,000,000, and probably more than 600,000,000 bushels, holds that the estimates of acreage by the Agricultural Department are entitled to some confidence, though its estimate of yield is not. Applying its estimates of increase of acreage in 1880, 1881 and 1882 to the Census report, it makes the acreage in 1882 not less than 40,800,000, and computes the yield as nearer fourteen bushels per acre than any other figure, thus making 571,009,000 bushels. But the official bulletin of the Produce Exchange takes a very different view, both of acreage and of average yield. It shows that the largest average yield in thirteen years has been 13.9 bushels, and that the acreage last year was much less, according to the Bureau report, than *The Commercial Bulletin* supposes.

It is very unfortunate that the Agricultural Bureau has not secured a high degree of confidence for its statistic. The wide difference between its estimates and the Census returns caused a general disposition to regard its later figures as untrustworthy. Yet the same statistician who prepared the Census report, as it happens, had prepared the previous reports and has prepared the later reports of the Bureau, and it is hardly to be supposed that he has left different parts of his own work to conflict with each other in a foolish and unreasonable manner. The Census returns disclosed a much larger acreage and yield of wheat than the Bureau had estimated for the year 1879. From the attempt to reconcile the Bureau with the Census reports, much of the subsequent confusion has arisen. But, unless it is supposed that the statistician of the Bureau can be convicted of a very palpable and shameless act of bad faith, it is unreasonable to aver that his estimates for 1881 or for this year have not been carefully corrected in the light of the Census report, made by himself.

The Bureau has not made a detailed statement for this year, but estimates that the crop of wheat will not be far from 500,000,000 bushels. *The Commercial Bulletin*, while talking of 600,000,000 bushels, only gives to warrant an expectation of 572,000,000 bushels, if the yield should prove the largest per acre on record, and if the acreage should prove much larger than the Bureau represents. All parties, however, base their calculations upon a state of facts which existed prior to the prolonged storm, by which it is officially reported that 11,000,000 bushels of wheat were injured in Michigan alone. In some localities, also, the threshing, not yet in progress when either of these accounts were made, has turned out much more favorable, and in others much less favorable than the farmers expected, and the latest dispatches from Kansas differ in estimates five bushels to the acre, which, for 40,000,000 acres, would imply a difference of 200,000,000 bushels for the whole country. Evidently it can hardly be profitable to put much confidence in favorable or in unfavorable estimates, under such circumstances. The country has an ample supply of wheat, but that is about all it is likely to know for some months to come. At the lowest estimate, the country has grain enough to meet all known or probable demands. At the highest, prices would probably prove so unsatisfactory to farmers that they would put large quantities in store.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FARMER STEBBINS AT OCEAN GROVE.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN:—
We got here safe—my worthy wife an' me—
An' pitched our tents within a grove contig'us to the sea;
We've harvested such means of grace as growed within our reach;
We've 'tended all the mornin' talks, we've heard the Bishop preach;
An' everything went pleasantly, until we had a whim—
My wife and I—one breezy day, to take an ocean swim.

We wouldn't ha' vent'red on't, I think, if Sister Sunnyhopes
Hadn't urged us over an' ag'in, an' said she knew the ropes,
An' told how safe an' sweet it was "in ocean rills to lave,"
An' "sport within the foaming surf," and "ride the crested wave;"
An' so we went along with her—my timid wife an' me—
Two inland noodles, for our first acquaintance with the sea.

They put me in a work-day rig, as us'ally is done—
A wampus an' short overhauls all sewed up into one.
I had to pull an' fuss an' jerk to make the things go 'round
(You are aware my peaceful weight will crowd three hundred pounds).
They took my wig an' laid it up—to keep it safe they said—
An' strapped a straw-sack of a hat on my devoted head.

They put my wife into a dress too short by full a third—
'Twas some'nt in the "Bloomer" style, an' looked a bit absurd.
You know she's rather tall an' slim—somewhat my opposite—
An' clothes that are not cut for her are likely not to fit;
But as we was we vent'red in—my faithful wife an' me—
An' formed our first acquaintance with the inconsistent sea.

Miss Sunnyhopes she went ahead, a-lookin' trim an' sweet;
She'd had *her* bathin' suit all fixed an' trimmed from head to feet;
An' I went out an' grabbed the rope, just as she told me to;
An' wife come next, a-lookin' scared, scarce knowin' what to do.
But Sister Sunnyhopes to me a smile o' sweetness gave,
An' said; "Now watch your chance, an' jump—here comes a *lovely* wave!"

I must ha' jumped, I ruther think, the wrong time o' the moon;
At any rate, the lovely wave occurred to me too soon.
It took me solid, with a rude an' unexpected shock;
It beat the stoutest pair o' horns there is in all my flock.
An' then, to top the circus out, an' make the act more fine,
I tried to kick the lovely wave, relinquishin' the line.

On county fair an' 'lection days, in walkin' through a crowd,
I'm rather firm to jostle 'gainst—perhaps it makes me proud;
But if it does, that wave discoursed how sureness never pays;
An' seemed to shout: "How small is man, no odds how much he weighs!"
It sot on me, it jumped on me, in spite of right or law,
An' whisked an' whirled me all about as if I'd been a straw.

An' then it laid me on the beach, right thankful for my life;
An' scramblin' up, I gave a gaze to find my faithful wife;
But she had sort o' cut the wave, with all the edge she had,
An' stood a-hold n' to the rope, uncommon mois and sad;
While Sister Sunnyhopes, with smiles, was lookin' proud an' gay,
A-floatin' on her dainty back, some several rods away.

She looked so newish-pretty there (an' knowed it too, the elf),
The crowd was all admirin' her, an' so was I myself,
An' while again I grasped the line bside my wife of truth,
My eyes *would* rove to Sister S., her beauty an' her youth;
When all at once another wave, tremendous broad and deep,
Come smashin' down on wife an' me, an' tossed us in a heap.

Heels over head, all in a bunch, my wife across o' me,
An' I on some unlucky folks who happened there to be;
My hat untied an' floated off, an' left my bald head bare.
When we got out, if I'd ha' spoke, it would ha' warmed the air.
We drank a good part of the sea—my gaspin' wife an' I—
While Sister S. still floated soft, a-gazin' at the sky.

We voted that we'd got enough, an' crawled out of the way
Before mother wave arrived, an' bid the sea good-day.
We looked as like two drowned rats as ever such was called,
With one of 'em a mighty fool, partic'larly bald.
But, like a woman true, she said—my watchful wife—to me:
"We will not mind; there's others here that looks as bad as we."

Now Sister Sunnyhopes, by-'n'-by, came back into our tent,
As sleek or sleeker than before, an' asked us when we went.
Says I: "My dear good Sister S., please do not now pretend
You did not see our v'yage through, an' mark its doleful end.
If you would play the mermaid fair, why, such I'd have you be;
But we're too old to take that part—my faithful wife an' me."

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.*

TOM'S EXPERIENCE.

"One of those affairs, you know, tilted over the face just sufficiently to throw a most becoming shadow over the eyes, making them look like violets on a shady bank; and golden-brown hair, sir, streaming on the wind; and such an ankle!—perfection, sir; and such an innocent baby-face, like one of Raphael's cherubs! Jove! a girl worth looking after, I assure you!"

The weather was too warm to do more than stare languidly at Tom's excited countenance; but, fortunately, he was too much interested in his theme to be as *exigeant* as he generally is, so he accepted the stare as sufficient token of interest on the part of his attached friend—myself—and straightway proceeded:

"She's with an old lady in a brown front and spectacles, and a set of teeth—false, you know—and no one knows who they are, and she walks on the sands every morning quite early, without the lady with the front, and as sure as my name's Tom Latimer, I'll manage an introduction."

Here I found energy sufficient to say, "What about Godine?" in a tone replete with that elegant sarcasm for which I am noted, but which, curiously enough Tom never appreciates as it deserves.

He now obliged the company—myself and a lemon-colored setter—with one or two forcible, though inelegant expressions, bearing reference firstly to me, and secondly to Godine, and consigning us to a latitude where chills are certainly not one of the evils of life—Godine was the last damsel to whom he had whispered vows of love.

The weather, as I have said, was excessively warm, and Tom is extremely tall, with well-developed biceps, so the resentment which, under other circumstances, I might have cherished was wanting; and with the eye of an injured yet forgiving friend, I watched him as he stalked to the mirror and commenced a critical examination of his Grecian features and elaborate necktie, an operation he spent fully ten minutes in.

Then, whistling to the lemon-colored setter, and arming himself with his cane and gloves, and without so much as deigning a glance toward my lounging-chair, he made his exit from the apartment, leaving me to the enjoyment of my *dolce far niente*, disturbed by no visions of violet eyes and golden hair, or, in fact, anything but a pleasing yet melancholy reminiscence of the canvas-backed ducks and chablis I had partaken of that day at my dinner; melancholy, for do we not feel regret for the good that is past?

I am not of an active habit of body, but I am the fortunate possessor of that jewel, rare at my time of life—a good appetite—to retain which I court the morning breezes before breakfast; and it was during my constitutional the following day that I next caught sight of Tom, the lemon-colored setter and the necktie, and at the same time of a shepherdess hat, a floating cloud of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes, and the whitest, fattest and wooliest poodle it has ever been my fate to see.

The shepherdess hat was leading the poodle by a blue ribbon with one hand, while the other held a book, on the pages of which the blue eyes were downcast, of course utterly unconscious of Tom, who was walking some twenty yards behind, diligently sucking the handle of his cane, and as diligently staring at a back view of the shepherdess hat—black, trimmed with crimson roses—the golden hair and the daintiest little waist, round which a blue moire belt was ever fastened, and the neatest foot ever buttoned up in a kid *bottine*, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

It is needless to say that, as the hat was absorbed in her book, and Tom in the contemplation of the fair student, neither of them observed me; and, knowing from experience how conducive to a hearty appetite a little mild excitement is, I slipped behind a convenient rock, in order to watch Tom's proceedings at my leisure.

They sauntered quietly on for a few paces further, and this little tale might never have been indited by my graceful pen had it not been for Tom's lemon-colored setter.

This sagacious animal had been for some time eyeing the apoplectic poodle waddling on in front with divers signs of canine ill-will, unobserved by his spell-bound owner, and just as its fair mistress turned a fresh leaf of her book, with a bloodthirsty snarl, the setter dashed at the unoffending poodle, whose white curls were soon flying in every direction, as, with yelps of defiance and anguish, they rolled over and over in the soft sand in deadly combat.

The young lady screamed frantically, and endeavored to rescue her favorite from the fangs of the setter by showering blows of her white-and-gold "Dante" on his yellow back; and at this crisis Tom sprang to the rescue with uplifted cane and excited mien, and managed to convey to the setter, per cane and boot-toe, his desire that hostilities should cease; and, with fervent apologies for the unpolished behavior of his canine follower, he placed the gasping poodle in the little gauntleted hands stretched eagerly to receive him. And what commiseration the abominable hypocrite showered on the brute, and didn't they eventually walk off together to her hotel, he carrying the animal, and she chatting to him gayly and looking up into his face with such pretty gratitude, while the lemon-colored setter, with drooping ears and tail, followed slowly in the rear.

Well, Tom came home to mock at the idea of breakfast and rave of Bertha Seldon—for such proved to be the lady's name—and *against* the charming Godine Haughton, who sat opposite him at table, and whose black eyes darted reproachful fires at him across the table-cloth; for had he not neglected to ask her for one dance even on the previous night?

Friendship should never blind us to the failings of our friends, and I set down with melancholy regret that Tom was a notorious flirt. Really, I felt uneasy when I saw the way he went on with that little girl: and if it had not been for a habit he had of resenting what he pleased to term "impertinent intrusion," I'd have given him a piece of my mind.

But it was not long before he awoke to a discovery which astonished himself as much as it did me—viz., that he had a heart, and that it was in the possession of the pretty Bertha—a fact he determined to let her know as speedily as possible.

"You see," he said to me, "though my father is fool enough to contemplate marrying again at his time of life, I'm quite independent; and, as I'm tolerably sure she likes me, why, old boy, you may expect an invitation to my wedding before long."

And he swaggered off, looking like a handsome, confident puppy, as he was.

There! the fellow provoked me, though I *was* glad he really intended marrying the pretty, blue-eyed child, and not jilting her, as he had half a score of others.

The very same day who should arrive at our hotel but Latimer *pere*, a hale, handsome man of middle age, and an old acquaintance of mine.

We dined together in private, and while Tom sipped his wine in silence, we elders gossiped of the place, the people and the cooking, though more than once I fancied that cheerful Mr. Latimer was more *distrait* than usual, and several times I noticed that he cast anxious glances at Tom's thoughtful countenance.

"By-the-way," he said, after the waiter had placed the dessert and finally withdrawn, "neither of you has inquired my business here."

He looked at Tom, and Tom, rousing himself looked at him.

"Well, sir," said that young gentleman, "people don't come to Newport on business—at least, not generally—so it didn't strike me to inquire."

"Well, my boy," said the elder gentleman, laughing, "I'll give you the information gratuitously, I have come down here for a day to see the lady I'm about to marry—Miss Seldon. You have probably met her."

Tom and I stared at his father in unmitigated surprise, and Tom ejaculated:

"I say, father, you're not in earnest, you know."

"Of course I am," replied Mr. Latimer, rising and laughing; "and I'm off now to pay my respects. Come over in the course of the evening, both of you."

And, while Tom stared blankly after him, he went away.

Tom looked at me and I looked at him. Tom thrust his hands through his yellow curls and then into his trousers pockets. He then whistled—I whistled.

"Such a man as that to marry a brown front and a set of false teeth!" ejaculated Tom. "Jove! sir, I'm struck dumb!"

In proof of which he became slightly profane.

I do not approve of strong language—I do of hock; so, to immolate two birds with the same stone, I cried:

"In any case, let us drink her health."

After which cheerful resignation came to Tom, and he was good enough to say:

"Well, after all, it will be pleasanter for Bertha and myself than if the governor had had better taste. I wonder what enchantments the old Circe threw around him?"

* * * * *

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, as, later in the evening, we ascended to the drawing-room of the bride-elect and her lovely niece, "I'll get Bertha out for a stroll this lovely moonlight night, and as sure as fate I'll propose. It is just the evening for that kind of thing, especially with those tender, blue-eyed things. I say, hadn't we better knock, lest we might interrupt the love-making?"

But I had opened the door, and there was nothing for it but to advance.

The room was but dimly-lighted, yet sufficiently so to show Miss Seldon, the aunt, seated in a distant arm-chair, spectacles on nose, the paper she had been perusing fallen on her lap, while a gentle sound, like the snore of a fay, proclaimed that she was wrapped in slumber, as was also the poodle lying at her feet.

Close to the piano stood Mr. Latimer, bending tenderly over a little sylph in white tulle, whose bright hair floated over his black coat-sleeve, and whose white fingers were shyly twisting one of the buttons of said coat—Bertha, in fact.

They started as the door opened, and Bertha would have sprung away, but his encircling arm detained her.

"Here, Tom!" he called out, "come and pay your respects to your future stepmother. She is but a little body, but no doubt she'll make you a good one."

"Good evening, Tom," said Bertha, smiling half-shyly. "Why didn't you tell me before that you were going to be my step-son? You are so nice and kind, I love you already, and I'm sure we'll get on so well together!"

Nice and kind! O, Tom, my poor friend!

* * * * *

The last time I heard of Tom, he was safely landed by the skillful and indefatigable Godine, and they were spending the honeymoon in Paris.

Mrs. Latimer, his stepmother, is a most charming little person, and they certainly do give the most *recherche* dinners in town.

An Afflicted Family.

An English exchange says:

"Recently, while the Princess of Wales was sitting in her carriage, near one of her country homes, a working man rushed forward and offered to shake hands with her. This was regarded by the officers as a flagrant offense, and the man was promptly clubbed and dragged off."

The English paper adds, "the Princess bore the insult remarkably well, merely shrinking back in the carriage."

From a special London correspondent of *Texas Siftings* we glean the following particulars. The Princess bore up under the crushing disaster with remarkable fortitude, but the most terrible effects of the blow fell upon her royal relatives and the crowned heads of Europe. The Prince of Wales had only sworn off a week previous, and was behaving himself remarkably well, but when he heard that a man below the rank of Duke had offered to shake hands with his wife, he just let go all holds and went on a prolonged spree and has not drawn a sober breath since. Queen Victoria had washed the breakfast dishes, and was just hanging out the clothes in the back-yard of Balmoral Castle, when she heard the dread tidings. She fainted away with a clothes pin in her mouth, but was brought to in a few hours. On hearing, however, that the miscreant was named Snooks, and did not even have kid gloves on, she had a relapse. She has been so ill ever since that Princess Beatrice has had to chop the firewood, make the fires, and do all the cooking. She has even to chop up the firewood with her own royal hands. She asked the Prince of Wales to cut her up an armful of wood, but he was not in a condition to comply with her request. The Duke of Edinburg was requested to take off his coat and help out, but he said he was not that kind of a Duke, and that the family had better have their meals sent from a restaurant until the old lady was able to attend to her household cares once more. The unfortunate affair has played the mischief with the royal family.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Fight With Montana Wolves.

A son of Mr. S. A. Thompson, of Mounds View Township, Ramsey County, is now in Montana Territory. In a recent letter to his parents he narrates some of his hunting adventures. He finds game plenty and with his trusty rifle brings down an occasional deer and antelope. He also finds in great numbers several varieties of large prairie birds, the names of which he does not know. He details a rather startling adventure with wolves. He had pursued a wounded deer some three miles from his camp, when the darkness of night overtook him. On his way back to his camp, where he had left his companion, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a numerous pack of large, black Montana wolves. The moon was shining brightly. He could not tell how many of these yelping curs of the forest there were, but he could see there were a good many. He fired on the gang in as rapid succession as possible and thus kept them at bay, though at times they came within ten feet of him. He finally reached the camp in safety, having shot, he thinks, more than twenty of the wolves.—*St. Paul Globe.*

—"Mealing" is the word used in Lewiston, Me., to describe the avocation of the boarding-house keeper.

To a Puzzled Parent.

The fact that your boy has a peculiar faculty for spending money, and a peculiar distaste for saving or even seeming to save it, so that of two articles of equal desirability he would always prefer the more expensive, especially if the prices were to be known to "the boys," may well give you some concern, and certainly calls for some watchfulness and care; but it is not necessarily a bad sign. It indicates rather ignorance than vice, and is a fact due rather to the social civilization of the times than to special personal characteristics.

For in America the common though rude test of character is the ability to make money and generosity in spending it. We do not admire a miser, we do not worship, as it is sometimes said we do, mere wealth. There is no community where hoarding is more despised. But those men are most respected who have means and use them with liberality. The man who has a handsome house, tastefully built and furnished, who drives a fine span, who dresses himself and his wife and children well, who hires an expensive pew in church, who gives liberally to public and benevolent enterprises—in other words, who apparently has plenty of money and uses it freely—is the man most likely to be looked up to by all his neighbors, including the deacons and the minister. The test thus furnished is not altogether a bad one. If a man in America has money, this indicates energy, industry, temperance and thrift—in brief, the economic virtues; if he spends it freely, this indicates a liberal, generous disposition—in brief, the chief social virtue. These two classes of virtues—the economic and the social—by no means constitute a complete manhood; but they go very far toward making a useful and agreeable member of society. The free spending of money is furthermore unconsciously encouraged by ministers and religious literature. Pulpit exhortations to liberality are frequent; to economy, rare. The duty of parting with money is emphasized; the accumulating of money is treated rather as a vice than as a virtue. Under such circumstances it is not at all strange that our boys should grow up ambitious to be free spenders and ashamed of small economies; that they should wish to appear to have plenty of money, and that they should think it manly to spend it freely. They can hardly be expected to look into the philosophy of this matter, or to realize that there is a difference between spending their father's money and spending their own. Not a few grown men, and some with a reputation of greatness, never comprehend this distinction. There are members of Congress with a large reputation for liberality wholly built upon their expenditure of other people's money, and others subjected to the odium of niggardliness simply because they are careful about voting away money which comes out of the hard earnings of others.

Nor is the mere fact that your boy gets into some bad companionships and some demoralizing activities any proof or even any indication of a depraved nature. It indicates danger for him, and demands foresight and caution from you, but it does not indicate moral culpability in him; certainly not of an extraordinary kind nor to an extraordinary degree. Good boys are often only insane boys. They do nothing very bad because they do nothing at all; they mope and are quiet and get a reputation for sanctity simply because they are half sick. They never tear their clothes because they never climb trees; never get wet because, like cats, they are afraid of the water; never fight because they are cowards; never disobey because they have no will of their own. The colt that is hardest to break is worth more as a horse if he is wisely broken. There is no danger of an explosion in a steam-engine which has no fire in the fire-box and no steam in the boiler. An energetic, ambitious, vivacious, inquisitive boy, desirous to know everything that any one else knows and to do everything that any one else can do, full of the sense of his own strength, and ambitions to try it in season and out of season, is in some respects an uncomfortable boy to get along with; sure to be getting into continual scrapes and misleading younger and weaker companions; but these are the boys who make the efficient, successful and useful men, if in their boyhood they are rightly trained.—*Christian Union.*

What the Ancients Believed.

Arrian, who flourished about the middle of the second century of the Christian era, was of a skeptical frame of mind and had a wholesome distrust of the evidence of eye-witnesses. He ridiculed the old stories about ants that dug up gold, and griffins that guarded the precious metals, and declared that none were to be found in those parts of India that were visited by Alexander and his officers. He describes, however, a learned, or rather a musical elephant which "beat upon a cymbal while several others danced to his music. Two cymbals were hung between his forelegs, and one tied to his proboscis or trunk. He then striking the cymbal which was tied to his trunk against the others between his forelegs alternately, the rest of the elephants moved round him as in a dance, and lifted up or bowed their bodies as titly and justly as the measure and reason of the sound seemed to require, or as he who played upon the instrument directed." He also speaks, though from hearsay, of an elephant dying of grief because it had killed its keeper in a moment of frenzy. Nearchus, it seems, had protested that he once saw the skin of a tiger, and that the natives averred that the animal, when alive, was as big as a full-grown horse, and further, that it would leap upon an elephant, and strangle it. Thereupon Arrian remarks that those he saw were like speckled wolves, only a little larger, so that he never saw a tiger at all, but only a leopard.—*All the Year Round.*

—The returns of the Italian Money-order office last year show that the greatest increase was in orders from the United States and France. The revenue was $200,000 over that of 1880.

—There is a clock in Nantucket that shows the movements of the tides and planets, one wheel of the clock requiring 100 years to complete a single revolution.—*Boston Post.*

Some Snake Stories.

The following have been gathered by the Philadelphia *Times* this summer, but that journal does not make oath to their absolute truth in every particular:

John Clarkson, while hunting a few days since on the dividing line between Lebanon and Schuylkill Counties, Pa., shot a black snake measuring ten feet in length.

Joseph C. Smith, a harvest hand of Lower Mount Bethel, Northampton County, Pa., a few days ago, stumbled over a blacksnake in a wheat field which measured over eleven feet.

A St. Paul man has seen a serpent "as big around as a twelve-year-old boy."

The Hollidaysburg (Pa.) *Standard* says that in Sinking Valley, Blair County, snakes are very plentiful this year, and acres of them have been killed, averaging from three to six feet in length.

Mrs. Samuel Patterson, of Letterkeny, Franklin County, Pa., was confronted a few days ago by a big rattler. She did not scream once, but went to work with a big stick and soon had the reptile killed. He had four rattles.

In the office of the Brady (Tex.) *Sentinel* are eleven rattles, taken from a snake that attacked a lady who was riding horseback over the prairie. As it sprang at her she reined her horse to one side, and drawing her revolver at the same time shot the snake's head off.

Frank Staffer, of Chester Springs, Chester County, Pa., came across a monster black snake in his wheat field. It was about ten feet long and as thick as a man's arm. Mr. Staffer was afraid to singly attack the monster, so he drove the reaper over it at a rapid pace and cut it in pieces.

Margaret Kane, a little girl of Manch Chunk, Pa., stepped upon a copperhead while in her bare feet, and in an instant its fangs were driven into the calf of her leg. She was stupefied with liquor and a live toad was bound on the wound for a night. In the morning the toad was dead, having absorbed all the poison from the wound, and the life of the little girl was saved.

Mrs. Benjamin Ritter, of Strasburg, Franklin County, Pa., heard a noise like hissing from what she supposed to be her hair switch she was about adjusting. It was a small black snake, and her pressure upon it caused it to lightly coil about her arm. By a desperate effort she threw it to the floor with such force as to stun it, and then taking a poker she beat its life out.

John Bossler, of Donegal, Lancaster County, Pa., heard the warning rattle of a rattlesnake while working in his harvest field, but paid no attention to it. A moment afterwards he stooped down to pick up a sheaf of wheat when an immense rattler struck him on the hand. He sucked the poison from the wound, drank three pints of whisky and took a powerful emetic, and at last accounts was doing well.

'Squire Clouser, of New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa., set a box trap for squirrels at the foot of his cherry tree. A squirrel sprang the trap and left room for a mouse to enter. A copperhead snake followed the mouse in, and after swallowing the mouse and squirrel was so increased in size that it could not get out. The consequence was that the 'Squire was exceedingly surprised to see the kind of game that he had captured, and narrowly escaped being bitten by the snake.

Mr. Reuben Lengle, of West Hanover, Dauphin County, Pa., while on the Blue Mountains, north of Grantville, hunting young squirrels, saw a squirrel on a tree on which there was a hole, and very soon a large blacksnake came from the hole and he promptly shot it. It measured seven feet three inches in length and contained fifteen eggs. By the time this one was disposed of another one came suddenly from the hole, showing a disposition for a combat, but Mr. Lengle, with the rifle barrel of his gun, took its head off. This one measured six feet five inches. Mr. Lengle thinks if he had not killed it it would have attacked him and his companions. The snakes were skinned and the skins preserved. These large blacksnakes seem to be fond of squirrel hunting.

Jury Commissioner Chambers, of Franklin Township, Westmoreland County, Pa., is an old church member, and has long enjoyed an unblemished reputation for veracity. The Commissioner says that while he was on his way to Greensburg to draw a jury for the August term of court, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Sarver, they saw something black lying across the road that they thought at first was a black stick, but, noticing that it moved, they pounced upon it with their walking sticks, and after a brisk fight of five minutes were victors over a black snake measuring ten feet six inches in length.

The Engineer Corps on the Oil City and Chicago road have met with a singular obstruction that delayed their work considerably, it being nothing more nor less than the great number of rattle and copperhead snakes along the line of the survey. So numerous are these snakes that the Chief Engineer has been compelled to engage extra help, and he informs your reporter that one day they ran into a den of at least 100 snakes, and it took at least two hours before they could be killed or frightened off, and that during the engagement thirty-eight were killed, all but nine of them being copperheads, and some of them of unusual size.

Highly Colored English.

The resources of the English language are nowhere more severely taxed than in the provincial correspondence of the Calcutta papers. One writer having occasion to describe the burning of a boat, draws this highly colored picture: "The ill-fated vessel becomes so totally enwreathed in vermillion flames that the power of human agency is inoperative." This brilliant stroke is far surpassed, however, by a correspondent of the *Indian Mirror* in his description of the sad fate which befell "a promising youth" at Dacca, while he was "assiduously conning his midnight task by the help of a kerosene lamp." The lamp did not do its duty and "he tried to mend it, but unfortunately his finger went wrong, the ignited wick dropped into the combustible oil, the lamp burst into a terrible expansion, spreading flames all around." In consequence the promising youth was "cremated by a speedy and miserable death."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Fifty children of the missionaries of the American board are now laboring as foreign missionaries.

—There has been a revival in Jaffra College, Ceylon, and fifty of the seventy-three students have renounced paganism for Christianity.

—Several libraries in the United States report a decrease in the reading of fiction by the young of from sixty-five to fifty-eight per cent. This decrease is due chiefly to the efforts of teachers and librarians to give school children better taste in reading.—*Detroit Post.*

—The will of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Hazeltine, late of Philadelphia, bequeaths to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and the Presbyterian Board of Education $500 each.—*N. Y. Post.*

—In Cairo, Egypt, there is a Mohammedan theological seminary. The Rev. Mr. Mangasarian, a returned missionary, recently made the very large statement that in this seminary 10,000 students are from sunrise to sunset studying the Koran. He says that every year vast numbers of missionaries are sent out from this school through Africa and eastern Asia seeking converts.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The colored people of Delaware have long bravely struggled to support their schools, raising by contributions among themselves two-thirds of the necessary sum. They have forty-six schools, and not until last year did the Legislature give them any help. Its appropriation was only $2,400. The colored population is one-fifth of the entire population of the State.—*Chicago Journal.*

—There is a foolish movement in the San Francisco School Board for reducing the salaries of primary teachers. It ought not to be necessary to tell school officers in this age that the man or woman who gives a child its first training, its first mental bent, should be a specially intelligent and competent teacher, a person worth liberal compensation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Justin D. Fulton, pastor of the Baptist congregation worshipping in a building known as the Brooklyn Rink, has been very successful in establishing a good work. The building, which originally cost $127,000, was purchased by this congregation for $50,000. It was in bad repair, but the congregation have spent $10,000 on repairs, besides paying $30,000 on the building. This leaves $20,000 debt which the pastor and the people are very anxious to remove. It is in reality a people's church, and many who would not enter the more wealthy and fashionable churches on the Hill feel at home in this church.—*Christian Advocate,*

—Baltimore has a population of about 340,000, and a church membership of 177,688. The Roman Catholic Church leads, with a membership of 110,000. The Methodists come next, with 28,642; then the Lutherans, with 11,475; Protestant Episcopalians, 8,561; Baptist, 6,887; Presbyterians, 4,935; Reformed, 4,109; Friends, 1,003. The Catholic Church includes the whole Catholic population in the number above given, while membership of the Protestant churches has a stricter sense. The *News*, which gives the figures, concludes that *there are in* Baltimore at least 162,000 persons who are not members of any Christian church.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Two boys in Springfield, Ohio, stole a whole cart-load of sheet music. That's all right; you can't do anything with a fellow for just taking notes.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—The number of men known to fame as "the man with the iron jaw" has been reduced to ten this summer. The country should see that the figures are kept right there.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The saw-dust which this country threw away for seventy-five years is now valued at $12,000,000 per annum, outside of what is used to make mattresses for hotel beds.

—A Key West shark, captured the other day, had among the contents of his stomach a half-dollar with a hole in it. The shark is supposed to have taken it at forty-five cents.—*Courier-Journal.*

—A German professor claims to be able to tell a man's character by feeling of his nose. It is possible to tell some men's character—or absence of character—by merely glancing at their noses.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In alluding to the death of a pig from sun-stroke, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* says that "we must all be more careful and wear sponges or green leaves in our hats." It isn't often that a confession so frank in its nature emanates from Chicago.—*Detroit Post.*

—The story that an old gentleman in Louisville rubbed his bald head with coal oil, and now, as a result, sports a luxuriant growth of hair, is evidently a deep-laid scheme to raise the price of petroleum.—*Courier-Journal.*

—Another planetoid has been discovered by a Smithsonian Institute professor. We won't take the trouble to tell what a planetoid is. Everybody knows. Like the shark, you can serve it with greens, or use it for striking a light.—*Baltimore American.*

—A Georgia farmer who owns a melon-patch has fired his shot-gun forty-one times into the darkness thus far this season, and it has been answered only seven times by yells of: "Golly, mighty! but ize gwine to git onter dis!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Vy, Adolph," says Mrs. Felderstelderberger, at Long Branch, "You hef been helped tree times to dot sherry pies, und you will be sicks." "Neller mind," says Mr. Felderstelderberger, "I bay four dollar mit a day, und Adolph is entitled to a whole pie, anyhow."—*Seaside Waif.*

—A decently dressed workman came to a photographer's recently to have a portrait of his wife taken. While the operator was arranging the camera, the husband thought fit to give some advice to the companion of his life concerning her pose. "Think of something serious," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil it. Remember that your father is in prison, and that your brother has had to compound with his creditors; and try to imagine what would become of you if I had not taken pity upon you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

EBBING AND FLOWING.

The tide went out—
Shining pebbles and shells that lay
On the shore, at the beck of the white-armed spray
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a hundred ships asleep on the strand
Sprang up, and away from the hateful land
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a life as sweet as a life might be,
Drifting away to the unknown sea,
Went out with the tide.

The tide came in—
The pebbles and shells, with the waves' disdain
Flung from their arms to the shore again,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
The weary ships from their voyaging,
Laden with many a precious thing,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
But the life, as sweet as a life may be,
Came not back from the unknown sea,
Come not in with the tide.

—*Our Continent.*

A SPECULATIVE SPIRIT.

Now, to understand the solemnity of this story, you must believe that Hopkins was a man entirely without imagination—Frank Blair and I decided that when we first made his acquaintance years ago, and have never changed our opinion. We were then two young geniuses who hoped to soar to fame on the wings of art, the most imaginative art of all, figure painting, and we knew and were glad to hail imagination wherever we saw it. Besides, as Blair truly remarked, Hopkins was a man whose vocation it was to make money, somehow, on the stock exchange; so one might as well look for imagination in a model engaged at a shilling an hour. Then, again, the man's face was sufficient to assure you that he was not blessed with any such quality. It is a large face, rather flabby, and sprinkled with freckles; the nose is short and thick and lip, chin and cheeks quite destitute of hair. Hopkins' body, too, is almost inclined to corpulence; he dresses in a commonplace manner, his fingers are short and thick; so I think we may safely settle, to start with, that Hopkins is a very ordinary man, and has no imagination.

I scarcely remember how we first foregathered with Hopkins. He was hardly the man we should have chosen for an intimate friend; yet, at one time, we saw a good deal of him. In those jolly old days Frank and I lodged in modest rooms together and shared a studio. I think Mr. Levi Solomon, the picture-dealer, to whom when hardly pressed we would sell a picture or two, brought him to us as a gentleman who desired a personal interview. It was, of course, against Solomon's secret wishes that the introduction took place, as the worthy Israelite did not approve of direct transactions between artist and collector, but Hopkins was doubtless a good customer and stood firm, so one day Solomon conducted him to our studio. We must *have been in funds at that moment*, for I remember we treated poor Solomon rather cavalierly, and as for Hopkins, we looked upon him as a being from another sphere—a Philistine: a creature whose presence in the world could only be tolerated from the stern necessity that an artist must sell his pictures to some one in order to live. Our ideas of the grandeur and importance of the true mission of art were very lofty in those days, especially if we happened to have a few pounds in our pockets. Hopkins to us was one of a class of men who buy young artists' pictures, solely with a view of realizing hundreds per cent. on the investments when fame comes to the painter.

However, whether from mercenary inclinations or for the many good qualities that adorned us, Hopkins took a great fancy to us, and sought our society from that day. Of course, he had the usual commercial faults, and not a few defects of education; but he had a great and proper reverence for genius, and delighted to do it homage—at least so we understood the meaning of those little dinners he gave us at his own chambers and various other places. As artists, after all, are but mortal, and, when young and struggling, not too highly fed, we accepted Hopkins' attentions in the spirit we fancied they were meant, and, after a bit, tolerated him; indeed, even began to think he was a desirable acquaintance—so moved by a feeling of gratitude for his civilities, only doubled the market price of the pictures we could at times induce him to buy.

We enjoyed the dinners he gave us very much, but I am sure Hopkins enjoyed himself more when we were kind enough to condescend to invite him to spend an evening at our lodgings. He gave up Latite and choice cigars; we only placed pipes and whisky upon the table; but then, as he said, our rooms, if humble, were the abode of art, which he honored. Altogether Hopkins was not a bad sort, and those were merry old times.

If Hopkins did not himself take a leading part in the conversation during these evening entertainments, he was, at least, a capital listener, and, somehow, when Frank Blair and I, as was our wont, got into a lively discussion on things in general and art in particular, we had contracted the habit of addressing our remarks to our guest, much in the same way that honorable members address their words to the Speaker. Hopkins would sit in the crazy arm-chair and listen with a sort of stolid impartiality, but rarely ventured to make a remark on his own account. Occasionally I fancied his face during our talk would wear an expression of content, but should not like to be rash enough to assert even that much. He would sit smoking his pipe or cigar, but the nearest approach he made to entering into the discussion was by giving an occasional grunt, which might be either of approbation or condemnation, as those who heard chose to construe it. Sometimes, for want of better amusement, Frank and I would join our forces together and chaff our friend unmercifully. He bore our sallies of wit very well, and seemed to like us none the worse that we made fun at his expense. Yet there was little fun in it after all, and we decided that, except to keep our hands in, it was scarcely worth while to waste our fine passes on a man who was so unresisting and knew so little of fence. But one unlucky evening he brought upon himself a regular onslaught.

We had been dilating upon the charms of an artist's life, and asserting its moral superiority to that of any trade, when our friend sighed deeply and said:

"Sometimes, do you know, I think had I learned to draw when a boy, I might have done something in your line. But now I am afraid it is too late."

This idea was so presumptuous that we felt it demanded instant and severe punishment, so Frank said, gently:

"My dear fellow, you draw some things very nicely now, even without an artist's education—checks, for instance."

I followed more severely:

"Mr. Hopkins, allow me to warn you against falling into the error of that general public which you so well represent, in thinking that the execution alone makes the artist. An artist, as I understand the word, must have many qualities besides manual dexterity. He must have, in addition, many of the gifts of the poet, and among them that greatest gift of all—imagination. Now you, my dear sir, I am afraid, are not very great at that."

Poor Hopkins said nothing, evidently convinced by Frank's sarcasm and my ponderous arguments that his case was a hopeless one.

"Do you ever dream?" asked Frank.

"Not very often," replied Hopkins, "only after carried lobster or crab, or something of that sort. I am a very sound sleeper."

"Then, you see, if you can't dream without the assistance of indigestible food, you can't imagine, and I, with every wish to encourage incipient talent, should advise you not to adopt the profession of an artist."

"Well, well," said Hopkins, "let us say no more about it," and he sighed again.

But we were not inclined to let him off so easily, and went on in the same vein till we were weary, and tossed him and his aspirations about between us like a ball. We treated him very badly, and he must have been the best-tempered or the thickest-skinned of men to have stood it without showing anger.

Tired at last of baiting our imperturbable friend, we turned to other topics.

"Seen Jones' new picture?" asked Frank.

"Yes. Don't care much for it," I replied; "men shouldn't try to paint old subjects unless they can treat them in a new manner."

"Well, it must be hard to strike out a new line with Hamlet and the ghost. I never tried to paint a ghost, so I don't know what I should make of it."

"I shall wait till I see one, and then offer it handsome terms for a few sittings. I think there is something to be done with ghosts, but they must be of an original kind, not conventional, like Jones'."

"Hang it, no. They are always the same; thinly painted, with something placed conveniently behind them to show their transparency. I wouldn't care to paint a ghost of that sort, people only laugh at them; but I should like to put that creepy sensation on canvas—that feeling that something uncanny is about."

"Well, when some one does see a ghost we may get the correct thing; not till then."

"Ghosts ain't visible," said Hopkins, solemnly; "but, for all that, there are ghosts."

A remark like this from Hopkins was an event not lightly to be passed by, so we cried in a breath:

"What do you know about ghosts? Ever troubled with them?"

He took his pipe from his lips and said quietly:

"If you young fellows won't laugh too much, I don't mind telling you."

We promised the gravity of Solon, and Frank winked at me in so barefaced a manner that anybody but our unobservant friend would have seen it and at once declined speaking. However, no mischief was done, for in deep accents he began:

"You remember ——"

"Stop a bit," I said: "I can tell from the way the story opens it is going to be something awful. Let us fill the glasses first." We did so: "Now fire away, old fellow, and don't, please, embellish your truthful tale with too many flowers of fancy."

Hopkins paused a little.

"Look here," he said, "you won't mention this to anybody, as I should not like the people on the Stock Exchange to hear of it. They chaff so."

We vowed that wild horses should not rend the terrible revelation from our bosoms.

Hopkins began again:

"You remember my late partner, poor old Bobbett?"

"Never even heard of him," interrupted Blair.

"Ah, to be sure. Before your time. Well, our firm was—indeed, is now—Bobbett, Hopkins & Company."

"What business?" I asked, with the air of a cross-examining counsel.

"Stock Jobbers; Office, Capel Court," said Hopkins, with a return to his usual brevity.

"Excuse my interrupting your interesting tale," said Frank, "but what is a stock jobber? Something eminently respectable, honest and lucrative, I have no doubt. But what is it?

Hopkins summed up his profession briefly thus:

"You want to sell stock—another man wants to buy stock—you go to a broker—he goes to a broker—both brokers go to a jobber, or dealer, which sounds nicer—your broker sells him the stock, his broker buys it of him. That's a stock jobber's business in a nut-shell."

"But as I am ignorant of all transactions in stock, I fail to see the pull of it."

"Well, your broker sells it to me for, say, one hundred and twenty; the other man's broker buys it of me for, say, one hundred and twenty-one; and that's the way we make our living."

"That is a nice business," said Blair, in tones of admiration; "so easy, just the thing to suit you, I should think."

"Don't listen to him," I cried; "go on with your tale."

Hopkins, not the least discomposed by the interruptions, proceeded:

"Old Bobbett was my partner, and a capital partner he was—sharp as a needle and bold as a lion, and always fair in his dealings between partner and partner. The only fault I had to find with him was that he was a little too fond of speculating on his own account. I like best to let people speculate through me. It pays best in the long run, and you sleep much sounder when a rising or falling market don't make a difference of a thousand or so to you. But Bobbett couldn't keep out of it. The excitement was everything to him, and I must say he was very clever, seldom making a bad mistake. He gave all his time to it and had the most marvelous way of picking up information before other people. I never knew where he got his tips, but when he strolled into the office of a morning and said: 'Better sell or buy North British Brighton As,' or what else it might be, I knew he had heard something, and there would be a move one way or another in the stocks he named. I tell you, I used to get very frightened at first, especially when he did make losses; but at each year's end I found the balance the right side, so at last I came to trust Bobbett implicitly—let him do just as he liked; and if he had told me Consols were going to drop to eighty I think I should have believed him. Poor old Bobbett!"

Hopkins paused here; it might have been from the emotion caused by the recollection of tender commercial passages between himself and the lamented Bobbett; but if so his face said nothing.

Frank drew the back of his hand across his eyes and murmured:

"This is all very interesting—very pathetic, but where's the promised ghost?"

Our stolid friend took no notice, but went on like one commencing a fresh chapter of a novel.

"One day my partner told me he was going to the North of England on some private business: There was very little doing on the Exchange at that time, or, I am sure, no private business would have called him away. 'Better not operate until my return,' he said, unless you hear from me. If I think anything worth doing, or pick up any news, I will wire.' 'All right,' I said, 'pleasant journey to you.' And so he went out of the office never to return. Poor old Bobbett!"

Hopkins seemed almost in tears, and we, who had never given him credit for such tender feelings, tempered our surprise with sympathy.

"The next day but one came a telegram—from John Bobbett, Crossleigh Road Station. It contained these simple words: 'Sell thirty thousand Marthas.' I was thunderstruck as I read it."

"Wait a minute," said Blair; "you are going beyond us again. What did he mean? Were you 'slave jobbers as well as stock jobbers?"

"We call stocks by nicknames. Caledonian deferred are 'Claras,' Brighton deferred are 'Berthas,' Northern as 'Noras,' so that Manchester and Dundees are 'Marthas.'"

"I see," said Blair; "what ingenuity!"

"I was thunderstruck, I say; and as I read the telegram my first thought was, it must be a forgery; but a secret word, known to us alone, put its authenticity beyond a doubt. And yet, in spite of my high opinion of Bobbett's cleverness I hesitated for some minutes. I could see no possible reason to expect a fall in the stock named. The traffic return was good, and a large dividend was naturally expected. All rails were high, and all the knowing people said must go higher. There was lots of public money for investment, and the outside public dearly loves to buy on a rising market, and yet, with all these facts before me, I am proud to say I trusted my old partner, although it was with a heavy heart I followed his instructions. I sold at the best price I could get, and, just as I had placed the last five thousand, became aware of great excitement in the market. You will scarcely credit it, but telegrams came in running so: 'Terrible accident on Manchester & Dundee Line. Two trains completely wrecked. Fifty persons killed and wounded.' You must remember the collision. It was an awful smash-up, and nearly swamped the dividend on the deferred shares for that half-year.

"As soon as the first excitement subsided I began to think of Bobbett. I knew he was somewhere up that way, and for the moment felt anxious about him, and then I laughed at my fears as I remembered the telegram I had received a short time before. He, at least, must be all right, or he could not have sent me that line; but what an artful old rascal—fellow, I mean—to manage to forestall every one in the intelligence! He must have sped to the nearest station, dispatched his message and perhaps bribed the telegraphist to keep back the official news until I had time to complete the transaction. However, he had managed, it was very clever, and ought to be a lot of money in our pockets, and thankful I was I had trusted him.

"I dare say you two in your hearts think this very wrong, but it is diamond cut diamond on the London Stock Exchange I can tell you."

Frank and I made polite disclaimers, and as we were growing rather interested in this iniquitous exploit of Bobbett's pressed Hopkins to go on without fear of wounding our susceptibilities.

"Of course I was very sorry for the poor people killed, but I could not help feeling as I went back to my office that I had done a very good day's work. 'I won't close,' I said, 'until Bobbett returns. I should think, with this transaction open, he is sure to get back tomorrow. Even as I made this resolution, a clerk put a telegram in my hand. It came from some railway official, and informed me that John Bobbett had been killed in the smash. My surprise at the first message was nothing to what I felt now. It was utterly incomprehensible—it was impossible. How could Bobbett be dead when his telegram lay before me? When he sent that he must have been alive, and what was more, had all his wits about him. It was barely possible he could have got any one else to send off the message, and died afterward from injuries. I was greatly puzzled and alarmed, so decided that the best thing I could do to elucidate the mystery was to go myself to the scene of the accident and ascertain the truth. I started by the night mail, traveled all night, and early in the morning reached Crossleigh Road, a little station of no importance. The accident had happened some miles further down the line, and when I reached the place I was conducted to a large barn which stood near the side of the railway; and there, laid out on the deal boards, I saw, side by side with many a ghastly object, the corpse of poor old Bobbett, mangled and battered almost beyond recognition. After the emotion I felt at seeing my old partner in this state had subsided, a feeling of intense fear replaced it. I saw at one glance that by no possibility could he have moved a foot after the accident, and as I stood wondering, a doctor who was near me said:

"'He was more fortunate than many, his death was instantaneous.'

"I obtained further particulars from the people about, and learned that his body had been extricated from the wreck of the carriages, where it lay with about a ton of wood and iron on top of it.

"And yet I had his telegram, sent from Crossleigh Road, a station, as I told you before, at least five miles from the scene of the collision, and I received that telegram nearly an hour before any news came of the accident."

Hopkins knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and was silent. The man's tale had been told so simply, so circumstantially, the time and places stated so distinctly, and apparently truthfully, that Frank and I for the moment were unable to suggest any explanation. Hopkins replenished his pipe with the air of one who has nothing further to say. At last I asked:

"But did you not inquire at the telegraph office?"

"O, yes. But I hardly like to tell you the result of my inquiries, it seems so strange. I interviewed the man who worked the machine. I did not want to get a marvelous tale spread about, so was very cautious in my questions, inquiring what messages he had sent off the day before. At first I could get nothing out of him, but I noticed, when I asked him whether he could remember any strange occurrence just before the accident, he seemed troubled and hesitated a little; so I pressed him further, and at last got this statement from him: Some time, about an hour, he thinks, before he heard of the accident down the line, he was standing in the office with his back to the fire, engaged in cracking nuts, eating apples, or some other device that clerks with plenty of leisure employ to while away the time, when he felt a breath of cold air as if some one had entered and left the outer door ajar. He turned round to remonstrate with the careless intruder, and, to his surprise, saw the door was shut. As he glanced round the room he heard the familiar click, click, click, and he was quite prepared to swear he saw the handle of the instrument working rapidly on its own account, and evidently sending off a message somewhere. He was so taken aback, and, indeed, frightened, that for some moments he could not move, and when at last he recovered himself sufficiently to spring forward, the movement of the handle had ceased, and the message, whatever it was, speeding to its destination. He was sure, from the short time it took in sending, the message was one of very few words, and I need not say that, as telegraph clerks are unaccustomed to seeing their instruments worked by invisible agency, he was very much puzzled, but decided not to report the occurrence for fear his superiors should think he had been drinking. I gave him a couple of sovereigns and begged him to say nothing about it. Afterward I inquired at the other end, and found the message had been forwarded in an ordinary way. So that in spite of my disbelief in anything supernatural I could only come to one conclusion."

"It is very strange," said Frank. "So you think ——"

"I think that poor old Bobbett's ghost flew at once to the telegraph office and managed to send off that important message to his old partner and friend. Bobbett was a very clever man and no doubt his ghost was cleverer than other people's ghosts."

"So that in the general confusion it managed to evade pursuit for a few moments?"

Hopkins made no reply.

"But," I asked, "have you any reason for thinking that ghosts in general, or Bobbett's ghost in particular, are endued with a knowledge of the Morse alphabet?"

"I have told you before," said Hopkins, with crushing solemnity, "that Bobbett was a clever man, and knew most things."

"Well, what about the what-d'ye-call-ems—the young women, the Marthas?" asked Frank.

"I waited some days before I closed the account, hoping that Bobbett might send me instructions about them somehow, but as I heard nothing from him, I bought them back at ten per cent. less."

"That, I suppose, means a satisfactory conclusion, and you netted something?"

"Three thousand pounds. It ought to have been more had I dared to wait; for they fell fifteen before they stopped. Perhaps," added Hopkins, thoughtfully and regretfully, "had I waited till then, Bobbett would have sent me a message to close."

He said this in such serious good faith that we stared at one another. When we recovered from our astonishment, I asked:

"That profit, of course, went into the partnership account."

"Of course it did, sir," replied Hopkins, almost angrily. "After deducting my traveling expenses I passed his share to his credit."

"And I hope," said Frank, with a solemn face, "you paid the company the shilling for the telegraphic message which Mr. Bobbett sent without their permission."

Hopkins rose with a manner almost dignified.

"Mr. Blair," he said, "this is the one subject I never jest upon. I have told you, in the simplest language, a strange, but a true, tale, and will now wish you good-night."

So saying he went.

Frank, rather huffed at his last words, only shook hands with our departing guest, but I conducted him down-stairs and saw him out. As I closed the door I heard a tremendous grunt; indeed, so loud was it I thought it must be a summons for readmittance. I opened the door again, and, to my surprise, saw Hopkins leaning against the railings, with every muscle of his broad back in motion. I was quite alarmed, and said hastily:

"Are you ill, old fellow?"

The quivering motion ceased, and Hopkins turned round and looked up at me, and his great face, under the lamplight, was empty of expression as ever.

"No; only the recollection of those things I told you always upsets me. Good-night. Poor old Bobbett!"

"Strange tale, Frank," I said, when having closed the door on Hopkins' departing sigh, we settled down once more.

"Very. Had any one else but Hopkins told it, I shouldn't have believed a word of it; but he could no more invent it than he could paint my 'Alexander and Thais.'"

"How do you account for it?"

"Can't account for it. The only explanation I can see is that Bobbett, who must have been no end of a rascal, laid some plan for wrecking the trains, and arranged to have the telegram sent off previously. But then, he was in the train and was smashed up himself, so that won't do."

"I have seen it asserted," I said, "in a book on spiritual influences that a person dying, and thinking of some one at a distance, has been able to make a sort of resemblance of himself appear to that some one. Bobbett's thoughts, directly the smash came, may have turned to his one passion—speculating, and acted somewhat in the same way."

"Nonsense!" said Frank, "that won't hold water; I can't account for it."

"Neither can I."

And we never did. Hopkin's declined to talk any more upon the subject, which he said was a painful one to him; so we soon ceased to think about it.

And yet there is one thing that puzzles me. Some years afterward I spoke about Hopkins and his peculiarities, or rather lack of peculiarities, to a mutual friend, when suddenly remembering his tale, I said:

"By the bye, did you know his late partner, Bobbett?"

"O, yes; very well—sharp man he was, too!"

"Killed in a railway accident, I believe?"

"No; he died in his bed, like other people, and left a lot of money behind him."

Now this piece of information, coupled with the recollection of Hopkins as I saw him, leaning against the railings outside the front door, quivering with strange emotion, caused a feeling of uneasiness in my mind, and sometimes now, in spite of his unmeaning features and commonplace demeanor, I ask myself, in confidence: "Were we wrong after all, and did Hopkins possess imagination?"

The Holy War.

Since the present disturbances broke out in Egypt the mollah has been bringing his political influence conspicuously into play. Knowing well their power for political ends, one of Arabi Bey's first moves when he saw that hostilities were inevitable was to gather together the mollahs and dervishes of Cairo and send them out into the Nile valley villages to preach a holy war in every mosque. The result of this was that a large number of young men, inflamed by religious enthusiasm, abandoned their homes, flocked into the larger towns, and there clamored to be armed and sent to the front along with Arabi's other warriors. In Cairo the combined religious and political machine has been worked by Arabi most effectively. He has used the Cairo sheikhs for his purposes, and they have used and are still using the populace for their purposes. The great Ulema or teachers of the mosque of El Azhar stand ready to denounce Sultan Abdul Hamid and to proclaim the Arab grand cherif of Mecca as the true calif of Islam if Turkey sends a man into the country to fight against the Egyptians. Although the sympathies of the Constantinople hierarchy are personally in favor of Arabi's contentions, there is a party which is seriously debating whether it would be legitimate for Turkey, in the event of certain contingencies, to give its sanction to the proclamation of holy wars which must not be departed from upon any pretext. The framers of the code, like wise men, therefore affirmed that no jehad could be recognizable which was not proclaimed under certain well defined conditions. The mollahs who have been at work between Cairo and Alexandria, and even in Tantah, where the deplorable massacre of Europeans took place a short time ago, have endeavored to put aside these conditions as trifling or to conceal them by saying no thing about them.

But the best Mohammedan jurists have had the subject forced upon their attention from every point of view, politically as well as religious, and have been compelled to consider seriously whether the cause of Islam could be benefited by encouraging the hot-headed Egyptian clamor for the proclamation of a jehad. According to a celebrated Oriental scholar, who has been giving his views in a German newspaper upon the legality of proclaiming jehads, every Constantinople jurist, "from the Sheikh ul Islam to the lowest howadi," agrees that a holy war or jehad can only be legally proclaimed if there is a reasonable prospect of its being successful, and that if there is no such prospect a jehad is unlawful, inasmuch as it uselessly sacrifices life and property. A further condition of the legality of a holy war is that the lawful spiritual head of a race which goes to war shall join personally the camp of those who have proclaimed it and all the subjects of the belligerent state, whether Mohammedans or Christians, are bound to take part in it. A curious fact about a holy war is that, according to the Mohammedan code, it cancels all debts, both of the state and private individuals. For this reason alone Arabi Bey would be anxious to have the Sultan's support in the proclamation of a holy war, for Egypt could then dispute the claims of the French and English bondholders, and those private Europeans possessing property in Egypt or justly-acquired credits from Egyptians would have to whistle for their money. When Sultan Mahmoud II. ordered the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826 and again during the late Russo-Turkish war (which was proclaimed to be a holy war by an irade of the porte dated the 20th of May, 1877), these foreign obligations were declared canceled, though in the latter case the Berlin conference re-established the liability of the porte to its foreign creditors. All these considerations have to be taken seriously into consideration by the Constantinople Mohammedan jurists, and they are already having an effect in counteracting the enthusiasm aroused by the teachings and harangues of the indefatigable mollahs and dervishes of Egypt. —*Chicago Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In Meridian, Miss., a saloon license costs $1,500.

—A party of Minnesotians have entered 1,500 acres of land in Sumter County, Florida, between lakes Minnehaha and Minneola, upon which they intend to build a city.—*Chicago Times.*

—A correspondent, championing the mosquito, wants to know why it should not be held up, like the much-lauded bee and ant, for its good example of persistency, perseverance and singing at its work.

—The Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting this hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah, now I see my diamonds again."

—A very long journey for an unattended child was being made by a lad of nine years who arrived at the railway station in Buffalo, N. Y., recently, with a card sewed to his jacket bearing this inscription: "Parker's Landing, Pa. This boy, Samuel Brindle, is going to his mother, Mary A. Brindle, Primrose Banks Mills, Old Oldham, Lancashire, England, via Montreal, Canada, and Liverpool, England, per Canada Shipping Company, Beaver Line. Take care of him."

—William H. Armstrong, the new United States Railroad Inspector, began his duties a few days ago by a trip over the Union Pacific and its branches. The South Park Road, in Colorado, has a very steep grade. The locomotive of the train became unmanageable, the brakes would not work, and there was no way to check the frightful and increasing speed. The Inspector did not stay aboard to make official observations but dropped from the rear platform and broke a leg.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. Sharp, the widow of a Memphis Judge, fell in love with Captain Leech and asked him to marry her. He blushingly declined. She assured him that her estate was large enough to support them both, and urged her suit ardently, but he was immovable, reminding her that he had never given her any encouragement and hoping that she would not take his answer unkindly. But she did. She wrote a statement of her sorrow for the *Appeal*, and attempted suicide.

—A very pretty little story is told of the Queen of the Belgians. Returning to her chateau late one night she found the gate closed and an obdurate sentry on guard. He had been given orders to close the gate at ten o'clock, and he would not let the Queen pass. "Surely you can allow the gate to be opened for me—for the Queen?" "I know very well that you are the Queen, but if I were to let you pass I should be put under arrest," was the sentry's reply. The man was rewarded for his obstinacy.

—John Raper was a Chicagoan of seeming piety. He was an eloquent speaker at camp meetings, a worker in a Sunday school, and most rigid in denying himself frivolous amusements. When his eyesight became poor the firm for whom he was a bookkeeper gave him the duties of a mere messenger to perform, but continued his salary without reduction, and when he said that an operation on his eyes would require two weeks' seclusion in a dark room, they made him a present of $50 for expenses. He had not been absent many days before it was discovered that he had stolen $3,000. The dark room containing him has not been located.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—About forty Irish students in Philadelphia are trying to awaken an interest in the study of the Celtic tongue. They have formed themselves into a philo-Celtic society, and meet for study once a week. The society was organized last June with fifteen members. Patrick Rowan and Patrick Connelly act as teachers, and their work is wholly one of love. The greater number of students are Irish by birth, but some are Americans. They range in age from boys of seventeen to gray-haired men, and defray all expenses by a payment of twenty-five cents a month each. The members say that they can not expect any material results to flow from their studies, but are actuated solely by motives of national pride.

—Kansas has many shrewd lawyers, and a friend sends us this anecdote of one of them: The law requires that a person must be twenty-one years old before he can pre-empt land. When one comes in to ask if he can evade this law and have his boys, who lack some years of being twenty-one, "prove up" some land, the attorney smiles serenely, and says: "Of course, certainly; it is the easiest thing in the world." And when the time comes to make out the papers the attorney marks with a piece of chalk on the floor, "twenty-one years old." He places the affiant on the floor standing on these words, and has him swear that he is "over twenty-one years old." —*Chicago Journal.*

London Cabs and Fares.

The cab rates within the radius, that is, within a circle eight miles wide, of which Charing Cross is the center, are twelve cents per mile, but no fare is less than twenty-four cents. Every extra passenger beyond the first two miles pays twelve cents, be the distance long or short. Every cabman is bound to accept a passenger at any hour of the day or night that he may be plying in the public streets, and it is quite possible to take a cabman at midnight eight miles from his home for the sum of one dollar. "Cabby" is a much legislated upon individual, and as no class of the community uses the cabs more than that which makes the laws, the car-traffic regulations do not err on the side of over-leniency to the cabman. If a driver makes a special bargain to take a passenger a certain distance for half the legal fare, the law compels him to carry out the contract; but if, on the other hand, a passenger agrees to pay more than the legal rate, he cannot be compelled to stick to his bargain. Cabby is fined for driving too fast, fined for loitering in the streets for "fares," except on the proper stands, fined for refusing to give his badge number to any one who may demand it, and fined for not driving to the nearest police station, if requested, when there is any dispute about the proper fare.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1882.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in primary meetings at the polling places [The voters in No. 8, will meet at the usual places and elect three delegates from the Eastern side and two from the western side of "Backbone"] in their respective districts on:

Saturday, September 2, 1882,

AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.,

to elect five (5) delegates from each district to attend a County Convention to be held at Oakland on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at 2 o'clock P. M., to elect three (3) delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held in Hagerstown, on Wednesday, September 13th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Chief Judge and one candidate for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

The County Convention will also elect three delegates to represent this county in a convention to be held at Frederick, on Wednesday, September 20th, 1882, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress for the 6th Congressional District.

The members of the district committees will please make arrangements for the primaries in their respective districts.

The committee requests that the Republican voters of each district will select at their primaries, three persons to act as district committee for their respective districts for the ensuing year.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

H. WHEELER COMBS,
Chairman.

Hon. John W. Mason, of Grafton, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Second W. Va. district.

The Cumberland *Daily Times* says Hon. Lewis Cass Smith, President of the C. & O. Canal, was elected to the Legislature from this county, in 1875, by 1200 majority. The official returns say 14 majority. Figures won't lie; but somebody is badly mistaken, sure, in this case.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

The Dynasty Continued.

At the late meeting of the stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, the State stock was voted by the majority of the Board of Public Works for Hon. Lewis Cass Smith, of Hagerstown, as President of the Canal Company. Hon. Jesse K. Hines has been re-elected Insurance Commissioner, and Hon. Levin Woolford Tax Commissioner. The Ring has shown its power by retaining these three important offices in their own hands, and the opposition of the Gov. has proven to be of little account in an open fight with its leaders. The struggles of the last few years have shown that all hope of a change of policy, so long as the Democracy continues in power, within Maryland, in vain. It is only by an overthrow of the dominant party, that such a change can take place. The opportunity of the Republican party is drawing near. We should be united to make the contest, which will enable us to profit by this opportunity. Gov. Hamilton has failed to break the power of the Ring, when position and emolument were in question. Let the Republicans take the subject in hand, and see whether a better result cannot be obtained.—*Frederick Examiner.*

The Baltimore Oriole.

The Oriole festivities this month in Baltimore promise a programme that in unique and brilliant features has never been paralleled before in the country. Indeed it may be said that "promise" is hardly a strong enough word, as preparations have been so far completed as to insure a success that will surprise visitors and residents alike. An enormous amount of work has been completed, and on two different times the building where the pageant is being constructed has had to be greatly enlarged. The experience Baltimore had last year in the way of pageants will be profited by this year to a striking extent. Instead of contracting with any one man for its production and construction, it has been entirely in the hands of a committee of Baltimore citizens—active and energetic men—who have given the greater portion of their time to the work for months past. The general manager is a gentleman of very large experience in Southern cities in designing, perfecting and placing upon the streets night displays of this character. With him have been associated artists also of large experience in the construction, painting and decorating of floats, and the work already accomplished is a surprise even to those intimately connected with it.

The pageant is upon Thursday night, September 14th, and the Oriolo portion of it will consist of two grand divisions, the most extensive display of the kind ever attempted by any one organization in the United States.

The first division of the pageant will be a memorable one, as it will display representative floats of the oldest and most famous of the Mystic Organizations of the country. Indeed the division will include Tableaux-Cars by all the Mystic Organizations of the South and West. There will be Rex and his Court from New Orleans, Comus and his Crewe, Momus and his Knights, and the Knights of Porteus, all of New Orleans. The Veiled Prophets of St. Louis; the Memphii of Memphis; Momus and his Knights of Galveston; the Cowbellians, Infant Myths and Strikers of Mobile.

The long experience that these organizations have had in displays of this character, and the brilliant reputation they hold all over the country for marvelous effects, be more than eclipsed in Baltimore this month, as while the competition among them to make the grandest display is of the most friendly nature, still they will all strive to outdo one another in gorgeous effects. The festivities open on Tuesday, the 12th, with a military parade, followed by a competitive trial which will undoubtedly prove one of the most notable of military events. The competitive trial is open to all States, and already a number of acceptances, received from crack organizations assures a competition which cannot but prove of the liveliest interest. The second day's festivities will be of a unique and striking description, embracing as they will the reception of Cecilius, Lord of Baltimore, after an absence of 250 years. King Charles the First gave to Cecilius all the territory now embraced in the State of Maryland as well as much of that embraced in the District of Columbia and the State of Virginia. Lord Baltimore will arrive on one of the largest steamers at the foot of Broadway, and will be received by a pageant as novel as it will be brilliant. All the local military as well as from sixteen to eighteen visiting companies will participate as will also all the uniformed societies of the city, the Fire and Police Departments, and all municipal organizations. The immediate body-guard of Lord Baltimore will be a cavalcade of mounted courtiers superbly mounted, costumed and all closely masked. With Cecilius, will be King Rex, Comus, Momus, Memphii, Veiled Prophets and other high dignitaries. The leading business houses of this city will display representative tableaux, and the parade upon the whole will be one long to be remembered.

Every preparation has been made for the accommodation of visitors to Baltimore upon this occasion and she will spread herself as never before. There is a full and hearty recognition of the fact that last year's celebration was not strictly a success and therefore it may be depended upon that this year's festivities will exceed the anticipations of the most enthusiastic.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has with its accustomed enterprise and liberality made remarkably low rate from all stations on its main line, divisions and branches. The details for the prompt and rapid transit of the immense number of people who will go over the road to Baltimore have all been perfected and special trains will be run and no trouble deemed too great to insure the satisfaction of all parties.

The Situation in Egypt.

Aug. 21.—The main body of the British forces are disbarking at Ismailia, and it is reported that a movement towards Cairo will soon be made. Several of Arabi's officer's have arrived at Kantara and surrendered themselves. A railroad in Arabi Pacha's rear has broken so as to cut off his retreat to upper Egypt, where he is unpopular owing to his exactions. A party of Bedouins and Egyptian soldiers started to plunder Ramleh yesterday, but were driven out by the Highlanders. Two Arabs have been shot at Port Said for not answering the challenge of a sentry, and natives are leaving town in alarm. Feeling among educated Mussulmans in Constantinople is said to have turned against Arabi Pasha. M. de Lesseps has assured the Duke of Connaught of his friendly sentiments towards England.

August 25.—General Wolseley's advance army, numbering about 2,000 men, encountered an Egyptian force of 10,000 men at Magfar, and maintained their ground all day long, with slight loss. Yesterday his army resumed their march, and occupied Maxamah. General Wolseley is hastening his advance towards Zagazing, and expects to reach Kassassin lock of the fresh water canal to-day. The position will secure him a safe passage accross the desert lying between Ismailia and the cultivated land of the Delta. The Egyptians are greatly demoralized, and retreating before the British advance. Among important points abandoned by them is Ramses. Despatches from Alexandria indicate much activity along the line of railway, where the Egyptians are believed to be entrenching. A large camp seen south of Lake Maroetis is believed to be occupied by Tripolitan reinforcements for the Egyptian army.

Aug. 26.—Ramses and Birket-el Mahsameh were occupied Sturday by the British army under General Wolseley. After a slight skirmish the Egyptians retreated toward Lake Maxamah. It is believed that Gen. Wolseley has asked for more men. All the troops that landed at Ismailia, with few exceptions, have gone to the front. The Egyptians have occupied an important position on the Isthmus, between Lake Aboukir and Lake Edke. The Egyptians Saturday morning made an attempt to cut off the British outposts near the Mahmoudied Canal but retired on an alarm being given.

Aug. 27.—After an engagement on Friday, Gen. Wolseley's advance occupied Ramses, the ancient Hieropolis, and the cavalry were pushed on five miles further to Kassassine, in the direction of the very strong Egyptian position at Tel-el-Kebir. The British move slowly and suffer much on account of the heat and the inundation of the country. There were artillery duels yesterday in the neighborhood of Aboukir and Ramleh, and Bedouins were beaten off in a skirmish near the Meks forts, on the western side of Alexandria. A Turkish vessel, attempting to land troops in the Suez Canal, was forbidden by the English fleet, and is being followed by gunboats watching her movements. Turkey is reported to have acceded to all the British demands concerning the military convention and the proclamation against Arabi.

Aug. 28.—Gen. Wolseley continues his advance westward from Ismailia and will soon make an attack upon Tel-el-Kebir, where the main body of the Egyptians is posted, and from which he is now only a few miles distant. He telegraphs that the actions of Thursday and Friday were serious and that the enemy were utterly routed. They poisoned the Sweet Water Canal by throwing into it the bodies of the men and horses. Mahmoud Fehmy, Arabi's chief engineer and military advisor, is a prisoner in British hands, and reports that the Egyptian army is in a wretched condition. The Khedive has sent an embassy to accompany the British and assure the people that their mission is solely to re-establish his authority and to relieve them from military despotism. Affairs were quiet along the Alexandria lines yesterday, but a deserter from the rebels states that Arabi has a strong force at Kafr-el-Dwar, fifteen miles from the city, and that he will make a fight there. Austria is said to be supporting the Russian demands upon England.

August 30.—General Wolseley's advance was attacked by Arabi Pasha at Kassassin on Monday night, and after a severe fight the Egyptians were defeated with a heavy loss. The British loss was eight killed and sixty-one wounded. The enemy fought well and saved their artillery, but were unable to withstand the charge of the British cavalry. The way is now open for General Wolseley to Tel-el-Kebir. The Egyptians are strengthening their lines on the west of Alexandria, and some slight skirmishing took place near Ramleh yesterday. At Constantinople yesterday the Anglo-Turkish military convention was signed by Lord Dufferin and the representative of the Sublime Porte, and it will be officially promulgated within a few days. Fighting has broken out between the Turks and Greeks on the frontier of Thessaly.

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, make pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, stength and beauty. Ladies try it.—*Bazaar.*

The Question in Ohio.

The temperance agitation is so strong this year, and has been able to accomplish something in so many States, that the exact features of it in any particular State are apt to become confused in the mind of the general reader. It is important to understand exactly the position of affairs in Ohio, in order to know just how each of the old parties stand related to the question, and why the Prohibitionists have nominated a separate ticket.

The relation of the Republican party to the liquor question is this: At its last session the Republican Legislature passed the Pond bill taxing the retail liquor traffic, and the Smith bill, so called after its introducer, prohibiting traffic in all kinds of liquors on Sunday. The Pond bill was declared by the courts unconstitutional, because it made the payment of the tax a condition precedent to engaging in the business, This the court held, was equivalent, to a license, and licensing is forbidden by the State Constitution. The principal that the traffic is taxable is unaffected by this decision; and the Republican convention inserted a plank in its platform favoring a specific tax on the retail traffic. That convention also favored the enforcement of the Sunday closing law. The Republican position, then, is plain. It is in favor of a large tax on the retail liquor traffic, and of closing all saloons on Sunday.

The Democratic platform is not so outspoken, but their leading men and newspapers are more so. The platform declares against "sumptuary legislation," which is a roundabout way of saying taxation of liquor; and the Democratic press and rostra explain that they are opposed both to the Pond bill or anything like it, and to the enforcement of the Sunday closing law. The Democratic position, therefore, is, as usual, a negative of the Republican position. In other words, the Ohio Democrats favor "free whiskey and no Sunday."

The Prohibitionists do not believe in taxing or regulating the liquor traffic, but in abolishing it altogether, and making indulgence in it a criminal offence. Consequently they do not support the Republicans in their efforts, but nominate a ticket of their own. By so doing, they, of course, draw off from the Republican vote, and the only effect of their ticket, if they are successful in polling many votes, will be to deliver the State over body and breeches to the brewers and liquor-sellers.

Such in short, is the state of parties in Ohio on the temperance question. All other questions are insignificant in the canvass compared with it. The election will not have a great Federal effect. There is no reason for waving the bloody shirt or for howling reform with a mental reservation. The main question is simply whether the State is to be ruled by its lawabiding citizens or by the Brewers' Association.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Nasby's Invention.

Nasby writes to a Toledo paper: "I have invented a new carpet bag for the especial yoose uv patriots and agitators. It is made of this ingy rubber, with a frame that folds into a small compass. You take the carpet bag, blow it up till it bulges out at the sides ez tho it wuz ful of cloz and walk into a lodgin' house and demand rooms with confidence. That carpet bag bustin' with valyoohles settles it. You stay on the strength uv the bag and hev your meals sent to your room and liye fat. Presently your land-lady wants money, and commences to watch that carpet bag. Yoo can't get ont of my house with it for that is her anker and her hope. Very good. Some evening yoo go to your room, let the wind out uv it, fold it up, put it in your coat pocket, and bid her good evening, telling her that yoo shall be home early and she might light the fire at ten, and tho place that knowed yoo unst knows yoo no more forever. The fust dark place yoo come to you blaw it up again, and establish yourself in comfort ef not in luxury."

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervious debility, or when insanity has already taken place, *Peruna* and *Manalin* should be implicity relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expresion of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others, certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these *Peruna* and *Manalin* should at once be taken.

A country editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says, "A great many do not. They take the paper several years, and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused."

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Railroad Accident near Oakland.

A railroad accident occurred Sunday night about 11 o'clock, on the B. & O. R. R., at Shaffer's Mill, one mile west of Oakland, The cause of the accident was the breaking of a coupling which separated freight train No. 49, and before the rear portion could be coupled and gotten under way, another freight train rounded the curve and ran into the caboose and rear cars, demolishing about a dozen cars laden with grain, mules, cattle and hogs.

There were three drovers on the caboose, two of whom escaped by jumping to the right of the track. The third, Jacob J. Sollers, of Fayette county, Ohio, jumped to the left and down the embankment where he was caught beneath the engine. His arm was broken, his face badly bruised and cut, and he also received internal injuries from the effects of which he died, Monday morning at the Oakland Hotel. He was about 38 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children. Deceased was attended by Dr. J. Lee McComas, of Oakland, and Drs. Sebindel, of Cumberland, and Dulin, of Baltimore.

Two car loads of wheat and one of oats will be almost an entire loss, while many cattle, mules and hogs were killed. All on board being warned, jumped off, except the fireman, who stuck to his post, and, to the surprise of all, clambered out unhurt from the side lights of the engine, which had careened to one side.

The scene of the wreck was visited Monday and Tuesday by large numbers from Oakland and Deer Park.

Mountain Lake Park.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union and religious meetings of railroad men which commenced Thursday of last week, at Mountain Lake Park, closed Sunday night. The attendance Thursday was very large, being estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000, a large number of whom arrived on excursion trains from Cumberland, Grafton and intermediate points. The services of the morning consisted of a general class or experience meeting, in which many testified to having been led to become Christians through the labors and teachings of Miss Jennie Smith.

In the afternoon the Convention proper met and organized by electing officers and appointing the necessary committees. Afterwards addresses were delivered by Miss Jennie Smith, Miss Taylor, of Wheeling, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. McCloud and Mrs. King, of Baltimore.

One of the features of this session was the attendance of the members of Oakland Lodge of Good Templars in a body in full regalia. They were introduced by W. L. Gardner, formerly of Wheeling, in a short and very appropriate address, and warmly greeted and heartily welcomed by Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. McCloud, in a few well chosen and feeling remarks.

That night and three times each day during its continuance, very interesting and beneficial services were held; all concluding Sunday night with a grand meeting.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Aug. 24:

D. E. Offutt and wife to John N. Ervin, part of a tract called "Cranberry Glade," 468¾ acres; $4580.

Joseph Foster and wife to John N. Ervin, military lot No. 1603; $250.

Thos. R. King and wife to O. W. Helskell and John Shatzer, part of military lot 863, 25 acres; $600.

Joel Miller and wife to Louis Beitzel, part of a tract called "Hard Struggle," 214 acres; $1284.

Danl. Willink and wife to Geo. McCormick part of a tract called "The Land Flowing with Milk and Honey," 465½ acres; $9000.

Richd. T. Browning and wife to Chas. W. DeWitt, two tracts of land 110¼ acres; $1620.

Josiah H. Gordon and Robert H. Gordon, trustees, and others, to John DeWitt, part of a tract called "The Gleanings," 69½ acres; $208.50.

Joseph R. Anderson to Buckner Mason, part of a tract called "Republic," 26¼ acres; $451.

George Richter, to May A. Richter, military lots 2682, 2684 and 2685; $2100.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at Sturgis Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Aug. 29th, 1882.

No very stirring events to chronicle this week. The Hotel has, comparatively, very few guests, and it is reported, will close on the 1st of September. The other boarding houses for summer visitors, in our place, are still full.

The lumber business is in a flourishing condition. Among other kinds of wood from H. G. Davis & Co's. lumber yard, there has been a shipment of fifty tons of laurel roots to Messrs. Jonasson & Co's. factory in Cumberland, for the manufacture of pipes alone.

The last two weeks has been a most excellent season for harvesting. H. G. Davis and Bro. have nearly finished getting in their crop of hay, amounting to six or seven hundred tons. The oat crop is very good, but the amount has not yet been ascertained.

The building of the new Lutheran Church is progressing finely, and when completed, it will be quite an imposing edifice.

Mrs. H. P. Tasker, of Oakland has a class of music scholors, on piano and organ, in Deer Park, and comes twice a week to lessons. Her pupils speak of her in the highest terms and consider her a very superior teacher.

Mr. B. F. Keily, who was some years ago connected with the Baltimore *American*, made a flying visit to Deer Park, on his way from Baltimore to Denver, Colorado. Five years ago his lungs were so much diseased that his physicians sent him to Colorado, and he was so much benefitted by that climate, that he has made it his permanent residence. He is now in perfect health, and much pleased with his new home.

Mr. Chas. Goodman and Miss Mollie Elliot of Baltimore are at Rev. J. S. Langhlin's.

Registered at Wing and Wing during the past week:

W. Va. C. & P. R. R.—Mr. Julius Waddle.

Martinsburg, W. Va.—Miss Lillie Bell.

Keyser, W. Va.—Miss Ella Perry.

Piedmont, W. Va.—Miss Effie Mellor.

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Women's Temperance Union.

Monday afternoon a meeting was held in the M. E. Church, of Oakland, at which addresses were delivered by Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Martin, and other members of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union. It *was the purpose* to organize a Union in Oakland, but the time being consumed in addresses, the meeting was adjourned till evening, when the church was crowded, and an organization was effected and fifty-one members were enrolled. The following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. John M. Davis.
Rec. Secty.—Miss Laura Stabnaker.
Cor. Secty.—Miss Bettie Boyer.
Treasurer—Miss Jennie Delawder.

One Vice President was elected from each church in Oakland, as follows:

M. E.—Mrs. Ison.
Presbyterian—Mrs. W. A. Daily.
Lutheran—Mrs. M. E. Hamill.
Catholic—Mrs. E. Jamison.
Episcopal—Miss Rida Jameson.

A Camp-Meeting Incident.

At the Fair Grounds camp-meeting of the African Methodist Episcopal church one night last week, as the "Gospel trumpet" was sounding to worshippers to the church stand, a band of eight young ladies who wished to enter the grounds without paying the customary fee at the gate, climbed the fence, and jumped rapidly after one another down on to—— Mr. Peacock's bee-hives. There was a crash and a yell from eight female throats, followed by a succession of shrieks and howls as a fresh bee got in his work. Of course a crowd soon gathered and a scene ensued that was never down on the program of any well-regulated camp-meeting—a species of hoe-down for which the bees furnished inspiriting and energetic music, and the girls did the fullest dancing ever seen in or out of a ball-room of any kind. As soon as they could recover their presence of mind they fled for their homes, taking with them a number of valuable bees, who gallantly insisted on "seeing 'em home," and the gravity of the religious exercies was seriously impaired for the balance of the evening.—*Cumb. News.*

The Fruits of Merit.

DR. HARTMAN & CO.—Please send me a lot of your books on the "Ills of Life." I sell a great deal of your *Peruna* and *Manalin*. They are very highly spoken of in this part of the country.

F. H. BUSSMAN, P. M.,
Westford, Pa.

Dear Sir: I have taken half a dozen bottles of your *Peruna* and find it is doing me great good.

Yours truly,
JAMES WYATT.
Steubenville, Ohio.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Lloyd Stalnaker, paid a flying visit to Oakland Monday.

—The strike in the mines is now over and the miners are resuming work.

—Th. J. Pedlicord, Esq., has been appointed Receiver for the Lake View Plaining Mill and Lumber Co.

—A few nights ago burglars entered the store of Mr. Jeremiah Guard, near Selbysport, and secured booty to the value of $100.

—On Monday we had a pleasant call at our office from Mr. Edgar Goodman, of the Baltimore *American*. Mr. Goodman expressed himself as much pleased with our town.

—A new paper has been started at Piedmont, W. Va., by H. Clay Hyrle, Esq., called the *Dispatch*. It is the same size as the REPUBLICAN, and presents a neat appearance.

—Messrs. W. A. Brydon and E. H. Bartlett, of the Garrett County School Board, were in attendance at the State Teachers Association at Cumberland Wednesday and Thursday.

—The Lutheran pastor being at Accident, attending the convention last Sunday, regrets that his expected supply, Rev. Prof. Holland, of Martinsburg, W. Va., did not make connection so as to fill the appointments of the Lutheran Church.

—Mr. I. W. Stonaker has removed his stock of goods from Mountain Lake Park to the room formerly occupied by Mr. A. G. Sturgiss as a drug store, where he will keep constantly on hand fresh bread, cakes, candies, fruits, nuts, cigars, &c., &c. Give him a call.

—Mr. J. B. Randall, of Stella, Ohio arrived in Oakland Tuesday. Mr. Randall has been afflicted with hay fever for several years, and for the last five or six years has been coming to Oakland, where, he says, he experiences more relief than at any place ever visited by him.

—On Saturday last Mr. A. Reid and son, residing near Floyd, this county, engaged in a snake hunt and during the day captured and killed 21 snakes, 16 being copperheads, 4 rattlers, and one of the common kind. Mr. Reid has three of the rattlers alive. Anyone desiring a "pet" can procure one by calling on him.

—Died, in Oakland, Saturday morning last, Willie Edgar, infant son of Prof. R. G. and Agnus A. Richardson, aged 6 months. This is the fifth child this sadly afflicted pair has lost by death in less than two years. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the people of this town and vicinity in their sad bereavement.

"Who shall forbid our chastened woe,
Our tears of love to start?
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart!

"This lovely child, thus early torn,
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.

"Here sleep thou, till our longer race
And heavier tolls shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

"We plant thee here, with tears bedewed,
Bright flower of heaveuly dye;
And often shall our griefs renewed
These flowing founts supply.

"But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies."

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Head School House at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

—Sunday School at the Lutheran and M. E. Churches promptly at 9 A. M. Also, services Wednesday evenings in the same churches at 8.

—The Deer Park Lutheran Sunday School meets at 9½ A. M.

Installation of Officers.

The following persons have been duly installed as officers of Oakland Lodge No. 114, Good Templars, by W. G. Gardner, L. D. G. W. C. T:

W. C. T.—F. A. Thayer.
W. V. T.—Kate Townshend.
W. Sect.—H. S. White.
W. A. Sect.—C. H. Loar.
F. Sect.—Charles Boyer.
Treasurer—David Little.
Chaplain—J. M. Boyer.
Marshall—George Little.
Deputy Marshall—Bettie Boyer.
R. H. S.—Mattie Kepner.
L. H. S.—Laura Stalnaker.
I. G.—Nellie Boyer.
Sentinel—Robert Townshend.

Proceedings of the Sunday School Convention.

Friday afternoon—The fifth annual Convention of the Garrett county Sunday Schools assembled at 2:30 o'clock in the Lutheran Church, at Accident, and in the absence of Rev. S. E. Jones, President of the last Convention, was called to order by Rev. J. J. Young, who was, on motion of Rev. W. A. Baker, elected temporary chairman. After the singing of a hymn Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire led in prayer.

On motion of Rev. W. A. Baker it was ordered that a committee of three be appointed to nominate permanent officers and to attend to the business of the convention. The president appointed on the committee Bros. Baker, E. H. Glotfelty and Wm. Hinebaugh, who reported the following nominations: For President, Rev. J. J. Young; Vice Presidents, Bros. C. M. Miller, John Shartzer and Dr. Speicher; Secretary, W. P. Townshend; Reportorial Secretary, Geo. H. Nock; Treasurer, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty.

The report was adopted and the nominees declared elected.

Rev. J. J. Young then delivered the address of welcome, which was replied to by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Reports from Sunday Schools were then received and question box opened for the reception of questions.

The 1st, "Should Sunday School teachers change classes?" was discussed by Bros. C. M. Miller, John Shartzer, W. A. Baker and William Hinebaugh.

On motion, from 9 to 11½ o'clock in the morning, 2½ to 4½ in afternoon and opening at 7½ o'clock in the evening, were the hours fixed for the sessions of the convention.

Convention adjourned with benediction by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

Friday evening—Convention reassembled at 7:30 o'clock and half hour engaged in devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Kitterman, after which the business of the convention was taken up.

Minutes of afternoon session read and approved.

Discussion of first topic, "How to study for teaching in the Sunday School," was opened by Rev. J. M. Davis and engaged in by Bros. Wm. Stoudenmire, George H. Nock, Wm. A. Baker, J. J. Young and Benjamin Parlett, of Baltimore.

Verbal reports by delegates received and written reports read from 22 Sunday Schools.

On motion a committee consisting of Revs. J. M. Davis, Wm. Stoudenmire and Wm. Hinebaugh, was appointed to prepare a constitution for a permanent county Sunday School organization.

Adjourned after singing doxology, with benediction by Rev. John M. Davis.

Saturday morning—Convention assembled at 9 o'clock and half hour devoted to song and prayer service, conducted by Bro. Benjamin Parlett, after which the regular order of business was proceeded with, Bro. A. F. Speicher, one of the Vice Presidents, presiding in the absence of the President, Rev. J. J. Young.

Minutes of last session read and approved.

Discussion of second topic: "The model Superintendent," was opened by Rev. William Stoudenmire, Rev. Flanigan who was to have made the opening address on this topic not being present, and was continued by Bros. Parlett, Baker, Davis, Kitterman, Ludwig and Miller.

The third topic: "Is the Sunday School producing the largest spiritual results of which it is capable," was taken up and discussion opened by Rev. G. W. Nock, State Missionary. The hour for adjournment having arrived, on motion the time was extended to 12 o'clock, and discussion continued by Rev. Jos. Dewitt.

On motion the opening of question box was deferred until afternoon session.

Adjourned with benediction by Rev. J. M. Davis.

Saturday afternoon — Convention met at 2½ o'clock and first half hour engaged in devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. G. W. Nock, after which minutes of morning session was read and approved.

The fourth topic: "How to secure teachers for the Sunday School," was discussed by Bro. C. M. Miller, after which an essay on "Sunday School Follies" was read by Rev. W. A. Baker.

Question box opened and 2d question: "What should be taught in the Sunday School?" was answered by the acting President, Bro. Chas. M. Miller.

3d question: "Would you employ as teachers persons who are not christians?" Answered by Rev. C. B. Ludwig and W. A. Baker.

4th question: "Is it the Superintendent's duty to attend to the business of the Sunday School, or should he only attend to the business of his office, such as giving out hymns, reading the lesson, and leading in prayer, &c." Answered by Rev. J. M. Davis and Bro. Shartzer.

5th question: "Is the ticket policy in Sunday Schools a good one?" Answered by Bro. C. M. Miller.

6th question: "How a teacher best present to the scholars the claims of christianity upon them, and induce them to become christians?" Answered by Rev. G. W. Nock.

The answering of other questions postponed until evening session.

On motion of Rev. J. M. Davis it was ordered that each Sunday School in the county hereafter shall be represented in convention by the Pastor, Superintendent and one delegate only.

On motion Deer Park was selected as the place of holding the Convention next year.

The committee appointed to prepare constitution for the permanent organization of the Garrett county Sunday School Union made report, and on motion constitution reported by them was read and adopted.

Announcements for Sunday read, after which adjourned with benediction by Rev. G. W. Nock.

Saturday evening—meeting began at 7½ o'clock, and song service engaged in for half hour, at conclusion of which the convention was called to order by the President and led in prayer by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Fifth topic: "At what age should children be employed as teachers in the Sabbath School?" Discussed by Rev. Kitterman.

Remaining questions in question box was taken up.

7th question: "How can we impress the Sunday School teacher with the responsibility of his position?" Answered by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

8th question: "How can Sunday Schools be made to produce the spiritual results of which they are capable?" Answered by Rev. J. M. Davis.

9th question: "How can we get disinterested young men interested in the study of the lesson?" Answered by Rev. W. A. Baker.

10th question: "Should the pastor of the church take part in the Sunday School? if so, what part?" Answered by Revs. C. B. Dudwig and J. M. Davis.

11th question: "What is the relation between the superintendent and the teachers?" Answered by Bro. Parlett.

12th question; "Should the superintendent control the music?" Answered by Bros. Geo. E. Bishoff, C. B. Ludwig, W. A. Baker, John Snartzer and J. J. Young.

On motion G. S. Hamill, William Stoudenmire, Jno. Close, C. M. Miller and Dr. B. T. Keller, were appointed on the standing committee of arrangements for the ensuing year.

Rev. G. W. Nock offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Inasmuch as we, the officers, delegates and others in attendance upon the sessions of this convention, have been most kindly, hospitably and abundantly entertained by the citizens of Accident and vicinity, who have in various ways contributed to the pleasures of their guests and the success of the convention, therefore be it.

Resolved, That we hereby extend to them a public expression of our gratitude.

Resolved, That a similar expression of thanks be tendered to the officers of the convention, who so ably and faithfully fulfilled their responsible duties; also to the members of the choir who have charmed and edified us with both their vocal and instrumental music; also to our brethren of the Lutheran and Duker churches, for the use of their church edifices for the sessions of the convention; also to the brethren from the city of Baltimore, who aided us with their wise and fraternal counsel.

These thanks are given heartily, yet sadly when we think of the hour of parting so near at hand; yet they are given with the hope that if we meet not again here, we shall meet in the beautiful hereafter, where we shall enjoy sweet and eternal fellowship with each other, and with Him for whose glory this convention has assembled.

Summary of Sunday School reports read.

Minutes of afternoon and evening sessions read and approved.

Adjourned after singing doxology with benediction by Rev. Kitterman.

Sunday morning — The Dunkers proffered the use of their church for the Sunday services but the weather was so unfavorable in the morning, raining so hard and roads so muddy, that it was thought best to hold them in the Lutheran church, and there they were held.

Devotional exercises and class meeting conducted by Bro. Benjamin F. Parlett, held at 10 o'clock, and engaged in until 11 o'clock, when general church service commenced by singing, "In thy Great name O Lord," reading of the 14th chapter of St. John and prayer by Rev. George H. Nock. Singing, "Sow in morn thy seed." Sermon preached by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, text, Prob. 11th chapter, 30th verse, "He that winneth souls is wise," and Daniel 12th chapter, 3d verse, "They that be wise."

Prayer by Rev. J. J. Young. Singing, "Go labor on, your hands are weak." During the singing of this hymn a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Maryland Sunday School Union. Service closed with benediction by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Sunday afternoon--Children's meeting held at 3 o'clock, and conducted by Bro. Parlett. Singing: "Open the Door for the children." Prayer by Rev. H. E. Friend. Singing, "Beautiful Home." Address by Rev. J. M. Davis. Singing, "Bring the children." Address by Rev. W. A. Baker, State Superintendent. Singing, "Free Waters." Address by Rev. G. H. Nock, State Missionary. Singing, "Sabbath chimes." Addresses by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire and Benj. F. Parlett, of Baltimore. Singing, "Hear Him Calling."

The meeting then closed after singing the doxology with benediction by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Sunday evening—meeting held at 7:30 o'clock and half hour occupied in "song service," led by Ephriam Lee, who also delivered a short address. Singing, "There is a land of pure delight." Prayer by Rev. W. A. Baker. Singing, "Only Trusting in my Saviour," after which engaged in the Sunday School Gospel service. Subject, "The Beatitudes," conducted by Revs. W. A. Baker and J. J. Young. These services were founded on the 5th chapther of St. Mathew from 3d to 12th verses inclusive, and consisted of the reading of one of the verses by some person present, who then took it as a text for a short exhortation, which was followed by singing. The reading, addresses and music were in the following order: 3d verse, by Rev. W. A. Baker. Singing, "Only trusting in my Saviour." 4th verse, by Benj. F. Parlett. Singing, "Jesus Lover of my Soul." 5th verse, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire. Singing, "None of self and all of Thee." 6th verse, by Rev. Henry E. Friend. Singing, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," Prayer by Rev. J. J. Young. 7th verse, by Rev. G. H. Nock. Singing, "Mercy is Free." 8th verse, by Rev. J. M. Davis. Singing, "Singing all the time." 9th verse, by John Shartzer, Singing, "All to Thee." 10th, 11th and 12th verses, by Rev. J. J. Young. Singing, "Come."

At the conclusion of this service Rev. J. M. Davis, as Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union for Garrett county, made a verbal report of the condition of the Sunday School work in the county.

Revs. J. J. Young and W. A Baker then deliver parting addresses and after singing "safe in the arms of Jesus," Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Bro. Benj. F. Parlett and Rev. Kitterman also addressed the meeting. Singing, "Only for Thee," during which a collection was taken up. Singing, "The parting Hymn." Benediction by Rev. J. J. Young.

Throughout the entire convention the services were interspersed with excellent singing, led by Ephraim Lee, Miss Lizzie Kahl, organist.

List of schools and number of teachers and scholars reported by each:

Oakland M. E., 204; Pleasant Valley, 42; South Point, 57; Sand Spring, Werner, 71; Wilson's Chapel, 36; Deer Park E. L., 28; Johnstown, 126; Oakland Presbyterian, — Blooming Rose, 45; Armistead 66; Meadow Mountain, 51; Davis Miss, 60; Trinity Reformed, 80; Grantsville E. L., 57; Glendale, 59; Bear Creek, 44; Selbysport, 50; Mercy Chapel, 47; Glade Valley, 68; Emanual M. E. South, 61; Oakland E. L. 109; Accident, 133; Swanton, 87: New Germany, 46; Cove, 53; Friendsville, 66; Grantsville M. E., 59; Deep Creek, 31; Sang Run, 56; Grantsville Reformed, 31; Emanuel E. L. 57; Deer Park Union, 99; Mt. Lake Park, 31; Elk Plains, 44. Number of shools reported 35; number open during the entire year, 10; number open part of year 25; number using uniform leaves, 33; number not using them, 2; number of Union schools, 10; number of M. E. schools, 13; number of M. E. South, 1; number of Evangelical Lutheran, 7; number of United Brethren, 1; number of Reformed, 2; number of Presbyterian, 1; number of the officers estimated 175; numbers of teachers reported 249; number of scholars reported 2,113; total 2,537. Number united with church during year 130.

Ministers present—Revs. W. A. Baker, J. J. Young, Wm. Stoudenmire, J. M. Davis, C. B. Ludwig, Kitterman, G. W. Nock, Jos. DeWitt, H. E. Friend, D. H. Friend.

DELEGATES.

Oakland M. E., Jno. M. Davis, Supt; Jas. A. Hayden, L. L. Loar.
Pleasant Valley, David Enlow, supt; Clark Deberry. J. A. Wise.
South Point, Jno. Close, supt.
Sand Spring, Isaac Myers, M. J. Umbel, supts; J. A. Fike, Newton Myers.
Werner, Chas. Werner, supt; J. Yommer.
Wilson's Chapel, Frank McRobie, supt; William Fleegle, Hattie Brady.
Deer Park, E. L., Jno. Jankey, Benj. Thrasher, supt; W. S. Lantz, S. E. Hoye.
Johnstown, Geo. E. Bishoff, supt; S. F. Cuppett, E. Enlow.
Presbyterian, Oakland, J. A. Grant supt; W. P. Totten, G. S. Hamill.
Blooming Rose, G. D. Frantz, supt; David H. Friend, Francis McCabe.
Armistead, Jos. H. Stevens, supt; Richt. Burke, Mr. Speicher.
Meadow Mt., Thos. McRobie, supt: McClellan Fazenbaker. James Biddinger.
Davis Mill, Geo. W. Kepler, supt; Miss Mollie Lewis, Wm. Cross.
Trinity Reformed, C. J. Otto, supt; Miss Mary Durst, Miss Mary Wurnick.
Grantsville, E. L., Henry Winterberg, supt; A. Leowenstein, L. Bill.
Glendale. Frank Snyder, supt; E. F. DeWitt, F. Beekman,
Bear Creek, Joel Diehl, supt; Jacob Mosser, Austin Speicher.
Selbysport M. E., J. B. Welsh, supt; Wm. Selby, Chas. Liston.
Mercy Chapel, Geo, W. Frazee, supt; W. Schlossnagle, B. H. Green.
Glade Valley, George P. White, supt; Alfred King, Jos. F. White.
Emmanuel, Geo. A. Crow, supt; Perry Weimer, Ephriam Lee,
Oakland, E. L., Jno. Shartzer, supt; E. H. Sincell, E. J. Fringer.
Accident, E. L., Wm. Hinebaugh, supt; S. E. Boyer, Aaron Boyer.
Swanton, Chas. M. Miller, supt; Jacob Hershberger, Hamlin Friend.
New Germany, M. E., J. M. Durst, supt; Henry S. Crow, Miss Lavenia Durst.
Cove, E. L., W. M. Lohr, supt; Jno. Daniels, W. Daniel,
Friendsville, R. B. White, supt; D. A. Friend, J. T. Gary.
Grantsville, M. E., Dr. A. F. Speicher, supt; Noah Broadwater, H. B. Sheller.
Deep Creek, J. Wilburn, supt; J. M. Sell, Mrs. M. J. Welsh.
Sang Run, D. H. Friend, supt; Joseph Frantz, Miss Lou Hoye.
Emmanuel, E. L., Thos. H. Bittinger, supt; Amos Bittinger, Miss Annie Beachy.
Grantsville Reformed, Geo. C. Meese, supt; Miss M. Brown, J. Blocher.
Deer Park Union, Rev. Ed. Pugh, supt; W. S. Rau, Miss Dillie Friend.
Mt. Lake Park, Rev. C. P. Masden, supt; T. J. Peddicord, Wm. O'Brien.
Elk Plains, I. W. Abernathy, supt; Geo. W. Wilson, Jas. W. Rinker.
Maryland S. S. U., Benjamin F. Parlett.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Something New!

I AM NOW PREPARED TO EMBALM IN the best manner, and in any style desired, including framing, Natural Flowers that have been used at Weddings, Funerals, Etc. Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices from 25 to 30 per cent. less than it would cost in the large cities.

Cut Flowers, Bouquets,

and all FLORAL DESIGNS furnished at shortest notice, and sent to any distance by express or mail.

Dutch Bulbs and Flower Roots,

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Lilies of the Valley, &c., in all shades and colors, in greatest quantities.

WINTER-BLOOMING PLATS of all kinds

Fruits and Vegetables

Melons, Canlelopes, Peaches, Apples, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes and all vegetables.

Large and fine lot of FALL CABBAGE, for kraut. Orders booked and cabbage delivered September 15, and after.

All orders, wholesale and retail, left at store, or sent by mail, telegraph or telephone promptly filled.

HENRY WEBER,
91 Baltimore Street,
P. O. Box, 491. Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D.

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,

Mountain Lake Park, Md.,

OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

Order of Publication.

John Beckman, vs. Truman W. Pritts and Elizabeth his wife.

No. 251 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate described in a mortgage executed by the defendants to the complainant on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1876.

The Bill alleges that the mortgage above referred to was executed by the defendants to the complainant to secure the sum of three hundred and seventy dollars, with interest from the 20th day of November, A. D. 1875, and that the mortgage debt and interest thereon is still due the complainant, except about seventy-four dollars, which has been paid.

The Bill further alleges that the time limited for the payment of said debt has passed, and prays for a sale of the land described in said mortgage, and also contains the usual prayer for process.

It is ordered, this 16th day of August, A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper, published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendants warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 16th Monday in December, A. D. 1882, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True Copy—Test—
8 19 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., August 24th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, September 11, 1882,

For the transaction of any business that may properly come before the Board.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
8 26 3 Clerk.

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the First Monday of September, in the year 1882, that is to say, on the 5th 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, 1882, and on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, 1882, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th, and 6th, at Wilson's Store, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Kitzmillersville, and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 12th, 13th and 14th, at Mt. Zion School House, and on Friday and Saturday, the 15th and 16th days of September, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the residence of James H. Rush, Officer of Registration for said District.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September in Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, at the house of Sylvester H. Ryland, Officer of Registration for said District and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Accident.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the 5th, 6th and 7th, at the house of Ed. A. Browning, and Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of Thomas Browning, Officer of Registration for said District.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th days of September at Chisholm's Mill, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th and 9th at the Red House, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of J. McClure Mason in said District.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at the house of Samuel Johnson in said District and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of William B. Murphy, in said District.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, in Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of September, at the house of Henry Spiker, on the county road about three miles from Lonaconing.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

Order of Publication.

Simon P. Bowser, vs. Minerva Bowser. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett count. In Equity No. 50.

The object of the Bill in the above cause is to obtain a divorce, *a vinculo matrimo nii* from the defendant by the complainant.

The Bill states that the complainant and defendant were married on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1869, in Allegany county; that they continued to live together as man and wife until about the year A. D. 1871, when the said Minerva abandoned her said husband, since which time she has remained away from him, that said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years and that said abandonment on her part is final and beyond any reasonable hope of reconciliation, and that said abandonment took place in what is now Garrett county, that said defendant is a non-resident and prays for an order of publication.

It is ordered, this 22nd day of August A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendant warning her to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third Monday in December A. D. 1882, to show cause if any she has why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
8 26 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and McHenry road at or near Gravely Run, and passing through the lands of Levi and Peter Eckert, Peter Keefer, Henry, G. Davis and John L. Browning, to intersect the said Oakland road at or near John L. Browning's dwelling house, a distance of about 2½ miles.

J. E. GNAGEY,
ADAM GARRINGER,
8 5 5 LEWIS SPOERLINE.

Tricks of Druggists.

"People often wonder why their physician's prescription doesn't 'take effect.' They protest that the bottle has been well shaken before using; that the three-times-a-day injunction had been religiously followed, and that every caution about diet and sleep has been observed to the letter, and yet their condition is not one whit improved. They begin to suspect that their ailment has not been properly diagnosed, and sometimes throw out a hint to that effect. It never occurs to them that the druggist is at fault; that their prescriptions have been juggled and either weakened beyond any possibility of doing any good, or transformed into something entirely different."

A prominent Philadelphia physician made use of the above language yesterday in casual conversation upon topics relating to his professional experience.

"One of the most common frauds I have already mentioned—the substitution of cinchonidia and cinchona for quinine. Adulterations of the most familiar drugs are almost universal. Citrate of magnesia is made with only one-half or three-fourths its wonted strength; tincture of iodine, one-fourth to three-fourths; laudanum, half to three-fourths. The laudanum of the stores is exceedingly unreliable, the cheaper preparations being weak in proportion to the price. There may be some connection between this fact and the lack of success of so many would-be suicides. Paregoric is very commonly diluted one-half, and often contains no benzoic acid and but one-fourth the standard proportion of opium. Aqua ammonia, sweet spirits of nitre and a long catalogue of others are similarly manipulated. The various oils—rose, lemon, bergamont, orange, rose geranium, etc., are nearly one-half alcohol.

"But to come down to the actual alteration of prescriptions. I have here a number of documents which tell their own stories," and the physician took a package of duplicate prescriptions from a pigeon-hole. "These bits of paper expose the delinquencies of more than a dozen of Philadelphia drug stores, and represent similar irregularities in scores of others. Here is the copy of the prescription as written by the physicians. On the same slip is the pharmacist's revision of it. I need not explain how this information came into my possession, but it is strictly accurate, and the druggists, whose names I have in each case, are all registered and graduates from schools of pharmacy. Here is one that calls for fifteen grains of iodoform, one dram balsam or Peru, and one ounce of cosmoline. The compounding druggist followed instructions accurately, with the trifling exception of substituting two grains of iodine for the fifteen grains of iodoform. Iodine acts as an irritant, while the effect of iodoform is quite different. The physician was not slow in discovering the irregularity and promptly returned the prescription. Another reads: Malto peptine, 12 grains; lacto peptine, 12 grains; citrate caffeine, 6 grains. It was filled thus: Saccharated pepsin, 28 grains; citrate caffeine, 2 grains—strictly adheres to the weight, you will notice, but is somewhat irregular as to ingredients. This one calls for two drams of potassic permanganate to two ounces of water. The pharmacist wasn't miserly with the water, but evidently concluded that half a dram of the permanganate would suffice. "Cinchonia sulphate, 30 grains; strychnia sulphate, three-fourths of a grain; arsenious acid, three-fourths of a grain;" under the wizard hand of the prescription clerk loses two of its ingredients, and comes out plain cinchona sulphate, and the druggist from whose file this was taken universally lills it in the same simple way.

"Bread crumbs play a conspicuous part in this next one. The physician wrote 'Citrate caffeine, 20 grains; bromide lithium, 12 grains.' The insermtable wisdom of the druggist substituted one grain for the twenty, two grains for the twelve, and made up for all deliciencies with twenty-nine grains of bread crumbs. Seidlitz powders made to cost just half what they should by using equal parts of Rochelle salts and bicarbonate of soda in the blue paper, when the Rochelle salts should constitute three-fourths of the mixture.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Killing Perkins.

It is on record in this State that a Michigan editor was once engaged to fight a duel. If the editor himself is not living he must have died within a week past. The affair occurred about twenty-five years ago, and was brought about by the journalist making several vicious attacks upon the honor and honesty of a member of the Legislature. The Solon first tried the usual way of getting even, by buying a horsewhip and hunting the editor, but when he had found him he was knocked down and rolled in the mud. He then sent a formal challenge, and as the editor opened the letter he turned to his two compositors and said:

"Boys, how much matter have you got up for the first page?"

"Three columns," replied the foreman after measuring up on the galleys.

"And we need live. You'll have it all up by noon to-morrow, and by Wednesday night all the inside will be up. Then I'll wet down the paper and make up, and while you are working off the outside I'll run out and shoot old Perkins, who has sent me a challenge."

He sent a formal acceptance, named rifles as weapons, appointed the rendezvous within thirty rods of the office, and then began to scratch out copy. When the hour arrived he was making up the forms, having got a little behind the programme, and by and by his second came in at the back door and said:

"We've been waiting for you all of twenty minutes."

"But I'm busy."

"This is no time to be busy. Perkins is all ready."

"Hang the luck!" growled the editor as he filled out a column and flung down his rule. "That's just like Perkins—he wants to throw our publication day. Come on—I'll fill him up!"

The editor seized his gun, and hatless and coatless he set out on a lope for the spot. Perkins saw him coming in that fashion, and his knees weakened and his chin dropped, and though the editor yelled for him to hold on a minute, he bolted over a fence and didn't come out of the woods until he was six miles away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Domestic Concord.

Among the hindrances to domestic concord none are more potent than irritability and seltishness, and those whose aim is to produce harmony in family life find themselves ottonest confronted by these dire foes.

Irritability may be physical or spiritual; in either case it results from some abnormal condition. If this is removed and good nature restored, peace smiles again. A highly organized nature is sure to be sensitive and will easily, under pressure, take on abnormal conditions. In managing irritability it is necessary to know its causes in order to apply with skill and success appropriate remedies. As to physical causes, the chief are diet, ill-health and the weather. The first may be regulated, the second treated, but the third must be endured. When the wise person has become acquainted with his digestive and assimilative powers he will not knowingly eat that which will turn the edge of his temper, or if he does, he will give due notice, so that those around may take warning. "I will eat this piece of mince pie," said a lady who was pressed by the solicitations of her hostess, "but mince pie always makes me cross, so you must all look out for trouble." This frank warning, of course, averted the threatened war-cloud. Many children are made fretful and peevish, and so become fruitful sources of irritability by unwholesome and unsuitable food, or by irregular meals and insufficient sleep. Punishment inflicted for faults thus induced is mere cruelty. It is true, a child should be taught to restrain himself and not to give way to peevishness, but in this, as in many other cases, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

A great many people are by nature full of discord and inharmony. They have aspirations, ambitions, longings that they don't know what to do with; they have internal tossings, distrusts, conflicts, and being thus at odds with themselves it is easy for them to become at odds with others. Such unfortunate people may train themselves by the aids of philosophy and religion to keep the peace with themselves and with others. In dealing with such people it is well to remember that the bail of a pail measures no more lying down than it does standing up. It is often nearer around the base of a mountain than over the top. If we are talking with a person who is cross-eyed we look at the straight eye and not at the crossed one. So in dealing with eccentric and ill-natured people wisdom suggests that so far as possible we approach them on their good side and ignore what we cannot mend and do not like.

Selfishness is a more dangerous foe to family concord than even irritability. It takes, among various forms, those of self-indulgence, self-assertion, love of domination, jealousy. Parents cannot be too quick to see tendencies to these vices in their children, and to apply such counter influences as shall prevent the destruction of domestic harmony. Many children, by parental indulgence, are made selfish and exacting that under a different regimen might develop self-sacrifice, generosity and nobility of disposition. Indulging a child in his whims, his moods, his morbid desires, is not the way to make him a ministrant to the harmony of the family or a valuable member of community when he becomes an adult.

There are some texts that deserve to be framed and hung on the walls of every household and to be wrought into the web and woof of the family life. Among these are "A soft answer turneth away wrath," "No one should do what all may not do," "She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness," "Do to others as ye would have them do to you," "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Where these rules govern family life, there must be concord.

Discords have their uses, but for them we should not half realize the delight of concords. And there is good in even quarrelling. "In the world ye shall have tribulation" is a prophecy sure to be fulfilled in every life, and if children learn at home how to quarrel and not light, how to differ and not get angry, how to forget and forgive, how to bear and forbear, the lesson will be of service to them when they are grown and all through life. One peace-maker in a jarring family can accomplish great results. The atmosphere enveloping such a person is most potent for good. Each member of the family knows of one who will be lenient, kind, obliging, unselfish and this leaven will work until the whole lump, more or less, is leavened. The peace-maker will bear contradiction, will wait for time and circumstance to vindicate his ways, will reconcile jarring elements, will combine opposing forces, will harmonize conflicting interests, and by direct and indirect measures bring about results that to any one else would be impossible.

The genuine lady, the genuine gentleman, the genuine christian, is the same at home and abroad; has the same manners, the same dignity, the same piety everywhere. These stick to him as his skin does, and he cannot get away from them even if he would. But there are people who are not at all the same at home that they are abroad. They save their fine manners for strangers, their kind words for strangers, their smiles for strangers, and make their families as the recipients of their ill-humors, their moods, their own passions. Now, if we must wear masks to hide our ugliness and deformity shouldn't we rather hide them from those nearest and dearest to us than from those who care little for us, and for whom we care as little? If this were done, many families would be happy that are wretched now, and many masks that are thrown off at home would be worn constantly and bye-and-bye be no longer needed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Portions of the old elm which stood on Boston Common have been placed as relics in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. They were presented by the Board of Aldermen of Boston, and consist of a large section of the tree and a polished veneer of the wood, upon which is photographed a picture of the tree as it stood before its fall.

—An English smoker predicts that hops will soon be mixed with tobacco for use in the pipe. He states that smokers will soon learn to prefer a mixture of three-fourths hops and one-fourth tobacco.

Wanted, a Summer Beverage.

The ideal summer beverage yet remains to be discovered. Stimulants, of whatever nature, are obviously misapplied when used as ordinary drinks, and medicinal or medicated waters, however useful as agreeable vehicles for the administration of small doses of medicine, ought certainly to be avoided as mere thirst quenchers. Warm and simply nourishing drinks are generally distasteful in warm weather, and the thirsty mortal finds himself compelled to resort to cold or iced beverages. The danger of suddenly and severely depressing the temperature of any part of the organism for the mere sake of a momentary sensation of pleasure does not need to be insisted upon, especially in view of the death of Dr. Breen, of Brooklyn, only a day or two ago. Beyond the amount of fluid needed to compensate for the loss by perspiration it is well not to drink excessively. In fact, to quote the London *Lancet*: "The perpetual imbibition of liquids increases or maintains the sense of need it is desired to satisfy. The organism rapidly adapts itself to the circumstances and requirements of the moment. It is thrown into a perspiration, the skin being set to liminate fluid, the action will be continued, and the demand for fluid will be perpetuated, not only to replace what has been secreted by the sweat glands and cast off, but to provide further work for the skin! setting up a drain which is unnatural, inasmuch as it outruns the necessity of affording relief for the augmented blood-pressure in the superficial vessels in which an outbreak of perspiration originates. If any enterprising caterer should be ablo to devise an agreeable drink which is neither too simulating nor medicated with salines, ferruginois compounds or phosphates, but simply nourishing, like barley-water, he will confer a public benefit."

In America, particularly, the great imbibiation of alcohol in summer is a source of great evil, and this is just what the average American will not recognize. He will not learn that alcohol is a fuel. A large per cent. of the sunstrokes that occur would never have to be recorded were it not for the fact that the sufferer has been drinking, and in the hospital books the entries often read, "suffering from sunstroke and alcoholism." Of late years "dairies" have sprung up about New York, and doubtless save many a heated man from adding to his discomfort by means of alcoholic drinks. A cool glass of milk is most refreshing and takes away the desire for something stronger. Buttermilk used to be a great summer beverage, but has come to be neglected, in New York, at least. The penny ice industries of the sidewalks, where a compound of citric-acid is sold, have grown to large proportions; frequently they are combined with stalls for the sale of crullers and pies, and the urchin who has five cents can feast and disport himself. On the excursion boats about New York in the various cool places of public resort may be heard cries like that of a waiter who last night sang into the ears of 200 people: "Fresh—coal—beer—soda, sasparilla—ginger-ale—lemonade!"

Everybody thirsts, and the money-making individual turns thirst into capital. After all, perhaps, the most grateful drink of all is a mighty draught from the cool old spring under the hill, where you put your mouth to a trough of bark and let the water run into your throat and down your shirt-front.—*N. Y. World.*

A Spell on the Corpulent Gentleman.

Two or three years ago there lived in the lower oil country a prominent oil producer who was a notoriously bad speller. In a letter, among other errors, he spelled water with two t's. A party of gentlemen were discussing this peculiarity in the bar-room of the Collins House, Oil City, one evening, when the poor speller himself chanced to come in.

"Hello!" said one of the party, a corpulent gentleman, now remotely connected with the New York Petroleum Exchange, "we were just talking about you!"

"Is that so?" was the reply. "And what were you saying?"

"Why, some of the boys claim that you are the worst speller in seventeen States."

"They do. I think I can spell about as well as the average producer."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said the first speaker, "I'll bet the champagne for the party that you can't spell water"

"All right," replied the producer, and he proceeded to spell the word, "w-a-t-e-r."

"That's the way I spell water for money," he quietly remarked, "but when I spell it for fun I sometimes use two t's."

The corpulent gentleman paid for the wine, and the silence became so great that you could hear a house fall down. —*Bradford (Pa.) Sunday News.*

An Eastern Romance.

The reported death of the deposed gaekwar of the principality of Baroda, in Western India, closes another chapter in an Eastern romance well worth the attention of any historical novelist. Some years ago the gaekwar was detected in a deliberate attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, the British resident at his court, and was dethroned forthwith. The vacant throne was filled by a youth of twelve, originally the son of a Hindu peasant. The Princess having seen the child in his native village and taken a fancy to him, adopted him as her own. This adoption, according to native ideas, made him in all respects her lawful son and heir. A similar adoption formed the basis of the claim put forward by Nana Sahib, and disallowed by the English Government with such fatal results. In the case of the young gaekwar, however, no opposition was made, and this lad, who was running about a mud village not many years ago, with no clothing but his own matted hair, now ranks among the sovereigns of India, and has just had the last obstacle swept from his path by the death of his predecessor, in whose favor more than one plot has been hatched against him.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Of more than 1,500 Chinese who sailed for home recently, after fifteen or twenty years residence in California, not one could frame a single sentence in the English language.

Food and Drink for Children.

Dinner for children should always be early; and about this let me remark that if beef or mutton be given, both of which, whether boiled or roasted, are highly nutritious, it should be cut up very finely, or even minced, and the child should be taught to eat very slowly and to masticate the food well. Children's food, like that of grown-up people, ought to be varied; change is always agreeable and conductive to good digestion. I like to see children sit down to a good dinner, and I delight to see them enjoy it; but hurrying over meals—and they are greatly prone to this—should always be discouraged, while, on the other hand, nothing indigestible should be placed before them. Game of various kinds, as well as fowl, pigeon and rabbit, make a very fine change, and so does white fish, with the exception of herring and mackerel, or any other strong-tasted or oily fish. Although a little salt should always be sprinkled over a child's food, he should not be permitted to eat salted provisions of any kind, nor any indigestible food, as pork, goose, or even duck, and turkey should be given but sparingly. The stuffing generally used with the latter is very likely to produce a fit of indigestion if given to a child. There are vegetables that a child may eat, and others that he ought not to partake of; potatoes, for example, turnips, and roots generally, are very wholesome, but cabbage and greens are provocative of intestinal disturbance. Even potatoes, turnips and parsnips, however, should be mashed. And here let me give a word of warning; they ought not to be mashed on the plate with the back of a fork; they will be lumpy if they are. The mashing ought to be complete and thorough. Puddings of sago, rice or semolina, or even corn flour, should always form a part of the child's dinner, and suet dumpling, if eaten with sirup, makes a very nice change.

What should a child drink? Milk or water, with meals, or a very little tea or coffee well diluted with milk. Cocoa is most nourishing; I cannot indeed, speak too highly in its praise. As to beer or wines, I should say never under any circumstances allow a child to partake of them, except under the orders or sanction of a medical man. The supper should be early, say six o'clock, and may be light pudding of any kind, porridge and milk, or bread and butter with milk-diluted tea. Children live fast, and be it remembered that they require more food in comparison to their size than grown-up people do, for they have not only to repair the waste of tissue, but to build and feed bone and nerve and muscle. Even between meals, therefore, if occasion demands it, do not deny them a crust of bread.

There is little need of physic where children are well cared for, well clothed, and well fed. If a laxative be needed, either a teaspoonful of magnesia may be mixed in the pap, or little fluid magnesia administered; but remember that magnesia too often given is apt to form concretions of a dangerous character. Castor-oil warmed, so as to make it run easy, is sometimes good, the only objection to its administration being that force is required, and I know by experience that a child will sometimes struggle so against swallowing medicine as to cause itself mischief. Sirup of rhubarb is another harmless aperient, and one that will not weaken the child; but after all, the less medicine you give the better, unless the child be actually fevered, and then it is time to send for the doctor.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Apples as Food.

From the earliest ages apples have been in use for the table as a desert. The historian Pliny tells us that the Romans cultivated twenty-two varieties of the apple. In these latter days we probably possess over 2,000. As an article of food they rank with the potato, and on account of the variety of ways in which they may be served, they are far preferable to the taste of many persons; and if families would only substitute ripe, luscious apples for pies, cakes, candies and preserved fruit, there would be much less sickness among the children, and the saving of this one item alone would purchase many barrels of apples.

They have one excellent effect upon the whole physical system, feeding the brain as well as adding to the flesh, and keeping the blood pure; also preventing constipation and correcting a tendency to acidity, which produces rheumatism and neuralgia. They will cool off the feverish condition of the system; in fact, they are far better for these purposes than the many nostrums which are highly praised in the advertisements, and are so constantly purchased by sufferers. A ripe raw apple is digested in an hour and a half, while a boiled potato takes twice the time.

While apples can be purchased at cheap rates, every family should keep a dish of them in the dining-room, where the children can have access to and eat all they please of them. They will rarely receive any injury from them if they are thoroughly masticated. Baked apples should be as constant a dish upon the table as potatoes. Every breakfast and tea table should have a plate of them. Baked sweet apples are a very pleasant addition to a saucer of oatmeal pudding, and, when served with sweet cream, they are very appetizing.

They are not so commonly used as they should be, as they will supply as much muscular and nervous support as dishes of meat and vegetables. Thousands of bushels of sour apples are used for pies and puddings in hundreds of families where well-baked sweet apples would prove more nourshing food and much more economical. They are also good food for old people, and are usually greatly relished by them. In my own family they are always, when in season, a part of the meals of the day, and are as commonly used as a slice of bread.—*Country Gentleman.*

—A Kansas newspaper joker published an item to the effect that the best looking girls in the town chewed gum on the streets. Before the paper had been out an hour every girl in the town was to be seen on the streets chewing gum.—*Chicago News.*

—The announcement of the closing out of A. T. Stewart & Co., turns out to have been so immense an advertisement and the trade is so profitable that the house will continue to do business.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

For Young Readers.

THE GRASSHOPPER'S COMPLAINT.

Grasshopper Goggleeyes, down in the clover,
Dreacily cries: "Well! I've traveled all over,
High as the clover tops, down to the ground;
Rest for my weary legs never I've found.
Over field and through meadow, up hill and down dale,
There's a fat little foot coming just at my tail,
And the shrill little voice of that fat little Joe
Exclaims: 'Jump, Mr. Grasshopper, don't be so slow,
Jump high and low!
Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!'

"Would Joe find it pleasant, I'd just like to know,
If *I* suddenly stretched, and, beginning to grow,
Grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger—just so—
And then, gently extending my little green toe,
I gayly cried out: 'Come, get up, little Joe?
Jump, little fat boy, and don't be so slow,
Jump high and low!
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!'"

—*Eva F. L. Carson, in St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT PONIES.

I wish I could write about ponies from experiences of my own, for I have great respect and admiration for those quaint little horses. But I am left to the next best thing, which is to avail myself of the experiences of some friends of mine when they were children.

The children were English—there were five of them—and each always had one pony, and sometimes more. The special pets were Fly (because he went so fast,) Pontelarro, Lesmehago, Kitty and Jack. The ponies were indispensable, because there could be no going anywhere in any other way. And before you begin to waste any time in wondering how that could be, I may as well say that the country was South Wales, and that it was a mining region. The place where the family were living was a level spot in the midst of hills full of copper and iron and limestone. There was not a tree or a house in sight; and the nearest village was fifteen miles off, where there was a turnpike on which the mail-coach went. There were no roads; consequently there were no wheeled vehicles of any description. The only way of traveling was on the ponies; and as soon as they were broken, these little children were put on their backs, and presently learned to ride as if they grew there.

The Welch ponies belong to the wild race peculiar to the north of Europe, known as the dun or tan stock. Buffon gives an account of them; and I think that charming artist, Rosa Bonheur, who is so fond of animals, has painted excellent portraits of some of them. They all are close-built, hardy, sure-footed, bright and small; but no others among them so very diminutive as the Shetlands, which are such tiny creatures that we can any of us believe the story that a gentleman once carried one home in his chaise, covered with the apron, where he kept him quiet down out of sight by giving him bits of bread.

Those of Wales are of fair size, with elegantly shaped heads and beautiful eyes, and manes which sweep the ground. They are not shaggy like the Shetlands, but they have rich colors—all jet black, or bay, or buff, or dappled with gray; and they make beautiful pictures seen in droves on the naked mountains, where they run wild the year round. A colt is never used until he is two years old, and that is why they have such perfect forms. Each one has a mark burned into his hair by the owner, who pays the great land proprietor so much a year for pasturage (*tak* they call it, for tax), and then all are turned loose to roam about in company. But they are so gentle that they can be caught; and when a Welch peasant woman wishes to go somewhere she will run out and catch one, spring upon his back by just touching her hands, and ride off with only a halter to guide him, her thick serge petticoats making all the saddle she needs. And when she comes back she turns him loose again to take care of himself.

They are wonderfully wise creatures, and can pick up their living where a stable-fed horse would starve. If they cannot find what they like best, they will make the most of what there is; snatch a mouthful of bitter herbs, and suck up a few drops of water left in the hollow of a rock, and be satisfied. Their instinets are sharpened by the necessities of their roving life; they can always contrive to go where they want to, and are keen at all manner of tricks possible for a pony to do.

Some of those which I was told about soon found out that the steward (the children's father) always carried salt in his pockets when he went about over the country to look after the sheep, and they would gather around him and thrust their noses in after it, so that they wore his coats out with their rubbing. And they would come down to the valley where the cottage was, and crawl under the bars like a dog to get into the yard after something good to eat. One piece of mischief they perpetrated was to help themselves to the dinners of the farm laborers. These men came in the morning to their work, and each had his dinner in an oval wooden box, worn smooth by long use, slung over the shoulders by a leathern strap. The food was always the same, for, like the peasantry in all countries, they never in their lives could afford variety: bread and cheese, barley bread (which they called *barre couse*), and hard white cheese. Such as it was, however, it was a delectable treat to the ponies, who made a practice of waiting somewhere in the neighborhood until the men had put the boxes away in the sheds and gone off about their work. Then these crafty animals would go to the spot, eat the contents, and—that was the "entest" feat of all they knew how to do—drop the covers back into place as if nothing had happened. When the hungry toilers came down for their coarse and hard-earned noon-day meal, not a crumb remained. They soon found who had done the mischief; but it was not so easy to find a hiding-place which the four-footed depredators could not smell or spy out.

It was on the backs of such bright ponies, made if possible more intelligent, and so faithful and affectionate by being much petted, that the party of little folks always used to be going off on errands or for their own pleasure. Such a joyous, healthful kind of life as it was, too, though those jaunts on which they went to deliver messages for their father often took them into dangerous places. But the ponies were to be trusted; and so were the children, who grew to be courageous and self-reliant, and no harm ever came to them. In the summer the only paths over the mountains were the beds of the brooks, from which the water had dried away—cooked channels, grilled and worn by the winter torrents, and turning many a sharp angle where a craggy ledge or a boulder almost shut the way, but the small rider would leave everything to the faithful pony, drop the bridle on his neck, and stick fast, sure that he would pick his way and come out all right.

It was as dangerous a kind of country as could well be imagined. Great perils lurked in the old forsaken lime-pits, which had been left open when there was no further use for them. These were on the edge of some precipice—deep, vast, cemented pits, into which the broken lime-stone rocks had been thrown, then a fire made below, which would burn there with a solid white heat for days together, lighting up the whole country-side.

Of the many ponies who were their companions, right good comrades in the best of fellowship, over so many miles almost every day of their lives, the handsomest was Jack. He was of pure Welch black, except a diamond-shaped spot as white as snow in the middle of his forehead. In genuine pride and self-respect, which kept him always at his best, he was as near human as a pony could be. He carried his head so high that when his ten-year old mistress was on his back their two heads were nearly on a level. He was very fond of her, and would follow her about like a dog, and, so far as he knew how, was a useful little servant to her; and when she was riding he seemed to feel it his duty to take charge of the whip, which he held between his teeth as he galloped along.

In the morning she always went out to the stable to see him; and, like the trim English maiden she was—as quaintly sweet, I imagine, as Kate Greenaway's little damsels—she had on a white apron tied with long strings. These had an irresistible fascination to Jack, who immediately began to untie them; but if by any chance he took hold of one of the bows instead of an end, he saw his mistake, and dropped it, seeming to understand that otherwise he should pull it into a knot. After he had made the apron fall off, he would try to twist the buttons from her dress.

The stable opened into the door-yard, and as soon as he was let out he would start for the house to find her, going up the steps into the hall, and past the kitchen door, as if there was nothing there to attract him. If it happened to be meal-time he would stop in the dining-room, and, walking up to the table, lay his head on the shoulder of some one of the family, and drink a cup of tea. His favorite place, however, was in the parlor, where at certain hours little "Missy" was sure to be practicing on the piano. To get there he was obliged to go up several more steps; then he would unlatch the door and let himself in, march straight up to where she was perched at the instrument, and lay his nose against the keys. He would even go and sniff at them, coaxing her to play; and many a time she was to be seen at the piano, with the kitten lying on one end and Jack's head on the other; and until the music ceased it was next to impossible to get him out of the room.—*Amanda B. Harris, in Wide Awake.*

The Monkey's Letter.

My brother once owned a funny little monkey. His name was Jocko. Like all monkeys, he was a great mimic.

One day my brother sat down at his desk to write a letter. Jocko jumped into a chair to watch him. His little forehead wrinkled up, and he scratched his head with his paw. As my brother folded his letter, and put it in the envelope, and stamped it, Jocko's funny little face seemed to laugh all over. "I can do that as well as you," was what he would have said if he could. It was near post-time, and my brother hurried off with his letter, but forgot to shut his desk.

When he came back, there was the little monkey seated at the desk. A sheet of letter-paper was spread out before him, covered with the most comical scribbles you ever saw.

He found he couldn't hold the pen; so he had squeezed his little fingers into the inkstand, and what funny writing it was!

He was folding up the letter with his inky paws when my brother came in.

"O Jocko! you young rascal!" he said. But Jocko jumped down and was under the table-cover in a twinkling. My brother burst out laughing when he saw Jocko's letter.

That was a signal to the little culprit that his master wasn't very angry with him. So, holding up one corner of the table-cover with his paw, he ventured to peep out.

"Come here, old Jock, and tell me to whom you have been writing to."

Then Jocko jumped upon his knee, and if monkeys only could talk, I think this is what he would have said: "I've been writing to my brothers and sisters in South America; and now won't you please direct the letter and put on the stamp. Perhaps your handwriting would look better than mine for the outside."—*Our Little Ones.*

—Here is how a visit to Coney Island affected a New York reporter: "Presently the torch of the Sabbath was inverted; the glory died from the Heavens and was lost in the flowing tide; a white star blossomed in the infinite meadows; the riotous wind ceased its rush and was still, and the curving billows chanted a most solemn anthem." This is truly beautiful; but think of the young man's head the next morning.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An Allegheny young man took his girl rowing on the river and then asked her to marry him. She refused. He concealed his wrath and induced her upon some pretext to get out of the boat and stand upon the base of the middle pier of one of the bridges. Then he rowed away and left her. She screamed for about three hours before rescue came. (To be continued when they meet again.)—*Philadelphia Record.*

—To go the entire length of Great Britain by rail, third class—a distance of 650 miles—costs a little less than £3, or $15. The time consumed in the journey is a little less than twenty-four hours.

Trade in Old Shoes.

Rows of shoes stand at the head of basement stairs on the lower side of Baxter Street, all the way from Chatham to Canal Street, from early in the morning until late at night. They are patched and pieced, and the soles and heels on them are new, but their appearance tells of long and hard wear. There is not an unworn shoe to be seen along the entire street. They are all second-hand, and in the worst possible condition at that for the most part. Peering down into the gloomy basements, hundreds of other pairs will be seen on the floors, while on insecure benches from one to four cobblers will be seen stitching, patching, soling, and heeling dilapidated shoes. Here, scarcely a minute's walk from the busiest part of the metropolis, in the lowest quarter, and in the most unpretentious manner, is conducted a business the proportions of which one would never suspect.

The old-shoe trade is confined almost exclusively to Baxter Street, although here and there in Sixth and Seventh Avennes are places where better grades of this class of second-hand articles are sold. Both men's old boots and shoes and women's shoes are dealt in. From five cents to one dollar a pair are paid for men's shoes. Boots are worth a little less, because the sale for them is not so large. For women's shoes from five to thirty-five cents a pair is paid. *So long as the* uppers are not completely spoiled the shoe can be utilized. Shoes that most people would suppose were entirely past redemption can be patched up and made presentable. After soles and heels have been put on the shoes, and the rents concealed by patches, the price is increased about fifty cents on the average. A pair of shoes for which twenty-five cents was paid are sold, when repaired, for seventy-five cents. The profit to the dealers is from ten to thirty-five per cent. The dealers pay their cobblers, as a rule, thirty cents a pair for reconstructing shoes, and in addition to this they count the cost of leather in their expenses and thus it will be seen that their profit is not heavy. One of the shopmen was asked how long the shoes would last. "We don't like to sell shoes in wet weather," he replied. "The soles are liable to float off and leave the uppers without any bottoms. Maybe they will wear for one day, and maybe they will last for one month. We guarantee no goods, because the profits are so small. The cobblers can't afford to put in many pegs, and we can't afford to put in much leather." The reporter picked up a pair of shoes, and he was not long in reaching the conclusion that, like glass, they must be handled with care. The business is not restricted to the retail trade, but includes the wholesale. A great many cases of the shoes are shipped to Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other cities on the orders of second-hand clothes' dealers. The profits in the wholesale trade range from five to ten per cent. under those in the retail.

The patrons of the places are from the poorer classes. The busiest days in the retail trade are Saturday and Sunday, more particularly the latter. The shops open, some of them, as early as five o'clock in the morning, and many of *them* do not close until midnight. The rent of the basements is from twenty-five to sixty dollars a month. This is the greater expense to the proprietor, and little wonder it is that he pulls his customer in by main force to make up for this heavy drain. Up in Sixth and Seventh Avenues, where a better business is done, from one to four dollars is paid for shoes. Only the best shoes, not much worn, will be bought, and the trade is entirely different. The Baxter Street dealers sell their finer shoes to the men on the avennes. The largest stock of a Baxter Street shop is 1,000 pairs, and oftener it is much less. Noticing repaired shoes with stretched-out elastics, the reporter asked why new elastic was not put in. He was informed that the cost was too great. The elastic would cost forty cents, and that would make the price too high; besides, the trousers covered the tops, and it made little difference.

The question will naturally be asked where all the shoes come from. The Italians, those scavengers of the streets, fish old shoes out of the ash-barrels by the hundreds. They know their value as well as they do the worth of rags, bones and bottles. They carry the shoes to their quarters, scrape the ashes off of them, and take them to Baxter Street. The junk and rag dealers buy or ask a gift of old shoes in their wanderings, and they take them to Baxter Street. The bootblacks at the hotels and other places seize upon old shoes as prizes. Some of the pawn-shops and old-clothes stands buy old shoes, but only when they are in good condition. It is only at the shops that the shoes which need to be reconstructed are bought. Moderate fortunes have been made in the old-shoe trade in Baxter Street. Men have gone into it and advanced to the trade in new goods or retired altogether. Many of the present dealers own their places of business, and seem to prosper at least as well as the old-clothes men.—*N. Y. Times.*

Plucky Parsons.

Dr. French, the Bishop of Lahore, has been given the war medal for Afghanistan for having ministered under fire to dying soldiers during the campaign of 1879-81. The bishop of Auckland, New Zealand—Dr. Cowie—has received two war medals, namely, the Indian mutiny medal, with a clasp, for the final siege and capture of Lucknow, and the subsequent actions of Allygunge, Rooyeah, and Bareilly, and the frontier war medal for the short but sanguinary Umbeyla campaign in the winter of 1863-4. A Bombay clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Allen, was given the war medal in 1841 for his services in the field during the campaigns of that and the preceding year. None of the English papers, however, seem to remember that a few months ago the Rev. J. W. Adams, a chaplain attached to the Cabul field force, was awarded the Victoria cross for having at the battle of Killa-Klazi extricated a number of lancers who, with their horses, had fallen into a flooded ditch. The chaplain had to wade in water up to his waist to drag the horses off of their drowning riders, and performed his gallant feat under a hot fire, having ultimately to run for his own life when the swordsmen came up and captured his horse.

Ambidexters.

Instances of people who write and make figures with both hands are by no means rare. In the old *Democrat* office, before the partnership was dissolved and the *Globe-Democrat* started, two accountants were employed who, in posting the books, generally made figures with the left hand and posted the items with the right. A bookkeeper in one and a cashier in another large wholesale house in St. Louis now work in the same way, and a reporter on a morning paper writes with either hand, and it is impossible to distinguish any difference in the formation of the letters.

A more remarkable instance of dual faculties than any mentioned is that of a gentleman well known in this city—Mr. E. C. Lackland. Mr. Lackland was for some time Treasurer of the Fair Association and excited no little attention and remark among those who saw him using alternately either hand in writing letters or messages. The on-lookers were, however, still more astonished to see him when in a hurry grasp a pen or pencil and write rapidly with both hands, and would have been yet more amazed had they known that the messages he was at work on at the same time were addressed to different people and entirely different in character. When not busy enough to employ both hands he generally uses the left, but the character of the chirography is the same, and it is doubtful if he himself knows the difference. He does not seem to consider himself possessed of an unusual gift of talent, and would no doubt have been much amused had he heard the remark made by an acquaintance, who, after seeing him write two letters at once, confidentially informed a friend that he must have his brains parted in the middle or be possessed of two sets. The science of medicine teaches that unusual mental strain or activity correspondingly depresses the system physically, but the rule evidently does not apply to Mr. Lackland.

It has also generally been considered that a shot in the brain was mortal, and a few days ago an exchange came out with what was stated as an unparalleled case. A man had attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself in the center of the forehead. The pistol-ball, according to his statement, went through his brains and lodged at the inside of the skull at the back. The wound was probed to the depth of three inches or more, the brains oozed out of the hole, but the man lived and seemed to suffer no inconvenience.

This is not an isolated case. Several years ago a man living on Fifth Street, near Myrtle, in this city, shot his wife and then shot himself through the head and brain, after which he lay down on a lounge and awaited death. Death did not come, but the police did, and a guard was left with him till the next morning. Then he put on his boots with a vigorous thump and walked to a carriage, in which he was conveyed to jail. He lived to stand trial for assault with intent to kill on his wife, was sentenced to the penitentiary for several years, and had served out part of his term when he died. The wound had never healed and portions of brain were continually coming from it. While in jail he told the reporter that he suffered no inconvenience from the wound, but on two or three occasions had felt "rather giddy-headed."

Perhaps one of the oddest and most amusing instances of "two-sided persons" is that of a young man who lived some years ago in Illinois. Frank, for such was his name, was smart and shrewd, and possessed a powerful and active frame. He had never been sick since he was an infant, and had never had the slightest touch of paralysis. Notwithstanding, his face and chest on one side were profusely bathed in perspiration, even on the coldest days in winter, while on the other side, taking the nose for a dividing line, no sign of perspiration was ever seen in the hottest days of midsummer. This, of course, excited considerable remark and amusement. But his appearance was still more striking when, sitting in one of the country stores of an evening, he would go to sleep on one side with that eye fast closed, while the other side would be wide awake, and he would be keeping up his end of the conversation. When last seen he was to some extent outgrowing his peculiarity, but probably never fully did so. He had consulted one or two country physicians, but never laid his case before those competent to advise him. It is to be regretted, as he would have excited great interest in medical circles.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"How Much?"

Some of our restaurants charge exhorbitant prices for their viands, especially for articles "out of season." But they usually make it plain just what the charge will be.

A rather amusing story is told in the Boston *Journal* of a man who wanted some strawberries in a Paris restaurant.

Strawberries at present are pretty dear in Paris. A gentleman from the country went to dine ten days ago at one of the restaurants on the boulevards, and seeing little plates of strawberries on the buffet as he came in, he thought he would have some for dessert. With provincial caution he called the waiter to him, when he had nearly finished his dinner and said:

"Those are very nice strawberries."

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price?"

"Only one franc, sir."

Although surprised to find the price so low, he ordered a saucer of the berries. He had nearly finished eating them when the waiter brought his bill. What was his astonishment to see a charge of ten francs for strawberries.

"What does this mean, sir?" he demanded. "You told me they were one franc, and you charge me ten."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter, "but I meant one franc apiece, and you had ten berries in your saucer."

The feelings of the guest can be better imagined than described. Leaving one strawberry untouched on his plate, he rose at once in anger and turned toward the desk to pay the bill.

"Sir!" cried the waiter, who expected his usual *pour-boire* of two or three *sous*, "you have forgotten the waiter."

"Forgotten you!" exclaimed the guest; "certainly not! I have left you a strawberry, which is equivalent to a *pourboire* for you of twenty sous."—*Youths' Companion.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Never use the curry comb on a horse's legs below the knee and hock. A corn broom is best since it takes out the dirt and does not hurt the horse.

—When turkeys are not two months old they can successfully withstand the severest weather if dry. In wet weather they should be confined in a yard under cover.—*N. Y. Times.*

—If the water in which new turnips are boiled is well salted, and is changed twice or three times, the strong and disagreeable flavor noticed in them before frost comes will almost certainly be removed.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A New Jersey farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs enabled him to raise good crops of corn for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

—It is a good idea to wrap the trunks of apple trees with burlap sacks, and to examine the wrappings every few days to ascertain if any of the grubs or worms of the coddling moth have found their way into them, that they may be destroyed.—*Chicago Journal.*

—String beans make a nice side dish if, after being boiled in the usual way with a small piece of salt pork to flavor them, you drain them carefully, and then add sweet milk or cream, a little butter, pepper and salt, just as you prepare peas.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The only way to remove the peach grub is to scrape away the earth from the foot of the tree and follow all the under bark burrows to their end, with the point of the knife. As they do not enter the wood the wire is not required, being used only for the apple tree borer, which penetrates deeply into the wood.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A nice currant cake is made of one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, three cups of flour, half a pound of currants carefully washed; after they have drained, sift flour over and through them; use half a grated nutmeg for flavoring. This is nice baked in small tins or gem pans.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—An elegant screen is made by using an ebony frame which forms one square space. Fill this with dark olive satin; on this, in oil colors, outline a hill and a tree. Use as dark shades as you can, and make them effective; brighten with yellow light, using Naples yellow. A design for the suggested landscape can be found in some book of woodcuts, and with a little work can be made very brilliant. Squeeze the paint from the tubes on blotting paper, which will absorb the oil, and so prevent its spreading.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Horse's Hoof—How to Preserve It.

The horse's hoof necessarily sees the hardest service of any portion of his structure; and is the only part that can be mutilated by cutting and burning, as is the common practice, by men calling themselves shoers, and by nails made too large and driven too deep. Every horse owner of experience will, when he has occasion for the first time to have a colt shod, select a smith who will do as the owner directs, and not follow the practice generally in vogue in times past, and still too commonly practiced. It is probable that outside of the farm, more horses are defective in the feet than in any other part. This comes from the combined influences of hard usage and mutilation in shoeing. Largely from the latter, because a hoof properly trimmed and shod will stand an extraordinary amount of contact, however rough, with every sort of pavement in use.

It is within the power of the farmer to breed horses with properly-formed hoofs, and equally in his power to preserve these in proper form, by seeing that they are kept in the shape that Nature gave them. If a flat-footed sire or dam is bred from, then, of course, the penalty is incurred of having a pretty good soft ground hoof, but in no wise such a one as will stand use upon hard roads and paved streets. The young horse on whom is bred a properly-shaped foot, goes to the smith for the first time, carrying a wide heel, a smooth outer surface, and a sharp ring at the outer circle below. The man who is well informed as to the foot, goes to the average smith the first time with a feeling of dread.

A properly-formed hoof, on the well-bred colt, is straight from the top downwards, and has exactly the circular form that should be maintained; the shoe in every case being fitted to the foot, and not, as is the practice with the average smith, who cuts and rasps the hoof to fit the shoe. With the botch, it is much easier to do the latter than the former, for when the shoe is once made fast, it is but the work of a moment to cut away and rasp down the projecting rim of horny structure.

The forward portion of the hoof is firm, and somewhat thick, as compared to the lamina at the heel, and cuts much harder. Hence it is easier for the smith to pare down the heel at the bottom of the foot than to cut away the toe in like manner.

The directions should be, to cut, with a sharp buttress, from the bottom of the hoof, till it is of the right depth from top downwards. At this stage of the cutting, the hoof will assume the circular form, and to this form the shoe should be accurately fitted—so accurately, that no rim of hoof will project beyond the shoe—at any rate, not more than an eighth of an inch, except where, as is often the case, a point of hoof on one side projects further than the opposite side, in which case the foot requires to be made true.

The nails for a well-bred horse, having a tough hoof, should be considerably less in size than are proper to be used on a draft-horse; and in the case of the former they should not extend upwards into the hoof more than five-eighths of an inch. For the horse of medium size and the heavy draft-horse three-fourths to seven-eighths of an inch will be admissible. The face of the hoof should under no pretence be rasped or filed, neither should any smith be allowed to hold a hot shoe to the bottom of the foot. The surface remains, as in the unshod colt, elastic, through the oil and moisture furnished to it. But when rasped, this escapes, and the foot becomes brittle and liable to fever. The burning of the bottom of the hoof is barbarous, and destructive to the tissues.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—The physical strength of Arabs is enormous. An officer of the Peninsula and Oriental mail steamers says that there are Arabian stevedores who can readily carry from three to four hundred weight. The donkey boys often lift up their donkeys.

—So extravagant were Savannah belles in 1737 that a law was enacted by the Georgia Legislature forbidding the use of gold and silver in apparel and furniture.

BEING entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, blunted feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

THE *Atlantic* contains a long story about a man who could not tell a lie. It is probably the first time we have ever figured in magazine fiction.—*Norristown Herald.*

IF bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

THEY are afraid of a water famine in Alexandria. Come to Iowa: you can't get anything else.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

A YOUTH of Hibernian extraction, in chopping wood with a hatchet the other day was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand, with which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member, he remarked: "Begorra, it was a good thing I did not have hold of the handle with both hands, or I would have chopped it off sure."—*New York Graphic.*

Woman's Wisdom.

"She insists that it is more important that her family shall be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness, with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE hotel thief is not a spiritual medium, but he can transcend same. A chromo given for the first correct solution.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AS THE most effectual yet the most mild and harmless remedy for Diarrhœa, Dysentery and all summer complaints we would recommend our friends to use WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM. It is a never failing remedy.

EGGS six hundred years old have been found in a town in France. It is evident that Daniel Pratt has never lectured there.—*Rockland Courier.*

*** "Facts speak plainer than words." Proof:—"The Doctor told me to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever."—A. P. Sanford. Sold in both dry and liquid form.

"Has there banana body down street?" she inquired with a smile. And as the last word was uttered she went down "kerflop!"—*Danville Sunbeam.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

STOVES are supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but the Egyptians were warmed by Alexander the grate B. C. 300.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

THE man who "lodged a complaint" and "boarded a car" says he is going out of the hotel business.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

TAKE one quart of dried apples and a gallon of warm water if you want to be a swell young man.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

THE American Tonic Sol-Fa association met at Springfield recently. La, mi!—*Lowell Courier.*

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

WHEN a man's feelings are so great that he cannot express them, had he not better send them by freight!—*Derry News.*

USE Wise's Axle Grease on inflamatory sores of all kinds.

WATERMELON seeds are now utilized for a soup called puree of melon. No one has as yet gone crazy over it.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A MASSACHUSETTS woman read of an oil-can explosion, and didn't believe the story until she tried the same thing herself. She now thinks it wonderful how near a newspaper can hit the truth. She will be out in the fall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is believed meat will not be much cheaper until after chestnuts have arrived.—*Danbury News.*

A PIECE of whinstone fifty inches long, ten inches wide and seven inches thick, has been dug up on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It is supposed to have belonged to the corset of an antediluvian belle.—*Lowell Courier.*

THE Buffalo *Advertiser* knows of a man who tried to buy pneumonia by the quart. That's right enough. What the family doesn't use can be given to the poor.—*Boston Post.*

"NO," said Mrs. Pshawdee. "I don't think my daughter will be a good pianist; she doesn't at all deprecate Beethoven's soonafters or sympathies, and cares altogether too much for the cheap and pompous music."—*Music and Drama.*

SLICES of plum pudding are served at some of the summer hotels, and the functions guest says to the waiter: "Take this stove lid back and put some more sauce on it."

"You dog of a printer," cried the enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Yes, but you see, sir, I am not a pointer, I'm a setter," replied the printer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A VIRGINIAN has a pet fish twenty-seven years old." That's nothing. We frequently hear married women speak in affectionate terms of "That old sardine of mine."—*New Haven Register.*

WHAT did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass." "Oh, no!" "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be." "And why not, pray?" "Because, sir, glass is a non-conductor." Deafening applause from the scientific passengers.

"YES," said the farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop and rest every time he has to climb it."—*Salem Sunbeam.*

SAVE your wagons, your money and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

WHEN the funds are unsteady—When money is tight.—*The Judge.*

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c

SOMEBODY has written a history of pies, but it is not a pious work.—*Hotel Mail.*

USE Wise's Axle Grease on threshers.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

WISE'S Axle Grease won't melt.

Merchant's GARGLING OIL LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1859, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our Liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (similar to for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

Our testimonials date from 1833 to the present. Try Merchant's Gargling Oil Liniment for internal and external use, and tell your neighbor what good it has done you.

Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

CURES Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scratches or Grease, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Flesh Wounds, Stiff Joint, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy, Cracked Teats, Callous, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Quitter, Abscess of the Udder, Sprains and Bruises, Stringhalt, Windgalls, Foul Cut in Sheep, Foundered Feet, Roup in Poultry, Sore Nipples, Curb, Cracked Heels, Old Sores, Epizootic, Lame Back, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Toothache, Rheumatism, Spavins, Sweenys, Corns, Wirebiters, Weakness of the Joints, Contraction of Muscles, Cramps, Swelled Legs, Fistula, Mange, Thrush, Caked Breasts, Bolls, &c.

$1,000 REWARD for proof of the existence of a better liniment than "Merchant's Gargling Oil," or a healthier worm medicine than "Merchant's Worm Tablets." Manufactured by M. G. O. Co., Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

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STOMACH **BITTERS**

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters extirpates dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, as thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are backed up by irrefragable proofs. The Bitters also give a healthful stimulus to the urinary organs. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our **Saw Filer** to file all kinds of saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Write for Catalogue. Coleman & Palms, Props.

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A Business Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the **Grand Rapids** (Mich.) **Business College.** ☞ Write for College Journal—sent free.

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

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Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

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10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
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Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Please everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Breaking Down.

Working for God is often painful as well as humbling. It entails suffering, and we are fitted for it by suffering. Why is this? Because the suffering brings us into closer fellowship with our Lord, who was the man of sorrow; because it brings us into sympathy with our brethren suffering all around us: because it weakens us: because it humbles us. Do you know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the filling us, it is the emptying us; it is not the edifying us, it is the pulling us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument of education is the pick-ax. He must break us down, down, down, and whatever he gives us to do for his services, he will first of all show us that we are not able to do it.

In our armies, when a man is wounded they take him at once out of the ranks and put him in the rear to take care of him. He is not fit for the fighting till the wounds are healed.

Not so in the Lord's army. There the faint are in the heat of the battle, and the wounded lead the vanguard. Look at the history of the church, and you will see that most, if not all, of those whom God has employed in a signal manner for his glory have been in one way or another among the most afflicted of men, either in heart or in body, sometimes in both. Therefore do not be afraid of suffering. Do not think that suffering interferes with service; on the contrary it helps it on. When, therefore, we offer our prayers to God, and ask him to take us and make us, don't let us forget to put up another petition between those two, and ask him also to break us. That is a short and comprehensive prayer. "Take me! break me! make me!" God, answering that prayer, can do something with us.

A NEW CURE FOR HEADACHE.—There is at present going the rounds of the press a suggestion that, though simple, seems to have the endorsement of many as having been effective as a cure for various ailments. The remedial agent is drinking hot water by the tumberful, in the morning after rising. It is claimed that this will relieve dyspepsia troubles, that it tones the stomach and relieves the system of impurities. The local editor of the New York *Dispatch* says he has tried the hot water cure for sickheadache, for upwards of three months, and that he has not had an attack of the disease since, although before its use he was afflicted with the sickheadache almost weekly. He is now a firm believer in the hot water cure.

A little lady of two and a-half years had picked up a cane in the corner of the room and was playing with it—a plain stick bent at the end. Papa asked. "What are you doing with the cane?" "It isn't a cane." "What is it, then?" "It's an umbrella without any clothes on it."

The presiding elder who went to conduct the dedication of a new Methodist church at Grand Rapids did not do it. The debt was not all provided for, and he said he had promised God not to dedicate any more due bills, mechanics' liens and mortgages.

Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

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If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

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Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON Cologne and look for signature of

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2,000 Acres of Land 4 miles Southwest of Oakland.

[illegible] land is covered with valuable [illegible] timber, and there is a new [illegible] on the land now in running order on the [illegible]. There is a valuable vein of limestone [illegible] with coal on adjoining lands, [illegible] water power. The land is well [illegible] for grazing or agricultural purposes. Will be sold in parcels or in lots to suit purchasers. For terms apply on the premises or address

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BEST [illegible] to make money at work for us than at anything else. Capital [illegible] We will start you. $12 [illegible] day and upwards can be made at home by the [illegible] Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the [illegible] Those already at work are making [illegible] money. We furnish you with everything; [illegible] your whole time to the business. You [illegible] do the work. No other [illegible] will pay you nearly as well. No one [illegible] who does not make [illegible] at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money [illegible] surely, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the [illegible] Road, adjoining the land of Bowie [illegible], about three miles from Deer Park and [illegible] from Oakland. The penalty for cutting timber in Garrett county, [illegible] will be prosecution of the owners of the [illegible], in the sum under the Act of 1880, ch. [illegible], as for [illegible] *stealing* goods or chattels, the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

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Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

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containing 127 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from [illegible], and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

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Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

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Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Wiltfarm. This farm contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

underlaid with limestone, two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a good community, healthy climate, easy of access to markets, churches, schools, &c. For terms, &c., address

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A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
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at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 *yards* standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 4, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

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All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

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—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

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Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

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I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.35 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.03 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.35 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine ids

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Harizel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnels.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "Roland." The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more evenly than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
101 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. No. 5, folios 65 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, which said mortgage was on the 25th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value executed by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Codlingston's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1529, 1380 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgage and the records is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 65 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,700. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. A. Pico, A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village Hotel-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the vendor.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by George W. Wilson, Samuel Gnagey, Thomas Shaffer and others is to pass will meet near Thomas Shaffer's and Jere. Harvey's on Tuesday, August 23d, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

GEO. W. WILSON,
JAS. W. ABERNATHY,
NICHOLAS RINKER,
7 22 2 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 200 acres, a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 65 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. A. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the courts, promptly attended to. No charge unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 11

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead rights, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

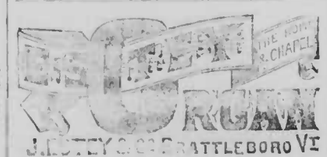

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882. NUMBER 28.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved credit. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Willink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and
Farming Implements
—Also—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, tds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"
"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*,"
"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

617 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefitted by Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.

Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives to his private patients.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA [illegible] and purifies the blood, and to the weary and ill from the hot and fearful days it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed of vegetable ingredients, each one a gem, kindly by itself.

PERUNA explains itself in its cures without the necessity of further proof.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it does positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life."

For Piles, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take

MAN-A-LIN

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

A Public Shame.

The war of words now waging between George Colton and Arthur Gorman illustrates with peculiar force the truth of the abhorism that "when rogues fall out honest men come by their own." So long as these worthies ruled the Democratic party and ruined the State Maryland in common; so long as each permitted the other to share equally in the spoils and perquisites of dishonest political bossism, so long was all peace and brotherly love between them. They conspired together to cheat the people of this State, and they *did* cheat them; they made public positions the subject of barter and bargain; they made the taxes wrung from the honest laborer the prey of the spoilsman, they made the credit and fair name of the State a by-word and a mockery; they insulted and deceived and defiled and despised the people. They prospered together in wickedness and sin; from poverty they speedily rose to affluence; from merited obscurity to prominence; but they were ilily prepared to wield the power bestowed by their illgotten wealth; they became jealous of each other, they quarreled over the division of their plunder—and now the truth is coming out and the people of this State are being told how they have been made the tools of these designing tricksters, how they have been cheated and sneered at and plundered in the interest of personal aggrandizement. It is a shameful story, but greater will be the shame of our people if these men and the party they represent are not speedily cast out from place and power, and from the countenance and fellowship of honest and conscientious men.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Blaine's Opening Speech in the Maine Canvass.

"This country to-night, from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, presents a degree of prosperity widespread, more general, more firmly based and founded, than ever before in its history. Now, I do not say that legislation has brought about all that, but legislation has aided it, and it certainly has not injured it. If you wait for the law to grow crops or to spin cotton or to forge iron and steel you wait for a long time, but it you feel that the law is behind you, and above you, and ar und you, you raise crops and spin cotton and forge the steel with a good deal more assurance of good prices and a fair market, and all that the law could do, and all that a wise administration of the law has been able to effect, can be claimed by the Republican party without a division of the honor with any other party of the country. [Loud applause.] For twenty-one years past last March the destiny of the United States of America, in so far as that destiny can be controlled by a political party, has been in the keeping of the Republican party of the United States, and if there be a greater chapter of history written in the annals of human kind I would like Goy. Plaisted or any other gentleman supporting him to be kind enough to point it out. If there be any chapter of history in which human progress has been so rapid, in which human rights have been guaranteed so firmly and enlarged so grandly as within that period, I am ignorant where to look for it or where to find it, and now, at the end of these twenty-one years, in this blessed year of 1882, we find an opposition made up of two or three parties. What do they propose to do? Nothing. The positive measures, the aggressive policies, the definition of the line, and the metes and bounds of legislation have all been taken and prescribed by the Republican party, and outside of it we have had objection, and cavil, and quibble, and slander, and all manner of dishonorable and mean critics following as camp-followers after a great procession that has gone ahead; but I challenge any gentleman to show that in the whole of the twenty-one years the Democratic party and its various side issues, like Greenback and Labor and other organizations, has ever proposed a measure that was able to be materialized in the form of a bill or resolve of the Congress of the United States for the amelioration of any human woe or for the advancement of any public good. [Applause.] Whatever may be said of the Republican party, and that a party could be in power twenty-one years and not make mistakes would be absurd—that a party could have millions of people and not a dishonest man among them would be absurd—but whatever can be said of the Republican party, there is one thing that never can be truthfully said: It never can be said that it was not a brave party. It never can be said that it had a drop of coward's blood in its whole organization—[applause]—never. When that institution which represented $5,000,000,000 encased in the prejudices of two centuries and representing the labor element of fifteen States and thirteen million people stood in the way of the Union, the Republican party met it with the sword of justice, and it was not [loud applause]—and never from that hour to this, never in any crisis in these full twenty-one years of the Republican party's majority, never in one case has it been unwilling, or unable, or afraid to take the responsibility; and gentlemen, you prate of the South, and the wrong done to it; why, since Maine was a State—aye, identically since Maine was a State—the date serves me precisely, coming in on top of the great Missouri compromise, that first wide and deep agitation of the slavery question—never from that hour to this in the sixty-two years that have intervened has the feeling between the North and the South been as cordial as it is to-night—[applause]—never has the time been before when, in every county and district and settlement of the South, the veriest abolitionist and blackest Republican and darkest African could come and go, under the guarantee of this great Constitutional amendment which the Republican party engrafted on the organic law, and we have held the faith."

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, make pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, stength and beauty. Ladies try it.—*Bazaar.*

Cut Behind.

The scene opens on a clear, crisp morning. Two boys are running to get on the back of a carriage, whose wheels are spinning along the road. One of the boys, with a quick spring succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature is the same in boy as in man—all running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to rule in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers of the other political party "cut behind."

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run; they jostle; they tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries, "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! Cut behind! cut behind!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snow-flake to the snow-bird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snow-flake, "you are going *up* and I am going *down*."

We have to state that the man in the carriage, on the crisp morning, though he had a long-lash whip, with which he could make the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind*. He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good-morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive; was a boy myself once, and know what tickles youngsters.

Thank God, there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he waats it. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. When such a kind man has ridden to the end of the earthly road, it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were straggling.

Upper Potomac Coal Field.

Mr. Owen Riordan, in a communication to *The Virginias*, gives some interesting particulars relating to the Upper Potomac and Blackwater coal region. He commenced opperations on the beds of this coal field in June, 1882, and opened eight veins, the thickest nine feet and the smallest four feet, measuring in the aggregat 50 feet of coal. Further operations were resumed in May of this year another vein 10 feet thick being opened. The measures, commencing at the bottom, consisted of one foot one inch of coal, then three inches of broken slate, and then eight feet eight inches of coal. This is the only vein in that region containing slate. Two other veins, four and six feet respectively, were opened on a later date. Mr. Riordan says that he has now fairly proven that the Potomac river rises out of two coal veins on the eastern slope of Backbone mountain. The coal field formerly known as the "Holly" tract and the "Hall" and "Evans" tracts, is situated in the counties of Grant and Tucker, and is bounded on the west by the Backbone Mountain, on the east by the Allegany mountains, on the north by the Potomac river, and on the south by Red creek and Dry fork of Cheat river. It is 25 miles long and has a superficial area of 625 square miles. Sixty-six openings have been put in this field, some on the Alleghany mountain, and some on the Potomac river on the north and on Red river on the south. The thickness of the vein varies from four inches to eleven feet two inches.

An art and Industrial Exhibition in the Capitol at Washington.

The Board of Direction, composed of some of the most prominent names in public life, including members of the Supreme Court, Senators, Members of Congress, Army and Navy officers of high rank, and the first citizens of Washington, send the following to the press:

A National Bazaar, Art, and Industrial Exposition will be held in the rotunda and adjacent halls of the National Capitol at Washington, D. C., November 25th to December 3d, (inclusive), 1882, as authorized by joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, August 7, 1882. The object of this undertaking is to raise funds with which to erect a statute in this city to the memory of General James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, which work is in the hands of a committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, who have already collected for this purpose some twenty thousand dollars, and expect, with the results of the exposition, to have a sufficient sum with which to erect a work befitting the great name it is proposed to commemorate.

The art exhibition will be under the direction of the leading artists resident in Washington. It is hoped that artists throughtout the entire country, professional and amateurs, will aid the work by contributing some one work—as a gift to the fund—to be sold for its benefit, and be willing to exhibit others, under such rules and regulations as may be determined by the Board of Direction. All persons desiring to contribute in any way to this great work are cordially invited to do so, and to proceed in such manner as their judgment may dictate.

Contributions from the ladies in the way of needle and fancy work are especially invited and anticipated as one of the more prominent features of the exposition.

To manufacturers this Exhibition offers opportunities second to the Centennial Exposition. Occurring on the eve of the assembling of Congress, and at the season of the year when all the foreign representatives are at their legations, every exhibit will have the attention, not only of our own representatives, but of the representatives of all the civilized nations, as well as the representatives of the Press, who will gladly make full mention of all worthy exhibits; this, with the fact that each donation or exhibit contributes so much to a work that must commend itself to patriotic citizen. All exhibits will bear name of artist, manufacturer, etc., and will remain in place until the close of the exposition. Arrangements for transportation of exhibits are being made, and details will be given on application to the Board of Direction, rooms 90 to 96, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C.

The Reasonableness of Prayer.

A naturalist should be the last man in the world to object to the efficacy of prayer, since prayer itself is one of the most potent of natural forces. The cry of the young raven brings its food from afar without any exertion on its part, for that cry has power to move the emotion and the muscles of the parent bird, and to overcome her own selfish appetite. The bleat of the lamb not only brings its dam to its side, but causes the secretion of milk in her udder. The cry of distress nerves men to all exertions, and to brave all dangers, and to struggle against all or any of the laws of nature that may be causing suffering or death. Nor in the case of prayer are the objects attained at all mechanically commensurate with the activities set in motion. We have all seen how the prayer of a few captives, wrongfully held in durance by some barbarous potentate, may move mighty nations, and cause them to pour out millions of their treasure to send men and material of war over land and sea, to sacrifice hundreds of lives, in order that a just and proper prayer may be answered. In such a case we see how the higher law overrides the lower, and may cause even frightful suffering and loss of life, in order that a moral or spiritual end may be gained. Are we to suppose, then, that the only Being in the universe who cannot answer prayer is that One who alone has all power at his command? The weak theology which professes to believe that prayer has a subjective benefit, is infinitely less scientific than the action of the child who confidently appeals to a Father in heaven.—*Principal Dawson.*

All have seen the immense boulders called "lost rock" in some sections, scattered over the northern part of the United States, which have little or no resemblance to any mass of rock anywhere in the vicinity, and have perhaps asked the question: Where did they come from? Also the heaps of sand, gravel and cobblestones of various sizes, which form many of our ridges, knolls and hills, and which are totally unlike any fixed rock near them. All these phenomena are attributed to a single cause, and that is the great sheet ice which nature stored up ages ago without the necessity of protecting it in an ice house. According to Agassiz, the sheet of ice extended in this country as far south as South Carolina, or Alabama, and was thick enough to cover all the mountains of the eastern part of North America, with the exception of Mt. Washington. This peak projected, a lone sentinel on that waste of ice, two or three hundred feet. In the latitude of Northern Massachusetts he conceives the ice to have been two or three miles thick. The bowlders were all torn off by the advancing ice sheet, from the projecting rocks over which it moved, and carried or pushed as "bottom drift" scratching and plowing the surface over which they passed, and being scratched and polished themselves in return, till they were finally brought to rest by the melting of the ice. They were not carried so far South as the ice sheet extended, seldom beyond the parallel of 40 degrees north. The native copper of Lake Superior was drifted four or five hundred miles south, and the pudding stones of Roxbury, Mass., were carried as far South as Island of Penikees.—*Scientific American.*

Applicable in all Sections.

Said a lady yesterday, "I wonder how many pleasant homes will be made unhappy by this election." An explanation was asked, and she said. "Why, I have seen to-day two men drunk on the street that I know well, and I never saw either one of them under the influence of liquor before. I have heard the wife of one of them say she had rather see her husband dead, much as she loved him, than to see him a drunkard. Both of these men are candidates, and knowing the sorrow of their homes to-night, I was merely thinking and wondering how many other homes would be saddened in the next week, and had been saddened in the last few days by the drinking of candidates and those who had been treated by them. The great trouble with your politics is that women can have nothing to say. When a man runs for office he must 'treat.' If he dosen't, then those who do will get the votes. He must drink not only with his equals, but much more with those whose company he would not think of keeping under any other circumstances. He would never think of bringing home with him the men he spends his time with. It's all wrong, and I tell you this running for office has ruined more men than you have any idea of,"—*Columbia (Ga.) Enquirer.*

They are Strangers Now.

A Middletown young lady never tires of relating an amusing occurrence of the sleighing season last winter. She was enjoying a ride in company with two Hartford gentlemen, and she was driving. One of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff and lovingly pressed her disengaged hand. She blushed, and withdrew it just as the gentleman on the other side slipped his hand into the muff. She knew by the action of her adorers that the hand pressures were frequent and loving within the silk lining of the muff, far first one face and then the other would bob forward to catch a look at the sweet face and eyes which, prompted, as they supposed, the tender pressure of the hand. The by play lasted until the young lady quietly remarked: "If you gentlemen are through with my muff I will trouble you for it now as my hands are getting cold." And the two gentleman who had been comfortably warm up to this time, suddenly felt an Artic chill creeping up their spinal columns, and the mercury of their feelings dropped to 180 degrees below zero. The two gentlemen are strangers now.—*Hartford Times.*

The liquor drank in Louisiana costs $17,000,000—$2,000,000 more than its combined cotton, sugar and rice crops. Virginia drinks up her entire wheat crop annually.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE MAJOR.

There he is, under the maple's shade,
A daisy droops from the sun-browned hand
That should whirl in the air the flashing blade
In time with the cheers of his charging band.

Jauntily over the soldier's brow
The straw hat tilts, with careless grace;
Wait just a moment, he's turning now—
I want to see the Major's face.

Seamed, you wonder, with saber slash?
Scarred where the battle lightnings broke?
Tribmed with grizzled, Horse mustache?
Eyes as keen as the saber stroke?

Ha, ha! Now look at the oval face,
Rippling with laughter from brow to chin;
Touched with the sweetest, fairest grace—
Only the angels could blend it in.

Purity lightens the thoughtful eyes,
Blue as the fathomless skies above;
And the rosebud mouth in its dimples lies,
Ruddy ripe with its sweets of love.

In love with the Major? Everyone!
Loving troopers of his we be;
Dearer than all else under the sun
He is loved by his grown-up troop of three.

All day he marches us; for his sake
We fight the legions of sin and care;
A fortress strong of our hearts we make,
And hide him away from his enemies there.

We join our shields o'er the Major's head,
When the charging column comes sweeping on;
And we post our pickets about the bed,
To guard his sleep when the day is gone.

With prayers and love we hedge him in,
Our daring soldier, so young and bold,
To keep him safe from the darts of sin
Till his live sweet years be five times told.

But the battle will come, some future day,
When they will fall on other fields,
And the Major's troopers, old and gray,
Will be brought home on their dinted shields.

But he'll lovingly think, when alone he stands,
When the battle is hard and help is slow,
And the good sword turns in his weary hands,
Of the soldiers who fought for him long ago.

Help him, oh God, when he fights alone;
Great be his strength as his days demand;
Till he lays off his armor before the throne,
And enters his rest in the Promised Land.

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

RUTH'S OPPORTUNITY.

A brighter morning never dawned on the little township of Greenville than that of a certain day in the summer of '81. The sun rose with a fierce glare, boding intense heat before night-fall. Every ray seemed like a fiery dart sent down to destroy the few lingering traces of verdure, for rain had not fallen in weeks, and plants and animals were alike consumed with thirst.

The sun had wide range for havoc on Mr. Leonard's farm, and it blazed relentlessly down upon his well-tilled acres, upon his roomy barns and stables, which sheltered the panting cattle, and upon a little "root-house" used as a storage for winter vegetables, that stood half underground and covered with earth. But on this retreat the tyrant cast his beams in vain. The shadowy room within was delightfully cool, and there in the doorway lay little Scott, the five-year-old baby of the household, with his chin resting on two chubby palms, his elbows planted in the damp earth, and heels beating the air, intently watching a swarm of ants. The old root-house had been a favorite haunt of the little fellow during the hot, sultry days of summer, for it was so near the kitchen that he never felt lonely there.

"Breakfast most ready, Ruthie?" he called out, still surveying the interesting ant colony.

"Almost, little man," said sister Ruth, appearing at the porch door to see what the small lord was about.

Ruth Leonard made a charming picture as she stood there shading her eyes with her hand, framed in by a clustering mass of honeysuckle vines. Yet no one called her a pretty girl. Though only sixteen, she was very tall and strong for her age; every well-formed limb indicated the possession of muscular strength, and her broad shoulders seemed just fitted to bear burdens. Her thick brown hair was brushed plainly back from a low forehead and braided, but the braid was often er coiled up in a loose knot to "get it out of the way." Not a suspicion of a curl was to be seen, for Ruth always forgot to "put up her hair," and Nature had evidently intended it to hang straight. A pair of keen gray eyes that often grew dark with unsatisfied longing, yet hid in their depths a world of conscious power, a straight nose and full red lips, complete the picture—a picture which had become to father and mother as their daily bread.

Ruth turned away smiling, and went on with her work of setting the table. Suddenly a shrill voice echoed through the room. "Hi, Betty! ho Betty! it's all in m'eye!" came with piercing distinctness from the open doorway, accompanied by scuffling as of a brigade of robbers, and boisterous Hal presented himself.

"Now, Hal——" began Ruth.

"Now, grandmother," reiterated Hal, striking an attitude, "don't reel off more than a yard of lecture before breakfast."

"Henry, behave," commanded a stern voice from the other side of the room, which caused a noticeable decline in Hal's spirits.

There stood Mr. Leonard, having just come down stairs unnoticed by the young scapegrace. He held little Lon by the hand, a delicate, sensitive child, older than Hal, though scarcely taller than her sturdy brother.

"Here come the provisions," remarked Hal, as Ruth brought in a smoking omelet from the kitchen.

"Go call Scott," said his father; which cruel mandate obliged the young gentleman to remove his admiring gaze from the repast.

"Ay, ay, sir," he responded, and in a few minutes he reappeared with Scott, who was very red in the face, and howling most frantically. Hal had the little fellows skirts gathered tightly in one hand, while with the other he firmly grasped the neck of his dress, just as he had picked him up from the ground, "making him walk Spanish," as he termed it.

The family gathered around the table, and Mr. Leonard asked a blessing on the food in a sad, pleading voice. For several minutes the children seemed awed into silence. At length Ruth broke the stillness.

"Did you see the doctor again last night, father?"

"Yes, daughter."

"What did he say?" she eagerly asked.

Mr. Leonard could not at once trust himself to speak, but after a moment he replied, in a husky voice: "The doctor says your mother will never walk again."

The quick tears sprang to the girl's eyes as she thought of the dear little Quaker mother upstairs, lying so patiently on her bed of suffering, who only a year ago, before that terrible fall which hurt her back, had been well and happy.

Lou began to sob outright, and great-hearted Hal again brushed his coat sleeve over his face, but this time to wipe away the tears.

"Does mother know it?" asked Ruth.

"Yes."

"How does she feel about it?"

"Cheerful as ever," replied Mr. Leonard. "She never thinks of complaining but only of comforting us."

The children brightened up a little at these words, for their blithe spirits refused to be long downcast, especially when they felt sure of seeing the same bright, loving mother unchanged—all except Ruth; her sober face too well expressed her thoughts.

"O, father," broke in Hal, presently, "Jake Murphy says the fire has caught over at Liberty."

"Yes," replied his father, absently, "they are having a desperate struggle with the fires this summer."

Lou's great blue eyes had grown brighter and brighter while they were talking, and a pink spot glowed in each cheek as she asked, "Do you think it *could* get here?"

"No, I think not; the wind is decidedly westward, and the people of Liberty will probably take all possible measures for checking its progress."

Mr. Leonard sighed, as he spoke, and he seemed to be looking straight through Ruth rather than at her. Perhaps he was wondering how the four bairns and the sick wife were to be fed and cared for all winter if no rain came to save his failing crops.

Just then a low call was heard for Lou.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little girl, running to the foot of the stairs.

"Will thee bring mother a nice glass of cold water?"

"I will, mother," rang out Ruth's cheery voice; "I'm coming up anyway."

Ruth went out to the well with her tin water pail, that her mother might have a draught fresh and sparkling. As she lowered the bucket, peering down into the mossy depths, she noticed how low the water was—lower than she had ever seen it, for their well was never known to fail, and in these times of drought the neighbors from far and near drew their daily supply from Farmer Leonard's spring. "We'll have to be very careful of it," she thought, "or it will give out."

Ruth returned to the house with her cool refreshment, and taking one of the best goblets from the pantry, gave an extra polish with a fresh towel, and filled it with the water, "because it would taste so much better out of that."

"I thank thee, deary. How good it looks!" said the invalid, drinking eagerly. "Thee takes a deal of trouble for thy mother."

"And why shouldn't I? Thee is the best of mothers," responded the girl, tenderly hugging her.

Ruth now began to busy herself about the room. She wheeled out a big arm chair by the window, padded it out with pillows into comfortable proportions, placed in front of it a little stuffed cricket, and threw a large soft shawl over the whole arrangement. She then gathered up all the stray dishes, placed everything in order and carefully dusted the room.

A pair of loving eyes watched these operations, following every motion; but not a word was spoken, not a word of the doctor's decision, not a word of the life-long suffering in store.

"Now, mother," said Ruth at last, pausing in front of her, "we'll have thee up in a twinkling;" and with one strong motion she quickly lifted the slender form, so light in its best days, and so reduced by pain and suffering now, into the chair.

When she had settled her comfortably and arranged the blinds so as to make a pleasant shade in the room, she brought the mate to the little stuffed cricket, and sat at her mother's side.

"What is it, daughter?—what troubles thee?

"O, a great many things, mother," answered Ruth, laying her head on the sympathetic breast.

"Well, suppose thee tell mother the greatest trouble, and then the second, until thy mind is unburdened?" and the soft hands gently smoothed the brown hair.

"Well, the first is about thee:" and the tears would come in spite of her.

"Why, my dear child, do not grieve over that. Almost a year has gone by, and another will soon pass; and think what a calm, peaceful time I may have with so busy a little housekeeper to do everything.

"Ah! but that is just the trouble, mother," said Ruth, earnestly, as she lifted her tear-stained face. "I feel so good-for-nothing when I have only the same homely little duties every day. I do so long for a chance to be great and good."

"My daughter"—and Mrs. Leonard took both trembling hands in her own—"does thee know that the only way to be good and great is to do faithfully the work that is nearest thy hand? Let thy whole heart be drawn into each homely duty, and when an opportunity comes to do a great work, it will find thee ready."

Ruth said nothing, but the deep, strong look in the gray eyes expressed a firm resolve.

Presently there was a clatter of stout boots heard on the stairs.

"Harry is coming," said the mother with a smile.

In burst the noisy urchin, all aglow with excitement, his hair flying, eyes blazing and breath so nearly spent that he could hardly speak.

"Don't you smell the smoke?" he gasped. "Something's up! Father—and a crowd of men—have gone off—into the woods—to see what's the matter. There's danger, I tell you. Come on, Scott; let's sit on the big post and watch."

"Thee'd better go down and see about it," said Mrs. Leonard to Ruth, as the two sat staring blankly into each other's faces.

"I will, mother," assented Ruth, recovering her wonted energy, as she ran down the stairs.

A strong wind greeted her upon opening the outer door, blowing into her face a sickening smell of burned wood. The whole sky seemed overcast and a thick, heavy haze was settling down upon fields and buildings as far as the eye could reach.

"Harry! Harry!" she called, excitedly, "where's father?"

"Gone to the woods, I told you. O there he comes!" and Hal peered into the gloom as he looked in the direction of the woods.

Ruth saw a dark moving object coming toward them. She waited for no second look, but sped away like the wind into the nearest field.

"O, father, what's happened?" she cried, breathlessly, running up to him and catching his arm as she turned to keep pace with his long strides toward the house.

"We're going to burn out," he answered, with set teeth, "and there's no time to lose. Get your mother ready to move, while I harness the horses. We must reach the lake within an hour, or——"

"How can we?" uttered Ruth, aghast. "Ten miles!"

"It must be done. Quick, daughter!"

The girl needed no further bidding, but ran homeward, calling to Hal as she passed, and charging him to keep near the house with Scott.

Ruth made straight for the store-room, and filling her arms with a pile of blankets, she carried them to the door and threw them on the ground, ready to spread in the wagon. She then hastened to her mother's room, and found her pale and composed, trying to quiet Lou, who was sobbing hysterically.

"Mother, we're gone. Not a thing can be saved. Father's getting the wagon ready to drive us to the lake;" and Ruth began to dress her mother, slipping on a loose wrapper, and covering her with shawl after shawl as a protection from the scorching air.

"Try and gather up some of the clothing, Ruth, if there's time," said Mrs. Leonard, controlling herself into calmness.

Ruth obeyed, pulled a shed from the bed and crowded into it such articles as were nearest at hand.

"O, mother!" screamed Lou, and hid her face, as a blinding smoke burst into the room enveloping the place in darkness.

"We must go," Ruth cried, as she snatched her mother up in her arms, and stepped firmly toward the door, clasping her burden tight to her breast, and followed by Lou, clinging frantically to her skirts.

Hurriedly Ruth groped her way down the staircase and through the lower rooms, stumbling over the furniture, until they reached the scorching blast without. Upon emerging from the house a burning shower of cinders met them.

Not a sign of father or the wagon.

"Come, put your dress over your head, Lou," panted Ruth, whose hands were smarting with pain.

There was not a moment to be lost. They must flee somewhere, for the house was already ablaze. An awful yellow glare lit up the dense darkness, and on every side the crash of falling trees filled the air with a terrible din. On they rushed through the blistering heat, scarcely knowing where, Ruth still bearing her precious burden, and the children clinging to her in wild despair.

How long they pursued this headlong flight no one knew. All sense of time was lost: it might have been minutes, or it might have been hours. Suddenly Ruth lost her balance. She gave utterance to one piercing shriek but she never let go her burden, and then she slid down, down, down. The terrified children screamed as they rolled over and over, and then all was silence and darkness.

Ruth was the first to recover.

"Mother?"

"I'm safe. The children?"

"O, where are we?" moaned the little ones, creeping on their hands and knees toward the familiar voices. They managed to reach the sheltering embrace of mother, who lay unhurt amid her wrappings just as she had slipped from the stanch arms that saved her life.

Ruth began to feel around; for even the ghastly light of the flames had vanished, and not an object was visible in the thick, deep gloom. Brambles and briers and low bushes upon all sides. With each turn the dry twigs and leaves crackled, and in attempting to move the girl found her clothing caught upon thorns that projected on all sides. It was with difficulty that she managed to extricate herself, bruised and benumbed as she was, but it was necessary to explore further. The ground felt hard and clayey, and was covered with stones. Turning half-way round, Ruth found a little clear space, and creeping forward, soon came to rising ground. Catching hold of a bush she pulled herself a little way up the slope, when an idea of their situation suddenly flashed upon her.

"Why, we're in the creek—the dry creek down by the meadow lot," she called out. "Where are you all. I have lost you."

"Here," replied her mother's voice not three yards away. "Is Scott with thee? Harry and Lon are safe."

"No," answered Ruth, aghast, hastening with all possible speed to her mother's side.

"Where is the child?" she cried, immediately calling aloud with all her strength, "Scott! Scott!"

But no answer.

"He must have hidden somewhere when the darkness came," was the mother's despairing conclusion.

"The root-house!" Ruth's words told the awful story.

"If I *could* save him!" And with a silent prayer for strength, she once more dashed into the stifling smoke.

Hour after hour crept by; it seemed to the terrified children as if they must have sat there for days; and they were so hungry! and Ruth never would come!

Presently, after long waiting, the darkness began to lift somewhat, and they could see each other's faces. Little by little the gloom cleared away until the whole atmosphere was of a dusky hue. And still they waited. At length, starting up with an exclamation of joy as rapid footsteps approached, they heard their father's voice:

"Ruth! Hal!"

"Here," roared Hal, starting to his feet.

In a moment more Mr. Leonard bounded down the steep bank of the creek, and with him Jake Murphy, who had started from the village to warn Mr. Leonard, reaching the farm just as that first overwhelming darkness dropped upon the village.

They had found shelter in the old well, Mr. Leonard was overtaken in his preparations for flight, and could not reach the house before it burst into flames. When the crisis was past, almost wild with grief and despair, he commenced a search for wife and children, fearing at every step to come upon their lifeless bodies. For a moment he stood overcome with thankfulness as he found them unharmed.

But two were missing. Mrs. Leonard hurriedly told of little Scott's disappearance, and of Ruth's effort to save him.

The two men hastened to the root-house. It was still standing, though blackened and charred, and no sign of life appeared. The door was tightly closed, and upon opening it a sight met the father's eye which almost overpowered the strong man. There lay Ruth, white and still, tightly clasping the little fellow to her bosom.

It was the work of a moment to carry them out of the dark building. Both were unconscious, though they bore few traces of the fire. Might there not yet be a chance of life?

Quickly the men bore the motionless forms to the creek. All the remedies which they could obtain were applied, but it seemed in vain; the loving ones could do little but watch and wait.

At last Ruth stirred, and slowly opened her eyes. The brave heart once more began to beat, though for many a long, weary day the blistered hands and arms refused to move. But Ruth was spared.

Little Scott lay there for hours, until it seemed that the family must lose their baby, when he wonderingly gazed around upon the anxious group and inquired: "Did you try to cook me for dinner?"

All the pent-up feelings found vent in a tearful laugh, and then the laugh turned to joy, and the joy to thanksgiving.

When the flaming hurricane had swept onward in its mad course of destruction, and the sun, which had risen in such fierce glory, sent a last sickly glimmer through the murky air, it revealed the little village of Greenville a waste of smoking ruins. But the fire had mercifully stopped upon reaching Farmer Leonard's grassy meadow, and thus had the fugitives in the creek been saved.

The strong men set to work with a will. It took but a few hours to raise a little shed for protection; and day after day his prospects brightened, as the timely aid and sympathy of friends helped him to rebuild his ruined home.

It would have been hard to find a happier household than this reunited family. Slowly strength returned to Ruth's wounded arms, and a sweet peace shone through the gray eyes as she once more become able to enjoy the blessings which had so nearly been taken from her.

Her great opportunity had come, and it had found her ready.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Arrears of Rent Bill.

The Arrears bill is founded on the assumption that a considerable proportion of the Irish tenantry are insolvent, and their incapacity to meet their obligations extends to other creditors beside the landlord. The Land act of last year, by creating the salable interest or tenant-right, gave all the tenant's creditors a security previously unrecognized by law except in Ulster. This, it was argued at the time, would give the landlord a substantial guarantee for his rent. With respect to the arrears or any part of them, this supposed security has been taken away, so far as the landlord is concerned, by the exclusion of tenant-right from consideration as an asset where the inclusion of it would lead to the sale of the tenancy and the dispossession of the tenant. But other creditors besides the landlord can sell the tenant-right as easily as stock or household goods, and dispossess the tenant by the simplest and swiftest process. The value of the tenant-right as a security for the other creditors is obviously increased by the suspension of the landlord's first charge. If the tenants are unable to pay their way—as it is to be presumed they are if they have any concern with the Arrears bill at all—the creditors will be under a strong temptation to proceed to realize the security, especially when it has been cleared from encumberance by the operation of the Ministerial measure and the advance of public money. It is extremely probable that the settlement of arrears under the bill may be immediately followed, at the instance of the petty shop-keeper, the "gombeen-man," and the banker, by the very results—the sale and dispossession of the tenant—which Mr. Gladstone has strained more than one point to prevent the landlord carrying out. The tenants who are 'sold up' will find little consolation in the fact that the purchasers of their interests, very possibly the shop-keepers and gombeen-men themselves, will be able to apply to the Land Court and get the rent reduced. Of the probable tender mercies of the creditors the less said the better. The gombeen-man has always the cruel courage of rapacity. The bank—which in Ireland is often little more than a glorified gombeen-man, taking charge of the farmers' money at a low rate of interest and lending it out in small sums at high rates—is protected against terrorism and compassion alike by the proverbial imperturbability of a corporation. It would be too much to expect that Irish men of business should not be warm in support of a policy at once involving incidents of this kind and establishing a claim upon the Imperial Treasury. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the recent agrarian agitation is that shopkeepers and gombeen-men, not celebrated, to say the least, for generosity toward their debtors among the small farmers, and even guilty in their own persons of the heinous offence of "land-grabbing," have been conspicuous among the organizers of Land League branches. They knew what they had to gain, and when they have won the game they will not throw up the stakes through any scrupulous delicacy or tenderness of conscience. These men will use the power the law leaves them to its utmost limits, and the Government must contemplate the possibility in a large number of cases of having to provide for tenants relieved of their arrears of rent by the bill, but "sold up" and driven from their holdings by the creditors, whose guarantees have not been impaired.—*London Times.*

Experiments and Experimental Stations.

An experiment is an act or operation designed to discover some unknown truth, principle or effect, or to establish it when discovered. An experiment requires that something shall be done to bring certain objects into new relation to each other. The result may be positive or negative, but if the object be practical the negative result may be just as important. It is often worth as much to know the existence of an error as of a fact.

An agricultural experiment is made for the purpose of learning something new about the production of crops, the production of meat or wool, the feeding of animals, the value and uses of different foods. Agriculture is based on the result of experiments. Nature works in so many different ways that the production of crops requires as many different methods of culture as there are diversities of soil, climate and atmospheric conditions in the varying seasons. Improvement is the direct result of experiment. Improved methods of culture, improved varieties of grain and improved breeds of animals are instances of work of experimentation. A good farmer is always experimenting and many poor ones do so also. The object generally is a pecuniary one with the expectation of some benefit. The results of such experiments are not generally widely published, particularly if they are unsuccessful or do not prove the affirmative of the object sought. Farmers do not like to publish their failures and consequently a private experiment that exhibited a negative result that may have been just as valuable to make known as though it were positive is not allowed to go beyond the knowledge of the one who made the test.

Successful farming requires continual experiments and skill in devising and interpreting experiments. Private experiments will continue and will yield useful results in the future as it has heretofore, but there is a vast quantity of work of a kind that gives no pecuniary benefit whatever to those who do it, but whose results are of vast pecuniary importance to agriculture, and the experiment station will supply the opportunity for this kind of work. Take for instance the oft-quoted table prepared by Emil Wolff, who was director of the first experimental station established in Germany, showing the feeding value and digestibility of various foods. This work was too great and expensive to be undertaken as a private enterprise with the expectation of deriving pecuniary returns, but the public experiment station furnished the means and the opportunity.

And to show the value of these tables and the interest taken in the results there established, the fact that they are published and quoted all over this country as well as in Germany, and this without our being positive that animal foods grown under different culture or different soils and in another climate may not vary materially in feeding properties or digestibility. It is time we had such tables from an American experimenter, and such also as have been proven correct both chemically and practically by actual tests in feeding.

Again, the farmer has not the time to closely watch the progress of the experiment or the skill to trace the various relations of cause and effect in the different stages. Accurate experiments need minute attention to details, a close observation of all the conditions under which the work progresses and scientific skill to so arrange the combinations and conditions as to produce useful and practical results. An example of experiments requiring this kind of skill is that instituted by Prof. Atwater of the Connecticut experimental station in the series of experiments he has instituted in regard to the source of nitrogen in plants.

All this comes at a season of the year when farmers are busy with the every-day work of the farm and cannot spare the time for such work, be he ever so capable. Another absolute necessity in experimental tests is the chemical laboratory and the skilled chemist. There is scarcely an experiment in the line of progress but that needs his services. This cannot be had except where special provision has been made for it. The experiment station supplies such apparatus, time or special skill as the farm cannot furnish. They also can give much scientific information in regard to farm matters, and the annual results can be published and placed within reach of all. In a word, they can make themselves generally useful.

Agriculture cannot stand still, it must share in the general spirit of progress and this progress will depend on continued experimentation, much of it of a complicated and expensive character. Agricultural investigation is looking into all the mysterious workings of nature and bringing from her great store house much hidden knowledge.

The experiment station is created and provided with means and appliances adapted to the work. But it must have a farming public to back it, ready to appreciate its work and to understand and apply its results, to be educated by them, and put in practice those that are useful.

Such a feeling is gaining among farmers. The uneducated farmer who always scorned "book farming" and believed nothing of science in agriculture, is giving way to the progressive, educated farmer, who is ready to give due weight to scientific deductions and to apply for his benefit and knowledge thus obtained.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Overflowing Oil-Wells.

The greed of the Cherry Grove operators has overreached itself, and the spectacle is presented of the production being so greatly and suddenly augmented as to fill all available reservoirs, and to so swell the aggregate that the numerous lines who have made connections with the world are not able to take care of the oil now being produced, and much is flowing over the top of the tanks and going to waste on the ground or coursing down the little streams of the region. The wonderful effect of the nitro-glycerine in increasing the production of a well is illustrated by the fact that wells which a week ago were down to 100 barrels per day have, by the use of torpedoes, been brought up to a daily average of from 2,000 to 2,500 barrels, and are holding up to that figure.—*Bradford Dispatch to Philadelphia Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The American missionaries who have been compelled to leave Egypt are coming home for a visit.

—Moody and Sankey have closed their labors in Glasgow. The gathering of a thousand reformed drunkards was one of the triumphs of their work.

—Some inquiring mind has taken pains to discover that in the Old Testament the word Jehovah is repeated 6,307 times. In the New Testament the word Jesus is repeated 929 times, the word Christ 530 times, and the word Lord, relating to both the Father and the Son, 160 times.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Colby University has turned out 730 graduates, of whom 536 are living, and 219 have been clergymen, 158 lawyers, 120 teachers, 65 volunteers in the war, 44 physicians, 32 journalists, 45 business men, 34 college professors, 11 foreign missionaries, 14 judges, 2 State Governors, 8 members of Congress, and 6 in the United States army and navy.—*Detroit Post.*

—The New York *Times* has made a careful collection of church statistics in the "City of Churches." Brooklyn, with a population of 590,000, has 263,132 church members of Protestant churches. Of Methodists there are 12,469, of Episcopalians 11,312, Presbyterians 11,159, Baptists 10,761, Congregationalists 8,487, Jews 360, and of other denominations numbers ranging from 4,667 downward.

—A clergyman in the country had a stranger to officiate for him one day, and meeting his beadle afterwards he said to him: "Well Dougall, how did you like last Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal owre plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yourself at that!"—*Chambers' Journal.*

—Eleven years ago Carnell University, then for the first time in fair working order in all its departments, had 609 students. During the past year it had but 361, and the Alumi Association attributes the decline to the admission of women on the same basis as men. Their argument is that the men will not attend where the system of coeducation is in vogue. When men alone were admitted two came where one comes now, while the women do not come in sufficient numbers to make up for this loss, and it looks as if the doors of this institution would again be closed against the fair sex.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The smallest church in the country is at the corner of Twenty-eight Street and Susquehanna Avenue, Philadelphia. It is the P. E. Church of St. Chrysostom. It looks like a toy, seats about fifty people, is sacrilegiously called the "cigar box" and "pigeon roost," and is presided over by a small man, the Rev. C. S. Daniels. Boys and girls lead the singing, boys collect the offerings, light the lamps and carry the coal; the girls sweep and clean the edifice. When the pastor wants an extra amount of money the children get it. There have been eighty-six baptisms in two years.—*Chicago Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A woman may be a type-setter, but not a foreman. It takes her too long to make up her form.—*Courier-Journal.*

—There are only six hundred persons to each physician in the United States. The doctors should be more careful of their patients. First thing they know there won't be patients enough to go around.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sufferer: To cure headache boil the head and shake the bones out. Dr. Beard, following Dr. Abernethy, recommends that the patient should put a drop of water in the tooth and sit on a stove till it boils.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Have you resided long in this town?" asked a tourist of the oldest inhabitant. "Yes," he replied, "a long, long time. D'ye see that mountain over yonder? Well, that was here when I came here." The tourist traveled on.—*New Haven Register.*

—A codfish was recently found with a small bottle of celery salt inside his vitals. The introduction of celery salt into the codfish will no doubt work a wonderful revolution into the codfish ball and correct the wood violet flavor of the codfish ham.

—It is serenely claimed by a Bradford editor that a young lady in charge of a local telephone office has such dulcet tones that when she is talking through the instrument the wire between the stations becomes an Æolian harp, and little birds fly out to roost on the line, in order to learn new music for their songs.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A telegraph head in one of our exchanges reads: "A Circus Man Killed and Injured." It may be that a circus man has no rights that a newspaper is bound to respect, but when he is killed and then injured, it looks like taking an unfair advantage of a dead man.—*Laramie City Boomerang.*

—Mrs. Jones was reading in a paper the other day about a widow that got $60,000 from the railroad that killed her husband in an accident. Jones couldn't imagine what made her look at him and sigh so hard after she had finished reading it.—*Plainfield Bulletin.*

—The new railroads are so numerous in Forest County, Pennsylvania, that an old farmer who had seven hens tied each hen to a separate railroad stake in his yard, and each stake represented a different railroad company. That would be a good place to build a union depot.—*Chicago Times.*

—Mr. Oscar Wilde is said to have made the statement that he never could study geography, the colors on the map were so discordant and distressed him so much. On that point of aestheticism he will find the youth of the country with him, though we never knew before just what was the matter.—*Boston Post.*

—"Ha! come hither, pretty one. Can'st tell me why a watermelon is like unto a book?" It was the voice of the noble Sir Grabland, and, at the sound of his words, the lady Stiletto, his well-beloved niece, raised her cerulean orbs (blue eyes) from the crochet work that lay entangled in her fairy-like fingers. "Nay, me lord," she answered in her plecobest tones; "give me an easier one." Like a swollen river chafing its rugged shores, or a volcano getting ready for a matinee, a great limpid laugh gurgled through the anatomy of Sir Grabland as he replied, "Because, me dear niece, it is never red until it is opened."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY LAST OFFER.

We had a wedding at our house last night,
With throng of guests and maze of flowers;
The rooms were brilliant with their blaze of light;
In song and feasting passed the hours.

My little nephew, four years and a half,
Bewildered, glad and wonder-eyed,
Saw all the glitter, heard the song and laugh,
And ate unwonted sweets beside.

Next day he pondered much, as wise folks do,
Then craved of me a little boon:
"Aunt Jennie, why don't you get married, too?
I hope you'll do it very soon."

"Dear child," I said, and stroked his curly head,
"You would not wish it if you knew
That I must go away if I should wed,
Instead of living here with you."

His face grew grave, for he had only thought
Of wedding cakes and ices sweet;
But, if with loss of Auntie it were bought,
The feast would be a doubtful treat.

He clasped my neck and kissed me on the cheek,
Then said the loving little elf:
"Aunt Jennie, don't get married till next week
And I will marry you myself."

—*Our Continent.*

THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

Ever since men began to go to sea, *lights* have been placed on shore to guide *them to a landing-place*; but in early times these were nothing more than fires on headlands. Three hundred years before Christ, however, there was built, on an island at Alexandria, a pyramid over four hundred feet in height, on top of which a great fire was kept burning, which, we are told, was visible to the corn-ships going to Egypt when forty-one miles away in the Mediterranean. This pyramid was called the Pharos, and to-day the French name for a lighthouse is *phare*, and the Spanish *faro*. The rocky coasts on both sides of the British Channel centuries ago showed beacon-fires on very dark nights. These were generally tar-barrels, which would burn brightly in a high wind when a fire of sticks would be blown away. And they were generally lighted for the benefit of the fishermen, by their wives, without any authority from the Government. It was an easy matter to imitate such beacons, and bad men would often erect false lights, steering by which a ship would come crashing to sure destruction at the foot of the crags which thrust their cruel edges through the surf. When the ship went to pieces, her goods coming ashore would be seized and sold by the wreckers, as these wicked people were called. Many a fearful tradition has come down of the doings of wreckers, not only in England and Spain, but in America and in the East. One of the tricks of the West Indian pirates, when they saw a ship approaching their island in the evening, was to hang a lantern upon a horse's neck, and let him graze, well hobbled, along the beach. This would appear like the rocking of a lantern on a vessel at rest, and, deceived by the hope of a safe anchorage, the stranger would only discover how he had been cheated when his keel struck the sand-bars and the pirates had begun their villainous attack.

Though scaffoldings and towers of wood, iron and stone were built here and there at especially dangerous points by governments long before the beginning of the last century, they were lighted by fires of wood or coal up to 1760, when Smeaton introduced wax candles at Eddystone. The Eddystone shoals were a group of reefs exceedingly dangerous, because they were almost invisible, and lay precisely in the track of ships bound up or down the English Channel. Two hundred years ago a lighthouse of wood and iron trestle-work was built there by Sir Henry Winstanley and stood so well that he boasted, like King Canute, that the sea had not strength enough to throw it down. Soon after, he went out with a company of men to make repairs, when one of the worst gales in history arose, and the morning afterward not a trace of the structure remained. Another wooden frame took its place for several years, but was burned. Then the engineer Smeaton proposed to build a tower of stone, which should take the shape of a massive tree-trunk, with a swelling base, like roots, founded upon a level floor cut in the rock of the reef. This stands to-day, rivaling its magnificent neighbor on the Biscay shore opposite, the lighthouse of Cardnan, which was built to support a bonfire of oak, but has remained to be lighted successively by oil lamps, by gas-burners and finally by electricity. Thus, everywhere, and in all latitudes the beacons and wooden towers and huge pyramids of long ago have given place to slender spires of solid masonry, holding powerful signals, perhaps hundreds of feet above the waves, and visible as far as the curve of the earth's surface will permit. Yet in place of the sturdy bonfire of oak, or the huge iron cage full of coals, there is only a single lamp, whose rays are gathered by deep reflectors into a compact bundle of unwasted rays, and doubled and redoubled by rows of magnifying lenses until they can dart to the furthest horizon in a strong beam of steady light.

The United States expends $2,000,000 annually in looking after her lighthouses, lightships and buoys. Indeed, these beacons are so thickly planted that it has been found necessary to distinguish between them in order to avoid mistaking one for another. Thus some of them are simply fixed white lights; some are white and revolve—the whole lantern on the summit of the tower being turned on wheels by machinery, and the flame disappears for a longer or shorter time; while others are white "flash" lights, glancing only for an instant, and then lost for a few seconds, or giving a long wink and then a short one with a space of darkness between. Some lighthouses show a steady red light, others alternate red and white. By these colors and varying periods of appearance and disappearance (published by the Government in a book called the "Coast Pilot") navigators know which light they are looking at when several are in sight, as is often the case.

On some especially dangerous—because hidden—reefs or bars, like the shoals off Nantucket, or the extreme point of Sandy Hook, it is out of the question or bad policy to erect a lighthouse. Here its place is taken by anchoring a stout vessel, built to withstand the roughest weather, and arranged to carry one or two very large lanterns at its mast-heads. These are called "lightships," and they are manned by a large crew of keepers who have a very monotonous time of it, confined in their rolling and pitching home with almost nothing to do.

Even the electric beam from a first-class lantern fails to penetrate a fog to any great distance; yet when the coast is shrouded in thick mist is the most dangerous of all times to an approaching ship. The only way, in such an emergency, in which a warning can be given, is by sound. In many places bells are rung: but often the point to be avoided is so placed that the roar of the surf would drown a bell's note, and then fog-horns are blown. These fog-horns are of a size so immense, and voices so stentorian, that it requires a steam engine to blow them; and they utter a booming, hollow blast, a dismal note as we hear it when we are safe on the land, but sweet to the anxious captain whose vessel is laboring through the gloom under close-reefed topsails, and uncertain of her exact position. One of these horns is very complicated in its structure, and screeches in a rough, broken blare, a note far-reaching beyond any smooth, whistling sound that could be made. Finally, buoys, which at first were simply tight casks, but now are usually made of boiler-iron, are anchored on small reefs, to which are hung bells, rung constantly by the tossing of their support; and on other reefs, buoys are fixed having a hollow cap so arranged that when a big wave rushes over, it shuts in a body of air, under great and sudden pressure, which can only escape through a whistle in the top of the cap, uttering a long warning wail to tell its position. Buoys in harbors are also made to carry lights, some by ordinary oil-lanterns, others by having their hollow interiors filled with greatly compressed gas, which burns in a strong globe of glass, and cannot be blown or drenched out.

But the ordinary duty of the buoy is to mark the line of inner channels, and by their color they tell on which side of them the pilot must steer,

To keep the buys all anchored, replace them if lost, or put new ones where needed; to visit the light-ships, and carry provisions and letters to their crews; to see that all the lighthouses are in shape, and the various parts of the machinery in good working order, is the duty of an inspector, who has a certain district of coast under his care, and continually travels up and down it in a steamer called a "tender."

Lighthouses and sirens and buoys and coast surveys are all intended to prevent shipwreck; but, as I have said, the ocean is still supreme. So we add to our precautions arrangements to help those cast away. Societies to save wrecked persons have existed in China, it is said, for centuries, but in Europe are scarcely over a hundred years old: and the first life-boat was not made until 1781. Those European humane societies, especially in Great Britain, placed life-boats and gears in certain shore towns, and organized crews who promise to go out to the aid of any lost ship, and to take good care of the persons rescued. In America, however, our coasts are so extensive, and so much of the dangerous part of them is far away from any villages, or even farm-houses, that the government was obliged to do anything that was to be done. Thus came about the Life Saving Service, as it is called, which now has its stations close together along our whole sea-coast, and upon the great lakes, covering more than ten thousand miles in all.

Each of these stations is a snug house on the beach, tenanted by a keeper and six men, all of whom are chosen for their skill in swimming, and in handling a boat in the surf—something every man who "follows the sea" cannot do.

During all the season, from October till May, two men from each station are incessantly patrolling the beach at night, each walking until he meets the patrolman from the next station. No matter how foul the weather, these watchmen are out until daylight looking for disasters. The moment they discover a vessel ashore, or likely to become disabled, they summon their companions, and hasten to launch their boat. These boats are of two kinds. On the lakes and on the steep Pacific coast is used the very heavy English life-boat, fitted with masts and sails if necessary, and which a steam tug is required to tow to the scene of the wreck, if it is not close in shore. But upon our flat, sandy Atlantic beaches a lighter kind of surf-boat, made of cedar, can only be handled. This is built with air-cases at each end and under the thwarts, so that it cannot sink. The station-men drag it on its low wagon to the scene of its use, unless horses are to be had, and when it is launched, they sit at the six oars, each with his cork belt buckled around him, and his eye fixed on the steersman, who stands in the stern, ready to obey his slightest motion of command, for rowing through the angry waves that dash themselves on a storm-beaten beach is a matter requiring extraordinary skill and strength. Then, when the vessel is reached, comes another struggle to avoid being struck and crushed by the plunging ship, or the broken spars and rigging pounding about the hull. But skill and caution generally enable the crew to rescue the unfortunate castaways one by one, though frequently several trips must be made, in each one of which every surfman risks his life, and in many a sad case has lost it.

It is a common occurrence, however, that the sea will run so high that no boat could possibly be launched. Then the only possibility of rescue for the crew is by means of a line which shall bridge the space between the ship and the land before the hull falls to pieces. We read in old tales of wrecks of how some brave seaman would tie a light line around his waist, and dare the dreadful waves, and the more dreadful undertow, to save his comrades. If he got safely upon the beach, he drew a hawser on shore and made it fast. Now we do not ask this; but with a small cannon made for the purpose, a strong cord attached to the cannon-ball is fired over the ship, even though it be several hundred yards distant. Seizing this line as it falls across their vessel, the imperilled sailors haul to them a larger line, called a "whip," which they fasten in a tackle-block in such a way that a still heavier line can be stretched between the wreck and the land, and made fast. Then by means of a small side-line and pulleys a double canvas bag, shaped like a pair of knee-breeches, is sent back and forth between the ship and the shore, bringing a man each time, until all are saved. Should there be many persons on board, though, and great haste necessary, a small covered metallic boat, called the life-car, is sent out, into which several persons can get at once.

Such are the principal means of saving life practised by the Life Saving Service, and you will believe that they are good in device, and managed with great skill and grand courage, when I tell you that in 1880, out of nearly two thousand persons whose lives were endangered by shipwreck upon the American coasts, all but nine were saved.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Wide Awake.*

English Hunting.

The value of shooting properties or "moors," as they are called, have risen in value enormously of late years. Game preserving in the Highlands has become not only an amusement but a lucrative industry, at least to the landlords. To the unfortunate tenants and small farmer it has become just the reverse. They have literally in many districts been eaten out of house and home by ground game, sheep runs have been depopulated to make room for deer, while in not a few districts of Sutherlandshire and other counties the human inhabitants have been dispossessed in order that the land might return to a state of nature. The grouse moors and deer forests are, indeed, almost the only source of wealth in the non-manufacturing portion of Scotland.

An American, Mr. Winans, owns or rents one of the largest deer forests in Great Britain. It extends from the Atlantic to the German Ocean, right across Scotland for a distance of seventy miles. Blackwood is another of these huge shooting moors of some 80,000 acres. It was rented to the Earl of Dudley for $25,000 a year, and last year was tenanted by the great brewer, Sir Henry Allsopp. As the grouse shooting season lasts only some six weeks, an idea may be formed of the immense amount of money spent on this amusement by wealthy Englishmen. The mere rent is only a small item in comparison with the cost of entertaining the large parties of guests, who, like New Yorkers, flock North as summer advances. What with guests, dogs, gillies, rent and a host of other expenses; every bird shot is calculated to cost at least five dollars. Some of the "bags" made are, however, enormous. On a well-known moor in Yorkshire, Sir Frederick Milbank shot, not long ago, 191 grouse in twenty-eight minutes. On the same moor, in one day, six guns killed 2,070 grouse, while the total for the season was 17,064.

These tremendous bags came into fashion with breech-loading guns, for of course, it would be quite impossible to load and fire fast enough with the old-fashioned fowling piece. Nothing more unlike real sport can be conceived than a modern English battue. The birds are, as a rule, quite tame, having been fed by hand by the keepers for months previously. They are at the appointed time driven in great flocks over certain spots where the sportsmen lie in wait. Each man has two game keepers behind him, who load his guns and hand them to him. He simply fires as quickly as he can pull the trigger into the mass of birds as they fly over and past him. The whole thing lasts but a few minutes. The dead are then picked up, and the same evening are sent off to London to the poulterers' shop.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Hedgehog's Mode of Defense.

The hedgehog is one of the best protected of living animals. "Marching securely under the guardianship of its thorn-spiked armor, it reeks little of any foe save man. . . . The formidable array of bristling spines with which the back is more or less covered offers a *cheval-de-frise* of sharp spikes toward any animal that may present itself as an enemy. Another peculiarity is the power possessed by these creatures of rolling themselves into a round ball, by placing the head on the breast, drawing up the legs, and curling the body firmly round the members. By this posture the hedgehogs render themselves invulnerable to almost any animal that may attack them. . . . When in this curious attitude, the hedgehog cannot be unrolled by main force, as long as any life remains in the body, for there is an enormously developed muscle, with a very thick margin, which spreads over the back and round the sides, and which, when contracted, holds the creature in so firm an embrace that it will be torn in pieces rather than yield its point."

The spines of this animal are about an inch long, and naturally lie flat on the back, directed toward the tail. But by a peculiar arrangement they are erected when the owner coils himself. In shape the spine "is not unlike a large pin, being sharply pointed at one extremity, and furnished at the other with a round, bead-like head, and rather abruptly bent near the head. If the skin be removed from the hedgehog, the quills are seen to be pinned, as it were, through the skin, being retained by their round heads, which are acted upon by the peculiar muscle which has already been mentioned

"Protected by this defense, the hedgehog is enabled to throw itself from considerable heights, to curl itself into a ball as it descends, and to reach the ground without suffering any harm from its fall. A hedgehog has been seen repeatedly to throw itself from a wall some twelve or fourteen feet in height, and to fall upon the hard ground without appearing to be even inconvenienced by its tumble. On reaching the ground, it would unroll itself and trot off with perfect unconcern."—*H. L. Fairchild, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Some terse proverbs—Russian, "Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore." Sanscrit, "Silence is the ornament of the ignorant." China, "There are two good men: one dead and the other unborn." Tamil, "The handle of the ax is the enemy of its kind." Persian, "One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it." Arab, "The best part of repentance is little sinning." Arab, "The contemplation of vice is a vice." Arab, "It is hard to chase and catch two hares." Modern Greek, "Two watermelons cannot be carried under one arm."

Courtships in Old Graveyards.

"I don't think there is as much genuine love-making in Saratoga nowadays as there used to be years ago," said old Sexton Palmeston, as he leaned on his spade. "They all seem to be going for money. Why, I haven't had four genuine love cases in the graveyard this year. Now, when a man is going for money you don't see him bringing his girl over here."

"How does he act when he is going for money?" I asked.

"Why, he spends his time around the florists, he heaps presents on her, keeps her room full of flowers, hands chairs on the balcony, always stands ready with a music programme, looks after her mail, always compliments her clothes, and——"

"And what else?" I asked, impatiently.

"Why, the courting-for-money lover even looks after his sweetheart's table. He even goes and bribes the head cook to send her chicken livers en brochette, woodcock and Spanish mackerel. The cooks always have these delicacies for guests provided and they are well paid for them. O! he gives his girl an elegant time, but there's no love in it."

"But how does the all-for-love young man go to work?" I interrupted.

"Why, he don't fool around at a distance," said the old sexton, "with bouquets, and chairs, and programmes, and nice breakfasts. He just quietly walks his sweetheart over to the graveyard, and, sitting on one of those benches out under the trees yonder, he takes her hand. He sits right down and attacks her heart. He don't fool around buying flowers for her eyes, nor candies for her tongue, nor perfumes for her nose; he just gets his arm right around her heart, and when it begins to throb, and when her cheek gets red and warm he knows that girl is his'n. (Don't stand so near the grave or it'll cave in.) Why, that girl would rather have one hour of our warm graveyard courting than 400 years of such iceberg courting as I see going on over in the States parlors. I've seen this courtin' goin' on for forty years. (By jimminy, there's a bone! I'm getting too near that other grave.) I see old grey-headed men every day riding up here in carriages who courted their wives in this graveyard forty years ago. There's H. L. Stuart, the wealthy sugar refiner——"

"But he's an old bachelor," I interrupted.

"Never mind that. I tell you, my benches could tell why he never got married. He loved the girl well enough, and——"

"But who else do you remember seeing here?" I asked.

"Why, there was Mr. Winston, of the Mutual Life. He used to walk around here, thirty years ago, with a beautiful blonde girl. I can see him now kissing that girl—but I'm not going to tell all I know. Andrew H. Green, he married a girl he courted in my graveyard. Fernando Wood used to have a seat here, and Charles A. Dana, he used to know, forty years ago, all about flirting in a graveyard. Old General James Watson Webb used to walk the young ladies up here fifty years ago, and his son, the Doctor, why he could never get along at all in courting Miss Vanderbilt till he got her away from the stuck-up States Hotel, and found himself one day in one of my seats. I knew Vanderbilt would lose a daughter that night. I tell you, these graveyard seats mean business every time. Did I ever have any Senators or Governors on my seats? Why, of course. Senator Kernan courted two girls at once in this graveyard, and President Arthur knows where all the best seats are. They needn't be ashamed of it either, for Hamilton and De Witt Clinton used to do the same thing when they were boys. Boys will be boys," continued the old man, as he jumped out of the grave, "and girls will be girls. Girls with big hearts like to be loved, and fellows with big hearts will kiss and love them. I don't care how straight their parents make them sit up and down at the States, they will occasionally get away and come up here in the graveyard to act natural, and I'm the last man to hinder 'em. Why I often keep these graveyard gates open till nine o'clock when there are genuine lovers enough around to warrant it. I don't mean flirters. I mean real, genuine lovers."

"But how do the lovers manage down at Long Branch and over at Newport, where they have no graveyards handy?" I asked.

"I don't know, but they have mating places somewhere. I 'spect they sit out in the sand under the bluffs, or sit around under umbrellas in the pavilions, or get in dismal corners on the balconies. They've got to—by gosh, they're got to!"

That's what the old Saratoga graveyard philosopher said.—*Saratoga Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Vain Pullet.

A fine, fat Pullet who was roosting on the limb of a tree safe from danger was saluted by a Fox with:

"Good evening, Miss Pullet—I never saw you look better. Your figure is perfectly lovely"

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do. I'd give anything if I could wear my hair done up in a French roll and have it become me as it does you."

"Aren't you joking?"

"I was never more serious in my life. Your small feet and pretty mouth are the envy of all the Pullets in the neighborhood."

"Dear me, but is that so?"

"And everybody says you have such a tony air about you."

"O! la!"

"I think if we were to walk out together we'd mash the whole town."

"Really, now?"

The Fox gave her more soft soldier, and in the end the vain Pullet flew down and furnished a square meal for the crafty Villian.

Moral:—"Flattery," said an old Rooster, as he looked down at the few bones and feathers, "flattery is the soft purr of a cat. The sweeter the purr, the longer the claws and the sharper the bite."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A surgeon in London offers to teach any woman to blush beautifully and naturally in three lessons. We need one thousand such teachers in this country right away.

Fashions in Penny Goods.

"Penny goods a specialty" is one of the largest signs on Canal Street. It is over a candy store. The proprietor answered the question, "What kind of penny goods are there in the candy trade?" with the reply: "There's more'n a million of 'em." An examination of his stock showed him to be in a measure accurate, supposing that his shelves showed all the kinds in existence. He said, however, that no fashions are so ephemeral as fashions in candy penny goods; he could scarcely keep run of them himself. The manufacturers are in all the big cities, and those who supply New York are in Portland, Boston, Philadelphia and New York. They have immense factories, employ armies of hands, and make, so he thought, a mint of money. He instanced the case of a firm in Portland, Maine. They are almost monopolists in the manufacture of chewing gum. They make the white gum that the city boys and girls fancy and the spruce gum that always sells better in the country. There is never any change of the popular taste for chewing gum. It is as much a staple with children as tobacco with men. Its form changes once in a while, but not so greatly or so often as is the case with candies. City children take most kindly to the white, clear gum, which is simply paraffine wax. The spruce gum that country children like is supposed to be made of the gum of the spruce tree, but a New York dealer, by the use of rosin and one or two other ingredients, imitates it closely. There is a New Yorker, also, who has a patented gum that is very popular. It comes in sticks, looks like a pressed paste of cigar ashes, and when chewed assumes the appearance of putty. It is sometimes called rubber gum and sometimes snapping gum, because it stretches, and when stretched too much it snaps.

Chewing gum has as conspicuous a place in the miscellany of penny goods as it appears to have in the hearts of children. It is the basis of innumerable prize packages. The Canal Street man exhibited box after box of prizes to be drawn by numbers enclosed in penny packets of chewing gum. There were the billiard-ball prize box, the sunflower package, the roller-skate package, the kaleidoscope package, and the prize chewing gum package. The boxes go with the gum. Each piece of gum is wrapped up in a paper bearing a number, 1, 2, 3, or 4. Some of the boxes have four trays. The first tray in the billiard-ball box has big balls of candy, the second and third smaller balls of candy, with elastic cords and rings affixed in imitation of returning balls, the fourth still smaller candy globes without elastic cords. Penny kaleidoscopes are the chief prizes in another box and children's roller skates in another, the boxes being filled with cheap jewelry, sheets of shelf paper, Sunday school mottoes, scrap-book pictures, dolls' toys, and all sorts of things that can be given away with a stick of chewing gum for one cent.

"The run just now," said the dealer, "is on imitation marshmallow. It is mostly covered with chocolate. It is so light and unsubstantial and so cheap that bigger cakes of it can be sold for a cent than of anything else. That makes it popular with the children. Candies the same size made of other materials would cost the maker a cent. These cost him a quarter of a cent. That's why it is popular with the manufacturers."

The reporter saw jujube paste in forms so numerous as to lead him to believe it also must be cheap. There were jujube lobsters, boxes of "fresh shad" of jujube, jujube shaped like loaves of bread, "emigrants" made of jujube, and jujube in twenty other shapes. With these, in the show case, were "lemonade suckers," long strips of porous candy with holes through the centres; "assorted jawbreakers," hard balls of sugar candy, six or ten for a cent, according to their size; "licorice jawbreakers," similar things made of licorice and sugar; match boxes of tin filled with candies the size of bird shot; "Saratoga kisses," which were squares of cocoanut candy; "ice cream sets," which consisted of a tiny tin plate of cream-like candy, a tiny tin spoon and the smallest imaginable crackers; "French flats," which were flat pieces of gum candy, and so on. The dealer said there was as much in the names of these candies as in the patterns.

There were penny candy goods, also, which were intended to imitate or suggest to the juvenile purchasers transactions like those of their parents in the adult world of commerce. There were dishes of licorice candies bearing the words "One cent a measure," or of other sweetmeats branded "One cent a cup," and the little cups or measures of shining tin rested temptingly on the heaps of goods. There were strawberries, cherries, smoking-pipes of sugar, and innumerable other devices, for, as the dealer said, "they are all made in moulds, and it does not cost much to change the moulds."

Popcorn was also the basis of lottery games, the same as chewing gum, but the popcorn and the prizes were always sealed up together in red envelopes; and the law was not defied with numbers and cards as in the system based on chewing gum and the similar games that are managed in Kentucky.

The most triumphant stroke of genius, and the thing newest in the juvenile market, is the candy whistle, a long glass tube, open at one end, shut at the other, and pinched and punctured near the closed end. The tubes are filled with minute candies, and the orifices are plugged with paraffine wax. After the candy is eaten the purchaser has a whistle that for shrillness beats anything short of the instruments in use on the Third Avenue open cars. The dealer said that a plain tube that wasn't a whistle sold to the extent of 100,000 gross, and the new tube that is a whistle was likely to beat that in popularity. He said that this and all other sorts of penny goods are made so as to be sold for about seventy cents a gross, or less than half a cent each.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Careful experiments by Professor McBryde, of the University of Tennessee, show during the two years they have been conducted that a seeding of one and three-quarter bushels of wheat to the acre produces the heaviest yield. This is affirmed by those who have experimented for such purpose in other sections.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Large numbers of shad have been placed in the Hudson River this season.

—A Delaware farmer claims to own a harness which has been in use for sixty-two years. The less oats you feed a horse the longer a harness will last.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fifty New Yorkers have organized the "Order of Cranks." The foundation rule of the order is that no member shall agree with another in any expressed opinion.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It is of intense interest and supreme importance to the depositors of a plundered-by-the-cashier bank to know that the safe which once held their valuables weighed 80,000 pounds.—*Chicago News.*

—A soldier at Carondelet, Mo., kicked a horse to death. A Police Justice fined him $1; but a court martial took a more serious view of his crime, and sent him to prison for six years.

—A new observatory has been erected on the top of Slide Mountain, the highest peak of the Catskills, and visitors there can now look out from an elevation of 4,240 feet above the sea level.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A large cave has been discovered in the mountain side two miles north of Glen Haven, Cayuga County, N. Y. An exploration party penetrated to the depth of forty feet, where a large chamber was found. The indications are that the cavern extends for a long distance under the hill.

—A contractor at Saratoga bored Mr. Vanderbilt about a fifth track for the Central. The railroad monarch eyed the intruder quietly for a moment and remarked, as reported: "Young man, you may make as many tracks as you please, only I want the heels toward me." The hint was sufficient.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—It is wonderful how easy it is to discover new beauties in the character of a young lady to whom you are paying court if it suddenly transpires that an East Indian has just died and left her his fortune. It is not the filthy lucre which you admire, but the gentle grace of humility with which she receives it, and then makes you her trustee for life.

—It is fair to conclude from the following advertisement, which lately appeared in the Cayuga *Chief*, published at Weedsport, that meat is high in western New York: "Wanted—A gentleman desires to find a partner with capital to assist him in the purchase of beefsteak. One who owns a frying-pan and a piece of pork preferred."

—The Litchfield (Conn.) *Enquirer* says that five workmen at a quarry near that town ran into a tool-house on the approach of a thunder-storm a few days ago and sat on an iron bar. The lightning struck a derrick just outside and, entering the shop, followed the iron bar. The first and last of the five men were severely shocked and burned, the middle man was killed, the other two escaped uninjured.

—The brief tale of "Solomon Grundy, born on Monday," is long drawn out compared to that which might be told of a Chinaman of Passaic, N. J. He was taken sick in the morning; at noon he shot himself; at two o'clock he was dead; at six o'clock he was buried; at nightfall his effects were burned; and before the next day he was forgotten.—*Detroit Post.*

—A gentleman, while bathing at sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side, after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, says he, "By the way, how about Gunter?" "He is in jail," replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman thought no more of it, but on getting his account he found: "To consultation at sea, anent the incarceration of Gunter, 6s. 8d."

—The unheard of temerity of a young lady who, instead of running and screaming at the sight of a rat which crossed her path, stepped upon the rodent's tail and held him fast till dispatched by some men, was a matter of so great surprise that an inquiry as to her identity was made, and it was found that "she" was a well-known young man masquerading in girl's attire.

—Two muscular men of Kildare, Ark., agreed to settle their quarrel with a single blow of the fist, to be struck by the winner of a tossed coin and unresistingly received by the loser anywhere above the belt. The man whom chance condemned to take the blow stood up bravely, and though he sought to avoid some of its force, it felled him heavily, breaking his nose and rendering him insensible for several hours.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Cherbourg Fortifications.

Cherbourg is a city of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the northern extremity of the peninsula of the Cotentin. It is the principal naval port and dockyard of France. The docks have been excavated in the rock. France has left nothing undone to secure at this point, projecting into the channel, a naval arsenal and port. The fortifications are on a stupendous scale. Twenty-four forts and redoubts surround the town, in addition to six batteries on the mole. The dockyard was designed by Vauban, and it was commenced by Louis XVI. Napoleon I. contributed something toward its completion. Louis Phillippe did more, and Napoleon III. nearly completed the work. France has been compelled, at a prodigious expense, to excavate out of the rocks, docks and tidal basins. These comprise an area of forty-eight acres of deep water, accessible by the largest war vessels at all times of the tide. The roads of Cherbourg are protected on three sides by land, but are exposed to the north. It has been a favorite project of every French Government since that of Louis XVI. to remedy this by throwing a breakwater across the mouth of the bay. The Bourbons, the Republic, the Empire and the others successively aimed at a scheme which would secure to France a strong harbor on this part of her coast. Now the breakwater, "La Digue," is finished. It extends over two miles across the bay, leaving an opening at each end of about one mile for the entrance and exit for vessels. The base of the Digue is 310 feet in width. At either end is a lighthouse as well as forts, which command the entrances; in the middle is the fort central. Guns may be mounted all along the Digue. The aggregate expense of the works at Cherbourg is more than $80,000,000.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1882.

The Political Situation.

The nomination in this Congressional district seems to have narrowed down to a contest between Urner and McComas, either of whom would be acceptable to the Republicans of this county. Our county convention will not be held until after the issue of this paper, and we cannot speak with any certainty as to the result, but judging from the information we have received from different parts of the county, we believe that McComas will have a majority of the delegates in the convention.

Washington county will send a solid McComas delegation to the Frederick convention.

Mr. Urner has the entire Frederick delegation.

Montgomery county will probably be divided between Urner and Hutchinson, with the strong probability of Urner finally securing the entire vote of the delegation.

Allegany county will most likely, after casting a complimentary vote for Dr. Porter, vote solidly for McComas.

The West Virginia Republicans have not been able to elect a Representative to Congress for some years, as the State has been so gerrymandered as to make a solid Democratic delegation certain. They believe, however, that there is a fighting chance for them in the Second and Fourth districts this years, and they will see what an earnest effort will accomplish.

A leading Democratic journal, for "prudence sake," assumes that the Democrats will not be able to make the South solid in 1884, but will be able to secure 138 of its 153 votes. This being the case the Northern States must furnish sixty eight votes to bring the Democratic party into power in 1884. It thinks that New York, California, Indiana, Nevada and New Jersey, having seventy-one votes may insure a Democratic victory. Better wait a few months before making estimates.

The recent convention, held at Keyser, placed two candidates—Hon. John Blair Hoge and Hon. Daniel B. Lucas—in nomination for Congress from the Second district of West Virginia, thereby causing a division in the ranks which it was feared would result in the defeat of the Democracy. The State Executive Committee met at Grafton Monday to devise a plan for healing the breach. Both candidates were withdrawn by mutual consent, and a call was issued for a convention, to be held at Piedmont, September 20th, to nominate a new candidate.

It is announced that Gen. Sherman will ask to be placed on the retired list, November, 1883, thus anticipating his compulsory retirement, which would take place February 8, 1884, when he would attain the age of 64 years. This will place the Lieutenant General, P. H. Sheridan in charge of the Army, and enable him to present his views, with references to the best interests of the Army, to the next Congress at its opening. There will be general regret at the retirement of the brave old officer, whose good judgment as well as fearless bravery contributed so much to the speedy close of the late war. His indifference to *political* honors has always made him a great favorite, in addition to the honorable reputation he acquired as a true soldier, and an accomplished officer.

It has been estimated by *Bradstreet's* that there are 6,000,000 miles of fence in the United States, the cost of which has been more than $2,000,000,000, or about $325 a mile. Formerly the fences of farms were built of wood, and the annual repairs put a heavy tax on farmers. The last census shows that the cost of such repairs in 1877 was $78,629,000. Most farm fences are now built of wire, and 60,000 miles of such fence were built in 1881, at a cost of $10,000,000, or about half the cost per mile of the old wood fences.

The Situation in Egypt.

Aug. 30.—The British cavalry have pushed on beyond the scene of the victory at Kassassin on Monday, and General Wolseley's whole army is advancing toward Tel-el-Kebir. The Highland Brigade has been ordered from Alexandria to reinforce Wolseley, and went on the transports yesday. An immense train of siege artillery will be prepared at Woolwich and forwarded to Egypt. Affairs at Cairo are quiet, but Arabs are at work strengthing the defences in anticipation of the British attack. There are rumors of renewed fighting between the Turks and Greeks on the frontiers of Thessaly.

August 31.—No important military movements have taken place in Egypt during the past twenty-four hours. Wolseley's cavalry have advanced a few miles beyond Kassassin, and military operations are delayed because of the application of Arabi Pacha for a truce. He has been granted twenty-four hours, and has been refused an extension of the time. The diplomatic negotiations at Constantinople are in a shape favorable to England.

Sept. 1.—There is little of interest from the seat of war in Egypt. Only slight skirmishes have occurred at the Ismailia front during the past few days. The report that Arabi Pacha is withdrawing his troops to Tel-el-Kebir is confirmed. A reconnoitering party sent out from Kassassin discovered a new entrenched camp about ten miles from that city. There are believed to be but few Egyptian troops at Katr-el-Dwar. General Alison is strengthening his position at Ramleh by contracting his lines.

Sept. 2.—It was reported that Gen. Wolseley would bring on a general engagement Sunday or Monday. The British man-of-war Minotaur shelled the Egyptian lines between Ramleh and Aboukir Saturday. Arabi Pacha is exhibiting considerable activity, and has taken up a position which threatens the canal and the British flanks. It is said that the Egyptian commandant at Tel-el-Kebir is about to desert Arabi Pacha. Two ships with 1,000 troops sailed from Portsmouth for Egypt Saturday. The Highland Brigade has arrived at Ismailia.

Sept. 3.—Gen. Wolseley telegraphs from Ismailia that his troops are in high spirits and anxious for action. There was a report on Saturday that Egyptian troops were crossing Lake Mareotis. Preparations were made to repel them, but the report was subsequently found to be false. The Bedouins continue entrenching on the Aboukir side of Alexandria. The populace of Cairo continue to menace the few remaining Europeans. The water works at Alexandria failed to yield the expected supply yesterday. M. De Lesseps says the honorable conduct of Arabi Pacha, in regard to the Suez Canal, ought to be recognized. The English troops at Meks are suffering from diarrhœa and dysentery owing to bad water.

Sept. 4.—Gen. Wolseley continues his preparations for an attack on Arabi Pacha, and is sending his sick and wounded to the rear. He is to be reinforced by three batalions of infantry. The man-of-war Minatour shelled the enemy's lines yesterday, and later the British artillery near the Cairo Railway opened fire, drawing that of the Egyptians. Europeans in Alexandria are becoming uneasy, owing to sensational rumors in regard to a conspiracy against their lives. The body of a vidette killed on Sunday night was found to be mutilated. It is feared that if Arabi Pacha is defeated he will destroy Cairo. Gen. Wolseley is in high spirits.

Sept. 5.—All was quiet along the lines in Egypt yesterday. It is believed that Arabi Pacha is receiving reinforcements. The Sultan has proclaimed Arabi Pacha a rebel. Mahmoud Fehmy has revealed to the Khedive the plans, position and strength of the rebel army, and the information has been transmitted to Wolseley. One report says that Salihiyeh has been abandoned by Arabi Pacha, but another says that it is being fortified. The British propose to open the old channel beyond Meks, with a view of letting the sea into Lake Mareotis. England will send Gen. Wolseley 4,000 more troops. England accepts responsibility for damage and obstruction to the traffic of the Suez Canal.

The official figures from the bureau of statistics show that for the year ended July 31, 1882, the United States exported more merchandise than they imported to the extent of $3,901,035, as against an excess of exports for the previous year of $256,613,067. The returns of last month's business will probably show a balance against us for the thirteen months ended Thursday. Of gold and silver coin and bullion the excess of imports for the year ended July 31, 1882, was $12,596,098; while the excess of imports the year before was $90,666,977. Whether an excess of imports shows that a country is getting poorer depends upon circumstances. Great Britian's excess of this kind represents merely her income from investments in all parts of the world, being merely a periodical payment by her debtors; but as we have not yet grown rich enough to be so independent, it is not a good sign to see the balance of trade going against us, as it is evidence that we are, at least to some extent, getting in debt to our neighbors.

A Letter from Mr. Urner.

The Hon. Milton G. Urner, Tuesday of last week, addressed a letter to John C. Hardt, of Frederick, which settles the vexed question that has been agitating the minds of very many people in this section lately. Mr. Urner's letter is written in reply to one from Mr. Hardt asking Mr. Urner "whether he desired a renomination for Congress, or whether he desired the nomination for associate judge, or whether he preferred to pursue his profession." Replying to the last question first, Mr. Urner says his decided preference is "to pursue his profession." His law practice, he says, had been successful, and he entered political life only at the earnest solicitation of friends. He had, however, about concluded to positively decline being a candidate for re-election, but when he returned to his home after the adjournment of Congress he found a very strong sentiment in favor of his being a candidate again for either Congress or the position of associate judge, and so he was induced to reconsider his first determination not to allow the use of his name.

Mr. Urner goes on to say that he would prefer the office of judge, the duties of which would be congenial with his tastes and in the line of his profession. "But," he says, "the question before me is not which office I would prefer, but which nomination would be preferable, which is quite different. I find myself a member of Congress with an unexpired term. If I should be a candidate for judge I would not consider the nomination as equivalent to an election, and, therefore, would not feel justified in resigning my seat in Congress until the people had first said at the polls whether they desired me to fill another position. If elected, I would then resign, which would create a vacancy, to continue during the balance of the term or to be filled by a special election. A special election would be attended with very considerable expense and trouble, and the interests of the district are too important for it to be left without representation during the next session. The tariff commission will make a report early in December when most important legislation will be considered looking to a revision of the tariff, a subject in which this wealthy and populous district, with its great coal, iron, agricultural and growing manufacturing interests, is vitally interested. For the reasons stated I do not consider myself an available candidate at this time for a judicial position, nor do I think it would be wise nor could I consent for the party to make me its nominee. If I have a preference for nomination for either position it is for Congress. I have not expressed a desire to any one to be nominated for either position, and shall not do so. The theory of our government is that the people shall every two years pass upon the fidelity and efficiency of their representatives. Public officers are public servants, intended to discharge public duties for the people's good, and no one is so well able to judge whether the servant has met the requirements of the service as the people themselves. This they should determine for themselves, and without interference on the part of the official. No man has an ownership in any public office when his term has expired, and has no right to complain if the public should prefer another to succeed him." In conclusion, Mr. Urner says he will give his earnest support to the nominee of the convention.

Political Jackals.

Under the above caption the Baltimore *Every Saturday*, an independent paper with strong Democratic proclivities, refers to the quarrels which are now going on in the Democratic party and adds:

"This is a very depressing state of affairs, but there is in it a gleam of hope and promise of better things. Out of the chaos of the present political disorganization may come something new and better. The fractions of the shattered parties will destroy each other. There are now three distinct branches of the Democrat party. One is headed by the Governor of the State, another is headed by the Junior United States Senator, a third by the Mayor of this city. Each of them is using his powers and patronage to build up his own power and put down that of his two rivals. The offices, which ought to be filled by honest and capable public servants, are simply the places where the political "workers" work. There is a cynical indifference to the public, good for the worker is simply in office to obey orders, pay assessments and carry out the wishes of the chiefs. There is no pretense even that there is any principal involved in the triangular fight between the Governor, the Senator and the Mayor. It is only a struggle on the part of each to get control or retain control of the Democratic machine. The people of Maryland must look on and see their own interests made the football of the struggle—nothing done for principle or duty, the sole inquiry being whether this measure or that would suit the Mayor, or suit the Senator, or suit the Governor. It in disgusting to the last degree.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

DENVER, COLORADO, Aug. 23, 1882.

The great event for Denver this year is the Mining and Industrial Exposition now in progress. Preparations were made for it on a grand scale, commencing months ago, by the erection of a fine building and gathering up a complete exhibit of all the various mining interests, not only of Colorado but of the neighboring States and Territories. It is, therefore, chiefly a mining affair, and there is an endless display of ores from various sections, together with all kinds of machinery used in the business of mining, from drills to reductive works and stamping mills. I shall not undertake to give a detailed description of the exhibits for I do not think it would be of special interest to the general reader. To any one not interested in mines or mining there is nothing especially handsome or attractive about a lot of ores, though where the different formations of mineral are comprehended and the processes for extracting the precious metals are understood it becomes a subject of greater attractiveness. In this Exposition agriculture occupies a secondary position, just as it does in the State. The best agricultural display is that presented by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad of the products of the State of Kansas, through which that line runs. It is a very complete representation of the wonderful resources of a State concerning which a great deal has been said and written.

Agriculture in Kansas is necessarily different from that of far Eastern States, owing to the marked difference in climatic influences. The method of farming that gathers wealth from almost barren hills and circumscribed acres of valley land, does not succeed in the rich and vast prairies of the West, where ten acres is hardly as one farther east. Hence there arises the system of working large farms with the most improved machinery and a large force of men. It is no unusual sight in the valleys mentioned to see corn-fields of 1,000 or 2,000 acres, stretching away from the railroad in one unbroken mass of green and yellow. Corn and wheat are kings. From Mr. Pliny L. Bartlett I learn that the value of the former product in 1880, was $25,000,000, and of the latter $21,000,000, which is more than two-thirds of the total valuation of the crops of the State for that year. Two other crops, now important features of Kansas farming, are sorgho-sugar cane and rice corn. Stock-raising and wool-growing are also rapidly taking a front rank. Of the soil and general characteristics of Kansas as an agricultural State, I could say nothing not already known to those of your readers who are interested in the subject. It is certainly a great State and there are still opportunities in it for earnest men who are willing to work and begin at the begining. The geographical position of the State is such as to exempt it from the extreme and protracted cold of the North, as well as the intense summer heat of the South. The average temperature is about 53 degrees Fahrenheit. There is little wind in winter, but in summer time there is a prevailing breeze from the South, usually a cool, dry wind. The comparatively high altitude of the State, together with its perfect system of river drainage, and the entire absence of swamps, or marshy land, renders the atmosphere at all time times electrically dry and invigorating. The expression "as windy as Kansas" has become a bye word in some places and undoubtedly there it has peculiarities of this character. A citizen of the State, now a U. S. Senator, once wrote concerning it: "Kansas is all antithesis. It is the hottest, coldest, dryest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country of the world. The stranger who crossed our borders for the first time at Wyandotte and traveled by rail to White Cloud would, with consternation, contrast that uninterrupted sierra of rugged and oak-clad crags with the placid prairies of his imagination. Let him ride along the spine of any of those lateral 'divides' or water-sheds whose

'Level leagues forsaken lie
A grassy waste, extending to the sky,'

and he would be oppressed by the same melancholy monotony which broods over those who pursue the receding horizon over the fluctuating plains of the sea. And let this discussion be whither it would, if he listened to the voice of experience he would not start upon his pilgrimage at any season of the year without an overcoat, a fan, a lightning-road and an umbrella." There is probably no place on the continent where Puritan ideas have projected themselves into the future with more definiteness than in Kansas. The Kansas of a few years ago in the wild frontier days when men died at all hours of the day and night with their boots on, is not the Kansas of to-day.

But this is rather in the nature of a digression from the main scope of these letters. My next will be devoted exclusively, to Colorado observations. Among the notable characters I have come across here in Denver is Mike Mykens, a newsboy, and the richest one in the country without doubt. He is supposed to be worth $50,000, which he has invested in Denver real estate. He is not yet ready, however, to retire from business, but from early morning until midnight may be seen upon the streets crying, "Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City morning papers." In connection with his paper stand he has a boot-black's chair, which he generally leaves in charge of an assistant. He sells his papers at a uniform price of ten cents each, and long experience has made him very expert in detecting at a glance from what part of the country any one of the strangers who throng the streets of Denver hails. "Run after that old man with a white choker and sell him a Boston *Herald*," he will say to his assistant; or, "Work off a San Francisco *Bulletin* on that slippery-looking cuss under the awning." Mykens is no longer a boy, but he is likely to remain a newsboy for years to come.

DOM PEDRO.

American Fables.

Detroit Free Press.

A clam who was in the habit of sunning himself on a sand bank was out one day cogitating over the eastern question when along came a fisherman, who said;

"Mr. Clam, why can't you and I be friends?"

"I see no objections," replied the Clam.

"Nor I, either. It has hurt my feelings many a time and oft to see how you avoid me. Come out and let us have a friendly talk."

"But I'm not at home on dry land."

"And I'm not at home in the water."

The Clam was finally induced to crawl to the shore, and he had scarcely stated his position on the Free Trade question when the man lifted him off his feet and placed him in a basket.

"What is this for?" demanded the bivalve.

"It's a mere matter of Friendship," was the reply. "As a Clam in the water your good will is of no use to me. As a Clam in the Frying Pan I shall appreciate you for your full worth."

MORAL:

The Friendship of some men is to be dreaded far more than their Enmity.

Secondly—A Clam who is doing well enough in the Water is a Fool to leave it for the Shore.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

A lion who had lived for several years in a certain neighborhood and gained general respect for the manner in which he had conducted himself was suddenly made the object of slander and abuse. When he came to trace these stories back he found that they had been started by a Mouse.

"Why have you slandered me?" demanded the Lion.

"Because the people will only accept me as a Mouse," was the reply.

"But am I to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not, but why should you be a Lion, able to strike down the Ox, while I am but a puny Mouse, able only to frighten women and children? What grieves me is the fact that Nature made a mistake."

"Very well," said the King of Beasts, "you go forth and roar and kill and I will become a Mouse."

The Mouse stalked into the forest and began to growl and roar, but his efforts were received with laughter. After he had tried it again and again the Owl dropped down beside him and observed:

"Instead of making me afraid you only disturb my slumbers and annoy my friends. Come inside out of the malaria."

MORAL;

The Mouse who nibbles at crumbs is doing all that is expected of him.

Secondly—He who looks for the Mistakes of others simply shows the world his Envious Feelings.

Last week a gravel train near Youngstown, Ohio, was attacked by a large Durham bull, which not only refused to leave the track, but showed fight. The result was disastrous to the bull, but almost equally so to the train, for the engine and nine cars were thrown into the ditch. One of the train hands had a leg broken.

A Notable Chinese Scroll.

The Chinese merchants in San Francisco have lately received from the Emperor of China a handsome scroll in recognition of the contributions sent by them to the victims of the Chinese famine three years ago. The scroll is four feet high and twelve feet long. The surface is entirely cross-grained and indented with miniature squares formed by lines running from opposite corners. These squares, uniformly covered with old gold, stand out in bold relief by means of a darker shade of gilt with which the lines are traced. Four large Chinese letters in ebony are carved at regular intervals across the face of the scroll, around which is a rich border of flowers and fruits. The scroll itself is inclosed by a deep, wide frame, upon which is carved a large number of allegorical figures, so wrought and blended together as to appear to have been made of one solid piece of wood. At the lower corners are placed two figures of Chinese gentlemen, each holding a sword, the upper corners being devoted to two maidens, each having a tambourine in hand, and depending from which is a long veil, completely encircling their body. The space intervening between the figures is blocked with dark glass, so that under an artificial light the effect is very beautiful. The imperial present has caused a commotion among the Chinese, and great curiosity is manifested.

A Use for Tomato Leaves.

"I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Strop, of the Society of Horticulture, "and the trees grew well and strongly. They had just commenced budding when they were invaded by the curculle (puivon) which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having cut some tomatoes, the idea occurred to me that, by placing some of the leaves around the trunk and branches of the peach tree, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which were very powerful. My surprise was great upon the following day to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomato from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine, with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still further my experiment, I steeped in water some leaves of the tomato and sprinkled with its infusion other plants, roses and oranges. In two days these were also free from innumerable insects which covered them, and I felt sure that had I used the same means in my melon patch I should have met with the same result. I therefore deem it a duty to the Society of Horticulture to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves which I discovered by the merest accident.

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervious debility, or when insanity has already taken place, *Peruna* and *Manalin* should be implicity relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expresion of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others, certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these *Peruna* and *Manalin* should at once be taken.

The importance attaching to the election of Congressmen this fall is having the effect to stimulate the voters to great activity, and both Republicans and Democrats will work hard for the victory. The Republicans recognize the necessity of hard work to hold their own, and the Democrats see that to get control of the next House they will have to work hard. Each party recognizes the importance of controlling the next House of Congress if they would elect the next President. All Republicans will be expected to do their whole duty, and when done the result will not be doubtful. Let none hold back. No good Republican should falter or hesitate on personal grounds as to what he should do in this important contest. The contest involves too much to even think of self. Let there be a general rally for Republicanism and a hearty support of Republican nominees.—*Clarksburg Telegram.*

It is not generally known says the Baltimore Co. *Union*, but it is nevertheless a fact, that within thirty miles of Hagerstown, Md., at a little village known as Tomstown, at the foot of the mountains above Waynesboro', Pa., there is a small settlement of Mormons. Lately two missionaries from Utah held services there and put forth their best efforts to secure converts. Books of Mormon have been scattered around among the people, and these are sure of effect among the ignorant. The community does not practice polygamy for fear of the law. Several women are amongst the professors of the faith.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The County Commissioners will be in session next week.

—Mr. D. T. E. Casteel left Oakland Monday for the West Virginia University.

—C. C. Michael will have a good stock of cheese and cakes, bologna, fruits, &c., during court.

—The September Term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county commences Monday next.

—Mr. Ed. H. Sincell will leave Monday next for St. John's College, Annapolis.

—Dr. E. H. Glotfelty moved into his handsome new dwelling house at Accident Wednesday.

—Mr. Harry McComas left for Morgantown, to attend the West Virginia University.

—Mr. Clark, of the New York Branch Store, Oakland, returned Monday from his wedding tour.

—Mr. F. P. Arnold has commenced the erection of a residence on his lot in Wilson's Addition to Oakland. Spedden & Son have the contract.

—Died, August 28th, 1882, near Accident of diphtheria, Susana, daughter of Charles and Caroline Hedrich, aged 11 years, 1 month and 21 days.

—Died, August 29, 1882, near Accident, of diphtheria, Ctara, daughter of Charles and Caroline Hedrich, aged 12 years, 6 months and 29 days.

—Died, of diphtheria, September 4th, 1882, Henry Snyder, of Garrett county, Md., aged 20 years, 8 months and 11 days.

—Mr. Josiah Summers, the champion "snake hunter" of Garrett county, killed this summer, to September 1st, 103 snakes.

—Many of our subscribers will have an opportunity to call at this office and settle during court week. We always need money.

—C. C. Michael has just received a nice lot of boots and shoes, which he will sell at the lowest prices. Call and examine.

—Fish Commissioner Delawder and his assistant, Lieut. D. M. Mason, are at Deep Creek, this county, securing trout for the Druid Hill hatching house.

—The delegates from this district to the Republican County Convention are: J. S. Johnson, J. A. Hayden, W. P. Townshend, J. C. Dunham and Jas. W. White.

—Married, at the residence of John H. Miller, Sr., on Sunday August 27th, 1882, by Rev. J. S. Laughlin, John E. Harvey and Miss Retia Klag, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Mr. Truman Casteel recently purchased some of the finest beeves ever brought to this market. Several of them weighed over 1,200 pounds. Three of the largest and finest will be butchered during court week.

—The shooting match at 25 birds each, between James H. Harne and R. H. Thayer, of Oakland, which took place on the Bradley farm, near Oakland, Wednesday afternoon, was won by Mr. Harne.

—Remember the present registration of the voters of this State is a *new one*, and every voter desiring to cast his ballot next fall must be registered now. The fact of his having voted once, twice or twenty times before will not secure him the continuance of the franchise.

—If you want to save money, go to Messrs. Sell & Specht, McHenry, Md., to buy your boots and shoes. They have just opened up a full line, which they offer low for cash or good produce. They will be pleased to have you examine their goods and prices whether you purchase or not.

—The Republicans of district No. 2 assembled in primary meeting at Selbysport Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Wm. Ryland, chairman of the District Committee. Hamilton Frazee was elected president, Asbi Teets vice president, and Alfred Daniels secretary. The following delegates were elected to attend the county Convention: William Augustine, Alfred Daniels, Wm. Ryland, Wm. Barnthouse and Wm. Steele. The following district committee was recommended to serve for the ensuing year: John Swalp, Samuel Lowdermilk and Wm. Ryland.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

—The new chapel in Swanton will be dedicated Sunday morning September 10th, 1882. Services at 11 o'clock by Rev. Mr. Clymer, of Keyser, W. Va.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Pic-Nic at McHenry.

There will be a pic-nic in the grove near the celebrated Boiling Spring, at McHenry, on Friday, the 15th of September. A large platform is being erected for the occasion, and all wishing enjoyment and a good time in general, in connection with a view at the spring, are cordially invited to attend.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by A. G. Sturgiss.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer for sale at the Lutheran Parsonage, Accident, Garrett county, Md., on Tuesday, September 19th, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., one horse, buggy, new sleigh, harness, saddle, cow, churn, stoves, tables, chairs, lounges, one singer sewing machine, one parlor set, bedroom suites, carpets and many other household articles; also a lot of potatoes and many other things to numerable to mention. Terms—cash.

JOHN J. YOUNG.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of August:

Daniel Lausman and Magdalena Zebaugh.

Robert W. Carroll and Laura V. Kelley.

Wm. M. Sines and Amy E. Johnson.

Francis M. Snyder and Mary M. Grimes.

Matthias Ringer and Drusilla Fuller.

John E. Harvey and Loretta King.

James W. Watkins and Deborah F. Myers.

And two with request not to publish.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending Aug. 6:

Lake View Land and Banking Association, to Lake View Planing Mill and Lumber company, 1 acre of land; $300.

Susan Male, to David W. Miller, her dower interest in military lot No. 1091; $43.

Daniel E. Offutt, wife and others to Rebecca Hoopes, lot and improvements in Oakland; $1000.

John Bradley, to Mary A. Richardson, lot No. 28 in Wilson's 1st addition to Oakland; $150.

James Gibbons, Arch-Bishop of Baltimore, to the Vestry of St. Matthew's Parish, part of lot No. 43 in Oakland; $75.

Gilmore S. Hamill, mortgagee, to David W. Miller, military lot No. 1091; $550.

The Fruits of Merit.

DR. HARTMAN & CO.—Please send me a lot of your books on the "Ills of Life." I sell a great deal of your *Peruna* and *Manalin*. They are very highly spoken of in this part of the country.

F. H. BUSSMAN, P. M.,
Westford, Pa.

Dear Sir: I have taken half a dozen bottles of your *Peruna* and find it is doing me great good.

Yours truly,
JAMES WYATT.
Steubenville, Ohio.

JOHNSTOWN MD., Aug. 21, 1882.

EDITOR PEPUBLICAN:—A communication from this part of the county may be of interest to many of the readers of your valuable paper. In the month of July, Prof. A. W. DeWitt of Frostburg, paid a visit to the people of this vicinity, and while here he organized a Young Men's Christian Association, with the following officers: E. E. Enlow, President; Lou E. DeWitt, Vice President; S. K. Welch, Recording Secretary; H. R. DeWitt, Corresponding Secretary; Carrie J. Smith, Treasurer. The young men almost without exception have joined the Association. It is moving onward and upward with the prospects of accomplishing much good, by searching out young men and bringing them into subjection to God's will. We wish it God speed.

The Johnstown Sunday School has set apart the 16th day of September for the purpose of holding a Sunday School pic-nic in A. C. DeWitt's grove, where there will be speaking on suitable topics, also music, both vocal and instrumental. We cordially invite all the friends of Sunday Schools to bring their baskets and join in the festivities of the occasion.

EGO.

The Allegany County Convention.

The Republicans of Allegany county held their County Convention Tuesday and elected delegates to the Congressional and Judical Conventions. The Congressional delegates are: Walter Beall, Daniel Williams, Adam Thompson, D. W. Sloan and J. T. McDonald. The Judicial delegates are: A McMillen, E. Marshall, R. W. McMichael, C. F. McAlleer and B. L. Turner.

The *Daily News* says: As we predicted the Congressional delegation was not instructed, nor can it be stated exactly how they will vote. The gentleman composing it express no opinion of its action at Frederick, though it is understood that after a complimentary vote for Dr. G. E. Porter. Mr. Louis E McComas of Hagerstown will be the choice of the majority at least.

The Judicial convention delegates are for Mr. William J. Read for chief judge, though like the Congressional delegation are not instructed.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Sept. 5th, 1882.

Abrams Jacob,	Linzie Allen,
Berry Montelle,	Loring Elmore,
Beall M. F. Mrs. cold.,	Lee Henry A.,
Bayles Enzes,	Longes Thad. col'd.,
Burch Nellie Mrs.	Monlague Wm.,
Bails Monrow,	Merick S. L.,
Butler A.,	Martin Wm. T.,
Baker Benj.,	Maloney Ellen,
Bell Phillip,	Nicklos Moses,
Byrne Miss,	Overfield Thad., 2,
Gaston Willie, 3,	Peddicord H. S.,
Cole Henry, 2,	Patterson Steph. Mrs.,
Crothers Samuel,	Preston Helen,
Corcoran W. W.,	Parker Philip,
Corcoran Mrs.,	Powell G. W.,
Clark Thomas,	Pugh Mollie R.,
Cavagnars August,	Parker L. D.,
Dorsey James,	Rather Lewis col'd.,
Eustis C. Miss,	Robertson Wyatt, 2,
Forrest Emma Miss,	Reeder Emma V.,
Fields William,	Riordan Maggie,
Francis Joshua,	Sterling Annie, 2,
Francis Ernest,	Scott Henry,
Gilkens Edward H, 3,	Sheeth Wm. A.,
Gray Enios H.,	Seay Stephen W.,
Hackley Samuel H.,	Sherlock John C. Mrs.,
Holmes Thomas, 2,	Suter W. R.,
Hammond Henry, 2,	Smith Leander,
Hitt Alfred,	Smith Wm. H.,
Hill Samuel,	Seasor Maria,
Hager Drew,	Saunders Edward Mrs,
Harden Mary M.,	Shafer John,
Hotter A. R., 2,	Smith Robert,
Hughes Blackburn,	Tubbs A. J.,
Horcher G. H.,	Trowbridge Belle,
Harris Henry,	Turner Willie,
Hudging Henry,	Taylor Wm.,
Hoaland Mrs.,	Thompson G. W.,
Jackson Richard,	Tibbs Anthony,
Jackson S.,	White William,
Jackson Aaron B., 2,	Williams Johnny Bell
Jackson Geo.,	Mrs.,
Jacobs Sallie,	Walter Lily B.,
Jones Philips,	Warfield Emory Mrs.,
Jefferson Andrew,	Wood Clifton,
Johnson John,	Williams Belle,
Johnson Jos.,	Washington Robert,
Kane Jennie M.,	Wood Isaac, 2,
Kline James M.,	Woods Joe.
Lucas Wm.,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

A Pleasant Affair.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schoolfield, of Deer Park, have been for some time past anxiously anticipating some opportunity by which to testify in a slight manner the appreciation in which they are held. The thirteenth anniversary of their marriage, which occured on August 30th, affording the opportunity, they determined upon giving expression to their kindly feelings for this amiable couple by tendering them a surprise pound party.

At the time appointed there appeared at the place of meeting friends to the number of fifty, including the guests of Wing and Wing, who have every occasion to remember with gratitude their efforts to enhance the pleasures of a visit to Deer Park.

The merry crowd then took up the line of march and upon arriving at the house, the unsuspecting couple, whose surprise can be better imagined than described, were fairly deluged with packages, many being fair sized samples of the solid comforts of this life, and from the appearance of some of the pounds we recommend the merchants of Deer Park for liberal weight.

The nerve of the Schoolfields' being proverbial, they soon recovered from their surprise, and in a few well chosen remarks Mr. Schoolfield acknowledged the compliment and welcomed all. Later in the evening an ample repast was served to which all did justice.

At midnight the party separated, bearing with them memories that will be ever pleasant to dwell upon in after days, and all wishing the genial couple a safe and prosperous voyage over the troubled waves of the sea of life.

G. A. N.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Sept. 5th, 1882.

The Hotel closed on Saturday last, and the trains stop now at the station in Deer Park village. There are still many summer visitors in Deer Park, and we do not realize that the season is so nearly over.

Prof. Elliot, who has just returned to Baltimore, after spending some weeks in our place, has bought a lot at Mountain Lake Park, and intends building a cottage before next summer.

Judge Dobbin, of the Supreme Court of Maryland, Senator Davis and Hon. S. B. Elkins, started this morning for a trip to the Blackwater country, where Judge Dobbin has some property, on the line of the proposed new railroad through West Virginia.

Mrs. Upton Buxton, of Keyser, has been visiting her relatives in Deer Park, lately.

Misses Mattie and Katie Davis, will leave next week for boarding school near Poolesville, Md.

The steam threshing machine has made its annual appearance in our midst, and is at present engaged upon the oat crop of Messrs. H. G. Davis & Bro.

Quite a singular meeting took place at Wing and Wing a few days ago. Two gentlemen, coming from different section of the country, encountered each other on the porch, and proved to be brothers, not having met for six years, and neither having any idea that the other was in the vicinity.

Dana Kilburn, a ten year old son of Lieut. William Kilburn, U. S. N., whose family have been at Wing and Wing this season, had last week a very severe fall from a lumber pile, near the house. Dr. McComas, however, declared him to have sustained no serious injury, and in a day or two he was out again, just as ready, boy-like, to ascend the highest piles of lumber, as before the accident.

Mrs. E. F. Riggs has gone to Brady's Mills, to take charge of the public school in that place.

Mr. Fester will deliver another lecture on Ancient History, in Deer Park Union Church next Monday evening, September 11th. Those who listened to his former lecture, were so much interested that it is safe to assert that the coming one will be very entertaining and instructive to all who may be present, and as Mr. Foster so kindly volunteers his services, it is hoped he will be gratified by a large attendance.

Registered at Wing and Wing since last letter:

Wheeling, W. Va.—Frank Robertson and T. B. Frye.

McHenry, Md.—Silas Weimer.

Pittsburg, Pa.—J. B. Washington.

W. Va. C. & P. R. R.—Wm. Washington.

Johnstown, Md.--Jasper Guard and wife.

Baltimore, Md.—F. W. Oehm, Jr., S. Adler, W. S. Woolford, J. A. Wheeler, J. B. Askew. ***

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

Court Docket--September Term,

ORIGINALS.

1. Jacob F. Thomas vs. Abraham W. Lee and Susana Lee, his wife. Hamill for plaintiff.

2. A Hunter Boyd, administrator of Roger Perry, deceased, vs. John L. Fitzwater. Hamill for plaintiff.

3. Elijah M. Friend vs. George A. Fearer.

4. H. and E. Hartman & Co., vs. J. H. Ratter & Co. Hamill for plaintiffs.

5. Henry A Rasche vs. John L. Wheeler. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff.

6. Elizabeth Phillips vs. L. D. Hendrickson et. al. Hamill for plaintiff and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

7. Thomas W. Fitch vs. A. B. Gonder. Hamill for plaintiff and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

[Concerning the origin of the above suit, we learn the following particulars: On August 10th, 1882, about 2½ P. M., Mrs. Ann Sweeney, a washerwoman, of this place, went to the office of Justice Gonder and stated to him that Mrs. Fitch, a lady who was stopping at Mrs. Sherman's, was indebted to her in the amount of $7.00, and that she was going away that afternoon at 3 o'clock, without paying her; that she had asked Mrs. Fitch for the amount of her bill and that it had been refused, and she therefore demanded an attachment against Mrs. Fitch, to recover the amount of her bill. The Justice told Mrs. Sweeney that the attachment would not lie against Mrs. Fitch; that if it was good at all it would lie against Mrs. Fitch's husband, John W. Fitch, because the husband is responsible for the debts of the wife. Mrs. Sweeney then made the necessary affidavit for a foreign attachment against John W. Fitch, upon which affidavit an attachment was issued and placed in the hands of Jas. S. Johnson, constable, who went immediately to serve it. A short time after the constable left the justice's office he returned with the $7.00 in hand, stating that Mrs. Sherman had settled the bill, and sent word by him that she would call to see the Justice. Mrs. Sherman, accompanied by several members of her family, about 4 o'clock the same afternoon was driven in a carriage to the Justice's office, and requested a gentleman standing near the office door to tell the Justice to come out, that she wished to see him. The Justice, out of courtesy and respect to the lady, went out and went up to the carriage door and addressed her as "madam." She looked out at him and said angrily: "I only wished to see the man, I don't want to talk to you," and then told the driver to drive on. We are informed that she instructed her attorney to bring the above suit, for what purpose we know not. We give the above facts in justice to Mr. Gonder, who is one of the most competent magistrates in Western Maryland, and is also a member of the Cumberland and Oakland bars, his action in the matter having been criticised by some parties, from the fact that at the time Mrs. Sweeney called for her bill Mrs. Fitch was watching at the bedside of her child, which died before they reached Washington. Mr. Gonder knew nothing of this until after the attachment was issued.]

8. Wm. H. Hall et. al. vs. Crampton Harvey. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiffs.

9. Wm. Frost et. al. vs. Philip S. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff.

10. McKone, Fahey & Co. vs. James Howarth. Hamill for plaintiffs.

11. Jesse W. Chaney vs. James W. Newman. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

12. State of Maryland, use Martha E. Sollers widow, et. al. vs. B. & O. R. R. Co. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

APPEALS.

1. Albert F. Dearing vs. Wm. J. Piper. Appeal from Justice Warnick. Boyd for appellant and Gordon for appellee.

2. G. H. Pritchard vs. Adelia M. Merrill by her next friend, G. W. Merrill. Appeal from Justice Jamison. Peddicord & Combs for appellant, and Veltch & Townshend for appellee.

3. Edward Brady vs. Thos. E. Haigh. Appeal from Justice Gonder.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs. J. P. Gauer. Peddicord for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend and Lipscomb for defendant.

2 Elias P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

3 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine, Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

4 J McClure Mason vs John Helbig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for deft.

5 J McClure Mason vs Ezekiel Totten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for deft.

6 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Grove and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant.

7 Levi Teats vs Geo W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

8 Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Mellinger. Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

9 A. H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

10 Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler Combs vs William Klipstein and Berkely W Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants.

11 Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord and Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant. Continued.

12 Ella Shrout, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Philip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

13 David P Webley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veitch & Townshend for defts.

14 George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixon. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

15 James Grimes vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

16 Jacob M. Teats vs. Geo. W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

17 Calvin Teats vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

18 Elizabeth Horan vs. David Evans. Blackiston & Ellegood and Fuller for plaintiff. Bruce & Richmond and McDonald for defendant.

19 John M. Miller vs. Elias J. Miller. Williams & Thomas for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

20 Gilmore S. Hamill vs. A. L. Osbourn and Emanuel Smith.

21 C. Aultman & Co. vs. E. R. Browning et. al. Hamill for plaintiffs. Peddicord & Combs for defendants.

22 State of Maryland, use of John Barnes vs. John Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs, Veltch & Townshend and Hamill for defendants.

23 James Z. Browning vs. Elizabeth Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

24 Frederick Pollman vs. Jacob Bleibaugh Price & Willison for plaintiff.

25 Gilmore S. Hamill vs. Mary E. Smith, garnishee of Emanuel Smith.

26 John H. Blackburn, by his next friend Madison Blackburn, use of Peddicord & Combs, vs. Christian F. Gensenyenger. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

27 Thomas J. McKaig vs. A. Beall McKaig. McHenry & Son for plaintiff. R. H. Gordon and Semmes for defendant.

28 Wm. T. Briscoe sv. James A. Gary. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

29 John H. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

30 Elizabeth C. Billingsley, by her next friend J. H. Billingsley, vs. James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

31 Edward T. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

32 Joseph Engleby vs James T. Brady. Brace & Richmond, McDonald, and Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. McHenry & Son and Price for defendant.

33 Gilson R. Hallingsworth vs Benjamin T. Valentine, McKaig for plaintiff. A. A. Willison and Semmes for defendant.

34 Silas Jenkins and Rhoda Jenkins vs John Barnes, Price & Willison for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

35 Lewis S. Keim vs Rebecca J. Biddinger and Levi Biddinger, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, and Brown for defendant.

36 Harriet A. Miller by her next friend and husband John Miller, Jr., vs John H. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

37 Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley vs Henry Engle. Hamill for plaintiff.

38 Elias Heavener vs W. H. Hagans. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

39 T. F. Livingood vs John Durst. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant.

40 R. S. Spiker vs Jacob Pysell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

41 Michael J. Hoban and John Regan vs Catharine McGraw. Brace and Richmond for plaintiff, and McHenry for defendant.

42 Charles F. Frazee vs George F. Lowdermilk, Schley & Thomas for plaintiff, and Gordon for defendant.

43 John Warnick vs W. C. Broadway and Stephen Broadwater. Brown for plaintiff. Hamill and Semmes for defendants.

44 E. C. Tillson vs B. & O. R. R. Co. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Boyd for def.

45 A. J. Spiker vs Henry Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

46 Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs vs Wm. M. Miller and Melchoir Miller. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs.

47 Pennsylvania Rail Road Company in Maryland vs the B. & O. R. R. Co. Walsh and Williams for plaintiff, and Boyd for defendant.

48 John Warnick vs Wm. C. Broadwater and Sampson Bidner. Brown and Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Semmes and Hamill for defendant.

49 John Spiker vs John Feicht. Brown for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

50 Wm. F. Mason vs Nicholas Merrill and G. W. Merrill. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff.

51 Archibald Chisholm, Jr., vs Beckwith A. Shrout. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

52 J. S. Jameson vs E. G. Blackburn and S. W. Friend, Sr. Hamill for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

53 James Howarth vs O. C. Faeenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

54 A Hunter Boyd, administrator of Roger Perry, deceased, vs Allen Garlitz. Hamill for plaintiff.

55 George Blatler, use of Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs Christena Doeringer and John Doeringer, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff.

56 Martha M. Wilder and John Wilder, her husband, vs John Ridder. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendant.

57 George D. White, Constable, vs John H. Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

58 Nancy Spiker vs John Feitch. Brown for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant.

59 James Howarth vs Otho Faeenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

60 Ruth Cline, by her next friend and husband Floyd S. Cline, vs Patrick Laffey. Hamill for plaintiff.

61 Aquilla B. McCarty vs Richard J. West. Brown and Willison for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

62 Margaret Sliger, by her next friend Geo. Sliger, vs John T. Bowers. Semmes for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Joel Bender and Fenes Keefer, under the firm and style of Bender & Keefer, in the lumber business, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 26th day of August, 1882.

JOEL BENDER,
FENES KEEFER.

8 03

Order of Publication.

John Beckman, vs. Truman W. Pritts and Elizabeth his wife.

No. 251 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate described in a mortgage executed by the defendants to the complainant on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1876.

The Bill alleges that the mortgage above referred to was executed by the defendants to the complainant to secure the sum of three hundred and seventy dollars, with interest from the 20th day of November, A. D. 1875, and that the mortgage debt and interest thereon is still due the complainant, except about seventy-four dollars, which has been paid.

The Bill further alleges that the time limited for the payment of said debt has passed, and prays for a sale of the land described in said mortgage, and also contains the usual prayer for process.

It is ordered, this 16th day of August, A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper, published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendants warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third Monday in December, A. D. 1882, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True Copy—Test—
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June 3'3m.

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Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,

Mountain Lake Park, Md.,

OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Order of Publication.

Simon P. Bowser, vs. Minerva Bowser. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett count. In Equity No. 50.

The object of the Bill in the above cause is to obtain a divorce, *a vinculo matrimo nii* from the defendant by the complainant.

The Bill states that the complainant and defendant were married on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1869, in Allegany county; that they continued to live together as man and wife until about the year A. D. 1871, when the said Minerva abandoned her said husband, since which time she has remained away from him, that said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years and that said abandonment on her part is final and beyond any reasonable hope of reconciliation, and that said abandonment took place in what is now Garrett county, that said defendant is a non-resident and prays for an order of publication.

It is ordered, this 22nd day of August A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendant warning her to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third Monday in December A. D. 1882, to show cause if any she has why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.

True copy—Test—
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1882.

The Political Situation.

The nomination in this Congressional district seems to have narrowed down to a contest between Urner and McComas, either of whom would be acceptable to the Republicans of this county. Our county convention will not be held until after the issue of this paper, and we cannot speak with any certainty as to the result, but judging from the information we have received from different parts of the county, we believe that McComas will have a majority of the delegates in the convention.

Washington county will send a solid McComas delegation to the Frederick convention.

Mr. Urner has the entire Frederick delegation.

Montgomery county will probably be divided between Urner and Hutchinson, with the strong probability of Urner finally securing the entire vote of the delegation.

Allegany county will most likely, after casting a complimentary vote for Dr. Porter, vote solidly for McComas.

The West Virginia Republicans have not been able to elect a Representative to Congress for some years, as the State has been so gerrymandered as to make a solid Democratic delegation certain. They believe, however, that there is a fighting chance for them in the Second and Fourth districts this years, and they will see what an earnest effort will accomplish.

A leading Democratic journal, for "prudence sake," assumes that the Democrats will not be able to make the South solid in 1884, &c. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] He commanded a [illegible] mad. He drank porter mixed with champagne, read deeply yet carelessly, visited England and France, and married in 1847 at the age of thirty-two, Joanna Purkammer, whom he carried to Switzerland and Italy on a tour, and seeing the King at Venice was called to dine, and a talk on politics after dinner is said to have started him in favor with the King; he sat in borrowed clothes on that occasion, not having his court suit along.

His first son was born in his own nest of Schonhausen. He had three children. The second was born at Berlin, and the third at Frankfort.

In 1847 he went into politics, taking a stand against the Liberal party and for the feudal and kingly privileges. As a member of the Diet at Frankfort, he became the defender of the King, right or wrong. It occurred to him that the German Confederation was a trap in which Austria kept Prussia fast.

An agitation arose in Prussia in 1847 for such a constitution as the English had, and the King called a Diet to carry out that intent. Bismarck arose, with a ruddy countenance, a blonde beard, thick, short hair and very tall stature. He protested against modern liberalism and the influence of foreigners in Prussia. The liberal press opened on him. He also made a severe speech against the Jews.

He opposed the taking away of any of the privileges from the King, even to the granting of taxation to the Legislature.

"The Prussian Crown," he said, "must never be forced into the position of the English Crown, which appears more like an ornament at the apex of the edifice of State. In our Monarchy I recognize it as the supporting pillar." The King asked him to his hunting parties.

Hearing one night at a beer saloon some member of the Royal Family insultingly mentioned, Bismarck broke his beer glass over the offender's head.

The King appointed him Ambassador to the German Diet at Frankfort in 1851. That was the beginning of his real prominence, now thirty years old.

Austria was all influential in the Diet, and the new comer assumed his heaviest dignity and began to look down on the Deputies under Austrian and Democratic influence. He boarded in the house of a Prussian merchant, rose late, took a horseback ride before dinner and often wore his military uniform. He afterwards kept a villa at Frankfort and showed much hospitality in it. He wore a medal which he had gained by saving a man's life, and it was his only decoration.

He labored to limit the arbitrary power of the President of the Diet, and devised the secret scheme to push Austria out of Germany. He was frequently in Paris. In 1858 Bismarck was recalled from Frankfort and sent to St. Petersburg as Minister, where his health began to show signs of decay. He learned the Russian language as rapidly as he had learned French and English, and gave some time to the education of his children. In 1862 he was made Ambassador to Paris for a little while, and then put at the head of the Prussian Government.

In two years he was made a Count, and had drawn Austria into the Danish embroglio, a war resulting and Denmark being plundered of her German Duchies. Austria proposed to make an independent State out of these conquests, while Bismarck desired a German Confederation under the leadership of Prussia.

The war with Austria was now precipitated by Bismarck. He regarded Austria as an Oriental and not a German power, and determined to put Prussia at the head of Germany.

In the spring of 1866 he was fired at and slightly wounded by a young man. Five shots were fired and three of them struck him, while Bismarck had his assailant by the throat. He walked to his house and ate his dinner as usual, and it is said that nobody at his table ate but himself. The King came to see him and the people serenaded him. The assassin committed suicide.—*"Gath," in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Spectacles on Saxon Boys.

All the Saxon boys do not receive collegiate education, but thousands of them do. There is scarcely a more pleasing sight in any of the large cities on Saturday or holidays than to see the swarms of red-capped and blue-capped young students on the streets. Nearly all of them wear spectacles, and they do so for any one of the following reasons:

1. Because they need them.
2. Because they don't need them.
3. Because they are afraid they may need them.
4. Because a student's uniform is not complete without them.
5. Because they think it makes them appear to be hard workers.
6. Because they think it makes them appear intellectual.

A German who had been in America for a number of years (he left this country before the spectacle disease broke out), on arriving in Germany saw a lad of about six years of age wearing a pair of glasses like an old man. He looked at the youngster a minute or two, and, turning to his wife, he said, "My God, one of our children were born that way!" His astonishment was not exaggerated. It is a remarkable fact that even children have caught the infection. Most of the spectacles are made out of plain window glass. Generally those who wear them can see better without them. But it is the fashion to wear them, and as long as this is the case the people will go on ruining their eyesight. Still, in many instances spectacles are an absolute necessity, not because of over-study, but rather because of the terrible German text. It is almost ruinous to the sight, and the question of dropping it and taking up the Latin text, which is now universally used outside of Germany, has many able advocates. Some German books, and a few German newspapers, are printed in the latter letter now. The advertisements are usually in Latin. All signs are in Latin and that text is used almost invariably in the printing of bill-heads, letter-heads, circulars, etc. Those who have any desire to acquire a knowledge of the German language will hail with delight the day when the German Government banishes the present provoking and antiquated text forever.—*Cor. Chicago News.*

The Cattle Plague In Pennsylvania.

A new and mysterious disease has broken out among the cattle in some sections of Pennsylvania. They have been known to drop dead fifteen minutes after they were first attacked. Two cows were driven in the pasture early in the morning. They were apparently well, but in twenty minutes they dropped dead. The rest of the herd commenced bellowing and pawing the earth, and pranced around the dead carcasses that were rapidly swelling. In a short time six more of the same drove were dead. The owner had their swollen bodies limed and buried in the woods. In this same way thirty-five head of cattle perished on different adjoining farms. Some died in the stable. One farmer found two cows dead in the barnyard. When the cattle are first attacked they refuse to eat or drink. They seem to be seized with a chill, and breathing becomes difficult. Some moan and appear to be in great pain. In a short time they lie down and die in great agony. Their bodies swell out of proportion, and a very foul odor is emitted. A hasty examination of one of the bodies shows that the blood of the dead animals turns completely black. A veterinary surgeon has been kept very busy for the past few days and at present is working day and night. He says the disease starts in the head, and he has become deathly sick while boring the horns of sick cattle. He says that the cows are dying from apoplexy of the spleen, and his opinion is concurred in by others, who are also busily engaged in the work of attending to various herds now in quarantine. The spleen of some of the dead carcasses is found to be quite putrid. The bodies of the dead animals are very poisonous and one man has already died from lock-jaw and blood-poisoning. He undertook to skin a carcass for its hide and also to perform a post mortem. Some of the poison of the animal got into his system through a wound on his hand, and in a few hours his entire system was poisoned. His body, arms and limbs became fearfully swollen and covered with black blotches. He was then attacked with lock-jaw, and died in terrible agony. Two others who assisted him narrowly escaped death. Their blotches were burned with caustic. Since then no attempts have been made to skin animals or examine them. They are buried in a hurry and the rest of the herd quarantined. All barnyards and stables are being thoroughly cleansed, and farmers are quickly quarantining all their cattle. The disease is contagious and said to be worse than the rinderpest or pleuro-pneumonia.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—An Americanized Frenchman, or rather a Utahized Frenchman, of South Chester, Pa., has two wives and eighteen children—nine by each wife. The women are sisters, and the half brothers and sisters are each other's cousins. Their father is their uncle, and their mothers are their aunts. The mothers are each other's sisters-in-law, and the husband is brother-in-law to both. The man is the uncle of his own children, and consequently is his own brother. He is the husband of his children's aunt, and, by a very simple course of reasoning, is uncle by marriage to his own offspring.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The World's Arctic Exploration.

Those old and daring navigators of the sea, the Dutch and the Danes, have joined the other Powers in the combined investigation of the Arctic regions. The first Dutch expedition set out in the steamer Willems Barens last May from Amsterdam, commanded by Lieutenant Hofmann. This vessel is to make a prolonged cruise in the Arctic Ocean for meteorological observations and also to explore more thoroughly the seaway to the mouths of the great rivers of Siberia. The second expedition was to have sailed last month and is bound for Dickson Haven, the Dutch station of observation in the Arctic Ocean. Some of the most scientific men in Holland have accompanied it. The Danish steamer Dympna, under command of Lieutenant Hovgaard, left Copenhagen on the 19th of July, amid great popular acclamations. Her entire crew have seen service in the Arctic. The expedition was fitted out by popular subscription and under the auspices of the Navy Department. Her commander is a young man only twenty-five years of age, who has had three years' experience in the Arctic region and was a companion of Professor Nordenskjold in the Vega. The course of the Dympna is from Copenhagen to Tromso, Norway, where coal and stores will be taken on board, and from that point the vessel will sail for the Kara Sea and Cape Tsjeljuskin, a point that has only been reached twice before. From here the three main objects of the expedition will be attempted; first, whether the current and ice will permit of further exploration without too much risk; second, to examine whether Franz Josef Land stretches toward the most northern point of Asia; and, third, whether the east coast of Franz Josef Land runs in a south-and-north direction. Lieutenant Hovgaard will bring his vessel to the southeast coast of this land, and then by sleds will attempt an overland journey northward. These Dutch and Danish expeditions, we believe, now complete the list, and vessels belonging to every civilized nation are now either on their way to the Arctic, or already there at their stations, like our own. Men famous in every department of science have accompanied them, and they have taken with them all the instruments known to modern science and all the conveniences to make life endurable in that inhospitable region for a period of three years. They will make exhaustive meteorological observations, and will study all the physical peculiarities of the Arctic region. As they are not bent upon any wild-goose chase or any search after the unsearchable, we may expect the most valuable results from their united efforts, and none of those tidings of suffering, disaster and death which have hitherto followed the sailing of ill-fated vessels in quest of the pole. All the stations are within limits already traversed, and none of the expeditions, possibly except the Danish, will venture beyond them. we may therefore look for a most extremely interesting account of the character of this distant section of the earth, which has had such fatal fascinations for mariners and explorers for ages past.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How a Young Girl is Afflicted.

Thomas Bigley and wife, residing at Rockport, have an adopted daughter, ten years of age. The girl is of average size, though slender, quite intelligent, and presents the appearance of much physical suffering—yet she seems to be cheerful and communicative. About five years ago she became a sufferer from bleeding at the nose and pain in the head. About one year ago, during one of her bleeding spells, a number of small live red ants were discovered in the flow of blood from the nose, and at different times some also issued from her ears. Some months ago, on one occasion, she lost more blood than usual, and a large number—probably nearly or quite a hundred—of live ants were found in it, after which she appeared much easier, comparatively free from pain in the head, and able to sleep well. At the present time she suffers the same pain in the head—in the temple and behind the ears. Mrs. Bigley says that about five years ago the child took a nap in the yard under a shade tree, and her peculiar suffering commenced immediately afterwards, and this leads her to believe that some red ants made their way in her nose, and they have multiplied and annoyed her ever since.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Journal.*

A Historical Coincidence.

It is a very striking illustration of the traditional forms of Eastern warfare that the lying bulletin in which Arabi Pasha announced to his followers the destruction or capture of the whole English fleet in the recent action before Alexandria, is an almost literal copy of that with which Nana Sahib, in July, 1857, endeavoured to sustain the failing courage of his Sepoys when the news of Havelock's advance upon Cawnpore to avenge the massacre began to spread among them. "The Queen of the English," wrote the Arabi Pasha of the Ganges, "gathered a mighty host to fight against us, and put her soldiers upon many ships, and sent them as far as Egypt. But the Padishah (Sultan) heard of their coming, and he sent and bade the Pasha of Egypt destroy them all. Then the Pasha of Egypt gathered his ships-of-war and poured the thunder of his cannon upon the fleet of the unbelievers until all their vessels were taken or destroyed and the yellow-faced English were sunk to the bottom of the sea."—*London Standard.*

Damage by Fires.

The damage to property by fires was exceptionally great in this country during the past six months. During the past five years, indeed, there has not been a period of similar length, with one single exception, in which the fire wastage attained the extent recorded during the recent period. The fires causing a damage of over $10,000 each, as figured by the *Commercial Bulletin*, numbered in January 140, 123 in February, 164 in March, 141 in April, 159 in May and 138 in June. Including all the fires, both large and small, the money loss inflicted was $10,500,000 in January, $7,200,000 in February, $7,000,000 in March, the same amount was lost in April, $7,500,000 in May and $7,500,000 in June. This makes a total destruction of property for the six months aggregating $46,700,000.

Exploits of Our Navy.

Without mentioning those instances where our navy gained great distinction and renown in foreign waters while acting under direct authority of Congress, in the bombardment of Algiers and Tripoli, during the conquest of California, the war with Mexico, and the two wars with England, our small but ever gallant and alert naval forces have earned and sustained a reputation for prompt and efficient action in the protection of American interest abroad which has been the pride and boast of all true and patriotic Americans.

During the year 1823, the Porto Rico (Spanish) privateers having upon several occasions interrupted our commerce, Commodore Porter sent a communication on the subject to the authorities of the island. Lieutenant W. H. Cocke, in command of the brig Fox, in attempting to enter the port of St. Johns, in order to receive a reply to the Commodore's official communication, was fired upon and killed. Commodore Porter threatened to bombard the town, and was dissuaded from doing so only by the prompt apology of the authorities of the island. Again, in October, 1823, Lieutenant Platt, commanding the United States brig Beagle, learning that one of our merchants doing business at St. Thomas had been plundered by Spanish pirates and his goods taken to Foxado, a small port on the island of Porto Rico, proceeded thither to recover the property. On making known the object of their visit Lieutenants Platt and Richie were arrested and detained under guard for a day. Commodore Porter, with his characteristic promptness, proceeded to Foxado to demand explanation and redress. Finding that the authorities, upon his arrival there, intended to open fire upon his vessel, he landed a force of sailors and marines, took their batteries, and compelled from the offenders the fullest apologies.

In February, 1832, Commodore Downes, in the frigate Potomac, ascertained that the Malays had captured the American ship Friendship, of Salem, Mass. An expedition was fitted out from the Potomac, officered by Lieutenants Shubrick, Hoff, Ingersoll and Totten, of the navy, and Lieutenant Edson, of the marines. The Malays made a determined resistance, but were finally overcome and several of their forts captured and destroyed. For this action the officers of the expedition received the thanks of the department. When Commander Kelly was at Shanghai, in 1854, in the sloop-of-war Plymouth, a combined attack of the English and American forces was made upon the encampment of the Imperialists in retaliation for aggressions committed by them upon British residents. In this action the Chinese were severely punished. This voluntary act of Commander Kelly received the approval of the President and the department.

In the latter part of June, 1853, while Commander Ingraham, in the sloop-of-war St. Louis, was at Smyrna, Turkey, he received information that a Hungarian named Martin Koszta, with an American passport and papers, had been arrested by some Austrian officials (on the charge of being a deserter from the Austrian army), and was held prisoner on board an Austrian brig-of-war, which vessel was supported by an Austrian steam gunboat. Commander Ingraham immediately made a demand for Koszta's release, at the same time running out his guns and preparing his ship for action. Koszta was promptly released, and the spirited action of Commodore Ingraham received the highest commendation from the Government, and a gold medal was awarded him by Congress.

In January, 1854, Lieutenant Strain, of the navy, was engaged in exploring a route across the isthmus. During the progress of the work the natives committed various outrages upon the persons and property of American citizens employed in or connected with the survey. In retaliation, Captain Hollins, in the sloop-of-war Cayne, bombarded and destroyed the town of San Juan de Nicaragua.

In April, 1858, Lieutenant Almy, in the Fulton, compelled the release of the American vessels that had been seized and detained by the authorities of Tampico, Mexico. On this occasion the Mexican Government desired to refer the matter of the seizure of these vessels to the official action of the respective Governments. "You will release the vessels first," said Almy; "then the Government can indulge in all the 'palever they want to.'"

In August, 1858, Captain Kelly, in the Saranac, compelled by a display of force at San Juan del Sur, in Nicaragua, the release of two American citizens who had been unjustly imprisoned. In August, 1858, Commander Sinclair visited Waga, one of the Fejees, and inflicted summary punishment upon the natives for the murder of two American citizens. He destroyed their town and laid waste the country for miles.

In November, 1858, Captain Lavalette, in the frigate Wabash, visited Beyrout, Syria, to investigate the outrages committed upon our citizens, and particularly the circumstances connected with the murder of Mr. Dickson, near Jaffa. All but one of the party implicated in the outrages were promptly arrested, tried and summarily punished by Captain Lavalette.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The following measurements of the great lakes will be found interesting and are absolutely correct, having been taken by Government surveyors: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth is 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 81 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The total of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area of upwards of 135,000 square miles.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

For Young Readers.

PUPPY-DOGS AT PLAY.

Rolling and tumbling about on the grass,
A snippity, snappity, snarlity mass
Of black fur and yellow fur. Whew, see them run!
Here they go, there they go—dear me, what fun!
"Ill! Master Blackfur, catch me if you can,"
Barks Master Yellowfur. Ha, ha, my man,
Blackfur is hiding there close by the walk—
Look out for him now while you're stopping to talk.

Black mother Cubby lies here by the door,
Dreaming, no doubt, of the bright days of yore,
When she, with her own little puppy-dog mate,
Rolled, tumbled and jumped about, early and late.
Cubby is now as sedate as a nun,
And sometimes we think she cares nothing for fun.
But a quick, funny look twinkled out of her eye
A moment ago, and I think I know why.

There they are off again; here they are back,
Snappity, snappity, yellow and black.
O naughty Blackfur, how could you do so?—
Yellowfur's only a neighbor, you know.
And Blackie has bitten him right on the ear,
And now he "won't play any more over here."
I wonder why boy-plays and puppy-plays, too,
End so often in trouble and tears as they do.
—*Chicago Advance.*

THE DEACON'S CHERRIES.

"Cherries? I should say so! There's no end to 'em—trees are loaded, and red's a burning-bush. I was by there to-day."

It was an intensely eager voice, and Davy Kent, the speaker, ended his little speech with an expressive smack of the lips.

"He'd never missed the few we'd take, would he, boys?" That was Ned Rogers. It was upon a straw pile behind Mr. Roger's barn that the boys were holding an earnest consultation.

"Miss 'em? No, not if we took twice as many as we will."

"A bushel will be enough to treat the whole crowd, won't it?"

"Oh, any amount."

"Now see here, boys"—and Clem Goodrich lifted himself into a sitting posture and knitted his brows thoughtfully as he spoke—"I think—isn't this—doesn't it seem a little bit like stealing? Don't you suppose he'd give us a few if we were to ask him? It looks to me—"

But right here Clem's mild voice was drowned in a roaring, boisterous chorus.

"It's not staling, me boy," said Con O'Brien, with the faintest brogue in the world; "it's only helping ourselves to a few cherries, that otherwise might spoil for want o' the picking, and so be wasted intirely. And if Dea on Gammon don't know it, he'll be none the wiser, for he's got piles and hapes more'n he can take care of. Ten to one he'll be obliged to us for helping him out a little—he isn't a bad old gintleman at heart, you know. And it's for the fun of it as well as the ating we take 'em, that's the truth."

"So 'tis," echoed a good many of the boys.

As for Clem, he gazed into Con's serious face doubtfully, yet, it must be confessed, very willing to be convinced.

"I suppose you know best," said he—"you fellows that have lived here all your lives."

"Of course," laughed Jerry Parker. "Why, my father says he always plants an extra melon seed for us boys as well as for the bugs."

So they reasoned away their doubts and made their plans; and somehow, before the little party broke up, each boy had pretty nearly succeeded in persuading himself that he would be doing the Deacon a favor by helping him make away with a small portion of his fruit. All the same, Ned Rogers couldn't resist a little feeling of guilt, not unmingled with dread, when his father said at the tea table that evening: "I wonder what Deacon Gammon thought of that mow of early-cut timothy? He was up to look at it this afternoon."

Nobody could tell what the Deacon thought of the hay, for nobody had seen him. But Ned was thinking that he would give something to know just at what time in the afternoon the Deacon came to look at that haymow.

That was what he said to his friends when they met next night all ready for the proposed raid on the Deacon's cherries. There were not a few blank faces in the little crowd when he told his story.

"He might have heard us if he was there when we were talking," said Ned, beating a lively tattoo on the bottom of his basket. "I don't say he did, but he might."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Con O'Brien. "The Deacon's deaf a little, and I don't believe he could hear what we were a-saying. Why didn't you go round, me boy, to the straw hape, and see if you could hear yourself into the barn?"

A shout went up at that, which, to be sure, was exactly what Con wanted, since there is nothing better than a jolly-sounding laugh to put a boy on good terms with himself and everybody else.

"It's all right," said he. "Come on, now, and don't you be afraid o' nothin'."

Not a boy among them was afraid; but a good many of them couldn't keep their hearts from fluttering in a very queer way when they came, with their baskets and bags, to the gap in Deacon Gammons orchard wall. The orchard was near the house, and the cherry-trees were scattered about among the apple-trees in a hap-hazard fashion. The house looked dark and still.

"It's just as I told you," whispered Con O'Brien, triumphantly. "The Deacon and his wife have gone to prayer-meeting, and the coast is clear. Rah for us! Look at 'em, me boys!"

They did more than look at the great, delicious, clustering cherries hanging from boughs which bent low down with their weight. They pulled them by handfuls, and bags and baskets were rapidly filled.

"But there don't look to be any less 'n there was when we begun," said Con, with a merry chuckle. "Now, boys, isn't this a big help to the old gintleman? He'd niver get away with 'em alone, sure."

There was no sound except the voices of the frogs in the marsh under the hill while the work went briskly on. It was when the boys were nearly ready to leave that they heard a voice in the direction of the Deacon's domicile:

"I don't know, but I'll walk out and see."

"It's ould Mrs. Gammon herself!" sounded Con's excited whisper. "Go for the gap, me boys, and don't spill your cherries over. Go, now!"

They were all only too ready to obey. Away they skurried, with long leaps, like frightened rabbits, through the orchard grass to the break in the wall. But they did not go beyond it. Up rose the Deacon on the other side, as cool—so Jerry Barker afterward said—as a frozen cucumber.

"Good-evening, boys," said he. He took off his hat as he spoke, and by the light of the moon the boys could see that he was making a desperate effort to keep his face straight. "Now I'm—Hold on there! *Stop!*"

For Con and Ike Harris had started to run. They stopped, however. There was nothing else to do when the Deacon spoke in that way, and they knew it.

"Let's see," said the Deacon, reaching toward Ned Rogers' basket, which was forthwith handed over to him with great alacrity—"let's see how many you've got."

He examined every boy's load in turn carefully and in silence, and all the while the boys looked into each other's faces without speaking. Oh! if the moon would but go under a cloud!

When the Deacon had finished his inspection, he spoke again, kindly, and with a pleasant smile:

"Now, boys, I'm much obliged to ye. I've laid out to go to town with a load o' truck to-morrow, an' I was wonderin' how I'd get my cherries picked. I'm realy obliged to ye, and I'll be more so if ye'll carry 'em to the house for me."

Not a boy felt like disobeying. Not one but silently picked up his burden of cherries and marched along before the Deacon to the house and into the porch.

"Set 'em right down here," directed Deacon Gammon, cheerily, "an' I'll see to 'em 'fore long. Now, boys, ye've worked consider'ble hard, an' you want some supper. Come in an' have some cherry pie an' cheese."

Every boy's face said he would rather die, and there was a sound of murmured negatives.

"Yes you will," said the Deacon; "You've worked well, an' deserve your supper. Right in to the kitchen now, right in! Mother's a-waitin' for ye."

So she was—kind, motherly Mrs. Gammon. And there was a table loaded with goodies waiting for them, too—sandwiches, and plum-cake, and cherry pie, and cherry tarts, and cherries—cherries everywhere.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Gammon, beaming upon the boys.

"Take some chairs," ordered the Deacon, behind them; "and set right up and have some cherry pie and sech."

The boys wondered whether they were awake or dreaming as they filed shamefacedly past Mrs. Gammon, hats in hand, and took seats at the well-spread table.

"Now help yourselves," said the Deacon's wife. And each boy in his heart wondered if she knew, and hoped she didn't. But they helped themselves readily enough; and at length, between the Deacon's funny stories and the delicious cherry pie, they came as near to enjoying themselves as was possible under the circumstances.

"You ain't eat scarcely anything," said the Deacon, when the boys finished their meal. "Have some cherries? No cherries? Ho! ho! ho!"

"Now, father!" expostulated his wife, mildly; and then the boys *knew* she knew.

"I don't s'pose I'd ought to," said the Deacon; and he walked to the head of the table, and stood there looking down at his young guests with a queer little smile. "I ain't much of a speech-ifier," said he, "but I want to ask you boys a question. Which would ye rather be, when ye get ready to take your fathers' places, honest men or rogues?"

Every boy caught his breath. The old eight-day clock in the corner ticked painfully loud.

"The man'll be nigh about the same as the boy," went on the Deacon. "Now which'll you be, boys, rogues or honest men?"

"Hon—honest men," cried Con O'Brien.

Later on he said he couldn't help it, with the Deacon looking at him, and the Deacon's wife wiping her glasses in that anxious way; but he meant it all the same. And they all followed his lead, as they ever did, every boy.

"That's right," said Deacon Gammon—"that's just right; and we won't say another word about it."

"No, don't," said his wife.

But, after all, it was Con O'Brien who said the right thing in the right place, as he picked up his basket, which wasn't entirely empty, in the porch.

"Whenever you want any help about picking your cherries, Deacon Gammon, call on us," said he. "We'll be sure to come when you sind for us, and we won't come before, honest Injun!"

"That's right," said the Deacon—"that's right."

Then his eyes twinkled, as the boys filed out into the night. "Edward," said he to Ned Rogers, "tell your father that's the best mow of timothy I ever saw."

"It's just the way I thought," cried the boys, when they got out of the Deacon's hearing, "just exactly."—*Harper's Young People.*

A Snake-Visitation in Chester County.

If St. Patrick ever revisits "the glimpses of the moon" he can find congenial work by descending in Chester County, Pa., where snakes of many kinds have multiplied at such rate that it is now scarcely safe to go on foot, and laborers in the harvest fields are demanding double pay for their services in view of the danger that each day's work will be their last. Old inhabitants of the county declare that such a visitation of venomous reptiles has never afflicted them before, and people who certainly tell the truth on other subjects relate amusing stories of the black snakes and copperheads which they and their neighbors have killed. G. R. Mishler had a ten-acre field of wheat to harvest in Coventry Township, and the reaper decapitated seven snakes in cutting two swathes. The reptiles so frightened the horses that it was no longer possible to drive them up to the standing grain. Cradles were therefore brought, but the farm-hands would not wield them until they had been promised double wages for the job. When the most grain was reduced to about half an acre it was alive with snakes, and the workmen killed seventeen in less than an hour.—*Philadelphia Times.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Two small hogs, maturing early, are more profitable than one large one.

—The best butter from grass is further improved by feeding the cows a little corn meal.

—The gooseberry is easily raised, provided a cool, moist and rich soil in a sheltered position be given.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Startling as the statement may seem, the destruction of crops by noxious insects in the United States has reached the enormous sum of $400,000,000 in a year.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A favorite cup pudding is made of six eggs, beaten very light, seven tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of sweet milk. Stir these altogether briskly and bake in cups.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Three Cotswold ewes belonging to Sam. Byars, living on the Dutch Ridge Pike, gave birth to ten lambs. Two of them gave birth to three each and one to four. Who can beat this in the sheep business?—*Augusta (Ky.) Bulletin.*

—One way to beautify a baby carriage and to make the young occupant appear to advantage is to make a pillow-case for his pillow of blue silesia; to this may be fastened on the upper side a soft cover of darned net, with an edge of lurchon. Fasten this to the silesia with small bows of narrow blue ribbon. Make each bow unlike the others. This can be placed on the pillow when the baby is to be *taken out* in his best—at other times a plain white pillow-case edged with Hamburg or torchon is good enough for the best of babies.—*Detroit Post.*

—Oatmeal porridge is excellent if made in this way: Soak two cups of oatmeal all night in water; in the morning strain it, and let it boil briskly for half an hour; then add about two cups of milk, and salt to your taste; let this boil up once or twice; sweeten or not as the patient may prefer. This can be assimilated by a very weak stomach, and is not only refreshing but nourishing. When straining the oatmeal before cooking, rub it in the sieve with a spoon, so that all the soft part will be saved.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Pickled Peppers: Select large green peppers—those known as sweet are best—cut a small slit in the side and very carefully take out the seeds with a spoon handle. Soak in brine for a week, changing the water every other day. Chop fine, onions, red cabbage, cucumbers, green tomatoes; add grated horse radish, whole grapes, little cucumbers, mustard seed, celery seed; mix together and salt. Before filling, sprinkle the inside of each pepper with a mixture of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice; then stuff, sew up the slit and cover with cold vinegar. Cover tightly and set aside. Excellent.—*Our Continent.*

Care of Grass Lands.

The present seems to be a favorable season in which to offer a useful suggestion in reference to the treatment of grass lands. It is true that farmers have quite enough to attend to in properly curing and storing the crop already grown, without spending time in preparing for any future crop. Practical suggestions in reference to the treatment of meadows will carry force to the mind of the farmer if the evils to be remedied are present. A farmer in doing his haying cannot help seeing the crop of foul weeds that should not be allowed in his meadow. If there is a new meadow not properly seeded, which could have been remedied ere loss resulted, then it is proper that such an inferior meadow should receive some thought from the farmer during haying. During haying is the best time in which to consider methods of improvement. Defects and weak spots in his system of farming are quite as much apparent at this season as at any time during the year.

It may be well to give some thought to the question of the quantity of manure it is profitable to apply as a top-dressing to meadow land. We are altogether too chary of time and expense in the care of our meadows. I know of meadows that have never received an application of any kind of manure during the last ten years. All meadows treated in this way are very susceptible to the evil effects of what is called "a bad season." The usual manner of top-dressing meadows is little better than the practice of not top-dressing at all. In many cases the quantity of fertilizers applied is not half enough to accomplish the object desired. The application is also made but once in three or four years. Often barnyard manure is not in proper shape to use. I have travelled over meadows often during haying, where the horse-rake gathered up great quantities of half-rotten straw and sun-dried chips of manure which were hauled to the barn with the hay. All this can be avoided. It may seem to be a useless and unreasonable task to work over the manure heap at least twice before it is hauled to the field to be used. I know that few farmers perform this extra labor, their reasons for not doing it being lack of time, and they do not see wherein it would pay.

The one great and immediate return to be expected from top-dressing with well fined manure, is that the growing crop will assimilate all the manure the first season after the application. I know several farmers who annually resolve not to fall-feed their meadows. As pastures commence to fail in autumn this good resolution is broken. I am unable to see wherein it can injure a meadow to pasture it in the fall if it is in good condition. But if the meadow is in poor condition, then by no means pasture it in the fall.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Champion Tenement House.

Berlin boasts the champion tenement house. It is a lofty double house with an additional house in the rear and 1,258 persons make their home in it. A religious census of the house has been taken, from which it appears that 1,073 of the tenants belong to the Evangelic Lutheran faith, 132 are Roman Catholics, twenty-six are Jewish and twenty-seven are dissenters of various shades. Of the women sixty-six were living alone, fifty-nine were Lutheran and seven Roman Catholic; eight had been abandoned by their husbands. Eighteen Lutheran husbands had Catholic and two had Jewish wives; eleven Catholic husbands had Lutheran wives. In one case the husband was Jewish and the wife Lutheran, and in one the husband was a dissenter and the wife Jewish.

A Heavy Peach Train.

There is an enormous train which comes singing into Jersey City every morning at four o'clock. It is called the peach train, and it supplies the market which has been specified. It is made up of cars which come through the various parts of the States of Delaware, Maryland and new Jersey. At every small rural station the cars stop, and crates of peaches, freshly gathered, are loaded upon them. The cars run finally together, and make up the great train which at daybreak empties its load into the biggest market on the continent.

Yesterday morning the peach train numbered eighty-two cars, each of which was loaded with 500 crates of peaches. All of these were dumped in West Washington Market at an early hour, and all were cleared out before sundown in anticipation of a similar supply to-day. There is no pause in the handling of peaches. The market men must get them immediately off their hands, and they accept one price when they cannot get another. If the train is delayed there is less time for selling. What is called a glut is the consequence, and, the exchange being rapid, the prices are less. This was the case yesterday. The train was so heavy that it was a laggard. It had to be broken into four parts to be dragged into Jersey City, and the last section did not arrive until nearly eight o'clock, four hours behind the proper time. At noon the booths in the market were bursting. All the small stands for a mile about were loaded down. Gansevoort Market, up at the head of Hudson Street, was so choked with the fruit that a quantity of it rolled into the gutters. But the alleys swarmed during all the heat of the day with thousands of buyers, the great trucks of the produce men rolled in and out of the market in an uninterrupted stream for hours, and by nightfall the booths were empty, and the 16,000,000 peaches were gone.

Of yesterday's shipment to the city 8,000,000 peaches came from Maryland and Delaware, and 2,000,000 from New Jersey—this, of course, being an estimate. The Delaware and Maryland fruit is considered finer than that from the State just across the river. As for the watermelons, whatever may be the fact as to their relative taste, there can be no doubt of the superior beauty of the melon of the Carolinas as compared with its cousin from New Jersey. The Jersey melon is a deep sea green, stumpy, round, and on the whole ridiculous in appearance, whereas the Carolina fruit is nearly a yard long, beautifully elliptical in shape, and set off with longitudinal stripes of yellow, green and pink of the most brilliant hue. In the starlight and lamplight last evening the hummocks of New Jersey melons looked altogether mean in contrast with the pyramids formed by their robust and gorgeous Southern neighbors. It is an advantage with watermelons that they are not perishable in nearly so high a degree as peaches are. Watermelons can be kept four or five days if the supply of watchmen is sufficient. Without watchmen, however, watermelons are evanescent, and can be kept no longer than peaches.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Canonchet Sold.

Recently the famous homestead of Governor William Sprague, Canonchet, was sold under the hammer. There was a large crowd in waiting, but all were denied admission. On Monday an attachment for $10,000 was levied on the estate by a United States Marshal in favor of Philadelphia people. Trustee Chaffee and Lawyer Patton were there ready for the sale. At twelve o'clock the largest crowd ever attending an auction sale of the Sprague property assembled in the roadway in front of the main entrance of Canonchet. Before the sale was begun, Mr. Richard Comstock, of Providence, gave notice to the auctioneer and all intending to bid that on Monday the firm of Mowry & Comstock had attached the Canonchet property in the name of Evan Randolph, of Philadelphia, for $40,000 on a process issued out of the United States Court. Mr. C. Frank Parkhurst in reply to this said that this attachment grew out of a suit of Hoyt, Sprague & Co. The title to this property was originally in the Spragues and the latter were not liable in this matter. Auctioneer Hall invited the crowd to get over the gate and come across the bridge, where it was shady. They followed him to the other side of the bridge by walking across the stringers, and were about to pass on to the grounds when Willie Sprague suddenly appeared in the road mounted on a horse. He cried "Halt!" and the order not being obeyed at once, he put his right hand into his pocket and took hold of a pistol, and then there was a halt. No one offered to advance a step. The bidding was begun by Henry Hidden, of Providence, for $20,000, and George W. Batts made it $21,000. Oliver W. Green, of Wickford, bid $26,000. Then Sheriff Tucker gave notice that the local auctioneer, under whose direction the sale was begun, was not legally appointed, and that he should hold everyone responsible for what was done. Mr. Hall explained the facts of Mr. Chandler's appointment and engagement before the town council, and then the sale again progressed. The issue was now between James D. Lynch, of New York, who bid in the interest of Francis D. Moulton, the "mutual friend" of Beecher and Tilton. Moulton finally secured the property at $62,250.

While the sale was in progress Governor Sprague occupied the front piazzi of the house with a rifle in his hand, awaiting the advance of the enemy. The sale was a terrible sacrifice, $600,000 having been laid out on the property, while there were four hundred acres of land thrown in. It was bought for speculation and will be sold in lots.—*Providence (R. I.) Special to Chicago Times.*

—On the eve of a Yorkshire election Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont (a great coal owner), an aged lady, drove in her chariot-and-four to Downing Street, and sought an interview with the then Prime Minister, with whom she was well acquainted. "Well, my lord, are you quite determined to make your man stand for our seat?" "Quite determined." "Very well. I am on my way to Yorkshire with $400,000 for my man. Try and do better than that." Lord Dacre, who told this story, said that he had known the Government to spend $200,000 secret service money on an election.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Change in Pastures.

A correspondent asks us, why is it that the timothy fields change from their original state, timothy, to that of clover, and from that to the original again in the course of one or two years. Also, why the white clover grows in and crowds out everything else in very old meadows?

The timothy being a larger, better rooted plant, and a more vigorous grower than red clover, under ordinary circumstances, it predominates over other grasses. Upon a sowing of equal parts of timothy and clover seed for a meadow, if left to itself the clover will generally predominate, but if the aftermath is used as a fall pasture and the stock is allowed to nip it close to the ground, and the winters are very severe, the timothy will take the lead, and the clover will be smothered out or kept down to insignificant proportions ready to overshadow its rival again when the opportunity offers.

For similar reasons the white clover supplants the cultivated grasses in the old meadows and also in pastures. The white clover and blue grass are the more hardy plants standing the winters better than most other kinds, and while farmers pasture so vigorously, especially late in the fall, they will predominate. This practice of keeping the pastures and meadows so bare affords the thistles and weeds a chance to encroach upon the land, especially the biennial sorts to fix roots in the soil.—*Western Rural.*

—It is generally the case that a would-be suicide, particularly one who seeks the water route to the Elysian fields, will not refuse succor if offered. A Brooklyn man, however, jumped into the East River and refused to grasp a rope that was thrown within easy reach. Such determination bespeaks unutterable woe. —*N. Y. Times.*

"MR. JONES," began Smith, as they met at the corner to wall for the car, "is it positively necessary that your son must play the accordion until midnight for six nights a week?" "Not at all, Mr. Smith," was the prompt reply. "Not any more necessary than it is for your daughter and her beaux to sit on the front steps seven nights per week and keep us awake until one o'clock in the morning." "My daughter, sir, has a perfect right to have a beau!" "And my son, sir, has a legal right to play his accord on!" "Gentle men," began Mr. Thomas, as he came up, "I don't want to offend you, for we are all neighbors, but if you, Mr. Jones, would clean out your alley, and you, Mr. Smith, would poison your nuisance of a dog, I believe I would gain five pounds of flesh per week." "Hello! Thomas!" saluted Brown from the rear platform of the car to which they had waited, "five teen waiting to see you for a week past. Your confounded old horse stands and stamps all night long, and none of us can get a wink of sleep. Just for a change, and to be neighborly, suppose you knock him on the head with an ax!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Salem (Mass.) *Register* mentions: Mr. J. S. LeFavour, artist, surprisingly benefited by St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism twenty years.

A MAN may like to stand on the pinnacle of fame, but he does not care to sit down on the first part of it.—*Boston Star.*

THE Albany (N. Y.) *Argus* observes: Judge McGowan, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

A SHIP is always called "she" because she's never good for much until she's manned.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Woman and Her Diseases"

Is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, postpaid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"THEY tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "It left me long ago."

YOUNG men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

EARTHQUAKES are so common in some parts of California that the people have substituted them for fever and ague.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Dead Shot

may be taken at liver and billous disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

A LADY had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. —— tried to tell her to wash her face without offending her, and at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she said in a confidential manner, "that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make your beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye niver tried it, ma'am?"

From the Hub

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

AN itinerant accordion player was killed by a locomotive the other day. It is not always that the locomotive is so justly discriminating, and the Coroner's verdict should have acquitted the iron horse on the ground of self-defense.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Cape Ann *Advertiser* tells how to color old gold with horse-radish leaves. What we want to know is how to get any old gold to color.—*Lowell Courier.*

A WRITER in the London *Spectator* says that "it is next to impossible to distinguish an English gentleman from an American gentleman." But we can distinguish them, you know; yaas, indeed we can, my deah fellah.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THERE is a young lady at Saratoga who is so modest that she always retires to her own room to change her mind.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"FAT BOY: No, you cannot raise chickens from egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cow-catcher."—*Berwick Gazette.*

THE rich young lady who recently married a horse-car driver had taken to heart Sir Joseph Porter's pronunciamento that "love is a front platform on which all ranks meet."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NEVER go under a tree during a thunderstorm. It isn't fair to the lightning, which has often to spoil a very good tree to get at a poor sort of a man.—*Fall River Advance.*

THEY make a banana ice-cream now. And it's so slippery that a man has to lie down on the floor and hold on with both hands to swallow any of it.

AN Iowa woman named her baby after Queen Victoria, and the Queen never even thanked her for the honor conferred, or asked if the child had red hair.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LOUISVILLE man has succeeded in cooking a meal by electricity. Pretty soon no man who hasn't a lightning rod in his stomach will be safe.—*Courier Journal.*

*** "Troubles often come from whence we least expect them." Yet we may often prevent or counteract them by prompt and intelligent action. Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole system.

AN æsthetic correspondent says that Josh Billings has a vulgar walk. Yes, a kind of Billings' gate.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

NO MAN that ever lived can clinch an argument without riveting his opponent's attention.—*Andrews' American Queen.*

☞ With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample.

ENGINEERS think the foils of Washington can be improved. There are lots of them to work on.—*N. O. Picayune.*

FOR threshing machines, use Wise's Axle Grease.

SCUM invariably rises. Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.—*Toledo American.*

RUSSIA Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and flesh wounds.

A GREAT many workers work best while the eye of the boss is on them; they strike while the eye on is hot.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

TO CALL a laundress a bosom friend is flat irony.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1, at Druggists.

GAME and poultry are highest at night—when the bucs and the fowl roost.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

A GOOD cocoanut is meaty, but a falling star is meteor.—*Lowell Courier.*

EVERYBODY says, Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

WISE'S keeps oily and moist summer or winter.

Merchant's GARGLING OIL LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1861, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies (especially on account of the many humbugs on the market); however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our Liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of five sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper is similar in for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for *all* diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, alter making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

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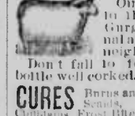

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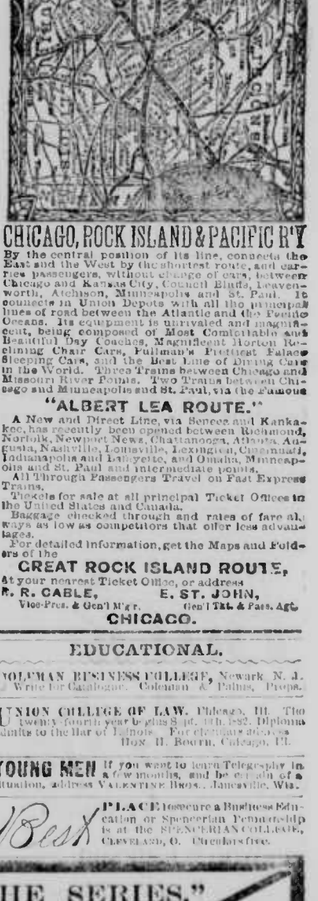

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Cure for Asthma.

A lady whose husband had suffered very acutely from asthma, and has tried many methods of relief without advantage, sends the following:

"One very hot day when the thermometer stood at one hundred and six degrees my husband took a severe cold, and asthma trouble commenced. A gentleman sent him word that an old man of his acquaintance had been cured by sleeping on a pillow made of "wild balsam," or, as the Massachusetts people call it, "life everlasting," It grows wild in most places in the country, and is very sweet, and considered by some an excellent thing for cold—made into a tea, of course. We had not a particle of faith, but, as some grew close by, sent and got it, and, as it was not dry enough for a pillow, put it on the floor in his bedroom. That night my husband did not have the asthma, nor has he had it since. We are going to give it a thorough trial. It has worked a miracle so far, for it is now a week since he has had the asthma."

As we cannot take up a drop of water from the Atlantic and find in that drop the flow of the tides, the lifting up of the billows, the power that floats all the ships of a thousand ports, and the soft and loud music of a calm and storm; as to see the ocean we must grasp in all its rock-bed bordered by the continents—so we cannot, in the race of a dying infant or the adversity of a good man, see the government of the love of God. It has boundaries wider than these. We must wait, and what the fleet moments of man deny, ask the great years of God to bring. The tides of the mind, the deep music of human waters, cannot be seen in the drop of life.—*David Swing.*

POTATOES SEVEN WAYS.—Sunday, peel, steam, mash, add milk, butter and salt, and then beat like cake batter, the longer the better, till they are nice and light; keep hot. The steaming and beating will be found a great improvement. Monday, baked potatoes in their jackets. Tuesday, peel and bake with roast beef. Wednesday, fried raw potatoes, Thursday, peel, steam and serve whole. Friday, "potatoes a la pancake," peel, cut in thin slices lenghtwise, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and fry in butter, turning like griddle cakes. Saturday, potatoes boiled in their jacketst. And so on through as many days more m as many different ways, ad libitum.

The German saloon-keepers in Ohio who have gone over to the Democrats are giving their new party friends trouble. They have already caused a serious split in Cuyahoga county. In order to please the Germans, a man of their nationality was nominated for sheriff, over a tried Irish Democrat. The latter at once bolted. The result is likely to be serious, and will affect not only the county ticket, but the State and Congressional tickets also.

The registration of medical practitioners in Pennsylvania shows in round numbers there are sixty-five hundred registered. Of these registered five hundred are graduates of colleges of the bogus kind and eight hundred and thirty-eight are not graduates of any institution, but are permitted to register because they have been in practice since 1871.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

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If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate, and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

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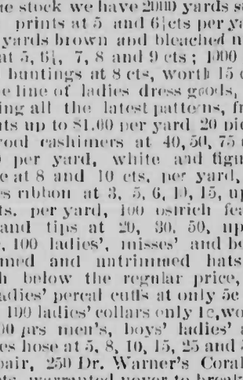

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.13 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.35 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 1 22 1y

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JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "**Roland.**" The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,

Manufacturer of

AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,

Office and Salesroom

104 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 82 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland, on

Saturday, September 9, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 185 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 101 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 t Attorney named in said Mortgage.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 816 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., August 24th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, September 11, 1882,

For the transaction of any business that may properly come before the Board.

By order

J. C. DUNHAM.
8 26 3 Clerk.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 85, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

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LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882. NUMBER 29.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DELL DRUG Co

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Willink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and Farming Implements
—Also—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, 4ds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor,"
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. dl7 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore. Nov. 28, 1881.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

Jos. McCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. $1,000 will be paid if any impurities or mineral substance can be found in PE-RU-NA, or in any case it will not cure or help. PE-RU-NA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by all other medicines combined. Strengthens, purifies, and cures. PE-RU-NA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession. PE-RU-NA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lung and Heart diseases. As a Catarrh remedy, it has no equal; it positively cures the worst cases. You cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine, opium, or other poisonous drug. For Intermittent Fever, Chill and Fever, Dumb Ague, Malaria, and all Fevers, PE-RU-NA is unequaled. Be Sure and Get Your Grocer to Procure It. Be Induced to Accept Nothing Else. Whether heated, by a young or old, male or female, PE-RU-NA is just what is needed. Ask your druggists for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis. For Kidney and Pelvic Diseases, take Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Accumulation of Small Amounts.

The London *Economist* calls attention to the fact that the fractions of a penny which the Bank of England has saved in its payments of dividends on the part of the national debt entrusted to its care by holders—it always having been the practice to reckon such fractions in its own favor—have now accumulated to the astonishing sum of $716,360. The *Economist* cites this case as an illustration of the power of accumulation of small amounts. As such it is most forcible, and it ought to encourage saving among the people, however trifling the amount persons in poor circumstances may be able to lay by each day or week. It suggests, too, the wisdom of the British government in providing postal facilities for the convenience of the people in saving small sums, provision being made by the stamp system for the reception of penny deposits. The amount of wealth in England has steadily increased as the result of the encouragement of small savings among the people, the deposits in the Postal Savings Bank having increased $12,500,000 during 1881. Such encouragement is much needed among the people of the United States, one of whose greatest faults is wastefulness and extravagance.

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, make pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, stength and beauty. Ladies try it.—*Bazaar.*

The Egyptian Army.

Much has been said and written about the Egyptian army, but an intelligible account of its present condition has not yet been given in this country. The last two numbers of the *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, a paper which represents the views of the French staff, contain an account of the past history and the present condition of the army which is by far the best we have seen. To understand the present condition of the army we must understand the history of its development. That history is in brief as follow:

Upon the accession of Abbas Ibn Tonssoun in 1818 the old army, which does not now concern us, was organized. In the new system the colonels were a superior class, well selected as a rule, well paid, having a fair knowledge of their profession and the habit of authority. Beneath them, the inferior officers were ill-paid, ill-educated and hardly to be distinguished from the non-commissioned officers and men by their habits or power of rule. The colonels obtained their places generally by the services which they had rendered to the State. From their ranks were chosen not only the general, but most of the high civil functionaries. To become a colonel in the army was therefore a title to all high employment, and the best spirits in the country sought to obtain the command of a regiment. The lower ranks of the army were ill clad and fed and hardly paid at all, but the men had the virtues of poverty—sobriety, patience and great steadiness for labor.

The superior officers were almost all Turks, who were thus, as they have remained to this day, practically masters of the country. The Fellahs were taken from their agricultural pursuits by the rudest form of conscription according to the good pleasure of the ruler for the time being. They, the mass of the inhabitants of the country, have been and are the material of the army. The superior races commanded, but the inferior (if, indeed, their peculiar virtues are inferior to the power of command) did the fighting. The Christian Dopts seldom entered the army, except in quasi-civil positions and the Bedouins maintained always and until this day the position of auxiliaries fighting how and when they pleased.

When Said succeeded his nephew Abbas, he set to work to form an exclusively short service army, which was, however, thoroughly well drilled, and made mobile to an extent hitherto unknown. The young soldiers were well dressed, well fed, admirably alert in their duties, and followed their master like his shadow. Having begun with a body guard of a couple of companies of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and two guns, he made successive additions to this small force, adding to it by selection from the army. As soon as his body guard reached a total of 15,000 men he packed off the rest of the army on furlough, and impressed new recruits, from whom in their turn he again selected additions for his guard, which thus became the Army. He did not actually organize a reserve, but he had, in fact, a small army of extremely short service, backed by a force of some 200,000 men in the country, who had all passed some time in the ranks and been thoroughly drilled. The vice of it all was that law, order, command, and even organization centred in Said himself. The subordinate officers lost the habit of command, and were of no executive use.

Ismail, on his accession, set himself to the task of reversing Said's policy and of returning to the ways of Abbas. He accumulated an immense supply of arms. He placed the system of forts in good order. He introduced European methods of instruction for both officers and men. Primary and preparatory schools led up to the military school, properly so called, through which commissions were obtained, and even a staff school was formed, with French officers as instructors. Thus the army was greatly improved, but the expense was not calculated, and a collapse, financial and political, resulted from the extravagance of Ismail. Tewfik succeeded to the throne, which had become more detached from dependence on Constantinople, but depended for its very life on economy. The army had to be reduced again, but by this time a real system had been established, on which it would have been possible before long to produce a cheap army fully sufficient for all the needs of Egypt. This system was based upon obligatory general service, short in the ranks, longer in the reserves. Thus in time a good army after the European type might have been formed, having a peace establishment of 18,000 men. Funds were lacking again, however, and Egypt's ruler had to abandon the hope of forming a large army. The force was reduced to 11,000 men, at which the force was discontented, especially the colonels, who had everything their own way in the times of Abbas and Ismail.

The actual strength of Arabi's army at the beginning of hostilities is placed by the *Revue* at 17,700 men. This has probably more arms than it knows what, among which is a large number of Remington rifles. The artillery are supposed to possess about 500 Krupp field guns of the same pattern as that used by the Germans during the war of 1870-71. These guns are slightly inferior in power to the ordinary muzzle loaders of the English service and very much inferior to the 13-pounders, some specimens of which have been sent out. The artillery has so far proved to be Arabi's strongest arm, and he seems to have some good gunners.

It is evident that many reports of the size of Arabi's army have been greatly exaggerated. He may have drawn quite largely from the veterans of Ismail, but even with their help his army does not now probably much outnumber the English.

What a Pint of Manure Did.

A Wisconsin farmer sends this experience to the *American Agriculturist:* "Last year, in hauling yard manure across a field afterwards planted to corn, some of it scattered off in driblets—from a handful to a pint or so in a place. When planting the corn I found portions of these droppings, and where noticed drew them into the hills, and with the hoe mixed them a little with the soil as the seed was dropped. In three instances, where a large handful or about a pint of the manure was thus put in, a stick was driven down to mark the hills. When hoeing, we noticed that in these hills the corn plants had started off more vigorously, were greener, and at the third hoeing they were six to twelve inches higher than the other hills adjoining. Our curiosity being awakened we followed up the observations, and when gathering the crop each of the three stalks in the three hills had two large plump ears, while the surrounding corn did not average one good ear to the stalk. This set us to thinking and figuring. That bit of manure had given the young corn roots a vigorous start, just as good feed starts off a young calf, or pig, or lamb, and the roots penetrated further in every direction and gather more food and moisture. These stalks being better nourished from below, ran far away from the poorly feed neighbors. As to the figures, the rows were three and a half feet apart, and the hills three feet distant in the rows, say 4,000 pints on an acre, and 4,000 pints of manure is about sixty-two and a half bushels or two large wagon loads. Anybody can reckon the difference between six large, well-filled ears of corn on each hill, and less than three per hill, and the cost of the manure as compared with the total value of the final crop. The plowing, and the seed, and the hoeing, amount to the same in each case. All I have to say is, that every corn-hill planted on my farm this year will have at least a pint of manure in it." * * *

A Remarkable Duel.

Speaking of Dick Winship recalls his famous duel with the Frenchman at Marseilles. Dick was then second lieutenant of our Scorpion, stationed there at the time, and, as usual, kept the whole fleet and half the town on nettles through his endless practical jokes. The slang expression for Frenchmen in those days was "frog-eaters," and the wife of a French captain of militia having presented her lord with twins, Dick had the nerve to tender the happy father, at a public banquet, a stuffed group consisting of a big frog holding on its knee a couple of smaller ones. Of course there was a challenge, and when the captain's seconds appeared Winship, as the challenged party, gravely insisted on the duel being fought in the dark, with pistols, one shot only being allowed each man. This new addition to the code made a terrible stir, but as Dick held firm the Frenchman was finally forced to submit. On the appointed day, after dinner the principals were placed, blind-folded and pistol in hand, in a room at a hotel from which every particle of light had been excluded. At a given signal on the closed door the antagonists removed their bandages to find themselves in absolute darkness, listening to the beating of their own hearts each afraid to fire first, for fear of thus exposing his location to the other. Dick quietly took off his shoes and feeling for the chimney—in front of which he had taken care to be placed—he crept up the flue, descended through a trap door in the roof, slipped into a carriage and rejoined his dinner party, which at once devoted itself to making a night of it in the highest glee possible. The next morning they returned to the hotel and opened the room, which had been as silent as the grave all night. Kneeling in his corner, every muscle quivering with the unbearable suspense, was the militia captain, his auburn hair turned white by the horrors of that interminable night.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Baby and a Bear.

Henry Flynn, who resides up in the hills near Inskip, Cal., is in town to-day and had the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his 3-year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and, as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and, on looking back after going a little farther, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting of course that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her of its mother, who said she had not seen her and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her he saw large bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who were traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house; and, being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her.

The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across a swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and, being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.—*Chicago Record.*

The Ohio Question.

The Republicans in Ohio have taken a wise course as to the liquor question, and have taken it deliberately. The alarm and hesitation of their opponents prove that they acted wisely. But certain timid trimmers, who think that the party answers the only end of its being if it elects them to office, are alarmed. It seems to them that they may be defeated, in certain localities, unless the temperance question can be eliminated from the canvass as to them. Hence the proposition that the vote for Secretary of State, and for that office alone, shall be "considered" a test of the wishes of the people with regard to the liquor business.

This suggestion is quite lacking in practical sense. The large sums already contributed by the liquor interest have not been given to defray expenses of the campaign for Secretary of State alone. This money will be used wherever the Democratic managers may think fit, and they will think fit to use it in doubtful legislative or Congressional districts. Self-deception will not do any good to the Republican candidates anywhere. The recognized representative men of the party, especially Governor Foster and Senator Sherman, have taken publicly a well defined position on this question, as the one of greatest immediate interest, and the people who are hostile to the position of the party, as shown in its platform and by its leading men, will vote against it no matter what anybody may say he is going to "consider" the result. The naked fact is that the people who want free liquor and no Sunday will vote against the Republican ticket, and no device of ingenious politicians will prevent them. On the other hand, if the Republicans are many and earnest, the people who want a decent Sunday and a reasonable taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic will be very apt to vote for the party, but against any candidate who tries to shirk the question.

It is no new thing, this appeal to the moral and patriotic convictions of the people by Republicans. They are encountering only the very same obstacles that they encountered when the insolence and aggressions of the slave-power forced that question upon the country. Then, as now, there were funds raised by the advocates of existing evils to defeat the Republican party. Then, as now, the Republican party as such proposed only a fair expression of public opinion, and a reasonable and practicable limitation of the evil, but was fought as savagely, from the start, as if it had proposed abolition. Then, as now, there were timid men who wanted to get office as Republicans without offending those who were in favor of the unlimited extension and virtual sovereignty of evil. They were generally beaten, as was natural. Sincere and earnest men of all sorts distrusted them. But the Republican party as a whole had the courage to declare its convictions, and the people ultimately gave it unrestricted confidence. For years, a settlement was possible at any time on the basis of a reasonable restriction of the evil, but the defenders of slavery were intolerant and intolerable. They remember the result.

The position of the Republican party on this question must be judged from the conduct of its majorities and its leading men. We infer that it is in favor of a moderate and reasonable restriction of the traffic in liquor, as a kind of business in which absolute liberty cannot be indulged without harm to the public welfare. Exactly so, and for the same reason, the party was in favor of the restriction of slavery. But a change came when the pro-slavery men defied and rebelled against the law. Then it did not take long to decide that a law-defying and rebellious interest must be extirpated. The liquor interest seems to be doing what it can to arouse a similar feeling of loyal indignation. It would be a thousand times better for that interest to be beaten in Ohio, by the active resistance of many of its friends to unreasonable and insolent demands made in its name, than for it to succeed in defying law and preventing reasonable and moderate restraint. If any doubt this, they will be convinced when the Ohio Legislature meets again.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

QUEER MONEY.—The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands have a curious system of decimal currency. A cocoanut seems to be the unit. But the circulating medium consists of strings of white and red shell beads, dogs' teeth and porpoise teeth. One string of white money is equivalent to ten cocoanuts, or one flat stick of tobacco. Ten strings of white money make one string of red money, or one dog's tooth; ten dogs' teeth make one "isa" (or fifty porpoise teeth), and ten isas are equivalent to one "good quality wife." So that a wife in good society is worth ten thousand cocoanuts.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe:
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or enter to a friend.
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe.
For friends and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain.
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and truth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

—*Boston Transcript.*

HOW PERE PERRAULT SPENT HIS LEGACY.

At a fag end of the city, on the southern side, where the gay heart of Paris subsides into scholarly and meditative quarters, stretches a street to which certain details give a grotesque individuality. Viewed at midday, under the most favorable aspect of sunlight, it cannot be said to be a cheerful street. It is preternaturally still; a number of shabby dogs doze under its doorways; glimpses into back yards reveal piled up fragments of bones, accumulations of rags and paper, and the general atmosphere is permeated with the smell of decaying vegetables. Should the visitor come upon some of the inhabitants loitering in the sunlight, men and women would appear to belong to a race bowed of back, clad in garments of ragged and patched antiquity, to assign a probable original date to which would puzzle the ingenious inquirer. He would discover, also, certain attributes common to the physiognomy of both sexes; thus when the eyes usually fixed on the ground are raised, they reveal the same expression of balanced scrutiny: an expression that may he also detected in those of the dogs, and would seem to indicate in all alike a mind open to the chances of life, but not expecting much from these chances. This spiritless, yet inquiring, attitude is doubtless a result of the occupation of the tribe. The aspect of the community, canine and human, shows that we have reached that last rung of the high social ladder where stand those who minister in the lowliest form to the imperious demands civilization makes upon human nature.

It is the chiffoniers' quarter, and this long street is the Rue Mouffetard.

The toil of the Mouffetardians is during the night. Their sleep is during the day. It is by no means always the sleep of the just; oftener the slumbers proceed from the brandy bottle.

One forenoon a commotion arose in the Rue Mouffetard—caused by the unprecedented tidings that the postman clattering up the street was inquiring for one of its inhabitants, "Pere Perrault." "There was a letter for Pere Perrault!" A host of ragged children ran out of the gutters proffering guidance to the official. They trotted by his side, pointing with extended forefinger, while another detachment set off at a run to wake up Pere Perrault.

As the postman was turning into a grubby yard, there came out of it toward him a bent figure, led by clamorous urchins. It was a large boned man clad in a gray blouse; his nether garments, a mosaic of stained patches, showed that damp bagginess at the knees which is the low-spirited protest of old garments against rough usage. He stood in mouldy old shoes. The gaunt face, surrounded by hanks of gray hair, was blank in the bewilderment of an unprecedented experience. Behind this central group bustled up a little woman, with broad brown eyes, shrewd and bright, her tanned features softened with a network of wrinkles. "Is your name Perrault?" inquired the postman, eyeing the man with business-like distrust.

"But—yes—it is Pere Perrault—and I—am his wife," exclaimed the woman with great volubility and gesture, her hands going up at every assertion. The postman fumbled in the black box suspended across his chest by a strap. "Registered letter. Can you write!" he asked.

"A letter for me!" muttered the chiffonier.

"He can't cried Mere Perrault, with vivacity; the excitement that east her husband's wits adrift sharpening hers. "He can't," echoed all around the yard, filling with spectators.

It is to be doubted if any member of the Quartier Mouffetard could have deciphered the signs the learned of their species had decided upon as a vehicle of communication for thought. This ignorance added to the sense of something extraordinary having happened in the arrival of a letter among them—a letter that was not to be delivered in an irresponsible fashion, but required, before being given up, the attestation of the recipient.

The postman opened a book. "Put a sign—a cross—here," he said with the laconic brevity becoming the man in office.

Pere Perrault laboriously affixed a cross where the postman's finger kept pointing, and it was evident as he did so that his hand trembled. When the oblong parcel was delivered over to him, "A letter for me," he muttered again, as he turned it round and round, and his face wore a dazed expression, as if he were looking at a ghost.

For forty years the world outside the Rue Mouffetard had resolved itself to him into a number of refuse heaps placed before its doors, out of which he and his wife, baskets on back, lantern and hook in hand, and a dog at their heels, had nightly picked odds and ends, the sale of which formed their means of livelihood. No link connected him with the outside world, but the rubbish it flung into its streets. Paris had gone through its agonies of revolution, Governments came and went, the reign of frivolity and fashion eddied in the streets where blood had lately flowed, and in all these transformations Pere Perrault had trudged through the darkness, bending over the refuse heaps, unaffected by the life beyond. Now from this outside world a message came to him, and he trembled before the mysterious visitant.

"L'Ecrivain public," exclaimed Mere Perrault, giving an animated tug to the handkerchief wound turban like around her head.

"L'Ecrivain public," echoed children and chiffoniers as Pere Perrault stood turning the letter, his mind not having yet formulized the necessity of taking a step toward the unravelling of the secret it held. His wife seized him by the sleeve, and as she dragged him along he instinctively clutched the missive and held it against his chest. The old couple walked rapidly, followed by a procession of small open-mouthed ragamuffins, and those of the chiffoniers who had sufficiently roused themselves from their slumbers.

They made their way to a wooden shed placed up against a wall, over the door of which an inscription announced that the Ecrivain public dwelt within. His charge for reading letters was from ten to twenty centimes; and for writing, fifty centimes, seventy-five centimes and one franc. All the neighborhood knew the tariff by heart, and understood that the scale of prices varied, according to the length, character, and amount of passion infused into the compositions. The role played by the Ecrivain public may be described as a cut between that of the barber of the Middle Ages and of the confessor. He knew the affairs of the Quartier, and was acquainted with its most intimate secrets. For over a quarter of a century he had made out its bills, he had written its letters of love, of sorrow, and of appeal. Pere and Mere Perrault knew the important man by sight, but it was the first time they had crossed the threshold of his sanctum. The procession that had followed at their heels waited outside as they passed within.

Behind a table littered with some thumbed volumes and writing materials sat the learned man. L'Ecrivain public was flabby and round of limb, his scarce locks issued from a faded green cap, his beard was abundant, and his round spectacles impressive. L'Ecrivain public had a wide experience of letters, and he seemed to recognize at a glance that this was an important communication Pere Perrault grudgingly handed to him, while his wife put a two-sous piece on the table. He looked over his spectacles from the neat and formal superscription toward the two old people, and then deliberately broke the seal.

The finely-balanced voice of the Ecrivain public shook a little as he read aloud that the Sous-Prefect of Sceaux, having communicated with the Maire of the XIIIth Arroudissement of Paris, had ascertained that Jean Desire Perrault was still alive, pursuing the calling of chiffonier. He now announced to him that by the death, a few weeks previous, of his brother Armand Leon he inherited the sum of 3,000 francs. "Voila, my friend, allow me to offer you my best congratulations," said the Ecrivain, who possessed a fine tact and power of expression.

Pere Perrault remained without finding a word to say, looking drowsily at the speaker.

"Three thousand francs!" cried Mere Perrault, catching her breath. "Who ever heard the like—three thousand francs!"

"It is a pretty sum. It is not often I have to read such news to my customers," said the Ecrivain.

Still Pere Perrault remained silent, looking stupidly at the learned man with the round spectacles and the flowing beard. Presently he muttered: "Eh, say that again. Three thousand francs—three thousand francs," but the words did not seem to bring any meaning to his mind. "Yes, there it is, quite in form. I never read a better written letter, and I have experience," said the Ecrivain.

"But yes—yes, it is clear as the day," shouted Mere Perrault in her husband's ear, tapping the palm of her left hand with her closed right fist. "Your brother, the miser, who would not lend you a few miserable francs when you were without a sou, is dead—yes, dead, and has left you three thousand francs, you understand—three thousand francs; and to emphasize this information Mere Perrault hit her left palm with a succession of little knocks from her right.

The energetic clearness of his wife did not communicate itself to Pere Perrault. "Yes—yes, three thousand francs," he repeated in the same mechanical fashion without a responsive gleam in his eyes. He remained standing where he was, asking no question—making no movement; but a fox-like keenness had suddenly developed itself in Mere Perrault. The money must not be sent to the house; she had grown fearful of thieves, she had become suspicious, refusing the services of the Ecrivain public to take charge of the sum and place it in the Caisse d'Epargne. She all at once recognized the virtue of spiritual authority, and seizing her husband by the tail of his blouse, announced her intention of going to see Monsieur le Cure. A feverish movement on the part of Pere Perrault revealed that through his dulled senses an appreciation of his good fortune had entered. The Ecrivain public, on returning the letter, let the string that bound the registered envelope fall on the floor. With trembling haste the chiffonier ducked under the table, and with shaking fingers clutched it, as if it, too were precious.

Mere Perrault did not pause to tell the news to the eager loiterers outside, but with firm hold of her husband made her way to the presbyters. Monsieur le Cure was at the door just going out, but he turned back and listened with interest to the old woman's story. His efforts to minister to the spiritual needs of the Mouffetardians were not appreciated by this Bohemian section of his flock, but he was a man of indulgent turn of mind, guilelessly eager to do good without claiming any tribute of gratitude. He now felt sure that for the speedy and more secure payment of the legacy there would be certain formalities to be gone through by this wide-awake woman and a stupid looking man which it was probable they would blunder over alone. He therefore once more put on his shovel hat and bade them come with him to the Mavoralty of the Arrondissement. The counsels the priest during the walk gave to the old people as to the placing of their money were addressed to the wife, for the husband seemed too dazed to understand as he stalked along dumbly clutching the letter against his chest. At the Mairie the authorities soon confined their questions to Mere Perrault, apparently judging the old man to be a little removed from an idiot, who could do nothing but feebly reiterate the questions put to him. Still, that the chiffonier was not ignorant of the chance that had come in his fortune was again manifested by his obstinate refusal to give up into the keeping of the civil authorities, in return for a formal receipt thereof, the letter he had received that morning. It required, to induce him to part with the precious document, the fluent and vivid representations of his wife that it was guarded by the Church in the person of Monsier le Cure, by the law in that of the officials surrounded by books and rolls of paper, and by the army in the sentinels posted at the door of the Mairie.

The news of the legacy told to some of the loiterers by the Ecrivain public had preceded the old couple on their return to the Rue Mouffetard. The quarter was on the tiptoe of excitement. A sudden regard for Pere Perrault had developed itself in the community. Mere Perrault noted how the old man was treated with a respect he had never been treated with before. The *gargotte* of Pere Michael was the resort of chiffoniers on holiday occasions. Thither Pere Perrault went at the invitation of his friends to talk over the big question how to spend 3,000 francs. It was felt due to the community to consider the question as one of public interest, to be properly discussed only before a table on which stood brandy and petit vin blen. The Mouffetardians are a silent race for one of Gallic origin, but they can come out volubly on occasions with speech liberally strewn with *sapristis* and other expletives, to which the rumble of 74's gives a distant semblance to the mutter of artillery.

The health of Pere Perrault was drunk with acclamation. Pere Perrault acknowledging the honor by drinking to it himself. It was repeated with emphasis that the chiffonier was an honor to the community. He deserved his luck. And it was remembered how on two occasions—once when he found a silver teaspoon in a dustheap, and another time a silver fork—he had with the proceeds of their sale treated his friends. It was hoped that on this occasion of his good fortune he would not be found lagging behind; for, said Pere Biot, the orator of the quarter, "The word fraternity is a falsehood when the good luck of one of its members is not the good luck of all." Mere Perrault, whose late lynx eyed vigilance had now assumed the form of caution, gave but a taciturn encouragement to the company's hope of a treat. "Good money must not be wasted in liquor," she remarked. Pere Perrault, however, in the surrounding atmosphere of cordiality, was showing symptoms of awaking out of his somnambulistic condition; he nodded and gave his word that when he touched his legacy he would spend a whole louis d'or in treating his mates.

After this assurance the company took up the question in hand with gusto. The Mouffetardians are not politicians. It is difficult to kindle the imagination of men who have no experience of life's chances but those presented by rubbish heaps. Changes in the forms of society's government do not affect those who do not understand the first meaning of aspiration, and are unable to fancy what enlarged life means.

Still, there were in the quarter some spirits steeped in the direst colors of republicanism, and one of them vowed with many muttered ejaculations that had he 3,000 francs he would devote every sou of them toward ridding the country of despotism.

The Mouffetardians are a reckless, lawless Bohemian set, but they are not of a spoil-sport disposition, and the suggestion was fiercely overruled and silenced as one likely to mar the geniality of the meeting. To the majority present the prospect of doing nothing more but smoking and imbibing any amount of eau de vie appeared the only rational way of enjoying existence and spending 3,000 francs. Pere Biot, who had larger views, spoke up, and demonstrated that a chiffonier who would deserve well of the community should do something for his fellows; he held, therefore, that Pere Perrault ought to set up as a maitre chiffonier, buying up from his old mates, and giving better prices for their pickings. A round of applause greeted this proposition. Pere Perrault listened to the knocking of glasses about him. A feverish brightness gleamed in his eyes, but he remained vaguely monosyllabic. "That would be good; he did not say no." A chiffonier of feebler metal than his fellows, who had been known to wander into the fortifications and bring home limp nosegays of wild flowers, admitted that had he 3,000 francs he would have no more to do with the concern; he would buy a little house outside the barriere, with a strip of garden to it, in which he would plant cabbages and beans. Of a Sunday Pere Perrault might ask his friends to come in and set in the shade and breathe the air.

Pere Perrault puffed away at his pipe, and gave that mysterious, soft chuckle that neither agreed nor disagreed; but Mere Perrault, who rather liked the last suggestion, noticed that the glow deepened in his pale cheek as he hearkened to it, yet he seemed thinking of something else. There was a queer look in his eyes, as if he were seeing there before him what no one else saw. The idea struck her that her old man had a notion of his own he was holding close.

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That evening the old couple sat over the stove with Medor, their dog, between them. Many rude and unlovely details littered the room, for Pere Perrault did not, as did the more indolent of his tribe, dispose of his pickings from the rubbish heaps *en bloc*, but carrying these home, sorted and disposed of them in detail. Compared to some of his mates Perrault was a pattern of respectability. He was one of the few Mouffetardians whose union with one of the other sex was not a dubious and ephemeral contract, unrecognized by Church or State. He had entered the matrimonial bond at Sceaux, before that quarrel with his brother the miser, shortly afterwhich he had left his native village. He indulged rarely in libations of brandy, preferring light sour wine to more fiery liquors, except occasionally on Sundays or national holidays, when actuated by an indistinct idea that it was right to be festive; but Perrault's inebriation was always of a grotesquely sombre character. Mere Perrault's imagination was now indulging itself in dreams of a garden planted with cabbages, of a constant supply of soup flavored with fresh vegetables, of a dry roof overhead in bad weather. Considering this prospect of comfort and plenty, her gypsy-life seemed to her a bitter experience of tramps in the distracting wind and soaking rain.

Pere Perrault was silent, but it was no longer the silence of stupidity. A smouldering excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring into the fire with that odd feverishlook.

"It is not that I shall do with the money," he suddenly said. "It shall be a garden—yes; but it shall not be planted with cabbages; it will be planted with flowers and evergreens."

"Evergreens! but what kind of garden will it be?" asked his wife.

"It will be a bit of ground in the cemetery," he replied.

Mere Perrault enveloped her husband with a scrutinizing and apprehensive glance, as if she feared he had gone daft.

"There will be a beautiful headstone with our names written on it quite plain: 'Cy gisent Jean Desire Perrault et Odette Celestine, son epouse Chiffoniers, and then our age," continued Perrault, who, now that his tongue was loosened, spoke unhesitatingly.

"Are you gone mad, Perrault?" asked his wife, bending her shaggy eyebrows.

"It will be beautiful, like a corner of one of the gardens in the Luxembourg; and it will belong to us *a perpetuite—a perpetuite*. Do you understand, *a perpetuite*!—for ever; for hundreds of years—always—and all the time people will know us and speak of us," continued Pere Perrault," without heeding his wife, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands up and down over his knees.

"But have you gone mad!" she cried again, shaking her head up in the air. "What does it signify after death to lie in a fine place if you must labor and weary in life?"

"What does it signify?" cried the old man, turning upon her with a gesture of frightful energy. "I'll tell you what: Do you remember Totin? I saw him dead. I went to his funeral. I did not care for Totin living, but when I saw him lying there on a *paillasse* motionless, then sewn up in a dirty sheet, nailed down in a deal box—well, I felt you I felt something here"—and he struck his chest. "It seemed nothing to me that Totin should grub in the dirt while he lived; but as he lay there dead before me I felt somehow as if I had loved him. That was why I went to his funeral. Then, when I saw him put down into the *fosse commune*, I thought, There he is; no one knew him alive—no one will know him dead; not his name, or anything about him; then I said to myself: 'Perrault! Perrault! the degradation is the *fosse commune*.

"The *fosse commune* or another grave, it is the same to me," said Mere Perrault, with bitter emphasis. "What I want is a little comfort in life—that bit of garden with the cabbages."

Pere Perrault indulged in one of those expletives not known in polite society. "A cabbage garden!—I don't want your cabbage garden. I dig in the sunshine!—No—it is not—I will do it. I still prefer my trade; I know it and it knows me. Here I come to a heap of rubbish—I look at it; I guess what I shall find; it never disappoints me, sometimes it gives me more."

"It is a rough trade," feebly put in Mere Perrault, overborne by her husband's vehemence.

"It is a rough trade; all the more reason to take my ease after death. I made friends with one of the gardeners in Pere la Chaise. He showed me the tombs. There is a fine one to two people; he told me their story. I remember their names, for I said them to myself over and over again—Madame Louise et Monsieur Abellarts. They lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago; they loved each other; they could not marry, so she became a nun, he became a monk; but after their death there they came together. There they lie like bride and bridegroom and every one knows their story, every one calls it. Hah! In the *fosse commune* you would be there, I would lie here," making a gesture of his hand in opposite directions; "but in my bit of ground we'd be together, and every one would always know as we were husband and wife."

"That won't be *genti*, certainly," said Mere Perrault, softly, a thrill of amazement passing through her frame at these extraordinary words.

"I shall have a picture of our basket and hooks carved upon the tombstone," said Pere Perrault.

"We might have Medor's picture put there, too," remarked Mere Perrault.

"I believe it—Indeed—the rogue! Lord! he roots by our side as if he were himself a chiffonier," said Pere Perrault, giving a genial kick to the dozing quadruped, who sat up, responsively, blinked one eye at his master, and shook his rag of a tail.

The old couple chatted till deep into the night; for the first time, they forgot to go rag-picking. Pere Perrault had won his wife's complete adhesion to the scheme of this wish to be known to the world and posterity as her spouse. Her imagination once kindled, traveled as fast as her husband's in picturing the mausoleum, erected to their united memory. The note had been struck that set these two old hearts beating in unison. They grew garrulous with each other, these two whose married life had been so morose. They confided to each other the fancies that crowded into their brains. They vaguely felt drawn to each other as in the olden days when they had walked as sweethearts in the woods of Sceaux, and the firelight glancing upon their wrinkled faces seemed to touch them with something of a uniting radiance.

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The husband and wife paid mysterious visit to Pere la Chaise next day. They kept their project close. At the promised treat to his mates, Pere Perrault was silent as the grave about it. After a while the scheme oozed out, however, and the Mouffetardians received the information first with incredulous laughter, then with boisterous derision. The unconcern of the couple at the sallies they provoked had a dampening effect upon their brilliancy, and brought to the perpetrators thereof a humiliating sense of wasted powder and shot.

After a while it became apparent that the community was growing accustomed to the idea, that some of its members were even discussing it with something like interest. Pere Perrault was silent before a mocking spirit, but at any manifestation of sympathy his tongue was unloosed. Pere Biot, who had been the first to approach the theme in a spirit of friendly inquiry, was taken into his confidence. He came back one day and explained to his comrades assembled at Pere Michel's *gargotte* that he had been to Pere la Chaise, that he had seen the site of the tomb, that the ground was actually bought. It was in the second row of graves, the place on the first row having proved too expensive. Pere Biot here explained with lucid gesticulations that the tomb would be easily seen from the pathway, it being placed between an obelisk and pyramid in the foreground. He further told that the remainder of the 3,000 francs had been divided into portions to pay for the headstones and expenses of the two funerals, and that Monsieur le Cure had the charge of it. "I find," concluded Pere Biot, bringing his hand down on the table, "that Perrault has had a good thought in buying this grave; it is not he only who will profit by it; for if a fine tomb is put over a chiffonier's body, in a place where everybody shall see it and talk about it, I say all of his trade gains respect by it."

In a small community, a decided attitude of mind is catching; Pere Biot made converts there and then. A certain elation might be noticeable in the demeanment and glance of the Mouffetardians who adopted this doctrine, and acknowledged the scheme a worthy one. It seemed as if these despised waifs and pariahs felt vaguely the cheer of the redeeming sacredness of the body.

By the time the tombstone was to be designed the Quartier Mouffetard had taken the matter in hand is one of personal interest. For the better display of the inscriptions it was decided that there should be two headstones. The character of the letters was a question of much noisy discussion. The majority, headed by Mere Perrault, considered that an amount of flourishes gave dignity to the signs. Pere Perrault inclined to plain and honest letters. A compromise was at last effected. The names of the two occupants would be recorded with due ornamentation, but the word "chiffonier," the word that, placed there, was to be glorification, an apotheosis of the craft—was to be carved in characters that Pere Perrault said would "skip" to the eyes at a distance of any one who could read. The epitaph was recognized to be second only in importance to that word. Mere Perrault, and not a few with her, were swayed by the stonecutter's offer to put "Requiescent in pace." Latin would have a good effect, a little air-cossu. But Pere Perrault, ambitious of a wider immortality than that which he could share with the learned only, ruled that every word should be "all French." After this decision the company proceeded to the composition of the epitaph. The following may pass as a specimen of some submitted:

"Cy git Jean Desire Perrault, Chiffonier, who for forty years worked in dirt, and who now rests in humble hope of a country where no refuse exists."

After some discussion, such inscriptions—felt to be derogatory to the trade—were put aside, and two not strikingly original phrases were substituted. Over Mere Perrault's grave, as belonging to the sentimental sex, it was decided to exhort the passer-by to drop a tear; on Pere Perrault's to ask the passer-by to offer up a prayer.

"After all, remarked Pere Perrault, complacently, puffing away at his stump of a pipe, "a prayer, some tears, are all one can give to the dead; those fine ladies and gentlemen in their coach can't have more."

Space will not allow us to dwell upon the delighted appreciation by the chiffoniers of the stonecutter's representation of the two battered baskets and the Medor's portrait. On his master's tomb he was shown trotting in apparent pursuance of his calling; the carved similitude of his inquiring nose and depressed tail, that in their discordant expression seemed scarcely to belong to the same individual, were voted exact copies of these two appendages. On his mistress' tomb Medor was shown reposing.

During these discussions the plot of ground in Pere la Chaise bloomed like a garden under the care bestowed upon it by its future occupants; nor were they the only ones who prided themselves upon its beauty. Contributions were brought to it by various members of the tribe, in the shape of roots and seeds. Pere Biot, one night picking up a withered rose bush, thrown out in a broken pot, brought it home, nursed and tended it until it put forth tender leaves and buds, then with some solemnity it was planted in the place of honor, over the spot where it was calculated Pere Perrault's head would rest. By a singular process the tomb had become a rallying point of interest to the rough Bohemians, giving a sort of anticipated triumph to the close of their earthly wanderings.

Often the husband and wife wondered which should precede the other to the ground. Mere Perrault considered that, being a woman, it was likely she would be the first to enter into the blitheness and calm; but Pere Perrault, who hazily remembered that in his youth he had been older than his wife, maintained that seniority would probably entitle him to the privilege, and the Quartier Mouffetard supported his claim.

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The following winter proved a severe one. To more observant eyes than those of the Mouffetardians it would have been apparent that Mere Perrault's rough health was breaking. Her energetic gesticulations grew languid. The animation of her wrinkled countenance faded. It became difficult for her to get through her task. She had a racking cough; but ailments she and all her tribe considered one of the necessories of winter; to strive against them would show a fine ignorance of the laws of nature; and so she went regularly on with her work. Spring came, the crocuses were beginning to bloom on the grave, and still she languished. One night, when the hour arrived for their setting forth, Pere Perrault strapped on his hotte. He had acquired the punctuality of a man whose life swings between ever-recurring occurrences with the exactitude of a pendulum. Still Mere Perrault remained crouching over the fire. "Eh, old woman, one must hurry, it is hour of work, remarked Pere Perrault, briskly.

"I do not think, my man, I can do any work to-night," she said.

Pere Perrault remained a moment standing stock still, rigid with amazement. Then he walked rapidly over to her. "It is your side that is hurting you, eh?" he asked has ily, bending upon her a glance of indistinct apprehension.

"I think my call has come," she replied gently.

Pere Perrault looked at her dumbfounded; then a little spasm contracted his features. "It is not true," he said, roughly; "you are a bit tired—you want to rest. I—I am strong. I can do the work of two."

She raised her withered hand and put it into his. *Mon Ami*, I is I will occupy the pretty grave first," she said with a smile.

But for the first time the thought of the tomb brought no answering gleam to her husband's countenance. He held her hand, simply gazing down into her sunken features. The eyes of the old couple met. Perhaps he recognized in hers the message it requires no learning to read. Pere Perrault's pale face grew a tinge paler. He let her hand fall, and repeating, "I—I am strong, I can do the work of two," he made his way out, and set off alone on his midnight tramp.

The next morning Mere Perrault could not get up, and after a few days it became evident that the end was not far off. The stout-hearted old woman had not given in until she had walked the last step of the rough path it had been given her to tread. Monsieur le Cure, who had kept up friendly relations with her and Pere Perrault since the day of the consultation concerning the legacy, and who had made some progress in the estimation of the chiffoniers, one day warned the old man the time had come for the parting. That night Pere Perrault did not go his rounds. Some of his comrades arranged to take an extra turn to supply his place. Through her illness the dying woman vainly tried to revive her husband's spirits by leading his thoughts to cluster round that beautiful grave. She had flashes of her old merriment. She essayed little jokes. It would not be like an empty house now. He would be proud to point to it and say: "It is my wife who lies there." But these contemplations, once so animating, had apparently, at this supreme crisis, lost their power to comfort Pere Perrault. It seemed rather as if the joy and pride that had kindled his life had quickened there a new power of suffering.

Toward midnight Mere Perrault, who had lain still a long time, suddenly opened her, eyes and beckoned to him. He stooped over her. "That will be *gentil*. Every one will know as we're husband and wife," she said, with a little laugh.

"Well, and I—I tell you," he replied, roughly breaking the silence in which he had taken refuge—"I find that when two people has worked together and walked together like you and me, and had their good and bad luck together for years and years—I tell you as they should die together."

"Bah! we'll soon rest together," the old woman said, cheerily, and so quietly passed away.

The rude and uncouth attempts of the Mouffetardians to console their mate after the fashion of Mere Perrault failed to lift the desolateness from his face and manner. "Where two had lived together two should die together," he repeated truculently, addressing nobody in particular, but as if the assertion of a distinct sentiment was a relief to him in his confused misery. The arrangements for the funeral had been so fully settled beforehand that it needed no supervision for the details to be carried out. There was a mourning coach for Monsieur le Cure. Pere Perrault had always contemplated walking, should it fall to his lot to be chief mourner. As he found himself clad in black, following bareheaded just behind the sable car, with its silver ornaments, drawn by two plumed horses, and preceded by officials carrying silver sticks, a waft of the old comfort and of the old pride stole into his heart. The Mouffetardians filed behind. To these trudgers on foot it was a triumphal procession. An extra sum had been paid to secure a long march round by the Boulevards. It was a sunshiny afternoon, all the world was out of doors, and men and women turned to look at the strange sight of that fine hearse, and the long file of patched and tattered folk. With the gentle respect paid to the dead in Catholic lands, men bared their heads and women crossed themselves. At all these tokens of regard Pere Perrault's heart swelled within him; his bent frame dilated. "Ah, she is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky," he kept saying to himself.

An unlooked-for incident brought to a climax the triumph of the ragged pedestrians.

The Emperor's carriage, with four horses mounted by postilions, met the cortege and fell aside to let it pass. The Emperor removed his hat, the little Prince did the same, the Empress crossed herself. Then the glory of the situation almost overcame Pere Perrault. He felt suffocated. Something seemed to clutch him by the throat. He could have sobbed, but he would not for the world have wept at this the grand redeeming moment of his life. To relieve the strangling that choked him he repeated for the hundredth time in an unreasoning and labored attenance, "Ah, she is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky." When the magnificent dream was over, and Mere Perrault was laid in the earth, the grave refilled and the flowers replanted that zealous hands had removed the day before, Pere Perrault and his friends supped at Pere Michel's. It was a frugal feast, but the talk was glowing. The company enumerated one by one the glories of that day. Every incident of the pageant was dwelt upon. Pere Perrault alone was silent. Still, he was seeing vividly there before him, printed on the dark, each detail of that eventful journey to the cemetery; the beautiful car in front of him drawn by horses covered with black drapery, the silver fringe of which nearly swept the ground, the tributes of respect paid, the surprise of the crowd, the imperial carriage drawn aside, the sovereign doing homage; then the procession to the cemetery, the priests and the *enfants de choeur* in their white robes, when to the tinglings of the bells the voices swelled in prayer; and the coffin with the two crowns of *immortelles* laid upon it. Seeing all this so plain, Pere Perrault could not join in the talk; but still, he would mutter with a little trembling of the lips, "She is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky."

A year elapsed, and Mere Perrault's headstone stood alone amid the flowers tended by her husband and his mates. The appearance of that brilliantly blossoming grave, dedicated to the memory of a chiffonier attracted the attention of visitors to Pere la Chaise, and Pere Perrault, who haunted the spot as a bird haunts its nest, would hear the comments of the strangers. Returning, he would relate them with animation to his friends of the Rue Mouffetard. "They were walking about like that—not seeing any that interested them—when, *apristi!* at sight of the old woman's grave they stopped. '*Une chiffoniere!*' they said; 'impossible!' '*une chiffoniere*' and then they remained staring with their mouths wide open. Pere Perrault would wind up his tale by imitating the astonished attitude and expression of the visitors. The story was repeated, and its closing pose gone through, until all the quarter knew it and had chuckled over it in sympathetic pride. There could be no question about it. The Mouffetardians felt they had gone up in the world.

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Perhaps, as time went on, the thought of the dead so continually present in his life began to affect Pere Perrault's mind. He had dreamy fancies, when he would apparently forget his wife was not active and about. He would muse and talk to himself. Once or twice, as he strapped on his *hotte*, he had been heard to call, "Hurry, old woman! Hurry! time for work." Owing to his confused state of brain, one morning Pere Perrault, after having sorted and disposed of his pickings, went into Pere Michel's *gargotte*, and instead of drinking his soup on the premises, as had now become his habit, carried home two portions in a covered jug, as in his old days. It was not until he had poured out the soup into two cracked bowls that he suddenly recognized his mistake. He sat down for a few blank moments, then, without touching his meal, went out. As he turned out of the Rue Mouffetard the feverish sense of his wife's presence gradually again came to him, dulling his senses to outward sights and sounds. He was not dependent upon his eyes, however, for finding his way to his goal. Crossing the Place de la Bastille, the old man had a sudden impression of excited shouts and clattering of wheels. He started up to the consciousness of fast-driving horses just upon him. He made an instinctive plunge forward, lost his footing, and the next moment horses and cart went over him.

The insensible body was brought to a new hospital at some distance. That night and the next day Pere Perrault remained unconscious. For a passing moment he would wake, and then he would seem struggling to speak in a feeble manner. The doctor and the kind Sisters bending over him could discern such words as "Le emitiere la-bas." They could not understand, but the straining expression of the fast glazing eyes seemed to indicate there was something on the dying man's mind.

No human being could restore the mangled body to activity. On the second day, toward night, Pere Perrault raised his head from his pillow, saying: "Oh! there I told you so. It is like a garden. Every one knows it by the flowers." He would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of the Sister praying by his pillow since the agony had begun. He struggled and went on: "There, round the corner, just behind the pyramid. Yes, and there is the old woman coming a-laughing, her face at rested and shining—*a perpetuite, a perpetuite*," and so he died. The Sister had witnessed those death-bed visions before—when from the shadowy land the loved ones come to guide those starting for the journey. She remained some moments in prayer; then she rose to perform the last offices.

The dead man appeared to her to be a member of that friendless and belated tribe the existence of which is one of the pitcons scene a hidden in the heart of a great city. No one had come to claim kinship with or make inquiries concerning him. He seemed well fitted to demand as a right the State's last charity of a pauper funeral, to take him to that trysting-place of the poor, the *fosse commune*.

Pere Perrault's body was put into a humble shell, the lid of which was not nailed down, as a formality to give a last chance of identification. It was placed in the mortuary chapel of the hospital there to wait the time imposed by law before interment.

The morning came, and in the wan light, before the city was astir, the officials in rusty black entered. They were removing the coffin, in order to close it outside the precincts, when there came a shuffle and scuffle of feet, and a number of ragged and excited figures entered. It was Pere Flint followed by some chiffoniers; when their eyes fell on the old and pulseless form in the shell, a cry like a cheer burst from their lips.

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Some months later, I went one afternoon to Pere la Chaise. On a former occasion I had seen the grave of Mere Perrault, and knew something of its history. My thoughts had occasionally wandered with a sort of mournful interest to that solitary headstone, and sometimes wondered when the husband would come to lie by the wife's side. With melancholy pleasure I saw the other headstone standing there with the name Jean Desire Perrault, and the inscription upon it. The day was full of the serene poetry of autumn, and the light fell with a large and restful radiance on the two tombstones. The grave, with its rows of double daisies, geraniums and pansies, had an air of fete. An old man was picking the weeds and trimming the plants. It was Pere Biot. He told me the whole story. "Ah! madame, I could not tell you what it was to us when we missed Perrault. When we made sure that afternoon he had not come home the night before, we looked for him everywhere that day and the next, first at the cemetery, then at one hospital, then at another, then at the Morgue. Madame, he was nowhere. We had sad hearts. It seemed to us that the good God had said up there in His sky, 'The chiffoniers are a degraded race; let them be forgotten after death as one forgets the refuse flung into the street.' That is what it seemed to us. That hospital was out of the way; we did not know it like the others; but, madame, when we came to it, when we went in—when we were shown into the chapel, and when lying before us, in that shell of a coffin, we recognized Perrault—rigid—cold—dead, but *enfin* Perrault—Heaven forgive us, madame—we gave a cheer like; we were reproached for it; but, you see, they could not tell what it was to us to have come upon our mate in time; we took him away, and the next day we buried him, and here now he lies by the side of his wife."—*Belgravia.*

Artificial Wood Ornaments.

Varied and partial success has, in the past, attended the production of embossed wood for furniture decoration and ornamentation. But wood, however thin, does not lend itself to the die as metals do, and the fiber on which its strength depends is more or less fractured in the operation. For this and other reasons it may not be superfluous for us to describe an entirely different process in which an artificial wood is used.

The crude mass from which the articles are pressed consists chiefly of cellulose mixed with any sort of starch. The ordinary commercial cellulose, which is to be had in any quantity in the form of paper, is softened in water and thoroughly disintegrated. It is then put in a fine meshed sieve and the water drained off. It is then mixed with about three parts (by weight) of dry starch, made from wheat, rye, potatoes, Indian corn, etc., as well as two parts of rye or wheat flour, or corn meal, or any other flour that contains gluten, and very intimately mixed.

The mixture of cellulose, starch and flour is put in a suitable receptacle, pipes made of thin sheet metal are the best, and heated on a water bath for an hour. The tubes are then taken out and cooled to ordinary temperature. This cooking has converted the mass into a fibrous, tenaceous, glutinous substance, which is intimately mixed with an equal quantity of sawdust (or turnings.) The stuff is then rolled out into sheets and dried in the air or in warm stoves, when they are ready to use.

The dies in which the mass is pressed are of iron, steel, or red brass, which are heated to 120 degrees C. (248 degrees Fahrenheit,) and subjected to a pressure of 700 kilos per square centimeter, (nearly 1,000 pounds per square inch). The stuff then becomes gummy, and fills out every corner of the mold fully. The article is at once removed from the mold while hot, and when cold very much resembles wood, being both hard and elastic, and in time gets as hard as bone. These articles can be worked and treated like wood; can be sawed, planed and filed; dyed, polished, and glued.

Large articles can be veneered on the outside with natural veneer in this way. The mold is prepared and heated, and then from one to four strips of thin veneer, which have been previously coated on one side with glue or rosin and dried again, are put in the mold, according to its depth. This is covered with a layer of the dry and pulverized mass, from two to twenty millimeters thick, according to the depth. Thin and flat articles, like key-escutcheons, buttons, rilievos, etc., can be finished by once pressing, whereby the veneer becomes so firmly attached and united to the mass beneath, that it cannot be removed without destroying the article. In those having a high relief, and such as are hollow, the article is only partially formed by the first pressing, after which the press is opened again, and the reverse or cover, to which it almost always adheres, is taken off. If there are any spots not completely covered with veneer, a new strip is laid on after moistening the glue side. It is then covered with one large piece of dry veneer that covers the whole, and then put back in the press and the full pressure applied. On opening the press the article is taken out of the hot form finished.

To prevent the articles from drawing or warping after they are done, white pipe clay is added to the dry mass, and this also makes it more plastic, so

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe:
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or enter to a friend,
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe,
For friends and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and truth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

—*Boston Transcript.*

HOW PERE PERRAULT SPENT HIS LEGACY.

At a fag end of the city, on the southern side, where the gay heart of Paris subsides into scholarly and meditative quarters, stretches a street to which certain details give a grotesque individuality. Viewed at midday, under the most favorable aspect of sunlight, it cannot be said to be a cheerful street. It is preternaturally still; a number of shabby dogs doze under its doorways; glimpses into back yards reveal piled up fragments of bones, accumulations of rags and paper, and the general atmosphere is permeated with the smell of decaying vegetables. Should the visitor come upon some of the inhabitants loitering in the sunlight, men and women would appear to belong to a race bowed of back, clad in garments of ragged and patched antiquity, to assign a probable original date to which would puzzle the ingenious inquirer. He would discover, also, certain attributes common to the physiognomy of both sexes; thus when the eyes usually fixed on the ground are raised, they reveal the same expression of balanced scrutiny: an expression that may be also detected in those of the dogs, and would seem to indicate in all alike a mind open to the chances of life, but not expecting much from these chances. This spiritless, yet inquiring, attitude is doubtless a result of the occupation of the tribe. The aspect of the community, canine and human, shows that we have reached that last rung of the big social ladder where stand those who minister in the lowliest form to the imperious demands civilization makes upon human nature.

It is the chiffoniers' quarter, and this long street is the Rue Mouffetard.

The toil of the Mouffetardians is during the night. Their sleep is during the day. It is by no means always the sleep of the just; oftener the slumbers proceed from the brandy bottle.

One forenoon a commotion arose in the Rue Mouffetard—caused by the unprecedented tidings that the postman clattering up the street was inquiring for one of its inhabitants, "Pere Perrault." "There was a letter for Pere Perrault!" A host of ragged children ran out of the gutters proffering guidance to the official. They trotted by his side, pointing with extended forefinger, while another detachment set off at a run to wake up Pere Perrault.

As the postman was turning into a grubby yard, there came out of it toward him a bent figure, led by clamorous urchins. It was a large-boned man clad in a gray blouse; his nether garments, a mosaic of stained patches, showed that damp bagginess at the knees which is the low-spirited protest of old garments against rough usage. He stood in mouldy old shoes. The gaunt face, surrounded by hanks of gray hair, was blank in the bewilderment of an unprecedented experience. Behind this central group hustled up a little woman, with broad brown eyes, shrewd and bright, her tanned features softened with a network of wrinkles. "Is your name Perrault?" inquired the postman, eyeing the man with business-like distrust.

"But—yes—it is Pere Perrault—and I—am his wife," exclaimed the woman with great volubility and gesture, her hands going up at every assertion. The postman fumbled in the black box suspended across his chest by a strap. "Registered letter. Can you write?" he asked.

"A letter for me!" muttered the chiffonier.

"He can't," cried Mere Perrault, with vivacity; the excitement that cast her husband's wits adrift sharpening hers. "He can't," echoed all around the yard, filling with spectators.

It is to be doubted if any member of the Quartier Mouffetard could have deciphered the signs the learned of their species had decided upon as a vehicle of communication for thought. This ignorance added to the sense of something extraordinary having happened in the arrival of a letter among them—a letter that was not to be delivered in an irresponsible fashion, but required, before being given up, the attestation of the recipient.

The postman opened a book. "Put a sign—a cross—here," he said with the laconic brevity becoming the man in office.

Pere Perrault, laboriously affixed a cross where the postman's finger kept pointing, and it was evident as he did so that his hand trembled. When the oblong parcel was delivered over to him, "A letter for me," he muttered again, as he turned it round and round, and his face wore a dazed expression, as if he were looking at a ghost.

For forty years the world outside the Rue Mouffetard had resolved itself to him into a number of refuse heaps placed before its doors, out of which he and his wife, baskets on back, lantern and hook in hand, and a dog at their heels, had nightly picked odds and ends, the sale of which formed their means of livelihood. No link connected him with the outside world, but the rubbish it flung into its streets. Paris had gone through its agonies of revolution, Governments came and went, the reign of frivolity and fashion eddied in the streets where blood had lately flowed, and in all these transformations Pere Perrault had trudged through the darkness, bending over the refuse heaps, unaffected by the life beyond. Now from this outside world a message came to him, and he trembled before the mysterious visitant.

"L'Ecrivain public," exclaimed Mere Perrault, giving an animated tug to the handkerchief wound turban-like around her head.

"L'Ecrivain public," echoed children and chiffoniers as Pere Perrault stood turning the letter, his mind not having yet formulized the necessity of taking a step toward the unravelling of the secret it held. His wife seized him by the sleeve, and as she dragged him along he instinctively clutched the missive and held it against his chest. The old couple walked rapidly, followed by a procession of small open-mouthed ragamuffins, and those of the chiffoniers who had sufficiently roused themselves from their slumbers.

They made their way to a wooden shed placed up against a wall, over the door of which an inscription announced that the Ecrivain public dwelt within. His charge for reading letters was from ten to twenty centimes; and for writing, fifty centimes, seventy-five centimes and one franc. All the neighborhood knew the tariff by heart, and understood that the scale of prices varied, according to the length, character, and amount of passion infused into the compositions. The role played by the Ecrivain public may be described as a cut between that of the barber of the Middle Ages and of the confessor. He knew the affairs of the Quartier, and was acquainted with its most intimate secrets. For over a quarter of a century he had made out its bills, he had written its letters of love, of sorrow, and of appeal. Pere and Mere Perrault knew the important man by sight, but it was the first time they had crossed the threshold of his sanctum. The procession that had followed at their heels waited outside as they passed within.

Behind a table littered with some thumbed volumes and writing materials sat the learned man. L'Ecrivain public was flabby and round of limb, his scarce locks issued from a faded green cap, his beard was abundant, and his round spectacles impressive. L'Ecrivain public had a wide experience of letters, and he seemed to recognize at a glance that this was an important communication Pere Perrault grudgingly handed to him, while his wife put a two-sous piece on the table. He looked over his spectacles from the neat and formal superscription toward the two old people, and then deliberately broke the seal.

The finely-balanced voice of the Ecrivain public shook a little as he read aloud that the Sous-Prefect of Sceaux, having communicated with the Maire of the XIIIth Arrondissement of Paris, had ascertained that Jean Desire Perrault was still alive, pursuing the calling of chiffonier. He now announced to him that by the death, a few weeks previous, of his brother Armand Leon he inherited the sum of 3,000 francs. "Voila, my friend, allow me to offer you my best congratulations," said the Ecrivain, who possessed a fine tact and power of expression.

Pere Perrault remained without finding a word to say, looking drowsily at the speaker.

"Three thousand francs!" cried Mere Perrault, catching her breath. "Who ever heard the like—three thousand francs!"

"It is a pretty sum. It is not often I have to read such news to my customers," said the Ecrivain.

Still Pere Perrault remained silent, looking stupidly at the learned man with the round spectacles and the flowing beard. Presently he muttered: "Eh, say that again. Three thousand francs—three thousand francs," but the words did not seem to bring any meaning to his mind. "Yes, there it is, quite in form. I never read a better written letter, and I have experience," said the Ecrivain.

"But yes—yes, it is clear as the day," shouted Mere Perrault in her husband's ear, tapping the palm of her left hand with her closed right fist. "Your brother, the miser, who would not lend you a few miserable francs when you were without a sou, is dead—yes, dead, and has left you three thousand francs, you understand—three thousand francs; and to emphasize this information Mere Perrault hit her left palm with a succession of little knocks from her right.

The energetic clearness of his wife did not communicate itself to Pere Perrault. "Yes—yes, three thousand francs," he repeated in the same mechanical fashion without a responsive gleam in his eyes. He remained standing where he was, asking no question—making no movement; but a fox-like keenness had suddenly developed itself in Mere Perrault. The money must not be sent to the house; she had grown fearful of thieves, she had become suspicious, refusing the services of the Ecrivain public to take charge of the sum and place it in the Caisse d'Epargne. She all at once recognized the virtue of spiritual authority, and, seizing her husband by the tail of his blouse, announced her intention of going to see Monsieur le Cure. A feverish movement on the part of Pere Perrault revealed that through his dulled senses an appreciation of his good fortune had entered. The Ecrivain public, on returning the letter, let the string that bound the registered envelope fall on the floor. With trembling haste the chiffonier ducked under the table, and with shaking fingers clutched it, as if it, too were precious.

Mere Perrault did not pause to tell the news to the eager loiterers outside, but with firm bold of her husband made her way to the presbyters. Monsieur le Cure was at the door, just going out, but he turned back and listened with interest to the old woman's story. His efforts to minister to the spiritual needs of the Mouffetardians were not appreciated by this Bohemian section of his flock, but he was a man of indulgent turn of mind, guilelessly eager to do good without claiming any tribute of gratitude. He now felt sure that for the speedy and more secure payment of the legacy there would be certain formalities to be gone through by this wide-awake woman and stupid-looking man which it was probable they would blunder over alone. He therefore once more put on his shovel hat and bade them come with him to the Mayoralty of the Arrondissement. The counsels the priest during the walk gave to the old people as to the placing of their money were addressed to the wife, for the husband seemed too dazed to understand as he stalked along dumbly clutching the letter against his chest. At the Mairie the authorities soon confined their questions to Mere Perrault, apparently judging the old man to be a fit le removed from an idiot, who could do nothing but feebly reiterate the questions put to him. Still, that the chiffonier was not ignorant of the chan e that had come in his fortune was again manifested by his obstinate refusal to give up into the keeping of the civil authorities, in return for a formal receipt thereof, the le ter he had received that morning. It required, to induce him to part with the precious document, the fluent and vivid representations of his wife that it was guarded by the Church in the person of Monsieur le Cure, by the law in that of the officials surrounded by books and rolls of paper, and by the army in the sentinels posted at the door of the Mairie.

The news of the legacy told to some of the loiterers by the Ecrivain public had preceded the old couple on their return to the Rue Mouffetard. The quarter was on the tiptoe of excitement. A sudden regard for Pere Perrault had developed itself in the community. Mere Perrault noted how the old man was treated with a respect he had never been treated with before. The *gargotte* of Pere Michael was the resort of chiffonniers on holiday occasions. Thither Pere Perrault went at the invitation of his friends to talk over the big question how to spend 3,000 francs. It was felt due to the community to consider the question as one of public interest, to be properly discussed only before a table on which stood brandy and petit vin blen. The Mouffetardians are a silent race for one of Gallic origin, but they can come out volubly on occasions with speech liberally strewn with *sapristis* and other expletives, to which the rumble of R's gives a distant semblance to the mutter of artillery.

The health of Pere Perrault was drunk with acclamation. Pere Perrault acknowledging the honor by drinking to it himself. It was repeated with emphasis that the chiffonier was an honor to the community. He deserved his luck. And it was remembered how on two occasions—once when he found a silver teaspoon in a dustheap, and another time a silver fork—he had with the proceeds of their sale treated his friends. It was hoped that on this occasion of his good fortune he would not be found lagging behind; for, said Pere Biot, the orator of the quarter, "The word fraternity is a falsehood when the good luck of one of its members is not the good luck of all." Mere Perrault, whose late lynx-eyed vigilance had now assumed the form of caution, gave but a taciturn encouragement to the company's hope of a treat. "Good money must not be wasted in liquor," she remarked. Pere Perrault, however, in the surrounding atmosphere of cordiality, was showing symptoms of awaking out of his somnambulistic condition; he nodded and gave his word that when he touched his legacy he would spend a whole louis d'or in treating his mates.

After this assurance the company took up the question in hand with gusto. The Mouffetardians are not politicians. It is difficult to kindle the imagination of men who have no experience of life's chances but those presented by rubbish heaps. Changes in the forms of society's government do not affect those who do not understand the first meaning of aspiration, and are unable to fancy what enlarged life means.

Still, there were in the quarter some spirits steeped in the direst colors of republicanism, and one of them vowed with many muttered ejaculations that had he 3,000 francs he would devote every sou of them toward ridding the country of despotism.

The Mouffetardians are a reckless, lawless Bohemian set, but they are not of a spoil-sport disposition, and the suggestion was fiercely overruled and silenced as one likely to mar the geniality of the meeting. To the majority present the prospect of doing nothing more but smoking and imbibing any amount of eau de vie appeared the only rational way of enjoying existence and spending 3,000 francs. Pere Biot, who had larger views, spoke up, and demonstrated that a chiffonier who would deserve well of the community should do something for his fellows; he held, therefore, that Pere Perrault ought to set up as a maitre chiffonier, buying up from his old mates, and giving better prices for their pickings. A round of applause greeted this proposition. Pere Perrault listened to the knocking of glasses about him. A feverish brightness gleamed in his eyes, but he remained vaguely monosyllabic. "That would be good; he did not say no." A chiffonier of feebler mets than his fellows, who had been known to wander to the fortifications and bring home limp nosegays of wild flowers, admitted that had he 3,000 francs he would have no more to do with the concern; he would buy a little house outside the barriere, with a strip of garden to it, in which he would plant cabbages and beans. Of a Sunday Pere Perrault might ask his friends to come in and set in the shade and breathe the air.

Pere Perrault puffed away at his pipe, and gave that mysterious, soft chuckle that neither agreed nor disagreed; but Mere Perrault, who rather liked the last suggestion, noticed that the glow deepened in his pale cheek as he hearkened to it, yet he seemed thinking of something else. There was a queer look in his eyes, as if he were seeing there before him what no one else saw. The idea struck her that her old man had a notion of his own he was holding close.

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That evening the old couple sat over the stove with Medor, their dog, between them. Many rude and unlovely details littered the room, for Pere Perrault did not, as did the more indolent of his tribe, dispose of his pickings from the rubbish heaps *en bloc*, but carrying these home, sorted and disposed of them in detail. Compared to some of his mates Perrault was a pattern of respectability. He was one of the few Mouffetardians whose union with one of the other sex was not a dubious and ephemeral contract, unrecognized by Church or State. He had entered the matrimonial bond at Sceaux, before that quarrel with his brother the miser, shortly afterwhich he had left his native village. He indulged rarely in libations of brandy, preferring light sour wine to more fiery liquors, except occasionally on Sundays or national holidays, when actuated by an indistinct idea that it was right to be festive; but Perrault's inebriation was always of a grotesquely sombre character. Mere Perrault's imagination was now indulging itself in dreams of a garden planted with cabbages, of a constant supply of soup flavored with fresh vegetables, of a dry roof overhead in bad weather. Considering this prospect of comfort and plenty, her gypsy-life seemed to her a bitter experience of tramps in the distracting wind and soaking rain.

Pere Perrault was silent, but it was no longer the silence of stupidity. A smouldering excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring into the fire with that old feverish look.

"It is not that I shall do with the money," he suddenly said. "It shall be a garden—yes; but it shall not be planted with cabbages; it will be planted with flowers and evergreens."

"Evergreens! but what kind of garden will it be?" asked his wife.

"It will be a bit of ground in the cemetery," he replied.

Mere Perrault enveloped her husband with a scrutinizing and apprehensive glance, as if she feared he had gone daft.

"There will be a beautiful headstone with our names written on it quite plain: 'Cy gisent Jean Desire Perrault et Odette Celestine, son epouse. Chiffoniers, and then our age," continued Perrault, who, now that his tongue was loosened, spoke unhesitatingly.

"Are you gone mad, Perrault?" asked his wife, bending her shaggy eyebrows.

"It will be beautiful, like a corner of one of the gardens in the Luxembourg; and it will belong to us a *perpetuite*—*a perpetuite*. Do you understand, *a perpetuite*!—for ever; for hundreds of years—always—and all the time people will know us and speak of us," continued Pere Perrault," without heeding his wife, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands up and down over his knees.

"But have you gone mad?" she cried again, shaking her hand up in the air. "What does it signify after death to lie in a fine place if you must labor and weary in life?"

"What does it signify?" cried the old man, turning upon her with a gesture of frightful energy. "I'll tell you what: Do you remember Totin? I saw him dead. I went to his funeral. I did not care for Totin living, but when I saw him lying there on a *paillasse* motionless, then sewn up in a dirty sheet, nailed down in a deal box—well, I tell you I felt something here"—and he struck his chest. "It seemed nothing to me that Totin should grub in the mire while he lived; but as he lay there dead before me I felt somehow as if I had loved him. That was why I went to his funeral. Then, when I saw him put down into the *fosse commune*, I thought, There he is; no one knew him alive—no one will know him dead; not his name, or anything about him; then I said to myself: 'Perrault! Perrault! the degradation is the *fosse commune*.

"The *fosse commune* or another grave, it is the same to me," said Mere Perrault, with bitter emphasis. "What I want is a little comfort in life—that bit of garden with the cabbages."

Pere Perrault indulged in one of those expletives no known in polite society. "A cabbage garden!—I don't want your cabbage garden. I dig in the sunshine!—No—it is not—I will do it. I still prefer my trade; I know it and it knows me. Here I come to a heap of rubbish—I look at it; I guess what I shall find; it never disappoints me, sometimes it gives me more."

"It is a rough trade," feebly put in Mere Perrault, overborne by her husband's vehemence.

"It is a rough trade; all the more reason to take my ease after death. I made friends with one of the gardeners in Pere la Chaise. He showed me the tombs. There is a fine one to two people; he told me their story. I remember their names, for I said them to myself over and over again—Madame Louise et Monsieur Abeliarts. They lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago; they loved each other; they could not marry, so she became a nun, he became a monk; but after their death there they came together. There they lie like bride and bridegroom, and every one knows their story, every one tells it. Bah! In the *fosse commune* you would lie there, I would lie here," making a gesture of his hand in opposite directions; "but in our bit of ground we'd be together, and every one would always know us as we e husband and wife."

"That would be *gentil*, certainly," said Mere Perrault, softly, a thrill of amazement passing through her frame at these extraordinary words.

"I shall have a picture of our basket and hooks carved upon the tombstone," said Pere Perrault.

"We might have Medor's picture put there, too," remarked Mere Perrault.

"I believe it—Indeed—the rogue! Lord! he trots by our side as if he were himself a chiffonier," said Pere Perrault, giving a genial kick to the dozing quadruped, who sat up, responsively, blinked one eye at his master, and shook his rag of a tail.

The old couple chatted till deep into the night; for the first time, they forgot to go rag-picking. Pere Perrault had won his wife's complete adhesion to the scheme of this wish to be known to the world and posterity as her spouse. Her imagination once kindled, travelled as fast as her husband's in picturing the mausoleum, erected to their united memory. The note had been struck that set these two old hearts beating in unison. They grew garrulous with each other, these two whose married life had been so morose. They confided to each other the fancies that crowded into their brains. They vaguely felt drawn to each other as in the olden days when they had walked as sweethearts in the woods of Sceaux, and the firelight glancing upon their wrinkled faces seemed to touch them with something of a smiting radiance.

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The husband and wife paid mysterious visit to Pere la Chaise next day. They kept their project close. At the promised treat to his mates, Pere Perrault was silent as the grave about it. After a while the scheme oozed out, however, and the Mouffetardians received the information first with incredulous laughter, then with boisterous derision. The unconcern of the couple at the sallies they provoked had a dampening effect upon their brilliancy, and brought to the perpetrators thereof a humiliating sense of wasted powder and shot.

After a while it became apparent that the community was growing accustomed to the idea, that some of its members were even discussing it with something like interest. Pere Perrault was silent before a mocking spirit, but at any manifestation of sympathy his tongue was unloosed. Pere Biot, who had been the first to approach the theme in a spirit of friendly inquiry, was taken into his confidence. He came back one day and explained to his comrades assembled at Pere Michel's *gargotte* that he had been to Pere la Chaise, that he had seen the site of the tomb, that the ground was actually bought. It was in the second row of graves, the place on the first row having proved too expensive. Pere Biot here explained with lucid gesticulations that the tomb would be easily seen from the pathway, it being placed between an obelisk and pyramid in the foreground. He further told that the remainder of the 3,000 francs had been divided into portions to pay for the headstones and expenses of the two funerals, and that Monsieur le Cure had the charge of it. "I find," concluded Pere Biot, bringing his hand down on the table, "that Perrault has had a good thought in buying this grave; it is not he only who will profit by it; for if a fine tomb is put over a chiffonier's body, in a place where everybody shall see it and talk about it, I say all of his trade gains respect by it."

In a small community, a decided attitude of mind is catching; Pere Biot made converts there and then. A certain elation might be noticeable in the deportment and glance of the Mouffetardians who adopted this doctrine, and acknowledged the scheme a worthy one. It seemed as if these despised waifs and pariahs felt vaguely the cheer of the redeeming sacredness of the body.

By the time the tombstone was to be designed the Quartier Mouffetard had taken the matter in hand is one of personal interest. For the better display of the inscriptions it was decided that there should be two headstones. The character of the letters was a question of much noisy discussion. The majority, headed by Mere Perrault, considered that an amount of flourishes gave dignity to the signs. Pere Perrault inclined to plain and honest letters. A compromise was at last effected. The names of the two occupants would be recorded with due ornamentation, but the word "chiffonier," the word that, placed there, was to be glorification, an apotheosis of the craft—was to be carved in characters that Pere Perrault said would "skip" to the eyes at a distance of any one who could read. The epitaph was recognized to be second only in importance to that word. Mere Perrault, and not a few with her, were swayed by the stonecutter's offer to put "Requiescent in pace." Latin would have a good effect, a little air-cossu. But Pere Perrault, ambitious of a wider immortality than that which he could share with be learned only, ruled that every word should be "all French." After this decision the company proceeded to the composition of the epitaph. The following may pass as a specimen of some submitted:

"Cy git Jean Desire Perrault, Chiffonier, who for forty years worked in dirt, and who now rests in humble hope of a country where no refuse exists."

After some discussion, such inscriptions—felt to be derogatory to the trade—were put aside, and two not strikingly original phrases were substituted. Over Mere Perrault's grave, as belonging to the sentimental sex, it was decided to exhort the passer-by to drop a tear; on Pere Perrault's to ask the passer-by to offer up a prayer.

"After all, remarked Pere Perrault, complacently, pulling away at his stump of a pipe, "a prayer, some tears, are all one can give to the dead; those fine ladies and gentlemen in their coach can't have more."

Space will not allow us to dwell upon the delighted appreciation by the chiffoniers of the stonecutter's representation of the two battered baskets and the Medor's portrait. On his master's tomb he was shown trotting in apparent pursuance of his calling; the carved similitude of his inquiring nose and depressed tail, that in their discordant expression seemed scarcely to belong to the same individual, were voted exact copies of these two appendages. On his mistress' tomb Medor was shown reposing.

During these discussions the plot of ground in Pere la Chaise bloomed like a garden under the care bestowed upon it by its future occupants; nor were they the only ones who prided themselves upon its beauty. Contributions were brought to it by various members of the tribe, in the shape of roots and seeds. Pere Biot, one night picking up a withered rose bush, thrown out in a broken pot, brought it home, nursed and tended it until it put forth tender leaves and buds, then with some solemnity it was planted in the place of honor, over the spot where it was calculated Pere Perrault's head would rest. By a singular process the tomb had become a rallying point of interest to the rough Bohemians, giving a sort of anticipated triumph to the close of their earthly wanderings.

Often the husband and wife wondered which should precede the other to the ground. Mere Perrault considered that, being a woman, it was likely she would be the first to enter into the blitheness and calm; but Pere Perrault, who hazily remembered that in his youth he had been older than his wife, maintained that seniority would probably entitle him to the privilege, and the Quartier Mouffetard supported his claim.

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The following winter proved a severe one. To more observant eyes than those of the Mouffetardians it would have been apparent that Mere Perrault's rough health was breaking. Her energetic gesticulations grew languid. The animation of her wrinkled countenance faded. It became difficult for her to get through her task. She had a racking cough; but ailments she and all her tribe considered one of the necessories of winter; to strive against them would show a fine ignorance of the laws of nature; and so she went regularly on with her work. Spring came, the crocuses were beginning to bloom on the grave, and still she languished. One night, when the hour arrived for their setting forth, Pere Perrault strapped on his hotte. He had acquired the punctuality of a man whose life swings between ever-recurring occurrences with the exactitude of a pendulum. Still Mere Perrault remained crouching over the fire. "Eh, old woman, one must hurry, it is hour of work, remarked Pere Perrault, briskly.

"I do not think, my man, I can do any work to-night," she said.

Pere Perrault remained a moment standing stock still, rigid with amazement. Then he walked rapidly over to her. "It is your side that is hurting you, eh?" he asked hastily, bending upon her a glance of indistinct apprehension.

"I think my call has come," she replied gently.

Pere Perrault looked at her dumbfounded; then a little spasm contracted his features. "It is not true," he said, roughly; "you are a bit tired—you want to rest. I—I am strong. I can do the work of two."

She raised her withered hand and put it into his. *Mon Ami*, I is I will occupy the pretty grave first," she said with a smile.

But for the first time the thought of the tomb brought no answering gleam to her husband's countenance. He held her hand, simply gazing down into her sunken features. The eyes of the old couple met. Perhaps he recognized in hers the message it requires no learning to read. Pere Perrault's pale face grew a tinge paler. He let her hand fall, and repeating, "I—I am strong, I can do the work of two," he made his way out, and set off alone on his midnight tramp.

The next morning Mere Perrault could not get up, and after a few days it became evident that the end was not far off. The stout-hearted old woman had not given in until she had walked the last step of the rough path it had been given her to tread. Monsieur le Cure, who had kept up friendly relations with her and Pere Perrault since the day of the consultation concerning the legacy, and who had made some progress in the estimation of the chiffoniers, one day warned the old man the time had come for the parting. That night Pere Perrault did not go on his rounds. Some of his comrades arranged to take an extra turn to supply his place. Through her illness the dying woman vainly tried to revive her husband's spirits by leading his thoughts to cluster round that beautiful grave. She had flashes of her old merriment. She essayed little jokes. It would not be like an empty house now. He would be proud to point to it and say: "It is my wife who lies there." But these contemplations, once so animating, had apparently, at this supreme crisis, lost their power to comfort Pere Perrault. It seemed rather as if the joy and pride that had kindled his life had quickened there a new power of suffering.

Toward midnight Mere Perrault, who had lain still a long time, suddenly opened her eyes and beckoned to him. He stooped over her. "That will be *gentil*. Every one will know as we're husband and wife," she said, with a little laugh.

"Well, and I—I tell you," he replied, roughly breaking the silence in which he had taken refuge—"I find that when two people has worked together and walked together like you and me, and had their good and bad luck together for years and years—I tell you as they should die together."

"Bah! we'll soon rest together," the old woman said, cheerily, and so quietly passed away.

The rude and uncouth attempts of the Mouffetardians to console their mate after the fashion of Mere Perrault failed to lift the desolateness from his face and manner. "Where two had lived together two should die together," he repeated truculently, addressing nobody in particular, but as if the assertion of a distinct sentiment was a relief to him in his confused misery. The arrangements for the funeral had been so fully settled beforehand that it needed no supervision for the details to be carried out. There was a mourning coach for Monsieur le Cure. Pere Perrault had always contemplated walking, should it fall to his lot to be chief mourner. As he found himself clad in black, following bareheaded just behind the sable car, with its silver ornaments, drawn by two plumed horses, and preceded by officials carrying silver sticks, a waft of the old comfort and of the old pride stole into his heart. The Mouffetardians filed behind. To those trudgers on foot it was a triumphal procession. An extra sum had been paid to secure a long march round by the Boulevards. It was a sunshiny afternoon, all the world was out of doors, and men and women turned to look at the strange sight of that fine hearse, and the long file of patched and tattered folk. With the gentle respect paid to the dead in Catholic lands, men bared their heads and women crossed themselves. At all these tokens of regard Pere Perrault's heart swelled within him; his bent frame dilated. "Ah, she is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky," he kept saying to himself.

An unlooked-for incident brought to a climax the triumph of the ragged pedestrians.

The Emperor's carriage, with four horses mounted by postillions, met the cortege and fell aside to let it pass. The Emperor removed his hat, the little Prince did the same, the Empress crossed herself. Then the glory of the situation almost overcame Pere Perrault. He felt suffocated. Something seemed to clutch him by the throat. He could have sobbed, but he would not for the world have wept at this the grand redeeming moment of his life. To relieve the strangling that choked him he repeated for the hundredth time in an unreasoning and labored utterance, "Ah, she is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky." When the magnificent dream was over, and Mere Perrault was laid in the earth, the grave refilled and the flowers replanted that zealous hands had removed the day before, Pere Perrault and his friends supped at Pere Michel's. It was a frugal feast, but the talk was glowing. The company enumerated one by one the glories of that day. Every incident of the pageant was dwelt upon. Pere Perrault alone was silent. Still, he was seeing vividly there before him, pricked on the dark, each detail of that eventful journey to the cemetery, the beautiful car in front of him drawn by horses covered with black drapery, the silver fringe of which nearly swept the ground, the tributes of respect paid, the surprise of the crowd, the imperial carriage drawn aside, the sovereign doing homage; then the procession to the cemetery, the priests and the *enfants de choeur* in their white robes, when to the tinkling of the bells the voices swelled in prayer; and the collin with the two crowns of *immortelles* laid upon it. Seeing all this so plain, Pere Perrault could not join in the talk; but still, he would mutter with a little trembling of the lips, "She is lucky—the old woman—she is lucky."

A year elapsed, and Mere Perrault's headstone stood alone amid the flowers tended by her husband and his mates. The appearance of that brilliantly blossoming grave, dedicated to the memory of a chiffonier attracted the attention of visitors to Pere la Chaise, and Pere Perrault, who haunted the spot as a bird haunts its nest, would hear the comments of the strangers. Returning, he would relate them with animation to his friends of the Rue Mouffetard. "They were walking about like that—not seeing any that interested them—when, *apristi!* at sight of the old woman's grave they stopped. '*Une chiffoniere!*' they said; 'impossible!' '*une chiffoniere!*' and then they remained starting with their mouths wide open. Pere Perrault would wind up his tale by imitating the astounded attitude and expression of the visitors. The story was repeated, and its closing pose gone through, until all the quarter knew it and had chuckled over it in sympathetic pride. There could be no question about it. The Mouffetardians felt they had gone up in the world.

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Perhaps, as time went on, the thought of the dead so continually present in his life began to affect Pere Perrault's mind. He had dreamy fancies, when he would apparently forget his wife was not active and about. He would mutter and talk to himself. Once or twice, as he strapped on his *hotte*, he had been heard to call, "Hurry, old woman! Hurry! time for work." Owing to his confused state of brain, one morning Pere Perrault, after having sorted and disposed of his pickings, went into Pere Michel's *gargotte*, and instead of drinking his soup on the premises, as had now become his habit, carried home two portions in a covered jug, as in his old days. It was not until he had poured out the soup into two cracked bowls that he suddenly recognized his mistake. He sat down for a few blank moments, then, without touching his meal, went out. As he turned out of the Rue Mouffetard the feverish sense of his wife's presence gradually again came to him, dulling his senses to outward sights and sounds. He was not dependent upon his eyes, however, for finding his way to his goal. Crossing the Place de la Bastille, the old man had a sudden impression of excited shouts and clattering of wheels. He started up to the consciousness of fast-driving horses just upon him. He made an instinctive plunge forward, lost his footing, and the next moment horses and cart went over him.

The insensible body was brought to a new hospital at some distance. That night and the next day Pere Perrault remained unconscious. For a passing moment he would make an effort, and then he would seem struggling to speak in a feeble manner. The doctor and the kind Sisters bending over him could discern such words as "Le cimitiere la-bas." They could not understand, but the straining expression of the fast glazing eyes seemed to indicate there was something on the dying man's mind.

No human being could restore the mangled body to activity. On the second day, toward night, Pere Perrault raised his head from his pillow, saying: "Off, there! I told you so. It is like a garden. Every one knows it by the flowers." He would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of the Sister praying by his pillow since the agony had begun. He struggled and went on: "There, round the corner, just behind the pyramid. Yes, and there is the old woman coming a-lagging, her face a' rested and shining—*a perpetuite, a perpetuite*," and so he died. The Sister had witnessed those death-bed visions before—when from the shadowy land the loved ones come to guide those starting for the journey. She remained some moments in prayer; then she rose to perform the last offices.

The dead man appeared to her to be a member of that friendless and belated tribe the existence of which is one of the piteous secrets hidden in the heart of a great city. No one had come to claim kinship with or make inquiries concerning him. He seemed well fitted to demand as a right the State's last charity of a pauper funeral, to take him to that trysting-place of the poor, the *fosse commune*.

Pere Perrault's body was put into a humble shell, the lid of which was not nailed down, as a formality to give a last chance of identification. It was placed in the mortuary chapel of the hospital there to wait the time imposed by law before interment.

The morning came, and in the wan light, before the city was astir, the officials in rusty black entered. They were removing the coffin, in order to rinse it outside the precincts, when there came a shuffle and scuffle of feet, and a number of ragged and exalted figures entered. It was Pere Biot followed by some chiffoniers; when their eyes fell on the old and pitiless form in the shell, a cry like a cheer burst from their lips.

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Some months later, I went one afternoon to Pere la Chaise. On a former occasion I had seen the grave of Mere Perrault, and knew something of its history. My thoughts had occasionally wandered with a sort of mournful interest to that solitary headstone, and sometimes wondered when the husband would come to lie by the wife's side. With melancholy pleasure I saw the other headstone standing there with the name Jean Desire Perrault, and the inscription upon it. The day was full of the serene poetry of autumn, and the light fell with a large and restful radiance on the two tombstones. The grave, with its rows of double daisies, geraniums and pansies, had an air of fete. An old man was picking the weeds and trimming the plants. It was Pere Biot. He told me the whole story. "Ah! madame, I could not tell you what it was to us when we missed Perrault. When we made sure that afternoon he had not come home the night before, we looked for him everywhere that day and the next, first at the cemetery, then at one hospital, then at another, then at the Morgue. Madame, he was nowhere. We had sad hearts. It seemed to us that the good God had sailed up there in His sky, 'The chiffoniers are a degraded race; let them be forgotten after death as one forgets the refuse flung into the street.' That is what it seemed to us. That hospital was out of the way; we did not know it like the others; but, madame, when we came to it, when we went in—when we were shown into the chapel, and when lying before us, in that shell of a coffin, we recognized Perrault—rigid—cold—dead, but *calme* Perrault—Heaven forgive us, madame—we gave a cheer like; we were reproached for it; but, you see, they could not tell what it was to us to have come upon our mate in time; we took him away, and the next day we buried him, and here now he lies by the side of his wife."—*Bulgravia.*

Artificial Wood Ornaments.

Varied and partial success has, in the past, attended the production of embossed wood for furniture decoration and ornamentation. But wood, however thin, does not lend itself to the die as metals do, and the fiber on which its strength depends is more or less fractured in the operation. For this and other reasons it may not be superfluous for us to describe an entirely different process in which an artificial wood is used.

The crude mass from which the articles are pressed consists chiefly of cellulose mixed with any sort of starch. The ordinary commercial cellulose, which is to be had in any quantity in the form of paper, is softened in water and thoroughly disintegrated. It is then put in a fine meshed sieve and the water drained off. It is then mixed with about three parts (by weight) of dry starch, made from wheat, rye, potatoes, Indian corn, etc., as well as two parts of rye or wheat flour, or corn meal, or any other flour that contains gluten, and very intimately mixed.

The mixture of cellulose, stareh and flour is put in a suitable receptacle, pipes made of thin sheet metal are the best, and heated on a water bath for an hour. The tubes are then taken out and cooled to ordinary temperature. This cooking has converted the mass into a fibrous, tenaceous, glutinous substance, which is intimately mixed with an equal quantity of sawdust (or turnings.) The stuff is then rolled out into sheets and dried in the air or in warm stoves, when they are ready to use.

The dies in which the mass is pressed are of iron, steel, or red brass, which are heated to 120 degrees C. (248 degrees Fahrenheit,) and subjected to a pressure of 700 kilos per square centimeter, (nearly 1,000 pounds per square inch). The stuff then becomes gummy, and fills out every corner of the mold fully. The article is at once removed from the mold while hot, and when cold very much resembles wood, being both hard and elastic, and in time gets as hard as bone. These articles can be worked and treated like wood; can be sawed, planed and filed; dyed, polished, and glued.

Large articles can be veneered on the outside with natural veneer in this way. The mold is prepared and heated, and then from one to four strips of thin veneer, which have been previously coated on one side with glue or rosin and dried again, are put in the mold, according to its depth. This is covered with a layer of the dry and pulverized mass, from two to twenty millimeters thick, according to the depth. Thin and flat articles, like key-escutcheons, buttons, rilievos, etc., can be finished by once pressing, whereby the veneer becomes so firmly attached and united to the mass beneath, that it cannot be removed without destroying the article. In those having a high relief, and such as are hollow, the article is only partially formed by the first pressing, after which the press is opened again, and the reverse or cover, to which it almost always adheres, is taken off. If there are any spots not completely covered with veneer, a new strip is laid on after moistening the glue side. It is then covered with one large piece of dry veneer that covers the whole, and then put back in the press and the full pressure applied. On opening the press the article is taken out of the hot form finished.

To prevent the articles from drawing or warping after

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LIFE'S LESSON.

O weary hearts that throb with bitter grief,
And seem to keep time with the aching brain,
O tired eyes that nightly vigil keep,
And pale lips shutting back the pain,—

Remember other hearts are heavy, too;
Little we know the crosses others bear;
We hear a laugh and see a happy smile,
And never dream they hide a burning tear.

The sad, sad story that our own lives tell,
Repeats itself in many a human breast;
And in the impress tired faces wear,
We read their sorrows through their smiles confessed.

The sympathy we crave can come alone
From those whose feet have pressed the same rough way;
And so we learn the lesson—hard indeed—
That darkest night may bring the brightest day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble—"married! And without neither wedding-cake nor new bonnet, nor so much as a neighbor called in to witness the ceremony? And to Abel Jones, as is as poor as poverty itself. Mary, I never could have believed it of you!"

Pretty Mary Bubble's eyes sparkled, half with exultation, half with vague fear.

"It was out in 'Squire Larkin's garden, mother," said she. "'Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward and Mr. Hall. Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must now or never, because he couldn't endure the suspense. And the 'Squire is a Justice of the Peace, and I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see, mother! And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious, temperate young man; and please, mother," flinging both arms around the old lady's neck, "if you'll forgive me for disobeying you this once I never, *never* will do it again!"

So Mrs. Bubble—although, to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a "Justice of the Peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane, to commence the conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living; and I did hope, Mary, you would have married some one who could at least have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy. Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old Crœsus is one too many. Let him go his way; who cares for him?

"We shall get along," said Abel.

"Of course we shall get along!" said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. 'Squire Larkins, with a young friend in flounced white muslin stopped at the Bubble farm-house to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. *Larkins*, laughing.

"Tol'able, thank you," said Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon Faraday's to get their recipe for makin' soft-soap. Abel's well, too, thankee. He's in the shop, now, at work. His hammer is sort o' company for me, when I set here alone. I don't deny as he's a decent young man enough, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkey! And with Mary's face, and her term at boarding-school, she'd ought to done better.

"What a beautiful old chest of drawers!" cried Miss Wynward, ecstatically. "What lovely brass ornaments! And what picturesque claw legs!"

"O, yes," said Mrs. Larkins. "It is over a hundred years old. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique chest of drawers?"

"O, ma'am, it ain't the same," said Mrs. Bubble. "It ain't the old one at all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it?" echoed Mrs. 'Squire Larkins.

"I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs. Bubble, looking imploringly over the edge of her spectacle glasses. "It was given to me, you know, ma'am, when my father's estate was settled up, and the old furnitoor was divided. My brother John's wife, she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels; so she says, says she:

"'Sophiar, you can take the old chist o' draw's.'

"And I knew I was bein' cheated then; but, la! what's the use of trouble among one's relations? So says I:

"'Have it your own way, Abigail Ann.'

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan,' and I took the chist o' draw's. And Abel he fixed it up dreadful nice, with a little sand-paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters, and samples of patchwork, and paper patterns in. But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's, offered me twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse so much money; so I sold it. And John's wife, she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she:

"'Sophiar, don't you s'pose you could sell 'The Death of Jonathan' for the same money?'

"And I knew just how she felt, and I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she always was a graspin' thing. But after it had gone away in Doctor Holloway's wagon, I began to miss it, and I fairly sat down and cried. And Abel, he says:

"'Cheer up, mother,' says he. 'I'll make you another one just like it!'

"And so he did. And there it is," added Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know but it was the same old chist o' draw's. He's darkened it down and 'iled it up, and turned out claw legs and beat out a set of old brasses to cover the keyholes, until you never would know the difference. And I'm just as well satisfied as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things and went to the sewing society when Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big, airy kitchen when Prof. Eldred and his two daughters—maiden ladies of an unchronicled age—alighted from their open box wagon and stopped in for a drink of water.

There was the well, under the bower apple-blossoms at the back; and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep; and the cleanly scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rag rugs at the doors; and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner; and the old chest of drawers, between the two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Etheldreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely piece of workmanship!"

"Quite medieval!" sighed Miss Ermengarde. "We *must* have this old Revolutionary relic in our drawing-room, pa!"

The Professor stared around him.

"There's nobody to ask the price of, my dear, said he.

"That's just like pa!" said Miss Etheldreda. "Don't you hear somebody hammering somewhere? There's a carpenter shop just down the lane. Go and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently away at a step-ladder, when the Professor's bald head was thrust into his shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very handsome, in his shirtsleeves and a scarlet necktie.

"I wish you a very good morning, sir!" said the Professor, politely.

"Same to you, sir!" said Abel.

"I wish," said the Professor, "to inquire the price of that beautiful old brass-mounted chest of drawers in the kitchen of the house yonder. My daughters——"

"No price at all, sir," said Abel. "It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would be any inducement to you——"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly repeated Abel. "Nothing would induce my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked the Professor.

"Exactly," said Abel.

And he went on hammering, and whistling the tune of "Robin Adair," while the Professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry-bushes and black currants.

Half an hour afterward, Mary, the pretty first cause of all Abel Jones' romantic adventures, ran into the shop. They had been married for over three months now, but Abel's smile of welcome was no less bright than it had been in the days of the honeymoon.

"Bless me, Polly!" said he. "What is the matter? You look half scared to death!"

"And no wonder," said Mary. "There have been burglars at the house. Mother's chest of drawers is gone!"

"What!" shouted Abel.

"And *these* were left under one of the volumes of 'Barnes' Notes on the Gospel' on the kitchen-table!" breathlessly added Mary, displaying five ten-dollar bills in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word!" said Abel. It's the old fellow with the bald head, Polly, and the spectacles, you may depend upon it. I thought he looked like an old furniture dealer."

Alas, poor Abel! not to be able to discriminate between a second-hand store-keeper and the Professor of Æsthetics and Belles Lettres in Rigley University! But such is life!

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary, breathlessly.

"Well, not exactly," said Abel, laughing. "The old thing in itself wasn't worth ten dollars. If they choose to value it at fifty, why it ain't bad for us in the light of a pecuniary transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished," said Abel. "I was meaning to sell it to Mrs. Hartington. But I'll just set it up in the old place, and mother will never care whether it's number one or number two that is there."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home from the sewing society, Abel was just setting up a new chest of drawers, and Mary eagerly related to her the tale of the burglary, for so she still persisted in calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bubble. "Fifty and twenty-five makes seventy-five. I'm glad I didn't take the 'Death of Jonathan!'"

"This means business," said Abel to himself.

And he set diligently to work to manufacture still other duplicates of the "chist o' draw's," staining them a dark, rich brown, and beating out odd, shell-shaped decorations to complete the illusion. And when the curiosity-hunter came up the solitary road, embowered in elms, where it required considerable engineering for one load of hay to pass another, Abel sat whistling on his door-step, ready to drive a bargain.

"Any old furniture or antiques to sell?" the hunter would blandly inquire.

"Not a stick!" said Abel; and then, after a minute's blank silence on the part of the pioneers of the æsthetic, he would add: "Unless you'd like to look at this 'ere chist o' draw's as I've just tinkered up. I can't say, up and down, you know, as it's *old;* but then it is. You can look for yourselves. There ain't no date on it. I don't care whether I sell it or not. Nor yet I don't put no price on it. I ain't none of your bargain drivers. If you like it, pay what you think is right; if you don't, why there ain't no harm done!"

So that no less than seven editions of the chest of drawers were sold before the season was over. They became the fashion. Every person who bought one had a vague hope of having something a little different from his neighbors. And some of them have never yet ceased looking for hidden treasures, old papers or outlawed wills among the pigeon-holes and compartments.

And when the season ended and the city boarders went back to their brick-and-mortar wildernesses, Abel bought his mother-in-law a plethoric pocket-book.

"Three hundred and sixty-five dollars, mother," said he. "Enough to pay off the last installment of the mortgage on the old farm. We couldn't have made more money than that if we'd kept a houseful of boarders, as Polly wanted to do. But I don't mean Polly to be at the beck and call of a dozen fine ladies and work her roses off, not while I'm able to work for her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good luck spread far and wide through all the country side. Mrs. Hopper, the "Abigail Ann of Mrs. Bubble's legendary reminiscences, heard the great news and drove down from Plum Hill to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found Solo," said she, dolefully, "in that old chist o' draw's, it's the law as all the heirs should divide equally, Sophiar Bubble."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble.

"O," said Mrs. Hopper, "I *told* my husband as it was all a made-up story!"

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs. Bubble, laughing.

And then she related the precise circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath.

"I wish I hadn't chose the 'Death of Jonathan,'" said she. "The cord broke, last week, and it fell down and smashed my best set of china. I never had no luck with it."

"And served you right for your greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones, *sotto voce*, to Mary, who, in the next room, was helping him to varnish a set of hanging-shelves.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered Mary.

While old Mrs. Bubble smiled, and remarked, sagely, that "nobody never knew exactly how things was goin' to turn out."

"But," she added, wiping her spectacle glasses, "that chist o' draw's certainly did bring me good luck. It's paid off the last of the old mortgage, and laid in a stock o' real black walnut for Abel to work with, and got a new navy-blue cashmere for Mary. And if that ain't luck I don't know what is."—*Saturday Night.*

A Remarkable Freak of Nature.

A remarkable freak of nature arrived in this city yesterday in the way of a child which has managed to live for seventeen months without that bony "dome of thought" which is regarded as essential to continued existence. Moreover, the child seems to have no need for a brain, if the eyes may be believed, for, in the absence of a skull, the head is translucent and almost transparent, while, by the aid of a lamp properly held, it may be perceived that the brain cavity is filled with a colorless fluid. Nothing exists in this serum that can be perceived. The head is larger than the body, the increase of size being almost entirely above the temples, and measures twenty-seven inches around. The lower face is perfect, and the child would be pretty but for the monstrous development. The rapid growth of the upper head has drawn the skin until the eyelids will not close, and the eyebrows are pulled up an inch at least above the normal position. When an *Enquirer* reporter visited the child it was asleep, and the mother would not allow it to be awakened for experiments. A rather dim coal-oil lamp was placed behind the monstrous head, and gleamed through it as though the skin formed the only obstacle to the light. The veins upon the forehead and the locks of hair upon the back of the head made the only shadows, as was proved by moving the lamp. The light behind the head illumined the whole of the interior, being as perceptible upon the side as the front of the occiput. It is claimed that when the child is awake the light of a lamp or sunlight falling upon the back of the head is even more plainly seen through the eye-balls or the nostrils, or through the ears when placed at one side. This remarkable head is covered with an abundant growth of auburn hair.

The child has every appearance, except in the color of the skin, of good health. It is fully developed, very plump, and is said to be strong, while it has a good appetite. In all its habits it is regular and like any other child. That it should have progressed so far as to be weaned, maintaining good health, and should have reached the teething period, is one of the wonders of physiology. Its senses are said to be perfect and acute, and it possesses enough of intelligence to smile faintly when tickled, and to recognize food when it sees it. When the child was born it was known as "the headless baby," as it seemed cut off above the ears on a line sloping toward the nape of the neck, while a wrinkled skin covered the top. It suffered greatly and its life was preserved with difficulty. At three or four weeks of age the skin began to fill out, when the child's sufferings ceased, and it enjoyed good health. The growth has been constant since. The child suffers no pain and only the inconvenience of being unable to sit up, in consequence of its deformity. The tension of the skin is such that it does not yield as readily to the touch as might be expected from its appearance, yet the child does not seem to experience any trouble from this, and was sleeping as sweetly as anybody's cherub.

This child was born February 20, of last year, on Beech Fork of Twelve-Pole Creek, Wayne County, W. V. It is of the male sex, and is known as Franky Canady.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Actors' Colony.

Near the southwestern border of Long Branch, a full mile from the ocean, is one of the most interesting cluster of cottages in the country. This settlement is what is known as the Actors' Colony, and here live some of the most noted actors and actresses of our times. Mary Anderson rejoices in the possession of a country seat composed of a neat villa and about eight acres of land. Then above her villa a short distance is the pretty little cottage at which Frank Chanfrau and Henrietta T. Chanfrau spend the summer months. Mr. Chanfrau is well-known to the play-going public as Kit, the Arkansas Traveler.

Just a little below Chanfrau's is the summer residence of William Henderson, manager of the Standard Theater, New York. On out the quiet country road, a little way is the modest cottage of Mrs. Edwin T. Adams. Mr. Adams is dead now, but his name still lingers in the memory of our play-going people.

But a short distance beyond Mrs. Adams' is the residence of Mrs. H. T. Paddock, better known to Americans as Maggie Mitchell. Maggie and her husband are quite well-to-do, having one piece of property down near the shore which is valued at $100,000, while their property, back inland is valued at eight or ten times as much. In this vicinity also live many other noted theatrical personages, such as Oliver Doud Byron, Mrs. Lester Wallack and John T. Raymond. The actors seem to have chosen a very quiet portion of the famous resort for their residences.—*Long Branch Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The best butter from grass is further improved by feeding the cows a little corn-meal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Christian Rescue Temperance Union has been incorporated in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—In thirty of the London Board schools there are penny banks connected with the post-office, and about $7,000 was deposited last year by more than 4,500 thrifty pupils.

—The Welsh Presbyterians in the West have formed a new Synod, embracing the churches in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. The call among them is for young men.

—Of all Protestant Evangelical denominations there are 496 churches in the city of New York for an estimated Protestant population of 500,000 to 600,000. The number of "missions" is 133, of which 118 are Protestant.

—The Church of England is said to receive rents from more public houses than any brewer's firm in the country. On the premises of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself is a public house whose revenues from the sale of liquor are £10,000 a year.

—The Mennonites of Manitoba are divided into the Hook-and-Eye party and the Button party. The former are conservatives and see danger in buttons; the latter are radical and progressive, insisting upon the innocence of buttons, also their convenience and cheapness.—*The Interior.*

—The Dunkirk (N. Y.) church case is at last settled. Judge Barker has decided that the party adhering to the presbytery constitutes the true First Presbyterian Church of Dunkirk, and is entitled to the full possession of the church property. The adherents of Mr. Adams, deposed by the presbytery, have decided that, though their position is right, the courts are against them, and consequently they will not appeal from the decision.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The school population of Tennessee, white and colored, numbers 545,875. The number of teachers employed is 6,880; of this number 1,338 are colored. There are 4,338 schools for whites and 1,270 for colored children. The average daily attendance last year was of 139,469 white children and 41,046 colored. The public school receipts were $706,152.13. There are in the State 1,467 private schools, with 1,528 teachers, and an average attendance of 25,820 pupils.

—Middlebury College, in Vermont, has had a present of a silver mine. Colonel Comins, of Winnemucca, Nev., has conveyed to the College the Rose Creek Silver Mine, which is in the Sierra mining district. The present value of the mine is stated at $30,000, but there is no telling what it may be worth when developed. The condition attached to the gift is that the proceeds shall be used to build a hall of science, to bear the donor's name.—*N. Y. Independent.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—This world is a tally-ho coach, and the man who blows the horn attracts the most attention.—*Whitehall Times.*

—At a dinner given by Mrs. John Jacob Astor at Newport recently, roses were banked up three feet high on her table. The hash was also excellent.—*N. O Picayune.*

—It is now a vexed question whether a town should be named after a base ball club, or vice versa. A town which won't change its name to honor a club must be a stupid place.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—California well-diggers have discovered trees standing upright at a distance of sixty feet below the surface. There are no harvest apples on them.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Said Mrs. Gallagher: "I think it is wrong to make these soda fountains so shiny, white and dazzling. They don't trouble me, but I've observed that my husband can never look at one without winking."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Where are you going, anyhow?" asked an irate conductor on the Central Pacific the other day of a "beat" whom he had kicked off five or six times, but who always managed to get on again just as the train started. "Well," said the fellow quietly, "I'm going to Chicago, if my pants hold out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father was to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny, impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."—*Wheeling Journal.*

—A young lady having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidantes when one of them comforted her with these words: "Never mind, Mollie, there are as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."—*Exchange.*

—A Connecticut boy in California is capable of drawing very fine distinctions. His father gave him permission to pluck one of the ripe peaches. The boy did pluck one, and then he bent the branch, gnawed all the fruit off the other and left the pit hanging to the stem upon which it grew. His powers of circumvision without disobedience saved him from a castigation.

—"Father," began the boy as he looked up from his First History, "are silver mines very fresh?" "Fresh! What do you mean?" "Why, they have to put salt on 'em to make 'em keep, don't they?" "What nonsense! I don't understand you." "Well, I heard some men in the car say that you salted a silver mine and made a hundred thousand dollars; and I wanted to ask what the salt was for." The way that boy was hustled off to bed made him dream of cyclones all night.—*Wall Street News.*

—"Want to buy a mule?" queried a farmer of a country editor. "No; what the dence do I want of a mule?" asked the astonished paste manipulator. "Well," replied the granger, "I seed an item in your paper last week which said that you wished folks wouldn't talk to you so much through your tellyfome, as you had only one pair of ears; so I thought I'd fetch down another pair and then you'd have a team." When the farmer got outside and dug the paste out of his left ear he felt thankful that he wasn't a mule.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

How She Nearly Killed the Baby.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes to that paper as follows:

A short leader in the *Sun* of the 6th inst. headed, "How to Save Babies," and containing some important hints to the city fathers concerning the sewage arrangements in certain localities, has suggested to me the idea that our city mothers are responsible for imperfect sewage in another sense. I mean that directly connected with those tiny tabernacles which have been intrusted by Providence to their keeping.

Not that the mysterious labyrinth of minute drain pipes is defective. Nature has seen to it that these are perfectly adapted for their work.

But the delicate clay of which they are molded cannot bear the overwork which ignorant mothers and nurses force upon them by over-feeding their babies. Still, Nature tries, in spite of all, to keep up the drainage, until the delicate tissues become diseased and finally worn out and the cradle is empty.

Why is it that the human mother was considered complete without that instinct which should guide her unerringly in the management of at least the temporal interests of her infant?

Pussy, who but two years ago was as blind and helpless as the four mewing things by which yesterday our household was increased, apparently understands as thoroughly how to carry each kitten by the back of its neck, and, after depositing one after the other in the most comfortable spot she has been able to select after several weeks' previous searching, cuddles down beside them and administers to their wants as if for years she had been accustomed to the business, or at least had graduated from the school of trained nurses under the direction of some ancient Dr. Tom or Tabby. The pullet marches with as much dignity and self-reliance at the head of her first brood of downy balls as her own stately Brahmin mother did last summer when she headed her seventh procession. There were no consultations necessary, no calling in old Mrs. Hennypenny, Drs. Cockalorum or Quack. The young mother knows how to feed her chicks.

Alas for us poor representatives of the human maternal sisterhood. Notwithstanding we have the benefit of centuries of physiological, medical and scientific discovery, we are, so far as the death rate can prove the fact, as ignorant, and possibly more so, than was Mother Eve when she handled her naughty little Cain.

Just here a short chapter from my own experience may not be inapropos. Last year I fed my baby, as was recommended by my physician, who is considered one of our best, upon condensed milk and oatmeal gruel.

All went well until July, when she was three months old. At that time teething commenced, and the usual symptoms of summer complaint soon manifested themselves. The stereotyped advice from doctors, sisters, cousins and aunts was: "Keep up with his usual food—that is, the milk, drop the oatmeal, give her medicine, and take her to the country." I was told that when calves were allowed to have all the milk they would take they become sleek and fat, and that the correct inference must be that the poor little baby, now anything but "sleek and fat," must to become so, have milk every time she cried, every time she went to sleep, every time she awakened, every time she was thirsty; in short, at all times, day and night. My energies were all bent in one direction—viz.: toward stimulating and coaxing the already unnatural appetite for milk and oatmeal, which I have no doubt was simply caused by thirst. I took her to the country, and during the five weeks we remained there I did not know what it was to have an hour's rest, day or night—crying, moaning, vomiting, and all the rest of it, poor baby, whose fault it was not; poor mamma, whose fault it was. I continued to gorge the child in this way to the extent of an entire can every twenty-four hours. No hardened wretch ever more zealously stuffed the unfortunate goose, destined for pate de foie gras. I brought her home from the country, took her to Coney Island, but sea air could do nothing for the poor innocent, who still, notwithstanding weakness and emaciation, continued to ply the bottle as constantly as ever! Autumn weather came to our rescue, and she did not get to Heaven after all.

The proverbially much-to-be-dreaded second summer, with its array of woes in the shape of back teeth, eye teeth and stomach teeth, was dawning upon us.

Meanwhile mamma had, for the second time, cut her own wisdom teeth, and concluded to experiment in the use of the limited amount of reason with which her Maker had endowed her. I saw that all I had succeeded in doing last year had been to nearly kill the baby, and altered my entire course the very moment the first symptoms of summer complaint appeared, which was in June.

Every morning I boiled three tablespoonfuls of fine oatmeal in a quart of slightly salted water one hour. After straining and thinning it somewhat with cold water, I added a heaping teaspoonful of condensed milk and a tablespoonful of sugar. I placed it in the refrigerator, and gave it only when I knew the child was really hungry. At other times I gave her cold water (not iced) as much and as frequently as she wished it. Once during the night and in the morning before the gruel was ready I gave two teaspoonfuls of milk in a bottle of cold water. This course has been thoroughly successful, and I gave the baby no other food excepting a little bread and butter occasionally. If she is thirsty in the night I fill the bottle with fresh water, put it by her in her crib, and she satisfies her thirst and falls asleep over it. Furthermore, she has not been even in a horse-car this summer, but has become as sleek and fat as any little bovine, and 10,000 times sweeter and better tempered, notwithstanding she is spending her second summer in that city whose atmosphere we have been wont to consider as deadly to infantile human life at this season of the year as the climate of India.

—A colored man in Louisiana amused himself on an excursion train recently by standing on the steps of the rear car and kicking at persons along the road. His fun finally ended in his arrest for killing a man by kicking him in the head and breaking his neck.

Temperance Reading.

Temperance in England.

England is behind this country in its campaigns and victories in temperance, but it is rapidly coming abreast of us in interest. The London *Times* says that a temperance wave is sweeping over that country, and that "its rise and growth are like the rise of a new religion; the duties it lays down are an addition to the accepted moral standard of the age. It is not long since good port wine and good church principles were thought to agree."

Now, as the *Times* notes, the church is the stanchest advocate of strict total abstinence. The parties to the reform in England are much the same as here, except that perhaps here the movement is more political. It is beginning to be felt that liquor drinking is an evil that must be abated. There as well as here the liquor dealers, distillers and brewers are combining to fight against the growing tide of reform. The doctrine is iterated and re-iterated that the liberty of the individual to drink or to abstain must not be infringed; but notwithstanding the contrary belief seems to be rapidly growing. The London *Times* speaks as follows of the more recent movements in England:

"Whatever will help to lessen the curse of drunkenness deserves to be welcomed as the greatest of public benefits. Already moral force and physical enlightenment are doing a good deal. In the upper classes of society there is an evident decrease in the amount of wine drunk, not only as compared with what used to be taken fifty or one hundred years ago, but with what was taken twenty or even ten years ago. Great numbers of people are now teetotal, from choice, or from the desire to give an example to others. The younger and more earnest of the clergy are abstainers; they find that it is no use to speak and preach to their people on the subject unless they follow out their principles in their own practice. In a different class, even the last few months have seen the beginnings of an extraordinary movement, which may be merely momentary, but which is far more likely to be lasting, under the fantastic title of the "Blue Ribbon Movement." You cannot walk through the streets of London without noticing the prevalence of a decoration like that of the legion of honor, except that the ribbon is blue instead of red. Shop-boys and shop-girls especially affect it; and it means membership in a new temperance brotherhood, which has hit upon the happy thought of utilizing the natural fondness of the human heart for signs and symbols and marks of outward distinction."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Children and Temperance.

The women and children exercised a direct influence in winning the great temperance victories in Iowa and other Western States. Miss Francis E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has collected some truly pathetic stories about the children, "whose hearts and songs were the sunshine that never left the banner of the amendment." "On the day of voting in Iowa" it is said "barefooted urchins went timidly up to well-dressed business men, saying: 'Please, sir, won't you vote for my mother and me?—my father is a drunkard.' Little boys marched up and down through the crowd of voters with banners wreathed in evergreen, whereon were the words: 'Please vote for the home,' or 'Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up.' Little girls went out two by two, with baskets heaped with buttonhole bouquets, and, while at a little distance fond motherly eyes watched their proceedings, they said to the voters: 'Won't you put in a ballot, sir, for the amendment?' and if they say they had, or would, the little fingers handed up a dewy bunch of flowers. Rough men carefully pinning childhood's sweet gift of 'posies' on their checked shirts; Germans and Swedes fastening a sprig of mignonette in their old hat-bands; and colored men tying a full-blown rose to the only button left upon a threadbare coat, and saying: 'Yes, honey, dis chile is fur de 'mendment every time.'

"In one of the river towns the Mayor brought in a bloated German beer-drinker to vote the 'whisky ticket,' when the German's children, fresh from the Band of Hope procession, hurried forward, the little girl throwing her arms around her father's neck, and saying, with tears: 'Papa, please vote for us at home?' and the boy, who was a cripple, taking him by the hand, with the same plea. 'Ach, mein Gott, dis vas too much,' exclaimed the German, breaking away from the man who had counted on him and going up to the ballot-box with the vote his little daughter gave him, while she held one hand and the lame boy hobbled on the other side as guardian. Not an eye that looked upon the group could see it clearly because of tears. 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

At the annual meeting of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Society, held recently in London, it was stated that since the society had been organized 170,000 pledge cards had been sent from the headquarters to different parts of the country. It was predicted that the time was at hand when the drinking of spirituous liquors would cease in the United Kingdom.

A good man was once tempted by the Devil to commit one of three great sins—either to murder his mother, to deny and blaspheme his God, or to get drunk. As the least of the three he chose to get drunk. Satan left him well pleased at his choice, for alas! while drunk, he committed both the other sins.—*Exchange.*

Bishop Ireland, the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, is reported as saying at the recent meeting of the Catholic Temperance Society in that city that Ireland would never be prosperous till freed from the curse of intemperance—that whisky was the root of all its woes.

Some one has discovered that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be produced from acorns. Acorns are good food for hogs, but convert them into whisky and they won't touch it—that is, the four-legged kind won't.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

The election in Main Monday resulted in a grand Republican victory. The Republicans elect the Governor, four members of Congress and a majority of the Legislature.

We are informed by a dispatch from Hagerstown that the Judicial Convention Wednesday nominated William J. Read, of Cumberland, for Chief Judge, and Edward Stake, of Hagerstown for Associate Judge, by acclamation. A good Judicial ticket, and one that will be elected this fall.

The jury in the star route case Monday returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of Turner, and guilty in the cases of Miner and Rerdell. They reported a disagreement in the cases of Brady, the two Dorseys and Vaile. A motion for a new trial will be entered.

In view of the Republican victory in Maine, it is interesting to read the dispatch sent from New York on the 5th instant, giving the result of a conference held there, in which Gen. Rosecrans, Senator Gorman, of Maryland, and other Democrats participated, Gen. Roseeran confidently announced that their reports from Maine left no doubt of a Democratic-Greenback victory.—*Balto. American.*

The four combinations against the regular Republican ticket in Maine did not avail, as the true Republicans were united this time and swept the State, electing not only the Governor and legislature but all the Congressmen, leaving the demagogne Greenbackers at home. The Democratic and independent press, which has been all along predicting defeat for the Republicans will of course say that this result was expected, as "Maine is a Republican State, anyhow."

The "plumed knight" of Maine has achieved a grand victory by the election of the Republican state ticket, four Congressman and both branches of the legislature. It was a fateful struggle for Blaine. He had to enter it almost single-handed; for those weilding the power of the Republican parly gave him no aid and hoped for his defeat; but two weeks ago "the leader of leaders" threw himself into the eddy of battle, and changed its current from defeat to victory.—*Philadelphia Times, (Dem.)*

Political Outlook in the State.

The Belair *Times* of last week says: "There has never been a time in many tong and dreary years of ring misrule when the outlook for the Republican party in Maryland was so bright with hope and promise. The ranks of the opposition are broken and weakened by dissension, their discipline destroyed and their prestige dissipated by the open and bitter personal warfare of their former leaders, each claiming the lion's place in the division of the spoils wrung from a long unwilling and now rebellious constituency. The voters of Maryland have grown tired and ashamed, as well as they may, of the disgraceful plotting and counter-plotting which have so long been the chief distingnishing feature of Democratic politics in the State. What is known already of the methods of the "leaders" is enough to make decent people, who love clean government, hang their heads for the shame that has been brought upon them by these political debauchees. This may seem a strong term with which to designate polltical opponents but in this case it is not too strong. For, much as we know of the rank misdeeds of these people, Mr. George Colton (than whom no man knows more of inside Democratic politics in this State) over his own signature declares that the tenth has not been told and defies his former friends and partners to put him to his proofs. And with concious shame and fear, they dare not do it."

"As Maine Goes, so Goes the Union."

This is an old political weather saw that has been in vogue since the great contest of 1840. Maine being a September State—voting early in the year—and preceding the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, was supposed to furnish a gauge as to the set of the political current, and to forecast coming results in those great States. Generally speaking, she has proved a pretty accurate forerunner, although in September, 1880, when the whole country was looking to her for a sign as to the result for President, she flickered, and gave Plaisted, the Fusionist, who was badly beaten on Monday, a majority of less than 200 out of a poll of 147,383 votes. This was an erratic and deceptive movement, which Indiana nobly counterbalanced and set aright by her vote in October. And now it seems that the Pine Tree State has thoroughly set herself right, and is back once more at her old moorings as a safe barometric September State. Vermont is also a September State, but inasmuch as she never votes but one way, she is not taken as an indicator. Maine is the true presager of coming events. She has put her stamp on the verdict rendered by the State of Arkansas, where the Republicans made a heavy gain the other day, and shown to the country that at both North and South the current of public opinion is still decidedly with the Republican party.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

An Officeholder's Curiosity Gratified.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 9.—Mr. Samuel Ames, a Republican federal officeholder in this city, having recently received the circular of the Hubbell committee, wrote that committee, September 1, for an explanation. He has received the following reply:

Samuel Ames, Esq., Providence, R. I:

SIR—Your letter of the 1st received. There is no disposition on the part of this committee to rob you of your independence. We want not a dollar from you if you do not feel that you ought to pay it. If you think that the present struggle does not need it or is not worthy of your aid, do not help us. It is entirely optional with every gentleman to whom our circulars are sent. You as well as myself are members of a common party, through which we believe the safety If the republic can be best preserved, to is impossible to win its battles without means to do so, as your intelligence must advise you. We are endeavoring to break up the Solid South, where our Republicans are mostly the poor, the impoverished black man, not even able to pay their petty poll taxes, much less to meet the expenses of organization. To contest that field requires substantial aid. We have felt, as servants of the Republican party, of which you are a member, that it was proper to submit the necessities of the hour to every one interested in its success, but I say frankly to you, sir, that I would scorn to receive one penny from you if you do not heartily sympathize with our work. I discover, however, that you did not respond to the circular of over three months ago. I assume, therefore, that your obligations are not confined to the last circular, as your letter implies. I regret also to notice that while your letter disapproves of our sending the circular to you, you do not indicate some plan upon which the battles of your party can be fought different from the one you criticise.

Very respectfully yours,
D. B. HENDERSON, Sec'y.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5, 1882.

The Democratic party are making a great deal of noise over the assessments of Governments clerks for campaign purposes. We publish the following from the Baltimore *Sun* for the benefit of Senators Beck, Pendleton and others. Democrats never make assessments. Oh, no! They simply say, John, bring in a box of the carbolic soap:

Reference was made a few days ago in the *Sun* to the action of the Executive Committee of the old Democratic city convention in sending around printed circulars to city officials stating the amount each was expected to give to aid in carrying on the coming fall campaign, and of objection being made thereto. The main objection was as to the authority of the committee to make such assessments, it being claimed that the matter should be left to the new executive committee to be selected in the fall; also that the assessments amounting to about 2 per cent. were too large. Mr. Morris A. Thomas, chairman of the executive committee, and Mr. John P. Poe, city counsellor, were in the mayor's office when the matter as to the authority of the committee was brought up, and both the mayor and Mr. Thomas said such right was vested in the committee by the action of the city convention at its meeting held May 19.

The sixth item in the will of the late Senator Hill, of Georgia, reads, "I give and bequeath to my wife and children that which some of them now possess, and which I assure them, in full view of death, is far richer that gold and more to be desired than all human honors God is a living God and Christ came into the world to save sinners. I beg them to have faith in Jesus, for by this faith alone can they be saved.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

GEORGETOWN, COL., Aug. 23, 1882.

In the very heart of the mountains, fifty-two miles from Denver, by the Colorado Central narrow-guage railroad, winding a tortuous course through the famous Clear Creek Canon, is the mining city of Georgetown, one of the oldest in the State. Passing through the canon which takes its name from the creek along which the track has been laid, is almost like going into an immense cave. Its towering peaks and overhanging rocks are high above you on either side, sometimes shooting straight up with walls as perpendicular as those of a cavern and almost shutting out the light of day. To stand on the rear platform of the train affords a grand sight, and to see the panting little iron horse twisting around in the crevices of the rocks, as it were, often apparently turning around to come back at you, is a most novel and exhilarating railroad experience. Between Denver and Georgetown we pass Golden City, which is quite a town, and Idaho Springs, one of the healthiest places in all Colorado. At Black Hawk, just at the terminus of the canon, the road branches off to Central City, another of the old mining towns and the home of Secretary of the Interior Teller, who has just paid it a visit. Tourists usually come this way and then cross the mountain through Virginia Canon to Idaho Springs by team, thence again taking the train to Georgetown.

Both Central City and Georgetown are thriving business towns of perhaps 5,000 to 6,000 inhabitants. "Central" is the most substancial looking of the two, having a better class of buildings in the business section. But it is an oddly-located city, being built on the side of two mountains, or in a narrow gulch-like depression at their conjunction, its one principal street winding down the ravine a distance of two miles or more. Here, Mr. Teller, before he was either Secretary or Senator, made his ample fortune, and here he still has large interests and is held in high esteem. His enterprise and sagacity were largely instrumental in making the place what it is and in securing railway facilities for it. As President of the Central National Bank he is credited with having substantially aided the poor miners in getting a ready market for their ores. Senator Hill also has smelting works here, but of late years he has taken his most extensive interests to Denver. Still more than Central, Georgetown is in appearance and characteristics unlike any city of 5,000 inhabitants to be found anywhere east of Colorado. Yet the very contrast gives it a charm, and one walks through its streets looking with strange interest upon its plain, unique structures and peculiar location. Here, as at Central, the mountains and hillsides on every hand are honey-combed with "prospecting-holes," tunnels and mining shafts. The ore found here is almost exclusively silver, with a considerable commingling of iron pyrites, lead and zinc.

It would naturally be supposed that mining localities as old as these were well-nigh exhausted, but they are not. There are, it is true, no big strikes like those of Leadville or the Gunnison country, but from the old mines still being worked there is a steady yield of ore and even now a new mine is occasionally found. I went into the tunnel of the "Terrible" mine, three miles up the mountain from here, which has been one of the largest in this whole section. Its owners spent a fortune in developing it before a dollar of return was realized. But about five years ago it began to pay largely and since then thousands of tons of ore have been taken out of it, assaying from $200 to $800 per ton. Yet all around this mine and in fact everywhere here may be seen played out and abandoned claims which have never paid for the labor bestowed upon them. And this is the history of every mining camp. There is no telling where a vein or lode may be "struck" without a trial, and many become discouraged and give up too soon, while others by bad judgment and bad management exhaust their means without achieving success. It is a good deal like buying lottery tickets. One man fails utterly after tedious efforts and another finds "paying dirt" from the very grass roots. Thousand of dollars are sunk by Eastern companies and individuals in holes which they have never seen and which never yield a penny; yet for all this the precious metal is here on every hand all over these hills and miles of mountains, and in such quantities that the supply will not be exhausted in a thousand years. Whenever a good strike is made, prospectors flock to the spot in thousands and turn up the dirt for hundreds of yards around. An old operator pointed out a spot sixteen miles below Georgetown where a "pocket" of gold was discovered several years ago, "and" said he, "in less than a week three thousand men were at work within calling distance."

It is stated that no geologist ever yet found a valuable mine—the humble prospector being always to the front—and even then owing much to accident. With his burro laden with a little bacon and flour, perhaps a little coffee and sugar, a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, and with his pick and shovel, this hard-working pioneer traverses the length and breadth of the mineral region, undergoing many and great hardships, often facing danger, often, indeed laying his bones on some desolate hilt side or in some lonely canon; and then—only to think of it—one in five hundred finds a fortune! We hear of late years that mining has become as regular and legitimate an occupation as manufacturing; and it is undoubtedly true that method and system have been largely introduced, and that the strong owners of paying mines and successful smelting-works may rightly claim that they are engaged in sober industrial pursuits; but with the great bulk of modern Argonauts, from our poor, sanguine pick-user and burro-driver to the capitalist, who, without the slightest real knowledge of what he is doing, "takes a player" in Wall street, it is as certain as the sun rises and sets that the gambling and not the commercial instinct predominates. They tell of a bank over in Leadville, where I am going in about two weeks, with a capital of $50,000, which had deposits ranging from $700,000 to $800,000, and which made $43,000 net profits in nine months. Yet they say banking is *slow business* because one has the chance of going out and making a $50,000 strike in mining, in a week, or a day.

DOM PEDRO.

Swindled out of $3,000.

MEYERSDALE, PA., September 12.—"Rev. William Miller, Lutheran clergyman, of Uniontown, and Judge Wilson, of Lancaster, late of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania," swindled Jacob Livengood out of $3,000 at Salisbury, about six miles from this place on Thursday. The old gentleman was so affected by his loss that he did not make the matter known until last evening. Mr. Livengood is a wealthy member of the Dunkard church and lives on one of his farms near Salisbury. He is about eighty years old, and is known about this county generally as "Uncle Jacob." M. M. Hilliard's "Great Pacific Equescurriculum" exhibited in Salisbury on Thursday, and the two swindlers seem to be its most profitable attractions. The alleged preacher made his acquaintance with Mr. Livengood, and took him to the show to see a marvelous curly-haired horse which was supposed to be there. Then he introduced the old farmer to "Judge Wilson," who said he was a prospective candidate for the United States Senate and solicited Mr. Livengood's support. The two took the farmer into an annex and showed him a lottery game, which at once struck the preacher as an improvement on the grab-bag. He proposed that he and Mr. Livengood should rescue it from its sinful uses and utilize it for the good of the church. The judge vouched for the preacher as a man of substance, but the farmer had no money with him. The preacher drove him to Meyersdale, however, where he drew $3,000 of his accumulations out of the bank. They then drove back to the show ground, and before they were long under the canvas the old man's money was out of his hands. Just how it went or who got it he cannot explain, but avers that Rev. Mr. Miller wept bitterly at his misfortune. Officers are in pursuit of the show, and intend to seize the whole concern, curly-haired horse and all.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Mr. Walker, statistician of the Produce Exchange, says: "This, I think, will be the greatest year for good crops ever known in the United States. The reports so far received from different parts of the country show that there will be a large crop of all the cereals, especially corn, wheat and oats. The latter crop is likely to prove largely in excess of anything heretofore heard of. The prices are already falling and business in the Exchange is dull. In the Southern States the increase is particularly noticeable. The northwest has also done well.

It is a great mistake to suppose that men can be made rich only by making others correspondingly poor. If one manages to make himself rich by taking advantage of his neighbor's necessities, by giving scant wages, and demanding excessive returns, or by hoarding up his gains and spending nothing, he is an incumbrance to the earth. But a man may keep his wealth in such living contact with society as to make it quicken the public pulse and increase the flow of general prosperity.

The Situation in Egypt.

September 8.—At a spirited reconnoissance by British mounted infantry at Mandara, on Thursday, six of the enemy were killed or wounded. A reconnoissance of Tel-el-Kebir was made yesterday, and the enemy appeared in full force. There were no casualties. It is reported that Arabi Pacha is ill of dysentery. The body of the murderer of the Englishmen Richardson and Dobson which was guarded by natives Thursday night, was forcibly seized by an Arab mob. The clothing and the rope will be sent to a mosque as sacred relics, and the body will be embalmed as a saint. Arrangements have been made to supply Ismailia and Port Said with a sufficient quantity of water. All of Arabi Pacha's troops from Cairo have been brought to Tel-el-Kebir. The second division of British troops is now in the harbor at Ismailia, waiting orders to disembark.

September 9.—There was quite an engagement at Kassassin yesterday between the British and Egyptian troops. The firing was mostly at long range, and the killed and wounded mounted up not more than 200 on either side. The Egyptian troops attacked and were repulsed. General Wolseley was at the front and directed the movement against the enemy. In retreating the Egyptians left a number of dead and wounded on the field. Some of them were horribly maugled. Some Bedouins succeeded in getting into Meks yesterday, but they were either killed or driven out by the British.

September 10.—The British loss in Saturday's engagement was about eighty killed and wounded. Another report says fifty were wounded, but none killed. Fifteen hundred men from Salihiyeh came over the desert and took part in the attack on the British right. They had Krupp guns, one of which was captured. Four of Arabi Pacha's officers came into the British lines yesterday. They say fully 300 of Arabi's men would come in if they thought the British would not fire upon them. Only 5,000 Egyptian troops are reported to be at Kafr-el-Dwar.

Sept. 11—The indications from the seat of war in Egypt are that an advance will take place from Kassassin on Arabi Pacha's lines to-morrow morning. The Kassassin correspondent of the London *Times* admits that the attack of Arabi on Saturday was in the nature of a surprise. General Wood reconnoitred the enemy's position from Ramleh to Aboukir on Sunday. The firing recently heard behind the enemy's lines arose from the active drilling of the new levies. The British outposts at Kassassin have been doubled, and are supported by infantry. The British loss on Saturday was four killed and sixty wounded. The Highland Brigade has arrived at Kassassin; 1,722 officers and men sailed from Portsmouth for Egypt yesterday. Lord Dufferin, the British Minister to Constantinople, complains of Turkish insincerity, in the matter of the Sultan's proclamation against Arabi Pacha and the military convention. The Porte desires its troops to disembark at Port Said, and Lord Dufferin insists that they land at Aboukir and thence proceed to Port Said.

Sept. 12.—A general advance of the British forces at Kassassin began at 2 o'clock this morning, the troops are well supplied with ammunition, and a general engagement may be looked for to-day If Arabi Pacha does not deem it the part of discretion to fall back. It is believed General Wolseley will attack Arabi's flank, with the intention of cutting the railroad in his rear. General Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught and several other general officers personally reconnoitred the enemy's lines yesterday morning preparatory to the grand advance. All was quiet along the line yesterday.

September 13.—The correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company at Alexandria announces that Tel-el-Kebir was carried this morning. Forty guns and a large number of prisoners were captured. The cavalry are in pursuit. Arabi's force appears to be quite broken up.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from the front reports that the demoralization of Arabi's army is complete. His infantry are flying toward the desert.

"Well, what next, I wonder," exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, looking up from her evening paper. "What with boy ponchers, and Sancho and Moody derangelists and salllvation armies, things is coming to a pretty pass. Daniel and I sot under Parson Jones for nigh onto thirty year, and we never though of asking for anything better. The parson used to give us the true doctoring without any ifs and ands, and he made as many convicts as any of these new-fangled folks ever did, or ever will, I'm thinking." And the old lady glared at the paper with a look of severity on her dear old honest countennnce that ill became it.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Corner in Corncobs.

"There is a corner in corncobs somewhere," said a New York wholesale dealer in pipes, "for the demands of manufacturers of corncob pipes cannot be met, even at advanced prices. There has never been such a scarcity in the supply. The pipes, too, seem to be in greater demand than ever. Many men won't smoke any other kind. I know one rich society man who would be in disgrace, if he was seen in public with a corncob pipe in his mouth, but who keeps his pipe in his bed room, and has a quiet smoke before he goes to bed. The man who invented the process of hardening a corncob has become independently rich. Some corncob pipes are costly because of their silver mounting, but the pipe that sells for five cents is the most popular. Smokers say that the corncob pipe is sweeter than any other. Southern laborers, who know what is good, from hoe-cake to a 'possum, wouldn't give a cob pipe for the finest meerschaum, if they couldn't get another."

No Sign.

We have looked, but looked in vain, through our exchanges for a single commendation of the appointments of Col. Woolford and Mr. Hines as Tax and Insurance Commissioners, made at the late meeting by Messrs. Compton and Keating. Not a note! not a word! But silence as a pall, covers them and their appointments. Can there be more condemnation than this? And the wrath underlying it is as profound as the silence. It has got to break. The unselfish masses of the party will not stand it. There is to be no longer tolerated with the Democratic party a life aristocracy in office. These offices were created by the corrupt "boss managers," then holding high carnival in the State, for Messrs. Woolford and Hines, and the remnant of that "boss management" in powers—Messrs. Compton and Keating—have not yet learned that this power no longer exists; that it is no longer a factor in political action in the party, except only that as it may appear from time to time, during the brief existence of their present official power.—*Hagerstown Mail, Demo.*

A Remarkable Case.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hops of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your *Manalin* and *Peruna*, and, I most happy to say, in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured without any appliances or support of any kind.

Yours truly,
MRS. HENRY ELLIS,
No. 500 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Can't Rub It Out."

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writting with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother, the other day. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now and hurts her when she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and caused him to do a wicked act. It is there now. You can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written on the book of memory. Be careful, the record is everlasting. You can't rub it out.

NEW FIELD FOR EXPLORERS.—It is extraordinary that some of that love of adventure which can find nothing nearer than the Arctic regions to satisfy it should not employ itself to investigating Alaska. Here is a great unknown territory belonging to the United States, which stretches far enough north to cool the ardor of most explorers, and can be traversed in several directions for 1,000 miles without coming to the end of it. There would be something very practical, too, in one part of such an exploration. In southeastern Alaska there is undoubtedly much mineral wealth, and thus to a slaking of the thirst for adventure such an expedition would add the prospect of really being of use.—*New York Sun.*

In a recent speech at San Antonio, Dr. Baldwin stated that Texas spends $25,000,000 for whisky, $15,000,000 for tobacco, and $1,000,000 for schools.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The County Commissioners held a meeting on Monday, but transacted no business of importance.

—We are indebted to our friends for the large increase in our subscription list during the past few weeks.

– Died, near Grantsville, Aug. 15th, 1882, of diphtheria, Samuel Spiker, son of Isaac and Elizabeth Spiker, aged 11 years and 5 months.

—The new church at Sand Spring, in Selbysport district will be dedicated on Sunday, September 24th. Sermon by Elder B. F. Bolton.

—The new chapel at Swanton was dedicated on Sunday last by Rev. Mr. Clymer, of Keyser, W. Va. The chapel will be used jointly by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians.

—The Zouave Corps of the Garrett Guards will give exhibition drills, in Offutt's Hall, for the benefit of the churches of Oakland. That for the Episcopal church will take place on Tuesday evening Sept. 26th, 1882.

—Mr. Arthur Townshend left for *Baltimore* Monday last, where he will enter into business. Mr. Townshend is an intelligent and worthy young man. We heartly wish him success, and feel assured that he will achieve it.

—We have in our office specimens of oats, timothy and clover from the farms of Messrs. D. J. and Christian Slabach, that are hard to beat. The oats and timothy are nearly six feet in height and the clover over four feet.

—Saturday last a colored man named James Cole, formerly of Grafton, W. Va., while threshing at John L. Browning's, had his left hand caught between cog wheels, mashing his fingers in a horrible manner. Dr. Keller was called and amputated two of his fingers.

—Mr. William C. Davis left Oakland Monday to visit relatives and friends in Pennsylvania, before starting to college for a period of four years. He will probably attend the Allegany College, at Meadville, Pa., for two years, and spend the other two at Drew Theological Seminary.

—One night last week a panther entered the yard of Mr. Josph Warnick, residing on Elbow Ridge, near Savage river, this county, and attacked a calf. The panther was in turn attacked by Mr. W's. dog and driven away, but not until the calf had been so injured that it died soon after.

—Mr. Joseph Shillingberg of Elkins, (better known as North Branch Bridge,) was in Oakland Monday, on his way east for the purpose of purchasings his fall and winter goods. Mr. S. has a first class store at Elkins, and proposes to sell very low for cash or good produce. Call and see him and price his goods.

—Died, at her late residence, near Grantsville, August 27th 1882, Mrs. Elizabeth Spiker, wife of Isaac Spiker aged 42 years, 5 months and 11 days. Deceased was a member of the United Brethern Church, was always found a faithful member, and died in the faith of the Lord. She leaves a family of seven children and many other friends who deeply mourn over her departure.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stondenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. J. S. Lefever.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Circuit Court.

The Circuit Court for this county convened Monday, Judges Alvey, Pearre and Motter on the bench.

Mr. Joshua Johnson was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury.

The session will probably run into next week. At the time of going to press very little had been done. We will give the full proceedings in our next issue.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store.

County Convention.

The Republican county convention to select delegates to the Congressional and Judicial conventions, met in the Court House at Oakland, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The convention was called to order by Mr. H. Wheeler Combs, chairman of the county delegation of the State Central committee, who stated the work of the convention to be the selection of three delegates to the Congressional and three to the Judicial convention. Capt. J. A. Hayden, of Oakland, was made temporary chairman, and C. A. Snyder, of Grantsville, was selected temporary secretary.

On motion a committee and permanent organization was appointed as follows;

District No. 2.—Wm. Ryland.
" " 3.—Isaiah Boucher.
" " 4.—Dr. H. M. Kemp.
" " 5.—Dr. E. H. Glotfelty.
" " 6.—Joseph F. Frantz.
" " 7.—J. C. Dunham.
" " 8. —Albert Combs.
" " 9.—Isaac Learue.
" " 10.—J. C. Rodebeaver.

The committee retired and after an absence of half an hour, returned and reported the following named delegates as entitled to seats in the convention:

District No. 1.—Not represented.

No. 2.—William Ryland, William Steele, Alfred Daniels, Wm. Augustine, William Barnthouse.

No. 3.—Wm. Frost, Isaiah Boucher, Thos. Biddinger, C. A. Snyder Oliver Darst.

No. 4.—Henry Warnick, J. I. Livingston, H. W. Kemp, G. L. Michaels, Thomas Bartlett.

No. 5.—A. Speicher, M. Menborn, E. H. Glotfelty, G. F. Ault, H. E. Friend.

No. 6.—Joseph F. Frantz.

No. 7.—J. A. Hayden, J. C. Dunham, J. W. White, J. S. Johnson, W. P. Townshend.

No. 8.—A. Combs, H. G. Sanders, Louis Nydegger, J. W. Lee, N. B. Harvey, Jr.

No. 9.—Isaac Larue, G. W. Blocher, Michael Durst, Jacob Steinda, Richard Cross.

No. 10.—Daniel Wilson, J. W. Laughlin, R. T. Thrasher, J. D. Rodeheaver, William Chadderton.

No. 11.—Not represented.

The usual rules were recommended for the government of the convention and each district was allowed one vote. The temporary officers were made permanent. The report was adopted.

Nominations for delegates to the Congressional convention at Frederick were made as follows: Isaiah Boucher, No. 3; J. I. Livingston, No. 4; W. P. Townshend, No. 7, and T. J. Peddicord, No. 7.

The first and only ballot resulted; Boucher, 9 votes; Livingston, 8; Townshend, 6; Peddicord, 3; Glotfelty, 1. Messrs. Boucher, Livingston and Townshend were declared elected.

Dr. Glotfelty explained that he was not a candidate, and that he had been voted for under a misapprehension. At his request the vote was expunged from the record.

G. W. Wilson, Dr. E. H. Glotfelty and Dr. J. W. Laughlin were chosen as alternates.

William Frost, Daniel Chisholm and E. C. Tillson, were elected by acclamation delegates to the Judicial convention at Hagerstown, there being no other nominations.

On motion of Dr. Laughlin, the delegates to the congressional convention were requested to lay aside personal feelings and prejudices and vote for the most available candidate.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

The undersigned will offer the following personal property at public sale, at his farm (Bear Garden) about three miles east of Accident, on Thursday, October 12th, 1882, at 9 o'clock A. M. Four head of horses, ten milch cows, thirty-five head of young cattle, one three old bull, eight shoats, three farm wagons, one two-horse spring wagon, one Bedford threshingh machine, one grain drill, one mower, one wind mill, two cutting boxes, six Barshear plows, four harrows, seven single and double shovel plows, double and single trees, one horse rake, one ground roller, hay ladders, four sets of wagon harness, one saddle, two side saddles, riding bridles, halters, cow chains, two cross-cut saws, one washing machine, dinner bell, iron kettle, one cook stove, three grain cradles, mowing seythes, grain sacks, hoes and many other articles. Five dollars and under to be cash. Over five dollars a credit of six months will be given, by purchaser giving note with security.

LEWIS LININGER.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer for sale at the Lutheran Parsonage, Accident, Garrett county, Md., on Tuesday, September 19th, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., one horse, buggy, new sleigh, harness, saddle, cow, churn, stoves, tables, chairs, lounges, one singer sewing machine, one parlor set, bedroom suites, carpets and many other household articles; also a lot of potatoes and many other things to numerable to mention. Terms—cash.

JOHN J. YOUNG.

Diphtheria.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please allow me a short space in the columns of your valuable paper, to say a few words on the above subject. In as much as diphtheria has been raging in its most malignant form in a certain portion of our vicinity, perhaps a few words of advice may be beneficial to the welfare of the community.

My opinion has been strengthened very much that a great deal can be done to prevent the spread of this dreaded disease, and of similar diseases, by careful attention to the sanitary condition surrounding the premises and the sick chambers, and a little careful instruction to the well, pertaining to their physical health and well-being. In regard to the well ones, they should be extremely careful in their diet; what they eat and how they eat it, and very careful in exposing themselves to the inclemencies of the weather. They should thoroughly bathe the entire body at least twice every week, and also take a small quantity of salts every evening to put the blood in the very best condition, and to keep it so. Every portion of the premises should be inspected, sources of infection should be removed. It is not surprising that diphtheria should originate in families that have been kept at home, and not exposed to the immediate poison of the disease, when we can see through the kitchen floor, and beneath it, behold! is mud and puddles of filthy water. All these matters should be attended to, draines should be kept *thoroughly opened*, low places around the house should be filled up with dirt, so that all water will drain off at once and not stagnate. And then over this dirt and all around the premises scatter plenty of lime, Scatter it freely. It only cost a few cents per bushel, and may save you a great deal of trouble and expense. Do plenty of white-washing. White-wash your cellars, and wherever you can. It is a good disinfectant and will pay you a hundred fold for your trouble. Keep every room in your house filled with plenty of fresh, pure air. Keep your bodies well protected by comfortable clothing and your feet warm and dry, especially at this season of the year. I do not claim that, by observing the above suggestions, it will exempt you from diphtheria, or kindred diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, &c., but, should you become a victim to these diseases, under these circumstances, your chances for recovery will be far better than otherwise. It is admitted by almost every one that diphtheria is both a constitutional and local disease. In some cases it begins as a constitutional disease, and therefore, indicates a very grave type of it. In other cases it begins as a local disease, but if not arrested it resolves itself into the constitutional form. The first twelve hours is the *important time* to commence treatment. If you begin treatment from twelve to eighteen hours after the onset of the disease, you may expect to lose some of your patients, and if you delay treatment from twenty to twenty-four hours after the onset of the disease, you will have many fatal cases. I mean in the malignant form. But you had better begin treatment early, be it mild or malignant. I have had twenty cases of a malignant type in the last five weeks, six of them having died, partly duo to the sanitary condition of the premises and sick room, and treatment in a few cases commenced after twenty-four hours from the onset of the disease. The disease is one which sometimes runs a rapid course, and it is evident that to accomplish anything satisfactory the treatment must be prompt, the patient must have the same attention night and day.

But, Mr. Editor, please excuse me for taking up so much of your valuable time and space.

Respectfully,

DR. A. F. SPEICHER.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Sept. 12th, 1882.

We have a most lovely autumn day after yesterday's drenching rain, which almost flooded our streets and caused roofs to leak that had never leaked before, and we are hoping for our Baltimore friends, the same delightful weather as has succeeded our small deluge, for their annual celebration.

Miss May Davis and Mr. J. B. Bantz left yesterday morning for the Oriole, in company with some of the Baltimore guests at Wing and Wing who were returning home.

Senator Davis and wife left on this morning train for the same destination, accompanied by their neices Misses Mattie and Katie Davis, who were on their way to boarding school in Montgomery county.

The inclement weather of last night prevented Mr. Foster from delivering his promised lecture, but we hope it will not be long delayed.

Mrs. S. B. Elkins gave a delightful little pic-nic last week to about twenty persons, including the families of Senator Davis and Mr. S. W. Kilvert and a few other friends. They assembled at Boiling Spring where a most inviting repast was heartily enjoyed by all present.

Mr. A. B. Gonder, of Oakland, was in town last Saturday on some law business.

Mr. S. W. Kilvert, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who has been occupying one of the cottages near the Hotel, is so much pleased with Deer Park and its surroundings, that he intends having the cottage enlarged before another summer, so as to spend a longer season in the place.

Mr. Samuel Rodeheaver, who has for many years lived within a few miles of Deer Park, and was one of the oldest residents of the county, died last week.

Arrivals at Wing and Wing since last letter:

Romney, W. Va.—Mr. Parsons.
Piedmont, W. Va.—R. G. Richardson.
Winchester, Va.—A Jackson.
Houston, Texas—E. Spencer.
Baltimore, Md.—E. E. Montell, George C. Fleck, P. E. Brown.

School Trustees.

Apointed to serve until May 1883, or until successors are appointed. Schools having but two trustees, the vacancy will be filled later.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1.

School No. 1—Little England—Saml. Greene, Wm. E. George, George Hill, Trustees.

No. 2—Grendale—George O'Brien, H. D. Hamill, Rudolph Beckman, Trustees.

No. 3—North Glade—John L. Fitzwater, J. L. McRoble, Allen Garlitz, Trustees.

4—Swanton—A. Fairall, C. Murphy, Jas. F. Friend, Trustees.

No. 5—Frankhill—Patrick Laffey, D. O'Connell, John McFadden, Trustees.

No. 6—Fairview—Robert C. Wilson, John A. Jenkins, John B. Rafter, Trustees.

No. 7—Tichnell—James Paugh, Wm. Tichnell, Trustees.

No. 8—Mt. Zion—William Sharpless, Henry Lee, F. R. Sharpless, Trustees.

No. 9—Meadow Mountain—Joseph Knox, Dan'l O'Brien, Alex. Lohr, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 2.

School No. 1—Elder Hill—Morgan Conneway, Mathew Frazee, Robert Stirling, Trustees.

No. 2—Friendsville—Garrett V. Dixon, J. F. Garey, R. B. White, Trustees.

No. 3—Selbysport—Alphens Welch, John M. Kissler, Trustees.

No. 4—Frazee Ridge—S. P. Lowdermilk, Lucian Frazee, H. B. Demmitt, Trustees.

No. 5—Holly or Rush—Jas. H. Rush, Elijah Myers, George D. Frantz, Trustees.

No. 6—Sandy Spring—Isaac Myers J. W. Frantz, Samuel M. Fike, Trustees.

No. 7—Ira Friend—John H. Friend, Alfred Kelley, Jacob Sisler, Trustees.

No. 8—Ashe's Glade—Isaac C. Frazee, Elijah Thomas, Elisha Umbel, Trustees.

No. 9—Mill Run—Benjamin H. Green, Jonas Wass, Newton Guard, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 3.

School No. 1—Grantsville—Eli Stanton, Henry Winterburg, Samuel J. Beachey, Trustees.

No. 2—Shade Run or Beachey—Aaron Beachy, Henry H. Miller, Solomon Yoder, Trustees.

No. 3—Keyser Ridge—S. Butler, John Oyle, Samuel Leechel, Trustees.

No. 4—McKenzie—Leo McKenzie, Morgan Reberson, Christian Blocher, Trustees.

No. 5—New Germany—Joel Wyland, Henry Broadwater, Archibald Warnick, Trustees.

No. 6—Horsey—Jacob Fresh, Saml. S. Durst, Patrick Dorsey, Trustees.

No. 7—Wiley—Thomas J. Stanton, James P. Wiley, Henry Stark, Trustees.

No. 8—Manadier Ridge—Michael Custer, Charles Warnick, Josephus Broadwater, Trustees.

No. 9—Ridgely—Levi Klusinger, Moses Kamp, Christian Vocht, Trustees.

No. 10—Werner—Amos Butler, John Tomer, Charles Werner, Trustees.

No. 11—Lohr—P. P. Lohr, Elias Orndorf, Thomas B. Wiley, Trustee.

No. 12—Engle's Mills—Jonas J. Beachey, Solomon Baker, Jacob Gnagey, Trustees.

No. 13—Pope—B. Anderson, Joshua Turner, Michael S. Durst, Trustees.

No. 14—Compton—Edward Harshbarger, W. H. Swauger, Trustees.

No. 15—Maust—A. A. Maust, Henry Newman, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4.

School No. 1—Bloomington—E. Kemp, Robt. Somerville, George H. Allen, Trustees.

No. 2—Chestnut Grove—Wm. H. Barnard, Joshua Tichnell, Henry Warnick, Trustees.

No. 3—Aaron Run—George Sigler, George L. Michael, J. F. Fazenbaker, Trustees.

No. 4—Firm Rock—Marcus Fazenbaker, Dennis Collins, Charles Michael, Trustees.

No. 5—Will—George O. Broadwater, Theop. Will, John W. Will, Trustees.

No. 6—Munroe Run—O. H. Fazenbaker, Michael Wolf, Hanson Durst, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 5.

School No. 1—Accident—Daniel Hinebough, V. Kahle, Adam Garringer, Trustees.

No. 2—Fairview—George Sporrline, Joseph Hostettler, William Hartman, Trustees.

No. 3—Flat Woods—Benjamin Shepp, Jas. Skiles, Nelson McGregaut, Trustees.

No. 4—Cove—George Richter, Eli Brown, William Lohr, Trustees.

No. 5—Bear Brook—Austin Speicher, Jacob Baker, William M. Miller, Trustees.

No. 6—Miller—S. H. Ryland, Daniel Beeghley, Jeremiah Strawn, Trustees.

No. 7—Winding Ridge—John W. Bowman, Hiram Bowsar, George Sheerer, Trustees.

No. 8—Oak Hill—James W. Lee, Henry Schlossnagle, Martin Rush, Trustees.

No. 9—Schrock—D. D. Brenneman, Henry Bletzel, Christian Glotz, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 6.

School No. 1—Muddy Creek—Thos. Browning, Esq. Tests, Thomas C. Friend, Trustees.

No. 2—McHenry—Joseph Meese, J. Glotfelty, Douglas McLane, Trustees.

No. 3—Jonstown—M. Multingley, A. C. DeWitt, William DeWitt, Trustees.

No. 4—Sang Run—Amos Friend, D. H. Friend, Jeremiah H. Enlow, Trustees.

No. 5—Pine Swamp—J. M. Frankhouser, John E. Otto, E. Allbright, Trustees.

No. 6—Bishoff—George E. Bishoff, J. M. Lowdermilk, Brison Welch, Trustees.

No. 7.—Bear Run—Mahlon Glotfelty, Demus Spiker, Joseph R. Glass, Trustees.

No. 8—Cherry Tree Meadow—Jacob Speicher Henry Boettner, Joel Bender, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 7.

School No. 1—Oakland—Wm. M. Coddington, John W. Smith, Moses R. Hamill, Trustees.

No. 2—Brant—Bowie Johnson, Clark Deberry, Thomas Ostrel, Trustees.

No. 3—Thayer or Deep Creek—Wright Thayer, Thomas Wilburn, Jonas Glotfelty, Trustees.

No. 4—Bray—Thos. Cross, Chauncey, Kimmell, John Riley, Trustees.

No. 5—Hutton's Switch—John Connell, Martin Hughes, John Harned, Trustees.

No. 6—South Point—William White, John Thompson, S. E. Switzer, Trustees.

No. 7—Glade Valley—Benjamin White, Geo. W. Frzenbaker, Trustees.

No. 8—Lindale—Henry Beckman, Christian Slabaugh, John Moon, Trustees.

No. 9—Lloyd's—A. Kimmell, S. E. Flowers, Trustees.

No. 10—Harrington—William Hall, Isaac Kuykendall, J. C. Wolf, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 8.

School No. 1—Sunnyside—Frances Martin Peter Gortner, Solomon Yutzy, Trustees.

No. 2—McMason—J. McMason, Benjamin F. Shaffer, Joseph Moon, Trustees.

No. 3—Abernathy—Geo. W. Wilson, Daniel Conneway, James W. Abernathy, Trustees.

No. 4—Fairfax—George L. Hosser, William Arnold, M. McKimmey, Trustees.

No. 5—Ganet—John H. Roth, Jacob L. Houser, John A. Ganer, Trustees.

No. 6—Shook Shop—Henry Thompson Eph. Kelso, Nathan Harvey, Trustees.

No. 7—Bear Range—James W. White, G. Steyer, John G. Riley, Trustees.

No. 8—Oak Grove—John M. White, W. C. Wildeson, Benjamin Harvey, Trustees.

No. 9—Fort Pendleton—William Beakens, Jeremiah Browning, Trustees.

No. 10—Red Oak—Jeremiah Harvey, Thos. A. Schaffer, John A. Arnold, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 9.

School No. 1—Jottuson—Perry Welmer, Geo. Crow, Michael Durst, Trustees.

No. 2—Wilhelm—Aaron Wilhelm, Francis McKenzie, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 10.

School No. 1—Deer Park—Henry Sisk, John Junkey, Benjamin Thrasher, Trustees.

No. 2—Delawder—John Friend of N., M. V. Grim, Herman Beckman, Trustees.

No. 3—Wilson—A. H. Wilson, W. H. Wright, Michael T. Brady, Trustees.

No. 4—Armistead—Joseph Speicher, Wm Nine, R. J. Bland, Trustees.

No. 5—Bethlehem—Joshua B. Lipscomb, Garrett V. Moon, James E. Paugh, Trustees.

ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 11.

School No. 1—Mugruder—Joseph Inskeep, James Magruder, Robert Russell, Trustees.

No. 2—Weir—Simeon W. Green, James Weir, Jacob Beeman, Trustees.

No. 3—Gregg—W. W. Broadwater, Elias Merrill, Trustees.

No. 4—Pea Ridge—Isaac Crow, Daniel S. Wampler, Henry Weltzel, Trustees.

More Evidence.

S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, O. —*Gentlemen:* Your valuable *Peruna* is the best medicine I ever used.

NANCY FETTERMAN,
Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa.

Your *Peruna* for Indigestion and Liver troubles helps me.

W. P. BRANDON,
East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. *Peruna* is doing wonders for me.

JOHN DONAHUE,
Sharpsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your *Peruna* and am well.

THOMAS BRADFORD,
314 Western Ave. Allegheny City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life"—gratis.

Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

From our children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish him in anger.

Never let them know that they vex you, or let you lose your self command.

If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait until they are calm; then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

Never allow tale bearing.

Teach them self denial, not self indulgence. Practice the above.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Ephraim G. Blackburn, vs. His Creditors. } No. 60 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, this seventh day of September, 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by Gilmore S. Hamill and William P. Townshend, Trustees, for the sale of the real estate of Ephraim G. Blackburn, Insolvent petitioner, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the second day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $35.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True copy—Test—
9 16 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at or near Little Deep Creek bridge, and running through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and Joseph R. Anderson and others, to intersect the Swanton road at or near Ingmau place, a distance of about 2 miles.

C. M. MILLER,
J. Z. BROWING,
SILAS WALTERS,
And others

8 16 3

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Joel Bender and Fenes Keefer, under the firm and style of Bender & Keefer, in the lumber business, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 29th day of August, 1882.

JOEL BENDER,
8 9 3 FENES KEEFER.

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, follos 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Tuesday, October 10, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, follos 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Something New!

I AM NOW PREPARED TO EMBALM IN the best manner, and in any style desired, including framing. Natural Flowers that have been used at Weddings, Funerals, Etc. Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices from 25 to 30 per cent. less than it would cost in the large cities.

Cut Flowers, Bouquets,

and all FLORAL DESIGNS furnished at shortest notice, and sent to any distance by express or mail.

Dutch Bulbs and Flower Roots,

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Lilies of the Valley, &c., in all shades and colors, in greatest quantities.

WINTER-BLOOMING PLATS of all kinds

Fruits and Vegetables

Melons, Cantelopes, Peaches, Apples, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes and all vegetables.

Large and fine lot of FALL CABBAGE, for Kraut. Orders booked and cabbage delibered September 15, and after.

All orders, wholesale and retail, left at store, or sent by mail, telegraph or telephone promptly filled.

HENRY WEBER,
P. O. Box, 401. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

W. H. SHARP, M. D. J. L. FULLERTON, M. D.

Drs. Sharp & Fullerton,
Mountain Lake Park, Md.,
OFFICE ON G. ST.

One of the above firm will be on the grounds during the season.

Order of Publication.

John Beckman, vs. Truman W. Pritts and Elizabeth his wife.

No. 251 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The object of this Bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of certain real estate described in a mortgage executed by the defendants to the complainant on the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1876.

The Bill alleges that the mortgage above referred to was executed by the defendants to the complainant to secure the sum of three hundred and seventy dollars, with interest from the 20th day of November, A. D. 1875, and that the mortgage debt and interest thereon is still due the complainant, except about seventy-four dollars, which has been paid.

The Bill further alleges that the time limited for the payment of said debt has passed, and prays for a sale of the land described in said mortgage, and also contains the usual prayer for process.

It is ordered, this 16th day of August, A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper, published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendants warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third Monday in December A. D. 1882, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True Copy—Test—
8 19 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Order of Publication.

Simon P. Bowser, vs. Minerva Bowser. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett count. In Equity No. 56.

The object of the Bill in the above cause is to obtain a divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii* from the defendant by the complainant.

The Bill states that the complainant and defendant were married on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1860, in Allegany county; that they continued to live together as man and wife until about the year A. D. 1871, when the said Minerva abandoned her said husband, since which time she has remained away from him, that said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years and that said abandonment on her part is final and beyond any reasonable hope of reconciliation, and that said abandonment took place in what is now Garrett county, that said defendant is a non-resident and prays for an order of publication.

It is ordered, this 22nd day of August A. D. 1882, by the Court, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of September, A. D. 1882, giving notice to the defendant warning her to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the third Monday in December A. D. 1882, to show cause if any she has why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett county.
True copy—Test—
8 26 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
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The Loss of the Eira.

The London correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following detailed account by Leigh Smith of the experiences in the Arctic regions of the crew of the lost steamer Eira:

On the 14th of June, 1881, the Eira left Peterhead. The ice was very far south. No opening could be found to enable her to get north until the middle of July. Franz Josef Land was reached July 23. The Eira steamed along the coast to within fifteen miles of Cape Ludlow. The ice was closely packed to the north. So I decided to return to Gray Bay and wait till a more favorable opportunity should present itself to go north. On August 7 the Eira was made fast to a land floe near Bell Island. A stone house was erected of material taken out in the Eira. On August 15 the Eira left Bell Island, and, being unable to pass to the eastward of Barents Hook, was made fast to a land floe off Cape Flora. The next few days was spent in collecting plants and fossils, which, unfortunately were lost with the vessel. On August 21 the Eira was heavily nipped. About ten a. m. a leak was discovered and all hands were set to the pumps. The donkey engine was also started, but was soon disconnected from the pumps, and by means of the steam winch six casks of flour and about 300 weight of bread were saved from the main hold. By this time the leak had gained to such an extent that nothing more could be saved from the lower deck. The engines again started to pump, but were soon drowned out.

All hands were then engaged in saving the stores in the after-cabin, which consisted chiefly of vegetables. Rarely two hours elapsed from the time the leak was discovered till the time when the vessel had to be abandoned. All the boats were saved. Most of the men saved some clothes and bedding. Hardly had the last man left the ship when the ice eased, and the Eira rapidly sank. Nothing came up except a few spars and a young polar bear in a cask. Some of the sails were cut away, and with them and some oars a tent was erected on the ice. A fire was lit and coffee made, which, with some bread and part of a pudding that had been made for the day's dinner, made a somewhat spare meal for twenty-five men who had been working nearly the whole day without any food. Nobody grumbled, as every one knew he would have to learn to govern his appetite, as the stock of meat would only suffice for three months at the most. Next morning everything was moved to the land. A tent was put up at Cape Flora, and the crew went to bed with lighter hearts, as two bears had been shot during the day.

It was soon evident that the winter would have to be spent at Cape Flora, so a house was built of stones and turf, covered with sails. For sixteen nights all the crew lived in the tent, sometimes almost floated out by the rain, at others spending most of the night endeavoring to keep up the tent during a heavy gale. Before the wind set in sixteen walrus were shot and several bears. Our principal food consisted of walrus and bear meat, which, boiled with vegetables, was served out three times a day into twenty-five plates made out of old provision tins. Cooking had to be done inside the house. The fire was mostly made by means of blubber and rope, as very little coal had been saved from the ship. Many times everybody was compelled to rush out of the house to avoid being suffocated with the smoke which the fire emitted whenever an inexperienced hand took upon himself the duties of cook. Frequent visits from bears were the sources of excitement during the long dark days. They would often prowl around the tent, and many a man got scared on rushing out in the dark. The only safe plan was to send a dog in front of anybody going out, as he always gave good warning when a bear was near. One day about the end of October two men were walking on the ice in front of the hut when a dog rushed home wiggling his tail and barking furiously until some of them followed him. To their delight some walrus were seen lying on the ice. The two men returned to the house and every rifle was prepared to give the walrus a heavy volley. Several were shot, but nearly all fell into the water. A boat was launched and, after an hour's exciting hunt, five were killed.

In January, again, a dog aided in saving the lives of the Eira crew and found some walrus on the ice. Three very large animals were killed. Although there were seventy degrees of frost at the time, everybody worked with a will until meat and blubber were safely stowed alongside the hut. This good fortune enabled an extra amount of meat to be cooked every day, and aided considerably in preventing the excessive cold for the next few weeks being so disastrous to the crew as it otherwise might have been. It was at first thought that food would be easy to obtain, but in the middle of March there was scarcely two weeks' meat remaining. Every bear that was now seen was eagerly watched. Woe to the man who missed a shot. Good fortune, however, seemed never to desert us. Before the end of March eight bears had been killed, and in April the birds came back. Every effort was made to climb the cliff. The land floe extended seven or eight miles, so no walrus could be killed. Bears were very scarce, but in June a strong gale cleared the ice away for twenty-four hours, and the walrus were swimming in the water in hundreds. Five were killed in one day. For some days nothing was done but cooking large coppers full of meat, and turning it off for the boat journey. On June 21, 1882, four boats started from Cape Flora with twenty-five men and provisions for two months. Eighty miles of water were crossed before we encountered ice. Then our troubles began. Sometimes for days the boats were hauled up on a floe. No water could be seen to enable them to proceed south, dragging the boats over the ice being out of the question on account of the roughness of the ice. After six weeks of almost constant toil water was reached, and our course set for Nova Zembla. After reaching the water a southwest breeze sprang up and enabled the boat to sail about five knots, but soon increased to a gale, which was as much as the boats could stand. A heavy thunderstorm came on, and lasted some hours, with heavy rain drenching every one; but no one thought of wet clothes, as we knew Nova Zembla must soon be sighted.

Within twenty-four hours of leaving the ice four boats were safely hauled on the beach at Matochyen Straits. It was on the evening of August 2. Next morning after breakfast a schooner was seen coming out of the straits. A boat went to her. The boat's crew was most heartily welcomed by ringing cheers, long before they got alongside. The schooner proved to be the William Barents, commanded by Captain Hoffman, who, with his officers, showed every possible kindness to the men on their way to Barents Straits. The boat's crew said the Hope was anchored within a mile of the place where the rest of the Eira's crew were still encamped. Previous to this several shots had been heard by the Eira's party early in the morning, which afterward was found to be fired by some Russians from a schooner anchored in the same bay as the Hope. The Russians had seen the hut in which the Eira's crew were housed, and intended to report the matter to the commander of the Hope, but the information was anticipated by the crew of the William Barents. Mr. Leigh Smith says he intended to go up straight, and must of necessity have seen the Hope, having previously observed the staff marking the spot on which Sir Allen Young had left a record for him, situated at a point in the bay in which the Hope anchored, and which Mr. Smith intended to visit as soon as his men had sufficiently rested. The William Barent's crew had been in company with the Hope and had just sailed. Ten minutes before seeing the Eira boat's crew a boat had been sent on shore to take Mr. Smith on board the Hope, where he and the remainder of the crew were joyfully welcomed by Sir Allen, who had sent all hands from the Hope to bring the rest of the party, with boats, gear and clothing, on board. Every effort was made by the commander of the Hope and the naval officers under him to render the condition of the men as comfortable as possible.

About Curtains.

There is no one thing that adds so much to the furnishing of a room as curtains. With a good carpet, nice walls, and tasty curtains, though you may have little furniture in your room, it will look quite elegant. There is no greater mistake made by people furnishing than putting all their money into a parlor set, and leaving only enough to buy dark shades for their windows. Where a house is without shutters, dark shades seem a necessity; but nglier things could not have been thought of than the present fashionable shades—dark grey and brown. They make the house gloomy within, and look, outside, as if no one lived in the house.

For shades, there is nothing prettier than white, and nothing wears much better. I have some that have been in use five years, and do not look so very bad yet. The dust slips off of Holland very easily, and if the large, brass rings are attached to pull them down with, they can be kept free from finger marks. But inside the shades some drapery is necessary to give a graceful appearance to the windows. These can be of Swiss, scrim, or Canton flannel, as one fancies. If the windows are a north look-out, Swiss could be used very well; these are pretty, made to part in the center and edged with antique or coarse torchon-lace, and at the top set in large box-plaits and fastened to rings slipped on a pole. It is not necessary to purchase the heavy, expensive poles and rings at the stores, if you choose to manufacture your own. Have a pole turned at the carpenter's a little longer than the width of the window; into the end fasten a knob, which can be bought at a hardware store, together with martingale rings of iron, which can be covered with crochetting in brown zephyr. Sew these at equal distances along your curtains, and hang them on two large hooks, which can be purchased at the hardware store. The curtains should only reach the floor; loop them back a little below the middle of the window with ribbons, and not at the window-sill, as formerly.

For a door, a pretty curtain is made of tarlatan, very full, gathered on a string at the top and bottom; part in the middle, and tie back to each side with a ribbon, so that the opening forms a diamond. Inside of this have a red or white shade to draw down for privacy.

A very pretty way to fix a window looking out upon an unpleasant scene, is to dissolve Epsom salts in beer until it is the consistency of cream, and put it upon the glass with a sponge. It will form the most beautiful shapes—equal to Jack Frost's paintings. This arrangement keeps out ugly sights, but does not keep out the light.

If the curtains are made of Canton flannel, the trimming should be broad bands of another contrasting color, put a foot from the top, directly across the curtain, and on a line with the window-sill place another band. Nine inches, at least, in width should the bands be; line the curtains with thin cambric, and trim on the edge with worsted fringe, which comes in beautiful shades from twenty to fifty cents a yard. If you would like them more elaborate, there are beautiful strips of wool canvas, about six inches wide, to be had in all colors, which can be embroidered in any of the pretty stitches now used, and used as the bands, instead of another shade of Canton flannel. These strips come for afghans, but can be used for a number of articles where stripes are employed. They are in nearly all colors, and are fifty cents a yard.

Very heavy, grey linen is also used for curtains; along the edge the pattern of the linen is out-lined in worsted or crewel. With the great abundance of material it is very easy in these days to make home beautiful, if one has taste; and one can not do that with plenty of money unless they have taste. The great trouble with many homes is, there is too much mixture in them. To have everything, one must have a large house; and when people learn to furnish houses according to the house, we shall see more pretty homes. Furnish cottages in cottage furniture, and leave the massive styles for larger houses.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—There lives in Morgan County, within two hour's ride of Decatur, a white man of sound mind and memory, the husband of a wife and the father of several children, an honest, industrious farmer, about forty-five years of age, who can read and write, and has a comfortable home, who never knew until recently that Garfield had been assassinated.—*Atlanta Post-Appeal.*

What the Wolf Did.

We were standing at the window watching Lion, the house-dog, burying a bone in the dead leaves near the fence.

"Why does he do that?" asked my little cousin.

"Animal instinct," replied my father, to whom the question was addressed. "He has more dinner than he cares to eat just now, and so puts away some for the next time. Other animals do the same thing sometimes. I once knew an old lady who when a child had a singular adventure in connection with this same instinct."

Of course there was an immediate demand for the story. Father teased us for a little while, and then he told it, as follows:

"Sixty or seventy years ago, my friend's father was a pioneer in the region bordering on the Ohio River. He and his son were cutting wood in the forest one day, and Polly, then a little girl of five years old or so, was playing near them while they worked. When the time came to go home Polly was nowhere to be seen,

"That's strange," said her father. "She always obeys so well. I don't see how she could have strayed off."

"'She wouldn't have gone home without telling us,' said her brother. 'Look! here's her sun-bonnet full of nuts. She must be somewhere around.'

"They looked again and again in every direction, calling, 'Polly! Polly!' all in vain. There were no Indians living near, but wolves and panthers were plenty, and only the winter before the father and son had killed two bears in an attack on the cow-house. So they began to feel seriously alarmed.

"Presently the brother, looking anxiously about, espied an odd-looking heap of leaves on the further slope of the hill, where no wind could possibly have tossed them. He went to have a closer look at it. Carelessly throwing aside a portion of the heap, he uncovered, to his joyful surprise, a bit of Polly's red frock.

"'Father, come here,' he called, and in a moment more they had the child safe and sound, but fast asleep, in their arms.

"'That's strange,' said her father once more. 'John, take Polly home. I'm going to stay here and see if I can't find out what this means. She never covered herself up this way, I'm certain. Come back as quick as you can, and bring your rifle with you. Here, hand me mine before you go.'

"So saying, he piled the leaves up neatly once more, putting a small log of wood into the place where the child had lain. He then crouched down behind a fallen tree near by to see what would happen.

"He did not have long to wait. John had scarcely had time to return, almost out of breath with the haste he had made, when the soft patter of paws was heard on the dry leaves, and they saw three gray wolves approaching at full trot, with another slightly in advance leading the way.

"The wolf in front led his comrades straight to the heap of leaves, and scratching eagerly, quickly uncovered the buried log. His dismay was almost comical to behold. He sniffed and smelled and turned his head this way and that in utter bewilderment. How a dainty little girl, plump and soft, and just suited to the taste of a wolf who enjoys a good dinner, could suddenly turn into a great uneatable log of wood was too much for him to understand. He finally gave the problem up in despair, and turned to his companions, cowering like a beaten hound.

"There were some sharp barks of disappointment, followed by snarls, as the three guests, who had evidently been bidden to a feast which was not forthcoming expressed their indignation at the supposed hoax.

"The other wolf only whined dolefully, but in vain, for the three fell upon him, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, tore him into pieces, and began to devour him. They did not finish the meal, however, for the two rifles behind the log cracked once and again, and all three wolves lay dead beside the comrade whom they had punished so terribly.

"I have every reason to believe this story literally true," continued my father; "and the other day I told it to Mr. E. S. Ellis, the well-known writer of stories of Western adventure.

"I have no doubt it happened just as you heard it," he said. "The incident is uncommon, but not unknown in natural history. My grandfather knew a lumberman who went to sleep in the woods in Northern New York, and was awakened by a panther covering him with leaves. He lay still till the animal got through and went off, when he jumped up and left too. He didn't wait for the panther to come back."—*Harper's Young People.*

Novelties in Wedding Music.

A lady traveler just from the South tells of attending a stylish wedding of colored persons. The groom was a short, thin specimen of humanity, the bride immense and robust. As the pair sailed up the aisle of the church, with a train that swept away in the rear like the tail of a comet, the choir sang with all the race fervor "Broad am de road that leads to death," to the great amusement of the few whites privileged to be present. This, however, is equalled by the experience of a country pastor's wife not far away, who was requested to play a wedding march at a funeral, the mourners knowing no difference between it and a dirge. At a recent wedding in Hampshire County the hymn, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," was sung as specially fitting the occasion.—*Boston Journal.*

—Utah road agents camp in full view of the stage road. The United States authorities do not molest them because they do not disturb the mails, and the local authorities do not interfere because the stage company dare not make formal complaint against them. Sympathy for persons robbed in Utah is wasted.—*Chicago Herald.*

—There is something appalling in the statement that twelve and a half million false teeth are made every year in Philadelphia, and that gigantic total is still more impressive when considered in connection with the fact that the same city produces annually five tons of powder designed to prevent the necessity of false teeth.

For Young Readers.

WHAT WOULD MAMMA DO?

Oh, I'd like to be a birdie in a tree,
Just to sing my pretty songs so full of glee,
Just to swing and swing upon the maple boughs,
With a cunning little bird's-nest for my house,

Oh, I'd like to be a squirrel on a wall,
With four nimble little feet that wouldn't let me fall;
Just to chit-chat, chit-chat, chatter all the day,
While I hid my little winter's store away.

But—the birdies fly away when winter comes;
And the squirrels seek their cozy little homes.
And if I were bird or squirrel—tell me true—
What do you think my dear mamma would do?

—*Ada Carleton in Youth's Companion.*

MY PET MONGOUS.

One day my cousin entered the room, with what I thought was a rat; then, looking closer, I saw it was longer and not so round as a rat, and it had a heavy tail; then I thought it was a little bear, but where did he get such a small mite of a bear? How could he bring it in his arms? He put it in my lap. "I have brought you a pet," said he. "It is not a bear or a rat; it is a tamed mongous."

The mongous is a native of Africa, and lives on ants and other insects. Its tongue is long, narrow and pointed, and covered with a sticky substance. It runs its tongue down into the ant-hills, and the ants stick to it, and the mongous draws it back into its mouth like a flash, then running it out again and again until its hunger is satisfied.

Jenny Ring, that was the name of the mongous, came to live with me. At first, I was a little afraid of her, but as long as she lived she never bit any one. I think she was the most loving little animal. She would lick your hand like a dog. When you sat down she would jump on your lap, and try, in her dumb way, to show how much she loved you. When you said that was enough, she would crawl up onto your shoulder, sit there looking very wise, and trying to understand all that was said.

Jenny loved company. When the door-bell rang, it did not matter whether she was asleep or where she was, she would run and sit on the stairs and wait until the door was opened. If it was any one she knew, she would roll herself up in a ball, roll down stairs, coming with a thump to the bottom, clucking gleefully. The only noise she made was to cluck like a hen.

One day a lady called that had not heard of my pet, and, when she saw Jenny sitting on the stairs, gave a scream, and said: "There is a rat." When Jenny followed me down stairs she jumped on a chair, holding up her skirts, screaming: "Take away that rat, it will bite." Though I told her Jenny would not do her any harm, she did not believe it.

Another time I heard Jenny Ring making a great noise. I went to see what was the matter, and found Jenny had cornered the cat, and there was a little fight going on. Jenny was coming out the victor, and would have killed poor pussy if I had not come to the rescue. I suppose the cat saw Jenny Ring and thought, "Now, there is a nice large rat," and sprung upon Jenny, to find out, as she did afterward, that she did not have a rat, but something else. After that, all the cats in the neighborhood kept out of the way of Jenny, and only when they were really hungry would they come to the house, and, if Jenny was seen or heard, they would run and hide.

I had a collar and chain made for Jenny, and one day when she was out with me I missed her, and found she had slipped the collar over her head and ran away. On looking, I saw the people going to the other side of the street, and soon guessed the cause, and so I walked back and called Jenny. As soon as she heard me call, she turned around, seeing me, and being frightened at so many strange people, she ran back to me, and was not contented until I took her up in my arms. She acted like a frightened child, but I soon soothed her, and she settled in my arms and went to sleep.

Jenny Ring was very fond of eggs, and would steal them if they were not given her. She always cracked them herself. She would take an egg in her front paws, then back up against the tree, swing her paws front, then back under her hind paws, cracking the egg, then she would suck the egg, and clean it as clear as any person could.

Sometimes, when Jenny was naughty, I would say: "Jenny, you are a bad girl; go in the corner until you are good." Then she would go, always with her face to the wall when she was there, a little while would cluck, but never stir until I said: "Jenny, come out now."

Jenny was very fond of playing tag, and would always catch you, clucking in great glee. Her tricks were like a monkey; she would lie on her back as if dead, and not move a muscle until the piano was played, and then she would start up, pick up a little hat that was made for her, shoulder a stick, and march back and forth on her hind legs. These, and many more tricks would she do.

But Jenny Ring met with a sad fate. She used to love to lie in the sun and bask herself, suddenly rising up before people when disturbed. One day she was startled by one of the strange men of the farm, and seeing what he thought was a rat, he shot at it, and killed poor Jenny Ring. I heard a faint cluck, and knew it was from Jenny. I found her shot and trying to come to me. When she saw me she gave a happy cluck and, as I took her in my arms, tried to lick my hand, then gave a little cluck, looked up at me, and closed her eyes and fell back dead.—*Lucy H. Warner, in N. Y. Tribune.*

"Me and Bab" in Church.

Me an' Bab we went to church, an' Bab she saw a mouse. An'—course she wanted to catch him. An' she slipped out under my sack, where I'd hid her when we went to church, an' was out of the pew quicker 'n time.

Well, my pa's a dicken, an' he had a correction box, an' he was a leanin' ove; with the correction-box stretched out so'd Frankie Hill what sat in the farthest corner could put in a cent an,' all the people was givin' cents, too, an' ten cents, too, an' five cents, an'—well, he was a-stretchin' out the correction-box to Frankie, an' just then the mouse ran across his feets an' Bab after him. An' my papa he gave a queer sort of a cry an' drops the correction-box; an' all the centsis fell on the floor in Frankie Hill's pew, an'—an' my pa's face went redder 'n red, an' his ears, an' his neck, an' he turns round an' sees our Bab scamperin' after the mouse, an' he started to go after her.

An' everybody on our side was a-lookin' at Bab. An' the people at the other side that couldn't see Bab was lookin' at my pa. An' then they all looked at Mr. Green—that's the min'ster—an' Mr. Green he was lookin' orful solemn.

An' the mouse ran across the raised place covered with red carpet, where the minister sits; an' he ran under his chair an' Bab after him. An' all the dickens had laid down their correction-boxes an' was goin' there, too—not under his chair I don't mean, but up to the raised place with red carpet.

An' the mouse he scampered to the door that's one side of where the min'ster sits, an' he couldn't get out, an' there wasn't no hole for him, an' Bab was after him lickety split, an'—an'—

Well, he comed back an' ran into old Miss Trumley's pew, an' she screamed an' ran out. An' then there was a reg'lar scrimmage, an' the dickens was all mixed up, an' Bab was among their feet, an' my pa he stooped down an' then he came down 'tween the pews with Bab in his arms an' his face was *orful*. An' he went out with Bab, an' the other dickens went for their boxes.

An' Mr. Green he'd dropped his hank'cher an' he was *orful long* pickin' it up. An' then he coughed an' hid his face in his hank'cher an' he shooked all over just like he did when my pa told that story about the dicken what put the wrong plaster on his nose.

An' everybody was laughin', but I was cryin' 'cause I didn't know what my pa would do to Bab—or—or—*me*.

An' Frankie Hill was pickin' up cents in his pew when my pa comed back; an' he took me by the arm, an' led me out of the church, an' says, very stern:

"Go home."

An' our house is close by, so I went all by myself, and my pa went back to his correction-box.

An' I don't know what came of the mouse; but Jemima Jane says it's a good thing my ma's away, an' I'll get a proper correction when my pa gets home.—*Joy Vetrepont, in Youth's Companion.*

"It's Mother's Turn Now."

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and winsome looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers in their love of their daughters entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned up side down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip and mother stays at home and keeps house.

Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently done.—*Intelligencer.*

Two Lucky Miners.

Some three weeks ago two Comstockers struck out across the Sierras on a prospecting trip. They went over into Placer County to look for ledges, placer mines, or anything else in the mining line that would pay. One of the men now writes to a friend in this city as follows: "We spent some two weeks without finding anything we cared to stay by, and finally concluded to go down to the valleys and work for wages. You must know that for a pack animal we have one of the meanest and most contrary of Piute ponies. He will never do what you want him to do, and runs away on the slightest provocation. Well, we were going down a steep mountain trail toward Georgetown the other day, when the pony stopped short, gave a snort, and broke off through the brush down the steepest place he could find. He scattered grub, picks, shovels and cooking utensils in all directions, and finally ended by standing on his head in a deep gutter at the bottom of a ravine, where we made him fast to a tree and then rolled him over and landed him on his feet. While hunting up our traps we found some pieces of quartz that showed gold, and in an hour or two found the vein from which it came, and a good one it is—at least for a small party. We have made our camp in the ravine, just where the pony landed, and have made more than 'miners' wages' ever since. We have a big flat stone for a mortar, mill, or whatever you may call it, and by selecting the richest of our rock, can make pay pretty fast. How long it will hold out we don't know, but we are in a bulge of the vein that is about four feet wide. We are saving up a good deal of second-class ore (it is full of free gold), and will presently make our fractions pony do duty in an arastra.

"There is a nice little stream of water in the ravine about fifty yards below our pocket, and on the side of this we have already commenced building an arastra. We have been into town (Georgetown) once and sold a few ounces of gold—just to see if it was good—but you can bet we said nothing about our find. We shall stay by our pocket as long as it stays by us, then look for more along the same streak of quartz, which runs from eight to ten inches in width in most places, and has what Senator Fair would call a "kindly look."—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

—More labor-saving machines for doing work in fields and gardens have been invented in the United States than in all other countries combined and these are fast finding their way into all parts of the world.

—An Englishman has eloped with his mother-in law because she had the money and the daughter had none.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1836, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies esp cially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our Liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, alter making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

Our testimonials date from 1833 to the present. Try Merchant's Gargling Oil Liniment for internal and external use, and tell your neighbor what good it has done.

Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

CURES Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scratches or Grease, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Fleah Wounds, Sitfast, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy Cracked Teats, Callous, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Quitter, Abscess of the Udder, Sprains and Bruises, Stringhalt, Wingalls Foot Rot in Sheep, Foundered Feet, Roup in Poultry, Sore Nipples, Cuts, Cracked Heels, Old Sores Epizootic, Lame Back, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Toothache, Rheumatism Spavins, Sweeney, Corns, Whitlows, Weakness of the Joints, Contraction of Muscles, Cramps Swelled Legs, Fistula, Mange, Thrush, Caked Breasts, Boils, &c.

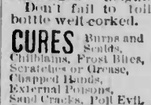

$1,000 REWARD for proof of the existence of a better liniment than "Merchant's Gargling Oil," or a better worm medicine than "Merchant's Worm Tablets." Manufactured by M.G.O.Co., Lockport, N.Y., U.S.A.

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

That terrible scourge fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

STRONG POINTS
ABOUT
MISHLER'S
HERB BITTERS
ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S., since 1856, and in Germany for over 200 years. ☞For the complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are unrivalled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proved a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. *Proved best.*

Mishler Herb Bitters Co. Lancaster, Pa. St. Louis, Mo.

A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature. Highly commended as a general Tonic and Appetizer. Send for "Mishler Messenger of Health."

☞Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails.

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Containing both Versions of the NEW TESTAMENT.
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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Sheep on Key West Island lose their wool the second year and grow a full crop of hair.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Corn Fritters: Mix well together one quart of grated sweet corn, two cups of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of butter and two eggs well beaten. Season with pepper and salt, and fry like griddle cakes.—*The Household.*

—The law of New York provides that the owner or possessor of any dog that shall kill or wound any sheep or lamb shall be liable for the value of such sheep or lamb to the owner thereof, without proving notice to the owner or possessor of such dog, or knowledge by him, that his dog was malicious or disposed to kill sheep.

—We have seen the suggestion that the harness should always be removed from tired animals when they are taken to the stable for the noon rest. With the fatigue of the morning tasks, the sweat and consequent discomfort, the harness becomes irksome, and it is an act of mercy to remove it while the poor animals are resting at midday.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A celebrated English physician says a pint of milk is equivalent in nutritive power to an ordinary mutton chop, and as a pint of milk will yield only an ounce of cheese, we must have in the latter a cheap and highly concentrated food. The English eat double the cheese in proportion to the population that is consumed by Americans. The Italians live to a great extent on cheese and Indian corn.—*Detroit Post.*

—In bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. In 1790 a great many people in Philadelphia died from eating honey gathered from the flowers of the Kalmia latifolia. In good seasons the bees avoid poisonous plants.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Cream figs for dessert are prepared in this way: Beat the white of one or two eggs (according to the quantity you wish to serve); when very stiff, so that you can almost turn the platter upside down without the egg running off; stir in as much powdered sugar as you can and yet leave the frosting so that you dip the figs in it. If the fig is not entirely covered at the first dipping repeat the process; let them dry in the heater or on a shelf over the stove.—*N. Y. Post.*

Plants and Animals.

The connection between these two departments of life is closer than is generally thought. The plant is the bridge between the mineral and the animal world. It digests and assimilates mineral matter, and then yields its own substance as food for bird, beast and man. Plants, like human beings, have a capacity for culture and for what might be called civilization, which gives comeliness at the expense of vigor, and often of fertility. The favorites of our gardens are monstrosities, with little power to propagate their kind.

The plant and man equally depend on *sunlight* for health. Each will alike starve without its proper food. Analogous diseases, to some extent, affect each. In both cases, life and health often fail before influences too subtle even for modern science to explain or detect. Plants, like blood-suckers, frequently draw their entire life from their fellows.

As men are often poisoned by the bite or sting of insects, so are plants. Nut galls and other galls are merely tumors, morbid or diseased growth, due to such stings. Says the *Medical Record:* "There are hundreds of varieties of such galls easily distinguishable, and each one owes its existence to a different agent"—a different kind of poison from the different insect that bites it.

It is now known that a large portion of human diseases result from microscopic plants which find their way into the system, multiply with inconceivable rapidity, and draw their support from the most vital parts of our bodies.

Says the above authority, "The number of parasites which infect plants is enormous. There is hardly a flowering plant which is not injuriously affected by one or more fungi which prey upon it. The grapevine alone is attacked by at least thirty species. The morbid changes which these parasites induce are manifold; the rust on wheat, the scab on apples, the rot in potatoes and in fruits, all represent the activity of these foreign intruders." All forms of mildew have the same origin.—*Youths' Companion.*

Contract Work on Farms.

The report comes from England that a considerable proportion of the work on farms there is now performed by contract. This is especially true of cutting, curing, and putting up hay. The hay season occurs at the time when farmers and the usual number of men employed about the place are engaged in harvesting grain and cultivating turnips, and the labor of securing the hay-crop is let out by contract. Some enterprising man organizes a force of laborers, purchases a team and some tools, and contracts to cut, cure, put in stack and to cover with thatch all the grass that grows on several farms in the same neighborhood. Occasionally all the men in the force are interested in the contract, and work on the co-operative system. The farmer generally furnishes teams a portion of the time, and some of the tools required for haying, and sometimes furnishes meals and lodging for the men. It is claimed that the men who work on the contract system perform more labor than those who are employed by the farmer, that they acquire much greater skill in the use of tools and machinery and that they build and cover stacks better than common laborers. By having the use of several teams they economize in the employment of mowing machines and make one do the work that is ordinarily performed by two or three. The farmer who lets out the contract for securing his hay crop is able to devote all his time as well as that of his ordinary farm help to doing other kinds of work. The working of cultivated crops is not neglected, as it is likely to be when all the men are called off to work at haying. Considerable saving is also effected in the purchase of machinery for haying.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Preservation of Eggs.

Much scientific attention has been devoted in France to the preservation of eggs. The leading principle of all processes is the protection of the interior of the egg from the action of the atmosphere, and consequently it has long been settled that only the freshest eggs are eligible for preservation. To the solution of the problem of how to prevent the air from penetrating the shell of the egg, the experiment of such eminent *savants* as Musschenbroek, Reaumur and Nollet have valuably contributed. They all agree that the most practicable method is to envelop the new-laid egg in a light coating of some impermeable substance, such as wax, tallow, oil or a mixture of wax and olive oil, or of olive oil and tallow. Reaumur suggests an alcoholic solution of resin, or a thick solution of gelatine. Nollet experimented successfully with India rubber, collodion and various kinds of boot varnish. In practice, the most successful method has been that of Cornier, of Mans. This consists in covering the eggs with a varnish, the composition of which is kept a secret. The eggs are packed on end in sawdust, and, it is said, will preserve their freshness during quite nine months in any climate. Cadet de Vaux suggested the plunging of eggs for twenty seconds in boiling water, in order to coagulate that portion of the albumen nearest the shell, and then to pack them in vessels half filled with sifted cinders. This process—which, by the by, has been well known in some parts of Scotland for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. The process known as "liming" in England, and as the Cadet-Gassicourt process in France, is very popular; on the other side of the Channel, however, "limed" eggs are never eaten *a la coque*, but only in the shape of omelettes, etc. Some preservers claim to obtain better results, as far as the taste of the egg is concerned, by substituting ordinary salt for lime. The solution, it is said, penetrates the shell, and so acts upon the organic matter as to diminish its susceptibility to decomposition. The eggs are immersed during several hours. Appert, the Columbus of food preservers, gave some attention to the subject of egg-preservation. His favorite process was to introduce the eggs into a bottle half filled with bread crumbs to prevent breakages. After carefully corking the bottle, he placed it for several minutes in a sand bath, the temperature of which he kept at seventy degrees. For home consumption, the French peasantry have for ages preserved their eggs in a very simple fashion. They take a wooden case, or a large barrel, and pack them in thick layers of sawdust, fine sand, chalk, bran, cinders, or coal dust, so that they do not touch each other. In the Maritime Provinces, the peasants use layers of ashes moistened with salt water. Both these processes are successful. Drying eggs and reducing them to powder (an invention patented by Chambard in 1852) is another method of preservation that is profitably pursued in France.—*London Grocer.*

Lightning Rods.

Of late years so many buildings have been injured by lightning that were supposed to be fully protected with lightning rods that public opinion is becoming somewhat changed in regard to the efficacy of lightning rods. We apprehend that in many, perhaps the most of, cases where damage has been done, it has been caused by the rods being imperfectly constructed, or put up wrong, or perhaps permitted to get out of order after being put up.

Some men who put up rods do not understand their business; others, finding the owner of a building unwilling to pay the price that it will cost to fully protect his building, will put up half rods enough to protect it and assure the owner it is fully protected.

If an iron rod is put on a building with points to attract the electricity from the passing clouds it is of the highest importance that it should be so put up that it will carry off all that it attracts, or it had better not be on the building. If the end of the rod does not reach the ground, the charge of electricity will leave the rod, and in all probability enter the building and greatly injure it. This is a well understood fact, yet many buildings have rods on them that have been broken off, and so do not reach the ground; in many cases the owners know this but do not take the trouble to repair the break. It is also well known that to carry off the electricity safely, the end of the rod must descend to moist earth; but notwithstanding this well-known fact, many rods are put up so that the rod descends into the ground so little depth that the ground at the end of the rod is dry most of the summer.

It is laid down as a rule that a point of a rod will protect only a circle twice the diameter of the height of the point above the building, yet how many endeavor to protect a thirty feet building with one or two points only five feet above the building, thus protecting less than two-ninths of the building. Sometimes we see rods running across the roof in different directions, with little points every foot or two in length but with only one, or at most two rods descending to the earth, thus inviting a large amount of electricity, without making the proper provision to carry it off.

Those who have rods on their houses should carefully examine them every year and see that they are in proper condition; or if not, to remove them altogether; for it is always dangerous to have a lightning rod on a building that is not properly put up, and always kept in good order.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The copying of legal and other documents with the type-writing machine is rapidly coming into prominence as a remunerative occupation for women. The work is peculiarly adapted to their capabilities, as it demands, instead of physical strength, simply a rapid, delicate and dexterous use of the fingers, much like that requisite for skillful piano playing. Expert manipulators of the machine can often earn from ten to twelve dollars per day, and sometimes more. No preliminary education is required except the capacity to spell rapidly and well, though the efficiency of the type-writer is much increased by a knowledge of stenography.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Corean Rebellion.

The Oriental antipathy to foreigners is once more shown by the serious rebellion which has broken out in Corea since the negotiation of treaties with the United States and Great Britain, and has terminated in the assassination of the King and Queen. The commercial history of this little Kingdom is not without interest, especially as this country has once before had relations with it that led to a complication of a serious character, though the present situation threatens to be farther reaching in its influences, and may yet be the first step in serious international entanglements. After the northern ports of China were thrown open by the treaty of Tientsin several efforts were made to effect the same result in Corea, and in 1865 an American vessel visited one of its ports for trading purposes, but was never heard from afterward. It was reported and believed at the time that the vessel was burned and the crew all murdered by the natives. An expedition was sent under command of Admiral Rodgers to obtain redress for the outrage and to establish more satisfactory arrangements for the future. The redress was obtained by force, but no satisfactory arrangements were concluded, and the expedition retired without making any change in the diplomatic situation. Some French expeditions revisited Corea afterwards but met with no better satisfaction, and at last the country was left alone for several years, during which it was a bone of contention between China and Japan. It was always a vassal of China, but in 1876 Japan accomplished what no other Power had been able to do, and negotiated a commercial treaty by which certain ports were thrown open to trade, and a supplementary treaty was made by which Corea promised to combat all future negotiations with foreign powers through Japan. The trade, however, has amounted to little, and the Japanese residents in Corea have made themselves so cordially hated that the Japanese influence has been reduced to the minimum while the Chinese influence has increased.

To this influence it now appears is due the present insurrection. The cause of the trouble is not of recent origin. For some time past Russia has contemplated the seizure of the port of Lazareff, as she needs a first-class harbor on the Pacific coast, and it has been quite generally understood that this would be followed up by the annexation of the whole Kingdom as an offset to the rapid growth of English commercial supremacy in that direction. As the best means of counteracting the designs of Russia, China, who was more seriously threatened by her, at first encouraged Corea to throw open her ports to Europeans, and the result of this was the treaty made by Commodore Shufeldt and one made by an English Commissioner, which it was understood would open four Corean ports, two on the Chinese and two on the Japanese side of the peninsula.

A rapid succession of events has now completely reversed the position of China. The Coreans were advised to open their ports to foreigners by Li-Hung-Chang, who is the Imperial Commissioner for Foreign Trade, but his action was not regarded with much favor by the Chinese, and he has recently retired from office, so that his policy is no longer of account. Following upon this, the Chinese were very much incensed against Commodore Shufeldt on account of some indignities which they allege he cast upon the Empress of China, and the recent anti-Chinese legislation at Washington has still further intensified their indignation. Their influence, therefore, has been exerted craftily but powerfully to persuade the Coreans that their country would soon be overrun with foreigners. Corea has always been dependent upon China, and though the King and Queen remained very firm in their support of the new treaty, the people at last were urged on to demand its abrogation. The sovereign refused, insurrection broke out, and it culminated, as has been reported, in the murder of both.

The end of all this is not yet. There is no necessity that the United States should be involved in any collision, but trouble between the Orientals and the Western Powers may be anticipated. China has made common cause with the Coreans, and Russia may now seize the opportunity of England's engagement in Egyptian affairs, which are likely to occupy her entire attention now that Turkey has declined to send troops to Egypt and is about to protest against England's course, to make a strike for the aggrandizement of her territory on the Pacific. There is no love lost between China and Russia, as their interests clash at every point, and if Russia is bent upon war with China there is no better time to make it than now.—*Ex.*

NOT HARDLY.—"Boy," said a stranger to a lad who was blacking his boots in front of a hotel yesterday, "if I should give you a dollar, would your first impulse be to go to the circus?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "My first impulse would be that it was a counterfeit bill?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How to Travel," is the title of a little book just out. How to get the money to travel with is the most serious question of the flitting season.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AN old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine, "What is it?" he asked. She answered: "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very antoxatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, "you are very sistermatic."—*Our Continent.*

MASTER: "What does Cordillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Scholar: "He says a brute is an imperfect animal." "And what is man?" "Man is a perfert brute."

THE fat colored man is not always a good weighter.

A KENTUCKIAN sleeps so soundly that on several occasions of late the rats have made a feast off his toes without disturbing his dreams. He is looking for a situation as private watchman.—*Norristown Herald.*

LONDON is complaining of homeless cats left to wander about the streets, while their owners are out of the city. Shades of Dick Whittington, can such things be?—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I giv it to him; this satisfys him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.—*Josh Billings.*

NEVER lend your ivy-plant, because you cannot get an IV green back.—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE Hop is in high favor for rich papa young ladies, especially those who have been abroad. "Yeth, thur, 'twas a werry pleasawnt occasion."

AT a recent sale of relics in London a medal struck off in 1565 brought $840. Our readers missed a bonanza by not having a few medals struck off that year.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Carriage lamps are destined to be superceded by what will doubtless be called the equine headlight. It is a combination of phosphorescent materials and will be attached to the top of horse's head on dark nights. There is neither flame nor liquid about it. A California genius also proposed a new idea. He wants to stretch wires from the vehicles to an electrical instrument on top the horses head and generate illuminating electricity by the revolution of the wheels of the carriage.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE Boston *Globe* brings this item: Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

BEFORE an apple becomes cider it must go the rounds of the press.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. Charles Reis, No. 1611 Second Carondelet avenue, this city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after sixteen years suffering with rheumatism.

A REGIMENT with a military band in front should always march by play-times.

YOUNG or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT Adam said on beholding the first sunrise: "Go West, my son, go West."

BAD temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

LOSTETTER McGINNIS and the Widow Flapjack, with whom Hostetter boards, have had a falling out, and his landlady no longer sings "Meet me where the flowers droop," on the square piano in the parlor for him. The misunderstanding occurred in this way: When Mrs. Flapjack handed him his piece of buttered bread at the supper table, he noticed that the butter was spread decidedly thin. He scraped the butter with his knife, and finally said: "I wish you had been my mother when I was a wild, wayward child." "Your mother?" exclaimed the widow. "Yes; you lay it on so very light I can't perceive it," replied the wretch, holding up the piece of bread and butter, "but my mother used to lay it on so thick and heavy with a strop that I can feel it yet." The intimation that the widow was old enough to be McGinnis' mother, is what put the fat in the fire, and now there is no more talk among the other boarders about Hostetter and the widow contemplating the perpetuation of matrimony.—*Texas Siftings.*

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as its effects are perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

IN response to an inquiry for court-plaster the other day a Detroit druggist handed out a piece about six inches square and asked the boy if he thought that would do. "I dunno," was the doubtful reply. "Who is it for?" "For father." "Didn't he say how large a piece?" "No; but I know that isn't half large enough. Ma hit him with the whole side of the washboard at once, and that won't begin to cover the clip!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.—*Telegram.*

VERY like it: Tutor—"What, what Mumbles! How do you translate semetipsum?" Master Mumbles (with some slight hesitation)—"Half tipsy, sir!"—*London Punch.*

Quarantine.

The word is derived from various languages and signifies "40 days." Inspected ships were once required to remain in quarantine for 40 days. Dr. D. H. Bissell, formerly of hospital ship Falcon, Quarantine, New York, is one of the staunch friends of Mishler's Herb Bitters. In his official capacity he tested its rare efficacy in curing Cholera, Erysipelas, Bronchitis and the diseases incident to impurities of the blood. Physicians and the public alike are friends of this peerless medical preparation.

IT is always agreeable after you've told a funny yarn to have somebody in the crowd remark that he always liked that story.—*Boston Post.*

Personal.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Latin is a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

*** "Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

SO THEY have got a corner on tan-bark, have they? Well, well: that accounts for the different flavor of boarding-house coffee of late.

☞ Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequalled for brilliancy.

A DAILY paper says a Coney Islander was shot in the brawl. Now, what part of the human anatomy is that?

FRAZER AXLE GREASE continues to lead all competitors by a big majority. All dealers.

SOME hotel clerk must have originated the expression: "There is always room at the top."—*Boston Star.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

THE shrewd old man told his amiable little boy that it was better to waste other people's time than his own.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE Burr family have had a reunion in Maine, which reminds the New York *Times* that the Burrs always stick together.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

IT is downright mean, the way we serve our teeth. In childhood we cut them, and in old age drop them.

WISE'S Axle Grease will suit you; if it don't, get your money back.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

USE Wise's Axle Grease.

ATLANTA has a pretty female shoemaker; but such an institution cannot last.

WISE'S Axle Grease. Use it.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

MEDICINE (TEST)
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN KILLER
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
PERRY DAVIS'

A Change of Mind.

"There is a certain man in this town whom I'm going to lick until he won't be out of bed for six months after, and I want to know what it will cost me?"

So said a man who entered a Griswold street law office yesterday, and it was plain to be seen that his slander was way up.

"Let's see?" mused the lawyer. "I'll defend you for $10. If you lick him in a first-call manner your fine will be about $25. Then there will be a few dollars costs, say enough to make the whole thing foot up $40. I think that I can safely promise that it won't cost you over that."

"Forty dollars! Forty dollars for licking a man! Why, I can't go that!"

"Well, pull his nose, then. The last case I had of that sort the fine was only $15. That will reduce the gross sum to thirty."

"I want to tear him all to pieces, but I can't afford to pay like that for the fun. How much would it cost to spit on him?"

"Well, that's an assault, you know, but the fine might not be over ten dollars. I guess $25 would see you through."

"Lands! how I do want to crush that man! Suppose I knock his hat off?"

"Well, about $20 would cover that."

"I can hardly hold myself, but $20 is pretty steep. Can't I call him a liar?"

"Oh, yes. I think $15 would cover that."

"Well, I'll see about it. I'm either going to call him a liar or else tell everybody that he is no gentleman, or else give him an awful pounding. I'll see you again."

"My fee is $5," observed the lawyer.

"What for?"

"For my advice."

The pulverizer glared at him for half a minute, and then laid down a "V," and started slowly out with the remark:

"I'm going straight to that man and beg his pardon, and tell him that I'm the biggest fool in Detroit! Thank Heaven that you didn't get but one claw on me?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THIS GREAT AND GLORIOUS COUNTRY.—With a crop of 6,000,000 bales of cotton, toward 600,000,000 bushels of wheat, and over 1,500,000,000 bushels of corn, we may look upon our enormous and astonishing imports as not alarming; the owners of American railway property have a right to expect particularly happy results, and those who feel discouraged at the comparative slowness of our export markets may possess their souls in peace. As Europe must take our surplus we need not be in a hurry to send our new cotton and our foodstuffs abroad, and we need not send anything on which we have not made a good profit. The future is decidedly in our favor. Our farmers have and will have an abundance of everything; our mechanics and laborers will have cheap food; our factories are busy and will so continue; our transportation companies begin the best season on record; our merchants and tradesmen will have better buyers and more customers than during the last twelve months; our financial institutions will be busy and prosperous; and the whole country will celebrate Thanksgiving Day with more than ordinary joy and satisfaction.—*Boston Advertiser.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealer in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, I will offer at

Mountain Lake Park Station,

on the B. & O. R. R. on the

26th day of September,

A. D. 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., all the following personal property, to-wit:

A LOT OF HARDWARE

consisting of

1 Cross-cut Saw,
Hatchets, Axe-handles,
Wrenches, Hinges, Screws,
Platform scales, 50 Kegs Nails,
5 boxes Tin,
800 lbs. Bar Iron,
Drill Press,
Blacksmith Tools,
30 Squares Tin Roofing.
15 Squares corrugated Iron,
3 Wheelbarrows,
Set Tinners Tools,
1 Straw-cutter,
1 Cooking Stove.

A large lot of Paints, Glass, Paint Brushes, Varnishes, &c., &c.

1 Mule, 2 Sets Harness, 1 Cart.

A large lot of mouldings of various sizes and patterns.

A lot of white oak pailings.

A lot of patent weather-boarding.

Doors, door frames, window, window frames, window shutters.

About 18,000 feet dressed poplar lumber.

40,000 laths.

9,000 shingles.

10,000 feet white oak flooring.

10,000 feet dressed chestnut lumber.

About 100,000 feet pine lumber.

About 50 bushels lime.

A lot coal.

100,000 BRICKS

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES.

TERMS OF SALE.

As prescribed by the Court, all sums of fifty dollars and under cash. On sums over fifty dollars a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his note and approved security. If sale is not completed the first day it will be continued from day to day until all the property is disposed of.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 5 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 50 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 2000 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young nipple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. jel1-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.35 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTORAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

jn 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "**Roland.**" The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
101 SOUTH CHARLES SRTEET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, weatherboarded basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,
Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 116 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 1f MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netnkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
nov 1 ly

Store Room for Rent.

The Store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 1f D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and Terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882. NUMBER 30.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

7 28 tf

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Willink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and
Farming Implements
—Also—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, 4ds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange or unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"
"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*,"
"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

> *Gentlemen:* I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and *insist* on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "*just as good*." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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Read and study our book on the "Ills of Life;" it tells you things and be happy.

"Ladies, if you wish strength, health, and beauty, a good breath, cherry lips and rosy cheeks, take PE-RU-NA."

"For Chronic Catarrh, Scrofula, Debility, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, take PE-RU-NA."

Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life." S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, proprietors. For Constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take PE-RU-NA.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Sent to Indians and Settlers at 50 Dollars a Bottle.

WANTED

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Prosperous B. & O.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 13.—At a meeting of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company to-day President Garrett stated the earnings of the road for August were $1,851,891, the largest revenue earned in one month in the history of the company. The large increase in power by the construction of 103 consolidation and other first-class locomotives and of gondola, box, live stock and other cars, with the enlargement of the capacity of the freight plant generally and increased facilities of all descriptions upon the lines of the company, enabled it to perform this great work with ease and facility. The organization and capacity of the company is now such that an important increase beyond the present heavy traffic can be handled promptly and successfully. The passenger business increased with exceptional rapidity, and a general increase in business was realized, notwithstanding the protracted strikes connected with the coal and iron interests in the regions adjacent to the company's lines. Business on the Pittsburg division shows, notwithstanding the suspension of many extensive manufactories, supplies for which were obtained by this line, a steady and large increase.

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, make pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, stength and beauty. Ladies try it. —*Bazaar.*

TAKE A DRINK?

Take a drink? No! not I!
Reason's taught me better
Than to bind my very soul
With a galling fetter.
Water, sweet and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No! not I;
I have seen too many
Taking drinks like that of yours,
Stripped of every penny.
Water, sweet and cool and clear,
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No! never;
By God's blessing, never
Will I touch, or taste, or smell,
Henceforth and forever!
Water, sweet and clear and cool,
Makes no man a slave or fool.

WOOED IN THE DOCKS.

There were twenty-seven persons charged with various offences before his honor that morning. It was only about eighteen months ago.

One of the accused was a young girl about seventeen, who was weeping very bitterly. The usual crowd of hangers on in the police court was leering eagerly at the misfortunate trann, the irreclaimable drunkard, the foreheadless petty larcenist, and the burly burglar.

But there was something in this young girl's sobs, in this sorrow of the fair-haired maiden who had passed the night in the same cell with drunken prostitutes, female dive thieves and women of the worst class, that was heart-breaking.

Even the bailiff of the court—accustomed to criminal misery and inured to the scenes of suffering from the suicide of a wanton to the execution of a murderer and his parting with his mother and sister—even the bailiff felt touched, and walking up to the railing, whispered some kind word in her ear.

And next to her sat a young man pale as death. The humiliation of his position stood out in bold bas relief in his attitude and in every feature of his face, in the nervous clutch of his hands, in the shifting of his feet, the disarranged hair, and the silently expressed suffering.

The judge was late that morning, and kept the prisoners waiting.

"Don't cry," the young man was saying to the girl who sat next to him. "I am sure you have done nothing wrong. I would pledge my life, you have not. Tell me your troubles and I will tell you mine. I have been with a wholesale jeweler for two years, and I got into bad company, took some gold that I was to work up into a bracelet and sold it. I first accused some one of having stolen it, but last night I confessed. They had me arrested, and I shall plead guilty and take my punishment."

The girl turned her head quickly, and between her sobs, said:

"But I—I have done nothing wrong; only one of the girls at the store where I worked put some laces in my pocket because—she is jealous of me, and then they found it there, and a policeman came, and—oh, my heart is breaking!"

* * * * * *

"Hugh Murray, accused of robbing his employer, what have you to say?"

"Guilty!"

His face was whiter than ever, but his mouth was firm and resolute, and after he had said the word that made him a convict, he faced the magistrate and said:

"Your honor, I have said guilty, because I should be a liar if I said anything else; but, your honor, I have this to add to my plea: I never drank wine to my life until last Friday night, and I was utterly under its influence when I took that gold."

At this juncture an elderly man stepped forward and said, in a voice choked with emotion,—

"Your honor, I am this young man's employer, and I am sorry that I have taken these steps now. With your permission I will withdraw the charge."

But his honor only looked a little dimly through his spectacles and said,—

"Too late; complaint sworn to, arrest made, prisoner pleads guilty."

And it came to pass that Hugh Murray expiated the one criminal act of his life by six months in the house of correction.

But before he left the dock, he managed to whisper to his neighbor,—

"Tell me your name, won't you? I have been so bad, and I am sure you are so good; and perhaps when my punishment is over you who are so gentle will let me come and see you and call you my friend."

And she, with her great eyes all bleared with tears, said faintly,—

"My name is Isabel—Isabel Daly. I hope you won't be bad again, and that they won't be unkind to you."

And he passed out of the dock with these words ringing in his ears,—

"I hope you won't be bad again, and that they won't be unkind to you."

And when he reached the cell from which they were to take him to the house of correction, the firmness that kept him up so far all left him, and crouched on the cold stones he burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

He was not long alone, for his employer had followed him, and the once severe master was now as badly broken down as the clerk whom he had caused to be punished so severely. The old jeweller put his arms around Hugh's neck and for several minutes could not speak. At last he said,—

"My poor boy, I wish I could undo this. When I saw you standing in the dock, you made me think of a boy of my own who was ruined by the wine cup and left me for I don't know where. What can I do? How can I undo this?"

There was no reply, for both hearts were too full to speak for a moment; but the young man at last raised his head and said,—

"I am not crying like a baby for my punishment, and I have nothing but good will to you. If you have been harsh to me, I don't know it. Let me be candid with you. I was a thief, and I was a drunkard—a thief for the first time and a drunkard for the first time; but still I was both. If you think you have been harsh, then, when my punishment is over, help me to go somewhere where I can get work—a long way off, where my story is not known, and, as I live, I will repay your kindness tenfold. And there is a young girl," he continued, "charged with stealing some lace, up stairs. Will you see her? I am sure she is innocent, and in the dock she forgot all her trouble for a moment, to ask me never to be bad again. It was that, Mr. Belden, which made me give way so weakly."

The parting was a very sad one, but the inevitable had to come, and Hugh Murray was for six months to come only "No. 137," in the western corridor.

A few days after he had been in prison he received a trunk full of new clothing from his late employer, some luxuries in the way of food, etc., that were specially permitted by the warden, and the following letter:—

"My dear Hugh: Please accept the accompanying little gifts from me, and keep up a good heart. I send you some useful books with which to employ your time. Your friend, who was in such trouble, was perfectly innocent, and was discharged, her arrest having been a conspiracy, and she is now head sales-woman of the house where she was accused of theft. I called and told her yesterday how bitterly you suffered from her sympathy, and the noble girl burst into tears and bade me tell you to be of good courage and never be bad again."

**** **** **** ****

A year after this there was a little quiet wedding in Toronto, Canada, and the bridegroom was a successful young jeweller, just started in business, and president of one of the total abstinence societies, while the brides' name was Isabel Daly. And as he held her to his heart after the ceremony, he whispered,—

"Darling, do you remember that you were wooed in a prison dock?"

The one strange thing about the wedding was, however, that when they got to their new home there was a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and it had a smudge on it just as if an old-fashioned salt tear had fallen on it, and all that was inside of it was a check for one thousand dollars, signed by Everett Belden.

Peck's Son.

A young fellow who is pretty smart on general principles and who is always in a good humor, went into a Chicago store the other morning limping and seemed to be broke up generally. The proprietor asked him if he wouldn't sit down, and he said he couldn't very well as his back was lame. He seemed discouraged and the proprietor asked him what was the matter. "Well," he said, as he put his hand on his pistol pocket and groaned, "there is no encouragement for a boy to have any fun now-a-days. If a boy tries to play an innocent joke he gets kicked all over the house," The store-keeper asked him what had happened to disturb his hilarity. He said he played a joke on his father and had been limping ever since.

"You see, I thought the old man was a little spry. You know he is no spring chicken yourself, and though his eyes are not what they used to be, yet he can see a pretty girl further than I can.

"The other day I wrote a note in a fine hand and addressed it to him asking him to meet me on the corner of Wisconsin and Milwaukee streets at 7.30 o'clock on Saturday evening, as I had an errand with him, and signed the name Daisy to it. At supper time pa he was shaved up and had his hair all plastered over the bald spot, and got on some clean cuffs, and said he was going down to the Consistory to initiate some candidates from the country, and he might not be in till late. He didn't eat much and hurried off with my umbrella. I winked at ma but didn't say anything. I went down town and he was standing there by the postoffice corner in a dark place. I went by him and said: "Hello pa, what are you doing there?" He said he was waiting for a man. He went down the street, and pretty soon I went up on the other corner by Chapman's and he was standing there. He didn't know what corner Daisy was going to be on, and he had to cover the four corners. I saluted him if he hadn't found his man yet, and he said no, the man was a little late. It is a mean boy who won't speak to his pa when he sees him standing on the corner. I went up the street and I saw pa cross over by the drug store in a sort of a hurry, and could see a girl going by with a water-proof on, but she skited right along and pa looked kind of solemn, the way he does when I asked for new clothes. I turned and came back, and he was standing there in the doorway, and I said, "Pa, you will catch cold if you stand around waiting for a man. You go down to the Consistory and let me stay for the man." Pa said, "Never you mind; you go about your business and I will attend to to the man." Well, when a boy's pa tell's him to never you mind and looks spunky my experience is that a boy wants to go right away from there, and I went down the street. I thought I would cross over and go up the other side, and see how long he would stay. There was a girl or two going up ahead of me, and I saw a man hurrying across from the drug store to Van Pelt's corner. It was pa, and as the girls went along and never looked around pa looked mad and stepped into the doorway. It was about 8 o'clock then, and pa was tired and I felt sorry for him, and I went up to him and asked him for a half a dollar to go to the Academy. I never knew him to shell out so quick. He gave me a dollar, and I told him I would go and get it changed and bring him back the half a dollar, but he said I needn't mind the change. It is awful mean of a boy who has always been treated well to play that way, and I felt ashamed.

"As I turned the corner and saw him standing there shivering, waiting for the man, my conscience troubled me, and I told a policeman to go and tell pa that Daisy had been suddenly taken with chills and would not be there that evening. I peeped around the corner, and pa and the policeman went off to get a drink. I was glad they did, cause pa needed it after standing around so long. Well, when I went home the joke was so good I told ma all about it, and she was mad. I guess she was mad at me for treating him that way. I heard pa come home about 11 o'clock, and ma was real kind to him. She told him to warm his feet, cause they were just like chunks of ice. Then she asked him how many they initiated in the Consistory, and he said six, and then she asked if they initiated Daisy in the Consistory, and pretty soon I heard pa snoring. In the morning, when I got up, he took me into the basement and gave me the hardest talking to that I ever had with a bed slat. He said that he knew that I wrote that note all the time, and he thought he would pretend he was looking for Daisy just to fool me. It don't look reasonable that a man would catch the epizootic and rheumatism just to fool his boy, does it? What did he give me the dollar? Ma and pa don't seem to call each other pet any more, and as for me they both look at me as though I was a hard citizen. I am going to Missouri to take Jesse James' place. There is no encouragement for a boy here. Well, good morning. If pa comes in here asking for me tell him that you saw an express wagon going to the morgue with the remains of a pretty boy who acted as though he died from concussion of a bed slat on the pistol pocket. (t), he has got the awfulest cold though."

And the boy limped out to separate a couple of dogs that were fighting.

Irish Catholics and the Republican Party.

The Rev. Father Dennis O'Donaghue, Chancellor to the Bishop of Vincennes, and one of the most eloquent and influential of the Catholic clergy of the diocese, has been interviewed in regard to his reasons for permitting the use of his name as one of the Vice Presidents of the meeting addressed by Senator Harrison last Wednesday. His reply contains some suggestions that will not be without their weight among the more thoughtful Catholic Irish men in the coming campaign. Father O'Donaghue says:

"I should have been glad to have been present at last Wednesday's meeting, as it would have afforded me great pleasure to have heard Senator Harrison's speech. When I accepted the invitation to be one of the Vice Presidents I expected to be there, and, although I found that to be impossible, I assure you I regarded it as a high honor and compliment to have been named as a Vice President on so important an occasion, and I accepted it without any hesitancy. One reason for thus publicly taking a stand with the Republican party is that I regard the expressions in the Republican platform upon the Irish question as manly and generous, and as a great significance coming from the dominant party in the State. As an Irishman I was glad to express my appreciation of the declaration made in the platform, and I believe that its effect will be to gain for the Republican party the confidence of Catholics who are in sympathy with the Irish cause.

"I think the time has passed when Irishmen could be counted upon as naturally belonging to the Democratic party. I do not believe that religion ought to consolidate any class of people into a political party. Each citizen should vote as his judgment directs. I know at the present time, whatever there may have been in the past, there is no disposition on the part of the Catholic Church or clergy to keep any man in the Democratic party; and on the other hand there is everywhere a disposition on the part of Irish Catholics to break loose from allegiance to that party and vote independently. In fact I can not, and never could see, any reason why the Democrats should claim the right to control the Irish Catholic votes. I have given that matter a good deal of thought and consideration as to why the Democratic party has been able to control that class of voters in former years, and have reached a satisfactory solution of it. I have noticed however, that the Republicans have always treated Catholics with perfect equality and fairness. They don't prescribe a man on account of his religion. I don't mean to say that the Democrats have done this; but I mean that when an Irish Catholic is nominated by the Democrats he always suffers on account of his religion, and runs behind, but when he is nominated by the Republicans this is not the case. Irishmen generally are beginning to see this, and are acting accordingly. The New York *Tablet*, one of the oldest Catholic papers, has for years been advising Catholics to quit voting solidly with the Democratic party, and advocating Republican principles. These ideas have taken root, and I believe the present election, especially in view of the action of the Republican Convention, will see a marked change in the Irish Catholic vote."—*Indianapolis Dispatch to Cincinnati Commercial.*

Society's Mistake.

The gallows, the penitentiary, the jail, are the shame of our civilization, and the society that neglects its children and lets them grow up in ignorance and vice is responsible for the gallows, the penitentiary and jail. Society ignores the child of poverty or misfortune; friendless and guideless, he is left to work his way through our unfeeling world. He is lured into the haunts of vice, learns to steal, to drink, to murder. Then outraged society seizes him, jails him, hangs him. The neglected, abandoned child becomes the wicked outlaw for whom prisons and scaffolds are built. How much better and more creditable to our Christianity and civilization would it be if the millions that are annually spent in watching, prosecuting, punishing and feeding criminals were spent in looking after and caring for the unfortunate outcasts from whom the criminal class mainly comes, and for whom nobody seems to care.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SAND.

On the sandy beach my friend and I
Sat together one summer day;
Blue was the sea and blue the sky,
And the children happy at play,
Little they cared for wind or heat,
Plashing the surf in happy bands;
Leaving the prints of their small bare feet
On the wet sands.

Maidens went slowly sauntering by,
Dreaming their first sweet dream of love;
What did they care, with the dear one nigh,
For the blue below or the blue above?
They spoke of Beauty and all things fair,
Holding each other's willing hands,
And leaving their footsteps unaware
On the wet sands.

Many a mother with patient grace
Watched her little ones bold and gay;
Many a wife with a thoughtful face
Talked with her husband in sober way.
The crowd went on in a ceaseless flow,
Footsteps mingling on the sand
That never again would touch, I know,
In any land.

"See, said my friend, "how the rising tide
Washes the foot-prints all away!
So the hopes of life no longer bide,
We lose their trace in a single day.
What plans were laid and what hopes were born,
As the straying feet made prints to-day,
That the tide of life to-morrow morn
Will wash away!"

"Ah, well," I said, "but to-morrow morn
Feet will wander again, you know;
To-morrow's hopes may be better born,
And to-morrow's plans to fortune grow.
And good is the tide that can efface
Mistaken steps and useless strife,
For Hope will spring in its secret place
To the end of life."

A SMALL BEGINNING.

A little ground-floor room, a little fire in a small stove, burning dully as fires are apt to do at times when their blaze might be worth something in the way of cheer; out doors the raw gray of a spring thaw; on the window-seat two girls crouched together, and looking out with faces as disconsolate as the weather. Such was the picture presented at No. 13 Farewell Street, three years ago last March.

Farewell Street was so named because of its being the customary route of exit from the old cemetery; the point where mourners were supposed to turn for a last look at the gates which had just shut in the newly-buried friend; and this association, as well as the glimpse of the tall cemetery fence, topped with mournful evergreens which bounded the view, did not tend to make the sad outlook any the less sad on that dismal day. For it was only a fortnight since Delia and Hetty Willett, the girls on the window-seat, had left within those gates the kind old grandmother, who for years had stood to them in the stead of father and mother both.

"The Willetts," as the neighbors called them, using the collective phrase always, were twins, and just eighteen years old. Bearing to each other even a stronger personal likeness than twins customarily possess, they were in other points curiously unlike. Delia was soft and clinging, Hetty vigorous and self-reliant. Delia loved to be guided, Hetty to guide; the former had few independent views and opinions, the latter was brimful of ideas and fancies, plans and purposes, some crude, some foolish, but all her own. Yet, oddly enough, it was Delia, very often, who gave the casting vote in their decisions, for Hetty's love for her slender twin was a sentiment so deep and intense that she often yielded against her own better sense and judgment, simply for the pleasure of yielding to what Delia wished. Delia in return adored her sister, waited on her, petted, consoled, "exactly as if she were Hetty's wife," Aunt Polly said, "and the worst was they suited each other so well that no one else would ever suit either of them, and they were bound to die old maids in consequence?"

But eighteen can laugh at such auguries, and there was no thought or question of marriage in the minds of the sisters, as they crouched that afternoon close together on the old window seat.

A very different question absorbed them, and a perplexing one; how they were to live and to keep together while doing so, which meant pretty much the same thing to them both. Grandmother's death had left them with so very, very little—her annuity died with her. There was the old house, the plain, worn furniture to which they had been accustomed all their lives, and about a hundred dollars a year! What could they do with that?

"If one of us only happened to be clever," sighed Delia. "If I could paint pictures, or you had a talent for writing, how easy it would be."

"I don't know as to that," responded Hetty. "Seems to me I've heard of people who did those things, and yet didn't find it so mighty easy to get along. Somebody's got to buy the pictures after they're painted, and read the books, and pay for them." She spoke in an absent tone, and her brow was knitted into the little frown which Delia knew betokened that her twin was puzzling hard over something.

"Don't scowl, it'll spoil your forehead, she said, smoothing out the objectionable frown with her fingers.

"Was I scowling? Well, never mind, I'm trying to think, Dely. You can't paint, and I can't write. The question is what can we do?"

"That is the question," said a voice at the door. It was Aunt Polly's voice. She managed on most days to drop in and "give a look to them, the lonely little creeturs," as she would have expressed it.

"You're consultin', I see," she said, taking in the situation at a glance; the room, the depressed and tearful cheeks of the two girls, the lack of comfort and cheer. She twitched open the stove door as she passed, threw in a stick of wood, twirled the damper, and gave a brisk, ranting shake to the ashes—all with a turn of the hand as it were—attentions to which the stove presently responded with a brisk roar. "Well, it's time you did. I was planning to have a talk with you before long, for you ought to settle to something. Pull the blind down, Dely, and Hetty, you light the lamp, and come to the fire both of you, and let's see what we can make of it. It's a tangled skein enough, I don't deny it; but most skeins are that, and there's always a right end somewhere, if the Lord'll give us sense enough to get hold of it and keep on pulling out and winding up."

Presently the girls were seated close to Aunt Polly's rocking chair. The room looked more cheerful now, with the lamp-light and the yellow glow from the stove, and both were conscious of a sense of hopefulness.

"Now—what can you do?" demanded Aunt Polly, whirling round in her chair so as to face them.

"We hadn't got so far as that when you came in," replied Hetty; "I suppose we must do what other people do in the same circumstances."

"What's that?"

"Teach something, or sew, I suppose."

"Sewing's slow starvation, in my opinion, unless you've got a machine, which you haven't, and not much better then. What do you know that you can teach?"

"Not much," replied Hetty, humbly, while Delia added, hesitatingly: "We could teach children their letters, perhaps."

"I presume you could," responded Aunt Polly, dryly. "But, though you mayn't know it, perhaps, there are about fifty women in this town can do the same, and who mean to do it. And most of 'em have got the start of you in one way or another, so what's your chance worth? No, girls, sewing and teaching are played out. They are good things in their way, but every who's got her living to earn thinks of them the very first thing and of nothing else, and the market is always overstocked. My advice to you is, to think up something you can do better than other people—that's what gives folks a real chance! Now what is there?"

"There isn't anything I can do better than other people," cried the dismayed Delia. "Nor Hetty either—except make gingerbread," she added, with a faint little laugh. "Hetty beats everybody at that, grandmother always said."

"Very well; make gingerbread then. That's your thing to do," said Aunt Polly.

Hetty looked at her with incredulous eyes.

"You're not in earnest are you?" she said.

"I am. In dead earnest."

"But, Aunt Polly, gingerbread! Such a little thing as that! Who ever heard of a girl's doing such a thing."

"All the better if they never did. A new trade has a double chance. As for the 'little,' great things often come from small beginnings. Fortunes have been made out of gingerbread before now, I'll be bound, or if not that, out of something no bigger. No, Hetty, depend upon it, if your gingerbread is best folks will want it. And if your teaching or sewing is only second best they won't. It's the law of human nature, and a very good law, too, though it cuts the wrong way sometimes, like all laws."

"Aunt Polly, you're a genius," cried Hetty, warmed into sudden glow by this vigorous common sense. "I can make good gingerbread, and it's just as you say, neither of us know enough to teach well, and we are both poor hands at sewing, and we should have a much better chance if we tried to do what we can and not what we can't. Why shouldn't I make gingerbread? Dely'd help me, and if folks liked our things and bought them, we could live and keep together. We could make a kind of shop of this room, couldn't we? What do you think?"

"Tisn't a bit a bad place for such a trade," said Aunt Polly, slowly measuring the room with her eyes. "Being on a corner is an advantage, you see, and there's that double winder on the street gives a first-rate chance to show what you've got to sell. I never did see no use in that winder before. My father, he had it cut for a kind of a whim like, and we all thought it was notional in him; but, as they say, keep a thing long enough and a use'll turn up. It's a sort of a gain for you, too, having the house so old-fashioned. Folks has a hankering for such things, nowadays—the Lord knows why—I hear 'em going on about it when I'm out tailorin'; calling ugly things 'quaint!' and lovely, because they're old. Hetty"—with sudden inspiration—"here's an idea for you, be 'quaint!' Don't try for a shop; keep the room a room, and make it as old-fashioned looking as you can, and I'll bet a cookie that your gingerbread'll be twice as popular with one set of folks, and if it's first-rate gingerbread, the other set who don't care for old things will like it just as well."

What a bracing thing is a word in season! Aunt Polly's little seed of suggestion grew and spread like Jack's fabled beanstalk.

"Your light biscuits always turn out well."

"And my snaps. Grandmother always liked them so much. And you're a good hand at loaf bread, you know. Aunt Polly—I seem to smell a fortune in the air. We will begin at once, just as soon as I can get a half-barrel of flour and put an advertisement in the paper."

Hetty had a ready wit, and Aunt Polly's hint as to "quaintness" was not lost upon her. The advertisement when it appeared the next day but one ran thus: "After Monday next, the Old Time Bakery, corner of Farewell and Martin Streets, will be prepared to furnish, to order, fresh bread, buns, biscuits and grandmother's gingerbread, all home made."

People smiled over the little notice, but the odd wording stuck in their memories as odd things will, and more than one person went out of his way during the next week to take a look into the wide, low window, within which, on a broad, napkin-covered shelf, stood rows of biscuits, light and white, buns, each glazed with shining umber-brown, and loaves of gingerbread, whose complexion and smell were enough to vouch for their excellence. Acting on Aunt Polly's suggestion, Hetty had set forth her wares on plates of the oldest and oddest pattern which could be found in grandmother's closet. A queer, tall pitcher flanked them on either side, and round the window-frame she had twined the long, luxuriant shoots of a potted ivy. Altogether the effect was pretty, and no one need be told that the pitchers had for years been consecrated to the reception of yeast and corks, or that the plates had long since been relegated to kitchen use as too shabby for better occasions.

"Hain't ye no white chany," remarked their first customer, an old woman, as she counted out the pennies for half a dozen biscuit. "It would kind o' set your cakes off."

"We used what we had," replied Hetty, diplomatically. "But I hope your biscuits 'll taste just as good as if they came off a white plate."

This old woman, two others and a little boy were the only customers the first day.

"'Tisn't a bit a good beginning," declared Delia, pouring the money received out of an old-fashioned china tea-caddy, which Hetty had unearthed in an up-stairs closet and brought down to serve as a till. "Two dozen biscuits, that's twenty-four cents, a loaf of gingerbread and about half the buns. That's fifty-three cents in all. What did you say the material cost?"

"About seventy cents. But then we have our supper and breakfast out of them, and nearly half the stock to sell at a reduced rate to-morrow. We shan't lose anything, I reckon, but we shan't gain much either."

"Rome wasn't built all in a minute. You will do well yet," remarked Aunt Polly, who had dropped in to hear the result of the first day's sales.

But two days—three—a week went by and still trade did not materially improve, and it took all Aunt Polly's wise saws and hopeful auguries to keep their spirits up. Each day showed the same record, no loss, but almost no gain. Toward the end of the second week matters mended. Mrs. Corliss, the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, having an errand in Farewell Street, happened to pass the little window, and her bric-a-brac loving eyes were caught at once by its unusual appearance. She stopped, studied the whole arrangement, from the ivy wreath to the old pitchers; a recollection of the droll little advertisement over which she had laughed a few days previously, came over her. "I declare, this is the very place," she said to herself, and opening the door she entered, precisely as Hetty came from the kitchen though the opposite door, a handkerchief tied over her shiny hair, a white apron with a little ruffled waist protecting her print gown, her cheeks flushed rosy pink with heat, and in her hands a tray full of crisp, delectably smelling ginger-snaps.

"A real study—like a Flemish picture," Mrs. Corliss said afterward. She fell in love with the quaint room, the pretty sisters, the old china, stayed twenty minutes nibbling ginger-snaps and looking about her, bought a dollar's worth of everything, "on trial," as she said, and swept out, leaving a wake of rose-colored hope in the air—and Delia and Hetty executing a wild waltz behind her back, for joy and congratulation.

"Luck has turned—I know, I feel it," declared Hetty.

Luck had turned. Mrs. Corliss raved to everybody she knew about the room, the twin-sisters and the excellence of the ginger-bread. It became a fashion to go to Farewell Street for buns and biscuits. Hetty and Delia had to work early and late to fill their orders, but what was that to "sewing their fingers off for a bare living?" Hetty said, and toil was sweetened now by a gradually increasing profit. At the end of the first six months, they had not only "lived and kept together," but had a little sum laid by, which, as Aunt Polly advised, was treated as "business capital," part of it being invested in the purchase of an awning for the window, and an extra stove to increase their baking capacity. Very rarely were there any stale things left now to be sold next day at half-price, the regular orders and chance custom consuming all.

"We shall have to hire a boy to carry things round, I actually believe, declared Hetty. Mrs. Malcomb and Mrs. Sayres both said that they would order our bread regularly, if we could send it home."

"I've been expecting that would be the next step," remarked Aunt Polly, "and I guess I've got just the boy you want in my eye. It's Widow McCullen's lad—Sandy, as they call him. He's a good little chap, and it'll be a real help to his mother to have him earning a trifle."

So Sandy McCullen was regularly engaged as "bread boy," and business grew brisker still.

"Aunt Polly, we've got to another notch," said Hetty, at the end of the first year. "You don't happen to know of a girl, do you, who could help us in the baking? Delia and I can't keep up with the orders. She gets so tired every now and then that she can't sleep, and that worries me so that I lie awake, too."

"That'll never answer; no, I don't know of any girl, but there's a nice kind of an oldish woman, if she'll do, that I'd like to recommend. Yes—I mean myself"—she went on, chuckling at Hetty's amazed look. "It's come to me more than once lately that it'd be kind of good and restful to make a change, and not go on tailorin' forever all the rest of my days. I used to be a master hand at bread and pie-crust, too, when I was your age, and I've a little saved up which can go with the business, if it's needed; and, if you girls say we'll make a kind of family firm of the thing. How does it strike you?"

"O, Aunt Polly, the very thing, only it seems too good to be true. Do you really mean it? We did so hate the idea of a raw girl, to whom we should have to teach everything, and who would spoil half she made for the first month, and I've fought it off as long as I could; why, it will be like having grandmother come back to have you living with us. There's the west room all ready. Dear me! How delightful things seem to turn out for us always!"

"That wasn't your view always, it seems to me," rejoined Aunt Polly. "A year ago you was pretty down in the mouth, if I don't mistake. Gingerbread is good for something, you see."

"The Old Time Bakery" still goes on in Farewell Street, but it has grown far beyond its original proportions. If you were to visit it to-day you would find a room double the size of the former, and which has been made by taking down a partition wall between the sitting room and a spare bedroom, and throwing them into one. There are two windows in the street now; one full of bread, biscuits and buns, the other stored with Hetty's now favorite gingerbread, and with delicious looking pumpkin pies and apple tarts, with old-fashioned flaky crust, which are Aunt Polly's specialty, and have added greatly to the reputation of the establishment.

Still it is not a shop. Hetty, with wary good taste, has scrupulously preserved the "quaint" look, which first gave character to the little enterprise, and by judicious rummaging in neighbors' garrets has acquired sundry old time chairs, bottles, jugs and platters, which help in the effect. Everything is scrupulously clean and bright, as all things must be where Aunt Polly supervises, but the brightest things in the room are the faces of the twin sisters. They have tested and proved their powers; they know now what they can do, and they taste the happiness of success.

I tell their little story, in which is nothing remarkable, or out of the way, for the sake of other girls, who, perhaps, are sitting to-day with folded hands, and puzzling and wondering, just as Hetty and Delia did, over what they are to do and how to set about it. I do not mean at all that these girls should all make gingerbread—that indeed would be "overstocking the market," as Aunt Polly would say, but only that they should harken to her word of wisdom, "find out what they can do BEST, and do that," whatever it is. Secure that good work, and hearty striving will win some measure of success soon or late, even if its beginnings are small and insignificant as a gingerbread loaf or a batch of biscuit!

—*Susan Coolidge, in Congregationalist.*

The Oyster Trade.

Some facts regarding the oyster trade may prove especially interesting at the present time. The bulk of the oysters received in Chicago come from the New York and Baltimore markets. The Western trade in oysters is increasing rapidly each year. The greater proportion of the oysters shipped West are in bulk, that is, they have been taken from the shells and packed in barrels and kegs. The trade in oysters in shell, however, is greatly on the increase. Most of the September oysters are received from New York. Early in October the Baltimore dealers get control of the trade and retain it throughout the season, although the shipments from New York continue to be very large. Oyster "openers" get about one dollar per 1,000, and one man can open from 2,500 to 5,000 per day. Experts sometimes score 6,000, which gives them very fair wages.

The prospect for the oyster trade this season is said to be excellent. The quality of the oyster will be much better than it was last year; the crop, however, will be considerably smaller. Very many of the Virginia seed oysters died during transportation to the planting grounds, and this will be felt in the Baltimore market. What there are will be of prime quality. Blue Points, Shrewsburys, East Rivers, Sounds, Mill Ponds and Virginia oysters, which rank in the order named, are all far better than they were last season. Many think that the larger the oyster the better it is, but this is much a delusion as to think that the larger and fatter the hog the finer the pork. The smaller oysters are growing in favor, especially for eating raw or on the half-shell.

The Southern oysters are inferior to the "hard" bivalves referred to above, still enormous quantities of them are consumed in the North. They are brought North in the spring and planted in beds, from which they are taken as needed. Without the Southern oyster the demand could not be met. By November they are brought up direct to market, and those who order a twenty-five-cent per-dozen dish are very likely to get them. They are worth from one to two dollars less per thousand than the common Baltimore and New York oysters. Blue Points, which are grown near Patchogue, Long Island, are usually sold by the barrel, and bring from five to six dollars. Shrewsburys, Sounds, Mill Ponds and East Rivers bring from four to nine dollars per thousand. These prices will doubtless be raised as the season advances. Though the wholesale price will be higher this year than last, the retail price will remain about the same. A stew, however, will be likely to contain eight or ten oysters instead of a dozen, and at a church oyster festival the chance of finding an oyster in a plate of soup will be greatly diminished.

The exportation of oysters from this country to Europe began in a small way about six years ago, and at first the "bloody Hinglishmen" turned up their noses at the idea of eating American oysters. Disdain, however, has given way to respect in the matter of oysters as it has in the case of a number of other American "institutions," and now the imported bivalves is much sought after. It lacks the unpleasant coppery flavor which characterizes the European oyster. Blue Points, East Rivers and Sounds are the kinds chiefly exported, as they possess qualities which render them better fitted to stand the long voyage than are the other grades. The busiest portion of the oyster season is in October, November and December. The demand begins to drop off a little after the first of January, the main reason probably being that the consumers by that time become more or less tired of them.

It is probably a fact that of those who eat oysters not more than one-half do so because they really relish them. Very many eat them because they believe them invigorating and a restorer of wasted physical energies. Viewed in this light the oyster is to the fast young man what the homeopathic medicine case is to the professional invalid, a pleasant and effective cure for real or imagined discrepancies in the normal system. Some eat oysters because it is fashionable to do so. The proper thing with many after the matinee is to finger over the oyster plate in some elegantly furnished resort, and the quantity of the bivalves consumed in this way by couples more or less advanced in the delectable road through courtship would astonish a professional statistician.

Not a few persons are unable to eat oysters at all, or at most are able only to coquette with the invigorating bivalve after it has been drowned in soup. The mere sight of a raw oyster seems to act automatically on the dumping mechanism of their stomach in some way, and it is only by a vigorous exercise of the will, and on immediate diversion of the sight and attention to something else, that the mucous membrane of the stomach is restrained from perpetrating a somersault regardless of whatever articles it may be holding at the time. The number of persons afflicted in this way, however, is much less than it was formerly, and is continually decreasing.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The boys have started a new enterprise in Blakely, Ga.—the trapping of ants. They sink bottles down even with the ground into which the ants fall but can't get out. Successful trappers catch about a pint per day. The bottle contains a small amount of kerosene oil, and when the ants are emptied out they are cremated.

The Sailor and His Flower.

Mr. Shepherd, the conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following account of the introduction of that elegant flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into English green-houses and parlor windows:

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared:

"Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No? And, pray, what was this Phœnix like?

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows, like tassels, from the pendent branches; their color the richest crimson, and in the centre a fold of deep purple."

Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, when he at once perceived that the plant was new in that part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, said:

"My good woman, this is a nice plant. I should like to buy it."

"I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir!"

"Here,"—emptying his pocket—"there are gold, silver and copper!"

(This stock was something more than eight guineas.)

"Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure!"

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine, And, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake."

"Alack—alack!"

"You shall, I say."

A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy, every vestige of blossom and bud. The plant was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark-beds and hot-beds, and were afterward redivided and subdivided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came.

"Why, Mr. Lee—my dear Mr. Lee—where did you get this charming flower?"

"Hem! 'Tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty? 'Tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea. Thank your ladyship!"

And one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte, where did you get?"—etc., etc.

"O, 'tis a new thing! I saw it at old Lee's. Pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty? 'Tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea. There was another left."

The visitor's horse smoked off to the suburb. A third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated, as new-comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant.

New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fuchsias—young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower—were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift. But ere the flowering season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse—the produce of the single shrub of the woman of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

Sweet Sixteen.

Be glad that you are a little girl yet. Keep your childhood as long as you can. Those days are the happiest you ever can know in all your life.

You may believe that to be grown up, and to have the pleasure of society, will be better; but you never made a greater mistake in your life. With womanhood comes duties, cares, anxieties, of which you have no knowledge. To marry means generally to leave home and begin a new life that may be full of trials and troubles, pretty as the bride looks in her wedding finery.

In these last school days, with no greater anxiety than your music lessons, and encompassed by the affection of your parents, warm and snug in the home nest, with no more knowledge of the outside world than a newly-hatched spring bird has of winter. How many a stylish woman envies you, even as you envy her gorgeous robes and her train of admirers. Be content. Time will pass all too quickly. You will have many years in which to wish yourself a little girl again. Linger on the threshold where "womanhood and childhood meet" as long as you may.

Don't rush into matrimony, my dear young ladies; enjoy your youth while you can. If you are but sixteen, don't allow any such idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't even run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get so far as the proposing point. Fight him off and make him wait or go away to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love-sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between sixteen and twenty. The world would be a dreary old waste if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learnt how to play after many long and wearisome lessons. Don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you won't have much use for your piano. After you have reached twenty it will be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness. And even then, if you have a good home, you need be in no hurry to solve it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The first coins of the United States were struck with a portrait of Martha Washington. When George saw them he was provoked and ordered the medallion changed. The features were slightly altered, a cap was put on the head, and thus Mrs. Washington's portrait was converted into the present one.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Of 6,237 teachers in the Sabbath-schools of the United Presbyterian church, only fifty-six are not professors of religion.

—A Chicasaw Indian proposes to pay half the cost of Testaments to supply the school children of his tribe. He is not a professor of religion.

—The increase in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church South since the war has been 500,000, and the increase in all the colored denominations of Methodists has been 900,000.

—The Cumberland Presbyterians have among the Indians thirteen ordained and licensed preachers, seven candidates, forty ruling elders, twenty-nine deacons, twenty-four organized congregations and 527 communicants.

—Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, discourages the confirmation of very young children. He thinks children should not be confirmed until they reach the age of fourteen, though he will not refuse those of twelve, "our blessed Lord's age at His first Passover."

—During the year 1881 there attended the schools of England 4,045,362 children; of whom 1,268,250 were under 7 years of age, 2,573,801 between 7 and 13, 157,584 between 13 and 14, and 45,727 above 14. The increase in the number of scholars amounted to 149,538. The average attendance increased 4.09 per cent.

—In the city of Riga, Russia, a flourishing Sunday-school kept by the Baroness Von Halm. It is composed of German children, of whom five hundred attend, and others who are willing to attend are at present excluded for lack of room. As the scholars attain a certain age, they are obliged to leave to make room for others. There are about fifty classes in the school.

—Mexico is said to be a great field for mission work. The Protestant congregations in that country are twice as numerous as they were five years ago, the present number of church members being over 10,000. There are 239 native helpers, and about 19,000 people who go to church. The Mexican is not naturally a profoundly devout person, yet those who have become church members are said to give quite as good evidence of leading a Christian life as members of churches in other countries.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is fashionable now for young ladies to take boxes of candy to the hotel tables. It shows a growing fondness for taffy.

—A Kansas joker who filled a cigar with powder and ruined a friend's eyesight, doesn't feel as cunning as he did before he shelled out $5,000 damages.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Said Mr. Moriarty, in explanation of his battered appearance: "Ye see the horse I was dhriving waz a mule." And Mr. Finnegan replied: "Ye need say no more, Dennis!"—*Boston Post.*

—They have got one of the first Napoleon's veterans in jail at Portland, and every effort will now be made to run down Washington's last body-servant and chain him to a post.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A man seven feet seven inches high committed suicide recently. He said he had lived long enough in this world. He was probably in destitute circumstances, though we don't see how a giant could be "short."—*Norristown Herald.*

—A lawyer was cross-examining a high-spirited woman, who was evidently a match for any man, while her husband sat sheepishly listening. The lawyer was pressing a question urgently, when she said with fire flashing from her eyes: "You needn't think to catch me, for you tried that once." "Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you, and your husbands looks as if he was sorry he did."

—While a tourist was in Palestine he took a sail on the Sea of Galilee. After visiting the different places of interest he returned to the landing and asked: "How much for the trip?" "Ten shekels," responded the smiling boatman. "Ten shekels!" echoed the traveler; "why that is an outrageous price!" "Well," replied the skipper, "that's what they've been paying ever since the sea was here." "Thunderation," growled the voyager, "I don't wonder that Peter tried to walk it."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—"Do you think so, darling?" "Yes," said the girl, passing her plate for more pie and smiling archly as she spoke, "kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm arms and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and rarer." "You are right," replied her husband, looking at her with loving tenderness, "you are right, sweetheart, and I will not deceive you any longer." "What do you mean?" she asked, a look of horror passing over her face. "There is but one piece of pie," said George W. Simpson, "and I shall tackle it myself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Wonderful Recovery.

One week ago last Monday the *Herald* chronicled the fact that a little girl named Ada Worden, twelve years old, had fallen from a window in her residence on Tremont Street, to the ground, a distance of sixty feet, and that there was a slight chance of her ultimate recovery from her injuries. The fact that the child could have sustained an unbroken fall of sixty feet, striking at its completion on a brick walk, and not be killed outright, was in itself marvelous, but the rapid recovery of the little one, and the fact that in five days it was up and dressed and as well as ever, borders on the miraculous. Dr. Perry, who attended the child, says that perfect quiet and nature were the agents that brought about so happy a conclusion; but the child's mother, who is a very devout woman, clings firmly to the belief that it was the hand of God. A reporter visited the scene of the accident, and saw the child, who took him to the room from the window of which she fell, and, with a barely perceptible shudder, she pointed to the sill upon which she stood when she lost her footing. A glance down is enough to make one's head swim, and how the child could have had the courage to step from the window sill to another three feet away, as she had done several times before falling, is a thing which no one but a child can explain.—*Boston Herald.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THEY MET A-MAYING.

O, the earth was fair,
O, my Love was fair,
When she and I *met* a-Maying.
There was never a face so sweet and bright,
There was never a heart so true and light,
And the earth was all in her green and white,
When Love and I *met* Maying.

In her white and green,
With the blue between,
When Love and I *went* Maying.
The scent of the hawthorn was in the air,
And the apple-blossoms were everywhere,
And the birds were building with happy care,
When love and I *went* Maying.

It was hand in hand,
Through the meadow land,
That Love and I went *straying*.
And, oh, it was sweet in the warm June noon,
And evening shadows came far too soon,
Though we loitered by the first new moon
When Love and I went straying.

O, the happy day!
O, the pleasant way!
We've trod since we met Maying;
The summer has gone right merrily,
And the robin sings from the larkin tree,
All the world was made for Love and me,
For my Love and me to *marry in*.
—*Mary A. Barr, in Our Continent.*

THE WIDOW WICKETT'S WINDOWS.

Mr. Tibbetts was riding slowly along the road, thinking for once in a way what a brief life this was and how quickly we left it behind us. He had just been making old Mr. Parkman's will, and it was doubtful if old Mr. Parkman would live until night. The pompous, bustling, dictatory man was dying, and the world would get along well enough without him, as it would without any of us.

One person would grieve for him, and that the very one who would be benefited by his death. Years ago Mr. Parkman had picked up in the streets of New York, on a cold winter night, a poor little Italian boy, who had been sent by his padrone to scrape the violin on a bleak corner. Mr. Parkman had found that the little fellow was ill-treated, and had taken legal measures to release and adopt him, and this boy, now grown to be seventeen years old, was the old man's great pride and comfort.

"I want to give everything to Ludovico," he had said to the lawyer. "He deserves it, and I love him. My nephew, Ralph Verner, would pounce upon everything if I left no will. No, I should make one even if I had never found this boy. I should leave all to some charity. Ralph is a brute—rich, greedy contemptible. Ludovico will carry out my ideas and do good with his money."

So the will was written, and it was now in the lawyer's breast pocket to be carried to his office and locked up in a certain box.

"I may live for years," said the old man, "and Ralph would make no bones of destroying the will. He's a bad fellow—a very bad fellow."

But at the door Mr. Parkman's man had told him that the doctor had said his master's hours were numbered; that he would not see the next sun rise. No wonder Mr. Tibbetts felt that this was an uncertain sort of world.

But the boys down in the hollow beside the road on which his horse slowly trotted, who were making the most of a holiday and some fire-crackers and other gunpowdery play-things, such as one might fancy Satan had invented for his offspring, were troubled with no grave thoughts or solemn emotions. The black figure of the lawyer, long and lean, seated on his quiet old horse, instead of awakening awe in their small bosoms, aroused them to deeds of mischief. Suddenly an invention resembling a bomb shell, though smaller and less destructive, hurled through the air, hit Mr. Tibbetts in the small of the back, and exploded. Mr. Tibbets started; the horse reared, and in a moment more Mr. Tibbetts was on his back in the hollow, the horse a mile away up the road and the will sticking in the solitary gooseberry-bush that decorated the Widow Wickett's front door yard.

Now the Widow Wickett was one of those people who are always wretchedly poor, no matter what is done for them, and though she had more given her than any other person in the town, she always had broken panes of glass in her window and was always patching them up with pasteboard, tin pans and straw-hats.

Toddling out shortly after the accident, of which she heard nothing, being down cellar at the time, she found a fine piece of stiff parchment sticking in her bush, and as it was just the size of two panes of glass, appropriated it at once, fastening it well on with many tacks. As she could not read writing, the names upon the sheet never struck her eye, and as for the red tape, she used that for a shoe string immediately.

Meanwhile, down at the hotel to which he had been carried, Mr. Tibbetts came to himself, found he was not greatly injured, expressed his opinion of boys in general, and waited for his clothes, which were being brushed for him.

"And, by the way," cried Mr. Tibbetts, suddenly, "bring me the document in the waistcoat pocket, William. It's very valuable."

William could not turn pale; he was the color of charcoal; but he stared at Mr. Tibbetts.

"'For de Lord, massa, your watch, an' pocketbook, an' penknife, an' cardcase, an' handkerchief, is all dere was in de pockets?" he said. "Dere wasn't no dockyment dar?"

"A paper—a parchment," explained Mr. Tibbetts.

"Sartinly. I is nware what a dockyment am, sah," replied William, with proper dignity; "but dar wasn't none, sah."

Vain search was made on the road, in the hollow—everywhere. The will was gone. Sore as he was from his fall, Mr Tibbetts had himself driven back to the Parkman mansion. He arrived there before the sun set, but old Mr. Parkman was already dead; and all rewards that were offered failed to bring the will to light. The Widow Wickett never read the newspapers.

The law had its course. The nephew came into the property. The two old servants, who had been well provided for by their master, sought other situations. Ludovico was left without a penny; but he had a good education, and Mr. Tibbetts offered him a place in his law office, on a salary that saved him from starving—a better salary than he would have given any other boy. Somehow he felt himself responsible for the boy's changed fortune; and he never quite gave up hope about the will. But six months passed; a year—two—and nothing was heard of it.

Now, Mr. Tibbetts had charge of the Van Note property, and as every one knew the Widow Wickett's house was upon it. She owned the building, but not the land, and paid a modicum of ground-rent. Mr. Van Note being very "close," it became every year some one's painful duty to extract that small sum from the Widow Wickett. It was worse than it would have been to extract her few remaining teeth.

Ludovico was set at the work this time, and being young and sympathetic, came out of it quite crushed and miserable. At the tenth visit a little pile of the dirtiest bills and crookedest coin procurable lay at his elbow, and the widow thus held forth:

"There's your money. Now you've extortioned it out of me, take it. It was give me by a good lady to put the glass in my windys and save me from rheumatics agin the winter; but *no*, I've got to suffer now. I hope you'll think of that when you're warm as toast in your feather beds and blankets—yah!"

"Indeed it's not *I*. *I* couldn't ask it of you," said Ludovico, almost in tears.

"Look here!" said the widow. "See my panes. Two windys. Twelve panes in each. Three whole in the lot. This them boys broke, and this cracked unknowust, and this my elbow went through; and when the stove-pipe fell it went through these four; and this is them boys again; and I put a bit of stick that give under it, is the way it was them went. The cat was on the sill under it at the time. Ah, well! the Coryner'll have me this winter,"

Ludovico went away with a swelling heart.

"Ah!" he said to himself. "If I were rich as my dear old friend intended I should be, I'd not oppress the poor."

"There, sir," he said, handing the money to Mr. Tibbetts, "the wretched old soul has paid it, and now she can't have her window-panes put in. She'll die of cold. How cruel Mr. Van Note is."

"O, Widow Wickett's panes. We all know about them," said Mr. Tibbetts. "They're her stock in trade. Why, lad, they're always out."

"Always! all these bitter winters!" sighed Ludovico.

Then an heroic thought possessed him. He would take the money he had saved for a coat and go to the glazier and buy nine panes of glass and some putty and himself mend the Widow Wickett's windows. And when office hours were over away he sped, carried out his good intention, and appeared at the Widow Wickett's door with his hands full of glass and smiles of benevolence on his face, and announced his intention.

The widow was horrified. The broken windows brought her half her income in charitable gifts from pitying strangers, but she was obliged to submit, and pretend to be grateful. She sat in her rocking-chair, ruefully looking on, while Ludovico extracted the old hats and pans, and ripped off the parchment, and threw the whole outside the window into the door yard where the gooseberry bush grew. Happily he worked, and soon the windows were all restored to their original condition.

"The Lord's blessin' on you," whined the widow, meaning something else.

"O, don't mention it," said Ludovico, politely. "You musn't wash them until to-morrow, or they'll fall out. Good-by."

Mrs. Wickett never washed anything, but she began to meditate on doing it instantly; and Ludovico marched away. He would have no coat, but his conscience would not trouble him.

"O, if I were rich, how good I would be to the poor!" he said.

At this instant something hit his heel sharply. A blessed breeze had impelled one half of the parchment he had taken from the widow's window after him. He stooped and picked it up. The first thing that struck him was his own name. He looked at it closely. It was part of a will—in his favor. Back flew the boy; the widow was just cramming the other part under her tea-kettle, but he snatched it from her without a word, and rushed away. Mr. Tibbetts saw him coming, and his prophetic soul saw a great revelation in the boy's pale face.

"What have you got there?" he shouted.

Ludovico answered:

"The Widow Wickett's window panes."

A few days after the widow was in court, explaining how she came by such window panes.

And so the boy came to his own, and really is the rich man he dreamed of being as he daubed the putty against the frames of Mrs. Wickett's window; and that old lady is well provided for by the gratitude of the young heir, who has bought her house for her, furnished it, and settled on her an income beyond her wants; but she keeps an empty snuff-box in her pocket, and amiable strangers are often heard to mention that they gave a few pennies just now to a poor old soul, who never could save enough for her one luxury—a pinch of snuff.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Middle Life.

"It is a solemn thought and feeling connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson," that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of his youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lighter and feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind, when we were children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave and then home. There is a second youth for man better and holier than his first, if he will look forward and not backward."

—A Cincinnati bank cashier who gave a man $300 too much on a check paid the loss out of his own pocket rather than admit his mistake.

Who Will Foot the Bills?

In all the talk about responsibilities in Egypt, so far nothing has been said in regard to the payment of the bills that must accrue from the disciplining of Arabi and his rebel army. The credits demanded by Gladstone above the ordinary budget of the year, which is $425,000,000, do not exceed $15,000,000. As the British army and naval forces already in Egypt, on the way thither or in preparation for departure exceed 40,000, the sum of $15,000,000 appears to be but a small part of the sum total that will be required, even for one campaign, should the Egyptians make a good fight. The average yearly cost of the whole British army in time of peace for the past ten years may be stated at $80,000,000; of the navy, $55,000,000; making a grand total of $135,000,000 a year. But an army in motion and an army at rest are different things in reckoning the expense. In the American Revolutionary war England never at any time had more than 25,000 men in this country; yet the expense of that war for the seven years of its continuance amounted to $610,000,000, or an average of $87,100,000 a year. Our war with Mexico, lasting two years, cost us a round $100,000,000. We did not average more than 25,000 men in Mexico on every line of advance. The cost per man was $2,000 a year. The cost per man to the British Government in the seven years' American war was still more, owing to the large fleets of transports and armed cruisers England had to maintain. The Egyptian war will be, in all respects, an expensive one. The naval force must be kept up at the maximum, and all supplies and munitions will have to be transported from England, Malta, India and Gibraltar. An extra expense of $1,500 per man for one year is the lowest estimate that can be made of the cost of this war with safety. It will sum up $80,000,000. It will cost as much per month as the Crimean war, and probably more, for England's contingent in that war was not as much as 40,000 men. When the Crimean war began the debt of England was $3,790,000,000 in round numbers. When the war bills had all been audited the debt was, placing it in round numbers, $4,000,000,000. But this by no means represents the whole cost of the war, for the yearly budget was increased more than $80,000,000. The Crimean war did not cost England less than $250,000,000. If Arabi fights his way stubbornly back from the Nile delta to Cairo and makes a resolute stand there, the Egyptian war will cost at least half as much, even if the campaign is successfully finished by next spring.

So far there is no sign that any other Power will take a hand in the contest but Turkey; and it will cost England as much to watch the Turkish army and keep it from fraternizing with the enemy as to fight Arabi. If, then, England is compelled to supply the army and navy at her own cost, the Powers represented in the Conference refusing to share the expenses, it is certain that England will seek indemnity in some shape or other. This is what the London *Times* insinuates when it says England's resolve is not to retire from the country until she has "made sure that the difficulty shall not again recur;" adding that, "when it becomes necessary to seek the sanction of other Powers for this result, the concert of Europe will be invoked in a sense very different from that with which we have lately been familiar." That is, England, having borne all the expenses of the war, will hold as much ground in Egypt as will repay her, and if the Powers protest, they will be told that they must either share the costs of the war and the additional cost of fortifications to secure the future safety of the canal, or hold their peace.

It is at this point of the business that the most serious difficulties will be encountered, threatening a general European war. France and Russia will protest against sharing the expenses of a war which they say England has forced for exclusive advantage to herself. But as long as the British party is backed up by Germany and Austria, French and Russian growls will be harmless. The one thing of the future that may be counted on with unswerving confidence is that England, being master of Egypt by means of her military and naval power, and at her sole expense, will not surrender her position without exacting territorial indemnity.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Venus.

Venus is becoming very brilliant in the evening sky, throwing her fiery neighbor Mars completely into the shade. In the telescope she now resembles the moon when it is a little past half full. Through the autumn she will continue to grow more and more brilliant, until she appears as a thin crescent, a sliver bow. Then she will disappear as a star, to reappear on the 6th of December as a black dot on the sun. At that time she will have to face such a bristling array of telescopes as was probably never before turned upon any celestial body. Almost every civilized Government has fitted out expeditions of astronomers to observe the transit from various parts of the world; and in western and central Europe, North and South America and Australia thousands of telescopes will be trained upon the sun from public and private observatories, roofs, back-yards, lawns, city parks and street corners. Everybody will want to have at least one good look at Venus upon the sun's disk, for all the world will be talking about it, and neither we of this generation nor our children, and but few even of our grandchildren, will behold another transit of Venus, for the next occurs in the year 2,004. After it is over the astronomers will set themselves down to figuring; their calculations will extend through months and even years, and at the last they will probably announce that they have not yet obtained exact knowledge of the distance of the sun, that they believe they are within about 100,000 miles of the truth, and that at the next transit of Venus they hope the astronomers of the twenty-first century will be able to reduce the limits of error to 50,000 miles or less. There are, however, other methods of measuring the sun's distance, which it is hoped will long before that time give more satisfactory results.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A drunken Denver burglar blundered into his own house and robbed himself of a watch and seventy dollars.

About Brunelleschi.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the "Father of the Art of the Renaissance." He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. Filippo's father desired that his son should be a physician, but the boy had such a love of art, and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, which trade was, in that day, more closely connected with what we call the fine arts than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress in his art. He also made some beautiful figures in niello. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a burin. He then melted together some copper, silver, lead and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled some borax; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, and the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. When this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are very rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

Filippo went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there he was untiring in his study of architecture, and made innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day, when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means, but even then they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on, and there grew up in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city—to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see realization of both these ambitious hopes.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence, and soon after the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence; at length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans, and after many meetings and debates, the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects, Filippo refused to show his models, and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that, if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and, striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you had seen my design!"*

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of seeing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

A very interesting story concerning himself and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce, and when it was finished asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Saviour should represent the greatest possible beauty. Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said: "What are we to do now? You have spoiled all the dinner!" "I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers." This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.—*Mrs. Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

* This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, as many Italian writers thus tell it, and, if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.

—The safe is unsafe when in charge of a dishonest cashier.

People in Constantinople.

The lowly orders proper live very much like their brethren in Christain countries. Both men and women work. The wife helps her lord and master in the daily toil, washes, cleans and keeps the house in order; she has neither time nor opportunity for frivolous amusements, consequently she is more respected both by husband and children, and knows not the heart-sickness and weariness of the harem. But even here women do not eat with the men, and never stir outside of their domicile unveiled. There is no middle class among the Turks. There are the rich (or easy) and the poor. These two orders are constantly changing places. The rich man of to-day may be the poor one to-morrow. You will know him by his shabby, greasy coat and unbrushed shoes. He will make no effort to keep up an appearance. You may see him buy some simple fare and eat it in the street on his way to business or home. He has lost his place. He is poor. He is neglected. Meeting him thus you might suppose him a shoe-mender or a low class coffee-house keeper, yet he has only just missed being a Pasha, and a few months more will probably reinstate him in the position he has lost. The men and women of the country are naturally all on a par. There is no genius, no talent, no eminence of virtue among them (or if there be, it is banished as soon as it dares lift its head. One man is as good as another. A fair address, a smattering of French and "good luck," are all that are wanted to make a nobody first minister; but the same fortune grown tickle may hurl him from his post, and he sinks lower than what we understand by the "poorest gentleman." One fact baffles European would-be reformers. We are always meeting with surprises. There is nothing solid anywhere. There is no public spirit, no landed interest, no trade interest, no personal authority—nothing to grapple with. Everything slips through your fingers. The laws exist, but are not enforced. It is nobody's business to enforce them. Property is yours to-day, mine to-morrow, and a week hence it may be Mahmond's, or Safnet's, or Ahmed's. The one thing permanent among us is the watchful jealousy of the various nationalities. It is the different Consuls that keep order here, not the Turks; and were it not for this protection Europeans could not live in Turkey. The Turks are indifferent tradesmen. Nearly all the shops in Galata, and the whole of those in Pera, are kept by Europeans. The Greeks are the chief traders, though a smart business is done by the Levantines. The most fashionable shops are French, but there are a few first-rate English and American ones. A large class of the Turks hawk their wares in the street. They are for the most part fine, stalwart, civil-spoken men. They shoulder enormous baskets containing cheeses, creams, fruits, vegetables and many other comestibles, and furnish more than half the alimentation of the city. The habits of these men are very simple; they live chiefly upon bread and fruit, but they also know the secret of the *pot au feu*, and often I have seen a knot of them after their day's work, grouped under a shed, or on a green spot of earth, mixing the "savory mess"—you will perhaps be shocked to hear the pot contains vegetables (of onions a large share) stewed in oil! A somewhat strong tasted mutton called Karamani is the favorite food of the Turkish upper classes. Pilaff is also an every-day dish wherein Europeans also delight. The chief fault of the Turkish cooking is the enormous quantity of grease and fat consumed, and the excessive sweetness of many of the dishes.—*Temple Bar.*

A Plot to Kill a Family.

Quite a sensation was created in the eastern part of the city recently near the United States Barracks, in the discovery of a scheme to destroy the lives of a whole family. The name of the man is Norman J. W. Stamp, a carpenter and an inoffensive sort of a fellow, and, so far as known, he had no enemies. He resides on Grove Street with his family in a little frame house, and was absent from home about ten o'clock at night, when three men called and, knocking at the door, Mrs. Stamp raised the window to see what was wanted. One of the men immediately handed in a little square box, with the statement that there was a present for herself and children. They immediately then ran away, and were not recognized by Mrs. Stamp in the dark, though it is thought that they were white men from what she was able to see and observe from their conversation.

The top lid of the box was labeled in a disguised hand, giving directions how to open the box, with the statement that they would behold a fine present as soon as the lid was slipped back. The box was set to one side until morning, when the suspicions of Mr. Stamp were aroused, and, instead of opening it as directed, he took a strong chisel and pried up the lid, but on observing powder the infernal machine was laid to one side.

The police were notified, and took the apparatus in charge. It was opened by throwing it from the top of the prison building on to some rocks below, when the contents were exposed to view. The box was of strong make, and had been manufactured for the special purpose for which it was intended. It was on the principle of the sliding-lid chalk-box. On the bottom of this was a sand-paper pasted on full size, which, on pulling back, would ignite some four or five matches which extended up through the inside lid and from the interior of the box. Powder was liberally distributed about, and connected with fuses extending to the inner side of the box.

A tin-can was found in the box, and this contained a smaller can filled with powder—about a pound and a half in all. Two holes in the cans came opposite each other, through which the fuses and the preparation passed. The interior lining of the big can was filled with buckshot in layers, with cotton and old pieces of newspapers arranged between. There were several pounds of these, and in addition about the same weight in heavy slugs. It is estimated that had the machine exploded, as it was intended that it should be, it would not only have killed Mr. Stamp and his family of wife and four children, but would have torn the house to the ground.—*Columbus Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The jealous husband of a pretty woman at Fayette, Texas, branded her with an iron used for marking cattle, making a star and cross, which she must bear on each cheek for life.

—A famous Leipsic physician now affirms that newly baked bread is as good as stale, if one will only take pains to masticate it properly. He says that the value which is credited to stale bread has not been because of its age, but has been due to the care and thoroughness with which it has been chewed.

—The St. Louis *Republican* says that the plantations on the Lower Mississippi that are subject to overflow are held at a higher price than those in the hill country that are exempt from these visitations. A planter would rather have his plantation overflowed occasionally than not. An overflow adds five dollars an acre to the value of a farm.

—On the farm of Judge Bronson, of Seymour, Allegany County, New York, is a natural curiosity. A maple tree one foot in diameter grows out of a solid rock, three feet from the ground, and out of this tree about a foot from the base of the tree is a cedar limb about two inches in diameter, which is as flourishing as any of the branches of the parent tree.

—Two Philadelphia detectives accused an innocent young man of stealing $100, and showed him how strong was the circumstantial evidence against him. Greatly frightened, he paid them $100 out of his small savings, and they kept half, giving the rest to the loser to settle the case. Now the original money has been found where it was mislaid.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—New Orleans claims to lead in rose growing. There may be seen in that city a Lamarque rose vine, with a stem eight inches thick. In some private gardens are 100 varieties. The favorite rose is the Gold of Ophir. It is small, of very pale pink, shading toward the heart into deep rich gold color, while faint streaks of crimson touch the outer petals.

—It is a good sign that people all over the country are demanding cleaner streets and better drainage. New Orleans is delighted with the results of its cleansing experiment, the Philadelphia papers keep prodding the street-sweeping contractor, the San Francisco journals are on the war-path against the disgraceful condition of their city; and so it goes everywhere.

—C. M. Spencer, the inventor of the Spencer rifle, is perfecting a new rifle and fowling-piece that will surpass all his former efforts. The want of a new fowling-piece is sadly felt—one that will not go off when it is "not loaded," and that will also shoot a charge that will turn a corner, or follow up the game in a zigzag direction until it brings it down.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The farmers of the Deerfield Valley region, Massachusetts, to the number of about 1,200, climbed to the summit of Mt. Poemmtuck recently, to shake hands with Governor Long, who then for the first time visited that part of the State. That mountain was named twenty-seven years ago by a party of students from Amherst and Williams Colleges, among whom was James A. Garfield.—*Boston Post.*

—A canary belonging to a lady in Iowa, on being given its liberty in a room one day, flew to the mantel, whereon was a mirror. Thinking he had found a mate, he went back to the cage and brought a seed to offer to the stranger. Getting no satisfactory reply he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then to watch the effect. Finally he went back to his perch, and, with his head hanging, remained silent the rest of the day.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The Washington police recently arrested one William F. Ellis as a vagrant. He claimed to have walked from Illinois to Washington to see the Secretary of the Treasury concerning many valuable inventions of his. He claims to have invented landscape painting, also a musical machine worth $75,000, a life-saving car-coupling worth $1,000,000, and a war machine which would blow up every ship in the English navy. For the last invention he wants $5,000,000. He was put down with a large army of harmless cranks.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Much excitement was created at a Long Island watering place the other day by a bottle drifting ashore there. Much to the disappointment of the man who waded into the water after it, it contained only a manuscript, which, on being opened, read as follows: "Latitude 1, Fahrenheit 99. N. N. E. from City Hall about one mile. Cast away on the oyster beds of impecuniosity. No chart. Nothing on board to feed the 'finest.' We are starving. Will pay one dollar apiece for 'em. Don't know where to get 'em. Sent some of the detectives after 'em, but they came back smiling and said they couldn't find any. God help us. Forward by mail to Simmonds, Thom."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Reply Post-Cards.

A British Treasury warrant has just been issued prescribing the regulations and conditions for the use of reply post-cards within the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, to come into operation on October 1. The cards will bear an impressed stamp of one half-penny on each half. The address and nothing else must be written, printed, or otherwise impressed on that side of either half thereof which bears the impressed stamp, and no part of the address must be written, printed, or otherwise impressed across such stamp. Anything (including a letter or communication in the nature of a letter) may be written, printed, or otherwise impressed on that side of each half of a reply post-card which does not bear the impressed stamp. Nothing whatever must be in any manner attached to a reply post-card, nor must a reply post-card after the issue thereof be cut or folded or otherwise altered, except that half of a reply post-card which is intended to be used for the purpose of a reply (in these regulations referred to as "the return half") may be severed from the other half thereof. If any reply post-card or the return half thereof is sent by post otherwise than in conformity with these regulations, inclosed in a sealed cover and forwarded to its destination, charged on delivery with postage as an insufficiently paid letter of the same weight.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

McComas the Man.

The Frederick Convention Wednesday was very harmonious and enthusiastic, and Lewis E. McComas was nominated on the first ballot. Mr. McComas was placed in nomination by Mr. J. I. Livingston, of this county, and the voto was as follows:

McComas.—Allegany, 5; Washington, 5; Garrett, 3; Montgomery, 3. Total, 16.

Urner.—Frederick, 6; Montgomery 1. Total, 7.

Mr. Thomas Gorsuch, of Frederick was President; Mr. Isaiah Boucher, of Garrett, Vice President, and W. P. Townshend, Esq., of Oakland, Secretary. Mr. Livingston was on the committee on credential, &c., and the committee on resolutions, and Mr. Townshend was on the committee to inform Mr. McComas of his nomination.

Mr. McComas is very popular in Garrett county, and will sweep the county by a majority that could not have been given to any other gentleman whose name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination.

We will elect him again, and seat him this time.

The verdict of the jury in the Star Route Case has been set aside and all the parties implicated will be tried over again in December.

The seven members of the Forty-eighth Congress already elected are Republicans—one from Oregon, two from Vermont and four from Maine.

The official returns of the Arkansas state election show the following vote on Governor: Berry (Dem.), 87,675 Slack (Rep.), 49,352; Garland (Gbk.), 1,142. Total vote, 137,169—the largest ever polled.

The Boston *Herald's* election calculator, in forecasting a Democratic majority of thirty-three in the next House of Representatives, put down Maine as sending four anti-Republicans. This is a terrible blow at the correctness of his prophecy.

The Vermont Republicans are naturally elated over the unusually large majority they rolled up this year. As *The Burlington Free Press* remarks, it shows that "they have no idea of surrendering any ground to the bogus Democracy."

BOSTON, Sept. 19—The Democratic State convention assembled in Music hall at noon to-day, and was called to order by Jonas H. French, chairman of the State central committee. The convention nominated Gen. B. F. Butler for governor.

Figures That Don't Lie.

The difference between the honesty of Republicans in office and the dishonesty of Democrats in office is strikingly shown in the fact that during their entire administration of this government, from the time Buchanan left the White House until now, the Republicans have lost only a mean average of 46 cents on every $1,000 received and disbursed while the Democrats lost a mean average of $5.17 on every $1,000 they received and disbursed from the same time back to and inclusive of the administration of Washington. In fact the losses by dishonest administrations were as high as $8.58 per $1,000 during Monroe's two terms, $7.52 during Jackson's two terms, and $11.71 during the term of Van Buren. In the face of such figures as these the Democratic leaders should blush when they talk of "economy and reform," and an "honest" administration.

The Chief Judgeship.

The committee appointed by the Republican judicial Convention at Hagerstown, September, 13, to notify Messrs. Read and Stake of their nomination as candidates for chief and associate judges respectively, performed that duty at once. They Monday received Mr. Read's reply accepting the nomination. The correspondence was as follows:

HAGERSTOWN, MD., Sept. 13, 1882.

Hon. Wm. J. Read, Cumberland, Md.

Sir: As a committee appointed by the Republican Convention of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of Maryland, we have the honor to inform you that you have this day been nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for the office of chief of judge of the fourth judicial district of Maryland. With great respect, we have the honor to be your obedient servants.

ROBERT W. McMICHAEL,
E. C. TILLSON,
CHARLES G. BIGGS,
Committee.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Sept. 18, 1882.

Messrs. R. W. McMichael, E. C. Tillson, Chas. G. Biggs, Committee:

Gentlemen: Your favor of the 13th inst., informing me of my unanimous nomination by the Republican convention as the candidate of the Republican party for the office of chief judge of the fourth judicial district of Maryland, has been duly received,

Having given the matter due consideration, both before and since the receipt of your letter, I have determined to accept the nomination, which I now formally do.

While feeling very grateful for the honor conferred upon me in thus being selected as the candidate of the Republican party for this high and important office, I am not unmindful of the cares and responsibilities I shall have to assume if chosen by the people at the polls. All these responsibilities in the event of my election I propose to discharge in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution and laws of the State "to the best of my skill and judgment, diligently and faithfully, without partiality or prejudice."

As the law imposes the duty upon the judges of the several circuit courts of the State to appoint the county school commissioners in their respective counties, I consider it proper for me to state that it is my intention, if elected, to co-operate with my associates upon the bench in the appointment of fit and proper persons as school commissioners in the counties of the district who will keep and maintain the public schools in the highest state of efficiency and see that the money appropriated for their support is expended to the best advantage. Respectfully,

WILLIAM J. READ.

The Hagerstown *Daily News*, an independent paper, says of Mr. Stake:

During his term as State's Attorney the riots and strikes of 1877 on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal disturbed this county to a considerable extent, and by his prudence and tact in the management of these difficulties they were overcome without expense to the county. The whole of Mr. Stake's term as State's Attorney was marked by a careful and economical administration, and has made him many friends among the people in the country. Since that time Mr. Stake has been closely engaged in his practice, and is now one of the leading members of the Washington county bar. He has taken an active part in stimulating all local enterprises for the advancement and development of Hagerstown and vicinity. He is connected with many of the leading families of the county, has a large following, and of great personal popularity. He is a gentleman of great urbanity; is genial, easy of approach, and possesses withal a most obliging and cheerful disposition. His nomination is conceded to be a good one, and will add strength to the Republican ticket.

The Fight in Maine.

Much may be learned by Republicans, in studying the campaign in Maine. The State was called upon to select between a number of tickets. Efforts were made to divide the Republican vote by introducing side issues insignificant as compared with party success, and personal questions had been allowed to intrude themselves so as to to hide for the moment greater issues. The Republicans, under the leadership of Mr. Blaine, prepared for action by casting aside all unimportant questions, treading under foot all matters connected with personal ambition, and looking squarly at the contest as one between the Democratic and Republican parties. Then with cleared vision, they entered the fight, not to contend with each other in a family quarrel, but against a common enemy; whom it was their interest to defeat. The party was united. The struggle was for the success of principles, believed to be essential to the prosperity of the country, and the Republicans fought nobly, with the result that is now set down to their honor. The fight in Maine, and all its peculiarities, is a profitably one to study for those who think it is a fine thing to divide a party so as to secure the personal advancement of individuals. Such a course is death to party success, but united effort, as in Maine, is its life and glory.—*Frederick Examiner.*

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 18, 1882.

A stranger in Washington who should just now visit the White House, would not be very favorably impressed with the residence of the President. For some time past, in fact ever since the President left for his summer vacation, the place has been undergoing thorough repair, and is by no means an inviting looking place. Inside every room has been renovated. The grand parlor has been turned upside down, even the three great chandaliers having been taken entirely apart, and each set of glass pendants burnished. This was a work of vexation and time, it all having to be done by hand. Each one was taken apart and the bits of glass cleaned singly. One week was spent on each chandalier. All the pictures and statues were either packed in the cellar or so covered up that nothing of them could be seen. Outside, the sewers have all been refitted. The carriage way in front has been torn up, and a concrete pavement is being laid. The ceiling of the front portico is also being re-plastered, and everything being done to have everything in repair and order by the time the President returns. He is now in New York, and is expected here sometime next week. Whether to remain or only for a short time, is not known.

The great Star Route trial, is for the present at least, a thing of the past, and nothing to show for it except a bill of $200,000. I was down at the court room the other day and saw Brady, Dorsey & Co., and also Col. "Bob" Ingersoll. Charges of bribery have been made by Foreman Dickson, against parties in the State Department, and one of them whom he names has been summoned by telegraph here from San Francisco. Counter charges have also been made by the prosecution and affairs in regard to it are somewhat muddled. A new trial has also been granted those convicted, which is set for December.

I attended the closing scenes of the Oriole at Baltimore on Thursday night. I will attempt no description, for I feel inadequate, and besides you probably have it. I was a little surprised that the Garrett Guards did not attend. I heard several in Baltimore speak in complimentary terms of them. Our train left at midnight, but we did not arrive here until after 2 P. M., consequently everyone had to walk from the depot to their homes. The train was composed of eleven cars, filled to overflowing with men, women and children, some drunk, some sober, but all in a good humor and well pleased with the good time they had.

One of Washington's attractions is about over, I refer to the bi-weekly concerts of the marine band. This band probably the finest in the United States, has all summer been giving two out-door concerts a week. On Wednesday evening they play at the Capitol and on Saturday evenings on the White House lawn. They draw great crowds, particularly on Saturdays, and it is sometimes difficult to move through the people that are present. The last concert of the season is next Saturday evening.

Though comparatively an orderly city, the last two weeks has been somewhat of an exception, there having been two murders, one suicide and one death from assault. A colored man shot another, who died from the effects of the wound, and before he could be arrested, killed himself. In a disagreeable street fight in Georgetown recently three persons were shot and others injured, and but one arrest made and that only a day or two since.

The legue base-ball players of the War, Interior, Post Office and Government Printing Departments, have been playing nearly every evening this summer, and of the games would do credit to professional players. Friday evening a game was played between the Post Office and Printing office nines, the score being 1 to 0.

The weather here is pleasant. Occasionally a hot wave comes, but generally it has been pleasant. The mild avenue and streets affords a breeze a chance to make itself felt. The nights are not so comfortable.

Work has not yet been commenced on the Potomac flats. When they are "reclaimed," there will not be so much chance to plead "malarial fever" as there is at present.

Yours, truly,
"CHARLIE."

Referring to the brutal hanging of Jack Turner on the strength of papers discovering a bogus plot to kill off the whites of Choctaw county, the Eutaw Ala., *Mirror* of August 29, 1882, has the manliness to say:

"Every one knows that the white race stand in no danger at the hands of the black race, for they are only a drop in a bucket full in point of power compared to the whites, nor has the past shown that they have the disposition to attempt to carry out this foolish idea. The only claim that mob law ever had to any respect was when the law of the land could not meet the case; but in this instance such was not the fact."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 19, 1882.

One of the interesting places of Washington is the Smithsonian Institution and the adjoining National Museum. The former is the legacy of an English chemist and mineralogist, James Smithson, who died in 1829. He bequeathed to the United States $500,000 with which to establish at Washington an institution to be named after himself and to be devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among his fellowmen. Congress, accordingly, though not until 1856, organized the Institution and placed in its charge all objects of natural history, geology, and mineralogy belonging to the United States, and appointed a corps of officers to manage it. At first its stock consisted only of the articles which had been collected during the Wilkes exploring expedition, but it has steadily grown, receiving fresh acquisitions from each exploring or surveying trip undertaken by the Government, as well as from the industrial exhibitions of the country. At the close of the Centennial Exhibition thirty-three different countries donated their exhibits to the United States to be placed in the Smithsonian Institution.

By many, this Institution is believed to be merely a museum of stuffed animals; but the exhibit of animals, though good, and in the case of some of the smaller species exceedingly so, is by no means the only one. In the Anthropological Hall, for example, there is much food for interesting observation and study. Esquimaux, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese curiosities are displayed in large numbers. Miniature representations of Esquimaux huts and the habitations of Laplanders, cliff, cave, and lake-dwellers, are given with careful accuracy and completeness of detail. Three thousand year old mummies from Egypt and others of more recent date from the Northwest Coast and Peru grin from their cases upon the passers-by. While the Capron collection of Japanese carving in ivory, gold, and silver, presented by the Tycoon of Japan to General Capron, and by him loaned to the Institution, contains much to charm the fancy of the artistic beholder. The ivory figures are so carefully carved that even the microscope fails to reveal a false line or curve. Another object of more than ordinary interest is a skrunken head from the Amazonian Indians. This is a war trophy and is a genuine head reduced to the dimension of four inches at its greatest diameter. The method of preparation is as follows: When a chief has killed an enemy he cuts the skin around his neck, loosens it and slips it off over the skull. He then removes the flesh and soaks the skin for ten or twetye hours in an infusion of herbs. When it is well soaked, he fills it with small, heated pebbles and shakes it so that the pebbles shall touch every part. Then he soaks it again and repeats the process until he has reduced it to the regulation size—for they have a fashion in these things as we have in our customs—and then passes a string through the lips or nose by which to hang it to his belt. It is very similar to the custom of scalping, except that it is much more elaborate and perhaps more satisfactory since it preserves his opponent's features in miniature. Another interesting object, and one which would be apt to escape the notice of the casual observer, is a peculiar gem called the jodith. This stone is found in its natural state only in China and Japan, but has been discovered in Mexico and Central America cut and carved. It is very hard, being impervious to steel, and ranking in this respect only fourth or fifth from the diamond. This specimen is from Mexico. But to enumerate all the interesting curiosities of the Institution would be to furnish a catalogue rather than a letter. There are many others of equal interest to those that I have mentioned which are well worthy the attention of visitors and should be carefully studied.

The National Museum was established by Congress in 1812, and was transferred to the care of the Smithsonian Institution in 1858. It is intended to serve the purpose of recording and perpetuating the customs and modes of life of man, his methods labor, his style of dress, his manner of amusement; in short, everything immediately connected with him. In order to accomplish this object, it is necessary that the Museum shall be as nearly as possible a complete repository of everything which is or has been used by man. And this is the labor the management have before them—to collect, classify and arrange for exhibition this vast number of objects. This building in which this vast collection is to be placed has been completed within the past two or three years. It was first thrown open to the general public at the time of the last Inauguration Ball, and its commodiousness and artistic architecture were subjects of universal commendation. It contains 80,300 square feet of space that is usable for exhibition purposes, besides 135 rooms for offices. In one corner of the exhibition hall, which is all on one floor are delightful and nicely furnished little parlors for the use of visitors, cool resting-places, and adjoining them a smoking-room for gentlemen, and toilet rooms for both sexes. Near by them is also a cool and comfortable little cafe, where the inner man may be made contented and satisfied. The collection is already quite interesting, although the work of stocking the hall has just commenced. Notably among the articles on exhibition is an assortment of puppets represent different grades of Chinese ranks and occupations. Another interesting exhibit is a series of masks used by the Chinese in their plays. Grotesquely-grinning masks for farce; hideously villainous masks for tragedy, and beatiful—according to the Chinese taste—masks for comedy. A number of curiously carved Fiji war-clubs is also a subject for interesting study. The elaborate collection of any one class of objects is one of building-stone specimens. Thousands of square blocks from all parts of the country, the side polished in different styles are here exhibited. Each stone is carefully examined by chemist, microscopist and mechanician, and the results of their separate examinations are expressed on the label. The same careful investigations are applied to drugs and medicines, of which there are numberless bottles on exhibition.

In the course of ten or twenty years, when the collection shall be somewhat approaching fulness, the Museum will be one of the most attractive in the world. The plan mapped out by the originators of the scheme is a gigantic one, but if it is carried on with unflagging zeal and perseverance—and the outlook at present is that such will be the case—the next century will be blessed with the finest and most useful museum ever know.

DOM PEDRO.

Arabi's Downfall.

Advices from Egypt indicate a complete collapse of Arabi's rebellion, the destruction of his army, the occupation of Cairo, and the virtual capture of Arabi himself, and there is a likelyhood that the British may be embarrassed by the fullness of the victory. It virtually throws upon England the duty of establishing a civil government there, and makes them responsible to the world for good order. It would be a good fortune to England if some small parts of Arabi's army should retire to upper Egypt and there again plant the standard of revolt. It would give time to complete the restoration of the civil government while still carrying on the war, and war would justify or excuse many things that will not be satisfactory after the submission is complete.

In this moment it is proper to consider what has been overthrown in the defeat of Arabi. Two very important things for England: The Islam spiritual revolt against the Turk and the tyrannous landlord class in Egypt. The rebellion of Arabi arose in the wrath of the landlord classes about the reforms which European influence had introduced for the protection of the tenants and agricultural labors—the Fellahs. These landlords are harsh, oppressive and selfish; so much so that the agricultural laborer is discouraged, and his work does not produce reward to himself nor revenue to the State. The army sided with them, and the Chamber was with the army, and the Mosiem fanatics were won over by their hatred to Christian influence. Thus the revolt grew strong and haughty, and Arabi became the idol of the hour. If he had succeeded in beating the English out of Egypt, he would have become something more than ruler of Egypt. He would have become the spiritual head of Islam, a sort of Mahometan Pope, as the Sultan now is. He would have extended his empire into Arabia and restored Mecca to its former glory, and his authority would have become supreme over the seventy millions of Mahometans that are now comprised within the limits of British India. Thus England had a vast interest at stake in this affair, and it can easily be seen why she was so persistent in her demand that Arabi should be declared a rebel by the spiritual power of Islam before she reduced him to submission by force of arms.

One always desires to look beyond the slaughters and agonies of war to the blessings that it indirectly brings. In that case they are evident. The overthrow of Arabi and his privileged class of Arabs and Turks will rescue from a galling slavery three-fourths of the population—the Fellahs, the true descendants of the ancient Egyptians. British influence will insure good government, and the long oppressed slaves of the soil will rise in dignity and happiness. England's direct gain is the security of the canal—her pathway to India and the security of her East India trade. She will also establish a foothold in Egypt that will make it possible to lay a railroad up the valley of the Nile and open up the magnificence of Central Africa to European colonization and commerce.—*Baltimore American.*

The True Friend of Labor.

The recent Convention of Labor held in Philadelphia declared that

"The past twenty years' history of the Democratic and Republican parties furnishes no instance wherein the workingmen of our country have been benefitted by legislation." * *

That is true as to the Democratic party? Is it true as to the Republican party? On the contrary, the Republican party has ever been the friend and protector of the workingman, both by legislation and otherwise.

From 1860 downward the Republican party waged war, spilled seas of blood, and thousands of millions of dollars to the cause of the laboring man—the most degraded laboring man, the slave.

Within twenty years the Republican party not only gave the slave laboring man his freedom, but gave him also the elective franchise, raising him to an equality with the Southern capitalist the aristocratic planter.

The Republican party gave, within the past twenty years, to the poor man—to the laboring man—the "homestead law," which, in the language of the Democrats, who alone opposed it, gave, "land to the landless."

The Republican party within twenty years passed the "eight hour law," for the sole benefit of workingmen.

The Republican party within the past twenty-two years, gave to the laboring man the Morrill tariff, which protects labor and gives to the laboring man such wages as can be had in no other land than this under the sun; and has since put upon the free-list, coffee and tea and other of the necessities of life for his benefit.

These are some of the many instances which the Republican party has furnished during the past twenty years of its history "wherein the working-men of our country have been benefited by legislation." The Labor Convention showed both ignorance, ingratitude, and disregard of the truth of history in asserting otherwise, and thereby hurt the cause of honest and honored labor. Every intelligent laborer in the land cannot but know and acknowledge that the Republican party has always been the true friend and the only friend of labor.

A Remarkable Case.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hops of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your *Manalin* and *Peruna*, and, I most happy to say, in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured without any appliances or support of any kind.

Yours truly,
MRS. HENRY ELLIS,
No. 500 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

General Sherman thinks that the Irish people are fast drifting out of the Democratic party.

—Died, of diphtheria, Sept. 17th, 1882, George Lewis Spiker, son of Isaac and Elizabeth Spiker, deceased, aged 17 years and 8 months.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at Joel Bender's and running through the lands of Joel Bender, Wm. Hartman, Jacob Spiker, Wright Thayer and others, to intersect the Oakland road at Wright Thayer's lane.

JOSEPH HOSTEDLER,
9 23 4 JOEL BENDER,
HENRY BOETTNER.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Union district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Will farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c.

For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN.
Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Hog colera is prevailing to an alarming extent in this county.

—"Mollie," a valuable mare belonging to Dr. J. Lee McComas, died Monday last.

—The remains of Patrick Garrett, who was killed at Piedmont Monday last, were interred in the Catholic Cemetery here Wednesday. The funeral was largely attended.

—The sale of the personal property of Mr. Thomas Haigh, at Mountain Stock Farm," will take place next Wednesday. See advertisement on the first page of this issue.

—Tax-payers in this district, who wish to avail themselves of the 3 per cent. discount, will find Mr. J. C. Denham in his office in the court house on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29th and 30th.

—The three thousand dollars taken from Mr. Jacob Livingood at Salisbury, Pa., as noted last week, was recovered a few days afterward, and returned to him, less about five hundred dollars, which was divided among detectives who worked up the case.

—Mr. H. H. Van Meter, of the Mountain Lake Park Hotel, came near losing some valuable baggage Saturday through a sharper's trick. Mr. Van Meter sent a colored man for his baggage, which he had left at the P. W. & Ky. depot. On the way the porter was stopped by a man who represented himself as Van Meter, and relieved the fellow of the check, which he took to the depot and claimed the baggage, which he then reshipped west. Fortunately the trick was discovered and the baggage reclaimed at Wellsburg, the would-be thief escaped.—*Wheeling Intelligence, Monday.*

—Died, of cancer, Sarah, wife of Wm. J. Wilson, near Chisholm's Mill, Sept. 12th, 1882, aged about 39 years. Sister Wilson had been a member of the M. E. Church for about 26 years. She had been through long and weary months a patient and heroic sufferer, but her sufferings are now over, and she is at rest. She had selected the text for her funeral sermon; portion of 2nd verse of 12th chapter of Heb. "Looking unto Jesus," and requested the writer to preach it, which was done before a large number of relatives and friends. May the Lord bless and comfort the husband and children.

N. L. BAUMGARDNER.

—Died, near Chisholm's Mill, in district No. 8, July the 7th, 1882, Mrs. Emily Chisholm. Deceased left a husband and eight children, the youngest a sweet little babe four weeks old. The Lord only loaned him to his friends as a pure, bright gem, one of heaven's angelic band, and on the morning of September 12th, 1882, the Father called him home again, and as we looked at little Charlie's marble face and dimpled hands, stilled in the cold icy embrace of death, the thought came to our minds—

"He took the cup of life to sip,
And bitter 'twas to drain,
He gently punshed it from his lips
And went to sleep again."

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Pic-Nic.

On Saturday, Sept. 9th, twelve of the bright-eyed little girls of the Bear Creek Sunday School concluded that they would have a pic-nic of their own. Early in the morning their happy little hearts waited very anxiously for the sun's rays to dry the dewy grass. By nine o'clock their kind mothers had them all ready and they started for Mr. Casey's grove. There, the sweet little crowd were met by Rev. Ketterman, who gave them a very interesting and instructive address, which pleased the little girls very much. After which they sang "Come unto Me."

The the little girls delivered their speeches, which were excellent and well pertormed, and then they sang "Happy Pilgrimes," after which they partook of their dinner to their entire satisfaction, which consisted of ples, cakes, chickens, lemonade, sweet meats, &c., &c. Then they sang "Hear Him calling." After this they were treated with as much candy as they could well dispose of, and then they sang "To the Woods." After this they enjoyed themselves in various amusements until the bright sun in the sky told them that evening was drawing near, when they parted, and each went to their respective homes, with happy and cheerful hearts, praising God with with their hearts and souls for the Sunday School cause, and for the enjoyments of the day. The little girls were from five to twelve years old. We say, go on little girls in the grand and noble work of the Sunday School, and at the proper time, and we hope very soon too, that you will be instruments in the hands of God for the ingathering of precious souls. I am glad that I have had the privilege of teaching all those little girls in the past. May God bless you, is my payer. A.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Death of a Railroad Brakeman.

About nine o'clock yesterday morning Patrick Garrett, brakeman on the "way train" of the second division, Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was assisting in switching cars in his train at Piedmont when he fell from a car across the rails. In a second the wheels were upon him and he was cut to pieces, his body having been literly ground up by the wheels among the ironwork of the truck, and the remains were wholly unrecognizable. The cause of his falling is not known. Mr. Garrett was about 21 years of of age and unmarried. He has relatives at Altamont and Deer Park, who were notified of his death.—*Cumb. News, 19th.*

Report of the Grand Jury.

To the Honorable Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

The Grand Jury respectfully beg leave to make the following report to your Honors. That we have as we believe discharged our duty as Grand Jurors by carefully examining all the witnesses who appeared before us, and have had summoned to appear before us all persons whom we believed to have personal knowledge of any violation of the law.

The Grand Jury visited the Jail and find those in charge to have everything in very good condition. We would suggest to the County Commissioners to have the combination locks removed from the prison doors and have less complicated locks put in their place. Also to have the ventilator repaired in the Jail roof.

The Grand Jury also visited the vaults and offices of the Court House and find all in good condition.

Having transacted all business that has come before us to the best of our knowledge, we beg to be discharged.

JOSHUA JOHNSON.
Foreman.

A Memorable Pic-Nic.

On the 16th Instant the Sunday School at Ryan's Glades in district No. 8, held a pic-nic and festival in order to raise money to purchase a new library. The entertainments were of a very amusing character, and enjoyable to all present. The pic-nic was well attended. The dinner was perfect. The watermelons delicious. The ice cream superb. But the centre and crowning portion of all the enjoyables was the wedding. In the middle of a very interesting address by Rev. J. Laughlin, a Mr. Cremer from Nebraska, and Miss Sallie Lee, of Ryan's Glades, marched up to the speaker and requested his attention a few moments. Mr. L quietly turned around and tied them fast in holy bonds of matrimony, and after congratulating the newly married couple again faced his audience and went on as though nothing had happened. Mr. and Mrs. Cremer started for their home in Nebraska, on Monday, the 18th inst. May their lives be long and happy.

The net proceeds of the pic-nic will be from fifteen to twenty dollars. Can't we have the pleasure of attending another pic-nic of the same kind soon? Who says yes. M.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Sept., 19th 1882.

Our citizens were very much shocked yesterday morning by news of a fatal accident to a young man named Patrick Garrett. He was brakeman on the way train and just as the train was leaving Piedmont, while adjusting the brakes he fell from a house car and was instantly killed. He was a nephew of Michael Garrett, a farmer who has for many years lived within two miles of Deer Park, had two brothers connected with the Hotel and a sister at the Viaduct. His parents are in Ireland. He was very well known in our village having spent much time here during the past few years. His body was brought to his uncle's house and will be buried to-morrow in Oakland.

President Davis and Vice President Elkins of the W. Va. C. & P. R. R. in company with Vice President Spencer, of B. & O. R. R., and a party of invited guests, took a trip to Elk Garden and vicinity yesterday, in Mr. Spencer's private car, to view the beauties of the new road and enjoy at the same time a pleasant little excursion.

Miss Fannie Boxton, of Keyser, is visiting her relatives in Deer Park.

Mr. Phllip Walsh of Baltimore was in Deer Park yesterday.

The Deer Park Temperance society held their regular meeting last Friday evening. The principal feature of the meating, outside of regular business, was a general debate on the right of women to vote, on the temperance question.

Registered at Wing and Wing since last letter:

Baltimore, Md.—Philip Walsh.

Loudensville, W, Va.—C. F. Barnes.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Walter A. S. Todd.

Garrett Co., Md.—Daniel Conneway.

***

More Evidence.

S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, O. —*Gentlemen:* Your valuable *Peruna* is the best medicine I ever used.

NANCY FETTERMAN,
Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa.

Your *Peruna* for Indigestion and Liver troubles helps me.

W. P. BRANDON,
East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. *Peruna* is doing wonders for me.

JOHN DONAHUE,
Sharpsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your *Peruna* and am well.

THOMAS BRADFORD,
311 Weste n Ave. Allegheny City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life"—gratis.

Court Proceedings.

Court is still in session and will probably continue until sometime next week.

Below we give the disposition of the cases that have been acted upon.

APPEALS.

1. Albert F. Dearing vs. Wm. J. Piper. Appeal from Justice Ware ck. Doyd for appellant and Gordon for appellee. Judgment affirmed, each party to pay their own costs.

2. G. H. Pritchard vs. Adella M. Merrill by her next friend, G. W. Merrill. Appeal from Justice Jamison. Peddicord & Combs for appellant, and Veltch & Townshend for appellee. Verdict for Appellee, Merrill for $1, and judgment reversed with costs of this court to Appellant, Pritchard.

3. Edward Brady vs. Thos. E. Haigh. Appeal from Justice Gonder. Continued at cost appellant.

TRIALS.

1. J. McClure Mason vs. J. P. Ganer. Peddicord for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend and Lipscomb for defendant. Inquisition returned, finding for plaintiff in sum of $625, with interest from day of sale to E. Miller.

2 Ellis P Kerr vs Solomon Turney. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Continued.

3 J McClure Mason vs Alexander Fleckenstine, Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Continued at cost of plaintiff.

4 J McClure Mason vs John Heibig. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for deft. Continued

5 J Mc Clure Mason vs Ezekiel Tolten. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff and Semmes, Hamill and Veltch & Townshend for deft. Continued.

6 Richard Graham vs Lovelace M Gorsuch and Borden Mining Company. Groves and Cox for plaintiff, and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

7 Levi Teats vs Geo W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for defendant for rental in arrear $199.86, and for value of pro perty $292

8 Strickler, Weaver & Co., vs. John Mellinger, Gordon & Son for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

9 A. H. Strickler vs. John Mellinger, Gordon for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

10 Thomas J Peddicord and H Wheeler, Combs vs William Klipstein and Berkely W. Klipstein. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Semmes for defendants. Continued.

11 Samuel W. Friend, vs. George Hill Jr. Peddicord and Price for plaintiff. Hamill & Semmes for Defendant. Continued.

12 Ella Shrout, by her next friend, Abraham Moon vs Phillip Lisch. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Non-prossed.

13 David P Wetley vs Annie T Patterson and John T Patterson, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, Veltch & Townshend for defts. Continued.

14 George H. Williams vs. Garrett Dixon. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant. Continued.

15 James Grimes vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for deft.

16 Jacob M. Teats vs. Geo. W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Verdict for defendant.

17 Calvin Teats vs. George W. Ward. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Non-prossed.

18 Elizabeth Horan vs. David Evans. Blackiston & Ellegood and Fuller for plaintiff. Bruce & Richmond and McDonald for defendant. Non-prossed.

19 John M. Miller vs. Elias A. Miller. Williams & Thomas for plaintiff. Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

20 Gilmore S. Hamill vs. A. L. Osborn and Emanuel Smith.

21 C. Aultman & Co. vs. E. R. Browning et. al. Hamill for plaintiffs. Peddicord & Combs for defendants. Continued.

22 State of Maryland, use of John Barnes vs. John Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs, Veltch & Townshend and Hamill for defendants. Dismissed per order of plaintiffs attorney.

23 James Z. Browning vs. Elizabeth Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff extended for $89.66.

24 Frederick Polimann vs. Jacob Blenbaugh. Price & Willison for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Verdict for defendant.

25 Gilmore S. Hamill vs. Mary E. Smith, garnishee of Emanuel Smith.

26 John H. Blackburn, by his next friend Madison Blackburn, use of Peddicord & Combs, vs. Christian F. Hemsenyeager. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamlit and Semmes for defendant.

27 Thomas J. McKalg vs. A. Beall McKalg. McHenry & Son. Holland, Price, Veltch and Mickle for plaintiff. R. H. Gordon, Semmes, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Verdict for defendant.

28 Wm. T. Briscoe vs. James A. Gary. Thomas and Fuller for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs for defendant.

29 John H. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

30 Elizabeth C. Billingsley, by her next friend J. H. Billingsley, vs. James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

31 Edward T. Briscoe vs James A. Gary. Same Counsel.

32 Joseph Engleby vs James T. Brady. Brace & Richmond, McDonald, and Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. McHenry & Son and Price for defendant. Settled.

33 Gilson R. Hollingsworth vs Benjamin T. Valentine. McKaig for plaintiff. A. A. Willison and Semmes for defendant.

34 Silas Jenkins and Rhoda Jenkins vs. John Hornes. Price & Willison for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Continued.

35 Lewis S. Kelm vs Rebecca J. Biddinger and Levi Biddinger, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff, and Brown for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for $198.66.

36 Harriet A. Miller by her next friend and husband John Miller, Jr., vs John H. Miller. Hamill for plaintiff, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Referred to counsel and continued.

37 Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley vs Henry Engle. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $1,214.71.

38 Ellis Heavener vs W. H. Hagans. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $90.51.

39 T. F. Livingood vs John Durst. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, Hamill for defendant. Non-prossed.

40 R. S. Spiker vs Jacob Fysell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Continued.

41 Michael J. Hoban and John Regan vs Catharine McGraw. Bruce and Richmond for plaintiff, and McHenry for defendant. Continued.

42 Charles F. Frazee vs George F. Lowdermilk. Schley & Thomas for plaintiff, and Gordon for defendant. Continued.

43 John Warnick vs W. C. Broadwater and Stephen Broadwater. Brown for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendants. Continued.

44 E. C. Tillson vs B. & O. R. R. Co. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Boyd for def't. Settled on terms to be filed.

45 A. J. Spiker vs Henry Russell. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Referred to counsel and continued.

46 Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs vs Wm. M. Miller and Melchoir Miller. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiffs. Judgment for plaintiff for $188.

47 Pennsylvania Rail Road Company in Mary and vs the B. & O. R. R. Co. Walsh and Williams for plaintiff, and Boyd for defendant.

48 John Warnick vs Wm. C. Broadwater and Sampson Bildner. Brown and Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Semmes and Hamill for defendant. Continued.

49 John Spiker vs John Felcht. Brown for plaintiff, and Ramill for defendant. Non-prossed.

50 Wm. F. Mason vs Nicholas Merrill and G. W. Merrill. Veltch & Townshend for plaintiff. Continued.

51 Archibald Chisholm, Jr., vs Beckwith A. Shrout. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $85.67.

52 J. S. Jameson vs E. G. Blackborn and S. W. Friend, Sr. Hamill for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff for $53.24.

53 James Howarth vs O. C. Faenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

54 A Hunter Boyd, administrator of Roger Perry, deceased, vs Allen Garlitz. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $451.62.

55 George Blatter, use of Barney Dilley, administrator of Joseph Dilley, deceased, vs Christena Doeringer and John Doeringer, her husband. Hamill for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $89.14.

56 Martha M. Willett and John Willett, her husband, vs John Ridder. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendant).

57 George D. Widte, Constable, vs John H. Miller et. al. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff for $196.

58 Nancy Spiker vs John Feltch. Brown for plaintiff, and Hamill for defendant. Non-prossed.

59 James Howarth vs Otho Faenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff.

60 Ruth Cline, by her next friend and husband Floyd S. Cline, vs Patrick Lafley. Hamill for plaintiff.

61 Aquilla D. McCarty vs Richard J. West. Brown and Willison for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Non-prossed.

62 Margaret Sliger, by her next friend Geo. Sliger, vs John T. Bowers. Semmes for plaintiff, and Veltch & Townshend for defendant. Continued.

Comments on the Maine Election.

Mr. Blaine is not only very much alive, but he comes out of this campaign with the prestige of a great victory won largely by his personal exertions. When he entered the campaign, just two weeks before election, there was a dangerous apathy in all parts of the State. * * * His meetings were the largest ever held in the State, and his every speech, outlining as it did with great clearness and force the issues at stake, made thousands of votes. We do not believe that even Mr. Blaine's enemies can deny the value of this service. For him the victory is a double one. He has demonstrated that his popularity at home was never greater than it is now, and he has used that popularity to win a great triumph for his party. —*New York Tribune.*

Yesterday's election is a notable personal triumph for Mr. Blaine. He, of all men in the country, represents Garfield Republicanism. With no quarrel with the present administration, he has little in common with it in the management of the Republican party. His successor in the State Department has taken pains to reverse the policy he inaugurated in several notable instances in which that policy was a distinctive one, and there has generally been an ostracism of Mr. Blaine's political friends. But in the Maine campaign Mr. Blaine has taken the lead.—*Providence (R. I.) Press.*

More despatches increase the victory in Maine. It is a Republican revival in that State. Mr. Blaine showed his sagacity in mounting the rolling wave. This result will do much to restore his prestige, which was greatly impaired by the defection of Maine at a time when Mr. Blaine was seeking to carry the nation. Maine has sounded the keynote, and in October Ohio will come up to the pitch. She has started the wave, and it will roll on across the continent.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Says the Washington *Star* (Independent Democratic) of September 12:

If the old adage that as "Maine goes so goes the Union" be true, this is going to be a bad year for the Democracy. The Republican victory there yesterday was far more complete than even the most sanguine members of that party dared claim. The Republican candidate for Governor and all four candidates for Congress were elected by sweeping majorities, and a Republican Legislature was chosen, which insures the return of Mr. Frye to the Senate. While this result may not have conclusive effects in other States where elections are to be held in, can hardly be doubted that it will have great influence in several of them. Especially may this be said of some of the Southern States. Evidences of prolonged Republican ascendency in national politics must go far to widen the breaches already made in the ranks of the solid Democracy so long existing in that section, and Independent or Coalition gains may accordingly be counted upon with considerable confidence.

The magnificent victory just achieved by the Republicans of Maine is attributed largely to the wonderful magnetic influence of Blaine, who threw himself into the breach a few weeks ago, and not only stayed but turned aside the Democratic current which was setting in strongly for Plaisted. When he first lifted up his eloquent voice it was pretty generally conceded that the Democratic candidate would be elected, but with his matchless eloquence he soon caused a change of sentiment, and we behold the result in another brilliant victory for the Republicans.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette and Bulletin.*

That Republican Cyclone in Maine.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Sept. 18.—The *Kennebec Journal* will publish tomorrow full official returns from all the state, except six small plantations, the vote of which will change the result but little. The following is a summary: Total vote, 138,175. For Governor—Robie (Rep.), 72,551; Plaisted, 63,756; Chase, 1,298; Vinton, 262; Eustis, 305. Robie's plurality, 8,798. The Republican candidates for Congress are elected by pluralities little in excess of that for governor. The Republicans carry fourteen of sixteen counties. Of the senators 28 are Republicans, and 3 Fusionists. Of the members of the House 108 are Republicans, and 41 Fusionists. In two districts the elections are not yet determined.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 20, 1882.

Examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in

Grantsville on Friday, October 6th, and in Oakland on Monday the 9th.

Exercises to commence at nine o'clock A. M. Punctual attendance is expected of all applicants for certificates.

E. H. BARTLETT,
8 23 2 Examiner.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 20, 1882.

Notice is hereby given that a competitive examination of candidates for the free scholarship in the Western Maryland College, will take place at my office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 16, 1882,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

The scholarship provides for board, fuel, lights and washington free. Tuition will cost $33.33, payable in advance.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 23 3 Examiner.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., September 20th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, October 2d, 1882,

For the transaction of any business that may properly come before the Board.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM.
9 23 2 Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at or near Little Deep Creek bridge, and running through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormany and Joseph R. Anderson and others, to intersect the Swanton road at or near Ingman place, a distance of about 2 miles.

C. M. MILLER,
J. Z. BROWING,
SILAS WALTERS,
8 16 4 And others

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Something New!

I AM NOW PREPARED TO EMBALM IN the best manner, and in any style desired, including framing. Natural Flowers that have been used at Weddings, Funerals, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices from 25 to 30 per cent. less than it would cost in the large cities.

Cut Flowers, Bouquets,

and all FLORAL DESIGNS furnished at shortest notice and sent to any distance by express or mail.

Dutch Bulbs and Flower Roots,

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Lilies of the Valley, &c., in all shades and colors, in greatest quantities.

WINTER-BLOOMING PLATS of all kinds

Fruits and Vegetables

Melons, Canteloupes, Peaches, Apples, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes and all vegetables.

Large and fine lot of FALL CABBAGE, for kraut. Orders booked and cabbage delivered September 15, and after.

All orders, wholesale and retail, left at store, or sent by mail, telegraph or telephone promptly filled.

HENRY WEBER,
91 Baltimore Street,
P. O. Box, 404. Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.
June 3 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts, and for the purpose of revising and correcting their said respective registries of voters and poll books of said election districts, on Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d, days of October, in the year 1882.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Election District No. 1—Swanton.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Selbysport.

Election District No. 3—Grantsville.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at the house of E. A. Browning, near Sang Run.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes's, on the Northwestern Grade.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.—The Elbow.
Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at "The Elbow," at the house of Joseph Warnick.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Tuesday, October 10, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 619 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

ORDER NISI.

Ephraim G. Blackburn, vs. His Creditors. } No. 91 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, this seventh day of September, 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by Gilmore S. Hamill and William P. Townshend, Trustees, for the sale of the real estate of Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the second day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $35.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True copy—Test—
9 16 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Joel Bender and Fenes Keefer, under the firm and style of Bender & Keefer, in the lumber business, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 29th day of August, 1882.

JOEL BENDER,
8 9 3 FENES KEEFER.

Postage Stamp Losses.

On several occasions the Postal Department has tried to determine approximately the number of pieces of each sort of mail matter transmitted by the post-offices of the country in the course of a year. To keep an accurate record of each day's work throughout the year would add to the labor of the offices and involve delays that would cost more than the information would be worth. Accordingly the department has been content to make one week's work, as determined by actual count, the basis of an estimate for the year. A week thought likely to be one of average postal activity is selected, and all the matter received for transmission at each of the post-offices is classified and counted, the aggregate of such original business during the appointed time being reckoned as the fifty-second part of the business of the year. Obviously the closeness of the approximation hinges entirely upon the fitness of the selected week to represent the average weekly work of the year.

Knowing approximately the number of pieces of each sort of mail matter handled, it is possible to estimate roughly the revenue the Government ought to receive from the sale of stamps, cards, stamped envelopes, etc., and from other postal charges. The estimate would necessarily involve a good deal of assumption and guesswork; yet if the estimated or calculated volume of business done is not unreasonably wide of the truth, the estimated revenue ought to be something near the actual revenue as reported in sales of stamps and the rest.

The *Evening Post* has gone to the trouble of collating the statistics given in the last annual report of the Postoffice Department, and comparing the sums which, according to its calculation, should have been paid for the conveyance of the matter embraced in the year's work as officially estimated, with the sums actually received, finding very serious discrepancies.

The sale of stamps, cards, stamped envelopes, etc., for the year aggregated $34,325,435. Assuming the department's estimate of annual business to be correct, and the *Post's* analysis of it equally correct, the department should have received from the sources named $42,795,-815. The deficiency in receipts for the amount of matter conveyed thus exceeded eight million dollars. The *Post* remarks: "The immense deficiency in the number of postage stamps sold, according to the department's figures, is made especially striking by adding together the postage values of the letters and postal cards which made up the first-class mail. By so doing we obtain the sum of $34,628,784.84. If we deduct from this the $34,625,435.91 of postage stamps sold, without allowing for the special stamps and wrappers not used on letters, we have a deficiency of $3,348.93 —leaving the whole of the second, third and fourth class mails to be carried for nothing, and treating registration as free. If the $1,398,674 of newspaper and periodical stamps and the $131,151.60 of newspaper wrappers be deducted from the sum total of stamps sold, and the remainder be deducted from the value of the first-class mail, a deficiency of $1,833,-177.53 appears in the revenue from that class of matter alone."

The experienced postmaster of this city, Mr. Pearson, to whom the *Post's* figures and deductions were submitted, mentioned four causes which might have contributed to produce the discrepancy: (1) Issued but unused stamps carried over from the previous year; (2) overestimation of the number of pieces of mail matter handled; (3) unwise selection of the time for making the seven days' count, the week chosen being first before the holiday season, when the mails are more heavily loaded than at any other period; (4) the washing and fraudulent re-issue of stamps. That the last cause was a very efficient one, Mr. Pearson did not believe. He admitted that there were various ways of washing canceled stamps so that they could be used again, and it was possible that persons in different parts of the country practiced these methods independently of each other; he was confident, however, that no organized conspiracy existed for this purpose, since it would not be possible to dispose of large quantities of washed stamps without the plot being discovered.

The assumption that the concerted washing of stamps on a large scale would be necessary to cause the Government to lose materially by re-used stamps will hardly hold. There are nearly 45,000 post-offices in the country, and if the department were to carry from each office a single fraudulently stamped letter a day, the Government would be cheated to the extent of nearly half a million dollars a year. It may not be possible to dispose of $8,000,000 worth of washed stamps in bulk; yet out of ten million letter writers it would not be possible to find enough who are willing to use again cleaned or imperfectly canceled stamps, and having opportunities enough to do it to cheat the revenue out of all that the deficiency is found to be.

That the cancellation of stamps is very frequently imperfect is known to all who handle many letters. In many instances the stamp is not defaced at all; in more the mark is so slight that it may be easily rubbed off. Mr. Pearson admits that no cancelling ink is ineffaceable, and expresses the opinion that postage stamps ought to be printed in fugitive colors, which would be removed by any attempt to wash off the cancelling mark.

The conditions under which stamps must often be handled, however, by children and other unskillful persons, both before and after they are put upon matter to be mailed, forbids the use of other than fairly permanent ink in printing them. They are held in sweaty hands, carried in pockets, where they are subject to dampening by rain, perspiration, and the like, and always liable to over-wetting when the gum is moistened to affix them. Hence the necessity of good paper and waterproof ink.

If stamps are used, security against their re-use must be sought rather in some means of canceling them indelibly or destructively. Thus far no ink has been discovered that could not be discharged or washed off by suitable means. For destructive cancellation many devices have been tried to cut, abrade, rupture or burn the paper of the stamp. None of these, however, have proved entirely satisfactory, their tendency being to mutilate or set on fire the letter or parcel the stamp is applied to. A more promising plan contemplates the use of a stamp of two parts, one to be gummed to the letter or package, the other to be left free, to be torn off by the postmaster and destroyed, making it impossible to use the same stamp again.

This plan seems well calculated to prevent the re-use of stamps except by parties inside the post-offices, where there is reason to suspect a large part of this fraud upon the revenue is perpetrated. In multitudes of offices the new mail matter often lies for hours before being made ready for transmission. In such cases there is little or nothing to prevent a dishonest clerk from removing the uncanceled stamps and substituting those that have already been canceled. The individual frauds may be small, yet if frequently repeated in a large number of places, the aggregate loss to the department may amount up to millions.

The most obvious way of stopping frauds of this nature would seem to be the use of stamped envelopes and wrappers; and in view of the probable saving to the revenue by preventing re-use, the Government might find it profitable to encourage the more general employment of stamped envelopes, by allowing to purchasers of them a considerable discount from the price of the stamps. It might be practicable also to print the stamps across the face of the envelopes in such a way that in the writing of the address the stamp would necessarily be canceled. The usual post marks would suffice to show whether any wrapper had done its appointed service.—*Scientific American.*

Medical Technical Terms.

There are some people uncharitable enough to think that medical practice would be much less productive to its professors if they would break down the barrier of Greek and Latin nomenclature, which is the principal element in its mystery. Whether such is, or is not, the fact there can be no doubt that medical knowledge is becoming more general, and that the employment of classic technical names is in process of gradual abandonment. This fact may be amply proved by a glance at reports of Boards of Health, and even by medical journals, which have chosen to adopt popular, not to say vulgar, nomenclature in technical reports. There is enough of technical naming left, however, to make a riddle of their tables and disquisitions to one not familiar with the parent language. This is the case even when the effort is to popularize knowledge and information. Take, for instance, the periodical reports of the Board of Health of this city, one of whose functions is supposed to be the collation of information on health matters for the instruction of citizens. Their sources of information are chiefly practicing physicians, and if they adopted the peculiar orthography of some of the practitioners, as seen in their reports, they could hardly be less understood. What mother would recognize under the term "aphthæ" those disagreeable little curd-like sores on her baby's mouth, which she always heard call "thrush." It might comfort the aged darkey, who finds himself "powerful weak," to know that he is really afflicted with "asthenia." The "misery in the chest" of old-time sufferers is known to experts as "angina pectoris." When muscles waste away without traceable disease they are said to be "atrophied." The, to spectators, painful affliction, "St. Vitus dance," is "chorea" in medical parlance. Rest-disturbing, soul-harrowing carbuncles would hardly be recognized under the name "anthrax."

Many of the technical names are made by adding the suffix "itis" to the classic names of the organ affected. Thus information of the brain substance becomes "cerebritis" of the stomach and bowels is "gastro enteritis," of the bowels alone "enteritis." The common and recognizable affliction, dropsy, is "ascites," with changes in name according to the location. Thus, dropsy of the brain is "hydro-cephalus," of the chest "hydro-thorax," of the ear "hydrotitis," of the flesh "anasarca," or of the joints "hydrosteon." Heart disease generally is described as "carditis." Blood vomiting is "hæmatemesis." The "yaller janders," which were more common when the prairies of Illinois were first broken, and is by no means uncommon now, would hardly be recognized as "melœna cholea," "icterus," and "icterus veri dis," according to the type and virulence of the complaint. "Leucocythemia" is a very long name to describe the milky condition of blood incident to insufficient nutrition. "Marasmus" is another way of saying "leanness," although it means something more, a lean condition that comes of lack of power to assimilate nourishment. "Œdema" is the word doctors use to describe a general dropsical condition. Scrofula was once a technical term, but has become common through long use. Not so "choreas," which means the same thing. The latter, by the way, is the Greek for swine, that animal being credited by the ancients with incubating and spreading the disease. "Scleroderma" is a fine, mouth-filling word, meaning "scally" applied to the skin. It probably would not help the seamstress to bear her backache to know she suffered with "myeletis," nor cure her headache to hear it called "cephalagia." "Synoirtis" is inflammation of the joints; "tetanus" lock-jaw; "trismus nascentium," a sort of lock-jaw which afflicts very young babies. "Tabes dersalis" is better known under its old-fashioned name, "the ripples." Many of the technical words, however, are of real assistance to practitioners, because they indicate diseases, conditions, or parts of the human anatomy that would require several English words to describe. Thus "peritonis" is inflammation of a membrane that envelopes all the inferior viscera. "Menengitis" an inflammation of the covering membrane of the brain and spinal marrow.

A good deal is to be said in favor of technical nomenclature in pharmacy. It is not desirable to have the prescriptions of physicians compounded by people whose knowledge of English is limited, and of other tongues zero. The classic words and phrases become a safeguard, inasmuch as instruction in the art of medicine-making must be preceded by a course of instruction in letters qualifying the pupil to read and comprehend the technical terms. Besides, it is not always desirable to have a patient know what medicine he is using. It is emphatically true of medical science that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."—*Chicago News.*

The Urchins of the Third Generation.

When a man begins to get along in years he gradually changes from being a king in his family to a patriarch. He is more tender and kind to his offspring, and instead of ruling them, the first thing he knows they are ruling him. My youngest children and my grandchildren just run over me now, and it takes more than half my time to keep up with 'em, and find out where they are and what they are doing. It rains most every day, and the weeds and grass are always wet, and the branches are muddy, and there are six little chaps around here, perusin' the premises, and Mrs. Arp just knows they are bound to get sick or snake-bit, for it's tramp, tramp, tramp from morning till night, and her anxiety reminds me of a hen that we set on some duck eggs; for when the brood was hatched they made for the branch, and the hen like to have took a fit and flew from one side to the other, and made an everlasting fuss trying to tell 'em they would get drowned, but they sailed around and around and was happy as happy could be. These little chaps ride the horses and colts over the meadow and pasture, and make the sheep jump the big branch, and they go in a-washing two or three times a day, and they climb the grape arbor and the apple trees and stuff their craws full of fruit and trash, and they can tell whether a watermelon is ripe or green, for they plug it to see, and every one of 'em has got a sling-shot, and my pigeons are always on the wing, and the other day I found one of the finest young pullets laying dead with a hole in her side, and all the satisfaction I can get is I didn't mean to do it, or I won't do it any more, or I didn't do it all. Jesso. It's most astonishing how the little rascals can shoot with their slings, and now I don't believe it was a miracle at all that made David plumb old Goliah in the forehead, for these boys can plumb a jaybird now at forty yards, and we have had to take all their weapons away to protect the birds and poultry. Sometimes I get mad and rip up and around like I was going to do something desperate, but Mrs. Arp comes a-slipping along and begins to tell how they didn't mean any harm, and they are just like all other boys, and wants to know if I didn't do them sort of things when I was a boy. Well, that's a fact—I did—and I got a lickin' for it, too. You see, I was one of the oldest boys, and they always catch it, but the youngest one never gets a lickin', for by the time he comes along the old man has mellowed down and wants a pet. The older children have married and gone, and the old folks feel sorter like they have been thrown off for somebody no kin to 'em, and so they twine around those that are left all the closer, but by-and-by they grow up, too, and leave them, and it's pitiful to see the good old couple bereft of their children and living alone in their glory. Then is the time that grandchildren find a welcome in the old family homestead, for, as Solomon saith, the glory of an old man is his children's children. Then is the time that the little chaps of the second and third generation love to escape from their well-ruled home, and for awhile find refuge and freedom and frolic at grandpa's. A child without a grandpa and grandma can never have its share of happiness. I'm sorry for 'em. Blessings on the good old people, the venerable grand parents of the land, the people with good old honest ways and simple habits and limited desires, who indulge in no folly, who hanker after no big thing, but live along serene and covet nothing but the happiness of their children and their children's children. I said to a good old mother not long ago: "Well, I hear that Anna is to be married." "Yes, sir," said she, smiling sorrowfully, "I don't know what I will do. The last daughter I've got is going to leave me. I've nursed her and petted her all her life, and I kinder thought she was mine and would always be mine, but she's run off arter a feller she's no kin to in the world, one who never did do a thing for her but give her a ring and a book or two and a little French candy now and then, and it does look so strange and unreasonable. I couldn't understand it all if—if I hadn't done the same thing myself a long time ago," and she kept knitting away with a smile and a tear upon her motherly face.

But I'm not going to slander these little chaps that keep us so busy looking after them, for there is no meanness in their mischief, and if they take liberties it is because we let 'em. Mrs. Arp says they are just too sweet to live, and is always narrating some of their smart sayings. Well, they are mighty smart, for they know exactly how to get everything and do everything they want, for they know how to manage her, and they know that she manages me, and that settles it. A man is the head of a house about some things, and about some other things he is only next to the head, if he ain't a fool. A man can punish his children, but it's always advisable to make an explanation in due time and let his wife know what he did it for, because, you see, they are her children, shore enough, and she knows it and feels it. The pain and trouble, the nursing and night-watching have all been hers. The washing and dressing, and mending and patching—tieing up fingers and toes, and sympathizing with 'em in all their great big little troubles all falls to her while the father is tending to his farm, or his store, or his office, or his friends, or may be his billiard-table. When a woman says "this is my child," it carries more weight and more meaning than when a man says it, and I've not got much respect for a law that will give a man the preference of ownership just because he is a man.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

—The mission fields of the Moravian Church comprises at the present time sixteen provinces, with over 100 stations and 1,800 missionaries. They have 215 schools, with about 15,000 pupils, and a total of nearly 75,800 converts from among the heathen.

—A lately introduced fashion in England is to include with invitations to dinners or other gatherings in the country, a time table of the railway which will carry the guest to and fro.

—A New York veterinary surgeon has discovered that horses often grow thin from feeling of loneliness. It is generally the oat-bin which is the more lonely.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A cool reception—Ice cream festival.

Recovery from Rabies.

On more than one ground of possibility of the recovery of dogs from attacks of rabies is of great importance. The demonstration that this terrible disease is not invariably fatal, even in the animals most prone to it, may at least be welcomed as affording a ray of hope for therapeutics, while the fact of the recovery of affected animals may afford an explanation of many mysterious outbreaks of the disease. M. Decroix lately communicated to the Academie de Medecine nine cases which he had collected of well-authenticated recovery from rabies. (1) M. Meneeier inoculated two dogs and a rabbit with the saliva of a rabid dog; all three died from rabies, but the dog from which the saliva was obtained recovered. (2) Decroix inoculated a dog with the saliva of one suffering from rabies; the latter died, the former became affected with characteristic rabies and recovered. (3) Some saliva was obtained from a man some hours before he died from hydrophobia, and with it a dog was inoculated; the animal presented well-marked symptoms, but recovered. (4) Reg of Lyons recorded the recovery of a dog with furious rabies, due to a bite from another rabid animal. (5) A military veterinary surgeon, Laquerriere, has recorded the case of a dog affected in consequence of a bite from an animal unquestionably rabid. The destruction of the dog was ordered, but the owner refused consent, and the dog recovered without treatment. The four remaining cases were of recovery from rabies, in man in three cases, and in the horse in the last. Decroix points out that in furious rabies the attacks increase in frequency and intensity during two or three days, then attain their maximum, and disappear in two or three days more, whereas death does not occur until the fifth or sixth day. The eminent authorities who have never met with an instance of recovery are scarcely justified in denying the occurrence of such cases described by those practitioners who have seen them. The Rabies Committee, of which M. Decroix was President, has made since 1874, a host of experiments with various substances of reputed value in rabies, three of them with pilocarpine, and every supposed remedy which they employed appeared actually to hasten death by the violent paroxysms which it caused. The conclusions of M. Decroix are that it is experimentally demonstrated that rabies may terminate in spontaneous recovery. Up to the present day no agent has made good its claim as a remedy for rabies. The cases of recovery attributed to this or that agent may be, with equal justice, ascribed to the spontaneous termination of the disease. The dogs which recovered in the experiments carried on by the committee were left at rest, and since the administration of medicines usually provokes convulsive seizures, it seems desirable, according to our present knowledge to leave persons affected with the hydrophobia in the most perfect possible calm, trying experiments only upon animals. In absolute quietude and obscurity the paroxysms are far less terrible than when medicines are administered, and M. Decroix asserts that if these conditions could be secured, he would far rather suffer from hydrophobia than from many other disease. It may, however, be observed that we are scarcely justified in drawing, from the superior results of therapeutic inactivity in dogs, the same lesson in the case of the disease in man. The administration of a drug to the human sufferer may be effected with far less disturbance than in the case of the dog. Without doubt, however, he is correct in insisting on the absolute importance of perfect tranquillity, and of the avoidance of everything which may in any degree help to excite the paroxysms. It may be doubted, also, whether dogs are the best subjects for therapeutic experiments, since it is probable that the conditions met with in the human subject obtain more closely in the herbivora than in the carnivora. It is very desirable, in the case of any recovery from rabies, that it should be ascertained at what date the saliva ceases to be infectious, and whether the disease can be communicated after the animal has to all appearance recovered. This is a not improbable explanation of the occasional alleged occurrence of the disease from the bite of healthy animals.—*Lancet.*

A Keen Rebuke.

He was a commercial traveler on his way from Bowling Green to Hopkinsville, Ky. There was a wait of three hours at Guthrie, and a party of young ladies, with lively young married persons acting as matrons, made the station ring with merriment. They were going to visit the Mammoth Cave. The face of one of them is a study—a perfect oval, yet with that rich, warm brunette tint that you see more often in the Latin races than in the Anglo-Saxon. Her eyes look out from under the broad brim of a Gainesborough hat, through half-closed lids, wonderfully tantalizing in their subdued mirth, coquetry and love of life, lightly veiled with the laziness of good breeding. The brassy and dapper little wretch of a "drummer" had been watching the girls as a cat would a bevy of frolicsome and unsophisticated mice. Hastily seizing and returning a handkerchief accidentally dropped by the Gainesborough beauty, he seeks, with the audacity of his class, to open conversation:

"A very gay party you have, miss."

"Yes," says she, quietly, bowing acknowledgment of the handkerchief, and letting her laughing eyes drift slowly over him; "but then, you see, we know each other."

A very keen remark, keen-eyed as a Damascus blade, but perfectly ladylike in its unruffled good temper. The "drummer" retreated.—*Exchange.*

—A Russian Jew, who went to Atlanta, Ga., eight months ago with four dollars in his pocket is now building two neat cottages on two city lots he has paid for. He has a family of five children, and each one of them is a worker, as is also his wife. He averaged thirty dollars per week as a tailor, and each member of the family contributes something to the general income. Hence his prosperity.—*Chicago Times.*

—Simple fractures may be adjusted by almost any one. Get the limb as near as possible in the natural position, and then send for a doctor. There is no great urgency in such cases.—*Boston Transcript.*

For Young Readers.

IN AFFLICTION.

Don't talk to me of parties, Nan. I really cannot go;
When folks are in affliction they don't go out, you know.
I have a new brown sash, too, it seems a pity—eh?
That such a dreadful trial should have come just yesterday!

The play-house kitchens are all pulled down as dark as it can be;
It looks so very solemn, and so proper, don't you see?
And I have a piece of crape pinned on every dolly's hat;
Tom says it is ridiculous for only just a cat—

But boys are all so horrid! They always, every one,
Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, "just for fun."
The way he used to pull her tail—it makes me angry now—
And seat her up the cherry tree, to make the darling "meow!"

I've had her all the summer. One day, away last spring,
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little thing
In the corner of a fence; 'twould have made you laugh outright
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried to fight.

I shooed the dog away, and she jumped upon my arm;
The pretty creature knew I wouldn't do her any harm;
I hugged her close, and carried her to mamma, and she said
She should be my own wee kitty if I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft gray fur;
She'd lie for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr;
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,
Or try to catch her tail, or roll a marble in and out.

Such comfort she has been to me I'm sure no one could tell,
Unless some other little gir, who loves her pussy well.
I've heard about a Maltese cross, but my dear little kit
Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit!

But oh, last week I missed her! I hunted all around;
My darling little pussy-cat was nowhere to be found.
I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see:
"Take care of little kitty, *please*, and bring her back to me!"

I found her lying, yesterday, behind the tower shed;
I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.
Tom promised me another one, but even *he* can see
No other kitty ever will be just the same to me!

I *can't* go to your party, Nannie—Macaroons, you say?
And ice-cream?—I know I ought to try and not give way;
And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so;—
Well—it I'm equal to it by to-morrow—I *may go!*

—*Sydney Dayre, in Wide Awake.*

WOODPECKERS.

Of all the birds that earn their living by toil, perhaps none work as hard as the family of woodpeckers. From morning to night they are busy as busy can be, boring into trees in pursuit of insects for food, or chiseling out holes for the purpose of making their nests, and often during the night, when not at work, they sleep in the same painful posture they take during the labors of the day.

Have you ever heard this wonderful bird work? You have seen a man drilling a hole in a rock I am sure, and you have also heard the sound of his tool, with its click, click, click. Now the woodpecker has a drill that *he* works with in the same way, and what do you think it is? Nothing but his little bill, so made that he can drill holes in the trees, and you can hear the sound of *his* tool just as you do that of the blaster of rocks.

If you were here among the beautiful hills and valleys, you would find plenty of woodpeckers, and they are all carrying on these mysterious knockings, many times repeated, and very quickly, too. You would be surprised, too, that any birds so small could make themselves heard so distinctly, often at a distance of several hundred yards, working for two hours together upon the same tree.

They seek trees that are decayed in the trunk and branches, because wise little birds know well that insects are seldom found in live wood.

But how about the queer instrument that performs this arduous work? It is a curious contrivance enough, more like a chisel than anything else, it is hard and solid, too, and is worked by powerful muscles, which act upon the neck and direct its incessant blows, sometimes penetrating even to the pith of the wood.

But wonderful as this instrument is, there is yet another inside of it more curious, on purpose for pulling out the worm or insect it finds in drilling—a very long, straight tongue, which ends in a hard, bony point like a needle or thorn. This is arranged with sharp teeth, pointing backward, very much like the barbs of a fish-hook. Is this not a curious arrangement? two instruments in one.

But how can the bird manage to use them both at the same time? Let us see. While the woodpecker is busy at his drilling, the two parts of his bill are closed tightly together, making a good wedge-pointed drill, and at the same time a snug cage for the insect catcher. As soon as he comes to an insect, he opens this drill and pushes this long tongue with its barbed end into the insect and quickly draws it into its mouth.

Now, because he has to strike so hard in drilling, the bones of his head or skull are made much stronger and thicker than most birds, for you know that such heavy blows would jar them too much if they were weak heads. And God knew all this when He made the woodpecker, and provided for it.

Not only that, but in doing this hard drilling he must hold on tightly and firmly, or he would slip, as soon as he began to work, and here is a provision, too—he has given him a most singular claw, consisting of four thick toes, two turned forward and two backward, the one resembling a spear, being longest and stoutest, and joined to a very short and muscular foot, which enables the bird to cling very firmly, and creep in all directions around the trunks of trees.

His tail, too, with its ten stiff quills bent inwards and ending in stiff, hard points, is used as a sort of rest, when he is employed in an uncomfortable position.

About the last of May the woodpeckers prepare to build their nests. They have a good deal of hard work to do beforehand. The male bird takes the first steps by cutting a hole out of the solid wood as round as if done by a pair of compasses. He is occasionally relieved by the female, both working with great diligence, and although they bore six or eight inches down into the trunk of the tree, making their nests very roomy, and as smooth as if polished by an experienced hand, they are seldom more than a week in their construction. Though the nest is so large, the entrance is just fitted to the size of the owner. Often while they are working they carry out the chips, strewing them at a distance, to prevent suspicion. When all is completed, the bird thoroughly examines every part, outside and in, with great care, as every one should do who is about to occupy a new dwelling. She then takes full possession, and lays her six beautiful white eggs upon the smooth bottom of the cavity, or on a bedding made of the chips that have been dug out. If the woodpeckers have had harder work in the construction of their snug little chambers than some of the other birds, they have the advantage of them in this, that they are lodged "high and dry," when others are exposed to the peltings of the midnight storm.

When the young are hatched they are, of course, furnished with wings, but they go very little from the confines of their own home—like some retiring families, that we have known, who do not care for outside society. They seldom share in the sports of other birds or in their vocal concerts, and yet they have their own weird songs, which have rather a melancholy strain.

Some of the woodpeckers are very elegant. Among them are the gold-winged and red-headed, both of which are to be found here. At the very earliest and sweetest hours of the morning you can hear them calling to their mates, apparently talking up the work of the day before them.

The ivory-billed woodpecker is the prince among them all. This powerful instrument is as white as ivory and elegantly suited, and can dig into the hardest trees. The head and bill of this strange bird used to be in great repute among certain Indian tribes, not only for ornament, but as a sort of amulet or charm, and brought fabulous prices by way of trade.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in N. Y. Observer.*

Learning to Spell.

"C-a-b, lobster," lisped the little fellow at my knee.

"No, no, Willie! C-r-a-b spells crab, a little fish whose bones are on the outside."

"O, how funny!" laughed Willie. Then, taking a long breath, he bent his curly head over the primer, so full of words and pictures. "R-a-t, mouse-trap!"

Surely he knew that word, for he had a little trap like the one in the picture.

"O, Willie," I said, "your eyes are sharper than your ears. R-a-t spells rat."

"Isn't that a mouse-trap?" he asked, pointing a fat little finger at the picture.

"Yes, dear! R-a-t spells the little fellow you see inside."

"What a silly spell!" cried Willie, throwing down his book in disgust.

"You are not very wise yet, my darling. 'Try, try, try again,' you must think all the time. Now here is an easy word. Will my little boy look?"

Willie did look, and his blue eyes grew brighter.

"That's easy," he cried. "M-a-n, papa."

"Why do you think m-a-n spells papa?"

"Because—"

"Because why, dear?"

"The hat is like papa's."

"Whose hat, Willie?"

"The man's," he answered.

"Ah, that is it! M-a-n spells, not papa, but—"

"Man!" The little fellow was sure this time.

"Yes dear! And c-r-a-b spells—"

"The funny fish with the bones outside his skin."

"Crab, Willie. Now listen to the sounds of the letters."

Very soon he had learned his spelling lesson—three words—easy for big folks, but hard for little boys and girls.—*Our Little Ones.*

Dreaming vs. Doing.

Some people are always looking forward to a time when everything they do will succeed. But they do very little towards bringing about that happy conjunction of circumstances. They are dreaming when they might be doing. They make promises of help, when they might be giving substantial assurances. The boy says: "When I'm a man I'll do just as Uncle Richard does;" and already he sees himself grown old, rich and benevolent, the friend of humanity. But men don't become good all at once, any more than a tree has its boughs laden with fruit when it hasn't shown a green leaf or bud all summer long. No, indeed! If you want to be a good man, you must begin young, when goodness will become a part of you, just as the grafted branch becomes a part of the original tree.

Waiting for a chance to be somebody! Why, you are having chances every day, if you will only take advantage of them! Lazy folks like to excuse their laziness by complaining that they never had a chance. Be watchful for opportunities to do good and to be good.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The subject of reform in hospital structures was discussed in a paper by Dr. L. W. Baker, and read before the State Medical Society of Massachusetts. Dr. Baker advocates the system substantially in use in the United States army in the erection of post hospitals, which are usually wooden structures, two stories high, mounted on piles, driven so as to give free passage of air underneath. Structures of this kind, capable of accommodating from forty to fifty patients, can be equipped at small cost by the authorities of any country town, and would prevent a great deal of suffering among the poorer classes. Two hundred and fifty such buildings have been erected in Great Britain.—*Chicago Times.*

—Texas boys have a deep appreciation of fun, and know the best way to have it. One tied a rag soaked in coal oil around the neck of a sleeping comrade and set fire to it, "just to see him jump." The jump carried the victim to eternal glory.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If you clean your mirror with a soft paper instead of a cloth, time and trouble will both be saved, as there will be no lint, and the gloss will have a better polish.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Very frequent news items about ghastly deaths from goring by bulls preach effective sermons against horns, and against careless approaches to these generally mismanaged and treacherous beasts.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The use of tarred paper or rooting felt in the poultry house has been generally approved by those who have used it as a protector and preventive of vermin. The felt, after remaining on a few days and becoming hardened and comparatively dry, may be whitewashed without detracting in any great degree from the strong odor which it is claimed keeps off the vermin.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Peach fritters, served with cream and sugar, are an excellent substitute for pastry at dinner. Make a batter as for ordinary fritters—of sweet milk, flour and baking powder—and if you choose to add one egg to each pint of milk it will improve the dish. Peel and quarter as many peaches as you wish to put in—the more the better, as the peaches shrink in cooking. Drop by spoonfuls in hot lard, fry till brown, and serve warm.

—Florentine Pudding: Boil one quart of milk; mix one teacup of corn starch smoothly with a little milk, into which stir the yelks of three eggs; flavor with lemon or vanilla; stir into boiling milk when the consistency of thick starch. Put into pudding dish; when cool, cover with a meringue made with the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, mixed with white pulverized sugar. Place in the oven, when a light brown 'tis done. Serve cold with milk or cream. —*Prairie Farmer.*

—Tomato Puree: One large can or twelve fresh tomatoes, one quart of boiling water, two small onions, a small carrot, half a small turnip, two or three sprigs of parsley or a stalk of celery: all cut fine and boiled together for one hour, first seasoning with one even tablespoonful of salt, one of white sugar and half a teaspoonful of pepper. As the water boils away renew it, that the quantity may remain the same. Finally, cream a tablespoonful of butter with two heaping ones of flour, and add hot soup until it will pour easily. Pour into the soup; boil all together for five minutes: then strain through a sieve, serving with dice of fried bread or with toasted crackers.—*Our Continent.*

Feeding Corn Smut.

The contradictory opinions entertained by farmers in regard to the poisonous qualities of corn smut and the current reports of cattle dying from this cause led to the experiment of feeding it to two cows selected from the farm herd at the University Experimental Farm, Madison, Wis. A report of this experiment, given by Professor W. A. Henry and incorporated in the tenth annual report of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, furnishes the following facts:

The cows experimented with were both natives and about eight years old. One designated as the "red cow" was farrow and was being fattened for the butcher. The other, a black cow, was giving about five quarts of milk per day. Both animals were in good condition. They were placed in comfortable quarters and allowed two hours' exercise during the middle of the day. Each was fed five pounds of bran morning and night and what meadow hay they could eat. In addition to this the red cow received at noon each day a peck of ears of corn, chopped in small pieces. The smut was saved by the men at husking-time and all fed previous to November 18 was carefully cleaned and sieved, in order that so far as possible nothing but pure, clean spores should be fed. On and after the 18th the smut was prepared by simply freeing it from the corn-stalks, leaving it often in bunches of considerable size. It was fed dry mixed with bran, half in the morning and half at night. The smallest amount of smut fed on any one day was six ounces and the largest amount sixty-four ounces. The experiment began November 10.

The red cow was a greedy, huge feeder and soon accepted her quarters. The black cow was nervous and more uneasy in her partial confinement. November 16 the black cow refused to eat all the bran and smut mixture, leaving about two-thirds of it. For a couple of days again she ate it all, and then grew so indifferent that she would scarcely taste it, and on the twenty-third day of the month was turned out with the rest of the cattle as being smut proof.

The red cow ate all that was given to her and seemed to thrive freely, when a sudden change came. On the morning of the 24th she refused her food, but at that time exhibited no signs of pain. At nine o'clock she was found lying down and soon gave evidence of great suffering. Her temperature fell rapidly and at half past eleven o'clock she died. Her symptoms during sickness were loss of use of limbs; head thrown forward so as to bring nose on a line with back; hard breathing and groaning; spasmodic contractions of the body; horns and legs cold, the latter stretched out stiffly and hoofs rattling when shivering; some frothing at the mouth, from which also flowed quite a quantity of thin, yellowish fluid. No feces passed after she lay down, but passages had occurred during the night. The excrement was somewhat watery and of a peculiar blackish color.

In an experiment on this point by Professor Gamgee, under the direction of the department at Washington, smut fed when wet produced no ill effects, and when fed dry at the rate of thirty-six ounces per day caused the cow to lose flesh. No other ill effects followed.

With these experiments Professor Henry concluded it is a fact that cows are liable to die suddenly and without warning when they eat smut in large quantities. He also believes it is quite evident, too, that smut is not an active poison in moderate quantities. In a word, he considers that the principal danger from this cause lies in turning cattle into stalk fields, where they often gorge themselves with dry, indigestible corn fodder and smut. Professor Gamgee recommends for animals sick from this cause some purgative, as a pound of epsom salts or a pint of linseed oil for a grown animal and to induce the animal to drink water as soon as possible.—*N. Y. World.*

Thirteen Hours of Peril.

On Sunday morning last, off Merwin's Point, on the Connecticut shore, a fishing party, out from New Haven on the yacht Clarence, picked up a young man sitting in the submerged hull of a catboat, who said that his name was Fred W. Reimann, that he had been in his perilous position over thirteen hours, and that a comrade named George Cornell, who was with him the evening before when their boat was capsized, had been drowned. They took him to New Haven, and later in the day he returned to his home, 382 East Fourth Street, New York. To a *Sun* reporter he told yesterday the story of his adventure. He is a tall, athletic, fine-looking young fellow, nineteen years old. The comrade who was lost was a little more than sixteen. Reimann said:

"We had been out sailing since last Wednesday week, had been up to Hartford, Conn., on a visit, and at noon on Saturday last started from Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, on our return trip to New York. Our boat was sixteen and one-half feet long, cat rigged. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were six or seven miles out from New Haven, the wind freshened a great deal, and a big sea began to rise. We put a double reef in the sail, and held on, however. By six o'clock the swell was fully seven feet high, and the wind, which was almost dead from the east, was approximating a gale. At this time we determined to stand in to New Haven harbor for shelter. When within 200 yards of the old lighthouse, on the reef, we capsized. The accident happened but a few moments after the lighthouse lamp was lighted, as daylight was deepening into dusk. The only vessel in sight was a schooner, far away, beyond the possibility of our hoping for aid from her. We shouted as loud as we could, but the sea made such a terrible roaring that our voices were drowned by it. When we were capsized, our boat lay upon her side, with the mast and sail flat on the water, heaving and pitching with the waves, and we climbed over on the side, put our feet against the centreboard, and held on as best we could. For a time we drifted toward the lighthouse reef. We had two heavy stone anchors aboard, one on deck and the other below, when we went over, and their weight, swinging below, kept the boat down so that she could hardly float. I got my knife out, dived down, and cut one of them loose, so that we rode a little easier. We had been capsized before—in smooth weather, however—and were not at all scared, but recognized the situation as serious and tried to make the best of it.

"When he had drifted to within about 150 feet of the rocky reef, and saw that we were going past it, we thought we would swim to shore if we could. As I was older and stronger than Cornell, I made a trial first to see if we could live in the big waves by swimming out to the end of the mast and back, and, when I found that I could do it, we started—he from the bow and I from the stern—for shore. We swam about fifteen yards from the boat, hardly more than one-quarter of the distance to the shore, when we got into such violent breakers that I saw our attempt was hopeless, and called to Cornell to turn back and make for the boat. I just waited long enough to see him turn and start back, and then I set out for the boat as hard as I could. I barely managed to catch the end of the mast and hold on when my strength almost all gave way. I went down and had only sufficient strength to drag myself up on the boat again. When I could get my breath I shouted for Cornell as loudly as I could, but, poor fellow, I never saw him again.

"I held on the side of the boat with my feet on the centre-board for two hours, with the big rollers sweeping over me every few moments and nearly washing me away, when I found that my strength was so far gone that I could no longer trust myself without lashings. Then I made myself fast with a piece of rope that I cut away, to one of the scupper holes. There I stayed for four or five hours until about twelve o'clock. Then the mast, from its long and violent working by the swell, tore itself out of the deck, and the boat righted, full of water, of course, and with barely buoyancy enough to float, with me upon it, about three inches below the surface. I fixed myself as best I could on the bow and waited, the big waves still dashing over my head so frequently as hardly to give me breathing spells. In that way I drifted to within half a mile of Savin Rock, when a current or the wind, I do not know which, gave me another direction, and I drifted three miles outside the lighthouse again. During the night I saw two steamers and a tow coming out of New Haven, but they were too far off to lend me any assistance. Toward morning, about one o'clock, I guess, I drifted along the shore toward New York, about five miles away from New Haven, to a place they call Merwin's Point, where I was picked up.

"From daylight the wind went down somewhat, but there was still a very heavy swell running. During that time, from daylight until I was rescued, I saw but one vessel, a schooner, and the persons aboard saw me waving my hands and a board, but went off on another track and left me. A long way, outside, however, they ran within hail of the yacht Clarence, with a fishing party on board, and told them there was a man overboard somewhere near Merwin's Point. There were nineteen men on the yacht, and they had been out all night. The storm had been so bad that they never dropped a line and were nearly all seasick. When they got the information from the schooner they stood in looking for me, and finally found me. It was twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning when their skiff took me off, and I had been in the water thirteen and a half hours. Had the water been at all cold I would undoubtedly have perished.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—To Color Blue: Color in brass. For five pounds of cloth put four ounces of copperas in two pailfuls of water, scald the cloth two hours in this, then rinse it in cold water; put two ounces of prussiate of potash in two pailfuls of water, put in the cloth, boil twenty minutes and take the cloth out: put one ounce of oil of vitriol in a bowl of cold water, then put it in the potash dye; put back the cloth in this dye and let it stand until the right color, then rinse in cold water.—*The Household.*

The Diseases of Farmers.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* gives some interesting facts on this subject and indirectly suggests how some of the causes of disease may be prevented or diminished. The more common diseases among farmers are: First, pulmonary affections in various forms; second, rheumatism; third, dyspepsia; fourth, fevers, especially of the typhoid type. Every possible precaution should be employed to guard against these insidious enemies. The farmer, with his active, outdoor life, can digest almost anything, and often thrives on a wretched diet; but the wife and daughters, living too much indoors, grow pale and dyspeptic on the same fare. They need to learn and practice the pedestrian habits of the women of England. It is largely because they exercise daily in the open air that the latter retain so long the bloom and vigor of youth. More outdoor exercise would promote the health and prolong the lives of American women. Though dyspepsia stands third in the list of diseases among farmers it is the first in its prevalence among their wives and daughters. In many cases farmers' wives suffer from overwork, and sometimes it is true of their children. The duties of the farmer's wife are excessive, when to the bearing and rearing of children is added general housework, including the cooking for farm laborers, besides her own family, and the care of a dairy. The location of the farmer's home is often in a low, damp and unhealthy spot.

Low ground is preferred as more accessible, more shielded from winds, nearer springs, or more convenient for digging wells. The early settlers in New England sought the hills and mountain sides to escape malaria. When that danger disappeared the tendency of their descendants was to the valleys, and many now suffer from damp locations, near wet meadows and little above the water level, or on hardpan, which, holding the surface water, is always wet and cold. In such cases cellars are damp and the drainage poor. It is by no means affirmed that farmhouses are more likely to be badly located than houses in our cities and villages, but in the latter there is little or no choice. Farmhouses may be and ought to be better located than city residences. Low sites, where the house drains, are sluggish, the fogs frequent, the air stagnant and the effluvia from the outbuildings confined, should always be avoided. Next in importance to location is cleanliness in the surroundings of the farmhouses. Pulmonary affections stand first among the four most common diseases of farmers, and indeed of the community at large. Two causes are assigned for this result. One is needless exposure to cold and wet, especially wet feet, and another is bad posture. Some kinds of work, like setting out plants, spading, hoeing, mowing and weeding, favor a cramped position, but none of them necessitate it. Indeed, one can better bear any work if he keeps his chest expanded and his lungs well inflated. He can do any kind of farm work better by bending at the hip than by curving the spine and contracting the chest. The French, Swiss and German farm laborers are far more erect than American farmers.

—Wah Lung, a New York Chinaman, went to Buffalo the other day on his way to San Francisco, and bought a ticket to Chicago via the Grand Trunk Railway. Everything was lovely till Wah Lung wanted to get out of Canada into Michigan, when the authorities, with the new restriction law in their minds, absolutely refused to allow him to cross over. So the Celestial returned to Buffalo, and after a good deal of "chin chin," got a certificate that he was as good as any Melican man and continued on toward the setting sun.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE New York *Evening Telegram* says: Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

AN Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

VAST merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. —*Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.*

STEP on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.—*N. O. Picayune.*

FUNCTIONAL derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

THEY used to say when a man was in an ill humor that he "had his back up." Now they remark that he is "on his ear." This is a great and needed improvement.

REDDING'S Russia Salve is the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Try it.

THE Philadelphia *News* asserts that "people with the teeth are always smiling." This cannot be true as far as teetotalers are concerned.

"JUST look at that horrible mud out there," she lisped. "Well, that's the proper place for it, is it not? Where would you have it, on your boots, or down your neck?" Another fellow pays for her caramels now.—*Puck.*

SYDNEY SMITH said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement about St. Paul's: "All you have got to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done."

WHY ought wicked people to go carriage-driving often? Because it frequently admonishes them to "keep to the right."—*Philadelphia Item.*

"DO THE subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" was asked of a missionary. "Yes," he replied, "and everything else they can lay their hands on."

COVINGTON, Ky., may be little, but it is loud. It has just organized a Plattdeutsch-verglesheilverengesellschaft, and will be heard from anon.

AMERICA has a population of 53,000,000. It does seem as if in all this immense crowd a red-nosed man ought to pass unnoticed, but he can't.

ANOTHER Western man is on the high road to fortune. A Chicago barber advertises for ten deaf and dumb assistants.—*Philadelphia News.*

"IN this country," says a boarding-house victim, "I find nothing at all but insects, on the leg or on the wing, but insects on everything." This accounts for the moths-covered bucket.—*The Judge.*

A BACKMAN recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.—*Puck.*

THE New York *Graphic* says that it is the present aim of fashionable women to make their shoulders as high and square as possible. Gothic style. Turrets on each wing.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

A YOUNG man in Goshen has been entirely cured of nervous prostration by playing on a fiddle. The disease passed to the family next door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Fatal Mistake

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY: Remember, young man, dat de best frien' yer's got on dis earth is a better frien' ter himself, den he is ter you. Doan turn a man onten de ranks ob respectability case he's a coward. While Nature was foolin' away her time paintin' different colors and stripes on de horns ob de jacksnappers an' udder bugs, I doan see why she didn't contrive some easier way fur a child to cut teeth.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Haunted Me.

A Workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—*Christian Advocate.*

WHEN ten-cent pieces again become fashionable as articles of jewelry every inn can wear a dime-and-plu.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Lucullus, the Roman Epicure.

A simple order from this renowned Roman to his servants to "Serve dinner in room so and so," was enough to insure a feast unequalled in the then known world. An order to your servant to "bring me a bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters from the drug store," will insure the happiest returns. Fever and Ague, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney troubles, all and more of such diseases are surely cured by Mishler's Herb Bitters.

"NEVER swear before ladies," says a preacher. What are we to do. Wait until the ladies swear first, and then swear after them? An early reply solicited.—*Bloomington Eye.*

*** "It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates these organs, and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

ENQUIRER: Are there any signs of a hard winter? There are! Seven English lecturers threaten to visit this country.—*Boston Post.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

A WRITER in the *Musical Education* writes on "How to Breathe." To those who are not too lazy it will be found interesting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

FUNNY FACT: That "noon," whether we spell it backwards or forwards, is always midday.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

THE proof of the pudding is eating it. Try Wise's Axle Grease.

THIS year people have been going away to spend their money, not to spend the summer. —*N. O. Picayune.*

MODOC Axle Grease is the best cheap grease in the market.

A MAN should not resign—even an umbrella—while under a cloud.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." 15c. Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs.

IT IS not always the flower of the family that furnishes the bread.—*Whitehall Times.*

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

WHEN prayers are put in a book they are bound to be repeated.

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That terrible scourge fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable effair, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

TEAS In abundance.—$5 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.
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Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Please everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.
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Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side, Back or Loins, Etc. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Female Irregularities, Weakness, Prolapsus, Whites, Suppressions, Painful Menstruation, Etc. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Etc. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Piles, Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Jaundice, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Costiveness, Etc. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Etc. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Females, Children or Old People. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Males, Young or Old. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons of Sedentary Habits. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Miasmatic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Malarious Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Contagious Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Infectious Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Epidemic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Endemic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Sporadic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Pandemic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Zymotic Influences. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Diseases of Persons Exposed to Miasmatic, Malarious, Contagious, Infectious, Epidemic, Endemic, Sporadic, Pandemic and Zymotic Influences.

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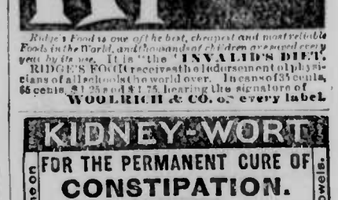

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Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use. It is "the INVALID'S DIET."

RIDGE'S FOOD (receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over. Is in cans 45 cents, 65 cents, $1.25 and $1.75, bearing the signature of WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

HOLMAN'S PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE

Containing both Versions of the NEW TESTAMENT. We make No Extra Charge for this addition. Other publishers charge $1. FINE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS Elegant Designs. Handsomely Bound. Our Bibles Contain 2,000 Pages, 2,500 Illustrations. Extra Inducements Offered to Energetic Agents. Illustrated Catalogue sent on Application. A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 1222 Arch St., Philadelphia.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 84, Philad'a, Pa.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 341 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo

A. N. K. N. Co Clev'd 804

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

What is Money.

The value of a commodity limits its quantity. Anything which can be obtained in a limited quantity, with a certain ascertainable amount of labor, and which is divisible, will serve the purpose of money. Furs have been employed in some countries as money, cattle in others—as in the "Iliad," in the estimation of the respective values of the shields of Diomedes and Glaucus, the one worth nine oxen, and the other a hundred oxen—bricks of tea in Tartary, cowries in Africa, rock salt in Abyssinia. Other African tribes calculated in *manilles*, a money of the mind, which has no substance corresponding to it, but the value contained in which has been sufficiently ingrained in their minds to answer the purposes of a measure of value. Bullion is chosen because it complies with these two conditions, difficulty of acquisition and divisibility, better than any known substance. Is it not strange that we should turn this servant into our master, and elevate that which is a mere medium for avoiding the inconveniences of barter into the indispensable necessary of life, hardly secondary to food and clothing? If by some convulsion of nature the precious metals, gold and silver, were utterly destroyed, the world would be impoverished by the loss of a commodity on the discovery and manufacture of which much labor and time had been expended, but the only result would be that we should have recourse to some other contrivance. The main business of life would go on as before, and the only difference would probably be that we should be obliged to have recourse to a paper currency, based on whatever might be found, after careful consideration, to be the most convenient or least inconvenient standard of value. The question would be, as it is now, a question of remedying the inconveniences of barter by providing some means of fixing prices.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Keep the Main Issue Clear.

It is to be hoped that the Republican Congressional Committee will render effective service during the campaign, and perhaps it will. But it is starting out with a cardinal error. It announces, for instance, in its first publication, that the "Main question to be decided at the coming Congressional elections is who can best be trusted to count honestly the next Presidential vote." This is certainly an issue, and an important one, but it is scarcely the most important. The most important issue in the Congressional election is an economic one, and refers to the placing of the business and industrial interests of the country upon a sound money basis. The main question is as to which party can be depended on to act the more wisely with reference to the class of questions upon which the material prosperity of the People and the development of our resources depend. The Congressional Committee is a year or so behind the times. Its fault is that it derives its inspiration from the Washington atmosphere, whereas the inspiration of the campaign should be furnished by the voters. The people take a great interest in the counting of the electoral vote, but they take a greater one in the election of a Congress which will not play at ducks and drakes with the tariff and permit the depreciation of the standard of value with all that it involves. They want a Congress for other purposes than merely to count in a President, and it is always better to place the main argument in the foreground. When the merchants, farmers and manufacturers are to be appealed to, it is well to strike them right at home.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat (Rep.)*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at druggists in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in Equity, I will offer at

Mountain Lake Park Station,

on the B. & O. R. R. on the

26th day of September,

A. D. 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., all the following personal property, to-wit:

A LOT OF HARDWARE

consisting of

1 Cross-cut Saw,
Hatchets, Axe-handles,
Wrenches, Hinges, Screws,
Platform scales, 50 Kegs Nails,
5 boxes Tin,
800 lbs. Bar Iron,
Drill Press,
Blacksmith Tools,
30 Squares Tin Roofing.
15 Squares corrugated Iron,
3 Wheelbarrows,
Set Tinners Tools,
1 Straw-cutter,
1 Cooking Stove.

A large lot of Paints, Glass, Paint Brushes, Varnishes, &c., &c.

1 Mule, 2 Sets Harness, 1 Cart.

A large lot of mouldings of various sizes and patterns.

A lot of white oak pailings.

A lot of patent weather-boarding.

Doors, door frames, window, window frames, window shutters.

About 18,000 feet dressed poplar lumber.

40,000 laths.

9,000 shingles.

10,000 feet white oak flooring.

10,000 feet dressed chestnut lumber.

About 100,000 feet pine lumber.

About 50 bushels lime.

A lot coal.

100,000 BRICKS

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES.

TERMS OF SALE.

As prescribed by the Court, all sums of fifty dollars and under cash. On sums over fifty dollars a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his note and approved security. If sale is not completed the first day it will be continued from day to day until all the property is disposed of.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

A Farm for Sale.

Located in Fairfax district, Preston county, W. Va., five miles South of Oakland, B. & O. R. R., known as the Chris. Witt farm. This tract contains

240 Acres of good and level bottom land,

(underlaid with limestone,) two large orchards of good fruit, a good sugar camp,

A GOOD SAW-MILL,

and other improvements. A pleasant situation, in a moral community, healthy climate, convenient to schools, churches, markets, &c. For terms, &c., address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and tigured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

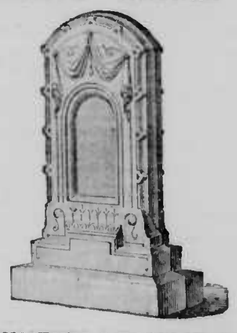

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the finest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland. Improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. R. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.35 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a nice line of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN B. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

jl 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "**Roland.**" The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
101 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. BALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.
CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered, basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,
Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete Instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 1f MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodes, beaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving at short notice.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6f

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres, in good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 64 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 1f D. J. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

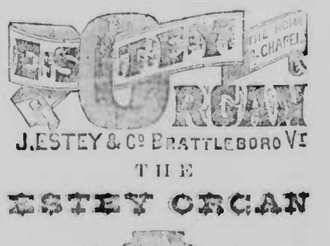

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882. NUMBER

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved credit. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

7 29 ly

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the Wilhink Farm, about five miles from Oakland, on

Wednesday, September 27th,

1882, at 9 o'clock, A. M., all his Household and Kitchen furniture

Wagons,
Plows,
Grain and
Farming Implements

—Also—

LIVE STOCK,

Consisting of 2 Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $10, Cash; over that amount a credit of Four months, purchaser giving security approved by J. B. Brant, Auctioneer.

THOMAS HAIGH.

Aug. 26, 1882, tds.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and Insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and not prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor." "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA." [illegible]

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind." [illegible]

"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA." [illegible]

"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys." [illegible]

If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O. For Constipation and Piles, take

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Something New!

I AM NOW PREPARED TO EMBALM IN the best manner, and in any style desired, including framing. Natural Flowers that have been used in Weddings, Funerals, Etc. Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices from 25 to 30 per cent. less than it would cost in the large cities.

Cut Flowers, Bouquets,

and all FLORAL DESIGNS furnished at shortest notice, and sent to any distance by express or mail.

Dutch Bulbs and Flower Roots,

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Lilies of the Valley, &c., in all shades and colors, in greatest quantities.

WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS of all kinds

Fruits and Vegetables

Melons, Cantelopes, Peaches, Apples, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes and all vegetables.

Large and fine lot of FALL CABBAGE, for kraut. Orders booked and cabbage delivered September 15, and after.

All orders, wholesale and retail, left at store, or sent by mail, telegraph or telephone promptly filled.

HENRY WEBER,
P. O. Box, 101. 91 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.
or Oakland, Md.

June 3 3m.

ORDER NISI.

Ephraim G. Blackburn, vs. His Creditors.	No. 66 Insolvents, in the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

ORDERED, this seventh day of September, 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by Gilmore S. Hamill and William P. Townshend, Trustees, for the sale of the real estate of Ephraim G. Blackburn, Insolvent petitioner, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the second day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $35.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True copy—Test—
9 16 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over and we stood on the farm-house portico, arm in arm. On the sill of the door sat baby, screaming with delight, as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands.

Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweet brier and honeysuckle; the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks and the morning air was sweet and fresh and filled with exquisite woodland odors and musical with the songs of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and poultry yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine and dreamlike tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point, if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you; only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack—something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities growing grain and digging potatoes and raising stock to his life's end."

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion?"

"Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! you don't understand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred-fold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is your society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children as they grow up?"

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head in her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said; "and my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life."

"No, no, I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life, and married yourself in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack; don't forget that. You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I'm anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack; and there we can get into society."

"I'm not fond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be, for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desired to give a little party to-morrow, we could not for lack of guests."

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

"Of a certain sort, yes, but I don't want them, Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the—sort of society one gets in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell?"

"Well, then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circle. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness?"

"Our means are not inexhaustible, Nell."

"I'm aware of that, Jack, but we've enough for a start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in their bank."

"At a limited salary, Nell."

"Oh, yes, but you can work your way up, Jack; right to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said, "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you consented to be my wife, and I'll try to keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last, and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished!

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was settled. Cherry Hill was sold, the farm was sold, and one sunny morning [illegible] turned our backs upon the [illegible] summits and golden [illegible] and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-bye; "you'd better have stuck to the farm. You remember the old saying about rolling stones."

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily, "and I think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else can."

"All right; I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good-bye to both of you. Whatever you do care for the little one. If you happen to tire of town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block. We established ourselves in the principal hotel and then set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as ingrain carpet. Get Brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friend's advice, and laid our rooms with Brussels, and the cost ran up into the hundreds. Then furniture was got to match, Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty costly bric-a-brac, and real lace curtains, and a new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the establishment. There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate, when they once get at it. Jack had always been one of the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went, and saving every stray penny.

Once into the vortex of city life his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days and by the time our new home was ready to receive us he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George!" he said, looking through the extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what does that signify. What good comes of having money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely," I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Who ever heard of a banker's clerk saying anything? If we make both ends meet it will be more than I look for."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house and hired a couple of servants, "I suppose you want to give some sort of a party now? It is customary, you know. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices and fruits and dancing for the young ones. That would do nicely. You can throw your parlors into one and your carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you. She's an excellent judge as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, little wife, have a party by all means. When one's in Rome one must do as the Romans do, you know. Don't spare expense either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume; I want you to look as grand as a little empress."

"But, Jack," I suggested timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will go anyway, one way or the other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you are fairly in now and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart [illegible] a little, and in the midst of all the care and flutter of preparation I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet months of my early wifehood, spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days—so strong and steady and self-reliant, and now he seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex, I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But, despite my tears, our reception went off, and it turned out to be a grand success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried out in the most lavish and elegant manner.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you are right, always right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided me and blamed me for what I had done.

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests. Balls, soires, kettle drums and the opera seemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it all with his own heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were solely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on and the baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint of such a thing.

The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shown down with a pitiless splendor and the paved streets seemed like heated brass.

Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows, and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the seashore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell, I think we can. I'll try to borrow a few hundred somewhere.

"Oh, Jack, no, no," I sobbed out, in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the seashore. You see how ill baby is. Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we went back. It is deadfully stupid down there these summer days, with the hay making, and the reaping, and all that sort of thing. We should never be able to endure it now."

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and our bills ran up higher and higher, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself began to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage, quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then, and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and baby are both ill," I said, "and we are sick and tired of this life. Pray forgive us and let us come home."

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the bailiffs and officers of the law were before him. The rumor that we intended to leave town had got out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpets, the handsome furniture, and costly bric-a-brac, all went under the hammer at a disastrously low figure.

"Never mind," said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face; "let them squabble over it if they will. We must get our sick home."

So we got Jack into the carriage, and with his poor hot head on my knee, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived triumph.

"We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the mountain ravine.

"The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was sure you'd want to [illegible] back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the mountain peaks as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed. The great red rose bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hives, and the cattle bell tinkled in the barnyard.

The door stood wide open. We carried Jack in and laid him down in the broad, breezy room that had been our bridal chamber.

He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath, as the mountain breeze touched his throbbing head.

"Nell, where are you?" he said. "Surely this must be home?"

"I am here, Jack," I answered, through my tears; "and this is home, dear old Cherry Hill."

"Thank God!" he murmured, and fell back on the pillows, and I saw great tears trinkling slowly from beneath his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silver glory of the rising moon, the grandfather sat with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that late hour the pigeons fluttered around her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin little hands.

I arose softly, and fell on my knees beside Jack's low pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been so wicked. Forgive me, Jack, forgive me. I am so glad to be at home again."

And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the safe, sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understood all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered, "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me."

He smiled at me with his grave, fond eyes.

"And, oh, Jack, our money is all gone and——"

He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman; the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old mountain nest in search of fashion and society again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass, and, clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, I was the happiest woman the round world held.

Short Guide to Bankruptcy.

While one of the Bosniac delegates who waited upon the Emperor Frantz Josef at Hofburg, a few weeks ago, was staying in Vienna, the owner of the hotel in which he lodged became a bankrupt. Hearing of his hosts mishap, the worthy Beg sought an explanation of the term "bankruptcy," and having thoroughly mastered its meaning, proceeded, on his return to his native village, to impart his information to sundry of the faithful, his near relative, and close family connections. "This, O my brothers," he observed, "is the true and proper way to become a bankrupt: First you must hire a shop. Then you write to rich merchants in far distant cities, inviting them to forward their wares to you for sale, and pledging yourself to pay them within a few months. As soon as you shall have received sufficient merchandise you must sell it for cash or hide it carefully away. Then must you go to the judge and say to him: "Beloved of Allah! I am a bankrupt. Here are £5. They are all I have in the world." The judge will keep £4 of the £5 and proclaim you in bankruptcy; the other £1 will be divided among those who supplied you with goods. Later on you will remove to another town and begin this good and easy business over again. Thus may the passing bitterness of insolvency be converted into the abiding sweetness of a comfortable independence."

North Carolina is naturally a Republican State, and it is not surprising to learn that the overthrow of Bourbonism there this fall is anticipated with confidence by the Republican Congressional Committee. The people of North Carolina are heartily tired of ring rule. They are begining to realize that if Northern capital and enterprise are to be attracted to their State, there must be honesty in public affairs and less persecution for political opinions. For some time it has been apparent that a slight change in public sentiment was all that was needed to bring about the overthrow of Bourbon ring-masters, for they have been kept in power only by a small majority. This change in public opinion now seems to have taken place, and the result of the struggle becomes a matter of National interest and importance.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

OSCULATION.

A NANTASKET IDYL.

Where the summer breezes mingle
Perfumes with the faden air,
And the honeysuckle blossoms
Spread their fragrance everywhere,
Just within the broad veranda,
In a shady, cool retreat,
Lay our hero, Dick, reclining,
Ennuied, o'ercome with heat.

Hark! a step upon the carpet.
"Coming here? By Jove, it's Lu!
Happy thought! I'll feign a slumber,
Just to see what she will do."
And his eyelids then descended
O'er his laughing hazel eyes,
And with blissful expectation
There he waited for the prize.

Nearer, nearer came the footsteps,
Lightly as a fairy's tend,
While within his wicked ambush
Richard waited for the end.
Softly they approached the sofa—
Surely he it is they seek—
And, surprised and joyed, he felt a
Timid kiss upon his cheek!

Thrilled with fond imagination,
Up he sprang with ardor then,
And with love's own burning passion
Clasped—his faithful pointer, Ben!
Clasped him with delicious triumph,
Pressed him fondly to his breast,
Then, with madness gazed upon him—
Well, we'll omit the rest!

—*George W. Hills, in Boston Gazette.*

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"The fact of it is, Joseph," Aunt Phemy Smith was saying, her knitting-needles poised in air, "you'd ought to get married. Girls are all very well, but they can't provide for a man like a wife, and, besides, Phemy can't stay with you always. Philander Dunn is nigh about tired waiting for her now, and it ain't right to keep young folks apart so. You'd ought to be married."

Uncle Joe Badger tipped his chair back to a more comfortable angle, and looked abstractedly at his boots. He was tall and lank, and not at all good-looking; but very few people were that in West Canton, and as owner of the Badger farm, he felt able to dispense with other claims to regard. Besides, good looks belonged to young people, and Uncle Joe did not deny his half-century of experience.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I s'pose you're about right, Phemy." He sighed as he spoke, but it was not all in memory of the wife of his youth. Partly also the difficulties involved in the choice of her successor depressed his soul. He was a shy man, and he dreaded the needful preliminaries.

"You've waited a proper time," Aunt Phemy went on, answering that half of the sigh which referred to her sister; "and I'd be the last one to want you to marry in unbecomin' haste. Hetty was a good wife, and it ain't likely you can find her match in Canton. She was jest the chipperest woman about a house I most ever see, an' she'd be the last person to want you unhappy for lack of some one in her place."

"Well, that's so," Uncle Joe assented, with a shade more animation; an' I remember now, jest about a week before she died, she said suthin' like that. But I didn't see no call to take it serious then." He sighed again, looking out from the broad porch where they sat, past the wheat-field and woodland to the deserted grave-yard on the hill. Even at that distance one could see the glimmer of the white stones in the sunshine.

"Did she speak of any one in particular?" Aunt Phemy asked. "She was always fond of Cynthy Bascom, I know. She told me once she thought Cynthy 'd make such a good stepmother."

"There's no call to talk of a step-mother," Uncle Joe returned," with Harrit an' Josephine settled in homes of their own out West, and Phemy all ready to be married."

Evidently his fancy was not caught by Cynthy Bascom's virtues. Aunt Phemy saw it and veered at once. "Well, that's true enough an' if Cynth is smart she's not much to speak of in looks. Now there's the widder Hood; she's full as spry, an' she's fine-appearin'."

"But she's got children."

"Only one to home. Dan provides for himself now, an' they'd never be no expense to you, for they've got money comin' from their grandfather."

"I don't b'lieve Hetty 'd like a widder," Uncle Joe said, falling back now, as in her life, behind her apron. "She was always sot aginst widders marryin' agin, teastways if they had children."

"Well, there's Corneely Bugbee; she's suitable for age, turned forty, I know, an' a master-hand to work. She'd manage the farm for you an' take care of you ef you got down with rheumatiz agin. An' you know the doctor said you was liable to another attack any time. It's your duoty to think of that, Joseph."

"Yes, but Corneely, now—ain't she rather—sorter—old—and domineerlug, so to speak?" ventured Uncle Joe, meekly.

"There's Jane Hotchkiss, but she's sort o' shiftless; never gits her washin' out before noon. An' Diodeny Barnes, she's too young."

"Why, I dunno," answered the other, doubtfully. "She must be nigh on to thirty-seven or so, ain't she?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if she was," his adviser remarked, after a minute's pause to think the matter over. "But she ain't very healthy. Now let me see."

For in truth the field was narrowing. West Canton was full of spinsters and widows, and Joseph Badger could certainly pick and choose. But even he could not be too critical. Aunt Phemy saw the need of a little diplomacy, and took her one from his last remark.

"There's Maria Stone. If you want some one younger. Or Abby Stebbins, though I'm free to confess she'd never be my ch'ice."

"Now, I always thought well of Abby, and so did Hetty. She said once she thought she'd be happier if she had a husband. An' Maria's took good care of her old father, you know."

"Well," answered Aunt Phemy, "it ain't a wife for me I'm a-seletin', an' if you fancy Maria or Abby, it's your own business. But I hope you'll make up your mind right off, Joseph. Widowers ain't expected to shilly-shally. Everybody knows what they're after the first time they come, an' you might as well say it straight out. Jest git yourself ready come Sunday night, an' go see one of 'em, an' have it off your mind. It's between harvest and threshin' You couldn't have a better time."

But from this awful proposal Uncle Joe recoiled. He was willing to marry if his sister-in-law thought best; but he took such alarm at the mention of the needful steps toward it that at last, in sheer pity, Aunt Phemy volunteered to see the elect lady, and sound the matter for him. In consideration of that favor, Uncle Joe left the selection pretty much to her.

"Jest which you think best, Phemy," he repeated, anxiously, as he rose to go. "I dunno as I've a mite o' choice myself."

But Aunt Phemy had, and when next day she put on her sun-bonnet, took her knitting and dropped in for a friendly call on Miss Maria Stone, it was with a peculiar purpose. It was a plain indication of Providence, to her mind, that the Stone would-lot adjoined the Badger farm, since Uncle Joe's own "piece of timber" was nearly cut away. Her father was old and partly helpless from a stroke of paralysis. There were but the two daughters, and nothing seemed easier than that Prudence, the younger, should take her sister's place when Maria went to a home of her own. And Maria was a famous manager. She could run both homesteads if she chose; and Mrs. Smith, benevolently arranging the affair, felt quite sure in her own mind that she would.

Miss Maria was tall, angular, homely. It would not have seemed wildly uncharitable to suppose these the reasons why at the ripe age of forty-two she was still unmarried. But the lady herself always remarked, significantly, when approached on on the subject, that every woman had her chances, and the lucky ones were those that never had cause to regret them—a Pythian utterance which always silenced inquiry. She received Aunt Phemy as cordially as the reserved fashions of the house permitted, and good Mrs. Smith thought this a favorable omen.

"I was sayin' only yesterday to father what a time it was sence we'd had a visit from you. Now just set down and take off your things, and spend the afternoon. Father 'll be so pleased to see you! Shut up as we've been the last three months it does one a sight o' good to see some company."

"Why, I dunno," Aunt Phemy hesitated, modestly. "I only jest dropped in; but sence you're so urgent— No, no, I'll jest drop my bonnet off here" (resisting Miss Maria's attempt to take it). "He's gone to mill to-day, an' he' wa'n't nobody but the cat to burn. It seemed sort o' lonesome, an' set me thinkin' of you. It's been a long spell sence I see you. An' how is your father? He don't git over his stroke, I hear."

"O, he's a good deal better of it. He sets up 'most all day now, and he gets out about the farm some. He's down in the south lot now with Prudy, but he'll be back soon. He likes to keep an eye on things himself."

"Well, you do hev your hands about full, don't you, Miss Stone?" began Mrs. Smith, who, considering the absence of the others a favorable dispensation of Providence, rather hurried to her mission. "The folks wouldn't know what to do without you. But it's a little confinin', to my thinkin,' for a woman like you. Ye'd ought to git out more. I source ever see you to meetin', an' you don't know what you lose. Parson Bellows give us a powerful sermon last Sunday."

"No, I can't git out much," Miss Maria answered, and Aunt Phemy fancied a little sadness in her look and tone. "Father seems to need me 'most all the time, and there's a good deal to see to about the farm. Joel is honest and faithful, but he hain't much head, and of course, being the oldest, I take most of the care of things."

"Now I should think," ventured Aunt Phemy, "I'rue an' you'd take turns seein' to things an' takin' care o' your father. You could git out more then, an' it 'ud sort o' divide equat—cares an' pleasures, as the hymn-book says. If you was to git marrid, now, what would they do?"

"Well, I don't know as I'm thinking of marrying," returned Miss Maria, modestly; but her color deepened a shade, and Mrs. Smith saw it.

"Dear me, no! But none of us can tell, you see, what may be a-comin' round to us. I was jest a-thinkin'—'twas that made me speak so—of my niece Phemy. You know she's calculating to marry Philander Dunn in the fall and what poor Joseph will do when she leaves passes me. He's such a soft-spoken man, a housekeeper would run right over him, even if he could get one in West Canton, which ain't no ways likely. And a housekeeper's a poor substitute for a wife—don't you think so, Miss Stone?"

Aunt Phemy, as she took up a stitch, stole a glance over her needles at her auditor, who sat stilly before her. She understood, of course, and surely that deepening flush in her sallow cheek was a sign of encouragement. Privately the good woman had always doubted Miss Maria's oracular utterances on the marriage question. She could not imagine a sensible woman declining a good offer, and since Miss Maria was that, and this plainly—as the advertisements would say—"a superior opportunity," she did not doubt as to her answer.

"I was a-tellin' him only the other day," she went on, plaintively, hitching her chair a little nearer Miss Maria, "that he'd ought to be thinkin' of it seriously. Hetty's the last one to want him to stay a widower always, and Phemy she's set her heart on bein' married come September. Her father's got everything of the best for her; he always was a good provider. Hetty, now, she was a master-hand for fine linen an' chany, an' the house is full of it."

"I'm sure I've always heard Mr. Badger well spoken of," rejoined Miss Maria, stiffly; but she kept her eyes on her knitting.

"Whatever you've heard, it's no more than he deserves. He's jest the best-dispositioned man—always willing to put up with a cold bite when Hetty had extra work, an' gettin' her every last thing she wanted for the house. The parlor sofy was got jest the year before she died, an' she took the best there was in the store. He never spared no expense to please her."

"I am glad to hear she was so well off," said Miss Maria, dryly, as Aunt Phemy paused to take breath.

"Well you may so; but not so well off as the next one 'll be. Hetty had her hard times when they was first married. They had to scrape along 'most any way some few years then. That's one good thing, I always say, about marryin' late in life. If you marry young, Miss Maria, you do have a good deal to go through. There's trials and tribulations in every state, as the good book says, an' 'tain't the worst luck to keep single till you can really better yourself."

Miss Maria shut her lips and turned her head from Aunt Phemy, as if she might make a good many answers to that remark if she chose; but her visitor did not notice it. She was carried quite away now by her own eloquence, and she did not doubt that the spinster's silence meant consent. "And as I was sayin', I was tellin' him only the other night he'd ought to git married, an' says I: 'There's plenty to choose from in Canton.' An' he answered me—you'd ought to heard him—'Phemy, the' ain't but one woman in Canton that can take Hetty's place.' An' I knew right off who he meant," she went on, beaming on her hearer in an unmistakable manner; "but he's so shy he can't bear to speak."

"If you mean me," Miss Maria said, clearing her throat, "I'm much obliged, but I couldn't think of leaving father."

"Why, there's Prudence."

"Prudy's far too young and flighty," answered the spinster, to whom—herself past the danger-point of forty—her sister, five years younger, seemed still a girl. "I couldn't think of putting such a care on her. But there's plenty more in Canton, as you just said," she added, with a faintly ironical emphasis. "I make no doubt some of them would be glad of the chance."

But Aunt Phemy was too dazed to answer. Was her brother-in-law, Joseph Badger, being refused? She could not believe her ears. And just then old Mr. Stone came hobbling up the path, supported by a cane and his younger daughter. Miss Maria ran to him at once, and supplanting Prudence, guided him to a chair. She was occupied with him long enough for her visitor to recover, and perhaps she needed the time to regain her own composure. When she turned again to Aunt Phemy the color was gone from her cheeks, and her manner was quite as usual. But Mrs. Smith did not stay to tea. Her visit came to an end as soon as politeness would permit, and she left the house a wiser if not a sadder woman. But she had recovered her spirits by the next morning. "Perhaps it's for the best, after all," she said to herself. "Maria's capable, but I've always heard she had a temper, and Joseph 'd ra ther have Abby Stebbins. She's younger, and she's pretty-appearin', an' they's no danger but she'll be glad of the chance. Goin' about sewin' is a miserable life anyway."

In fact, Aunt Phemy felt her second mission one of peculiar benevolence, and though, warned by her previous experience, she set about it with more caution, and mentioned no names until she was obliged, she felt very sure of her prize this time. But the rosy little seamstress, who had only her fingers, and her trifle in the bank against the day when those fingers failed her, proved no more tractable than Miss Maria. She declined to be pitied on her desolate condition; she only laughed when Aunt Phemy spoke of the advantages of a good home and a provision for the future.

"You're very kind, I'm sure, Mrs. Smith; but I see no reason to change my state. If I'm satisfied to depend on myself, other folks needn't worry over me. I know I'm sick sometimes, and I can't always count on the work; but I do pretty well, considering. As for a home, I could go to Jane's any day, and welcome."

"But that ain't all the same," cried Aunt Phemy; "an' of course you don't want to go to your sister's, with her seven children and a slekly husband. I always did say that for so smart a girl as Jane was she had poor luck marrying. But that needn't set you all against it; and it's clear flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse a real good home now. You'd better take a little time to think it over. I suppose it's a mite surprisin' to you may be."

"I don't need no time to think," retorted Miss Abby, grimly. "I'm not obliged to marry for a home; and if I wanted to, I needn't have waited till this time, thank you."

"Well, I dunno what the world is comin' to," groaned Aunt Phemy, as she walked home, "when women won't marry a man like Joseph Badger. It's all these new notions about its bein' so fine to be independent; but I did think Abbey Stebbins had more sense. There's one comfort, she won't tell of it. I wish I could be as sure of Maria. I declare to goodness I b'lieve I'll tell Joseph he must git a wife for himself. I didn't count on its bein' any such work."

She wiped the sweat from her brow as she spoke. The road was dusty, the day was hot, and her office was proving burdensome. And just then, at a turn of the country way, she came on a trim little cottage. "I declare, I'm e'en a most tuckered out," she panted. "I'll jest go in an' see the widder Holmes a spell, an' git rested. She'd be a good one for Joseph if he wa'n't sot aginst widders. But there, I ain't a-goin' to ask any more folks to have him jest yet."

The widow Holmes was slight, pale, with a pathetic remnant of lost beauty in her faded cheeks. She had been left alone in the world five years before, with only this little home between her and starvation; but by stitching in winter, and city boarders in summer, she pieced out a narrow living for herself and her only child. The little house now was full to overflowing, and she came to the door hot and flushed from the kitchen. But her greeting was as cordial as heart could wish. "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mrs. Smith. Do come right in. I've had to give the parlor up to a boarder; but there's no one in this room, and you look all beat out with the heat."

"Well, I am considerable tired," admitted Mrs. Smith, as she sank into the old-fashioned rocker the widow brought forward, and took a great turkey-feather fan from her hand. "I'd no idee it 'twas so hot, or I wouldn't 'a come out. But now I'm afraid I'm disturbin' you. You was doin' suthin' out in the kitchen, wa'n't you?" She glanced as she spoke through the open door into the little lean-to that served at once as dining-room and kitchen. The sitting-room was cool and pleasant, and though small and poorly furnished, was in perfect order. She had seen that as she took her seat, and her respect for the widow rose as she noted the same spotless neatness in the room beyond. "Can't I jest go right out where you are? You're puttin' up fruit, I s'pose?

"I'm just through," answered the widow, obeying the hint by leading the way out. "There it is; a bushel of blackberries and not a berry lost, if I did do it. And I want you to see the apple jelly I made yesterday. Not the it's any better than other folks' may be, but I had uncommon luck, I thought."

"Well, now, that is beautiful, beautiful Mis' Holmes," said Aunt Phemy, regarding with high approval the row of glasses in the window, and the cans of fruit beside them. "You've had good luck, I should say. I calculate I'm a pretty good hand at jelly, but this beats me. Is it half and half?"

"Only thirds. I can't afford halves for boarders," she added, with a tired little laugh.

"Why, it's good enough for the fair," Aunt Phemy added, after she had tasted. "You'd ought to send it, Mis' Holmes, and git a prize."

"It will be all gone by fair-time," answered the widow. "My boarders are going to stay through October this year, they say, and they're all so fond of my jelly."

"Well, you have your hands full," Aunt Phemy said, as they went back to the cool sitting-room. "Ain't it pretty tough work to manage all alone? I've heard city folks were so uppish an' hard to suit."

"Mine are pleasant enough this year," answered the widow; "and if they wasn't—well, you know, Mrs. Smith, a woman can't afford to quarrel with her bread and butter. I'm thankful to have health and strength to do all that's asked of me."

"An' that's a good deal I make no doubt," answered the other, sympathetically; "but you do do wonderful, Mis' Holmes. We was a-speakin' of it only the other day, an' I was sayin' to brother Joseph, what a smart woman you was to turn off work."

The widow laughed—a forlorn little laugh, sadder than tears. She had had a hard struggle these years to get a living and pay off the small mortgage on her home. She was like many another of her type, slight but wiry, frail but tenacious, and she had carried heavier burdens than people knew, being much too proud to tell her neighbors her troubles. "The Lord helps them that help themselves, you know," she said.

"Yes, that is a comfortin' thought," Aunt Phemy said, heaving that pious sigh with which some persons always refer to the Deity, "an' no doubt you've found it true. But you deserve a turn of luck, Mis' Holmes. Now, if you was to think of marryin' again? Of course it's a solemn matter. I dunno as I ever could make up my mind to it if 'twas to leave me; but there! you're young an' pretty yet, an' of course you could have chances if you was disposed to better them." Mrs. Smith was growing diplomatic, and though inspired by all the signs of "cleverness" she saw about her, she felt sure that here was just the one for Joseph, she moved to her object with caution. But a dark flush rose to the widow's pale cheek at her words. Her married life had been singularly happy, and her husband was the one love of her life.

"I should have to forget a good deal before I could think of marrying again, Mrs. Smith," she said, with simple dignity, "and I don't think that any worldly prosperity would make up for what I'd lose. I'm thankful there's no need of it either. The mortgage is paid now, and next year I'm thinking of puttting a little addition to the house. I had more people offer this year than I could take, and you know a thing like this always grows. It's hard work, but I don't mind that, and no one shall ever say John Holmes' widow forgot him for another man. There's widows, and there's widows, indeed, you know, in Scripture, and I hope I'm one of the last. And then, you see, I have my Mattie, and she's growing to be such a comfort to me. She's her father all over."

Mrs. Smith congratulated herself, as she changed the conversation, that she had held her peace. And yet as, a half-hour later, refreshed by a glass of milk and a piece of pound-cake, she left Widow Holmes', she was like the Queen of Sheba in one thing: there was no spirit left in her. Nothing but the reflection that if she gave it up, that would be the end of it all, urged her to persevere. She was sure that, left to himself, Joe would never find a wife, and she was benevolently determined to give the farm a mistress and her brother-in-law a housekeeper before winter storms threatened him with another attack of rheumatism. She remembered only too well the last one, and the cares it had laid upon her. But it took her a couple of days to recover her spirits, and it was her husband who started her on a fresh quest.

"I declare," she had said to him, in vague confession of her perplexity, "it seems as if when you didn't want them old maids and widders were as thick as blackberries, an' to be had for the askin'; an' then, when you do want them, they can't be had no way."

"If you're thinking of Joseph," answered Elias, deliberately, "why wouldn't Priscilly Watrous, over in East Canton, be the right one for him? She's a widder, but she hain't got any children, and she's young and good-looking, so to speak. And she is forehanded too, and none so comfortable to hum with her younger sisters but what she'd be glad of a change."

"Why, she's the very one!" cried Mrs. Smith. "An' an old friend of Hetty's eldest, too, an' she's visited there time an' time again, an' was a prime favorite with all of them. I shall jest have you hitch up an' drive me over there to-morrow, Elias. I don't let grass grow under my feet when I've got an idee. An' if he gits her," she added, devoutly, "I shall think it a clear providence that the others didn't want him. She's worth the whole lot of them."

Alas for Aunt Phemy's hopes! When next day she alighted at 'Squire Watrous' door, her welcome was cordial, but there was an air of mystery about the house that struck her at once. Conversation flagged, because Mrs. Priscilla's mind was so evidently absorbed in something greater than the prospects of the corn crop and the general prevalence of measles among the children of East Canton.

"Has anything happened to you?" asked Aunt Phemy, after desperate attempts to fathom the matter by hint and suggestion.

"No—that is—nothing—so particular—has happened"—with a curious inflection.

"Well, is somethin' goin' to, then?" persisted Mrs. Smith. "You look queer, Prissy. I should a'most think there was a weddin' comin' off; an' I remember now, I did hear Caleb Walsh was payin' attention to Jennie. Well, there now"—as the fluctuating color on Priscilla's cheeks betrayed her—"you don't really mean that you—that you——"

But Mrs. Priscilla did, and before Mrs. Smith went away she had seen the wedding dress and heard full particulars. "Yes, it's a little sudden," the expectant bride said, "but you know when a bachelor makes up his mind he's usually in a hurry. It's about as bad as a widower."

Mrs. Smith groaned in spirit as she climbed into the seat beside her husband for the ride home. "Maybe we'd better go round by Joseph's," she suggested in a depressed way to him. "I'd like to see how they're gettin' along."

It had been but a week since Mr. Joseph's visit, but so much had happened to Aunt Phemy in that time that it seemed to her much longer. Pretty Phemy ran out to meet them as they drove up. "You're coming in, of course, auntie. It's been such a while since you were here, and I've so much to tell you! And I want you to see the churning I did to-day. Father says I'm getting to be a famous housewife, and I am proud—just a little, you know—of this butter."

"But where is your father?" Aunt Phemy asked; for at that twilight hour Uncle Joe was usually stretched at ease in a chair on the back porch.

"O, he's just stepped down through the orchard a minute. He'll be back soon. Guess how many pounds I had, now," she added, leading the way to the dairy. And with discussions of butter, a new recipe for jelly, the last honey, and the yield of Phemy's pet cow, a half-hour and more went by before Aunt Phemy knew it. Her husband had stepped down to the orchard bars, and was holding counsel with Uncle Joe's hired man, so that the two had the house to themselves.

"But where is Joseph?" Aunt Phemy asked again, as at last they went back to the sitting-room. "Seems to me he ain't usually in the habit of going off at this time of night," she added, regarding the tall clock, whose hands pointed to a quarter past eight. "Your uncle an' me must be gittin' home. It's dark a'ready."

"I wish you wouldn't go just yet, auntie," coaxed Phemy. "There's a new moon, and 'twon't make any matter if you ain't home till nine. Father 'll come soon, I know, and before he gets here I want to show you my new polonay."

So another half hour went by, and then Aunt Phemy, starting up, repeated her question with more emphasis: "Where in creation is Joseph?"

But even as she spoke at the gate at the end of the lane opened, and a minute later Uncle Joe came up to the porch where his sister-in-law stood waiting for him. But as he drew near she saw with a kind of stupefaction that he wore his Sunday best, and had the sheepish air of a bashful man caught in something agreeable but slightly improper.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed my eyes!" cried Aunt Phemy. "I declare to gracious if you haven't been a-courtin' Joseph Badger! I only hope you've had better luck than me. If ever I try again to get a wife for a man, I shall be clean daft."

"I—I'm sorry you took so much trouble, Phemy," Joseph said, helplessly. "I didn't mean to put you out; and, come to think of it that night, it seemed more benttin' that I should try myself. I was a-comin' to tell you to-morrow that 'twas all settled. You see, I thought of jest the right one that same night. I come home an' found her here chattin' with Phemy, an' it come over me like a flash that she was the very one. You may think her pretty young, but her mother's comin' right in to help, and Ann's got an old head on her shoulders."

"You don't mean—you can't mean that child of a girl, Ann Barnum? Well, I never! I never! She's scarce a year older than Phemy, an' not a cent to bless herself with, an' her mother to support! Well, you have done well, Joseph Badger!"

"She's a good girl, an' like her," answered Uncle Joe, holding up his head as his sister-in-law had not seen him for many a day. "And Hetty always did, too. I don't know why I never thought of it before, for I've said often I wished I could help her some way. She's had a hard row to hoe the last two years; an' as for her age, that's my lookout. I dare say I could have had any woman in Canton, but——"

"As fur as my experience goes," Aunt Phemy interrupted, tartly, "you couldn't 'a had no such thing. But that's always the way it goes with widowers; they think they can pick an' choose from all creation. Well, you might have gone further an' fared worse; for she's a good girl, if she is young and pretty. And anyway none of the others would ha' had you. It's Hobson's choice.—*Emily F. Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.*

Education for Farmers.

There is an allegation of long standing that in the good old times, when every farmer had a big family of children, the smart boys were picked out to send away from home. Of them were made ministers, lawyers and doctors, according to the ability of parents to send sons to college, or they went to the towns and cities and entered business. The one or two unfortunates remaining at home were taught to "farm it," as their fathers had before them, and finally became owners of the old homestead or divided it. Rarely was the eldest son trained to receive taste or title for the paternal acres; this may have resulted from the inherent American dislike to all doctrines of primogeniture, and may have been the effect of a feeling, too general, to make of the first-born something better than a farmer. Such a course differs widely from the modern ideas of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and the wonder is that the new generation of farmers under this system, were capable of holding their own.

Nevertheless, farmers thus chosen and prepared for their vocation chiefly by "thumb rule," were happy, prosperous and respected, reared large families in their turn, and sent to the academy and college the sons who were not to be farmers. It was long regarded as education enough for a farmer to be taught to handle tools and cattle, and to attend the district school a few weeks in the winter for a few years, till he could master the three Rs," but little more.

All this was consistent with times past. There were in those days eloquent and effective preachers who never opened a lexicon or entered a college, and successful doctors never in a professional school.

But times have changed. On every side a higher standard of education and technical training is now required. American farmers of the present day, although feeling the lack of early advantages, are a reading and thinking class. They are the last men to "call" a minister not a scholar and theologian, and they insist upon family physicians of thorough medical education. Even the neighborhood "cow doctor," so long an oracle in the rural districts, has lost his prestige, and the intelligent owners of valuable domestic animals seek the services of a regularly educated veterinarian. Men endeavor to give their sons a better preparation for their chosen calling than they themselves received. I know a skillful dentist whose practice is extended and lucrative, and who "picked up" all he knows of his profession; but the sons, intended to succeed him in business, are given a liberal education, completed by a course at the best dental college. In agriculture it is the same, although farmers are the last to realize the change in regard to their own calling. They are a most conservative class, and but just beginning to apply to themselves and their children the lessons of the world's progress.

—Miss Lizzie Hammond, of San Francisco, fell and disjointed her neck, as necks are expected to be disjointed when their owners are hung, but her physician chloroformed her, set the joints together as they belonged, and she is getting well. This is something so marvelous that the doctors of the Pacific slope are mulling over the case with great interest.—*Detroit Post.*

Japanese Civilization.

No monarch, and very few private persons, can have led a life of higher, more intense and more absorbing interest than the young man who, in 1868, when but sixteen, found himself Mikado of Japan, with the ancient but long dormant rights of sole and supreme ruler restored to that office. By fortunate chance the purple fell, in his case, on one well fitted to wear it, and the work done in Japan in which he has taken an active and intelligent share in fourteen years has been enormous. Between 1869 and 1871 the Daimios, the great feudal Princes, were, with the exception of the clan Satsuma—not radically subdued until 1877—whose chief was the mighty Salgo, denuded of their power, they and their military retainers receiving a pecuniary compensation. In 1873 all classes of able-bodied men were rendered liable to conscription in the imperial army. This army, organized by Frenchmen, has now for nearly ten years been in a high state of efficiency. Its West Point, conducted chiefly on the pattern of that establishment, is Toyama, near Tokio. The total military force is 120,000. The Japanese navy is on the model of the British. It includes twenty war vessels, nineteen being steamships. National education on the new model dates from 1871. By 1873 the Government schools had 400,000 pupils. To-day they have over over 2,500,000. Tokio University has nearly 2,000. One well acquainted with Japanese pupils says that "intellectually they are on the average equal to those of Europe or America, while in the gentler virtues of respect, docility, industry, politeness, and self-control, they are unquestionably superior." A prevailing feature among this people, and one which strikes even the least observant, is their almost exasperatingly sweet temper. It is well-nigh impossible to make them angry, and a lady, long resident in Japan, says it is really true that Japanese children are scarcely ever heard to cry. This celestial condition in the nursery is not produced by the soothing syrups of a Japanese Pinkslow, but is the result of the tact of the child-handlers—oftentimes old men. The Japanese post-office is another of the Nation's triumphs. A mole-hill has in ten years grown into a mountain. The railroads, though not numerous, are cheap and pay well. They are now chiefly superintended and worked by natives. Accidents are almost unknown. From half a mile in September, 1869, the telegraph lines have grown to 4,000 miles, worked by 1,800 employes, of whom ten only are foreigners. It would be well for this country if its jails were in half as satisfactory plight as are those of Japan, and in this matter Japan has borrowed but little from the foreigner. The most minute precautions are taken to prevent abuse of authority by prison officials. The Governor of a jail may inflict no punishment more severe than the dark cell or shackles, and this but for a strictly limited period, without the sanction of a District Court. This system is carried out with as much strictness in the most remote provinces as in the capital. The vast system thus in little more than ten years created is directed and controlled by a Cabinet of thirteen, over which the Mikado vigilantly presides, assisted by a council of the ablest and best informed men, who give advice and attend to the details of enactments made by the Cabinet. Provincial assemblies have existed since 1878, and National Parliamentary Government is to the order of the day.—*Chicago Times.*

Japan Houses.

The mode of constructing the houses here, while causing the least outlay, is admirably adapted to the conditions of the climate. A Japanese house is really a double affair. The most expense is put into the roof, which is of splendid heavy tile in all the towns and villages. On the isolated farm houses straw thatch is used more extensively. The roof is sustained by uprights framed into it, which have their foundations on the ground. The floor is generally about two feet above the ground, and is divided into rooms by paper partitions, which are in sections and slide in grooves. They can, at pleasure, be entirely removed, leaving, if necessary, the entire area in one room. The sides of the building, or at least one or more, are also in sections, which slide in grooves, and are removed during the day if required. Generally there is a space left for a passageway between the outside and the inner partitions forming the rooms, so that in winter the rooms inclosed only by paper screens are made warm and comfortable by the protection of the outer shell when slid into position, while in summer the facility with which all partitions are removed insures good ventilation. Very many of the houses are built with an interior court, devoted to ornamental shrubs and flowers, showing an admirable degree of æsthetic taste in the people.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Remarkable Huckleberry Party.

A family huckleberry party in Canterbury, Conn., started from the residence of Joseph Mills the other day and consisted of seventeen persons, among whom could be found the following relationship: One great-grandmother, two grandmothers, four mothers, eight daughters, five sons, twelve grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, one father, two aunts, and twelve cousins. All comprising the party were of direct descent from the great-grandmother, with the exception of the father and two of the ladies, one of whom, however, contributed her mite to add to the number of the party. On this occasion there were also assembled in the house four persons whose united age was 310 years, neither of whom participated in the field.—*Hartford Courant.*

—Tong Sing, the Chinaman who got home safe from the wreck of the Jeannette, has been set up in business in a red-painted shop just opposite Willard's Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue. "Tong Sing," the legend runs, "Chinese laundry, tea, coffee, spices and tobacco," and then across the front, in great white letters on the red ground, "Jeannette." No one seems to go in or out, but then that is true of all Washington stores except those having a "sozzle-box," as the Kentuckians call a soda-water fountain.—*Washington Star.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Children in Australia will hereafter be obliged to attend school for eight years.

—Several young ladies from Indian Territory will attend a female college in Huntsville, Ala., next season.

—There are 610 Chinamen on the rolls of the Chinese Sunday-schools in New York, and the average attendance of these reaches 331. Forty of these scholars have confessed their faith in Christ.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—There has been a decrease in the number of Presbyterian synods from thirty-eight to twenty-three. This is the result of consolidation, in which the synods have been made continuous with the States.—*Detroit Post.*

—In the educational system of Newfoundland each important religious body receives an amount of money from the Government proportionate to its numbers. Separate boards of education in each district, and school inspectors appointed by the Government respectively from the Church of England, Methodists and Roman Catholics, emphasize this difference in faith.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At the annual meeting of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Society, held recently in London, it was stated that since the society had been organized 470,000 pledge cards had been sent from the headquarters to different parts of the country. It was predicted that the time was at hand when the drinking of spirituous liquors would cease in the United Kingdom.

—Last April Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, of St. Louis, offered a prize to the pupils of Kirkwood Seminary for the best essay on "Common Sense About Women." The essays were sent in without names, and Mrs. Henderson was the judge. The girl who won the prize proved to be a Cherokee Indian, who has since graduated and gone home to the Territory to live.

—The London *Pall-Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, has closed his visit to Scotland. In his last address, which was delivered at Dumfries, he intimated that this would be his last visit to Scotland. He now proceeds to the Continent, and after spending some time there, will pay a lengthened visit to England. On the completion of his English programme, he will return to America, where he intends to remain the rest of his life. On this occasion his visit to Scotland has extended over nine months."

—An interesting meeting took place at the Old Park Street Church, Boston, on a recent afternoon, to bid farewell to thirteen missionaries, who were soon to sail for their respective destinations. For China—Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Tenney, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Atwood, to Shan-See; Miss Alice B. Harris, to Froo-Chow, and Henry P. Perkins, to Tien-Tsin. For Bulgaria—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sleeper, to Shamokov, and Miss E. L. Spooner, to Monastir. For Mexico—The Rev. James D. Eaton, to Chihuahua, and Mr. and Mrs. John Howland and Miss Belle M. Haskins, to Guadalajara.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Missouri book agent piled ties across the railroad track, ran ahead and "saved" a passenger train, and took one hundred and twenty orders from the grateful passengers without change of countenance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A book of three hundred and fifty pages has been written to prove that sharks do not eat human beings. The author of the work has declined an offer of $1,000 to jump into the harbor at Key West and settle the dispute.

—Canada people want free United States peaches. They say the duty compels them to pay two prices. Whist, neighbors! We have to pay three prices this side the line, where there is no duty.—*Lowell Courier.*

—They were eating dinner and she asked him how he liked the blanc mange. "It tastes of the chimney," he said. "Then it ought to soot you," was her answer. "I will try to swallow it," he rejoined, having the last word as usual.—*Detroit Post.*

—Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, is to get $5,000 for his proposed work on the United States. We had no idea the United States needed repairs so bad that the work on them would cost $5,000.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Jenny June in one of her fashion letters says that leather as applied to jackets is not quite new. Jinks says he should say not! He well remembers the day when he considered an application of leather to his jacket as something so altogether old as to be no longer novel, and longed for the day when it would be no longer fashionable.—*Detroit Post.*

—A Chicago man, too lazy to work, too proud to go to the poor-house and too honest to steal, determined to commit some genteel offense which would give him free board and lodging in prison without leaving a stain upon his reputation. He therefore started out and began kissing all the girls he met. Before he could find one who would order his arrest he starved to death.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Once upon a time a Frenchman named De Tonnant, wishing to gain the support of a most influential old Patagonian chief, bestowed on the savage a worn-out-grand piano which he had bought for sixteen dollars. Contrary to expectations, there was not an uprising of the people and an insurrection the day after the chief received his present. The old Patagonian was not a cruel, bloodthirsty monster. Instead of playing "Over the Garden Wall" and other classical music on the piano, he removed its intestines and used it as a bedstead.—*Norristown Herald.*

Reason for Not Marrying.

"Old Bach," who writes to the New York *Sun*, gives a reason why he is not married, which is a reason. "I am," he says, "thirty-five, an old bachelor, they say; and have been wanting a wife these ten years. Some of my friends suggest that I want to marry rich, and am too particular. Now I do not object to riches if other things are all right. But, honor bright, if I were to find a woman who would bring nobler thoughts, make me a better man, think less of gossip about her neighbors, and more about her own home affairs, a woman well educated and not helpless, I should like to marry her, even if she did not own a copper."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A CHILD'S MOOD.

(At the end of the day.)

I want that rose the wind took yesterday
I want it more than this;
It had no thorn—it was the best that grew.
I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
That brushed across my hand
Last night between the sunset and the dew—
It came from fairy-land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
Where all those pansies bloom;
They gave it wings to get away from me,
I lost it in the gloom,

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
Of clover swung so slow,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
They only sting and go.

That star, that always came before the moon,
Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall—and found
A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go and let the dark
Hide everything away,
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
The wind took yesterday.

Jules C. Marsh, in Wide Awake.

MISSION OR NO MISSION?

"What is the use of such ugly things, do you think, Ben?" And Fanny Brown's face was pale with fright as she drew her dainty little foot away from a large spotted toad she had nearly stepped upon.

"Why, no use, of course," said Ben, "only to scare silly girls; and they are needed for *that*, because girls will screech and squall enough to startle the man in the moon, if they only see their own shadow; so they are of no use for anything."

"Yes; but, Ben, mother says everything has a mission; and this toad is a thing, so it must have one."

"O, bah! Mother is a mighty smart and good woman, but she says herself she doesn't know everything; and it's my opinion that on 'this particular point,' as 'Squire James would say, she is mistaken. She is crazy on the subject of missions. But this toad hasn't any, I know. And I believe a good many people are just like it—of no use under the sun; don't you, Fan?"

"I do, if Fan doesn't. And I am one of them; a great, awkward creature that has never accomplished anything but to fill up and mar a space that some one else would have adorned. I guess Ben is right, and I belong to the class of people like the toad—of no use under the sun." And a bitter expression, sad to see on so young a face, settled in the dark eyes and around the thin lips of their eldest sister, Sue, as, sitting by a window, hidden by the dark green leaves of a large lilac bush, she had been listening to the children's prattle.

Poor Sue! Of a naturally sensitive and rather melancholy disposition, she had, unfortunately, in her early girlhood heard a thoughtless visitor remark that in a large family of children of remarkable beauty, she was the only ugly one. And her mirror seemed to her to verify the statement; for the great black eyes, straight, raven-black hair, dark complexion and thin lips, were a striking contrast to the other fair faces, with their light, waving hair, that daily surrounded the family table of the Brown's. Her disposition, too, was unique, and unlike all by whom she was surrounded. She had lived an almost isolated life, though in a large family of brothers and sisters. The brother next in age to herself had died in infancy, and the twins, Nellie and Dellie, four years younger—two gay, bright creatures, as much alike in nature as in names and age—had no need of any company or sharer in their mutual objects of interest, while Fanny and Ben were as inseparable as substance and shadow. Wandering through the grove in search of nuts or berries, pouring over the same lesson or story-books; telling to each other all their hopes and plans, or forming themselves into a self-appointed committee for the purpose, they criticised and discussed the merits and demerits of the Brown family as freely as if they themselves had no part nor lot in it. So, left to herself, she had found companionship in books, whose dear old authors never alluded to or reminded her of her "unfortunate ugliness," as she termed it. And while Nelly and Dellie were crimping and frizzing their hair and arranging their flounces and ruffles for party or picnic, she, in careless attire, with hair drawn back any way to keep it out of her eyes, was reveling in the scenes of ancient history; roaming with "Agnes of Sorrento" through orange groves; following "David Copperfield" through his weary childhood, or wandering with "Evangeline" in her hopeless search for the loved and lost. But to-day a strange feeling of unrest had taken possession of her—a nervous dissatisfaction with herself and all by which she was surrounded. Turning with restless fingers the leaves of her favorite poet, Longfellow, the "Psalm of Life" met her eye, with its

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

"I don't believe it! There is no sublimity to be made of my life, and I will never make any 'footprints on the sands of time' that any one 'seeing, may take heart again,'" And, with a rudeness and snap which might have startled its author from a quiet nap in his chestnut chair, she thrust the volume in the bookcase and sauntered down stairs, where she arrived just in time to see Nelly and Dellie, radiant in fresh muslin, with ribbons to match, embarking for a picnic, of which she had not even heard. The father and mother gone to the city on business, taking the two little ones with them, and she had the great, quiet house to herself.

"I wonder if those butterflies will make any 'footprints on the sands of time?'" she said, as she watched the twins tripping gaily down the walk, and caught the merry ripple of their laughter as they disappeared from sight. "Well, may be 'tis better to be a butterfly out in the sunlight than a dreary black cricket up in the attic," and she seated herself at the window just in time to hear Fan and Ben's conversation. Though she had herself answered Ben's question, she leaned forward to hear Fanny's rejoinder, which came clear and quick:

"No, mother is *right*. Everybody *has* a mission. You know mission means work, and all can work some way."

"Well, Fan, as you seem to know so much about it, let's play you are a missionary—sort of a woman preacher, you know—and I'll be a heathener; and in the course of your remarks inform your benighted audience what great mission I or any other Brown has. Say you begin at the head of the family, and take us all in order down to the baby. There is a lot of Browns, and maybe the conversion or the conquering of the world depends upon our family."

"Well, to begin," said Fannie, nothing daunted by the task assigned her, though, like many another speaker, she was altogether unprepared, "there is father and mother—but, Ben, what does mortgage mean? I heard father tell mother this morning that he would have to mortgage the place to raise money to pay off some debt, and they seemed in so much trouble about it; and mother said she couldn't help wishing the older children were boys, so they could help make a living; and there seemed to be nothing for girls to do. I'll tell you what it is, Ben, if I were as old and as smart as Sue, I'd teach school, or something."

"I think if you did you would have to slick up a little more than she does, and comb your hair and put on a clean collar once a week any way, or I wouldn't be one of your pupils, you bet."

"For shame, Ben! Father says Sue has more sense than all the rest of us put together. And I believe he thinks she is the prettiest child he has, too, for he often says she looks just like his mother, and you know everybody's mother is pretty."

"Well, maybe she is," said Ben; "but I like to see girls like Nell and Dell—sort of fancy, you know—girls who know how to comb their hair and fix up."

"But father says Sue is *filling* her head, while Nell and Dell are only ornamenting the outside of theirs."

"Well," began the beauty-loving Ben again, "if I had a good watch I'd want a handsome case for it."

Strange revelations, all these, to the silent girl at the window. The parents' trouble to provide a living; the probable mortgage of the dear old home; her father's appreciation of herself; the morbid selfishness with which she had shut herself away from the family love and sympathy, and the fact that she had never made an effort to win the love, and, with it, an influence over her gay young brother—all came over her with a rush, that, had he known it, it would have made Ben acknowledge that even that toad had a mission, since it occasioned the conversation that caused the tumult in her thoughts.

Two hours later, as the children stood at the gate waiting for the family wagon, they were joined by a tall girl, whose long, black hair was arranged in glossy, becoming braids, decorated with two bright pink rosebuds, with another at her throat, where a snowy white collar was fastened, while her great, dark eyes were gleaming with the tight of a new inspiration.

"Why, Sue!" exclaimed the impulsive Ben, "you look just like Mrs. Anson this evening!" And the light in the dark eyes grew brighter, for wasn't Mrs. Anson, the minister's young wife, known to be Ben's ideal of a queenly-looking woman?

And two weeks later Mr. Brown listened like one in a dream to the gentlemanly trustee, who called to inform him that his daughter's application for the district school had been accepted, and the term would begin the following Monday.

"What does it all mean?" he inquired, turning to Sue, who had quietly entered the room.

"It is the result of a short sermon from a little woman preacher, named Fanny Brown, which I had the privilege of listening to."—*N. Y. Observer.*

How to Stop a Dog-Fight.

Every appliance which a fertile imagination could suggest has been employed in the uncongenial task of separating fighting dogs whose blood was up. A few years ago there was a man who went about declaring that a sudden deluge of cold water would invariable produce the desired result, until one day he saw two dogs which, in the heat of battle, were unconscious of all about them, fall off a bridge into a river forty feet below, and, still clinched, sink and rise, sink and rise, until one of them floated down stream dead and the other crawled out upon the bank. Oliver Wendell Holmes has put it on record that

> The mongrel's hold will slip,
> But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.

In the face of this decision of the autocrat, a Massachusetts man boldly declares that no dog, however brutal by nature or inflamed by passion, can keep on fighting after a handful of yellow snuff has been thrown into his face. The logic of the situation, he would probably say, is that after the application of snuff the dog must either sneeze or burst; no dog can sneeze and fight at the same, and it is certain that no dog can burst and fight at the same time. The Massachusetts man speaks with confidence, and it would be a pleasure to see him administer the snuff.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Remarkable Crop.

A market garden in the vicinity of Cleveland has produced one of the most remarkable crops on record this year. It is a rusty iron tea-kettle filled with copper, silver and gold coins, chiefly American, amounting in all to $800, none of the coins being older than 1859. The owner of the garden was digging for the foundations of a barn when he came across this remarkable crop. He thinks it may have been planted there by a man named Wilson, who sold the place and moved West about twenty years ago; but probably he has not curiosity enough on the subject to write to Wilson and find out. Wilson, in the sale, did not except the growing crops, and this one has been twenty years ripening.

—Indiana people are not easily run over. Some of them were seated in a buggy which the horse had left on the railroad track just as the engine passed that way. The engine caught the buggy and pushed it along on the rails, broke the thills, smashed every wheel, demolished the box and tore the dashboard to pieces. The man and woman were thrown out, the woman under the horse, but neither horse, man nor woman were injured.

Tough Stories.

One of the characters of this village is a venerable man named Uncle John Hurr, who settled here more than fifty years ago, and he takes great pleasure in relating incidents and stories of pioneer times. Last evening there was quite a large party assembled under the maples, and the conversation turning on snake stories, ex-Sheriff Piatt, the proprietor of the hotel, asked Uncle John to tell the strangers something about how plenty rattlesnakes were fifty years ago.

"I fear you would not b'leeve me," said the veteran, "if I was to tell you what I have seen the snakes do."

"Is it true that rattlesnakes were so plenty on these mountains once that the settlers had to fire guns in the evening to frighten them away and prevent them from swimming the creek?"

"That's a fact," replied Uncle John, "but I can tell you something stranger than that about the pesky varmints."

"Let's have it," all hands exclaimed at once.

"Jist keep quiet an' I'll tell how a big blacksnake once treated me."

"Well, once, about forty-nine years ago, I went up on that mountain one afternoon for huckleberries. They were very plenty in those days, and so were the snakes. I carried a small basket, and it was not long before I had it well filled with very choice berries. I sot the basket down by a big stone and was jist reachin' for some more berries when I heerd a terrible trashin' in the bushes, an' soon I seen the head of a snake comin' toward me. I knew it was a big black racer at once, an' as I always carried a stout hickory stick I prepared to give battle if it tackled me;" and Uncle John took off his spectacles and wiped the glasses.

"What did it do?" inquired Judd, the miller.

"What did it do? Why, it jist sailed up to my basket, and seizin' it in its mouth sailed off through the bushes holdin' it as proudly as if it had gathered every berry."

"Now, Uncle John, you don't mean that the snake carried off your basket of huckleberries in its mouth?" said Billy Sweatman, the minstrel, who was one of the summer visitors.

"I jist mean that," replied the pioneer, as he brought his stout cane down on the platform with a thwack that made the boards crack. "An' that's not all: I'm not done with that snake yet."

"Let's have the *whole* story," said Billy.

"Well, I didn't like the idea of losin' my basket, an' so I gave chase to the racer; an' the way we thrashed around among the bushes for half an hour was a caution, the snake holdin' my basket all the time in its mouth. Finally I got near enough to hit it a blow on the back as it was crawlin' over a log, and that settled it."

"Did you get the basket?" they all asked.

"Yes, sirree; but I had to pry its jaws open with a stick before it would let go of the handle!"

"Was it a big snake?" inquired the village blacksmith.

"A big snake! It just measured nine feet long, and was as thick as a young saplin'," said Uncle John, as he pointed to a maple about four inches in thickness. And then he removed his spectacles and leaned back in his chair like a Congressman after voting for some big bill.

General H. W. Earley, a candidate for Congress in this district, happened along before Uncle John had finished his snake story, and became an interested listener. Everybody knew him, and they all demanded that he should tell a story.

The General took a seat, and, removing his spectacles, began by saying:

"When I was up the Sinnemaponing Creek last winter, lookin' for timber, I discovered a black bear coming down the mountain pretty fast not far from where I was standing, and, supposing that something had frightened him, I did not attempt to hide or climb a tree, as I thought he would keep on. But I soon discovered that he was mad, and that I had made a mistake, for the moment that he discovered me he gave a growl, and opening his mouth very wide, rushed at me. I had no weapon with me but a stout pocket-knife with a long blade, and I hurriedly opened it, determined to sell my life dearly if the ferocious beast attacked me. I didn't have to wait long before bruin came up in front of me, and, rearing on his hind legs, prepared to embrace me. As he reached out his paws and undertook to hug me, I jumped around to his back, and, shoving the knife-blade into his neck, drew it clear down to his tail, cutting him so completely in two that he fell apart at my feet. There was a powerful pressure on that knife-blade, boys, but it saved me!"—*Fruit Run Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Two Kinds of Apples on One Stem.

I write to call attention to a very peculiar freak of nature, and ask through your columns information of those informed on such subjects. Growing on the premises of Messrs. Huston and Mathias Miller, in this vicinity, is an apple-tree bearing two distinct varieties of apples—the green pippin and golden russet. Not only on the same tree are to be found the two varieties of apples above named, but on the same twig. And, what is still more remarkable, some of the apples are one-half pippin and the other half russet; and as the pippin grows the largest of the two, the pippin side of the fruit cups over the other side, giving it somewhat the appearance and shape of the over-cup acorn. Herewith forward you six apples, all of which grew on the same limb or branch of the tree, and the two with a string attached to the stems on the same twig. There is also one like an over-cup acorn, as above described, being one side pippin and the other side russet. Some of the specimens show that they are mixed, and some are pure pippins and others russets. The Messrs. Miller, upon whose premises these apples grew, planted the tree, and seem certain that it has never been grafted since it was planted. There is one branch of the tree (that is, one main branch) which bears both kinds of fruit.—*Hardinsburg, Ky., Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A Baltimore physician is quoted as saying that if he could maintain throughout the year an average practice of twenty patients he (or any other physician) would consider that he was doing well, and his practice would amount to several thousand dollars per annum.

Early Autumn Costumes.

Readers are advised to select for their earliest autumn costumes solid colors, and use the simplest designs sent over from Paris. For instance, get Sicilienne, ottoman wool reps, or cashmere of a dark shade of brown, green or red, for the corsage and drapery of what appears to be a princesse dress, but really is a cuirass corsage with the skirt entirely separate and attached below the hips by great hooks that catch on loops sewed to the waist. If the waist is Sicilienne, the skirt may be of plush or velvet of the same shade, and for a bride's visiting costume, or her traveling suit in which she is to be married, this will be best of golden brown, darker seal brown, or the new electric blue. The basque should be fitted smoothly over the hips without any pleating added in the back seams and should be a "round basque"—that is, of even length all around, instead of being shortened on the hips or lengthened in the back. This basque of Sicilienne has a Breton vest of the same laid in very fine pleats as far up as the top of the first dart, then let fall in a loose soft puff, gathered in at the neck, and finished there with a double standing ruffle of Sicilienne that should extend all around the neck. The Breton vest, it will be remembered, begins on the right side and laps to the left, biding the buttons that fasten the fronts of the waist. On the edges of the vest, concealing where it begins, is a plush revers that extends all the way up around the back of the neck; the edges of this revers meet at the waist line and are scalloped on the inner side and corded with Sicilienne. For this vest Sicilienne five-eighths of a yard wide is used, and the fine pleats, flatly pressed and much lapped, are twenty in number. A drooping fringe-like ornament of passementerie balls falls below the throat across this vest, and similar ones are on the plush cuffs, directly over the back drapery, and on each hip below the plush pockets. The plush skirt, with one side gore, a front gore and straight back breadth, is cut out around the lower edge in deep narrow scallops—six inches long and two inches wide—and these are bordered with Sicilienne; these scallops fall on a box-pleated plush balayeuse. The hip drapery of Sicilienne represents short full paniers in three lengthwise box-pleats, with the edges turned under in a puff. On the plain part are pockets of plush—long, narrow, with bias corners—and the fringe passementerie below.

For plain cloth dresses made at home, Hercules braid two inches wide is the trimming. These should have a habit basque only two inches deep on the sides, sharply pointed in front, and with the long square middle forms of the back held in two double box pleats. A row of black Hercules braid is across these box pleats, while the other edges of the basque are corded. Two rows of braid outline a vest up the front, and are pointed to form cuffs. The standing cadet collar is of velvet the color of the cloth, and dull old silver carved buttons fasten the waist. The lower part of the skirt has a lengthwise tucked flounce half a yard deep, with only its upper half tucked, and the lower part falling in loose pleats over a box-pleated balayeuse. The apron over-skirt is draped on the lower skirt, and its edges are sewed underneath at the head of the tucked flounce. The front is much wrinkled and has five rows of Hercules braid lengthwise from the belt to the edge. Over this is worn a jacket mantle. This is a partly fitted sleeveless jacket, with a mantle drapery that falls low over the arms like a Dolman. It has a deep Byron collar of velvet, satin strings to tie at the throat, and two rows of wide braid for trimming. This costume, made of old green cloth with many parallel rows of black soutache, or of invisible blue with black wide Hercules braid, or of goblen brown cloth with the brighter ficelle-colored braid, will be simple and stylish choice for the first cold autumn weather. A turban of English straw, with velvet brim trimmed with many cocks' plumes, and one or two small, meek, sad-looking doves, or else sea-swallows, in front, should be worn with it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Scotch Herring Fishery.

The report of the Commissioners of the Scottish Fishery Board for the year 1881, says the herring fishery of 1881 was, with the one exception of 1880, the largest upon record. Taking the whole of the fishing upon the coasts of Scotland the results may be stated as follows: Barrels cured, 1,111,155; barrels exported, 45,879; barrels branded, 149,182; brand fees, £8,236 7s. 6d. The decrease compared with 1880 upon the total number of barrels cured was in all 362,445, and this was divided between the east and west coasts as follows: West coast, decrease, 65,693½; east coast, decrease, 296,751½. The quality of the herrings of 1881 was, however, superior to that of 1880. The total number of fishing-boats employed in the herring fishing of 1881 was 14,809, being an increase of fifty-eight over the previous year. The number of fishermen engaged was 48,121, or 900 more than in 1880. There was also a marked increase in the capital employed. The value of the boats was £622,456 in 1881, as against £556,946 in 1880, while the nets rose to £663,572 from £619,012, the lines alone showing a trifling decrease. The total value of the material was £109,953 in excess of that used in 1880. In the cod and ling fishery 115,513½ hundredweights were cured dried, and 4,075½ barrels cured in pickle; and the quantity exported was 61,426 hundredweights cured dried, being a decrease from the preceding year of 40,231 hundredweights in the quantity cured dried and 3,719 barrels in the quantity cured in pickle, and of 18,520 hundredweights cured dried in the quantity exported. The estimated value of the boats, nets and lines used in the herring, cod and ling fisheries in 1881 was £1,398,461, being an increase over the previous year of £109,953.

—So long as some people will eat the skin of a sweet potato, after due remonstrance, try to make it as nearly eatable as possible. To do this the potatoes should be baked in a dripping-pan; the skin will then be baked uniformly, and there is almost no danger of its burning on one side. If you have enough left from one meal to warm for another, do not throw them away, but slice them thin and fry them in butter.

Temperance Reading.

THE TEMPERANCE OUTLOOK.

There has not been any period since the first efforts were made to stay the tide of intemperance, and to arrest the enormous evils with which intoxicating liquors have been flooding society, when the prospects of the temperance cause were so full of encouragement as they are to-day. It may be questioned whether the work of obtaining signatures to the pledge of total abstinence is making so much progress as in some former years (unless it be among the young who, after all, are the most hopeful class for this branch of the effort); but, regarding the subject in its most comprehensive aspects, there can be no question that the cause stands upon higher vantage ground to-day than it ever did before.

The great object which the most judicious friends of temperance have had in view, as a preliminary to success, has been to secure a correct public sentiment in regard to the drinking usages of society, and more particularly in regard to the measures for removing the evils which the free indulgence in intoxicating liquors has brought and must bring upon the community. There has never been any doubt in the public mind in regard to the nature of the vice by which men brutalize themselves with drink; but society has been wont to look upon it as a personal matter for which each one is responsible by himself. Many, too, have looked upon the evils of intemperance as something inevitable, or with which the law had no occasion to deal, or they have regarded all efforts to stem the tide of intemperance as hopeless.

But a great change has come over the public mind within the last few years in regard to these questions, and with reference to some of them a most notable change has taken place within the last year or two. In England, where habits are more fixed than in this country, and where different classes in society are kept more distinct, a marvelous revolution has been going forward. The imperative necessity of doing something to save the people from the ruin which strong drink has been bringing upon them has made earnest advocates of temperance of many holding the highest rank. The noble stand which has been taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury has brought out strong supporters of the cause among the nobility. The personal example and advocacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of several of the Bishops of the Church of England has given a great impetus to the cause in England. The following paragraph, from a foreign paper just received, shows the position of not a few in the highest walks of life in Great Britain:

> "Last week, at Kilreggan, in Argyleshire, the Duke of Argyll let it be known that he was a staunch supporter of the temperance cause, and a practical observer of Local Control. He said he had leased land to many gentlemen who had built splendid mansions on the understanding that no whisky-shops were to be allowed in their neighborhood. He could get any amount for land for public-houses, but he would not tolerate them; he would keep faith with those who had become his tenants on the condition that the whisky-shop was not to be introduced."

The most significant and the most important evidence of the progress of the cause in this country is to be found in the growing sentiment in favor of constitutional and legal measures for shutting the flood-gates of crime and poverty and all forms of wretchedness that flow from the sale of intoxicating liquors. The time was, and not long ago, when such measures were generally regarded as an unjust restriction of a man's right to sell or to drink what he chose; when it was difficult in almost every part of the country to secure the enactment of laws that would interfere in any measure with the business of making and killing off drunkards. The liquor interest has been so strong as to overawe legislation or to purchase legislators enough to defeat the passage of any law that would afford protection to society and that would help to save men from becoming drunkards. And even when such laws were enacted, the same interest has been powerful enough to prevent their enforcement, especially in our large cities. No man's memory runs back to a time when in the city of New York even a License law has been put in force for any length of time.

But the apathy that has so long prevailed in regard to the curse of strong drink, and the innumerable curses that flow from it, has been broken. The public mind has at length been roused to consider the expediency of drying up the streams of evil by cutting off the source. The progress of public sentiment in favor of putting a stop to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as a just measure of defense against the enormous burdens which it imposes upon the entire community, as well as the enormous evils which it brings upon the families of the drinkers, has been very rapid. The example of Maine, which has steadily maintained a noble stand in favor of Prohibition, an example which, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, has been successful, is telling upon the country at large. The whole of the United States are more or less agitated with the subject of Prohibition. Kansas has settled the question on the same side. The people of Iowa, friends and foes of the traffic, were startled a few weeks ago by the rousing majority with which Prohibition was grafted upon the Constitution of the State. It has been predicted by the advocates of free rum that the result would be a heavy blow to the prosperity of this thriving Western State, that it would turn aside to other States the tide of emigration. The following extract from a recent letter from Iowa shows what has been the result:

> "It has now been about one month since its passage, and the tide of immigration and home-seekers, instead of decreasing and dying out, is larger in this section than ever before. While a few perhaps may be kept back by the anti-Liquor law, we are confident that Iowa will receive, and in fact is now receiving, a larger influx of actual settlers than any other section of the Northwest. Its lands are better, cheaper and more productive, settled with a better and more enterprising class of people than any other section of the United States. With such advantages and such people as Iowa has to control and protect them, it is not to be wondered at that Prohibition Iowa of to-day is 'head and shoulders' above and ahead of licensed Iowa one month ago. Labor, capital and prosperity are walking through Northwestern Iowa hand in hand with Prohibition, rearing up our broad and beautiful prairies and converting them into beautiful homes."

We have the same testimony from Kansas in regard to the effect of Prohibition, and especially in regard to the character of the immigrants that are now attracted thither from other parts of the country and from abroad.

The success of the effort in Kansas and Iowa has stirred up the people in other Western States to ask whether the time has not come for a more general declaration of independence from the evil which has been wasting their strength and destroying their population; whether for the sake of putting money into the coffers of the manufacturers and dealers in intoxicating drinks they are called upon to support such a business by universal and heavy taxation. In Illinois and Indiana and Ohio just now, these questions, in all their bearings, are occupying public attention to an unprecedented degree. The same is true of some of the Southern States. In a speech at Acworth, Ga., last week, Governor Colquitt planted himself firmly upon the platform of temperance, and against the manufacture and sale of whisky in Georgia.

One evidence of the progress of the cause is the alarm that prevails among those who are most interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. They have formed extensive combinations to sustain the business and they pour out their money with a freedom that is seldom manifested in sustaining any good enterprise. In some places they are proposing a compromise with the friends of temperance, and are willing to favor something in the way of License laws, but in general they are defiant though alarmed. The following extract from one of their organs in this city shows that they appreciate the situation:

> "There has never been a time in the history of the trade in beverages when disaster seemed so probable. We do not say this to create unnecessary alarm, but because it is a palpable truth, as any reasoning observer of events must see for himself. A wave of fanaticism has risen in the West, and now threatens to sweep over the entire country."

A dispatch from the West states that the liquor men of Indiana have become thoroughly alarmed, and feel the necessity of making special efforts for the protection of their interests. They have been holding a convention to take measures for opposing the project of submitting a Prohibitory Amendment of the Constitution to the people. One of the resolutions adopted at this convention of liquor dealers was this:

> *Resolved*, That we invite all liberty-loving people of the State of Indiana to join us in our efforts to defeat the enemy of liberty.

The time is most favorable for the friends of humanity and true liberty to combine their energies in a common effort to rid the country of its greatest curse. All things encourage such an effort. The good sense and the moral judgment of the people are on the side of such a movement, and if there is any hope for humanity the cause is sure to succeed. Success or social ruin must be the result of the struggle.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Temperance Items.

THE sale of intoxicants has been forbidden in all restaurants of the Grand Trunk Railway.

DR. NORMAN KERR, the medical temperance worker, estimates the annual mortality of the intemperate in Great Britain at 40,500 and the indirect mortality resulting from intemperance at double that number.

ABOUT the strongest temperance lecture of the season is the recent statement of the keeper of the New York Morgue that four-fifths of the five thousand bodies that reach the city dead-house every year are sent there by drunkenness.

IF you value your happiness, if you value your lives—banish from your houses, from your tables, from your sick rooms, every drop of intoxicating drinks; for be assured they produce weakness—not strength; sickness—not health; death—not life.—*Dr. Collenette.*

FIFTY-ONE COUNTIES in Georgia have no licensed saloons. Two others close in October. Seven have only one each, and in many counties the sale is confined exclusively to the county town. The Prohibition element is becoming stronger and more formidable every day.

OUR German fellow-citizens know very well that the liquor traffic is restrained, and severely restrained, in Germany, and if the German laws were applied and forced in Cincinnati three-fourths of the saloons would be closed in twenty-four hours. If those things are necessary in Germany, where the bayonet rules, how much more necessary here, where the people govern themselves.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ALCOHOL, like chloroform, is a narcotic; it is in no sense a food; it reduces the animal heat and force; overtaxes the heart; weakens the muscles; paralyzes the brain and nervous system generally; destroys the vital organs; induces many bodily and mental diseases; implants evil influences which pass from one generation to another; lessens the happiness and usefulness, and shortens the life of every generation that indulges in its use.—*B. W. Richardson, M.D., F. R. S.*

Two Prominent Victims.

Here are two more melancholy instances—two among many. A gentleman in Cleveland of high social standing, of excellent family, formerly connected with the famous Standard Oil Company, has just been taken to the Newburgh asylum, a victim of alcoholism. He leaves behind him a cultured and accomplished wife, to whom the elegant mansion recently erected by the unfortunate man, and said to be the finest residence at present in the city, remains as a sorrowful mockery. The other case is similar. In one of the auction stores of our own city, on a day of last week, a curious array of mechanical contrivances was put up for sale. The articles comprised the sole remaining property of a once well-to-do professor and inventor. He is the contriver of the electrical locomotive for the development of which a company was at one time organized with a capital of $90,000. He was once engaged by the United States Electric Light Company at a salary of $12,000 per annum. His dissolute habits estranged his friends from him and ruined his prospects. Credit one more life destroyed to alcohol! Rather place it on the debit side. The blasted fortunes and ruined souls for which whisky or whisky patronage is to be held accountable make up a fearful record against some one.—*Chicago Standard.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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First insertion, $1 per square of 10 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

Republicans, remember that Monday and Tuesday next will be the last opportunity you will have to register this year, and unless your name appears on the Registration list, you cannot vote, therefore go and have it attended to without delay, if you have the success of your party at heart !

Mr. Stake's Letter of Acceptance.

We published last week the letter of acceptance of Hon. Wm. J. Read, Republican candidate for chief judge. Below we give a similar document from Mr. Edward Stake, candidate for associate judge:

HAGERSTOWN, MD., Sept. 20 1882.
Messrs. R. W. McMichael, E. C. Tillson and Chas. G. Briggs, *Committee:*

Gentlemen: Your favor of the 13th inst., informing me of my nomination by the Republican convention as the candidate for associate judge of this judicial circuit, came to hand during my absence from home.

After due consideration I have determined to accept the nomination. I realize the responsibilities belonging to this important office, and if elected will endeavor to discharge the duties appertaining to the position to the best of my ability and judgement.

Respectfully,
EDWARD STAKE

Unless you register you loose your vote. One more sitting of the registers.

A Word to the Farmer.

The value of barn-yard manure, or any other fertilizer is admitted by every farmer. But what is the use of a fertilizer of any sort except to make land productive? And of what avail is productive land it you cannot sell the product? The great question after all, tor the farmer, therefore, is the question of a market—but what market? There are two markets for the farmer--the foreign market and the home market. Which is the most desirable? Why, the home market, of course, because it is in the sale of his products in the home market that the farmer makes his money, and it is for that reason that only the surplus that he cannot sell in the home market is sent abroad. Last year, for instance, more than $8,000,000,000 worth of agricultural products were sold in the home market, against less than $1,000,000,000 sent to a foreign market! Every one of the $50,000,000 of our home population consumed on the average last year $160 worth of that which was produced by agricultural labor and caphal. Now suppose our 50,000,000 of population were not able to buy that much—suppose the consumption to fall to $80 to each person! Who would be the greatest sufferer? Why, the farmer, of course. It would be ruin to him. Well, that is precisely what would happen if Democratic free trade were inaugurated again, and the wages of the laborer, the mechanic, the artisan, the professional man reduced, as they would be reduced, to starvation rates. Let the farmer see to it first that protection to labor is continued, and then attend to the other fertilizers.

Republican Financial Ability.

It is only necessary to take three items in the financial account recently issued by the Treasury Department to prove conclusively to the world that the Republican executors of the vast estate, once controlled and brought to the very verge of ruin and desolation by the Democratic party, are worthy of their high trust.

In addition to payments made during the past seventeen years for pensions to soldiers, their widows and orphans, amounting in the aggregate to $532,881,023.06, they have redeemed our national securities to the amount of $943,926,511,96 and reduced the annual interest charge during the same period $91,534,809.37 with every prospect of a still further reduction within the next few weeks amounting to $1,500,000 per annum, by the refunding operations now in progress under the recent law authorizing the issue of 3 per cent. bonds.

During the same period the interest on our national debt, amounting in the aggregate to the enormous sum of $1,782,229,108.09, has been promptly paid, and all these special legacies growing out of the futile attempt of the Democratic party to dissever this Union have been paid in good faith without additional taxation upon our resources, or the imposition of any new burdens upon our laboring classes, for whom so much solicitude has been recently manifested by the Pecksmillian Democracy.

These simple facts are gathered from tabulations lately issued by the Treasury Department, showing the "annual receipts and expenditures of the government from 1855 to 1882." The Republican managers of our national finances have no hesitation in furnishing any desired information to the people as to the manner in which they have performed the duties committed to their charge. Things were done under cover, in the dark, in the "good old days" of Democratic mismanagement and plundering.

The next Presidential Election.

In 1876 it required 185 electoral votes to elect President Hayes. It was only the nineteen votes from Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina that saved us, for Tilden had gobbled New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, with their sixty-five votes in addition to his nearly solid Southern vote of 119.

In 1880 it required 185 electoral votes to elect President Garfield. The North had been aroused to the imminent danger of Southern domination, presented by a solid South. The Northern States gave him 214 electoral votes. The Southern States were solidly for Hancock, giving him 138 votes, and the Northern States of California, Nevada, and New Jersey gave him seventeen more, making 155 all told.

In 1884 the electoral vote, instead of 369, of which 185 was a majority, will be 401, of which 201 will be a majority, unless one or more of the Territories be admitted to Statehood.

The Democrats, who are already forecasting and shaping things for the great fight of 1884—when the South will win all or lose heart for further Bourbon effort—finding that in 1876 some of them, and in 1880 others of them, went Democratic, put down as among the doubtful States: California, 8 votes; Connecticut, 6; Indiana, 15; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 9; and New York, 36—or 77 votes as doubtful. They concede that the Republican candidate for President will get 171 Northern electoral votes, and feel certain, with all the certainty of shot-guns and bulldozing, and tissue-ballots, of the 153 electorial votes of a Solid South. If this calculation be justified by the event, the Southern Bourbons will require but 48 Northern electoral votes to succeed in grasping supreme power in the Nation. Only 48 out of 77 which they claim as doubtful.

Now, take the votes of these States which they term "doubtful," and examine them. California has 8 votes, Nevada 3, Connecticut 6, New York 36, New Jersey 9, and Indiana 15. With New York and Indiana they would have 51 votes to add to their solid Southern vote of 153—more than enough to settle the business. Or they could dispense with New York, if they could be sure of the 41 votes of California, Nevada, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. These are the only aspects in which Indiana is pivotal. New York, however, with any one of the States of California, New Jersey, Indiana, or Connecticut, would be decisive with a "Solid South" and even with Nevada, or by itself alone, would furnish a tremendous temptation to a Democratic House to throw out and refuse to count, on some trumped up pretext or pretended informality, the vote or votes of some Republican State or States, so as to enable them to seize the Presidency.

These are the calculations which are agitating the minds of Northern and Southern Democratic leaders already. It is this view of the future that prompts Hendricks to intimate that the "old ticket," of "Tilden and Hendricks," or Hendricks and some other man (like Randolph, of New Jersey, for instance), would win the next Presidential fight. It is more especially the last view that engrosses the minds the Bourbon leaders of the solid South. They propose to spare no effort, not alone to keep the South "solid," but, with the assistance of their Northern Democratic friends, to capture the next House of Representative, because, according to Democratic ideas, "it will do the counting"—for on March 3d, 1877, in consonance with the report of a Democratic committee, with David Dudley Field at its head, which declared that it was important to affirm "the authority of this House over the counting of the electorial votes," the Democratic House of Representatives adopted a resolution declaring it to be the "right and duty" of the House to go behind the electoral returns from any State. Nay, more, they even assumed to declare the result, for on the same day, by a vote of 136 Democratic yeas, to 88 Republican nays, the same House declared Tilden and Hendricks "duly elected President and Vice President for the term of four years commencing March 4, 1877." They also notified Tilden of that declaration, and it is still an open question whether he took the oath or not. If he had had "the pluck," as the Democrats still say, to have not only taken the oath, but to have made a serious efforts to be inaugurated, what awful consequences would have ensued! Next time they will pick a plucky man for their leader—perhaps a man with military power in his hands—or, as Congressman Ellis would say, "the condition of affairs may be such, too, that Hancock may be the nominee." But these are matters of detail at present. The main point now is to "get the next House" at any cost, because, in the language of that same Southern Democrat, "it will be of advantage for the Democrats in face of a National Election."

Yet with a knowledge of all this staring them right in the face, the people of the North allow themselves to be distracted by other issues, either of a local character, or if National, indefinitely less in magnitude than this question of the sanctity of the electorial vote upon which the liberties of this Nation and even those of mankind so largely rest. The question is not whether the Bourbon Democrats shall control the legislation of the next House. That, bad as it might be, if we let them get the next House they will in the event of a close Presidential election, count in the Democratic candidate for the Presidential office. And there is no dodging the fact that if the Democratic calculations at all approximate to probability, the next Presidential election will be close enough to suit their revolutionary hopes and designs.

He who fails to register by next Monday or Tuesday will have no vote in November.

Democracy and Republicanism.

In his speech at Saginaw, Mich., Congressman Horr said: "But, fellow-citizens, my main objection to the Democratic party is that it is now, and has been for over twenty years past, simply a party of negationists, of obstructionists. Its whole stock in trade for over twenty years has been to find fault, to grumble, to snarl and complain, to tear down all the old dwellings that shelter us without building up any new mansions into which we can move. It lacks well-defined principles. It adopts measures simply as temporary expedients. It abandons to-day what it advocated yesterday simply for the purpose of achieving temporary success.

During the rebellion it opposed the war, but pointed out no other way to preserve the Nation. It was opposed to issuing greenbacks, but proposed no other way to meet the pressing needs of the government. It was opposed to the enlistment of colored soldiers, opposed to the draft, but pointed out no other way to fill the ranks of our depleted regiments. It was opposed to reconstruction, to giving the ballot to the colored men, the only loyal men of the South, but had no well defined plan for restoring the seceded States to their proper relations to the general government. Democrats opposed the issue of bonds payable in coin, but devised no method of funding our enormous war debt. When we were utterly unable to redeem the greenbacks they opposed all delay in their redemption and the moment we were able to redeem them then they opposed with all their might the fixing of any time for such redemption. They have opposed in the past and now oppose the national banking system, but give us nothing to take its place—no safer or better institution for doing the business of the country. They oppose the railroads of the country without being able to intelligently regulate them. They oppose all combinations of capital for the development of our country without understanding the mutual relations that naturally exist between capital and labor. They oppose our present system of tariff, our protection to home industries, without being able during six years of power to give us anything better. They oppose the tax on whisky and tobacco simply as being a tax on Democratic commodities. [Laughter and applause.] They oppose the appearance of national officers at the polls for fear that such officers will secure a fair ballot and an honest count. They claim to be down on Mormonism, but oppose all methods for crippling and destroying that institution. Thus I might go on for a long time, but these are instances enough to illustrate my point, and to show what I mean when I say the Democratic party is simply a party of negation; it expends all its energies in attempting to tear down, and has no strength, no enthusiasm for building up.

On the contrary, the Republican party is one of fixed ideas. It was born through a love of liberty. Spent its youth fighting for freedom. Its early manhood was taxed to the utmost in defence of our national existence. It waded through blood, and covered our hillsides and valleys with soldiers' graves, new-made graves, that it might give freedom to a race. [Applause.] It found our country without credit in the money centers of the world, and to-day we can borrow untold millions at two and three per cent. [Applause.] It has fostered our industries until the prosperity and wealth of our people are perfectly fabulous. It believes in a sound currency, in a free ballot, and a fair count, in a fair and honest adjustment between capital and labor in the the abolition of Mormonism, or rather in its total destruction both in root and branch, in the proper improvement of our rivers and harbors, in the education of the masses in temperance and good morals throughout our entire land. [Applause.]

When you once see the two pictures, why wonder that old men seek shelter under the ample folds of our banner, that middle-aged men gird on their armor at the approach of an impending contest, and that young men everywhere flock to our standard. [Prolonged Applause.]

Young man, you have forgotten to register. Go on Monday next and make your calling and election sure.

Terrific Earthquakes.

PANAMA, Sept. 14.—The States of Panama, Columbia, Costa Rica and Nicaragua have experienced since the 7th instant a series of earthquakes widely differing in intensity as well as in locality. In this city the first was felt about 3:20 A. M. on the 7th, followed half an hour later by a second. Both shocks were general throughout the state, and were felt in Carthagena, in the State of Bolivar; in Rivas, Nicaragua, and in Greytown, Nicaragua, 150 miles from the other places named. The alarm here was great. The walls of over sixty houses were injured, but none fell, and no one injured. The crown of the pediment of the Cathedral fell, hurling 200 tons of masonry through the roof and into the central square. The wide balcony of the legislative assembly also came down into the central square. The officers of the Inter-Oceanic Canal Company, formerly the Grand Hotel, were damaged to the extent of $50,000. Aspinwall suffered less, the houses being generally of fragile materials. Probably $250,000 will cover damages in this city, and a third of that sum in the rest of the isthmus. The numerous shocks since have done little damage. The loss of life has been trifling, one death occurring in Aspinwall and another in Gatun from falling walls. Two doctors lost their lives by jumping from windows. The people have been terribly frightened, being unused to earthquakes alarms. Several of the Panama Railroad embankments were severely damaged. The cable from Aspinwall to Jamaica was broken by the first shock at a point 50 miles from the isthmus.

Only two more days for registration. Monday and Tuesday, the 2nd and 3rd of October.

A Remarkable Case.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hops of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your *Manalin* and *Peruna*, and, I most happy to say, in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured without any appliances or support of any kind.

Yours truly,
MRS. HENRY ELLIS,
No. 500 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Go to the New York Branch and get one of those Scratch Pocket Shirts.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

GEORGETOWN, COL., Sept. 15, 1882.

Colorado has often been called the "Switzerland of America," and credited with the climate of Italy. Of the climatic characteristics and their effects, I may be able to give the reader something pertinent in another letter, while this one refers more to what we have seen since my last, and to what may be seen in this part of the world. By the concurrent testimony of travelers, the scenery of the Rocky Mountains has been pronounced not inferior to that of the world-famed Alpine region of Europe. In the Alps great abundance of snow is encounterd at altitudes where none is found here—a peculiarity often remarked upon by the traveler—and there is a charm there in the plentitude of vegetation and verdure all around, almost up to the snow-line. But this is atoned for in the surpassing loftiness and grandeur of these immense rockies, while the wonderful and fantastic formations of Colorado canons are unequaled anywhere in the universe. There are no less than fifteen peaks in this State, each with an altitude but little below that of Mt. Blanc; and in extent of surface one of these great peaks exceeds the entire area of Switzerland. To gain some idea of the extent of Colorado scenery, let the reader bear in mind that the State is larger than Great Britian, comprising an area of 67,420,000 acres, of which one-third only is good grazing or agricultural territory, while the remainder is the vast upheaval known as the Rocky Mountains.

Situated twelve miles from Georgetown is Gray's Peak, 200 feet higher than Pike's, and one of the four highest of the whole range. Its cold, stony summit points up through the cloud, 14,341 feet above the sea level, leaving vegetation and timber line far below. We made the ascent on horseback, and a hard climb it was. Our horses had been there many times before and followed the narrow, winding trail up the steep mountain side where to look back made one's head swim, and where a miss step or a stumble would precipitate horse and rider down the terrible rocky incline to almost certain destruction. But the magnificence of the scenery repaid many times over, the labor and risk of reaching it. As we neared the top we could look down hundreds of feet below us upon immense snow banks which the summer sun had failed to dissolve. It was a bright, clear morning, and with overcoats and wraps we were able to meet the chilling breeze without discomfort. Resting over the tops of lower mountains we saw immense white clouds, which from above, with the sunlight shining on them, looked like great sheets of snow below us. For hundreds of miles in every direction mountain peak after mountain peak met our view, snow-capped and rock-bound, "grand, gloomy and peculiar." It was the sight of a life-time. In the clear, rarified atmosphere there is almost no limit to ones' vision with a good glass. Denver lay fifty miles to the south of us. Pike's Peak 110 miles distant, looks as though it was scarcely a gun-shot away. South Peak, an elevated, fertile plain with an area of many thousands of acres, was almost at our feet, while ranges of mountains in Wyoming and New Nexico were plainly visible. Victor Hugo tells us, that "every condition has its instinct," and he who finds himself for the first time face to face with the Rocky Mountains—God's eternal sentinels—has an appalling sense that he has not only over-rated his individual importance in Nature's economy, but has likewise undervalued the influence of inarticulate nature upon himself. Nothing can transcend the majesty of these snow-capped mountains! You gaze upon them in mute wonder until you grow abstracted and out of self into the idea of perpetual greatness. You do not think—only feel—and somehow the eastern world that you have left behind with its glitter and gloom, its envious struggles and manifold defects, fades into insignificance in view of this endless range of Divine architecture, and you are for once an humble worshipper at the pure shine of sublimity.

Three miles up a mountain gulch above Georgetown is what is know as Green Lake. It is a large basin at an elevation of 11,000 feet, filled with water 75 feet deep, almost as cold as ice and of a greenish hue. The lake is half a mile long by a quarter of a mile in width, and overlooked on all sides by an impregnable mountain wall. Here the propagation of fish is extensively carried on, and the lake literally swarms with beautiful trout and salmon. They are so tame that droves of them will come close to the shore and eat crumbs from visitors' hands. There are now almost 20,000 in the lake and several thousand young ones in the tanks below. To feed them requires fifty to sixty pounds of ground meat per day at this season and a larger quantity in winter. No fishing is allowed, and an armed man patrols the bank at night to prevent the destruction of these pets. The object of this enterprise is to stock the mountain streams for food and sport. All the waters of Colorado are being rapidly depleted of their beautiful finny inhabitants, and fishing here is not what it was a few years ago. The subject of fish propagation is being agitated in many of the States, and the attention of Congress has been called to it. All our waters need replenishing. Seining and other devices have greatly reduced the supply of fish food everywhere and nearly destroyed the healthful sport incident to its taking. But a small percentage of the eggs deposited are hatched and saved in the natural way, while by the artificial process, properly managed, only a very small percentage is lost. The destruction of young fish by the game species can also be guarded against until they are able to take care of themselves, thereby still again largely augmenting the annual supply. Congress could wisely appropriate for this object, in eligible localities, a portion of the sums voted away upon that annual steal, the River and Harber bill, and expended for the supposed improvement of mythical rivers and streams.

DOM PEDRO.

The State Department has information from abroad indicating that the very excellent wheat crop, not only in this country but in Europe, has reduced prices there already, and that the producers of this country may as well make up their minds to accept low rates for their wheat this year. The sudden termination of the Anglo-Egyptian war also has a depressing influence on the prospective values on Breadstuffs, for it not only lessens the demand, but reopens the Suez Canal, through which a considerable portion of the supply of England now comes from India. The breadstuff crops of the world are this year remarkably large, and when it is learned that the United States will alone have over 300,000,000 bushels of wheat for exportation alone, the largeness of the supply is quite evident. From present appearances it is believed that the surplus in this country this year will be nearly double that of any preceding year.

There was once a Farmer, whose Farm was the envy of all the country around.

One day the Farmer saw some caterpillars making free with the leaves of his shrubbery.

"Pest on the things!" said he. "The darned Worms are spoiling the place! I'll get some of those English Sparrows that are so highly commended."

So the farmer imported a few English Sparrows, and felt happy again.

But soon the Sparrows multiplied to an amazing extent, and, neglecting the Worms, swarmed upon his standing crops and destroyed them.

"Just my darned luck!" cried the Farmer. "The Worms were simply an occasional annoyance. Fool that I was to seek relief at the hands of the insatiable English Sparrow!"

MORAL.—Dull times may sometimes prevail under American Protection, but to seek relief by English Free Trade would be absolute Ruin.

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, make pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, stength and beauty. Ladies try it. —*Bazaar.*

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,
Hardware, Groceries
Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Oakland Hotel closed Monday last for the season.

—William C. Davis is attending school at Delaware, Ohio.

—Preaching and communion services in the Memorial Church at 11 A. M. Sunday.

—The buckwheat crop in Garrett county this fall will be the largest for many years.

—A. B. Gondor, Esq., as agent for Mrs. Ellen E. Hodel, of Cumberland, sold to Mr. E. Hoye, of Oakland, the house and lot in Oakland known as the Hodel property, for $900.

—The Democratic Judicial Convention meets in Cumberland on Thursday, Oct. 5th, and the Congressional Convention in the same City Oct. 12th.

—The last quarterly meeting for Oakland circuit, for the present conference year, will be held in the M. E. Church at Oakland, Saturday and Sunday.

—Mr. F. A. Thayer left Oakland for Baltimore Wednesday morning, and will be absent two weeks for the purpose of assisting in auditing the accounts of the B. & O. Co's. summer hotels.

—The following delegates were elected Wednesday afternoon to represent Oakland district in the Democratic county convention, to be held in Oakland, Tuesday next: E. Jamison, J. M. Boyer, King Delawder, George F. Loughridge, J. T. Mitchell.

—A few specimens of Australian buckwheat were left at this office a few days ago, by Mr. Richard G. Burke. One of the peculiarities of this variety is that the grain forms in bunches or heads. It is said to be very prolific and turns out from three to five pounds more flour to the bushel than the ordinary kinds. Mr. Burke has several bushels which he will sell to his neighbors for seed.

—A fire occurred at Cumberland at 6 o'clock Monday evening, destroying the Centennial Hotel, owned and occupied by Bosil Garlitz. It was a large building, and has been one of the leading hotels there for forty years. The fire department is run by Holly works, and the fire was nearly extinguished with comparatively little damage, when suddenly the main pipe bursted, and there was no water. The loss is about $8,000; insured for $5,000.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2nd and 3rd of October, the final days for registration. Let no voter neglect this last opportunity.

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhœa cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

It is the privilege and duty of every citizen to take part in elections. For the purity of the ballot box the law prescribes registration. See that your name is on the books.

Circuit Court.

Court adjourned Tuesday evening, after the longest session in the history of the county. A number of frivolous cases came before this court and occupied much time, to the great cost of the tax payers. The bottom fell out of several cases before the evidence was all in, and in two trespass cases tried the jury awarded one cent damage in each.

The Grand Jury was in session six days, or one more day than ever heretofore, yet the amount of business transacted was small in comparison to what has been done before in a much shorter time.

Following are the cases acted upon since our last report:

No. 23 (Stett Docket.) S. W. Moore vs Saml. Specht. Jury of inquisition. Damages assessed at one cent and 25 costs.

26 John H. Hinckburn, by his next friend Madison Blackburn, use of Peddicord & Combs, vs. Christian F. Gemsenyenger. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Motion for new trial argued and motion overruled.

27 Thomas J. McKaig vs. A. Beall McKaig. McHenry & Son, Hoffman, Price, Veitch and Mickle for plaintiff. R. H. Gordon, Semmes, and Peddicord & Combs for defendant. Verdict for defendant. Motion for new trial argued and motion overruled.

44 E. C. Tilson vs B. & O. R. R. Co. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff, and Boyd for def'. Judgment for plaintiff for $125.00.

47 Pennsylvania Rail Road Company in Maryland vs the B. & O. R. R. Co. Walsh and Williams for plaintiff, and Boyd for defendant. Judgment for defendant and appeal prayed.

53 James Howarth vs O. C. Faenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Semmes and Hamill for defendant. Verdict for defendant.

56 Martha M. Willett and John Willett, her husband, vs John Ridder. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff, and Hamill and Semmes for defendant. Non-prossed.

59 James Howarth vs Otho Faenbaker. Peddicord & Combs for plaintiff. Semmes and Hamill for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for 1 cent damages.

61 Ruth Cline, by her next friend and husband Floyd S. Cline, vs Patrick Laffey. Hamill for plaintiff. Peddicord & Combs and Veitch & Townshend for defendant. Non-prossed.

Are you among the unregistered. Only one more chance, Monday and Tuesday, the 2nd and 3rd of October.

Burglary in Oakland.

Last Saturday night or Sunday morning Mr. D. H. Loar's store, on Second street, was entered by burglars and robbed of a silver watch and a few other articles. Entrance was obtained by boring through a window shutter a hole large enough to admit a man's hand, when the fastening was removed, the window raised and the party or parties entered. Why they did not take more is a mystery, but it is surmised that the burglars were driven away by the furious barking of a dog belonging to a family residing near the store. The same night Dr. E. H. Bartlett's outkitchen was entered, the intent evidently being to obtain something to eat. Beside taking the remains of the family supper, the party took a gum coat belonging to the Doctor and a gossamer water proof belonging to Mrs. Bartlett.

Fatal Accident in the Mines.

An accident occurred in Kingsley mine Monday morning about eight o'clock, which resulted in the death of one man, and serious injury of four others. The Kingsley mine belongs to the Maryland Coal Company and the timbers have been yielding for some months past, and the "groaning" of the mountain above could be plainly heard. Three months ago the company sent in men to put up new props, but the striking miners stopped them. Yesterday a passing car, loaded with coal, struck one of the bent props, knocking it out. The mine boss and five others were putting in a new prop, when the roof fell, and five tons of coal came down. Mining Boss Wm. Byers, James Jones and John Braheney were knocked down in a heap, with Braheney on top, and he received the greatest weight. Two boys standing by, and a stable boss named Cook were struck by falling coal, but not dangerously hurt. The three men under the coal were taken out as soon as possible. Braheney was dead, while the other two were severely hurt, though no bones were broken. The dead was unmarried, and lived at Pekin.

More Evidence.

S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, O.
—*Gentlemen:* Your valuable *Peruna* is the best medicine I ever used.

NANCY FETTERMAN,
Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa.

Your *Peruna* for Indigestion and Liver troubles helps me.

W. P. BRANDON,
East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. *Peruna* is doing wonders for me.

JOHN DONAHUE,
Sharpsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your *Peruna* and am well.

THOMAS BRADFORD,
314 Western Ave. Allegheny City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life"—gratis.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Sept. 26th, 1882.

The rainy season still continues, and keeps would-be ramblers in doors, but all except hay fever sufferers are rejoicing that there has been as yet no frost to do any injury. Hope Jack Frost will not make dis appearance for another month.

President Garrett and Vice President Spencer, with their families have left their cottages for their winter homes.

Mrs. E. C. Tillson has been quite ill for some weeks past, but is now slowly improving.

Mrs. E. A. Sawyer, of Boston, Mass., who has been spending the summer with Mrs. W. R. Davis, was very greatly, but pleasantly surprised, on the occasion of her birthday, one day last week, by her many friends in the vicinity, who united in expressions of regard, and kind wishes for many happy returns of her natal day.

An immense land slide occurred in the vicinity of the contractors camp on the new W. Va., C. & P. R. R., causing damage which will take about fifteen hundred dollars to repair. Messrs. J. M. Waddle & Co. contractors had nearly finished their work, and had commenced making preparations for leaving, but will be detained a month longer by the accident.

Dr. E. M. Schaeffer, of Baltimore, who is well known here, from previous visits to our village, is at Wing and Wing for a few days.

Arrivals at Wing and Wing during the past week:

Baltimore, Md.—Mr. D. C. Chapman and wife, Miss Mary Chapman, Dr. E. M. Schaeffer. ***

Let the leading Republicans in every district make it their duty to urge unregistered voters to place their names upon the books.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering from Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

The Crops--Business Prospects.

The frosts that have visited some parts of the west and northwest do not seem to have done any material harm. The fine warm weather of the first twenty days of this month seems to have rushed the belated corn along to such a condition of maturity as to take it out of harm's way before the frosts occurred. Moreover, the frosts have not been heavy over any great extent of country, and so far as damage to the corn has been done at all it is perhaps more to the fodder than to the ear. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, of Sunday, speaking of the frosts, said:

The suspicion of frost in the air is not unreasonable or unreasonable, but rather stimulating. The corn is made; the grass is growing; the potatoes are abundant and delicious. The wheat is a monstrous stream of gold. Cotton is coming out. Hail, Columbia happy land.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of yesterday referring to crop and business prospects, said:

Reports from financial circles all indicate first-class prospects of a great revival of trade just at hand, which will make the country, and especially our own busy hive of industry, the scene of more activity than has for a long time been the case.

The New York *Herald* of Sunday, discussing the business and crop situation, said:

The first frosts in autumn are late in falling, and no disastrous and widespread rainfalls or droughts have been reported either to mar the growing crops or to impede the work of harvesting and other agricultural operations. So recently as the 18th instant the Signal service reported morning temperatures of 65 to 73 degrees in the Upper Mississippi Valley, and its reports of the temperatures with which the September days up to the 19th inst. opened as far up in the Northwest as Lacrosse, Duluth and St. Paul indicate a mean temperature for that period in this region rather above the normal. On the middle Atlantic coast the average temperature of September so far has also been unusually high. The protracted summer will therefore help forward all belated crops, especially the corn, which was backward, and the fears of a seriously deficient corn crop expressed in July must be dispelled. Although June and July were generally cooler than these months usually are the subsequent part of the warm season has made apparently ample compensation for their heat deficiencies. With the abundant harvests in the United States and the highly encouraging crop reports from twelve foreign countries, recently collected and published by M. Etienne, in France, to the effect that "never before, during the time that these reports have been collected, has the world's harvest in the Northern Hemisphere been so good all around," the time has surely come for a large reduction in the prices of articles of food, which have long ranged so abnormally high.

Advices to the Chicago *Times* of Sunday from Kansas, are to the following effect:

Kansas will be able to pay all its back indebtedness this year, and be in a position to buy freely. Her agricultural products this season are estimated to be worth, at present prices, $138,385,315, and the other products of the farm, garden, and pasture, including live stock, will bring the total up to $176,000,000, or an average of $176 for every man, woman and child in the State.

A Big Storm.

PHILADELPHIA, September 23.—The storm of the past two days exceeds in severity any that has occurred along the Eastern coast at this season for several years past. From 11 o'clock on Wednesday to 4 o'clock on Thursday morning rain fell to a depth of .52 of an inch. Although rain fell some time before the hour stated, yet measurement was not taken until that time. On Thursday, the 21st, from 6:15 P. M. to 6:30 P. M. the scale marked 1.20 inches of rainfall, which is probably one of the heaviest falls in a short space of time that has ever occurred. Yesterday morning the storm broke out again with renewed force, and from 5 A. M. to 2:55 P. M. 3.43 inches of rain fell, making the total rainfall for the forty hours from 11 P. M., September 20, to 2:55 P. M., September 22, 5.15 inches. At 9 o'clock last night another heavy shower visited the city, the rain pouring down for an hour, and measuring .53 inches, which, added to the original depth, swells the figures to 5.68 inches. The amount of rain which has fallen thus far this month is twice the monthly average. Indications and dispatches from all points west show that the storm was confined almost entirely to the coast, and exceeded in no instance farther west than Pittsburgh. The storm taking place at this season of the year is popularly called the "equinoctial."

At the Signal Service Station last night the reports received at a late hour located the storm as proceeding northward, rain having already commenced to Lockport, Maine, and other points in the extreme East. In this city and suburban places great damage was done by the great fall of water.

Along the line of the West Chester and Media Railroad, near South street bridge, the tracks of the railroad were completely submerged, and back of the Almshouse meadow the sides of the embankments were washed away, seriously impending travel.

Between this city and New York, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, an immense acreage of land flooded, being under a depth of two and three feet in many places. On the Round Brook route, above Jenkintown, traffic was delayed several hours by the enormous quantity of water along the track.

The storm in Camden yesterday was the severest known in years. Cooper street, which was just being prepared for paving, was nearly washed away through the sewers. Broadway suffered severely, there being several washouts of about thirty feet long and ten feet deep. At the foot of Benson street the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had to build a bridge to enable the freight wagons to get into the freight yard. The cellars of many stores and houses upon Federal street, near Second, were flooded.

RALEIGH, N. C. September 23.—The heaviest rain storm since 1812 fell at Tarboro last night, causing great damage to the crops. The rain fell in a few hours seven and sevententh inches. Bridges were swept away and the track on the Tarboro branch of the Wilmington and Weldon road was extremely damaged. A train ran into a washout and was smashed badly, injuring Express Messenger Bryant.

NEWBURG, N. Y., September 23.—Reports of damage by flood continue to come in. In the town of Cornwall eight or ten bridges were carried away; damage, $12,000. At Mountainville the St. John ice house, barn and dam were carried away, and a flour mill damaged. In Broadway, this city, the cellars of the merchants are flooded, and the loss is heavy. It is reported that serious washouts on branches of the Erie have taken place, and travel is suspended.

The nomination of Louis E. McComas for Congress is a strong one. He is a young gentleman of talent and personally very popular. He has much in his favor and it will take a very strong man to defeat him.—*Frostburg Journal.*

We to-day place at the head of our columns the honored name of Louis E. McComas, the Republican nominee for Congress from this district. In doing so we feel an enthusiasm in the cause of Republicanism, like that which we always feel when she presents to the people as her choice a man of spotless reputation and undoubted merit.—*Rockville Montgomerian.*

Hon. Louis E. McComas of Washington county was nominated by the Republicans of this district Wednesday for Congress. We know Mr. McComas well, and believe that party could not have made a better selection. He is a talented and able young man, a ready debater, and a man who will, if elected, make his mark in Congress. Thoroughly honest, he will not stoop to low, dirty tricks to be elected, his mind runs in higher and nobler channels.—*Camb. Independent.*

Mr. McComas has been a life-long Republican, and in all the campaigns in this county has taken an active and leading part; but the sagacious political management and effective campaign speaking he has helped the Republican party to regain the lost ground in 1867, and to steadily increase the strength of the party until to-day it stands the dominant power in this country.

Although contributing much time and energy for the cause of the Republican party, he has never asked for any office or preferment, and but once was nominated for any position. In 1876, against his wishes, he received the nomination for Congress, when he was counted out in Montgomery county by the small majority of 14 votes. In that campaign he ran 700 ahead of the Presidential ticket, having carried the upper, or western counties of this district by 741 majority; Montgomery county gave Mr. Walsh the unprecedented majority of 755 and Tilden over 800, thus actually defrauding him out of his honest election. In Washington, his own county, he received a majority of 79 votes, while Tilden, (Dem.) received a majority of 150. This campaign developed a strength and popularity remarkable, and made for him friends all over the district who have been anxious ever since for an opportunity to avenge the outrage perpetrated by Montgomery county, and give him a vindication so emphatic that no trickery can possibly defeat the will of the people.

Since the campaign of 1976 Mr. McComas has devoted himself closely to his profession, and absolutely refused to allow his name to be brought out for any office whatever. And even now he has not sought the office, and has done nothing to secure the nomination. He has been urged to it by his friends; his own party in this county, without counseling him has pushed him forward; he has not written a letter, moved a peg, or gone one rod from his home to form any combinations whatever looking toward his preferment. During the session of the Convention that nominated him he was at home, in his office, and when the news came of his nomination he was engaged in a case of much importance, and for a while could not even receive the congratulations of his friends that were showered upon him. The office, in this case, absolutely sought the man. —*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.—George Scoville to day filed an answer and cross bill to the petition of his wife, Frances M. Scoville, for a divorce. He charges her with unchaste and unwifelike conduct, particularly in that she fell desperately in love with one George E. Earlie, and that she visited him so constantly that he was obliged to change his boarding place, and finally he had to forbid her coming to his office; that the two kept up a constant correspondence; that she told her husband she was as much Earlie's wife as if she had been married to him 100 years.

ST. PAUL, MINN., September 22.—Reports from all the railroads leading out of the city report more or less frost for the past two nights. Corn is generally uninjured, except in the low, swampy ground. Even there the damage is but slight. The weather remains threateningly cold along all lines, but the crop is so far advanced as to be beyond danger. The estimated yield is very high, being placed at from forty to sixty bushels per acre, some even made it 90.

The Republican Convention of the Sixth Judicial Circuit met on Friday last at Point of Rocks, and nominated John C. Motter, of Frederick, and John T. Vinson, of Montgomery, as candidates for Associate Judges in their respective counties.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

Pittsburg Cattle Market.

Cattle, Fair to Prime Shipping, 6 00a6 75; common to good butchering, 4 50a6 00; Bull and fat cows, 3 50a5 00; Veals, 6a7 c.

Sheep, Common to fair at 4 00a4 75; and Good to Prime, at 4 50a5 50.

Hogs, Philadelphia Hogs, 8 75a9 00; Good Corn Fed Yorkers, 7 80a8 00; Grassers, 7 25a7 75.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lots Nos. 3032, 3049 and 3166,

lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland, said land being assessed on the books of said county in the name of Thomas Donaldson. The said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

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Lots Nos. 52 and 53 in Brant's Addition to the said town.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Hall.

The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the balance of taxes due for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and the former sale of said lands.

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"Tobias Hoff Mill Property,"

containing one acre more or less, it being part of the land which was conveyed to Jacob Nicoln, by Gilmore S. Hamill, trustee, by deed bearing date July 19th, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 874, &c. On the said land is located a good saw mill, and is also improved by other valuable buildings. The said property is assessed in the names of Nicoln and Umbel, on the assessment books of Garrett county. The above described property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this sale of said land.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

**Saturday, the 28th day of October,

Eastern Rugs and Carpets.

What rugs were sold in this country twenty years ago came from London, which was then, as it is now, the great market of the world for Eastern fabrics. The prices were high and the colors were unattractive to people accustomed to the gorgeous landscapes and enormous bouquets of brilliant flowers which then formed the groundwork of all carpets. Gradually the rugs made their way into some rich houses, and with the introduction of stained and polished floors too handsome to cover up with carpets, rugs became common, and vessels coming from Smyrna and other Mediterranean ports with figs and dates began to bring a few rugs and carpets. About fifteen years ago Americans began to give orders directly to the Turkish merchants who act as agents for the purchase of such stuffs, and now the business is a large one, half a million dollars' worth of Eastern rugs coming into New York every year, some of them direct, but most of them by way of Liverpool, where they are transhipped.

Rugs vary in price not so much because of the size as on account of the quality of the wool and the fineness of the work. Now and then a rug is found in which the colors are of unusual beauty, and in such cases it acquires an exceptional value on that account. Dealers and connoisseurs in rugs designate them by the districts in which they are made—as, for instance, a Kerman rug, or a Feraghan, or Kula, or Ushak, or Kuba rug or carpet. Each community or village in which carpet-making is practiced is noted for certain peculiarities of texture, material, design and color, always producing the same patterns, with slight variations, over and over again. The countries from which we get rugs include Turkey in Asia, the Caucasian districts, Armenia, Persia, far into India into the Himalaya, where the commercial outlet is Bombay. The chief centers for the manufacture of carpets in India are Mirzapore and Benares in the northwest provinces, and Masulipatam in the Madras Presidency. Most of the Turkey carpets and rugs brought to this country come from Ushak, in the province of Aidin, about a week's journey from Smyrna. In the provinces of Khodavendikiar, Adana and Nish, many families pass their lives working at rugs. Carpet-makers are also common in Bozrah, Aleppo and the villages of Trebizond.

The business methods of buying rugs are as follows: Turks are the chief agents for American and English buyers, because they are noted for honesty and ability. If the Jews of Turkey believe in any man's honesty, it is in that of the Turkish buyers. When an American buyer arrives in the heart of the rug-making country he selects the best agent he can find, and gives him an order for, say, one hundred rugs, of about the colors and sizes of certain samples which he may find in the bazaars. The Turkish agent then employes natives of the villages where the kind of rugs selected are wanted, giving to each a bag of gold, and instructions to order four rugs. The sub-agent then goes among the families and talks rugs with them, drinking many cups of coffee and discussing the price for days at a time. When a bargain is concluded some money is furnished the family for wool, dyes and food, and the agent goes away, sure that in the course of a few months the rug will be ready. Upon a carpet measuring eight feet by twelve a whole family will work for months. The cotton or woolen threads which form the groundwork or warp of the fabric, are stretched upon a huge frame the width of the rug, and the family, or such members of it as are able to work, sit on the floor and tie knots in the warp threads with the colored wools tufts, tightening the finished fabric now and then with a rough comb. Each worker takes about twenty-seven inches of the rug and works along this strip. From two to four inches a day is the speed at which the rug advances if the family is large enough for the whole width of the rug to advance at the same time. A rug eight or nine feet wide requires four persons, who work side by side. The finishing of the rug, smoothing, clipping, etc., is a work requiring skill and judgment. The wages are very small and the payment is according to the number of square feet. The workers know certain patterns by heart, and dye their own wools. The old dyes have in some instances been supplanted by aniline colors, which do not keep their tones, and fade without giving to the rug the softness of tint which is the chief glory of a fine Eastern rug. So many merchants have refused to buy the carpets in which aniline dyes have been used that the use of them may eventually be stopped. The rug-makers as a class are poor in money, very ignorant and very religious, but live comfortably. Especially around the borders of the Caspian Sea, in the country watered by the rivers from the Caucasian Mountains, are the people in comfortable circumstances, although about three centuries behind the rest of the world. Wine is still brought into Tiflis in ox-hides, holding a bogshead of wine, and is sold for about fifteen cents a gallon. The rugs and carpets are brought in from Persia and the neighboring districts on camels' backs, the arrival of camel-trains being one of the curious sights of the town.

Old rugs, varying in age from ten to one hundred years, are to be found all over the East, and are bought by traveling agents, who look chiefly for beauty of coloring and fineness of material. Prayer rugs, without one of which a Mohammedan never travels, are about two feet and a half wide and four feet long. They can be distinguished at once by the design, which always represents some large figure square at one end and pointed at the other. The place for the hands and knees is indicated on some of them. The extraordinary durability of these prayer-rugs is due to the care with which they are used. They are unrolled and spread out, pointing toward Mecca; then the true believer kicks off his shoes, and, kneeling down on the rug, inclines himself until his forehead touches the rug. When the prayer is done the rug is rolled carefully up again. When traveling on steamboats it is sometimes uncertain in which direction Mecca lies, and though the worshipper may begin his prayer with the rug in the right direction, he ends it in the opposite direction. The figures upon most prayer rugs have a religious symbolic meaning, and the date is to be found on most of them. The high value put upon some prayer rugs, so worn as to be almost in tatters, is due to the soft coloring, the result of time, and unattainable in new fabrics. It is not uncommon for a small rug to be valued at several hundred dollars.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Sincerity and "Sham."

Shall one who has neither the delights nor the cares of a "home;" who owns neither the dignity nor suffers the "torments" of a housekeeper, venture to tell industrious and tasteful women that their "lovely" pillow-shams are not æsthetic; not, in the words of another, "to be tolerated in the face of devotion to art;" or, even in appreciation of the first principles of art, sincere love of the beautiful and the expression of that which is true as well as its adornment! And may she predict that both custom and sincerity will—as it *should*—abolish-veto and lay them away for future explorers of garrets, chests or secret drawers, to find as trophies of antiquity—relics, not of genuine elegance in earlier times, but—let me spare some possessors of lovely eyes and pretty fingers, and be forgiven with the confession that made by the writer, "pillow-shams" were never fully appreciated. Is it a wonder then that she now glories in certain indications that they are to be affixed no longer by sovereign Fashion?

Indeed, these fluted and often snowy *nothings* have caused volumes of misery—all told of weariness, impatience, envy and accriminating words. Only ask a few women of good memories who have "boarded around" by Fate's relentless liat; only question a few truthful servants, if you can find them; ask a few head-wearied husbands who have in their own houses, in luckless haste, sought pillows *supposed* to be their own, momentarily forgetful of all *shams*, and testimony more than circumstantial will hasten your verdict and vindicate complaint, and lead you to join this cause of abolition.

It has been said by good authority that "Pillow-shams are essentially American." Alas! and so are many other shams; probably the word *sham* itself. In England and France the "ladies" of the best households are satisfied with lace-trimmed and embroidered linen "pillow-cases;" to be satisfied with such delicate suggestions of ease and provisions of affluence or plenty; is simply to be both tasteful and honest, or in other words, not only preferring sincerity, but evincing it; not only being genuine but proving it minutely.

To employ in plainest homes white cotton covers for bed pillows, without even an edging of cheap lace, carefully ironed in orderly folds, changed oftener than once a week if they become soiled or rumpled too much, is, fashion aside, far nicer and more comfortable than to waste time with and often be vexed about "shams," that, indeed, in many a sleeping-room are daily laid, or *pinned up*, over soiled cases that would scarcely offend a cleanly eye more than do such dust-heavy, rarely-washed, often old and splintered, abominable "*shams!*" But, ornament the *cases*, we say, as much as you please, by tucked or embroidered, ruffled or laced ends, and the edges of the open end, which should be buttoned. Then they will be tasteful—æsthetic and *honest*, too; only have mercy on your husband's, father's and brother's faces, and not embroider the centers, nor starch them if ruffled all around! If so you do, of course your own face may bear the same kind; no matter for that. Some moralists think that a peaceful disposition, serenity of mind, or absence of violent mental disturbance, with some certainty ensures long life.

Reasonably adding to this among other favoring conditions a *sincerity* of motive, thought and action which is habitual, is it not plain, my gentle listeners, that the end of the pillow-sham institution, both to please art and fashion—although the census-taker may never know it—possibly may add five years to the lives of some feminine organizations?" Few of us really intend to become suicides, if so many will encourage the corset-maker. The least-loved woman, while sane, does not prefer to hasten her demise.

Then, as a disciple of the sincerely natural, the genuine in spirit, as well as the truly beautiful, I urge you to avoid, so far as possible in this world of contest, where right and wrong are so wofully intermingled, *all* delusions.

Let us remember the homely but Scriptural illustration of only making "clean the outside of the platter," and endeavor, by Divine aid, to have pure hearts and minds; then shall we be less tempted to any affectation of deceit, however harmless it may seem, or however small it may be. The Frenchman's policy of mingled hypocrisy and politeness is not to be imitated, even for the sake of being excessively polite! But, again let it be remembered, that French ladies are above employing "Pillow-shams."—*Emily Fletcher Bennett, in Rural New-Yorker.*

Some Industrial Statistics.

The Fall River mills turn out 1,500 bed-quilts a day, and the Holliston, Mass., mills 1,350 pairs of blankets a week. Seventy mills in the South now work up yearly 200,000 tons of cotton-seed, making 7,000,000 gallons of oil, worth $28,000,000. The cotton mills of the North yield an average profit of seven per cent., while eighteen per cent. is realized in those of the South. The largest belt ever made from a single width of hide has just been manufactured by a Hartford firm. It is four feet wide, ninety-six feet long, and weighs 1,000 pounds. The clippings of sole-leather in the New England shoe-factories, that were formerly considered worthless, are now stamped into buttons for clothes and fancy tack-heads for upholstery. About $12,214,000 has been placed in increasing the number of cotton-spindles in the South during the years 1881-82. Georgia has added 100,000; Alabama, 34,000; Tennessee, 24,000; Mississippi, 32,000; Louisiana, 21,000; North Carolina, 48,000; South Carolina, 96,000. Total new spindles, 361,000.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Buffalo gentleman waiting for a train at Aylmer, Ont., saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her and helped her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a valise that proved to be his own, which he had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

Letting One's House.

To a refined mind the notion of letting one's house, one's home—the sacred center whence spring all the tendrils of the heart, the nucleus of a life's joys; hopes and suffering—must be inexpressibly repugnant. A stranger sleeps in your bed, fingers your favorite books, sneers at your pet arrangements, dines at your hospitable board, and ferrets out all your particular contrivances. Nothing is sacred, nothing is hidden from him; he cuts and mangles your precious flowers, wipes his feet on your carefully preserved carpet, lolls about and tears the chintz off your peculiar armchair, breaks the old familiar crockery and upsets the ink over a long-respected tablecover. The very walls seem to tell him your secrets and to unveil the thoughts of your mind; for the atmosphere of a house is, so to speak, redolent of the person himself; whether he be a smoker, a recluse and bookworm whose heart delights in the scent of Russia leather, a *dilettante* dabbling in oil-paints, an æsthetic redolent of incense and faint lilies, a house-mother fond of home-made lavender and *pot-pourri*, an invalid given to the fumes of eau-de-cologne and ether, a fine lady saturated with *poudre de riz* and the scent of frangipanni and *peau d'Espagne*—whoever and whatever he may be, the house tells his history, in its faint odors, in the perfume of forgotten drawers, in the reek of a stuffy curtain, in the intangible quality of the air. The arrangement of the furniture betrays the tone of a man's mind, whether he be precise, orderly or luxurious; the combination and harmony of colors reveals his taste, the quality of stuffs decides whether he be penurious, generous or lavish. The number of dining-room chairs tells what company he keeps, the marks of nails on the stairs whether there are boys about the place, the names of the books in the library to what degree of culture he has attained—whether he is sporting, horsey, literary or devout. The offices show the state of his income by the number of servants he keeps, the size of the cellars his qualities of temperance and sobriety. There is not a nook of the man's mind that remains unexplored. His loves, his hopes, his ambitions, his wife's housekeeping, his daughter's vanity, the number of his children—all are laid bare to the careless gaze of the casual observer.—*London World.*

The Sheikh Obeidoullah.

By no means groundless appear to be the anxiety and alarm of the Porte at the disappearance from Constantinople of the old Sheikh Obeidoullah. He, it will be remembered, is the mighty chieftain of the Kurds who, in 1880, organized an army of his own relatives and dependents, and invaded Persia. At first no remonstrance was offered by the Porte, and the Persian troops were quickly put to rout by the Kurdish hordes. Having gone as far as the City of Oroomiah and laid waste a vast extent of Persian territory, Obeidoullah leisurely retired to his own land again, only to begin preparations for a second expedition, with the avowed object of the conquest of Persia. At this juncture, however, the Porte was prevailed upon by Persia to interfere, and Obeidoullah was invited by the Sultan to visit Constantinople, ostensibly for the purpose of conferring about the proposed raid. Once there, however, he was given to understand that he must stay there, and since then, until his recent escape, he lived in Constantinople in great state, holding court, and exercising public influence not much inferior to that of the Sultan himself. The Sultan treated him with the utmost consideration, and all the high dignitaries of the Empire esteemed it a privilege to be admitted to his presence and be allowed to kiss his feet. Still the police kept close watch upon him, and it was only by a remarkable piece of strategy that he at last succeeded, two weeks ago, in escaping by way of Russia. Now, if he succeeds in recrossing the Russian frontier he may cause the much-perplexed Porte most serious trouble, for he has sworn to invade Persia again under the Turkish flag. He is a lord of a vast extent of fertile country south of Lake Van, the inhabitants of which are prosperous and intelligent. They are fanatically devoted to him, both as a military and political leader, and also as a religious guide and prophet, for he stands at the head of the famous Order of Nekshibendee Dervishes. So he will quickly be able to raise an army of many thousands of fierce, bigoted Kurds, accustomed to war, and ready to follow his standard wherever he may lead.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

French Criminal Procedure.

The place which is given to "extenuating circumstances" in the French code explains the search made by the presiding Judge into the motives of prisoners in the dock. In England a murder case is devoid of psychological interest, motives being only inquired into to strengthen the chain of circumstantial evidence on which the prosecution relies. In this country the jury to some extent takes the place of the ghostly confessor or director in the tribunal of penitence. It tries to learn the hidden causes which have led to the perpetration of the murder, and whether they attenuate or aggravate the crime. Hence the sifting examination into the antecedents of the accused by the prosecution, which tries to show evil motives. To evidence which an English Judge would reject as irrelevant importance is to be attached if it paints the inner man that commands the outer one we see in the dock. The public prosecutor would describe Cain as envious, hateful and strong. The counsel for the defense would try to show him a fanatical lover of justice and of the principle of equality—a persevering hard worker, who had eradicated thorns and thistles and turned the land that bore them into a productive wheatfield. Abel he would describe as a lazy, pitiable, piping shepherd, who left his dogs to mind the flock, and took siestas in a shady place while Cain was laboring with his reaping-hook. In digging and plowing malarious plains Cain also was attacked by virulent fevers. The jaundiced body reacted upon his mind, and when he thought himself the victim of an act of favoritism he was hurried by his love of equity, etc., and his morbid state of health, into knocking his brother on the head.—*Paris Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Young Readers.

TO THE LAND OF NOD.

Put away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib.
Softly on the down
Lay the baby's crown;
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet—
Snug as a pea in a pod!
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap,
We will go, we will go,
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

There in the Shadow-maker's tent,
After the twilight's soft descent,
We'll lie down to dreams
Of milk in flowing streams;
And the Shadow-maker's baby
Will lie down with us, may be,
On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod,
In a drowse and a doze,
All asleep from head to toes,
We will lie, we will lie,
In the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
In the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,
Then when the lark awakes,
We will leave the drowsy dreams,
And the twinkling starry gleams;
We will leave the little tent,
And the wonders in it pent,
To return to one native sod,
With a bop and a skip,
And a jump and a dip,
We will come, we will come,
From the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
From the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.
—*Jessiter Johnson, in St. Nicholas.*

TEMPTATION.

"I think I shall go by the Mill road to school this morning," said Nelly May to her little brother Fred, as the two started out from home, one fine October morning, to walk the mile that stretched out through pleasant fields between their father's house and the school-room.

"Oh! please don't," said Fred, pleadingly. "That is an ugly, rough road.

"But the hickory-nuts grow there," said Nelly. "There may be some fallen by the bridge. I shouldn't wonder a bit if there were,"

"I know there aren't," answered Fred. "John and I came by there yesterday, and there wasn't one."

"Oh! that was yesterday," said Nelly. "There may be lots to-day."

"And it's ever so much farther, and we'll be late at school," persisted Fred, holding back.

"There is no danger of being late," answered Nelly; "and it *isn't* much farther. You're lazy; that's all. But I'm going that way, and you may as well come along."

"I don't want to," urged little Fred, beginning to cry. "I'm tired, and it *is* a long way. Mother said we were to go straight to school, and not loiter."

"Who is going to loiter, I'd like to know," snapped Nelly. "You need a shaking, Fred May. You're just the laziest boy I know. '*Tired! tired!*' That's all you can say," continued the little girl, quite crossly, and getting angrier every moment. "I guess I walk as many steps as you do and carry this great heavy lunch-pail and all my books into the bargain, while you have only that teenty-tooty baby Reader and Arithmetic. I'm not tired, and neither are you; so just march along. I'm going the Mill way, whether you like it or not. So!"

Freddy, who was a weakly little fellow, only seven years old, and not used to walking, began to cry, as he followed behind his sturdy ten-year-old sister, who trudged briskly over the uneven Mill road, instead of following the smooth pike, which was not only the shortest way to school, but also much the pleasanter walk.

For a few minutes Nelly walked very fast and with firm steps, holding her head high, and looking straight before her. Presently Freddy's little whimpering cry attracted her attention. She looked around. The little boy was almost running, as he tried in vain to keep up with her.

"What are you crying for, baby?" she asked, as she waited for Freddy to come up. "You're a great *boy*, I must say."

"I don't want to go this long, rough way," Freddy said, as he tried to choke back his sobs, for Nelly's scornful tones, as she pronounced the words "baby" and "boy," stirred the little lad's heart. "You wouldn't want to, either, only you think may be Nancy Lewis will be at the bridge, and you'll get some of her grapes without going to her house, 'cause mother said you mustn't go to her house any more."

"You naughty, hateful boy!" cried Nelly, catching Freddy by the arm, and giving him a little shake. "How dare you say such a thing? You're as mean and hateful as you can be. I was just going to offer to carry your books for you, but now I shan't. You may carry them yourself, and I have a great mind to make you take this dinner-pail too."

Poor Nelly! Her cheeks were red, and her eyes flashed, while her pretty mouth parted with all its beauty as the two rosy lips puckered themselves up into a very ugly pout.

Freddy said no more, and the two children walked on in silence for some moments.

Then a voice that seemed to come from inside her heaving bosom spoke so plainly to Nelly.

"Freddy is right, and you are wrong," it said. "You know that you are only walking on this road in the hope of meeting Nancy at the bridge, and getting some grapes from her without exactly going to her house for them. Your mother forbade you to go to Nancy's house for any more grapes. You think you can still get the grapes by coming this way, and you do not care for your weakly little brother. Perhaps he may fall ill from this long trudge. Your mother told you to be kind to him, and to take good care of him. And you promised to do so. You promised to think of your verse, too. And you have quite forgotten it."

Nelly walked very slowly now. The pout gradually left her lips, and her eyes had a serious look, quite different from the angry glance of a few moments before. She turned to Freddy, who was toiling along quietly by her side. How small and weak he looked! She remembered the words of Dr. Gaty, the family physician, when consenting to her request for Freddy to go to school in the autumn. "Yes," he had said, "I think the walk on the pike will be good for him on fine days, especially with such a stout, kind sister to hold his hand, and take good care of him. Yes, I think it will be safe to trust him with Nelly. She will lead him into no harm."

And now—she was leading him over a long, rough road, and treating him, oh! not kindly and carefully, certainly.

Nelly felt very uncomfortable.

The voice spoke again: "You know that you are not coming this way for nuts, but for grapes; you tried to deceive Freddy as to your motive, but he was not deceived, and because he saw your real motive, and told you of it, you became angry, and spoke crossly, and shook him; you have added sin to sin. And all because you have forgotten your verse." And just then Nelly remembered.

Her verse for the day had been: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." She had promised her mother to think of it during the day. And before an hour had passed she had quite forgotten it.

"Oh dear!" said Nelly, with a sigh; "what a wicked girl I am!" Freddy heard the words, and looked up quickly. He saw a great tear roll down his sister's cheek.

"Don't cry, Nelly, he said. "I'll walk my best. You aren't such a wicked girl. I wish we had a grape-vine, and you could have all the grapes you wanted, and then you wouldn't want to go to Nancy Lewis' so much. She is a cross, naughty girl, and she makes you cross, too. That's all."

Nelly put down her books and the pail, and knelt down in the road and flung her arms around her little brother.

"You dear little forgiving thing!" she said, hugging Freddy tightly to her. "That's all—that's enough, I think. I've been as mean as mean can be. And I'm ashamed. Freddy May; and I must stop right here and ask God to forgive me, and to lead me not into temptation."

And there with her arms around Freddy, Nelly prayed for forgiveness and help; and, rising to her feet, she took Freddy, books, lunch-pail and all, up in her stout arms, and carried them back to the turn where the Mill road branched off from the pike.

"There now," she said, as she put Freddy down and fanned her hot cheeks with her geography cover, "we'll go the straight safe road, and after a while I'll give you another lift; and if you see me starting off into temptation again to-day, Freddy May, you just call out: "Lead me not"—and I'll remember my verse; will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Freddy, smiling brightly. "I'm rested a good deal now, and I don't believe you'll need to carry me any more. You're a good sister, Nelly."—*Mary E. C. Wyeth, in S. S. Times.*

Advice to Young Travelers.

Traveling in our country is both comfortable and agreeable, if the traveler will pay attention to a few directions. I suppose, dear little friends, that you have seen fussy and fidgety people on the road, who made themselves and other people unhappy by their behavior. The cars were too warm or too cold, the locomotive was going too fast or too slow, they feared the baby in the next seat had the whooping-cough, or they were sure there would be a collision. If on the water, they were in terror lest the engineer was racing, and the uneasiness they felt made them wretched.

Now, my dears, listen to me. When you go on a journey you are a passenger: your ticket is paid for; and as you are neither captain, pilot, conductor, nor engineer, give yourself no trouble about the way car or boat is being managed. Never take responsibility that does not belong to you.

The old Romans used to call baggage *impedimenta*. They tried to have as little of it as they could when on a march. Unless you are going to stay a long time, take no more luggage than is necessary. A little hand-bag or a shawl-strap, with perhaps an umbrella, is all that a young traveler should have to care for on a journey.

When you purchase your ticket, if no older friend is with you to attend to the checking of your trunk, you must see to it yourself. This is very simple. Go with your ticket to the place to which the expressman has taken your trunk, show your ticket to the baggage-master, and he will attach a check to your goods, and give you one precisely like it. You must put this away in a place where you can get at it conveniently, as you must return it to the steamer or railway company when you claim your property.

Never tuck your ticket out of sight or into some out-of-the-way pocket. Have it ready to show the conductor whenever it is called for.

A little girl is sometimes uncertain what to do about her money if she is traveling with a gentleman. For instance, Eda is going to visit Angeline, and at the station in New York she is met by Angeline's brother Dick. She does not wish him to purchase her ticket, but she feels awkward about offering him the money to pay for it.

The proper thing for Eda is to hand her pocket-book to Mr. Dick, and request him to take from it the amount of her fare. The pleasantest way, if the journey be a long one, would be for Eda's papa to give her escort a sufficient sum to pay all her expenses.

People on a journey should not be selfish. Nobody should take two seats when only entitled to one. Two or three merry boys and girls traveling together should be careful not to laugh and talk so loudly that they annoy others. Ladies and gentlemen never do this. You can have a deal of fun without being conspicious.

Never neglect a chance to do a kindness to an aged or feeble person. Nothing is more beautiful on the road than courtesy from the young to those who are old or in trouble.—*Harper's Young People.*

—Goat Island, on the brink of the falls at Niagara, has thus far been kept in its native wilderness of forest growth, notwithstanding the efforts of capitalists who desire to use it as a site for great manufactories. The youngest heir to the estate of which the island forms a part comes of age in a few months, and then the estate must be sold. It is suggested that the State of New York buy the island in order to keep it from devastation. The legislature has once discussed the matter.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Physicians, clergymen, students and business men use not less than three hundred thousand bicycles in England and twelve thousand in this country.

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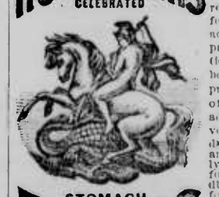
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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—For warts on animals, J. B. Mathews gives the following: Take a small quantity of arsenic, and a good sized piece of twine, dissolve the arsenic in water, soak the twine in the solution, then tie around the neck of the wart. It will come off in a week, root and branch. Have succeeded in it when all other remedies failed.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Rats in Granaries: A correspondent of the *Journal of Agriculture Progressive* suggests a method of getting rid of these pests that has the advantage of having been most successful in his own case. It is to fill their holes with chloride of lime and oxalic acid, when a violent disengagement of chlorine takes place, their holes are filled with gas and they are suffocated.

—The test as to whether a young tree is making sufficient growth or not is made by examining its new shoots. If these grow twelve to fifteen inches annually, neither manure nor additional culture is probably needed. If less than this length of new wood is grown, something is needed to stimulate the growth and increase the vigor of the tree.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A pretty way to cover a hair cushion is to knit stripes of zephyr worsted or of yarn in different colors. Suppose you have three stripes, one of red, one of blue, and the third of black, knit them together, put them over the cushion, and at each corner fasten a scarlet bow, or, instead of bows at the four corners, a cord and balls made of worsted look very pretty at the two front corners. This cushion has a soft, warm look which is appreciated in winter.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Most persons, no doubt, have seen hogs eating hay during the winter months, in but small quantities, it is true, but still eating it. If clover is cut when in fullest bloom, well cured and stored away, the hay becomes a valuable food for hogs, especially when fed but little else than corn. To utilize it, cut it in a cutting box, a half to three-fourths of an inch long, mixed with bran, shorts or cornmeal, and moisten it with swill, or even water; if made scalding hot the better. Then let it stand for a few hours before feeding it out. Any of the grasses, if cut in bloom and made into hay, will answer a good purpose, but clover is preferable. Besides being valuable as food, hay thus fed is a preventive of disease in hogs full fed on corn.—*Chicago Journal.*

Sowing Wheat.

A perfect wheat soil, as has been repeatedly stated on this page, must contain lime, potash, phosphate and nitrogen in their various combinations with other mineral elements, and in due proportions, and at the same time be sufficiently porous to permit water to pass down readily and leave the surface dry and firm. Lime soils are especially adapted to wheat. Sandy and gravelly soils by liberal manuring can be made productive, and no means perhaps are more effective than clover and plaster or gypsum.

Soils that yield good clover crops will yield good wheat crops, and a clover sod is one of the best natural preparations for wheat. Not a few cultivators seed corn ground to wheat. Some sow wheat among the standing corn, but *this is not* largely practised, as it leaves the surface of the land in bad order. Others cut up the corn and plow and sow wheat. The lateness of this operation is an objection in many sections. Other cultivators select an oat field or fallow land. There is a great diversity of opinion in regard to sowing wheat after barley or oats. Many successful farmers do it; while, on the other hand, many consider the practice a careless one and unworthy of good husbandry.

The relative merits of drill and broadcast sowing of wheat are discussed every season. The area seeded with the drill, according to recent reports, amounts to fifty-seven per cent. in the wheat-growing States. Where the soil is in good condition and free from obstructions in the way of rocks and stumps, the preference is almost invariably for drilling. Among the advantages claimed for drilling are saving of seed and placing the fertilizer in closer proximity to the seed. A great argument in favor of drilling is that it must be preceded by thorough culture. Many farmers roll their land just before the drill to solidify the surface, while the soil is left loose underneath.

Clover and field-peas are accepted as among the cheapest and best renovators of the soil and produce excellent results, especially in thin soils. The application of lime increases the yield of any of the grain crops and is beyond question beneficial to wheat, but will exhaust the land if persevered in without rotation. After wheat is sown lime is often advantageously used as a top dressing when mixed with ashes, muck, etc. Where the use of fertilizers is confined to the practice of spreading them over the ground and plowing in, or scattering over the surface and harrowing in previous to sowing the seed, the operation of fertilizing is confined to stated periods of the year. But where the practice is adopted of surface manuring after germination and growth has been made, the work of manuring may go on from fall until spring, and in that way the winter accumulation of manure be used. In no case is it well to spread manure heavily enough to induce rank growth and thus endanger the crop by lodging or rust. In applying ground bone and the superphosphites on wheat it is generally sown broadcast.

Better drainage and better tillage are each year being given by professional wheat cultivators, who have also discovered that there is a happy medium between very thick and very thin seeding.—*N. Y. World.*

Poor Shells at Alexandria.

I called attention last week to the very unsatisfactory accounts respecting the inefficiency of the shell fire at Alexandria. It seems that, so far from the unexploded Inflexible shell (to which I then alluded) being the only instance in which the fuze failed, scores have been found lying about in the same condition. The cost of this sort of ammunition is enormous, and if half of the shells are to prove harmless, we seem to get very little for our money. The question demands the immediate attention of the War Office. It is no use to mount great guns for the purpose of discharging shells which do not ignite.—*London Truth.*

Yankee Beef Abroad.

When it was first proposed to export American beef to England the undertaking was looked upon as one which would result in a disastrous failure. In spite of all predictions of failure, the undertaking was a success financially, and was followed by other shipments until hundreds of thousands of cattle were exported to Great Britain annually. The first shipment was made by Timothy C. Eastman, of New York, who has amassed a fortune in the cattle trade. Recently Mr. Eastman took a trip to England and has just returned.

"The exportation of American beef at present is not carried on as much as formerly," said Mr. Eastman. "The high prices prevailing here being fully equal to those in England, it does not pay. The price of beef, however, is now declining, and undoubtedly the exportation will soon be resumed."

"What made American beef so popular in England? Was it better than English beef?"

"I cannot say that, for it is very hard to make the average Englishman believe that there is anything better than is found in England. Our best beef is fully as good as any found in England, but they have a great deal of common beef in that country. This coarse meat brings a higher price there than the same quality does here, while choice cuts bring a lesser price. This is due to the many uses beef is put to in England. They may make it into stews, and use it in various ways. The average Englishman goes for the substance of the meat."

"When was beef first exported in any quantity to England?"

"In 1875 I sent about 100 head a week. The demand rapidly increased, and in 1876 I shipped 500 to 600 head per week. In 1877 the average per week was 1,000 head, and in 1878 it went up to 1,800 a week."

"In what year was the largest quantity exported?"

"In 1880. During that year I sent to England 100,000 head of cattle, either in dressed quarters or alive, and all the other firms sent 100,000 head more."

"How is the meat preserved from decay during the voyage?"

"It is sent in compartments cooled either by ice or compressed air. Any good refrigerators which keep the temperature at thirty degrees is sufficient."

"Is it necessary when live cattle are shipped to fatten them up after the sea voyage?"

"Not at all; they stand the voyage well and will eat all you give them. When they arrive on the other side they are in as good condition as when they started."

"Is not the trade likely to decline?"

"It is scarcely possible. The trade has been increasing ever since our English cousins found out that American beef was just as good as their own, and could be purchased at a less price."

"Your beef is sold mainly in the large cities, I presume?"

"O, no. We send beef to almost every town in England. The beef is taken from the vessel, placed in the cars and sent direct to distant towns."

"Has any other country followed in the wake of America?"

"Yes; Australia ships large quantities of beef and mutton to England. Three years ago I saw beef and mutton in England which had been brought from Australia in sailing vessels. The mutton was splendid, having come in compartments cooled by compressed air."

"Is beef the chief meat used in England?"

"I think mutton is the main stay among the people there. The hills of Scotland are covered with sheep, and English mutton is of a much better flavor than our own."

"Are as many cattle raised in England as in former years?"

I think so. There are great numbers raised in the northern part of England as well as in Ireland. The sudden demand in England for American beef, was not due to any scarcity of English beef, for there is as much beef there to-day as there ever was. Nor was it due to its superior quality, for the two are about equal; it was the fact that we could import beef to England and sell it at a less price, with profit, than the native beef. There will be beef enough here next year," added Mr. Eastman.

"The public will be glad to hear it," said the reporter. "But what foundation has your opinion?"

"My opinion is based on the following facts: Last year there was a short corn crop, and it sold for sixty to seventy cents a bushel. The Western farmers instead of feeding corn to the cattle, gave them other food, and thus the cattle grew poor."

"Is there not a scarcity of beef?"

"No, sir; there is as much to-day as there ever was, but it is of a poorer quality. The best beef in the country comes to New York; everybody wants the best, consequently poor, lean beef won't sell, and, of course, when good fat beef is scarce the price goes up. There are cattle enough of ordinary quality in the territories, but they are not fed up. We have the promise of a good corn crop this year; and good beef will be plenty and sell at a lower price next year. The remedy for high prices is a good corn crop."—*N. Y. Star.*

Getting a New Bible.

The pulpit of the little church at Hamilton, N. J., needed a new Bible. The worshippers were all poor, and they did not feel justified in going to the expense so long as the old book could be made to answer the purpose. At the Friday night meeting Mrs. Boromann Kisner announced that the need for a new Bible was imperative, and she meant to start out in search of the means to purchase it, trusting that the Lord would find a way. The next morning she set out, and had gone but a short distance from her house when she espied a rattlesnake basking in the sun. Returning to the house she procured a hoe, with which she soon dispatched the snake, and, securing its rattles as a trophy, she sold them to the Postmaster of the village for $4.50. With the money she bought a new Bible and presented it to the church.—*N. Y. Post.*

—In Toronto Sunday is certainly a day of rest. The street cars do not run, the telegraph offices are closed, the bootblacks vanish, the restaurants are lifeless and the livery stables dead.

Hygiene for Horses.

Dr. C. E. Page gives the *Medical and Surgical Journal* some suggestions on keeping horses in health which are not only in agreement with the best teaching but sustained by his own and others' experience:

"The custom of working or exercising horses directly after eating; or feeding after hard work, and before they are thoroughly rested; baiting at noon, when both these violations of a natural law are committed: these are the predisposing causes of pinkeye, and of most diseases that affect our horses. Keep the horse quiet, dry, warm, and in a pure atmosphere, the nearer outdoor air the better, and stop his feed entirely at the first symptom of disease, and he will speedily recover. It has been demonstrated in tens of thousands of cases in family life that two meals are not only ample for the hardest and most exhausting labors, physical or mental, but altogether best. The same thing has been fully proved in hundreds of instances with horses, and has never in a single instance failed, after a fair trial, to work the best results. An hour's rest at noon is vastly more restoring to a tired animal, whether horse or man, than a meal of any sort, although the latter may prove more stimulating.

"The morning meal given, if possible, early enough for partial stomach digestion before the muscular and nervous systems are called into active play; the night meal offered long enough after work to insure a rested condition of the body; a diet liberal enough, but never excessive; this is the law and gospel of hygienic diet for either man or beast. I have never tried to fatten my horses, for I long ago learned that fat is disease; but I have always found that if a horse does solid work enough he will be fairly plump if he has two sufficient meals. *Muscle* is the product of work and food; *fat* may be laid on by food alone. We see, however, plenty of horses that are generously—too generously—fed, that still remain thin, and show every indication of being under-nourished; dyspepsia is a disease not confined exclusively to creatures who *own* or *drive* horses. But for perfect health and immunity from disease, restriction of exercise must be met by restriction in diet. Horses require more food in cold than in warm weather, if performing the same labor. In case of a warm spell in winter I reduce their feed, more or less, according to circumstances, as surely as I do the amount of fuel consumed. I also adopt the same principle in my own diet. The result is, that neither my animals nor myself are ever for one moment sick."

A Singular Cause for Death.

Chales Wander, aged ten years died last Wednesday in Philadelphia under singular circumstances. About a week ago the boy was standing in front of his residence, when Louis Lambrecht, a youth, passed by Wander remarked in German that he was a dirty fellow. Lambrecht rushed at the boy and struck him in the face. He then seized Wander by the ear and lifted him from the ground. Wander ran into the house and complained to his father of pains in his head. He was taken sick, and the doctor, who was called in, expressed an opinion that the boy was suffering from meningitis. Medicine was administered, but without effect, and the sufferer died late on Wednesday afternoon. A post-mortem examination was made by the Coroner's physician, who found that death was caused by pyæmia, which might have resulted either from the rough treatment or from the enfeebled condition of the deceased, consequent upon measles and scarlet fever, which left him with a running from the ear. Lambrecht, who had been placed under arrest, was discharged from custody. — *Philadelphia Times.*

—The Coroner's Jury have charged with murder the Port Jervis (N. Y.) farmer who shot a man while picking an apple from the overhanging branch of one of his trees. Within a couple of years he has shot at a dozen people. His farm lies partly in New York State and partly in New Jersey. The barn is exactly on the line. Two years ago to evade a summons from the court he lived in his barn over two months. Whenever any person came near he would cross to the New Jersey side. Finally a constable concealed himself in an apple tree and pounced upon him as he was passing from his house to his barn.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Fourteen jurors are drawn for every trial in France, twelve to form the jury, and two to act substitutes in case of sickness.

A PHILOSOPHER remarks: "Waiting for a man to come home from a lodge is dull business for a lively woman." This is important, if true, but a lively woman is too sensible to do any such foolish thing. She just bolts the front door before retiring, and then lets the man wait until she gets ready to let him in. We speak advisedly, brethren.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A WRITER in the London *Field* says that no two tigers are alike. We'll take his word for it. We're not going to take the trouble to monkey with a couple of tigers just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post.*

AT Norwich Miss Maria Baker was married to Mr. Butcher. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Brewer, and the clergyman who married them was Mr. Palmer.—*Quiz.*

THE boy who asked "what day of the month does the Fourth of July come on?" probably was a relative of the lad who inquired of his mother: "How often does leap-frog year come?"

"THAT'S nothing," said Fogg, commenting on the case of a somnambulist who tumbled from the roof of a house, "only a case of falling asleep."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Yorkshire, England, races were won by Peppermint. With green apples, watermelons and peaches so plenty, we knew that Peppermint would come to the front.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I SUPPOSE it just means that he hired 'em out," was the reply of a small Sunday-school child when asked what was meant by the expression: "And the King rent his clothes."

SCIENTISTS are all lost looking for "the footprints of early man." They do not consider that early man was first a creeper, and consequently did not leave footprints.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please!" "It is no use, doctor" replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"THERE better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his unsuccessful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.—*Boston Times.*

—Dr. Day, Superintendent of New York's Sanitary Bureau, says that at least three-fifths of the diseases developed in that city in the fall are brought back in the systems of people who go to the country for a vacation.

THE Wilmington (Del.) *News* says: J. E. Shaw, Esq., proprietor Grand Union Hotel, New York, indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia.

OSCAR WILDE'S short breeches and long stockings are very æsthetic, but Chicago will dress 8,000,000 hogs this year in the old way. —*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

FROM the Danvers (Mass.) *Mirror:* Mr. Geo. H. Day, of this town, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

IT is said that during the moonlight fight in Egypt the English bands played "The man in the moon is looking."

"Sigh no More, Ladies!"

For Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

"THERE," she said, waving her marriage certificate in the air, "there is the flag of our union!"—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

AN old lady, hearing that John Bright contemplated visiting this country, hoped that he wouldn't bring his "disease" with him.—*Norristown Herald.*

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. HOWE says women do not fall in love any more. Place a woman in front of the milliner's window, and see if she doesn't.

"The Almighty Dollar."

This expression originated with Washington Irving, and was designed to personify American idolatry, or passion for gain. And yet a dollar has many priceless functions. For example, it will buy a bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters, the only reliable specific for Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Fever and Ague, Dysentery, Kidney and Liver diseases, and most of the common disorders of the day which defy other medicines.

THE BLUE RIBBON FOR KANSAS.

The Blue Ribbon Won by the Exhibit of Kansas Products at the Minnesota State Fair at Minneapolis, Minn.

REPORT OF THE JURY.

OFFICE OF MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 8, 1882.

We, the undersigned committee, appointed to award the special premiums offered by this association for the best and most tastefully arranged display made by any corporation, desire to make the following report:

For this premium there were four entries, viz.: The Northern Pacific Railroad, the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific Railway.

After a careful examination of the displays made by these roads, it is the unanimous opinion of this committee that the premium be awarded to the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific Railway on the following grounds:

The display shows the greatest variety of grains, both shelled and in the stalk, fruit, vegetables, wood and stone,

AND OF A BETTER QUALITY THAN ANY OF THE OTHER EXHIBITS:

It is also the best, most artistically arranged and unique of any shown.

We also desire to commend especially the excellent quality of the fifteen samples of wheat shown, both shelled and in the stalk, particularly a sample of Russian wheat which yielded sixty-one bushels per acre.

The exhibit of corn is also especially fine, samples being shown in the stalk measuring sixteen feet in height, with large, well-developed ears from twelve to fourteen inches in length.

The display also embraces samples of broom-corn twenty feet high, sorghum eighteen feet high, rice corn, rye, barley, oats, and sixty-five varieties of grasses.

The fruit and vegetable department of this exhibit shows thirty varieties of apples, ten of peaches, thirteen of grapes, three of pears, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions, string-beans, squash, watermelon, pumpkins, rhubarb, canteloupes, carrots, white beans, etc., all of unusual size and good quality.

A feature of the display is the twelve varieties of wood and nine of stone, marble and coal.

In making this award we feel that it is richly deserved, and that the display reflects great credit on the Land Department of the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific Railway and the gentlemen who arranged and have charge of it.

W. C. KESSINGTON,
GEO. F. TAYLOR,
D. K. MCPHERSON,
Committee.

☞ Large quantities of Kansas wheat are being shipped to Minneapolis, Minn., where it is made into flour for export to Europe. Contracts for ten million bushels have been made with the Minnesota millers.

A MAN in Iowa has invented a new fastening for horse-collars. It is lucky that the horse's collar does not fasten to a button in the back of his shirt, because if it did, judging from human experience, when it flew off after he had broken his thumb-nail trying to crowd it into a new button-hole, he would just kick the stuffing out of anything he was hitched to, even if it was a freight-car.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A CYNICAL old bachelor says that "lovers are like armies; they get along well enough till the engagement begins."

The celebrated Vegetable Compound for females, which, within a few years, has made the name of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham known in every part of the civilized world, relieves suffering by the safe and sure method of equalizing the vital forces and thus regulating the organic functions. It is only by such a method that disease is ever arrested and removed.

THE artist who painted "the perfect picture of despair," was the first man to draw a long face.—*American Queen.*

Why Will You Suffer

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price 50 cts. per box, $1 for two, $2.50 for six, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

THE crews of schooners find it possible "for man to serve two masters."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

☞ The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package.

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

THE mosquito is little but his brave example is contagious. He makes the most cowardly come to the scratch.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

***"Winter finds out what Summer lays by." Kidney-Wort cures in Winter and in Summer. There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you cannot prepare the dry buy the liquid. It has the same effect.

HORSES laugh at the load when Wise's Axle Grease is on the wagon.

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

THE man with the broadest smile is he who uses Frazer Axle Grease. This is honest.

HAY fever comes high, but some folks will have it.

USE Wise's Axle Grease, you need grease only once a week.

REDUCED FARE—Inmates of the Old Ladies' Home.—*Boston Bulletin.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

A MERCIFUL man is kind to his horses and uses Wise's Axle Grease.

PLUMBERS ought to make good soldiers; they are accustomed to cold lead and are tremendous fellows to charge.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c

WHEN is a woman not a woman?—When a little cross.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles *only*, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge
Secretary.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.

* * * * CONQUERS DISEASE, * * * *

PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formula in use 200 years.

* * * * IT HAS NO PEER. * * * *

MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

All sold by Druggists.

Send for book "Messenger of Health."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a Charm.

Employment for Ladies.

The Queen City Suspender Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new **Stocking Supporters** for Ladies and **Children**, and their unequaled **Shirt Suspenders for Ladies**, and want reliable lady agents to sell them in every household. Our agents everywhere meet with ready success and make handsome salaries. Write at once for terms and secure exclusive territory. Address

Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ Leading Physicians recommend these Supporters. ☜

HAIR Wigs & Toupees sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price list free. Goods guaranteed. H. C. STRAHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

AKEY WILL WIND THAT ANY WATCH **SOLD** by Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BINCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N.Y.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 4, Phila'd'a, Pa.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

Woman can Sympathize with Woman

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1. per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Inclose 3c. Stamp. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

$25 Every Day

Can be easily made with our

Well Augers & Drills

One man and one horse required. We are the only makers of the Tiffin Well-Boring and Rock-Drilling Machine. Warranted the Best on Earth! Many of our customers make from $50 to $10 a day. Book and Circulars FREE. Address,

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

DO NOT FAIL

to send for our fall price list for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of *everything* required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,000 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their special business. MONTGOMERY WARD & Co., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

HOLMAN'S PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE

Containing both Versions of the NEW TESTAMENT. We make No Extra Charge for this addition, other publishers charge $1. **FINE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS**

Elegant Designs. Handsomely Bound.
Our Bibles Contain 2,000 Pages, 2,500 Illustrations.
Extra Inducements Offered to Energetic Agents.
☞ Illustrated Catalogue sent on Application.
A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 1222 Arch St., Philadelphia.

FREE! A GOOD RAZOR.

How to Use It! How to Choose It!
And How Many Men Abuse It! Our pamphlet sent free to any address. Also 40 page list of Knives, Razors and Scissors, with directions for using. Sample hand-forged, razor steel, 2 blade Jack Knife sent post-paid for 50c. Good 1 blade, 25c. Address MAHER & GROSH, 334 Monroe St., Toledo, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Phila'd'a, Pa.

BUGGIES Best work in the U. S. for the money. Enterprise Carriage Co., Cin'ti, O. Territory Given. Catalogue FREE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co Clev'd 892

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Tenth Wonder of the World.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Day.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—When the *Day* correspondent visited the Washington monument yesterday the workmen were engaged in laying the three hundredth foot. At that height the monument is on a level with the pedestal of the statue which adorns the dome of the Capitol. Have any of your readers an idea what an altitude of three hundred feet really is? Comparisons are odious, it is said, and yet it is only by comparisons that the relations of things to each other can be best determined. St. Peter's at Rome has an elevation of 375 feet, and its great height has been a subject of wonder to all who have gazed upon it. Cheops, the taller of the pyramids, rears its massive head 480 feet above the level of the sea. But the Washington monument, when finished, will dwarf this structure of the ancients by 75 feet, for it is the intention of the government to raise it to the height of 555 feet. The stone used in its construction comes from the Maryland quarries. The great blocks of marble are carried to the top on an elevator which runs so slowly through the Stygian darkness that one has ample time to reflect on the awful consequence that would come from the breaking of a chain. The conductor, too, is a cheerful person. All the way up—it took six minutes to make the ascent—he smoking a villainously strong pipe and dilated with mathematical exactness upon the different ways one might be dashed to pieces even before reaching the bottom. The view from the top is a glorious one. The houses seemed nestling together and spread out in a great heap at your feet. The broad avenues looked like narrow passage ways, while the men and women distinguishable at a distance reminded one instinctively of Lilliput, or children "making believe big." At that elevation the wind blows a constant gale, rendering all conversation impossible except when one's back is turned. About fifty feet more will be added before the work of the season closes. The monument will probably be completed in 1884.

The Texas rangers are said to have done more to suppress lawlessness, capture criminals and prevent Mexican and Indian raids on the frontier than any other agency. They are employed and paid by the State Government. Nearly all are young men. They are enlisted for a year, and are required to provide themselves with a horse, saddle and bridle, a repeating Winchester rifle, and a navy revolver. The State furnishes rations and pays $30 a month to each private. They wear no uniform. Each man dresses as his taste or the condition of his finances may dictate; but they all wear broad-brimmed sombreros. Considering their small number, less than 200, they have rendered remarkable service. They are brave, reckless, hardy fellows, swear with great proficiency and shoot unerringly.

Speaking of Mr. McComas nomination the Hagerstown *Mail* (Dem.) says:

This nomination is a compliment to Mr. McComas, and one of which he may well feel proud. He is a gentleman of pleasing manners, high character and one who is justly entitled to the confidence of his party. The nomination of Mr. McComas makes it of the utmost importance that the Democrats of this District should put forward a strong man.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Over 5000

Druggists

AND

Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is compound of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

NOTICE!

To the Qualified Voters of the respective Eelection Districts of Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books *ALL* persons qualified to vote in their said respective election districts, and for the purpose of revising and correcting their said respective registries of voters and poll books of said election districts, on Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d, days of October, in the year 1882.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. and continue the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of each of said days, as follows to-wit:

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grimes's, on the Northwestern Glade.

Election District No. 9—Frostburg.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10—Deer Park.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.—The Elbow.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at "The Elbow," at the house of Joseph Warnick.

Election District No. 1—Swanton.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2—Selbysport.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Selbysport.

Election District No 3—Grantsville.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6—Sang Run.

Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d days of October, at the house of E. A. Browning, near Sang Run.

Election District No. 7—Oakland.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officer of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
JAMES H. RUSH,
Officer of Registration 2d District.
ISIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d District.
W. H. BARNARD,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
SYLVESTER H. RYLAND,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
THOMAS BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAMES W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
CHARLES A. MURPHY,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
PERRY M. STEMPLE,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases presented before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead fleats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 20, 1882.

Notice is hereby given that a competitive examination of candidates for the free scholarship in the Western Maryland College, will take place at my office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 16, 1882,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

The scholarship provides for board, fuel, lights and washing free. Tuition will cost $25.25, payable in advance.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 23 3 Examiner.

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in Liverpool. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.66 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the last 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
12 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
5 01 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. ly11-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 1 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

jy21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROLAND
CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the "Roland." The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION
GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due more to the price, but to the fact that its effects are unequally good, and that it has been found Dr. Peruvian of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for [illegible] than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. E. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 127 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Cherrington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnston, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

JAMES H. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situated on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, shingled basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease or any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
may 1m3

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 50 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 64 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. None who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882. NUMBER 32.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved credit. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from hazel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"NEW CASH STORE."

EAGLE HALL.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

The Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, known as part of

"WILLIAM AND MARY,"

and described by courses and distances, metes and bounds, following, to-wit: Beginning at the end of the third line of Barney Reynold's land, it being the beginning of the said whole tract of land called "William and Mary," and running thence with said third line reversed south 81 degrees east 120 perches, thence north 146 perches to the last line of "William and Mary," thence with said line south 16 degrees, west 153 perches to the beginning, containing forty acres of land more or less. It being a part of the tract assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson, on the assessment books of Garrett county aforesaid, containing 175 acres.

The above described land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and former sales of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

REV. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

PE-RU-NA

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.
Also all diseases of the Bladder.
For Incontinence of Urine, Dwelling the Ball, PERUNA is a positive cure.
In Errors of Youth PERUNA is a specific.
For Brick Dust or other Deposits, PERUNA is unsurpassed.
For Nervous Debility take PERUNA.
PERUNA will positively cure Sexual Debility, and restore the Functions to Perfect Vigor.
For Nervous Prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural indulgence, PERUNA is unsurpassed.
Aged and Young Persons, suffering from torpid liver, or Dyspepsia, should use PERUNA.
For Urinary Diseases of both sexes, for Female Complaints of all kinds, for Stone or Gravel, PERUNA is a specific.
For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, PERUNA is the only cure.
For our pamphlet, containing testimonials, ask your druggist or address the proprietors, DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Columbus, O.
For Constipation take nothing except

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

MANA-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1882,

Military Lots Nos. 3032, 3019 and 3166,

lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland, said land being assessed on the books of said county in the name of Thomas Donaldson. The said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, known and described as

Lots Nos. 52 and 53 in Brant's Addition to the said town.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Hall.

The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the balance of taxes due for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and the former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge it to suit desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

Size of the Temperance Question.

It does no good for men to sneer at the agitation in regard to the liquor traffic. The subject is too important to be laughed down. It may be that prohibition is not the right way to settle it, or that license is not, or that taxation is not; these are fair questions upon which a difference of opinion between sincere and candid men is possible. But the subject has become altogether too important to be ignored, or passed over without any serious attempt to settle it. Aside from the lawdefying spirit which it has elicited, aside from all its moral and religious aspects, the question considered purely as one of dollars and cents, in its effect upon the National prosperity and wealth, is one of the most important that can be named.

Directly and indirectly, this country spends in the liquor traffic every year a sum exceeding half the National debt. The cost of that traffic to the country, direct and indirect, is greater than the profits of all its capital not invested in real estate. It costs every year more than our whole Civil Service, our Army, our Navy, our Congress, including the River and Harbor and the Pension bills, our wasteful local governments, and all National, State, county and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this Nation pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?

As these statements may seem surprising to those who have not looked into the matter, a few figures may be of service. A glass of beer costs the consumer 5 cents, and there are at least twenty in the gallon, and 640 in the barrel, so that beer retails at about $32 a barrel, while ale costs still more. The consumption of beer and ale last year was about 15,000,000 barrels; cost to consumers about $480,000,000. The cheapest kind of liquor used, ordinary whiskey, is rarely sold at 5 cents, and averages at least 7 cents a drink; at half a gill to the "horn," this makes $4.48 per gallon. The consumption last year was about 70,000,000 gallons; cost to consumers about $313,000,000. Adding wines, there is certainly spent for drink more than $800,000,000, and the entire sum raised by taxes of all kinds, National, State, county, city, town and school district, is stated on authority of the Census Bureau to be not more than about $700,000,000.

But the cost of the liquor drunk is not by any means the whole cost of the liquor traffic. An official report, prepared with much labor by the Bureau of Statistic of Massachusetts, under authority from the Legislature, states that 81 per cent of all the crime and criminal expenses in that State comes directly from the abuse of liquor. There are at least one in twenty of the able-bodied men in this country who are rendered idle by their habits or incapacitated for work, and these persons, at the ordinary wages of workmen, would earn, if industrious and fairly employed, over $200,000,000 yearly. The proportion of persons in hospitals who reach them because of excess in drink is very large, but cannot be definitely ascertained.

A traffic that costs in actual payment and in loss of productive labor more than half the National debt every year is not to be ignored by the economist. It may be assumed that the entire wealth of the country has risen from $30,000,000,000 in 1870 to $50,000,000,000 in 1880, but one-half being in real estate. Probably it does not average profits exceedings 4 per cent yearly, taking bad investments with good, but at that rate the yearly interest on all personal property of all kinds is only $1,000,000,000, and the direct or indirect cost of the liquor traffic must be greater.

These comparisons do not constitute reasons for doing any unjust or unwise thing. What ought to be done about the liquor traffic is not to be decided hastily or without due regard for the rights of all classes of citizens. But the time has gone by in this country when a serious discussion of a question that involves such a vast expense to the Nation can be prevented by bullying, intolerance, insolence or ridicule. This very practical people, having begun to think about the matter in earnest, perceives that it is much too important to be put aside at the dictation of saloon-keepers. It is certain that the entire savings of the people and all additions to their wealth are not twice as much as the sum expended for liquor and because of the abuse of liquor. If any just and reasonable proposition can be made that will add one-half to the savings and the prosperity of the Nation, it will not be put down by a sneer, nor defeated by a law-breaking mob.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Is there Danger in Immigration?

There are persons who look with grave concern upon the immense immigration which is now filling the unoccupied territory of the United States with inhabitants from almost every nation under the sun, and an inquiry is frequently heard as to the effect which may result from the vast accession of foreign population. The census of 1880 showed a foreign population of 6,679,943, and there were 669,431 arrivals during 1881 and 789,000 during the year ending with June, 1882, so that, making allowance for the usual mortality, the total foreign population of the country must now be about 8,850,000, the total present population of the country being estimated at 54,000,000. The native population is therefore about 45,150,000, or five times as great as the foreign.

But there is no reason for disquietude over this proportion of foreign to native population. In the first place, it is generally believed that the tide of immigration has culminated, and that it will steadily recede for many years. But even if it does not, there is no reason for alarm. The people who come here from the Old World come with the purpose of becoming Americans. They choose the New World because they believe it better than the Old World, and they intend when they land upon our shores to fall in with our institutions and identify themselves with our people. And experience shows that they are readily assimilated. No record of immigration was kept from 1789 to 1823, but the number of arrivals during that time has been estimated at 250,000. The record shows the number of arrivals from 1820 to the present time to have been 11,797,192, making a total immigration of 11,547,192. But this vast foreign population has been assimilated so perfectly that immigration has thus far been recognized as a great element of the nation's progress.

It should be borne in mind that more than half of the foreign population of the United States consist of natives of Germany and the three Scandinavian States—Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The inhabitants of all these lands make excellent immigrants, noted for thrift and for their enthusiastic acceptance of the customs of this country. We need a more thorough system of vigilance to keep out criminal and pauper immigrants, but there is nothing to fear in a vast immigration of industrious people who wish as soon as possible to become, and to always remain, American citizens.

That reliable agricultural paper, the *Ohio Farmer*, referring to the Tariff Commission, says:

"The people of this county are not ready for free trade yet, and facts and figures are needed to convince them instead of vituperation. The Tariff Commission is composed largely of protectionists, it is true but they are not ignorant bigots, incapable of entertaining an argument for lower duty, as imputed. It must not be forgotten that protection is the policy of this government. It has been tested, and under its fostering care we have prospered—mightily prospered. Free trade, or "tariff for revenue only," would be an experiment, and in the eyes of a great majority of the intelligent men of this country, a dangerous experiment.

SHE FOUND IT.—The Olean, Pa., *Times* relates that while a lady of that town was passing a house in which she had formerly lived, and which was in course of demolition, she noticed the base of the brick chimney, the upper part of which had been torn down. It came into her mind that at the time the chimney was built, about thirty years ago, a toad had been bricked in by one of the workmen, who said at the time that it would live there a good many years without air or light. Curious to know what had become of the toad, but scarcely expecting to find any traces of it, she spoke to the men tearing down the brick-work. They kept a sharp lookout, and sure enough they came across his toadship in a niche which had been formed by chipping out parts of two bricks, in the manner described. The reptile was alive and in good condition.

The Growth of the United States.

The Superintendent of the late census, General Francis A. Walker, contributes an article to the October *Century* under the above caption. The writer's studies and labors in superintending the last two census reports have directed his attention continuously and particularly to the marvelous growth of the country, as shown in every department and in every direction in the ten successive census reports. In this article General Walker invites attention to the condition of the country at each successive generation or interval of thirty years, beginning with 1790 and ending with 1880, leaving the census figures, for the most part, to tell their own story.

The United States in 1790 comprised a tract of about 820,000 square miles, lying between the Atlantic, the Mississippi, Canada and the Gulf. Its population was 3,929,214, being about 4.9 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of to-day. This population was almost wholly on this side of the Alleghenies. About 125,000 pioneers were to be found in Kentucky and Tennessee, and 14,000 in the Ohio valley. There were then but six cities with a population of 8,000 or more, and their aggregate population was one-thirtieth of that of the country, or about equal to that of Newark to-day. The census of 1820 shows a territory extended to the Pacific comprising 2,000,000 square miles and having 9,633,822 inhabitants. The area of settled territory has doubled, and the great Mississippi valley has already a population of 2,000,000. About one twentieth of the population lives in the thirteen cities, having 8,000 or more inhabitants and an aggregate population a little less than that of Chicago of to-day. The population had a smaller admixture of persons of foreign birth than ever before or since, and the wealth of the country was distributed among the many.

The seventh census, taken in 1850, shows a territory swollen by acquisition from Mexico to nearly 3,000,000 square miles, and containing a population of 23,067,262, or about 7.7 people to the square mile. Only about one third of this domain was settled, making the average density in the populated region to be 23.7 to the square mile. A most striking fact shown by the census is the increase of city population. The thirteen cities of 1820, with 8,000 or more inhabitants, have in 1850 become eighty-five, with an aggregate population of nearly 3,900,000. Instead of one-twentieth, one-eighth of the population reside in cities of this grade, and for the first time the census records a city of 500,000 inhabitants. By 1880 our territory had been increased by the cession of 45,000 square miles by Mexico and 577,000 by Russia, and our population had grown to over 50,155,783. The eighty-five cities of 8000 inhabitants had increased to 285, with an aggregate population of 11,308,757, or 22.5 per cent of the total population of the country. Four-fifths of the population now inhabit that vast region west of the Alleghenies, which at the first census returned less than 150,000. This increase in population, great as it is, falls far behind the material development of resources and wealth which has marked this ninety years of phenomenal national growth. This material growth cannot be shown within the limits of a magazine or newspaper article, but it is set forth in painstaking detail in the great tomes in which the mines of census information are buried.—*Press.*

"The Utility of Drunkenness."

Remorseless old Malthus has won universal execration by propounding his doctrine that the black death and other fearful contagions which have swept multitudes of human beings into the grave have been a blessing, in that they have relieved the earth of an excess of population. Darwin, on the contrary, held that the poverty and degradation which causes much of the disease and death of the world are a blessing, not so much because they exterminate a part of the race as because they develop the faculties and enlarge the powers of those who survive in the struggle for existence. A combination of his theory and that of Malthus is applied to drunkenness in an article by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He says that "all human beings who are fit to survive as members of a civilized community will spontaneously avoid intemperance, provided no artificial pressure of absurd drinking customs is applied to them, while those who are incapable of the general self-restraint demanded by advancing civilization and cannot share its moral and intellectual refinements are provided by alcoholic beverages with the means of "happy dispatch," and will be gradually sifted out by natural alcoholic selection, provided no legislative violence interferes with their desire for "a short life and a merry one." The utility of his theory will consist chiefly in its striking exhibition to persons who are fast becoming drunkards of the fact that, in the opinion of an intelligent gentleman who uses strong drink himself, drunkenness is killing them. The drunkenness which has been thus far known in the world would be useful were it to terrify all human beings who may yet live from the use of that which caused it.

The Fall.

Here is a boy's composition on fall: This is fall, because it falls on the season of the year. Leaves fall, too, as well as the thermometers and the price of straw hats. Old topers, who sign the pledge in summer, are liable to fall when fall cider making opens, for straws show which way the cider goes. Husking corn is one of the pleasures of fall, but pleasure isn't good for boy's, I don't think. Old men want a little fun; let them husk. A husky old man can go through a good deal of corn sometimes. Digging taters is another of our fall amusements. The way I like to dig taters is to wait until they are baked nicely, and dig them out of their skins. Most winter schools open in the fall. The best winter school I ever went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick, and the school house was locked up for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be called pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall.

In his recent speech at Columbus, Ohio, Senator Sherman said: "The real importance of the election this fall is that a House of Representatives will be chosen that for two years will practically have control of the legislation of the United States. It will mold your tariff laws, and settle or unsettle the condition of every man engaged in manufacture. Though its mission is not likely to be so important as some of its predecessors, it will have an important bearing on vital questions of public policy and on the next Presidential election. Whatever may be your opinions on questions of State policy, I beg you to remember that the success of the Republican party has given you all the great measures and benefits of the last twenty years, and will secure you a continuance of good credit, good money, diversity of industry, protection to labor, and a sound, conservative domestic and foreign policy. It is not safe to restore to power in all branches of the government such a party as the Democratic party has proved itself to be; to vitalize and restore to power the dangerous elements that exist in the South, whose defeat is your safety. The composition that forms and will control the Democratic party is not a safe custodian of political power. Secure now in ample blessings and a general sound policy, we should stand by each other in preserving the traditions and successes of the Republican party."

A Miracle.

Whenever there is an extraordinary occurrence—a team runs over a child without hurting it; a mechanic falls from a third story window, and in a week is at work again, we are wont to exclaim, "what a miracle!" So, when Mrs. T. S. Ererline, then of Allegheny City, Pa., had been sick with Consumption for a very long time, had been told by several of the best physicians of that city that her time was but for a few hours, that she must die, and when the use of but one bottle of *Peruna* in a week's time placed her on her feet again and made her the heartiest eater of the family, all the people around, as with one rejoicing voice, exclaimed, "What a wonderful miracle!" See page 30 of the "Ills of Life." Your Druggist will give you one gratis.

If the Republican majorities in Maine and Vermont are any indication of the sentiment of the country there will not be enough of the Democratic party left in 1884 to form a quorum.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY A BOX.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long;
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train.

Only its owner, just inside,
Cold and livid, and glassy-eyed;
Little to him if the train be late!
Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave, somewhere,
Ready to close when he gets there;
Turfs and grasses and flowerets sweet,
Ready to press him 'neath their feet

Only a band of friends at home,
Waiting to see the traveler come;
Naught he will tell of distant lands;
He can not even press their hands.

He has no stories weird and bright;
He has no gifts for a child's delight;
He did not come with anything;
He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
And he will move about in state;
They will give him, when he appears,
Love and pity, and tender tears.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long;
Angels guide that soulless breast
Into a long and peaceful rest!

—*Will Carleton, in Youth's Companion.*

HUFF AND TIFF.

Who were they? They were Mr. and Mrs. Thwaite, and had been so for a few weeks only. They became Huff and Tiff when they were married.

Although they were well-to-do citizens of great New Lancaster, they had not been married grandly in church, because they were so young; and if the truth must out, it had been a runaway match. No one could understand why they had run away, as the opposition to their marriage had been more of a postponing character than anything else; but Mr. Thwaite had suggested that the former Miss Featherly had too little money for his son's intended wife. There had been a stormy scene, in which the two vessels, old and young gentlemen, had come into collision, amid claps of thunder. Is it necessary to say more? No; surely all persons of twenty will see why young Thwaite married precipitately, and flew with his charming wife into lodgings.

"Huff, dear, I'm all ready," said his wife, entering the room.

She was dressed for walking, it being near dinner-time, and she wore her bending spring hat and her clinging buff gown. Her teeth glinted, her eyes darkened, as she looked down at her husband, who had been reading a novel of Victor Hugo.

Thwaite glanced up, stretched, sprang to his feet, and bustled about, getting his hat, gloves, cane. Then he clapped his side scientifically.

"You have your purse?"

"Yes," says he. "You have your parasol?"

"Yes" says she.

They went and had their dinner.

Thwaite had been silent all the way home from the hotel restaurant. When they got back to their pretty parlor, he sank into a chair, and stared before him fixedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Tiff, catching sight of something unaccustomed about him.

"O, nothing, Tiff. Don't trouble yourself about it. Only——" his lips remained open, but no words followed.

"Dearest, have you fallen ill?"

"No; partly, though. I've fallen into ill luck. I thought I had some money in an inner compartment of my purse, and—it is not there!"

"You've spent it?"

"Certainly not! That is, I suppose I *must* have."

"And what have you in the outside compartments of your purse?" asked Tiff, lazily fanning herself and putting her two dainty feet on the hassock.

The only answer Thwaite seemed likely to make was to begin feeling of all his pockets.

"Hey?" said Tiff.

"Why, none there now," answered Thwaite, shortly, as if of course he hadn't.

"Good Gracious!" said Tiff, snapping her bracelet, "how unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, that's what troubles me; I never was out of cash in all my life before this."

"Aren't there such things as checks?" asked Mrs. Thwaite, turning her eyes upon him lovingly.

Thwaite laughed.

"I should think so! But then I haven't any about me."

"There are so many banks. Where do you cash your checks?"

"When I have them," said Thwaite, going to the mantel-piece to light a cigar, "I cash 'em at the first bank I come to."

"Perhaps if you go to a bank they'll give you a check to cash," said she.

"No, hardly."

"Aren't there such things as accounts at banks?"

"Heavens, Tiff, why not?"

"Well, then, go to the bank where you have one."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips, growing pale.

"What the deuce am I to do? I have no balance."

Mrs. Thwaite shook out a wave of her dress with a gentle wave of the hand. Her husband was again staring fixedly into the desert of his dilemma. She rose, and going to him, laid that graceful hand of hers upon his shoulder.

"What difference can it make?" said she,—"about money, I mean. Something will happen. Perhaps you have money in your trunk. It is quite funny to think of two people who care about each other as we do, talking so much about such a vulgar thing."

"That's all very fine," Thwaite murmured; "but what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Breakfast?—*breakfast?*"

"Yes; and we shall break on it, according to present indications."

"Pshaw! I'm sure I can do without just for once," Tiff assured him, almost laughing.

He meditated, convinced that he could not get along without it, even for once; and although he had just heavily dined, he began to feel symptoms of hunger. The imagination is everything.

Thwaite was stunned; but before morning he had realized that he must find work. What did work mean to him? A fine walk, at worst; gloves, cane, refreshments, diplomacy; a governor with the money, a dread of being sent to Europe.

Tiff was as fresh as a rose the next day. She popped her head out of the window and sniffed the air.

"How perfectly sweet it is this morning!" said she. "I mean to wear my gray linen."

"Where are you going?" asked Huff.

She turned slowly and gazed at him. "O, yes, I do remember now. No breakfast!"

"It is too, too cruel, my love," says he, leaning against anything he could find, in despair. "But I shall go to a place or two of business I know of and get something profitable to do at once. Upon my word I will soon be back, fully equipped for a hearty lunch. As you say, nothing serious can befall two happy young beings like you and me."

Off he went into the sunshine and Tiff sat down demurely, curious to find out what would happen next.

She had to wait till evening for that "next thing," unless a series of strange phases of feeling could be counted as interesting. It was then that Huff Thwaite burst into the room, his face gleaming whitely in the dim light.

Tiff! oh, Tiff!"

She did not answer, but in a moment slowly raised herself from the sofa, her hand to the forehead.

"My child, are you famished?" exclaimed her husband, with glistening eyes.

"Only—very—dizzy," whispered Tiff, faintly, winking rapidly, and panting in the greatest trouble. "Where am I? What have we been doing?"

"O, my dear, I have been up and down the city all day, finally securing a capital connection with father's rival insurance company, but, by the beard of Moses! I have had nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit since last evening. As soon as I was fairly launched in business this afternoon, I realized that of course I could not expect to receive any cash the first day, and I became almost wild with anxiety. Yet it was imperative to smile. Do you not know that it is imperative in business to smile?"

"I don't care if it is!" retorted Tiff, with some show of life. "And *you* should care more that I am very, very ill. I have read Hugo until I am as hungry as a giantess."

"But, Tiff, I have one profound hope in this terrible dilemma, in which it now seems as if we should literally starve unless my hope proves well grounded. Have not you any money?"

Mrs. Thwaite threw her head back daintily, shrugged her shoulders in mockery, her pale lips smiling, her lustrous eyes glancing scornfully over her husband's head.

"Do not keep me waiting for an answer," he cried, kneeling before her.

"Why, certainly I have money," answered she. "How could I have pin-money else? Huff, you are beyond your depth, I think."

"Bravo! we are saved!" exclaimed Thwaite, springing up and waltzing a few steps with his cane. Then stopping, he asked: "How came you not to mention it at once last evening? Give me your purse without delay, dearest Tiff, and let us start at once for our pretty little table at the restaurant."

Tiff walked over to the encouraging figure in the middle of the room, her hands behind her sloping waist.

"Huff Thwaite," she demanded, "do you mean to say you would use my pin-money to support us?"

"I say we're in a deuced fix, and any money would be rather acceptable. Haven't you pins enough? Or are you in a condition to starve another twenty-four hours?"

Huff Twaite, I never could have believed *it*."

"*What?*"

"That you could not take care of me." She began to cry, and spent all the tears she had longed to shed during the day, but would not shed them because Huff was taking care of her.

He was wretchedly hungry. His pulse was awfully high, or low, he did not know which; and as for his wife, she might die before morning for want of an oyster patty. Upon the top of these dire facts lay the purse in her pocket or upper drawer. He was deeply angered. Something whirled round in his heart, and he bit his lips before he knew that he was inclined to. He sat down in a bowed position, his thumbs in his pockets. He heard the light pattering of a spring shower in the gathering darkness, and he also heard his wife feeling about in the next room, turning a key, and coming back to where he sulked. She said "Here!" dramatically. He looked up, and saw a pretty purse before his nose. The next instant Tiff Thwaite was looking at her husband in blank dismay. Huff had risen with a bitter and graceful elegance, and the purse had skimmed through a pane of the window with a tinkling crash.

Tiff turned to the sofa and threw herself down at full length, gloriously wretched.

Huff vanished. He went out into the drizzling rain to hunt for the purse. He struck matches that sizzled, and was several times on the point of being run over by vehicles, and there is scarcely any doubt that his misfortunes were further augmented by the use of words after which the faithful historian draws an exclamation mark and supplies by a blank. All in a moment, however, he thought he had stepped on a mouse, and then he knew he had come upon the plush wallet. In the hall he opened it hastily, expecting to find perhaps a few gold pieces; but his luck was far better than he had expected. What could Tiff have been thinking of, to forget about it or withhold it, dear little goose! How could her charming ghost have profited by her pin-money, supposing they had both starved?

In a couple of hours more Tiff's headache had gone off like the mist, and they both looked even gayer than before the terrible ordeal of that day had set in.

At nine o'clock there came a knock at the door. The servant stepped over to Mrs. Thwaite, and said something in a low voice. Mrs. Thwaite replied in the same manner. Who could have supposed that there would be a serious sequel to such a slight occurrence? When the servant had withdrawn, says Tiff: "Please, Huff, hand me five dollars."

"Certainly, Tiff. But, on second thoughts, remember how careful we must be for a month."

"I wish you would reflect that the laundress must be paid."

"O, we can't spend money in so lavish a way as that at present. She must wait."

"Well," says the blooming wife, unconcerned one way or the other: "I'll go and send her off."

She left the room, and did not return for five minutes. Then, after sitting down again, and reading a few pages of Mrs. Browning, she looked up with a smile as if at some joke, which was inexplicable under the circumstances; "I had to give her the clothes, said she.

"Did you? I thought you always did."

"I mean, of course, the laundried ones she had brought."

"Weren't they just right?"

"Huff, you are getting obtuse. She took them *in payment*."

"Mercy!"

"I can make my things last just about a month that way."

"But how am I to manage with only twenty-four shirts, and at least seven thrown to the dogs a week?"

"That does seem a problem," mused Tiff, laying down Mrs. Browning's poems temporarily on her knee. "Couldn't you buy a flannel shirt, and wear it ever so long?"

"Couldn't *you* get a bathing-dress?" demanded Huff, with withering sarcasm.

"O!" gasped Tiff, "how fearful you *always* are!"

Suppose the quarrel over, and for a day or two intense peace. Then came an episode.

"Well, dears, how *do* you do?" The speaker was a fine girl, joyous with early morning air and unusual excitement.

Huff and Tiff were transfixed. They were just starting out for breakfast.

"I was determined to find you in, and so I came at this hour," went on the visitor. "It has taken us a good while to find you, since papa would hear of it. The detective says you drank Steinberger Cabinet yesterday——"

"How dare you enter the same air we breathe?" thundered Huff, striding up to his sister and taking her round the waist for a stout kiss. "We ignore your existence."

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Esther, sitting down with Tiff upon the sofa, with a sweep of the eyes, and then bending sideways toward the bride's cheek until cheek and lips met. "You dear!"

"You love!" says Tiff, and they embrace.

"Papa says you must be married over again, go through the form and all the show and importance," remarked Esther with the most fascinating, lazy nonchalance. "He said he never saw anything go off so like cotton into flames as you did, brother; just as though any one was more in love with your Bessie Featherly than he was. He don't remember forbidding the marriage at all."

"Please to tell my father," said Huff severely, looking down at his wife, who held her chin in her hand, "that I remember his forbidding it (or as bad as forbidding it) very distinctly. And please add that from this time forth my father—yes, and all the rest of you, is—are—dead to me!"

"Dreadful words, those, Will," sighed his sister, glancing up with compressed lips. "Don't you think so, Bessie?"

Mrs. Tiff shook her head and smiled. "Mr. Thwaite is never in the wrong," says she, and feels a little awkward at her own assertion.

Esther thought a moment, and then said she would not stay any longer just now. Huff said he would see her home and then reflected that he could not very well carry out his intention. Esther upon this explained that she had come in the carriage. When she had bowed herself through the open door, she stopped to throw over her shoulder a roulade of genial laughter.

"By-the-way, Will," she called, "if we were in *the* fashionable set, what a terrible notoriety you two wild things would have! As it is, it's like a nice play. Adieu!"

"I wish my mother would come now," said Tiff, after the door had closed on her husband's buoyant sister—who was also a school friend—and after a pause, or something equivalent to one. Huff had not descended to the carriage with Miss Thwaite, for fear of catching sight of the world-dreaded grin on the footman's visage.

"Your mother is a woman, dear," answered Thwaite, as if that meant something unusual, "and it will take a long time for her to come round as my father has done."

"But you are as unrelenting as you can be," suggested Tiff.

Huff would like to have said that as a young husband he could not be otherwise than he was, but as he felt that this might be too brilliant a revelation for Tiff, he remained silent.

In the evening they were sitting, as was customary, in the cheerful blue-tinted room, Huff feeling very cozy and aloof from the world and annoying relatives, and remembering his day's occupation in the rival insurance office as if it were a dream.

The door opened hastily, and a figure presented itself which dashed their united calm to atoms.

It was Esther, pale and trembling, her ashen face emphasized by a black veil around it, and over her colored dress a heavy black shawl. Thwaite hurried to her and took her ungloved hand in his.

"My sister! what has happened to you?"

"Let me sit down or I shall faint," whispered Esther, dropping her head against his arm. Thwaite led her to an easy chair and helped her down upon its soft cushions. Tiff was alert in opening the window, and then running to Esther's side, finding her, however, a little less faint, her eyes looking rapidly from one to the other, as the two sympathetic young people bent toward her.

"Dear sister," sobbed Tiff, "has something terrible happened?"

"My father," said the white-faced girl, in low tones, shutting her eyes.

"Father! father!" cried Thwaite, deeply agitated, and clutching his sister's hands in a firmer grasp. "What news of him?"

"Dead!"

The young couple sank on either side of Esther, crushed and horrified. Without opening her eyes, Esther spoke on:

"When I told him how you received his loving messages, brother Will, in one moment——"

Thwaite's distress was agonizing. Esther stopped speaking, opened her eyes and leaned forward eagerly.

"Was it right to be so harsh and unyielding to your own father, Will?"

Her brother had withdrawn to the other side of the room, his face buried in his arms against the wall.

"O, Esther, have we no hope?" Tiff sobbed.

"Why, yes, there is hope in this case," Miss Thwaite said, in a different tone. Will Thwaite turned, his faced covered with tears. "You said it, brother, and you can undo it. Dead *to you!*"

Esther had played a dangerous game, but she was a determined girl, and felt equal to the emergency. Her strong presence and sound good cheer buoyed up the two victims of her scheme, and enabled Thwaite to recover from the shock he had undergone.

She drew a letter from her pocket which had been written by Will's elder brother in Chicago to his father upon hearing of the runaway match. He praised Will up to the skies, and declared that any girl he chose must be a priceless jewel, whether she possessed any or not, and he begged his father to do the handsome thing by them both. "And so," concluded Esther, "papa wants to give you both a magnificent reception."

She had thrown aside her black drapery, and dusted the powder from her cheeks with a flourish of her scented handkerchief, and now ran to the parlor door, and called: "John!" in a business-like way. In another instant a walking hill of flowers emerged from the shadows of the entry, and John, in dark green cloth and silver buttons, set two huge baskets of flowers upon the carpet. "Papa sent them to you, Bessie, with his love," says Esther. "And I shall soon be here again, shall I not?"

"O *do!*" answered Tiff, hiding her face on Huff's shoulder with a twining of arms.

"Give our love to the governor," roared Huff, flushed, grinning, jubilant.

Esther laughed merrily, caught up her black drapery, and ran down-stairs, followed by John, with a contortion about his lips.—*Rose H. Lathrop, in Harper's Weekly.*

Cameo Cutting.

One of the best examples of adroit manipulation under the simple microscope is the operation of cameo cutting as described in an article in *Our Home and Science Gossip:*

A visit to a cameo cutter's workshop found him seated at a table covered with tools, varying from a triangular-pointed steel instrument to the most delicate pointed bits of steel wire fastened in handles. Very fine files and knitting needles, set in wooden grips and ground to infinitesimal points, figured in the lot. On a pad of leather, before the cameo cutter, was a block of wood just big enough to be grasped with his hand, and cemented to the middle of it was an oval object that looked like a piece of alabaster, just big enough to make a seal for the finger of a man who did not object to wearing large rings. Upon this the artist was just finishing a copy, with a pencil pointed to needle fineness, of a photograph in profile of a gentleman, which was leaned against a little photograph easel before him. Having finished the outline, he laid his pencil by, and taking up a fine wire tool he scratched the pencil mark around with it. Then he took a darning needle with a sharp point and scratched the line deeper. He worked with a magnifying glass at his eye, and stopped continually to inspect the progress of his work with critical minuteness. Then he went at it again, working slowly, scratching over the same line again and again, and always examining after each scratch. He changed his tools as he went on, and from the darning needle descended to a trifling little fragment of steel wire, not as thick as an ordinary sewing needle, set in a slender handle.

With this he scratched and rescratched, until the lines he had drawn with his pencil had quite vanished, and a thin, line streak of a dark color had marked the outline of the head he had been tracing his way around. Next he took one of his burin-like tools and commenced again. This time he worked on the outside of the outline, cutting and scraping at the surface until the white turned gray, then brown, and finally vanished, leaving the face in relief, surrounded by a black ground—that is, the portrait remained intact in the white substance which formed the outer layer of the cameo, while it had been cut away around it to the lower or dark layer. The portrait or figure is modulated upon its surface until it assumes the roundness of nature. The edges are left square to the dark ground.

This is necessary, as, if they are gradually rounded down, the outline becomes undefined toward its juncture with the relieving surface, owing to the white of the raised portion being partially transparent and permitting the dark to show through it when it is thinned down. Care is taken to finish this dark surface as much as possible with the cutting tools, and so separate the white from it as to leave it smooth and unscratched. A final polish is given it, however, with putty powder applied dry with a stiff brush, but the utmost care is necessary in this operation, as the slightest slip will ruin the work. This is the cameo cutter's work, the mountings being the jeweler's work. The cameos sell, unmounted, for about twenty-five dollars.

A Discouraging Outcome.

The pastor of a large church in Avondale, one of the suburbs of Cincinnati, recently determined to stimulate the zeal of his rather luke warm congregation in a new way. He accordingly placed a box at a convenient point, and invited his people to drop into it during the week questions upon any subject which interested or perplexed them, promising to answer their inquiries as best he was able at the Wednesday evening meeting. The night came, the questions were read, discussed and answered to the manifest pleasure and instruction of those present. The exercise was repeated on several successive Wednesday evenings, the questions showing singularly thoughtful and intelligent interest in spiritual subjects. At last, to the surprise of all, the pastor announced that the exercise would be discontinued. He then went on to explain that the inquiries had all been propounded by himself, no member of the congregation having placed a single question in the box.—*Chicago Herald.*

Fashion Notes.

Cardinal red velvet basques are worn with black skirts.

White Danish kid gloves of exaggerated length are worn by bridemaids.

New French promenade dresses of dark green cloth are trimmed with several rows of very fine gold braid, put on straight.

Dark all-wool cheviots in fine heather mixtures, bright but very fine in combination, are selling in large quantities for fatigue costumes.

Prune de monsieur, the new reddish shade of mauve, is a very fashionable color for dinner and reception dresses, combined with deep pansy-colored velvet.

Sailor hats, trimmed with a wide band of ribbon, with some upright loops at one side, are the latest revival for young ladies' wear.

The small capote bonnets and French toques are still at the height of style for elegant dress. They certainly have a more full dress air than the wide-brimmed hat or poke bonnet.

In the arrangement of the coiffure, heavy bangs, "Montagnes," or thick rings of hair, are now considered "bad form" by the most fashionable people, and only the lightest, babyish fluff of hair now shades the forehead.

Ribbon in velvet, moire, and satin is worn in the greatest profusion on dresses and mantles as sashes, flot-bows for draping scarfs and tunics, papillon bows scattered over flounces and puffings, and loops pendant over kiltings, peeping from amid waves of lace or forming the edge to bodice and tunic.

Half-high bodices are coming rapidly into favor for evening wear. They are cut away about three inches from the neck all around, and are usually worn with lace, or transparent, beaded sleeves, which reach to the gloves that quite cover the elbows, tan-colored monsquetaire gloves continuing still to be the height of style.

The ready-made light woollen costumes for autumn wear are very attractive, both in quality and in price. Among these are pretty striped beiges, combined with a monochrome color, and plain beiges in colors of pale silver-gray, reseda, fawn-color, terra cotta, and oceanblue, brightened by ruchings which show a gleam of scarlet or old gold in their facings. Skirts of plain woolen, with polonaises, habits and tunics of woolen Pekin, with satin strips in Oriental coloring, also compose very ladylike costumes.

Some of the newly-imported polonaises are made with open bodices, square or heart-shaped, or in a long V, the point reaching to the belt. The opening is usually edged with a plaited ruching, or with embroidery or applique bands of beaded work. Underneath this opening is worn a plastron of velvet or chemisette of lace. The pannieraise is still in high fashion, this model being in the shape of a pointed bodice with panniers applied by gaugings or flat plaits laid over the hips.

A singular fashion is that of wearing officer's collars and cuffs of red embroidered with gold over walking jackets of cloth, surcot, or stockinet. But few ladies will venture to adopt this masculine feature of dress, and those who do will have to exercise the greatest care in not overdoing the matter in the selection of these two very conspicuous colors, the darkest of red and the least gaudy of gold being the correct shades. These embroidered "sets" have appeared mostly on coats of dark laurel-green cloth.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Naval Fire Department.

A correspondent writing from Bayreuth, in describing a fire, says: The night I arrived I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing a comedy. It was a genuine German comedy, too. Its subject-matter was the efforts of the Bayreuth fire brigade to put out a fire. I was awakened from a sound sleep by the loud beating of a drum under my windows. I could hear drums beating in various parts of the city, the church bells were ringing, there was the heavy tramp of soldiers through the street, people rushing about and shouting "fire!"—in fact, every indication of a fire except the noise of the engines. A house a little way down the street was burning. A crowd had gathered there. I found the infantry guarding a patch of beans, the cavalry stationed about the potato patch with flashing sabers, and the artillery drawn up around a pear tree. The flames were crackling merrily among the beans. At last, around the corner appeared six big Germans carrying a small ladder, and, after them, six small Germans carrying a big ladder. These twelve Germans wore green suits and brass helmets. When they had managed to place the big ladder against the front of the house they ran away again. After awhile we heard a rattling as though a dog with a tin can tied to his tail was running through the next street. The twelve Germans again turned the corner, drawing after them what looked like a tin box on wheels. It was the fire-engine—an open tin box with a hand-pump. A hose was attached. A fireman mounted a ladder. Another fireman carried the hose up to him. Meanwhile, women with large wooden panniers strapped to their backs brought water from the neighboring fountain and emptied it into the engine. Finally, everything was ready, and the pumping began. Several large streams of water came from the joints of the hose and wet the by-standers. A small stream came from the nozzle. The fire was such a trifle that they really managed to get it under control. They decided to adjourn. In about an hour they came back and finished their work. I heard one Bayreuther say to another that after all the Bayreuth fire brigade was the best in the world. The next day the City Council voted a resolution of thanks and a compensation of twelve and one-half cents to the women who carried the water from the fountain to the engine. During the "Parsifal" performances the firemen are distributed through the theater. This seems to me unnecessary—the building could burn down without their assistance.

—Captain Fox, of the coast survey, is out with a pamphlet to prove that Columbus did not land at San Salvador, as has been charged upon him for about 400 years, but at Saman, some distance southeast of San Salvador. This is just as good a subject as any to have a row about. The principal point is to see that there is a fight.—*Boston Post*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Methodist Church of Canada is considering the propriety of having Bishops after the manner of their brethren in the United States.

—In the records of the old church at Taos, N. M., it is shown that $10,000,000 was collected by the priests as tithes from a single mine in the Taos Mountains.

—Philadelphia has a clergyman who can preach exactly thirty-eight minutes every Sunday without a watch to time him. In six Sundays he did not vary forty seconds.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—One of the students of the Syracuse University is a wealthy young Brazilian, who has announced his intention to become a Methodist minister, to preach in his own land, and when he comes into possession of his property to endow a South American chair in the Syracuse University.

—"Those people," said the pastor, solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly screens at home, are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon, but he preached to the wide-awakest congregation a good man ever looked down upon.

—The London School Board has in its discussion of the question of offering gratuitous education reached the point of specifying several schools in which the experiment might usefully be tried. To start this system in a few schools means, of course, its extension to all the Board schools; and certainly the sooner England has a free-school system the better for her.—*Church Union.*

—Rev. Dr. Hill, the venerable missionary to Greece whose death was lately announced, had wielded a remarkable influence among the Greeks—a people who firmly upheld the union of their church and State, and looked askance at the foundation of other religions bodies among them. At the close of more than forty years' labor Dr. Hill had trained over 10,000 Greek girls in his famous school.

—The people have ratified the law for "the increasing of the common school fund of Kentucky, and of equalizing the white and colored per capita." It provides for the levy of a tax of two cents on every $100 of property in the State, to be placed to the credit of the common school fund, "which entire fund shall hereafter be united, to become one fund, to which the white and colored children of the State shall be entitled in the same proportion.—*Detroit Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Let's hire Vennor to predict a cold winter. Not that his predictions will make any difference, but everybody has the impression that he's sure to be wrong and the coal dealers'll be scared and we can buy our supply cheap.—*Boston Post.*

—An exchange contains an article on "Boys Who Work Their Way Up." Show a boy a pear tree laden with ripe fruit at the top, and give him permission to ascend, and if he doesn't work his way up with marvelous celerity it is either because he is dead or pears make him sick.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An Ohio cow which gave up the ghost the other day was supposed to be sun-struck, but when they removed three pounds of shingle nails from her stomach the wise men admitted that it might be barely possible she had fallen from a roof and killed herself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Emily (little sister:) "What a large family the spinsters must be! I hear in church every Sunday that some of them are going to be married." Frances (elder sister:) "O, you little stupid! Don't you know what spinsters are? Bachelor ladies, of course."—*Boston Journal.*

—The title of the lesson was, "The Rich Young Man," and the golden text was "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face the child said, "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."—*Congregationalist.*

—"No, sir," said Dr. Jalap, "I wouldn't have that apple-tree cut down for money." "But you never get any fruit from it," argued Brown; "the boys steal all the apples before they are half ripe." "That's just it," replied the Doctor, with a quiet smile; "that tree stands me in a good thousand every season."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A grave and dignified D. D., after listening to the recitation of the catechism by a class of children, was asked to make a few remarks to them. Whereupon he arose and said: "I desire, my young friends, to express an unqualified approbation of this exercise. I regard the catechism as the most admirable epitome of religious belief extant." The Superintendent pulled his sleeve, and asked him to explain the word epitome, which he elucidated as follows: "By epitome, children, I mean—that is—it is synonymous with synopsis!"—*Congregationalist.*

—Dr. Dosem, an Austin physician, was called on to attend old Uncle Mose, who drives a dray. "You have been gorging yourself with green watermelons for dinner," said the physician, feeling the patient's pulse. "How did yer find dat out—by feelin' my pulseses?" "No, but by seeing the watermelon rinds under the bed." Said the old man, raising himself up in bed: "You am de knowinist man in Austin. Heah, old 'oman, take dat ole harness from under de bed, or dis heah medicinal gemman am gwine to treat me for eatin' a mule for dessert to settle my stomach. I ain't teched a watermillion in foah weeks."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Case of Conscience.

A pathetic case of conscience has been brought to light up the Hudson. An escaped convict has been earning an honest living for two years and was on the eve of marriage. He had proved that it is never too late to mend. What seems to have been a high sense of honor forced him to take the young lady's parents into his confidence. He told them that he was a reformed jail-breaker, but assured them that he was innocent of the offense for which he had been sent to Sing Sing. The old people shared the common prejudice against runaway convicts. They informed the detectives, and the alleged pickpocket is now in his old cell serving out the remainder of his term.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HAY FIELD.

Is any season so blithe and merry,
So gay with flowers, or so sweet with song,
As that of the rose and the ripened cherry,
When nights are tranquil and days are long?
The earth has forgotten her time of sadness,
The silence and shadows have passed away;
There is nothing but universal gladness
Among the hay.

This is the season when lads and lasses
Are up betimes in the sunny field;
When the swish of the scythe lays low the grasses.
And the passing hours new pleasures yield,
The time of the festive, sweet hay-making,
When the sporting laugh and the joyous word,
And the song of grateful love partaking
Are all day heard.

Why should we squander the hours in sighing
That things which are lovely do not stay,
That the daneing grasses so soon are dying?
Let us be merry amid the hay.
There is time enough for the coming sorrow,
There is wealth of beauty around us yet;
Let us use to-day and leave to-morrow,
Nor God forget.

Blue and bright is the sky above us,
Sweet with flowers is the scented air;
All things whisper that God doth love us,
All sounds woo us to happy prayer;
The forest glades are with joy songs ringing,
From morn to night of the happy day;
Let human voices to Him be singing
From fields of hay

Though far away are the days of childhood,
Of glad light-heartedness, careless mirth,
There is pleasure still in the field and wild-wood,
And joy for all dwellers in God's fair earth.
What does it matter that we grow older?
The best shall come when we pass away;
And we learn a lesson that makes faith bolder
From fields of hay.

Nothing is coming that need oppress us;
Let us raise in triumph a trustful song;
God is our father, and He will bless us,
His love makes summer the whole year long.
Though skies should darken and flowers be falling,
Though life be stormy and days grow dim,
God's power and mercy are aye prevailing;
We trust in Him.

—*Christian World.*

THE LIVELY SAND FLEA.

There is one branch of compulsory education in no wise dependent upon State or National enactments. Let the flea stand as representative of that branch. The flea is selected because nothing will represent more in a given area and time. The flea is so comprehensively representative that he seems to gather up in himself about all of the lower characteristics of his constituency. He has no "fences" to look after; he always wins against the most brazen competitor, and, in the vast congress of fleas, he faithfully represents all the bilge, scum and effervescent cussedness of his fellow savages of the highest order.

Remarkable as the statement may appear, it is nevertheless true that the sportive flea has been made a pet and an instrument of amusement by man, although the great mass of the people have suspected that the sport was all on the side of the flea. The naturalist Willoughby made a pet of a flea, and literally fed him from his hand. We are also told of cherry stone chariots with fleas for horses; yet how grim the humor which can turn such a distressing subject into a jest! The flea presents us not only with a skip and a stab, but a paradox. There is at once a great deal and very little known about him. Aristotle, Pliny, Linnæus and Cuvier devoted their genius to the study of the flea, and the fruits of their labors are stored among the tomes of empires and republics. In the face of all this entomological erudition a certain uncultured student of nature has probably been more quoted, his explanation declared to be more lucid and his summing up of the flea question more complete and accurate than those of Aristotle, Pliny and the entire army corps of German scientists. In fact, the latest results of the world's thought on the subject of fleas are summed up in an Irishman's comment. "I put me finger upon him and he wasn't there." Among all the lumber of entomological analysis is found one bit of description from a celebrated author, which is perfectly clear and will secure universal assent: "The flea bites all the time, day and night, and is never satisfied." With all the flea literature of twenty-three centuries before us, it is almost impossible to elucidate the philosophy of this most interesting and ubiquitous companion of man. The flea is a wonderful touchstone, and the ignorance which he exposes is alarming. With the immense practical knowledge which his "business end" is constantly inculcating, it is astonishing that the general public is so deficient in its observations of the more scholarly side of the flea theme. For instance, in one of the interviews, hereinafter alluded to, the following answer was made to the query: "What do you know about fleas?" "I know all I want to; I know that they have six legs and bite like thunder." There appears to be a tideal wave of research just now upon this topic. Calling upon a gentleman the other evening he suddenly yanked up one of his trousers legs and, after some violent and vain gesticulations, the result of this reconnoisance was thus announced: "Curse that flea?" In many localities the flea plague is peculiarly annoying, and hence information on the subject will be welcomed as timely and a great boon. Some houses are infested which were never before entered by the pests. One family wonders how it could have become subjected to the wholesale intrusion, as there are no cats or dogs about the premises. Here, again, proof is given of the prevailing ignorance. One party was asked if he wasn't aware of the difference between the common flea infesting animals and the sand flea. "A flea is a flea; I don't know anything about your distinctions." And yet this distinction has its difference. It is the sand flea herein treated of, and he has as many aliases as an experienced jailbird. This inveterate torment is known as the sand flea, the chigo, the jigger, the chigre and the *pules penetrans*. It is this species which invades houses, swarms beneath carpets, filling all upholstered furniture, threatening the expulsion of the entire household. It is almost impossible to determine the habits of the sand flea. The insect is perfect eleven days after the deposition of the egg. The male is much like the common dog flea, but the female is very different, burrowing beneath the skin, and there depositing her eggs. When thus buried in the flesh, the female swells to a great size by the distension of her eggs, and removal is not only difficult, but dangerous. If the body of the flea be broken while beneath the skin, the released eggs are disseminated among the surrounding tissues, and painful irritations ensue. They may be safely removed, however, with a needle by those expert in the process.

The public is in blissful ignorance of the jobs which the upholsterers have when these Willoughby's pets so thoroughly take possession of a set of furniture that the covering and stuffing is stripped to the bare frame in order to oust the tormentors. Several years ago an extensive upholstering establishment was forced to entirely suspend operations for a season, so overwhelming was the flea scourge, while in 1867 New York City suffered from a most peculiar and notorious visitation. The attendants upon Grace Church were suddenly afflicted with an intolerable itching, which proved destructive to all spiritual exercises. The devil had entered that sacred edifice, and while he came not as an angel of light or as a roaring lion, he came as cometh the wicked flea—in truth he was the flea, and the last part of the description was literally fulfilled; he came seeking whom he might devour. In no form more than in the guise of a flea can Satan hope for success in subverting the sanctities of a church; and so it proved with Grace Church in 1867. The first installment of uneasy and abstracted worshipers was noticed in the corner to the left of the chancel. The next Sunday abstraction gave way to distraction, the whole half of the sanctuary on one side of the broad aisle being infested. The third Sabbath nearly the entire edifice was overrun, and so grievous had the annoyance become that the church was closed and the heroic remedy resorted to of removing all the cushions, tearing out all the carpets and replacing the entire fittings with new.

There is a divergence of opinion concerning the conditions favorable to the best development of the sand flea life and activity. One man says that he has seen no fleas this year, "because it was an early wet season;" while another affirms that a wet season always brings the fleas. From one authority it is learned that fleas revel in hot weather, while another is positive that a flea can only do his level best when it is cold.

A careful observer has ascertained that our Normal Art School was first infested with the sand flea some two years ago, and in this light the only wonder is that, if the thing were possible, the legislative investigation was not more acrimonious than it really proved. But the very climax of malignity is reached when the wicked flea ensconces himself in the luxuriant folds of the chair occupied by a legislative presiding officer. He then becomes the well authenticated emissary of the evil one. No one appreciates better than the flea that "he who doubts is damned," and he fixes his victim so that he shall "doubt just at the critical moment. What can be more unfortunate than to compel a political aspirant to "go hunting for fleas" just as he is balancing the niceties of a tie vote? It has been asserted that the Sergeat-at-Arms of a certain western Legislature was bribed to pack—not a caucus—but the seats of certain leading members with sand fleas, the whole course of legislation being changed thereby.

We learn from a surgeon in the army of the Potomac that fleas never troubled the troops in Virginia during the late war, but from a quartermaster, who served in Florida, we gathered data both instructive and amusing. The troops about Pensacola were overrun with the multitudinous and tormenting pest. It was ascertained that a sand flea cannot jump higher than three feet, and that its longitudinal leaping capacity is about the same. One method of circumventing the flea practiced by the officers there was to strip stark and climb into elevated bunks, donning night clothes aloft. This expedient was inadequate. They then made immense cotton pillowcases, in which they buried themselves at night, gathering the "pucker" so closely about the neck as to prove almost suffocating. But when, one night, the quartermaster had bagged himself up until he considered that a hermetical joint had been secured about his compressed throat, and, despite those precautions, had been driven out of night-bag by sixteen fleas which somehow got in, he abandoned the experiment and tried another. On a white Government blanket drawn from a vessel in the harbor our quartermaster could easily detect every flea; and, again, a flea cannot jump on a blanket with a long, soft nap—for once a flea was outwitted. The fleas in the room were driven upon this blanket and then dumped into a pail of water, where they could swim but not jump.

The Hungarian shepherds have an absolutely infallible remedy for fleas; and it is here commended to an æsthetic generation. Those Hungarians of the pastoral crook simply out-Herod Herod. They "go one better" than the fleas can in the filth game. They grease their bodies and the inside of their linen all over with lard, and a week or two of dusty accretions encase them in an armory impregnable to fleas. From furniture dealers it is learned that costly furniture has often been subjected to the naptha treatment, and this avails for the buffalo bugs, which indulge in ravages quite similar to those of the sand fleas, and whose recent depredations about Boston have driven distracted housekeepers to tear up carpets and resort to every known expedient for extermination. In the interests of a suffering public a dozen of Boston's prominent druggists have been called upon in order to discover and publish the great flea specific. But the results have been so dubious that it is safe to announce a still open field to inventors, and to assure the happy genius who shall "cut the corners" of the pestiferous flea that Edison's fame and Vanderbilt's fortune are as the small dust in the balance compared with the emoluments awaiting him.—*Boston Herald.*

—The Greenville (Cal.) *Bulletin* records a new strike in Eagle Gulch which is astonishing in richness. To show how rich it is, the *Bulletin* says that when the ledge was struck in the lower tunnel the owner, who was at work there, sent a messenger a short distance on an errand, and when he returned, his employer had taken out $11,000 of gold.

—Mr. Moody expresses the preference for circuses as preaching places, giving as a reason that those who build circuses have a better idea of how to reach an audience than those who build churches. —*Interior.*

Idlers as Inventors.

It is popularly supposed that, in order to invent a machine for any particular purpose, one must be an expert in the particular business for which the machine is designed. To a certain extent this belief is correct, but it somehow happens that many of the most valuable inventions have been brought out by persons who had no practical experience whatever in the use of the machinery appertaining to the business for which their inventions are designed. It is not denied that many of our most valuable inventions are the works of mechanics and operatives of machinery; but it is asserted that a great many valuable inventions have been brought out by men who had no practical experience either as mechanics or operatives in the line of their inventions. It frequently happens that persons who have no special knowledge of machinery, when looking at the performance of some engine or other machine, discover a chance for improvement and drop suddenly into the highway to fortune.

The writer has just had an interview with a young man recently graduated at a medical college. His mind is not on pills or amputations; but he fancies he can see opportunities for improvements all around him, and he is now developing several important railway inventions, a sheet music turner and several other devices not in any manner connected with his chosen profession. One would suppose that his inventive genius would turn to surgical and dental instruments, artificial limbs, etc.; but he, like thousands of others, leaves his chosen path, seemingly led astray by some invisible power over which he has no control. A man with no calling or profession is usually styled a "loafer;" yet many valuable inventions have been produced by such men.

One of the greatest inventions the world has ever seen was whittled out by an idler in a few minutes. He caught the idea by seeing a man trying to get an implement repaired. He saw the affair was imperfect, improved it, and revolutionized the world in its most important industry. He was no longer called a loafer, and although long deceased, he is now, and will be as long as the world exists, regarded as one of the greatest inventors ever known. It is by no means meant that all inventors are men of no steady occupation; but it is an undeniable fact that many of our most valuable inventions are from the brains of men who were considered as idlers and of no account.

This is not mentioned here to cast any reflections on inventors as a class; for it is well understood that we are wholly indebted to them for the wonderful progress the world has made and is making, but to encourage that class who have no faith or confidence in their inventive abilities, and therefore make no efforts. In many communities the man who gives his time to perfecting some device is styled a "lazy good-for-nothing;" but when he finds himself successful his old acquaintances are pleased to know him. It will be seen that our inventors range from millionaires down to loafers, or rather *vice versa*. Perhaps the term "loafer" is hardly appropriate; but as there are so many of them who ultimately take their places in the ranks of the industrious and wealthy, some allowance may be made for the seeming slur on a very worthy class of people.

The mechanic who has to win bread for himself and family has hardly time to devote to inventing; but the idle man who has nothing to do, if he keeps his eyes open, carries off the prize in many instances. But there are many who have an idea that they cannot invent because they are not possessed of means to develop their ideas. They look ahead to those who have been successful and say: "They have been lucky, and have means to handle their invention, while I am without a dollar and can do nothing." Most of our successful inventors have been those who had no means in the shape of cash, but they had its substitute—*pluck*. There are hundreds of men who might pick up some valuable ideas and work them into shape if they were possessed of the requisite pluck. It will not do to sit down and say, "I wish I could invent something." Our successful inventors were not of this stamp, and this is written to encourage all who have a taste for invention to reach for a successful development of their ideas and put them in practical shape. To conclude: Our inventors are men of pluck, and may be regarded as our best citizens, even if they were once idlers.—*Scientific American.*

What Has England Done for India?

The responsibility assumed by England twenty-four years ago is one which was laid upon the back of every elector in this country. Yet nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done to teach our electors—that is to say, our people—what is meant by our rule in India. Mr. Pidgeon has stated part of the case admirably. What, he asks, has England done for this vast Empire? She has converted an immense amount of jungle land into fertile land, she has drained malarious swamps, joined the interior to the seaboard by railways, spanned great rivers, constructed canals, irrigated barren lands, made native races live peaceably, stopped the raids of Afghans, Persians and Tartars, put down predatory castes, substituted justice for oppression, police for soldiers, schools for idolatorous temples. She has further erected great trading cities, introduced manufactures, opened mines, made a beginning in teaching the people and revived the literature of the country. Five thousand native books were published in India in the year 1878, and there are 250 native journals. The family life of the Hindoo has been touched by the modern intellectual movement; there are some signs of an uprising from the degradation of the Zenana; and the establishment of municipalities on the ruins of the old village guilds points to the awakening of a new political life. This is a solid and an honorable record, and effectually disposes of the old "pyramid of beer bottles" theory. This, is, however, a great deal yet to be done. India is in parts over-populated; irrigation must be extended; there must be an equitable land law; and we must consider in whatever we undertake the fact of the frightful poverty of the vast majority of the people.—*Saturday Review.*

—The New York *Herald* estimates that the New Yorkers paid during this season's vacation, "twelve million dollars for rest, refreshments and fun."

The Rhine Peasantry.

No government aid is given to the peasant in the Rhine province; he must raise money by frugality and hard work before he can hope to "sit under the shade of his own fig-tree." There are many private societies for advancing money, at low rates of interest—none higher than five per cent. If a man desires to buy his holding, he is at liberty to pay a portion down, and the rest by annual installments. From the date of the first payment the property is his own. Should he become bankrupt, the landlord can not seize it; he must take an action against the insolvent purchaser, when the land is sold by public auction, and from the proceeds he is paid such a sum as the Judge considers equitable. The price of land varies from 200 to 500 thalers (£30 to £75) for a "morgen," nine-tenths of an acre, in the Rhine province; but this varies in different localities, and is, of course, dearer near towns and cheaper in the country districts. When land is rented, however, from £1 to £3 10s. per "morgen" is usually paid; but this, too, varies according to the demand for and quality of the land.

A portion of land is in some communities set apart for experimental husbandry, and only such seeds and fertilizers as produce good results are bought. The peasants, too, pay professors of agriculture to test the value of chemical manures, while experienced men travel from village to village to give needful instruction. The grand results of combination again prove the truth of the proverb which is constantly, though, alas, ineffectually, dinned into our ears, "Unity is strength." Bullocks are more used for plowing than horses. Very little stock is kept in this part of Germany, and between the fields are white-washed landmarks, not fences.

The cottages have in nearly every case an upper story, and never consist of less than three rooms and a loft. They are built in many instances of wood, but more frequently of brick, plastered white and crossed by black beams. They are scrupulously clean; most have bright green shutters and are often embowered in creeping plants. The furniture is simple, and stoves in which coal is burned are to be found in every house. Wood is in the Rhine province too dear to admit of its being generally employed for fuel as it is in the North, and turf is little used here, though common in other localities.

The food is chiefly vegetable. Breakfast consists of black coffee and rye bread, a better quality of which is called "fine bread," and eaten by the upper classes with slices of buttered white bread like sandwiches. The father of the family, if able to afford it, may indulge in a sausage as well. The dinner is composed invariably of a large tureen of soup, cabbage, potato, buttermilk, pea, beer, black bread, raisin, or rice, as the case may be; the buttermilk and beer soups are to an Irish palate about as appetizing as Spartan broth! Meat is with the poorer classes a rare luxury; but they eat every variety of vegetable, cooked in a much superior manner to ours, and rendered palatable with dripping. On high days and holidays "sauerkraut" and sausages make their appearance.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Painted Boy.

The denizens of Hartwell, a village fifteen miles north of Cincinnati, are much incensed over an outrage committed by a man named Zeibe, who in a fit of passion perpetrated an act that came near resulting in the death of a little boy. The tarring and feathering of Zeibe was seriously talked of, and the excitement in the community has not yet subsided. Mr. J. Burgess, who is a collector of internal revenue, has a little son about seven years old. The lad has been a playmate of a son of the man Zeibe. On Friday last the two boys were playing together, and during the afternoon they found their way into Zeibe's carriage-house, where they discovered a pot of mixed paint. It occurred to the youngsters that it would be grand sport to paint something, and one of the wheels of Zeibe's buggy was soon pretty thoroughly smeared. The wheel was thus covered with a coat of an entirely different color from that of the other three. When Mr. Zeibe became aware of the transformation he flew into a terrible rage and proceeded to mete out such punishment as in his opinion was commensurate with the enormity of the offense. Catching the little Burgess boy he stripped him of his clothing and painted him from head to foot with the same mixture that had been used in daubing the buggy wheel. The poor boy's hair was filled with the stuff, and his body completely covered with it. The paint closed up the pores of the skin and came near killing the lad before he reached home, and it was removed with great difficulty. The shock to the boy's nervous system was nearly fatal and the danger-line has not yet been passed. Mr. Burgess, the father of the painted boy, went over to Mr. Zeibe's with the righteous intention of whipping him for the outrage. Unfortunately he depended upon his fists for weapons, and, being a small man and Zeibe a big fellow, Mr. Burgess got much the worst of the encounter. An effort was made to organize a crowd to tar and feather Zeibe, but the matter was postponed in order to give Mr. Burgess a further opportunity of meeting Mr. Zeibe on more equal terms.—*Cincinnati Special to Chicago Tribune.*

—A Wyoming County, New York, postmaster put up a bulletin the other day, reading: "Hereafter the post-office will be open from six a. m. to 12 m., and from one p. m. All persons requiring any further accommodations will confer a favor upon the postmaster by either getting their mail of some other office or taking measures to have the postmaster removed.—*Chicago Times.*

—Mr. and Mrs. Woodward bore for many years a good reputation in Franklin County, Mass., but were all the while sending out their son to commit burglaries. When he was finally caught, the farm house was found to be a place of storage for plunder, large quantities of which were hidden under the floors.

—Dr. Elisha Gray in a recent interview stated that there are already in use in the United States 220,000 telephones, and that the number is increasing at the rate of 5,000 a day.

The Functions of Leaves.

The leaves are the most important organs of a plant, and at the same time the most surprisingly varied in appearance and formation. The morphology, or the law of the formation of leaves, is a very interesting study, and some preliminary remarks upon this point will be of interest, because one or more of the varied functions of leaves depend to some extent upon their form. The leaves are really a prolongation of the inner or green soft bark, or the cambium layer of the stem. They are exceedingly varied in form, but their internal structure is very simple. A leaf consists of an epidermis, which may in some cases be stripped from it, and consists of thick-walled cells. Under the outer skin are the interior cells, which are oblong, arranged endwise as regards the leaf, and are placed in close contact. Below these and down to the lower skin for nearly three-fourths of the thickness of the leaf are round cells. These inner cells are abundantly provided with the green coloring matter of the leaf, known as *chlorophyll*, or the "leaf green," in the form of very minute grains adhering to the walls of the cells, or to the starch granules in the cells, or floating free in the sap. This green matter gives the color to the leaf. The skin is usually coated with wax. All through this cell matter of the leaf are found the ribs or veins, which are really parts of the stem, and consist of woody matter. These veins or ribs are beautifully seen in a skeleton leaf, which is the framework of the leaf freed from its cellular tissue. The epidermis is sometimes smooth, but is often beset with hairs and glands composed of cells, and some of which, as in the nettle and some other poisonous plants, have the cells filled with an acid liquid, while others secrete a glutinous or adhesive substance, and some, again, exude a sweet syrup known as honey-dew. The skin is provided with an immense number of minute pores or stomata, which are really air ducts, and by these the outer air is brought into direct contact and communication with the cells of the leaf. These stomata are oval in form and have the power, or instinct, of enlarging or decreasing their openings as the weather may be moist or dry, by narrowing or entirely closing their oval lips, just as the sides of an oval sprig may be brought close together. These stomata are not found in water plants, the leaves of which are submerged, and on floating leaves exist only upon the upper surface. They vary greatly in size, some leaves having only 800 upon a square inch and others having as many as 170,000 in the same space. They are few upon the upper sides of the leaf, but exist in great numbers upon the under surface of all green leaves.

Leaves vary considerably in form. The seed leaves of the apple, bean, pea, pumpkin, and other similar plants are very unlike an ordinary leaf, and yet they are leaves; those of the pumpkin actually change into ordinary leaves as soon as they have performed their special office, which is the supply of food to the young plant. The scales of some bulbs, as the lily, the onion and others, are also leaves. In other plants, as asparagus for instance, the scales of the buds are leaves, and in the hickory (shell-bark) and lilac these bud scales transform into foliage. In the bar-berry, some of the leaves take the form of spines; in the pea, vetch and some other plants they appear as tendrils by which the plant supports itself, and in one variety of vetch the whole leaf is a tendril. In other cases leaves appear like flowers, and are often supposed to be flowers, as in the common pitcher plant of the swamps and the calla, generally supposed to be a lily. In the Dionæa, or Venus fly-trap, each leaf is provided at the end with a pair of fleshy spined appendages, which close when irritated by a fly or foreign substance. In the true East India pitcher plant (Nepenthes) the leaf is curiously varied, tapering to a tendril, which curves spirally as a watch-spring, and then enlarges into the form of a pitcher or deep cup, at the mouth of which is a lid provided with a hinge, by which it opens, and the whole of this is only one leaf. Other leaves are thick, fleshy, and succulent, as in the aloe, the house-leek, and the ice-plant.

Again leaves appear to vary their form so as to present a very large surface to the atmosphere, and to admit its passage among them with the utmost facility they are feathered, cleft, divided and cut with great diversity. A moderate-sized tree may bear several million of leaves, altogether having a surface of from 100,000 to 200,000 square feet, or, if spread out, might cover a surface of four or five acres in extent. The enormous number of breathing pores thus continually transpiring air or the various gases which are mixed with it are quite beyond our comprehension.

The function of the leaves is analogous to the process of digestion in animals. The water absorbed from the soil, having in solution a large number of substances derived from the soil, enters at the roots, passes through the stem and reaches the leaves, through which it circulates among the cells. Here it is brought into contact with the air, inspired by the myriads of stomata or breathing pores in the leaves. The sap, which consists of a very weak solution of mineral matters, is changed in its character by the action of the atmosphere upon it and becomes no longer sap. Its water is evaporated by the leaves, and the mineral and nitrogenous and conversion into organized tissue. Sap does not flow downward from the leaves. There is a downward current of organized tissue-forming substances, but not sap, which passes along the ducts of the cambium layer, which lies between the bark and the wood, and from which new bark and new wood are formed, and which is, in fact, a continuation of the leaf substance; or, in other words, of which the leaf substance is a continuation. —*N. Y. Times.*

—Economy is wealth. It takes a child six or seven years to learn to read and spell intelligently. But an English gentleman says his little boy of four years will read any phonetic book without the least hesitation, not even balking at the hard names in the Bible. His father taught him to read after this method in eight hours. Another gentleman says that he has taught poor children in Glasgow to read the Sermon on the Mount phonetically in the course of six hours' study. Time is money.—*Chicago News.*

Temperance Reading.

Temperance in Connecticut.

When the bill asking for Compulsory Temperance Education in the public schools of Connecticut was before the Legislature of that State, the following letters from eminent citizens were read before the Joint Standing Committee on Education to whom it was referred:

[From Noah Porter, President of Yale College, New Haven, Conn.]

"YALE COLLEGE, January 14, 1882.

"I have no doubt that the State in its Public Schools ought to give instruction in respect to those duties and moral relations which are generally acknowledged to be essential to the welfare of the commonwealth. A knowledge of the duty of Temperance, and the sin and evil of intemperance, are both recognized as essential to this welfare. It follows that the State has the right, and is under the obligation, to give such instruction as may thus promise to be useful and effective for good."

[From John D. Park, LL.H., Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut.]

NORWICH, CONN., Jan. 8, 1882.

"I would begin with children while at school to teach them the terrible effects of intemperance—effects that rob men of honor, ambition, energy, everything that is dear and valuable; that deprives them of the means and disposition to make their way in the world to places of wealth, trust, distinction. The consequences of intemperance are almost beyond description—great, destructive, deplorable; and they should be pressed upon the young, innocent and susceptible minds and hearts of children and youth with all possible force and energy, that a lasting impression of aversion to the destroyer of all good may be made. I think the State should furnish suitable teaching for this purpose, and thus save hundreds of thousands of dollars in the end, and as many immortal beings from a drunkard's fate."

[From Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., Norwich.]

"The express purpose of the State in establishing public schools, the one end which justifies her levying *pro rata* taxes for their support, is to secure good citizenship, such individual manhood and womanhood as is the condition of public well-being. But it is conceded on every side that intemperance is the deadliest foe of that same good citizenship, the chief destroyer of that very manhood and womanhood. The State establishes her system of public instruction, the community builds its school-houses, and intemperance does its utmost to prevent the good result. It is, therefore, the dictate of self-preservation that the State should seek to teach in her schools the fundamental truth concerning that alcoholic element through which intemperance comes. It is more than a right, it is a duty. It is more than simply prudent, it is truest wisdom. It is opposing the evil at its source. It is aiming at the prevention of mischiefs whose actual occurrence puts them beyond separation. It is statesmanship. It is philanthropy in its highest sense."

The bill, with some modifications, became a law. This is the way Connecticut proposes to settle this troublesome temperance question. The convictions of the boy, backed by the authority of the text book and the school, are represented in the ballot of the man. Shrewd fellows, those Connecticut Yankees. This is a flank movement on the enemy. Fifteen years from the day that instruction in the nature of alcohol and its effects upon the drinker is as thoroughly taught in their schools as reading, writing and arithmetic have been, the traffic in beer, gin or whisky, will be no more debatable than stealing or arson. What these wise men think would be so good for Connecticut, would be equally desirable for other States. Why not?

Such legislation would make this study universal; would require teachers to be examined as to ability to teach the same; would lead normal schools and other institutions of higher learning, where our teachers are educated, to make it a branch of study; would push it into our teachers, conventions and institutes. At one stroke it would set existing machinery at the work of training for the State a generation of intelligent, sober citizens. In so far that what we pay our school taxes for? Let us, then, have a law that will set the school-houses of our States to brewing a correct public sentiment on this alcohol question.—*Exchange.*

A Tidal Wave.

The liquor-dealers and their numerous sympathizers are beginning to understand that the Temperance tide is really coming in after all. That the 30,000 majority which Iowa gave in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in that State is a genuine hand-writing on the wall and quite easily read. Kansas holds to her noble position, and the mighty State of Ohio is swinging into line. Arkansas has closed three-fourths of her saloons under the Option law, and though the "Hinds Bill" failed in Illinois it is to be tried again in another form.

Nebraska enforces her Anti-Treating law, and Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Indiana lay heavy burdens on the rum-seller, and keep up the old light against the saloon. All this in the face of the oft-repeated declaration that the Maine Liquor Law is a failure, and that prohibition does not prohibit.

The stale old lie that more liquor is sold under the Prohibitory law than under a license law will not go down with the common people, whose quick reasoning notes the fact that while the rum-sellers declare their business to be better under a Prohibitory law, they at the same time move earth and the other place to get the restrictions lifted.

The Iowa men and women join hands with Kansas, and push the battle to the gate. It may well be said of the Temperance movements, as it has been said of revolutions: They never go backward. They may be begun at wrong times, and managed by wrong hands; may be marred by excesses and retarded by folly, but they never go backward. This movement is to overturn and overturn till He whose right it is shall reign. —*Chicago Advance.*

In a recent visit to the State of Maine we took our own observations and made inquiries in regard to the much disputed question whether prohibition has been a success or a failure, and we come to an undoubting conviction that it has been a decided success. This does not mean that no liquor is sold in the State. It is, perhaps, an impossibility wholly to prevent its introduction or its sale. This will be carried on to a certain extent, as long as men's appetites and cupidity remain what they are. But the great point has been gained—and this is an immense gain—that the sale of intoxicating liquors is driven out of society, is under a ban, and the evidence of an extensive use of such drinks is driven out with it."—*Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, of the N. Y. Observer.*

PROHIBITION is not such a modern invention after all. It appears that in 1733 (nearly one hundred and fifty years ago) the trustees of the colony of Georgia, who were living in London, enacted that "the drinking of rum in Georgia be absolutely prohibited, and that all which shall be brought there be staved."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District.
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

REPUBLICAN MASS-MEETINGS!

THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT CO. are requested to assemble in Mass-Meetings at the following named times and places:

BLOOMINGTON,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 7 P. M.
OAKLAND,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 7 P. M.
FRIENDSVILLE,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 2 P. M.
ACCIDENT,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 7 P. M.
GRANTSVILLE,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 2 P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

HON. LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
and other speakers.

The District Committees will make the necessary arrangements for these meetings. Let there be enthusiastic rallies.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Acting Chairman.

You cannot better the condition of the manufacturer without benefiting the farmer. Democratic free-trade would ruin them all.

Mr. Pester beat Judge Bowie in Montgomery county for the Democratic nomination for associate judge in the Frederick-Montgomery District.

The Democratic Judicial Convention at Cumberland Thursday nominated Hon. R. H. Alvey for Chief Judge, and Hon. A. K. Syester for Associate Judge for this circuit.

The vote of Oregon for Governor at the June election has been canvassed by the Legislature and declared as follows: Z. F. Mooly, Republican, 21,481; Joseph S. Smith, Democrat, 20,089; Republican majority 1,412.

Over 500,000 voters in the States which voted for Garfield in 1880 stayed at home! Let every Northern Republican journal and speaker and worker from the highest to the lowest work their hardest this time to *get out the vote.*

CONUNDRUMS.—How are Republican campaign documents to be printed and circulated without money, and how is the money to be obtained if those who owe their offices to the Republican party do not subscribe? These are among the conundrums which the persons who cry out against political contributions fail to answer.

A "Third Party!"

Most people suppose that there are only two great parties in existence, between which men having the right to vote are divided—the Republican party and the Democratic party; but people are mistaken; there is a third party, and a big one, too!

The census of 1880 reports that there were 12,571,437 males of voting age in the thirty-eight states of the Union. Suppose only eleven millions of these were vested with the franchise, the rest being unnaturalized or disqualified for other reasons. Of these eleven millions, only 9,204,428 voted at the Presidential election, leaving 1,795,572 who did not vote at all! These are the men who compose the third party—the Stay-at-home party—the Bulldozed party—the don't-care-a cent party—to which allusion has been made. Reader, were you one of the stay-at-homes in 1880? Do you mean to be one of them this year?

More than half a million voters must have staid at home at the last election for President in the nineteen States whose electoral votes were cast for James A. Garfield; more than a million and a quarter votes in the nineteen Hancock States were either not cast or not counted in that election. What were the causes that kept sixteen out of every hundred voters in this Union from expressing their will? Why did one voter out of every thirteen in the Garfield States stay at home? Was it apathy? Then shake it off next November. Why did twenty-eight voters out of every hundred in the Hancock States make no sign? Was it not bulldozing? What else could it be when everybody knows how eager every colored man is to vote when allowed to do so? Wake up the Northern stay-at-homes! Let the Southern bulldozed come bravely to the front!

Let it be said to the Northern stay-at-homes there is a party much more worth supporting than the one you have belonged to, and that is the Republican party, and this is the reason. It is the live party, the party with brains, the party that promotes education and stimulates industry, and protects the value of every dollar that you have or earn. Shake off the shackles that ignorance or fear or indifference has bound you with, tear off the mollier that seals your eyes, and come out of the selfish, good-for-nothing, do-nothing, race-for-nothing, stay-at-home party and vote the Republican ticket this fall! And you of the South who stay at home from fear of the bulldozer, throw away your fears, be brave again, come out in your irresistible numbers, insist on your right to vote, and watch closely to see that your vote is counted in November!

What Remains to be Done.

We adopt the following timely editorial from the Frederick *Examiner*, and commend it to the careful consideration of the Republican voters of this county: "The selection of an acceptable nominee, with a remarkable degree of unanimity, by a representative convention is a desirable fact at the opening of a campaign. The auspicious opening, however, must be followed up in earnest determination, that nothing shall be left undone to make the campaign a hearty contest for his success. In the present case, the party has shown such thorough confidence in the nominees for Congress, that it has even dispensed with the customary repetition of its creed as formulated in a platform with definite resolutions, and by formal vote declared that Mr. McComas himself was a sufficient platform. This unusual declaration of confidence gives exceptional prominence to the candidate, and at the same time imposes special duties upon the party. Let each Republican feel that it is his duty to bring every man in his neighborhood under the influence of his party principles, and to secure his vote in November for McComas. There is no room now for luke warm support, but cordial cooperation is what is needed to ensure on overwhelming triumph.

"The County Central Committees are the recognized authorities for mapping out the campaign, and doubtless they will be fully equal to the requirements of the occasion, but each man must feel himself under obligation to do his share of the work. To this individual responsibility in the contest before us we now invite our friends, and urge them to bring to it all the energy and heartiness that they can command. We must not jeopardize the District, and we ought to carry it by an overwhelming majority. Let us do it!"

Has an Office-Holder Any Rights?

Says the Indianapolis *Journal:* "The Republican party carried the last election. Why? Because a majority of the people thought it was the best party soliciting their suffrage and the principles represented by it were preferable to any other organization. Very well. Now if a majority of the people favor the Republican party as the best in existence, it is not strange that a majority should desire its perpetuation. Nor is it strange that the office-holders should wish to see it kept in power. To accomplish this desired end, it is necessary that many legitimate expenses be met, and money must be raised. This is done by all parties all over the country, and men in all branches of business, from the pulpit to the peanut stand, are solicited to aid in the work. It is puerile to talk of elections without money. The real question is what is done with the money. If it be used to corrupt the suffrage the voice of all men, of all parties should be raised against such a crime. But there are legitimate expenses that must be met, and there is no good reason why government employes should not share the burden the same as private citizens, and men who do not directly profit by the party's triumph. Neither is there any good reason why they should be forbidden to give what they please for that purpose, and it is more than impertinent—it is dangerous to the existence of a proper spirit of personal independence among the holders of office—that they should be denied by written or unwritten law the exercise of every right enjoyed by the non-office-holding class. It is proper and necessary that it the discharge of his public duties the Federal office-holder should ignore politics, and no change is made that he does not. But when it comes to electing whether this or that party shall rule, this or that principle shall prevail, or that he shall give allegiance and influence to this or that party, it is wholly a different matter, and his rights as a private citizen cannot be abrogated. He has just as much right to contribute money to the campaign fund as has anybody, and men of all parties, in the interest of independent citizenship, should unite in defending this right."

Morey Letter Forgery.

CHICAGO, October 1.—A New York special purports to give the inside history of the celebrated Morey letter on the Chinese question, whose publication carried California against Garfield in the last Presidential election. The dispatch is to the effect that John I. Davenport has been at work for twenty-three months in the endeavor to find the authorship of the forgery; that he finally got the whole story, its conception and execution, together with the confession of the forger, and that he is about to publish the facts in pamphlet form; that the man who forged the document is named H. B. Hadley, a renegade Republican, in the employ of the Democratic National Committee, and that some leading spirits in that body were cognizant of and approved the forgery. The story told is to the effect that Hadley, a professed leader of a certain body of voters in New York, wrote General Garfield, asking an explanation and answer to the Credit Mobilier charge. The letter was answered by private Secretary Brown, enclosing the manuscript of Gen. Garfield's speech on the subject to his constituents in 1873. He thus got Garfield's autograph. The dispatch continues: "Hadley is an expert penman and spent several days studying and practicing the hand writing and autograph of Gen. Garfield. Stationery stores were ransacked to find paper similar to that used at Mentor, Ohio, Garfield's old home, and then Hadley wrote the famous forgery. The envelope prepared corresponds with that which Hadley received from Mentor and was put through a process to make it look soiled and worn. When finished Ttandall, Hewitt, and several other reputable Democrats, were shown it, who had no doubt of its genuineness. The dispatch concludes with the statement that the electrotype fac simile was offered to the *Sun*, which refused to publish it. It was then taken to *Truth* and there published. A special train was chartered to convey copies of the paper to California. It is said that Davenport not only has Hadley's confession, but also a number of his practice sheets of the original copy from which the fac simile was made.

Political Literature.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—In the official campaign text-books, recently published by the Republican Congressional Committee, each party strives to show the people that it secured the passage of the Arrears of Pension act. After reviewing the legislative history of the act, the Democratic committee says: "The soldiers are indebted for the Arrears bill to their energy in their behalf of the Democratic majority in the house of Representatives." The Republican committee, in its book, labors to show that to every sense the Arrears act was purely a Republican measure, while the Democrats have nothing to show the soldiers but a beggarly account of small donations. The Democratic committee's book is silent upon the subject of the River and Harbor bill. The Republican committee's book sets forth the legislative history of the bill, with extracts from speeches in its favor, but abstains from comment even in the head-lines, which upon other subjects are very expressive. The Republican committee devotes 26 pages to a defense of protection. It denounces free trade as the hand maid of slavery of secession. "Free trade, slavery and secession," says the committee, "marched arm in arm."

In conclusion, the the committee asserts that the masses pay no taxes—only those who indulge in foreign broadcloths, Brussels and Turkish carpets, diamonds, &c. The following is the committee's list of the persons who contribute to the Nation's income through the tariff, prepared to show that only these persons pay taxes to the National Government who indulge in luxuries: "Those who wear French broadcloth; who use foreign made cotton fabrics; hemp, jute and flax goods; who pass by the American manufacurer of earthen wares and buy foreign articles; who drink French brandy and imported liquors of all kinds; who go to the mines of Russia and England for iron; bar, pig or rolled; who buy English jack knives; who eat imported provisions and sugars; who dress their wives and daughters in foreign silken goods, using velvet vestings and shawls from the East, bonnets from Paris, watch chains from Geneva, and laces made by the poorly-paid laborers from Europe; who smoke Havana cigars, cheroots from Spain and cigarettes from Turkey; who wear wool from the sheep of South America, and woolen goods from manufacturers without interest in this country, except to crush its rising industries; who walk on Brussels carpets and shade their eyes with damask curtains, and who trip lightly in French calf boots and gaiters. Those who find it irksome to pay the tax on these luxuries may take consolation in the fact that they can dispense with the goods and thus avoid the burden." This is the committee's list of those who pay taxes through the tariff, and the committee emphatically deny that our tariff is a burden weighing more heavily upon those least able to bear it.

The Financial Outlook.

It is on the yearly products of the soil, after all, that the volume and prosperity of all sorts of business and the values of the majority of stock holding are based. And we are now able to feel the utmost security as to the yield of crop products that will guarantee another year of national growth and development and of financial soundness. The most hopeful anticipations of well-informed and qualified observers of the growing crops have been surpassed, and all classes of patriotic and devout Americans may already prepare for a joyful celebration of our most peculiar national festival, that of Thanksgiving Day.

It requires no argument to prove that the movement of the enormous crops of the West to the seaboard and the return to the West of the manufactured and imported goods of the East necessarily implies the fullest employment of all the rolling stock of the railways that are burdened with this tremendous traffic, unprecedented in its dimensions as it is certain to be.

The demand of Europe compelled the unnaturally rapid liquidation of our indebtedness arising from the excessive importations during the past year, but the indications are now all in favor of a regaining of the balance of trade, on our part, by the clearly inevitable and large increase of our exports.

The West and the South, the debtor regions, are now in condition to relieve New York from any extraordinary drain on the reserves of her banks, and, unless speculators create an artificial stringency, the rates of interest will continue low here, so long as the movement of the crops is going on.

All these facts render it certain that the prices of all the better classes of securities will have an upward tendency and a large proportion of the money lately invested in government bonds will seek employment at more profitable rates.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Terrible Loss of Life.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 30.—A *Picayune* Vicksburg special says this morning, at 3 o'clock, a fire broke out on the steamer R. E. Lee, when on her trip to this city, and when about 30 miles below here, resulting in the total destruction of the boat and a terrible loss of life. The following is a list of persons known to be lost: Cabin passengers—Mr. Polnters, of Maysville, Ky.; Mrs. McClellan, of New Orleans; Miss Adams, music teacher, on her way to Baton Rogue; also an infant of Mrs. Searles, of Vicksburg, and two colored women; Frank Jones, fireman; Ophelia Jones and Martha Webb, second and third chamber-maids; Thomas Fisher, Joe Murrell, Sent Cox, Thomas Collins, Irwin Duncan, cabin boys; Samuel Brown, roustabout; Kardo, carpenter; William Westmaker, second engineer, and all cooks and help except the pastry cook. The books of the boat and the United States mail were lost, together with a cargo of five hundred bales of cotton.

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Chronicle.*

Common Medicines for Animals.

Farmers, writes a correspondent, are too free with the use of common popular medicines. Salt, sulphur, saltpeter, rosin and such common drugs are too often given to cattle without sense, reason, or knowledge. "Salt is good," but if given in excess it becomes an acrid, irritant poison. I once casually remarked to a neighbor that salt was good for pigs, and that I threw a handful into the slop barrel every day. Thereupon this good man went home and emptied the sediment of a pork barrel into the pig trough. The next day his two pigs were dead and he came to me in a state of mind charging me with having misled and injured him. He had given about two gallons of brine and a quart or two of salt to his two pigs at once, and the pigs had foolishly eaten too much of the unwonted stuff. Sulphur is used just as reckless as this very often, and with great injury no doubt. Sulphur is a very active sudorific and causes a great increase in the insensible perspiration through the skin. A person who takes a teaspoonful (one dram) of sulphur at a dose will find in a few hours the fumes of sulphur passing off through the skin so freely as to blacken silver that may be carried in the pockets. Sulphur is sometimes given to animals—and persons as well—as a remedy for parasitic diseases, as the itch, mange, ring-worm and even lice, and it acts on these plants and insects which produce these diseases by these escaped perfumes through the skin. But its action on the skin is dangerous when it is excessive from a large dose, and it should be given very rarely, and then only in small doses repeated daily for several days. The same caution should be observed with resin and saltpeter, two active diuretics which operate upon the kidneys profusely, and tend greatly to weaken those important organs. Many cases of serious disease occur from the excessive use of resin with horses.

A Drunkard's Horrible Crime.

WHEELING, W. VA., Oct. 1.—John R. Bagges, Jr., living near Clarksburg, W. Va., killed his wife and a daughter aged 13, this morning, while mentally deranged from the effects of drink. He attacked his wife while she was in bed. She called her daughter, who assisted her to escape her husband's grasp. Mother and daughter then fled from the house. Bagges seized a large iron poker and followed. Overtaking his wife, he struck her twice, the last blow proving fatal. The daughter coming up to save her mother, was killed with one blow. The other children ran away. Neighbors found the mother and daughter lying dead in the road, and discovered Bagges in the house intoxicated. He denied the killing and all knowledge of it.

The 9,000,000 of children who daily march to the school-houses of the North, the West, and the South are better as a defense for the whole nation than a standing army as large as all the armies of Europe. The quarter of a million of school teachers who daily drill these children in the school-houses are a better provision for training the Nation in patriotism than all the statesmen and military officers of the Old World. Let every child of the Nation be sent to a good school, and trained by a proper method in broad national ideas, and we never need fear either foreign aggression and domination, or domestic insurrection and sectional strifes and jealousies. Strength, peace, harmony, prosperity, nobility of character, patriotism, virtue and happiness would flow as from a perennial spring in the mountains, to fill the land forever.—*Senator Logan.*

The Hon. James G. Blaine received a hearty welcome in Chicago the other day, when he was on his way from to Kansas. The Republican state central committee was about to hold a meeting, and all its members availed themselves of the opportunity to make his acquaintance. Among them were some of his strongest opponents of two years ago, but all paid their highest tributes to his statesmanship and personal popularity. "I tell you what," said one of them to a friend, "after all, he is 'the noblest Roman of them all.' I wonder what he would say if he knew I had a '306' medal in my pocket."

ODD FELLOWS.—The report of the Grand Secretary, gives the entire statics of the Order from 1830 to December 31, 1881, as fellows: Supreme Lodges (sovereign, German Empire, Australasia 3;) Subordinate Grand Lodges, 60; Subordinate Grand Encampments, 42; Subordinate Encampments, 1,851; Subordinate Lodges, 7,557; Encampment members 81,195; Lodge members, 489,361, Lodge initiations, 1,221,869; members deceased, 96,119, total relief; $32,777,551.34; total receipts, $87,574,260.90.

Fattening Hogs.

A breeder of swine for pork manufacturing, at the West, gives the following advice as the result of his experience in fattening hogs for slaughtering:

"After feeding for fattening has once been begun, there should be a steady increase up to the point of sufficiency, and never a decrease. Corn, of course, is the principal food, but it is advisable to feed cooked potatoes and pumpkins mixed with mill stuffs once a day. Plenty of trough room is a necessity, and plenty of pure water should be supplied twice a day. The hog will drink a great deal of water, as the practical hog raiser well knows. The greatest care should be exercised to so feed that the animal will not be compelled to eat filth as well as food. If corn is fed it should be fed upon a dry floor, when possible. Neither good pork nor much of it can come from feeding filth. The salting of hogs is a very important matter, and they will not and cannot do well without a regular supply of salt. It should be given them once a day, and can be given in ground oats—which is an excellent fat producing food—or in the cooked mixture mentioned above."

If the directions given are followed the results will be satisfactory. Hog raisers should make it an object to produce pork that is healthy and good in every respect. The is a deep seated prejudice against pork under the most favorable circumstances, and it is to the interest of pork producers to remove this. But poor and diseased pork can only increase this prejudice. In all our markets is pork that is not fit for consumption, and consumers know it. As this paper has frequently said, good pork is good and healthy food, and after a while, if pork-raisers strive to produce good pork, the universal public will learn this fact.

Sick Children.

It is better to take your child to the doctor unnecessarily than to postpone this duty and find that it is too late. A few hours in the diseases of children may make all the difference between hopeful and hopeless cases.

When you take counsel of a doctor give him your explicit confidence. Do not permit any friend—even though the friend be an experienced old mother and nurse—to disturb confidence in the doctor. Follow no advice that is against what he said. If you lose confidence in him, get another physician.

When a child is old enough to know what you mean, never threaten it with the doctor. It may be very important some day that your child should not be frightened at the doctor, but regard him as a friend and helper.

A sick child demands a nursing mother, who has tact, patience, firmness, added to her attention. With these, so much can be done, without them the battle may be hopeless from the first.

It is asserted that every year 2,000 children die in New York who need not die if proper care were taken of them. High heated terms have much to do with these deaths. Every hour that a young child is exposed to a temperature above 85 or 88 degrees in a crowded neighborhood, it is robbed of vitality. High heat acts injuriously on its blood, nerve and muscle cells, and also on the digestive system of the child and the milk of a nursing mother. High heat does more—it decomposes all organic refuse and dirt in houses and about them, and poisons air, water, food, clothing, bedding, carpets, etc. Hence the need of excursions for children and of cleanliness at home.

Do not lift or drag a child by its arm or arms. You strain ligaments which were not intended to bear the weight of the body. A grown person swinging from a bar with his hands relieves the ligaments by the use of muscles.

Senator Jones of Nevada, according to an interview in the Chicago *Tribune*, believes in paying off the National debt as fast as possible. The capital so released he thinks finds investment in the newer Western and Southern States and makes money easier and more abundant in those sections. He favors some plan of buying out the holders of the four per cent. bonds, and substituting a bond with a lower rate of interest. This, he is persuaded, would be a good business operation for the Government.

The Republicans in Indiana are more fortunate than their party brethern in some other States. They are united, have a clean-cut issue to contend for, and are showing unusual interest in the canvass for an off year. On the other hand, the Democrats are disorganized, many of their best men are pronouncing against the State and legislative tickets, and there is general disgust with their party's attitude on the temperance question. The Republican outlook in the State is decidedly promising.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Miss Lillie Brown's select school opened Monday. Miss Katie Townshend is assistant.

—Mrs. W. H. Hagans returned Wednesday from a visit to Fairmont and Morgantown.

—Mr. H. P. Tasker, formerly editor of the Oakland *Herald*, is secretary of a New York commercial agency.

—Died, near Accident, Thursday, of last week, only child of Elijah Switzer.

—There will be a public sale of the furniture of the Davis House on Oct. 19th and 20th.

—Capt. J. M. Jarboe has erected a very handsome fence in front of his residence on Liberty street.

—Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Died, at Accident, Wednesday of last week, Edwin C., infant son of Dr. E. H. and Annie A. Glotfelty.

—Mr. James Wiseman, of Oakland, has on exhibition an onion, sent to him by Mr. George Herring, of Cumberland, which weighs 56 ounces.

—Mrs. M. E. Davis will sell all her excellent hotel furniture consisting of chambersets, bed clothing, dinning room and kitchen furniture, &c. See handbills.

—Married, at the residence of the groom's parents, in district No, 5, Oct. 1st, 1882, by Rev. H. E. Friend, Mr. John Glass and Miss Mary E. Schlossnagle, all of Garrett county.

—Married, at Connellsville, Fayette county, Pa., Sept. 27th 1882, by Rev. R. C. Morgan, R. B. White, of Friendsville, Md., and Miss Emma S. Friend, of Connellsville, Pa.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Oakland, Md., Wednesday evening, September 27th, 1882, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Samuel Lawton and Miss Susan E. Harne, all of Oakland, Md.

—Rev. John J. Young, who has so acceptably served the Lutheran congregations at Grantsville and Accident, this county, left Oakland Tuesday morning for his new field of labor in Richmond, Ind.

—John Cropp and Henry Hebron, of Lonaconing, engaged in a tight on Friday evening in a drinking saloon, and Cropp bit off one of Hebron's ears close to his head. Cropp was committed to prison, but afterwards released on bail.

—During a drunken affray at Barton on Wednesday evening Gilpin Broadwater was badly beaten, and he in turn stabed Michael O'Brien in the side. Since then inflamation has set in and a fatal result is feared. Broadwater is in jail.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it is essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of September:

Albert F. Lipscomb and Mary Lipscomb.

Dennis S. Garner and Elsie L. Childers.

James W. Turney and Hannah L. Johnson.

Wm. J. Swan and Emma Shelton.

Francis A. Cremer and Sarah M. Lee.

Mahlon H. Miller and Annie Eichurn.

Joseph Green and Laura E. Edgar.

Saml. Lawton and Susan E. Harne.

John Glass and Mary E. Schlossnagle.

John R. Kittle and Carrie Steele.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 7th, 1882.

Atherton, Edward,	King, Dennis,
Brady, Stanley,	Kelly, James,
Bouze Eliza 2,	Kelly, John,
Bear Charles H. 2,	Lilley, E. H.
Brady, J.	Loring, Elmore,
Bolden, Renny,	Linzie, Allen,
Broseng, H.	Larison, Walker,
Brown, C. H.	Lewis, Frank,
Brown, Wm. H.	Ligon John,
Brown, Sarah,	Marbee, Henry 2,
Bodley, Nelly,	Mollen, Geo. M. 2,
Branch, James,	McVeigh, H. H.
Burnette, Robt.,	McKay, James,
Bingham, J. D. Mrs.	McShane, Dan,
Carr, Samuel,	Mealy, Alexander,
Curry, Howard S. B. 2,	Montgue, Randall,
Coney, Henry 2,	Mickle, John,
Carter, Richard 2,	Morton, Willie,
Calley, James 2,	Nestor, J. M.
Caldwell, Chas. L.	Nicklow, Moses,
Constable, Wm. V. B.	O'Connor, Annie,
Davis, George,	Owens, Sarah,
Darwers, Henry 2,	Parsons, Scott 2,
Fuller, Charley,	Parker, F. J. Mrs. 2,
Fields, James (col'd.)	Parker, Philip,
Greenlow, John 2,	Poling, N.
Gurney, Patrick,	Poling, Annie,
Giles, Addison,	Robertson, Wyatt 2,
Gray, Simon,	Roe, Ben,
Grapes, John R.	Reeder, Emma V.
Greeley, S. W.	Rowan, Michael,
Garden, William,	Randall, Frank E.
Horsley, Jos. (col'd.)	Smith, Rose Lee,
Hudson, John 3,	Smith, Geo. M.
Hughs, Otho,	Savil, James R.
Homes, Gilmore,	Shaffer, Henrietta,
Hester, Chas. H.	Shores, Edward,
Heart, Gilbert,	Sutton, Frank,
Herlihy, Thomas,	Tibbs, Anthony, 3,
Harbaugh, Yost R. 2,	Tyler, Jacob A,
Hammond, Henry,	Taylor, James B,
Hurkins, John V,	Thompson, William,
Jackson, Wilson,	Thomas, Henry,
Jackson, Wiley,	Washington, Luther 2,
Jones, Andrew,	Washington, J. A.
Jones, Ned,	Washington, Robert,
Johnson, Tom,	Wilson, Daniel,
Johnson, Wm. A.	Wilson, Spencer,
James, Solomon,	Watts, Arvilla,
Johnson, Robert,	Wolt, Robert,
Jackson, Nelson,	Watkins, Wm.
Kenney, Edward.	Young, R. 2.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 7:

Mary F. Nash, to Jas. P. Erskine, lots No. 1950, ¼ interest in No. 200, 5 6 interest in No. 859, lots 878, 1964, ½ interest in lot 2040; $100.

Isaac Myers, trustee, to Isaac Turney and Elijah Myers, military lots Nos. 2871, 2872 and 2874; $350.

John Ditmore, to Elijah Fike, lot No. 2992; $450.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Edward J. Shank, military lot No. 1909; $350.

Hetty, Matthias, James and Perry Bowser, to Mary Brenneman, part of tract called "Cheviot Dale," 30 acres; $250.

Rudolph Beckman and others to Edward Collis, lots Nos. 3203 and 3209; $850.

Catharine and S. A. Moore, to Geo. W. Beeghley, part of lots Nos. 3206 and 3207, 51½ acres; $147.70.

Catharine, Charles and Mary Michaels, to Philip T. Michaels, part of three tracts "Union and Friendship," "Warnicks Defeat" and "Stony Land;" 270.

Joel Miller and wife to Henry Beitzel, a tract of land in district No. 3; $800.

Mary A. Stanton, to Uriah M. Stanton, tract 501 acres, tract 39 acres, tract 10 acres, in all 549 acres more or less; $4000.

J. T. Harvey, to John P. Hubbard and Margaret Sturges, the mineral rights in military lots Nos. 122, 127, 128 and 131, and 60 acres of tract called "Senior and Junior.

Michael Englehart and wife to Wm. Englehart, lots Nos. 2617 and 2619; $1800.

H. M. Frazee and wife to Mary J. Welch, 6 acres of land; $200.

Jonas Glotfelty and wife to Elizabeth Ralston, lot 1233; $175.

George D. Frantz and wife to Amos M. Umbel, 14¾ acres of land; $140.

Wm. H. Hay, his wife and others to Lewis Horchler, undivided ¼ interest in and to 157 acres and 12 perches of land: $208.

John S. Combs and wife to George W. Francis and M. Garlitz, lot No. 9 of tract called "Walnut Hill," 100 acres; $225.

Johnson White, Admr., of Wm. White, to Norman Bernard, 71¼ acres of land.

Dennis Groves and wife to Jasper Guard, 5¾ acres of land; $20.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Rudolph Beckman, 21 acres and 52⅔ perches; $131.50.

St. Felix Colaudau and others, a piece of land adjoining Oakland, 2 acres and 156 peaches; $1000.

Samuel P. Specht, to Adam Sell, lot No. 27 in "Brant's Addition to Oakland;" $100.

Jonas J. Beachy and wife to Abraham J. Beachy, military lot No. 2058 and part of military lots Nos. 2071 and 2079, containing 106 acres; $399.50.

Mollie Halderman and husband, part of a tract of land called "Mill Seat," and lying west of Grantsville; $150

Wm. C. Clayton and Wm. J. Read, trustee, to Henry G. Davis, farm at Deer Park, containing in all 1093 acres, and other town lots.

Joseph H. Hodell and wife to Edward Hoye, lot in "Pennington's Addition to the Town of Oakland; $900.

John A. Stenger and wife to Michael Durst, lot No. 533; $600.

Beauty.

"It is claimed that New York women look younger at 50 than Boston women do at 40, or Chicago women at 30," for the reason that they have been taking *Peruna* for the past three months, but Boston and Chicago women are coming up in fine style—entering upon the home-stretch on *Manalin*. I got one of your books on the "Ills of Life" from your Druggist as a present, and, as it directs, have been taking *Peruna* and *Manalin*. My bowels are in excellent condition, and the lungs and heart are improving finely."

J. M. WALKER,
Lawas, Pa.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic County Convention to select delegates to the Judicial and Congressional Conventions, met in the court house in Oakland, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The convention was called to order by G. S. Hamill, Esq., chairman of the county central committee, who stated the objects of the meeting. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, was called to the chair, and E. A. Browning, of Sang Run chosen Secretary. Congressional delegates were elected as follows: Capt. E. M. Friend, R. T. Browning and W. D. Hoye. Alternates: Lloyd McCrobie, Dr. J. C. Getty and Joseph Lashorn. Judicial delegates: Col. J. W. Veitch, G. S. Hamill, Esq., and Dr. B. T. Keller. Alternates: A. B. Gonder, C. C. Willison and Geo. T. Michael. The congressional delegates are said to be a unit for Montgomery Blair. A series of resolutions were passed which we will notice next week.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at Sturgis Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 6th, 1882.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—In this free country and enlighted age, there can be no question of the right of any citizen to critisise, or comment upon the official conduct of any officer, no matter how eminent, or respectable he may be in such relation, or any other relation, provided only, that such official conduct is wrong and improper. But criticisms should always be couched in just, fair and respectful terms, especially when the acts of one high in office and social standing are to be complained of. Under such circumstances, and in like view, it is proposed, not merely to question some of the judicial conduct of his Honor, Judge R. H. Alvey, but to show that, if he has not frequently been wrong, he has for a long time been persistently so, and that too in a matter so important in its self, as to concern every person even with the smallest rights in citizenship, within the judicial circuit over which he has presided for nearly fifteen years. The propriety of such comments is enhanced, that he is now the regular nominated candidate of the Democratic party for another fifteen years on the bench, as well as for an endorsement from the people of his whole judicial acts.

I refer to his well known refusal for the last seven years or more, to execute the Public School law of the State, passed in 1872, chapter 377. That statue by its sixth section requires the "Judges" of the Circuit Court to appoint the board of County School Commissioners. So far as we can learn the law has been strictly obeyed, and respected by every citizen of the State, whether he be judge, lawyer, or layman, save in the one instance now treated of. So the execution of this statue for the last seven years has been left to the two associate Judges, who have always held divergent views and wishes; the ills of which are still upon the good people of Garrett and Allegany counties. Had his honor chosen to have made use of his overshadowing official influence and wisdom, might not all those ills and evils been averted. We honestly believe so. However relief must come from the future, and not the dead past, and in all probability from new hands.

We understand his honor has assumed this position: that he holds office under the judicial department of our State government, and therefore his functions, and duties are purely of a judicial character. And that he can not be clothed even by any act of the legislature with any new powers or duties of a different nature.

We are quite aware that our State government, for the constitution is methodically divided into several different departments or heads; and it is of course admitted he holds office under the judicial department thereunder, but still he is only correct in a most general view, and in this particular case wholely wrong.

He gives entirely too little scope and power to our constitution. It is a conservative instrument it is true, however, its partition walls of paper were not erected by the people of Maryland to keep apart hostile forces, but wholly for the sake of governmental harmonage, system and order. It was intended to authorize, and induce wise, wholesome and practical legislation, even though duties and powers should be enlarged, or transfered from one constitutional department to another.

The constitution, and the laws thereunder, require the Courts to do many things other than to adjudicate cases from the bench. The truth is, for the past generation, powers have been gradually gravitating away from both the legislature, and executive departments, and loughing with the Courts.

For instance, formerly the Sheriff selected and summoned the jurors, but now, under a late act of assembly, the Judges select them, and the Sheriff simply notifies them to appear at Court, and not long since the Legislature had exclusive control in granting divorces, and changing names of persons, but now under legislative acts, the Courts have the sole power.

Until "Gwynn's act" of 1868, the General assemblies possessed the sole power of granting charters to corporations, but under this law the Courts were granted concurrent powers, and they exercise them freely and frequently. The people at Stated times elect their Clerks of Court and States Attorney's, but in cases of vacancies, the Courts and no other powers, fill them. Such acts on the part of the Courts (and a great many more could be cited if necessary) are not judicial in their nature by any means, but are of a legislative, or executive character; that is, powers transfered from the legislative and executive leads to the Judiciary. Who questions the authority of these laws, or the acts done thereunder. It is known his honor, Judge Alvey, has thus officiated. Indeed we are informed the same able official, recognized the validity of, and executed the school law of 1872 for the first three years of its existence.

The Bill of Rights to our constitution, Section 43, on the part of the whole people, declares in favor of a diffusion of knowledge, virtue and general education. The constitution itself in still more positive terms in an exclusive article (VIII) ordains, that "the General Assembly at its first session after the adoption of this constitution shall by law established throughout the State a thorough and efficient system of Free Public Schools; and shall provide by taxation, or otherwise for their maintainance." The Legislature has obeyed these organic commands, why not the Judges. And it must not be forgotten, that both Judge Alvey and Motter were leading members of the constitutional convention of 1868, which gave us the present constitution.

Can even a learned chief of a Circuit Court, by his own mere will and motion, decide a statute of the State to be a nulity, and unbinding upon him, and thus act? This is rather too plain for argument, but let us see how it will stand the test. Is not a Judge like the rest of us, a plain citizen before the law, and bound by it? His official powers and authority only exist when he is on the bench, adjudicating some question or matter properly submitted before him for action. His acts and opinions in this way, and in no other, assume authority and binding effect upon his fellow citizens. He has no voluntary judicial powers and no more right than the Postmaster of your town, to issue a binding decree, judment, order or even opinion upon any question otherwise than by due procedure at law. He, like any other person, is bound by a statute until it is repealed or determined to be void by a Court of last resort, through the forms of a proper suit. The plainest persons know (and we are of such) that it is at any time a serious act for even a Court of the last resort to undo a statute, passed by the General Assembley. If one Judge, of his own mere volition, can dispence with a law, his associates can do the same thing. So, instead of having Courts acting according to the forms of law, you have individual will. We do not undertake to say such direful things will, or are likely to come to pass, but the next worst things are the living precidents for them.

If the Judge claims that he is not bound to execute any newly imposed powers by the Legislature, let us see how the constitution speaks to him on that subject. The 20th Section of Article IV, ordains:

"The Circuit Court shall have and exercise in the respective Counties, all the power, authority and jurisdiction, original and appellate, which the present Circuit Court of this State now have and exercise, or which may hereafter be prescribed by law."

It may be asked why this careful communication. Well it was certainly not inspired by any unkindly feelings towards the Judge. They, together with similar expressions have been uniformally the other way. But we believe in education, and want to see the act of 1872, while it remains on the statute book, executed by the whole Court, according to its plain provisions. We have had quite enough of the jarrings and ill effects of dissenting Judges.

It is idle now to expect Judge Alvey, with his positive nature, to retrace his mistaken steps. He is not the man for that. What is needed is a harmonious and friendly Court, who will carry out the law in good faith entirely free from politics, party, or bickerings of any kind, and especially to keep the school board free from the very bad effects of a permanent debt.

These essentials are not to be realized from the old Court. We must, therefore, look for relief elsewhere, and that takes us at once to the Republican candidates, Hon. W. J. Read and Hon. Edward Stake. They are new, it is true; so much the better. Some say they are young—too young. Let those flippant ones read a little history, which, by the way, will be something new to them, and most likely for the first time they will learn how old our own Buchanans, Legrands, Masons and Tucks and the Marshalls, Storys, Gibsons, Blacks and a great many more of other jurisdictions were when the ermine was first placed upon their shoulders.

It is admitted that much well grounded dissatisfaction exists in Garrett county and elsewhere in regard to the manner with which the school law has been administered. In some way or other the burthen of the odium has been cast upon his honor Judge Motter. Leaving party and preguduces out of view, it is difficult for fair minded men to see why one Judge, admitted to be honest, should be held accountable for all the wrongs of three. The people who are just, as well as discriminating, will in time audit and distribute the responsibilities where they properly belong.

JUSTICE.

Expenses of September Court.

The following is the expense account of September court, as furnished by W. H. Tower, Esq., Clerk:

Grand Jury,	$ 389.71
Witnesses to Grand Jury,	164.05
Petit Jury,	161.57
Witnesses in State case,	88.20
Tales Jurors,	165.00
Crier and Bailiffs,	110.50
Total,	$1,831.50

A considerable amount of the above is chargable to Allegany county, on account of removed cases.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, October 4th, 1882.

There is considerable sickness in our village at present. Dr. McComas is in daily attendance on Mrs. Ebert, sister of Mrs. Senator Davis, John Davis, her son, a young son of Hon. S. B. Elkins, Mrs. E. C. Tillson and Miss Harrison.

Miss Birdie Harrison left last week for Washington, where she will spend the winter.

A boy about ten or twelve years old, named Lipscomb, living three miles from the village, on the tram road, while jumping from one of the cars, fell and had his arm badly crushed by one of the wheels.

Dr. Hocking, made a short visit to our place last week, and was cordially welcomed by his many friends here.

Hon. S. B. Elkins is at present enjoying a visit from his father from Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Miss Nettie Winters, of Washington, is is visiting at Capt. Harrison's.

Mrs. Lucien Hendrickson, of Alexandria, Va., is at Mr. S. C. Hoye's.

Aarrivals at Wing and Wing:

Newburg, W. Va.—G. A. Lickle.

Wheeling, W. Va.—W. H. Goley.

Mt. Savage, Md.—Geo. H. Hocking.

Cumberland, Md.—John S. Heddry.

Boston, Mass.—S. P. Sharpless.

The Jews and Palestine.

This is almost the only land where Jews have not been persecuted, and the Russian refugees have now abandoned the attempt to settle here. Most of those who came have returned across the Atlantic, and no more are likely to enter Castle Garden. The condition of the 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 Jews in Russia is hardly tolerable, and the outrages of ignorant peasants may at any time break forth against them anew. Under these circumstances it is natural for their thoughts to turn to Palestine, the land to which every Hebrew feels that all Israel is ultimately to be gathered. The Sultan has opposed the settlement of Jews in Palestine, although he has encouraged them to establish themselves in Syria, but should a change occur which would throw the country open to them, it is not improbable the Holy Land would rapidly be filled with a population of Jews. Palestine has become a land of railways and the telegraph, and the number of tourists has so rapidly increased upon its soil that the opportunities for the traffic upon which the Jew thrives and becomes vast, and, besides, the desolate fields which once blossomed under the care of their foretathers can again be made fertile as gardens. Stranger things are recorded in history than would be a sudden movement within the next few years which should bring a large portion of the Russian Jews to inhabit Palestine.

No Such Word as Fail.

We begin to think that Richelieu's creed was right; there is no such word as fail in the vocabulary of the man who is bound to succeed in his undertakings. In this world of ours there are men and men. We see on one hand young men well educated, with perfect brain and form, unable to cope with the world. On the other we find men without education with imperfect physical developments, overcoming natural disadvantages and achieving honorable success. There is residing somewhere in New Jersey a man who was born without hands or arms, and yet can write remarkably well, chiefly by using his lips. His ambition, backed by a persevering industry, has enabled him to overcome difficulties that seemed insurmountable, and he, therefore, qualified himself for an active business man. He is now nearly thirty years of age, and is a subject of absorbing interest to all who come in contact with him.

At the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. George Harris at Mount Meridian, Va., the bride refused to say "Yes" to the question whether she would obey her husband. She said that she saw no reason in such a promise, and he concluded that no harm would be done by omitting it, since he intended to "make her mind anyhow." Two years elapsed, and a few days ago the unsettled question arose again. George ordered his wife to fry a chicked for dinner, and she insisted on roasting it. He brought in a horsewhip, and declared that he would flog her until she obeyed. She shot and killed him.

The New York *Tribune* calls attention to the fact that the monthly statement issued September 30, shows that the public debt was reduced nearly $15,000,000 during September, and that Democrats who intend to abuse the Republican party from the stump or sanctum between now and election will do well to remember to have the presence of mind to forget to allude to these figures.

Every wise and beneficient measure advocated in or out of Congress by the Republican party has been opposed by the Democracy, "tooth and toe-nail," until its leaders could "see how the cat jumped!"

Twenty-seven counties in Georgia have put up Prohibition candidates for the legislature.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock A. M., and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the elect on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WEAGH,
1075 SILAS F. CUPPETT.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hubbard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Rynns Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JOHN PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
1075 ABE McROBIE.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept 20, 1882.

Examination of Teachers for the Public Schools of Garrett county, will take place in

Grantsville on Friday, October 6th, and in Oakland on Monday the 9th.

Exercises to commence at nine o'clock A. M. Punctual attendance is expected of all applicants for certificates.

E. H. BARTLETT,
8 23 2 Examiner.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crumpton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 624 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Tuesday, October 10, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crumpton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crumpton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and wareroom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

The Latest Oil Strike.

Boring for oil is like "bucking the tiger"—the animal always has the bulge on luck. Any man with a thousand dollars can bore; but boring here and elsewhere is on the formula which establishes the difference between the mushroom and the toadstool—you eat it; if you live it is a mushroom, if you die it is a toadstool. If you strike oil you have bored in the right place; if you don't strike oil, you haven't; that's all. It is very simple. I saw to-day a man who found that he had bored in the right place, and he had just made the discovery. I feel justified in saying he was drunk with joy. He is now drunk with the worst whisky outside of Washington. Yesterday he wanted to sell his claim for $2,000. An hour before he broke the earth's crust, and when it was certain that the oil in some quantity would be reached, he offered to part with his risk for $3,800. No takers. When that hour had expired he had tapped a reservoir, or "the belt," at 900 feet, and the libecated oil spouted in torrents into the tanks and air. He is now worth $50,000. He had eaten mushrooms.

But I am anticipating. The first thing I saw on my arrival in Franklin was the apparent excitement about oil. Franklin and Oil City have been quite overshadowed in the oil speculation by that wonderful 1,500 barrel well at Garfield. So I was rather surprised to hear that yesterday a strike was made in Cranberry Township, near here, and just such a remarkable flow discovered.

Following everybody else, I got a buggy after some difficulty, and started for the scene of excitement. It was almost opposite the town over the river, but it was a roundabout way of six miles to reach it. The livery man admonished me to keep the horse out of the oil in the road, as it would take the hair off. This road was a wild, rocky, crooked, wicked road, and was marked with greasy pipes here and there, which seemed to creep down from the mountain like endless, slimy blacksnakes—through the bushes, under the slender maiden-hair ferns, beneath blackberry briar and the tangled wire-grass, among the gnarled scrub oaks and the rich golden-rod—finally plunging under the road and disappearing over the bluff on the other side. Far below they connected with the great iron tanks beside the railroad track. These iron pipes have been connected with the sea-board recently, and the pump stations, at convenient distances, force the oil to grease its own way to the Eastern refinery and places of shipment. When I reached the top of the bluff I saw the tall derricks dotting the fields on either side, and the smoke and steam and walking-beam told of activity. It was where the road beyond was blocked up by horses and vehicles that the attention was directed. There was a small farm-house on the left. In the family garden-patch a gang of men were busily at work putting up an immense derrick. In the family barn-yard one had just been erected, and workmen were getting in the machinery. In the corn-field beyond the garden stood a derrick about ninety feet high. There was another one just like it this side, in the oats, and this derrick was black with oil from bottom to top. This was the big well where the strike was made yesterday, and the blackened derrick was the mark of the oil-spout that shot eighty feet into the air so unexpectedly.

My horse in a fence corner. I plunged through the oat stubble to join the lookers-on, and suddenly found myself over shoe-tops in oil-mud. The flow had flooded the whole neighborhood and left it sticky and disagreeable. There was a curious scene here. The corn was trampled in the mud; the oat shocks thrown down; the fences were half destroyed. On the grounds were strewn ends of worn-out ropes, joints of iron pipe, rails and odds and ends of rude machinery. There was a furnace and steam boiler mounted between the corn rows, and the stalks wilted with the heat or were trampled under foot. No one noticed so small a thing. The place looked like a battlefield where a battery had been worked. The machinery was still. There is no need of machinery. The oil is glad enough to come up and be run in. The pipes simply connect with the casing of the well and run off there through the corn, where they empty into two great tanks. You can hear the roar of the escaping gas as it blows off the dark oil into the tanks, now ceasing, now gurgling, now making a rushing noise like the escaping steam of a locomotive. You can climb up the little ladder and look over the top of the half-filled tank into the dark, creamy, sickening oil within.

This is what I was doing when I heard a shout down the road and saw the crowd jumping over the fences into the opposite field. Here in the clover was another well, and it seemed to be a center of excitement. I followed the rest, and pell-mell we went through the corn, over the broken fences and into the clover field. A dozen sleek and oily-looking speculators were dabbling in some sand. I didn't know what the sand was, but I gathered up a handful very carefully and examined it very critically. They took me for a speculator and waited for my opinion. I had never seen any such sand before, but everybody has very decided opinions on such matters. They wanted mine and I risked it:

"I think it is very good sand," said I.

"First-class," said a greasy little man with a prancing voice. "I say it is good sand and it's to be a two-hundred barrel well or puthin'."

He appealed to me and I examined it very critically again, for I began to realize that in some way or another a good deal depended upon my answer. Not knowing how far my opinion might go unquestioned I concluded to stick to my first guess: "It is very good sand." This seemed to satisfy the greasy little man with a prancing voice. So a few minutes later I asked a red-headed reporter what that sand was, anyhow. He cast upon me a pitying eye:

"Why, it's the third sand, you know."

"Is it?" said I. "I thought it was the first."

I would not advise any one to go near such places till he knows all about them. Perhaps he would have explained further, but there was a scramble of workmen in the derrick and a general shout of "there she goes!" And sure enough there she did go. For the two heavy four-inch pipes that connected the head of the well with the tank and which bent like a bow with their own weight suddenly straightened out and throbbed and trembled with the escaping oil and gas and water. Even this vent was not enough. The stuff spouted up around the iron tank that had seemed to fill the hole, drenching the workmen with oil and scattering the crowd. They had struck oil. Then the speculators and reporters and oil men and curious people of all ages and both sexes rubbed the sand again and talked, and the two men who had an hour before refused to take the well off the owner's hands for $3,800 went out in a fence-corner to club themselves.—*Franklin, (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Cheat or Chess.

Perhaps there is no plant that has been the cause of more discussion than *Bromus secalinus*, variously known as Willard's bromus, cheat and chess. This grass was introduced into New England about forty years ago, with a great flourish of trumpets, by one Willard, who made the most extravagant assertions relative to its value as a forage plant, selling the seed as high as $1 and $5 a bushel, with the contract that the product should be cut before its seed had ripened, desiring to keep the sale of it in his own hands. Ripe specimens of the product of some of the seed were gathered in 1856 by Prof. Charles L. Flint, who pronounced it chess, in which decision Prof. Gray and others coincided.

But what is chess? Simply a variety of the *Bromus* family, in which there are several varieties. The name comes from a Greek word, signifying food, the seeds of the grass having been sometimes eaten. The ancient name for oats, Bromos, has the same derivation. The plant came to us from Europe, where at one time it was cultivated to considerable extent, but was finally found to be comparatively worthless, and had no place in agriculture anywhere until Mr. Willard took it up as above mentioned. It would not be worthy of any notice but for the fact that in some sections it has become a pest in wheat fields where it has been unintentionally sown with the wheat. Fortunately it is easily eradicated, for, being an annual, it does not get permanent possession of the ground, and a little care in selecting seed would render its presence uncommon.

While a careful observer can readily distinguish the seed of chess from the grains of wheat there are many who pay no attention to the matter. They believe they have good seed wheat, and do not take the trouble to know. When the wheat grows, cheat appears with it. The farmer is strong in his asseverations that he sowed wheat and wheat only, and the question then is, Where did the chess come from? Some one probably said years ago that the wheat must have turned to chess, and others, ready to believe the marvelous, assented. But, however the idea may have originated, the belief in the transformation of wheat to chess may now be classed among the great number of vulgar errors that have possession of many people, some of them, too, so well formed on most subjects that the few that can entertain a belief in something at once so antagonistic to reason and common sense excite our surprise. We doubt, however, if any in America can be found who will agree with many in the Old World as to the more complete change that many there believe in; that is, that under certain conditions of soil, culture or climate wheat will undergo a great variety of transformations, changing sometimes first to rye, the rye afterward appearing as barley, the barley changing to Bromus or cheat, and this again showing itself in the form of oats. But the error is really not greater than to suppose wheat can change to chess. In fact, if it could be anything but wheat we might as readily suppose it would change to anything else as to cheat.

Because it is sometimes found in one section of a field and not in another, the believer in transmutation looks for a reason, and frequently finds one to satisfy him. An acquaintance of ours was once asked to look at a field where near the fence chess was abundant, while elsewhere there was little to be seen. There, it was said, cattle reached over the fence in early summer, eat off the tops of the wheat, and the result was the stalks were topped with chess. "I will explain that," said the gentleman. "The wheat and chess in this field all started together; the wheat being the best grower, overtopped and shaded the chess so it did not grow well. When the growth of the wheat was stopped by the cattle, the chess took a fresh start, and got the upper hand, showing itself as you now see it. Now, so confident am I of my theory, that I will wager you may measure a square yard here where the chess is the thickest, and another one in any part of the field, gather the chess from the two places, and there will be but very little difference in the number of plants obtained." It was done, and the most plants were obtained from the square yard where they showed the least.

It is as impossible for a grain of wheat to produce anything but wheat as it is for an orange seed to grow into an apple tree, or a cucumber seed to produce watermelons. It may seem useless to spend time in discussing the matter. The fact that we know so many are still inclined to believe the contrary is our only excuse.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Swearing by Telephone.

John Freeman, assistant book-keeper in the Department of Public Works and notary public, before whom the various foremen are required to swear that the pay-rolls submitted by them are correct, took the affidavit of William Inness, foreman of repairs at the crib, by telephone. Having called the crib, the following colloquy ensued:

"Is this William Inness?"

"Yes."

"I hold in my hand the pay-roll submitted by you for the month of August. Are you willing to swear that it is correct?"

"I am."

"Take off your hat and hold up your right hand."

"I have done so."

"You solemnly swear that the August pay-roll for repairs at the crib is correct?"

"I do."

Mr. Freeman readily distinguished Mr. Inness' voice, and says an oath taken by telephone is binding in law.—*Chicago News.*

The Remarkable Power of Birds.

From the many observations made of the actions of birds, I am convinced that it is not instinct alone that controls their actions, but clearly reasoning power is brought into play, the same that I see every day practiced by my constant companions and faithful friends, my Bay Shore dogs, whose affection and devotion to their master and his visitors are worthy of imitation by a higher order of animals. A few lines will, I think, draw a distinction between instinct and reason. For some time I have declared war against the English sparrows, and from the standpoint of a close watch kept upon them I am free to say I think them the greatest bird-enemy to the farmer ever introduced, and the misfortune is, they are rapidly increasing, and will soon be found all over the country. Around my house ample provision is made for bluebirds, martins and wrens to find a summer home to rear their young in; but when they appear, a struggle for possession takes place, they finding an obstinate tenant in possession, and without some assistance they would have to abandon all hope of securing their old homes. The sparrows, deeming possession many points in their favor, fight desperately, first, with the bluebirds, then with the martins, and lastly with my little friend, the wren, who arrives later than the others. With the bluebirds I let them have it out, and the battle is soon won by the sparrows' driving them away. When the martins arrive the sparrows have commenced building, and then they are more savage than ever, and would soon be masters of the position, but a shot-gun soon convinces a martin that I mean no harm to him; the crack of the gun produces not the slightest alarm—they find no damage done. Not so with the sparrow. Generally each crack means the missing of a mate, especially the one that darts at the martin. The sparrow, finding a powerful combination against him, surrenders and permits the martin to take possession, but build his own nest, and both rear their young within a few inches of each other, apparently in perfect harmony. Within a few feet of my present position I count over fifty nests of the three, sparrow, wren and martin, and no fighting. The martins and wrens are naturally peaceful, and the reasoning power of the sparrow warns him of the danger; the moment I open the door, or step on the porch, they are off in every direction, and, strange to say, they keep away, even when the young are crying for food, as long as I remain near, while the martins and wrens almost seem to say: "I thank you sir." At first, quite a number were killed, and my cats had a good time, but now it is almost impossible to find a single bird, except on Sunday, when all is quiet and man and beast are at rest. Then they seem to know there is no danger, and meet in gangs around their boxes.

Among the birds that are found along the waters of the Chesapeake, none have so many friends as the osprey or fish-hawk. Old and young watch his coming with great interest, and I am sure his arrival meets a welcome from all, for all know he means no harm to bird or living thing out of the water. With the writer it has been a rule for years to try and be on the place to meet him, and note the date of his coming, for then I know that the shooting leaves and opening blossoms will soon be in view. Within the space of six days his arrival may be calculated upon to a certainty; not earlier than the 15th of March, and not later than the 21st, but generally on St. Patrick's day he can be seen for the first time, unless the winter has been a long and severe one; then he is delayed as late as the 21st. Soon they are seen repairing and putting in order their old nest, which is almost always in the top of some tall tree, usually a dead one, which it is thought was killed by the salt from the food conveyed to their young. When breeding time is on hand, one or the other can always be seen watching the nest and protecting it from the thieving crow. When other birds arrive and seek some safe place to build, finding the fish hawk always on guard, and offering no objection to their intrusion, they quickly select the hawk's nest to build in, and often a number of nests can be found safely built where they raise their young, protected by the fish hawk, and here is my point, that this is not instinct, but reason.

On a neighboring farm, a few weeks ago, a prowling cat undertook to reach a nest, no doubt thinking there was something good to eat there. The watching hawk soon made battle, and driving the cat to the ground, the real fight took place, which ended in the death of the cat, which was badly injured in the side, near the heart, with the sharp claws that enable the hawks to hold a fish nearly as heavy as themselves, as well as a slippery eel. Several persons witnessed the fight and think the hawk knew the tender point of a cat, as they were sure the heart was punctured, from the flow of blood. Reason taught there was no harm in the blackbird and robin as companions, but a cat was another thing. I am assured by a friend that one morning some years ago he passed a tree from which a heavy storm the night before had blown a fish-hawk's nest down, and on his return he found a large number of hawks busy at work re-building, and by night had it completed.

The following incident occurred several years ago within a short distance of this spot: A white cat watching on the shore for a fish breakfast was sighted by an eagle, and mistaking it for a pig or lamb, the eagle made a sudden dart, seizing it. It soon found the cat's claws in his thighs, holding on with a desperate grip, the pain from which must have been severe, as one continued cry and fluttering of wing was brought in play to get rid of the cat; but the higher the eagle sailed the tighter pussy held on, and all his bellowing failed to convince the cat it was safe to let go. Every effort failing, suddenly the eagle dropped to the water to try the ducking process, and was quickly relieved of his trouble, gladly, but still bellowing, flying in one direction, and the pussy swimming in another, and soon reached the shore, where she was found licking off the blood from the wound of the eagle's claw, not seriously hurt by the trip to the clouds. I think both showed some reason.

Every sparrow killed has his craw full of wheat, and during the growing season destroys much of it while in a milky state. In Germany one of their laws demands the heads of a certain number from each tenant, and some such a law should be passed here, or other means adopted to get rid of them. They breed three times during the season, and remaining around the house, are thus protected from the bird-hawks.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Saxon Etiquette.

There are few things more interesting and pleasing to the American in Saxony than the manners of the people. These manners are always good, if, at times, they are somewhat strained and appear to be unnatural, or, at least, altogether too formal for every day use. In Chicago if a body meets a body coming through the streets, and the two happen to be acquainted, the recognition which passes between them consists of "how," "how do," "howareye," "go'day," "howyenow," "gedevening," or "go'morning." Sometimes the salutation is followed by a slight inclination of the head. Sometimes the eye-lids are raised a trifle, and a sickly, cold-blooded smile breaks out about the mouth—a smile that means nothing, and that is intended to mean nothing. In Chemnitz two gentlemen who are acquainted never meet without exchanging a cordial salutation and respectfully raising their hats. "There is more hat-raising done here than in any country in the world," said an American commercial tourist to me the other day, "and I'll be blanked if I can understand why the rims are not torn off from half the hats in Chemnitz." A gentleman of large acquaintance will in all probability be compelled to raise his hat a dozen times to the block, but he does it gracefully, and apparently without pain.

If you are walking with a gentleman and you meet an acquaintance of his you are expected to raise your hat when he does so. You must raise your hat, bow and pass the countersign every time he does, and he must treat your acquaintances with the same consideration. You are not permitted to raise your hat and jam it back on your head again as if you were afraid of being caught in the act, but you must hold it gracefully in your hand until the person you have saluted is past. The recognition of a lady differs from that which passes between gentlemen, and in the height to which the hat is raised, the sweep which you give it, and the bow which accompanies it. If the lady is merely a passing acquaintance the salutation is very cold, stiff and rather stagey. If the lady is an intimate acquaintance, or one whom you would like to have for an intimate acquaintance, you must be prepared to follow the raising of the hat and the bow with a rush of soul to the eyes and a rush of imbecility to the face—just exactly as you would do it in America.

There is a certain dignified formality expected from you, however, even by your most intimate friends, and you cannot drop the conventionalities without giving offense. To pass an acquaintance on the street without raising your hat would be construed to mean either that you intended a slight or that the acquaintance was not one that you valued very highly. The off-hand American fashion of ducking your head and rushing out of sight for fear you might be detained, if practiced in Saxony, would bring the indignation of the community down upon you. In walking with a lady it is your duty always to keep her on your left side—whether she is on the outside or the inside of the sidewalk. This rule is almost universal in Europe. The idea is that your right arm—your strong, manly, muscular right arm—should be free to protect her from any rudeness on the part of those you meet. I don't understand that the strong right arm of the Saxon is ever called upon to perform an act of gallantry or valor, for the people are not rude here and ladies are never insulted.

You must never turn around to look after a lady who has particularly attracted your attention, or with whose charms you have been smitten at first sight. You cannot do it without leaving the impression that the lady in passing was guilty of an indiscretion, and you will be put down as an ill-bred lout yourself.

You must never enter a place of business where there are ladies without removing your hat, passing the compliments of the day and making a respectful bow. When your business is transacted you must not tear out of the store as if you were pursued by furies. You must say "good-day," or "good evening," or something else appropriate (in German, of course), bow to those in the store, walk quietly to the door, turn again and bow yourself out.

If you sit down at a table in a restaurant where there are others sitting you must bow to each person separately and pass a compliment. On leaving the table you must go through the same performance.

You must never know a waiter by his name, and you must never converse with him. If you want any information, send for the proprietor.

You can smoke after dinner if you wish, but it is the rule not to do so if there are ladies in the room.

You must not wheel a baby-buggy, if you are a married man. That is a duty that belongs either to your wife or servant girl.

Your servant girl, if she wheels your baby-buggy, must follow you and your wife, must keep off the sidewalks and must not wear a hat or bonnet or a velvet cloak.

You must not carry any bundles through the streets. "The man with the brown paper parcel under his arm" is the man who runs errands.

You must be very particular in the treatment of those who come under the head of your "inferiors." If you don't you will lose the respect of your "inferiors" as well as your "equals" and "superiors."

You must dress as well as you can—that is, your dress must match your station, but you must never expect to be able to dress as well or look half as respectable as the restaurant waiters. They are princes, every one of them.

Above all, you must manage to take things easy. Never rush around, make yourself warm and your friends uncomfortable. Keep cool. Take time to do what you want to do properly, and don't jostle anybody on the street.—*Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.*

—A curious sea turtle was found recently off the shore at Manasquan, N. J., in a sieve net by some fishermen. The turtle had flanges instead of feet. Its weight was one thousand pounds.

For Young Readers.

NONSENSE SONG.

The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie,
They climbed up into the banyan tree.
They climbed to the top,
But they had to stop,
For no more foot-hold could they see.
The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie
To climb still farther did all agree;
So the Jack stood up on the topmost limb,
And then the Jolick climbed over him,
Over the two went the Jamborie—
He climbed up quickly the world to see—
And then the Jack from the topmost limb,
With grin and chuckle, climbed after him.
To the top climbed he,
The world to see,
And there in the air swung all the three:
The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack,
And quickly reached the topmost back;
And then again went the Jamborie
Up to the top, the world to see.
On they are going, and on and on;
They'll reach the stars before they are done!
—*A. R. Wells, in St. Nicholas.*

JOHNNY'S HORSEBACK RIDE.

Johnny was very fond of the country. At least he always said he was, and as he had never been in it since he could remember, of course nobody could prove that he was not.

So he was very glad when it was arranged that he should visit at his grandfather's during vacation. He had not been there, he assured his friends at the kindergarten, for quite a number of years.

He had been promised that he should ride on the pony his father had ridden when he was a boy, and he thought more of that than of anything else. He thought the pony must be the oldest one in the world, but that was a mistake, for his father was not so very old.

It was really a very nice, plump, sleek-looking little horse which Uncle Archie brought round that pleasant June morning. He never did anything nowadays but eat and stand under a tree, with his eyes shut, switching the flies with his tail.

Johnny's grandmother and his aunts came out to see, and grandmother was a little afraid Johnny might get hurt, but he reminded her that he would be seven years old next May. Uncle Archie put him on old Jack and said:

"Now, Johnny, when you want to stop you must say: "Whoa!" and when you want to go on you must chirrup—like this"—

Johnny managed to make a noise something like his uncle's and felt like a very large man when Jack moved under him, and grandmother cried:

"Hold on tight, Johnny," and some one else cried:

"Don't go too fast, Johnny." Uncle Archie laughed at this, but Johnny did not know why.

The great meadow was smooth and green and full of daisies and forget-me-nots. Jack spent his summer in it, so he felt quite at home, and would stop sometimes to take a nip at them, without waiting for Johnny to say: "Whoa," but he always went on again when Johnny chirruped. At last he got into a corner a long way from the house. He went in among some trees and bushes till he reached the fence, and then stopped and shut his eyes.

Johnny was quite willing Jack should rest awhile, but as he waited and waited and seemed to have no desire to do anything but switch his tail Johnny got tired and chirruped to him. Jack moved a little, but the fence was right before him and he couldn't go through that, so Johnny said: "Whoa," and Jack stopped at once and shut his eyes again."

Poor Johnny began to wonder if he should have to sit there all day. He wanted Jack to turn round and take him back to the house, but how was he to make Jack understand that? He knew how to stop him and how to set him going again, but Uncle Archie hadn't said a word about turning him round.

Johnny, you see, did not belong to that blessed class of boys who tumbled about the country all their happy, rollicking young days, riding hay-loads, buck-boards, stone boats, spring wagons, etc., learning to handle a horse almost as soon as they learn to talk and walk. He had ridden in steam-cars and street-cars and hacks, and he now tried to remember something how they were managed. He did not believe steam-cars ever turned round—they always seemed to go straight ahead. He had never seen how the hack-drivers got their horses to turn, but he had seen street-cars turn on a turn-table when they reached the end of their route. Jack certainly seemed to have reached the end of *his* route, but Johnny could not see anything that looked like a turn-table.

He called as loudly as he could for Uncle Archie, but no one heard him. Then Johnny cried as he wondered how long he might sit there, and if it was nearly dinner-time.

After a while he heard some one coming along the green, shady road on the other side of the fence. It was a boy and a rope and something else. The boy was at one end of the rope, but Johnny could not at first make up his mind what it was at the other end. He knew it was either a calf or a sheep, for Uncle Archie had shown him both that morning, but he could not quite remember which was white and which was red.

He became so much interested in watching the boy as to forget all about turn-tables and dinner. Sometimes the boy would be ahead, leading or jerking the calf (or sheep) along. And then all at once the sheep (or calf) would rush forward and pull the boy along. As they came near Johnny the boy happened to be ahead, and he stopped at sight of Johnny's tear-stained face.

"Hullo!" said the boy.

"Say!" said Johnny, pointing eagerly at the animal, "is that a calf or a sheep?" The boy stared at Johnny without answering.

"Oh, never mind," said Johnny, very politely, "I thought you'd know. *I* believe it's a calf, but Uncle Archie can tell you for sure if you ask him. *He* knows. But say—are you leading him, or is he leading you?"

At this the boy scowled very hard at Johnny, and picked up a piece of earth to throw at him. But Johnny burst out crying again, and he stopped.

"I didn't mean anything," sobbed Johnny, "and I want Uncle Archie."

"Is it Mr. Archie Crandall?" asked the boy. "Be you his boy?"

"Yes, I s'pose so. I want Uncle Archie—*I want Uncle Archie*"—and Johnny, afraid of the calf, afraid of the boy, and even afraid of old Jack, raised a fearful howl.

"Stop," cried the boy, "I'll go and tell him."

"But—will *he* let you?" said Johnny, looking in alarm at the unknown animal. The boy tied it to the fence and jumped over into the meadow.

"The little chap's in trouble and wants you," he said to Uncle Archie, and then hurried back to his calf. Uncle Archie started on a run to where they had all the time seen Jack's tail switching in the bushes, and had been wondering why Johnny stayed there so long. And grandmother and all his aunts wrung their hands, shrieking he must have broken his leg, or put his shoulder out of joint, or had a sunstroke.

Uncle Archie was very hot when he got to Johnny and cried:

"What *is* the matter?"

"O, Uncle Archie, won't you please to make Jack turn 'round so I can go back?"

"Is that what you've been waiting for, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

Uncle Archie pulled one of the straps Johnny held in his hand, and Jack turned easier than if he had been on a turn-table.

The boy laughed very loud and very long. He untied his calf and both went down the road so fast that to this day Johnny doesn't know whether the boy was leading the calf, or the calf leading the boy.

But he surely knows it *was a calf*, for Uncle Archie told him it was.—*Youth's Companion.*

Saving the Rags.

A heap of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and snipping and making all the litter she possibly could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well, indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to go out and sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie fidgeted a minute with her broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to anyway.

But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door, in a shiny-green cart lettered with gold. And among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered, too.

"O auntie," screamed Phenie, in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger; "four cents a pound."

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie."

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed-door a bag stuffed full of rags. "Here they are, Phenie," said she.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags.

"The pail's yours," said he, "and two cents over. Many a little makes a good deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with the two jingling coppers.

And the other day when Aunt Anna found a breadth of her lilac poplin dress in Phenie's rag-bag, she almost wished that Phenie wouldn't pick the rags up quite so sung.

A Corner Bracket.

Have a plain, pretty-shaped shelf—not too large—put up across the corner of your room. Cover the top nicely with dark, smooth cloth; then take a piece of fine, firm satin—wine color, brown, or any rich and very dark color—of the proper width and length for the front piece to the shelf; paint near one end of this a white garden lily with a bit of the stalk and two or three of the slender, green leaves; near the other end, a sprig of blue-bells, and in the center a small bouquet of yellow, white and purple pansies. Line with buckram or padding to stiffen; hem the bottom, and finish with a handsome fringe to match; fasten up around the edge of the shelf. If you lack the skill or time to do the hand-painting nicely, procure instead a card of the small variety pictures now so much used for such purposes; cut out carefully, paste neatly, and finish as above.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Test of Insanity.

Some years ago in a Carolina town a crazy man was brought before the Examining Board to settle the question as to whether or not he should be sent to the asylum in Columbia. After the doctor got through with his examination, one of the committee, an old farmer, said: "My friend, did you ever borrow any bags or jugs?" "Yes, lots of them." "Did you ever borrow your neighbor's newspaper?" "Yes, many a time." "Well, now, what became of the jugs, bags and newspapers?" "Why, I carried them all back." The old farmer gave a blow almost as loud as a tugboat's whistle, and said: "Gentleman, he's no lunatic! Just simply a common liar, and all the asylums in the world won't cure a man of lying."

—Washington has a cannibal in the form of a mulatto nurse girl, whose delight is to bury her teeth in the tender flesh of the infants intrusted to her care. She has been given a chance to gnaw the bars of the jail for twenty days.—*Washington Post.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Crops of thirty-five to forty bushels of wheat per acre are common in Western New York this year.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Lemons may be kept fresh for a long time by putting them in cold water and placing them in a cool place. The water should be changed every two or three days.

—An Iowa man writes to the New York *Tribune* that he has found the best cayenne pepper, put on with an ordinary pepper-box, a sovereign remedy for cabbage-worms, after years of trial.

—The *Rural New Yorker* says: The best advice we can give in fitting fields for wheat is to prepare the land thoroughly, and after it has been harrowed for the last time—harrow it again.

—The London *Gardener's Chronicle* recommends raising a high, dry mound in every poultry-yard, no matter whether the yard be an acre in extent or only a few yards square. There is nothing fowls, especially young ones, enjoy more than squatting themselves on a mound.

—When potatoes are ripe and the tops become dry they should be at once dug and put into a cool cellar. It is best to put them in small bins. Great care should be used in digging not to cut or bruise the tubers, which hastens decay. —*Chicago Journal.*

—The *Scientific American* gives the following recipe for the benefit of those who prefer to make their own baking powder: Pure cream of tartar, two pounds; bicarbonate of soda, one pound; corn starch, one ounce. All the ingredients must be *perfectly dry* before mixing, and very thoroughly mixed. One teaspoonful is required for one pound of flour. If the materials are not pure, of course the result will not be satisfactory.

—"The way," says a very positive friend of mine, "and the only way to make a peach pie, is to put whole peaches in the crust." Remove the skin, of course, and scatter sugar over the peaches just as if you were making the pie in the usual way. The flavor of the peach is thus preserved in a surprising manner, and the presence of the pit is not so objectionable as one would suppose. It is a common practice to put a few whole peaches in each can when putting up this fruit.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Fig candy is not at all difficult to make. Take one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of water and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; let the sugar and water boil until it is a pale brown color; shake the basin in which it is boiling gently, to prevent its burning, but do not stir it at all until just before you take it from the fire; then stir in the cream of tartar. Wash and cut open some figs; spread them on a platter; then pour the sugar over them. Take care to have each fig covered; set them in a cool place till the sugar has time to harden.—*Exchange.*

Management of Fowls.

Failures in the management of poultry arise chiefly from one of two causes—too much care or too little care. Some poultry fanciers who keep high-priced fowls contrive in one way or another to kill most of them by kindness. The birds are kept in ornamental palaces and treated like songsters bred in parlors. The buildings are often so tight and warm that the inmates suffer for want of pure air. They are allowed little exercise, and, as a consequence, they are lacking in vitality. They become sick on the slightest exposure, and are then closed like feeble infants. They are subject to all kinds of diseases and ailments. They lead an artificial life, and its continuance depends on fortuitous circumstances. They produce but few eggs, and these are considered as far too valuable to eat. They are often unfertile, so they are of no value for raising chickens. Fowls with exceedingly long pedigrees which are raised in buildings fitted up with all the modern improvements and fed on dainties are chiefly valuable for exhibiting at fairs. By expending twenty-five dollars for a fancy coop, expressage and care during an exhibition, a breeder may sometimes realize a fifth of that amount in the form of a prize. The chances are, however, that he will simply learn that his rooster is somewhere deficient in the scale of points adopted at some national or international convention of poultry fanciers. It is possible that one of his tail feathers "is a little off" in color, or that one of the notches in his comb is not sufficiently well marked. At any rate, he is "not quite up to standard" according to the highest acknowledged authority in poultry science.

Other persons keep quite a different kind of fowls and devote scarcely any care or attention to them. No attempt is made to improve the old barn-yard strain of fowls, or even to infuse new blood into it. They practice "breeding in-and-in" till the stock "runs out." If the birds have any protection at all they find it under barns and out-buildings or on the sides of straw-stacks. They have a chance to roost in the branches of shade trees, on the tops of buildings, or the upper rail of fences. Chickens that have not the ability to reach high elevations are obliged to find a resting place on the ground, where their rest is quite likely to be disturbed by predatory animals and birds. Possibly a few of "the fittest survive," but if they do their lives are prolonged in consequence of their ability to contend with their enemies and to endure almost any amount of hunger and exposure. Their only means of obtaining food is that which wild fowls possess. As they have poorer means of locomotion they have fewer opportunities to procure proper food. They are allowed to range at large during the winter when there is no vegetation to damage, and when there is little they can pick up to eat. During the time there are insects, fruits, vegetables and grain to eat they are kept penned up. They are then fed raw corn, and are allowed a few bits of gravel, which are supposed to serve an excellent purpose in aiding digestion and improving the appetite. Occasionally some water is placed in the yard in a tin pan, from which it soon evaporates, or in which it becomes so warm or impure that no living thing will taste it after the first trial. Persons who keep fowls in this way during the summer think snow is an excellent substitute for water during the winter, and allow their birds to eat of it, if they desire. These persons, like those first named, find poultry-raising unprofitable.—*Chicago Times.*

Perils of Mining.

During the past year 273 men were killed and more than a thousand were injured in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania. The annual reports of the Mine Inspectors of the region show that most of the accidents which resulted so fatally consisted of falls of roof and explosions of fire-damp. The anthracite seams run through the Schuylkill and Wyoming valleys, and the territory is divided into six districts, each of which has an Inspector of Mines who is supposed to be selected for his superior knowledge by a Board of Engineers appointed by the County Courts. Sometimes the Inspector is selected on account of his politics or because the companies exercise a pressure in his behalf, but it very rarely happens that he is chosen for merit. Despite these drawbacks, however, the Mine Inspectors are generally competent to discharge their onerous duties and acquit themselves with credit. They are governed principally by the Mine Ventilation law passed through the Pennsylvania Legislature shortly after the frightful Avondale disaster where so many lives were lost, owing to the parsimonious policy of the operators who carried on mining in the most reckless fashion without regard to the lives of the workmen.

The long list of killed and injured reported every year means, also, a large addition to the ranks of the needy and destitute, as most miners are married and in many cases leave large helpless families unprovided for. When there is a demand for coal, as there has been the past few months, accidents fatal and serious are of frequent occurrence. The seriously injured are generally described as those crippled for life, and of them large numbers are scattered throughout the region. Notwithstanding the perils which attend the work of mining, it seems to have a great fascination for certain men, and a good many miners have told me that they prefer it to any other employment, because it gives them more time for themselves and better pay than they could get at anything else. Those fearful periods of depression, when the men are compelled to work only two or three days a week, are rarely considered in good times, and the motto seems to be "a short life and a merry one." I have often chatted with men in the morning who were brought out dead in the afternoon, and two cases especially are worthy of mention. One of these frequently told me that most accidents, especially the falling of roof, were largely due to the carelessness of the men. He pointed to the fact that he never had any serious trouble, because he observed proper precautions. He had worked in the mines twenty years and had saved from his earnings a sufficient sum to warrant him in quitting work. He proposed leaving the mines next month forever. The day after this conversation the community was shocked by the news that he and his companion were crushed to death by a fall of roof.

The other case to which I have alluded was that of a man who expected to quit the mines the very next day after our interview. He, too, had been a steady worker and saved his money. He was killed by a fall of a roof at noon the next day. A miner told me to-day that the so-called safety lamps used in the mines are a humbug. They are supplied with inferior oil and cotton, and they are generally made on a cheap plan. His hands and face were evidence to the fact. They were skinned and blistered as the result of a recent collision with a volume of carbonated hydrogen while carrying a safety lamp. Although but little is said in the newspapers concerning the loss of life involved in the mining of anthracite, the long lists of killed and injured, even in the Lackawanna valley for the past ten years, are fairly appalling, and the ratio of deaths increases yearly with the increase in the output of coal. It is thought that thirty million tons of anthracite will be sent to market this season. At the very lowest calculation the companies make a clean profit of one dollar on every ton; so that one can easily see what a precious piece of property a coal mine is.—*Scranton (Pa.) Cor. Chicago Times.*

She Was Too Smart.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured.

"Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?"

"Certainly, Madame."

"But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?"

"No, Madame, we cannot do that."

"Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured, if he don't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Boots blacked inside" is posted at a door-way on Washington street. But who wants his boots blacked inside?—*Boston Transcript.*

Blondin, the tight-rope performer, is not dead—not by any means. There are no less than four of him scattered through India, Australia and Europe, and each one is the genuine Blondin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Angelina says she likes a candid man, for of course a candid man must be sweet. Spare our blushes, Angelina, but we never could stand taffy.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Great indignation is expressed at the Virginia duellists who met and fought without notifying the people of the surrounding country to keep under cover.

People who wonder why men's hair turn gray before their whiskers should reflect that there is about twenty years difference in their respective ages.

The Plattsburg (N. Y.) *Telegram* says: The postmaster here delivers mail addressed to and called for by Constant Agony. He is a Frenchman well known about town.

Why might one suppose that Webster, the lexicographer, was an esthetic? Because he enthusiastically says in his dictionary that the verb "speak" is to utter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Ohio cow devoured a pocket-book containing $600, and yet the owner can't sell the animal for one-fifth of that sum. He'll never get the green back.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The Weather Department of the National Government has made arrangements to give early warnings of the approach of frost. The man on the lookout does not feel chilly yet.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Heat the bread-knife very hot when cutting new bread. This will prevent crumbling, and probably suggest something to say to the next person who picks up the knife.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"I have seen enough during the summer," remarks a returned Chicago merchant, who has been summer-resorting at the sea-shore, "to convince me of one thing, and that is that the average American man and woman, if they have a little money and a good chance, have infinite capacity for making themselves ridiculous."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mr. Goodelle, of Sennett, N. Y., having been fined three dollars for swearing on the street, gave the justice at whose hands he had suffered, his views of the situation in such a cussory manner that twenty-five dollars was added to the first assessment, with twenty-five days in jail. Cuss words are scarce and high in Sennett, N. Y.—*Detroit Post.*

—Defending the action of Bishop Lefleche, of Three Rivers, in assailing women's frizzes, a Montreal rector says in a sermon: "There is such extravagance nowadays that we cannot tell the difference between mistress and maid. I defy any one to do it."

In the New York *Herald* we lately observed mention of the speedy cure of Thaddeus Davids, Esq., of the great ink firm, 127 William street, New York, of rheumatic gout by St. Jacobs Oil.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

"Are you not alarmed at your children playing on that cistern with the trap door open? Are you not afraid they will drop in some day and get drowned when you are not looking on," said one Austin lady to another whom she was visiting. "No," was the complacent reply; "we get our drinking water from another cistern that the children can't tumble into."—*Texas Siftings.*

We like St. Jacobs Oil, and observe too that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour indorses the remedy.—*Baltimore (Md.) Catholic Mirror.*

The fisp has broken out in Saratoga, where thweet thimpletons utter thoft nonthenth.—*New Haven Register.*

Does Your Head Ache?

No matter what the cause, Sick, Nervous Neuralgic, Dyspeptic. Which is it? A revolution in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. C. W. Benson has discovered a sure remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills—they permanently cure sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and all nervous diseases. Sold by druggists. 50 cents a box. Address, Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1, or six boxes for $2.50.

Pittsburgh has a pie factory. The pies made are of a dark color, so as not to show dirt.—*N. O. Picayune.*

☞"Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c.

The Colorado beetle has traveled to Europe, but the mosquito stays to hum.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Rough on Sam.—Sam Rideout is an Austin clerk. He is personally not very attractive, and his morals are of a very inferior quality. One of Sam's peculiarities is to use mercantile terms and expressions, no matter what subject is being discussed. He and a few friends were talking about clergymen and doctors the other day, and one of them asked Sam who his family doctor was. "Dr. Doesem supplies us with all we need in the physical department, and Parson Southern furnishes us a full line of piety goods," said Sam. "Look here, Sam," remarked Gilhooly, "if Dr. Doesem is responsible for your looks, and Parson Southern furnishes you with your morals, all I've got to say is, that they have shoved a lot of second-hand goods off on you, and they badly damaged besides. You ought to deal, from now on, with first-class houses. You have been swindled outrageously. To look at you one would suppose your good looks and manners were of home manufacture."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Great Enterprise.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.*

Somebody has discovered that the cat is not mentioned in the Bible. Yet there is the cat-e-chism.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Mishler's Herb Bitters is the only certain and effectual remedy for all types and forms of Kidney disorders. The market is flooded with so-called cures for this disease. They are, without exception, inferior in preparation, too cheaply and carelessly compounded—mere experiments at best. Mishler's Herb Bitters, on the contrary, have a reputation more than a quarter of a century old. This compound not only cures Kidney Disease but is also a certain specific for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Chills and Fever, Constipation and a host of such every-day complaints.

Why should Arabi Bey be the favorite of the children? Because he is one of the Arabian Knights.

***"Help yourself and others will help you." But don't fail to use Kidney-Wort for all liver, kidney and bowel complaints, piles, costiveness, etc. The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form.

A Philadelphia paper publishes a poem entitled "Confession of an Idiot." The editor should keep his private affairs to himself.—*Boston Post.*

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* tells how flies climb. There is nothing like science.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative Agent in all complaints peculiar to women. Cures Kidney troubles of either sex.

Summer is nearly over, but the girls are just as liable to be sun struck in winter as they are in July or August.—*Chicago Herald.*

Wise's Axle Grease makes a wagon run easy in mud.

"All that glitters is not gold." The diamond must have a show somewhere.

A thrifty man buys Wise's Axle Grease because it wears longer.

Some men, otherwise steady-headed, can never keep their balance in a bank.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

At the Iowa State fair, forty-four women exhibited quilts for premiums—a comfortable showing.—*Detroit Post.*

The great distinguishing feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflamation.

The corset came to stay, and that is why it does not go out of fashion.

"Buchupaiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1 at Druggists.

Why are wicked old men like fixed stars? Because they scintillate.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Straighten old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Merit speaks loudest. That's why Wise's Axle Grease sells so freely.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

INVISIBLE POISON.

How It Works Its Way Into the Body and How to Counteract It.

One of the great scourges of the present year in all parts of America has been malaria. This is a trouble so treacherous in its nature and so dangerous in its results as to justly cause apprehension wherever it has appeared. But there are so many erroneous ideas upon the subject that a few words are in order at a time when people are subject to malarial influences.

Malaria, which means simply bad air, is the common name of a class of diseases which arise from spores of decaying vegetable matter, thrown off from stagnant pools or plies of vegetation undergoing decomposition. These spores when inhaled with the breath or taken into the system with water soon enter the blood and germinating there find a foothold whereby the whole system is poisoned and the various functions disordered. When the germ theory of disease was first advanced it was supposed that these spores were of animal nature, and like the bacteria in diphtheria were propagated in the blood, but they are now conceived to be of vegetable origin, like the fungi found on decaying wood or in cellars. The source of this state of the air is generally swamps or stagnant pools, which partially dried by the hot sun, send forth vapors loaded with this malarial poison. These vapors descend to the earth in the night cooled by the loss of temperature, and breathing sleepers are readily inhaled. Hence persons living near stagnant pools or marshes are liable to be afflicted with chills and fever, and such localities are never healthy, though they are more so when the streams flowing into them are pure, and also when the water is high. Again the drainage of houses, slaughter-houses, barns, etc., are a fertile source of malaria. One will often notice in coming into the neighborhood of one of these sluggish streams that pass through almost every village a most vilainous smell caused by the offensive refuse which communicates its bad odor to the atmosphere, especially on hot days. This absorbed into the system by the lungs or taken in through water, which also absorbs it from the air, poisons the blood and deranges the whole system. This poison is also developed in force in wells and springs when they become low, and the result of drinking these is the same as breathing the poisonous air. In a time of drouth the great quantity of vegetation that dries up in the meadows, stubble fields and pastures, the corn fields and forest leaves produces the same effluvia. On the prairies when large tracts of prairie ground are turned over, the decaying vegetation is a widespread cause of malaria.

The evils which follow malarial poisoning are almost infinite. Disease of a malignant and dangerous nature, accompanied by symptoms the most distressing are certain to manifest themselves and life is a burden so long as this poison remains in the system. The indications of malarial poisoning are loss of appetite, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, wasting of flesh and strength, despondency, nervousness, chilly sensations, unaccountable lassitude, dull pains in various parts of the body, headaches, dizziness, a coated tongue and dry mouth, night sweats, muscular debility, puffing under the eyes, an unusual color, ordor or sediment about the fluids passed from the system, etc. Any one of the above symptoms may be an indication of malarial poison in the body which necessitates immediate and careful attention.

But if malarial poison could not find a lodgement in the human body, it would be just as harmless as the oxygen of the air. The great difficulty is that, after being absorbed into the system, it produces obstructions in the stomach and lungs, clogs the circulation of the blood, affects the kidneys, liver and other organs, and brings on diseases of a most dangerous character. There is only one known way by which these diseases may be avoided or cured after they have once made their appearance, and that is by keeping the great purifying organs of the body in perfect health. These organs are the kidneys and liver. No one whose kidneys or liver are in a perfect condition was ever afflicted by malarial poison. And when these organs are disordered they not only permit, but invite, these diseases to make their inroads into the body. It is now admitted by physicians, scientists and the majority of the general public that one medicine, and only one whose power has been tested and proven, has absolute control of and keeps the kidneys and liver in constant health and hence prevents malarial sickness. This remedy is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the most popular medicine before the American people, and sold by every druggist in the land. It fully counteracts the evil effect of malarial poison in the system, and not only banishes it, but restores the members which that poison has weakened. How well it does this can be learned from the following.

Kansas City, Mo., June 26, 1882.—Moving from the State of New York to the Western country, I was attacked with malaria and general debility. I had lost all appetite and was hardly able to move about. I had tried great many remedies, but nothing bettered my condition until I began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which seemed to help me right away, and I feel as well as I ever have in my life. It is a blessing to people in this malarious country. C. F. William, 1422 Grand Ave., of William & Co., Hardware.

This great remedy has proven its power in innumerable cases, and is to-day more extensively used in malarial districts, whether in cities or in the country, than any or all other remedies for the cure of the same class of disease. No one can afford to trifle with the first symptoms of malaria, but instant cure should be taken to check it on the start before its evil influences overshadow the life.

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Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

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KIDNEY-WORT

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

☞GOOD AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COMPLETE DOMESTIC BIBLE. This unrivalled edition with its new bindings, clear print, thousands of fine, finest steel and other engravings—*both versions of N. T.*, and scores of *extra* helps and *directions*, is *deservedly* the most popular Family Bible published. *For very best terms*, Address HUBBARD BROS., Bible Pub's, Cincinnati, O.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. A. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.

PILES Catarrh, Nervous Debility & Dropsy cured. Address Dr. Fulton, Montreal, P. Q.

$66 A WEEK to your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

A. N. K. N. Co Clev'd 860

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisements in this paper.*

"Nonpareil" THE CLIMAX OF IMPROVEMENTS IN VELVETEENS.
Superb in Make, Dye & Finish.
Fine Texture, Rich, Full-toned Colors. Great Depth of IMMOVABLE PILE
Velveteen
The only Real Substitute for Lyons Silk Velvet.
Can be worn as Complete Costume, or made up with any kind of Dress Material. *To save the public from imposition, the Genuine is stamped "Nonpareil" on the back of every second yard.* To be purchased of all first-class retailers.

Straw Lumber.

There can be no question that straw lumber is admirably adapted to many kinds of finishing work, barrels, table and counter tops, floor doors and ornamental work; and we are assured that it can be produced and sold in competition with wide walnut at about one-half the price of the latter. The standard manufacture is in width of thirty-two inches, a length of twelve feet, and a thickness corresponding to that of surfaced boards. These dimensions may be varied to suit such orders as may be given, and embrace any width, length or thickness. Unlike lumber, however, narrower widths are the most costly. The straw lumber may be ripped with the hand-saw or the buzz-saw; may be run through the sticker for the manufacture of mouldings, and take a nail or screw about as well as oak. It may be finished with varnish or with paint and is susceptible to a high polish. It is practically water and fire-proof, being manufactured 500 degrees of heat, and we are assured has been boiled for some hours without any apparent change of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and its weight about one-fifth greater than the former when dry. It is made from any kind of straw, including hemp and flax fibre—in fact from any material that will make pulp—and a ton of straw will produce 2000 feet of board. The pulp is rolled into thin sheets, a number of which, corresponding with the thickness of the lumber desired, are placed together with a peculiar cement, which is claimed to be waterproof, and are then rolled under a pressure sufficient to amalgamate them into a solid mass, which may be worked with a plane if desired.

When it is remembered that it takes 100 years to grow a tree to maturity, suiting it to commercial purposes—and a tree producing 32-inch lumber will require fully twice that time—while 20,000 feet per acre is a large yield under the most favorable circumstances, it will at once be realized that where 3,000 feet can be taken from an acre of ground for an indefinite number of years, the process which enables such a result to be accomplished, and which will yield a really valuable lumber, is one of vast importance. We look for valuable results in the future in the manufacture of lumber from what is practically a waste material, but which will be produced in endless quantities so long as the United States maintains its character as a grain-producing country.—*American Architect.*

Indians will not cook in their wigwams because they have a theory that if they were to cook inside the steam would collect in their clothing and draw the lightning. The Rev. Thomas S. Dana, an educated Indian says he does not know whether or not it is attributable to that fact, but it is certain no Indian wigwam was ever struck by lightning, and no Indian has ever been killed by that fluid in 100 years.

Croup it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its amount of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 8000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25 cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug, and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, Parker's Ginger Tonic will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take Ginger Tonic for it at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING — SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Cranmon Harvey, of Garrett county, Md., to me, to secure H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 575 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 25th day of May, in the year 1881, duly assigned for value received by the said William H. Hall, unto myself, I, John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland as

Tuesday, October 10, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Cranmon Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, reference is hereby made to the said mortgage. It being the same land which was conveyed to the said Cranmon Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 575 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid. Said land contains 150 acres more or less, is heavily timbered, and is cleared to the extent of cultivation and other purposes necessary to the successful farming of the country, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 19 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in District No. 2, Garrett county, adjacent to the lands owned by Joel Bond, Isaac Taylor and George D. Frantz, and known as the

"Tobias Hoff Mill Property,"

containing nine acres more or less, it being part of the land which was conveyed to Jacob Nicola, by Grimore S. Hamill, trustee, by deed bearing date July 15th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 375, &c. On the said land is located a good saw mill, and is also improved by other valuable buildings. The said property is assessed on the books of Nicola and Uhler, on the assessment books of Garrett county. The above described property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this sale of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private landclaims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT Co., MD., Sept. 20, 1882.

Notice is hereby given that a competitive examination of candidates for the free scholarship in the Western Maryland College, will take place at my office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 16, 1882,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

The scholarship provides for board, fuel, lights and washing free. Tuition will cost $35.35, payable in advance.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 23 3 Examiner.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 20000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6½cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6½, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.50 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured piqué at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 1c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

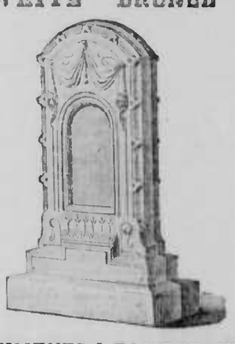

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 2 1f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 8 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

---

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

apr 15

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.43 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.55 P. M.
Way		10.40 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS
in need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
should call at the store of
P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his
FARM & SPRING WAGONS
Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the
OLIVER CHILLED PLOW
and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
such as
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first-class country store. 4 22 1y

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JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

jl 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,
Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 3 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at or near Little Deep Creek bridge, and running through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Cormuny and Joseph R. Anderson and others, to intersect the Swanton road at or near Ingman place, a distance of about 2 miles.

C. M. MILLER,
J. Z. BROWNING,
SILAS WALTERS,
8 16 3 And others

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFADDEN,
GEORGE S. LEE,
8 30 5 Examiners.

ORDER NISI.

Ephraim G. Blackburn, } No. 96 Insolvents,
vs. } In the Circuit Court
His Creditors. } for Garrett county.

ORDERED, this seventh day of September, 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by Gilmore S. Hamill and William P. Townshend, Trustees, for the sale of the real estate of Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the second day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $35.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.

True copy—Test—
9 16 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or sell above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 251, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" second down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE
The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 18 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 906 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village Hotel-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 1f MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schoolcy, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Brownlee, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK
such as
Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,
at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
nov 1 '08

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at Joel Bender's and running through the lands of Joel Bender, Wm. Harkman, Jacob Spiker, Wright Thayer and others, to intersect the Oakland road at Wright Thayer's lane.

JOSEPH HOSTETTLER,
JOEL BENDER,
9 23 4 HENRY BOETTNER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 330 acres in a good state of cultivation and well under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 1f D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f

---

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882. NUMBER 33.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

7 12 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"THE GREAT UNION" CLOTHING HOUSE.

P. ALELLOUNAS.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, refund the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"

"One Price" "Our Anchor."

"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, known as part of

"WILLIAM AND MARY,"

and described by courses and distances, metes and bounds, following, to-wit: Beginning at the end of the third line of Barney Reynold's land, it being the beginning of the said whole tract of land called "William and Mary," and running thence with said third line reversed south 81 degrees east 120 perches, thence north 110 perches to the last line of "William and Mary," thence with said line south 46 degrees, west 153 perches to the beginning, containing forty acres of land more or less. It being a part of the tract assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson, on the assessment books of Garrett county aforesaid, containing 175 acres.

The above described land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and former sales of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR,
173 Prestman st.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession and then to the people at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. In Consumption, Chronic Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it.

PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly coincides with the VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ in every disease, and a cure necessarily follows. There is not an organ it will not reach and relieve. In all cases it will not cure,

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Diseases of Life," "Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O., proprietors. For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

MAN-A-LIN

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1882,

Military Lots Nos. 3032, 3049 and 3166,

lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland, said land being assessed on the books of said county in the name of Thomas Donaldson. The said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, known and described as

Lots Nos. 52 and 53 in Brant's Addition to the said town.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Hall.

The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the balance of taxes due for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and the former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

A farmer without a wife is like half a pair of scissors. No man amounts to much without one; but for a farmer a wife is one of the essential. No sooner was Adam created than the Creator said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a helpmeet for him." Whoever, since Adam's day, has attempted to get along without a wife has found it "not good." A woman rounds out the life of a man, supplements his defects, shares his troubles, doubles his joys, sweetens his toil as well as his tea, is his truest friend and advisor—in short, is his "helpmeet." The Shakers maintain that the idea of quality extends to the Godhead, and that it runs through all animal and vegetable life there can be no doubt. Science conforms the scripture principal, "male and female created He them" and extends it to everything that has life. Whoever, therefore, attempts to live in contravention of this universal law will find that he has a hard row to hoe, and if a farmer attempts it, he may be considered, without further proof, as an odd half of a pair of shears.

In the circle of our acquaintance, which is not limited, we can call to mind only two farmers—one an old bachelor and the other an old maid—who are making this venture, and awkward work they make. In a pecuniary view, both are doing well; from the stand-point of comfort, manhood and womanhood both are doing miserably. Think of the old bachelor making his own bread and butter, and eating in silence; working all day and coming home at night to his bed and board of single blessedness. There is no comfort, no manliness in such a life, unless it is the miserly happiness of hoarding wealth for heirs he knows not whom.

The farm life of the old maid must be still miserable. Woman can do a great many things, and do them better than a man, but she never was made to run a farm. She has various and increasing rights, but following the plow, driving oxen, managing bulls, and breaking colts are not among them. She is an indispensable helpmeet to a farmer, but her sphere is a domestic one, literally domestic, that is, belonging to the house. When she takes upon herself the prerogative of mingling with the men in the field, loading hay and moving it away, directing about the breeding of stock, and displaying her equestrian skill on the road or race course, she unsexes herself and becomes a man in petticoats.

Solomon says: "Whoso finds a wife, finds a good thing." But some men who have married shrews and slovens have been inclined to dispute the wisdom of Solomon in this proverb, but the trouble is, they married women not wives. A wife, including all that is signified in the name, is a good thing always and to every one, and to the farmer, is especially good, as she is such an important factor in his business. She does not, as in the days of Solomon, seek wool and flax, nor lay her hands to the spindle and hold the distaff, but she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

The farmer's wife is emphatically a partner in his business. On her devolves the care of the dairy, in addition to the ordinary routine of household duties. Her sphere of action, though strictly domestic, is a wider one than that of the ordinary housewife. As her husband, in virtue of his ownership of land, which he subdues, and tills, is entitled to the name of landlord, with all the cares and honors which the name implies, so she is entitled to the name of landlady, and must assume the responsibilities as well as the respect that go with this position and title. That there are unusual duties connected with the station is manifest from the fact that there are many women desiring to find husbands, but unwilling to marry husbandmen, because they dislike to do the work—drudgery they call it—peculiar to farmers' wives. All such have yet to learn that she only is a true wife "who doeth her husband good all the days of her life, who girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms, who stretcheth out her hands to the poor, who is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed; who openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness, whose children rise up and call her blessed, whose works praise her." Such is Solomon's picture of a good wife, and it was evidently intended for the wife of a husbandman.

We will not say that the wife of a farmer holds a position above all other wives, for we find in every occupation those who, with the relation of wife, assume great responsibilities, do honor to their husbands, are ornaments to society and bless mankind. We do not say that the position of a farmer's wife is one peculiarly adapted to a life of usefulness, and we would like to ask the frivolous and fashionable girls who scorn the hand of a husbandman, whether a life spent in useful employment such as the average farmer expects of a wife, will not, in the retrospect give more satisfaction than one spent in the gay rounds of fashionable society? The question needs no answer. The answer goes without saying.

The position of the wife of a farmer is not only one of usefulness, but it is also very stable and independent. Farmers seldom fail; we may say never, or hardly ever, if they attend to their legitimate business. Certainly, the risks of agriculture are less than those of other callings. The farmer may not have the wealth and display, the style of the merchant and manufacture, but his wife does not live in fear of panics and sheriff's visits. The soil always responds generously to generous culture, and her cellar and pantry are never empty. She is sure of a comfortable living, let trade be ever so much disturbed. Such independence and freedom from risk are far more conductive to happiness than all the wealth—with its corroding cares—which railroad stocks bought and sold have ever earned. If we had a dozen daughters, we should consider them more fortunate if comfortably settled on farms than if married to rich brokers.

While thus appreciating the natural advantages of the wife of a farmer, we wish to add that the comfort and usefulness of her position depends largely upon the sympathy and cooperation of her husband. Some farmers, we are sorry to say, treat their wives as though they were beasts of burden, made to bear children and do drudgery. Indeed, we have known those with whom the horse seemed to be first and the wife second. Some [illegible] so cold, selfish and penurious that to save a few dollars in the wages of hired help they are willing to let their wives break down in health and to see their children born with feeble constitutions in consequence. Ignorance, doubtless, in many cases, may be pleaded in palliation of such cruelty, but ignorance is a sin which God and man may have winked at in the barbarous ages and portions of the world, but better things are expected of husbands in this enlightened country.

The original meaning of the word wife is a weaver, and a farmer's wife, though not now compelled to throw the shuttle, should be a worker; but in her work she should have the sympathy of her husband, and it is his bounden duty to see that her ambition does not lead her to overwork. The unfeeling wretch, who standing at the coffin of his wife, said,—"I would rather have lost my best cow," would very likely not have been a widower if he had been as careful of his wife as of his cow. He certainly did not deserve another wife, though he is said to have secured one in three months.

If the position of a farmer's wife involves peculiar labors and also responsibilities, as intimated, then she is entitled to peculiar consideration on the part of her husband. If she is emphatically a partner in his business, she should be consulted in all business matters, and her advice treated with all proper respect. The days have gone by when a woman has no rights in the conduct of business which a husband is bound to respect. There is not so unselfish, and at the same time so interested, a counselor for any man as his wife, and we are persuaded that those business men are most successful who confide their affairs to their wives and ask their advice. If this is the case in complicated mercantile and manufacturing business, with which women are not expected to be familiar, much more is it true in farming, with which, in some of its branches at least, the wife has much to do.

When we find that a young farmer has secured a wife, and treats her as a partner in his business, we feel far more confidence in his success than when he is backed up by a rich father or a large capital, and we are confident that many of the mistakes we have known farmers to make would have been avoided if they had taken their wives into their counsels. There is no henpecking in this; it is the part of wisdom, and whatever is wisdom's part is true manhood.

He Caught a Tartar.

Some eight or ten years ago a silvertongued chap who claimed to be a fruit-tree agent swindled the farmers of this county in a shameful manner, and one resident of Nankin was so mad about it that he came to Detroit, searched the rascal out and gave him a pounding on the street. After he got through he told the fellow that he would lick him twice as bad if he ever put eyes on him again, and it was a threat to be remembered and nursed. About three weeks ago the Nankin man was traveling in Washtenaw county, and as he journeyed along the highway he met a traveler who so closely resembled the fruit-tree swindler that he halted and called out:

"Here you are again, you bold-faced rascal!"

"Yes, I'm here," was the calm reply.

"Well, so am I, and I'm going to lick you until you can't holler! I said I'd do it, and I always keep my word. Climb down here!"

The stranger "climb" without protest, shedding his coat as he struck the ground, and the fight began. In about two minutes he had used up the farmer and was cooly replacing his coat.

"See here," said the man from Nankin, as he wiped his face with a burlock, "you fight better than you did eight years ago."

"Well I dunno. This is my first affair with you."

"Didn't I wollop you in front of the Detroit Postoffice eight years ago?"

"No, sir, I was in Australia up to a year ago."

"And you never saw me before?"

"Never!"

"And was never in Nankin?"

"Never!"

"Well I'll be hanged! Come to look at you I can see that you are not the man. Why on earth didn't you explain, or ask me to? You must have thought me mistaken."

"Oh, yes, I knew you were mistaken, but I had just discovered that I had driven seven miles on the wrong road and was wishing some one would come along and give me two words of sass.

To Foretell the Weather.

If the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright, we know in a general way that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather.

Dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days.

A dark and vaporv sun, and a sickly looking moon with blunt horns, and a circle around her, of pallid, big and unscintillating stars, are all signs of approaching rains.

If the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind.

The chickweek is called "the poor man's barometer," because it shuts up its flowers when wet is approaching.

The aurora borealis, when very bright, forebodes stormy, moist and unsettled weather.

The haze around the sun indicates rain; it is caused by fine rain or mist in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

A halo around the sun has often been followed by heavy rains.

A halo around the moon is also an indication of rain. The larger the halo the nearer the wet spell.

Lack of dew is another rain sign.

Sharp, white frosts in autumn and winter precede damp weather, and three successive white frosts are an infallible sign of rain.

Previous to rain the flies bite sharper and stick to us closer, and bees remain in the hive.

But few of the many signs that we have briefly instanced only apply to the immediate future, and have nothing to do with the far-seeing prophets whose prognostications, also largely based on natural causes, peer into future months—nay, years in advance.

A Michigan man had a large swamp of huckleberries which he is too lazy to pick. The fruit thus left attracted swarms of gatherers. The owner carefully collected all the names, and sued each for trespass. All were willing to compromise in sums varying from one to five dollars. The result was the Michigander sold his crop for a large profit, and sat in the shade during picking season.

Do We Promise Too Much?

If we look about us, we see the daily walks of life strewn with broken promises, as thickly as are the forest grounds with leaves during dreary autumn. If the thoughtful man pauses for a moment and counts the business promises alone which he knows are unfulfilled each day, what a record rises before him?

"America is represented to foreigners as a land of promise. It is such in more than one sense. The usual activity of its people, in the mad strife for wealth, causes each individual to strain to the utmost his or her capacities, if there is a prospect that something may be gained thereby. Rather than see a remunerative order go to a rival many will make promises which they hope in vain to make good. If each day's transactions are reviewed, how often is this found true? The customer finds punctuality in the filling of orders for goods or work to be one of the fast disappearing arts. If he should say to his tailor, "I must have this garment upon such a day, or I cannot give you my measure," will he be allowed to go elsewhere, especially if he be "good pay." Just so with the builder who erects his house, or the grocer who guarantees to send the provisions in time for dinner. It is the same in every department of trade. Very many are quick to promise but slow to perform by force of habit, rather than from inability to comply. Many promises are made that are not intended to be kept.

Perhaps the broken promises which cause the most disappointment and heart ache are those of the dressmaker and milliner. They keep the fair sex in a state of continual vexation and have much to answer for.

There is another class of promises that is too rashly made, and the non-fulfillment of these often offsets those to which allusion has already been made. Many persons promise to meet their monetary obligations at certain times, but fail to do so, even when their promises are written on paper which will go to protest in consequence.

If there was more thoughtfulness in the matter of making promises, the stern realities of life would lose a large share of their terror and mankind would be far happier.

How to Become Poor

Try to run a three-story and basement with just about income enough for a third-story flat.

Live up to the last cent you can earn and run in debt for the doctor's bill when sickness comes.

Take money that is honestly due to somebody and buy your wife an India shawl with it.

Buy boquets for your sweetheart in mid winter and let your washing bill go to make up for it.

Spend all you can get on good clothes hoping some rich heiress will come along and adopt you.

Don't be bothered with such foolish maxims as "a stitch in time saves nine," or "a penny saved is a penny gained."

Visit a country cousin for a week in summer to save a board bill, and make your house a hotel for your relations the rest of the year.

Don't put your money in bank or in any place where rich men might pounce on it. Hide it away in some trumpery where a poor ragman or ash-gatherer may get the good of it.

The Rockville (Montgomery county) *Advocate* pipes in the following dolorous key:

"The manifest dissensions in the ranks of the Republican party, the attitude of that party towards the material and industrial interests of the country, its extravagance and corruption, present an opportunity to redeem the Sixth District of Maryland from Republican dominance."

Where are the "manifest dissensions in the ranks of the Republican party?" Will the *Advocate* man please jerk his thumb in the direction of that "manifest dissension?" Please hand over the desired information as soon as your disquieted, unsettled nerves will permit. "Manifest dissensions!" That's a good boogu-boo to begin with. Then sail in and "redeem," and when the day of redemption comes sound the jubilee horn and let us all rejoice. But no "counting out" this time, mind. That won't win a second time.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

If we can *Read* the signs of the times correctly, the Republicans of this District will win the Congressional as well as the Judicial *Stake* they are playing for.—*Sharpsburg Enterprise.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD FRONT DOOR.

I remember the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at last,
And I was tired of my toy—
I remember the time, and none more sweet
Shall I know forevermore,
When I sat at eve by my mother's side
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,
And list to their loving talk,
While the crickets chirped, and the fireflies bright
Flew over the garden walk.
And often would father tell the tale
Of the time long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy home
O'er the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died,
And eighty years old was he,
And well I knew that never again
He would ride me upon his knee;
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept and my heart was sore,
When I saw them bearing him slowly out
O'er the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;
But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long-past day.
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall step once more, ere I pass away,
O'er the sill of the old front door.
—*E. R. Mankittrick, in Youth's Companion.*

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SOCIAL WRECK.

JANUARY, 13, 188-.—Twenty-nine to-day, with two painful facts staring me blankly in the face. I am reduced almost literally to my last cent, and have no prospect of increasing this sum. For the first time in my life I may examine the situation impartially. It is not my fault that it is a physical impossibility for me to get up early in the morning, and therefore that I never have staid in my office more than two or three weeks at the longest. It is constitutional. I can't write a good hand or keep books correctly for the same reason. Mathematics were left out of my composition. I *must* smoke, and it is impossible for me to smoke a poor cigar. If I am in debt for cigars, as well as other necessities, how can I help it? I would willingly work if I could only find the kind of work that would suit me. I am not a fool. There is not a man in New York who speaks French with a better accent than I do. I can sing better than most amateurs. There is no vanity in saying that people consider me good-looking. I don't find it difficult to please when I make an effort, and yet I am a complete failure. It is *not* my fault. I'm a round peg in a square hole. I ought to have been the oldest son of a Duke, with a large allowance. Instead, I am a helpless orphan, with nothing a year. I seem to joke; in reality I am in despair. Fortunately my landlady trusts me blindly, or I would be turned into the street.

I have sold or pawned all my valuables. I might pawn my dress suit and studs, but if I did I couldn't go out to dinner if I were asked, and that is always a saving. I can not get a place in an opera company because my voice has not been sufficiently trained. There always *is* something to prevent my success, no matter what I try.

To-day I met Morton in the street. He stopped me and said: "By-the way, Valentine, your name will come up at the Amsterdam very soon. You are sure to get in."

Imagine paying club dues in my present condition! Yet to belong to the Amsterdam has been one of my ambitions. I had to get out of it, and said, in an off-hand way: "Ah, thanks, Morton, but you may as well take my name off the list. I'm thinking of living out of town."

So am I—I think of occupying six feet of real estate in the country, if something doesn't happen soon. Morton always irritates me. He is one of those prosperous, fortunate creatures, always so completely *the thing*, that I feel hopelessly my own deficiencies.

JANUARY 15.—Something *has* happened. I have an idea. It strikes me as strange, yet feasible. When I came in this afternoon I found a letter lying on my table. I opened it; it ran as follows:

"——— families who are about to give receptions, dinner parties or other entertainments will be gratified to know that persons who will assist in making these events pleasant and enjoyable can be obtained through the medium of the Globe Employment Bureau. These persons will not be professionals, but parties of culture and refinement, who will appear well, dress elegantly, and mingle with the guests, while able and willing to play, sing, converse fluently, tell a good story, give a recitation, or anything that will help to make an evening pass pleasantly.

"The Globe Employment Bureau in this plan simply complies with the increasing demands of a large class of its patrons. The attendance of these persons, young or old, can be had for the sum of fifteen dollars per evening each. We will guarantee them to be strictly honorable and reliable persons. Respectfully yours,

"THE GLOBE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU."

The idea amused me. I moralized on it as a phase of New York society; wondered what sort of people would employ these individuals; wondered what the individuals would feel like themselves; smiled grimly at the inference that I could go to the expense of fifteen dollars to procure the services of one of these persons. While I stood with the letter in my hand, a thought flashed into my mind. It widened and developed, until it possesses my whole being. I can't hire a Globe young man, but anything is better than starvation; I will *be* a Globe young man!

JANUARY 18.—It is all settled, and I am in the service of the New York Globe. After two days of hesitation, I presented myself this morning at the Globe office. I was shown to the Employment Bureau, and there, through a little grating, I was interviewed by a young clerk of supernatural composure. He had a cool discerning eye that seemed to read my very soul and take in my situation and errand in a glance. I produced the Globe letter as the simplest method of introducing myself.

He looked at me with his discriminating expression. "Let me see," he murmured. "We have had three thousand applications since the day before yesterday, and our list is complete. But six feet—blonde—good-looking—distinguished, in fact"—he bit the handle of his pen meditatively. His air of reflection changed to one of decision. "Just follow me, please," he concluded.

I followed him through a dim passage to a little room where there was a piano with some music on it. Standing beside the piano was a small dark man, rubbing his hands and bowing politely as we entered. It reminded me of one of the torture-chambers of the Inquisition. What were they going to do to me?

The chief inquisitor, in the shape of the clerk, began the ceremonies by saying: "I suppose you would not have come here without being able to fill the requirements of the Globe circular. Be kind enough to sit down and sing and play that song."

It proved to be "In the Gloaming." I was in good voice, and managed to sing it with some expression.

"Bravo!" said the second inquisitor, in the shape of the little dark man.

He then took me in hand. He proved to be an Italian, and asked me questions in Italian and French, in both of which languages I answered as well as I could. I was then obliged to sing pathetic songs, drinking songs, comic songs, opera bouffe, English ballads, and then—worse than all—requested to recite some dramatic poetry. Here I was at sea. I confessed that I knew none.

"Never mind," said the clerk, encouragingly; "you have done remarkably well in other respects, and you can easily learn the regulation pieces."

He handed me a list, beginning with "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and ending with "Be sey and I nre Out," and "The May Queen." I choked down my rising resentment. What wouldn't I do for fifteen dollars an evening, short of crime!

"Very well," I said, obediently.

I was led out of the torture chamber, exhausted, but still living. It is queer. I feel shaky. I had to give them my own name. I found there was no getting out of this. They said that the whole matter was strictly in confidence. They required references, and I had taken the precaution to bring several letters of recommendation from well-known business men—letters that had been given to me a short while before when I was trying to get a situation in a business house down town. These were satisfactory as to my character.

I have put the halter around my own neck now.

N. B.—Suppose Morton were to find this out!

JANUARY 20.—I have had my first experience in my new character. I had been told to be ready every afternoon by five o'clock for orders. Yesterday, about six in the afternoon, I received a message from the Globe, directing me to go to a house in East Seventy-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue, at nine o'clock that evening and submit myself to the orders of Mr. Q. K. Slater. It was a consoling thought that I had never heard of Mr. Q. K. Slater, and that East Seventy-fourth Street was an unknown region to me.

Punctually at nine that evening I found myself in the large parlor of a house in Seventy-fourth Street, brightly lighted, and filled with people. The centre of the room was cleared and several people were dancing to the strains of a band. Near the door stood a tall, imposing gentleman with gray whiskers, and a lady in full evening dress. Doubtless my hosts, or rather my proprietors.

What was I to do? How were they to know who and what I was? As I stood hesitating, I found that their eyes were fixed upon me with a significant glance. I immediately went toward them. To my astonishment the lady greeted me by my name with the utmost suavity.

"Good evening, Mr. Valentine," she said. "I am delighted to see you."

Mr. Slater murmured something that sounded like "How do you do?"

I said that I was delighted to meet—see them. Mrs. Slater turned to another lady standing near her.

"Mrs. Raggles, *do* let me introduce Mr. Valentine. We were so afraid that he would not be able to come."

While I talked as well as I could to Mrs. Raggles, I surreptitiously observed my host and hostess. Mr. Slater looked uncomfortable. There was a consciousness in his uneasy manner that if I was a sham, so was he. I feared that he might give us both away before the evening was over. Mrs. Slater, on the contrary, soared above any feeling of this sort. Her party was to be a success; that was evidently her principal object. What a comfort this was to me! I felt safe in her hands. Of course it was as much of an object to her as to me to conceal the fact that I was not a *bona fide* invited guest. I took my cue at once. Avoid Mr. Slater; arrange matters in such a way that Mrs. Slater could engineer me through the evening. All the time I had a sensation that in avoiding Mr. Slater I was avoiding an old and tried friend. There was something strangely familiar in his face; in the almost courtly wave of his hand as he directed his guests to the refreshment-room; in his protecting manner as he walked about, first with one lady, then another. I can not recall distinctly the events of the evening. I have a confused impression of lights, flowers, music and people, much like any other party, yet with certain differences. The dressing was not in particularly good taste, and the German was managed in a most extraordinary manner. At eleven o'clock the man who was to lead it came forward with what contained scraps of paper. I noticed that all the men went up and drew a slip of paper. They examined it, and retired into the crowd. I couldn't imagine what this ceremony meant, and I felt sure that when my turn came I should make some frightful blunder. As I thought this, I found Mrs. Slater beside me. She hurriedly explained to me that this party was one of a series of Germans given at the houses of her friends, and that there had been some feeling on the part of certain young ladies because others had been oftener asked to dance the German and drive home afterward than they had. In order to obviate this a system of lots had been arranged, by which chance alone decided the matter. "Each young gentleman," concluded Mrs. Slater, "can bring any young lady that he wishes to the party; but he is expected to go home with the lady whom he draws for the German. I hope you understand what is expected of you. You dance, of course," she added, with a slightly stern manner—the manner of a proprietor. I said that I could.

Accordingly I drew my lot, and found myself the partner of a pretty girl, who proved to be the daughter of Mrs. Raggles.

This is my journal; no one will ever see it; I think I impressed every one that I met. I realized that on the mere making a good impression depended my success in the future. To talk, to dance, to flirt, to eat ice-cream, at the rate of three or four dollars an hour—for the present this was my profession. Why not elevate it, glorify it, by doing these things better than any one else had ever done them? There was no exhilaration in the thought. It positively inspired me. I was in constant demand, and was presented to almost every one. Toward the end of the evening Mrs. Slater asked me to sing. I thought it odd for a large party, but I sang my best. One thing damped my spirits. I had been standing in the doorway, when I suddenly became aware of two waiters who were whispering together at a short distance. In a lull of the music their words reached me.

"Which did yer say he was?" said one in a loud whisper.

"That's him—him there by the door, the good-lookin' fellow. Looks as if he didn't have nothin' in the world to do but stand there all the evening," answered the other.

"You don't say!" ejaculated the first; "and he gets fifteen dollars for doin' the likes of that? You and me has missed our vocation, Bill."

I could have knocked down the impertinent fellows, but, after all, what right had I to do it? It was all true. "No blesse oblige," I muttered through my clinched teeth; and catching Mrs. Slater's stern glance, I went to do my duty by taking my partner to supper.

At the close of the evening, Mr. Slater came up to me. He was certainly a dignified-looking old fellow, but he seemed unhappy. "Well, Mr. Valentine," he said, with rather a melancholy smile, "you have done remarkably well. Been quite the life of the evening. Trying thing to entertain a party of this size. This is the first time we have done it. How do you think it went off? Your candid opinion now."

"Remarkably well," I said.

I noticed that his manner to me was secret and confidential, as if we had entered in to some dark partnership of crime.

"Mrs. Slater," he continued "is an ambitious woman, and it was her idea having you. She wanted a different style of young man from those we have been accustomed to, and"—looking at me with a sad pride—"she got it—she got it."

As I looked at him his face seemed to grow more familiar. At this moment Miss Raggles, who had gone upstairs to get her cloak, made her appearance. I bade a hurried good-night to Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and accompanied the young lady home. She lived in that part of Fifth Avenue which is on the confines of both New York and Harlem. She treated me as a distinguished stranger, and ended by inviting me to call. Unsuspecting Miss Raggles! Her mother had apparently gone hours before. In the Slater set they managed things in this way.

I wonder when I am to be paid.

JANUARY 22.—I have discovered where I have seen Mr. Slater before. I stopped at Stewart's yesterday to buy some gloves (I was paid the morning after the Slater party), and as I walked down the shop one of the individuals popularly known as "walkers" approached me.

"What do you desire, sir?" I heard a pompous voice say. "Where may I direct you?"

"Gloves," I said, mechanically.

"Third section on the right hand, Fourth Avenue side, sir."

I looked at my guide, as a familiar tone struck my ear. It was Mr. Slater. At the same instant he recognized me. A moment before we had been independent human beings—at the next our consciousness of the mutual knowledge we possessed of each other destroyed our comfort. Mr. Slater walked away in one direction and I in another. Still, it was a comfort to know where I had seen him before.

JANUARY 27.—I find that a whole week has elapsed since I have written anything in my journal. The truth is, I have been too miserable. This occupation is degrading. Everywhere I go some fresh humiliation awaits me. The very servants look on me with suspicion. At one place the butler followed me around all the evening as if I were a thief. I don't think any one noticed it, yet I could not rid myself of the feeling that Morton, who happened to be there, looked at me suspiciously once or twice. Suppose he were to discover everything and tell it to the club! It is too hideous to be thought of.

At another house, where I had been obliged to sing comic songs and make a buffoon of myself for two hours, my host—an enormously rich and illiterate person—presented me with a check for twenty-five dollars as I left the house. I returned it indignantly, but he pressed it into my hand, saying, heartily:

"I ain't goin' to take it back, so you may as well keep it. You done first-rate this evening—first-rate! 'Taint charity, but because what you done is worth more than fifteen dollars by a long shot; and when I have pleasure, I expect to pay for it, like I do for everything else."

To avoid a scene, I had to keep the money. I am certainly richer than I was. I have been able, by my honest exertions, to supply myself with the luxuries without which I can not exist; and when my present income is doubled I shall be able to pay something on account for my board bill here, and settle some of my other bills. The question that now troubles me is, are they *honest* exertions?

Since the evening at Mr. Griddle's (the rich manufacturer who gave me the check) I have been to several places, at all of which, among others that I knew, I saw Morton. His manner is becoming most unpleasant. He said to me the other night, with that sardonic grin of his:

"You're getting to be quite a society man, Valentine. Never used to see you about so much. It's always been my way, but it's something new for you."

I felt sure he suspected something. Another time he said:

"By-the-way, I thought you were going out of town to live? As you seem to have changed your mind, I suppose it is all right about the Amsterdam?"

I would not dare to join a club now. I stammered out something about talking it over another time, and left the room. I begin to hate him. He suspects the truth, and knows that I am in his power, and enjoys it.

FEBRUARY 4.—Added to the mortifications I am exposed to, the feeling that I am a sham grows on me. I impose on every one wherever I go. This thought has robbed me of my peace of mind. However poor I was before I had nothing to be ashamed of. Now I am a man with a *Secret*.

FEBRUARY 5.—I have realized this too late. Last night I was sent for to fill a place at a dinner table where fourteen had been expected, and at the last minute one had failed. Mr. Courtland, the gentleman at whose house the dinner was given, treated me politely before his guests, yet with him I felt all the odium of my position. I was there as a convenience, and nothing else. My relation to him was purely a business one. The house was on Washington Square, and was old-fashioned but magnificent. The dining-room was hung with tapestry, and we sat around the dinner table in carved arm-chairs. I made a pretense of talking to the old lady whom I took into dinner, and whom I had met before, but in reality my attention was absorbed by a beautiful young girl who sat opposite to me. She had dark hair, brilliant coloring, and deep-set brown eyes. She wore an oddly old-fashioned gown of yellow satin, cut square in the neck. I found that she was Mr. Courtland's niece and heiress, and lived with him. He was a widower without any children. After dinner, when the men went into the drawing-room, I determined to leave. Mr. Courtland's manner was too much for my self-respect. Miss Courtland stood by the piano, and every one was begging her to sing.

"My music has gone to be bound," she said, "and I can not sing without it."

Her uncle would not accept this refusal, and produced a portfolio of old music. His niece selected a duet for soprano and tenor, and said that she would sing if any one would take the tenor; she stood with the music in her hand, looking dubiously at the circle of men around her. Not one could sing. Mrs. Delancey, my companion at the dinner table, looked at me.

"Mr. Valentine sings, Helen. I am sure he will be happy to sing with you."

Miss Courtland turned to me with a smile that was positively bewildering. "Will you sing this duet with me, Mr. Valentine?"

Mr. Courtland flashed a furious glance at me, which said: "Don't dare to sing with my niece." Of all my humiliations this stung me the most. Mr. Courtland, however seemed to regret having shown so much feeling, for his manner changed.

"Come, come, oblige us by singing, Mr. Valentine," he said, stiffly.

Of course I sang, although I was tempted to refuse and leave the house instead. How could I refuse Miss Courtland? Her voice was exquisite—sympathetic. It made me feel as though I could confide in her. What if I should! Yes, and be cut the next time we met. I felt painfully the chasm that divided us, gentle and cordial as she was, and left as soon as the song was over. I wonder whether I shall see her again!

FEBRUARY 13.—I have been out several times this week, and twice have met Miss Courtland. Her uncle never goes out, and Mrs. Delancey chaperons her. She always seems glad to see me, and certainly has the most charming manners. Never mind the fact of my being a whited sepulchre. Let me enjoy the goods the gods have sent me. That confounded Morton! he is always at Miss Courtland's elbow, and when he succeeds in engaging her to dance before I do, he looks at me with his insolent smile.

FEBRUARY 15.—Morton's malice is unspeakable. Feeling convinced as I do that he suspects my *secret*, it is positive torture to see him talk to Miss Courtland as he did last night. He evidently spoke of me, and she listened to him, looking at me meanwhile with a surprised expression. That man has me in his power.

FEBRUARY 20.—I feel that it is unprincipled to send Miss Courtland flowers, for two reasons—first, because I can not do it and pay my bills as well; secondly, because it adds to my deception in making a friend of her, and yet I can not resist the temptation to show her my admiration.

FEBRUARY 21.—Matters are coming to a climax. Last night Miss Courtland said, with a dignified sweetness that was irresistible: "Mr. Valentine, I have noticed that you have never been to see me. I have not asked you, because I supposed you would feel at liberty to come after having dined with my uncle."

"I assure you, Miss Courtland, I said, "I should of course have done so, but the truth is I have had a slight misunderstanding with your uncle, and I do not feel that I can go to his house."

Of course I added a lie to the rest of my duplicity. Her face was lighted with a charming smile. "That is no reason for not coming: you owe my uncle a call at all events. I will be at home to-morrow—no, Thursday afternoon. Come in about five o'clock, and I will give you a cup of tea. My uncle is never at home until six o'clock, and when he does come in, never sees visitors. Even if you do meet him, it will be a good opportunity to make your peace with him."

In a kind of dream I recklessly consented.

Morton came pushing up at that moment. "By the way, Miss Courtland," he said, "will you be at home Thursday afternoon? If so, with your permission, I will call upon you."

Of course he had overheard me, and wished to irritate me. Fortunately some one spoke to Miss Courtland at that moment, and she turned away without having heard Morton. For once my anger flamed out. I caught him by the arm, and held it like a vise.

"Be careful," I said, between my teeth. "This sort of thing may go too far."

He gave me a furious look, and shaking me off, left the room.

FEBRUARY 22, 2 A. M.—My brain is reeling. My world is upside down. There is no use in trying to sleep. I will write down what has happened. It may calm me. This evening when I entered the house where I was to entertain others at the expense of my self-respect I found I was before the time. The rooms were empty, with the exception of my hostess, a very old lady, who held a formidable parti-trimmed fan in her hand. Preceding me down the brightly lighted room was a gentleman. There was something unpleasantly familiar in the cut of his coat and the carriage of his head. It was my evil genius, Morton. I made up my mind to wait until some one else came, before going in. As I stood in the background this scene was enacted before me: Morton bowed. The old lady looked blankly at him.

"I am Mr. Morton, madam," said he.

She continued to stare at him, and then held out her trumpet. Morton took it and repeated his words into its depths.

"Horton?" she said, interrogatively.

"Morton," he called.

"O, yes, Lawton—Mr. Lawton."

"Morton!" he fairly shouted.

"O yes," she said, intelligence breaking over her face. "Morton.—Mr. Morton, from the Globe office. Where's the other? There were to have been two. Just take care of yourself, please, for a moment. I have to go and see about something."

She tottered out of the room, and Morton, turning, confronted me. He saw that I had overheard all. Before I could speak he came toward me with an air of desperation.

"For heaven's sake don't betray me, Valentine, now that you know my secret," he exclaimed. "I have felt from the first that you suspected—that I was in your power. I throw myself on your mercy. In your safe and prosperous condition you don't know—you can't know—what a frightful position I am in."

My face must have changed in some ghastly manner as he spoke, for he stopped and looked at me with deepening consternation.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked.

I saw my mistake and tried to look unconcerned, but at that moment the old lady came back into the room.

"O, there's the other," she said, as she saw me. "His name's Valentine, so that's all right."

Several people came into the room and she went forward to greet them. Morton looked at me in dazed silence for a minute; then he seemed to master his astonishment by a mighty effort.

"So," he said, huskily, "we are quits. I am in your power, but you are equally in mine. Be careful how you interfere with me."

We did not speak again together during the evening. What is to be the end of this? To-morrow I go to see Miss Courtland, and I have made up my mind to confess everything. Perhaps she will think no worse of me. The queen still loved Ruy Blas after she found he was a lackey.

What nonsense am I dreaming of?

FEBRUARY 23.—The game is up. I went this afternoon to Mr. Courtland's house, and found Miss Courtland at home, alone. She was in a little room, with the firelight flickering on her beautiful face. She saw that I was constrained and anxious, and at once asked me the reason. Something in her kind manner broke down my composure.

"Miss Courtland," I said, "how would you feel if I were to confess that I have been deceiving you—that I am not what I seem to be?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, anxiously.

"Tell me first," I said, "that whatever I tell you, you will still be my friend, and will believe me when I say that I have not wished to deceive you—that I have bitterly regretted it."

She looked at me with a frank smile. "You may depend upon me."

In a few words I told her everything from the time of my going to the Globe office up to that moment. She listened gravely; then she turned to me again with a smile:

"You have told me nothing dishonorable (although you can surely find something better to do), and I will still be your friend. I am glad you told me, for Mr. Morton said some things about you last night that made me fear——"

This was too hard, and I interrupted her.

"Morton?" I said. "Morton is the last person to dare to say anything against me."

Here I checked myself, but Miss Courtland's curiosity was aroused.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I will not talk of Morton; it is enough that you are still my friend."

"Certainly I am," she said.

She held out her hand as she spoke, and I took it and raised it to my lips. At the same moment two people entered the room by different doors. One was was Mr. Courtland; the other, Morton. Mr. Courtland seemed stupefied with astonishment, for he stood motionless, but Morton strode toward me.

"How dare you!" he gasped. "I will expose you."

His audacity was too much for my self-control.

"Morton," I said, in a low tone, "as your position is the same as mine, I warn you to be careful of what you say."

I spoke louder than I intended, and Miss Courtland heard my words. She gave Morton a keen look.

"Ah! now I understand," she exclaimed, as if involuntarily.

As she said his Morton became very white, and muttered something about a broken engagement, with a hasty good-by to Mr. Courtland, left the room. He had gone a step too far at last. Mr. Courtland had by this time recovered from his astonishment.

"What do you mean by this astounding impertinence?" he exclaimed, coming toward me. He turned to his niece: "Helen, do you know on what terms this man first came here? I hired him—hired him from the Globe Employment Bureau to fill an empty place at my dinner table. I did not warn you against him, for I thought you would not meet him again. I trusted also to his sense of decency, but I was mistaken. Your honesty was guaranteed, sir. You have not taken my silver, but you have done worse. This shall be reported to the Globe Employment Bureau immediately. First leave this house. I shall go at once to the Globe office."

He paused for an instant.

"My dear uncle," said Miss Courtland, quietly, "Mr. Valentine has just told me all this himself. He only came here because I asked him to come."

Mr. Courtland would not listen to any explanations, but only repeated his assertion that he would report me at the Globe office. There was nothing for me to do but to go.

I gave Miss Courtland one look of gratitude then I left the house. I have but two consolations; one that Miss Courtland still trusts me; the other, that Morton is as badly off as I am—rather worse.

My dismissal from the Globe office has just come. It is a relief to be free from this bondage, but I am as much in debt as usual, and what am I to do in the future!

FEBRUARY 24.—A light is beginning to break on my dark horizon. I have just received a note from Miss Courtland telling me that her uncle has been pacified by her explanations; that as I am no longer in the employ of the Globe, I am at liberty to come to his house; and that she is sure I will find something better to do in the future.

I can't help thinking of Ruy Blas and the queen again. I feel like Ruy Blas come back to life, and *my* queen is not married.—*Margaret Floyd, in Harper's Magazine.*

Partial to Surgeons.

For the second time during the reign of William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, the highest honor to which a Prussian state official can aspire has been conferred upon a medical man. By the venerable monarch's special decree Dr. Von Langenbeck, the eminent pathologist and surgeon, has been raised to the rank of actual Privy Councillor, with the title of Excellency. The Emperor's body doctor, Lauer, is the only other disciple of Galen in Prussia possessed of this supreme distinction, which, by the way, was bestowed upon him by his Majesty on the sovereign's eightieth birthday, in fulfillment of a jesting promise made ten years previously. During the customary birthday reception of the court and household on the 22d of March, 1867, William I., who had that morning completed his tale of threescore years and ten, singled out Dr. Lauer from the circle of state officials gathered round him, and shook hands with him, observing, jocularly: "Well, Lauer, if you manage to get me as far as eighty, this day ten years I'll make you an excellent present!" Sure enough, a decade later, on the Emperor's natal day, Dr. Lauer received his diploma as Privy Councillor and "Excellency," accompanied by a draft on his Majesty's private bankers for the Prussian equivalent of 7,000 guineas, his valedictory fee as "body surgeon to the Emperor and King."—*London Telegraph.*

An Ailing Prince.

Prince Leopold is known to suffer from constitutional weakness, with liability to hemorrhage—hematophilia. Of this malady he has recently had an attack. Hematophilia ten years ago had no place in the College of Physicians' "Nomenclature of Diseases." The malady is interesting for several features other than the tendency to spontaneous hemorrhage, or to bleeding from slight traumatic causes; such, for example, as the great proclivity to painful swelling of the joints, dependent or not upon injury, the fact of the morbid condition being in many cases congenital, and its transmission hereditary to males especially. All these points have been fully dealt with by writers, but it may be useful to say a few words about them again here. The joint affection was well illustrated in a case communicated to the Clinical Society by Sir William Jenner during his presidency. Sir William, in the course of his remarks on the case, spoke of the joint affection in hematophilia as being of three varieties—viz., a spontaneous swelling, with tenderness, and but little effusion; large effusion, with or without hemorrhage; and serious effusion simply, this last being the rarest. The occurrence of blood in the cavity of the joint does not appear always to be related to traumatism, but the great liability to severe joint affection following slight injuries accords with the similar proneness to cutaneous hemorrhage. As to the nature of this remarkable condition, everything points to its being dependent on some congenital defect in the vascular system, not necessarily inherited, but at the same time most liable to be transmitted by inheritance when once it appears. Such observations as have been made on the blood do not show much marked alteration in its constitution. Sir William Jenner, speaking on the occasion to which we refer, seems to have thought the blood was slow in coagulating, but this alone cannot explain the liability of hemorrhage. Another fact, also alluded to by Sir William Jenner, is that the bleedings occur often when the patient is most healthy, and he believed that in these subjects blood is formed rapidly, and there is a tendency to plethora of the smaller vessels. The most important fact of all, however, is that which concerns heredity in this disease. In its proneness to be transmitted by inheritance hematophilia occupies a foremost place, and this fact of itself seems to show that its nature is rather a defect or abnormality in development than an actual morbid process. It may be hoped that the present indisposition of the Duke of Albany is not of serious character, and that his Royal Highness will make a good recovery; but it is abundantly evident that the avoidance of any considerable exertion must be continued for some time to come, and the Duke will need to regard himself as an invalid. The state of his Royal Highness' health clearly necessitates more than ordinary caution in the expenditure of strength. The care which the Duke of Albany is receiving from those about him is likely to carry him through the present trouble, and such self-restraint as he must be enjoined to practice rigorously in the future will, it is hoped, be successful in preserving a life which, like that of every other member of the reigning family, is dear to the heart of a loyal people.—*The Lancet.*

Homely and Fat Women at Saratoga.

An hour of silence at a morning concert drew forth the statement that "if they had gone round and offered prizes they could not have gotten more homely women together," and a happier man would be forced to the same conclusion. One may reason it around that the proportion of the ill-favored is not so much greater here than elsewhere, but the homely women dress so strikingly, and make such a parade of themselves that it is impossible for them to escape notice. An ugly girl in a cheap and ill-fitting frock goes by without notice on a city street, but an ugly girl at Saratoga is "dressed to kill," as the maids say, and accents all her deficiencies. A pale terra cotta satin dress is a thing of beauty in itself, and if covered with ruffles of snowy Oriental lace, is a dream in dry goods; but it can be rendered hateful to the eye when worn by a girl with faded eyes, freckled face and hair "the color of the sun in a fog." The homely woman here surpasses all outside rivals by the dead weight of their ugliness, and each hundred pounds of them make the sight so much more aggravating. In no other place can one see so many shapeless and shaking mountains of flesh girded in to a caricature outline of a Paris dress, and these fat women parade the porches and sweep through the parlors as complacently as any of their bony rivals. They come ostensibly to drink of the waters, which are supposed to reduce the bulk and relieve what the handbooks of the Springs call "engorged circulation;" but the uncharitable might suppose that they came here solely to show themselves. The observing male critic above quoted has divided off the three great hotels by their specialties—the United States as the home of the millionaires, Congress Hall as the camp of the Israelites, and the Grand Union as the great three-ringed side show of fat women. The vast hotel built by A. T. Stewart and controlled now by Judge Hilton, cast out the Jews but keeps the Gentile mammoths, and there are women here whose mountainous figures outdo anything that a showman ever got hold of. They make their way down the crimson drawing room with a rolling, midshipman's gait, their cheeks and their double and quadruple chins trembling as they go, and so great is their number, and so common the sight, that only the newly arrived wonder at or take note of them. The humorous quibble comes up as to whether a man who married a fragile creature of ninety pounds avoirdupois is legally bound to the other 200 pounds of a woman that he may now find claiming his name. A matron weighing 150 pounds is a Sarah Bernhardt among her companions here, and even a figure 200 is not much regarded; while 300 and 400 pounds are not an unusual sight.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—English courts have lately been turned into singing exhibitions. In a trial for disturbance of a religious meeting by bad singing, the witnesses were called upon to give examples of the vocalization; and in a case relating to an alleged infringement of a copy-right of a song, the two airs were sung to the jury.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—It is said that more new churches have been built in Washington Territory since January 1, 1881, than the previous five years.

—California has a school population of 215,522, and has just distributed among her counties an apportionment of $331,059.10.

—The interest in teachers' institutes in the South is daily increasing. Texas is holding eighteen of these institutes this year, greatly to the advantage of her teachers.

—No text books in arithmetic and geography are put into the hands of pupils during their first three years in primary schools of New Haven. The oral method is chiefly used. The result is said to be encouraging.

—According to Missionary Butler, of China, as Buddhism has no Heaven for women, the Chinese damsels labor with might and main to lay up merits that they may prevail with the judges of the lower world to let them be born again as men, so that they may have a chance to get there.

—The Southern Methodist Church in Illinois has been extended into nearly half the counties of the State. It has four districts lying in the central and southern parts, extending all the way across the State east and west. The southern part of the State is mostly settled by people from the South.—*The Interior.*

—All the teachers in the public schools of Pittsburgh are in arms against what they consider an outrageous imposition. The *Educational Review*, of that city, has heretofore been published by the Teachers' Institute, and the teachers were assessed a certain sum each for its support. At present the publication is issued by a private concern and an attempt is made to still inforce the assessment. The teachers object.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The Vermont State authorities have recently received from the executor of the will of the late Aroonah Huntington, of Brantford, Canada, an approximate statement of the amount and nature of the personal estate of the deceased benefactor, who bequeathed his entire property valued at $465,000 to his native State of Vermont for educational purposes. The will was contested by the heirs of Mr. Huntington.

—At one time the beloved pastor in the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts, to eke out his salary, had his people give him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better-half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliaments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Do you buy your music by the roll?" inquired a young lady of the Deacon's daughter. "O, no," she replied: "I always wait until Sunday and then I get it by the choir."

—A New Jersey fortune teller prophesied that something terrible would happen to a man on his thirtieth birth-day. And sure enough, on the day specified a fife and drum corps rented a room directly opposite the man's residence, and practiced three hours in one inning.

—On the crowded sidewalk: Indignant Female—"Sir, I would feel obliged to you if you would keep that umbrella of yours to yourself and not poke me with it again!" Insolent Wretch—"I ma'am! Yes, ma'am! I didn't mean to do it! I a'nt the prod-a-gal son, ma'am!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Extract from a letter written by one of the pupils at a young ladies' boarding school in Massachusetts to her father: "And lastly, dear pa, I must tell you that the young fellows in this neighborhood use bear's grease on their hair to such an extent that all the girls wear oil silk capes. I wish you would tell ma to buy me one as soon as she can."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Waiter at a hotel table to Alderman O'Houlihan—"What will you have for dessert, sir—pie or a 'floating island?'" Wife of his defeated rival for aldermanic honors, who is seated at an adjacent table, *sotto voce*—"Humph, 'floatin' oisland,' indade! Faith, thin, it's Blackwell's he'd be at this blessid day, iv he got his roight disarts."—*The Judge.*

—Oscar Wilde says the people all over the South sang in his ears the old melancholy refrain: "You ought to have seen it before the war." "I was once sitting on the portico of a country house," he said, "with a young lady, admiring the beauty of a limpid stream under the rays of the moon, and I said to the young lady: 'How beautiful is the moonlight falling on the water!' 'It is beautiful, indeed,' she replied, 'but ah! Mr. Wilde, you ought to have seen it before the war.'"—*Christian at Work.*

—"Will you please pass the Shem?" asked a quiet man, at the lunch counter. "Haven't any!" squealed the girl in attendance. "Some Japhet?" queried the quiet man again. "Don't keep it! squeaked the damsel. "I say," chipped in a curious passenger: "What do you mean by Shem and Japhet?" "Nothing," responded the little man, dolefully, "only the Ham is so old and musty that I thought the rest of the tribe might be around here somewhere, and I'd like to see 'em."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Husband's Christmas Present.

A gentleman sauntered into a large dry-goods store in the city of L—— a few days before Christmas, and remarked casually to the attentive clerk: "I want something for a Christmas present for my wife. What have you got?"

The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied.

At last he asked, "Have you cotton cloth?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I need some new shirts. How much cloth does it take for a shirt?"

"About four yards."

"Well, let's see. I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty-two. I'll take thirty-two yards.

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can be better imagined than described.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MAKE BELIEVE.

I have been to a party out under the trees,
A queer little party, it was just "make believe;"
I thought myself young though I'm really a mother,
My girls were my sister, my own boy my brother.

We sat on the green grass, our table was stone,
Oyster shells were our plates, the knives for each one
Were the keys of the maple, our forks were cleft sticks,
Our napkins were leaves—on the table were six.

The first course was water, "make believe" made it soup;
We pretended to taste, and each one of the group
Called it nice; next was brought on the plain-lean leaf platter
A fish from a milkweed, no fish could be fatter.

Some tars from a hazel-bush, saved since last spring,
Were sausage complete; with these they did bring
For potatoes some peas—they were not very soft:
Our butter, a daisy with petals plucked off.

From mallows came cheeses, for dessert some pie
Of the children's own make; no money could buy
A cake more inviting—to look at, at least—
Than the cake which was passed near the end of the feast.

I looked at some paintings when dinner was done;
A whole sheet of paper had been stained by each one
With crushed petals of flowers and the leaves of the trees.
So ended our party; it was just "make believe."

—*A. S. Parker, in Christian Union.*

OLD AND RARE BIBLES.

The Prices They Bring in America and Europe—The Most Valuable Bible in the World.

The sale of old and rare Bibles forms an important branch of the second-hand book trade in New York. Bibles of an early date, or of which small editions only have been published, are eagerly sought after, and for good copies high prices are occasionally paid. The demand, of course, fluctuates from time to time, but certain books meet at all times with a ready sale, and American houses find the trade lucrative enough to employ European agents and to send buyers to Europe at certain periods for the special purpose of searching out old and curious Bibles. The majority of the Bibles which appear in the market through American channels are of little value. The uninitiated are likely to attach great value to mere age; whereas unless an old book possesses peculiarities of text or is a bibliographical rarity it is almost worthless.

From information gathered by a *World* reporter on the subject it appears that the Bibles most in demand are the "Vinegar," "Breeches," "Presbyterian," and Douai versions. Of the first named there are probably twenty copies in America. The version takes its name from the substitution of the word "vinegar" for "vineyard" in the twentieth chapter of Matthew. It was published in two volumes by Bassett, of London, in 1717, and there are perhaps a hundred copies extant. It is embellished with a frontispiece and vignettes by Von der Gricht. A fine copy has been sold in England for as much as twenty guineas, though a fair one could be bought here for seventy-five dollars. Two impressions were taken on vellum, one of which is in the British Museum and the other in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The "Breeches" Bible is so called from the use of the word "breeches" in place of "aprons" in Genesis iii., 7. The Breeches Bible was printed in 1560 at Geneva by Rowland Hall, and went through fifty editions within thirty years. It is common in America, but perfect specimens are hard toget. Copies have been sold in New York at from ten to twenty dollars. The "Presbyterian" Bible is found in the American market from time to time. It is a King James version, and was published by Buck & Daniel of Cambridge, in 1638. The substitution of the word "ye" for "we" in Acts vi, 3, materially alters the import of the text. The error was, without foundation, imputed to the Presbyterians, hence the name of the book. Copies may be bought for thirty dollars each. The number extant is unknown. Copies of the version printed by John Costurier at Douai in 1635, are numerous, and are sold at low prices.

There are innumerable other versions of the Bible which attract purchasers on account of their containing typographical or other errors. During the Commonwealth in England the press was prolific of Bibles, which were not remarkable for accuracy of text. Dr. Cotton, the famous bibliophile, stigmatized the Bibles of the Protectorate as "filled with egregious blasphemies and damnable errata." It is well known that a Bible formed part of the equipment of each of Cromwell's Ironsides. "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," published in London in 1643, and reprinted at Cambridge, Mass., in 1861, has on the title page the characteristic sentence: "Trust in the Lord and keep the powder dry." Copies of the reprint are valued at $4 to $5. Of the originals two only are said to be in existence. One of them is at the British Museum and the other formed part of the collection of the late Mr. George Livermore. Mr. Sotheran, the London publisher, reproduced in 1862 the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" in fac simile. Five copies were printed on vellum, one of which was sold at the Menzies sale in New York for $17.

The first Bible printed in a foreign language in America was the German version issued at Germantown, Pa., in 1743. It is becoming rather valuable, a copy having been sold at the Brindley sale in April of last year for $350. The volume is a thick, clumsy quarto. The Elliott Indian Bible, printed in one of the dialects of the North American Indians, is a great curiosity. It was published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1663, by Samuel Green and Marmiduke Johnson. It is believed that no person living can understand the language in which it was written. The best known copy was originally in possession of Mr. John Allen, the sale of whose library caused such a stir in bibliographical circles in New York. It brought $900. A copy now would be worth $1,000 to $1,500. A second edition was printed at Cambridge in 1685, and a copy disposed of at the Brindley sale sold for $500.

The first book printed in America was that published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1629, and known as the "Bay Psalm Book." In a Bible printed at the same town in 1653 two important errors were made which are said to have been intentional tricks on the part of the irreverent compositor. The substitution of "right-eousness" for "unrighteousness" in Romans, vi., 13, gives a ludicrous turn to the verse. In I. Corinthians, vi., 9, the omission of the word "not" promises the inheritance of heaven to the unrighteous.

There is on view at Messrs. Leavitt's, the book auctioneers, a "Bible of the Sword," printed in 1535 at Neuchatel, Switzerland, by Peter de Wingle. This book, issued at the instance of the Waldenses, was published under the personal supervision of Calvin and Olivetan, his coadjutor. It takes its name from the emblem of the printer on the title-page. Mr. Peter Cooper and Prof. J. A. Weisse are said to possess copies, which are rare and valuable. The Messrs. Leavitt also show a copy of one of the first printed editions of the Scriptures, which was published in Latin at Nuremberg by Anthony Coberger in 1475. The capitals are illuminated by hand. The volume is bound in vellum on oak panels, the covering stamped with religious designs. It was bought at Frankfort last summer. There are copies in America of Beza's Geneva Bible (1660), the first printed in Roman characters instead of in black letter. It is curious to note that the first book ever stereotyped was the New Testament in Syriac, and that the first book published by subscription was a Polyglot Bible in six volumes, edited by J. Walton, and dated London, 1657.

Original copies of the King James version are occasionally sold in America. Mr. John Carter Brown, of Providence, R. I., purchased for £40 at Sir William Tite's sale in London in 1874 an imperfect volume of Tyndall's translation of the Pentatench. At the same sale Coverdale's "English Translation of the Holy Scriptures," in black letter, sold for £750, and a Breeches Bible brought £27. Mr. Brown was formerly proprietor of the four great national Polyglot Bibles—the Complutensian (1514-17), the Paris Polyglot (ten folio volumes, large paper edition), the Antwerp Polyglot (six volumes), and Walton's Polyglot, with "Castell's Lexicon" (eight volumes folio). An interesting work to bibliographers is the "Great" or Cromwell's Bible, which bears the arms of Thomas, Lord Cromwell, on the title-page. It was begun by Gratton and Whitchurch in Paris in 1538 and finished in London in 1539. The titles were designed by Hans Holbein. Imperfect copies only of the black-letter edition of Tyndall and Coverdale's Dutch and Latin translation, printed in double columns, with wood-cuts by Hans Giebald Beham, are in existence in America. A moderately good specimen is valued at from $750 to $1,000.

Fabulous prices are on occasion paid for scarce books. The highest sum recorded as having been given for a Bible was that paid for a "Mazarin" copy at the Perkins sale in London in 1873—£3,400. Two leaves were in fac simile. Mr. Perkins had bought it in 1825 for £561. The highest figure ever realized in America was for a two-volume copy of the same edition, which Messrs. Leavitt sold recently for $8,000. Mr. Hamilton Cole, an amateur collector, was the purchaser. For the Sykes copy of the same book £2,690 was paid in 1873. A specimen is at the Lenox Library. The Mazarin Bible in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris is the most valuable copy of the Scriptures in the world. This version is called also the "Guttenberg," having been the first printed with movable types. It is printed in double columns in two volumes. De Brue, the great French bibliographer, discovered it in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, whose name the edition has since bore. There are only eleven copies known to exist, and none of these is perfect. At the Menzies sale in New York, $15.50 was paid for two leaves of Faust & Shaeffer's 1472 version.

An industry which is prosecuted with success and has received great impetus of late years is the purchase of biblical and other works for the sake of their plates, the books being torn up and their cuts used for illustrating valuable copies of the Bible. The idea may be said to have been first carried into effect in the publication of Granger's "History of England" in 1769-74, of which work twenty sets were struck off on Atlas paper, space being left for the insertion of illustrations. Old Bibles, which are not rare, derive their value from the use to which their plates may be put. Mr. Wright, from the firm of John Wiley's Sons, has constructed some valuable books in this manner. The famous "ten thousand dollar" Bible contains about 60,000 illustrations, most of which have been inserted. A London bookseller named Brown spent about thirty years of his life in collecting engravings for this book from all conceivable sources. It is a Kitto's (1837) Bible, chosen on account of possessing a greater number of illustrations than any other Bible. Mr. J. W. Bouton, the New York bookseller, valued it at $10,000, some years ago. It is now in a private library at Oswego, N. Y.

Manuscript Bibles are valued at much higher prices generally than most of the early printed editions. A rare volume is the "Biblia Pauperum," written and illuminated by hand, of which there were five editions of some twenty volumes issued. It receives its name from the fact of its having been the only copy of the Scriptures within the reach of poor people. The few copies now extant are in very bad condition, but are worth thousands of dollars each. Temperley accounts for the destruction of this book by the great wear and tear to which it was subjected. A reprinted copy by John Russell Smith, of London, brought $10.50 at the Menzies sale. A copy of a German manuscript missal of about 1350 is in possession of Messrs. Wiley. Vellum is the material used and the illuminations are superb. The volume is a huge folio, its covers being of very thick leather bound in brass and studded with immense brass bosses. The missals of the date of the introduction of printing offer a curious commentary on human nature. Spurious works, without number were issued from the press, illuminated and touched by hand so as to represent closely the manuscript volume. Mr. Sotheran possesses a missal of this description, printed in Paris about the year 1450 by Germain Hardouin, who is said to have produced a number of such forgeries.—*N. Y. World.*

An Unwilling Bridegroom.

Hoboken has a sensation, and with it is revived some of the facts concerning an atrocious murder. The wife of Theodore Scherer, the keeper of a hotel on Christopher Street, near West, in this city, was an important witness at the trial of Martin Kinkowski, the murderer of Mina Muller. Her husband, in whose house the trunks were found, was too ill to attend. Scherer died shortly after the conviction. His widow was the widow of Mr. Bein, to whom she was united about three years ago. After her second husband's demise she fell desperately in love with Charles Parker, a handsome young fellow, and a favorite in Hoboken society. The widow is not yet thirty-five, and still possesses some beauty. Parker apparently reciprocated the affection, and became a regular visitor at her hotel. He finally persuaded her to move to Hoboken that she might be nearer to him, and she willingly disposed of her property, and, with a snug sum of money—about $15,000—engaged rooms in a fashionable boarding-house on Park Avenue. She herself tells the rest of the story. She says about March 1 she and Parker agreed to be married; but he, according to her statement, was not disposed to wed her until he was in business and would in no wise be dependent upon her bounty. This pleased the widow, and she was willing to wait. Shortly after this Parker informed her of a brilliant opportunity to make a fortune. It was the purchase of a glass-lettering establishment at No. 42 Chambers Street, this city. She was ready to aid him in making the purchase, and advanced him $1,000, but being a shrewd woman she loaned the amount with the understanding that he was to have the business assigned to her. Several smaller loans were obtained, raising her lover's indebtedness to $1,700.

She tarried long and many dates were assigned for the marriage, but when they arrived he would give some plausible reason why the ceremony ought to be still further delayed. She finally grew impatient, as his visits become less frequent. She made inquiry, and ascertaining that he had not had the business he purchased assigned to her she made this the basis of an action to bring him to terms. On Saturday last she applied to Justice Rusch, of Hoboken, for a warrant, alleging that Parker had obtained money from her under false pretenses. In court the widow was willing to withdraw the complaint if the alleged lover would have the justice unite them in marriage. This was the shortest way out of the trouble and he accepted her proposition. The bride came up smiling, but the bridegroom looked glum and requested the justice to "cut it short." The bride, when she gave her age to the justice, drew from the other high contracting party the ungallant remark: "Well, you're old enough to be married, that's sure." This incensed her, and she said that she would not wed him and insisted upon pressing the charge. This frightened Parker. He was defiant, however, until the justice commenced filling up the commitment, when he approached the bride. There was a reconciliation, and they were made man and wife. They, with the justice and others who were assembled in the court, adjourned to a neighboring restaurant and partook of the wedding feast. —*N. Y. Herald.*

Disobedient Parents.

Some years ago Lucius Woodworth, of Omaha, was in the wagon business, and desired to sell William H. Root's father a buggy. He didn't know how he could work it without outside help, so he asked William to start in with him, and said he wouldn't mind a five dollar note if the scheme worked all right.

William made the effort, but failed, and went to Mr. Woodworth to tell him about it.

"I've tried the old gent a little, Mr. Woodworth," said he, "but I don't seem to get ahead much. I'm afraid that I haven't that influence with my father that I used to have. I don't know whether it is because he has lost faith in my judgment or not. Anyhow I didn't seem to catch on as I had hoped I would."

"Well" said Lucius Woodworth, "the trouble is, that as a matter of fact your father is getting so old and trifling Billy, that I don't beleive you will be able to manage him much longer. It's a bad state of affairs when a father goes beyond the control of his son. I had a father once who got that way. I did all I could to win him back to obedience and success, but he mocked my endeavors and filled an early grave at the age of ninety-one years. If he had availed himself of my ripe advice he might have lived to bless his son instead of making his life a miserable failure.

"You will see Billy that your father will be just that way. He will gradually pay less and less attention to your warning and advice till bye and bye he wont care a continental for a word you say."
—*Nye's Boomerang.*

The New Mozart.

The son of David Neal, the famous American painter, who lives in Munich, at the age of nine years exhibited the most marvelous musical powers, and heard his own compositions played by the band of the famous Prince Royal regiment. He was lifted above the heads of people and musicians to receive the applause and their recognitions as a composer. The new Mozart they call him. He is now eleven years old, and is all the time composing. He improvised on the piano while he wore bibs. In one of his letters at Christmas to the "Christkind," he mentioned but one gift, and that the most involved and learned volume of essays on composition. For days after receiving it he was up at five o'clock in the morning devouring its pages. Strauss has been to see him, taken him in his arms and shed some tears over him.

—It is estimated that the teeth undergo as many as ten changes of temperature in twenty-four hours, and the wonder is that anybody over fifteen years old has anything left to chew with.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Dr. Hall says that American feet are growing smaller. In 1800 the average size of men's wear was a No. 10 boot. Now it is a No. 8.

Why Patti Gets Two Hundred Guineas.

A Dutch farmer, who suffered from pain in his side which no advice could cure, was advised as a last hope to try and get at the famous Boerhave, who would help him if human help was possible. The farmer, a wealthy man, put his big diamond ring on his fore finger, put his high hat, reserved for solemn occasions only, on his head, and off he went to the great doctor. Rather stupefied with the number of people who had come with the same idea as he had—namely, to consult the doctor—and whom he considered as intruders, he had to wait his turn till he was summoned into the presence of the great man, who seemed to take very little notice of his silver buttons and diamond ring.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the doctor. "I have a great pain in my side," replied the patient, "and nobody can help me." "How old are you?" "Fifty-two." "Have you got two golden guineas in your pocket?" Certainly, and more." "I don't want to know that; put down your two guineas on the table—that is my fee." The farmer having submitted to the inevitable, the doctor went on to ask: "Now tell me exactly, where is the precise spot where this pain bothers you?" "Here, just above the thigh." "When does the pain mostly inconvenience you?" "At no fixed time, but the moment I touch it in the slightest way, it seems a stinging pain all over me." "Does it prevent your sleeping?" "No, I sleep very soundly." "How is your appetite?" "First rate." "And when you walk several hours does it inconvenience you?" "No, not that I know of." "But when you touch it with your hand or otherwise, it hurts you!" "It does most decidedly." "Well then, this is what you must do—you must not touch it!"

You may think this very funny, and perhaps unfair to have to pay two guineas for such advice. Yet it is evident that a number of physicians would have given much less logical advice, and would have hesitated to show this man that he was, what so many people are, a *malade imaginaire*. But the man went away, told the story to everybody, was laughed at, but he never complained again. He was cured of his mania. I have often heard people express surprise that Madame Patti should be paid two hundred guineas for singing two airs. But, in the first place, the announcement of her name draws more than the money she receives, otherwise she would not receive it; and then it is not the present exertion, but the fame acquired by a whole life of patient work, which is paid for. When you go to a great physician and he looks at you, and his genius and his long practice enables him instantly to make a correct diagnosis, to put his finger exactly on the cause of your suffering, it is not the two minutes' trouble to write the prescription which you pay for, but the forty years' practice and keen observation which enable him to do so.

It happened once to myself that a lady of rather high position asked me to play for those very popular terms—for nothing. Of course I declined the honor.

"But it costs you nothing to sit down for a few minutes," said the lady, "and you would do so much good and give so much pleasure."

"Is that so, my lady?" I said. "In that case I will send my instrument and chair, and your ladyship can sit down for a few minutes and do all that good."

"O, but I," said the lady, "play so indifferently; and moreover I have not a name to draw an audience."

"And if I, as you are kind enough to say, have the talent which others have not, and I have worked twenty-five years to make myself a name which might have a little prestige for an audience, is it not fair that I should have at last some reward for so much trouble?"

I therefore think, if a man is somebody he ought to know it. "*Nur Lümpe sind bescheiden*," says Goethe. ("Only nobodies are modest.")—*Temple Bar.*

A Sailor's Pen Picture.

Early this morning a little black dog, unmuzzled, unregistered and consequently untaxed, entered the yard of a gentleman who owns a pair of handsome cats, perfectly matched in size and color. As the dog went trotting up to the house with the confidence of a prize pup or a book agent, the cats arched their backs preparatory to bearing down on the canine intruder like an ironclad. The dog was unmindful of danger until he was struck amidship by a feline cyclone that caused him to tremble and careen, and was only saved from upsetting by anchoring himself under the lea of an ash barrel. And even here he was not safe. The cyclone clawed round west by nor' nor' west, and struck the hark in the how (wow) sprit, making things fairly howl. As the bark righted her nose came into the teeth of the cyclone, when it was light dog, light cat, with an even chance for the canine. At this point cat No. 2 came up like a storm, and flew at the anchor end of the dog, which was wholly unprotected. Then there was a scene for a marine artist. There was plenty of bark, but no ocean. There were waves of cats and dogs and billows of foam as the storm fiends and their victim circled round and round that beautiful lawn in the gray light of the early morn. And the storm only subsided when a black streak was seen to shoot out of the yard, and the two friendly felines found themselves face to face, with no foe between. That black streak was a demoralized dog who may have imagined that he had been in a storm where it rained cats.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—An Arkansas doctor arranged a spring gun behind his door so that any one entering would be shot. But the only time it was tried was the other night when a neighbor, aroused by the discharge of a double-barreled gun, rushed out and found the doctor dead in front of his own door, which he had unlocked and was about to enter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is sometimes a costly amusement to tie a firebrand to a cat's tail, as is shown by a recent occurrence in England. At Hythe two boys engaged in this amusement. The cat took shelter in a wooden building containing straw and other inflammable material, and the result was a fire, in which the shed and its contents were destroyed, the owner whose property was not insured, losing about $500 thereby.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Temperance Reading.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

'Twas but a glass of lager beer
With a luncheon drank he then;
That one glass grew within a year
To daily be some ten.
Then a glass of wine he took,
When came some friend along;
Then the lager he forsook
To drinking brandy strong.

And thus a drunkard he became,
And so he lost his place;
This brought upon his family shame,
While bloated grew his face.
He tried, but never could reform—
To drink became a slave,
'Till to the church-yard he was borne,
To fill a drunkard's grave.

TEMPERANCE TEXT BOOKS.

[Extracts from a Report of the Superintendent of the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction, W. N. C. T. U.]

Said one of England's wisest men: "Until the people of this country understand that drunkenness is the result of narcotic poison, operating upon the physical, mental and moral nature, they will fail to successfully grapple with it."

To secure universal education for all classes on this subject, through our public, normal schools, colleges, universities and institutions of learning, has been the effort of this Department for the last year.

The most encouraging feature we have to report, contrasting our status to-day with that of twelve months ago, is the awakened interest in this phase of Temperance work on the part of educators and thoughtful philanthropists throughout our country, as well as the waking up of our Temperance forces to the fact that the intelligent public Temperance sentiment depends upon education.

While a majority of our people believe in alcohol in moderation, our laws will protect its sale as long as majorities rule. Our friends most interested in securing Prohibitory laws are seeing that the shortest, surest way to such laws and their enforcement is through the schools.

The Superintendent of this Department has given her entire time during the past year to its interests; has presented the cause before 182 public assemblies, in ten different States, including thirty-one school boards, eighteen colleges (the audience including faculty and students), two normal schools, four teachers' conventions, National and State, besides Sabbath-school assemblies and other deliberative bodies.

These appeals for the scientific method of teaching Temperance have met almost everywhere a cordial and enthusiastic response from educators and directors of educational matters, where no political considerations blocked the way. In Maine all the larger and some of the smaller cities have introduced Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book into their public schools, to be used variously as reader, as a text-book, to be taught from orally or topically, etc. The Mayor of Portland, in a recent inaugural address, advised that "the scientific Temperance text books (Dr. Richardson's and Miss Colman's), then used as readers in the public schools, be put into the regular course of study." In Maine the Temperance party is the dominant party in politics. Her politicians are wise enough to see the connection between Temperance education of the masses, through the public schools, and the enforcement of their world-renowned law. Such education is a double-edged sword, cutting both ways in this reform—reducing the demand while it helps to the prohibition of the supply. A body of representative Maine educators met in convention last December, gave an entire evening to the consideration and discussion of this teaching, passing unanimously a resolution recommending its introduction into the public schools and educational institutions of the State.

Miss Colman's "Alcohol and Hygiene" has this fall been put into the grammar schools of Portland and Bangor, in addition to Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book, in the higher grades of the same schools. Prof. Luce, State Superintendent of Schools in Maine, says: "I shall bring this matter of Temperance text-books before all the Teachers' Institutes this fall." "Dirigo" (I lead), the motto of Maine, fittingly becomes her advanced position in this and all phases of Temperance work.

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Rhode Island reports scientific Temperance text-books used in the schools of Providence, Pawtucket and some of the smaller places in that State, the W. C. T. Unions of the several localities buying the books and presenting them to the schools.

Massachusetts reports Temperance text-books put into the public schools in twenty towns by a vote of the local school committee. The women of Massachusetts have school suffrage. In two of the above towns—Natick and Hyde Park—the majority votes thus gained elected the Board of Education which introduced the study.

New Hampshire reports four towns and cities using the Temperance text-books.

Vermont reports six public schools and their State University at Burlington as teaching scientific Temperance.

In the State of New York, New York City introduced Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book as a reader into their public schools, more than two years ago.

Purchase and Syracuse report "Alcohol and Hygiene" used in their public schools.

* * * * * * *

Official report from Indiana says six district schools are teaching scientific Temperance. No direct work was done by this Department in that State last year. Indianapolis more than a year ago introduced scientific Temperance teaching into its public schools.

Michigan reports four public schools using Temperance text-books.

The month of March spent in Illinois, proved a season of unprecedented storms, blocking railroads and closing communications; little consequently was done beyond a few lectures and drawing-room meetings in Chicago.

One college town was visited—Naperville. Dr. A. A. Smith, President of that institution, writes us, September 27, 1881: "We are about organizing a class in scientific Temperance instruction in our college." Shelbyville has adopted the text-books. Official report from this State says six public schools are using the text-books.

May 3 last, we presented this subject before a county meeting of School Superintendents in Mercer, Pa. A resolution was unanimously passed by them recommending this study to all the schools in that county. Allegheny College enthusiastically indorsed the idea, and promised to introduce the teaching into that institution. Three lectures were given on this topic in Oil City. The Secretary of the W. C. T. U. writes: "We have introduced into the public schools of Oil City Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book and Miss Colman's Alcohol and Hygiene." "We have two thousand children in our schools and twenty teachers; nearly all the latter are committed to Temperance work." "We expect good results from this. The Romish priest has a parish school of one hundred and fifty; he requires his teachers to give instruction from these Temperance text-books." Corry some time ago introduced Richardson's Lesson-Book; complaint is made that "it is too hard for the common schools."

MARY H. HUNT, Sup't.

Doctors' Statements.

COMPILED BY REV. A. SUMS.

Teetotalers tell us that 60,000 die through drink every year, but Dr. Richardson says that it drink was not known it would save us 230,000.

Dr. Carpenter says out of the 1,500 inquests, there are more than half through drink.

Dr. Paine says that drink, taken in however small quantities, shortens life.

Dr. Grinrod says the greatest amount of injury to the system is caused by moderate drinking.

Dr. Macintosh says that men shorten their lives by taking drink moderately.

Dr. Coupland says that moderate drinking is an injury to the system.

The Register-General of Canada says that five saloon-keepers die to two of any other men.

Dr. Trotter says that drink in any form is injurious.

Dr. Couquest says that we cannot take it in any way without mischief.

Dr. Buchan says that malt liquors render the blood unfit for circulation.

Dr. Goodwin says that he was called to see a man said to be mad. He found him nearly dead with delirium produced by drinking.

Dr. Gregor says: "I never get a patient from water drinking, but I have got thousands by strong drink."

Another doctor says that out of ten young men that take one glass of grog daily, eight out of the ten will shorten their lives twelve or fourteen years.

Dr. James says moderate drinking undermines the constitution without the suspicion of the victim, till reformation is hopeless in many cases.

Dr. Garnett says a moderate quantity taken with food will blast the strongest constitution.

Dr. Lee says moderate drinking debilitates the digestive organs.

Dr. Brewster says it injures the soul and body.

Dr. Savil says alcohol is a poison to the strongest, to say nothing of the weak.

Dr. Johnson says the beer-bibber and the dram-drinker are both bringing on disease.

Aristotle asserted that drunken women became the mothers of drunken children.

Plutarch says: "One drunkard begets another."

Caldwell: "Intemperate people degrade themselves, and transmit the evil to their children."

Howe: "Half the idiots are the offspring of intemperate parents."

Brown: "Mental disease is entailed on the drunkard's family; drink-cravers [illegible] for the unfortunate propensity."

Darwin confirms all this; and there is no variation in the opinions given. Alcohol irritates and inflames the mucous membrane of the stomach; the other organs in the body become deranged, the liver is enlarged or shriveled up, which prevents the proper assimilation of food. It (alcohol) produces an unnatural stimulus of the brain. This poison produces certain diseases which are not amenable to treatment; it increases the rate of mortality, and largely contributes to insanity, while three-fourths of the criminals and the paupers are made such by the "poison."

An Appropriate Temperance Speech.

The freeholders of Paterson, New Jersey, assembled recently in the new extension of the County Jail to celebrate the expenditure of $30,000 for that purpose, and to partake of a banquet provided by the officers of the Board and the contractors. A number of toasts having been drank, Judge Woodruff offered, as a volunteer toast, "The Temperance Cause," and called upon W. H. H. Bartram to respond, which he did as follows:

"Gentlemen: I thank you for this invitation and I recognize its fitness. You have assembled to celebrate the enlargement of this jail, rendered necessary by the use of strong drink, in which you are so freely indulging this day. Down stairs the cells and corridors are crowded with criminals who have but changed places. A few years ago they were respected citizens, some of them occupying as responsible positions as those filled by yourselves, but they commenced as you have commenced, and they continued as many of you are continuing, and to-day they are reaping a harvest in a career of crime and paying the penalty with a period of punishment. [At this moment another bottle was opened, and Mr. Bartram said:] I hear the popping of the cork. I listen to the merry voices, and the praises you are singing to the infernal spirit of wine; but there comes to me the sad refrain from the prisoner's cell, who is shedding penitential tears over his fall, and accompanied by the still sadder wail of anguish uttered by the broken-hearted wife, worse than widowed by the traffic in strong drink, which, as a Judge in one of your courts said, is the great promotive of crime, a traffic licensed by your votes and sustained by the patronage you are this day giving it. It is with inexcusable sadness that I discover that there can be found in Passaic County so many men with hearts so hardened, feelings so calloused, sensibilities so blunted, that in a place like this, under circumstances like these, they dare raise to their lips that which depraves the citizens and endangers the State.

"Thanking you, gentlemen, for this unexpected privilege, I take my seat, fully conscious that you will never again call on me under similar circumstances."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

REPUBLICAN MASS-MEETINGS!

THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT CO. are requested to assemble in Mass-Meetings at the following named times and places:

BLOOMINGTON,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 7 P. M.
OAKLAND,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 7 P. M.
FRIENDSVILLE,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 2 P. M.
ACCIDENT,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 7 P. M
GRANTSVILLE,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 2 P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by
HON. LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
and other speakers.

The District Committees will make the necessary arrangements for these meetings. Let there be enthusiastic rallies.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Acting Chairman.

ATTENTION, REPUBLICANS!

THERE WILL BE A
GRAND REPUBLICAN RALLY
—AT—
OFFUTT'S HALL,
IN OAKLAND,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14,
At 7 o'clock.

Addresses will be delivered by
HON. LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
our candidate for Congress,
HON. H. W. HOFFMAN,
of Cumberland,
THOS. J. PEDDICORD, Esq.,
and others, prominent in the Republican party of the State.

Republicans should turn out to our meetings and give "Little Mac" a warm welcome.

Four years ago Ohio went Democratic. Two years later she went Republican, just as she will in two years from now. 1880 and 1884 are not "off years."

A Hagerstown correspondent speaking of Judge Alvey's candidacy for re-election says with pertinancy: "The fact that if re-elected, he would serve thirty years in one office is brought to bear against him in this county with force."

H. Wheeler Combs, Esq., spoke at the Mt. Savage meeting Thursday evening of last week. He has been requested to speak at Lonaconing and Barton during the campaign. Mr. Combs has a great many friends in the mining region.

Frank James, the celebrated outlaw and a brother of Jesse James, recently shot by the Ford brothers, has surrendered himself to Gov. Crittenden and asked for amnesty. In reply the Governor said he must first go before the courts. If after the verdict of the court the consideration of the question of pardon seemed justifiable he would consider it.

Elections for members of Congress and minor state officers were held in Ohio and West Virginia Tuesday. Ohio was carried by the Democrats by from 20,000 to 30,000 majority. Butterworth and Smith, Republicans, were defeated for Congress in the First and Second districts, respectively. J. Warren Keifer, Republican, and Frank Hurd, Democrat, are among the candidates elected to Congress. General Nathan Goff, Republican, was elected to Congress in the First West Virginia district, the other three districts being carried by the Democrats. The election of Goff is a Republican gain of one in West Virginia.

Judge Alvey, on the 10th of February, 1876, in his letter to the General Assembly of Maryland relative to the appointment of school commissioners, uses the following strong and explicit language:

"*Hereafter I shall feel myself justified in declining to participate in making such appointments.*"

This letter was referred to the Committee on Education in the House of Delegates, and in their report they entirely ignored Judge Alvery's suggestions. The fact remains, as shown by the public records, that he has not participated in any of the appointments of school commissioners from that day to this.

What action will he take with reference to the resolution of the Garrett county convention which selected the delegates who voted for Judge Alvey's renomination in this city last Thursday? The resolution was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we shall expect our chief judge, if elected, to participate in the appointment of the school commissioners as the law now stands upon the statute book of our State."

Do not existing obligations require that Judge Alvey should respond to this action of the Democratic convention by stating explicitly whether or not in the event of his election he will reverse his previous determination and action in regard to the appointment of school commissioners? If he does not do so how can any friend of the Public School system in Garrett county or any part of the judicial district, consistently support him?—*Cumb. News.*

Democratic Blundering!

Nearly fifty years ago the Democratic party declared that State laws for the protection of the institution of salvery were and must remain paramount to laws of the general government; but where is the doctrine of the "Higher Law" to-day?

Thirty years ago the Democratic party announced that "slavery is the corner-stone of our Republican institutions." Where is slavery to-day?

Twenty years ago the Democratic party insisted that "secession is an inalienable right." Where is that pernicious doctrine to-day?

Seventeen years ago the Democratic party declared that the debt piled up by a Democratic rebellion would never be paid; yet it has been reduced nearly one-half up to to-day!

Seventeen years ago the Democratic party protested that the Nation, under Republican rule, would be bankrupted; yet behold its prosperity to-day!

Twenty years ago the Democratic party fulminated and voted almost solidly against the Republican greenbacks as an unconstitutional issue; yet see how they love them to-day!

Thirteen years ago the Democratic party went solidly, in Congress and out, against the public credit act; yet see where that credit stands to-day!

Seven years ago the Democratic party went solidly, in and out of Congress, against the resumption act; and a year later they tried to kill the resumption day clause; yet specie payments have been resumed to the great benefit of the Republic's industries to-day!

These are only a few of the many equally palpable blunders which the Democratic party has been guilty of during its recent history, and which, if it had the power, it would repeat, with variations, to-day.

"Free Trade for Farmers!"

In view of the fact that twenty-five years ago, under a Democratic low tariff law—as the Trenton (N. J.) *Gazette* truly affirms—"farm products were often dumped into the New York docks because there was nobody to buy them," how can any intelligent farmer hesitate in giving his sole allegiance to the Republican policy of protected production? Democratic free trade would inevitably destroy the home market, which is not only the market wherein is sold nine-tenths of American agricultural produce, but is the market where the producer gets the best prices for his produce. Free trade would cut the American farmer's throat both ways, because it would not only destroy the home market by driving from manufacturing and depending industries millions of consummers of farm produce, but it would force those millions who are now the farmers' best customers to become farmers and food producers themselves. Thus the farmer's candle would be burned at both ends! The result would be that it would not pay to move the produce to a glutted market. Nay, it would not pay even to gather it, and whole crops would be left standing to rot and wait for "better times." If there is anybody in America that should thank God a little more earnestly than anybody else for the blessings of protection, it is American husbandmen. Protected manufactures insure a protected home market for the fruits of honest toil in every sphere of production, and neither the manufacturer, the mechanic, the artisan, the laborer, nor the farmer should ever forget that the Republican party alone insures a continuance of that benign policy.

Congressional Candidates.

No true Republican will overlook the Congressional elections this year. Nothing else is of equal importance. In the end the control of the National Government greatly affects, even if it does not in every case determine, the political complexion of State and local Governments. But it is not by any means true that the success or failure of either party in State or local elections necessarily involves the success or failure of that party in the Congressional elections in that State. This circumstance is often forgotten, and it is exceedingly important that it should be kept in mind this year.

As to local and State elections, the Republicans are more divided than usual this year. The most important cause is the influence of local Bosses. These political managers, inasmuch as they have but little regard for political principles, and care only to secure the spoils with which to reward their subordinates, put relatively little stress on Congressional elections. The member of Congress cannot control anything. If the President is adverse to him, or if the Senator is hostile, the Representative is a fifth wheel to the coach, and the Bosses calmly calculate on that fact. Hence it is that the ugly contest in Pennsylvania does not affect the election of Congressmen from that State, and that the Administration ticket in New York is not connected with the Congressional nominations in the different districts. Cameron may succeed or fail, the Administration may control the State election in New York or may fail utterly, and yet the people will choose members of Congress, as they ought, with entire disregard for the issues involved in the State campaign. It is much the same in Ohio and Indiana. There the temperance question is prominent, but it affects only the choice of state and local officers, and has nothing to do with the election of Congressmen. The will of the people, as to Federal legislation, will not be governed by their will as to license or prohibition.

The public feeling, in this respect, is entirely reasonable. The country ought to have the benefit of the services of the very best men that can be elected to Congress, whether they happen to agree with the Bosses or with the Administration as to local questions. In many cases in New York the Republican candidates are conspicuous for their opposition to the Administration in respect to local affairs, and maintain earnestly the position that the Federal Government ought not to interfere in any way, or to any extent, in the affairs of the States or the districts. But they will elect members of Congress who support the Administration in all reasonable things, because that course is in accordance with Republican principles.

Republican voters ought to have these considerations in mind when they vote this fall. The Administration candidate for Governor or for Legislature may or may not be the right man to support. But there is no reason that the control of Congress should be thrown into Democratic hands because the State and local tickets are not satisfactory. Indeed, the Republicans in several States are giving already especial attention to this matter. In Ohio and Indiana they propose to elect members of Congress without any regard whatever to the question of temperance. In Pennsylvania the antagonism to Cameron as a Boss does not extend to the Congressional candidates named by the Republicans. In this State men are nominated who deserve the highest possible praise for their fidelity to Republican principles, though they are not in harmony with "the machine." In New Jersey, Mr. Robeson was nominated some time ago because he was opposed to the Pennsylvania Railroad influence, and Mr. Phelps has just been nominated in spite of the adverse influence of some Federal officials. But the Republican voters have only one thing to do. They ought to do their best to secure a Republican majority in the next Congress, whether that majority happens to be favorable to the Federal Administration or not. The party ought to succeed, as against the Democratic party, whether the local tickets happen to be deserving of support or not. This course, Republicans may rest assured, will command the respect of their opponents, and it will give them the hearty approval and supports of those independent voters who, just at this time, are inclined to break all the machines wherever they can.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

New York Politics.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—A prominent Treasury official who has long been identified with the Stalwart element of the Republican party in New York, and who has just returned to Washington from a month's sojourn in that State, in a conversation, on political matters, with your correspondent to-day, expressed himself hopefully as to the result of the New York campaign.

He said: "Of course I do not think the situation at present as gratifying as it has been in former years, but there is no need to give up the ship. I look confidently for the election of the entire Republican ticket."

"Have you no fear of the present dissensions in the Republican ranks?" he was asked.

"None whatever," was the reply, and he continued: "There may be a good deal of talk just now, but when it comes to voting it's pretty hard to get a man who has been a lifelong Republican to vote the Democratic ticket! You see it is not as in Pennsylvania, where there has been a bolt, and where is an Independent Republican ticket in the field. In New York there are two tickets—a Republican ticket and a Democratic ticket. It is a question which you will vote unless you elect to stay at home. I think the Republicans of the State will be in such a frame of mind by the time election day comes that they will have no hesitation in choosing between the two tickets."

"It is a question," he added, "of staying in the party or leaving it. Those who vote the Democratic ticket this time, or who refrain from voting, will be read out of the party. Only those who have been wanting an excuse to join the Democratic party, like the editor of the Buffalo *Express* and others of that kidney, will oppose Judge Folger. The others will wheel into line and vote as they have always been voting."

"Is not Democratic harmony to be feared?" was next asked.

"There is no such thing in New York State," replied this gentleman; "in fact," he continued, "the apparent union at Syracuse will injure the party prospects. In the rural districts, among Democrats, Kelly is cordially hated, and the fact that he has been allowed to come back again into the party will keep many of them at home on election day. Another thing, Kelly will not harmonize long with the Tilden faction. He is lying his wires now for the county offices, and he will be defeated, and that will make him mad again and cause him to work to defeat the ticket. Tilden and his crowd are too shrewd to make an open fight now against Kelly, but they hate him as much as ever and will wait until this opportunity comes so that they can put him in the attitude of a disturber of Democratic peace.

"There is besides," continued the gentleman, "a good deal of dissatisfaction among Democrats with Cleveland's nomination. He is a new man and as such is objectionable. The Democratic party in New York is a party of traditions. It cannot look up to a man as a leader unless he is connected with these traditions. As long as Tilden and Seymour live this feeling will be strong with the Democrats of the State, and this year it will operate to disgust large numbers of them with this new man Cleveland."

"Then, said the correspondent, "you count largely on Democratic dissensions for the success of the Republican ticket?"

"Not largely," was the reply, "but to some extent, of course. We count principally on Republican union, which will come as surely as election day. Of course we will lose many Republican votes, but they are of men who would have been better out of the Republican party years ago."

Will Judge Alvey run for Congress in the Sixth district? Some of his friends say that if he thought he could win in the Semitorial contest in 1886 he would go into the fight without hesitation. It would seem, however, that the judge was too old a bird to be caught with Gorman chaff.—*Balto. Herald.*

The judge may conclude he has no chance for the judgeship, and prefer to run for Congress in the hope of making future capital out of what would inevitably be his defeat for that office.—*Cumb. News.*

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Cronicle.*

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

LEADVILLE, COL., Oct. 10, 1882.

In 1879 rich discoveries of gold were made in the vicinity where Leadville now stands, and instantly the great gold excitement of the time in Colorado blazed up. Since then California Gulch, the big ravine which runs to the south and southwest of the city, has acquired a national fame. Thousands of men poured in here at that date, and the city of Oro arose and had for a while as many as ten thousand inhabitants. In 1868 it had hardly two hundred, and to-day all that is left of old Oro is half a dozen dilapidated, uninhabited log cabins. Gold washing is still in progress, except in the winter months, and New Oro, a town further up the gulch, is maintained by the gold industry. This was the famous Pike's Peak gold excitement. The very deposits of silver now so largely sought were then trod under foot undiscovered. Among those who sought the precious metal were Messrs. Stevens and Wood, partners. Their success was good, but their best success was to come from an unexpected discovery. It was about 1873 that Wood, who was an excellent geologist, first made the discovery that the carboniferous deposit in that region carried silver. One day he picked up a bit of mineral and hauled it slyly and significantly to his comrade, saying nothing. The comrade, experienced in the ways of mines, took it, saying nothing, and pocketed it. There were those working by their side to whom one word might be a hint. Later, alone, the two comrades conversed with each other on the subject of this bit of stone. They took cautious and secret rambles over the mountain side. They said not one word to anybody for two years, but quietly possessed themselves largely of lands. To-day both are rich beyond their earliest hopes.

But it is needless to revive the story of the early discoveries here or to give the history of the various mines which have been made famous. The Little Pittsburgh, which has enriched all of its owners, was struck at thirty-eight feet below the surface, and other discoveries speedily followed. Romantic stories are told of the vicissitudes of fortune which befell the early discoverers—how the Gallagher brothers wandered from store to store vainly begging for a sack of flour to enable them to go on with their work, and next week struck mineral, and sold out for I know not how many hundred thousands, on which they are now living in splendor in the Champs Elysees; how Long and Derry were just about to give up in despair, when old Long struck his pick in the ground in his rage, and discovered the wall of a fissure vein, one of the very best in camp at this present time; how a small grocer "grub-staked" a hungry miner who struck mineral within a couple of weeks; how the small grocer bought out the miner, sold a small interest in his mine for a fortune, bought other mines, made money out of them, and afterward became Lieut.-Governor W. A. Tabor, President of the Bank of Leadville, and a man whose income is reckoned in millions. Whatever of truth there may be in these attractive tales, there is no doubt of the fact that by August, 1878, layers of carbonate, carrying silver varying in quantity from 800 to 10 ounces per ton, began to be discovered throughout the range of hills which encircle the town of Leadville on the east, and that great fortunes—solid fortunes—began to be realized by the lucky discoverers. The carbonates were in every case, save one, nearly horizontal deposits, lying at depths varying from thirty-five to one hundred and thirty-five feet below the surface. In scarcely any case was blasting required in the shafts. Two dollars a ton was a common estimate for the cost of extracting the ore.

Such astonishing bonanzas created an excitement far and wide—a furore far exceeding the Black Hills' fever, and which can only be compared to the California rage of 1848. Ten thousand people poured into Leadville during the last three months of 1878, and huge machinery for smelting works and sawmills were hauled over the mountains at an enormous expense. You must remember that these fortune hunters were going not to a pleasant region like California or Nevada, but to a barren wilderness ten thousand feet above the sea, where the soil will not even grow potatoes, where snow falls every month in the year, and a man had his hands and feet frozen on night last August. Still no hardships deterred the adventurers. Trade and business were dull throughout the world, and during the three months ending March 31, 1879, at least fifteen thousand men found their way to Leadville, a large proportion of them tolling painfully on foot one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty miles through the snow from Denver or Canon. When I first visited Leadville in March, 1879, it was full of men having no home, who slept on the sawdust on bar room floors, who all seemed to have money enough to get food without working, and who spent their days in bar rooms, gambling houses, dancing houses, or on the sidewalk in Chestnut Street, discussing the last great strike. Half a bed in a miserable attic was worth from $1 to $2 a night. Stores rented at 150 per centum of their cost. Mechanics' wages were $4 or $5 a day. To force one's way into the postoffice through the throng which beset it from morning till night required no small exertion of strength. Business was "booming." Small store keepers turned over their entire stock in two days, and then vainly wrote and telegraphed for fresh supplies. Town lots worth $50 in October, 1878, readily commanded $3,000 in March, 1879.

But all this relates more particularly to what has been. The condition of things has measurably changed during the last two years, though Leadville is by no means "dead," as it has been represented. The excitement has subsided and the days of big strikes appear to be over, yet the mines and smelting works are still here in full operation. The output this year will be as large as that of any previous year, and it will go on for some years to come. But it is clear that Leadville has reached the apex of its greatness, and in my opinion it must some day go into decline. There are not more than fifteen thousand residents here, of all the thousands that came. Of them, and of all the other things I may see and learn I will tell you in my next letter, and then I am done.

DOM PEDRO.

Uprising of the Irish.

There is quite an uprising among the Irish against the Democracy, which has so long deceived them. The movement is not confined to any one State, but it is quite noticeable in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and elsewhere, and is gathering great strength in Indiana, where Republican clubs are rapidly forming. And now the movement appears to have reached Missouri, for the Carthage *Banner* of September 21 says:

"The Irish are rebelling against Democracy and bossism at Kansas City, and are forming independent clubs, in which they declare their withdrawal from the Democratic party."

One reason why the Irish are abandoning the Democratic party is because it favors British free trade, which has been the ruin of Old Ireland, and would be the ruin of America, while the Republican party believes in protecting American industries and American labor. Another reason is that the education an Irishman gets in America makes him an independent thinker. Says the Huntingburg (Ind.) *Argus* of September 28:

"In a recent speech Jim Woods, the Irish miner, said: 'One thing I am proud of in the history of the Republican party, and that is, it has never made a mistake. Some Democrats ask me why I have only been two years a Republican in view of this grand history. It is because I have only recently begun to do my own thinking. There are thousands who do none of their own thinking, but let Hendricks, Voorhees, and Landers, and others do it for them. Just as soon as I began to do my own thinking I ceased to be a Democrat.'"

Making it Lively for Peter.

The fight between the friends of Judge Bonic and ex-Senator George Peter, of Montgomery county, continues to grow more bitter the closer it comes to the election, and many of the friends of Judge Bouic have tendered their support to Mr. John T. Vinson, the Republican candidate. A well known gentleman who came from Montgomery county yesterday stated that all hope of Mr. Peter carrying the county is past. His close identification with the canal ring for many years past precludes the possibility of his bringing out even a respectable vote, and many Democrats have become so much alarmed that they advocate a withdrawal of Mr. Peter, as they fear his candidacy is certain to involve the defeat of Judge John A. Lynch. The fight against Mr. Peter in Frederick county will be more antagonistic than when he opposed Urner for Congress. Leading Democrats are renewing the discussion of the Frederick Belt bill, which Mr. Peter was accused of projecting through the State Senate, and for which the late Charles Code so bitterly attacked him.—*Balto. American.*

TO MAKE BOOTS WATER-PROOF.—There is probably nothing better for the farmer in doing his winter work than a heavy cow-hide boot made pliable and water-proof by the following composition, which has been in use by the fishermen on the New England coast for over a century: Melt together, Tallow, 4 oz; Rosin and beeswax, of each, 1 oz; when melted add a quantity of Neats-foot Oil equal to the whole. Apply this to both soles and uppers, rubbing it in well before the fire.

LOCAL NEWS.

—There will be a public sale of the furniture of the Davis House on Oct. 19th and 20th.

—Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Mr. W. P. Totten, of the "Cheap Cash Store," has enlarged and much improved his store room.

—Mrs. M. E. Davis will sell all her excellent hotel furniture consisting of chamber sets, bed clothing, dinning room and kitchen furniture, &c. See handbills.

—The meeting to-night at Offutt's Hall should be attended by every voter in the town and vicinity. It is seldom our people have an opportunity to hear such able speakers as McComas, Hoffman and Peddicord.

—Rev. William Stoudenmire, the Pastor of the Lutheran Church, who has been away for several weeks visiting his Southern friends at the Warm Springs, Va., and attending the Virginia and Maryland Synod, will be at his post on the coming Saturday. *His visit* was pleasant and profitable *to him* and his churches.

—It will be well for judges of election and others to bear in mind that at the election to be held in November next the polls are by law required to be opened at 8 instead of 9 o'clock, as formerly. Heretofore the latter hour was the time for the opening of the polls, but by the new law passed by the last Legislature the time is made one hour earlier.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire at 7½ P. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it is essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

Oakland District M. E. Appointments.

The following are the appointments for Oakland District for the ensuing conference year:

Oakland District—Benj. Ison, P. E.
Brandonville—F. G. W. Ford.
Deer Park—N. L. Baumgardner.
Evansville—Asby Stevens.
Grantsville—To be supplied.
Irondale—B. F. Rogers.
Newberg—Gilbert Rogers.
Oakland—S. E. Jones.
Pleasant Grove—J. W. Bedford.
Randolph Mission—To be supplied.
Rowlesburg—J. B. Feather.
St. George and Aurora—W. M. West.
Selbysport and Johnstown—A. M. Bowlin.
Albrightsville—D. Flanagan.
Cranesville—D. A. Friend.

Rev. J. A. Fullerton, who has been stationed at Moundsville, goes to Charleston, and Rev. D. Tasker, goes from St. George to Clarksburg.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at A. G. Stutgiss' Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. call early.

What Do You Sleep On?

Do you sleep upon a feather bed? We hope not. Years ago a feather bed was supposed to be an important part of a house keeping outfit. If you have a feather bed, put it in the spare room, lock the door, and lose the key. A curled-hair mattress of the best quality makes one of the most desirable couches, but curled-hair is expensive and all cannot afford it. The next best thing, indeed, almost as good, is afforded by that plant, so dear to every American farmer—Indian corn. Whoever grows corn, need not lack for the most comfortable of beds. We are aware that ticks are sold filled with husks with the stem part left on. A bed of this kind is not the kind of husk bed we have in mind. To make the very best possible husk bed, save the husks from the green corn as it is daily used. The husks are coarse, and should be slit. An old fashioned hackel, where there is such an implement, answers well, but a substitute can be made by driving a few large nails through a board, and filing them sharp. Drawing the husks across these will slit them into shreds an inch or less wide. Then put them to dry in a garret or some airy loft. If the green-corn season is past, then at the regular husking of the field crop, secure a stock for mattresses. Reject the weather-worn outer husks, taking only the thin, papery ones.

Oakland Station B. & O. R. R.

Few persons have anything like a correct conception of the amount of business transacted at this station on the B. & O. R. R. We gain below the amounts paid to the Auditor during the past nine months, which will give some idea of the business: January, $872.78; Febuary, $1,276.99; March, $2,549.50; April, $2,184,73; May, $3,126.02; June, $3,578.37; July, $3,545.31; August, $3,561.64; September, $3,743.47. Total for nine months, $24,438.84.

Beauty.

"It is claimed that New York women look younger at 50 than Boston women do at 40, or Chicago women at 30," for the reason that they have been taking *Peruna* for the past three months, but Boston and Chicago women are coming up in fine style—entering upon the home-stretch on *Manalin*. I got one of your books on the "Ills of Life" from your Druggist as a present, and, as it directs, have been taking *Peruna* and *Manalin*. My bowels are in excellent condition, and the lungs and heart are improving finely."

J. M. WALKER,
Lawas, Pa.

The New Registration

Complete returns have been received from all the districts of the new registration. The result is as follows

District No.	1, Swanton	186
"	" 2, Selbysport	207
"	" 3, Grantsville	386
"	" 4, Bloomington	201
"	" 5, Accident	281
"	" 6, Sang Run	128
"	" 7, Oakland	434
"	" 8, Ryans Glade	158
"	" 9, Frostburg	95
"	" 10, Deer Park	172
"	" 11, The Elbow	100
Total		2,358

The total registration is 514 less than the registered vote of 1881, and but 28 more than the vote cast in 1880. No. 10 is a new district made up from territory formerly included in districts Nos. 1, 7 and 8. No. 11 is also a new district from territory formerly in Nos. 3 and 4.

The registration in No. 6 falls 18 below the vote of 1880, and No. 2 falls 21 below the same vote.

Correspondence Cumberland News.

OAKLAND, Md., Oct. 7, 1882.

ED. NEWS—*Sir:* Upon conversing with a number of leading Democrats from diffrent parts of Garrett county I find that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction at the nomination of A. K. Syester for associate judge. Judge Motter has many friends in this county, and it was supposed by a great many persons that the delegation to the judicial convention was for him until the contrary appeared by their vote in that convention. They of course are disappointed. Col. Veitch is popular in this county, and his friends not only thought he was entitled to the nomination, but further argue that as the other two counties in the circuit have each a judge, that Garrett was entitled to name the nominee. The bad feeling in this regard extends not only to Col. Veitch's immediate friends, but to the whole party in the county, because they feel that their county as well as their candidate has been "ignored, knocked down and trampled upon." You may write it down that the nomination so far as this county is concerned is not a strong one.

The Democratic convention in this county adopted the following resolution;

"*Resolved*, That we shall expect our chief judge, if elected, to participate in the appointment of the school commissioners as the law now stands upon the statute book of our State."

True to Democratic instinct our friends have in adopting this resolution made a terrible blunder. It is a terrible arraignment of their candidate for chief judge. It clearly charges him with *a violation* of the law as it stands on the books and calls upon him to do that which they know he will not do if elected. Had they tried the Democracy could not have more effectually served the interests of our candidate for chief judge. Hurrah! for the ticket!

Never within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant have we enjoyed such glorious weather at this time in the year. We have not had a bitting frost up to this date. Tomato vines in the gardens are perfectly green and luxuriant as well as the leaves upon the forest trees. All this is in strange contrast with what we usually have at this season. I have written the above to establish my ability as a correspondent, because a poor letter writer is he who cannot say something about the weather.

Have the registrars returned their books yet? This question is propounded to Clerk Tower every five minutes in the day and from morning until night. You may see politicians big, politicians little, politicians young and old and of every shade of opinion and especially those without any opintons at all climbing the hill to the court house to examine the aforesaid books, and every one of them so far as I can learn succeeds in convincing himself at least that his party has the best of it. It is impossible for any body at this time however to determine what effect the new registration will have upon the politics of this county.

One thing in this connection seems to be agreed upon by both political parties, and that is that McComas will beat any man who may be nominated to oppose him so far as this county is concerned. This, however, is a secret and don't you give it away.

Fish Commissioner Delawder is using the fine weather to the best advantage. He has a force of expert anglers catching trout in order to secure a spawn for the fall hatching and the prospect is that he will furnish a larger number of brook trout this fall than have ever been put in the streams of Maryland in any one season.

A great deal is being said upon the subject of "Public Education" just now, and a great deal of dissatisfaction is expressed at the management of our public schools. What does it all mean?

GARRETT.

We are in receipt of a long communication from Mr. C. B. Ludwig, editor of the Oakland *Democrat*, who, assumming to speak by authority, endeavors generally to controvert the statement of our correspondent "Garrett" that Mr. Syester's nomination is an unpopular one in Garrett county.

To an outsidor one opinion might stand off against the other, but for good reasons we prefer to believe our correspondent, for we think he is in a position to know whereof he speaks. Mr. Syester's nomination is an unpopular one in both Allegany and Garrett, and doubtless in Washington too.

Passing by that part of Mr. Ludwig's letter which treats of Mr. Syester and his unpopularity, we come to a live issue, Mr. Ludwig says:

The resolution passed by the Garrett county Democratic convention casts no reflection upon Judge Richard Alvey, when properly understood. The object of the resolution is simply to off-set any influence Mr. Read's ill-conceived letter of acceptance might have upon our people. Mr. Read, in a manner unbecoming a candidate seeking the chief judgeship of this or any judicial circuit, informs the people thereof that he will, if elected, place proper persons in the school boards in the counties. The Democrats of this county in their resolution say to the people, (so will Judge Alvey): "It is our wish as a convention that he should concur with the other judges in making the appointments in question." The distinguished judge is not arraigned by this resolution for violating the law, as your correspondent seems to think, or as appears in an editorial from your pen. To this request his honor will undoubtedly comply. This is the true meaning and scope of the resolution used by you to defeat the election of a man in whom there is no guile.

Let the over-confident Mr. Ludwig get from Judge Alvey a single line in the way of a pledge or promise that he will withdraw from his declaration in writing to the Legislature in 1876, and hereafter engage in the appointment of school commissioners. Without such a statement from Judge Alvey the remarks of Mr. Ludwig about what the Judge will do may not unkindly be set down to presumption.—*Cumb. News.*

Farm Law.

Common law is understood to be founded upon common sense. An inn-keeper who puts up a horse for one of his guests is held responsible for the safety and security of the animal while it is in his possession. If the horse is stolen, or gets kicked and injured by other horses, or steps a foot through a hole in the floor and breaks a leg, the inn-keeper is ordinarily liable for the loss or damage; so he is if the stable and horse be destroyed by a fire. An inn-keeper is held liable as an *insurer of goods* placed in his custody by a guest, unless the loss be due to culpable negligence or fraud of the guest, or "to the act of God, or the public enemy." An inn-keeper is supposed to keep his stable floors repaired, his vicious horses in where they will not endanger others, and to take upon himself the risks of fire. A person who takes in horses to pasture does not, like an inn-keeper, insure their safety. He is obliged to use reasonable care, but is not liable for the wantonness or mischief of others.

If a horse or other animal taken in to be pastured, be stolen or lost by accident against which the owner of the land could not guard, he is not held responsible. Yet if there was a particular negligence through which the animal was lost or became injured, or if it were proved that there was gross general negligence to which the loss could be ascribed, the grazier would be held responsible. If the pasturer leaves the bars down or the gates open, or obviously weak places in the fence unrepaired, and the animals stray out and are lost or stolen, he is using less than ordinary diligence, and must make the loss good. If a dangerous pond hole, swamp, or muck bed is allowed in a pasture, unprotected by a suitable fence, and an animal taken in to pasture gets stuck in the mud and is lost, the pasturer is liable for the loss. The loss would also come upon him if he took the animals in and agreed to pasture them gratuitously, provided the pasture be not as safe as the owner of the animals had a right to expect.

If a pasturer takes in a horse, knowing him to be vicious, and other horses are injured by him, the pasturer is liable for the damages. If one takes in an animal to pasture, and at the end of the season the animal is in poorer condition than when taken, the owner of the pasture is understood to be answerable, unless it can be shown that the animal has some constitutional defect which is the cause of his leanness, and that it is not from having been kept in a poor pasture. The case would be different if the owner of the animal knew at the time the pasture was first occupied how many animal were to be kept in it, and consented to the arrangement. In this case he would have no remedy, though the feed be eaten to the roots.

If a party hire a pasture and agree upon a certain price to be paid for the feed growing upon it for a specified term, the lessor does not become liable for the quality of the feed that grows, unless it can be proved that there was an implied understanding that the feed should be fit for the eatage of animals. An accidental distribution of some poisonous substance over the field, as in manure, or otherwise, does not hold the owner of the pasture liable. The party hiring has taken such risks upon his own shoulders.

If cattle which are afflicted with a contagious disease, break away from their owner and stray into adjoining pastures and infect other cattle with the disease, the owner of the trespassing cattle is responsible for the damage arising from the spread of the disease, and also for the injury done to the grass by the tramping over it of his infected animals. It is the duty of owners and keepers of animals to restrain those animals, and the public at large are not required to protect themselves or their property by fencing or otherwise.

If an inn-keeper puts up a horse belonging to a guest, the former has a lien upon the horse for his keep, whether he puts him in his stable or turns him into his pasture, but if a man takes in horses or cattle to pasture at a certain price per week, or by contract, he cannot detain them for the payment of their keep unless a special agreement to that effect. By the common law no lien exists in the case of pasturement. The owner of animals pastured does not relinquish entire possession, as, if he did, he would not have the right to milk his cows while being pastured by another party, nor to take them away at any time he saw fit; but if a special agreement be made that the pasturing shall be paid for before the cattle are removed, then the pasturer has a lien, and can hold the animals for payment, and the owner would be liable for an action in trespassing should he attempt to remove them without first making payment.

The foregoing decissions have been compiled by the *N. E. Farmer* from Hanover's "Law of Horses" published by Robert Clark, Cincinnati.

The Philadelphia *Times*, (Dem.) of the 28th September pays our candidate for Congress the following compliment:

"Louis E. McComas, of Hagerstown, the Republican nominee for Congress in the Sixth Maryland district, was the candidate in Hayes campaign in 1876 and ran 700 ahead of the Presidential ticket. Tilden carried Washington county by 150, yet Mr. McComas had a majority of 99. It is generally conceded that he was elected, but counted out in Montgomery county.

We clip the following complimentary notice of Mr. McComas from the Philadelphia *Press*, (Rep.) of the 28th September:

"Hon. Louis E. McComas, who had received the Republican nomination for Congress in the Sixth Congressional district, is the most indefatigable and scrupulous defender of his party in that State. His splendid canvass of 1876 brought him within fifteen votes of being elected to Washington, which it was afterwards asserted the opposition counted against him. His election this year, however, is assured. No one is so widely and popularly known in Western Maryland."

AN IN-GROWN NAIL.—Much suffering is due to the corners of toenails growing into the flesh. The remedy is very simple. It is a mistake to cut the nails short at the sore corners; if the nail is long, cut the upper edge straight across, or in a crescent shape, the crescent in the center, leaving the corners untouched. Then scrape the middle of the nail, for its whole length, quite thin. The scraping may be done with a knife, but more readily by the use of a bit of freshly broken window glass. The center of the nail should be made so thin that a slight pressure upon the corners will bend it. In some cases it may be well to put a little lint or cotton under the corners of the nail, to aid in the bending. Of course the avoidance of tight boots or shoes will suggest itself to all.

Successful Farming.

The following home truths, copied from a Western farm Journal, are as applicable to this quarter as elsewhere:

Excellence in farming is a rare thing. Slip-shoddiness in many communities is the rule rather than the exception. But in every neighborhood some good farmers may be found—men who have a natural taste for the management and control of a farm, and they may be easily known from their less thrifty neighbor (leaving the crops out of the question), by the general appearance of their farms. We have in our mind's eye a man we consider a model farmer. His buildings are plain, but then are neat and tidy; his barns are large airy, well ventilated and scrupulously clean; his fences are common running plank fences, white-washed, as are the barns and out houses above mentioned. No briars nor thistles nor noxious weeds disfigure his fields nor fence rows. His flocks are fat and sleek, and his grass and pasture lands are as free from stones and logs and brush as his parlor floor.

His land is of the best quality, and his crops are as good as the best. No one can gather good crops from poor soil, but every one can work his land so as to improve it every year when it is worn and thin. It is impossible however, for the proprietor of worn out farms to keep them in as good repair or to improve them as rapidly as the man who has none but rich land. Rich land, with good management, makes wealthy farmers; poor land, on the other hand, is the most fruitful case of discontent, and finally disgust with the noblest of all profession.

However, the humblest and poorest of us may, if we only put our heart in our work, do much more toward beautifying and improving our homes than we ever think of doing.

"The heart lendeth grace unto every art," and no man who engages in farming temporarily, or who has grown discontented with his life, and only waits on the farm until some other business is open to him, can ever hope to be successful. Farming is a science, and as such must be studied.

The man who makes a successful farmer, as the phrase goes, must:

1. Have a taste for the business.

2. Once settled on the farm he must make his home pleasant and comfortable if he would be contented and happy. Whitewash is a power in transforming the plainest of things into something really attractive; it is also very healthful.

3. He must regard his farm as his home for a life time. No one can expect to thrive in any business who engages in it temporarily. Many failures are made in life by really sensible men because they refuse to stick to any one thing long at a time. No man can hope to become proficient in more than one profession in an ordinary lifetime. The man, therefore who enters upon the life of a farmer should pursue the same course exactly that the man who enters the law or medical profession pursues, viz., he should determine in the outset to devote his life and talents and his *entire time* to the business of farming.

4. He should be diligent, and

5. Possess good judgment.

The man thus armed is the man for the farm. It is only such men that really deserve to be dignified with the honorable name of farmer.

The Hempfield Extension.

WASHINGTON, PA., October 8.—Colonel Boyd, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, was in town yesterday. To your reporter he stated that he is obtaining rights of way at Greenfield, this county, and between Greenfield and this place for the extension of the Hempfield. As soon as he gets a deed for right of way the owner of the property receives a check for the amount agreed upon. There has been talk of this extension, making a short route between the East and West, for years, and considerable work has been done in places. The work has been abandoned so many times that our people had become disgusted with the whole thing. From present appearances, however, it is very evident that President Garrett is beginning to realize that if this short cut is to be accomplished by the Baltimore and Ohio, that company must not now, as the outlet is being rapidly closed by other roads. Colonel Boyd states that Garrett sees the drift of things, and has made up his mind to proceed with this most important link between Washington and Connellsville at once.

Ex-Secretary Blaine has given $50 to the Benjamin H. Hill monument fund. Accompanying the check was a letter, in which he said: "Though politically opposed to Senator Hill and often in heated controversy with him, our personal relations were always kindly and cordial. I was deeply touched by his sufferings and by the heroism with which he endured them to the end. I wish to place one wreath upon his grave."

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will sell at public auction

At Mountain Lake Park Station,
B. & O. R. R.

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.

A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, to-wit:

75,000 superior brieks
15 squares corrugated iron.
34,000 feet of moulding of various patterns.
2500 feet casings (chestnut.)
1,600 feet base boards (chestnut.)
25 kegs nails.
6,500 feet double surfaced chestnut lumber.
600 feet undressed chestnut.
2,300 feet single surfaced pine.
9,000 feet white oak flooring.
6,700 feet poplar.
7,000 feet double surfaced 6-4 poplar.
4,000 oak pallings.
7 pairs shutters.
7,000 feet joist and studding.
1 cooking stove.
1 frost killer.

Windows, transoms, doors, ventilators, grates and fronts, cement, drill press, tinners tools, wheelbarrow, shovels, hoes, spades, &c., &c.

And many other articles.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS—All sums of $50 and under cash, over that amount a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his single bill with security to be approved by the undersigned.

T. J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

And also for the purpose of determining for or against the County of Garrett issuing "School Bonds," as provided for by Act of Assembly, passed January Session, 1882, Chapter 269.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M. and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Sept. 20, 1882.

Notice is hereby given that a competitive examination of candidates for the free scholarship in the Western Maryland College, will take place at my office in Oakland, on

Monday, October 16, 1882,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

The scholarship provides for board, fuel, lights and washing free. Tuition will cost $33.33, payable in advance.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 23 3 Examiner.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
8 12 4 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Fidgety People.

The habit of the dog and cat of turning round three times before lying down is said to be a survival of their wild condition when they trampled grass and twigs to make a bed. In like manner the perpetual motion of the fidgety man suggests a previous stage of existence, before the process of evolution had changed his ancestral weasel or cavy into the prevailing human likeness.

We say fidgety *man* advisedly, observation showing that men are far more given to fidgeting than women. Nervous persons are by no means necessarily fidgety, while fidgety persons have been heard to declare that they had no nerves. Your true fidget cannot keep still save when asleep. A novel, for instance, may seem to capture his consciousness completely. Presently a finger will escape captivity, and begin to scratch the book-cover, a hand will steal out of bondage to play fantastic tricks with the paper-knife, a leg will swing itself, or a foot wag in its slipper.

At table the fidgety person upsets the spoons, wreaks its restlessness upon the salt, and with napkin-rings and forks displays misdirected constructive powers. In the parlor he disturbs the sequence of your argument by twisting up small curls of paper to fire at the grate. Or he walks up and down the room, avoiding certain figures of the carpet, as Dr. Johnson used to avoid the cracks in the sidewalk. Or he successively balances in his hand all the small movables on book-cases or shelves. There are both monotony and variety in his incessant movement, and each is more exasperating than the other.

We admit the existence and even the general distribution of the fidgety woman. But we maintain that she is less pervading, less obtrusive and less flagrant than the male of the species. Perhaps it is because girls are taught from infancy to conceal their feelings, perhaps because they are more punctilious in forms of behavior, perhaps because their hands are schooled to all sorts of graceful uses, that they can usually "sit straight and keep still," as children are told to do by way of penance.

We have no doubt that crochet-hook and worsted-needle are powerful conductors to carry off that superfluous element, whatever it be, which otherwise diffuses itself in mere senseless motion. But any dentist or doctor will bear witness that women endure pain with far more fortitude that men, far oftener keeping down all expression of suffering. And the same capacity of self-control keeps their hands folded and their feet quiet, when the impulse to fidget has quite overpowered the weaker will of man.

Nay, there is no doubt that the habit of fidgeting exhibited by their lords and masters is one of the severest minor trials. Moral turpitude is nothing to it. To sit by, day after day, evening after evening, and make no sign, when the man whom one has sworn to love, honor and obey tumbles the smoothness of the magazines, dog's-ears the corners of the books, stirs up strife among the various tribes that inhabit the work-basket, spins the scissors around his index finger fifty times in succession, is to be a martyr by the pang without the palm. But the man who is capable of fidgeting is incapable of reformation, and the wise wife refrains from useless admonition. "Things without remedy should be without regard."

There is, however, a sort of moral fidgetiness, and in this offense are usually more deeply steeped than men. Sometimes, though not always, physical restlessness is the outward and visible sign of moral fussiness. But the latter vice always puts on the form of a virtue. It may masquerade as the spirit of punctuality. A seven-o'clock breakfast being the midwinter rule, the mistress of the house, candle in hand, will poke about at six, hindering the cook, disturbing the precious last nap of her spouse; if not profane herself, becoming the inciting cause of profanity that is in others, and all that a half-prepared meal may be half served twenty minutes before it is needed in the sacred name of promptness. A witty writer used to declare that if he were sentenced to be hanged at ten, his wife would rouse him at five, with the admonition, "Thomas, Thomas, if you don't make haste, you will be too late." And that excellent lady was but one of a large sisterhood.

Sometimes the female fidget finds her housekeeping a sufficient instrument of torture. Two or three people invited to dinner make her life an intolerable burden. If anything *should* go wrong, if the roast should be overdone or the fish raw, she feels that she could never look her guests in the face again. Visiters staying in the house are a still heavier cross, possibilities of domestic failure being indefinitely multiplied. Presently the pleasant habit of hospitality fails altogether (the husband thinking it not worth the perpetual fret it costs), and all the family are the losers.

Perhaps the most wearing manifestation of moral fidgetiness is exhibited by the fidgety mother. From the first cold of her first baby to the last headache of her last betrothed son under the paternal roof, she has seen the grim spectre of death lurking in the background. She can not bear to give her boys guns, or let them join a gymnasium, or allow them boats, or even permit skating over deep water, for fear of fatal consequences. Her girls are coddled and housed and restricted, lest they should be slain by the touch of the north wind. She is never happy when the children are out of her sight, and, as a consequence, they are seldom happy when in it. She fidgets about their dress, their studies, their amusements, their companions, their lovers, their husbands and wives, their housekeeping, their babies, if she have not fidgeted herself into the grave before the arrival of the second generation of anxieties. If the young people are expected home after an absence, and fail to appear on the instant, she peoples the air with horrors: the train is off the track, the steamer has been wrecked, the horses have run away, the children are ill; they are hurt, they are dead. If war slays its thousands, the imagination of fidgety women slays its tens of thousands wherever there is opportunity for it to throw its fatal shot and shell.

Moral fidgetiness has always a laughable side, but perhaps no other foible makes its possesser more uncomfortable or curtails more rigorously the pleasures and liberties of the race. It is the result of a false perspective, a confusion as to the relative value of things; and wise mothers may do so much to correct this tendency in their children that the subject is well worth their consideration.

As to the bodily fidgetiness which makes sensitive beholders frantic, that is both the consequence and evidence of lack of training. If the obedient hands and feet can be taught to do everything, they can also be taught to abstain from altogether at unfit times and seasons. And many a long-suffering wife bears a needless burden of dumb discomfort because her husband's mother did not instill into his youthful mind the knowledge of how not to fidget.—*Harper's Bazar.*

From New York to San Francisco for Two Dollars.

A red-headed, dilapidated looking fellow, with a tuft of carroty hair sticking through a hole in his twenty-five cent straw hat, came walking down California Street yesterday and attracted general attention by his ragged and comical appearance.

He saw I was watching him, and, pointing to the seat of his trousers which was carefully stuck together by a score or more of pins, said with a jolly smile, "you are wondering why I appear in such a plight. It is very simple when you come to look at it. My breeches have just been severely kicked at that point."

His good humor surprised me. "You are very jolly over your kicking; tell me about it. Let's go in this lunch room where we can talk." I saw the poor fellow was hungry.

Ordering him a plate of soup and a good solid meal, I invited him to begin.

"Three weeks ago," his story ran, "I was in New York setting type in the *Sun* office. I have set type in every large city in the United States except San Francisco, and three weeks ago the idea occurred to me that I was getting old and had better hurry if I wanted to put 'Frisco on my list. I had just two dollars. Laying in a supply of peanuts and crackers and cheese, I started down to the Pavonia Street ferry and crossed over to the Erie freight yards, in Jersey City. That same night, by good fortune, I discovered a flat car with a wheat thrashing engine on it labeled through to the West, and I lost no time fixing my bed in the boiler of the engine. The first two or three days I felt like I was buried alive, but that soon passed off, and I actually began to feel comfortable in my snug little retreat. The boiler was just long enough to let me stretch out in, and I kept my provisions stowed away near my head. At St. Louis we stopped about ten hours, and I got out to lap up some more peanuts and get another can of water. I bought a dime novel there, too, and had a splendid trip after that."

"You don't mean to say you remained in that cramped position the whole journey?"

"Of course I got out now and then to stretch myself. Every night when we stopped at stations or to change engines I would get out and walk about a bit. When we were near Omaha I had a terrible scare. The engine broke down and was delayed a day and a half. My provisions had given out the day before and I had expected to fill up again at Omaha. It was a pretty bad fix. You see if I got out the train men would have seen me and put an end to my game."

"How did you make out then?" I asked.

"I waited until late that night when all the hands were forward working with the engine and then slipping around a half a mile or so, came in from the front as if I was tramping the other way. They were willing enough to give me grub for the work I did, and when at last they started off they thought I was on the way to St. Louis. I slipped around and crawled into my boiler and had no more trouble for two or three days. Then I was starved out again and got off at a little town, at which we stopped, to get another supply of crackers and fill my jug. I spent my last cent here and when I came back to the depot was knocked weaker than a kitten to find the train gone and with it my bed and boiler. For ten minutes I could hardly move; then I pitched out and did some tall walking. I caught up with that tram before it had gone twenty miles," and he helped himself to a chunk of beef with an air of pride at the recollection.

"It's a fact," he continued, "the measly old thing had stopped to do some switching and I crawled into my boiler as slick as a woodchuck. I got along all right as long as the crackers lasted, but sleeping in a boiler makes a fellow terribly hungry and I had to get out and forage the next time a stop was made. I really wasn't very rich but I was as proud as a millionaire, and so when I walked up the front yard of a house I took off my hat and said:

"'Madam, I'm hungry, but I don't come here to beg. I only desire permission to graze.' She slammed the door in my face and I stood around the front yard feeling pretty blue when I heard the cook calling me. I rushed around thinking she had a Philadelphia pie, or something of that sort.

"'Are you the man that wanted to graze?' she said.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I just thought I'd call you around here; the grass is higher,'" and she waltsed away quicker than a man with a wooden leg.

"I was awfully disgusted with that town, but managed to lay in enough provisions to put me through and I got here to-day with a bag of crackers left over. They kicked me pretty lively down at the freight yard, but it only limbered me up and I'll soon be as sound as a dollar. I'm going down to the *Chronicle* office now to see if I can get a job. I'm a splendid type-setter and can put up twenty thousand ems a day as easy as not."—*San Francisco Cor. Merriwether Weekly.*

—Guessing on the cost of the season's strike is pretty wild work, but the figures are certainly very large. One estimate places the loss of men in wages at over $6,000,000, probably $12,000,000 to employers and $30,000,000 to the general public and those whose business was specially interfered with by the contest. —*Chicago Times.*

—The longest cucumber ever grown in the South was on exhibition in North Carolina. It stopped an inch of four feet and contained sixty cases of colic. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Goats' Milk for London.

One of the most picturesque sights in the squalid back streets which lie between Leicester Square and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields is the goat-herd going on his daily rounds: There is something exceedingly primitive and even romantic in the spectacle. The French peasant who owns the small flock of goats which supply many families with their morning's milk saunters slowly behind his docile herd. They know the round as well as their owner, and pick their way across the network of streets with the utmost familiarity, nor do they neglect to pick up any vegetable garbage that may be lying across their path. When he nears the house of a customer the goat-herd plays on a pipe, supposed to resemble that of the mythological Pan, a pleasing and even poetic substitute for the melancholy howl of the native milkman. When the order is given the goats halt before the door, a penny-worth of milk is drawn off into a tiny measure, nearly a score of which barely fill a quart. While one goat is being milked the others stand by nibbling stray cabbage-leaves or eagerly eating the crusts of bread which children bring to them from their mother's table. The milking over the herd moves on to make another halt where another penny-worth is required, when the process is repeated. The procession is again resumed, and kept up until the end of the walk is reached or the goats are dry. It is a curiously Arcadian custom to exist in the heart of London, and it may be doubted whether one Londoner in a hundred has ever heard of the existence of the wandering goat-herd and his obedient flock.

In and around London the goat is known almost exclusively as a beast of burden. It is to be found, harnessed to a small cart, under the beeches at Epping Forest. It is in great demand at Blackheath on Bank holidays. Thus reduced to work for its living, it is no longer the agile, capricious creature that it would have been if it had remained in its natural state. Attached to its goat-carriage it ambles along very sedately, looking out of its sad eyes a mute protest against its unnatural fate. A goat which is required to drag children about for twelve or fifteen hours a day, and which is kept to a proper sense of its duties by the occasional application of a whip, may easily be supposed to have serious doubts as to whether life is worth living. If it could reason, it would probably reflect that a creature which is so inexpensive to its owners sufficiently discharged its obligations to the human race by daily yielding a certain quantity of rich milk, which is all that is demanded of its foreign sisters, to whose nautilus round we have just referred, although these milch goats are both larger and stronger than the docile animals which drag goat-carriages on Blackheath and at Brighton. It is somewhat strange that, although a firm article of faith among many English matrons that goats' milk is excellent for children, it is by no means easy to procure it in London. "Purveyors of asses' milk" there are in almost all parts of the metropolis; but the goats' milk trade still stands in need of development. In the first few months of the present year, indeed, it seemed as if it were about to assume considerable proportions. A French peasant, wearing a blouse and the foreign equivalent of the Scotch bonnet, began to drive a flock of goats up Long-acre, diverging into the courts and alleys off Bow Street and Drury Lane. He spoke no English, and even his French was a patois; yet he contrived to make it understood that his business was to sell penny-worths of goats' milk to any one who cared to buy. In a short time he had instituted a regular "milk-walk," which extended almost in a straight line from Leicester Square to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The news of his prosperity traveled all the way to the goat-farms of the Pyrenees, and in a short time he had three rivals, who, paying no regard to his vested interests and probably having no conception of the vast extent of London, competed with him on his own ground. Goats' milk became a drug in the market. The rival dealers, after a period of cut-throat competition, went home again, leaving the original goats'-milk merchant to enjoy their discomfiture. With his six large goats he every morning makes the tour of the district to which he was attracted on his first arrival. It is remarkable that he goes into the poorer streets by preference. His receipts are almost all in pennies, and may be calculated at about eighteenpence for a quart of milk. Two quarts seem to be about the average yield of each of his six goats, so that his takings may be reckoned at eighteen shillings a day, which to a French peasant must seem almost like the wealth of Pactolus, even though it is earned by two hundred separate milkings of his herd.

It is not surprising that the experiment of this adventurous Frenchman should act as a spur to English enterprise. Before long it is probable that it will be as easy for all classes of Londoners to procure goats' milk as to obtain any other luxury. In one of the prettiest spots in Surrey, on the crown of the wooded hills which stretch from Dorking to Guildford, a regular goat farm has been established to supply the London market. The experiment is almost unique, for there is no other goat farm within reach of London. As a beginning the farm has been stocked with 107 milch goats, with two other for stud purposes. They are milked morning and night by a man, but in spring they will be milked thrice daily. It is a tedious operation, and takes up a good deal of time. Goats are awkward to milk, they will not yield to a stranger, and by the time they are reconciled to a new milker they have partially "gone off," for want of stripping. The average yield per diem of each goat is not more than three pints. Two quarts is regarded as a yield over the average, but there are goats which exceed this, and when more regard is paid to the selection of stock the average yield may be enormously increased. There is no doubt about the demand. If they could supply two hundred gallons instead of two hundred quarts a day, it would all be taken up, at prices varying from eighteenpence to two shillings a quart. Whether one quart of goats' milk is worth as much as three or four quarts of cows' milk, from a dietetic point of view, is, we should think, open to dispute; but there is no doubt that it brings as much money in the open market. It is therefore probable that the goat farm near Dorking, and the Pyrenean goat-herd with his Pan-pipe, may prove to be the pioneers of a great and flourishing industry.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Precocious Forger.

Julius Rosenheim, a fifteen-year-old boy, who gave his residence as No. 8 South Exeter Street, Baltimore, entered the Union Dime Savings Bank on Monday last and presented for payment a check for $100, drawn by Brown, Graves & Co. to the order of Thomas Hill, all of Baltimore. He asked if he could get the money immediately. He was told that he would have to wait until the amount of the check was collected in Baltimore. He deposited the check and went away. He returned to the bank on Wednesday and asked if the check had been collected. He was told that it had not. On Saturday he called again and asked if he could draw $75 on the check. Mr. Sprague, the Secretary of the bank, in the meantime had received a letter from Messrs. Brown, Graves & Co., inclosing the check, and pronouncing it a forgery. Young Rosenheim was told that no money would be paid to him, and he went out of the bank. Detective Edwin Evans, of the District Union Telegraph Company, followed him and had him arrested. He appeared yesterday before Justice Ford at the Jefferson Market Police Court and was held without bail for trial. The counsel for the bank, Haley Fiske, of Arnoux, Ritch & Woodford, and Mr. Sprague, appeared against him. He gave his name, age and address to Clerk Kennedy without betraying any emotion. When Mr. Kennedy was through questioning him he said: "Now, will you permit me to ask you a few questions? I wish to know whether I am to be tried here or in Baltimore for this."

The Clerk replied that he would be tried here before the Court of General Sessions. The boy broke down then and began to cry. "I admit that I forged the check," he said, "but I think that as I committed the forgery in Baltimore upon the name of a Baltimore firm, I should stand trial there. I am friendless here." The Clerk reiterated that he would have to be tried here. Turning to Mr. Fiske, who stood beside him, the boy said:

"You are counsel for the bank, and I know it is your duty to press this suit against me; but I think you ought to hear a statement of the circumstances that caused me to commit this act. I reside in Baltimore, and am an associate member of the Grain Exchange. I have been in several responsible positions since I was twelve years of age, and this is the first time I have ever been in any trouble. I was formerly an assistant reporter on the Baltimore *Sun*. Two weeks ago, through the persecutions of my older sister, I came here. I went to Coney Island and bought pools on the races. I bought on the winning horse once, but on a losing horse every other time. The pool-rooms had a fascination for me. I made a little money last week by doing some copying, and expended it in buying pools. I finally resolved, in order to get more money for speculation, to present the forged check, the blank of which I had procured from a boy in the employment of Brown, Graves & Co. I never would have come here and never would have forged the check had it not been for the brutal way I was treated at home. I would not care if I could be taken to Baltimore for trial. I know the Judge of the Criminal Court there. The way I happened to become acquainted with him was that I restored to him a pocket-book he had lost. I know half the Baltimore judges, detectives and policemen, and am confident I could get there a fair hearing and a lenient sentence, or probably be discharged for the crime that family trouble and the passion for speculation tempted me to commit. I confidently hoped, even when I felt sure that I would be arrested, that the crime was against the State of Maryland and not New York. All I ask of you, Mr. Fiske, is to deal leniently with me. Have me put away, if you like, but do not, I entreat you, put me away until I am twenty-one years of age. I will reform if you will give me the opportunity."

Mr. Fiske said, as he turned away: "I do not understand him; he is the most marvelous boy I have ever seen."

The boy entreated the reporters not to publish his name. "I have been in the same business myself," he said, "and understand the nature of your responsibilities. I know that court reporters meet each other and compare notes. If you could possibly arrange it so that none of the papers will publish my name I shall esteem it a favor. It would ruin my reputation in Baltimore." He was very anxious to know where he would be placed while awaiting trial. When told he wished to know if he could have books and the daily papers to read, saying he would rather die than be put in solitary confinement without anything to do. "If I could get a chance to talk to the Judge," he said, "I think I could convince him that I am entitled to lenient treatment. One thing is certain," he continued: "if I am sentenced to a long term of imprisonment I will not serve it out. I will do bodily harm to myself. It is a strong assertion to make, but I mean it."

Justice Ford simply asked the boy if he knew the nature of the charge against him, and if he admitted the truthfulness of it. He replied affirmatively to each question, and was led away by a policeman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Twenty-five years ago you could hardly sell to the average farmer a black pig, even to fatten, let alone to breed from, so strong was the prejudice against black hogs. But now, in all parts of the Union, the black hog is the favorite. It is now held that the black hog is not so subject to skin diseases, especially mange, as is the white one. Perhaps the opinion will be reversed within the next twenty-five years, and the "Jersey red" may become the prevailing color. There is no accounting for tastes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following receipe for preserving pumpkins: Pare, remove seeds, cut in small pieces and steam until tender. Drain in a colander until free from juice, then press into jars and place over the fire in cold water. Boil slowly one and a half hours, then take from the fire and seal as you do any other kind of fruit. Pumpkins preserved in this way in the fall will make excellent pies any time during the following summer.

For Young Readers.

TED'S LANTERN.

Ted went to the field one autumn day,
Where scattered in heaps the pumpkins lay,
And he chose one round and yellow as gold,
And as big as ever his arms could hold,
And in it he cut wide open eyes,
And a mouth with teeth of dreadful size.

He marked and gashed and carved with glee;
The worse it looked, why, the merrier he,
And then with a flourish what next he did
Was to slice off the top like a kettle lid,
And to dig the seeds out carefully,
Till it all was clean as clean could be.

Then a few last touches upon the face,
To add to the horrible grimace;
An extra slash with the jack-knife blade,
Till even Ted himself was afraid,
And it was finished—except the bit
Of candle he fitted into it.

Then twilight came, and soft unfurled
A shadow banner above the world.
The moon was old and late to rise,
And the dark brimmed up to the very skies.
Somebody scratched a match, and Ted
On the gate-post set the pumpkin-head.

It looked like a horrid goblin man,
Like a fiery giant Cormoran;
Its great round eyes were burning coals;
Its nose and mouth were flaming holes;
It seemed to say, though it had no voice;
"I could swallow a hundred little boys."

Were the people frightened almost to death?
Did they flee in terror and hold their breath?
Did they think a dragon had come to town,
With a throat of fire to gulp them down?
Ah, no, they said, with smile sedate:
"See little Ted's lantern at the gate?"
—*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in Youth's Companion.*

A DOG'S ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

Snap, my little fox-terrier, was the most affectionate and devoted dog I ever remember. It mattered not where I went, he was sure to be close to my heels, and the thicker the crowd, the closer he kept to them. For the three years that I lived in London, in all our wanderings I never once missed him or had any trouble with him.

As far as possible, dogs are prohibited from traveling on the under-ground railway; but as I had constantly to travel by it from King's Cross to Paddington, and Snap's habit of keeping close being well known to the officials, they winked at his accompanying me.

On a certain afternoon, being, as usual, on my way to Paddington, and a train being due at King's Cross, I made a rush for it, and reached the platform just as a train was coming into the station.

Jumping into a compartment, I looked to see if the dog was with me, but to my dismay, as a porter slammed the door and the train began to move, I observed Snap on the platform, running wildly up and down looking for me. Suddenly he saw me at the window, but it was too late; and as we entered the darkness of the tunnel, I heard him give a despairing bark.

I felt angry with myself for not looking after him more carefully, and resolved to get out at the next station and go back for him. But how had he missed me? I could not understand it, for he had never done such a thing before. Five minutes brought us to Gower street, and a train then due took me back in another five minutes to where I had started from.

"Have you seen my dog?" I asked of a porter there who knew me.

"Your dog, sir?" answered the man. "Oh yes, to be sure. You left him behind, didn't you? Well, as the train went into the tunnel, I saw him jump from the platform and follow it."

"What!" I said; "he wasn't following it when we reached Gower street."

"Wasn't he? Then I expect he's still in the tunnel. The train went too fast for him to keep up with it."

"He'll be run over!" I exclaimed, very nervous for Snap's safety.

"Tell you what, sir. I'll go and get permission, if you like, from the inspector to take a lantern and see if we can find him."

I thanked the man, and he started off to get the necessary permission, which the inspector gave, after saying something about people having no right to bring dogs in on the station. Together the man and I then went into the tunnel.

The unaccustomed darkness, to say nothing of the perils of such an expedition, inspired me with considerable dread, and I kept tight hold of my guide's arm. When we had advanced some two or three hundred yards along the under-ground highway, or rather "low" way, the lights of an up-train became visible. As it went by and we stood still for a minute, the roar and rattle were not calculated to dispel my nervousness. They were terrible—deafening. Immediately it had passed, the porter cried out.

"Look there, sir—look; there he goes!"

He was pointing toward the red danger light at the tail of the receding train, and there, sure enough, was Snap scampering after it at a pace which no one could have given a fox-terrier credit for. I began to call and whistle as loudly as I could, but my voice was drowned by the hissing whir and rattle going on. Just then another engine drove in sight on our line of rails, and we had rapidly to step back into one of the recesses, or man-holes, as I believe they are called. When this second train had shot past us, there again, to our astonishment, was Snap galloping after it. He had not observed us, of course. We then walked on some little way further along the tunnel, and in a minute another up-train passed us, and there once more was the dog behind it.

"How ridiculous," I cried, "and yet how painful, to see the poor little beast tearing to and fro for dear life in this way! He will surely be run over before long."

But the reason was obvious; he could not keep up with the speed of the train, and by the time it had distanced him, another probably passed in the opposite direction, when, confused by the noise and turmoil, he turned immediately and pursued that. It seemed to me simply marvelous that he had escaped the wheels even so far in these agonizing efforts to find me.

As the lights of the next engine came in view, I resolved to give the last carriage just time to pass, and then to rush out, and, if possible, to intercept my poor pet, for I expected him again to return with that. I was not mistaken, and as I slipped from the man-hole in front of the dog, the porter held his lantern so that its light fell full upon my form. Snap instantly recognized me, and with one bound and a breathless yelp landed on my breast, and clasping me tightly round the neck with his two fore-legs as if they had been the arms of a loving child, he rubbed his wet nose excitedly against my face. Terrified well-nigh unto death, gasping and exhausted, and all the time uttering a plaintive little wail of delight, he lay almost motionless in this position for several minutes, while his affectionate heart beat like a small sledge hammer against mine. This simple but intense demonstration of canine devotion, in the gloomy depths of the under-ground, with only the faint rays of the porter's lamp to illuminate the scene, was very touching.

"You have got a noble little chap there, sir," said the man, as he led the way cautiously back to the platform. "He was worth a bit of trouble to find, and no mistake."

"Quite true, my friend," I answered, "and I'll take good care for the future to pop him under my arm when I travel on the Metropolitan Railway again."

"I reckon he won't give ye the chance, sir," said the man. "I know a bit about dogs, and I shouldn't wonder if he fights shy of the stations altogether after this."

The man was right, for never since that day have I been able to induce Snap to come within yards of the head of the railway station stairs. Coax and cajole him as I will, he always resists. He looks up at me with such a pitiful expression, as much as to say: "Why, you wouldn't risk losing me again, would you?" That I have at last conceded the point to him you will readily understand, for I need hardly add that if I had a strong regard for my dog before, it has grown into a real and strong affection now.—*W. W. Fenn, in Harper's Young People.*

A Little Japanese Boy and the Snake.

I once knew a little boy who was not at all like the little boys whom you are accustomed to see every day. He did not have blue eyes and curly brown hair, nor did he wear gray trousers and short jackets.

No; his eyes and hair were jet black, he was trouhled with no other clothing than a loose, wrapper-like garment, which he bound about his waist with a long sash, using its wide sleeves for pockets. Perhaps, from the description of his dress, you will think that he looked like a girl; but he was a real boy, and would have felt indignant if you had taken him for anything else.

In fact, Jiro—for that was the young gentleman's name—was an inhabitant of that country somewhere down under our feet known as Japan, and sometimes called the "Children's Paradise." Now, Jiro was very proud of his country, and believed, as did all his countrymen, that the inhabitants had descended from the gods. Although he was only eight years old, because his father was one of those terrible fellows called *samurai*, or retainers (who would lop your head off in a minute and think nothing of it), little Jiro was allowed to carry in his belt a real sword. He was not ignorant of its use, either, as he took lessons in fencing twice a week.

Jiro's elder sister, Miss Koto, was learning to handle the lance and spear—an accomplishment of Japanese ladies of position, which is considered as necessary as learning to sew, or read, or paint; and Jiro longed for the time to come when his own hands would be strong enough to lift these heavier weapons. One day, as our little friend was returning from fencing-school, he thought that, instead of making his way homeward through the crowded streets, he would take a shorter cut by the side of, across the fields, where he would be able to find some tall lotus-flowers for his sister's deft fingers to arrange in the parlor flower-vases.

On reaching the pond where the lotus grew, he found that several children were already there, some busily engaged in collecting the sweet lotus-roots for eating, and others, who were more fond of play than of work, strutting about, holding up the great lotus-leaves for parasols, or wearing them as jaunty sun-hats. Jiro did not care for the roots (as his mother frequently bought them of the vegetable-man), and, as he felt too busy to play, he set manfully to work and cut down some of the most beautiful buds growing high above his head. When he had cut enough he started for home, sturdily trudging along with his arms full of the rosy flowers and their great, wide leaves.

He had not gone very far, however, before one of those long snakes which, in Japan, inhabit trees or low shrubs, lifted up its ugly head right in Jiro's path, and made him drop his fragrant bundle and grasp the hilt of his little sword. The serpent looked very ugly, seeming to say: "No! no! Mister Jiro, you can't pass here until I have a bite of you!" and I rather suspect that Jiro's first impulse was to run away. But, remembering that his father was the retainer of a great Prince, and that some day he would be a retainer, too, Jiro felt braver, and as the snake continued to rear its head right in his path, Jiro cut at it with his sharp little sword and lopped its head right off; giving it another cut to make quite sure it was dead, the lad picked up his flowers and went on, feeling very proud of his triumph.—*St. Nicholas.*

Cats and Small Children.

The question whether cats kill children by sucking their breath has always been a grave matter of discussion between all the old women who believe it, and the doctors who do not believe it, or at least deny that there is any reason for believing it. A Pittsburgh mother the other day went up to the bedroom and found her infant child dead, with a big cat sitting on its breast. The lower portion of the child's face and a part of the back were discolored, the tongue swollen and the lips black. The cat had been kicked out of the room several times. The father, mother and all the neighbors were sure the cat had killed it by sucking its breath; but the doctor said there were no authenticated cases of the kind. Cats are fond of babies, and will often put their noses to the little ones' mouth, attracted, probably, by the smell of milk. It would be impossible for a cat to stop a child's breath, and "as for sucking it, it is absurd." He conjectured that the child died from convulsions or strangulation. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—An old man in a New York justice's court who wanted some legal process or other, was not at once attended to when he remarked: "Don't keep me waiting long. I have fits. I'm liable to have one right now." The Judge immediately gave them to him—not the fits, but the papers.—*Detroit Post.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The goose is the easiest and least expensive of all fowls to raise. In order to thrive well they must have a grass range, with access to pool or stream. During the greater part of the year it will eat little else than what it finds in its wanderings. When being fatted for market it should be pretty closely confined and fed abundantly on corn, wheat and vegetables for about three weeks.

—Chickens must be young to fry well. Dress and dissect. Wash, and rub in salt and pepper while wet. Cover the bottom of a spider with lard. Let it get hot, then lay in the pieces of chicken, cover, and fry till done. Mix one egg with a spoonful of flour and a teacupful of milk, and pour over the chicken when tender, setting the frying pan in the oven long enough to cook the flour and egg. —*Country Gentleman.*

—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes concerning poisoning by ivy: "I have found a free use of cold water to be the best remedy for poison from poison vine. Formerly I suffered long and severely. Now, on the first appearance of the poison on the skin, no matter on what part of the body, I pour cold water on it until thoroughly chilled. On reappearance of the fever, or redness with itching, I again douche as fully as at first, and repeat, if necessary, several times. If the face is poisoned lie down and shut the eyes, letting another do the pouring. Where the hands have touched *the poisoned skin* be sure to wash them *at once*. No one need suffer more than twenty-four hours who uses cold water as above."

Profit of Spring Chickens.

It has been said that a spring chicken is the only animal of which Zoologists could not determine the age. I know the age of every brood of mine. Of two broods, hatched May 12 and 19, I sold eleven cockerels the past week; they weighed fifty-nine pounds, and brought twenty cents a pound, live weight, making $11.80. Of these two broods I have left nine pullets, which weigh about four pounds each; at the same price they would bring $7.20, equal to $19 for the whole. I am feeding one quart of corn a day for every ten fowls, old and young together. The chickens sold were about one hundred days old, and estimating that they have consumed on the average a pint a day for ten, they have cost to feed just $2.50, (corn being worth eighty cents a bushel.) The hens owe me nothing on account of these chickens, for they laid several eggs in the coops before they were turned out, and have laid every second day since, so that they do their share well. The chicks have therefore paid me up to the present $16.50, or 82½ cents each. In regard to this uncertain arrival (zoologically considered) then, I could tell the scientific men that a spring chicken gains its highest development in the neighborhood of a summer boarding-house, and that its age varies from two months to five years. But, seriously, now that the summer boarding-house is invading the distant rural districts and has already spread far among the farms, is not the business of raising spring chickens one well worth the attention of a farmer who is within driving distance of one of these bottomless gulfs for the disposal of eggs and *poultry?* A few years ago I sold more than 4000 pair of young chickens to a boarding-house near where I then lived, at fifty cents each, large and small; many of them were ravenously seized when they weighed but little over a pound, and before September I had not a chick left to dispose of. These were the surplus from a flock of a little more than a hundred hens. The fact is, farmers have never yet worked the mine of wealth they may find in the production of poultry and eggs.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Your Last Year's Dress.

Last year's dresses may be easily brought into style by arranging a panier-draped sash of satin surah on the edge of the basque. The plaits of last year's basques are taken out, and the seams are sowed up and bound to the edges. A surplice drapery of surah over the bosom is added, and the sleeves are trimmed to match, with a puff at the top, if the wearer is slender; a plaited scarf at the wrist if she be stout. The large buttons of last year are replaced by small round ones, the old buttonholes being concealed either by making the dress lap the other way, or, if that can not well be done, by inserting a vest, or a plastron. Fashion authorities say that a great many plastons, or vests, are to be worn, some embroidered, some plain, some plaited. These may be either of the dress material, or, with band of similar ribbon, which is more frequent, of the fabric used for trimming. A late French fashion plate shows a novel bodice with plaited plastron of the dress goods, framed in bands of two-inch satin ribbon, around the neck, and bands and bows on the sleeves. Ribbon sashes are fashionable, commencing from the side seam of the bodices and tied in front, and since the favorite arrangement of these is over a polonaise to simulate the point of a bodice, it will readily be seen that in clever hands they may easily be used to hide a seam when the basque has been lengthened. A very stylish Paris dress in two fabrics has the bodice cut like the familiar cuirass, now known as the jersey basque. In front, this has a narrow pointed vest of green and gold brocade, the vest of the bodice being of dark green gros grain. At the back, from the neck down, is laid a flat box-plait, with a double fold on each edge, in a sort of modified Watteau, held flat to the very edge of the basque, whence it opens out over the tournure in a full Watteau plait, falling low on the skirt of the dress. The edge of the basque is finished by a deep fringe in the colors of the brocade. The skirt is short, with three plaitings of gros grain at the foot, and above this is brocade covering the whole skirt back and in front in a sort of straight tunic, slashed and piped on the lower edge—the openings being ten inches deep, showing gros grain between. This new model may easily be applied to renovate a hair-worn dress. An effective mode of trimming a skirt, where the material is cut up into many pieces, is to put a single box or side-plaiting at the foot, and cover the skirt above that, for the depth of twelve inches or more, with alternate perpendicular box-plaits and puffings, the latter being shirred across in clusters at intervals of four inches.—*Chicago Times.*

—There are six different types of the Goddess of Liberty afloat in this country, and the man who can't select from the lot to please himself had better let the whole liberty business alone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A goat in Brooklyn, N. Y., found E. G. Vincent, of Waterville, Me., asleep under a pear tree, with a roll of greenbacks protruding from his vest pocket. The animal's lunch cost the granger $165. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

Railroader's Relief.

That most comfortable Ticket Office, 187 West street, New York, is presided over by Mr. C. V. V. Ward, who thus addressed one of our representatives recently: "Some months ago I had rheumatism in my right arm, and was unable to raise it. I was advised by a friend to use St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and before the second bottle had been exhausted my arm was perfectly well.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

GENTLEMAN on the car takes an excellent cigar from his pocket and just as he is about to light it recollects that his fellow-traveler may object to tobacco-smoke. Accordingly, the cigar between his finger and thumb, he turns to his vis-a-vis and says politely: "I beg pardon, sir, but perhaps——" "O, thank you; with pleasure!" And the other traveler takes the cigar and smokes it. (P. S. —Of course it was the polite man's last weed.)

THE success of St. Jacobs Oil throughout the civilized world is without a parallel.—*Richmond (Va.) Southern Planter and Farmer.*

TEMPORARY insanity—time "out of mind." —*Montreal Witness.*

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

HANLAN is not interested in mining operations, notwithstanding he has made so much money out of his oar.—*Boston Transcript.*

A BRAVE RECRUIT.—Tom was a very good boy, sharp and intelligent, but had the reputation of being a coward. Almost anything would excite his nerves or fluidity. But he got patriotic when the war began and entered in the three months' service. He was in the skirmishes on several occasions, but was in no regular battle. He behaved splendidly, and almost blotted out the reputation he had at home. The boys in his company had all confidence in him. When Tom returned home he knew more of the world than he did when he left. Some of his old chums who did not go to war edged around him to hear him talk. "Boys, you may laugh and wink," said Tom, "but you don't know what hard times is; you couldn't spell it in less than three months." "Tell us, Tom, how it was." "Well, sir, for a whole week at a time we had nothing but hot biscuit, butter and chicken and all such light diet as that to live on. It's no wonder I am weaker." "Well, Tom, how about the fighting?" "I'll tell you; according to my record, I killed as many of them as they did of me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that *great medicine*, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat.*

THE thermometer, like a man, rises by degrees.—*Texas Siftings.*

Humor of Horace Greeley.

"Yes, guano is no doubt a good thing to put on potatoes, but I prefer gravy," was the reply given by Horace Greeley to a friend. Mishler's Herb Bitters is the preference of all those who have ever used it for Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, Nervous Ailments, Rheumatism, Chills and Fever, Malarious Disorders, etc. Its effects are always thorough, rapid and lasting. All respectable druggists keep it.

WHAT kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pasturage.

WISE'S Axle Grease will prevent metal from rusting.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps away from.—*N. O. Picayune.*

☞In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cts. than in any 15or 25 cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

STRANGE that a Graeco-Roman wrestling match should draw a house full of people. It is only a try-ling affair at best.—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. BROWN SAYS:—Nervous or Dyspeptic Headaches cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment. Removes humors of all kinds. Perfectly safe.

A YOUNG lady of this city calls an admirer who weighs close on to two hundred and fifty pounds her Jum-bean.—*Elmira Telegram.*

☞"Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

TO CHANGE window glass to tin—take pains to leave the window open when it rains and it will beat in.

☞We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

IF anything will give a goat the headache and teach him the first principle of astronomy, it is a combat with a cast-iron dog.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

THE more flour a housekeeper has the more she kneads.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

"I AM ell-ated," said the eel, as he passed into the whale's mouth. "How Jo-nah!"—*The Judge.*

SOLD everywhere—Is Frazer's Axle Grease. Superior to all others. Try it and be happy.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

POOR Axle Grease makes Poor Horses—Wise's Axle keeps them fat.

THEY call them war-clouds because they are brought about by the reigning powers.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

How a Blundering Judgment May be Responsible for the Most Serious Results.

—Mr. Edwin Booth said recently that he supposed his lungs were affected, having a persistent cough, until he saw Dr. Mackenzie, of London, who found that this symptom arose from a disturbance of the liver.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The above item, which has been going the rounds of the press, is of no special significance other than to the personal friends of Mr. Booth, except that it brings to light a truth of the greatest importance to the world. Few people pass through life without the affliction of a cough at some point in their career. In most cases this is considered the result of a cold or the beginning of consumption, and thousands have become terrified at this revelation and have sought by a change of air and the use of cough medicines to avert the impending disaster. It may safely be said that more than half the coughs which are afflicting the world to-day do not have their origin in the lungs but are the result of more serious troubles in other organs of the body. "Liver coughs" are exceedingly common and yet are almost wholly misunderstood. Arising from a disordered state of the liver they show their results by congesting the lungs. In fact, the efforts of the liver to throw off the disease, produce coughing even when the lungs themselves are in a healthy state.

But it is a mistake to suppose that such delicate tissues as the lungs can long remain in a healthy condition when they are being constantly agitated by coughing. Such a theory would be absurd. Consumption, which was feared at first, is certain to take place unless something is done to check the cause. This must be plain to every thoughtful mind. It stands to reason, therefore, that the only way in which "liver coughs" can be removed is by restoring the liver to health.

In this connection another fact of great importance becomes known, which can best be explained by the relation of an actual event. Mr. W——, a wealthy cattle dealer of Colorado, became greatly reduced in health and came east to Chicago for the purpose of being cured. He consulted Dr. J——, one of the leading physicians of the country on pulmonic subjects and began treatment for the cure of his lungs. But his cough increased while his strength decreased. Finally he determined to consult another physician and applied to Dr. B——. After a careful examination he was informed that his lungs were perfectly sound, while his kidneys were in a most terrible condition. He had all the apparent symptoms of consumption but he was suffering from the terrible Bright's disease. The symptoms of consumption are often the sure indications of Bright's disease.

The above truths regarding coughs have been known by the leading physicians for several years but the public have never been informed of them. They are serious facts, however, and should be understood by all, so that dangers which might otherwise prove fatal may be avoided. They clearly prove one great truth which is, that the kidneys and liver are such vital organs that their health should be constantly guarded. The distressing, hacking cough, which is often dreaded as the forerunner of consumption and the wasting strength which accompanies it, in all probability may arise from weakened or diseased kidneys or liver, to restore which would cause returning health. How this most desirable end may be attained has long been a problem, but, keen expert of intelligence at the present day have longer any doubts that the popular remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has done more to correct, relieve and restore these organs than any other preparations ever before known. There are hundreds of instances which have occurred within the past three months where individuals have believed themselves the victims of consumption, when, in reality it was deranged kidneys and liver, which this remarkable medicine has completely cured, as witness the following statement:

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6, 1882. I believe it to be a fact that thousands of cases of so-called consumption can be successfully treated by simply using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as directed. I was one of the "given up to die" persons—had every symptom of the last stage of consumption—had cough of four years standing, night sweats, chills, etc., etc. A sensen South did no good, and the fact was the case looked discouraging. I took Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and in three months I regained over twenty pounds, and my health was fully restored. W. C. BEACH,
Foreman Buffalo Rubber Type Foundry.

There are thousands of people in America to-day who believe they are the victims of consumption and destined to an early grave and who are trying to save themselves by the use of consumption cures but are growing worse each hour. Let all such persons stop, and calmly consider whether they are not seeking to check a disease in the lungs when it is located in the kidneys and liver. Let them then treat the disease in its original stronghold and by the remedy which has been proven to be the most effective and then look for the return of health and happiness which such treatment is sure to bring.

"SOMETHING left over from the fight of yesterday," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of hash.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

POOR Axle Grease ruins your Axles—Wise's Axle Grease preserves them.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages. 1

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Filer to file all kinds of saws, so they will get better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

BAND & Orchestra Music. Catalogues free. Thompson & Odell, 78 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a *sure* and *safe medicine* which can be *freely used internally or externally*, without fear of harm and with *certainty* of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost to doctor bills. Price, *25 cents, 50 cents,* and *$1.00* per bottle. *Directions accompany each bottle.*

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

☞It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

☞Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.☜

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (1)

NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents. Postage stamps taken. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our fall price list for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of *seventy-seven* pages of goods required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,000 illustrations. We sell all goods at *wholesale* prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their special business. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price list *free*. Good guaranteed. B. C. STARKEL, 147 Wabash av., Chicago.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 64, Philad'a, Pa.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—100 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

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BUGGIES Best work in the U. S. for the money. Enterprise Carriage Co., Cin'ti, O. Territory Given. Catalogue FREE.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila'a, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for handsomely Illustrated Standard Works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast. Liberal terms offered. DOUGLASS BROS. & PAYNE, Cincinnati, O.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Business Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. ☞Write for College Journal—sent free.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL

A LINIMENT FOR MAN & BEAST.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium size, 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles *only*, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge
Secretary.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

Carefully Prepared from a German formula. In use over 200 Years. A Certain Remedy for Purifying the Blood and Regulating the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR Fever and Ague and Intermittent Fevers, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Blood Diseases, Boils, Humors, Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula, Old Sores, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dropsy, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Kidney Diseases of all kinds. Mishler's Herb Bitters is a Specific for Chills and Fever, Chill Fever, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Malarial Fever, Bilious Fever, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, Spotted Fever, Remittent Fever, Congestive Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Brain Fever, Milk Fever, Puerperal Fever, Lung Fever, Pneumonia, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases

Proverbs about Women.

An old Spanish proverb expresses characteristically the high-bred coutliness which was once peculiar to the race: "The counsel of a woman is not worth much, but he who does not take it is not worth nothing." In Puttenham's "Arts of English Poetry," a curious and interesting work, published about the end of the sixteenth century, the author, speaking of the tender-heartedness of the female sex in general, alludes to the common proverb, "A woman will weep for pitie to see a gosling goe barefoote." There must have been a touch of real humor about the originator of this ancient proverb, ridiculing, but nevertheless loving, the prodigality of tenderdess which caused him such amusement. The preference generally given in the seventeenth century to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach horses of England gave rise to the vulgar proverb, "The gray mare is the better horse." George Herbert gave the world many proverbs which are descriptive of the lives and qualities of women. Among others we select the following: "Empty chambers make foolish maids," a proverb which of course, like so many others, only expresses a half truth; for we are willing to believe that some very wise little maidens have grown into womanhood like moorland blossoms, which only the grouse, and the adder, and the humble bee have looked on; but foolish is no doubt used here in its slighter significance of bashful, in which case the proverb is of course a true one. "A fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels" reads like the sigh of some baronial Benedict who fruitlessly thirsted after quietness in the weary ages of warfare. "Mills and wives ever want" was no doubt the miserly conclusion of some mediæval Harpagon; one can almost recognize the snap with which it was uttered, in the laconic brevity of the phrase. "Who lets his wife go to every feast and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor good horse" to this day accords with the sentiments of many married men. "Choose a house made and a wife to make," said some strong-minded gentleman, who flattered himself that he had moulded the character of the girl whom he had married, who very tolerably all the while had gained entire ascendency over him in essentials by flattering his weak point of moulding her in non-essentials. For that is a way these dainty creatures have.

A Miracle.

Whenever there is an extraordinary occurrence—a team runs over a child without hurting it; a mechanic falls from a third shory window, and in a week is at work again, we are wont to exclaim, "what a miracle!" So, when Mrs. T. S. Everline, then of Alleghany City, Pa., had been sick with Consumption for a very long time, had been told by several of the best phy-sicians of that city that her time was but for a few hours, that she must die, and when the use of but one bottle of *Peruna* in a week's time placed her on her feet again and made her the heartiest eater of the family, all the people around, as with one rejoicing voice, exclaimed, 'What a wonderful miracle!' See page 30 of the "Ills of Life." Your Druggist will give you one gratis.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock A. M., and closed at 4 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the close on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
10 7 5 SILAS F. CUPPETT.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hazlard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Kyans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JOHN PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
10 7 5 ABE McROBIE.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in District No 2, Garrett county, adjacent to the lands of Gabriel Friend, Isaac T. Frazee and George D. Frantz, and known as the

"Tobias Hoff Mill Property,"

containing one acre more or less, it being part of the land which was conveyed to Jacob Nicolay, by Gilmore S. Hamill, trustee, by deed bearing date July 19th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 573, &c. On the said land is located a good saw mill, and is also improved by other valuable buildings. The said property is assessed in the names of Nicholas Endel, on the assessment books of Garrett county. The above described property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this sale of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon requets.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU 41 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 15, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

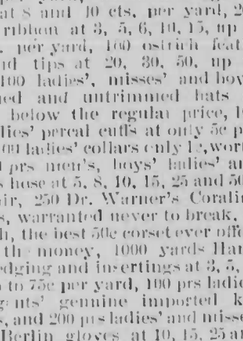

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices nicest at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21 f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland, Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.13 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.14 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD PETITION.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road, beginning at or near Little Deep Creek bridge, and running through the lands of Thomas Miller, Mrs. Germany and Joseph R. Anderson and others, to intersect the Swanton road at or near Ingman place, a distance of about 2 miles.

C. M. MILLER,
J. Z. BROWNING,
8 16 3 SILAS WALTERS,
And others

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFARDEN,
8 30 5 GEORGE S. LEE.
Examiners.

ORDER NISI.

Ephraim G. Blackburn, } No. 66 Insolvents,
vs. } in the Circuit Court
His Creditors. } for Garrett county.

ORDERED, this seventh day of September, 1882, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the sale made and reported by Gilmore S. Hamill and William H. Townshend, Trustees, for the sale of the real estate of Ephraim G. Blackburn, insolvent petitioner, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of October next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the second day of October next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $35.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court for Garrett County.
True copy—Test—
9 16 3 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in a mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1868, ch. 261, as for feloniously *starting* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 17 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 1f MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road came near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
nov 1 tf

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at Joel Bender's and running through the lands of Joel Bender, Wm. Hartman, Jacob Spiker, Wright Thayer and others, to intersect the Oakland road at Wright Thayer's lane.

JOSEPH HOSTEDLER,
JOEL BENDER,
9 24 1 HENRY BOETTNER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 54 by 84, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 1f D. J. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether in the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 1f.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

12 3 '81 R. G. RICHARDSON, Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

jel21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882. NUMBER 34.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have constructed with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 1f

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you call do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from hitrel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, refund the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, known as part of

"WILLIAM AND MARY,"

and described by courses and distances, metes and bounds, following, to-wit: Beginning at the end of the third line of Barney Reynold's land, it being the beginning of the said whole tract of land called "William and Mary," and running thence with said third line reversed south 81 degrees east 120 perches, thence north 140 perches to the last line of "William and Mary," thence with said line south 48 degrees, west 153 perches to the beginning, containing forty acres of land more or less. It being a part of the tract assessed in the name of Eleanor Davidson, on the assessment books of Garrett county aforesaid, containing 175 acres.

The above described land has been seized and taken in execution by me, and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and former sales of said land.

JASPER GUARD, Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives to his private patients. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

PERUNA pleasantly agrees with every one—the young, the old, the nibbling-egged, the babe and the mother.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the toils and cares of the day it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed wholly of vegetable ingredients, each one a great remedy in itself.

PERUNA helps nature to digest without taxing the stomach to digest any article of food.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life." For Piles, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take

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MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1882,

Military Lots Nos. 3032, 3049 and 3166,

lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland, said land being assessed on the books of said county in the name of Thomas Jamidson. The said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD, Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

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Lots Nos. 52 and 53 in Brant's Addition to the said town.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Hall.

The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy the balance of taxes due for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this and the former sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD, Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

The Religious Editor on Base Ball.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

A fews days ago the local department was terribly rushed, and it was found necessary to assign the religious editor to a base ball match. He watched the game through patiently, and the next morning submitted the following report:

"A very refreshing season of base ball was experienced in the Capitoline Vineyard yesterday afternoon, affording exceeding unction to a congregation of fully two thousand souls. Brother Murphy, of the Brookly, class, first wielded the rod, even as did Mosses at the rock of waters, and smiting the ball with prodigious smite was richly blessed with two bases. It then became the blessed privilege of Brother Fitzgerald to stand forth, but despite his most fervent efforts, Divine Proivdence interfered with a foul tip, and the brother harvested naught. During this season Brother Murphy had experienced a change of bases, garnering unto himself the third thereof, whereat there was great rejoicing, mingled with lamentation and rending of garments among the disciples of the conflicting tribes. At this critical point in the salvation of the class Brother Maloney came among them as a physician of souls, but the sheaves of great rejoicing were not for him. Like Jacob he wrestled, and like Nathan he fell, for his adversaries were plenteous and their wisdom that of the serpent, forasmuch when he smote the ball so that it soared, they that were as Philistines unto him did congregate around about that the ball might not escape them, and did hold forth each man his hands, until their fingers in number were like unto the lilies of the valley, and they seized the ball and bore it thence in triumph."

"Look here!" howled the managing editor, when he had reached this point, "What's all this got to do with it?"

"Anything the matter?" inquired the religious editor.

"This is no way to write up a base ball match," protested the managing editor.

"Why not?" indignantly demanded the religious editor. "What's the matter with it? That's the way they did it and that's my way of doing it up."

"But, man alive!" exclaimed his superior, "this reads like a sermon!"

"Very well, any objections to sermons?" asked the religious editor, tartly. "If you don't like my style of business you'd better send some secular cuss to the next ball game."

"Listen to this, man!" said the manager, reading from the account:

"In this, the eleventh honr, Brother Gilhooly essayed through effectual smiting to turn back the host that beset his brethren, and save unto Brother Murphy the rich harvest of his frequent exertions by welcoming him to the heaven of the home plate. But his enemies prevailed against him, so that when the ball had been driven from him by a mighty cast of the bat they threw it with a marvelous directness unto the one of their number, yea even unto him who was upon the first of the bases, and he smote Brother Gilhooly hip and thigh, so that he fell, and the high priest cried aloud in a great voice, saying, 'All out!'"

"That's all consistent with the facts," said the religious editor, as the managing editor looked up. "If there's anything there that ain't so I'll buy you a hat!"

"That's all right!" proclaimed the managing editor, "but the style! See the style! It sounds like the Bible!"

"Then it's the Bible you object to," retorted the religious editor. "It isn't the game, it's the Bible."

"How many people who admire base ball are going to understand your account of yesterday?" demanded the managing editor.

"Of course, if you put it in that way," replied the religious editor scratching his ear.

Professor Greener, the colored orator of South Carolina and a Harvard graduate, declared in a speech to a Republican meeting in Chillicothe, Ohio, a few nights ago, that the historical society formed by Senator Wade Hampton and other ex-Confederates has for its ultimate object the establishment, in the history of this country, of the righteousness of the Southern cause, and expunging the war record, as well as the great principles for which the North fought. This, he claims, they will undertake to accomplish by geteing into power through the co-operation of Northern Democrats.

Feeling in Severed Limbs.

The feet of Joshua West, who met with that terrible accident on the railroad a few days ago, were taken by his wife to Fremont, N. H., for burial. When the unfortunate man regained consciousness at the hospital the morning following the loss of his limbs he complained that his toes pained him a great deal; that they seemed badly cramped, and he requested that some one move them for him. At that time the feet were tied in a bag and the hospital people did not know where they were to be found.

It seems incredible that the position or condition of a severed member of a person's body should affect in the least the sensibilities of the owner; but suffice it to say that the undertaker with whom the writer converses affirms that he personally knows of numerous cases where persons who have lost limbs declared they felt pain from an awkward position which the members were in. He cited an instance of a man who lost an arm last Fall. After being amputated it was sent to the undertaker for burial. It was placed in a box, the back of the hand being down, remaining in this position for several hours. The owner of the severed member during that time experienced pain in the arm, which grew so unbearable that at last he asked a friend to go to the undertaker's and see about the limb. This was at 5:45 in the afternoon. The friend was busy and did not start off for half an hour, and during that time the pain ceased and the wounded man said he need not go. He went, however, and found that the undertaker had just finished caring for the arm; that it had been placed in an easy and natural position in the box. The time when the arm was changed from the awkward position to the latter coincided exactly with the time when the owner had felt the pain leave him. When the friend reported to the unfortunate man, he (the latter) said he knew just how the arm was placed, that he could feel its position and correctly described the same.

Another case cited by the undertaker was about a man who had lost an arm above the elbow. The member was given to the undertaker and buried. The man subsequently went to Lawrence to live. About a year after the accident he paid the undertaker a visit and told him his arm for a long time had pained him a great deal, that the fingers seemed cramped and that he wanted to see the buried member. Accordingly it was dug up and examined, and, strange to say, was found to have the fingers tightly turned up towards the palm, as the man had said they felt to him. The fingers were straightened and the arm consigned again to the ground and no more trouble was experienced from it.

Report of Superintendent of the Hot Springs.

Gen. B. F. Keiley, superintendent of the Hot Springs (Ark.) reservation, has transmitted his annual raport to the Secretary of the Interior. After a brief financial statement, the report states 37,690 free baths and 6,313 paid baths were given at the Mud Hole Bath Pool during the last fiscal year. During the month of May, 1872, there were 4,840 baths given. The amount collected for the paid baths has been used to defray the expenses of maintaining the baths. In the free pool on the south side of the mountain at least one hundred baths were taken every day. After detailing the improvements made during the year, Superintendent Kelley urges upon the Secretary the necessity of giving federal courts jurisdiction over the reservation. The local magistrates, he says, are controlled more or less by the gamblers, fakirs and bummers, who constitute a large element of the voting population, so that it is almost impossible to convict this class of trespassers upon the reservation. Speaking of the recent sale of the hundred lots at Hot Springs, the superintendent says they brought prices largely in excess of the valuation placed upon them by the commission; but, on account of the fact that a combination was formed on the last day of the sale to prevent a fair auction sale, he feels constrained to recommend that no further sales be made at present. The town is rapidly improving, and the remaining lots are steadily increasing in value. The report concludes with an earnest commendation of the wisdom shown by the government in retaining control of the reservation, which, to use Superintendent Kelley's words, "furnishes the afflicted poor who come here from all parts of the country the benefit of these waters, without money and without price."

A Corn Shucking Scene in Georgia.

From the Century.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib rakes away all trash, and sweeps the place clean with a brush-broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "notified" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and to drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long the place will be alive with them—men, women and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r'ls" are chosen from among the most famous corn shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting to one side or the other, so as to keep the force equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is to divide the corn pile. this is done by laying a fence rail on the top of the corn pile, so that the verticle plane, passing through the rail, will divide the pile into two equal proportions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division. It is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two generals mount the corn pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the gin'r'ls to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they got on top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of their work upon their adversaries. The position of gin'r'l in a corn shucker differs from that of a soldier, as the former is in greater danger than any of the followers, for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponets will knock the leader off the corn-pile, and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently lead to a general row. If it is possible, imagine a negro man standing upon a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn, and shouting the words of a song below, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'r'l." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or, to use the language of corn-shuckers, the "gin'r'ls give out" and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet when sung by fifty pairs of lusty lungs there are few things more stirring.

What Trains are Worth.

But few persons, as they see one of the fast express trains flit by, are aware of the value of such a train. What is known as the Royal limited express over the Pennsylvania road, as the train is ordinarily made up, represents over $120,000, as follows: Engine, $12,000; baggage car, $1,200; smoking car, $5,000; dining-room car, $12,000; five elegant Pullman cars, $18,000 each, $90,000. While this may seem to be an exception, the ordinary express trains represent $83,000 to $5,000, The engine and tender, which are considered together, valued at $10,500; the baggage car, $1,000; the postal car, $2,000; the smoking car, $5,000; the two ordinary passenger cars, $10,000 each, and three palace cars, $15,000 each—total, $83,000. This is a low rather than an excessive estimate of one of the fast expresses. The palace cars, put down at $15,000, are in many cases worth $18,000, and some Pullman cars are now run which cost in the neighborhood of $30,000. It is stated that the average value of of a freight train is still greater than a passenger train, when the rolling stock and value of property carried are included. Sometimes the freight on one of these through trains aggregates in value $250,000 to $300,000, and what is a little singular is the fact that the trains moving westward are more valuable than those moving eastward—a large per cent. of the westbound business is merchandise or valuable machinery, while nearly 75 per cent. of the eastbound business is grain, which is carried in a car casting $150, and the property carried will average $100 per car, so that the entire train of twenty-five cars, engine included are not worth over $31,000 to $35,000, while frequently one carload of merchandise coming West will represent that value, and these palaces on wheels carrying thousands of passengers and the thousands of freight cars carrying millions of valuable property are dependent for safety upon one man—the engineer. There are other men—the conductor, baggagemaster, fireman, and three or four brakemen—but the hand upon the lever and the brain directing it have an immense responsibility.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Cats and the Weather.

Cats have the reputation of being weather-wise, an old notion which has given rise to a most extensive folk lore. It is almost universally believed that good weather may be expected when the cat washes herself; but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. As, too, the cat is supposed not only to have a good knowledge of the state of the weather, but a certain share in the management of it, it is considered by sailors to be most unwise to provoke it. Hence they do not much like to see a cat on board at all, and when one happens to be more frisky than usual, they have a popular saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." A charm often resorted to for raising a storm is to throw a cat overboard, but according to a Hungarian proverb, as a cat does not die in water are nicknamed by sailors "cats'-paws." In the same way, also, a large flurry on the water is a "cat's-skin;" and, in some parts of England, a popular name for the stormy northwest wind is the "cat's-nose." Among other items of weather-lore associated with the cat, there is a superstition in Germany that if it rain when women have a large washing on hand, it is an infallible sign that they have a spite against them, owing to their not having treated these animals well. We may also compare the Dutch idea that a rainy wedding-day results from the bride's neglecting to feed her cat; whereas, in the valleys of the Tyrol, girls who are fond of cats are said always to marry early, perhaps, as Mrs. Busk remark, "an evidence that household virtues are appreciated in them by the men." Once more there is a German belief that any one who, during his life-time, may have made cats his enemies, is certain to be accompanied to the grave mid a storm of wind and rain.

The Liberalists.

A body of Infidels renouncing the claims of Christianity, and, in truth, of all religion, has just held a meeting at St. Louis. Not satisfied with the usual denunciations of the Christian Church as the head quarters of superstition, and invitations for the world to become moral and lovely without any religious restraints whatever, they undertook the task of destroying the Christian era, and of adopting the year 1600 B. C. as the starting point. This date they style "the era of man," and in employing it, they propose to substitute the letters "E. M." instead of "A. D." This proposed change will doubtless become general, about the time mankind shall determine to throw overboard all ordinary religious considerations and to adopt self-worship as the highest form of religion.

Owing to the weather the state of Central Europe is in a more melancholy condition than it has been for many years. The whole of Northern Italy is more or less under water, the Simplon and Spingen are blocked by the snow that has fallen, and the latter lies a foot deep in all the Swiss cantons, excepting only those of Vaud and Geneva. The cattle are lying dead on the hills, the wine crop immediately north and south of the Alps will have no actual existence this year, and what would have been the winter's hay is buried beneath the snow.

A prominent Democrat in Washton City the other day said he did not want his party to have a majority in the next House of Representatives, "for," said he, "there will first be a wrangle over the offices to be filled, and then the Republicans will force us into doing something that will cost us the Presidential election in 1884."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY A BABY.

Only a little half-worn shoe—
Nothing more;
Only a ragged, broken doll
On the floor.

Only a little, empty bed,
Smooth and white;
Only a pair of blue eyes hid
From the light.

Only two busy little hands
Idle now;
Only no little voice to ask
Why or how.

Only a tiny golden curl
Laid away
Where only Mother's eyes shall look
Day by day.

Only one little prayer tho less
At twilight;
Only no little face to kiss
Every night.

Only one little name to sob
O'er and o'er;
Only one little form to clasp
Nevermore.

Only a little grave to tell
She is dead;
Only a little lily set
At her head.

Only a little snow-white stone
With her name,
Dates to tell us when she left us,
When she came.

Only a mem'ry vanished quite
From the Earth.
Save the mem'ry in her heart who
Gave her birth.

Only this was her little life,
This her death—
A short, sweet fragrance, fleeting soon
Like a breath.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

A DANGEROUS GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Fraulein Schwartz stood at the door of her cottage, looking anxiously down the road between the mountains. She shaded her eyes with her brown palm and peered along the winding way, which was visible for a mile, except where it curved round the base of a rock too ponderous to be removed. Yes; at last there was no mistake, there was a traveler walking toward her cottage.

"Time enough, too," she soliloquized. "Since they opened the new road on the other side of the hill all the carriages go that way, and no one comes here except some poor tourist who can't afford to ride, or an artist who carries his brushes on his back and little enough besides. Who is going to buy my beautiful carvings that I got from Paris now, I wonder?"

It certainly seemed hard to the fraulein that a diversion of traffic should go so near ruining her, for she had forsaken her German home some years before and settled in Switzerland, in the hope of increasing her income by furnishing the ever-increasing horde of travelers with necessities in the shape of food and lodging and luxuries in the shape of carved beads and trinkets of all sorts.

The tourist who was now plodding up the neglected walk was the first she had seen for two days.

"Good morning, sir," she said, as soon as Hardy was within easy call. "It's a very warm day, sir."

"Warm!" ejaculated Hardy, throwing himself on a bench; "it's melting. I've left a good part of myself on the road. If this goes on I must erect a monument to my remains in Switzerland when I go home. Drink, my good woman; I am perishing."

But before he had finished asking for it she had brought him a large jug of milk, which he seized and drained.

"That inbricates the thorax satisfactorily," he remarked, as he finished. "Now, my good woman, I've a friend a little way behind. Can you put us up for the night?"

"Yes, sir, I've two nice clean beds."

"You're sure they're clean?"

"O, yes, sir; they haven't been slept in for a long while."

"O, haven't they? You had better run a warming pan through them, then, if you have such an article; if not, my hat on the end of an alpenstock will do just as well, for it's nearly red-hot. I'll just go in and have a wash and a shave, if you will show me my room."

"This way, sir; it's got a beautiful view."

Hardy picked up his knapsack and followed her, remarking to himself:

"Beautiful view!" That's what they always say when your window opens on the back of a cowshed."

Probably he would not have gone straight to his room had he chanced to look along the road in the direction of the summit of the pass, for there stood a charming little maiden marshaling her goats preparatory to driving them to the inclosure for milking. But though he had not seen her, she had caught sight of him, and after her goats were safely housed she tripped down to the cottage to see who had arrived.

Life was rather monotonous among the mountains, and, besides, Nina had a special wish to be seen to-day, for it was her birthday, and on these festivities she was permitted to wear a necklet which a rich Englishman had given her two years ago for nursing him when he was lying ill at the cottage. So Nina left her goats and ran to find out who had arrived.

She reached the cottage and was just passing in at the door when she heard a footstep behind her. Curiosity urged her to look around, but maidenly dignity forbade the step, so she passed on, wondering if the stranger would speak. He did not; but she felt an arm steal around her waist and a kiss on her cheek.

She darted around in indignation and met the amused look of Walter, her betrothed.

"Why, Nina, are you going to be angry with me for stealing a kiss on your birthday!"

"O, no, Walter dear; I did not know it was you."

"Who else did you think it could be, little one? Ah, I did not tell you I was coming over the pass to-day so as to see you before I return to the Brunig."

As he spoke he held out a bracelet of carved wood—not very valuable, perhaps, but it was his own work. Nina lifted up her little face to thank him with a kiss as he bent to fasten it around her wrist.

"Nina, who gave you that necklet?" he asked, as his eye caught sight of it.

"Mr. Linton, an Englishman, two years ago. I only wear it on my birthdays."

"I never saw it before."

"You forget we were not betrothed a year ago. Come, my Walter, you must not be jealous. I have never seen him since; I do not know where he is or anything about him."

But Walter's face did not resume its gay look; he knew something of the free ways of certain travelers, and did not like to know that his Nina had taken a present from an English milord.

"I must go and milk the goats now," continued Nina; "come and help me."

But her step-mother's voice at that moment called her into the cottage.

"Wait for me a minute, Walter," cried Nina, as she ran in. Walter, however, strolled slowly toward the goats, thinking he would begin the milking without waiting till the fraulein had said all that she wanted.

As Nina disappeared through the back door Hardy came out of the front, his face covered with lather, and in a state of comical distress.

"Confound it all," he exclaimed, "my razor is in Linton's knapsack. I thought I heard a man's voice here, too; where is he?"

He was surprised to feel an arm grasp his, but immediately drop it with a little shriek.

"O, I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were Walter."

"I'm sorry to say I am not," began Hardy. But Nina commenced to laugh as she saw his condition.

"I almost kissed you without looking," she said with a smile.

"Don't let any consideration for me stop you," replied Hardy gallantly, "but perhaps, if you could get me a towel the operation would be pleasanter for both of us."

Nina had tripped away before he finished, and soon returned with the towel. But instead of giving it to Hardy she began to signal with it. This was too much, and he gently took it from her.

"Please postpone your signals for a moment my little maiden," he said, but she took no notice.

"Why does he turn away and go on still?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Walter."

"I give it up. Perhaps, because he sees me."

Nina ran away in the direction of the goats, and was soon out of sight.

"Corydon and Phyllis have had a slight row," mused Hardy. "However, I suppose they will make it up again. It must be a serious business to quarrel with the only available lover within twenty miles. Hello! here's the lazy fellow crawling up at last. Come along, old tortoise."

A handsome young man, with light, wavy hair and moustache, came slowly up, and sat down on the bench with a sigh of relief.

"I've been resting, Jack," he said.

"Twould be more worthy of remark if you hadn't."

"You walk at such a pace, you know."

"So do you, and a jolly slow one it is. Where's my razor? Lend me your knapsack. Look here, you sit out here for five minutes and recruit yourself with some milk while I shave."

Hardy disappeared into the house, but a moment after his head appeared out of the window over the bench on which his chum was lying.

"This is first-rate," he remarked. "I can go on shaving and listen to your inspiring conversation at the same time."

"What beautiful scenery!" exclaimed Linton, looking down the valley.

"Ah," returned Hardy, "and the milk is on a level with it."

"We shall have this view from our room."

"Yes, but a little more furniture and a little less scenery would be more my form. Look at this looking-glass—one eye at the time, please; there isn't room for more on it."

"This valley always brings happy thoughts to me," said Linton half to himself.

"Can't wonder at it," returned Hardy as he gave a finishing touch to his chin. "You were laid up for a week with a sprained ankle somewhere about here, I think, two years ago, weren't you? And we nearly lost ourselves last night trying a short cut."

"That was a happy time, Jack."

"Which?"

"When I sprained my ankle. I was nursed by the most charming girl. I wonder if she lives here now. We were like brother and sister before I went away."

"I've seen her, my boy. But you must take care; she's got a strapping young fellow hanging around who is as jealous as Othello. I'm afraid I've caused a little heartburning already. O, I'm a sad dog!"

"What a fool you are, Jack."

"All right, don't you make yourself one as well. Here's the old dragon."

Fraulein Schwartz had heard voices, and came out to welcome the new arrival. She well remembered Linton, and received him with effusion.

"Nina will be back in a minute or two, sir. She has only gone to milk the goats. She has grown since you saw her, sir."

"Ah, she was a girl then; I suppose she is a woman now."

"You shall see, sir. Here she comes."

Linton watched her as she came down the road, not altogether pleased to see a tall young fellow with her.

On the other hand, Walter was so vexed at seeing two strangers, evidently waiting her return, that he had half a mind to turn back and retreat over the pass in anger. But his jealousy kept him near his betrothed; he could not let her out of his sight.

"Well, Nina," said Linton, as she came up, "I've come back, you see, as you asked me two years ago."

"I am glad to see you, sir," she replied, demurely, for she felt that Walter's eyes were on her.

"Fraulein Schwartz made me expect to find you quite a woman, but you are still my little Nina, I see. Are you grown too big to be kissed, now?"

"Don't be a fool, Charlie," whispered Hardy to him; "can't you see that fellow looks as if he would like to murder you?"

But the question had been already decided by Nina's drawing back her hand from Linton's and walking up to Walter. The latter, however, did not look at her, but gazed moodily across the valley.

"A sweet youth, that," remarked Linton, carelessly.

In the meantime Walter was clenching his hands in his pockets and muttering to himself: "She told me that she did not know where he was, and he was in the house all the time. And he would have kissed her."

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Charlie, I suppose we are to push on to Werhausen to-day," said Hardy, as they sat outside the cottage next morning over their breakfast.

"Yes, I suppose so. Where's Nina vanished? I want some more milk."

"You've about a pint left; let Nina alone, my boy. As it is, that fellow Walter seems to be unable to make up his mind whether to be angrier with you or with Nina. Look at him now; his scowl is enough to turn milk sour."

"Bother Walter! I've come twenty miles out of my way to see Nina, and I shall ignore Walter's existence for the next hour. I suppose we ought to start at nine."

"Yes, and we shall have all our work cut out, for I don't mean to try any more short cuts without a guide."

"Perhaps Nina can tell us whether we can get one. I'm going to see, at any rate. Nina!"

She came running out and Linton made her sit down while he questioned her about the possibility of obtaining a guide to Werhausen. His expense for detaining her was not a happy one, for she at once said that Walter was returning in that direction to-day, and would be glad to guide them.

Hardy looked at Linton interrogatively.

"I wish, Jack, you'd try to arrange it with him," said the latter; "he won't do it if I ask him, I'm afraid, and time is an object now."

"All right, I'll try what I can do," replied Hardy. "I think he'll come if only to insure our being at a distance from Nina."

Walter was not very tractable; at first he refused, but presently yielded, apparently because of some idea which had struck him. He recommended that a start should be made at once, to which no objection could be well made, as the friends packed up their knapsacks and were soon ready.

"Good by, Nina, said Hardy, holding out his hand; "don't forget me before this afternoon."

"Good by, Nina, "echoed Linton. "Come, Hardy, I'm ready. By Jove! though, I've left my alpenstock in our room. Just get it for me, Walter."

Walter had brought out the baggage from the room, so he could not refuse to do as he was requested. The moment he disappeared Linton drew Nina to him and kissed her.

"That's a good-by kiss, Nina, for I suppose you'll be married long before I come to Switzerland again. Mind you, don't tell Walter."

But, as Hardy knew, there was no need to tell Walter. The bedroom window overlooked the group, and the lover had been a spectator of what had happened. Hardy saw his face for a moment with an angry flush upon it, but he did not see the intense hatred which shot from his eyes as he drew back into the room. However, in a few moments he came out apparently calm. He kissed Nina and the fraulein, who only came out at the last moment with the bill which she had been preparing, and soon the travelers were only a speck in the distance to the inhabitants of the cottage.

Linton did not give a thought to the jealousy which he had excited in Walter's mind; in fact, he was scarcely aware of its existence. He did not know that the guide's was an intensely passionate and suspicious temperament; that for one thing he knew he imagined a dozen; that he always made his visits to Nina unexpectedly in order to know whether she had any other admirers but himself. Had he known all this he might have taken seriously the taciturn way in which the guide plodded on, never offering an observation, and replying as little as possible to what was said. He even refused a cigar which Hardy offered him, a very rare thing for a guide to do.

"I shan't be sorry when we drop our new acquaintance," remarked Linton; "he is very uninteresting."

"I shan't care if that's his worst fault," replied Hardy.

"He certainly has one rather more annoying; he seems to be able to pick out the worst bits of ground in the district. I'm getting tired already, and we haven't walked three hours."

"And with one rest. This is a most wretched sort of wilderness. Have you ever been near here before?"

"Never. I'm utterly out of my reckoning."

"It seems to me," said Hardy, "that Werhausen lies a good deal more to the north, while he is working us continually to the west."

"Ask him."

Hardy did so, but elicited no answer, except that the way they were going was the right one.

"But look here," exclaimed Linton, testily, as they had to help each other over a rock: "we don't want to do any climbing to-day; we want to get to Werhausen, and the road can't be over a mountain."

"If you are not content to follow me," replied Walter, surlily, "it would be best for you to go your own road."

This was a blush to the conversation, for, as the tourists had already supposed, they were utterly out of the ordinary track, and neither of them had an idea of their position. Linton received the man's impertinent answer with a philosophic shrug, resigning himself to the unpleasantness of a harder wall than he had anticipated, but Hardy, who had caught sight of his face as he spoke, began to feel seriously uneasy.

"I say, Charlie," he said, "don't do anything to make that fellow angry."

"Make him angry! It's the other way, I think. I'm getting fairly savage with him for leading us this dance."

"I wouldn't tell him so if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, if he were to become unpleasant, it would be rather awkward for us, wouldn't it?"

"I don't see that; we are two to one. Besides, why should he turn unpleasant?"

"He saw you kissing Nina this morning."

"Did he! I can't help it; he shouldn't have been looking."

"Unfortunately he was, and I can't help thinking he means to pay us out."

"You think he is taking us this round by way of administering a lesson to us? By Jove! if I thought so——"

"Do keep still, Charlie; don't make him angry."

"Why, what on earth's come over you, Jack! Surely you aren't afraid of that fellow?"

"Yes, I am; I confess it."

"Why, I believe I could tackle him single-handed, and I'm sure you could."

"Yes, but we are in his power. If he means mischief he has nothing to do but to choose his time for doing it."

"Good heavens, Jack! do you mean that he thinks of losing us on the mountain?"

"I don't say he does, but I fear it. And if he does, how can we prevent him? All he has to do is to suddenly run off: we can never overtake him, as he knows very well. In half an hour he would be out of sight, and we—where should we be?"

Linton grew pale, but recovered himself. They were now walking along the side of a buttress of the mountain up which they had been toiling. The ascent was very gradual, and they could talk without undue exertion. Walter was a couple of yards in front, stolidly striding ahead.

"What shall we do, Jack?" asked Linton, who recognized in his companion a stronger mind. "Is it any good to tell him that I meant nothing by kissing Nina, and that I shall never see her again?"

"No, no. We must let him suspect us, or it is all up. When we come to a good place we will propose stopping to eat something. One of us must keep near him all the time. Or, better still, you must get faint and insist on taking his arm. You must never let it go. As long as he is with us we are safe, for I scarcely expect his wish for revenge is strong enough to let him risk his own safety."

"I believe he means to thoroughly fire us out before he does anything, and that won't take long, so far as I am concerned; my legs are beginning to give way, and he is going on as fresh as paint. Let's bring matters to a crisis."

"Hi, Walter," shouted Hardy; "we're getting hungry. We'll stop here and have some bread and cheese."

"There is a much better place a little further on," replied the guide, "where there is a spring."

"Shall we go on?" whispered Hardy to Linton. "Be as careless as you can."

"As you like; if there is a spring it will be a blessing."

"All right; let's go on if it isn't far," said Harry aloud. "But my friend is used up; you must give him your arm, and I'll take that knapsack, if you like."

Linton moved forward to take his arm. Hardy had already taken hold of the knapsack so quickly that the guide had no time to move away, even if he had wished. He made no objection to the proposal, and Linton put his arm through his, Hardy keeping close in the rear. They could still talk to each other, for they knew that Walter did not understand English.

In this manner they plodded wearily on for another mile, no slight distance when the path is over rocks and loose stones. The scene was a most impressive one; but at present its exceeding desolation was the characteristic which the two friends felt most strongly. Not a house was in sight, and scarcely a tree; nothing but the rocks and earth. Below there lay a deep, dark valley, with a rushing torrent which now looked a mere white thread; above them black rocks capped with everlasting snows. For all that they could tell theirs were the first human footsteps that had ever fallen in this desolate spot.

Walter had spoken truth. There was a spring ahead of them, and the sight of it relieved their spirits. They took it in turns to drink, one filling his cup while the other mounted guard over the guide. The latter seemed to be conscious by this time that he was the object of suspicion; but his action and look did not alter. He ate his crust and drank the water without making any attempt to move away from them, and Hardy half began to hope that he had been wronging him. At any rate he determined to make one more attempt at conciliation.

"What time shall we reach Werhausen, Walter?" he asked.

"I shall get there about six," he replied.

"Allowing how long for rest?" asked Hardy, purposely taking no notice of his using the word "I."

"You can rest as long as you like," was the answer, "but I am going on."

"What do you mean? We've hired you as our guide, and you'll have to stop or go on, as we wish."

"I am not your guide. I would not take money from you if I were starving. I only brought you here to take you away from Nina. It will be a long time before you find your way back there again, my fine young gentlemen."

This was a declaration of war, and all felt it to be so. Walter rose and faced them, standing about two paces off. Hardy looked straight at him and said: "Do you mean that you have brought us out of our way because of some harmless flirting with Nina?"

"Yes," shouted Walter, losing all command of himself, and making his voice echo down the mountain, "yes, you would come with your full purse and your smiling face to turn her away from me who love her and work for her, and live from week to week on the chance of seeing her. You give her fine presents, which she wears, and she tells me with an innocent smile that she does not know where the gentleman who gave them to her is gone, and ten minutes afterward I find him at the cottage and wanting to kiss her. She little thinks I saw him kiss her this morning when he sent me in to fetch his alpenstock. But now it is my turn; you are in my power."

Hardy stepped forward to seize him, but he stretched out his hand.

"Did your hear that!" he asked. "Look down the valley."

A roll of thunder reverberated from mountain to mountain, and instinctively the two friends looked down in the dark valley below them. At the same moment, with a mocking laugh, Walter sprang down the rock. His ruse had succeeded, and they were alone on the mountain.

But his triumph was a short one. Exasperated beyond measure at the trick, and desperate at the state of affairs, Hardy seized a stone as large as his two fists and threw it after the retreating guide. He was a good cricketer and his missile sped truly, hitting Walter on the left shoulder. With a cry he fell forward, rolling over several times before he stopped. The two friends leaped wildly down the mountain in pursuit, reaching him while he was still on the ground. Linton seized him with a grip that showed that he meant to give him no further chance of escape, when a groan broke from the guide's lips.

"Gently, Charlie," said Hardy, "you're hurting him; I'm afraid he's broken something. What's the matter, Walter?"

"My arm," replied the guide, feebly; "I think it is broken."

Hardy knew something of surgery, so he examined the arm, and found it was broken below the elbow. It had become doubled up underneath him as he fell. Hardy tore up their handkerchiefs and bound the arm up, after setting it as well as he could; a shirt from his knapsack was made into a tolerable sling, and when all had been done that could be done, they helped Walter back to the spring and bathed his shoulder and head, the one bruised by the stone the other by the fall. He received their attentions without thanks, but without any objections. He was evidently in great pain, and appeared to have forgotten the recent excitement that he was in.

"Now, Walter," said Hardy, after a short rest, "do you feel well enough to walk again? You can take my arm, and when I am tired Linton will help you along. We must rest every now and then, for we don't feel very fresh. How far is it to the nearest house?"

"Two hours' walk away there is a cottage; we can't reach Werhausen to-night. We must start at once or we shall have the storm on us."

Without more talk they rose and set off. It was a weary tramp; they began by retracing their steps for nearly an hour, and then turned off by the side of a pine forest in the direction of Werhausen. By this time it had come Linton's turn to help the invalid, and he could not refrain from telling him how mistaken he was about Nina.

"She had no idea I was coming to the cottage; I did not know it myself till a few days ago. And that necklet I gave her two years ago was when she was a child and nursed me when I sprained my ankle. Besides, Walter, when she found that you were angry with her for wearing it she determined to give it back to me. Look here, here it is. She gave it to me before breakfast this morning, when you saw us together, and were so savage about it."

"Is that all true?" he asked.

"Every word, on my honor."

"Then I have been a jealous fool, and have come very near being something worse. I would have killed you if I had dared as we climbed up the side of the mountain this morning, and now you are saving my life, though you know I meant to leave you on the mountain to die. But look the storm is coming. You must run and leave me. The cottage is round that next point. You will get there in time."

"No; you must come, too. Walk as fast as you can."

"No; leave me. I will shelter under this rock till it is over."

"Nonsense! You'll never be able to walk a yard by yourself. Lean on me as much as you like."

Walter had been getting more feeble during the last half hour, and had once or twice shown symptoms of fainting; it would have been almost certain death to leave him alone now with a storm rapidly approaching. So the two friends toiled painfully on with their heavy burden, foot sore and weary, and scarce able to drag one foot before the other. They had abandoned all hope of reaching the cottage before the storm broke; they knew that when once it had begun there was very little chance of proceeding, and hope of safety had almost died. Suddenly, however, Linton caught sight of a peasant making all speed for the shelter of the cottage; they shouted to him, and he came to their assistance. Another moment and the rain came, a thick mist filled the air, and, for all they could tell, they might be a hundred miles from the little chalet. Fortunately the peasant knew the vicinity of his home blindfold, and, after a struggle against the tempest, they were safely housed from its fury.

A night's rest revived the strength of all three. Under Walter's willing guidance they accomplished in a few hours the rest of the distance to Werhausen, where medical aid was procured. Before they parted Walter took Linton aside, and begged him to let him have the necklet which Nina had returned to him.

"I will give it to her again," he said, "and will ask her to wear it always, and when I feel suspicions or jealous again I shall look at it, and it will remind me of the time that we have spent together on the road to Werhausen.—*All the Year Round.*

Industrial Education in the Public Schools.

There is a growing feeling among the students of industrial problems that our whole conception of education in general, and of industrial training in particular, needs revision and enlargement. This feeling is based upon such easily observed facts as the following:

1. Paupers are on the increase.

2. Our schools too often educate their pupils out of harmony with their environment, thus justifying the charge that education (falsely so called) unfits its possessors for useful industry.

3. The simpler and less important positions in the world's workshop are as a rule greatly overcrowded, while in the upper stories there is a vast amount of unoccupied space.

4. The work done in the lower stories is often exceedingly shabby.

5. Many who aspire to the upper stories fail to enter—or, if they apparently enter, soon end in failure.

6. The chosen few who truly enter, and build up magnificent industrial fabrics, with the splendid fortunes which such fabrics imply, fail to educate their children to carry on their good work, or to do work of similar value in some other department of useful industry.

7. A whole community of prosperous workmen may be well-nigh reduced to beggary by the incoming of some new invention, or by change in the fortunes or tastes of consumers.

8. When old industries are swept away and new ones established on the wrecks, there is usually little power on the part of workmen to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

4. The relentless law of the survival of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous, instead of the Christian law of mutual consideration and co-operation, too generally prevails among individuals and all kinds of human organizations.

That all education should be industrial, and that everybody should be industrially educated, we believe to be a perfectly tenable proposition.—*Prof. H. H. Straight, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Testamentary Curiosity.

In 1877 a man who died in Berlin leaving behind him a fortune of 34,000 marks, surprised all who knew him by devising that 32,000 marks should go to the authorities of his native place, and that the remainder should be divided between nine relatives and a friend with whom he had quarreled, the share of any one of the legatees becoming forfeited if he followed the testator to the grave. His relatives religiously obeyed the dead man's decree, but the estranged friend, remembering old times, could not refrain from going quietly to the church-yard and paying his last respects to the deceased. By and by a codicil came to light directing that if any one of the ten legatees under the will should disobey the injunction regarding the last ceremony he was to receive the bulk of the money left to the testator's town, and, thanks to the shrewd device, the man who thought more of his old friendship than his old friend's money found himself comfortably provided for for the rest of his life.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Habit of Killing.

It is an old saying that "man is the creature of habit," and we believe it is true to a greater extent than most of us would be willing to admit. Just why a bad habit should be perpetuated and practised when no one is profited by it is something that might be difficult to explain; still we all know that such things do occur and are occurring constantly among all classes of people and among all nations. Among the most detestable habits which are almost universally practiced by our rural population is the habit of killing the small as well as the large animals inhabiting the fields and forests. About the first lesson the boy on the farm receives from his parents is how to dispatch a snake, and from this he goes on killing toads, frogs, lizzards, and then, as his skill increases in throwing stones, he aims at the birds, making a mark of everything of the kind that comes within reach. When a little older he is furnished with a gun and ammunition, and all his spare hours (and many that could be better spent in study) are devoted to this all-prevailing habit of killing something. We do not believe that these destroyers of animal life intend to do a mean act, but the force of habit is strong upon them, and not one in a thousand ever gave the subject a moment's serious thought as to whether they were doing wrong or right. Boys have grown to men, all the time killing innocent creatures that come in their way, and it is no wonder that children of such parents should inherit their bad as well as good traits of character. If the insects increase on the farm and in the forests, the farmer seldom seeks after the cause, and, if asked why such things occur, will probably say that he supposes these pests are sent to punish mankind for their sins. In this he comes very near the truth, for the sins committed by the farmer and his sons in killing birds and reptiles are many, and the increase of noxious insects is one of the direct results.

What is termed instinct in animals is merely hereditary experience, and it is a noted fact that where man has not for generations hunted and killed animals indiscriminately, they are not afraid of him. We have only to pass from our older States to the newer to note the effect of constant hunting upon the habits of the wild animals. The squirrels, chipmunks, and other similar small animals in the western mountain regions may be said to be quite tame, and they will often come within a few feet of travelers, or sit perfectly sit until a person actually thrusts out his hand to catch them. Hundreds of these little creatures frequent the mining camps and habitations of the pioneers in the West, and run about as familiarly as many of our domestic animals. They soon learn, however, the source of danger, and the crack of a shotgun or the whiz of a stone are signs that they do not forget. The birds, also, show little or no fear, and it is often very amusing to see how much curiosity they will display in peering into a camp, or watching the movements of a stranger among them. The aborigines, with whom these animals have been so long familiar, never attempt to frighten, and only kill for food. But man, who claims to be civilized, is not satisfied to destroy life when his necessities demand it, but practices it for what he calls "sport," or what should be designated as pure wanton murder, and punished as such by law. The "lion and the lamb" will never lie down together in peace so long as this habit of killing is practised by any boy, and the so-called "sportsman" is permitted to roam over the country destroying animals without let or hindrance from the Government or shame in the eyes of his fellow men.

We do not expect that our readers will all agree with us on this subject of killing animal without cause, but we hope a few at least will, and when a starting point is made there is hope of progress. The difficulty in breaking up any old and common habit among men is to induce those who practice it to stop and think why they do such things. To illustrate this point we will refer to an instance which occurred recently while we were traveling in the wilds of the far West. We had for a companion a gentleman from Texas, who was both highly educated and refined, and while walking down a mountain road a large snake appeared a few feet in front of us. Our companion immediately reached for a stone to hurl at the reptile, which we saw was of a harmless species. As there was no good reason for killing it, we cried out: "Hold! why kill the fellow?" and then stepped forward and picked up the snake in our bare hands, as it was too good an opportunity of teaching our friend a useful lesson. The snake showed neither fear nor anger, but allowed us to handle him with impunity, not even darting out his tongue with rage as nearly all species in our older States will do when interfered with. Our companion was somewhat surprised at the turn of affairs, but was honest enough to own that he had always been in the "habit" of killing all snakes that came within his reach without regard to size, color or species. He also said that he could give no better reason for killing snakes than that everybody else did it, and he supposed it was all right. In this reply we have about all the good reasons which can be urged in favor of the indiscriminate destruction of animal life which is constantly going on among farmers and other residents of our rural districts.

We certainly have no objection to the destruction of pestiferous animals and insects, or of animals required for food, but do object to killing promiscuously. Poisonous reptiles should be destroyed as a precautionary measure, but there are very few poisonous species, and those which are not dangerous should be protected as friends, as they really are, to man. The toads are great insect destroyers, and now that it is well known, farmers and gardeners seldom harm them, but if the toads and frogs had no enemies like the snakes, they might become so abundant as to be a nuisance; so, upon the whole, it is perhaps best that both should live in reasonable numbers about our farms and gardens. Every living thing has certain natural rights, and it is just as well to recognize these when known as to wholly ignore them, as is generally done by those who indulge in this inexcusable habit of indiscriminate slaughter of the smaller as well as the large animals.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Catherine de Medicis had three daughters, all of whom became queens

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Thames Church Mission Society has fitted out a smack for use in converting the North Sea fishermen.

—Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—*Wendell Phillips.*

—The first colored Baptist Church in Western Pennsylvania has just been dedicated. It is located in Pittsburgh.

—Language lessons have been introduced in the St. Louis public schools with the intention to cultivate in the public schools scientific precision of statement.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The School Board of Liverpool, Eng., after full discussion, have decided to use novels occasionally instead of ordinary reading books in the public schools. A beginning will be made with some of Scott's works.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The State of Michigan has now 239 Congregational churches. During the past year ten new churches were organized, and the total membership is 16,957.—*Detroit Post.*

—An exchange remarks: "Eatonton, Ga., has a population of 1,400, and by actual count they are only sixty-six persons that have attained the age of discretion who are not members of some church.

—There is a marked increase of attendance at religious services in Edinburgh, Scotland, since a leading Presbyterian preacher induced many employers of labor to give mechanics a half-holiday on Saturday.

—The abolition of recess in the Albany public schools, and the change of school hours to sessions of from nine to half-past eleven in the morning, and from a quarter past one to half-past three in the afternoon, have proved so successful an experiment that the board has made them permanent. Physical, moral and social results have all been excellent.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—The good old "birch" times are coming back again. At a late meeting of the trustees of the college at Milledgeville, N. C., it was resolved that whipping was a proper means to enforce discipline when necessary in the primary and preparatory departments. The trustees believe that children are like postage stamps—you must lick 'em well to make 'em stick to their letters.

—The two largest dioceses of the Roman Catholic Church are presided over by two Bishops whose names are O'Connor. One is the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, Bishop of Australia, the other is the Right Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha. These two clergymen met recently by accident in Salt Lake City and passed several hours together.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A wealthy person died in Union Springs, Cayuga County, N. Y., the other day, and in her will left $1,000 to be used in building a Baptist Church, the church to be built within a certain time, or the money turned over to the Baptist State Convention. The church is now being built, although it has but one male member and several females. This will make the eighth church in the village, which has a population of but 1,200.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The girls of the Sunny clime describe this world as one of "bustle, toil and care." We agree with them—the women have all the bustle, and the men have the toil and care.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—"Modestus" writes us: "There is natatorium in the city, so where can I learn to swim?" In the water, man alive, in the water. You didn't think of learning to swim in a hay mow, did you?—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car. Well? He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform, either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is not a gentleman.—*Savannah Times.*

—A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the ladies house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* has never yet found a farmer wise enough to explain how red ears of corn can come from white kernels. What's the odds, so long as finding a red ear at a husking bee entitles you to kiss the best looking girl in the crowd?

—"Why do they call him a brakeman?" asked the child, after that excellent official had looked in at the car door and "hollered" one of the lamps out. "What does he break?" "He breaks the silence," said the father, and the train rolled on, laden with truth.—*Burdette.*

—"That's a nice overcoat you have," said a swell to his friend. "Think so?" he queried. "Well, I'm glad you like it." "New style, isn't it?" "No; I—that is, I don't know." "Anyhow, where did you get it?" "O, say, look here, now, you're asking too much; but I'll tell you if you won't give me away." "All right." "Well, sis and I swapped ulsters this season. That's what's the matter."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"How often does the ferry-boat start?" asked the lady. "Ivery fifteen minutes, mum." "How long is it since the boat left here?" "Tin minutes, mum." Lady waits ten minutes and then says: "Didn't you say the boat starts every fifteen minutes?" "I did, mum." "Well, I have waited here ten minutes since you said the boat had been gone ten minutes." "Yes, mum." "Then how do you make out that it starts every fifteen minutes?" "Why, you see, mum, it starruts from this soide wan fifteen minutes and from the other soide the next."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Why did you take that pair of lavender-colored pants from the store of Mose Schaumburg?" asked Justice Gregg of a colored culprit. "I ain't to blame, Jedge." "Who is to blame?" "My old mudder am to blame, Jedge. I look dem ar pants to save her life." "How so?" "She am mighty proud ob me, Jedge, because I'm her only son, an' she would hab worried herself plum to deff if she had seed me wid my old pants on; so to keep her from worryin' herself to deff, I jess bought dese heah pants on credit——" "Ninety days in the county jail," interrupted the Justice.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CONTRARY MEN.

Some men do write when they do wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are long,
And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late;
Is 'round when he is square;
He die early and dilate,
And may be foul when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow,
And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
And heavy when he's "light."

He may be wet when he is "dry;"
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he won't go by;
Have naught when he has awl.

He may be sick when he is "well,"
And hot when he is scold;
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
And when he's young he's sold.

—*Norristown Herald.*

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S EULOGY UPON HIS WIFE.

Recently, while in attendance at a Sunday-school convention at Washington, Mason County, in this State, I was invited, with several others, to dine with *the family* of the Hon. Martin P. Marshall, a resident of the village.

Mr. Marshall is one of the most gifted and cultivated men of the State. He was at one time somewhat prominent in public affairs. He is now advanced in years, however, and is living the life of a retired private citizen.

He is a nephew of the Hon. John Marshall, deceased, formerly Chief Justice of the United States, and was in the earlier years of his life a member of the Chief Justice's family.

In conversation in regard to his uncle he spoke in terms of the warmest admiration of his character. Daily intercourse with him had taught him to revere and love him. He dwelt particularly upon the simplicity and beauty of his private life. He was his model of what a husband should be to the wife of his bosom in respect to the love which he should cherish for her, the tenderness with which he should watch over her and nurse her in failing health, and the fondness with which he should think of her when death had taken her from his arms.

Rising in the midst of his remarks, our host invited another gentleman and myself, who were listening to him, into his private apartment, and there opening a drawer, he took out and read to us a paper written by the Chief Justice on the first anniversary of his wife's death, in memory of his love for her, and of the excellences of her life and character.

I asked him if the paper had ever been published. He said that it had not; that he had kept it sacred as a private legacy, and had never obtained his own consent to let it be given to the public. I said to him that I thought that it ought to be published, as I believed that it would be read with interest and profit by all into whose hands it would come. Just then we were called to dinner.

Afterward the conversation in regard to the paper was renewed, and before I left the house Mr. Marshall yielded his consent to have it published, and handed it to me for that purpose.

A copy of it is herewith inclosed, with the belief that its publication will increase the respect which the people of this country already feel for the memory of its author, and at the same time enhance their appreciation of the domestic virtues which were so beautifully and admirably illustrated in the life of the great Chief Justice. D. S.

KENTUCKY, August 20, 1881.

"DECEMBER 25, 1832.

"This day of joy and festivity to the whole Christian world is to my sad heart the anniversary of the keenest affliction which humanity can sustain. While all around is gladness, my mind dwells on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object it contains.

"On the 25th of December it was the will of Heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure, had partaken of all my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recess of my heart.

"Never can I cease to feel the loss, and to deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be during my existence devoted to her memory.

"On the 3d of January, 1783, I was united by the holiest bonds to the woman I adored. From the hour of our union to that of our separation I never ceased to thank Heaven for this its best gift. Not a moment passed in which I did not consider her as a blessing from which the chief happiness of my life was derived.

"This never-dying sentiment, originating in love, was cherished by a long and close observation of as amiable and estimable qualities as ever adorned the female bosom.

"To a person which in youth was very attractive, to manners uncommonly pleasing, she added a fine understanding, and the sweetest temper which can accompany a just and modest sense of what was due to herself.

"I saw her first the week she attained the age of fourteen, and was greatly pleased with her.

"Girls then came into company much earlier than at present. As my attentions, though without any avowed purpose, nor so open and direct as to alarm, soon became ardent and assiduous, her heart received an impression which could never be effaced. Having felt no prior attachment, she became at sixteen a most devoted wife. All my faults—and they were too many—could never weaken this sentiment. It formed a part of her existence. Her judgment was so sound and so safe that I have often relied upon it in situations of some perplexity. I do not remember ever to have regretted the adoption of her opinion. I have sometimes regretted its rejection.

"From native timidity she was opposed to everything adventurous, yet few females possessed more real firmness.

"That timidity so influenced her manners that I could rarely prevail on her to display in company the talents I knew her to possess. They were reserved for her husband and her select friends. Though serious as well as gentle in her deportment, she possessed a good deal of chaste, delicate and playful wit, and if she permitted herself to indulge this talent, told her little story with grace, and could mimic very successfully the peculiarities of the person who was the subject.

"She had a fine taste for belle-lettre reading, which was judiciously applied in the selection of pieces she admired.

"This quality, by improving her talents for conversation, contributed not inconsiderably to make her a most desirable and agreeable companion. It beguiled many of those winter evenings during which her protracted ill health and her feeble nervous system confined us entirely to each other. I can never cease to look back on them with deep interest and regret. Time has not diminished, and will not diminish, this interest and this regret.

"In all the relations of life she was a model which those to whom it was given cannot imitate too closely. As the wife, the mother, the mistress of a family, and the friend, her life furnished an example to those who could observe intimately which will not be forgotten. She felt deeply the distress of others, and indulged the feeling liberally on objects she believed to be meritorious.

"She was educated with a profound reverence for religion, which she preserved to her last moment. This sentiment among her earliest and deepest impressions gave character to her whole life. Hers was the religion taught by the Savior of man. She was cheerful, mild, benevolent, serious, humane, intent on self-improvement and the improvement of those who looked to her for precept and example. She was a firm believer in the faith inculcated by the Church in which she was bred, but her soft and gentle temper was incapable of adopting the gloomy and austere dogmas which some of its professors have sought to ingraft on it.

"I have lost her, and with her I have lost the solace of my life. Yet she remains still the companion of my retired hours, still occupies my inmost bosom. When alone and unemployed, my mind unceasingly recurs to her.

"More than a thousand times since the 25th of December, 1831, have I repeated to myself the beautiful lines written by Burgoyne under a similar affliction, substituting Mary for Anna:

"'Encompassed in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay:
How soon did Heaven assert its claim,
And take its own away!

"'My Mary's worth, my Mary's charms,
Can never more return.
What now shall fill these widowed arms?
Ah me! my Mary's urn—
Ah me! ah me! my Mary's urn.'"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Snob Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Snob and little Snob must have fresh air and recreation out of town. It is sometimes their pleasure to show their fine clothes and diamonds at a costly hotel. But there are times when Mr. Snob wants to economize. He reflects that if he goes with his family to a lesser boarding house there is no law preventing them from sitting on the portico of the big hotel, airing their style and picking their teeth as if they regularly paid their bill to the diamond-mounted hotel clerk. To pick their teeth in public is an uncouth and ungentlemanly trick, but Snob does it in sight of all men, and is deeply conscious of his importance while he does so. As he walks the halls of the popular hotel or lounges in its office or bar room, he congratulates himself that he is putting on considerable style at small expense;

When Mr. Snob mingles with his fellow-boarders at the less pretentious hostelry he carries with him the air of one who belongs at a much more stylish place. He looks down on the rest of the company as of very little account. It is for him and his party that the house is managed and for their comfort and enjoyment that the boats, the croquet sets, the best chairs and the choicest corners of the porticoes are created. His family assert their superiority over the others by gathering themselves into a little group and refusing to associate with anybody else. From behind the barricade of their own self-importance they shoot out the envenomed tongue criticism against the raiment, the habits and the genealogy of those whom they dislike. At table they whisper severe remarks about others and show by the upturned nose, the winking eye or the pouting lip that they are taking note of the sayings and doings of those who, instead of being made like themselves, or porcelain are made of ordinary clay.

When Snob and his family go home there is a sense of relief at the boarding house. The rest of the boarders gratefully realize that they are no longer the subjects of inspection or the victims of unfavorable criticism. They can wear what they please, without being annoyed by having it intimated that the goods with which Mr. Snob has provided his family are more costly or in better style. They can eat their meals in peace, without worrying over the probability that the Snobs will take away their appetites by saying or doing something unpleasant. The servants are glad, for the Snobs are difficult people to wait on, and are always complaining about something or other. Yet the family will always be more or less present at summer resorts. Their presence must be endured, like that of the mosquitoes.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Adulterated Opium.

It appaars from chemical investigation that opium is generally worse even than it appears to be, from the fact that, on account of its many adulterations, its strength can only be guessed at. Some samples lately analyzed showed that over a third of the mass was composed of crushed linseed. Other samples are found mixed with liquorice, cashew, sesame oils, gum arabic and tragacanth, sand, vegetable earth, lead, starch and animal excrement. A lot imported into England looked well, but contained only two per cent. of morphine. Bullets of clay, chopped poppy leaves, rumex leaves; tubercles of helianthus, dahlia, colchicum and dried mushrooms are found, the resinous character of the substance being supplied by a plentiful use of pitch. Turkish opium contains raisins, crushed poppy, desiccated eggs, wax, rosin and pulverized brick. One sample was made up of opium, clay and dried excrement.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The waltz will soon be waltzed out of style, or at least the hugging part of it. Many dancing-masters now refuse to teach it in any form. Form on for a quadrille!

Newfoundland Fogs.

Next to its dogs, Newfoundland's fame rests on its fogs. The Arctic current, driving southward and along the coast, meets the Gulf Stream and condenses the warmer vapors, just as a glass of ice-water gathers drops. The mists comparatively seldom penetrate inland, but in one direction or another they hang around the island with a weird darkness like that of smoke, and closing in—a "sea turn" they call it here—make navigation on the cruel coast as dangerous as on any waters of the globe. Hundreds of stout ships have steered to wreck in the mists on the rock-ribbed shores, and a winter's journey to St. John's is more perilous than a trip to Europe. the Allan steamships sometimes using eleven days for the 540 miles from Halifax to St. John's. A spot traditional with disaster is "Mistaken Point," a little west of Cape Race, so called because of the difficulty of distinguishing it in the fog from the cape itself. Here, within a few days of each other, the steamships Washington and Cromwell, in 1877, ran ashore and were lost, with some seventy lives, not a soul escaping. From the heights above the fishermen saw corpses and wreckage churning against the lower cliffs, but only two bodies were secured by an adventurous seaman, who went down the face of the rocks by a rope. Internally and as a whole—except, perhaps, in the track yet to be penetrated by the railroad—Newfoundland is an unpromising region—a land of continuous rock, here and there covered with boggy wastes, and with vast areas where old firs, killing the low firs, have left wastes of dead trees that tire the eye with their monotony and expanse. The summers are brief and moderately warm, the springs marked by a marvellously sudden burst of vegetation. the winters about as cold as those of New England, and attended by deep snowfalls. Along some of the roads are seen now lines of stakes as tall as small telegraph poles, placed at short intervals, to make out the winter path. The Vermont tollhouse keeper who, after the big snowfall, put out the notice, "Toll taken at the second story window; after the next storm please drop the change down the chimney," would have found a rare field for his drollery on these semi-Arctic winter roads. Newfoundland has lakes without number, some of them sixty miles long, and teeming with trout. She has wilderness where game are abundant; she raises fine vegetables, and she, late in August, placed fresh strawberries on our table. But as yet she yields to commerce little except copper, ore, seals and codfish. Her people, as a rule, are so backward as almost to be archaic, and here, at St. Johns, the watchmen from ten o'clock to daylight call the hours. Excluding the wealthier classes, and decidedly including the alleged hotels of St. Johns, the country still lacks essentially those prime elements of civilization, a clean bed and "square" meals.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

An Anonymous Letter.

A day or two ago a widow living on Sixteenth Street called the policeman on that beat into the house and informed him that she had a very serious case on hand. Some one had written her an anonymous letter, and she wanted the officer to trace out the guilty party if it took him until January, 1892.

"What was in the letter?" he asked.

"I will read it. It begins: 'My dear friend,' and goes on to say that the writer has fallen in love with my red cheeks, sparkling eyes and dimpled chin."

"He must be a blind man," bluntly observed the officer. "I don't see any red cheeks or dimples."

"Perhaps you don't, sir," she coldly replied, "but I will read further. He says that my image is constantly before his eyes, and that I am the subject of his dreams."

"Well, that's all right," said the officer, "unless he lets the image bother his eyes when a butcher-cart is around. He is evidently mashed."

"And further down he says that the sight of me getting off the street car sends a thrill through his whole system."

"Very likely, madam—that is, if you catch your foot and sprawl on the ground. I think I know the old coon who wrote that letter."

"Old coon!"

"Yes, an old codfish down here who has had three wives and seventeen children."

"Sir! how dare you imagine that he would write to me?"

"And I'll see that he is arrested."

"No, you won't! I warn you not to interfere in this case in any manner."

"But I thought you wanted the guilty punished?"

"Who said I did? I simply wanted you to trace it out and give me the name of the writer."

"So that you could prosecute him?"

"No, sir! I wanted to know if he was in earnest, and if he was—you see—you know—I would——"

"You'd write him that if his conduct was repeated you'd appeal to the law?"

"I think you needn't bother with the case at all!" she remarked, as she swallowed a lump in her throat. "You don't seem—that is you appear—that is, good day, sir!"

"And what she wanted of me," said the officer as he went back to his beat, "was to assure her that some one really wrote the letter in earnest, and that he probably meant all he said. Once sure of that she would have answered it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An advertisement in the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, says: "Mrs. C. Edge has grown five sunflowers from seed from Utica, Oneida County, America, seven feet four inches high, leaf one foot in length and breadth, stem four and a half inches in circumference; blossom, outer edge orange with pale yellow centers, circumference of the blossom of sunflower eighteen inches; they are a splendid specimen of the sunflower, worthy of cultivation as a curiosity."

—A young nun escaped from a London convent by scaling the garden wall, a daring and difficult feat. Then she stole a dress and hat from a house in the neighborhood, donned them in place of the nun's clothes, and made her escape.

—Mrs. Lydia Gaber, while awaiting trial in Philadelphia as a common scold, because she talked so long and so badly to her neighbors, killed herself.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Scenes at the New York Horse Markets.

The stranger who is passing Twenty-fourth Street, in the Third Elevated Railroad, does not need to be told that he is in the vicinity of the great horse marts of the city. His olfactory nerves speedily assure him of the fact. If anything further is needed he has only to glance out of the car windows and he will catch fleeting glimpses of stable boys and men, whose "horsy" proclivities are not to be mistaken, engaged in handling refractory beasts or discussing the points of the animals with the air of connoisseurs. Let the stranger get off at the Twenty-third Street station and spend an hour among the numerous long, narrow stables that make up the neighborhood known to New Yorkers as "The Bull's Head," and he will wonder where all the horses come from that supply this market. The countryman who spends days haggling over a trade will see a single dealer sell horses as fast as the stableman can trot them before the eyes of the purchasers.

"How many horses do you sell in a year?" asked a *Tribune* reporter recently of a Bull's Head dealer.

"Ten or twelve thousand," he replied.

"Where do they all come from?"

"From all over the country: Canada, the New England States, the Middle States, the Southern States and the Western States, and recently there have been importations of the thick-necked, heavy Norman horses from France. These latter are for breeding purposes. To supply this market, 30,000 horses a year are required. Every street railroad keeps a man scouring the country for suitable horses for its use. They want light, quick horses that weigh about 1,100 pounds. The brewery and express companies and the heavy truckmen will take the largest horses they can get. The nearer to 2,000 pounds a horse weighs, the more they will pay for him. It is to supply this demand that the Norman horses are being brought to this country. I have a stable of Norman horses, one of street-car horses, one filled with old hacks to sell to street peddlers, and one where the young fellow who wants to take his girl out behind a 'toppy' team can be accommodated."

So crowded are these stables that it is difficult to move about between the horses without being trampled upon. Yet the stablemen shift the horses about and trot them before the buyers with surprising agility. While the reporter was standing looking at the busy scene in one of these stables and listening to the stamping of hoofs and the crack of the dealer's whip as the horses sped past him, a stable boy walked slowly by, with an expression of pain on his features and holding his hand to his side.

"I'm afeared I am laid up for good, this time," he said as the reporter asked him where about he was kicked. There is the same scene, with more or less activity, in all the stables all day long until night comes, when the animals are fed, rubbed down and blanketed, as the sea air quickly gives a country horse the pneumonia or lung fever.

When the young horse is brought from the country he receives his "breaking in" at the hands of the street-car or truck driver. In either case the result is the same. He is well fed and well groomed, but driven remorselessly over the Belgian blocks for two years until he is stiff and spavined. Then he is sold on a "cleaning-out" day to a street peddler. The poor horse then finds that his troubles have just begun, and henceforth there is only the watchful humanity of Mr. Bergh to protect him.

Last year Mr. Bergh kindly killed about 1,500 of these horses. Then their carcasses were sent to Barren Island. There every particle of them is utilized. Their bones are made into knife-handles and combs and find a ready sale. Their hides are tanned for leather, and their hoofs are made into glue and mucilage.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What it Meant.

When Billy Root was a little boy he was of a philosophical and investigating turn of mind, and wanted to know almost everything. He also desired to know it immediately. He could not wait for time to envelop his intellect, but he crowded things and wore out the patience of his father, a learned savant, who was president of a livery stable in Chicago. One day Billy ran across the grand hailing sign which is generally represented as a tape worm in the beak of the American eagle, on which is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Billy, of course, asked his father what "E Pluribus Unum" meant. He wanted to gather in all the knowledge he could, so that when he came out west he could associate with some of our best men.

"I admire your strong appetite for knowledge, Billy," said Mr. Root, "you have a morbid craving for cold hunks of ancient history and cyclopedia that does my soul good, and I am glad, too, that you come to your father to get accurate data for your collection. That is right. Your father will always lay aside his work at any time and gorge your young mind with knowledge that will be as useful to you as a farrow cow. "E Pluribus Unum" is an old Greek inscription that has been handed down from generation to generation, preserved in brine, and signifies that "the tail goes with the hide."—*Nye's Boomerang.*

Society Note.

A coolness has arisen between Kosinsco Murphy and Mrs. Hufnagel, one of the most fashionable ladies of Austin. There was a lawn party at the Hufnagel mansion. Mrs. Hufnagel showed Mr. Murphy over the grounds, and asked him what he thought of their arrangement.

"I am delighted madam," was the reply. "Wherever I look I see the footprints of your genius."

As Mrs. Hufnagel has a foot almost as big as a wheelbarrow, she supposed there was something personal in the remark. She did not hint exactly that she was not glad to have him stay to supper, but she opened the gate, and pointed into the street, and Murphy, who is very sensitive, strolled away.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A smile as large as they can indulge in in Rhode Island without its lying over the territory of the adjacent States, is now in progress in that commonwealth on the discovery that the sentinel, who, during the recent siege of Canonchet stood upon the outer walls and held the place against all comers, was a fourteen-year-old horse-girl who put on martial attire for the occasion.

Temperance Reading.

THE BEVERAGE OF HELL.

The following passionate outburst (published years ago) on the part of an innocent victim of the curse of strong drink is worth reproducing at this time:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch the withering glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withering brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb—
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, foresworn, had yielded up
That promise to the maddening cup,
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright—
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see; and know,
All that my soul has felt and known—
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow;
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you can try,
When all proclaim: 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I hate the bowl!—
Hate is a feeble word!
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With deep disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark Beverage of Hell!

The Drift Towards Prohibition.

Few people realize the progress that is being made in this country in the Temperance cause. Dr. Daniel Dorchester shows by facts in the *Christian Advocate* how strong is the drift towards Prohibition. He cites, first, the long record for Prohibition of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, the shorter record of Kansas, and the recent Prohibition victory in Iowa. Probably not less than ten other States, he adds, are moving for a Constitutional Amendment similar to that lately adopted by Iowa. Under "local option" Prohibition obtains in quite a number of towns and cities in New Jersey; in Logan County, Media, and other places in Pennsylvania; in nearly all the rural districts of South Carolina; in forty-two counties, besides church and school neighborhoods in Georgia, equal in all to one-half the area of the State; in ten to fifteen counties and numerous districts in Alabama; in large districts in Mississippi; in many parishes in Louisiana; in about one-half the State, under the "Four Mile law," in Tennessee; in large sections in Arkansas; in several counties in Texas. The votes given in various State Legislatures in 1881, cited by Dr. Dorchester also, are significant. In Wisconsin the vote in the House stood 51 yeas to 39 nays. In that State in 1878, 15,000 people petitioned for Prohibition; in 1879, 40,000; in 1880, 100,000; and a still larger number in 1881. In Pennsylvania the vote in the House was 109 to 59, the measure failing in the Senate. In Michigan the House voted 63 to 33, the Senate 21 to 10—the necessary two thirds being wanting by only one vote in the House and by three votes in the Senate. In Nebraska the record was 49 to 28; in Ohio, in the House 77 to 16, in the Senate 20 to 14 (lost by four votes); in Illinois, House 56 to 51, Senate 16 to 21; in Nebraska, 49 to 28; in West Virginia, 40 to 20 in the House; in Arkansas, House 66 to 17; in Texas, House 51 to 34, Senate 23 to 7. Here are a large number of *majorities* that bid fair before long to increase to the requisite two-thirds. The Temperance skies evidently are brightening.—*S. S. Times.*

They Turned a Rule.

Less than three months ago a wreck of a man staggered into the office of a weekly paper in Eastern Michigan and asked for money to buy whisky. Strangely enough the publisher was an old schoolmate. They were boys together. They were apprentices in the same town. They worked side by side as finished compositors. One had sobriety and thrift—the other had a good heart and an open hand. Twenty years made the one rich and influential—the other a drunkard who slept in the gutter as often as in a bed. The one had made use of what God had given him, but the other had deliberately make himself a wreck.

The meeting called up a host of recollections, and the contrast between their situations was so great that the old drunkard was sobered as he realized it. He was offered work, but he had become too broken. The stick and the rule were no longer for him. He was offered a temporary home, but he looked at his rags and felt his shame for the first time in months. When money was handed him he waved it back and said:

"I shall not want it. I ask, in the name of olden days and as a fellow-craftsman, one little favor."

"It shall be granted."

"When you know that I am dead, then turn a rule for me and give me a single line."

The promise was made and the old wreck floated out again on the current of life, borne here and there and feeling that death was to be the end. Yesterday a copy of the weekly reached the *Free Press* with proof that the editor had fulfilled his promise. He had turned a rule for the poor wreck, and had given him a line:

"Died, September 27, 1882, George White."

That was all, but in that line was such a sermon as no man on earth could deliver. For every word there was a year of woe and degradation. For every letter there were tears and heart-aches and promises and failures.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It costs this country 800 times as much for intoxicants as it does to pay the salaries of the clergy. The figures are $2,200,000,000 and $60,000,000.

The Liquor Dealers Alarmed.

The friends of Temperance who are seeking to stop the tide of crime and wretchedness that flows from the use of intoxicating liquors are taking heart from the present attitude of those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale. The growing sentiment of the country in favor of Prohibition, and especially the astonishing majority by which this defensive measure was adopted as the constitutional law of Iowa, has struck terror into the hearts of those who have been not only bold in pursuing the traffic, but defiant in resisting all laws designed to diminish the evils connected with it. Some of the dealers are now ready to make a compromise, and offer to support License laws, in the hope that the friends of humanity will be satisfied with such measures. Even Saul is found among the prophets. Out West the whisky manufacturers are advocating a License law with a Sunday restriction; but there is a grave suspicion that this proposition does not proceed from any special regard for the sacredness of the Lord's day, but from a conviction that more whisky and less lager beer will be sold if such a restriction is enacted.

The Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association held their third annual Convention at Rock Island, Ill., on the 19th, and took a very gloomy view of the situation. Their report declared that "the business of Illinois is threatened." (What is the business of Illinois?) A New York evening paper, which has never been known as an advocate of Temperance principles or measures, has the following severe remarks upon the proceedings of this meeting and the course of the liquor dealers generally:

"The Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association held its third annual convention in Rock Island, Ill., yesterday. It was in the nature of a funeral ceremony. The report of the Trustees is a most lugubrious document. On every side the whisky trade sees itself menaced or hemmed in. The Prohibition movement is sweeping down upon it from all points of the compass. Alarming or disheartening reports reach it from Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and many portions of the South. Even in Illinois, the citadel of the corn distillers, the whisky trade is likened to Samson in the hands of the Philistines. These reports, let it be borne in mind, come, not from the crazed brains of some 'temperance lunatics,' but from the cool, deliberate, logical and alcohol-preserved faculties of the liquor dealers and manufacturers. There would seem to be one or two obvious lessons to be drawn by the great national whisky interest from its melancholy and perilous situation. Let it adopt a less aggressive and less challenging policy. Let it stop trying to buy and bully Congress into perpetrating a seventy-eight-million-dollar steal from the National Treasury for its benefit. Let it stop trying to displace Senator David Davis by its notorious and disreputable tool, Commissioner Raum. Let it abandon its ridiculous and abortive attempt to array the spirit of nationality on the part of German-Americans on the side of aggressive and offensive liquor selling. Let the liquor interest learn its place in the general economy of things and keep it, and it may yet escape the war of extermination with which it is threatened."

The New York *Tribune*, commenting on the mournful attitude and utterances of this convention, says:

"The liquor men throughout the country as a rule have resisted in the boldest and most insolent manner all efforts to regulate their traffic. They were not content to do business like other men on six days in the week, but always denounced any attempt to close their places on Sunday as a violation of personal rights. Their trade is obnoxious at best to a great portion of every community, and it seems as if the dealers and manufacturers ought to have had the wit not to arouse too strong a feeling against it. They would not hear of regulation; now they have to submit to Prohibition. It is likely that the liquor men of Ohio and Indiana will soon be added to the melancholy band."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

English Publicans.

To give some idea of the extent of disease and death which is caused by alcohol, I may narrate a striking fact relating to one class of men, the class which makes its living and its dying, also, by strong drinks. This is the class called publicans, hotel-keepers, or beer-shop keepers. The publicans, as a class, seem very comfortably placed in the world. They live in nice, warm houses; they have plenty of food on their tables; they are not obliged to go out in all weathers and at all hours of the night, like policemen or gamekeepers; they are not exposed to great dangers like men who drive railway trains; they are not exposed to infectious diseases like doctors; they are not exposed to cold and heat and wet and privation like agricultural laborers. In short, they are placed in more favorable circumstances than almost any other class of the community, except in this one respect, that, having alcohol always before them, they are constantly tempted to partake of it. The effect of this practice is shown in their mortality. Notwithstanding their advantages, they die so much faster from diseases caused by alcohol than the rest of the people, that in England, as the public records tell us, 138 publicans die in proportion to 100 of the whole of the community who are employed in seventy leading occupations. For eighty deaths of game keepers there are 138 deaths of publicans. Even railway-drivers and servants, who are exposed to so many dangers, die at the lower rate of 121 to 138 publicans.—*B. W. Richardson, M. A., M. D., L. L. D., F. R. S., in "Alcohol and Its Action on the Body."*

Temperance Items.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is a Temperance man, never touching liquor of any kind.

ILLINOIS has over 3,000,000 people and 11,000 liquor saloons—an average of 272 to each saloon.

MOST of the 900 inmates of the Georgia insane asylum are said to be there through the agency of strong drink.

CALIFORNIA brandy is good to keep. The longer you keep it, without drinking any of it, the better it is for you.

A SYRACUSE woman sent her granddaughter, aged four years, to the nearest groggery for whisky. The child, while returning, drank some of the villainous compound, fell unconscious and shortly afterward died. And now public opinion is divided as to the culpability of the grandmother and the saloon-keeper.

CHIEF-JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, reports that the records show that seventy per cent. of the patients in the hospitals of Great Britain, eight-tenths of the criminals brought before the British Courts, and seventy-five per cent. of the inmates of the British poor-houses, are made so by liquor drinking. In a more emphatic manner it may be put that seven hospitals out of every ten, eight jails out of every ten, and seventy-five poor-houses out of every hundred would be dispensed with if it were not for the liquor traffic.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

REPUBLICAN MASS - MEETINGS!

THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT CO. are requested to assemble to Mass-Meeting at the following named times and places.

SELBYSPORT,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 7 P. M.
GRANTSVILLE,
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, AT 7 P. M.
NEW GERMANY,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, AT 7 P. M.
GREGG'S MILL,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27 AT 7 P. M.
ALTAMONT,
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 7 P. M.
DEER PARK,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 7 P. M.
SHOOK SHOP, (No. 8)
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, AT 7 P. M.
OAKLAND,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, AT 7 P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

HON. M. G. URNER,

T. J. PEDDICORD, Esq.,

And one or more of the the following local speakers: Hon. G. W. WILSON, Messrs. J. L. LININGSTON, C. A. SNYDER, F. A. THAYER, W. P. TOWNSHEND, and others.

The District Committee will make the necessary arrangements for these meetings. Let there be enthusiastic rallies,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Acting Chairman.

THE BENCH AND THE SCHOOLS.

"*Resolved*, That we shall expect our chief judge, if elected, to participate in the appointment of the school commissioners as the law now stands upon the statute books of our State."
—*Oakland Democratic Convention.*

JUDGE ALVEY'S POSITION.

"Hereafter I shall feel myself justified in declining to participate in making such appointments."—*Judge Alvey, on the 10th of February, 1876, in his letter to the General Assembly of Maryland relative to the appointment of school commissioners.*

"The office of judge is in no sense a political one, and though candidates are nominated by conventions representing political parties, it is not contemplated, nor in the slightest degree allowable, that the judges, when elected, should act the part of political, or, in any manner, recognize matters of politics in the administration of the law. From the very nature of the office he holds he is required to be entirely free from all political bias, and to keep himself apart from all participation in political affairs."—*Judge Alvey's Letter of Acceptance.*

MR. READ'S POSITION.

"As the law imposes the duty upon the judges of the several circuit courts of the State to appoint the county school commissioners in their respective counties, I consider it proper for me to state that it is my intention, if elected, to co-operate with my associates upon the bench in the appointment of fit and proper persons as school commissioners in the counties of the district who will keep and maintain the public schools in the highest state of efficiency and see that the money appropriated for their support is expended to the best advantage.—*Extract from Mr. Read's Letter of Acceptance.*

The Democratic majority in Ohio is between 19,000 and 20,000, and they elect 14 of the 21 Congressmen.

The Baltimore *Sun* building is now lighted with Edison's electric lamps.

Rev. Thomas Guard, the eminent Methodist Episcopal divine, died in Baltimore Sunday morning, his death having resulted from a surgical operation.

The Democratic Congressional Convention of the 6th Maryland District, which met in Cumberland on Thursday of last week nominated Hon. Montgomery Blair on the second ballot. Mr. Blair was a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. He is in his 70th year.

The claim of the Democrats that they will control the next House of Representatives is base on the belief that they will gain everywhere and lose nowhere. If Ohio was a surprise, so also was West Virginia.

The Question of Funding the School Debt.

As the voters of this county will have to pass upon the question of funding the school debt at the coming election, it would be well to have the matter thoroughly understood. We therefore open our columns for the discussion of this question pro and con. As there are but two more issues of our paper before election day, persons wishing to discuss the merits or demerits of the measure, will see the importance of doing it without delay.

Judge Richard Alvey, of Washington county, the present incumbent of the chief judgeship of this judicial circuit, has been renominated by the Democratic party. The judge is so well and favorably known to the people of our county, that anything we can say will only distract from the brilliancy of his lustrous judicial character.—*Oakland Democrat.*

You would do very well to leave Judge Alvey alone hereafter. Every time you have ventured to write upon the subject you have "detracted from the brilliancy of his lustrous judicial character," or words to that effect. (See recent letter from the editor of the *Democrat* to the *Daily News.*—*Cumb. News.*

Democratic Agonistics.

In his recent speech at Fairfield, Iowa, United States Senator-elect Wilson truly said: "The Democratic party never did understand this country, and never managed it except to its hurt. It has been on the wrong side of about every important question that this Nation has ever had to meet and adjust; and especially has it been so with regard to moral questions. Its aim has been power not for the good which might come through it, but for its own sake. It ran the country into the deplorable condition in which it was when the people turned it over to Republican administration. Its leaders were always a set of political agonistics. They did not know, and consequently could not do. They did not know that this Republic was a Nation, therefore treated it as a mere confederation of States. They did not know that the law of self-preservation applies to Nations as well as to individuals, and so proclaimed that the United States had no power under the Constitution to coerce a State. They did not know that human slavery was incompatible with a free government, and tried to make it a condition of our national existence. They did not know that the citizen's first allegiance is to the Nation, and resisted the conscription laws of the Republic. They did not know that a Nation's credit is one of the vital elements of strength, and so trifled with ours that it ruled lower than private obligations, and became discredited with what was equal to a discount of 12 per cent. They did not know that treason was a crime, and therefore consorted with traitors and gave them aid and comfort. They did not know what splendid advances the arms of the Republic had made from 1861 to 1864, and hence cried out in their national convention of the latter year for a cessation of hostilities, alleging as a reason that the war had been a failure. They did not know that a great people could and would perform all promises made in aid of the tremendnous efforts put forth to save their imperiled country and its institutions and so denounced the government bonds as worthless, the legal-tender notes as frauds, and predicted the ultimate repudiation of both. They did not know how vast were the moral and material resources of this Republic and declared that disaster and failure would appear where stand our mightiest triumphs of today. They did not know that their periodical and ever repeated declarations of want of faith in the success of the Republic, of the permanency of its institutions, of its leadership in the world's civilization only demonstrated how unfit they were to administer the government, and so went on to proclaim their want of faith."

"With "Twenty Years of Republican Rule," for a text, Hon. Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, lately delivered at Rock Island, Illinois, one of the most effective speeches of the campaign. Gen. Raum is a capital speaker, and in his official capacity has had ample opportunity, which he has not neglected, to form an intelligent estimate of the important value of Republican rule to the country.

We make below a few extracts from Gen. Raum's speech:

* * * We are Republicans because the Republican party had the patriotism and courage in 1861 to declare that the Union and the Constitution and free government should be maintained at every hazard against the rebellion; because the Republicans in Congress passed laws to raise armies, to create a navy, to borrow money and to appropriate money for the suppression of the rebellion; because the Republican party had the wisdom to pass the Legal Tender Act and the National Bank Act, two of the greatest and most successful financial measures of the age. We are Republicans because the Republican party saved the Union, and not only preserved free government to our own people, but gave an impetus to the cause of freedom throughout the world. We are Republicans because the Republican party emancipated four millions of slaves, and gave them equal rights and the ballot. We are Republicans because the Republican party has preserved the public credit, reduced taxation, reduced the public debt, refunded it at a low rate of interest, and has resumed specie payments. We are Republicans because the Republican party, animated by the most magnanimous spirit that ever influenced a people, forgave the enemies of the government, and restored to them the rights of citizenship, forfeited by rebellion.

The Republican party pensioned the wounded and disabled soldiers of our army and the widows and orphans of those who fell in the great struggle to preserve the Union. The Republican party made provisions for the construction of a railroad across the continent, connecting the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific States. The Republican party has encouraged the growth of the Western States and territories by giving homesteads to settlers upon the public lands. The Republican party has fostered, stimulated, diversified and enlarged the industries of the country by its wise tariff legislation.

The Republican party is in favor of education and of liberal provisions for the support of free schools. It is in favor of the suppression of polygamy, and has recently passed a law for the overthrow of that "twin relict of barbarism." It is in favor of an efficient and honest administration of the public service, and it has proven its faith by its works. The Republican party is opposed to ballot-box stuffing, false counting, social ostracism, bulldozing, intimidation and murder as means to carry elections. It is in favor of equal rights, equal protection under just laws, a free ballot, a fair count, and the cheerful submission of minorities to the will of the majority.

* * * There is no subject of legislation upon which there is a broader divergence of opinion between the two great political parties than there is on the question of tariff. The Republican party is in favor of a protective tariff; the Democratic party is in favor of a tariff for revenue only. The Republican party took up this principle of protection as it fell from the hands of the old Whig party and has vitalized it in the legislation of the past twenty one years. One of the first acts of the Republican party when it found itself in a majority in both Houses of Congress, upon the withdrawal of the secessionists, was to pass a tariff law to increase the revenues of the Government and to encourage and protect the industries of the country. Under the benign influence of this law the manufacturing industries of this country have been extended and diversified in a wonderful degree, and the agricultural interests have been enlarged and have been rewarded with extraordinary prosperity.

* * * The specious argument of the Democracy against the tariff legislation is that the people of our country, not engaged in the business of manufacturing, pay largely increased prices for domestic goods manufactured in competition with dutiable articles, without any compensating benefit, ignoring the fact that the competition amongst our own manufacturers keeps prices within reasonable bounds. The universal prosperity of the agricultural interests of the country is conclusive proof that that industry is not subjected to unjust and grinding exactions by the tariff. While the population has increased 60 per cent., improved lands have increased in acreage 76 per cent., the production of hay has increased 67 per cent., butter 69 per cent., corn, 105 per cent., wheat, 188 per cent., sheep and wool, 298 per cent.

Twenty-one years of protection have resulted in the establishment of populous manufacturing centres all over the United States where skillful operatives produce manufactures equal and in many cases far superior to the products of foreign workshops. These operatives receive twice, and often four times, the wages of persons employed in similar avocations abroad. Our manufacturers have substantially dominated the home market, and the great army of artizans engaged in manufacturing pursuits become consumers of the products of the agriculturalist, so that he finds a remunerative home market for over seventy-five per cent. of the products of his toil.

* * * The passage of the Legal Tender Act and the National Bank Act by the Republican party was a stroke of genius. In the history of the world no system of paper money has even been devised so near perfection. Every dollar circulates at par in every part of the country, is immediately convertible into coin, and has back of it an ultimate security which absolutely prevents loss to the note holder. Opposing the passage of the laws which created this currency, the Democratic party has never abated its opposition thereto and signalized its hostility in the recent session of Congress by strenuous antagonism to the bill authorizing the extension of the National Bank charters.

The Democracy is in favor of abolishing the National Banks, of repealing the tax upon State issues, and of the chartering of banks by the State legislatures. If allowed to do so it would bring the country back to the old "wild-cat" currency, of which every State has had its experience, and by which every man now over fifty years of age has been more or less a sufferer. One of the beneficial results of the war, second only to the abolition of slavery, was the ridding of the country of this financial pest. If there were anything which could make that rebellion tolerable in the eyes of the civilized world it would be that its suppression had resulted in the abolition of the "wild-cat" State banking system.

The greenback circulation was brought into existence by the Republican party. But for the Republican party we should never have seen the legal tender note. And yet we have in some portions of the country a party which, taking its name from the color of the legal tender notes, claims to be the especial friend and guardian of the greenback circulation, while it opposes the nominations of the Republican party. The financial epidemic of greenbackism broke out during the period following the panic of 1873 and like the yellow fever, the epizootic, and other infectious diseases, it has run its course and disappeared with the improved state of the financial atmosphere.

* * * The Civil Service of this Government, under Republican rule, has been so improved that to-day, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is unquestionably the best service in the world. Take the officers and employees of the seven great Departments, as a body, and they will stand the test of integrity, capacity, fidelity, and diligence in the performance of duty. These are essential prerequisites, and no legislation can improve the service in these respects. The business of the people is diligently and faithfully performed, and the public revenues are collected and honestly accounted for. A statement prepared in answer to a resolution of Congress shows that prior to 1861, when the Republican party came into power, the average loss by defalcation in collecting the revenues of the country was three dollars and fifty-nine cents on every thousand dollars, and in disbursing the public money the average loss by defalcation was five dollars and seventy cents on every thousand dollars. Under Franklin Pierce the loss by defalcation in collecting the revenues was six dollars and ninety-two cents on every thousand, under James Buchanan three dollars and two cents; it fell to one dollar and ninety-one cents under Abraham Lincoln, rose to two dollars and six cents under the Democratic administration of Andrew Johnson, fell again to one dollar and twenty-four cents under President Grant and to one cent on the thousand dollars under President Hayes. From July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1879, the average percentage of loss by defalcation in collecting the revenues was reduced from three dollars and fifty-nine cents on the thousand dollars to one dollar and twenty-eight cents; and in disbursements the average loss was reduced from five dollars and seventeen cents on the thousand dollars to fifty-six cents. Since then the percentage of loss by defalcation both on receipts and disbursements has been so much further reduced as to become an unappreciable quantity. During the past six years the Internal Revenue service has collected $748,831,071.01 and disbursed $27,087,300.00 without any loss by defalcation.

* * * What valid reason can be assigned for a change? Will the Democratic party suppress violence and fraud at elections? Will it give you a better currency? Will wages be advanced? Will the value of farm products, and of flocks and herds be increased by Democratic tariff legislature? Will investments be more secure and productive than now? Will education be more surely promoted? Will it be wisdom in a prosperous and contented people to jeopardize their material interests by placing in power the Democratic party, which is pledged to the repeal of those laws which an experience of over twenty years has proven to be beneficial to all the great productive commercial and financial interests of the country? You know what the Republican party has done. It has given you good laws and honest administration, it has advanced liberty and equal rights. Every page of our history since '61 is emblazoned with the record of its achievements both in war and peace. It will establish the reign of law; and it will continue to advance the progressive civalization of this great American people.

LYNCHBURG, VA., October 12.—Reports from Pittsylvania county state that the ravages of diphtheria in certain localities have reached an alarming extent, nearly two hundred deaths having occurred within the last sixty days. Not a family has escaped the great scourge. Twenty pupils of one school district have died with the dread disease, which the physicans seem unable to control. Last Sunday three children were lying dead in one house.

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Cronicle.*

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

LEADVILLE, COL., Oct. 5, 1882.

The people who arrived in Leadville during the excitement of the early discoveries were of a very miscellaneous character. From the San Juan country in southwestern Colorado, from the Black Hills, from Utah, Nevada and California, came the veteran prospectors whose familiar faces have been seen in every mining camp west of the Missouri river. They are the same rough, reckless, good-hearted men so admirably described by Bret Harte, as ready to fight over a game of cards or share their last dollar with a friend in distress as they were in the early days in California or a few years later in Nevada. They never feel at home in a civilized community, and the restraints of law vigorously enforced are uncomfortable to them. These men, who have given to western mining life so much of its charm when seen from a distance by the aid of some of our most delightful sketch-writers, but who are looked as little better than wild beasts by sober-going, respectable people from the East when brought into contact with them, threatened at one time to get the upper hand of Leadville, as they did when the discovery of the Comstock Lode brought them by hundreds and thousands into Virginia City. But the carbonate camp was too accessible; the fame of its rich deposits spread too rapidly in the East and attracted hither too many who were accustomed to live in well-ordered communities and to respect and obey the laws, to allow any class of rough, devil-may-care miners and adventurers to rule the new settlement. One or two threatening demonstrations were promptly and vigorously checked by the local authorities sustained by a strong public sentiment, and so general good order has been preserved, the laws have been well executed, very few men have "died in their boots," and vigilance committees have been unnecessary.

In spite of the restraints by which they have been surrounded, the nomadic adventures of the mines have left their stamp upon Leadville and some of its institutions. The whiskey shop, gambling house, dance hall and variety theatre, in which the same men or their prototypes sought amusement in other camps, were transplanted here and for a few months did a flourishing business. Times are dull with them now, for no small number of their patrons have found the surroundings of Leadville uncongenial and have gone in search of new excitement. The drinking saloons of Leadville of which there is more than one hundred, are of every grade, from the gayly painted and brilliantly lighted bar-rooms, with their wonderful piles of crystal goblets and long rows of cut-glass decanters, to the low grog-shop in a log cabin, with its pine counter, earth floor and three or four black bottles. I presume that there is no place in the United States where the number of saloons and bar-rooms is greater in proportion to the population, or where, on account of the climate, intemperate habits are more frequently fatal. General good order is maintained in and about the whiskey shops, and fights are not more frequent than they are in Eastern cities.

That "distance lends enchantment" is daily proven in this mining country. Men get uneasy, and not content with what they find close at hand, they hear of some camp far away in the mountains, where wonderful discoveries are being made; fabulous stories are told; and no matter how well they may be doing, they sell out and rush for the new field. In more than nine cases out of ten they find themselves sold, the new camp a humbug, the stories told of it all manufactured, and are glad to get back to their old quarters. Hundreds are now returning to Leadville, that have been seeking richer fields in New Mexico, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, San Juan and Gunnison, but have failed to find them. The charm that attracted them lost its power, and proved the truth of that other saying about "a fool and his money." It is this wild feverish seeking after the big chance, with all its attendant excitements that ruins so many of those who enter the uncertain field of prospecting.

It is impossible to say very much in favor of the climate of Leadville. An elevation of five thousand or six thousand feet seems to have a bracing, invigorating effect upon people who have lived near the sea level, but at ten thousand feet most people find the air too rare to live in with comfort. Those who are unacclimated suffer from headache, bleeding at the nose, wakefulness, shortness of breath and exhaustion after very little exertion. Consumptives and those suffering from bronchial or heart disease are sure to have their symptoms aggravated even by a short residence here, and a longer stay will often prove fatal. Severe colds are frequent, and rheumatism of a very painful character is almost sure to follow unusual exposure. Speaking of climate and weather reminds me that only a short time ago, when the thermometer back in the States was quoted at 90 in the shade, they were having a fine snow storm in this region. No sunstrokes here. An Irishman says, "Be Gorra, its the last summer all winter in Leadville." Every body feels just that way, yet strange as it may seem when once located in these wild mountains, many are loth to return to the States. There is a charm in this rough life that holds them, and makes the easy humdrum life of the older States seem tame and unattractive.

DOM PEDRO.

"That grand old man," Samuel J. Tilden, will no doubt be pleased to hear that his deputy grand old man, Hon. Montgomery Blair, has been nominated for Congress by the Democracy in the Sixth Congressional district. This is the first time that the assistant grand old man has had an opportunity of writing a *letter of acceptance* since the sitting of the Electoral Commission, and it is believed that he has a large accumulation of letters of acceptance already prepared—old back numbers, so to speak, which he has never had occasion to use. The opportunity to overflow now offered is too precious to be wasted, and he will doubtless cleanse his surcharged bosom of the weight of its gloomy imaginings about the "fraud first triumphant of 1876." It may be safely predicted that Hon. Montgomery Blair, who has for the past six years been obliged to unbosom himself in long newspaper articles which nobody reads, will avail himself of the present opportunity of writing a powerful letter of acceptance, that will convince the Sage of Gramercy Park that the only way to save the country will be to give Hon. Montgomery Blair a seat in his Cabinet—when he gets there. It is believed that the nomination of Mr. Blair is due to the influence of Governor Hamilton, and this has raised dark suspicions that our Governor has been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with "that grand old man," S. J. Tilden.—*Balto. American.*

This is the way in which the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* drives home another nail in the coffin of the Democratic party:

Five years ago the Democratic party in its conventions was loudly demanding "a repeal of the resumption act," but we resumed all the same. Twenty years ago it declared the National debt would never be paid, but we are paying it all the same. It declared about that time that the Nation would be bankrupt, and could not borrow, and now the Nation borrows for 3 per cent, and the wealth of the world wants to invest in our securities. The Democracy now seems to have two living issues, one is to get the offices, and the other to turn the manufacturing wealth of the Nation over to the tender mercies of British capital. The people will have a word to say about both propositions, and Democracy in retirement, can string the answers among the relics and mistakes of the party during a whole generation. Never in history has any party shown such aptitude for blunders of the gravest character as this same old party of slavery which was sent into retirement when patriotic men, twenty-two years ago, marched out to rescue the Nation from the arm of treason to which Democracy had consigned it.

Ohio Will Be All Right in 1884.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The Republicans of Ohio have been beaten on local issues, but not on their Republicanism, which is as strong in that State to-day as when it gave Garfield more than 31,000 plurality. The votes are still there to support the Republican party when the battle shall be renewed, as it will be in 1884, on national issues. In the next and greater campaign, which begins in Ohio from to-day, there will be neither the distraction of a purely local issue nor the disorganizing contention of clashing ambitions within the Republican ranks.

I. P. Dukehart.

Supt. of B. & O. R. R. Co.'s Hotels, (Conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for 28 years, and previously a Druggist,) writes: "Cumberland, Md., Dec. 17, 1881: I have used but one bottle of *Peruna* between myself and son. He had Diphtheretic Sore Throat, and is now well. As for myself, it has entirely relieved the dullness in my head, which has been of long standing—the result of Chronic Malaria. I never took anything in my life that gave me such great satisfaction. My wife is now taking it also." Ask your Druggist for the "Ills of Life," and how to cure them—a book.

LOCAL NEWS.

—New goods at the New York Branch Store, Oakland.

—We were visited by the first frost of the season Monday morning.

—Apples command a ready sale at one dollar per bushel in Oakland.

—Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Mr. Jonus Beeghley, residing near Accident, this county, raised a cucumber this season which measured 17 inches in length and 12 inches in circumference.

—Married, by Rev. John M. Davis at his residence in Oakland, Tuesday, Oct. 17th, 1882, Mr. L. H. Bell and Miss Mollie Hessen, all of Oakland.

—State Fish Commissioner Delawder and his assistant Lieut. D. M. Mason, started for Baltimore Thursday morning with 200 trout, for the Druid Hill hatching house.

—Mr. Alexander Fresh, a few days since, killed a blacksnake, on the *Johnstown* and Sang Run road, *which* measured 11 feet in length and 6 inches in circumference.

—Rev. Dr. Deihl, of Frederick' Md., will preach in the Lutheran Church Friday evening, Oct. 20th. The people of Oakland should avail themselves of this opportunity to hear this distinguished divine.

—Mr. Harry McComas, who is attending the West Virginia University at Morgantown, has been quite unwell for some weeks, and his father, Dr. J. Lee McComas brought him home Wednesday.

—Mr. J. I. Livingstone, of the Lochiel Lumber company, of Bloomington, is a warm friend of Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who is the Father of the House of Representatives and a shining light among Protectionists. He writes to Mr. Livingstone complimenting him on his active participation in Republican politics, and expressing an earnest wish for Mr. McComas' election.—*Cumb. News.*

—The Democratic meeting at Oakland Thursday evening was well attended by the faithful. The Westernport band enlivened the occasion with very good music. Addresses were delivered by Hons. Montgomery Blair, J. H. Gordon and Major Kilgour. A large part of Mr. Blair's speech was made up of abuse of President Garfield, to the disgust of all the Republicans present and a large *number* of Democrats. Senators Davis, Vest and Vorhees were announced, but of course no one expected them to be present, and the parties making the announcement evidently did it to deceive the people.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire at 10½ A. M.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. M. W. Woodworth.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it is essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

The Greenbackers.

The convention of the National-Labor-Greenback party of the 6th Maryland district, met at Frostburg Monday, and nominated Mr. A. F. George, of Altamont, this county, for Congress. They made no judicial nominations, and decided not to endorse any of the candidates for the judgship now in the field. Mr. George is a young laboring man, and is a very intelligent and clever gentleman. He was on the Greenback ticket last year for the legislature.

Every Letter's Contents.

WARSAW, JEFFERSON CO., PA.

The swelling is all gone. I am as well and natural as I ever was before I was enlarged. I am delighted with *Peruna* and *Manalin*.

S. P. SHAFER.

My son is still improving in health. Your *Peruna* is just the thing for him, W. BAUER, St. Mary's, Pa.

The large Chronic Ulcers, of 15 months' standing are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. *Peruna* is a wonderful remedy.

W. M. GRIFFITH, Ashland, Ky.

If you desire health and to save money, ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life."

The Republican Campaign in Garrett.

The first meeting of the campaign in this county was held in Bloomington Friday evening of last week, and was addressed by Hon. Lewis E. McComas, and Mr. J. I. Livingston. This was one of the largest meetings ever held in that town. The Republicans of No 4 feel very much encouraged and fully expect to carry the district by a handsome majority.

The next meeting was held in Oakland Saturday night, and was addressed by Hons. L. E. McComas and H. W. Hoffman. Olfutt's large hall was well filled, and the meeting was enthusiastic, as a meeting must necessarily be with two such able and eloquent speakers. "Little Mac" met a great many old friends during the day and evening, and was much pleased with his reception here and the outlook in this district.

The next meeting was held in Friendsville Monday afternoon, and then at Accident the same evening. These meetings were addressed by Mr. McComas and W. P. Townshend, Esq., and were largely attended.

Tuesday afternoon a large meeting was held at Grantsville, where speeches were made by McComas, Hoffman and Livingston.

After this meeting McComas left for Washington county.

Our candidate was much pleased with the prospects in Garrett, and expects a larger majority on the 7th of November than he received in 1876.

Mountain Lake Park.

The Directors of the Mountain Lake Park Association feel themselves justified in speaking most hopefully of the future of the enterprise. The past season was notably unfavorable for mountain resorts. Despite this fact, however, this new resort, opened for the first time to the public, has won a popularity unprecedented in the history of such enterprises.

With the end of the season contracts are being made for buildings which are to be erected before the next season, and steps are also being taken looking to the completion of all the front roads and drives and several of the cross avenues. The Association has sold the Mountain Lake Park Hotel to Mr. H. H. Van Meter, of Philadelphia, who expects to enlarge in the near future. The contract for the building of the dam to form the lake has been awarded to Mr. A. L. Burley, of Benwood, W. Va., and he now has a large number of men engaged on the work. The dam will be 516 feet long, 10½ feet high, 20 feet wide on top, to be used as a carriage drive, and the lake will cover 21 acres. At a recent meeting of the Association a series of resolutions were passed urging the managers to try to prevent Sunday excursions to the grounds, and to have prominent ministers to visit preaching appointments and Sunday Schools near the Park on Sundays, so as to aid in building up the work in the regular channels, rather than to have these services interfered with during the season.

Following are lists of lot holders who have already built cottages, and who will erect cottages before next season:

LOT HOLDERS WHO HAVE ERECTED COTTAGES.

Rev. A. S. Hunk, Baltimore,
J. C. Alderson, Wheeling, W. Va.,
C. H. Beale, Brook County, W. Va.,
Rev. C. P. Masden, Scranton, Pennsylvania,
Miss Shillie Mehollin, Wheeling, W. Va.,
J. M. Davis, Oakland, Md.,
S. L. Allen, Grafton, W. Va.,
Rev. T. B. Hughes, Morgantown, W. Va.,
B. C. List, Jr., Wheeling, W. Va.,
Bardall, & Weaver Moundsville, W. Va.,
C. W. Conner, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Rev. Wm. Alexander, Moundsville, W. Va.,
Rev. J. B. Mulford, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Hon. W. H. Tarr, Welsburg, W. Va.,
Mrs. L. E. Carr, Fairmont, W. Va.,
Mrs. Geo. R. Bullard, Allegheny House,
Rev. John Thompson, Philadelphia,
Rev. L. T. Widerman, Baltimore, Md.,
Rev. E. W. Ryan, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Hon. G. W. Atkins, Wheeling, W. Va.,
A. H. Mahone, Charleston, W. Va.,
Rev. J. A. Fullerton, Moundsville, W. Va.,
Magll, Morgan & Co., Grafton, W. Va.
Rev. Jno. F. Goucher, Baltimore,
J. A. Enlow, Oakland, Md.,
T. H. Logan, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Rev. D. L. Baumgardner, Mt. Lake Park,
A. R. Sperry, Mt. Lake Park,
H. H. Van Meter, Mt. Lake Park Hotel.

LOT HOLDERS WHO WILL ERECT COTTAGES.

E. P. Rhodes, Bridgeport, Ohio,
W. T. Graham, Bridgeport, Ohio,
Dr. M. S. Hall, Ritchie, C. H., W. Va.,
W. A. Wilson, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Dr. G. W. Bruce, Moundsville, W. Va.,
Rev. A. M. Buchanan, Moundsville, W. Va.,
Judge P. Hamill, Oakland, Md.,
H. W. Smith, Martin's Feary, Ohio,
S. P. McCormick, Grafton, W. Va.,
T. A. Davis, Grafton, W. Va.,
C. M. Babb, Greenland, W. Va.,
G. C. Sturgiss, Esq., Morgantown, W. Va.,
R. K. Friend, Wheeling, W. Va.,
C. A. Miller, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Rev. J. H. Flanagan, Grafton, W. Va.,
Miss Maggie S. Watson, Philadelphia,
H. C. Sharp, New Philadelphia, Ohio,
Mrs. H. Benelman, Baltimore, Md.,
Rev. Joseph Lee, Clarksburg, W. Va.,
J. C. Vance, Esq., Clarksburg, W. Va.,
Rev. T. H. Trainer, Morgantown, W. Va.,
Miss Martha Mills, Germantown, Pa.,
Rev. Wm. Sharpes, Pennsylvania,
P. T. Guthright, Garrett, Co., Md.,
Rev. C. W. Baldwin, Cumberland, Md.,
Rev. Geo. V. Leech, Martinsburg, W. Va.,
Rev. J. B. Young, Altoona, Pa.,
Mrs. Nancy Blake, Baltimore,
John Birelle, Wheeling, W. Va.,
O. W. Clay, Baltimore,
Mary A. S. Elliott, Baltimore,
Rev. Benj. H. Musser, Merrersburg, Pa.,
H. R. Musser, Esq., New Cumberland, Pa.,
Rev. Geo. W. Miller, Wilmington, Del.,
Rev. W. M. Frysinger, Baltimore,
Rev. John A. Woodcock, Millesburg, Pa.,
A. R. Sperry, R. R. Agent at Park.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK,
OCT, 17th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—As no one has, up to this time, given us any of the current news from this place, I have thought it might be a satisfaction to the readers of the REPUBLICAN to hear from here occasionally.

Since the first of August last there has been but little done in the way of building, but several of those who have purchased lots have been clearing and beautifying them, Mrs. Beacham and Messrs. Sharp and Garthright have commenced work on their cottages, while many others are talking of building this fall, yet I fear they will keep talking, as many did last fall, and then have it rushed through next spring.

Mr. Burley, of Moundsville, began work on the lake yesterday. He expects to complete the work in about four weeks. He still wants more help from those who are not ashamed to dig.

There are but six or seven families here for the winter, making quite a contrast between this time and last summer. Mr. J. A. Enlow is now located on the grounds to look after the interests of the Association, and is also taking care of the cottages. Any one desiring to inquire after or examine lots will find him ready.

Mr. H. H. Van Meter, who recently purchased the Hotel, is now engaged in making walks and otherwise making more beautiful the grounds surrounding it,

VIDI.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by A. G. Sturgiss.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Oct. 17th, 1882.

The most wonderful event of the day, next to the appearance of the comet, which will soon be among the things that were, is the non-appearance of a killing frost before the last half of October. A friendly fog has prevented any injury by the one or two frosty mornings and the most tender plants as well as the hardy ones are still in full bloom in our flower gardens. The thermometer stood at 60° at ten o'clock last night.

The lumber business is in a prosperous condition. There are now enough orders on hand for Messrs. H. G. Davis & Co., to keep the mills running until April.

Mr. John W. Williams and family returned to their home in Philadelphia last Saturday, and yesterday Hon. S. B. Elkins and family left for their New York residence.

Mrs. W. R. Davis is absent on a visit to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mr. S. W. Kilvert is to have the cottage, occupied by his family during the past summer, very much enlarged before the next season.

Mr. D. F. Graham returned last Friday from his trip to Baltimore, with a large and very well selected stock of goods for Davis & Bro.'s store.

Mr. John Jankey, is building quite an addition to his residence in our village.

Registered at Wing and Wing since last letter:

Headsville—Chas. Carskadon, Miss Mollie Babb, W. E. Head.

Frankport, Indiana—Miss Nannie E. Suit.

Barnesville, Ohio—J. E. Janeway.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Chas. H. Miller.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Edw. E. Riegel.

Washington, D. C.—J. P. Larguey.

Lynchburg, Va —W. B. Abbott.

Charlestown, W. Va.—Wm. H. Washington.

W. Va. C. & P. R. R.—W. E. Hutson.

Johnstown, Pa.—Chas. Ogle. ***

Mr. Blair's Unpopularity With His Own Party.

Correspondence of Cumberland News.

OAKLAND, Oct., 16th, 1882.

EDITOR NEWS—*Sir:* If the Hon. Montgomery Blair could hear some of the Democrats of Garrett county express their opinions with regard to his candidacy as they have been expressed in the hearing of your correspondent, it certainly would not increase his confidence in his ability to carry the Sixth District. In the first place it is asserted *positively* by a life-long Democrat that Judge Blair's money was sent to this county before the Democrat primaries were held and that it was used in the primaries to elect delegates to the county convention who would support Blair. One thing in this connection is certain, and that is that a delegation was elected for Blair, and a delegation so keen to serve him that it could not let his own county nominate him in the Congressional convention. Notwithstanding the fact that there were other men, better men, younger men, men who had been true to the interest of the Democratic party all their lives who were anxious to receive the nomination, the convention conferred the honor upon this *antiquated Abolitionist*. I want it distinctly understood that I do not object to Judge Blair because he was an Abolitionist, nor because he was in Lincoln's Cabinet, nor because he has been cursed and abused by every Democrat of any political prominence in Maryland. Not at all; but it does seem a little strange that he of all men should receive the nomination. But then it is no use to try to account for the action of the the Democratic convention. The more you try the more you can't do it, so to speak. An ex-M. C., a Democrat too, said the other day: "Well, it is about as good a way to get rid of Blair as any." Another Democrat, one of the knowing ones, said: "He is the weakest man whose name was mentioned in connection with the nomination." I have not heard a single Democrat express his opinion that Mr. Blair would be elected, whilst I have heard dozens express the contrary view. Of course those Democrats who are looking for Democratic patronage will vote for him, and and so will the old hard-shell, ironside, stick-to-the-ticket anyhow voter from the "black tobacco" destricts, but there are not enough of these to elect him. Those who have some independence and opinions of their own, and others who have had a meal of crow before this was served by the Cumberland convention, are either indifferent or kicking in the traces. If any man supposes that the Democratic candidate is popular here he is mistaken, and will be left if he backs his judgment,

Why is there such an effort on the part of certain Democrats to make the public believe that there is great dissatisfaction among the Republicans along George's Creek? I presume that "the wish is to father the thought." I had a talk a day or two ago with a prominent and well informed gentleman from Lonaconing, and he assured me that no man could have been nominated by the Republican party who would have suited the people of his region better than Mr. McComas. If Judge Blair's services in the Legislature of Maryland are a fair sample of what they would be in Congress, God help the people who would be so foolish as to elect him.

GARRETT.

Important Facts Bearing upon the School Question.

OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 17th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICON:—At the coming election the people of Garrett county will be called upon to determine whether it is best to fund the present school debt or not; and in order that they may understand how the debt was contracted, and vote intelligently upon the bill, the following facts are submitted for their careful consideration:

The Garrett county Public Schools, started upon an independent existence (financially) in 1873, and the first report we have to the State Board of Education, was Sept. 30th, 1874. In that report, Mr. A. Matthews, Sect'y., uses the following language: "The great hindrance to the progress of the schools, is the want of comfortable houses; but the Board is removing this impediment by building and repairing as fast as the finances of the Board will permit. During the year we built two new schoolhouses, and now have several in course of erection, which will be completed in time for the winter term. The total expenses for the year were $17,861.00, which shows the expenses to be in excess of the receipts by $2,241.09, consequently we found it necessary to borrow at different times to meet the claims against the Board." Mr. Matthews reports in 1874, Sept. 30th, 57 schools. Again quoting from the report of Mr. Matthews, for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1876, we find the following: "On the formation of the county in 1873, and the organization of the Board, they found in order that all parts of the county should enjoy equal educational advantages, a necessity for additional school-houses, and they addressed themselves to remedy this want. Since then they have built and provided, amply furnished, 15 schoolhouses at a cost of $8,025.56, upon reasonable assurance from year to year, that the County Commissioners would levy an amount in addition to that required to run the schools, sufficient to pay this off. But for reasons satisfactory alone to themselves, they uniformly ignored the wants of the schools in this respect, and have not levied enough, which, with the State appropriation to run the schools seven and one-half months." Thus it appears that the amount received from State and County was never sufficient to meet the expenses, and the Board became more and more involved in debt, until we find Sept. 30th, 1877, a debt of $14,262.89. Of this amount there was due to teachers, $6,235.79; notes outstanding for balances due on building school-houses, and on loans to pay teachers in former years $7,-111.25: sundries, $285.85.

The number of schools reported Sept. 30th, 1877, was 68. Mr. Matthews was succeeded by the present treasurer Sept. 15th, 1877.

The demand for new school-houses was such, that the Board was compelled to increase the educational facilities throughout the county, and we consequently find reported.

Num. of schools Sept. 30th,	1878	—	82
" " " " "	1879	—	85
" " " " "	1880	—	83
" " " " "	1881	—	84
" " " " "	1882	—	85

Thus it will be seen that we have had annually from 14 to 17 more schools than we had in 1877.

A statement of the present indebtedness of the Board as compared with that of 1877 is given, to allay an alarm which seems to be prevalent, that the amount has greatly increased. Due teachers Sept. 30th, 1882, $14,506.63; notes outstanding, $10,-500.00; total, $25,006.63. Cash on hand Sept. 30th, 1882, $4,420.01; due from tax collectors on levy of 1879, $5,000.00; balance due Sept. 30th, 1882, $15,586.82.

This shows an increase of the debt since 1877, of $1,323.73. But when we take into consideration the number of school houses built, purchased and furnished, amounting to $5000 or upwards, this trilling increase in the debt, is a record that the Board is justly proud of.

If the present debt is paid off, by the provisions of the funding bill, the Board in the future is to contract no further debt, and will keep schools open only so long as the amount of the annual appropriations will justify them in doing. The funding of this debt will relieve the Board of an annual outlay for interest of about ten to twelve hundred dollars. This amount would build annually three or four school houses.

E. H. BARTLETT.

—Just received at the New York Branch, 10 pieces of dress patterns of black and colored silks.

There appears to be some well-grounded alarm over the condition of President Arthur's health. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, speaking as if by authority, says:

We presume the story which comes from Washington, that President Arthur has been threatened with disease that promises speedily fatal results, is an exaggeration.

It is true, however, that he is not as robust as he seems, and has had disturbing symptoms, also, that he has been a good deal depressed owing to some doctor's dismal talk. * *

It is a fact that the state of health of the President was far from satisfactory a year ago. When he first appeared at Washington as President, he was for several days in bed at the house of Senator Jones, and the fact was not generally known.

One thing is certainly true of his condition at present. He has been enjoined by his physicians to take rest, and to do it in the St. Lawrence air, among the islands and about the sport wherein he has heretofore enjoyed himself very much and found his best recreation, and where there will be a general acceptance in the wish that he shall have a good time.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The executive committee of the Republican Central Committee of the District of Columbia decided this evening to cooperate with the Republicans in the Fifth and Sixth districts of Maryland, and to assist their campaign by sending prominent local speakers to the meetings in such districts, and in other ways.

From all points in the county comes the most cheerful news of the campaign. It is conceded by our opponents that we are largely ahead in the registration, and with our popular and unobjectionable candidate all we have to do is to get out the vote and Allegany county will roll up a handsome majority for our ticket.—*Cumb. News.*

The Republicans are giving the Democrats in Delaware more concern about the result of the election in that State than they ever experienced before. The Democrats charge corruption upon their rivals, but that comes with an ill grace from a party that has held possession of the State for years by questionable means.

We wish to remark sottly to the exulting and jubilant Democracy that they are laboring under a misapprehension. It is not the Republican party which is going to pieces, but the machine. The party itself is merely getting the track clear for 1884.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

West Virginia did nobly last week. The Republicans elected 2 of the 4 Congressmen, and cut their usual majority down more than one-half. Lookout for 1884.

Think not that you are the only one who has to endure, and who dreads the hardships of life. Ease and comfort are the natural desires of the human heart, and there are thorns, real or imaginary, in every one's pathway. But sitting down and brooding will never bring power to overcome them. Rather be up and doing, thankful for the blessing still remaining.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE!

—OF THE—

JOHN BARNES' FARM!

And Stock, Farming Utensils and other Personal Property, in Garrett county, two miles from Barton, Md.

The undersigned will offer at public sale,

On Wednesday, the 8th of November, 1882,

At 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, in Garrett county, Md., 2 miles from Barton, all that Valuable Farm called "HAMSTEAD" situated in Garrett county, two miles northwest of Barton, Md., containing about 250 acres of land.

Also 25 head of cattle; 3 horses; 50 tons hay; a lot of Corn; Oats; Buckwheat and Potatoes; 10 stands of Bees; 3 mowing machines; 2 horse Rakes; 4 wagons, 1 Buggy, a lot of plows, Harrows and other agricultural implements, a set of blacksmith tools, and a quantity of other personal property.

TERMS OF SALE will be liberal and made known on the day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. The Farm will be sold first, after which the personal property will be disposed of.

JOHN BARNES.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned, citizens of Election district No. 9, Garrett county Md., will petition the County Commissioners of said county, at their meeting next after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a county road, beginning at Frederick Warner's residence, and running through the lands of J. J. Flosel, J. P. Paul, Johnson Bro.'s, J. D. Llewellyn and others, to intersect the National road near the tollgate, west of Frostburg, a distance of about three miles.

JACOB D. LLEWELLYN,
JOHN P. POWELL,
MICHAEL DURST
9 21 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road from the Deer Park and Sand Flat road to the road leading from Altamont to the "Burnt School House," beginning at a point on the first mentioned road near the residence of R. J. Head and running on the lot lines dividing lots Nos. 3121 and 1610, 3128 and 1612, 3119 and 1614, 3117 and 1616, 3115 and 1619, 3113 and 3100, 3111 and 1761, to the last mentioned road.

R. J. HEAD,
J. W. ARCHIBALD,
LAMUEL GREEN
9 21 3 And 24 others.

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John E. Gingery and others is to pass will meet on the premises on *Tuesday*, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
9 21 5 Examiners.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will sell at public auction

At Mountain Lake Park Station,
B. & O. R. R.

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.

A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, to-wit:

75,000 superior bricks
15 squares corrugated iron.
31,000 feet of moulding of various patterns.
2500 feet casings (chestnut.)
1,600 feet base boards (chestnut.)
25 kegs nails.
6,500 feet double surfaced chestnut lumber.
600 feet undressed chestnut.
2,300 feet single surfaced pine.
9,000 feet white oak flooring.
6,700 feet poplar.
7,000 feet double surfaced 6-4 poplar.
4,000 oak pailings.
7 pairs shutters.
7,000 feet joist and studding.
1 cooking stove.
1 frost killer.

Windows, transoms, doors, ventilators, grates and fronts, cement, drill press, tinners tools, wheelbarrow, shovels, hoes, spades, &c., &c.

And many other articles.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS—All sums of $50 and under cash, over that amount a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his single bill with security to be approved by the undersigned.

T. J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.
No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Patent Process Flour.

An erroneous idea prevails that flour made by the modern processes contains less gluten or vitalizing elements of the wheat. Prof. Tobin, of the Louisville Polytechnic Institute, declares that flour made by the "gradual reduction process" contains a larger proportion of gluten than that made by the old process, a fact which he discovered by microscopical examination, and exhibited in a lecture before the Kentucky Millers' Association.

The germ idea of milling is purification. The primitive savage, who, in hammering out his grain on a rock, stopped to pick out a bug or a stick, felt the want of rolls, reels and purifiers. To this primal process succeeded that mentioned in Matthew, xxiv. 41: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." This was the millstone which, in one form or another and with various improvements of mechanical construction and application, has been in use until the last few years. The use of rollers was first developed by the Hungarians, who employed them in connection with millstones. Advanced American millers are now using the rollers to the entire exclusion of the millstones. The reason for the change is that millstones used in the general way do not produce so large a quantity of white flour (in comparison with the amount of such flour contained in the grain), because the bran is rubbed partially into a fine powder between the stones, and in consequence of its brown particles, imparts to the flour a more or less dark color. These rollers are made of cast-iron with a hard chilled surface, similar in texture to that of a car-wheel, and cylindrical in form. They are of varying size, generally about nine inches in diameter and eighteen inches long. They are operated in pairs, one revolving against the other with differential speed—that is, one revolves faster than the other, producing a rubbing motion.

An additional reason for the use of the rollers is that they make a larger proportion of "middlings." Middlings, be it known, are broken portions of wheat detached from the bran. If the unbroken wheat could be perfectly purified it would make pure flour. This experiment has demonstrated to be an impossibility. The only form in which the wheat can be purified is when it is in the shape of middlings. Therefore, the machinery which will make the most middlings is adopted by the miller whose business it is to produce the largest quantity of pure, nourishing flour. The rolls have, in the last few years, been found to do this work to the best advantage when applied to the process of gradual reduction. For this work of reducing wheat to middlings corrugated, or fluted rolls are used, and for reducing the middlings to flour, polished, smooth rolls are used.

This is the working method of roller milling. The grain is first passed in a perfectly dry state, through a pair of coarse, fluted rolls set at such a distance that the grains are only slightly cracked, and the bran does not lose its integrity. The inside of the grain, which is more or less brittle, is thereby, of course, divided into pieces of different size, middlings which will fall out of the coating. The less broken particles of the reduced grains are then separated in wire reels from the finer particles. The larger particles (containing the bran) are then passed through a second pair of rollers, set a little closer and fluted a little finer, which will reduce the broken grains into somewhat smaller particles, without, however, reducing the bran much. After the finer particles have again been separated in a wire cylinder, the coarser parts are passed through a third pair of rollers, set closer and fluted finer, which continues the reduction without reducing the bran. The inner parts of the grain are thereby separated from the coating, so that after the grain has been passed six times through the rolls, in the described manner between rolls set successively closer and fluted finer, the whole contents of the grain have been detached from the coating, which remains a soft, spongy mass. During each process of reduction middlings are obtained in a condition to be purified, which is done by first dusting the middlings (that is, taking out the flour) and then passing them through a sieve machine constructed so as to subject the middlings to currents of air which remove all impure materials, which is of less specific gravity than the pure middlings. In practice this process has to be repeated many times.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The New England Farmer Then and Now.

The introduction of the spinning jenny, soon followed by the invention of the cotton gin, was the beginning of a new era in the industries of this country, and more especially in Massachusetts; for the manufacture of cloth for clothing by machinery, so lightened the labors of all classes that they had time to devote to the production of those things which lifted them above the tread mill, that merely supplied the pressing wants of the body; this created a demand for a variety of manufactures, so great that it was soon found necessary to have workmen who could devote their whole time to manufactures; thus came a division of labor. At first the mechanic exchanged his wares with the farmer for the product of his farm. While this continued it did not very materially change the condition of the farmer; but when the labor-saving machines were introduced to an extent that enabled the manufacturer to sell his wares abroad for the cash, it very sensibly affected the farmer. The ease and the cheapness with which the goods could be manufactured enabled the manufacturer to pay prices for labor that created an uneasiness among the farmer's sons and daughters, and one after another left the farm, to work in the manufactories, until so many left that large numbers of farms had none to care for them, except the farmer and his wife, whose declining years compelled them to gradually diminish their labors on the farm; thus the weeds, the briers, and the bushes crept in, and the farm presented a neglected appearance. At one time, to such extent was this carried, that many believed that farming in Massachusetts must be abandoned; but the demand among the mechanics for perishable articles, that could not be transported long distances, was such as to raise prices to a point where the farmer could get a fair price for his labor, and get the cash when sold; this encouraged not only the farmers but also the sons to remain on the farm; in fact it drew some from the workshops, as soon as they were convinced that by the exercise of intelligence they could get as much or more for their labor in the field as they could in the factory. But these men did not buy hill farms, but farms with a rich productive soil.

At first the mechanic seemed to step above the farmer, because his labor was cash every Saturday night, giving him an opportunity to spend it once for luxuries, while the farmer had to invest the most of his surplus labor in permanent improvements on the farm. In time the mechanic learned that while the farmer, in his old age, had a snug farm to fall back upon, the gradual accumulations of early manhood, he had nothing, having spent his surplus earnings for luxuries as soon as earned. Until this was realized the farmer's sons preferred the work shop to the field, and his daughters saved their smiles for the mechanics and their frowns for the farmers.

Those who remained on the farm learned in time that they must change their methods of farming, and confine their labors principally to some crop that could be sold for the money. This compelled them to select such land as was best adapted to the particular crop they desired to grow. As most of the money crops required cultivation, it was necessary to select such land as was best adapted for cultivation; and it was also found that the produce that commanded the highest price, as a rule, was that which grew on land that produced the largest crops; so the successful farmers abandoned the rough hills and the poor land, and cultivated only the rich plains and valleys that were so free from stones as to work easily.

As time progressed, it was found that the sale of large quantities of produce from the farm soon impoverished it unless it received something more than the manures made on the farm. Thus a demand was created which brought into the market commercial fertilizers, which, as it cannot be applied to the best advantage without intelligence, has done much to urge the farmer into a higher intellectual plane.

Thus urged, the farmer is beginning to realize the importance of mental improvement; but it has taken many years for him to realize that his occupation is one that requires more intelligence to use his labor to the best advantage than that of any other; and, in fact, even to-day, there are far too many among the masses that do not fully realize the fact that a wider extent of knowledge can be used to advantage in agriculture than in any other occupation.

But we have made a wonderful advance. The very selection of our farms shows that. No intelligent farmer can examine an abandoned hill farm without feeling that it was abandoned none too soon; nor can any one of intelligence look upon a valley farm, covered with the best varieties of fruit, grain and vegetables, without coming to the conclusion that there has been high intelligence to direct the labors upon it.

Compare a farmer's home of to-day with one a hundred years ago. How great the change. And will any one say it is not for the better? Who would prefer the unpainted house, the small windows, the dark rooms, with sanded floor and smoked walls, with no means to keep them warm enough for the hardiest flowers to grow, to a modern farm house, painted a color to suit the taste of the owner, large and numerous windows, well lighted rooms with carpeted floors, papered and painted walls, and conveniences for warming so complete that tropical plants will grow at all seasons of the year. And the inmates of the house! How changed the scene! The cards, the spinning wheel and the loom are banished, and no longer chain down the wife and daughters to a life of incessant drudgery, to simply cover the nakedness of the family. Newspapers, magazines and musical instruments have taken their place. Improvements have lessened the hours of labor, and given more time for study. The farmers are beginning to realize the importance of giving their sons a thorough education, though they are to spend their lives on a farm.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Varnish.

A Milwaukee paper describes an amusing scene at one of the churches in that city on a recent Sunday. During the vacation season the seats had been newly varnished and were terribly sticky. When you pull anything off of sticky varnish it cracks. The audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as his trousers let loose of the varnish of his chair there was a noise like the killing of a fly on the wall with a palm leaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present and if his pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with a sound of revelry and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge and the base had coughed, and the alto had hemmed, and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish had showed on the south side, the audience began to rise. One or two deacons got up first with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle; and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the unyielding varnish sounded as though the light was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang "Hold the Fort." When the orchestra had concluded the people sat down gingerly, the services were short, and all went home praying for the man who had painted the seats.

Mexican Banks.

Up to last February Mexico had no banks. Then a concession was given to French bankers with a capital of $20,000,000. The Government gave them the privilege of issuing bills to the amount of $60,000,000, and promised to give the bank the business of the Government offices. In return for the concession the bank gives the Government credit for $10,000,000. There is now no fear of further revolutions in the country, as with this large credit the Government can at once find means to put down an uprising. In the past the difficulty has been a lack of means to support an army. A bank has also recently been established in Sonora, one-fifth of the capital of which is held by Boston parties

A Sharper Skinned.

A very simple method by which a "skin" gambler was victimized out of $800 was related yesterday forenoon in the saloon of John Fury, No. 214 Federal Street, Camden, where the woe-begone victim landed almost penniless at twelve o'clock in search of consolation and a drink. To gentlemen who sit in front of the green-topped tables nightly and take in greenhorns he is tolerably well known. Rural dupes who have chanced to meet him in New York or Philadelphia know him to their sorrow. His name is Thaddeus Pratt, or more familiarly "Poker Tad."

Philadelphia having proven rather a poor pasture for the last two or three months wherein victims came to gaze, Mr. Pratt fell into rather an impecunious condition. He managed to retain his diamond breastpin however, and a suit of very elegant clothes of pronounced pattern, but his purse was very flat. He declared repeatedly that Philadelphia was the "meanest town in the country for work," and when his funds reached the low ebb of seventeen dollars Mr. Pratt determined to emigrate for some western clime, where victims grew on roadside bushes. Mr. Pratt took a portion of his seventeen dollars, or, as he would more elegantly phrase it, "seventeen cases," and betook him to the pool-room of McColgan & Hughes, on Sansom street, above Eighth. He made an investment on a horse race. He bought "Maid of Athol," and walked into Eighth Street almost $200 dollars richer.

Mr. Pratt felt jubilant over his luck, and, after taking sundry drinks, he went to the Broad Street station and purchased a ticket for Pittsburgh. On the trip westward his "luck" ran high. He got into the confidence of a clerical-looking young man at Altoona, and relieved the young man of $90 at a friendly game of poker. In Pittsburgh an ancient farmer, who thought he knew more about cards than Mr. Pratt, left his pocketbook with the latter, after learning that four kings were slightly inferior to four aces. The purse contained a trifle over $300. To avoid any unpleasant complications, Mr. Pratt purchased a ticket for Massillon, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad. In that thriving little town Mr. Pratt was fortunate. He formed the acquaintance of a cigarette-young-man, who, up to the time he met the genial Pratt, was possessed of a very handsome gold watch and chain and $200 in cash. When Mr. Pratt said "ta-ta" and started for the railroad station, bound for Wooster, the cigarette-young-man was watchless and penniless. In Wooster, a sophomore belonging to the University, who knew more about Euclid than he did about the geometrical possibilities of "three card monte," felt an easy victim to the tune of $40—the last remittance from a loving father. These few windfalls gave Mr. Pratt an excellent start, and for a week afterwards he made three or four similar strokes, eventually swelling his capital to about $850. Fort Wayne proving a poor field for successful operations, Mr. Pratt thought he would start east again. He bought a ticket for Toledo, on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad, in order to avoid meeting any of the gentlemen who had swelled his pocketbook, and who might possibly say something rude. After leaving Toledo for Pittsburgh without any particular incident, Mr. Pratt thought it about time to look about for a fresh victim. He found one at Altoona, or at least he thought he did. A tall, verdant looking chap, with "greeny" written on every feature, entered the car and seated himself beside Mr. Pratt. "Greeny" immediately opened a channel for acquaintanceship by asking Mr. Pratt what time the train would reach Philadelphia. Mr. Pratt told him, and remarked that the crops were looking beautiful. Mr. Verdant said they were, and added that railroad riding was "pesky bothersome." Mr. Pratt agreed with him, and proposed a friendly game of "keards" to while away the time. Mr. Greeny was willing, and a deck being produced by the gambler, the two began at a game of "Old Sledge." On the second hand Mr. Greeny remarked that if he was playing poker he would go $100 on his hand. Mr. Pratt looked at his own hand and said that he believed that it was worth that, too, and backing it up by producing the cash. The victim covered it promptly, and then, throwing down a trade dollar, said, "Just for luck I'll bet that I win your money."

Mr. Pratt at once threw down a silver dollar to take up the challenge. The ring of the metal was a great deal clearer than that shown by Mr. Verdant. It attracted Mr. Pratt's attention. He picked up the coin and examined them. "Let us bet on our hands," said he, impatiently. "That coin of yours is no good."

"Yes, it is," said Greeny. "I'm willin' to bet $500 it's good, an' don't you forget it."

Mr. Pratt picked up the dollar and examined it carefully. It was of a dull leaden color, and when thrown down had no "ring" whatever. Mr. Pratt saw a chance for a stake. "I'll bet $300 it's a counterfeit coin, said he, bringing out three $100 bills. "All right," replied Greeny, producing the same amount. "I bet that the coin is good silver, and will leave it to the conductor."

"Agreed," said Mr. Pratt, and the card stakes were added, making the wager $500 each.

The coin was held by the gambler until the conductor came through the car. He was asked to decide the bet. One contemptuous glance was given the coin, without any close examination. "It's the worst I ever saw," said he; "a blind man coulda't get stuck on that."

"Wait a minute," said Greeny, quietly, as Mr. Pratt was about to gather up the stakes. "Just take another look, won't you? Here's a knife—cut into it."

The conductor smiled, but did as requested. What was his astonishment to find that the coin was covered with a thin coating of tinfoil, which had been cleverly pasted on with mucilage. It had been pounded on so neatly as to bring out the figures on each side in dull relief, giving the appearance of being a counterfeit. The foil gave it the dead sound and the appearance of lead.

Mr. Pratt opened his mouth very wide, but gave up the money. "As long as you've beaten me so neatly," he said, "you might give me an insight. How is it done?"

Greeny obligingly showed the trick, and then very kindly offered to give the crestfallen gambler a coin already prepared, so that he might have a chance "to get even."

"A rich old countryman will get on at Harrisburg," said Greeny, "and I'll give you a chance to go for him. I intended to 'catch on' myself, but you seem to be a pretty good sort of fellow and didn't 'squeal,' so you can make all there is in it. Just play the same racket as I did."

Mr. Pratt felt thankful for the chance, and kept his eye on the car door. Sure enough, a burly countryman entered a few moments before the train started, and as Greeny had left his seat the countryman had dropped into it. In less than twenty minutes he was holding five cards in his sun-browned fist. Mr. Pratt remarked that his hand was worth just about $1. The big agriculturist, by way of reply, laid down a dollar-note. Mr. Pratt produced his prepared coin. The farmer laughed, and said he wasn't betting against that kind of money. Mr. Pratt became indignant, and offered to bet $100 that the dollar was perfectly good. "Wall," said the rural gentleman, "I've got $300 that says its a rank counterfeit."

Mr. Pratt had his money up in a minute. "We'll leave it to this gentleman back of us, if you say so," said he, and the farmer assenting a man in the rear seat was called up to decide. "It's a counterfeit," said he, just taking one glance. "But," said Mr. Pratt, "won't you please cut into it with this knife?" The gentleman took the knife and applied its edge to the coin. It went through as though the coin was made o' old cheese. The coin was lead "Fury," said the gambler, after relating this dismal experience, "give me a drink—I'll pay you in the morning."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Symmes' Theory.

The two most important features of John Cleves Symmes' theory are that all obicular bodies in the universe partaking of a planetary nature are composed in a greater or less degree of spheres concentric, one within the other, and to some extent open at their poles; and that gravity is due to the pressure of an impalpable element composed of minute concentric spheres, existent throughout all space, elastic, and changing its molecules by any change of matter whatever throughout space. To this substance Captain Symmes attributes gravity, making it a *pushing* instead of a pulling force, as it is now generally held to be. But this latter theory of gravitation he holds not to be essential to his theory of concentric circles, which circles would be formed upon the old theory of gravitation.

Captain Symmes' published notes or explanations of his theory, which he called memoirs. Memoir No. II. says: "With dividers describe a circle on a plane of matter of loose texture, and in the center add a very small circle; then draw a line through the center. It is evident (as matter gravitates matter in proportion to quantity and distance) that either half the inner circle, being almost equally surrounded by matter, must be very little gravitated centerwise; so being suspended, only a rotary motion is needed to throw it compactly toward the outer circle. This being admitted, it follows that half-way from the outer to the inner side of this circle of matter so thrown out, a like rarity, suspension, or balance of gravity should prevail, and hence a disposition to concentric circles; therefore it follows that successive similar subdivisions should exist, gradually lessening in force or quantity. By applying this principle to the earth, I found the necessity of hollow, concentric spheres. A decision of school-men on these lines shall be followed by additional positions, further explaining my new principles of hollow spheres, open at the poles, declared in a circular letter of the 10th of April, 1818.

"JOHN CLEVES SYMMES,
Of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.

This is the basis of Symmes' theory. This theory he maintained with great earnestness, courage and disinterestedness during a large portion of his life, and were he living now he would in all likelihood be doughtily contending for it still, accommodating his theory to the Nares expedition—which went where he declared irrefutable optical proof could be had of the polar openings—and all other discoveries whatsoever.

Among other arguments that he brought to his support were the migrations of animals to and from the arctic regions, atmospheric refraction, and the variation of the compass observed in high northern latitudes. He supposed that there must exist "mid-plane spaces" in each of the spheres, and believed the interior of the inclosed spheres to be lighted by the direct and refracted rays of the sun. Each of these spheres he supposed to be widely open at the poles. The planes of these polar openings were said to be inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at an angle of about twelve degrees, so that the real axis of the earth, being perpendicular to the plane of the equator, would form an angle of twelve degrees with a line passing through the sphere at right angles with the polar openings, and consequently the verge (or edge) of the polar openings must approach several degrees nearer to the earth's equator on one side than on the other.

Symmes believed that there were beneath our feet miles and miles of wondrous unclaimed domain; reindeer roamed its colder borders, fish swam in its seas, animals and trees and flowers of curious and unknown shape made its life a primal gladness; splendid visions of untold wonders, misty dreams of splendors unnamable floated through his nightly and daily thoughts, and greater than all burned within him the ceaseless desire to become the discoverer of this unknown land. And the only thing needful was for the Government to traverse the "icy circle," pierce the polar opening, and sail in and take possession—perchance to find man, to meet a mighty race of people, to come face to face with some stupendous revelation of nature, to explore some splendid barbarism, or disclose a civilization as yet undreamed.—*E. F. Madden, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Robert Tawney, a colored boy, alleged to have been born deaf and dumb, recently attended a camp-meeting at Goldsboro, N. C. He stepped forward among the mourners and in a distinct voice announced his conversion, saying that his voice and hearing had come to him with spiritual grace.—*N. Y. Sun.*

For Young Readers.

BABY'S FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And tenderly had said, as she settled it 'round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours,
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note, clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"*Aunt Nellie, you're being bad!*"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain.
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours and all the rest,
That we wait, may be, for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.
—*Minnie M. Gow, in N. Y. Independent.*

A GROVE DEITY.

In very ancient times, when men believed that almost every mountain and river, brook and grove, was presided over by a deity of some sort, it was said that nectar and ambrosia were the drink and food of these gods. Because those old poets and philosophers indulged in those fine stories about nymphs and satyrs, fawns, naiads and dryads, we call them heathen; but, after all, their myths, like the fictions of our own writers, are beautiful and entertaining. I have often thought of a charming story which might be written by some imaginative boy or girl about a wood deity which hums some of the groves of America. It can be said with much truth that nectar and ambrosia fill the cups and pots of this bright and joyous being. I have seen him sipping nectar more fragrant than the fabled sweets of Hybla and Hymettus. This is saying much, for Hybla used to be the most famous town in the world for its honey, and Hymettus was a mountain, southeast of Athens, in Greece, where the bees stored their combs with the purest distillations from the flowers. But I have looked into the clean, curiously wrought cups of our American grove-god, when they were full to overflowing with clear fluid. I have even tasted the nectar, although the cups were so small that only the merest bit of my tongue could enter. It is slightly acrid, this nectar, but it has in its taste hints, so to speak, of all the perfumes and sweets of the winds and leaves and flowers—a fragrance of green wood when cut, and of the inner tender bark of young trees. And a racy flavor, too, which comes from the aromatic roots of certain of our evergreens, is sometimes discoverable in it.

The being of which I speak is an industrious little fellow. Many times I have watched him making pots to cater nectar in, and cups to hold the precious ambrosia. These he hollows out so neatly that they all look alike, and he arranges them in rows around the bole of a tree—sometimes a maple, often an ash, may be a pine, and frequently a cedar. He has a great many of these pots and cups—so many, indeed, that it seems to keep him busy for a great part of the day drinking their delicious contents. He has very quiet ways, and you must be silent and watchful if you wish ever to see him. He rarely uses his voice, except when disturbed, and then he utters a keen cry and steals off through the air, soon disappearing in the shadows of the woods.

In the warm, dreamful weather of our early spring days you may find him by keeping a sharp lookout for the pots, which are little holes or pits bored through the bark and through the soft outer ring of the wood of certain trees. Very often you can find rings and rings of these pits on the trunks of the apple-trees of the orchards, every one of them full of nectar.

And now you discover that, after all, my winged grove deity is nothing but a little bird that many persons call by the undignified but very significant name of Sap-sucker! Well, what of it? My story is truer than those of the old Greek and Latin poets, for mine has something real in it, as well as something beautiful and interesting. I suspect that many of the ancient myths are based upon the facts of nature and are embellished with fantastic dressing, just as some imaginative boy or girl might dress up this true story of our sap-drinking woodpecker.

In fact, how much happier, how much more redolent of joyous sweets, is the life of this quiet bird than that of such beings—if they could have existed—as those with which the ancients peopled their groves and mountains! Think of flying about on real wings among the shadows of the spring and summer woods, alighting here and there to sip real nectar and ambrosia from fragrant cedar pots!—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

The Kind of Boys That Are Wanted.

Passing along the streets of this great, bustling city, the passer-by often sees in the windows of the business houses a placard with the inscription: "Boy Wanted," and as there are thousands of boys who want places, and will make application for them, we will tell them in advance, for nothing, just the kind of a boy that is "wanted."

The boy that is "wanted" must be active, intelligent, cleanly in his habits, quick to learn, obedient, truthful, and, above all, he must be honest. Honesty is the pearl of great price in a boy, as it is in a man, and no boy is "wanted" anywhere in the wide world outside of the Penitentiary or State Reform School who is destitute of this essential qualification. The honest boy is certain to come to the front, and the dishonest boy is just as sure to take a back seat and keep it through life. The boy is not "wanted" in any establishment who will take a cent of his employer's money, for the boy who steals a cent will by and by steal a dollar, and after that a hundred and a thousand dollars. The honest boy remembers the couplet his good mother taught him in the nursery rhyme—

It is a sin
To steal a pin.

Every day we read in the newspapers of men who have gone wrong, become defaulters, embezzlers, thieves and rascals, most of whom were probably not the right sort of boys on the start. They began by being "sharp" and dishonest in little things, and the bad habit grew upon them until they ended their lives in the State's Prison, a disgrace to themselves, and a burning shame to their acquaintances.

The boy who is "wanted" is the boy who does not need watching. He is true to his employer under all circumstances, because he is true to himself. He does not skirk when he is at work alone out of sight, but does his best, as if a thousand eyes were upon him. "Poor Richard's Almanac" says that "the eye of the master is worth one servant," by which is meant that hired men and women as well as boys need watching.

Boys are "wanted" everywhere—in the fields of the farmer, in the stores of the merchant, in the banks, at the hotels, in all the offices, and in every business place there is room for the honest, industrious boy. It will not be long before the boys who are "wanted" in these subordinate capacities, in which the pay is small and the responsibility slight, will be "wanted" to take charge of the immense business of this Nation, in place of the men who are now at the head of affairs. In a few years more the boys that are needed to-day to run errands and do trifling service, will be "wanted" in Congress, for railroad officers, for Governors, for legislators, editors, lawyers, ministers and merchants, and to take the responsible places in public and private affairs, in place of those who fall out by the way-side as the great army of humanity advances. The right kind of boys are "wanted" everywhere. No others need apply.—*Chicago Journal.*

Why Mrs. Roberts Did Not Stay.

Mrs. Howe had a caller. The caller's name was Mrs. Roberts. Nina showed her into the parlor, and then went up stairs to help Mrs. Howe, who was dressing as fast as she could. Trixie was in mamma's room, looking at pictures.

"It is Mrs. Roberts, ma'am," said Nina.

"Oh, bother!" sighed Mrs. Howe, she always stays so long, and dinner will be ready in ten minutes."

Trixie put down her book, and leaving the room, went slowly down stairs, and finally stopped at the parlor door. Mamma had often told her not to go in there without permission, but this naughty little girlie dearly loved to have her own way, and as she stood there she said to herself: "I never saw that lady before; I should fink it would be more politer if I would go and talk to her till my mamma is comed down." So in she went. When Mrs. Roberts saw her she said: "Well, well! whose little girl is this? Come and sit in my lap, and give me a sweet, sweet kiss. Now, little pet, what is your name?"

"Trixie, and I am four years old next S'tember."

"Dear me, how dreadfully old you are getting, to be sure! What will you do when you are four?"

Trixie thought hard for a minute, and then said: "I finks p'raps I will keep a candy store,—yes, and pop-corn, too; because Dick likes pop-corn," she explained.

"Who is Dick? your canary bird?"

Trixie's brown eyes opened wide, and such an abused look crept over the little face. "I fink you is not a very good lady to call my Dick a canary bird. I want to get down."

"Oh, wait a minute," said Mrs. Roberts, "I know who Dick is now; he is your little cousin; his name is Dicky Bradford, and his mamma lives in the second house from this one. I have just called on her."

"Oh!" cried Trixie, "and did you stay a very long time?"

"Oh, no, only a little while."

"Is you going to stay a long time here?"

"I don't know. Do you want me?"

Trixie shook her head most decisively.

"Is you going to stay to dinner?"

"Not to-day. But why do not you want me to stay, Trixie?"

"Because my mamma does not want you. When Nina told her you was comed she snid (puckering up her small face, and looking, oh, so cross!): 'Bosser! she always stays so long;' and then she said somesin about dinner." Trixie looked puzzled for a minute, and then her face brightened: "I guess it was that you had better not try to stay to dinner. Oh, here's my mamma! Mamma," running to meet her, "Mrs. Roberts isn't going to stay to dinner, and she isn' going to stay a long time, either."

Trixie was quite right. Mrs. Roberts did not stay a long time, but it was a very long time before she came to see mamma again.—*Chicago Advance.*

—Ex-Secretary Evarts tells a story at his own expense about a small donkey which he sent up to his country seat for the use of his children. One of his little daughters, going out with her nurse to admire the animal in its paddock, was sorely distressed when the donkey lifted up its voice and brayed dolefully. "Poor thing! Poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathetic child—but suddenly brightening up, she turned to her nurse and said: "Oh! I am so glad. Papa will be here on Saturday, and then it won't feel so lone-some."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A seven-year-old colored boy fell into a thirty-foot well in Marion County, Ky., and then, without assistance, climbed up the sides to the top. He was wet, but not much injured.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To remove ink stains from linen soak in new milk a few hours before washing.

—Pudding Sauce: Take four large spoonfuls of fine white sugar and two of butter, stir to a cream and add the white of one egg.—*Exchange.*

—A Philadelphia magistrate recently announced the law as saying that the ownership of swarming bees is vested in the original possessor only as long as he can keep them in sight.

—A side dish, which will be new to many cooks, is made by slicing very thin some onions and green tomatoes, in about equal proportions, and frying them together just as you fry onions alone. Salt them well, and if there is any danger of their being greasy, drain before serving.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is a great mistake to destroy harmless snakes. They are great feeders on destructive insects, and very useful in field and garden. The foolish dread of them entertained by many otherwise sensible people is something to be ashamed of.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Oyster Pates: Mince a quart of oysters. Prepare a cupful of rich drawn butter. Put the oysters into the drawn butter and cook five minutes in a farina kettle. Have ready some shapes of pastry baked in pate-pans. Fill these with the mixture, set in the oven to heat and send to the table.—*The Household.*

—An Economical Crumb Cloth: A red table cloth that is too much faded to be used on the table, makes a good crumb cloth. Starch it as still as you can, iron *perfectly* smooth, taking care to pull the edges straight and even, pin it to the carpet instead of tacking it, as it will be less trouble to take it up, and you will wash it just as soon as it needs it. It will keep clean a long time, and even if you can afford a handsome cloth it is convenient to use this when the other is up to be cleaned.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

—To prevent a calf's horns growing they should be cut when they first begin to burst through the skin. There is then but a scale, which is easily sliced off and the raw part should be touched with a very hot iron to sear it, or the skin may be cut through before the horns appear and the scale removed; the flap of skin may then be laid down again and covered with tar, when it will heal. When the horns are an inch long they should be cut close to the head and the wound seared. The operation will be more painful than if it had been done earlier.—*Detroit Post.*

—Obstinate and vicious horses, by having their attention removed from the object on which their mind is bent, can be made much more tractable than they otherwise would be. Some are very difficult to shoe, showing a disposition to bite and kick whenever the shoer touches them. A few grains of the ethereal oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief and placed before the nose of the horse, it is said, never fails to quiet his irritable disposition and makes him for the time being perfectly manageable.—*Chicago Journal.*

Cellar Ventilation.

The intelligent have now more than the former regard for the ventilation of the sitting-room, the sleeping-room, and even of the kitchen, with some reference to a corresponding supply of the glorious sun-light. It may be, however, that the *cellar is more generally neglected*, simply from the fact that not much time is spent in it, and yet there are other considerations demanding special attention. It is well known by some, and should be by all, that carbonic acid gas and noxious gases in general, are heavier than the air, of necessity falling to the lower parts of the house, and then into the cellar. The carbonic gas expired from the lungs, the exhalations from the body in the form of gas, and all gases, however produced, are sources of disease and poisoning; all of which, if the circumstances are favorable, will find their way to the cellar. Let it be remembered that each expiration from the lungs is composed of 4.35 per cent. of this gas, while 5.66 per cent. is regarded as decidedly dangerous to the lungs, resulting in disease, and that a man produces 10.7 cubic feet of it in twenty-four hours, of course destroying the same amount of oxygen.

These noxious gases are very diffusive, penetrating every nook of the house, especially the lower parts. It is also true that they are absorbed, especially the carbonic gas, by liquids and vegetation, the woody parts being obtained from this source, at least partially. It follows that milk and liquids in general are fine absorbents of these impurities, flowing, like water, down into the cellar, of course to be consumed by the family. This remark applies to all foods, in some degree: fluid, semi-fluid, as soups and the like, and to most solids, as bread, puddings, etc., having a degree or moisture. And if it is true that the poison of paint is absorbed by water, it is as true that milk and other fluids and semi-fluids, if near paint, will become more or less poisonous. And if true that water absorbs poisons, etc., it is of the utmost importance that no water should be used for drinking or for cooking that has been long in the sleeping room, the sick-room or in the vicinity of impurity. Medicines should not be uncovered—better in corked bottles—unless they are so poison as not to be affected by ordinary noxious articles.

During the winter and particularly in the spring, when the vegetables commence to decay or to *sprout*, it is very needful to ventilate the cellar and keep it sweet. This may be done by a window or two, hung at the top on hinges, the lower part often being raised, so that the foul air may pass out, especially when the cellar door and an adjoining outer door are open for a few minutes in warm winter days, at the same time admitting pure, fresh and cool air. It is manifest that this pure, cool air will have a beneficial effect, first in the renovation of the air of the cellar, so soon contaminated by the sleeping-rooms, etc., and secondly by the coolness of the cellar, so much more favorable to the purity of meats and the like, and to the preservation of vegetables. These, it is well known, if the weather is warm in winter, and if the cellar is kept too warm, will commence to sprout even in the winter, of course destroying quite a per cent. of the sweetness and nourishment.

It may be safe to keep the south window open for most of time, save in the coldest weather.—*Dr. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

The Bedouins of the Plains.

As you mingle with these cow-boys, you find in them a strange mixture of good nature and recklessness. You are as safe with them alone on the plains as with any class of men, so long as you do not impose on them. They will even deny themselves for your comfort, and imperil their lives for your safety. But impose upon them, or arouse their ire, and your life is of no more value in their esteem than that of a coyote. Morally, as a class, they are foul-mouthed, blasphemous, drunken, lecherous, utterly corrupt. Usually harmless on the plains when sober, they are dreaded in the towns, for then liquor has the ascendancy over them. They are also as improvident as the veriest "Jack" of the sea. Employed as cow-boys only six months in the year—from May till November—their earnings are soon squandered in dissoluteness, and then they hunt, or get odd jobs, to support themselves until another cattle season begins. They are never cumbered with baggage. What little they may have, besides the clothes they wear, and their revolver or gun, is carried in a bag, which they call their "war bag." Several weeks since one of them slung his war bag into the wagon, with the careless remark: "There, that holds all I've earned for seven years." They are utterly reckless of their own lives. Mr. Davis recently shot and wounded a huge bull buffalo—a most ugly antagonist in a fight. Three cow-boys immediately lighted out after him. One lariated him by the horns, another by a hind heel, and the third dismounted and leaped upon the enraged buffalo for a wild ride. "Missou," another of these reckless chaps, came upon four grizzly bears, two old ones and two large cubs. Unobserved by them, he dismounted and shot at one. The wounded bear turned upon the other as though its mate were the offender. For a little while the fur flew, and the very trees seemed to shake with the roar of the fighting beasts. "Missou" says he lay in ambush and shook his sides with laughter while watching the combat. Then he shot again and laid out one of the cubs. This shot arrested the attention of the bears, and they made for him. Dropping his gun, he hastily grabbed the pommel of his saddle, and just succeeded in drawing himself upon his frightened and running horse. The name of this fellow, so called from being a Missourian, suggests the fact that each one is dubbed with a name, and always one suited to some peculiar characteristic. For example, one upon this ranch is called "Gun-Sack Pete," another "Windy Jim," and a third, "Few Clothes," suggested by the scantiness of his wardrobe. These combined facts will show the appropriateness of a title given these fellows in a previous letter—the Bedouins of the plains. They never own any interest in the stock they tend. This dark picture of the cow-boys ought to be lightened by the statement that there is occasionally a white sheep among the black. True and devoted Christians are found in such company—men who will kneel down regularly and offer their prayers in the midst of their bawdy and cursing associates. They are like Lot in Sodom.

A word about the horses employed in this business. They are trained for the work, and know just how to avoid the goring horns of the attacking steers and bulls. A fact: One unfamiliar with the business was riding one of those horses, when a wild steer left the herd and rushed for him. In his fright he thrust his spurs into the sides of the horse and tried to make him flee. The horse, however, stood as if paralyzed. But just as the steer came up, and while the alarmed rider was anticipating naught but death for himself and his horse, the horse dexterously darted to one side, and, as the steer passed, the horse wheeled and ran directly after him, or began to drive him onward. Then a trained horse will throw the strongest steer or bull. His rider approaches with lariat, one end of which is firmly tied to the pommel of the saddle. The other end is fixed with a noose, and the expert cow-boy throws this over the head or about the heels of the creature, when his horse settles back upon his haunches, and when the lariat straightens with a sudden jerk, the fleeing animal is as suddenly tumbled over. Of course, such an experiment with a full-grown steer is never attempted on a green horse. The horses are first trained to the business by experiments on the younger stock.—*Wyoming Cor. Providence Herald.*

The Bank Cashier's Vacation.

The bank cashier and two of the Directors have just finished a confidential chat in the back parlor when in walks the Secretary with a newspaper in his hand and observes:

"There it is again—another Cashier embezzles $30,000 and skips."

"Ah!" says the first Director.

"Ah!" echoes the second.

"Ah! that reminds me," adds the Cashier. "If you hadn't happened to mention it I might have forgotten it entirely. Fourteen years ago I began to rob this bank of a few dollars at a time and cover my offense by false entries"

"No!" by the three in chorus.

"I have taken $13,500 up to date, and you have not missed a dollar of it. I can't restore ten dollars of the sum."

"Your bond!" yelled the President.

"Neither signed nor dated," replied the Cashier.

"We'll put you in prison"!

"And my friends will get me a pardon in six months."

"But think of the disgrace!"

"Pooh! Think of the injury to the bank, rather."

"The Cashier lights a twenty-center and puts his feet on the table, and the trio retire to a corner, whisper, nod, agree, and the President returns and says:

"Young man, here is $500 to take you on a vacation for six weeks; go and regain your lost health, and if you want a certificate of character write us and it shall be forwarded by first mail."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—Toronto papers say that much complaint of extortions of hackmen is being made by American visitors to that city, and they advise that strangers consult a policeman before making a bargain with them. Rather than be put to the trouble of walking two or three miles through Toronto streets hunting for a policeman, we shall stay out of the city altogether.—*Philadelphia News.*

A Fisher Caught.

"On my last trip to the States," said Mr. Arthur Fisher, of this paper, "I caught a very bad cold which settled into a severe case of rheumatism. I did not know what to do for it, so I resolved to purchase St. Jacobs Oil for trial. Happy thought. I began applying the Oil, and in two weeks was as well as ever.—*Toronto (Canada) Globe.*

AN extraordinary thing in ladies' bonnets—a cheap one.

THE Carson City (Nev.) *Appeal* says: St. Jacobs Oil is good for rheumatism, neuralgia and a thousand different ills.

A BOY paid his first visit to one of the public schools the other day as a scholar, and as he came home at night his mother inquired of him: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully!" he replied, in an excited voice; "I saw four boys licked, one girl get her ear pulled, and a great big scholar burn his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day, if I can possibly help it.—*New Haven Register.*

A Fool Once More.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—*Free Press.*

THE snob who wears an eye-glass for the looks of the thing might as well walk lame for the same purpose.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Importance of a Single Letter.

A Calender is a machine to press paper, &c. Calendar is an arrangement of the divisions of time. In every one of the twelve months some malady is found to afflict humanity. Mishler's Herb Bitters is an absolute specific for a host of these disorders. For Dyspepsia, troubles of the Kidneys or Liver, Consumption, Nervous Ailments, Rheumatism, &c., a thorough and radical cure is always effected by its use.

THE milking stool is the latest in the "decorating" line. It is affected only by the "cream of society."

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

A YOUNG country lady of Missouri slashed an insulting fop with a knife. She probably wanted to cut a swell.—*Courier-Journal.*

***"Skill and patience succeed where force fails." The quiet skill and patient research which brought forth Kidney-Wort illustrates the truth of the fable. Its grand success everywhere is admitted. Disease never comes to us without a cause. Ask any good physician the reason and he will tell you something interferes with the working of the great organs. Kidney-Wort enables them to overcome all obstructions and preserves perfect health. Try a box or bottle at once.

THE compositor who tortured "Old Bay Line" into "Old Baby Mine," has been given a fifty years' furlough.—*Norristown Herald.*

Hale's Honey of Horchound and Tar

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IOWA claims to raise more onions than any other State in the Union, and she says so with weeping eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"I MEANT," said he, "to buy a new hat—a stove-pipe; but it ended in smoke."—*The Judge.*

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IT doesn't do to engage in a dispute with a chemist, for he always has a retort ready.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

WISE'S Axle Grease is the cheapest.

THE feeling between ague and quinine is exceedingly bitter.—*Breckenridge News.*

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"WHERE is you hired now, Matildy?" "I'se working now for de most 'spectable, high-toned folks in Austin. Dey am well fixed, shore." "Has dey got silberware, and sich?" "I should say so. Dey has silber tin pans, and de copper biler am pore gold."—*Texas Siftings.*

"TELEGRAPH BLUE," is a new color. It is the shade of a man's face when he gets a dispatch from his broker asking for more margin.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A ST. LOUIS man who painted a lamp-post every evening for two weeks saw his marks on the backs of ninety-seven different loafers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"MARY," he asked, "why am I like butter?" He expected her to say that it was because he was the genuine article, and he was completely crushed when she promptly replied: "Why I guess it's because the better it gets the softer you act."—*Farm and Fireside.*

"MY daughter, was that not rather a trifling present you gave your father?" "Why, papa, you know you could have had anything you were willing to pay for!"

IT is now understood that the recent reported earthquake in the South was caused by a St. Louis girl thoughtlessly jumping from a buggy to the sidewalk.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"SIR," said a vain-glorious actor to Charles Kean, at the Brighton theater, during rehearsal, "you need not trouble yourself about me; I know the play backward." "Probably you do," was the reply; "but that is not the way I play it."

A PENNSYLVANIA paper chronicles the attempted suicide of one Agnes Wunder. Of course Agnes will recover, for Wunders, you know, never cease.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE *Medical Journal* wants to know "What is life without health?" Pshaw, man; that's nothing. What is health without life? Answer that and go up head.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A LOCAL Mrs. Malaprop gushingly says that she "does so love to sit at the piano in the gloaming and impoverish." This Malapropism is not impromptu.—*Lowell Courier.*

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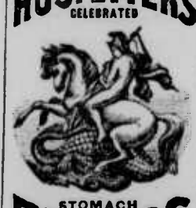

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, *please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.*

Important to Those Engaged.

A decision rendered by Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia, Saturday last, illustrates the fact that persons "engaged" to be married have need to be circumspect about the disposal of their property. The story of the case is briefly this: The late James Baird, inherited a large property from his father. James was a widower with children. Both before and after his inheritance of his father's property he courted the lady who is now his widow, became formally "engaged" to her September 23, 1878, and married her on the 12th of November following. A few days *before* the "engagement," but after he had declared to several friends his intention to marry this lady, he conveyed all his real estate, to the value of about seventy thousand dollars, to certain trustees in trust for himself during life, and then to his children by his *first* wife. This trust conveyance appears to have been instigated by the trustees as a friendly act, to prevent him from squandering his inheritance, rather than from any purpose to defraud the affianced bride of the rights in the property that would accrue to her upon her marriage. Mr. Baird died in about four months after the marriage, and, upon his decease, his widow found that her right to one-third interest for life in the real estate had been conveyed away by this trust deed. She was thus left without the support she had depended upon. She was advised that such conveyance of the property by Mr. Baird at a time when he had declared his purpose to marry her, and within a few days before their formal engagement, was unlawful, and Judge Thayer's decision has confirmed this view of the law by a decree which restores to the widow her rights as a widow.

An Excellent Fertilizer.

From Southern Industries.

A German farmer once told the writer that every year he prepared a heap of manure which, when applied to his soil, made it produce marvelous yields. His mode of preparing it was as follows, to use his own language: "I have but one horse, one cow and about two dozen fowls. I save every particle of their droppings and place them under a shed which has a cemented floor; upon this I spread a layer of forest mold, and in order to preserve the ammonia in it I cover the dung with another layer of mold, taken from the woods close to my house. I continue this system of layering each time the stable, cow and hen houses are cleaned out. I also save the urine of the animals and that from my house, and pour it upon the heap; sometimes I also add a small quantity of litter from the stable, and, when not too busy to collect them a lot of leaves. By attending to the heap in person, and seeing that all the manure is rigidly saved, I find on hand by early spring a large quantity of the richest fertilizer I ever used. During the few winter months it has thoroughly rotted, and when needed to spread upon my garden it resembles a heap of ashes, so completely is is pulverized. My garden consists of five acres of ground, which receives this valuable manure. On a farm where twenty or thirty horses, mules and cattle are kept, and a flock of sheep and a fair number of fowls, besides their combined droppings, if treated as above, enough of this excellent fertilizer could be saved each year to thoroughly manure fifteen or twenty acres of land, and no farmer should be at a loss to have what manure he requires, for this is the foundation of successful farming.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take Intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 625 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 21th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, 18 nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
124 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
1075 SILAS F. CUPPETT.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, at thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Philbard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JEHU PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
1075 ABE McROBBIE.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in District No 2, Garrett county, adjacent to the lands of Gabriel Friend, Isaac T. Frazee and George D. Frantz, and known as the

"Tobias Hoff Mill Property,"

containing one acre more or less, it being part of the land which was conveyed to Jacob Nicola, by Gilmore S. Hamill, trustee, by deed bearing date July 19th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 873, &c. On the said land is located a good saw mill, and is also improved by other valuable buildings. The said property is assessed in the names of Nicola and Umbel, on the assessment books of Garrett county. The above described property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this sale of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

NEW ADVRTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 500 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 15, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c. per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, 84, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
421f OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-1f.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. le11-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.

apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.30 P. M.
No. 5	7.00 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.05 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,
and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

ONIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 422 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

The undersigned will open a new meat market, opposite Villa Casteel, about June 10th, which will be in charge of Mr. JOHN D. TAGGART.

Meat will be Delivered to Customers in Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park.

Will butcher nothing but the best stock, and will sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

and at the lowest possible figure.

6 27 3m T. W. CASTEEL.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

j1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

And also for the purpose of determining for or against the County of Garrett issuing "School Bonds," as provided for by Act of Assembly, passed January Session, 1882, Chapter 260.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M., and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day Thursday following the elect on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFADDEN,
GEORGE S. LEE,
8 30 5 Examiners.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Dhoppole Road, including the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880 ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 ly.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to denyed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

729tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethken, Wm. Selbert, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to be satisfactory to the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

nov 1m6

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at Joel Beeder's and running through the lands of Joel Beeder, Wm. Hartman, Jacob Spiker, Wright Thayer and others, to intersect the Oakland road at Wright Thayer's lane.

JOSEPH HOSTETLER,
JOEL BENDER,
9 21 4 HENRY BOETTNER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 36 acres and good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and new frame barn 75 by 45 and other outbuildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether in the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

REST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is undoubtedly the best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882. NUMBER 35.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a largefirm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved credit. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they Keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanking for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

T. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

such as hanging-baskets, chairs, settees, flower stands, &c., &c., made from natural. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 3m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange or refund the money on any garment at any time, or, failing to come to terms, refund the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"

"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*."

"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

The Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, known and described as

LOTS NOS. 52 AND 53 IN BEALL'S ADDITION TO THE SAID TOWN.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Beall. The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and further sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

PE-RU-NA

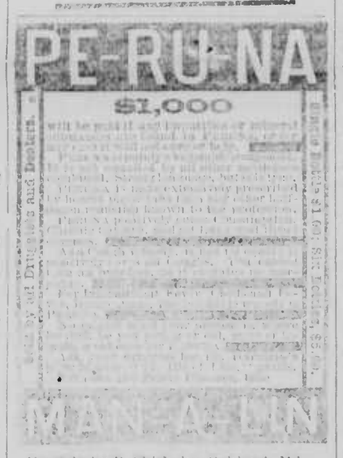

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land lying and being in Garrett county, known and described as

Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1882,

Military Lots Nos. 3032, 3049 and 3166,

lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland, said land being assessed on the books of said county in the name of Thomas Confidson. The said property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and cost of this and further sale of said lands.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

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Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces, parcels or lots of land lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, known and described as

Lots Nos. 52 and 53 in Beall's Addition to the said town.

The same being assessed on the books of said Garrett county, to Mrs. E. G. Beall. The said lots have been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy [illegible] of this

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge it to suit desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

The School Debt Funding Bill.

We give below the School Debt Funding Bill in full, as passed at the last session of the Legislature:

CHAPTER 299.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the County Commissioners of Garrett county to fund certain indebtedness of the "Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county," by issuing bonds, therefor, and by levying a tax upon the assessable property of said county to pay the same.

WHEREAS the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county has at various times become indebted in certain sums of money for the purpose of maintaining its schools, and providing school houses for the said county, which said sums of money are now due from and owing by said county, and whereas it is desirable to provide by law for the gradual liquidation of the said indebtedness; therefore—

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county be and they are hereby authorized and empowered, in their discretion, to issue the bonds of said county to an amount not exceeding the sum of seventeen thousand dollars, in sums of not less than one hundred and not more than one thousand dollars each, and all of the said bonds to be signed by the president of said board of county commissioners, and countersigned by the clerk of said board of county commissioners, whose duty it shall be to affix to each and every bond so issued the seal of the said board; and said bonds shall bear interest at a rate not to exceed six per cent. per annum, payable semi annually on the first days of June and December respectively until the said bonds are paid; and the interest coupons attached to said bonds shall be received (if tendered) by the collector of taxes for said county in payment of county taxes due from the holder thereof.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the said bonds shall be sold by the County Commissioners of Garrett county aforesaid to the highest bidder for cash, at not less than their par value.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That said bonds shall be issued to mature at such dates as shall not require the payment in any one year of more than one thousand dollars of the principal sum thereof, and shall be redeemable at the pleasure of the said board of county commissioners at or before their maturity, and none of the said bonds shall be issued to mature before the first day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That to redeem said bonds the Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county shall annually levy upon the assessable property of said county a tax sufficient to pay the interest upon the bonds so issued under the provisions of this act, and so much of the principal thereof as shall annually mature according to the respective tenor of the aforesaid bonds, and the said levy shall be designated as the Garrett county school debt.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the proceeds arising from the sale of the aforementioned bonds shall be, as soon as realized, paid over by the county commissioners of said county to the Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county, who shall immediately apply the same to the payment of the aforesaid indebtedness now due by said board of county school commissioners, and no other purpose.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That hereafter the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county shall not expend for school purposes or for any other purpose a greater sum of money in any one year than shall have been levied by the county commissioners for said county for the same year in addition to the sum or sums annually received by the said board of county school commissioners of said county from the Treasurer of the State, and the said Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county is hereby absolutely prohibited from borrowing from any source whatever or for any purpose any sum or sums of money which shall be in excess of the moneys which it, the said board, shall be entitled to receive from the sources mentioned in this section, and it shall not be lawful for the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county to contract or pay any debt or debts in excess of the annual revenue provided for them by law for school purposes; nor shall the County Commissioners of said Garrett county assume or pay any debt or any portion of any such debt as shall or may be contracted in violation of the provisions of this act.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That at the next election to be held in this State for members of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States, the question of whether or not the bonds mentioned in this act shall be issued, shall be submitted to the qualified voters of Garrett county, and that in voting upon said question the words "For issuing school bonds," or "Against issuing school bonds," or words equivalent thereto, may be written or printed on the ballots voted; and for the purpose of determining whether or not a majority of the legal voters voting upon said question are in favor of issuing said bonds, the judges of election in said county shall count and cast up the number of votes in their respective districts for and against the same, and shall keep said count separate from the count of votes of Representative in Congress, and the return judges, when they meet to count up the votes cast for representative, shall also separately count up and ascertain the vote upon said question, and shall make up a certificate for the county commissioners of said county, showing the number of votes cast in the several election districts for and against said measure; and said certificate shall be recorded in the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, and shall be evidence of the number of votes cast for and against the issue of said bonds; and if it appears thereby that a majority of the votes cast upon said question were in favor of issuing said bonds, then said county commissioners shall proceed without delay to exercise the powers vested in them by sections one, two, three, four and five of this act; but if a majority of the votes cast upon said question shall appear to be against the issue of said bonds, then said county commissioners shall not exercise said powers, or any of them.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That all laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Approved May 3, 1882.

Judge Alvey's Position.

Correspondence Cumberland News.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Oct. 16, 1882.

EDITOR NEWS—*Sir:* From the public prints we notice that his honor, Judge Alvey, with promptness has accepted at the hands of the Democratic party the nomination for a second term of his fifteen years of the chief judgeship for this circuit. His formal acceptance contains statements, and we may say doctrines, that cannot help but call out not only dissent but strong disapproval. We shall, therefore, with great respect towards the person and character of the Judge, offer a few suggestions in regard to his letter, which we are obliged to say, deferently, is very far from being the equal of its distinguished author in point of ability or propriety.

It is clear, however, on one point, that he means to continue from this on in his refusal to participate in the appointment of school commissioners. Long existing evils must be cured, and the execution of the laws effected, by others holding willing and friendly views.

The road to the bench is not necessarily through the machinery of party conventions; yet the Judge sees no fault in such a stepping stone in the way thither. He says his office "is in nowise a political one;" and that he is forbidden by the fundamental law (Bill of Rights) to hold any political trust or employment. This is as it should be. But who wants him to hold or perform such trust or employment? We hope not his party friends. Surely appointing school commissioners is not a political trust or office. It is simply an official duty pertaining to his office under an Act of the Legislature. The object the people had in view in passing the school law of 1872 was to lift the all-important school question out of party politics; and they naturally turned to the "independent courts," with their long and secure terms, for neutral grounds. But he says the judges ought to be removed from the danger of any public trust not of a judicial nature. We are not willing to believe that Judge Alvey is in any danger whatever of being politically contaminated by participating with his two learned brothers on the bench in naming three worthy and fit citizens to act as a school board for the term of two years. Why, don't the court habitually appoint court commissioners, auditors, and each term 48 jurors, all of whom have their politics, and many of them leading politicians. Still, the courts on that account are not, or at least ought not to be affected with political gutle.

Again, in his letter he says: "The judge moreover represents a separate and independent department of the government, and his action in office should be correspondingly independent." It may look like presumption in us to say so, but we beg pardon in averring that this is not correct, but the very opposite is true. To assert that the judiciary, or any other department of the State government, is separate and independent, is at least a great confusion of terms. How can the judiciary without the support of its co-ordinate branches stand alone for a single day? It is impossible. Neither can the executive, nor can the legislative, though it bears the relation to our governmental system that the human heart does to our physical system. The different *departments* (*compartment* is the expressive word) of our structure have been most skillfully and wisely made and joined together by our statesmen, as a whole, forming a beautiful and symmetrical piece of political mechanism. Why one "independent department" could no more put itself into proper action under the Constitution than a locomotive could move without its engine. Arguments to show such an absurdity are too cogent and numerous. For convenience:

THE BILL OF RIGHTS A REFUGE.

The Judge, both in his letter of acceptance and address to the Legislature in February, 1876, takes refuge under the Bill of Rights to relieve him from the requirements of the Act of 1872, chap. 377.

Now let us briefly pay our respects to this time-honored document. It was extracted from the Declaration of Independence in the first year of its existence and prefaced to our first Constitution of 1776, and it has kept its place in almost identical language in every Constitution since—four, in all. It was, and was so intended to be, simply a declaration of sound American principles; meant to be the material out of which the Constitution itself should be constructed. It is an appendage to the Constitution, but not of or incorporated into its body. The ligament that connects the two could be severed, and the Constitution live and sustain the government as though little or nothing had happened. But our government in the absence of the Constitution could not survive an hour under the Bill of Rights. This is the difference.

The Bill of Rights has of late years been before the court of appeals for exposition, (see 4 Md. Dig., 133,) and they say: "The Declaration of Rights is an enumeration of abstract principles, (or designed to be so,) and the Constitution the practical application of those principles modified by the exigencies of the time, or circumstances of the country. If they differ, the Constitution must be taken as a limitation of the principles previously declared, according to the subject and language employed."

"The Declaration of Rights is a guide to the several departments of the government in questions of doubt as to the meaning of the Constitution and a guard against any extravagant or undue extension of power, but does not control the Constitution itself, when clear and unambiguous." —*Ibid.* The case would seem to be strong enough to quiet the conscience of any one.

But if the Judge is still in doubt, his attention is respectfully invited to sec. 50, of Art. 3, of the Constitution of 1867, which ordains as follows: "The General Assembly shall have power to pass all such laws as may be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the power vested by this Constitution in any department of office of the government, and the duties imposed upon them thereby. And it must be born in mind that the Constitution provided, in Art. 8, that the General Assembly shall at their first session establish a system of Free Public Schools. This they did.

If the judge is right in his position is it not strange he has not been sustained in either of two appropriate occasions that have offered themselves to him. In February, 1876, he presented his views to the Legislature and asked for a change of the law in accordance with his opinions, but he entirely failed to satisfy the Legislature that any change was needed. Again, in 1880, the celebrated Montgomery county case was taken up to the court of appeals, (see 55 Md.,) in which the constitutionality of the Act of 1872 (the Judge's point) was presented and relied upon, but the courts above and below did not even consider the question. Strange to say, Judge Alvey sat in the case without a word of dissent, and must have been one of a unanimous court.

"PUBLIC INTEREST."

Unfounded Democratic Elation.

From The Waterbury American, (Rep.)

The Democratic party is easily "set up." A single victory, even as large a one as that in Ohio, does not clear the way to the White House in 1884, and yet almost every Democratic newspaper in the country and every Democratic leader who has submitted to an interview, and they are all easy of approach now, are engaged in laying out plans for the administration of affairs during the next four years and have apparently arranged matters even to the details. Probably many anxious Democratic souls are worrying lest they are to be subjected to the malaria which invades the White House, and many thousands are confidently counting on reposing in official places for an indefinite period. Democratic joy is pretty apt to be noisy and boisterous. The party has been "blown" so far and so steadily for many years that when it goes "up," as it occasionally does, it goes way up. It touches in turn the extremes of elation and despondency. The feeling that prevails now resembles very much that which followed Democratic victory in Maine in 1880. Democrats at once resigned themselves to serene confidence and prepared to move into the seat of government. The Republicans, on the other hand, took counsel of defeat, went to work and pulled themselves out while the enemy was still rejoicing over a victory on the skirmish line. This is history which is repeating itself now and then as opportunity offers. It is not impossible that it may be repeated again this year.

Mrs. Mary Gravely, of Baily's Cross-roads, Bucks county, Pa., has a cow which, about four months ago, had its right leg cut off below the knee by a railroad train. A veterinary surgeon dressed the wound and tied up the arteries so skillfully that the cow recovered. She was kept in the stable until a few days ago, when a neighbor, a cabinet maker, made for her a wooden leg, which was strapped on the stump. The cow hopped along holding the injured leg up for a day or two, but now she has concluded to use the wooden attachment, and limps around quite comfortably upon it, and seems to be in good health. — *Wilkesbarre Union-Leader.*

Whatever happens never forsake a friend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

Mr. Jewett's new bridge on the Bradford branch of the Erie Railroad, which spans a mountain gorge 400 feet deep, was opened last week, and the Erie Railroad now carries Pittsburg freights direct to all New York and New England points, running over the Allegheney Valley line. Thus Pittsburg is finally in free communication with all the four trunk lines east and west, and the depressing causes which brought on the riot and incendiarism there in 1877 have ceased to be.

Dr. Deuble, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drink acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and then a gargle of lime-water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

Dryden and Swift were dull as boys. So was Gibbon. So was Goldsmith. So was Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was hardly able to read.

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Cronicle.*

LONDON has a larger population than many a European State with a sovereign and parliament. At the census of 1881 the area of metropolitan taxation and police contained 4,761,312 persons. Thus there are in London more than double the number of people in Denmark, including Greeland; nearly three times as many as in Greece; more than eighteen times the population of Montenegro; some thousands more than Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira; nearly treble the population of Servia; more than double that of Bulgaria: three-quarters of a million more than in Holland; more than Sweeden or Norway or Switzerland. And yet this splendid capital, the most populous and wealthy city the world has ever seen, is practically without a government.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BIND-WEED.

The verdant garlands creep and twine
About the branches of the vine,
And hold in close embrace
The blushing beauty of the rose
That year by year untended grows
In this deserted place.

Its blossom, like a shallow cup
Of purest Parian, lifted up,
Is full of morning dew;
My comely lilies, nursed with care
To gild the garden borders, wear
No whiter, purer hue.

And yet, and yet, I know the vine
Whereon its graceful garlands twine
Had come to better fruit
If this lush growth of white and green,
The bind-weed's close and clinging screen,
Had never taken root.

And yet, and yet, I know the rose
That through its greenness glints and glows
Had come to fuller flower
If this frugile parasite
Had never spread its green and white
To summer sun and shower.

I pull the tender leaves apart,
There lies a lesson, oh, my heart!
Beneath the bind-weed spray.
It saps the vine and dwarfs the flower;
So clinging human love hath power
To sap and dwarf away.

To sap the soul of strength divine,
To blight its fruit, like cumbered vine,
Which scarce a cluster shows;
To dwarf with narrow selfish claims
The growth of wide and generous aims,
As bind-weed dwarfs the rose.

And yet, God wot, the love is clean,
And, like the bind-weed, fresh and green
It springeth in the heart;
'Tis only when we lack the grace
To train it fairly in its place,
To portion out its part;

'Tis only when we let it climb
O'er holier heights and more sublime
Than earthly love should go;
'Tis only when we let it creep
Across the gifts that we should keep
For God, it brings us woe.

For let the bind-weed have its will,
Nor human toil nor human skill
Can keep the garden fair;
But train the bind-weed in its place,
And larger blossom, fairer grace,
Will straight repay the care.

So if the garden of the heart
Be overrun in every part
By love beyond control,
Life's worthy labor can not speed,
And flower of thought and fruit of deed
Grew never in the soul.

Uut train that weak and clinging love,
By sturdy props, to wave above
Life's work, and give it grace;
No longer then a parasite,
Love clothes with garlands of delight
Its own appointed place.

—*All the Year Round.*

HOW QUEDGLINGTON WAS SENT DOWN.

Charley Quedglington was in a thoughtful mood. This was an unusual thing for him. As a general rule he didn't think; but the most rackety and mischievous and debt-incurring, don-baiting undergraduates have their moments of thought, though they may studiously conceal them. And Charley's thoughts, this sunny May morning, as he glanced into the blazing hot quadrangle, waiting until it should be time to partake of Gordon's luncheon, were not very pleasant. "If your name comes before us again," the Dean had said grimly, with his sternest aspect, and the old gentleman, the jolliest of talkative hosts at dinner, could be very grim and stern about twelve o'clock in the day—"if your name comes before us again, Mr. Quedglington, we shall have no alternative but to send you down for a considerable period. You are never out of trouble, either in college or in the city. This is the last time you will be warned, sir. Consider yourself gated after six for the rest of the term."

"And, by Jove, I believe the old gentleman means it!" ruminated Charley, stretching his legs upon the window-seat and puffing his cigarette smoke into the recesses of the sheltering sun-blind. "As sure as Fate, I shall get into a row before the end of the term, though it is only a fortnight off. There is Cummings' wine to-night; and they'll go and draw the bursar afterward, and then the fat will be in the fire; for whether I am there or safe in bed, the porters will swear to Mr. Quedglington—small blame to them!" And he laughed with a keen appreciation of his own bad eminence. "Umph! it's all very well; but if it comes to rustication, won't the governor be savage? He's a jolly old boy, and he'll swallow the bills with hardly a grimace; but this affair wouldn't be quite a coating of sugar to help them on their way."

Charley's forebodings were not without a more than usual share of probability. There was not much chance of the most popular and reckless of St. Aldate's men keeping out of a row for the remaining weeks of the summer term. The dons had been very long-suffering with him. There was so much good in him at bottom, the great luminary said in confidence after dinner, and the lesser lights agreed with him. He looked so young; a dark-complexioned, handsome fellow, hardly as old as his years, and with but the faintest symptoms of a moustache, to which only his scout knew how much care and time were devoted. He appeared quiet enough, and not very strong. Appearances, however, are deceitful; and Charley was not long in impressing his set with his utterly thoughtless, reckless gayety, which yet had not a grain of real evil at the bottom of it. His father, the Archdeacon of Loamford, was a rich man and a famous pillar of the Church. Charley would be well enough off some day; so that the mere getting into debt would hurt no one very much. But the Archdeacon had passed through his college career without a reproach, and was a great preacher, of note elsewhere than in ecclesiastical circles. It would be a terrible thing if the son of such a man should be put to open shame, and sent down like the son of any godless Earl or weak-minded Bishop.

"Hullo, Charley!" cried a jovial young voice from the quad below, at this point of his meditations; "you'll breakfast with me to-morrow? The best train for Watlingbury is at 12:30."

"I'm not coming," answered Charley, rather shortly.

"You're not coming?" cried his interrogator. "What is up now? But wait a moment, and I'll be with you."

And up the echoing wooden staircase, so shady and cool in comparison with the blaze and sunshine outside, came Cummings, three steps at a time, and dashed into Charley's room.

"What is up now?" he repeated.

"The Dean has sent for me, and says he'll send me down if my name goes up again this term."

"Pheugh! that is bad. It would not suit your book with the governor, would it, Charley? But he has said the same often before."

"He means it this time; and he has gated me after six for a fortnight."

"Gordon, what do you think is the latest, cried Cummings, leaning out of the window and accosting a man in a many-colored coat who was leaning out of a ground-floor window not far off. "Quedglington has been sent for and gated until the end of the term. He says he won't come to Watlingbury to-morrow."

"Gammon! I'll come up and draw the badger. What is n gating?"

Gordon should have known, for Charley excepted, no one at St. Aldate's had more experience of it. Watlingbury races were strictly forbidden to the undergradnates of the University; and even the somewhat lax rules of St. Aldate's were upon this point strict as those of more learned colleges. The arrival of the trains from Watlingbury, at any rate of those late in the day, was attended by a proctor and bull-dog to see if any of his flock had been astray; while a watch was also kept upon the roads which led from the city in that direction.

"Look here!" cried the tempter, clad for the occasion in the flame-colored blazon of the Honorable Richard Gordon, "if we get back by the four o'clock train, we shall see all the best of fun, escape the proctors, who will not be on look-out until the six o'clock train, and save Charley's gate."

"It's all very well for you fellows to risk it, but I can't afford to be sent down."

"Pooh! not a chance of your being sent down! It ain't like you to funk. What a capital time we had there last year! And my cousin has a horse running and we can get the tip from him."

"Are you sure that there is a four o'clock train?"

"Certain. Come, that is a good fellow."

"Then, by Jove, I will!" cried Charley.

And as no promises are so well kept as those which please ourselves, he kept his word to the letter. He was too young to find the pleasure turn to dust and ashes. He thoroughly enjoyed his afternoon on Watlingbury race-course; and for once, the tip, wonderful to relate, was the straight one, and the affair went off capitally.

"My boy," said Gordon, taking him a little aside about a quarter to four, "you have just time to catch your train. We will risk it; but if you are not a fool you will be off."

"I'm not going," cried Charley, recklessly.

"Then you *are* a fool," answered the other; "take my advice and go."

It was such a rare thing for Gordon to give advice of this kind that our hero took it as that of a good angel, who, instead of the suggestive flame-colored blazon of yesterday, had assumed with much appropriateness, a fashionable frock-coat of Quaker-like gray. Quedglington reached the station just in time to tumble into a first-class carriage already pretty full. Many of its occupants looked as if the tickets in their pockets might be of any hue save white, which was, and is, the color of first-class tickets upon the Watlingbury branch line. Charley looked them over with the supercilliousness of St. Aldate's, and came to the conclusion that, if undergraduates at all, they hailed from some college more than a Sabbath day's journey from the center of university life.

They had lunched well, and were loud and noisy, as was Charley sometimes; but, somehow, their loudness and noisiness were not like the same things at St. Aldate's, and Quedglington regarded them with much the same disapproval that filled the Dean of St. Aldate's when brought face to face with his (Charley's) vagaries.

His gaze settled at last on a face in the far corner which, under the circumstances, caused him some surprise. It was so decidedly out of place. It was that of a rather pretty girl, with a fair-haired, graceful little head, set off by a small gray hat. It was a face formed to be either gravely sweet or coquettishly smiling; but now it was a frightened, piteous little face. The sudden irruption of the noisy and excited crew into her carriage was evidently not to her liking; but as she was sitting at the end furthest from the platform, it was no easy matter to extricate herself. "She's a governess, and a very pretty one," thought Charley. "Certainly she is traveling first class, so she must be a Newham or Girton girl. They get a lot of money. She is too plainly dressed to be a swell. I wish I had some sisters who wanted a governess."

It was not Quedglington only whose attention she attracted. The young men, their bets settled, turned toward her more of their regards than was polite or pleasant. From this they advanced to making eulogistic remarks upon her appearance to one another, and generally to talking rather in a way that made Quedglington's face hot with anger. By the time the train stopped at the junction Charley was on the point of interfecing. The young lady rose, however, and, taking up her cloak, stood prepared to leave the carriage. Her tormentors made way for her not an inch, but sat with their knees meeting across the passage.

"Would you be kind enough to let me pass?" she said, bravely, in quite a steady voice. But they were heated with excitement and the wine they had taken at luncheon. Charley had come to the conclusion by this time that they were not 'Varsity men at all, and we will hope and trust that he was right. At any rate they sat still.

"I think," said one, with mock politeness, "that the ticket you showed at Watlingbury was for our destination. We do not change here."

"And we really cannot spare so pretty a face. We are hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you home."

So the girl was in fact a prisoner; the noise upon the platform made it impossible for her to get help from thence. Her eyes wandered round the flushed faces and rested upon Charley's, flushed, too, but from a different cause.

She saw that he was not of the others.

"Don't let us have any of this rot!" he said, quietly. "Let this lady pass, if you please."

They all turned upon him, as he rose and with some roughness pushed two or three of them aside. The girl just touched his hand, stepped lightly past them, and was out of the carriage in a moment before they could recover from their surprise.

"Confound you! What business is it of yours?" cried one, standing up and catching hold of his collar. Charley did not answer him in words; his blood was up, and as the other maintained his hold, he struck him between the eyes with all his strength and some little science. The man fell back among his fellows, and all rose up and hit out at Charley rather wildly, who warded off a blow or two, and then stepped lightly backward on to the platform to avoid others. He was only just in time; before they could follow him the train began to move; a porter, who, in the hubbub of the station, had seen nothing of it, slammed the door; and the last that Charley, standing upon the platform, saw of his opponents, was a group of angry faces framed in the quickly moving window.

He turned round with a little laugh of triumph, and saw his damsel, so lately in distress, standing at his elbow. She was much the more self-possessed of the two, now.

"Thank you so much," she said, prettily; "it was foolish of me to be afraid; but they really were rude, were they not? I am afraid now that I have caused you to be left behind; it does not matter much to me, but it may to you."

"Not a bit," answered he, with a vivacious mendacity which impressed her greatly. Yet he was not unmindful that now he could not get back to college until after six o'clock, and would certainly be reported for breaking his gate, even if his visit to Watlingbury escaped detection and he did not, upon his arrival at the station, fall into the hands of the proctor, as was most probable. "They were awful brutes, were they not? I am very glad I was there to be of some assistance to you."

"And I cordially share in that feeling," she said, with a laugh of pleasure at the thought of the blow he had struck. "I am going to see some friends who live here; but I hope I may have some other opportunity of thanking you. I am greatly obliged to your bravery." She looked brightly up into Charley's face, held out a little gloved hand, and was gone; quite conscious, however, that the young fellow's eyes were fixed upon her as she passed out of the station and probably not ill-pleased by the fact.

She was gone, and he was left to kick his heels for a couple of hours in a dreary station, and get what amusement he could out of the refreshment room and the bookstall. In time the next train came, and he rejoined his astonished party.

"Quedglington, St. Aldate's." The proctor had known quite well both his name and college, but preferred to go through the old formula. So a fine was the least to be expected as the result of the Watlingbury trip, in addition to the penalty to be paid for the broken gate, of the nature of which there could be little doubt, after the Dean's solemn warning. And, therefore, when his scout, on calling him next morning, said that the Dean requested the pleasure of his company at twelve o'clock, Charley felt that he might as well tell Bunn to begin packing his things. A breakfast with Gordon, however, cheered him up a little, but the momentary gayety sank down again at the door of the Dean's house. "What will the governor say?" he groaned. When he was ushered in he saw no sign of relenting in the Dean's face.

"You were not in college yesterday, Mr. Quedglington, by the time at which, for you, the gate closes. I am also informed that you returned from Watlingbury by a train arriving after that time. The doings at Watlingbury were disgraceful, sir, as I have good reason to know. I cannot imagine you have anything to urge." Charley regarded the third button of the diaconal waistcoat with a stoical calmness. "After the solemn warning we gave you only two days ago, I think I am exercising some leniency in merely sending you down until the end of the term. You will go down to-day. Good morning."

Quedglington of St. Aldate's was not the man to plead, even if he could think of anything to say, in mitigation of sentence. He turned to leave with a silent bow, when the further door of the library was opened, and a voice he knew exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, uncle; I thought you were alone."

Charley looked up in astonishment. It was his friend of the train.

"Good gracious!" said she, recognizing him at once, and coming in; "I am so glad you are a St. Aldate's man. Uncle, this is the gentleman who interfered on my behalf yesterday, and missed his train through his kindness. Perhaps you will thank him for me."

"It was nothing at all!" murmured Charley.

"This is very remarkable," said the Dean, in the accents of Domine Sampson. "If this is so, I have to thank you for doing, not only my niece, but myself, a great service."

"It is so!" cried Miss Gertrude, pettishly.

"Indeed, indeed! Then it is very remarkable. This is my niece Gertrude, Mr. Quedglington; I am greatly obliged to you—greatly. Will you be kind enough to run away, Gertrude, and we will talk about it again?"

In a few minutes they were alone again.

"So that was how you missed your train?" asked the Head.

Charley nodded.

"Well, I am greatly obliged to you. You are an honor to the college—in some respects. But of course I can make no alteration upon this account. You had no business going to Watlingbury, or returning from it. So I must say good morning."

Even Charley thought the Dean was treating him a little cavalierly, but he was not one to make much of his services. He made for the door.

"Ah, yes," said the Dean, when his hand was already upon it, "do you know my brother, Sir Richard? No, I think not. He has asked me to send him a rod or two, to make up his party. My wife and niece are going to his place in the North to-night. Perhaps, Mr. Quedglington, you would escort them, and stay until the end of the term, when your home engagements fall in. Would it suit you?"

"I shall be delighted, sir," stammered Charley, the vision of Miss Gertrude pettishly stamping the floor with the smallest foot the male imagination can conceive before his eyes.

"Very well; you had better dine here early, as they go by the eight o'clock train. Your letters could be forwarded from here," added the Dean, with a slight cough, "and then, perhaps, you need not trouble your people with your change of places? You go down to-night then. Good morning."

That was how Charley Quedglington was sent down. Some people are inclined to insinuate that it was all a plan of Mrs. Dean's, and a very successful plan, too. But that, we know, is all nonsense. One thing about it is certain—that, to this day, the venerable Archdeacon is totally ignorant, and so are his intimate friends, that his son ever incurred the disgrace of being sent down from St. Aldate's. —*London Society.*

Manufacturing "Corners."

When a speculator in stocks manages to get into his hands and under his control the whole or nearly the whole of a given stock and continues to buy at various prices from other speculators large amounts of the same stock for future delivery, he is, in the peculiar language of Wall Street, said to have made a "corner." He has "cornered" that particular stock, or, rather, those who entered into contracts for selling it to him for future delivery. Holding all of the stock, he controls the price, and those who agreed to sell it to him at a certain price must, in order to fulfill their contracts, buy it of him at the price which he chooses to fix or pay him the difference between the price at which the stock was sold and this price, or fail to fulfill their contracts. They expected to buy the stock for less than they agreed to deliver it to him, and in this way to make money by the operation; but, unfortunately for their expectations, he has "cornered" them. They are largely "short" of a stock which they have agreed to deliver at a specified time; and he has the whole of it in his own hands, and, hence, has the power to fix the terms upon which they shall settle their contracts with him.

This, even according to the ethics of Wall Street, is not regarded as an honorable transaction. It involves secrecy, duplicity, and a deliberate purpose to cheat under the form of bargain and sale. The man or men who manufacture the "corner" mean to get the "shorts" into it, and when they get them there, then they mean roundly to fleece them. These "shorts" are not entitled to any special sympathy, since they expected to make money by selling for future delivery what they had not at the time of the sale, and subsequently buying, in season for the delivery, at a cheaper price than the selling price. They are themselves speculators, and in this instance they have simply slipped up in their calculations, or, rather, have been outwitted by others smarter and stronger than themselves. The operation was a grab game on both sides, and when the "corner" succeeds the actual grabbing is done by those who made the "corner." When it fails, then the "shorts" carry off the prize.

It would be well for the community if these cornering operations were confined exclusively to the Stock Exchange. They are quite bad enough there, without being extended to Boards of Trade, where the commodities on which people live are bought and sold, as a matter of speculation, rather than in the line of legitimate and regular business. When, however, "corners" become the order of the day, and wheat, corn, oats, pork and other commodities are thus manipulated for speculative and gambling purposes, the general community feel the disturbing and injurious effect far more than when the operation is confined simply to stocks. The articles gambled in are the staples of life. The people must have them and must use them. They are necessaries to human comfort, and to have the pride of these articles kicked up and kicked down by a set of gambling speculators is a great inconvenience indeed, an unbearable nuisance, to the general public.

The city of Chicago, by reason of its location, has become the great center in this country where such "corners" are made, especially in wheat; and this is perhaps the reason why the State of Illinois has by express statute forbidden them, not only declaring "options" to be gambling contracts and void, but making it a penal offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to "corner" or attempt to "corner" the market in respect to the staples of life. If Boards of Trade will not, from a sense of propriety and justice, adopt rules that will put an end to these cornering operations, then the law ought to lay its hand vigorously upon the iniquitous system and arrest it by proper penalties and by the enforcement of these penalties. This is demanded by a due regard to the public interest. The people are not bound quietly to suffer huge evils from the operations of a set of produce gamblers.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Substitute for Black Walnut.

Black birch, which is rapidly coming into favor, is a close-grained and very handsome wood, and can be easily stained to resemble walnut exactly. It is just as easy to work and is suitable for nearly, if not all, the purposes to which black walnut is at present applied. Birch is much the same color as cherry, but the latter wood is now very scarce, and consequently dear. It is a difficult thing to obtain cherry at $50 per 1,000 feet, while birch wood can be had at any saw mill at $1 per 1,000 feet. When properly stained it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference between it and walnut, as it is susceptible of a beautiful polish, equal to any wood now used in the manufacture of furniture. In the forests throughout Ontario birch grows in abundance, especially if the land is not too boggy. There is a great difference in the wood of different sections. Where the land is high and dry the wood is firm and clear; but if the land is low and wet the wood has a tendency to be soft, and often of a bluish color. In all the Northern regions it can be found in great abundance, and as the tree grows to great size, little trouble is experienced in procuring it in large quantities.—*Toronto Globe.*

—The little boy of Ashland, Neb., who tied a cow's halter about his waist while he was leading the animal to water will not do so any more. His name was Hinckley.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Governor-Maker.

"I've great news to tell you, Eliza," said Samuel Smithers one evening, about a fortnight ago. "I am delegate to Worcester, Eliza. I have been called upon by my fellow citizens to select a proper man for Governor of this great Commonwealth."

"I always knew your father would make his mark in the world," said Mrs. Smithers next morning, after having confidentially informed her children of the honor that had fallen upon the house of Smithers. "Your father was always good at picking out the most beautiful bonnets and dress patterns and carpets and the choicest cuts at the market, and it is no more than reasonable to suppose that he will be just the one to select a man for Governor. The Joneses will be awfully provoked when they hear of Samuel's elevation to public office; but you must endeavor to treat them just as well as ever. We must not look down upon our less fortunate fellow creatures, you know."

From the time that Mr. Smithers brought the glorious news into his home until the day of the convention all was joy and gladness under that roof-tree. There was but one topic of conversation, and that one topic grew momentarily more interesting. Neither Mr. Smithers nor Mrs. Smithers wearied for an instant in congratulating themselves and each other upon the supreme glory that environed their domicile, and the young Smitherses, who didn't altogether understand the thing, talked incessantly of carriages and horses and new hats and bonnets and boats and bicycles that were to follow in the wake of this vague something which had fallen into the lap of the Smithers family.

Upon the morning of convention day Samuel Smithers arose early, washed, shaved and dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and when he left the house in company with his best umbrella, Mrs. Smithers and the whole family followed him to the door and watched the great man as long as he was in sight. Mrs. Smithers was never so proud and happy in all her born days, as she remarked to the elder Miss Smithers, and if she was only sure that Miss Jones was peaking through her blinds and saw how distinguished Samuel looked, the cup of her earthly happiness would be full to overflowing.

Upon Samuel Smithers' arrival at Worcester, he received the most flattering attentions from the member of the General Court from his district, who casually remarked that, of course, Smithers was for Blobbs; every public-spirited man was for Blobbs; Blobbs would be supported by every man who desired a pure administration, a strict enforcement of the laws of the land, and a man at the head of affairs who would add lustre to the bright escutcheon of the glorious old Bay State. The officeholders who had heretofore ignored the very existence of Samuel Smithers were now agreeably affable, and members of Congress and distinguished Senators took Smithers warmly by the hand and expressed their ineffable pleasure at meeting so distinguished a gentleman. They inquired after the health of the Smithers family in a way that convinced Smithers that the constitutions of the Smithers family were of more interest to the average Congressman than the constitution of the United States. Incidentally, of course, each of these high Government officials suggested to Smithers that the Government could not survive, the public debt could not be liquidated, and the homes of the people would no longer be safe from the ravages of a foreign foe, unless Blobbs were nominated for the Governorship. In short, before he knew what he was about, Smithers was pushed or pulled into Blobbs' headquarters, and Smithers' name was registered among that immaculate gentleman's sworn supporters.

The hour for the assembling of the convention had now arrived, and Smithers soon found himself in the mammoth hall, an atom in the great crowd of sweltering humanity. The preliminary business went off with a smoothness that could not have been improved upon had everything been arranged beforehand. Then came the speech of the permanent chairman. Smithers, who sat far back toward the rear wall, heard a word now and then, but nothing connected. It was no doubt a fine speech, however, and when the others applauded Smithers followed suit.

Then came the supreme moment when each delegate was to give in his choice for a nominee. The Governor-makers were driven across the platform like sheep into a sheepfold. As Smithers approached the platform, a Blobbs ticket was shoved into his hand, with the injunction, "That's the ticket you want to vote," and to guard against accident, a Blobbs man watched Smithers until the Blobbs ticket was safely deposited. Then Smithers was permitted to find his way back to his seat.

A recess was declared, and Smithers hurried to the hotel to find every seat in the dining-room full, and hundreds of hungry delegates waiting outside. He managed to get in after tedious waiting, succeeded in getting ten cents' worth of dinner for one dollar, and hurried back to the convention again, hungry and tired. More motions and more crossing the platform followed; resolutions that he did not hear, and which he would not have been able to understand if he had heard, were passed amidst much hand-clapping; a few pantomime speeches were made, and the convention was a thing of the past.

When Smithers got home, late that evening, half famished and utterly worn out, and reflected upon the vicarious part he had enacted in the drama of Governor making, and upon his day's work lost, his railroad fare and hotel expenses, he began to think that public honors were not altogether to his liking, and he begged Mrs. S., who received him with a hundred questions on her lips, not to say another word about the distinguished honor that had been vouchsafed them. He had had enough of it, and henceforth he should be willing to let others pluck the honors of public emolument.—*Boston Transcript.*

—At Muddy Creek, Texas, the other morning, while Mr. Boutwell's daughter, aged six years, was driving a cow along a road through some thickly wooded land she was attacked by a cougar, killed and partly devoured. Some neighbors who heard her shriek when the cougar sprang upon her, pursued and shot him.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The mildest hazing in the Wisconsin University is promptly followed by expulsion.

—There are now in South Carolina 3,057 free schools, instructing 61,339 white and 72,119 colored children.—*Detroit Post.*

—Dr. Newman Smythe, after passing a rigid examination as to his orthodoxy, has been installed pastor of the Center Church, New Haven, the pulpit occupied for fifty years by Dr. Leonard Bacon.—*N. Y. Times.*

—In the *Sanitarian*, Dr. Bell takes the ground that the most common conditions that depress and stunt the intellect of school children are bad schoolhouse construction, criminal crowding, exposure to soil emanations and bad ventilation.

—The Unitarian Conference held its session at Saratoga, N. Y., recently. There were 600 delegates present and an attendance of over 2,000. A resolution was adopted to raise the sum of $50,000 annually, for the next two years, for the American Unitarian Association. An effort is also being made to raise the sum of $600,000 for the endowment of the proposed Wade Theological School at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Wade has pledged the association $100,000 under certain conditions.—*Christian Union.*

—The Sandwich Islands are following the example set them by Japan in the matter of educating their young men. There arrived in New York recently six young Hawaiians sent over by their Government to receive a foreign education. One is to remain in California, another will attempt to enter Yale College, three go to Glasgow as apprentices in a celebrated machine and engineering establishment, and the other will study medicine and surveying in England.

—At the school of the nobles in Tokio, Japan, is a physical map of that country 300 or 400 feet long, in the court behind the school-building. This map, or model, is made of turf and rock and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance so much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is simply wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities. Ingenious devices are employed in illustrating botanical studies also.—*The Workman.*

—Following is the opinion of the editor of the London *Truth* in regard to the education of children: "The school hours ought to be shortened. All the work should be done in school, in alternate hours for study and repetition. There should be no evening preparation at home, and no child ought to be taught anything but to tell the truth, and say 'If you please' and 'No, thank you,' much before seven years of age. Two years later he would, I venture to predict, be a far better scholar than the average nine-year-old victim of the School Board, and he would furthermore have at least the chance of being a fine, healthy, happy and well-grown urchin."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him up stairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.

—The plaeque mania is over, and the next craze will be the ornamentation of broom-handles and stove-legs. A stove-leg bearing a Swiss view saves two per cent. in fuel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montressor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.

—A lawyer recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit protested that he was not ready to proceed and demanded delay. And so the bride got mad and shipped him.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Do you like candy, ma?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "No, my son, it makes me deathly sick." "I am so glad to hear it. You are the kind of a woman I can trust to hold my candy for me until I'm done playing."—*Texas Siftings.*

—They say if you hold your thumb tightly over the muzzle of a gun you may fire the gun and the bullet won't be made to hit your thumb. We accept the truth of this statement at once. We don't propose to try the experiment just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post.*

—Little Phil, a bright five-year-old, is afraid of thunder. During the recent hot spell his mother would remark: "O! for rain." One day when she said it, Phil thus addressed her: "O, mamma, I will tell you why it don't rain. When I say my prayers I des say, 'Please don't pay any 'tention to what mamma says, cos I'm 'fraid of thunder.—*Our Continent.*

—Jenkinson is having his fortnight off. As he was leaving the house the other morning, Mrs. J. presented her lips for the customary parting kiss; but Jenkinson, the brute, turned on his heel with the remark: "Not this morning, 'Tilda; I'm on my vacation, you know." Evidently Jenkinson is bound to get all the recreation possible out of his vacation.—*Boston Transcript.*

—At one of the stations on the Erie Railway lives a New York book-keeper, who is fond of green food. A gentleman recently presented him with a pine-apple, which he gleefully took home. The next day the gentleman asked him how he liked it. "Well," said he, "we boiled it for two hours with a chunk of corned beef, but I can't say it was as good as cabbage."—*Courier-Journal.*

—An undoubted alibi: "And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansaw Judge of a meek-looking prisoner. "Yes, sir, I am innocent; as innocent as a child." "You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?" "Yes, sir; and I can prove it." "How can you prove it?" "I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's." "The proof is conclusive," said the Judge. "Discharge the prisoner."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HER FAN.

So I am to keep you, little fan!
While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.

Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,
Is, whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone by,
In tricks to torment me, you cannot deny!

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go
To hunt for your fanship, high and low,

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
While, 'neath her own furbelows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warm from her clasp, I fear
You'd have flattered your fast at *soirees*, my dear! * * *

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this, the edge she'd do nothing but bite,
When I prayed for one word, in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,
In its dainty, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise
From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes!

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,
Fair and pure as a lily in snow:)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue?—

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing!—
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

* * * Here she comes back, at last, grown a rose, in the waltz!
Fanling! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your faults!

—*Century Magazine.*

LITERARY HUSBANDS.

Their Selfishness and Irritability—Advice to Ladies—Trials and Pangs of Authorship.

There could be few more critical tasks than to write a treatise on the choice of wives or husbands; but we need not be over-scrupulous about warning ladies in search of husbands to beware of men of literary habits, and we shall be doing a kindness if we advise literary men contemplating matrimony to select for their wives judicious and patient nurses rather than charming and brilliant women.

There is a comfortable doctrine held by wives that all husbands are more or less selfish, and we admit that there is much to be said in support of this theory. Hunting husbands, shooting husbands, Parliamentary husbands and business husbands generally seek their own amusement as the principal end of their lives, while the pleasures of their wives are regarded as desirable but secondary objects; but none of the above-mentioned are so purely selfish as are certain literary husbands. Strictly pleasure-seeking husbands often study their own amusement only, while they worship their wives. Literary husbands also study their own amusement only, while they worship themselves. Moreover, in intercourse with their fellow-creatures, ordinary mortals usually imbibe some fresh ideas or learn a little entertaining gossip, and are consequently more or less agreeable companions to their wives. But the literary man spends the day at home in his own den, where his brain feeds chiefly upon itself, with a few books, by way of condiment, by writers holding his own identical opinions; so that he is unlikely to be very fresh or amusing when he seeks the society of his wife.

Like a savage animal that cannot be approached without danger, the literary husband, as we have said, spends his time in his study. He may be concocting jokes for a comic paper or writing a treatise on Christian gentleness; but for all that, when sitting at his writing-table he will be as ill-tempered and as snappish as a bull-terrier on his chain. The judicious wife will be wary in approaching him on such occasions. If the kitchen chimney is on fire, or if the pipes are bursting, "dear George" must not be disturbed on that account, or the heat of his wrath and the explosion of his temper are likely to exceed the worst that can happen from those domestic calamities. He may be writing the most calm and unimpassioned judgment on the disputes between the Guelfs and the Ghibelins; but it would be unwise in his wife to calculate on his giving an equally temperate decision on a squabble between the cook and the butler during the hours that he spends in his chair of literary jurisdiction. It is true that there are some literary husbands who will make attempts to be courteous when invaded in their sanctums. They will assure their wives that they "are not in the least in the way," while their nervous restlessness too plainly belies their words; they may even assume a ghastly smile when a thorough reorganization of their rooms is suggested, and there may be a very pretty struggle between the parental and the literary instincts when their youngest children are brought into their dens; but it only requires half an eye to see that they are in reality as much put out as a servant disturbed at a meal, which we take to be the extreme example of human acridity. Perhaps the most remarkable expression ever assumed by a literary husband is that which he wears when his wife requests him to come into the drawing-room to help to entertain some friends, especially when she assures him that they are aware he is at home. His face, again, is a study, if she enters his room when he is in the middle of a long and carefully prepared sentence, with the pleasing announcement that the housekeeper complains of "a smell" in one of the back passages.

Much literary work is apt to engender irritability. When the mind is deeply absorbed in some interesting subject, and an idea has been grasped after considerable mental exertion, abrupt interruption is very trying. A sudden disturbance of of such a kind will produce actual headache in some people. It is also exceedingly irritating to feel that the clew which had only just been found, after so much trouble, has been lost, perhaps never to be regained. It is needless to add that much literary occupation, relieved by but little fresh air and exercise, is a most likely cause of dyspepsia. Now the combination of an original mind and a dyspeptic body may be highly favorable to amusing writing of a pungent and sarcastic nature, but it is far from being equally favorable to domestic happiness. Another thing that detracts from the sociability of a literary husband is his habit of relapsing the ideas that refuse to be invoked in the study begin to flow in the drawing-room or dining-room, and a literary husband when his ideas are "on the flow" is an object sacred from disturbance. When in that celestial condition he is doubtless worthy of great reverence, but he can scarcely be called an amusing member of society.

There are many living creatures that are a nuisance in a house. A naughty boy is one, a mangy dog is another, a third is an early student of the violin; but, of all domestic nuisances, a man who is writing a book is, to our mind, the worst. If he is writing it as a matter of business, he is an unmitigated bore. He thinks of nothing else. What is it to him that the country is involved in war, that the Ministry have been beaten, or that his drains are out of order, unless these facts have at least an indirect bearing on his work? He spends most of his time closeted in his study, and if he goes out he has a note-book at hand to receive his ideas. If he reads at all, he confines himself to books bearing on the subject that he is treating in his great work. He is absent and preoccupied in the presence of his wife, and he enlivens her nights by talking in his sleep on the subject of his book. If he is writing it for pleasure rather than for business, he is an even greater nuisance, for then he not only makes it his own amusement, but expects those about him to make it theirs also. His book, its present and future contents, must form the leading topic of conversation in the family, if he is to be kept in good humor. As every half-dozen pages of cramped, blotted, and much-corrected manuscript is finished, it is submitted to the various members of the family for perusal. Their verdict must, of course, always be favorable. How good! How clever! How amusing! It is easy enough to praise, and during a long life a wife may declare that each new specimen of her husband's scribbling is the best; but literary husbands have sometimes an unfortunate habit of asking their wives to make suggestions. In such cases, the wife is put into this awkward position, that if she makes suggestions she is pretty certain to be severely snubbed, while, if she makes none, she will be accused of taking no interest in the all-important work. Worst of all, some literary husbands expect their wives to write out fair copies of their stilted and illegible scrawls, or they even go so far as to sit in arm-chairs smoking cigars while their wives write at their dictation.

One of the most trying periods to wives of literary husbands is that during which the bundles of manuscript are traveling about from publisher to publisher. The husband can scarcely sleep at night, so anxious is he about the contents of the morning's post-bag. Of course many days or even weeks elapse before the first publisher gives his verdict. At last a polite note describing his regret at being unable to undertake the publication renders the unhappy writer a savage in his family for a fortnight. Or perhaps a brown-paper parcel arrives, containing the precious manuscript safe and sound, and also a slip of paper, inscribed with the magic words "Declined with thanks," after the receipt of which the disappointed aspirant will be quite unapproachable for some hours, and will be unendurable for many weeks. When the well-traveled manuscript has been at last accepted, the writer falls into a state of ecstasy for a time; but he assumes a bumptiousness that is not altogether agreeable to near relations. When the proofs arrive, the horrors seem to begin all over again. The husband shuts himself up for hours at a time, as of old, and everything has to give way to the great undertaking. The entertainment of the evenings is to have the book read aloud from "real print," this proceeding being rendered more attractive by the author's constantly stopping the reader by "Wait a moment; if you will give me the proof, I think I will alter a word there." There are also frequent pauses to ask the audience whether there are not "too many 'whiches' in that sentence," or whether there ought to be "a comma or a semicolon after the word 'reliable'," and the reader is often requested to begin again from the top of the page.

The apparently interminable interval between the return of the corrected proofs and the publication of the book has no tendency to make the author light-hearted. He alternately wonders when it will appear and whether he was wise in writing it at all. He has almost reduced himself to forgetfulness of the whole matter when the book actually appears. His wife's cares and troubles then become very similar to those of a nurse who has charge of "an invalid gentleman." He is put into a fever by the absence of any reviews of his work in the first week after publication; and when no criticisms of it appear in the principal journals for a fortnight, or perhaps a month, he becomes infuriated with his publisher, who cannot, he says, be taking the slightest trouble about his book. He will also be much irritated if he does not receive prompt and very favorable criticisms from the friends to whom he has presented copies. He will not be able to understand why they have not thrown all other engagements and occupations on one side and spent their time in greedily reading his book until it was finished. He will be secretly angry again if any of his friends who profess to have read it with pleasure are found by no means to know it by heart when put through a *viva-voce* examination. It may be readily imagined that under these conditions the author is scarcely the most amiable and light-hearted of men in his own family circle. —*Saturday Review.*

—Fifty years ago a Dover, N. H., boy, who was on the Island of St. Helena, cut some sprigs from a willow tree which grew over the grave of the great Napoleon. He afterward gave them to William B. Lyman, of Dover, who planted them at his residence, and a willow tree was the result. This tree was destroyed during a high wind recently.

—They are telling in New Hampshire the story of a woman who is a member of the society with the long name, that during the summer she has caught house-flies in wire-cage traps, and then relieved her conscience by taking them up to the other end of the street and setting them free.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Wealthy Beggar.

The old story of preferring to beg rather than work, and of becoming rich from the alms given in charity, was very forcibly brought out before Magistrate South at the Central Station yesterday morning. Nicholas Hauk, a sturdy old beggar, tall and broad-shouldered, but slightly stooping, and with gray hairs that carried no veneration with them, was charged with being a beggar; and a special officer testified that he had found him begging at Second and Buttonwood streets. Recognizing in him an old offender the Magistrate sent him to the House of Correction for thirty days—a sentence very distasteful to Hauk, who always complains that they do not give good enough food in the city institutions. The history of the man, so far as it can be learned, is a remarkable one. He claims to be seventy-seven years old, is of German descent, and has been a beggar for nearly forty years. What induced him to take up such a business—whether it was financial troubles, or utter laziness and disinclination to work, or at first real necessity—is not known; but it is certain that through it he has managed to accumulate much more of this world's goods than falls to the ordinary worker. Different stories are told as to his wealth. Some say that he owns several houses in Camden, valued at many thousand dollars, and has also laid away a very pretty sum in cash. Considerable sums have been found upon him when arrested, but yesterday had evidently been a poor day with him up to the time of his arrest, for he had only one dollar in cash with him, and a note for eighty dollars.

Hauk's stand of late has been at Sixth and Arch Streets, and for a short time he has been boarding over Charles C. Ockins' saloon, 512 Market Street. "He was a good boarder," said Ockins yesterday, "and always paid me very regularly every Saturday night. I don't know where he got his meals, but he used to go out somewhere every morning and didn't come back till night. I didn't know much about him, and Schwarz, up the street, can tell you more about him." Mr. Schwarz also keeps a beer saloon, a class of residence to which Hauk seems to have been partial. Indeed he was German in all his tastes as well as in his thrifts. Mr. Schwarz remembered him very well. "Why, he was my best boarder," he exclaimed when told of the old fellow's arrest. "He was with me two or three years, but I was glad to get rid of him when they sent him to prison a while ago. He used to be awfully particular about his food, and was always saying that it wasn't fit to eat; but he used to drink a good deal of beer and wine. My other boarders were mostly workingmen, who could not afford to take more than a glass of beer at a time, but Hauk would take ten, fifteen, or twenty a day, and wine, too. Sometimes he would say my wine wasn't good, and would send out and get some that was more expensive. When the old fellow was on the streets he used to wear glasses and pretend that he couldn't see much, but I noticed that when he was playing bagatelle with me he could see as well as I could. One day when he was going out we noticed him take off his coat and double one arm under, so that people would think that he didn't have but one arm. O, he was a smart old fellow, but he always paid me right up for everything, and didn't owe me a cent when he went away. When he was sent to the prison he gave me twenty dollars to take care of for him, and he always seemed to have all the money he wanted."

This last arrest is not by any means the first time Hauk has been behind prison-bars, but he seems as incorrigible as Dickens' Dutchman, Langheimer. He was taken up in Centennial times for begging around the main building, and his last trip to the House of Correction was but a short time ago. He always returns to the old business, however, and by a strict attention to duty, if so it may be called, has probably now amassed enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, if he were willing to rest. He does not seem to be a miser, as beggars are so apt to be, but has taken to the business simply because it appears to bring in more money with less exertion than an honest calling.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Why It Was Discontinued.

The post-office at Iron Rod, M. T., has been discontinued, and the explanation is thus given by an officer of the department: "A post-office agent, while officially visiting various offices in Montana for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of postmasters, stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the postoffice he found the room divided into three sections—first a saloon, next the postoffice, and last a faro bank. The mail-bag was brought in, a rough-looking customer opened it and emptied the contents on the floor. The entire crowd at once got down on their hands and commenced overhauling the letters, among which several were registered, and selected such as they wanted. After they were through the remaining letters were shoveled into a candle-box and placed on the bar. The special agent, thinking the office needed a little regulating, asked the barkeeper, who had received and distributed the mail, if he was the postmaster. He answered 'No.' Are you the assistant postmaster?' 'No.' 'Where is the postmaster?' 'Out mining.' 'Where is the assistant postmaster?' 'Gone to Hell's Canon; and by thunder Bill Jones has got to run this office next week; it's his turn.' The Government official then stated who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The bartender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, placed it on the floor and gave it an kick, sent it out of the door, saying: 'There's your postoffice, and now git.' The agent says: 'Knowing the customs of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got.' This is why the postoffice at Iron Rod was discontinued."

—Kings and princes are getting down nowadays to the same prosaic, business-like ways of thinking and doing as other mortals. Oscar II., sovereign of Sweden and Norway, being about to undertake a journey to the latter country, has had his life insured in favor of his family for the sum of 600,000 crowns.

—It is believed that a full-grown grizzly bear could pull a load of 30,000 pounds on a level, but the trouble is to find any one to harness him up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Law for Farmers.

Some time since we gave an article on humbugs. The country is full of adventurers who prey upon two classes distinctively. First, those who believe that all newspapers are liars, and second, that class who subscribe for the paper that is sold for the least money without reference to the reading matter it contains. Among the most successful swindlers are those who take a promissory note, for some swindle they have to sell, either drawn in such a manner that it may be altered or separable, or else under the pretense that it will not be presented until the article is tested. A good authority says:

A promissory note is a written agreement to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time. It must be definite and unconditional. It is therefore in the nature of money; being negotiable, and where payable to bearer, the property in it passes by mere delivery of the paper on which it is written. It is not subject to all the defenses that are good as against other contracts. For example: It is generally good in the hands of an innocent holder, no matter though the maker of it had lost it, or it had been stolen, or obtained from him by fraud. This may be the case, even though it has been altered or "raised," as where I give my note signed in blank to a person, authorizing him to fill in a certain amount as $10, and he fills in a larger amount, as $100, and sells it to an innocent purchaser. I must pay the larger amount, for I it was who enabled the fraud to be committed; and an old maxim of the law holds that where one or two innocent persons must suffer from the wrongful acts of a third, the loss must be borne by the one who enabled such third person to occasion it. The justice of this is obvious, and any sensible man will appreciate the necessity of protecting, in the largest degree, the rights of *bona fide* holders of negotiable instruments, which form part of the currency of the country, and if subject to all the defenses of other written contracts, would be deprived of their main value.

Our advice is never to give a note unless written in ordinary form, and you should know perfectly the contents thereof. The great number of frauds that have been perpetrated on the farmers of Western States and Territories by patent right men and worthless agricultural machinery agents, should be a sufficient excuse for you to have nothing to do with men, especially in important transactions, who cannot satisfy your banker, lawyer or merchant that they are all right.

Another fraud is that of conveyance. The following decision is a case in point: Where a party conveys his property to a third party when judgments are outstanding against him, and such conveyance is with the intent to defraud his creditors, and the fraud is participated in by the purchaser, his title will not be protected, even though he paid sufficient consideration. Williams vs. Nachenheim, Sup. Court of Iowa.

So, again, whenever a note is executed by two or more parties, any alteration in it without the consent of all, notwithstanding the alteration was entirely honest and with no fraudulent intent, will be deemed a material one. Craighead vs. McLoney, Sup. Ct. Pa., 39 Leg. Intel. 280.

In relation to mortgages there always has and always will be difficulties. A careful man will never mortgage his home except as a last resort to raise money for legitimate purposes. In this connection, a peculiar system of mortgaging farms in Switzerland will be interesting: A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successively, the simple record in an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of debtors, and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm, or step aside and lose his claim.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Novel Wolf Trap.

Siberian wolves are caught in various ways, sometimes by poisoned bait, and again by traps. One of the commonest kinds of traps now in use is a large circular pen, surrounded by a high wooden fence. Outside of this fence is another similar one, perhaps two or three feet distant from the first, and running entirely around it. In the center of the pen is placed a live deer or pig. In the outer fence is a small opening, the door of which, swing inward, is left conveniently and seductively open. The wolf scents the live bait in the center of the pen, and after vainly endeavoring to leap over the protecting barrier and get at it, finds the door standing open, and at once enters in. The passage between the inner and outer fence is wide enough to allow him to move ahead comfortably, but is too narrow to admit of his turning about.

Once in, he must keep going straight ahead, and very naturally thinking that in this direction lies his prey, he presses on, licking his chops in anticipation of a rich feast. Having completed the circle of his pen, he arrives at his starting point and finds his further progress completely barred by the door which still stands open as when he entered. Pushing against this, he shuts it close in order to get by, and has effectually made himself prisoner. Then the crafty huntsman, who has all the time been concealed within, shoots or spears the animal from the top of the fence, draws his carcass within, so as to save it, and opens the outer door again so as to welcome the next visitor.

When wolves are plenty, two men or more in one of these pens have a very busy time for a number of days, and are scarcely able to slaughter or skin the animals as fast as they would like to rush in unconsciously to their death. It not unfrequently happens that the men are kept in these pens for a number of days at a time, being unable to get out on account of the wolves which surround them, and would tear them to pieces the moment they made their appearance. The only thing for the men to do under such circumstances is to consider themselves in a state of siege and to keep on trapping and slaughtering until the animals, starved out and disappointed, abandon their position and skurry off to another part of the country.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A most delightful paradox: Girls are prettiest at all seasons of the year.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

About Spiders.

The Rev. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, who is an interested observer of spiders, says, as reported in the Philadelphia *Press:*

"The destruction of insects by spiders is enormous. I have counted 250 insects, small and great, hanging entangled in one orb-web. In one net in Fairmount Park I counted thirty-eight mosquitoes; in another, hung under a bridge at Asbury Park, and out of reach, there must have been two or three times as many. Green-head flies by the legion have been seen in the webs that fairly enlace the boat-houses at Atlantic City and Cape May. The very small spiders prey upon microscopic insects like gnats, and devour myriads. A glance at the fields, bushes, and trees on a dewy morning in September will reveal an innumerable multitude of webs spread over the landscape, all occupied by spiders of various ages, sizes and families, and all busy destroying the insect pests of man.

"There are several species of spiders, divided into two classes, the sedentary and the wandering spiders. To the first class belong the orb-weavers, who make a circular web; the line-weavers, whose web is labrinthian; the tube-weavers, who hang their nests on walls and rocks or branches of trees, and the tunnel-weavers, who live in tunnels cut in the earth and having automatic doors ingeniously contrived. In the wanderers are included the cetegrades, whose motions are quick and vivacious; the laterigrades, who have a queer sideways motion, and the saltigrades, who jump and dance and vault. The dolomede spider is a swimmer, and lives on or under water. She builds her nest of a detached branch of a tree or bush, which she makes into a tent. The argiopa fasciapa, or banded spider, is a silver yellow and black color.

"Spiders are not sociable creatures. They are generally, on the contrary, of solitary habits, and are mostly canuibals, eating each other with great gusto. They mate in the spring and autumn, and the mating is often a very trying and dangerous time. They reverse the order of nature in one respect, for the males are infinitely inferior in every respect to the females, and the latter are well aware of the fact. Their courtships are scenes of violence, and not of love and peace. The lady looks with sublime contempt upon the gentleman, and keeps him at a distance. He can only approach her by strategem, and sometimes she nips off one of his legs in her anger, and casts him adrift a cripple. I have seen poor fellows who have lost four out of their eight legs, and still they were attracted to the opposite sex like moths to a candle. A spider will never eat her own young, but the males will destroy them when they can. The mother either goes away or dies soon after the hatching of her eggs, which number about one hundred to each nest, and the little ones are thrown upon the world almost as soon as they see light. There are several varieties, however, who carry their eggs in a silk pouch until they are hatched. The tube-weavers sometimes care for their young until they are able to get about, and I had a brood of about sixty in my yard until the recent rains destroyed them.

Spiders have numerous enemies, and much of their clever nest-building is designed for protection against these inroads. Toads and birds destroy them by the thousand, a little parasite called the ichneumon—a small fly—lays its eggs in the cocoons of the spider, and when the larva appears it feeds first upon the spider's eggs and later on the young spiders. Orbweavers and lineweavers desert their eggs when laid, and meet their offspring, where they live so long, as strangers. Another bitter enemy of the spider is the mud-daubing wasp, who has a process that might be valuable to humanity, if it could be discovered, of keeping a supply of fresh meat. When they capture a spider that is not needed for present use, they sting it in such a manner that she lives, but has no power to move until such time as the captor is ready to devour her. It is rather a singular thing that the wasp in its babyhood feeds on meat, but in its maturity eats nothing but the nectar of flowers."

A Curious Disease.

One of the most curious and baffling of nervous diseases is *aphasia*, which consists in the loss of power in the subject of it to recall certain words, and which in serious cases destroys all power of expression.

An eminent French Judge who suffered from it would say to his wife, "Give me my—dear me! my—you know," and he would point to his head.

"Your hat?"

"O, yes, my hat."

Sometimes, again, he would ring the bell before going out, and say to his servant: "Give me my um—um—umbrel."

"Your umbrella?"

"Yes, my umbrella."

At this time he exhibited no other symptom of diminished intelligence, but was in the habit of discussing the most intricate points of law. Another invalid would substitute the word he desired to use with a periphrase, as for instance, when he wanted to mention his "aunt," he would say, "my nearest relative by the mother's side."

While in the simpler forms of the disease, only a few words are lost by the sufferer, in more complicated cases, his vocabulary is limited to perhaps not more than half-a-dozen words. In one instance the total vocabulary of an aphasic patient consisted of five words—"yes," "no," "three," "always," and "helo." He answered all inquiries with one of these, and though when questioned concerning a number he would invariably say three; he would give the accurate number by exhibiting his fingers.

The greatest sufferers are as unable to express themselves by writing as by speech. They take up the pen eagerly in their hands and either scrawl a few unintelligible hieroglyphics, or write some word wholly different from the one they intend.

No positive cure for this strange aberration is known, though the patients sometimes recover, and the most curious feature of it is, no general weakening of the intellect accompanies it.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The Prince of Wales is said to be $3,000,000 in debt. He must have been trying to run a newspaper in some remote corner of his mamma's empire.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Temperance Reading.

A Temperance General.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has so recently added to his laurels by his rapid and decisive campaign in Egypt, is said to be a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks. At least this is the story of those who have dined with him, and thus become aware of his habits. He is said to leave his wine-glass untouched on all occasions. If so, this is a peculiar and rare trait for one of his profession, though not wholly without precedent. One of our daily papers (the *Sun*), which makes no specialty of Temperance, has regarded General Wolseley's example as well worthy of being held up for imitation in this country. We quote:

"Of course, the Temperance people will make much of that alleged fact. The greatest, or at least the most successful, English General of the day is a teetotaler. His success they will attribute to his abstemiousness, which is all the more remarkable in a soldier; or at any rate, they will claim that the triumph of the English arms in Egypt has been greatly helped by the sobriety of the General in command."

And they will have good reason for the claim. Undoubtedly a sober General is far more trustworthy than one who relies on stimulants to bolster him up when the occasion is trying.

No man can be trusted to do work which requires good judgment, if he is much addicted to drink. Alcohol very soon affects the balance of the faculties, and therefore the less people who need to have their heads about them take of it the better they are off. Drinking is the great vice of armies, and yet nowhere else does a man require that all his faculties shall be normal, more than when in the charge of troops in the field, especially when he is high in office.

If Sir Garnet Wolseley is a teetotaler, he is a wise man. He is in better physical condition to stand the different climates to which military service may call him, and intellectually he keeps himself far better poised than if he followed the drinking customs of the run of army officers. His mind is clearer, and he can trust his judgment. How many thousands of lives would have been saved in our war, for instance, if the Generals had all been as sober as Wolseley is said to be.

We observe that among Englishmen of education and ability, and who carry the load of extensive affairs, the tendency is toward increasing abstemiousness, and that even total abstainers are growing pretty numerous. It is a tendency which we commend to the thoughtful attention of our men in public life, our professional and business men.—*Evangelist.*

Temperance Items.

I do in my conscience believe that intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

A citizen of Hartford, Conn., who twenty years ago was worth $200,000, was recently committed to the State Hospital a penniless vagabond, having brought ruin upon himself and family by drink.

Only partial success seems to have followed the establishment of Drunkard's Retreats in England. Although the health of all the patients is improved while under the care of the institutions, many fall back into drunkenness as soon as they return to the temptations of ordinary life.

The average life of Temperance people is sixty-four years and two months, while the average life of intemperate people is thirty-five years and six months. Thus the average life of a drinker is but little more than half that of a non-drinker; yet we are asked to believe brandy, gin, whisky and beer are wonderful promoters of health.

The Prohibition sentiment is still growing, and the prospect is that it will sweep over the country. The State that refuses to acknowledge it will be looked upon as trying to live in the past, refusing the light of the present and denying itself the home of a certain future. The liquor interests, by their impertinence and intolerance, have forced the people to this public trial of strength, and it is now to be determined who will rule.—*Workman.*

How It Pays.—Last year the saloons of America received over their counters $650,000,000 more than the cost of all our schools, from kindergarten up through every grade of public school, college and professional school. Were this money put into some good paying business, we should not object; but we don't like the kind of pay the saloon gives. It gives us drunken bloats for our bright-eyed boys, ruined homes, sad-eyed mothers, hungry, ill-trained children; it gives us criminals, paupers, lunatics, imbeciles; it gives us murder and divorce—and we don't like that kind of pay.—*Day of Reform.*

The Home and the Saloon.

What is there in common helpfulness between the home and the saloon? Place them side by side, watch their aims, their methods and their results. Are they not as diverse as light from darkness?

The house is the cradle of innocence and love; the saloon is the sepulchre of both.

Over the home presides purity and benevolence; the guardian angels of the saloon are appetite and avarice.

The home teaches frugality and sacrifice; the saloon is the apostle of waste and coarse selfishness

In the home grow up the beautiful graces which enrich the nature of man and adorn his character; in the saloon feed and fatten the devils of sensuality and vice, which continually tempt and destroy.

The home rears children and trains them to be citizens of the State; the saloon makes it a business to destroy them.

The home is the nursery of virtue, the foretaste of Heaven, the threshhold to the better life; the saloon is the breeding place of vice, the epitome of hell, the stepping-stone to eternal degradation and ruin.

And yet a Christian country places the saloon beside the home, and throws around each the equal Argus of its protection.—*Prof. G. E. Foster, in Morning and Day of Reform.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

REPUBLICAN MASS - MEETINGS!

THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT CO. are requested to assemble in Mass-Meeting at the following named times and places.

DEER PARK,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 7 P. M.
SHOOK SHOP, (No. 8)
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, AT 7 P. M.
OAKLAND,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, AT 7 P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

HON. M. G. URNER,
T. J. PEDDICORD. ESQ.,

And one or more of the the following local speakers: Hon. G. W. WILSON, Messrs. J. I. LININGTON, C. A. SNYDER, E. A. THAYER, W. P. TOWNSHEND, and others.

The District Committee will make the necessary arrangements for these meetings. Let there be enthusiastic rallies,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Acting Chairman.

Mr. A. F. George, the National-Greenback Labor candidate for Congress requests us to state that he has accepted the nomination.

Wm. J. Read, Esq., our candidate for Chief Judge, accompanied by Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, started from Oakland Tuesday morning for a trip through the county.

Montgomery Blair has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Sixth Maryland district. It is now in order for Mr. Blair to buy a battery and galvanize himself into a semblance of activity.—*Philadelphia Press.*

We are in receipt of a letter from Hon. M. G. Urner, in which he expresses regreat at not being able to fill the appointments announced for him in this county, on account of previous engagements, but says that he will address the meeting at Oakland, Monday night, Nov. 6th. Give him a full house.

Mr. Montgomery Blair, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixth district, was in this city yesterday. In conversation with a gentleman on the train coming down, he stated that he was not at all satisfied with the appearance of the campaign in the district.—*Balto. American, Tuesday.*

This district is now represented by a Republican, by 800 majority, and why should it not be again? And why should even the Democrats sustain Blair, as he has once proved a traitor to their party, and may again? Besides, he is too old, he has been a resident of Washington for over half a century, and not of Maryland. He is almost an entire stranger to the district that he seeks to represent in Congress, and knows little or nothing of its many needs. He is rich, and an aristocrat, with no sympathies in unison with the masses of mankind. His nomination was doubtless brought about by money, "put where it would do the most good," it was an unfortunate one for the Democratic party, and now he should be defeated by so great a majority as to ever after prove that a traitor to both parties cannot hope for an election at the hands of an intelligent and patriotic people.

THE BENCH AND THE SCHOOLS.

"*Resolved*, That we shall expect our chief judge, if elected, to participate in the appointment of the school commissioners as the law now stands upon the statute books of our State."—*Oakland Democratic Convention.*

"The Democrats of this county in their resolution say to the people, (so will Judge Alvey): 'It is our wish as a convention that he should concur with the other judges in making the appointments in question.' To this request his honor will undoubtedly comply."—*C. B. Ludwig, Editor Oakland Democrrt.*

THE LAW.

"The said Circuit Courts shall have and exercise in the respective counties, all the power, authority and jurisdiction, original and appellate, which the present Circuit Courts of this State now have and exercise, *or which may hereafter be prescribed by law.*"—*State Constitution: Art. iv, Sec.* 20.

"The board of county school commissioners shall be composed of three persons, appointed by the judges* of the Circuit Courts to serve for two years from the first day of January next succeeding said appointment and until their successors shall qualify."—*Code: Art. xxvii, Sec.* 6.

*Mark the language. Not the Court; nor one judge nor two, but the *judges*.

JUDGE ALVEY'S POSITION.

"Hereafter I shall feel myself justified in declining to participate in making such appointments."—*Judge Alvey, on the 10th of February*, 1876, *in his letter to the General Assembly of Maryland relative to the appointment of school commissioners.*

"The office of judge is in no sense a political one, and though candidates are nominated by conventions representing political parties, it is not contemplated, nor in the slightest degree allowable, that the judges, when elected, should act the part of politicians, or, in any manner, recognize matters of politics in the administration of the law. From the very nature of the office he holds he is required to be entirely free from all political bias, and to keep himself apart from all participation in political affairs. The judge, moreover, represents a separate and *independent* department of the government, and his action in office should be correspondingly *independent*. By the fundamental law of the State he is expressly forbidden to hold or exercise any political trust or employment whatever, and thus to secure not only the complete separation of the different departments of government, but the exercise of the judicial function free and disembarrassed of any *associated duty*, and to remove the judge from the danger of being involved in any matter of a *public trust* not of a judicial nature. It has been in view of this nature and character of the office that I have *declined those that were foreign to it.*"—*Judge Alvey's Letter of Acceptance, Oct.* 11, 1882.

MR. READ'S POSITION.

"As the law imposes the duty upon the judges of the several circuit courts of the State to appoint the county school commissioners in their respective counties, I consider it proper for me to state that it is my intention, if elected, to co-operate with my associates upon the bench in the appointment of fit and proper persons as school commissioners in the counties of the district who will keep and maintain the public schools in the highest state of efficiency and see that the money appropriated for their support is expended to the best advantage.—*Extract from Mr. Read's Letter of Acceptance.*

Montgomery Blair a Candidate.

If anything was needed to show the popularity of Mr. McComas in this District, and the general desire to have him represent it in Congress, it would be furnished by the nomination of Mr. Blair as his antagonist. By putting his name on their ticket, the Democrats have shown their kindliness of feeling to Mr. McComas, and their desire to put no apparent obstacle to his triumphant election to Congress. No man in the Democratic party could create so little enthusiasm among its rank and file, and no man could be more unsatisfactory as a standard-bearer. With a record for uncertainty in political matter unsurpassed by any one, and a lack of sympathy with progress and advance, Mr. Blair seems on a ticket, at this stage of American history, as much out of place as Rip Van Winkle found himself after his long sleep. A believer in himself and the wisdom of his own utterances, and a worshipper of that old *man* eloquent (when his barrel is open) S. J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate for Congress will enter upon his canvass with a certainty of defeat before him.

The Democratic ticket is about as weak as it could have been made. With united ranks and good organization the Republican party under the able lead of its candidates should march on to an easy victory.—*Frederick Examiner.*

Why Internal Revenue Taxation is Not Reduced.

Probably for want of something better to say, the Democratic leaders, North and South, are getting off a fearful amount of cant concerning internal revenue reductions. That they are absolutely insincere in this can very easily be demonstrated from the record.

The burden of the whine of these Democratic leaders is over the fact that the present Republican Congress at its first session did not reduce internal revenue taxation. Well, supposing it didn't, what of it! Does that indicate that it will not make such reduction at its second session? The point to look at is whether it made any effort in that line—whether it made any progress toward it; and all the while these canting Democratic leaders growl at what they call "Republican disregard of the demand of the people for reducing taxation." They know that President Arthur in his annual message to Congress, and his Republican Secretary of the Treasury, both recommended such reduction; that a bill to reduce internal revenue taxation to the amount of $16,892,880 immediately, and to the amount of about $6,000,000 to take effect May 1, 1883—or say $23,000,000 in all—came from the Republican committee on ways and means, and was passed by a Republican House at that session by a vote of 127 yeas to 80 nays despite all the efforts of the Democrats to defeat it. An analysis of this vote shows that of the 127 yeas only 23 were Democrats, while 104 Republicans voted for its passage; while as many as 61 Democrats, only 11 Republicans, and 5 of these parties voted against. In other words this vote shows that the House Democrats were hostile to this internal revenue reduction in the proportion of three to one, while the Republicans favored it about three to one!

Again, when this bill went to the Republican Senate a Republican committee reported it back to that body so amended as to take the total contemplated internal revenue tax reduction about $40,000,000 instead of $23,000,000. Why did not the Senate pass this bill so amended? Simply because of the determined opposition of Democratic Senators, one of whom (Mr. Beck) declared in substance that he and his Democratic colleagues would fight it until next winter before they would let it pass! And they did fight it up to the last days of the session. The very last time a Republican Senator strove to get the bill up, of the twenty-six Senators who desired immediate action upon it not one was a Democrat! Yet they have the effrontery to complain that the Republicans passed no internal revenue reduction bill at the last session of Congress when, in spite of Democratic hostility, they did pass a bill of $23,000,000 in the House, and would have passed the bill, amended to $40,000,000, through the Senate but for the most obstinate Democratic obstruction and prevention.

Upon what special plea can these Democratic Congressmen in either House attempt to justify their conduct? Some of them claim that they are in favor of abolishing all the internal revenue taxes, and therefore would not vote for any "half-way measure." It was "whole hog or none" with them. A pretty plea, truly! And so because a Democratic minority in both branches of Congress is not permitted to have its own ill-considered way, therefore it would prevent a responsible Republican Administration from securing, and a responsible Republican Congress from maturing and passing, a bill to relieve the people of $40,000,000 annually of taxation. That is a kind of Democratic logic that the people who want to be relieved to the extent of $40,000,000 a year will find it hard to understand. Pursuing the inquiry, the people will ask, "What has the Democratic party ever done for us in the way of taking off the burden of taxation which a Democratic rebellion put upon us?"

What have the Democrats ever done in the matter of reducing internal-revenue taxation at any time? In the winter of 1878-'79 they controlled the House while the Republicans controlled the Senate, and between the two they passed a bill, which was signed by a Republican President, reducing internal revenue taxation to the tremendous extent of $9,000,000! That was the act of March 1, 1879. But both branches of Congress were Democratic in 1879-'81. Why did the Democrats then fail to pass any act reducing internal revenue? There was the chance if they were so inclined! Why did they not embrace it? What insincerity and canting hypocrisy is this, which pretends a desire to sweep away all internal revenue taxation, and yet not only has never by itself accomplished anything toward such reduction, but has actually prevented others from doing it, and now has the brazen effrontry to find fault with them for not doing it?

What, on the other hand, has the Republican party done in this matter of internal revenue reduction? Let its record answer. Under the act of July 13, 1866, it reduced the annual internal revenue taxation $65,000,000; by that of March 2, 1867, it made another annual reduction of $10,000,000; by that of February 3, 1868, another of $23,000,000; by those of March 31 and July 20, 1868, another of $45,000,000; by that of July 14, 1870, another of $55,000,000; by allowing the income-tax to expire December 31, 1870, of $13,500,000; by the act of June 6, 1872, another of $20,651,000—making in all a total annual reduction of internal revenue taxes by Republicans alone of $262,156,000, against the $9,000,000 reduced by the act of March 1, 1879, for which the Democrats can only claim a part of whatever credit there was for the passage of that insignificant measure.

With such a record in the past, what can be expected of the Democratic party if placed in power? Nothing. But the record of the Republican party is a record of things done, not of things not done. There is not a doubt that the present Republican Congress will, at the next session, do all that can be done against Democratic opposition to pass the bill now pending before the Senate, and remove all the burden of internal revenue taxation from the people that can then be safely removed with a due regard for all interests, and without running the risk of a deficit in the Treasury to meet the expenditures for carrying on the government. And the succeeding Congress will remove still more if it sees its way to do so without committing such a legislative blunder as the Democratic leaders would like to "assist" them in making, and afterward blame them for. The people know from experience that they can trust Republican statesmanship to give all needed relief; and they know that Democratic cant and insincerity are not to be relied on.

A Poor Excuse.

The Baltimore *Day*, in an article devoted to a discussion of Judge Alvey's action in regard to not enforcing the school law of the State, undertakes to defend him in a manner totally untenable. He assumes that Judge Alvey, being a judge, had the right to pass upon its constitutionality; having done so, his decision stands until reversed by the court of appeals. No court can pass upon the constitutionality of a law which is not regularly before it upon its records. It is illogical and absurd to say the court of the 4th judicial district, could pass, or did pass, upon the constitutionality of the school law requiring judges to select school commissioners when such law was not before it in any shape or for the adjudication of it constitutionality.

The opinion a judge may have that a law is unconstitutional is not a *legal and binding decision* that is unconstitutional, and therefore void. There can be no decision as to the constitutionality until it is properly and regularly before the court on its record in a case made. There was no such action in the matter in question. Judge Alvey merely had an opinion that the law discussed was unconstitutional, but there was no legal binding decision that it was so by Judge Alvey or any person else.

There is another view that shows the utter absurdity of the *Day's* position. The court is made up of three judges, any two of whom overrule the other one dissenting. In this case Judges Motter and Pearre carried out the provisions of the law, and have done so up the present moment, thus showing that they did not regard the unconstitutionality of the law established in any way, but on the contrary regarded in full force and effect the provisions of said law which they were enforcing. The action of Judges Motter and Pearre upsets and explodes the idea that the court of which Judge Alvey is chief justice had decided the provisions of the law in question unconstitutional. The law is in full force and effect today, and it was Judge Alvey's duty to assist in enforcing its provisions as a part of the court, and he had no right to take his mere opinion, as an individual or as a lawyer, that it was unconstitutional. We are surprised that Judge Alvey has placed himself in such a dilemma. The best thing he can do is to frankly admit his error, and aid his associates in enforcing the law for the time being.—*Hagerstown Herald and Torch.*

Every voter who believes in protecting agricultural, mechanical, or any other sort of labor, should cast his vote, not for the solitary Democratic Congressional candidate who claims to be, or actually is in favor of such protection, but for the Republican Congressional candidate, because his whole party is committed to the protection of labor, just as the Democratic party is committed to free-trade and the degradation of labor. In a Democratic free-trade House, a "protectionist" Democrat, if any such exists, would have about as much chance as a floating cockle shell in a gale of wind.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

SILVERTON, COL., Oct. 12, 1882.

The young city of Silverton, situated in what is known as the San Juan country, 40 miles from Durango, is one of the most beautiful spots in all this mountainous region. The valley through which runs the Animas River is at this point about a mile and a-half wide, for a distance of two miles in length, and as perfect a level as the earth's surface can present. This city which a few years ago was only a mining camp, with here and there a miner's cabin, now has some three hundred buildings of various classes, including several very respectable business blocks, a church edifice of fair dimensions and architectural comeliness, a banking house, several hotels, restaurants, billard rooms, a variety theatre, livery stables, private residences, &c., that accommodate a population of some fifteen hundred souls. The trades and mechanics are well represented, and I noticed a business block in process of erection, with iron front, three stories high, that would, in point of dimensions and style of architecture, do credit to a metropolitan city. Silverton is the county town of San Juan county, and has better future promise than any town in southwestern Colorado. It is surrounded by mountains that are filled with rich minerals, prominent among which are silver, galena, and copper. There is occasionally a trace of gold but not in sufficient quantities to attract much attention. On the south of Silverton is Sultan mountain, in which there are ten or twelve mines of silver, galena, and gray copper, which are counted as very rich, all having been developed to a degree that establishes their character beyond question. The ore has been tested and runs from forty to three hundred ounces in silver, with a large per centage of lead. These ores are rated as among the best in the country for smelting purposes.

The several mountains that extend up the Animas river on each side as it stretches northward from Silverton are all richly charged with valuable ores and are separated by gulches which abound in silver and galena ores of a higher grade than are common in that region. Bowlder gulch, through which passes Bowlder creek, is the first to break the mountainous range after leaving Silverton, and the creek is a never-failing mountain stream of the purest and sweetest water that ever slaked the thirst of man or beast. This stream is to be diverted into Silverton, about two miles and a-half distant, as a water supply. The mountain sides that line Bowlder gulch are filled with silver and galena ores to tempt the enterprise and skill of the miner. Several very valuable mines in that gulch have already been developed and are now being successfully worked. It may be safely stated that Silverton is the centre of the most extensive mineral region on this continent, though its ores are of a lower grade than at other points, but they are in inexhaustible quantities. When other and richer sections have been impoverished by the hand of the miner, the San Juan region will scarcely have begun to supply the world with its treasure. A half century of skillful development will do but little more than open up to the world its enduring capacities. Some Washington gentlemen are interested in a big smelting company who have erected extensive works here this season.

Silverton is the present terminus of the San Juan branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, which has accomplished some wonderful feats of engineering. This portion of the road lies along the bank of the Animas river, and passes through a canyon of unparalleled sublimity and grandeur. The track rises by a heavy grade along a shelf on the mountain side which at times was some 217 feet to the mile, with a precipitous mountain of 2,000 feet or more on the left hand, while on the right, down in a deep gorge some 500 feet below, the Animas river plunges over its rocky bottom on its way to the Arkansas. At several points the bed of the river passes through a walled channel so narrow that apparently it could be crossed by a single step from one side to the other. On the east bank of the Animas towers the lofty peaks of Needle mountain, which seems to pierce the very sky. Nowhere in Colorado is the mountain scenery more sublime than at this point, extending over a distance of several miles. Speaking of railroads: It was but a few years ago that the Union and Central Pacific railroads were struggling to reach the Pacific coast through the defiles of the Rocky Mountains under the fostering aid of the Government, while now the iron horse is running in every direction over the State, by tracks laid with consummate engineering skill, along the mountain sides, up acclivities, over deep canyons and precipitous gorges, and through dark tunnels, until high mountains are overcome and pleasant valleys are reached in the interest of a more full and perfect development of the resources of Colorado. There are now two and will soon be three routes by rail to Leadville, and two parallel lines running north and south through from Denver, the line between Denver and Pueblo carrying passengers this year for $1, when $10 was formerly charged. So much for competition.

This marvel of enterprise, the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, spreads itself like an octopus over Colorado in all directions, eastward, westward, northward and southward, through the more mountainous regions of the State with an earnest that no mountains are too high—no canyons too deep—no gorges too broad and wild to be overcome and surmounted by its locomotive power. My journey over the celebrated La Veta pass was in the night while I was enjoying a sound sleep in one of the daisy little narrow guage sleepers run on this road. These sleepers are pretty well described by the remark of a traveler who entered the car at Pueblo in search of his coveted berth. The porter politely asked him, as he looked around in bewilderment, what he desired. "Well," he replied, "I want to buy this sleeper to take home to my children for a toy." After some parley with the porter he found his berth, and on discovering his narrow quarters, he inquired for the lashings that were to keep him from spilling out under the motion of the car. It will be recollected that these were counted as double berths, at $3.50 each, and the fact that two persons do sometimes lodge in what would appear to be pretty scant quarters for one, is another illustration of the wonderful capacity of human kind for adaptation to circumstances.

DOM PEDRO.

Montgomery Blair's Campaign Cry.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

True to his instincts, Mr. Montgomery Blair has written a tremendous letter accepting the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Sixth district, Maryland. If Mr. Montgomery Blair has been nominated for the presidency he could not have written a letter of more portentous proportions. It seems a pity to waste such a fine appetite for letter-writing on so small an occasion. But Mr. Montgomery Blair is terribly in earnest. While he was yet tolerated as a "fishy" member of Lincoln's cabinet, he made a speech in Rockville, Md., assaulting the "Radicals" who were in favor of carrying on the war with coal guns and as if somebody was to be killed. In precisely the same vein he now reviews Grant's administration of the government, during which the great burden of the national debt was consolidated and carried, as if all the money spent by the government during that time had been packed into carpet-bags and carried home by wicked Republican Congressmen. Of course, Mr. Montgomery Blair accepts, but when he begins his campaign with prattle about Democratic economy and Democratic reductions of governmental expenditures, he is bidding us look for eggs in last year's birds' nests.

It is very clear that the Democratic party of this district expect Mr. Blair to furnish and put into this canvass plenty of money. He has thousands himself; his friend Sammy Tilden has millions, and is expected to knock the head off a barrel and help to buy up votes enough to put his antediluvian comrade into the Congress of the United States.

Montgomery county will doubtless offer a field for this peculiar tactics. In 1876 Mr. McComas was fairly elected, and afterwards counted out by Montgomery Democrats. Now they propose to buy up voters with money, and again, if possible, cheat the people of the district out of their choice for Congress,

It will require extra work in this and every other county in the district by the Republicans. Go to work. Our candidate has no barrel to uncap; he has no Sammy Tilden to call on for money, but he has brains, character, energy, and must win if every Republican does his duty.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow*

If you are weak or languid, vote the Republican ticket.

If your flesh is flabby and your complexion sallow, vote the Republican ticket.

If you have malaria, vote the Republican ticket.

If worn down with care, vote the Republican ticket.

If you have got the blues, vote the Republican ticket.

If you have kept late hours and been dissipated, vote the Republican ticket.

If you feel old before your time, vote the Republican ticket.

If life has become a burden and you have gloomy forebodings, vote the Republican ticket.

If you need toning up, vote the Republican ticket.

If you drop Democracy and lay hold on Republicanism you will feel as if you had a new lease of life.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Charles C. Moody and R. V. Arnold and lady of Blooming, are now visiting the Bi-Centennial at Philadelphia.

—Mr. Arthur Townshend, who went to Baltimore about a month ago to enter into business, returned to Oakland this week, the city not agreeing with him.

—Mr. S. K. Hook formerly of this county, is now a successful farmer in Douglas county Kansas. He raised this year 1,395 bushels of wheat, besides other crops in proportion.

—Died, in Oakland, October 23d, 1882, of pneumonia, Madison Leverling, in the 73d year of his age. The remains were taken to Baltimore Tuesday night for interment.

—Married, at Salisbury, Pa., Oct. 19th, 1882, by Rev. J. M. Balentine, Mr. Harrison Whirl, of Oakland, Md., and Miss Eva A. Sterling, of Kingwood, W. Va.

—*Rev.* J. M. Davis and wife returned Tuesday night from attendance at the Local Preachers' National Association, which was held at Parkersburg, W. Va., and closed Tuesday afternoon.

—Messrs. John and Louis Shartzer leave formed a co-partnership in the furniture and undertaking business, in Oakland. Louis has sold out at Cranberry, and will give his entire time to the business here.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Preaching at Pleasant Valley school house at 3 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Public Sale of Household Goods.

I will offer at public sale, at my furniture store in Oakland, on Saturday, Nov. 4th, 1882, at 10 A. M., the furniture and household goods belonging to Mrs. Barry, and used at Hazlewood Cottage.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it is essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Storgiss' Drug Store.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 28th, 1882.

Allen, Morton P.	Lucas, James
Anderson, W. R.	Lewis, Luther
Alexandria, Richerd	McKay, James
Baker, Robin 2.	McVicker, Charles
Colbert, Edward	McDaniel, George
Corrick, James L.	McDaniels, John
Curry, Eldridge	Smith, P.
Coleman, William	Shields, James
Carr, Nathaniel J.	Smith, Henry 2,
Dickson, George	Tookib, Tani
Flanagan, Elisha	Tyler, Alfred
Grimes, J. B.	Thomas, Wilbur
Hertler, William	Whitehead, Peter
Hill, Alfred	Woolfolk, Lewis
Jefferson, Robert	Williams, Agnes
Kerr, John	Welsh, Joseph
Kelley, Wm. T.	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Every Letter's Contents.

WARSAW, JEFFERSON CO., PA.

The swelling is all gone. I am as well and natural as I ever was before I was enlarged. I am delighted with *Peruna* and *Manalin*.

S. P. SHAFER.

My son is still improving in health. Your *Peruna* is just the thing for him, W. BAUER, St. Mary's, Pa.

The large Chronic Ulcers, of 15 months' standing are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. *Peruna* is a wonderful remedy.

W. M. GRIFFITH, Ashland, Ky.

If you desire health and to save money, ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life."

The Registrars.

The Comptroller has refused to pay more than $92 to each register of voters, which is at the rate of $4.00 per day for twenty-three days during the four sittings. This refusal was after a conference with the Attorney General. Proceedings have been instituted by the different registration officers of Anne Arundel county and a mandamus asked against the comptroller. The registers contend that they are entitled under the law to be paid for posting their lists, the notices of sittings, copying the lists, and for other incidental expenses which were actually necessary for a proper discharge of duty. The registrars generally will await the issue of the Anne Arundel case. The registrars of this county claim about $150 each.

A Seasonable Publication.

The Fall number of Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly will be found particularly useful to all ladies who contemplate that most delightful of feminine occupations—shopping. Within the compass of its one hundred and twenty pages, it contains a compendium of the whole art and mystery of retail purchasing, giving descriptions of the latest styles in every department, with a complete list of prices, and a really bewildering array of illustrations. Aided by this useful publication, a lady can plan out her shopping for the season, with an absolute certainty that no necessary item will be overlooked, and that every dollar will be made to do its full and utmost duty. Whether she make her purchases by mail or from storekeepers nearer home, the Fashion Quarterly is equally useful. In either case it shows her just what styles are fashionable, as well as which are most economical; and, studying its pages, a lady can adapt her expenditure to her means, and avoid the vexation of finding, too late, that unwitting extravagance in one direction entails inconvenient economy in another.

The Fashion Quarterly is published by Ehrich Bros., Eighth Avenue, New York, at 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a copy. It is amply worth its price.

Sad Drowning Accident.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, Oct. 26, '82.

ED. REPUBLICAN: A very sad occurrence took place a short distance east of here, at Lake Yougbiogheny, on Friday morning of last week. Quite early in the morning Mr. Henry Lower, accompanied by three of his sons and two other young men of the neighborhood, came to the lake for the purpose of shooting ducks. After trying in vain to kill a small "dipper," they all started up the stream except Archibald Lower, who continued shooting, and finally succeeded in killing the duck. He started in after it on a small raft, and was just in the act of picking up his game when the raft shot from under him, pitching him into the lake. His younger brother, who was watching him from some distance above, called to the others for help; but they having gone some distance, and being on the other side of the stream only returned in time to see him sink for the last time. Mr. Michael Garrett and a gang of men under his employ, who were repairing the dam, came to their help, but they did not succeed in finding the body until about noon, when the body was placed in Mr. H. H. Van Meter's wagon and conveyed to his home.

The water was not so deep but he could have waded to shore, but the opinion is that he was seized with cramp and perished before aid could reach him. Archie was a genial young man, in the 21st year of his age.

Miss Jennie Smith passed through her last Saturday, on her way to Kentucky, to attend a convention.

Mr. G. W. Bullard and family left for Wheeling on last Saturday.

On Tuesday Mrs. Blake, of Baltimore, was here with her contractor, Col. McCool, and located her cottage, which she desires to "close in" before winter. Hope others will follow her example. VIDI.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Whilst so much is being said against Judge Alvey, is the Hon. A. K. Syester to be overlooked? Is he unexceptionable? Does he not at the present time occupy a position as counsellor for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company at a salary of seventy five dollars a month? Is it necessary for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to have another Judge on our judicial circuit identified with their interests thereby controlling our Circuit Courts? We all known the bias that has controlled one of our Judges and if another B. & O. R. R. Judge is elected, a single citizen will have very little show to gain a lawsuit against that company. This is a matter worthy of serious consideration and the people should thoroughly understand it before casting their votes for an adherent of that gigantic monopoly.

SENTINEL

Garrett County, Oct. 26, 1882.

Mr. Frank Hurd is to be pushed for the Speakership of the next Congress by the free traders in the Democratic party. His canvass has begun already. The Toledo *Journal* nominates him for the place and says:

"He is the exponent of aggressive Democracy, and the leading exponent of the distinctive characteristic of the party, Free Trade. Let Sam Randall and his protective heresies step aside and let the fresh blood and brains of the party as embodied in Mr. Hurd have a chance.

The Baltimore City Election.

Special to Cumberland Daily News.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 25.—The Republican candidates for council in the Eleventh and Fourteenth wards were elected; also the Republican and Labor candidate in the Eighteenth ward. Democrats were elected in the other Seventeen wards. Some of them by very small majorities.

Correspondence Cumberland News.

How is This for High?

EDITOR NEWS—*Sir:* G. S. Hamill, chairman of the Democratic State executive committee for Garrett county, has addressed a circular letter to the leading Democrats in that county, a portion of which reads as follows:

"The selection of men learned in law, unbiased in judgement and pure in purpose, is necessary to fill these important positions.

"The candidates of the Democratic party possess these qualities to a degree of perfection far superior to their opponents, equal if not greater than any other in the State.

"The same is true of our nominee for Congress as compared to his competitor. He is a star to a full-orbed luminary."

What does Gilmor mean? Knowing Montgomery Blair's vagaries was he afraid to designate him as a full-orbed luminary? He might have made a comet of him, but he does not even give him the appellation of a fixed star. Perhaps he means a shooting star! We think that after the November election the actual definition will be a fallen star.

M. B. will hardly thank him for such a comparison. Try again, Mr. Hamill.

Yours, &c.,

SENTINEL.

Garrett County, October 19, 1882.

The Next Congress Safe.

There is hardly a possible doubt that the next Senate will be Republican. There is hardly a possible doubt that the next House will also be Republican. The result in Ohio is likely to prove a blessing after all. Republicans everywhere see the folly of internal dissension in the face of the enemy, and the necessity for union on the eve of a great battle wherein the great issues of free elections, an honest count, and protection to labor are involved. They see that whatever clamor there may be for necessary reform must be sought within the party, and not from without, and that there is no earthly sense in biting one's nose to spite one's face. The advices from both North and South are most encouraging, and those advices are conservative and reliable. It is within the truth to state that the Republican majority in the next House will exceed that of the present. But none the less is it the duty of every Republican to work with renewed zeal every hour until sunset on election day, especially for the Congressional candidates of his party.

A Tale of Twenty Cities.

New York city, Philadelphia, Chicago, Brookly, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Newark, Jersey City, Cleveland, Buffalo, Providence, Milwaukee, Louisville, Detroit, New Orleans, and Washington are the twenty leading manufacturing cities of the Union, and have nearly 70,000 manufacturies, kept busy by the labor of 900,000 persons, at the cost of some $900,000,000 expended every year. If Democratic free-trade prevailed, those factories must close; that money would be expended otherwise than in giving employment to labor, and what would become of those 900,000 souls? Indirectly, but not less surely, millions of other laborers would be disastrously affected by the stoppage; and then, with ruin staring them in the face it might be too late to appeal to the Republican party for that protection which it had always thrown about the workingman. "Forewarned is forearmed." Let the men who depend upon the industries of the land for support be wise in time, and vote for the wide awake, seven o'clock workingman's party.

W. J. Reed, Esq., the Republican candidate for Chief Justice, in the 4th judicial district, attended our County Fair last week and made the acquaintance of a large number of our citizens, who were most favorably impressed by his bearing and frank manner. The feeling expressed by all who came in contact with him, is unanimously in his favor. The conviction produced is that the high reputation Mr. Reed enjoys in Cumberland, where he is best known, is fully merited.

There is every indication that he will be generally sustained and voted for by Republicans.

The office he is a candidate for is of great importance to the people, but the belief is justified that Mr. Reed is worthy to fill it with credit to himself and advantage to the community over which its jurisdiction reaches.—*Hagerstown Herald and Torch.*

An analysis of the official returns from eighty out of the eighty-eight counties composing Ohio reveals many surprising results. The total vote will be about 600,000. Last year it was 627,000, and in 1880 it was 720,900. When Foster beat Ewing in 1879 there were 670,700 votes polled. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who has been at the trouble to examine the returns, shows twenty counties in the State gave an increased vote, and these, with few exceptions, were all counties containing cities of the first and second classes. In all counties where there was an increased vote the Democrats made gains, except Greene county. Here the Republicans made a slight gain. The Democratic gain in Hamilton and Cuyahoga net about 27,000, and gave the Democrats four Congressmen. This overcomes the Republican majority of 22,000 of last year, and gave a majority of 5,000 for the Democrats to go into the State with. The remaining 14,000 of the Democratic majority was gained in Toledo, Dayton, Columbus, Zanesville and other cities. Only two Democratic rural counties, Butler and Auglaize, showed any considerable gains, and these were from 500 to 600 in each. Of fourteen counties that show Republican gains, thirteen of them are Democratic.

This correspondent does not find anything to justify the talk of Ohio having swung permanently into the Democratic column. With 127,000 votes in reserve, which Democratic blundering can bring to the polls any year, it is not safe to place Ohio permanently in the Democratic column.

A Democratic paper of Indiana ignorantly wonders that a poor man of its acquaintance will persist in voting the Republican ticket, when the Republican party has made him pay 66.32 per cent. more than it was really worth for the woolen hat he wore, and 71.04 per cent. more than it was worth for the cloth coat he was kept warm with, "calling it tariff." But the secret of his voting the Republican ticket lies in the fact that if it were not for that very tariff the "poor man" could not wear the woolen hat and cloth coat at all. Go to Europe and see the poor man's clothing there; the coarse cotton corduroys, and moleskins, and smockfrocks, some of them ragged at that. Look at the poor man here, dressed like a prince compared with his brother there; dressed so well, in fact, that the foreign visitor to these shores, being unable to distinguish him from the capitalist by the dress, involuntary asks, "where are your lower classes?" Another part of the secret is that the poor man with the 66.32 per cent. hat and 71.04 per cent. coat gets more than 100 per cent. every day for his labor over the wages of the laborer in other countries, and gets it solely because of that protecting tariff to which Democrats are so averse. Ask the poor man anywhere if he is willing to have a reduction made of 60 to 70 per cent. on the cloth and woolen apparel that he may need occasionally to buy at the cost of reducing his every day wages at least one-half, and see how indignantly he would spurn the Democratic Free Trade offer! The poor man votes the Republican ticket because he knows that the daily wages of agricultural laborers in England are 60 cents against $1.25 here; of mechanics, $1.35 in England against $3 here; of engineers, $1.50 in England against $4,75 here—and so on throughout the list. The The additional cost for all his wants imposed by the tariff is a very small percentage of the additional price he can by the same tariff get for his labor—a mere bagatelle compared with double wages. And it is this very thing of double wages for American workingmen, secured by Republican protection to labor, that makes the ill-clad, under-fed European workman long to come to this workingman's paradise. The only wonder is that any workingman can be induced to vote the Democratic ticket.

In a recent speech Senator Sherman said: "I'm already getting old and my hair is turning gray, but my attachment to the Republican party is all the stronger, and it is so because I believe that party is the bulwark of our country's liberties and progress. If I conid believe that the Democratic party was fitted to be intrusted with the power of this great Nation I would not be here making speeches to-night to you. I am here because of my conviction that the Democratic party cannot manage this country of ours. They have deprived themselves of the power to do so. Their ideas are too narrow to do it. The country is too broad, it is too great, too extensive a country, demanding with its extensive and expanding interests the broadest statesmanship, a statesmanship which the traditions of that party forbid its exercising. Therefore, I desire to see a Republican Congress—a Republican House of Representatives—wielding the power of this body politic."

The nomination by the Democrats of Hon. Montgomery Blair as their candidate for Congress in the Sixth district, would seem to indicate that they had but little hope of defeating Mr. McComas, and proposed in this way to silence the importunities of Mr. Blair and at the same time pay him the compliment he has coveted for some years. Mr. Blair is the weakest man that could have been selected to fight Mr. McComas. He is not regarded as a genuine resident of the district he proposes to represent. His interests are mostly in the District of Columbia, where the major portion of his time is spent, and there is a distinct feeling against colonization in Montgomery county. He was a member of Lincoln's cabinet, and the old hulker Democrats along the line of the canal, where many of the most exciting and tragic scenes of the late civil war occurred, find it impossible to reconcile their extreme Southern views with that kind of a Democrat. "Days of danger and nights of waking" have intensified their prejudices, and they want the simon-pure Democracy that has received its baptism of fire, or nothing at all. But, perhaps, the greatest objection to Mr. Blair is his crotchets, which almost amount to crankiness. He is a man of great ability, and an excellent stump speaker, but when he slides off on his Tilden mania no cheek can he given to his tongue until, like "My Grandfather's Clock," it stops short, never to go again, on the hither bank of the everlasting river. Mr. Blair is also somewhat dictatorial in disposition, and he insists upon thrusting down the throats of other people his own peculiar ideas. All these things will militate against success, and we think we can congratulate our readers on a handsome majority for McComas in November. —*Balto. Herald.*

In his letter of acceptance Hon. Henry Stockbridge, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth Maryland District, uttered these ringing words about the Republican party:

Most of the great principles which called the party into being have been settled beyond recall, and their incorporation into the nation's life illustrates the most brilliant pages of the nation's history, and is crowned with the applause of mankind. It has still before it important work in protecting and fostering the great industrial and commercial interests of the country, and while upholding the national honor and credit, of relieving the people as rapidly as possible from the burdens laid upon them by the war for the perpetuity of the Union. No State has profited more than Maryland by the past achievements of the Republican party, and none has more to ask or to hope from its completion of the work it has begun. It would seem to be quite time, therefore, that it should appreciate the fact that its interests and those of the nation are identical, and not antagonistic, and should act in harmony with the national administration. If any efforts of mine can conduce to that result, they will be cheerfully and zealously given.

Vote for McComas!

He was an old Democrat, and not always so elegant and vigorous in his expressions, as will be seen from his remarks to a little knot of younger who were joyful at the prospect of a Democratic House: "If you fellers could remember as well as I, you would regard a Democratic Congress as the worst thing which can overtake our party. Our fellers will get in, and, thinking that they cannot be got out, will begin to raise h—l. They will cut up so like the d—l that the people will forget Republican cussedness and vote for the Republican candidate for President in 1884 and elect him. No, fellers, I regard the prospect of a Democratic Congress as another indication that Providence has something agin the Democratic party."—*Boston Journal.*

The great Berlin professor, Du Bois Raymond, announces as the great riddles of the world:

1. The nature and essence of matter and force.
2. The origin of motion.
3. The origin of life.
4. The apparent design of nature.
5. The origin of consciousness.
6. The origin of national thought and language.
7. The freedom of the will.

Any philosopher profound enough, can easily guess all these little riddles, but all the philosophers of the world put together cannot for the life of them guess the greatest riddle of them all, which is this:

8. How the protected American workingman can bring himself to vote the free-trade Democratic ticket!

Judge George F. Edmunds, in response to an invitation to take part in the New Hampshire campaign, has written a letter showing why the law-making power should not be taken out of the hands of the Republican party. He says:

"To those who knew the real history of parties, as shown in the proceedings of Congress, the Republican party, failing as I think it sometimes has in its duty, stands in regard to positive results in the making and execution of laws beneficial to all the States and to all the people far in advance of any party since the Revolution. It has earned the confidence of the people, and it deserves it, even in the face of the evil things that some of its members have done, for, as the world is now constituted, there will be no party that will carry on the Government with more of good or less of evildoing than it has done."

I. P. Dukehart.

Supt. of B. & O. R. R. Co.'s Hotels, (Conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for 28 years, and previously a Druggist,) writes: "Cumberland, Md., Dec. 17, 1881: I have used but one bottle of *Peruna* between myself and son. He had Diphtheretic Sore Throat, and is now well. As for myself, it has entirely relieved the dullness in my head, which has been of long standing—the result of Chronic Malaria. I never took anything in my life that gave me such great satisfaction. My wife is now taking it also." Ask your Druggist for the "Ills of Life," and how to cure them | a book.

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Cronicle.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company will be held at the office of the Company at Bloomington, November 9th, at 11 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON,
Manager.
2t

PUBLIC SALE!

—OF THE—

JOHN BARNES' FARM!

And Stock, Farming Utensils and other Personal Property, in Garrett county, two miles from Barton, Md.

The undersigned will offer at public sale,

On Wednesday, the 8th of November, 1882,

At 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, in Garrett county, Md., 2 miles from Barton, all that Valuable Farm called "HAMPSTEAD" situated in Garrett county, two miles northwest of Barton, Md., containing about 250 acres of land.

Also 25 head of cattle; 3 horses; 50 tons hay; a lot of Corn; Oats; Buckwheat and Potatoes; 10 stands of Bees; 3 mowing machines; 2 horse rakes; 4 wagons, 1 Buggy, a lot of plows, Harrows and other agricultural implements, a set of blacksmith tools, and a quantity of other personal property.

TERMS OF SALE will be liberal and made known on the day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. The Farm will be sold first, after which the personal property will be disposed of.

JOHN BARNES.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned, citizens of Election district No. 9, Garrett county Md., will petition the County Commissioners of said county, at their meeting next after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a county road, beginning at Frederick Warner's residence, and running through the lands of L. A. Finsel, J. P. Pahl, Johnson Bro.'s, J. R. Llewellyn and others, to intersect the National road near the tollgate, west of Frostburg, a distance of about three miles.

JACOB D. LLEWELLYN,
JOHN P. POWELL,
MICHAEL DURST
And others.
9 21 5

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road from the Deer Park and Sand Flat road to the road leading from Allamont to the "Burnt School House," beginning at a point on the first mentioned road near the residence of R. J. Head and running on the lot lines dividing lots Nos. 3123 and 1640, 3128 and 1612, 3119 and 1614, 3117 and 1646, 3115 and 1638, 3113 and 3100, 3111 and 1761, to the last mentioned road.

R. J. HEAD,
J. W. ARCHIBALD,
LAMUEL GREEN
And 21 others.
9 21 3

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.45 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

The Truth About the Panama Canal.

Telegrams announced this month that, by an extraordinary coincidence, the Panama Railway was temporarily destroyed by an earthquake on Thursday, the very day on which the money was subscribed for its purchase in Paris. All communications between Aspinwall and Panama have been interrupted, the bridges having been destroyed by the earthquake. The damage done to the buildings in Panama is said to be immense, but the chief importance of the incident is the illustration which it affords of the instability of the ground over which M. de Lesseps proposes to carry the greatest engineering work of this century. If railway bridges cannot stand, what security is there for the gigantic dam which alone is to stand between the swollen Chagres and the instant destruction of the canal? It is proverbially dangerous to build a house upon sand, but it is worse to rear a dam upon an earthquake. The catastrophe not only will impair the value of the railway property for which M. de Lesseps has paid such a handsome price, but it is likely to shake public confidence in the ultimate success of the canal itself. Even before the earthquake the outlook was by no means inspiriting, and if the truth about the canal were fully known it would hardly conduce to the comfort of holders of Panama stock.

Take, for instance, the question of the health of the Isthmus. "Although the rainy season is very light this year," says a recent telegram from New York, "it has been found necessary to order the stoppage of all heavy work on the canal. No laborer is able to work three days together or he would be stricken down with fever." The thermometer in the hot season stands 130 to 140 degrees in the sun; the mean heat alike in hot seasons and dry is 85 degrees. For five months in the year during the rains work is almost impossible. Yet M. de Lesseps declares that there is hardly a healthier place in the whole world than Panama, and not so long ago is reported to have said that "if his family were sick he would send them to the Isthmus to convalesce." It must be admitted, however, in justice to the "great Frenchman" that if they did go there they would find hospital accommodation provided by the company on a scale which shows a much more accurate appreciation of the exigencies of the climate. "The Canal Company's hospital buildings in Panama," we are told, "will form a small city of eighty-four buildings, and will cost £100,000." Another large hospital has been established at Colon, with dispensaries along the line of the canal; but numerous as they are the number of sick is in excess of the accommodation. According to the official report, the mortality among those employed on the canal was no higher than the European average. In July, 1881, only twelve deaths occurred among 1,118 workmen, and last April only five out of 2,652. This year the correspondents on the spot represent the mortality as appalling. "In four days recently the company lost nine officers from fever. Instead of averaging five to ten deaths per month, they are averaging that number daily. Two of the ablest engineers of the company succeeded each other as chief-of-works only to be swept off by fever, one after three days' illness, the other only thirty-six hours after seizure. The general secretary shared their fate, together with many other officers, and laborers by the hundred." The lady superior of the hospital died the same night as the last chief-of-works. It is difficult to conceive a more sombre picture of a pest-stricken district than that which is painted by those who are living in M. de Lessep's sanitorium for convalescents. Small-pox has been succeeded by yellow fever and the health authorities at Jamaica and New Orleans order all vessels arriving from the Isthmus into quarantine.

American observers, whether journalists, naval officers or consuls, agree in declaring that little work has been done on the Isthmus. The latest testimony on this head is dated July 16, and declares that beyond a few wooden villages and a lane hewn through the woods marking the sight of the canal, next to nothing has been done. From one to two thousand workmen, mostly negroes from Jamaica, together with some Chinamen, have been employed since February, 1881; but so far the ground has hardly been broken. A ditch has been dug here and there, but excavation must be begun in earnest before any conception can be formed of the trustworthiness of the estimate or the possibility of its execution. The canal is divided into sections, and much satisfaction has been expressed that in letting the first two contracts the excavation has been undertaken at fifteen pence per metre instead of two shillings allowed for in the original estimate. So far, of course, this is very good. But it remains to be seen whether the adventurous speculators will be able to complete their contract at the figure stated. The first section, from Colon to Gatun, a distance of seven and a half miles, is to be completed in three years; but as the line passes through a swamp to which Ohat Moss was solid ground, and a breach of contract only involves the forfeiture of £4,000, it is premature to conclude that the work which is not yet begun will be completed at contract price. According to a French correspondent, the dredgers and excavators sent out from Europe are not working well, and will have to be reconstructed. These difficulties will no doubt be speedily overcome, but we must wait for a serious beginning to be made before the company can be said to be fairly face to face with the real obstacles which they have to surmount.

It is often taken for granted that because M. De Lesseps severed the Isthmus of Suez he must also succeed in severing that of Panama. But the ditch which he dug in the sand from Port Said to Suez cannot for a moment be compared to the channel which he has undertaken to hew through the rocks and swamps of Panama. The new canal will only be half as long as the old one, but as it passes through a mountain range necessitating a clean cut 350 feet deep through solid rock, the difficulty of its construction cannot be estimated by its length. In Africa the river Nile was of invaluable service to M. De Lesseps. In America, after the earthquakes, his greatest enemy is the river Chagres, whose turbulent torrent, unless curbed by a dam the like of which has never been constructed by engineer, is certain to destroy the canal the first rainy season. In Suez, he was close to the overstocked labor market of three continents, and in the immediate neighborhood of the workshops of the world. In Panama he has to import negroes from Jamaica and coolies from China. All his machinery has to be transported thousands of miles from Europe or America. But even in Suez he would probably have failed had it not been for the lavish support of the late Khedive and the powerful patronage of Napoleon III. The Colombian Government has no resources to place at his disposal, and the undisguised jealousy of the United States will probably lead to the construction of a competing canal with an American guarantee. Yet, even if we accept the Suez precedent, it is far from reassuring for the holders of Panama stock. When M. de Lesseps began to make the Suez Canal, he estimated its cost at a little more than eight millions sterling. Before it was opened it cost little less than twenty millions. M. de Lesseps estimates the cost of cutting the Panama Canal at twenty-six million pounds. At the Suez rate it will not be completed at much below sixty millions. At present he has raised six millions, not including the money required to purchase the railroad. There is only one point more to which we need advert. At Suez, M. de Lesseps has a monopoly of the traffic, whereas the Foreign Affairs Committee of the American House of Representatives has already reported in favor of a bill incorporating a company with a Government guarantee to cut a maritime canal through Nicaragua. There may be traffic enough to pay for making one canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but what prospect is there of a dividend if there are two?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Crime-Inciting Story Papers.

Reference has already many times been made in these columns to the demoralizing effect of what used to be styled "yellow-covered literature" exerted on the minds of youthful readers. The old dime novel has been replaced in these days by a cheap weekly story paper, and the average novel itself, which was in its ancient form believed to have reached the very lowest notch in the scale of sensationalism and vice, has gone still lower as its form has taken on this new phase, until now its baneful effects are still more hideous than when the yellow cover was its flaunting sign.

The deplorable influence of this sort or scurvy literature has recently been strikingly exemplified in this State. Two young boys, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen years, sons of respectable parents, became engaged in a quarrel about a girl while going to church. Angry words were exchanged, and suddenly, without warning, one of the boys took a knife from his pocket and stabbed the other, killing him instantly. Subsequent investigation developed the fact that both of these boys had been addicted to reading every week a great quantity of this trashy literature, in which just such scenes as they themselves finally enacted were of frequent occurrence. Doubtless every number of the weekly publications so eagerly devoured by these young boys was filled with sensations equally startling with the one which they at last enacted. Long mental familiarity with such deeds of violence had made them ready for the reality. That familiarity breeds contempt is as true in such a matter as this as in any other. There can be no possible doubt that reading such fiction, in which horrid scenes of violence are described, and looking at their accompanying illustrations—which frequently represent the murderer or the assassin in the act of committing a crime, his murderous knife raised high in the air, or pistol cocked and aimed—is productive of the very results which are so vividly portrayed in words and engravings. The cause and the effect go hand in hand, and the bad results are becoming of alarmingly frequent occurrence. Nobody was surprised to learn that Jesse James was a regular reader of the *Police Gazette*. It would naturally be expected that such was the case. For the sheet in question is simply a grown-up edition of the present day boy's story-paper, substituting facts for fiction, and yet unscrupulously exaggerating the facts to nearly as great an extent as to become fiction itself. So it would naturally be expected that when a boy of sixteen is murdered by a boy of fourteen, some of this trashy literature is at the bottom of it.

There is a lesson and a warning in this last boyish tragedy. The same cause which brought about this deplorable result may result in the death of some one who is near and dear to any one of us. If our young boy goes to the news-stand each week and purchases a paper which he instinctively feels can be read by him with safety only in a wood-shed, or at the wood-shed of a playmate, or in some secluded spot, we may be sure that seeds of future sorrow are being sown. But if the boy, seeing the heedlessness and carelessness of father and mother, brings this firebrand of sensational literature right into the household, and gloats over the fiendish tale before him, while parents neglect to examine into the character of the mental stimulant so greedily self-administered, how much more likely is the result to be heart-rending anguish to those who, by exercising control over the boy's habits, could have stored that mind with the elements of pure and noble manhood, and given it a healthy stimulus which would have afforded proper food for its demands. Parents cannot exercise too much care in this respect. And we caution them to have a greater care now, lest present neglect bring future sorrow.

In cities the youth is daily exposed to the temptations of these vicious papers, and parents have double cause of vigilance to guard against them. For copies of the papers, or first chapters of their vicious stories, are circulated like hand bills and thrown into door-yards. In this way these papers are stolen into the hands of children who would otherwise never see them. And it seems impossible to head off this device of the devil in the form of a news agent. It is growing intolerable, and many parents are perplexed to know how to stop it. If the devilish news agent himself would only circulate the poison the shot-gun could be used. But as he secures little boys to do it, the way to stop it has not yet been found.—*Iowa State Register.*

—A colored woman in Washington was seized with fits, fell into a wash tub only partially filled with water and was drowned.

Mysterious Gas Explosions.

A lawyer who always wished to reach his office punctually at nine o'clock was starting one morning when his wife called him back and asked him to do an errand for her. He grumbled a little, for it would make him late; but he went, and so he did not reach his office until a quarter past nine. When he arrived he found fire engines and a crowd of people around the door, and that the hall and stairways were all blown to pieces. The people told him that there had been a gas explosion in the cellar at just about nine o'clock; if the lawyer had been going upstairs at the moment he would probably have been killed. How could this be? How can gas which is burned freely in city houses, shops and halls create such an explosion?

The secret is that, although gas is not ordinarily explosive, yet when it is mixed with atmospheric air the compound if lighted will explode with great violence. The best proportion is when one part of gas is mingled with about five parts of air; hence there need not be a great deal of gas at large in a cellar to make the air explosive enough to do damage. And a great many disasters are caused in cities and large towns in this way. A pipe downstairs springs a little leak, or some one carelessly leaves a burner turned in one of the rooms. The gas steadily, though very slowly, perhaps, pours into the cellar or room, and before long the people begin to say, "What a strong smell of gas; there must *be* a leak somewhere." They ought never to use a light in searching for the leak. But, often, one is used. If the trouble is in an upstairs room, and it is evening, a servant girl, very likely, goes in with a lighted lamp to find the burner which is open, and closes it. Or if it be in the cellar, and a gas fitter or plumber is sent for, he very often carries down a burning candle. Then the mixed gas and air will blow the building to pieces, and may very likely kill the people. In the cities men walk the streets selling toy balloons. These balloons are made of very thin, light india-rubber, and are about the size of a large soap-bubble. They are filled with common "gas," such as is burned in houses. One day a gentleman bought one and was carrying it along the street, holding it by a string about three feet long, which lay over his shoulder, and allowed the balloon to float in the air behind him, bobbing up and down as he walked. In the crowd a gentleman smoking a cigar came near and the balloon touched the lighted end of the cigar. The fire in the cigar burned or melted a hole in the balloon, the gas within and atmospheric air outside mingled together, forming an explosive compound, and took fire, and immediately there was an explosion in the smoker's face, singeing his whiskers and burning his nose.

It is not strange that servant girls do not know it may be dangerous to carry a tamp into a room where there has been a little gas escaping, but one would suppose workmen employed in repairing gas pipes would understand all about it. Many, however, do not; the people in the house ought to watch a workman whom they send down cellar to find a leak, and see that he does not carry a light. An Albany man once sent to the gas company to have a leak in his cellar stopped, and the workman who came struck a match. The explosion blew up the floors overhead so that the man's wife and daughter were blown through the ceiling of the room in which they were sitting up into the next story, and then fell into the cellar. The same sort of calamity has happened in a great many cases from like carelessness of gas-fitters themselves.

If you notice a person lighting the gas after the faucet has been turned a little, you will sometimes notice that it lights with a little puff. When what is called an Argand burner is used this puff is quite loud; for the chimney holds a little quantity of the gas mingled with air, and the puff you hear is the explosion of this mixture. A grown person could show you a pretty good illustration of these explosions by holding a mug or tumbler over a gas-burner and letting a little gas pour into it, which would immediately mix with the air already in it, and then lighting this mixture. But the mug or tumbler should be a pretty strong one, else the explosion might shatter it.—*Christian Union.*

The Manufacture of Sheet Lead in China.

The making of sheet lead for the lining of tea chests, etc., is a somewhat important industry of Hong Kong. It is made principally in sundry establishments to the westward. On entering one, the workmen will be seen with shears employed in cutting out the sheets of lead into the required sizes and shapes. The shears are simply a large pair of scissors, firmly fixed to a solid block of wood some two feet in height. The lower blade of the shears terminates in a square piece of iron, instead of being pointed, as is the upper blade. The sheets of lead will also be observed to be of small size and somewhat irregular in shape, and this arises from the method of manufacture, as will subsequently be seen. Going further into the shop will be seen an iron pan raised twelve inches or so above the ground and carefully finished off. Beneath this iron pan is a furnace, and at the side of the pan next the wall is a flue communicating with it. In this pan the lead is melted, and when judged to be hot enough, the workman takes two of the large square paving tiles, which may be seen almost anywhere in the colony, and these are then smoothly and carefully covered with several layers of unsized paper. Having placed these two tiles before him, one above the other, the workman raises the upper tile with his left hand and, taking a ladle of the proper size, in his right, he dips it in the melted lead and then pours its contents on to the lower tile. He then drops the upper tile and quickly presses the lead out into the form of a sheet. The paper being a bad conductor of heat, the lead does not solidify immediately after it leaves the ladle, and, as by long practice the workman always ladles out exactly the same quantity of lead, the sheets vary but little in size or thickness.—*Age of Steel.*

—Americans who know what "a beautiful Circassian girl" looks like say that not one of them could hold a candle for looks to the majority of girls to be found eating gum-drops at American county fairs.—*Courier-Journal.*

Brother Gardner's Philosophy.

"If I had a chance to lib my life over agin," said the President of the Lime-Kiln Club, as a solemn hush fell upon the meeting, "I should chalk down sartin fings dat I should 'spect to come to pass, an' I should chalk down some odder sartin' fings dat I shouldn't reckon on unless a cyclone got loose an' tore down de fences. I should look fur:

"De man who eats onions to stop an' argy wid ebery man he meets gwine down town.

"I should 'spect men who owed de moas' an' war' de least able to pay to w'ar de hes' clothes an' have de moas' change when a circus comes along.

"I should 'spect my naybur to empty his ashes on de spot moas' convenient to himself widout any reference as to wheder de spot was on my land or his.

"I should 'spect dat broadcloth an' silk would be worn on de street by people who till up on cold 'taters at home.

"I should 'spect de enmity of men whom I did not lend to, an' be beat by nine outer ten of sich as I favored.

"I should 'spect to be looked upon as a fanatic by men belongin' to a different church from mine, an' to be abused an' called a fool by men votin' de opposite political ticket.

"I should 'spect about so much bad weather—about so much sickness—about so many pains an' aches, an' hungry days an' lonely nights, an' knowin' de world as I know it now, I should 'spect de boats to run, an' de trains to go out, an' de stores to open wheder I was in bed wid de ager or ober in de cabbage lot in do bes' of health.

"As fur de fings I should't look fur, dey am almoas' too numerous to menshun.

"I shouldn't look fur a laborin' man workin' fur ten shillin's a day to permit his whisky to cost mo' dan his flour.

"I shouldn't look fur a girl airning' fo' dollars a week to dress like a banker's wife nor put on de agony of a princess.

"I shouldn't look fur my naybur to sweat his collar drivin' cows onter my garden, any mo' dan he would expect me to bust my suspenders keepin' de boys away from his harvest apples.

"I shouldn't look fur my chill'en to come up widout faults, nor my fam'ly to lib widout bein' hit by malice or wounded by gossip.

"I shouldn't look for any mo' room in de street kyar dan I paid fur, nor a better suit of clothes dan my sarcumstances permitted.

"I shouldn't look fur any man's word or promise to stan' good onless he was sartin dat he would be de gainer by makin' em so. It am now time to proceed wid de bizness which has reinstated us togeder, an' de triangle will be stricken in due form an' a collecksium taken up to defray the expenses of obsarvin' de transit of Venus from de northwest co'ner of de City Hall Market."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stopped the Wrong Man.

Among the spectators at the Democratic Convention, recently, for a short time in the afternoon, might have been seen the benevolent and handsome countenance, even at his age, of Dr. C. V. Williamson, of Lodi. The doctor no longer takes an active part in politics, but he has been a war-horse in times gone by, and a little of the old fire could yet be seen to sparkle in his eye when it came to making a nomination or casting a vote. In ante bellum days he was a Representative of "Old Tuolumne" in the Assembly for one term, and this calls to mind an incident of the period when he was a practicing physician in Sonora. In those days the doctor was one of the "boys"—an Apollo in feature, took his toddy straight and often, fought the tiger and played monte, although his favorite sport was "draw poker," in a game of which he would leave the dining-table any time to take a hand, nor would he leave so long as he could get anybody to play with him; indeed, it was a proverbial fact that he never sought his pillow so long as he had a cent in his pocket. But just here it might be well enough to state, parenthetically, that the doctor has long since settled down, got married, attends church regularly and has a class in Sabbath school—in fact has gone through a general reconstruction. To continue with the story: One dark, dreary night he was called out several miles into the country to see a patient, and on his way back was stopped by some highwaymen and ordered to surrender his wealth. The doctor reined in his horse, looked down at the road-agents, and said: "I guess you do not know who I am, do you?" The leader of the band informed him that they did not, nor did they care, but if he didn't hurry up and hand over his money and valuables they did know he would soon be a corpse. "Well, by gosh," he said, "my name is Dr. Williamson, and I was never known to leave a gambling-room so long as I had a cent in my pocket. Have you got any chawin' tobacker?" That name was sufficient. The robbers knew they had stopped the wrong man, and the chief courteously tendered the professor of physic a chew of tobacco and told him to pass on.—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent.*

A Poker-playing Millionaire.

A millionaire in New York who dispenses princely hospitality, has a great liking for poker. One evening, while playing with a foreign Minister, the game along at midnight all at once became exciting. The deal gave the millionaire the eight, nine and ten and jack of hearts. He discarded a spade and got the queen of hearts. The Minister called for two cards. He had already three kings, and in the draw got the fourth. Quietly the players began to bet. The pile amounted at last to $600,000, when the millionaire called his opponent. When the Minister laid down his four kings the banker put his straight flush beside them without a word. The Minister seemed a little surprised, but merely said: "Very good; the money is yours." He had lost $300,000, but it did not sour him a bit. The game was not resumed, but he talked as pleasantly as if he had won a fortune instead of losing one. The banker seemed embarrassed, and his friends, who had dropped out of the game, were uncomfortable. He decided on the spot that it would not do to have any more poker-playing in his house. It might be said that he drew his friends there to decoe them. He still plays a little game now and then, but only at the club.—*N. Y. Post.*

For Young Readers.

BRAVE EDITH.

The story of how Miss Edith Baxter, aged twelve years, rescued a little boy from drowning, at Bath, L. I., is thus told in rhyme, by Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People*:

A beautiful day in summer,
At Bath, beside the sea,
Where a bevy of careless children
Were as gay as gay could be.

Some with their spades so tiny
Were turning over the sand,
Some were merrily racing
With the surf that dashed on the strand.

And others, bold and daring,
Plunged into the deep green wave,
At the touch of the grim old ocean
They felt so blithe and brave.

Laughing, leaping and diving,
The sturdy, frolicsome crew
Had never a thought of danger
Under the sky's soft blue.

And nobody noticed Harry,
A dear little five-year-old,
With just a glimmer of sunshine
Tinting his curls of gold,

Till, after the rest, as swiftly
As a flash the darling went;
And a cry of sudden terror
The giddy gladness rent.

The billows have caught the baby,
They are bearing him far away;
Alas for Harry's mother
And her empty arms this day!

Some one has darted to save him,
Forth from an awe-struck throng,
A fearless heart to the rescue,
Steady and true and strong.

Buffeting surge and breaker,
Straight through the curdling foam,
On through the angry waters,
She is toiling to bring him home.

Only a child, with girlhood's
Clear light in her candid eyes;
Only a girl, but a woman
In her glory of sacrifice.

On the shore they watch and listen,
Spell-bound in a dumb despair.
Ah! hark to the shout of triumph
That ends in a thankful prayer.

Edith has saved poor Harry.
'Twas a noble deed was done,
At Bath, that day, by the ocean,
In the light of the summer sun.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

Mamma had been invited out to tea, and Maxy was to spend the afternoon with Dollie Mayo, but she kept saying to herself that she mustn't forget to run home and feed old Speckle's chickens before sunset. She remembered it even while they were swinging, and playing "keep house."

Brosie Miller sat under the great balm of gilead tree, in his father's front yard, with his pug nose between the pickets.

"Come over here," he shouted.

"Can't," said Dolly.

"You come, then, Maxy."

"Mamma said stay here."

"Pshaw! 's if she'd care for your coming across the street. I want to show you something."

Maxy and Dolly looked doubtfully at each other.

"Let's ask your mother," proposed Maxy, and in a moment Dolly came flying out of the house.

"Yes, we can go, but tea will be ready in half an hour."

It was in the midst of an exciting game of hide and seek, in which Brosie's big dog was joining, that Maxy happened to glance at the sun and remembered mamma's charge concerning the chickens.

"Oh, it's most down! I must run and feed 'em!" she cried.

"What's down? Feed what?" demanded Brosie.

"The sun—the chickens—mamma always does—oh, dear, it'll be down before I can get there," and breathless, Maxy flew across the street, followed by Dolly, Brosie and the big dog.

Into Mrs. Monroe's neat kitchen they clattered; in haste they searched through boxes, chests and barrels, but no meal could they find.

"What shall I do?" asked Maxy.

"They won't starve, will they?"

"I'm afraid."

"Borrow some." "Feed 'em bread," in turn suggested Dollie and Brosie.

"Here's lots of flour; why won't that do?" said Maxy.

"It will," replied Brosie, with a very wise air. "They use meal because it's cheaper."

Maxy grew cheerful at once. "Well, we can afford flour once, I guess;" so the flour and water were mixed into a stiff dough, in a little tin basin, and then began a search for the chickens.

Old Speckle had found a way out of her coop, and was gone, with all her children.

"Got tired waiting for her supper, I s'pect," was Maxy's opinion.

After a long search they were found down at the end of the garden, under the gooseberry bushes. Maxy's calling failed to bring them from their retreat, so she emptied the dough on the ground, and ran back to her play feeling satisfied. Soon it was tea-time, and after that Maxy went to sleep on the sofa, while Mamma Mayo was telling "Silver Hair and the Three Bears." Then somebody was waking her up, and laughing because she said: "Yes'm, I heard—the great big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the tee-ny wee-ny bear—oh, I fed 'em about sundown, mamma."

"What, the bear?" laughed papa, as he lifted her in his arms.

"No, the chickens."

"Oh, you know where they are, then. Katie has been hunting for them. They are out of the coop, and she says she can hear them calling somewhere."

By this time Maxy was wide awake, and ran off to show Katie where to find her chickens. It was quite dark now, and papa went with them and let Mary carry the lantern.

Under the gooseberry bushes what did they find? Ten little chickens all growu tight together, like the Siamese twins; ten miserable, fluttering, chirpling, scared little chickens, fast in a lump of dough! Nobody knew what it meant.

"They've been stepped on!" cried Katie.

"How could they all be stepped on at once?" asked papa, trying to separate one of the unfortunate from the fluttering mass.

"It seems like paste," he added, holding the lantern close.

"Oh!" cried Maxy, "flour and water make paste. Oh, merey! I've pasted them together!"

"They can't run! They're breaking their legs off!" and Katie looked so indignant, and the chickens so very miserable, that Maxy fled sobbing to mamma, declaring that "Brosie Miller said it would do."

Katie and papa brought the poor little prisoners into the kitchen, put them into a basin of warm water, and worked patiently for an hour, freeing their poor feet. When at last they succeeded, and one by one those wretched, long-legged, forlorn creatures were rubbed by mamma's soft hands, wrapped in warm flannel and laid in a little basket by the fire, Maxy wept aloud, and declared she would "never feed chickens any more."

"I never thought they'd stand in their supper," she said.

"I'll forgive you, if Speckle will," said Katie, solemnly; "but don't you ever take Brosie Miller's advice again."—*Chicago Interior.*

Martha's Parlor Manners.

"Will you please sit down and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies; "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answered Martha, and she presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter which she passed to both ladies.

"O, thank you," said the other lady, "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly."

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said: "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are!"

Let us go into the next room and see, Martha took the waiter back to the dining-room.

"Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips.

"Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; "go to Bridget."

"Don't speak so to your little brother," said Bridget.

"It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" That is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs.

"What!" screamed Martha back.

"Please come here, dear," said grandma.

"I don't want to," muttered Martha. She, however, dragged herself upstairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb.

"Martha," said grandma, "will you try to find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining-room.

"No you didn't!" cried Martha in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here," and she rummaged around the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind.

"No matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to right again; "no matter, Martha; they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by and by. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

Oh dear, where are Martha's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her *company* manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them off when she leaves the parlor. She wears them before visitors, and hangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no manners at home. She is cross and disobliging and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the *first* place to be polite in—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. *There is no spot in* the house where good manners can be dispensed with.—*Zion's Herald.*

American Children on Horse-Back.

American boys are quite as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise the American girl is sweet and good and true—as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horse-back. It is true, some country boys, East and West, ride fearlessly and well, but the majority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. It is very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how to ride. It is a mistake to think that, when Dobbin has been brought to the fence and you have climbed on his back, this is riding. Not even the most uncommonly bright girl or the most learned boy can ride without instruction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bicycle.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this he has four legs. These are important things to remember—he stands on four legs and can think for himself. He also has ears, and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and understands much that is said to him. He also has a temper—good or bad—and may be cross and ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, cheerful, patient and kind. In approaching such a clever creature, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you have no right to get upon his back.

Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding-horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good—gentle, kind, patient, careful and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also, sweet-temper, gentle, kind and thoughtful, can learn to ride. All others must sit in a box on wheels and be dragged about.—*Charles Barnard, in St. Nicholas.*

—In Boston, the official inspector reports that the accidents of falling passenger elevators in that city have killed more people in the past year than have been killed by railroad accidents in the same time in the State of Massachusetts. Of forty-three elevators tested, twenty-eight fell to the ground when the rope was cut, in spite of their safety appliances.

—On some parts of the African coast the shark is valued as a god and dubbed the Jon-Jon. Its mouth is the sure way to Heaven, and three or four times a year a human victim is sacrificed to it.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Milk and warm water applied with a flannel cloth is very good for cleaning white varnished paint, which should never be cleaned with soap, as it turns it yellow.

—Somebody says old hens should be fattened and killed off in the fall. A hen of two years has seen her best days, but a rooster is none the worse for being as old as this years.

—For a nice breakfast dish use cold rice, mixed with flour and egg. For a small quantity use one egg and one tablespoonful of flour, and fry in very hot lard until browned.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Mr. Burnham, a scientific Connecticut farmer, recently sold one of his young cows for $4,800. This animal, in 372 days, has given in milk ten times her own weight—10,000 pounds—and 1,000 pounds of butter.

—Large yields of potatoes depend on the methods of cultivation. The rocky soil of New Hampshire produces four times as much per acre as that of Missouri. The average for New Hampshire is 150 bushels per acre, while Missouri averages only thirty-eight.—*Detroit Post.*

—Mixed Pickles: One peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of onions, one pint grated horseradish, half a pound white mustard seed, half a pound of unground black pepper, one ounce sack of cinnamon, cloves and tumeric, and two or three heads of cauliflower; tie the pepper, cinnamon and cloves in a thin muslin bag, place all the ingredients in a granite ware kettle, cover with vinegar and boil until tender; can while hot in glass fruit jars.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Baked or roasted onions should be washed, but not peeled. First boil them for an hour in water which is well salted. When they are tender drain off the water, let them stand for a few minutes and drain, then remove the skins, put them in a dripping pan, put a little lump of butter and some pepper and salt on each one; let them remain in the oven until they are nicely browned. Serve while very hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Lands are not drained simply to add to the quantity and quality of the crops, or to place your lands in condition to be tilled by the least possible expenditure of time and means. Those would indeed be commendable objects, and might well engage your earnest and constant attention. But you do more than this: every farm well drained has gained a partial if not entire immunity from certain diseases, and every farmer who builds him a home, where he may eat and drink and repose "under his own vine and tree," on well drained land, takes thereby an extended lease of life, and adds security to the happiness and health of wife and children.—*Drainage Journal.*

Health of Farmers.

That farmers may be the most robust and healthy of laborers cannot be doubted. Washington said that "agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, most ennobling employment of man." The wide range of exercise on the farm is one favorable element of physical development. While the mechanic, as the shoemaker, the jeweler, etc., have occasion to employ but few of the muscles—more particularly those of the upper limbs—the farmer calls all into activity, more or less, each day of labor. While the proper action of the muscles gives strength, indolence or undue or violent exercise destroy it. The weakness of the muscles, therefore, of the mechanic, induced by non-exercise, just to that extent must destroy the equilibrium—so to speak—of the health, destroying the poise of the body. The unequal development of the body, therefore, must impair the proper action of the various functions of the system. But not so with the farmer. His body is rounded into its right proportions by the harmonious development of all of the muscles. The action of each muscle invites the life-giving blood to it. Harmonious muscular development, with solidity and firmness of fibre, must ever form an important basis of healthful activity-stamina.

The farmer, also, has an abundance of pure air, at least by day, if not in his sleeping-room. He has it as pure as it can be found, particularly when among the vegetation, where he has it at "first-hand," just as it is restored to the volume of air, after having passed through the wonderful transformation of purification by the leaves, etc. As it passes through the grand vegetable laboratory he has the first use of the life-imparting oxygen, developed from that deadly gas—the carbonic acid. Breathing freely, his chest unfettered by the trammels of fashion, his lungs amply developed, each breath purifies the blood—the "elife"—and sends it rapidly and joyously coursing through the system, imparting vigor and health.

In these respects, he has the advantage over all others. Being his own "master," it economical, wise and judicious, he need not labor more than his strength will permit—need not waste his energies. He also has the same abundance of sunlight, which is as needful to the best development of the health as it is to vegetable growth and the ripening of the fruits. Regularly accustomed to it, he need not fear "sun-stroke" provided he is reasonably judicious in the care of himself in all respects.

Again, as the producer of all foods actually needed in our climate, he has the right to select the very best. His early garden-sauce is not spoilt by wilting, age and chemical changes, or fermentation, but are as fresh and well-grown as he may desire. If he is wise he will have all as nearly developed as possible, so that, if plucked up and dried they would grow, while an hour need not elapse after gathering before they are cooking. While the purchaser at the market know but little of the condition of his articles, the farmer may know as much as is necessary. He need not use rancid butter, tainted meats, inferior grains and vegetables, since it is his business to know all that is known of their quality.

With the farmer's freedom—while about his work—from the entanglements of fashion, allowing every muscle and organ free movement, with still other advantages which need not be enumerated, he has superior means of preserving his health and of developing a vigorous frame. But, he is not the healthiest in the community, and has not an average of life to compare favorably with the average of mechanics and artisans.—*Dr. Hannaford.*

—The fence along the Canadian bank at Niagara Falls, for which an appropriation was made by the Canadian government, is to be of at least four lines of iron wire extended on iron posts cemented in the limestone rock at small distances from one another. The fence will extend along the bluff from the railway bridge to the brink of the Horseshoe fall, and of course will offer no obstruction to the view, while it will be of inestimable value as a protection against accidents.—*Buffalo Express.*

Suddenly Weakened.

"I suffered with rheumatism of the back and hip for a number of years," said Mr. Thomas Morgan, Superintendent of Streets. "I was waited on by physicians, but they gave no permanent relief, and I resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil. My rheumatism weakened at the first attack of its great enemy, St. Jacobs Oil, and soon I was well."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

A MAN on a Vermont train was heard to groan so frightfully that the passengers took pity on him, and one of them gave him a drink out of a whisky-flask. "Do you feel better?" asked the giver. "I do," said the groaner. "What ailed you? What made you groan so?" "Groan! Great land o' Goshen! I was singing!" The generous man will never quite cease to regret the loss of that drink of whisky.—*Boston Post.*

MR. MICHAEL ROBERTT, 77 Sargent street, Cohoes, N. Y., was cured of a very severely injured knee by St. Jacobs Oil, says the Rochester (N. Y.) *Sunday Herald.*

HOW THE DOCTOR LAID FOR HIM.—The late Dr. C., of Ashtabula, used in the early days to take long rides through the wilds of Ohio. One day he stopped at an old-fashioned tavern and called for dinner. Among the home-spun dainties was a glass of whisky beside his plate, which he did not trouble. After dinner, when paying his bill, the landlord said: "Twenty-five cents for whisky." "Which I did not touch, and never do," said the doctor. "Well, it was there, and you could have had it," replied the landlord. The doctor said no more, paid his bill and left. Calling again not long after, it was noticed that the doctor, upon sitting down to dine, placed his medicine case upon the table. However, nothing was said at the time. When he went to pay his bill he brought in one dollar for medicine and advice. "But I have had no medicine," said mine host. "Very well," replied the doctor, "it was on the table, and you could have had it; and I also gave you good advice all the while I was at table." The nonplussed host squared accounts.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—*Albany Times.*

THE cultured no longer call it hash. Mosaic nutriment is the correct form.—*Boston Transcript.*

DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are a special preparation, only for the cure of special diseases, and for those they are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1, or six boxes for $2.50.

TO CAN watermelons one must get up early. The melon is usually stolen before daylight. *N. O. Picayune.*

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

THE house-fly has his eye on a crevice in the chimney, and will stay all winter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

***"Middle measures are often but middling measures." There are no "middlings" about Kidney-Wort. It is the most thoroughly refined "thwer" of medicine. It knows no half-way measures, but radically uproots all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It overthrows piles, abolishes constipation and treats the system so gently and soothingly as to prove it is true kinship to nature in all its praises. It is prepared in both liquid and dry form.

BEAUTY and bashfulness are often united. Yet the prettiest maiden is admired for her cheek.—*Newsletter.*

*The great value of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all diseases of Women is demonstrated by every day experience. The writer of this had occasion to step into the principal Pharmacy of a city of 140,000 inhabitants, and on inquiry as to which is the most popular proprietary medicine of the time, was answered, that Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound occupies a most conspicuous place in the front rank of all remedies of this class.—*Journal.*

THE man who cheats his landlord is open to the charge of ignore-rents.

A WELL-PROPORTIONED woman should have a body six times as tall as her feet.—*Detroit Free Press.* Don't believe it! Our women are not nine feet tall.—*St. Louis Globe.*

EMBROIDERED mustard plasters are now recognized as a necessary feature of æsthetic medication.

A NEW YORK paper advertises a "Buggy Company." We shouldn't think it would be very desirable to get into such company. Too much back-biting indulged in.—*Our Continent.*

YOU may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach distinction; still, you can shut the door.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

PEDESTRIAN, who has dropped a penny in front of "a poor, blind man"—"Why, you humbug, you're not blind." Beggar—"Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."—*Boston Transcript.*

IN some parts of Russia we read that poor people make presents of charcoal. This must be a sort of burnt offering.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A LOUISVILLE man states that there is no way on earth of a man's avoiding delirium tremens. The idea of letting liquor alone never occurred to him.—*Detroit Post.*

THE Greek population of Chicago numbers sixty; hence when they meet there are thirty tugs of war.—*Texas Siftings.*

"STILL so gently o'er me stealing," as the man remarked who heard a burglar at work in the room above him.—*The Judge.*

To an enthusiastic angler who pleaded for just one more bite at a fishing party of which Krauf was one, the latter said: "But we must draw the line somewhere."—*Youth's Companion.*

"IF I should cut the hardness, smoothness, redness, roundness and cedar-ness off this pencil, what would be left?" "A goneness."—*People's Weekly.*

WE have heard many praises of the strawberry, but Samba's is the conclusest, while telling the whole story. He says it is berry good.—*Boston Transcript.*

Reminiscences of Randolph, of Roanoke.

John Randolph died at his country seat, called Roanoke, situated in the valley of the River Dan, and near the now prosperous city of Danville, Va. Mrs. Sarah H. Kenerer resides in Danville, Pa. "I had, for years," said the lady, "a palpitation of the heart and severe pains in the back. I am now well, and Mishler's Herb Bitters cured me." Thousands have given the same unsolicited testimony. There is no remedy on earth like this medicine for diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Urinal organs, Constipation, Impure blood, Headache and General Debility.

IT is very proper for a woman who has a bonnet trimmed with bugles to keep it in a band-box.—*Boston Transcript.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

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WHEN a fellow takes a freight train what becomes of the other passengers?—*Philadelphia Item.*

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AN extraordinary thing in ladies' bonnets—an unpowdered face.—*Chicago Chuck.*

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MARKSMEN laugh at their own volley.—*Dayville Sunbeam.*

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MANY a dry time in business is helped out by a heavy due.

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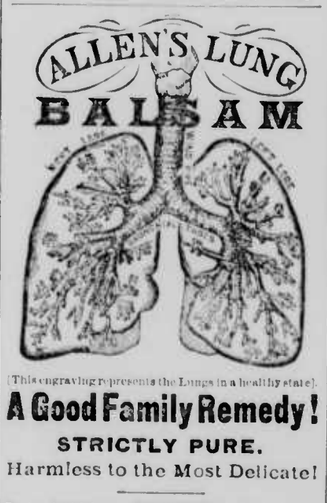

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state)

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WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of MATHIAS FREEMAN, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The LUNG BALSAM cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

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[From the Boston *Globe.*]

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The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

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ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

KIDNEY TROUBLES, LIVER COMPLAINT, Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S., since 1858, and in Germany for over 200 years. For the complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are unequaled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proved a blessing to millions of distressed humanity. Compounded with as much care as any extract. *Tried best.*

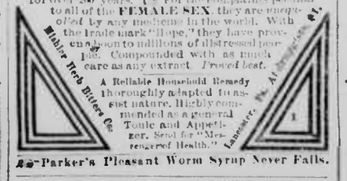

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For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

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"We are in the hands of God, and unless He relents we are lost."

The pathetic words were written by the heroic commander of the Jeannette expedition a few days before his death in the wintery solitudes of Artic Siberia.

The writer was a religious man. The entries in his last journal, which laid near his dead body, prove this. Again and again he speaks of reading prayers. Thus, on the very day he wrote the sentence we have quoted, we find this also: "Missed Lee. Went down in a hole on the bank and camped. Sent back for Lee. He had lain down to die. All united in saying the Lord's prayer and creed. After supper, strong gale of wind. Horrible night."

But the forces of nature were relentless. The fast-falling hand of explorers sought help in prayers as instinctively as children turn to their father for aid in trouble. There is no kind answer. The white earth, the cold sky, the icy wind seemed to ask in the mocking words of the English poet:

"Shall gravitation cease when you go by?"

Nature's laws know nothing of march to man, and, while the power to change their operation is involved in the very idea of God, people are every day less and less disposed to believe that the power is exercised.

"The greatest cosmic forces," said John Stuart Mill, in one of his most impressive essays, "go straight to the end without regarding what or whom they crush on the road."

Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, ingests them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them with the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabias or a Domitian never surpassed.

This view is terrible, but it is true Religion should recognize the fact, and not uniformly teach the existence of a benignity in nature which is not confirmed by experience.—*New York Sun.*

Happy Frenchmen in Debt.

The sang froid with which the French Minister of Finance, M. Tirard, announces his intention to increase the floating debt of the republic $40,000,000 to $60,000,000 for extraordinary public works is only exceeded by the indifference with which the French people receive the announcement. They already have a debt of $4,218,000,000, which is greater than that of any other nation on the globe. That of the United States is now but $1,658,926,171, or a little more than one-third that of France, although our population and wealth are vastly greater than hers. The interest and sinking fund demand of the French debt is $241,400,000 a year, and the total cost of government is $17 per capita for the entire population. The French people are proverbially cheerful and individually economical, and it is strange that they can regard the extravagance of their government with so little concern. Unless a check is put upon the lavish expenditures from their public purse, a crash will come which will disturb their dreams of perpetuating republican prosperity.

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This elegant preparation is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

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GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year last, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1287 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folios 61, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 190 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney named in said Mortgage.

12 t

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. L. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Thos. I. Rogers and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
SILAS F. CUPPETT.

1075

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Richard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JEHU PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
ABE McGEE.

1075

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 28th day of Oct., 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in District No. 2, Jarrett county, adjacent to the lands of Gabriel Friend, Isaac T. Frazee and George H. Frantz, and known as the

"Tobias Hoff Mill Property,"

containing one acre more or less, it being part of the land which was conveyed to Jacob Nicola, by Gilmore S. Hamill, trustee, by deed bearing date July 19th, 1875, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 571, &c., on the said land is located a good saw mill, and is also improved by other valuable buildings. The said property is assessed in the names of Nicola and Umbel, on the assessment books of Garrett county. The above described property has been seized and taken in execution by me and will be sold to satisfy state and county taxes for the years 1878 and 1879, with interest thereon and costs of this sale of said land.

JASPER GUARD,
Collector.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, Attorneys. 8 30

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, 81, Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emptions and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; examination of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to rejected cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms
OF
New York City,
A LINE OF
DRY GOODS!
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6 cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6½, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashmers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts. per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 700 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 15, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c. per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old logy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,
Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,
OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

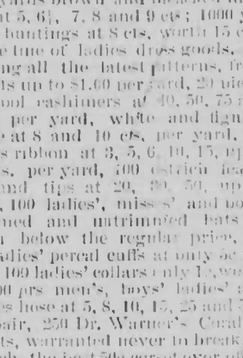

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For style, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Enlettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid when the work is delivered.

In giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figures.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
12 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Duffutts Store. v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will sell at public auction

At Mountain Lake Park Station,
B. & O. R. R.

On Monday, October 30th,

A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, to-wit:

75,000 superior bricks
15 squares corrugated iron.
21,000 feet of moulding of various patterns.
2500 feet casings (chestnut.)
1,000 feet base boards (chestnut.)
25 kegs nails.
6,500 feet double surfaced chestnut lumber.
600 feet undressed chestnut.
2,300 feet single surfaced pine.
9,000 feet white oak flooring.
6,700 feet poplar.
7,000 feet double surfaced 6-4 poplar.
1,000 oak pailings.
7 pairs shutters.
7,000 feet joist and studding.
1 cooking stove.
1 frost killer.

Windows, transoms, doors, ventilators, grates and fronts, cement, drill press, tinners tools, wheelbarrow, shovels, hoes, spades, &c., &c.

And many other articles.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS—All sums of $30 and under cash, over that amount a credit of SIXTY days will be given, the purchaser to give his single bill with security to be approved by the undersigned.

T. J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

FARMERS

Invited of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

And also for the purpose of determining for or against the County of Garrett issuing "School Bonds," as provided for by Act of Assembly, passed January Session, 1882, Chapter 209.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M., and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the elect on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others, is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and also to locate the same and perform the duties in it appertaining.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFADDEN,
GEORGE S. LEE,
8 30 3 Examiners.

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 127 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the best frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against putting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, containing the land of Lewis Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The permit for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1882, ch. 230, as for felonies by stealing goods, chattels to the value of one tree or trees cut down.

THOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON

CLEVELAND & CARSON,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE
The New Glades House.

This valuable property situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, a cemented basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 98 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 906 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 29 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank B. Nethkin, Wm. Schoolcy, Joseph Stoker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodes, heirs and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

at short notice.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

may 1 1yr

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John L. Bruzzey and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads and to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

ANDREW SWAN,
WM. H. BELL,
NATHAN HOLT,
Examiners.

8 23 3

Farm for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his farm of about four acres, on the Oakland and West Union road. The land is in a high state of cultivation and in a good state of repair. The house and out buildings are new. The house is a nice frame barn to be 40 by 60 feet, with basement, also a fine orchard. Title perfect. Price low and terms easy. For further particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 25 tf D. J. SEABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 6

BEST Inventions now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. All of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us than can be made at anything else in this country. We want one person in each town to act as our agent and attend to our business at their own homes. The whole of the time or spare moments only. A few vacancies still remain in cities. Business will pay from 50 cts. to $2 per hour, and proportionately large sums by devoting your whole time to it. Many are making fortunes at the business. You can do it as well as others. No one who engages fails to make great pay. You can devote your evenings to the business without neglecting anything else. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay, write for particulars to us, and see for yourself. Costly outfit and terms free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

GILT Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become rich, while those who do not, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The profits are so large that even those who only devote their spare time to the business make nearly as much as those who give their whole time. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, call at once and see for yourself. It costs you nothing to try. Those who are employed at once are started in a business that will pay from ten to twenty times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It is entirely new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. No one can fail who is willing to work. Don't be discouraged because others are doing well. Send your address and find out for yourself. It is easy to make money by our industrious, persevering workers. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

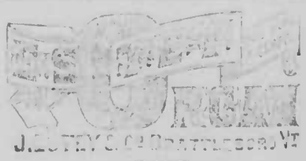

THE
ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted, and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON.

12 3 '81

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882. NUMBER 36.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved credit. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

7 22 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures on immense stock of clothing for all sizes and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & Co. PATENTS NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

For Sick Stomach, bad taste, shaking nerves and nervousness, and all Nervous Prostration, use PERUNA.

"For Want of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, take PERUNA; it never fails."

"For Cramp of the Stomach or Colic, PERUNA in large doses is infallible."

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"For Sick Headache, pain in the head, dizziness and low spirits, take PERUNA."

Peruna Library our book on the "Diseases of Life;" tells how to retain health and be happy. Ladies, if you wish strength, health and beauty, secure sweet breath, cherry lips and rose cheeks, use PERUNA. Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, take PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for our pamphlet on "Household Words." If he does not keep it, send to us. PERUNA, or Peruna Tonic, for constipation, Liver, Kidneys, take PERUNA.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

PUBLIC SALE!

—OF THE—

JOHN BARNES' FARM!

And Stock, Farming Utensils and other Personal Property, In Garrett county, two miles from Barton, Md.

The undersigned will offer at public sale,

On Wednesday, the 8th of November, 1882,

At 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, in Garrett county, Md., 2 miles from Barton, all that Valuable Farm called "HAMPSTEAD" situated in Garrett county, two miles northwest of Barton, Md., containing about 250 acres of land.

Also 25 head of cattle; 3 horses; 50 tons hay; a lot of Corn; Oats; Buckwheat and Potatoes; 10 stands of Bees; 3 mowing machines; 2 horse Rakes; 1 wagons, 1 Buggy, a lot of plows, Harrows and other agricultural implements, a set of blacksmith tools, and a quantity of other personal property.

TERMS OF SALE will be liberal and made known on the day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. The Farm will be sold first, after which the personal property will be disposed of.

JOHN BARNES.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

NARROWLY ESCAPED.

"Yes, I am not generally mistaken, and from all that I have seen I don't think I am this time. Take my word for it, their engagement will be very soon announced."

Mrs. Carton spoke composedly, nodding her head as she did so. Her hostess looked at her in surprise, and her hostess' daughter, Amy Featherstone, lost from her face all semblance of attention to the conversation of young Mr. Carton.

"You think so, Mrs. Carton?" interrogatively, from Mrs. Featherstone.

"I certainly do. Laura Gordon is a beauty, and very captivating; Dr. Ferrers is a rising man. The match would please her family. Then there is the power of propinquity, you know," affirmed Mrs. Carton, as she arose. "Come, Bruce, if you are done saying pretty things, we will go."

Bruce Carton's complimentary remarks were certainly at an end, it was so evident that the girl was lost in her own thoughts. He rose, casting a half reproachful last glance at the fair, downcast countenance, and in a moment Mrs. Featherstone's callers, mother and son, had taken their departure.

In spite of herself, Amy looked pitifully at her mother.

"I do not believe it, dear," said Mrs. Featherstone.

With a throb of gratitude toward her mother, Amy's heart yet ached, as tho' a sword had been thrust through it. She stood at the window a moment, but she turned away at last, and went up to her own room.

She flung herself face downwards across the bed, and lay shivering and thinking bitterly enough in the cold chamber. Though her mother had the utmost confidence of this pure young girl's heart, she wanted to be alone awhile with he meditations.

All the long, pleasant autumn Charles Ferrers had frequented Mossmere, as the picturesque old house was called; and for weeks Amy had enjoyed the sunshine of his society, sweet and unconscious as a flower.

But one day her father had said, with a half-laugh:

"Child, do you imagine your handsome young doctor comes to see me or your mother? No; he comes to see you."

Amy's blue eyes grew wide with surprise.

"Mother!" she said appalingly, the rosy color mounting to her temples.

"Certainly, my dear; you are sixteen years old, good and pretty. Why not?" responded Mrs. Featherstone, quietly.

The color faded slowly from the soft cheeks. Amy grew thoughtful; from that moment she was no longer a child. And all that winter the visits of Dr. Ferrers at Mossmere continued. It was a delightful home, and Amy, so widely different from the girls of the period whom he was constantly was in the habit of meeting, had a decided charm for him. She was his secret ideal of what a girl ought to be; and yet there was Laura Gordon and the influence of Elmcroft, the most magnificent estate in the country.

It was often frequented — yes, thronged—by the wealthiest, the gayest, the most fashionable people. He saw them constantly, daily lived in this artificial atmosphere. He felt sometimes that only the grave responsibility of his calling and the influence of the sweet girl at Mossmere kept him from becoming as light a butterfly as the rest.

And part of the luxury of Elmcroft was Laura Gordon. No pictured creature was ever so bewilderingly fair—an houri, with nothing to employ her idle white fingers but the counting of the rose-tinted pearls that formed her favorite necklace.

And for Dr. Ferrers all her smiles were honestly sweet. His voice, manners, and beautiful physique pleased her fancy, and she knew that he was considered talented.

As Mrs. Carton had said, "the match would be agreeable to the family." And vaguely he felt it.

Mrs. Featherstone saw, with concern, that Amy loved, was drooping, and impulsively combatted the idea that Mr. Ferrers loved another. She had studied the young man—believed that he appreciated her daughter; and if this were true, how could he marry Laura Gordon, with her selfishness, beautiful as she was?

"Propinquity!" she murmured. "That is an argument against it. He must, thown so much in her society, learn her selfishness, her insincerity, her heartlessness."

But for Amy there was no such hopeful consolation. She had great self-respect, but little self-esteem, and with deep appreciation of beauty, caused by an artistic temperament, her cause, so modest in its claims, seemed quite lost.

"Of course he will forget me for her!" she mused.

Mrs. Carton was own aunt to Dr. Ferrers. Her house was a large one, on the outskirts of Highbridge, and just at this time she gave a large, general party, inviting the Gordons, her nephew, the Featherstones, and many others.

"I do not care to go, mother," said Amy, dejectedly.

Poor child! The world seemed so very hollow, and she was so young, that her powers of endurance undeveloped. But she yielded to her mother's wishes, and when the pale brown silken hair, with its tinge of gold, was laoved in great braids, and fastened from the white temples and rosate cheeks by sprays of lace-like green, that trailed from the graceful coiffeur to the hem of the rustling, moonlit, silken robe, no fairy was ever statlier or lovlier. Amy saw her beautiy with a start of surprise.

"Mother, am I really so pretty?" she asked, looking with innocent eyes of frank delight into her mother's pleased and tender face.

"My darling, you are beautiful and good as you are fair."

And so with her secret grief half consoled by these words of love, Amy went to the party.

There were many strangers present, and among them a little, wrinkled, old lady, with a plain cap and black alpaca dress, loking strangely out of place in her corner, though evidently much entertained by the novel sight of the gay company. Her dress was extremely neat, and suited to her years, if not to the occasion.

And Amy and her mother, after a simple glance and mutual thought to this effect, were passing by, when their attention was attracted by a half-subdued sound, very like a schoolgirl giggle, and turning, beheld a merry group surrounding Miss Gordon, whose eyes were directed toward the corner where sat the little old lady in alpaca, and by the smiles curling the lips of those around her, the remarks falling from her ruby lips were evidently very amusing.

The surging crowd of promenaders pressed Amy and her mother a little closer to this group.

"Oh, I know!" Amy heard Laura say; "its one of the extinct species Professor Dabney was telling us of last Winter. How interesting! and how very kind of Mrs. Carton to provide for the entertainment of her serious minded friends!"

The air of mock gravity and the graceful contortion were indescribable, and half-a-dozen lace handkerchiefs went up to rosy lips that must not laugh too loudly.

I will do this group the justice to say that they were the very youngest of Mrs. Carton's guests, and had recently been Laura's school friends. It was but a year and a-half since the young lady had left the academy.

But Amy's cheek burned. She met Laura's beautiful eyes indignantly, and, as her mother, not overhearing the objectionable remarks, serenely joined a group of matrons, she slipped her hand from her arm and stepped back into the old lady's corner.

"May I sit here a moment?" she asked, with a sweet, apologetic smile. "I am a little tired."

"Yes, dear; certainly, certainly," replied the old lady, gathering her alpaca skirts to make room for Amy's fair drapery on the little sofa; and then she looked, with evident pleasure, more closely at the sweet countenance.

"You don't look tired," she said, at last. "You look as fresh as a May morning. It is very nice to be young, though the old have their pleasures. Of course, nobody notices an old lady like me in this corner, but I am really enjoying myself. I live so quietly in my house in the country that the company, the dancing, and the music are very entertaining to me. Mrs. Carton is my sister. I arrived unexpectedly to-night, intending to give her and my son a surprise. I was not prepared for attending a party, but I—I thought I would slip in quietly for a little while and not make any trouble. I presume no one has seen me but you, my dear."

There was something very sweet in this simple and unconscious old lady's manner. Amy replied with a smile, and continued the conversation, hoping to so to divert her companion that she might not discover Laura's eyeglass, and the merry faces of her friends. Suddenly, to her surprise, she saw Dr. Ferrers, his flashing eyes fixed sternly upon the merry-making group. Suddenly advancing upon the haughty Laura:

"Will you allow me?" he said; and taking her hand upon his arm, led her before the little, old stranger.

"Miss Gordon, allow me to present you to my mother," he said; and then, not giving the gentle old lady time to rise, he swept the young lady to a seat and took a ceremonious leave of her.

In a moment he had come back to the sofa in the corner, and his brow cleared.

"So you and Miss Featherstone are getting acquainted, mother?" he said gladly. "I hope," he added, bending closer, "that you will come to love each other as I love you both."

Out of the long evening at Mrs. Carton's party those were the only words that Amy distinctly remembered; but they rung, sweetest music, in her ears all night.

And when morning came, Doctor Ferrers, driving out, with his dear, little, old mother, in the presence of her mother, who also "loved them both," offered to Amy his heart, hand, and fortune, and apparently not without fear and trembling, awaited his answer.

It was a momentous occasion. I can only say that it ended happily for all parties.

"Mrs. Carton thought you would marry Laura Gordon, Charles," said Mrs. Featherstane, after the wedding.

Doctor Ferrers looked thoughtly. He did not just then confess that he had narrowly escaped making such a mistake.

Tempting Providence.

Some of the older Democrats who have so many times during the past twenty years seen their party on the very verge of a great success only to be disappointed at last and have all their high hopes dashed, are becoming superstitious about their luck. They are beginning to think that the stars in their courses fight against them as they did against Sisera. Providence, that seems sometimes to smile on them for a moment, presently turns upon them a frowning face; their dawn clouds over in darkness; their tidal wave subsides into a ripple that hardly reaches the shore, much less shakes the land. It was Providence, they said, that stopped their progress when in 1876-'80 they seemed to be making a triumphal march toward power. They would not confess that their own misdoing had anything to do with it, or that the wise Republican administration which brought resumption about, established the National credit and set the country forward on a career of unexampled prosperity was the cause. They noisily protested that the credit for "good times" belonged not to the Republican party but to Providence: that the prosperity of the country was due simply to the crops and not to Republican administration.

And although they did not venture openly to upbraid Providence for ordering good crops at a time when Republicans would reap the advantage of them, they let it distinctly be understood that in their judgment Providence would have managed matters much more wisely if it had postponed the good crops until after the Democrats had come into power. On that account, and because Providence has seemed to have an habitual leaning toward the Republicans, many Democrats have gone into chronic distrust of it. One of this sort experienced a momentary, elation the other day at reading in his newspaper the "glorious news" from Ohio and the editor's prognostications therefrom of an overwhelming Democratic victory at the Presidential election. The old gentleman was beginning to feel quite encouraged at the prospect, when upon turning over the paper he read that an eminent astronomer had expressed the belief that the comet now visible would fall into the sun and cause the destruction of the world in 1883. "Yes," grunted the old gentleman as he threw down the paper in disgust, "that's just what I supposed would happen. Can't beat us this time with the crops, and so they're going to mash us with a comet."

It isn't certain that the comet will destroy the world, but it is reasonably certain that Providence does not favor Democratic ascendancy, and it will be wise not to tempt it in that way.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Disappointed Candidate.

The candidate who got left at the County Convention can be told by the way he grasps your hand, braces himself against his gurgling emotion, and whisperingly inquires:

"Did you ever hear of a case like it?"

You never did. You tell him that you never did, and he pulls you into a doorway and continues:

"I'm done with politics forever!"

"No!"

"Yes, I am, and with the party, too!"

"You don't say!"

"Oh, but I am. This thing has satisfied me that there is no such thing as honesty in politics, and that a politician has no more word than a dog. I was sold out."

"Possible!"

"Sold out and lied out! They used mopey to beat me. They lied about me. They played hypocrite and knave. Here I have served the party for nineteen long years and never asked for an office, and the minute I decide to accept the nomination for a little fifteen cent position they go to work and beat me in convention with a wooden-head who doesn't know enough to mark a barrel of pork. Corruption, sir — corrup-shun—and the whole ticket will be defeated on account of it."

And the best of it is he takes you for a man who isn't posted. He doesn't believe you have the slightest idea that he packed three or four caucuses, bought a dozen delegates, told three lies to the other man's one, and was beaten because his delegates sold out. He takes you for an innocent, and he grasps your hand again at parting and chokingly says:

"Corruption—vile corruption! Most bare-faced fraud in American politics! Can't train with a party upheld by the practice of such principles—can't possibly do it."—*Free Press.*

What Then?

Judge Alvey, since 1876, has refused to take any part in the selection of school commissioners, upon the ground that the law imposing that duty upon him is unconstitutional.

The law "imposes the duty upon the judges of the several Circuit Courts of the State to appoint the county school commissioners in their respective counties."

That law has never been declared unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals—the only Court qualified to decide upon the validity of an act of the Legislature.

Judge Alvey, as member of the Court of Appeals, ex-officio declares the law unconstitutional and positively refuses to obey it.

Suppose Gen. Syester is elected with Judge Alvey, and, believing as Judge Alvey does, refuses to obey the law of our State. What then?

The law imposes the duty upon the *judges*. Could one judge legally act, independent of the others? And if he did, would his acts be legal? And if he could not, or would not act, what would become of our school system? There would be no school commissioners; there could be no school trustees; there would be no examiner; there could be no teachers selected; the whole machinery of our public schools would be suspended and our school houses closed and the children (those too poor to send to colleges and cademies) would be sent adrif to grow up in ignorance, and exposed to all kinds of vice.

Do you see how much depends upon the selection of Judges?—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Gentlemen assail the bondholders of the country as the rich men who oppress the poor. Do they know how vast an amount of the public securities are held by poor people? I took occasion a few years since to ask the officers of a bank in one of the counties of my district—a rural district—to show me the number of holders and amounts held of United States bonds on which they collected the interest. The total amount was $416,000. And how many people held them? One hundred and ninety-six. Of these just eight men held from $15,000 to $20,000 each; the other 188 ranged from $50 up to $500. I found in that list fifteen orphan children and sixty widows, who had a little left them from their estates and had made the Nation their guardian. And I found 121 laborers, mechanics, ministers, men of slender means, who had saved their earnings and put them in the hands of the United States that they might be safe. And they were the "bloated bondholders" against whom so much eloquence is fulminated in this House. —*James A. Garfield, in House of Representatives.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SOME TIME.

"Some time," the blue-eyed maden cried,
"Some time I'll be a rich man's bride;
I'll have his gold when he is old,
And grandly in a couch I'll ride."

"Some time," the brown-eyed maiden cried,
And blushing, turned her face aside,
"(God grant it me!) I'll married be,
To him whom Heaven shall provide."

The blue-eyed maiden had her way;
She married one both rich and gay,
And when he died she took his pride,
But that is all she took—they say.

A handsome lover came one day
And bore the brown-eyed maid away.
He was her life, and she his wife.
What more is there to ask, or say?

—*Outing.*

LETITIA'S LONG DAY.

"It will be such a very long day, auntie."

"That depends altogether on yourself, Letty."

"I am perfectly certain that it must inevitably be the very longest day in all my life."

"Well, well, you know best. At any rate you are provided with books, flowers, a piano and a new frock—all that young ladyhood most ardently desires, I suppose. And you needn't see anything of Tom."

"How can I help it?"

"Go into the garden when he is in the house; go into the house when he is the garden. Shut the door of the drawing room in his face (he is not likely to trespass in your domain, though); have your luncheon sent in to you on a tray if you require absolute seclusion. I can think of nothing more at this moment."

"O, dear, it will be such a long, long day, auntie."

"So you said before. Well, I am truly sorry. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' you know. Good-by, child."

My aunt thereupon folded me in a voluminous embrace, and mounted up into the fly, a musty and antique vehicle which had been hired from the neighboring town to convey her and her dozen packages to the station. My aunt, a loaden lady of mature years and energetic habits, was going to spend the day with another maiden lady of mature years, her sister, who lived at E——, preferring the gay vortex of a cathedral town to the simple pleasures of the country.

"Where's the basket of cowslips, Letty, and the bacon? And, oh, the cream?"

"It's all right, auntie; cream and bacon and all. But, dear me, dear me, how I wish the day was over!"

"Never wish that, you foolish girl; it's positively wicked. And you might change your mind, after all, before evening."

"O! no, indeed."

"Well, good-by again; good-by."

The driver clicked his whip, the old horse started, the fly gave sundry creaks and lurches, my aunt waved her handkerchief, and I was left standing lonely on the doorstep, while the departing vehicle meandered slowly between the trees, and was presently lost to sight.

Then I turned to go indoors, revolving in my thoughts how I could best avoid Tom. But ere I could solve the difficult problem a loud, rough voice called out from the shrubbery:

"Hallo, Cousin Lettice; why I'm just a minute too late, ain't I! She's off, ain't she?"

"Aunt Mab has just gone," I replied, with chilly dignity. Tom in his brief speech had already offended me twice. I did not like to be called Lettice; I could not endure the word "ain't."

However, he emerged from the shrubbery as unconcerned and cheerful as usual, and came up to where I stood. He was dressed in white flannel from head to foot, and was lazily swinging his long arms to and fro.

"I say, Cousin Lettice, come and play tennis."

"Thank you, Tom; I am busy, and would you please kindly remember to call me Letitia?"

"Certainly, certainly.

"My dearest love, I could not wish her
A name more charming than Letitia."

"Or shall I call you Tishy!
Little Miss Tishy,
Her coaduct was fishy."

"Tom!"

"Yes, Letitia."

"I am going in and—and—I shall be extremely busy all day."

"O, indeed! Well, so shall I; too busy to talk to you, Miss Tishy. I know how to take a hint as well as anybody, believe me."

So saying, and with a very red face, Tom strode away, whistling "La di-da" as he went.

What a humpkin he was, to be sure, and what aggressively and irritatingly vulgar manners some unkind fairy godmother had bestowed on him! It was all very well that he pretended to study Latin and Greek while he spent the summer with Aunt Mab; he was far more likely to take a double first-class in boating or cricket or become a senior wrangler with a fishing rod, than to excel in any purely mental struggle. As for myself, I was a young Londoner on a fortnight's visit to Aunt Mab, and a garden party at Fulham or Chiswick (with plenty of strawberries and cream, a couple of laburnum trees—and the Hungarian band) realized my notion of the country far more than his silent nook in the wilds of Devonshire, in which, however, I had already spent ten idle days, wandering about with my aunt, making uneatable cheeses under the supercilious direction of the dairymaid, and perpetually squabbling with Cousin Tom.

Tom had walked away now, whistling and aggrieved, and I went indoors and opened the piano, and practiced a nocturne by Chopin. I could hear Tom in his study, stamping up and down, and banging the door of his bookcase. Then all was still, and I knew he had settled down to read; but I practiced diligently, for I reflected that music might annoy him and interfere with his meditations on Horace or Euripides.

I distinctly hated Tom; I must have done so, for I often longed to do him an injury. It only irritated me to see that Aunt Mab liked him, and that the vicar, the housekeeper, the dogs and cats, and all the dirty little village children loved and idolized him. But of course, in a sleepy be lighted village there is nobody for anybody else to like, and the one young man in the place must needs go spoiled and overhearing.

An hour had passed, and my fingers grew tired, and my head heavy. Had Tom been any one but Tom, I should have almost regretted my refusal of his offer of lawn tennis. Lawn tennis! the very word was refreshing, and suggested pleasant pastime and good fellowship. I left the piano and turned to the open window; the garden was cool and green, the room was close and decidedly dreary. Finally, I sallied forth, my complexion protected by the shady hat and gauze veil that Londoners deem necessary for rural life, and carrying in a basket the latest invention of yellow-brown art needlework, intending to spend a pleasant hour in the shade.

But I had not gone a dozen yards before I came upon Tom, partly asleep, his legs and arms stretched over half a dozen chairs, two Latin books and a big dictionary lying on the gravel path, and the last number of *Punch* spread open on his knee.

"O, dear, I am afraid I have disturbed you," said I.

"Not in the least," answered Tom, benignantly.

"I thought you were in your study."

"So I was, but the infernal noise of your piano——"

"I forgot you are not fond of music."

"On the contrary, I love music. It was music that drove me out of the house, and caused me to find this deliciously calm retreat. Have a chair?"

"No, thank you; I am going in."

"What, when you have only just come out! How restless you are! You had better sit down."

"Why should I?"

"It is your duty to entertain me."

"My dy, indeed!"

"Did not Aunt Mab bid you do so? No? Well, anyhow, she told me to entertain you, Cousin Lettice."

"She told you?"

"Certainly. 'Tom, my dear boy' (Aunt Mab always calls me dear boy)—'Tom, my dear boy, you are bucolic, and Lettice isn't anything of the sort. She must tame you.'"

"Aunt Mab never spoke like that."

"She did—to that effect, at least. And she added: 'Tom, dear old man, it's your manifest duty to be tamed.'"

"O, Cousin Tom!"

"O, Cousin Lettice (Letitia, I mean), I do so want to be tamed!"

But Tom, as he made this apparently humble speech, looked up with so defiant and impertinent an expression on his countenance that I turned angrily from him and walked quickly and in silence across the lawn toward the house. As I went I heard a peal of derisive laughter, and I knew that Tom was mocking me. O, how I hated Tom!

I meditated on revenge, however, and, when the luncheon hour approached I determined to follow out my aunt's suggestion, and therefore I gave orders that I should be served on a tray in the drawing room. Five minutes after I had given the order there came a knock at the door, and Tom walked in.

"You are ill," he said, abruptly.

"Not at all."

"What is the matter, then?"

"May I not wish to be alone?"

"O, certainly."

As red as fire, Tom retraced his steps, but, equally suddenly, he changed his intention, and recrossed the room rapidly to where I sat.

"This is all nonsense, Letty. You are really ill."

"I am not ill."

"Either you are ill or you must be able to walk into the dining room. I shall send for a doctor at once."

"You will do no such thing, Tom; I will not have it."

"I shall do what I think necessary. In my aunt's absence I am the only responsible person in the house."

"You are not my keeper."

"I am so long as you require one, and when there is no better person to watch over you. Come, Letty, don't be silly. Let me feel your pulse."

"I will not. I am very well, I assure you."

"Then you have been humbugging."

"I don't know what you call 'humbugging.'"

"Letty! Letty! but these are London manners, I suppose, or what people used to call the vapors."

"In the time of Queen Elizabeth!"

"No; later than Elizabeth. Now, come to luach."

"I will not."

"You will not! Why, you can say nothing else, and you are half crying! These are hysterical symptoms. I must certainly send for a doctor."

Tom sat down at the table, squared his elbows and proceeded to indite in a large, bold hand the words, "My Dear Sir."

He wrote no more; unable to contain my rage and indignation, I seized the sheet of note paper on which he had begun to write, and, crumpling it up in my trembling hands, I threw it violently in his face.

He rose up quickly and stared at me.

"The dickens!" he began, and then with sudden coldness: "I think you are quite right not to come into the dining room, Cousin Lettice," he said, and thereupon he stalked out and banged the door.

I burst into a passion of tears. Anger, shame and humiliation were swelling my heart. Suddenly I dried my tears. Had not Tom, so to speak, forbidden my presence in the dining room? Without pausing, even to smooth my disordered hair, I rushed into the room where luncheon had been served and where the substantial repast still graced the table, though Tom's folded napkin and unused knife and fork bore evidence to the fact that he had not yet eaten. Nor did he apparently intend to do so, for through the open window came the sound of a strident voice that said:

"Put Jerry in the dogcart directly, Wilkins; I am going to drive into Eddiscombe."

I had rather died than have owned to it, and yet I *felt* myself vanquished. Tom was a rough countryman and I was a civilized London girl. He was, of course, unused to the ways and wiles of women, while at balls and kettledrums I had boasted many a conquest. Somehow, however, I could not manage Tom; I could not even prevent his managing me. Furthermore, a sense of depression actually came over me at the thought of his going out for the afternoon; surely, in Aunt Mab's absence, it was his bounden duty to be my squire—nay, my slave.

I ate my luncheon, however, as I was very hungry, and I sat on, feeling cross and lonely, moodily sipping my aunt's home made ginger beer with the melancholy reflection that it was not more flat than all the world besides to me, this long, long day, of all my days the flattest.

Suddenly the door burst open.

"Down, Sambo; down, down, Chloe," quoth my cousin to the big dogs that accompanied him, barking vociferously, and jumping on him with delight.

"I say, Letty (Letitia, I mean), I've ordered the old trap round. I'm going to drive you to Eddiscombe."

"You are!"

"I'm sorry, you know," began Tom, in a bungling sort of way, "that I—I—I lost my temper, but I couldn't help it."

"You were extremely rude," I answered, with dignity.

"And you—what were you?" asked Tom, with a laugh. You'd better accept my apology with grace, Letty, before my humility dies out altogether. It's safe not to last long. Go and put on your hat and tippet."

"My what?"

"Your bonnet and cloak, if you like that better. Of course, Tishy, I know that it is simply idiotic for a man to lose his temper with a woman."

"That is true."

"A woman may do what she likes. It is all silly childishness, like the scratching of a kitten or the anger of a young canary. A man shouldn't mind, if he is anything of a fellow, and, of course, he doesn't mind really."

"My dear Tom," I asked with some sarcasm, "why do you seek my society if I am so silly?"

"Why do you seek mine?" retorted Tom, quickly. "Why did you come into the dining room, Miss Letty?"

"I—I didn't seek——"

"O, yes, you did. Well, you are a dreary, lonely child, and—don't contradict, Tishy—and I pity you and want to cheer you up. Besides, you are not bad-looking, though you are my cousin. There's soft sawder for you! Why, you have been taught in books, Letitia, that woman's beauty is the mainspring of men's great deeds. What a poor little weak hand it is!" added Tom incoherently, taking my feeble member into his large bronzed palm.

"I don't want it kissed, though," said I, angrily snatching it away just in time to avert the catastrophe. "How dare you, Tom!"

"I dare do all that may become a man," replied Tom, grandiloquently. "Do go and dress, Letty. Better a drive with a cousin and the bitter herb of tobacco than a dull afternoon and only the stalled ox of cold beef to comfort you."

"Who's silly now? But you have eaten no cold beef yourself."

"I stuffed myself with a late breakfast. Besides, you are like a saintly vision—I see you better when I am fasting. Down, Sambo, down, sir. Now sit up and beg; of course you must put on your best manners, like your master, for the sake of this fine lady from London!"

My aunt's dogcart was a vehicle in which she would never trust herself, and which was, therefore, kept solely for the use of Tom. As for Jerry, she was a good, quiet beast. Her name was originally Egeria, but the stable boy had contracted and vulgarized this appellation, much as the Aryan races have amalgamated the noble Sanskrit roots into their divers modern tongues.

Jerry trotted on affably, and my cousin, as we passed between the high hedges that wore the green mantle of spring, discoursed with erudition of the neighborhood.

"So you see, Lettice," said Tom, for the fifth or sixth time, "that when the old 'Squire died he had got all his property comfortably packed into a ring fence, and when his first wife's step-daughter succeeded to her great-aunt, who, as I told you, was the 'Squire's second cousin, once removed—why, Letitia, I do believe you are nearly asleep; you were actually nodding."

"You are so—so entertaining, Tom. How pretty the wild violets are."

"Dog violets, you mean."

"I don't choose to call them so."

"As you please. A violet or a lettuce by any other name—— Letty, I want to ask you one thing."

"Well!"

"Why are you so contradictious and quarrelsome!"

"I never was called quarrelsome before, Tom. I never am quarrelsome, except, perhaps——"

"When you are with me. I understand. Well, I have a fellow feeling. You ruh me up uncommonly."

"And you annoy me constantly.

"I get angry with you perpetually."

"I dislike you positively. Really, dear Tom, you don't mind my speaking the truth?"

"Not in the least; it relieves my mind. Do you know, I have often felt quite alarmed at the strength of my aversion for you."

"It cannot exceed mine for you."

"Well," said Tom, with a half sigh, "this is the first subject we have ever agreed upon. Let us be satisfied, Tishy, to think that we can agree in something."

Strangely enough, however, no woman wishes to be disliked, even by the object of her own detestation.

"I wonder why you dislike me, Tom?" I asked, after a pause. It was foolish of me to ask, for of course Tom would answer in his usual bantering way. But no, he spoke slowly and almost softly:

"I don't know, Tishy. It is owing to some intricate law of moral repulsion, I suppose—a sort of mental antipathy, the absolute reverse of elective affinity, in fact—

'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.'

But why do you dislike me, Letitia?"

"O, because you are rough and rude, and bearish and obstinate, and generally vexatious and detestable," I answered with energy.

Tom laughed. His momentary softness had evidently departed. He pushed back from his brown forehead the woolen Tam o' Shanter that imprisoned his crisp, curly locks; he turned an amused glance toward me, and then hugged himself and laughed in the absurd, boisterous manner that was peculiarly his own, displaying two rows of strong white teeth, the most perfect, surely, in all the world.

"Here, hold the reins, cousin mine, and I will relieve you of my detestable company for a bit." He flung himself out of the dogcart as he spoke, and proceeded to walk up the steep hill. Tom was singularly active and lithe; also, he had a noble bearing. At the present time he was clad in the most disgracefully old and badly-made clothes it was possible to wear; his short rough coat was tagged and ill fitting, the sleeves and collar of his shirt were frayed at the edges, and yet there was an air, almost a majesty of grace about him that would have befitted a paladin of romance, and that was plainly visible despite his garb. As he rode on, his big sunburnt hand resting on the mare's shaggy mane, whistlings as he went for very lightheartedness and joy of life, I could not help wondering why I disliked Tom so much and whether, indeed, it were possible to reconcile a thorough hatred of our cousins with a certain curious pleasure in their society. I wished that I could put my meditations into words for Tom's benefit. Surely there was such a thing as progression by antagonism. What a pity, thought I, that women are so weak at definition and argument.

In the very midst of my metaphysical wonderings, Tom looked carelessly back over his shoulder, and my eyes met his.

He laughed, he absolutely laughed again, a contemptuous, mocking laugh that jarred upon my feelings. With a look of withering scorn I leaned back in my seat and devoted myself altogether to the contemplation of the scenery around us. It was very lovely; we were nearing Eddiscombe, a quaint little town embowered in trees, overlooking a narrow stretch of inland sea. The gray roofs shone in the sun, a thousand dancing lights gleamed in the rippling water; an orchard, full of rosy, blossoming trees, lay on our right hand; to the left, undulating green hills and slopes; while far beyond was the breezy moorland, and on the horizon some brown sails of fishing-boats came skimming along the narrow blue line that was the open sea.

"Pretty, ain't it?" asked Tom. "There's no place like England, no place like home, Lettice, after all."

"But if you have never traveled, Tom?"

"That's the very reason why," he replied, somewhat enigmatically, and, leaping lightly into the dogcart, "he gave the bridle reins a shake," and we set off at a swinging trot.

There are few things more delightful to my mind than passing quickly through the air, perched on the top of a high vehicle, the guidance of which is entrusted to a steady hand. It is charming to close the eyes and dream, secure and comfortably at ease, though the sense of swiftness almost catches the breath.

Some time had gone by thus peacefully when I said:

"How pleasant this is, Tom!"

But, even while I spoke there was a sudden strange sound as though something in the rickety harness had given way, and a black object swayed for a moment to and fro about the mare's neck, close to her ears. The animal was frightened, doubtless, for our speed increased tenfold, and the old dogcart lurched and swung from side to side.

"O, Tom, not so fast, not so fast!" I cried.

"Hush," said Tom, under his breath.

I stared at him, a vague dread chilling my heart. He was sitting bolt upright, nay, he was half standing. His lips, partly open, showed his tightly clenched teeth; his eyes were fixed, and he was frowning terribly. His strong hands held the reins in their powerful grasp, but the ribbons were strained, and seemed almost about to break asunder.

And then I knew that Jerry was running away, and that we were in danger.

I laid my hand upon the reins.

"O, Tom, let me help," I whispered. But Tom shook off my hand with no gentle movement.

"Good Heavens!" he said, fiercely, "let me alone, will you? Sit still—yes, you shall. Do as I tell you; do you hear?"

He glared at me for a moment; his blue eyes flashed like steel, and his face was quite white. I had never dreamed that Tom could look thus. I sat perfectly still, not altogether from obedience to Tom, of course, but from a wish to help him, as well as from the consciousness that it was best to do so. Faster and faster grew Jerry's speed; my head swam as the landscape seemed to fly past, and we dashed on, sometimes spinning recklessly along the road, sometimes jolting and lurching dangerously over stones and rough places.

Suddenly Tom turned to me.

"Letty, you will promise to remain still, whatever happens?" he murmured, hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; why?"

Tom gave no answer, but the next moment the dogcart swayed violently, the mare seemed about to climb the steep bank, and I was scarcely conscious of anything more, except an overwhelming surging sound in my ears.

Then directly after, as it appeared to me, I found myself unaccountably sitting on the soft grass, with Tom's arms around my neck, and Tom's frightened eyes staring into mine.

"O, Letty, you are a real angel!" said Tom incoherently.

I could not speak. I thought I was dreaming; I put my hand to my head. I was hardly aware of my own identity; it never occurred to me even to be angry at Tom's affectionate attitude. And yet it was all true; the dogcart and the mare had vanished, and I, weak and giddy, was sitting by the roadside, leaning against this meekest and contritest of cousins.

"O, Letty," said Tom, in a voice that was absolutely low and husky, "can you ever forgive me! O, Letty, my darling, I nearly killed you. When we were shot out of that beastly trap, and I picked you up, you had fainted, and I thought you were dead. But you are all right, ain't you? Say you are all right, Letty."

There were two big tears in Tom's kind eyes as he gazed anxiously at me. I was all right, so right, indeed, that I am convinced my strongest feeling at that particular moment was one of triumph that fate and I together had reduced Tom to such an abject condition. Possibly he discerned something of the kind in my tell-tale face, for he smiled and breathed a sigh of relief.

And then he blushed deep red through his brown skin.

"Letty, give me a kiss, just one kiss."

"Why? O, Tom, I can't, I can't."

"Yes, you can, just one; because you hate me," said Tom, illogically, and so, without awaiting my permission, he took me in his big, strong arms and held me. And a strange and sudden knowledge came to me that our hate was not hate after all, but only love in disguise. For, indeed, from time immemorial, mythical and historical, has not the foolish young god been prone to disguise? As we sat, hand in hand, gazing at each other, there was no need for speech, and Tom and I were both silently agreed that we had loved each other all our lives.

But at last he spoke:

"Letty, do you remember the first time I ever saw you?"

"Yes; it was at grandpapa's house at Twickenham. We were a party of children, playing together, and a horrid little boy wanted to put some earwigs down my back, and you would'nt let him."

"I gave him a jolly thrashing and made him eat one of his own earwigs. And the second time I saw you, Letty, you cried because I made you sit in a cherry tree and wouldn't allow you to come down until you had eaten the cherries I had picked for you."

"And my French governess cried also, and said you had a bad heart."

"So she did. Well, the third time we met you were grown up and wouldn't speak to me at all, so it was my turn to be in Coventry."

"And how about Jerry?" I asked, after a pause.

"She is in the sand pit probably. I tried to upset the trap to save us from worse destruction. I didn't know exactly what to do," added Tom, ingenuously. But the old mare disapproved of my plans, and spilt us, and went on her way rejoicing."

"O, Tom!"

"So now you must walk home, Letty. Or stay, let us go as far as that white farmhouse. It will do you good to rest a bit, anyhow."

We walked awhile, and then, at a turn in the road, we came upon Jerry, quietly grazing by the hedge, the broken reins hanging loosely about her neck, and the old dogcart, scarcely injured, still at her heels. She allowed Tom to go up to her and stroke her neck and examine her hocks and fetlocks with a learned hand, and lead her (for she was not in the least hurt) in the direction of the farm.

Then Tom, who was a master in such work, unharnessed Jerry and took her round to the stables, tended her and washed her, and mended the dogcart with sundry ropes and bits of wood, thereby earning the unbounded admiration and respect of a half a dozen loutish laborers, while I sat in the good wife's parlor drinking tea and endeavoring to ascertain the exact ages of her nine children.

It was late afternoon, almost evening, when Tom and I set out on our homeward drive. The aspect of the landscape had altogether changed. The sun, though not yet set, was hidden behind a bank of shining clouds; the quiet sea lay like burnished silver in the distance. The greenness of the earth seemed to have given place to subtle and harmonious tones of gray, and over our happy spirits had fallen a radiant veil of silent, calm delight that was somewhat similar. Tom drove slowly; every now and then he turned toward me his joyous, loving eyes, and I stole my hand gently into his.

It was dark when we reached home. Aunt Mab was in an agony of kindly solicitude, anxiously expecting us.

"Why, Letty—why, my dear, how late you are!"

"O, no, it is not late, Auntie, surely."

"But it is. And you have had such a long day, you poor dear! and you have been with Tom after all. Why, I was positively afraid something had happened. Has he been very rude, my dear, and bothered you very much?"

"O, Aunt Mab, Tom is never really rude."

"Well, I don't know; you said so yourself, sometimes. But never mind, the longest day comes to an end, child."

"Dear Aunt Mab, it has been a lovely day! only I am so sorry it is over."

My aunt stared at me with undisguised amazement.

"Have you lost your senses, child?"

"She did at one time," said Tom, composedly. "But she has found them now."

And then he laughed, a happy and very loud laugh that somehow did not jar upon my nerves in the very least, and then he seized hold of Aunt Mab by both hands and hugged her rapturously.

"The truth is, Letty and I are going to be married, and so we mean to spend ever so many long days together."

"Well," said Aunt Mab, as soon as she had regained her breath, "people do say that it is well to begin with a little aversion."

"But it was the dogcart," I pleaded, incoherently.

"Ah, I see," said Aunt Mab, nodding her head.

But she did not see, quite. For none but Tom and I could possibly know how happy we were at that time, and what is more, none can know how truly and intensely happy we have been since then. We never quarrel now, never; I think we got through our quarreling beforehand. Some folks get tired of their love making before long, but we have still a great deal of that in the future, I trust. We have bought a new dogcart, and when Tom and I go contentedly driving up and down the steep Devonshire lanes, Aunt Mab smiles, and calls us Darby and Joan. And sometimes, when Tom is in a quiet and poetic mood (which doesn't happen very often, by the by), I whisper to him softly, as I lean my face against his broad shoulder:

"Dear Tom, let us pray that we may live long years together, and then at last I shall say to you:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We climb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

—*Temple Bar.*

Disposition of a Suppositious Estate.

The Cambridge (Md.) *Chronicle* gives an interesting history of the late Gen. George Winthrop, of Johnson's Cross Roads, near Seaford, Del., who left a will disposing of $20,000, but no assets that could be found. A letter from Mr. John N. Wright, the administrator under the will, corrects a report of the disappearance of the servant who nursed Mr. Winthrop in his last illness, and says he is still at Cambridge, and has not been at any time "hard to find." It seems that some years ago Mr. Winthrop began to talk about a fund of some $15,000 or $20,000 coming to him from his ancestors in Massachusetts, and had been due him for some thirty or forty years. "According to his account, his relatives, the Hon. Robert Winthrop, of that State, among them, both behaved very handsomely about it. Upon the long-lost sheep's turning up in the flock, they waved limitations and litigation, and were ready to pay him his own principal and interest, and he, not to be outdone, refused to accept a dime of interest, and so the matter was finally arranged on the last basis, he receiving his principal, some $18,000. This sum he invested in bonds, which he was fond of talking about, and almost annually would go off to attend the annual reunion of the family at 'Cousin Robert's) the Hon. Robert Winthrop), and would give minute accounts of their pleasure and splendor. Being known to have been worth some $2,000 or more here from the sale of his store in Cambridge, etc., he was thought to own some $20,000, or thereabouts. He made a will some years back, bequeathing various legacies, and then made three residuary legacies, and at his death it was thought these last would receive from $3,000 to $5,000 each. It transpired at his death that he had not $200 in the world that could be found, and hence the comment. Recently a prominent citizen wrote the Hon. Robert Winthrop on the subject, when lo! that gentleman never knew our Gen. George Winthrop, and never heard of any such pecuniary transaction! The solution is easy. Either as a monomaniac, or to increase his consequence, Mr. Winthrop invented the whole story, and knowing that he only owned some $1,500 or $2,000 at the date of his will, devised that just as he wished it, and had he retained his means each of his legatees would have received just the same, residuary and all; but these last being the least favored, and calculating upon a diminution, he gave the specific legacies first and left the residue, whatever it might be, to the others. It turned out that he was unfortunate in business, and had to live, and his all did just last his life out. And this is the whole matter."

Animal Psychology.

It has been objected to those who speak of the "emotions" of an ant or a bee, for example, that we are not justified in applying terms derived from human psychology to animals so remote in structure from the human type. Dr. Romanes replies to this objection by showing that the ground of all inferences as to the mental processes of animals is an argument from the analogy of their actions with our own. "Now, it is of course perfectly true that the less the resemblance the less is the value of any analogy built upon the resemblance, and therefore that the inference of an ant or a bee feeling sympathy or rage is not so valid as the similar inference in the case of a dog or a monkey. Still it is an inference, and, so far as it goes, a valid one—being, in fact, the only inference available. That is to say, if we observe an ant or a bee apparently exhibiting sympathy or rage, we must either conclude that some psychological state resembling that of sympathy or rage is present, or else refuse to think about the subject at all; from the observable facts there is no other inference open."

Assuming that we are justified in concluding that the mental processes are similar when there are similar external appearances, we still need a criterion of mental as distinguished from reflex action; for we find both in men and animals examples of actions that are mind-like and yet not truly mental." "Objectively considered, the only distinction between adaptive movements due to reflex action and adaptive movements due to mental perception, consists in the former depending on inherited mechanisms within the nervous system being so constructed as to effect *particular* adaptive movements in response to *particular* stimulations, while the latter are independent of any such inherited adjustment of special mechanisms to the exigencies of special circumstances." The criterion proposed is therefore—"Does the organism learn to make new adjustments, or to modify old ones, in accordance with the results of its own individual experience?" If it does, we have evidence that the limit of non-mental action has been passed; that is, we are able to fix, by means of this criterion, "the upper limit of non-mental action." After distinguishing reflex from mental action, it remains to distinguish "instinct" from "reason." Dr. Romanes proposes to define instinct as "reflex action into which there is imported the element of consciousness," and "reason or intelligence" as "the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to ends."—*London Nature.*

The Lick Observatory.

Concerning the Lick observatory the *San Jose* (Cal.) *Times* says: The observatory is situated on the lowest of the peaks of the mountain, at an elevation of 4,285 feet above the sea. We found here ample testimony that the $114,000 which Captain Frazer has paid out this year has been wisely expended. Almost one-half of the observatory proper is now being roofed. When completed it will be 210 feet long, with a width in the center of 60 feet, and is 40 at each side. At one end of this structure stands a dome 30 feet in diameter at the base and 46 feet high, in which is mounted a fine twelve-inch refracting telescope. This instrument is twice the size of any other glass in the State, and is capable of a power of 1,200 diameters. It can cause the moon, which is almost 240,000 miles away, to appear as though it were but 200 miles distant. The remainder of the finished section of the building will be devoted to a clock room, a large workshop, a dormitory and waiting room, and a reception room for visitors. The excavation for the great dome is 80 feet diameter. The dome will be built on the solid rock and will be occupied by the famous thirty-six inch refractor. This glass is the largest in the world, the next in order being the Vienna refractor, twenty-seven inches, the telescope at the Naval observatory at Washington, twenty-six inches, the Newhall instrument at Newcastle, England, twenty-five inches, and the recently erected refractor at the Halsted observatory, Princeton, twenty-three inches. The focal length necessary for the Lick telescope can not be determined until object glass is tested. Hence it is now impossible to build the dome for its reception, for its length may be anywhere from forty to sixty feet. Two small structures adjoining the main building are already supplied with apparatus indispensable to the astronomer.

Why the Faro Bank Wins.

That is something that a great many clever men who play a great deal against faro do not know. It is not that there is a steady percentage in the bank's favor in the cases of "splits," but that the bank plays with the most money, that the bank always wins in the end. That is a simple enough proposition, but is seldom understood. A bank with $25,000 cash has as many more chances of winning in the end the money of a player worth $100 as the bank's capital is greater than the player's. The player can only lose his $100 once; the bank can lose two hundred and lifty times before it has reduced its chances to the player's. In other words, the chances in favor of the bank, as quoted, in addition to the percentage on "splits," is two hundred and lifty to one. This is susceptible of absolute mathematical demonstration, yet will be read with amazement by many who occasionally buck the tiger. The ordinary player who goes with ten or twenty dollars to lose in a bank having $100,000 to lose, can do a little Sunday morning work in figuring out his chances of beating the bank.—*San Francisco Call.*

—At Sheep Ranch, Calaveras County, Cal., recently, a young lady attempted to take a loaded revolver out of the drawer of a sewing machine, when the weapon was discharged. The bullet struck her fairly and squarely over the heart. She fell to the floor dead, as all supposed, but at once came up smiling. The steel ribs of her corset had turned aside the bullet.

—This season's vests will furnish patches for next year's trousers. Sweet are the uses of diversity.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The latest Boston euphemism for taking boarders is "having a few remunerative guests."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Matt. Morgan has organized a life class for art study in Cincinnati, giving his services as tutor gratuitously.

—The Nickel Church, to be built at Palestine, Texas, is to be paid for by not less than 200,000 persons contributing a nickel apiece.

—Mr. Freeman A. Smith, who has been for nearly thirty years treasurer of the American Baptist Missionary Union, is constrained by ill health to resign his position.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—"The sound of a Christian bell, it is remarked in the *Missionary Herald*, "seems to be peculiarly offensive to a Moslem. But these bells are yet to ring all over Turkey."

—Contrasts: The Conservatory of Music at Milan, Italy, last year had two hundred and seventeen pupils. The New England Conservatory in Boston during its last winter term had nine hundred and seventy pupils.—*Christian Union.*

—The church at Newton, N. H., was formed in 1755, and is the oldest Baptist church in the State. After having been without a regular pastor more than seventeen years, it has called Rev. D. L. Crafts to the pastoral relation, and he has accepted the call.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—General Emil Frey, the new Swiss Minister in Washington, recently, in company with Mr. John Hitz, visited the Wallack school building in that city. Upon leaving he expressed himself much pleased with the American system of teaching and building and arranging schools.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The London *Times*, commenting on "the progress of religious liberty in the United Kingdom," says that "no courage is now required to profess tolerance toward differing creeds and doctrines. Rather the praise of singularity has to be earned by open adhesion to a rigidity and positiveness of belief which was the common mark formerly of all but a sectarian minority."

—Dr. David Gordon Lyon has been appointed to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College. The chair has been vacant for many years owing to an insufficiency of funds. Dr. Lyon is thirty years old, a native of Alabama, and a graduate of Harvard College. The chair he accepts is the oldest in this country, and was founded by Thomas Hollis, a London Baptist layman, in 1721.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Recently three hundred Brahman ladies, representing the most influential families in Peru and its neighborhood, held a meeting for the purpose of presenting a petition to the education commission on the subject of the difficulties in the way of female education in India. The meeting was eloquently addressed by the Mahratta lady Rahabbai Sanskrita, who stated that ninety-nine out of one hundred educated men in India are opposed to female education. The municipality of Poona have since offered to become responsible for girls' as well as boys' schools.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A gentleman had his picture taken recently; cost him $200 and still he is not happy. A fellow took it out of the hall when the latch was up.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

—When a Troy man disappears mysteriously, his wife sends round among the neighbors to find out whose wife is unaccounted for. A woman has a curiosity about such matters.—*Boston Post.*

—A domestic is being sent away. "Madame, if you wish to look at my trunk——" "It is useless, girl." "Madame, I insist. Six months ago you lost ten francs. I know you suspect me of having found it, and I wish you to see that I do not carry it away in my trunk!" —*French Paper.*

—A preacher was exhorting his unbelievers, and his text was "The Flood." As he waxed eloquent, he said: "And Noah warned the wicked that they might repent, but they heeded him not; and the floods came and drowned them all, and what do you suppose they thought then?" —*Chicago Times.*

—"Mamma," asked little Edith," "be all grown folks hateful?" "Why, Edith?" replied her mother, "What put that idea in your head?" "Nothing, mamma, only I know everybody who comes here is hateful, 'cause I've always heard you say so after they went away.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We never have had the experience, but we should think it would roil an editor fearfully after he had worked the most of the day, getting up an editorial declaiming that a man is better off for being married, to go home and be jawed all the evening because he forgot to bring two dozen clothespins, or some such thing.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A Connecticut optician has invented spectacles that he claims "will enable any one to read small type under water." We cannot believe that a short-sighted man would care to stay under water longer than the time it would take him to read a column of nonpareil market reports. So we fear the invention is lacking in practical utility.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"No, Samuel," calmly replied Mrs. Bartlett, in answer to his furious and sarcastic questions, "no. It isn't because there is no grey cloth in Burlington that I patched your summer trousers with seal-brown basket cloth, but I'm going to break you of your loaferish habit of going in your shirt-sleeves during business hours, or I'll make you the laughing stock of the town." And when Mrs. Livermore makes up her list of "superfluous women," she leaves Mrs. Bartlett out, every time.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Good Little Boy.

Two little Austin school boys got into a quarrel, and one of them said to the other:

"If it wasn't for your ma being such a good woman, I'd tear your shirt all to pieces."

"You tear my shirt, if you dare!"

"I ain't going to tear it, because your ma would have to mend it, and I don't want to put her to any trouble, because she gave me two rakes the other day."

As with some grown up people, the way to a child's heart lies through his stomach.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HEAVEN.

Think you the mystic sphere
Called Heaven, which shines as clear
To Faith's unveiled eye
As stars in summer's sky,
Is but a land, at best,
Of everlasting rest?
A clime of tropic calms,
And golden-fruited palms,
Beneath whose plumy shade
The saints' tired limbs are laid,
Their brows forever fanned
By zephyrs cool and bland,
A star-world infinite
Of sensuous soul delight?
Where on the spirit's eyes
Unbroken slumber lies,
And the immortal will
Dreams only, or is still?

No, no; it cannot be!
A vague inanity,
A life that dreams and broods
In blank beatitudes,
Whose apotheosis,
Climax and sum of bliss,
Nothing but rest could be
In all eternity,
Would dwindle to a span
The cosmic soul of man,
And never fill the scope
Of our supernal hope.

Nay! endless aons through
There's work in Heaven to do,
And we will labor best
When piteous doubt shall wrest
The clogging clamps and gyves
From off our earthly lives,
Enclose our dungeon bars,
And take us to the stars.

O friends! for me and you
There's work in Heaven to do;
The boundless amplitude
Of evil and of good,
With superadded power
To measure and explore;
The seek the fonnts of light
Truth's empyrean height;
The mysteries that defy
All human scrutiny
Unveiled at last to see,
In full-orbed majesty;
To feel, to know the force
That moves the universe;
To bear the living voice
That makes the heavens rejoice;
In spirit to return
Where our home altars burn,
As visions, in the night,
Of glory and delight,
With gift of benisons
For the beloved ones;
To cheer some high-wrought heart
Whom God hath set apart
To be the crowned of fame,
Through noble deed and aim;
To feed with holy fire
The soul's divine desire:
This, and much more than this,
Is life's consummate bliss,
The sainted soul's employ,
Her everlasting joy;
O friends! I say to you
There's work in Heaven to do?

—*Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.*

THE STORY OF A NEWSPAPER.

An odd chance enables me to lift the curtain on a scene a century and three years old, and from the glimpses of real life in dumb show on the stage you can make tragedies and romances enough.

I unearthed the other day half a dozen volumes from a dusty book-shelf, which proved to be the *Journal Politique*, published weekly in Geneva, in 1779, by Michael Lambert. The leaves—thumbed by how many readers when Washington was President here in Philadelphia!—are thin and torn and coffee-colored, but out of them that dead generation starts up alive and real. M. Lambert had a system of dividing his newspaper into compartments, one being allotted to each country in the world, and through these compartments now we have glimpses, as through long unopened windows, into the daily life of Marie Antoinette, or Queen Charlotte, or Catherine in Petersbourg (as they called it then), or even of "Son Excellence G. Washington a Philadelphie." Watched from day to day in this way, these historic personages suddenly cease to be the articulated skeletons that we have studied in books since our school days; they are flesh and blood: talk and walk in full sight. We criticise the clothes they wear and look after their health each morning.

This week the good Madame Elizabeth is inoculated, and we go with all Paris to mass to pray for her every day before breakfast, and then read the bulletins posted up concerning her progress; and, a month later, S. M. Louis XVI. takes a cold in his head when out driving on a damp day, and we are all anxious until we hear that "Monsieur has found assuagement to the infinite relief of the Royal Family and of his devoted France. Devoted France that had already planned so certain a cure for all colds in that royal head!

That incomparable monster, Russian Catherine, parades every week in M. Lambert's columns as the benignant mother of her people. Intellectually she was a century older than they. That is clear. A good many of our very latest advances, at which we are all yet still clapping our hands, were projected a century ago by this clear-brained, gross-blooded woman, and were sneered at by all Europe as visionary absurdities. She urged the importance of opening China to the world, not for the sake of trade, but that "the arts of the East might be brought to Europe." She proposed sending twenty sons of Russian Boyards to Peking to study Oriental art, and invited the Emperor in return to allow a deputation of as many noble Chinese youths to visit Petersburg to study civilization—heaven save the mark!

She originated precisely the same plan which is under consideration this winter for the exploration of the Arctic Sea. She began to establish trading-posts from the mouth of the Lena to the Persian Gulf "to form a base of operation on land for vessels seeking a passage through Behring Straits." Her ukase on this subject is almost identical in idea and words with Mr. Bennett's letter to the Government dated February, 1882.

The barbaric splendor of the great "Light of the North" reminds us of the Hindu fables of the magnificent, malignant Rakshas. She literally showers gold and priceless jewels about her on the filth and discomfort of her court; a foreign visitor amuses her by a witty retort, and she sends him a casket crusted with diamonds; a penniless Tartar from the Steppes tickles her humor, and he receives that day a leaden box containing titles to a castle, estate and four thousand serfs. One can imagine how guest and Tartar, being shrewd fellows, made haste to scurry away with their casket and deeds out of sight of the soft-eyed woman while yet their heads were safe on their shoulders. She kept her son Paul a prisoner at Gatchina, mutilating and drugging him when it suited her whim, until he was reduced to the condition of a sickly animal. But one day she ordered him, with his poor little wife Maria, to court, that they might see their child baptized, and here M. Lambert gives us a fervid picture of the scene, the little Altesse Imperial on his silver cushion and the Royal beast of prey beside him. "The devout Imperatrice, after the last prayer was said, lifted the child high in her arms and again devoted him to God."

A glimpse into the domestic life of the day is given in the account of a Polish Princess, who escaped July, 1779, from the dungeon of a castle, in which her husband had kept her immured for ten years. He pursued her with sixty Uhlans and captured her on the banks of the Dneiper, where she appealed for aid to the neighboring Royards.

There is, too, a Claimant story with some dramatic points: Among the criminal cases reported from the French courts in 1780 is that of a merchant of Toulouse, who in 1765, being heavily in debt, bought the corpse of a man resembling himself, dressed it in his own clothes, locked it up in his vacant chateau and then decamped to India. A month later the body was found and hastily buried, and after a due amount of mourning, the widow married again. Fifteen years afterward the debtor returned with enough rupees to pay off his creditors and to support his old estate with splendor, but the wife refused to recognize him, and the second husband caused his arrest as an impostor.

On every page of the newspaper are these imperfect silhoutte pictures of the old times and customs. Packs of starving wolves descend upon lonely villages in France and tear children from their mothers' arms. The black plague attacks a town and leaves one dead in almost every house. All the villagers assemble in the chapel, hung a black mortuary cloth over the bell, and with sad, slow steps take their way across the hills never to return. A poet or painter might find a suggestion in this old news item—fathers, lovers and mothers departing, in the soft glow of sunset, leaving behind the accursed hamlet, their homes and their unburied dead.

Or, here is material for a hot-pressed sensational novel. Captain Charles Ross, of Hammersmith, England, "secretly married the daughter of one of the gentry," and soon afterward was ordered to America. His wife, disguised as a man, followed him, reached Philadelphia during its occupation by the British, and discovered him wounded in a farm-house in New Jersey. She disclosed herself to him, and his commanding officer, touched by the story, sent Ross back to England on sick leave with a letter intended to melt the heart of her stern father. But the exposure had been too much for her, and we read a month or two later that "Mistress Ross was taken on shore at Liverpool ill, and it was feared would not reach Hammersmith alive."

Here comes riding down the land, out of the "Arabian Nights," a Prince from Muscat to Warsaw, seeking his fortune. "He is only nineteen," says M. Lambert. "He comes to form himself with the beaux arts, the sciences of Europe. He has in his suite thirty persons, horses of rare speed, and ten camels laden with spices and the preserved foods used in the East." It might be Sindbad on his first venture.

The *Journal* gives an account, too, of "a monument which the people of the United States propose to erect in the square facing the Palais de Justice, in Philadelphia, to Liberty and Louis XVI." in order, according to the inscription, "that the gratitude of the Republic to that great sovereign might be known to all future ages."

Is there any record of such a plan in the annals of old Philadelphia? I am afraid the monument was designed and built by some jealous penny-a-liner for M. Lambert's paper.

But the actual glimpses of real people and their doings in this old journal have a strong fascination in them, though really I do not know why we should concern ourselves more for them than for the Smiths and Browns of whom we read in this morning's news. But they affect us as do the human figures in stereoscopic pictures, which were caught by chance as they crossed the landscape. It is impossible that we should ever know anything about them, yet they trouble us with an uneasy curiosity and sense of kinship. We want to stop them and force them to give an account of themselves.

Unfortunately I have not the next year of the *Journal*. These fragments of human history have no end. I shall never know whether the poor Polish Princess was hauled again to her dungeon, nor whether that tricky (but in the end honorable) Claimant gained his wife and estate, or ended his days in the galleys; nor what was the fate of the boy-Prince from Arabia on his strange pilgrimage. Nor does the fact that they all by this time have turned into dust and herbage and leaves together satisfy my curiosity one whit.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Our Continent.*

A California Rain.

The peculiarity of a California rainstorm is that it makes no "fuss" about it but attends strictly to business and accomplishes more in a given time than would appear possible from any amount of observation. One feels a sense of dreariness, and looking from the window sees that it is raining; the quietest rain in the world, the drops being very small and falling with no appreciable weight. But step out into it and it is almost like stepping into the bay, the wetting is so rapid and so thorough. It very rarely happens that any wind accompanies a rain-storm in that locality, and thunder and lightning are almost unknown. The average length of a rain-storm is about forty-eight hours, the water coming down steadily and resolutely, while from the hillsides an unbroken sheet an inch or more in depth rushes rapidly to the reservoirs below, until every stream becomes a river, every valley a lake. Sometimes it continues to rain—though not in this unbroken way—for weeks. But this is a rare case. As a rule, after about two days and nights of solid deluge, it clears off, the farmers go to work, and the weather is too beautiful to be described at all. Such blue depths of sky, such acres of brilliant wild flowers, and the woods ablaze with color, all form a picture which, if an artist should represent truthfully, would be at once pronounced gaudy, unnatural and out of taste. This style of storm (with the intervening sunshine) about once a month for five or six months makes an average California winter.—*People's Weekly.*

The Sons of the Desert.

The number of Bedouins who joined Arabi Pasha's forces during the late Anglo-Egyptian war has been variously estimated at from 10,000 to 40,000, and although great things were expected of these children of the desert, little or nothing has been heard of their exploits. The truth is that of late Egyptian Bedouins have very much degenerated. They are the terror of the villagers whose habitations border on the desert, and in acts of cruelty and villainy are unsurpassed. Before the Suez Canal was built the Bedouins were at liberty to roam from Beyruth in Syria all through Arabia, Egypt and Tripoli, to the great Sahara Desert and back, but since this great engineering work has been completed, the Egyptian Bedouins have been cut off from their Syrian and Arabian brethren, and, being at war with the Tripolitan tribes, have been obliged to confine themselves to the desert bordering on the Egyptian, Nubian and Abyssinian Nile. Although the area of this desert considerably exceeds 1,000,000 square miles it has been proved too small for the roaming disposition of the Bedouins. When the Egyptian Bedouins could cross from Africa into Asia, they started on their voyage with large flocks of lambs and young camels, which grazed and grew on their way, and were sold on arriving in Arabia or Syria, after a march of one or two years. With the proceeds the Bedouins bought colts, to be again sold, and at a large profit, on their return to Egypt or Tripoli, or even Algiers or Morocco. Their frequent visits to Mecca and Medina, which were often on their way, inspired them with enough religion to deter them from committing acts of cruelty and bloodshed, and their savage natures were somewhat tempered by contact with civilization at the various markets they visited.

Now all this is changed and the Egyptian Bedouins, finding themselves cut off from the outer world, with no prospects of trade, have become desperate assassins, thieves, kidnapers and slave dealers. The latter is their most profitable occupation. The Bedouins yet acknowledge their chiefs and pay very great respect to them. These are either hereditary, and often have the rank of Emir, or are selected because of their age, wisdom or great bravery. Such chiefs are called Sheiks. The Emir or Sheik is an absolute monarch with the right to put to death any member of his tribe. He makes all treaties with other tribes, leads in war, buys and sells for the tribe, and fixes the route, destination and duration of an expedition. He has a right to claim as his wife the daughter of any of his subjects, and has the first choice of any slaves that may be captured. The strength of the tribes varies from 500 to 9,000 or 10,000 men.

Their kidnaping and slave dealing are followed in this way: The Emirs and Sheiks meet on the borders of the Red Sea, as near Souakim as possible, in November of each year, when they determine the kidnaping ground of each tribe, and the roads to be taken, that one tribe may not interfere with another. Bonds are given for the fulfilment of this compact, and a number of maidens are for better security consigned by each tribe to the Jemmah tribe, which acts as referee, and keeps them as hostages until the tribes return, when, if it is proved that a tribe has broken faith, the maidens deposited by that tribe are handed over to the tribe that has been injured. Having made their arrangements they break bread, share salt and pass the narghileh, without which no Bedouin compact is considered sealed. Each tribe then starts on the route assigned to it. So secret are these plans that, although the Nubians, Abyssinians and Soudanese are always on the alert, they seldom know of the presence of Bedouins until it is too late. The Bedouins hide for a few days in the vicinity of each village which they intend to raid, and after ascertaining the number of villagers, their habits and means of resistance, proceed on their voyage into the interior until they arrive at the end of the country which their agreement entitles them to pillage. The tribe retraces its footsteps and attacks village after village, each according to a pre-arranged plan. Various methods are employed. One is to set fire to a village in many places simultaneously, and as the terrified inhabitants escape from the conflagration they fall into the hands of the Bedouins, who invariably murder the old men and women and the very young children, but carry off those between five and twelve years old. The houses and mud huts which have escaped the fire are ransacked and the slaves are made to carry the booty.

The poor creatures are chained together, and often carry goods and drive cattle once their own. They are kept together in a large circle formed by the Bedouins on horseback. Another method of the Bedouins is to fall suddenly on the women of a village, congregated at the common well, lift them into their saddles, and gallop off, or to ride through the fields and carry off all the youths of a village that are found at work. Should there be no loads for the slaves to carry, a number of Bedouins ride to the nearest market town and buy ivory, gums, shells, ostrich feathers and dyewoods, with which they load their victims, and which they sell at a large profit on their return to Sonakim. The shameful, cruel, and atrocious treatment these slaves endure is a matter of notoriety in the East, the sufferings of the younger boys and girls being especially dreadful. Foreign anti-slavery societies have repeatedly attempted to put a stop to this, but have failed on account of the distance from civilization at which these countries lay. The late Khedive of Egypt employed Colonel Gordon and Count della Salla with full power to act, but although they worked conscientiously and had 5,000 soldiers, they not only failed, but were often attacked and beaten by combined tribes of Bedouins, who carried many Egyptian soldiers into slavery. Of late many districts have been entirely depopulated, and unless stringent measures are taken the whole of upper Egypt, including the Nubian and Kartum Nile regions, will be deserted.

On their arrival in the vicinity of Souakim, the Bedouins find plenty of ready purchasers for their slaves. These come from Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia, Beloochistan and Arabia, and very often from Zanzibar, and although British men-of-war are continually cruising off this coast, it is seldom that a slave dhow is captured. The men and women are sold for domestic or agricultural purposes, and the young girls who are likely to become pretty are sent to Constantinople. The boys fare even worse. One use they are put to is service in the Persian pearl fisheries, where the little fellows are thrown into eighteen or twenty fathoms of water, each with a heavy bag around his neck, and told to drown or bring up oysters. Not more than thirty per cent. ever rise to the surface, but this is comparatively a small loss to the Persian pearl seeker, who can buy a boy for $30, and who knows that a boy who does return to the surface alive is worth $150 to $200.

Fortunately for the honor of the Bedouins, those of the Arabian and Syrian desert are mainly noble, true, hospitable and generous, and proud to retain their ancient fame.—*N. Y. Sun.*

What It Costs to Clothe a Fashionable Lady.

One of the largest private dressmaking establishments in New York is carried on by seven brothers, six of whom attend to the business here, while one travels for nine months in the year, sending constant reports of style and change of fashion to this country, and forwarding the newest materials and most costly fabrics from the various lands he visits. In this house, the preliminaries of making a dress are carried out by a lady, who attends the customer in the parlor, and takes the measures, etc., for a bust pattern. Having the measurements she cuts out a pattern, which is then transferred to a man who makes a model of it, to be kept for that particular customer and used for no other purpose whatever. The material is cut to this model by one man and given to another to be basted to the lining, while a third undertakes the stitching, a waist thus passing through four hands, while the sleeve-cutter and button-hole maker add two more to the number. The skirt is cut out by a professional man skirt-cutter, while the trimming for it is the work of sewing girls, and the drapery is superintended by a lady who attends to nothing else. Here, too, the "trying on" is in the hands of the gentler sex, but when the fit is considered perfect, and the customer is so far satisfied, a last judgment is passed upon it by one of the artistic members of the firm, and his approval is a necessary element of its completion. Before the dress leaves the house, it is thoroughly examined by a lady, whose indorsement of its perfection is required, and who is responsible for its delivery to the right customer. We gain some idea in this way of the attention which dress-making requires when it becomes an art. Every detail is studied, every stitch set as if for microscopical examination. Excepting for the close stitching of cloth or heavy velvet waists everything is done by hand, and it will take one girl an entire week to make the shirring for one puff upon an elaborate skirt. This one statement also throws some light upon the exorbitant prices asked for by fashionable dress-makers, whose reputation depends upon the excellence of the work they turn out. The scale of salaries paid by these first-class houses is a great deal heavier than one would suppose. A fine sewing girl will receive eighteen dollars a week, while the wages paid to the cutters, fitters and drapers average from $25 to $45. Superintendents and overseers receive higher remuneration, and those hands who do piecework in such establishments can easily realize $30 a week. Bearing these facts in mind, it is not surprising to learn that the price of dress-making in such establishments is high. The lowest rate is $45 for the making alone, and the price ranges up to $75, exclusive of linings or furnishings of any kind. For evening dress, when the materials are provided by the firm, $320 is the lowest price taken, and this is for a very simple dress; dinner dresses and ball costumes cost anything from $400 up to $1,000. None but the best materials and most expensive fabrics are made up—brocades costing, for example, from $20 to $50 a yard, and other goods in a like proportion. Ladies' own materials are not made up, nor can they supply trimmings, except in the case of costly laces which customers may possess and wish to use for particular costumes.

In several of these large private establishments there are over 150 employes who undertake the separate portions of a dress. The large work-rooms are well arranged and well ventilated; long tables run down the center, and on either side of them the workers may be seen seated in order; thus, all the waist hands will be together at one side, all the sleeve hands at another, while skirt cutters, drapers and button-hole makers are by themselves. One man has exclusive charge of alterations; does nothing else. When a dress returns for alteration—no matter how slight—it is given into his hands, compared by him to the model, which has been carefully kept, altered by him and returned to the lady superintendent. Ladies would be surprised if they could learn how much they owe to the *savoir faire* of these artistic dress-makers. A costume which suits one figure may not be equally desirable for another, yet people are very apt to desire to possess themselves of that which looks effective on a neighbor. A stout, matronly woman may order the counterpart of the drapery that has excited such admiration when worn by her tall, slim neighbor, but her order will only be carried out with such amendments as difference of make and figure necessitate. A fold inserted here, a flounce extracted there, a puff or less will make all the difference possible, and the customer will be as pleased as she anticipated, whereas had her order been carried out in exact accordance with her expressed wishes, very different results would have been obtained. In the same way with color, the artistic dress-maker will not sacrifice the effect of a dress to the existing fashion. If the prevailing tints are ruinous to the complexion of a client they cannot be worn—that is all about it—and something equally *de haut ton* must be substituted.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Do not let the frost or even cold nights pinch the window plants you have been summering out of doors. Until removed within the house they should be covered nights. Summer-blooming shrubs and plants grown in tubs and pots also should be attended to. They must be protected at night and from cold storms until the time comes for removing them to the cellar or conservatory.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Temperance Reading.

WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

Dilly was perched on a fence-post, her light hair flying about her face, as usual, and her little red hands clasped behind her back. The three or four small toes that peeped out through her ragged shoes were red also, for the autumn day was cold; but Dilly was used to such trifles. Toodles, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was bundled up—in an odd fashion of Dilly's own inventing—in an old shawl; and, if the round face that peered between the fence rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to split with his new hatchet, and asked: "What makes you sit up there such a day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"'Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you," said Dilly. "'Tain't no fun in the house."

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf, and these thick boots," remarked Freddy, displaying the pair of red tops that were his pride.

Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder awoke as she did so, and grew more and more distinct, until, presently, it took shape in words:

"Why don't I have such things, too, Freddy Burr—shoes and new clothes, and something to wear on my head?"

"'Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered Freddy, promptly, and without the slightest hesitation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment, and as promptly denied.

"No he don't, either. Folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason yours don't get any for you is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum barrels down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keene, and its awful mean, too," declared Freddy, growing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy, and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddles, with their amusement of watching ended, turned slowly away.

Dilly surveyed the baby and herself thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log to meditate.

If what Freddy Burr had told her was true, something ought to be done about it.

And the longer she pondered the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"'Cause other folks has things and we don't, and it must be ours go somewhere else," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there, either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby it would be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddles had—"

She stopped, as a brilliant plan flashed suddenly through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be surprised if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing, and who would be so tired when she came home at night.

"Toddles, let's do it!" she said, springing up, excitedly. "Let's go and see if we can't get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddles, contentedly; and taking his hand Dilly opened the creaking gate and led the way down the street.

There was a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store, with a curtain across the lower half of the front window. Dilly saw them when the door opened, but she was a determined little body when once she had decided upon the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddles' hand closer, and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly, because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours a-soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours wants to know if Barney has you in soak here."

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Oh, I didn't mean him!"

"What did you mean, then?" asked a coarse, red-faced man, advancing from behind the bar and speaking in tones not at all gentle and amiable.

"Shoes and coats and such things," faltered Dilly. "Hoods—I'm 'fraid it's spoiled with the whisky; but mebby ma could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awfully bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he demanded, angrily.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her breath that was just ready to break into a sob. "Ma works all the time, and she looks so sorry; and we don't have any nice dinners at our house, like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes, nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said you had 'em down here in your barrels. Please do take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink taste a bit better to have a poor little boy's and girl's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You are right there, Sissy; it's nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer, perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the bar-keeper's look. That was wrathful.

"We've had enough of this nonsense! Now you leave, you young ragamuffins, as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped toward them, as if to drive them out, but the man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch them. You've knocked me about often enough, but you'd best let them alone."

There was a fire in the eyes under the old slouched hat, before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by that time, but the father took a hand of each.

"Come, Dilly; come, baby;" and without a word or look to his companions, he passed out into the street.

It was a very silent walk.

Toddles' tears were dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his baby terror, was out of sight.

But poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme that she had thought promised so fairly. No hood nor shoes had she seen after all her bravery in venturing into that dreadful store; and who could tell how angry her father might be.

She stole shy glances up under the old hat, but she only saw a sober, downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they had reached home.

He hunted up some fuel and made a better fire; and then sat down before it, with his head between his hands, and left the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly completed the story, confidentially, to Freddy Burr.

"See here!" she said, pushing the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Freddy.

"And see here!" continued Dilly, bobbing up for an instant, to show the hood that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

"Where did you get 'em?" repeated Freddy.

"My pa worked and bought 'em, and brought 'em home; and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. Then she pressed her face close against the fence for a prolonged interview.

"You see, the billennium has come to our house."

"The what?" questioned bewildered Freddy.

"The billennium. It's a pretty long word," said Dilly, complacently; "but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what ma called it, and I guess she knows. It was just this way. Freddy Burr; when you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice things down to his store in a barrel, I just went right down there and asked him for 'em—me and Toodles."—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

Temperance Items.

ONE public library in a town is worth more than a hundred drinking saloons, yet in many places the saloons appear to have the call.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Chicago *News* thinks that the arrest of two hundred women at a single police station in that city in one month, is a pretty good argument for Prohibition.

FOUR German churches in Cleveland, O., have a Prohibitory clause in their body of discipline, requiring all members to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

THE young ladies of Topeka, Kan., have organized Red-Ribbon Clubs, the members of which pledge themselves to reject all attentions from young men who use intoxicating beverages. This is practical Prohibition.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THERE is nothing like a snug farm that is *yours*. Temperance is the friend trying to get it for you. Let the wind roar down the chimney! There is plenty of wood on the fire. Let the feet multiply under the table! There is food enough for every plate.

IT is noteworthy how much more respectful and even friendly the most influential of our daily papers are latterly in their treatment of the Temperance work. As there has been no change in the object sought to be attained, the altered manner of treating it must be accepted as no mean evidence of the substantial advancement of the work.—*Pittsburgh Workman.*

THERE are many boys who spend nearly all their earnings for beer, and are drunk nearly every Saturday night. And some who do not earn any money themselves are spending their fathers'. Boys who drink thus at fifteen can hardly reach thirty, and will probably not reach twenty-five years. They will die some shameful death long before they reach their prime.—*Dr. Story.*

AN increase of ten per cent. in the use of tea in Great Britian between the years 1875 and 1881, a decrease of nearly twenty per cent. between 1874 and 1881 in the use of alcoholic liquors, and a notable increase in the annual amount deposited in the popular savings-banks, are a few of the evidences, certified by Mr. Gladstone, of the Temperance revolution now in progress in Great Britain.—*S. S. Times.*

How Dr. Guthrie Became a Teetotaler.

In a journey in Ireland in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaking with water outside, and as those days were days not of tea and toast, but of toddy drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,' but the car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. 'What objection have you?' Said he: 'Plase, your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat and went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a poor, humble, uncultivated, uneducated carman, and I said, if that man can deny himself that indulgence why should not I, a Christian minister? I remember that; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year..... $1 50
Six months..... 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of 10 lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1882.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress, Sixth District,
LOUIS E. McCOMAS,
of Washington County.

For Chief Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
WILLIAM J. READ,
of Allegany County.

For Associate Judge, 4th Judicial Circuit,
EDWARD STAKE,
Of Washington County.

REPUBLICAN MASS - MEETINGS!

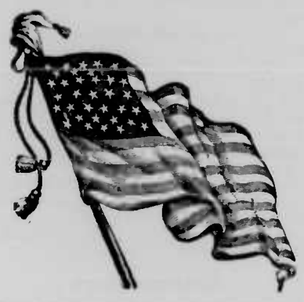

THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT CO. are requested to assemble in Mass-Meeting at the following named times and places.

DEER PARK,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 7 P. M.
SHOOK SHOP, (No. 8)
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, AT 7 P. M.
OAKLAND,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, AT 7 P. M.

These meetings will be addressed by

HON. M. G. URNER,
T. J. PEDDICORD, Esq.,
H. WHEELER COMBS, Esq.,

And one or more of the the following local speakers: Hon. G. W. WILSON, Messrs. J. J. LININGSTON, C. A. SNYDER, E. A. THAYER, W. P. TOWNSHEND, and others.

The District Committee will make the necessary arrangements for these meetings. Let there be enthusiastic rallies.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Acting Chairman.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

AT OFFUTT'S HALL, MONDAY NIGHT.

Addresses by

HON. M. G. URNER,

on the general issues presented in this campaign, and by

THOS. J. PEDDICORD, Esq.,
and
H. WHEELER COMBS, Esq.,

mainly devoted to LOCAL ISSUES.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

Republicans be careful who you take tickets from; take them from none but reliable Republicans. There is such a thing as a "wolf in sheep's clothing." See that the names of McComas Read and Stake are on your ticket.

Why Vote for Read.

1. Because he is *worthy* to fill the position of Chief Judge.

2. Because he is *able* to fill the position of Chief Judge.

3. Because his political principles deserve the support of all good citizens.

4. Because he will work needed reforms in the government of the public schools.

5. Because he will carry to the discharge of his duties scholarly attainments, sound legal learning, a varied and extensive experience, and habits of promptness, punctuality and diligence.

☞See that every Republican vote is polled.

THE BENCH AND THE SCHOOLS.

"*Resolved*, That we shall expect our chief judge, if elected, to participate in the appointment of the school commissioners as the law now stands upon the statute books of our State."—*Oakland Democratic Convention.*

"The Democrats of this county in their resolution say to the people, (so will Judge Alvey): 'It is our wish as a convention that he should concur with the other judges in making the appointments in question.' To this request his honor will undoubtedly comply."—*C. B. Ludwig, Editor Oakland Democrat.*

THE LAW.

"The said Circuit Courts shall have and exercise in the respective counties, all the power, authority and jurisdiction, original and appellate, which the present Circuit Courts of this State now have and exercise, *or which may hereafter be prescribed by law.*"—*State Constitution: Art. iv, Sec.* 20.

"The board of county school commissioners shall be composed of three persons, appointed by the judges* of the Circuit Courts to serve for two years from the first day of January next succeeding said appointment and until their successors shall qualify."—*Code: Art. xxvii, Sec.* 6.

*Mark the language. Not the Court; nor one judge nor two, but the *judges.*

JUDGE ALVEY'S POSITION.

"Hereafter I shall feel myself justified in declining to participate in making such appointments."—*Judge Alvey, on the 10th of February, 1876, in his letter to the General Assembly of Maryland relative to the appointment of school commissioners.*

"The office of judge is in no sense a political one, and though candidates are nominated by conventions representing political parties, it is not contemplated, nor in the slightest degree allowable, that the judges, when elected, should act the part of politicians, or, in any manner, recognize matters of politics in the administration of the law. From the very nature of the office he holds he is required to be entirely free from all political bias, and to keep himself apart from all participation in political affairs. The judge, moreover, represents a separate and *independent* department of the government, and his action in office should be correspondingly *independent.* By the fundamental law of the State he is expressly forbidden to hold or exercise any political trust or employment whatever, and thus to secure not only the complete separation of the different departments of government, but the exercise of the judicial function free and disembarrassed of any *associated duty*, and to remove the judge from the danger of being involved in any matter of a *public trust* not of a judicial nature. It has been in view of this nature and character of the office that I have *declined those that were foreign to it.*"—*Judge Alvey's Letter of Acceptance, Oct.* 11, 1882.

MR. READ'S POSITION.

"As the law imposes the duty upon the judges of the several circuit courts of the State to appoint the county school commissioners in their respective counties, I consider it proper for me to state that it is my intention, if elected, to co-operate with my associates upon the bench in the appointment of fit and proper persons as school commissioners in the counties of the district who will keep and maintain the public schools in the highest state of efficiency and see that the money appropriated for their support is expended to the best advantage.—*Extract from Mr. Read's Letter of Acceptance.*

Up in Garrett county the Democratic committee billed Mr. Blair to stump the county, and he was to be accompanied by the United States Senators H. G. Davis, Voorhees and Vest, and perhaps other great lights in the party. Well, Mr. Blair spoke at Oakland, and will probably not again appear in the county. Nevertheless the caravan started out for a tour of the county. We heard from it in the interior. Mr. Blair was represented by Col. Kilgour; Senators Davis and Voorhees by Mr. Ludwig, editor of the Oakland *Democrat*; Senator Vest and the others by Mr. C. C. Willison, and the balance, of the Democratic party by a bountiful supply of whiskey, which was being freely dispensed. At one place it was dealt out in so disgusting a manner as to cause some Democrats to leave the meeting, expressing their contempt for the proceeding and the actors.—*Cumb. News.*

Republicans, it is your duty to go to the polls on the 7th of November and cast your ballots for the candidates of your party. Every Republican vote should be cast, and if you have a neighbor who has no means of getting to the polls, make it your business to see that he gets there. We can't afford to lose a single vote.

☞Vote the Republican ticket without the scratching of a name.

The Campaign in Garrett.

The campaign in this county is being vigorously carried on by the Republicans. The meetings held in the northern section of the county were largely attended and very enthusiastic. The meeting at Selbysport Tuesday evening was addressed by Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and was one of the largest ever held in the district. On Wednesday evening a meeting was held in Grantsville, which was addressed by Messrs. Peddicord and Snyder. An intelligent gentleman writes to us from Grantsville that Mr. Peddicord's speech at that place is acknowledged to be the ablest and most argumentative speech ever delivered there. The meetings at New Germany and Gregg's Mill Thursday and Friday evenings were well attended. These last two meetings were addressed by Messrs. Wellington and McMichael, of Allegany county, and Mr. Snyder, of Grantsville. We feel grateful to all the speakers in the present campaign, and especially to Messrs. Hoffman, Richmond, Wellington and McMichael of Allegany county, for their efficient aid. Meetings were also held this week at Altamont Thursday night and at Deer Park Saturday night. A meeting will be held at the Shook Shop this (Saturday) night and the last grand rally of the campaign at Oakland, Monday night in Offutt's Hall, which will be addressed by Hon. M. G. Urner, Thos. J. Peddicord, Esq., and H. Wheeler Combs, Esq. The address of the last named gentlemen will be mainly confined to local issues.

A Scrap of History.

In the year of grace 1862 there was an election for a member of Congress from the Fifth Congressional District, which at that time included Montgomery county. In that same year Hon. Montgomery Blair was a member of the Cabinet of President Lincoln, representing therein the State of Maryland. He was reputed to be one of the most influential advisers of the President, and in all matters pertaining to the State of Maryland had had almost entire control.

Mr. Blair had his own candidate for Congress from the Fifth District, nominated by the Deputy United States Marshals, who were under his influence. The other candidates were the Hon. Chas. B. Calvert, who was the Union candidate, and Hon. B. G. Harris, the Democratic candidate.

On the day of election each polling place in our county had a squad of United States soldiers stationed at it, and every citizen offering his vote was required to take an oath dictated by General Augur, the General commanding at Washington. Many of our citizens, Union men and Democrats, unwilling to submit to this invasion of the rights and dignity of their State, refused to take this oath and were thereby deprived of their right of suffrage. Mr. Blair, the representative of the State in the Cabinet, uttered no protest against this outrage upon her constitution, and it was openly charged by Democrats at that time that these troops were sent to the polls to secure the election of Mr. Blair's candidate.

Mr. Blair now seeks to become the representative of the Sixth District in Congress. Can it be that Democrats who remember how forgetful he was of the honor and dignity of the State in former days, can be induced to put them again in his charge? Has Mr. Blair ever expressed any repentance or regret for his action of his? *It was in his power to have prevented those troops from invading the polling places of our State and he failed to do so.* He should have done so or resigned his seat in a Cabinet that ignored the rights of the loyal State of which he was the representative.

Democrats have voted for *Horace Greeley* and therefore they might vote for Mr. *Blair* if it were not for this special action of his in a matter so vital to the honor and interest of the State.—*Rockville Montgomerian.*

We understand that one of the fat-witted Democratic speakers who went campaigning last week through Garrett county advanced a very peculiar argument on the school question. He said the Republicans were urging the election of Messrs. Read and Stake in order to get control of the schools. "If their election occurs," said this fresh young man, "we will go before the Legislature and get a bill passed taking the appointment of school commissioners out of the hands of the judges and giving it to the Governor." What a brilliant programme. We would suggest that if the Governor should prove unequal to the task that he call upon the speaker in question to help him. The name can be had on application to this office.—*Cumb. News.*

Major O'Conner, of New York, the "Irish Orator," and tariff advocate, addressed a Republican meeting in the Academy of Music, Cumberland, Md., Thursday evening, in advocacy of the election of Louis E. McComas.

Why We are Republicans.

In his recent speech at Rock Island, Ill., Green B. Baum said: "We are Republicans because the Republican party had the patriotism and courage in 1861 to declare that the Union and the Constitution and free government should be maintained at every hazard against the rebellion; because the Republicans in Congress passed the laws to raise armies, to create a navy, to borrow money, and to appropriate money for the suppression of the rebellion; because the Republican party had the wisdom to pass the legal tender act and the national bank act, two of the greatest and most successful measures of the age. We are Republicans because the Republican party saved the Union, and not only preserved free government to our own people, but gave an impetus to the cause of freedom throughout the world. We are Republicans because the Republican party emancipated four millions of slaves and gave them equal rights and the ballot. We are Republicans because the Republican party has preserved the public credit, reduced taxation, reduced the public debt, refunded it at a low rate of interest, and has resumed specie payments. We are Republicans because the Republican party, animated by the most magnanimous spirit that ever influenced a people, forgave the enemies of the government, and restored to them the rights of citizenship, forfeited by the rebellion. The Republican party pensioned the wounded and disabled soldiers of our Army and the widows and orphans of those who fell in the great struggle to preserve the Union. The Republican party made provision for the construction of a railroad across the continent, connecting the Missouri Valley with the Pacific States. The Republican party has encouraged the growth of the Western States and Territories by giving homesteads to settlers upon the public lands. The Republican party has fostered, stimulated, diversified, and enlarged the industries of the country by its wise tariff legislation. The Republican party is in favor of education and of liberal provisions for the support of free schools. It is in favor of the suppression of polygamy, and has recently passed a law for the overthrow of that "twin relic of barbarism." It is in favor of an efficient and honest administration of the public service, and it has proven its faith by its works. The Republican party is opposed to ballot-box stuffing, false counting, social ostracism, bull dozing, intimidation, and murder as means to carry elections. It is in favor of equal rights equal protection under just laws, a free ballot, a fair count, and the cheerful submission of minorities to the will of the people.

The Baby Plea.

About the only charge the Democrats have yet made against Hon. William J. Read, the Republican candidate for Chief Judge in this Judicial Circuit, and Edward Stake, Esq., our candidate for Associate Judge, is that they are both *young men*—not so old nor experienced in the practice of law as their opponents. The charge is true and we plead guilty to all the counts in the indictment.

But this was no fault of our candidates; it was a matter over which had no control whatever.

The same charge would have held good against Judge Alvey fifteen years ago; and against Mr. Syester as well. Would it have been a serious charge?

Mr. Read and Mr. Stake are both in the prime of young manhood, in full possession of the powers of their intellect, fresh, strong, and not jaded by overwork or abuse in any way. Some of the greatest minds in the world did their best and most effective work in their early manhood. Before he was thirty the great Napoleon had conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns the world ever saw. "Thanatopsis," the most widely known of all the poems of William Cullen Bryant, was written in his nineteenth year. The world is full of incidents of the grandest achievements by young men.

Add fifteen years of toil and wasting of the energies of the Democratic candidates—Alvey and Syester—and they will be ranked among the old men of our county, (if yet alive), and, according to the constitution of the State, ready to be retired from the Bench; while Messrs. Read and Stake would be still in the prime of life, ripe with years of experience, and good for another judicial race.

The "baby" plea of the Democrats will not hold good. Better a young man in his nonage than an old man in his dotage.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Mothers should Know it.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*

Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 26.—The following thanksgiving proclamation was issued by the President of the United States of America:

"*A Proclamation.*"

In conformity with the custom of the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving. The blessings demanding our gratitude are numerous and varied; for the peace and amity which subsist between this Republic and all nations of the world; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land, of liberty, justice and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for constantly increasing the strength of the republic while extending its privileges to fellow men who come to us, for improved means of internal communication and increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the prosperity of all our industries, a liberal return of our mechanics toil, affording a market for the abundant harvests of our husbandmen; for the preservation of our National faith and credit; for the wise and generous provision to effect our intellectual and moral education of our people; for the influence upon the conscience of restraining and transforming power of our religion and for the joys of home. For these and for many other blessings, we should give thanks. Wherefore I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of National thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people cease from their daily labors and meet in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the Throne of Almighty God, offering him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness with which he has vouchsafed to us, and pray that his blessings and his mercies may continue; and I do further recommend the day thus appointed be made the occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of National thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the independence of the United States one hundred and seventh.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
By the President;
FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

The Prospect Now.

The political outlook which was somewhat overcast by the Ohio reverse is visibly brightening all along the line. Most cheering advices pour in from almost every quarter, presaging Republican victory. The Democratic leaders themselves begin to quake, although to keep up the illusion that possesses their party they pretend to be confident of gaining control of the next House. All Republicans are agreed on the necessity of carrying that House, whatever else they may do, and if every Republican votes as he thinks, it will show a handsome Republican majority of certainly not less than twenty members, and possibly more. But so much is involved in the prosperity of our industries, to the well-being of our laborers in every field of human exertion, to the honor of our Nation, and to the freedom of the ballot, by which alone it can be perpetuated as a Republic, that every citizen who values human rights and advanced civilization should cast his vote for the Republican Congressional candidate without fail.

A Danger to be Avoided.

How would the American farmer like his home market to disappear? How would the American mechanic like to see his workshop close? How would the American artisan like to see skill unrolled for? How would the American laborer like to find himself on half time and half wages, and in luck at that? How would the merchant like to find his customers fall off more than 50 per cent in number and more than 50 per cent. in their individual purchases? How would the physicians like to have plenty of work and and no pay? How would the clergyman like his congregations to grow thinner and poorer until the church must be sold for debt? Yet all these things, and more would they see, if Democratic free trade is to come and curse the land. None of these should fail to vote the Republican Congressional ticket.

Mr. Read and Mr. Stake were nominated by the Republican party, and are pronounced in their Republican attachments to the principles of that grand old party of loyalty to the Government. Why should they be sacrificed by Republicans to elevate Democrats to places that can be filled as well by their own candidates?

☞Republicans take your conveyances and assist your less fortunate neighbors in getting to the polls.

Bogus Tickets.

Election day approaches. The Democratic managers everywhere are ready with bogus tickets to deceive the anti Democrat voter into voting for one or more of the Democratic candidates. Let every Republican voter carefully scan his ticket before hand as to shape, size, and names printed thereon. Better to get it the day before election, before the flurry of election day itself, and make sure that it is right. Then, when you go to vote, allow no one to touch it, and see that you deposit that ticket, and none other.

Montgomery Blair, as the relic of the Blair family, is rich, and able to pay for his own canvass. Yet it is said that Tilden, of New York, is furnishing him with large sums in addition, to aid in his election. This last proves that he is considered in the light of a representative Democratic national candidate, against the Republican party, and every effort possible, fair and unfair, will be resorted to to make his canvass successful. He is all selfishness, and while he is rich and has been a resident of Washington city for over fifty years, and not of Maryland, he has never been known to contribute, or in any way make himself prominent in the numerous humanitarian purposes in aid of the sick, the poor and unfortunate, as thousands of other men and woman, with much less means, have done for the relief of suffering humanity. He is a mere selfish, designing demagogue politician, with no noble acts for the benefit of mankind. The Republicans, and all good citizens, of the Maryland Sixth district, should use every fair means possible to assure his defeat, as his election would be an insult to the memory of the martyr Lincoln, the soldiers who fought to save the Union, the Republican party, and lastly, a disgrace to the nation!

The Frederick *Times* of Monday has the following report of the defection of a prominent Democrat of that place:

Francis Brengle, a prominent Democratic lawyer of this city, has announced his purpose to act with the Republican party, and he will probably take the stump at once. Mr. Brengle was the State's Attorney for this county in 1870 by appointment by the court, and in the following campaign was the Democracy's nominee for that office. He is a fluent speaker, and will do his old party considerable damage.

In a letter, October 20, 1882, written at Augusta, Me., Mr. Blaine says: "For the remainder of this campaign Republicans every where should bend their energies to securing a majority in the next House of Representatives, * * * It is evidently the duty of all true Republicans to use every honorable effort to hold control of the popular branch of Congress. In that branch is lodged the power to originate revenue bills, and that carries with it the incidental power of fostering or disabling the entire industrial system of the country. The Republicans may be safely trusted to do the first; there is serious danger that the Democrats might do the second."

Republicans of Garrett county, there is room for improvement in the election districts. The majority of registered voters are Republicans. Will you go to work? Will you do your utmost, now, in the two days that remain, to insure to our standard bearer a glorious triumph in November? Remember that this election is ours, and we can give McComas a good majority, if we only do our duty.

Whatever causes may exist anywhere for local dissension let every true Republican bear in mind the necessity of keeping the control of the next House in the hands of the Republican party, which alone can be trusted with the next Presidential count and with the reconstruction of the tariff, so that the interests of the farmer, laborer, mechanic, artizan, and all other legitimate interests may be adequately protected.

Precious Hope--Peruna.

One morning while he (her husband) was holding her up in order that she could breathe more easily, after having struggled with a bad spell of coughing, he made the remark that he did not believe she would ever get well, when she, in her weakness, said: "Yes, I will, if you will bring Dr. Hartman." The doctor was brought. He prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She began to improve from the first dose she took. She told me to-day she has never felt better in her life than she does now, and that she cannot say too much for *Peruna.*

A. J. MILLER.

Her husband writes: "South Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1881; I have a living witness of the virtue of *Peruna* in my wife, who was saved from death by it. I certify that every word on page 30 in Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life" is true in every particular.

T. S. EBERLINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The Governor has appointed Thos. E, Gonder notary public at Cumberland.

—Gray hairs often cause annoyance, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

—Republicans, don't assist the Democrats in the election of any man on their ticket. Our men are all good enough.

—Mr. John J. Beeghley, residing near Engles Mills, raised this year a stock of corn 11 feet 1 inch in height, which bore 2 ears measuring 4¼ inches in circumference.

—The Republicans and Democrats are girding up their loins for the election next week. The leaves have already begun to fall, and so will the Democrats next Tuesday.

—Mr. Zealous Tower paid a flying visit to Oakland Monday. He is in the office of J. K. Cowan, Esq., the great railroad lawyer of Baltimore, and came here to make an examination as to the tittle of lands which the B. & O. Co., propose to purchase.

—Saturday evening Mr. White *McWilliams*, of Oakland, accedentally shot himself in the right hand, while exhibiting the working of a revolver which he desired to sell. The ball entered the ball of the thumb and lodged in the back of the hand, under the skin, whence it was extracted by Dr. McComas. The wound is very painful, and will cripple the hand for some time. He "did not know it was loaded."

—Mr. W. B. Hutson, living on the West Union road, 6 miles from Oakland, had a valuable chestnut sorrel mare taken from his stable Saturday night. The thief also broke open several boxes of store goods that were in a wagon near by, taking what he could conveniently carry. The animal was found Sunday in the woods near a railroad camp on the North Branch, and taken to Mr. George L. Mosser's, where Mr. Hutson found her. Some of the articles stolen from the wagon were also found in the camp, but the guilty party has not yet been identified.

—Republican friends if you should assist in the election of a Democrat, you will be sorry for it when members of that party crow over their victory. Vote for the whole Republican ticket.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire at 10½ A. M.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Public Sale of Household Goods.

I will offer at public sale, at my furniture store in Oakland, on Saturday, Nov. 4th, 1882, at 10 A. M., the furniture and household goods belonging to Mrs. Barry, and used at Hazlewood Cottage.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's *New Discovery* for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of October:

George H. Cline and Rachael Michaels.

Andrew J. Friend and Carrie S. Boyer.

Daniel W. Maust and Annie E. Baker.

Henry P. Sines and Mary M. Sisler.

Lloyd H. Bell and Mary E. Hosen.

Franklin Miller and Nancy A. Guthrie.

Adam Werner and Annie L. Layton.

W. H. Crabtree and Florence McCrum.

Nathaniel Male and Minerva J. Male.

Wm. Sterner and Emma Durst.

A Present to Miss Jennie Smith.

A gentleman residing in Wheeling has given Miss Jennie Smith a lot of ground at Mountain Lake Park, under a proviso that she shall erect a cottage on it. This being the case the Baltimore and Ohio employes propose to provide the funds for the house by dollar subscriptions. An erroneous report appeared in a Frederick paper to the effect that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had presented Miss Smith a house and lot, and this the Baltimore and Ohio officials desire to correct, and as it was having the effect of deterring subscriptions for the house.—*Cumb. News.*

Valuable Coal Lands for Sale.

Attention is called to the advertisement in this issue offering for sale on Wednesday next the John Barnes farm. This tract of land is underlaid with the small coal veins abounding in that region, and is also bountifully supplied with lime stone, and is well adapted for farming and stock raising. He also sells his stock, farming utensils and other personal property on the same day.

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim if he were to add *Peruna* to his prescriptions as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life" (and furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

"OSWEGO, Potter county, Pa.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your *Peruna* and *Manalin* are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before.

MRS. ELLEN MAYNARD."

Correspondence Cumberland News.

EDITOR NEWS—*Sir:* The political campaign is this county is waxing warm. Both parties are actively engaged and mass meetings are of almost daily occurrence. If the election had taken place immediately after the nominations were made I have no doubt that Judge Alvey would have carried this county by a small majority. The feelings of the masses have undergone a change, however, in the last two weeks. The numerous meetings and discussions of which I have spoken have had the effect of drawing party lines and the vote will be a party vote. Indeed, I doubt very much if there will be as much scratching as we usually have. The Democrats have been sending dispatches to other parts of the District asserting that Garrett county would give Blair two hundred majority. If any man is unwise enough to place confidence in such statements he will be fearfully disappointed when he gets the election returns. We confidently expect from one hundred to one hundred and twenty majority for the *whole* Republican ticket.

I saw in yesterday's paper a dispatch to the effect that Democratic speakers during the week had "built camp fires on every hill-side and made music in every valley" in Garrett county. Subsequent events show that the aforesaid speakers were not good generals. They failed to post their sentinels and the Republicans followed them closely and extinguished all their fires. Their music has died away in the autumn breeze until its faintest echo is no longer heard. The people are aroused—they have learned to sing a "new song" set to Republican music—they are marching forward in solid column, certain of victory. Flowery speeches are entertaining for the moment, but these and camp-fires-in-the-hill-side and music in-the-valley dispatches will not carry this county for Blair or the ticket he is on.

It is a notorious fact that some of the best men in the Democratic party here are not taking part in the campaign at all. It is further well known that the Ring Democracy here always made it a point in convention to sit down upon certain prominent Democrats and their friends. How long these gentlemen will submit to such treatment I can not say, but certain it is they are not active in the present canvass, and they have a large number of adherents who are practically idle while the whitened harvest is being gathered in by Republican laborers. Everything is encouraging. Hurrah for our side!

GARRETT.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been decieved by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

The Court of Appeals on Thursday of last week affirmed the decision of the Circuit Court of Anne Arundel county, in the contested election cases. This turns out the Democratic County Commissioners who were counted in at the election in 1881, and seats those appointed by the Governor.

A vote cast for Montgomery Blair is a vote cast for free trade, reduction of wages, and against the manufacturing interests of the South and the rest of the country. Laboring men remember this and vote for McComas and protection.

☞Go to the polls early on Tuesday morning, the 7th instant, and remain there until they close and see that every Republican gets his vote in for McComas, Read and Stake.

In his eagerness to serve his party, (at the least expense,) the adipose editor of the *Democrat* recently sent out a campaign circular folded in the regular issue of his paper, in gross violation of the regulations of the Postoffice Department. When called to account he said he did not know that it was a violation of the postal laws! Innocent man.

The only doubtful states which elect legislatures this fall on whom the choice of a federal senator rests are Illinois, New Jersey, Tennessee and North Carolina. All are now represented by Democrats, and Republican gains are certain in the first two, and probable in the last two.

If the industrious American workingman wants a chance to loaf around the street corners in the day time and go home at night to a wife and children in rags and tears, then let him vote for Free-Trade Democracy, and these things shall surely happen to him.

There is no enthusiasm among the Democrats of Garrett county, they appear to be aware of the fact that something is about to drop. To say that they don't feel good is drawing it very mild.

Under Democratic free-trade food and clothing for the family might be a little cheaper for a while, but the workman wouldn't have half the money he now has to buy them with.

Ex-Senator Booth of California in his address to the recent State convention, said: "The Republican party as a national organization is twenty-seven years old. To say that it is perfect would be to claim that it is more than human; but standing in this presence I dare avow there has been no political party in all history, however long it may have existed, that has accomplished so much for humanity, so much for justice, so much for liberty regulated by enlightened law, as the Republican party of the United States in the past twenty seven years.

WASHINGTON, October 30.—James Woods, the Irish miller who is making Republican campaign speeches in Indiana, writes to the *Evening Critic*: "I find in every county where I have been that the Republicans are well organized. We will, unlike Ohio, poll every one of our votes, and with a small loss, gain recruits from the temperance branch of the Democratic party. We will, I believe, elect eight Republican Congressmen, and have prospects of a gain from the Fourth and Eleventh districts."

Assistant Secretary New has received letters of an encouraging nature from Indiana, and expresses the opinion that the Republicans will be the victors. The only element of doubt in his opinion relates to the possibility that the masses may not come out on election day with a full vote. His correspondents declare that success is highly probable. Mr. New left for Indiana to-day to take part in the Republican campaign in that State.

General Crook's Orders.

There is no man living, probably, from whom more stern, pitiless treatment is to be expected for the Indian on the war path, than from General Crook, yet it is a significant fact that there is no man that the Indians have trusted more, although he has fought and beaten them many times. Both white and red men had reason to look to their ways when he was sent to Arizona to settle matters with the Apaches. We call attention to the remedies which the keen-sighted soldier proposes to administer to both parties, if need be at the sword's point. First, whiskey is to be wholly banished from the reservation; secondly, every Indian is to be kept within its bounds, and set to work for his own living; and thirdly, every Indian going on the war-path will be mercilessly punished. So much for the red men; but the General twists around and lays down laws equally strict for his own officers and privates. He asserts that he finds among the Indians in Arizona a deep-seated distrust of the whites, especially the soldiery, and even intimates that the guilty persons in the late disturbance were not the red men. Under his command justice, he declares, is now to be done to Indian as well as to white man. Grievances brought before officers shall be promptly redressed, troops shall not be made the instruments of oppression, and each officer will be held strictly accountable that his actions toward Indians who desire to enter upon a career of peace shall be both legal and just.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Vote the whole ticket, and we will most assuredly elect every man.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10-4 td G. A. SHIRER.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.'S COLUMN.

A New Departure!

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

Have determined to do business only for

CASH OR TRADE,

—AT—

CASH PRICES!

Our reasons for making the change is that we have found that the only correct way is to sell our goods for CASH, and by so doing be able to compete with other places where they do business on correct business principles and that is to sell for

CASH OR TRADE AT CASH PRICES.

If you buy goods from a house that sells for cash, you do not have to help pay the bad debts of their customers that buy on time and never pay for them.

By selling for cash we are able to give our customers the benefit of the extra profit every merchant has to put on his goods to cover his losses by bad debts.

By buying from a house that TRUSTS NO ONE, it makes no bad debts, and is able to go into the market and buy for *CASH* to the best advantage, and are not bound to any house, but can buy from the one that sells the BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

Oakland, Md., Nov. 1, 1882.

NEW ADVRTISEEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a mail to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also a great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

SPECIAL MEETING OF SCHOOL BOARD.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD., Oct. 30, 1882.

The Board of County School Commissioners will hold a special meeting on

SATURDAY, November 11th, 1882,

for the purpose of considering all claims for new school buildings and new school districts. Parties interested are requested to appear before the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
10 4 1 Secretary.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lochiel Lumber, Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company will be held at the office fo the Company at Bloomington, November 9th, at 11 o'clock A. M.

J. I. LIVINGSTON,
2t Manager.

Road Petition,

THIS is to give notice, that the undersigned, citizens of Election district No. 8, Garrett county Md., will petition the County Commissioners of said county, at their meeting next after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a county road, beginning at Frederick Warner's residence, and running through the lands of I. J. Pinsel, J. P. Paul, Johnson Bro.'s, J. D. Llewellyn and others, to intersect the National road near the tollgate, west of Frostburg, a distance of about three miles.

JACOB D. LLEWELLYN,
JOHN P. POWELL,
MICHAEL DURST
9 21 5 And others.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road from the Deer Park and Sand Flat road to the road leading from Altamont to the "Burnt School House," beginning at a point on the first mentioned road near the residence of R. J. Head and running on the lot lines dividing lots Nos. 3123 and 1660, 3128 and 1662, 3119 and 1661, 3117 and 1646, 3115 and 1660, 3113 and 3100, 3111 and 1761, to the last mentioned road.

R. J. HEAD,
J. W. ARCHIBALD,
SAMUEL GREEN
9 21 3 And 21 others.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

J1 21 DAVID LITTLE.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homesteads, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Russian Saints.

Of Russian saints canonized by the Russian Church there are 138, all told; but besides these there is a number of saints recognized as such by the people without any sanction of the Church. The Russian Church has canonized those who are remarkable for pious and pure life and virtuous deeds, whose bodies remained incorruptible (relics) and who abounded in miracles. Sixty-nine of the Russian saints were monks; there are 37 Bishops, 28 princes, all of the Rurik family; 10 martyrs, and seven alienated of mind, or "foolish for Christ's sake." Of sainted women there are six. St. Olga, St. Juliana, and four bearing the name of St. Euphrosine. All of these were princesses of the Rurik family. Among the Russian saints there are three Greek, one from Rome, one from Bulgaria, and one baptized Tartar prince. The Russians embraced Christianity in 988, and in the tenth century they already had four saints; in the eleventh, 16; in the twelfth, 22; in the thirteenth, 14; in the fourteenth, 18; in the fifteenth, 32; in the sixteenth, 22; in the seventeenth, six; in the eighteenth, four. In this age of ours, so far, there are no saints, even in Holy Russia. The latest saint, Bishop Tikhov, canonized in 1861, died in 1783.

At the head of the Russian saints stands St. Olga, who ruled over Russia for ten years, and is known in history as the Wise. She was the first Christian ruler of Russia, though she did not venture to openly propagate Christianity among her pagan subjects. However, she organized in secret a small community of Christians. Two of them, Theodor and John, father and son, suffered martyrdom at the hands of pagan Russians, who wanted to sacrifice the boy to their chief idol, Perun. "If your god wants my boy," answered the father, "let him come and take him." The offended pagans killed both father and son on the spot.

In 988 the great Prince Vladimir, canonized as "Saint and Apostolic," openly accepted Christianity and baptized his subjects. He declared: "He who will not be baptized shall not be dear to me." Of course, a great majority of his subjects wanted to be "dear" to their master. When Vladimir made up his mind to change his pagan religion there came to him Hebrews, Roman Catholics, Mohammedans and Greeks, offering their religions. He declined to accept the Hebrew religion on the ground that the Hebrews had no country of their own. To the Roman Catholics he said: "I don't want to kiss any man's toe." To the Mohammedans he said: "Drinking is a joy to the Russians." So, like his grandmother, St. Olga, Vladimir accepted the Greek faith.

St. Antony the Great and St. Theodosy the Great founded the first convent in Russia in the eleventh century. They began to dig the famous Kieff catacombs where afterward thousands of monks lived, from among whom there came tens of bishops and tens of founders of convents elsewhere. To-day in the Kieff catacombs repose about fifty saints. Among these may be mentioned St. Agapti, the physician; St. Theopil, the crying; St. Pimen, the man of sickness; St. Nikon, the dry; St. John, the long-suffering; St. Princess, the virgin; Juliana, and St. Nestor, the chronicler, the father of Russian history. His chronicles are indeed a great literary treasure. The Kieff monks spread Christianity and education to all parts of Russia. They built churches, schools and convents, the latter usually occupying the most picturesque places, showing that their founders had a poetic sense.

In the thirteenth century the pagan Tartars conquered Christian Russia and ruled over it for two centuries and a half. Many princes and bishops came to the front in defense of their country and faith, and many suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Tartars. At that time many a convent served as a stronghold, and the Russian monks fought many battles against the Tartar hordes. The Moscow convents and churches have many relics of these patriotic martyrs and monk warriors. That the princes who suffered death for refusing to adore the Tartar idols were canonized is not surprising, but there was one prince who adored the idols and prostrated himself before the pagan fire, and yet he was canonized. This was St. Alexander, the Nevsky. He was a pure diplomat. While showing respect to the Khan and his idols he was preparing an army and bringing Russian princes to an understanding as to how to get rid of the Tartar yoke. He deserved much of his country, and the thankful Church canonized him. The relics of this diplomatic saint repose in St. Petersburg, and he is regarded as the special patron of the Czar's residence.

After the Tartars were driven away the Russian monks and bishops encountered dangers enough in defending their people and faith against their own Czars, and thus martyrs continued to appear in Russia. During the reign of Ivan the Terrible, for instance, there were living fully fifteen saints, among whom Metropolitan Philipp was particularly remarkable. Once Philipp thus addressed Ivan: "Thou art not the father of thy people, but a tyrant. Blessed be the hand that shall kill thee, rabid dog!" Ivan, in a rage, ordered that the Metropolitan be tortured and then, to dishonor him before the people, he had him placed on an ass and driven through the streets. Philipp exclaimed: "Madman! Thou glorifiest me instead of dishonoring me. My Savior also rode on an ass." Philipp, by Ivan's order, was strangled in prison. But the Church canonized Philipp, and there are three days dedicated to him.

Of all the Russian saints the name of St. Ilia (Elias,) the Mooromets, is the most familiar to the Russian people at large, not as a saint but as the popular hero of the twelfth century. Though surpassing all other Russians in strength, Ilia did not care to fight. He stayed at home warming himself at the baking-oven for thirty-and-three years. But when he learned that the pagan Tartars were oppressing Christians and mocking the Christian faith, he put on his knightly armor, jumped on his gigantic charger, and for many, many years Ilia watered Christian lands with pagan blood. When offended Ilia punished even the great Prince Vladimir, along with all his knights. Ilia ended his days in the woods, living as a hermit. The people adored their hero, and the Church at length canonized him.

The saints known as "the foolish for Christ's sake" lived in that good old time when tongues for saying straight truths were often cut out or burned with red-hot iron and melted lead. The "Christ's fools," however, like court jesters, were allowed to say many things that no sane man would dare to utter. Prokop of Ustug threatened an impious Prince and his courtiers with a "stony rain." Being mocked, as the story goes, a rain of stone fell and killed many people. It stopped only when Prokop began to pray.

Under the Romanoffs' rule, that is, for the last two centuries and a half, there have been only eight saints, and these lived far away from the capitals, one dwelling in Siberia—St. Innocent, at Irkutsk. The Romanoffs usurped the patriarchal powers in the Church. They cared nothing for piety and virtue, and only sought to increase their authority. At the head of the Government, and therefore of the Church, there were in turn the boy Czar, the baby Czar, the idiot Czar, the maniac Czar, a Russian Aspasia, a Northern Semiramis and two Russian Messalinæ. Under such spiritual guidance there could be no talk of piety and sanctity in the country.—*St. Petersburg (Russia) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Cheerful Rooms.

We are so influenced by our surroundings that it is very desirable they should be as pleasant as possible. It is not always in the power of the house-mother to live in the locality she prefers or to change its features to suit her tastes, but she may so furnish and arrange the interior of her house that it will be charming and restful. The charm of a cosy home resides inherently in the mistress and not in what the furnisher and upholsterer can do to make a house comfortable. If fine mirrors and velvet carpets and plush-covered furniture and elegant carvings made happy homes what blessedness would reside in a furniture store. Not till loved faces have been reflected in a mirror is it made at all precious to us; not till footsteps for which we fondly listen have pressed the carpet is its inanimate web dear to us; not till chairs and sofas have been consecrated by holding the forms of our friends do these soulless objects, however costly, have to us other than a mere commercial value. Unassociated with human feeling and sympathy the most expensive and elaborate interiors are like roses without scent, like marbles without life. Every thoughtful person knows all this well enough, but for all that we are too apt to fancy that possessions like these bring happiness, while we suffer to lie unused such as are at hand and potent to yield abundant pleasure.

One of the chief requisites for a cheerful room whether in palace or cottage is sunshine. In the hot summer time a north room is endurable, but in winter we love those rooms best where the sun comes earliest in the morning and lingers longest in the evening. In such a room should the family life pass. And in its sunniest corner should be the invalid's chair, the grandmother's rocker, the baby's cradle.

In rooms into which the sun never shines recourse must be had to various devices to make up, so far as may be, for this grave lack. A sunless room should have bright and joyous color in its furnishings. The walls should be warmly tinted, the curtains give a roseate glow to the light that passes through them. An open fire may diffuse the sunshine but lately imprisoned in oak or hickory, or ages ago locked up in anthracite. Ferneries and shade loving plants may contribute their gentle cheer to the room and to suggest quiet forest nooks.

Not less requisite than sunshine to the comfort of rooms is order and neatness. This should be impressed upon every part of it. There is a certain negligé look to all attractive rooms, certain evidences of personality and individuality, but these are as far as possible removed from disorder and carelessness. A book left lying on the table, a bit of needlework on the window-sill, an open piano, may indicate the tastes and occupations of the inmates without suggesting that there is not a place for everything in that room. There is such a thing as being too neat and too nice to take comfort in everyday life, and this is anything but cheerful. And then there is such a thing as being so disorderly and negligent that comfort and cheer are impossible. If the house-mother cannot rest while there is a finger mark on the paint or a spot on the window panes, she may make a neat room but her splint will keep it from ever being cheerful. If she has no care for the "looks of things" her failure will be equally sure.

A bird singing in the window, an aquarium on the table in some corner, plants growing and blooming, domestic pets moving about as if at home, these give life and brightness to an apartment and afford constant opportunities for the pleasantest occupation and companionship. Books people a room, and pictures on the walls, if selected with taste, are ever fresh sources of enjoyment. You may gauge the refinement and cultivation of a family by these infallible tests, unless they have been selected by some outsider. Bits of embroidery, of scroll-work, and a thousand tasteful devices may contribute to the charm of a room and make it irresistibly attractive. The room in which one lives takes on the complexion of and prevailing states of mind of the occupant. If one is sunny, cheerful, tasteful, these qualities will be impressed on his surroundings, and you will know him by them just as you would know a crab by its cast off shell. There are lovely rooms in which there is not one piece of fine furniture, one bit of elegant upholstery, but where the taste of the occupants has found beautiful expression in calico and ingrain and wood engraving and such resources as homeens nature bestows on us all—ferns and flowers and sunshine and domestic pets.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An English chemist analyzed a red stocking and got out of it twenty-two grains of tin. We shouldn't think he got enough to pay him for his trouble; and yet he couldn't expect to find a gold mine in one red stocking. A pair of red stockings, however, frequently contain something that a gold mine couldn't buy.—*Norristown Herald.*

—On a Sunday evening a watchman in a Troy factory helped his dilatory dog into the building with the toe of his boot. On all week-days now the dog enters the factory as usual, but no amount of coaxing can get him near the building on the Sabbath.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

Charles Reade's Workshop.

Let us take a peep into his sanctum sanctorum. There, arranged upon strong deal shelves, are rows of guard-books, containing extracts from English, American and French journals. The *excepta miscellanea* are the collection of many years—nothing of importance has escaped the eye of this literary Argus. The newspaper cuttings are not pasted in the books in the usual careless manner, but properly classified under different headings. One set of books devoted to reports of curious police cases, under the heading of "Curialia," or man as revealed in the courts of law. Another filled with paragraphs about women, and labelled "Femina Vera." Some volumes headed "Humores Dici," or the humors of the day. Several ponderous tomes labeled "Nigri Loci," containing reports of dark deeds perpetrated in prisons, lunatic asylums, work-houses and orphan homes. In these volumes are to be found many heart-breaking stories of wretched prisoners done to death in county jails. The crimes of men "drest in a little brief authority." Reports of sane people shut up for years in private asylums. Conspiracies in which the chief actors were official tyrants and wicked relatives. Husbands who have consigned wives to lifelong captivity. Wives who have connived with authority to get rid of troublesome husbands, not because they were mad, but because they knew too much for their guilty partners. Heirs and heiresses shut up to make room for those who thought they had a better right to their property; and accounts of villainous deeds practiced upon poor creatures whose minds were really deranged; how their bones were broken and their lives beaten out of them by ruffianly keepers. In this collection are the confessions of escaped nuns, revolting stories of immorality in religious institutions, and many accounts of cruelties practiced upon defenceless children in so-called orphan homes. On another shelf are books containing reports of trade outrages and strikes, headed "The Dirty Oligarchy." Several volumes of mining reports, details of colliery explosions, outrages at sea, and any quantity of official blue-books. On the floor of the library are rows of giant folios, containing thousands of wood-cuts, labeled: "Pictura Theatri" and "Pictura Novellæ." A number of yearly volumes of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, the *Graphic*, the *Police News*, English and American, are carefully indexed under Mr. Reade's favorite headings, and the most striking paragraphs marked with red or blue pencil. Every volume is indexed and classified, and in addition to the indices pasted in each folio there are three quarto vellum-covered volumes, containing copies of the Floriligeal Indices, so that when the author wishes to find a subject he is not obliged to drag about the heavy annual volumes or the giant folios; he can find what he requires in the portable quarto, or Index ad Indices. In addition to this large collection of facts, there are about 400 volumes of "La Bibliotheque Dramatique"—containing not fewer than 4,000 French plays—and a few standard works of reference. As Mr. Reade once remarked to a friend, "This is a library of note books."—*The Gentlemen's Magazine.*

The Island of Skye.

Skye is the largest island which lies close to the mainland of Scotland on its west side. It is about fourteen miles long, and has an average breadth of nearly four miles. It rains here on the average nine days out of every twelve, and the fall is 130 inches annually. There is consequently an abundance of grass even in winter. It is the home of the West Highland or Kyloe cattle, which are among the hardiest of the bovine species, as fine in form as the Devon, though a fifth less in size as bred here. Their beef is of first quality. All except cows in calf—which are stabled only on winter nights—run out the whole year exposed to the weather. Their long, thick, shaggy coats of hair protect them well, even from the sleet and snow, which alternate with rain in winter. They thrive on the poorest fare, and when nearly full grown, fatten rapidly on a little additional good feed, thus making them profitable animals to rear even in that moist tempestuous climate. The cows give small messes of milk, but to make up for the smallness in quantity, it is as rich in quality as that drawn from the famous Channel Island cows.

Aside from oats, the only crops that can be cultivated in Skye are potatoes, beets and turnips. Grass, of course, grows wild and abundantly, and this is the main food to be depended on for the stock. A few horses, together with some thousands of sheep are raised here. We are not advised as to their breeds; but as they, too, have to get their living in the open, they must be as hardy as the cattle. Pigs are not kept. The island is famous for its breed of dogs—a Skye terrier with its long, soft, silky hair being quite a favorite with the fanciers. The inhabitants live in low cottages of very thick, uncemented stone walls. The roof is thatched and held down with ropes of twisted heather, otherwise the fierce winds would blow it away. The food of the people is oatmeal, potatoes, turnips, with a little milk and a few eggs as a rarity, and fish when they can be easily caught. Meat they seldom if ever eat, having a positive dislike for it. Their farming implements are of the rudest and cheapest kind, of the same fashion as centuries ago, with few exceptions.

The people are robust, healthy, sober, industrious and contented; and upon the whole may be said to live a reasonably happy life. They do not know what luxuries are, and therefore do not crave them—or follies of any other kind. The area of the island is 535 square miles and its population under 20,000. The surface is mountainous; the soil is poor and the products scant. Large plantations of trees have lately been planted, which will help to moderate the severity of the weather. Skye is the largest of the Hebrides.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The postal official at Pottsville, Pa., was somewhat bothered about the proper destination of a postal card directed to "James Bone, alias James E. Mulherren, in care of Mike Flynn, or his sister Julia, or her cousin Mary Ann, corner of a street with no number, Pottsville, retail huckster and tin horn artist. If not there, next door."

Fees to Saxon Waiters.

Americans, I find, are not very long in Saxony before they begin to give the value of one dollar to the imperial mark. The gold value of the latter is exactly 23 4-5 cents. In other words, the American dollar is worth 4 marks, 23 pfennige, and 4-5 of a pfennig. In general they are not mistaken, for the purchasing power of the mark in Saxony is almost equal to the purchasing power of the dollar in America. This fact, however, leads Americans into extravagance, and it is safe to say that they spend on an average just as much money here as they do at home. The inducements offered to the American stranger to part with his marks and his pfennige are numerous and peculiar. I have had the pleasure recently of listening to quite a number of young Americans who were comparing notes as to their experiences in this land of small coin and cheap prices, and a report of the proceedings will serve better to illustrate how the "fresh" young man from Hail Columbia lives and has his being here, than anything I could say about it. In the first place let me inform those who do not know it, that there are 100 pfennige to the mark, and that the latter is ordinarily considered as being worth an English shilling or an American quarter.

"By George," said a Boston boy, "it took my breath away when I saw Jim there handing a waiter ten pfennige for a fee the other day, and it staggered me when the waiter took it and thanked him for it as if he had done a big thing—two and one-half cents, whew! By George, I would be ashamed to hand him less than fifty pfennige, and I sometimes give a mark."

"Yes," replied Jim, who is a New Yorker, "but you will learn to give ten pfennige before you are here very long. When I first came I gave waiters one and two mark pieces everywhere I went. I knew that fees were expected, and I thought that twenty-five or fifty cents would be as small as a gentleman could offer to one of those elegantly-dressed attendants. I began to discern very soon that the waiters were quarreling among themselves as to which of them should bring me my dinner or my coffee, and I made up my mind that they had come to the conclusion that I was an American plumber, traveling for my health. Gradually I began to let them down, and the size of my fees inside of one week was reduced to such an extent that they began to view me not as a plumber, but as a defaulting bank cashier, whose pile was growing smaller, and who found it necessary to retrench. I still continued to reduce the fees, and made frequent experiments. One evening I threw down twenty-five pfennige as a feeler, and the waiter took it and bowed low. I watched the gentleman sitting opposite to me to see if he looked scornful, but he only appeared to be surprised. When he got ready to leave he gave the waiter five pfennige, and the latter acted as if that sum were more than he expected. From that moment I determined to reduce the appropriations, and now I give only ten pfennige. Next week I hope to have my cheek hardened so that I can give five. I don't believe I will go lower than that."

"You are right about it," said a Connecticut young man. "The gentlemen who eat at my restaurant seldom give the waiter anything. I have paralyzed several of them by my extravagance. One day I gave a waiter who had done some favors for me forty pfennige, or less than ten cents, and I saw him dividing it with the head waiter afterward. There are no more paralytic strokes at my restaurant, and no more divides. I pay the waiter now about once a week, and then only about half as much as I gave him at a single meal before. He knows that I have tumbled, and he is afraid if he is not good I will tumble some more. You can just bet the waiters don't fight about me now."—*Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.*

Parisites.

The word parasite is Greek. It means literally, one who eats with another—the guest at a feast. But it was early applied to that class of guests who manage, by flattery and fawning, to live at other people's expense. The Romans adopted it, and hence Plautus says: "Parasites are like mice—they eat the food that belongs to somebody else." Modern science has applied the word to vegetables and animals that attach themselves to other plants or to other animals, and live upon them as the human parasite lives upon his host. These parasites are almost innumerable. The microscope is daily revealing new ones. There are three classes of them: (1) Vegetable parasites that fasten upon plants or trees; (2) animal parasites, that feed upon vegetables, shrubbery and trees, and (3) animal parasites, that attach themselves to other animals. Of the first class, the mistletoe and the oat are a familiar illustration; to the second belong all the varieties of tree borers and plant lice, and the third the ichneumon fly, that takes possession of the caterpillar, and all the blood-sucking insects that prey upon man and beast. A few parasites may be useful. The vine which produces the vanilla bean is said to be a parasite. But the almost universal rule is that parasites are both useless and destructive. They attack plants or animals more valuable than themselves; they feed upon the sap or the blood; they exhaust the vitality of that upon which they fasten in order to sustain their own; and then they do no good in the world; they bear no fruit; they furnish no food; they are a pest in the garden, the orchard, the house—everywhere.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A poor woman in Sweden once applied to Old Bull for assistance. Knowing her distress, he softly asked her for her shoe. Taking the sinew used in its lacing, with it he replaced the four strings of his viol, and placing himself at a church door, he drew from this one chord such charming and piteous strains as only the large heart and masterly hand of Ole Bull could improvise and execute. Artist and woman were made happy—the artist the happier of the two.

—German Puffs: Half pint milk, five eggs, two large spoons flour, two ounces butter; bake in small tins or cups; fill them half full; they require a quick oven; a few minutes will bake them; to be eaten as soon as they are out of the cups, as they will fall if allowed to cool.—*Chicago Journal.*

For Young Readers.

THE YOUNG PRINCE'S RIDDLE

Fierce and bitter was the struggle,
But the strife at length was o'er,
And the joyful news went ringing,
Ended is the cruel war.
Proudly homeward rode his lordship,
Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;
Flushed his eyes with pride and triumph
As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was full of gladness,
Said I, every heart? Ah, no!
Here, amidst this joyful people,
One heart ached with speechless woe:
'Twas the little captive stranger,
Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—
Taken prisoner, brought a trophy
Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,
And, when taken, smiled disdain
As his captors stood around him,
Bound his arms with gyve and chain;
Smiled defiance when they told him
That Sir Guy his life would spare,
Should he serve and swear allegiance
To the house of Atheldare—

Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes
Spoke the scorn he could not tell,
As he followed, without murmur,
To his dreary prison-cell.
Then they left him, and his young heart
Bowed beneath its weight of pain
For a moment. But he rose up,
Calm and cold and proud again.

From without the grated window,
In the pleasant court below,
He could see the little Princess,
As she wandered to and fro.
Long and eagerly he watched her;
Like a cloud the golden hair
Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,
Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland Princess,
As if by a magic spell,
Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward
To the dreary prison-cell;
And the sad, pale face she saw there
Caused the ready tears to start,
While a woman's gentlest pity
Filled the tender, childish heart.

Then a firm resolve rose in her—
Lit the troubled little face.
Not a moment to be wasted;
Breathless, hurrying from the place
On an errand fraught with mercy,
Straight she to her father sped;
Humbly kneeling down before him,
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,
Fal ered out her anxious plea,
Told her pity for the captive,
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.
But he unswered, sternly gazing
On the downcast face so fair:
"Can our daughter doubt the justice
Of the house of Atheldare?

"But we pardon this, and tell you
Of our wise and just decree:
If this captive swear to serve us,
We will spare and set him free."
Then up rose the little maiden
Dauntlessly, without a fear.
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,
All his anger from him fled,
As he watched her, flushed and eager,
While her cause she bravely pleaded.
Gravely smiled he as she ended,
Drew her gently on his knee:
"You have conquered, little pleader—
You have gained the victory.

"But your Prince must earn his freedom:
Not with bow or spear in hand—
We are weary of the bloodshed—
Spread so long throughout the land.
Let him ask our court a riddle;
Six days' grace to him we give,
And the court three days to guess it;
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard
Danced the little maid in glee;
Surely he could find a riddle
That would save and set him free.
But five long days and five nights passed,
And the Prince no riddle gave;
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed Princess
Pondered sadly what to do,
Till at last she sought the counsel
Of her old nurse, tried and true.
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,
"Go, and search the green fields over,
Never stopping for an instant
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,
In the center, full in sight,
Throw it to the little captive;
All I promise will come right."
Out into the merry sunshine,
While her feet scarce touched the ground,
Went the Princess, never stopping
Till the treasure she had found.

Throw it, with the pretty nosegay,
In the window, barred and grated.
Then, and only then, she paused—
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.
Through the window, barred and grated,
In the dreary prison-cell,
Like a ray of happy sunshine
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,
While the burning tears brimmed over,
Through the mist he caught a glimpse
Of the little four-leaf clover.
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,
And, before the evening dew
Kissed the flowers of the land,
All the court this riddle knew:

"Fourteen letters am I made of.
Over countries fair and bright,
Under many different heavens,
Raise we flags, both red and white.
Living with my many brothers,
Ever in the long, sweet grass,
As we play, the happy zephyrs
Fan us gently as they pass.
Chanced you e'er to find me out,
Luck I'd surely bring to you.
Often of me have you heard,
Very often seen me, too:
Ere you turn away from me,
Read me well—my name you'll see."

Three days passed, unguessed the riddle,
And the sun rose joyfully,
Turned the prison bars all golden,
Told the captive he was free.
Life had never looked so radiant,
Earth had never seemed so fair;
Sang the birds and played the fountain,
Sweetest fragrance filled the air.

But the day wore slowly on,
Sank the sun from out the sky
Ere the waited summons came,
And he stood before Sir Guy.
In the stately council there
Knelt he down, with peerless grace;
Not a tinge of doubt or fear
In the proud patrician face.

To him, then, began Sir Guy:
"You have earned your freedom well,
And, we pray you, speak the answer
That our court has failed to tell."
Then up rose the little captive,
While his eyes with fun dimmed over:
"If you read its letters downward,
You will find a four-leaf clover."

And Sir Guy laughed long and loud
As he read the riddle through,
That the court had failed to guess
With the answer in full view.
So the little Prince was saved,
And ere many days were o'er,
Happily he sailed away
Toward his longed-for home once more.

But he carried back a memory
Of a court-yard fresh and fair,
Where there walked a little Princess
Radiant with her golden hair.
So my story's almost finished,
And the end I need not tell—
For of course 'tis in the ringing
Of a joyful wedding-bell.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE GARRET.

"Say, grandma, can't I and Chris and Dode go a-chestnutting on Pine Hill? We can, can't we? I know you'll let us."

Grandma Rand looked up at the sky, where dark clouds were gathering, then down to the anxious, upturned faces of her three little granddaughters.

"I'm 'most afraid it is going to rain," she said. "I think you had better ask Aunt Jane what she thinks about it.

"Oh dear! I know *she* won't let us go!" cried Katy, wofully. "I should s'pose grandma was old enough to know something without asking Aunt Jane, shouldn't you, Chris?"

"Mamma said we must be good," said Chris, "and do as Aunt Jane thought best. Come on, let's go and ask her: may be she'll let us go."

They found Aunt Jane in the kitchen baking, and when they came in she put something into the oven very quickly and shut the door; and to Chris' eager question she answered, shortly: "Go *chestnutting!* Why, no, indeed! it looks as if it would rain every minute."

"I knew she wouldn't let us," sighed Katy, to her younger sisters, as they sat together on the haymow in the old barn.

"She never wants us to have any fun, and I think it is just horrid!"

"And it's Dode's birthday, too," added Chris.

"*Mamma* always does something to please us, if it is only to make us some seed-cakes," moaned Dora.

So these three naughty little girls sat on the hay and pouted and made themselves as unhappy as possible. But Chris and Dora soon grew tired of being miserable.

"Let's play something," said Chris.

"Let's get our dolls and have a party," said little Dora.

But Katy shook her head and declared *she* should not feel like playing a thing all day."

So they sat for half an hour longer and chewed their bonnet-strings and thought how they were punishing Aunt Jane.

After a while they heard some one calling: "Girls! Chris, Katy! Where are you all?"

"Hush!" said Katy. "She wants to have us bring in some wood, most likely."

But Dora slid off the hay and ran down the stairs, calling:

"Here we are, Aunt Jane." And Chris and Katy followed close behind her.

Aunt Jane was waiting for them with a very smiling face.

"It is some one's birthday to-day," she said, stooping to kiss Dora's rosy cheek, "and I want to have you all enjoy yourselves; so I've planned something new for you. Instead of the common birthday party I am going to let you have a garret party; run up and see how you like it."

Did they run?

Didn't they? And what do you think they found in the grand, roomy old attic?

The great beams and rafters were trimmed with evergreens and bright berries, and the old tall clock, also, was made bright with autumn leaves.

Then between the two big chimneys was the funny old table, with lions' feet, set with grandma's old willow dishes and loaded with all the good things that children like. There were biscuits, seed-cakes, jelly and tarts, and in the middle of the table was a glass dish filled with grapes and pears.

"Oh, isn't it just *too* lovely for anything?" cried Chris, when she found her voice.

"And gramma has let us have her best dishes!" added Katy.

"Hark! I heard something behind the chimney," said Dora, in a whisper.

"That was Lou Dittenhaver's giggle—I know that," said Katy; "she's hiding somewhere."

They ran around the big chimneys looked into old chests and trunks and found hidden in these queer places some of their dearest friends.

Such a happy day as that was! Such fun as they had! They dressed up in the old-fashioned bonnets and cloaks which they found, played all kinds of games and were having such nice times that they had no idea it was night, when Aunt Jane appeared at the head of the stairs to tell them that it was six o'clock, and was raining so hard that Jue would take the little girls all home in the big family carriage.

After their guests had gone, Katy, Chris and Dora stayed up garret for some time, and Aunt Jane wondered what they were doing, but when she went to bed she found the following note pinned to her pillow:

"DEER ANT JANE we think garet parties are splendi I and we think you are to we thet you did not want us to have no fun a d we was cross and said hints about you out on the hoy but we are real sorry and if you will for give us we won't never do so no more from

KATE AND CHRIS AND DODE."

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Mystery of the Wilderness.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* in the Adirondacks writes: "Across the Saranac lakes and in the St. Regis country there is the grave-stone of Eleazur Williams, who passed the last years of his life in mission work among the St. Regis Indians. This Eleazur Williams is the mysterious man believed by so many to have been the dauphin, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who escaped from his jailer of the Temple by the substitution of another boy of his size and appearance. No loyal Bourbons have yet sought out his grave and made of it a sacred spot of pilgrimage, but among the Indians he was revered during his life-time and mourned after his death as something more than royal. The lost prince," as he is sometimes called, lived a life of devotion and self-denial among the Indians, by no word or sign even intimating anything of his past history, and an obscure, weed grown and forgotten grave in a village church-yard covers what may be the last of a prince. Few make the pilgrimage to Hogansburg, near the village of St Regis, and few in that section know of the possible history of the sad old man who lived and worked among the Indians and died without disclosing the secret of his birth."

—A curious bequest has been made to the poor of London by a Neapolitan gentleman. Pasquale Farale, "in memory of his wife, who was born in London, and with whom he lived there many happy years." The bequest consists of an unpublished opera, in three acts, to be presented to the Queen, and "performed for the benefit of the London poor," and of the sum of 18,000 francs, for the purpose of granting yearly three marriage dowries of 300 francs each to three poor girls of London, chosen by lot, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

—Theodore Stern, of Brooklyn, shot six bullets into his head, and then had to rely upon diphtheria—which finally killed him—for his death.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cocoa and Chocolate.

Probably few of our readers, while drinking these favorite beverages, have ever thought to ask how the plant producing them grows. Yet its culture forms a large part of the industry, not only of the great Amazonian valley, but of other portions of tropical South America.

The cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*)—the name signifying "food of the gods"—is a small tree, or rather large bush, seldom exceeding fifteen feet in height, although we have seen very old trees which were thirty feet high. It has large, oblong, taper-pointed leaves, which, when young, are rosy and very beautiful. The flowers are small, fragrant, yellowish, and are borne in clusters on the trunk and larger branches. The fruit is about twelve inches long, varying, however, greatly in size, and about five broad; it is oblong, blunt and is marked with ten elevated ribs running lengthways, and is, when ripe, of a bright orange yellow, with a hard shell. Although authorities state that the fruit contains from fifty to one hundred seeds, we have never been able to find one containing fifty; the average is from thirty to forty-five. These seeds are imbedded in a white, semi-acid pulp, and in size and shape somewhat resembles almonds; it is from these seeds that the cocoa and chocolate of commerce are prepared.

The fruit is, when ripe, gathered by hand, and broken transversely by a large *knife*; the mass of pulp and seed is taken *out, and* is either left for a day to slightly ferment, or is at once put into a "tipici" and pressed almost dry; it is then dried for from one to three days in the sun, and is then ready for market. A "tipici" is a tube of wickerwork, about eight feet long, with a diameter of about ten inches; the top is open, and at each end there is a loop; the tube is filled with any substance to be pressed, hung upon a peg or branch by the upper loop, while a lever, upon which a woman sits, is inserted in the lower loop, the tube contracts, and the juice runs out through the interstices.

The juice running from the "tipici" is called "vinho da cacao," or "wine of cocoa," and is a most refreshing and delicious drink; it is slightly acid, aromatic, and possesses a flavor especially its own. Unfortunately, it soon ferments, and can be preserved in its freshness for only a single day; by boiling, however, fermentation is checked, but all the delicate aroma of the wine is lost. It is almost worth a voyage across the Atlantic to drink the wine of cocoa in its freshness. This drink is very healthy, and one can consume an immense quantity. A superb white vinegar is also prepared from the cocoa. The juice is also boiled down into a sauce which in color and taste much resembles Shaker applesauce; and a most delicious amber-colored jelly, far superior to guava jelly, is made from the wine, from which also a strong and very high-flavored brandy is distilled. The husks contain a large amount of potash, and are burned to yield a lye which is used in making soap. Great quantities of the cocoa fruit are annually destroyed by monkeys and parrots, which are very fond of the seed.—*American Garden.*

New Use for Pig Weed.

At the New York experimental station one of the plants commonly known as pig-weed—botanically chedopodium album—has been analyzed and found to contain much nutritive matter. This weed is a very strong grower and flourishes in all soils and in times of severe drought is always green. The plants tested weighed 127 ounces; the roots drawn in pulling the plant weighed, I welve ounces. The fresh roots contained seventy-three parts of water, 2.23 of ash, 0.38 of nitrogen, 2.35 of albuminoids or their equivalents, 9.69 of carbohydrates and 2.55 of cellulose. Dr. Shurtevant remarks that this analysis shows the plant to be rich in foddering material and in connection with its roots to be of value as green manure. The probability is that if it is put to any use it will be as green manure. There is no evidence, that whatever food elements it may contain, it has any value for feeding as stock do not eat it. And we shall still have to depend on clover and timothy and corn fodder for wintering stock.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The concussion occasioned by driving piles in Maryland water the other day stunned catfish and young shad to such an extent that they floated on the surface. The Germantown *Telegraph* reports having seen pike so affected by a pistol ball which struck near them that they were captured with the hands.

"Here's your match?" said G— to a conceited wag, handing him a match. "By Lucifer, I ought to be offended," said the wag, taking a cigar from his pocket, "but I'll make light of it."

Some one has discovered that firing minute guns at seals is a miserable way of killing time.

Is there any fly-trap that you can confidently recommend?—*Edith.* The best fly-trap we know of is an uncovered cream jug.—*Philadelphia News.*

"As we charged," says a war correspondent, "the bugles blew." It must have been a trumped-up charge.

In a suburban town lives a relative of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. The other evening a caller asked if Mr. — was at home and could be seen. "I think not," was the reply. "I believe my husband has expired for the night.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Sioux motto: "White man big smart; he furnish brains. Red man heap brave; he knock 'em out."

Two persons were waiting at a railway station. One asked the other: "What time is it?" She looked at the clock, and replied: "It's ten minutes *to wait.*" But it was only twenty minutes past seven.

There is a man in England who gained over fifty pounds in one week. He bet on the winning horse.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Did Richard III. exclaim: "Give me another horse!" because he was tired of the night-mare he had been riding?

The Nashville *Advocate* hears "of an old brother in Kentucky who said he was mighty glad to hear that all the Methodists had got together and held an Economical Convention."

The country hotel keeper may not be all that is desirable, but the traveling public must put up with him.

A chicken with six legs and four wings has been raised in Wisconsin. That is the sort to make richness in boarding-house soup. As a wader it has uncommon qualifications.

—The spelling reformer who is cataloguing the library of Wellesley (Mass.) College spells his name Dni. His father spelled it Dewey.

A Telling Law.

Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil, I tried a bottle, and found it truly wonderful.—*Pottstown* (Pa.) *Ledger.*

All About a Shoe-peg.—It is laughable to see how little it takes to raise a crowd—or start a story—in a city street. "Never you mind me," said a bent-over old man, when asked what had happened to him. "How did he get hurt?" asked a man out of breath. "Did the horse step on him?" queried a colored man with spectacles on. "Where did the dog bite him? Did they shoot the dog? Was it a big dog? Has he got a wife? Did they live together?" rattled a woman made up a good deal like Widow Bedott. "Come and see the man in a fit," squeaked out a bootblack, as he called the rest of the brigade. "Look out, he's going to shoot!" yelled a big man with red whiskers; and the crowd blew away like dust when the old man slid his hand into his pocket as if for a shooting iron. Then he straightened himself and started off on his own individual business, muttering something about "What the mischief it was to them if he wanted to sit down and take a peg out of his shoe."—*Detroit Post.*

Mr. Ed. Trickett, the celebrated oarsman, Kingston, Canada, says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a sure and certain cure for rheumatism, etc."—*New York Clipper.*

"When is yer gwine ter Fredericksburg?" asked an Austin negro, who had learned to read, of one who had not acquired the accomplishment. "I am gwine ter-morrow mornin' in de early stage." "Don't yer go in the early stage, Jus'us. I tells yer don't yer risk it." "Why not, Pompey?" "Bekase de early stages am sickly. I read a piece yesterday, warnin' folks about consumption in the early stages."—*Texas Siftings.*

Be Wise and Happy.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug curealls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters: rely on it. See another column.—*Press.*

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

How to Cure the Piles.

Edonard Reintard, of New York, writes to a friend: It gives me great pleasure to say that a single box of Henry's Carbolic Salve effected a complete cure of Piles with which I had been troubled for over a year, and which nothing else that I used would cure.

The most likely thing to become a woman—a little girl.

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

The Providence *Transcript* asserts that Western rats commit suicide. Let's import that kind.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of ink can be made from them.

Time is a good deal like a mule. It is better to be ahead of time than behind time.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures all female complaints by removing the cause.

The waiters ought to succeed in a strike, for they usually carry all before them.—*Boston Courier.*

MRS. GRUNDY

And Everybody Else Says That "Which Nobody Can Deny."

Neuralgic and Nervous Headaches removed by Dr. Benson's Celery Pills.

Humors, Scrofula, Ulcers, vanish before Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Highly recommended.

Oh, my headache! Remove the cause by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

When a doctor can't think of anything else to prescribe he falls back on "absolute rest."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

"Lay by something for a rainy day," my son, if it is only an umbrella."

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Use it when your skin breaks out in pimples. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50 cts.

When a passenger boards a train, what is the bill of fare?—*Waterloo Observer.*

*** Too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it." But never too late to whet your appetite by taking Kidney-Wort, restoring health and making yourself a well, strong, hearty man. It is unequalled as a remedy for all liver, bowels and kidney diseases. All druggists keep and recommend it.

There is no doubt but a lean man can enjoy a fat legacy.

A Most Remarkable Oath.

"From a time whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary," oaths of one sort or another have been used among men. Mr. R. Keenan, of 1712 Parish street, Philadelphia, has sworn that "I had been confined to my bed for seventy-eight weeks with fistula. I could find no relief until I used Mishler's Herb Bitters, which have entirely relieved me." This old, reliable medicine always cures Liver and Kidney diseases, Nervousness, Erysipelas, General Debility, Constipation, Urinal disorders and all diseases incident to impure blood.

Marriage, except with a widow, is always a miss-take.

"Hunchpaina." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1 at Druggists.

"I am jam full," as the urchin remarked after interviewing his mother's preserves.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

"The end of the season," remarked Fogg, holding up the empty pepper-box.—*Boston Transcript.*

Genuine Excellence and superiority is the cry for Wise's Axle Grease.

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A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

Sir:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible failure for all physical neglect, and lingering danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart-disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the 1st day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney diffienlties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose lives might be authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Pleurisy," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and hastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart-disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences. J. B. HENION, M. D.

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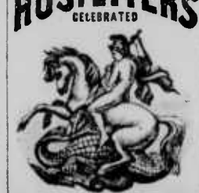

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"I'm a bit tired," he said to the woman who opened the door, "an' if you don't mind I'll sit here and rest myself a spell."

"You're welcome," she said with a glance at the martial blue. Then she left him alone, but after a little returned with a bowl of coffee and a plate of white biscuit.

"Eat," she said gently; "I had a boy who was a soldier."

"But I'm not a soldier," answered the old man. "I never was a soldier; my boy went to the war and was—was killed. He was all I had, too. This coat was his; seems like he's near me when I have it on. I gave him to his country; the handsomest and bravest boy he was, too, in the whole regiment, God bless him. He did his duty, died on the field, and this coat was all that came back to his old dad. No; I never was a soldier.

The woman went in and brought out some cake, and the whitest honey, and added it to the coffee and biscuit,

"Are you alone in the world?" she asked.

"Oh, no," answered the old man, cheerfully; "I've got a sister, but she's old and lame, and she has a daughter that's sickly and ailing. You see, I have them to work for, and they're a sight of comfort to me. Many's the time I'd have broke down since Mary died, but for them poor critters. Mary was my wife, ma'am; she was a master hand to nuss sick folks, and she thought after Tim died as if were her duty to go into the hospital service, and help to nuss the soldiers, and she died three sixteen years ago, but she did a heap of good work first. Many a soldier has kissed her shadow on the wall! Mary, darlin', God wanted you in the ranks up there! I've often wished that I had been a soldier, if only to be fit for the little mother and Tim; but I never was."

He drank the coffee, ate the good food thankfully and offered to pay for it with some hoarded pieces of old worn silver, but the woman shook her head.

"Put back your money. My boy was a soldier," she said.

"But I'm not a soldier—well—well," as he looked her in the face. "I thank you and take it for his sake!"

He wished good-night to his kind entertainer and turned away. As he walked off slow and limping, bent by infirmity, the long skirt of his army overcoat struck bright and blue against the splendor of the sunset; he shaded his eyes with one trembling hand and looked wistfully at the rose amethyst door that seemed to open in the west. What saw he there? A little round shouldered woman with a small homely face; a lank overgrown boy with sparse red hair. Aye! and ot such as these are angels made! So watching, he passed down into the shadows and disappeared.

The woman at the gate looked after him.

"No, soldier?" she said gently, "but I wonder if the boy who died on his first battle field ever fought as he has, or sacrificed as much to his country? All the soldiers didn't go into the war with flying flags and rolling drums; some of them stayed at home and fought harder battles. I'm glad I gave him a bite and a sup! He is a soldier and a brave one, too, and one day he will know it."

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Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 25c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 20th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 624 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,

124 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,

1075 SILAS F. CUPPETT.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hubbard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JEHU PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,

1075 ADE McROBIE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.43 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		4.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		6.03 A. M.
No. 10		5.55 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms

OF

New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in the city. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool huntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.00 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashmeres at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 15c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c, per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 pts ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the obliging thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,

617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

124 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Fulton road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

561 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. A. DAILY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.

apr 17

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17.

C. E. WILLISON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will sell at public auction

At Mountain Lake Park Station,

B. & O. R. R.

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.

A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, to-wit:

75,000 superior bricks

15 squares corrugated iron.

34,000 feet of moulding of various patterns.

2500 feet casings (chestnut.)

1,600 feet base boards (chestnut.)

25 kegs nails.

6,500 feet double surfaced chestnut lumber.

600 feet undressed chestnut.

2,300 feet single surfaced pine.

9,000 feet white oak flooring.

6,700 feet poplar.

7,000 feet double surfaced 6-4 poplar.

4,000 oak pailings.

7 pairs shutters.

7,000 feet joist and studding.

1 smoking stove.

1 frost killer.

Windows, transoms, doors, ventilators, grates and fronts, cement, drill press, tinners tools, wheelbarrow, shovels, hoes, spades, &c., &c.

And many other articles.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS—All sums of $20 and under cash, over that amount a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his single bill with security to be approved by the undersigned.

T. J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 1y

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. A. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 8th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

And also for the purpose of determining for or against the County of Garrett issuing "School Bonds," as provided for by Act of Assembly, passed January Session, 1882, Chapter 200.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M., and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to broke their returns on the second day (Thursday) following the elect on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to mence the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFADDEN,
GEORGE S. LEE,
Examiners.

8 30 5

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HOEWITZ

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,700. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 910 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village Hotel Coffee. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 20 tf MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank E. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimers, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

may 1 tf

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Bruce, Addie E. Gungo and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
Examiners.

9 21 5

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 50 acres in good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 80, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire of this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SEABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American & Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $5 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. None can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address Trues & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec 31 1y

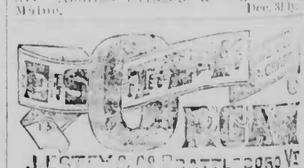

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-yl

Not in the Ranks.

The old army overcoat that used to be such a familiar sight on our streets, is one of the rarest now; indeed it is so seldom seen that we involuntarily turn and gaze after it, as something that brings sad and often cruel memories. The other day an old man wearing a coat of this kind, which reached down to his heels, stopped at a cottage a little ways out of town, and asked leave to rest awhile on the porch.

"I'm a bit tired," he said to the woman who opened the door, "an' if you don't mind I'll sit here and rest myself a spell."

"You're welcome," she said with a glance at the martial blue. Then she left him alone, but after a little returned with a bowl of coffee and a plate of white biscuit.

"Eat," she said gently; "I had a boy who was a soldier."

"But I'm not a soldier," answered the old man. "I never was a soldier; my boy went to the war and was—was killed. He was all I had, too. This coat was his; seems like he's near me when I have it on. I gave him to his country; the handsomest and bravest boy he was, too, in the whole regiment, God bless him. He did his duty, died on the field, and this coat was all that came back to his old dad. No; I never was a soldier.

The woman went in and brought out some cake, and the whitest honey, and added it to the coffee and biscuit,

"Are you alone in the world?" she asked.

"Oh, no," answered the old man, cheerfully; "I've got a sister, but she's old and lame, and she has a daughter that's sickly and ailing. You see, I have them to work for, and they're a sight of comfort to me. Many's the time I'd have broke down since Mary died, but for them poor critters. Mary was my wife, ma'am; she was a master hand to nuss sick folks, and she thought after Tim died as if were her duty to go into the hospital service, and help to nuss the soldiers, and she died there sixteen years ago, but she did a team of good work first. Many a soldier has kissed her shadow on the wall! Mary, darlin', God wanted you in the ranks up there! I've often wished that I had been a soldier, if only to be fit for the little mother and Tim; but I never was."

He drank the coffee, ate the good food thankfully and offered to pay for it with some hoarded pieces of old worn silver, but the woman shook her head.

"Put back your money. My boy was a soldier," she said.

"But I'm not a soldier—well—well," as he looked her in the face. "I thank you and take it for his sake!"

He wished good-night to his kind entertainer and turned away. As he walked off slow and limping, bent by infirmity, the long skirt of his army overcoat struck bright and blue against the splendor of the sunset; he shaded his eyes with one trembling hand and looked wistfully at the rose amethyst door that seemed to open in the west. What saw he there? A little round shouldered woman with a small homely face; a lank overgrown boy with sparse red hair. Aye! and of such as these are angels made! So watching, he passed down into the shadows and disappeared.

The woman at the gate looked after him.

"No, soldier?" she said gently, "but I wonder if the boy who died on his first battle field ever fought as he has, or sacrificed as much to his country? All the soldiers didn't go into the war with flying flags and rolling drums; some of them stayed at home and fought harder battles. I'm glad I gave him a bite and a sup! He is a soldier and a brave one, too, and one day he will know it!"

And I think she was right.—*Free Press.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.

A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S

GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, all dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crumpton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crumpton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crumpton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, 48 nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney named in said Mortgage.

124

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
SILAS F. CUPPETT.

1075

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hubbard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JEHU PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
ABE McROBIE.

1075

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.13 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THIS!

We have just received from the

Auction Rooms

OF

New York City,

A LINE OF

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

that surpasses, in low prices anything ever before offered in this market. These goods were bought up at

Bankrupt and Assignee Sales

at half their real value, and we now offer them to our customers at the same low figures at which we bought them, freight and expenses added. We expect to close the stock out in a few days to make room for another large consignment we expect in a short time from our agent in Liverpool. In the stock we have 2000 yards standard prints at 5 and 6¼cts per yard, 1500 yards brown and bleached muslins at 5, 6¼, 7, 8 and 9 cts; 1000 yds wool buntings at 8 cts, worth 15 cts; a fine line of ladies dress goods, including all the latest patterns, from 8 cents up to $1.60 per yard, 20 pieces all wool cashimers at 40, 50, 75 and $1.00 per yard, white and figured pique at 8 and 10 cts, per yard, 200 pieces ribbon at 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, up to 50 cts. per yard, 100 ostrich feathers and tips at 20, 30, 50, up to $2.00, 100 ladies', misses' and boys' trimmed and untrimmed hats at much below the regular price, 100 prs ladies' percal cuffs at only 5c per pair, 100 ladies' collars only 5c, worth 5c, 500 prs men's, boys' ladies' and misses hose at 5, 8, 10, 15, 25 and 50c. per pair, 250 Dr. Warner's Coraline corsets, warranted never to break, at $1 each, the best 50c corset ever offered for the money, 1000 yards Hamburg edging and insertings at 3, 5, 8, 10c up to 75c per yard, 100 prs ladies' and gents' genuine imported kid gloves, and 200 prs ladies' and misses' Lisle Berlin gloves at 10, 15, 25 and 50c, a large variety of trimming silks and satins and fringes of all colors, 50 men's and boys' suits at $3, $4, $5 and $8 each, much below the regular price, and so many small and miscellaneous articles that the printer's devil would go blind setting the type, were we to name them all. While the old fogy thanks you for past favors and hopes for a continuance of your patronage, we lay our goods and prices before you, and compel you to buy in self defence or be imposed upon some place else.

New York Branch,

Late W. A. Daily & Co., near the Depot,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE BRONZE

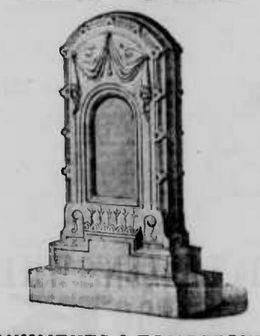

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

6 17 tf

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,

12 tf

OAKLAND, MD.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr.

HENRY KILLIUS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder St reet. 9 10 81 ly.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

RECEIVER'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will sell at public auction

At Mountain Lake Park Station,

B. & O. R. R.

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30TH,

A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, to-wit:

75,000 superior bricks

15 squares corrugated iron.

31,000 feet of moulding of various patterns.

2500 feet casings (chestnut.)

1,600 feet base boards (chestnut.)

25 kegs nails.

6,500 feet double surfaced chestnut lumber.

600 feet undressed chestnut.

2,300 feet single surfaced pine.

9,000 feet white oak flooring.

6,700 feet poplar.

7,000 feet double surfaced 6-1 poplar,

4,000 oak pailings.

7 pairs shutters.

7,000 feet joist and studding.

1 cooking stove.

1 frost killer.

Windows, transoms, doors, ventilators, grates and fronts, cement, drill press, tinners tools, wheelbarrow, shovels, hoes, spades, &c., &c.

And many other articles.

The above property will be sold without reserve.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under cash, over that amount a credit of sixty days will be given, the purchaser to give his single bill with security to be approved by the undersigned.

T. J. PEDDICORD,
Receiver.

FARMERS

in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS
& CAPS, GROCERIES.
Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

JUST RECEIVED,

A new and full line of Cassimeres and other dress goods, a full line of Men's and Boys' Clothing, also a large and well selected lot of winter clothing, and boots and shoes, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.

ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

TO THE JUDGES OF ELECTION AND VOTERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and the Voters of Garrett county that an election will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1882,

at the usual places of voting in the several election districts of said county, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for Chief Judge of the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person for Associate Judge for the 4th Judicial Circuit.

One person to serve in the 48th Congress of the United States.

And also for the purpose of determining for or against the County of Garrett issuing "School Bonds," as provided for by Act of Assembly, passed January Session, 1882, Chapter 280.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M., and closed at 4 o'clock P. M.

The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the elect on to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to be by him forwarded to the Governor.

No spirituous or fermented liquors will be allowed to be sold in any election district of the county on election day, and all persons are hereby warned not to violate the law in this respect.

EDMUND JAMISON,
Sheriff of Garrett county.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Theodore Beckman and others, is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, October 31st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned road, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOHN McFADDEN,
GEORGE S. LEE,
Examiners.

8 30 5

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON

CLEVELAND & CARSON

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered inside and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

DR. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 910 F. St., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village telegraph office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

7 21 tf

MRS. A. S. STEELE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schoodey, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

may 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Bruce, John E. Gregg and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
9 21 5 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 30 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 54 by 84, and other outbuildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf

D. J. STARACH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Many women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. fe21-yl

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882. NUMBER 37.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather they have contracted with a agedrm to such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 12 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise.

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange or unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

MUNN & CO. PATENTS

ESTABLISHED 1846 NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,** which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published **WEEKLY** at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

PE-RU-NA

"For Neuralgia in the Limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder, bladder, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."
"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa or Vomiting, take PERUNA."
"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."
"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."
"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient remedy known to man."
"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator the body and mind."
"If you can't sleep, if you are weak or worried unstable, take PERUNA."
"The remedy for the next Imperial of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diseases of the Kidneys."
"If your rugged health is impaired, on the "Ragged Edge," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O. For Constipation and Piles, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

FARMERS

In need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

should call at the store of

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,

MINERAL SPRING, MD.,

and examine his

FARM & SPRING WAGONS

Carriages, Buggies & Buck-Wagons.

He also keeps on hand the

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

and all makes of the Hartzel Plow.

His store is also constantly supplied with a full line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES.

Tobacco, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

In fact he keeps everything that is usually kept in a first class country store. 4 22 ly

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

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TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Col. James E. Gowen, whose departure for Europe was chronicled last week has made a special duty of sunken treasures, and has many strange and interesting stories to tell of men who have vainly sacrificed wealth, time and labor, and sometimes even life itself, in the search for them. On a recent occasion, after he had told the story of the sinking of the Spanish treasure galleons in the bay of Vigo, and announced his intention of going to recover them, he recalled many reminiscences of treasure seeking that are all well worty of record.

"Not many years ago," said the Colonel, "the rage for treasure-seeking was so prevalent in all our large cities that no scheme, however improbable, could fail of finding support and patronage. Many of the schemes were so brazenly fraudulent that no man of ordinary common sense should have embarked a dollar of money or an hour of time, while others, which were seemingly well backed with documentary and other evidence that was seemingly correct, were equally fraudulent and delusive, since they referred to schemes that had been exploded years before. One of the expeditions which were organized at that time was to the island of Aboca, on the coast of Venezuela, where a treasure ship was sunk late in the seventeenth century. The coast was rough and rocky, and the breakers heavy, so that the schooner sent with the first expedition was dashed to pieces, and the searchers narrowly escaped death, but the second was more successful, as it found some of the timbers of the sunken vessel, and established the fact that the gold, if she contained any, had long since disappeared. This search cost $10,000.

"Venezuela draws a steady income from American seekers of sunken treasures, as tradition says that many of the treasure-laden galleons bound for Spain were lost upon her rock-bound coast. There is scarcely a year that she does not grant search concessions to adventurous Americans who have been convinced by interested parties that all they have to do is to get the necessary authority and go at once and rake in the doubloons and ingots and numberless pieces of the unfortunate Spaniards who lost their lives in trying to save them. Some of these concessions were for places that had been so often and so thoroughly searched that the chances for a "find" were worse than one in a million; still the shrewd Venezuelans raked in actual American dollars in pay for prospective doubloons and pieces-of-eight and ingots, and smiled. One of these adventurous expeditions was headed by a journalist and backed by moneyed men, who ought to have studied the question closely before investing.

"It was instigated by a dried-up, generally worn out mariner, who was widely known in New York as 'The Captain,' who led a life that was a constant series of shifty expedient. To-day he would be flush of money, dining at the best restaurants, and to-morrow playing the degraded part of a lunch fiend. However, he fell in finally with the journalist, stuffed him full of his Venezuelan scheme, and finally persuaded him to embark in the speculation. Money was obtained, a vessel manned and fitted out with diving apparatus, and the journalist and the 'captain' sailed merrily forth for South American waters in search of untold wealth. Somehow or another the "Captain' had lost his bearings, as it were, although when he was in New York he knew to the fraction of an inch exactly where the sunken treasures lay, and the report was that the exploring vessel floated leisurely along the biggest part of the coast of South America, dredging here and sending down divers there, and finding nothing. It was a good thing as a vacation, the journalist thought, and interesting as developing the topographical character of the bottom of the sea, but as a speculative investment it was a most decided failure. Finally, after about three months of a wearisome search, during which the Captain was always sanguine of a 'rich' find, the journalist cornered him one day and forced him to confess that his so-called knowledge of the hiding-place of the sunken treasure was purely conjectural, and that his whole scheme had been devised for the sake of a pleasant cruise and a good living for the time being. He was landed at Valparaiso, where he has probably found a new victim, and the expedition returned home.

"But the monumental fraud in the way of sunken gold is right in the harbor of New York. I allude to the British frigate Hussar, which run into one of the Hell Gate rocks late in the revolutionary war, was bulged in forward, and sunk near the spot where the Morrisania Gas Works are now situated, in about eighty feet of water. She was a first class frigate, and, according to popular belief, carried about £2,000,000 in gold for the payment of the British army in America. Right where the Hussar went down there is a very strong tide and an eddy that renders work very difficult; but not long after the close of the war efforts to get at her treasures were begun, and they have been kept up, with occasional intermissions, ever since. In 1852 I first had the idea of raising sunked ships [illegible] I applied in 1857 in Sebastopol, and then thought of applying it to the Hussar; but in undertaking a scheme of this sort I always want to make sure that the treasure I am looking for is where I have reason to think it is. So I went to England and commenced a thorough search through the records with regard to the frigate Hussar. I hired numbers of searchers, and made a complete investigations among the papers of the Almirally and in the pay department, and at length satisfied myself that the £2,000,000 carried by the Hussar had been landed and duly distributed to the paymasters. Whether it ever reached the troops I did not take the trouble to inquire. When I came back to New York I was called upon by a friend who wanted me to go into the scheme of raising the Hussar. I laughed at him and told him of my search among the records, but in spite of my warning he quit me and put $10,000 into the scheme. For thirty years the search after this treasure, which does not exist, has been unremittingly carried on, and to-day if you walk out 168th street to the water front, in Morrisania (I won't be certain about the street), you will see a schooner moored off the shore, equipped with an engine and sending down divers whenever the tide suits. The backers of the scheme are a Boston company. I never heard of their recovering anything except a few wooden cups and platters and sundry guineas bearing the likeness of the first gentleman of Europe, George III. And yet the search has been kept up for thirty years, and good money has been sunk into the wreck of the old Hussar—thousands and thousands of it. My friend who invested the $10,000 called to see me when I returned from Russia, and told me he was sorry he had not taken my warning, but I could see that he still hankered after the supposed treasure, and that he still had a lingering belief in its existence, despite his sad experience. I went out to Morrisania and witnessed the diving for the treasure, which was done without concealment, and became more and more convinced that there was nothing worth diving for. The theory of the manager was that the Hussar's guineas had been packed in iron boxes, and that the material in these had been oxidized by the influence of the sea, and that thus the divers were forced to work slowly with drills and could accomplish no satisfactory results. The fact is that certain persons interested in the scheme saw a chance of making money without rising it from the deep, and availed themselves of it. One man whose whole life had been devoted to the Hussar and its supposed treasures has built a row of brick dwellings in Boston, I am told, and is very well-to-do, but the money did not come from the Hussar. I need not say more. This is one of the most persistently followed searches for sunken treasure that I ever heard of, but then, you see, there were treasures that never had been sunk that were available for its promoters."

Baked Angle Worms.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gravely reports that a group of French gourmands have tested the edible qualities of the common earth worm, whose agricultural services have been so recently demonstrated. Fifty guests were present at the experiment. The worms, apparently lob-worms, were first put into vinegar, by which process they were made to disgorge the famous vegetable mould about which we have recently heard so much. They were then rolled in batter and put into an oven, where they acquired a delightful golden tint, and, we are assured, a most appetizing smell. After the first plateful the guests asked for more. Could anything be more convincing? Those who love snails, they add, will abandon them forever in favor of worms.

A Day Postponed.

The train rushed through the open draw. The slaughter was fearful, some twenty or thirty of the passenger were killed instantly, while double that number were injured more or less seriously, I had been pleasantly chatting with a gentleman about this, that and the other, and though we had touched upon one profound subject, he was evidently a man about the average ability even of newspaper correspondents, for I discovered he belonged to the brotherhood from a remark he made laughingly. "This is Saturday," he said; "I never travel on Saturday if I can help it, for it would be just my luck if there was an accident." "Are you superstitious about Saturday?" I asked in surprise, for everything he had said previously showed anything else but a man influenced by such folly. "Superstitious, not me," he replied, "but I hate to be beaten. You see my paper does not publish on Sunday and if I must experience a railroad accident I want to get out of it all I can. If I have a smash up on Saturday it is an opportunity thrown away. What good does it do me in a professional sense? The Sunday papers get the cream of the sensation, and if I do anything I can only warm over the cold dish!" Just then over we went.

I crawled and was helped out of a window. My friend for the moment in the excitement and confusion, was lost, but when I seated myself in the relief train there he was, as cool and as smiling as if nothing in the world had happened, as if he was not hatless, and as if his coat was not hanging upon him in tatters. His greeting was peculiar.

"Another postponement," he said.

"Postponement! what do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "they tell me that bravery differs from courage in that a man who is brave has no sense of danger, while the courageous man recognizes the danger and still defies it. The nature of the brave man for instance, is such that in battle the flying balls do not alarm him in the least, while the courageous man is in reality scared out of his wits, but screws his courage to the sticking point and fights like a hero. I envy the brave man and I honor the courageous man, and I would give a lot to know in which class I ought to be placed. I am not a brave man for I know danger when I encounter it. I am not a courageous man, for I have no trouble in keeping myself calm and cool in the presence of danger. I know it is there, but I simply do not think it worth while to let it annoy me. Many courageous men after such an accident as we have just gone through with the dead and the dying all around us, within hearing of the moans of the suffering and the cries of the friends of those who have crossed into eternity, would be all of a tremble. It does not affect me one particle. Now, you, I take it, have courage, yet your nerves are shaken, and for the moment you are totally unmanned."

"That is true, and it is natural, is it not?"

"Natural, yes. But to me every escape from death is only a postponement. And therefore no danger alarms me. Without either courage or bravery I go my way through the world utterly regardless of danger. Death comes to us all. We meet it to-day or to-morrow; what matters it which? An accident such as this, is a bore to me, because I was here and it is Saturday. Otherwise I would welcome it. The poor fellows lying over there dead are lucky, in that they have escaped sick beds and long tussels with disease. The wounded will get well or die before long or will die now and so end it; for you and me it is only a postponement.

The Best High Jumps.

A high jump of six feet two inches is not such an everyday performance that one should pass it by unnoticed when it is made. At the Irish athletic championship meeting P. Davin cleared this wonderful height, which is within three-quarters of an inch of the record of his own making. Mr. J. Brooks, the old Oxonian, it may be remembered, cleared six feet two and a half inches; but no other athlete has ever got within hail even of six feet in a fair leap. To most of us, although we may not be so bad as Leech's stout gentleman, who found himself unequal to jumping over a walking-stick laid upon the ground, such leaping almost approaches the superhuman. Five feet will probably be more than the average acrobat can accomplish with all his life-long training.—*London World.*

Hot and Cold Drinks.

A correspondent of *Knowledge* calls attention to some of the disadvantages of hot drinks. Cold drinks, he says, are natural to man, though most people nowdays are so used to hot drinks that they do not feel satisfaction—really stimulation—unless they have them. Hot drinks are injurious to the tongue, for they deaden its sensation, and, after taking hot soup or drink, the tongue becomes quite numb and unable to taste the finer flavors of a dish. The teeth are greatly injured by them, and many dentists say caries (decay) is due to them alone. They crack the enamel, and thus allow caries to set in. When caries has once set in, hot drinks are a common cause of neuralgia.

Hot drinks are specially hurtful to the stomach. They cause irritation of the nerves of the stomach, and consequent mild inflammation of that organ, so that after a hot drink the stomach is red and congested; in time a debilitated condition is set up. A temperature of 100 degrees Fahr. also destroys the active ferment of the gastic juice Apepsid—and so leads to indigestion. If the stomach is at all disorded, hot drinks give rise to much griping pain, and in many cases to vomiting. In case of diarrhœa, too, hot drinks only increase it, while cold ones tend to lessen it.

Thirst is not common in winter, unless sugary, salty or hot spiced foods have been taken. In cold weather the air contains more moisture than in hot, and in cold weather there is less perspiration. Hot drinks increase the volume of heat in the body, and if that is not required it is quickly got rid of by the skin. Water is the best thirst quencher, but if simple food be taken the need of drinks will be small. Many vegetarians drink nothing from month to month, the only fluid they get being the juices of the fruits which they eat. But pleasant drinks, like tea, coffee, etc., may be taken lukewarm for a long time with little apparent damage. The least injurious is cocoa, made with plenty of milk and allowed to stand until nearly cool. A good test is to apply the little finger to the drink and if it be not hot to it, then it may safely be taken.

The case of Sergeant Mason, now in the Albany penitentiary under sentence of eight years' imprisonment for shooting at Guiteau, will come up in the United States Supreme Court on Monday on the petition of John G. Bigelow for a writ of habeas corpus and certiorari, directed to the Warden of the Penitentiary and the United States Circuit Court for Northern New York, respectively directing them to have the body of petitioner and the papers in the previous petition before this court, that justice may be done and the prisoner set free. The petitioner sets forth the usual state of affairs in such cases—that the subject thereof is illegally restrained of his liberty, &c. It was sworn to by Mason at Albany on the 16th instant. The whole history of Guiteau's crime and subsequent imprisonment, and the order of Secretary Lincoln for a detail of United States troops to protect him, together with the arrest and trial by court-martial of Mason, is related. The absence of jurisdiction by the military over any of the persons or acts referred to is claimed, and a detail of troops is stated to be in violation of section 62 of the Articles of War, and punishable by act of Congress of June 18, 1878, with fine and imprisonment. A number of exhibits are attached to the petition, among them the decision of Judge Advocate General Swain, setting the finding of the court-martial aside and reversing the findings because there was "no evidence of guilt, but the innocence of the accused was proved," and no jurisdiction in the court-martial was shown. The offence was not committed in the discharge of the military duties of Mason. It is stated, in reference to this decision of Swain's, that he constitutes a tribunal of last resort in military trials, and without depending upon defences urged outside of his findings, the fact of the judgment of the court-martial having been declared illegal and without judicial cognizance of the alleged crime renders imprisonment illegal. It is prayed that the court will command the production of Mason before it, to the end that the matter be inquired into and the law administered.

Mothers should Know it.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ACROSS THE VALE.

Childhood dwells in a charmed clime,
On the orient borders of Life and Time,
Where the heavens bend low to the flowers,
and the bright,
Swift moments stay their hasting flight,
Uncertain whether these confines be
Tracts of Time or Eternity;
So that the days like summers seem,
And the summers reach to an infinite dream
Of beautiful earth and sunny sky,
That scarce moves by.

The adventurous feet of Youth advance
Through realms of passion and fair romance,
Where still the rosy and silver streaks
Of that earlier clime hint brow and cheeks;
And vistas of hope stretch endlessly,
With apples of gold on every tree,
And pendulous visions melting in air;
Just seen like castle of black-browed Care;
While the honey-laden minutes hie
More swiftly by.

In the valley beyond a village lies;
A rainbow laughs in the changeful skies.
I see the young men making hay,
A mother watching her babe at play,
And steeples, and ships—for a river runs near;
The rumble of grinding mills I hear,
The ripple that chases a flying keel,
A lisping forge and the ring of steel;
A spinning-wheel's domestic hum;
The sound of an ax and a fife and drum,
And a sexton's pick in the churchyard nigh;
While the hours glide by.

To a mighty city the river flows;
With palace and temple its mirror glows,
And foundry smokes, and a prison roof,
And white doves flying high aloof,
And men and women whose pictures pass
Forever athwart that moving glass,
Joyous and eager and fevered and wan,
Pursued, pursuing, they hurry on.
O swift, oh swift the moments now!
The hours escape, we know not how,
Till the dwellers beside that river seem
Themselves but mites in a glassy stream,
Over whose surface the blue days fly
Like bubbles by.

Forth from the city's portal, Age
Fares on his lengthening pilgrimage;
Trembling staff and silvered brow,
Few and fewer the comrades now;
Ways have parted, and one by one
Lover and friend their course have run,
And many a sweet hope ceased the while;
Ever a white stone marks the mile;
Till far away in a sunset land
I see the faltering pilgrim stand,
Casting many a backward glance
At childhood's Eden and youth's romance:
Village and city he dimly sees
Through the thick cemetery trees;
While, muffled and dim, like the sheeted forms
Of rain ghosts blown by autumn storms,
Hurrying phantoms that mock the eye,
The years sweep by.

Betwixt the living and the dead,
In a dell by angels visited,
Walks hoary-headed Ecstasy,
And sees in a vision Eternity
Turn as an hour-glass in God's hand:
Worlds and suns are the whirling sand.
O, happy he of the sons of men
Whose pathway leads in that holy glen!
In blissful light his footsteps climb
Once more the verge of the Vale of Time,
Over whose golden borders flow
Sunset splendor and orient glow.
There both are one; and toil and tears,
And minutes and hours and days and years,
Are lost in the glory of God's deep sky
That moves not by.

—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

MR. VANNORE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

The Van Nores were present at the creation of the world. Some people say they made it, but one really knows better than that. If it had not been for their unaccountable belief that the builder of the ark that rested on Mount Ararat was a Jew, and their unutterable contempt for the race of Spinoza and Mendelssohn, Heine, Amerback and Disraeli, they would not have hesitated to conceive that the family name of the Patriarch was Van Nore.

At any rate you may understand that the Van Nores were an immensely ancient family, so old as to be really wormeaten. In the dust of the Van Nores there were soldiers and statesmen, and even a less regarded author or two; in this century there was nothing at all to speak of. If, however, any one says their family tree was like one of those old, wide and deep-rooted fir-trees sometimes seen, with but a single gnarled and lichened branch left of all its forest glory, the best part of it underground, you can see that the person is no friend of the Van Nores, but one whose eyes have been hurt by the dazzle of their splendor, who has been forgotten at their banquets, looked at with a stony glare upon the street or possibly knocked down and bruised and ignored by their fast horses.

Being immensely ancient, immensely distinguished and also immensely wealthy, it goes without saying that the Van Nores thought immensely well of themselves. They never soiled their garments by contact with the crowd; they bought their pictures and statues straight from the manufacturers before they had been profaned by the vulgar gaze; they would have liked the gold they spent cast with a Van Nore device and the die broken. They could not hope to keep all the knowledge in the universe to themselves; but they did not care so much for that—there were always tutors and chaplains and all that to be had, after the custom of certain of the South Sea Island chiefs, who maintain a Fila-oma, or Talking Man of Knowledge. If, once in a while, they allowed themselves to come before the public in a matter of suffrage, it was not altogether without the sensation of some wicked scribe who has written the Sacred Name with unwashed hands, and, being usually defeated, they relapsed into a more profound contempt of the people than before, and talked gibly of the advantages of a mo archy, although not without an undercurrent of feeling that in the event of a monarchy the Van Nores would be monarchs. They intermarried, of course, only with families of a pedigree and assumption one degree less than—it could not be more than, and could hardly be equal to—the Van Nores.

Judge, then, of the bewildered and amazed wrath of the Van Nore family when the son of the house, the heir of the name, the last of the name, the only male Van Nore left to go down the ages with the weight of the family illustriousness upon his shoulders, married a young girl in the West, unknown, obscure, poor and a Jewess!

Nore Van Nore had a sister older than himself, a dark and imposing creature with the Van Nore nose; he had a sister younger than himself, pallid, bloodless, with her mother's delicacy of feature, and with nothing about her but her haughtiness to distinguish her from the herd of young women; he had one Van Nore cousin, a little apple-blossom hardly coming up to the family requirements; he had four Van Nore spinster aunts, who, if they quarreled among themselves like birds in a wood, presented an unbroken phalanx of family integrity to the public, and who, with the idea that they had the manners of duchesses, really gave some reason to believe them directly descended from the Patriarch, they looked so extremely like the wooden women in the children's toy arks. His father embodied all the dignity, pomposity and grandeur of all the Van Nores before him, as if he were the flame of their ashes; he had but one gift, and that was a faculty for satirical speech, which he exercised with impunity upon his wife—his wife, the line of whose descent was so long that it had worn to a colorless, attenuated thread in her, a thin, pale, hungnid woman, of whose condition it expressed little to say she dared not call her soul her own, because, in looking at her, or looking through her, rather, it was not clear that she had a soul—a woman without intellect, without individuality, and almost without vitality. Into this assemblage Nore Van Nore had dared introduce a person absolutely without a grandfather, and whose grandfather, had she had one, would have been named Shacabac!

Mr. Van Nore and his household would entreat this vile and vulgar intriguer, who had thrust herself upon them, and had thought to lift herself by pulling them down, as she deserved. In their heart of hearts they had a complete, if inarticulate, consciousness that no one could have married the bridegroom in question for any other purpose. And Nore Van Nore received a letter of repudiation from his father, disowning and casting him forever into the outer darkness of the world of people who were not Van Nores.

And who was Nore Van Nore? He was a young man of twenty-six years, whose mental processes had mastered the rudiments of learning to such an extent that he could read the newspaper and could make change. All attempts to cultivate those mental processes much further had failed; if he entered the university at last, it was because tutors and proctors and family influence, a fortuitous chance, and perhaps money, all wrought together. Entrance was all, however; before the first term closed Mr. Van Nore had private but authoritative information that unless he wanted expulsion for stupidity approaching imbecility, he had better withdraw his son. In a hot and self-righteous fury Mr. Van Nore turned the tables and expelled the university. He withdrew his son with a wild show of anger and scorn for faculty, curriculum, endowment and career. "They have graduated no man who comes to anything in the last twenty-five years!" he said. And that the matter might be the sooner forgotten he gave Mr. Nore Van Nore a purse and a traveling companion and dispatched him to the far West. It was probably but a case of retarded development; perhaps he would do a little exploring and discovering; when he should return the affair would have quite blown over, and he would marry him to some maiden who had been so well brought up that she would feel herself taking a proper place among dominations, princes and powers by marrying a Van Nore of any calibre. All the same, he did not fail to make his wife's life a burden to her by sarcasms on her feeble wit that had been strong enough to adulterate the strength of the Van Nore, while the very sense of his son's incapacity, thus forced upon him, was another argument against the woman who would marry an imbecile for the sake of climbing into his rank and position.

It was not altogether to be wondered at, then, if his wife did not fully sympathize with him in this extremity, and if, being of an affectionate disposition, so far as she had anything to impart, having imparted that also to her son, she wrote a little surreptitious letter—she who had usually not a thought nor a deed nor an emotion of her own.

"MY DARLING BOY: I send you all my love. Any wife you choose to marry will be the dear daughter of your mother."

That was the letter written so secretly; it meant volumes to her; it meant volumes to her boy. She was frightened to a trembling ghost of her ghost-like self when she stopped the carriage and asked the footman to drop it in a street-box, for she felt that if her husband knew it it would not be impossible for him to blow out her flickering flame of life altogether, or stamp its feeble spark into the earth. He never had struck her, but she never knew what he might do yet.

The father's letter, when it came, was not at all unexpected by Hero Van Nore, nor was the mother's a surprise. She was a girl of twenty, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her superb mouldings would have fed a sculptor's eye with rapture, her superb coloring would have driven wild another than Titian; the great braids upon her head seemed made of strands of spun gold; she wore them like a crown, as became a daughter of the royal tribe of Judah. She was undoubtedly a Jewess; but as Miriam, as Deborah, as Susannah may have done, she had the large beauty of that Clytie in her sunflower whom some think to be Isis in her lotus. She waited in her father's shop, and she sold Mr. Van Nore a pair of gloves there.

He had given his purse some time since to his traveling companion, and he was waiting in this little place till he should receive a fresh remittance from his father. When he saw Hero he had something else to wait for. He hung round the shop corners, and when she went home he followed her. *Vera invasus puluit dea*—she stepped as if the earth were air; he said to himself that it was because his heart was under her feet. He knew intuitively that she would not give him a second look. What were the Van Nores out here in the wilderness? He was able to see, for all his deficiency, that she was on a higher plane of being than his own. But if he could not hope he could at least suffer; he could gaze at the star he might not win. He bought another pair of gloves. Ah, heavens! to feel the touch of those pointed fingers of hers as they stretched the kid from side to side of his hand! The next day he bought another pair. Before he was through he had bought the whole stock of gloves in the shop.

Of course this attracted her attention, and she made some inquiry concerning him. "You had better go away," she said, when he came in again. "You do not need gloves, or ties, or any of our goods. You are making yourself ridiculous."

"I have nothing to do with it," he replied. "I was made so when I was born."

And so one word led to another, and in the course of time he had told her his story which somehow seemed full of wrongs, the story of a rather feeble-minded youth who had been snubbed and brow-beaten and ill-used by a disappointed father from his birth. Her heart was stirred with pity; she let him come to the house. Hope bounded within him. If the star should fall from the sky to his arms! He wrote his father—I forgot to say that he could write—that he wanted his influence to help him marry the most lovely, the most virtuous, the most brilliant of women, who waited behind the counter of her father's little Jew-shop. The answer to this letter made his hair stand on end. Cold, sneering, vindictive, cruel, threatening—what should he do but show it to her? Her blood would have been cold and thin stuff had that not made it boil. "I can never go back to him," said Nore. "It is the last blow he shall strike me."

"Would you be happier here in the shop helping me?" she asked.

"Beyond measure!" he cried.

So she told him to see her father that night. She meant about the situation; he meant about a wife. And her father, in as good and strong contempt as Mr. Van Nore himself could feel, ordered the fellow from the house.

"The worthless varlet!" cried the old man. "Can he earn his salt? What do I care for his name and his family and his entailed moneys—the dog of a Christian! He can have them all; but he can't marry my girl to an idiot!"

"He is not an idiot, father," said Hero. There is more in him than any see," and she calmly canvassed the subject. "He has been made to look up till he does not know how to look straight ahead. Some day he will assert himself."

"You?" said her father. "You? I believe you care for the lout! When you have sweethearts to fill a regiment! When you can marry any man in the county!"

"I don't know," she said. "I am sorry for him. I care to have him happy—he has had so much unhappiness." And at that moment they heard a groan outside, and they ran to the door to pick up Nore Van Nore, helpless and just returning to consciousness, with a broken leg.

Hero installed herself as his chief attendant. In the long hours of patient pain, in the devotedness of his silent worship for her, something stirred her heart that was not pity. Heaven knows what it was! There are some strong natures that must wrap themselves about the weak. The first time that he could stand upon his feet again they were married. And then Nore Van Nore went down to help her wait behind the counter in the shop where she consulted him and referred to him and honored him till she was likely to make others share the strange respect she had for him. "He is single-hearted," she said to one of her old lovers in that primitive community, who felt the right to make some outspoken complaint; "he is upright; he is unselfish. He is kind to the fly on the wall. He loves me and no other. What more do I want in a husband? He suits me. And as for his religion, what does that signify when, at any rate, we both worship the same God?"

A year from that time Hero did not go to the shop much; she had a little son—and not such a very little one either—a bouncing, magnificent boy, with his mother's colors and eyes, full of life and joy and spirit, and quite the most remarkable baby in the world. And so, when the child was six months old, it seemed to Nore Van Nore, in his happiness, that he was wrong to deprive his family of the blessing of knowing of such a blessing, and he wrote home for the third time, but this time to his mother.

This was shaking the red rag in the face of the bull. Mr. Van Nore trampled up and down his wife's sitting-room awhile, reared and stamped and snorted and bellowed, and not until he had reduced her to tears for having brought such a son into the world, and had pursued it till she gasped for breath and had to have the maids and other and hot bottles, did he subside into silence and thought.

That this son of a beggarly shop-girl of a Jewess should be the Van Nore! Never, never, if he had to put out the light of all the Van Nores at once! Joycelyne, his eldest daughter, should marry young De Vere, and he should take the name of Van Nore. For a sum of money Nore should break the entail and renounce his name, taking instead that of his low-born wife. And so Joycelyne's son, who was a foregone conclusion in Mr. Van Nore's mind, should be the great Van Nore to come. He had a satchel packed within an hour, and he slept that night, for the first time in his life, in a vulgar sleeping-car, always before having left the train at nightfall rather than be one of the promiscuous canaille sleeping a common sleep. Days and nights and days and nights of this wretched contiguity. It was a hard experience for Mr. Van Nore. He added it all up against his son. And the selfishness of the modern traveler did not tend to increase his appreciation of his kind? His kind? Not the least bit his kind! Mr. Van Nore was more than ever persuaded that he was a superior integer of the race—marking, perhaps, one of those points of progress from which one development steps to a higher. At last he stood in the presence of his daughter-in-law.

A shapeless little greasy Jewess, selling old clothes—or a stately young goddess assuming a human smile? One convulsive sensation thrilled across him of pride in Nore's taste at least, souring instantly to anger to think that taste was all. And then he opened the subject.

"No, father-in-law," said Hero, firmly, despite his wincing, and after the fashion of speech in use among her people. "No, father-in-law, we do not want your money. Nor will we surrender our name; it is our name by all right and law that it is yours. And, as for your grandson, we have no power to forswear his birthright for our mess of pottage."

It was a will as strong as his own that opposed him. Storming was of no use here. He left the house without another word, and left Hero dancing her crowing boy in the broad transfiguring sunbeam, looking up proudly at her husband, yet fondly, to see if really she and the boy compensated to him for all he had lost.

An hour afterward Mr. Van Nore was brought back to his son on a stretcher; two trains had collided, and he was among the killed and wounded. An artery had been severed, and before a physician could reach him he was bleeding to death. When, at length, the flow was stanched, and he lay fainting and sinking away, "It is almost hopeless," said the surgeon. "There is little blood left in his body."

The sight of his dying father had changed the current of Nore's irate feeling. "If I could but give him mine!" he cried.

"It would do him small good," said the doctor, looking at the pale and spindling fellow with an anatomist's contempt; and from him the glance traveled to Hero, standing near in her abundant life, with the dancing boy in her arms, still followed by the sunbeam. Hero read the glance in a moment, and laid given the child to her husband

"Here, Doctor," she said, baring an arm that Hebe, carrying life and nectar to the gods, might have lifted.

"Do you know what it means for you?" said the doctor. "And for your child, perhaps? Loss of strength, it may be of health——"

"I know it is my husband's father, my child's grandparent," she said slowly. "If my blood can save him, it is right that he shall have it." And when she came to herself after her first fainting-fit, save for fatigue and langnor, she did not know that she felt much the worse, and her father-in-law was smiling at her with lustre in the eyes that she so lately saw nearly set in death.

Strange and awful moment for Hero! She had given life to this man. She had gone behind the veil of death and darkness and worked with the forces of creation. There was a bond between her and him such as there could be between no other people in the world. For half a fainting heart-beat she thought she had made him; for half as long again he thought she had. She felt her heart irradiate with a tender warmth toward her husband's father. She fell on her knees beside him and kissed his hand. "O, my father," she said, "you must forgive us, for we love you!"

As for Mr. Van Nore, I never saw anybody happier than he was, some weeks afterwards on his way home with his party. His son accompanied him, with the nurse of a superb rosy baby folded in white fleecy wools, and a lady, stately as any Princess ought to be, but seldom is, with her black bear-skin robes about her. "She is very teachable," thought Mr. Van Nore. "A month of our life will give her all the *savoir-faire* she needs. Her tact is inestimable." And then he wondered if she could hold her own with Jocelyne. "My grandson, the future Van Nore," he said to every acquaintance he came across, and they all seemed to be traveling on various portions of that trip. "Hero, my dear. My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Van Nore. My daughter-in-law. A great addition to our circle, I assure you. An old family, an old family. We—we are not exactly, so to say, related. But we—we—we have some of the same blood in our veins!"—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Our Continent.*

Tad Lincoln's Fast-Day Picnic.

If there was ever a boy in danger of being "spoiled" it was the youngest son of President Lincoln. Much of the time it was impossible that he should not be left to run at large. He was foolishly caressed and petted by people who wanted favors of his father, and who took this way of making a friend in the family, as they thought; and he was living in the midst of a most exciting epoch in the country's history when a boy in the White House was in a strange and somewhat unnatural atmosphere. But I am bound to say that Tad, although he doubtless had his wits sharpened by being in such strange surroundings, was never anything else, while I knew him, but a boisterous, rollicking and absolutely real boy.

Great was Tad's curiosity, in 1864, to know what was meant by the President's proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer. His inquiries were not satisfactorily answered, but from the servants he learned, to his great dismay, that there would be nothing eaten in the White House from sunrise to sunset on Fast Day. The boy, who was blessed with a vigorous appetite, took measures to escape from the rigors of the day. It happened that, just before Fast Day came, the family carriage was brought out of its house to be cleaned and put in order. Tad stood by, with feelings of alarm, while a general overhauling of the vehicle went on, the coachman dusting, rubbing and pulling things about, quite unconscious of Tad's anxious watch on the proceedings. Pretty soon, drawing out a queer-looking bundle from one of the boxes under the seat, the man brought to light a part of a loaf of bread, some bits of cold meat, and various other fragments of food from the larder. Tad, now ready to burst with anger and disappointment, cried: "O! oh! give that up, I say! That's my Fast Day picnic!" The poor lad, from dread of going hungry, had cautiously hidden, from day to day, a portion of food against the day of fasting, and had stood by while his hoard was in danger, hoping that it might escape the eyes of the servants.

He was consoled by a promise from his mother, to whom he ran with his tale of woe, that he should not suffer hunger on Fast Day, even though his father, the President, had proclaimed a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer for all the people.—*Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.*

A Man of Many Names.

It was, perhaps, excusable in the liberal registration agent before the revising barrister in the city, that he found some difficulty in identifying Mr. Burdett-Coutts with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, whose name was on the list of voters as a liveryman of the Turner's company. This gentleman has undergone as many changes of nomenclature as certain rare plants which are named by every botanist who comes across them. He was known to his Highgate school-fellows as Bartlett, and to his contemporaries at Keole as Ashmead-Bartlett. Since then he has blossomed out as Coutts-Bartlett, then Bartlett-Coutts, and now into the full-blown Burdett-Coutts. He really ought to go down to posterity in the new Plutarch as a parallel with that hero of "Rejected Addresses," who has realized in fame the poet's wish, "Long may Long-Tillesley-Wellesle-Long-Pole live." The modern chameleon, however, as is natural with the progress of civilization has outstripped his rival. His proper name, if every one had his rights, would run, we believe, William Lehman-Ashmead-Bartlett-Coutts-Bartlett-Bartlett-Coutts-Burdett-Coutts.—*London Truth.*

English Speculation.

Just at the present moment there is a strange lull in the speculative wind which has until recently been rampant and apparently smitten every Englishman who had any money to invest. The mining market and the electric-lighting market have been equally dull, and the public, which recently rushed blindfold into undertakings to "win" domestic tin and copper, or foreign gold and silver, is now awakening to that fact that the golden hopes held out by the promoters of these enterprises will fail to be realized. The experience of British investors has lately been most unfortunate. For every mining enterprise that has succeeded a score have proved lamentable failures, and millions of funds have been literally thrown away upon undertakings which any ordinarily sane man might have known could never succeed. During the past few years a few successes may be chronicled; but for every "Richmond" there have been a dozen "Emmas," and for every "Cape copper mine" twenty "Rubies;" and other conspicuous failures may be chronicled.

The Indian gold mining rage of two years ago is a remarkable instance of the gullibility of the British investing public, and the tendency of men to follow each other as sheep follow a bell-wether. The bell-wethers, by the way, usually take good care to clear out at a profit and leave their hapless following to its fate.

Although, while the "rage" lasted, nearly all the Indian mining companies' shares went to a high premium, they are now, without exception, purchasable at a considerable discount, while many are unsalable at any price. An attempt was lately made to galvanize the Indian mining market into activity, but the effort has utterly failed. It was announced that some concentrated pyrites from one of the Indian mines had been assayed and showed results equivalent to twenty ounces per ton; but this news, which a year ago would have added thirty per cent. to the value of the shares, has scarcely caused them to move.

About fifteen months ago a memorable telegram announced that the "Indian Gold Mines Company of Glasgow" had crushed twenty tons of quartz, the first two yielding four ounces of gold per ton. Since then numerous discoveries of wonderful reefs all over the country have been reported, yet the market remains sluggish. Of the thirty-seven companies formed to work Indian gold mines not a single one has paid a dividend from actual working, although one or two have distributed money received for portions of their property sold to other companies.

About half-a-dozen of the Indian mining undertakings are now being wound up; another half-dozen are on the brink of liquidation, and the remainder are either moribund or in a very low financial position. Thousands of widows and orphans have practically lost all they possess through investing in these meretricious undertakings; and the cool observer cannot but wonder at the fatuity of investors who have rushed into the latest financial craze as the dupes of old rushed into the "South-Sea Bubble."

Quickly following the Indian gold-mining rage has come a furore for shares in electric-lighting companies, many of which had their capital subscribed ten times over. It is a surprising fact that there have been no fewer than forty-five electric-light companies started in London, with an aggregate authorized capital of £17,448,000. It is perfectly clear that all of these companies cannot pay. Great inventions are of slow growth. Years elapse before the success of the laboratory or workship becomes the necessity of commerce. The mass of people who regard Watt as the inventor of the steam engine forget that more than a century before his birth a steam engine was working in Great Britain. The discovery of any great invention is a very small thing as regards the industrial arts and commerce. Years of patient work are generally requisite before it can take a place in practical life. As Brunel said: "It is one thing to invent, and another to make the invention work." The investing public here is apt to forget this fundamental fact. Directly some great scientific discovery is made, and a successful experimental demonstration shown, people rush in to invest their millions, and a regular *sauve qui peut* ensues in the manufacture or industry threatened by the new invention or discovery. Then comes some hitch, or merely a delay, in the bright hopes held out, and the speculation pendulum swings back. A few far-sighted speculators have made enormous fortunes, while numbers of bona-fide investors have lost all they possess.

That the electric light is the light of the future, as the electric motor will be the motor of the future, few unprejudiced minds can doubt; but it does not follow that all the forty-five electric light companies will flourish. The general opinion here is that the next year or two will see a "war of selection," which will result in the "survival of the fittest," and, until the result of the warfare is seen, cautious investors will light shy of the electric-light companies. There is no question but that the *best* system of electric lighting will be the one eventually adopted, and it is equally certain that the half-hundred companies already formed cannot all succeed. Like Indian mining companies, none of the English electric lighting companies have yet paid a dividend from actual working. Several assets have been distributed from money received from the sale of subsidiary rights to affiliated companies, but these are golden eggs, of which the patent hen can only lay a limited number.—*Philadelphia Bulletin's, London Cor.*

—While recently staying in water 128 hours in Boston, Captain Webb used as a dining-table a board about thirty inches square, with an edge raised about it to prevent the water from splashing and wetting the food, and also to prevent the food from slipping into the water. In the center of this board, underneath, was a handle similar to the handle of a mortar board, and with this the Captain steadied and supported it with one hand and fed himself with the other. When nature demanded that he should sleep, the Captain drew his legs into the position they would take if he was sitting down, and folded his hands behind his head.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The *Drummer* says that the best way to get a sample copy of a newspaper is to walk up to a news-stand and lay down a nickel. It saves time and trouble.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The United States spend $81,000,000 a year upon education.

—The 200th anniversary of the introduction of Presbyterianism into America will be celebrated next year.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn issues a little paper called the *Weekly Bulletin*, giving account of the work done during the week.

—Henry Villard, the President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has offered to endow Oregon University with $50,000 if the State will increase its annual Legislative allowance from $2,500 to $5,000.

—Mr. George L. Seney recently sent Miss Rutherford his check for $1,000 to educate ten girls at the Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens, Ga., and Miss Rutherford has made it cover fifteen scholarships for young girls from that town and other places.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The closing sentence of the Rev. Newman Smyth's first sermon as pastor at New Haven, Conn., was the Scripture passage: "Arise, let us go hence." The reporter of one of the local papers, whose religious education seems to have been neglected, rendered the words: "Amen, let us go home."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It was a warm summer night, and some of the congregation in the little church were slumbering languidly, except one man who snored in a manner not at all languid. The preacher observing this, left his notes, and said to one of the deacons in the front row: "Will you please ask the brother to stop snoring, or he will keep the other brethren awake." The rest of the sermon was listened to.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The Mississippi Hand-Book, recently published, gives a few figures concerning the free schools of the State: In 1870 there were 1,564 schools, 1,728 teachers and 43,451 pupils. In 1880 there were 6,024 schools, 5,569 teachers and 276,654 pupils. Number of children at school in the State in 1880: White 175,251; colored, 251,438; total, 426,689. There was expended in 1880 on the free schools of the State, $830,701.

—At the recent annual meeting of the Baptist Association of Southern New York the following statistics were given: Number of Baptist Associations in New York State, 44; churches, 873; ordained ministers, 786; baptisms last year, 3,545; members, 113,862; Sunday schools, 878; officers and teachers in Sunday schools, 13,161; scholars, 112,345; number of Baptist Associations in the United States, 1,155; churches, 26,373; ordained ministers, 16,511; baptisms, 81,570, members, 2,336,022; Sunday schools, 14,437; officers and teachers, 120,678; scholars, 1,006,112. Contributions—From churches and Sunday schools in the State of New York, $941,943.60; in the United States, $4,600,910.87.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Most any man can grab a gun by the muzzle and pull it over a fence or out of a boat, but the second or third time will leave the gun without an owner. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—When a man has a debt that he can not pay short of three months, and the creditor is importunate, the only thing for him to do is to make a note of it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—The Englishman who addressed a letter to "The Picayune, Esq., New Orleans," was not so far out of the way. There are in this country a good many picayune esquires.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman, whose cow had been killed: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shtop when she rang her bell, naythur."—*Hotel Mail.*

—"I say, when does this train leave?" "What are you asking me for? Go to the conductor; I'm the engineer." "I know you're the engineer; but you might give a civil answer." "Yes, but I'm not a civil engineer."

—A woman in Marietta, Ga., killed a large black snake, and observed that "two live mice scampered out of the snake's mouth." The killing of the snake did not at all alarm this brave woman, but the appearance of the mice caused her to faint dead away.

—A physician who is a vestryman in a country church was called upon to suggest a remedy for reducing the swell of the new organ, which had been purchased, and which drowned the minister's "Amen." The wretched man prescribed arnica. He had always used that for reducing organ swelling.

—An Illinois woman recently discovered that her husband proposed to elope with the housemaid. Did she weep and shed tears and kick up a fuss? Not a bit of it. She just wrote a letter purporting to arrange for her elopement with a neighbor, and let it fall into his hands. And it about drove him wild. He fired the servant girl out of the house, and sat up all night with a shotgun to shoot the villain who was after his wife, and has been since then the most devoted husband in Illinois.—*Boston Post.*

—A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?" "O," responded the considerate M. P., "just say she refused me!"

—It was in a horse-car. She had been away for several months and the children had gone to the depot to meet her. They chatted away merrily, while she patted their little heads and smiled interestedly. "How's Mary?" she inquired when they both stopped for breath. "O, she's well. She's taking her music lessons right along." "And Harry?" "He's going to school; started last week." "And papa?" "He's well, too. He's having a bully time. He said he didn't care if you didn't come back for a year." The passengers roared. Grabbing the children with both hands, she rushed to the door with an I'll-get-even-with-him-for-this expression on her face. Heaven help him.—*Baltimore Day.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HER MAJESTY CHRISTINE.

I am seventy, gray and staid;
I love well a little maid,
And she rules me like a queen.
She has such a royal way,
Whatsoever she may say,
I am eager to obey
Her small Majesty Christine.

She has robes of wondrous white,
She has sashes gay and bright,
Lace and ribbon for a queen;
Golden crown is not so fair
As her crown of golden hair,
Ah, what maiden can compare
With her Majesty Christine!

I have seventy summers told;
She's exactly five years old;
Promptly still obeys mamma,
But no one has ever seen
Such a slave to any queen
As I am to sweet Christine
When she calls me grandpapa.
—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

COMETS.

Prof. Proctor's Views About Comets and Their Peculiarities.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

During the last two years many comets, some of them bright ones, have been seen, and from all sides the question reaches me, Do we know more about comets than we did two years ago? I *wish* that I could honestly answer, We know a great deal more; but I cannot. Still, something has been added to our knowledge, and, unless I mistake, although that something may in itself be slight, the manner in which it has been learned is such that the small modicum of new truth is full of promise.

I suppose every one who reads these lines knows pretty well what are now the chief difficulties in cometic science. We want to know why, as the comet approaches the sun, it throws out all around it, but chiefly toward the sun, the luminous appendage we call the coma or hair—really, so far as we can judge, a nebulous or gaseous envelope. We want next to know why the matter thus thrown out seems to become subject to a repulsive force by which it is strongly driven from the sun to form what is called the comet's tail. We want to know how much of the light of the comet's nucleus (or brightest part,) coma or nebulous surrounding, and tail is due to the mere reflection of sunlight and how much is inherent. Also, having ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt or cavil that part of the light, in all three cases is inherent, we want to know how sufficient heat is acquired to raise nucleus, coma and tail to actual inherent luminosity.

Now, in former years, and especially during the appearance of the comets of Winnecke and Brorsen, in 1868, astronomers recognized that a part of the light of some comets, at any rate, is due to the inherent luminosity of certain compounds of carbon and hydrogen. Dr. William Huggins, of London, is not a very daring scientific speculator; he usually errs on the side of excessive caution (indeed I have myself been stating respecting his results for the last fourteen years, what he now only begins to state for himself;) therefore, when he does *speak positively* we may believe that he has found the evidence overwhelmingly strong. Well, he says in a lecture very recently delivered before the Royal Institution: "The general close agreement in the case of some twenty comets of the bright bands in the cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons justifies us fully in ascribing the light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen."

Until quite recently this has been the only matter which has been clearly recognized by the spectroscopic method as forming part of the substance of comets. And the wonder has been that a substance so refractory as carbon—a substance which cannot be vaporized in our laboratories under any ordinary conditions—should thus appear in the form of luminous vapor in the case of comets further from the sun than our own earth. It is difficult to see where the heat can come from by which the carbon present in those bodies can thus give light-evidence (which means also heat-evidence) of its presence. It is not carbon only which is thus shown to be present, nor even carbon and hydrogen only; nitrogen seems also to be indicated. Professors Liveing and Dewar have found that certain bright lines are only present in the spectra of certain compounds of carbon when nitrogen is also present, and that in fact they indicate the presence of cyanogen, a well-known nitrogen compound of carbon. Now these bright lines have not only been seen, they have been photographed in the spectrum of the brightest comet of 1881 (by Dr. William Huggins in London, and by Dr. Henry Draper in New York). A part, then, of the light of every comet is inherent, and comes from a luminous mixture of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and probably oxygen also. A part of the light, is, however, reflected sunlight, nearly the whole of the tail's light being thus reflected, and a great portion of the light of the coma, with a smaller portion of the light of the nucleus. Even here, however, we cannot be assured that all the light which might be reflected sunlight is really so. The only way in which we can distinguish such light from inherent light coming from glowing solid or liquid matter, is by noting that when we analyze reflected sunlight certain tints (thousands of them) are missing, so that across the rainbow tinted streak, into which the spectroscope resolves such light, there are seen numbers of dark lines corresponding to those missing tints. In the case of light from a self-luminous solid or liquid mass no such dark lines are seen. But the faint light of a comet is not very easily analyzed as closely as is necessary to show whether these dark lines exist in it or not. Until quite recently astronomers have been content to regard the presence of a continuous rainbow-tinted spectrum, with or without lines, as evidence that the comet shone by reflected sunlight. Now, however, a closer scrutiny has been made, and in the spectrum of the brightest comet of 1881 physicists have succeeded in detecting the dark lines (the so-called Fraunhofer lines) of the solar spectrum. These lines have even been photographed by Dr. Huggins (they don't show in Dr. H. Draper's photographs.) Now, failing to obtain or see these dark lines means little or nothing; seeing them, however, and, still more, photographing them, is decisive, making it absolutey certain that part of the comet's light is reflected sunlight. There must be matter like meteoric dust in the head and nucleus and probably in the tail also of a comet to enable it to shine in this way by reflecting the light of the sun.

But the latest comet which has yet been observed with the spectroscope has brought fresh news. I refer to Wells' comet, sometimes called, rather affectedly, Comet Wells. The spectrum of this comet did not at first show the carbon bands to which I have referred above. "The cyanogen groups," says Dr. Huggins, "are not seen;" and he does not seem to have looked for them later. But in May, 1881, Vogel found that the carbon bands were present, though faint. He noticed no other bright bands or lines. Still later, however, an unexpected change took place. Dr. B. Hasselberg, of the Observatory of Pulkowa, found that the nucleus of the comet gave a very strong and extended continuous spectrum, with an excessively strong bright line in the orange yellow, which he was able to identify by microscopical measurement with the well known D line of the solar spectrum—a line due to the presence of sodium in the atmosphere of the sun. So soon as the news was announced, Duner, Bredichin and Vogel observed the spectrum of the comet, and were able fully to confirm Dr. Hasselberg's observation.

Mr. Hind, Superintendent of the English Nautical Almanac, remarks on this that "It is necessary to conclude that during the last fortnight of May the spectrum of Wells' comet changed in a manner of which the history of science furnishes no precedent." Since he so wrote it has been observed by Dr. Muller, of the Astrophysical Observatory at Potsdam, that the light of Wells' comet increased more rapidly during the second half of May than had been predicted, "indicating an unexpected development of proper or inherent light in the comet itself." "This increase," he adds, "was most marked just about the very time when the sodium line was first observed in the spectrum; wherefore we must conclude that important changes occurred about that time in the physical condition of the comet."

It appears to me that these observations are full of promise. Astronomers had begun to suppose that no comets were likely to give more information than had been already obtained from Brorsen's and Winnecke's comets. But now it seems as though the appearance of the carbon bands belongs to one stage of the comet's progress through the changes which occur as the comet approaches the sun. With nearer approach sodium vapor is first formed and then caused to glow with its own inherent light. What further changes might be observed in the case of a comet observed under such favorable conditions as existed in the case of Donati's comet (1858) who shall say? It seems as though there were a chance that, after all, these mysterious bodies will one day be interpreted. For so soon as we have learned how the physical changes which the spectroscope may detect are associated with the changes of form, the development of envelopes, the outward sweep of the tail, the formation of secondary tails, etc., which still remain among the mysteries of cometic existence, we may believe that science will soon be able to decide between the various theories which have been advanced, or perhaps to show that while none of these are sound some other theory hitherto unthought of will alone account for the observed phenomena. It seems not unlikely that the theory may be admitted to which many American men of science, and Dr. Huggins in England, seem to have given to their adhesion—the theory that great electrical disturbances are set up by the sun's action in connection with the vaporization of some of the matter of the comet's nucleus, and that the tail is probably matter carried away with electric discharges, under an electrical influence of repulsion exerted by the sun.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Boycotting an Idol.

At a place called Brindabun, in the Maharajah of Jeypore's territory, there has long been a Hindoo temple containing within its walls a particularly sacred idol named Gobindji. This was supposed to watch over the royal dynasty, and in return successive Maharajahs were very polite to Gobindji and very liberal to his attendants. So all went smoothly until the late Maharajah came to the throne. His predecessors had belonged to the Vaishnava sect, and the idol's priestly attendants were, of course, of that persuasion also. But the new man not only proved to be a Shiva, but actually introduced a Shiva priest into the temple to help him in worshiping Gobindji. When the Vaishnavas, who hate the Shivas, heard of this desecration, they sent the Maharnjah to Coventry and made a solemn vow that they would never look upon poor Gobindji again or enter the door of his temple. This by itself might not have mattered much to the idol, but the enraged Vaishnavas surrounded the temple with a cordon of trusty emissaries, who warned away pilgrims under divers pains and penalties. The consequence was that the shrine became deserted, its revenues fell away to zero, and Gobindji suffered so seriously in reputation that he became quite an unconsidered idol.—*London Globe.*

Pigeon Shooting.

Dan Pelter and Jo Joslin took considerable pride in their marksmanship. They made a bet last Thursday in the following terms, viz.:

"A pigeon is to be let loose and Pelter is to hit it with a rifle shot on the wing. If the next pigeon let loose is shot in the same manner and hit in the same way by Joslin, then Joslin wins; if not, then Joslin loses."

Both fired and both missed the bird entirely. Referee decided as follows, viz.:

1. As Dan Pelter has missed he has lost his money.

2. As Joslin did not hit in the same spot he has also lost his money.

3. There being, therefore, no proper claimant for the money it is "treasure trove," and the stakeholder may keep it indefinitely.

The stakeholder invested the money in circus tickets for the club, and now Pelter and Joslin are both opposed to gambling in pigeons.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Biting Dog.

If vicious dogs used more discrimination in selecting victims to sample, they would be more popular than they are. As it is, there is a general prejudice against biting dogs, because they are quite as liable to hang themselves up by the teeth on the person of a well-dressed alderman of good family as upon the anatomy of a disreputable tramp or an obnoxious organ grinder. Nobody really enjoys being bitten by a dog. Besides the lurking dread of possible hydrophobia, it hurts to tow a dog along by his teeth, which he has inserted in your person for that purpose. Why should a gentleman pull a dog along the street, when the animal is well and able to walk? The biting dog is a nuisance on general principles. He lies about the house as if he were the landlord, and was trying to rent it. Apparently the biting dog is harmless. He usually makes out that he is asleep, but he is more apt to deceive than an unloaded gun. Very frequently he will wag his tail and strike up an acquaintance with a tramp who has invaded the premises with burglarious intent, and, perhaps, the very same day, he will bite a chunk out of some dear friend of the family, from whom you expected to borrow money. Like the proverbial unloaded gun, he is never in working order when there are thieves and burglars about, but when he does bite, he is certain to hurt somebody who does not need it. The average biting dog is almost as uncertain as the result of a county convention.

However, people will keep dangerous dogs on their premises, hence it behooves prudent persons to know how to act when a vicious, ignorant brute of a dog tries to swallow them alive. There are some rules which, if observed, will prevent the affectionate animal from becoming too closely attached to your person. The first thing you must do when a dog comes at you with his mouth open, as if he expected you to feed him is not to run. As there is a great deal of a dog in man, just so there is a great deal of human nature in dogs. If you run they will become furious, but if you remain on the spot, as if it belonged to you, the dog will very frequently change his mind, and, wagging his continuation, indicative that he wants you to pat him on the head, and say "good doggy, pretty doggy."

Above all things, we repeat, never run from a vicious dog. The first impression a man has when a big dog comes at him with hostile intent is to run. If he follows that inclination the next impression he will receive will be from the dog's masticating apparatus, which is always in excellent working order. If the man who is in danger from the canine will only reflect, and hold a brief caucus with himself, so to speak, he will perceive that he is at a disadvantage in the coming race. If he will count the dog's legs and then count his own he will become convinced that the dog, as is almost always the case, has a clear majority of two to one in the convention, hence the man had better come out in a card, stating that in order to promote harmony in the party he will not run.

A gentleman who has given the subject close attention furnishes the following campaign plan to avoid being bitten by a vicious dog, which we, in all seriousness, publish for the benefit of those of our readers who may be interrupted by a biting dog while they are stealing firewood, or are in a neighbor's yard for any other improper purpose:

"If you enter a lot where there is a vicious dog, be careful to remove your hat or cap as the animal approaches you, hold the same down by your side, between yourself and the dog. When you have done this you have secured perfect immunity from an attack. The dog will not attack you if this advice is followed. Such is my faith in this policy that I will pay all doctor bills from dog bites, and funeral expenses for deaths from hydrophobia. It is the unknown danger the dog does not like to meet."

Why the dog refuses to bite the man who carries his hat in his hand, we are unable to say, but such is the fact, nevertheless. Perhaps the intelligent and appreciative animal is disarmed by the politeness of the intruder in removing his hat, or, may be, the dog becomes paralyzed at the idea of the intruder taking up a collection for some charitable purpose.—*Texas Siftings.*

Got the Advantage of A. T. Stewart.

Mrs. Jane, wife of the late Simon Flanagan, the hotel man, died at Saratoga last Friday. About the same time her brother, John Long, died at Whitehall, and they were buried at the same hour Monday morning. She was in well-to-do circumstances, and always gave liberally of her store. She presented the first window, which bears her name, to the Catholic Church in this place. It is said that she is the only one that ever got the advantage of the late A. T. Stewart in a business transaction. She owned some property which he was very anxious to possess when he was extending the Grand Union Hotel, while pretending to feel indifferent about it, presumably hoping thereby to get it at his own price. One day he called and said he was ready to buy if she would accept a certain sum of money named. With a merry twinkle in her eye which the great merchant failed to notice, she said: "In faith, Mr. Stewart, I am sorry I can't accept your offer, but Messrs. So-and-so (naming well-known brewers of Troy) were here a few hours since, and they offered me $30,000 for the place, and they will be back at four o'clock to close the bargain." A brewery right in the very lawn of the hotel which his efforts were calculated to make the grandest in the world? This was too much! "I'll give $35,000 and close the bargain at once." With an apparent reluctance she accepted the amount, which was more than double the value of the property, and the merchant prince walked away congratulating himself on his narrow escape.—*Schuylerville (N. Y.) Standard.*

—The *Baptist Weekly*, referring to the common demand upon preachers to "be short," says: "The clamor for short sermons stints pulpit power by hampering a free and full expression of thought. There is great danger that the preacher in endeavoring to obey this arbitrary demand to contract his discourse may be driven to the use of such flimsy platitudes that, to his mortification, the sermon will be not only long but thin, and so his infirmity be doubled."

Domestic Life Among the Baths.

The Baths does not make his morning toilet in the house, but at the special bathing places, or *pantjurs*, with which every village is provided. These places are arranged at a running stream or a canal made for the purpose, by fixing a water-pipe of bamboo in such a manner that a man standing or sitting under it can have the water run all over his body. Such baths are taken morning and evening. Separate *pantjurs* are provided for the women. It is one of the morning duties of the women and girls, even down to children of four and five years old, to bring drinking water in the *gargits*, a water vessel made of a thick stalk of bamboo. The size and strength of growing girls are generally measured by the number of *gargits* they can carry.

Let us follow a woman into one of the inclosed dwelling-houses. The floor is made of round bamboo beams about as large as one's arm, across which are laid split bamboos far enough apart to let the water and dirt through, and make sweeping unnecessary. Broad, raised seats and lounges, covered with mats of various patterns and styles, are arranged on either side. In the corners are fireplaces of a primeval simplicity, flat, square boxes filled with earth, and upon these some thick stones, between which the fire burns quite briskly, while the rice is cooked in home-made earthen vessels set upon them. The number of families living in the house can generally be calculated from the number of fire-places to be seen. No division is made in the daytime between the parts of the house occupied by the different families, but a separation is made between the sleeping-places at night by hanging up mats. Ordinarily, only blood relations live together in the same house. The children of both sexes, after they have grown up, sleep outside of the house and not with their parents the young men in the *sopos*, the girls in parties of several with some old widow; but the children, till they have households of their own, take their meals with their parents. At meals the whole family sit around the rice-pots. They formerly used leaves for plates, but they now generally have European plates. As a rule, they eat immediately from the hand, which is previously washed in a vessel of water kept ready for the purpose. The nice point in eating consists in not allowing the finger-tips to touch the lips, but in letting the rice drop from the fingers into the hollow of the hand just before it is given to the mouth.—*Dr. Schreiber, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Ridiculous Quarrel.

An Alsatian paper gives us a new and characteristic story of one of those districts with whose inhabitants MM. Erckman and Chatrian have made us familiar. Two peasant farmers had attended a "kirchweih" or "wake," as we should say. One was about to walk home and the other to drive home, when the latter offered his neighbor a seat in his wagon. It was somewhat late and both had drunk pretty freely of a local wine more remarkable for its strength than for its flavor. The sky was intensely clear, and the two men sat silent for some time gazing at the stars and apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the splendor of nature. At last one gave the other a thrust and observed, "Sepp, I will tell the all I want—just one meadow as big as the firmament over yonder." "And I," returned Sepp, "will tell thee all I want—just as many cows and sheep as they are blinking stars up there." "Thou fool," observed his friend, "what could a man do with so many cows and sheep? The world would never grow fodder enough for them all." "Aye, that may be," said the other, with a shrewd look, "but I should drive them into thy big meadow." "That thou should'st never do, Sepp; not a hoof of anybody else's cattle should tread upon it." Sepp declared that he should contest the dog-in-the-manger claims of his neighbor, asserting that Heaven belonged to everybody, and that a pasture as big as Heaven would be a gigantic common. The two men, who were usually the best of friends, passed from words to blows in their absurd vindication of the rights of property on one side and the privileges of trespass on the other. The conflict ended by the the owner of the wagon being knocked out of his own vehicle. This led to a complaint before a local court, and the ridiculous conversation in the cart at midnight was solemnly reproduced as part of the evidence.—*London Globe.*

A Race with a Panther.

The other night as Charley Wilson and Nora Maynard were returning from Leetonia after dark, when within half a mile of home, Wilson discovered that an animal of some kind was keeping along near them in the brush, but two or three rods from them, and thinking Miss Maynard might be alarmed, he said nothing of it to her. After following them for some twenty or thirty rods it finally sprang on the hind end of the platform wagon, but Wilson struck it a blow with the butt of his whip which made it fall back a little, but it immediately started for them, when Wilson put his horses on their fastest gait and soon reached the clearing and school-house, and saw no more of the animal, which proved to be a panther. The screams of the panther so frightened Miss Maynard that she fainted. The brother of the young lady said the prints of the animal's claws can be seen on the platform where he struck. Mr. Labar, who is cutting logs for Mr. Silas Mattison, says he shot at and wounded a large panther about a week ago, and thinks this may be the same one, although he wounded it so that he tracked it for some distance by the blood.—*Wellsborough, Pa., Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

—A few days ago Victor Hugo presided at a banquet given at Venles, in France, at his expense, to eighty poor children, many of whom were orphans of drowned sailors and fishermen. It took place at Pelletier's Hotel. The dinner was followed by a lottery. All the prizes were in money. There were no blanks, and the highest prize was 100 francs. Victor Hugo, in addressing the little folk, told them to believe in a just God, to love each other, and not fear death at sea or anywhere else to which duty called them.

—The London *Lancet* says that death by hanging is not only painless, but full of delicious sensations. Try it once.—*Norristown Herald.*

Arizona Cowboys.

Arizona is full of cowboys. Some of them are outlaws of the worst description. During the month of June last the President of the United States issued a proclamation calling upon certain lawless persons in the Territory of Arizona to disperse, and threatening to call the military power of the Government into requisition to aid the local authorities in the maintenance of law and order. The necessity for the issuance of such a proclamation had its origin in the depredations of a certain gang of outlaws under the leadership of the famous cowboy familiarly known in the Territory as "Curly Bill," but whose real name was William H. Broscion. These desperate characters had taken up their abode in the San Simon Valley, a beautiful section of country in the extreme Southern part of the Territory, in what is now a portion of Cochise County. These desperadoes built themselves houses and claimed to be "ranchers" or cattle men. At the northern end of the San Simon Valley is the mining town of California City, a place of several hundred population. It contained three stores, a greater number of saloons and some honest and respectable citizens. The town, however, was often in the hands of the cowboys, and woe to the "tenderfoot"—a term applied to all new-comers in border towns—who happened in California City on such occasions.

It was a common thing for eight or ten of these cut-throats to ride into California City, enter a saloon, present a pistol to the barkeeper's head, and demand that the liquors be set out. As the fiery element warmed them up they would often secure a violin or a banjo and improvise a regular "stag dance." Each fellow would select a partner from among the crowd, the musician would start up the "Arkansas Traveler" or some other familiar tune, and the leader would call out "Forward four," and the dance commenced. When the figure "balance to your partners" was reached many a fellow would "cut the pigeon-wing," and his partner not to be outdone, would indulge in some fantastic steps, which would do credit to the most famed clog-dancer on the minstrel boards. In the hight of this revelry would begin a fusilade from revolvers. Bang! bang! bang! and above the din the leader would be heard calling out: "Turn your partners; promenade all." The first figure being finished every fellow would begin to look at the heels of his boot to see where the bullet went. The result would disclose that a large majority had been hit about the heel with a bullet. This practice of shooting at the heels of one's boots is common among the cowboys, and so accurate are they in their aim that an accident seldom occurs. Shooting the heels off one another's boots is a common recreation among them.

On the occasion of one of these "stag dances" a cowboy who had recently joined the gang participated in the fusilade. On an examination at the close of the first figure one of the members was found to be shot through the foot. The festivities were suddenly stopped. The leader announced that an investigation would at once begin to ascertain the guilty party. A mock court was convened. "Curly Bill" was selected for Judge. Crone was made Sheriff. Tom Harper was chosen Clerk. The Sheriff arrested the new member as the guilty party. A Prosecuting Attorney was chosen, and the Court assigned counsel to defend the prisoner.

In a few moments the Prosecuting Attorney handed the Clerk the indictment and the Court ordered the Clerk to read it to the prisoner, who was commanded to stand up. The Clerk did as he was ordered, and this was the document he read:

"We, the undersigned grand jurors for the County of Cochise, in the Territory of Arizona, do find Joe Palmer guilty of felony in having wounded Abe Sanders in the foot in attempting to shoot the heel off of said Sanders' boot when said Sanders 'cut the pigeon-wing' in figure next to the last, in the first set, in the 'stag dance' held in California City, in said Territory, on Saturday night, June 20, 1881."

The court—"Guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Not guilty."

All the formality of selecting a jury, the taking of testimony and the cross-examination of counsel was gone through with. No detail of an ordinary trial at law was omitted. Finally the case was submitted to the jury, who, after a few minutes' consultation, announced that they had agreed upon a verdict.

The Court—"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

Foreman of the jury—"We have, your Honor."

The Court—"Clerk, read the verdict."

The foreman of the jury hands the Clerk a paper. Clerk reads:

"We, the undersigned jurors, do find the prisoner guilty, as charged."

"Joe Palmer," said the Judge, "stand up. Joe Palmer, the jury of your peers having found you guilty of a heinous offense, it becomes the duty of this Court to pronounce sentence upon you. You have had a fair and impartial trial. Able counsel defended you. There is nothing left but for the Court to pronounce sentence. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken to the San Simon Valley and between daybreak and sunrise be executed. Sheriff, take charge of the prisoner."

The next morning the sentence was carried into execution, and Palmer was shot.—*Tombstone (Arizona) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

—Boston Brown Bread: Two cupfuls Indian meal, even; one cupful rye-meal, one cupful flour, one quart (small) sweet milk, one and a half cupfuls molasses, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in a teaspoonful of water; two teaspoonfuls cream tarter—or, if baking powder is preferred, two heaping teaspoonfuls. Steam in a covered tin four hours. The water must be boiling when the tin is put in the pot, and must not be allowed to stop boiling during the four hours. This is sure to be good if the water is boiling.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—It will cost three cents for one of the new postal money-orders for a sum less than five dollars, and the service is so extended as to raise the limit of orders from $50 to $100. Persons will not be required to fill out a blank, but will receive an order payable to the bearer at any desired money-office.

A Greek Village Church.

On Sunday, almost before daylight, the bells began to ring for morning service, and the peasants, who are early risers, were soon flocking into the little church. Not only the villagers came, but people from surrounding farms; and from my window I saw the priest, who had come from a distance, dismounting from his horse, and answering the salutations of his parishioners, who perhaps had the more regard for him because he did not live among them, but came only once a fortnight to conduct service. I had been told that there was to be a second liturgia said at seven o'clock for the master and family; so I waited for that hour, when we all walked down together. On entering the church we found there a goodly number of peasants, who had not been able to get to the early mass. As is the custom in the Greek church, the congregation remained standing during the entire service, the men on the right and the women on the left. They were very devout in manner, looking toward the picture of the Virgin near the altar; and to her they addressed their prayers in a low voice, their only motion being the frequent sign of the cross. Several mothers were there, holding babies in their arms, with small children clinging to their skirts. The little ones crossed themselves with their tiny fingers, in imitation of their elders. Sometimes a person coming in would step forward, put down a small coin, and light a little taper, which he would put into the candlestick, saying a prayer for the soul of a dead friend, or would kiss the picture of the Virgin. The priest who officiated at the altar, had exchanged his usual black robe for a gayly-colored one of some common stuff, and his hair, always concealed under his high cap, except in church, hung down in heavy black curls over his shoulders. He went through the prayers in a loud, nasal chant, and read the Gospel in the same tone, with great speed, assisted in his duties by a peasant lad, whom he had trained, and who was probably destined to be a priest. The worshipers made their responses with fervor, and after the doxology was said, went up and kissed the priest's hand, and the Bible which he held. This was handsomely bound in silver and gold, set with colored stones, and was a family relic; so also was the sacred picture, worn and effaced, as if it dated from Byzantine days. The Greeks often have these valuable religious pictures hanging on the wall at the head of the bed, and a devout soul keeps a lighted taper burning day and night before them.—*E. W. Felton, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Exercise and Malaria.

Dr. Pinkham writes in the *Sanitarian* regarding the tendency nowadays to assign malarial poison as a cause for all kinds of physical disturbances. "This fashion, as it may now be called, of assigning malarial poison as a cause for all kinds of physical disturbance, came about, I think, somewhat in this way: Quinine became recognized as a specific for malaria when to this agency were referred only the periodic fevers. These fevers, intermittent and remittent, were found to leave behind, after the fever proper had taken its departure, certain morbid conditions, especially of the liver and spleen, which conditions produced a variety of obscure symptoms, all of which were helped by the same remedy which cured the fever, and, being given for these obscure troubles, it was soon given for all obscure troubles resembling them, and it was found to be of service in all; hence, reasoning from effect to cause, it was inferred that all were of malarial origin. A person eats heartily and exercises little; he soon finds himself ill; he has headache, pain in his side, languor and a variety of uncomfortable sensations. Quinine is a tonic, and aids digestion; he takes it, and is better. What more natural conclusion than that his symptoms are due to malaria, being relieved as they are by the great anti-malarial remedy? Thus quinine became, as it is to-day, an ingredient of nearly all prescriptions—the great cure-all. It also became a great aid in diagnosis, and in many cases settled the question, convincing the prepossessed patient and the wavering physician that malaria was the great bottom fact in the case in hand. Now, I believe more than half the ailments which are in this off-hand way ascribed to malaria are due to something else, and largely to lack of physical exercise. There are other causes of diseases which we do not overlook—overeating and drinking and smoking, improper clothing and exposure to cold and heat, worry and care, idleness and overwork, over-excitement and all kinds of excess, work destruction, as they did before malaria was invented. Lack of exercise produces derangements of the liver, spleen, nerves, brain and every organ in the body. It produces a multitude of symptoms similar to those produced by malaria. Let exercise be supplied and the occasion for quinine in these cases will no longer exist."

Sacrifice of an Indian Bride.

Naches, the Pinto chief, informs us that a courier who left Camp Bidwell recently, reported old Winnemucca alive, but speechless and liable to die at any moment. His young wife, whom he married last July, ran away, but was followed by Winnemucca's friends and taken back to his camp. She escaped a second time and was again caught, when Ochoho's Indians, numbering about sixty braves, held a council and decided to kill her. They took the woman and her year-old child—by a husband who died some months before she married old Winnemucca—to a rocky bluff and stoned her to death. Naches says that it has been customary with the tribe to sacrifice squaws who are suspected of bewitching men and making them sick, by stoning them to death, but the excuse which Ochoho's men give for killing this woman and child is, that she threatened to burn a white man's house.—*Nevada Silver State.*

—Postage stamps, autographs, etc., do not satisfy the collectors of Singapore, China, some of whom have a mania for collecting human heads. One enthusiast was so interested in the cranial developments of the explorer Wittl, in the service of the British North Borneo Company, that he recently killed the scientist and added his head to his interesting collection.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1882.

The Result in the County.

The Republicans, as is their custom in this county, in an "off year," failed to come out last Tuesday, and as a result the Democrats have again carried the county as they did in 1878. Then they had 2 majority; now they have 1.

This result will not dishearten Republicans when they remember that, although the Democrats had a majority of 2 in 1878, in 1879 the Republicans elected their entire county ticket by average majorities of about 140.

McComas' Maj., 1352.

The "Full-Orbed Luminary" in Total Eclipse.

The "Star" Shineth Brightly.

The result in this State is very encouraging to Republicans. Besides McComas in this district, we elect Holton in the 5th, by about 1500 majority. The regular Democratic Judiciary ticket in Baltimore was defeated by the Independents by about 10,000 majority. We have also carried several Democratic counties. Look out for the next Governor.

AN "OFF YEAR."

Bosses Snowed Under.

ARKANSAS.

Arkansas elects 4 Democratic Congressmen and 1 Republican, a Republican gain of 1.

ALABAMA.

Alabama elects 8 Democratic Congressmen, a gain of 2.

CALIFORNIA.

California elects a Democratic Governor, and 5 of the 6 Congressmen.

COLORADO.

Colorado goes Democratic, and elects Governor and 1 Congressman.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut elects the entire Democratic State ticket, and 3 out of 4 Congressmen.

DELAWARE.

Delaware elects the Democratic Governor.

FLORIDA.

The Democrats claim both Congressmen, a gain of one.

GEORGIA.

Georgia elects an entire Democratic Congressional delegation.

ILLINOIS.

The Republicans claim the State by 20,000.

INDIANA.

Both parties claim the State. The Democrats gain 2 or 3 Congressmen.

IOWA.

The Republicans elect 10 of the 11 Congressmen.

KANSAS.

The Republicans elect 7 Congressmen, a gain of 3.

KENTUCKY.

The congressional delegation stands 9 Democrats and 2 Republicans.

LOUISIANA.

Louisiana elects 5 Democrats and 1 Republican.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ben Butler is elected Governor by the Democrats. The congressional delegation is 3 Democrats and 9 Republicans.

MICHIGAN.

Michigan is probably Republican. The delegation will stand 9 Republicans and 2 Democrats.

MINNESOTA.

Minnesota elects an entire Republican delegation.

MISSISSIPPI.

Mississippi elects 6 Democratic and 1 Republican Congressmen.

MISSOURI.

Missouri elects the Democratic State ticket and 13 Democratic Congressmen, to 1 Republican.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska elects the Republican State ticket and all three Congressmen.

NEVADA.

Nevada is claimed by both parties.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Republicans carry the State by a reduced majority.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey divides her delegation about even between the two parties.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Democrats elect 8 out of 9 Congressmen.

NEW YORK.

New York elects the Democratic Governor by 100,000 majority.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pattison, Democrat is elected Governor by about 30,000 plurality, and the Democrats gain in the Congressional delegation.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Republicans elect both Congressmen.

TENNESSEE.

The Democrats elect the Governor and 8 of the 10 Congressmen.

TEXAS.

The Democrats elect the Governor and 10 out of 11 Congressmen.

VIRGINIA.

Mahone claims the State by 20,000 majority.

WISCONSIN.

The Republicans elect 5 and the Democrats 4 Congressmen.

The Counting at Large.

The Democrats aided by the votes of a large number of Republican-Assistant Democrats, won a number of victories at the polls this fall. Those Republicans who contributed to the result may be proud of their work, but we do not believe they are. They have turned New York and Pennsylvania over to the Democrats, and without just cause. Can power be recovered? There will not be another test until two years from now. If the Republicans are true to themselves all can be made right. The three leading States of the country are undoubtedly Republican. Take New York for instance. Democrats win occasionally in off years in that State, but in every case, so far as we can recall, they win by the refusal of the Republicans to go to the polls. This is the unvarying record.

Ohio is another State of the same sort. Garfield, for instance, had 375,948 votes in 1880, whereas Townsend only had 297,759 this year, a difference of 77,289. The Democratic vote, on the other hand, only fell off 23,947 votes from 1880, and yet they had 19,115 plurality this year.

In Pennsylvania in 1867 the Democrats had a majority of 922 votes, and yet they polled 22,350 less votes than they did the year before when they were beaten by 17,178. The cause was that 40,450 Republicans would not go to the polls.

If the Republicans will unite they can carry the Electorial votes of these three States in 1884. At that time we predict one or more Southern States, doubtless Virginia, and will make up any loss of votes in the North. But it will take a united party to win, and the party *can* be united! It remains to be seen whether it will or not.—*Comb. News.*

Looking at the elections of yesterday as a whole, and disregarding their various local inconsistencies, they teach one great truth. It is that both of the national parties need new and living issues. They can no longer live upon the memories of the past. Grand as the services of the Republican party have been, it has relied too much upon its record, and too little upon meeting the new needs of a changeful and progressive age. It has shown a timidity about dealing with the urgent demands of the hour, the revision of the tariff, the reform of the internal revenue system and the reform of the civil service. The Democratic party has for fifteen years been little more than a party of negations. Its one principle has been to antagonize the Republicans. It has wholly departed from its ancient traditions. It once was a state right, hard money, low-tariff party, opposed to harbor and internal improvements. It has been in later days a soft-money party; it has supported some of the most centralizing measures. It is in some places the most rapacious seekers of "more protection," and Democrats were among the hungriest applicants for river and harbor appropriations. There is no question of national policy upon which the Democratic party is united, and one of the strongest holds which the Republican party has of late years had upon the country has been the dread of what would happen if the government were turned over to a party so devoid of settled plans of action. Thus, on the one hand, the Republicans have been living on the dread of the unknown should the Democrats come in—the Democrats have been living solely on antagonism to the Republicans. These fears and hates have outlived their days, and the elections of yesterday as a whole show that the two parties are brought nearer together. The lines of demarcation are confused and shadowy. Neither party can rely upon making a bug-bear of the other. Each must have a living policy of its own, and must address the people upon the interests of the present, and not of the past. So far as the Democrats have made gains in these elections it has been through Republican dissensions—not over ideas, but over offices. The same is true where Republicans have made gains through Democratic dissensions. Party organization can only be healthy when based on ideas sincerely held. Organizations for controlling officers will never make a national party. Which of the great national parties will most quickly act upon the truth thus plainly taught? Which will prepare itself for victory in 1884?—*Balto. American, Wednesday.*

Official Vote of Garrett County—1882.

DISTRICTS,	McComas, R.	Blair, D.	Read, R.	Alvey, D.	Slake, R.	Syester, D.	For School Bonds.	Against Bonds.
No. 1	67	91	61	91	65	92	28	111
" 2	89	89	87	91	88	90	7	157
" 3	171	180	175	175	176	174	8	270
" 4	61	71	56	78	51	80	9	63
" 5	141	147	138	120	147	118	55	69
" 6	78	33	80	31	80	31	10	88
" 7	196	191	188	203	1	196	202	141
" 8	71	72	67	76	69	74	32	32
" 9	22	61	21	61	21	61	51	21
" 10	85	70	87	70	80	68	60	123
" 11	30	31	26	38	30	31	25	15
Total	1012	1013	989	1037	1009	1025	642	1119

Majorities—Blair, 1; Alvey, 48; Syester, 25; Against issuing bonds, 477.

George, Greenback candidate for Congress, received 33 votes in Bloomington and 1 in Deer Park.

We give the following unofficial majorities of the Counties of the Sixth District, by which it will be seen that Mr. McComas' majority is 1352:

	McComas' (R.)	Blair's (D.)
Allegany	591	
Frederick	716	
Garrett		1
Montgomery		620
Washington	732	
	1976	620
	624	
McComas' estimated majority	1352	

Local Option in Maryland.

CENTREVILLE, November 8.—The election in Queen Anne yesterday resulted in a triumph for local option by a decided majority. The vote stood: For license to sell liquor, 893; against, 1,131; majority against, 416.

BELAIR, November 8.—The vote on local option in Harford county, as nearly as can be ascertained, indicates that it has been carried by about 1,000 majority.

In the Frederick-Montgomery Judicial Circuit Judge Lynch, Dem., is re-elected over Mr. Motter by a majority of 31 votes. Mr. Vinson, Rep., beats Mr. Peter, Dem., by a considerable majority.

Where Were You?

Where were you last Sunday? "At home, not feeling very well." Did you ever close up your store and by way of explanation stick up a notice, "Detained at home by headache?" and why not pray?

"Visitors come in, and I could not leave them." Ah! Would you continue in your service a young man who should offer you a like excuse for staying away from your store on Monday evening? And when you stand before the bar of God, and the Judge asks you why you did not go to His sanctuary more, will you look Him in the face and say, "O, we had company?"

"It looked like rain; indeed it had begun to sprinkle." Did it? Had it? Would the aspect have kept you from the market or store? Indeed, have you not been known to go to a concert or dance in the midst of what might have been the beginning of another deluge? Is it not time an umbrella was invented that would protect church members from the rain on Sunday?

"I went to hear Rev. Dr. Boagerges." And so the Athenians of St. Paul's time are not dead yet, but there are some who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear of some new thing? Is this what the houses of God are for? Is this to make "them the gates of heaven?"

"I had an engagement that prevented me from attending." You had? And on God's day you were immersed in business? Have you had advices that the fourth commandment has been repealed? Surely it is safer and far more profitable to overcrowd Saturday.

There is a newspaper in China, the *Imperial Gazett*, that has been running 1,500 years. The beauty of a paper like that is that its present editor cannot be bored by the toothless old falsifier who has "taken the paper ever since it was established," and drops in two or three times a week to tell you how much better in all respects the paper was when old Kickshaw, the first editor, was alive.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, Oct. 23, 1882.

After having consumed much more time than at first contemplated in this wonderful State, I must now bring my explorations to a close though there is still ample material for several more interesting letters. It is of course unnecessary to give a special resume of my impressions concerning Colorado, as the reader may have readily gathered them from the letters already written. What I have observed has been more with the eye of the tourist than that of the seeker after either health or wealth. I have spoken of things only as I saw them, attempting no coloring whatever. That there is untold mineral wealth in these mountains, grand scenery in these canons, fine grazing on the plains, and a rarified, healthy air everywhere, I have said because it is true. But I have not maintained that this is the place for everybody to come to at once with the expectation of finding health, fortune and happiness awaiting them. It is a misfortune to any region, whatever its real attractions, to have been overpraised or too much "written up." That has been somewhat the case with Colorado. In some instances people have undoubtedly, for one reason or another, said that about the country and its characteristics which they knew to be untrue or exaggerated; in others some of those who are gifted with a keen and absorbing appreciation of its peculiar and subtle delights, and rare power in describing their own impressions thereof, have given vent to their own enthusiasm. The consequence of all this is that fully nineteen-twentieths of those who came here a few years back found their first impressions on alighting disappointment pure and simple. To many of these there has come a better feeling as the country grew upon them, while to many others the result has been dire disaster.

In one of the following cases persons may be advised and encouraged to expend the time and money necessary to make the journey to the Rocky Mountains and remain long enough in Colorado to enable them to study the country. 1st. If they have present or prospective business interests. 2d. If they are in ill-health and have intelligently satisfied themselves that the probabilities are in favor of the climate proving beneficial to them. 3d. If they are enthusiastic devotees of some of the sciences, for the study of which there is here such a grand field. 4th. If they are lovers of mountains and desire to form an idea of the wonders and extent of this great country, or to experience in some degree the fascination which the very atmosphere of the far West has for some people. But those people who will not intelligently inquire about a possible destination; who delude themselves into expecting to discover a paradise, or the gardens of the Hesperides, or the fountain of Ponce de Leon, between the 37th and 41st degrees of north latitude, and the 25th and 32d meridians of longitude west from Washington, will certainly find themselves mistaken. If any want the pleasures of Newport and Saratoga, by all means let them go there, and not look for such things in a State where there are less than three inhabitants to the square mile.

The observant tourist through Colorado will naturally take some account of the growing industries of the State aside from those connected with gold and silver mining and the business of stock-raising, already referred to in these letters. Without leaving the main routes of travel he will see collieries, fire-brick works, grist-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills and other enterprises, and he will also feel some interest in the agricultural aspects of the State. Knowing what prices are paid in the mining camps for food for those thousands of busy, hungry men and their equally hungry beasts, one would very likely think the Colorado farmer a person to be envied. But the following story of an "old-timer" here aptly illustrates the fallacy of that theory: "I was mining up Central City way once, and there come along an old chap with onions to sell. You bet we was glad to get vegetables about then. They were as small and mean onions as ever you saw, but I was bound to have a dozen, and he charged me a dollar and a half. Well, sir, I didn't say nothing, but I just allowed that farming must be an everlasting sight better business than mining, and I'd better go into it myself. So I quit my claim and struck a likely kind of a ranch, and hired a Dutchman at $100 a month to take charge, and I skinned out East for seed. It took a long time then to go and come, and when I come back the first thing I saw was an old fellow ploughing in my field. Then when I come to the house I saw some one had jumped that—a widow woman from Georgia had moved in. I sung out to her to make herself at home, but that I had an idea that that was my house. Well, I got things straightened out and my vegetables began to come up. One day Jim Ewell, a sort of market-man, come along and stopped to dinner and had a cigar on the piazza, and I knew he was counting the cabbages in one of my fields. Says he, 'Joe I must have them cabbages,' and he offered me $1,800 for the lot, and I took him up and he pulled out a bag of gold dust; but I didn't want it in the house, and I told him to put it in the bank and give me a check when he liked, and to send for those cabbages any time. And when he'd gone I sat smoking and with the fumes of tobacco came visions of my wealth. Why at that rate there was $30,000 good in that crop, and I began to feel tony I tell you. As I kept on smoking, the sun was kind of obscured and I look up over Table Mountain and saw a queer kind of cloud; and while I was looking, out came the sun, and the air was full of millions of diamond points, just skintillating and skintillating, sir, I tell you. And what was it but grasshopper's wings. They settled down some inches deep on my ranch and the next day out of my $30,000 crop a had left just one hat full of lettuce that was under grass." This true story is one of numerous experiences in Colorado and Kansas a few years ago. I am told that the grasshopper is not so much feared now as formerly, and that crops can be protected. But this terrible insect is only one of many drawbacks to farming here.

DOM PEDRO.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Hen manure carries much less water than stable manure, but more nitrogen and organic matter. The proportions of potash and phosphoric acid are nearly the same.

Turn sheep and hogs in the orchard to forage on the fallen and wormy fruit. Do not feed them either early in the morning or late at night in order to encourage them to make forays for the fallen fruit.

Every farmer who has to contend with stony land will thank us for saying that when the small stones are to be picked two men with dung forks will do more work, and do it easier, than four with their hands.

It is a singular fact that, though not generally known, that the juice of the seed stock of the common parsnip is so poisonous as to raise water blisters between the fingers and on the arms of those who cut off the seed tops.

Setting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into it and covering the top of the vessel for about twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the fowl to stand up.

There is probably no animal that will, with the assistance of the farmer, make more manure in the course of the season than the hog, especially if his nose remains untrammeled, but which probably might not aid the fattening process.

A successful chicken raiser says that he always feeds his hens among his currants, and the leaves are consequently always free from worms, and other bushes not thus treated near by were entirely stripped of their foliage.

It is not good policy to let work horses get thin. It costs more to put on flesh than it does to keep it on. Flesh that becomes hardened by exercise will be kept up with less food, under the same work; than it took to put it on. From fifteen to thirty pounds of food will about supply the daily consumption of horses, large and small.

Precious Hope--Peruna.

One morning while he (her husband) was holding her up in order that she could breathe more easily, after having struggled with a bad spell of coughing, he made the remark that he did not believe she would ever get well, when she, in her weakness, said: "Yes, I will, if you will bring Dr. Hartman." The doctor was brought. He prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She began to improve from the first dose she took. She told me to-day she has never felt better in her life than she does now, and that she cannot say too much for *Peruna*.

A. J. MILLER.

Her husband writes: "South Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1881; I have a living witness of the virtue of *Peruna* in my wife, who was saved from death by it. I certify that every word on page 30 in Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life" is true in every particular.

T. S. EBERLINE.

Journalism in all its branches is a business that requires more self-sacrifice, more endurance and nice discrimination than any other profession. There is no class of men that furnish so cheaply the indispensible intelligence, wisdom and virtue for the support of the government as the well-trained and efficient journalist. Every good citizen should take and pay for a good paper; he owes it to his country, his family, and his own self-respect and interest.—*Ex.*

Restlessness of Old Age.

Those who have been much with the aged have observed in them a chafing against the infirmities of their years which expresses itself in restlessness and desire for change. They grow weary of that inactivity which has succeeded the busier times, when they bore the heat and burden of the day. And so sometimes they wander here or there, dropping in to visit a friend or talking with a chance acquaintance, trying thus to while away the tedious hours. In mistaken kindness and unkind affection, we often oppress dear, aged people by our very care. They dislike supervision. The tender watchfulness which to us seems due to their physical feebleness, as well as a fit return for their care of us in earlier days, is by them resented as restraint. It annoys them. Then, too, we try to take all the work out of their hands, and that they do not like. Nobody, who has been active and useful, enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf. Grandfather's step is uncertain, his arm less vigorous than of old, but he possesses a rich treasure of experience, and he likes to be consulted. It is his privilege to give advice; his privilege, too, at times to go into the field and work with the youngest, renewing his youth as he keeps bravely up with hearty men not half his age. Grandmother does not want to be left out of the household work. When the days come for pickling and preserving, and the domestic force is pressed into the service who is so eager and full of interest as she? It is cruel to overrule her decisions, to put her aside, because we naturally think "she will be tired." Of course she will be tired, but she will enjoy the fatigue; and rest the sooner for the thought that she is still of use in the world. To those whose homes are honored by the presence of an aged parent we would say, deal very gently with those who are on the downhill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they are. You, too, are "stepping westward." Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall in the hands that long for it. Only let it be of their own choosing, and cease to order their ways for them as though they were children. A hoary head at the fireside is a crown of glory to the house where it dwells. The blessing of the aged is as dew on the pastures, as the falling of sunlight in a shadowy place.

A Black Regiment.

The famous "Black Regiment" of Arabi's forces was the oldest in the Egyptians army and has seen service on American soil. It was founded by the famous Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, and is composed exclusively of black Soudanese and Barbarins, none of whom are under five feet eleven inches. It was with these that Mehemet Ali repeatedly beat the Turks, and it was with these again that he defied England. These men are hated by the Egyptians, who, being afraid of them, have tried in vain to disperse and disband the regiment. Mehemet Ali himself, also Said and Ismail Pashas, repeatedly tried to get rid of them, and when Napoleon III., finding that Frenchmen could not live in Mexico, asked the Khedive to lend him his Black Regiment, the latter was only too glad to oblige him, hoping that by sending them across the Atlantic he would not only gain the friendship of the great French nation, but would free Egypt of the terribly blacks at the same time. The Khedive was, however, mistaken in this, as the famous Black Regiment maintained its reputation in Mexico and fought so gloriously that they obtained special terms on leaving the country.

A remarkable organization, called the Maccabees, has been formed by the Jews in Cincinnati. One might suppose from the name that its objects are warlike, but they are stated to be the encouragement of Hebrew agriculture. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the movement put into very practical shape. It has long been a reproach to the Jews that they are not tillers of the soil. This is not their fault, as they were not allowed for centuries to own land in Europe, and so became exclusively a trading people. The movement is a good one, but its outcome will be watched with interest.

It is now a question as to whether the burglar who entered the larder of a Chambersburg editor and stole therefrom a ham bone and half a pound of butter should be hunted down and punished, or whether the editor should be censured for keeping such an immense stock of rations on hand. It will certainly depreciate the value of his paper among his patrons, as the question will naturally arise as to where all the money came from to buy such a stock, and a man in his circumstances should not ask the support of a generous public.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Gray hairs often cause annoyanee, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

—Cumberland is being supplied with fresh beef in refrigerator cars from Chicago.

—Mr. Joseph Beeghley, residing near Accident, this county, raised a head of cabbage this season which weighed 18 pounds.

—We made an error in our last issue in the item giving the height of a stock of corn grown by Mr. J. J. Beeghly, residing near Engles Mills, this county. The stock was 13 feet 1 inch, instead of 11 feet 1 inch, and the stock instead of the ears, measured 4½ inches in circumference.

—Died, near Selbysport, Oct. 29th, Mr. Alexander Spear. He was nearly 80 years old. He was a man that was honored by all who knew him, a good citizen and an obliging neighbor. The neighborhood has lost an upright and honest man, but our loss is his eternal gain. Was a member of the M. C. Church.

A. M. BOWLIN.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Lutheran Church—Memorial services of the Children's Missionary, Rev. Rowe, who recently died in India, at 10½ o'clock A. M. Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering from Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

Mountain Lake Park Items.

The splendid weather we are having is causing the work at this place to be pushed rapidly.

Mr. J. M. Jarboe has about completed a cottage for Mr. Sharps, and has commenced one for Miss Maggie Watson, of Philadelphia, who was here on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. C. W. Conner was here on last Saturday and gladdened the hearts of the boys at work on the lake.

Baker & McCool will soon have "closed in" Mrs. Beacham's cottage, and have commenced the foundation of Mrs. Blake's.

Mr. John Werrick will soon have Mr. Garthright's cottage under roof.

Mr. Durley is getting on finely, and will soon complete the lake.

The friends of Mrs. Monterey Moon, who lives near the Park, I have no doubt will be grattified to know that she can raise up in bed, and can stand on her remaining foot. Her health is much improved, so much so that she has strong hopes of ultimate recovery, although she has not been able to walk, nor scarcely sit up for nearly four years.

VIDI.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been decieved by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

Attention, Guards.

The three years' enlistment of the majority of the "Garrett Guards" expired on the 11th day of October. The company will therefore meet on Saturday evening Nov. 11th, at 7 P. M. at the armory for the purpose of reorganization, or should the majority vote against reorganization, the company will be disbanded and its property turned over to the State.

Every member must be present in person in full dress; failing to be present in person, he must send to the 1st Sergt. uniform, arms and equipments. Should the company reorganize there will be an election of Captain, 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Lieutenant, and the appointment of five sergeants, eight corporals and a military secretary. Come in person, or send in your uniform as absence will drop your name from the rolls.

E. H. WARDWELL,
Capt. commanding.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1881.

10 4 td G. A. SHIRER.

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim if he were to add *Peruna* to his prescriptions as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life" (and furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

"OSWEGO, Potter county, Pa.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your *Peruna* and *Manalin* are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before.

MRS. ELLEN MAYNARD."

A Good Mail Arrangement.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company will about Sunday, 12th inst., start train No. 8 from Baltimore at 3 a. m. instead of 1.30 a. am., as is now done. The company announces that this will be done in the interest of Baltimore and for the purpose of the early distribution of the morning newspapers along its lines, and with the expectation that the Postoffice department will use a portion of the extra appropriation made by Congress at its last session to provide for mail service by this train. The Baltimore *Sun* says that "one of the grounds on which this extra appropriation was secured was that it would enable the Postoffice department to provide for an early morning mail from Baltimore and Washington along the line as far as Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. A Baltimore and Ohio official says the winter schedule will provide for the 3 a. m. train, and it will remain with the Postoffice department to have it continued or not. Baltimore morning newspapers will be delivered at Frederick, Hagerstown and other contiguous points at early hours. The train will reach Cumberland at 8:30 a. m." Under this arrangement the city morning papers will be distributed in Oakland at about 10:15 a. m. instead of 6 p. m. as now, or 7½ hours earlier. The *Sun* has agitated this matter with much force from time to time during the year, and has thus merited the gratitude of the public.

Soldiers, Attention!!

Milo B. Stevens & Co., the well known War Claim Attorneys, will be represented at Oakland, Md., Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 29th and 28th, by their special agent, J. P. Beckerle. Soldiers and others interested in claims for Pension, Increase of Pensions, Arrears of Pay and Bounty of those charged with desertion, or other claims, it is hoped, will give him a call. Mr. Beckerle's whereabouts may be ascertained at the office of the Clerk of the Court.

Wesley's Tact.

The following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man.

Although Wesley, like the Apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching, and a daughter of a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a panse in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels.

"What do you think of this, sir," he said "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful."

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when a few hours later she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.

Mr. Blair's vaunted claim that he would be triumphantly elected must be a queer statement to stare him in the face just now. The Republican majority in the District was nearly doubled, in place of being wiped out. —*Cumb. News.*

Peculiar Epitaphs.

A writer, speaking of French cemeteries, says: No inscription can be placed on a tombstone in a French cemetery till it has been seen and approved by the Mayor. Notwithstanding this fact some of the epitaphs are quite as peculiar as any that could be found in less careful lands. As, for instance, the following from Pere-Lachaise:

"Died at the age of 85 years, Pierre Tossier, blacksmith. Heaven counts one angel more."

An epitaph on a French tombstone that made no reference to angels would be looked upon as just no epitaph at all; but the author of one epitaph in Ivry cemetery has far surpassed all of his competitors in this respect. Having given the age of the deceased and the time of his death, and enumerated a few of his most prominent virtues, he closes with these words:

"He was a little angel here on earth—what can he be above?"

The French have a weakness for specifying all of the persons by whom the deceased was regretted. Here is an exact translation of an inscription in Montparnasse Cemetery:

"Here lies ——, who died May 14, 1877, at the age of nine months, regretted by her father, her mother, her grandfather, her two grandmothers, her uncles, her aunts, her cousins, male and female, and all the friends of the family. Little angel, pray for us."

The following inscription from Montmarte seems worthy of production:

"Sacred to the memory of little J. D., born on the morning of June 7, 1862, died on the afternoon of the same day. Oh! why couldst thou not have been born one day later?"

In the same cemetery we read:

"Sacred to the memory of my husband. Passers, pray for his soul's repose, but pray not loud. 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

Advice to a Young Man.

I think, my boy, that just about at your age is the time for you to learn what you are good for. And when you have found what it is, go at it and stick to it. I want to see you at work.

"I have no secret," said Turner, the great painter, "but hard work."

"Nothing," said Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success."

"There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is hard work."

"The difference between one man and another," says Dr. Arnold, "is not so much in talent as in energy."

And do you direct you energy in one channel. Don't be diffusive in your work. There is power in consentration. A handful of powder scattered on the ground makes a great smoke when it is fired, but nothing more. It is the few ounces compressed in the blast or gun barrel that counts for something when it goes off. If you are a lawyer, a physician, or a carpenter, and make up your mind that you will know as much about one particular line or branch or specialty of your profession or trade, you do well. Because, if you know as much on any point as any other man, surely as the heavens are above us, you know as much more about it than thousands, and immeasurably more than millions of other men, and this makes you an authority.

Be ambitious as you will, but be ambitious in some particular direction. You can make any sphere of labor honorable. A good, honest, earnest man can shovel sand with credit to himself and profit to his employer, and honor to his country. Many a good blacksmith and harness maker have been spoiled by schools of law and medical colleges; and let me tell you, Telemachus, right here, that society, your country, humanity and God need good carpenters and shoe-makes and stone-cutters and farm hands, more than poor doctors and poor preachers and poor editors. If you have to choose between a poor lawyer and a good deck-hand, be a good deck-hand every time.—*Hawkeye.*

AN UNTIMELY APOLOGY.—Pat Maloney kept a ferry over one of the small Western streams. A crank whooped and halloed one stormy night for Pat to come and ferry him over the river. As the boat neared the shore he apologized to Pat for calling him out such a night. "That is all right," said Pat; "I make me living with this old boat." "But, Pat, I have not a cent of money to pay you with." "Oh, and be jabers, that's it," said Pat, as he quickly pulled for the other shore; "if you have no money it don't matter which side of the river you are on."

An ingenious Frenchman, perhaps taking a hint from the hunting of deer at night with a jack lantern, lowered an electric light in an airtight globe into the sea, attracting to it thousands of fishes. Boats with nets closed in and made a tremendous haul.

Raising Stock on Small Farms.

The owners of small farms, or farmers engaged in a system of mixed husbandry, often over-estimate the advantages for stock raising possessed by those with large farms and who make this a specialty. The latter do possess important advantages, but there are some compensations to the stockman on a small scale.

The man with a thousand acres, a herd of hundreds, etc., can have men employed who will give their whole attention to one branch of the work, and learn to do this better than the average laborer. The large farmer has advantages in selling. He can make up one to a dozen car-loads of stock ready for the market; can sort them to make them sell to the best advantage: can have buyers come to his place, or can ship as he chooses. Full use at home is found for one or more stallions, bulls, etc., and the cost of keeping them counts as a little matter. But the small farmer, he with one hundred acres, for instance, has also his advantages. He can rear and feed a few colts, steers, pigs or lambs without almost no outlay for extra labor and very little perceptible cost in food. He needs horses for his farm work. Often brood mares serve his purpose equally well, and the one, two or three colts dropped each year cost comparatively little to rear. Cows for a house supply of milk and butter, of course, will be kept, and often there is abundance of grass in the pasture for a few "young things," and in the winter the stalk fields, the straw-stacks, the soft corn, etc., can be eaten by these, when it might otherwise be mainly wasted. In the winter the large stock grower must have men whose main business is to feed and care for the stock. The small farmer can add the little additional work as a part of the necessary 'chores' and scarcely notice the extra time or labor. Of two farmers of the class we are speaking of, the one "with a little extra stock" will usually do as much and as good work during the summer in the fields as his neighbor who, "only keeps a cow or two, and enough hogs for his own meat." In the winter the fact that some extra labor is provided for each day is often a positive advantage.

The small farmer has another advantage. It seems to be a law of animal life that the fewer of any sort of animals that are kept within a given area, the more healthy they are. We once asked a large and very successful swine breeder this question: What is the greatest number of hogs that can be kept together with the highest percentage of profit on each? To this he promptly answered, "One. The profit on each hog decreases in proportion as you increase the number." His idea was that the health and thrift of the herd decreased in proportion as the number was augmented. The greater economy of feeding and management which the large farmer or feeder may practice may possibly more than compensate for this loss of health and thrift, but the illustration serves to show that the advantages are not all on one side.

It is not necessary to money making and deserved success in fine stock breeding that there should be a large herd or flock. On the islands of Jersey and Guernsey nearly all the herds are quite small. In horse breeding, there is no reason why the man with three or four mares may not take a high rank as a breeder.

Even for the "renter," if he can secure lease of the land for three or five years, fair degree of attention to stock growing will be much better than the exclusive grain growing, which is so often the rule with this class. We have known instances in which two renters each seemed "to just about make a living;" but at the end of five year one would have a lot of live stock worth a few hundreds of dollars; the other have less than when he commenced.—*Breeder's Gazette.*

The Fruit Crop.

The importance of the fruit crop is swiftly increasing, and the pleasantness and the wholesomeness of nearly all kinds of fruit as food are enlarging the demand for a fruit diet so much that production is greatly stimulated. The immensity of the present grape crop as compared with that of twenty years ago indicates wonderful growth. The failure of any important fruit is regarded with increasing regret from year to year. The failure of the apple crop, for example, is generally acknowledged to be a serious misfortune, to health and comfort, as well as to the pocket. Apples are very scarce in the East, and the fair yield in the West will not supply the market sufficiently to enable the poor to use much fruit during the winter. The foreign demand for American apples also sends their price upwards. The value of our apple exportations fluctuates from year to year, but in 1880 it was more than a million dollars. It is believed that the foreign market can be greatly enlarged, and the demand for fruit at home and abroad holds out a promise of abundant reward for fruit growers in the United States.

Salt.

Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could anything except bread be more missed. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children, for salt. In the district of Acra, or on the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing on earth, after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambers is such a luxury that to say of a man, "he flavors his food with salt," is to simply say that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Muscovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poor friends. Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonardo de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper" to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-sellar knocked over accidentally by his arm. When we say of a lazy fellow that he does not earn his salt, we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt!"

Essay on Spring.

Spring is the time for sewing. In the city women sew shirts at forty-five cents per dozen. In the city, also, the wicked sow tares and reap tears. And everywhere in the spring-time men sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. Spring is a season much sung about by poets. It is a season that moves people—especially about the first of April.

It is a season for raising things. The first thing generally raised is—the rent. After that comes spring radishes and greens.

Insects also come in the spring. The mosquito consults his ledger and makes out his bills for summer. Earwigs lay in a fresh supply of legs. Domestic and household insects resuscitate themselves and crawl and bite in their little beds. All nature stirs.

Spring also stirs up the theatrical combinations and menagries. The trained beasts and animals of all sorts prepare to take the road. The tramp dreams of fresh fields and pastures new, and lone farm houses where he may find the women unprotected making strawberry shortcake.

Spring comes every year. It brings new clothes to some and new fashions to all—if they can afford them. Usually it brings more clothes than people can afford to buy, and fashions than they can afford to follow. Yet spring brings with it the old clothes people have worn all last winter, and possibly the winter previous. These can be turned and dyed and made over, we will not say into new clothes, but into the semblance of the new.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOLDIERS now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military services are entitled to Pension. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of the service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given to delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. Chas. & Geo. A. King, Attorneys-at-Law, 910 F. St., Washington, D. C.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Plasterers & Kalsominers.
OAKLAND, MD.
Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 180 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

5 6 1 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the
NEW YORK BRANCH,
a full line of
FALL & WINTER
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS
AND
TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, coltons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,
OAKLAND, MD.
Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

Road Petition.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned, citizens of Election district No. 9, Garrett county Md., will petition the County Commissioners of said county, at their meeting next after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a county road, beginning at Frederick Warner's residence, and running through the lands of J. J. Fitzel, J. P. Paul, Johnson Bros.'s, J. D. Llewellyn and others, to intersect the National road near the tollgate, west of Frostburg, a distance of about three miles.

JACOB D. LLEWELLYN,
JOHN P. POWELL,
MICHAEL BURST
And others.

9 21 5

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice, that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road from the Deer Park and Sand Flat road to the road leading from Altamont to the "Bartal School House," beginning at a point on the first mentioned road near the residence of R. J. Head and running on the lot lines dividing lots Nos. 3123 and 1640, 3128 and 1612, 3119 and 1611, 3117 and 1616, 3115 and 1619, 3113 and 3100, 3111 and 1761, to the last mentioned road.

R. J. HEAD,
J. W. ARCHIBALD,
LAMUEL GREEN
And 24 others.

9 21 3

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 21 DAVID LITTLE.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, Sc. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

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No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,
Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.
CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Glittering Illusions.

Col. James E. Bowen has made a special study of sunken treasures and has many strange and interesting stories to tell of men who vainly sacrificed wealth, time and labor, and sometimes even life itself, in the search for them. On a recent occasion, after he had told the writer the story of the sinking of the Spanish treasure galleons in the bay of Vigo, and announced his intention of going to recover them, he recalled many reminiscences of treasure-seeking that are well worthy of record.

"Not many years ago," said the Colonel, "the rage for treasure-seeking was so prevalent in all our large cities that no scheme, however improbable, could fail of finding support and patronage. Many of the schemes were so brazenly fraudulent that no man of ordinary common sense should have embarked a dollar of money or an hour of time on them, while others, which were seemingly well backed with documentary and other evidence that was seemingly correct, were equally fraudulent and delusive, since they referred to schemes that had been exploded years before. One of the expeditions which was organized at that time was to the island of Aboco, off the coast of Venezuela, where a treasure ship was sunk late in the seventeenth century. The coast was rough and rocky, and the breakers heavy, so that the schooner sent with the first expedition was dashed to pieces, and the searchers narrowly escaped death, but the second was more successful, as it found some of the timbers of the sunken vessel, and established the fact that the gold, if she contained any, had long since disappeared. This search cost $10,000.

"Venezuela draws a steady income from American seekers of sunken treasures, as tradition says that many of the treasure-laden galleons bound for Spain where lost upon her rock-bound coast. There is scarcely a year that she does not grant search concession to adventurous Americans, who have been convinced by interested parties that all they have to do is to get the necessary authority and go at once and rake in the doubloons and ingot and numberless pieces of eight of the unfortunate Spaniards who lost their lives in trying to save them. Some of these concessions were for places that had been so often and so thoroughly searched that the chances for a 'find' were worse than one in a million; still the shrewd Venezuelians raked in actual American dollars in pay for prospective doubloons and pieces of eight and ingots, and smiled. One of these adventurous expeditions was headed by a New York journalist of some note, and backed by monied men, who ought to have studied the question more closely before investing.

"It was instigated by a dried up, generally worn-out mariner, who was widely known in New York as 'The Captain,' who led a life that was a constant series of shifty expedients. To-day he would be flush of money, dining at the best restaurants, and to-morrow playing the degraded part of a lunch fiend. However, he fell in finally with the journalist, stuffed him full of his Venezuelan scheme, and finally persuaded him to embark in the speculation. Money was obtained, a vessel manned and fitted out with diving apparatus, and the journalist and the 'Captain' sailed merrily forth for South American waters in search of untold wealth. Somehow or another the 'Captain' had lost his bearings, as it were, although when he was in New York he knew to the fraction of an inch exactly where the sunken treasures lay, and the report was that the exploring vessel floated leisurely along the biggest part of the coast of South America, dredging here and sending down divers there, and finding nothing. It was a good thing as a vacation, the journalist thought, and interesting as developing the topographical character of the bottom of the sea, but as a speculative investment it was a most decided failure. Finally, after about three months of a wearisome search, during which the Captain was always sanguine of a rich 'find,' the journalist cornered him one day and forced him to confess that his so-called knowledge of the hiding place of the sunken treasure was purely conjectural, and that his whole scheme had been devised for the sake of a pleasant cruise and a good living for the time being. He was landed at Valparaiso, where he probably found a new victim, and the expedition returned home.

But the monumental fraud in the way of sunken gold is right in the harbor of New York, and not more than eight miles from the center of that great metropolis. I allude to the British frigate Hussar, which ran into one of the Hell Gate rocks late in the Revolutionary war, was bulged in forward, and sunk near the spot where the Morrisiana gas-works are now situated, in about eighty feet of water. She was a first-class frigate, and according to popular belief, carried about £2,000,000 in gold for the payment of the British army in America. Right where the Hussar went down there is a very strong tide and an eddy that renders work very difficult; but not long after the close of the war efforts to get at her treasure were begun, and they have been kept up, with occasional intermissions, ever since. In 1852 I first had the idea of raising sunken ships that I applied in 1857 in Sebastopol, and I then thought of applying it to the Hussar; but in undertaking a scheme of this sort I always want to make sure that the treasure I am looking for is where I have reason to think it is. So I went to England and commenced a thorough search through the records with regard to the frigate Hussar. I hired numbers of searchers and made a complete investigation among the papers of the admiralty and in the pay department, and at length satisfied myself that the £2,000,000 carried by the Hussar had been lauded and duly distributed to the paymasters. Whether it ever reached the troops I did not take the trouble to inquire. When I came back to New York I was called upon by a friend who wanted me to go into the scheme of raising the Hussar. I laughed at him and told him of my search among the records, but in spite of my warning he quit me and put $10,000 into the scheme. For thirty years the search after this treasure, which does not exist, has been unremittingly carried on, and to-day if you walk out One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street to the water front, in Morrisania (I won't be certain about the street), you will see a schooner moored off the shore, equipped with an engine and sending down divers whenever the tide suits. The backers of the scheme are a Boston company. I never heard of their recovering anything except a few wooden cups and platters and sundry guineas bearing the likeness of the first gentleman of Europe, George III. And yet the search has been kept up for thirty years, and good money has been sunk in the wreck of the old Hussar—thousands and thousands of it. My friend who invested the $10,000 called to see me when I returned from Russia, and told me he was sorry he had not taken my warning, but I could see that he still hankered after the supposed treasure, and that he still had a lingering belief in its existence, despite his sad experience. I went out to Morrisania and witnessed the diving for the treasure, which was done without concealment, and became more and more convinced that there was nothing worth diving for. The theory of the manager was that the Hussar's guineas had been packed in iron boxes, and that the material in these had been oxidized by the influence of the sea, and that thus the divers were forced to work slowly with drills and could accomplish no satisfactory results. The fact is that certain persons interested in the scheme saw a chance of making money without raising it from the deep, and availed themselves of it. One man whose whole life has been devoted to the Hussar and its supposed treasures, has built a row of brick dwellings in Boston, I am told, and is very well-to-do, but the money did not come from the Hussar. I need not say more. This is one of the most persistently-followed searches for sunken treasure that I ever heard of, but then, you see, there were treasures that never had been sunk that were available for its promoters. —*Philadelphia Press.*

An Interesting Story.

An interesting story of shipwreck and adventure has recently appeared in the London newspapers. It appears that the barque Roseneath foundered last May in the Straits of Magellan. The captain, his wife and seven of the crew were picked up by a passing vessel. Another boat containing five of the men was supposed to be lost. The first officer, named Samson, now turns up with a story of exciting adventure. He recounts in his deposition that the day after leaving the ship they sighted the shore near Cape Hora. Here they were overtaken by savages who boarded their boat. Samson tried to conciliate his captors with biscuits and tobacco. They seemed friendly at first, but afterward massacred all the sailors except himself with hatchets. They then landed on one of the Terra del Fuego islands "which abounds with rats about the size of English cats." Whether the cats on the island were of proportionate size is not stated. They lived on shell-fish and an occasional seal. At night they all slept in a wigwam, "men, women, children and dogs." The Indians were addicted to smoking, which produced results similar to those well-known to small boys who begin the habit with strong cigars. Samson suggests that he was saved, as two other men that he met among the savages were, in order to get a reward from passing steamers. The reason given is hardly satisfactory. In all probability the savages had at the time no cold missionary in the pantry, and thought that with a little fattening he would make a choice dish, either roast or corned. Ultimately he escaped with some other Indians who encamped on the same shore, and was rescued by the Pacific liner Aconcagua, which conveyed him to Valparaiso, whence he reached England. The tribe of Indians by whom he was rescued belonged to the Patagonian shore. Steamers of the North Pacific line are in the habit of stopping to conciliate the tribe with food and tobacco, so as to induce them to save the lives of any poor fellows who may be wrecked. He thus accounts for being brought off to the vessel and adds that the occasional treachery of the Indians results from the ill treatment they have had to put up with at the hands of the whites.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Amazing Coronation Feast.

A coronation is always signalized by acts of Imperial clemency, and in this respect the ukase issued by Alexander II. on the 7th of September, 1856, remains memorable. It granted a complete amnesty to all the political offenders of 1825-'26 and of the Polish rebellion of 1831 who were still in exile or in prison; also pardons to press offenders, military defaulters, and to about 5,000 other individuals in gaols. The Empire was entirely exonerated from military conscription during a term of four years. A new and more equitable assessment of the poll-tax was decreed. Most of the disabilities which weighed upon the Jews were removed. Thousands of Crown serfs were manumitted and received grants of land. Finally, the children of soldiers who, under the former reign, had been brought up by the State to enter the army were restored to their parents. These truly wise largesses evoked the most cordial popular gratitude, insomuch that the Czar began his reign as a people's darling. He was so well aware of this that he convinced the grandeose idea of giving a banquet to 200,000 of his poorer subjects from Moscow and the adjacent villages in the plains around Petrowski. Preparations were made for this amazing feast by covering a square mile with tables, and the tables with hunks of beef, bread and cakes of *kwass*. Unluckily, the impatience of the guests did not allow them to wait till the day of the dinner. A flagstaff had been erected in the middle of the plain, and it had been arranged that the signal to "fall-to" should be given by the hoisting of the flag. On the evening before the day of the feast, while some 20,000 *mujiks* were loitering round the plain sniffing the food, an English officer named Minakoff, wishing to try if the ropes of the flagstaff worked well, gave them a tug and sent the bunting flying aloft. In the twinkle of an eye the multitude of *mujiks* swooped upon the table and made a clearance. No hords of famished wolves could have done the work better. Beef, bread, beer,—everything went, and when these were gone the wooden dishes were carried off also. The Czar laughed when he was told of the matter. "Well, well, so long as they enjoyed themselves that is all I wanted. But we must give something to poor Minakoff. I am sure he must have feared that they were going to eat him also."

Class-Room Quips.

Amid all the changes of an uncertain world the accepted type of professorial joke remains fixed and immovable, its variations in form are reported in the college papers year after year, but in substance it never looses its typical identity. There is hardly a hackman or barkeeper in the country who can not thoroughly appreciate it, and Jumbo, were he privileged to frequent the class-rooms, would frisk and gambol under the inspiration of it with solidly sympathetic glee. What freight-handler of the metropolis, for instance, ever made a more striking retort than the Princetown professor who remarked to the uproarious youth before him: "Gentlemen, this class would proceed better if there were more use of the head and less of the feet." At the same college also this advice was officially given to those who were appointed to speak upon the chapel stage: "Take a subject with which you are perfectly familiar. I suggest that some of you steer clear of moral and religious subjects." A student of Columbia, belonging in West Virginia, was asked: "What minerals have been found in that State?" He replied: "Copper, platinum, gold and lead," and was rewarded by the professorial remark: "No, sir, no, sir, not one of them; nothing but brass comes from West Virginia." Likewise at Racine College, when a student inquired, "What is our age?" of a professor who had been saying, "Among these we may mention the wood, the stone and the iron age," the speaker pleasantly continued: "Judging by the class now before me one would say it was the age of brass." To this may be added another professorial retort: "So you've forgotten that fact, have you? Why, you're the only man that ever knew it to forget."

"Tissue, sir, is something which is exceedingly thin," was the definition which a junior of Bowdoin gave to his instructor, who retorted: "The same might be said of your answer." The question: "What do you know about absolute zero?" having brought no response, the interrogator added, in a withering manner: "You wouldn't like to get one of them on your score-book, would you?" A professor at Brown, apparently aiming to give a proper idea of etiquette to "the owner of a pair of feet lying before his desk," asked: "Whose feet are these?" "Mine, sir," responded a student in the rear of the room. "Haul them home, then," continued the modern Chesterfield, and the feet were accordingly "coiled around the adjacent benches."

A student of Wesleyan, impleading a "sick excuse," asked insinuatingly why his colds always went to his head, and was told: "It is a well-known principle, sir, that a cold is most likely to settle in the weakest part." A student at Yale, who answered the question, "How is power applied to this machine?" by saying "it is turned by a crank," was ordered to "just step forward and illustrate." A student in biology at Madison, having obeyed the request to "expose the brain of this frog and make a sketch of it," was rewarded by the comment: "The only thing remarkable about that drawing is the lack of brains exhibited." Elsewhere the metaphysical question, "Is life worth living, Professor?" brought the response: "That depends upon the liver." A sophomore of Williams who said: "The army was drawn up in the shape of a plow," was told, "O, no; rather in that of a harrow. You need a little instruction in an agricultural college." The next awful example is derived from Wesleyan: Professor—"What do you know about aberration of light?" Student—"I am not sure I know that, but I think I have a faint idea." Professor—"What do you imagine it is?" Student—"When the light strikes the object-glass it glances off." Professor—"What can you tell about the moon's parallax?" Student—"If you mean about the micrometer and the heliometer, I can tell you about that." Professor—"Yes, and so you might tell me about political economy. One would be as much to the point as the other. The only connection between the heliometer and the moon's parallax is that both are in astronomy. That is sufficient."

Professional insolence of course always has undergraduate impudence for an accompaniment, and it is only fair to present some recent specimens of the latter. Here is a "scene in a recitation-room at Columbia. Bell has just rung and the class becomes impatient to leave. Professor says: 'Now, gentlemen, I have a mortgage on you for a few minutes yet.' Mr. H.—'And, sir, you don't get much interest from us either.'" Similar was the case when the Professor, looking at his watch, about the close of the recitation hour, said: "As we have a few minutes left, I should like to have any one ask a question, if so disposed." Then the bad boy of the class improved the occasion by inquiring: "What time is it, please?" At Racine College, when a student of great impudence was talking against time to conceal his ignorance of the question, the irate instructor exclaimed: "Sit down, sir, you know nothing whatever of the subject." The student replied: "All right. If you know more about this thing than I do, just show me where I'm wrong." With this may be compared a conversation at Yale, which was begun by an instructor who was examining some work on the blackboard: "I don't quite understand your figures, Mr. X." "Very well, I'll explain them to you after recitation." Elsewhere, when a student was explaining a proposition, illustrated by a circle he had drawn on the blackboard, there was another similar interchange: "Isn't that reasoning erroneous?" "Perhaps it is, Professor, it's reasoning in a circle." To the question, "What makes heap tides?" none save a western collegian would have ventured the reply: "O, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands."

Various other phases of undergraduate impudence are represented by the following disconnected cases, the scene of the first of which is Hobart College:

Professor in physics, addressing a junior very earnestly: "Now, Mr. X., can you assert positively that the sun will rise to-morrow morning? You would reason from all past experience that it would, but could you positively assert it?" Junior, unwilling to lose a chance for a wager—"I don't know about asserting it, Professor, but I would like to make a bet with you that the sun rises, and give you heavy odds."

They had reached the well-known paragraph where Œdipus exclaims: "O city, city!" and an unprepared junior was called up. In the emergency he replied: "Here we have an example of a word in English taken almost without change from the Greek. Œdipus being in desperate circumstances, called loudly, 'Police! Police!'"

Professor in mechanics at Brown: "Now, Mr. G., what was the first phenomenon noted in connection with the force of gravity?" (Mr. G. hesitates and B. prompts G.) "Adam fell."

Professor in Shakesperian reading at Union: "You have not told us how Macbeth appeared to his wife?" Senior: "Yes, but you asked me to tell you how he appeared to others, and you know he and his wife were one."

Freshman, translating Tacitus: "They protracted their sleep till late in the day." Professor: "What is the objection to that?" Freshman: "Well, really, I never could see any myself."

Student in moral philosophy: "Doctor, who was that Scotch philosopher contemporary with Reid, named Douglas somebody or other?" Professor: "Dugald Stewart." Student: "O, yes! I knew there was a Dug. somewhere about it, but I couldn't get the right focus on him."

Scene in the class in Green's English History." Student—"Do you wish me to describe the character of the King?" Professor—"Yes." Student—"He hadn't any character."

Professor in History—"Methuselah lived until the time of the flood." C.—"Then he was drowned, was he?"

"No, Mr. E., you can not leave the room. Intermission was intended to break this thing up." "Well, professor, that's why I want to go. Intermission has broken me up."

"Mr. W., I should like to have you answer one question this term."

"Yes, sir."—*Springfield Republican.*

Value of New York Bank Stock.

One of the best tests of the financial condition of the metropolis is the value of bank shares, some of which may be given as follows: The North River has advanced from par to 114, and the Park, which was also down to par, is now 158. The Phœnix has risen from 93 to 101. The Bank of New York, which is the oldest in the city, stands 145. The Importers' and Traders' is quoted at 155, the City is 261, while the Chemical has reached the dizzy height of 1,952. The latter presents the most remarkable expansion in the records of finance. Its capital is only $300,000, being divided into 3,000 shares of $100 each. At the present quotations this capital is worth $5,856,000. This, I repeat, is unequaled in the history of banking.

The Chemical is the great note buyer of the metropolis. Having a surplus of $5,000,000 and an average of deposits of nearly double that amount, it is ready to discount or purchase all the good paper that can be offered. At any time from twelve o'clock to two o'clock you can see the note brokers rushing into the Cashier's rooms to display their array of names, over which he rapidly glances and checks off all that meet his approval. Business is done rapidly, and a transaction of $250,000 may be finished in fifteen minutes. Year after year the Chemical has been buying paper, and its former President (John Q. Jones) could call off the gilt-edged names as readily as he could repeat the alphabet. He knew all the first-class men in the city, and they were always under a close surveillance which insured the bank against loss. As soon as any man's paper was offered too freely suspicion was at once aroused, and purchases were stopped. The question always before him was how much paper the gilt-edged houses were issuing, and this could easily be learned by the offering made by the brokers. Hence the Chemical made but few losses, though its purchases were estimated at $50,000,000 a year. Out of town banks frequently invest their funds in the same manner, the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, of Albany, being the oldest and most extensive of this class. There are a half dozen first-class note brokers who clear from $5,000 to $8,000 per year, and a score of smaller men could be mentioned who make a living at the business.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Took a Tumble.

A farmer and his wife came riding into town the other day in a big two-horse wagon, and the woman carried in her arms a baby wrapped up in an old bed quilt. As there was a good deal more bed quilt than baby the little one slipped out and tumbled unhurt into a soft place in the street, and the couple jogged on serenely unconscious that anything was wrong until a bevy of small boys chased after them yelling:

"Say, mister, you have lost somethin'."

"Don't look round," said the woman, nudging her husband. "It's them city boys, and they allus act jest so."

"S-a-y! missis, be this yours?" shouted the boys in chorus.

"Hain't you dropped nothin', Sne?" inquired the farmer, anxiously.

"No, I haven't answered his wife. "This ain't the first of April, is it? It's just them city young'uns up to their tricks," she continued, shifting the bed-quilt a little, then as she felt its emptiness—"Lord a massy, where's the baby gone to?"

They both looked back and then saw a crowd of boys swarming at the end of the wagon, and in their midst a happy, dusty baby delighted with the situation. It didn't take them long to recover the youngster, and, wrapping it more securely in its patch-work, they jogged on again.—*Detroit Post.*

—An article is going the rounds entitled "How to Make Home Happy." The article doesn't state that the following is the way, but it is, though, just the same. One grand piano, $1,000; opera tickets, $50; summer at Newport, $7,000; sealskin sacque, $350; tea gowns, $500; season tickets for opera, $500; fashionable jewelry, $4,000; fashionable dogs, $300; snadries, $20,000. Total, $34,200. —*Puck.*

—A San Francisco policeman who got nothing but curses for rescuing a would-be suicide from a watery grave is said to have soliloquized: "If you are crazy the world won't miss you; if you are not crazy and want to put an end to yourself you are a fool not fit to live. I ought to throw you in again." Which he did, and the lamp of the once rescued man's life went out beneath the salty water of the bay.

For Young Readers.

THE PUPPY AND THE BONE.

O dear, it's very hard, indeed, to sit here patiently,
And see that heartless little girl eat chicken for her tea!
She don't know how to take a hint, for I have said "Bow-wow,"
And no one could look hungrier than I am looking now.

A surely is a drum-stick that she's holding in her hand,
If I had that I'd be the happiest puppy in the land!
I wonder if she hears me crying softly through my nose;
I'd yelp out if I dared, but it would never do, I s'pose.

Ma had some meat like that one day, and I gnawed it, but since then
She's watched me, and I've never had a single chance again.
I've dreamed of it sometimes!—*yap!—yap!—*
"Twould move a heart of stone,
That I'm too old for bread and milk, and yet too young for bone.

Perhaps if I should come up near, and play a little trick,
My mistress would throw down a bite; but no!—"Twill make him sick"—
That's what she always says, and she laughs at my big head and feet.
'Twould serve her right if I should go and get lost in the street.

I look so young, she often says—as if *she* didn't, too!—
There comes a bone! I whined so hard, I do believe she knew.
My, what a morsel! With teeth like that, a pug like me deserves
Something beyond such trashy stuff as pickles and preserves.

—*Clara Louise Burnham, in St. Nicholas.*

ALICE'S FLOWER MISSION.

"Ah, if I only lived in a great city, or near one, where they have a Flower Mission!" sighed Alice, as she looked into the heart of a white rose and took a long sniff of its perfume. She had been hearing and reading about this beautiful charity and had warmed at the thought of sending light into dark places and happiness to those to whom little but sorrow ever came. She was talking to herself on her way to school.

"It's such a sweet, beautiful way of doing good—nothing unpleasant or hard about it. I'd have the grandest garden! all pinks and roses and pansies and geraniums. And heliotrope and mignonette, too—yes, there'd have to be something sweet-smelling in every bunch. I'd send basket-fulls every day!"

"Oh-h-h, how pretty!" said a voice very near as she passed. She had gone a little out of her way to leave a message at the tumble-down row of houses in one of which lived the washer-woman. In the window next to hers was a pale, thin little face looking out.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Alice, looking up.

"No—I only thought them was real pretty," said the owner of the face pointing with a hand just as thin to the flowers.

"Are you sick?"

"I was burnt, a long, long time ago."

Alice saw that her other hand was bandaged and that there was a scar on one side of the poor face. She remembered having heard of the little thing being terribly burnt, months ago it seemed to her, as indeed it was. How Alice's heart went out in tenderest sympathy as she thought of what weary days of suffering she must have worn through since.

"Here," she said, "don't you want these?"

A little color came into her cheeks as Alice placed them in her hand. She had no more time to wait, but nodding and saying: "I'll bring you some more if you like them," gave her message and ran on to school.

Going around that way as she went home in the afternoon she saw only one rose and bud of those she had given, on the window-sill stuck in an old bottle.

"I give the rest of 'em to the poor body next door," said little Maggie, "she don't have nobody to be good to her, you see!"

The next morning Alice left home early, having her mother's permission to call on Maggie. She now went into her room, and how her heart sunk at sight of its discomfort. The air was close and stifling from having been occupied all night, and the cook-stove in the shed behind added its heat to that of the summer sun. Dirt and disorder seemed to have taken up their abode here and found themselves at home. Alice's bright face and bright flowers seemed to bring freshness with them.

"Look," she said, "I've brought you this to put your flowers in, you must keep it for your own."

She showed a pretty little vase one of the treasures of her doll-house. It had cost her something of a struggle, to bring it, but she had remembered that the real spirit of giving always includes self-denial—some giving up of what is dear to one's self—and had begun to reflect that the mere giving of flowers of which she had plenty, or any other "sweet, beautiful way of doing good," was not the Master's way. She sat down by the bed from which Maggie had not yet risen to be helped to her all-day seat by the window.

"Do you know that all these pretty flowers mean something?"

Maggie shook her head with an energy which seemed to say she did *not* know—very much, indeed

"Well—I'm going to tell you—they all say something to us if we only know what it is; mamma told me. Here's a heliotrope; just smell it, that means: 'I love you.' This darling little pansy—see how it seems to be smiling up at you—it says: 'Think of me.' Now these roses mean a good many things, some mean beauty, and some grace; and one kind of a rose means proud. This violet means love, too—a good many flowers have love for a meaning."

Little Maggie burst into such a laugh that her mother peeped in in wonder to see what was the matter.

"An' indade it's many a long day since I've heard such a sound from the child!" she whispered to herself.

"I didn't know flowers could talk," laughed Maggie, as Alice went on:

"This sweet briar means sympathy—that, you know, is when people are sorry for you when you're sick or sorry. And here's a bit of mignonette, that smells sweet, too, and it says—I don't remember just the words mamma told me but it's all the same as 'You look ever so nice but you're ever so much nicer than you look.'"

"That's *just like you*," said Maggie, looking earnestly into her little visitor's face as her mother came with her breakfast and Alice got up to say good-bye. But after putting the flowers in the vase her eyes fell on Maggie's breakfast. How poor and unappetizing the corn-meal mush with its drop of blue skim-milk looked to Alice, who remembered the tempting trays her mother prepared for her when she was not well. She opened her lunch-basket and took out a custard in a cup which was packed in beside the sandwiches and cake.

"Here," she said, "Nora bakes one for me 'most every morning early so as to have it cool. I've got plenty besides."

After that the choicest morsel from the basket was many a time left with Maggie, never known to Alice's mother, for the little girl knew that if it were more good things would be put in, and her kindly little heart was learning dearly to prize its little labor of love for the Master's sake alone. She brought the book of the "Language of Flowers" to Maggie, who whiled away many a weary hour in spelling out the fanciful meanings given to the precious things which brought such brightness into her shadowed little life. And Alice before long found her way to the "poor body next door" who had "nobody to be good to her."

"Your flower-mission lasts very late in the season, Alice" some one said, meeting the sweet-faced little lassie as she carried a bunch of white chrysanthemums to Maggie, knowing she would hunt in her book till she found their language was "Truth."

"*Any* flower-mission!" Alice looked up with an astonished smile as the speaker passed on. She had never dreamed before that she had a flower-mission of her own.—*Sydney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.*

How Margie Was Taught Prompt Obedience.

Little Margie, with her mother, was on a visit to her grandmother, who lived in a fine roomy old house in the town of Fenley.

There was a beautiful porch in front of the house, with great big white pillars reaching up to the roof of the house; and the floor was made of square stones, part white and part blue, while broad stone steps led down to the walk. But it was a rather dangerous porch for little folks, because, although it was almost a full story from the ground, it had no railing around it. This did not matter much, most of the time, as there were no little children living in the house, but everybody was uneasy about it when little Margie was there; and this was the reason why. That little girl had a very bad habit of never obeying right at once when she was spoken to. If her mother would call "Stop, Margie," she would always go a few steps farther before she obeyed. If she said: "Don't do that, daughter," when she was in any mischief, the little girl would almost always go on for a while instead of stopping as soon as her mother spoke. Many a bump and tumble she had gotten in consequence of it, but as yet nothing had cured her of this evil habit.

Her little cousin Lucy was there on a visit at the same time; but she, although younger, obeyed her mother perfectly, and gave no uneasiness to anybody.

When the two little girls were running on the porch together, as they were very fond of doing, just before they got to the end, Lucy's mother would say quietly: "Stop now, Lucy," and Lucy would stop right still that very minute, while Margie's mother would cry: "Stop, Margie! stop! stop!" and then run after her and grasp her dress, perhaps just in time to save her from running off at the end.

One evening, however, they started for a race, when Margie's mother was talking to some one at the farthest part of the porch, and with her back to them. She turned in time to see them almost at the edge, but being too far off to hope to reach them, she screamed frantically: "Stop, Margie, you'll fall! you'll fall!" but, as usual, Margie would go a few steps farther. So off she went, just where the porch was highest, and fell in a little heap on the ground.

The mother did not wait for her bitter cry of pain, but, hastening round by the steps, lifted and carried her carefully into the house; one little arm hanging helplessly, pitifully, with splinters of the bone sticking through the tender flesh, for it was broken.

Oh! how dreadfully it hurt, even when nobody touched it; but when the doctor came and pulled it ever so hard, as he was obliged to do to get the poor little bones straight, it took mother and Aunt Mag both to hold her.

All this time, and for several days, the suffering was too great to let her remember how it all happened; but the thinking time came at last, when she had to sit in the big chair all day long with her arm in a sling, and nothing to do but remember how many times she had delayed and hesitated instead of obeying her mother promptly, and how that very thing had been the cause of all this trouble.

One day she called her mother, and putting her unbroken arm around her neck, she whispered, while her little lips quivered: "Mother, I know why I broke my arm, and I am so sorry I was such a naughty girl; I am going to try, when I get well, to mind you the very minute you speak to me; and mother, won't you punish me whenever I don't?—if I don't mind the *very first minute*, mother?" And she held her tightly with that one good arm until she got the promise.

The next time they all visited grandmother's, nobody could say that Margie did not obey her mother as beautifully as Lucy.—*S. S. Times.*

—In Jacksonville, Fla., there lives an Egyptian by the name of Smith. On the Nile he was known as Hamet Monser, and his father was Captain of the Turkish man-of-war Domiteer. He came to this country when fifteen years old with an American family and settled in Utica, N. Y. Joining the Connecticut volunteers during the rebellion, he went to the front, and by the vicissitudes of war was thrown into Florida. He returns to Egypt next year for a brief visit.

—The Shore Line express, on the Boston & Providence Railroad, recently made the run between those cities in fifty-four minutes. On a certain stretch of ten miles a speed of eighty miles an hour was attained.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—When a cow stops chewing her cud she is sick. Do not listen to any talk about a lost cud. When the animal is better she will recommence chewing her cud. Give a pound of Epsom salts, with two ounces each of sweet nitre and gentian.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A farmer in the Old Dominion has raised 100 barrels of sweet potatoes to the acre on very poor land with no fertilizer except a heavy coating of leaf-mold. Wood-mold and wood-pile dirt are found to be good dressing for land planted with this vegetable.

—It is better to have all the ground in an orchard occupied with vegetables that can be eaten than to allow any part of it to grow up with weeds. Edible plants do not injure the soil any more than weeds do, and if the first are not planted the last will be sure to grow unless the hoe is frequently used. A better plan will be to use the plow and the hoe and let the orchard be the sole occupant.

—The sweet chestnut (Castanea resca) is a large and handsome tree, and very profitable when grown upon suitable soil. The timber is valuable and durable, and the fruit brings a good price. It is related that a farmer in Canada who had a grove near his house, made as much from the trees as he did from the rest of his farm of fifty acres.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A veterinary professor says that the great majority of ringbones in young horses come from the failure to shorten the toes." To this may be added *that* ringbone is apt to be formed if colts *are* allowed to stand on a plank floor, or anywhere else where the footing is hard, during the first eighteen months of their age. Whether in stable or yard during this period, let them have earth for standing or walking free from stone or gravel.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Healthy animals will eat more food in cold than in warm weather. When the cool nights of autumn come the skillful feeder profits by this fact by giving an extra allowance of food to his stock. He is abundantly rewarded by hearing the grunts arising from that comfortable pain which comes of a stuffed stomach, and by seeing his animals thrive even though the grass has lost its tempting succulence. Cattle, swine and sheep are profitable only as machines for turning food into flesh and fat, and like other machines when they are idle they are a drain upon the resources of their owner. The hopper should be kept well filled with grain if a good grist is expected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Moss-Gathering.

Along the great sandy beaches of the New England coast at the present time, especially on the more northern portions, may be seen numbers of persons engaged in gathering or "accumulating" moss—ursea weed—to be used, as we are informed, in the production of "blue monge" in the neighboring towns and cities. After an easterly gale the beaches are lined with various plants or their equivalents of the sea, all of more or less value to the fisherman and the seaside farmer. Along York beach I have seen the Carrageen or Chondrus moss, used in the manufacture of various jellies, washed up by bushels, and its collection forms an important industry, giving employment to hundreds of persons who *dry* and *ship* it to all parts of the world. Even the kelps that come ashore on the Maine beaches are utilized on the farms and valued for their nutritive properties. The softer kinds are packed in great heaps around the cellars to keep out the winter blasts, while the more delicate and ornamental varieties are selected by tasteful hands, pressed and sold during the summer season to the curiosity dealer, who labels the more striking forms "Japan," the next grade "Africa," and so on, grading down the extent of their geographical distribution as they grow plainer, the common forms being labeled "coast of Maine." In other countries sea weed is much more in demand, however, as the fishermen are, as a class, extremely poor, while those of the New England States are the backbone and sinew of the land, and as a class well-to-do. The Scotch make much of their dulse, a red sea-weed. The Irish also have it, men, women and children collecting it, and to many it is a luxury. They call it dillesk; while the curragreen is so called from an Irish town of the name where it is found in unusual quantities. The term is applied to two species, both edible, and used mostly in producing blanc mange. By putting the fronds in warm water, the starch they secrete is forced out, and when allowed to cool forms a jelly so well known by the above term. In the extreme northern countries of Europe the favorite weed is tangle, and dulse and tangle are hawked about in the streets of Edinburgh as are shrimps and crabs here. In Chili a favorite delicacy among the native epicures, is the weed known as *D'Urvillæa utilis*—one of the largest and most magnificent productions of the sea. It grows in the surf off the coast, also at the Falkland Islands, and forms gigantic cables, hundreds of feet long, larger than the human body, resembling a huge snake, and requiring forty or fifty men to drag one plant upon the shore. The appearance of these monster vines, beating and writhing to and fro amid the waves, is remarkable, looking like a mass of huge marine snakes, and forming a formidable obstacle to the progress of boats, often upsetting them.—*York (Me.) Cor. N. Y. Post.*

A Montreal Hotel.

Joe Beef's hotel is unique. It is a four-story stone building on the river front of Montreal, and its customers are chiefly boatmen. On the first floor is a bar-room, decorated with human skulls (the proprietor says they are the heads of his relatives), and on one end of the counter, for a free lunch, always lies a huge piece of raw beef, with a knife for hacking off pieces. The second floor is a cheap restaurant, and above are lodging rooms, at ten cents a night. There is also a concert hall. But the strangest feature of the concern is a row of cells in the cellar, where Joe locks up his guests when they become boisterously drunk. "I won't have any policeman around my place," he said to a Boston *Herald* correspondent; "I'm my own police, judge and jury, and I keeps my own jail." His followers submit to his system, because they escape the fines that would be imposed if they fell into the hands of the police.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Long-Winded Law Proceeding.

Just before the death of Councilor Scharf, 101 years ago, he became a bankrupt, and the "Royal Great Brittanuic Electoral Brunswicklan-Lanenburghish Chancery of Justice," in Hanover, published an official announcement to the effect that his estate would undergo liquidation in due course. That process is now being closed by the Second District Court at Goettingen, which informs the German public by advertisement that the heirs of Councilor Sharf's creditors will do well to prefer their claims to his estate, inasmuch as the assets thereof amount to $4,000. This sum the court holds at the disposition of the estate's creditors. As a legal transaction this liquidation in bankruptcy commenced in 1781 and terminated 1882.

—An attraction at a recent baby show was two dwarfs belonging to Belfast, Me. Dan Dunbar, aged twenty-six years and weighing sixty-two pounds, is four feet three inches high. John Orman Robbins is a wonderful little man. It is claimed that he is the smallest man in the world. He is eighteen years old and weighs but twenty-nine pounds, and is two feet two and one-half inches high. He has had several advantageous offers to travel with circusses, but his parents would never consent.

—The finding of 300 Spanish doubloons the other day under a stump at Raleigh, N. C., set all the idlers of the town at work searching for the mythical treasures of Captain Kidd.

Disappointed Entirely.

Mr. W. F. Hetherington, editor of the *Sentinel*, informed one of our representatives that he tried St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, and found it all that could be asked. The remedy caused the pain to entirely disappear.—*Emporia (Kan.) News.*

"ONLY the tool of designing men"—a crayon.—*N. Y. News.*

"I have found St. Jacobs Oil to be a most excellent remedy for rheumatic pains," says Mr. F. Latham, 5 Harrison street, Providence, R. I.—*Boston Herald.*

WHY, gentle reader, do we always find U in trouble?"—*N. Y. News.*

*** "Men condemn in others what they practice themselves." Those who practice the use of Kidney-Wort never condemn its use by others, but commend it to all affected with piles, dyspepsia, constipation and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of kidneys, liver or bowels.

CHEAPER than blacksmithing—is Frazer's Axle Grease. For sale everywhere. Try it.

THE successful grocers have generally started business on a small scale.

THE FLOWER CITY FURORE.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows.

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull indefinite pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything! Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it reased. We doctors have been cutting off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, last doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are to-turing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened to this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its similar and deceptive symptoms, and that there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Summer, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this fearful malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe then that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently deaths the first symptom. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysis, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

KIND words are like bald heads; they can never dye.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

A NEW color is called "Four o'clock." If dinner is not ready it is a shade dark.

"I HATE to see a woman with rings in her ears," exclaimed the good deacon; "they ain't natural. If it was intended for women to wear them she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear ear-rings, I'll be bound!" "No," remarked the quiet little man in the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was brought to an abrupt close and the house adjourned without day.

A ST. LOUIS horse chews tobacco. We have often seen a fast driven horse smoke.

Personal.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

A TRUANT officer noticing a group of people watching the actions of an old man who was looking about in the stores near Grand and Fourth streets, Williamsburgh, inquired the subject of the old man's search. "He's looking for his boy," they said. "Ah, don't go to school, I suppose. I'll see about it." Displaying his shield he approached the old gentleman and asked: "What's the matter, my good man?" "I'm looking for my boy." "Give me his name and I'll attend to his case." "His name is the same as my own, Alexander Anderson. He lives with me down near Third street." "When did he last attend school?" "School! He does not go to school." "Then he'll have to go, or else I'll send him to the Truant Home." "Hold on; say, who are you?" inquired the old man. "I am the truant officer. Don't you want your son to go to school?" "My boy to go to school?" quorled the old man. "No. I want him to go and register." "How old is your boy?" stammered the truant officer, as the crowd broke into laughter. "Why, he's fifty-six years old," said the old man.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wicked for Clergymen.

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C., writes: "I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—*New York Baptist Weekly.*

THERE are more loafers among bread and cake-bakers than in any of the other trades.

THIS is the time of the year for scratches—use Wise's Axle Grease, it will cure them.

A GAMBLER is not one of the best men, and yet the man who never gambles is no better.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

THE London *Graphic* announces the birth of "three young children."

BEFORE an apple becomes cider it must go the rounds of the press.

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"Nameless City."

Ancient Rome was once so called because it had an elder and mysterious name, which it was death to pronounce. What a change follows in the wake of civilization, truly! Mishler's Herb Bitters is a name familiar and dear to sufferers with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation, Erysipelas and all kindred diseases. Familiar because they use it; used because it always cures.

ONE half the world don't know how the other half lies. We speak from experience.—*Hutchin Eye.*

"It is the common observation that the standard of natural health and normal activity, among American women, is being lowered by the influence of false ideas and habits of life, engendered by fashionable ignorance and luxurious living. It is a happy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferers of her sex.

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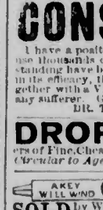

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MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are certainly best, having been so declared at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American organs having been found equal at any. Also CHURCH STYLE of 24 octaves, sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only $222. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES at $30, $40, $50, $65, $78, $85, $100, $110 and up. *The two styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs.* Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue free. This Company have commenced the manufacture of Upright Grand Pianos, introducing important improvements adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. *Will not require tuning one quarter as much as other Pianos.* Illustrated Circulars FREE. The MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Co., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 149 E. 14th St., New York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

How Some Women Shop.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern, and timidly inquired:

"Do you keep stoves here?"

"Yes'm."

"Coal stoves?"

"Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter, and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged and the flues situated, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that, and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty minute lecture on the Michigan, the Detroit and Peninsular base-burners. The beautiful nickle-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, and ornamented legs, the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called again that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk, and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. This was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired:

"I suppose you keep coal stoves?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not any kind?"

"Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark:

"Well, I don't know that I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to look at some of the latest makes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Deer Against Rattlesnakes.

"The purtiest fight, though, gentlemen," remarked an old stager, "is between a deer and a rattlesnake. I was one day hunting some pigs in the range when I saw a deer come to a sudden stop on a trail and turn and gallop off through the woods. Directly it came back followed by a powerful buck, and when it got up in about twenty feet of whar it had stopped before, stopped again till the old buck come alongside of it; then they both come back about twenty feet and took a runnin' start, and when the foremost one got to a certain point she gave a snort and jumped clear over the place, and the old buck followed in the same way. They kept this up for several minutes, when the buck commenced to came down on the spot with his forefeet. When they got through I went up and thar was a rattlesnake as big as a fence rail, all mashed up. Now, sir, it's amazin' how they had worked their little game. They first got the snake so tarnal mad that he would strike at a shadder, then the first one would go over, and when the snake had struck at him the old buck would come along before it would coil up again and get in his hoof work. It war the purtiest fight you ever saw."

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Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS.—
Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

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MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 623 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
124 Attorney named in said Mortgage.

Road Petitiop.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
107 5 SILAS F. CUPPETT.

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hubbard McCullough and John Paugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Paugh School House.

JEHU PAUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
107 5 ABE McROBIE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55	P. M.
No. 3	11.30	P. M.
No. 5	7.43	A. M.
No. 7	5.11	P. M.
Way	10.52	A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51	A. M.
No. 6	9.11	A. M.
No. 8	9.03	A. M.
No. 10	5.55	P. M.
Way	10.10	A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transporta
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n47.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

feby 8-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1ell-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 16 81 y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
424f OAKLAND, MD.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.'S COLUMN.

A New Departure!

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

Have determined to do business only

FOR CASH,

OR TRADE

—AT—

CASH PRICES!

Our reasons for making the change is that we have found that the only correct way is to sell our goods for CASH, and by so doing be able to compete with other places where they do business on correct business principles and that is to sell for

CASH OR TRADE AT CASH PRICES.

If you buy goods from a house that sells for cash, you do not have to help pay the bad debts of their customers that buy on time and never pay for them.

By selling for cash we are able to give our customers the benefit of the extra profit every merchant has to put on his goods to cover his losses by bad debts.

By buying from a house that TRUSTS NO ONE, it makes no bad debts, and is able to go into the market and buy for *CASH* to the best advantage, and are not bound to any house, but can buy from the one that sells the BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

Oakland, Md., Nov. 1, 1882.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK
such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
may 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John E. Gungey and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. M. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
9 21 3 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 200 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. A. SLABAUGH.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. 11

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD. Great chances to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec 31 ly.

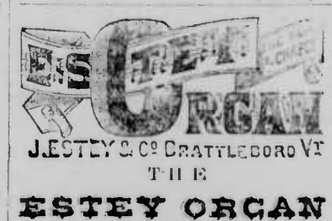

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co, Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
123 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882. NUMBER 38.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a journeyman in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectinery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 ly

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, clubs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

EXCELSIOR.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor." "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

MUNN & Co. PATENTS

ESTABLISHED 1846 NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published **WEEKLY** at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

PE-RU-NA

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.

Also all diseases of the Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Nervous System, Female Organs, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Piles, &c.

For Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, Pain in the Side, Chest or Back, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Hemorrhages, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Night Sweats, Chills and Fever, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Nervous Chills, Hysteria, Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Sexual Debility, Premature Decline, Involuntary Discharges, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Melancholy, Insanity, Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Whites, Uterine Diseases, Ulceration, Displacements, Leucorrhœa, Change of Life, Hot Flashes, Sterility, Impotency, Barrenness, Abortion, Miscarriage, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Malaria, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Cholera, Typhoid Fever, Yellow Fever, Scarlet Fever, Ship Fever, Spotted Fever, Typhus Fever, Bilious Fever, Intermittent Fever, Remittent Fever, Congestive Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Ague, Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Pneumonia, Inflammation of the Lungs, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bowels, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Womb, Inflammation of the Stomach, Inflammation of the Liver, Inflammation of the Brain, Inflammation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Eyes, Inflammation of the Throat, Inflammation of the Mucous Membranes, Inflammation of the Muscles, Inflammation of the Joints, Inflammation of the Nerves, Inflammation of the Skin, Inflammation of the Blood, Inflammation of the Glands, Inflammation of the Tissues, Inflammation of the Organs, Inflammation of the Body, Inflammation of the Mind, Inflammation of the Soul, Inflammation of the Spirit, Inflammation of the Life, Inflammation of the Death, Inflammation of the Resurrection, Inflammation of the Judgment, Inflammation of the Heaven, Inflammation of the Hell, Inflammation of the Eternity, Inflammation of the God, Inflammation of the Universe, Inflammation of the Everything, Inflammation of the Nothing, Inflammation of the Something, Inflammation of the Anything

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

Because a great incoming wave
Brings to my feet success,
The riches of the sea and land
To comfort and to bless,
Shall I, quite sure of *lasting* good,
Be puffed with foolish pride?
Nay! sooner let me watch and wait
The turning of the tide.

For many a soul hath found itself
Rich at the noon of life—
It may have been by heritage,
Or toil of toil and strife—
Hath gathered in its argosies
Of gold, from far and wide—
To find them disappearing at
The turning of the tide.

Shall I, because my wheat looks fair,
My barley and my rye;
Because my fruit-trees blossom out
Beneath a sweet June sky—
Shall I be sure of coming time,
Of months as yet untried?
Nay! sooner let me watch and wait
The turning of the tide.

For many a garden fair hath given
A promise sweet as mine—
Hath hung its emerald banners out
On bush, and tree, and vine—
And yet the buds that promised best
In summer droughts have died,
While men with saddened faces, marked
The turning of the tide!

Still let us sow with earnest hearts
Our goodly seed, to-day;
The while for sunshine, evening dew,
And blessed rain we pray;
But when the sweet fruition comes
Let us beware of pride,
Remembering each day there is
A turning of the tide.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

DOT.

A Story of the Fresh-Air Fund.

I.

"It's a harum-scarum idea," said Miss Reliance Roxbury, as she stood among the currant bushes at the garden fence. "A most ridiculous idea! I wonder what this gushing American people will do next!" and she gave an emphatic twitch to her purple calico sunbonnet.

There was a faint murmur of dissent from a little woman on the other side of the moss-grown fence.

"No—of course you don't agree with me," continued Miss Reliance, as the clusters of ruby and pearl flew into the six-quart pail at her feet. "You're so soft-hearted that your feelings are forever running away with your common sense. You never say a word about the National debt, or the condition of our navy, but let anybody start a subscription for sending blanket shawls to Brazil or putting up a monument to Methusaleh on the meeting-house green, you'll give your last quarter. And now you're going to open your house to a lot of little ragamuffins from New York!"

The motherly brown eyes on the other side of the fence were full of tears, and a pleasant voice replied:

"It makes my heart ache to think how the poor things suffer, crowded together in dirty streets, with never a breath of a clover field or a glass of milk. If you'd just read about it, Reliance, you'd count it a blessed privilege to give them a bit of our sunshine."

"I'd as soon have a tribe of Zulus on the place," said Miss Reliance, "and if you'll take my advice you'll save yourself lots of trouble."

Mrs. Lane stopped her work for a moment and said:

"Liakim and me are all alone now, Reliance. One by one, we've laid Kate and Sarah and baby Lizzie over there in the old burying ground; and Jack is in Colorado, and Richard in Boston, and we get hungry some times for the sound of little feet. When I began to read about the fresh-air fund it kind of sent a thrill all over me, and 'Liakim he reads about it every day, and he wipes his glasses pretty often, too. Then, when we heard the parson say that a party would come here if places could be found for 'em, 'Liakim spoke right off for four, and they'll be here next Tuesday, and I'm going to make it just as much like heaven as I can."

"You'll make yourself sick, that's what you'll do, Amanda Lane," replied Miss Reliance, "but if you want your garden overrun and your silver spoons stolen, and your house full of flies, and your nerves prostrated, why it's your own fault. I must go in and get my jelly started."

Miss Roxbury went up the path between the sunflowers and hollyhocks, entered the large, sunny, airy kitchen, and set down the pail of currants for Hannah, the house maid, to pick over. Then she hung the purple-calico sun bonnet on the nail that for forty years had been devoted to that purpose, and went into the cool sitting room to rest in her favorite chintz covered rocker. Miss Reliance Roxbury had been for twenty years, with the exception of a gardener and housemaid, the sole occupant of this ancient stone dwelling, that had stood for more than a century beneath its elms and maples, the pride of the village of Lynford. She was a stern woman, who liked but few people, and had a horror of children, dogs and sentiment. The village boys, with a keen perception of her unsympathetic nature, called her "Old Ironsides."

She was proud of her birth and of the substantial property that had fallen to her at the death of her father, old Judge Roxbury.

She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and paid a high rental for the Roxbury pew, but with that considered that her pecuniary obligations to the cause were at an end. As a general thing, she had not allowed convictions on the subject of giving to trouble her, but somehow, ever since Sunday, when the pastor stated the work of the fresh-air fund and made a fervent appeal for "these little ones that suffer," she had been subjected to numerous vague but uncomfortable sensations. She rocked back and forth in the spacious sitting room that no fly dared to invade and noted the perfect order of the apartment. From the china shepherdess on the mantel, to the braided rugs at the doors, everything occupied the same position as in the days of Miss Roxbury's girlhood. There was torture in the thought of having the table cover pulled awry, of seeing the shells and prim old daguerrotypes disarranged on the what-not, of having soiled tracked in by small feet over the faded Brussels carpet, and her pet verbena bed invaded by eager young fingers.

Surely, religion and humanity could not demand such sacrifices of her.

"Please, ma'am, the currants is ready to be put over," said Hannah, at the door.

Miss Roxbury rose at once, glad of another channel for her thoughts, but, amid her weighing and measuring, and her careful calculations of pints and pounds, the strange impression did not leave her mind.

After the rich crimson syrup had been poured into the row of shining tumblers on the table, she returned to her chintz covered rocker, and took up the Bible to read her daily chapter. Opening it at random, her eyes fell upon these words:

"Then shall He answer them, saying: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these——'"

Miss Roxbury read no further on that page, but hurriedly turned back to Chronicles, which she felt was perfectly safe ground. But, mingled with the long genealogical tables, she saw other words between the lines, so that the Israelitish records read thus:

"The son of Elkanah, the son of Joel, the son of Azariah. ('Ye did it not.')"

"The son of Tahath, the son of Assir, the son of Ebiasaph, the son of Korah. ('Ye did it not.')"

Finally, the whole page seemed to resolve itself into these four monosyllables.

She closed the Bible and put it in its accustomed place on the table, bounded on the north by the lamp, on the south by the mantel-box, on the east by Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and on the west by a bunch of worsted roses under a glass case. She was restless, miserable, tormented. She endeavored to read the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," but even the thrilling story of the Russian campaign was lacking in interest, compared with her own inward conflict between duty and the cold selfishness of a lifetime.

She did not enjoy the dinner, although the butter beans were from her garden, and the black raspberries were the first of the season. She could not take her accustomed afternoon nap, and for the first time in years the daily paper was unopened. She even put it out of sight in the china closet. A wonderful new design in patch-work known as the Rocky Mountain pattern could not fasten her attention.

She ordered the horse and rockaway and drove four miles after wild cherry bark, for which she had no need, as her garret was already a great herbarium.

At last the dreary day came to its close, but was succeeded by an equally uncomfortable night. Amid frequent tossing and waking, Miss Roxbury dreamed of thin little hands stretched out to her in piteous appeal, and of a sad, wonderful voice that said with infinite reproach:

"Ye did it not."

Rev. Joseph Alder was surprised soon after breakfast the next morning by the appearance of Miss Reliance Roxbury in the parsonage porch. She brought a basket of raspberries, and said:

"I won't come in this time, thank you. I just wanted to say I'll take one—one of those children."

II.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, Dot, go to sleep."

The child turned restlessly on the miserable straw pallet in a corner of the small, hot room. It was after midnight, and in summer, but there was a fire in the stove, for the woman at the pine table was ironing by the light of a glimmering tallow candle.

There was no breeze, but in at the one window came stifling, poisonous odors.

Pale and faint, the mother bent over her work, and smoothed the dark calico dress as carefully as if it were the finest muslin and lace. She had worked from early dawn until dark at her daily task, button holes at four cents a dozen. A cup of tea and crust of bread had been her sustenance. For Dot there was a bun and an orange.

The dress was finished and hung on the only chair in the room, with several other small articles. A hat of coarse white straw, with a blue ribbon twisted around it, a pair of bright stockings, a tiny handkerchief with a bit of color in the border. All were pitifully cheap in texture, but dear in patient toil and loving sacrifice. Dot was going to the country for two long, blissful weeks, and the mother could cover the expense of the meager outfit by some extra deprivation during the child's absence. She turned toward the pallet. Dot's violet eyes had opened. Her golden curls were tangled by the tossing of the little head on the pillow. Her thin, pinched features were flushed with feverish excitement.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, darling."

The woman blew out the light and threw herself on the pallet. Tiny fingers crept eagerly into her palm.

"Mamma, tell me more about it," pleaded Dot.

"Darling, it is years and years since mamma saw the country, but it was just as I've told you. Wide, clean streets, with big trees and blue sky and flowers."

"O, oh!" murmured Dot. "Does you 'spose they'll give me one f'lower, mamma? I found one on the street once—a little white f'lower. A lady dropped it."

"Yes, dear, you'll have all the flowers you want. Don't talk any more to-night."

The sky was already white with the dawn. The mother did not sleep. As the light of another day of misery crept into the room, she raised herself on one elbow and looked long at her child, restraining an impulse to snatch it to her heart, then softly rose, and after bathing her face and hands and kneeling in prayer for endurance, took her work and sat down by the narrow window. A few hours later she stood amid the bustle of the Grand Central Depot with Dot clinging to her dress. A crowd of wondering, expectant children were being marshalled into line to take their places on the eastward-bound train.

"Come," said the kind gentleman in charge, to Dot.

Dot kissed her mother "good-by," and laughed even while the tears ran down her face, as she entered the ranks of the odd procession.

"O, sir," said the mother as she turned away, "take good care of my baby. I've nothing else in the world."

III.

There was an unusual stir in the village of Lynford. The railway station was thronged with people, and surrounded by vehicles awaiting the afternoon train.

Rev. Joseph Alder and the ministers of sister churches conversed together on the platform.

"A glorious charity!" said the Baptist minister, raising his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"I expect that these poor children will be a great blessing to our people," said the Methodist minister, "in broadening the sympathies and warming the hearts of some who have been oblivious to all interests save their own."

"Yes," replied Rev. Mr. Alder, "I have a practical illustration of that, not a stone's throw from where we are standing."

The "practical illustration" consisted of the Roxbury rockaway drawn up amid the other conveyances, with Miss Reliance on the back seat, in a state of mind in which newly-fledged philanthropy struggled with a terror of ragamuffins. She had come to the conclusion that her visit to the parsonage had been made during an attack of mental aberration; but the word of a Roxbury was as immovable as the historic granite on which Zephaniah Roxbury stepped from the Mayflower in 1620, and the last representative of the race would not falter now, although seized with dire apprehension whenever her eyes rested on the verbena bed.

It was with a grim determination to brave the worst that she awaited the train that afternoon, but when the locomotive appeared on the bridge below the village, the thought of the dreadful boy who was coming to invade her peaceful domain nearly overcame her, and her impulse was to order the hired man to drive home as quickly as possible. She could appreciate the emotions of a Roman dame at the approach of the Vandals.

As the train stopped at the station the people crowded forward to welcome their guests. Miss Roxbury peered anxiously from the rockaway. It was not a very appalling sight. A group of pale little children, tired, dusty and bewildered. Many eyes overflowed as the train moved on and left these wistful faces, pinched by want and misfortune, in the midst of the kindly villagers.

"Here, Miss Roxbury, is a wee lamb for you," said Mr. Alder.

Miss Roxbury had not observed his approach in the crowd, and gave a start of surprise as he stood before her. As she looked, there was a curious sensation under the left side of her crape shawl, and her cold gray eyes grew misty.

The "dreadful boy" had changed into a tiny girl of six years, as frail as a snowdrop, whose coarse attire could not mar the loveliness of her dark violet eyes and hair of tangled sunbeams. The little creature stretched out her arms to Miss Roxbury, who reached forward and took her into the rockaway, the ancient springs of which creaked with astonishment.

"What is your name?" said Miss Roxbury, feeling strangely awkward, as they drove along.

"Dot," said the child. "You hasn't kissed me yet, has you?"

Miss Roxbury bent and kissed the child. The rockaway creaked louder than before. The touch of the child's mouth thrilled through the iron nerves of the woman with a sensation inexpressibly delightful.

Miss Roxbury had imagined her life to be a happy one. She now discovered that she had mistaken selfish isolation for happiness. She was beginning to be happy for the first time in fifty years. Dot was too tired to be very talkative, but she leaned against Miss Roxbury with a look of quiet wonder and content in her eyes.

"Is I goin' to stay here?" she asked, as the rockaway stopped at the Roxbury gate, and she surveyed the old stone house with woodbine clambering over its gray walls.

"Yes, child."

Dot's face grew luminous. A bath, a bountiful supper of bread and milk and a walk in the garden kept her joyful until twilight, but with bedtime came the longing for her mother.

"I wants my mamma—my own mamma," she said.

Then Miss Roxbury gave full vent to the instinct that can never be utterly destroyed in a woman. Taking the child on her lap she caressed the white face and sunny curls in a restful, soothing way, and talked so cheerfully that the shadows fell from the violet eyes, and Dot, nestling close, said: "I love you."

Miss Roxbury had not only begun to be happy; she had begun to live. With the coming of this sweet child Heaven was changing the dull prose of her existence into celestial rhythm. Her cold, loveless nature in the presence of this tiny girl was already becoming Christ-like in its tender ministry.

Dot offered her evening prayer and was put in Miss Roxbury's own stately bed.

"Good night, dear," said Miss Roxbury, with a kiss.

"Dood night," said Dot, burying her face in the great bunch of white roses she had brought to bed with her; "I feel zif I'd died an' gone to Heven."

Miss Roxbury passed a wakeful night, but not a restless one. Her mind was filled with plans, and then it was such a pleasure to lie and listen to the soft breathing at her side, and occasionally to touch the little hand on the counterpane, still holding the treasured roses.

The next day Dot ran nearly wild with delight. She reveled among the daisies in the deep soft grass, and it was pitiful to see how small an object could charm her hungry mind. God's commonest gifts were unknown to her in their bounty and purity. Sunshine, sweet air, flowers and bird-songs were enough to make her happy, and when she found the brook that danced across the meadow her delight was unbounded. After a day or two Miss Roxbury took the morning train down to Bradleyville to do some shopping. She was gone until night, and all the way home she thought of the glad voice that would welcome her, and her face grew so radiant with the new joy in her soul that when she alighted, laden with parcels, at the Lynford station, old Deacon Bennet failed to recognize her until she had passed him.

"Well, I declare," he said, "Reliance looks as if she'd discovered a gold-mine."

Miss Roxbury reached home, and soon had the "gold-mine" in her arms.

After tea the parcels had to be opened. There were paper patterns, rolls of muslin, embroidery and blue flannel, a pair of child's slippers, dainty hose, bright ribbons and a large doll.

"O, oh, oh!" was all that Dot could say, but her tone expressed more than the most expensive volume on philanthropy that ever was written. The village dressmaker was installed in the house for a week. The Rock Mountain patchwork was consigned to the seclusion of the spare room closet, and Miss Roxbury developed a taste in Mother Hubbard dresses and ruffled aprons that was truly marvelous.

In the meantime she wrote a letter to Dot's mother, to which Dot added a picture of the cat, which, although not absolutely true to nature, resembling in fact the plan for a house, was a great satisfaction to the young artist. There came no reply to this letter.

Dot's cheeks were getting rosy, and her step buoyant.

"If it wasn't for my mamma," she said, "I wouldn't want to go back forever'n ever.

When Mr. Knox, the gentleman in charge of the party, called to see that Dot would be ready to return at the appointed time, Miss Roxbury exclaimed, almost fiercely:

"I can't let her go. I need her. Why may I not keep her?"

"I do not believe her mother would part with her," said Mr. Knox.

Miss Roxbury was silent for a few moments, and looked out on the lawn where Dot was swinging in a hammock with the doll and cat.

"It will be a dull house without the child," she said, "but I will bring her to the station."

IV.

When the morning of Dot's departure came, Miss Roxbury arrayed herself in her second-best black silk, put a few articles in a satchel, filled a small basket with fresh eggs, new biscuit, a pat of butter and a bottle of currant wine, and said to Hannah:

"I may be gone two or three days. Have the east chamber thoroughly aired and dusted before I get back, tell Hiram to take a peck of peas down to Mrs. Alder, don't forget to see if those canned strawberries have worked or not, and be sure the front door is kept bolted, and put that last brood of chickens in the other coop, and keep a newspaper over the geranium slips in the afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, Hannah, be very careful to keep out the flies, and tell Hiram to fix the well curb. He is so apt to forget things."

Dot was bathed in tears as she mounted to her place in the rockaway.

"Isn't I comin' back?" she said.

"I hope so, dear," replied Miss Roxbury who appeared preoccupied and anxious and scarcely heard Dot's chatter on the way to the station.

"Why, Miss Roxbury," said Mr. Alders as he assisted her to the platform, "you are a veritable fairy grandmother. This rosy, dainty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arm a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her to New York, anyway," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will forgive me for the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied. "I'm glad you're going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most squalid districts of New York City, and climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she were on the confines of the bottomless pit.

Dot darted down a long passage and disappeared in a room beyond. The friends followed and beheld her clasped tightly in the arms of a wan figure that lay on a pallet. The woman had fainted.

"Mamma, oamma, look at me!" pleaded Dot, and began to cry.

There was no water in the room, and Mr. Knox took a cracked pitcher from the shelf and went with Dot in search of some. Miss Roxbury knelt beside the woman, who was only about thirty years of age and had been very attractive as a young girl. There was a gleam of gold on her left hand. Her hair was sunny like Dot's and her features delicately shaped. The letter that Miss Roxbury had written lay crumpled and tear-stained on the pillow.

While Miss Roxbury gazed the woman opened her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, but sad with want and a struggle against despair. She tried to sit up and moaned:

"My baby—please give me my baby!"

Just then Dot returned and carried the pitcher of water to her mother, who drank long and eagerly; then holding out her arms to Dot, said feebly to Miss Roxbury:

"O, ma'am, will you take care of my little girl? I think I'm going to die."

"You're not going to die—not a bit of it," said Miss Roxbury, pouring out some wine into a teacup, "but I'll take care of you both. There, drink this and you'll feel better right away. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

"Day before yesterday," was the faint reply. "I had to stop work four days ago."

"Now, Mr. Knox," said Miss Roxbury, slipping her purse into his hand, "just step out to the nearest grocery and order some kindling wood and tea and sugar. I'll poach a nice fresh egg for this poor soul, and we'll see about getting her out of this place."

The woman's face brightened, but she said: "I'm giving you much trouble."

"Trouble," said Miss Roxbury. "I'm all alone in the world, and I've a house with twenty-four rooms in it, and plenty to do with, and what I've been thinking of all these years I can't say. I've been a crusty, cold, disagreeable old fossil, Mrs. Winthrop, and when I come down here and find folks starving to death and crowded like cattle, I wonder the good Lord's had any mercy on me. Don't you worry another mite. Here's the fire stuff already."

Miss Roxbury rolled up her sleeves, put an apron over her silk skirt, and while Mr. Knox built a fire and brought water to heat, she bathed Mrs. Winthrop's face and hands, and brushed out her hair.

"Thank God! why, I'm better already," said Mrs. Winthrop with a rare smile.

"Of course you are, child," said Mrs. Roxbury. "We'll see what good food and mountain air will do for you yet."

A few days later found an occupant in the great east chamber of the Roxbury house.

Mrs. Winthrop sat in an easy chair before the open window inhaling the fragrance of the blossoming honeysuckle that nodded to her through the casement.

The morning sunlight fell across her bright hair and peaceful face.

Dot hung over her shoulder and threw daisies in her lap.

Down by the garden fence stood Miss Roxbury, talking with her neighbor, Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Winthrop smiled from her window, and there came an answering smile from the depths of the purple and calico sun bonnet.

"So you're really goin' to keep 'em?" said Mrs. Lane.

"Yes, I've adopted both of 'em," replied Miss Roxbury, with a Te Deum in her voice, "and I've sent for half a dozen little girls to stay until cold weather."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Lane, wiping her eyes on the corner of her checked gingham apron. "I 'spose I needn't ask you now, Radiance, what you think of the Fresh-air Fund?"

"What do I think of it?" said Miss Roxbury, gravely, "I believe it's been the means of saving my soul. I should have gone into the next world holding my head pretty high, and considering myself better than most folks, and the Judge would have said, 'Reliance Roxbury I gave you a large house and a long bank account. What have you done with them?' Then how my empty rooms and Grandfather Roxbury's gold pieces would have stood up against me! And He would have said: 'Ye did it not unto Me. Depart from Me,' and what answer could I have made him? It is very true," she continued, as Dot came flitting down the path like a fairy, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Daring Work.

The work of repainting the great white dome of the Capitol is offering daily attractions to hundreds of people, not a few of whom are visitors from every section of the country.

The men actually employed upon the outside of the dome are twelve in number. They are Washington painters, men of more than ordinary daring in their profession, who are not afraid to risk their lives for fancy prices, and that is what the Government pays for all its work.

The dangers to which these men are daily subject would no doubt freeze the blood in the veins of their loving spouses and cause their hair to stand dizzily on end, but, fortunately for the good dames, they are told nothing about these things. They only hear about the wages. It is a mistake to say, as some adventurous correspondents have done in years gone by, that the air around the upper part of the dome is in a freezing condition, as compared with that of the air on the ground below. Of course, at even this elevation, there is a delightful profuseness of breeze, crisp, cool air, and all that sort of thing, but on a clear day in this autumn weather the workmen wield their brushes in their shirt sleeves, and even this does not keep them from a profuse perspiration.

It may seem incredible, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that to repaint the outside of the dome requires fifteen tons of pure white lead. This amount of material, under ordinary circumstances, would be sufficient to paint every house on Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the Treasury building.

Common white paint would wash off the roof of the dome in the first rain that came along, and trickle down in big streams, leaving the dirt as palpable as before. The work of repainting would not be rendered so often necessary were it not for the fact that the dome is so constructed that the vertical joints or ribs of the walls, which are of iron, as is the entire structure, do not come in actual contact with each other, thereby allowing the rain to get in and rust. Were they joined, the grand old dome would assume, each day, under the influence of the weather, new and horribly fantastic shapes, and some unusually cold morning would find it crushed like an egg-shell into a thousand fragments.

The painters on the roof of the dome resemble nothing so much as tiny flies, and the rope ladders stretching down from the top in every direction like hair lines remind one of the delicate streaks of nudasses which these flies are working for all they are worth. To reach the bottom of the dome it is necessary to lay prostrate and climb down these ladders, a proceeding which is not of itself peculiarly difficult, but becomes so when he who descends has a dizzy head, an unsteady nerve, and is encumbered with too many paint pots and several brushes.

Fortunately no accidents have as yet occurred, although a single misstep or giving way of a slender piece of rope would send the unlucky painter rolling down the steeply curving roof and off into—well, eternity.

The most wonderful thing about the Capitol dome, however, is yet to be told. It is said that there was a statue in ancient Egypt called Memnon which whispered sweet words of melody to the sun as he appeared above the horizon and sang him to sleep with wild weird lullabies. The grand, haughty Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome has a heart of bronze, but a good heart for all that, and one filled with true old Virginia courtesy.

She has not yet picked up enough courage to attempt to do the prima donna act, but every morning the good dame courtesies to the sun, and when he sinks in the west she again courtesies, but without turning around. Some time since Architect Clark suspended a plummet line from the interior of the dome, and it was found by actual measurement that the lead swung over a space of four and one-quarter inches, making a total dip out of the perpendicular of eight and one-half inches. This is caused by the alternate contraction and expansion of the iron.

A ludicrous mistake, which occurred not long since, may be mentioned in this connection. The coast survey had in charge the surveying of the river front preparatory to locating the line for the reclamation of the Potomac flats.

The top of the dome was taken as one point of the surveyor's triangle in estimating certain distances. The calculations thus arrived at were found to sadly differ almost every day, and much swearing and perplexed thinking upon the part of the brilliant engineers was indulged in before the dipping of the dome was brought to mind. After that the top of the Washington monument did unceasing duty as a mathematic guiding star.

To remove the paint from the dome it is necessary to use potash. This is applied with a mop. In closing it may be remarked that it is in contemplation to remove the copper roof over the Congressional library, owing to its ragged, fissured condition.

The cost of repainting the outside of the dome is estimated at $6,000. This is for paint and labor.—*Washington Post.*

—Barbecue is from the French words barbe et queue, i. e., equivalent to from "head to tail," as in the formation of the word "oriflamme," from or et flamme. The word "barbecue" was first used in this country in the Presidential campaign of 1840, when at large political gatherings in the open air animals were roasted whole.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Way a Wife Unexpectedly Turned the Tables on Her Husband.

A man whose wife had just been declared insane was waiting with her yesterday morning, in company with a court attendant, to the office of the Brooklyn Charity Commissioners to have her committed to the lunatic asylum. While they were waiting for Commitment Clerk Short to get through with other business, the court attendant stepped out, promising to return soon. The husband, weighed down by the melancholy nature of his business, sat brooding over the matter beside his wife, who, on the other hand, happened to be in an especially cheerful mood. She talked to him in a lively way, and appeared to be doing all she could to lift up his spirits. When Mr. Short found leisure to attend to the case he fancied that he took in the situation at a glance.

"What appears to be his hallucination?" he asked, drawing the lady a little one side.

"O!" said she, divining the clerk's error with a lunatic's quickness of perception, "it's the old story. He thinks I'm insane, and endeavors to control me. He is not often violent, but I feel it is necessary to put him under restraint."

"Yes," said Mr. Short with the instinctive sympathy that clings to him, notwithstanding his occupation, "it is a sad thing, but you must make the best of it."

Mr. Short noticed the husband gesticulating wildly behind his wife's back, touching his own head and then pointing to his wife's, all the time, however, carefully avoiding her observation, but he saw no evidence of any immediate violent outbreak.

"Sit down, my good man, sit down. Everything is all right. I understand how it is."

"Yes, my dear, the gentleman understands all about it," chimed in the wife, in a kindly tone.

Then the husband tried to pull the clerk aside, and whisper in his ear.

"Yes, yes," said the latter, "I know all about it. Nobody is going to hurt you. You are just as safe here as if you were at home, and so is she."

"But I'm not going to stand this any longer," broke out the husband, at last losing his patience.

"Don't mind him; he'll quiet down in a moment," said the lady, reassuringly to the clerk.

"I am not crazy," shouted the troubled man, breaking away from all self-control in his vexation. "It's she that is crazy."

"I told you how it would be," said the wife. "The next thing, perhaps, he will try to make you out crazy."

By this time there had appeared that amount of color in the husband's face, that Mr. Short began to look about for assistance. While he was in this anxious state of mind the court attendant reappeared in the doorway. His explanation soon put matters on a right footing, much to the discomfiture of the clerk.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Man Without Fear.

"Bravery!" an old British officer of marines said lately, when talking over the newspaper reports about the daring of some of our soldiers in Egypt; "very often bravery only means the devil getting into you, for the time. You lose your head—and your fears. Now, the bravest man I ever knew was a convicted thief. He had smuggled himself into the marines somehow without letting it be known that he was a ticket-of-leave man. My Lieutenant had once to take my men on shore to garrison, temporarily, a small fort near Gargents, in Sicily, and among them was the ex-thief. Hardly were our men landed and in command of the guns than two of the enemy's ships hove in sight, and soon they were launching a landing-party under cover of the ship's guns. We were but a handful and no match for the boatfuls attacking us. Our fire was kept up steadily, but so was the fire from the ships. The men in the fort were dropping fast. The thief had a leg smashed. At last—I am forced to confess it—the two or three marines who had still whole skins took to their heels into the scrub-wood behind. Poor chaps, there was some excuse. Certain death was crawling up the hill upon them in that landing-party, which neared the rampart with rounds of cheers. 'Shame!' cried the thief after his running comrades; and up he got, loaded a gun and fired it right in the enemy's face just two seconds before a sword thrust put him forever out of pain from his broken leg. The man had always been a sneaking fellow on board, and we were surprised enough at the heroism of his end. When his loss was reported home it came out, through some relatives, that he was a convict. Poor wretch; he made a plucky ending at any rate!"

Cells and Celtic Dialects.

A journal is about to be started in Ireland for the purpose of fostering the study of Gaelic. If the object of the supporters of the scheme be to induce the Irish people to abandon the use of the English language, they must be prepared for plenty of ridicule, and—what will be harder to bear—complete failure. Whether for good or for evil, English has become the speech of the great majority of Irishmen; and a scheme for replacing it by a Celtic dialect would be almost as practicable as a proposal for reviving the social and political system of the age of St. Patrick. The aim of those who have planned the new journal is, however, we presume, scarcely so unreasonable; and if all that they intend is to encourage Irishmen to study the language and literature of their Celtic forefathers, they thoroughly deserve to succeed. For our part, we believe that wherever a Celtic dialect is spoken—whether in Ireland, in Scotland, or in Wales—it ought to be carefully taught in schools. There are still districts of the United Kingdom where English is never heard except from a passing visitor; and it is hard that in such districts the people should not learn at least to read their native tongue.—*London Graphic.*

—In the space of forty-one years since the steamship President left New York, March 11, 1841, never again to be seen, nearly seventy-five steamers, including the West India mail boats, have been utterly destroyed while on their passage across the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Times.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The colored Baptists in Tennessee number 60,000, and have 150 churches.

—The Fulton Street (N. Y.,) daily noon prayer meeting has been established twenty-five years.

—The Presbyterian Church of Canada is raising $100,000 to build churches for the immigrants who are pouring into Manitoba.

—Mount Eagle, Tenn., has been selected as the site for the establishment of a Southern Chautauqua, to be conducted on the broadest basis of Biblical Christianity.

—Rev. Dr. MacArthur thinks there are in New York City enough church members not enrolled with any of the city organizations to make "fifteen churches above the average in size, wealth, social position and Christian activity."

—A pretty sight at the evening service of a church in Newport, Vt., was the unfolding of a night-blooming cereus, which was carried in by a parishioner. The blossoms attained their full size near the close of the service.

—The old slave market at Zanzibar, where formerly 30,000 slaves were sold annually, has been transformed into mission premises, with a church, mission house and school, under the charge of the Universities' Mission to Africa, started in 1859 at the suggestion of Dr. Livingstone.—*N. Y. Times.*

—New York City has a school 250 years old, the Dutch Church School. It was founded in 1633 and has been kept up continually ever since. The present school house was erected in 1860 and the Dutch architecture was perpetuated in its building. It is claimed to be the oldest educational establishment in the country.

—"How to get people to church" is a much-discussed question in these days. When Mr. Spurgeon was asked how he succeeded so wonderfully in keeping his church full, he replied: "I fill the pulpit and let the people fill the pews." Dr. Chalmers told a part of the secret when he said: "A house-going preacher makes a church-going people."—*Watchman.*

—The faculty of Amherst College are convinced that oratorial abilities are more natural than acquired, and that their possessors have been given undeserved honors in commencement exercises. Consequently, the occasional speakers will hereafter be selected for good scholarship, and not for fine voices and graceful gesters. The students favor the change, which is a return to the system formerly followed.—*Boston Post.*

—Philadelphia has night-schools for workingwomen, in which the studies are divided as follows: Those which every woman needs for herself, such as reading, writing and arithmetic—physiology and hygiene—sewing, and cutting and fitting; those which contribute to the enjoyment of her leisure, such as French, German, history and literature; and such as contribute to her power of improving her home-life—viz: cooking, reading aloud, and singing. The teachers are competent volunteers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—During the semi-Centennial services, recently held at the Ithaca, N. Y., Methodist Conference, four divines, who had been in the ministry for fifty years and upward, gave an entertaining account of their experience. Among them, Rev. James Erwin, formerly of Oswego, stated that he began preaching in 1831, on a circuit covering 365 miles, and that for his first year's labors he received the then munificent sum of sixty dollars, of which four dollars was in cash. At the present prices of necessities his salary would scarcely fill his potato bin.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"My wife," said Middleby, "does not talk about stocks and bonds; but I must confess that she sometimes gives me some pretty good rail-away intelligence."—*The Judge.*

—"This," exclaimed the man who was fitting a stove-pipe as the black dust dejectedly dropped to the floor, "this is my fall soot!"—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Adam's fall occurred before Eve was created; so it is useless to twit woman with being the cause of all our sorrow. It was when he fell into a deep sleep prior to losing a rib.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mrs. Partington honored us with a call this morning. She is looking well, and says she is like the windows of a renovated house—all the old panes are out of her and the pneumatics are things of the past.—*Boston Star.*

—A Jackson County, (Ga.,) man had his ear bitten off by a horse the other day, which recalls the old rhyme:

"The horse bit the parson.
How came it to pass?
The horse heard the parson say,
All flesh is grass."

—Perhaps the casual reader has never sat down on a buzz saw and felt himself fading away. If so, he doesn't know what it is to form the acquaintance of a somnambulistic bulldog in the prime of life.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—"Married but six weeks and in tears?" exclaimed a friend to a weeping bride. "Yes; the first cruel shadow has fallen athwart our pathway. It is settled at last; either I must give up eating taffy or George must cut off his mustache."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked an Austin gentleman of his stupid servant. "I did de best I could, boss." "You did the best you could, did you?" imitating his voice and look. "So you did the best you could. If I had known that I was sending a donkey, I would have gone myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

—One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly, and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."—*Le Figaro.*

—A hard-up editor in the far-away West speaks to his delinquent subscribers in a way that is both quaint and unmistakable. He says: "Dear gentle-hearted readers of this pale-face sheet, if you find cross-bones and skull, with crust of metallic burial casket drawn in blood, on the wrapper of your paper, you will know that your subscription has expired and that something has got to be done, and there's no time to monkey about it. Winter is upon us, and our summer porous plaster don't shed the chilly worth chucks."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SIMILIA.

In sweetest verdure near my home
A rose-bush grows to glad my eye;
Its spreading branches form a dome
As perfect as the reeching sky.
Its leaves are soft and blithely green,
As virgin snow its blossoms white,
Its roses' blush the lovely sheen
Of Nature bathed in morning light:
The sunshine gives their perfumed sigh,
And breezes kiss them passing by.
My bush, with love and light aglow,
Is childhood's dream of long ago.

One day a lowly larva sped
With toiling stretches toward my pet;
Anon it stopped and raised its head,
As 'twere to gauge the distance yet.
At last it gained its goal of love,
And climbed with eager haste and keen
Until it reached a branch above,
And rested there in joy serene.
It thought: "No more the earth I'll tread;
I'll wait my wings in pleasure's bed."
Ah me, poor grub," I said, with tears,
"'Twas thus I spent my early years."

Ere long this child of sun and rose,
The pupa, spread its gaudy wings:
Its father's light in beauty glows,
Its mother's love in curves and rings.
As true and fleet as wind to roam,
With wond'ring pride in life so new,
One look it gave to native home,
Then off to meadows fair it flew.
All day it roamed 'mid fruit and flow'rs,
And giddy joy beguiled the hours.
"Poor winged rose," I thought, "ah me,
My manhood wasted time like thee."

At eve my truant came again—
I knew, for I had watched it so;
But now, alas! 'twas not as when
In gladsome flight I saw it go.
Not all were flowers in his way,
A thorn had rent a wing in twain,
And now upon the ground he lay,
In hopeless, helpless grief and pain,
In vain he tried to mount the air—
Each effort ended in despair.
"Ah me, poor bruised and broken friend,
My own career had such an end.

'Mid sand and stones he found no rest—
A hollow place and then a plain,
And ever as he gained the crest
His efforts flung him back again.
The very wing that still was whole
Was now, in deed, his greatest foe;
As pride misleads an erring soul,
It formed pain round his ways of woe.
At length he worked his upward way,
And tired upon the mound he lay.
"Ah me, poor wayward thing," I thought,
"Like thee my peace was dearly bought."

The hapless insect, lost to bliss,
Had reached a glade in mellow light;
This ended in a dread abyss,
And all beyond was dark as night.
He made no effort now to soar,
But rested there to calm content,
As though he felt that life no more
Had aught for him but to repent.
He moved upon—'twas Mercy's thought—
His done rest was all he sought;
He reached the verge and fell from sight.
Like his, my day, and then? Good night!
—*James Burke, in Harper's Magazine.*

"A CHANGE FOR THE SUMMER."

"Everybody else can go to the country."

Mrs. Rogers was, beyond question, very miserable, indeed. Her face was flushed and bore traces of tears, and her manner said even more plainly than words that she considered herself a much-abused woman.

"I have looked over the ground very carefully, indeed," Mr. Rogers replied, in a low, even tone, which seemed to be particularly exasperating to his wife, "and I am sure it cannot be done with any safety. I am sorry, Mary, very sorry, indeed."

Mrs. Rogers forced back the sarcastic reply which was certainly at her tongue's end, and endeavored to be logical.

"*I think a change is very necessary to every one*"—Mrs. Rogers had not once advised her husband's taking a vacation—"and I feel sure that such a trip as I have in mind will be a good investment of money."

"Yes, but if one hasn't the money to invest?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you can't spare two hundred dollars?" Mrs. Rogers' face was painfully flushed now, and her voice trembled with the intensity of her feeling.

"Two hundred dollars would not cover the expense, Mary, but I shall not be able to take even two hundred dollars from my business this summer."

I should like to know what you do with your money?"

It was a full minute before Mr. Rogers rallied to reply to this question. If his wife had made a business of trying to think of the cruelest thing she could say to him, she could not have succeeded better.

"I spend my money, Mary, or rather *our* money," the gentleman answered at last, "in providing for my family, in freeing the house we live in, and in keeping my credit good. I have always tried to keep my business troubles entirely to myself, but you might as well understand now that I am having a hard time to keep my head above water. If we can pull together, Mary, we shall pull on to safe ground, but if we don't—well, if we don't, I can't tell what will become of us."

"If I were a man my wife and children would not be tied down in the city all the year round. It is just bad management and stinginess, that's what it is, and I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, William Rogers."

There was no reply to this, but the man's face, as he turned to leave the room, looked haggard and drawn, as if from a long illness.

Mrs. Rogers had always been an exacting wife, but, as up to this time her husband had been generally able to meet her demands, there had been no serious trouble. Mrs. Rogers was a careful housekeeper, and, notwithstanding the above showing, was naturally kind-hearted and helpful. She had, however, a quick temper, and an exceedingly bad habit of "speaking her mind." Then, too, she had no conception of the amount of brain, energy and money required to carry on her husband's business. Perhaps Mr. Rogers was to blame in keeping the disagreeable details so exclusively to himself. But it was a matter of conscience with this gentleman, and whatever the results, he had certainly acted according to his light. It had been up-hill work all the way, and there was still harder climbing to do, but Mr. Rogers was sure-footed and far-seeing. How pitiful that he could not have the hand and heart of his wife to help him in the last and most difficult part of the journey.

That morning Mrs. Rogers spent in visiting. She needed the sympathy of her friends, she told herself. There are always enough who are ready and willing to widen the breach between a man and his wife, and on this occasion Mrs. Rogers' friends were unusually helpful.

"Well, I should go, if I were in your place," said one. "So would I, if I had to borrow the money," said another. "If a man finds out that his wife is determined, he will generally come to terms," still another suggested. "Men think a great deal more of their business than they do of their wives, anyway."

In this congenial atmosphere Mrs. Rogers forgot all the decencies of life, as well as the higher obligation of loyalty from a wife to her husband. She told of past disagreements, and dwelt with real pleasure on the occasions when she had her own way in spite of her husband. The gentle, generous, dignified and hard-working Mr. Rogers became an ogre with plethoric money-bags, a tyrant, a Bluebeard, a miser who begrudged his family the necessaries of life. At least this was the impression which could not but prevail, when Mrs. Rogers had emptied her budget of complaints. Not that she meant to so entirely misrepresent her husband, but, carried away by her desire to do as her neighbors did, and believing that the pleasure could be hers if her husband only thought so, it came to pass that it was not Mr. Rogers whom she had held up to her sympathizing friends, but an entirely different man.

Before twelve o'clock Mrs. Rogers had firmly decided to carry her point in spite of any such slight obstacle as her husband's inability to supply her with money.

About two o'clock, Mr. Rogers, who had been too busy to even think of luncheon, received the following note by a messenger:

"DEAR WILLIAM: I have decided it is absolutely necessary for me and the children to have a change. I shall borrow the amount for our trip from brother Harry, who I know will be willing to oblige me. I think I can get ready to start to-morrow. If you can let me have the money, I shall, of course, be better pleased than to get it in the way I have mentioned. At any case, I shall go. MARY."

On the desk in front of Mr. Rogers lay "brother Harry's" check for five hundred dollars. Fearing he could not depend upon collecting enough money to meet a note due that day, Mr. Rogers had borrowed the amount from his brother-in-law. Now his wife informed him that she was about to solicit a loan from the same source. All day Mr. Rogers had planned, and counted, and taken in every bit of sail that the endangered business craft would stand and still go on, and now his wife, who should be his best friend and real helpmeet, had proved not only indifferent to the situation, but absolutely without feeling for, or faith in, her husband.

The messenger waited for an answer, as Mr. Rogers, with a flushed face and trembling hands, fumbled over his pen and paper. The man seemed to have become suddenly numb and powerless. At last he wrote as follows:

"Do not do it. I am already in Harry's debt, and cannot stand any more. It seems to me that a wife who will ask her husband to raise money for pleasure, when she knows it is with the greatest difficulty that he can pay his honest debts, is a fatal hindrance instead of the help that every honest man has a right to expect."

This Mr. Rogers sealed and dispatched, and then, with a shudder of shame, glanced over his wife's communication.

In his nervousness and abstraction he had torn it up—had previously tucked the check in the envelope, and now letter, envelope and check, torn into inch bits, reposed in the waste-basket. Then Mr. Rogers put on his hat to go to the bank, and at last discovered that the check was missing. Twenty minutes past two now! Forty minutes in which to raise five hundred dollars. This was the first time that Mr. Rogers had ever lost his head, but it was gone now completely. Three o'clock and his note would be protested and his business credit ruined. After searching every nook and corner of the desk, and the floor under the desk, and peering into the most impossible places, Mr. Rogers started for his brother-in-law's office. It was barely possible that he might be there. But no, and not a single friend who would be likely to oblige him could be found. Twenty minutes of three, fifteen minutes of three, and Mr. Rogers in despair, hurried back to his office to have another hunt for the missing check. Seven minutes of three and brother Harry entered the office. Mr. Rogers seemed now like a man petrified. It was very hard work to explain what had happened, but the man with a clear head looked into the waste-basket and found what he looked for. Then the two men rushed to the bank, and had just one minute and twenty seconds to spare after the money was deposited. Eighty seconds only between safety and ruin.

Mr. Rogers reeled like a drunken man after the excitement was over, and his brother-in-law was obliged to call a carriage and take him home. Mrs. Rogers, with the stains of tears upon her face again, was packing her trunk, when her husband, leaning heavily on her brother's arm, entered the house.

"Congestion of the brain," the doctors said, and for long, long weeks Mr. Rogers struggled wearily for life and reason. His wife had plenty of time to think. Between her husband's insane revelations and her brother's explanations, she found out the true state of the case, and knew it was her heartless letter that had added the last weight to the already overburdened brain. Mrs. Rogers had cause now for the deepest sorrow, and her face, during the long trial and suspense, was tear-stained most of the time, though the face itself wore a very different expression from that of a few weeks ago. And so the dreadful days wore on, until there came a day when everything was explained and Mrs. Rogers could humbly beg her husband's forgiveness. "Brother Harry" kept the business straight, and now Mr. Rogers has a hand in his both tender and strong, made so by keen suffering and honest repentance.

Query from one of the sympathizing friends:

"Have you observed how spooney Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have grown lately?"—*Eleanor Kirke, in Methodist.*

—Last year 26,170 new houses, covering a length of eighty-six miles, were built in the metropolitan police area of London, which now contains 4,788,657 persons, the largest number ever packed within fifteen miles of a common center.

—A cowboy at Prescott, A. T., was running the town and carrying a high head until a Massachusetts consumptive cracked his skull with a club. The natives never dreamed that a cowboy could be laid out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Saxon Cigars.

You can purchase here, if you wish, cigars ranging in price from nothing in American money to about 12½ cents. I say "nothing" with all that the word implies. Our smallest coin is one cent. There are 4 and 23 and 4-5 100th pfennig to the cent. Cigars can be bought here for 2 and 3 pfennige. It is not until you have invested in two or three of them that they begin to cost you anything in American money.

It is no exaggeration to say that there is more smoking done in Chemnitz, a city of 105,000 inhabitants, than in Chicago with a population of over half a million. Everybody smokes here except women and children. It is as much of a habit and custom as beer-drinking. Formerly, the Germans, as we all remember, were the greatest pipe-smokers in the world. The pipe is smoked now only in the house. It is almost entirely discarded by the better classes; indeed I might say it is about entirely discarded by the poorer classes. Cigars are so cheap that all can afford them, and the consequence is, as I said before, everybody indulges in them. It is not an uncommon thing here to see a laborer digging in a cellar excavation with a cigar in his mouth. The hod-carriers, brick-masons, carpenters and plasterers smoke cigars while at work. The hack-drivers smoke cigars. The messengers smoke cigars. The merchants, manufacturers and capitalists smoke cigars. A cloud of cigar-smoke arises every day from the city of Chemnitz which would in itself be almost sufficient to hide the sun if the other clouds ever gave it a chance.

Those who can afford to do so smoke nearly all the time. I have met more habitual, inveterate smokers in Chemnitz than ever before in my life. I mean smokers who are never contented unless they have the end of a cigar between their teeth—smokers like General Grant, for instance, who throw away the stump of one cigar only to instinctively light another.

I read recently, in an American scientific publication of some repute, the opinions of a number of physicians on the ill effects of tobacco-smoking. All agreed that tobacco is injurious to the health, and some expressed the opinion that the nicotine carried into the system from pipes and cigars was the cause of the wide-spread prevalence of nervous and mental diseases in the United States. One point upon which they expressed their decided conviction was that the shorter the cigar became in the mouth, the more nicotine was consumed; that is, a fresh cigar smoked about half way down, for instance, was not nearly as injurious to the health as a stump, or "an old soldier."

I know little about such things, and I would not dare to question the opinion of these gentlemen, but I do know that in Saxony cigars are smoked until they are scarcely three-eighths of an inch in length, and that neither nervous nor mental diseases are common there. It is the custom to smoke a cigar until it becomes too short for comfort, and then put the stump in a cigar-holder, when it is smoked until it is almost entirely consumed. The cigars, as a rule, are worse than any we can purchase in America. The best are no better than those which we can buy for five cents. Besides, the Saxons smoke more than we do, ten or fifteen cigars a day not being considered an extraordinary number. Beer-drinking makes drunkards in America. There is no doubt of that. There is no good reason to deny that cigar-smoking makes Americans nervous and causes mental diseases also. But here is a country where beer is consumed in enormous quantities, and there are no drunkards; where cigars are smoked in enormous numbers, and there is no nervousness. Facts are facts.

The poorer classes, of course, smoke the cheapest cigars made, and these run all the way from ten to fifty-horse power. The average is about thirty-five. An American dies if placed too close to those of maximum strength. Either he dies or the smoker does.

The cigar most popular among the middle classes is one which costs about two cents. Sometimes this cigar is not so bad as at other times, but generally it is worse. It is never good. It is seldom ever tolerable. I have never tried it myself, but I have been in its society, and I have never felt entirely happy when within ten feet of it.

A better cigar is that which costs about four cents. Did I say better? I meant to say, a cigar which is not so bad. This quality does not rob you of all desire to live. It simply burdens your soul temporarily, and leaves you a ray of hope that it will go out.

A fair cigar, one which would cost in America about five cents, is sold for forty pfennige. This is considered very expensive, however, and is only smoked by the very wealthiest people. The most popular cigar is that which sells for ten pfennige.—*Chemnitz (Saxony) Cor. Chicago News.*

Why His Manner Changed.

Billings met Mr. Squint. "Hello, my friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I am glad to see you. Around hunting for news I suppose. You reporters are always on the go. You are the best reporter in Arkansaw. Say, I'm going to have a little gathering of friends at my house to-morrow night, and my wife, who is a great admirer of you, by the way, sends you a special invitation. Let's have a bottle wine. Say, there, waiter, bring up a bottle of Piper Heidsieck.

"I suppose you have heard, doctor, that I am no longer connected with the *Daily Bloom*?"

"No."

"Yes, I have retired from the newspaper business. When do you say you want me to come around?"

"O, any time," replied the doctor, with an evident change of manner. "Say, waiter, never mind the wine. Bring us two beers."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—Numbers of German emigrants who landed in this country last spring and summer have already returned home to Germany much wiser than when they went away. They state, according to the London *Times*, that they found New York and other large cities swarming with their own class, and that all available labor was already monopolized.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In a Thrilling Predicament.

"The longer you live the more you find out," remarked Mr. Joe Weston, the steeple-climber to a couple of newspaper men lately. "I had an accident lately which taught me something."

"What was it?" was the simultaneous inquiry.

"It was a curious one. You see I was on top of St. Paul's spire on Spring Street. We had rigged ropes to remove the planks of the scaffolding. The way we do that is to fasten a block to a post or a tree on the other side of the street and another to the steeple and splice the ends of the rope together to make an endless rope of it. If you fasten to it anything you want to send below the weight of the load takes it down. I had tied the last plank to the rope and was going down. I wore a handkerchief tied loosely about my throat. The wind blew out an end of it and it caught on the removing rope and wrapped around it. I was immediately caught up, first the handkerchief and then my beard passing into the block. Now, if I had an assistant in the street below he would have noticed the plank stop when I was caught that way, and as he could not see anything wrong above he would have pulled on the rope. Then I should have been choked to death by my handkerchief and my beard and part of my face would have been torn off. Persons in the street below would have noticed, perhaps, that I was very quiet but they would not have suspected that I was hanging by the neck.

"That pull stretched me eighteen inches. As soon as I realized the trouble I reached below and taking hold of a rope I pulled back on it until my handkerchief came out of the sheave, and I dropped into the hooks below. I could barely touch them with my feet."

"Do you mean to say that you had nothing but hooks to stand on."

"Yes, the hooks of the scaffold. You see, we had sent all the planks below. I was saved by the skin of my teeth."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

John Goldenberg's Great Fortune.

The career of John Goldenberg, who lately died at Wiesbaden worth many millions of dollars, was a strange one. He never spoke of his origin, but he was probably born in Galicia. Circumstances led him, while still a young man, to the Levant, and, finding no foothold there, he turned his steps toward the East, and eventually found himself in Burmah. He had no sooner crossed the border than he was stopped by a party of natives, who proceeded to ransack the pack which he carried over his shoulder. Among other articles they found a box of pomade which, to his amazement, they began to eat with great apparent relish. The incident led him to reflect that among such a barbarous people a clever European might make his fortune. He began his operations by trading in teak-wood, and having at length secured the favor of the King by making the first coined money ever seen in Burmah, he obtained the monopoly of the teak forests, and advanced rapidly to great prosperity. In 1876 he returned to Europe by way of Pesth, where he married a young girl, from whom he was soon afterwards separated. Last spring he made the acquaintance of Ina Moller, an Austrian pianist (whose more famous sister is the actress Fraulein Lenau), and last August he married her in London. He died suddenly in Wiesbaden on September 27, while they were making a wedding tour of Germany. His wife is the sole heir of his vast property.

Could Break Off.

When a certain family on the Brush farm took a new cook last month it was specifically stated and fully understood that she was not to have any men hanging around the kitchen. She held to the agreement for three or four nights, and then the family discovered that she had a beau. He came regularly every night after that, and three or four nights ago the Colonel was at the back gate waiting for him. When the young man appeared the Colonel threw a whole iceberg into his tones as he inquired:

"Well, sir, did you come here to spark?"

"I did," was the calm reply.

"In love, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who with?"

"Sarah, the cook."

"O, I didn't know but you loved one of my daughters," sneered the Colonel.

"No, I don't at present," said the man, as he seemed to catch a sudden idea, "but the thing hasn't gone so far with Sarah but what I might break off in case you had something better up stairs for me!"

Sarah don't work there any more, but the Colonel won't get over being mad for several weeks yet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Foreign and Domestic Trade.

The total export trade of the United States has never yet reached one thousand millions of dollars. In 1881 it was only some seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, but in the two previous years our total exports were over eight hundred millions per annum. Vast as these figures appear to be they seem small when compared with the returns of our domestic commerce. The business of our railroads, lakes, rivers and canals foots up some thirty-five thousand millions of dollars annually; that is to say, for every dollar engaged in the foreign trade of the country there are from thirty-five to forty employed in our interstate commerce. This coming year we will probably ship abroad nearly three hundred millions of breadstuffs, and about the same amount of cotton; but we shall send abroad less beef and pork than we have done for the last two years. It is estimated that we shall have a crop of five hundred and seventy million bushels of wheat, of which something more than half will be consumed in the country; but our corn crop, while it will exceed that of last year, will not be equal to the crops of 1879 and 1880.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Why does the Man Smile? Because He Went into a Closet this Morning and Found a last Year's Hat, which He Put on in front of a Looking-glass. He didn't Know himself hardly, and Wondered how He Had Been Fool enough to wear such a Hat. Thus you see a Man is a Fool every Year, but He does not Find it out until the year after.—*Brooklyn Union.*

Hotels in Saxony.

The gast-haus is a hotel, but of a fourth or fifth rate quality. It is patronized by the poorer class of travelers, usually by those from country villages and small towns, who come to the city to make purchases. It is respectable, but not the kind of a place for an American. There is no dining-room save the beer-hall; no office save the beer-hall. The beer-hall is the guests' parlor, writing-room, drinking-room, reception-room and sitting-room. You rent a room up stairs at so much per day, and you buy your meals in the beer-hall at so much per article. You get nothing unless you order it. You must ask for bread if you want it. If you order bread and neglect to order butter you don't get the latter. If you order simply a cup of coffee you will not get any bread or butter. If you order simply a beefsteak you will not get any potatoes. You must know what you want and order it. When you settle your bill the waiter charges for everything separately, calling them off to you and adding them up aloud. This rule, however, is observed in all the restaurants and in the hotels where meals are served outside of the regular dining-room or *table d'hote*.

The stranger is conveyed quickly to one of the hotels. If the driver takes him to a first-class house his experience is about as follows: At the door he is met by the portier (the most important man in the house), a waiter and a boot-black, or hausman. The latter takes his valise, the waiter bows low, the portier bows still lower, and the guest is ushered into the main hall. This hall is paved with marble blocks; the walls are frescoed; a few pictures hang on either side, but everything has a cheerless appearance. There is no office, save a little dark room, over which is painted the sign Portier; there are no hotel clerks with boiled shirts, curly hair and blazing diamonds; there is no register in which the stranger must write his name while the clerk looks down upon him with a patronizing sneer. The hall is narrow and there are no chairs nor richly-upholstered sofas to be seen. They are not needed.

Passing quickly through the hall, the guest is led up stairs, also of stone or marble, and into his room. There is no elevator. Here the portier leaves him, and the waiter bows. The bow is meant to express to the stranger the fact that the waiter is entirely and unconditionally his slave, and if the guest wants anything he need only put himself to the trouble of asking for it.

The American informs the waiter that he would like something to eat. The waiter bows and retires. Then the stranger sheds his coat, and collar, and cuffs and things, and prepares to wash the dust and soot out of his head, his ears and his cheeks. He pours the water into the bowl and reaches for the soap. There is no soap. He rushes toward the electric bell and gives it a spiteful push. He waits. After waiting a sufficient time he pushes it twice. He waits again. Then no answer being received, he pushes it three times.

At last there is a footstep in the hall and a knock at the door. Then the chambermaid enters. She stares at the stranger and waits for him to speak. He tells her that he wants some soap. She doesn't understand him. He shows her the empty soap-dish and hopes to shame her by the revelation. She simply mutters "so!" and is gone.

Another footstep is heard in the hall. Another knock is heard at the door. Then the bootblack enters and stares. It is evident that he too, has been summoned by the bell. The whole performance is gone through again: the bootblack mutters "so!" and is gone.

In a short time another footstep is heard in the hall and another knock at the door. Then the waiter comes in. Once more it is necessary that the stranger shall tell the story about the missing soap. Once more he hears the muttered "so!" and the waiter disappears.

After a time he returns with a cake of the desired article, and is received with a liberal quantity of profanity, which he listens to calmly and patiently. He doesn't understand one word of it. Then he bows, and manages to make the stranger understand that travelers usually bring their own soap; also, that one ring of the bell is for the waiter, two for the chambermaid, and three for the bootblack.

When asked concerning the dinner he disappears, but returns shortly with a bill of fare. The traveler expected his dinner, and is again provoked into a display of temper, which has no earthly effect upon the waiter. The latter explains by signs and nods and bows that the stranger must order the things which he wants. It is useless to attempt to discuss the matter by simply saying: "Bring me a dinner," or, "Bring me a good dinner." The bill of fare, or "speisen-karte" is printed and written in German, so that the stranger has no idea of its contents. At length he points out a number of items with his finger, selecting them a good deal like a man selecting tickets in a lottery.

When the dinner finally comes, he finds that he has four kinds of meat, no vegetables, some black bread, and no butter. Then the dinner is spoiled, for the traveler is so much disgusted, and annoyed, and wearied, that his appetite is gone. But he succeeds, nevertheless, in making the waiter understand what he wants. After two or three experiences of this kind he is able to order his meals without any difficulty.

The cooking in Germany is as near perfect as it can be, and the hotel beefsteaks are the best that can be found anywhere. A dinner served in one's own room has a charm about it, too, which those who eat in the crowded dining-halls of American hotels can never feel.—*Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.*

—One of the local industries of Southern California is the traffic in tarantulas and their nests. So great has been the demand for them on the part of relic hunters and entomologists that a large number of persons are engaged in collecting them. The tarantula, when caught, is injected with a preparation of arsenic, which serves to counteract its poison and preserve it from decay. Leo Fleishman, of Los Angeles, is at the head of this business, and is said to be filling orders from all parts of the world.—*Chicago Times.*

—Minneapolis claims to have received 60,000 immigrants since the 1st of January.

Temperance Reading.

THE SORROWS OF LIQUOR MEN.

A great and sad lament comes up from the liquor dealers of the West. The pathos of their lament would be exceedingly ridiculous were it not for the sad thoughts which arise as we think of the results which would flow from any success of this nefarious traffic.

On September 18, a Liquor Dealers' and Manufacturers' State Protective Association met at Rock Island, Illinois. As they looked from State to State, and considered the situation, their faces fell, and despair sat down in their midst. They must have reached a pitiable mental state before such a report as this was allowed to go forth to the public:

"In the North the great State of Iowa has fallen—a helpless victim of ignorant zeal and blind fanaticism—crushed by a blow so powerful and annihilating that the very hands which directed it were startled by its results. A majority amounting to 9 any thousands of votes marked the defeat of our cause, as though the minds of her people had been paralyzed by a frenzy of drunken fanaticism, and made utterly forgetful of all the principles of Democratic government, of all the teachings of modern science, of all the results of late experience. For years the Goddess of Liberty will lie there wounded and ruthlessly trampled upon by a lot of fanaticised fools and cunning zealots."

This is *one* way to speak of a great Temperance victory. These are bold fellows who can thus denounce the educated and Christian men and women of Iowa as "fanaticised fools and cunning zealots." But it requires something more than the say-so of such men to make it true. If those who carried Iowa for Prohibition are *fools* and *zealots*, who, it may well be asked, are the wise and true men of Iowa? Would these liquor dealers and manufacturers of the West like to institute a comparison between these opposing hosts, man by man, and woman by woman, and hold the result up to the inspection of the world?

The passage quoted above is a cry of fear. It sounds wonderfully like a repetition, after eighteen centuries, of that wild outcry in Ephesus against Paul, by one "Demetrius, a silversmith." It is the cry of men who are about to lose their gain. For, in the language of that shrewd old Ephesian, they are now crying out: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."

It is the cry of men who care far more for money than for men. Who ever heard them bewailing the fact that their iniquitous business meant wreck and ruin, for time and eternity, to thousands of well-meaning men, and loving wives, and helpless children? Oh! it is a shameless, pitiful, unmanly wail. And we do not wonder that it is as false in its charges against Prohibitionists as it is impotent to check the onward march of virtue, manhood and temperance.

But we are sure our readers will be interested in several farther confessions from this remarkable document. It goes on:

"In the East the tidal wave of social tyranny has been overflowing two large and fair States of our Union. The legislative branch of government of both made themselves the subservient tools of Puritanism, and, while the Legislature of Ohio slowly advanced by contenting itself with the passage of obnoxious laws, the Legislature of Indiana made sudden strides, by adopting a resolution to submit to a popular vote a Constitutional Amendment altogether prohibiting the manufacture and sale of our commodities.

"The West opens to our view a perspective still more somber and gloomy. Kansas bows still to the scepter of St. John. Nebraska is on the very brink of being engulfed in the wild maelstrom of Prohibition fury; and Missouri, our very next neighbor, barely escaped from a similar danger.

"And south of us the symptoms are alarming in the highest degree. The States of North Carolina and Arkansas need only be mentioned, and the late appearance of the Prohibition specter there will at once occur to our recollection.

"Wherever we look, therefore, North or South, East or West we find ourselves fairly encircled by the triumphant and maddened armies of our foes. Illinois is to-day more like the feeble victim of the robber, struggling to relieve herself from the choking iron grasp of his hands, gasping for breath, than like a proud and defiant State, rely ng upon the constitutional principles of individual liberty for a shield and buckler on enlightened public sentiment for a sword."

It is sad, very sad, to make this survey. We wonder that, in view of these alarming facts, many of them do not think of reducing their forces and even of going entirely out of the liquor business. We are very much afraid that even more serious dangers threaten them in the future, and that the liquor business is likely to lose its chief charm—immense profits. For the women of the land are being drilled by their chosen and gifted leaders for long, faithful, persistent work in the campaign against intemperance. And every true man will aid them. God speed them in their work.

Illinois and many another State is in "the choking iron grasp of the robber." We are not sure that we mean the same power by *the robber* that these liquor men do. In fact, we mean exactly the opposite. And so we cry them woe. But we have faith in God, and the noble men and women of Illinois, of Massachusetts, too, and of sister States, to believe the time draws near when *the robber* shall be throttled, and the crime of intemperance swept from our land. Woe to the liquor seller! Woe to the liquor manufacturer! May their infamous traffic perish *forever!*—*Golden Rule.*

Temperance Items.

PERSONAL liberty or no personal liberty, the Duke of Argyle has moved all liquor places from his estate.

JUDGES of the Supreme Court in Arkansas prohibit by formal orders the sale of liquors within a distance of three miles from a public or private school.

A LAW recently passed in Denmark provides that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages at the expense of the landlord who sold them the last glass.

THERE is more money spent for rum in this country than there is for flour, and yet people howl every time flour goes up, and don't bother themselves about the whisky that goes down.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

THE Frenchman drinks his wine, the Irishman drinks his whisky, the Norwegian his alcohol, the German his beer and the Englishman his ale, but an American drinks everything, says Mrs. Foster, the Iowa Temperance lecturer.

TO THE assertion that "there are still grog shops in Maine," Neal Dow responds: "Yes, and what are they? Miserable dens where the lowest part of our foreign population stay, the whole stock in trade being a half pint or two, or a pint or two in the pockets, or hung to the wrist under the skirts, or a gallon or two hidden under the pig-pen floor or under a manure heap."

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1882.

The official majority for Louis E. McComas is 1280.

The Philadelphia *Press* puts the number of Republicans who did not vote on Tuesday at 1,500,000. They were mad, as Republicans were mad in 1874, and did Tuesday as they did then, only more so.—*Cin. Gazette of Saturday.*

The Democrats are in such a hopeless minority in both this Congressional district and Allegany county, that it is hardly worth their while to make nominations any more; for as long as the Republicans bring out such men as McComas for Congress there is very little need for the people to wish a change, since their interests are sure to be well taken care of. —*Cumb. Independent,*

Hon. Lewis E. McComas, Republican candidate for Congress in the Sixth district of Maryland, is elected by an increased majority. The Democrats dug up and nominated Hon. Montgomery Blair, in the hope that the prestige of his name and Tilden's money would pull him through but the old gentleman has been snowed under deeper than ever and the young, able and progressive McComas will represent the district. This is a glorious triumph for the right.—*Balto. Co. Union.*

If it might not be considered presumptions, we would like to make a suggestion to Judge Alvey, in whose ability, honesty and integrity we have thorough confidence. Change your conduct about the school law, and until the law shall have been passed upon and pronounced unconstitutional attend to your share of the appointment work. The people will think more of you if you will do this, and the lesson conveyed in your narrow escape from defeat will not have been lost upon you.

The public are expecting this from you, Judge, and they have a right to ask that you will not disappoint them.—*Cumb. News.*

Various Opinions.

"After all," remarked a despondent Washington Stalwart politician, "the people must and will have their say." True enough. The plain people are the hope of the country and the bane of the bosses.

It is to be noted that the combined vote for Beaver and Stewart, the Republican candidates for Governor in Pennsylvania, exceeds the vote cast for the Democratic candidate.

Old Thurlow Weed, who is now feared to be on his death-bed, said:

"The Republican party is being dishonored every day by the Hubbell committee at Washington. It is a deep reproach that a system of plander of that kind should be going on at the very moment when Republicans are disclaiming it. To show the inconsistency of the administration, it allows the Hubbell committee to go on with its exactions while it continues to persecute Gen. N. M. Curtis for doing, two years ago, just what Gen. Arthur did twelve years ago!"

Mayor-elect Edson, (Democrat) of New York, expresses the following sensible opinion:

"The result is not a Democratic victory nor a Republican defeat. It is the expression of the good sense of the people of the State, which can always be depended upon. It is due to the conduct of the Republican party during the past two years and is a rebuke of the party leaders who have held supremacy through fraud and forgery. The success of the Democratic party in 1881 will depend upon how it conducts itself in the meantime. It must do better the next two years than it has during the past ten.

The Springfield, Mass., *Republican* (Conservative Republican) says:

For the present, responsibility for an important share of power will soon pass to the Democracy. Will it be equal to its prize and repay success with success? Has it learned anything since its long and foolish controversies with President Hayes, its wild raids against resumption and its craze for the silver dollar? We believe it has, but it has a heavy baggage train of explosives in the rear. Nothing short of a new, active and honest generation of leaders with brains will command the opportunity and the continued confidence of the people.

The Philadelphia *Press* (Republican), which occupied an ollish position towards Cameron most of the time during the canvass, and counseled, among other things, a new convention, says:

The Democratic party as a scarecrow is played out. Among other things that this remarkable election has proven, is the fact that the voters of this country have got through treating one of the two great political parties of the day as an habitoal criminal. The fact is not in all views promising, and it deprives the Republican party of an uncommonly strong back-hold which it had on the convictions of the country; but a fact it is nevertheless.

The New York *Tribune* (Blaine paper) expresses, as one of the lessons of the returns, the following opinion;

It is a small matter that this result makes President Arthur an absolute impossibility as a future candidate. There was no chance of his nomination at any time, after he decided to break from association with the friends of the people's President. Tuesday has shown that the Republican party cannot live if it tolerates his leadership or submits to the direction of the faction to which he belongs. By unloading that faction, driving it out of power everywhere and burying it out of sight the Republican party can command public confidence; not otherwise. It now has two years in which to purge itself of the spirit which Guiteau represented.

The New York *Times* (Conservative Republican) writes very thoughtful (as it always does) of the result, and says:

The result of the elections of the past week has naturally set people to thinking of the future course of parties and of the probable effect of that result upon the action of the next Congress and upon the campaign in 1884. It is generally recognized that a verdict has been pronounced against the Republican party rather than in favor of the Democratic party, and that much depends on the course to be pursued in the next two years. Many Republicans voted against the candidates presented for their suffrages in the sure that defeat would send the present leaders and managers to the rear and bring forward to a controlling position men of convictions and earnest purposes, and in the confident expectation that the Democrats would not have the wisdom to profit by the opportunity given to them. Whether this hope and this expectation will be realized is a question upon which it is easy to speculate, but not easy to make definite calculations.

The New York *Independent*, a Congregational paper, semi-religious and semi-political in its tone, says of the result:

Now Republicans, you have done your work of destruction well. We thank you, But turn now to the work of reconstruction. The Republican party is to be built up again, and built on honest Republican principles. Give us a platform of principles, a place to brace, and we will pull. Give us a genuine, honest platform of reform in the civil service, and we will fight on it.

The Boston *Herald* (Ind. Dem.) says:

Here is something to think about: President Hayes was not a great reformer, but there was a reform tendency in his administration. As the result, every hour of his administration strengthened his party. Every hour of President Arthur's administration has weakened his party.

A Boston despatch reports Mr. Blaine as saying to a personal friend that he is not a candidate for the Presidency or for any other political office. Mr. Blaide's position is understood to be that the death of Garfield terminated the political era in which both belonged. The Boston *Journal* says:

"Mr. Blaine will not be 'interviewed.' He will not assail the Administration through the newspapers. He has no grievances to make public, and no general advice to give. Those who talk with Mr. Blaine upon political subjects will learn that he is neither a croaker nor a sore-head; they will learn from him that he does not see in Tuesday's reverses anything to cause despondency respecting the future of the Republican party. The defeat is not so signal as that of 1871, and, like that, can be made to result in good to the party. The Democratic party suffered overwhelming defeat in 1840, but carried the election of 1841. The Republican party was practically beaten in several of the most important Northern States in 1862, but Abraham Lincoln carried all except one or two in 1864. He believes that victory may be achieved in 1884 by presenting as a candidate for the Presidency a man upon whom both factions can unite, who has the confidence of the country. To the accomplishment of that result his influence as a private citizen will be exerted. He believes that Republican success in 1884 is essential to the welfare of the country."

Blair's Short Vote.

Now that the election is over and Mr. Blair shows such a short vote in this county, the question arises what carried it.

First. The more it became known that he was once a Republican and selected by Mr. Lincoln as one of his cabinet ministers and participated in issuing of the emancipation proclamation, the more a certain class of Democrats became opposed to him, and either did not vote for or voted voted against him. His was a case of Horace Greeley over again, and the Democrats could not have selected a candidate so objectionable to a certain class of their party; second, he suffered from the effects of the old canal ring feud. Mr. Blair was regarded by certain Democrats as identified with the anti canal ring, and lost a certain percentage of their votes, although that cause of division in the party is measurably removed, and will hereafter cease to be a dividing line.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

The result of the late election in Maryland by counties furnishes for Republicans an entertaining and instructive lot of figures. Here they are:

	Rep. maj.	Dem. maj.
Allegany	528	
Anne Arundel	298	
Baltimore		420
Calvert	319	
Carolbne	47	
Carroll		181
Cecil		204
Charles	559	
Dorchester	102	
Frederick	509	
Garrett	1	
Harford		275
Howard		206
Kent		42
Montgomery		269
Prince George's	538	
Queen Anne's		495
St. Mary's	526	
Somerset	361	
Talbot	273	
Washington	723	
Wicomico		720
Worcester		950
Totals	4,966	4,159

A Party of Expediency.

From Jefferson to—let us say—Tilden, it has been the boast of the Democratic party that principles inspire it and men can not mislead it. We have in mind some principles which have moved that organization within the memory of the present generation, and to one of these the State of Massachusetts is indebted for the election of General Benjamin F. Butler to its gubernatorial chair—a principle never avowed but steadily practiced from the foundation of the party.

The Democratic party has always been willing to enlist under any banner that promised success. No candidate could be too objectionable, no record too distasteful, so long as victory was brought within its enraptured sight. Not to go very far back, Horace Greeley is an example of the application of this principle on a broad scale. He was the embodiment of all that the Democratic party held in detestation. He had spent a life time denouncing its doctrines, its measures and its leaders. He was able to meet them on the single ground that they should vote for him and he should accept their votes. He had not been converted to their principles nor they to his; but they were content to take him as he was if he could be elected. They would have taken any other man on the same terms.

Animated by this same lofty impulse, in a later day and in a single State the Democracy falls at the feet of a man on whom it has exhausted the abusive epithets of the language. Democrats have denounced him as a thief, a beast, a murderer—and now they take him in their arms and lift him to the highest place in a proud commonwealth. Whatever was true of General Butler ten years ago is true now. He is the same man, with the same faults, the same virtues, except that he has relapsed into the bad company from which for a time the war cut him loose. Democrats have not learned to respect him more. They have made no recent discoveries concerning his integrity or ability. They only saw that he was available for the moment, and for the sake of policy they were glad to condone every wrong with which they had charged him.

Is it strange that Democrats of weak stomach have gaged at so nauseous a dose? For whether General Butler was as black as he has been painted it was the Democratic party which did the painting, and there are Democrats manly enough to rebel when they are asked to say that the picture is altogether lovely. But the dissenting voices are not numerous enough to drive General Butler out of the field into which he has been taken back after twenty years of waning; and if it shall please that accomplished political acrobat to present himself as a delegate in the next national Democratic Convention there will be more joy over him than over the ninety-and-nine who never went astray. And, further, if it shall occur to him that a Democratic nomination for the Presidency would be a good thing to have and to hold, there is nothing in his record or in the record of the Democratic party to keep him out of that dazzling honor.

It is happily incident to a party of expediency that it is at all times prepared to do a stroke of business without adding to the phenomenal things of life. And the Democratic party is just that kind of a party.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

An English girl wants to know how long girls should be courted? Our opinion may not be worth much in such matters, but we think a long girl should be courted in the same manner as short girls are courted—with operas carriage rides, confections, setting up nights, and so forth. If a man can't court a long girl without a step-ladder when he goes to see her, he should resign in favor of some one who can.

After the Battle.

Last Tuesday's fight showed that twelve out of the twenty-three counties of Maryland are solidly Republican and will send Republican delegations to the next legislature. If the counties which gave Republican majorities on Tuesday will elect Republican legislature candidates next year, the Republican vote in the House of Delegates will stand as follows: Allegany 4, Anne Arundel 4, Caroline 2, Calvert 2, Charles 3, Dorchester 3, Frederick 5, Prince George's 3, Somerset 3, St. Mary's 2, Talbot 3, Washington 4; total 38, leaving only eight to make a majority. These eight, it is thought, may come from Baltimore. At the last session there also Republican delegates from Queen Anne and Harford counties, and there is also a probability that Garrett may send two Republicans to the House of Delegates, which might make it possible for the Republicans to control the next House of Delegates with only three or four members from the city of Baltimore. It must also be borne in mind that the new Third legislative district of this city is Republican and can be carried with proper organization. It consists of six precincts of the Fourteenth ward, and all of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth wards. With the exception of two, all these wards are Republican, and should next year choose a Republican state senator and six Republican members of the House of Delegates, which would give the Republicans the control of the Senate as well as the House. In the last Senate there were ten Republicans and sixteen Democrats. The terms of the senators of Anne Arundel, Calvert and Somerset expire, and judging from last Tuesday's result their places will be filled by Republicans, making a tie in the Senate. The election of one Republican senator from Baltimore city will give the Republicans a majority in the state Senate. It will thus be seen that whether a coalition is or is not effected, there is every reason to believe that the next legislature will be Republican.

Such being the case, it is no wonder that politicians belonging to the Republican family are discussing the chances of the various candidates for offices to be elected by the next General Assembly. The Stalwarts are looking forward to the election of ex-Postmaster General J. A. Creswell to the senatorship by a Republican legislature, but the general sentiment among Republicans of all shades of opinion is that Mr. James A. Gary is entitled to that honor. Mr. Gary has made the best canvess of any Republican candidate for governor since the war, and his Congressional district has just changed a Democratic majority of seventeen hundred into a Republican majority of fifteen hundred. Much of that is admitted to be due to Mr. Gary's efforts. He is now the Maryland member of the Republican National Committee. It is true that the next senatorship belongs to the Eastern Shore; but Mr. Gary is so popular in that section of the state that its representatives would yield that point and unite in bestowing upon Mr. Gary the honor of the first Republican United States senator for Maryland since the war. For the other offices, plenty of candidates will present themselves at the proper time. There are Republicans who entertain the hope that Maryland can elect a Republican governor next November. Louis E. McComas, who almost doubled Urner's majority in the Sixth district, and Hart B. Holton, who gained a brilliant triumph in the Fifth, are named uppermost for the gubernatorial honors, but if a city man is chosen, it is thought fitting that some new man, like Charles J. Bonaparte, should be the nominee. New blood is very much needed just now in both parties, and the sooner either party recognizes this fact, the better for its own maintenance.—*Balto. American.*

The Boston *Herald* says: "It is claimed by many other Democrats that the apparent Republican majority in the legislature is not so solid as it seems, and that, in a very shrewd way, a large number of Gen. Butler's friends have been elected to the legislature by Republicans on straight Republican tickets. The opposition to Mr. Hoar comes largely from among legislators who have been elected from districts where his defence of the River and Harbor bill and his stiff protection doctrines are not popular. Mr. Crapo is undeniably hooked on with favor as a representative of moderate protectionism, and the Republican majority in his own city of New Bedford is urged as a reason for his receiving Republican support for senator."

Mothers should Know it.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 13, 1882.

All is quiet along the Potomac. The political flood has rolled by and it is useless to deny that it was a good deal of a shower. The common salutation among politicians is, in the language of Bardwell Slote, "Let us take suthin'." But the feeling among the Republicans in Washington, after admitting that the party has met with a great disaster—a regular Bull Run, as it were—is that, after all, things might be a great deal worse. Without stopping to explain away that which has happened, or to discuss the whys and wherefores, the business in hand is to repair damages and look to the future. The campaign of 1884 is two years away, and there is ample time in which to close up the ranks, pick our flints and march to the attack. There is little exultation among the Democrats here because they know it is not a Democratic victory pure and simple; and the wisest of them realize the difficulties of their position. What will they do with their suddenly acquired power? is the question in every mouth; but nobody expects them to use it wisely. Some of the shrewdest Democrats regret that their party obtained a majority of the next House, carrying with it obligations and responsibilities which may if not properly met, destroy whatever chances they might otherwise have had for success in 1884. Even men of strong Democratic sympathies have no confidence in any other result. In this view of the matter there is plenty of consolation and encouragement for Republicans. There are things remaining for the present Congress to do of which it will be time enough to speak hereafter. President Arthur has returned to Washington wearing a thoughtful air, but cheerful and, evidently not crushed. Secretary Folger is daily at his desk in the Treasury Department attending to his duties as though nothing had happened. He will not resign at present and is more than likely to serve his term out.

It seems to be settled that the notorious Tom Ochiltree is elected to Congress from Texas. Tom has been one of the eccentric characters about Washington more or less for the last ten years. He is a stout, genial, sportive sort of customer; a consort of the judges and majors about the hotel lobbies, having no special qualifications for the office of Congressman, though perhaps as well fitted for the place as many others who get there. His faculty of inventing good-natured yarns is a distinguishing trait, and in the House he will tower head and shoulders, like a Norway pine, above Congressional pigmies who try to make a little notority by taking liberties with the truth. There may be competitors in the field who have achieved a certain local celebrity for tampering with the truth, but for ornamental work, with deep flounces and a double row of fluting up the back, there are experts who regard Tom Ochiltree, in a national sense, as the most scientific producer of romantic fiction of the age. He is not malicious, ugly and dangerous, but genial, versatile and amusing—as much of an American feature as the cotton gin. While he is in Congress the standard for Munchausens in that body will be raised. Another incident of the Congressional campaign is the petticoat issue said to be involved in young William English's candidacy in the seventh district of Indiana. Mr. English's wife was formerly an actress, who, because of her antecedents, had been denied recognition in aristocratic society in Indianapolis. This has aroused her wrath and made her ambitions of going to Washington with the social prestige accorded to the wives of Representatives in Congress. To accomplish this she appealed, report says, to William H. English, who placed his bar'l at his son's disposal. But there must be some mistake about the size of the bar'l, or else it is not a potent factor in the virtuous city of Indianapolis.

For the past six weeks or more—ever since October's mellow air began to tint the leaves—Washington has been completely snowed under with bridal couples. There was never anything like it. To all appearances every married couple in the whole country comes to see the Capital and then sail down to Mount Vernon to shed a few tears over the tomb of Washington. It is a good omen, they say, to make a wedding trip to Mount Vernon. One day not long ago there were seventeen couples on the regular trip of the boat. During that week there were more than fifty couples in the city, and in one hotel were sheltered eighteen brides and husbands. They scatter while here and one meets them everywhere: at the Treasury, in the Capitol, and even on top of the Washington Monument.

JUNIUS.

Torpedo Warfare.

The weapons used for under-water warfare are called "torpedoes."

There are two kinds of torpedoes: those that are anchored in one place and those that swim about in the water. Of those that are anchored, there are also two kinds. One kind consists of great iron boxes filled with dynamite and sunk in the water at particular places. They rest in the mud, or on the sand and stones, till they are ready to be fired, when they blow up or explode with terrible effect; and if a ship happens to be passing over one of them, she is sure to be torn to pieces. The other kind have a float anchored just out of sight under water, while the torpedo rests on the bottom. These, too, when they explode, destroy anything that happens to be near.

There are two ways of firing these ground torpedoes: In one there is a wire, carefully protected from the water, leading from the torpedo to the shore. The soldiers in charge of it can send electricity through the wire and set fire to the dynamite and thus fire the torpedo. The torpedo is lost and destroyed, but the broken wire can be pulled ashore, and used again on another torpedo. The second method is to fasten to the torpedo a wooden float. If one of the enemy's ships passes over such a torpedo and happens to strike and push aside the float that is anchored just over it, this will also fire the torpedo, for the chain or rope that anchors the float is connected with the torpedo, and any strain or pull on the rope discharges it. In this way the ship itself may fire the torpedo and thus become an agent in its own destruction.

The swimming torpedoes are of two kinds. One of these swims like a fish, and, if it strikes its nose against a ship, explodes, and sinks the vessel by tearing a terrible hole in the bottom. Another kind also swim, but it carries fastened to its tail a long wire, which it drags through the water wherever it goes. By means of this wire the soldier who stands at the end, on the shore, or the sailor on board ship, can make the fish turn to the right or the left, dive, turn around, go backward, or come home again when it is wanted. Besides this, the fish will blow up if it strikes against the enemy's ship, or whenever the man at the wire wishes to fire it. The Government will not tell us how such a wonderful thing can be done but you may be sure that these fish-torpedoes are strange fellows. They seem to be able to do everything that a fish can do, and more, for when they get angry they can burst out into a frightful passion and send the water flying into the air for hundreds of feet, and woe to the sailors who are near! Torpedo, ship and men go to the bottom in a volcano of fire and water. Besides these anchored and swimming torpedoes, there is another kind called spar-torpedoes, so named because they are placed on the ends of spars or booms that run out under water from the bows of small boats. The boats rush up to the side of the big ship, in the dark, and explode the torpedo underneath, thus sinking the vessel.—*St. Nicholas for November.*

General Sherman makes a strong appeal for an increase of the Army from twenty-five to thirty thousand men, which ought not to be disregarded. The services of our soldiers in the West entitles them to consideration, and there ought to be enough of them, so that the needed work can be done. In the last twenty years the troubles with the Indians have decreased, partly owing to improved facilities of transportation, but largely to the precaution taken by proper officers, laboring under many disadvantages. If the Army were increased as General Sherman wishes, probably the actual expense to the country would not be greater than it is now. It costs no small sum to take the soldiers from one place to another.

"Judge, you are a very smart man. I would like to ask you a question," remarked Gilhooly to Judge Blackstone, one of the most prominent lawyers of Austin. "What is it?" questioned the Judge. "Two twin sisters living in the same house have babies of the same age, that look precisely alike and are dressed alike. These two children got mixed up, and the question is, how will the mothers go at it to find out which child belongs to them?" "If the children were as much alike as you say, perhaps they were not mixed up at all." "But they changed." "Are you sure of it?" "Certainly." "Then change them back, and each mother will have her own. Give me something harder."

How to hive bees: Take the new hive to some shady quarter and carry the swarm to it on a bush. Raise the hive on blocks a couple of inches from the bottom board in front, and after turning the brush top end down, give it a quick jerk and dislodge the bees all in front of the hive. Then with a grass bush induce every bee to enter, and set the hive at once on its permanent stand.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Gray hairs often cause annoyance, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

—Mr. P. P. Lohr, of the Forks settlement this county, raised this fall from 8 acres of land 238 bushels of buckwheat.

—Christian Slabach, residing near Oakland, raised this year a turnip which weighed 8¼ pounds, and measured 26 inches in circumference.

—Died, at Deer Park, Nov. 15th, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Mary P., wife of Col. E. C. Tillson, of that place, aged 69 years and 7 months.

—The lake at Mountain Lake Park was completed Wednesday. The water will not be turned on until the work has been inspected by the managers.

—A party of hunters, consisting of Messrs. Frank Nethkin, Thomp. Gilpin, Cal. Gilpin, Geo. J. Walters, and others, Monday of last week, killed a fine buck on Meadow Mountain.

—There will be an oyster supper held at the Glades Hotel on next Thursday and Friday evenings, 23d and 24th November, 1882, at 7 o'clock. All are invited to attend. Proceeds for the benefit of Presbyterian Sunday School.

—A hunting party consisting of Messrs. Thos. Coddington, William Browning, C. P. Smith and D. A. Welling, left Oakland Wednesday morning for a deer hunt on Meadow Mountain. They expect to return Saturday.

—We failed in our last issue, through the general excitement on the receipt of the election news, to say anything about Republican meetings held Friday, Saturday and Monday nights. The meeting at Deer Park Friday night was addressed by Messrs. Th. J. Peddicord and H. W. Combs, of Oakland, and Mr. Welling ton, of Cumberland. That at the Shook Store, Saturday night by Messrs. Combs and Townshend, and that Monday night at Oakland, by Hon. M. G. Urner and Th. J. Peddicord, Esq. Mr. Urner received a warm reception at the hands of the Republicans of Oakland.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at the Head School House at 3 P. M., by Rev Wm. Stoudenmire.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, dentist, will be in Oakland Monday, Nov. 27th, to remain one week. Rooms at Villa Cottel.

Thigh Broken.

Mr. Ralph T. Browning, residing near Deer Creek, this county, broke his thigh Monday by a fall while working at his barn. Dr. Keller rendered surgical aid.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at Sturgis Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

Soldiers, Attention!!

Milo B. Stevens & Co., the well known War Claim Attorneys, will be represented at Oakland, Md., Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27th and 28th, by their special agent, J. P. Beckerle. Soldiers and others interested in claims for Pension, Increase of Pensions, Arrears of Pay and Bounty of those charged with desertion, or other claims, it is hoped, will give him a call. Mr. Beckerle's whereabouts may be ascertained at the office of the Clerk of the Court.

Reorganization of the Garrett Guards.

The term of service of a majority of the Garrett Guards having expired Oct. 30th, under a call the command met in the armory Saturday last to decide upon their future action. There were present Capt. Wardwell, Lts. Mason, Chisholm and Jamison, of the Garrett Guards and Surg. Bartlett, Q. M. Peddicord and Com. Combs of the Battalion Staff, and 28 non-commissioned officers and privates. The meeting was called to order and private, King Delawiler was detailed as Secretary. Capt. Wardwell in a few well chosen remarks stated the object of the meeting, and upon motion a ballot being had it was unanimously decided to reorganize. Capt. Wardwell in order to give the company an opportunity to choose a new commander if they so desired, tendered his resignation as Capt. which was not accepted. Lts. Mason and Chisholm also tendered their resignation which were not accepted. Quartermaster Peddicord, Surgeon Bartlett and Commissary Combs, by request then addressed the Guards. Capt. Wardwell's first official act was to reduce all non-commissioned officers to the ranks. There will be company drill every Saturday evening, and the regular law parade will take place November 30th. A portion of the day will be devoted to target practice.

A Recount.

A recount of the vote for associate judge in this county, made at the request of the Republican Central Committee of Washington county, was held Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of Messrs. W. H. Tower, W. P. Townshend and F. A. Tayer, on the part of the Republicans, and Drs. E. H. Bartlett and B. T. Keller and Messrs. A. B. Gonder and C. C. Wilson, on the part of the Democrats. Errors were found in Districts Nos. 5 and 7. In No. 7 Mr. Syester gained 3 votes, and in No. 5 Mr. Stake gained 2 votes, making a net gain of 1 for Mr. Syester over the count by the return judges.

A recount in Washington county resulted in a gain for Stake of 3 votes. This makes a tie between Messrs. Stake and Syester unless a recount in Allegany, if one should be had there, should again change the result.

—Since the above was put in type Mr. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court, informs us that he was not satisfied with the result in this district, and after making a careful examination, in the presence of Mr. A. C. Mason, Democrat, and others, finds that the vote in No. 7 was properly reported by the return judges. This result puts Stake 3 ahead in the two counties.

Building Improvements in Oakland.

The fine residence of Dr. B. T. Keller, on Second street is rapidly nearing completion. This is one of the largest and most substantial residences in the county.

The new residence being erected by G. W. Delawiler, Esq., on the same street, will be one of the handsomest residences in Oakland. It will be three stories in height, with Mansard roof, and will contain twelve rooms. A rear building, one story, will be used as a dining room, kitchen and pantry. Messrs. Spedden & Son are superintending the erection of the last named buildings.

Th. J. Peddicord, Esq., is preparing to build a large residence on the lot adjoining Dr. Keller on the north.

The residence of Mr. F. P. Arnold, on Pennington street will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

Mr. John Richardson has a force of hands laying the foundation for a residence on Liberty street, opposite the Oakland Hotel.

Mr. A. C. Brooke has erected a stable and carriage house, and is now erecting an addition to his dwelling, on Second street, to be used as a dining room and kitchen.

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been decieved by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

Tribute of Respect.

At a regular stated meeting of Hiawatha Lodge No. 441 I. O. O. F. of Pennsylvania, held on Saturday evening Nov. 11, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his divine wisdom to again lay his afflicting hand upon us in the removal of our worthy brother P. G. Alexander Shear, from our midst, Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy brother P. G. Spear, we have lost a worthy member of our Lodge, whom we all loved and respected and whose memory we will always cherish.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Lodge be draped in morning and the brethren wear the usual badge of morning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Somerset Co., Pa. and Garrett Co., Md. papers.

A. J. HILEMAN,
A. A. JACOBS,
WILLIAM RODDY,
Committee.

OH, YES! Cheap John has been east buying Toys and Fancy Goods, Largest stock ever in Oakland. Will be open this week. Call and C.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 15:

John W. Smith, to Alfred G. Sturgiss, lot No. 105 in "White and Burton's extension to the Town of Oakland;" $1800.

Davis N. Murphy and wife to John W. Smith, tract of land called "Dalreach," 253¾ acres; $1700.

Amaziah Turney and wife to N. Augustine and wife, a one undivided half interest in 113½ acres of land; $1250.

Harriet A. Miller and husband to J. McComas Murpy, part of a tract of land called "Deer Park," ¼ acre; $1 and other considerations.

John McComas Murphy, to John Miller, Jr., same as last above price.

Joseph R. Anderson, to Lochiel Lumber Company, 2 pieces of land called "Waliah" and "Nineteen," 142½ acres; $700.

Louis Nydegger and wife to J. W. Shillenburg, part of lots 1385 and 1386, 88 perches; $59.

Mountain Lake Park Association to John Thompson, lots Nos. 90 and 63 in Mountain Lake Park $1.

James P. Wiley and wife to Wm. Barkholder, parl of military lot No. 2303; $80.

John F. Dixon, to Elijah Harvey, part of the tract of land called "Guinea" and "Garvelian," containing in all 150 acres of land; $142 50.

H. G Davis and others to Henry Sines, part of a tract of land called the "Gleanings," containing 50 acres and 74 poles; $250.

H. G. Davis and others to John Sines, part of the "Gleanings," containing 50 acres and 57 poles; $250.

H. G. Davis and others to Thomas Cross, part of a tract of land called "Strawberry Plains," containing 190 acres; $950.

John Wiley, to Mary M. Yommer, part of "Shylock War," containing 2 acres of land; $26.

Oyster Supper at Deer Park.

There will be an oyster supper in Deer Park Saturday night, 18th inst., for the benefit of the M. E. Church. All are invited.

Chapped Hands.

The raw winds of late autumn often produce in the hands of those who are much exposed to them that roughness and cracking of the skin known as chapping. If nothing is done to prevent, and the person is obliged to have his hands frequently wet and dried, the cracks will get deep and be painful. Corn husking is frequently accompanied by sore hands from this cause. As both a precaution and cure for chapped hands we have used the following with benefit: Wash the hands, and the face also if it is inclined to chap, with borax water, and afterwards rub with an ointment made by melting mutton tallow (suet,) and then gradually adding an equal quantity of glycerine, stirring the two together until cold. For the hands, this mixture can be best applied at night, using it freely, and warming it by the fire, after which an old pair of gloves can be put on to keep the bedclothes from being soiled, and also make the skin of the hands softer. An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with a gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half ounce of spermaceiti, and one drachm of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove, and add gradually an ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep in widenecked bottles.

Snatched from the Grave.

My wife was at the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Allegheny's City's best physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her finger-nails and lips were blue; was pulseless at the wrists; we were all called to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in DR. HARTMAN, who prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She improved from the first dose, and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page 30 in the "Ills of Life," a book you can get gratis from your Druggist. If not, address DR. HARTMAN, Osborn, Ohio.

T. S. EBERLEIN,
South Chicago, Ill.

FORKS, GARRETT CO., MD.,
November 13th, 1882.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I have been a reader of your paper from its infancy, and have read many very interesting letters from various parts of the county, but have never seen any from the Forks. Thinking that a few items from here might be of interest to some of your readers, I will give you a few which you may insert, if you please.

The tract of land enclosed between the North and South branches of the Castleman River comprise what is called the Forks, hence its name. The farmers here are wide awake, energetic, systematic, and hence successful. Generally speaking they have each a pleasant farm home, and well fixed to make money. Their farms are well adapted to both grain and stock raising. The splendid range on Meadow Mountain aids greatly in making stock raising profitable, as the summering of their cattle and sheep costs them nothing. The soil is rich and productive and naturally well adapted to grass. The sugar orchards of this vicinity are another great source of wealth to the people. Nearly every farm contains a sugar orchard, which yields them annually from $100 to $700, and is second to none in quality. The people of the Forks, so far as I know them at least, are nearly all readers of THE REPUBLICAN, and advocate its political principles.

Educational interests have been rapidly increasing here of late years. The Forks contains three school districts. One of these, called the Lohr school, the writer has the pleasure of teaching. Copying from the record I find in 1879 an enrollment of 35 pupils and in 1882 an enrollment of 63 pupils, showing an increase of 28 pupils in three years. This school opened October 23d, and has been averaging from 30 to 35 pupils up to this time, and is still rapidly increasing. The citizens have thus far turned a warm shoulder to the interests of the school and I believe have done their best to make it a success. The pupils are right intelligent, and I thing are capable of storing up a good amount of knowledge, but I am sorry to say it is their sad fate to known what an old and almost worthless school house is, and to feel their need of a new one, and I hope the time is not far distant when they shall have it.

Respectfully,
JAMES W. BEEGHLY.

Can This Be True.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted."

This is a slogan that would resurrect a dead man behind a newspaper counter, and the clerk turned as if moved by an electric current and ejaculated:

"Yes, sir; want the top of the column, I s'pose?"

"No; I am not particular," said the advertiser.

"Want it inside next leading editorial?"

"Either page will answer," replied the other.

"Want a cut of a death's head and marrow bones, or a sore leg to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser with long hair and a turn down shirt collar?"

"Clear type, black ink, and white paper are good enough for me," was the response.

"All right; want head line in type an inch longer than Jenkins' ad in next column, or will you have it put in upside down or your your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No; a plain, straightforward advertisement in space of four inches will answer for my purpose."

"Good enough. Want about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grandfather blacked Washington's boots once; mention of yourself as a member of circulating library, church, fire company, co operative store, baseball club, and other important public positions?"

The customer said he did not care for any notice.

"Of course," said the clerk, "you want a paper sent to each member of the firm; one for yourself, and the privilege of taking half a dozen copies off the counter for the next year or two because you advertise?"

The gentleman expected to pay for his paper, and asked the price of the advertisement.

The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked:

"If we send you the bill around in about a year, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills.

The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he said:

"Ah! you want to ask for 75 cents discount and 25 per cent. off for cash?"

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates and here is your money."

A beatific expression spread over the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured:

"Stranger, when did you come down, and when do you expect the apostles along?"

Senator Voorhees thought he had asked a poser in a recent speech in Indiana when he inquired: "My farmer friends, what is to become of your great corn crop in this country if Prohibition is adopted?" There was a brief pause and then an old Democratic farmer spoke up, saying: "Do I understand, Mr. Voorhees, that you really want an answer to that question?" "Yes, my friend," said the Senator, straightening himself to his full length, "I am seeking for information." "Well, then," replied the farmer, "I will tell you what we will do with our corn crop. We will raise more pork and less hell." The Senator had asked the question at several meetings before, but he has omitted it since, not caring to listen again to the laughter that greeted his discomfiture.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 td G. A. SHIRER.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

Estate of Solomon Turney, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administratrix on the personal estate of

SOLOMON TURNEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of November, 1882.

JEMIMA TURNEY,
11 18 4 Administratrix.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and directed to me as Sheriff, at the suit of Jacob P. Baner, plaintiff, vs. J. McClure Mason, defendant, the same being No. 1 Judicials to September Term 1879, on the docket of said Court, I did sieze and take in execution all the following described pieces, parcels and lots of land lying and being in said Garrett county, to-wit:

Military Lots No. 1136 and 1652,

The property of the said J. McClure Mason, and containing one hundred acres of land more or less. Said Lot No. 1652 being the same land that was conveyed to the said J. McClure Mason by Robert Swan by deed bearing date February 3d, 1882, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 8 folios, 181, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland. The said land lies about six miles South of the town of Oakland, is in a fine state of cultivation and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other out buildings.

And I hereby give notice that on the

12th day of December, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bonafide bidder for cash, the above described property to satisfy the judgment and costs in the above cause.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
11 18 4 Late Sheriff.

PATENTS.

Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $25 to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-Issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in reivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

GEORGE E. LEMON,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,
615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mention this paper.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. July 1 1y.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
15 6 yr. HENRY KILLAUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 360 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 80, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.
5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also a great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $35; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 21 DAVID LITTLE.

LAND! A. A. THOMAS, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. Practices before the United States General Land Office. Contested cases, private land claims, mining, pre-emption and homestead cases prosecuted before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court; and all classes of claims before the Executive Departments. Special attention given to town-site cases. Land warrants, homestead floats, and all kinds of land scrip bought and sold.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
E. W. ANDERSON. J. C. SMITH.
ANDERSON & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.
No fees for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than any other responsible agency. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warehouse in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

Fall Bonnets.

The late openings of millinery show many novelties not found earlier in the season, and by these exhibitions the styles are settled, confirming the predictions that dress bonnets will be very small for ladies of all ages; that poke bonnets will be worn to poke more downward than above the forehead, and will be used by young ladies rather than old ones; and finally that round hats will be extremely small turbans or caps worn back on the head as bonnets are, or else they will be very large, with wide fronts that shade the forehead and cover the front hair entirely. More small bonnets of velvet are shown than of all other materials. The full front and soft crowns are newest for these, but smoothly covered crowns and brims are the popular style. The fancy for contrasts is shown in having the crown of one color and the brim of another, and the liking for red with green is seen in many shades of these two colors; thus, for full-dress receptions, the opera, etc., are crowns of the palest pink rose velvet, with light green velvet for the brim and strings; while to wear with visiting costumes are crowns of bright Arabi red or dark garnet velvet, terra-cotta, or strawberry, with the brim of dark moss green or rifle green velvet, or perhaps green velvet foliage covers the entire brim, or it may have the rich beaded and embroidered laces of these two colors; there is then a single bird or panache of feathers on the left showing both colors, and the strings of velvet or ottoman ribbon to match the color of the brim. One pretty fashion is that of dark green velvet for the entire outside of the bonnet, with shrimp pink velvet shirred inside the brim, and a cluster of shrimp pink ostrich tips outside. Electric blue velvet bonnets lined with ficelle gray shirred velvet, and trimmed with a ficelle plume or bird, are also fashionable contrasts. The full fronts of velvet mentioned above are rows of box-plaiting covering the brim, or else there are five or six rows of loops of velvet or satin ribbon thickly overlapped to form the brim, while the crown is either plain smooth velvet, or it may be a soft cap crown of embroidered velvet, or of plain velvet in two lengthwise box plaits, or gathered on a reed round and round in a circle, or else covered with the beaded and artistically embroidered laces.

Two shades of strawberry red velvet with a panache of the same shades and ottoman ribbon strings are liked in a small bonnet to be worn with black, green, or strawberry red dresses. The Arabi red velvet bonnets are also offered for both blondes and brunettes, and these are softened by a long scarf of Spanish guipure lace that serves for trimming and for strings, with either a red or black bird, or the inevitable cluster of three ostrich tips on the left. For black velvet bonnets these lace scarfs are also used, and there are black ostrich tips dusted all over with gold to trim them, and the brim may have gold cord passementerie on the edge or inside. Other black velvet bonnets with box-plaited brims are shot all over with gold beads; still others have jet crescents in black laces, and more youthful ones have a panache of shrimp pink or strawberry red or copper-colored feathers. The tiniest bonnets ever worn by a full grown woman are made for young ladies to match their suits. From front to back these measure only an eighth of a yard, and the crown is straight and flat against the head, so that they fit the back part of the head perfectly, resting on the law knotted coiffure. Plain velvet covers these; brocaded velvet ribbon crosses the brim carelessly in easy folds from ear to ear; the entire edge is bound with striped plush; two or three gilt stags, butterflies, beetles, or short pins with hammered gilt heads are stuck in the ribbon, and two small curled ostrich tips are on the left side. There are no strings, and the bonnet is held on by two long pins thrust through the crown and hair. Made of pale blue, shrimp pink or cream white, with beaded lace or ribbon, these are charming for dressy wear, while of black or dark velvet they are suitable for church or street, to wear with the plain cloth or cashmere costumes that are now chosen for church and street. Any ingenious young woman can make herself two or three such bonnets for the price she would have to pay for one made to order. The felt bonnets of small size are trimmed with velvet folds and breast feathers, or a bird, and most of these are close in shape, with the trimming producing an Alsacian effect by its outlines, though not always arranged in an Alsacian bow.

Very dressy pokes of terra-cotta, electric blue, or copper red felt have their entire trimming of ostrich feathers of the same shade passing around the front and sides far forward on the brim, but not meeting behind the crown; the edges are bound with striped plush ribbon provided for this purpose, and there are no strings. Elegant pokes are made of bright Arabi red or dark garnet velvet with shirred ficelle gray velvet lining, and a red bird with long plumage that sweeps around back of the crown. Hammered gilt beads set singly and an inch apart are the stylish finish for the brims of velvet bonnets. New "piece lace" of cords of French felt is used for the entire brims of bonnets that have velvet crowns, either black or colored. Among the novelties are braided chenille, plush and felt bonnets in imitation of the basket bonnets worn during the summer. For elderly ladies are black velvet bonnets with real Chantilly lace trimmings and black velvet bands held by clasps of antique silver; a bunch of dark pansies and strings of ottoman repped silk complete these. The new bright Arabi velvet is very effective in combination with dark brown velvet, plush and brownish-red plumes. A few amber beads are seen edging the brims of dark velvet bonnets, either brown, green, blue or black.

Velvet Scotch caps are imported for misses and school girls. Young ladies will wear large round hats of velvet, with the crown of one color and the brim of another. This brim is turned down in front and is rolled up on the left side and behind. A new fancy is to cover the brim with two soft puffs of velvet, and above this, half hiding the crown in front is a bird posed with its beak reaching down to the front edge of the brim, while a long ostrich plume is back of it on the left and behind. This is beautified with terra-cotta velvet for the crown, moss green velvet puffs on the brim, and both red and green in the bird and plume. For general wear dark felt round hats are chosen in shapes like those of velvet, and trimmed with velvet bands buckled around the crown and drooping plumes crossing the left to the back. Large thick twists or rolls of velvet trim the crowns of round hats and also of poke bonnets.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fruit in Italy.

We have fruit upon the table at every meal, except breakfast, just when we want it most. The markets are as pretty a picture as you would see, with the heaps and baskets of handsome, shining fruit. Vast quantities of grapes are raised for eating purposes, far more than with us. Several kinds of the grapes for table use are of a pale, translucent green color, very tender and pulpy. They are called white grapes. They are not particularly sweet, but have a very delicate, slightly tart flavor, which makes them peculiarly grateful to the taste in the broiling hot weather. They could undoubtedly be cultivated extensively in the Southern States of our own country, and ought to be. We have also seen some apples here and there, but so far as they have come under our notice neither the Italian apples or peaches are as fine as our own. Olives grow in every part of Italy that we have seen, which includes every portion except the southeastern.

The olive orchards here frequently cover the sides of the Apennine Mountains quite to the top. Thousands of acres are devoted to olive culture. When we used to read in the Bible about the people who ate bread, wine and olives, we always supposed, you remember, that an olive was a fruit to be eaten ripe, like a peach or an orange. It seems necessary to reconstruct our Bible belief in this respect. They tell us here that an olive is a fruit which must never be eaten raw that in that state it is a bitter, burning, acid-tasting thing which a goat itself would refuse to take down. It is a product to be pickled and then eaten, usually with bread. In the pickled state those who are accustomed to eating it in its native state say it is delicious. There are various ways of preserving the olive. It is chiefly raised, however, for the oil, on which, it is said, a great profit is made. There seems to be no good reason why it could not be cultivated successfully in Florida, and perhaps in other parts of the Southern United States. In appearance, the olive tree is about the size and shape of an ordinary peach tree, with a gnarled trunk. Its leaf is the shape of a peach leaf, but small, harsh and stiff. The color of the foliage is a pale, dull green, like that of a sage bush, the true æsthetic shade.

We have had a varied experience in eating fresh figs. There are several varieties, of different colors when ripe. We have eaten small green ones and large purple ones. Readers who are fortunate enough to have spent their childhood in the country, will remember the little woods fruit we used to call a "May apple." Well, a fresh Italian fig tastes like that. The rind is bitter and irritating and must be peeled off. Fig trees grow to great size.

Italian watermelons are good, very like those dear to the soul of the colored brother in August days. But the muskmelons taste to us Americans like a raw pumpkin. There was one fruit we could not possibly make out for a week or two. It was like a plum, and then, again, it wasn't. It was yellow inside, and smooth, shining and yellow, with a brilliant red cheek upon the outside. It was tougher and dryer than a peach, and yet tasted like one, and was on the whole good, and interest on the subject ran high. We took sides and had discussions. We bet bottles of wine on it. Was it peach, plum or apricot? At last we found a solemn old Italian waiter who knew enough English to solve this important question. He said the mysterious fruit was called the nut-peach. Did he make the name out of his own head? I don't know.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Girl's Race With a Street-Car.

A buxom German girl hailed a green car at Fifth Street and Avenue A about eleven o'clock on Saturday night. It was so crowded that she hesitated about getting on. The conductor told her to hurry, saying that he could not afford to wait all night. "You needn't wait," said the girl. "I can got by der Grand Street verry pefore dot gar." The car started off, and the girl returned to the sidewalk, where she broke into a lively run. Her progress was unimpeded by light shoes, or other fashionable attire. She ran with a freedom and grace that won the applause and admiration of all on the car. Young men on the rear platform shouted encouragingly to her, and waved their hats. People on the sidewalk stared at her in wonder. The car stopped at Second Street to let a woman out. The girl also stopped in the interests of fair play. She started again when the car did, keeping up the same pace. She bounded through Houston Street like a trained pedestrian, receiving applause and encouragement along the route. She stopped whenever the car stopped. When the car turned into Grand Street she was still even with it. The young men on the rear platform shouted to her to keep it up, and passengers inside put their heads out of the windows to see her. She passed the Grand Street terminus of the route thirty feet ahead of the car, and disappeared through the ferry gate, laughing merrily.—*N. Y. World.*

A Mistaken Vocation.

Euclid Curtis, a Winona (Miss.) lawyer, read about the exploits of the James and Younger brothers until his mind became saturated with a belief that the highwayman's life was one of honor and profit. Finding a few other loafers who fell in with his ideas, he organized a bandit band of his own who started out on their chosen career with the robbery of an old farmer named Pace, who took steps to have them arrested. Hearing this, Curtis and his band went to the old farmer's house, shot him dead in the presence of his boy, and escaped. Curtis wrote to the Sheriff of the county that as soon as he and his followers had killed two or three more men they would return and surrender.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—John Cullerton, head porter of a leading Chicago hotel, is worth over $100,000. He could almost afford to "mingle" with the head editors of leading Chicago papers.—*Courier-Journal.*

"Mark Twain" Cultivates Muscle—How He Was Misunderstood.

The genial humorist who sits up alone on the peak of East Hill, and from his elevated perch looks down upon Elmira for his inspiration in courting the comic muse, has been somewhat out of health this summer. Notwithstanding the fact that he located his book factory six hundred feet above the city in order to accomplish his bibulous paradox of being high and dry at the same time, yet he discovered that the pains and aches of malarial disturbance occasionally afflict him full sore, reminding him of the fogs and marshes of the Connecticut valleys from which he recently took flight. Sitting one day at his study window, nursing a little rheumatism, gazing far away over the peaceful city lying below him, and wondering whether there was one man within its limits who could knock the spots off him on a game of billiards, he was interrupted by the arrival of the family physician, who called to make a friendly visit. Into his sympathetic ear was poured the tale of the humorist's woes, and after a moment's consultation he remarked, "Clemens, what you need is exercise." With a look of gentle reproach, which soon changed to anxious innocence, the hero of many an experience of roughing it (in pictures,) and tramps at home and abroad (on paper,) made reply: "Well, that's right, that's all right, but who's going to do it for me? You see," he continued, "the men on the place are all busy and the children ain't big enough to accommplish anything, and——" "You must do it yourself!" was the professional stop put to the demur. "Do it myself? How in thunder do you expect—why, what can I do? There ain't a good poker player on this hill, and the hammock broke down yesterday, so I can't use that——" "No, no," interrupted the doctor, "you must have active exertive exercise; something that looks like work, you know. You can walk down town or swing dumb-bells, or chop wood, or——" "Hold on, you've struck it," exclaimed Mark. "I'll chop wood!" "Best thing you can do," said the doctor, as he took his leave. "It brings into play so many varied muscles, expands the chest, deepens the inspiration and superinduces a more bountiful oxygenation by the beautiful process of endosmosis and exosmosis, and hence the red corpuscles——" "Here, have a cigar," said Twain, pushing a box before him, "and let up on Moses." "You mustn't smoke, you know," the doctor said, as he picked out a weed. "O! no, I've stopped smoking," as he carefully placed a sheet of copy paper over three old stamps and a brier pipe; "I found that it disagreed with my family long ago." The doctor departed, and Clemens, with the glow of renewed health already shining in anticipation on his brow, took one of the farm hands from the harvest field and sent him to town after a new ax. He returned with the tool, bright-bladed, sharp-edged, and spent twenty minutes trying to explain to the bewildered author why the handle was made crooked, and that the red label was only intended to advertise the maker's name. "Well, but didn't they send any directions with it?" was the anxious inquiry. "How do you suppose an inexperienced person can load and fire that thing without rules?" Finally, thinking he had the hang of the thing, Clemens had the man hitch up and drive him up the road about a mile to a piece of woods, the ax carefully wrapped in an old coat, so that no one should be hurt by it. The members of the family went with him to look for flowers and berries while he chopped. Arriving at the desired spot he carefully took out the ax, unwrapped the old coat, and laid the tool down beside the stump of a dead pine. The family wandered away, picked one or two flowers, and then hastened back, as they heard him shouting their names. "I've done enough for to-day," he said, as they came near. They saw four blisters on his hands and a piece of new leather shining on one of his boots, but no wood lying around. However, they said nothing, and went home, the hired man carrying the ax.

That evening, sitting on the piazza, applying arnica to his hands, he said: "It's hard work, but I'm going to keep it up! It's splendid exercise, and just see how it has built up other great men! Why, you know, Greeley prolonged his life many years by chopping at Chappaqua, and Gladstone's alive yet and making things hot in Egypt only by reason of the beneficial results of an hour's chopping every day. You just wait a month and see me! I'll be able to fight Tug Wilson and row Courtney and out-talk Beecher."

All this was several weeks ago. Only a few days since Clemens noticed his new axe lying where he had left it on his return from his initial trip, its brightness changed to reproachful rust. Conscience smote him. He would resume exercise. He would attack anew the monarchs of the forest. He would acquire muscle. So he boldly marched for the same piece of woods and began operations on the old pine. But a few minutes had elapsed before a six-footer appeared before him, and the following colloquy ensued: "Now, you skin right out o' here, dum quick, young man! These is my woods, and you'll learn to let folkses property alone after I'm through with ye! Git now!" Searching on his forehead for an imaginary bead of sweat, Twain glanced dubiously at the enraged bucolic, and said: "Well, wh—what—seems—to—be—the matter with you?" "Matter, I'll show ye, dum ye! Tryin' to steal my wood!" "But, my good man, I don't want your wood!" "Then what are you cuttin' it for?" "Why, for exercise, that's all. The doctor said——" "O, that's too thin! Exercise! You look like a man that would do anything for exercise. Now (with renewed energy), you get right out o' here! Right out," and the farmer made threatening advances. "But—but—look here, my good man, you don't know who I am. You are talking to a——" "Yes, I do know. You're that Clemens. I've heard about your being here about four weeks ago, and I've had my eye on you ever since! Now (picking up a pine root), you git." Clemens took up the ax, cast a withering look on the bucolic, and sadly climbed out of the woods, over the fence and out of danger, the voice of the enraged landowner ringing in his ears for some distance down the road.

Why Mr. Clemens went so far to find a chopping-place, when there were three orchards between him and the woods, is not known. Greeley wanted to attack his wife's favorite shade trees, and Gladstone has spoiled many a valuable trunk in the park. They were not particular, and Mr. Clemens should not have been. That is the moral this story is intended to convey.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

The True Romance of Pocahontas.

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deerskin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agile little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companions, by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and by extraordinary bribes and maneuvers, brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the Captain of Powhatan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure so valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefore retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the Governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage.

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the King and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and, by help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the King was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the King's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew that she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the King's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of small pox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.—*The Century Magazine.*

For Young Readers.

"LIKE A COMET!"

A little maid, so wondrous wise
In speech, and with observing eyes,
Was wakened at the early morn,
And to an eastern window borne,
That she might see the comet, bright,
And nevermore forget the sight.

The shining star was pointed out,
Its head with splendor rayed about,
And then, outspreading like a dress,
Its train of dazzling loveliness,
And all the points that made it far
More beautiful than any star.

The little maiden gazed and gazed,
At such a wonder much amazed;
And never had she seen before
The morning sky so sprangled o'er,
Or learned that the silver moon
Stayed out so late, or rose so soon.

The stars kept winking overhead,
As if they longed to be in bed,
And two bright orbs in mamma's lap
Were closed to flush out their map,
While still the comet swept the skies,
The marvel of admiring eyes.

Next day within the nursery
The little maiden chanced to be,
When baby was on dress parade,
Its pretty finery well displayed,
As high in nurse's arms 'twas held
With all its frowns and fears dispelled.

Its flaxen head, with aureole bright,
Its lengthy train of dazzling white,
Were noted by the maid so wise,
Who stood, with widely opened eyes,
And said: "It looks"—her speech was slow—
"*Just like a comet!*" And 'twas so.
—*Josephine Pollard.*

A NEW GAME.

"What a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge. "Why doesn't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer, and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:

"You know that Bridget is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—you and your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Wont you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go right in there."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it's Finland."

"Aren't you coming?" asked Olive, as she listlessly folded an afghan. Again the answer was:

"Just as soon as we find Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. "With Leila and Nora both in Finland," she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game——"

She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each.

"Are you getting some strips ready for consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it's a game—a new one."

"A game! A new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let's play it! I'm tired of this map-puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't know that you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side downward. Then she said: "Now we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

After Leila had settled upon one of the slips, she and Nora made Olive shut her eyes while they changed all about the papers that were left, for fear that Olive, having made them, might choose a better one than they. At last they all had slips.

"Now read!" signaled Olive.

"Table!" said Nora, consulting her paper.

"Chairs!" read Leila, from hers.

"Carpet," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up a lot of playthings.

"Mine was carpet," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I'm to take everything off the carpet that doesn't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall with Teddy's hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table-cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says chairs," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire. "Look on your paper."

Sure enough, there was an *s* that Nora had overlooked! So the books found a place on the little stand while the big table was being brushed, and were then piled nicely up, and the magazines and papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller table.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a duster about as she went from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "The whole eight are done."

"I've finished, too," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fireplace. "Now, we all draw again."

Nora choose quickly this time, and went right at her work when she saw the word "Mantel," hardly hearing Leila say "Desk," and Olive "Lounge."

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive, a while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-satchel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their tasks, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success—don't we, Nora? And we see now why you didn't know the name," added Leila, laughingly.

"Here comes mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she smiled at the picture. The room a model of neatness, the winter's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces upturned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said mamma, in a tone of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she wouldn't return till dinner-time."

"She *isn't* home, mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila exchanged happy glances, and Nora couldn't keep from saying (though she said afterward she tried hard not to tell):

"We fixed it, mamma. It's Olive's game!"

Then, of course, mamma had to hear all about it, and papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red cardboard that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: "Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style," as he proceeded to write on each the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him.

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked papa, with pen ready to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Usefulness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty?'" put in Leila; "for we've promised to play it every day."

"Wouldn't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that mamma had proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?—*Katharine R. McDowell, in St. Nicholas.*

A Surprising Trick.

Yes, boys, real Simon-pure "magic." Just such tricks as you have seen the "magician" do; just such tricks as some of you may have seen your humble servant do.

A muslin sack large enough to contain a boy of fourteen is handed out for examination, and after the audience are satisfied that the seams are not only secure and perfect, but that its only opening is at the mouth, the performer's assistant gets inside. The sack is gathered over his head, and the mouth tied fast with a silk handkerchief, and then with a tape, the knots of the latter being not only sealed in any way that seems best to the audience, but the ends, which are left long, given to some one to hold.

A screen is now placed between the audience and the boy in the sack, the ends of the tape passing either over the top of the screen or through holes in its side.

It would seem impossible for the person thus securely enveloped to get out of the sack without cutting or untying the tape and handkerchief; and yet, O mystery of mysteries! in a few seconds the screen is thrown open, and the late occupant of the sack walks out, while the sack is found still tied up, the knots not tampered with, and the seals unbroken.

Surprising as this appears, there are needed but three requisites for its successful accomplishment: first, an assistant upon whose secrecy and faithfulness the young conjurer can rely, for he will require his help in very many tricks; second, *two* sacks, exactly alike, made of very light material, so that they will fold into small compass; and third, unlimited impudence, assurance, or what ever you may be pleased to call it.

When about to exhibit the trick, the performer comes forward, holding a silk handkerchief in one hand, and sack No. 1 in the other. The assistant, who is to be tied up, has the duplicate, or sack No. 2, concealed about him, say inside his vest, or in some such suitable place.

As soon as he gets fairly into No. 1, he whips out the duplicate, and puts the mouth of it inside the mouth of No. 1. The exhibitor, who is tumbling about as if to gather No. 1 over the assistant's head, seizes No. 2, and drawing out about nine inches of it, at once wraps the silk handkerchief over the two so as to cover the point where they meet. This he does deliberately, as an appearance of haste would give rise to suspicion among the audience. As it is now impossible for any one to distinguish between the parts of the two sacks, the exhibitor turns to his audience with the remark: "I have now tied up the mouth of the sack in such a way as to make it next to impossible for the young man to get out. But to make assurance doubly sure, I should like one of the audience to tie it again; this time with a piece of tape." As he says this, he produces the tape and ties it once around *the part between the handkerchief and the mouth of No. 2.* The person selected from the audience then draws the knots tight, seals them, and retains the ends of the tape in his hand.

When the screen is placed in position for home exhibition a clothes-horse with a sheet over it makes an excellent substitute for a screen—the assistant gently pulls on the mouth of No. 1, which is readily drawn out from under the handkerchief, and steps out, leaving the tape and handkerchief still closely wound around No. 2. It takes but a second to fold up No. 1, conceal it, and then to walk out from behind the screen to receive the applause of the audience.—*Henry Hatton, in Harper's Young People.*

—An Australian says: "We are overgrown children in Australia. Our politics and our social life smack of the village green."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A nail can be driven into hard wood successfully by dipping it into grease.

—When meats are put in the oven to roast, have no water in the pan; when they begin to brown then put in a little water.

—To make pastry flaky, mix it two or three days before using and place in a very cold place. It can be kept a week or ten days with good result.—*Chicago News.*

—Delicious cream pan cakes are made of the yelks of two eggs mixed with half a pint of cream and two ounces of sugar. Rub the pan with lard, and fry as thin as possible, and sprinkle well with sugar. —*St. Louis Globe.*

—Here is a recipe for a plain fruit cake, which is excellent if eaten while fresh: Stir or beat a half a pound of butter with a pound of sugar; then add four eggs which are well beaten, the whites and yelks separately; stir these until the mixture is very light, then add half a pound of English currants and about a pound of flour; stir one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder in the flour; flavor with mace. Bake in moderate oven.—*N. Y. Post.*

Veterinary surgery is looked upon with much more favor than was the case thirty or forty years ago. There are now many more veterinary surgeons who have passed a regular medical college course than there formerly were, and to *prescribe* for sick horses or cattle is not considered beneath the dignity of a regular M. D. As animals have not usually been drugged or dosed with stimulants they respond more readily to simple remedies than is the case with most human patients.—*American Cultivator.*

F. H. Hoskins says, in the *Rural New Yorker:* "The blackened sap running down from where a limb has been pruned away, certainly indicates something wrong. I once believed that it was due to pruning at the wrong season. But an old orchardist on Lake Champlain dropped the remark in my hearing that a hardy and healthy tree might be pruned at any time without this result, and that in any case where it occurred the tree would be found to be blackhearted. My observation since has confirmed that opinion.

Cooked Feed for Hogs.

We have steadily contended that any farmer could make his corn go twice as far in feeding hogs by cooking it before feeding, as to deal it out in the ear in the old pell-mell way of feeding raw in the ear, sometimes throwing it in the mud and sometimes feeding on a dirty floor. Up to the present time we only have experiments made on a very limited scale in this matter, but these have all thus far fully justified the opinion we have repeatedly expressed, that boiled corn can be made to go twice as far in feeding hogs as dry whole corn will go, and the feeding power of a given amount of corn can be doubled with a vast deal less labor than would be required to raise a double or two crops of corn. Like any other business, it will, of course, require proper fixtures for grinding and boiling the corn for feeding hogs on a full scale in this way. As to the experiments that have been made in this matter one of our exchanges says:

"A long series of experiments made by a farmer who found pork-making the most profitable part of farming, and who submitted everything to weighing and measuring, proved that the value of corn was doubled by grinding and scalding. Ninety pounds of hot water were poured on sixteen pounds of meal, in a covered tub, where it stood from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the weather. He found meal mixed with boiling water decidedly better than when mixed with cold water. It never required more than five pounds of meal to make a pound of pork. His long-continued experiments, conducted with careful weighing, gave the value of corn in the ear at sixty-two cents, dry meal eighty-seven cents, and cooked meal $1.12. Another experimenter found that it required a little less than four pounds of cooked meal to make a pound of pork, and about seven pounds in the ear. Still another experimenter found that pork made from whole corn cost twenty-two cents a pound, while that from cooked meal was only four and a half cents a pound. Several years ago Samuel H. Clay, of Kentucky, found by a series of experiments, that one bushel of dry, unground corn made five pounds ten ounces of live pork; while one bushel of whole corn, boiled, made fourteen pounds seven ounces."

Experiments like these ought certainly to set farmers to thinking seriously about getting up the fixtures necessary for grinding and feeding all the corn they may have to feed to their hogs, when ten acres of corn can by this kind of process be made to go as far in feeding as a crop of twenty acres will go when fed in the old way. Care, of course, should be taken by every farmer to provide himself with hogs of the best breeds that are known—good feeders, with good frames and such as are known to possess the early maturity quality in an eminent degree.—*The Drover's Journal.*

Salt and Lime.

The following is recommended as an excellent combination for fertilizing purposes: Mix one bushel of salt with two bushels of dry lime, under cover, and allow the mixture to decompose gradually, thus forming an intimate chemical union of the two materials. For this purpose the mixture should lie at least six weeks before use, or, still better, two or three months, the heap being turned over occasionally. This salt and lime mixture, when applied at the rate of twenty to thirty bushels per acre, forms an excellent top dressing for crops. It acts powerfully on the vegetable matter of soils. Fifty bushels applied to a turnip-field have produced as large a crop as twenty loads of barnyard manure. It is also very destructive to insects and grubs in the soil. Like salt, it attracts moisture from the air, and has been found useful against drouth. Its decomposing power is remarkable, and if three or four bushels of it are mixed with a cord of swamp muck the latter will soon be reduced to powder. Coarse manure is in a similar manner decomposed and made fine. Sour, wet muck thus treated and composted with barnyard manure constitutes a fertilizer almost as valuable as the unmixed manure of the barnyard.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A singular phenomenon was recently observed by several persons of Ripley, Chautauqua County, N. Y., while fishing on Lake Erie. The day being fine and the water very still, their attention was attracted to a spot some distance away by a bubbling and foaming of the water. They proceeded to investigate, and found that the troubling of the water was caused by a stream of gas which found its way up through forty feet of water, and which, upon applying a lighted match, burned for several minutes.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Judge's Experience.

Judge J. T. Bossier, of St Tammany parish, La., and of the State Legislature, thus expressed his opinion to one of our representatives: "I have found St Jacobs Oil to be very efficacious in sprains and bruises. In my opinion there is no oil or liniment equal to it." —*New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat.*

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.—*Hartford Times.*

The result of my use of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism is:—I have been recommending it ever since, says the Mayor of Chicago, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, in the Chicago *Times.*

We are curious to know how many feet go to make a mile in the estimation of the ladies, for the reason that we never met a lady who didn't wear shoes a mile too big for her. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

***Wise men say nothing in dangerous Ithica." Wise men use nothing in dangerous diseases but the best and most approved remedies. Thus Kidney-Wort is employed universally in cases of diseased liver, kidney and bowels. It will cost you but a trifle to try it, and the result will be most delightful.

When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Venereal Sores and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. It purifies the system, brings color to the cheeks and restores the sufferer to a normal condition of health and vigor.

Fritz thinks that a pair of corsets is nothing more nor less than a waist basket.—*Syracuse Herald.*

The Illustrious Three.

The celebrated "Trium Virate" of ancient Rome was not a whit more illustrious than those three Medical Compounds known as Mishler's Herb Bitters, Mishler's Green Label Bitters and Mishler's Red Label Bitters. Like "one star differing from another only in magnitude," so do these preparations differ from each other only in strength. The Herb Bitters, as everybody knows, cures Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver, Heart, Throat, Lung and such troubles. The Green Label Bitters on the other hand, "carry the war into Africa," that is to say, attack and cure hereditary diseases like Scrofula, Ulcers, Old Sores, White Swelling and Syphilitic diseases—those "sins of the father visited upon their children." The Red Label Bitters cures all types, forms and character of complaints belonging to the gentle sex, the ladies. These three preparations are the very best remedial agents of their class, ever offered to the public.

The Song of Solomon: So hellap me grashus, dot coat fits you like de baper on de valls.—*Puck.*

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

If you are going out in the wet or snow, use Wise's Axle Grease on your boots.

A young swell stood in the vestibule of a theater scowling savagely at a countryman near by who had been staring at him for several minutes, and said: "What do you take me for, anyhow?" "Wal, stranger," replied the grainger, "I've been a sizin' you up purty well fur a second or so, and I wouldn't take you, just as you stand, at any price—unless I was awful hard up for fertilizing material.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading Railroad Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

The paper-hanging business is a bad one, for it always sends a man to the wall.

Wise's Axle Grease contains no coal oil to injure the iron.

"Misery may like company, but I'd rader hab the rhumatis in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."—*Uncle Gabe.*

I hear that in North Carolina there is a woman that eats babies. I'm going to North Carolina to live.—*Old Bachelor.*

A Paris cook has discovered how to "bake ice." When he discovers how to boil ice-cream without melting the stuff, he will be ripe enough to die.—*Norristown Herald.*

A few days since a laborer, who was at work on John Street, fell into an excavation and broke his leg, and among the crowd which gathered was one who took it upon himself to convey the sad intelligence to the man's wife. "Break the news easy," groaned the victim, "for my wife is very emotional and may be completely upset." The bearer of the message hurried on his way, and in his excitement knocked at the door of the wrong house. It was opened by a woman who remarked that she didn't want to buy anything, and she was closing it with a bang when the man protested: "Madam, I have a message for you!" "What is it?" "It is in regard to your husband. Don't get excited, for it is only a trifling accident. I came to announce to you that your husband has had a leg broken." "He has, eh! Been in his grave three years and had a leg broken, eh! Now, you rascal, fly through that gate or I'll break every bone in your body!" She produced the club necessary to keep her word, but the man flew. He wasn't prepared for that kind of emotion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why do dogs have fleas!" a young naturalist asks us. Dear boy, that's just what the dogs are anxious to know.—*Boston Post.*

Pearls signify tears when the husband refuses to buy them.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Fruit eaten at night is baneful." This is one of those wise axioms proved to be true by Adam. His trouble was caused by eating an apple after Eve.

Hackneyed expression—"Have a carriage, sir?"

The man who is anxious for something to turn up can be accommodated by putting a glass of water under a toper's nose.

A Revolution

in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, many years ago discovered a sure remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills; they have had a wonderful sale and success. They can be relied on to permanently cure sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and all nervous diseases. All druggists keep them. Price, 50 cents per box. Two boxes for $1, six for $2.50, free by mail on receipt of price. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

A printer, turned lawyer, knows what a good case is.

Redding's Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

The right kind of a dog in a yard is a terrier to evil doers.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Use it when your skin breaks out in pimples. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50 cts.

Capital punishment: Shutting the refractory lad in the closet where the preserves are kept.—*The Judge.*

Women that have been bedridden for years have been completely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why was the Brooklyn bridge painted? To cover the steel.—*N. Y. Post.*

Use Wise's Axle Grease on one side of your wagon, and any other grease on the other side, you will see Wise's is the best.

Pleasanter by far: To pay your addresses than your debts.—*The Judge.*

☞ Failed articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

Ant-Fat is a very distant relative to Oleo, the Queen of Greece.

"Buchupaiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1.

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty cent piece is shoved on him.

Men who have money to loan take the greatest possible interest in their business.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

St. Jacobs Oil

Trade Mark.

The Great German Remedy.

For

Rheumatism,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages. 1

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Hostetter's Celebrated

Stomach Bitters

Old fashionable remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great tonic, which tones the system, tranquillizes the nerves, neutralizes malaria, depurates and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Burglars Outwitted!

A simple, sure and durable BURGLAR-PROOF DOOR ATTACHMENT. It can be readily attached to any lock and securely fastens the door so it cannot be unlocked from the outside. It takes the place of bolts and does not deface the door or casing. Every house will buy one or more. AGENTS WANTED for this and other articles which lady agents can handle. Address S. NEAL & CO., "AGENCY EMPORIUM," Room 2, No. 230 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Petrolina Medicated Plain.

The remedial properties of Arnica flowers, Gum Camphor and Carbolic Acid are known to the whole world. When combined with Petrolina in proper proportions, for human use, for the cure of disease, **Arnicated Petrolina** is mild and bland, and heals for all very sore and tender injuries, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, bites, stings, bites of insects, etc. **Impregnated** for neuralgia, gout, rheumatism, painful tumors and swellings, bunions, corns and pains of every description. **Carbolated** for ulcers, running sores, scrofulous tumors, erysipelas, nasal catarrh, piles, tetter, itch, in fact all diseases of the skin. **Plain** or simple Petrolina may be used in any of the above complaints. Internally it never fails to relieve sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, croup and bronchial affections. Sold by druggists. 25c and 50c. per bottle.

Bounty and Arrears of Pay to UNION SOLDIERS Reported on ROLLS as DESERTERS.

ACT OF AUGUST 7th, 1882. Apply to

Milo B. Stevens & Co.

OFFICES: Le Droit Building, Washington, D.C.; Case Building, Cleveland, Ohio; Abstract Building, Detroit, Mich.; Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address H. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

Engines (Traction & Portable) for Farm, Saw Mill & Plantation. For prices, etc. write The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, O.

Educational.

Coleman Business College, Newark, N. J. Write for Catalogue. Coleman & Palmer, Props.

Young Men if you want to learn Telegraphy a few months, and be sure of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

Merchant's Gargling Oil

A Liniment for Man & Beast.

Merchant's Gargling Oil is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with white wrapper, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles *only*, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

Allen's Lung Balsam

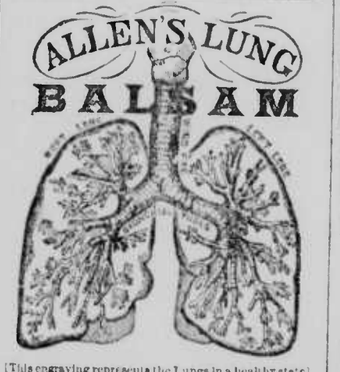

[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state]

A Good Family Remedy!

Strictly Pure.

Harmless to the Most Delicate!

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Wm. C. Diggs, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4, 1882, that he wants us to know that the Lung Balsam he bought of us cured his mother of consumption, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

Wm. A. Graham & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Matthias Fuhrman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

Voluntary Editorial from the Dubuque Herald.

Allen's Lung Balsam is a popular remedy in Dubuque and the surrounding country. The druggists whom we have interviewed in regard to the sale of different remedies for Lung Diseases, all speak in high terms of Allen's Lung Balsam, and only as having the largest sale, but of giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used. In relation to its excellent curative properties we can speak from experience, having used it in our family for a long time.

As an Expectorant It has No Equal.

FOR SALE BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

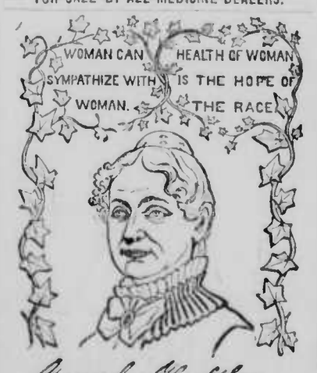

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound.

A Sure Cure for all Female Weaknesses, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, Prolapsus Uteri, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ For all Weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvelous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜ (2)

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Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

Mason & Hamlin Organs

are certainly best, having been so decreed at every **Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years;** no other American organs having been found equal at any. Also **cheapest.** Style 70; 9 octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only **$22. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES** at $30, $35, $68, $72, $78, $85, $105, $115 to $500 and up. *The larger styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs.* Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue free. This Company have commenced the manufacture of **Upright Grand Pianos,** introducing important improvements; adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. *Will not require tuning one-quarter as much as other Pianos.* **Illustrated Circulars FREE. The MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Co., 154** Tremont St., Boston; **46** E. **14th** St., New York; **149** Wabash Ave., Chicago.

New Rich Blood!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from **1** to **12** weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 letter stamps. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

This N.Y. Singer, $20

With $8 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect, 1 drawer running quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial home when desired. **Happy Home Organs,** 4 sets Reeds, 12 stops, Mechanical Sub Bass, octave coupler, 3 knee swells, with Stool and Book, only $65. Also sent on test trial plan if desired. Elegant case, magnificent tone, durable and sold cheap. Circular, with testimonials free. Ask G. Payne & Co., 47 Third av., Chicago.

The Best Family Magazine For Two Dollars.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.

Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters, or the Editor of this paper will take your subscription. Send twenty cents for a specimen copy to W. Jennings Demorest, Publisher, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and posting; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. Gleason & Co., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Agents! Wanted! Agents!

Josiah Allen's Wife

New Holiday **Book**

"Miss Richards' Boy." 20 a day easily sold. We want an Agent in every town. Send for circulars, terms, and agency to American Publishing Co., Hartford, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

Fits

A London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of Epileptic Fits.

From An Editorial of the Times.

Dr. Ab. Meserole, late of London, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing. We have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

Dr. Ab. Meserole, No. 96 John St., New York.

Agents are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For **Samples** and **Terms,** address the

Clipper M'f'g Co., (Limited)

No. 61 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

Do Not Fail

to send for our fall price list for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of over 3,000 articles required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,000 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their specialty. Business.

Montgomery Ward & Co., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents Wanted for the History of the U. S. by Alexander H. Stephens.

It contains over 300 fine portraits and engravings of battles and other historical scenes, and is the most complete and valuable history ever published. It is sold by subscription only, and Agents are wanted in every county. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents.

National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Frazer Axle Grease.

It is the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is made of Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Piso's Cure for Cures where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. Consumption

Pension Wm. T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C. 20 years experience. Recommended by Wm. Lawrence, First Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, Senator John Sherman and others. Prosecutes all claims against the Government. Very diligent and prompt.

Religious Books. Also Prang's and Marcus Ward's choice Christmas and New Year's cards. What Books we have not in stock we will obtain for you if possible. Orders promptly attended to. Terms cash. Send cash with order to WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY, 239 Fourth Ave., New York.

Agents wanted for hundreds more illustrated Works of character; great variety; **Books and Bibles** low in price; selling fast. Liberal terms offered. **Dot Glass Bros. & Payne,** Cincinnati, O.

Consumption.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

$200 a month. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for particulars. I'm one & Strong, 98 Desplaines St., Chicago

$47 A month and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address P. W. Zieglers & Co., Box 84, Philada., Pa.

Sarsendorph's Miniature Medical Galvanic Batterys. Agents Wanted in every State. 57 West Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. **Price, 50c.**

Piles Catarrh, Nervous Debility & Dropsy cured, by letter. Dr. Peebles, Montreal, P.Q.

Agents

(Ladies or Gentlemen)

Make Money Fast Handling

Mrs. Owens' Cook Book.

Invaluable to Housekeepers. Practical and Popular.

Outfit $1.25. F. E. OWENS, 330 Fulton Street, Chicago.

Railroad Gazette.

A JOURNAL OF TRANSPORTATION.

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Published at 73 Broadway, New York.

Universal Favorites.

Minstrel Songs. OLD and NEW.

Here, at last, we have nearly all the world famous, universally admired, sung and whistled melodies, in one book, 140 popular Ballads and Plantation Songs, with piano accompaniments. This number includes "Old Folks at Home," "Old Kentucky Home," "Zip Coon," "Nelly Bly," "Camptown Races," "Golden Slippers," "Lily Dale," "Twinkling Stars," "By the Bright Light," and there are more than 40 others.

$2, plain. $2.50, cloth. $3, gilt.

How to Play the Banjo, by A. M. Pupin, is a capital little guide book for teachers and scholars, and such as every practical teacher will like to have. Mailed for 50 cents.

The Musical Favorite.

This and the Minstrel Songs are the latest additions to Ditson's "Home Musical Library," have more than 300 pages each, full sheet music size, are handsomely bound, and give a great deal of music for a moderate price.

The Musical Favorite contains about 50 pieces of an average length of 3 to 4 pages each, of medium difficulty, and by the most popular composers, as Waldenfel, Gottschalk, Rieke, Wilson, Schumann, Auber, Lumbye, etc., in all 38 composers.

$2, plain. $2.50, cloth. $3, gilt.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, N. Y.

A Man

who is unacquainted with the Geography of this country will see by examining this map that the

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Perfect Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"Albert Lea Route."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kenkakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

Great Rock Island Route,

at your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. Cable, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. St. John, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Ag't.

Chicago.

Strong Points about **Mishler's Herb Bitters**

are an absolute cure for **Kidney Troubles, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.**

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S. since 1865, and in Germany for over 20 years. For the complaints peculiar to all of the **Female Sex** they are unequalled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proven a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. *Proved best.*

A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature. Highly commended as a general Tonic and Appetizer. Send for "Mishler's Herald of Health." Mishler Herb Bitters Co. Manufactured by Mishler Herb Co.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator

Only Vegetable Compound that acts Directly Upon the Liver, and Cures Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria, Costiveness, Headache. It Assists Digestion, Strengthens the System, Regulates the Bowels, Purifies the Blood. A Book sent FREE.

DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, N.Y.

☞ FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ☜

Kidney-Wort

For the Permanent Cure of Constipation.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

Piles. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines has failed before.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

Price $1. Use Druggists Self Kidney-Wort

Kidney-Wort at the same time to Cleanse, Regulate, Liver and Bowels.

Art Needlework and Painting! For Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Art Work, Designs, Etc., send two 2-cent stamps. Bragdon & Fenetti, 23 Union Square, New York City.

Hair Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. Burnham, 71 State Street, Chicago.

A. H. Farquhar, York, Pa., Saw Mills, Engines, Standard Implements. Send for Catalogue.

Ill Catalogue of 1000 Books free to any address. Agents Wanted. Nat'l Book Co., 733 Broadway St., N. Y.

A Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A Conjuror Astonished.

Hermann, the conjuror, is a practical joker and likes to play tricks on people, and being very skillful with his fingers and hands he succeeds in astonishing a good many. But he was astonished himself if not long since in South America, The Pall Mall *Gazette* relates that during a performance at the house of the governor of Montevideo he undertook to mystify three half savage Patagonians who were present. He stupefied the first by taking an orange from his nose; he astonished the second by producing a series of piastres from his hair, but the third seemed overpowered with terror as he extracted from his nose a living rat. Uttering a cry of fright the Patagonian withdrew, and the company congratulated Hermann upon his success. While receiving the congratulations he suddenly discovered that his watch was gone, and that his chain had gone with it. His purse, too, had disappeared, and his eyeglass and pocket-handkerchief. Half an hour afterward the chief of the Patagonians returned, bringing the missing articles. The savage from whose nose Hermann had extracted the rat had emptied the conjuror's pockets at the moment when he was pretending to be overcome with terror at the unexpected apparition of the rat from the tip of his nose.

Costly Cotton Picking.

The extraordinary intelligence comes from Texas that cotton pickers are so scarce that a cent a pound is the price paid for picking. As the demand for labor at the South is very great and its reward very high, the 6,580,793 colored people of the nation have no occasion to migrate northward in order to thrive. The census of 1880 showed that Texas had 393,384 colored inhabitants—enough to do a vast amount of cotton picking, although less than half the number in Georgia, which has more than any State. The cotton crop of the year ending with August, 1881, the greatest in the history of the country, was about 2,635,731,600 pounds; the next greatest crop, that of the following year, was about 2,175,000,000 pounds, and it is perhaps safe to reckon the crop now being picked at 2,000,000,000 pounds. At a cent a pound, the amount paid for picking the crop would be $20,000,000, one-fourth of which would be sufficient to put a snug sum in the pocket of every colored worker in the cotton States. The high price of labor is one of the signs of growing prosperity at the South.

Napoleon Bonaparte is credited with the suggestion in 1800 that sugar be manufactured from beets. He was unwilling that France should be dependent upon the English colonies for sugar. The industry he introduced did not at first prove profitable, however, as the methods of manufacture were then very crude. What Napoleon attempted to do to make France independent the people of America are endeavoring to do to save $10,000,000 a year, the amount paid for imported sugar. Beet sugar is now extensively manufactured, and its quality is such that chemical analysis sometimes fails to distinguish it from cane sugar. The yield of beets is from fifteen to twenty tons per acre, enough to make from one to two tons of sugar. It is believed that the manufacture of sugar will increase in the United States until the home product supplies each inhabitant with the thirty-five pounds of sugar he annually consumes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.
MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant preparation is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.
LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE,
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power contained in a certain mortgage from Crampton Harvey, of Garrett county, Maryland, to William H. Hall of said county, bearing date the 21st day of May, in the year 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 624 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid, and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, in the year 1881, duly and for value received by the said William H. Hall, assigned to John M. Davis and Singleton L. Townshend, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Davis & Townshend, the subscriber, as Attorney named, in the said mortgage will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of Coddington's Hotel, in the town of Oakland on

Saturday, November 11th, 1882

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., of said day all the right, title and interest of the said Crampton Harvey, in and to all those pieces, parcels and lots of land lying in said Garrett county, known and described as

Military Lot No. 1387 and parts of Lots Nos. 1329, 1389 and 1395,

the same being part of a tract of land called

"William and Mary,"

for a full and particular description of which said mortgaged premises, a reference is hereby made to the said mortgage, it being the same land which was conveyed to the said Crampton Harvey, by the said William H. Hall by deed bearing date May 21st, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folios 615 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county aforesaid.

Said land contains 100 acres more or less, is nearly all cleared, in a fine state of cultivation and one of the most desirable farms in the southern portion of the county, also improved by a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms—cash on day of sale.

J. W. VEITCH,
Attorney named in said Mortgage.
12 4

Road Petition.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners at their next meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, to locate a road beginning at or near the "Bishoff" School House, and running through the lands of Geo. E. Bishoff, William Casteel, Silas F. Cuppett and George W. Griffith, to intersect the Legislative road at some point between the Flat Rocks and Geo. W. Griffith's field, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
S. L. WELCH,
SILAS F. CUPPETT.
10 7 5

Road Petition.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for a public county road beginning at a point on the road leading from Altamont to the Moon Settlement, near the "Eagle Rock" road, and running through the lands of Hubbard McCullough and John Pugh, to the Kitzmillerville and Ryans Glade road, at the Pugh School House.

JEHU PUGH,
HENRY TASKER,
ABE McCOBBIE.
10 7 5

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.55 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.03 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.51 A. M.
No. 4	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	9.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transporte
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store. v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
v3 9—Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n18

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL
—OF—
SPRING & SUMMER
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
—AT—
G. E. HINKLEY'S
Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No disadvantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
42 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FOR SALE
Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.'S COLUMN.

A New Departure!

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

Have determined to do business only

FOR CASH,

OR TRADE

—AT—

CASH PRICES!

Our reasons for making the change is that we have found that the only correct way is to sell our goods for CASH, and by so doing be able to compete with other places where they do business on correct business principles and that is to sell for

CASH OR TRADE AT CASH PRICES.

If you buy goods from a house that sells for cash, you do not have to help pay the bad debts of their customers that buy on time and never pay for them.

By selling for cash we are able to give our customers the benefit of the extra profit every merchant has to put on his goods to cover his losses by bad debts.

By buying from a house that TRUSTS NO ONE, it makes no bad debts, and is able to go into the market and buy for *CASH* to the best advantage, and are not bound to any house, but can buy from the one that sells the BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

Oakland, Md., Nov. 1, 1882.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND
WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassimetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1n6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John E. Gnagey and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
9 21 5 Examiners.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 260 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money more fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD a great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. (e21-y)

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882. NUMBER 39.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large farm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 19 tf

SELL & SPECHT,

McHENRY, MD.,

Take this mode of informing the people of Garrett county, that they keep on hand a full line of

DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Groceries

Boots and Shoes,

as well as

Tobaccos, Notions, Confectionery, &c.,

which they will dispose of for Cash or good produce on the most favorable terms.

Give them a call and examine their Goods and Prices,

and when you can do as well as anywhere else, you should

Support Home Enterprise

Thanks for past favors, and we hope by fair dealing to merit a continuance of the same.

SELL & SPECHT.

6 17 1y

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

"EXCELSIOR."

EXCELSIOR.

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange any unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and size, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & Co PATENTS NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.

Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all.

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only positive specific for diseases of every disease to which flesh is heir. (In Constitution, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it. MAN-A-LIN is a compound of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly coincides with the VIS MEDICATRIX NATURA in every disease, and a cure always follows. There is not an organ it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet, "The Citadel of Life," Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors.

For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE AT

GARTHRIGHT'S STORE,

—FOR—

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

As I am in need of funds to carry on the work of building a store and other buildings at Mountain Lake Park,

I am offering some splendid bargains in a large and well selected stock of

OVERCOATS,

—AND—

SUITS FOR MEN & BOYS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND GUM BOOTS.

All of the different makes of Plows to be sold at COST.

All who know themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come and pay up old accounts and make new ones if they wish, BUT ON SHORT TIME, in order to help me along in building.

☞ Come and examine before you buy elsewhere, and tell your friends who do not take a paper.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Mineral Springs, Md.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

TRUE ADVICE.

BURDETT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

It is well, my boy, to save some of your strength for old age. Don't waste it all, and don't use it all up in the pleasures and toils and follies of youth. Save some of it. Save a good deal of it. In the expressive dialect of Arkansaw, save up a right smart heap, and you can use it right peart and still have a right considerable left for your old age. But save it principally from your dissipation, my boy. Save it by going to bed at ten rather than by sitting up to drink beer until half-past one. Too much sleep is injurious, it is true, but then fifteen hours sleep will harm you less than six hours of wine supper. Go slow on these things, my boy, and at sixty you will have ten years of forty-five left in brawn and blood and brains.

But don't be so saving of your youthful strength that you will have all of it left at sixty. Because you won't. You may save it, but it won't be there. It will waste by disuse. Just now is the time when you must work the hardest, but as I told you a while ago, hard work won't hurt you.

Improve your time, my boy. Put in every minute in honest hard work, or tranquil meditation, or healthful recreation. That is all I ask you to do. Oh, "you believe you'll select meditation as a profession," then, do you? It strikes you that it is easy work to sit and think, eh? Now, my boy, if you want something easy, you had much better stand and chop wood. It isn't easy to think. We don't think half as much as we want to make people believe we do. In fact, we don't think nearly so much as we think we do. Busy thought and aimless idleness are often very similar in external appearance. Edison, sitting before his fireless forge, with his hands folded listlessly in his lap, looking at nothing, may be apparently as idle, even idler, than the man perched on the end of a cotton wood log, watching his cork bob lazily in the yellow water of a sluggish creek. But the results are in one instance the telephone and the electric light, and in the other the ague and a soft-mouthed sucker and a catfish four inches long. The one dreams out marvellous inventions that thrill the world with wonder and multiply commercial activity, and gives them to the eager, waiting world; or at least he sells them to Jay Gould and Jay Gould sells them to the world, and the other contracts a malarial fever and gives it to his family. It is not easy to think; we waste more time than we use, and the hours slip away so miselessly and easily, we don't know where they have gone.

I have sometimes thought, Telemachus, if a man could only have always present with him some constant reminder of the flight of time; if he could have in his room a great hour glass, laden with just the equal and exact sands of life. If he could every day watch the steadily dropping grains, and knew that when they all ran through, the last grain would just complete his grave. If when he closed his eyes he knew that all night long the priceless grains ran through, if in the silent hours of darkness when he awoke he could hear them dropping steadily as a drip, drip, drip of a water clock. If when he came in from a journey he could see how much of the sands of his life had run out while he journeyed for pleasure or profit. If, sometimes, he could stand before it and watch the swift grains running away with his life; and he should feel that alway, and alway, night and day, sleeping and waking, fasting or feasting, working or resting, wherever he went or whatever he did, no faster, no slower, steadily, pitilessly, the sands ran through and always every hour the life heap above fell away and the grave heap below piled up and up. If he could realize that no thought or care, or skill or learning could make them run more slowly by and by, or add one light grain to the measure meted out and sealed against his life by the inexorable fates, I wonder how many of the dropping he would turn into gold by the alchemy of his industry?

Pshaw, my son, if you had such a glass the novelty of the thing would wear away in thirty days. Some night when you came in late from a toilsome game of "draw," so to speak, or a walking match around a billiard table, or some popular nightmare known as a brilliant spectacular drama, you would look at your warning hour glass and say, "By George, it seems to me sand is getting distressingly scarce in the upper story. Je-roo-salem! How these boots do hurt my feet. I'd like to kill the man that made 'em." And you would be asleep in twenty minutes. Reminders? Why the world is full of reminders that our lives are slipping away. Every time you hear the clock strike ten it is to remind you that you may never hear it strike eleven. When the Egyptians of the olden time had the ghastly skeleton carried at their feasts, did it cast a gloom over the community? Not a shadow. It made them merrier. "See what you are coming to," they shouted, and ate and drank like a poor relation at his annual dinner party, to which he was invited to fill up. Fill up the party, I mean.

You see, my boy, you can't afford to waste time just now. This is your working time. It may not seem fair, I know, that the world should judge you, and your youth and inexperience by the highest standard of human success and attainment, but it does, and we can't change the way of the world. You must now do everything your best, and keep on your company behavior at the same time. It is the man with only one suit of clothes and a small salary, Telemachus, who at all times must be polite and agreeable and a faultless observer of all points and forms of etiquette. The man worth $100,000 may trample upon your corns, walk across your wife's train, eat pie with a knife, and take his soup with a swish and a swoop that sound like a horse walking in the mud and his standing in society isn't injured by it. But you can't afford these expensive luxuries on you present salary, my boy. Thompson the poet, who wrote so in praise of early rising, rarely got out of bed before eleven o'clock, and wrote most of these poems, indeed, while lying in bed. He used to be seen walking, or rather lounging about in Lord Burlington's gardens, with his hands crowded into his pockets, lazily biting off of the sunny sides of the peaches. But, when you can duplicate "The Seasons," you may lie in bed till noon, all day, if you please, and the world will still thank you for living. When you have written so much, so vigorous and so beautiful poetry as Mr. Tennyson has, my son, when you can command $20 a line for your poetry, you can afford to write as poor poetry as Mr. Tennyson now does. But don't try it now, my boy.

The Democratic Opportunity.

It strikes us that our friends the Democratic leaders and statesmen—who are just now hurrying into print with their full disclosures of the plans and purposes of their party, and their favorite methods for retaining the confidence of the people so that the seed of 1882 may come to a harvest in 1884—are living a trifle wild. Here come immediately on the heels of this great Democratic success a considerable troupe of statesmen, each with his own notion of the meaning of the victory and his own idea of the proper methods for securing and making permanent the results. Mr. Samuel J. Randall, under whose leadership when his party was in power the appropriations were so befogged and mixed up with deficiency bills as to make it quite possible for him to claim the credit of having effected a great retrenchment in the expenditures of the Government, is of the opinion that the thing to do is cut down the appropriations, exhibit the Democracy to the country as the party of economy, and on that record go to the people in 1884. It isn't at all strange that he should view the situation in that light. This is his hobby. If his party takes it up, the chances are several to one that it will take him up with it. There are many apostles of the gospel of cheese-paring retrenchment in the Democratic party, but of all of them Mr. Randall is chief. And if retrenchment is to be the issue for 1884, there is no one fitter than he to lead the hosts.

But here comes Mr. Watterson to the front with the only real true-blue, simon-pure, sure-to-work recipe for a Democratic victory in 1884, in the shape of a straightforward and manly adoption of the free-trade dogma as the issue. Behind him are Frank Hurd, of Ohio, Carlisle, Beck and Blackburn, of Kentucky, Hewitt, Cox and Dorsheimer, of New York, and stragglers from all the States. To the Watterson mind the thing seems perfectly plain. The party, according to his notion, did not suffer defeat in 1880 because the tariff-for-revenue plank was in the platform, but because the party leaders got frightened in the midst of the canvass and, fearing the effect upon the voters, undertook to explain it away. What the party wants, according to the Watterson theory, is simply the courage of its convictions. It should set itself right before the people upon this question at its first opportunity—which will come with the opening of the next Congress—and thereon boldly go to the country as the open advocates of free trade, or in the milder phrase in which they put it, of a tariff for revenue only. According to the leaders of this class of Democratic politicians, the great need of the party is an agreement upon a fixed and definite economic policy, and that policy must be the traditional free-trade policy of the party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

American Fables.

A parrot who lived next door to a nightingale one day rushed over and rang the bell and called out:

"For heaven's sake do ask your children to stop that noise!"

"What noise?"

"Why, that infernal chattering and shrieking in your back yard. People talk about the sweet song of the nightingale, but in truth it is enough to drive one insane. I demand that you keep your children still."

"But I have no children."

"Well, who is that making such a noise behind the house?"

"Beg pardon, but the noise is in your own yard."

"Then what business have nightingales on the premises?"

"The racket is caused by your own children Mrs. Parrot.

"Indeed, so it is; but if you didn't live next door they wouldn't act so."

"You forget that I had lived here for years when you came into this neighborhood."

"Yes; but I didn't suppose you would be so touchy about a trifling noise."

"Let me remind you that I had not even noticed the racket until you came over here to complain."

"Oh, well!" snapped the parrot, as she turned away, "if you are bound to pick a fuss with me because the voice of a parrot is sweeter than that of a nightingale, you will certainly find some excuse to do so, and I might as well save my breath."

Moral—If you are a parrot, never get among nightingales, unless you hanker to be abused.

An Obdurate Publican.

From London Society.

An old Scottish dame, rather too fond of "the mountain dew," was one day "unco' dronthie" and without funds wherewith to provide a "drappie." She thought that there was a chance of getting it on credit from a public house near; so, summoning her little granddaughter, she said:

"Lassie, gang round to Donald MacCalum and bring me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him i' the morning."

Back came the damsel with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whiskey without cash. Eager and irritated the old woman cast about for some means of "raising the wind," and her eye fell upon the family Bible,

"Here, lassie," said she, "gin him this, and tell him to keep it until I bring the siller."

Off went the little messenger, who soon returned, however, bearing the Bible. Donald was obdurate.

"He says he maun hae the bawbees first granny," said the little girl.

With an angry snort the old grandmother threw up her arms and exclaimed:

"Losh! did onybody ever hear the like o' that! The man will neither take my word nor the word o' God for a gill o' whuskey!"

Children and Work.

In an English industrial school containing about six hundred children, half girls and half boys, it became convenient to give the girls about eighteen hours of book instruction per week and eighteen hours of work, while the boys remained at full school time of thirty-six hours per week. On examination day it was found that the girls were more alert mentally and practically in advance of the boys. When work was found for the boys and their school hours reduced from thirty six to eighteen, they did as well as the girls. While too much work and too little play makes Jack a dull boy, it seems pretty evident that a portion of children's time can be employed in industrial work to their advantage. Perhaps it would do well to divide their waking hours, one third to work, one third to study and one-third to play.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

In a Sleeping Car.

Tuesday night on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway train, bound west, a large party of wholesale druggists were in a special sleeping car on their way to the druggists' convention at Cleaveland. Among them was a small-sized man, full of Democracy, and instead of going to bed like his fellow-travelers, mostly Republicans, he kept awake and would jump off at every station and ask how New York had gone. At a stopping-place he heard that Cleveland had 100,000 majority and that it was increasing. Full of excitement the enthusiastic little man rushed back in the car, and thrusting his hand into a berth, dragged out, as he thought, a brother druggist. The latter's wife was, however, with him; and they had changed positions, consequently the Democrat got the wrong man (?) out on the floor. Those who happened to stick their heads out between the curtains saw a confused mass of petticoats, Democrat, hosiery, Republican, shawls, etc., and the next moment the enthusiastic Democrat was making a bee-line for the smoking-car, where he spent the remainder of the night. What action the druggists' convention took upon the erring brother the published proceeding does not show.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

Influence of the Soil on Health.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already accepted; and recent investigations show pretty exclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating the marvelous effect *Peruna* has on those diseases, and in their convalescent state. JOHN E. COURTNEY, of Cory, Pa., says; "I am still getting better, thanks to your *Peruna* and *Manalin.*" See page 24 in "Ills of Life."

The Democratic party, in the exuberance of their joy at the recent victory, are predicting the speedy disease and dissolution of the Republican party. In fact they have proclaimed its death already, fixed the date of the funeral obsequies and propose to administer on the estate at once.

Hold on, gentlemen; hold on a bit. We admit that the "Republican Boy" did get a terrible spanking last week, one that he will not soon forget, and he may not be able to sit for awhile with any degree of comfort, yet he is not dead. When the mother has applied the slipper to an unruly boy, the funeral does not follow immediately after. Not much. Perhaps the "Republican Boy" deserved all he got last week—we know he needed something of the kind; but the Republicans who voted to chastise him are as much Republicans as ever, and the boy is not dead. He was entirely too robust to be killed so easily and so suddenly; and the country we all love so well cannot dispense with his services yet; and there is no corpse prepared for the funeral; and there won't be a funeral; and we advise the Democrats not to run too close to that supposed corpse, if they do not want to be kicked into the middle of next year. Wait until next year; wait until 1884, and you will see how much good this spanking did the Republican party. Better postpone your funeral arrangements until it is certain the corpse is ready for the funeral, and don't administer on the estate while the testator is alive.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

Heartily Recommended.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

"Well," remarked a young M. D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt up a good location, and wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

The men who uttered that "Infamous Circular" and cowardly libel against Louis E. McComas in this county, must feel too mean to live and too dirty to die. Go and do like Judas did.—*Hagerstown Odd Fellow.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THANKSGIVING.

When the orchards with blossoms were blushing,
The willows unrolling their leaves,
And the fields with the tender wheat flushing
That soon would be waving with sheaves,
Not then went the toiler to labor,
The task of subduing the earth,
With the sound of the pipe and the tabor,
With anthems of joyance and mirth.

Nor yet when processional flowers
Passed on through the light or the gloom,
When the vivid and picturesque hours
Laughed out in a splendor of bloom.
When the oriole, royal and golden,
Flashed forth like a gem in the sun,
Still man by stern duty was holden,
Not yet was the victory won.

When the vines on the trellis were burdened
With clusters all purple and sweet;
When the hand of the worker was guerdoned
With bounty of harvests complete;
When wide over mountain and valley
The banners of autumn, unfurled
In a vast and magnificent rally,
Shed lustre and pomp o'er the world;—

Then pausing to think of the story
Of promise, fulfillment and cheer,
The hope and the faith and the glory,
The crown of the beautiful year,
From the stress of our care-weighted living,
The strain of our hurrying days,
We break, and uplift a thanksgiving
To God, who is worthy of praise.

And what if the stories lie before us,
The days that are dreary and cold,
Since the love that is vigilant o'er us
Guards over the young and the old,
Still answers the earnest endeavor
With more than a measured reward,
And suffers our weariness never
To slip from the grasp of the Lord.

So, silver-haired father and mother,
So, middle-age sturdy and strong,
So, dear little sister and brother,
Join voices and hearts in the song;
To the sound of the pipe and the tabor
Weave chorals of gladness and mirth,
For the toiler may rest from his labor,
And plenty hath dowered the earth.

THE WIDOW'S FESTIVAL.

How long the days were!

Day after day he had lain there, weak, suffering, patient, enduring all things, and rewarding all care with a look of tender gratitude, a faint hand-pressure, now and then a word of thanks.

The accident had been dreadful. Through the carelessness of a switch-tender a fast train had left the track and plunged over a high trestle-work. Thirty people were killed at once and at least fifty injured. Among the latter this man, Judge Seymour, was hurt worst of all. Others had broken bones and bruised muscles; some were taken up senseless, and, lingering unconscious for a day or two, died without returning to their senses—a merciful dispensation: but the physicians in his case pronounced the spine seriously hurt and feared internal injuries. He might recover, and he might not. Time would show.

He was a vigorous man, of middle age, with a lovely, loving wife and three children, just elected Governor of his native State; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty; his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune and a pleasant home. What more could life offer him? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that with him all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her; but they were young. They leaned on her, and she had clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she grew, as a vine grows, weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wearing out with a strain of suspense and anxiety: trying to keep her face calm and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alterations of hope and fear tortured her, and, watching the minute symptoms, the momentary aspects, the most trivial details, she lost all power to generalize and comprehend the case. She did not see that he gained nothing in reality, that no day found him stronger; but that every week he lost something and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless, unrecognizing, blind. Years before, in driving slowly past a little country graveyard, a new monument erected to the memory of a young man killed by the caving in of a sand-quarry had caught her eye. She knew the incident and recalled the name she saw; but the fence hid all but the first line of the epitaph, which ran:

"Without one parting word."

It had touched her deeply at the time and often since; but now she knew what it meant. Over and over it rang in her ear and moved her silent lips as she hurried her head in the pillow beside her dead and longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her even in her despair. They must not enter. So she rose and went out to them and told them. They were children. They could not even know what death was, and their questions, their incredulity, their want of grief, that was ignorance instead of heartlessness, stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence and sent them all away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone and began to know it.

But why should I describe the dire experience we have almost all been through, in some form? What I have to do with is Mrs. Seymour's life after the funeral pageant was over, the grave green, the children taught their sorrow by those about them and then comforted out of it into practical forgetfulness. But Eleanor Seymour did not forget; time did not comfort her. She felt day after day more deeply the loss of her life; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it past repair: in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted." Her children were rosy, careless, happy, and in health—they had their school and their comrades; but she had made few friends in Salem since they went there to live, at the time she married Mr. Seymour. She was not a women of broad nature, and yet she was intense. She had all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society—even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and, though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart and find therein the relief of "the grief that speaks."

She came home from church one dark November day, had her late dinner, saw the children safe in their beds, and seated herself by the kindled wood fire in the library to spend her solitary evening; for the rain beat fiercely now against the northeast window, and in its gusty pauses the roaring surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind even through the heart of the town. For this reason of the storm she stayed from church to-night; and, as she sat staring into the flicker of the fire, something recalled to her the proclamation for Thanksgiving Day that had been read from the pulpit that afternoon. Her lips smiled with a scorn sadder than tears.

"Thanksgiving!" she murmured. "I keep Thanksgiving!" and her thoughts went back to all the times she had kept that festival in her life, kept it outwardly and in spirit, for she was a good woman and meant to be a grateful one till three months ago. She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins in the old red Greenwich farmhouse; how much a new dress meant and what wonderful viands Grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming home from school, and her brother brought his class-mates home with him—such as had no near homes, at least—"to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband. Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry parted her lips, the fire fell into brands, flickered, grew dull; and she went on with her review of the past. There was her wedding-day—that had been on Thanksgiving. Her mother she had never known. Oscar and she were all the children, and of the three she and her father were left then, and he only lived to see the next feast, the first of her matronhood celebrated in her own house.

Since then were not all her Thanksgivings alike? All full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness? And now——

"I shall not try to have a Thanksgiving," she said, dreamily; and, looking up, saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It was so customary and natural to see him there that only a full, sweet sense of peace stole over her. She seemed to have just come home, and to be so glad; but he did not smile. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his:

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy," adding, "there are other widows beside you, Nelly."

Other widows! What did he mean? She rose to her feet with a start. A brand fell, blazed up, went out. The chair opposite hers was empty. The clock on the shelf struck nine. It had marked the half hour, she remembered, just as the first brands fell together. It was a dream, then. She shivered and came back to life, lit the lamp, fed the dying fire and returned to her new grief. Now because that face had been so real, her gladness so deep, and now it was lost once more, with a fresh bereavement. But, though the tears fell hopelessly and fast from her eyes, and her heart ached anew with the rebellious anguish of loss, still his words kept recurring to her. She had not thought of that before. There were other widows, no doubt—others sorrowing with her sorrow, in kind, if not in degree. She remembered one whom she had been to see in her charitable rounds, and then another, and among her acquaintances she recalled one whose husband had, not long since, died abroad, and another widowed suddenly years ago, and still another who had married an old love when he was smitten with consumption and nursed him to his death. She was startled to see how she had passed by all these sorrows as mere matters of course, without any real sympathy; and a sense of companionship stole upon her, as if, suddenly wrecked on some desert shore, she had met with beings of her own race after long lonely weeks of silence and despair.

Then the thought flashed across her that all these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her? It would be, at least, a sympathetic, if a sad festival.

The idea laid hold upon her. It was the first reaching out of the detached tendril toward another and a surer support. She fell asleep, thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shamefaced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sacredly wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad, grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan. The children welcomed her with more caresses that morning than for many a long day. With childish instinct they felt she was not so cold or so unwilling to return their tender way. They dared to laugh now at the breakfast table, for she smiled with them. She had learned the first letters of the lesson meant for her, and learned them thoroughly; the next were to come. When the early day's duties were over, she sat down again by the library fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But, whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth story of a tenement house and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion at dinner for Mrs. Gray, whose husband, dying in Florence, had left her more money than she could spend and a house and grounds money could scarcely improve. A text from the Bible flashed into her mind, as texts will on the most convenient or inconvenient occasions, sometimes to our aid, sometimes to our confusion: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

With a thrill in her dumb and darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a good woman, at heart a sincere Christian: but her love and her loss had come between her and her duty, her hope of Heaven, her living work. With shame and contrition, she saw her place before God, and recognized her own deserving, and His hand of love and power. It was the work of a moment and had but a moment's sway, for the old anguish came crowding back and surged over her once more, like an angry wave across a wreck. She made her first effort to master it, however, in returning to the thought of Thanksgiving Day. The matter of her guests was settled for her now, and she felt that it would be easier far for her to feel and express sympathy with these sufferers than with persons who must observe the usages and reticences of higher social spheres. So she drew out the old visiting list of poor, so long neglected, and in the afternoon set out on her errand.

Charity of any sort is not always easy or pleasant to administer. The poor, at least in this country, are hedged about with their own self-respect, and a certain barrier of jealous pride, a feeling that they are just as good as anybody else, and will not be condescended to. All this Mrs. Seymour had to contend with, besides the individual traits of character. The shyness, the real humility, the want of fit clothing, the dread of being uncouth, and the natural instinct of refusal to anything proposed by another—that is a marked and almost universal trait of New England character. It was the work of several days, much weariness, more patience and many promises to insure the attendance of six poor widows at her table, who would not have feasted, but probably fasted, at their own homes; but the effort done her good. Her sense of humor awoke, her interest in something beside her own grief was strongly aroused, and the patience that was only retained by a constant inward reference to the Master's brought him more nearly, more dearly to mind every hour, and with him the word of the angel at the sepulcher—a word meant for every mourner at the grave of the body: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen!"

It was an invaluable teaching, that long week's experience; and when, at last, Mrs. Broome was certain of a new cap, Mrs. Perkins understood that Mrs. Seymour knew as well as she did that her uncle's widow always sent her a turkey and a squash from Deerfield (when she had them to send) for Thanksgiving; when Mrs. Peck had made her feel that her own ancestors had been much better of in their day than the Seymours, and Mrs. Hutchins really took to heart the fact that Mrs. Seymour could and did want a "poor old cretur" like her to sit at her table and share her feast: when Aunt Hannah Broomfield saw that "Mis' Skuttles, she that was old Jake Brown's darter,' although asked would not be well enough to go, so that Aunt Hannah would not have to "demean herself" by the encounter; and, last of all, "Widder Johnson" received the ear-trumpet, without which she refused to enter into the social circle; then Mrs. Seymour felt that there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week than for long before. She had, indeed, gone out of that cell of self which isolates us all in a new grief, and tasted once more the light and sweetness of that heavenly day which shines on the evil and the good, but is reflected only from the unselfish and sincere spirit.

The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them, with trembling lips, "Papa would like it." Eleanor Seymour had begun to find that her children had not forgotten their father, and that in their tender talk about him, which now she encouraged, after so long a silence, she had heretofore lost a consolation and a pleasure. Faster and faster she was learning.

At last Thanksgiving Day came. Mrs. Broome, smiling in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins, trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first comers. Then the carriage came again, with lame Mrs. Hutchins, meek and deprecatory, in her alpacca gown; Mrs. Peck, proudly dangling an old miniature of one of her aforesaid ancestors done up as a locket in a pinchbeck setting; and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "genteel" as she could make herself in a clean muslin neckerchief and a hair-painted breastpin. "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner only and walked, coming in with a brandished ear-trumpet in her hand and her face beaming. The dinner was a great success. The "baby" of the house sat in his high chair, by mamma; but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests and enjoyed their office.

"Them is sweet children of your'n, Mis' Seymour," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been seech a blessin'; but when he died I was the lonesomest! Seemed as though there wan't nothin'."

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins. "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they wan't no comfort to speak of, for they went and had diptheery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off, just as sudden. T'other one held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever see. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer. I wanted for her to get rest and easement so."

Eleanor's arm stole round little Jacky, and Mrs. Hotchins said, gently:

"I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember't when Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip trouble; and a young baby, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had or could have no trouble like mine, the world over; but somehow I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, 'and the Lord helps the lame and the lazy,' folks say. I do' know about the lazy, but I do about the lame," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to this confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an audible sniff and a hard, shrill voice. "I din't think I was the worst off that ever was when Mr. Peck died, now I say for't. His folks was real respectable, so to speak; but he was a drinkin' character. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. My folks didn't really fellowship him. They said he was low-lived and opposed my havin' of him consider'ble; but I was set in my way to have him, and, come to find out, he wa'n't steady. He had the tremens in five years and died on't; and I went out a sewin', to keep body and soul together. There was them that counseled me to marry again, and there was them that asked me to; but I allers said once was enough. I hadn't no pleasant recollections of the state o' matrimony and I wa'n't a-goin' to try it no more. I could take care of myself, an' so I could ef my eyes hadn't lia' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Seymour looked at her with infinite pity. Not even a blessed past, a taste of earthly felicity to look back on, but a life all bitter disappointment and grinding work; while she had the dear memory of years underlying her loss.

"You don't none of ye hev jest my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Jeems Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin' ship when we was married. My sakes! what a feller he was to joke an' to carry on! He had means, too. We was real well off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three-years' voyage right away, and then he didn't stay to home no time when he did come; but I had twins for to show him when he come back fust, and you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about Pa, an' where he went to an' what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners, and hed their little ships a-sailin' in the tide-pools, rigged as nateral as life; and I declare for't, they trapped a young rat one day. The trap killed it, and I smelt the awfulest smell afore long out 'n the yard, an' they was a-strippin' an' fleusin' an' tryin' up that rat, a-pretendin' 'twas a whale. Makes me laugh now."

And Aunt Hannah drew her yellow silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"Well, 'twas part my fault. I let 'em. It fetched Jeems to mind, somehow, and I didn't hanker after him half so bad when them little fellers was a-chirrupin' and a-carryin' on all the time. But, fust I knowed, they was eighteen year old, and they hadn't seen their Pa more'n five times; but he came back then, and there they was as likely men as you'd see; and he hed money in the bank, and he and Jehiel Styles they clubbed and built a whaler o' their own, and Jeems was cap'en and 'Hiel fust mate, and nothin' would serve but them boys must go along fust voyage. Well, it's thirty year ago. I'm goin' on sixty-eight now; but I don't like to talk on't. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, and night and day; winds a-blowin' an' tempests howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin', and here I be. I do' know so much as where their bones do lie, nor I haven't this thirty year."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it; but little Rachel, who had listened, with her sweet brown eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms about Aunt Hannah's neck and, with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a resounding kiss.

The old lady laughed.

"That done me real good, pussy," she said.

"I kep' a school for children twenty odd year to Gloucester. I do' know but what I should ha' died but for them. Waitin' is work, now, I tell ye; but I hain't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty fur ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's; and when tea had been sent in to them, as they gathered round the open fire, and they at last went off in relays in the carriage Eleanor Seymour had sent for them, she sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands. What had she not to be thankful for? Living, loving children, a long, sweet memory of love and care lavished on her, of honest happiness, an ample provision left not only for her needs, but her comforts, and the certainty that her husband was in a better home than the earthly one he had left. He had not perished on the "desolate, rainy seas," with beloved children, helpless to rescue or be rescued beside him; she had been with him to the last, and his grave was made in the bosom of his native earth. How ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips: "I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." And it seemed to her, as she lifted her streaming eyes, that she could see her husband's face smiling at her across the fire-place; but it was an imagination, not a dream.

She had, at last, found that her grief did not exceed all other sorrow, that her loss was not unique or immeasurable, that life had still abundant gifts for her and Heaven an ever-brightening promise. Not that she forgot her husband or ceased to mourn for him; but his memory became a sacred treasure, instead of a sharp regret, and her mourning wore the face of a veiled joy, as it led her into the hearts of her fellow-sufferers and taught her how to console them with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, widowed Thanksgiving.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in N. Y. Independent.*

Scobeleff's Test of the Sentry.

As a disciplinarian he was firm and strict. No point was too minute to be overlooked. Scobeleff's videttes were never caught napping. His knowledge of the detail of military duty was universal—even to sounding all the bugle calls. An illustration of the discipline of his corps occurs to me. I had been talking with him of military breech-loaders and discussing the merits of various systems. Taking a "Berdan," with which the troops were latterly armed, from a soldier, he undid the breach and lock and explained the mechanism with the precision of a gunsmith. Returning the rifle to the soldier, he turned, walking up to a sentry a few paces distant, he said: "Let me see your rifle"—extending his hand as he spoke. The man saluted and replied: "I can not, your excellency." "But I want to see if it is clean," persisted the General. "I cannot, your excellency," again said the sentry, as firm as a rock. Scobeleff smiled, pulled his ears and walked on. I asked an explanation, whereupon he said that a rule of war with him was that no sentry on duty was on any account to give up possession of his arms—not even to the Czar himself. "But," said I, "suppose the sentry had given up his rifle when you were seemingly so serious in asking it. What then?" "He would have been shot," quietly replied the General, "for disobedience to orders in times of war."—*Fortnightly Review.*

The Morgue of St. Bernard.

The great curiosity at the monastery of the Mount St. Bernard is the morgue. If the day is a little warm the brother who attends to visitors hesitates a bit before opening the door of the wooden house just outside the chief building. He first drives away the dogs, who come prowling about, snuffing the air suspiciously, and has them shut into their room opposite the huge refectory. Then he marshals the little company of international tourists in line before the mysterious door, and opens the chamber of horrors. The keen mountain air rushes in, and presently you are conscious of a faint, sickly odor—not strong enough to be repulsive, but eminently suggestive of death. Then, as you stand there peering with strained eyeballs into the darkness, you become vaguely conscious that a face is looking at you. I defy any one who is possessed of the smallest grain of imagination to see that mysterious face growing slowly out of the obscurity without a sudden sinking of the heart and a chill which no effort of the will can suppress. It is the face of a woman—and yet of a ghost; a kind of corporeal presence divested of life and yet so horribly like life that you are almost afraid the bony and skinny frame to which it belongs will arise and stretch out its dreadful arms, and drag you down into the depths which you so instinctively shun. The good brother does not say anything; he watches the effect of this curious spectacle upon you. Pretty soon you can discern that the face belongs to the body of a woman—and that this woman is clasping to her breast the form of a tiny babe. The mother is seated on the ground, and appears to be dazed by the light pouring down into her darksome habitation. But oh! the horror of her face! Here is death without a decay; here, in this wondrous air, on this pass more than eight thousand feet above the sea level, putrefaction is unknown; and bodies found in the snows in winter—or after the white shroud has melted away from the bosom of nature in the spring—are preserved entire so long as the monks care to keep them. The grimness of the spectacle is enhanced by the fact that nearly every body found is contorted, twisted, strained and knotted in fantastic shape. Now and then one which bears all the appearance of tranquil sleep is brought in; but in most cases there are indications that man and woman, in their battle with nature, fought hard and desperately and refused to be overcome until every particle of force was exhausted. The brethren gather up the bodies with tender care and place them in the dead-house in the usually vain hope that some relatives may come to recognize them. Where is the father of the child which this strange spectral mother clasps in her arms? What was the history of the woman who had thus wandered in the wild winter from the Rhone valley toward the kinder and warmer Italian slopes? Perhaps her husband was with her—and perhaps his body now lies at the bottom of some precipice where even the "pious monks of Saint Bernard" cannot find him—or perhaps he is here, in the dead-house; perhaps that prostrate body, seeming to grovel on the rocky floor, is his. The peasants rarely carry any paper which can completely identify them, and sometimes the unfortunates found dead in the pass led such wandering lives—going to Switzerland for harvest work in the summer and to Italy when the winter nips them—that their passports even give no clew to to their birthplaces or native villages.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Flat Feet.

The chief surgeon of the Swiss Federal army declares that the Swiss examining surgeons are compelled to reject every year 800 recruits—the strength of a battalion—for malformation of the foot resulting from wearing badly-fitting shoes. The human foot is in reality a bow so elastic that at every step it expands and contracts, lengthens and shortens. A line drawn through the center of the great toe should intersect the heel. But, despite all the books which have ever been written on the anatomy of the organ in question, those whose business it is to cover it act as if the foot were a solid piece of mechanism. They cabin, crib and confine the big toe, which requires room for lateral expansion, until it is forced against its neighbors and is tortured by corns, bunions, and sometimes painful inflammation of the joints. Flat-footedness is due to many causes connected with improperly-made shoes; yet, if people would insist on their foot gear being constructed so as to allow the toes free action and the instep its due play, it would be quite possible to cure the mischief.

A pair of perfect shoes, the Swiss Medical Colonel contends, should, when placed together, touch only at the toes and heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion, should exceed them by about one "size." The peculiar, awkward running gait of women and big girls is due to a weak-kneedness characteristic of the sex, owing to the different way the upper supports of their limbs grow as they approach maturity. This condition is well seen in pictures and statues, and forces the woman in running to move the knees around each other, and throw the feet out in successive of small semi-circles. In men, on the contrary, the knee-cap looks a little outward, instead of straight forward, and their knees are quite free. The result of the high-heeled, high-legged boots now in vogue for women is to render the natural condition a deformity, and by throwing the weight of the body on the inner ankle, to break down the arch of the foot and produce flat-foot, or complete evenness of one or both feet.

All in One.

"Father," he suddenly observed, as he threw an ear of corn into the basket and warmed his fingers by blowing on them, "they say there is a good deal of politics in town just now."

"Is, eh?"

"Yes, and they have speeches almost every night."

"Do, eh?"

"Yes, and bonfires."

"Bonfires? That puts me in mind. We'll build one in the lot and husk corn every night after this until we finish up the job! Lucky that you happened to mention the name. We'll bonfire and husk and politics all at the same time.—*Exchange.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are thirty-two Episcopal newspapers in the United States.

—Bishop Borgess, of Michigan, has issued a pastoral forbidding the marrying of Catholics and Protestants under pain of excommunication.—*Detroit Post.*

—Livingstone Hall, of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., was dedicated recently. The cost of the structure, $60,000, was provided for by a bequest of Mrs. M. E. Stone, of Malden, Mass.

—The Government of Japan have resolved on the establishment of 53,760 primary schools. The whole empire is divided into eight collegiate departments, with one college to each department. Even children under six years of age will be compelled to attend the primary school.

—The Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association has been incorporated at Boston. It is formed for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious and energetic Christians, and by their prudence, labor and perseverance restoring it to its former grandeur.—*Boston Post.*

—A fashionable church in New York has an "invalid room," a luxurious apartment near the pulpit, but out of sight of the congregation, where invalids can sit, lie down, walk around, leave or enter at any time without disturbing any one else, yet at the same time be able to hear the entire service.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A day or two ago, during a grammar lesson in one of our public schools, the teacher asked the pupils to form a sentence using a relative pronoun. Among the answers the subjoined came from a sharp little urchin: "I met my cousin." On being asked where was the relative pronoun, the lad looked up and said: "My cousin is a relative."—*Boston Traveller.*

—The gift of John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., of $1,000,000 for the educational benefit of the freedmen of the South, is now in charge of the trustees of the fund, which is now incorporated under the laws of New York State. Ex-President Hayes is the president of the board and its other members are Chief Justice Waite, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Daniel C. Gilman, John A. Stewart, Alfred H. Colquitt, Morris K. Jesup, James P. Boyce and William A. Slater.

—The wealthy Methodists of Philadelphia who are building the new Trinity Church have planned an extraordinary edifice which is not a copy of any other on earth. The new building will have under one roof the church auditorium, the Sunday-school, the dining-room, and all the conveniences that advanced architectural ingenuity suggest or liberal expenditure procure. The style is Gothic, with a profusion of stained-glass windows. One majestic polychromatic window is to be twenty feet wide and forty feet high, admitting a flood of many-colored light. The church will seat about 1,500 persons, but is so connected with the Sunday-school room that the two can be thrown into one, thus accommodating more than 3,000 persons. Bishop Simpson laid the corner-stone for the new building.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An exchange prints a long article about "Courting in the last Century." It has no interest for the man whose courting days are over. He'd rather know something about courting in the next century.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Up to a dozen years ago it was generally believed all over the world that a cat could kill a sleeping child by sucking its breath. Twenty years hence no one will believe that dropping the dish-cloth brings bad luck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Heard at the Conundrum Club. "What is the difference between a frigid undulation and a deu in the forest?" The prize answer was, "One is a cold wave, and the other is a wold cave." Music by the band.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Among the presents received by the bride at a recent New York wedding was an order for twenty tons of coal. Probably it was from the unsuccessful suitor who felt that he owed the girl's family about that amount of fuel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A New York stone cutter received the following epitaph from a German to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine vife Susan is dead. If she had lived till nex' Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so it must stan'."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A female, young or old, who does a man's work ought to get a man's pay.—*Boston Globe.* "True; and if you will look at the new fall styles you will perceive that many women who don't do a man's work are getting a pretty good share of a man's pay.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A resident of Yorkville recently found a basket on the sidewalk at his house. It was covered with linen. He grasped it quickly, and rushed to the station-house, crying, "A Doctor! I still lives! For I saw it kicking through the linen?" At that moment a woman rushed into the station-house, shrieking, "Mein Gott in himmel! Vy for you run away mit my Limberger cheese?"—*Farm and Fireside.*

—Husband and wife have been having a little tiff. Finally the good man engulfs his head in his hat and makes for the door, deadly determination visible in every outflying tail of his coat. "When'll you be back, my dear?" hazards the meek partner of his wedded life. "Whenever I please, madam!" "Do try and not be any later than that if you can help it!" is her meek reply.—*Exchange.*

—"Have you any black ladies' cloth?" she asked, ambling up to the counter and focusing her glasses on the mild-mannered clerk. "No, ma'am," he answered civilly, "but we have a choice article in camel's hair." "Do I look as if I'm in need of camel's hair?" she asked, leaning over a counter. "See here, young man, when I want hair I know enough to go to a hair store and buy it! You can't get off any of your dead cir'us stock on me! Camel hair, indeed!" and she domned off before the dazed clerk could recover his wits and explain.—*Danbury News.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A DREAM OF HOME.

The sun's rays slant the path along,
The air is balmy as in June;
The robin sings his evening song,
And through the sky the new, gray moon
Moves calmly on, unrammeled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,
The frog croaks by the water's rim;
There's to contest the lily grows,
And there the fishes, darting, swim.
I hear and see the old brown mill,
But ah, those sad words haunt me still—
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,
In drowsy mood the cows await
The farm boy's call upon the air,
While, with his pail, beside the gate
Which opens down the grassy lane,
My brother breathes these words of pain—
"Not yet!"

The steepled church, the school house near,
The wood where I have roamed at will;
The quaint, old farm house, to me dear,
My youthful home—my manhood's still—
I see them as in days gone by,
But something whispers on I sigh
"Not yet!"

O, Hearts, to whom there is no May!
Who yearn to hear my footfalls where
The path, so beaten, takes its way
Under old trees so grand and fair!
Dear Hearts who long for me to come,
I can but say I can go home
"Not yet!"

For longer, still, your breasts must know
A sadness free from all disguise,
Ere I can leave these scenes and go
And look into fair, loving eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—
"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
As when one dreamful Autumn day
I said "good-bye," and passed along
Down the old walk, and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have, as now, to say
"Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this!
Still must I wait! All I can do
Is just to wait a long, long bliss
Bedewed with love, oh, Hearts, to you,
And murmur those sad words once more,
Forthought of in the days of yore—
"Not yet!"

Baltimore American.

MISS EULALIE'S ELM-TREE.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim, cool recess in the woods on a summer's day. Miss Eulalie loved it, and, except for her gay young ward, it would seem as if she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there; of the still, moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure—pleasure, because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her; what had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him, *perhaps he had never really loved her* at all, and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year she watched the tender green of the elm thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions; it was a poem to her; and yet, after all, it was only Miss Eulalie's elm-tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner. Mrs. Vaughn, the purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Eulalie had taken the situation. When Mrs. Vaughn died, she devised that Miss Eulalie should make a home with Isabel; be mother, sister, and teacher, all in one, to that wayward young person, till she should marry—in short, stand in the gap. Miss Eulalie had been used to standing in gaps all her life; this was nothing new. And it was a home—her old home where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked at twilight beneath the old elm its leaves seemed to whisper, "Just here he kissed you first," and "Here you said good-by." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Valentine, tapping its trunk with his cane as he walked by; "hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Eulalie."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined; "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"*Never*, while I live, Captain Valentine."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than any one in Littleford; that I can buy ever tree in the place, and cut it down if I choose."

"Then it is only from pure good-nature that you beg my consent to cut down this exquisite tree? Do you know I have loved it from a child; my grandfather planted it——"

"I know that Miss Isabel owns the whole estate, and I know that this bone of contention, this tree, obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Eulalie, which is more to the point—that its boughs leap into the air so high and spread their branches so wide that it blots out the view of the sea, 'the open sea:'" and he passed on up the long green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby. Miss Eulalie looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of brilliant flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvet terraces and lawn, and smiled. Why had Captain Valentine chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all, at his time of life, with no family to inherit, and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, she thought, in the spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with. Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart Miss Eulalie never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Anson Andrews had sailed together in the Water Witch. How angry he had been then! how jealous of Anson! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's blood to recall the words—when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But, of course, he had forgotten all that—the ravings of an untamed nature. He had been only second mate then, with little or nothing ahead in the world; to-day he was Captain Valentine, with the world at his feet: the richest man in town, perhaps.

"You might have been mistress up there, Miss Eulalie," he had reminded her one day, pausing at her gateway after the house was done. "But you took your choice—you took your choice, and"—laughing—"they tell us that beggars shouldn't be choosers."

From the very first Captain Valentine had raised a hue and cry about Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; it almost seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her, as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself. "I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes every morning on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor, a tree which will drop of its own will presently."

"Captain Valentine, she said, "you have my word, once for all; the elm shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but indeed," he answered, and a wicked, angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before. The man could hold fire like iron.

But then the subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought; "he makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Eulalie did not do the Captain justice. One twilight, as she returned from a sick neighbor's, it gave her a curious shock to see her pretty ward, Isabel Vaughn, talking over the hedge which separated the grounds, to Captain Valentine, who wore a rose in his button-hole.

"See, dear Miss Eulalie," she cried—see what a basket of roses Captain Valentine has brought us! And might I go up to The Towers to-morrow with Mrs. Van Buff to see Captain Valentine's Corot?"

Miss Eulalie could hardly refuse—why should she?—and Isabel returned in ecstasies with the mediæval furniture, the Persian draperies, the wonderful carved ivories, the carpets like woodland moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of ant-eaters and tawny lions.

"It is just heavenly," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited to come back. Why did you let me go, Miss Eulalie? And the elm-tree *does* interfere with his view more or less; but what of that? He has everything else. He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle-horse. Captain Valentine has promised to lend me a safe one."

And day after day he kept his word, and brought his horses round for Miss Isabel to try, or left flowers and fruits that fairly inundated the small house; or perhaps he gathered the young people together, and gave a fete under his trees, with dancing on the broad veranda hung with festoons of Chinese lanterns; and sometimes Miss Eulalie was obliged to chaperon Isabel, and sit, a faded wall-flower, in the house of her old suitor.

"I wonder why Captain Valentine never married?" said Isabel, after one of these fetes. "I wonder how it seems to be so everlasting rich; to have no worry about money; to——"

"Isabel," warned Miss Eulalie, "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousandfold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice, but if you must go without everything else, without pretty gowns and jewels and splendor, give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Pretty gowns, jewels and splendor, lose their charm when you are used to them, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Eulalie's words were wasted. "I love money," Isabel confessed; "I adore clothes. I don't know about love."

In spite of all that had happened, Miss Eulalie was quite unprepared when Isabel said to her: I've something to tell you. I dare say you know it already, though. I am going to marry Captain Valentine, and wear cashmeres and sapphires, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Eulalie.

"Then it's the best joke in the world! It's no joke to the other girls, let me tell you."

"You are going to marry Captain Valentine? Do you know that he is old enough——"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Isabel?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Isabel, don't do it. You will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I can't allow it; the *idea* of you marrying him! It is too preposterous, too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of my own," pursued Miss Eulalie, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him and save me the trouble?" asked Isabel. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You loved somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Isabel. I had another lover—Anson Andrews. I've never gotten over it. There have been weeks and months when I've tried with all my soul to forget him—to unlove him. He and Captain Valentine sailed together in the Water Witch, and when Captain Valentine returned he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Anson Andrews, but never a word more."

"You dear old faithful thing! you shall dress in satin de Lyon and thread lace; we shall live in the lap of luxury; and I'll send word to Anson Andrews if he is at farthest Thule. How oddly things turn out! Fancy me marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Isabel, I beg you not to——"

"Not marry Captain Valentine just because I'm not in love? Perhaps I never shall be in love. You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment. You mustn't expect everybody to have as intense feelings as yourself. I couldn't remember a man fifteen years if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Captain Valentine and Isabel were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old elm-tree, which made pretty dancing shadows on the wall. It was a most informal affair; and when it was over, and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was trying on her traveling hat, Miss Eulalie stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were the workingmen doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Eulalie," said Captain Valentine. "I am going to celebrate my wedding day. Isabel has made me a wedding gift of the old elm-tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at The Towers, while we look out at the 'dreary winter sea.' Miss Eulalie, when you thwart a Valentine, you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Isabel for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refused to marry me, I swore I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Eulalie turned silently toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and when a strange blur had cleared away from before her eyes, Captain Valentine lay dead beneath a great arm of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Isabel, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with Mr. Billings, the executor, and we ferreted out this letter. It's from Anson Andrews. I thought it explained something; at any rate you might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"DEAR VAL" (Miss Eulalie read)—"Here I am, leagues from home, but possessed with an unquenchable longing to hear from the old place, and a homesickness which no money can relieve. Sometimes when I'm smoking in my bungalow, alone, I fancy I am home again under the old elm-tree with Eulalie, still young, with hope in my soul, and presently I awake from the day-dream and berate myself soundly for allowing the old wound to throb and ache. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years behind us, my bald head and her double-dealing, I cannot think of her and all I've lost without a weight at my heart. I was a happy knight when we shipped in the Water Witch. I'm free to confess I've never seen a happy day since you confided to me that *you* were going to marry Eulalie. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then and there swore we would neither of us marry such a heartless jilt. How have *you* weathered it, mes amis? And what has happened to her? Has she befooled any more true lovers? After all I believe that

"'My heart would hear her and beat
Had it lain for a century dead.'

"Write me about her, and if the old elm, where I kissed her first, is still standing. 'Our love is dead, but the tree is alive.' No, love is not dead; I can not stay it; it smoulders and torments me."

"Miss Eulalie," said Isabel, when Eulalie had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done. Mr. Billings and I mean to right it. We mean to send word to Anson Andrews; we are going to tell him what an angel you are. We have talked it all over. And about this money—I couldn't make up my mind to touch a cent of it if I were starving. I shall found a hospital with it. Mr. Billings is to help me. We have talked it all over; I don't care for splendor any longer; I have found out, Miss Eulalie, that love is best."—*Harper's Weekly.*

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern and timidly inquired:

"Do you keep stoves here?"

"Yes'm."

"Coal stoves?"

"Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter, and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged, and the flues situated, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that, and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty-minute lecture on the the different kinds of base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamental legs—the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired:

"I suppose you keep coal stoves?"

"No ma'am."

"Not any kind?"

"Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark:

"Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any arm to look at some of the latest makes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Woman Rescues a Boy in Mid Ocean.

A short time ago, Mrs. G. A. D. McArthur Campbell, formerly a resident of Coonamble, distinguished herself by a deed of admirable bravery. Mrs. Campbell was a passenger in a steamer from Hong Kong to one of the northern ports of Queensland, and one day a boy about four years of age, to whom the lady was much attached, fell overboard, the accident occurring through a sudden lurch of the vessel. With the exception of Mrs. Campbell and the man at the wheel all the passengers and crew were at dinner. Without waiting for a life buoy or divesting herself of any clothing, and simply saying to the man at the wheel: "Don't tell the child's mother," Mrs. Campbell plunged into the water, swam to the boy, and held him up till both were rescued, the steamer having been promptly stop and a boat lowered. Neither the lady nor boy was much the worse for the immersion.—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

—An Indianapolis woman, asking for a divorce after twenty-eight months of married life, says of her husband: "Of his home he made a prison, of his wife a prisoner, and of himself a prison guard."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Much-Protested Note.

It is doubtful if there could be a stronger protest made against a note than was once made by Judge Charles B. Cummings. When Cummings was a younger man, and practically before the courts of Western Maine—chiefly in Oxford County—he was waited upon by a young man named Hobbs, against whom a suit at law had been instituted, for the payment of a certain note of hand, said to have been found among the papers of an old money-lender, then lately deceased.

Hobbs—then not quite five-and-twenty years of age—explained the matter to Cummings thus, and the truth of his statement was avouched for by several men of undoubted standing, who were personally cognizant of the facts.

While in his eighteenth year—during the winter before his eighteenth birthday anniversary—Hobbs borrowed of old Solomon Hough the sum of fifty dollars, which amount he agreed to pay back in work. During the spring following the borrowing of the money, he worked for the old man over a month in plowing and planting; then he worked again in haying; and, again, through the harvest time, when he concluded he had worked enough. All told, he had worked sixty-five full days, eating his dinners, on those days, at Hough's table—if table it could be called. And, further—six disinterested men, to whom the matter was referred, decided that Hobbs had fully paid the sum borrowed.

But old Solomon was indignant. The boy wasn't worth more than fifty cents a day, anyhow; and he managed to cram down very nearly that money's worth of food each and every day he worked. On the other side, any number of reliable witnesses would swear that Hough never had fifty cents worth of food on his table at any one time in his life. The old money-lender was wroth, and declared he would sue, but he never did. But Hobbs would swear to what the old man did do. He sat down and made a regular promissory note for the full sum borrowed—fifty dollars—made it payable in one year from date, with interest annually, value received, etc., and signed Wallace P. Hobbs' name, doubtless intending at some future time to come down upon the man with that bit of paper. Or he may have thought that Hobbs might die, and leave property behind him, in which case the note would be a handy thing to show to the executor.

But old Solomon Hough died first; and his heirs, or his administrator, found this note, with many other notes, amongst his effects; and straightway the note was presented to young Hobbs for payment, which, of course, he refused. And then the administrator sued; and this was the suit which Cummings was to look after.

Judge Holden was on the bench. The trial came off in the Crooked River District. When the case was called Cummings arose and demanded an indefinite postponement of the whole matter.

"Why," ejaculated the Judge, "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Your honor!" roared the plaintiff's attorney, "the thing is impossible. It can't be did!"

"It will have to be *did* in this case," said Cummings, with a suggestive nod to the Court.

"But, Brother Cummings," the Judge went on, anxiously, "what do you mean? What are your reasons for making such a motion?"

Cummings called for the note; and having taken it in his hand looked it over, he said:

"Your honor; in the first place the defendant in this case was a child, under age, when this note was made! In the second place, he never made the note. It is a forgery, as we can prove! In the third place, as you can see by glancing at the face of the thing, it is outlawed! And, may it please your Honor, in the fourth place—and lastly—the full amount of that note has been duly and truly paid! All of which I stand ready to prove!"

There was a fluttering in the court. Several men pressed forward and whispered to the plaintiff's attorney; and, pretty soon he stood up in his place and coughed, and give a pull at his cravat, and then said he would withdraw the case if the Court was willing.

Yes—the Court was willing; and the Judge facetiously remarked, as he wiped the case from his docket:

"Really, gentlemen, that is what might be called—a much protested note!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Why Old Maids Abound.

This is a mechanical age. We have any amount of contrivances for saving labor and annihilating time. But we do not teach ourselves self-control. We are governed by our passions and appetites. That's the reason there are so many old maids. They don't look after their physical health. They are puny, scrawny, sickly and ill-developed, yet they wonder why men don't marry them. They wear diamonds in their ears, they calcimine their faces and they remedy their defect of figure with horse-hair, and then try to get husbands! I tell you until women learn to regard the laws of bodily health, which are the laws of God, they can never hope to wield that talismanic influence over the opposite sex, which is more gigantic than the power of diamonds and rouge.—*S. M. Landis, D. D.*

—The fate of Master Putnam, of the burned Arctic steamer Rodgers, is definitely ascertained. It will be remembered that, hearing of the loss of the ship, he left the supply station at Cape Serge, of which he had charge, became separated from his escort, and was carried out to sea on an ice floe. A schooner which arrived at San Francisco last week from Point Barrow reports that the body of Master Putnam was seen by the natives the latter part of June, still on an ice floe. It was black and swollen, and could not be recovered, owing to a change of wind, which caused the ice to drift away from the shore.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Anthony Foy, an old resident of Providence, wrapped kerosene-soaked bandages about his rheumatic shoulders the other evening and sat down near the stove to get relief from his pain. The heat set fire to the bandages, and the man was terribly burned before they could be removed.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Temperance Reading.

CONVENTION OF THE W. N. C. T. U.

Never did the Southern sun shine brighter than when it welcomed the ninth annual meeting of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, held at Louisville, Ky., October 25, 26, 27 and 28. Twenty-four States and Territories sent representatives, and one hundred and fifty officers, members and delegates assembled for the first time upon Southern soil to tell the story of the year's work and to plan fresh campaigns against the Nation's great enemy—the liquor traffic and its results. There were two sessions every day from nine to twelve and from two to five, the evening being devoted to mass meetings and addresses of a general character.

The first "Christian" church in which the meetings were held was well filled during the day, and at night not only this large building, but several other churches and the great hall of the Masonic Temple were packed to suffocation. Flags and flowers decorated all the buildings; indeed, the latter seemed to prolong their bloom into the late autumn, especially to give a Southern greeting to the Temperance women from the far West and cold North.

The most noticeable feature of the whole convention, that which distinguished it from the eight which have preceded it, has been the cordial good feeling exhibited between the North and South, the recognized sisterhood of the blue and the gray in one common work for the reclamation and elevation of a common humanity. Every address of welcome—of which there were three, delivered by Rev. J. C. Norris, in behalf of the churches and Christians of Louisville, Colonel George W. Bain, in behalf of the local Women's Temperance Unions, and Mrs. S. C. Chapin, of South Carolina, who spoke for Southern women—teemed with the thought and good-natured rivalry in claiming ownership in men and women born in one section, but doing their life work in another, showed how completely we of this great Nation are bound together in the bundle of life, one and inseparable now and forever. The general tone of feeling among these Temperance workers is that the South and North are once more to be cemented, and that the woman's work is greatly contributing to this result.

The work of the association has during the past year been divided into thirty-four departments (there will be but thirty conducted in future), and each was reported by a superintendent to whose special charge its work was committed. These reports were printed beforehand and placed in the hands of the audience, the superintendents being each allowed ten minutes in which to speak of her work and throw out suggestions for its further prosecution. The following are some of the branches of work: Juvenile and Sunday School; Literature and Scientific Instruction; Legislation and Franchise; Evangelistic and Religious; Prison and Police; Work among Indians, colored people, Scandinavian, Germans; Hygiene and Heredity; Fraternal Relations, and Relative Statistics.

Among the topics discussed from time to time was the question of St. Paul's prohibition of woman's public speaking. Two ministers, Revs. Mr. Norris and Dr. Hobbs, giving the explanation that, according to a well-known legal maxim, "the need for a law having ceased, the law ceases also." St. Paul's admonition is no longer in force, sharing thus the fate of another precept which commands Christians to "greet one another with a holy kiss."

Temperance work among young men and women, and even more among children both in Sunday and secular schools, was made very prominent, and in this connection the wide distribution of Temperance literature, especially that which treats of the scientific, hygienic and medical aspect of the liquor question, was strongly emphasized.

The W. C. T. U., though originally only contemplating evangelistic reformatory work, has been forced, by the stern logic of facts constantly pressed upon its attention, to contemplate and embrace the legislative side of Temperance, and Prohibition, by Constitutional Amendment, was adopted, as, indeed, it was last year, a leading plank in the platform of this convention. In this connection, of course, there was great gratulation and much thanksgiving for the recent Temperance triumphs in Iowa.

Every day at noon strangers of note, distinguished visitors and ministers of Louisville and elsewhere, were introduced to the convention; one such introduction including a group of five delegates from the German Ministerial Conference, and hearing the sympathy of that body with the women and their work.

At another time, and this was the most thrilling moment of the whole convention, Colonel Hogland, who has devoted himself to the care of the city newsboys and bootblacks, introduced a score of the little fellows, who presented a basket of flowers to the convention with a brief address read by one of their number. Some of them were not over six years old, and the tearful eyes all through the house told their own story of interest and sympathy. Another point of interest was the presentation of Young Ladies' Temperance Work, by Mrs. Fannie Barnes, of New York. Her report was very ingeniously arranged, a few flowers being made to represent the work in each State, and the impression given that a great deal had been accomplished in this important direction.

The ministers of Louisville gave their counsel and support to the Temperance women, and many hospitable Southern homes opened wide to receive them; and as the tired delegates turned back to their homes they carried away warm remembrances of Louisville and the hope that their presence and deliberations have struck in this center of Bourbon whisky some vigorous blows for their watchword:

"Red and love and native land."

—*Louisville (Ky.) Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

THE Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky have adopted very earnest resolutions on the subject of intemperance, warning those under its care against the danger of "moderate drinking," and declaring it "in all ordinary cases wrong to engage in the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits to be used as a beverage."

"Dram-Shops."

There is only one name given in the laws of this State to a place where intoxicating liquors are sold, to be drank on the premises, and that is—"Dram-shop." The dram-shop keeper abominates this name, just as he does "gin-mill," "rum-hole," or any other word which accurately describes his place of business. He has ransacked the language for euphonious designations of his dram-shop, and pressed all sorts of respectable words into service. But after he has used one of these decent terms for a year or two he finds that instead of the word making his dram-shop respectable, his dram-shop has made the word odious. And when this has happened, he drops it, and takes another clean name, on the same principle that he lays aside a soiled towel for a clean one. For a while he liked the word "Shades," and then took up with "Retreat," and "Sample-room." Of late years he affects the words "Saloon," "Concert-hall," and "Garden." Meanwhile respectable people have abandoned the use of the word "saloon," in any decent connection, and before long the word "garden" also "must go." But the Legislature of 1874—would that we had it now—called a spade a spade. They seem to have sat down and deliberated on what word in the language would most accurately voice the baseness and repulsiveness of a place where drunkards were made, and to have finally, by the spirit of inspiration, selected the word "Dram-shop." They gave the Temperance cause a great lift when they headed the immortal 43rd chapter of the statutes of Illinois "Dram-shops."

It is very singular and very sad that Temperance people, and even Temperance workers, readily consent to call dram-shops by the polite and delusive titles which the dram-shop keepers give them. The Sons of Temperance, the different Ribbon clubs, the W. C. T. U. and the Citizens' League use the words "Saloon" and "Saloon-license" as if they were directly interested in saving the feelings and keeping up the respectability of the dram-shop keeper. If the law called a dram-shop a saloon, the usage would be justifiable. But the law calls a dram-shop a dram-shop, and all who are laboring to enforce the law, and to get a better law, would do well to eschew the word saloon, and install dram-shop in its place.—*Signal, Chicago.*

The Insolence of the Rum Power.

Among the powers of darkness, there is none that carries forward its work under conditions of organized activity that can compare with the traffic in intoxicating drink. The owners of distilleries and breweries are handed together in compacts that pledge the use of the enormous wealth and capital created by their nefarious business, in upholding and sustaining its interests at all hazards. With brazen effrontery they have bid defiance to public sentiment, and threatened the direst vengeance upon those in political or civil station who dared to raise a voice of condemnation or place any obstacle in the way of their plans. They could make no objection to Temperance talk, and with a passing sneer and sling have been willing that Temperance sentiments should be incorporated into party platforms with the understanding that this sop to quiet Temperance people should be offset by giving them the inside control. They have made the most insolent demands. Standing at the doors of primaries and conventions packed in their interest, they have said: "Nominate men who will do our bidding, or at least keep hands off from our business, or we will throw our influence against you and destroy your party." They have pointed to their full money bags and then to the wretched victims of their trade prepared to follow any policy they may dictate, and with insolent bravado they have defied public sentiment and announced their determination to break down and over-ride any legal restraints that were designed to hamper or restrain their traffic. Communities where efforts have been put forth to close the dram-shops know full well how this organized power stands back of and sustains those who sell its products.

There is reason, however, to believe that the very insolence and arrogance of those who represent the iniquitous traffic in drink is overreaching its mark and aiding to develop and strengthen public opinion in opposition both to the sale and unlimited manufacture of intoxicating beverages. Even those who have but little interest in distinctively Temperance issues, and do not even sympathize with the views of total abstainers, are aroused and indignant at the insolent demands and threats of the rum power. The force of public opinion that has recently struck such heavy blows in the West has gathered much of its strength from this source. "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad"—sometimes it is the hiss that discovers the serpent. When a source of iniquity waxes strong in its resources, and becomes insolent and domineering in its demands, there is hope in the awakening of the public conscience, which, once fully aroused, may strike blows that will not only stun but destroy the accursed power.—*Golden Rule.*

Matters of Fact.

SEVERAL white men of Anderson County, Ky., induced an old negro named Sam Bohannon to drink a pint of cheap whisky at one drink. He did so, and died.

IN Philadelphia the Law and Order movement is gaining strength week by week. The violation of the Sunday laws by the liquor interest is now much less open than it was a year or two ago.

A WOMAN liquor-seller of Rutland, Vt., has been sentenced to thirty-five years imprisonment for violation of the Liquor law. There were two hundred counts in the indictment against her, for as many different offenses.

IT is a happy sight to see a man piling up the golden harvest in his barn, to see him gathering in old age rich crops from the field of Temperance. It is sad to see an old man harvesting the fearful results of intemperance, and yet he *must do his own harvesting.*

THE Scottish movement in Great Britain has assumed large proportions, and it is now proposed to consolidate the three great societies started by William Noble, Mr. Murphy and Richard T. Booth, into one National Blue-Ribbon Gospel Temperance League.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1882.

Owing to a death in the editor's family, our issue of this week will not reach our subscribers at the usual time.

Governor-elect Pattison, of Pennsylvania, declined to attend a Democratic jollification in West Chester, Pennsylvania, unless the invitation were extended from the people, regardless of party.

Among the congratulatory messages received by Governor elect Butler, of Massachusetts, was one from some of his one-time foemen in Memphis, Tenn., worded in this wise: "General B. F. Butler: Glory to God in the highest! We don't believe now that you stole any spoons at all! But if you did, keep 'em! We wouldn't have you to trouble yourself about returning them; not for anything in the world."

The most trustworthy reports place the Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives at sixty-five. The 325 members will probably be divided as follows when the House is organized: Democrats, 195; Republicans, 123; Readjusters, 5; Independents, 2. With their large majority, the Democrats will not be able to shirk the responsibility of whatever legislation may be passed at their end of the Capitol.

The Baltimore *Day* may be scored as one more Democratic luminary that has not "lost its head." Speaking incidentally of Pennsylvania in connection with the struggle of 1884 the *Day* says:

"The Pennsylvania Democrats claim the State this year, but the returns show that it is not Democratic. The Democratic candidate for governor has been elected, but the combined vote of his two Republican competitors exceeds his at least ten thousand. When it comes to a square race between a Democratic and Republican candidate for President the vote of the Keystone State may be assured, unless a mighty change unheard of has taken place, for the Republican nominee."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* objects to Mr. Randall's withdrawal in favor of Mr. Carlisle for harmony's sake. It says: "This is devotion to party at the expense of principle. All the protectionists in the Democratic party hang on to Mr. Randall as the last hope of preventing the reduction of tariff rates, the influx of the cheaply-produced commodities of Europe and the consequent ruin of their industries. If it were only a personal stake for which Mr. Randall is playing, his amiable disposition might be the subject of commendation, but when he proposes to indulge it at the cost of great vested interests, and at the risk of the destruction of our 'infant' industries, it becomes a more serious matter."

The Wheeling *Register* prints the following card from Senator Davis reiterating his declaration that he is not a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate:

PIEDMONT, W. VA., Nov. 18.—I have recently received a number of letters and personal inquiries from members of the Legislature-elect, candidates for the United States Senate, and other friends, asking if I would be a candidate for re-election, and expressing their preference for me, if such was my intention. To all such inquiries my general answer has been that for the past two or three years I have often said, in public and private, that I would not be a candidate for re-election. Business is more agreeable to me than politics, and I am now engaged in lumbering, mining, banking and farming, and in connection with some friends who are capitalists, living both in and out of the State, and constructing a railroad running north and south through an undeveloped region, rich in mineral, timber and agricultural wealth, and intend, when completed, to connect the Baltimore and Ohio and Chesapeake and Ohio railroads. My ambition is to make a success of these enterprises, especially the building of the railroad. These and other private matters are reasons which forbid my being a candidate for re-election.

In the many trusts heretofore confided to my keeping, I have always endeavored to do my full duty; and I thank the people of the State, and especially my friends, for the political honors that have been conferred upon me.

Very respectfully,
H. G. DAVIS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22, 1882.

There is an earnest purpose on the part of the Republicans to secure at the coming session of Congress a material reduction of internal revenue taxes. The Ways and Means Committee, with Judge Kelley at its head, undertook to accomplish this end last session, but the measures brought forward were talked out of time by the Democrats, and the only bill that had any chance of success lies smothered under a load of amendments and Democratic gab in the Senate. Yet the Democrats roared about taxation all through the late campaign. Judge Kelley's committee are already taking the matter in hand again, and nothing but Democratic obstruction can prevent something being done to lessen the weight of taxation at the approaching session. But the policy of obstruction will undoubtedly be adopted by the minority in order to carry the subject over to a Democratic Congress, and as this will be a short session, it will require vigorous and determined efforts to prevent the success of their tactics. Judge Kelley is said to be in favor of abolishing the entire system of internal taxes. But speaking of the coming Democratic House, it is amusing to notice what a lively campaign for the offices of that body has already begun a year in advance. A little success crazes the Democrats. To them the old days are back, and they look forward to the time when the Southern gentlemen can swear and squirt tobacco juice in the marble rooms of the Capitol. I may be below the figure, but it seems to me there are a million Democrats who have already filed caveats for every office in the House. There are a hundred very good places in the House, and probably two hundred others not quite so good, but the knowledge of a Democratic majority has put a legion in the field for every office. It will be a lively scramble when the time comes, but hardly a foretaste of what would be seen if ever, by any possibility, the old fossil party should get control of the executive branch of the government.

According to the reports coming in there is likely to be an unusual number of contested seats in the Congress lately elected. In a large number of districts the vote is very close, and the successful members from these districts reach the goal of their ambition by a very narrow margin. In many cases there are Republicans. But the Bourbons have a large majority in the House a happy thought strikes the unsuccessful Democratic candidate. From Virginia alone three contests are threatened, and present indications are that the list from the whole country will be something unprecedented. If the Democratic majority remains on its good behavior these contests may be settled on their merits, and in most cases disposed of in short order, but the chances are that partisanship will get the better of discretion, and that the Bourbon will generally be seated. But in one respect both parties are to blame for the miserable practice of so many contests. The custom which prevails in Congress of paying all the expenses of the unsuccessful party to a contest serves to increase the number of such cases. The contestant knows that he will not be out of pocket, owing to the liberality of this custom, even if he loses his case. Therefore, having everything to gain and nothing to lose, he enters upon a contest, where, perhaps, if he had to bear the burden of his own expense if successful, he would not consider his chances worth the venture. It has not been very long since a defeated contestant in the House was voted a liberal allowance for attorney's fees, and the fact was he appeared as his own attorney and pocketed the fee. It was said by those who knew him that his practice at home for five years had not yielded him as much all told as that one fee he obtained for presenting a weak case to Congress. In the present Congress a contestant who was seated got an allowance for expenses, including attorney's fees, and then went back on the attorney, who is still unpaid.

Our public spirited citizen, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, has perfected his plans for removing the body of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," to Oak Hill Cemetery, in Georgetown, from Tunis, where he lies in a neglected grave. Mr. Corcoran is said to be willing to put some money in Democratic morning daily to be started here. He put a good deal in the *Union*, which collapsed after the Tilden campaign No man has given more liverally to his party than Mr. Corcoran. It is said that he gave $100,000 to the cause in 1876, and he says he wants to live until he see a Democratic President inaugurated. The defeat of that tedious old humbug, Montgomery Blair, in Maryland, has given the old gentleman a pleasant glow of satisfaction. Members of all parties are regretting Mr. Proctor Knott's coming retirement from the House of Representatives. The general public knows him as the author of the Duluth speech, but he is one of the busiest workers in the Congressional hive and, contrary to the usual prejudice regarding a humorist, he presided in the Speaker's chair on occasions with much dignity.

Here is a story that has been revived about Judge Thurman and Mr. Conkling—but it is so good that it can never be stale. On one occasion Mr. Conkling was making a speech in the Senate, during which he repeatedly turned to Judge Thurman. As everybody knows, the great Ohioan is a little peppery at times, and at last he said testily to Mr. Conkling, "Does the Senator from New York expect me to respond every time he turns to me?" "When I speak of the law," responded Mr. Conkling, "I turn to the Senator from Ohio as a Mussulman turns toward Mecca; I turn to him as I do to the common law of England—the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence." Was there ever anything finer than that—more gracefully mischievous, more artfully flattering?

JUNIUS.

Sick Children.

The vicissitudes necessarily incident to an out-door and primitive mode of life are never the first causes of any disease, though they may sometimes betray its presence. Bronchitis, now-a-days perhaps the most frequent of all infantile diseases, makes no exception to this rule; a draft of cold air may reveal the latent progress of the disorder, but its cause is long confinement in a vitiated and overheated atmosphere, and its proper remedy ventilation and a mild, phlegm-loosening (saccharine) diet, warm sweet milk, sweet oatmeal porridge, or honey water. Select an airy bed-room, and do not be afraid to open the windows. Among the children of the Indian tribes who brave in open tents the terrible winters of the Hudson Bay territory, bronchitis, croup and diphtheria are wholly unknown; and what we call "taking cold" might often be more correctly described as taking *hot*; glowing stoves, and even open fires, in a night-nursery, greatly aggrevate the pernicious effects of an impure atmosphere. The first paroxym of croup can be promptly relieved by very simple remedies—fresh air, and a rapid forward-and-backward movement of the arms, combined in urgent cases with the application of a flesh-brush (or piece of flannel) to the neck and the upper part of the chest. Paregoric and poppy-syrup stop the cough by lethargizing the irritability and thus preventing the discharge of the phlegm till its accumulation produces a second and far more dangerous paroxym. These second attacks of croup (after the administration of palliatives) are generally the fatal ones. When a child is convalescing, let him beware of stimulating food and overheated rooms. Do not give aperient medicines; costiveness, as an after effect of pleurite affections, will soon yield to fresh air and vegetable diet.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A sporting character visited Texas city not long since, and to his surprise found all the gambling places in full blast, whereas formerly, they had been suppressed. "The wheels of justice do not appear to creak as loud as the did last time I was here," remarked the Austin man to the man who was dealing. "That's so; but we had to grease 'em like the mischief to prevent them from making a noise," was the reply.

LOCAL NEWS.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Mr. Wm. H. Swanger residing near Grantsville, caught five trout last week, measuring 80 inches, or an average of 16 inches to the trout, which he placed in his front pond, where he has a number of others. He expects to have a supply in a few years that will accommodate his friends and visitors.

Buckwheat as Food.

A French scientist, who has investigated buckwheat, gives the following as the results of his researches: Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of flour used, showing that such flour will retain from forty to forty-one per cent. of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat there is a great dissimilarity of composition, one batch containing nearly seven times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter as another. The bran is the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest qualities of buckwheat flour, and the white mill-dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in poor health, while the stronger varieties require a strong stomach and much exercise for their proper digestion.

Snatched from the Grave.

My wife was at the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Allegheny's City's best physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her fingernails and lips were blue; was pulseless at the wrists; we were all called to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in DR. HARTMAN, who prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She improved from the first dose, and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page 30 in the "Ills of Life," a book you can get gratis from your Druggist. If not, address DR. HARTMAN, Osboru, Ohio.

T. S. EBERLEIN,
South Chicago, Ill.

—Gray hairs often cause annoyance, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

—Pacific print at the New York Branch for 6¼ cents per yard. Guaranteed.

—All wool flannel, 33 inches wide, at the New York Branch for 38 cents per yard.

—A Union Thanksgiving Service will be held in the M. E. Church, Thursday morning, Nov. 30th, at 10½ o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Leigh R. Smith, of the Presbyterian Church.

—Married, at the residence of Mr. George Loughridge, in Oakland, Sunday evening last, by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, Mr. Robert Pierce and Miss Ollie Stemple, both of Aurora, W. Va.

—Died, in Oakland, Thursday morning, Nov. 23d, 1882, of diphtheretic croup, after a brief illness, Mary, infant daughter of Jas. A. and Letitia V. Hayden, aged 1 year, 5 months and 6 days.

—The best wool delanes at the New York Branch for only 10 cents per yard. We are below any rock bottom prices on this line of goods and have been for a number of years.

—There will be an Oyster supper in Deer Park on Saturday evening the 25th inst. The proceeds to be applied to the purchasing of a stove for the M. E. Church. The supper last week was postponed on account of Mrs. Tillson's Death. A pleasant time is anticipated.

—Go to the New York Branch and see that Table Oil Clothe 1¼ yards wide, for only 25 cents per yard.

—The most superior quality of Shaker flannel at the New York Branch for 18 cents per yard.

—Mr. David W. Sloan, of Cumberland, was married on the evening of the 14th inst. to Miss Mary L. Good, of Kirkwood, a suburb of St. Louis. The happy pair started on a bridal tour, and after visiting Chicago, Wheeling, Pittsburg, and other cities, will make Cumberland their future home.

—The Maryland Fish Commissioners announce that any one in Western Maryland having a pond suitable for carp culture can obtain forty young carp from the Druid Hill hatching-house, Baltimore, by turnishing cans for transportation and leaving a receipt for the carp at the hatching-house. This is a good chance for those of our farmers who have ponds on their farms to engage in the cultivation of these delicious fish.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Daily, dentist, will be in Oakland Monday, Nov. 27th, to remain one week. Rooms at Villa Casteel.

A Tenant Wanted.

Mr. Bowie Johnson desires to secure a good tenant for his farm, 2 miles north of Oakland. Must be well recommended. Terms and conditions made known on application. 3t

New Goods! New Goods!!

Messrs. Sell & Specht have just received and opened up a full line of dry goods, consisting of prints, dress goods, flannels, &c., which they will sell low for cash. Call and examine their goods and prices. They will be pleased to have you call whether you purchase or not.

The Recount.

We were in error in stating in our last issue that a recount made by Mr. Tower and others resulted in finding that the report by the return judges was correct. The facts are that the recount made by Messrs. Bartlett, Keller, Thayer, Townshend and others resulted as stated, in a gain of 3 votes for Mr. Syester in district No. 7. After this result had been announced, other parties went over the ballots and found different results. It was then that Messrs. Tower, Mason and others went over them again, and found the result as at first *recounted*, and not as at first announced by the return judges.

Mothers should Know it.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*

Death of an Estimable Lady.

Mrs. Mary P. Tillson, wife of Col. E. C. Tillson, was born in Portland, Maine, April 13th, 1813, and died in Deer Park, Md., November 15th, 1882, in her 70th year. Deceased was the mother of eight children, four of whom are now living, namely: Mrs. W. R. Davis, of Piedmont, W. Va., Mrs. R. H. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield, and Mr. C. H. Tillson, of Deer Park. The four children were with their mother during her last days. Deceased, with her husband and family, has lived in Deer Park about sixteen years, during which time she made many warm friends. "To know her was to love her." It is said of her that no one was sick or in need within her knowledge that she did not visit and aid. She had a kind word for every one; forgetting self; ready ever to see their virtues and lenient to their faults. In her home for nearly fifty years the bright guiding spirit, the one to whom her husband and children ever looked for comfort in their sorrow, and joyous participation in their gladness. A *real* welcome was extended to all who were temporary sharers of her home. She lived for others rather than herself. Above all, as we are informed by those who knew her well, she had a firm, unfaltering faith in a kind loving Heavenly Father, patiently submitting to His will in all her trials, thus making her whole life one of perfect peace and content—a blessing to every one who knew her. The loss to her companion, with whom she has lived so agreeable for nearly fifty years, is irreparable. Those to whom she has been such a tender loving mother cannot but "rise up and call her blessed."

The burial took place on Friday, last, in the pleasant and attractive village of Deer Park. A large circle of friends and neighbors were present to pay the last tribute of respect, as also to extend their christian sympathies to surviving friends. The services were conducted by Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland, assisted by Rev. P. Hamill, of Oakland, and Rev. Hoffman, of Keyser, W. Va.

The Shadow on the Snow.

There isn't much snow yet, but there is a heap of shadow—and the shadow is the shadow of Christmas, which, like other coming events, projects its *umbra* in front of it. In every family two important problems are hastening to solution; and while the elder members are asking themselves, "What shall we give?" the younger are no less eagerly speculating as to what they shall get. The boys drop vague hints of the desirability of skates and sleds, and books of adventure and exciting narrative; while the little girls are bemoaning the dilapidated condition of the present generation of dolls, and artfully trying to inveigle mamma into that phrase so full of promise, "We'll see at Christmas-time."

It really is no easy task to select a line of Christmas presents, so as to insure that every little one shall get just what it will most appreciate, and none shall be unduly favored; and as the holiday season draws near, the careful mother feels, more than at any other time, the need of some reliable manual, by referring to which she may know just what is to be had, and just what everything will cost. And luckily, in this age of journalistic enterprise, the very thing she wants lies ready to her hand. For the winter number of the Fashion Quarterly is out, and a copy can be had for only fifteen cents. Within the compass of its ninety odd pages are illustrations of every kind and description of Christmas gifts; from the rattle or toy reins for the three-year-old infant, up to the gold-headed cane or dressing gown for papa; or the long-wished for watch for mamma. Dolls and doll's furniture, tin toys, mechanical toys, telegraphic machines, bonbon boxes, velocipedes, fancy stationery, gorgeous plush-covered boxes savings banks, magical apparatus, books of every kind—in short, the whole range of possibilities in the way of Christmas presents is covered; and parents' purses and children's fancies can alike be suited, however fastidious the one, or attenuated the other. Indeed, we believe it safe to say that such a mass of useful information, for so small a price, was never issued from the press before.

The Fashion Quarterly is published by Messrs. Ehrich, Bros., of New York, at 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a copy.

—The largest line of gents underware at the New York Branch ever brought to this market. We defy any one to under sell us on this line of goods.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all person indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.

SAMUEL LAWTON, JR.,
Manager.

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Off for Texas.

On Wednesday morning Mr. John Lower, Mr. S. E. Switzer and family, and Mr. Holland S. White, all of this district, left for Texas, where they propose to make their future home. They go to Denton County, near the town of Denton. Their postoffice address is Pilot Point. They are followed to their new homes by the good wishes of the people of this community. We are sorry to lose such good citizens, and hope that "Samp" and "Hol" may visit their old homes early and often.

A Child Fatally Burned.

A very sad accident occurred at the residence of Mr. Taylor Sines, an energetic young former, residing near Oakland, on the Youghiogheny river, Thursday evening of last week, resulting in the death of his little daughter, Rebecca Lucretia, aged about 8 years. About 7 o'clock in the evening the little child was sitting at a stand studying her lessons, by the light of a coal oil lamp, with a newspaper spread upon the stand upon which the lamp was standing. A smaller child took hold of the newspaper and pulled the lamp off the stand and into the lap of little Rebecca, when the lamp almost instantly exploded, covering her clothing with the burning fluid. The mother, hearing the cries of her daughter, ran to assist her, but the child ran out of the house and was not overtaken until her clothing was entirely consumed, and the upper portion of her body was burned into a crisp. A physician was immediately summoned, but she was so badly burned that no relief could be afforded, and the little sufferer was only relieved by death, on Saturday morning about 4 o'clock. The parents have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their affliction.

Sale of Personal Property.

The undersigned, who proposes to remove to the West, will offer at public auction, at his residence on the Hoppole road, about 3 miles from Oakland, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1882, all of his personal property, consisting in part of 2 horses, 6 cows, 2 heifers, 1 bull, 3 calves, 42 head of sheep, (cotswold,) 8 shoats, 6 stand of bees, lot of Oats, 1 Buckeye reaper and mower combined, with improved table rake, 1 Buckeye grain drill, with fertilizer arrangement, 1 Sulky rake, 1 roller and clod crusher, 1 corn planter and seed drill, 1 three-horse Syracuse cubitted plow, 2 two-horse combination plow with steel mouldboard, 1 Iron double shovel plow, 1 single shovel plow, 1 hinge harrow, chemicals for one ton of fertilizer, 1 pair bay carriages, 1 Hagerstown feed cutter, either for hand or horse power, 1 spring wagon, 1 hay fork, with ropes, pulleys, &c., 2 grain cradles, wheat fan, singletrees, double tree, 1 set front gears, 1 set plow harness, collars, bridles, 6 milk cans, new, 1 large meat stand.

Terms.—On sums of $5 and over a credit of 4 months will be given, with approved security, and bearing interest from date.

J. A. WISE.

Grand Gala Day of the Garrett Guards

Captain Wardwell has selected Thanksgiving day, Thursday, Nov. 30th, for the annual long range target match of the "Guards." Col. Johnson has designated this date for the last parade of his Battalion. The Guards will therefore assemble at their Armory in the morning at 10 A. M., where they will be inspected by the Captain. At 11 o'clock under command of Lieut. Mason, they will parade the principle streets, until 12 A. M., when they will be dismissed for one hour for dinner. At one P. M. they will reassemble, and take up the line of march for the "Rifle range." The firing will be at 300 yards range standing without rest, five shots each, the score being a possible 25, U. S. A. regular target, each man who scores 17 or more will be presented with a badge, distinguishing him as a marksman. In Addition there are a number of valuable prizes, the gift of their honorary members, among which are the following:

John Garrett prize, ——

Officer prize, Dressing case.

D. Chisholm's prize, handsome perfumery case.

D. E. Offutt prize, one barrel flour.

Haskell's prize, handsome revolver.

J. M. Boyer prize, a roast of choice beef.

Nelson prize, a quarter of mountain mutton.

Brant prize, hamper of heidsick.

Smith prize, a pound cake.

R. S. Jamison prize, box of cigars.

Willison prize, a turkey.

Consolation prize, gents toilet case, H. Wheeler Combs.

Other prizes will be published next week. At the company meeting on Saturday night rules governing the prizes will be adopted. Prizes on exhibition at Chisholm's drug store.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!

TO BED ROCK,

FOR CASH OR TRADE,

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF GOODS!

We have just returned from the East with one of the largest and most complete stocks ever brought to Oakland, which will be sold so low for CASH or TRADE as to defy competition.

AND THE REASON WHY WE ARE ABLE TO DO IT IS:

We sell only for Cash or Trade, and trust no one and make no bad debts.

If you buy from a house that sells only for Cash you do not have to help pay the bad debts of their customers who buy their goods on time and never pay for them.

By selling for cash we are able to give our customers the benefit of the extra profit every merchant has to put on his goods to cover his losses by bad debts.

Our stock is now complete in all its departments, and consists of

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, and Queensware,

and the thousand and one other articles that are required to make a complete stock in a general store.

All we ask is for you to call and be convinced as to the quality and prices of our goods, whether you wish to purchase or not, as it is a pleasure to show goods

O. W. HEISKELL & CO.

Oakland, Md. Nov. 23, 1882.

Advice to a Young Man.

It is well, my boy, to save some of your strength for old age. Don't waste it all, and don't use it all up in the pleasures and toils and follies of youth. Save some of it. Save a great deal of it. In the expressive dialect of Arkansaw, save up a right smart heap of it, and you can use it right peart and still have a right considerable left for your old age. But save it principally from your dissipations, my boy. Save it by going to bed at ten, rather than by sitting up to drink beer until half-past one. Too much sleep is injurious, it is true, but then fifteen hours sleep will harm you less than six hours of wine supper. Go slow on these things, my boy, and at sixty you will have ten years of forty-five left in brawn and blood and brain.

But don't be so saving of your youthful strength that you will have all of it left at sixty. Because you won't. You may save it, but it won't be there. It will waste by disuse. Just now is the time when you must work the hardest, but as I told you a little while ago, hard work won't hurt you.

Improve your time, my boy. Put in every minute in honest hard work, or tranquil meditation, or healthful recreation. That is all I ask you to do. O, "you believe you'll select meditation as a profession," then, do you? It strikes you that it is easy work to sit and think, eh? Now, my boy, if you want something easy, you had much better stand and chop wood. It isn't easy to think. We don't think half so much as we want to make people believe we do. In fact, we don't think nearly so much as we think we do.

Busy thought and aimless idleness are often very similar in external appearance. Edison, sitting before his lireless forge, with his hands folded listlessly in his lap, looking at nothing, may be apparently as idle, even idler, than the man perched on the end of a cottonwood log, watching his cork bob lazily in the yellow water of a sluggish creek. But the results are in one instance the telephone and the electric light, and in the other the ague and a soft-mouthed sucker and a cat-fish four inches long. The one dreams out marvelous inventions that thrill the world with wonder and multiply commercial activity, and gives them to the eager, waiting world; or at least he sells them to Jay Gould and Jay Gould sells them to the world, and the other contracts a malarial fever and gives it to his family. It is not easy to think we waste more time than we use, and the hours slip away so noiselessly and easily, we don't know where they have gone.

I have sometimes thought, Telemachus, if a man could only have always present with him some constant reminder of the flight of time; if he could have in his room a great hour glass, laden with just the equal and exact sands of his life, if he could every day watch the steadily dropping grains, and knew that when they all ran through the last grain would just complete his grave; if when he closed his eyes he knew that all night long the priceless grains ran through; if in the silent hours of darkness when he awoke, he could hear them dropping, steadily as the drip, drip, drip of a water clock; if when he came in from a journey he could see how much of the sands of his life had run out while he journeyed for pleasure or profit; if, sometimes, he could stand before it and watch the swift grains running away with his life; and he could feel that always and always, night and day, sleeping or waking, fasting or feasting, working or resting, wherever he went or whatever he did, no faster, no slower, steadily, pitilessly, the sands run through, and away every hour the life heap above fell away and the grave below piled up and up; if he could realize that no thought or care, or skill or learning, could make them run more slowly by and by, or add one light grain to the measure meted out and sealed against his lifeby the inexorable fates, I wonder how many of the dropping grains he would turn to gold by the alchemy of his industry?

I show, my son, if you had such a glass the novelty of such a thing would wear away in thirty days. Some night, when you came in late from a toilsome game of "draw," so to speak, or a walking match around a billiard table, or some popular nightmare known as a brilliant spectacular drama, you would look at your warning hour-glass and say: "By George, it seems to me sand is getting distressingly scarce in the upper story. *De-troo*-salem! How these boots do hurt my feet. I'd like to kill the man that made 'em." And you would be sound asleep in twenty minutes. Reminders? Why the world is full of reminders that our lives are slipping away. Every time you hear the clock strike ten, it is to remind you that you may never hear it strike eleven. When the Egyptians of olden time had the ghastly skeleton carried in at their feasts, did it cast a gloom over the community? Not a shadow. It made them merrier. "See what are you coming to," they shouted, and ate and drank like a poor relation at his annual dinner party, to which he is invited to fill up. Fill up the party I mean.

You see, my boy, you can't afford to waste time just now. This is your working time. It may not seem fair, I know, that the world should judge you, and your youth and inexperience by the highest standard of human success and attainments, but it does, and we can't change the way of the world. You must now do everything your best, and keep on your company behavior all the time. Is this the man with only one suit of clothes and a small salary, Telemachus, who at all times must be polite and agreeable and a faultless observer of all points and forms of etiquette. The man worth $100,000 may trample over your corns, walk across your wife's train, eat pie with a knife, and take his soup with a swish and a swoop that sounds like a horse walking in the mud, and his standing in society isn't affected by it. But you can't afford these expensive luxuries on your present salary, my boy. Thompson, the poet, who wrote so much in praise of early rising, rarely got out of bed before eleven o'clock, and wrote most of these very pomes, indeed, while lying in bed. He used to be seen walking, or rather lounging about in Lord Burlington's gardens, with his hands crowded into his pockets, lazily biting off the sunny sides of the peaches. But when you can't duplicate "The Seasons," you may lie in bed till noon, all day, if you please, and the world will still thank you for living. When you have written so much, so rigorous and so beautiful poetry as Mr. Tennyson has, my son, when you can command fifty dollars a line for your poetry, then you can afford to write as poor poetry as Mr. Tennyson now does. But don't try it now, my boy.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Shoes in Olden Times.

Rude drawings are seen on the walls of Thebes (B. C. 1495) of shoemakers performing their tasks, showing the trade to be extremely ancient as well as eminently respectable; and we read in Homer of Princes manufacturing their own shoes. They have been made of various materials—hides, flax, silk, cloth, wood, iron, silver and gold—and in a great variety of shapes, plain and ornamental. Among the Jews they were made of leather, linen and wool. Soldiers wore them of brass and iron, tied with thongs. To put off the shoes was an act of veneration. The Asiatics and Egyptians wore shoes made of the bark of the papyrus. Among the Greeks the shoes generally reached to the mid-leg, like what we now call "boots."

Ladies, as a mark of distinction, wore sandals—a sort of loose shoe, something like a modern slipper. Xenopohn relates that the ten thousand Greeks who followed young Cyrus, wanting shoes in their retreat, covered their feet with raw hides, which occasioned them great injury. The Roman shoes were of two kinds—the *calceus*, which covered the whole foot, and the *solea*, which covered only the sole, was fastened with thongs. Ladies of rank wore white and sometimes red shoes; other women wore black. The shoes of some of the Roman Emperors were enriched with precious stones. It is generally regarded as a mark of effeminacy for men to wear shoes. Cato and other noble Romans had no covering for their feet when they appeared in public. In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes of Europe wore wooden shoes, or wooden soles fastened with leather thongs. In the eleventh century the upper part of the shoe was made of leather and the sole of wood. The Saxons wore shoes, or *scoh*, with thongs.

In the year 1090, in the reign of William Rufus, the great dandy Robert was called "the horned" because he wore shoes with long points, stuffed, turned up, and twisted like horns. Shoes of this kind became fashionable, and the toes continued to increase in length until, in the time of Richard II., in 13.0, they had attained such an enormous extent as to be fastened to the garter by a chain of silver or gold. The clergy declaimed vehemently against this extravagance; but the fashion continued, even for several centuries. In 1463, the Parliament of England passed an act prohibiting shoes with pikes more than two inches in length, under penalties to maker and wearer, and those who would not comply were declared excommunicated. Even at a late period shoes were twice the length of the foot or so long as "to prevent kneeling in devotion at God's house."

In the year 1555, a company of cordwainers was incorporated in old Boston, England. By their charter it was ordered "that no person shall set up within the said borough as cordwainers until such time as they can sufficiently ent and make a boot or shoe, to be adjudged by the wardens. * * * That if any foreigner, or person who did not serve his apprenticeship in the said borough shall be admitted to his freedom he shall then pay to the wardens £3 2s. 8d. * * * And that no fellow of this corporation, his journeyman or servant, shall work on the Sabbath day, either in town or country." Shoes in their present form came into use in the year 1633, a short time after the first settlement of this country.—*Iowa State Register.*

A Horrible Execution in New Zealand.

Recent New Zealand newspapers contain accounts of the execution of a Maori named Winiata under horrible circumstances. Some years ago Winiata murdered a young Englishman in the Auckland district, and escaped to the wilds of the native territory. A half-caste name Barlow, desirous of obtaining the money set upon the head of the fugitive, recently entrapped him and handed him over to the police authorities. Winiata was tried and condemned, and executed on August 4. He protested his innocence to the last. The convict stepped out of the cell and walked firmly towards the scaffold, nodding to the Sheriff and spectators. Winiata said: "Friends, Europeans, I am going to give my body to be killed. Listen to me, all of you. My hands did not kill that European; this is the end of my body. I have now a word to say to God." Raising his eyes to Heaven, he continued: "I am delivering my soul into Thy hands; remember me when I come into Thy kingdom. This is all I have to say." The cap was then adjusted over his head and the wardens stepped from the side of the convict, who was left standing alone with the rope round his neck. Behind him was the executioner with a mask on, and, as he placed his hand upon the lever the trap-door flew open with a crash, and Winiata disappeared from view with a dull thud. Running nimbly down the steps the executioner entered by a door below the scaffold, and the novelty of this proceeding caused a number of the spectators to approach close to the foot of the scaffold. The sounds which met their ears were horrible. The drop had failed to cause instantaneous death, and the deep and stifled breathings of the half-strangled convict were distinctly audible through the crevices. The executioner could be plainly seen engaged in the horrible task of tugging at the hanging man's legs for the purpose of completing the strangulation, while Winiata writhed and twisted in a sickening manner. Gradually the sounds of choking and stifled breathing died away, the violent vibrations of the rope ceased, and ten minutes after the rope was pulled the executioner came forth from his ghastly hole and slipped away. After hanging for an hour the body was cut down. It was then found that the noose, instead of being behind the ear, was immediately under the chin and was not drawn tightly round the neck.

—It is an undeniable fact that nearly all rentenariums are poor and have been poor all their lives. If you wish to live to a good old age, young man, never advertise.—*Boston Star.*

The City of Chihuahua.

This city is said to contain about fifteen thousand inhabitants, the majority sustained by the mining interests. The city is laid out neatly at right angles on the banks of the Chihuahua River, a small stream having its rise in the mountains to the southwest, giving to the city a large supply of pure water, carried to the high ground above the city by aqueducts of solid masonry, built by the Spaniards when the town contained 80,000 inhabitants. From appearances, this must have been at the time a wealthy community, all the large and small mines being in full blast and the ore brought to the city to be smelted. Of the fact there is sufficient evidence lying here in the shape of hundreds of thousands of tons of slag, and even to this day some of the peons make from fifty cents to seventy-five cents a day picking it over and smelting what they find. The streets here are remarkably clean, kept so by the prisoners in jail who are imprisoned for drunkenness and petty crimes. When they cannot pay their fines they work it out sweeping the streets and plazas and watering them. In the center of the city is a fine plaza laid out in flower beds, kept very neat and clean, the walks having pretty iron park seats just put in. They are of New York manufacture; also a beautiful fountain from the same manufactory; said fountain being very near the center of the city and yielding the main supply of water. At all hours of the day the dark-eyed senoritas can be seen going for water with their jars on their heads or shoulder. The poorer women seem to do all the heavy domestic work, such as fetching water and grinding corn for the tortillas. I do not mean by this that the men are idle; quite the contrary; they are willing to work, and I find them willing to learn. I can say this—they will do a great amount of work with very few tools. The city cannot boast of very much agricultural beauty, but there are some very nice stone front buildings on the plaza, also a fine cathedral of the Spanish-Moorish style, of a very elaborate front, said to have cost nearly $1,000,000, which was raised by a tax of twelve and a half cents on every mark of silver taken out of the mine. Around the city are nice drives called alamedas. They are wide streets, with shade trees on each side, and on fine days may be seen the ladies of the city taking these daily drives. Near here are a few pleasant villages, located on the bottom lands of the Chihuahua and Sacramento Rivers; nice drives with good shade and good bathing places; great resorts in summer time for picnics and family parties. I have seen in one party twenty pretty girls on donkeys, with their cavaliers at their side, other animals carrying provisions for the day, the senoritas bringing their guitars and singing all day long. They sing in a quiet, soft way, but break out sometimes with a tune familiar to American ears. There is no riot or drunkenness on those days. They are a quiet and inoffensive people, but then, like everywhere else, they are both turbulent and vicious people among them. Any one who cannot get along with them does not go the right way to work. They love to honor their patron saints, and they have a great many of them. I think the calendar must be full. The richer people are very intelligent and very polite and attentive to strangers. They live in good style and are kind to their servants. —*Chihuahua Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Prolific Pusley.

No person who knows pusley with the intimate harrowing knowledge which, for example, came by experience to the author of that quaint but painfully realistic idyl, "My Summer in a Garden," will be surprised by Dr. Sturtevant's otherwise astounding statement about its possibilities of reproduction. Think, you who dwell on paved soil, or in regions of boreal frost, of a single plant of this long-naturalized European—whose company name, Portulacea oleracea—producing at one time 2,145,500 seeds! And yet it is a small and humble plant, humble as Uriah Heep; "prostrate," the botanists say, and "very smooth;" "wedge-form" as to leaves, and "acute" as to blossoms, and "sessile," too. But it is not totally depraved. It is a child of light. It loves the sun—is, indeed a veritable vegetable salamander. How it creeps and swells its succulent stems above a rich, August-roasted soil! Our brave and alert official at the State Experiment Station took one vigorous specimen of it, and found it contained "nine branches, the average branch fifteen branchlets, the average branchlet 212 seed-capsules, one average seed-capsule seventy-five seeds, thus making for an estimate a grand total" —which we prefer not to impose a second time on the tortured bucolic brain. However, pusley—marvelous repeater of the great miracle of seeding—is not without beneficent uses. It conserves plant-food; it promotes necessary hoeing; it teaches in the good school of Patience. And it may serve as a reminder of the fruitful results of steady, unobtrusive attention to one line of business. Still, let us be thankful that it is annual as to root, and not an aggravated snapdragon breeding at both ends.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An almond sponge-cake may be a novelty to some one. It is certainly a very delicate and nicely flavored cake. Half pound of sugar, five eggs; beat the yelks first, and add the sugar to them gradually, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and add; then sift in flour enough to make a batter of medium stiffness, flavor with almond extract, and, before putting it in the tin, butter a paper well and line the tin, and on the bottom put at intervals bits of almond, which you have blanched by pouring boiling water over, and after removing the brown skins cut in small pieces, then pour the batter over till the tin is about half-full. Bake for an hour in a slow oven.—*N. Y. Post.*

—At a hotel in Oswego, N. Y., the other day, a couple from the country of Milesian extraction took seats at the dinner table. Directly after a young couple seated themselves opposite and the young man took a stalk of celery from the dish and commenced eating it. The old lady opposite looked at him a moment with an air of disgust and then nudged her husband and said in a stage whisper: "D'ye moind the blackguard ating the bokay?"—*Chicago Times.*

The British Debt.

The popular conception of the National debt is that it amounts on a rough estimate to £800,000,000, and that all efforts to reduce it have touched only a small fraction of it. The accounts, however, prove that for the past quarter of a century—in fact, since the winding-up of the charges of the Crimean War—the reduction of debt has gone on steadily from year to year. In 1857-'58 the total amount was £839,009,000; in 1865-'66, at the close of Mr. Gladstone's most brilliant period of financial administration, it was brought down to £815,000,000; in 1868-'69, when the Conservatives had held office for three years, it had fallen to £803,000,000; in 1875-'74, a greater advance had been made and the debt stood at £782,000,000; and in 1875-'76, the process having been uninterrupted by the change of Government, at £772,000,000. At this point there was a turn in the tide, due mainly to the exigencies of foreign politics, and until the last financial year, 1881-'82, the debt never stood at so low a figure as in 1875-'76. Last year it was £768,700,000, and for the present year the official estimate fixes the amount at £763,000,000—that is, £76,000,000 less than the debt as it stood five-and-twenty years ago.

This is not an inconsiderable reduction, even if the character of the burden were precisely the same as that to which the Nation was subject at the close of the Crimean war. But, as Mr. Hubbard has pointed out in one of his instructive letters which was lately printed on this subject, a large part of the debt created in recent years, which has diminished the apparent net reduction, is represented by certain valuable assets unlike anything to be found on the right side of the account of 1857. For example, the purchase of the rights and property of the telegraph companies by the State involved the creation of nearly £11,000,000 worth of stock, but in exchange for this the Government has obtained possession of a paying concern, at present actually yielding a profit equal to the interest on the stock created for this purpose, and giving fair promise of a much larger return. Again, the money raised for the purchase of the late Khedive's Suez Canal shares figures as a temporary increase of the debt in 1876; but the shares, it is admitted were always full value for the £4,000,000 which were paid for them, and are now, if it were expedient to part with them, worth a great deal more. M. de Lesseps reminded us the other day that the original 500-franc shares are now worth about 2,700 francs each in the open market, and though of course the shares held by the British Government stand in a different position from the ordinary shares, because interest at fire per cent. is paid upon them by the Egyptian Government, and not by the company, and the regular coupons have been alienated for several years to come, it is still obvious that they share in the increase of value due to the success of the enterprise. Another element in the debt which is rather apparent than real is the amount representing "loans recoverable," which Mr. Hubbard reckons at over £28,000,000. The official return shows that in the quarter of a century the total decrease in the debt, "not taking into account the amount of debt created for special purposes," was over £119,000,000. But the "special purposes" in question include such unproductive expenditure as that upon fortifications and army localization, which, however necessary and defensible, have procured the country nothing in the shape of a realizable and recoverable asset. Taking, however the assets that may be properly set off against debt—the telegraph property, the Suez Canal shares, and the loans to public bodies—there is a sum of not less than £45,000,000 to be substracted from the £763,000,000, which is the nominal amount of the debt at the present time. Mr. Hubbard insists upon another point in which, he maintains, the official figures unfairly exaggerate the burden upon the community. The amount of the ordinary stocks is computed at par, and certainly there seems to be no reason for assuming that the Government will be able to extinguish their three per cents. below par. But besides the ordinary stocks there are the terminable annuities, which in calculating the capital of the debt have to be reduced to cash value. It is an easy actuarial operation to determine the cash value of the terminal annuities. But in the official return it is estimated as if invested in three per cent. stock at an assumed price of 93.3. It is difficult to understand why this imaginary conversion is made at a price which has no practical relation to the present value of consols. If the Government had really to sell or buy three per cent. stock, it would have to deal upon the basis of a price ranging within a fraction, one way or the other, of par. Mr. Hubbard appears to be justified in his criticisms upon the incongruity of lumping together in the computation of the aggregate debt ordinary stocks and unfounded debt all reckoned as payable at par, and the capital value of the terminable annuities supposed to be invested at nearly eight per cent. below par. If the value of the terminable annuities be supposed to be represented like the rest of the debt, by three per cent. stock at par instead of at 93.3, another deduction of over £2,000,000 must be made from the total. In that case, the actual burden of the debt will be found to be about £718,000,000, or £120,000,000 less than the amount owing by the State a quarter of a century ago.—*London Times.*

A Murderer's Plan for Escape.

De Bosnys, the tramp who lately married a widow in Essex County, New York, to obtain her property, and then murdered her, is still in the Elizabethport jail, whence he recently made an ingenious attempt to escape. He wrote an innocent letter which he handed unsealed to the sheriff and asked him to mail it to its address in this city. It was mislaid, and in finding it several days afterward, the Sheriff was amazed to read between the lines a second letter, which had become visible during the interval, suggesting a plan of escape, asking aid and threatening himself. It was afterward ascertained that the murderer had procured by some means Paris green and vinegar, with which he had mixed a first-rate invisible ink.

—More destruction. A Montana firm has contracted to deliver 1,000 pairs of buffalo horns.—*Detroit Post.*

For Young Readers.

COUNTING THE BLESSINGS.

Mamma says I must sit down—
(I want to go out and play)
And "count up the blessings of the year,"
For to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day.

Now what is a blessing, I ask?
Would any one say it is school,
And having to study as hard as I can,
And always living by rule?

Is it a blessing to cut oatmeal,
And go to bed early at night,
When Cary have waffles and raisin-cake,
And a parlor blazing with light?

Perhaps it's a blessing to go
On errands all about,
When I am crazy to read, and see
How a lovely story comes out.

And oh, you may be sure
The blessing just begins,
When you have to throw down hat and ball,
To amuse a pair of twins.

Ho, hum! There's another slide,
There's many a bother at school,
And a fellow often gets mighty tired;
But one won't be a fool:

And go sneaking through the world,
A servant or a shirk;
It's well worth while denying one's self,
To be fit for manly work.

And a boy that means to learn,
Must first learn to obey;
He doesn't get far in a world like this
By taking his own way.

The famous boating-crews,
That strive for the highest place,
Don't think of their stomachs, or what they like—
They mean to win the race.

And it isn't so easy to win,
If one does one's best to train;
It is neck and neck, and if one falls,
It is up and at it again.

The very things we like best
May be stumbling-blocks in the way;
No boy has had more blessings than I
To be glad for on Thanksgiving Day.
—*Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.*

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"I just wish there wasn't any Thanksgiving day, I just do."

"Why do you wish that, Regetta?"

"Just because I do. Mean old raisins to pick, and things to chop and to cut and to slice, and such a time with cooking and dishing up."

"Is that all?" Dotty stopped slicing citron for a moment and stood looking off through the window toward the gray clouds and the shivering trees, but was not thinking of either of them.

"All? Deary me! that's enough; pies and cakes and all sorts of things to help make, and boiling and baking and fussing to do, and as to the thanking part *I* don't see much to thank for! always stewing at a cook-stove, or scrubbing up a floor. Christmas is different from Thanksgiving, when people get presents after the cooking is over; but Thanksgiving! goodness, gracious! Some people might like it who have something to be thankful, for, but *I*"—and she tossed her saucy brown head on one side, and threw the raisins she had been picking, with a jerk, into the bowl waiting to receive them, and also over the table and the floor, for what could be expected but that the raisins would fly about when they were pitched and tossed in such a fashion?

"Did you ever see the like of it?" Regetta commenced again, "even the raisins just try to torment me; I'd like to know what I have to thank for?"

"Mamma says we ought to be thankful that we have the raisins to fix."

"Hear it! Listen to it! Does she say Peggy Hopkins ought to be thankful for the rheumatism?"

"Mamma says Peggy Hopkins is contented, but I don't see what that has to do with the matter?"

"Stupid! Peggy Hopkins' rheumatism keeps her lame in the leg so she cannot sport around and enjoy herself. What's the difference if it's raisins, pumpkin and citron, or if it's rheumatism that keeps you squatted in a corner hanging over a fire?"

"Regetta! We have the nice things to eat after we have helped to make them, but Peggy—oh! what pain she has, and nothing to eat but what people send her."

"Well she don't have to broil herself to death cooking it; somebody else does it for her; and as to pain, I guess she's too old and tough to feel much of that," and Regetta laughed at what she thought a bit of pleasantry, chuckling to herself as she tossed the raisins she had been gathering up into the bowl.

"*I* shan't do much thanking, at any rate."

"Oh, Regetta!" the little girl turned half around that the tears quivering in her eyes might be unseen.

"Oh, Regetta? What has Regetta got to be thankful for? What does she do the week through but stew over the pans, and there's nothing but misery anyway, for father's lost his work, and Billy's spasms are getting worse, and the brindle cow's gone dry, and she ought to be milking a plenty."

"But," began Dotty, trying to say some of the things that were half shaped in her thoughts, "but father isn't dead like Auntie Brown's, and we've got two cows yet to give quarts and quarts, and don't you think it's nicer to help make good things than never to have any to eat? I know it's bad about Billy, but mamma says that God knows."

She stopped, flushed with the effort she had made to tell her thoughts. There was a low rap at the door and the call, "Come in" from Regetta, brought a small figure, scantily clad, shivering in at the kitchen door.

"You've got a fire hav'n't you?" said the little new comer moving up close to the red-hot stove, where the pots were bubbling over, and the smell of good things was very strong.

"Fire? Well I le er! Fire? When the wind is blasting like that outside, who wouldn't have a fire?"

"Everybody has it that can I suppose, but you know it takes so much wood to keep it burning all the time, some people cannot. Tim—that's my brother—and me got a cat, monstrous lot yesterday, but nobody wants to burn it all right up in a minute."

"Don't your father get the wood?" said Regetta, looking up as she knelt on one knee, giving the last poke to the log with which she was refreshing the fire.

"There's nobody but us; father is dead."

"Jim Stryker is good to cut and haul wood, why don't your mother get him to do it; are your woods near?"

"Judge Swift lets us go to his woods for faggots and things; why, you know, we've got no woods and as to mother getting anybody, why mother's got us, you know."

"Gracious! Barbary Brennen—that's your name, isn't it? got *you*?"

"Yes, and she says of all the things she has to be thankful for, she is most thankful for us."

"Things to be thankful for? It's you who live at the old Swift Lodge, that's all tumbled down but one room?"

"Yes."

"And your mother broke her arm?"

"Why yes, but it's only her left, and only think how much worse it would have been had it been her right! Mother say that mercies are all the time coming to her."

"Does your mother wear spectacles?"

"No; yes—sometimes;" looking up wonderingly.

"I thought so for it must take big glasses to see *her* mercies."

"I don't know, but mother says she will have a great deal to be thankful for to-morrow; but I was most forgetting. Mother has heard all about your brother who is sick and she is sorry for him; she sent these herbs to make a tea that he can drink whenever he will, for she is sure it will make him better."

Regetta stood with the herbs in her hands as the little figure turned to the door, hearing the great roaring fire regretfully, and dropping a courtesy as she said 'good-by."

"Don't the pumpkin burn?" inquired Dotty, on her tip-toes over the stove.

"Like as not," broke out Regetta. "I'll give up forever about mercies if that woman at the lodge has any; and now I think of it, Dotty, it *is* something to *have* father, even if he is out of work, and something to have no broken arms, and to have wood and somebody to cut trees."

And when, the next day, Dotty saw Regetta tying on her bonnet to go carry a "Thanksgiving" to the old Swift Lodge, and afterwards, saw her so still and reverent when the Thanksgiving prayer was said at service time, she felt sure that after all Regetta *did* see mercies, and was for sure and certain giving thanks.—*Christian at Work.*

"Eventz and Feallngs."

Little Kate Andrews had long wished to keep a diary. Her elegant cousin Maud, from the city, who wore trails and frizzes, and carried a wonderful pain ed fan and a white parasol trimmed with lace, kept a diary. She used to sit at her table and write, after everybody else was in bed. Sometimes Kate slept with her, and she would wake up after her first long nap, and watch Maud as she wrote. Kate thought she looked very interesting in her long white wrapper, her black hair hanging over her shoulders, and her head supported upon her hand. To sit up in that way and write in a diary was the little girl's highest ambition.

So, when Maud asked Kate what she should buy for her after she went back to the city, the child answered: "A diary, please; one just like yours."

The diary came all right, wrapped in buff paper, and directed to "Miss Kate Andrews, care of James Andrews, Esq."

Kate was delighted. She meant to sit up late that very night. Mamma was going to a party, and it would be easy to sit up till nine o'clock at least.

But, for fear something would happen, she thought she would make one entry in her new book in the afternoon. So she went to papa's desk, got pen, ink and blotter, and sat down in the desk-chair with her left hand supporting her head, in imitation of Cousin Maud.

But what should she write? Her little mind was perfectly blank the moment she got the pen in her hand. Brother Ned sat at the open window studying his grammar lesson.

"Ned, will you please tell me what folks put in diaries mostly?" she said.

"Events and feelings," said Ned, grandly.

Kate wrote across the upper part of the first page. "Events and feelings," when she came to another stop.

"But, Ned, what is events?" she asked, after a minute.

"Eating your dinner is an event," said Ned. "And sometimes they put good resolutions into their diaries. And they write down the bad things they have done."

Kate became very quiet.

"If eating dinner is an event," she thought, "it isn't interesting enough to put in a diary. I think Cousin Maud wrote about the friends who came to see her, and the books she read. But I shouldn't 'spose folks would want to write it down when they don't do as they ought to. I want my diary to be nice reading."

So, under June 1, 1881, she wrote:

"There is no evenz worth writing down. When I get time, I shall make up some. About my feallngs, I haven't much of any."

In the evening, after mamma went to the party, Kate carried the pen and ink to the nursery. Nurse, thinking she had gone to bed, sat in the kitchen gossiping with the cook. The little girl established herself at the table and began to write:

"To-day, a man came and rode me the rent. It was a million do lars. I gave some to a minister to build a meeting-hous and make a chime of bells. I bought a white satin dre s, with an awful long trane. A member of Congress escorted my trane. The Pres dent gave me a bokay of roses. My feellings were happy, 'speshly when I gave my white satin dr ss to a poor woman with ten child en, and bought me a p nk one with pink roses embroidered onto it."

When Kate had written this much, she stopped to rest and think of some more events. Then, under another date, she wrote:

"I wore a reeth of white roses to-day, maid of paris. A beggar child came, and I took a rose out of the reeth and gave it to her. The Prince smiled at me, and called me an angel.

"I sat under a tree a d read a th ck book in an hour. Reading is nice."

It took Kate a long time to write all this. When she had finished she said: "There, that's what I call events."

While she was trying to read over her "Eventz and Fealings" she fell asleep, dropping her pen and making a big blot on the page. There mamma and papa found her when they came home from the party.

They had a hearty laugh over the poor little book, and after that, when they spoke of a stilted, unnatural person, they said: "He reminds me of Kate's diary."—*Mrs. M. F. Butts, in St. Nicholas.*

—An idiot is a man who approaches a mule from the rear without notifying and pacifying the front end first. The wise man is he who never goes near the mule at all, but is simply a looker-on in Vienna while the brute is making gestures with his hind feet. This statement is just as true in morals as it is in natural history.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A farmer who has tried it says turkeys will lay on more fat in two weeks when confined in a comfortable pen than they will in four when suffered to ramble about.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Keep all stock thriving by giving a stable ration of some kind and not by feeding the meadows. When the cold storms come give the animals shelter and extra grain rations to keep up the heat. Do not let the animals take this fuel from the fat already stored up, as it is a practice that no stockman can afford.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

—Ham cooked in cider: Put a pint of cider and a cup of brown sugar into enough water to cover the ham; boil three hours, or till the skin will peel off easily. Remove the skin, cover the ham with a crust of sugar, and bake in a slow oven three hours. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a pint of cider and baste the ham frequently while baking. If the cider is very sweet, use less sugar.—*Chicago Journal.*

—To fricassee chicken cut it up and boil with one or two slices of pork, in enough water to cover the chicken; fry some pork, and when it has cooked a little, drain the chicken and fry it with the pork until nearly browned; then take the broth and pour it into the frying-pan with the pork, and make a gravy, thickening with brown flour; season well and pour over the chicken.—*Chicago News.*

—The Agricultural Department at Washington estimates the shortage of the hog crop in the great hog-raising States as follows: "In Kentucky the decrease from last year, as returned by our correspondents, is 25 per cent.; 20 in Ohio; 25 in Indiana; 24 in Illinois; 20 in Iowa; 30 in Missouri. The decrease is but five per cent. in Kansas and two in Nebraska." It also says there is a small decline in the South and in the Middle States.

—If there are fence corners or other places about the farm where weeds are growing they should be mowed out to prevent the seeds from being scattered to adjoining fields. Farm fences afford one of the most common sources for weed distribution, and it is poor policy to allow the seeds to mature and become scattered to the detriment of the adjoining land. Pasture land, too often produces heavy growths of noxious weeds which should be cut before maturing their seeds.—*Country Gentleman.*

How to Locate Lameness in a Horse.

In examining a case of lameness, we should, if possible, first see the horse in the stable, and without disturbing him, observe whether he points a foot, and in what particular manner he so favors it. We should then have him led from the stable and trotted gently in hand on a hard road or pavement, giving him his head at the time. Having thus ascertained what leg he is lame in, we should proceed to discover the actual seat of the mischief. For this purpose, the finger and thumb should be carefully passed down the leg, from the knee to the foot, to ascertain if there be any undue heat, or enlargement, or tenderness from pressure; we should also feel carefully the front and sides of the pasterns, as well as round the coronet. If a splint be the cause of lameness, the horse will evince considerable pain when it is pressed, and so likewise will he in lesions of the sinews.

Supposing that we have found no sufficient cause of lameness above, we must now direct our attention to the feet. In nearly every case, unless the mischief should be very clearly exhibited elsewhere, it would be advisable to remove the shoe; the foot should then be pared out, to ascertain if there be any wound or bruise in it. The nail holes should be carefully examined and pressed with pincers, or gently struck with a hammer, to discover any symptoms of tenderness; the heels of the sole should be pared down, and the parts struck gently with a hammer; this is preferable to pressing the bar and crust with the pincers, as is usually done, for this often produces pain in some feet, when there is no disease, and often fails in causing pain in others, when there is a deep-seated corn.

After paring awhile, the smith will very probably say there is no corn; but we must not be satisfied until we have pared almost to the quick. If the horse be very lame from a corn, he will almost always favor the foot; but in so doing he will not, however, extend his limb out straight to its full length, but will elevate the heel without extending the foot very far, which will give a knuckling appearance to the limb. Should none of these symptoms be exhibited, we must consider the disease to be deep-seated, and then it is all-important to ascertain if the animal points his foot, for, if such is the case, in all probability the cause of lameness exists in the navicular joint, supposing it was a fore foot we were examining.

It will seldom be necessary to go through these various manipulations seriatim; we may sometimes pounce upon the seat of lameness at once, and very often detect it after a moderate examination; but there are cases that will demand our utmost attention and experience, and will often put to a severe test the professional talents and tact even of the most skilled veterinarian.

Horses sometimes exhibit a slight lameness immediately after being shod, though quite sound before. Such cases may arise from the shoe being nailed on too tight, and are often relieved by removing the shoe and re-applying it more gently; this lameness most frequently occurs in horses with very thin horn, and is ascertained by the manner in which it comes on, and the absence of any other visible causes. The shoe in such a case may also have an improper bearing, pressing severely on weak spots, or on the sole or heels; or the heels or sole may have been pared too much, or unevenly.

Persons unaccustomed to horses, will more frequently pronounce the wrong limb than the right in cases of slight lameness. The cause of their blunders may then be easily explained. They perceive that a horse drops the moment one foot comes to the ground, and they immediately conclude that that must be the lame one, fancying that he drops from the pain received when it meets the ground; whereas the fact is, he treads as lightly as he can on the lame foot, and bears his whole weight on the sound one.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Science has enlightened the world as to the many so-called mysteries of nature, but it cannot tell what becomes of old button hooks and hair pins.—*Ex.* Have you looked in your wife's sewing machine drawers? If they are not all there, you may find the others behind the bureau.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Perfectly Amazed.

In the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, we observe that Mr. Rosenthal, of the well-known printing firm, Rosenthal & Roesch, 538 California street, that city, said to one of their reporters: "We all know of St. Jacobs Oil, and are perfectly amazed at the suddenness of the relief it affords. If you know of any one who is suffering with rheumatism, bruise or sprain, tell them to use St. Jacobs Oil.

Late in life George Washington rode in his own carriage, but in his earlier years he took a hack at the cherry tree.—*Worcester Gazette.* The man who had the temerity to spring this relic of antiquity upon the public forgot to mention how George's father took a chaise after the young man, and was about ready to sleigh him, when George attempted to saddle the bl ne on some one else as the cutter.—*Lawrence American.*

Certainly an elegant remedy for all aches and pains is St. Jacobs Oil, says Dr. J. Turner, of Shirrell's Ford, N. C., in the Ravenswood (W. Va.) *News.*

The Rev. Penstock arose in his usual graceful manner and announced that he was in receipt of several private letters suggesting that the Lime-Kiln Club form itself into a military organization and be prepared to rush to the defense of its country in time of peril. The idea struck him as 16x24, and he hoped that it would prevail. "In case of sich an organizashun have we de right man for a Kurnel?" asked the President. "I—I—that is—well, I specks I know sumthin' 'bout de Kurnel biziness," stammered Penstock. "An' so do I!" added thirteen other members in chorus. "Am der any member in dis hall to-night who knows how to be a private soldier?" asked the President. The silence for the next thirty seconds could have been knocked down by a crowbar. "De subjeck am postponed," continued Brother Gardner. "Six or seven hundred Kurnels an' no rank an' file wou dn't be 'cordin' to either Hardee or Hoyle. In kase de kentry am placed in peril we'll send substitutes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Is It Possible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

The man who scissors off coupons is the genuine revenue cutter.

Answer to Correspondent.

Any average Congressman can tell you "Why the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads." Mr. Robert Christy of Springfield can and will also tell you that Mishler's Herb Bitters cured him of Diarrhœa of two weeks' coming on. The doctors could not, however. This old and ever reliable remedy is a sovereign cure for all blood disorders, Kidney and Liver troubles, Constipation, Cholic, Cholera and kindred diseases.

An exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is fully the article to attack the disease, both internally, through the blood, and externally, through the absorbents, and is the only reliable and rational mode of treatment. These preparations are only put up for general use after having been used by the Doctor in his private practice for years, with the greatest success, and they fully merit the confidence of all classes of sufferers from skin diseases. This is for sale by all druggists. Two bottles, internal and external treatment in one package. Don't be persuaded to take any other. It costs one dollar.

Christmas and the *Congressional Record* are coming. We could probably worry along without Christmas.—*Norristown Herald.*

"That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the lady a world-wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital con ttution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

The Egyptian emblem of a snake with its tail in its mouth was the earliest sign of the "swallow-tail."—*Detroit Post.*

Farmers, teamsters, don't experiment, but use Frazer Axle Grease. It is the best.

Straighten old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

The first case of black male—Ham.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c.

New method of making tooth-powder: Grind your teeth. Patent unapplied for.—*The Judge.*

☞ Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "It is curing everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Conghlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1875, I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

Best Truss Ever Used.—Send for circulars. Elastic Truss Co., 741 Broadway, New York.

A good deacon in one of our suburbs is so much opposed to gambling that he refuses to shake off his lethargy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

The forger is locked up simply for writing a wrong.

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' May Apple Pills," cathartic. 10 and 25c.

Aminadab says a dog's lungs are the seat of its pants.—*Marathon Independent.*

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

Somebody says that "women would never do to run railroads, as the trains would always be behind."

Do not buy and use Wise's Axle Grease, unless you want the very best.

Old Fogy says, the old is good enough—Enterprise says, give me the improved and prospers.

Coat on grease screaks the Iron—Wise's Grease preserves it—Experiment and get the best.

An unequal match: That which strikes only on the box.—*The Judge.*

The New Toy, by Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, delights all children. Send ten cents for one. Circulars sent free.

When a Boston young lady wishes to express that she has the "blues," she simply remarks: "I have azure distemper."

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Has the largest sale of any cough medicine. Pike's toothache drops cure in a minute.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

St. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

PETROLINA VETERINARY FOR HORSES & CATTLE.

Promptly cures saddle sores, sore shoulders, cuts, galls, mears and wounds of every description. Scratches, grease heel, thrush, quarter-cracks, contraction of the hoof, sprains, bruises, etc.: in fact is beneficial in all cases where an ointment or liniment can be of service. Never spoils. No stable should be without it. Pints, 50 cents; Curbuncled, 75 cents per pound cans. Sold by all Druggists. Manufactured by the

BINGHAMTON OIL REFINING CO.,

Send for circular. Binghamton, N. Y.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

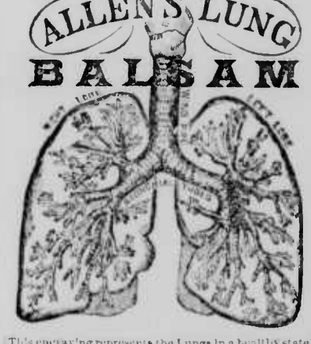

This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state]

A Good Family Remedy!

STRICTLY PURE.

Harmless to the Most Delicate!

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Wm. C. Diggs, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4, 1881, that he wants us to know that the Lung Balsam *has cured his mother of consumption*, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, on knowing her case, since taken the Balsam and been cured, he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

Wm. A. Graham & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us, in the case of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

VOLUNTARY EDITORIAL FROM THE DUBUQUE HERALD.

Allen's Lung Balsam is a popular remedy in Dubuque and the surrounding country. The druggists of whom we have conversed in regard to the sale of different remedies for Lung Diseases, all speak in high terms of Allen's Lung Balsam, not only as having the largest sale, but of giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used. In our opinion it is excellent emollient properties we can speak from experience, having used it in our family for a long time.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal.

FOR SALE BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Old fashionable remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great renovator, which tones the system, tranquilizes the nerves, neutralizes malaria, depurates and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

HAIR Wigs & Hairs and C.O.D. anywhere. Whole sale & Retail. Price list, Gray Goods guaranteed. B. B. STORES, 151 Wabash Av., Chicago

SAW MILLS The Best to Cheap. For Descriptive Circular and Prices write THE ALLIMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Phila'a, Pa.

Write for price-list. Wigs, Waves and Curls sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & retail. G. C. Merrill, 103 W. Madison St., Chicago. HAIR

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Wanted at once by P. W. Zieglers & Co., Boyd, Phila'a, Pa.

ILL Catalogue of 300 Books free to any address. Agents Wanted. Sun Book Co., 23 Beekman St., N. Y.

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MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL

A LINIMENT FOR MAN & BEAST.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles only, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

Prepared from a Germania formula. In use over 200 years. Positively Cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Fever and Ague, Boils, Blotches, Humors, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Old Sores, Female Weaknesses, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Dropsy, Gravel, Piles, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Impure Blood, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Dimness of Vision, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Fainting Spells, Heart Disease, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Female Complaints, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Chills and Fever, Ague in the Stomach, Malaria, Blood Poisons, Consumption

Is This the False Prohets?

"In the earlier part of the present century a large cargo of slaves direct from the Arabic-speaking regions of Northern Africa was secretly landed near Yorktown. This cargo was delivered to agents, and thus 800 intelligent Mohammedan light skinned Africans were distributed among the planters of Eastern Virginia. Fierce as untamed tigers, these wild followers of the Prophet of Mecca gave the slave-owners more trouble than any other 800 bondsmen south of Mason and Dixon's line. Many of them escaped to the North, and their descendants live in Fayette county, in that State. Among them are the Blues, Jacksons, Mundys, Palmers, Manaways and others, whose thin lips, high foreheads, aquiline noses, superior intellectual capacity and splendid physique distinguish them from full-blooded negroes. A correspondent has found among these people the old home of the Great False Prophet of Soudan. His story is this: Among these escaped Mohammedans were George Johnson and wife. George's real name was Beyash El Asewah. He was a sheik and priest of the Order of Hamd. For several years he lived in the mountains near Connellsville, but, fearing recapture, went to Canada. In 1850 he returned to Pennsylvania and settled in Uniontown. In 1851 he removed to Brownsville, and subsequently to Pittsburg, where he died in 1877 at a very advanced age. In 1830, while at Connellsville, his son Thomas was born. At the age of 10 Thomas had learned the Koran from his father. No turreted mosque reared its massive walls, no bearded Muezzin called the ex-slave and his family to worship, but Beyash El Asewah never forgot 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet,' and in a land of Christian strangers secretly adhered to the faith of his fathers.

"In 1849 Thomas Johnson drifted to California, to return to Uniontown. Two years later, in 1853, he went to Paris and joined the French army. He was sent to Algiers at the close of his term of service. He joined a caravan and crossed Sahara southward unto Soudan. For several years he lived among the natives of that almost inaccessible region. With his almost perfect mastery of the Koran, and his superior knowledge of the arts of civilization, and especially of war, he forged to the front as a leader. In 1862, when he heard of the war of the rebellion, fired with an ambition to help free the slaves of the South, he wrote a long letter to President Lincoln offering to recruit a thousand Arab zonaves for the Union army if the United States would furnish transportation. The letter got into the newspapers, and was published as a great joke. In 1865 he returned, just as the war closed, and visited Connellsville, Uniontown, Brownsville, and then Pittsburg, to see his aged father. In August he returned to Egypt, and thence to Soudan, where he acquired a greater influence than ever over the semi civilized people of that extensive country, and claimed prophetic powers. As time rolled on his wealth and power increased, and when the English invaded Egypt he proclaimed himself Iman Mahdi, or the last prophet Allah shall send to conquer the enemies of Islam and rule supreme over the world. While Arabi Pasha was suffering defeat, rumor has it that the False Prophet was achieving extraordinary victories and slaying thousands of his foes. According to Mohammedan belief Iman Mahdi is to come with great signs and wonders just before the judgment day. He will appear on a milk-white charger, accompanied by an innumerable army of bearded Mussulmans, all mounted on snow-white stallions. The Iman Mahdi must be a visible ruler, with power and victory on his side. If he manages to spread the report that he is killing Jews, Christians and pagans by thousands, he may be accepted most willingly by the Molems. The defeat of Arabi, who claimed to fight for the cause of Islam, may cause all Mohammedans to turn to Johnson as their coming Prophet.

"It may be added that one of the False Prophet's hundred wives is a native of Fayette county, an octoroon from Uniontown. She accompanied him to Mecca and to Africa in 1865, and is said to be mistress of his harem. She, too, is a direct descendant of the Arabs of the slave ship of Yorktown. She still writes to her relatives in Pennsylvania."

Scripture Inspiration.

The sessions of the present Episcopal Church Congress at Richmond, Va., have been marked by great freedom in the expression of individual opinion on points of doctrine. The discussion the other day as to whether the ministry is a priesthood showed that a majority of the congress are in accord with "Evangelical" doctrine on that point. One of the most interesting sessions was that in which the inspiration of the Bible was the subject. Only one of the speakers contended fo exact verbal inspiration, and most of them went further in the other direction, admitting errors and inconsistencies, that the vast body of Christians will be inclined to follow them. In fact, if they are correctly reported, three only held to any theory which can be reconciled with plenary inspiration in any form. Dr. Randolph said that the whole of the Bible is inspired, but the letter is human and the errors are human. Inspiration protects the facts; all inconsistencies are merely human. A logical deduction from Dr. Randolph's premises would lead us to the conclusion that the errors in the Bible are inspired. Further, if the Bible is admitted to contain errors, what is the supreme rule by which they may be determined to be errors? If it is each man's private judgment, we are at once afloat in a sea of conflicting opinions. Many things in the Bible that were once inexplicable are now seen to be true by the light thrown upon them by modern science; for instance, the statement in the first chapter of Genesis, that light was created long before the sun and moon appeared.

We do not see how any one can hold the theory of the exact verbal inspiration of the Bible as we have it; but, on the other hand, it seems to us that any theory which falls short of plenary inspiration—an inspiration sufficient to make the Bible God's infallible truth—has in it the elements of the destruction of any firm belief in the Scriptures as God's revelation to man. By this we do not mean to say that the Bible contains all of God's truth; only that all it does contain is God's truth. That the writer were left free as to the manner of their expression scarcely any one denies; as to the matter, it is claimed to have been supervised or communicated by the Holy Spirit. In closing we cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. Tiffany, of New York, promising that we do not endorse the word "imperfections" as meaning errors. Dr. Tiffany said that "God did not begin by letting down a book into the world, but He chose to reveal Himself in the historical course of events and in the only way in which the ancients could have understood him. The inspiration of the Old Testament was the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, but as the people of whom these are records were imperfect, so there might be imperfections in the records themselves. In the New Testament, when God made His perfect revelation of Himself, He made it in the person and life of Jesus Christ, and after that in the historic Church founded upon the life and work of Jesus Christ."

We are glad that this subject is become so prominent in church discussion. The more men think about it, the more they will see that the only logical position to take in the matter is that occupied by the advocates of plenary inspiration, commonly called the orthodox position.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at A. G. Stuigiss' Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Over 5000

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Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25 cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 tf G. A. SHIRER.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Five streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esqs., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

Estate of Solomon Turney, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administratrix on the personal estate of

SOLOMON TURNEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of November, 1882.

JEMIMA TURNEY,
11 18 3 Administratrix.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

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Plasterers & Kalsominers.

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Work first-class and done at short notice.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drug and medicines.

PARKER'S

GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1		2.55 P. M.
No. 3		11.31 P. M.
No. 5		7.13 A. M.
No. 7		5.11 P. M.
Way		10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2		1.51 A. M.
No. 6		9.11 A. M.
No. 8		9.01 A. M.
No. 10		5.35 P. M.
Way		10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "bailsman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also a great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and directed to me as Sheriff, at the suit of Jacob P. Oener, plaintiff, vs. J. McClure Mason, defendant, the same being No 4 Judicials to September Term 1879, on the docket of said Court, I did sieze and take in execution all the following described pieces, parcels and lots of land lying and being in said Garrett county, to-wit:

Military Lots No. 1136 and 1652,

The property of the said J. McClure Mason, and containing one hundred acres of land more or less. Said Lot No. 1652 being the same land that was conveyed to the said J. McClure Mason by Robert Swan by deed bearing date February 24, 1852, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 8 folios, 181, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Mary land. The said land lies about six miles South of the town of Oakland, is in a fine state of cultivation and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other out buildings.

And I hereby give notice that on the

12th day of December, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Coddington's Hotel in the Town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bonafide bidder for cash, the above described property to satisfy the judgment and costs in the above cause.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
11 18 4 Late Sheriff.

PATENTS.

Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEDRGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-Issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications for reviver of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and references can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

GEORGE E. LEMON,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,

615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mention this paper.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

1f 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles.

apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty Street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and ruins a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

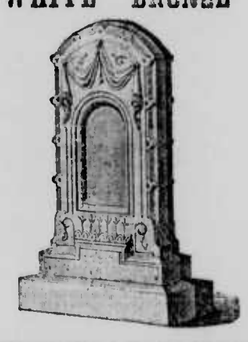

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

FULL ARRIVAL

—OF—

SPRING & SUMMER

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

—AT—

G. E. HINKLEY'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

Bush Building, near the Postoffice, Cor. Third and Oak streets, Oakland, Md.

Having been encouraged by the revival of trade, I have lately been to the eastern cities and laid in a fine stock of Clothing goods, and the nicest lot of trimmings ever brought to the town of Oakland. With a first-class Cutter and good workmen I am prepared to furnish suits at short notice, and will guarantee them as represented. No advantage taken of anybody. Call and order your suits before the rush. Prices placed at the lowest cash figure.

Feeling thankful to a generous community for their liberal patronage in the past, I will try to merit a continuance in the future.

G. E. HINKLEY,
4 21 tf OAKLAND, MD.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office, stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tilson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Neibkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND

WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
oct y 1o6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John L. Gregg and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
SIMEON GLOTFELTY,
9 21 5 Examiners.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bourne Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 250, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

PATENTS.

E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $15 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make great profits by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. Nothing like it for those who want to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec 31 1y.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded

1e21-tf

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882. NUMBER 40.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Selecshey, Joseph Sulker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 lm.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"
"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*."
"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House.

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & Co PATENTS NEW YORK

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives. It is a positive cure for Catarrh in all its stages. PERUNA positively cures with every remedy. No young, the old, the middle-aged, the laboring man, the merchant, the lawyer, the clergyman, the mechanic, the miner, the traveler, the housekeeper, the seamstress, the man of business, the man of leisure, the invalid, the debilitated, the overworked, the sick, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the neuralgic, the costive, the feverish, the consumptive, the bilious, the splenetic, the hypochondriac, the blues, the nervous prostration, the general debility, the functional irregularity, the uterine disease, the displacement, the leucorrhœa, the suppressed menstruation, the irritable bowels, the sick headache, the kidney disease, the liver complaint, the dropsical swelling, the scrofulous humor, the chronic rheumatism, the inflammatory rheumatism, the scrofulous catarrh, the pelvic catarrh, the malarial fever, the epidemic influenza, the bronchitis, the pneumonia, the consumption, the hacking cough, the obstinate cough, the asthma, the hay fever, the summer complaint, the dysentery, the diarrhœa, the cholera morbus, the cholera infantum, the sea sickness, the change of water, the change of climate, the change of life, the dizziness, the faintness, the flatulency, the indigestion, the biliousness, the jaundice, the alcoholism, the intermittent fever, the periodical headache, the prostration from heat, the spinal irritation, the gout, the neuralgia, the headache, the mental depression, the loss of memory, the hysteria, the melancholia, the pain in the back, the pain in the side, the chronic nasal catarrh, the bronchial catarrh, the uterine catarrh, the vesical catarrh, the dyspepsia, the female weakness, the kidney complaint, the nervousness, the sleeplessness, the chronic diarrhœa, the kidney disease, and in the first stage of consumption. In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. A 32 page pamphlet, containing a full list of ingredients, with a treatise on "The Blood of Life," "Diseases of the Liver," "Diarrhœa, or Kidneys," sent free.

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE AT

GARTHRIGHT'S STORE,

—FOR—

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

As I am in need of funds to carry on the work of building a store and other buildings at Mountain Lake Park

I am offering some splendid bargains in a large and well selected stock of

OVERCOATS,

—AND—

SUITS FOR MEN & BOYS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND GUM BOOTS.

All of the different makes of Plows to be sold at COST.

All who know themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come and pay up old accounts and make new ones if they wish, BUT ON SHORT TIME, in order to help me along in building.

☞ Come and examine before you buy elsewhere, and tell your friends who do not take a paper.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.
Mineral Springs, Md.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property situate on the corner of [illegible] and [illegible] streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, and has [illegible] and kitchen plastered, basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 8000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

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2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also in great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

je21-tf

Two Mutilated Coins.

An old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This 25 cent piece has notches filed in it, and the 50 cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the 50 cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes? Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night, when she went to bed, we'd take it off, but early at morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No. Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed those notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard and compare their watches and see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him, and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods, they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgetfully looked at her fifty cents. "What are you doing?" asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, said, "Papa, lean over," I leaned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said, "Papa, take care of my watch." The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both were moist. "Do you see that boy out there on that wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always hived me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.

A Small Beginning.

An Irish washerwoman who was among the earliest settlers in Leadville, Colorado, has succeeded in amassing a large fortune by her own industry. Her stock in trade when she came consisted of a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and as business was good at two dollars and a half per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and after furnishing her cabin comfortably, began to accumulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after awhile she employed laborers to put up a log house. As there was a great demand for miners' boarding houses, this enterprising woman concluded to abandon the washtub and start a boarding-house in her new edifice. In the idea she received great encouragement, and the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very centre, and as the streets were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on a desirable corner. Business was now and she continued to make money, which she invested wisely. She had another log house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building, which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the "land grabbers" disputed her title to the land and tried to dispossess her, but the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she refused an offer of ten thousand dollars for her property, and since that time has built a two story block fronting on a desirable avenue. She still lives in her log house, but intends to tear it down and erect a two-story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than a thousand dollars per month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman, it must be admitted.

Captain Boynton's Parrot.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Captain Paul Boynton owns a talking parrot which has a habit of imitating crying babies. On Friday the captain was bringing the bird in a basket to New York from his home at Flushing. Suddenly the passengers in the ladies' cabin on the ferry-boat heard the wailing of an infant proceed from the basket at the captain's side. As the sound increased the passengers stared at Boynton, who got red in the face and gave the basket a gentle kick. There an old lady became indignant and said something about a "big brute." The kick seemed to arouse Polly's feelings, for the screaming grew louder. The staring of the passengers became unbearable, and the captain seized the basket and hurried to the front of the boat in evident embarrassment, for he is a married man. He was followed by all the passengers; who watched him narrowly as he stood by the railing. When the boat landed at the foot of Thirty-Fourth street and Boyton reached the street, he was accosted by a policeman.

"Captain," said the officer, "there's an old gent says you've got a baby in the basket."

"What nonsense!" said Boynton, as a crowd gathered; "and suppose I have?"

"Well, it's a curious way to carry a child, and you'll excuse me if I insist on seeing it. It's my duty, you know."

"All right," said the captain, as he cut the cover of the basket open with a penknife. The parrot stuck its head out of the basket and yelled, "Polly wants a cracker!"

And now the policeman would like to meet the "old gent" who gave him the information which led to the laughter which followed.

Anecdote of Davy Crocket.

The following is old, and we recollect seeing it in print years ago, but it will bear printing again:

Chrockett, while at Washington, visited a menagerie which opened there for exhibition, and stopping before the cage of a huge baboon he exclaimed, after gazing awhile upon the grotesque quadrumane:

"Bless me! that fellow looks exactly like Tom —, of Alabama," naming an honorable member of Congress from that State, then on duty in Washington.

'Sir?' sounded an indignant voice at his elbow.

Davy turned, and beheld the very same member whom he had liked to the baboon, with a lady upon either arm.

"Really, sir," said Crockett, "I had no idea that you were so near. Had I known it I should not have spoken as I did."

The honorable gentleman was irate and in language slightly tinctured with threatening, demanded an apology.

"O, certainly," replied David, good-naturedly, "I am ready to apologize. Yes—yes—but—" and he looked from the honorable member to the animal in the cage and from the animal back to the honorable member, who by the way had never been deemed a handsome man—"really I don't know which I ought to apologize to—*you or the baboon*."

The German Army.

The German Railway Regiment constructed about the middle of August, on their exercise ground at Schoneberg, a railroad bridge, 395 feet in length, in one night. The middle part of the bridge had a clear span of 98 feet, resting at each end upon piers of round bar. The trestles are constructed of round timber, secured in the simplest possible manner by means of ordinary fish-plates. The piers consisted of piles driven into the ground, and with crossbeams on the top, served to carry the bridge. The work was designed by a captain of the regiment, the construction was superintended by one of the second lieutenants, and the work was done by carpenters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics of the regiment. The necessary light was obtained from four electric lamps. This undertaking was preliminary to the drill of the regiment at Klausdorf, on August 22d, 23d, and 24th, when two companies on a war footing and one detachment were practiced in field railway and bridge construction. The course of drill, including camp duty, consisted in the construction of a field railway nearly a mile in length, with several sidings and a turntable the erection of a wooden viaduct, 36 feet high and 280 feet in length, and the building and testing of a bridge of new design, about 65 feet span. Three inclined planes for rope tramways, and a quantity of telegraph and telephone work were also accomplished. It is this incessant, systematic and useful drill which makes a German army of modern times so formidable when pitted against others that have not had a similar training.

The Ideal Mule.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, love, I, too, would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A lazy mule. One of these sad-eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short and my foretop banged, and a head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods, and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river six weeks to find all of that toad and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the emeute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE THREE WISHES.—I asked a student what three things he most desired: "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more."

I asked a miser and he cried, "Money, money, money."

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread, bread, bread."

I asked a drunkard and he loudly called for strong drink.

I asked the multitude around me and they lifted up a confused cry in which I heard the words, "Wealth fame and pleasure."

I asked a poor man who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied that all his wants could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously and I asked him to explain. He said: "I greatly desire these three things—first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ."

I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems to be.

POOR LITTLE FELLOW.—Little Johnny Fizzletop attended a child's party at a fashionable residence on Austin avenue. While the supper was progressing it was noticed that Johnny was weeping.

"What is the matter, Johnny?" asked the lady of the house.

"I can't—feel any more," said Johnny, sobbing as if his little heart would break.

"Well, then, put some apples and cake in your pocket."

"They are full already," replied Johnny, with a fresh paroxysm of grief.

"Then I'll get you a big basket to fill up to take home with you."

Then the incipient little office-holder smiled through his tears, harmony was restored within the party lines, and the formation of a new party was happily averted.—*Siftings*.

Senator John Sherman thinks that the Republican party will be solid in 1884. So say we all of us.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

I.

In field and wood the purple aster's blooming,
Where nodding plumes of golden rod are seen;
And wayside ferns their Autumn dress assuming,
Have put aside their earlier robes of green.

Cool are the clouds above the regal mountains,
Though tree and bush with color are aglow,
And sluggish brooks, changed into tumbling fountains,
O'er rock and root in rapid currents flow.

From tree to tree the thrifty squirrel's leaping,
Hunting the walnuts and the winter-store;
While through the fields, amid the stubble reaping,
A myriad host of roaming insects pour.

On shaded walks the colored leaf is falling,
The pasture lands are turning brown and sere,
And from the sky the chattering crow is calling,
And not a bird of summer singeth here.

The summer days have come and have departed,
The flush of health is changing to decay,
And earth takes back the life that it imparted,
To hold it for her resurrection day.

II.

What if gray clouds now take the place of golden,
What if all nature suffereth a change,
Still beauty fills the eyes that are not holden,
Where e'er they lift, wherever they may range.

To clearer heights the hills their peaks are lifting,
The valleys open to a broader reach,
And changing lights and shades are o'er them drifting,
Weaving the gold or purple robe of each.

The wind from out the azure west is stealing,
The cool, pure sky is wondrous deep and fair,
And rythmic movements of poetic feeling
Suffuse the soul in the delicious air.

The misty heats have left the upper spaces,
The kissing stars brought back their glittering fires;
Night unto night, from out the heavenly places,
Prolongs the gladness which the day inspires.

These are the days and nights of peaceful pleasure,
The rarest, not the saddest of the year,
And though their music beats a minor measure,
No sweeter strains can fill a listening ear.

III.

And nature dying touches still the living—
The benediction of her closing days—
And fuller life, and quickened hope is giving
To hands that labor, and to lips that praise.

If the seed die not, how shall it be raised?
Out of this death a future life shall spring;
Once more O Lord, Thy holy name be praised,
For the great truth these hours of Autumn bring.

I take the lesson from the fading beauty,
The hope of life now promised in decay;
And cheerful turn to meet the waiting duty
With added strength and courage for the way.

No more the Lotos lures me into dreaming,
No more I idly eat these hills recline;
Afar the city's beckoning lights are gleaming,
And days of rest can be no longer mine.

As on my hearth the embers fast are dying—
The leaping flame went out an hour ago—
And in the pines the rising winds are sighing,
A crowning blessing, Lord, on me bestow!

—*Anson D. F. Randolph, in N. Y. Observer*

THE BOYS ON WOLF ISLAND.

The Sioux Indians, under command of Ink-pa-du-tah, massacred many of the white settlers near Spirit Lake, in Northwestern Iowa, in the spring of 1857.

The neighboring settlements were panic-stricken, the excitement extending even as far as the center of the State, where, although older people had little fear of invasion, every boy had his nerves strung for war. Especially was this the case in the Marble settlement, near the Des Moines River.

But the Indians, instead of advancing, retreated, much to the disappointment of Ben and Charlie Marble and their young neighbors.

Just then, however, something happened which aroused their spirit of adventure more than ever.

A book-peddler came into the neighborhood, and, on going away from the farm-house of Mr. Archibald Jones, Sr., tipped a sly wink at Archibald Jones, Jr., and, beckoning him behind the cow-shed, produced a small paper covered book.

"Look here, my man," he said. "What do you think of that?" and he displayed the flaming red frontispiece of the book, showing a desperate encounter between a white man and an Indian. Then he slowly passed his thumb across the edges of the leaves, thereby whirling a panorama of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes before the boy's bewildered and enchanted vision.

"O, my!" exclaimed Archy.

"Got a dollar?" asked the peddler.

"No—o, I haint." And Archy began feeling in his pockets, from which he drew a rock, a piece of chalk, a tow string, a nice knife, two buttons and twenty-five cents.

"Can't make it?" asked the peddler.

"No—o," answered Archy, despondently.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do. You are a fine boy and I want to favor you. Give me the knife and the money and you can have the book."

Archy hesitated, but another glimpse of the frontispiece decided the matter and the trade was made.

As the peddler walked away, he laughed softly to himself:

"How these foolish stories, with their flashy pictures take the boys. That book was only worth a quarter and I have a nice knife clear!"

In five minutes Archy was alone in the cornfield, poring over the pages of his wonderful book, which proved to be the "Life and Adventures of Catamount Bill," otherwise known as "The White Fiend. "The Invisilde Catamount of the Crags," etc.

Though Archy had little judgment, he had great faith, and believed every word of the story to be true.

After reading the book five times he traded it to Lem Burton for a steel trap, having by this time decided to run away and join the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

Lem traded it to Bush Shackleford, who, in turn traded it for some powder and shot and the hammer of an old rifle, to which he hoped to add a barrel-stock, lock, and triggers, and then start for the Rocky Mountains, to become a second Catamount Bill.

Finally Ben and Charley Marble bought the book, and, as they lay on the sweet hay, in the barn-loft, one rainy summer day, side by side, faces down, heads close together, reading the exploits of Catamount Bill they felt themselves fully capable of killing a thousand Indians and putting ten thousand to flight.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and Kit Carson were tame affairs compared with Catamount Bill.

The last-named hero was in the habit of appearing just in time to rescue any band of white people who might be in danger of destruction by the countless horde of savages. Then, with a revolver in each hand, he would dash up to the foe, shooting right and left, never missing his mark, while his terrible battle-cry of "Red Men of the West, the White Fiend Cometh" sent down terror to the hearts of the Indians, who, yelling "Mak-le Klak jig-lum Klam how-wassy!" (meaning "The Invisible Catamount of the Crags is upon us") would break for the mountains, leaving Catamount Bill in possession of the field.

"My! But wasn't he brave, though?" exclaimed Charley, after reading the description of a scene similar to the above.

"Guess he was!" said Ben. "Wouldn't I like to've been there?"

"Pshaw! Ben, your old pepper-box revolver wouldn't kill a ningeu."

"I'm!" ejaculated Ben. "I'd a run up behind the old chief, 'n' hit him over the head with a club, 'n' grabbed his rifle, 'n' blow his brains out."

"Me too!" chimed in Charley.

"Say Charley, I know something," said Ben, mysteriously.

"Arch Jones 'n' Bush Shackleford 'n' Lem Burton 'n' me are going to run off."

"Me too?" asked Charley, eagerly.

"Of course, you'll go, if I do," said Ben.

"Where are you going to run to, Ben?"

"To the Rocky Mountains, of course."

"But, Ben, what'll we do for revolvers 'n' rifles 'n' things"

"O! we're going into camp on Wolf Island, 'n' hunt 'n' trap, 'n' sell hides 'n' furs 'til we get money enough to buy everything we need. I tell you, Charley, you and I were not made to hoe corn and weed onions. Pa likes to do it, and we'll let him."

"But, Ben, he will be sure to find us, if we go to shooting."

"H'm! D'you suppose that, if Catamount Bill could stay right in the Blackfoot Indian village a month and they not know it, we can't hide on Wolf Island? What kind of a *scout* are you, any how? *You* never mind. We've got it all fixed up. *We'll* show 'em what *stragety* is."

Just then a tall man, with comical, laughing eyes, stole softly down the ladder, where he had been standing, listening to every word the boys had said.

"Stragety!" he repeated to himself, with a curious smile. "'Stragety'! That's pretty good for a twelve-year-old boy, but I will show him the difference between *'stragety'* and strategy."

During the next few days there were some very mysterious consultations between the boys of "The Expedition," as they termed it, who managed to come together in a cornfield several times.

II.

One moonlight night, soon afterward, Ben and Charley Marble stole softly away from their father's house and hurried down the road toward the river.

They had gone two miles when they came to the first patch of timber.

"Halt! Who comes there?" rang a voice in the bush before them.

They had expected to hear the voice at this place; yet it startled them and they stopped instantly.

"Who comes there?" repeated the voice, and they heard the sharp click of a gunlock.

"Bush, it's *us!* Don't shoot!" cried Charley, quickly.

"Who comes there, then?" demanded Bush.

"The Invisible *boy* Catamount of the Crags," declaimed Ben.

"And who is with you?"

"The Hyena of the Plains," answered Charley.

"Now, who are you that dares to challenge us?" exclaimed Ben, fiercely, snapping his empty pepper-box revolver at the sentinel.

"The Crockerdile of the Mountings," answered Bush, whose education had been very much neglected.

"All right!" "All right!" and the three boys sat down to await reinforcements.

"Sh!" breathed Charley. "Some one is coming."

Catamount Ben laid his ear to the ground after the manner of Catamount Bill, when listening for savages.

"White men!" he whispered, mysteriously. "I can *hear* their toes turned out. Indians always walk with their toes turned in."

"Halt!" commanded Bush, "who comes there?"

"The Galoot of the Amazon," replied Archy Jones, who supposed he had chosen the name of some dangerous South American animal.

"Halt! Who comes there?" again commanded Bush.

"The Capricorn of the Arctic Zone," piped little Lem Burton, his big, wondering eyes and delicate white face, framed with yellow, waving hair, seeming to appear from the darkness before his body was visible.

The Catamount, the Hyena, the Crocodile, the Galoot and the Capricorn all being present, the company was complete and proceeded through the "big woods" to the river.

The country was full of wolves and wild-cats in those days, and, as the boys walked stealthily along, they more than once thought they saw fiery eyes in the shadows of the giant trees, and, although they did not acknowledge it, were very glad when they reached the river.

Bush had already secreted a canoe by the river's bank, and they were soon on wolf Island, the theme of their past consultations and the scene of their future adventures.

Wolf Island contained about ten acres, was covered with enormous willow, cotton-wood and "sycamore" trees, between which, in many places, hung great grape-vines; forming a net-work of as romantic and mysterious hiding-places as even an Indian could wish.

About the center of the Island, near a steep bank, under a canopy of trees, the boys built a fire of drift-wood, and reclined around it in the most striking attitudes they could assume.

Each one had his pantaloons in his boots, his waist encircled by a belt, either of leather, rope or bark, and in each belt was some kind of a weapon.

Catamount Ben had an old pepper-box revolver, though as yet he had no ammunition for it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, with black eyes, brown cheeks and a certain set to his lips, which indicated that he did not intend to be second in any undertaking.

His younger brother, Charley, the Hyena of the Plains, was of much milder type, with lighter complexion, more slightly built, and was inclined to follow rather than to lead. He was armed with a wooden bowie-knife, the result of much whittling, on a refractory clapboard.

The Galoot of the Amazon, Archy Jones, a freckled-face, hot-looking boy of eleven, was armed with his steel-trap.

The Capricorn of the Arctic Zone, little Lem Burton, rejoiced in his mother's sway-backed old butcher-knife; and, finally, the "Crockerdile of the Mountings," the broad-shouldered, thick-necked, square-jawed, small nosed and big-footed Bush Shackleford, besides being armed with a single-barreled shot-gun, carried in his belt a two-edged knife, made of an old file and having a corn-cob for a handle and a wrinkled boot-leg for a sheath.

"It was now after midnight, but there were no sleepy eyes around the fire, whose ever-changing light gave the forest a weird and romantic appearance.

The moon went down, leaving an arch of darkness above and a wall of darkness about them. Beyond this wall the owls hooted and the waters of the river hissed and swashed around the old snags.

They passed the night fighting musquitoes and listening to Ben, as he read "The Invisible Catamount of the Crags," frequently interrupting him, however, with the wish that the Indians would attack the island that very night.

They had brought neither blankets nor provisions. Catamount Bill never carried such things, being proof against dampness, cold and hunger; and why should not they be the same?

III.

The sun rose bright and beautiful, and they prepared for active operations. They had planned it all out. The Crocodile was to take his shot-gun, "Smoky Death," and, crossing in the canoe to the mainland, kill two or three deer for breakfast. They would then make moccasins and buckskin coats, with fringes, of the hides.

The Galoot was to trap for beaver, and the rest were to begin digging a cave in the side of the bank. A cave would be very useful, mysterious and romantic.

In a few minutes the Crocodile returned, with the announcement that the canoe had either floated away or been stolen. They were prisoners on the island.

"Well, never mind," he said, bravely. "I'll soon find a turkey on the island but don't any of you *men* foller me. You would only skeer the game." And he disappeared among the trees.

The rest of the company began digging a hole in the side of the bank, and the Galoot, having set his trap, soon joined them; for the idea of a cave was very enchanting.

It was slow work, however, digging with knives and sticks.

Two, three, four hours passed by, and still the Crocodile did not return.

It was eleven o'clock and they were ravenously hungry. But they were *frontiersmen* now, and as such, must not murmur. In fact, difficulties, dangers and privations were just what was to give zest to their wild life.

Don't Catamount Bill often go for days without eating? And couldn't they do the same?

Noon came. The mouth of the cave began to assume definite proportions, but the Crocodile had not appeared.

Hush! The report of a gun rang through the woods. Undoubtedly, he had killed a turkey, for he was the most experienced hunter of them all.

It seemed to the Galoot and the Amazon that he could hear the dainty strips of tender fowl sizzling on the fire, he was so hungry.

The Hyena threw some fresh wood on the coals, and the Capricorn was rubbing the clay from his knife, to have it ready for dressing the turkey, when the Crocodile walked into camp, holding between his thumb and finger a—red-headed wood-pecker!

"Not a thing on this blarsted island but that," he said, angrily, adopting the phraseology of the great Catamount Bill. "If Ben Marble had a-tied the canoe worth shucks, I'd a-had half a dozen deer by this time."

"I thought you lied it," said Ben, stoutly.

"*Men*, what's the use of quarreling?" said the brave little Capricorn. "Robinson Crusoe made a canoe, and we can, too."

"That'll take too long, now," said the Catamount, feeling very hungry. "Say, boys—or *men* I mean—why not build a raft?"

The plan was adopted, and, hurrying to the sandbar at the upper end of the island, they made, in the course of three hours, a raft large enough for a dozen men; for the Crocodile had no desire to get into the water. He was a *land* Crocodile and could not swim.

They had found plenty of drift-wood, which they bound together with grape-vines; but, alas! like Crusoe, they had built their craft upon the land and could not launch it.

Then they pulled it to pieces, and carefully bound it together in the water. The sun was now low and there would be little time for hunting after the Crocodile should reach the mainland.

The water looked very black and the raft very treacherous; but, concealing his fear, the Crocodile stepped on board, laid his gun across the logs, and, taking the paddle, which they had made from a piece of drift lumber, he gave the command to "Push 'er off."

"Now, *men*," he said, "be ready to help me land my game, when I get back." But just then the current caught his craft, whirled it around, shook it up, and, carrying it about ten feet from shore, knocked it to pieces against a snag which projected from the water.

Time—one minute and a half.

Results—a lot of grape-vines, logs and a hat floating down stream; a gun in the bottom of the river; and "The Crockerdile of the Mountings" sitting astride of the snag, bareheaded and frightened nearly out of his wits.

"Help me out!" he yelled, shivering with fear.

"Can't you swim ten feet?" demanded the Catamount.

"No. I ca'nt. Help me out."

"You are a purty Crocodile, you are!" exclaimed the Capricorn.

"Help me out, I say!" yelled the Crocodile, becoming angry.

They brought a grape-vine and pulled him to shore.

Why did they not enjoy it? They were having just the kind of adventures to make a book interesting; but they would rather have done their starving with plenty to eat, and the Crocodile would have preferred making his hairbreadth escape from drowning on dry land.

There was no getting to shore without swimming, and only Ben would have dared the attempt. But Ben had no idea of leaving the rest, and they made the best of a bad situation by keeping up as brave an appearance as possible.

IV.

Again the moon sailed overhead and the smoke of the camp-fire went straight up. One by one the boys grew silent.

They were thinking of home; of fried ham and eggs, hot biscuits, butter and creamy milk; thinking of soft beds; thinking of their mothers and wondering if they were crying because their boys were gone; thinking very little of the Rocky Mountains or of the Invisible Catamount of the Crags.

At last they fell asleep.

Suddenly the woods of Wolf Island resounded with frightful yells, the sharp crack of rifles, and the hissing of bullets through the trees.

The boys leaped to their feet and tried to fly; but the circle of painted, howling dancing savages surrounded them, brandishing their tomahawks and advancing to their destruction.

"The Catamount of the Crags," the "Galoot of the Amazon," and the "Capricorn of the Arctic Zone" bored their heads into the "cave," leaving a tangle of wildly wrangling legs sticking out.

The Hyena of the Plains" fell over a log and crawled under a grape-vine; while the "Crockerdile of the Mountings" did his best to climb a tree, but was pulled down by a huge Indian, who brandished his knife about his head, preparatory to scalping him. Then the "Crockerdile" burst into tears and began yelling for his "Paw;" while the Catamount, Galoot and Capricorn joined in a vigorous, though smothered, chorus; and the Hyena lay under the grape-vines, holding his breath and mentally repeating: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

But the red men were inexoralde, and their victims were savagely jerked inside of a hideous, painted, bloodthirsty ring.

"Ugh!" grunted the tallest one among them. "Me killum you! Me eat you up! Me big chief "Ink-pa-du-tah!"

At the mention of the terrible name, "The Crockerdile" actually howled with fright, though only the night before he had wished that Ink-pa-du-tah and his whole tribe would attack Wolf Island.

"O-o-oo! Please, Mr. Indian, don't kill me!" he blubbered, his face drawn into forty wrinkles, for the tears to run down.

"Ugh!" grunted the chief. "You go on nu war-path! Kill Injun? Heap much! Ugh!"

"We ain't!" bawled the boys. "We ne-ever killed Indians. O-o-oo!"

"Me gettum scalp! One, two, five scalp! Ugh! Heap scalp!" and the savages gave a frightful yell and raised their tomahawks at once.

Just then a rushing sound was heard, and Mr. Marble sprang into the circle, at the same time striking furiously at the savages; but in a moment he was seized, thrown to the ground, and a knife held to his throat.

"Ben, why don't you run?" he cried, in desperation.

"*He* won't let me!" howled the "Invisible Catamount of the Crags."

"Then why don't you *kill* them?"

"I ca-ca-can't!"

"Ugh!" grunted the Chief, laying his hand on Mr. Marble's shoulder. "Mist-lum Marble! Me know you! You good man. No killum Injun! Good man! Good man! Me let you go! Me let boys go! Ugh! Good man!"

Mr. Marble sprang to his feet and thanked him heartily. Then, turning to the boys:

"Ben, what are you doing here?"

"No-othing!" wept the Catamount.

"And what are *you* doing, Charles?"

"I co-me with Ben," plead the Hyena.

Then the Chief turned savagely upon the "Crockerdile of the Mountings,"

"*Bush!* You scoundrel. What are *you* doing here?" And for the first time Bush found that the terrible chieftain was his father.

Just then the "Capricorn of the Arctic Zone" bounded into the arms of another savage, and the "Galoot of the Amazon" knew what it was to be half smothered in the whiskers and war paint of the most bloodthirsty-looking Indian of the lot.

"That is a pretty book you boys have been reading," said Mr. Marble. "Would you like a few more such? Or would you rather go home and have something good to eat and sensible to read after this? You can take your choice, Ben; and you, too, Charley."

"I want to go ho-ome!" said Ben.

"Me too!" Sobbed Charley.

"All right, said Mr. Marble, the same comical laughter coming into his eyes. "Now you know the difference between *fact* and *fiction*, and perhaps you have found out the difference between *stragety* and strategy."

Then they started home. The boys were silent, but the woods resounded with the wild laughter of those befringed and painted white savages.

"Whoop-e! Big Injun me! Ink-pa-du-tah! Catchum live pale face!" yelled Mr. Shackleford, as they neared Mr. Marble's.

The door opened. A puff of savory fragrance reached their nostrils.

The mothers of five young *scouts* rushed out and took joyous possession of the prisoners.

Such a breakfast as they all had at two o'clock that morning, at Mr. Marble's, smoking hot, so much of it, yet so little remained when they were through.

How glad they were to get home, and how little they cared ever after for "The Invisible Catamount of the Crags."—*W. W. Fink, in N. Y. Independent.*

—A few days ago, during a heavy storm, the Rio Grande River suddenly changed its course by cutting through a bend near Camargo, and thus placed several acres of inhabited territory within the legal limit of the United States.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Chicago statistician counts up 120 fatal accidents to fishermen in the past five months, and yet liars don't seem at all scarce.—*Somerville Journal.*

Storms and Earthquakes.

The recent destruction of the greater portion of the city of Manila by a hurricane will, for several reasons, awaken more than merely sympathetic interest. In the first place, Manila is one of the chief commercial centers of the East Indies, and its extensive trade has brought it into close relations with the principal nations of the world. Among the shipping injured and destroyed by the storm were several vessels from foreign ports, and the business of the town is said to have been completely suspended since the disaster. So great was the force of the hurricane that all the wooden and thatched houses were blown down, the roofs were torn from the stronger buildings, and the Government offices, hospitals and factories were destroyed. The effects of the tempest were not confined to Manila, and great destruction was wrought in other parts of the island of Luzon. According to a cable despatch, 60,000 families have been rendered homeless, yet the loss of life was comparatively slight.

Aside from the commercial interests involved, this disastrous storm possesses great interest from a scientific point of view. The study of the phenomena of the atmosphere is being pursued now with greater energy than ever before. The tropical storms, of which the hurricane that devastated Manila seems to have been a type, have always attracted a large share of the attention of meteorologists, and it was from the study of such storms, pursued largely by means of the log books of ships which had encountered them, that some of the fundamental theories of the science of meteorology, as it now exists, were derived. Only recently a special investigation of the hurricanes of the China Sea was set on foot, and the Manila hurricane will furnish valuable data to those who are engaged in this work.

One of the features of these storms which specially needs investigation, if the study of them is to lead to any practical result, is their tendency to break out at intervals with unexampled fury, sweeping everything from their track. Hurricanes are not uncommon at Manila, but heretofore they have not wrought such great destruction there. The storm which swept the city into ruins recently appears to have possessed many times the power of the ordinary hurricanes. How unusual its force must have been may be judged from the fact that, on account of the frequent storms and earthquakes experienced there, the houses of Manila were constructed with a view of resisting such shocks. The same phenomena have been witnessed in the Indian Ocean and the West Indies, where hurricanes prevail, which are classed by meteorologists with those of the China Sea. In 1822 a hurricane of tremendous fury burst over the upper end of the Bay of Bengal and the delta of the Ganges, causing enormous loss of property, while 50,000 persons are said to have perished in the floods that were produced. So in 1780 a hurricane at Barbadoes wrecked a great number of ships, and caused the loss of 4,000 lives. There was a similar storm, though much less destructive, at Tokio in October, 1880, when 1,400 houses were blown down and sixty-five persons were killed. It is known that the motion of these storms is rotary, and that they commonly occur at certain seasons of the year; but information is needed as to the causes which produce phenomenal tempests like that at Manila, and as the possibility of obtaining warning of them.

Of late years much attention has been given to theories which recognize causes outside the earth as influencing its meteorological conditions. The most conspicuous of these theories relates to the supposed coincidence of the periods of sun-spot maxima with storm cycles on the earth. The evidence collected for and against this theory is contradictory, and men of science do not undertake at present to decide upon it. They, however, regard the theory as possessing sufficient probability to warrant a thorough investigation. The facts which are established are that at certain periods the sun experiences some mighty disturbing force which is manifested by tremendous outbursts of burning gases and the formation of enormous chasms in his surface, and that at such periods—and apparently as a result of the solar disturbances—the sun exerts an unusually powerful electrical influence upon the earth. This is shown by great displays of the aurora borealis like those of last spring and summer, and by magnetic disturbances which affect the needle and sometimes cripple the telegraph.

According to some theorists earthquakes also occur most frequently in cycles which depend upon extra-terrestrial influences, and we are now entering one of those cycles. In the light of recent investigations of the flexibility of the earth's crust, which are said to show that it bends not only under the weight of tidal waves in the ocean, but under great atmospheric pressure, the question may arise whether there is not an intimate connection between earthquakes and atmospheric phenomena. At any rate, there is now a good chance to ascertain the truth, for the sun spots have been growing more numerous and larger during the last two years, and in that time we have had tornadoes, hurricanes, floods and other meteorological commotions of almost unexampled fury, besides an extraordinary series of earthquakes, marked by such disasters as the destruction of Casamicciola and Chios, and the more recent disturbances in Central America and at the Isthmus of Panama. There is an opportunity to do the world a great service by discovering the laws that govern the stormy side of nature.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Tuneful Mule.

Who has not heard the merry mutin song of the tuneful mule knows nothing of the power and potency of music in her wildest, freest mood. Whether in solo or concerted opera, the four-footed choir is head and ears above all human possibilities. The music begins with an andante movement, soft and sweet as the ungreased wheelbarrow's plaintive voice; then comes the staccato furioso, the adagio fortissimo splityourearso, followed by the tremulous yee-haw, which is the crown and summit, the cloud-capped mountain top of ecstacy and joy. Talk not of music, fellow-citizens, till you have heard the song of the mule.—*Detroit Post.*

—The American Tract Society is circulating religious pamphlets in 146 languages.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The New English Wesleyan Conference minutes show that that body has 509,367 members, 54,489 on trial, and 2,124 ministers, with 298 on trial, and 341 supernumeraries.

—In the high school of Dedham, Mass., the experiment is being made of using daily newspapers instead of text books in the reading class. The principal thinks that the plan is successful.

—Miss Emily Smith, of Provincetown, a graduate at the Boston School of Oratory, is to take charge of the Department of elocution and oratory in a college of music at Cincinnati, O.

—In Rochester, N. Y., the Board of Education has ordered the study of "intellectual arithmetic" to be dropped from the third grade of the school and some text-book on language and composition to be substituted.

—The new plan of synod organization in the Presbyterian Church, making each synod co-extensive with the State, has proved a failure in New York, for the reason that it was overloaded with delegates who had a legal right to be present.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The *Interior* laments that the practice of memorizing the Scriptures has passed away from the Sabbath-schools, and it is now a rare thing to find Sunday-school teachers who can recite from memory a single chapter in the life of Christ, or even one of the Psalms.

—The Rev. A. D. Mayo, reports that as fast as education lays its hand upon the Southern children, black or white, they begin to draw near to each other and that there is no doubt that at a time not very far distant they will dwell together in unity. The present attitude of the higher classes is favorable to this change. Mr. Mayo said that although many of the children to whom he spoke were descendants of the leaders in the Confederacy, he found the former free from the bias of their fathers.

—Miss Rebecca Husey died as long ago as 1714, and by her will bequeathed a sum of £1,000 for, as she quaintly expressed it, "the redemption of slaves, if it may be effected, or else to the easement of their slavery." The fund was allowed to accumulate until 1863, when it amounted to the large sum of £23,481, and it was then decided that the principal should be kept intact, and the annual interest equally divided between St. Helena and Lagos, to be expended for the benefit of the slave class. The trustees at Lagos allowed their share to accumulate until they could establish an institution for the industrial training of boys rescued from slavery, and such a school has just been opened, 170 years having elapsed since the bequest was made.

—A steamer whose hull and machinery weigh only six tons has been built for the British Baptist Society, who intend it for services in the upper regions of the Congo. It is appropriately named "Peace." Many ingenious devices have been resorted to in its construction, with a view to good speed, very light draught and capability of being transported overland. The boat, built in seven water-tight compartments, can be taken to pieces, and the total number of pieces, neither of which will be too heavy for a man to carry, number 800. It will be sent to the mouth of the Congo, and there the pieces will be carried by 800 men a distance of 300 miles up to Stanley pool, where the boat will be reconstructed. It is a gift to the missionary society from Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A music-box can be shut up when its music is not wanted. The discordant singer cannot be treated in the same way.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Vermont debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"—*Boston Post.*

—It was the last act of a new comedy, and the house, half empty at the start, was nearly deserted, only a few dead-heads remaining. The curtain went up and the leading man began with his line: "Are we alone?" The utility man glanced over the auditorium and answered in tragic tones: "We are." For the first and last time the audience laughed.—*Boston Star.*

—Josh Billings recently said: "Humor must be based on truth. It is because a thing is ludicrous and at the same time true to nature that people laugh at it. Now, Artemus Ward was not a humorist but he was the drollest man the country has ever produced. Writers who make their effects by hyperbole are not humorists. Genuine humor lasts forever, because it is true. You soon tire of hearing a man tell stupendous lies."

—A Detroit grocer is trying to make his friends believe that while he was stooping over some butter he was knocked senseless and robbed. An intelligent jury will decide whether the suspected parties did the knocking down or whether the smell of the butter was the guilty party. And as to robbery, there is butter sold in Detroit that no living man can rob of a single scent.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—When we see the young man of the period, with the cut-away coat, his ears sheltered from the cold north wind blasts by the broad expanse of collar, his two watch chains, but no watch, his pointed shoes and intellectual eyeglass, his tootsey-wootsey cane and pan-cake hat, we realize that the $81,000,000 annually expended in educating the American youth is little enough.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.*

—"Mamma, dear," said a girl, just in the flush of early womanhood, "I have something to tell you. George has proposed and I have accepted." "My child, I cannot think of you disgracing yourself. George is not a suitable match for you. Besides, this would make him one of the family and he would pay no more board." Thus will be seen the incompatibility of a boarding-house girl falling in love with one of the boarders.

—The New Haven *Register* says that on the evening of the graduating exercises of Mr. Waller's class in the New London high school, "a terrific thunder storm burst forth at the very moment young Waller stepped upon the stage to deliver his declamation on 'Spartens;' but undaunted by the peals the young graduate delivered his effort, and was heard far above the elements." "Those who were present," we are told, "testify to the grandeur and suggestiveness of the scare"—evidently meaning "the scene."—*Hartford Evening Post.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE'S CONTENT.

What have I that my neighbor hath?
Almost nothing. His nature is high;
Ever for him is the clear mid-path;
Breaths are bated as he goes by;
He counts his tenants by scores, the glance
Can scarce from his terrace the acres span
That he holds by right; and there is no chance
That t ever shall be so great a man.

His past career is a stainless page,
He is stern, but just—never aught but fair;
His beautiful wife is but half his age,
And laces and silks are her daily wear.
He would seem to have wearied of fate's caress,
Besought 's his favor, and feared his wrath;
He has wealth and power, while I possess
Just nothing at all that my neighbor hath.

But what that my neighbor lacks have I?
All that is worth the having, methinks,
Though my home, unto his, as both meet the eye,
Into insignificance straightway sinks,
But mine hath voices of childish glee,
Which to his are silent, and never yet
Have I marked such love as my wife's for me
In his lady's glance when their eyes have met.

A helpmeet to lighten my labor's load,
With prattlers three for my present bliss,
And the loveliest baby that ever crowded,
Or leaped in arms with a coddling kiss;
A home, love-reared, and no gilded sham,
Reflections calm, which no envy racks,
And men's esteem for just what I am—
All this have I which my neighbor lacks.

Why, I even pity him, feeling well
His childless state he would swift exchange
For the forms that romp and the shouts that swell
About my garden; nor is it strange
That I mark so often his look of pain
As he passes my gate, with his proud head bent,
For, if he is prince in his hushed domain,
I, I am king in my love's content!

—*Nathan D. Urner, in N. Y. Ledger.*

WOLF-CHILDREN.

In denicting the temper and disposition of the wolf, such adjectives as 'ruthless, cunning and treacherous' are invariably used, and with perfect justice. It would appear, therefore, at first sight almost incredible that there should be many instances on record where children have been carried away, and instead of being devoured, as would assuredly have been the case had the marauder been a panther or a leopard, they have been suckled, tended and reared by them. Some of these have afterwards been recovered; and at this moment there exists a specimen wolf-child at Secundra, a small missionary station a few miles from Agra; so that the story of Romulus and Remus may not be so entirely without foundation as we have hitherto been led to suppose.

Wolves as a rule prey upon the flocks and herds of the inhabitants of the villages in whose neighborhood they have made their dens, and upon such wild animals as they can hunt down and capture. Among these latter may be mentioned the gazelle-antelope and the black-buck; and many and ingenious are the devices they resort to in order to achieve their purpose. But in the Northwestern Provinces of India, about Agra, in Oude and Rajpootana, they are also very destructive to children. Hindus of all classes are exceedingly superstitious regarding the destruction of these predatory brutes, and consider the individual who has been unfortunate enough to *shed a drop of wolf's blood*, doomed to suffer some grevious calamity. Hence, though a Government reward of three rupees per head is offered, it is only the very lowest of all castes—the 'Domes or Dungars,' as they are called—who will take the trouble to snare and destroy wolves. These people lead a vagrant life, and bivouac in the jungles, and have no superstitious dread of killing any living thing.

The following pypothesis may explain how it comes to pass that so cruel and relentless an animal as the wolf should sometimes be found enacting the interesting part of foster-mother to one of the human species. A female with cubs goes prowling about in search of food for its young, and succeeds in ravishing an Indian home of its infant for that purpose. The cubs, for some reason or other—not oversensitiveness, certainly, but perhaps because their carnivorous instincts are as yet comparatively dormant—merely lick the child all over. This probably, according to the code of wolfish etiquette, is equivalent to having eaten salt with an Arab, and the infant is henceforth adopted by the parent, and suckled and brought up with the cubs. Although the human tendency is to go on two legs, we know that even amongst ourselves babies commence by crawling. Now, man is essentially an imitative animal and seeing the wolves going on all-fours, the alien naturally tries the same method of progression. It would appear, however, that it has found the hands ill-adapted for use in lieu of forefeet, and as a rule the elbows are employed for that purpose; in consequence of this choice, the knees, too, have to be used instead of the feet, and hence horny excrescences are usually found on both the knees and the elbows.

Perhaps the two subjoined true narratives of wolf-children that have been captured in India, may prove interesting.

One morning many years ago, Mr. H——, who happened at the time to be magistrate and collector of the Etawah District, was out riding, accompanied by a couple of sowars or mounted orderlies. They were passing over a portion of road that lay in the vicinity of the ravines of the river Jumna, when two half-grown wolf-cubs crossed their path; and following them more slowly, came a very remarkable looking creature, which shambled along on all fours in an extraordinarily uncouth fashion. This turned out to be a wolf-child. Letting the other two go unmolested, the three men proceeded to hunt down the human cub and succeeded in bringing it to bay. As they wished to take the creature alive, and were altogether unwilling to hurt it in any way, they found the greatest difficulty in attempting to secure it; for it fought, bit and clawed with extreme fierceness and pertinacity; Indeed, having driven it into a corner, Mr. H—— and one of the sowars had to mount guard, while the other native proceeded to the nearest village and got a stout blanket for the purpose of throwing it over its head; and it was by this means that the capture was at length effected. All the way home the wolf-child behaved like a mad thing, screaming and howling, now piteously, now in a paroxysm of impotent rage. It was, however, taken to Mr. H——'s house; but it would not be comforted, and for a long time refused all kinds of food, including raw meat. The creature was a boy of about nine years of age; and it may here be stated that no female wolf-child has ever been heard of or seen. It is not easy to assign a sufficient reason for the fact that females have never been so discovered, unless we suppose that, being less vigorously constituted, they have been unable to withstand the terrible hardships of such an existence, and have very soon sickened and died.

In appearance this boy was exceedingly repulsive; his features were blunt and coarse and their expression brutalized and insensible. As for his habits, they were exactly those of a wild animal.

Mr. H—— caused minute inquiries to be made throughout the neighboring villages as to whether the inhabitants had lost any children through their being carried off by wolves, and if so, whether they could recognise the human waif that had been recovered, by means of birth-marks, moles, or other such indelible tokens. In the course of a few days the father and mother of the lad were discovered. They identified him by certain well-defined marks about the breast and shoulders, and stated that he had been carried away when about two years of age. His parents, however, found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractious and troublesome—in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night, for hours together, he would give vent to most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbors, and generally making night hideous. On one occasion, his people chained him by the waist to a tree that stood near the hut, which was situated on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright moonlight night; and two wolf-cubs—undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured—attracted apparently by his cries, while on the prowl, came to him, and were distinctly seen to gambol about and play with him, with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again arose in the village.

The wolf-boy, however, did not survive long. Accustomed to the wilds for at least half a dozen years, captivity and the change in his mode of life appeared not to agree with him, for he gradually pined away and died. He never spoke a word; nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his poor debased features.

The next story taken is from a work published some five-and-twenty years ago, by a then well-known Indian political officer.

"There is now at Sultanpore a boy who was found in a wolf's den, near Chandour on the Goomtee River, about two and a half years ago. A trooper, sent by the native Governor to the district of Chandour to demand the payment of some revenue, was passing along the banks of the Goomtee, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a boy. The boy went on all fours and was on the best possible terms with the dam and her whelps; and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They went down to the river and drank without perceiving the native, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back the trooper pushed on, intending to cut off and secure the boy; but the latter ran quite as fast as the whelps and kept up easily with its foster-parent. Eventually they all re-entered the den. The trooper then assembled some people with pickaxes and attempted to dig them out. When they had dug some seven or eight feet into the bank the wolf escaped with her cubs and the boy. They were pursued by the trooper, followed by the fastest young men of the party on foot; the former headed them, and turned the boy back on to the men, who then captured him. They took him to the village and tried to make him speak, but could get no answer save an angry growl or snarl. He was some weeks at the village, and large crowds assembled each day to see him. On the approach of a grown-up person, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; when, however, a child came near, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl and attempted to bite it. He rejected cooked meat with disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it eagerly, put it under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident relish. He would not let any person approach him while he was eating, but had no objections to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

"The lad was handed over to the Rajah of Hasanpore, and soon after sent by him to Sultanpore, to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the first regiment of Oude local infantry. The latter made him over to the care of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to utter a syllable. He is inoffensive, except when teased (Captain Nicholetts says), and will then growl surlily at the person annoying him. He now eats almost anything thrown to him, but prefers raw flesh, which he devours greedily. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, when the weather became very cold this season, but he tore it to pieces and ate a portion of it, cotton and all with his food every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones; these he masticates apparently with as much ease as if they were meat. He continues to like dogs and jackals, and permits them to feed with him, if he happens to be eating when they approach.

"Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated 14th and 19th September, 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he had never been seen to laugh or smile. He understood but little what was said, and appeared to take no notice of anything going on around him; nor did he form any attachments whatever. He never played with the numerous children around him, nor did he seem wishful to do so. When not hungry, he used to sit petting and stroking a *pariah* or vagrant dog, which he used to allow to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death, Captain Nicholetts shot his dog, as he used to eat by far the greater part of the meat given the boy, who in consequence was getting quite thin. The lad didn't seem in the least to care for the death of his companion. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them. When hungry, he pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed some distance from him, he used to run to it on all fours; but at other times not frequently, he would walk upright. He shunned human beings, male and female, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat and rain he appeared alike indifferent, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint while he was with Captain Nicholetts' servants—that is, for the space of about two years. He was never heard to utter a single word, till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached; he then asked for some water, after drinking which, he died. This boy when caught was about ten years of age."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Some Small Things.

The smallest hogs in the world are quartered in the Zoological Gardens in London. They came from Australia and are known as the "pigmy hogs." They are well formed, are frisky, good-natured, and make excellent pets. They are about the size of a wild hare.

Probably the smallest and youngest sea-lion in captivity is the one now in the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia. He is only nine weeks old. When about four weeks old he appeared one morning with a glossy coat of grease. Up to that time his coat of hair was rather tough and non-repellant, and not at all calculated to shed water. The mother is teaching him to swim.

The smallest baby was born in Chandelaria, Nev., a few weeks ago. The father and mother are strong and healthy, weighing 190 and 160 pounds. The child is a male, perfectly formed. When it first saw light it weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse-chestnut. The mother's wedding ring was pulled over its foot up to the knee. Three such babes could play hide-and-seek in a cigar-box. It is in good health.

The will of the late Peter Maltzberger, who recently died in Reading, Pa., has just been filed in the Register's office. It it the shortest ever admitted to probate in Berks County. It is as follows: "Reading, Pa., January 29, 1880.—I, Peter Maltzberger, do give and bequeath to my wife, Lena Maltzberger, all my personal and real property, absolutely; and I appoint my wife executrix of my last will and testament.

"PETER MALTZBERGER."

An ingenious mechanic at Jamestown, N. Y., has constructed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world. The engine is only eight and a half inches long, with a tender twelve inches long. The pumps throw a drop of water per stroke. As many as 585 screws were required to put the parts together. The engine itself weighs a pound and a half, and the tender two pounds two and a half ounces. The mechanic was at work upon the locomotive at intervals for eight years.

The smallest steam-engine in the world was made by D. A. A. Buck, of Waterbury, Conn. The engine, boiler, governor and pumps stand in a space seven-sixteenths of an inch square or the area of a gold dollar, and five-eighths of an inch high. The engine has 148 distinct pieces of machinery, held together by fifty-two screws. Three drops of water fill the boiler to overflowing. The diameter of its cylinders is a sixteenth of an inch. The length of stroke three thirty-seconds of an inch. The whole engine weighs three grains.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Man of Few Words.

To prove the garrulity of some travelers we state the following facts: A young man, some time back, arrived at an inn, and after alighting from his horse went into the travelers' room, where he walked backward and forward for some minutes, displaying the utmost importance. At length he rang the bell and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order, nearly as follows: "Waiter!" the waiter replied, "Sir." "I am a man of few words and don't like continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to listen to what I am going to say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir." "In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down the table, throw some coals on the fire and sweep up the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out. Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck or something of that sort; desire your master to step in. I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town." The waiter answered "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and among the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.—*Old Anecdote Book.*

A New Town.

"Where is Capa city, ma," asked a little boy on the cars.

"What are you talking about, sonny?"

"Why, ma, nearly all the cars are going to Capa city, for it is printed on them in big letters.

For the information of the reader who does not quite catch on, we will state that the carrying capacity of most of the freight cars is printed on their sides, and as the word capacity is usually parted in the middle by the car door, it reads, for instance, Capa—city 22,000 lbs.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The Baptists had planned a general Bible Convention, which was to have met at Saratoga in November. But the plans failed for lack of enthusiasm, and the convention has been postponed until next May.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The mace and sword of State used in South Carolina in Colonial times are still preserved. They were brought to this country in 1729.

Beetles, Etc., as Jewels.

Insects have always been used more or less in decoration, especially in Brazil, where the richly-colored beetles of the the country are affected as articles of personal adornment. Recently in a Union Square jewelry store a monster beetle was on exhibition, having been sent there for repairs. It was alive, and about its body was a delicate gold band, locked with a minute padlock; a gold chain attached it to the shawl of the owner. Sometimes they are worn upon the headgear, their slow, cumbersome movements preventing them from attracting great attention. They are valued at from $50 to $100 apiece. Snakes, the rich green variety so common in New England, are worn by some ladies as bracelets, while the gorgeous reptiles are often imitated in gold and silver, with eyes of diamonds, rubies or black pearls. Gold bears are the proper thing now for pins. In the East the chameleon is often worn as a head ornament, the animal rarely moving and forming at least a picturesque decoration, with its odd shape and sculptured outlines. Various other reptiles, as small turtles, alligators, etc., are pressed into service. The curious soldier-crab has been used as a pin. Placed in a box with a rich pearly shell prepared for the purpose, it will change houses, and then, secured by a gold or silver chain, roams about the wearer, waving its red and blue claws in a warlike manner. Birds are, perhaps, more commonly used as natural ornaments than any other, and a cloak of the skins of humming birds is one of the most magnificent objects to be imagined. One, of a rare species, was once sold in Europe for $5,000. Single birds are often worth $700 or $800. A cloak of the skin of the great auk would bring $8,000 or $10,000. Some of the most beautiful pheasants are extremely valuable—worth their weight in gold. Tiger claws are used in the decoration of hats, and are extremely valuable and hard to obtain.

Within ten years the alligator has become an important factor of the artistic manufacturer. The hide, by a new process, is tanned to an agreeable softness and used in innumerable ways. The most costly bags and trunks are made from it; pocket-books, card cases, dining-room chairs are covered with it, and it has been used as a dado on the library wall of a well-known naturalist. It makes an excellent binding for certain books. Among fishes the shark provides a skin used in a variety of ways. The shagreen of the shark's ray is of great value. Canes are made of the shark's backbone, the interstices being filled with silver or shell plates. Shark's teeth are used to decorate the weapons of various nations. The magnificent scales, nearly four inches across and tipped with seemingly solid silver of the giant herring, are used, while scales of many of the tribe have long been used in the manufacture of artificial pearls.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Boy's Pistol of Fifty Years Ago.

Week before last Titus Darlington, carpenter, in tearing down a portion of the farm-house of Taylor Hoopes, of West Goshen Township, Chester County, in order to enlarge the building, came across a large-sized horse pistol that had been lost for fifty years. In 1832 Taylor Hoopes and his brother Lewis, the latter now deceased, purchased this pistol from a gunsmith in West Chester, named Emanuel Goshen, for two dollars and fifty cents—cheap enough, considering the size and quality of the weapon. Benjamin Hoopes, the father of the boys, who were then about sixteen years of age, did not approve of the lads having so dangerous a plaything—Mr. Hoopes was a wise man—so the boys concluded to keep "Old Diamer," as they named their miniature cannon, as much out of parental eyesight as possible, and they hid it away in the loft of the house over the collar beams, between partition and wall. To have it convenient for use, they made a little wagon, in which they placed "Old Diamer," a powder-horn and a small bag of shot. To the wagon they attached a string, and they lowered and pulled up the artillery wagon, gun and ammunition when they wished to use them, or hurry them out of sight of the "old man." But one day the rope broke—whether the old gentleman was "hunting the boys too close" we cannot say—and down to the bottom of the partition went wagon, pistol and all, with a crash that sent sadness to the very bottom of the hearts of Taylor and Lewis. After fishing for hours day in and day out with a pole and a hook, with the hope of catching the wagon and drawing it up, they abandoned the task and gave up their treasures as lost. When the carpenters tore down the building, Taylor Hoopes, who is now a man on the shady side of life, stood by, thinking of "Old Diamer." Board after board was taken down and the little ammunition wagon at last came in sight, and in it lay "Old Diamer," the powder and shot, all in the same good condition, with the exception of a little rust on the pistol, as they were the day they so suddenly went from the sight of the boys half a century ago. Mr. Hoopes rubbed the pistol with a little oil, loaded it with the old powder, and, in honor of the occasion, shot it off with a report that made the Goshen hills echo.—*West Chester (Pa.) Record.*

A Lucky Find.

A young St. Louis housekeeper, who had read in a Paris letter that four-post bedsteads were again in fashion, started in search of one of them the other day. She finally found what she desired in the house and under the person of a sick Hungarian, whose wife was painfully supporting him by sewing, and who valued it as an heirloom, but was willing to supply his necessities by selling it. She purchased it. It was a mahogany four-poster of admirable workmanship, and the new owner was examining the carvings with delight, when she accidentally pressed upon a carved rose, which yielded and disclosed a secret receptacle, in which was tightly wedged a leather bag containing Italian coins worth several thousand dollars. The money was promptly handed to the poor Hungarians.

—A chap in Paris made a regular business of eating dinner at a hotel and stealing a hat off the rack as he came out, and he had enough hats to set up a store with when the police dropped to his game.

Temperance Reading.

ADAM'S ALE.

Each little flower that holds its cup
To catch a drop of dew,
Then lifts its head with gladness up;
Pray, then, why should'n't you?

The little birdies take a drink
Of water clear and bright;
It's good enough for them, they think,
And never makes them tight.

The cattle in a summer day
Stand in the shady pool,
And quench their thirst with drink never known
To make them play the fool.

Come, then, and take a sparkling glass
Of water cool and clear;
'Tis better far than rum or gin,
And isn't half so dear.

God made it for us, and He knows
What suits His creatures best;
Give me a draught of "Adam's Ale,"
And fools may have the rest.

—*Lizzie T. Larkin, in Temperance Banner.*

SAVED.

The design of wise and humane laws is to save from crime, as well as to punish offenses; and for this reason a large number of cases that come before the lower courts are left to the discretion of the presiding Judge.

A few years ago there appeared one morning in the throng of criminals that crowded the dock of one of our city courts a young man who evidently did not belong to the ordinary class of criminals. Among the hardened and brutal faces that surrounded him, his downcast, melancholy, refined features attracted the Judge's attention. His offense was drunkenness; and it was not the first time he had been brought into court on the same humiliating charge. His history was a common one—that of the boy brought up by respectable parents in the country, coming to the city to earn his living, forming habits of dissipation, and sinking into a confirmed inebriate. He had been dealt leniently with on previous occasions, but now something decisive must be done. After hearing his case the Judge said to him:

"I don't want to send you to the House of Correction; but I don't see what else I can do. What do you think yourself? Is there any hope of your reform?"

"I don't know," the young man replied, despondently, "I will try."

"You will try! So you have said before, and we see what your trying amounts to. Is the reany body who will take charge of you, and be responsible for you, if I let you off on probation?"

The young man burst into tears. "My father," he said, in a broken voice. "I don't know of my body but my father."

"Well," said the Judge, "we will send for your father and see what can be done."

In two days' time the father came—a kind, affectionate, deeply-afflicted old man—who gratefully accepted the charge, and took his son away, with the agreement that both should return at a certain day and give a faithful account of the youth's conduct during the term of probation.

The father took his son home with him to the country, and at the appointed time promptly appeared in court, hopeful and happy. He reported that his son had entirely left off his bad habits, and become once more sober, trustworthy and ambitious.

"That is very gratifying," said the Judge; "but why didn't you bring him to town with you?"

"I did," replied the father. "I left him to do a few errands. He will be here in a few minutes; he will certainly be here," he added, with cheerful confidence.

An hour passed; still the son did not come. A half-hour more; yet the father firmly believed his boy would redeem his promise, and repeated: "He will surely be here!"

The son did, indeed, arrive in season, but alas! at the wrong door, and supported by two police-officers, who thrust him into the dock—drunk again!

The father was in despair. So was likewise the son, when he realized his situation. He had held out until the last hour, when, meeting a former companion on the street, he had yielded to the temptation of taking "just one glass," which for him meant several glasses, degradation and the police-court once more!

Moved by the father's entreaties, the son's renewed pledges, and his own humane disposition, the Judge consented to give the young man another trial. It was an almost hopeless leniency. Did he hold out? Yes, it is gratifying to know that this time he held out, not only until the last hour, but passed even that safely, and is now a sober, upright man. But this is one case out of scores who never break away from the bondage of their fatal vice.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Iowa Prohibitory Amendment.

The Eastern papers, misled by false dispatches, purposely sent out, and reporting the decision of the District Court at Davenport as the decision of the Supreme Court, are solemnly preaching the funeral of the amendment. In Iowa this seems ridiculous. But in the East they do not know it. They will, however, discover their mistake.

It is singular, the elation that the liquor interest is showing and really feeling over this decision of the District Judge, who is a notorious advocate of Anti-Prohibition, in a case brought by a brewer against a saloon-keeper. Just think of the little honest chance the amendment had or has between the brewery and the saloon. Imagine the sued saloon-keeper defending the amendment, and hiring lawyers sincerely to bring out its strongest defense. And then think of his trial before a Judge whose adverse decision no one in Iowa has doubted from the first. It was a case which was from the first a farce, and its trial, in the nature of things, could be nothing else than a burlesque. The amendment had no show for its life in such a suit and before such a court.

It remains to have its trial in the upper court of the State—on some test case that was honest in origin, and will be honest in trial. Of that result we have hardly a doubt or fear. But even if it should fail there, even that is not final defeat. No one believes that it is. The people of Iowa have solemnly and sincerely passed upon this issue, and have declared themselves in favor of it, and no technical mistakes of some careless subordinate official in the process of its adoption should defeat it now or can defeat it in the end. The Iowa City *Republican*, which opposed the adoption of the measure, says of this phase of it now:

"The decision of Judge Hayes has greatly elated the saloon men and enemies of Prohibition everywhere. It is not probable, however, that a judicial decision on either side of the case can have any appreciable effect in subduing the war now being waged by the Temperance people and the saloon interests of the State. Prohibition has become too absorbing a question to be baffled by the mere technicalities of a judicial decision. It was the expressed will of a majority of the people of the State that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be done away with, and if some flaw has made their work ineffectual, they will never rest until that mistake is rectified. We were opposed to the passage of the amendment, but we hold that the only effectual means of opposing Prohibition is by fair argument and an unbiased vote. Legal technicalities can never defeat the pronounced will of the majority for any length of time."

That is the situation and the facts. At the most, any defeat of the amendment can be but temporary. We do not believe at all that it will have even that to bear. For we do not believe that any court of good sense will hold that the careless mistake of a subordinate clerk will outweigh the certificates of the Chief Clerks and the presiding officers of the two houses of the Legislature that the measure did pass those bodies in due form. But even if it should, then the mistake is sure to be mended by adopting the amendment again. And next time it will go through with twice thirty thousand majority. For a revolution like this there is no defeat.—*Iowa State Register.*

Temperance Items.

THE young women of Blountville, Tenn., have organized with a motto: "Total abstinence or no husbands."

BILL NYE, the humorist, says to an intemperate friend: "Do not be content to lead a yellow dog around by a string and get inebriated, but rise up out of the alkali dust and resolve that you will shun the demon of drink. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

REV. CHARLES SPURGEON, son of the famous London preacher, told a Boston audience the other day that nobody had set wine before him since his arrival in this country, several weeks ago, and that he had seen none on private tables. He expressed his gladness thereat.

VERMONT may claim to be the banner State of Legislative Temperance. She has now a stringent Liquor law, but the Temperance people, not satisfied with that, have got before the Legislature a Constitutional Amendment by which the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, other than cider and wine made from the fruits of that State, are forever prohibited; and providing also that the sale of the said cider and wine shall be so regulated as to prevent drunkenness. But even this is not enough. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union says that another amendment will be presented at the earliest possible date to abolish even the native wine and cider.

IF Temperance people are ever in doubt as to whether their work is effective or not, they may have their doubts dissipated by reading what the whisky dealers have to say about it. The New York *Retailer* recently said, speaking especially to its friends in the Empire State:

"Our advice to every retailer is to lose no time in connecting himself with one of the associations. The fanatical enemies of the trade are busy, and they will strain every nerve to prevent the passage of any bill that will free the retailers from the oppressive three-bed clause, the police right to make arbitrary arrests, or the prevention of the transfers of licenses. Moreover, they will unquestionably do their utmost to have even harsher legislation rushed through both houses to the Governor's table. This session of the Legislature may be the turning-point in the fate of the retail trade in this city, and it will not do to dismiss it lightly from one's thoughts in the hurry of business. Every retailer should remember that business may be so seriously affected as not to keep him busy in the future. There is a cloud in the West that appears to us, rejoicing in our strength and prosperity, no larger than a man's hand. But it is slowly rolling eastward, and we will do well to make ourselves as secure as possible, in season, from the impending storm. State after State has yielded to the clamor of Prohibitive fanatics, and the end is not yet."

"Be Kind to All and Lend a Hand."

A society of little folks away down in New Orleans, superintended and animated by a lovely Christian girl, has introduced, if not a new feature in Temperance work, certainly a new nomenclature. The organization is known as the "Hearty Workers." Its motto is "Be Kind to All and Lend a Helping Hand." An article of its constitution reads: "It shall be the duty of each member to give for the support of this society some of the fruit of whatever talent or opportunity God gives him; to do this work whatever it may be as well as he can; to believe that God will accept and bless the smallest gift offered in the right spirit."

Two treasuries are established, one known as the "hard coin" and the other as the "spiritual treasury." Into this latter go the reports of little tasks done when "we'd rather not"—kindness to animals and to God's poor, resolutions looking toward betterment of conduct and character and all the practical outgrowths of such an article of faith as the above.

It might be well for our older societies to set up a spiritual treasury, and to make as emphatic note of the gifts of the spirit as of the dollars and cents that are after all so necessary in the work. Suppose a treasurer's book were kept of the self denials, the hasty words unsaid, the quick tempers overcome, smiles that take the place of tears, how would our account stand to-day—yours and mine, my dear sister?—*Chicago Signal.*

—Baltimore has a girl fifteen years old who has eloped three times. So you see go as you please matches are not confined to New York; nor to the male sex.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1882.

Attention is called to the advertisement, in another column, of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. The *Intelligencer* is ably edited, is reliable, and up with the times as a *news* paper. During the summer season it will reach Oakland every morning at least an hour ahead of papers from other cities.

The New York *Tribune* thinks that at least 12,000 miles of new railroad will be constructed this year, being an addition of nearly one-eight to the entire milenge in the country in a single year. It warns the railroad builders that they are overdoing the business at an alarming rate.

A DEVOUT ASTRONOMER.—Prof. Brooks, of New York, asks, in consideration of the fact that clear weather is needed for the observation of the transit of Venus, on the 6th of December next, that prayers be made in all the churches on Sunday next for an open sky on transit day. He reminds the clergy that another transit will not occur for 121½ years, and that millions of dollars and months of time have been spent in preparation for the coming event, all of which he thrown away if clouds get in front of the telescope.

Speaking of Butler's chances for the Democratic nomination for President, the New York *Tribune* says: "We shall view his wooing of the national Democracy with great interest, and we say frankly at the outset that he has our best wishes. He is a pertinacious and energetic wooer, but he has won the consent of a haughty and unwilling Massachusetts, and after that any success is possible. Rebuffs do not discourage him, and ridicule and contemptuous observations he treats with lofty indifference. The Democracy will do well to harden its heart and double its outposts. The siege will be rather a quiet and stealthy one at first, but it will wax bolder and more open as the the end approaches. Massachusetts was at first indignant; then disgusted; then thoroughly frightened; and then there was a feeble shriek and final surrender. It would be an immense joke to see the national Democracy follow this program during the next eighteen months.

THE ELECTION IN UTAH.—It has already been announced that Caine, the desiguated appointee of the Mormon Church, has been elected congressional Delegate from Utah by an overwhelming majority over the gentile candidate. A Salt Lake dispatch says that although a monagamist, Caine is nothing save the tool of the president and apostles of the polygamous church, and will work and vote, if seated, for no legislation except that favorable to the ruling theocracy. The same dispatch states that the great Democratic victories in the Eastern States last week will be made the subject of sermons and addresses in all the tabernacles throughout the Territory, the apostles, bishops and elders emphasizing the result as a visitation of Providence to defeat and destroy the Republican party on account of their passage of the Edmunds bill and other legislation inimical to Mormon practices. The result of the election shows that there is no hope for the redemption of Utah Territory save by a legislative commission, which, it is understood, all the gentiles will petition for in the coming session of Congress.

Windoms's West Virginia Ventures.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The opponents of Senator Windom having charged that he has rapidly amassed a fortune of $1,000,000, with a view to defeat him for re-election, he has given a reporter an inventory of his assets, amounting to $100,000, beginning with his West Virginia investments, about which so much has been said. "In the first place," said he, I purchased, about eighteen months ago, in company with James G. Blaine and Senator Davis, of West Virginia, 2,400 acres of land, supposed to be in the coal region of that State, for $1.25 per acre—my one-third costing me $1,000. This is all the "coal land" I own. I also invested $15,000 in a coal road that is being constructed by Senator Davis, of West Virginia, to some other coal property that he owns, thus making a total of 16,000, which, for the purpose of this campaign of slander, has been swollen into $1,000,000. Of this item, therefore, $984,000 is sheer fiction."

That the probability of a row among the Democrats over the Speakership of the new Congress is not a figment of the Republicans' brains, the following from the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* will tend to show:

"A Democratic member of Congress from Maryland, discussing the question of the Speakership of the House yesterday, said he thought the line between the free-traders and protectionists would be very closely drawn. He said he would not be surprised to see a split in the Democratic party result from the contest. He said he had not as yet pledged himself to support either Randall or Carlisle, although both were very able men.

"He said he was sorry to see the bitterness that was being exhibited between the protectionists and free-traders, and expressed a hope that the matter would be settled without disturbing the harmony of the grand old party."

The New York *Tribune* last Saturday published the official vote of New York for Governor at the last election. The vote shows Cleveland's majority to be 193,991. The total vote this year for the two leading candidates for Governor is 878,597. To this add the Prohibition vote, 28,000, and we have the total vote of the State 906,597. The total vote for President in 1880 was 1,105,226, of which Garfield received 555,544, and Hancock 531,511. The falling off this year is 198,629. This year Judge Folger's vote is 342,303, which is 213,241 less than Garfield received. Cleveland's vote is 536,394, which is only 1,782 more votes than Hancock received in 1880. Yet Cleveland has the enormous majority of 193,991. It is self-evident that the Democratic Governor owes his majority not so much to Republican's voting for him as to their not voting at all. It is safe to say that 200,000 Republicans in New York did dot vote at all this year. Here is food for reflection, to both parties.

Sounding the Alarm.

The Maryland *Republican*, (Dem.) Colton's paper, published at Annapolis, bewails the situation in Maryland in the following language:

"But there is a shadow down in this part of Maryland, a shadow no larger, perhaps, than a man's hand—yet big enough to cause profoundest gloom. While in almost every State our Democratic brethern are shouting joyful songs of victory, we, here in Maryland, are in sackcloth. Not entirely vanquished, it is true, but so near it that we have nothing to crow over. * * * The disaster is great enough to lose us the next Governor and the next Legislature. The figures at last weeks election show a beggarly amount of Democratic majority outside of Baltimore city, and that majority is so beggarly that the State will certainly go Republican next November, *unless* the Democrats of Maryland will 'reason together' concerning the desperate situation, for the Republican sword is certainly strong enough to devour us utterly. The developments of the recent election show that it is almost impossible to retain a Democraic majority in the next Senate of Maryland, and barely possible to hold a majority in the House of Delegates. With such possibilities go, also, the Governorship."

Logan on Grant.

CHICAGO, November 25.—The *Tribune* has a four-column letter from Senator Logan in reply to General Grant's recent article in defense of General Fitz John Porter. He goes over the whole ground and reproducing all the orders, letters, &c., of the General concerned, and the various excuses as to fatigue and time when orders were delivered which are pleaded in behalf of Porter by Grant and his apologists and defenders. General Grant's point that the night was too dark for marching is met by the statement that the whole rebel army under Jackson moved that night at a greater distance than Porter was ordered to. Grant's statements are then taken up and combated. Cases are cited in which by just such marches as Porter was ordered to make, great and important victories had been won in the past. In conclusion, he characterizes General Grant's defense of Porter as astounding and inexplicable, since there is found not even the flimsiest excuse for Porter's disobedience after twenty years of raking for it. To vindicate Porter at the expense of the reputation of Garfield and Hunter, who found him guilty, and to cloud the reputation of Lincoln, who approved their findings, is asking too much, even though asked by General Grant.

How to Avoid Drunkenness.

Forbid intoxicating nostrums and use Parker's Ginger Tonic in your family. This delicious remedy never intoxicates, is a true blood and brain food, and aiding all the vital functions never fails to invigorate.

The Second Warning.

The first warning was given by the people eight years ago, when the Republican majority of 198 in the House of Representatives was in a day reduced to a Republican minority of 108, and the Democratic minority of 88 was on the same day increased to a Democratic majority of 181. At that time the great Republican States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York went Democratic, several of them electing Democratic Governors just as they did this year. In addition to these Indiana, Oregon, Connecticut, New Jersey and New Hampshire even gave Democratic majorities, and so did the then Territors of Colorado. The party which under the the administration of President Grant had been reducing the Democratic war debt at the astounding rate of over $100,000 a day was in a single brief campaign, because of the Credit Mobilier affair and a few other minor blunders, driven from power and the ridiculous old hulk of the Democracy put in its place.

The first warning did not come any too soon, for the alarm spurred the Republican leaders to decided action on the question of the public credit, and that same year before the next Congress came in the Resumption Act was passed and the National credit was saved for all time. More than this the Republicans elected a President in 1876. The Democrats remained in power in the lower House until the causes of the hard times became undeastood and their burdensome results were in a measure ameliorated by natural growth and the solid assurances of the Resumption Act, when the same voters that helped them quietly invited them to step out again.

The second warning has come in the same way and from the same States as the first, but with considerable less force. The present House of Representatives is almost evenly divided, 147 Republicans to 185 Democrats and 11 nondescripts. The new House just elected consists of 121 Republicans, 194 Democrats and 7 others. It will be remembered that 32 members have been added to the House of Representatives within the last year. Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Kansas, five sterling Republican States, together elected 15 fewer Democratic members this year than they did in 1874, while the same States elected 21 more Republican members than they did then. North Carolina, Tennessee and New Jersey also show a Democratic decrease of four members and a corresponding Republican increase of five. New York of course gave about four times as big a Democratic majority for Cleveland as she did for Tilden in 1876; but Cleveland's majority is an index of one thing only, namely, the abhorence of New York Republicans for the machine methods of President Arthur, "Steve" French and a few of the other stalwart lights of that State, although there is evidence to show that very many stalwarts themselves refused to swallow a nomination brought about by forgery.

The truth of the matter is that the people are going to defeat the Republican party every "off year" until that party gives the country the reforms that are needed. The Democratic party is no nearer to power today than it was from 1874 to 1878. The people are simply using it, for want of something better, as a lash with which to castigate the Republican back. The people do not intend to elect a Democratic President in 1884. All manner of men representing all manner of ideas have from time to time been allowed to go to Congress, but the American people always go about the matter of making a President in a serious mood. When the people shall be inclined to treat the Presidency as a huge joke they may call upon the Democratic party to furnish the man and not before.—*Wilmington Morning News.*

What Simon Says.

NEW YORK, November 25.—General Simon Cameron came to this city on Friday to attend the funeral of his life-long friend, Thurlow Weed. He got in town, however, too late for the funeral. In reply to a request from a *Tribune* reporter that he would give some reminiscences of his friendship with Thurlow Weed, he said, curtly: "I made up my mind ten years ago that I would never have anything to say through the *Tribune*."

General Cameron will remain in this city until Monday. Several prominent men here called upon him at the Hoffman House. One of his visitors said that he was not disheartened by the defeat in Pennsylvania this fall. He told his caller that "his son would take care of himself and would not be overwhelmed just because he was defeated. He (the General) had been defeated also, while he was the political leader of that State, but he had recovered the ground that he had lost and eventually won the fight. He had no doubt that his son would do the same.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29, 1882.

But a few days, full of bustle and preparation, will intervene before Congress will again put in an appearance at the Capitol of the nation for the winter's work, or trifling. Shall it be judicious and popular work that will commend a Republican body and shame, by contrast, the Democratic House that is to come after? or will it be fate that the Democracy by a pursuit of their favorite tactics of obstruction and filibustering, will cause this short session to be spent to little profit to the country, or glory to the Republican party. The country knows too well the nature and mean instinct of the Democracy for all works of obstruction to hope that they will refrain from it, the coming winter, when to practice it will throw obloquy on the Republican party, allowing little or nothing to be done, and so leave the country, as they fondly hope, clamorous for "reform." And it is altogether likely that whatever is done in the way of progress, and of good to the country, must be done by the Republicans as it has been done in the past for the last quarter of a century, in the face of the opposition of the Democratic party.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight." When the country once sees a Republican House about to go, and a Democratic one about to come in, with a strong hint likewise of a probable Democratic Administration to follow it, with all that the word implies, the people will begin to open their eyes to the blessing they have received from the two bright decades of Republican rule and progress and national improvement. Twice Republicanism, by smashing slavery and disenthralling labor has made our system of government and our system of industry harmonious. We only need to go forward in the road, the party's principles and policies have marked out to have our national prosperity and happiness assured. Our three hundred millions of annual expenses are collected and met, and the people do not feel the hand of the government. Our debt is being steadily and rapidly paid, and still we have greater individual and national prosperity than we have ever known, and *too much* revenue coming into the Treasury! But what would the Democrats do? They promise as much to the people as the devil did to Jesus when he wanted him to worship him. But what will they do? Will they destroy the internal revenue system and ruin the tariff? Will they pension more soldiers than the Republicans have—those of the Mexican war, rebels and all, and some rebels of the late war, and fail to provide for paying any? Without a tariff and without internal revenues we cannot pay off the debt, pay our pensions and make the other necessary appropriations carrying on the government. When the Democrats had the House recently, although they didn't dare to cripple the tariff or disturb the revenue much, they gave the government a little foretaste of the 'starving' process, in refusing to make appropriations necessary to run the departments. Reflect how little we have felt the hand of government under the rule of the Republican party from Lincoln down to Arthur. Think of our free domain only one-fifth smaller than all Europe, with her struggling republics—her standing armies and her oppressions of taxation and hardship, and answer whether the mission of Republicanism is ended—and Democracy ought to have a "restoration."

The "Jeannette investigation" is still in search of the "frozen truth" about the sad fate of DeLong, and his management of the expedition to hunt for the open north seas and to advertise the New York *Herald*.

President Arthur meditates over the recommendations of his forthcoming message, about the bright lawns of the Soldiers' Home. But whether this is a "managing Administration," and whether he "meditates" on matrimony (as well as the Vice President) when the $300,000 repairs are made to "his house in town" or not, is something that "no fellow can find out." The Washington gossips have been off the scent for sometime. In the meantime the President is as serene as the golden autumn weather on the blue Potomac.

The sensation of the hour is the Garfield Memorial Fair, which is now attracting thousand to its beautiful and novel sights its novel temple, the Capital of the nation. It was certainly a graceful act on the part of the direction to invite specially, along with the "Oldest Inhabitants," the Mexican war veterans, etc., those old soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, who composed the "Garfield Guard of Honor," while the dead President lay in state for two days and nights in the rotunda, and minutely, and particularly and tenderly piloted the streams of humanity in and out through the Capitol, in order and decorum, as they came from far and near to see the last of Garfield in the city of his triumph and his fall. This great fair of the artistic and the curious, will no doubt prove a source of great satisfaction to thousands, and add to the Monumental Fund of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland many thousand dollars, enabling them at no very distant day to unveil another statute here to another distinguished comrade, alongside of that of the sturdy General George H. Thomas.

JUNIUS.

A Charlottsville (Va.) dispatch states that a navel duel took place there Friday between Peter Dick and Charles Roads, two young men, clerks in a store. Dick in sport threw some cayenne pepper in the face of Roads, and some of it getting in the latter's eyes, he was incensed. From this harsh words were used, and Roads started to look for a revolver with the intention of shooting Dick. He abandoned this, and the two agreed, after the customary amount of parleying provided in the code, to fight a duel with knives. The two men met Friday, and after a short but desperate engagement Roads received an ugly gash from the navel diagonally upward across the left breast. It is believed that he will recover.

Baby Elephant.

Barnum is overjoyed with his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declares $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52,000 for an insurance of the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely, if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin*, he would do no such foolish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No one can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal, and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin*. Ask your Druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

A distiller of Allegheny county, Pa., has invented a new process of distilling whiskey, which he claims will revolutionize the trade. He converts his liquor into a solid substance which, on being dissolved in water, is pronounced by judges to be equal to the best rye whiskey. The new material can be carried in the pocket, like tobacco, and in a few minutes can be transformed into the ardent liquid.

A Chicago man, too lazy to work, too proud to go to the poor house and too honest to steal, determined to commit some gentle offence which would give him free board and lodging in prison without leaving a stain upon his reputation. He therefore started out and began kissing all the girls he met. Before he could find one who would order his arrest he starved to death.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE AT

GARTHRIGHT'S STORE,

—FOR—

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

As I am in need of funds to carry on the work of building a store and other buildings at Mountain Lake Park.

I am offering some splendid bargains in a large and well selected stock of

OVERCOATS,

—AND—

SUITS FOR MEN & BOYS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND GUM BOOTS.

All of the different makes of Plows to be sold at COST.

All who know themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come and pay up old accounts and make new ones if they wish, BUT ON SHORT TIME, in order to help me along in building.

☞ Come and examine before you buy elsewhere, and tell your friends who do not take a paper.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.
Mineral Springs, Md.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off they never owe us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also a great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS

AND

TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have 50

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 500 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 341 Broadway, New York City.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeever and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and Insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing in completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

LOCAL NEWS.

—Snow has fallen to a depth of about 10 inches.

—Married, in Friendsville, at the Parsonage, Nov. 21, 1882, by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, Mr. Abel Bayer and Miss Mary C. Ferguson, both of this county.

—Cheap John is still getting Holiday goods.

—The members of the Oakland Town Library are requested to meet next Monday evening at 7 o'clock, at J. A. Grant's store, for the transaction of important business.

—Premature grayness avoided by using Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its cleanliness and perfume.

—Mr. G. E. Hinkley has sold out his merchant tailoring establishment, stock, &c., to Messrs. R. S. Jamison and J. A. B. Kennedy, who will continue the business at the old stand.

—Go and look at Cheap John's stock for Holidays.

—Married, on Thursday, Nov. 23d, at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, by Rev. William E. George, Mr. Isaac Davis, of Garrett county, and Miss Cordelia Davis, of Tucker county, W. Va.

—There will be no preaching services in the Lutheran Churchs of Oakland or Deer Park next Sunday, Mr. Stonebraker will preach in the Piedmont and Westernport Churches Sunday morning and evening.

—Raisins, citron, currants, nuts, spices, &c., &c., at Cheap John's.

—Mrs. Davis has just received from Baltimore and Philadelphia, with the latest styles in the finest goods, hats, bonnets, neckwear furs, feathers and everything in Ladies' and Gents' fancy furnishing. Prices the lowest.

Church Services—Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. o'clock by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Doily was prevented from filling his engagement to be at Oakland this week. He will be here Monday next, to remain one week.

A Tenant Wanted.

Mr. Bowie Johnson desires to secure a good tenant for his farm, 2 miles north of Oakland. Must be well recommended. Terms and conditions made known on application.

31

Eric's Experience.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

ERIE, PA., Sept. 20th, 1881.

DR. HARTMAN: I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had lain me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three day's use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was perfectly well.

N. J. WRIGHT

Business Agent, *Erie Exc. Herald.*

Ask your Druggist for DR. HARTMAN'S Book on the "Ills of Life." He will give it gratis. If *not*, address DR. H. at Oelsarn, O.

The Oyster Supper at Deer Park.

MR. EDITOR:—The oyster supper announced for last Saturday evening, in connection with the new M. E. Church, was a very pleasant affair. There was quite a respectable turnout. A second supper was held on Monday evening, with which those present seemed delighted. What provisions were left was given to the poor of the neighborhood. As there was not quite enough realized to pay for the stoves and chandliers, the ladies propose making another effort shortly. The committee thank the public for the favors already received and hope to receive their patronage in the future for this very laudable purpose.

Trespassing.

As this is the hunting season, when many farmers are annoyed by hunters and other trespassers, the following extract, said to be from the charge of a judge in one of our Eastern Shore counties, will give a view of the law of the subject:

"No man has a right to go upon the premises of another, whether for gunning or other purposes, without the consent of the owner, and every person so doing is a trespasser. Although it is customary for persons to enter upon the grounds of others for the purpose of fishing, hunting and gunning, yet they have no right to do it without the consent of the owner. Being a trespasser he must get off the premises, if diverted, and must not stand upon his going. He must move off as fast as he can, but he need not run. If he refuses to go the owner may use as much force as is necessary to put him off, even if it result in the death of the offender, but you dare not use more force than is absolutely necessary."

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by A. G. Sturgiss.

Sale of Personal Property.

The undersigned, who proposes to remove to the West, will offer at public auction, at his residence on the Hoopole road, about 3 miles from Oakland, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1882, all of his personal property, consisting in part of 2 horses, 6 cows, 2 heifers, 1 bull, 3 calves, 42 head of sheep, (cutswold,) 8 shoats, 6 stand of bees, lot of Oats, 1 Buckeye reaper and mower combined, with improved table rake, 1 Buckeye grain drill, with fertilizer arrangement, 1 Sulky rake, 1 roller and clod crusher, 1 corn planter and seed drill, 1 three-horse Syracuse chilled plow, 2 two-horse combination plow with steel mouldboard, 1 Iron double shovel plow, 1 single shovel plow, 1 hinge harrow, chemicals for one ton of fertilizer, 1 pair lady carriages, 1 Hagerstown feed cutter, either for hand or horse power, 1 spring wagon, 1 hay fork, with ropes, pulleys, &c., 2 grain cradles, wheat fan, singletrees, double tree, 1 set front gears, 1 set plow harness, collars, bridles, 6 milk cans, new, 1 large meat stand.

Terms—On sums of $5 and over a credit of 4 months will be given, with approved security, and bearing interest from date.

J. A. WISE.

—Try Cheap John's 3 for 5 cent cigars.

Looking After the Arms.

Major Johnson, of the Second Battalion M. N. G., has appointed a board of survey to examine and report on the condition of the arms in use by that command and said to be unserviceable. The board is as follows: Lt. Ladew, ordnance officer, president; Lt. Pedicord, Q. M., and Lt. Combs, C. S., recorder. The board will meet at the call of the president.

What Woman Should Use.

Dyspepsia, weak back, dispondency and other troubles caused the fearful suffering, but Parker's Ginger Tonic makes me feel like a new being. A great remedy. Every woman should use it. Mrs. Garitz, Pittsburg.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, October 24, 1882.

Adacos, T. P.,	Johnson, Moses,
Bailey, Edward,	Johnson, John,
Brent, Wathice,	Johnson, Daniel,
Brown, Wm. H.	Kennedy, John 2,
Brown, Geo. L. & Son,	Keylon, Geo.
Bash, Herman.	Kennedy, John,
Brannigan, James,	Key, Richard R.
Crecelfield, Henry;	McInalels, John,
Cronser, Thomas,	McKay, James,
Cary, Frank B.,	Muse, Henry,
Campbell, Joseph,	Kickey, Johnny,
Connor, Dick,	Miller, T. P.
Cross Wm. R.	McGowan, Henry,
Cheek, John E.	Mahony, Daniel,
Curry, H. S. B.	Parsons, Scott J
Eversfield, C. J.	Pultner, James
Ellice, Phil.	Roe, Ilen,
Ferrell, Wallace,	Rol Moses.
Greenhow, John 2,	Rawlings, Marietta V.
Greenhow, Robt. E. 2,	Swift, C. D.
Guyton, Elizabeth,	Snyder, Geo. H.
Hanigan, Edward,	Shiv, Thomas,
Hudson, John 3,	Smith, Henry,
Hoff, E. Mrs.	Shorts, Peter,
Hopkins, Wash,	White, Richard,
Hopkins, Pomuliz,	Wilson, John,
Herlihy, Thomas.	Wader, C. L.
Ingram, Albert,	Williams, Agnes,
Jackson, Archie,	Land commissioners of
Jackson, William,	Garrett county.
Jones Edward,	
Jones, Jeff,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

R. THAYER, P. M.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending November 29:

D. E. Offutt and others to Rudolph Beckman, part of a tract of land called "Eden's Paradise Regained," 129 acres and 28 perches; $889.75.

Emily L. Herbury, to John W. Jankey, lot in Deer Park, ¼ of an acre; $100.

Elias Gnagey and others to Benjamin Asch, tract of land in county.

Wm. F. Hosen and wife to Lloyd Lowndes, lots 47 and 48 in Brant's addition to Oakland; $150.

John H. Wolford and wife to Henry and Mary Boettner, 231 acres of land; $450.

O. W. Helskell and others to Priscilla E. King, part of lot No. 862; $500.

Wm. C. Pennington, Trustee, to Joseph Bowman, 100 acres of land; $150.

Frank Gasnell and George Whitebeck, Trustees, to Mary E. Stowe, lot in Oakland; $1085.

George Schley and others to Henry Beckman, lots Nos. 1510, 1511, 1512, 1506, 1507 and 1522; $1800

Jos. R. Anderson, to Patrick Healy, 54 acres and 68 ps. on a tract of land called "Labor Work"; $272.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to Joseph Shaffer, military lot No. 1050; $300

Wm. H Barnes, to Margaret Spencer, lot No. 4150 and another piece containing 50 acres; $1500.

I. W. Boyer and wife S. E. Boyer, lot in Accident; $500.

J. Z. Browning, collector, to Henry G. Davis, lot in Deer Park; $20.62.

D. W. Fraker and wife to Franklin Suter, part of lot 3241, 18¼ acres; $377.

A Crop of Onions.

Five years ago a New Hampshire correspondent of *Mirror and Farmer*, "feeling the need of outdoor exercise," bought five acres and planted one of them to onions. The first crop was 300 bushels, the second 400, last year 600, and this unfavorable season 225 on three-fourths of an acre. The price each fall ranged from 80 cents to $1 per bushel. He knows of no crop that pays so well, and gives this advice about soil and fertilizer:

"If any one has the right kind of land, not gravel or too heavy, try onions. The crop improves on the same land year after year. Good manure is cheaper and better than commercial fertilizers; ashes are an addition and salt is very beneficial. The best time to apply the manure is in the fall, still a plenty of well-rotted manure applied in the spring would answer."

China leads civilized countries in finding a use for its ants. Professor Riley, of the agricultural bureau, Washington, has received from Han Chow an account of a curious use made of ants in that part of China. It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The hill people through out the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees, so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING

INTELLIGENCER,

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead.
As a Political Journal unsurpassed.
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite.
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate.
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

In the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news no newspaper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without catering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but treating all questions and all men with fairness and manly independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, 1 year $1 50
Club of 5 and extra copy to getter up of Club 5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club 10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year 20 00
Club of 30 and a copy of the Daily 6 months, or three copies of the Weekly one year 30 00
Club of 40 and a copy of the Daily one year, or five copies of the Weekly, one year 40 00

The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy—one year $2 00
Two copies—one year 5 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

Estate of Solomon Turney, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

SOLOMON TURNEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of November, 1882.

JEMIMA TURNEY,
11 18 3 Administratrix.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a reasonable price my tract of land called PEA PATCH, containing 58 acres lying adjoining the lands of William Broadwaters, in the Backwoods settlement of this county. Will sell as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN B. BRANT,
12 2 1 m* Glades Hotel, Oakland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all person indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.

SAMUEL LAWTON, JR.,
11 25 6t Manager.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland. Improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.

15 6 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 84, and other outbuildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

Sang Run Heard From!

and the news is that

SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Groceries,

Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &C.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,
6 17 1y McHenry, Md.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, their President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such feeling pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of these years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

PATENTS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esqs., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

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WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

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Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

Road Examiners' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the roads petitioned for by Wright Thayer, John E. Gnagey and others is to pass will meet on the premises on Tuesday, November 21st, 1882, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said petitioned roads, and if so to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

AARON BOYER,
WM. H. HALL,
NIMROD GLOTFELTY,
9 21 5 Examiners.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

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J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT

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ESTEY ORGAN

is unhoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

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R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

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Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. As attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-Issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications for revivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have mistaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs along distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monumental Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and directed to me as Sheriff, at the suit of Jacob P. Gnagey, plaintiff, vs. J. McClure Mason, defendant, the same being No 4 Judicials to September Term 1878, on the docket of said Court, I did sieze and take in execution all the following described pieces, parcels and lots of land lying and being in said Garrett county, to-wit:

Military Lots No. 1136 and 1652,

The property of the said J. McClure Mason; and containing one hundred acres of land more or less. Said Lot No. 1652 being the same land that was conveyed to the said J. McClure Mason by Robert Swan by deed bearing date February 3d, 1852, and recorded in Liber H; R, No. 8 folios, 181, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland. The said land lies about six miles South of the town of Oakland, is in a fine state of cultivation and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other out buildings.

And I hereby give notice that on the

12th day of December, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Coddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bona fide bidder for cash, the above described property to satisfy the judgment and costs in the above cause.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
11 18 4 Late Sheriff.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 1 td G. A. SHIBER

About Dogs.

A correspondent writes to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "During the late war my regiment, the Eighty-third Illinois, was stationed at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, or rather half a mile above the old rebel fort. There we remained for nearly three years, because of a brilliant battle we fought and won, but we had frequent excursions of a portion of the force into the surrounding country to rid it of guerrillas. On returning from one of these raids the command was accompanied by a large brown-brindle dog, which, on arriving at camp, proceeded to headquarters with the officer in command of the expedition, and from that day on made himself comfortable at headquarters, and by his even temper and uniform good nature, soon became a great pet with every one. On the first morning after the dog's arrival he went out to witness a guard-mounting, and as soon as that was finished he immediately attached himself to the 'officer of the day,' and went with him wherever he went, the first trip being to relieve pickets. At midnight, when the 'grand rounds' was made, the dog preceded the officer by about thirty steps, and by his vigilance more than once prevented that officer being shot by some lurking would-be assassin. Of course there was a different officer every day, but this made no difference to Bob, as he always changed from the retiring officer to the one just going on duty. This round of duty he kept up till the regiment was mustered out of service in July, 1865, at which time Lieutenant Colonel E. C. Brott was the commander of the post. Colonel Brott was very anxious to take Bob home with him, and managed to get him on board the steamer when leaving, but at Hillman's furnace, where the boat landed for a short time, Bob went ashore, and that was the last seen of him by us, notwithstanding Colonel Brott left a standing reward of $100 to any one who would secure and send the dog to him at his home in Illinois. From Captain Wood, who remained at the post, I afterward learned that Bob returned to the post three days after leaving the boat, having traveled a distance of some forty miles.

"Now, the question is how should a strange dog be able to distinguish, without previous experience or education, the 'officer of the day,' their being some twenty changes in as many days, and all strangers to him?"

Says the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*: "Our neighbor of the Albany *News and Advertiser* has begun a campaign against the habit that some people have of carrying dogs with them to church. As usual, he is clearly in the right. He enforces his pointed observations with these two incidents, going to show that people who can't keep their dogs from church on Sunday in any other way should stay at home with them: "At the Methodist church last Sunday night a pointer dog came in and curled himself up for a nap near the pulpit. The minister began to warm up in his sermon and came down with a loud gesture upon the Bible before him. Up jumped the dog and struck a gallop to make his escape. In fact, no dog with a box to his tail ever made better time. At the Presbyterian church Monday night a ferocious bull specimen of the canine species attended, and when an attempt was made to run him out he curled himself up at his mistress' feet and refused to be run out. After awhile, when the preacher began to warm up in his discourse, and when his voice rose to an unusually high pitch, the dog 'made for' the minister, making the church resound with his deep-mouthed barks. Until his mistress had coaxed him out he was master of the situation. All this is very annoying to church attendants, and if the owners of these dogs can not be induced to keep them at home the City Council should take some action in the matter."

Abe Simmons, of Rosedale, N. Y., has a wonderful dog named Jack. Jack used to toss a silver piece placed upon his nose, and turn around once and catch it in his mouth, but some one put a hot penny on his nose one day and that spoiled the trick. In the winter time he is the dread of all the school children who have sleighs, for he will rush out when a boy is going along, grab the rope of the sleigh, pull it loose from the boy and run of with it as fast as he can go. Finally the boys combined against him. When Jack decides that he wants a sleigh they let him have the rope, but five or six boys jump on the sleigh and Jack very soon tires of drawing them. Jack, when a cork is thrown up in the air, will jump up, turn a summersault, and catch it in his mouth.

The son of J. G. Maxwell, of Butterfly Valley, Plumas County, Cal., shot at a large gray squirrel that was up a tree. The squirrel was not hurt, but jumped to the ground and was at once pounced upon by a dog. The squirrel seized the dog by the lip and held so fast that he was unable to shake it off. After struggling with it for a brief time the dog ran to a stream near by, plunged the squirrel into the water, and held it there until it was drowned.

Captain William Niles, of Covington, Ky., owns a dog named Dick. A little puppy fell from the ferryboat, but instead of swimming for shore paddled around in a circle, evidently bewildered. Dick was told to go in and rescue the pup, and at once obeyed, swimming at first in a circle around the puppy, and then toward shore, occasionally looking around to see if the pup was following. The latter "caught on," and soon reached land.

At a wayside inn in the south of France is a roasting-jack moved by animal power. Two dogs turn the machine, working alternately. One day the dog whose proper turn it was being absent, the other was caught and put on the wheel. He flatly refused, however, to work, and neither coaxing, threats, nor chastisement produced any effect. After some delay the missing dog was found and set to the task. After he had nearly completed the job he was released and the first tried again, and the animal so lately recusant now offered no opposition, and made the wheel revolve with a hearty good will till the roast was finished.

Jealousy recently induced a large Berlin dog to attack a five-year-old boy. The boy was petting a new lap-dog, when the big dog jumped upon him and threw him down. The lap-dog, going to the boy's assistance, was killed.

W. B. F. Daniel, of Dublin, Ga., was deer hunting recently. His dog caught a fawn. Daniel attempted to secure it, and the doe came to the rescue. He dropped the fawn to catch the mother, but after a desperate struggle she slipped from his grasp and got away.

The last dog story is told by a Georgia paper, the *Americus Republican*. It is to the effect that a family in that town, having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house, placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One cold day last winter the house-dog came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate lay down before it to receive the heat as it came from the fire. Feeling no warmth, he raised his head, looking over his shoulder at the grate; feeling no heat, he applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With his tail curled between his legs, the dog trotted out of the room, not even casting a look at the party in the room, evincing supreme disgust.

London Town.

Although London is only eight days' steaming from the United States, and is yearly visited by thousands of persons from this country, few Americans have any adequate idea of its magnitude. This can be better realized by a comparison of statistics, placing the great English capital in contrast with some centers of population on our own side of the Atlantic. London has a population of 4,790,000, more than twice and a half times as many as are found in the whole State of Massachusetts. Our Commonwealth has a superficial area of five million acres, on which are planted 1,870,000 people. London's four million eight hundred thousand persons are contained in a space of 111,587 acres, about eleven to the acre. Boston has an area of 22,472 acres, with a population of four hundred thousand, an average of nearly eighteen human beings to the acre. It is really more densely populated than the metropolitan district of London as a whole. Boston and London are alike in one important particular. Both have a large amount of made land. In this city there are 365 miles of public streets. During the last thirty years London has increased its length of streets by upwards of 1,500 miles, and eighty-six miles of new streets were constructed in 1881. Boston contains something over 42,000 houses, while 400,000 new houses have been built within the metropolitan limits of London in less than a third of a century. With a population almost reaching 5,000,000, and 700,000 inhabited houses, London require two policemen to every 1,000 inhabitants, and fourteen policemen to every 1,000 houses, in order to uphold the law, protect property, and maintain the public peace and quiet. The police force of Boston, numbering some 775 men, with a constituency of 400,000 and 42,000 houses, has not far from the same amount of responsibility as in London. Our police force averages one officer to 516 inhabitants and 54 houses. This does not vary much from London with its two policemen to a population of 1,000 and one officer to seventy buildings. The police force of London numbers 11,000 men. Four hundred and eighty-eight burglaries were committed there during 1881. Two hundred and fifty-two persons were killed by accident, and 3,100 were injured and maimed.—*Boston Transcript.*

Genteel Beggars in Paris.

A disagreeable feature of Paris is the number of "genteel beggars." Foreign residents are especially exposed to this nuisance, for these beggars are mostly foreigners. There nationality, or at least their language, is generally German; but there is a sprinkling of persons professing to be English, or, at all events, English subjects. If unable to speak English they pretend to have been brought in infancy by a widowed mother to France or Germany, but insist on their English paternity or birth, or they give themselves out for natives of Heligoland, Malta, or even Canada. The people of Heligoland, indeed, would be surprised to hear of the number of artists and others who have migrated from their little rock and settled in Paris. I have mentioned artists, for these gentry generally profess to be artists, journalists, or teachers of languages. If journalists, they are sure to be victims of Prince Bismarck's tyranny or of the anti-Semitic movement. They rarely offer to tell their residence, and if pressed on this point are accustomed to give a high number (quite imaginary) in a street at a safe distance from immediate verification. They frequently allege that they have not tasted food the whole day, and they have almost invariably a sick wife and children, in proof of which statement they produce a doctor's prescription. They sometimes describe themselves as sent by the clergyman you sit under, and are little disconcerted if told that you sit under another man. They have at their command an unlimited number of the cards of members of the British Embassy, endorsed with recommendations. Whether these cards are forged fac similes, or how, if otherwise, they get such easy possession of them, is a problem, but, it need hardly be said, the members of the Embassy know nothing of their alleged proteges. They sometimes reappear, after two years' interval, with a different name and a different story.—*Cor. London Times.*

A Very Sad Case.

A society young man met a nice young lady and her two sisters at a watering-place this summer, and at the close of the season she gave him her address and said she would be delighted to have him call when he returned to the city. He called on the very first opportunity that offered, and feeling liberal, and a dollar in his pocket, he invited the young lady down to the ice-cream saloon. "And tell your sisters to come along," he added, with a Vanderbiltian air. The nice young lady went to another room and called: "Mary, Julia, Maggie, Sophie, Sallie, Flora and Dora! come here." "Great Scott!" mentally exclaimed the young man, feeling the solitary dollar in his pocket; "has she more than two sisters, or have I struck a female seminary?" It was too true—she had a generous supply of sisters, and when the young man heard her say, as the maidens came waltzing into the room, "Come, girls, Mr. Litched is going to treat us to ice-cream—put on your hats," he rushed from the house a raving maniac, and now wears straws in his hair and imagines himself President of Vassar College.—*The Judge.*

Trespassing.

Since the time when the right to own and hold property was recognized there have been laws enacted to aid the property holder in maintaining that right. A man's house is his castle, and even the officers of the law, unless they are armed with a warrant of arrest for a crime, dare not enter but by permission. If a man enters your house or comes upon your premises without your permission, and declines to leave on your request, you may legally use the force necessary to put him off, but no more. You cannot pound or beat him without rendering yourself liable for assault and battery. The law allows you to expel the intruder, but in the gentlest manner possible. If he does not resist, you may only lay your hand on him and direct his movements; but this may only be done after you have requested him to leave. In case, however, of forcible entry, such request is not necessary. In case of resistance, you may use just enough force to overcome that resistance, but no more.

While the law recognizes the right of the owner to the possession and control of his own premises, no action for trespass may be brought unless it be alleged that damage has been done. I may walk in your grounds or fields without being guilty of criminal offence, but if it displeases you, I must leave, upon request. In some States the law allows you to put up a notice forbidding persons from crossing your lands in certain seasons. If they do it in spite of the notice, although they do no damage, you can collect the fine the law imposes.

The word trespass comes from the Norman French, *tres*, beyond, and *passer*, to go. Its literal meaning is the same as that of transgressor. It is defined in law to mean a wrongful act, committed with some kind of violence, and injurious to the personal rights or property of another. In some States the law as to trespass provides that unless the damage exceeds seven dollars the plaintiff shall pay all costs exceeding the amount of damage. This is to prevent vexatious suits. Trespass takes on the form of crime sometimes, and is punished as such when only a crime has been meditated or intended, as when one comes on your farm for the purpose of theft, and is discovered before the theft was committed.

Trespasses committed by animals are usually chargeable to their owners, and damages done are collectable from the latter. If no damage is done, it remains for the owner of the premises to take such action in the matter as his inclinations prompt and the law allows, for it must be admitted that inclination and law do not always point in the same direction in such cases. In some States it is left for him either to drive the trespassers home, with a modest request that the owner will keep them there; to confine them on his own premises, sending notice to the owner to "pay charges and take them away;" to impound them in the town pound, or to turn them into the street to go their own way.

But how about dogs, cats, turkeys, chickens and similar trespassers? In many States dogs and cats are not considered property, and may be shot, but not poisoned, at will. In a few States the fence of the law has been put about dogs, and protects them from indiscriminate slaughter; but we are not aware that any penalty attaches to the shooting of cats. Turkeys may not be shut up unless you choose to risk a prosecution for theft; nor may they be impounded, at least in Connecticut, a case having been tried there. A. finding B.'s turkeys on his premises sent them to the pound. B. sued out a writ of replevin. There was no question about the facts, but the lawyers talked long and earnestly about the law. She Judge decided that the turkeys were not mentioned in the statute in question regarding pounds with cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and even geese. A. had acted without authority, and must pay a fine of one dollar and costs of suit. And your neighbor may look coolly on and see his hens scratch your flower beds, peck every apple, peach, or pear that falls from your trees, fly at your grapes, and commit such other damage and annoyance as in their power and nature lies, with the satisfaction of knowing that you have no remedy. You may kill and eat them if you like, but you would be liable for their full value, and perhaps to a suit for a malicious destruction of property, as in a case we once knew in this State, where a man shot his neighbor's hens and threw them over the fence as the easiest way of getting them home. This case never came to trial. The lawyer to whom it was intrusted pocketed the fee from both neighbors and quashed the whole proceedings. The plaintiff was satisfied to know that he had made the defendant sweat for his impudence, while the defendant was glad to get off without having a heavy bill of court costs to settle.

We believe there is a law in Massachusetts providing that, if after you have given your neighbor written notice forbidding it he willfully permits his animals or fowls to trespass on your premises, he is liable to pay a fine of ten dollars. A man may seem to be easily annoyed who gets into passion when his neighbor's chickens comes to his premises, but if we sought to test the equanimity of an ordinary mortal we would subject him to the same experience that some parties we know undergo every day when snow is not on the ground.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How Western Cities Grow.

A western man has been telling some Philadelphians how western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early the next morning by some workmen who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flag-pole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and, while rubbing his eyes, was nearly run over by a street-car, and got his feet entangled in an electric light wire.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"Teach your daughter how to cook," exclaims the Philadelphia *Record*. That is all very nice in theory, but experience has shown that they will waste about $5,000 worth of provisions while learning, and then, after mastering the art, will get married and cook for some other fellow, leaving you to wrestle with the new Biddy. Better let the other fellow do the teaching and bear the expense and dyspepsia.—*Chicago Times.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Beekeepers are warned against feeding their bees on glucose, as it is considered highly injurious. The meal also, is not fit for food for any animal.

—Cup Pudding: A favorite cup pudding is made of six eggs, beaten very light, seven tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of sweet milk. Stir these all together briskly and bake in cups. Serve with sauce.—*Golden Rule.*

—Roll Jelly Cake: Take one cupful of powdered sugar, half a cupful of butter, three eggs well beaten, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar; dissolve the soda and cream tartar in half a cupful of sweet milk, add one cupful of flour. Bake on long tins; spread each cake with jelly and roll when hot.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—By all odds the cheapest and best way to eradicate common hard wood stumps, says the *Practical Farmer*, is to work the ground with a shovel plow, sow buckwheat or plant corn until seeded to timothy, orchard grass and clover, and pasture until the stumps so far decay that they can be pulled out by hitching a chain around the top when the ground is wet in the winter or spring.

—Lemon Preserve: Put into a saucepan one pound sugar, quarter pound of butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, and the juice and grated rinds of three lemons. Let these boil until they become as thick as honey, stirring all the while. Pour the mixture into small jars and tie paper wet in white of an egg over them, and keep in a dry, cool place.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A veterinary professional says that "the great majority of ringbones in young horses come from the failure to shorten the toes." To this may be added that ringbone is apt to be formed if colts are allowed to stand on a plank floor or anywhere else where the footing is hard, during the first eighteen months of their age. Whether in stable or yard during this period, let them have earth for standing or walking, free from stone or gravel.

—A man who once gets thoroughly into the work of breeding fine stock is seldom willing to abandon it for some other pursuit, no matter how lucrative the new venture may be. The field it offers for the study of scientific physiology the possibilities of combination and development, and the broad opportunities for experiment are afforded in no other business. There is a fascination in the production of fine stock which no other industry can claim.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Aquarium Cement: Mix together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This is useful for mending stone jars, holes in tin or iron kettles. It will resist the action of water, hot or cold, of acids, and of almost any degree of heat. Dry thoroughly before using. (2) Take equal parts by weight of flowers of sulphur, pulverised sal ammoniac, iron filings and good linseed oil varnish. Mix them together, then add enough pure white lead to form a firm, easily-worked mass.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To Feed the Corn, or Not Feed It; That is the Question.

The partial failure of the corn crop for two successive years over a large portion of the great "corn belt," and the largely increased price in consequence, has determined many farmers who usually have been in the habit of feeding a large portion of their crop at home, to change their system of disposing of their surplus to marketing directly instead of feeding at home, under the belief, it is to be assumed, that the direct market affords the better returns. Acting on this belief, and with the supposition that the high prices which corn has commanded precluded its home use beyond actual necessity in any profitable way, a large proportion of farmers have so far disposed of their stock of swine as to have on hand only a complement for home use, while many have not a hoof on their premises even for such use.

The condition of the markets since the close of the last packing season, and which still continues, shows such calculations to be erroneous, and that the best net returns during the past year for corn have been received by those who have fed to cattle and hogs instead of marketing direct. There is scarce a doubt but the same relative conditions will prevail during a year to come. The shortage in number of hogs to market the present fall and approaching winter, will prove, when the year's packing is complete, to be the greatest during many years past, while the shoats, to be held over for another season's feeding and the increase of the race, will scarcely approximate one-fourth of that of average years.

It is a significant fact that nearly the entire supply of pork meats and lard for commercial purposes, other than local, comes from the portion of the country in which the visible supply of corn is the lightest, and in which the stock has suffered the greatest depletion. With this view of the case which must be conceded, there cannot be a doubt but that high prices must rule during the packing season already opened, and that which is to follow a year hence, and the farmer who has the nerve to cast the golden grains before a bunch of thrifty shoats, instead of hauling the same to market, will be handsomely rewarded in the outcome.

And we have not a shadow of doubt but they who feed that class of young steers which most certainly respond to generous treatment, will be likewise rewarded with prices for the same, fully equal to those which prevailed during the early part of the present season.

Another feature of the case: it is believed by many producers, and in some instances not without show of color, that transportation companies bear severely upon the shipment of their grains towards the great market centers, in fixing an unnecessarily high rate of carriage for their services. Be this as it may, the fact must be apparent that, while the wants of the civilized world for meat foods must be supplied, it can be most profitably done from the parts of the country most remote from the great central markets; and the commodities most highly concentrated, and of greatest value, will best bear the expense of long shipments, all other points of comparison being equal.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

For Young Readers.

THE LITTLE SISTERS AND THE QUEEN.

Where English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,

Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadowy brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing,
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear lady, said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have gone together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,
She cries most all the day;
We hear her telling Jesus,
When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I cannot tell you how,
We haven't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night, our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she couldn't pay.

"So then, we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

"Because Mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James' little girl,
And, Lady, if 'twas so,

"I know she'll let us keep it—
Our home beside the Thames—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.

"And if we had to leave it,
I'm sure Mamma would die,
For there's no place to go to—
No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-dump, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed it that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen,
Her royal seal was on it,
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE TREE TOP.

One day Grandma Dover told grandpa to go over to their daughter's house and borrow Baby Belle. It was quite a custom of hers, and the child was always sent at once. Grandpa took his open wagon and found his daughter well, and took lunch with her, and made the usual joke about borrowing Belle; and the four-year old child was wrapped up in a shawl, which her mother tied under her arms and about her waist, to insure her being kept warm.

At first she sat beside grandpa, but after awhile she asked to sit on the back seat. Grandpa was a little provoked at this, but gave her her way, and to punish her, never looked round again. He drove past the lake, and through the woods, up the long road, speaking now and then to a neighbor, and stopped at the home-gate at twilight.

Grandma came running out at once.

"Where's Belle?" she asked. "Is she sick? Why didn't they let her come?"

"Why, they did. Here she is," said grandpa, and turned about.

The wagon was empty; no Baby Belle was there.

"She has jumped out to hide for fun," said grandpa. "Here, Belle! Belle! Belle."

But there was no answer. The child could scarcely have climbed out without assistance; but they searched the garden and the house, in which she might have hidden herself, though she had never played such a joke before.

Grandpa being questioned, admitted that Belle had offended him, and that he had not spoken to her all the way home, to punish her, and repented in dust and ashes; but that did not tell them where Baby Belle was to be found. The consternation of the household was terrible. Every one went out. The road was searched inch by inch, back to the very gate of Belle's home, and no trace of her was found. Every one who lived along the road had been spoken to, and there seemed to be an awful mystery about her disappearance.

The most terrible idea occurred to the old gentleman. She had fallen into the lake which he had passed, as we have said; and his fit of temper had been the death of his darling.

And now the parents were aroused, and the awful story was told to them.

"She may have climbed out in the woods and been lost there," said the young father.

And, sick with terror, he took his lantern and led the way thither. There was a moon in the sky, and it shone through the leaves; but though they searched every spot the child was not found.

"It is the only place left: look through the woods once more," said the poor father, choking with grief.

"It is no use," said grandpa, throwing up his hands "no use at all."

But what was that that struck his fingers? He looked up.

Overhead hung a bundle of some sort. He gave a shout. Every one rushed to the spot.

There upon the branches hung the big plaid shawl, full of something solid and warm. Horrified, the father peeped into the bundle. A little rosy face lay there, and a little voice piped out:

"Baby Belle wants to get down."

And down she came into fond, tender arms, that held her close while tears fell over her. But the first flush of joy being over, curiosity was aroused.

"Who hung you there, Baby Belle?" they asked her.

"I hunged up myself," answered the child, in her own solemn little way. "I was in the wagon, and a big branch took hold of my shawl, and I was hunged up like a rock-a-by baby. And I called grandpa stop, but he didn't hear. And then the wind blowed me, and it was so funny way up there, swinging and rocking. And I knew grandpa would come back when he found it out, and then I guess I went to sleep, for I thought I was a little bird up in a tree in a nest; and then papa came."

The story was quite true. The great shawl, tied in a firm knot, had caught on the branch in a way that made a sort of hammock of it, and the good angels had taken care of sweet little Baby Belle; and the child had not even been frightened. It seems too strange a thing to be true; but it is, nevertheless, and Belle, now a big girl, remembers her rock-a-by baby experience to this day.

So, by the way, does grandpa, who never likes to hear of it, and who had doubtless a rather uncomfortable time of it with grandma for some days after the occurrence, which he speaks of as "The time I lost off my little granddaughter like an idiot."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Susie and Her Chickens.

Peep! Peep! Peep! Ten little orphan babies all crying at once, and each one trying to cry louder than the other.

What should be done with them? Poor mother Hen Blacky had been killed, and who was to take care of her ten baby-chickens? Hen Speckle had twelve children of her own—as many as she could cover. No room for the orphans there. Hen Whitey's eight children were so large and ill-natured they would not let the downy little newcomers so much as look in their coop.

Hen Topknot, who had but four in her brood, would not hear of adopting any more, and taking care of the little strangers. She pecked at them so sharply that the poor things ran off, and stood in a group by themselves in a corner of the chicken-yard, crying as loud as they could cry.

Susie felt like crying too. She was so sorry for the motherless ones. She took up the chickens in her apron, where they cuddled down, glad to get warm, and glad to hide away from cross Hen Topknot.

"I'll be your mother, myself," said Susie.

And a good mother she was, too. She soon taught the ten little black and white and speckled chickens to scratch for worms. She put them to bed every night in an old basket, and covered them up warm. In the morning how glad they were to see their new little mother! They ran to her wherever she was when they were tired. And such a funny sight it was to see those ten chickens fly into Susie's lap, creep under her apron, and cuddle against her neck with little cooing sounds!

They never knew any other mother, and they never wanted a better one. Susie never forgot to feed her babies, and they grew as fast and were as fine looking as the other chickens, who had hen-mothers to take care of them. And Susie learned how to be thoughtful and kind to helpless things. But one does not often find a little girl who is mother to ten little chickens.—*Our Little Ones.*

Frosty Nights.

Damp evenings and cold nights have returned, which fact suggests unusual care of the health, as connected with colds, the more immediate cause of most of our diseases. Following the debilitating influences of the "heated term," predisposing to disease, it is probable that there is no time in the year in which there is more occasion for special caution in reference to undue exposure, not even the spring. This latter season comes upon us no more abruptly than the autumn, with this advantage, that we have been invigorated by the bracing effects of cold weather, in which, so to speak, we acquire a stock of health, needed to carry us through the hot weather. If, therefore, one would guard against colds, so prevalent at this season, it is imperative to make such changes in the clothing as may be needed for the purpose of securing comfort, which should be secured though with the smallest amount of clothing available, as too much clothing, more than is needful, tends to induce debility. Still, let one be comfortable. This will require a change each day, since it may be quite warm during the day, but frosty at night.

I well know that some may regard this changing as a little laborious, but it will be less so, even if such may be made several times, than the care of the sick. During a cold northeast storm, at night, especially, as much protection may be needful as in the winter, that one may be comfortable. As a general principle, the feet demand more care than any other similar surface of the body. To keep the head cool and the feet warm is a cardinal health rule. If the fur caps and the thick and warm felts, so often used to keep the head uncomfortably hot, could be employed for the protection of the feet, an important advance would be made in preventing disease. During these cold and stormy nights, the "arctics" or rubbers are imperatively needed. I will add that the rubbers must not be unnecessarily worn any considerable length of time, unless they are the "ventilated" kind. These secure a constant change of air, thus preventing an accumulation of dampness.—*Dr. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

—Prof. G. M. Hammond, the New York medical scientist, has been experimentally hung with a view of finding out what manner of death the hanging is. He had one doctor twist a towel around his neck while another watched him and experimented with knives and pins to ascertain what the sensations of such a solemn hour may be. The verdict of Prof. Hammond is, that slow strangulation is more comfortable than the sudden fall which breaks the neck. And yet, it does not appear by the account, that Prof. Hammond tried the sudden fall that breaks the neck.—*Detroit Post.*

A Soliloquy on Carving.

Speaking about carving, there is a prospect now that in our best circles, within a short time, the old custom of making the host demolish the kiln-dried poultry at dinner will become extinct, and that a servant at a sideboard, on a small salary, will take a hand-saw and a can of nitro-glycerine and slaughter the remains, thus giving the host a chance to chat with his guests instead of spattering them with dressing and casting gloom and gravy over the company.

This is a move for which I have long contended. It places the manual labor of a dinner where it belongs, and relieves a man who should give his whole attention to the entertainment of his friends at table. You would not expect your host to take off his coat and kill the foul in your presence in order to show you that it was all on the square, and it is not customary to require the proprietor of the house to peel the potatoes at table for his guests to prove that there is no put-up job about it.

Therefore, I claim that the lamented hen may be thoroughly shattered at a side table by an athlete at four dollars per week, and still good faith toward the guests be maintained. If any one be doubtful or suspicious, etiquette will permit him to stand by the side of the hireling carver and witness the inquest. Still it would be better fun for him to sit at the table, and if the parts given him are not satisfactory, he can put them in his overshoes pro tem., and causually throw them out the back door while the other guests are listening to the "Maiden's Prayer" in the parlor.

Under the new deal the host will enjoy the dinner much more than he used to with his thumb cut off and a quart of dressing in his lap. No man feels perfectly at home if he has to wrap up his cut finger in a rag and then scoop a handful of dressing out of his vest pocket and return it to the platter. Few men are cool enough to do this, laughing heartily all the time and telling some mirth-provoking anecdote meanwhile.

It is also annoying to have twenty guests ask for the "dark meat, please," when there are only three animals cooked and neither one of them had a particle of dark meat about her person. Lately I have adopted the plan of segregating the fowl by main strength, using the fingers when necessary, and then wiping them in an off-hand manner on the table-cloth. Then I ask the servant to bring in that dark hen we ordered, so that we might have an abundance of dark meat. If the servant says there is none, I smile and tell the guests that the brunette chicken, by some oversight, has been eaten in the kitchen, and I shall have to give them such relics as may be at hand. This simplifies the matter, and places me in a far more agreeable place relative to the company. My great success, however, in carving is mainly confined to the watermelon. The watermelon does not confuse me. I always know where to find the joints, and those who do not like the inside of the melon can have the outside. Now, my great trouble with fowls is, that one day I have Nebraska chicken and the next trip I have to assassinate a Mormon Shanghai pullet, with high, expressive hip-bones and amalgam paletot. This makes me nervous, because they are so dissimilar and their joints are in different places. The Mormon hen is round-shouldered and her collar-bone is more on the bias than the Nebraska fowl. This gives a totally different expression to her features in death, and, as I have said, destroys the symmetry of the carve.

I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to the quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgage your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position, then passing the dissecting knife down between the shoulder blades, bisect the polonaise.

Another method is, to take the quail by the hind leg and eat it, asking the guests to do the same. This breaks up the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal dinner party, and while each one has his or her nose immersed in quail, good feeling cannot fail to show itself.—*Bill Nye, in Detroit Free Press.*

"I BELIEVE St. Jacobs Oil to be the very best remedy known to mankind," says Mr. Roberts, business manager of this paper.—*Milwaukee* (Wis.) *Sentinel.*

GREAT heavens! The *Phrenological Journal* says if women were to whistle every day their health would be greatly benefited.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ASURE cure for scratches, Wise's Axle Grease.

FREEDOM of the press: A public-spirited lady refrains from wearing corsets because she is opposed to anything that interferes with the liberty of the press.—*Boston Transcript.*

A PIECE of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

THE *Pall-Mall Gazette* says that it is as natural for an Englishman to grumble as for an Amer can to whistle.

WE see an article headed "Where to Plant Fruit Trees." The best place to plant fruit trees is close to the back fence.—*Many Small Boys.*

"I HOPE you are a better boy, Willie," said a Kalamazoo Sunday School teacher to one of her young hopefuls. "Gosh, I hain't been sick," was the reply.

THERE is one theatrical manager in this country who can refuse to engage a woman without making an enemy of her. He tells her she's too young.—*Somerville Journal.*

"AREN'T they beautiful?" asked a lady at an auction sale of oil paintings. "Not only beautiful," re lied Fogg, "but picture risk."—*Boston Transcript.*

"DO you ever go to meeting?" asked a minister of a blue-grass Kentuckian. "Cer-tainly, sir, twice a year; at spring meeting and fall meeting."—*Meriden Recorder.*

GREAT indignation is expressed at the Virginia duellists who met and fought without notifying the people of the surrounding country to keep under cover.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a physician has cured a stager of hoarseness, he sends in a bill of invoice. The bill being worded: To curing one in-growing tone all, $—.—*Chicago Herald.*

"INDIA shawls," says a fashion journal, "are coming into favor again." Thank fortune we did not buy that sealskin sacque we were looking at.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE poet may rave over the Maid of Athens; but we prefer a good pot-pie. And, for that matter, Ha made o' fat lions, too.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Rubbing It Out.

The editor of the *Courier*, Mr. W. F. Cook, was seized a few mornings ago by a terrible pain in the left shoulder and neck. Having been favorably impressed for some time with the virtue of an article recommended for all sudden pains, and especially rheumatism, we rubbed the offending part, and in less time than we write it, relief came. That article is St. Jacobs Oil.—*Canajoharie* (*N. Y.*) *Courier.*

"I HOPE you will excuse my stupidity, Doctor," said a woman to an Arkansas physician whose professional skill had been visited on her husband, and who had called again to investigate the condition of the patient, "but I really didn't think——" "Your husband is much better this morning, madam." "I say, Doctor," continued the confused woman, "I gave him the wrong medicine."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know HOW TO GET WELL. Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—*Express.*

*** "There is no arguing a coward into courage." But even the coward may be brave after trying Kidney-Wort, that medicine of wonderful efficacy in all diseases of the liver and kidneys. It is prepared in both dry and liquid form and can always be relied on as an effective cathartic and diuretic. Try it.

"Among the most efficacious of remedial agents are the medical preparations from the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

PATRONS looking for Holiday Goods will do well to send for David C. Cook's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the field this year with a larger stock than ever, and from his prices we should judge the bottom has fallen clear out before he purchased. See adv. other column.

THE Boston *Transcript* thinks that the printer should be successful in society, he is so accustomed to making impressions.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

THE *Popular Science Monthly* asks: "What are crowds?" The science of love says the third party is a large crowd.—*New Haven Register.*

OH MY HEAD!—Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, two boxes for $1, six boxes for $2.50, by mail, by Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

IT is the rich oyster dealer who knows how to shell out.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TEXANS object to the eruption of peonies. Like a good many other people, they have no use for common rents.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Relieves coughs very quickly. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

THE comet traveled a distance of 90,000,000 miles in four weeks. Men owning 2:30 horses ought to feel their littleness.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Patient Patient.

"The remedy is worse than the disease, doctor," said a patient the other day. The doctor had been giving her forty grains of Quinine daily for more than a week, in trying to stop the chills. One bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters did the work when the physicians had finally "shown the doctor the door."

AT a public banquet the lion of the evening is usually received with three cheers and a tiger. This shows that he stands hyena crowd of giraffes.—*N. Y. News.*

STINGING Irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

IN spite of protests the waltz still holds its own. Love rules the whirled.—*Philadelphia News.*

☞ Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Duly 10c.

THE man who travels under an alias may boast that he has made a name for himself.—*Boston Transcript.*

WE say experiment, and if you do not find Wise's Axle Grease the best, don't use it, others say do not experiment. Why? because they know their goods won't equal Wise's.

SAN FRANCISCO contemplates the organization of a base ball club. Westward the star of umpire wends its way.—*Detroit Post.*

"BOUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

ENGINEER MELVILLE will not lecture. He is a man of more ah racter than was at first supposed.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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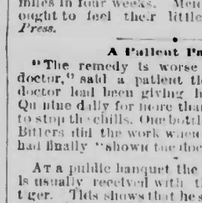

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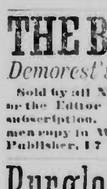

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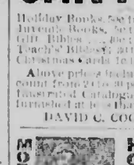

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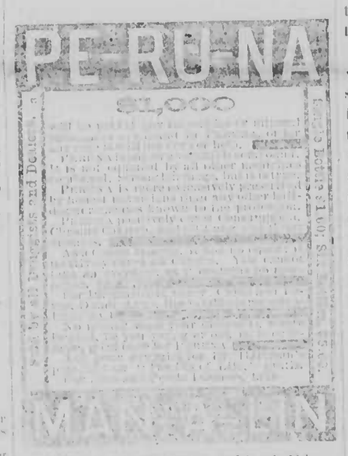

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MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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It seems that the girls went to a retired spot and divested themselves of their clothing to an alarming extent, and went bathing in the waters of Lake Michigan. For a time they turned flip flap in the water, and scared the fish ashore, when an impulse seized them and each got on a saw log that happened to be near by and they paddled themselves around with feet and hands. It was one continued round of pleasure, barring the bark on the logs, until the logs began to float out into the lake. The logs had got out some distance before the girls noticed what was going on, and when they looked toward the shore and saw their clothes in little piles looking not bigger than a towel, their hearts sank within them.

The wind was blowing quite fresh from the shore, and quite cold, and they would have suffered fearfully, only their hair was auburn, which overcame to a great extent the rigors of the climate. Picture to yourself these poor, misguided girls on the saw logs, the shore of their native land fading in the distance, and the cruel wind blowing them towards Milwaukee at the rate of six miles an hour. Saw logs are good property, but each of the girls would have given every saw log on earth for one suit of summer clothes. They tried to paddle back towards the shore, but what power had the little Michigan feet against the gale that was blowing them towards the pospitable shores of Wisconsin. The girls would not have objected to a trip to the Badger State, ordinarily, and they had often hoped ro make the trip, but crossing the lake on a propeller, clothed in their right mind, and crossing on a saw log, without any side-saddle, attired in nothing, was a different thing.

One of the girls was inclined to weep, but the braver one kept up the spirits of her companion by telling her that it would soon be over, and they would soon be floating up Milwaukee river, making a sensation that would raise the neighbors. As they got out about a mile one of the girls felt something nibble her foot, when a new danger threatened them, and with a cry of "sharks" they both put their feet on the logs, and sat there dreamily, wondering what new danger would menace them. A log is a most uncomfortable subject to dwell upon, the way they make them now, and it is no wonder these poor girls felt that it was no Pullman car they had taken passage on. They thought of home, friends, kindred, palmettos and straw hats and so forth, and were about to despair, and were wondering what the Wisconsin people would take them for, when they decided to take one more fond look at Michigan. When they looked around, to their joy and mortification they saw some men in boats coming to their rescue. They were pleased at the thought of being rescued, but saddened at not being dressed for company, and one was going to jump overboard and drown herself, when the other thought of the plan of getting off the logs and holding on by the bark while the men towed them ashore.

This was done, and be it said to the credit of the Michigan rescuers, that they never looked back, but when the boats landed at the beach near where the clothes were, the bold rescuers immediately took to the woods and never looked back, not even giving the rescued girls a chance to thank them. It is needless to say that the girls kicked themselves into their dry goods real spry, and that they took a solemn oath never to start for Wisconsin again without a steamboat. It is said they cannot look at a saw log now without a pang of sorrow.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store.

Why Lamps Explode.

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. When full of oil of course a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamp consumption begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences as the lamp warms up, and after burning a short time sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oils always dangerous.

The flame is communicated to the gas in the following manner: The wick tube in all lamp burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass throught it. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left along the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas. Many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick tube and explode.

First—A lamp may be standing on a mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or the sudden opening of a door, causes an explosion.

Second—A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel, and instantly explode.

Third—A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a draft, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues.

Fourth—A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In all these cases the chief mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draft or forcing air down the chimney against the flame.

Fifth—Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

Sixth—Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney, broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, rendering the draft variable and unsteady.

Seventh—Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space in the tube along the edge of the wick.

Eight—An old burner with its air drafts clogged up, which rightly should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

PROFANITY.—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain," is an injunction as stringent and binding as that which commands "Thou shalt not murder," and men who shrink from the latter indulge in the former publicly and privately—at their meals, in their family circles, in their places of business, in the streets, among their equals and their inferiors, in the hearing of children, in fact in all places men make the air hot with their oaths and blasphemies, spoken in rage or in calmness, in idle jest or bitter hate. The habit of using profane and blasphemous language is more widespread than it ever was, and those who do it are unblushing in their practice and vile in its indulgence. It does not matter where men and boys meet, profane language, in more or less extent, is used. It is hissed over the counter of trade, in the banking house, the counting room, the railroad depot, in official stations, by official dignitaries of all grades, by men in broadcloth and in rags, by little children, the foul flood of profanity is swollen from day to day, and night is made hideous with its demoniacal intonations. Is it not time that we have a reformation to stop this rage on profanity? This law in regard to profanity seems to have little effect.

Baby Elephant.

Barnum is overjoyed with his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declares $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52,000 for an insurance of the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely, if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin*, he would do no such foolish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No one can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal, and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin*. Ask your Druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

The Republican Outlook.

A few days ago a reporter of the Baltimore *American* interviewed Hon. James A. Gary on the Republican outlook in Maryland. "With a united party," said Mr. Gary, "we can carry the State next year. The Fifth Congressional district, which we carried for Mr. Holton without any help from any of the managers, has been solidly planted in the Republican column, and it will remain a Republican district. We knew that with a fair election Mr. Holton would carry the district; but we also knew that this could not be accomplished without an active effort. There was no sort of bossism in his nomination, Mr. Holton being the untrammelled choice of the Republicans of the district. Some Republicans who are opposed to me at first antagonized Mr. Holton's nomination, for fear that his success would rebound to my credit; but when they saw that he would be the choice of the people, they quietly wheeled around and supported his nomination. The counties in the Fifth district are Republican. Next year they can give as large majorities as they gave last election, if the Republicans are united and nominate strong, unexceptionable men as their standard-bearers. I even think that the majorities may be increased next year. Year after year prominent Democrats in Southern Maryland are leaving their party and going over to the Republicans. There is a very large number of old Whigs in that section of the State, who at the close of the war joined the Democrats. But they are now enlisting under the Republican banner. I have not the slightest doubt that the State will be Republican at the next election if Republicans are united and wise counsels prevail in our organization. I do not mean to say that the city is Republican now, but I think it will soon come very near it. However there is nothing that I can see to prevent the Republicans controlling both Houses of the Legislature. What we must have above all things is unity in the party. There are, of course, men whom it is as impossible to bring together as it is to mix oil and water. But this applies only to a few. There ought to be a conference of the leading men of the State to consult as to the party's future, and if a practical plan for harmony and re-organization is effected, I am convinced that the party will capture the State next year."

The Warrior of American Politics.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Thurlow Weed presents the most positive and distinctive characteristics of any citizen of this or any other age in our political history. His life was an anomaly; his power was unexampled; his wisdom as a leader seldom if ever equaled and never excelled. He was the one warwick of American politics; the one man who taught in lustrous lessons for all, that the greater power of intelligence and skill is in private citizenship—not in office. He was often more mighty than presidents, and his power endured in all the mutations of politics, while presidents, cabinets, senators and commoners faded from their respective spheres; and he proved, as no other child of our free institutions ever proved, that the highest title to power is in the highest citizenship of the republic.

No American in or out of authority has ever wielded political power approaching that exercised by Thurlow Weed. For a full half century he was most important political factor the country has ever known, and the history of all the three generations of the republic furnishes no one who could rank as the same type of a leader. In his command of power without any insignia of authority, none but himself can be his parallel, and he will go into history as the one man who most imposingly exemplified the grandeur of our citizenship. He had infirmities; many of them, indeed, as Greely rather resentfully pictured them; but he outlived the memory of his imperfections, and died wearing the noblest chaplet of a free people—that of the first citizen of the republic.

Don't Be Mean.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Don't be mean, my boy; don't do and say mean things. Cultivate a feeling of kindness, a spirit of clearity broad and pure for men and things. Believe the best of everybody, have faith in humanity, and as you think better yourself. You can, with some accuracy measure a man's character by the esteem in which he holds other men. When I hear other men repeatedly declaring that all other men are knaves. I want a strong endorsement on that man's paper before I'll lend him money. When a man assures me that all the temperance men in his town take their drinks on the sly, I wouldn't leave that man and my private demijohn—if I had one—together in a room five minutes. When a man tells me that he doesn't know one preacher who isn't a hypocrite, I have all the evidence I want that that man is a liar. Nine times in ten, and frequently oftener, you will find that men endeavor to disfigure all other men with their own weakness, fallings and vices. So do you my boy, think well and charitably of people, for the world is full of good people.

When Butler was an Outlaw.

Now that Butler is governor-elect of Massachusetts the fact is recalled that he was once proclaimed an outlaw by Jefferson Davis. The circumstances as historically recorded are as follows: Upon the capture of New Orleans by Farragut in 1862 the United States flag was by his order hoisted on the Mint early in the morning, and some of the people ventured to cheer it despite the threats of the mob. The flag was pulled down and dragged through the streets by a desperate character named W. B. Mumford. Three other persons were with him, and the act was performed on Sunday morning, April 27, during the time of religious service on shipboard. Early in June, when Butler was in command in New Orleans, Mumford was tried by military commission, convicted of treason and sentenced to be hanged. Butler approved the sentence, and Mumford was executed in the presence of a large crowd on the 7th of June. He was thenceforth added to the roll of Southern martyrs; and Jeff Davis, in December, issued a proclamation denouncing Butler as an outlaw, to be hanged instanter as soon as caught. They didn't catch him. He still survives, much to the chagrin of extremists in both ends of the Union.

How to Avoid Drunkenness.

Forbid intoxicating nostrums and use Parker's Ginger Tonic in your family. This delicious remedy never intoxicates, is a true blood and brain food, and aiding all the vital functions never fails to invigorate.

The Postmaster-General has contracted with Mr. Leo Ehrlick, of St. Louis, for the introduction to the public of a new means of postal communication, invented by Mr. Earlick. It consists of a sheet of paper with projecting gummed flaps. After being written upon the sheet will be folded up, the flaps pasted down, and the address written on the back, the whole making a sealed inclosure. The sheet will be stamped as envelopes are, but will be manufactured at the inventor's cost, as without special authorization from Congress the Postmaster-General is unwilling to incur the risk of testing the popularity of the invention at the Government's expense. There will be a number of different styles of letter sheets. They will be prepared under the supervision of the Postoffice Department. If sold, the inventor is paid for them, the government retaining the postage and about the same margin obtained on stamped envelopes. If not sold, it is his loss. There seems to be good reason to expect that they will take well with the people, as they will save trouble.

THE RESULT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The North Carolina State board of canvassers Saturday finished canvassing the votes for district Congressmen, awarding certificates to Poole and O'Hara, reps., and Green, Cox, Scales, Dowd and Vance, dem., and York, coalitionist and ind. dem. Robbins, dem., filed papers looking to contesting York's seat. The board did not conclude canvassing the vote for Congressman at large, there being no lawful returns from Watauga county, but adjourned until Dec. 19, in order to allow the vote of that county to be received. The vote for Congressman at large is: Bennet, dem., 111,038; Dockery, rep., 110,697. The Watauga county vote will increase Bennet's majority to 443.

—Premature grayness avoided by using Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its cleanliness and perfume.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

AFTER A WHILE.

There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or not,
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

Only a little while this vale of tears
With moans and sighs shall hem our devious way;
Only a little while the grief that sears
And wrings and rends, shall gloat above its prey;
And fade will, likewise, every hollow guile
After a little while.

What if we lose earth's pageants, fresh and fair—
The pride of morn, the sunset's gorgeous fields,
Love's leaping pulse, and the unmeasured share
That Nature's largess for the asking yields—
If death to brighter shores our souls exile
After a little while?

No mortal roaming bot hath certain end;
Though far into the ocean-spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle
After a little while.

Though over burning and inveterate sands,
To seek the river's mystic source, we strain,
With parching lips, scorched feet and blistered hands,
At last there rises the one mountain chain
That folds the fountains of our spirit's Nile
After a little while.

O, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle

And contemplate the never-ceasing change
Whereby the processes of God are wrought
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that most our cares beguile
After a little while!

—*Calvert's Magazine.*

MY LITTLE MISTAKES.

The Phelans had a baby. Tom sent me a telegram announcing what he called the happy event; for I had known him since we were both at school, where he was generally called the "Fat Boy," and many of the fellows entertained the rooted idea that he was a lineal descendant of the "fat boy" whom Charles Dickens has immortalized in "Pickwick."

Tom Phelan was not only a fat boy, but, in accordance with the promise of his youth, he became a fat young man, with a mellow face like an over-ripe pear, and an amply proportioned person. Indeed, it was because of that genial, happy look and general air of comfort which his fatness imparted that little Mary O'Rourke fell in love with and finally married him. For this sufficient reason Tom thought her the wisest woman of her generation, and quite believed in his inner consciousness that Nature had endowed her with a rare and admirable taste.

Twelve months ago I had acted as Tom's best man; he had asked me to stand by him to the last, and I did. I saw him through the painful ceremony, during which he was stared at in the keenest way by all the bride's female friends, including eight charming bridesmaids, not one of whom during the time vouchsafed me a glance; for by comparison with the bridegroom I was an uninteresting man, who had not the heart, the courage, the good taste or the sense to take any woman for better or for worse; therefore, in the presence of this noble specimen of humanity, the bridegroom, *I was insignificant.*

If ever a man was uncomfortable in his life, Tom Phelan was, under the uninterrupted gaze of these fair creatures, and of the crowds of the bride's relations assembled for the occasion, in all their strength and glory, inside the walls of St. Bride's Church, Dublin.

At the breakfast some one made a long speech, in which so many magnificent things were said with so much grandiloquence, that the bride began to weep; and poor Tom, who thought it his duty to harmonize in all things with the feelings of his new-made wife, was about to allow himself to be overcome, and shed a few tears also, when he caught the stern and reproachful gaze of his newly-made mother-in-law, and that one glance decided the matter and stayed his emotion immediately.

I saw him through it all, poor fellow, as I promised. I was true to my trust, and at the last moment, whilst the carriage which was to convey him and his bride away waited, I extracted a few grains of rice which had lodged themselves in his left eye and picked up his best hat, which had been rudely knocked off his head by the blow of an old slipper from some friendly, but awkward hand.

So, as I commenced by stating they had now a baby, and they made as much fuss and excitement over the fact as if it were the most wonderful instead of the most natural thing in life. The day after receiving the telegram I had a letter from Tom, in which he described the infant as the finest baby his sisters, his cousins and his aunts—and, collectively, their names are legion—had ever seen. It was a boy and nothing would please but that I should, a fortnight after the receipt of his letter, cross the Channel and stand godfather to his first-born.

No doubt he considered he paid me a compliment; for he seemed to lay great stress on the fact of my being requested to stand in such a position to the "first-born," and gave me to understand the honor would not be so great if I were in the coming time, asked to hold the same position toward other little types of humanity.

I would do anything to oblige and old friend like Tom Phelan, even to getting seasick; so I crossed over to Kingstown, suffering that malady in all its horrors, during which time I did not exactly bless this young Phelan on whose account I had undertaken the journey.

My old friend was waiting for me on the pier, his round, ruddy face beaming with happiness and brimming over with smiles. I felt at that moment that he must be a complete contrast to myself, for *mal de mer* always made me look the color of an unripe lemon and certainly did not improve my temper.

"Well, my boy," he said, seizing my hand and jerking my arm up and down as if he had mistaken it for a pump-handle, "How are you?"

"Very bad. We have had a rough night," I replied, as briefly as I could, whilst I watched two porters disputing for the possession of my portmanteau.

I suppose Tom saw that I was yet suffering from the effects of my voyage, and was somewhat out of sorts, for he did not speak to me for some time. When he did, it was in a tone of reproach.

"Fitz, you have not asked me how he is," he said.

"He?—whom?" I inquired, rather mystified.

"Your little godson."

"O, of course; how stupid I am! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow; how is he? All right, I hope?" ("If the fond parent had only heard my fervent prayers for his heir a few hours ago!" I thought to myself, feeling, for the first time in my life, a bit of a hypocrite.)

"He is a wonderful big infant, they tell me," said the affectionate parent, with an air of pride, and some assumption of indifference.

"Is he?" I asked, with what I hoped was a tone expressive of interest.

Tom was so good-natured that he had already forgiven me my want of thought.

"When is it to be, Tom?" I asked, presently.

"What?" he asked.

"The christening, of course," said I.

"Wednesday," he answered; "and we have decided to leave the selection of his name to you."

"My dear fellow, that is too much responsibility; if I gave the boy a name he disliked, like Christopher, or Tobias, or Alonzo, or Simon, he would never forgive me when he grew up, and would hate me to the day of his death."

"What nonsense you talk, Fitz! You can talk it over with May, and come to some arrangement."

"One question," said I, abruptly, stopping in our walk toward the brougham that was to carry us to Tom's comfortable home; "shall I have to hold him at the font?"

"Yes—that is, no; upon my life I can't say. Why?"

"Because I have never held one before, and I am sure I should let it fall. I have never seen one—having no married relatives or friends—except in a 'bus or in a perambulator in the streets; and I am rather afraid of them. I am, upon my life. I think they are all bad-tempered and bad mannered, and have a common habit of working themselves into frightful passions about nothing in particular, just to plague people and make them uncomfortable."

"For answer my fat friend shook his fat sides with laughter, and, when he could speak, said:

"You talk like a bachelor, Fitz."

"You forget I have not had twelve months experience of matrimony," I said, hitting him home.

He only laughed all the more at this. My reply seemed to please his fancy.

"It would be the best thing in life for you if you had; it would make you a happy man," he said, when he recovered himself. "Take my word for it, you don't know what comfort is till you're married."

"I'm not very miserable in my present state of blessed bachelorhood, and in no hurry to make a change," said I.

"Then you are wrong, my boy. Do you know why I sent for you?" he said, looking at me suddenly, and, as I thought afterward, speculatively.

"To stand godfather to your son, of course."

"That is one reason; but I have another. May and I have laid a plot. I'm afraid I'm spoiling sport by telling you, but I'm hanged if I can hold my tongue."

"*I am the victim of your plot,* I suppose?" I inquired, mildly.

"You are, my boy. We want to make you as happy as ourselves by marrying you to one of the brightest and best of girls. She is just the one to make you as happy as you could desire."

"Upon my life, you are awfully good, both of you; but I have no inclination to join the list of martyrs—I mean to—to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony."

"We will say no more about her until you see her."

"When will that be?" I asked, feeling rather curious to see the woman who my friends had decided was to make me a happy man.

"On Wednesday morning; she is to be one of the godmothers."

There was much ado about that christening. The cake was of a gigantic size, as if ordered with a merciful consideration for the healthy appetites of the sisters, cousins and aunts of Tom Phelan and his wife. The previous night a dinner was given to celebrate the event more fitly. I was dressed early, and went down into the drawing-room, where Tom was talking to Mrs. MacFinn, a little woman with a twinkle in her eyes and a juvenile cap on her head, who prided herself on being connected with the family of the family of the great MacFinns, to whom Brian Boru himself was but an upstart, and the lords of Kildare and Leinster but "mushrooms, me dear, if it comes to that," as she used to say, with a sense of pride, expressed by a sudden backward jerk of her head, that made the lace of her cap flutter airily and the roses tremble from exaltation, in more senses than one, on their wire stems. When my host had introduced me, and she had nodded her juvenile cap in recognition of my best bow, she went on with the narrative of what her dear friend Lady Arabine had said to her when she was last in London, which Tom had interrupted for the purpose of introducing me.

I saw that he was impatient to get away, but there was no use in his striving to stir from Mrs. MacFinn just then, who started with a fresh anecdote of what Tom Moore had told her he had said to Lady Blessington, when he sang: "Believe me if all;" and so I was left to make my acquaintance with the guests already arrived, all of whom were strangers to me.

"A charming day this has been," said a young lady, who evidently took pity on my forlorn condition.

"Charming—beautiful," I replied, looking at the speaker, who had the most wonderful, gray-blue Irish eyes I had ever seen, which had now a merry look in them they strove in vain to conceal.

She gave a pleasant, soft, musical laugh, when I had spoken.

"You forget that it has been raining all day," she said, looking at me with a quizzing gaze.

"So it has," said I, remembering the fact, and laughing with her at my mistake; all the while I felt myself blushing.

"I only spoke of the weather to break the conversational ice," she said.

"You are merciful," I answered, wondering if she was laughing at me.

"Am I? I saw you were a stranger to us, and Mr. Phelan is being instructed in the pedigree of the MacFinns, I suppose, and cannot get away for a quarter of an hour to introduce you," she said, with a friendliness that set me at my ease at once.

"Will you allow me to do myself that pleasure?"

"I think I can spare you that trouble," she replied, in the most musical of voices. "You have come from London to stand godfather to baby?"

"I have," I answered, wondering how she knew, and watching with pleasure the arch look that suddenly darted into her wonderful eyes. I began to think that she had one of the most interesting faces I had ever seen. Her lips were red and saucy, and were, I thought just then, made to kiss and be kissed.

"Shall I point you out the godmother?" she asked, watching my face as she spoke.

"No—that is, yes," I replied, thinking of what Tom had told me, and just a little curious to see his beau ideal of my future wife.

"There she is, at the other side of the room, in a gray silk dress, talking with that stout little man with the brown wig."

"Do you mean——"

"Yes, that tall and angular lady, with the bunch of curls at each side of her face. She has been a beauty in her day, and has just come in for a thousand a year, since which time she has had six proposals of marriage, and has stood godmother to one hundred and twenty-three children. Before she came in for that legacy no one ever noticed her; and though her manners have not changed in the least, the world has only now suddenly discovered that she is one of the most amiable women living. Now I always knew that fact, and stated it openly, though no one would believe it."

While my new friend spoke I felt that she was watching my face keenly. This, then, I said to myself, was the woman who Tom Phelan had assured me would make me a happy man. The lady was at least twenty years older than I was; but any disparity in that way Tom evidently thought would be made up to me by the fact of my future wife possessing a thousand a year. I began to think that my friend's character had undergone a change. I had always considered him far from mercenary; but probably the cares and expenses of his life had made him regard money in a different light from what he had done in the old days; and he thought he would do me a friendly turn by marrying me to a woman old enough to be my mother, because of her wealth. When I considered over these things I was sorry for Tom Phelan. Marriage, I thought, had not raised the tone of his mind. I looked over at him then, and saw a cheerful look on his round pleasant face; as if something had occurred that made him very happy. Probably, I said mentally, it is one of Mrs. MacFinn's tales that makes this most good tempered of men delighted. When I next looked at my neighbor, she too, I thought, had a merry expression in her eyes that seemed to spring from a look she exchanged with Tom Phelan.

"So that lady is to be baby's godmother?" I said, presently, directing my gaze to the lady in gray silk, with a little bunch of curls confined by a tortoise shell comb, edged with a row of pearls, at each side of her thin, pale face.

"Yes. *You must let* me introduce you. Indeed, you must know her. She is one of the best and kindest of women."

I began to wonder if my new friend was in the plot, too, and if she were engaged by Tom and Mrs. Tom to lend her assistance toward the desired end of marrying me to this spinster. I felt as if I should like to get up and run away out of the house and out of the toils that these good people evidently sought to ensnare me in; but the voice of this girl with the gray-blue eyes, that now sparkled with humor and anon melted into tenderness, almost in the same minute, as only Irish eyes can, held me a prisoner. I was unwilling to move from her side.

Though she did not tell me her name, she told me all about herself in a frank, naive manner that completed the charm she held over me and made me her faithful bond-slave from that hour to this day. Her father was in India, she said; she and her mother were living in Bray during his absence. She expected him home next year, when she feared they would leave dear old Ireland and go on the Continent.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of her confidential chat, she asked me once more to cross the room with her and get introduced to the lady who was to be godmother to Tom Phelan's baby. Before I could answer her she stood up and waited for me to accompany her. Miss Fay was the name of the spinster who was a mild, agreeable gentlewoman, with sad eyes and a gentle manner. When my new friend had introduced me she suddenly disappeared. Soon after some people who came in engaged Miss Fay's attention, and I was left alone.

Then Tom Phelan came up to me, beaming all over with smiles.

"You have not lost much time in making her acquaintance, Fitz, old boy."

"No," I answered, dryly, understanding what he meant.

"What do you think of her?"

He looked at me with his head on one side an I a broad smile on his face.

"Think of her? She is very amiable." This in a stiff tone.

"You will get on famously together. She is the woman to make you happy, old man." This with an air of patronage and superiority.

"You are very good," said I, humoring him, and thinking at the same time how changed he was.

"Now, Fitz, I have arranged that you shall take in Mrs. Carry to dinner. May will introduce you. I want to ask you to make yourself agreeable to her; not too agreeable, you know, as you can do sometimes to women, for she has a husband, though he is in India. A safe distance, my boy."

"All right," I said.

Tom hurried away, and just then dinner was announced, the host giving his arm to Mrs. MacFinn. The hostess pointed out a lady to me, whom I was to take down to the dining-room, and in a few minutes we were comfortably seated. My new friend sat opposite to me. I could see her bright face smiling across the flowers. Her eyes at once dazzled and fascinated me, and her voice made my heart flutter in an unaccustomed way. The lady whom I had taken down, and who now sat beside me, was a stout, solemn-faced woman arrayed in black velvet, who spoke very little. I was glad of this latter fact, for I could not, I felt, keep up a conversation. I was listening to the voice of my new friend, who talked well and wittily with her neighbors. Occasionally she directed an odd sentence to me across the flowers.

When the dessert was over, my neighbor in black velvet, with whom Tom Phelan had unnecessarily warned me not to flirt because of her having a husband in India, took up her fan and commenced to wave it gently to and fro.

"How hot it is!" she said to me, in a voice as subdued as if she spoke in a church.

"Yes," I replied, "the night is close, but we should not complain. If we had to bear that heat that your husband is at present enduring——"

Suddenly something went against my new friend's breath, then every one at my end of the table became still at once; silent, and I saw that though some of them seemed grave enough, others strove to keep themselves from laughing outright. Tom Phelan, after a moment's keen struggle, strove to look as if nothing in particular had happened. What was the cause of all this I had not the slightest idea, but that something wrong had occurred there was no doubt.

Mrs. Phelan at this instant caught Mrs. MacFinn's eye, and rose from the table; the other ladies followed. My neighbor whom, I had taken down, was the first to rise, and as she did so gave me a withering look, which I long remembered.

When the door was safely closed, Tom Phelan threw himself back in his chair and laughed until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks; the other men joined him, all looking at me a while.

"What is the joke?" I asked; "I am out in the cold."

"My dear fellow, Mrs. Carey, who sat next you, is a widow."

In a moment I saw the blunder I had made. I had taken down the wrong woman to dinner.

An hour afterward I had completely forgotten my little mistake; for by some chance I had found myself by the side of my new friend, who was seated at the piano singing "Oft in the Stilly Night." I turned the leaves of the music, bending over her until I touched her once or twice. Her voice was soft and sweet; it stirred me in a way I had never before experienced, and made me strangely happy and sad almost in the same minute. When she had finished singing, and whilst I was yet bending over her on pretense of closing the book, our eyes met for a second; hers grew soft and liquid, and seemed to melt into a world of tenderness. My heart gave a great throb, an I then I knew far better than all words could say, that we two had fallen in love.

When a man comes to make such a discovery, a sense of delicious happiness fills him, and makes all the world seem brighter than words—which are poor things at best—can tell. Three hours ago and I had never met this woman; then fate—accident—chance—call it by what name you will, had flung us together, and a nameless look in her eyes, some stray tone in her voice, the touch of her hand, had woven a charm for me that mocked at and set to flight my ideas of happy bachelorhood; that revealed to me feelings and hopes which I had never known before, and which made me feel that, come weal or woe, this was she who must walk at my side all the days of my life. Do the gods sport with men as in the olden days? I asked myself.

An hour after she had sung that song, by some strange accident we found ourselves in the long garden that runs at the back of Tom's house. It was a glorious night in June; the air was cool and balmy, the smell of the flowers delightful; a young moon was in the cloudless sky.

"Well, how do you like Miss Fay?" The girl who had taken my heart captive asked, looking at me from under her dark lashes.

"Very much; but—but—may I say it?"

My heart was terribly anxious to speak.

"What?" she asked, suddenly; but I noticed her eyes did not meet mine.

"I like some one else better."

I could hardly get the words out.

"Probably you do—some one in London?"

"No, some one in Ireland; some one who is standing beside me now."

There was silence in the garden after I had spoken. She did not reply or laugh, but raised her eyes and looked at me once; then I saw the color coming into her cheeks.

"I think I must go in, now," she said presently, "or they will miss me if they want me to sing."

"Give me a flower before you go?" I pleaded to her, not daring to say more.

She stooped down, plucked a red rose, just touched her lips with it and handed it to me. When I looked at her there was the merry light in her eyes that I had seen there when she first spoke to me that evening. In another second she turned and ran toward the house.

I followed slowly. Just as I arrived at the glass doors of the dining-room that communicated with the garden, I came suddenly face to face with Tom Phelan.

"Well, Fitz, what are you doing out here?" he said, with a smile that I was ill-natured enough to set down in my mind as a grin. He spoke as if he intended to express surprise, but failed.

"Doing? Looking at the moon," I replied, staring up, as I spoke, in the summer sky.

"Don't you think a pair of gray eyes better worth looking at" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his own.

"Perhaps," I answered, calmly.

"I say, old man, you have behaved capitally—better than I expected."

There was a sudden change in his voice that struck me.

"How?"

"You have fallen in love—don't deny it—with the girl who will make you a happy man. You have done just as I wished, old fellow."

He placed his arms around my shoulders, as he had often done when we were boys at school.

"You make a mistake there, Tom; I have no desire to sell myself for a thousand a year."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with surprise shining in his good-natured face.

"I have no desire to marry the woman you were good enough to select for me—Miss Fay."

Tom burst out laughing, this time holding his fat sides as if he feared he should explode.

"What is the matter?" I asked when he had almost done.

"You will be the death of me, Fitz, if you go on making these little mistakes."

"I don't understand you," I said.

"You cunning dog! Why, you have been flirting all the evening with Kitty Berfort! I saw you both out here two minutes ago; and you have fallen in love with her like a sensible man, just as I wanted you to do."

"My dear fellow you said it was the boy's godmother you had selected for me, and that is Miss Fay."

"Miss Fay is one of them, Kitty Berfort is the other," and to emphasize his words Tom Phelan struck me on the shoulder with a blow that made me a stagger.

"You are a brick," I said to him, seizing his hand with enthusiasm.

Poor, good-natured Tom Phelan! His eyes grew dim just for a second, as he returned my friendly grasp.

"Tom," I said, "God bless your boy!"

I spoke in such a grave, impressive voice that the happy father burst out laughing in my face. This time I joined him heartily.

Before I left the Green Isle Kitty Berfort and I became engaged. When her father came back from India we were married, and at our wedding breakfast Tom Phelan—who, by the way, had that week been presented with remarkably fine twins—told the story of my little mistakes.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Edgar, Edmund, Edward.

The word Edgar, originally Eadgar, may be roughly translated as equivalent to Noble Spear, or perhaps rather Spear-noble, or Noble Spearman; for exactly to render it in modern English would be as difficult as exactly to render Sophocles or Anaxagoras. It is thus a true old English name, composed entirely of English elements, without any foreign admixture whatever. And now the question arises. How does a modern Englishman come to bear this purely English name? We know that immediately after the Norman conquest almost all our original Christian names went suddenly out of fashion; and that every Godric or Wulfsig in the land began to call his children after the Williams, Walters, Roberts, Rogers, Ralphs and Richards who had come over in the train of the Conqueror. Most of these newfangled forms (as I have before pointed out) were Old High German, taken into Gaul by the Franks, corrupted on the lips by the Celtic Neustrian peasantry, and further degraded by the Scandinavian settlers in Normandy. A few, however, like Arthur, Owen and Alan, were Breton Welsh. At the same time, the new lords of English manors also introduced a number of Scriptural names, such as Johan or John, Thomas, Simon, Stephen, Piers or Peter, James and Matthew. The new names wholly crushed out the Æthelreds and Ælfwards of pre-Norman days, as well as the once fashionable Harolds, Swegens, Olafs and Erics, which the English had borrowed from their Danish lords; so that when we think nowadays of mediæval England, Guy and Gilbert, Hugh and Geoffrey, Wat and Perkin, not Dudda or Ælfstan, are the typical sounds that rise instinctively to our lips. There were only two genuine English forms that really survived the great revolution in nomenclature of the eleventh century. Those names were Eadward and Eadmund; and they owed their continued existence entirely to the personal favor of Henry III. That superstitious and futile Angevin took it into his head to venerate above all other saints the only two saintly, or half-saintly English Kings, doubtless because he hoped, after his craven fashion, to be canonized and worshiped in his turn as they were. (I don't often find myself in the same boat with Mr. Freeman, but I confess to a personal animosity against Henry III.) Well, to further this sanctimonious scheme, Henry pulled down the great abbey of Edward the Confessor at Westminster and rebuilt in its place the noble church that we all know so well; and in it he placed the shrine of Edward, as he hoped some other King would hereafter place a shrine to his own saintship; also, he called his oldest son, Edward I., by the Confessor's name, while his second son, Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, was christened, in honor of St. Edmund of East Anglia, the local under King of Norfolk and Suffolk, who was killed by the Danes during the first heathen invasion, and was accounted ever after as the patron saint of the eastern counties, with his great shrine at Bury St. Edmunds. These are the first two instances, and almost the only instances I know, where men of Norman or Angevin descent were ever called by native English names. The royal example, however, soon proved contagious; and when once Edward and Edmund were recognized as forming part of the regular dynastic list, they soon spread down again to all classes of people. Throughout the whole of the middle ages they were the only two living English names; even Alfred and Edwin, now so common, having become temporarily obsolete. As a proof we may all see that Edwards and Edmunds are familiar surnames, but nobody ever met with an Alfreds or an Edwins. The first two were ordinary Christian names during the age when surnames were being fixed, and so they gave rise to patronymics; but the last two were then practically dead, and so they never brought forth a filial form.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

—One of the worst foes of the fishermen of Maine has been the prolific dogfish, which, of no value in itself, has been an arch-destroyer of valuable species. But now, after many experiments, a fish-scrap has been made from it which is said to be excellent food for fowels and from which a useful oil can be expressed, leaving a residuum of much value as a fertilizer. If the sanguine discoverer of this process succeeds in transforming the dogfish from a curse into a blessing he will deserve well of his fellow-citizens.—*Bangor Whig.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—More than 2,000 members are now gathered into the five Baptist churches in Poland.

—The gift of Mr. Paul Tulane to Louisiana for educational purposes is expected to yield an annual income of about $10,000.

—Christian work has been commenced in Russia by a noble of the empire, Prince Galatzin. A Bible was given him at the Paris Exposition, and he has studied it, accepted its truth and intends to distribute many copies of it throughout Russia.

—From March 1 to November 1 the American Sunday School Union established 498 new Sunday schools in the Northwest, and brought 2,028 teachers and 16,120 scholars into them, besides aiding 1,033 old schools which have 5,119 teachers and 44,109 scholars.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—An Englishman died last summer leaving $5,000 a year to be given to Oxford or Cambridge University, to be applied as a salary for an Evangelical preacher to deliver two sermons annually upon the history and religion of the Jewish nation, and both the colleges refused the bequest.

—The money given the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection by the brothers Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, of New York, in the last ten years, has secured the building of 276 churches, in which at least 28,500 persons worship every Sabbath.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Chaplain C. C. McCabe, the Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church extension fund, has at last succeeded in completing the loan fund of $500,000, which was started some time ago. The object of the fund is to loan money to poor or missionary societies to enable them to erect a church building.—*Chicago Times.*

—Rev. B. Edwards, the father of the diocese of Norwich, England, has been for seventy years rector at Ashill. He is in his ninety-fourth year and still takes a full share of the parochial work, visiting the people, giving religious instruction in the schools, reading the prayers at one service and preaching at the other every Sunday.

—The young man who, having studied for the ministry, preached a trial sermon, upon hearing which a motherly old woman took him aside and said to him: "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man, and then she replied: "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that you heard?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Rev. Mr. Von Schluembach, an evangelist, who in former years labored extensively among the Germans of New York, has engaged in evangelistic work in Germany, where he is meeting with success. He is not connected with any denominational organization, but works independently, receiving contributions from all who are pleased to bestow them.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The total number of Princeton graduates is 5,439, and of these 3,000 are living. One-fifth of the whole number of graduates have been clergymen, one-twelfth physicians, and only one-eighteenth of them have entered public life. The mortality has been greatest among the politicians and least among the clergy. A most interesting fact is that 189 graduates of Princeton have become presidents or professors in colleges, no fewer than thirty-two of whom have taken service with their alma mater.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"A Georgia Editor on the Comet" is an article in the Rochester *Union-Advertiser.* That's all right, but what we want to know is, how did he get there?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Teacher—"Define the word excavate." Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

—A New York doctor says baldness is caused by plug hats. That may be true. We know that a plug ugly will put a head on a man, and it may be that a plug hat can take the hair off it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of an inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time that I was here I laid off my overcoat, and I haven't felt it since."—*Our Continent.*

—A young gilded (or, as they say now, nickel-plated) youth of New York ordered a pair of pantaloons of his tailor, and returned them as too tight. "You told me to make them skin-tight," said the man. "Yes," said the youth, "but I can sit down in my skin, and I can't in these."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—At the Bank. Clerk—"What do you wish, sir?" Ruffian—"Why, I just stepped in to tell you that I'm the man that knocked down and robbed your cashier." Clerk—"Well, sir, I'm very sorry; but you'll have to identify yourself, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At the anglers' tournament in New York, recently, it was shown that Mr. Pritchard can cast a fly farther than any young man in America. If Mr. Pritchard will agree to cast all the flies into the middle of the Atlantic, he can hear something to his advantage by calling around at the beginning of dog-days next summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The Treasury Department has decided that frog's legs are not fresh fish for immediate consumption. If the Department is not overworked we should like it to decide another important question—viz., whether clams are better adapted for sole leather than for food. We know that they are not beefsteak, though the Department may decide otherwise.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I find," said an old man to a *Boomerang* reporter, recently, "that there is absolutely no limit to the durability of the teeth if they are properly taken care of. I never drink hot drinks, always brush my teeth morning and evening, avoid all acids whatever, and, although I am sixty-five years old, my teeth are as good as they ever were." "And that is all you do to preserve your teeth, is it?" "Yes, sir; that's all; barring, perhaps, the fact that I put them in a glass of soft water nights."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE KING'S BELL.

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"
An old man said;
"A perfect day for us can never be
Till we are dead."

The young King heard him, and he turned away
In earnest thought.
Did men ne'er find on earth the perfect day
For which they sought?—

A day all free from care?—so running o'er
With life's delight
That there seemed room or wish for nothing more
From dawn to night?

"It must be that such days have come to man,"
The young King said.
"Go search—find one who found them—if you can!"
Ah, wise gray head!

"I trust that some time such a day will come
To even me,"
The King said. But the old man's lips were dumb—
A doubter he.

"That you, and those silent you all may know
My perfect day,
A bell shall ring out when the sun is low,
And men shall say:

'Behold! this day has been unto the King
A day replete
With happiness. It lacked not anything—
A day most sweet!'"

In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw
A mighty bell.
The tidings of a day without a flaw
Some time to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower.
Days came and went.
Each summer brought its sunshine and its flower.
Its old content;

But not the happy day he hoped to see.
"But soon or late
The day of days," he said, "will come to me.
I trust and wait."

The years, like waves upon a restless stream,
Were swept away.
And in the King's dark hair began to gleam
Bright threads of gray.

Men passing by, looked upward to the bell,
And smiling said:
"Delay not of the happy time to tell
Till we are dead."

But they grew old and died. And silent still
The great bell hung;
And the good King, bowed down with age, fell ill
His cares among.

At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his room
He slowly crept
Upon the tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,
While watchers slept.

Above the city broke the great bell's voice,
Silent so long.
"Behold the King's most happy day! Rejoice!"
It told the throng.

Filled with strange awe, the long night passed away.
At morn men said:
"At last the King has found his happy day—
The King is dead!"

—*Ellen E. Rexford, in Boston Transcript.*

A HEAD WITHOUT A BODY.

"So you really believe that life and consciousness may be temporarily restored to the head after its separation from the body?"

"Believe it!" said Fritz, warming at the doubt my words implied, "I know it! Brown-Sequard's late experiment settles the question."

"That was made on a dog's head, wasn't it?" I asked.

"What of that?" returned Fritz. "If pumping a little fresh blood into the arteries leading to the brain of a decapitated dog produced an evident return of life, why shouldn't the same thing have happened had the head been a man's?"

"The man's head would have had this advantage," I banteringly suggested; "it might have told how it felt under the circumstances."

"A capital thought!" exclaimed Fritz. "The relation of one such experience would be worth volumes of mere speculation. But there is, I fear, an insuperable difficulty," he continued: "there can be no speech, you know, without lungs to supply air."

"Wouldn't a hand-bellows do it?" I asked, jokingly.

"Right!" cried Fritz—"you've hit it. Let us proceed at once to try it."

His face wore an eager look. He appeared to be in serious earnest. I knew he was an enthusiast in such things and ready to go any length to test a favorite theory.

"You have already suggested one difficulty," I began.

"Which you have happily removed," he interrupted.

"There is still another," I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"To find a man who will lend his head for the experiment," I replied.

"We must take one of our own," said Fritz, quietly but resolutely.

"Sorry to disoblige," I answered, "but really I have private use for mine at present."

"Come," he cried, "I will not be balked in the experiment. I have set my heart upon it and have every appliance here for carrying it out. We can determine by lot which of us shall be offered a sacrifice to science. The victim can hardly be considered the loser, for in the brief period of reanimation he will be the possessor of a secret which the greatest philosophers have sought in vain to unravel. He will have solved the mystery of death."

Fritz took from his backgammon board a dice-box and a couple of dice.

"Throw first," he said, placing them before me.

I could hardly believe him in earnest, though he seemed terribly so. To humor him I took the box, shook it carelessly and threw ace-five.

With nervous impatience he snatched it, flung in the dice, and, after a vigorous shake, tossed upon the table deuce-four.

"A tie!" cried Fritz. "We must throw again. What an enchanting game it is—life against life!"

His expression was fairly diabolical. It was no farce he was enacting. If he won he meant to exact the stake. He was an athlete in strength.

"Throw!" exclaimed Fritz, again passing me the box.

This time I felt that my life was indeed staked upon the cast.

I threw trey-five.

Fritz caught up the dice and box and threw two fives.

"I have won!" he shouted.

And snatching from his sheath a sharp-bladed knife, one of his sporting equipments, he sprang upon me. I struggled with desperation, but the contest was too unequal to last. I was thrown upon the floor and Fritz's knee was on my breast. The next instant a keen sensation of pain encircled my neck. The warm blood gushed forth. My vision grew indistinct. Objects faded gradually into nothingness—a state into which my own being speedily sank.

* * * *

I awoke to consciousness to find myself a trunkless head! There lay my decapitated body, a spectacle from which I might have turned away had I possessed the power. Fritz with some machine was pumping my blood through a tube into an artery of my neck, while the wires of a galvanic battery sent a current through my brain that fairly made it tingle. I strove to cry out, but quickly realized the truth of Fritz's statement touching the indispensableness of lungs to the performance of the vocal functions. I could not utter a sound.

"Don't put yourself out," said Fritz, observing the motion of my lips. "Wind is the capital of speech, and you shall have your share of it."

Thrusting the nozzle of a bellows into my trachea, Fritz—I don't know how he did it all with only two hands—pumped and blew away with might and main.

I doubled my fist, or thought I did, to knock him down as he approached to insert the bellows. It was a singular circumstance that, so far as sensation went, I seemed to be in the full possession of all my members.

As I said, I doubled up my fist, or imagined I did, and struck out lustily as Fritz came near, but the blow fell on nothing. Fool that I was!—there lay my bodily appurtenances all dead before me.

"Villain! I'll have you hanged for this!" I yelled with the first puff of air I received from the bellows. "I'll go at once and summon the Coroner!"

Alas! I forgot I had no legs.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll be obliged to shut off your wind," said Fritz.

"How long can I live thus?" I asked.

"Probably twenty minutes," he answered; "that is if my strength doesn't give way. It's hard work—this puffing and pumping both at once."

"For goodness sake keep it up," I pleaded. "Don't mind what I said about going for the Coroner. I was a little excited just then."

"I'm not afraid of your going," said he. "But tell me all about your feelings, old fellow."

"I'm getting too short of breath to talk much," I replied.

Fritz renewed his exertions, but his energies, it was evident, were failing rapidly.

"No use," he said, at last. "I've got to give it up. My strength is quite exhausted."

"Don't—don't stop!" I gasped.

"Can't help it," he answered.

"If you stop I'll kill you!" I whispered, hoarsely, for the stream of air was getting feeble.

Fritz laughed tauntingly.

I became infuriated. I was seized with a sudden desire for vengeance. I felt as though I had a hundred hands, each endowed with a giant's strength. I made a desperate effort to spring upon Fritz, and, to my astonishment, this time succeeded. My hands were at his throat, but Fritz was strong and held me at bay.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed.

In an instant everything was changed. I no longer saw my headless body on the floor. My head was as fast as ever on my shoulders, and Fritz was holding me in his arms and laughing at the violence of my struggles.

I have never taken hasheesh since; for it was while under the influence of that drug that Fritz's strange talk about Brown-Sequard's investigations and certain extravagant theories of his own made me imagine myself the subject of a horrible experiment, the frightful details of which assumed, for the time, a reality to which the senses were as actively alive as they are this moment to the objects which I see and touch.

Well Up in Botany.

Yes, she visited the country and considered herself superior to ignorant, common farmers. She was learned in botany, and with lofty airs told Farmer D. she knew every plant that grew. The farmer coming from the field one day plucked a cluster of blossoms and carried them to the house. "Do you know these blossoms?" he asked of her. "O, yes, of course I do," she replied. "They are very rare and so beautiful; too sweet for anything. I am perfectly familiar with these flowers; I know all about plants; these grow on trees in the woods." "What is their name?" asked Farmer D., with a sly wink at his wife, who stood by choking with laughter. "Why—really—I can't recall their botanical name just now; but I suppose you have some vulgar name for them. "Well," replied D., "we ignorant farmers call them potato blossoms." "You horrid thing, cried she, spitefully, "to bring me such a mean old weed." She cut short her visit and returned to town. —*Newman (Ga.) Herald.*

A Curious Tobacco Vow.

In 1860, when Heister Clymer, of Reading, Pa., was defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor, Dr. Jacob Sheetz, a well-known citizen and physician of Pottstown, made a vow that he would purchase no more chewing tobacco or use any until the Democrats succeeded in electing their candidate for Governor. That vow he kept sacred for sixteen long years until Wednesday, when thoroughly satisfied that Pattison had been elected, he stepped into a well-known tobacco store and purchased the weed by the pounds, and had it cut up into plugs. Whenever any of his friends, many of whom were aware that the Doctor's long tobacco fast was over, would ask him for a "chew" he pulled out his large bag, in which he carried it and gave them a whole plug. The Doctor's determination not to chew or buy tobacco until the election of a Democratic Governor was known all over this section of country and many a joke was created.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that "when parties capable of contracting agree per verba de præsenti with each other to be husband and wife and cohabit as such, the marriage is valid and no marriage ceremony need be performed by a minister of the gospel or officer of the law authorized to solemnize marriage."

A Common Perplexity.

Thirty odd years ago, says the *Christian Union*, a mother living in a New England village wrote to Jacob Abbott, then living in New York City, for counsel. Her case was a very common one. She had a son, a bright, active boy, who was fond of play, and was not fond of study. She did not like to send him, at his tender age, to the village school, which was probably neither better nor worse than the average New England school, in which some good can always be learned and considerable evil always picked up. She was afraid to undertake the apparently onerous task of teaching him herself. She was afraid to let him spend his time in play with chance companions upon the street. In this perplexity she wrote to Mr. Jacob Abbott, then perhaps as widely known as now, for he was in the midst of his useful work as a writer and a teacher, and received the following reply. This reply has come into the hands of the *Christian Union* recently, and with this public acknowledgement to the friend of the *Christian Union*, and of the mothers, who has sent it to us, we print it here; with such modifications only as are necessary to avoid all purely personal allusions. We are glad thus to add to our editorial utterance this voice from the sacred past:

"NEW YORK, ——, 1851.

"My Dear Mrs. ——:

"It was not until yesterday that I received your letter of the 11th July. I was very glad to hear from you, and I wish very much that I could see and talk with you for an hour or two upon the subject upon which you wrote. In fact it is absolutely necessary that I should have a far more perfect acquaintance with the facts in the case than it is possible to communicate in writing in order to be qualified to form an opinion in regard to what is best to be done.

"I have a son who is about the same age as yours. He is under the charge of his aunt. My instructions to her are—and have been for some years—that she should confine her pupil for two hours each day to some solitary study of a nature not agreeable, to accustom him to patient, independent effort in the fulfillment of a task. The remainder of the day he has for play, but is to be kept out of the streets. These rules are plain and simple, and they are not onerous, and they are to be uniformly and inflexibly enforced. The plan seems to answer well. The studies of the boy are reading, writing and simple arithmetic; and in all of them he seems to me to be in advance of other boys of his age, who spend six hours in school daily.

"Were I in your case, I should, unless there were in my physical health some absolute and inexorable difficulty incapacitating me from it, pursue the same course. I should at nine o'clock every morning give my boy some plain, simple and straightforward work, of reading aloud, writing, or "doing sums" enough to last him two hours, and gently but firmly insist on his doing it every day. The remainder of the day I should let him have for play, being with him as much as possible, and taking an interest in all his plans and pursuits. I should keep him out of the streets and I should make him obey me and submit his will implicitly to mine. I have great confidence that such a course as this steadily and firmly pursued will end in making a good boy of any subject whatever.

"If my health were such that a plan like this were out of the question I should consider the school the next best plan, unless the "street" influences of —— are very different from those of most other places.

"I do not consider your boy's love of play and dislike to study anything unfavorable. His taste in these respects is an evidence of health, and his open avowal of them a sign of his frankness and honesty. I tell my boy that he need not trouble himself about trying to like study; if he will only like play that is all I ask of him. I will see that he does all the necessary study without liking it, but if he should show any symptoms of not liking play I should at once be alarmed and send for the doctor.

"Your boy's not liking to read, while still he likes to hear reading, is owing obviously to the fact that he has not read enough to read with ease and pleasure. Require him to read two half hours a day aloud to you and you will soon find that he will like to read any book that he would like to hear.

Yours sincerely,

JACOB ABBOTT."

Turn about is Fair Play.

A Cat which had just settled herself between the sheets for a nap was aroused one night by howls and yeowls on the roof of a shed near by.

"For the land's sake! but what is that!" she exclaimed as she rose up on end. The howls continuing, she got out of bed, raised the window, and called out:

"In the name of mercy, what is wanted and who are you?"

"I'm a Free Citizen," was the reply

"But why these howls?"

"I'm singing. Fact is, I'm serenading you."

"But I don't want it. Go away or I'll injure you for life."

But the man refused to move a foot. Hair-brushes, bootjacks, water pitchers and bed steads were heaved at him in quick succession, but he dodged each missile and continued to sing until the Cat cut her throat in desperation.

Moral: Turn about is fair play, and the chance is sure to come.—*Detroit Tree Press.*

A Draft on the Imagination.

"My father," said Gilhooly, solemnly, "was more sensitive to colds than anybody I ever knew. The slightest exposure gave him a cold."

"That must have been very disagreeable."

"Indeed, it was. He never could sit near a draft for a minute without catching cold. I remember on one occasion he was sitting in the office of a friend, when all at once my father began to sneeze. He insisted that there was a draft in the room. Every effort was made to discover where the draft was, but in vain. The doors and windows were closed, and there was no fireplace, but my father kept on sneezing, and insisting there must be a draft in the room, and so there was."

"Where was it?"

"In an envelope on the table, and it was only a little draft for three dollars and forty cents."—*Texas Siftings.*

Stray Freight.

"How does your company keep track of, trace up and find, and restore lost freight?" asked a representative of the *Free Press* yesterday of a man employed in the lost freight department of one of the railroads in this city.

"I should like much to give you an item, but it would be as much as my situation is worth to tell of our methods. They are very strict in their orders against giving reporters items."

"The work must be very intricate and difficult."

"It is, remarkably so."

"How far away from the shipping or receiving point has lost freight at last been recovered?"

"Thousands of miles. For instance, last September a package was shipped from Grand Rapids to Detroit, and was lost en route. Yesterday we received notice that it had been found at Boston and would be sent here immediately."

"How can such errors occur?"

"Many ways. The marking may be indistinct and incomplete, shipping bills are often incorrect: and now, for instance, I spent nearly four weeks last August looking for a case of shoes to at last learn they had never been shipped from the factory."

"Don't you ever find mistakes the other way? That is, don't you find freight on hand not down on the shipping bills?"

"Yes. I have just such a case before me. A barrel of goods has been received at Adrian, the address of the consignee being all right, but nothing to indicate who sent it. We must find out who sent it, and the letters "C. K. B., Detroit," being on the barrel we have inquired of C. K. Burnham & Co., but they know nothing of it."

"How do you trace all these facts so accurately?"

"By our receipts, our shipping bills and all of our carriage and warehouse records. Each station agent and warehouse man must be ready to at once give an account of every article which he has received or sent away."

"Suppose a thing is stolen en route, how do you locate the scene of the robbery?"

"There are a great many ways in which we learn the truth. As for example, notice was received at this office the other day from a firm in Peoria, Ill., stating that they had received a case of shoes which had been broken open and four pairs of shoes taken out. Each railroad company has a leaden seal which must be broken before a package can be opened, and by tracing the seals we found that the breaking open of the box took place either before it reached the depot in this city or after it was taken away from the depot at Peoria. By further tracing it was at last learned that the shoes were stolen by a truckman at Peoria."

"But supposing a freight-loaded car, standing on a side track, is broken into at night?"

"Well, that is the easiest kind of shortage to trace. We have just succeeded, in conjunction with all the other roads in this city, in discovering a large leakage in the vicinity of the Detroit & Milwaukee & Grand Trunk Railroad Junction, and while we know that the thieves live in the northeastern part of the city we have not yet located them personally."

"Perhaps if your employers were a little less secret about this kind of work there would be less of it to do."

"Perhaps so."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Age of The Cat.

A member of the Hartford County bar, relating some reminiscences of the court in times gone by, told of a case wherein one of the famous advocates of that time had badgered and crowded a witness until he lost his temper. The witness incidentally said something about a cat, and the crafty lawyer seized upon this as a means of still further worrying the witness.

"How old was the cat?" asked the attorney.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How old do you think she was?"

"It was a Tom-cat."

"I didn't ask about the sex of the cat, I asked how old it was."

"You asked how old *she* was."

"Well, how old was that cat?"

"I told you I didn't know."

"Well, how old do you think?"

"O, I can't tell."

"You can tell how old you think she was."

"I tell you, I don't know."

"Now," said the attorney, "I want a plain answer to a plain question. How old do you think that cat was?"

The witness looked straight at the attorney, whose shining bald head was the most prominent feature of his figure, and calmly said, "O, I can't guess how old the cat was, but she was old enough to be bald-headed."

The lawyer's ruddy face assumed a deeper hue, the spectators and members of the bar tittered, and even the stern features of the court relaxed into a smile at the answer which ended that line of cross-questioning.—*Hartford Times.*

—A case of interest, as showing the strength of tradition among the Jews, is that one of the race on Long Island, who has succeeded, after a long struggle, a lawsuit and the intervention of constables, in placing a stone over his wife's grave with her portrait carved thereon. It was held by the trustees of the cemetery that the widower's procedure was in violation of the ancient tradition, which forbids one to make a graven image. But the courts sustained the widower's right, and gave him the means to enforce it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Bell, of New Hampshire, was very brief, saying: "It behooves all men to show gratitude for benefits received; it is especially becoming for a Christian community, at stated seasons, to acknowledge publicly their obligations to their bountiful Father."

—The silly little fish, in hope of filling his own stomach, snaps at the baited hook and succeeds only in filling the stomach of the fisherman. The man who thinks to play a sharp game on the sharper should remember the lesson of the fish and not play his sharp game.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The fellow who wrote: "I now take my pen in hand," was troubled with remorse when he discovered, after he had mailed the letter, that he had been using a lead pencil.

Temperance Reading.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

Governor Buren R. Sherman has furnished the *North American Review* with an interesting history of the growth of the Prohibition sentiment in Iowa, from which we take the following:

"A wrong not resisted is approved."

On the 25th of June last the people of Iowa decided, by a majority of nearly thirty thousand, to place in the Constitution of the State an amendment, which declares that "No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquor whatever, including ale, wine and beer." Asked by the *Review* to state the reasons which led to this action, I have to say first, that the measure attacked no man, properly speaking, a "Sumptuary law." It is not directed against the individual's right of use, but its sole aim is to destroy the business of manufacturing and selling intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage; provision still remaining for the manufacture and sale for all necessary purposes. Hence the complaint for the adoption of this measure took on the lentences of a direct crusade against the saloons, the churches and the Temperance societies enlisting earnestly in the struggle against their hereditary foe. Great influence was exerted by these organized forces, and especially by those in which the influence of woman was prominent. Beyond question this was the most striking feature of the campaign; it was not a time of controversy and aggression, but a subduing appeal for the protection of the family and the home. This issue was squarely joined between the saloons and their long-time enemies.

Personal considerations did not govern the result. There were many instances where men of character and rigidly Temperance habits worked and voted against the proposed amendment. On the other hand, large numbers of persons of grossly intemperate habits voted for it. Thousands of those who favored the measure were men of temperate, though not abstemious habits, whose personal custom it was to use liquors for refreshment, or as a beverage on occasions, but who were still brought to demand the destruction of the drinking-saloon business. Separated as the issue was from mere personal considerations, it was also wholly divorced from party politics. The election was a special one, where no other question was pending, and was, in the strictest sense, non-partisan.

The most significant feature of the result is to be sought in the influences which brought so many moderate-minded voters to the support of rigid Prohibition. In round numbers, one hundred and fifty-five thousand electors voted for the adoption of the amendment. A large proportion of them had not been known previously as professed Prohibitionists. They had inclined toward moderate views and great tolerance toward others, were disposed to regard Temperance reform as the work of personal effort rather than legal enactment, and were a factor to adopt extreme measures in regard to any question of social custom. It is in the influences which converted so many of this class into rigid Prohibitionists that the full significance of Iowa's action is to be found. The action taken is only to be understood by tracing the steps which led up to it through many years of patient experiment and some trial of the charity which suffereth long.

Prohibition is not a new idea in Iowa. It was brought here by the first settlers, and soon became a strong factor in the public sentiment of the community. Possibly this statement may surprise those who are disposed to the vague idea that a new State of the West must, from the nature of its circumstances, be addicted to the easy customs of the frontier and have about it a flavor of mining-camp morality. An entire mistake! A mining region, with its wild excitements, its lack of home influences, its great fortunes, and attendant poverty, furnishes no parallel to an agricultural State like Iowa, even in the earliest days of its settlement. Such a State attracts hardy and enterprising immigrants through the certain and thrifty rewards it offers to well-directed labor. Its early settlers bring wives and children with them, and they come to found homes as well as fortunes, and to gain both by industrious, thrifty lives. Frugality and industry were the cardinal virtues of the pioneer farmer who first turned the soil of the prairies. Years of self-denying effort made up the price which the early settlers paid for the homestead farms where they now dwell in comfort and plenty. Habits of thrift and Temperance were thus introduced here at the outset, and soon became, in good measure "native to the soil." The early settlers and seekers after homes and homesteads were men of temperate habits, and soon established a state of society in which the waste and riotousness of intemperance were held in great disrepute. This sentiment soon found its way into public affairs. The first Governor of Iowa, in his inaugural addressed the opening of the first Territorial Assembly, urged the necessity of strong laws against intemperance. Attention was drawn in this direction because the settlers had gathered about the trading-posts an element which was in irreconcilable conflict with the home-steading farmers of the prairies. Drug-shops were opened in some of these places at an early day. The first evil developed was in the sale of liquor to the Indians, who soon acquired an insatiable appetite for strong drink. Wherever these groggeries were established, the Indians were reduced to great degradation and poverty through their consuming thirst for liquor. This was one of the first evils to call for legislative vention in the new Territory. Addressing the Territorial Assembly in 1841, Governor John Chambers said, with righteous indignation: "Humanity shudders and religion weeps over the cruel and unrelenting destruction of a people so interesting, by means so destardly and brutal, that the use of the rifle and sword, even in a time of profound peace with them, would be compared very mercifull."

Convinced of the evils of the sale of liquor to the Indians, the legislators of that day did not hesitate as to the best means of meeting the danger. The first statute-book of the Territory of Iowa bore on its pages an absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor to the Indians. This seed was not sown in the sand. It established in Iowa the principle of prohibiting the sale of liquor wherever it proceed to be an evil incapable of control. Although the Indians have long since disappeared, the statute has passed into the codified law, and stands unchallenged and unrepealed; nor can it be aware that its repeal was ever advocated, or other objection made, except that its penalties were not sufficiently severe.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

It was inevitable that, when the prohibition of sale to one class was found to work for its benefit and the good of the State, it should come to be asked, with increasing emphasis, why it would not prove an equal blessing to others. The principle of prohibition established, the extent of its application remained to be fixed by the necessities of the time. The idea of "legal suasion" grew in favor in the hamlets and on the home-lead farms of early Iowa, and it was not long before the point of total prohibition was reached. So long ago as 1851—years before the completed "Maine law," and when there were probably not more than thirty saloons in Iowa—a law was enacted which declared every dram-shop a public nuisance, and prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquor as retail and a heavy penalties. In 1855 this was replaced by an act of sweeping prohibition, with penalties better arranged for its enforcement, and forbidding all sales of liquor, except for necessary purposes, and then only under stringent regulations. In the same year the measure was submitted to a vote of the people, and was approved by a majority of nearly three thousand in a total vote of forty-eight thousand two hundred. Three years later there came a change. The introduction of the railway system had stimulated the growth of the large towns, introduced a transient population, and hence brought new factors into the State. About this time the effect of a heavy immigration from other States and foreign countries was also felt, and, as a result of all these influences, the Prohibitory law was modified in 1858, so as to permit the sale of beer and wine in cities and towns favorable to such license, with "Local Option" providing for entire prohibition where the community favored such course. This remained the law from 1858 until the adoption of the Constitutional amendment in June last.

It was believed this modified "Local Option" law was the measure best adapted to a rapidly growing State where great extremes met. In many localities the original prohibitory sentiment had been overbalanced by the great impouring of immigration. In some instances whole townships were taken up by immigrants from foreign countries, who thus sought to preserve the social life and customs of their fathers. So it came to pass in villages of New England settlement, where the deed to every town lot provided for a reversion of title in case intoxicating liquors were ever sold on the premises described. It was known such expedients that the Act of 1858 sought to draw the line of prohibition more. It was believed this act would prove one of justice and toleration to all classes of citizens, and rapidly strongly to suppress all temperance. It was argued that entire prohibition could not be enforced in some localities, and that the constant violation of the statute created a disrespect for all law. It was asserted that the use of such mild beverages as beer and wine would tend to drive out the stronger liquors, and experience in all ages of the world has shown that the people would use the mild beverages in the temperate and praiseworthy manner said to prevail in some countries of Europe. It was represented that the brewers and wine-makers were the mortal enemies of the distillers, and the wine-drinking countries of Europe were reduced as examples of the blessed results soon to be reached in Iowa. With such liquors as brandy, whisky and rum outlawed, and beer and wine provided as substitutes, it was believed the best possible law was provided. Stringent provisions were made against selling even beer and wine to minors, intoxicated persons, or persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated. Under this law the saloon-keeper was required to keep a quiet, orderly place, selling nothing but beer and wine, and these only to persons of upright walk and conversation. The argument in support of this law was plausible, and seemed to have a good foundation in the experience of other countries, and it was finally adopted in the firm belief that it would prove a panacea for many of the evils of intemperance. Municipalities could still prohibit the sale of all liquors; the Temperance societies were to continue reforming inebriates and pledging individuals to total abstinence, and the means of "moral suasion" was to be left unemployed.

Many of the original Prohibitionists had no faith in this law. They contended it would prove a cloak for the evils it aimed to prevent; that nothing short of entire Prohibition could reach the end desired. Almost from the outset they could point to the confirmation of their fears. The great body of the people held, however, that it would take time to enforce the change, and steadily resisted the frequent attempts to repeal the law and return to extreme prohibition. After twenty-four years of trial, however, they were brought to face the complete failure of the experiment. It was found that saloon-keepers engaged in their business for the sole purpose of gain, and that avaricious never permitted the restrictions of the law to stand in their way. At least four-fifths of the saloons systematically defied every regulation. Liquor of every kind was sold, and sold in minors, to intoxicated persons, and persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated. The use of beer and wine seemed but to create an appetite for the stronger drinks. The privilege of selling these beverages was used as a license to deal out anything the most depraved appetite could demand. The violation of law was systematic and notorious. The courts were burdened with liquor prosecutions, and the costs in many of the counties became enormous. The most energetic attempts to enforce the law led to but partial success. Under this statute the liquor traffic held sway to work evil continually. It led more or less directly to crime; breaking the order of the streets at night; throwing open the doors of jails and alms-houses; bringing poverty to many a family and a dishonored death to many a victim. The law was violated in the tipping-shop and evaded in the court-room. The saloon rewrote the definition of perjury, and taught its customers, when in the jury-box or on the witness-stand, to aid in the evasion of the law. The forbidden liquors were sold under the tokens of those permitted, and witnesses would declare they were unable to tell which they had bought. Jurors were found to sympathize with the witness who was not an expert in chemistry. The partial license law, which had been adopted with such hopes, was torn and dishonored in every part, and men instantly truthful were taught a new code of morals, so far as its enforcement was concerned. The saloons were sheltered behind the presumption of legality; the privilege of selling beer and wine was the cloak under which all the manifold evils of the liquor traffic were secreted and protected.

Not content with blocking the courts and defying the law, the saloon-system aspired to become an organized force in the politics of the State. It had greatly extended its power during the long experiment of the Wine and Beer law. It had long been confined to the cities and large towns, but the rapid extension of the railroad system furnished quick transportation for liquors in bulk to every part of the State, and the saloons thus began to thrust their malign influence into the rural communities. The managers of the liquor traffic, no doubt, realized the alarm which the extension of the saloon system was creating, for they made every effort to bind themselves into a strong political force. Their vote was to be solid against any man who demanded the enforcement of the law. Witnesses, prosecutors and all who sought to uphold the State were proscribed. It was in this state of affairs that the great mass of moderate-minded people were converted to the support of rigid Prohibition. They found the situation to be precisely what Governor Foster says it now is in Ohio, viz: that the people cannot control the saloons or the saloons will control them." In Iowa the saloons assumed this bold front, in face of the fact that strict Prohibitory laws had passed the Legislature in 1851 and again in 1858, and the principle had been approved by a popular vote. All that had been granted the saloons was a matter of concession—a matter of grace and tolerance; but they seized upon and used it with intolerance and defiance. They appealed to the sword to perish by it.

The managers of the liquor traffic, of their own choice, took the broad way leading to destruction. They had only determined not to punish every saloon who demanded the enforcement of the law, but at last resolute by insisted that the people should not have the opportunity to express their will in regard to the liquor traffic. With threats and defiance they opposed even the submission of the question to a vote of the people. Thus their action could not be regarded merely as the evasion of a police regulation, but became a defiance of one of the first principles of free government. They denied the right of the people to express their sovereign will, as they had always defied the law of the majority. The late President Garfield, with his power of touching the heart of a great question, once said the central thought of all American life was in this sentence from the Pilgrim covenant, made on the "Mayflower": "We agree to form God and one another, that the majority rule shall be the law of all, which of the majority shall be the law of all, which we will all obey." It is easy to trace this idea into town by direct important in no power had ever questioned it successfully here; and when the liquor traffic made its defiance open and absolute, the people determined not to contract. There could be no crisis in Prohibition so great as those from which they sought escape. They might not be able to enforce the Prohibition against the sale of liquor any more than they had been able to put an end to burglary and murder; but they could, at least, place the denial of the right of the majority to rule where it belonged as an offense against the fundamental principle of the State.

Would Prohibition prove impossible of enforcement? Such had been most emphatically true of the partial license law. Would its violation lead to a disrespect for all law? Surely its effect could be no worse than the partial license law in every day of its history through twenty-four long years. The people found the argument that Prohibition would be violated and create disrespect for all law completely answered in their own experience. The only towns in the State where the law had been decently observed and respected were those which, by "local option," were already under absolute Prohibition. Where saloons were tolerated at all it was found that four-fifths of them violated the law constantly and systematically. The evidence was complete. The liquor traffic had defied all control, and the people accordingly passed on it a judgment of death.

Surprise has been expressed that such a result should be reached in a State having a voting population at least one-fourth foreign-born. It had been falsely charged that the foreign-born citizens were the chief supporters of the liquor traffic. In truth a majority of the saloon-keepers are native-born citizens. The defiant attitude of the saloon-keepers aroused the indignation of the foreign-born citizens as much as any other class of the community. The election returns have demonstrated that thousands of this class voted for Prohibition. In some counties three-fourths of them were for the amendment. The election returns show just this: the foreign-born voters can be depended on to oppose Prohibition only in localities where they are massed together in great numbers. The Scandinavian people were an exception to this rule, for under all circumstances they were manfully in demanding the abolition of the liquor traffic. Of some other nationalities we have communities in Iowa where children of the second generation on this soil speak the language, wear the garb and adhere to the customs of the fatherland. These localities were all solid against Prohibition, largely, it is thought, for the reason that in these communities there was less of the evil of saloons run on the "American plan," and less of the defiance of law which aroused such great indignation elsewhere. But the election demonstrated very clearly that foreign-born voters are not so bound by traditions or old country customs as has been supposed. They come here with the same purpose as the immigrant from the Eastern States—to found homes as well as fortunes, and to become members of a thriving, temperate, orderly community. Whether it be the influence of climate, the adulteration of liquors, or the nervous constitution of the people, may be disputed; but thousands of our foreign-born citizens declare the fact that the use of liquor is attended with greater danger in this country than beyond the ocean. Where blended with other elements of population, and mingled together in close communities, our foreign-born citizens are as quick to abandon customs not adapted to their life here as they are to cast aside a garb unsuited to the climate.

It is asked what assurance there is that the will of the people can be enforced against the great power of the liquor traffic. The answer must be found not only in the penalties of a statute, but in the spirit and character of the people who have adopted this measure, and who are determined to have it enforced.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1882.

The fund being raised in Baltimore city for the support and education of the orphan children of the late Rev. Thomas Guard, of the M. E. church, has reached a total of about $10,000. In addition $2,000 have been subscribed in Philadelphia and it is thought the amount will be increased in that city to $5,000. The preachers' monument fund now amounts to upwards of $600, and is receiving constant additions.

The Montgomery *Advocate*, speaking of Governor Hamilton, Senator Gorman and Mayor Whyte, says: "It is expected that all three of these gentlemen will endeavor to be uppermost in the Gubernatorial fight. Governor Hamilton will, it is understood, be a candidate for re-nomination, and the Gorman and Whyte factions will each have a Richmond in the field. In other words the triangular battle for power is to be continued, at the expense of jeopardizing the success of the Democratic party."

Temperance on Top.

A vote was taken in Anne Arundel and Howard counties Tuesday on the question of prohibition or license of the sale of liquor, and the result was a victory for prohibition in both counties. The majority for prohibition in Anne Arundel was about 500, Annapolis leading the way with a large vote. The majority in favor of prohibition in Howard was about 300. The temperance people are very jubilant over their victory, for which they have worked hard. The liquor-men fought against the movement from the start, and, it is said, spent a great amount of money to defeat it. This victory adds two counties to the prohibition roll, and there are now fourteen counties in the state in which it prevails, though in two or three of them a few districts have license.

The President's Message.

The message transmitted to Congress yesterday by the President, though perhaps somewhat shorter than that of last year, is still necessarily a formidable document in point of length from the great variety and importance of the questions discussed. The President begins his message with a general reference to our relations with foreign powers, and proceeds to note in detail the more weighty and interesting questions connected with our intercourse with each particular government. With regard to the arrest of citizens of the United States in Ireland, he says a disposition to respect our rights has been practically manifested by the release of the arrested parties, while that other subject of connection between this country and Great Britian, our claim to the control of the Interoceanic canal, has continued to be the subject of conference. The difference on the subject, he thinks, is more likely to be removed by time than by discussion. The friendly relations of our government with Russia have continued unbroken, and the courteous manner in which our intercession in behalf of the Hebrew population of that country was received affords ground, the President believes, for hope that the time will soon arrive when all faiths will be tolerated within the Russian borders. Alluding to the international convention held in Paris in 1880 with reference to the protection of trade-marks, patents, etc., the President calls attention to the fact that the protection of submarine cables is now under consideration by an international conference in session in the same city, and expresses the opinion that it is clearly the true policy of this government to favor the neutralization of this means of intercourse. In the interest of justice towards China and Japan the President expresses the hope that the question of the return of the indemnity to the governments of those countries will reach a solution at the present session. In connection with this subject the attention of Congress is called to the question as to whether under the recent legislation restricting Chinese immigration, Chinese travelers may lawfully pass through this country on their way to or from any other. The reciprocity treaty with Hawaii will become terminable after September 9, 1883, and the President suggests that early consideration be given to such modifications of the treaty as may be deemed necessary to the interesty of our people, while preserving the commercial relations which he considers it important to preserve. The war between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chili on the other is referred to at some length but while the disposition of Chili to exact such rigorous conditions of peace is deplored, the President believes that forcible interference on the part of our government would not be in keeping with the spirit of our institutions nor the temper of our people. The project for an international peace conference in Washington is recalled, and a willingness expressed to support any measures which Congress may devise for a settlement of national differences without resort to arms. The President renews his recommendation for such legislation as will place the United States in harmony with other powers in respect to the prevention of collisions at sea, and expresses himself as cordially in favor of the reorganization of the consular and diplomatic service on a salaried basis. The discussion of questions of domestic concern naturally forms the greater part of the communication, and the interesting and important subjects of a revision of the tariff and a reduction in internal revenue taxation are treated at some length. Referring to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury "as to the necessity of providing by legislation some mode of freeing the treasury of an excess of assets," the President says he heartily approves the secretary's recommendation of immediate and extensive reductions in the annual revenues of the government. The surplus revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1881, was $100,000,000, and for the fiscal year ended on the 30th of June last was more than one hundred and fifty-five millions. Although this surplus has been largely applied to the payment of the national debt, the President renews the expression of his conviction that such rapid extinguishment of the national indebtedness as is now taking place is cause for serious apprehension, rather than for congratulation. If the swollen revenues of the government lie idle in the treasury they will become the temptation to corrupt and extravagant expenditure. The President, therefore, suggests that unless it shall be found that the probable expenditures of the government for the coming year have been underestimated, all internal taxes except those which relate to distilled spirits, can be prudently abrogated. This would diminish the cost of collection $2,500,000 and retire from office from 1,500 to 2,000 persons. He does not think, however, that the time has arrived for the total abolition of internal taxes, for the reason that it is doubtful whether the duty on imports would alone be sufficient for the needs of government and because, moreover, a total abolition of excise taxes would prove a serious obstacle to a thorough revision of the tariff. The present tariff system is, the President frankly admits, in many respects unjust, and if the tax on domestic spirits is to be retained, he is clearly of the opinion, judging from the revenues derived from customs during the last few years, that large reductions in the customs revenue are entirely feasible; and this may be accomplished, he believes, without abandoning the protection of domestic labor by equalizing the public burdens among all classes and occupations. The President refers to his veto of the river and harbor bill of last session, and recommends to the consideration of Congress the advisability of the passage of an amendment to the Federal constitution which would permit the executive to disapprove of any item or items in an appropriation bill without being under the necessity of condemning the entire measure. Referring to the report of the Secretary of War, the attention of Congress is invited to the propriety of making more adequate provision for arming and equipping the militia, and to the conflicting legislation with reference to the retirement of army officers. The condition of the navy, as shown in the secretary's report, is commented upon, and the attention of Congress called to the intimate connection and interdependence of the navy and the commercial marine, and to the continued decadence of the latter and the transfer of our growing commerce to foreign bottoms. The report of the Postmaster-General shows that there is a considerable surplus in his department, and the President expresses himself in favor of a reduction of letter postage to the rate of two cents per half ounce, and believes that the increase in postal patronage would equal the expenditures after the lapse of three or four years, if they would not ultimately greatly increase the revenues from this source. In regard to that portion of the Attorney-General's report which touches on the star route cases, the President says that "if any guilty persons shall finally escape punishment it will not be for lack of earnest and diligent efforts on the part of the prosecution." Commenting in connection with the report of the Secretary of the Interior upon the illiteracy disclosed in certain portions of the country by the census returns, the President thinks it a momentous question whether Congress should not extend immediate and substantial aid to supplement individual effort and State legislation in behalf of education. Upon the subject of civil-service reform the President recalls the sentiments expressed in his last communication to Congress, and adds that since these suggestions were submitted "the people of the country, apparently without distinction of party, have in various ways given expressions of their earnest wish for prompt and definite action. In my judgement such action should no longer be postponed." The President takes occasion to set himself right upon the question of official removals, and that in the fourteen months of his administration only eighty-nine removals have been made exactly the same number made in the four months of President Garfield's administration. In connection with this subject he also expresses his disapproval of forced contributions from office-holders, and favors their prohibition by law.—*Baltimore Sun, Tuesday.*

A Great Storm Predicted.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The President has the following communication from E. Stone Wiggins, LL.D., astonomer of the Canadian Finance Department, under date of Ottawa, November 27:

"On the 23rd of September last I announced through the Canadian press that a great storm would occur in March next: that it would be first felt in the Northern Pacific ocean, and would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th, and being deflected by the Rocky Mountains, would cross this meridian from the West at noon Sunday, March 11, 1883. No vessel, of whatever dimensions, will be safe out of harbor and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest, as the wind will blow from the southeast the planetary force will be sufficient to submerge the low lands of the American coast, especially those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and washed by the Gulf stream, while the air currents for several hundred miles along the east side of the Rocky mountain range, owing to the great atmospheric pressure in those regions, will spread universal destruction. The New England States will also suffer severely from the winds and floods. No point outside of the harbor in the whole area of the Atlantic north of the equator will be a place of safety, for this will be pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited this continent since the days of your illustrious first President.

In view of this event, therefore, I take great liberty in representing to your Excellency the advisability of ordering all United States ships into safe harbors, not later than the 5th of March, until this storm passes."

CAIRO, December 3.—The court-martial which had been summoned to meet to-day assembled this morning. Arabi Pacha pleaded guilty to the charge of rebellion. The proceedings were very brief, the court sitting only a few minutes. In the afternoon the court reassembled and pronounced sentence of death against Arabi. The Khedive subsequently commuted his sentence to exile for life. It is believed that Arabi will retire to some part of the British dominions. His demeanor before the court was very dignified.

LOCAL NEWS.

—We were visited by another snow storm Thursday morning.

—Hon. R. T. Browning has gone into the mercantile business at Hutton's Switch, this county. We wish him success.

—D. W. Sloan, Esq., and wife stopped at Oakland Wednesday, on their return from their wedding tour. They were the guests of Mrs. A. A. Perry.

—If you want to spend an enjoyable evening, attend Arthur Love's Comic Concert, Saturday evening, at the Glades Hotel,

—J. C. Cookerly, a prominent citizen of Allegany county, died Monday, at Rawlings Station, in his 48th year. He was a member of the Board of County Commissioners of 1879 and 1880.

—Boys who make a practice of congregating around the Court House on Sundays and tearing down legal notices, &c., had better take warning and desist, or they will be prosecuted for malicious destruction—and they are known.

—Mr. John O. Michael has purchased a valuable business lot in Oakland, on which he will erect a large business and dwelling house next spring.

—Married, at Friendsvill, this county, at the residence of Joshua Friend, Nov. 30th, 1882, by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, Mr. Franklin D. Casteel and Miss Hattie M. Friend, all of this county.

—Mrs. Davis has just received from Baltimore and Philadelphia, with the latest styles in the finest goods, hats, bonnets, neckwear, birds' feathers and everything in Ladies, and Gents' fancy furnishing. Prices the lowest.

—The annual meeting of the Dual Grand Lodge, I. O. G. F., was held in Frostburg, Thursday, and Friday of last Week. W. P. Townshend, Esq., of Oakland, was elected Grand Worthy Assistant Secretary. The next annual meeting will be held at Ellicott City.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder has resigned the position of School Commissioner, and his successor will be appointed in a few days. The names of C. M. Miller, W. H. Hall and W. P. Totten have been suggested from which to fill the vacancy.

—The famous Arthur Love Concert Company will give one of their pleasing entertaintments at the Glades Hotel Saturday evening. This company are highly spoken of by the press of the country. A splendid brass band will give a free "blow" in front of the hotel in the evening.

—The transit of Venus was witnessed Wednesday by a large number of our people. The weather was unfavorable, being cloudy, but the sun shone out several times during the time of the transit, when the smoked glass was brought into requisition and a view obtained.

—We understand that State Fish Commissioner Delawder has secured the "Dead Pond," a large body of water on the north side of the railroad, east of and adjoining Oakland, where he proposes to place a number of carp. Mr. Delawder has also purchased 500,000 trout eggs, at a cost of $1 per thousand, which he will hatch and distribute among the trout streams of the State.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev Wm. Stoudenmire.

Preaching at Deer Park Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. by Rev. William Stoudenmire.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

An Appropriate Christmas Present.

Any of the young gentlemen readers of our paper who have not yet determined upon what they shall buy as a Christmas present for their sister or their cousin, or some other fellow's cousin, should call at I. W. Slonaker's and examine his splendid Sewing Machines. He will give special bargains to all who buy for Christmas presents.

A Successful Hunt.

Last week Messrs. J. Z. Browning, A. C. Browning, Buckner Mason and Thos. McRobie, all residing near Swanton, this county, went to Meadow Mountain on a bear and deer hunt, and succeeded in killing a black bear weighing about 400 pounds, a buck weighing about 280 pounds, and three smaller deer. The bear was tackled by Mr. Mason who shot him four times, when, running out of ammunition, and the bear yet showing fight, proceeded to finish him by beating him with stones and clubs. After a considerable tussle the bear gave up the ghost.

A Tenant Wanted.

Mr. Bowie Johnson desires to secure a good tenant for his farm, 2 miles north of Oakland. Must be well recommended. Terms and conditions made kuown on application.
3t

Erie's Experience.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

ERIE, PA., Sept, 20th, 1881.

DR. HARTMAN: I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had lain me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three day's use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was perfectly well.

N. J. WRIGHT
Business Agent, Erie *Eve. Herald.*

Ask your Druggist for DR. HARTMAN'S Book on the "Ills of Life." He will give it gratis. If not, address DR. H. at Osborn, O.

The Garrett Guards Prize Shooting.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather Thursday of last week the Garrett Guards carried out their programme, which consisted of a parade and inspection in the forenoon and long range target practice, for the various prizes announced week before last. There was a turn out of 45, all told. The target was United States regulation size and the distance one hundred yards, off hand. The largest score that could be made was twenty-five. There were 15 prizes which were contested for by all the members present. The first prize, won by Capt. E. H. Wardwell, was a handsome silver urn, presented by Hon. John W. Garrett; score, 23. Second, the Johnson prize, a handsome "cat" rifle; won by Corporal Mason; score, 21. Third, a handsome dressing case, presented by the officers; won by Lieut. Chisholm; score, 21. Fourth, a barrel of flour, presented by D. E. Offutt; won by Corporal Crim; score, 21. Fifth, perfumery case presented by Daniel Chisholm; won by Corporal Thrasher. Sixth, silver mounted revolver; presented by O. W. Heiskell; won by Lieut. Jamison. Seventh, saddle of mutton; presented by Mr. Nelson; won by Private Sanders. Eight, a quarter of beef; presented by J. M. Boyer & Sons; won by Corporal Fairall. Ninth, basket champaign; presented by J. B. Brant; won by Private John A. Delawder. Tenth, set china; presented by I. W. Slonaker: won by Private Williams. Eleventh, box cigars; presented by Lieut, Jamison; won by Corporal Boyer. Twelfth, large cake; presented by C. P. Smith; won by Corporal Yellowly. Thirteenth, a turkey; presented by C. C. Willison; won by Private Hoyer. Fourteenth, perfumery stand; presented by Capt. E. H. Wardwell; won by private Wiseman. Fifteenth, handsome box stationery, presented by H. Wheeler Combs; won by Private Mason.

A lady's toilet set, contested for by the staff officers, was won by Commissary Combs, and the drummers prize was won by Drummer Woodcock.

The "consolation prize," a handsome toilet set, presented by H. Wheeler Combs, was contested for on Saturday. This contest was only open to those who had failed to obtain a prize on Thursday. The prize was won by Private Selby, by a score of 11 out of a possible 15.

Those who have examined the target used say that it is the best shooting they have ever seen.

The "Guards" are now in a flourishing condition, and number, rank and file 51 members.

In Memory of Marion,

Daughter of Henry and Salina Blocher, who departed this life Nov. 30th, 1882, aged 16 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Oh, dear Marion, you have left us,
And your death we sadly mourn,
And your spirit shining angels
To the realms of bliss has borne.

In your dreams you had a vision;
You thought you'd crossed the river cold,
And that with your own dear Grandma,
You had walked the streets of gold.

You have left us, dearest Marion;
Your bright smile no more we see;
Though you often suffered sadly,
You were always filled with glee.

Farewell, Marion, how we miss thee;
How can we your absence bear;
But one thought will still sustain us:
We shall meet each other there.

R. C.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of November:

Amon Phillips and Floyd V. Helmick.
David Garlow and Melissa J. Malone.
Wm. T. Warren and Elizabeth M. Sevoy.
Charles L. Hewitt and Emma L. Fraley.
Robert Pierce and Ollie R. Stemple.
Abel Boyer and Mary C. Ferguson.
Isaac Davis and Cordean Davis.
William D. Nydegger and Jennie Shillingberg.
Charles H. McCrobie and Belle Z. Pangh.
Frank D. Casteel and Hattie M. Friend.

Fair and Festival.

The fair and festival for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic Church will open on Christmas night, at 7 o'clock, in Offutt's large hall. Will continue to be held every night through Christmas week, and will close on New Year's night. Every effort will be made to make the fair as pleasing and entertaining as possible.

Hoi for the Holidays.

Mr. C. C. Michael has just received a large stock of holidays goods, such as candies, cakes, nuts, toys, citron, raisins, mince meat, &c., &c. He also keeps a full line of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, notions, canned goods, &c., which he will sell as reasonable as they can be bought anywhere in the county.

—A considerable amount of ice was stored in Oakland during this week.

Overcoats.

Just received a lot of "Sample" overcoats, to be sold at nearly half price. Any number from 36 to 42, at Grant's store.

The Sunday School Union.

Mr. Mm. A. Baker, superintendent of the Maryland Sunday School Union, has issued an address to Sunday School superintendents throughout the State urging them to keep their schools open during the entire year. The full text is as follows:

DON'T CLOSE YOUR SCHOOLS.

At this season of the year many county Sunday Schools have been accustomed to closing for the winter. To such I would speak a fraternal word. Why do you close at all? This is a matter too vitally important to be governed by custom, and no school should be closed at any season without a most cogent reason. There may be some, but only a few, who close from actual necessity. There are few sections of all the State where travel is so impeded in winter that the secular schools cannot be regularly kept up. In fact, in the country, the winter is deemed the child's golden opportunity for attending school. Yet at this very season the Sunday School is in many instances set aside. This is an acknowledgement that the Sunday School is considered of minor importance. This is a most serious error, inasmuch as it affects the spiritual interests of the children and impairs the growth and efficiency of the school.

I am inclined to believe that this step is taken generally more for the convenience and comfort of the adults than for the benefit of the children, and that the latter especially if the school be a live, interesting one, would be found, if consulted, to oppose a suspension. Take a vote and see if I am not correct.

The Maryland Sunday School Union have found the custom of closing schools during the winter such a hindrance to the advancement of Sunday School work that it instructed its missionaries to use every endeavor to have the custom abolished. Through their instrumentality quite a number of schools kept open last winter, and the result was a much better school in the spring, and the fallacy of closing was so clearly shown that they determined to avoid the error in the future. The union makes this additional appeal to other Sunday Schools to make a similar trial.

Friends look well to your Sunday Schools; much depends upon its success. Satan is as vigilant and active in winter as in summer. He is reaching out after the little ones. If you desire to save them from his grasp and make them blessing to the church and to society, you must be vigilant and active too. The Sunday School is a mighty power, if rightly conducted, in shaping the characters of the young. Eternity alone can tell the immensity of the mistake of closing its doors for a single Sabbath.

At the late convention in Washington county, this subject was well discussed, and there was such general appreciation of its importance that a resolution was unanimously adopted that it was the sense of the convention that Sunday Schools should not be closed at any season of the year.

I pray that the spirit of God may incline you to a prayerful consideration of this matter.

Fraternally,
WM. A. BAKER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A VALUABLE FARM,
NEAR OAKLAND
FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land known as the "Good Farm," on the Hoppole road three miles from Oakland, is offered at private sale, either as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers. There are about 400 acres in the whole tract, about one-half of which is cleared and under cultivation. The improvements are: Four dwelling houses, three barns, stables and other out buildings, and two good orchards. The land is productive and well watered. Title good. Very little money down. Long time to one who will be prompt to pay the interest. If not sold will be for rent April 1st, 1883. For terms, &c., apply to or address

JOHN BARNES,
Barton, Md.
12 9 4m

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came trespassing upon my property, about the 25th of November, 1881, a one year old White Steer, without marks of any kind. The owner can have the said steer by proving property and paying charges.

SAMUEL SPECHT.
McHenry, Md., Dec. 5, 1882. 12 9 3

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

GO! GO! GO! GO!

TO, TO, TO, TO,

O. W. HEISKELL & CO'S.

If you want chaap
Dry Goods,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Notions,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Hardware,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Queensware
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Roasted Coffee,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
GREEN COFFEE,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Carolina Rice,
Go to
HEISKELL & Co.

If you want cheap
Syrup,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Wheat Flour,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Canadian Cat Meal,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Citron,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Mince Meat,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Valencia Raisins,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Layer Raisins,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Currants,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Pickles,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Hominy,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Glass Ware,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Wooden Ware,
Go to
HEISKELL & Co.

If you want cheap
Grocers' Drugs,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO

If you want
LADIES' KID BUTTON BOOTS,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
LADIES' PEBBLE BUTTON BOOTS,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
LADIES' EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Misses' Low Shoes,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Misses' Button Boots
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Boys' Button Gaiters,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Childrens' Low Shoes,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
CHILDS' BUTTON BOOTS,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Infants' Low Shoes,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
INFANTS' BUTTON SHOES,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
MENS' UNION CASHMERE SUITS,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Mens' all Wool Suits,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Mens' Casinet Overcoats,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Mens' Fine Overcoats
CHEAP
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want
Mens' Wool Hats,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & Co.

If you want
Mens' Fur Hats,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Boys Hats,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & Co.

If you want
Men and Boys Caps,
CHEAP,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Brown Sugar,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
A Sugar,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
Granulated Sugar,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want cheap
BROWN MUSLIN,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Bleached Muslin,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
CANTON FLANNEL,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Towling,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Calico,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Dress Goods
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Table Linen
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Napkins,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Ticking,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Comforts,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Red Flannel
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Black Cashmere,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
Blankets,
Go to
Heiskell & Co,

If you want cheap
CHIVEOTS AND GINGHAMS,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
FLAD FLANNEL,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want cheap
BROWN DUCK,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want
GENTLEMENS' KIP BOOTS,
CHEAP,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want
GENTLEMENS' CALF BOOTS,
CHEAP,
Go to
Heiskell & Co.

If you want
Boys' Boots,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
LADIES' LEATHER LOW SHOES,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
LADIES' PEBBLE LOW SHOES,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Ladies' Grain Low Calf Shoes,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

If you want
Everything,
CHEAP,
Go to
HEISKELL & CO.

"Old-Fashioned."

When one describes his neighbor as an "old-fashioned man," it may be meant to imply that he is antiquated, behind the times, stiff and formal, and holding opinions which the world at large has discarded, or it may be intended to indicate that he is a sound conservative, opposed to all vicious novelties, a man of gracious manners, an honest and high-minded man. I can recall many people who, in their dress and manners and style of conversation seemed to connect one with a former age, but such persons are getting scarcer every day. The ornamental wig and braided cue and tasseled boots, the low bow and graceful wave of the hand in entering a room, the stately speech that carefully avoids any approach to slang, and never omits a title and frames its periods with judicious care—of all this the rising generation know but little. In these times old and young dress alike and have much the same manners; the average length of life has increased, but it is not always easy to tell who they are that have passed the grand climacteric.

But if old-fashioned people are out of date, old-fashioned *things* were never in such demand. chairs, tables, secretaries, buffets, bellows, shovels, tongs, and-irons, cranes, smoke-jacks, cups, saucers, platters, tea-pots, door-knockers—you must visit an auctioneer's shop if you wish to complete the catalogue.

An old "Bay Psalm Book" is counted cheap at $10,000. A picture, painted a few hundred years ago, and which never had much merit in its best estate, now that the coloring is pretty nearly gone and the outlines are almost obliterated, is sought after by connoisseurs with earnest avidity. Everthing is hallowed by age. The kitchen of an ancient mansion, where joints were roasted centuries ago; the carpenter's shop, where joiner's work was done in ages long gone by; the deserted old church in which our fathers once worshiped; the mouldy and rickety carriage, with all its faded splendor, that used to rattle proudly through the streets, but has now been idle for many a year; the cradle in which our ancestors were rocked; the yellow and tattered heap of letters found by accident in the garret; the file of papers giving the freshest news of a century ago—almost anything will be made sacred by the hand of time.

It is hard to realize that the day will come when *we* shall be regarded as the old-fashioned people, and our habits and modes of thought as the old-fashioned ways. Will the theories of life that we cherish, and of which we are so proud, ever come to be spoken of as fantastic and unphilosophical and absurd? Will the great points about which we dispute, and which separate us into sects and parties, be remitted hereafter to the region of "the unknown and unknowable." Will our codes of civil law and the processes of our courts be looked upon as semi-barbarous and unworthy of a civilized people? Will our present modes of travel be regarded as clumsy and slow? and our telegraphs and telephones as rude and very imperfect inventions? Will the tools and implements and machines that are now in use be set aside for something more convenient and effective? One thing is certain—if the world lasts long enough, we must after a while take our place "in the dark backward and abyss of time," and the mould gather over us and our doings, as it has over that which has gone before us.

Some old-fashioned things are liable to be revived, while there are others which, when they have once been abolished, are buried forever. I do not believe that the barbarities of olden days, the ruthless cruelties which distinguished the past, the infliction of pain simply for the sake of the pain, the invention of elaborate instruments of torture, subjecting men to the rack in order to elicit evidence; burning them at the stake, because of their religious opinions; the murdering of women and children in war—I do not believe that in any Christian or civilized land those atrocities will ever be repeated again—certainly they will never be defended.

It is very difficult to predict what may happen in the domain of speculative beliefs, for, at intervals, ethical and theological and philosophical dogmas are repolished and put upon their feet while we had supposed had gone under ground, to be seen no more. Some people have a hankering after things entirely irrespective of their merit, merely because they are old. It seems to give them a feeling of superiority that they do not fall in with the current thought of the age in which they are so unfortunate as to live. It is as if a man were to dress himself up in his grandfather's clothes, and imagine that this would make him august and venerable.

Here and there we stumble upon an author who affects to write in the old-fashioned style, using obsolete words and phrases and antique forms of expression, making his sentences very long and complicated—swinging along with what he supposes to be a sort of Miltonic grandeur, when, in fact, he is only dull and prosy and unreadable. How would an old-fashioned sermon, with a dozen leading heads, and several dozen minor divisions, and a score or two of inferences and two or three long practical applications at the close, be received by a Sunday congregation to-day? How would a physician succeed who should practice in the old heroic style, and phlebotomize *ad infinitum*? How would a farmer prosper who should cultivate his land and gather in his crops after the fashion of a hundred years ago? How would a mechanic get on in the world who rejected all the tools that have been invented during the last half century? How would a manufacturer thrive who insisted upon making his goods in the old-fashioned way? If we anchor in the stream we must resign ourselves to the consequences.

Of some things it ought never be said that they are old-fashioned, because this would imply that the new times are corrupt, and that the race has deteriorated. It is a sad sign when honor and honesty and truth are spoken of as "old-fashioned virtues." The popular phrase, "an old fashioned gentleman," seems to assume that modern life is not favorable to the culture of gentlemen. Some things are never old, because they are never young; they belong to the eternities and not to time. There never was a period, and there never will be a period, when they cease to be. Whatever comes to us by revelation from on high—and all truth is given by this inspiration—is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.—*Bishop Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Hints on House-Cleaning.

How true the words of the poet:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—house-cleanin' agen."

And yet the average housekeeper fails to perceive it in that particular illumination. She affects to dislike house-cleaning, and earnestly informs her neighbor over the back fence how she dreads its approach, and what a terrible nuisance it is, and how she would give twenty dollars if the awful job was "over with." But all the same, she wouldn't forego the pleasure and the excitement of the operation for a new bonnet, with a ten-dollar feather on it. On such occasions she is the tyrant of the household, and she enjoys her brief reign.

If on the eve of the depressing event, during her absence from home, some kind neighbors were to break into her house and thoroughly cleanse it from cellar to attic, she would commence next day to tear up the carpets, slosh around with her dress pinned up, and now and then impatiently murmur that she can't conceive how in the world a house gets so dirty in six months.

When woman gets the ballot, the next thing she will clamor for will be a Congressional enactment making house-cleaning an imperative duty six times a year.

Man, however, is differently constituted. The excitement and confusion attending house-cleaning don't thrill his entire being with a holy and ecstatic thrill. Not much. He would enjoy life with quite as much genuine enthusiasm if the aggravation did not occur oftener than once in a century—and also feel less like a pirate. There are some species of wild and exciting fun for which he doesn't yearn with a soul-consuming yearnfulness, and house-cleaning is one of them. It is in his behalf, therefore, that we offer a few practical hints on the subject, the adoption of which would rob the semi-annual incubus of much of its terrors, and make man feel less like building a cave and becoming a professional hermit.

House-cleaning should always be commenced on a cloudy and dreary day, when a married man is generally in a good humor, and wants a vent for the exuberance of his joy. Don't employ extra help, in order to finish the work in twenty-four hours. Extend the whole business over at least four days, just to please your husband. He will appreciate your economy, if he isn't a brute. Always time the work so that the dining-room will be in a sloppy and nightmarish condition at noon, and your husband will be obliged to climb over a table, a lounge, three pictures and six chairs, which blockade the door leading to the kitchen, where he will find a "cold bite" prepared on the head of a flour barrel, and a woman with a whitewash brush in her hand. As soon as he gulps down his lunch, gently invite him to accompany you to the parlor, to lift one end of the piano while you pull out the carpet. He will acquiesce and follow you with a peace-on-earth-and-good-will-to-man smile on his face—and you may imagine you hear him gritting his teeth, but he feels too happy for that.

You will not forget to unwittingly place a piece of soap at the head of the stairs. He may be in a great hurry to get back to the office, after spraining his back at the piano, and the soap will enable him to go down ten steps without touching anything but air until he reaches the bottom. His insane haste may startle you at first, but when you remember that you left a pail of water standing at the bottom of the stairs to break his fall, and see him wearing such a heavenly countenance as he rubs the sore places so affectionately, you will feel amply repaid for your thoughtfulness.

The delicious sensations experienced by a man when he migrates from the head of a flight of stairs to the bottom in a single flying leap, and alights in a pail of dirty water at the terminus, may be better imagined than described. If this interesting episode did not occur he would fail to absorb the beauties of house-cleaning.

Don't remove the globes from the chandeliers. It is a waste of time. The servant can be depended upon to knock them off with some article of furniture before house-cleaning season is half a day old, and new globes always look well.

When your husband comes home in the evening, weary and worn with the business cares of the day, cheer him with a pleasant smile and the information that the carpet in the bedroom must be tacked down before he retires. It will be so instructive and edifying to listen to his dignified remarks when he fails to make the carpet connect by about six inches; and when he straightens up at brief intervals to wonder if the comet will plunge into the sun and whether there will be any carpets to put down in the next world, and vigorously declares that it was a huge blunder that man wasn't built with a gate-hinge in his back, you will know that he is enjoying himself.

Always leave a few carpet-tacks scattered about the floor after everything else is arranged. When your husband jumps out of bed at four o'clock a. m. to see if the comet's tail is seven millions of miles longer than on the preceding morning, he will be pointedly reminded that house cleaning is over, and this thought will cause him to rejoice with exceeding rejoiceness. His inadvertent language, however, may convey a contrary impression.

If these hints, and a few others that will suggest themselves to the intelligent and experienced housewife—such as knocking a leg from under the cook-stove and spilling the hot cooks over the floor; dropping a gob of whitewash in your eye, necessitating medical attendance; splashing the walls with dirty water, etc.—house-cleaning would delight the masculine soul, and give newspaper humorists a new subject for jokes. —*The Judge.*

—It will be remembered that General Governeur K. Warren, United States army, who died last summer at Newport, R. I., left his family in straitened circumstances. This was attributed at the time to the fact that he had to make large expenditures in connection with his attempt to set himself right in the matter of his conduct at the battle of Five Forks. His friends have raised a fund of $15,000 for the benefit of his family.—*Boston Transcript.*

Humbugs in Horticulture.

Sometime since a well-known eastern horticulturist wrote upon this subject, and his essay was read with general interest. There is no department of industry in which there has been more bare-faced swindling than there has been in horticulture. Especially has this been true in the West. Our horticulture in this section has been compelled to feel its way along in the dark. Our people have been anxious to improve the character of our fruits, but have had no experiment for soil, climate and general conditions were new. The experienced horticulturist has not often been imposed upon, for it was impossible to convince him of the practicability of impossibilities. He has had the commendable desire to grow fruit of a valuable character, and has shown a willingness to expend his money for alleged valuable varieties. When, therefore, the oily-tongued agent came with his glass jar of fruit and his persuasiveness, the farmer often let his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment, has taken the tempting bait and found at last that he was deceived. So often has this been the case that there is no class in the country who have a worse name than tree agents. Yet some of them are honorable men and are of positive benefit to the horticulturist and fruit grower. There are many fine orchards in the country which never would have been had not the tree agent come into the communities where they are. But on the other hand there are many perfectly useless orchards, and thousands of useless trees, that the agent has imposed upon the people. There is no way to do, that we know of, if we buy of agents at all, but to use our best judgment and to buy only of the representatives of well-known nurseries. If a man tells us that he has a plant that will grow blackberries or strawberries at will—and the representations of some of the agents are scarcely more reasonable than this—it will not require much judgment to see that he is telling a very great whopper. The best thing to buy is something that we know the general character of. If an agent comes along with some new and rare variety of fruit, it will be better to let him pass on. We cannot afford the risk of buying something that we know nothing about. There must be some varieties of nearly all kinds of fruit that we know do well in our neighborhood, and if so they are the varieties that we want if we are going to buy. One of the very safest guides in selecting fruit trees is the fact that certain varieties are a success in our locality.

Therefore we ought to know in such case just what we want. If the agent comes along with an apple which he alleges came from New Zealand or the North Pole; and will bear in the middle of winter, we had better tell him that we do not want apple trees to bear in that season of the year—that we are satisfied with a variety that our neighbor grows successfully, and that we want that if we have any. But we shall have to look sharp that the agent does not impose the variety we want upon us out of the same pilo that he allegeil was an eternal bearing, never freezing, non rotting foreign variety. One peculiarity of the tree agent is like that of the man with the apartment bottle—which gives forth coffee, wine, water, whisky or milk, as may be required—he can find any variety of fruit called for in the same nursery or same lot of trees. We should in short buy nothing unless we are pretty positive that we must know that the man we are dealing with is an honest man. If we do not know that, we had better not buy.

Nurseries are not always strictly to blame for the dishonesty of their agents. They ought to know pretty certainly that a man will be honest before they send him out, and any reputable nursery thinks it does know. But it may be mistaken, and whenever it is, and the public is imposed upon, it ought to make good the losses which have been inflicted through the dishonesty of its representatives. That is the very least that it should do. Our advice to our readers is, never to buy a tree of any man who does not represent a first-class nursery, and if you are uncertain as to the character of the nursery that he claims to represent, inquire of some one who does know. Having ascertained the respectability of the nursery, then be satisfied that the man is its representative, and if not satisfied otherwise, write to the nursery. Those directions, if followed, involve some trouble and the expense of postage, but it will pay to follow them.

Lastly, it is always better to buy of a reputable home nursery, if you have one. It is altogether likely that the varieties in such a nursery are the best adapted to the needs of your locality, and the seller is right at hand to make amends for any errors that may happen to be made. Of course it is possible that the very best intentions may miscarry—that mistakes will happen. None of us are perfect, and we will commit errors. If, therefore, our home nurseryman should commit an error, he is where he can be convinced of it, and where he can remedy it at once.—*Western Rural.*

Chinese Appreciation of an Oath.

Many amusing stories are told of the way in which Chinamen give evidence in Christian courts of justice. In England it is the custom to break a delicate china saucer over the head of the Chinese witness; and this is supposed to insure truth-telling. There was a Chinese witness in a trial which was recently held in San Francisco. The Judge, evidently not being quite satisfied that the witness understood the object of the form he had just gone through, asked him, as is usual in such cases, if he understood the nature of an oath. "Perfectly," replied the witness with the utmost confidence; "I know that if I tell a lie every one in the court will be damned." An equally amusing illustration of the ignorance of the Chinese in the matter of our judicial oath was furnished some time ago by the native usher in the Consular Court at Shanghai. He was observed to be making an anxious search for some missing object; and, on being questioned by the Judge, he stated that he was looking for the little book which is given to the witnesses to smell. And this man had been for eighteen years usher of the court.

—Walnut tree limbs, full of nuts in excellent condition, have been brought up by the dredgers from the bottom of Stonington (Conn.) harbor. It is thought the trees were blown into the harbor during the great September gale of 1814

About Corea.

The country is a peninsula, and with its outlying islands is about the size of Great Britain or the State of Minnesota. Its area is between 80,000 and 90,000 miles. In general shape and relation to the continent of Asia it resembles Florida. The Coreans, to make their country inhospitable and to discourage the foreigner, have desolated the seacoast and placed a wilderness sixty miles wide between themselves and China. To form this desolate space four cities and many villages were destroyed and left in ruins. Portions of this wilderness have been recently surveyed by Chinese and their settlements are scattered over it. The Coreans are unfortunate in their location. They are menaced by Mantchuria, which has been the spawning place of the hordes that have swept over Europe; by the Japanese, who hate this nation, so closely related to them in language, politics and social customs; and recently by Russia, which seeks to gain this point of vantage of on the Asian coast. The present dynasty of Corea has been on the throne nearly five hundred years. It is weak in power and the only thing which saves the country from absorption by her powerful neighbors is that balance of power which has so long been the salvation of Egypt and Turkey.

Corea bears a strong resemblance politically and socially to China. Filial devotion is the great virtue and this is carried to greater lengths than in the Celestial Empire. "In Corea not to avenge one's father is to be disowned, to prove that one is illegitimate and has no right to bear the family name; it is to violate, in its fundamental point, the national religion, which is the worship of ancestors. If the father has been exiled his enemy's exile must be secured." Rival factions get up stories of conspiracies against the King and secure the overthrow of their enemies on false accusations. Feudalism remains in many parts of the kingdom, although slavery is decreasing. On the large estates in the interior many serfs are still held, but their life is easy and they have many advantages over the poor villagers who are free. The master has the power of life and death, but he seldom exercises it and an act of injustice to a serf is generally brought to the attention of a magistrate. One of the worst forms of serfdom is that known as Government slavery. The wife and children of a great criminal, when he is condemned, become the slaves of the Judge. This ownership is a form, for their servitude is more galling than service to a hard master, for they are made the drudges of the various departments of Court, and they are abused by all the petty officials and servants. They are held in great contempt, and for an innocent woman such a fate is worse than death.

Corea is ruled by a King and three Chong, or high Ministers. The chief of these Ministers rules in case of the minority or inability of the sovereign. Under the Prime Ministers are the six Ministers or boards of government which form the Supreme Council. All the details of government are copied closely after the model in Pekin. Each of the eight provinces is under the direction of a Governor. It is an amiable fiction among the Coreans that they have an enlightened civil service, for theoretically any male Corean who is able to pass the Government examinations is eligible to office. His diploma is of no value, however, as he can't get an office of any importance without money or friends. The sumptuary laws are very strict, and etiquette makes life one long series of genuflexions. What may be worn and sat upon is dictated by law. Nobles only can wear silk or sit in chairs. Magistrates keep up their dignity by ordering the bastinado applied to all those on the highway who fail to pay them deference. A horseman is expected to slide off his beast; if he refuses he is beaten or maimed. They have a transportation monopoly in Corea. It consists of a guild of porters, largely made up of muscular women. These porters are outside the jurisdiction of the local government, and when they are insulted or receive too low wages they strike, and the transportation service of the kingdom is paralyzed.—*From the "Mikado Empire."*

Projected Canals in the Old World.

The constantly increasing use of steam to the supersession of sailing ships, renders canals of more practical importance than formerly. A sailing ship, unaided by a fair wind, would naturally make very slow progress along a narrow cut of water, whereas a steamer—on account of the smoothness of the surface—shows to better advantage there than on the sea. Hence we have ambitious projects of ship canals in various quarters. France desires to Hollandize herself by cutting a broad deep dike from Bordeaux to the Mediterranean; Germany proposes a waterway from the Baltic to the North Sea, across Holstein, thus rendering herself independent of a possible Danish blockade of the sound; Manchester plans to become a seaport, to bring the briny ocean close to Market Street, and leave her old rival, Liverpool, stuck in the mud. This latter project is to be achieved either by a canal from the Mersey, or, better still, by utilizing the neglected estuary of the Dee. And if Manchester succeeds in her scheme, why not extend the canal on to Birmingham and thence to London? Before many years we may see one of the monsters of the deep which are owned by the Cunard Company or the P. and O. steaming through the green meadows of Warwickshire.—*London Graphic.*

A Singular Fatality.

Early in the present year a man named Lansard fell down the precipice of Bellavardaz, on the road between Giettaz and Flumet in the Alps of Upper Savoy. On October 4 a Turin merchant by the name of Bibollot, while traveling the same road with two school teachers from Clusaz, stopped to examine the wooden cross, which had been erected at the scene of the accident in accordance with the local custom. "I cannot understand what Lansard was doing to lose his footing here," said M. Bibollot, "and still less how he should have been killed." He had scarcely uttered the words when he lost his balance and fell headlong down the precipice. His companions, descending into the gorge by a footpath, found their friend frightfully mangled, and half an hour later he died.

For Young Readers.

BE TRUE TO YOUR BOYHOOD.

In the days of my youth, I remember,
A lad the mower sang me this rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
And he said: "Whate'er be thy profession,
Whatever thy hands may employ,
Start out with life's foremost procession,
And be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the tall grass to the rune—
"The aftermath of the Septembey
Is not the sweet clover of June."

And once when the autumn was stalling
I met the old mower again,
The thin swaths of the aftermath piling
Where the round rows of clover had lain.
"'Tis the tow feud the world, not the toiler;
'Tis the few that life's blessings enjoy;
And your chance is as good as is any;
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Let the weak and the aimless have leisure,
But count it not in thy plan:
In life's purpose and struggle find pleasure
That is worthy the heart of a man,
And hold as the wiles of the tempter
Whatever thy efforts debars—
The lamps of the gay ballard palace
Are not the bright lamps of the stars."
And me whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"In the old time were wreckers in Cornwall:
And false lights they set on the coast,
And the sailors beheld the bright beacons
And steered for the reefs, and were lost.
And sin like a fair lamp is gleaming
In secret thy soul to destroy:
False lights are its profitless pleasures;
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Then early be active and earnest;
The youth that is chary of toil
Is like the unprofitable sower
That spares the full seed to the soil.
And remember the great hopes of Heaven
Were meant for the young to enjoy.
And they only have harvests immortal
Who are true to their boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in Christian Union.*

DICK'S ESCAPE.

Dick Smith's home was in the West, and as the incident I am about to relate happened a good many years ago, he must have been then only thirteen or fourteen years old. He was a brave, hearty lad, full of enthusiasm and love of adventure, but especially abounding with ingenuity, and always doing something new and curious. Thus he has been known all his life as an "inventor," and still shows the same quality.

He lived on the bank of a river, and being fond of the water, became an expert swimmer and oarsman. Although he had no gun, yet with cunning traps and many original devices he caught considerable game, some for its fur, and some for its meat. It is about one of his boyish inventions that I am going to tell you.

At certain seasons of the year great flocks of ducks came into the river, and staid many days eating the Indian rice (*Zizania aquatica*) that grew in the shallow water. But as Dick's father had no shot-gun or any convenient way of capturing them, the ducks came and went unmolested.

At length ingenious Dick set to work to contrive some method of catching them. He obtained a section of thin bark from some tree, and arranged so that it would just slip over his head and rest on his shoulders, like the crown of a large old-fashioned hat, the top of it reaching several inches above his scalp.

In this he cut holes for his eyes and mouth, so that he could see and breathe. He also fastened leaves and vines on the top and around it to partly conceal it.

When this was done, he put it on and started for the ducks. Reaching a thicket on the river's brink near the game, he laid aside his clothes and took to the water. He had often been in the river where the rice grew, and knew just what difficulties he would have to overcome in swimming and wading. Out he went, and as he came near the ducks he moved very slowly and cautiously so as not to alarm them.

Pretty soon he was in the midst of an immense flock, and although they were extremely wary and quite suspicious of the vine-covered bark, yet within a short time he succeeded in grasping quite a number by the legs, and jerking them under the water. When he had secured all he could fairly manage, he quietly made his way home. His catch proved most delicious eating, and was very acceptable to the family, as it came at a time in the year when no other meat was generally available. Frequently while the wild rice lasted did he repeat the operation, bringing home the fattest specimens that came to the river.

But one day as he sat beneath the bushes on the edge of the water about a quarter of a mile from home, examining some ducks just caught, his little dog by his side, suddenly a huge panther pounced down from the high bank above, and rushed for the dog. Away went the dog for dear life, and the panther after him. But Dick knew well enough that the dog, which was very fleet, would escape, and that the great cat would soon give up the race and come back for himself. But the lad had no notion of affording the panther a boy for dinner; and so, perfectly cool and brave, set to thinking how to escape. If he should run away, the animal would follow his track and soon overtake him, for he could not equal the dog in speed; if he should climb a tree, the creature could excel him in climbing; if he should wade or swim into the river and the panther should see him, she might follow and get him there. But Dick was not to be caught so easily; what worked so well in deceiving ducks might do even better with the panther. And so, instantly slipping on his "duck hat," as he called it, he waded rapidly into the water a few rods, and settled down so that he could just breathe and see, and turning around, watched the shore. Hardly had he reached this position when the panther pounced down as before from the high bank and began snuffing and looking for the boy. Failing to detect his whereabouts, she, pawed over the ducks Dick had left; and since she could not have dog or boy for dinner, she decided to take duck.

Dick felt quite certain that when his dog reached home in fright and excitement the attention of the family would be attracted, and his father would shoulder his rifle and start out to investigate the matter. And Dick was not mistaken. In a very few minutes he saw his father in the canoe swiftly paddling along the shore, peering sharply for his boy. But the spot occupied by the panther was around a little curve in the bank, where she would not see the man until he was close upon her.

Before Mr. Smith reached this place he saw the lad's "duck hat," and Dick contrived to lift one hand carefully above the water and point where the creature was dining.

The father understood the signal, and giving the canoe a strong pull, seized the gun, and prepared to fire the instant he saw anything to fire at. A moment more the rifle's sharp crack rang out, the panther sprang into the air, and fell back among the ducks, dead as they were.

Even yet Dick, now elderly "Mr. Richard Smith," delights in telling how he escaped in a "duck hat" from a panther.—*Harper's Young People.*

Two Little Lambs.

They were not really lambs. They were dressed alike in frocks and aprons and both had long curls. Such beautiful curls! One was Robbie and the other Bertie.

Robbie Lane lived in the city. He had come with his mamma to visit his cousin Bertie Collins, who lived in the country.

That morning the little boys had been to see the sheep sheared. Do you know how it was done?

The sheep were driven down to the brook, where the hired man took them into the water, one by one, and gave each a washing. Then, with a large pair of shears, he cut off the clean white wool.

Bertie and Robbie liked to watch the lambs capering about. When they went back to the house they played at being lambs. How they ran, and frisked, and cried "ba-a-a! ba-a-a!"

By and by Robbie said: "Let's we have a shearing." But Bertie shook his head. "Oh, no, we're only lambs."

"Never mind," urged Robbie; "our wool is long enough to cut." So he stole into the kitchen, and took a pair of scissors that Aunt Elsie had left on the table.

The cousins ran around to the back of the barn. They wet their heads in the big cattle trough; and then Robbie cut off all Bertie's beautiful yellow curls! Then it was Bertie's turn. He took the scissors, and snipped away at Robbie's hair. The last long brown curl was just falling to the ground, when the two mamma's came to call them to dinner.

"For pity's sake!" That was all Mamma Collins could say. The tears gathered in her eyes. She had felt so proud of those yellow curls!

Bertie looked up half frightened, as he explained: "We are two little lambs."

"Two little lambs! You look more like two little monkeys!" It was Mamma Lane who spoke. Then she couldn't help laughing, as she looked at the two funny heads; for you must know that Robbie and Bertie had never learned to cut nicely.

"Never mind, Elsie," she went on. "It can't be helped now; and to tell the truth, I think those boys have been made girls of quite long enough."

The next day they all went to town. The little lambs were first taken to a barber's shop, and then to a clothing store, and before they returned had been changed into real boys in pants and jackets.—*Our Little Ones.*

The Old Families of New England.

Some twenty years ago we used to hear a great deal about "mudsills" and "F. F. V.'s"—slang terms implying that the people of Virginia, or of the Southern States in general, were of more aristocratic origin than the people of New England, and were accordingly entitled to look down upon them. "We are the gentlemen of this country," said Robert Toombs in 1850. The assumption was thoroughly baseless. In point of fact the English ancestors of the Washingtons, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes and the Talbots were no higher in social position than the families of the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Eatons and the Saltonstalls. The foremost families which came to England were of precisely the same rank with the foremost families which came to Virginia, and in many instances there was relationship between the former and the latter. So far as mere names go, this is well illustrated in Bishop Meade's list of old Virginia families, in which occur such names as Allen, Baldwin, Bradley, Bowdoin, Carrington, Cooper, Dabney, Davenport, Farley, Gibbon, Holmes, Hubbard, Lee, Morton, Meade, Nelson, Newton, Parker, Russell, Selden, Spencer, Talbot, Tyler, Vaughan, Walton, Ward, Wilcox and Wythe—every one of which is a name of frequent occurrence in New England. Two-thirds of the names in Bishop Meade's list occur also in Savage's *Dictionary of the Settlers of New England.* Most of the leaders of the Massachusetts colonists were country gentlemen of good fortune; several of them were either related or connected by marriage with the nobility; the greater part of them had taken degrees at Cambridge, and accordingly one of the first things that naturally occurred to them was to found a new Cambridge in the New World. If they had remained in England, many of them would have gone into Parliament with Hampden and Cromwell and would have risen to distinction under the Commonwealth. —*John Fiske, in Harper's Magazine.*

Coal in China.

The geological investigations made by Baron von Richth fen in China show the existence of vast coal districts in the west and northwest. The whole surface of northern China is covered by rich yellow earth, to a depth of 1,000 and 2,000 feet, which overlies all the coal fields; and the great plain of China is bordered on the west by a vast limestone wall, 2,000 to 3,000 feet high, on the top of which extends a plateau of coal in a superior state of preservation, owing to its capping of hard limestone, which has resisted denudation. There are here 30,000 square miles of coal-bearing ground of the best quality, in which the coal beds lie perfectly horizontal, thirty feet thick, for a length of 200 miles. According to this authority, those coal beds were deposited primarily around mountains of metamorphic and primary rocks, which then constituted the land, and have lain horizontally and undisturbed ever since.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Improve the first leisure time in cleaning, oiling, mending and repainting farm implements and machinery, so that it may be stored for the winter in good condition.

—It will be interesting to lovers of chocolate to know that the manufacture of chocolate cakes out of peanuts alone, without a particle of cocoa, is an immense and profitable industry in the Northern States.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Push fattening hogs forward as rapidly as possible. Keep them warm and cleanly. Charcoal broken fine and mixed with the cooked feed, is an excellent regulator and tonic, aiding digestion and promoting fattening to such an extent that it is hard to believe it does not serve as food.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Aphis, or Green Fly: "This is one of the most troublesome enemies of pot-grown plants. It is most easily destroyed by syringing the plants twice a week with a tea made from tobacco, moving them up and down until the insects are thoroughly washed off. This will also destroy other insect pests."—*Fruit Recorder.*

—A good way to save and use small slices of cold meat is to chop them fine, add some bread crumbs, salt, and pepper; moisten with milk, or with gravy, or stock. Make this into flat-cakes, dip them in egg, and fry them until brown; or put the meat in a pudding-dish or basin, press it for two or three hours, and slice it for tea.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A horse's head ought to be as free as his feet, except that the head must be used as the guiding part. It would be just as sensible to tie and brace up his tail when he is to be backed as to fasten the head when he is going forward. A horse of any spirit always holds his head where it ought to be when he is in motion.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The strangest thing we ever saw in the way of a potato vine is one which was grown by Mr. Jeff. Butler. It is five and a half feet high, and has potatoes of a pretty good size on many of the branches. Some of the branches were above the ground and had no chance of taking root.—*Fulton (Ky.) Fultonian.*

—A buckwheat shortcake may be a forerunner of those other cakes which are found on most breakfast tables after the first of December. To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it in the milk; half a teaspoonful of salt is required, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve while warm.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The report of the Ohio State Horticultural Society quotes an experiment in pinching back the main shoots of squashes and melons. One squash plant sent out a single stem reaching over forty feet, but did not bear any fruit. Another was pinched back, producing many side-shoots within eight feet, and it bore sixteen squashes. A musk-melon plant, kept thus within bounds, had twenty-three melons. The narrator estimates the gain by pinching to amount to one hundred barrels on an acre. The cases mentioned, if correctly reported, were obviously extreme ones, but the experiment is well worth repeating.

How To Tether a Horse.

An owner of a horse often wishes to graze his horse for a while on some grass plat where he does not wish him to run at large, and fears to tie him for fear of accident. A horse may be safely tethered so that fear of accident may not prevent his being left to himself for reasonable time, as I well know from experience. A horse should not be tethered with a rope or other fastening about his head or neck, and tied to a stake or other fastening so that the tether will drag the ground. Few horses will fail of getting their feet entangled in some way and getting cast or badly injured. Often if tied by one of the fore legs, about the fetlock, the case is little or no better, as if the rope gets caught under the fetlock of the hind foot the rope will chafe or rub off the skin of pastern, or otherwise injure the horse. Such injury of the pastern is very apt to cause an ugly sore, hard to heal even if it does not lead to grease or scratches.

The only way I have ever tried and felt as if safe, was to fasten the horse by one of his hind legs above the pastern point. I have a leather strap two or three inches wide to buckle around the leg to which the rope or chain, with swivel joint, is fastened, the other end being made fast to a pin or stake with a heal, so that a ring at the end of the tethering line will not slip over, but be free to turn as the horse may go around in feeding. I have never known a horse thus fastened to get into any trouble, and have known them to be thus left over night, after becoming accustomed to being tethered. For tethering any animal I prefer a light tethering chain to a rope, as a chain never becomes knotted or kinked from being wet, as does a rope. Even when wound around the foot or leg it drops off easily in moving, never clinging and drawing tight as does the rope. I have often seen an ox, when fastened by the head, get the chain around one hind foot and then raise the foot with a shake, the chain falling off, and even the mere stepping along was enough.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Development of Hearing.

With regard to the sense of hearing, it is first remarked that all children for some time after birth are completely deaf, and it was not until the middle of the fourth day that Prof. Preyer obtained any evidence of hearing in his child. This child first turned his head in the direction of a sound in the eleventh week, and this movement in the sixteenth week had become as rapid and certain as a reflex. At eight months or a year before its first attempts at speaking, the infant distinguished between a tone and a noise, as shown by its pleasure on hearing the sounds of a piano; after the first year the child found satisfaction in itself striking the piano. In the twenty-first month it danced to music, and in the twenty-fourth month it imitated songs; but it is stated on the authority of other observers, that some children have been able to sing pitch correctly, and even a melody, as early as nine months. One such child used to sing in its sleep, and at nineteen months could beat time correctly with its hand while singing an air. —*London Nature.*

—Why is it that deaf men show such a persistent fondness for walking on railroad tracks?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Its Star Still Ascending.

In a recent call upon Mr. W. H. McAllister, 366 Front st eet, general agent for the sale of the Star Chewing Tobacco, he thus spoke to one of our reporters: "I was tortured with pain from acute rheumatism, and cared not whether I lived or died. I tried St. Jacobs Oil—just two applications of which entirely cured me."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call.*

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian who has been dead these many years that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business. "Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire. "Occasionally." "Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year again presented himself. "Do you smoke?" asked the great man. "Yes, now and then." "Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me." The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and after worrying through another twelve months once more faced the philanthropist. "Do you chew?" "Yes." "Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me." But the young man never called again. When some one asked why he didn't make one more effort he replied: "Didn't I know what he was driving at? He'd have told me that as I had stopped chewing, drinking and smoking, I must have saved enough money to start myself."—*Wall Street News.*

Ex-Sanitary Com. Rufus K. Hibbman, of New Orleans, was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, so we see by an item in the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun.*

An ancient maiden lady in passing the Continental hotel was suddenly stopped and tenderly embraced by a young man who called her Mrs. Blank. It was soon explained that the man had mistaken her for a relative, and the spinster passed on satisfied. While telling the incident a friend exclaimed, sympathizingly: "Dear me, how embarrassing!" "Not at all," was the unexpected reply, "I found it very refreshing!"—*Philadelphia Progress.*

Worthless Stuff.

Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See another column. —*Philadelphia Press.*

The worst kind of forgery is false notes by a stuger.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

A good roof and a fast man are somewhat alike: both in-slate.—*The Judge.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

Vivisection extraordinary: Cutting one's friends.—*The Judge.*

☞ Don't wear dingy or faded things when the ten-cent Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect.

Anything but a pleasant trip: Falling over a sidewalk obstruction.

The Doctor's Endorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional endorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I have also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

To save a dollar is the easiest thing in the world—don't spend it.

We have received the following note from one of our most reliable advertisers and believe that if our readers will send for the book that they will not regret it.—*Sun.*

Mr. Editor:—Any of your readers who will send to me on a postal card their full address, will receive in return a copy of our valuable, useful, witty, illustrative book which I have just issued. I recollect that it costs only *one cent* for the postal card bearing name and address. Absolutely no other charge or expense. Send at once. Respectfully yours,

J. R. Mounts, Lancaster, Pa.

It ought to be a cold day when summer gets left.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotic drugs, finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended. *No cure was ever wrought by such means* and the longer they are employed the more hopeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belladonna alone and use Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A public vendue is a sale of a man's goods because he didn't pay his bills ven due.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Patrons looking for Holiday Goods will do well to send for David C. Cook's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the field this year with a larger stock than ever, and from his prices we should judge the bottom had fallen clear out before he purchased. See adv. other column.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Allays indications of consumption. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Use Wise's Axle Grease for inflammatory sores on stock.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Use Wise's Axle Grease on cracked hands.

When his hairdresser got into financial difficulty, Fogg said it was a case of dyer distress.

☞"No eye like the master's eye." Had Æsop lived in our day he might well have added: "No popular curative like Kidney-Wort." All eyes are beginning to turn to it for relief from diseases of the liver, bowels and kidneys. Kidney-Wort is nature's remedy for them all. Those that cannot prepare the dry can now procure it in liquid form of any druggist.

The warning sign at a railway crossing is one of the many a track shuns of the country.

Mrs. Smith Says:—Makes the skin soft, white and smooth. Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Elegantly put up.

Periodical Headaches fly before Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. Druggists.

Hair and Scalp diseases thoroughly cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure.

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New method of making tooth-powder: Grind your teeth.—*The Judge.*

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of the Youths' Companion will be published once in this paper, next week. Nearly 300,000 families take the Companion. Subscribe now and get the elegant Christmas double number with colored picture free.

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An exchange speaks of "A Disappeared Rifle." It must have gone off.

Wise's Axle Grease will not freeze.

AN ERRONEOUS BELIEF.

How a Mistaken Theory Nearly Cost a Well-Known Minister His Life.

Chicago Standard.

The following remarkable statement, made by a well-known Baptist clergyman, bodies the unusual matter of value it contains, will be found most readable and interesting:

Messrs. Editors: I have always believed most firmly in the brotherhood of men, and that every human being is in duty bound to assist his fellow man to the fullest extent of his power. The relation, therefore, of my personal experience will, I trust, prove of benefit to many thousands in this land.

My earlier years were full of health and pleasure. After the completion of my educational studies I undertook the profession of teaching, and under the severe strain to which I was subjected I gradually became reduced so that the least exposure or excitement would bring on sick headache, biliousness and general prostration. I gave up teaching and began to prepare for the ministry, and although I studied hard my health seemed to grow no worse. Finally I commenced preaching, and then my old physical troubles returned. The slightest amount of certain kinds of food distressed me and brought on heavy dullness, dizziness and often great depression of mind. A change of room, atmosphere or clothing was almost certain to cause a cold, accompanied by most painful suffering. I attributed all this to the severe work I was obliged to do in the ministry, and so did not attempt to remove it. I next began to grow nervous and noticed that my feet were cold, while my left side and back frequently pained me. I felt a drowsy or sleepy sensation after eating, while a little exercise caused me to lose my appetite entirely. At times my spirits would be light and I would feel as if I might live to a good old age, when possibly in less than an hour my head would reel, my body ache and I would be overcome with a deathly sickness. After such an attack a cold sweat would break out upon me and this would be followed by complete prostration. It would be impossible to describe the suffering I endured at these times, and yet I attribute it all to overwork and not to any special trouble or disease.

It was more than a year from the time the attacks first began that I consulted a physician. He examined me and declared that my lungs were affected and that I was on the road to consumption. I derided this idea and so called upon another doctor. But he told me the same thing, as did also the other medical men whom I consulted. I dead, they all informed me that unless I went to Colorado, Dakota or the sea coast there was little hope. However, I did not change climate, but tried to continue my work as best I could. A year ago last May and in the November and December following I had three severe attacks of what the doctors said was lung fever or pneumonia. I recovered from these by the most faithful nursing, but I felt all the time as I know now that my troubles did not originate in my lungs, but in some other organs of the body. It is true, I felt severe pains in my lungs and I expectorated a great deal. I was extremely sensitive to cold, and the least draft or change of apparel tended to bring on a cold. My breathing was often most difficult and it frequently seemed that with all my exertions I could not get enough air into my lungs to satisfy them or keep my blood pure. As I am large in stature, weighing over 200 pounds, and being in the prime of my usefulness, you can imagine how I shrunk from the inevitable fate which seemed to stare me in the face.

One Sunday evening last February, upon coming down from my pulpit, almost prostrated and feeling that possibly it would be the last time I should ever enter it again, a member of my church approached me and said: "Brother Humphrey, I know just what you need to restore you to health. I have been troubled just as you are and I am perfectly well now." I thanked him for his suggestions, but shook my head sadly, for I felt that there was little hope for me. However, after I returned home I began to reflect upon the subject, and finally sent my son to procure some of the medicine which had been highly recommended. If faith were an element necessary to the success of a medicine, it certainly was lacking in this case, for I was really hopeless. Greatly to my surprise, however, I began to feel much better, and the following Sunday I was able to preach with comparative ease. I continued to grow better as I continued to use the medicine, for it seemed to reach and strengthen the trouble. I can preach, sing and work without exhaustion, and to-day I am a well man, sleep soundly, eat heartily, feel no lung troubles, and I believe I owe my life and health wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which I consider a benefaction to suffering humanity.

It is only natural that after my recovery I should feel enthusiastic over the remedy which had restored me and also observe its effects upon others. As a result, I am forced to the conclusion that very much sickness which is supposed to originate in the lungs, arises wholly from disordered kidneys and liver. I believe thousands of people are suffering to-day and looking forward, as I was, to a consumptive's grave, when their lungs are wholly sound and they might be restored to perfect health by the same means that I employed. Believing these truths and realizing their importance to the world, I come out thus openly, and say that I believe, under God, this remedy is a public benefaction, and I would most cordially and earnestly commend it to the world as a blessing to humanity.

(Rev.) B. F. Humphrey,
Pastor Baptist Church.

Amboy, Ill., July 24, 1882.

With so much oleomargarine about, it is difficult to keep from getting fat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

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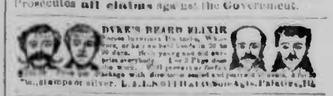

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

at your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

Paillard's
MUSIC
BOXES

ARE THE BEST.

They are the only ones that are sold by first-class dealers the world over. Send 25 cents for circular. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 Broadway, New York City.

FITS A Leading London physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.
From Am. Journal of Medicine.
Dr. Ab. Meserole, late of London, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has effected double the real cures in one year than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of several years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. Ab. Meserole, No. 96 John St., New York.

Sawing Made Easy.

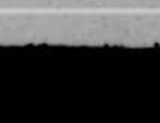

The New Improved
MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW
is the *cheapest* and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy*. *Split on feed trait.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing prices and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE.
History of every administration. Over 20 steel portraits of the Ladies $3.50. Agents Wanted for both of these best selling Holiday Books. FORSHER & MARTIN, Cincinnati, O.

ALL AGENTS (NEW OR OLD) can Make $60 to $300 selling Household Articles. Per Month with handsome outfit. Indispensable in every family. Write Quick for proof of this. Just the thing for FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS to handle during Winter months. Circulars and full information free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., 344 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest. For Descriptive Circular and Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

A. N. K. N. Co Clev'd 902

When writing to advertisers please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Salt River Expedition.

The Republicans of Gettysburg joined an excursion trip up Salt River last week, The *Star and Sentinel* of that city, in giving an amusing sketch of the embarkation, says:

"Owing to the pressing demands on the part of Republicans for an excursion up 'Salt River,' so long in possession of the Democracy, the latter were finally persuaded to vacate the premises for one year only, in order to allow Republicans an opportunity of spending the winter of 1882-'3 in those famous regions."

The following guide book was issued to the travelers:

"The guide book of some twenty years ago represent this resort as a place of considerable attractions, but persons who have been there recently, describe things as in a state of great dilapidation, and sadly in need of repairs. It is said that at one time a number of exceedingly fatal maladies were prevalent in that region, such as 'reconstruction,' 'soft moneyism,' 'free tradeism,' &c., &c.

The hotel accomodations have heretofore been ample, but may be a little crowded this season. The first hotel that appears, just at the bend in the river, is "Hotel Breckenridge," built in '60 but now entirely played out and little visited. Its bar was its only attraction and "fire-eating" the principal occupation of its guests. A little father up may be seen "Hotel McClellan," erected during the war. Shaded by a few palmetto trees near the edge of the steam, but "within constitutional limits" stands the "Seymour House," well known for its famous Southern patronage, but dealing too largely in the "soft shells," its financial standing became impaired. It was obliged to shut down in '68 and has since been without any regular management. Close to the Seymour stands "The what I know about farming House." It had but little patronage and in '72 was Grant(ed) to other parties, and all that remains of its former owner is a few old clothes and a white hat.

"Grammercy Park" next greets the pilgrim's eye, and stands ahead of all others in attractiveness. The Hotel is built of "Greystone" and internally looks rather pleasing, but is sadly in need of thorough repairing. The manager is old and has been reported dying for some time. It is thought it will pay Republicans to give this place a thorough overhauling, as the proprietor is reported as having bid away a large amount of internal revenue tax, which, if found, could be delivered over to the U. S. Government next year upon the return trip. At the extreme end of the river stands the "Hancock House." It is a plain building, well kept by its gentlemanly proprietor. It is run on the best principles, however. The proprietor is too easy going and apt to be influenced by others. The last suspicious stranger who stopped there, was a fellow called "Tariff," from the East, with whom the proprietor was not familiar, but of whom he has since learned somewhat.

Just back of this house, on a rising plateau, is an attractive out-look called "Rock top," owned by a life-long, stiff-backed Democratic manager, who for years has viewed every approaching craft, as it sailed up the river, with a "cautious and suspicious eye." It is armed with an iron cannon cast several hundred years ago, with a piece bursted off the end. It is not dangerous, but doubtless will be fired before the descent down the river. Possibly the "lookout" may be removed, as it is private property; but as the accommodations are meagre it would be fair thing to let it stand. You know "what's fair, is fair."

The management think it desirable that all excursionists should provide themselves with a rubber suit, clean towels, brushes, (as all found above must be burned,) a change of linen, a patent bug exterminator, (can be had at Huber's or Buehler's) and fill all vacant places with bug dust, as no human understanding can approximate the quantity needed.

The accommodations will be ample for the trip made as pleasant as possible. Music, dancing and singing will be part of the entertainment, but no whiskey will be allowed on the premises. Those desiring the beverage in any quantity from [illegible] cream.

[illegible] of the Dead.

bodies at once into the earth, so that the component parts would assimilate naturally with the soil to which it belongs. Cemeteries and graveyards violate the intention of nature as much as did the burial customs of the Egyptians.

LITTLE FOLK'S DICTIONARY.—A writer in the School-day Magazine has gathered together the following dictionary words as defined by certain small people here and there:

Back biter—A flea.

Bed-time—Shut-eye time.

Dust—Mud, with the juice all squeezed out.

Fan—A thing to brush warm off with.

Fins—A fish's wings.

Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.

Monkey—A very little boy with a tail.

Nest-egg—The egg that the old hen measures by to make new ones.

Pig—A hog's little boy.

Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.

Snoring—Letting off sleep.

Stars—The moon's eggs.

Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING

INTELLIGENCER,

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead.
As a Political Journal unsurpassed.
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite.
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate.
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

In the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news no newspaper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without catering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but treading all questions and all men with fairness and manly independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, 1 year $1 50
Club of 5 and extra copy to getter up of Club 5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club 10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year 20 00
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The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy—one year $3 00
Two copies—one year 5 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 21st of May:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.35 P. M.
No. 3	11.31 P. M.
No. 5	7.43 A. M.
No.	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.50 A. M.
No. 6	9.11 A. M.
No. 8	6.03 A. M.
No. 10	5.55 P. M.
Way	10.10 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 t.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport
[illegible]. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

OAKTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set [illegible] inserted in the [illegible] tion, or money refunded. je21-yl

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a reasonable price my tract of land called PEA PATCH, containing 245 acres lying adjoining the lands of William Broadwaters, in the Backwoods settlement of this county. Will sell as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN B. BRANT,
122 1 m* Glades Hotel, Oakland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all person indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.
SAMUEL LAWTON, JR.,
11 25 6t Manager.

FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a valuable farm of one hundred acres, on the Oakland and West Union road, four miles from Oakland, improved by log dwelling house, barn and other outbuilding; also a young apple orchard now bearing. Will be sold on easy terms.

For particulars inquire on the premises.
15 6 yr. HENRY KILLIUS.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, situated four miles south of Oakland, on the West Union road. The farm contains 300 acres in a good state of cultivation and all under fence. The improvements consist of a good frame house and a new frame barn 45 by 81, and other out buildings; also a fine orchard of choice fruit. Price low and terms easy. For particulars inquire at this office or on the premises.

5 27 tf D. J. SLABACH.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 184 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge it tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

Sang Run Heard From!

and the news is that

SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Groceries,

Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &c.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,
6 17 1y Mellenry, Md.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Gullfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten, "or the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a cymoid. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—verifying to Mr. Gullfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. For rheumatism, dyspepsia and all its consequences, Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. if

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS!

We are just receiving at the

NEW YORK BRANCH,

a full line of

FALL & WINTER

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

It is needless to say that we offer you these goods at low figures, as it is well known and acknowledged that we sell goods lower than any other house in Western Maryland. Some may ask how we can do it. Easily enough:

1st. We buy direct from the manufacturer and from the auction rooms, and can save you the middle man's profit every time.

2d. We sell strictly for cash and make no allowance for bad debts. When Smith or Brown runs off he never owes us anything, consequently we don't have to add anything to our prices to make up for bad debts.

Lastly, our "talisman" is

"SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

We live and let live. We never bleed a man to death because his blood runs free.

While in NEW YORK city we came across a large shoe house closing out business because of the death of the senior partner. We saw a chance for a big drive and pitched in, and as a consequence, we can now offer you the

Cheapest Line of Women's and Children's Shoes ever offered in this Market,

really very little more than wholesale prices. They are not shoddy goods, such as every where glut the market, but real genuine first-class goods, that will always give the wearer satisfaction. We have also a great many goods usually kept only in large stores in the cities, such as

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS!

so that there is no need any longer of sending away from home for such things. We have also

LADIES COATS AND DOLMANS,

at prices ranging from $3 up to $15; 100 Ladies and Misses' Hoods, from 25c up to $2, worth a good deal more money; 200 pairs Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, at prices to suit the purchasers; 50 dozen Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear, at 25, 30, 40, 45c and up. Also a full line of

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH,

and thousands of yards of calico, cottons and ginghams, at 5, 6 and 7c per yard.

New York Branch,

OAKLAND, MD.

Principal offices Piedmont, W. Va., and 311 Broadway, New York City.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spicker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: one fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange any unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"*Fair Dealing*" "*Our Standard*,"
"*One Price*" "*Our Anchor*,"
"*Permanent Popularity*" "*Our Goal*,"

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the said land is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

11 18 4 P. HAMILL,
Real estate agent.

Estate of Solomon Turney, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

SOLOMON TURNEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hand this 18th day of November, 1882.

JEMIMA TURNEY,
11 18 3 Administratrix.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice.

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1 tfd

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowen Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down or hauling away timber, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for forcibly carrying away goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

E. S. [illegible] ORGAN

J. ESTEY & CO. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

is unquestionably the Best Organ [illegible] and you can get one on [illegible] days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save freight and express don't take any. Fifty of these organs are made and sold every day.

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt., Vt.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 2 3t Manager.

PATENTS.

Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $4 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when the application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25), and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination by me. **Design Patents** and the **Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-issues** secured. **Caveats** prepared and filed. Applications to revive or **Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases** made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

GEORGE E. LEMON,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,

615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mention this paper.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

17 21 DAVID LITTLE.

DR. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Office next door to Offutt's store. v9n7.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Office in the Court House.
July 5-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. le14-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and investigate land titles. apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v9n17.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

Office on Alder Street. 9 30 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v7n48

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies 20 miles from Cumberland, and 5 miles distant from the mouth of Savage river, a branch of the Potomac river, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN
Nov. 20 1882. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

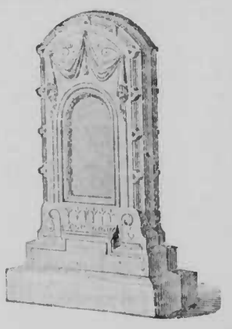

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For serenity, durability and color, White Bronze Cemetery Memorials is the finest material known for Monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent.
6 17 1f Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and directed to me as Sheriff, at the suit of Jacob P. Gamer, plaintiff, vs. J. McClure Mason, defendant, the same being No. [illegible] Judgments for September Term, 1882, on the docket of said Court, I did seize and take in execution all the following described pieces, parcels and tracts of land lying and being in said Garrett county, to-wit:

Military Lots No. 1136 and 1652.

The property of the said J. McClure Mason, and containing one hundred acres of land more or less. Said Lot No. 1652 is the same land that was conveyed to the said J. McClure Mason by Robert Swan by deed bearing date February 3d, 1882, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. [illegible], fol. 402, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Md. The said land lies about six miles South of the town of Oakland, is in a fine state of cultivation and improved by a good dwelling house, barn and other out buildings.

And I hereby give notice that on the

12th day of December, 1882,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. in front of Goddington's Hotel in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale to the highest bonafide bidder for cash, the above described property to satisfy the judgment and costs in the above cause.

THOMAS CODDINGTON,
11 18 4 Late Sheriff.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 td G. A. SHIRER.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882. NUMBER 42.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have connected with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ nine but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 6m.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE AT

GARTHRIGHT'S STORE,

—FOR—

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

As I am in need of funds to carry on the work of building a store and other buildings at Mountain Lake Park,

I am offering some splendid bargains in a large and well selected stock of

OVERCOATS,

—AND—

SUITS FOR MEN & BOYS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND GUM BOOTS.

All of the different makes of Plows to be sold at COST.

All who know themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come and pay up old accounts and make new ones if they wish, BUT ON SHORT TIME, in order to help me along in building.

☞ Come and examine before you buy elsewhere, and tell your friends who do not take a paper.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Mineral Springs, Md.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out-buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

JAMES G. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, garden and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

MUNN & Co. PATENTS

ESTABLISHED 1846 NEW YORK

Wo continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published **WEEKLY** at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sang Run Heard From!

and the news is that

SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Groceries,

Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &C.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

☞ Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,

6 17 1y McHenry, Md.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a reasonable price my tract of land called PEA PATCH, containing 65 acres lying adjoining the lands of William Broadwaters, in the Backwoods settlement of this county. Will sell as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN B. BRANT,

12 2 1m* Glades Hotel, Oakland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all persons indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.

SAMUEL LAWTON, JR., Manager.

11 25 6t

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 250 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," said Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are lace verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia and all its consequences, Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney Troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore. Nov. 28, 1881.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

JOS. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

PE-RU-NA

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Tariff Reform--a Strong Report.

The Tariff Commission has surprised both friends and foes. An evasive and fraudulent report, proposing no material change except in methods, has been constantly and confidently predicted by its foes. Even its friends have hardly expected that its plan would prove strong, wise and enough to form the safest basis of action for a National party. But the report is a brave and honest effort to do just what the needs and interests of the country demand. Inasmuch as no party can hope to succeed unless it does or honestly tries to do this, the report is wise for the Republican party as well as wise for the country. If it be adopted by the Republicans, they will stand amply vindicated on this issue whether Democratic partisanship defeats action or not, and if enacted into law it will greatly promote the public prosperity. Yet the action of the Commission has been so just, so free from partisanship or sectional or personal prejudice, and so manifestly designed to promote the best interests of the country, that its report is unanimous as to essentials, four members dissenting only as the retention of duplicate duties on woollens, and party distinctions being obviously and absolutely ignored in the decision of its members. What seems best for the whole country, to such a Commission acting in this spirit, is likely to be the thing which on the whole ought to be done, and members of Congress may well remember, at that juncture, that "he serves his party best who serves his country best."

The Commission proposes a substantial reduction of 20 to 25 per cent in the duties. But it proposes no childish "horizontal" evasion of responsibility; where duties seem needful they are retained, and in a few cases, for reasons given, slightly increased. The Commission recognizes that excessive duties tend to bring the American system into discredit, to endanger its stability, and to render industrial enterprises uncertain, and unnecessarily risky and costly. The present tariff, created in time of war, was needed to build and develop industries; the Commission recognizes the fact that a different range of duties is needed in time of peace, when industries have been grandly built and developed. It notes also the improvements in machinery and processes, and the great changes in prices within the past twenty years, as reasons for modification. The effort has been to make the chief reductions on articles of necessary or general use, and to retain higher duties on articles the use of which is limited and optional, and which partake of the character of luxuries. While proposing important reductions, the Commission offers a powerful argument for the protective system, and a great body of statistics and evidence showing its beneficent effects. The effort of the Commission throughout has been to preserve and guard the helpful influences of the system, while modifying its operation.

Fourteen schedules are proposed for dutiable articles, and the classification in itself will make an improvement of great importance in the practical working of the tariff. In eight of these schedules there are important changes; in the others the old duties are mainly retained. In Schedule A, embracing chemicals, there is an average reduction of 25 to 30 per cent., but the most important changes are the removal of duty on crude materials, the reduction of 10 per cent on products advanced one stage in manufacture, and the simplification of provisions in order to avoid the numberless protests and suits which arise from defective classification. Schedule B embraces earthern and glass ware. Addition of duties on cost of inland transportation, freight charges and commissions, it is held, will practically lower the rate on decorated china, porcelain and Parian ware as much that an increase of 15 per cent in duty is recommended as necessary. Duties on painted and colored glass are also raised, as the manufacture here is young and the products are substantially luxuries, but most articles of this class retain the present duty.

Schedule C, metals, is of all the most important, and the changes proposed are vital. The old law, it is boldly and truly stated has been outgrown; new articles and processes have made its provisions useless or harmful in many cases, and the work of classification peculiarly difficult. The aim has been to stop the trouble between the Government and importers by putting iron and steel on the same footing so far as possible, by simplifying divisions, and by abolishing compound duties. The reduction proposed on ore and pig-iron is not large; the duty on Bessemer rails, now $28, it is proposed to make eight-tenths of a cent per pound, or $17.92. The Commission reasons, as *The Tribune* has reasoned, that it would have been better for the manufacturers if the duty had been reduced earlier, for that would have prevented the rapid doubling of the capacity of works, and the violent fluctuations in price between $40 and $80 per ton. On bar-iron the proposed reduction is from 10 to 20 per cent., on wire from 20 to 30 per cent., and on miscellaneous articles from 15 to 25 per cent. The blunder in duty on tin plates, which originated in the misplacement of a comma in the Act, is corrected. Articles "not otherwise provided for" are put at higher rates than the average of specified articles, because a lower range leads to perpetual protests and litigation through efforts of importers to bring articles under that provision. An especially creditable thing in this part of the report is its recognition of the steady and sure approximation in price between iron and steel.

Schedule E, sugar, has an important new classification based on the use of the polariscope, and a general reduction of about 15 per cent. A substitution of specific for ad valorem duties on tobacco is the main change in Schedule F. Schedule I, cotton goods, is the result of most useful and intelligent labor intended to avoid confusion and litigation arising from compound duties and ambiguity of terms. Except on some finer goods, the reduction is from 25 to 30 per cent. Under Schedule K a general reduction of 20 per cent. is proposed on wool, and 18 to 40 per cent. on woollen goods, the higher reduction being on goods of cheaper grade and more common use. The retention of compound duties in this class occasions the only important dissent (by four Commissioners from a report otherwise substantially unanimous. Under Schedule L specific are substituted for ad valorem duties on silk goods, with a general reduction of about 23 per cent., and most interesting facts as to the splendid progress of this industry are given in the report. Under Schedule M it is proposed to admit newspapers and periodicals free. Wood pulp is also placed on the free list.

Inevitably there will be much criticism of the details of a report which proposes such important changes. But the report also contains provision for administrative reforms of the utmost value, and for the establishment of a Customs Court, to sit in this city, where two-thirds of the imports arrive, to embrace one expert officer of at least ten years' experience, and to decide within ninety days, without pleadings, questions of appeal from the decisions of Collectors. It is believed that great relief will thus be given from the annoyance and loss to which merchants are now subjected through confusing and often arbitrary rulings of officials of the Department.

It is a pleasure to be able to commend this valuable report most heartily. Some points we should have been glad to see changed; others may perhaps appear upon further examination. But no measure could have been proposed which could have suited everybody. If all members of Congress who seek the prosperity of the country will give to this report their careful attention, they will find in it a basis upon which immediate action ought to be taken. Reform of the tariff in that line is possible at this session, and would be of incalculable benefit to the country. Change on any other line will not be possible for years to come.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Initiated in Masonry.

"Say, are you a Mason, or a nodfellow or anything?" asked the bad boy of the groceryman as he went to the chummon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you thinking of that?" asked the groceryman, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats hunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"O, nuthin', only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers did and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked do if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and purtend to nishiate, and pa said it wouldn't do no hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable and barried him up to my room when pa and ma were out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a hankerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could hunt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over his blatting, so we took off the hankerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps."

"We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgarim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have a side saddle for the goat. Say, of you never tried it, the next time you nitinte a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a lalling and I tied a towel around his eyes and then turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He a was lalling all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, but we wouldn't permit no levity and if he didn't stop lalling we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers as the goat was baded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the managerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the Royal Bumper, and let him Bump!' Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's mustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the larger beer goat raring up, and he started for it just like a cow-catcher and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got him, and he grunted and said: 'Hell fire! what you boys doin'!' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the bowel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma screaming fire, and the goat was blatting, and sneezing bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat strick her, and said: 'Howly mother protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on he self, and the goat rared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see ma three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated, too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blatting and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was snubbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down. As he didn't know the minister was there he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His people, and none of them sot down but ma, cause the goat hidn't hit her, and while they was talkin' religion with their mouths, and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night and I hain't been home since; but I don't believe pa will lick, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat himself, and we filled the order, don't you see?' Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good-by, Sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the grocery man said to his brother Odd Fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up in the morning at break of day,
The whole year round, is the farmer's wife;
For every season some duty brings,
And with care and toil each hour is rife.
Through the gladsome, budding days of spring,
Through the months when the summer blossoms glow,
Through the autumn, rich with its fruit of gold,
No rest can this busy housewife know.

Up in the morning, yet naught to her
Is the glowing, rosy-tinted east;
And naught are the robin's ringing notes,
As he calls his mate to the cherry-feast.
The brook goes singing on its way,
The breeze is balmy, the woods are green,
But morn comes early, and eve comes late,
And Care and Duty lie between.

Up in the morning—no farmer waits
For a laggard wife when the fields are red;
And after "the haying" the grain is ripe,
And the corn is soon to be harvested.
And the out-door work and the healthful breeze
Give such zest to the farmer's appetite
There is need to boil, and bake and roast,
From dawn till the stars are out at night.

Then the lads and lasses must never think
Her heart is merry on *work* intent;
She must lift their hopes above the thought
That life is only for labor meant.
She must take them up to the top of the hills
Whose a broader and grander horizon waits,
And give them a glimpse of the life that broods
Beyond the narrow farm-house gates.

The busy world is a sealed book,
Within whose covers *she* may cast glance;
Yet hers is a generous sacrifice,
Who lives another's good to enhance.
And when the struggle and strife are o'er.
And, done with earth, she lies at rest,
No sweeter words can be said than these,
"Her sons and daughters call her blest."

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

TOM'S MONIMENT.

"I dreamt last night o' set'in' at a long table, 'n I'm jest as sartain tha Tom Is drownded as of I see him to the bottom o' the ocean this minute," said Mrs. Job Fernald, wiping the tears from her tan-colored cheeks with her calico apron. "If it don't stand to reason that he waz dead, thet sign never fails, 'n' I dew think we'd orter hev respec' enough for the poor boy's mem'ry to git him a s mi, 'n' put it up in the lot without waitin' no longer."

"Yes, it's more'n a year now, 'n' the Sarey Sally hain't been heard from. I s'pose likely she must ha' been lost," agreed Cynthy Ann, the daughter of the house, not without a certain grim e joyment of the situation. "Stuns is dretful expensive, anyhow, but seein' ez we hain't ben able to give him any funeral, nor hev the minister, nor cook nie for the mourners, it seems ez of we'd orter buy a monument for him. I can't rectly see how we kin do less, ez the Peter Fernalds got one fur their Charles, 'n' I say to marm, it wo n't do to let them git ahead of us, poor ez they be. P'raps, Rhody, ez you 'n' Tom waz ez good ez promised to one t'other, you'd be willin' to give a little out o' yer school keepin' money towards gittin' the monimen', 'n' I'm goin' to put off gittin married for a while—though Seth is dretful put out about it—'n' save all my rug money, till, with what marm takes fur butter, we shall git enough."

The person addressed, a young woman with a pretty, sensible face, shivered a little, and shook her head decisively. "I don't believe tha Tom is dead," said she. "O, don't talk about buying a monument yet. Wait another year, a d it von do not hear from him by that time, here will be reason to——"

"That's just what pa says," interrupted Cynthy Ann, "jest because he don't want to buy it that Tom is d ownded. He seems ter think, somehow, that by hangin' off 'o' not even t wnin' of it to himself, he kin keep it from bein' so. Tha 's a way some folks hez."

"He waz alwaz jest so headstrong an' unreasonable," sighed Mrs. Fernald, with prolonged use of the calico apron. "He had the imper ence to say this yer, mornin' thet It 'peared ez ef we wante i him dead, for the sake Charles'. But to look at things fair 'n' square, what chance is there that he kin be to the fore o' the livin'? Didn't Seth Smallidge himself go to see the corners of the Sarey Sally over ter the Port mor'n a month ago, 'n' they said they hadn't no more idee of ever hearin' from either vessel or crew than nothin' at all?"

"At that consarned monument agin, he they, Rhody!" growled a weather-beaten old man, whose face bore a curious resemblance to a wood carving, appearing suddenly in the doorway. "But don't you his en to 'em, deary, fur you 'n' I knows that our boy ain't no more dead than they be. Even ef he waz, we can d n't afford t o git a monument fur him. Dead folks sleeps jest as well without any stun whatsoever, 'n' wf their bones is a-restin' in the sea, f what use is a stun on the land? It warn't tell nobody jest where they be. Somehow the folks in this place, 'specially in this family, has got a marvelous craze for monuments. Bro her Lysander he made mention of it when he was to home five years ago, 'n' sence tha t he craze has beg n ovin' 'n' growin'. Even the summer boarders over to the Harbor poke fun at us about it. Sam Smith showed me a newspaper where one on 'em had been a-writin' up the place, an' it did sound as of we waz cur'us folks. 'Twas every word of it true, too, 'n' went on to say that the Herrin' Point folks fur the most part lived in little weather-beaten huts the were dretful poor per ection from wind 'n' rain, 'n' waz a picture r beauness 'n' poverty, ony they've a-savin' up money to buy themselves monuments to look splendid over their graves when they waz dead and gone. But f r my part I don't want to go about so holler while I'm a-livin', for the sake o' cuttin' a dash when I cas t a shor. An how I w ouldn't agree to a great monument a-loomin' up out o' the family buryin'-ground 'n' overtoppin' the old house, like a steeple over a muebroom, the way Peter's Charles' does."

"O, pa! I never thought you waz so awful worldly minded before," groaned Miss Cynthy Ann, with a look of horror.

"Well, I be jest worldly minded enough to stick to it then I won't live on them 't rnal bony herrin' till the bones prick through my flesh, no drink current hot tea, nor go wi h my arms a stickin' the urgh Tom's old elo'es, while you wimmen-folks is a-savin' up fur the there imaginary sort o' monument as it we e. Some of us 'll die in earnest soon enough, 'n' then you'll have a c'nance to show all the respec' you want to, 'n' lev a stun o nai nest."

"O, pa, how *can* you talk so bigoted! Ain't it awful to hear him, Rhody?"

Rhody smiled, but remained silent, and evidently wishing to hear no more concerning the affair, suddenly remembered that it was school-time, and took a hurried departure. The old man returned to his net mending on the sunny side of the wood-pile at the back door, and the two women, after a prolonged consulta ion, finally decided that they would wait another year before buying the monument, as Rhody had suggested. In fact, it would be necessary to do so, as the girl would contribute nothing toward the fund, and pa was dretful troublesome when he warn't humored. But as for there bein' a chance that Tom wasn't dead, it was all nonsense, and 'twas treating him shameful not to take a mite o' notice of his death, too.

Days and weeks went on to the old monotonous ma ner at Herring Point. The gorge ns ranks of the golden rod and asters were cut down by the frost, and the winds swept away the few red leaves which colored the sides o. the sea-looking hills, to make a clear path for the frosty march of winter. The sea, so long asleep under the summer sunshine, began to show once more the wild fierceness of its nature, and drove home the boats of the fishermen, and lashed the rocks angrily through wild nights when only the lamp of the light house over on the Ledge shed a ray of light through the stormy darkness. Mrs. Fernald, when not attending to her two cows and her butter-making, sat in the ch imney-corner and knitted blue yarn stockings for the market, and Cynthy A n, with a zeal that never tired while the vision of the splendid tall monument fasted before her mental gaze, hooked rugs from early in the mo ning until late into the night. Her hooked rugs were in demand now, for several summer boarders had admired and purchased them, and since that time nearly every lady at the Port had been seized with a desire to possess one as an ornament to her best parlor. Pa divided the time between gossiping with his old sailor cronies at the store and sitting meditatively by the fire with his pipe and almanac. No mention was made of the monument, and the old man drank his store tea in triumph, offering no objections to the currant-leaf beverage with which his wife and daughter saw fit to regale themselves, save by an occasional grunt of disapproval.

No news came of the Sarey Sally or the fate of her crew, and as the days crept slowly and drearily toward spring, though pa still persisted in his belief that Tom was living, all hope died in Rhoda's heart. But as in Herring Point parlance she and Tom had not been really promised to one t'other, she felt that she could not gra ify Cynthy Ann's wish and express her grief by wearing mourning garments, though it would have given her a sort of dreary satisfaction to be able to do so.

"She couldn't ha' cared nothin' about him, or she wouldn't wear a blue b nnit to meetin', 'n' him dead 'n' gone," said the neighbors with one accord, for the real state of the case was unknown to them. "'T'aps she's afeard o' scarin' away Joe Collins ef she should put on black; he's alwuz ben a tryin' to git her away from Tom sence they wuz boys 'n' girls together; 'n' now Tom's lost, they say he's attentive to her ez a humble-bee is to a marigool."

But Rhoda was little disturbed by these remarks. Her heart was very sore because of Tom's loss, but there were circumstances connected with his going away which caused it to be sorer s ill. Why had he not spoken before his departure, if, as she had every reason to think, he really cared for her, and w shed to make her his wife? More than once during those last days he had seemed on the point of doing so, and then hesitated, with a painful doubt clouding his brow. I t en h he had not been quite himself during his stay on shore; something seemed to trouble and vex him, and he would remain silent a d lost in thought for almost hours while they were together. But on the day of his departure his face brightened, his manner changed, and when they parted he said, wi h a great deal of meaning in his glance and tone: "I shall wri e to you as soon as I reach Boston, Rhody, and mind you answer my le ter soon." But the letter never came. Now the buds were swelling in the April sunshine; fishing boats were rocking on the water; the women gossiped with each other in the open d oorways: the happy young people looked forward to days that were coming; the sad young and old people remembered days that were past. The sunshine painted pictures of them. The birds and wind and sea sang and talked about them.

To Rhoda everything was alive with Tom's memory, and one soft, lovely morning after a rain, when a light mist lurked in corners of the violet sky, as if Nature were drying her eyes on the a rest of handkerchiefs, she walked up to the Fernald cottage and presented Cynthy Ann with a folded envelope which contained all the little hoard of money which she had saved from childhood, saying in a re oked voice that she thought it was time to think about the monument now.

Cynthy Ann's face became fairly radiant. "I'm glad y o've come to be so right-minded," said she. "Pa he's bigoted 'n' set ag'inst it yit. But there's no use l o' sayin' anything about it to him tell the stun's all bought 'n' paid fur, 'n ready to be set up. He won't hev ter do without no worldly comforts by no means, ez Uncle Lysander has jest sent us a little present o' money. It come just like Providence by mail when we waz a-talkin' about the monument t'other day, marm 'n' I, 'n' no name to it at. ll. What do ye think about the verse, Rhody? It had orter be something solemn' o' warnin', I s'pose."

But Rhoda had at e dy slipped out of the door. She was in no mood for talking o Cynthy Ann. She had felt assured of Tom's death for some time, but somehow to the monument seemed like formally giving him up, like preparing for his funeral. But it was all she could do for him now, and it was fitting that the stone should be raised in his memory, though she dreaded the talk it would occasion and the mournfully festive scenes which would be enacted in the "burying-lot."

The next day Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann, accompanied by Seth Smallidge, a brisk little fisherman who resembled a sand-peep in black clothes, drove over to the Port, and after a great deal of bickering and consultation, of waiting and doubting, and delight and depression, made the purchases of the monumen . Cynthy Ann carried the money in the toe of a Sunday stocking, an ordinary pocket-book not being considered sufficiently safe, and when Mrs. Fernald and Seth assisted ther in con ti ing out the sum required to complete the purchase.

"Well, I guess Peter's Charles' won't look much compared to this, but I'm d sappointed that it can't be sent home before to-morrow," said Mrs. Fernald, as they drove loo o ward toward evening.

"There ain't nothin' like it in the place, but pa'll grumble about the cost. We sh'n't hear the last of it for nobody knows when, pe's jes go big me l," groaned Cynthy Ann, a shadow clouding her shining countenance.

Early the next morning the monument, tall, shining and splendid, was brought over to the Point, Tom's name and age, and the suitable and solemn verse from a hymn which the minister himself had "picked out," engraved on its surface, and was deposited on the ground in the little family lot. In the afternoon it was to be set up with appropriate ceremonies.

Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann were out falling into raptures over it, as fashionable city women would have fallen int raptures over a newly-imported Paris gown, when pa, who had been "see the' in the store," came strolling homeward along the path which led through the orchard. As the stupendous column of white marble met his eye, he stopped short with wrath and astonishment. "Well, of this ain't the set-direstest piece o' work I ever heerd tell about! Heave me overboard ef I'll stan' sich nonsense! Here you've bin a buyin' a stun ez big 'n' grand ez Banker Hill Monument for a livin' boy, to say nothin' o' the ridiculousness of sich ro nsarned poor folks a-swarmin' s cha thing. Ef's with more'n the old house 'n' the lot o' land 'n' the nets 'n' fishin'-boats a hove t gether, 'n' you've bin 'n' stunt all Lysander's money, 'n' Rho le's too, I'll be bound, of she wuz fool enough fur her grief to let yer, poor gal; 'n' drank extract-leaf tea with meelasses fur sweet'nin', 'n' pinched yerselves on lujun bread without no butter. I'll ve'e ez leev 'n' agin ez two witches. Winter's a-comin' hime by, too, ef 'tis sorrying now, 'n' my fish s won't amount ter much this year. I'm a gittin' too old' n stiff ter go out in a s; folks hez too much human natur' ter be able ter work after they git ter be seventy, 'n' Seth Smallidge hain't got no more backbone than a jellyfish. It's good luck of we don't all starve ter pay for his. I tell yer Tom ain't dead, nuther; I know him a go d deal be ter 'n you wimmen-folks do, but never owed nothin' about him but ter s nff him with verses to show after the parson with, 'n' ter stun ye him ter sayin' the herrin' wuz ez good ez roas beefs; 'n' I know he ain't the kind ov a feller to git drownded fru n a wrack ser dretful easy; nor ter give in 'n' rest an' lor as'ore, 'less sathin' more'n common tickled him."

"O, pa, how you do discountenance Providence!" sobbed Mrs. Fernald.

"Discountenance Proverdence or not, I won't hev that there monument put up in my lot. I reckon I'm master here while I live, whether or no. When I he ave to, though I'm hopin' that won't be till my boy comes ho me"—with a little softened quiver in his mouthful voice—"you'll cut up ef yer think fit, ov cour e, but while I hev my senses that there thing will be out of sight. I may sw ound up lose consciousness, but ef yez set it up then, I'll lev it hayfed down ag in ez soon as I come to myself, 'n' so there's no use t dyin'." And so it proved. The tears and re monstrances of his wife and daughter only caused the old man to be more set in his determination. The s lem t advice of the minister, who was called to the rescue, was without avail. "Ef they had hung it a small, cease on obedience I wouldn't ha' made no objection to their puttin' on it up person, of it would ha' given 'em ed sa sfaction, though Tom ain't dead," he said; "but I an monument—Lordy! a would ha' stunned the hull place!".

So the monument was hauled into the wood shed, placed prone against the wall, and covered with an old rag carpet, instead of towering proudly toward the sky, and at exciting the admiration of all b hinders, as Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann had fondly anticipa ed, and was re l egated once more in the household for a long time. Early in the autu n Cynthy Ann and Seth Smallidge were married, and Seth came, bringing his worthy effects with him, to dwell in the Fernald cot age. As the old man pondered, the winter proved to be a hard one, and at times food was scarce in the household. Seth, who never was known to have good luck, went off to the Banks on a fishing voyage after the honeymoon was over, but soon returned with a frozen foot, and spent the re ma nder of the winter by the fireside, dozing over a pile of ancient newspapers. But toward spring, when pe was attacked with his annual spell of rheuma tism, and fortune seemed darker than ever, another gift of money came from Lysander.

"S'pr'isin that Lysander should be so lib'ral, fur of he is rollin' in riches, he's got a family ov his own ter look after, 'n' he's only half-brother to me, nuther, 'n' used ter be mos' p'rately tight till a spell ago. Strange he don't write nothin' whe e he sends the money, too. The fust time he sent any he kinder hint at thet we'd or er he pledged ter him in two hull pages. It seems now ez I it come from the Lord, ef I am a miserable sinner, 'n' don't make no great effort to keep clear o' Satan. But the Lord knows I'm thankful, anyhow," said the old man from his sick-bed.

Time rolled on in much the same fashion at Herring Point. Three more tempestuous winters beat about the little hamlet, froze the sea spray on to the window-panes, drove wrecks against the shore, and pinched and desolated the homes of the poor. Four still fair summers stirred the sleepy scents of the pine woods, ripened the berries on the hills, opened the brilliant flowers in the salt marshes, and bronzed the cheeks of the fisher-folk with l s hot glad sunshine. Life seemed prosperous and peaceful at this gracious season.

Seth Smallidge was still unlucky, but pa, in spite of his "human natur'," his seventy four year, and his "scads o' rheumatics," continued to be hale and hearty enough no only to enjoy his fishing trips, but to make them successful, and Lysander still sent his yearly co tribution of money, so, though there were two other mouths to feed under the Fernald roof, there was nothing like want in the family again. Store tea bubbled fragrantly over the fire, and "them jasky bony herrin'" were not always the chief of the family diet, greatly to the old man's satisfaction.

During all this time nothing had been heard from Tom. The men who sat in the store lowered their voices when they spoke of the Sarey Sally, and were never tired of c njecturing how she came to her fate. But the mo ument still reposed in the seclusion of the wood-shed under its cover of rag carpet. Even Cy thy Ann had so far forgotten its glory as to make it a resting place for her wash-tubs, and Cynthy A n's d ughter, a chubby little mid of three, found no such fascinating seat for herself or her family of rag babies. Pa was as obstinate as ever in his determination not to have it set up in the burying-lot, a d had even forbidden the mention of the "consarned thing" in his he ring.

But late in this fourth summer the old man was seized with a severe illness, from which he was not expected to recover. Cy thy Ann put aside her rug rags, and nursed him pa tiently by day and night. Mrs. Fernald sat with her head quite enveloped in her apron, and whenever a neighbor entered the house would remove it for an instant and burst i to tears, exclaiming:

"Pa waz dretful bigoted about there monument to be rectly waz; 'n' now I'm afeared he won't never get well, for he likes water-gruel just ez much ez a lamb, 'n' he wouldn't never look at it before if he starved ter death. That's an awful bad sign—it really is."

But, contrary to all expectations he suddenly began to mend, and before the Indian summer had smoked itself away he sat up in his easy chair by the window. Still the old man was not quite like himself. He seemed strangely softened by his illness, and was so meek and gentle in his demeanor that the family gazed upon him in astonishment.

"Marm, Cynthy Ann," he said, one bright morning when he was able to walk as far as the store, "I'm afeard I hev been a sot-headed bigoted old man, ez ye're always a-sayin', but seein' ez the Lord he spared my life—fur which I'm truly thankful, though not bein' afeard o' death, for I hain't got tired o' livin' yit, of I be old, 'n' hain't quite outlived my usefulness myself—I'm a gittin' ter take a new look, 'n' sell ez fur ez I kin see how ter steer, 'n' be helpin' me, in the right way. Now about that there monument, I hev got an idee I wuz a-layin' there sick that p'raps I kin't it ter quite the square thing along ov it, 'n' I guess you'd better git it set up now, 'n' invite the neighbors 'n' the parson, 'n' hev ez good a time ez ye kin. I hain't come ter say ez how I 'proove of them consarned stun more'n ever, nor like the notion ov it as well, 'n' over this little affair ez ye call it, like a lightsome ever a sot should, but ef you'll find satisfaction ter, Pa Sarey Sally's yer should be grateful. It don't seem likely to me he'll ever come back" with a hoarse, choke l voice—"but somehow I can't seem ter feel that he waz drownded. Now after he other Sarey Sally waz lost, though we didn't k ow nothin' for certain, ev ry time the wind rose at night she look'd a-sayin', ez plain ez ken be, 'She's gone; he's gone.' The waves kep' repeatin' the same words too, 'n' of thet consarned bell-buoy didn't keep us awake in gales with its everlastin' tollin' 'n' knellin', fur it seemed ez ctly ez of 'twas a-sayin': 'He's here under the water! he's here.'"

Marm and Cynthy Ann were both moved to tears when the monument was mentioned, though to tell the truth, the prospect of "movin' it set up" was not as delightful as it would ha ve been once. They had become used to being outdone by Peter's Charles', and then to ornaments lost become less fashionable at Herring Point, a taste for dress and house decoration having been excited by the summer boarders. Still, it was a great satisfaction, and in he course of preparation for the important event Cynthy Ann recovered some thing of her old enthusiasm. Mrs. Fernald dreamed again of the long table that night, and declared in the morning but she believed "it meant setti n' mo n'n common this time, fur the dream didn't run the way it comm nly did be a gre deal."

Two days later, one golden bright after noon, quite a crowd was assembled around the little burying-lot in the orchard. Mrs. Fernald and Cynthy Ann had donned their mourning apparel for the occasion, but presented a not al together mournful appearance. Pa wore a look of humble expostulation on his venerable countenance. Rhoda, simply dressed in white, stood somewhat apart from the group and answered as briefly as possible the neighborly greetings which were showered upon her. But all the other women were in gay holiday attire, and chatted with noisy animation, and the children gazed upon him in astonishment.

"Marm, Cynthy Ann," he said, one bright morning when he was able to walk as far as the store, "I'm afeard I hev been a sot-headed bigoted old man, ez ye're always a-sayin', but seein' ez the Lord he s spared my life—for

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOOK UP.

Look up! The morning crowns the night,
The zenith buds the light the star awakes;
The sun through orists and shadows breaks
Through mists and shallows of the heart
And nobly dying summons dark,
And fill the sky, the soul, the world with light.

Look up! look up! The golden spot
Of maple branches o'er your head?
Their wealth of Autumn glory spread?
And through the bough the azure blue
Is smiling down and peeping through,
With pearly clouds that weave their fleecy woof.

Look up! The stars shine out at morn
In full dress with hope and trust;
Both all our fears and leaves and dust,
And all the past we would forget,
Or else remembering, regret,
Sleep with our cankering doubts and moods forlorn.

Look not below; but look above!
Look where the clearer, mightier life
Of Nature lifts us o'er the strife
Of sordid aims and petty cares,
And opens paths beyond life's snares
Toward the all-potent Source of life and love!

—*C. P. Cranch, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE TWO WIVES.

"Which shall it be?"

The speaker was scarce more than thirty years old, full of health and vigor, the junior and working partner in an old established business house in a small city.

It was Sabbath evening. His wife had been playing the piano, and he had been singing the Sunday-school hymns with their children of seven and five years old. They were pretty, affectionate, bright children, and the parents' hearts had been knit closer to them these last few weeks, since the toddling wee one had been laid, in a flower-filled casket, beneath the cold white snow.

Sunday was not a day of sacred rest, but an off-day from business and care, and Mr. Brooks lay back in his lounging-chair, put aside the magazine he had been reading, while his wife put the children to bed, and resumed the subject on which they had been talking the most of the day.

"The Baldwin house," she answered, with a smile—just the smile a woman of tact wears when she wishes her husband's affection to bias his judgment.

Mr. Brooks whistled a minute.

"If we take the Elmore cottage, I can pay down for it. Our furniture will be enough for it, and we can live nicely and plainly without going into debt one dollar, and live years hence I can buy any place in town."

"People like Mr. Baldwin do not die every five years, and places like his are not thrown into the market once in twenty-five years.

"I can build a house."

"But my dear husband, not at half cost. And it would take a lifetime to grow such trees. It is a most beautiful place, and in most perfect repair."

"I know all that. It *is* much better worth its price than the Elmore cottage is worth its price. But I do hate debt and mortgage. But perhaps, as you say, the reduced price ought to decide it."

"I am sure it ought, and we will make the old furniture do for a time."

"The rooms are much larger, and our carpets are not India-rubber!"

"I have thought of that. I can make the best of the carpets into mats, and," with a playful smile, "imagine them Turkish rugs!"

"You are such a shrewd manager. I can pay for the house soon," he said.

And the house was bought, one-third paid down, and two-thirds on a mortgage. Wise business men congratulated Mr. Brooks, as the place was sold below its value, for the heirs were not near of kin, and did not wish it, or the care of it.

And now Mrs. Brooks was happy. Her early home had been one of large wealth, and she loved style, and was used to and fitted for gay society. But her father speculated in stocks and went down. He moved to his native town and hired a cottage just out of the city. But the disappointed man's brain gave way, and the two lone women, in the new circumstances and surroundings, were so brave, and watched over the paralytic so unmurmuringly, that all hearts sympathized with them, and Brooks, then only a trusted clerk, dared offer and was thanked for many a thoughtful and delicate kindness. And when death relieved the watched-over and the watchers he had won the love he had craved.

In that cottage they sat to-night. Eight years they had been happy in it. Three lives had come to it. The grandmother and the little one had gone out from it. Thus they had known joy and sorrow, but they had been content, as one is content who feels that every to-morrow will be brighter than to-day.

The looked for to-morrow had now come. And the early days came back to Mrs. Brooks with a force she had thought all spent.

One parlor was closed. A new rich carpet was bought for the other, and the paintings, books, statuettes, and bric-a-brac which the refined taste of Mr. King had selected when rich, and which poverty could not take from him, but which in the small rooms of the cottage had needs been scattered, were brought together in it, and gave the elegant room a tone and air of refinement which mere wealth had never given it.

The first evening that they sat in it Mr. Brooks, with a keen enjoyment of life's luxuries such as he had never before known, said:

"I am glad I bought *this* place. I did not know we had so many elegant things until your artistic taste brought them together. This is the finest room in the city."

"I have no doubt it is. I have tried to arrange it as my father had his library. I wish he could see it."

"Perhaps he does. That cottage was nice to *live*, but how meagre it must have been to you, and yet you never complained."

And a new appreciation of and new love for her sprang up in his heart, and they talked on and on in their great content and happiness.

Society swung open its doors, and calls and invitations came upon them. More dress was needed, taxes and insurance were high, interest to be paid, and business everywhere depressed, and for two years the debt lay unchanged.

There had been no loss as men count loss, and yet there had been a great loss; that debt, which at first lay so heavy on Mr. Brooks, and which he intended to lift as soon as possible, he had grown used to, and did not longer feel to be a burden.

And the debt to society troubled Mrs. Brooks, and the other parlors must be furnished, and royally, to match the library, and then a grand reception was given.

For these money had to be hired.

Benevolent balls and quasi-literary societies, fashion's caprice mingled with the dancing parties, and Mrs. Brooks was worn and weary with the manifold duties of her position, and must be relieved of some household duties, and another servant was indispensable.

Mr. Brooks' confinement to his business wore upon him, and he must have recreation, which means a fine horse and buggy. But it was so selfish for him and his wife to drive off every evening and leave those dear girls at home after they had been shut up all day in school. So two horses and a carriage and hostler were needed.

Thus little by little expenses increased, and his business, like all men's of the time, was dull, but his was on a sound basis; he was yet young and full of energy, and no one feared the result, nor had he one thought of danger.

A party was made up for the sea-shore. They joined it; it was their first indulgence of the kind, and a sniff of the salt sea is a luxury that strengthens.

One morning the bathers were very gay, and Mr. Brooks passed the safety-line, and the sea never gave him back.

The estate paid twenty cents on the dollar.

THE OTHER.

It was a town of hills and rocks, undisturbed by railroad or telegraph-wires. There was a bit of a village in it, and a "white sky-pointing spire," of course, for it was in New England, and equally, of course, and for the very same reason there must be economy in all things, and the "first floor" of the spire crowned building was the Town Hall, wherein politicians fought and wandering minstrels amused, and stray lecturers edified.

But between the hall and spire lay the church, clean and bright, where the farmers napped, and their wives chewed caraway seed, while warned of sin and judgment in words as eloquent as could be hired for $400 a year and the parsonage—a clean little white cottage.

In that same parsonage a lad, bright and energetic—boys are like the mothers, biologists tells us—was fitting for college, under his learned and lazy father. But

> "We are not wholly brute
> Magnetic mockeries."

At least so Tennyson says. And Edward had an eye for rosy cheeks and bright eyes, as well as for Greek roots. And the particular pair that sparkled back to his on Sunday, on week days helped her busy mother look well to the ways of the household, in a white cottage that crowned a hill-top, the sides of which hill were intermixed with sheep and stones in such dire confusion that a little way off one could not tell the one from the other.

One bright June morning Harriet had skimmed the milk, washed the bright pans, and made a pyramid in the sun that sparkled like stars. And humming a good old hymn of Watt's, her deft hand was now smoothing and trying to polish the family linen for the coming Sunday, that dress-day of country towns, when bodies as well as souls put on their best. Harriet sung slower and slower, as she thought faster and faster, and she stopped carolling, to say:

"Mother! when the summer work is over, couldn't you get along without my help?"

"Why, Harriet! what do you want to do?"

Harriet hesitated; it was a great thing she longed for, but at last she said:

"You know most of the girls around here have been to Dix's Academy and boarded themselves; why can't I for a term or two?"

"Your father and I have been talkin', that John bein' ought to come of age till he'd been to the Academy."

"O, mother, let us both go! It is only four miles and a half, you know, from here, and father or Jesse can come after us every Friday night, and Saturday's I will cook up enough to last over the week, except meat and potatoes, and those I can cook there, so I can board him and myself, and we can both go as cheap as he could go alone."

"I'll talk with your father about it." And they went. The one term ran into two years. Then Jesse, the bashful bookworm, was to go, and he wished sister Harriet to stay with him; and she *did* wish she could finish the full course, and had been a good scholar, and, good girl, had worked early and late and willingly through the summer vacations, so that it was not easy to refuse her.

And, too, perchance her future happiness was more or less bound up in her books. For Edward, in this college vacation, had told his love, and the shrewd common sense of the sturdy farmer knew his daughter must be fitted for the educated life she was to share, or Edward would forget his love, if not before marriage and desert her; he would after marriage and neglect her. And another three years were added to her course, and she graduated, healthy, happy and strong, the valedictorian of her class of thirty-nine students.

And in due time Edward and she married, and he put out a law sign.

There was no style, no elegance in the *three* rooms of their new home, but a great deal of happiness, for their studies and reading and tastes were one, and each made the other strong to labor and to wait, and love made labor a pleasure.—But he was young and unknown, and people not so quarrelsome as they might have been, so the money they had saved from teaching grew less easily.

"It would hurt my reputation to have it known in the city that I have been thinking where I can live a little money," he said one evening.

"*Don't live money!* I would rather live on bread and water, potatoes and salt, any starvation diet than have a debt dragging you down. I will open a select school, until people grow to appreciate you."

"You have enough to do now."

"I haven't half enough. I shall rust out. And you give a free lecture, show your talent, get into the papers. We have been Micawbers long enough."

"If I had your energy——"

"If *you* haven't, who has? When I gave myself to you, do you think I reserved my energy."

"You *have* reserve energy enough for two."

"Then let us call up our reserve forces and give battle to the world!"

"O, Harriet, you are a jewel."

"I certainly do not propose to be a mill-stone."

The lecture was given, the school was opened, cases came to the lawyer and steadily, but slowly at first, came money. They become leaders in church work and literary circles, and positions of trust and honor were laid at their feet.

And when the Brooks' mansion, its books, pictures and statuary were sold, Edward bought and *paid* for all.—*Lucy E. Sanford, in N. Y. Observer.*

Bowl-Fights.

In many American colleges besides the forbidden custom of hazing there are other customs almost as unmanly and disgraceful, which if not encouraged by the authorities are certainly not prohibited.

In one, a State University, upon a certain day, a luckless member of the junior class is placed in a huge wooden bowl, and every student in the college battles over him; some striving to drag him out of it by main force, the others to keep him in. Coats and trousers are torn off, arms and legs are broken; the fight begun in fun ends in earnest. On one occasion pistols were drawn and the medical students having joined in the melee, the shameful spectacle was presented of a dozen adult men who hoped in a month's time to have lives that were in peril committed to their grave wisdom and skill, driven through the streets like felons in the charge of the police.

In another college, which ranks even higher, the annual fight is for a wooden baton; in still another for a cane. To prepare for the struggle in some cases the young men strip to the waist and even grease themselves.

One of these fights took place in daylight on a public square a few weeks ago in full sight of women and children passing by. A mass of over a hundred half naked men lay struggling on the ground, clawing, biting and tearing off the clothes from each other. Nothing but disgust was expressed in the faces of the spectators. Some Irish laborers of the lowest class looked on for a few moments and then turned away.

"I thought these fellows were gentlemen, or the sons of gentlemen. They're beasts," was the contemptuous criticism of one.

Now, athletic sports and any contest which develops or even displays manly strength are, and ought to be encouraged. But these meaningless, brutal melees are indecent and demoralizing.

Public opinion is rapidly assuming higher ground on these questions, and in a few years a man will be as ashamed to confess that he had ever joined in a bowl fight or in hazing, as he would now to exhibit himself a human brute in a prize-ring.—*Youth's Companion.*

Speed of Railway Trains.

The speed of a railway train is one of the things that people almost uniformly over-estimate, just as the seating capacity of a building is generally put at too high a figure. This observation is suggested by a recent railway achievement in the Old World. A special train chartered to convey a party of capitalists and journalists from Paris to Vienna recently performed that journey in twenty-eight hours. As the distance is a little less than 900 miles this constitutes an averaged speed of about thirty-two miles an hour, which is considered in that country a remarkably good record. Of course this does not compare with the speed which has been attained in this country for less distances, and is insignificant when contrasted with English rates of speed for shorter distances. But for through continuous travel in an uneven country it is accounted a memorable achievement. The Railroad Guide for the present month indicates that the fastest express train between New York and Chicago consumes just twenty-nine hours in accomplishing the trip—a distance of 975 miles. This is found to represent an average speed of thirty-three and two-thirds miles an hour. It thus appears that we are not much ahead of European countries generally in this respect, and the difference may readily be accounted for on the ground of greater physical difficulties in the district referred to.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Frightened to Death.

Of the thousand and one causes that are continually making homes desolate by the loss of little children, perhaps the most singular happened to the child of a Hartford family some time ago. The family had been on a visit in Massachusetts, and were on their return to Hartford. While waiting in the depot in Boston, the father holding a baby of four months, the train entered, and as it passed where they stood the engine blew one of those shrill, screeching whistles which are so familiar to every one. The baby was greatly frightened and screamed and refused to be comforted. For hours the best efforts of the mother and father were unavailing in quieting the child. On arriving home and soothing the little one to sleep an examination was made, when it was found that the child was partially paralyzed. Everything was done that was possible to relieve the little one and bring it back to its former self, but all efforts failed. After lingering along for a few months, and continually failing, it died.

—In a recent international debate on alcoholism at Geneva the number of litres of alcohol consumes yearly per head of population was stated for the principal European countries and the United States as follows: France, 3; Austria, 4; England, 6; America (United States,) 7½; Switzerland, 7½; Belgium, 9; Sweden 10; Germany, 10; Russia, 16; Denmark, 23. In Spain and Italy the proportion was much less.

—It is said that in the extent of the manufacture of harnesses, saddles and other "horse-furniture," St. Louis surpasses any other city in the country. She has eleven large factories devoted exclusively to such merchandise.

—A bonnet this season, in order to be of any account, must have five contrasting colors to correspond with the changing colors on the face of the man who foots the bill.

A Blind King.

Nothing exercised a more peculiar and important influence on the character of George V., and through his character on his history, than his blindness, and his blindness was the result of three consecutive misfortunes. He perhaps had a constitutional tendency to it, for his father was blind of one eye, but at any rate, he first lost the sight of the left eye in a disease of childhood, and then, in 1833, when he was fourteen, he seriously injured the other by an accident while at play with the present Duke of Cambridge in the garden of Windsor Castle. He was amusing himself by throwing a long silk purse with heavy gold tassels up into the air and catching it as it fell, and was warned to be careful of his eye, as the purse had already nearly struck his face; but the very next throw it fell upon the right eye and impaired its vision permanently, though without as yet taking it altogether away. That was left for another accident in 1840.

The elder Grafe, the celebrated Berlin oculist, was brought to the palace of Herrenhausen to perform an operation upon the injured organ, and by some fatal shake of the hand accidentally cut through the optic nerve. The surgeon, driven to despair by what he had done, took refuge in suicide immediately on his return from Hanover. The Crown Prince remained henceforth in impenetrable darkness. He bore this calamity like a brave man and a philosopher. He never complained of it. He was full of that cheerful, if subdued, repose which so often surprises us and charms us, and reproves us, in the blind. He even took that light estimate of his affliction which sometimes surprises us even more. He used to say that eyesight was the sense we could most easily dispense with.

In his father's lifetime George was always treated as if he saw. Everybody was obliged to speak of him and to him as if he had no defect, and though he never exhibited this sensitiveness himself, he still—from habit, probably—often used the expression: "I see." He always said "I am glad to see you." But while he was still Crown Prince, there was a party in Hanover who thought this defect legally disqualified him from the succession, and there was some dissatisfaction on the subject down even to the last year of his reign. In that year one of the leading newspapers of Berlin published in its Hanoverian correspondence an account of a religious ceremony that took place in connection with some family event in the palace, and mentioned that a sermon was preached from a certain text. On referring to this text, it was found to be: "Woe to the country whose King is blind." The paragraph was of course a mystification. No such sermon had been delivered, but the King was much hurt when it was discovered that the writer of the paragraph was a high official of his own treasury. This official immediately took to flight, and the King, with a truly royal magnanimity, supported the forsaken wife and children from his own private purse. But as to the prejudice against a blind King, the history of George V. shows both where it is wrong and where it is right. It is entirely wrong in considering blindness a necessary intellectual disqualification for government. On the contrary, this defect perhaps leaves to the mind more disposition and more leisure to reflect upon important affairs; and King George, at any rate, had a better and more enlightened grasp of public questions than any of his chief ministers. But his blindness exercised a curious and sinister effect on his relations with his counselors. It made him excessively jealous of his monarchical prerogative, and even when he had the highest personal regard and admiration for his ministers, he was morbidly suspicious of them making encroachments, and consequently never gave them his entire confidence. For the same reason he never had any minister of great ability.

Before leaving the subject of his blindness it may be added that in spite of that defect he was an excellent and even daring rider. Of course he could not take the right direction or turning without assistance, but in some respects he had quite a wonderful sense of locality. "I remember," says Meding, "being one day with him on a hill at Goslar and ascending a watch tower; he stood with his face to the north, and then explained the whole prospect round the horizon, naming every place and every hill without making a single mistake." King George was very fond of sea-bathing and yatching, and for these purposes resided on the Island of Norderney for some months every year. Here all ceremony was cast aside, and the life of the court was the happiest and freest. The Island belonged to Hanover, but the King wished it to have the neutral character of an international bathing resort, and always maintained the incognito while he resided there. He wore only the plain black clothes of a citizen, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and he had every day a little dinner to which the visitors of the island were invited without any strict regard being paid to their competency to appear at court. These little entertainments, where princes and clergy and players met on easy footing, were thoroughly enjoyed by the King, and made most agreeable to all who were present. An invitation to a trip on the royal yacht was, however, one of the terrors of Norderney for many. The King never suffered from seasickness, but he was often the only one on board, except the crew, who enjoyed this immunity. Herr Von Manteuffel frequently implored permission to remain ashore, but the King always withheld it with a laugh, enjoying the misery of the poor man, who was already ill by anticipation. The Queen rarely accompanied him to Norderney. The tenderest affection reigned between them; he always called her, even before large companies, "my angel-queen," but she was very much of a recluse, and her way was solitary and peculiar. Much misfortune might have been spared the family had she been fonder of society, and especially had she cultivated, as in that case she would, almost certainly have done, friendly relations with the neighboring and connected family of Prussia.—*Temple Bar.*

—The outside of a woman's bonnet and the inside of a man's hat are the richest in ornamentation. Perhaps the same may be truly said of the outside and inside of the heads of the two sexes respectively—and perhaps not.—*Exchange.*

Temperance Reading.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG.

The following is the concluding portion of a recent sermon by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago:

And yet there is a blunder of our race more cruel than that of the sword. It is rendered less impressive from the fact that it has been lectured upon and wrangled over in all parts of the land, and has often been rendered an unwelcome theme of remark by the quantity of ill-advised speech and action that have grown up around it. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of temperance lectures the truth stands that when the human mind learned to distill and brew drinks it committed a greater folly than when it invented the weapons of war. The cup is more destructive than cannon and musket, not only carrying more persons to the grave, but to a life and death of a greater dishonor, for the poets have always sung some sweet strains over the last resting-place of the soldier; but no poet has ever had the courage to cast any flowers upon a drunkard's grave. The dual quality of the very soul is illustrated in these fatal drinks of the human race. The grains which will make the bread for the table of the home will also help compose a drink fully capable of scattering forever those wont to meet at the table in a supreme contentment. Not only were Adam and Eve ready to fall into sin, but the field of corn or wheat stands ready to become a harvest of sin. Strange earth! equally ready to grow the opium that kills, or the fruits and bread that enrich and cheer the mind; equally ready to produce drinks that will crush the heart, or the food that makes man great and happy! In the far East, where thousands of acres of roses are grown for the joy of their perfumes, there as many acres of poppies are grown for the delirium and ruin of the multitude. Mark the two fields: the one of roses from which the *ottar* is extracted that fragrance may be carried over the world and that the noblest of all flowers may seem to bloom in the midst of winter—in the room where the cultivated mind reads, or talks, or sleeps. As the note-book holds the music of Beethoven, as language retains the genius of Homer or Virgil, so this attar holds the spirits of roses that are dead. A true perfume is the immortality of the rose. When the eye sees many thousands of acres of these flowers growing thus to honor, it blesses the hidden majesty of sun and soil and the genius of man; but when the same heart beholds the same human mind planting 10,000 acres of poison-plants which will extract money from the Chinese or other victims of folly, then does it realize that there are two paths across this world—a path of right and a path of infinite wrong. As the Orient yields thus its two harvests, one of rich perfumes and one of the opiate poisons, so the vast West grows the grains that create a powerful race and the drinks that hasten to destroy it. When Xenophon was writing down the customs of some wild tribes, through which he had to make his long march, he stated that in the mountains of Armenia the natives made a popular drink from fermented barley. "In their homes under the ground this drink was contained in large vessels, and when one would drink he must put his mouth to a reed and suck like an ox. Without any admixture of water it seemed harsh, but was good to any one who was accustomed to its taste." In these words we find the common beer of to-day, and see that twenty-four hundred years ago it was getting ready for an invasion of Germany to trample it under foot more cruelly than did the armies of Cæsar. Pliny describes also the coming enemy in these words: "The natives who inhabit the West of Europe make a drink from grain and water with which they intoxicate themselves. The people of Spain so brew this liquor that it will keep good a long time;" and then Pliny adds these words of great meaning: "So exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites that they have thus invented a method to cause water itself to produce intoxication." Thus we see a Roman scientist noting the fact that the human mind was as cunning to invent evil as to invent good, and that the genius that can discover the telegraph and the properties of steam, and thus help make civilization, can discover opium, and whisky and beer, and thus be a Medea who can at once be the mother and the murderer of her sons. This path of private and public wrong has so broadened that the German Nation has abundant company in these years in the English and Americans who have accepted of the genius that can make water into a poison.

When one cannot advocate total abstinence as a duty and may admit that man may seek some pleasure in his drink as he seeks some in his food, and need not any more always drink water than he need always eat only bread and meat, yet such is not the kind of delicate treatment the millions bestow upon drinks. They brutalize self and quickly become slaves of their dram, and all else fades away to leave time and money for the destructive cup. England alone manufactures 25,000,000 barrels of beer annually, of which only one-fiftieth part is exported. Thus the money value of 21,000,000 barrels of malt drinks is flung away by the people, rich and poor, high and low, in the islands of the Queen. Add the liquor traffic of our Nation to these figures and we have an awful illustration of the folly of man, of his fitness to be either a philosopher or a fool, his fitness to weave for his children garments of happiness or of sorrow.

The so called German unity upon the beer question should fall to pieces in this enlightened century. What they should do at the polls may be uncertain, but that the rising generation of Germans should detach themselves from the saloons is one of the most evident of all the ways of duty. That national drink is rapidly incurring one of the best races our earth ever had. The *Scapel* a few years ago published an article which went to show that this drink was changing the form and faces of German men and women; was making the flesh of the face so nerveless, that it sank with its own weight, and eye-balls and cheek, and the mouth were drooping down, making deformity of once common among men and beauty rare among women. To this havoc made in the physical form add the perversion of mind and money along bad channels and you will have reason enough for lamenting the drift and probable destiny of the German youth. So powerful is their race in mind and body that it dies hard, but intemperance is a conqueror at last to all the provinces he invades; and if the "German unity" of drink goes on the rising generations will find the unity of drink to be one also of German misfortunes. The American German must pause in their career and confess the "saloons" and the "garden" to be no longer their happiness, but their calamity.

In a word, where two such paths as those of right and wrong are sweeping along—one joyous and the other gloomy—it is not to be wondered at that all holy books and all holy men have been compelled to see a Heaven and a Hell toward which these paths lead. The duality of earth and of man declare a duality of destiny. If a mighty stream runs north we say there must be a North Sea into which it at last discharges its flood; and if we then find a large river running southward we feel that it must know of a Southern Ocean large enough to receive its floods from age to age. Thus standing by these two paths and marking them diverge, we are compelled to confess that these ways lead to two different countries on this side and the other side of the grave. Logic and observation teach us that Hell and Heaven begin here. They are nothing else than the outworkings of man's own choice. A hot iron taken in the hand burns now and here, and so the path of folly hastens to offer its thorns. What more and bitterer tears there may be beyond this life is not known; but in this world you will not follow the wrong road far before the feet will bleed. From the very outset the ways are different in the foliage on either side and the stones under foot and in the sky overhead.

Young friends, you are entering upon a life which you can shape as the sculptor shapes his marble and the potter his clay. You are passing into a vale where up spring fo paths; you can follow either of them and find victory or defeat. You have eaten of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil, that grew in your Eden, and before you there will always hang the two forms of fruit to be plucked and eaten. Henceforth it is for you a two-fold world, and you must be at least as noble as the Hercules who, when accosted by two beautiful forms, the one named Pleasure and the other Heroism, pondered his land to the latter and won a place among the immortals. If a Pagan could make such a choice what cannot a man of this century accomplish. Be ever ennobled as you must use the golden apple to moral beauty. Never forget the duality of your earth and then the office of the human will rise up before you in all its divineness. Remember that the same land produces the poppy and the rose, both rich in scarlet; but from the one comes the Lethean sleep of mind and soul, from the other a perfume straight from the gardens of the angels. Life is nothing but the passing by of the one flower and the plucking, and wearing, and passing of the other.

Temperance Items.

THE intimacy begotten over the wine bottle has no heart. I never knew a good feeling to come from it, or any honest friendship made by it. It only entices men and ruins them.—*Thackeray.*

THE missionaries in Bengal find the drunken habits of the lower classes of the people the chief obstacle to the Gospel. Even the women and children are learning to become drunkards. The price of liquor is very low, and an immense quantity of strong drink is manufactured.

I HAVE read somewhere an old legend, in which a man was offered his choice of three voluntary acts: To murder his father, burn down his house or get drunk. Laughingly he chose the latter as that could not be very harmful. He got drunk. While in that state he became furious. Enraged at his father's attempt to control him, he struck him a blow with a hammer that lay near and killed him; then filled with horror at the deed, set fire to the house, thus to destroy the body and hide his crime.—*J. B. Gough.*

A NEW YORK reporter interviewed three of the most eminent physiologists and scientists of that city and learned from them that beer-drinking, a habit to which so many thousands of Americans are addicted, is, even in moderation, a pernicious thing. The impurities of beer, and they do not admit of absolutely pure beer, give rise to fatty degeneration of the heart and to diseases of the kidneys. It interferes with the healthy action of the liver, and exerts an injurious effect upon all the organs of the body, the brain most of all.

THE movement against liquor-selling, notwithstanding the failure of what was supposed to be the Constitutional amendment in Iowa and the defeat of Governor St. John in Kansas, is by no means local, nor is it confined to this country. Mr. Gladstone is committed to Local Option. In Ireland and Wales Prohibition prevails on the Lord's Day, and Cornwall and Yorkshire are working to the same end. Even in Germany Prohibition has been advocated, and Paris has got so far along as to close the liquor shops two hours earlier than formerly; while Austria and Russia are agitating the entire transfer of the sale of liquor to the hands of responsible parties.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

AT the first of a winter series of meetings in aid of the First Reformed Episcopal Church, John Taylor, a London banker, spoke of the progress of English Temperance work. He said that forty years ago the belief was universal that intoxicating drinks gave strength to the laborer and health to the invalid. The preacher who did not take port wine was of doubtful standing, and Temperance advocates were ranked next to heretics; business men who did not treat got no trade, the host who did not have wine on his table was disreputable, and workmen in the shops were subject to fines if they did not treat on certain occasions. Now science and the church are with the total-abstinence people—a man can refuse drink in any society without losing caste, and when a man refuses to drink with a friend it is the drinking man who apologizes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882.

Mr. Michael Bannon, one of the best known of Anne Arundel politicians, has in contemplation a book on Anne Arundel politics, which promises some wholesome reading to politicians generally. It will be entitled "The Maryland Farmer at Home," and will treat on State matters generally, but Anne Arundel politics in particular, and is promised to be ready in the near future.

The Hagerstown *Daily News* thus compliments one of Western Maryland's best-known citizens:

"Gus Delawder, the fish commissioner of Maryland, who probably takes more delight in the discharge of his official duties than any other officer in the State, or in the United States for that matter, is constantly busy in looking after the fish interests of the State.

"Gus is one of Ike Walton's most enthusiastic pupils, and what he don't know about fishing is not worth knowing. He made a raid recently upon the Government fish ponds."

To which the Cumberland *News* adds:

"Mr. Delawder is doing more and better work than was ever done in the place he now holds."

It is putting the case none too vigorously when we state that these was intense excitement and indignation when it became known publicly yesterday that the court (or at least a majority thereof, Judges Pearre and Syester) had demanded the resignations of the school commissioners of the county. It appears that the demand was made in a joint letter, signed only, however, by Judge Pearre, and addressed to a member of the board. The reason assigned for the demand is understood to have been that the judges in question would be left free to adjust certain matters if the commissioners would vacate their places.

Inquiry was made by us yesterday morning of Commissioners Sonneborn and Burwell—the third member, Judge Douglass, not being in the city. We found Messrs. Sonnehorn and Burwell about calling on Judge Pearre, and met one of them again after their return from the call. They did not hesitate to confirm the report with which the town was ringing, and stated that they had informed Judge Pearre that they would disregard his request. They then handed us for publication the following card:

TO THE PUBLIC:

The undersigned were notified yesterday that Judge Pearre, acting for the court, requested our resignations as members of the board of school commissioners of Allegany county.

The matter was discussed at a meeting of the board called yesterday for another purpose, and we determined not to comply with the request of the court, because it would be impossible to make the public believe that the court asked us to resign and we did so without the existence of grave reason for such action in the nature of either malfeasance or incompetence in our management of the schools of Allegany county.

It is proper to say that Judge Pearre in making the request distinctly stated that no complaint had reached his ears concerning our official actions, or the policy which we had pursued in our management of the schools.

But in a matter which so nearly affects our character and standing in the community we prefer to look to the probable result of the Judges' action rather than to accept his words, which would be easily construed by the public as only the usual sugar-coating to that kind of a pill. It being, therefore, our intention not to resign without evidence that at least a respectable portion of the community desired it, we called upon Judge Pearre and so informed him.

The Judge then explained that he and Judge Syester labored under the impression that our terms of office expired in January next, instead of January, 1884, and asked our resignation because they had decided to make changes to Garrett and Washington counties, and thought it would be an easier method of settling the matter to ask all to resign.

We print these facts because we find the subject discussed upon the streets and becoming a matter of public notoriety.

In taking the ground we do in this matter we do not pretend that our management of the school affairs of Allegany county for the past two years has been perfect, but we do claim to have administered them honestly and diligently, and this being the case we do not choose to be posbed out of office in the middle of a term without some expression of dissatisfaction by the public which we were appointed to serve.

Judge Douglass, the third member of the board, was present at the meeting yesterday, but we have not been able to submit this statement to him, and therefore it is made public only as our act, and not his.

SAML. SONNEBORN,
P. L. BURWELL.

There are a great many conjectures as to the motive of Judges Pearre and Syester in taking this step, but it seems to be generally agreed that it is vilely and venally personal and selfish. Naturally and properly people connect the step with the late election. Both of the gentlemen named have doubtless some enemies to reward and friends to punish, and they are commencing thus early to get to work. In this county both judges are known to be very hostile to Examiner Cochrane. Judge Pearre has long disliked him, and Judge Syester has not forgot or forgiven Mr. Cochrane for favoring the renomination of the old bench in the Democratic convention, and by supporting Judge Motter opposing and offending Mr. Syester. A new board was of course designed, and it was no doubt contemplated to oust Mr. Cochrane. Four good places could thus be had for four superserviceable tools.

We choose not to credit Judge Pearre's statement that they thought the present board's time was out in January next. If it were so why not have waited for the few weeks to expire? If the statement is true it reflects on the knowledge the court has of its own affairs, and is a display of stupidity when the desired information was so near at hand. When we reflect that Judge Syester is a thorough-paced politician we need hardly be surprised at his action. But then it was hoped that he would bring to the bench a higher appreciation of its responsibilities and duties. We are not surprised at anything Judge Pearre does, but his few friends in the community were hopeful that he would not again during his term so far forget himself as to flaunt his weakness in the face of the public.

The manly course of the commissioners and their prompt and emphatic declination to be used by the judges in question, will meet the endorsement of the community. The board of school commissioners has the respect and confidence of the public, and that is more than can be said of the court. Our school affairs have been honestly, intelligently and faithfully conducted, and have given general satisfaction. It then becomes something little less than outrage on the public for the court to step in and ask the commissioners to resign in the middle of their term, and with no cause alleged for taking the step. The public trust the school board and will expect them to remain where they are and attend to their duties. They can afford to "snap their fingers" in the faces of the court, and let them have their pains for their impertinence.

In this matter Judge Alvey appears to have pursued his usual course of inaction in school affairs. Possibly a word from him would have helped matters, but he seems to have started on his second term as he closed his first.

In the late election the school question was the one live topic in the judgeship matter. Our party made that an issue, and came very near fighting it through successfully. Suppose it had been known two months ago that within 40 days of the organization of the new bench a bold and impudent effort would have been made to turn out our commissioners and examiner in the middle of their terms of service and at the height of their usefulness, what would have been the result? The Republicans would have carried this county by a thousand majority! The court will be made to see that the people are in earnest in this matter. The tax-payers and patrons of the public schools do not propose to see this great institution made the instrument for weak and dickering judges to gratify their likes and dislikes with.

We learn from Mr. W. A. Brydon, one of the school commissioners of Garrett county, that he and his associate, Mr. Bittinger, have also been requested to resign by Judges Pearre and Syester, through a note from Judge Pearre. Mr. Brydon laughs at the demand. He says his board has a year yet to serve, and they do not propose to get out at the dictation of anybody.

There is a deep principle underlying the opposition to the insolent demands of Judges Pearre and Syester. If officials of the county—whether appointees of the court or other selections—are to be subject to a tenure of office depending on the whim of the court, then this demand for "resignations" may be extended to other offices, such as clerks of courts, sheriffs, &c., and we shall soon have a despotism in the judicial district.

Let our commissioners stand to their posts. The public will sustain them. If need be meetings will be held all over the county to express public feeling, and perhaps the court will be taught a lesson.—*Cumberland News, 13th.*

GRANTSVILLE, MD,

MR. EDITOR:—Fifty years ago, prior and subsequent to the that, this district, then known as Little Crossings, contained more colored people, mostly slaves, than any other district in old Allegany county, except Cumberland. The institution did not fail to impress its peculiar features upon the community. The tint of slave aristocracy was plainly seen and felt. But the slave owners were mostly kind, generous, hospitable and sociable. The colored people happy and contented. Indeed such was the condition of all races, in these good old times when the grand old National Road was the pride and help to all. Nobody then too rich, and none really poor, and no persons enjoyed the ten days vacation at winter holidays as the people of color. It was a continuous round of genuine enjoyment and festivity to them, and other people were happy because the colored folks were more so.

Among the slave owners were the Tomlinsons, Bruces, Sides, Cunninghams, Bealls, Fairalls, Thistles, Sloans, Newmans and others. But how wonderful the change within the last generation. In a population of over 2,000 souls in this district not a solitary colored person is to be found. All gone. Not just in "the way of all flesh," but disappeared, and the vanishment of the old masters from this midst, and their progeny is almost as complete. These well known and respectable names are still remembered by many, but supplanted by others now more familiar to the new generation.

I am induced to give to the public through your acceptable columns a most interesting incident of that, the hardest of all institutions in organized society, human slavery, which incident transspired in the past generation, only a few miles from this point, and just as it shall be detailed. Among those already mentioned was one who came to this community over 80 years ago, from Georgetown, D. C. He brought with him a large family of children, and also a goodly amount of the then hyped property. The number of his slaves increased rapidly in the beginning, but in time began to shrink on account of deaths, necessitated sales to the South, and occasionally a "run away." The old man lost his wife during the war of 1812, and in the run of the events all his children by marriages and removals. For a number of years he lived a solitary life on his estate, none to minister to him in his old age except his slaves, among them several old matrons. Of a winter morning of 1833, the old gentleman was found dead in his bed. Suspicion of violence was excited to some extent, but no arrest, not even a coroner's inquest; a thing then by the way of very slight acquaintance. No doubt the lonely one died as he should. Among his human assetts were an exceedingly bright, "likely" and intelligent boy with the ambitious name of Jerome; and also a sister of the same fair complexion named Lousia. Jerome was then about 17 years of age, and as intelligent as any white man in the neighborhood, indeed his associates were chiefly in that relation. Poor Lousia with her beautiful blonde complexion, and flowing raven hair, was sold like the trumpery of the dilapidated estate. No doubt the records of one of the Allegany Courts would show an entry something like this: Cash received for *colored* woman, $264. What a misnomer; unless "colored" was intended for white. But the astute Jerome fared differently. Just as he was maturing for the cotton fields of Georgia, he ran away, and so effectually, that no one for nearly 50 years, has known anything about his whereabouts. However, a few years before the late civil war, a gentleman of elegant appearance and address, halted at the Stone House hotel, three miles east of this, and inquired for the only surviving son of the deceased just mentioned. It so happened that the person anxiously sought for was then upon the premises. The stranger appeared to experience great pleasure and interest, in his new acquaintance, and proposed to visit him at his home, a few miles away. The visit was made to the plain old farmer's home by the gentlemanly stranger, and much enjoyed for several days. At last the guest proposed to his host to take a walk over the farm. Some apprehensions were aroused among the amiable family, and some of them shadowed the strollers in their walk. After a while a small field, with eradicated trees and stumps, on an angle of the farm was reached. Here the stranger inquired of his new acquaintance, if he could tell who cleared the field, which he was gazing upon with so much interest. "Yes," was the ready response, a mulato boy by the name of Jerome, belonging to my fathers' estate of which I was the administrator. He ran away many years ago, and has never been heard of since. I am Jerome was the truthful rejoinder; a shock and a long silence was the result. Jerome told his friend that his visit was about concluded, and his long wishes were gratified. He invited his old former quasa master to accompany him to his hotel and spend the remainder of the day together. A fine dinner of the catering of the late Lemuel Cross was partaken of. Not a living soul knew who Jerome was, but the one named, and he was enjoined to strict secrecy until the mysterious stranger should be safely beyond the limits of his native slave state, which Maryland then was. Before he took leave of his confidant, he put fifty dollars in gold in his hand, and told him that was to compensate him for his interest in "run-away Jerome." He simply said, at his home in the distant, he was as free, white, prosperous and respected as any man in the community, but his residence should be as unknown as the source of the winds themselves. This singular man has never been heard of since his mysterious visit to his old bedimmed walk. This rescued reminescence sounds like fiction, but it is as real as slavery itself in the unhappy past, and is now given to the public for the first time

HISTORY.

Dec. 12, 1882.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1882.

Congress opens actively, and there is every indication of satisfactory results being accomplished notwithstanding the short session. During the first few days there has been a good deal of bantering and chaffing each other among the members who have and have not been re-elected, but on the whole Congressmen appear to be in an unusually serious frame of mind as regards the business before them. The galleries are pretty well filled every day with people curious to see not only what is going on, but to have a look at the notables. Mr. Robeson comes in for a share of interest, and he has conducted himself admiradly. Nobody would suspect from his manner that he was disappointed by his late defeat. Judge Kelley, "the father of the House," as he is called, and who is so strong in his district that he was re-elected with practically no opposition, always attracts attention when he rises in his seat. His voice is a deep bass, and his enunciation very distinct. The courtly Kasson is also much sought for by visitors in the galleries. There is no better parliamentarian on the floor. Page, of California, who was so active in securing the passage of the River and Harbor bill over the veto last session shows that he feels his recent defeat, and looks as though he wanted to explain to every one how it happened. The ample form of Reed, of Maine, is always conspicuous as his active brain entitles him to be. On the Democratic side Randall and Carlisle, prospective speakers of the next Congress, are the most criticised from the gallaries, but the genial Sam Cox is never overlooked. The man on that side who seem to be more pleased with himself and the rest of mankind than any one else is Ben LeFevre, of Ohio. Some one asked him how Ohio was, and he replied that Ohio was one hundred cents on the dollar.

President Arthur still resides in his cottage at the Soldiers' Home, and drives in every day to transact business at the White House. The improvements and renovations at the Executive Mansion will be completed in a few days, when the old White House will look better than it has for years. The President expresses himself as entirely pleased with what has been done, which, as he is fastidious and not always satisfied with the way things go on, is a good augury. Last winter, for instance, while he was occupying Senators Jones' house, the workmen at the White House lagged almost unaccountably. The President went up there one day and gave them a piece of his mind in a very dignified but effective manner. They turned in and in less than two weeks the house was ready. They found out that work that came under the President's own eye could not be trifled with.

JUNIUS.

A Distillery in Ruins.

PITTSBURG, PA., December 11.—A Belle Vernon (Pa.) *Chronicle* special says that this morning at 5:30 a copper still, containing 25 barrels of whiskey, at Gibsonton Mills, exploded, injuring Wm. Lucas fatally, and destroying the main building, together with the United States warehouse, containing 4,000 barrels of whiskey. The loss is estimated at $400,000.

NEW YORK, December 11.—The *Evening Post's* Pittsburg special gives the following additional facts concerning the Gibsonton fire this morning: "The distillery was one of the largest in this section of the country. It was built of stone and two stories and a-half high, covering an area of 123 by 160 feet. In addition, there were several bonded warehouses, but only No. 1 was consumed. The distillery was totally destroyed, with all the machinery, and besides the material in various stages of progress of manufacture, 75,000 bushels of grain were destroyed. In the bonded warehouse No. 1, 4,000 barrels of whiskey were destroyed. The loss on the whiskey alone will reach $160,000, as the government will not exact the tax on the whiskey destroyed. The headquarters of the firm are in Philadelphia, and Messrs. H. C. Gibeon, Jas. F. Stewart and Andrew M. Moore are the members. The total loss will not fall short of $225,000, but there is a considerable amount of insurance.

The Gubernatorial Fight.

A political writer in the Baltimore *Herald* says: "The pall which hangs over the party does not prevent speculation in regard to the next candidate for Governor. Some counties have already a crop large enough to supply the State for many years to come. In Harford county, for instance, there are Henry Fernandis, Henry W. Archer, J. Carroll Walsh and Herman Stump, with several districts to hear from, Baltimore county presents the name of George H. Williams; Queen Anne's, Charles McKenna; Carroll, Charles B. Roberts; Baltimore city, Charles J. Bonaparte and Gen. F. C. Latrobe: Howard, John Lee Carroll; Washington, Governor Hamilton, the present incumbent, and a host of lesser lights are twinkling in the firmament ready to drop at the slightest encouragement from an obdurate constituency. Roberts, of Carroll, is generally conceded to be the German candidate for Gubernatorial honors, and that shrewd politician could scarcely have made a better selection. The public is now enabled to perceive the reason for conferring on Mr. Fernandis the empty honor of president of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. It is said to have effectually disposed of any claims which that gentleman had on the State ring, but it takes two to make a bargain, and Mr. Fernandis may yet rise to plague the inventors of this stratagem.

"As yet the Republicans have not shown their hand, except in a single instance. Mr. James A. Gary has been spoken of as a candidate for Governor, more as the expression of a quiet sentiment that pervades the community than as a political movement. His gallant contest in 1879 cannot be readily forgotten. It is a theme upon which Republicans are delighted to comment, and it is very generally conceded that if the State can be redeemed from the hands of the Philistines, he is the man to do it."

The Whipping Post.

Philadelphia Times.

The act of the Maryland Legislature of 1882 reviving the whipping-post is to be contested as unconstitutional. The case of Thomas Foote, a colored wife-beater, who was sentenced to receive thirteen lashes, will be used as the test case. Heretofore Delaware has stood alone as the exponent of corporeal punishment, but now that Maryland and Virginia have adopted this sixteenth-century custom the question of its usefulness or barbority will no doubt be thoroughly discussed and decided. General agitation is desirable. If the whipping-post will put a stop to wife-beating and petty crimes it should have a place in every county jail; but if it will not reduce the number of petty crimes with better success than the penitentiary prevents burglaries and the gallows prevents murders it should be left with the other relics of the dark ages. Maryland and Virginia will perhaps decide the question within a few months.

Baby Elephant.

Barnum is overjoyed with his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declares $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52,000 for an insurance of the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely, if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin*, he would do no such foolish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No one can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal, and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin*. Ask your Druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

It seems that his Honor, Judge Ritchie, of Frederick, has taken issue with Sheriff Barnack, of that county. It has heretofore been the custom for the Sheriff to appoint a bailiff to the court, but Judge Ritchie has signified his intention of making the appointments himself. The Sheriff is a Republican and of course his appointees would be distasteful to the Judge, notwithstanding the fact that he was considered so much of a non-partizan that many Republicans voted for him.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It **Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color** & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beware
OF
Fraud
BENSON'S
CAPCINE
PLASTERS
HAVE BEEN IMITATED,
And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.
Benson's Capcine
Porous Plasters
Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.
One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.
Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.
Price 25 cents.
Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.
A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.
MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING
INTELLIGENCER,
ESTABLISHED IN 1852
LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead.
As a Political Journal unsurpassed.
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite.
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate.
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

In the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news to newspaper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without catering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but treating all questions and all men with fairness and manly independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, one year..... $1 50
Club of 5 and extra copy to getter up of Club..... 5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club..... 10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year..... 20 00
Club of 30 and a copy of the Daily 6 months, or three copies of the Weekly one year..... 30 00
Club of 50 and a copy of the Daily one year, or five copies of the Weekly, one year..... 40 00

The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.
Single copy—one year..... $2 00
Two copies—one year..... 3 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

A Rare Chance to
Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each lot has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodehenver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. J. DAILY,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
jan1-yl

LOCAL NEWS.

—"Dixie" challenges the town for a better 2 for 5.

—The December term (non jury) of the Circuit Court for this county, will convene next Monday.

—Miss Sophie Langdon Gilpin, the actress of Cumberland, has joined the Chanfrau Combination at Columbus, Ohio.

—"Dixie" has the finest lot of toys in Oakland.

—A branch of the Washington City postoffice has been established in the Corcoran building and Col W. H. Loudermilk, formerly of Cumberland, placed in charge.

—Oysters in every style, served at short notices. Hot coffee, lunch, cake, pies, &c. DIXIE.

—The members of the Peoples Library will meet at Grant's store on Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. The time for giving out books has been changed from Monday to Thursday evening.

—On the 29th of November the *wife of* John L. Fitzwater, residing at North Glade, this county, gave birth to three daughters. All are now living and doing well. Mrs. Fitzwater was a daughter of Rev. W. E. George, of Swanton.

—Choice candies, nuts, oranges, &c., for the Holidays, at "Dixie's."

—Last week Fish Commissioner Delawder placed about one hundred and fifty carp in the "Dead Pond," at Oakland. They were about four months old, and about six inches in length.

—Farmers and others desiring a genteel, lucrative agency business, by which $5 to $20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal, to H. C. Wilkinson & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York.
12 16 6 m

—Mr. Isaac T. Fitzwater, formerly of Swanton district, this county, but for the past four years a resident of Rocky Bar, Idaho Territory, is visiting relatives and friends in this county. He is as fine a specimen of physical manhood as one will meet in a day's travel.

—Died, near Mineral Springs, this county, December 10th, 1882, Bertha Ellen Schlossnagle, aged 2 years, 1 month and 23 days. She was the only daughter of William W. and Savilla Schlossnagle. She was a very beautiful child, and beloved by all who knew her. The bud has been *plucked* from earth to bloom in heaven.

—The "mysterious horse and buggy" which were found near Pompey Smash some months ago, and for which no owner could be found, were disposed of at public sale in Frostburg, Friday of last week. The whole rig, including horse, buggy and harness were purchased by Mr. James McFarland, for the sum of $129.

—The "saddle" of that *four hundred pound* bear, notice of the killing of which we published last week, on the authority of one of the party, was brought to Oakland Thursday evening of last week, and was found to weigh *thirty-nine pounds*. Judging from the weight of the saddle, the gross weight of the animal was something over one hundred pounds.

—We have lately purchased a large lot of new type and printing material, suitable for fine job work, such as bill heads, letter heads, statements, visiting and business cards, circulars, &c., &c. We will furnish such work as low as it can be done any where, and in as good style. We are also prepared to do all kinds of hand bill work, or, in fact, any kind of work that can be done in a first class country office.

—Mrs. Anna Maria Dressman, wife of Mr. George Dressman, living in Cumberland, was terribly burned on last Saturday evening, and died a few hours afterwards. She left her husband, who is an invalid, to go into an adjoining room, carrying a coal-oil lamp in her hand. It is supposed she was seized with an epileptic fit, to which she was subject, and, dropping the lamp, was in a moment enveloped in flames. The lamp did not explode, but the globe fell off, and her dress must have caught from the flame. She was sixty-three years of age, and leaves two sons—one living in Cumberland and the other in Rochester, N. Y. There are also two daughters, one of whom is in a convent in Baltimore, and the other is married and lives in Rochester.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice.

As the firm of John Shartzer has been changed to John Shartzer & Bro., all persons having open accounts are requested to call and settle, on or before Jan. 1st 1883.

A Shooting Match.

There will be a shooting match at McHenry, on Thursday, December 21st, 1882. All wishing a good fat turkey for Christmas are cordially invited to attend and try their skill in marksmanship. Will have about forty turkeys to dispose of.

S. P. SPECHT.

Band of Hope Anniversary.

The regular monthly meeting of the Band of Hope will take place next Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the M. E. Church. The occasion will be the seventh anniversary meeting of the Band, and will, therefore, be an interesting meeting. All are invited.

Great Reduction in Hats.

We have marked down our stock of ladies' misses' and children's hats. In order to close out the fall and winter styles. Have also reduced the price on our ladies' cloaks. Have now in store a complete line of ladies' kid buttoned boots, including the "common sense shoe." Those who wish to purchase will do well to examine our stock. A beautiful line of elegant holiday goods.

M. L. COTT,
12 16 2t Baltimore Store.

A General Stampede.

Never before was there such a rush made for the Drug Stores as is now, for a trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store.

Long Range Shooting.

The long range shooting for the Columbus Guards Prize, came of last Saturday. The target was United States regulation size, and the distance 500 yards. Each contestant had 7 shots, and the possible score was 35. Only those members who made a score of 19 or over in the contest on the 30th ult., were eligible to enter for this prize. The following is the score:

Capt. Wardwell	4, 3, 5, 5, 1, 4, 5—30
Lt. Chisholm	3, 4, 5, 5, 5, 1, 5—31
Lt. Mason	2, 5, 3, 4, 1, 4, 1—26
Sergt. Spedden	3, 0, 3, 1, 3, 2, 0—15
Corpl. Mason	2, 4, 3, 2, 4, 0, 0—15
Corpl. Boyer	1, 5, 0, 3, 0, 4, 2—18
Corpl. Crim	0, 5, 5, 5, 4, 4, 5—28
Private Boyer	3, 3, 4, 4, 0, 5, 3—22
Private Haslem	2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 1, 0— 6
Private Wiseman	5, 5, 4, 3, 0, 3, 1—21

A Consolidation Proposed.

The Rev. Wm. Stoudenmire, of Oakland, called to see us Thursday. He preached Sunday last in the English Lutheran church, Westernport, to a large and appreciative audience. He spent the week very pleasantly among the members and expresses himself as well pleased with the people and the towns. He is an agreeable and pleasant gentleman. It is probable that he will be called to this station. There is a move on foot to consolidate Piedmont and Oakland, and have one minister. This will necessitate preaching alternate Sabbaths at each place instead of every Sunday as now. A vote will be taken three weeks from to-morrow, which will settle the matter definitely.—*Piedmont Observer, Dec. 9th.*

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending December 13:

Emil F. Droege and wife to Sarah A. Laughlin, lot in Deer Park, ¼ acre; $80.

John C. Lower, to Wm. Junkins, 188¼ acres of land; $3000.

Peter Popp and wife to Geo. Popp, 92¾ acres land in county; $1100.

Mary E. Reams, to John Barnes, 26¼ acres land; $100.

Louis Nyilegger and wife to Chas. Jamison, lot No. 4, being part of military lot No. 1385; $45.

P. M. Stemple and wife to D. F. Graham, 2 lots with improvements in Deer Park; $1250.

Mt. Lake Park Association, to J. A. Fullerton, lot No. 73 at Mt. Lake Park; $50.

Caroline Davis and others to S. H. Ryland, their right, title and interest in the estate of Solomon Turney; $200.

Erie's Experience.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

ERIE, PA., Sept. 20th, 1881.

DR. HARTMAN: I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had lain me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three day's use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was perfectly well.

N. J. WRIGHT
Business Agent, Erie *Eve. Herald.*

Ask your Druggist for DR. HARTMAN'S Book on the "Ills of Life." He will give it gratis. If not, address DR. H. at Osborn, O.

Fair and Festival.

The fair and festival for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic Church will open on Christmas night, at 7 o'clock, in Offutt's large hall. Will continue to be held every night through Christmas week, and will close on New Year's night. Every effort will be made to make the fair as pleasing and entertaining as possible.

Boi for the Holidays.

Mr. C. C. Michael has just received a large stock of holidays goods, such as candies, cakes, nuts, toys, citron, raisins, mince meat, &c., &c. He also keeps a full line of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, notions, canned goods, &c., which he will sell as reasonable as they can be bought anywhere in the county.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estray.

Estrayed from the premises of the undersigned, about the month of August last, a pale red and white yearling heifer, small in size, and marked by crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

12 16 4t REDEMI'R SPIKER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, Md., December 13th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, January 2d, 1883,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the Board.

By order
12 16 3 J. C. DUNHAM. Clerk.

A SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS,

WITH REPORT OF

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS,

For Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT Co., Md., Dec. 9, 1882.

A summary of School statistics, with report of receipts and disbursements for year ending September 30th, 1882, is herewith submitted. The item for building school houses refers to houses built and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, but not fully paid for.

In 1879 the county levy for schools was $10,000.00. Of this amount the tax collectors paid to the treasurer of the School Board the sum of $1,516.92, and a judgment for balance with interest is now held against one of the tax collectors for that year. From this some was received during the past year, as reported, one thousand dollars. The decrease in the enrollment as compared with the previous year arose from efforts to carry out the law in regard to vaccination. Some few still remain opposed to having their children vaccinated, but this feeling is fast giving way, and but little difficulty is anticipated during the current scholastic year. Receipts from sales of books were as follows: J. E. Dugey, $212.11; H. Muhlenberg, $105.00; M. Mattingly, $7.87.

Salary of Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, includes a balance from fiscal year ending September 30th, 1882. The county school tax was $8,500, and the amount reported as received $7,672.49 is less $827.51 paid in advance by Mr. Margroff and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, as I report this year $1,158.78, but which was not due the Treasurer until Oct. 15.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS, FOR YEAR ENDING SEPT. 30TH, 1882.

	1882	1881
No. of Schools	85	84
" " Teachers	93	90
" " Pupils for the year	3360	3357
" " " Inaverage attendance	1877	1774

Receipts and Disbursements for Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Sept. 30th, 1881	$1,321 11
State School tax	5,775 00
State Free School Fund	2,110 60
State Donation	1,200 00
County School Tax	7,672 49
Sales of Books	321 08
State appropriation to col'd. schools,	16 12
Loan from P. P. Lohr	2,400 00
From Tax Collector on Levy of June 1882, and not due until Oct. 15th	1,158 78
From Levy of 1879	1,000 00
Error in discount	4 30
Total	$25,011 10

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teacher's Salaries	$12,819 50
Fuel	854 52
Insidental expenses of schools	204 86
Rent	208 00
Books and Stationery	1,069 93
Building school houses	1,254 50
Repairing "	182 07
Furniture, black-boards and stoves	195 24
Interest	1,300 81
Salary Sec'y, Treas. and Examiner	1,438 00
Per diem, School Commissioners	270 81
Office expense and Acct. Books	143 18
Printing and advertising	63 50
Purchase of school house	200 00
Postage and envelopes	35 10
Attorney's fees	25 00
Freight on books, &c	41 87
Error in balance reported Sept. 30, '81	01
Balance cash on hand Sept. 30, 1882	4,376 28
Total	$25,014 10

E. H. BARTLETT.
Sect'y Treas., &c.

A VALUABLE FARM, NEAR OAKLAND FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land known as the "Good Farm," on the Hoopole road three miles from Oakland, is offered at private sale, either as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers. There are about 400 acres in the whole tract, about one-half of which is cleared and under cultivation. The improvements are: Four dwelling houses, three barns, stables and other out buildings, and two good orchards. The land is productive and well watered. Title good. Very little money down. Long time to one who will be prompt to pay the interest. If not sold will be for rent April 1st, 1883.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

JOHN BARNES,
12 ft 1m Barton, Md.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICE LIST

—OF THE—

NEW YORK BRANCH STORE,

OAKLAND, MD.

DRESS GOODS. Fancy delains 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard. Plaids 10, 15 and 20 cents per yard. Extra fine Cashmeres in Browns', Blacks' and Reds', 28, 30 and 33 cents per yard. All wool Chasmeres, in Black, Green, Blue, Red and Maroon, 45, 50, 60, 75, 87 and $1 per yd. All extra width.

LADIES' CLOTH, double width, all wool, from $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard

WATER PROOF CLOTH, 1¼ yards wide, extra fine, 75, 80 and $1 per yard.

SILKS, IN ALL COLORS, including plain and Brocades from 75 cents to $1.50 per yard.

SATINS, from $1 to $1.50 per yard.

VELVITS AND VELVETEEN, 60, 75 and $1.50 per yard.

FLANNELS. Pressed and Opera, for 40 cts. per yard. Twilled and plain for 22, 30, 35 and 45 cents per yard.

FANCY, IN RED AND BLACK, 35 cents.

SHAKER, very fine quality, ¾ yard wide for 18, 20 and 25 cents; same in colored for 20 and 30 cents.

CANTON FLANNEL. Brown 8½, 11¼ and 12½ cents. Extra heavy in quality and width, 16 and 17 cents. Colored 11½ cents.

GINGHAMS, for 6, 7, 8, 8½ and 9 cents.

THIRTING, for 7, 7½, 11 and 12½ cents.

DRILLINGS, IN BROWN AND BLUE, for 12½, 15 and 16 cents.

TICKING, 12½, 14 and 16 cents per yard. Extra heavy, full yard wide 25 cents.

TOWLING, from 6¼ cents up to 20 per yard.

CORSET JENGE, 10 and 12½ cents per yd.

PRESSED CAMBRIC, 8 cents per yard.

TABLE LINEN. Unbleached extra width, 40 cents. Bleached 60 inches wide, 75 cents. Turkey Red, superior quality, 60 inches wide, 90 cents.

MOMEY CLOTH, full yard wide for 15 cents.

BROWN MUSLINS, for 5, 6¼, 6½, 7½, 8, 8½, 9 and 10 cents per yard.

EXTRA HEAVY, 40 inches wide 12½ cents.

BLEACHED MUSLIN, for 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12½ cents per yard.

BLEACHED SHEETING, 2¼ yards wide, 28 and 37½ cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED, 2¼ yards wide, 30 cents per yard.

PILLOW CASE MUSLIN, BLEACHED, 16 inches wide, 10 cents.

CALICO, from 5 cents to 7.

PACIFIC PRINTS, 6¼ cents.

TURKEY RED CALICO, for 12½ cents. ⅞ yard wide, 11 and 15 cents.

FANCY, 12½ cents per yard.

MEN'S SHIRTS, EXTRA HEAVY GINGHAM, 45 cents. Heavy Merino, $1.

OVERALLS, 45, 50 and 60 cents a pair.

FANCY CARDIGAN JACKETS, all wool, $2.50 a piece.

MEN'S UNDER SHIRTS, for 35, 40, 45, 50, 75 cents and $1, apiece.

ALL WOOL SCARLET SHIRTS, for $1.25 apiece.

LADIES' VESTS, for 35, 50 and 75 cents apiece.

CHILDREN'S MERINO VESTS, for 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece.

HOSIERY. We have a large line of Ladies' and Misses' hosiery, as well as Gents', from 5 cents a pair up to 75 cents.

A LARGE LINE OF MENS' and BOYS' ALL WOOL CAPS, from 45 cents up to $1.50 apiece.

GENTS' FINE SHIRTS, from 75 cents to $1.25 apiece.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS, for 15 cents.

LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, from 5 cents up to $1 apiece.

JUST A FEW MORE OF OUR STOCK OF LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS LEFT, from 75 cents up to $1.75 apiece.

LADIES' SHAWLS, from 35 cents up to $5 apiece.

LADIES' COATS AND DOLMANS, from $2.50 up to $10.00

OUR CORSET EMPORIUM is completed, from 50 cents to $2.50 apiece. We have the celebrated CORALINE CORSET for only $1; cannot be broken in six months' by ordinary wear.

TABLE OIL CLOTH, extra quality only 25 cents per yard.

THE CHEAPEST LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES, ever offered in this market, ranging in prices from 50 cents up to $2.50. Elegant calf skin shoes $1.50 only.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 5 cents up to 25.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 45 cents to $1.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BERLIN GLOVES, from 10 cents up to 50 cents a pair.

MENS' SUSPENDERS, from 15 cents to $1 a pair.

METALIC HAIR BRUSHES, only 30 cts. Combs at all prices from 3 cents to 50.

A LARGE LINE OF PISTOLS, KNIVES, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, at a very low figure.

A BIG LINE OF RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TIPS, AND FLOWERS, cheap.

In a word we have the cheapest goods ever offered in this market, and we defy competition, at the

New York Branch Store,
OAKLAND, MD.

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A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be deviled into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 201, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

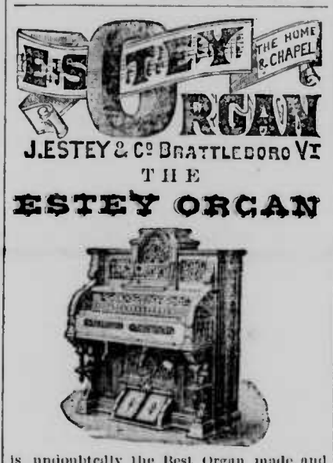

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is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

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R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

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Mention this paper.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 21 DAVID LITTLE.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came trespassing upon my property, about the 25th of November, 1881, a one year old White Steer, without marks of any kind. The owner can have the said steer by proving property and paying charges.

SAMUEL SPECHT.
McHenry, Md., Dec. 5, 1882. 12 8 3

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 td G. A. SHIRER.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

L. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1m14-13

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.
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DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n18

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is *also* underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber, or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
8 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.
☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Telephonic Peculiarities.

Most people seem to think that because they may be talking at a distance they must shout to render tones intelligible. When talking through the telephone, the conversation should be carried on in the ordinary tone of voice. Not only this, but the person speaking should stand not less than three and not more than eight inches from the transmitter. When one covers up the transmitter and bellows into the opening like a mad bull, the words at the point where they are received are simply a mass of sounds with no meaning. To speak too low would be an error, but it is one of which no one is guilty.

Another thing, people appear to be in a great hurry when talking into a telephone. The words run out as though issuing from a talking-machine, the crank of which was turned by a menial whose pay depends on the number of revolutions. The way to speak into a telephone is to talk deliberately, but not slowly to an unnecessary degree, and articulate clearly each word. It is just as easy to employ good plain English, which everybody can use, as it is to adopt mannerisms and inflections of speech. The telephone must be adjusted to the voice. As voices pitched at all keys are poured into the transmitter the only thing that can be done in ordinary cases is to endeavor to strike a happy medium.

There is an arm back of the diaphragm against which the sounds are thrown. A thumb-screw enables the arm to be pressed down upon the carbon button which comes in contact with the diaphragm or to be loosened at will. Usually the diaphragm is adjusted to suit the voice of the inspector, who is accustomed to talking through the telephone, and thus is made to serve the purpose of every one. The telephone is a delicate instrument, and when set up for private use is generally adjusted to the voice of the person using it. If a person's voice is thin and piping the diaphragm is left loose, so to speak. The sound waves are light, and if the diaphragm were held tightly they would not move it sufficiently to produce the electrical movement. On the other hand, if the heavy chest tones are to be thrown into the transmitter, the arm must be screwed up somewhat tightly, otherwise the diaphragm would be made to "jingle in its place by the violence of the sounds. It would send out over the line confused noises, and the person speaking would not be able to convey his words or their meaning. Naturally enough, an American, as a rule, is more easily understood, at least through the telephone here, than the foreigner who has acquired the English tongue to a greater or less degree. In the first place, his pronunciation is more familiar. But this is not all. His syllables and sentences are clearer, and he takes more naturally, seemingly, to the telephone. The German, ordinarily sluggish and guttural in speech, rouses to action when his mouth is before the transmitter. He talks as if he were talking against time, and pitches his voice in the key of C. This is a peculiar fact noted by the telephone operators.

The German makes bad work of it, but when he leaves the telephone he resumes his wanted calmness and deliberate ways. The greatest trouble with the French and Spanish is the rapidity with which they talk. While their pronunciation may not be more correct than the German's, it is usually more distinct. Dialects are quite difficult thoroughly to comprehend. The facial expression and explanatory movements cannot be seen, and only the plain words fall upon the ear, with nothing in the range of the vision to complete the explanation. The Irishman's brogue is so rounded off that it comes over the wire sharply and plainly. The negro is hard to understand on account of his long-drawn syllables and peculiar pronunciation.

There are some peculiarities about the telephone service that do not come under the ordinary observation. The letter "S" when sent over the wires sounds like "F." An inquiry came from the upper part of the city to our exchange down town asking if it had a subscriber named Fever. No such name could be found on the list. By accident the manager discovered that the name was Sever. He paid close attention to the sound of the letter "S" afterward, and was surprised to find that it invariably came over the wires "F." In figures, 27 can rarely be told from 37. Of the people who use the telephone the stammering man is the most agonizing to the operator or the person with whom he talks. His words sound as if some one had him by the throat and was choking the breath out of him. The syllables come by fits and starts, and as the distorted face of the speaker cannot be seen the mind cannot take the meaning from the poor wretch's struggling efforts.

When the wires are crossing and half a dozen instruments are opened there is trouble all along the line. The people go talking to one another, under the impression that they are communicating to the operators in the central office. Their fire is excited, a war of words ensues, and only when the receivers are slammed on the hooks in righteous indignation does it cease. Time was—to everybody's relief it is past—when amateur vocalists used to bowl themselves hoarse, and amateur musicians used to blow themselves breathless to show their accomplishments through the telephone to their friends a mile away. People have learned to put the telephone to substantial business purposes, and the receivers are hung on the hooks when any inspired genius starts to sing or play into the transmitter.

Of all the dreary monotonies, that of the telephone operators in the central offices is the worst. It is "hello" day in and day out. That is the burden of their life. They put the receivers mechanically to their ears when annunciators drop, call out the numbers and repeat the same remark over and over again. Young women are employed at most entirely in the exchanges. Men could not be induced to sit ten hours a day and respond to a call of "hello." When boys start in to learn to be operators they tire before they attain proficiency. Women are the only ones who will stick to the work. They are sober and trustworthy, and are contented with the pay they receive.

Following out the popular idea which has prevailed, the conclusion would be that their natural curiosity would unfit them for the duties. There is nothing that will care a woman of this propensity so quickly as to put her in a position where she is obliged to hear whether she wants to or not. The things that strike the ear pleasantly enough at first soon grow wearisome, and in a few days the dreary monotony begins. Why the word "hello" is the invariable telephone salutation, remains a great mystery. "You wouldn't exclaim 'hey there!' or 'say you!' would you?" asked the Superintendent of the telephone company. "I'd like to know what else you'd say but 'hello.'"—*N. Y. Times.*

Cigars and Cigarettes.

The tobacco-trade, possibly, has more mysteries than any other in this age of commercial immorality. It is almost as difficult to purchase a good cigar promiscuously in Havana as it is in London; unless you know the right shop to go to, you are as likely to buy Whitechapel and Bee-ren abominations, exported from Europe for the purpose, and put up in the most orthodox "Habana" boxes. In Vera Cruz, you may buy cigars for five shillings a hundred, which the venders for a few cents extra will pack and label with the name of some famous brand. So they will in Porto Plata or San Domingo. So they used in Brazil; but Bahian and other Brazilian cigars have now made their own name, and have established an honorable claim to be considered among the best cheap cigars in the world. It is impossible to get an inexpensive good cigar in Cuba itself; the best brands are not exported, for few people here would care to give half-a-crown or three shillings a piece for their "smokes" which the wealthy Cuban—who consumes them soft and green, wrapping them in oiled silk to preserve the flavor—pays on the spot. There is much in a name. Thousands of really excellent weeds are made in England and Germany from good raw tobacco imported for the purpose; but it would never do to offer them for sale as British or German produce. What a charm lies in the words "Vuelta Abajo," to be read on your cigar boxes! Vuelta Abajo is a small district between Havana and Santiago, consisting of a few acres of land only, now in the possession of two or three of the richest planters in the island; and probably not an atom of the tobacco—noted for its richness—which is grown there finds its way beyond their own air-tight bladder cigar-pouches, or those of their intimate friends.

Throughout the whole of South and Central America, the Southern States, and in many other parts of the globe, it may safely be averred that the majority of the male population of all classes have a cigarette between their lips during the greater part of their waking existence from childhood upward. The Senator smokes in the Chamber of Debates; the servant smokes as he waits upon you; the shopman does not trouble himself to remove the smouldering rice-paper from his mouth as he answers your queries; the coachman who drives you, the half-clad nigger who blacks your boots, the hunter on the prairie or pampa, and the Indian in the backwoods who rolls his morsel of tobacco in a maize leaf—all smoke cigarettes. We visited one huge manufactory in Havana which stands out into the bay like an immense mahogany cigar-box itself, where over a million cigarettes are turned out daily. We entered our names in a book on admission, and when we had completed our tour of the factory were each presented with an elegant case of cigarettes, every bundle of which bore our respective names, the date, and a complimentary sentence in Spanish, printed in different styles on beautifully-embossed labels. There can be no doubt that the introduction of tobacco in this form has greatly increased its consumption in this country. A cigarette is a thing that can be lighted or tossed aside at any time, and often serves to fill up odd intervals of a few minutes; while a pipe, as a rule, demands premeditation, and is indulged in only at regular periods; and a cigar—especially a good one—is rarely commenced by one who can appreciate it, except under circumstances favorable for its full enjoyment and completion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Mary had a Little Goat.

That history repeats itself is frequently remarked, and the incidents which confirm this statement are always full of interest to the inquiring mind. It is, therefore, pleasant to record the fact that the instructive narrative of Mary's little lamb, the truth of which certain iconoclasts have affected to discredit, has recently gained support from an occurrence which happened in this city. The other morning, on one of the principal streets of the Back Bay, a young and attractive woman was observed tripping along, attended by a goat, from whose neck dangled an end of rope, which he had probably broken in order to follow her. When she attempted to get away from her humble admirer by running, the goat ran too, and when she walked slowly, in the hope that he would pass on, he also put on the brakes and ambled along quietly by her side. Then she ran up the steps of a house, but the sure-footed descendant of crag-scaling ancestors was at the door as quickly as she, wagging his tail spasmodically and evidently enjoying the exercise. Finally the young woman made a feint of running down the steps again, at which the goat descended with such a speed that his momentum carried him half across the roadway, whereupon the subject of his attentions nimbly slipped inside the door and shut it again just in time to prevent him from charging joyously into the front hall. At this the goat pranced around for awhile, as if meditating an assault upon the jewels, but he soon thought better of it, and retired to the back lots in search of an old circus poster and an empty tomato-can for his luncheon.—*Boston Journal.*

Precious Stones for the Months.

It was a belief among the Poles that each month of the year was under the influence of a precious stone. Thus: January was represented by a garnet, emblem of constancy and fidelity; February, the amethyst, sincerity; March, bloodstone, courage and presence of mind; April, diamond, innocence; May, emerald, success in love; June, agate, health and long life; July, cornelian, contented mind; August, sardonyx, conjugal felicity; September, chrysolite, antidote against madness; October, the opal, hope; November, topaz, fidelity, and December, turquoise. Those several stones were set in rings and other trinkets as presents.—*Pung-a-Rung Lore.*

Thought Measurement.

French scientific men, and especially M. Parville, in the *Journal des Debats*, have lately called attention to a system of thought measurement, by which it is proposed to test the brain power of candidates for public appointments. The new machine can also be used for estimating the degree of emotion caused by a sudden shock to the nervous system. It is recommended as affording a useful corrective to the judgments now formed exclusively as the basis of examination papers which may or may not have been executed with great labor, and which in in many cases are no sure index to the mental power enjoyed by the person who has written them. It has been calculated that the seventh part of a second passes between the moment when the will commands and the moment when the hand obeys. A sound which strikes the ear can only be indicated by the hand one-sixth of a second afterward. When a ray of light falls upon the retina one-fifth of a second must elapse before the hand can be raised in token thereof; for to reach the hand the external impression has to pass through a whole series of organs; and the degree of rapidity with which this transmission takes place is said to be accurately measured by the new machine. The average human being requires the twenty-third part of a second for a simple thought, as for comparing two different impressions; and he takes more time to get at the meaning of a word by reading it than by hearing it spoken.

The apparatus by which the rapidity of the thinking process may be measured in each individual is the invention of Dr. Mosso, of Turin; and it was presented to the French Academie des Sciences by the late Claude Bernard. Not only does Dr. Mosso's apparatus reflect faithfully the amount of energy consumed by a man in the act of thinking; it also takes note of the degree of vigor with which he dreams. The observer can see by the results which it registers whether the thought dealt with is simple or complex; but it is above all useful as showing whether a man thinks with difficulty or with ease; and it is suggested that by a proper use of the mechanical thought-measurer it will be easy to find out, not indeed what a man knows or what he thinks, but the degree of quickness with which he can think and the amount of mental disturbance caused to him by thinking. The arm of the thinker about to be measured is, according to Dr. Mosso's rules for self-measurement, put into a "sort of muff," which in more scientific language is described as a cylinder of glass filled with water, and closed at each of its orifices with a collar of india-rubber which admits the arm of the patient and afterward shuts upon it so that not a drop of water can escape. When the arm is thus immersed in the water, the hand is placed in communication with an indicator that notes down the degree of agitation caused to the patient by the rush of blood to the head which must accompany even the simplest mental operation, such, for instance, as the determination of the result obtained by adding two to two. A person well trained in the multiplication-table suffers but little until the limit of twelve times twelve is passed. Then he begins to show signs of trepidation, and it is only with considerable pain and high scoring on the part of the indicator that the ordinary man can solve such an abstruse problem as thirteen times thirteen. One can conceive, however, a great thinker being staggered by a request to multiply thirteen by thirteen "in his head," and a quick school-boy or school-girl being able to answer such a question almost before it had been proposed. At this sort of work a banker's clerk would beyond doubt beat the inventor of the thought-measuring machine himself. But Dr. Mosso does not pretend to take account of anything in regard to thought except its rapidity and the amount of labor with which it is performed. It is interesting to know that when a student from a University, after having his arm placed in the glass cylinder and his hand connected with the indicator, was asked to read a Latin book, the indicator marked comparatively but few points, whereas the points became numerous upon a Greek book being put into his hand. On inquiry it turned out, as any one placing trust in the thought-measuring machine must already have known, that the student read Latin more easily than Greek. Dr. Mosso's apparatus would be found valuable for discovering the rapidity with which men of different kinds and callings could answer conundrums. But for the higher operations of the mind it will seem to many unscientific persons sadly defective.

In some cases the persons experimented upon with the thought-measurer were in the first place put to sleep; when the indicator recorded faithfully the degree of energy displayed by them in their dreams. Some, however, did not dream at all. Others, again, dreamed with remarkable liveliness, keeping the indicator perpetually at play. Occasionally a man who had gone to sleep, and on waking felt sure that he had not dreamt, was proved by the unerring evidence of the indicator to have been dreaming in a very active manner. Such pleasant dreams as are habitually associated with "sweet repose" do not give the indicator much employment; and it is only when dreams assume a hideous character that the hand of the thought-measurer takes serious action.

Apart from thought as a purely mental operation, the thought-measurer marks the degree of disturbance caused in the human system by surprises of all kinds, and in particular by the sudden reception of painful news. There is something inhuman in the idea of seizing a man who is about to be told that a friend has deceived him, that he is utterly ruined, or that the doctor says he cannot live, and, when his arm has been fastened in the thought-measuring apparatus, telling him to hold on to the indicator, so that the effect of the news which is about to be communicated to him may be accurately measured. Such tests must be very difficult to apply under fair and reasonable conditions. But in most of the cases hitherto reported what really seems to have been measured is the disturbance caused, not by thought, but by emotion. The deep thinker, occupied with serious problems, would not, as long as his train of thought moved on serenely, give any violent signs such as the thought measurer records. Neither would the utterly feeble thinker. The one who would give the indicator most employment would be the restless, feverish thinker, even though he thought in vain. Dr. Mosso's instrument might be used with good effect for determining the actual duration of dreams as compared with the time which the dreamers of them fancy they have lasted. If, as is now generally asserted, a dream however long it may seem occupies but one moment—the moment of waking—the thought-indicator would mark the fact by one single sign or rapid succession of signs. The ancient notion used to be that the dream lasted as long as afterward, on retrospection, it appeared to have done. This belief inspired Addison with his ingenious speculation as to which would be the happier of the two—a peasant who, sleeping twelve hours out of every twenty-four, dreamt all the time that he was a King, or a King who, during a like period of sleep, dreamt constantly that he was a peasant. That King of Lahore—celebrated in music by M. Masseuet—who, in the absence of his loved one, found heaven dull, and to see her once more went back to earth in the condition of a peasant, is probably the only personage in history or fiction who ever deliberately abandoned the throne for the plow, and heaven for earth. In spite of this faithful-hearted monarch, Dr. Mosso would probably be able to show that the King dreaming of peasant life is, as a rule, in a happier position than the peasant dreaming of the court.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Slip of Memory.

A certain distinguished Washington lady, who shall be nameless, advertised not many months ago for a French cook, having been persuaded to this step by her beautiful daughter, the Baroness ——, whose long residence abroad had wedded her to foreign customs and cookery. This advertisement led to an amusing experience, which I will relate just as it was told to me by the distinguished lady herself:

"We were seated at the luncheon-table on the following morning, when my maid brought me a visiting card on which was engraved M. Alphonse de Bongainville, Paris. Not recognizing the name, I concluded that the card was intended for my daughter, who is, as you know, well acquainted at the French legation, so I passed it across the table to her saying: 'It must be for you, my dear.' She scanned the card for an instant, and then replied: 'Indeed, mamma, I never heard of the name before.'

"'At all events,' I said, 'it is probably some gentleman who bears letters of introduction from friends at Paris; and as I am not dressed to receive visitors at this early hour, you must entertain him until I can make myself presentable.' She went into the drawing-room while I hastened up stairs to make my toilet; but before I had time to make any changes in my dress she came in and said, laughingly: 'You needn't dress, mamma, for it is only the French cook for whom you advertised.'

"Feeling half provoked at the mistake, I descended to the drawing-room, where a distingue-looking personage arose from a lounging chair, and after a profoundly deferential bow, announced that he had come to solicit of me the honor of presiding over my kitchen. I don't say that those were his precise words, but he said something to that effect, and then, after politely placing a chair for me, he stood waiting respectfully while I questioned him as to his capacity, salary expected, etc. He could not have been more obsequiously polite had I been a queen and he an humble serf, yet the man was so well dressed, so well-bred and even polished in his manner that there was something absurdly incongruous in the idea of his becoming my chef de cuisine. Notwithstanding his elegance, however, he was shrewd at making a bargain, asking fifty dollars per month for his services and stipulating that he should have a sentiery maid and an assistant. Finally, after some talk, I agreed to give him a trial, although I confess I was somewhat dubious as to the result of the engagement. Well, he came and was duly installed in the kitchen, where he overpowered the other servants by his French airiness of manner and the polite condescension with which he met their friendly advances. His cooking, however, proved to be execrable, and I was soon compelled to discharge him, whereupon he departed as grandly as he had come and with many deprecating shrugs of regret because Madame was not pleased with his services."

Now for the sequel. A pretty and wealthy young lady of the West End called last week on the distinguished Madame before mentioned, and after some conversation on ordinary topics, the young lady said: "You are well acquainted at the French legation, Mrs. ——; pray, tell me if you know Count Le Farge, who is one of the attaches there?"

"I never heard of him," was the reply, given without a moment's hesitation.

"But think again," pleaded the girl earnestly. "Surely either you or your daughter must have met, or at least heard of him. To be perfectly frank with you I have a special interest in this gentleman, for he has made a proposal for my hand. I have not yet accepted his offer, because, although I like him very much, our acquaintanceship has been very brief, and I really know nothing about him except what he has himself told me. The Count"—rolling the title with apparent relish—"is tall, quite handsome and his manners are simply incomparable. No one could look upon him without feeling assured of his noble lineage. Stay! she said, suddenly, opening her hand-bag and, taking therefrom a photograph. "This picture may refresh your memory. Look and see if you do not recognize the face." Madame took the photograph from the extended hand, but no sooner looked at it than she dropped it with an exclamation of amazement. "You recognize it?" cried the young lady, in an agitated tone. "Tell me, I beseech you, where you saw him last. What do you know of him?"

"I met him last in my kitchen, and I know nothing of him except that he was my cook!"

Tableau!—*Washington Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—A Mississippi physician says the day is not far distant when cotton-seed oil will have taken the place of lard the world over. He pronounces it much purer than lard and a great deal healthier.

For Young Readers.

THE SAME DEAR HOME.

They Purried in the wildwood,
Two children sweet and fair,
Though the autumn winds were blowing,
And the leaves were almost bare,
But soon the two grew weary
Thus lovingly did roam;
And Mary said: "Oh! Johnny,
Which way shall we go home?"

But the children were dly deaf;
One said: "Across the hill
We can see the sunset, Mary,
And the big wheel of the mill."
But the other chose the main road,
As the hour was growing late—
So they went their way divided,
Speeding at the garden gate.

"You came *your* way," said Johnny,
"And, Mary, I came mine;
You picked the roadside berries,
I stripped the nuts from vine;
You passed the fields and meadows—
I saw the cows in fours;
Yet we have met together
Here, in the *same dear home.*"

Dear, little, merry children,
You may not think the same;
Your lives may be a different
As each from the name.
But ers brothers and sisters,
Whichever way you come,
Let all your fond thoughts center
In the *same* dear, happy home.
—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

BOYS AS WHEELS.

Uncle Richard had taken his watch quite to pieces.

Had you known Uncle Richard you would not have been surprised at this, as he was so often taking things apart and putting them together again; making the clocks which went too fast go slower, and the slow clocks go faster; making them all keep good time.

Uncle Richard was never better pleased than when there was some real work for his pincers and pliers, and 'cute little screw-drivers, and all the polished and unpolished little tools, which he kept so snugly tucked away in his box. The truth was, he knew a great deal about wheels and cogs and pivots; I shall not pretend to tell you how much he knew, but I will tell you that he usually succeeded in getting the clocks and watches to run just as he wished them to do.

But to-day Uncle Richard had worked a great while, and seemed very much in earnest, without accomplishing just what he wished; worked with his funny little glass to his eye, squinting into every speck of a thing which seemed to have to do with the trouble about the watch, and was yet puzzling himself over the tiniest wheel among the tiny works. Certainly something very grave was the matter with the wheel.

"So you cannot think how the whole world is like a great watch?" said Uncle Richard, suddenly, as he laid down his pincers, and looked up at Rufus, who stood by his side.

"It is such a funny notion, uncle. How can people be like wheels and springs, and all those queer things?"

"Easily enough. I wonder what kind of a wheel you are going to be in the great watch?"

"Boys are not wheels, uncle; how can they be?"

"They cannot be really wheels, but they have their own work to do in the great world, just as these wheels have their work to do in the watch."

Rufus understood this better. He seemed amused. He seemed disposed to twist around like the wheels of a watch.

"Do the wheels of the world have to keep twisting all the time?" inquired Rufus: "I would get tired of it."

"Every wheel in the great world, and every scrap of a part of the world, has its own work to do, but it would be quite a pity to get tired of it, because it is the work for which they were made and put in their places."

"But God made us, Uncle Richard, and surely He never thought about a watch. I am just a boy."

"But what did He make the boy for?"

Rufus was as much perplexed as ever.

"I never thought about His making me for anything special, Uncle Richard; boys never do anything but learn their lessons, and play, and ——"

"So's grow to be men," said Uncle Richard. "But the boys and men have their own work to do in the world, just as the little wheels and the big wheels of a watch have their work to do."

"It does not seem as if I had any, does it, Uncle Richard?" inquired Rufus, a little earnestly. He had never thought about this before.

"Every good wheel or piece of machinery in the watch stands still or turns around, as it has been appointed to do; every boy and girl, and man and woman, who is a good part of God's piece of machinery—the world—does just what he or she is placed here to do."

"Do they, really, uncle?"

"To be sure they do. Now there is a great deal going wrong, all the time, in this world; can you tell me the reason?"

Rufus thought he knew what his uncle meant, but he hesitated a minute before replying.

"Is it because there are so many bad wheels, uncle?" he inquired, stealing up brightly in his uncle's face. "I think it must be."

"Where's like this," said Uncle Richard, holding up on his pinchers the minutest little wheel of the watch he was trying to fix; wheels that are not quite true, that have a flaw in them somewhere."

"And they spoil everything?"

"Almost everything."

"And God's big world does not go right on this account? I wonder which are the bad wheels?"

"None of us are quite as we should be; we are all a little flawed."

"How does the big watch go then, uncle? I should not think it would go at all."

"It goes all wrong, and differently from the proper way. The nearer we each keep to the work which God intended us to do, the nearer His world will be right."

"But just one man or boy does not count much."

Rufus evidently was beginning to feel uncertain as to his own help in God's work.

"If this little wheel could speak, it might say: 'I am such a scrap of a thing; it can make no difference about me; all the rest of the parts are good enough. Nothing so little as I am could disturb anything;' yet you see because of that little wheel the whole watch is in confusion."

"But, uncle, it is not quite the same with the wheels as it is with men and boys."

"Just the same; not a scrap of difference. God made you to be a true, good, honorable part of His great machine, and if you do not do your part you will disarrange more of God's machinery than your eyes can see."

"It is not pleasant to think about, uncle; let us think about something else; do you like to think about that?"

"Yes, because it helps me to do my part well, when I remember that if I go wrong somebody else will go wrong, too."

"How go wrong, uncle?"

"There are a great many ways, but we all influence the people who are about us; we help, by our example, to make good, true wheels, or dishonorable ones. A good boy helps to keep the boy near him good. A bad boy helps to make the boy near him bad. A man who swears helps to make others swear; a man who honors and loves God helps to make others honor and love God. Other wheels all around us run a little bit like ourselves. The nearer they are to us and the more they are with us the more they will grow like us and we like them in many respects. A watch cannot run right unless all its parts are true; it will go more wrong the more its parts get to be strung aside and wrong. The beautiful world which God made is all disarranged by the wheels which have sprung aside, and every single wheel, little or big, does its own share toward making *the world* better and nearer God's wish—or, worse, and so the further from God's wish."

"It is not pleasant to think about it, uncle."

"It is one of the most pleasant things in the world to think that you and I really may help to carry out God's beautiful plan, by keeping very true ourselves."

"But boys, uncle—do you really think that boys are some of the wheels of God's big watch?—it would be nice to help to make it run right."

"I do not think, I know; and I was sure when you saw just how it all was, that you would want to be one of God's good, true wheels."

"I do want to be, uncle; but I do not quite see into it yet. What could God have made me for?—it seems so funny to think of being made for anything special."

"That is something neither you nor I can tell. We cannot tell what work that little wheel may do yet. It may get to running all right itself, and help others to do so, too, and it may help me do some important thing by telling me the hour; we cannot look forward to do work, or see the result of its work, but this we know, if it comes quite right again, and goes on turning patiently just where it is placed, that it will accomplish all that it is intended to do."

"And boys will find the right thing to do, just like the wheels. I wonder what I shall do?"

"God may have some great things for you to do, or He may have only hundreds of little ones; but, it always, without exception, you do what you know to be right, under all circumstances, you will be perfectly sure to do what God intended you to do, and be a true little wheel wherever you are placed."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Last Chances.

I was talking to a banker and promoter to-day, says Smith in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, about the mechanical schemes on the market. He said: "I have lost several fortunes by overlooking that class of things. At one time I could have bought half the patent for these little elastic rubbers, which are used instead of twine, for $50. A man came to me who had it, dispirited, and said: 'I will give you a half interest for just $50.' At that time I had no faith in such things, and lost a fortune. At another I could have had one-half the patent in Singer's sewing machine for $500. Singer was then living on Fourth avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, where he had opened a store to show the utility of his sewing patent, and nobody could be brought to believe in it; so that I, a family were literally starving in that house. With a door or two of it was another store where I kept my parcels, as I then lived in the country, and it was close by the old Harlem depot. I went in one day, in an idle way, to look at that sewing-machine, and Singer offered me half his patent for $500. There, again, I blundered. On another occasion I missed a chance to Goodyear's rubber shoe patents. A retail dry goods merchant had gone into it with another person, and he came into my place one day and sat down very moodily, and finally said: 'I will give you $2,500 to put me back where I was two weeks ago, in my little business. I understood that, and saved $1,000 a year. Now I am satisfied that I have taken up something beyond my capacity.' I did not divide his burden with him, and consequently he is worth $2,000,000 to-day, while his partner is worth $5,000,000, made in these gum shoes. At that time rubber had not achieved what was promised of it, and people were skittish of going into it."

The old banker then took up some cloth from his table, in samples covered with a thin preparation of some patent substance which was waterproof, and he showed me that it would not burn to the match. "Now," said he, "I expect there is a fortune for somebody in this, but I am timid again."

I asked how many of that class of things were floating around New York. "Well," said he, "there are a great many. Chemistry is the great science of this age, and it is testing everything. Yet, if we had kept out of stocks more, and had an investigating turn for inventions, I would not have been still making my fight in Wall street in my old age."

—A practical joker went to a famous doctor and told him he was a sufferer from every disease known to medical science and a whole lot of others. The doctor asking which he wanted to be cured of first, he said it was a matter of absolute indifference to him. "Well, then," said the doctor, "suppose I begin by trying to cure you of your chronic, and I fear incurable, idiocy."—*Detroit Post.*

—At a recent Vermont squirrel hunt by two teams of eighteen men each the winners counted 13,099 to the losers' 5,010.

—To remove stains
hold up the soiled spot
a boiling hot water.—C

—Moorish designs a
household decorations,
be universally adopted.

—If you have choice
for seed put them in
the cellar. They will
freeze.

—Graham biscuits
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N. Y. Post.

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—*Boston Post.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—To remove stains from table-linen hold up the soiled spot and pour through it boiling hot water.—*Chicago News.*

—Moorish designs are all the rage in bonschedd decorations, and promise to be universally adopted.

—If you have choice potatoes to keep for seed put them in a box of sand in the cellar. They will not sprout nor freeze.

—Graham biscuits are made of two cups of Graham flour, one cup and a half (scant measure) of sweet milk, one egg; stir all the lumps out. To insure a nice brown for the crust add one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake for twenty minutes.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Kid gloves may be put on with less likelihood of tearing if they are previously laid on a damp towel for a minute or two. And it is said by the glove maker that a Monsquetaire glove will go on more easily if the upper part be turned down beyond the button, and when the fingers and hand are worked in, the top may be carefully turned, but not pulled back.

—Your little grass will grow, says the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, where the land is covered with unlecomposed leaves; but when the leaves are mixed with the liquid and solid manures of the barn, in sufficient quantity to decompose them, there are but few materials better suited for plant growth, besides forming an excellent material to keep cattle warm and dry.

—The *American Agriculturist* says the practice of strewing a large quantity of litter in sheep-sheds causes the sheep much distress, unless they have hard places to lie upon, because their feet and legs get so hot. It recommends providing a few platforms, like old doors, which can be shifted about every few days by turning over. These will be greatly enjoyed by the sheep, and will promote both their health and comfort.

Mr. John M. Millikin sends to the *National Live Stock Journal* some interesting statistics showing the money value of the exportation of swine and their products—pork, lard, bacon and hams—compared with that of cattle, horses, mules, sheep and poultry, for the years 1879-80. The total value of the exportation of the latter is placed at $105,870,382, while that of swine is shown to be $186,087,726. This is a pretty strong showing for the swine-breeding business of the country as a wealth-producing industry.

—Stale but perfectly sweet home-made bread can be disposed of in this way: Soak it in milk or water till soft, then mix it with your sponge. Squeeze the milk or water from it before adding the sponge; its presence will never be perceived in the new bread. A somewhat similar economy can be practised in regard to buckwheat cakes: take those that are left at breakfast, break them in small pieces and put them in the fresh batter; they will soon be completely assimilated, and the cakes will be even better for having them in the batter.—*N. Y. Post.*

An Inexpensive Relish for Stock.

Stock men of large experience appreciate the need of salt for stock and usually make such provision that animals under their care are daily provided with this relish. There are, however, many farmers who look upon salt as a luxury enjoyed by their stock when placed within reach, but not necessary to their thrift or comfort. Observation and experience have proven to those who have given most attention to the subject that cattle require for best results the salt they crave.

The French Government at one time commissioned a number of practical and scientific men to investigate the subject of salt as a relish for stock and ascertain the quantity required for different animals. While only approximate figures could be arrived at in the numerous experiments made to settle this matter a scale was fixed upon by this commission as the minimum daily allowances for the different animals in ordinary condition. In this a working ox or a milch cow is allowed two ounces of salt per diem. Repeated trials appeared to proved that the amount specified produced in milch cows the greatest flow of milk. Oxen fed the same amount presented sleek coats, while others receiving no salt were rough, mangy and ill-conditioned. The scale in question allowed for fattening stall-fed oxen two and a half to four ounces of salt per day and for fattening pigs from one to two ounces. For sheep, from one-half ounce to two-thirds of an ounce was allowed. One ounce was set down as the daily portion for horses and mules.

The figures given above possess a practical value to feeders of stock, in that they represent the respective amounts best calculated to produce desirable results in the different animals named and give an idea of the amount required by each kind. On small farms with few animals salt can be dealt out in small quantities each day, but where herds and flocks are numerous, salt boxes and troughs become a necessity and are in no case a convenient and economical arrangement. These troughs or boxes ought, of course, to be in sheltered places and at points where animals can have daily access to them. Some should be placed at elevations to suit horses and cows, and others set within reach of sheep.

A plan in favor in the far West and which recommends itself on the ground of economy, is mixing salt and hardwood ashes in equal proportions, combining it with a sufficient amount of water to make a solid lump or mass. These lumps are distributed in the trough, where, with diligent licking, each animal gets a small quantity, the belief being that they will take in this form no more than they really require. In addition to the fact that salt is necessary to the thrift of animals, a strong argument in its favor in localities where cattle and sheep are allowed extended runs during the day is that it proves a strong attraction, bringing them home at night without other incentive.—*N. Y. World.*

—Four children of George N. Blanchard, of Raynham, Mass., were lost in a cedar swamp recently, and though they were found after many hours of search, some of the neighbors who turned out after them went astray themselves, and one man roamed about in the swamp four days before he found his way out.—*Boston Post.*

Sound Advice.

A stranger who had made a purchase of a second-hand dealer on Chatham Street grew confidential and said he would like some advice.

"Vhell, go aheadt."

"If you were in my place and wanted to go into business here, would you lend your money and live on the interest or would you go into the second-hand clothing business?"

"My freut," replied the other with a very serious look on his face, "let me tole you shust like a fadder. Doan' go into de second-hand peesness yourself, but lend me your money and become a silent partner."

"Are the profits large?

"Large? How much you tinks I made on dot vest I sold you for two dollars? I make shust twelve shillings."

"Not by a blamed sight, for I haven't paid for it and won't take it!" exclaimed the stranger as he dropped the bundle and walked out.

"Vhell, vhell!" sighed Moses, as he looked after him, "efery times I tell der truth I lose money, und efery time I lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living in New York?"—*Wall Street News.*

—Blotting-paper, which not merely dries, but removes a freshly-made inkblot, is prepared by passing thick blotting-paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid and then drying quickly.—*Exchange.*

Language Cannot Describe It.

Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for Walker & Maxcy, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: "About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. I employed the best physicians, but they could only relieve me for the moment. Finally I used St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete cure."—*Kennebec Reporter, Gardiner, Me.*

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, I, too, would kick. I know what kind of mule I would be. A bay mule. One of those sad-eyed old fellows that leans back in the breeching and thinks. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark streak down my back and a paint-brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half to any market, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour and a steamboiler, I would start off with it pretty quiet and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the road around North Hill, and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi River six weeks to find all of that load and some of the driver, while in three minutes after the emeute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver, flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business manager of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, has used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest benefit for rheumatism, says the Galveston (Texas) *News.*

A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said: "He sets us his debts just like clock-work—tick, tick, tick."

***"Evil dispositions are early shown." Evil tendencies in our systems are to be watched and guarded against. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles impending, you take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance-guard—don't wait to get down sick. Read adv't.

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.—*Telegraph.*

Another man has been killed by tobacco in New York. A hogshead of it rolled over him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Mrs. Langtry studied a new role on the steamer coming over, having an ocean to do so.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Plucky Assertion.

The proprietors of Mishler's Herb Bitters claim to have a greater number of testimonials from druggists than can be shown in favor of any other proprietary or patent medicine in the country. This is a bold assertion, but they have the documents, and every mail only adds to their number.—*Piccadilly Express.*

The following words if spelled backwards or forwards are the same: "Name no one man."

All our lady friends will be glad to hear that Cragin & Co., 1188, 4th st., Phila., send first class piano sheet music, vocal and instrumental gratis. (No advertising on it.) Write for catalogue.

A juryman was asked if the Judge had charged him. "Fai it," said he, "the impression I had was good deal, but I don't believe he meant to charge for it."

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is far safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

"That man is so good natured that he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain," observed Jerrold once of a brother dramatist.

A correspondent asks: "Do canary birds like flesh?" Well, we can't tell whether they do or not; but they manage to get a little perch every day.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"This insurance policy is a queer thing," said Hobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it I cancel it, and if I cancel it I can't sell it."

A Chicago crank named Grtswold spent eighteen days in a little town in Pennsylvania, and during that time wooed and won the belle of the place, beat a man out of $2 000, won $500 at poker and got away without paying the landlord.—*Chicago News.*

Some one says: "Courtship is the egg froth, and marriage the custard, in the floating island of life."—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Western farmer advertises that he wants a hoss-cuss pit to musher. There are lots of musners in Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Item.*

There is a man living in this city who is so all-fired lazy that when he once gets to work he is too lazy to stop.—*Chicago Times.*

A chilling grip: Poverty's.

The society reporter of a New Jersey paper has discovered that any one who closely observes the actions of an organ-grinder's monkey in giving thanks for a cent can easily see the organ and catch the motions of the style of toping the hat as affected by the very correct young man about town.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

King Alfonso is making efforts to encourage bull-fighting. In Spain, but the people refuse to abandon their love for bull-fighting.

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago, a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. Sold by all Druggists.

Zachary: Yes there is quite a difference between an entry-clerk and a hall-boy.—*N. Y. News.*

"Buchupaiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1.

A modern philosopher thinks that early rising is well enough as far as bread is concerned.

To improve the appearance of the skin great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or highly-found fitted metal articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No a lexi tion of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with frozen (salt rheum), Tetters, Tumors, Inflammation, Rough, Scaly Eruptions of any kind. Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, which can be obtained at druggists.

The sidewalk shovelers will soon go in for winter quarters.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Spicer, of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, has discovered that "Coronation" is not a pope, nor hymn in Russia.

Reading's Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Make timely use of it for coughs. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

One of the best things to put on a farm is Wise's Axle Grease; it will grease your buggy, wagon, corn sheller, thresher, wind-mill, etc.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his chances begins to ease.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

☞Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

"The art that conceals art," as the thief remarked when he slid an expensive oil painting under his coat.

The most popular of all the English Muses: Mince pie.—*The Judge.*

Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians have been completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is said the printer laughs when he gets fat.

Grease your Boots in wet weather with Wise's Axle Grease.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles. Also guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Patrons looking for Holiday Goods will do well to send for David C. Cook's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the fight this year with a larger stock than ever, and from his prices we should judge the bottom has fallen clear out before he purchased. See adv. other column.

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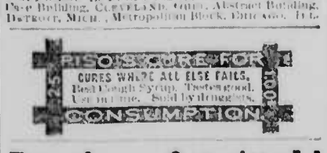

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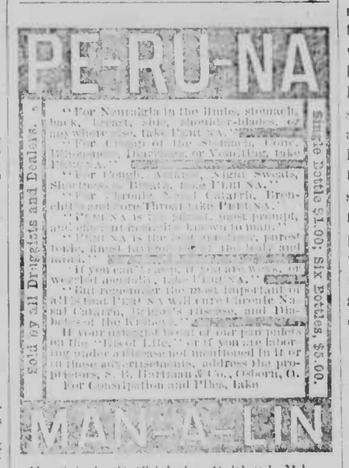

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Paying the Preacher.

It is not our purpose in this article to speak of churches and preachers, and of the reciprocal duties of pastor and people from a religious point of view, but to treat it on the lower plane of business. We wish to present the busines view of the matter solely, and of the duty of people to pay for what they get from their preacher, as an obligation as binding upon them by all the rules and principles of business, honor and honesty, as is the obligation to pay their teacher, or doctor, or merchant, or butcher for what they get from him.

One who makes no pretentions to that sort of christianity; or religion which ever demands the services of a minister; who never enters a church; who never has a child baptized; who would not permit the services of a clergyman in a sick room or in a chamber of death; who would return to the dust from which he sprung without the services of the church, might plead that he was not required to contribute in payment for what he refuses to use. This argument is not addressed to such, but to those who go to a place of worship, whether frequently or infrequently, who hear preaching, who call on clergymen to christen their children, to visit their sick, to bury their dead, or to perform any spiritual or pastoral office for them or their families,—is it right, is it just, is it honest, that these should accept, without pay, the service of a clergyman, be beggars of the preacher's wore, almoners on the bounty of those who do pay? How can it be justified? On what principle can it be excused? What plea in abatement can be offered?

We are told by those whose business it is to receive the contributions of the people to pay the hire of the laborers who work in the vineyard of the churches, that there are people using and enjoying the labors of these laborers, but who persistently and constantly neglect or refuse to pay any portion of the hire. This may be religiously all right—we do not profess to be at all expert in judging of the religious aspect of any line of conduct, nor is it in accordance with our taste to criticise, directly or indirectly, any one's religious course—but as a business proposition it is all wrong. The demands of religion may be complied with, for aught we know, when one says prayers, and sings hymns and hears sermons, and abstains from doing that which is forbidden, even if the contract with the preacher is disregnarded; if his services are used without compensation; and his work accepted without paying him for it. As we said before we are not discussing the religious aspect of the case. But it is not fair and square business-dealing. Such a course pursued in the common secular affairs of life would not work, and he who tried it could not preserve the respect of his fellow men.

One had just as well be a beggar of bread and raiment, at this day in this land, as to be a beggar of the clerical or pastoral services, or the ghostly functions of the clergyman. What is the difference? What right has one, not being a pauper, to sponge on a church? If you don't pay any part of the salary of the preacher to whose congregation you belong, somebody must do it for you, or the preacher's work must stop. What right has any one to sit quietly by and let another pay for what he gets? Should not one's self-respect blush at such a suggestion? If you don't pay any part of the coal bill, or the costs of lights, whose fire and light are you taking without pay, and without so much as saying "by your leave?" It may be a first rate religion to do this, but it is dreadful poor busines. Giving may not be necessary to make Heaven at the end: but paying for what one gets, whether in a church or in a store, is necessary to sustaining those principles of honor and honesty that are supposed to characterize the business relations of people. It is an obligation to be discharged,—not for charity's sake, but for justice's sake. It is not charity to pay the preacher his honest dues, according to contract; it is unjust to withhold them from him. It is not giving to pay the preacher for the work he does for you, any more than it is giving to pay the tailor for the garment he makes for you; it is settling a bill you owe in as complete a sense as it is to pay the bill rendered for a spring bonnet. Those whose business it is to make a contract with the preacher have gone security for the payment of what you owe for what you have got from him, and when you don't pay such a debt they are responsible to pay it for you.

Talk about reputation! Why it is the very worst form of Mahoneism for an individual or a family to repudiate the preachers' dues. The wrong of such a thing is yet more apparent when it is remembered that each one is allowed for himself to make his own bargain and to say how much he ought to pay for his minister's services. Neither the clergyman nor the agents of the congregation can go down among the people and bargain with them as to each one's share of the preacher's hire. It is bad business; it may be, of course good religion; perhaps it is; but the business morality of it is dreadful.

But the collectors tell us there is another class who do eventually pay, but by no means promptly, and allow their bills for the preachers' salary to go in arrears. This is a very poor business system. It is in fact and in practice and in result borrowing the preacher's money for their own uses. Now a preacher is certainly not a money-lender. His salary is pay for labor, and labor is always held in all kinds of business to be cash. How does it look, for a farmer, for instance, to borrow the money from his preacher to pay his hands with, and that too without his consent, when the fact is presented as it really is? If A and B each owe the preacher ten dollars at a certain day, and A pays but B withholds and uses what is the preacher's for something else, might not B as well borrow from the preacher what A paid him, as to borrow what B should have paid him but did not?

When called on for the amount of his bill due the preacher by the person having those matters in charge one said "I cannot pay it now, I haven't the money." "Then borrow it," said the collector, "you have good credit, and can easily raise it." "Borrow it!" was the astonished reply; "O no! I can't do that. I can't go in debt." Is not the business logic of such a proposition stupendous! Not a debt when the clergyman is the creditor! Not borrow from one whose business it is to lend money to pay money borrowed from one who is separated as widely as possible from such a business! Ah, well, this is a queer world, and some of the queerest things in it occur in and about the churches, and out of people's relation therewith.

What shocks and horrifies, when heard of as done in the business or political world don't cause a ripple of astonishment even when practiced towards preachers. And it will go on so perhaps to the end, in spite of the newspapers.—*St. Michael's Comet.*

The Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the out-stretched palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one lone, insolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts. When there is so much suffering and heart ache and misery in the world anyhow, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

A keen student of human nature must have written the following: "When you see a young man sailing down the streets shortly after midnight, with his collar mashed down his neck, you can make up you mind there is a young girl crawling up stairs not far distant with her shoes under her arm and an extinguished lump in her hand."

The Bad Boy of Milwaukee.

"We went down on the cars, and pa had a headache, because he had been out all night electioneering for the Prohibition ticket, and he was cross, and scolded me, and he pulled my ear because I asked him if he new the girl he was winking at in a seat across the aisle.

I didn't enjoy myself much; some men were talking about kidnapping children, and it gave me an ijee, and just before we got to Chicago I went after a drink of water at the tother end of the car, and I saw a man who looked as though he wouldn't stand any fooling, and I whispered to him and told him that that baldheaded man I was sitting with was taking me away from my home in Milwaukee, and I mistrusted he was going to make a thief or a pick-pocket of me. I said 'h-h-h' and told him not to say anything or the man would maul me. Then I went back to the seat and asked pa to buy me a gold watch, and he looked mad and cuffed me on the ear. The man that I whispered to got to talking with some other men, and when we got off the cars at Chicago, a policeman cum up to pa and took him by the neck and said, 'Mr. Kidnapper, I guess we will run you in.' Pa was mad and tried to jerk away, and the cop choked him, and another cop came along and helped, and the passengers crowded around and wanted to lynch pa, and pa wanted to known what they meant, and they asked him where he stole the kid, and he said I was his kid, and asked me if I wasn't, and I looked scared as though I was afraid to say no, and I said, 'Y-e-s s-i-r, I guess so.' Then the police said the poor boy was scart, and they would take us both to the station, and they made pa walk spry, and when he held back they jerked him along. He was offul mad, and said he would make somebody smart for this, and I hoped it wouldn't be me. At the station they charged pa with kidnapping a boy from Milwaukee, and he said it was a lie, and I was his boy; I said of course I was, and the boss asked who told the cops pa was a kidnapper, and they said damfino, and then the boss told pa he could go, but not to let it occur again, and pa and me went away. I looked so sorry for pa that he never tumbled to me, that I was to blame.

We walked around town all day, and to the stores, and at night pa was offul tired, and he put me to bed in the tavern and he went out to walk around and get rested. I was not tired, and I walked all around the hotel. I thought pa had gone to a theatre, and that made me mad, and I thought I would play a joke on him. Our room was 210 and the next room was 212, and an old maid with a dog occupied 212. I saw her twice and she called me names, 'cause she thought I wanted to steal her dog. That made me mad at her and so I took my jack knife and drew the tacks out of the tin thing the numbers are painted on, and put the old maid's number on our door and our number on her door, and then I went to bed. I tried to keep awake, so as to help pa if he had any difficulty, but I guess I got asleep, but woke up when the dog barked. If the dog had not woke me up the woman's scream would, and if that hadn't, pa would. You see pa came home from the theatre about eleven, and he had been drinking. He says everybody drinks when they go to Chicago, even the minister. Pa looked at the numbers all along the hall till he found 210, and walked right in and pulled off his coat and threw it on the lounge where the dog was. The old maid was asleep, but the dog barked and pa said, 'That cussed boy has bought a dog!' and he kicked the dog, and then the old maid woke up and said, 'what is the matter, pet.' Pa laffed and said. 'Nothing the mazzer with me pet,' and then you ought to have heard the yelling. The old maid covered her head and yelled, and the dog snarled and bit pa on the pants, and pa had his vest off and his suspenders unbuttoned, and he got scared and took his coat and vest and came out in the hall, and I opened our door and tohl pa he was in the wrong room, and he said he guessed he knowed it, and he came in our room and I locked the door, and then the bell boy and the porter and the clerk came up to see what ailed the old maid, and she said a burglar got in her room, and they found pa's hat on the lounge, and they took it and told her to be quiet and they would find the burglar. Pa was so scared that he sweat like everything, and the bed was offul warm, and he prentended to go to sleep, but he was wondering how he could get his hat back. In the morning I told him it would be hard work to explain it to ma how he happened to get in the wrong room, and he said it was not necessary to explain it to ma. Then he gave me five dollars to go out and buy him a new hat, and he said I might keep the change if I would not say anything about it at home, and I got a hat for ten shillings, and we took the eight o'clock train in the morning and came home, and I spose the Chicago detectives are trying to fit pa's hat onto a burglar. Pa seemed awfully relieved when we got across the State line into Wisconsin. But you'd a dide to see him come out of that old maid's room with his coat and vest on his arm and his suspenders hanging down, looking scart. He dassent lick me any more or I'll tell me where he left his hat."

Fast Judge and Slow Juror.

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Gibson, on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused. On my name being called, I informed His Honor, the Judge that I was not a free-holder, and therefore not qualified to serve. "I am stopping for the time being at this place." "You board at the hotel, I presume?" "I take my meals there, but have rooms at another part of the town, where I lodge." "So you keep a bachelor's hall?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you lived in that manner?" "About six months." "I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the Judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The court does not excuse you."

Rectifying a Bridegroom's Mistake.

Fall River News.

Within a few weeks a young man, well known in this city, was married to the lady of his choice. He loved her dearly, and determined to pay the minister liberally for the service that united two hearts that beat as one. Accordingly, when he put on his wedding clothes, he counted out one roll of bills for the minister and and another to pay the expenses of the wedding trip. After the ceremony he thanked the good clergyman in most fitting terms and handed him a roll of bills, but, alas, the wrong roll. The minister, on his return to his home, was surprised at the munificence of the fee, but, "fortunately being an honest man," he hastened to the depot, and succeeded in arriving there before the train with the young couple left, exchanged the wedding trip money for the intended fee and received the thanks of a confused but grateful husand.

Harvard College.

At a recent meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a discussion was held upon a resolution which had been before the board for several weeks, that in the opinion of this board, the statutes making attendance on morning prayers and other religious exercises compulsory should be repealed. The board, by a strong vote, refused to adopt the resolution. But Mr. George Shiffer, lately from Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., who had a Cancerous growth on his nose, and who was advised the use of *Peruna* before a visit to a Cancer Hospital, was allowed to take that par-excellent remedy, and by its use for a very short time, was cured completely—page 21 in the "Ills of Life"—get one from your Druggist.

They had only been married a short time. The other day she slung her arm around him and warbled, in a low tremulous voice: "Do you realize, Adolphus that now we are one?" "No," replied the brute, "I can't realize it. I have just paid a $75 millinery bill, and a lot more of your bills, and several outside precincts to hear from, so I am beginning to realize that, as far as expenses go, instead of being one we are about a half a dozen. I can't take in that idea of our being one just yet, not by a large majority."—*Texas Siftings.*

Little Lottie to her friend: "I have too many cares. Yesterday a little baby sister arrived an' papa is on a journey. It was but a piece of luck that mama was at home to take care of it."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS.

In his great cushioned chair by the fender
An old man sits dreaming to-night,
His withered hands, licked by the tender
Warm rays of the red anthracite,
Are folded before him, all listless;
His dim eyes are fixed on the blaze,
While over him sweeps the resistless
Flood tide of old days.

He hears not the mirth in the hallway,
He hears not the sounds of good cheer,
That through the old homestead ring alway
In the glad Christmas time of the year.
He heeds not the chime of sweet voices
As the last gifts are hung on the tree,
In a long vanished day he rejoices—
In his lost used to be.

He has gone back across dead Decembers,
To his childhood's fair land of delight;
And his mother's sweet smile he remembers,
As he hangs up his stocking at night.
He remembers the dream-haunted slumber
All broken and restless because
Of the visions that came without number
Of dear Santa Claus.

Again, in his manhood's beginning,
He sees himself thrown on the world,
And into the vortex of sinning
By pleasure's strong arms he is hurled.
He hears the sweet Christmas bells ringing,
"Repent ye, repent ye, and pray,"
But he joins with his comrades in singing
A Bacchanal lay.

Again, he stands under the holly,
With a blushing face lifted to his;
For love has been stronger than folly,
And has turned him from vice unto bliss;
And the whole world is lit with new glory
As the sweet vows are uttered again,
While the Christmas bells tells the old story
Of peace unto men.

Again, with his little brood 'round him,
He sits by the fair mother-wife;
He knows that the angles have crowned him
With the truest, best riches of life;
And the hearts of the children, untroubled,
Are filled with the gay Christmas-tide;
And the gifts for sweet Maudie are doubled,
"Tis her birthday, beside.

Again, he leans over the shrouded
Still form of the mother and wife;
Very lonely the way seems, and clouded,
As he looks down the vista of life.
With the sweet Christmas chimes there is blended
The knell for a life that is done,
And he knows that his joys are all ended
And his waiting begun.

So long have the years been—so lonely—
As he counts them by Christmases gone,
"I am homesick," he murmurs—"if only
The Angel would lead the way on
I am cold—in this chill winter weather—
Why, Maudie dear, where have you been?
And you, too, sweet wife—and together—
O Christ, let me in."

* * * * * * *

The children ran from the hallway:
"Were you calling us, grandpa?" they said.
Then shrank, with that fear that comes always
When young eyes look their first on the dead.
The freedom so longed for is given.
The children speak low, and draw near,
"Dear grandpa keeps Christmas in Heaven
With grandma, this year."

—*Ella Wheeler.*

MR. M'JIMSEY'S CHRISTMAS.

A Hoosier Sketch.

"Hello, Sam, shake!" "Howdy, Jim? Where've ye been at for a month? Haint seen ye since—not since day before Christmas. 'Member I met ye then jest as I was gettin' into the Nory hack to go out and spend the day with ma an' the girls. Come to think, didn't I hear——? Is it so 'at you've been gettin' married again? Don't stan' there an' grin an' look so all-tired sheepish. Can't ye tell a feller about it? The' aint no call to be bashful, I sh'd think—second trip. Widder got ye, did she? O, ye needn't tire up. I'm the best friend ye've got. Come, speak out?"

"Yes, ye air, Sam; durned if ye aint, though I may a thought different at times when ye've tried to keep me in the traces. Jump into the buggy an' I'll tell ye the petic'lars while we drive out to the stockyards. Got to go an' see about a drove o' hogs I've brought up from Lizton.

"Speakin' o' Christmas I never was brought up to think much o' the day. Didn't get no presents nor nothing when I was a boy. Ways is changed, though, now, in them things, an' specially in towns ye can't help knowing when the holidays is near. Every woman an' youngun is in such a flutteration, the windows are so gay an' tixy, 'at you're 'bliged to know what's goin' on. It makes a feller feel lonesome like when he aint got no home nor nobody to remember of him. Somehow, the day I met you at the postoffice corner, I'd been a thinkin'—a thinkin', ye know, o' Maria, an' how she used to fix up some jimcrack, a pair o' slippers, or the like, for me on Christmas. I felt mighty blue jest then, I don't mind a sayin'."

"Yes, an' now 'at it's over with, an' you're married again, I don't mind tellin' ye, Jim McJimsey, 'at I felt powerful mean for not takin' ye out to ma's. The reason was (jist hold yerself in the buggy, Jim) 'at, much as I think of ye, I didn't want to interduce ye to my sisters. Folks said you was a lookin' around, an', if I'd tuck ye, there's no tellin' what might o' happened, an' I didn't 'low to have a sister ó' mine marry ary divorced man. Those as wants to kin, but none o' mine. 'Scuse the interruption an' drive ahead. Lonesome, was ye, an' thought o' Maria?"

"Yes, something made me think o' old times, an' I couldn't fix my mind on nothin' else. Got the morning paper an' figgered on the markets; tried to calc'late what I'd clear on forty head o' cattle I had down the road, but it was nó go. Begun to dread the next day. Everything'd be closed up an' I'd have nothin' special to do. It'd been jest about a year since we—Maria an' me—had parted. Christmas before this hadn't been noways what you'd call gay to me. Fact is, it came an' went 'thout my knowin' it. Was busy seein' lawyers 'long then, dividin' property, an' so on, so my rec'lection went back to the years jest after me an' her was jined. Well, as I was sayin', I felt right lonesome. Hung around down town till the last minute—lively enough there, you bet—an' then I went up to supper. Made up my mind 'at I'd go to the theater that night; but, come to look at the bills, there was nothin' but East Lynne, an' I couldn't be drug to that play, not by wild horses. Saw it once, an' one sight o' that pore, miserable woman comin' back to be nigh her husband when he wasn't really her husband no more was enough for me. Begun to wish I could go to sleep an' not wake up till—well, till the day after. Thought some o' gettin' on an old-fashioned tear—reg'lar jamboree, like we used to have when we was sowin' our wild oats, hey, Sam? I'd kind o' been out o' the way o' such tricks for several years, an' it didn't hardly seem as if there'd be as much fun in 'em as the' used to be. I was wonderin' where I'd find some o' the boys who'd be willing to celebrate after the old style, when I got to the house an' the Widder Folsom met me in the hall. Boarded at the same place, ye know.

"Thought I'd come to the widder if I kep' grindin' on, did ye? Jest shet up, Sam, will ye, till I get through? I've got to tell this yer story in my own way, an' if you don't like my style of delivery, why next time jest lasso a norator.

"Folks had joked 'bout me an' the widder from time to time, but there wasn't really no occasion. She was always pleasant an' smilin' when people was around, but when she got to talkin' about business matters to me she got real sober an' down in the mouth sometimes. She said she couldn't get the hang o' such things herself, never havin' had it to do when Folsom was alive, an' now she felt sort o' helpless an' discouraged. Seemed grateful for any advice I could give her. She looked right cute that night—some sort o' white fluffy fixin 'round her head an' shoulders. Said she'd like to ask me, as a great favor, to walk down to the toy store with her; had forgot a present she wanted to make to a child of her acquaintance, an' was so timid about goin' out alone. She's one o' them skeery critters, jumpin' at her shadow. Course I had to go, an' when I'd had my supper we started out. She came an' talked to me while I et—right sociable body, you know.

"Some o' the young folks always hangin' 'round giggled at us like a gang o' idiots. The way boys and girls are brought up now is a disgrace to the country.

"On our way down town we had to pass a 'Piscopal Church, where they were havin' some sort o' doin's. The widder proposed goin' in, but I said no. We did step into the vestibule, though, to listen to the music. I never was no great church-goer, you know, though I used to go to Campbellite meetin's with Maria when I was courtin' her, an' some little afterwards. I don't know, though, as I ever heard anything 'at took me quite so nigh to heaven as the voices an' the sound o' the organ that night. Kind o' seemed for a minute as if I was lifted right off my feet. You needn't laugh, Sam. I don't have such spells often, but it was sing'lar 'bout this, an' it sticks in my mind. I heard the choir sing, 'On earth peace, good will, peace—peace'—it echoed' way off. Then they sang about the mother an' the Babe—I disremember the exact words—an' I could 'a swore I had a glimpse o' the little kid. Maria's and mine, 'at died, you know. Foolish notion, but it's queer how such things will come over a feller now an' then. It was gone in a second, an' I was goin' down the stone steps with the widder, she a sayin' how bad the soprana flatted—whatever that means.

"A man an' woman went by as we got to the sidewalk, an something in her motions made me think o' Maria. On'y got a look at the side o' her face in the shadow for a second, but I saw it too pale and thin for her's.

When we got to the store, the widder she went back through the crowd to get the notions she was after, but I waited up front. While I was standin' there, hands in pockets an' wishin' I was somewhere else, who sh'd I see jest ahead o' me but—Maria. Yes, it was. Must 'a been her, I knowed then, 'at I'd saw passin' the church, but I was wrong about her lookin' pale. Her cheeks was was red as pinies an' her eyes bright as a new dollar. She wasn't lookin' at me. She was holdin' in her hand a little red tin-cart with a white horse hitched to it, an' I knowed what she was a' thinkin' of. That yer cart was the identical mate to one I'd brought home fer the baby once, an' she laughed at me for a week about it. The baby wasn't more'n three months old at the time, an' she said he couldn't play with the like o' that fer a year or more. He didn't live that long, an' never had no fun with the little wagon. I wondered what she was doin' there, an' at that I saw Cap. Bemus talkin' to her. Cap., you know, was an old beau o' her's afore she married me, an' she said to me once, when we was havin' things rather hot, that she wished she'd took him. Maria had went back to her relations, you know, out at Bean Blossom, an' I hadn't seen her since she left Differ'nt times I might a' gone over just to find how she was couin' on; but I didn't have no excuse fer bein' seen 'round there. I'd heard, though—somebody's sure to tell ye the things ye ain't spilin' to know—'at Cap. was makin' up to her right smart, an' 'twas likely they'd hitch teams. He was a widower with two or three unruly brats, an' I didn't see what she'd want to make herself a slave to them fer. And him! He wasn't noways fit for a woman like her. If she'd a' jest asked me fer advice I could a' told her some things 'at 'd a' settled his hash. The idea o' his marryin' my wife! My wife—Lord! It come over me all of a sudden 'at she was nothin' to me no more. I had no right to say what she sh'd do. You won't believe it, Sam, but it never struck me till that minute 'at I'd really lost her for good. Fact!

"Mebby she an' Cap. was married a'ready. I didn't know. They come along jest then, her a talkin' an' a smilin' up into his ugly face as if he was the only human on earth. The widder she'd got through, too. I offered my arm an' we sailed out large as life. I'll own 'at I hoped Maria'd see us, but she didn't pear to. Was standin' outside with him lookin' at things in the winder. The widder, not knowin', of course, said she thought it was such a pity 'at a woman would use paint on her cheeks. This made me kiud o' mad, fer I knowed Maria never did nothing o' the sort, an I said so, a-doin' 'at the lady back there had been my wife once, an' I spoke from the book, as it were. Of course the widder she began to apologize. Wouldn't a spoke if she'd a knowed, she said. An' then she went on to say how unfortunit it was to be jined to an uncongenial pardner. The late Mr. Folsom, she said, had been a good pervider, but she would confess 'at ther'd never been that deep sympathy atween her an' him 'at her nature craved. Her deceased husband, she said, did not understand the wants of her soul. Them was her words, I think, or similar. The widder was a fluid talker, an' I couldn't always keep the drift o' her remarks. Was listenin' now with on'y one ear, as you might say. Felt all het up, somehow, an' wondered to myself why I didn't go back an' lay out that Cap. Bemus. Lucky I had sense enough to know I'd be makin' an infernal fool o' myself if I did. It was none o' my business who Maria took up with.

"Right here I noticed 'at the widder was quite stirred up—with talkin' about Folsom, I reckon—an' was wipin' her eyes with her handkercher—she was so overcome an' trembled so I had to put my arm 'round her to hold her up. It was dark along there. 'Cordin' to the gas company's time card it was the moon's turn to light the city that night, but the moon must a' been side-tracked somewers. We was purty close home, too, that is, close to the boardin' house, which an't rightly no home, an' we went in.

"There was no one in the parlor, an' the widow said wouldn't I set awhile. She'd like to ask me about a little matter of interest to her, an' it was so hard to talk about private affairs when those giddy young folks were around to interrupt. Thankful was she they'd gone to a party that night.

"The widder she looked mighty purty standin' there by the base-burner, holdin' out her hands to get warm. Thinks I to myself if Maria is a flirtin' round with other fellers I s'pose I'm entitled to equal privileges. I was standin' right clost to the widder, an' I was agoin' to—well, what would you 'a' done with a purty face nigh to yourn an' no one lookin', you old sinner? But I didn't. No, by George, I didn't.

"Curious how all this time I was thinkin' o' Maria more'n the widder. She was a talkin' on in her soft way, not seein' what was my intention—that is, I s'pose she didn't, but you caint be right sure what a woman knows, specially if she looks uncommon innocent.

"My arm was jest a reachin' out fer to take her in, when she rolled up her eyes to me and said—I don't know what she said, but it seemed to me all to once 'at she looked an' talked like Barbary, the second wife in East Lynne, you rec'lect, an' her I call a cat, if the' ever was one. Ridic'lous notion, you know, but it struck me all of a heap like, an' I said, would she excuse me if I had an engagement. If she'd wait, I'd be back 'fore long, an' would be pleased to give her my poor advice on any money matters,"

"An' then I lit out.

"I walked as if the devil was after me. Seemed as if the world was upside down. What had I been doin' all the last year 'at I hadn't made up to Maria, while there was time? An' now that low-down, no-'count Bemus had took her away from me. He'd abuse her an' make a nigger of her. Why didn't she—Lord! what had made me such a fool as ever to let her go—such a full-blown, miserable, outrageous fool?

"If you'll rec'lect, our divorce was got on account of incompatibility of temper, an' it was supposed to be her temper. We went to a young lawyer. Lawyers 'ort to all be hung—but then, I don't know either; I reckon they can be excused for skinnin' the fools who walk right up to 'em to be skun. Young lawyers caint afford to turn away no jobs either; any kind of a case is apt to be a ground-hog case with 'em—they're 'bliged to have meat.

"The chap we, me an' Maria, went to told us there'd be no trouble in gettin' a bill o' divorce as long as we was both agreed. He drawed up some real slick papers which told how that, whereas said James an' Maria McJimsey, aforesaid, by reason of an onreconcileable diff'rence o' mental characteristics, found themselves unable to maintain the harmony an' unity of soul indispensable to a happy matrimonial relationship: that the said James an' Maria, owing to diversity of temperament (he meant tempers, I 'low), had become estranged, instead o' further united by time. This natural lack o' concord led to bickerings an' wretchedness, which was contrary to the spirit an' letter of the—the (it wasn't constitution) something aforesaid. In consequence of this unfortunit condition of affairs, they had slowly an' hopelessly drifted apart, wherefore, et-cettery, et-cettery.

"I ain't got no gift at languages, but the foregoin' aforesaid was some of his words, an' they fetched the bill.

"I was a thinkin' o' all this as I went stavin' down street that night. 'Peared like I must a' been the dogondest idiot 'at ever walked when I 'fowed her to leave me. To tell the truth, I would a give in more'n once if I'd saw a sign o' weak'nin' about her, but I never did. Maria, she was tiery, for a fact, but if I could 'a heard her scold that minute it'd a been better music to me than any melodeon or piana.

"An' I reckon she used to have some reason for jawin' me, too. The baby had died, an' she must a been homesick after it. I might a'cheered her up more'n I did; stayed to home more evenin's or took her out to the minstrels an' the like. But I didn't. An' she got to thinkin' things 'at she didn't have no reason fer. Said I was a heap smilin'er to other weemen 'an I was to her, an' she was ready to tear the eyes out o' one girl in petic'lar 'at lived down the street aways. I always did try to be polite to the sect, but didn't make no diff'rence in my way o' treatin' an old humbly female an' one yonng an' ellpper. That is of course—a man has eyes. O, well—the long an' short of it was me an' Maria quarreled over nothing at all. The more I thought about it the madder I got at myself. Didn't seem now as if they'd ever been more'n jest childish spats atween us, things 'at a man shouldn't a' minded. I'd been lucky in the cattle trade in the year past, but I'd a give every cent if I could 'a' had her back.

All the time I was a thinkin' o' these things I was a goin it for dear life—my legs sort o' racin' to keep up with my mind, so to speak—but I hadn't took no notice o' where I was, until all of a sudden I found myself turnin' off Fletcher Avenue into the little side street where we used to live. Me an' Maria, you know.

"In the divide I had given her the farm down in Brown County, an' I'd kep' the house an' lot. A railroad feller had rented it, but had moved to Tarry Hut a day or two before; so the cottage was vacant at this precise time. If I'd a thought, it was about the last place I'd a come to that night, but I was right on it 'fore I knowed

"I leaned on the gate, an' looked at it a spell.

"I remembered how bright the settin' room used to be when I'd come home late. Maria, she'd never shut the blinds o' the side winder till I'd come. Said she didn't want the house to look gloomy to me, outside or in. It was all dark enough now.

"I rec'lected how purty she used to look, a sett n' 'n there, rockin' the baby, an' I'd stand outside and look in a bit 'fore I'd open the door.

"I'd have to stay outside o' her house till the end o' time now, and another feller had the right to go in. My own fault, too.

"Sam, the cold misery 'at took a grip at my heart then I hope 'll never ketch you.

"I couldn't stand still. I started again, got as fur 's the corner, when it came over me—queer how you'll remember things you didn't seem to notice at the time—it come over me that I'd seen something move in the shadow of the front doorway, an' I whirled an' went back. None too soon, either. Jest as I got to the gate out come a woman. The moonlight wasn't turned on yet, an' I couldn't see plain, but I stepped in front of her, an' says I, 'Maria?' She tried to run, but I grabbed the fringe of her shawl, an' she stood still. 'Maria,' says I, 'what ye doin' here without Mr. Bemus?' 'Mr. Bemus is on the train goin' to Amity, I reckon. I don't know nor care,' says she. 'Ain't you married to Widder Folsom, putty-faced thing, James McJimsey?'' 'No, I am't, nor I don't ever expect to be.' An, with that my arms were 'round her an' her head on my shoulder quicker'n it takes to tell it. Made up first an' explained aft'wards, you see.

"Not that the' ever was much explainin'. We couldn't stand in the street bekavin' in that ridic'lous way—folks might come along—so we went into the house an' I lit the gas. The' wasn't on'y one chair on the premises—but one chair was enough.

"'When I saw you an' widder comin' down the steps o' the church I thought may be you was just married, an' aft'wards in the store you looked so kind o' soft it made me sure of it,' says Maria, after a spell.

"'The widder's a scary little body,' says I, 'an' she asked me wouldn't I walk down with her while she 'tended to an errand she'd forgot.' 'Scary!' says Maria. 'Her scary? There ain't no man on the face o' the yearth 'at she's 'fraid of. Bold thing! Just like her to ask ye to go with her—the old cat.'

"It done me good jest to hear Maria go on once more. I knowed she did the widder onjustice, but it showed she still thought a heap o' me. I didn't think the' was any use in harrerin' up her feelin's by going into pitic'lers, for instance, of the circumstances under which I'd left the lady we was talkin' of. Weemen never look at such things in the right light.

"'As for lookin' sheepish, I don' know,' I says, 'but how about you an' Bemus a gallivantin' round?'

"She got kind o' red at that. 'There was no gallivantin. He happened to be on the kyars comin' up,' she says quick, 'an' he asked me wouldn't I help him pick out some notions for his children Christmas. I won't deny 'at he's been a-tryin' to make up to me, but I was raised decent, and I couldn't abide to have any other man hangin' round while I had a husband livin'. The divorce didn't seem to make no difference in that feelin'. After I saw you an' that old Mis' Folsom (I'd come up to see, if the stories was true I'd heard about ye), thinks I—well, no matter what I thought. The Captain he said he was comin' to see me soon's I got home, an' I—I told him he could come.

"'I'll go with you,' says I, 'an' I'll tend to his case, durn his impudence.'

"Just then Maria jumped up, an' says she, 'James McJimsey, this is perfectly scand'lous, me a settin' here with you an' not married to you. What would the neighbors say?' an' then she begun to cry.

"'If I hadn't been such a silly goose, such a heartless woman, such a downright fool, me an' you might a been happy all this year,' an' she sobbed like a baby.

"'I was the fool,' says I. 'No, me,' says Maria.

"Well, then, we'll do the best two fools can. We'll get married over, an' there ain't no livin' man 'at can set us to driftin' apart again.

"See here, Sam, I don't see no occasion for you shakin' my hand till the shoulder 's out o' j'int. The folks lookin' out o' that winder'll think we're dumb idiots.

"Yes, of course, I married Maria. Have ye listened to this long-winded yarn an' do'y jest now gathered 'at I ain't married to Widder Folsom.

"Christmas? O, yes. It was too late to get a license that night, so I took Maria to the place where she was a' stoppin'. Hated to let her go out o' my sight for fear I wouldn't never see her again. I was up bright an' early on' Christmas mornin', though, you bet, an' the way I hustled the clerk away from his buckwheat cakes an' sassiges was a caution. Me an' Maria, we walked around to the old Campbellite preacher's 'at had married us before, an' he tied a double an' twisted sailor's knot 'at wouldn't allow of no driftin'. He throwed in a neat little lecture into the bargain.

"The widder? What do ye keep a' harpin' on the widder fer? If you want to be her business manager, I'll take ye up an' interduce ye. Mebby she's waitin' in the parlor yet."—*Anna Nicholas, in Indianapolis Journal.*

A Marvelous Palm.

In the Village of Pedur, in India, grows a marvelous palm. Some children plucked its fruit at five o'clock one afternoon, and flocked early the next morning to gather more, but they found the branches now far above their heads. They ran to their parents with the story that a date tree which they saw on the previous day lying upon the ground was now standing. Observation disclosed that the tree changed its position every morning and evening. The tree is eleven feet high, not including the leaves and stems. One who has seen it writes: "At 5:30 the tree was almost lying toward the west. The foot of the tree was at an angle of five to seven degrees with the ground, and we were given to understand that it had already commenced to rise from four o'clock: A handkerchief which had been tied by the District Munsiff to one of the leaves, so that its other end might just touch the ground, had risen six inches. At 8 p. m. the kerchief was eighteen inches from the ground, and at 3 a. m. nine feet."

A Humorist's Barometer.

Somebody was asking a Hartford man how it happened that Mark twain wrote and published so little nowadays. "He writes as much as ever," was the reply, but his barometer is out of order, and he does not know what to publish. So he publishes nothing."

"What in the world has his barometer to do with his literary activity?"

"His barometer is a man-servant named Jacob, who is remarkable for his deficient sense of humor. Mark never can judge of the merit of his own performances. Years ago he fell into the habit of testing everything that he wrote by observing its effect upon Jacob. If Jacob listened to the reading of the article, jest, or story with unmoved countenance, or merely smiled in a perfunctory way, Mark was satisfied and sent the manuscript to the printer. But if Jacob laughed outright, or gave any other indication of genuine meriment, the humorist concluded that the stuff was hopeless and withheld it from publication. He regarded Jacob as infallible and came to lean upon his judgment.

"About three years ago, it appears, Jacob learned for the first time from some outsider that his master was a professional humorist. He felt greatly honored that he should have been chosen habitually to enjoy the first freshness of every new production of genius. He did not exactly understand why he should have been thus chosen, but felt in a vague way that a great humorist must need sympathy and appreciation, and must naturally look for it to the fellow-being nearest at hand. He also felt that he had perhaps failed to be at all times sufficiently appreciative. So Jacob kept his discovery to himself as far as his master was concerned, and resolved to be as appreciative in the future as anybody could desire.

"One day Mark called Jacob in and read him a sketch entitled 'The Cow and the Lightning-rod Man.' In composing it Mark had flattered himself that he had struck a pretty line streak. To his amazement Jacob put back his head and roared. With a half-suppressed ejaculation Mark dashed the manuscript into the waste-paper basket.

"Then Mark waited six weeks or two months to collect his forces (for he is never precipitate in anything he does), and achieved a romance called 'How I Bounced the Baby.' He summoned Jacob and watched his face with obvious anxiety as he read the touching narrative. Jacob's mirth was painful to observe. Mark tore up the story and then tore his hair.

"Two or three experiments of this sort, with unvarying results, persuaded Mark Twain that the malaria, which he has been dreading ever since it began to creep up the Connecticut Valley, had reached him at last and destroyed his powers of usefulness. He fell into a settled melancholy. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Twitchell, tried in vain to cheer him up. 'Perhaps,' suggested Twitchell, your man has really cultivated a sense of humor, so that you must no longer judge by opposites.' Mark shook his head, and borrowed a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons from his friend's library. He copied out a long passage from the discourse on eternal punishment, and palmed it off on Jacob as his own latest effort. For the first time in history, the gloomy periods provoked peals of laughter. Jacob held his sides and shook all over. Then he suddenly stopped, his countenance became blank, turned pale, and he incontinently fled. He had seen murder in his master's eye.

"That," said the Hartford man, in conclusion, "is why Mark Twain does not write. He hung his reputation as a humorist upon his barometer, and his barometer no longer works."—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

"Parsons' Pay" In England.

While admitting, in the course of some after-dinner observations to which he gave utterances on Thursday evening at Ipswich, with a genial frankness truly refreshing in one of his cloth, that clergymen are sometimes animated by human passions, liable to error and even but poorly off for brains, the Rev. Francis Maude expressed his conviction that his professional brethren were, on the whole, too miserably paid for their services to turn out what he idiomatically termed "a superior article." The church, according to Mr. Maude, is the worst remunerated profession in the land, and, as he unhesitatingly confessed, his own experience of an ecclesiastical career has been such as to convince him that as far as the good things of this world are concerned it is much better for a young man starting in life to become a butcher or baker than a parson. It is unquestionably true that the subordinate clergy of the Established Church are, as a rule, underpaid in proportion to the cost of their educational preparation for holy orders, and possibly to their private antecedents, although their remuneration will be found to compare favorably with that of the working priesthood in continental countries. Nine English clergymen out of ten are foredoomed, when they enter the church, to live and to die in comparative poverty; but they are equally certain of wielding considerable power and of enjoying both prestige and precedence, socially speaking, to a very appreciable extent. What is the drawing-room status of an attorney's clerk or doctor's assistant compared to that of a curate? In the world, Mr. Maude must remember, only a very few—and those rather by the accident of birth than by professional assiduity—can have everything that appears desirable to human ambition at one and the same time. If, as the incumbent of Holy Trinity asserts, ministers of religion do not nowadays occupy that strong ground which they formerly held, it is due to other and mightier causes than their cheapness as a marketable commodity. The position of the clergy, like that of every mundane institution, is liable to change, and must follow the bent of the age. Every profession has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and it behooves a man about to choose a career carefully to weigh and strike a balance between the desirable and undesirable before he makes up his mind.—*London Telegraph.*

—The Chief of the Fire Department of Columbus, O., attributes the origin of a fire which destroyed a stable in that city, to a telegraph wire that was fastened to a corner of the building.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A pew in Dr. John Hall's church, New York, sold the other day for $2,600.

—A Massachusetts woman has made a bequest of $2,000 to Boston University "for the purpose of clothing worthy theological students."

—In Prussia they appreciate the value of health and the necessity of exercise to maintain it. The minister of education has ordered that the boys in all the schools be made to play athletic games.

—The "Singing Pilgrim" (Philip Phillips) and his son, who now sings with him, are shortly to return home, after a successful tour of song throughout the British Isles. Mr. Phillips and his family will visit the West Indies until April next.

—From March 1 to November 1 the American Sunday School Union established 498 new Sunday schools in the Northwest and brought 2,028 teachers and 16,120 scholars into them, besides aiding 1,033 old schools, which have 5,149 teachers and 44,109 scholars.—*Chicago Times.*

—The First Presbyterian Church in New Albany has a deacon, John Bushnell, who has held that responsible and honorable office for fifty years. A few evenings ago the ladies of the church celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday as a mark of respect to his integrity and Christian character.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Tight lacing has often been adjacked as injurious to the health, but now it is said to be injurious to morals. A Philadelphia parson recently preached a sermon on the subject, and argued that the divine truth could not find its way into a heart squeezed and cramped by corsets.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The teachers in the public schools at Indianapolis have been in the habit of sending out pupils to ascertain the whereabouts of absentees. By entering houses where scarlet fever was raging several of the scholars contracted the disease, and now the School Board propose to put a stop to such use of the pupils.

—It is said that a curious old gentleman in New York has been collecting sermons until he now has about 12,000 of all sorts. He began nearly thirty years ago. He laid up bound volumes at first, but later he preserved the sermons he found in pamphlets or fully printed in periodicals. In order that he might arrange his material, he learned book-binding, and for all these years he has given his nights and holidays to the work of arranging, indexing and systematizing his material.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Chunder Sen, the leader of the Free Brahmins in India—an almost Christian sect, opposed to idolatry and caste—is a man of unusual attainments. He is a graceful orator, both in English and Bengalese, and a profound scholar in the philosophy and sciences of Europe. He has traveled much, having visited London and been presented to the Queen. Personally he is of striking and handsome appearance, being more than six feet tall, and in the prime of life. He is very wealthy, and at his own expense maintains a large church in Calcutta, and edits and publishes a paper called The New Dispensation.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Boston flirt, on receiving an offer of marriage, rushed into the hall and called up stairs, "Mother, am I engaged to anybody now?"

—Metamorphosis extraordinary: A young man who was supposed to be uncommonly soft, has been found running away from his tailor as hard as possible.—*The Judge.*

—"That's a lovely necktie you have on," she remarked. "Glad you like it; I thought it rather neat myself." "Yes, it would look so well in the silk patchwork quilt I am making."—*Elevated Railroad Journal.*

—The mushroom crop is so scant this fall that gatherers think there is mushroom for improvement. Meanwhile hasty pudding is a safer thing to put on your table. Hungry children have lots of mush room.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—"How can I keep the cattle from breaking down the fence to get into my garden at night?" said an Austin man to a neighbor. "That's easy enough." "But how can I keep the cattle from breaking down the fence?" "By leaving the gate open."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The sting of a bee, it is said, when compared with the point of a fine needle under a powerful magnifying glass, is scarcely discernable. But the trouble is that when a man gets a bee sting, he forgets to compare it with a needle; hence it always is discernable, and by a large majority.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"'Tis a poor rule that does not work both ways. Yesterday I was at a dinner party, when a glass of wine was spilled on the table. Herr Meier put some salt on it and no one said a word. Subsequently the salt-dish was capsized, and I poured a grass of wine on it, whereupon I came near being thrown out of the house.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—The smallest county in Pennsylvania is the most modest. Its strong point is its Lack-o'-wannaty. The most evenly balanced county in its profit and loss account is Lose-earn. The rag-pickers' county is Alley-gainy. The most stalwart county is Arm-strong. The most disreputable county is Snider. The deadest county for education is Schuylkill.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—An humble Sausage thus Addressed a haughty Seal Skin sack: "How does it Happen, my Friend, that you do not Recognize me, when it was only Two Months ago that you Used to Skin up a Tree whenever I approached?" To this the Seal Skin Sack saucily Replied: "You had None the Better of Me then, Mr. Sausage, for while I was Skinning up the Tree, you forsooth Were Sailing down the Street with a Tin can tied to your Tail."—*Denver Tribune Fables.*

—"Then you are thinking of building a residence next season?" suggested Flub to one of our heavy pockets. "Yes I thought I should get up something in that line." "What style of architecture—Gothic, or Doric, or Corinthian, or——?" "O, a little of everything. My wife inclines to the Mary Ann style; but I guess I'll put up a genuine Betsy Jane cottage, with a pizarro all around it. That'll suit me well enough."—*Chicago Times.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A WINTER SONG.

O, Summer has its roses
And the laughing light sooth wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But Winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

O, Summer has the splendor
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But Winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

O, Summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But Winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

O, Summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in Winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

—*Susan Hartley, in St. Nicholas.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A Christmas Story in Two Chapters.

I. BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The girls had never liked Hetty. It began with her first day of school, that cool, October morning, when she appeared in her pretty dress of blue cashmere, which formed so lovely a contrast with her fair skin and yellow curls.

None of the Cotton Hollow girls had curly hair except Hetty Jones, whose black locks kinked up funnily all over her head, and although one or two of the younger children secretly admired the golden floss that tumbled itself into such fluffy heaps over the white forehead, or strayed down to play with its owner's apron strings, nobody had the courage to say so after Sarah Grant had declared that she "would rather have no hair at all than such sozzly looking stuff as Hetty Northam's."

Then Hetty wore dainty white aprons unlike the gingham and calico the school had always known, and the new scholar's boots and stockings were altogether of a different order from Susan Cummings' or Gerty Smith's.

When Hetty's father purchased the great mills at Cotton Hollow, and took his wife and Hetty and Baby Dimple to live in the house vacated by the former mill-owner, it was decided that Hetty should attend the small school in the village. Across the ravine a mile or more was a large school, to which the foreign portion of the mill-workers sent their children; but the little school by the side of the church was made up of a dozen or more girls, and half as many boys, mostly Americans, but all children of poor parents.

So when shy, sensitive Hetty took her place with the others, and at recess did not speak to anybody, but sat in her seat musing over her spelling-book, so unusual a proceeding was at once attributed to pride and haughtiness, and an unfavorable impression was created that was not easily effaced. This impression was deepened three days later, when Hetty answered correctly a question which the others in her class missed, and in consequence gained the first place which for months had belonged to Sarah Grant, the best scholar in school. This event roused all the fire in Sarah's nature, and although she regained her position a week after she was not easily forgiven.

During the weeks before Christmas Hetty made almost no progress in acquaintanceship with her companions. She surmised from their actions that they did not care for her company, and being an exceedingly bashful little girl, she drew more within herself, and watched their games from her silent corner on the window which overlooked the playground, often wondering why nobody seemed to like her better. Once, shortly after her entrance into school, Gerty Smith had asked her to "come and play tag," but Hetty, confused and abashed by the number of curious eyes bent upon her, had abruptly declined the invitation. The next moment she was sorry she had not said yes; but nobody asked her again.

One day at recess, when it wanted but a week of the happy Christmas time, Hetty was alone in the schoolroom. The last scholar had disappeared down the stairway, and Mr. Bacon the teacher, had gone down the street on his daily visit to the post-office. Hetty crossed the room, and threw open the window. The air inside was hot and close, and she stood for a moment breathing in the freshness, and watching the cloud-shadows on the opposite hills, now white with their sparkling mantle of newly-fallen snow. Outside on the steps below were huddled together a group of girls. As usual Sarah Grant was the speaker:

"Proud, stuck-up thing!" she exclaimed, angrily. "Catch me bowing down to her ladyship! I don't see what she's got to be so proud over, for my part."

"Why, Mr. Northam is awful rich, Sarah."

"What if he is? Money ain't everything, and Hetty Northam ain't any smarter than other folks. She can't parse a sentence right to save her life; and she has no business to dress as she does, wearing a fur cloak to school! I should be thankful to get anything to keep me warm. There is pa working for almost nothing, and he heard that all the mill hands were to have their wages cut down next month. I say Mr. Northam hasn't any right to screw us down so as to buy fine clothes for Miss Hetty, and I hate her!"

The girls were used to Sarah's harangues, and soon tired of them, so Emma Porter hastened to say in a softer voice:

"Well, never mind; let's sit down here in the sun and tell what we'd like for Christmas. I, for one, want a new pair of skates. What do you want, Sarah?"

"I don't know of anything I should like better than lots and lots of books, unless it was a good, warm shawl. I almost freeze in mine. Yes, I do know what I want most, though—a book with that piece of poetry in it that Hetty Northam spoke last week. O, it was beautiful!

On the Friday before Hetty in her turn, according to the custom of the school, had recited Poe's "Bells," and their strange music had charmed Sarah Grant, who, notwithstanding her blunt, sometimes coarse speech and hasty temper, loved poetry, and she longed to read for herself the words which had so pleased her.

"O, you are crazy about those 'Bells,'" said Gerty Smith. "It was splendid, but there are other things I'd rather have for Christmas. I wish I could have pounds and pounds of candy, just as much as I could eat for once, and a new doll. Beatrice is all worn out and mother says she shall not get me another," she concluded, mournfully, thinking of the forlorn darling with the torn dress and shoeless feet.

"Humph! you may have all the dolls. I want a sled so I can slide down hill with the boys," put in Katie Cohn.

"So do I want a sled, and a book full of pictures, and a bird, and a new dress, and—oh, ever so many things," said little Hattie Morris, drawing a long breath. "What do you want, Mary?"

The quiet, gentle girl addressed answered slowly:

"I guess I should rather have a new dress and shawl for mother than anything else."

"Why, of course we'd like lots of things for other folks, but just for yourself; what do you want most for yourself, Mary?"

"Well, I want a piano dreadfully; but I shan't ever have that, so I didn't say it," replied Mary.

"Guess you'll have one as quick as we shall get our things. Don't you think so, Sarah?"

"Like enough," replied Sarah with a scowl; "I never expect to have anything. Nobody does in Cotton Hollow, except whoever has the mills. That's the way to keep poor folks; screw 'em down close, and put the money in your own pocket to buy fur cloaks and blue cashmere dresses with!"

"Sarah Grant!" whispered Gerty Smith hurriedly as they rushed upstairs at the sound of the bell; "I do believe Hetty Northam was at that window; I caught a glimpse of somebody."

"Don't care! Hope she heard!" was Sarah's response.

II. AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Sarah Grant was the first in the schoolroom on the morning after the Christmas holiday. Emma Porter and Gerty Smith soon made their appearance.

Sarah met the newcomers at the door, flourishing two handsome books over her head.

"If I didn't get just what I wanted!" she cried, excitedly.

"So did I." "So did I," eagerly exclaimed both girls.

"These lovely books! They are full of pictures—gilt-edged and all; just see!" Sarah went on. "Aren't they elegant?"

"Yes, yes; but who gave them to you, Sarah? We haven't the least idea where our presents came from; have you?"

"No," replied Sarah, "I haven't, and I don't know as I care, so long as I have them. O, they are so lovely!" and the excited girl hugged them close.

"My skates are beauties," said Emma Porter, and Gerty's doll——"

"A wax doll with real curly hair," put in Gerty," and lots of candy, chocolate, and cocoanut, and peppermint and everything—just what I wished for that day—it's so funny!"

"Girls, girls!" burst in Katie Cohn, running up to the noisy group. "I've got a new sled, and I don't know where in the world it came from! Mother says there isn't any Santa Claus, but I believe there is."

"There's Mary! I wonder if her wish came true."

"I've got a piano!" began Mary, as soon as she caught sight of the others.

"You don't mean it, Mary Tucker!"

"I do," said Mary, half crying and half laughing. "A man brought it yesterday afternoon, and he wouldn't tell mother who sent it, only that it was for me. And besides, there was a beautiful shawl and cashmere dress came last night for mother, and—oh, girls! Here poor Mary broke completely down.

"What are you crying for, little goose?" exclaimed Sarah Grant. "Guess I wouldn't cry because I had a piano. Who sent it, do you suppose? Some of your rich relations?"

"I haven't any, and I have been so afraid that the man made a mistake and would come and take it away."

"Well, I shouldn't want to give up my new shawl," said Sarah, displaying it proudly. "Just see how thick and warm! But the best of all is, that Mr. Northam has raised pa's wages."

"So has he raised father's!" said Emma Porter.

"And my father's, too," echoed the others in chorus.

"He has?"—Sarah stopped suddenly, and for a moment her face was a study. It wore a puzzled expression, as if she were trying to see her way out of a difficulty. She turned in her quick way to Gerty Smith:

"Do you suppose *she* heard? Could *she* have sent——?" Sarah glanced towards a desk in the corner. Its quiet little occupant seemed to be studying; her eyes were fixed upon her book.

"I'll ask her—I'll find out!" said Sarah Grant.

There was no smile on Sarah's face, as she crossed the room; instead, a troubled, set look about the mouth. She stopped in front of Hetty's desk.

"See here!" she said sharply, "did you have anything to do with our Christmas things?—my books, and Mary's piano?—Did you?"—still more sharply.

Hetty hesitated; her face was flushed, and the girl was fairly trembling with excitement. For a moment no answer came, and then she took refuge in the monosyllabic "Why?"

"I want to know; did you or did you not?" demanded Sarah harshly.

"Ye—yes," stammered Hetty, frightened at Sarah's sternness. "I—I—thought you would like them."

"Do you mean to say that you heard what we said that day—what I said about you?" questioned Sarah, in a queer, strained voice.

"I heard some—I—but I'm not proud a bit, Sarah: I wanted you to know it."

"And you gave me those books! O, Hetty!"

There was a tremble in the hard voice, and then Sarah Grant put her arms around Hetty Northam, and hid her face in the dainty white apron.

By that time everybody was over by Hetty's desk, all talking at once, Mary thanking Hetty over and over for her share in the gifts, while Hetty explained that she had lately had a new piano, and she couldn't possibly use two.

Tears were plenteous, but after all smiles predominated.

"What presents did you have?" somebody asked of Hetty.

Hetty did not reply at once; she blushed painfully.

"Not much; some money," she said finally, as her questioner pressed her.

Sarah Grant was quick to think.

"Hetty Northam," she said, slowly, "did you give up your Christmas for us girls? And I said I hated you—and you heard me!"

"Why, I've had a lovely Christmas; I wanted to do it," said Hetty, simply; "I had things enough."

Just at this juncture the teacher appeared in the doorway, and noting some unusual stir, hastily inquired the cause.

Sarah Grant was too deeply buried amid Hetty's ruffles to explain, and somebody else had to tell the story.

Katie Cohn afterwards asserted that there were tears in Mr. Bacon's eyes as he put his hand on Hetty's head and stroked her soft curls, and nobody else could see clearly enough at the time to contradict her.

True to nature, Sarah Grant could not let the affair end without putting in a word:

"Mr. Bacon, Hetty Northam is an angel!" To which he answered:

She has given good for evil, Sarah, and that is more than angelic; it is Christlike.—*Golden Rule.*

The Saloon-Keeper's Joke.

A few weeks ago a Detroit saloon-keeper got hold of the fact that a certain customer of his had invested in a lottery ticket, and on the night of the drawing the saloon was filled with a crowd to enjoy a joke which the saloonist was to let loose on his man. The man with the ticket dropped in at the usual hour for his beer, and while drinking it he heard the saloon-keeper remark that ticket No. 63,256 had drawn $5,000.

"How do you know that?" was quickly asked.

"Well, I also hold a couple of tickets, and a friend of mine in Chicago has telegraphed me the winning numbers."

"Let's see the telegram!"

It was produced. It had been specially prepared for the occasion and appeared genuine.

I hold that very ticket!" gasped the citizen as he produced his wallet.

"No!"

"Here it is!"

Congratulations were in order, and only a hint was needed to bring an order for beer and cigars without limit. At the end of a grand hurrah the saloonist presented a bill for $13.25, and was met with the reply:

"See you later—too excited to make change to-night."

Yesterday the man of beer went to a justice to see about suing the bill and learned that his debtor was in Colorado. Just how much he made out of the joke can't be figured until he gets over kicking himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Athletic Games for German Boys.

German boys are to be taught to play games. The Prussian Minister of Education has determined it, and it will be done. Herr von Tossler's circular on the subject, just published at full length by the Cologne *Gazette*, is a very able and remarkable document. For some time German public opinion has been much exercised about the physical condition of the boys in the higher schools of the country. They were excellent scholars, but rather poor specimens of boys—listless, inactive, unenterprising, often appallingly short-sighted, the raw material of professors perhaps, but not of soldiers and men of the world. Germans have awaked to the necessity of better physical training, and, true to their character, they are setting about it in their own thorough and methodical fashion, with a Minister leading the van and the whole admirably drilled bureaucracy in column at his heels. There can be little doubt that the action of the Government, prompted as it is by a general widespread public feeling, will result in a remarkable change in the character of German education. To indoor-drilling and gymnastics, already pretty universal, outdoor exercises, especially games requiring skill and agility, are to be added. Spontaneity is no longer to be sacrificed to discipline. If ever German boys learn to play cricket and football—both, by the way, recommended by the Minister—or any equivalent games, English schools will have to look to it. English education is at present as far ahead of German in the training of the body as German is ahead of English in the training of the mind.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Straw in Place of Hay.

Col. F. D. Curtis has been experimenting in feeding farm animals upon straw in place of more costly hay, and finds a profit in it, provided a suitable amount of grain be given with the straw. Last winter he found himself short of hay but with plenty of straw, and he gives in the New York *Tribune* his experience in substituting the cheaper for the dearer fodder. The straw was fed chiefly in cold weather, as the animals had a better appetite then than after the weather became warm in spring. A horse ate eighty-four cents worth of meal and sixty cents worth of straw in seven days, that would have eaten two dollars worth of hay in the same time, if hay alone had been his food, thus making a saving of more than one-fourth. Milch cows, working oxen and young cattle all did well with straw and corn fodder as a part of their ration. The butter made was of excellent quality and the milk yield highly satisfactory. He found that bright straw for horses driven on the road is superior to hay, as they will not so readily over-fill themselves as with hay. Plenty of grain must be given with straw to animals at hard work. He believes that farmers can afford to sell a portion of their hay, and then purchase grain to feed with their straw and make a profit by the exchange. It is no new thing to feed straw in winter to farm animals, but it was not till such experimenters as Professor Sanborn and the agricultural chemists showed the philosophy of the practice, that farmers have felt free to adopt it as sound policy.—*New England Farmer.*

—Samuel Hall, aged fifty, for forcibly kissing a woman at whose house he had called for a match, was fined twenty-five dollars and costs at Brockton, Mass., and in default of payment sent to jail for four months. It is understood that the unfortunate man also failed to get the match.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Clouds as Weather Signals.

Mr. Clement Ley, the English meteorologist, reports a recent incident of British weather which most strikingly illustrates the value of clouds as storm signals. He states in *Nature* that recently a storm center passed over Scotland with a progressive velocity of forty-five miles per hour, and "indications of its progress were afforded by cloud observations at a distance of more than 800 miles in advance of the center, the velocity of propagation being supposed uniform." The significance of this fact in its bearing upon the British weather forecasts is enhanced by the recent signal failure of the London Meteorological Office to obtain a timely intimation by means of its barometric and other instrumental observations of the disastrous Atlantic cyclone which lately visited England. This storm extended over a wide area, sweeping away a bridge on the Great Western Railway and damaging many buildings. So that the London *Times*, two days afterward said: "The deluge which has overwhelmed the British Isles and sent the Thames surging over its banks causes the curious to consult more critically than usual the descriptions or vaticinations of the weather which we publish daily." If the British meteorologists can get the barometers to give timely warnings of the hurricanes which sometimes rush upon their coasts, from the Central Atlantic with a progressive velocity of more than sixty miles an hour they can do more with that inveterately sluggish monitor than has ever been done before. Though its monitions are invaluable they can never be relied on for promptness and timeliness. But the clouds which invariably precede a cyclonic depression, and often precede the vortex by several hundred miles, are both timely and trustworthy monitors, as in the case reported this month by Mr. Ley. During the slow passage of last September's hurricane over the West Indies its approach was indicated at Cardenas, according to a report published in the *Signal Service Review*, by "small clouds moving rapidly along the horizon" over thirty hours before its center crossed the meridian of this place, and the Havana records evidently show that that the cloud and rain indications announced the hurricane's advance at least sixteen hours before its arrival on the meridian of Havanna. Had these places been in the storm's central track, and hence exposed to its greatest force, they would probably have had still earlier and more emphatic cloud indications of its approach. The timidity with which meteorologists make storm predictions based solely on cloud and rain indications is excusable in the present very defective system of observing and reporting these aqueous meteors. But if they were properly observed and telegraphically reported they would generally afford the data necessary for reliable forecasts, even when the barometric and other instrumental data taken alone were inconclusive.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Thrashing-Floors.

It was in the north of China, that we first saw the thrashing-floor of the East and of the Bible. When we were traveling to some out-stations in Mantchuria, the road bounded on both sides by endless fields of gigantic millet, there would come a farmer's house and farm-yard, or a small hamlet, and on the skirt of it, the trodden spot of ground hard and smooth as stone. But it was not till some weeks later, as we were journeying slowly up to Pekin, and the harvest was now gathered, that we saw it in use. The grain was laid on the floor, and a pair of oxen were driven leisurely over the ears, treading out the corn. Another form of thrashing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, the driver or children, perhaps, sitting on the board to lend it additional weight. Sometimes the grain was piled up in a large heap in the center of the floor, unsifted and then men with the winnowing shovel (the Bible fan) would toss the grain into the air, or else into a flat basket, from which the man who held it flung up the corn, and the wind carrying the chaff away filled the air with dust. One Bible phrase after another was recalled to us. It was easy to see how the Philistines could rob the thrashing floors at Keilah, those open spaces in the field on which the absence of any dread of rain induced the farmers to pile up their wealth of grain: or how the open floor, open to the sky and smooth, became the natural place to test the dew upon Gideon's fleece while all the rest of the ground was dry; or how, when the two kings, Ahab, of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, of Judah, summoned the prophet, the place to set the royal thrones was on the smooth and empty thrashing floor just before the gate of Samaria; or how no better place than this could be found on which to build the altar that David raised when he had purchased the site of the temple from Araunah, the Jebusite, and found in the thrashing instruments—the wooden fans and boards and oxen poles—the wood for the sacrifice. It would be easy for the oxen to stop in the midst of the abundance they were treading out and eat; and the merciful Jewish law provided that they should eat if they would; there should be no muzzling of them: "thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth on the corn."—*Good Words.*

De Brazza, the American Explorer.

Truth thus describes Lieutenant de Brazza, Stanley's rival in the exploration of Congo: His is an Italian and has a very remarkable head. To the front view of his face, Euclid's definition of a line (length without breadth) is applicable. There are, however, a pair of gleaming, intensely keen black eyes, the ironical expression of which must have been galling to Stanley. As to the profile, it is made up of violent curves. The forehead is bumpy and strongly modeled. A very high-bridged nose (higher than the Duke of Wellington's, but not so abruptly outlined,) dips at the end in a rounded point, so far down as to be almost horizontal with the month. The chin advances in another strong curve. Brazza's head is Florintine, In Leonardo's picture of "The Last Supper," there is such a head—and it is upon the shoulders of one who betrayed with a kiss. Judas has not, however, gleaming eyes and an expression of scorching irony.

Temperance Reading.

CHRISTMAS TEMPERANCE STORY.

"Papa! does wine choke folks sometimes?" said irrepressible Frankie Allen, bursting into the dining-room, near the close of a holiday dinner, at which he had just assisted to the full extent of his ability.

"No, my son. Do not ask foolish questions."

"Then what makes Christina say she cannot drink the wine you sent out to the kitchen for her holiday dinner 'cause it would choke her'? I'll go right out and ask her."

"I'll go, too," said Mabel. "May I, papa?" Their father consented, and while he was enjoying a social hour with his friends over their holiday wine, his two children besieged their friend Christina, who told them the following story as she washed and polished the great pile of dishes and placed them in proper array:

"I was born in a town at the foot of one green mountain in Norway, and whenever my work was done, I would run away up the mountain side and sit by my comrade Lena Thorson, as she was watching the cows and the sheep. There was not so fine a girl around all the fjord as Lena. Her eyes were like the sea—sometimes they were blue and sparkling; sometimes they were gray and deep. Her brow was just so white as a pearl, and her cheeks like the wild roses that grew by the mountain path. No one was so loving to her friends and so strong to help them as Lena. She used to sing so happy as she watched her sheep that the wild rocks answered her song and told it from peak to peak. Von day as we sat on a rock that stood ont far before the others, she lay her knitting in her lap and take down her long, thick hair that shine like gold in the sun, and she comb it with her fingers and say: 'I will no more watch the sheep of Former Luarson on the mountain in the rain and the kalt, for next week Gustave will wed me and he has a little farm of his own. He is too goot for me, for he have been to the school and have learn much, but he say he love me best of all, and you must come to my vedding.'

"So the next week Lena was wed in the old church, and while the priest he pray for God to bless them, the sun it shine again on Lena's hair like the new gold. And when they went to Gustave's home they git to all a glass of red old vine, for Gustave's fader have left him money, and he vas richer than the oder peasant young men. Lena she take her glass and drink it, and her eyes shine like two stars.

"There is not in all this big new country so sweet, so beautiful a place as Lena's home. The vild rocks rise up behind it. The ferns and the mosses grow everywhere in the cracks, and Lena could stand in her front door and look down at the town on the shore, and away across the fjord at the blue mountains on the oder side. She used to laugh at the heavy, old oak door and say it was to defy the storm-king that came up from the fjord, and she said the fjord laughed with her, she was so happy.

"By and by there came a little boy to Lena's home, and Gustave he take him to the church and name him Hans for the fader. And then we go home with them and we all drink the red, old vine again, for good luck to the baby.

"Hans he grow like a—what you call it—a veed, but Lena she no longer sing so much, and sometimes she say the fjord looked sad. I vondered what vas the matter, but after avile I saw that Gustave drink so much of the vine that his nose grow just so red as the vine was. Then it grow darker and darker in the home. The cattle and the sheep they grow not so many on the little farm. Gustave he sit much in the drink-shop, and Lena work much out in the rain and the kalt. Sometimes Gustave valk very crooked in the street and he fall down in the mountain path. As little Hans grew older, he come to our house sometimes late at night, and his eyes be very red. The mountain path was very long and steep for the little feet, but Hans never say one word. But I knew something was the matter in the home.

"What was the matter? What made Gustave fall down?" said Mabel with wide-open eyes.

"Because his head was so heavy."

"What made it so heavy?" put in Frankie.

"It vas the vine and the beer and the vhisky. Now you must keep still or I will tell you nothing more."

"When Hans was about eight years old God sent Lena a little girl-baby, and when I go to see her she say: 'O Christina, I am so glad for my little girl that I will never be sad any more. And Gustave say he will stay at home with us and not go to the drink shop any more. Well, they take the small girl to the church, and the priest he name her Karina for the old moder, but her eyes be blue and her hair be gold, just like Lena's. And when we come home with them, Lena she give us the best she haf in the house to eat, but she say: 'I will have no more the vine, for it takes the peace out of my little home and the joy out of my heart.

"Well it was all right till the Yule-time came, and every body was so happy, and even the poorest had a good time. Gustave went to the town to bring home the Yule gifts. Then his old friends they ask him to go to the drink-shop and he say: 'No I haf promised my wife that I will never drink any more.' They say: 'We do not vant you to drink, but you must take just *one glass* with us for good luck at the Yule time.' So Gustave went with them, and after he drink von glass there was no end to it till he was vild with drink. When he come home he flew at Lena and Hans like crazy man. He drive them out the house, and Lena go first with the baby in her arms. Ven Hans follow her he put his little hand on the side-post of the door, and his fader he dash it shut so quick and so hard he broke the little soft wrist off, and little Hans fell bleeding on the doorstep. My poor Lena could not see how bad it was but she lifted him up and tried to help him down the mountain path, for she said Hans must see the doctor. She had no chance to get shawl or anything to wrap the baby in; the storm-king was angry and the snow and hail strike in her face like needles, so she couldn't see. She was not so strong as she used to be, and when she come to the steep place in the rock, she fell down with the little girl-baby. Hans he see she could not rise again, and he try to come on to the town to tell us. But when he come to our door he have bleed so much he fell down on my steps; and when we bring him in he not know anything. We go for doctor and do everyting for him, and when he know us again he say: 'You must go and help my moder for she fall with the little baby.' Then the men go ont and look for her and bring her in. O my sweet friend Lena! She was frozen with the little girl-baby in her arms. My hot tears fell on them like the rain from the clouds, but they could not made them warm again, for the baby was so white as the snow that cover them. It looked like that vite stone you have in your grave-yards. Its little cheek was pressed close to Lena's cheek, and over it, like a cloak, was my Lena's long gold hair."

"My house was so little they took Lena and the baby to the church where she was wed to Gustave, and where they give name to the children, and the priest read from the Holy Book that 'Vine is a mocker.' I put my hand on Lena's hair and say: 'I will never drink another drop so long as I live, if so my Good Fader will help me.' And when they go to put them in the grave, Gustave, he come and stand by the coffin and sob as if his heart would break. I felt so hard, so bitter in my heart, I could not be sorry for him, and I was glad when an officer seize hold of him and take him away. They took him before the Judge and he say he must go to prison for ten years.

"We keep little Hans for our own, and we sen t him to the school-master so much as we can, for we say:

"'He cannot work much with one hand.' He be good boy and do all vhat he can to help us. After my man die we sometimes haf hard times—Hans and I, but the Good Fader provide.

"When Hans be about eighteen year old we go von evening to the church at Yule-time, and we see a stranger with our old priest. He was old and wrinkled and there be much white in his hair. At first I did not know him but when I look again and again, I saw it to be Gustave, and I shake so I almost fall from my seat. He said: 'My friends, I will not take a text from the Holy Book to speak to you: my own life shall be for a text.' Then he told about his killing Lena and the little baby, and about little Hans. He said: "For ten years, as I worked in the prison, my heart has been eaten with pain and sorrow for my sin. But the blessed Christ has forgiven me, and henceforth I will give my life to deliver others from the power of strong drink. Let every one who will take warning by me, and promise never to drink another drop of this accursed thing, come and write his name on this paper.' Then Hans he rise and walk up the aisle the first one, and he take the pen in his left hand and write his name. And when his fader see his right hand was gone and read his name, he grow very white and look at him sharp, and he say: 'Is it Lena's boy?' And Hans say: 'O my fader!' and put his arms around Gustave's neck. Then the womens they begin to veep, and the old priest say: 'Let us pray!'

"Then Gustave come home with us, and after a few days he say: 'My son, let us leave the scene of my sin and shame and sorrow, and go to the New World.'

"I say 'There is never any new world so beautiful, so green, so sweet as the mountains around the fjord, but if you go I vill sell my man's tools and all mine tings and go, too, for I cannot live vithout Hans, he is like my son.' And now I work to help for Hans to go to this big school—vhat you call it—where they learn to be minister. And when Hans be minister, then he is going to take care of me."

"Papa' says Mabel, opening the door where the guests were just taking leave. "Christina says Lena and the baby froze to death."

"Yes," said Frankie, "and she says wine made a man's head weigh so much that he fell right down. And I'll never taste it any more as long as I live, not even in the bottom of the tumblers."—*Chicago Advance.*

Matters of Fart.

A CALL has been issued for a State Convention in Kansas, January 9 and 10, by the Temperance people of the State.

THINK of robbing starving children of bread, of blinding eyes with bitter tears, of ruining men, body and soul, taking their last penny and then turning them out at midnight to perish! If the curse of God ought to rest on any thing it is the liquor-traffic.—*Chicago Standard.*

A FREE and impressive "Temperance lecture" was delivered in the streets of Louisville the other day, when a young man, the sole support of an aged mother, well liked generally by his employers and a favorite with his friends, pitched headlong from his truck, striking on the hard pavement and being crushed flat by the heavy vehicle as it passed over him. "Rum"—that is, whisky—"did it."

AN Eastern paper says: "Governor St. John, of Kansas, believes that his defeat was secured mainly by the expenditure of a large sum of money furnished by the Whisky Ring. He says that $100,000 were sent into the State, and this with some treachery in the Republican party accomplished the result. He is not discouraged, however, and says that he 'for one proposes to camp on the skirmish line and keep up the light until we give the Whisky Ring its Appomattox.'"

REV. DR. L. W. BACON, of Norwich, Conn., wages a firm contest against liquor dealers. The applicants for licenses and the Commissioners find in him an unbeldozable objector. When the case of a certain firm was up the other day he objected on the ground that they were the confederates of the worst criminals in the town. "Do you mean that?" said one of the men. "I do," replied the clergyman. "If you repeat it I will have you arrested and make you prove what you say," shouted the man. Mr. Bacon said, deliberately: "I charge you with being the confederate of the worst criminals in town." "The firm's application was signed by respectable citizens," said the Commissioners, "and endorsed by the Selectmen, which makes us, in Mr. Bacon's judgment, the endorsers of a brothel." "That is undoubtedly the truth," interjected the clergyman.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1882.

Hon. Milton G. Urner has been appointed one of the committee to attend the funeral of Representative Orth of Indiana.

At the regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company, held at Baltimore on Wednesday, of last week John W. Garrett was unanimously re elected president for the coming year. This makes his twenty-fifth consecutive election to the presidency of the company.

Attention is called to the prospectus of the Baltimore *Day*, to be found in another column. *The Day* is one of the best evening papers in America, and is certainly the cheapest paper published in this State. It is Democratic in politics, and and we especially recommend it to our Democratic friends in this county.

The Frostburg *Journal* speaking of the school muss brought about by the judges says it "gives no credit to the statement on the part of the judges that they misapprehended January 1, 1883, as marking the termination of the current official term of the commissioners. Nothing in the situation requires them to thus criminate themselves of ignorance of about the only extrajudicial duty they have to discharge." And concludes its article as follows:

"All surface things considered, the suggestion of the judges may be fairly accepted as extraordinary. It would have been far better to bide the expiration of another year to make whatever change is desired.

"Should there be justifying cause at the bottom of this proceeding they cannot too soon uncover it. The cause of the court will then become the cause of the people.

"Otherwise, the judges will have assumed an attitude of unprovoked hostility to individuals unworthy of the ermine."

President Arthur is quoted as saying to a friend recently, who had suggested the proscription of the Pennsylvania Independents, "I differ entirely with you. My idea is that this is the proper time to reorganize the party. It is the duty of every Republican to exert himself to that end. So far as the Administration is concerned I shall in the future recognise neither Stalwart nor Half-Breed as such, but shape my policy to suit the party generally instead of the factions according to their hopes or desire."

Simon Cameron, who spent the past week in Washington, it is said, was here in the capacity of a peace maker, and had succeeded in the object of his visit. He urged Don Cameron to make concessions, which were agreed to. Mitchell is to be taken in full fellowship and the Independent element of the Republican party are to have everything that is reasonable and just. It is believed that by next fall the two factions of the party will be again united,

The Philadelphia *Times*, a sry, quickwitted newspaper, has just taken the sense of leading Republicans of Pennsylvania on the prospects of Republican unity in that State and the methods to procure that desirable end. A few—a very few—refuse to give an opinion; nearly everybody approached looks forward to a reunion as easy of accomplishment and bound to come. As to the methods—leave it to the people. There is no evidence of exultation on the part of the Independents, or of a desire for revenge on the part of the regulars. The factions seem to have had enough of the killkenny cat business, and are not only willing but anxious to form once more a united Republican party. This is a manly, sensible view of the situation; and this being the feeling, the way is open for all that can be desired. Here is a suggestion to Republicans elsewhere and everywhere. There has been unfriendliness and bitterness in other States—let that give place to a union of hearts and a union of hands for the common welfare. There has been dissension in the National councils—let that give way to harmony and hard work for 1884. The masses of the party want no discord, no wrangling, no repetition of the grim disaster of November. The people of the Republican party may be safely trusted with its interests. The President has made his appeal to the whole party. No line of division is drawn through his admirable message. He has laid down a broad platform of broad planks—is any Republican too narrow to stand on it?—*Ex.*

Senator Brown, of Georgia, speaks for a large class of Democrats who don't want civil service reform, now that it is in sight; who don't want it from a Republican Congress and President, because it would be capital for the Republican party, and because it would shut them out of the bulk of the spoils if it should be their good fortune to get into power. In a speech now to be found in the *Congressional Record*—not a newspaper interview to be flippantly repudiated—Senator Brown endorses and lauds the Democratic doctrine—"To the victor belongs the spoils," and he is willing to give reasons for his bold position. He is frank enough to say that many Democrats couldn't be moved to campaign work if the party could not hold out to them the hope of the victor's sweet reward in the spoils of office. With rugged eloquence he pleads for the spoils doctrine; with all the logic of various qualities he can command he argues in its behalf. If anybody wants good Democratic precedent he offers in evidence Jefferson, who made the first break toward a prostitution of the civil service, and Jackson, who kicked over the bars and swept the offices like a blizzard. That sainted man, standing so high in the Democratic calendar, furnishes the faithful with precedent enough to last for centuries. In the first year of his Presidential term, of postmasters alone he drove out five hundred to make room for his partisans. But when this has been put at Democrats they have said that it was bad but didn't make it right for a Republican President to oust a good many less. Now that Republicans have determined to see what can be done toward civil service reform, and do it, there are multifarious discordant sounds emanating from the Democratic menagerie. It may be that "the ass knoweth his master's crib"; but if it should happen that the crib doesn't change owners, there will be four years more of intense Democratic agony. Let the Republicans go ahead, do right, and trust to the people.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Is whatever may be suggested in the way of pensions to be passed by Congress and acquiesced in by the tax-payers without a protest? Are the men who saved the Union to eat it up by way of compensation.—*Baltimore Day, (Dem.)*

There is not much danger that the "men who saved the Union" will ever "eat it up by way of compensation"—at least so long as the Democratic party has control of any branch of the Government, or have the power to protest and grumble. But if it had not been for the sacrifices of these same men who saved the Union, the Democratic rebellion would have succeeded and there would not now be a Union to eat up. This country will never be able to cancel the debt it owes to the Union soldiers of the late rebellion. They do not ask for anything more than is just. A grateful Nation ought to be willing to grant all that without grumbling. We are in favor of liberal pensions in all cases where they are needed and are deserving; we are opposed to all frauds and swindles. However should the Democratic party gain control of this Government in 1884, "the men who saved the Union" will have but few favors to expect.—*Hagerstown Odd-Fellow.*

[Special to the Baltimore American.]

CUMBERLAND, MD., December 15.—Judge Syester arrived here from Hagerstown this morning and spent the day in the city, returning to Hagerstown this afternoon. His visit was for the purpose of a better understanding relative to the School Board trouble. A consultation was held with President Somneborn and Secretary Cochrane by the Judge. Mutual explanations were made, and the board and the Judge are once more fast friends. The Judge had been deceived, but is now fully convinced as to Secretary Cochrane's loyalty to his party, and the troubled waters are at rest.

Mrs. Sarah Wood, aged 121 years, died at Buford, Ga., on Wednesday. She was born in Cabarras county, N. C., in the year 1762 or '63; was married there to Mr. Wood; was the mother of eleven children, two of the youngest living near Buford. She has others in Tennessee, Ohio, Missouri and Texas. She came to Georgia about 100 years ago. Her husband was in the battle of King's Mountain, N. C., before they were married.

The Galveston *News* infers from notices found in Washington newspapers that when a gentleman is elected to the United States Senate his wife becomes much handsomer than she ever was known to be before.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, 1882.

Civil-Service Reform is decidedly to the fore in Congress now and members of both parties are breaking their necks and falling over each other in the struggle for first position in the race. This statement should perhaps be qualified with a reservation excepting a number of loud-mouthed Democrats who a year ago were harping for "reform," but who now stand boldly up and declare they will oppose all tenure of office masures until the offices have been filled with their hungry constituents. Among these are Senators Dan Voorhees and Joe Brown, who have been struck with visions of Democratic success in 1884. While a majority of those Democratic Congressmen who have for years been croaking for reform legislation dare not turn their backs on it, there is still a very strong undercurrent among them that would like to see it defeated or postponed until after the Presidential election. Some of these are esteemed very astute politicians, yet their shrewdness would seem to be of the short-sighted kind. If the Democrats should by any possibility get into power there are several dangers to which they would be exposed, one of which is that the hungry hordes of office-seekers would make such a rush for the public crib that the people would stand disgusted and horrified, and be eager for an opportunity to take the Government out of the hands of such a crowd. If their leaders were real smart they would be glad to see this exhibition prevented in the only way it could be done—by the strictest civil-service law that can be framed. The most sensible amendment to the Pendleton bill in the Senate is that offered by Senator Logan, directing that examinations shall be practical and relate only to matters which will fairly test the relative capacity of applicants to discharge the duties of the service into which they seek to be appointed. Of all the superlative humbugs in connection with civil-service regulations that of propounding a lot of questions in astronomy and technology to an applicant for a Government clerkship takes the first rank.

Since tariff revision, revenue reduction and reform measures occupy so much attention now, and the question as to what will actually be done is involved in so much doubt, it is interesting to note the views of leading men in both Houses of Congress. There is a growing conviction among Republicans that something ought to be done with the tariff at this session, nor is there any abatement of their original determination to reduce internal taxes, provided the Democrats will permit it to be done. Senator Harrison says he regards the creation of the Tariff Commission as "a confession that the tariff needs revision"—although a great many other people have regarded it as a scheme to avoid or postpone revision. Mr. Dawes is in favor of abolishing all internal revenue taxes, except those on liquors, tobacco and bank circulation, and further of a reduction of the tariff to the lowest possible point which will enable it, together with the internal revenue, to "furnish the requirements of the Sinking Fund and the strictest economy of current expenditure." He seems to think "the tariff could be reduced $100,000,000 by a proper adjustment between free raw material and duitable manufactures, so that American industries would be stronger for the revision." Senator Frye says that internal taxes, except those on spirits and tobacco, should be repealed, and that "the necessity of tariff revision is imperative." Representative Kasson favors the enlargement of the reductions provided for by the pending Internal Revenue bill—not, however, so as to include distilled spirits. Senator Sherman proposes the repeal of internal taxes, except those on spirits, tobacco and beer.

After all the agitation for three or four years upon the subject of a new building for the Congressional Library the bill brought forward by the House Library Committee has been practically defeated. With the exception of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who wants the mass of the present collection of books burned up so as to leave room for the remainder in the present library, everybody acknowledges the pressing necessity of a new library building. But there has long been a suspicion of jobbery about the proposition to buy a building site east of the Capitol, and, whether this suspicion is just or unjust, there is a very general feeling in Congress that it is absurd and wasteful for the government to buy land in Washington when it owns a great many acres of public reservation, enough to contain all the public building which will be required for two centuries to come. The two blocks of ground on Capitol Hill, upon which the committee proceed to locate the new building were bought up some time ago by speculators and all the owners of neighboring property joined them in the effort to get the building located there at an expense of $2,000,000 or so for the site.

Speaking of reform, about the most practical case of it inaugurated here in the recent change in the *National Republican*, which is now the brightest and best daily Washington ever had. Assistant Postmaster General Hatton is the boss of the concern, but the managing editor is Mr. C. A. Snowden, late of the Chicago *Times*, a man who possesses ideas and knows the difference between an organ and a newspaper. Another reform which came near being adopted the other day is the proposition of Congressman Murch to instruct the Commissioner of Agriculture to substitute plain English for scientific terms in the preparation of his reports. There are many plain people who will agree that not even the civil service is in more crying need of reform than is the language and terms employed in some of the documents printed at public expense for the information of the people.

JUNIUS.

Extension of the B. & O. R. R.

A corps of engineers is now engaged on what is known as the high line route of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in perfecting that survey preparatory to the construction of their New York extension. The engineers were last week in camp about 14 miles from Baltimore, at the crossing of the Big Gunpowder, and they recently moved on this line eastward. The main farms through which this road passes for several miles west of the Gunpowder Falls are those of Rev. Geo. Morrison, Messrs. Crossmore, Reader, Tilghman, Gambrill, Coupling, Fenby and Fusselbaugh. On the east are the lands of Col. Benj. Taylor, Messrs. Crossmere, Murray of the old Joppa farm, McComas, Edward J. Snow & Bro. and Col. Edwin H. Webster. From Baltimore to the Susquehanna river this route passes on an elevated line along a ridge distinctly marked, from three to five miles north of the bed of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. By this line a high and eligible country will be opened up for villages and residences for thirty miles out from Baltimore. Much of this elevated route presents views at a distance of the Chesapeake bay and its inlets. At the Big Gunpowder there is an inexhaustible depostit of rock available for purposes of construction and ballasting for the road, and which will also find a market in Baltimore for foundations of buildings. It is estimated that the construction of a road on this line, with the necessary rolling stock, will not cost as much by several millions as was the cost of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Road to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It is understood that $15,000,000 of European capital has been tendered as a loan, or in other available shape, for the construction of this New York extension, and that actual construction is expected to be commenced about April next. This extension will connect with the main lines of the road at or near this city. A passenger branch, to come in on the north side, at he site of the old McKim property, recently purchased by the company, will probably be built as a separate enterprise.—*Baltimore Sun.*

An Earthquake Visits New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., December 19.—One of the severest earthquake shocks ever experienced here occured at twenty-four minutes past 5 this afternoon. There was a sound like a heavy explosion, buildings were shaken, and the inmates rushed into the streets. The concussion extinguished the gas in one building. The shock seemed to those indoors like that of some heavy object falling. It evidently traveled from east to west, and was felt in Pittsfield about four minutes later than here. It was also felt at Great Falls, Manchester, and other places. The shock lasted eight to ten seconds.

DOVER, N. H., December 19.—Two slight but very perceptible shocks of earthquake, lasting ten seconds, were felt here at about 5:15 P. M. to-day, causing great alarm. The shocks were accompanied by a rumbling noise. They were felt in Rollinsford, Rocherter, and other neighboring towns. The people rushed out of their houses, much bewildered.

CONTOCOOK, N. H., December 19.—The heaviest earthquake shock experienced here in ten years occurred at 5:20 P. M. to-day. It lasted several seconds.

THE CAUSE OF IT.—Rev. Fred Wines, a statistical crank who has been trying to find out all about the late census of the United States, says the lunatics in this country are increasing at the rate of 100 per cent. in ten years. If his figures are correct, the late overwhelming defeat of the Republican party is accounted for.

Caucus of Democrats.

WASHINGTON, December 14.—In view of the contingency that the Republicans may urge at this session the admission of Dakota as a State, a caucus of Democratic Senators was held this morning, at which the matter was discussed. There was no dissent from the opinion expressed by several Senators the policy of the party should be one of opposition to the admission, at this time, of any territory which would give the Republicans two additional votes in the Senate. Definite action on the question was left open for the present. The subject of tariff and internal revenue reductions was incidentally mentioned. The Chairman of the Caucus was directed to appoint a committee of five Senators to confer with a similar committee of the House relative to the policy to be adopted by the party upon various questions likely to form subjects for legislative action during the present session.

By Faith Alone.

QUINCY, OHIO, Dec. 15.—Twelve years ago a little daughter of R. A. Humphreys, residing in this place, at the age of about two years, was completely paralized. She gradually grew better, but one leg remained shriveled up in size, but grew in strength, being about the same length as the healthy one. Her ankle, however, was weak and powerless, and she always walked on the side of her foot, being a bad cripple.

About a month ago she was sitting reading the third chapter of Daniel, which describes the three Hebrew children being cast into a fiery furnace and escaping unharmed, when she said to her mother: "I wish God would perform a miracle on me." A short time afterward, when she arose to put away the Bible, she called to her mother and said: "Look, mother, my ankle does not bend," and it did not and she up to this time walked as well as any one. Her leg is gaining circulation and warmth, and is steadily increasing in size. In fact, from being an apparently helpless cripple for life she is gradually but surely gaining a normal standard of health. These facts are vouched for by the relatives of the young lady and reliable parties.

Matrimonial Stories.

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said the enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, deliberately; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgement is not to be compared with yours." In matters of controversy, however, the woman usually has the best of it. A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy, in which the woman has come off triumphant. "Really, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live."

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where every thing is kept," "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Shetfield husband received from his wife the other day, through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas A——, would no longer be answerable for debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one may judge from the advertisement which she published next day in reply: "This is to notify that I, Elizabeth A——, am able to pay all my own debts now that Mr. A—— has undertaken the responsibility of his own."

Bust Me if I Don't.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference held in Detroit, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith-shop. "Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon and I'll buy the whiskey!" called the big fellow. "I never drink," solemnly replied the good man. "Well, you can take a cigar." "I never smoke." The man dropped the wagon-tongue, looked hard at the member and asked: "Don't you chew?" "No sir," was the decided reply. "You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster. "I guess I'm all right, I feel first rate." "I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "I never bet," replied the clergyman. "Come, now, let's warm up a little." "I am in a hurry." "Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the under hold." "I never have fun," solemnly replied the member. "Well I'm going ta tackle you anyway." "Here we go." The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a back hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slamed against a tree box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could catch his breath. "Now, you keep away from me," exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane. "Bust me if I don't," replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's tho use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you when you are chuck full of it? You wanted to break my back, didn't you?"

Absent-Minded Lyman Beecher.

Dr. Beecher was frequently absent-minded. On one occasion, after an evening's service, he started for home in a brown study. The houses in his block were of the same pattern. He entered the wrong door. The house he mistook for his own was occupied by a well-known hatter by the name of Rhoades, a Unitarian. The doctor put his hat on the stand in the hall, went into the back parlor, where Mrs. Rhoades and her family were gathered, drew a chair to the fire, put his feet to warm on the mantel over the grate, tipping back his chair and his head, simply thinking. Just then he happened to notice a French clock under glass upon the mantel, and exclaimed: "Wife! where in the world did you get that clock?" No answer. No one could answer, for they were ready to burst with merriment at their neighbor's absence of mind. "I say, wife! where did you get that clock?" Mrs. R. was a lady. Putting her hand gently on his shouler, in the sweetest tone she said: "Dr. Beecher, you have made a mistake and got into the wrong house." He cast a quick glance around upon the family circle, sprang from his chair, and with a bound was out of the house without a word of explanation or excuse.—*Church Union.*

While General Mahone was president of the East Tennessee road, one of the engineers had a fireman put on him that he did not like, so he resolved to get rid of him. One day just after the first strip, the fireman and engineer were discussing General Mahone, and the fireman remarked that he felt like giving the general a good "cussing."

"Why don't you do it then?" remarked the engineer.

"Yes, and get fired," sententiously said the fireman.

"Not much," replied the engineer. "You can never get along on this road until you cuss Mahone. I cussed him for everything that has happened since he was in charge, and have got along all right."

The fireman concluded he would do the same thing. So the next trip to Richmond he went to Mahone's office and heaped on him such a torrent of abuse that it nearly took his breath away. Mahone heard him through and then told the fireman to come and get his money after his next trip. There seemed to be a hitch somewhere. Things seemed to be different from what he expected, so he went to consult his friend, the engineer.

"You darn fool," shouted the latter, "You didn't cuss him to his face did you?"

"Of course I did," the fireman said. "Didn't you tell me that you did the same thing?"

"No, not by a blamed sight. Why, when I cussed Mahone he was in Richmond and I was in Bristol, and I gave him a good cussing too." Well, the fireman got bounced, and the engineer was made suddenly and strangely happy.

THE DUTY ON COAL.—Representative Benjamin Wilson, of West Virginia, has requested the committee on ways and means to appoint a day on which he can make a statement in opposition to the reduction of the duty on bituminous coal, as proposed by the report of the tariff commission. The present tariff on that article is 75 cents per ton. The tariff commission recommend that it be reduced to 50 cents. It is understood that a majority of the Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania delegations in Congress support Mr. Wilson in his opposition to the proposed reduction. It is claimed that if the rate should be reduced to 50 cents per ton, English vessels would be enabled to land bituminous coal at our eastern seaboard cheaper than it could be delivered by our Western railroads.—*Wash. Cor. Balto. Sun.*

LOCAL NEWS.

—A merry Christmas to our patrons.

—A full line of Holiday Goods at Sturgiss' Drug Store.

—The Christmas Tree services at the Presbyterian and M. E. Churches, will take place Monday night.

—At Chisholm's Drug Store you will find your Christmas presents.

—Miss Kate McCleery of Hagerstown, Washington county, Md., has left Oakland after an extended visit to Mrs. Edwards.

—Go to Chisholm's Drug Store for your holiday goods.

—Mr. John E. Gnagey, of Accident, requests us to announce that his store will not be open on Christmas or New Year's Day.

—Watches, Jewelry, &c., suitable for Holiday presents, at Sturgiss' Drug Store.

—The postoffice will be open on Christmas day for delivery of mail one hour after the arrival of No. 8. Mails despatched as usual.

—Died, at the residence of her husband, near Oakland, Md., Dec. 15th, 1882, Mrs. Susannah Mary Russell, in the 61st year of her age.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the banquet of the "Iceberg Club," of Oakland, to be given at the Glades Hotel Tuesday evening next.

—At Chisholm's is the place to buy everything you want for Christmas.

—Farmers and others desiring a genteel, lucrative agency business, by which $5 to $20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal, to H. C. Wilkinson & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York.

12 16 6 m

—Married, near Fort Pendleton, at the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 19th, 1882, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. John H. Allen, of Mineral county, W. Va., and Miss Margaret C. Blamble, of this county.

—The December term of the Circuit Court convened Monday morning, Judge Pearre on the Bench. The court was in session about an hour, the time being occupied in calling the docket and in transacting unimportant business.

—Among the articles to be raffled at the Catholic fair next week, will be two handsome target rifles; one a Winchester with peep sights, the other a Remington long range target rifle, bullet mould and reloading tools complete, wad-guage, front sight, with one extra disc, and peep rear sight.

—We have lately purchased a large lot of new type and printing material, suitable for fine job work, such as bill heads, letter heads, statements, visiting and business cards, circulars, &c., &c. We will furnish such work as low as it can be done any where, and in as good style. We are also prepared to do all kinds of hand bill work, or, in fact, any kind of work that can be done in a first class country office.

—It was expected that an appointment to fill the vacancy in the School Board of this county would have been announced by Judge Pearre Monday, but no such announcement was made, owing, it is said, to a difference between Judges Pearre and Syester as to the man to fill the place. If Judge Alvey would act in the matter the vacancy might be filled at once, but as the case now stands there is no telling when the vacancy will be filled.

—Farmers near Johnstown are beginning to recognize the value of lime as a fertilizer. Quite a number of them have burned kilns within the past two or three years, while others purchase the lime already burned by Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, who erected a "draw kiln" on his farm about two years ago. Mr. Bishoff sells it at the kiln at 10 cents per bushel. His lime is also used and recommended by stone masons and plasterers. A liberal discount is given for a large order.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

Saint Peter's, Catholic—Mass on Saturday at the regular hour. High Mass Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, and Low Mass immediately following. At 10½ A. M. High Mass. Benediction at 4 P. M. A miniature representation of the Stable of Bethlehem will be exhibited.

Millions Given Away.

Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug store and get a Trial Bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Notice.

As the firm of John Shartzer has been changed to John Shartzer & Bro., all persons having open accounts are requested to call and settle, on or before Jan. 1st 1883.

Ho! for the Holidays.

Mr. C. C. Michael has just received a large stock of holidays goods, such as candies, cakes, nuts, toys, citron, raisins, mince meat, &c., &c. He also keeps a full line of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, notions, canned goods, &c., which he will sell as reasonable as they can be bought anywhere in the county.

Fair and Festival.

The fair and festival for the benefit of St. Peter's Catholic Church will open on Christmas night, at 7 o'clock, in Offutt's large hall. Will continue to be held every night through Christmas week, and will close on New Year's night. Every effort will be made to make the fair as pleasing and entertaining as possible.

Great Reduction in Hats.

We have marked down our stock of ladies' misses' and children's hats, in order to close out the fall and winter styles. Have also reduced the price on our ladies' cloaks. Have now in store a complete line of ladies' kid buttoned boots, including the "common sense shoe." Those who wish to purchase will do well to examine our stock. A beautiful line of elegant holiday goods.

M. L. COTT,
12 16 2t Baltimore Store.

Lutheran Notice.

The Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church being unavoidably absent last Sunday, the funernal sermon of Mrs. Henry Russell was delayed a week, and will be preached in the Lutheran Church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Preaching and Communion at Deer Park on Tuesday, 26th inst., by the Lutheran Pastor and people of Deer Park.

Christmas Tree exercises at Oakland Monday night, at Piedmont Monday afternoon at 2½ o'clock, and at Deer Park Tuesday night.

The Astor Mine Fire.

The Frostburg *Journal* says that the means employed to repress the subterranean fire in the Astor mine are taking shape in the erection of brick walls three feet thick and reaching from pavement to rock roof. These walls are located wherever there is probability that the fire will made headway to the new workings or main body of the coal. This method it is believed will confine the fire to its present limits, if other proposed plans for its extinguishment should fail. Between these and gradual exhaustion of combustible material to feed upon, it is more than probable that the great fire has passed its worst stages.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending December 20:

Saml. C. Hoye and wife and others to Davis N. Murphy, part of a tract of land called "William and Mary," 333½ acres; $3,337.50.

Joseph W. Cogley and wife to Mary M. Nethken, part of military lot No. 860, 2½ acres; $143.

Daniel Annan and Wife to Andrew Shartzer, military lots Nos. 801, 805, 1039 and 1032, containing 200 acres; $3,000

Louis F. Kight and wife to Chas. T. West, lots Nos. 31 and 32 in Swanton; $75.

Rachael Hileman and others to Sarah Frazee, their interest in lots Nos. 2728 and 2729; $400.

Jacob S. Miller and wife to Jacob S. Miller, Emanuel Harshbarger and Joseph D. Yoder, trustees Amish church, ¼ acre of land; $10.

Wm. Dewitt, to Anna Dewitt, military lots Nos. 3095 and 3096, and part of 4148; $1,000.

R. S. McCulloh and wife to Jonathan H. and Abraham J. Wilson, moiety in lot 1840; $1.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to James H. Wilson and Alexander J. Wilson, moiety in lot 1840; $100.

Two Men Scalded to Death.

On Saturday morning, as engine No. 42 was drawning a local freight train on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad out of Cumberland, a break in the boiler allowed the escape of steam and hot water. Geo. Ryland, the engineer, and Sanford Carabine and Henry Miller, brakemen, were riding on the engine. It is said Ryland and Miller were blown out of the engine by the force of the steam, but Carabine clung to the cab. The engine, which at the time of the accident was going about twelve miles an hour, kept on running about a mile, when it stopped from loss of steam. Carabine and the fireman, who was on the tender when the accident happened, remained on the engine until it stopped. Carabine was terribly scalded, and died from his injuries at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening. The fireman was uninjured. Miller, the other brakemen, was terribly scalded, and died at 3 o'clock the same afternoon. Ryland, the engineer, was also badly scalded and will probably die. All the men were residents of Mt. Savage. Carabine was aged about 21 and married; Miller was aged about 22 and unmarried. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. The opening in the boiler is said to have been about eighteen inches long and an inch wide.

Military Notes.

Serg. Bartlett has prepared a duplicate copy of the Target of the 500 yard shooting of the Garrett Guard detachment, for the Governor's Guard, of Ohio, Badge. It is a very pretty model and shows much taste and ingenuity. It is now an exhibition at Offutt's Store.

It is more than probable that the crack marksmen of the Garrett Guards will be pitted in a long range match with some one of the brag companies of Virginia, or the District of Columbia. The officers of the Battallion are willing to make a match with any company in the States of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia or the District of Columbia, for a sum of $500.00, B Co. to have the naming of the distance. Col. Johnson, the Battallion Commander, will meet any officer on behalf of his command, in either Washington or Baltimore to arrange details.

The members of the "Iceberg Club" have divided into two teams, and will have a "Rifle Match" on the day after Christmas, the losing side to give to the winners and mutual friends a grand "banquet" at the Glades Hotel same night. The following are the teams as divided:

PIRATES.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett, (Leader).
Lt. P. A. Chisholm, B. M.
Sheriff Edmund Jamison, S. R.
Sergt. King Delawder, J. T. R.
Sergt. A. C. Mason, M. F.

INNOCENTS.

Col. J. W. Veitch, Leader.
Capt. E. H. Wardwell, S. R.
Lt. D. M. Mason, G. L. H.
Lt. R. S. Jamison, W. J. T.
Lt. H. W. Combs, T. T.

Wanted—For the Garrett Guards—Four gentleman of good moral character and habits, between the ages of 18 and 45 to complete a set of "fours" in above company; must be residents of Garrett Co. If under 21 years of age must have written consent of parents or guardian. Apply to Fred. A. Thayer, Recruiting Sergt.

Our Deer Park Letter.

DEER PARK, Dec. 19th, 1882.

Christmas is close upon us, and the little folks have visions of Santa Claus and his treasures in all their sleeping and waking dreams. The two Sunday Schools here will have well filled tress for their respective schools, and fathers and mothers, with all the "cousins and the uncles and the aunts" are all planning and working that the children may find in this blessed season of "Peace on earth and good will to men," the very happiest time of the year.

We have had plenty of snow lately, and can hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells through the day, and almost into the "wee sma' hours." The ice crop is in its prime. The B. & O. R. Co's houses are being filled from Lake Youghiogheny, and Senator Davis is having his own ice house and those belonging to his cottages filled from the pond near his residence.

There are not many improvements in progress in Deer Park this winter. The new Lutheran Church is not quite finished but work on it is suspended until spring. The addition to one of Mr. Davis' cottages is advancing as rapidly as the weather will permit. The B. & O. R. R. Co. have just erected a saw-mill, about a mile from our village, on Mr. John W. Garrett's land, and expect to commence cutting timber in a few days. The mill is on the new Mountain Lake Park road.

About two o'clock yesterday after noon a fire broke out in one of the houses in our place, owned by H. G. Davis & Co., and occupied by Mr. Jas. Gleason, which partially consumed the roof. Damage about $25. Great credit is due the citizens for their prompt action. When the alarm was sounded, the whole house seemed to be in imminent danger of being totally destroyed, but every man and boy in the place rushed to the spot, worked with a will, and by their untiring exertions managed to save the building with only partial destruction to the roof.

A man named John King, living in the neighborhood of Deer Park, fell on the ice one day last week and cut his head very seriously. He is now lying at the house of his brother, Arch. King in a very critical situation. Drs. Keller and Laughlin are attending him.

Mr. John Jankey, Jr., of this place and Miss Lizzie Yager, will be married this evening.

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NEW CROP 1882 NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES AND SUGAR, AT O. W. HEISKELL'S.

A Miracle in Oil City.

DOCTORS BEMBFOUNDED — DRUGGISTS AND THE PEOPLE WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

[From the Oil City Derrick, July 21st, 1881.]

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physicians failed to give her relief. She took *Peruna* and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the Druggist, sold 181 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Cowell, too, sells it. Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's book—"Ills of Life" (gratis), or address Dr. H., at Osborn, O., for one.

Couldn't Beat 'Em.

An Englishman stopping at a country inn in one of the Eastern States was continually boasting about the superiority of everything in England and depreciating the productions of America. The landlord as may be surmised, did not relish this, and therefore thought of a plan to get even with the boaster. Procuring six fine healthy crabs, he poured them into the Englishman's bed. Telling his guest that his bed was ready, he lighted a candle and escorted him up stairs. Upon reaching the door he managed to put out the light. Of course, it did not make much difference to the Englishman, so he undressed himself and jumped into bed. Immediately he gave a terrific yell and cried:

"Landlord! Come here! What are these in this bed?"

The landlord, who was outside the door, and who had lit the candle, came in and looked into the bed, and coolly said:

"Them's our fleas! Can you beat them in England?"

One of the first things for a sensible, practicle individual to learn is that he is of no more account to the material world that a gram of sand on the seashore is to the globe on which we live. He can drop out and the world will continue to move on without a ripple. A few tears from near relatives or loving friends may be shed but he will soon be forgotten, and laughter and song, and business and money-making, and foolish vanity will move right along as if he had never lived or died. Henry Ward Beecher, in referring to the death of Thurlow Weed, remarked on how very few there have been who have left an impression upon the world. For himself he said that when he died it would be like blowing out a candle in the midst of the Desert of Sahara.

To one realizing what we are and what life is, individual vanity seems the essence of folly, and the mad effort for riches and power look like the senseless struggle of an unsettled mind. Not one of us all has a guarantee for a day's continuation of life, and in a few years, at farthest, the autumn wind will be singing over all our graves. From the stern fact comes out to the ordinarily thoughtful mind serious suggestions as to how we should live.—*Ex.*

Bill Bammington belongs nominally to an Austin church, but usually goes out hunting on Sunday morning, just as if it was not wicked. His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Soothem, met Bill the other day and said, among other things: "Its a shame and an outrage. Every Sunday morning, while I am preaching the gospel, five or six young men of my congregation, young men of respectable families, are out hunting. I say is't a shame and an outrage." "I've said the same thing, Parson, a thousand times," replied Bill, "it is a shame and an outrage that you can never get to go along with us. Parson can't you tell the congregation you have to go out into the country to see a sick man, and slip off and go with us next Sunday? I've got a gun I'll lend you."—*Texas Siftings.*

A western man has been telling some Philadelphians how Western cities grow. He says that he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early the next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flagpole for the hotel across the way. He got down; while rubbing his eyes, was nearly run over by a street car and got his feet tangled in an electric light wire.

Many of the Georgia "crackers" upland farmers, when they saw Alexander Stephens for the first time after his election as Governor were dumbfounded. He was borne in the arms of a stout colored servant and did not at all come up to their ideas of what a governor should be. No one could convince them that they had done a good thing by voting for him. They cared but little for brain—they cherished the idea that all governors should be "big" and that a "feller" that was toted by a nigger wasn't of much account.

A joint meeting of the directors of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie, and Pittsburg, Youghiogheny and McKeesport Railroad was held at Pittsburg on Wednesday to consider a proposition from the Philadelphia and Reading Road to unite with the Reading and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern in guaranteeing the interest on $20,000,000 to be used in the construction of the proposed Southern Pennsylvania Railroad. This line would connect the Reading with Vanderbilt's Lake Erie Line at Harrisburg and Wheeling, and with other lines now in existence would form a new trunk line from New York to the West by a shorter line and over easier grades than the Pennsylvania Road. It is proposed that the lines coming into the agreement should set apart 20 per cent. of the business derived from the new road, with which to pay the interest on the $20,000,000 used in construction. The Jersey Central would be the New York outlet of the new line from Philadelphia.

The Governor of Kansas told the young men of Chicago that twenty-five years ago he drove oxen, and drove them well. An exchange says the present Governor of Texas started in life as a hostler at $8 per month, and he did his work well. The financial magnate, Rufus Hatch, began life as a chain carrier in surveying a Wisconsin railroad, and afterward was a locomotive engineer. There are multitudes of idle young men because they cannot find "honorable work." They would do well to remember that all honest labor is honorable, and that idleness is a vice.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, Md., December 13th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, January 2d, 1883,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the Board. Road Supervisors are especially requested to send in their accounts.

By order
12 16 3 J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

ESTRAYED

From the premises of the undersigned, four head of Sheep, with tar marks on right hip "L. L.;" also one yearling heifer; red, with white face. A suitable reward will be given for information that will lead to their recovery.

ISAAC LAYTON,
December 22, 1882.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a Mortgage from Martha A. E. Fitzwater, to Roger P. Spiker, dated October 30th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 532, &c., of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bonafide bidder,

IN FRONT OF CODDINGTON'S HOTEL

In the town of Oakland,

On Monday, the 15th day of January, 1883,

at the hour of of 11 o'clock A. M., all those tracts of land which were conveyed to the said Martha A. E. Fitzwater by John L. Fitzwater and wife, by deed bearing date the 29th day of October, A. D. 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 548, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., and which lands are more particularly described in a deed from Silas Fitzwater and wife to John L. Fitzwater, dated December 30th, 1868, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 25, folio 355, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland. Said land is improved by

DWELLING HOUSE, BARN AND OTHER OUT BUILDINGS.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on day of sale.
ROGER P. SPIKER,
12 23 td Mortgagee.

THE DAY,

The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

WM. T. CROASDALE, Editor.

One of the Best Evening Papers in America—Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

$3 PER YEAR OR 25 CENTS PER MONTH.

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Issued Every Friday Morning,

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I will sell at a reasonable price my tract of land called PEA PATCH, containing 68 acres lying adjoining the lands of William Broadwaters, in the Backwoods settlement of this county. Will sell as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN B. BRANT,
12 21 m* Glades Hotel, Oakland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all person indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.
11 25 6t SAMUEL LAWTON, JR., Manager.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good Orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,500. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooom in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now is large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Selby, W. M. Rhodes-beaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest, and secured to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

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Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

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Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &c.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

☞ Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,
6 17 1y Mellenry, Md.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 944, 947, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be divided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

Card Stories.

On one occasion, when Washington Irving, Bancroft and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the last-named told how, after he and the Neapolitan Ambassador had been presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game at whist with the Duchess of Kent. "I play but a very poor game myself," said Melbourne, "in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it." "And I," said the Neapolitan to Everett, "am a very bad player, and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner I invoke your forbearance in advance;" to which the American Envoy replied that he knew very little of the game himself. As he put it, three dignified personages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game they imperfectly understood, and for which none of them cared in the least. Upon reaching the Duchess' apartment the Ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation, sat down to play. As soon as the cards were dealt, a lady-in-waiting placed herself at the Duchess' back, and the latter said: "Your excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am a very poor player. This was almost too much for Everett's gravity; a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work.

Bold as he could be when the game was worth the candle, Lord Beaconsfield would never have been tempted to risk much on the cards; for, knowing the weakness of his play, he carefully eschewed anything like high stakes. One evening, at the time when Parliament was agitating itself about the Empress-ship of India, Lord Beaconsfield sat down to whist with the Prince of Wales, and asked the latter: "What points, sir?" "O, a sovereign, if you please," was the answer. Seeing the Premier's look of annoyance, Mr. Bernal Osborne observed: "I think, sir, the Premier would rather leave *crown* points." The Prince, taking the joke and the hint, altered the stakes accordingly.

Marlborough was not above playing for smaller stakes, though, perhaps, the great Captain did not play high out of fear for his loving Sarah, who had a tongue and knew how to use it; like the lady whose liege lord contrived that she should not more than suspect the secret of his bad hours, until, coming home at six in the morning tired out with "attending a sick friend," he dozed at the breakfast-table, and solemnly passing the bread, said: "Oh!" "That's your sick friend, is it?" exclaimed the wife; and what followed may be imagined.

A card-hating wife can upon occasion set her scruples aside. Soon after the close of the secession war, General Forrest and his wife stopped at a hotel in Memphis, and upon examining their purses found the sum total of their wealth amounted to $7.30. The General, being due that evening at a house where poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt Fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise; but he felt that she was for him and knew how it would be. Let him tell the rest himself:

"They had three tables—one was a quarter-dollar table, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could make it, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar and a half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious and it made me cool. I set my hat on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head and went home. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown, and then we sat down and counted it. Just $1,500 even, and that gave me a start."

The wife of Bishop Beadon loved whist so well that when the prelate told one of his clery if she was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the bath rooms she must be well enough to do duty at home, the invalided once silenced him with: "My lord, Mrs. Beadon would tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves." The Bishop's better half would have sympathized with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass the time away, and, after winning all his money, had just proposed to play for her funeral charges when she expired.

There have been stranger stakes still. In 1735 Henry and James Trotter sat down at the Salmon inn, Chesterle Street, to play a game of cards against Robert Thoms and Thomas Ellison, the latter pair staking five shillings and the former a child, the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Leesh, who gave up their boy to the winners. A traveler in New Zealand, spending a night in a squatter's hut, was invited to cut in for a rubber of whist. As he took his seat he inquired: "What points?" His partner responded in a tone significant of surprise at such a question: "Why, the usual game, of course—sheep points and a bullock on the rubber."

Even the sharpest of sharpers may meet more than his match. Robert Houdin happening to saunter into a Continental casino where a Greek was reaping a rare harvest at ecarte, looked on quietly until a seat became vacant, and then dropped into it. The Greek, dealing dexterously, turned a king from the bottom of the pack. When the deal came to Houdin he observed: "When I turn kings from the bottom of the pack I always do it with one hand instead of two; it is quite as easy and much more elegant. See! here comes his majesty of diamonds;" and up came the card. The cheat stared at the conjurer for a moment, and then rushed from the place without waiting to possess himself of his hat, coat or stakes.

Another of the fraternity, after winning ten games at ecarte in succession, tried his fortune against a new opponent; and still his luck held. He had made four points, and, dealing, turned up a king and won. "My luck is wonderful," he said. "Yes," said his adversary; "and all the more wonderful since I have the four kings of the pack in my pocket!" and the professor of legerdemain laid them on the table.

"I remember said the gentleman who had traveled in Russia, "being at a ball given by the Empress to the late Emperor on his birthday. I was playing at ecarte, when the Emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. 'Now,' said the Emperor, 'let us see whether you can turn up the king.' I dealt, and then held up the turn-up card, observing: 'Your orders, sir, have been obeyed.' A dozen times afterward the Emperor asked me how I managed it, and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king."

The Czar was as much astonished at the result of his remark as the young gentleman who, looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it, if you want it," murmured she; and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Woman Who Works.

The New York *Graphic*, in answer to the demand for employment suitable for women, turns as a last resort to a Woman's Exchange, which, while not strictly a charitable institution, must be started by a popular subscription to guarantee any hope of ultimate success, and even then its existence must of necessity be extremely precarious, for the reason that it comes directly in competition with the poor-paid work, which rendered it impossible for the contributors to the exchange to get regular employment. The problem of suitable work for woman appeals to universal sympathy. Fortunately, for the good of humanity, woman is more delicately constituted than man, more sensitive, and peculiarly fitted by nature to fill the gap in man's life which otherwise would remain void. But those very qualities, which give her everything desirable in a wife, are a misfortune to her as a woman dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. The delicacy of woman, her sensitive nature, make her shrink from the rush and scramble of business, where money is made and a position achieved. Ridiculed as it may be, it is in the nature of things that the woman able to take care of herself anywhere, to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the race of life, may be respected but seldom loved. And, as a natural consequence, she does not excite that sympathy which a more womanly woman does. It is not intended, however, that the more self-reliant woman shall lose her independence in order to evoke sympathy. If she be able to do for herself, and ask no odds, let her go on; for it is scarcely probable that she would be content with less, while any attempt to excite sympathy might evoke something else.

But the misgivings and the mental pain with which so many women undertake the duties of life are very painful to contemplate, and no man possessed of any of the finer instincts of manhood can consider her unpleasant situation without the keenest sympathy. With those palpable facts in view, what can be done to smooth the way for self-dependent women?

Manifestly, the first step is to open up every possible avenue to her, and, when she has the womanly courage to enter upon any hitherto untried field, let her be met with every encouragement and courtesy. Any honest employment for which she is physically capable is honorable, no matter what it is—in the counting-room, the workshop the store or the factory. The work is dignified by the workman, in doing which he himself is ennobled. Let it come to be understood that labor is honorable, and half the vexing problem is at once solved. Let every woman whom the force of adverse circumstances has thrown upon her own endeavors fully realize this, and it will be an element of strength in solving her problem. Let every man recognize the true dignity of employment, and he will be quick to accord to the woman who works the same homage bestowed upon her upon whom fortune has smiled. A false standard has been set up by those more favorably circumstanced. Measured by it, a soft hand that never knew what it was to labor, is better than the honest hand of toil, toughened a little in its efforts to build its own fortune. By it, a silk dress, bought by an indulgent husband or father, is more honorable than one of calico earned and made by the woman who wears it. This is snobbish and false. The feeling is abating, year after year, and is by no means arrogant as it once was. The woman who works is often better than she who idles and sneers. She who wears calico may be nobler than her sister in satin. This much is undeniably true: work, in itself is not degrading. A true gentlewoman will bear her badge of natural nobility wherever she may go, and she will win for herself the respect and honor of all good people.

The Exchange for woman's work is well enough in its way, but it still nurses false pride, by allowing women who are ashamed to have it known that they are obliged to work to dispose of their products without revealing themselves. This is simply cringing to the opinion of a few who are ill-bred enough to sneer at those less fortunate than themselves in mere worldly wealth and position. Let all this sham and shoddy go. It has stood as a barrier long enough between woman and work. Break over or through it; trample it under foot. Let it be known by every woman of worth and character that she needs money, and that she is too proud to beg and self-respecting enough to want to earn it by her own efforts. Do this, and she will add to her own glory among true men, and she who dwindles in the drawing-room will come to have cause to envy the plucky little woman who works.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—An engineer in the employ of the Philadelphia company that is reclaiming 11,000,000 acres of Florida lands says that the ground so reclaimed will be found most valuable for the cultivation of sugar cane, rice and trophical fruits.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Colorado Sheriff undertook to arrest a cinnamon bear last spring and is in bed yet.

The Nurse.

That physician who has an anxious and whole-hearted interest in the recovery of his patients—whether prompted by sympathy or by an interest in his own reputation and extention of practice—tacitly, if not openly, confesses the importance of good nursing by his anxiety to have a faithful and experienced nurse in attendance whenever he has a more than usually dangerous case. The best nurses are donbtless born to their calling. The same as a man is born with certain faculties and talents that render him capable of becoming a good statesman or able lawyer; but as with others so with the nurse—her talent requires a good deal of practical experience to give it development. Unfortunately many of us—wives and mothers, sisters and daughters—are called to this field of action who are sadly lacking, not only in natural faculty, but in the requisite experience also. The most we can do is to make up our deficiency as much as possible by patient and untiring faithfulness, and since faithfulness is one of the prime requisites of the successful nurse, things are not, perhaps, at quite so bad a pass as they might seem. Still, that skill which comes from natural fitness combined with a knowledge of disease, and of the proper things to be done, cannot be quite balanced by any amount of unskilled faithfulness and love.

Another important qualification of the nurse is *quietness*—a manner of gentle and quiet repose. This must be a tranquility that is the outgrowth of character and discipline, and not simply adopted as a garment for the occasion. There are people who ought never to enter the sick-room as nurses: who are as rasping to the nerves of a feeble and sensitive invalid as the hammering of a kettle or tiling of a saw. The "quiet" nurse never wears rustling or elaborate drapery in the sick-room, or shoes with "clumpy" heels or squeaky soles. She never tiptoes around your room or talks to you in whispers; yet her step or her voice never wearies or annoys. When she enters upon her duties, you feel at once that you have nothing farther to do but to lie back on your pillows and go to sleep: that the fire will be kept up, the flies kept out, the dirty dishes carried away, the shocking disorder of the room amended, and the right medicines given at the proper time; in short, that, without fuss or flurry, your needs will be properly attended to without any care on your part, than which nothing is perhaps more restful or tends more toward the recovery of the ordinary invalid, especially if it be a rather nervous and work-worn woman.

In disagreeable contrast to the "quiet" nurse, is the "unquiet" one, who begins her reign by throwing herself noisily into an arm chair, wiping the perspiration from her forehead and declaring your choice of physicians to be a terrible mistake, asserting that you should have had doctor so-and-so instead, who would have been almost certain to bring you through. Next follows a minute diagnosis of your case, in which your attack and symptoms are found to tally exactly with those of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in their last illness. Then when the flies have been let in upon you in full swarm, and your breath taken away with a huge palm-leaf in spasmodic and ineffectual attempts to keep them off your face, you are given a double dose out of one of the offending doctor's bottles, without so much as a sip of water to wash it down, bidden to shut your eyes, be perfectly quiet and go to sleep. You obey the first of these injunctions, but not so scrupulously that you fail to observe after a little time that your drawers are being tried and your letter box peeped into, and your best shawl whipped out of the closet to serve as a pillow as your keeper stretches herself upon the sofa for a siesta on her own account. Notwithstanding all this you manage, by great effort of will, to escape a betrayal of nervousness or irritability, and to maintain that lamb-like deportment befitting your invalid state, until, as lunch time arrives, and your broth is fed you from a blackened basin with an iron spoon, your tea sinped in the process of cooling, and snuff taken over your saucer of oatmeal, both nerves and stomach give away, and you spill the tea and decline the meal, and declare your utter incapacity for further nourishment.

Almost as trying as the above is the over-methodical nurse, who, in spite of your efforts to the contrary, impresses you constantly with a painful sense of obligation, as if it were an extraordinary act of condescension on her part to be there with you at all, and it were really very inconsiderate in you to require so much waiting, and to be so silly and nervous and ill. This manner of nurse stands stolidly by, while you nibble languidly at your toast, with an expression which says as plainly as expression can say: "If you only could hurry a bit now, so I could get those dishes and things out of the way!" Or when you have undergone the trying ordeal of a change of clothes, and a removal from bed to couch, and are just slowly getting in readiness to proclaim the change agreeable, she declares that it is high time you were getting back again, and weighs you down with a ton—more or less—of bedding, lest she should disobey the doctor's orders, and allow you to take cold. She shuts off that least mite of a vent in the window for the same reason, and is greatly worried because that last powder was given three-tenths of a minute too late, and rouses you out of a sound and refreshing slumber because it is the time at which the mustard paste was to be again put on!

One steady attendant is generally much better, especially if the patient is very feeble and low, than a constant change from one to another. But when the illness is prolonged, often the strength of the one nurse fails, and others must be called in to supply her place for a time. Few who read this but will have had some experience of this kind, when, themselves the attendant, they have day after day, perhaps week after week, kept diligent watch over the couch of some loved one, with anxiety, may-be despair, keeping them nerved to their self-appointed task. But nerves and strength gives away at last, if the strain is too greatly prolonged, and memory recalls with loving gratitude that friend or neighbor who then came in quietly and unostentatiously to supply for a time your place, placing upon you a loving obligation that nothing you can do will ever fully repay. Many, too, who read this will have other memories, of careless watchers who dozed in easy chairs, leaving their charge without requisite attention through the long night hours—who forgot to make the patient's gruel, or warm her broth, while they helped themselves, with noisy clattering of cups, and still more noisy clattering of tongues.—*Country Gentleman.*

Fortunes in Hops.

A small section of country in Central New York, embracing the counties of Otsego, Oneida, Madison, Scholarie and Montgomery, is the greatest hop-raising region in the United States. There is no market or trade that affects the merchants in this section so directly or in so marked a degree as the hop trade. Great as is the interest in the products of the dairy, trade here is but slightly influenced by the rise or fall in the dairy market. But when the price of hops reaches fifty cents a pound, and especially at this time, when growers have realized, in many instances, one dollar a pound, or nearly 700 per cent. on the cost of production, the luxuries of life meet with ready and quick sales in this part of the country, and everybody has plenty of money.

Extraordinary stories of fortunes acquired in hop raising are told by the people of Central New York. Men, women and boys are pointed out, as they pass along the street, as having made fortunes varying from $1,000 to $500,000, during the past two or three month's. Indeed there has not in years been the excitement in this section in any trade that now exists among the hop men, and hop farms have this fall actually doubled in value, with ready and even eager buyers. Many appear to have actually gone daft on the subject and are laying great plans for another year. Growers have refused to make any contract for next year's crop, even when offered fifty cents a pound, although all admit that a largely increased acreage will, in all probability, produce a much more abundant crop next year. This hopeful feeling is partially explained by the expectation that natural causes will remove many old yards. The more cautious, however, speak discouragingly of the coming few years.

"The history of the past is a promise of the future," they say, "and when the new yards that will surely be planted this spring shall bear fruit, hops must take such a tumble as to completely wreck those who are now thoughtlessly and extravagantly paying $200 an acre for hop farms."

One dealer in this city has already made a contract with a Western brewer to furnish his supply of hops for the coming two years at the following rates: Next year, seventy-five cents per pound; 1884, fifteen cents per pound. One thing that may serve as a check upon those desirous of becoming hop growers is the difficulty experienced in obtaining poles. At present all hop poles come from Canada, and unless the winter brings an abundance of snow it will be next to impossible to supply the demand. Last winter more poles were called for than could be furnished. The duty on the poles is considerable, and therefore hop poles form no inconsiderable part of the expense of running a yard.

Utica is naturally the center of this hop region, at Waterville, Oneida, Cooperstown and Oneonta are also important markets. In Utica are found, perhaps, the largest dealers, with one or two exceptions in the country. This year the price started at fifty cents and gradually increased until eighty cents was offered, and then a jump was made to one dollar. At present the market is comparatively dull and inactive. There are very few good hops left in the hands of growers, and those who have "held on" are disposed to talk of a great advance in the near future. A little excitement was caused the other day by a heavy decline in price, the market touching ninety cents. In a conversation with the leading hop men it was learned that the depression was merely temporary, caused mainly by the importation of some old, inferior German hops, and the sudden thrusting upon a sensitive market of a few poorly picked and poorly dried State hops. Dealers here are confident that high-water mark has not yet been reached. The entire crop of the United States is carefully estimated at 125,000 bales, much less than enough for home consumption. Over 35,000 bales have already been exported this year, and it is argued that American consumers or sellers must be buyers in England and Germany, perhaps before Christmas.

The amount of hops raised in this region this year is 90,000 bales, or more than 15,000,000 pounds. This is about one-third smaller than the crop of last year. The growers have received upon an average about sixty cents per pound for the crop, or over $9,700,000. It will be readily understood that this enormous amount—leaving out of consideration the profits of the middlemen—distributed through the five counties gives a tremendous impetus to trade. The profits on hops are greater than on any other farm product. It costs only from ten to fifteen cents to cultivate and raise a pound of hops. This includes the interest on the land, labor, picking, drying and getting to market. It is little wonder, therefore, that hop raising has proved so attractive to the keen, intelligent and thrifty farmer in Central New York. The profits to dealers this year have been commensurate with the good fortune of the grower. Very few hops have been sold where a gain of ten cents per pound has not been realized. The average has been fifteen to twenty-five cents.

In the quantity raised the five counties stand in the following order: Otsego, Oneida, Madison, Scholarie and Montgomery. In this county nearly all the hops are raised in the four towns of Sangerfield, Kirkland, Marshall and Augusta. So far as quality and price are concerned in the London market, England is first and New York a close second.—*Utica (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—Samuel Kennedy was sent to the Massachusetts State Prison for life on a conviction of incendiarism. He served fifteen years with such good behavior that the Governor released him, but made a full pardon conditional upon his leading a law-abiding life. But he did not keep his pledge, and, on being caught in a burglary, has been returned to prison, with no prospect of ever again being released.—*N. Y. Sun.*

For Young Readers.

THE "BIRDIES'" SNUG NEST.

There was a wee darling—oh, dainty and fair
As ever a golden-haired baby could be!
There was a wee doggie with soft, curly hair,
And never a doggie more cunning than he!
This baby and doggie, so friendly were they,
That always together they were through the day.

Together they breakfasted, dined, and took tea—
Baby Grace at the table, and Snip at her feet;
And the three-years-old mistress, so generous was she,
That full half of her dainties her doggie must eat;
And together the playmates grew healthy and plump,
And the hours went by on a hop, skip and jump.

Now it happened that Gracie and doggie one day
Grew tired and sleepy, and lay down to rest,
And played they were birdies, safe hidden away
In papa's warm dressing-gown for a snug nest;
And soon on the nursery floor in a heap
Lay those wonderful "birds," all so soundly asleep.

The shadows were gathering all over the room,
When nurse came to look for her darling once more.
Oh, the litter of playthings! She stooped in the gloom
To gather the well-scattered toys from the floor—
This, that and the other fast putting in place,
Thinking, meantime: "Why, where is my dear little Grace?"

Then, seeing the dressing-gown there in a heap,
She raised it, and shook it right there in the dark;
When out rolled the playmates awakened from sleep,
One beginning to cry and the other to bark!
While nursie jumped back with a regular scare—
"The mischief is in the old thing, I declare!"

—*Mary D. Brine, in Our Little Ones.*

Cousin Rob and the Paper Dolls.

Nan and Flo Johnson had a large family of paper dolls.

The head of the household was named the Countess of Cape Cod, and she lived in the bay-window of the nursery, with her five golden-haired daughters, two sons, one son-in-law, three grandchildren and ten nieces.

No wonder the poor lady's face was wrinkled and her hair gray, with the care of all these people on her shoulders!

The little girls were so proud of their dolls that they took all their visitors, and some of their mamma's, too, to the nursery to see the Countess and her family.

Only one person had never heard of them, and that was Cousin Rob. He went to College in Briarsfield and took tea with his aunt every Sunday night.

The little girls did not like him.

"He puts on airs and thinks he knows more'n papa, and pulls our kitten's tail," complained Nan; "and we are not going to tell him one single word about the Countess, for she has too much care already, poor thing! without a great big school-boy to worry her."

So Rob knew nothing about the wonderful dolls, when he overheard a conversation between his cousins one evening.

"Oh, I am *so* glad dear Miss Rose is coming to visit us to-morrow!" said Nan.

Now Miss Rose was the Countess of Cape Cod's favorite niece, and she had been in Europe for two years. (That means she had been shut up in a drawer for two days.)

Of course, Cousin Rob did not know this.

"Isn't she just perfectly lovely?" he heard Flo say, eagerly.

"And so full of fun!" from Nan.

"And wears such e-le-gant clothes!" added Flo.

"How old is she?" asked Rob, suddenly looking up from his paper.

The little girls had not dreamed he was listening, but Nan answered, promptly: "Just seventeen and three-quarters this month."

"And she has been to Europe, and can sing like mamma, and she is going to stay three whole weeks," put in Flo.

"Why hasn't Aunty Nanny told me about her?" asked Rob. "Anyway, I will call on her very soon. If she is a stranger in Briarsfield, she may like to know some of the college fellows."

"What does he mean?" cried Flo, as he shut the door. "I wonder if he really likes to play with dolls?"

"Why, Flo Johnson! don't you see?" said Nan. "He thinks she is a real, live, grown-up young lady. We mustn't let mamma tell him she is only a paper-doll, and won't it be a joke when he comes to see her?"

"Oh, what fun! what fun!" cried Flo, in great glee. "Cousin Rob thinks he knows most everything, and won't he be surprised when he finds he doesn't?"

A few days after Rob made his appearance, splendid in a high hat, yellow kid gloves, tight boots, and a standing collar that nearly choked him.

The little girls made a great effort to look solemn, as they opened the door for him.

"Come right into the library," said Nan. "She has been sitting there 'speeting you ever since she came."

"Miss Rose, 'low us to introduce our cousin," she added, flinging open the library door.

There in the big arm-chair sat a blue-eyed, yellow-haired paper doll!

Rob grew very red in the face as he stared at the small figure. Those saucy little cousins of his had actually dared to play a joke on him! For a moment he felt inclined to give them both a good shaking, but his anger vanished at the sight of the broad grins on their rosy faces, and he resolved to make the best of it.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Rose?" he said, to the children's great delight. "I am happy to meet you. How do you like Briarsfeld?"

Cousin Rob was actually "playing paper-dolls." They had never imagined such a thing; and their opinion of him rose steadily for the next half hour, during which they introduced him to the Countess of Cape Cod and every one of her children.

"Why, he treated them as if they were live people," Nan said, with a sigh of deep happiness, after he had gone.

"And I used to think he was horrid!" moaned Flo, penitently.

"But he isn't!"

"He is just splendid!"

"As nice as Miss Rose!"

"A thousand times nicer," they both agreed next morning, when he sent to the house a dainty box directed

"Miss Rose,
Care Miss Nan and Miss Flo Johnson."

Opening it eagerly, they found it full of sugared nuts, burnt almonds and candied dates, enough goodies to give Miss Rose the toothache for a month if she had eaten them all herself.—*Bertha Watson, in Youth's Companion.*

Beppo.

A dull, leaden sky. All day the snow-flakes have steadily fallen, and now, as night approaches, not a vestige of the frozen earth remains. Beppo walks wearily along, his beloved guitar held closely under his arm. He sees the lights lit in happy homes; he sees the children, with their faces pressed against the panes, watching with delight the fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be Christmas and the snow will aid Kriss Kringle in his visit; and a sad smile lights up his dark face, for the snow that brings happiness to them brings him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he thinks of that land of mellow sunshine far over the sea, and of the happy home *he* had before his parents died; and, in contrast to this, he thinks of the home he has now, and of the wicked *padrone* who took him from his cherished country.

These last thoughts arouse him to a sense of business, and clinking the few pennies in his pockets, he takes up his position at the entrance of a theater which is ablaze with light. Then, blowing his breath upon his stiff, cold fingers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes upon his instrument—a prelude to "Home, Sweet Home." He watches the gayly attired people pass into the warm building, but none seem to notice the little figure shrinking in the shadow. None save the gruff, burly policeman who roughly grasps his shoulder and says: "Come, young un, move along now!"

And Beppo, utterly disheartened, moves on. It has been a poor day for business; he does not dare to go home with the few pennies he has earned; and now the stern mandate of the officer has cut off his last chance of getting more.

He pauses under a gas lamp, and, by its flickering rays, he counts his pennies over. Just ten—enough for coffee and rolls; and he crosses over to a little restaurant, and is soon indulging in a bit of extravagance. Supper over, he plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw which he has seen in his wanderings. He wends his way toward it, and, when ten strikes from the tall church-tower near by, Beppo is calmly asleep, his guitar pressed tenderly upon his breast.

* * * * * * *

Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo awakes from a troubled dream. His sharp ear catches the sound of voices, and he remains almost breathless.

"How are you going to work the job?" says some one in a hoarse whisper.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log," replies his companion. "The girl leaves the kitchen window unlatched, and we're in the house as nice as you please. Have you brought all the tools?"

"All in this bag," rejoined the first, and Beppo, wide awake now, hears something jingle.

"Then, ho for old Howland's silver!" chuckles the second, and the two more off.

Beppo hears the footsteps die away. He comprehends it all—that there is to be a robbery—and wonders how he can prevent it. The name Howland he has heard before, and he knows that he may be the means of saving much.

He arises from his cramped position, and, stretching himself, reaches for his guitar. Then, shivering as the piercing winds strike through his tattered clothing, he glides swiftly down the street—on until the bright light of the policestation greets his vision.

In broken sentences, he tells his story to the sergeant in charge, and the latter at once sends two officers out to investigate the matter.

Beppo knows that he has done his duty—he can do no more. Unnoticed, he steals out into the street. Two or three blocks away a strange feeling comes over him. The snow falls so fast that he can hardly see before him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way up the steps of a private residence and falls fainting in the door-way.

* * * * * * *

The *Herald*, two days after, contained the following:

IF THE LAD WHO GAVE THE VALUABLE information that led to the frustration of designs upon a Fifth avenue house, will send his address to A—— H——, *Herald* office, he will hear of something to his advantage.

And the following in its local department:

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Yesterday morning, while Mr. John Smith, of Blank street, was searching for his paper in the door-way, his attention was drawn to a little figure half-covered by the snow. A guitar was tightly clasped in his hands. A doctor was immediately summoned and stimulants were given, but to no avail. The poor little fellow was quite dead. He was subsequently identified as Beppo, who, with his instrument, was quite well known among people of the lower district.

—*Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.*

A $3,000 Smoke-House.

A man who lives in Albany, N. Y., and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty-five years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoking, with interest, into my house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

Now, boys, we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to end in smoke. What would you think of a man who to amuse himself, would light a paper twenty-five cents and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of dry leaves, light it, and then see it smoke?

—The question "Will tar explode?" which came up before an Ogdensburg, N. Y., debating society, was settled by applying a red-hot iron to a barrel of the article. The test and its accompanying explosion will not be repeated.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Warm soap-suds will keep bugs off of house-plants and make them grow very fast.

—Ink can be entirely taken out of white goods with milk, if the milk be applied the moment after the spilling of the ink.

—Feed all the sweet apples that are not marketable to the pigs and horses. They are healthful and especially relished by those animals.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Cream Cake: Three and a half cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and one of cream tarter. This will make a large three-layer cake.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Bureau covers are now made in crash, a design of leaves and flowers being generally worked in linen floss. They can be washed, and on this account have much to recommend them. The work is usually solid, and they are finished off by an insertion of drawn work and fringe.—*N. Y. Times.*

—C. H. Johnson tells the *Fruit Grower* that by going carefully over his grounds several times each season and removing and burning all plants showing raspberry rust he has succeeded to such an extent that no more than half a dozen cases of the disease appeared last year in the whole of his three acres devoted to this fruit, while another grower at some distance "lost almost his entire stock without knowing the cause."

—As a general thing, says a sensible writer, all of our farm tools are too heavy. Generally speaking, the farm wagon that will bear up under a ton weight with ease is plenty heavy enough for all practical purposes to which a farm wagon should be put. If you want to haul two tons it is far better and cheaper in the end to make two loads of it. The saving in horse flesh and feed will, in a few years, amount to enough to buy a new one and have something left for profit. If you are about ordering a new wagon have it made light and of the best material and you will never regret it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A new bug has turned up in Maine. The farmers already dread it worse than the potato-bug. It has so far been found only in the town of Cherryfield and vicinity, in Washington County. It crawls at a snail's pace, but is diffusing itself too rapidly. A local paper says it resembles a large snail, has the power of elongation, and when extended to full length is three or four inches long. It is supposed to have been brought from Europe in a bundle of shrubbery. The Irish say it is very common in the "old country." It is a filthy-looking creature and very destructive to almost every kind of vegetable.

Winter in the Poultry Yard.

Poultry houses that have not been thoroughly repaired and made dry and warm for the cold windy days and long frosty nights ought to be made snug at once, so fowls will have not only comfortable quarters to roost in at night, but a warm place of refuge from storms occurring during the day. While all shelters for poultry should securely protect from rain and cold, it is also necessary that they be ventilated properly, for fresh air, like fresh water, is a necessity. There should be within easy access of all the fowls dust-bins where the birds can have a dust-bath in weathers of all sorts, and gravel-boxes as well.

As green food is very desirable, many farmers nowadays regularly lay by a stock of vegetables and green stuff for their fowls. Cabbages, turnips, potatoes and carrots are all wholesome food and the refuse from these crops can be turned to good account when mixed with meal, bran and other food. Where the number of fowls kept is small the refuse from the table furnishes the vegetable portion of the ration in potato and apple parings, cabbage leaves, bits of turnips and the like. Scraps of fat and meat are also desirable.

The poultry to be fattened is best and most economically managed when penned off from the rest of the flock. Confined to short runs the fowls lay on more fat and in less time than when allowed a wide range. Then, too, the feeding can be systematically done and food selected that tends to fat rather than the production of eggs. Fowls designed for market from the first produce the best and juiciest flesh when generously fed from the stall to the time of disposal. As heavy weight is desirable for market purposes, a system of fattening is usually resorted to, and if the fowls have previously received fair treatment, ten days or a fortnight at the most gives sufficient time for this purpose. During this period exercise is required. Fed three times per day, confined in clean, airy coops with all they will eat of corn meal mixed with milk and provender for a change, the birds will lay on a surprising amount of flesh. As soon as fowls have attained the required degree of fatness, dispose of them at once, since they will lose in weight from this time.

Fowls devoted exclusively to laying eggs also require a regular supply of nutritive food, but care must be observed not to overfeed, else the hens will fatten but lay few eggs. The proper amount of food varies with circumstances. When the fowls are confined to short runs they need more food than when at liberty. In cold weather an increased supply is demanded, and then some breeds require more food than others. During the cold weather a soft, warm food is exceedingly beneficial, to be given every morning. Boiled potatoes mashed and mixed with corn meal while warm constitutes an excellent food. Barley meal, provender and wheat middlings are good and should be given one time and another for a change. Whole grain is best feed at night, as this is more slowly digested than ground or soft feed, and furnishes a more constant supply during the long, cold night. While corn in one form or another is always a staple food, wheat, oats and buckwheat are all valuable for the production of eggs. Laying hens ought also to be fed meat in some form at all seasons when they cannot obtain worms and insects. Green food is also beneficial to laying hens. Lime and gravel are necessities, and a little bone dust now and then is a valuable assistant. Milk furnishes, sweet or sour, both drink and food. Where milk is not supplied, water, plenty of it and always fresh and clear, should be provided.—*N. Y. World.*

—Advice given by a practical old father to his son, just setting out for Paris: "My son, never possess yourself of the property of another; it is wrong to do so and besides, you have ample means of your own. Never conceal the truth; it does not pay. Do not oppress the feeble, but, at the same time, there is no necessity for interfering in their behalf; you would only make enemies on both sides. And endeavor never to have any enemies, or, which comes to the same thing, any friends. Good by! Bless you!"

Sadly Afflicted.

"My boy was badly afflicted with rheumatism," said Mr. Barton, of the great stove firm of Redway & Barton, of this city, to one of our reporters. "We doctored him a great deal, but could find no cure; I had heard so much of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil that I finally determined to try it. Two bottles of the Oil fully cured him."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The car-driver slowed up carefully as the reporter stepped aboard. After going several blocks in silence he turned around suddenly and remarked, briskly: "O, have them on, zur?" "You have, eh! What are they?" "Me wirtur's socks. I'm as warrum as a babby, an' twoice as comfortable." "I s'pose car-drivers suffer on cold days?" "Well, there's snow in bed when Oi get le't, zur. Oi 'ave struck the best thing that iver wuz. I put on a pair av cotton socks first, an' then draw the woolen ones over thim, an' yez could 'wa k in the river 'til midnight, an' it stan's to reason you'd niver git cowld." "Why not?" "Fur the reason that you conldn't. The cowld, whin it comes in through the woolen sock, stops at the outside of the cotton sock, and the warrum goes out from yersel through the cotton sock. Accordingly yer fate is always warrum, and the cowld gits left, yer see." Having relieved himself on this head, the driver turned contentedly to his horses, and said nothing more.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The local editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Mr. J. H. Mabbitt, says: "We have used St. Jacobs Oil in our family for rheumatism, and found it to be a first-class thing."—*Boston Herald.*

The proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar coaled.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" (Trade-mark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak-lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

A colored waiter is a service sable person.—*Marathon Independent.*

Petroleum V. Nasby.

D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby (Editor "Toledo Blade," writes:

I had on a forefinger of my right hand one of those pleasant pests, a "run-round." The finger became inflamed to a degree unbearable and swollen to nearly twice its natural size. A friend gave me Henry's Carbolic Salve, and in twenty minutes the pain had so much subsided as to give me a fair night's rest, which I had not had before for a week. The inflammation left the finger in a day. I consider it a most valuable article for the household.

Girls are more courageous than men. They are willing to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

A sensation has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, paralysis and nervousness.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by druggists.

A chap from the country seated himself in one of our fashionable restaurants the other day and began on the bill of fare. After employing three waiters for an hour he heaved a deep sigh and whispered as he put his fingers on the menu: "Mister, I've et thar," and moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, "ef it ain't agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar."—*Detroit Post.*

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile dragged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has a department headed "What is Going On in Society." Perhaps it is paint and powder.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

To Ladies

suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses incident to their sex, Dr. Pierce's treatise, illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates, suggests sure means of complete self-cure. Sent for three letter postage stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A corn dodger—a man who avoids wearing tight boots.

"Dr. S. B. Britton says: "As a rule physicians do not, by their professional methods, build up the female constitution, while they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood; and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Much "adieu" about nothing: The parting of young ladies at the corners.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable* no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

It is a wise bank cashier who takes no vacation.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Pepper to her pastor, "do you think a little temper is wrong in a woman?" "Certainly not," replied the gallant clergyman. "On the contrary, it is a good thing; and you should be careful to never lose it."

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Fortifies feeble lungs against winter blasts. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A hotel boaster, who was vaunting his knowledge of the world before a crowd of new comers, was asked by a wag at his elbow if he had ever been in Algebra. "Oh, yes, certainly," said he, "I passed through there on top of a stage about a year ago."

"Operne Prelium Est."

A common Latin phrase which means: "It is worth while." How true it is in the case of Mishler's Herb Bitters! It is, indeed, worth while to use that remedy for Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints, Colic, and all diseases resulting from impure blood, *because it cures them all, absolutely.*

Silver dollars, with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they're not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer", restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1

"Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own." Take warning in time. Avoid quack nostrums by which thousands annually perish. Use only such remedies as are demonstrated above suspicion, foremost among which is Kidney-Wort. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals it. It is sold in both dry and liquid form, by all druggists.

Vennor predicts that during the next three months the Atlantic Ocean will be full of cold waves.—*Rochester Post Express.*

The money will be returned, if Wise's Axle Grease is not as good as represented by us.

If one dog can be placed on a scent, how many dogs can be placed on a trade dollar?

☞ For one dime get a package of Diamond Dyes at the druggist's. They color anything the simplest and most desirable colors.

We sneer at the Siamese for worshiping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid here annually just to see it!—*Chicago Times.*

In Chicago the largest teaming companies use Wise's Axle Grease.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

Patrons looking for Holiday Goods will do well to send for David C. Cook's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the field this year with a larger stock than ever, and from his prices we should judge the bottom had fallen clear out before he purchased. See adv. other columns.

Bismarck is growling because a Berlin butcher named a sausage after him. The Count can't appreciate that kiyi-ind of compliment.—*Norristown Herald.*

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' May Apple Pills," cathartic. 10 and 25c.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.

All our lady friends will be glad to hear that Cragin & Co., 115 S. 4th st., Phila., send first class piano sheet music, vocal and instrumental, gratis. (No advertising on it.) Write for catalogue.

Ask your Grocer for Wise's Axle Grease.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

MANUFACTURED BY MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL CO.
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1870 GARGLING OIL 1873
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JOHN HODGE, SEC'Y. — LOCKPORT N.Y. U.S.A.

For Internal and External Use.

CURES RHEUMATISM,
Burns, Scalds, Chilblains,
Frost Bites, Chapped Hands,
Flesh Wounds, Sprains, Bruises,
External Poisons, Caked Breasts,
Sore Nipples, Toothache,
Cramps or Spasms of Stomach,
Colic, Asthma, or Internal Pain,
Lame Back, Bites of Animals,
Galls of all kinds, Stiffast,
Ringbones, Cracked Heels,
Poll Evil, Garget in Cows, Spavins,
Sweenys, Scratches or Grease,
Foot Rot in Sheep, String halt,
Windgalls, Roup in Poultry,
Foundered Feet, Fistula,
Cracked Heels, Mange in Dogs.

Ask your nearest Dealer or Druggist for one of our Almanacs for 1883.

From the Christian Leader N. Y., Oct. 28, '71.

Merchant's Gargling Oil.—We have made special personal inquiry in regard to the merits of this celebrated remedy, and find it a genuine article of rare value. It is by no means a new remedy. The establishment which produces it dates its manufacture as far back as 1853, since which time it has been steadily growing in public favor. The patentees are among the foremost business men of the city of Lockport. They are every way reliable.

From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 6, 1871.

Merchant's Gargling Oil.—This Old standard article, under the admirable management of John Hodge, Esq., has reached an enormous sale. It is an honestly compounded article, it has merit, and now that the best business talent of the country is handling it, there is no reason why it should not double its present usefulness. No family can afford to be without it. For family use, as well as for animals, it is simply indispensable.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Large Size $1.00; Medium 50 c.; Small 25 c.; Small Size for family use 25 c.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge
Secretary.

THE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The December or Christmas number of this famous young folks magazine is the most brilliant issue of the year. It is a richly illustrated Christmas book, with stories by Louisa M. Alcott, Frank R. Stockton, and many other famous writers; a frontispiece printed in colors, etc., etc. It should be in every boy and girl's stocking Christmas morning; *it costs only 25 cents.* To be had of all dealers, or by mail from the publishers.

New subscribers to St. Nicholas ($3.00 a year), beginning with this Christmas number, can have November FREE, and thus begin the serial stories by J. T. Trowbridge and F. R. Stockton

The Century Co. New-York, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are certainly best, having been so declared at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American organs having been found equal at any. Also cheapest. Style 27, 24 stops, 5 octaves, solid oak cases, immense compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and other music in schools or families, at $22. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES at $30, $35, $40, $52, $58, $65, $78, $84, $100, $116 to $440 and up. *The largest styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs.* Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue free. Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. This Company have commenced the manufacture of Upright Grand Pianos, embodying important improvements; adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. *Will not require tuning one quarter as often as other pianos.* Illustrated Circulars free. PIANOS. The MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Co., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 E. 14th St., New York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

"At the head of juvenile periodicals stands Wide Awake all the time."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"A whole family library in itself."—Putnam Patriot.

The Superb Holiday WIDE AWAKE, with its 144 pages and its 150 pictures, by the foremost American and English authors and the most eminent artists and engravers, is a practical illustration of the intention that the coming volume shall surpass anything before known in magazine-making for young folks and the family. This Christmas number has a beautiful new cover in six colors by Geo. F. Barnes, and is sold at the usual price, 25 cts. Order of your newsdealer or of the publisher. Subscription for one year, $2.50.

D. Lothrop & Co., 32 Franklin St., Boston.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES ARE THE BEST.

They are the only ones that are sold by first-class dealers the world over. Send 3 cents for circular. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 Broadway, New York City.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.

. . . CONQUERS DISEASE, ...

PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formula in use 200 years.

. . . IT HAS NO PEER. . . . .

MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

All sold by Druggists.

Send for book "Messenger of Health," MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a C[illegible]

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW

Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *first* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

This N. Y. Singer, $20

With $8 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect. Light running, quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial, or when desired. Ships Home Organs and Pianos. 17 styles. Mechanical Sub Bass octave coupler 2 Knee levers with 3 lateral and 2 Roll-on's. Only $78. Also sent on test. Cost plus if desired. Elegant cover, magnificent Case, double finish, nut out. Every other, with best improvements. Now. Ask O. Pardee & Co. 42 Third Av. Chicago

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling article ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (Limited) No. 64 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

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All sold by Druggists.

Send for book "Messenger of Health," MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a C[illegible]

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW

Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *first* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

This N. Y. Singer, $20

With $8 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect. Light running, quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial, or when desired. Ships Home Organs and Pianos. 17 styles. Mechanical Sub Bass octave coupler 2 Knee levers with 3 lateral and 2 Roll-on's. Only $78. Also sent on test. Cost plus if desired. Elegant cover, magnificent Case, double finish, nut out. Every other, with best improvements. Now. Ask O. Pardee & Co. 42 Third Av. Chicago

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling article ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (Limited) No. 64 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

NEW RICH BLOOD! PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE For Two Dollars.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.

Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters, or the Editor of this paper will take your subscription. Send twenty cents for a specimen copy to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

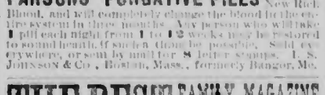

15,000 CARPENTERS now use our Saw Files to file circular saws, so they will cut better than ever. Price $2.50. Circulars and prices to Agents. Address E. Ritell & Bro., New Oxford, Pa.

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

MAGAZINES FOR EVERYBODY.

We have pleasure in announcing that our four Popular Magazines are now carefully graded and adapted to the tastes FROM BABY of all the family, from Baby to Grandma.

First is Babyland, Christmas Number now ready, with beautiful cover in colors, for the wee folks only old enough to coo and see pictures, and be talked to by daddy sweet stories and singing rhymes. Only 50 cents a year; 5 cents a copy. TO Then comes Our Little Men and Women, for the youngest readers; stories and poems in short clear sentences, with beautiful pictures, including six full pages monthly. Only $1.00 per year. Next is The Pansy, an eight-page illustrated weekly for GRANDMA boys and girls, for both week day and Sunday reading. And last is Wide-Awake, the great pictorial magazine for the older boys and girls and all the family. Only $2.40 a year. Send 25 cents for grand Christmas Number.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, 32 Franklin Street, Boston.

The Musical Success OF THE SEASON.

MINSTREL SONGS, OLD AND NEW.

Nearly 100 of these world-famous PLANTATION SONGS and POPULAR MELODIES that have made the fortune of Minstrel Troupes, and of which Ditson & Co. hold the copyrights of a large number.

More true, original, pleasing melodies may be found in this volume than in any other extant.

Of course Foster leads the van, and his

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

cannot be excelled. This statement, however, will be questioned by many, who prefer

Old Kentucky Home,	Or	Oh, Susannah!
Old Dog Tray,		Old Uncle Ned,
Old Dan Tucker,		Old Cabin Home,
Farewell, Lilly Dear,		Dixie Land,

Or the more modern nonsense songs of the Jubilee order, Gospel Ruff, or Cross Roads, In the Morning by the Bright Light, Or the truly beautiful Lilly Dale, Mocking Bird, or Twinkling Stars.

Price, $2, Boards, $2.50, Cloth, $3, Fine Gilt.

Mailed anywhere for above prices.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, N. Y.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

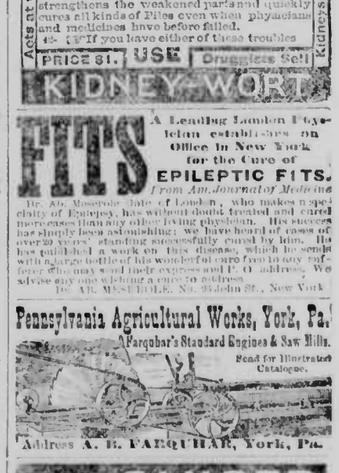

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Elegant Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mg'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agt. CHICAGO.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles PRICE $1. USE Diamond Dyes. KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journalist of Medicine

Dr. Ab. Mosevich late of London, who makes specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one who has a case to address

Dr. Ab. Mosevich, No. 93 John St., New York

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

CANCER INSTITUTE.

Established, 1865; Incorporated, 1876. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or loss of blood, and little pain. For information, circulars and references, address

DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

ALL AGENTS (NEW OR OLD) Can Make $50 to $500 Per Month selling our INDISPENSABLE Household Articles, which are INDISPENSABLE in every family. Write Goldie & Co., Chicago, Ill., for circulars for FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS to handle during Winter evenings. A small capital required. Full information free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., 344 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest. Circular and Price List free. Address THE ALLMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

A. N. K. N. Co Clev'd 904

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Few persons outside of those immediately engaged in its management have any idea of the vast amount of labor and money required to run a first-class circus. Mr. Barnum, having recently fallen into the hands of the interviewers, has given to the public press some points concerning his "greatest show on earth" that are of curious interest. For instance, a single item of expenditure amounts to a snug fortune, viz., that of wintering the animals and their keepers, trainers and attendants, and getting matters into shape for the spring opening. Last year, said the veteran showman, this cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and that during a time when not a dollar was being earned. But large as it is, the cost of wintering is a mere "flea-bite" to that of securing fresh novelties. For this purpose scores of agents under large salaries are sent around the world every year to gather up the best of all that is new regardless of expense. This year men have gone on these errands to far-away counties where no show agent ever before appeared. To meet the necessities of but one of these agents $70,000 were recently deposited with Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. One of the most costly ventures was the Jumbo affair. The figures are not given, but the round outlay is said to have been enormous. Another important item this year was the printing, which cost $175,000, exclusive of newspaper advertising. The gross receipts of the season of thirty-one weeks were a million and three-quarters of dollars. The receipts in New York were nearly $60,000 per week. In Philadelphia, $69,115.85 were taken in six days, four of which were rainy, and in Boston a single week rolled in $71,051.92.

In some of the mining villages of Nevada and Idaho a woman of any kind is as much a curiosity as a pretty girl is said to be in the land of the Hottentots. From the day Moore's Flat was founded until about the middle of last month it was entirely without representatives of the sex to which the pick and pen are entire strangers. Last summer, however, Michael Sullivan, one of the miners, declared that he was altogether dead and buried without the girls, and being strengthened by his fellows he wrote to his "swateheart" in Ireland to please bring herself over. The girl undertook the journey alone and one day last month she arrived at Moore's Flat. Work was suspended in the mines and the men cheered time and again as the girl walked up and down the single street that they might feast their eyes. A priest was sent for and though he had to travel many miles over the mountains he arrived at Moore's Flat that evening in time to marry the couple. After the ceremony Sullivan and his bride were carried in the arms of the laughing crowd to the public house and there the festival was prolonged until daylight.

A dispatch from Chihuahua, Mexico, states: "The recent massacre in Casas Grandes by the Indians proves to have been a horrible affair. A band of Apaches numbering 500 crossed the border, and decending upon the little town, began an indiscriminate massacre. Fully seventy-five persons fell victims and several girls and women were carried off by the savages. A large quatity of stock and other property were stolen. The houses of the unfortunate Mexicans were burned and the dead bodies stripped of their clothing and jewelry. The murderel persons belonged to the wealthiest classes, several of the most prominent families being among the victims. Troops have been despatched to the scene, but the Indians have a long start and their capture is not expected.

Edward S. Stokes, who at one time had great notoriety, but now almost forgotten by all except his own intimate acquaintances, is thus described: He, as every one knows, is the man who deliberately killed Colonel Jim Fisk in the Grand Central hotel, was tried for murder and spent several years in a murderer's cell in Sing Sing. When he came out nothing was heard of him for some time until he suddenly splurged out as the proprietor of a swell up-town hotel, which is now famous because it has the most gorgeous bar-room in the world. Stokes is still a handsome man, though his face is very deeply lined and his hair gray. He is as vain as when he held ladies' receptions in the Tombs, and dresses with an extravagance unequaled by many millionairs of New York.

"Now, Sammy, have you read the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

Milton has it that "Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows." It is the same with communicated wickedness.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Gulfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, bobbing about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Gulfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia and all its concomitants, Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney Troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Sang Run Heard From!

and the news is that

SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Groceries,

Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &c.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

☞ Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,
6 17 1y McHenry, Md.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 1y.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER,

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead.
As a Political Journal unsurpassed.
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite.
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate.
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

In the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news no newspaper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without catering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but handling all questions and all men with fairness and manly independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, 1 year $1 50
Club of 5 and extra copy to getter up of Club 5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club 10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year 20 00
Club of 30 and a copy of the Daily 6 months, or three copies of the Weekly one year 30 00
Club of 40 and a copy of the Daily one year, or five copies of the Weekly, one year 40 00

The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy—one year $3 00
Two copies—one year 5 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittences should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Estray.

Estrayed from the premises of the undersigned, about the month of August last, a pale red and white yearling heifer, small in size, and marked by crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

12 16 p. REDEMUS SPIKER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICE LIST

—OF THE—

NEW YORK BRANCH STORE,

OAKLAND, MD.

DRESS GOODS. Fancy delains 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard. Plaids 10, 15 and 20 cents per yard. Extra fine Cashmeres in Browns', Blacks' and Reds', 28, 30 and 33 cents per yard. All wool Chasmeres, in Black, Green, Blue, Red and Maroon, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90 and $1 per yd. All extra width.

LADIES' CLOTH, double width, all wool, from $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard

WATER PROOF CLOTH, 1¼ yards wide, extra fine, 75, 80 and $1 per yeard.

SILKS, IN ALL COLORS, including plain and Brocades, from 75 cents to $1.50 per yard.

SATINS, from $1 to $1.50 per yard.

VELVITS AND VELVETEEN, 60, 75 and $1.50 per yard.

FLANNELS, Pressed and Opera, for 40cts. per yard. Twilled and plain for 22, 30, 35 and 45 cents per yard.

FANCY, IN RED AND BLACK, 35 cents.

SHAKER, very fine quality, ¾ yard wide for 15, 20 and 25 cents; same in colored for 20 and 30 cents.

CANTON FLANNEL. Brown 8¼, 10½ and 12½ cents. Extra heavy in quality and width, 16 and 17 cents. Colored 11½ cents.

GINGHAMS, for 6, 7, 8, 8¼ and 9 cents.

SHIRTING, for 7, 7½, 11 and 12½ cents.

DRILLINGS, IN BROWN AND BLUE, for 12½, 15 and 16 cents.

TICKING, 12½, 14 and 16 cents per yard. Extra heavy, full yard wide 25 cents.

TOWLING, from 6¼ cents up to 20 per yard.

CORSET JENGE, 10 and 12½ cents per yd.

PRESSED CAMBRIC, 8 cents per yard.

TABLE LINEN, Unbleached extra width, 40 cents. Bleached 60 inches wide, 75 cents. Turkey Red, superior quality, 60 inches wide, 90 cents.

MOMEY CLOTH, full yard wide for 5 cents.

BROWN MUSLINS, for 5, 6¼, 6½, 7½, 8, 8½ and 10 cents per yard.

EXTRA HEAVY, 40 inches wide 12½ cents.

BLEACHED MUSLIN, for 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12½ cents per yard.

BLEACHED SHEETING, 2¼ yards wide, 28 and 37½ cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED, 2¼ yards wide, 30 cents per yard.

PILLOW CASE MUSLIN, BLEACHED, 16 inches wide, 15 cents.

CALICO, from 5 cents to 7.

PACIFIC PRINTS, 6¼ cents.

TURKEY RED CALICO, for 12½ cents. ¾ yard wide, 11 and 15 cents.

FANCY, 12½ cents per yard.

MEN'S SHIRTS, EXTRA HEAVY GINGHAM, 45 cents. Heavy Merino, $1.

OVERALLS, 45, 50 and 60 cents a pair.

FANCY CARDIGAN JACKETS, all wool, $2.50 a piece.

MEN'S UNDER SHIRTS, for 35, 40, 45, 50, 75 cents and $1, apiece.

ALL WOOL SCARLET SHIRTS, for $1.25 apiece.

LADIES' VESTS, for 35, 50 and 75 cents apiece.

CHILDREN'S MERINO VESTS, for 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece.

HOSIERY. We have a large line of Ladies' and Misses' hosiery, as well as Gents', from 5 cents a pair up to 75 cents.

A LARGE LINE OF MENS' and BOYS' ALL WOOL CAPS, from 15 cents up to $1.50 apiece.

GENTS' FINE SHIRTS, from 75 cents to $1.25 apiece.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS, for 15 cents.

LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, from 5 cents up to $1 apiece.

JUST A FEW MORE OF OUR STOCK OF LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS LEFT, from 75 cents up to $1.75 apiece.

LADIES' SHAWLS, from 35 cents up to $5 apiece.

LADIES' COATS AND DOLMANS, from $2.50 up to $10.00

OUR CORSET EMPORIUM is completed, from 50 cents to $2.20 apiece. We have the celebrated CORALINE CORSET for only $1; cannot be broken in six months' by ordinary wear.

TABLE OIL CLOTH, extra quality only 25 cents per yard.

THE CHEAPEST LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES, ever offered in this market, ranging in prices from 50 cents up to $2.50. Elegant calf skin shoes $1.50 only.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 5 cents up to 25.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 15 cents to $1.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BERLIN GLOVES, from 10 cents up to 50 cents a pair.

MENS' SUSPENDERS, from 15 cents to $1 a pair.

METALIC HAIR BRUSHES, only 30 cts. Combs at all prices from 3 cents to 50.

A LARGE LINE OF PISTOLS, KNIVES, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, at a very low figure.

A BIG LINE OF RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TIPS, AND FLOWERS, cheap.

In a word we have the cheapest goods ever offered in this market, and we defy competition, at the

New York Branch Store,

OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS,

WITH REPORT OF

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS,

For Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD, OAKLAND, GARRETT Co., MD., Dec. 9, 1882.

A summary of School statistics, with report of receipts and disbursements for year ending September 30th, 1882, is herewith submitted. The item for building school houses refers to houses built and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, but not fully paid for.

In 1879 the county levy for schools was $10,080 00, of this amount the tax collectors paid to the treasurer of the School Board the sum of $1,516.92, and a judgment for balance with interest is now held against one of the tax collectors for that year. From this some was received during the past year, as reported, one thousand dollars. The decrease in the enrollment as compared with the previous year arose from efforts to carry out the law in regard to vaccination. Some few still remain opposed to having their children vaccinated, but this feeling is fast giving way, and but little difficulty is anticipated during the current scholastic year. Receipts from sales of books were as follows: J. E. Jungey, $212.11; H. Muhlenberg, $105.09; M. Mattingly, $7.87.

Salary of Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, includes a balance from fiscal year ending September 30th, 1882. The county school tax was $8,500, and the amount reported as received $7,672.49 is less $827.51 paid in advance by Mr. Margraff and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, as I report this year $1,158.78, but which was not due the Treasurer until Oct. 15.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS, FOR YEAR ENDING SEPT. 30th, 1882.

	1882	1881
No. of Schools	85	81
" " Teachers	93	91
" " Pupils for the year	3361	3457
" " " in average attendance	1877	1773

Receipts and Disbursements for Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Sept. 30th, 1881	$1,321 14
State School tax	5,775 00
State Free School Fund	2,149 64
State Donation	1,200 00
County School Tax	7,672 49
Sales of Books	321 98
State appropriation to col'd. schools, Loan from P. P. Lohr	16 12
	2,400 00
From Tax Collector on Levy of June 1882, and not due until Oct. 15th	1,158 78
From Levy of 1879	1,000 00
Error in discount	4 30
Total	$25,044 10

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teacher's Salaries	$12,819 50
Fuel	854 32
Incidental expenses of schools	204 86
Rent	208 33
Books and Stationery	1,099 03
Building school houses	1,251 50
Repairing " "	182 07
Furniture, Black-boards and stoves	195 24
Interest	1,230 81
Salary Secy, Treas. and Examiner	1,138 00
Per diem, School Commissioners	270 83
Office expense and Acct. Books	143 18
Printing and advertising	65 50
Purchase of school house	200 00
Postage and envelopes	35 10
Attorney's fees	25 00
Freight on books, &c	41 87
Error in balance reported Sept. 30, '81	01
Balance cash on hand Sept. 30, 1882	4,376 28
Total	$25,044 10

E. H. BARTLETT,
Sec'y Treas., &c.

A VALUABLE FARM, NEAR OAKLAND FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land known as the "Good Farm," on the Hoopole road three miles from Oakland, is offered at private sale, either as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers. There are about 400 acres in the whole tract, about one-half of which is cleared and under cultivation. The improvements are: Four dwelling houses, three barns, stables and other out buildings, and two good orchards. The land is productive and well watered. Title good. Very little money down. Long time to one who will be prompt to pay the interest. If not sold will be for rent April 1st, 1883.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

JOHN BARNES,
12 9 1m Barton, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 12th of November:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.16 P. M.
No. 3	11.12 P. M.
No. 5	8.01 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	4.35 A. M.
No. 6	9.15 A. M.
No. 8	10.43 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	9.46 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. je21-y1

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For prices and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my 1m6

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Rowle Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

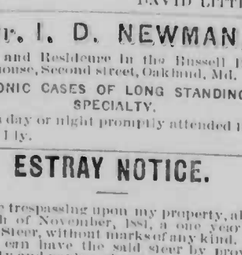

is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

PATENTS.

Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications for revivor of Rejected, Abandoned or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

GEORGE E. LEMON,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,
615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mention this paper.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 21 DAVID LITTLE.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Bussell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 1y.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came trespassing upon my property, about the 25th of November, 1881, a one year old White Steer, without marks of any kind. The owner can have the said steer by proving property and paying charges.

SAMUEL SPECHT.
McHenry, Md., Dec. 5, 1882. 12 9 3

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 1d G. A. SHIRER.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS
PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Gilbitt's store, v3n17.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1611-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investigate land titles.
apr 17

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n6.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all Important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 1y.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 127 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard," "One Price" "Our Anchor," "Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.
☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 1y

Few persons outside of those immediately engaged in its management have any idea of the vast amount of labor and money required to run a first-class circus. Mr. Barnum, having recently fallen into the hands of the interviewers, has given to the public press some points concerning his "greatest show on earth" that are of curious interest. For instance, a single item of expenditure amounts to a snug fortune, viz., that of wintering the animals and their keepers, trainers and attendants, and getting matters into shape for the spring opening. Last year, said the veteran showman, this cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and that during a time when not a dollar was being earned. But large as it is, the cost of wintering is a mere "fleabite" to that of securing fresh novelties. For this purpose scores of agents under large salaries are sent around the world every year to gather up the best of all that is new regardless of expense. This year men have gone on these errands to far-away counties where no show agent ever before appeared. To meet the necessities of but one of these agents $70,000 were recently deposited with Messrs. Browo Brothers & Co. One of the most costly ventures was the Jumbo affair. The figures are not given, but the round outlay is said to have been enormous. Another important item this year was the printing, which cost $175,000, exclusive of newspaper advertising. The gross receipts of the season of thirty-one weeks were a million and three-quarters of dollars. The receipts in New York were nearly $60,000 per week. In Philadelphia, $69,115.85 were taken in six days, four of which were rainy, and in Boston a single week rolled in $74,051.92.

In some of the mining villages of Nevada and Idaho a woman of any kind is as much a curiosity as a pretty girl is said to be in the land of the Hottentots. From the day Moore's Flat was founded until about the middle of last month it was entirely without representatives of the sex to which the pick and pen are entire strangers. Last summer, however, Michael Sullivan, one of the miners, declared that he was altogether dead and buried without the girls, and being strengthened by his fellows he wrote to his "swateheart" in Ireland to please bring herself over. The girl undertook the journey alone and one day last month she arrived at Moore's Flat. Work was suspended in the mines and the men cheered time and again as the girl walked up and down the single street that they might feast their eyes. A priest was sent for and though he had to travel many miles over the mountains he arrived at Moore's Flat that evening in time to marry the couple. After the ceremony Sullivan and his bride were carried in the arms of the laughing crowd to the public house and there the festival was prolonged until daylight.

A dispatch from Chihuahua, Mexico, states: "The recent massacre in Casas Grandes by the Indians proves to have been a horrible affair. A band of Apaches numbering 500 crossed the border, and decending upon the little town, began an indiscriminimassacre. Fully seventy-five persons fell victims and several girls and women were carried off by the sayages. A large quatity of stock and other property were stolen. The houses of the unfortunate Mexicans were burned and the dead bodies stripped of their clothing and jewelry. The murdered persons belonged to the wealthiest classes, several of the most prominent families being among the victims. Troops have been despatched to the scene, but the Indians have a long start and their capture is not expected.

Edward S. Stokes, who at one time had great notoriety, but now almost forgotten by all except his own intimate acquaintances, is thus described: He, as every one knows, is the man who deliberately killed Colonel Jim Fisk in the Grand Central hotel, was tried for murder and spent several years in a murderer's cell in Sing Sing. When he came out nothing was heard of him for some time until he suddenly splurged out as the proprietor of a swell up-town hotel, which is now famous because it has the most gorgeous bar-room in the world. Stokes is still a handsome man, though his face is very deeply lined and his hair gray. He is as vain as when he held ladies' receptions in the Tombs, and dresses with an extravagance unequaled by many millionairs of New York.

"Now, Sammy, have you read the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

Milton has it that "Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows." It is the same with communicated wickedness.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Eentertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentleman, you all have more or less poetry in your souls. listen to this," said Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of D. Dr. G. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

No'w the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Micheal Gallfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Gallfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Sang Run Heard From!

and the news is that

SELL & SPECHT

ARE NOW SELLING

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Groceries,

Hardware, Boots, Shoes,

TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONS, &c.,

Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

☞ Call and examine our goods and prices before going further and faring worse.

We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

SELL & SPECHT,
Mellenry, Md.
6 17 ly

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING

INTELLIGENCER,

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead,
As a Political Journal unsurpassed,
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite,
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate,
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

It is the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news to news-paper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without catering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but treating all questions and all men with fairness and manly independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, 1 year $1 50
Club of 9 and extra copy to getter up of Club 5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club 10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year 20 00
Club of 30 and a copy of the Daily 6 months, or three copies of the Weekly one year 30 00
Club of 40 and a copy of the Daily one year, or five copies of the Weekly, one year 40 00

The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy—one year $3 00
Two copies—one year 5 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Estray.

Estrayed from the premises of the undersigned, about the month of August last, a pale red and white yearling heifer, small in size, and marked by crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

12 16 ☞ REDEMUS SPIKER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICE LIST

—OF THE—

NEW YORK BRANCH

STORE,

OAKLAND, MD.

DRESS GOODS. Fancy delains 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard. Plaids 10, 15 and 20 cents per yard. Extra fine Cashmeres in Browns, Blacks and Reds, 28, 30 and 33 cents per yard. All wool Chasmeres, in Black, Green, Blue, Red and Maroon, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90 and $1 per yd. All extra width.

LADIES' CLOTH, double width, all wool, from $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard

WATER PROOF CLOTH, 0/4 yards wide, extra fine, 75, 80 and $1 per yeard.

SILKS, IN ALL COLORS, including plain and Brocades, from 75 cents to $1.50 per yard.

SATINS, from $1 to $1.50 per yard.

VELVITS AND VELVETEEN, 60, 75 and $1.50 per yard.

FLANNELS. Pressed and Opera, for 10cts. per yard. Twilled and plain for 22, 30, 35 and 45 cents per yard.

FANCY, IN RED AND BLACK, 35 cents.

SHAKER, very fine quality, 3/4 yard wide for 15, 20 and 25 cents; same in colored for 20 and 30 cents.

CANTON FLANNEL. Brown 8 1/3, 11 1/4 and 12 1/2 cents. Extra heavy in quality and width, 16 and 17 cents. Colored 11 1/2 cents.

GINGHAMS, for 6, 7, 8, 8 1/2 and 9 cents.

SHIRTING, for 7, 7 1/2, 11 and 12 1/2 cents.

DRILLINGS, IN BROWN AND BLUE, for 12 1/2, 15 and 16 cents.

TICKING, 12 1/2, 14 and 16 cents per yard. Extra heavy, full yard wide 25 cents.

TOWLING, from 6 1/4 cents up to 20 per yard.

CORSET JENGE, 10 and 12 1/2 cents per yd.

PRESSED CAMBRIC, 8 cents per yard.

TABLE LINEN. Eidlenchet extra width, 40 cents. Bleached 60 inches wide, 75 cents. Turkey Red, superior quality, 60 inches wide, 90 cents.

MOMEY CLOTH, full yard wide for 5 cents.

BROWN MUSLINS, for 5, 6 1/4, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2 9 and 10 cents per yard.

EXTRA HEAVY, 40 inches wide 12 1/2 cents.

BLEACHED MUSLIN, for 7 1/2, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 1/2 cents per yard.

BLEACHED SHEETING, 2 1/2 yards wide, 28 and 35 1/2 cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED, 2 1/2 yards wide, 30 cents per yard.

PILLOW CASE MUSLIN, BLEACHED, 16 inches wide, 15 cents.

CALICO, from 5 cents to 7.

PACIFIC PRINTS, 6 1/4 cents.

TURKEY RED CALICO, for 12 1/2 cents. 7/8 yard wide, 14 and 15 cents.

FANCY, 12 1/2 cents per yard.

MEN'S SHIRTS, EXTRA HEAVY GINGHAM, 45 cents. Heavy Merino, $1.

OVERALLS, 45, 50 and 60 cents a pair.

FANCY CARDIGAN JACKETS, all wool, $2.50 a piece.

MEN'S UNDER SHIRTS, for 25, 30, 45, 50, 75 cents and $1, apiece.

ALL WOOL SCARLET SHIRTS, for $1.25 apiece.

LADIES' VESTS, for 35, 50 and 75 cents apiece.

CHILDREN'S MERINO VESTS, for 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece.

HOSIERY. We have a large line of Ladies' and Misses' hosiery, as well as Gents', from 5 cents a pair up to 75 cents.

A LARGE LINE OF MENS' and BOYS' ALL WOOL CAPS, from 45 cents up to $1.50 apiece.

GENTS' FINE SHIRTS, from 75 cents to $1.25 apiece.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS, for 15 cents.

LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, from 5 cents up to $1 apiece.

JUST A FEW MORE OF OUR STOCK OF LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS LEFT, from 75 cents up to $1.75 apiece.

LADIES' SHAWLS, from 35 cents up to $5 apiece.

LADIES' COATS AND DOLMANS, from $2.50 up to $10.00

OUR CORSET EMPORIUM is completed, from 50 cents to $2.50 apiece. We have the celebrated CORALINE CORSET for only $1; cannot be broken in six months' by ordinary wear.

TABLE OIL CLOTH, extra quality only 25 cents per yard.

THE CHEAPEST LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES, ever offered in this market, ranging in prices from 50 cents up to $2.50. Elegant calf skin shoes $1.50 only.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 5 cents up to 25.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 15 cents to $1.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BERLIN GLOVES, from 10 cents up to 50 cents a pair.

MENS' SURSPENDERS, from 15 cents to $1 a pair.

METALIC HAIR BRUSHES, only 30 cts. Combs at all prices from 3 cents to 50.

A LARGE LINE OF PISTOLS, KNIVES, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, at a very low figure.

A BIG LINE OF RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TIPS, AND FLOWERS, cheap.

In a word we have the cheapest goods ever offered in this market, and we defy competition, at the

New York Branch Store,
OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS,

WITH REPORT OF

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS,

For Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD,
OAKLAND, GARRETT Co., MD., Dec. 9, 1882.

A summary of School statistics, with report of receipts and disbursements for year ending September 30th, 1882, is herewith submitted. The item for building school houses refers to houses built and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, but not fully paid for.

In 1879 the county levy for schools was $10,000.00. Of this amount the tax collectors paid to the treasurer of the School Board the sum of $1,516.92, and a judgment for balance with interest is now held against one of the tax collectors for that year. From this some was received during the past year, as reported, one thousand dollars. The decrease in the enrollment as compared with the previous year arose from efforts to carry out the law in regard to vaccination. Some few still remain opposed to having their children vaccinated, but this feeling is fast giving way, and but little difficulty is anticipated during the current schoolastic year. Receipts from sales of books were as follows: J. E. Jhugey, $212.11; H. Muhlenberg, $105.00; M. Mattingly, $7.87.

Salary of Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, includes a balance from fiscal year ending September 30th, 1882. The county school tax was $8,500, and the amount reported as received $7,672.09 is less $827.51 paid in advance by Mr. Margroff and reported Sept. 30th, 1881, as I report this year $1,158.78, but which was not due the Treasurer until Oct. 15.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL STATISTICS, FOR YEAR ENDING SEPT. 30th, 1882.

	1882	1881
No. of Schools	87	81
" " Teachers	93	90
" " Pupils for the year	3264	3155
" " Daverage attendance	1877	1773

Receipts and Disbursements for Year Ending Sept. 30th, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Sept. 30th, 1881	$1,321 11
State School tax	5,775 00
State Free School Fund	2,140 00
State Donation	1,200 00
County School Tax	7,672 09
Sales of Books	321 98
State appropriation to col'd. schools,	16 12
Loan from P. P. Lohr	2,400 00
From Tax Collector on Levy of June 1882, and not due until Oct. 15th	1,158 78
From Levy of 1879	1,000 00
Error in discomn	1 30
Total	$25,011 10

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teacher's Salaries	$12,810 50
Fuel	851 52
Incidental expenses of schools	201 96
Rent	1,000 00
Books and Stationery	1,000 00
Building school houses	1,254 50
Repairing " "	1,067 67
Furniture, black-boards and stoves	195 24
Interest	1,200 81
Salary Sec'y, Treas. and Examiner	1,200 00
Per diem, School Commissioners	270 83
Office expense and Sch'l Books	143 18
Printing and advertising	74 50
Purchase of school house	200 00
Postage and envelopes	25 10
Attorney's fees	20 00
Freight on books, &c	11 67
Error in balance reported Sept. 30, '81	01
Balance cash on hand Sept. 30, 1882	4,376 28
Total	$25,011 10

E. H. BARTLETT,
Sec't'y Treas., &c.

A VALUABLE FARM,

NEAR OAKLAND

FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land known as the "Good Farm," on the Hoppoole road three miles from Oakland, is offered at private sale, either as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers. There are about 400 acres in the whole tract, about one-half of which is cleared and under cultivation. The improvements are: Four dwelling houses, three barns, stables and other out buildings, and two good orchards. The land is productive and well watered. Title good. Very little money down. Long time to one who will be prompt to pay the interest. If not sold will be for rent April 1st, 1883.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

JOHN BARNES,
12 9 1m Barton, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 12th of November:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2.40 P. M.
No. 3	11.42 P. M.
No. 5	8.01 A. M.
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.35 A. M.
No. 6	9.15 A. M.
No. 8	10.43 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	9.40 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transport.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

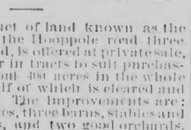

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1e21-yl

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F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 931, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county Md.

P. HAMILL,
11 18 4 Real estate agent.

OAKLAND WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.
my tm6

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

J. ESTEY & Co. BRATTLEBORO VT.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

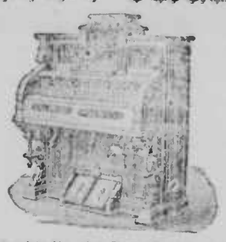

is undoubtedly the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
12 3 '81 Manager.

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Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all Failed Sciences patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or no a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications for Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing.* Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U.S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,
615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mention this paper.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

tf 21 DAVID LITTLE.

Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
July 1 ly.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came trespassing upon my property, about the 25th of November, 1881, a one year old White Steer, without marks of any kind. The owner can have the said steer by proving property and paying charges.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
Mellenry, Md., Dec. 5, 1882. 12 9 3

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 td G. A. SHIRER.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Dilletts store, vtn7.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND.

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-1y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to conveyancing by investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. A. DAILY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND, MD.

Will buy and sell Real Estate and Investapr 17 gate land titles.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. vtn16.

C. C. WILLISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKLAND GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland Md., in all important cases.

☞ Office on Alder Street. 9 10 81 ty.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects, this only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

"EXCELSIOR."

The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insures a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and invariably

ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing house in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing" "Our Standard,"
"One Price" "Our Anchor."
"Permanent Popularity" "Our Goal."

Excelsior One Price Clothing House,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

☞ Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland. d17 81 ly

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 6. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882. NUMBER 44.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Have made arrangements to keep on hand nothing but the best oak tanned Western leather. They have contracted with a large firm in such a way that they won't be undersold. They employ none but first class workmen. Call, see and be convinced. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell only for cash, or approved trade. In all cases the trade must be delivered before the work is taken away.

2 18 tf

G. A. SPEDDEN. E. M. SPEDDEN.

SPEDDEN & SON,

Carpenters & Contractors,

OAKLAND, MD.

Will contract for or superintend the construction of buildings of all kinds in town or country. Also, doors, sash and frames furnished on short notice at reasonable rates.

9 10 81 ly.

JOHN A. WOLF,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Will take orders from this time until March next for

RUSTIC WORK

Such as hanging-baskets, chairs, lounges, flower stands, &c., &c., made from laurel. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

7 22 ly.

THE LAST GRAND RALLY!

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE AT

GARTHRIGHT'S STORE,

—FOR—

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

As I am in need of funds to carry on the work of building a store and other buildings at Mountain Lake Park,

I am offering some splendid bargains in a large and well selected stock of

OVERCOATS,

—AND—

SUITS FOR MEN & BOYS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AND GUM BOOTS.

All of the different makes of Plows to be sold at COST.

All who know themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come and pay up old accounts and make new ones if they wish, BUT ON SHORT TIME, in order to help me along in building.

☞ Come and examine before you buy elsewhere, and tell your friends who do not take a paper.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.
Mineral Springs, Md.

FOR SALE

The New Glades House.

This valuable property, situate on the corner of Third and Alder streets, Oakland, Md., is offered for sale.

It is well adapted for a hotel or boarding house, contains 12 rooms and kitchen, plastered basement and good cellar, and the necessary out buildings.

For price and terms apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND. WM. H. CARSON.

CLEVELAND & CARSON

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

Plasterers & Kalsominers.

OAKLAND, MD.

Work first-class and done at short notice.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village Hotel-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

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Patents obtained through us are noticed in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

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Handbook about patents mailed free.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

PE-RU-NA

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single bottle $1.00. Six Bottles $5.00.

Never fails to cure any Kidney disease whatever.
Also all diseases of the Bladder.
For Incontinence of Urine, (Wetting the Bed,) PERUNA is a positive cure.
In Errors of Youth PERUNA is specific.
For Brick Dust or other deposits take PERUNA.
For Nervous Debility take PERUNA. PERUNA will positively cure Seminal Debility, and restore the functions to their normal vigor.
For Nervous Prostration, caused by excessive natural or unnatural indulgences, PERUNA is a sure cure.
Aged and Young Persons who are disturbed too frequently at night, to make water, can rely implicitly on PERUNA.
For Urinary Diseases of both sexes, for Female Complaints of all kinds, and for Gravel, PERUNA is a specific.
For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, PERUNA is the only cure.
For our pamphlet on the "Ills of Life" ask your druggist or address the proprietors, Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Delaware, O.
For Constipation take nothing except

MAN-A-LIN

For Sale by D. Chisholm, Oakland, Md.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

Our Standing Army of Ignorance.

The statistics of illiteracy just published by the Census Bureau present many curious and suggestive facts, which are not likely to receive half the attention they deserve. We talk so much about our public schools, and spend so much to support them, and the grade of average popular intelligence is so high as a whole, that we do not stop to consider how much of ignorance there is in the country; with all our boasting, or to reflect that, notwithstanding all our schools, illiterey is actually increasing instead of diminishing as a National burden and reproach. It seems incredible, when one comes to look at it soberly, that there are in the United States nearly 5,000,000 persons over ten years of age who cannot read, and considerably more than 6,000,000 who cannot write; and yet that is the situation as demonstrated by individual count in 1880.

It is true that a large proportion of this ignorance is confined to the colored population and to foreign born white residents; but with this allowed for, there still remains enough to cause both shame and alarm. Of the number of persons returned as unable to write, over 3,000,000 are white, and of this number 2,255,000 are native born; that is to say, about eight per cent. of the total native white population of the country cannot write. The familiar assertion that illiteracy is specially prevalent at the South because the ex-slaves and their children have not yet had time to grasp the rudiments of education is not justified by these statistics; on the contrary, it is shown that among the native whites of that section, the proportion who cannot write ranges from 18 per cent in Virginia to 31 per cent. in North Carolina, whereas in none of the Northern States does it exceed 7 per cent., and in most of them it is only 2 to 3 per cent., even counting as far West as the newest of them, and including the Territories.

The figures show, furthermore, that of the total number who cannot write almost 2,000,000 are voters. Forty years ago one in every thirteen of our voting population were unable to read or write; ten years later the ratio was one in nine; another ten years made it one in eight, the next ten years brought it up to one in six, and at present it is one in five. Think of it. Nearly 2,000,000 voters who have to have their ballots read to them, and who cannot exercise the citizen's inestimable right to scratching without asking somebody to write in the desired name. And this mass of illiteracy, already ponderous enough to determine a national election, is growing larger instead of smaller. It now exceeds the whole number of soldiers sent to the field to put down the rebellion. What will it be twenty or fifty years hence if it keeps on increasing in the proportion of the last forty years? The problem is an uninviting one, and yet it is the thing above all others that demands study and remedy if "government of the people, by the people and for the people" is vindicate itself as a permanent blessing.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

The Mississippi.

Some interesting and extraordinary data have just been compiled respecting the Mississippi. It appears that it boasts no fewer than 55 tributary streams, with a total length of navigation of 16,571 miles or about two-thirds of the distance round the world. Even this, however, represents but a small amount of the navigation which will follow when the Federal Government has made the contemplated improvements in the Upper Mississippi, in the Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other rivers, in which it is now engaged. But while the Mississippi has 16,571 miles navigable to steamboats, it has 20,221 miles navigable to barges. This navigation is divided between 22 States and Territories in the following proportions: Louisiana, 2,500 miles; Arkansas, 2,100; Mississippi, 1,380; Montana, 1,310; Dakota, 1,280; Illinois, 1,270; Tennessee, 1,260; Kentucky, 1,250; Indiana, 840; Iowa, 830; Indian Territory, 720; Minnesota, 660; Wisconsin, 560; Ohio, 550; Texas, 410; Nebraska, 400; West Virginia, 390; Pennsylvania, 380; Kansas, 240; Alabama, 200; and New York 70. Nearly all sections of the States and Territories can be reached with ease. Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Montana, Dakota, and the Indian Territory possess more miles of navigable stream than miles of railroad, all of which are open to everybody who wishes to engage in commerce.—*Scientific American.*

...to Develop a Boy's Brains.

...ological Journal.

...the school-life of a ... herself, illus- ... had charge of ... town early in ... her scholars ... fourteen years old, ... little about study and ... interest apparently in any- ... connected with the school. Day ... he ... in his lessons, and ... after school hours and ... to his widowed mother had no ... One day the teacher had sent ... to his seat, after a vain effort to ... from him a correct answer to ... in grammar, and, feeling ... nettled, she watched his ... Having taken his seat, he ... the book impatiently aside, ... espying a fly, caught it with a ... and then ... of the hand and then ... himself to a close inspection ... For fifteen minutes or ... the boy was thus occupied, ... of surroundings, and the ex- ... of his face told the teacher ... it was more than idle curiosity ... possessed his mind. A thought ... her, which she put into prac- ... at the first opportunity that day. ... "what can you tell ... about flies?" and calling several ... brightest by name, she asked ... if they could tell her something ... fly's constitution and habits. ... had very little to say about the ... They often caught one, but ... for sport, and did not think it ... while to study so common an ... Finally she asked the dunce, ... had silently, but with kindling ... listened to what his schoolmates ... tatingly said. He burst out with ... description of the head, eyes, wings ... feet of the little creature, so full ... enthusiastic that the teacher was ... and the whole school ... with wonder. He told how it ... and how it ate, and many ... which were entirely new to ... teacher. So that when he had ... she said: "Thank you! You ... given us a real lecture in natural ... and you have learned it all ... yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

Singularly Wounded.

Near Coolidge, Kan., Mr. Harrison, a young Englishman, has established a large estate at an expense of many thousand dollars. A visiting correspondent recently found a charming guest on the place in the person of Captain Sherborne, of the British army, who, after valiant services in the Afghanistan campaign, is passing several years in travel. Captain Sherborne was wounded in a most singular way in Afghanistan. After a battle he found an Afghan lying on the field, with both legs shot away. He raised him in his arms to carry him to an ambulance. But the man suddenly wrenched himself away and, standing erect on his bleeding stumps, he seized one of his own severed legs lying beside him and struck at Capt. Sherborne with furious rage, making a terrible gash down his chest with the jagged bone. He then dropped back dead and Captain Sherborne fell fainting by his side. Sherborne says that it was the most thrilling moment of his life.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time, keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "O, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

Geneva's Human Montser.

Mr. Paul Bert has lately sent the editor of La Nature, from Geneva, two photographs of a human monster exhibited there, living, and aged five years, having been born at Turin in 1877. It has two heads, four arms and two chests, but one abdomen and pelvis, and two legs; that is, it is double above the middle of the body. The fusion of the two bodies begins at the sixth rib. From due examination and from what has been observed in previous monsters of the kind (they were named Xiphodyme by Isidore-Geoffrey St. Hilaire), it may be affirmed that there are four lungs, two hearts and two stomachs; the small intestine is double at its commencement, but in greater part single. There are really two individuals. The right leg obeys only the right individual, who alone feels pinching of it; and similarly with the left. The sensibility of each half of the body is in exclusive rapport with the head of the same side. The two individuals were baptized doubly under the names of Jean and Jaques. They are equally developed from physical points of view (except a slight club foot on Jaques' leg), and intellectually they are much alike. Their intelligence is normal; they reply to questions of visitors in French, Italian and German; they seem gentle and amiable, also lively, often playing together while lying on cushions or on the knees of their reputed father. It is said they have never been ill. Several cases of these Xiphodyme monsters have been recorded in history, but very few have lived.—*London Times.*

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times* from Baltimore, Dec. 14th, says: An extraordinary demand has sprung up here for Confederate bonds. In answer to an inquiry as to what disposition was made of what is known to be a worthless security, Mr. Cox, of Smith, Cox & Co., said he had not the slightest idea as to what ultimately became of the paper. He only knew that for some time past he had been receiving large orders for the bonds, and that he now had an order for any part of a million dollars' worth. One day recently he bought over $500,000 worth. His orders are from a respectable London banking house, to whom they are sent. Prices have ranged from $2 to $13 per thousand; at present they are worth from $8.50 to $9.50 and a large block brought $9.75 a day or two ago. The orders are wholly for coupon bonds. Letters are received from all parts of the south, some of them quite amusing. The probabilities and possibilities of the future of the alleged securities are conjectured in a grave manner. Many bonds are bought that have been neatly framed, some have been pasted on fire-boards and screens, and one old gentleman brought in a lot which he desired to deposited as collateral for a large loan, arguing that some day they would be worth their face value. Some of the incidents are ridiculous, but the fact remains that there is a demand for the bonds, and they can be readily sold at $9 for every $1,000 bond.

A certain Michigander, who had long succeeded in dodging a creditor, was a few weeks ago cornered in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began: "Sir! you have owed me $25 for a year past, and now I want to know what you are going to do about it?" "Well, I'll think it over." "There will be no thinking it over, my friend. If you don't pay me I'll sue you." "You will?" "I will, Sir!" "Then you'll be certain to get a judgment. The party which brings the suit always gets the verdict before a justice. Knowing this, you will take advantage of me?" "I will." "Very well. Now, then, I deny that I owe you a dollar." "You do?" "I do, Sir; but in case you want to borrow $25 of me for a week here it is." "I don't care whether you call it paying or lending so long as I get my money," replied the creditor, and he made out a receipt in full and took the money. At the end of the week he was asked to return the loan, but laughed at the absurdity of the request. Suit was begun to recover it, the mutual friend used as a witness, and the plaintiff received judgement in his favor and had a clean receipt to show for the debt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Unselfish men should be placed in the ranks of the saints, whilst unselfish women should be classed among the martyrs.

How to Win in 1884.

From the New York Tribune.

The receipt is simple; and it is respectfully commended to the last Republican majority we can possibly have in Congress till after the next Presidential election. Do your plain duty on the three great questions of the day.

1. Reform the Tariff by adopting the scheme of the Tariff Commission as a whole. It has been perfected by the faithful work of an admirable body of men. It cannot be bettered by any hasty patchwork in the Committee of a three months' Congress. It can be safely passed just as it stands; it cannot be safely left to the Bourbons of the next Congress. If the Republicans allow the 4th of March to find them without a simplified and reduced Protective Tariff, they will deserve the defeat they invite.

2. Abolish all internal-revenue taxation, excepting on liquors and tobacco. That simplifies matters enormously, relieves the people of petty exactions and annoyances, and leaves the burdens of taxation where they ought to rest—on luxuries or vices.

3. Pass the best measures of Civil Service Reform attainable. So many Democrats have committed themselves to the Pendleton bill that possibly even this might be carried. The people have not made up their minds that this is the best plan, or that they can yet say what the best plan is; but they want something done now tending at least to place the Civil Service on a better basis, and they know Republicans can do it. They will not judge too hastily if it should prove that the step taken is not the best; but they want some step taken, and it will be very unwise not to heed their wish.

Do these three things—every one highly desirable, every one possible at this season if honest work for them be begun at once—and it is not in the power of the Democracy to prevent the election of a Republican President in 1884. Neglect them and the prospect is not encouraging.

Sale of a Wife.

Alfred Jenkins, the owner of a small farm in stokes county, N. C., recently moved away, after selling his wife for $500 to Noah Glidewell, a neighbor, and disposing of his farm. The transfer of the wife from one man to another was done as though the men had simply swapped horses. The original "owner" and Glidewell were neighbors. Jenkins in a conversation said he wanted to move away and was not able to take his wife. Glidewell said he was himself tired of living alone, and was willing to buy her if Jenkins would be willing to sell her. The latter named $500, and after further conversation the transfer was agreed upon. Mrs. Jenkins was consulted and cheerfully agreed to the sale. She at once took up her effects and went to Glidewell's house, where she is now living, and expresses herself as perfectly happy and contented with her new husband and home.

Harvard College.

At a recent meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a discussion was held upon a resolution which had been before the board for several weeks, that in the opinion of this board, the statutes making attendance on morning prayers and other religious exercises compulsory should be repealed. The board, by a strong vote, refused to adopt the resolution. But Mr. George Shiffer, lately from Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., who had a Cancerous growth on his nose, and who was advised the use of *Peruna* before a visit to a Cancer Hospital, was allowed to take that par-excellent remedy, and by its use for a very short time, was cured completely—page 24 in the "Ills of Life"—get one from your Druggist.

The House Committee on Education and Labor has determined to report the Sherman Bill favorably. It appropriates $10,000,000 annually for the next five years for the purpose of advancing public education. It is to be distributed among the States and Territories upon the ratio of illiteracy, and the bill allows an amount not exceeding 5 per cent. of the sum apportioned to any State or Territory, to be expended in the education of teachers.

Men trust to their eyes rather than to their ears; the effect of precept is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE NEW YEAR.

O, the new year, glad and free,
Fearless, fearless, careless, bold,
Light of every home is he,
Pride of all the young and old;
Everything is filled with life,
Every heart is full of cheer,
Every business has its strife,
In the active, glad New Year.

In the busy halls of trade,
In the rumbling rolling mill,
Where commercial gains are made,
And the wheels are never still;
Into mansions grand and high,
Into hovels low and brown,
Gleams the same light from the sky,
Comes the New Year's blessing down.

Bells from every church and tower
Peal aloud their silvery notes,
Telling of the New Year's power
From their noisy, brazen throats;
Tell of joy through all the land,
Tell of coming days of gold,
Tell of peace on every hand,
Tell of shepherds in the fold.

Joyous, jovial, happy year,
Chasing gloom and doubt away,
Bringing light and love and cheer
Out of darkness into day,
Glad we hail thy crimson light,
Hail it with the harp of praise,
Hail it by our fireside bright,
Through the coming endless days.

Like the falling of the dew
On the withered grass and flower,
Like the sunshine of the true
Into hearts grown old and sour,
Like an angle to its flight
Over hilltops bright and clear,
Comes the gentle morning light
Of the joyous, glad New Year.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"But we *must* have new dresses for New Year's day!" said Audrey Velveton, as she sat on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, her shapely arms folded behind her head, her eyes fixed meditatively on the gleam and dance of the shining coals.

"Of course we must," said Muriel, glancing sleepily up from the pages of the book she was reading.

Mrs. Velveton, a tall, handsome matron, who was arranging Japanese fans on the wall, looked perturbed, as the words reached her ears.

"Girls," said she, "don't talk nonsense. Where are we to get the money for new dresses, I'd like to know? Besides, there are the lemon-colored silks that you only wore twice."

"Lemon is hideous anywhere except at a ball," said Muriel, critically.

"Then there are your white *gros grains*," said Mrs. Velveton. "I don't dare to think what the dressmaker's bill will be for the making over of those two dresses."

"Mamma, if you want us to go into a convent, say so, mildly yawned Audrey, a tall, blonde beauty, with fluffy yellow hair, lipid blue eyes, and a complexion heightened by cosmetics. "But don't humiliate us by expecting us to wear made-over dresses on New Year's day, when all the world comes out in their best and brightest garb!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," said Mrs. Velveton, bursting into tears.

"Why, order two pale-blue *damasses*," said Muriel, serenely; "and let Madame Blisotte make them, and supply the trimmings. Then you will be sure to have everything *comme il faut*."

"But five hundred dollars wouldn't cover the bill!" cried Mrs. Velveton, aghast.

"People who move in society *must* keep up with the times," remarked Audrey.

"Do you think I have a gold mine at my command?" shrieked Mrs. Velveton, driven nearly to desperation by the placid insistance of her two doll-like daughters.

"Write to Aunt Tabby," suggested Muriel, complacently viewing the tip of her satin-slippered foot as it buried itself in the fleecy fold of the white Angora rug.

"I've written until I am ashamed," said Mrs. Velveton, hysterically. "In the last letter I told her that I had opened a boarding-house, and she sent sent me $200 to help buy furniture for the boarders. And how can I have the face to apply to her again?"

"Make up some plausible new story," murmured Muriel. "What's the use of having an old aunt made of money, if you can't squeeze a little out of her now and then? Tell her somebody's dead and there's got to be a funeral. Or say you've broken your arm and you must pay an accumulation of doctor's bills."

"That's nonsense," said Mrs Velveton, gloomily. "Aunt Tabby isn't the fool you take her for!"

"Well, by some hook or crook, new dresses we must have," announced Audrey. "And Saprini must set the table; he does get up things so stylishly!"

"Couldn't we manage the refreshments ourselves?" said Mrs. Velveton, wistfully. "Saprini is so dreadfully extravagant in his charges. And when *I* was a girl we used to make the chicken-salads, and pickled oysters and cake ourselves, and ——"

"O, when *you* were a girl!" repeated Muriel, with calm insolence. "That was in the dark ages of the world, mamma. Surely you can't expect us to go back into those times?"

Mrs. Velveton sighed. She had lived a life of show, excitement, hollow display. She had brought up her two handsome daughters to care only for society—to aim only for the goal of rich husbands. But here they were in the third season, and the Misses Velveton were the Misses Velveton still. Mrs. Velvetou had far outrun her slender income; she was hopelessly in debt and haunted constantly by the horrible visions of duns, bills and sheriff's sales; and now Audrey and Muriel declared that they must have new dresses for the coming "New Year's Day."

"You must do with the lemon-colored *glaces*, or the white *gros grain*," said she. "As for anything new it's entirely out of the question?"

"Then," said Audrey, quietly, "we'll close the house and direct Sniffen to say that we are not at home. I won't appear at all if I can't appear like a lady!"

Mrs. Velveton looked dismayed. New Year's day was notoriously a "Great Exhibition" day, so far as the gentlemen were concerned. There was always a possibility that Muriel and Audrey might make an impression upon some "gilded youth" on New Year's day which might haply terminate in matrimony. Secluding themselves would be social suicide, and Mrs. Velveton was just opening her mouth to remonstrate, when Sniffen, the tall servant-man, whom they kept because he was "so much more genteel than a maid," brought in a letter.

"It's from Aunt Tabby," cried Mrs. Velveton, and she made haste to open it.

Out fell a cheque for five hundred dollars, made payable to the order of Venetia Velveton, and signed "Tabitha Clark." Audrey picked it up with a shriek of delight and surprise.

"The old darling!" she cried. "It's a present for us, of course—a New Year's present!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mrs. Velveton, with a gradually elongating visage. "Listen to what she says, girls."

"MY DEAR NIECE VELVETON: This is to inform you that I have received tidings that my grandniece and your cousin, Mabel Wilton, has been left an orphan at No. — Morton Street, Williamsburg, and that she is in great want. I inclose a cheque for five hundred dollars, in order that you may find her out and purchase for her a respectable wearing outfit and a sewing machine. The residue of the money, after the above investments have been made, is to pay her expenses at your boarding-house for such time as it may suffice. Pray let me know when the money is all spent. By this plan I flatter myself that I can be serviceable to both you and her. So no more at present from Your Aunt,

TABITHA CLARK."

"CRANBERRY COTTAGE, Casford, Conn., December 18—.

"Flinty-hearted old miser!" cried Audrey.

"*Our* boarding-house, indeed!" said Muriel, looking satirically around at the elegant drawing-room, where Sniffen was just lighting the chandelier's wax candles.

"Mabel Wilton!" thoughtfully repeated Mrs. Velveton, "I don't know nor care anything about her. A factory girl, I suppose—or something of that sort! I'll tell you what, girls, I've an idea. I've a good mind to take the money, and buy your dresses for New Year's. It really seems to have come to us quite providentially. And then, when New Year's Day is over, I can go to Williamsburg or Hoboken, or wherever it is, and take your cousin a few dollars and give her a little good advice, and perhaps rent a sewing-machine for her for a month or two. Then the notion of bringing her here, you see, is simply preposterous!"

"Of course!" said Audrey.

"To be sure," chimed in Muriel.

The new dresses were purchased, and Madame Elisette herself composed them to the satisfaction of even the Misses Velveton. And Saprini received *carte blanche* to set the table, and Vaudoir had the flower order, and Mrs. Velveton congratulated herself that nothing was wanting.

New Year's Day came, cold and clear, and glittering with sparkling snow below and a heaven of glorious blue above.

"Ting-a-ling" went the bell before Sniffen had buttoned on his new livery-coat.

"Our first call," said Audrey, giving her pale-blue train a shake-out. "What antediluvian can it possibly be, to come at this time?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Muriel, *posing* her face into the regulation delighted smile.

And in walked a little, old woman, in a snuff-colored suit and round spectacles, followed by a tall, pale girl, in shabby black.

"Aunt Tabitha!" cried Mrs. Velveton, who, in a *dishabille* dress of black satin and a ruby necklace, had just swept into the room.

"Yes," said the old woman, looking keenly around her—"yes, you are right, Venetia—Aunt Tabitha and Mabel Wilton! How came I here? Why, Mabel, in her loneliness and trouble, came out to Cranberry Farm and appealed to me. To my amazement, she had never even heard of her cousins, the Velvetons. The check was duly cashed, as my banker notified me. But I said to myself: 'Poor Venetia! Boarding-house keeping is a grinding business. I'll go myself and see what the trouble is.' Upon my word, you live in royal style here. With a man-servant and moquette carpets, and frocks I should say cost as much as fifty dollars apiece! How many boarders do you keep? And what do they pay you a week?"

Mrs. Velveton burst into tears. The bitter sarcasm of Aunt Tabby's voice, the mocking light of her eyes, were absolutely unendurable, especially as the elaborately-costumed guests were beginning to arrive, and stared in amazement at the little, old, snuff-colored woman and her tall, pale companion, whose dresses were such a contrast to the blue *damasse* and court trains of the Misses Velveton.

"I see," said the old dame, crisply. "No, Venetia, don't begin to make excuses. You have told me lies enough already. I don't want to be deceived any more. You have deliberately robbed the orphan and the fatherless to add to your vulgar ostentation. You are such a fine lady," with a low courtesy, "that you are no longer in need of your old aunt's hard-earned savings; so I shall adopt Mabel Wilton in your stead, young ladies. And wish you a Happy New Year, and many of 'em, for you will never see me again!"

And so the old lady went away, with Mabel Wilton in her train.

Muriel and Audrey smiled and simpered through all that weary day; and the next day; the doors of the Velveton mansion were closed.

They finally had left town. Left their debts—left their creditors—left all the hollow, false, unreal castle of social position which they had reared so patiently around them, all these struggling, ambitious, unprincipled years. With Aunt Tabby's financial supplies entirely withdrawn, they knew too well that further struggle was unavailing.

And Mabel Wilton became the old lady's heiress, after all.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

—Unexplained: "Pa," said the inquisitive small boy, "what do they mean by unanimous?" "Unanimous, my son, unanimous—ah—why, when all the men want the same thing, that's unanimous." "Politicians is all unanimous, ain't they pa?" "No, my son, not by a jugful." "Well, I don't see why, 'cause they all wants a office, anyhow.

—A farmer of Carthage, N. Y., was feeding his hogs the other day, when his watch fell into the trough. One of the hogs crushed the watch as he would a choice mouthful of corn, and then spat it out.

Webster and His Brother.

A hundred years ago, on the 18th of January last, Daniel Webster first saw the light of heaven on his father's farm among the hills of Salisbury, N. H. The centennial of his birth has been celebrated on the very day of his advent to the world, in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South; and now, just thirty years since he was buried by the sea on a beautiful October day, the public commemoration of his birth has taken place at his home at Marshfield, that he loved so well; and in Boston, another home, where the people so long delighted to do him honor.

There was one event in the life of Webster, most interesting and yet very sad, that we have not seen described. It was the great statesman at the funeral and the grave of his well-beloved brother, Ezekiel Webster.

The brothers were the children of Judge Ebenezer Webster—their mother being his second wife, whose maiden name was Abigail Eastman, a woman of uncommon intellect and force of character.

It will be remembered that Daniel was the younger brother, and that being a boy of delicate constitution, he was destined to Dartmouth College; while Ezekiel, the stronger son, was to aid his father upon the farm.

But in order that the younger should be educated, the farm must be mortgaged, which so affected the boy as his father carried him to Dartmouth that in his own words, "he laid his head upon his shoulder and wept."

Stimulated by Daniel's example and attainments, Ezekiel desired a public education; and Daniel loved him well enough to teach school at the rate of six dollars a month, that he might aid him to attain it.

Ezekiel finally graduated at Dartmouth, studied law, as did his brother, and opened a law office in the town of Boscawen, N. H., where Daniel had practiced law before him.

In early life the boys were inseparable. They labored together on their father's farm by day, and slept together at night. To show his love for his brother, among other modes, he dedicated the first volume of his works thus:

"To my nieces Mrs. Alice Bridge Whipple and Mrs. Mary Ann Sanborn; many of the speeches contained in this volume were delivered and printed in the lifetime of your father, whose fraternal affection led him to speak of them with approbation. His death, which happened when he had only just passed the middle of life, left you without a father and me without a brother. I dedicate this volume to you, not only for the love I have for yourselves, but also as a tribute of affection to his memory, and from a desire that the name of my brother Ezekiel Webster may be associated with mine so long as anything written or spoken by me shall be regarded or read."

It was in the spring of 1829, that Daniel Webster was shocked to hear that this beloved brother had died instantly while making a plea in the Court House in Concord, N. H.

The writer, then a boy, born and living in Concord, heard of the same sad event, which caused much lamentation in the town, throughout the State and country, for Ezekiel Webster was a great lawyer and a distinguished citizen.

The funeral occurred soon after in the Congregational Church in Boscawen, a neighboring town and the place of his residence. Daniel Webster, then a Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, who, during the following year, delivered his great speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, came all the way from Washington to pay his last tribute of love to his brother.

Boy as I was, I went seven miles from the farm of my father to attend those solemn funeral rites. The large church, with its galleries, was filled to overflowing. All Boscawen was there; many came from the bordering towns of Concord, Canterbury, Warner and Salisbury and from distant towns.

I joined the boys in the western gallery, listened to the fervent prayers of the then venerable and reverend Dr. Wood, who was the last teacher of Daniel Webster before he entered college, and who had been his pastor.

As usual on such occasions in that day Dr. Wood preached a sermon, but with a voice somewhat impaired. He often repeated the phrase, "the enjoyments and employments of Heaven," which is nearly all I remember of the discourse, being surrounded by boys not very quiet and looking upon the great Daniel for the first time.

If ever Mr. Webster was a handsome man it was at that time. He was at the age of forty-seven years, or just in middle life, and had about reached the height of his fame. His face was sad under his great affliction, as it often was in the Senate at Washington, when the Union, that he so loved and so often defended, was threatened by sectional strife.

The service ended in the church, the loved form of his brother was borne to the village "God's acre" hard by, where the great statesman looked upon that face, called the most beautiful in New Hampshire, for the last time. He stood, he gazed, he wept! There was a moral lesson in the scene for all, especially for every mother and every brother.—*Youth's Companion.*

Thought Himself a Woman.

A queer creature died recently in the almshouse in Philadelphia, who for twenty-eight years was afflicted with a mild form of insanity. His chief delusion was that he was a beautiful young woman, and that numberless suitors knelt at his feet to sue for his love. The name of the old man was John Talboy Binns; but because of his idiosyncrasy, he was nicknamed "Sally Binns." When a young man he was a member of an amateur dramatic society, and he often played female parts with acceptance. He was a very polished and cultivated gentleman then, and had a taste for painting, drawing, embroidery and other feminine arts. After he became crazy, he made considerable money by making lace and working slippers for visitors to the asylum. Although nearly seventy years of age when he died, to the very last he imagined himself a pretty young girl.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A New Jersey Judge has decided that it is not a threat to tell a man that you will walk around on his collar-bone. It is merely a preamble to a roll in the mud and no one hurt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—We are told that the corn stalks of this country contain more sugar than the whole world produces.

—Arabi Pasha has been exiled for life. This is considered a light punishment, many people having thought that he would be sent to St. Louis.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Women can now buy kid gloves reaching clear to the shoulder, and if they are not perfectly satisfactory they can order a full kid suit with buttons all over it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A warming-pan engraved with sunflowers has been bought at auction by a French Duke. A man will purchase at a round price at auction what he wouldn't accept as a gift under other circumstances.

—The telephone has been tried in a lunatic asylum with the greatest success. It calms 'em right down, or if not exactly that, they don't act any crazier than the average sane man while using it.—*Free Press.*

—Five amateur hunters recently fired at a rabbit and then fought savagely to decide who hit the beast, and when they came to examine it, found it must have died of fright as there were no marks of shot on it.

—The Pullman Palace Car Company will not allow locks on the doors of the ladies' dressing-rooms. They argue that if one woman ever got in there to do up her hair in the morning, and locked up, the next would never have any chance.

—The Boston health authorities recently issued an order forbidding public funerals of victims of small-pox, typhus fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, a precautionary measure which most cities have in effect at all times. There is said to be no small-pox, however, in the city.

—"I guess there is no need of my naming the value of this parcel," said a sharp countryman to the clerk of the express office; "if it is lost you have enough provisos on the back of this receipt to binder a dozen lawyers from recovering anything from the company."

—A man at Wheatland, Cal., requested Rev. Mr. Stroball to come and pray with a member of his family who was sick. After the clergyman had accompanied him a short distance the man compelled him at the muzzle of a pistol to deliver over his watch and chain and the little money he had.

—A California train came into a station the other day with two wheels missing from one truck of a passenger car. Nobody on the train knew when, where or how they were lost; but we do not think that the bicycle form of railway trucks will ever grow popular.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At a recent funeral in New Hampshire or thereabouts, a doctor of divinity prayed the Almighty "that our lives may not be in a parabola, meandering farther and farther from Thee, until they are lost in the infinite darkness, but may their orbits be in an ellipse, that we may ever draw near to Thee.

—A widow at Kenosha, Wis., gave out that she had drawn $20,000 in a lottery, and in five days she found a man who had been looking for just such a woman and five children for ever so many years past. When he found out that she had lied he "skipped the town," and thus two lies came to naught.

—Oriental carpets themselves symbolize space and eternity. The pattern or "filling," done in the seven perfect colors, symbolizes fleeting, finite beauty. The Oriental pile carpets of to-day are the same in make and design, with the knop and flower as those made by the earliest Egyptians, Indians, Babylonians and Assyrians.

—Warren Fairbanks, of Walpole, N. H., was taken to the poor house the other day where in gloomy retrospect of the past, it occurred to him that forty-five years ago he hid $1,450 in silver under a rock on the farm he used to own. He visited the place, found the cash intact, deposited his money in the bank, and postponed his return to pauperism until it becomes necessary.

—The lynching of horse thieves is one of the recognized methods of administering justice in some frontier communities, but lynching a man for stealing hogs, as was done in Catahoula Parish, La., a few days ago, is certainly a novelty. The friends of the lynched man evidently do not mean to submit tamely to such innovation, for they have threatened to lynch the lynchers.

—George S. Greyson, a paymaster's clerk in the Navy Department, and now stationed at Mare Island, was recently arrested for presenting a fraudulent claim for mileage. The accused had been granted a furlough, and left Shanghai for his home in Cairo, Ill. The specific charge is made that on the 15th of last January he fraudulently caused to be presented for allowance to the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury a claim for mileage between San Francisco to Cairo, amounting to $200, when, as a matter of fact, no part of this travel had been performed. Greyson never going any nearer Cairo than Vallejo, where he has since remained. Greyson claims that his course has the sanction of usage at least.

The Secret of Making Mummies.

Two Pennsylvanians have applied at the Patent Office for a patent on a recently discovered process of preserving the dead, supposed to be the long-lost Egyptian art. It is claimed that partly by accident and finally by experiment, they have discovered a certain combination of antiseptic elements which, if diffused through a dead body, even when it is in an advanced stage of decomposition, will destroy all corruptible matter and convert the flesh into a cartilaginous state, the denser parts, such as the gristly part of the ear, being converted into a hard, horny substance, but natural in appearance. In one of their experiments the inventors, by the aid of electricity, applied the compound to the body of a dead infant. Ten weeks after the body had been removed from all contact with the compound the flesh had become like rubber; the cheeks were full and pliant to the touch, and the ears had become like polished horn. There was not the slightest odor, and the corpse seemed to have no more properties of decomposition than a rubber doll. Whether the body will remain in the pliant state or whether it will become hard like horn as the denser parts now are, will probably take more than one lifetime to determine.—*Washington Post.*

Sanatni and Bedouin Honor.

There is still the old Bedouin honor in observing the wild rules of the desert. Should a wayfarer's camel sink and die beneath its burden, the owner need only draw a circle round the dead beast and go on his way, secure of finding his goods untouched when able to return and move them. And not only is the inviolable reverence for the hospitality of the tent, when once granted, fully maintained, but we are even told by travelers that they have occasionally left a tent in the desert for upward of a twelvemonth, and returned to find that not one cord or one peg had been touched.

There have even been cases in which travelers who, according to the rules of the desert, have been quite legitimately robbed, have, by a sudden appeal to the honor of their captors, obtained not only their freedom but a restitution of their stolen property. Such was the experience of Sonnini, a scientific French traveler, who, when crossing the desert near the Natron lakes, was surprised by a troop of about a hundred well-mounted Bedouins. In presence of such a force, his own small party of six, two of whom were Egyptians, were altogether helpless. They were at once disarmed and stripped of their money, arms, provisions and most of their clothes. The robbers then spread out their booty on the sand and proceeded to divide it among themselves.

Meanwhile their Arab guide, Hussein, himself a Bedouin, though of another tribe, addressed a pathetic appeal to the robber chief. "Arabs," said he, "you have stripped a man intrusted to my protection, and for whose safety I will stake my life; a man with whom I have eaten, who has slept in my tent, and has become my brother! Never again can I enter that tent; never again dare I return to my camp; never more look upon the face of my wife or my children. Arabs! take my life or restore to my brother every article of his property." As he spoke he snatched back his gun from the Arab who had first seized it and leveled it at the chief, determined to shoot him in case of refusal, though well aware that his own life would instantly be forfeit.

His brave bearing, combined with the pathos of his words, touched these sons of the desert. The Sheikh consented that everything should be restored, and though some of his followers sorely grudged giving up their spoils, every article was delivered up, with the exception of a considerable sum of money, which had been abstracted from M. Sonnini's purse and divided by the Arabs among themselves. The Sheikh was very particular in inquiring whether the full sum had been restored, but the traveler, deeming himself fortunate to have got off so well, assured him that he had received everything right.

Not content with this act of restitution, the Arabs now became exceedingly cordial. The Sheikh insisted that M. Sonnini should ride his (the Sheikh's) horse while he walked beside him. The same compliment was paid by other Arabs to his companions, all of whom thanked Heaven that no blood had been shed, at the same time blaming the foreigners for their temerity in exploring the desert and thus, as it were, offering themselves as fair objects for pillage.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Economy in Telegraphing.

There are 160,000 registered addresses kept by the Anglo-American, Direct United States, American Telegraph, and French cable companies, which are managed by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Those addresses comprise the names of the principal business firms sending and receiving cable dispatches in this country. To each of these registered addresses is appended one word, which represents it in all cable messages. This one word is always telegraphed instead of the address. One object of this registration is to save the expense of telegraphing. As the cost of cable dispatches is fifty cents a word, it will readily be seen that very considerable amount is saved when, as in some cases, as many as thirty messages a day are sent both ways. A firm of both names would thus save nearly $100 a day. Another object is to secure the utmost certainty of prompt delivery. Much money is also saved in telegraphing, not only by cable but by land lines, in the use of codes. All the leading branches of business have these codes, by means of which long messages may be sent by the use of a few words. There is no extra charge for sending code messages by cable, as the words are always those that may be found in the dictionary. But there are many cipher dispatches sent composed of letters or figures. These are charged extra by counting three letters or figures to each word. A leading telegrapher said yesterday that were it not for the adoption of these expedients in would be simply impossible to do the business of telegraphing. There would not be time to do the work with present facilities.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Discouraged Man.

A newspaper once contained an advertisement for a man to fill a certain position, which concluded with, "No discouraged man need apply." There was a deep worldly wisdom in this, says the *Rural Messenger*, for discouragement is a terrible drawback in fighting life's battle. The discouraged man is defeated in advance. He carries failure about with him; he faints when he needs most to be strong; he falters where decision is most needed; he halts where he ought to hurry forward; he cannot stand up under the strain and burden of the race. It is hard that it should be so—harder still that so little real sympathy is felt for discouragement. The world does not need such a man, and has little mercy for him; and so he falls into the ranks of the unsuccessful, while he of high hope, who is yet now in the struggle, who has not supped the bitter cup of disappointment and found out all is vanity and vexation, strides before him and is accepted where the much-tried man fails. There is something contagious in a buoyant, happy, energetic spirit, which carries those who come in contact with it away, and success is as often the result of this strange animal force as of perseverance and continued effort. All the experience in the world will not carry the man of deep discouragement successfully through an enterprise.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Temperance Reading.

The Effects of Alcohol.

The eminent English physiologist, Dr. William B. Carpenter, takes radical ground on the use of alcohol. In a lecture upon that subject in Boston Sunday afternoon he declared that no scientific man of the present day would undertake to deny the poisonous qualities of alcohol. It is more or less slow in its effects, but its certainty is beyond any doubt whatever. Life is shortened and disease induced by the habitual, even though very moderate, indulgence in alcoholic liquors. The soundness of the body depends upon the quality of the blood, and alcohol impoverishes the blood. The health of the blood, and consequently the health of the body, depends upon the amount of oxygen which the red corpuscles of the blood receive and carry to all parts of the body. Alcohol has the effect of causing the red corpuscles to run together and clog. This diminishes the surface of the red particles of the blood, and so reduces the supply of oxygen to the body.

The gain to digestion from alcohol is only temporary. Although it stimulates an extra secretion of gastric juice for the time being, it reduces the regular supply of that article, so that at the next meal there is a smaller supply, and nothing is gained. So, too, although the first effect of alcohol is to send the blood to the surface and produce a genial glow, yet this heat is lost from the surface at the expense of the vital parts. Hence it is that the warmth caused by alcohol is generally followed by a chilly feeling and all that has been gained is lost. The same is true of the effect upon the muscular system. It may enable a man to make a "spurt," but it is followed by a corresponding amount of fatigue. The same is also true of mental activity. The gain is only brief and temporary, and has to be paid for by subsequent loss of force and mental depression.

Again, when we are overworked there is a feeling of either physical or mental fatigue. That feeling of fatigue is caused by waste matter in the blood, and needs to be got rid of or absorbed. Alcohol interferes with the getting rid of this waste matter. It relieves the feeling of fatigue for the time being, when that feeling ought to be relieved by rest and recuperation. The waste matter is retained in the body, and, after the effect of the alcohol has passed off, the body is in a worse condition than before, rendering the body more exposed to disease. It substitutes fat for muscle; in times the action of the heart, or the kidneys, or the blood-vessels of the brain.

Of course, Dr. Carpenter's conclusion is to let alcohol alone. As the old man said to his boy when wanting to go a fishing, the boy remarking, "The trout will bite to-day!" "Stick to your work and they won't bite *you*." "Let alcohol alone and it won't hurt *you*," say the scientists.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Vital Educational Need.

Macaulay wrote wisely on the effects of the potato as a nation's food as contrasted with those produced by roast beef. Who will write not only wisely, but scientifically, of the effects of drenching a nation with alcoholic stimulants for successive generations? The human race, under such treatment, is deteriorating generation after generation? A Scotch gentleman said to a tourist who was visiting that land of heroic deeds: "Scotch whisky is destroying my people. They are no longer the hardy race they once were." Might not the same thing be said of the English and Americans suffer no less, while the Germans by beer are being converted into a new and lower type of man.

Yet, while nations are perishing, the schools of the nations are silent about their *destroyer and the destruction*. A hundred years ago our fathers struggled for National independence and won it with their blood. Patriotism put the story into every text book where it could be told or referred to, and as a result largely of that fact the child en grew up a generation of patriots. A more terrible enemy than the armies of George III. has invaded our beautiful country, and is now almost full possession of our territory and our institutions. The schools should again serve their country by training every boy and girl to hate and oppose the invader, and help expel him from the land.

Is it in any sense right to send the boys out without one word of warning to meet the worst of enemies—a foe disguised, pretending even to be a jovial, harmless friend. Unless he is rightly taught he will refuse to believe that the bland deceiver is his foe. He will laugh at his mother's fright and wonder at the fervor of the appeal. He will not believe that there is danger will not be on his guard. He will not fight his and his country's enemy, but will welcome, and confirm the captor's power by his thoughtless vote. All this he will ignorantly do, and we will be to blame for not having required that he should be rightly instructed. Had he been taught from the beginning the nature and effects of alcohol, the result would be different.—*Rev. S. K. Morris, A. M.*

The Queen on Intemperance.

In the recent speech of her Majesty, the Queen of England, dissolving Parliament, she used the following significant language:

"Trade has been moderately active. The growth of the revenue, however, has been sensibly retarded by a cause which, in itself, is to be contemplated with satisfaction—I refer to the diminution of the receipts of the exchequer from duties on intoxicating liquors."

Probably this is the first time the Sovereign of England made the public statement that it is better the revenue should be diminished than that intoxicating liquors should be drunk, for that is the meaning of her remark. It is to be understood, also, as the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, who is supposed to prepare the Queen's speech or at least to see that its utterances are in harmony with the views of the Ministry. It is, therefore, an indication that the subject demands the interested attention of the Government.

JUDGE WYLIE, of the United States Court of the District of Columbia, declared recently that liquor selling was only tolerated by the public because the sellers were a political power.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'ed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of jokes and jests,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro,
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,
What is it we can do for you,
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin:
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

AT HOME, JANUARY FIRST.

"Peep into the library—do, father—and see the dear girls. What a picture they make!" Mr. Bell down town was a man much respected as a rich, successful merchant, much feared as an overshrewd financier; up town, in his own house, he was just "father." Mrs. Bell, a comely, stout, blonde matron, had let her whole soul overflow on the little bald head of her first baby. Successive babies brought more outpouring of inexhaustible affection and indulgence. She was content as a brooding dove to be only "mother," and that Mr. Bell could ask greater glory or honor than to be "father," why, the idea was absurd. So absurd that it never came into his mind. On tiptoe he obeyed his wife's injunction and looked in at the library door.

"What are they doing?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Directing envelopes for the New Year's cards—the invitations to call, you know."

They were certainly pretty, those three girls, with their slender forms thrown into graceful, unrestrained attitudes, as they sat about the library table eagerly talking and busily writing. They were, respectively, nineteen, eighteen and sixteen years old; and called, respectively, Jo or Josie for Josephine, Sissy for Cecilia, and Tiny for Christina. These were their home pet names, to be sure, but following a custom that obtains nowadays, they chose to be known by these diminutives outside in the fashionable world. The great society paper described them as "three Graces shading in styles of beauty from Miss Josie's brunette brilliancy, through Miss Sissy's brown-haired, blue-eyed bewilderment, to Miss Tiny's moonlight blondeness." The description was considered accurate as well as extremely poetical, and Mrs. Bell had asked the reporter to lunch.

Josie read off names from a list, the other two sisters wrote, and a fourth—a mite called Poppet—neatly piled up envelopes.

"Let's see," said Josie—"the A's, B's, C's—all done down to the M's. Morse, Morris, McIntyre, Mumford——"

Sissy, who was biting her pen-handle in deep reflection, and had turned up her blue eyes to the ceiling until she looked like the saint whose name she bore, interrupted just here with:

"Jo, didn't we meet a Montgomery somewhere?"

"Montgomery? No. Yes! there was somebody of that name, it seems to me, at Saratoga."

"I remember," exclaimed Tiny, getting upon her knees in the chair like a child, and stretching across the table, "somebody, I've forgotten who, brought him to us one day on the piazza, and said he was an agreeable man who lounged about the office and seemed to have no friends."

"O ye—s," said Josie, with uncertainty; "and I think he spoke of being at the Windsor, in New York. Direct him an envelope, Sissy."

"But, Josie," asked Tiny, "do we know him?"

"Nonsense, child; people aren't so exact at New Year's. And we must have a lot of calls. Three girls of us! why, less than two or three hundred calls would be a disgrace."

"Of course," said Sissy, with a sense of the gravest responsibility; "and to secure that number we must send out at least twice as many invitations. There, 'Mr. Montgomery, Windsor Hotel.' It may not find him, but there's a chance, and every one counts." She threw the directed envelope among the others that were ready to be stamped and mailed.

"Well, my pets," Mr. Bell asked, as he came in and looked down at the pretty group in fond pride, "where are all these cards to be sent?"

"O, papa," exclaimed Jo, "now just run away we're so busy."

"Now, papa"—and Sissy jumped up and kissed him—"do be a docile parent, there's a dear."

"Yes, and don't disturb us," added Miss Tiny, clapping her hand over a pile of envelopes to protect them from scrutiny.

Mr. Bell looked amused, patted their heads all around, and observed, in a mildly speculative way, as he saw about one quarter of the number to be sent, "It seems to me there are a great many."

"It's all right, papa; we know the customs of society," came the re-assuring chorus.

"We know the enthtenth of thotiety *perfec'ly*" echoed in a shrill solo from Poppet, who at present lisps, being minus one milk-tooth in front, but who will shortly be known to the newspapers as "the piquant Miss Poppet Bell."

Then all the girls jump up and made a dash at papa, and in a few moments a handsome old gentleman, very merry and very proud of his handsome and merry girls, makes a feint of having been ejected with great violence from the library, and the door is closed and locked on the inside.

Mr. Bell can hardly stop laughing to say to his wife, "I suppose you know all about the cards sent out?"

"O no," she answers, placidly; "I leave social matters to the girls. They're great favorites, father, and very attractive. The number of friends they have is astonishing. It's all right."

By force of example, Mr. Bell echoes, cheerfully, "O yes, it's all right."

On New Year's day there was a very rainbow of girls in the Bell drawing-room. Such filmy, dainty-hued dresses, such bright cheeks and eyes, such a bewildering tangle of glossy hair, never before shimmered around a prosperous, beaming old father. Mr. Bell was so apt to be late down town, or deeply absorbed in business schemes, or "seeing a man" in the library during the evening, that he had seldom met his daughters in grand toilette, and had never realized what radiant creatures they were, and that up town he was chiefly known as "the Bell girls' father." He himself, in full dress and a light overcoat, was complimented by his eldest daughter as "just too sweet for anything." Then he jumped into the carriage, consulted a formidable list and began the day's work.

The first caller at the house was old Mr. Crump—"nobody at all, you know; just a friend of mamma's ages ago, when she was young," as Sissy remarked.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Bell, with rapture, as she was entertaining him, "my dear girls are quite leaders of society."

"Yes, madam," answered the ridiculous old party; "and we live in the only country in the world where a mother can make such a boast of children in their teens."

"I know it," respounded the mother, with a sigh of pious contentment, "and I'm devoutly grateful for our free institutions."

"Free and easy institutions," Mr. Crump suggested; then pinching Poppet's cheek, he asked: "Well, small child, and what do *you* do on New Year's day?"

"O, I rethieve all dap long. It ith quite tirethome," said Poppet, gravely.

Crump, as he gave a hasty farewell nod, made some strange noise under his breath. Josie thought it was a groan, but Tiny, who stood nearest, said: "It was a swear, an awful swear."

"I think," said Poppet, he ith dretfully poky, and hathn't any thyle."

The early calls were mostly from very young men, solemn under a sense of juvenility, or hilarious and kindly patronizing toward elder people.

At eleven o'clock Josie whispered to Sissy: "What a bore! I hate boys."

By noon old married men and the heads of families hurried in, paid elaborate compliments, declared that Mrs. Bell hadn't grown a day older in twenty years; then made off, checking against the name "Bell" in a business-like way just at the carriage door.

"At last!" exclaimed Josie, about one o'clock—"at last the marriageable men are coming."

They came by dozens—men who led the German, men who drove their own "four-in-hands," men who lounged about clubs, men who had "seen life" in Paris, and watched talkative young girls with a sinister interest.

Rather late in the afternoon Mrs. Bell became so pleased with a tall, handsome, dark-haired man of about thirty-five, who spoke in a mellow voice and with an English inflection, that she contrived to whisper to Josie: "What's his name?"

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma," answered the young lady, gayly. "There are dozens here whose faces even I can't recall."

"O, yes," Sissy chimed in, with a languid smile, "we sent so many cards, you know."

Mrs. Bell, who had begun to feel he would make an ideal son-in-law, said to the gentleman, with a proper preamble: "It is unpardonable, but we have really forgotten your name."

"Montgomery," he suavely replied. "Your card came to my hotel—the Windsor."

"O, yes, certainly, of course. The girls sent out a great many. Pleasant custom, isn't it?"

"Charming custom," answered Mr. Montgomery, so—convenient—that is, I mean so—so cordial." His eyes were fixed in a horrible stare directly over Mrs. Bell's shoulder, and he hurriedly offered his arm. "My dear madam" (he stammered dreadfully), will you permit me to admire" (he jerked out the words) "the works of art in the next room?"

Mrs. Bell turned about to see at what he was staring in that ghastly way and found standing behind her nothing worse than a short, stout man of forty or so, with a florid countenance, and a pleasant smile upon it, who was waiting to pay his New Year's compliment. That duly received, she took Mr. Montgomery's proffered arm and went into the next room to view a large oil painting. The stout gentleman followed them and cheerfully offered the remark, "Fine picture." Mr. Montgomery dashed off to a corner where there was a piece of statuary. The stout man dashed off to the corner also, and gave the opinion, "Fine statue."

"Poppet," whispered Mrs. Bell, beckoning the child to her, "go and ask Josie this gentleman's name."

Meanwhile he was delivering quite a little lecture on art. "The wonderful permanency of works in marble renders them of value to the historian; they are, so to speak, petrified history," he said, blandly.

Poppet came running back and said in capital imitation of her elders: "We really can't thay who *everybody* ith."

Mr. Montgomery's attention was fixed on a fine etching that hung near the open door, and he went toward it. The stout person performed a sort of quadrille figure in front of him all the way and stationed himself on the threshold. Montgomery attempted to cross that threshold: a fat hand met his advancing shoulder and the words, "O, no!" very gently spoken, met his ear.

The words were evidently softer than the grasp; for at the moment the three girls and a train of callers were passing through to the dining-room, where a collation was spread, and Mr. Montgomery staggered back, violently propelled by that plump hand. The rude stout man seemed about to speak with great vehemence, but he looked into the faces of the three young girls in succession, and down into Poppet's innocent, wide-opened eyes, then laughed, and said: "Why, ladies, here's a fortunate meeting; this gentleman has forgotten me, but I know him." Montgomery looked something like an upright corpse. "I've been looking for him a long time. Why, Charles"—and he put out his hand—"don't you remember——" Montgomery was still uncanny to see. "Don't you remember—your brother Jack?"

Then the stout man seized the younger one's hand, wrung it and laughed again in the heartiest way imaginable. The newly-found Charles stepped back, stepped forward, looked about wildly, then finally ejaculated: "Jack! oh yes, Jack!"

"Your brother Jack."

"Yes. How d'ye do?"

Mrs. Bell murmured in happy sympathy: "How fortunate! what a delightful meeting," and the girls chirped like little birds about the wonderful scene, while the brothers spoke quietly apart.

From that moment hearty Mr. Jack's devotion to his newly-found relative knew no bounds. Arm in arm they went to the refreshment table. Charles had a singularly small appetite, but Jack ate enough for both, and remarked with solicitude: "Charlie was never very strong—always liable to turn pale and break down—eh, old boy, weren't you?"

"Yes, oh ye—yes," answered Charles.

"Why," exclaimed Sissy, "it's quite wonderful! How did you know your brother was here?"

"Why," said Jack, still holding Charlie's arm, "I traced him to the Windsor and seeing your card in his room, followed here on the chance of finding him and also" (this with a gallant bow) "of paying my respects to some American ladies."

It was about six o'clock, and the calling had fallen off as the wretched victims of the day's pleasure took the usual dinner-time for a breathing-space before the evening's rush and hurry. In fact, not a visitor remained except the happy reunited brothers, and Jack proposed: "Now, Charlie, let us go."

Charles refused flatly, and asked permission to see the conservatory—a fragrant little bower at the extreme end of the long vista of connecting rooms. The ladies assented, and the cheerful brother Jack followed close.

"Charming!" exclaimed the fascinating man. "Such roses I've rarely seen. There's a fine variety: and stepping lightly on a shelf full of pots, he leaned toward the window to catch a crimson bud that was nodding its fragrance from near the sash. A moment more and he reached the flower; then there was a tremendous blow, a crash of glass, a dreadful thunder of falling flower-pots, screams, a wild confusion, and Mr. Charles Montgomery had jumped through the window as nimbly, if not as quietly, as a cat. The frightened women hardly realized what had happened before the devoted brother Jack, with more crash of flower-pots and glass, had jumped after him through the same opening. A balcony was outside the window, and there was a terrible trampling and struggle there.

"Help! help! come here!" Mrs. Bell shrieked, for the three black men-servants who were in the house. They came running, and in great excitement. There were racing and chasing in the yard, and a great scuffling at a gate that led out into the street (the house being on a corner); then came several pistol shots in quick succession. At the firing all the servants ran down the basement stairs, one brave fellow exclaiming:

"Don't yer be scared, missus; I's gwine ter fetch de kitchen poker."

Then in through the splintered sash came Charles Montgomery, and after him, much breathed, the loving brother Jack, a smoking pistol in his hand, and a dreadful oath on his lips. Round and round the drawing-room rushed the pursued and the pursuer. The brave darky showed a wooly head and two white white eyes over the top step of the basement stairs, and shouted: "I done got de poker," then disappeared in safety.

Jack shrieked, "Give up! give up, I tell you!" Then, as the desperate man fled toward the frightened women for refuge, called out: "Lie down on the floor, ladies; I'm going to fire."

"Down on the floor they dropped, toilettes and all: fire he did, and Mrs. Bell yelled loud enough to bring in twenty *gens-d'armes* if she had been in Paris. There were more fierce oaths, there was more pursuit; than the wildest, maddest struggle of all near the front door, followed by a dull blow, a heavy fall, and—silence.

At this moment a latch-key turned, and Mr. Bell came cheerfully into his home.

On the marble floor of the hall lay a tall man senseless and bleeding. Over him stood a short, florid man wiping the perspiration from his forehead and putting up a pistol. An exclamation of alarm and horror escaped the master of the house.

Jack hurried to say: "I suppose you are Mr. Bell?"

"I am—and—and——" he assumed a threatening attitude.

"Father!" shrieked Mrs. Bell and the girls, and a bunch of white faces looked out from the back parlor door. Mr. Bell rushed to the messenger alarm box and gave the signal for the police.

"Now, now, keep cool and I'll explain," said Jack, pleasantly. "This genteel person who had an invitation to call on you is a fugitive from justice. He's nothing less than a—— Never mind: I'm sorry to frighten these ladies, and I tried ever device, even to calling myself his long-lost brother, to get my man quietly out of your house and arrest him in the street. I've feeling for the domestic sanctities; I've daughters of my own. You see, he's been hiding for several years, and now, thinking pursuit was over, came out quite boldly under a new name."

Two policemen appeared at the door.

"Tell the Chief of Police—his house is close by," said the cool party—"that Jack Trapper, of the London force, has taken the man in the Carter case, and ask the Chief to step here if he will."

While Mr. Bell was slowly taking in the strange proceedings, that high official greeted Jack familiarly as "Mr. Trapper," and at once had Montgomery, who had opened his eyes with the hunted look of a wild beast, carried out by four officers.

Mr. Jack Trapper followed, only turning at the door to bow politely and remark: "I'm very sorry, ladies—I have a family myself—but it all came from that card. My prisoner is charged with—murder."

The scared women turned to the Chief of Police, who confirmed the statement, added that the man, beyond a doubt was guilty, promised to keep the affair out of the papers and also politely withdrew.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Bell to his wife, "how did you come to know the wretch?"

"I—I didn't know him," she stammered.

"We—we met him for just a few minutes on the piazza at Saratoga." Josie explained, in a trembling voice, "and—and—well, you know, it's quite a fashion to send out New Year's cards so—so freely."

Mr. Bell opened his lips for the strongest invective that up town had ever heard from them, but he mastered himself, and only ordered, in tones of thunder: "Go to bed, every one of you! Go!"

A very washed-out rainbow of girls crept up to their several rooms, and sobbed themselves to sleep.

"I find," said the ronsed father to his wife, "that fashion and society don't guide and protect young girls. For the future we'll govern our daughters, not be governed by them."

These things took place last year. This year the three beauties are spoken of as "Mr. Bell's daughters," not "the Bell girls." Also, the few men who have invitations for New Year's day, directed in the bold business hand familiar to Mr. Bell's correspondents, think themselves rather lucky.

Poppet, by-the-way, stays in the nursery this year, and says, with proper dignity, "I don't rethieve."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fa'se.

The traitor is used in war and then despised. London society never treated Benedict Arnold as a soldier and a gentleman. A Mexican officer, speaking of Colonel Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian, the Austrian, said: "People like him are made use of and then kicked out."

Lopez was Maximilian's bosom friend and counselor. Maximilian was godfather to one of Lopez's children. Yet for ten thousand dollars this false friend opened at night the gate of Queretaro, where Maximilian was besieged, to the Republican army.

"And I decorated that man on that very night with the medal of valor," said Maximilian, with bitterness, on learning of Lopez's treachery.

Even those who used the traitor, as the quickest way of ending the war, did not conceal their contempt for him.

"I regret that the city had not been taken by assault," said President Juarez, thus showing that he was not reconciled to the method of its capture.

Some of the Mexican officers, though hostile to Maximilian, openly insulted Lopez. At four o'clock on the morning of the betrayal a gentleman of Queretaro, who was also an enemy to the Usurper, was awakened by two officers of the Republican army, friends of his, and a stranger whom he did not know.

"What is this?" asked the surprised host. "Are you prisoners? How came you from the besieging army into the city?"

"The city is taken!" replied Colonel Rincon. "I am dying of exhaustion; give me some coffee and brandy, my friend."

This was hastily prepared, with three cups and glasses. But when the host offered one to the stranger, Rincon called out:

"No, no! I do not drink with a traitor. If he drinks, I do not!"

The stranger was Colonel Lopez, and not a word did he say in reply to the insult.

Subsequently, Lopez was present with several persons in this same gentleman's house, when the Republican General Martinez came in and shook hands with them all. Presently he asked the host:

"Who is that stranger I shook hands with among our friends?"

"That is Colonel Lopez."

"What!" he exclaimed; and going up to him, cried out with vehemence: "Colonel Lopez! I gave you my hand without knowing who you were, and I will now wash it, for it is stained."

Lopez shrank away from the company.

The noble conduct of the Indian, General Mejia, was in striking contrast to Lopez's treachery. He had been one of Maximilian's devoted aids and was captured with him.

When Mejia was taken prisoner, along with Maximilian and General Miramon, Escobedo volunteered to save his life. The noble Indian replied to this tempting offer:

"I accept, if the Emperor and Miramon can be saved also."

"Nothing can save Maximilian," answered Escobedo.

"Then," replied Mejia, "they shall shoot me along with His Majesty." And they did.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Commentator's Expedient.

Dr. John Brown, the famous Scotch commentator, experienced a full share of the world's vicissitudes. At Dunse, on one occasion, when his funds were low, he entered a shop to purchase the luxury of a halfpenny-worth of cheese. The shopman declared his inability to accommodate him with so small a portion. "Then what's the least you can sell?" inquired the doctor. "A penny-worth," replied the dealer, and instantly set about weighing that quantity, which he speedily placed on the counter, in anticipation of payment. "Now," said the doctor, taking up the knife, "I will instruct you how to sell a halfpenny-worth of cheese in future;" upon which he cut the medium in two, and appropriating half, put down his coin and departed.

—Twenty-four out of twenty-eight jurymen were excused from service in Chicago recently because their wives were sick. This is what makes the old bachelors mad.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Jim Toland, O' Vegas.

Last evening about seven o'clock a man swaggered into a fashionable restaurant on Sixth Street, and seating himself at a table, shouted to a waiter: "Gimme a steak and smother it with onions. I want to eat." The man wore a broad-brimmed white slouch hat, a red woolen shirt, brown canvas trousers and a great woolen knit comforter around his neck. He sat at the table with his hat on, and from his unsteady, swaying figure it was quite clear that the gentleman had made frequent halts on his way from the Union Depot. "Gimme a steak; d'ye hear?" he shouted to the reluctant waiter, "and I don't want to wait till its druv in on the hoof neither, d'ye understand? And I want them onions brown, d'ye understand?

"Shall I take your hat, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Naw, you needn't take my hat. Safest place for my hat is on my head. Gimme that steak quick. Mebbe yer don't know who I am. I'm Jim Toland, o' Vegas, and Jim Toland's allus heeled, d'ye understand?"

"Here the waiter retired; but at a sign from the proprietor went to the counter. Then he again approached Mr. Toland "o' Vegas."

"Price of a steak and onions is $1.50, sir, in this house—the proprietor says," added the waiter, hesitatingly.

"I don't care what it is," said the gentleman from New Mexico. "Gimme it mighty quick. My name is Jim Toland, o' Vegas, an' if that grub ain't here soon there'll be music in this shebang. You hear me a talkin' to you. Jim Toland's allers heeled—you mind?"

"What's the matter here?" asked the stalwart proprietor, as he advanced quietly toward the table. "What's all this noise about? And if you want a meal in this house you must take off your hat. We don't allow people to sit at our tables with their hats on."

Mr. Toland "o' Vegas," seemed paralyzed with astonishment at such a demand. He glared at the proprietor and then sneeringly asked: "Who the dence are you?"

"I'm the proprietor of this place," was the reply, "and I want you to behave yourself or get out. Fact is, I want you to get out anyhow. You're not our kind of customer. Never mind that order, waiter. Here, you (to the gentleman from Las Vegas) leave."

At this point Mr. Toland lowered his voice, and with the look of one who was about to impart a dumbfounding secret he leaned on the table and said: "I say, mister, you don't seem to know who I am. I'm Jim Toland, o' Vegas, an' I allers go heeled. I come up here with a car-load o' steers, and I'm on a time. You mustn't fool with Jim Toland, mister, or I'll cut yer ears off an' plaster 'em agin the wall; d'ye understand? Waiter, gimme that steak. I'd like to see the hash-slinger as 'll give cheek to Jim Toland. Here you," to the thoroughly scared waiter, "gimme that——" In the flash of an eye the chair came out from under the gentleman and something struck the floor with a "dull thud." It was Mr. Toland, o' Vegas. The same instant the stalwart proprietor had him by the collar with a vise-like grip. "Open the door," he said to a waiter, "we'll dispose of this fellow mighty quick." The gentleman from Vegas tried to struggle, but the steel grip and twist choked him and nearly started his eyeballs. Once in the door the proprietor lifted his right foot and with one mighty effort he planted a No. 10 boot with the force of a pile-driver where it would do the most good, and Mr. Toland came down on the sidewalk with a jar that made the gas-lamps jingle. While the gentleman from Vegas was gathering his scattered senses it seemed to his dazed vision as if all the stars in the firmament had concentrated into one mighty comet, and that comet had in the neighborhood of seventeen tails. When Mr. Toland recovered himself he still proclaimed that he was "heeled," but had forgotten about his beefsteak and onions.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Pneumatic Transmission of Force.

A new system of transmitting force to a distance is about to be tried in Paris. It consists in maintaining in a pipe system by means of engines at a central station, a certain degree of vacuum (fifty-seven centimeters of mercury). A branch pipe enters the house of each subscriber, and is connected with a rarefied air motor devised by M. Titin. The sewers in the Boulevard Voltaire and the Avenue Parmentier are utilized for the pipes, a distance of six hundred meters. The canalization is calculated for a development of one kilometer distance from the central station, and the losses by friction in the pipes do not exceed three per cent. The pipes are mainly iron, but those entering the houses are lead. The Tatin motor possesses the necessary qualities of great simplicity and easy replacement of pieces. It has a vertical oscillating cylinder. Each motor is arranged to work at an average speed; the work for all is thus sensibly constant, whence results a very easy method of charging subscribers for their consumption of power.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Entente Cordiale Spilled.

Mrs. Bezumbee, a tall, elderly lady, who always dresses in deep black and is very much given to making calls, will from now on make no more friendly visits to the mansion of Colonel Bailey Dayton. She was sitting on the gallery surrounded by the family, when a large turkey buzzard alighted on a tree near the house.

"What a large buzzard!" remarked Mrs. Bezumbee.

"Is that a buzzard?" asked little Emily, very much amazed.

"Yes, my child, that's a buzzard."

"But it don't look much like you!"

"Of course it don't look like me. Who says a buzzard looks like me?" asked Mrs. Bezumbee, indignantly.

"Why, ma does. Every day when she sees you coming, she says, 'there comes that old buzzard again.'"

Tableau.—*Texas Siftings.*

—At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old kept aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, saying, "Come and play and dance, dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Judaism in the home, says the *Jewish Messenger*, "has converted the rude Bedouin into the self-reliant Hebrew."

—Three hundred and three schoolhouses have been built in Indiana during the present year at a total cost of $335,400.

—It is said that the lowest caste in India is that of cobblers; and yet it was a cobbler, William Caley, who first effectively carried the gospel there.

—Ninety years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of foreign evangelical missionaries is 5,000, and they are leaders of a native host of 30,000 helpers of all kinds.

—Mr. Isaac Holden, M. P., recently told some school children that although he was seventy-five years old he had only recently begun to understand geography. Mr. Holden should come to America and run for Congress.

—The American Baptist Home Mission society has just completed its fiftieth year. During its existence it has paid out for mission work $1,700,000; for education among colored people and Indians $1,000,000, and gave as loans to build churches $300,000.

—The revival spirit seems to be largely abroad in Virginia. Many religious meetings are attended with extraordinary results. At an out-door meeting recently, in one of the Methodist circuits, one hundred and thirty conversions were reported.

—The New York City Bible Society's report just issued states that for the year ending September last 430,000 immigrants landed in New York, among whom and among others were distributed 125,935 Bibles and parts of Bibles, 49,277 were for officers and crews of emigrant steamers and sailing ships, and about 64,000 among the immigrants landing at Castle Garden.

—The Inter-Seminary alliance recently met at Chicago. More than thirty theological seminaries of all denominations of Christians, including Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, were represented. Missions, Catholic Aggressiveness in the West, Personal Consecration, and the Extention of Christ's Kingdom were among the topics discussed.

—Jews, of a more ignorant class, hold a superstition that they can for money buy good deeds from one another. A case recently occurred in Troy, N. Y., in which a fracas took place on account of a Jew refusing to sell his credit in Heaven for $150. The rabbis don't allow the practice, but it is derived from a misinterpreted maxim in the Talmud: "Good deeds buy the future world."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—The Rev. S. R. Driver, the successor to Dr. Pusey as Regius Professor of Hebrew and canon of Christ church, Oxford, is an able Hebraist, the author of the best work on the Hebrew tenses, a member of the Revision Committee, and a liberal in theology. He took his B. A. in 1870, carried off in competition four scholarships, and is as yet quite a young man, not over thirty-six. He took orders only a year or two ago; and his sudden preferment is without a precedent. He was one of the editors of the Variorum Bible. Great things are expected of him.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Fogg speaks of the cacklings of the hen after she has laid an egg as ova tones.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Beware! He who courts and goes away may live to court another day; but he who weds and courts girls still may get in court against his will.—*Quiz.*

—A Cortland man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice, "No cards" sent him a cucher deck by the first mail.—*Marathon Independent.*

—A leading lady in London society "took the cake" by marrying her baker. He was probably a well-bred fellow when he found he was needed.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

—"Viola" wants to know what rhymes with honeymoon. Well, dear, so far as our observation goes, we think it is money soon, and don't let your fond husband forget it.—*Burdette.*

—A French doctor makes a business of curing snoring and warrants a cure for ten dollars. But he isn't making much money, as few men will admit that they snore.—*Boston Post.*

—Bacon has said that "reading makes a full man," and many restaurant-keepers have adopted the plan of supplying their customers with morning papers.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A young woman in Oil City possesses a bass voice with a compass to D flat in the bass cleff. It is understood that when this girl asks her young man if he loves her as much to-day as he did last Thursday, he unhesitatingly replies in the affirmative.—*Derrick.*

—At a recent divorce trial the wife was asked a question to which she made the following reply: "When I was first married I was so jealous of my husband that I thought every woman I saw wanted him, and now I wonder how I ever could have been such a fool as to have wanted him myself."

—A gentleman conversing with a group of ladies concerning an absent beauty of thirty at the very most, remarks: "How handsome she must have been." The words are greeted with sympathetic murmurs, and he continues imprudently: "And for that matter she is so yet!" A glacial silence ensues, with a feverish fluttering of fans.

—The following is the reply of a fond father, who had just received a letter from his son, a student in his own alma mater: "My dear Son—Accept my heartiest congratulations. I was engaged to the same Miss Bunter when I was in college, and can appreciate the fun you are having. Go it while you are young. Your loving father."—*Bowdoin Orient.*

—Dr. Holmes, in his farewell speech at Harvard, remarked that there were three times in a man's life when he might probably consider himself the center of attraction—at his christening, at his marriage and at his own funeral. This is true as to the christening and the funeral, but not as to marriage. The most insignificant person at a wedding is the bridegroom. However essential he may be to the ceremony nobody pays any attention to him. It is the bride who is the center of attraction then, and the man by her side is of less consequence than her diamonds. His turn comes later.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC 30, 1882.

The *N. Y. Tribune* speaks the truth when it says: "The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and polititions and statesmen who fail to heed it are only treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, political policies, enthusiastic campaigns, wealth and party power to the contrary notwithstanding. The day has come when men can not and will not give their suffrage to the party that licenses and protects the liquor crime.

The Frederick *Times* cracks this joke about an Allegany county case recently on trial in that city:

In the case of Kean vs. Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the defence claimed that the plaintiff had been run over through his own negligence, having been drunk. He was returning, they said, from a Democratic primary when the accident occurred. As soon as the fact came out that Kean had been attending a Democratic primary the jury looked as though they didn't want any more testimony as to the drunk.

The Mobile *Register* (Dem.) answers Senator Brown's plain words to Democrats with some plain words to Senator Brown, in which it assures him that he is wrong in intimating that the masses of the Democratic party are held together by the cohesive power of public plunder. The *Register* charges that Senator Brown has presented the Democratic party to the country as occupying the same position on the spoils question which Democrats have along alleged to be the Republican point of view. But on the other hand, the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* (Dem.) agrees with Senator Brown in regarding the Pendleton bill as a humbug.

Ex-Senator Wallace speaks up and says that he favors civil service reform, provided it is Democratic civil service reform, and not otherwise. He wants his party first to get the offices and then to reform the system. The present clamor on the subject he thinks lacks sincerity. He sneers at the claim that the demand now made for reform is in response to any elevation of public morals, and believes that its prominence is due to the cunning with which it has been used by leaders on both sides to keep themselves before the public. It is probable, however, that Mr. Wallace's opposition was foreseen, and that it will aid more than hinder the project.

Day of Prayer for Temperance.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, at its meeting in Monmouth, Ill., May 24th to June 1st, 1882, took the following action with reference to the appointment of a day of prayer in behalf of the Temperance cause:

"*Resolved*, That we cordially second the request of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this city, in reference to securing the assignment, by the Evangelical Alliance in their programme for the Week of Prayer, of one day to the subject of Temperance; and re-affirming the action of the last assembly in reference to this matter, we direct our principle clerk to present this request to the Alliance. We further recommend that in case of the refusal of this request our clerk be authorized and directed, on the appearance of the programme of the Alliance, to designate the day on which this subject shall be considered, and to give notice of such designation through the papers of the Church."

This action was forwarded to the committee of the Evangelical Alliance, but in the programme for the Week of Prayer no "one day or its equivalent on different days," has been assigned to the subject of Temperance. The sin of Intemperance is referred to only in connection with many other sins, for which confession should be made.

Therefore, by the authority and direction of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, I designate Tuesday, January 9th, 1883, as the day of the Week of Prayer on which the cause of Temperance shall be made the subject of conference and prayer.

WM. J. REID, Principal Clerk.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 7, 1882.

Democratic Frankness Touching Reform.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

When the time came to take up the Civil Service Reform bill in the Senate, sixteen Senators—every one of them a Democrat—voted against giving the bill consideration. Since then Democratic Senators have been giving the country their individual ideas on Civil Service Reform as a practical proposition. We have had Senator Vorhees' idea. Senator Brown has delivered himself—"to the victor belong the spoils," and he wouldn't consent to have it any other way. Now Senator Williams, of Kentucky, lays down his Democratic Civil Service platform with great distinctness. Here are some gems of reform thought culled from his speech:

The bill does not amount to a hill of beans.

It does not cover half the sore.

It is only one little step in the wrong direction.

It might bother us a little in coming in, and I don't want to put anything in the way.

How many votes do you think a Democrat would get if he went back to his State and said that he had voted for a measure that would keep the Democrats out of office and would keep Republicans in? He would not get a vote, and he would not deserve to.

The only reform that is proper and possible is a total change of men and measures—a change from top to bottom. Let them all go. They have been in long enough. There is nothing on earth that corrupts men like possession of power.

It is nonsense—the whole thing.

The elections were not so much a Democratic victory as they were a Republican defeat.

The people are not in love with the Democrats and they are disgusted with the Republicans.

The Democrats will come into power, if they are prudent, in 1884. We must not put obstructions in the way of cleaning out this whole thing. I am for a clean sweep. I am for house cleaning from garret to cellar. I am for cleaning out the old rats in the Treasury who know where the choicest cheese are and where the best hiding places are.

The water must be turned on, and the Democratic President must take a big broom and clear the whole platter. That is practical sense. That is a necessity. I believe every word of it.

There is in these declarations the merit of frankness. Everybody can understand them; and whoever is looking for this kind of a platform will know where to find it. In justice to Senator Williams and Senator Brown and other eminent Democrats of their way of thinking it should be said that their idea of civil service reform is the one that will be hurrahed tor by every Democratic office-seeker in the land. In a national convention made up of such material the lurid lightning would be playing all around these crab reformers.

But these Senators do not stand alone. The mails are burdened with letters of commendation, in which they are urged to keep it up and pave the way for a general cleaning out of Republicans. Democratic newspapers—notably the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—agree with the anti-reform Senators and exhort them to stand by the Democratic "spoils" doctrine. Democratic newspapers which prefer to keep up a semblance of the late reform fervor are now unable to see in any proposition yet made the promise of real reform. They are working for the same end—a grand Democratic entry into the promised land of government office.

A week ago a Democratic Congressional Convention was held in Bellaire. The chairman and the nominee took the "spoils" stand decorated with a little drapery which concealed nothing of the real design, and the convention was pleased to confess itself tickled with the general scheme of reforming Republicans out and Democrats in. The whole Democratic drift is in this direction—"a total change of men and measures," with special emphasis on men. The party would, we suspect, be willing to make a dicker which would give the Republicans the measures and to its grand old hypocritical self the men.

Civil Service Reform is one of the questions of the day. Men and parties are making records on it. It is profitable to keep pace with their several promises and performances.

The most aged cow in Georgia, perhaps in the United States, is owned by a citizen of Hawkinsville. The owner assures us that the cow is 100 years old and is now giving milk. When we mentioned the improbability, in fact, the almost impossibility, of this cow being 100 years old, the gentleman assured us that she has belonged to his grand parents, great-grand parents and other ancestors and that there is no doubt that the cow is 100 years of age. We can say for the owner of the cow—the gentleman who makes the statement—that he is one of our most esteemed citizens, one not accustomed to exaggerate and whose word has never been doubted. The gentleman is 50 years of age and is a member of one of the old and noted families of the State.—*Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1882.

The business of Congress has never within my knowledge been so far advanced at this early stage of the session as it is now. The usual practice of taking things easy and leisurely until after the holidays has not obtained this year, but on the contrary both houses have from the first day displayed extraordinary industry, the result of which is that several appropriation bills have already passed both houses, and a number of other measures are in an unusual state of forwardness. The action of the House of Representatives in regard to a recess during the Christmas holidays savored a little of the ludicrous. Many of the members who on Monday voted to work during the holiday season appeared to have done so in the hope that the decision would apply only to their fellow members, they themselves expecting to get away on leave of absence and have a good time at their respective homes. As Artemus Ward was willing to give up his cousins, nephews and uncles and allow them to shed the last drop of their blood for the defense of the Union, these Representatives were willing to have their brother members forego the delights of a Christmas and New Year's at their own firesides, but wished to be excused from making the same sacrifice themselves, and when they found that this cheap patriotism would not pass muster they faced about and voted for a recess. The resolution for this purpose, which finally passed the House, was supported by 74 Democrats and 53 Republicans while 73 Republicans and 28 Democrats voted in the negative.

General John B. Eaton, Commissioner of Education, has been over to New York to address the Union League Club on the subject of national aid to education in the backward states. The pending proposition to grant an annual appropriation of ten million dollars to be distributed among the States in amounts proportion to the degree of illiteracy within their borders meets with a good deal of favor in Congress and among the people. Eight Northern State legislatures have, I am informed, passed resolutions in its favor, and it is believed that the Southern legislatures, governors and school officials are all but unanimous in desiring its adoption. With so large a support it would undoubtedly be promptly enacted into law if the question of making the proposed grant could be submitted to Congress in a form uncomplicated with political considerations. But unfortunately this is a difficult matter and may prove to be impracticable. The money would go mainly to Southern States, and, if placed under the control of the State Governments, might be used with a view to strengthing the Democratic party, at least in incidental ways. This Republicans will naturally desire to guard against by placing around the grant certain restrictions as to the mode of its expenditure, and if these happen to be such as Democratic members of Congress strongly object to, an agreement may be impossible, and a measure which both parties really desire, could they be assured of its honest and disinterested administration, may fail to go through, because neither is willing to trust the other with the control of the money.

There is at last a promis of some thing being done to recover the public lands held by railroads under forfeited grants. Senator Saunders has made a move looking to a repeal of the pre-emption act and an enforcement of the law against railway companies which have failed to complete their roads within the period prescribed by law. Both of these objects demand immediate attention. The amount of public land available for farming purposes is now becoming comparatively small, and it should be scrupulously reserved for actual settlers under a modified homestead law. The pre-emption law, although supposed to be designed for the benefit of actual settlers, facilitates the acquisition of large tracts of land by capitalists, and the same is true as regards the commutation feature of the homestead law—that feature, namely, which provides for the acquisition of title to a homestead at the end of a six months' residence upon payment of $200. As regards the forfeited railroad lands, Congress ought eagerly embrace the opportunity of rapairing in some degree the error committed by former Congresses in making these extravagant grants. It will hardly be credited perhaps, but is nevertheless true, that the lands now subject to forfeiture are of greater aggregate extent than the German Empire, and the opportunity to rescue so vast a territory from the grasp of these monopolies should not be neglected.

Considerable interest is felt here in the various senatorial elections to occur early next month. Rumors have been circulated from time to time of possible combinations by which the Republicans would be defeated in Kansas and Nebraska, and even in Illinois and Minnesota, but well-informed Representatives of these States here have laughed at all such reports. Revenue Commissioner Raum has a literary bureau here run by some clerks in his office I am told, from which he is sending out articles to Illinois papers to advance his candidacy for the seat of Judge Davis, but from all I can gather his labor will be wasted. His chances are not believed to be very good. The place is too big for him. A prominent Illinoisian informed me yesterday that the general opinion seemed favorable to Governor Cullom. He not only has the heart of people of his State to a greater extent than any other candidate, but is in every way qualified for the position and entitled to it. Cullom, said he, has made a good Governor, and is an honest, faithful public servant in any station in which he may be placed.

JUNIUS.

A Fiery Breath.

Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nervo force beyond dispute. His name is Wm. Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or cloth, envelop it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice in a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching as if under intense excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin, at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so, where?—*Michigan Medical News.*

Real estate cranks are locating claims in Washington with about as much freedom as if the District of Columbia were unoccupied government lands subject to pre-emption. The last case is that of the Pittsburg crowd, who claim a central strip across Washington, from east to west, embracing the Capitol grounds, botanical gardens, both sides of Pennsylvania avenue, the Smithsonian ground, the White House and grounds, and the new State, War and Navy Department. Another pre-emptor has settled upon the southeast section of the city, and includes the Navy Yard in his claim. A short time ago Lorin Blodgett, of Philadelphia, was there with old and new maps, declaring that he held a title to the northern and western quarter of Washington, including most of the newer portion of the city. The Kidwell claim to the flats of the rivers is again prominent, so that with these four claims there is little left of the Capital to the Government and the citizens of unincumbered real estate except a few minor parks, the jail and the Congressional cemetery. One or two more cranks can easily exhaust the few remnants of real property which their brethern have failed to embrace in their comprehensive scheme.

Vennor Antagonizes Wiggins.

The Montreal weather-prophet criticizes Wiggins' prediction of a fearful storm in March, and writes to the New York *Times* on the subject. The Dominion of Canada is hardly large enough to support *two* prophets, so it will be necessary for one of them to be put out of the way. Vennor says:

"It is my opinion that the particular conjunction or astronomical condition upon which Wiggins bases his March storms is more likely to have a counter-balancing or quieting influence upon the usual storms of the month, and that these will not be of more than ordinary severity. Such predictions in the present indefinite state of astro-meteorological investigation are, in my opinion, simply ridiculous. A "miss" of a snow-storm or a cold dip hurts nobody, but such a terror-inspiring proclamation as that now before the public ought certainly to be backed up by far greater scientific authority before it is heeded to the slightest extent."

Hindoo Ideas.

A Hindoo has curious ideas as to the married state. Here is a husband's creed:—"A man, both day and night, must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means be mistress of her own actions. If the wife have her own free will, notwithstanding she is of a superior caste, she will go amiss. A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall act according to the orders of her husband, and shall pay proper respect to the Deity, her husband's father, the spiritual guide and her guests, and shall not eat until she has served them with victuals (if it is medicine, she may take it before they eat); a woman shall never go to a stranger's house, and shall not stand at the door, and must never look out of the window. If a woman, following her own inclinations, goes whithersoever she chooses, and does not regard the words of her master, such a woman shall be turned away. If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor see any public show, nor laugh, nor dress herself with fine jewels or fine clothes, nor see dancing nor hear music, nor sit at the window nor ride out, nor behold anything choice or rare; but shall fasten well the house door and remain private; and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not view herself in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

If you ask me that old question, Why are good men tried as by fire, their property destroyed, their homes broken up, their good names befouled, their bodies racked by disease? I cannot tell if you will not look beyond this life to the spiritual and eternal. For, if this life be all, the very least we could ask of God would be that he should see to it that goodness received its reward here and wickedness its doom likewise. But we find an answer when the Bible tells us, "Your life consisteth not of the abundance of the things which you possess." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." "The favor of the Lord is better than life, and his loving kindness than all riches."—*The Rev. J. H. Ecob.*

Widely separate religions have touched each other in Philadelphia. A Baptist clergyman preached in a synogogue. The rabbi, in introducing him to the congregation, said that by the Christian's acceptance of the invitation to address Jews, there was no surrendering of opinion and no compromise of belief on either side. "We agree to disagree on certain points," he said, "but there are many more on which we agree to agree for all time to come, and chief among these is our love of country and humanity.

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FLANNELS. Pressed and Opera, for 40cts. per yard. Twilled and plain for 22, 30, 35 and 45 cents per yard.

FANCY, IN RED AND BLACK, 35 cents.

SHAKER, very fine quality, ¾ yard wide for 18, 20 and 25 cents; same in colored for 20 and 30 cents.

CANTON FLANNEL. Brown 8½, 11½ and 12½ cents. Extra heavy in quality and width, 16 and 17 cents. Colored 11½ cents.

GINGHAMS, for 6, 7, 8, 8½ and 9 cents.

SHIRTING, for 7, 7½, 11 and 12½ cents.

DRILLINGS, IN BROWN AND BLUE, for 12½, 15 and 16 cents.

TICKING, 12½, 14 and 16 cents per yard. Extra heavy, full yard wide 25 cents.

TOWLING, from 6¼ cents up to 20 per yard.

CORSET JENGE, 10 and 12½ cents per yd.

PRESSED CAMBRIC, 8 cents per yard.

TABLE LINEN. Unbleached extra width, 40 cents. Bleached 60 inches wide, 75 cents. Turkey Red, superior quality, 60 inches wide, 90 cents.

MOMEY CLOTH, full yard wide for 15 cents.

BROWN MUSLINS, for 5, 6¼, 6½, 7½, 8, 8½ 9 and 10 cents per yard.

EXTRA HEAVY, 40 inches wide 12½ cents.

BLEACHED MUSLIN, for 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12½ cents per yard.

BLEACHED SHEETING, 2¼ yards wide, 28 and 37½ cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED, 2¼ yards wide, 30 cents per yard.

PILLOW CASE MUSLIN, BLEACHED, 18 inches wide, 10 cents.

CALICO, from 5 cents to 7.

PACIFIC PRINTS, 6¼ cents.

TURKEY RED CALICO, for 12½ cents. ¾ yard wide, 11 and 15 cents.

FANCY, 12½ cents per yard.

MEN'S SHIRTS, EXTRA HEAVY GINGHAM, 45 cents. Heavy Merino, $1.

OVERALLS, 45, 50 and 60 cents a pair.

FANCY CARDIGAN JACKETS, all wool, $2.50 a piece.

MEN'S UNDER SHIRTS, for 35, 40, 45, 50, 75 cents and $1, apiece.

ALL WOOL SCARLET SHIRTS, for $1.25 apiece.

LADIES' VESTS, for 35, 50 and 75 cents apiece.

CHILDREN'S MERINO VESTS, for 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece.

HOSIERY. We have a large line of Ladies' and Misses' hosiery, as well as Gents', from 5 cents a pair up to 75 cents.

A LARGE LINE OF MENS' and BOYS' ALL WOOL CAPS, from 15 cents up to $1.50 apiece.

GENTS' FINE SHIRTS, from 75 cents to $1.25 apiece.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS, for 15 cents.

LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, from 5 cents up to $1 apiece.

JUST A FEW MORE OF OUR STOCK OF LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS LEFT, from 75 cents up to $1.75 apiece.

LADIES' SHAWLS, from 35 cents up to $5 apiece.

LADIES' COATS AND DOLMANS, from $2.50 up to $10.00

OUR CORSET EMPORIUM is completed, from 50 cents to $2.20 apiece. We have the celebrated CORALINE CORSET for only $1; cannot be broken in six months' by ordinary wear.

TABLE OIL CLOTH, extra quality only 25 cents per yard.

THE CHEAPEST LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES, ever offered in this market, ranging in prices from 50 cents up to $2.50. Elegant calf skin shoes $1.50 only.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 5 cents up to 25.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 45 cents to $1.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BERLIN GLOVES, from 10 cents up to 50 cents a pair.

MENS' SUSPENDERS, from 15 cents to $1 a pair.

METALIC HAIR BRUSHES, only 30 cts. Combs at all prices from 3 cents to 50.

A LARGE LINE OF PISTOLS, KNIVES, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, at a very low figure.

A BIG LINE OF RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TIPS, AND FLOWERS, cheap.

In a word we have the cheapest goods ever offered in this market, and we defy competition, at the

New York Branch Store,

OAKLAND, MD.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Fire-works at Cheap John's.

—Mr. H. R. Duckworth, formerly of Deer Park, but now of Barton, was in town Wednesday.

—New Year cards at Cheap John's.

—The County Commissioners will meet next Tuesday. Road Supervisors will be appointed at this meeting.

—Four of Mr. Samuel Wulf's children were attacked with diphtheria last week, and the eldest daughter, aged about 18 years died Saturday.

—Maj. Willey O. Ison, H. Allen Ison, W. H. Brooke and family, W. S. Davis, Ed. Kildow and William Keigner spent Christmas with relatives and friends in Oakland.

—Married, Dec. 24th, 1882, at Kitzmillersville, Md., by Rev. J. F. Sharpless, Mr. W. H. Shillinberg, of Mineral county, W. Va., and Miss Lucy M. Wilson, of Garrett county.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents at Wilson's Store, Md., Dec. 19, 1882, by Rev. Mr. Clymer, Mr. William A. Feely, of Keyser, W. Va., and Miss Stella T. Wilson, of Garrett Co., Md.

—Married, at the residence of the brides parents, in Garrett county, Dec. 30th, 1882. by Rev. A. M. Bowlin, Mr. W. F. Keen of Confluence, Pa., and Miss Mary Ellen Coddington, of Garrett county.

—Farmers and others desiring a genteel, lucrative agency business, by which $5 to $20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal, to H. C. Wilkinson & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York.

12 16 6 m

—Sunday School festivals were held in all the Protestant Churches of Oakland on Christmas, all being held in the evening except the Episcopal School, which was held in the afternoon. These services were largely attended and much enjoyed, especially by the smaller children.

—Mr. I. W. Stalnaker, who has been engaged in the mercantile business here for a number of years, recently sold out to Mr. A. Nelson, and last week left for Gaithersburg, Md., where he and his wife will make their home with their son Lloyd, who is extensively engaged in the lumber business.

—The good people of the Hileman Ridge appointment, Selbysport and Johnstown Circuit gave the preacher a "pounding," a few days ago. The weapons used were pounds of coffee, sugar, rice, butter, &c., &c. This was a new feature for this place. The outlook for this appointment is encouraging. It is expected that the new church will be completed by the first of next May. Many thanks to the donors. PASTOR.

—We have lately purchased a large lot of new type and printing material, suitable for fine job work, such as bill heads, letter heads, statements, visiting and business cards, circulars, &c., &c. We will furnish such work as low as it can be done any where, and in as good style. We are also prepared to do all kinds of hand bill work, or, in fact, any kind of work that can be done in a first class country office.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. S. W. Davis, and at 7 P. M. by Rev. S. E. Jones.

Memorial Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P.M., by Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

St. Peter's, Catholic— Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock a. m., except the second Sunday of each month.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering from Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

A Miracle in Oil City.

DOCTORS DUMFOUNDED — DRUGGISTS AND THE PEOPLE WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

[From the Oil City Derrick, July 21st, 1881.]

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physicians failed to give her relief. She took *Peruna* and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the Druggist, sold 184 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Cowell, too, sells it. Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's book—"Ills of Life" (gratis), or address Dr. H., at Osborn, O., for one.

Notice.

As the firm of John Shartzer has been changed to John Shartzer & Bro., all persons having open accounts are requested to call and settle, on or before Jan. 1st 1883.

The "Iceberg" Club Shooting Match.

The above match came off according to announcement, last Tuesday, with the following result, the highest possible being 50, and the distance 100 yards, off hand, with army rifles.

"INNOCENTS."		PIRATES.	
Col. Veltch,	32	Sergt. Bartlett	36
Capt. Wardwell,	13	Lieut. Chisholm	12
Lieut. Mason,	20	Sergt. Mason	38
Lieut. Jamison	15	Sheriff Jamison	37
Lieut. Combs,	31	Sergt. Delawder	10
Total	171	Total	162

The banquet at the Glades Hotel Tuesday evening was a grand success.

Anniversary Meeting.

The Seventh anniversary meeting of the Band of Hope was held in the M. E. Church Thursday evening of last week, Rev. S. E. Jones, President, in the chair. The meeting was mainly one of business. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows;

President—Rev. S. E. Jones.

First Vice President—Rev. Leigh Richmond Smith.

Second Vice President--Rev. Benj. Ison.

Secretary—Charles Boyer.

Treasurer—Geo. M. Mason.

Executive Committee—The officers, together with Misses Jennie Delawder and Rida Jamison.

Over sixty members were present at the meeting, and the roll shows a membership of near three hundred.

Talmage's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The Thanksgiving sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was a notable effort on the part of this well-known divine to show how preferable the condition of the people of this country is to that of all other people. He dwells in his peculiar manner on the various evidences of American prosperity. Wages are higher, salaries are better, and a higher standard of domestic comfort prevails here than abroad, even among those sections of our laboring population whose income is smallest. Eminently satisfactory also is our political status. There are no burning questions, inflamation the passions of the people and torpifying their intellects. Sectional controversy is in the past. Exception may fairly be taken, in the interest of civil-service and tariff reform, to the reverend gentleman's optimistic views as to the inexpensiveness of our civil administration, and the smallness of American monopolies in comparison with those of Europe. Nor will his rather loose statement with regard to the testimony borne by archaeological science to the existence in former times of a continent in the Atlantic, between this country and Europe, raise his reputation among the students of that science. There are indication of the existence of such a continent, but none of an archeological character. More to the point is the comparison Mr. Talmage institutes between the militarism of the old world and the peaceful industrialism of the new. Contrasted with the 15,000,000 men constituting the armies of Europe, the meagre military establishments of America hardly bear mention. With an army of less than 30,000 men and no navy to speak of, the United States has properly no standing as a military nation among the military nations of the globe. Yet we are secure, and with fine crops, flourishing manufactures, successful political institutions, and every omen of a prosperous future, there is every reason for our people to be more than contented with the land of their birth or adoption.

The Washington Monument.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The annual report of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas L. Casey, corps of engineers, U. S. A., engineer in charge of the Washington monument, which was submitted to Congress yesterday, shows that on December 1 the height of the shaft was 340 feet above the level of the floor of the shaft, showing an increase in height during the year of 90 feet. He says that if the marble can be obtained from this time forward with the same rapidity as during the past season, the walls and pyramidion, or roof of the shaft, can be completed possibly by July 1, 1884, and certainly by the close of the working season of 1884. Since the completion of the foundation in 1880 the total load added to the then existing structure has been 28,355 tons, and the settlement of the shaft due to this load has been on an average about 1¼ inches for the structure. The total pressure now borne by the "bed of foundation" is 74,871 tons, or about .92 of the total pressure to be finally placee upon it. The amount expended on the monument during the past year was $177,849.60, leaving a balance available of $33,417.37, which will supply and cut the marble to course 370 and the granite to course 390. An estimate of $250,000 is submitted for continuing the work of the monument for the year ending June 30, 1884, which it is expected will complete the shaft and pyramidion and also the interior staircase and elevator during the year 1884.

A Palatial Residence.

The magnificent private residence for Mr. Ross R. Winans, the well-known millionaire, on the east side of St. Paul street, between Biddle and John streets, the erection of which was commenced last spring, is now practically completed. The workmen are putting on the finishing touches, carpets, etc., are being laid, and by next week the dwelling will be ready for occupancy. The structure is said to be the finest private house south of New York and when finished will excel in point of beauty and elegance any dwelling in Baltimore. A number of invited guests, accompanied by Mr. Winans, will visit the house this afternoon to make an inspection.

The lot upon which the house stands is 125 feet front by 122½ feet deep. The house itself is 66 feet front by 75 feet deep, and is five stories high, with sloping mansard roof. The style is French renaissance, and the exterior resembles very closely an old Belgian or French chateau, around which fancy seldom fails to cluster clinging ivy and historical associations. What remains of the lot has been transformed by the gardener into a beautiful garden, at a cost of $30,000. Around the yard and building is a brick enclosure 10 feet high and 14 inches thick, which meets at the northern and southern corners of the house. The interior of the residence is as magnificent as the fancy of the owner can make it. It is of satin, red oak and ebonized cherry woods, inlaid and carved, and in each room there are costly mirrors. The hall runs the full length of the building, and upon its ornamentation and decoration have been expended alone $50,000. The cost of the entire building and garden will not be less than $225,000, and in the construction Mr. Winans ordered that no expense be spared. There are rooms in the basement for sixteen servants; also laundry, kitchen, boiler-pit, store room and drying-rooms, parlor and library. The other floors are to be taken up with bed-rooms.

The most striking features in the architectural appearance of the house are two towers, one at the front and the other at the rear. They reach only as far as the cornice and remind one of the pictures of Kenilworth castle. At the side of each of the towers rise four circular chimneys, unique in design and made of pressed red brick, with jet black cement, all combined in one. The material of which the house is built is pressed brick and Long Meadow brownstone, and the blending of color is rich and perfect. Mr. Winans will move from his Hollins-street mansion and occupy the residence on St. Paul street as soon as finished. The old mansion will be occupied by his sister. The new building was designed by McKim, Mead & White, of New York, the architects who designed the Vanderbilt mansion, and the builder was Mr. George A. Blake, of Baltimore. The house adjoins the residences of Col. Charles Marshall and Osman Latrobe and is known as No. 313 St. Paul street.—*Balto. Day, 21st.*

The Drink Curse.

"The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more homes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than the woman they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. The can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering lifelong struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere, as the worst enemy of their sex."

—Toys and fancy goods for New Year at Cheap John's.

"Woman, God Bless Her!"

The following is the speech in full of Mark Twain at the dinner of the New England Society in New York last Friday night, the toast to which he responded being—"Woman, God bless her!"

"The toast includes the sex universally—it is to woman comprehensively wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman, when dressed for home or to go out shopping or calling, does not wear anything at all but just her complexion. [Laughter.] That's all. It is her entire outfit. [Laughter.] It is the lightest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. [Laughter.] It has often been mistaken for mourning. [Laughter.] It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion. It wears well, is fast color, doesn't show dirt, you don't have to send it down town to wash and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for, and the rest of the dozen 'mislaid' [laughter], and it always fits. It is the perfection of a fit [laughter], and it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always 'done up.'

"When you call on a Fan lady and send up your card, the hired girl never says, 'Plase take a seat; madame is dressing; she'll be down in three-quarters of an hour.' No; madame is always dressed; always ready to receive; and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. [Laughter.] Then, again, the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what each other has got on, and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. [Laughter.] Such is the dark child of savagery as to every-day toilets, and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion who often has 'nothing to wear;' and thus these wide-separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, every-day toilette; but on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears ear-rings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings, and, with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms [laughter]; at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes [laughter]; at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons [laughter]. Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

"Now, we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress—as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose all of it. [Laughter.] The daughter of modern civilization, dressed, at her utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice or Spain or France, her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs are from the remote home of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome. She has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries. Her watch is from Geneva, her card-case from China, her hair from—from—I don't know where her hair is from—I never could find out [much laughter]—that is, her other hair, her public hair, her Sunday hair—I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. [Laughter.] Why, you ought to known the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat, a shot-gun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, bee-hive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle. Any time you want to you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car and go and pick up a hairpin, but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. [Laughter.] She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than, by any other indiscretion of my life.

"Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she is not. Such is woman as to costume. I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects—as mother, wife, widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone hollooer, queen book agent, wet nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. [Laughter.] We will simply discuss these few. Let the rest of the six tarry in Jericho till we come again. First in the list of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—why, dear me, I've been talking three quarters of an hour, I beg a thousand pardons. But you see yourselves that I had a large contract. I have accomplished something, any way. I have introduced my subject; and if I had till next forefathers' day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately, and appreciatively, and nobly as it deserves. But, as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began, and say without jesting, but with all sincerity—'Woman, God bless her!'" [Applause.]

Mysterious Tragedy.

Uniontown, Pa., is greatly excited over a tragedy which occurred there on Sunday morning at the Jennings Hotel. Captain A. C. Nutt, cashier of the Pennsylvania treasury department, and part owner of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, was shot and killed by N. L. Dukes, member-elect of the Pennsylvania Legislature. The facts in the case, so far as known, are that Dukes had been on terms of intimacy with one of Nutt's daughters, and was upbraided some time ago by Nutt and requested to make reparation by marrying the girl. Dukes admitted his intimacy with her, but declined to marry her, on the ground that he had not been the only one upon whom she had bestowed her favors. This reply called forth a rejoinder from Nutt, who repeated his demand that Dukes should marry his daughter or else he would shoot him. Dukes responded, saying that in the light of such threats he would be justified in killing Nutt, but closing his letter with an invitation to Nutt to come to his room and talk the matter over peaceably. Nutt came home from Harrisburg on Saturday for a brief visit to his family. On Sunday morning he requested his nephew, Clark Breckenridge, to accompany him to the Jennings Hotel, where he was going to have an interview with Dukes about some trouble between them. They found Dukes in his room and Nutt entered, Breckenridge remaining just outside in conversation with J. I. Feather, son-in-law of the proprietor. The door had been scarcely closed when a sound was heard in the room as of two men scuffling, and some one cried "Murder!" Breckenridge and Feather rushed in and found Nutt and Dukes engaged in a desperate struggle. They separated them, and while Feather held Dukes and Nutt was standing against a mantelpiece, Dukes pulled a revolver and fired, the ball entering Nutt's face below the left eye and passing upward into the brain. Nutt died in about ten minutes, having remained unconscious all the while after being shot. Dukes gave the revolver up to Feather, walked out of the house and surrendered himself to the sheriff. Nutt leaves a wife and eight children.

Good Advice.

A young lady writes to Brick Pomeroy as follows:

"Would I be safe in marrying a man whom I love and who professes to love me, and is handsome, well educated and has plenty of the world's goods, but is addicted to strong drink, yet says he will abstain after marriage, when he has sowed his wild oats. I am an orphan and write to you as a friend for advice."

Pomeroy answered about as follows:

"You had better get into your coffin, pull down the lid yourself, and be consecrated to your mother earth, than to marry a man who drinks. There are thousands of poor women whose lives are wretched by listening to the promise of reformation after marriage. If you do not want to get into you coffin, take the most obnoxious piece of old meat that you can find and take it to your bosom for a husband rather than marry a man who is debauched, degraded and debased by strong drink."

The Arlington Property.

The United States has held possession of the Arlington property, formerly owned by the wife of the Rebel General Robert E. Lee, by virtue of a purchase at a sale for unpaid taxes. During the war of the Rebellion a huge convalescent camp was established on these grounds, and many thousands of gallant soldiers, belonging to the National Army, having died in hospital, were buried there. A contest for title, having been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, has been decided in favor of the heirs of Mrs. Lee. The United States is now called upon to adopt such measures as will secure an undoubted title to the property, where so many of its heroes rest. The Senate Committee on the Judiciary has the subject under consideration. Whatever steps may be necessary to secure a just title will be approved by the Nation for which these brave boys died.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* is making a bitter fight against Senator Pendleton's civil service reform bill. That paper wants to see the government from top to bottom put into the hands of the Democrats when their party comes into power, and will be satisfied with nothing less. If Mr. Pendleton in trying to make himself the chief prophet of civil service reform expected that he would be supported by his party friends at home, he evidently made a ludicrous mistake.

Baltimore Market.

Baltimore, December 26.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices range from 3c to 6¼c.

HOGS.—For dressed the demand fair at 8c 8¼c. per lb.

BUTTER.—Choice New York, 33@35; good to prime 22@24; western rolls, 25@28.

EGGS.—In good demand at 29@30c.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—Prime $3.25@3.50 per 100 lbs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUND!

On the 1st of October, 1882, an estray steer. Parties claiming said property must come forward, prove property and pay charges.

GEORGE SERPELL,
12 30 3 Fort Pendleton, Md.

Estate of Alexander Spear, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ALEXANDER SPEAR,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20 day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of December, 1882.

JAMES H. SPEAR,
WM. H. STEEL,
12 30 3 Administrators, C. T. A.

FOR SALE.

A good farm, containing 186 acres of land, near the Red House, in Preston county, W. Va. Well adapted for cattle raising. The improvements are: Dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings, and two good orchards in bearing. Well watered. Title good. Price, cash, $2,300. For particulars apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., December 15th, 1882.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, January 2d, 1883,

for the purpose of appointing Road Supervisors, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the Board. Road Supervisors are especially requested to send in their accounts.

By order
J. C. DUNHAM,
12 16 3 Clerk.

ESTRAYED

From the premises of the undersigned, four head of Sheep, with ear marks on right slip "I. L.;" also one yearling heifer; red, with white face. A suitable reward will be given for information that will lead to their recovery.

ISAAC LAYTON,
December 22, 1882.

THE DAY,

The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

WM. T. CROASDALE, Editor.

One of the Best Evening Papers in America—Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

$3 PER YEAR OR 25 CENTS PER MONTH.

THE WEEKLY EDITION OF THE DAY,

Issued Every Friday Morning,

Is a handsome eight-page paper, filled with News and Choice Reading Matter and containing nearly a whole page of vigorous editorial comments on current events. One of the largest and best weekly papers in the United States. Only one dollar a year.

SAMPLE COPY MAILED FREE.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a reasonable price my tract of land called PEA PATCH, containing 58 acres lying adjoining the lands of William Broadwaters, in the Backwoods settlement of this county. Will sell as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers.

JOHN B. BRANT,
12 2 1 m* Glades Hotel, Oakland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

I hereby notify all person indebted to Saml. Lawton by book account or otherwise to settle their accounts on or before the first day of January, 1883. All accounts not settled at that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Nov. 22, 1882.
SAMUEL LAWTON, Jr.,
11 25 6 Manager.

Mixing Metaphors.

Metaphor is perhaps at once the most seductive and the most misleading form of speech. To the average orator it has the same attraction that edged tools have for children, and its use is as frequently followed by lamentable results. It is the earliest language of mankind, and is one which the average modern man least successfully manages. When, at the earliest epoch of our development, metaphor was the ordinary form of speech, this maladroitness was not observable. In the Bible, for example, where metaphor is constantly employed, it invariably adorns speech and often lifts it to the loftiest heights possible for prose. It is a lost art and not a new accomplishment we grapple with in these degenerate days when we venture on metaphor.

The class of people who most frequently use it claim kinship to past masters in art, inasmuch as they are lacking in what we call education. The negro, and above all the negro preacher, wallows in metaphor, invariably more or less mixed. It was one of these who, confessing his faults before his congregation, cried aloud: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split." It was another who fervently exclaimed." "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, good Lord." Another prayed for "grace that we might gird up the loins of our minds, so that we shall receive the latter rain." Mixed metaphors grow luxuriantly on the fertile soil of the United States.

Ireland has so long been looked upon as the home of mixed metaphor, that a good deal of the fun has been rubbed out by the suspicion that specimens are made to order. Of this class is doubtless the peroration attributed to an Irish barrister, "Gentlemen of the jury," he is reported to have said, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant should be allowed to come into court with unblushing footstep, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity." In this connection I will quote a single illustration, which has at least the advantage of being authentic. Early in last year, before the general election, Mr. Shaw, member for the County Cork, and at that time leader of the Home-rule party, was addressing a meeting held one Sunday at Cork, with the object of discussing the land question. Mr. Shaw is a sober-minded man, who, on ordinary occasions, finds plain speech serve his purpose. At this time, however, the spirit of metaphor came upon him, and this is what it made him say: "They tell us that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet, if the ass or the ox fall into the pit, we can take him out on the Sabbath. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it—and we are here to try if we can lift them out." This similitude of an Irish landlord to an animal predestined to slaughter was bold but timely. The other half of the analogy seemed calculated to get Mr. Shaw into trouble with his constituency.

In Germany metaphors are evolved from the inner conscience with great success. There are one or two famous in the literary history of the country. Everyone has heard of the speech of Justice Minister Hye, who, addressing the Vienna students in the troublesome times of 1848, declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." On the other side a Democrat came very near to this success by announcing that: "We will burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom." Less known is the address by the Mayor of a Rhineland corporation, spoken to the Emperor William, shortly after he was crowned at Versailles. "No Austria, no Prussia!" said the inspired Mayor; "only one Germany! Such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty had always in its eye." Essentially German is a sentence from the learned criticism on a book of lyrics which carries the signature of Prof. Johannes Sheer. "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems," says the Professor, "the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-seeing pearls of thought in their beaks." A song with a pearl in its beak would be a great attraction in the programme of a popular concert.

We need not go far abroad in search of mixed metaphors. This is a supremacy in which the House of Commons holds its own as it claims to do in every other contest of life. It has been my lot to hear a good many speeches in the House of Commons, and I have from time to time jotted down a few of the gems of metaphor strewed on this historic floor. Mr. Shaw's *chef-d'œuvre* will find a fitting parallel in the remark made by Mr. O'Conor Power, another able speaker, who caught Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, tripping in the matter of his resolutions in respect to the business of the House. In his generous manner the honorable Baronet had too plainly disclosed the fact that the resolutions, while professing to deal with the general conduct of business, were aimed directly at obstruction. Whereupon up jumped Mr. O'Conor Power, and with triumphant manner exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, Sir, since the Government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns," which he forthwith did, debating the matter as especially dealing with obstructionists. It was in a similar access of passionate emotion that, during the debate of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, Mr. Alderman Cotton solemnly declared that "at one stage of the negotiations a great European struggle was so imminent that it only required a spark to let slip the dogs of war." It was on the same night and during the same debate, that Mr. Forster observed: "I will. Mr. Speaker, sit down by saying, etc." Mr. Forster has always been an adroit politician; but what new sort of manœuver this is that enables a man to "sit down by saying" remains unexplained.

Of the same class of mixed idea was Sir Drummond Wolff's declaration during the debate on Mr. Bradlaugh's admission, that "if the member of Northampton were to be admitted he would vote with a millstone round his neck"—an awkward appendage to a man in walking through the lobby, more especially on nights when the obstructionists resort to the practice of repeatedly challenging divisions. A weighty argument somewhat akin to this was used by Mr. Hopwood, in the session of 1879, when talking in committee of supply on the subject of vaccination. "Don't," said Mr. Hopwood, impressively, addressing himself personally to the lamented Admiral, who happened at that moment to be the only occupant of the Ministerial benches, "don't drive the steam engine of the law over people's consciences." This illustrates a fatal association of ideas which often leads even practiced speakers into misfortune with metaphor. Mr. Hopwood on his way down to the House had probably seen a steam roller in operation and had watched the leveling effect upon the broken granite. Hence the too ready allusion. In the same session, during a discussion on the Municipal Officers Superannuation bill, an honorable gentleman opposed the measure on the ground that it "was opening the door for the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge," a preliminary process which should at least tend to make the work of the wedge easy. It was the same member who paid a compliment to the chambers of commerce as "the intelligent pioneers who feel the pulse of the commercial community." Here we have vividly summoned before the mind's eye a picture of a man—probably in the uniform of the guides, certainly with a pickaxe on his shoulder—going about on 'Change feeling the pulses of the merchants and brokers. On the fifth night of the debate on the address in the current session Sir Patrick O'Brien in a luminous speech declared that the suspension of the habeas corpus act would merely leave the rotting sword festering in the wound.

Politics, like all engagements that heat the blood, leads largely to indulgence in metaphor. During the general election Sir John Hardy, addressing the East Staffordshire electors, assured them that if they sent him to Parliament, "it would be a pledge against the dismemberment of the Empire." This was not nearly so good as the elaborate and deliberate metaphor with which Mr. Thwaites, one of the Conservative candidates for Blackburn, sought to recommend himself to the electors. He was speaking of the condition of the National finances, at that time in the hands of Sir Stafford Northcote. "Unfortunately," he said, "the Government is on the wrong side of the book; but, however, you have had a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has done his best. He has done what I would like you, my friends, to do. When you have laid an egg, put it by for a rainy day." Why electors of Blackburn should be expected to lay eggs is a question that disappears before the greater importance of the query why they should save them for a rainy day?

In a different way, but quite in the same spirit, is this sentence from a recent article by the Rev. Mr. Hawels on an American poet: "Sublime singleness of purpose! divine simplicity of heart—the little child is again set in the midst of us by the dear Lord, and presently he overcomes the mailed Goliath with a sling and a stone." This does not mean anything in particular; but surely such mixing up of the Old and New Testaments was never before perpetrated by a gentleman who must of necessity have read both. A friend of the late George Eliot, writing to one of the daily papers on the private character of the great novelist, tripped only less grievously in attempting to adorn his text with scriptural imagery. "She possesses," he writes, "to a marvelous degree, the divine gift of charity, and of attracting moral outcasts to herself, whose devils she casts out by shutting her eyes to their existence."—*Belgravia.*

The Marquess of Queensberry's Sister Marries a Baker.

Within the last few days several mysterious paragraphs have appeared in different newspapers stating that the sister of a well-known Marquess had lately married a man not only much younger than herself, but also greatly below her in the social scale. The facts of the case are simply these. Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, a brother of the Marquess of Queensberry and of Lady Florence Dixie, joined the Church of Rome several years ago, and after the usual course of study and probation was ordained a priest by Cardinal Manning. Since then he has devoted his life and money toward the reclamation of boys, "waifs and strays," from the streets, to whom he gives a home, teaches them useful trades, and then starts them in life.

At the institution which he has founded and maintains, and where he always resides, situated in Woodfield Terrace, Harrow road, Paddington, there are seventy or eighty of these lads, all of whom are being trained to be industrious workingmen. But the housekeeping, the eating and drinking of so many individuals is naturally a source of anxiety to Lord Archibald; and, although greatly assisted by the subscriptions of his co-religionists and others, he finds that the good old rule of "Waste not, want not," is not observed by those who have charge of providing for the wants of so large an establishment.

In order to put matters upon a more satisfactory footing, he invited his sister, Lady Gertrude Douglas, who is also a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, to live with him, and since then some matters have been on a much more satisfactory footing. About three months ago Lord Archibald went to Canada, taking with him forty boys of the Home for the purpose of establishing them as farmers in the Far West. During his absence he received a letter from his sister, stating that she was about to marry a young man who had been brought up by her brother, and who was now acting as head baker of the establishment.

His lordship was greatly taken aback by the news, and telegraphed and wrote from Canada, urging his sister at any rate to delay her intended marriage until his return. But it was of no avail. The couple were married offhand in the Roman Catholic Church at Hammersmith, and have gone to reside in that neighborhood. Lady Gertrude has some means of her own. Her husband is barely twenty-one years of age.—*Manchester Guardian.*

—When Col. Charles Thomson Jones was young his grandfather gave him this advice: "Sonny, there are two or three things which I would advise you never to do. One is never to quarrel with a minister, and the other, never to wrestle with a chimney-sweep. In the first case the people will be sure to be against you, and in the other you'll become soiled and dirty from the contact."

A Lay Discourse.

A convict in the Indiana Penitentiary hit the nail on the head when asked how his downward course began. He said it began in trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. How many people in all branches of business are trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute business? The man who has a small business that is paying him, and goes into debt and tries to spread himself over too many eggs, is trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The young man who gets a small salary, and spends more money for ice cream and perfumery and neck ties than he earns, is trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The girl who is calculated by nature to be the wife of a mechanic, and gets above her business and looks with scorn upon a man who earns his living by hard work will look at an old maid in the glass a few years from now, and realize that she has been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The ordinary, every day sort of a man, who is elected to a small office, by a big majority, on account of men voting for him for charity, and who thereupon aspires to a big office for which he is unfitted, will be nominated for the big office some day and be beaten higher than a kite, and he will then feel of his aching head, examine his empty pocketbook, look around at the debts he has contracted and the enemies he has made, and it will suddenly come to him that he had been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The man or woman who leaves a profession or employment to which they are fitted, and in which they can be prosperous and happy and have friends, and goes upon the stage to compete with men and women who have been brought up to it, and who have made success by a lifetime of hard work, will some day realize to their sorrow that they have failed to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The young man who has been left a fortune by a dead father, who has worked a lifetime to accumulate riches, and who can't find places enough to spend money without sitting up all night, and who finds old sledge and peanuckle too tame, and adopts draw poker and faro, and who forgets that his sisters are splendid company, will in a few years be walking on his uppers, and having fur collars pinned on to linen ulsters for winter, and he will wake up some morning with the almightiest headache on record and come to the conclusion that trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse is what ails him. The summer resort hotel proprietor who fits up an old rookery and fills it with guests, who are seeking comfort, and charges them Fifth Avenue prices for Bowery accomodations, will look at his empty house the next year and say the season is backward, and when the guests do not come with the dog-days he will sadly scratch his head and say he made a fool of himself last year in trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The whole-souled, good fellow, everybody's friend, gets to drinking too hard, and, as he is healthy, he gets an idea he can beat whisky, a game that so many have tried and failed. He keeps it up until his nose gets red, his eyes bleared and his voice shaky, and he has a whisky cough, and his friends try to reason with him and get him to let up, but he laughs at them with his good-natured laugh, and tells them he has got a constitution like a horse, and that nothing can hurt him, and he asks them to take a drink. Some day he gets the jim-jams, and all his friends say: "I told you so," and they sit up nights with him and drive away snakes, and just before he dies it suddenly occurs to him that he has been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. A man who is poor and wants to live on the fat of the land, marries a pretty little rich woman, and begins to squander her money, and when she tries to persuade him to stop it, he gets to treating her like a dog, gets worse and strikes her, and after a while she gets enough of it and obtains a divorce, and marries a man who loves her and doesn't want her money, and she is happy, and her former husband becomes a dead beat and a drunkard and would fain beg for the refuse that drops from the table of his former wife, and when he buttons his summer coat around him on a winter's night and walks around a block for a wind pudding, and looks into the windows and sees the light of the fire from the grate of his former wife's sitting-room, it occurs to him that if he had not attempted to beat two forty with a three-minute horse, he could have been in there toasting his slippers and looking into a pair of eyes that would have always looked their love for him, if he had been contented with a three-minute gait, but which eyes will never look upon him again except in pity. O, there are thousands of people who make a mistake in trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse.—*Peck's Sun.*

Nothing Mean About Him.

At nine o'clock yesterday morning an old woman sat in the Michigan Central Station wiping the tears from her eyes. It was nobody's business in particular to inquire whether she had fallen heir to a million dollars or was traveling through life with a broken heart, but one certain man stepped forward after a time and made some inquiries. Then he passed around among the crowd and said:

"Gentleman, here is a poor old woman who wants to get to Columbus to her friends. Let's take up a collection."

In the course of four or five minutes a purse of three dollars was made up, but when he had counted it, the man said:

"Gentlemen, let's chip in enough more to buy her a new dress. I'm a poor man; but here's a quarter for the old lady."

The purse was now increased to nearly seven dollars, and the woman had just pocketed the money when a man stepped forward and said to the collector of the purse:

"Why, Banks, is this you?"

"Of course it is."

"And that woman is your own wife"

"Well, Mr. Knickerbocker," replied the man as he buttoned his coat, "it's a mighty mean man who won't chip in a quarter to buy his own wife a dress and help her off on a visit!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—No one knows the danger of railroad traveling more than a tramp. At least three hundred of them have been killed within a year while stealing rides.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Texas farmers are coming to realize the fact that there is more profit in wheat growing than in cotton culture, and are acting upon their newly-acquired light.

—It is not always the farmer who sows the most acres who raises the best crops or the most bushels. They who rest half of their land alternate years have the best success.—*Exchange.*

—Onions cut up with food for chickens are said to be an effectual remedy for chicken cholera. A little ground ginger mixed with their meal once every day or two is also beneficial when symptoms of cholera appear.

—A corresponent of the Germantown *Telegraph* keeps rats out of his granary by daubing all the angles on the outside of the building with hot pine-tar, to the width of three or four inches, and also any seam or crack where a rat or mouse can stand to gnaw. This is certainly a cheap expedient—if efficient.

—The *Rural New-Yorker*, says the retail fruit stands of large cities often give valuable hints to inquiring horticulturists. A few days ago the proprietor of one of these stands said to the writer that he was selling two barrels of Ben Davis to one of any other kind of apple, because "they are the only kind not worm-eaten."

—An experienced housekeeper furnishes the following receipe for tapioca cream: One cup of tapioca soaked until soft in two cups of cold or lukewarm water. If the water is lukewarm, and kept warm, it will soak in less time. Boil one quart of milk; beat together the yelks of three eggs, one cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir the tapioca into the milk, and when boiling add the beaten eggs and sugar. Remove from the fire, add flavoring, stir in lightly the whites beaten, and pour into serving dish. Serve cold.

—One of the first things for an orchardist to learn, says the *Weekly Tribune*, speaking of the art of pruning, is to distinguish fruit buds and spurs from those which produce mere wood. The object then is to secure a fair annual growth of each, taking care that an excess of wood does not smother the fruit-buds, but that all are spread or placed so as to have fullest possible light and free air on their leaf surfaces. The fruit itself is generally best when screened by the shade of a leaf. If a tree does not make its proper average of new wood-growth in any year, it will decline unless the fruiting is reduced.

—Hop plants can be used for various purposes. Thus the wires, or twigs, are of service for basket and wicker-work, and the leaves furnish food for farm stock and sheep, from the tendrils a vegetable wax is obtained, and from their juice a coloring matter. The young shoots, too, are eaten, tasting, when boiled like asparagus, and when bleached they can be made into strong paper and cardboard; from their fibre, in Sweden, yarn and linen are spun, and the ashes are used by the makers of Bohemian glass; while from the flowers, which give an agreeably bitter taste to beer, a tincture is derived, and a medicinal extract; and a pillow filled with hops will often cause sleep, and is a great specific with old-country dames.

Fences and Country Highways.

Said the United States Consul at Zurich: "Were the millions and millions of dollars now wasted in fences in the United States to be expended in building good roads, not only present profit would accure to cattle-holders, but future generations would call us blessed. In the West, it is safe to say, land would raise in value 100 per cent. in a single decade."

Experience has demonstrated again and again that building fences to keep animals out is always expensive, and usually foolishly extravagant; that cattle, sheep and swine can be more economically and profitably kept under what is known as the soiling system than by permitting them to run in pastures which must be fenced at enormous cost. American farmers cannot be justly called conservative when compared with the farmers of other lands; but they certainly seem to have given little study to the subject of fences and highways, or at least to have failed to appreciate the benefits which would certainly follow the construction of good, hard, well-drained highways, over which heavy loads might at any season be hauled with comparative ease.

Barbed wire fences are declared to be the cheapest, most effective, and lasting of fences; but they cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar per rod. At the latter price the fences on both sides of the highway would cost $640 per mile—a sum which, supplemented by the road-tax now assessed each year, would do much toward making and keeping in good condition a very fair graveled road. Scarcely a week would pass at any season of the year when a farmer would not receive a direct and most noticeable benefit from having such a highway connecting his farm with the markets, and every day would bring him some good through the freedom he would have from the many losses and annoyances which come from the fence-row.

Venders of patent fence-wire claim that their fences will last more than twenty years under ordinary circumstances. Freedom from noxious weeds and from vermin which find congenial refuge and breeding-ground in fence-rows would last forever if the better plan was generally followed; and the graveled road, with proper care, grows better and more useful year by year. The value of the lands near such a highway would be greatly enhanced by the demand which would come for farms so fortunately situated, until, as Consul Byers wrote, land would raise a hundred per cent. in a single decade.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Former Nastiness.

In the time of James I. so little regard was had to cleanliness that the "dunghill" within the castle precincts "had increased to such a size and bigness that it was in length ninety-eight yards, the depth of it was ten yards, and the breadth of it thirty-two yards," some 27,000 tons of filth having thus been allowed to accumulate. In the seventeenth century the greatest plague was one of eleven epedemics; it alone caused 7,000 deaths, and it led, by the almost complete desertion of the town and port, to a ruined trade and wasted treasury.—*Nature.*

For Young Readers.

SANTA CLAUS' WIFE.

Much you have heard about old Santa Claus,
But nought, I think, of his good-natured wife,
And I must tell you of her, dears, because
In sweetening life for you she spends her life;
She's small and plump, her eyes are brown and bright,
And in a cave she lives that's full of toys,
Where, with her servant-elves, from morn till night
She's busy working for the girls and boys.
Yes, quite three hundred days out of the year
Never idle hour have they,
For well they know there would be many a tear
Should sugar-plums fall short on Christmas-day.
And oh! and oh! the sugar-plums!
Some brown, some red, and some as white
As snow-flakes when they first alight;
Some holding grapes, some holding cherries,
Some bits of orange, some strawberries,
Some lasting like a peach or rose,
And some that dainty nuts inclose;
Some frosted with cream, and some with spice,
And all so very, very nice.
And oh! and oh! the sugar plums!
Those funny, funny little elves;
They cram the boxes and the drums
The bags, the baskets, and the shelves;
They heap them high upon the floor,
In closets pack them two miles long,
And when there is no room for more
They sing a jolly elfish song;
And pretty Mistress Santa Claus,
With sugar stacking to her thumbs
An! tiny fingers, bangles and
To think of that great eager crowd
Of smiling girls and smiling boys,
Awaiting for her husband's toys.
An! oh! and oh! the sugar plums!
And now, sweethearts, when merry Christmas comes,
And you greet Santa's gifts with loud applauses,
Remember who sent you the sugar-plums,
And give one cheer for Mistress Santa Claus.

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

SANTA CLAUS DID NOT FORGET.

Pussy got into the house somehow, just as the least little streak of morning light was beginning to peep through the window curtains, and stole upstairs. She jumped upon the bed, and rubbed her cold nose against Lill's face, and wakened her.

Lill sprang up in her bed, for it came to her like a flash: "It's Christmas Day!"

"Bessie, wake up! Merry Christmas!" she cried, patte ing down-stairs to the sitting-room, after the Christmas stockings.

They hadn't a doubt of finding them full. Santa Claus had never forgotten them yet.

You can imagine, then, their dismay when each little girl clasped a limp and empty stocking, with not so much as a sugar-plum to fill out the toe.

They ran to mamma's bed-room to pour out their complaints.

"Santa Claus forgot us!" cried Lill, with starting tears.

"He didn't bring us anything!" said Bessie, throwing herself across her mother's feet in an agony of grief.

"I think it's too bad!" said Lill.

"He's real mean. I'll never like him again!" said Bessie.

"Oh, go back to bed," said mamma. "You've got up too early. How do you expect Santa Claus can always get around before daylight? There are such numbers of little boys and girls, the wonder is that he gets round at all. He'd never forget you, I'm sure. Go back, and curl down in bed till it's really light. Then get up and dress yourselves nicely before you come down, and you'll see what you'll see."

Rather disconsolate the little girls went back to bed.

"You needn't feel so bad Bessie Bradley. Haven't you found out more'n a hundred times, that mamma knows about things better'n we do?" said Lill.

"I ain't feelin' bad any more'n you are, and Santa Claus is a comin' in about nine or eight minutes," said Bessie.

While waiting for daylight they talked of the presents they hoped to have, and as soon as the sun peeped above the eastern horizon they were up, and putting on their clothes as quickly as possible, went down stairs.

There was nobody in the sitting-room. A fire was burning in the grate, and the stockings hung against the mantel, but they still looked limp.

They were not near enough to be sure they were empty, when a loud "*toot! toot! toot!*" sounded from somewhere, with a jingling of bells and a tramping of feet.

"He's coming' O, Lill Bradley, old Santa's a coming!" said Bessie, clinging to her sister's skirts. Lill held her breath and said nothing.

The door flew open, and in bounced Santa Claus, sure enough! He wore a very furry coat and a red cap, high and pointed at the top, and bound with fur. His eyes were hidden behind great silver-rimmed spectacles, and his hair and beard were long and white as snow.

Mamma came out of the bed-room just then, and Bessie and Lill sidled up to her, and caught each one of her hands, feeling half afraid of the queer, "jolly old elf," and then stood, silent and watching.

The great pack upon Santa's back didn't seem to be empty yet, and there were packages peeping out of every pocket, out of the breast of his coat, and even out of his sleeves. He seemed in a tearing hurry.

"Whew! whew!" said he. "This is the first chance I've had to take breath since I started out last night. So many youngsters to visit this year! I thought I never should get round. Whew! how hot it is here. Well, let's see!"

He whirled the pack from his back down on the rug, and began rummaging vigorously among the packages within it. "Only two stockings to fill here, and little ones at that. I've lots of presents left over."

He drew out a package, held his head on one side with a funny little grimace as he peeped into it, and then thrust it into Lill's red stocking.

"That's a doll, I know!" whispered Lill, squeezing her mother's hand.

A similar package went into Bessie's blue one. Then other, smaller packages, till the stockings would hold no more.

All the time he worked he kept jerking out funny little speeches about the children and their wants, as if he knew all about them.

Lill and Bess were in a state of joyful excitement. Lill thought there was something familiar about the voice or the motions or something; she couldn't tell what.

"I believe I've seen him before! Else I dreamed I did! Else he's some like father!" she whispered.

Her mother laughed aloud at this. It made old Santa Claus look up from his work, and he seemed to espy the little group in the corner for the first time.

"Bless my stars!" he ejaculated, beginning to gather up hastily from the parcels that had fallen out of his pack.

"Bless my stars and stripes! Folks musn't see me about this business!"

He threw his pack over his back, and then putting his hands deep in his side pockets, drew them out full, and a shower of sugar-plums pelted the little girls, as he hurried out of the room.

Just as he was going he threw a big package at their mother, saying:

"That's for the old lady, there! Came pretty near forgetting her!"

Lill knew the voice in which this was said, and cried out:

"It's father! It's father!"

They sprang after him and led him back into the room in laughing triumph.

They took off the pointed cap and blue spectacles. They brushed the flour from his eyebrows and rubbed the red from his cheeks. They robbed him of the pillow that had made him look "chubby and plump," and the gray wig and beard that made him look so venerable.

And when they came to examine the contents of the stockings they were more than ever delighted to have for a Santa Claus their own dear father.

How the Twins Obeyed.

It was the twins, of course. They always did all the mischief that went on in that house. If anything was lost, from Rob's diamond stud down to the rolling-pin, somebody was sure to say: "The twins must have had it."

On this particular afternoon *the softest* of summer showers had been falling, and a few bright drops were still coming down through the leaves and the sunshine, when they were seized with such a longing to go out right into the midst of the shower, that they appeared at the foot of the stairs both shouting coaxing petitions at mamma.

She looked out of the window at the few bright drops, and laughed and said:

"Kate, put something around them and let them run out; they think it will be something wonderful to go out in the rain."

Now Kate was a grown-up sister of the twins, and she had just come upstairs after a long morning's work in the kitchen and dining-room. She was tired; she hated to go down-stairs again.

She thought of the little blue cape hanging in the hall, and of the old brown shawl by the door, or on the hook by the window, or *somewhere*; she couldn't remember just where. What matter which of these old wraps they took?

"Take anything you can find, children," she called out. "and wrap yourselves up and go."

"Oh! oh!" squealed the children in delight.

Then came the next petition:

"May we take a umbrella?"

"Yes; take any of them from the rack."

Well, they obeyed.

Now it happened that the upper front room of the twins' home belonged to Miss Stella Pierson, who boarded with their mother; and it happened that Miss Alice Fletcher was her very dear friend, and had just run up the stairs to call on her, leaving her India shawl on the hook in the hall. It was damp, so she flung it there to dry, leaving her pearl-handled, gold-tipped *parasol* standing on the umbrella-rack for the same reason.

How were the twins to know that "anything they could find" did not cover Miss Alice's India shawl and pearl-handled parasol? Anyhow, they chose just these things and sallied forth, and were so delighted that they went out of sight of the house; and the rain, not being over its frolic, came suddenly down in what might have been called torrents, and brought the wind with it, and between them and the dust turned into mud, the twins and the India shawl and the white lined parasol came home in a sad plight.

"We couldn't help it!" they wailed (the twins did, I mean). "The wind blew and *blew*, and shooked us so, and twisted the lumbella wight wound and wound; and the shawl was too heavy, and kept dragging and slipping, and then the lumbella turned itself wight wrong side out!"

"Mother, they really ought to be whipped," said the indignant Kate. "The parasol is simply ruined, and the India shawl is a sight to behold."

Then did the twins cry out:

"We couldn't help it! She told us to take anything we could find; and we just took them and went. We found 'em; we did *truly*."

"I don't know," said the grave mother, "it it comes to a question of punishment, which ought to have it. The twins, it seems, obeyed just what was told them, and it seems their sister Kate did not."—*The Fansy.*

—Of Dr. George W. Wiener, the Baltimore oculist, who died some days ago in Denver, Col., it is related that in Europe he once treated a wealthy gentleman with such success that the patient at once willed all his property to the doctor. Years afterward the man died, his own daughter found herself disinherited, and the fortune came to Dr. Wiener. The girl, left a pauper, wrote to Dr. Wiener, appealing for aid. He at once went to the Consul of the country in which she lived (he was then in America), intending to transfer the fortune to her, but was told that the transfer could be legally effected only in that country. Thereupon he immediately took passage for Europe, and placed the entire fortune in her hands.

—About $13,500 has been raised by subscription, in Rhode Island, for a statue of the late General Burnside. The State has appropriated $15,000 for the same purpose, conditioned on the raising of $20,000 by private subscription, and it is proposed that the city of Providence should give $5,000 toward the object. It is thought that $50,000 will be sufficient.

—One of our Illinois exchanges warns the public against a fellow who is tramping through the country selling a powder, which he alleges was made by Edison, for the purpose of increasing the illuminating power of coal oil to that of the electric light. He asks three dollars a box for it. Of course it is a fraud.—*Chicago Herald.*

After Bees.

For nearly fifteen years past a colony of bees have had their quarters in a large cave situated on the highest bluff of the Buttes. They have occupied the place so long that the rock is generally known as the "Bee Rock." It is located about a half mile northwest of South Butte, and stands alone at the head of an extensive and picturesque glen. The rock is about 50x100 feet at the base, and is from one to six feet wide on top. To reach the top from three sides it is necessary to climb a perpendicular wall from 150 to 200 feet in hight. The top is accessible at only one point, and there by crawling through a crevice barely wide enough for a man to pass. Then a bridge twenty feet long and one foot wide has to be crossed. It is about 400 feet from the bridge to the ground beneath. On the 16th of last month a party of men living in the neighborhood of Pennington went to the place determined to rob the mammoth hive. They were supplied with powder, fuse, drills, bars, etc., with which to assail the stronghold. Few of the invaders had nerve enough to cross the bridge, but three of them got over all right and fired a blast. The result was a cloud of bees that made them retreat. Next day the assault was renewed, and after a lively battle of three hours the bees were defeated. The dead bees filled three grain sacks to overflowing. The cave was then blasted open *and the* party found a solid mass of honey in the comb two and a half feet thick. The expedition was a success, but many of the participants paid dear for their victory.—*Gridley (Col.) Herald.*

A Half Dollar Trial.

Mr. Ernest King, editor of the Fall River (Mass.) *Sun*, thus discourses upon the merits of St. Jacobs Oil: "Sufferiug with rheumatic pains I was Didymus as to remedies. I read of St. Jacobs Oil and said here goes for a half dollar trial. I bought a bottle and before it was half used the screw-wrench pains had gone and troubled me no longer."

Tom B. has a young brother and a young lady sister, and Tom B. is a mighty hard one to keep up with. His sister had a beau the other night, and just as the conversation became interesting the little brother walked in. "Well," said his sister, "what do you want here?" "I want to whisper something to you," was the reply. "'Tisn't polite to whisper in company; speak right out like a little man." "But I don't like to." "Yes, but you must, so Mr. J. can see how bright you are." "All right, then. Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find to-day's paper high nor low, and he left it in your room just before supper." Tom left on the midnight train for a trip South, and his house is not expecting him back before the 1st of May. The young lady may recover by that time.—*The Drummer.*

Col. C. W. Hennert, of the Forest Park Restaurant, St. Louis, Mo., was entirely cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

The rapidity with which the coin, drilled by thieves, went out of sight as soon as the government refused to accept it, was a caution.

New Uses For Paper.

Roofing for Houses, Car Wheels and lastly, wat hes are now being made of paper. Geo. Sanderson, Esq., Ex-Mayor of Lancaster, Pa., employes paste stock and paper to tell the world that Mishler's Herb Bitters is the "*best medicine ever used for human ills.*" The people all over America have found it true, too.

The latest conundrum exchanged between variety actors in New York is: "What's the difference between New York and Brooklyn?" The jocose reply is: "Two cents or swim."

Poverty and Distress.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Derived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anæmia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and a pettie, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from thin poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, as it is harmless in any condition of the system yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

Only one man out of nineteen forgets to pay postage on a letter, but on the other hand, one woman out of every eleven makes a blunder in the directions.

A Missouri woman, after completing a lecture recently, missed the train on which she was to be carried to another town. With her daughter she tried to get through on the freight train, but was informed that no passengers could be taken. She then demanded to be shipped as live stock, and as there was no rule against this, she and her daughter were weighed, ticketed and billed to a consignee as cattle.

Swindlers Abroad.

If any one has represented that we are in any way interested in any bogus bitters or stuff with the word "Hops" in the name, cheating honest folks, or that we will pay any of their bills or debts, they are frauds and swindlers, and the victims should punish them. We deal fair and pay only the bills for the genuine Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine on earth.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co.

There won't be any need of searching for the North Pole for the next four months.

A Scranton man advertises that he will sell a cow, with calf by her side, for a most nothing. If he has tried the experiment of driving the cow in one direction and the calf in another, we do not wonder that he wants to sell out.—*Philadelphia News.*

A young man in Des Moines loved a girl so wholly that he wrote her fifteen letters a day for five weeks. At the end of that time she eloped with another fellow as a matter of self-protection.—*Boston Post.*

It's just as well to remember that if a team comes near running over you it's probably the driver and not the horse that's to blame, and therefore, it's hardly the fair thing to whack the horse over the head with your cane.

Yoeng noblemen are becoming numerous on the London Stock Exchange. One of them said recently that he felt like an orchid in a turnip bed, and the noble members are henceforth to be known as "the orchid squad."

The mint authorities report a scarcity of ten cent pieces. This accounts for the frequency with which some people are obliged to tap sell a three-cent piece for a dime.—*N. O. Picayune.*

If you want to see if a New York furniture manufacturer, don't waste breath telling him that all the clocks valued in the country has been used up whisper in his ear that the brown paint crop has failed.—*Philadelphia News.*

Invitations to funerals are now gotten up after the style of wedding cards, and have a deep border of black. Indeed it is a dismal card on which is printed: "Please present this card at the church."

It is fashionable in London to wear the head of a monkey on a bonnet. It is a French idea. Do not follow the fashion. Let the monkey walk alongside of you.

The Woman Suffrage Society, of Philadelphia, voted that a man was a tyrant, and the owner of the hall where it met raised the rent to double figures. Silence is golden.

Paris [illegible] Why not for the North Pole? If that's where all the "straw ball" goes to, of which we hear so much!—*Lowell Courier.*

A Free Gift.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway have in press an Almanac and Hand Book of Useful Information, containing a vast amount of matter which it is handy to have available, and which all classes of people want some time during the year. The book contains descriptions of the Western States and Territories, a list of U. S. Land Offices, where lands are available at low rates, how obtained, etc., etc., as well as interest tables, business law, rates of postage and political facts and figures. In fact it is *multum in parvo*, and all the much is of every day use.

The same road also publishes a Christmas Book for Children, which contains several fine illustrations, and is original matter, and a very fine piece of sheet music, arranged for piano and a quartet of voices.

Either, or both of these books and the music will be sent post free, if requested, by postal or letter. The earlier your name is sent to E. St. John, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, the quicker you will get the books.

You will be a good deal older than you are now when you discover one woman adoring another for her beauty.—*Boston Globe.*

***"Example is better than precept." It is well known that dyspepsia, bilious attacks, headache and many other ills can only be cured by removing their cause. Kidney-Wort has been proved to be the most effectual remedy for these, and for habitual costiveness, which so afflicts millions of the American people.

The Mobile (Ala.) *Register* claims that what Mobile has lost in cotton she is fast making up in other branches of trade.

Why Will You Suffer?

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price 50 cts. per box, $1 for two, $2.50 for six, postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

Some one has discovered that Mrs. Langtry was born in the year ——, and is therefore —— old. We supposed she was much older.—*Norristown Herald.*

How to Cure the Piles.

Edouard Reintard, of New York, writes to a friend: It gives me great pleasure to say that a single box of HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE effected a complete cure of Piles with which I had been troubled for over a year, and which nothing else that I used would cure.

For an Irritated Throat, Cough, or Cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. *Sold only in boxes at 25 cts. a box.*

☞For five cents, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of all colors of Diamond Dyes, with directions.

A country editor has been made the victim of a diamond robbery. His opponent stole the axe of that suit out of the pack.—*Boston Post.*

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1

"Why should not women whistle?" They do. A good many of them when they want a new bonnet have to whistle for it.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion.

It was Mazzini who said: "Slumber not in the tents of your columns." But it is impossible to avoid slumbering in the contents of one columns.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Autumn leaves, somebody has found out, are symbolical of misfortune. As they are a shedder of the melancholy days, "the saddest of the year," gay and giddy girls are advised to leave them severely alone.

Every man who admires a clean buggy and light running wagon, uses Wise's Axle Grease.

As a tonic and nervine for debilitated women and young girls nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.

All our lady friends will be glad to hear that Cragin & Co., 115 S. 4th st., Philada., send first class piano sheet music, vocal and instrumental gratis. (No advertising in it.) Write for catalogue.

When Mrs. Fogg saw the man at the circus riding four horses abreast she thought it just beautiful. "It is," replied Fogg: "in fact a genuine case of widespread disease."

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Stops the most violent convulsions of coughing. Pike's Toothache drops cure in one minute.

Straighten old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Best Truss Ever Used.—Send for circulars. Elastic Truss Co., 744 Broadway, New York.

Would not the without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Modoc Axle Grease, is a good cheap grease.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Alvin Clark & Sons are again making "the largest telescope in the world." It will go to Russia. The largest telescope is getting to be as numerous as the oldest Mason.—*Lowell Courier.*

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved uninjured for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

Earth has nothing softer than a woman's heart, unless, perhaps, it is a tomato in the prime of life.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Wise's Axle Grease, is the best number one Grease.

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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. 1

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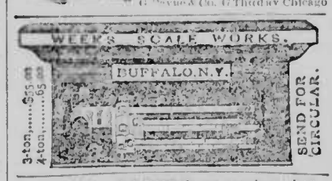

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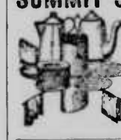

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Pole Evil, Garget in Cows, Spavins,
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From the Christian Leader N. Y., Oct. 28, '71.

Merchant's Gargling Oil.—We have made special personal inquiry in regard to the merits of this celebrated remedy, and find it a genuine article of rare value. It is by no means a new remedy. The establishment which produces it dates its manufacture as far back as 1833, since which time it has been steadily growing in public favor. The patentees are among the foremost business men of the city of Lockport. They are every way reliable.

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Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and lightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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are certainly best, having been so declared at every World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; but other American organs having been found equal at any. Also Cheapest. Style 10, 5 octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular use and reducing music in schools or families, at only $22. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES at $30, $40, $50, $60, $75, $90, $100, $125, and up. *Every organ fully warranted by any other organs.* Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue free. This Company have been unrivaled for many years in the manufacture of Cabinet Organs, and now offer the best instruments ever produced by them. Illustrated Circulars FREE. The MASON & HAMLIN Organ and Piano Co., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 E. 14th St., N. York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather 12 to 48 hours in advance. It will tell what kind of storm is approaching, and from what direction. Invaluable to navigators. Farmers can plan their work according to its predictions. Saves 40 times its cost in a single season. Has an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This great WEATHER INDICATOR is endorsed by the most eminent Physicians, Professors and Scientific men of the day to be the BEST IN THE WORLD! The Thermometer and Barometer are put in a nicely finished walnut frame. The Thermometer is nickel trimmings, etc., making it a beautiful as well as useful ornament. We will send you a sample one, *as pictured, free*, to your place, in good order, on receipt of $1, or six for $5. Agents are making from $5 to $20 daily selling them. *A trial will convince you.* Order at once. It sells at sight. Just the thing to sell to farmers, merchants, etc. Invaluable to everybody. U. S. Postage Stamps taken if in good order, but money preferred. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circular and terms. Address all orders to OSWEGO THERMOMETER WORKS, *The great establishment of the kind in the world* Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y. Wereferto the Mayor, Postmaster, County Clerk, First and Second National Banks, or any business house in Oswego, N. Y.

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READ WHAT THE PUBLIC SAY ABOUT IT.

I find Pool's Barometer works as well as one that costs $50. You can rely on it every time. Capt. Chas. B. Rogers, Ship "Twilight," San Francisco.

Barometer received in good order, and must say that the instrument gives perfect satisfaction in every respect. It is neatly made and wonderfully cheap at two dollars. Geo. B. Parsons, M. C. R. R., Dibie, Detroit, Mich.

Pool's Barometer has already saved me many times its cost, in foretelling the weather. It is a wonderful curiosity and works to perfection. F. J. Robertson, Milwaukee, Wis.

BEWARE OF WHRTILESS IMITATIONS. None genuine without our Trade Mark, and signature of J. A. Pool on the back of instrument, as below:

J. A. Pool TRADE MARK.

Every instrument warranted *Perfect* and *Reliable*. Size 9 1-2 inches long 3 1-4 wide. If not satisfied on receiving the instrument, return it at once and we will refund your money. Please state where you saw our advertisement.

Musical Gifts FOR CHRISTMAS.

Gems of English Song. The newest and best general collection.

Musical Favorite. The newest collection of the best Piano music.

Minstrel Songs. Old and New. The most popular melodies in the world.

Franz's Album of Songs. Unequalled array of German gems.

Beauties of Sacred Song. Large numbers of the best songs.

The above are types of about thirty volumes, each containing more than 300 pages, sheet music size, and filled with the very best selected music of its class all permanently valuable, and all neat and elegant books. Price of each, plain $2; in cloth, $2.50; gilt, $3.

The Norway Music Album is a splendid and unique book, filled with Norse music and Runic rhymes, such as Longfellow loved, and the Runic interpreted, and costs $2.50 plain, $3 in cloth, $4 gilt.

Send for Lists, describing our attractive and useful **Books of Musical Literature**, $1 to $2, our collections of classical music, as Sonatas of Mozart or Beethoven ($5 per vol.), etc., etc.

Any book mailed for the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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ARCADIA

FINEST VELVETEEN BEST

ODDY'S LADY'S BOOK, Oct. issue, says: "In the line of real rich American goods and dress goods in a line stand of velveteen, there seems to be great delight expressed over a new brand which appears in the market for the fall and winter season, viz: The Arcadia Velveteen. It is a Manchester production, of exceeding fineness, depth, and richness of texture, and is much sought after for jackets and for trimmed suits, for children's costumes and ladies' dinner dresses. Its cost is also an element in its success, as it can be purchased at the same price as ordinary brands."

Looks equal to Silk Velvet, and rests on the fabric as such. The Pile is long, deep and rich. The fabric is soft and yielding. The colors are perfectly uniform. The dyes are bright and beautiful, harmonizing with the latest and most fashionable shades in Dress Goods. They are durable and handsome. They are warranted. They do not fade. They do not spot. They are not heavy and heavy, like ordinary Velveteen. They are not creased. They cannot be distinguished from Silk Velvet. They are not equaled by any other make.

See that the name ARCADIA is stamped on back of every yard. ASK FOR THIS, TAKE NO OTHER.

SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS DEALERS.

STRONG POINTS ABOUT MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLES, LIVER COMPLAINT, Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without obstruction. In use in U. S. since 1855, and in Germany for over 200 years. For complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are *unequalled* by any medicine in the world. With the fair sex they are a favorite. They have proven a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. *Proved best.*

A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature, Highly recommended as a general Tonic and Appetizer. Send for "Mishler's Herb Almanac" for 1883. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Mishler Herb Bitters Co. Lithographers to the Trade Lancaster, Pa.

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Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Sweet Pellets.

GREAT SAVING FOR FARMERS!

—THE—

Lightning Hay Knife!

(Weymouth's Patent.)

Awarded "First Order of Merit" at Melbourne Exhibition, 1880. Was awarded the first premium at the International Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, and accepted by the Judges as

SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER KNIFE IN USE.

It is the BEST KNIFE in the *world* to cut *fine feed* from bales, to cut down *mow or stack*, to cut *corn stalks* for feed, or to cut *peat*, and has no equal for cutting soda or ditching in meadows, and for cutting ensilage from the silo has no equal.

TRY IT. IT WILL PAY YOU.

Manufactured only by

SIRAM SCOLT & CO., East Wilton, Me., U. S. A.

For sale by Hardware Merchants and the trade generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies, For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 Hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 81 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

IS MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

☞For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

☞But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

☞And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

☞BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

☞If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (46)

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The Largest, Best and Cheapest Paper in the World.

Toledo Blade,

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The best Stories, the best Household, News and Agricultural Departments, the best Children's Reading, the best Religious Department, Nasby's European Letters, Correspondence from the whole outside world, and reviews of specialties too numerous to mention. In short, the best paper published—8 pages, 64 long columns, and all for $1.00 a year, postage paid. Specimen free to any address. Send a postal.

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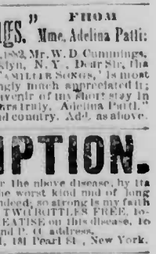

ARE THE BEST.

They are the only ones that are sold by first-class dealers the world over. Send 2 cents for circular. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 Broadway, New York City.

"Our Familiar Songs." From Mme. Adelina Patti:

"New York, 6th November, 1882. Mr. W. D. Cummings, 262 St. John's place, Brooklyn, N.Y.: Dear Sir, The happy selection of 'Our Familiar Songs,' is most beautiful and I have accordingly much appreciated it; it will be to me a dear souvenir of my short stay in America. Consider me, yours truly, Adelina Patti." Agents Wanted in city and country. Add. as above.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

ENGINES (Traction & Portable) for Farm, Saw Mill & Plantation. For prices, etc., write the A. T. DAVIS & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. K. N. Co Cleveland 905

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

Hope is the gardener of the heart.

True love is slow to believe evil of its objects.

Celebrity sells dearly what we think she gives.

A fan is indispensible to a woman who can no longer blush.

Reason and judgment act slowly but imagination takes fire.

To be loved less is, for a delicate heart, to be no longer loved.

A long solitude will always begèt a talent, a vice, or a mania.

Hate is barren while kindness has branches, fruits and flowers.

The power of duly appreciating little things belongs to a great mind.

Justice without strength, and strength without justice, are fearful misfortunes.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so to much company dissipates it.

Faith keeps up the cross, love binds it to the soul, patience bears it to the end.

They that would not eat of forbidden fruit must not come near the forbidden tree.

Theologians resemblo dogs which knaw large bones for the sake of a very little meat.

Happiness is a bird which is always near us, but which we can never take by the wings.

The true gentleman needs no placard to announce his breeding, the ill-bred man still less.

When one hope leaves us all the other hopes move closer together to fill up the vacant place.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good, wherever it may exist.

All the men who have done things well in life have been remarkable for decision of character.

If good resolutions were only accomplished certainties as soon as made, how different life would be.

Selfishness is not consious of itself. It is like a deaf man who cannot hear the sound of his own voice.

Temperance is a reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.

Men judge us by the success of our effort; God looks to the efforts themselves, taking the will for the deed.

Don't forget the importance of practicing at home, the love patience, and discipline that you preach abroad.

Take the world over, perhaps all classes of people are despising others quite as much as they are despised themselves.

To things which you bear with impatience, you should accustom yourself, and, by habit, you will bear them well.

We can no more scold people into loving us than nature could make buds blossom by daily nipping them with frost.

Retrospective jealousies are like imaginary maladies. They are the most distressing because they cannot be cured.

Before you scold, be sure you are right yourself. He that attempts to cleanse a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.

The ideas and the sententiments of a woman always disagree, like passers-by in the street, who go and come in opposite directions.

There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a woman's dress, are necessary for keeping it together and giving it neatness and elegance.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false and impertent, when called on to assist; the real great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks or words presage difficulties.

If any one entrust you with a secret keep it faithfully. Secrets, at best, are burdensome, but if for some wise purpose you take the secrets of another into your keeping, prove true to the trust that has been given you.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart. A narrow-minded man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence.

A passenger over the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad relates the following: The cars were passing over a trestle, and just in front of me sat an old colored woman, who showed great alarm, and, so it afterward turned out, imagined that the whole train of cars was flying through the air. It was not many minutes, however, before the cars passed safely over the trestle, and as soon as they struck terra firma the old woman drew a sigh of relief and exclaimed in a Te Deum tone of voice: "Thank the Lord she's lit." That reminds us of a very neat pun by a country gentleman on a similar occasion as the above. When the trestle had been crossed some lady remarked: "Well, we have struck terra firma." "Yes, madam," said the old gentleman, in his own way, "less terror and more firmer."—*Norfolk Virginian.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Gutfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my canes. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscock & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Gallfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of *any* preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia and all its consequences, Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

Joining Oakland, Garrett county.

I offer at private sale the

TOTTEN FARM,

South of and joining the Town of Oakland, containing two hundred and fifty acres of land, comprised of

Military Lots Nos. 870, 871, 934, 937, and 938,

fifty acres each. One hundred and fifty acres improved with

Dwelling House, Barn, Large Apple Orchard

and other improvements. This property offers a good investment, as it joins one of the most improving towns in Western Maryland and one of the best markets. The farm can be devided into town lots, truck gardens, etc., for which the soil and location is well adapted as well as building lots overlooking the town. Fine streams of water and never failing springs on the land. Will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms address the undersigned or Wm. P. Totten, Esq., Executor, Oakland, Garrett county Md.

P. HAMILL,
Real estate agent.

11 18 4

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Dec. 31 ly.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ABLE, ALERT, ALWAYS AHEAD.

THE WHEELING

INTELLIGENCER,

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

LEADS IN WEST VA.

As a Newspaper still ahead.
As a Political Journal unsurpassed.
As a Literary Paper, the Family Favorite.
As an Industrial Record, complete and accurate.
As a Farmer's Companion always welcome.

In the scope, variety and careful preparation of its news no newspaper in West Virginia approaches the INTELLIGENCER.

It is the aim of the publishers to print a paper which shall cover the whole field of legitimate news, without entering to the taste for mere sensation. Unclean things are not admitted to its columns.

The editorials of the INTELLIGENCER are bright and able, on political questions advocating Republican principles, but treating all questions and all men with fairness and manly Independence. For the coming year the INTELLIGENCER will be better than ever, and be furnished on the following terms:

The Weekly Intelligencer, single copy, 1 year	$1 50
Club of 1 and extra copy to getter up of Club	5 00
Club of 10 and extra copy to getter up of Club	10 00
Club of 20 and a copy of the Daily 3 months, or two copies of the Weekly one year	20 00
Club of 30 and a copy of the Daily 6 months, or three copies of the Weekly one year	30 00
Club of 10 and a copy of the Daily one year, or five copies of the Weekly, one year	40 00

The premium copies will be sent to any address desired.

TERMS OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

Single copy—one year	$2 00
Two copies—one year	5 00

The price of the DAILY INTELLIGENCER is 75 cents per month; $2 00 for three months; $4 00 for six months; $8 00 for one year, in advance.

Specimen copies of either edition of the INTELLIGENCER sent free, and postage paid to any address.

We want an Agent at every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, postoffice money order or check. Address,

FREW, CAMBELL & HART,
PUBLISHERS INTELLIGENCER,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Estray.

Estrayed from the premises of the undersigned, about the month of August last, a pale red and white yearling heifer, small in size, and marked by crop off right ear and swallow fork out of left ear. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

12 16 tf REDEMUS SPIKER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICE LIST

—OF THE—

NEW YORK BRANCH

STORE,

OAKLAND, MD.

DRESS GOODS. Fancy delains 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard. Plaids 10, 15 and 20 cents per yard. Extra fine Cashmeres in Browns, Blacks and Reds, 28, 30 and 33 cents per yard. All wool Chasmeres, in Black, Green, Blue, Red and Maroon, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90 and $1 per yd. All extra width.

LADIES' CLOTH, double width, all wool, from $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard

WATER PROOF CLOTH, 1½ yards wide, extra fine, 75, 80 and $1 per yeard.

SILKS, IN ALL COLORS, including plain and Brocades, from 75 cents to $1.50 per yard.

SATINS, from $1 to $1.50 per yard.

VELVITS AND VELVETEEN, 60, 75 and $1.50 per yard.

FLANNELS. Pressed and Opera, for 10 cts. per yard. Twilled and plain for 22, 30, 35 and 45 cents per yard.

FANCY, IN RED AND BLACK, 35 cents.

SHAKER, very fine quality, ¾ yard wide for 15, 20 and 25 cents; same in colored for 20 and 30 cents.

CANTON FLANNEL. Brown 8½, 11½ and 12½ cents. Extra heavy in quality and width, 16 and 17 cents. Colored 11½ cents.

GINGHAMS, for 6, 7, 8, 8½ and 9 cents.

SHIRTING, for 7, 7½, 11 and 12½ cents.

DRILLINGS, IN BROWN AND BLUE, for 12½, 15 and 16 cents.

TICKING, 12½, 14 and 16 cents per yard. Extra heavy, full yard wide 25 cents.

TOWLING, from 6¼ cents up to 20 per yard.

CORSET JENGE, 10 and 12½ cents per yd.

PRESSED CAMBRIC, 8 cents per yard.

TABLE LINEN, Unbleached extra width, 40 cents. Bleached 60 inches wide, 75 cents. Turkey Red, superior quality, 60 inches wide, 90 cents.

MOMEY CLOTH, full yard wide for 5 cents.

BROWN MUSLINS, for 5, 6¼, 6½, 7½, 8, 8½ 9 and 10 cents per yard.

EXTRA HEAVY, 40 inches wide 12½ cents.

BLEACHED MUSLIN, for 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12½ cents per yard.

BLEACHED SHEETING, 2¼ yards wide, 28 and 37½ cents per yard.

UNBLEACHED, 2¼ yards wide, 30 cents per yard.

PILLOW CASE MUSLIN, BLEACHED, 36 inches wide, 16 cents.

CALICO, from 5 cents to 7.

PACIFIC PRINTS, 6¼ cents.

TURKEY RED CALICO, for 12½ cents. ¾ yard wide, 14 and 15 cents.

FANCY, 12½ cents per yard.

MEN'S SHIRTS, EXTRA HEAVY GINGHAM, 15 cents. Heavy Merino, $1.

OVERALLS, 45, 50 and 60 cents a pair.

FANCY CARDIGAN JACKETS, all wool, $2.50 a piece.

MEN'S UNDER SHIRTS, for 35, 40, 45, 50, 75 cents and $1, apiece.

ALL WOOL SCARLET SHIRTS, for $1.25 apiece.

LADIES' VESTS, for 35, 50 and 75 cents apiece.

CHILDREN'S MERINO VESTS, for 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece.

HOSIERY. We have a large line of Ladies' and Misses' hosiery, as well as Gents', from 5 cents a pair up to 75 cents.

A LARGE LINE OF MENS' and BOYS' ALL WOOL CAPS, from 15 cents up to $1.50 apiece.

GENTS' FINE SHIRTS, from 75 cents to $1.25 apiece.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS, for 15 cents.

LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, from 5 cents up to $1 apiece.

JUST A FEW MORE OF OUR STOCK OF LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS LEFT, from 75 cents up to $1.75 apiece.

LADIES' SHAWLS, from 35 cents up to $5 apiece.

LADIES' COATS AND DOLMANS, from $2.50 up to $10.00

OUR CORSET EMPORIUM is completed, from 50 cents to $2.20 apiece. We have the celebrated COMALINE CORSET for [illegible] cannot be broken in six months' by ordinary wear.

TABLE OIL CLOTH, extra quality only 25 cents per yard.

THE CHEAPEST LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES, ever offered in this market, ranging in prices from 50 cents up to $2.50. Elegant calf skin shoes $1.50 only.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 5 cents up to 25.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 15 cents to $1.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BERLIN GLOVES, from 10 cents up to 50 cents a pair.

MENS' SUSPENDERS, from 15 cents to $1 a pair.

METALIC HAIR BRUSHES, only 30 cts. Combs at all prices from 3 cents to 50.

A LARGE LINE OF PISTOLS, KNIVES, PISTOL CARTRIDGES, at a very low figure.

A BIG LINE OF RIBBONS, FEATHERS, TIES, AND FLOWERS, cheap.

In a word we have the cheapest goods ever offered in this market, and we defy competition, at the

New York Branch Store,
OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE,

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a Mortgage from Martha A. E. Fitzwater, to Roger P. Spiker, dated October 20th, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folios 562, &c., of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bonafide bidder,

IN FRONT OF CODDINGTON'S HOTEL

In the town of Oakland,

On Monday, the 15th day of January, 1883,

at the hour of of 11 o'clock A. M., all those tracts of land which were conveyed to the said Martha A. E. Fitzwater by John L. Fitzwater and wife, by deed bearing date the 20th day of October, A. D. 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 4, folio 548, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., and which lands are more particularly described in a deed from Silas Fitzwater and wife to John L. Fitzwater, dated December 20th, 1866, and recorded in Liber H. R., No. 25, folio 355, one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland. Said land is improved by

DWELLING HOUSE, BARN AND OTHER OUT BUILDINGS.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on day of sale.

ROGER P. SPIKER,
12 23 td Mortgagee.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE.

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

A VALUABLE FARM,
NEAR OAKLAND

FOR SALE.

The valuable tract of land known as the "Good Farm," on the Hooppole road three miles from Oakland, is offered at private sale, either as a whole or in tracts to suit purchasers. There are about 400 acres in the whole tract, about one-half of which is cleared and under cultivation. The improvements are: Four dwelling houses, three barns, stables and other out buildings, and two good orchards. The land is productive and well watered. Title good. Very little money down. Long time to one who will be prompt to pay the interest. If not sold will be for rent April 1st, 1883.

For terms, &c., apply to or address

JOHN BARNES,
12 9 1m Barton, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad went into effect on the 12th of November:

GOING EAST.

No. 1	2 16 P. M.
No. 3	11.42 P. M.
No. 5	8 01 A. M
No. 7	5.11 P. M.
Way	10.52 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 2	1.35 A. M.
No. 6	9.15 A. M.
No. 8	10.41 A. M.
No. 10	5.51 P. M.
Way	9.46 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
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DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
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From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

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DRY GOODS,

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Cheaper than ever before,

For Cash and Good Produce at Cash Prices.

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We respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors.

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WOOLEN FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK

such as

Roll Carding, Spinning and Weaving

at short notice

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked up on the shares into Blankets, Cassinetts, Cassimeres, Flannels and stocking yarn.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

my 1m6

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE

ESTEY ORGAN

Is unquestionably the Best Organ made, and you can get one on three days' notice. Send in your orders now. All fully warranted and if you want to save trouble and expense don't take any other. Fifty of these Organs are made and sold every day

Write for Catalogue and terms to Estey Organ Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

R. G. RICHARDSON,
123 '81 Manager.

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Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in re-issue of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report will cost you nothing. Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

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Dr. I. D. NEWMAN,

Office and Residence in the Russell Brick house, Second street, Oakland, Md.

CHRONIC CASES OF LONG STANDING A SPECIALTY.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

July 1 1y.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came trespassing upon my property, about the 25th of November, 1881, a one year old White Steer, without marks of any kind. The owner can have the said steer by proving property and paying charges.

SAMUEL SPECHT,
McHenry, Md., Dec. 5, 1882. 12 9 3

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me on book account will please settle the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1883.

10 4 tf G. A. SHIRER.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THO. J. PEDDICORD. H. WHEELER COMBS.

PEDDICORD & COMBS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany Counties, the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office next door to Offutt's store, v3n17.

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July 3-tf.

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Strict attention paid to Conveyancing and Collection of Claims. Will be assisted by Price & Willison, of Cumberland, Md., in all important cases.

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RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n18

Store Room for Rent.

The store room and warerooms in THE REPUBLICAN building is now for rent.

This is one of the best stands in Oakland, being near the depot, and immediately opposite and but about 200 yards from the Oakland Hotel. The room as it is now large enough to contain $2,000 dollars worth of goods, but I will enlarge if tenant desires.

J. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Staggiss' drug store.

25 3m

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov. 20 1880. 1 y

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES.

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

Mrs. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 tf Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

OAKLAND REPUBLICAN

JANUARY 3, 1880

TO

DECEMBER 30, 1882

MdBE

END